


ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1976 • \$1.50

PLAYBOY



KURT VONNEGUT, JR.'S
NEW NOVEL,
"SLAPSTICK"

THE
GIRLS OF
WASHINGTON
(INCLUDING
SUPERSECRETARY
ELIZABETH RAY
AND SUPERSWIMMER
FANNE
FOXÉ)

HUGHES,
NIXON
AND THE
CIA:

THE WATERGATE
CONSPIRACY
WOODWARD
AND
BERNSTEIN
MISSED

college
Football
PREDICTIONS
From the
WIZARD OF
PLAYBOY

BE THE
FIRST ON
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YOUR VERY OWN
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T-SHIRT PRESS-ON

Was every cigarette
you smoked today smooth?

The taste of extra coolness
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We've been making 2-way communications systems for years. Marine. Police. And HAM systems. And, like everything Panasonic, we build them as if our reputation depended on it.

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just slightly ahead of our time.

Some brag about economy.

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Some, roominess.

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These are the highly impressive EPA estimates of what the Rabbit got with standard transmission in the 1976 EPA tests.

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The Rabbit propels you from 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds.

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You have to drive it to believe it.

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As Road & Track put it: "Its space for passengers and luggage is remarkable!"

In fact, 87% of the space in the car is devoted to passenger and luggage room. The Rabbit has as much head and leg room as some mid-sized cars.

Open the large Hatchback, put the rear seat down, and you have more luggage space than in the trunk of a Cadillac Fleetwood.

So there you have it:
Economy.
Performance.
Roominess.

All are alive and well, thank you, and residing in the 1976 Volkswagen Rabbit.

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Based on Road & Track magazine's consideration of hundreds of 1975 cars.



*Suggested 1976 retail price \$3,499 East Coast P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional.
†Agabian Associates test results. ©Volkswagen of America.

PLAYBILL

GO DIRECTLY to page 123. Do not pass *The Playboy Advisor*. Do not collect *Playboy's Party Jokes*. Here they are: *The Girls of Washington*. Photographer **David Chan** is not an investigative journalist, but he does have an eye for beauty. He uncovered the story of Elizabeth Ray, as well as Miss Ray, long before the supersecretary started giving headlines to the national press. Some delightful women have come to the aid of their country in recent years: Our pictorial pays tribute to the best.

Now for the real news: *All the President's Men* was a great detective story except for one thing. The case was never solved. The sources who provided Woodward and Bernstein with their stories brought down an American President—no mean feat—but that wasn't the half of it. *Why* the burglars broke in to Watergate was an unanswered question. Through a bizarre set of circumstances, explained in Part I of *The Puppet and the Puppet-masters*, PLAYBOY received new information that begins the long process of understanding Watergate as the natural extension of Nixon's connections with Howard Hughes and the empire he built. We put **Larry DuBois** and Senior Editor **Laurence Gonzales** on the case and, with the help of Hughes's former number-two man in Las Vegas, John Meier, they produced enlightening results: "Meier's version of what had been going on in America these past ten years seemed too amazing at first," reports Gonzales. "We didn't know whether to believe him or not. But everything of Meier's we've used has been corroborated, step by step, with memos from Hughes, testimony already in the public record, letters from Government officials and other sources. Our case is solid."

Adding to our political package is an excerpt from **Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.**'s forthcoming novel. If you thought *The Final Days* was funny, you'll love *Slapstick or Lonesome No More!*—the memoirs of the last American President. (The complete novel will be out in October from Delacorte Press / Seymour Lawrence.) *Slapstick* is illustrated by **Brad Holland**; its author is caricatured by **Joel Schick**. **Phil Interlandi** offers his own view of the state of the Union in *Sex and the Politician*. While we were in Washington, we followed up a hot tip from author **Anthony Astrachan** and dropped by the Patent Office. *Patented Sex* is a collection of carnal creations to boggle the mind.

Compared with the carnival that is Washington, a bona fide side show seems tame. We sent veteran weirdo **Harry Crews** (he had a hinge tattooed on his elbow in Valdez, Alaska, when he was there for PLAYBOY) to report on the speed freaks, con artists and good folk who have sawdust in their veins. **Kunio Hagio** supplied the visuals for *Carny*. In keeping with the general festive air of this issue, we also include a report on America's Circus Maximus: **Anson Mount's Pigskin Preview**. Mount's ability to pick winners has won him a stack of top-predictor trophies over the years. **Robert S. Wieder** (whose previous contributions to PLAYBOY include a report on *Clark Ghent's School Days*) returned to campus to report on a new movement: the student as consumer. Does your diploma have a five-year warranty? If your education is a lemon, can you take your teacher to court? Yes. *Sue the Bastards!* tells all. The artwork is by **Ralph Steadman**.

Cameron Crowe developed a tolerance for the bizarre when he followed glitter-rock star David Bowie around for several months. The *Playboy Interview* is a revealing portrait of the bisexual boy wonder. Associate Editor **John Blumenthal** deserves a medal for service above and beyond for his quiz on soap operas: *Will Carl Divorce Myrna? Will Lois Get an Abortion? Will Someone Please Change the Channel?*

And as a surprise bonus, September marks the debut of *Playboy on the Scene*—our minimagazine within a magazine. Everything you always wanted to know about wheels, clothes, furnishings, people, gadgets—and sex, naturally. Be our guest.



VONNEGUT



HOLLAND



GONZALES, DU BOIS



CREWS



CHAN



MOUNT



HAGIO



STEADMAN



CROWE



WIEDER



INTERLANDI



BLUMENTHAL



ASTRACHAN

PLAYBOY®

vol. 23, no. 9—september, 1976

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Vonnegut's Slopstick P. 90



Newton's Physiques P. 83



Pigskin Preview P. 137



D.C. Dynamite P. 123



Campus Fashions P. 116

PLAYBILL 3

DEAR PLAYBOY 11

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 19

TRAVEL 22

How to take an ocean cruise without floating a loan.

BOOKS 24

A self-important sports book, Paul Theroux's latest novel and a hot new woman author—plus an illustrated history of stag films.

MOVIES 26

Harry and Walter, David Bowie's film debut, Neil Simon's mishmash.

DINING & DRINKING 32

For those who think small: a visit to The Midgets' Club.

MUSIC 34

Bob Marley and the Wailers, Savoy reissues, rip-off Runaways, a memorial to the Duke and a revisionist view of discos.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 39

"SCREW" SCREWED IN WICHITA—editorial 43

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 45

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID BOWIE—candid conversation 57

The rock sensation, now a movie star, talks about his new film (*The Man Who Fell to Earth*), his changing image, drugs, the craziness of the music biz and the joys of sexual switch-hitting.

THE PUPPET AND THE PUPPETMASTERS—article

LARRY DUBOIS and LAURENCE GONZALES 74

In this explosive exposé, our authors show how Howard Hughes's multibillion-dollar empire was gradually turned into the biggest covert intelligence front in history, how Hughes purchased a United States President and how the monster Hughes created got so enormous it swallowed him whole, resulting in Watergate and the fall of Richard Nixon.

YOUR TURNED-ON PRESS-ON! 78

A variation of this month's cover art to iron on your favorite T-Shirt.

NEWTON'S PHYSIQUES—pictorial HELMUT NEWTON 83

Sir Isaac would be astonished at what photographer Helmut does with women. But then, Sir Isaac never had a camera.

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COVER STORY

This month, rather than trying to identify the Rabbit Head among the women, you have to identify the women in the Rabbit Head. It's artist John Craig's collage constructed from some of the past five years' most memorable pictorials. Can you identify the ladies in the collage? There are no prizes, just self-satisfaction.

SLAPSTICK OR LONESOME NO MORE!—fiction . . . KURT VONNEGUT, JR. 90
A mammoth chunk of the wild new novel by the author of *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *Breakfast of Champions* that is destined for best-sellerdom.

PRIZE WINNERS—drink . . . EMANUEL GREENBERG 94
A batch of bartenders share the recipes for their award-winning concoctions.

CARNY—article . . . HARRY CREWS 96
Step right up, folks! For three thin dollars, you can meet the lady who can fire eggs from her . . . well, step right up and see.

OVERWHELMING UNDERGRAD—playboy's playmate of the month . . . 100
As a college ort student, Whitney Kaine has spent a lot of time studying the body beautiful. Now it's our turn.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor . . . 110

PATENTED SEX—humor . . . ANTHONY ASTRACHAN 113
Diagrams of some of the more ingenious sexual devices registered with the U. S. Patent Office, including a ball-breaking erector set and a pair of stirrups to keep you in the saddle.

BACK TO CAMPUS—attire . . . DAVID PLATT 116
The new mood among the college crowd is clearly reflected in its garb.

SUE THE BASTARDS!—article . . . ROBERT S. WIEDER 120
On campus, things have really changed—now, instead of demonstrating and chanting slogans, the students are going to court.

THE GIRLS OF WASHINGTON—pictorial . . . 123
You won't find them on your guided-tour itinerary, but they're capital attractions. Eleven pages of them, including the femmes fatales of politics, Fanne Foxe and Congressman Wayne Hays's headline-making supersecretary, Elizabeth Ray.

THE DEVIL AND THE PEASANT WIFE—ribald classic . . . 135

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—sports . . . ANSON MOUNT 137
Our grid handicapper has been called the nation's top football prophet five times. Now he's going for six.

WILL CARL DIVORCE MYRNA?—quiz . . . JOHN BLUMENTHAL 141
The first and only soap-opera quiz fashioned specifically for people who never watch soap operas and couldn't care less.

SEX AND THE POLITICIAN—humor . . . PHIL INTERLANDI 142
The public is only one of the things the politicians are out to screw.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI . . . 178

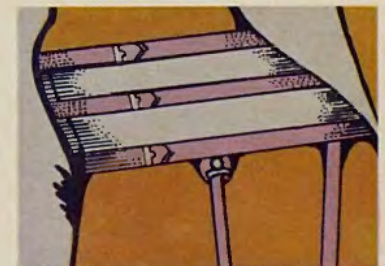
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE . . . 206
A brand-new eight-page section designed to fill you in on what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen.



Student Suers P. 120



Great Drinks P. 94



Patented Sex P. 113



Miss September P. 100



Carny Folks P. 96

P. 3; PHILLIP DIXON, P. 105 (2), 109; GRANT EDWARDS, P. 12; ROBERT FARBER, P. 132 (3); RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 119 (2); BILL FRANTZ, P. 3 (3); DAVID GUNN, P. 3; BRIAN D. HENNESSEY, P. 3; D. HOOKER, P. 76, 130-131 (1); TOM KELLER, P. 3; JACQUES MALIGNON, P. 116-118; CHUCK PETERSON, P. 137; LEV POLIAKOV, P. 3; CHARNE, P. 3; P. POSAR, P. 127 (1), 130 (1), 131 (1); SUZANNE SEED, P. 3; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3, P. 3. ILLUSTRATION BY JOEL SCHICK, P. 16, COVER OF "THE WASHINGTONIAN" MAGAZINE, REPRINTED FROM "THE WASHINGTONIAN" MAGAZINE, COPYRIGHT © MAY 1976, P. 132, MAKE-UP AND HAIR BY ROBERT LACOURTE, STYLIST AND SET DESIGN BY DEBORAH SWEET, FLOWERS FURNISHED BY THE GREENERY.



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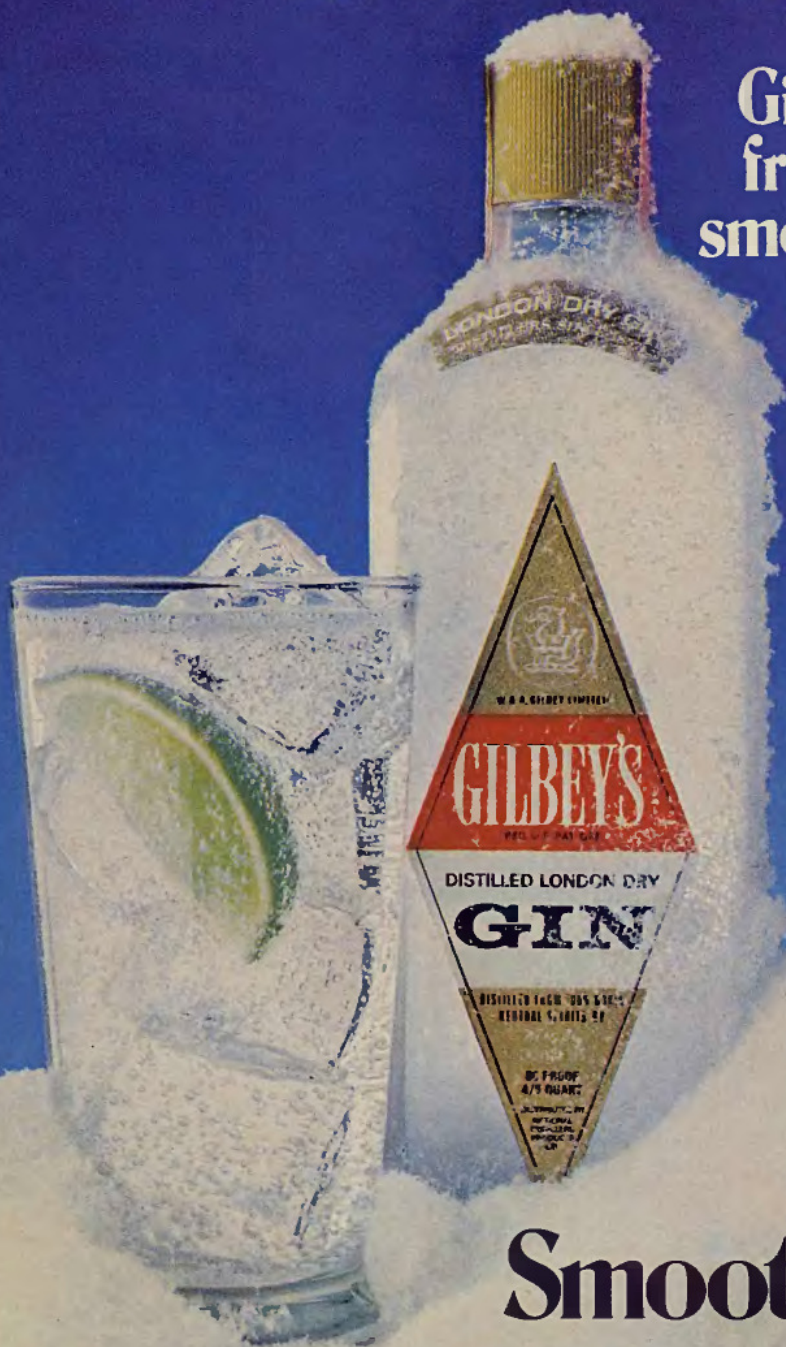
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(Derek Sanderson, Star center for the St. Louis Blues.)

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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MOORE-INGS

In your June *Playboy Interview*, Sara Jane Moore tries to come across as some kind of professional hit lady, blaming her failure to kill President Ford on an unfamiliar weapon, when, in fact, her attempt on his life was actually very sloppy and very half-assed. A professional would have succeeded, except that no professional would take a kamikaze job like that. Pros do not kill Presidents. Only the nut case will take that kind of action. I also take exception to her attitude that the radical elements are really "good" people. How can we accept this opinion from a woman who tried to murder another human being?

Eric Skagen
Stockton, California

As inmates in Terminal Island Federal Correctional Institution who work with and must listen to Sally Moore eight hours each day, we cannot believe that you have lowered your standards so far as to publish the rambling trivia of such an obviously confused and attention-starved woman.

Robert Lee Andrist
Vernon James Kortsens
Michael Murdaugh
Ken Cabbie
Jennifer Hankel
San Pedro, California

Your interview with Sara Jane Moore really exposes her for what she is: a yo-yo.

Larry Michaelson
Montpelier, Vermont

A very revealing and fascinating interview.

Terry Mortonson
Los Angeles, California

Sara Jane Moore is just one of those neurotic, divorced, middle-aged women who have clung to the leftist movement in the Seventies. I am deeply saddened by her and those like her who have wanted only companionship in return for licking stamps and an occasional dingy frolic in bed.

Don McManman
Oxford, Ohio

Someone should inform Sara that being a killer doesn't make you a hero with the people unless your best friends

are members of the Manson family. But don't worry, Sara, if nominations ever go out for a Mental Midget Award, you will surely be a front runner.

Norman Keith Warner II
Austin, Texas

I can't help but wonder how many wackos will read your interview with Sara Jane Moore and come away thinking of her as heroic.

Linda Betty Jones
Chicago, Illinois

A lot of sound and fury.

Carl Watkins
Houston, Texas

SPEED FREAKS

Brock Yates's *55 Be Damned!* (PLAYBOY, June) is one of the most intelligently written articles on speed driving I've read in years. Incidentally, I'm a New York City police officer.

John P. Quinn, Sr.
Belle Harbor, New York

Not every driver who speeds is as careful as Yates claims to be, and by setting such a dubious example, he is simply encouraging other, less competent drivers to boost their speed to something they cannot handle.

Randall Stokes
Cincinnati, Ohio

I say "Right on" to the good driver who thinks of the other man on the road as well as himself and the people in his car, and who gets where he's going in half the time it takes everyone else.

Larry W. Williams, Jr.
Amarillo, Texas

The United States is a 55-mile-per-hour speed trap.

Peter A. Leavens
Freeport, New York

Fifty-five be blessed!

H. W. Austin
West Haven, Connecticut

Brock Yates be damned!

Joseph R. Choate
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Someday Yates will want to relax on the open road and he'll probably be very

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irritated by one of those young drivers for whom he has set an example and who "flies" by, laughing at the law and bragging about how to break it.

(Name and address withheld by request)

For all his smart-assed comments, Yates doesn't answer the one big question: What's the goddamn hurry, anyway?

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

RACING FORM

Dan Gerber's *Indy—The World's Fastest Carnival Ride* (PLAYBOY, June) really captures the spirit of the greatest race in the world.

Bob Hopkinson
Miami, Florida

As an annual spectator at the Indy 500, I found Gerber's article fascinating.

Lamont Hotalling
Columbus, Ohio

WHALE TALES

Jack Richardson's *The Great Whale Battle* (PLAYBOY, June) brings to mind all the old fears and anxieties of the Cold War. A fine piece of journalism.

Nat Henckel
Bangor, Maine

The mission of Greenpeace V was an ingenious idea, but its shortcomings will probably render it ineffective. The Greenpeace Foundation should redirect its energies. The waters of the world are at present *res nullius* (owned by none). Under this policy, the blue whale has been hunted practically to extinction. The waters of the world should be controlled under a policy of *res communes* (owned by all). Oceans are a natural resource precious to everyone. Perhaps if the Greenpeace V crew stopped talking to whales and started talking to the UN, the oceans' largest animal might never reach doomsday.

David Rouso
Evanston, Illinois

Quite frankly, I don't give a damn what happens to whales.

Thomas Sommerfield
Chicago, Illinois

Richardson's article ought to make a fine movie.

Bill Thomas
Los Angeles, California

DIAMOND LIL

I would like to compliment you on your choice of Lillian Müller as 1976 Playmate of the Year.

William C. Crone
Tucson, Arizona

In selecting your Playmate of the Year, you people goofed. You never had and

never will have a Playmate lovelier than Nancie Li Brandi!

John Lugar
St. Michael, Pennsylvania

Your Playmate of the Year, Lillian Müller, is definitely the best-looking girl I have seen anywhere.

Glenn C. Catania
West Hartford, Connecticut

Seems to me Lillian Müller got short-changed. Aren't your Playmates of the Year supposed to get a car?

Charles Needham
Boston, Massachusetts



Lillian received a brand-new BMW 530i (above), which was mentioned but not pictured in our Playmate of the Year feature.

Is it just coincidence that the young lady who appears 12th in each of the past four *Playmate Reviews* claims the bouquets of June?

John T. Kosik
Cheshire, Connecticut

Yes.

HEALTH NUTS

I found the article *Sex Is Good for Your Health* (PLAYBOY, June), by Edward M. and Jeremy Brecher, very informative. Now I understand exactly why I am so horny all the time.

(Name and address withheld by request)

We all know that sex is good for us, and we don't need this conviction buttressed by the convoluted crap in the Brechers' article.

Leonard Gross
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

I have found that many athletes have suffered severe side effects from a steady diet of steroids. Advocacy articles like the Brechers' have the power to make im-

pressionable persons run to their doctors demanding a prescription for a drug they really don't need and shouldn't take.

Douglas Nassif
Los Angeles, California

From now on, I'm taking a copy of the Brechers' article on my nightly singles-bar rounds. How can anyone argue with doctor's orders?

Line Smedley
Little Rock, Arkansas

Can the rate of anabolism be increased by masturbation?

Albert Viera
Bronx, New York

According to our authors, there's no scientific data available concerning this question. They suggest that you check it out for yourself.

After reading the Brechers' article, I've decided to take their advice—I'm starting a harem.

Bill Toback
San Francisco, California

TV JEEBIES

Re *And a Picture Tube Shall Lead Them* (PLAYBOY, June), by John Leonard: Apparently unknown to Leonard, there are still some troglodytes who have managed to avoid infatuation with the tube.

Randy Webster
Knoxville, Tennessee

If TV is indicative of our culture, God help us all.

Perry Arboste
Austin, Texas

TV is the best sedative on the market.

Jean Cooper
Newark, New Jersey

At last. The identity of the Sunday *Times's* pseudonymous TV critic revealed! (Or did everyone except me already know anyway?) Cyclops is John Leonard!

John S. Flagg
Arlington, Massachusetts

You're right, John, but a little late. We exposed Leonard as Cyclops when we featured him in "On the Scene" in October of 1973.

Television programming is not a unifying force—it's a premeditated conspiracy to keep the masses dumb.

Art Truman
New York, New York

John Leonard is a snob.

Pete Stockton
Biloxi, Mississippi

ALMA MATTERS

Is There Life After High School? (PLAYBOY, June), by Ralph Keyes, really hit home. As I slide down the banister of

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

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New Cat in town.



Early Times has turned a Tomcat loose. Tomcat is a delicious peach sour flavored cocktail. All you need is a little "Bar-Tender's[®] Tomcat Instant Mix," Early Times and a splash of water. If you're looking for a great new drink, let Early Times bring out the Tomcat in you.

Ask for Tomcat Instant Mix at your favorite food or liquor store. To get a set of 4-9 1/2 oz. Tomcat glasses and four packets of Tomcat Instant Mix, send \$3.95 to: Early Times Tomcat Glasses, P.O. Box 986, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359.

Offer valid only where legal—limited time only

Early Times. To know us is to love us.

life. I remember high school as one big splinter in the ass.

Keith Raykowski
Bozeman, Montana

I was one of those guys who were real *schleps* in high school—bad in sports, bad with girls, bad with grades, etc. What a relief to find out I'm not alone.

Randy Seltzer
New York, New York

I was a hot-shot in high school and I'm still a hot-shot. What more can I say?

Steve Rizzuto
Des Moines, Iowa

Ralph Keyes's piece on high school memorabilia, particularly the section featuring old yearbook pictures, is great stuff. Unfortunately, however, Keyes left one out—Hugh Hefner's yearbook pic. Surely, he graduated from high school.

Tom Corbett
Chicago, Illinois

Hefner graduated (45th in a class of 212) from Steinmetz High School in Chicago in 1944. He was elected president of the student council and vice-president of the acting and literary clubs. Upon graduation, his classmates voted him *Class Humorist*, *One of the*




Most Artistic, One of the Best Orators, One of the Most Popular, One of the Best Dancers and One of the Most Likely to Succeed. During his high school career, Hefner wrote short stories and radio plays and worked on his own cartoon strip. "Goo Heffer," the inscription on his yearbook picture (above), was the name of his original comic-strip character.

WORK QUIRKS

Caution: Women at Work! (PLAYBOY, June) shows a nearly nude woman running an acetylene cutting torch. I hope to God you superimposed the sparks, but it doesn't look like it. I have been badly burned through heavy clothing and leather shoes by the flying bits of



Walking Off the Indigo Blues—in town, out of town, day after day. This new Lee Separate Suit™ with sophisticated “Down Under” tailoring gets everything rugged together: heavyweight indigo-dyed 100% cotton denim, a body-wise jacket with four hold-all pockets, pants with lean flare. Walk and Wear: you need it today. Jacket, about \$29. Pants, about \$18. The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10019. (212) 765-4215.

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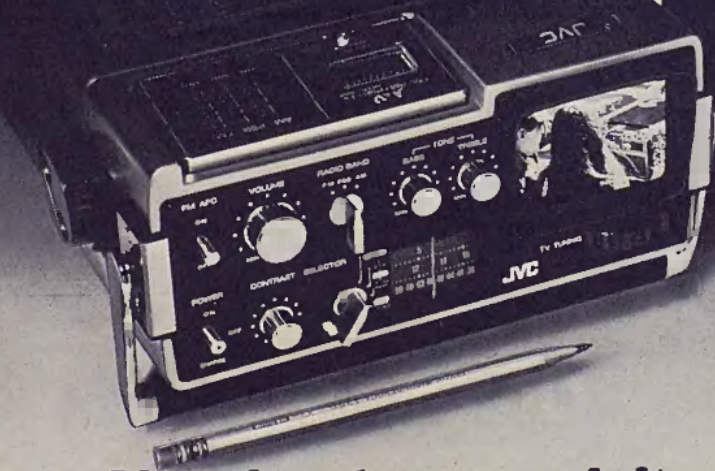
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There's no obligation, and you could win one of these radio-TV's courtesy of JVC. Approx. retail value \$200.

molten metal produced by a cutting torch. Worse yet, the woman's eyes are unprotected. Unforgivable!

Rod Steffen
Ames, Iowa

KID STUFF

I couldn't resist sending the May cover of *The Washingtonian*, D.C.'s city magazine, to you. As you can see, PLAYBOY is



used to illustrate its cover story, "Whatever Happened to Childhood?"

Lawrence Pittsky
Washington, D.C.

SPECTACLE SPECTACLE

In the June *Dear Playboy*, you show March Playmate Ann Pennington with glasses on, saying that she wore them as March Playmate. I checked that issue and she does not have her glasses on in the centerfold.

George J. Forrest
Havertown, Pennsylvania

Are you guys just testing us to see if we look at your centerfold girls' faces?

Steve Solcz
Nanuet, New York

Uh, just our little joke, gang.

DIGGING DEBBIE

Your June Playmate, Debra Peterson, will win Playmate of the Year with her face alone.

H. Olin Peets
Massena, New York

In regard to Debbie Peterson's statement that she doesn't like being the center of attention: If being the best centerfold of the year isn't being the center of attention, I'll eat my hat.

Donald R. Elgan
New Washington, Indiana

Choosing a 1977 Playmate of the Year will be a very difficult decision, but my money will be on Debra.

Alex Savas
New York, New York





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WHY PUNCH IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN POWER IN A CB.

When it comes to power output all CBs have pretty much the same.



No more than four watts. That's the law. The law, however, says nothing about punch.

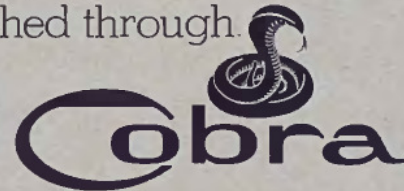
Punch is what you do with that four watts to make sure your voice covers the distance and still comes through loud and clear. Punch is what sets Cobras apart from the other CBs.

With a Cobra your voice punches through ignition and background noises. Punches through interference. Punches through other transmissions.

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And because Cobras have distortion-free reception, you hear what's coming back the same way you sent it out. Loud and clear.

And if loud and clear is what you're starting to associate with a Cobra, then our message has punched through.



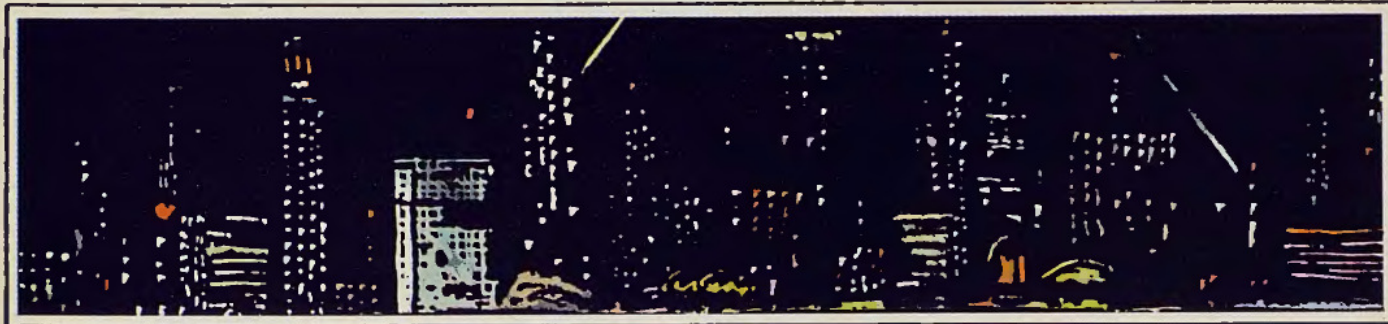
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For information on our complete line write for brochure #CB-2.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Peru's new military government has banned Santa Claus and PLAYBOY, citing both as "alien forces." As a countermeasure, PLAYBOY is banning Peru.

Tennessee's *Knoxville Journal* provided its readers with this eye-opening income-tax tip: "If you and your spouse each had income, you may file separate returns if you choose. Each should also report only his or her seductions."

In England recently, an elderly lord married a young thing 40 years his junior. The London *Times* account of this touching story informs us that "The bridegroom's gift to the bride was an antique pendant."

Police in Oxnard, California, arrested a woman found sitting nude behind the wheel of a car. When asked to explain her lack of attire, the woman claimed she was a camel in Morocco and that the palm trees along the road proved it.

Assemblyman Fred Chiei of Anchorage, Alaska, is planning to introduce a bill prohibiting "flatulence, crepitation, gaseous emission and miasmatic effluence," which, in case you don't know, is legalese for farting. The ordinance, which Chiei claims "isn't so ridiculous," would make breaking wind in public a misdemeanor punishable by a \$100 fine. When asked how he would enforce the law, Chiei said he would employ "vigilante squads." Yes, and they'll probably be stationed right outside diners that serve beans.

Over an article about a movement to curb pornography on cable TV, New York's *Town & Village* ran this headline: "PORNO MEETS STIFF OPPOSITION."

Robert Van Bergen of San Diego complained to a credit-card firm that his

name had been misspelled as Vanbergen on his new card. So he returned it, directing the company to put a space between the Van and the Bergen. A new card arrived, made out—sure enough—to Robert Vanspace Bergen.

Tradewinds, the in-house publication of the Motorola Company, ran this interesting classified ad: "Getting married, must sell: Trapeze, whip, size 13 black high top boots, extra heavy duty king-size bed frame and mattress."

The Civil Rights Division of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare ruled that school officials in Del Norte, Colorado, cannot forbid boys to wear beards without a similar prohibition against beards on girls.



When Telly Savalas ran his colt, Telly's Pop, at San Francisco's Bay Meadows race track, a large group of fans showed up, one of them carrying a sign: DO IT THE GREEK WAY, COME FROM BEHIND.

You think you have bureaucracy problems? The Russian newspaper *Sotsialisticheskaya Industriya* recently reported that it required three technological institutes to come up with an acceptable booklet of instructions on care and maintenance of raincoats. "For the good of this rubber coat," the booklet reads, "wear it on wet or rainy days. Hang it in a dark place and do not dry this garment in an open fire." The article also points out that the Soviets have yet to develop a can opener that works.

In an article about Brigitte Bardot's campaign to protect baby seals from being slaughtered to make fur coats, the Wilmington, Delaware, *Evening Journal* reported: "Miss Bardot has learned a bit about humans through the course of three husbands and a string of boyfriends. . . . She prefers animals."

Robert Barnes of Minneapolis, the author of the book *Are You Safe from Burglars?*, has been sentenced to three prison terms of up to five years each for his part in engineering—you guessed it—five burglaries.

A Montreal version of *TV Guide* recently misprinted a listing of "*Let's Scare Jessica to Death*" as "*Let's Score Jessica to Death*."

A reader swears this is true: A man was admitted to a Colorado hospital with a concussion, second-degree burns on his back and shoulders, a broken arm and a severely lacerated penis. Seems the poor guy had been toweling off in the shower

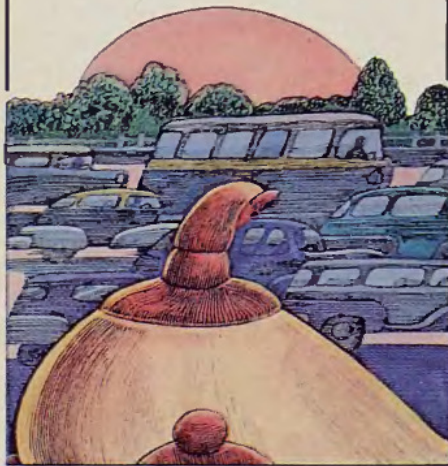
when the family Siamese cat leaped up and playfully sank its claws into its owner's dangling member. Alarmed, the man jumped into the air, breaking an overhead water pipe with his head and sustaining a concussion in the process. Steam spewed from the broken pipe, scalding his back and shoulders. About the broken arm: While orderlies were carrying the man down the stairs to an ambulance, his wife described what had happened; the attendants laughed so hard they dropped the stretcher and its occupant down a flight of stairs.

After padlocking a house of ill repute in a suburb of Little Rock, Arkansas, the local sheriff's deputies hung this sign on the establishment's door: CLOSED—BEAT IT.

The Upstate Trial Attorneys Association of Syracuse, New York, recently scheduled a dinner meeting to discuss a driver-rehabilitation program for alcohol-related motor-vehicle offenses. The dinner was preceded by cocktails.

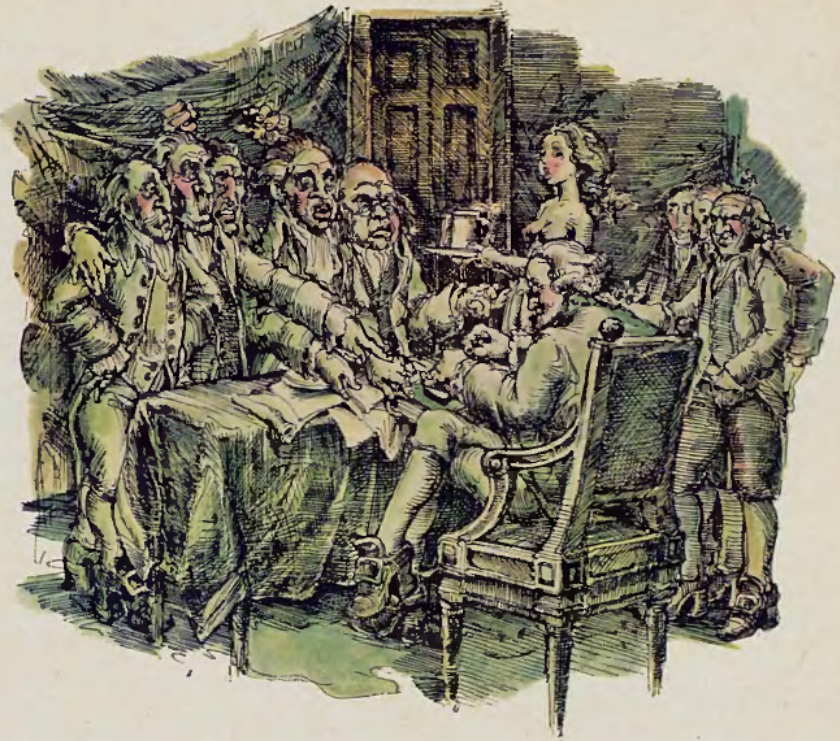
A Japanese man accused of breaking into 60 houses wearing nothing but underpants and gloves explained upon arrest: "I thought it dangerous to wear my clothes, because I had stolen them."

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for her contribution to science, a professor of neurological surgery and psychology at a western university, who, after a year of research, concluded that the size of a woman's bust is an important factor in whether or not she gets rides while hitchhiking.

IT'S WORTH \$2, BUT IS IT ART?



Marvin Friedenn's credentials as a self-proclaimed Jewbilly aesthete include a near miss at a Ph.D. in classics and comparative literature. He knows that the Treasury Department is already planning some changes in the two-dollar bill, but as far as he's concerned, the damage has been done:

Lamentably, and predictably, the new *Two Dollar Bill, Series 1976*—as this numbered, limited-issue engraving is known by its creator, the U. S. Treasury Department—fulfills nearly every cliché about institutional art produced by a committee. Although Thomas Jefferson is among the more even featured of our Presidents, and his hair style is in keeping with the Mod Seventies, the gauzy portrait of him here completely lacks the punch of the classic one-dollar Washington or the modernist five-dollar Lincoln.

Moreover, by repeating the words TWO DOLLARS no fewer than *five times* on the front, the artist seems needlessly defensive about the possibility of someone's mistaking his new bill for a two-cent piece. More serious, however, is the removal of the country's name from its usual lofty and dignified position—across the top of the bill—down to a place of obscurity beneath the floor boards of the design. It makes one wonder if the Treasury Department is still part of the United States Government, or has it already relocated in Switzerland?

On the reverse side, your T-men in Artistic Action have removed the tranquil, pastoral portrait of Monti-

cello—so redolent of optimistic Augustan rationalism and fresh air—and have substituted Trumbull's dreary depiction of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Trumbull apparently had a thing for men seated with crossed legs, so that the general effect is of a gay floorshow in a home for the really aged. Or of a slave sale. There is some historical confusion about the painting, because the original was lost in a fire in 1813. The one that appears on the two-dollar bill is, in fact, a slightly bowdlerized imitation of a forgery done by Habakuk Tremont in 1810. This notorious forger, counterfeiter and trifle with American history substituted his own face for that of Virginia delegate Benjamin Harrison, seated at a desk in the left foreground with a pen in his hand. Also, the forgery doesn't represent the actual moment of signing but, rather, a few minutes later, when Jefferson presented John Hancock with the bar bill. Thus the pained look on Hancock's face. Close inspection of the new engraving reveals that one of the Colonial Representatives (second row, fifth from left) was an Oriental, another (first row, fourth from left) was a black man and a third (standing closest to the door) was a woman. In the original painting, as well as the forgery, a nude girl balancing a tankard appeared just behind Hancock. But the present engraver priggishly has struck out the nude and substituted three delegates from New Jersey. Not exactly, in our opinion, a fair exchange.



**A cigarette owes
me something.
Enjoyment.**

I get a lot of it from Salem Longs. A lot of good taste. A lot of fresh menthol. I owe it to myself to get all the enjoyment I can get.

Salem Longs.

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

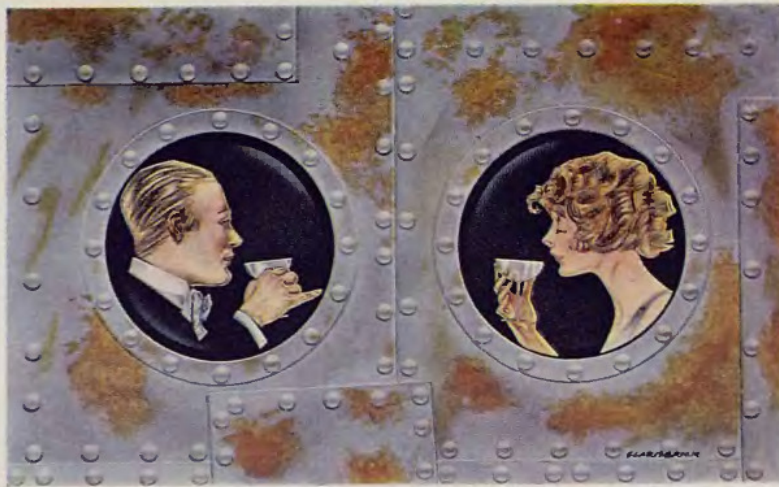
19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Running away to sea used to be a common dream of romantic youth. Climbing the fog-shrouded gangway to the rusty old tramp while Wolf Larsen looked down from the bridge; in the fo'c'sle, a crew of sullen lascars ready to mutiny at the least excuse. The best you can do today is run away to the Merchant Marine Academy, an act that doesn't have quite the same devil-may-care quality about it. Or you can ride a freighter, as a passenger, for money. It's not something Eugene O'Neill or Jack London would get off on, but you might enjoy the trip.

Freighter travel is one of those things everyone is vaguely aware of but almost nobody knows much about. You hear stories from time to time about somebody falling into a deal that got him from New York to Hamburg for \$42.50, but the storytellers never seem to have any details. Actually, if you are looking for the absolute rock-bottom price for a lift to the Continent, the airlines will have to be your choice. But a night of sleeping in your seat on a transatlantic flight leaves you feeling as if you've been encased in lard up to your waist.

A sea voyage has its legendary charms, and freighters are definitely the cheapest way to enjoy them. A 14-day Caribbean cruise on one of the plusher passenger liners costs a minimum of \$995 a person. A 30-day Caribbean cruise on a freighter costs \$900. That averages out to \$30 a day for food, accommodations and a sea view. On the passenger ship, your \$995 would buy you two weeks in a windowless cubicle with bunks, so far down in the ship you can hear the bilge water sloshing under the floor boards. On the freighter, \$900 gets you a month in a large room with beds, private toilet and bath and windows. All the cabins on a freighter are outside, on an upper deck, amidships. On a passenger ship, that position would cost \$2235—for a 14-day cruise.

Nearly all freighters are air conditioned and a few even have swimming pools. Passengers have to bring their own booze on some ships, but French and Italian ships usually serve wine with every meal. On most lines, you can buy liquor on board at prices averaging less than half of what you would pay ashore. Some ships have small stores that stock cigarettes, soap, tooth paste and the like; on others



“Ask yourself if a freighter cruise is really what you want. One man’s relaxing days in brisk salt air are another’s terminal boredom.”

you have to take your own. Some have laundry facilities; on others you have to wash out your undies in the sink. Most vessels have a lounge and a dining room; if the food isn't great, the cook gets keel-hauled.

There are disadvantages. Since passenger revenue is just petty cash for ship-owners, whose money is in cargo, the ship's movements are completely governed by where that cargo is. You can be holding two tickets on a vessel scheduled to sail out of New York on the 15th and find out at the last minute that it won't leave until the 18th—from Baltimore. Ports of call can be added or deleted while the ship is at sea, and what was advertised as a 30-day voyage may turn out to be 35 days, or 28. If you want to travel by freighter, you gotta be loose.

Some of the grander freighter cruises, to Southeast Asia or Australia, for example, take as long as four months. If you are lacking that kind of leisure, a Mediterranean cruise starting at New York and stopping at Cádiz, Barcelona, Naples, Piraeus, Izmir, Istanbul, Leghorn and Genoa before returning to the U. S. is scheduled for 30 days.

Passenger liners on cruises tend to pull into exotic ports just long enough for the passengers to buy some authentic local airport art in the colorful native market. On a freighter, you may spend a week in port, using the ship as your hotel while you explore ashore.

Before you rush out to buy tickets, though, ask yourself seriously if a freighter cruise is really what you want. Chances for a shipboard romance are very slim. Freighters carry a maximum of 12

passengers, and the retired couple from Cleveland in the next cabin may be pleasant to talk to, but they probably aren't ready for anything steamy. Couples is the way to go. A foursome would be even better.

And are you really ready for life at sea? One man's long, relaxing days in the brisk salt air are another man's terminal boredom. Think about it, and even if you just inherited \$10,000,000 and told your boss to stick it in his ear, don't start out by signing up for a trip around the world. You may wind up ready for the funny farm.

If freighter travel truly appeals to you, you've got a lot of company. One line offers a cruise around

South America that is booked up for three years. Most trips aren't quite that popular, but it is a good idea to get on the waiting list at least a year in advance. Waiting time may be somewhat shorter in the slack season; lines crossing the Atlantic even reduce their fares during the winter months.

Ford's Freighter Travel Guide is a good source of detailed information on what lines run ships to where. It is published twice a year and you can get a copy by sending \$4.50 to P. O. Box 505, Woodland Hills, California 91364.

Many travel agents won't handle freighter bookings, because the commissions aren't big enough to justify the paperwork. The *Ford* guide lists some 100 agents in the U. S. and Canada who will, and an agent who knows what he's doing can eliminate hassles: advise you on passports, visas and inoculations, for example.

The containerized, automated freighters being built now have no space for passengers, so the number of passenger-carrying freighters is declining and the waiting lists are getting longer. If you want to try this style of travel, don't dawdle.

Upwards of 70 steamship lines with offices or agents in the U. S. carry passengers from North American ports to almost any country on earth. You can even do Phileas Fogg ten better and sail with American President Lines around the world in 70 days (\$3565 per person, double). For a totally arbitrary selection of trips we trust will arouse your interest, write to Playboy Reader Service, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

"A LESSON IN ARROW-DYNAMICS"

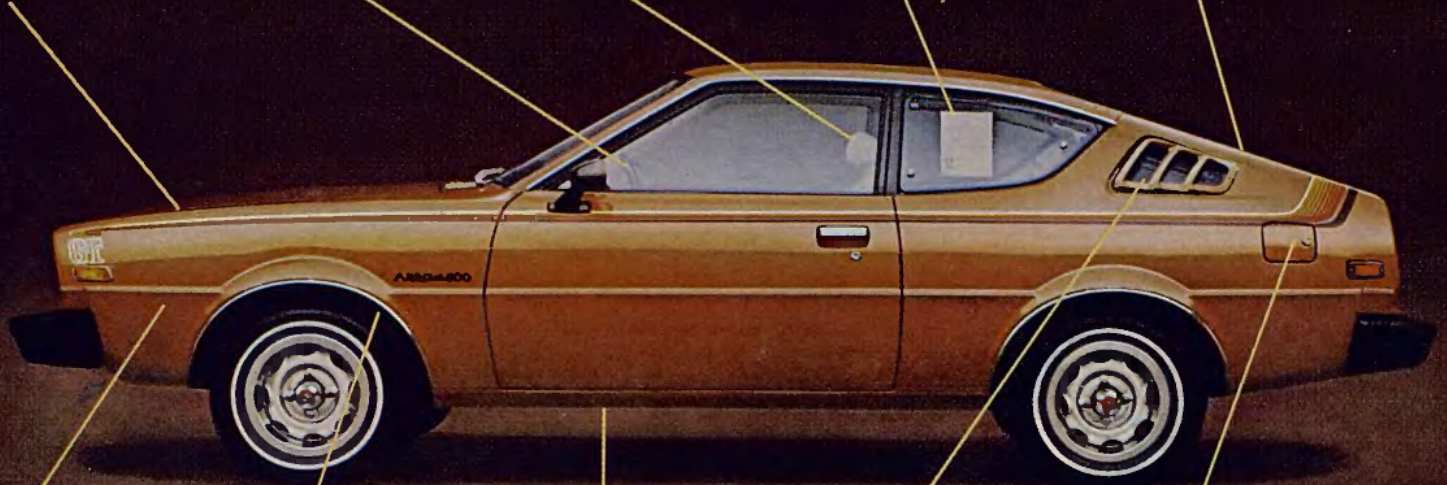
Aerodynamic styling which provides stability in crosswinds, also gives us a very sharp-looking Arrow.

Tilt-steering column and inside hood release.

Standard comfort features like reclining bucket seats and tinted glass.

Arrow prices range from \$3,175-\$3,748. So you can order a straight Arrow or a fancy Arrow.

Arrow comes with a hatchback standard with enough room for over 16 bags of groceries.



The optional Silent-Shaft engine is most likely the quietest and smoothest 4-cylinder around.

Standard power front disc brakes and variable-ratio steering for superb handling.

Like all Chrysler built cars, Arrow is covered by a warranty so strong we call it "The Clincher."

Flow-through ventilation system helps keep the windows from fogging.

Arrow can use leaded or unleaded gas.

NEW PLYMOUTH ARROW has some important points every economy car could learn from. First, Arrow prices start at \$3,175†. And that price includes extras you can't even order on Rabbit, Pinto, and Chevette. But if you want your Arrow packed with even more goodies, order an Arrow GS, priced at only \$3,383†. Or a fancy Arrow GT at \$3,748†.

And Arrow's gas economy is also something to boast about. That's why we put it in those big numbers at the right.

But economy doesn't stop there. Arrow is made to be easily serviced, too.

The oil plug and filter are accessible from above the engine. So, you can change the oil and filter yourself.

And if you've ever listened to the radio in a four-cylinder economy car, you know the engine sometimes gets louder than the radio. Now comes Arrow's available Silent-Shaft four-cylinder engine.

Talk about quiet, it's even quieter and smoother than a six-cylinder engine.

Just because Arrow is a little economy car, doesn't mean it has a little economy warranty. Read Arrow's warranty and you'll see what we mean: For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage. You're only responsible for normal maintenance like changing filters and wiper blades. And a warranty this strong just has to be called "The Clincher."

Congratulations. You've just finished "A Lesson In Arrow-Dynamics." Now the test. Put down this book. Take out an Arrow at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. You'll get the point we've been trying to make.

E.P.A. ESTIMATES*
39 ^M
24 ^P
 hwy. G city
 1600 cc Arrow GT, 5-speed.

Introducing Plymouth Arrow. What more can a little car give?

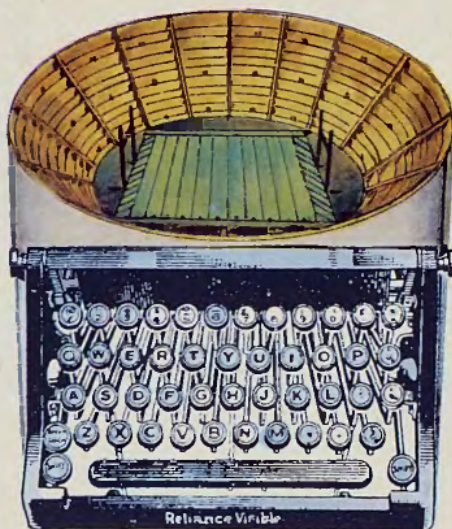


†Sticker price, excluding taxes and destination charges. Options on car pictured: wheel rings (\$32), cloth-and-vinyl seats and stripe (\$48).
 *Your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, your car's condition, and its optional equipment. Calif. mileage lower.

BOOKS

Larry Merchant is, uncontestedly, one of our best and most successful sports-writers, a fact that speaks far more eloquently of the requirements of the craft than of the talents of Merchant. One of journalism's healthiest myths contends that the most elevating prose in your basic big-city daily can often be found on the sports pages. But, in fact, most sports columnists write the language with the same skill and grace as that with which their subjects speak it, which is to say poorly. Merchant is not that bad, but his sententious style and insight, compressed to a false importance in *New York Post* columns, hardly merit collection into *Ringside Seat at the Circus* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). He does offer some worthwhile offbeat selections, such as a chat with a Manhattan M.D. who treats the tennis elbows of the stars. Nevertheless, if you buy this book, what you'll own is a whole lot of daily sports columns held together by the author's pretentious mortar of postscript commentary: "With two veteran athletes whose tics are familiar . . . you can attempt to get beneath the skin, as I did in those two cases." That kind of claim merely gets *under* ours.

One of the minor characters in Paul Theroux's *The Family Arsenal* (Houghton Mifflin) detests the theater, deriving his only pleasure from those unpredictable moments between acts when the stagehands, attempting to change sets, stumble in the darkness and odd thumping noises emerge from behind the curtain. Theroux has the same attitude toward revolution. Political gestures are theatrical: They do not inspire change. But when the whole world is a stage, who changes the sets? *The Family Arsenal* is a brilliant, loving portrait of a group of Irish Republican Army Provos stationed in London. Mayo, a spoiled rich girl, steals and holds for ransom a painting she admired as a child. Hood, an American who once served as a consul in Vietnam, suffers a vague urge to right wrongs; he swipes a roomful of goods from a fence. His companion asks what he proposes to do with 20 television sets. "Get 20 people and watch them." Theroux has an



Ringside: sports in a scrapbook.

"Most sports columnists write the language with the same skill and grace as that with which their subjects speak it, which is to say poorly."

ear for the stumbling discoveries that occur in the darkness; he restores the human element to politics.

What—another book cataloging a woman's painful childhood and adolescence, problems with Mother, sexual frustrations? Haven't we had enough with Gail Parent's *Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York* and Alix Shulman's *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen*? Well, forget about those two

novels, because there's a new star in the galaxy. She's Margaret Atwood, Canadian poet and novelist, and she's damned good. Not perfect but much better than her sisters who made the single life sound like a stint in purgatory. Atwood's heroine in her third novel, *Lady Oracle* (Simon & Schuster), is Joan Foster, a.k.a. Louisa K. Delacourt, closet scrivener of costume gothics. The novel opens with Joan, officially declared dead, trying to start a new life in Italy. And no wonder. Her old life was a wreck. She grows up fat; loses her virginity to a Polish count who writes trashy nurse romances; marries Arthur, a morose radical who doesn't know about her writing career; baby-sits the dynamite when Arthur's friends decide to blow up a bridge; has an affair with Royal Porcupine, a preposterous artist who steals the explosives; pens a best seller hailed as a cross between Kahlil Gibran and Rod McKuen; and then decides to chuck it all when she suspects that Arthur knows about her fat past and clandestine present. She stages her own drowning and flees to Italy, only to face still more unbelievable complications. Embellishing the main plot—which is studded with numerous, sometimes time-boggling flashbacks—are hilarious passages from Joan/Louisa's potboilers. The only major fault with this work is that it slips into the ludicrous a little too much, a little too often. But no matter. *Lady Oracle* is outrageously funny.

QUICK READS

Michael Medved and David Wallechinsky / *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?* (Random House): The 1965 *Time* cover story on the kids at Palisades High in suburban L.A. is brought up to date as 30 class members look back on their lives then and since. The oral tradition

is alive and well in Southern California.

William Murray /

Horse Fever (Dodd, Mead): Thoroughbred race horses, the track, the famous jockeys (from Shoemaker and Arcaro to the controversial Mary Bacon), tips on picking the winners—in short, everything you'd want to know about racing, told with considerable wit and style.

Two disparate picture books: Ansel Adams' *Photographs of the Southwest* (Little, Brown for the New York Graphic Society) and *Dirty Movies*, "The Illustrated History of Stag Films, 1915-1970," edited by Al Di Lauro, text by Rutgers professor Gerald Rabkin (Chelsea House).



Playboy Club News

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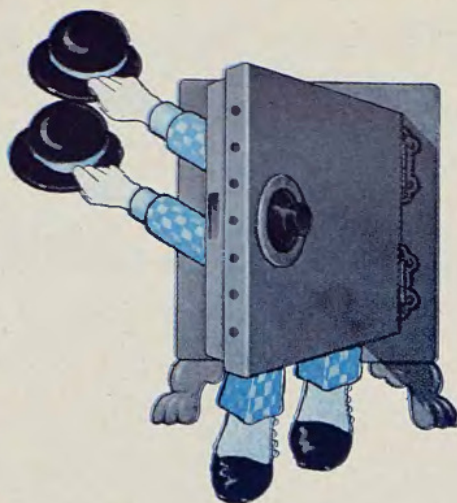
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MOVIES

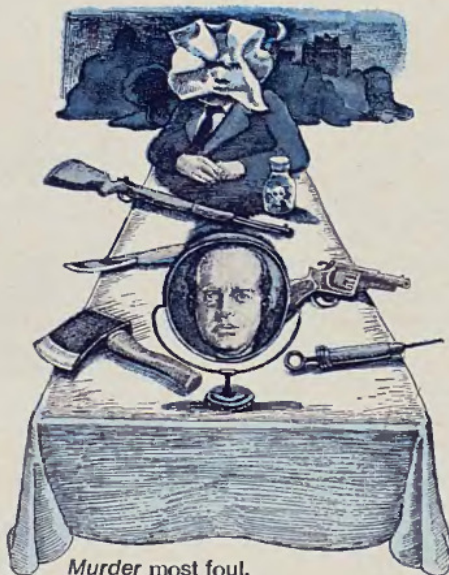
Some peripheral horseplay by James Caan and Elliott Gould, as a pair of vaudeville song-and-dance men back in the Gay Nineties, almost conquers the weaknesses of *Harry and Walter Go to New York*, a fairly flabby period comedy that looks like *The Sting* without the style. The actors try hard. While Caan and Gould camp it up, Michael Caine and Diane Keaton provide a counterpoint of cool drollery—Caine as a millionaire safe-cracker whose example convinces the hoofers, after they meet him in prison, that robbing a bank might be easier than improving their act; Diane as a radical social reformer who decides to join them in larceny in order to finance a milk fund. If a bank must be robbed, Diane reasons, "let it be robbed in the name of decency." *Harry and Walter* sounds promising—and, indeed, gets off to a fast start—but the screenplay by John Byrum and Robert Kaufman goes into a decline about halfway through, becoming so strained and convoluted that the stars have to keep spinning their wheels to make the fun seem livelier than it actually is. Director Mark (Cinderella Liberty) Rydell, no slacker when it comes to pacing, pushes *Harry and Walter* with the desperate, unbridled energy of a born pitchman who sells a nickel's worth of patent medicine as if it were a new miracle drug.

As a sex symbol, singer David Bowie (see this month's *Playboy Interview*, page 57) drops into an androgynous slot somewhere between Mick Jagger and Marlene Dietrich. Whether or not Bowie can really act seems almost irrelevant in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, for his potent screen presence adds both mystery and a kind of ghoulish glamor to director Nicolas Roeg's eerie, hypnotic futuristic fantasy based on a novel by Walter Tevis. Roeg, a onetime cinematographer, cares more about visual stimuli than about coherent storytelling (*Don't Look Now*, his stunning thriller with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, was a case in point), and there are gaps in the plot of *The Man Who Fell to Earth* that boggle the mind. It's a dazzling piece of work, anyway, stylish and provocative—with Bowie as a spaced-out interplanetary traveler who suddenly appears in the civilized world with a blueprint for taking over Big Business that instantly renders RCA, Du Pont and Kodak obsolete. Calling himself Mr. Thomas Jerome Newton, he blasts off as a Howard Hughes of industry by founding a "technologically overstimulating" organization known as World Enterprises. He meets a definitely ordinary girl who becomes his earthling princess (a role played with spunk and spirit by Candy



Harry and Walter: wild pitch.

"*Harry and Walter* is a fairly flabby period comedy that looks like *The Sting* without the style."



Murder most foul.

Clark) and assembles an entourage led by an acquisitive lawyer (Buck Henry, playing it straight to uncanny effect behind a pair of Coke-bottle specs) and an oversexed college professor (Rip Torn). In the adaptation devised by Paul Mayersberg, Newton's mission among us remains pretty vague, though he appears to be concerned about water sources for a dry, dying planet where most of his loved ones wait in vain. He doesn't do an awful lot about the water problem, but Bowie makes the visitor considerably more than a fag Newton as he conquers

this frenetic planet. Ultimately trapped here and driven to drink, *The Man Who Fell* ends up as a fallen hero in every sense. "I think maybe Mr. Newton has had enough," says a tolerant bartender at the climax of an ironic and imaginative drama that's full of flaws, but forgivable ones, all fused by Roeg's blazing originality and Bowie's extrasensory star power.

Neil Simon's *Murder by Death*, a deadly disappointment, features Peter Falk, James Coco, Peter Sellers, David Niven, Maggie Smith and Elsa Lanchester as a haunted houseful of the world's most famous fictional detectives, "cordially invited to dinner and a murder." Author Truman Capote plays their diabolical host, simpering away with the help of a blind butler named Bensonmum (Alec Guinness) and a deaf-mute cook named Yetta (Nancy Walker). The big surprise about *Murder by Death* is that Simon—who has practically never written a flop for stage or screen—appears to have knocked off this whodunit parody as if he were stretching out, interminably, a one-joke sketch for a TV comedy special. Routinely directed by Robert Moore, who renders homage to Mel Brooks here and there, *Murder by Death* is littered with cheap shots and the obvious sophomoric humor any hack might devise for Sellers, say, as an Oriental sleuth named Sidney Wang, or for Niven and Smith, as a chic *Thin Man*-ish couple named Dick and Dora Charleston. Falk's imitation of Bogart, as Sam Diamond the private eye, is funny for about five minutes. *Murder by Death* is essentially a private joke—a real hoot for the performers, perhaps, but slim pickings for the moviegoer—and seldom achieves the gala, stylish air that made *Murder on the Orient Express* superbly entertaining. A computer programmed to dream up a celebrity rally yielding maximum profits might logically suggest just such a line-up. For Capote, a wretched actor, it must have been a nice vacation from writing. But did Simon have to take his vacation at the same time?

Colorado in 1908—when the horseless carriage collided with the traditions of hoss opera—is the setting for *The Great Scout and Cathouse Thursday*, which happen to be title roles played, respectively, by Lee Marvin and Kay Lenz. In the rowdy frame of mind that made his *Cat Ballou* a memorable Western klutz, Marvin portrays a frontier hero determined to wheedle, steal or extort from a railroad tycoon (Robert Culp) the \$60,000 he figures is owed to him as his share of a

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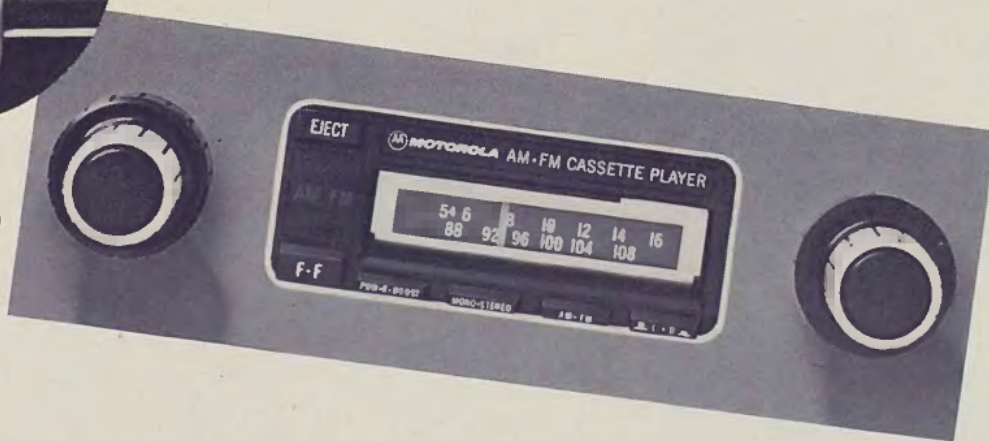


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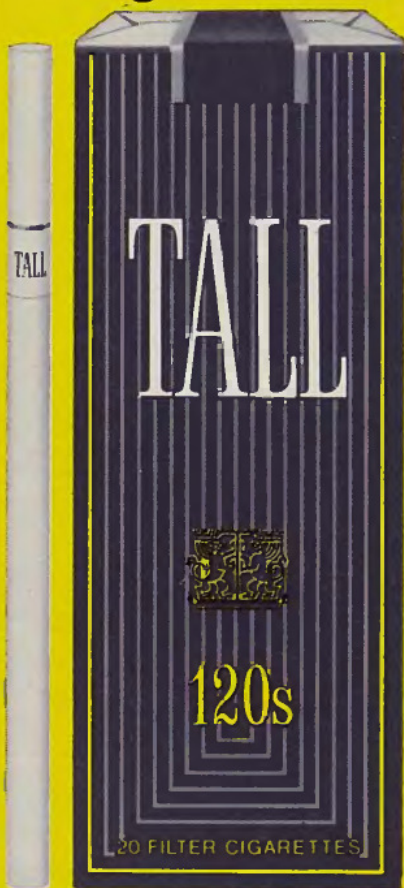


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gold strike. Kay is a refugee from a brothel who, after being kidnaped with a whole bevy of harlots by Marvin's half-breed side-kick (Oliver Reed), sees her chance to escape from a lesbian madam (Sylvia Miles). Reed, over from England, drolly plays the redskin as a Harvard alumnus and insists he's going to revenge himself on the paleface by spreading his dose of the clap all the way from the wide-open spaces to the White House. Great Scout's planned act of vengeance is to kidnap the railroad tycoon's wife (Elizabeth Ashley), whom he's long idolized, and hold her for ransom; the scheme sours because she turns out to be a faithless bitch who swears like a mule skinner, and her husband suggests that her abductors keep her. All the action occurs in or near a town called Serenity, where Culp is promoting a benefit boxing match to finance the Presidential campaign of William Howard Taft. Everything is treated with refreshing irreverence by director Don Taylor and writer Richard Shapiro, and though *Great Scout's* level of comic invention is obviously far broader than it is high, any movie that can roll out a barrel of laughs these days deserves a cordial reception.

After *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Exorcist*, what can a kid do to raise a little hell? Well, *The Omen* poses a discipline problem for Gregory Peck and Lee Remick, playing the U. S. Ambassador to England and his missus—nominal parents of a five-year-old son of a witch who turns out to be a fiend incarnate. "The Devil's child will rise from the world of politics" is the prophecy stated by someone or other. Sounds plausible enough. But *The Omen* blows its ideological appeal by surrendering to the haunted-house approach to horror films. Peck, Remick, Billie Whitelaw, David Warner, Leo McKern and young Harvey Stephens (as the diabolical tyke) handle all sorts of unnatural phenomena with intelligence and discretion, though their efforts are undone by David Seltzer's foolishly contrived script, Richard Donner's bogeyman'll-getcha direction and an overdose of gore. They need a Hitchcock to teach them that you don't make the workaday world fearsome by turning down the lights and psyching your audience with high winds and thunderbolts. *The Omen* has its chilling moments, as well as the germ of a good idea, but it tries too hard. When the good guys arrive at a cemetery at midnight and the audience laughs, something is amiss.

When a Polish-French film maker enlists a Swedish cinematographer, several Parisian stars and a smattering of Americans—including Shelley Winters, oddly cast as the concierge of a shabby French apartment house—the chances are good that he's adding international flavor to beef up a tepid potboiler. Director

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Roman Polanski's *The Tenant* is not even helped much by the fact that Polanski himself plays the title role as a meek Parisian clerk who moves into a drab furnished room vacated by a suicide victim and inexplicably finds himself assuming the dead woman's identity. Seeing her friends, wearing her clothes, thinking her paranoid thoughts, he is ultimately drawn to the same window ledge from which she leaped to her death. Although his performance is competent, Polanski lacks the charisma that might sustain *The Tenant's* rather slight tale of psychological terror. Fine camerawork by Sven Nykvist, usually associated with the films of Ingmar Bergman, merely heightens the impression that a good deal of skill is being spent here to achieve negligible results. Beautiful Isabelle Adjani, an Oscar nominee for her performance in François Truffaut's *The Story of Adele H.*, is wasted in a peripheral role as a sensitive young friend of the deceased, while Melvyn Douglas, Jo Van Fleet and Winters *parlez-vous* through the French quarter like refugees from some Berlitz school of acting, speaking English with Gallic gestures. *The Tenant* is a well-made but doggedly minor movie in which, finally, nobody seems to be at home.

Several years ago, a comedy that took a sympathetic look at a female car thief might have seemed aggressively amoral. So much has changed on the American scene of late that the plucky heroine of *Dandy, the All-American Girl* would hardly shock your old aunt Tessie. Dandy is just a cute kid who knows damned well that you don't get to own and drive a Dino Ferrari by toiling from nine to five as a telephone operator or a receptionist; so she attains that \$20,000 status symbol—with a \$200 junked Volkswagen as her initial ante—by stealing, selling off and restealing a series of Porsches. It's a point of honor, though, that the Dino Ferrari has to be legally *hers*. The ironic title of *Dandy* should be sufficient hint that producer-director Jerry Schatzberg is suggesting a certain distortion of values in American life—what you are is what you've got, and how you get it is nobody's business but your own. While the message seems less than earth-shaking, the movie as a whole has all sorts of attractive selling points; chiefly, the performance of Stockard Channing—who played the runaway heiress in *The Fortune* and is even better as a feisty Seattle urchin who's got so much *chutzpah* she takes her court-appointed lawyer out on a shoplifting expedition. As the beleaguered lawyer who understandably likes her a lot, Sam Waterston fortifies his bid to become another James Stewart, and movie newcomer Franklyn Ajaye proves a scene stealer as Dandy's black buddy.

X-RATED

Tweddle Dee and Tweeddle Dum, in Bill Osco's X-rated musical version of *Alice in Wonderland*, are a couple of balling, bare-bottomed exhibitionists in tank tops. The Mad Hatter is a mad flasher and even Humpty Dumpty appears as a good egg who can't get it up. Kristine De Bell (our nymphish April cover girl and the Lolita-ish young lady in last month's Helmut Newton pictorial) plays Alice with aplomb as a modern miss who appears to have some hang-ups about sex until she follows that rabbit into a world of fantasy where Lewis Carroll, by comparison, ventured only on tiptoe. Supplied with impudent music and lyrics by Bucky Searles, Osco plows right in, transforming *Alice* into a wild child's garden of sexual innocence—the kind of place where Alice, wide-eyed, reacts to the strange behavior of creatures she encounters with such tuneful queries as: "What's a nice girl like her doing on a knight like you?" Osco also has ubiquitous porno star Terri Hall, who was originally a dancer, kicking up her heels as a chorine—and far sexier than she's ever been while performing in first position in the sack. Overall, *Alice* is so totally harmless a confection that they ought to rate it PG and let swinging young parents take their precocious kids for a night of family fun at the flicks.

The slapdash pseudo documentary titled *Inside Marilyn Chambers* features outtakes from *Behind the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve*; interviews with Marilyn and several of her most potent leading men; plus an unflappable narrator who sounds as if he were covering a Channel swim on the six-o'clock sports roundup when he describes how *Eve* "displayed Marilyn's multiple sexual talents and proved again what a tireless performer she is." Actually, the winsome porno superstar has not



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"Supplied with impudent music and lyrics, Osco plows right in, transforming *Alice* into a wild child's garden of sexual innocence."

made another film since she took up writing books and bouncing around onstage; here, her unstartling message is that she relishes sex and has no regrets about anything she's done, in public or in private. More arrestingly offbeat are behind-the-scenes anecdotes from veteran superstud performer George S. McDonald, who describes what it's like to be literally *Inside Marilyn*, and Johnnie Keyes, telling how he nearly, er, blew a take in *Green Door* when "I felt a cold wet sponge—the make-up girl putting make-up on my balls."

The villain of *Femmes de Sade* is a lanky middle-aged sadist known

as Rocky de Sade (Ken Turner) who comes out of San Quentin, brutalizes various women and launches a sexual reign of terror in the back streets of San Francisco. At a masked ball, the city's pimps, whores and hustlers even the score by putting Rocky in chains and proceeding to urinate and defecate on him. There's nothing remotely erotic about that, nor does Turner's talent for autofellatio seem much of a turn-on. Anyone but a dedicated S/M freak may choose to go out for popcorn while the bruiser does his specialty acts. Yet the rest of *Femmes de Sade* is a double-rich, enticingly photographed, unabashedly decadent piece of work by Alex deRenzy, a porno pioneer (*Pornography in Denmark, A History of the Blue Movie, Pleasure Masters*) who hires attractive and competent performers to act out his hyperphallic fantasies. All the highlights of *Femmes de Sade* occur in the imagination of a sex-shop proprietor named Johnny (John Leslie) who conjures up provocative images in a gynecologist's examining room, in a Japanese bath and in a ship's engine room, where three sailors and a girl slather themselves with oil for an orgy that's decidedly seeworthy.

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DINING & DRINKING

The following is an excerpt from the book "Saloon—A Guide to America's Great Bars, Pubs, Saloons, Taverns, Drinking Places, and Watering Holes of Distinction," by Toby Thompson, to be published in October by Grossman.

The bar at *The Midgets' Club* (4016 West 63rd Street in Chicago) is less than three feet high. Parnell St. Aubin does not top that mark by much and he likes to keep his counter low. A little person can walk up to the bar, rest his elbows on the Formica and say, "Gimme a beer," just like



"Seats at Midgets' are only about a foot off the floor. Consequently, Normals sit with their knees up to their chins."

a Normal. The pay phone is a couple of feet off the ground and all the toilets are low. Chairs at Midgets' bar are standard width, but the legs have been trimmed to compensate for the shift in bar height. Consequently, seats are only about a foot off the floor and Normals have a tendency to sit with their knees up to their chins. Tables around the barroom are lowered, as are the chairs that surround them. The dropped bar, tables and other fixtures are largely for the convenience of St. Aubin and his wife—Midgets' owners. The majority of their customers are regulation-size people. "If I had to depend on midgets for business," Parnell confesses, "I'd starve to death."

Parnell St. Aubin is an old show-business trouper, and working stage front does not bother him in the least. He hustles up and down the bar, mixing drinks, serving "short" bottles of Bud or Schlitz to his regulars and cradling fifths of whiskey in both arms to refill a customer's glass. He has operated Midgets' at its present location for 17 years and has been in the bar business for 32. Before that, he toured with Singer's Midgets, a legendary troupe of diminutives who were on every circus, carnival and vaudeville card throughout the Thirties. Singer's Midgets played the Munchkins in *The Wizard of Oz* and Parnell himself was "the first Munchkin to be seen by Judy Garland, you know, as she came down the Yellow Brick Road."

"Been in show business since I was

a kid," he says. "They used to book me as the shortest man in the world, said I was 22 years old when I was ten, stood me up in the palm of a ringmaster's hand. I was Scrubby the Pig from '53 to '54 on *Scrub Club*, a kids' TV show you probably saw and don't remember. I did a lot of things on tour: sang, played sax, danced, fronted a band. There wasn't much for a little person to do in those days but show business. Now they're all educated. You can't get one near the big top, can't hire one to work in a bar. I had a

scholarship to college when I was a kid, but I went with the circuit, because that's where the money was. My wife, too. We lived in the same neighborhood. Running a bar was the alternative. When Las Vegas was just getting good, after the war, a fellow offered to set me up in a bar there. As a gimmick. But Chicago's my home town. The club's a good life. I work hard at it, 12 hours, 14 hours a day. I got a good investment here. Only handicap, with the counter set up short like it is, I can't unload the place once I retire. And little people won't work a bar now. So it's business for today and today only. What the hell."

Parnell has a habit of shaking his head and *tching* philosophically, with loud suckings of his teeth. He is a 50ish little man, paunched, with the studied air of a professional barkeep. The Midgets' Club is unobtrusive: a good bit of plastic and Formica, everything functional, clean and simple. Normal-size old-timers line the bar, scrunched down in their seats, drinking quietly or joking with Parnell. No one seems to think it odd that everything is scaled so small at Midgets'. Personally, the place reminded us of an elaborate dollhouse, a series of miniature interiors viewed through glass partitions by Normals with a mixture of childlike fascination and Brobdingnagian detachment.

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In the Forties and Fifties, Savoy, a record label of modest pretensions, was turning out some of the best jazz recordings around. The commercial viability of jazz being what it is, by the Sixties the label had moved on to what it considered long-greener pastures and consigned its masters to the vaults or wherever vinyl white elephants go to die. A quick dissolve to 1976, where we find Arista Records, a label that is very much into the avant-garde groove, buying up the old Savoy masters and reissuing them in a series of twin-LP albums that will gladden the hearts of those jazz buffs who have never lost the faith, and give the jazz neophytes—if they're shrewd enough to pick up on them—a splendid reprise of what an important musical era was all about. The initial-release package of eight albums has several of landmark quality. **Charlie Parker / Bird** was recorded between 1944 and 1948. The tracks give clear indication of Parker's seminal approach to jazz. The people about him (including a young Miles Davis) aren't really in his league, but Bird seldom seems discouraged at finding no one following him over the musical barricades. The same isn't true for **John Coltrane—Wilbur Harden / Countdown**, which was originally put down on vinyl in 1958 and has four outtakes that have never before reached the public. What is so surprising is not the evidence of Trane's emergence as a jazz wave maker—one knew that was going to be there—it's the performance of Harden, who plays the Flügelhorn with a clarity and creativity that make one wonder about his disappearance from the musical scene. Moving along, folks, we have **Lester Young / Pres**, etched between 1944 and 1949. Young was very close to the top of his form—limpid, relaxed, extraordinarily inventive—and the cuts range from those produced with lots of Basie sidemen (and Basie himself on a half-dozen tracks) to a "commercial" group (led by Johnny Guarneri and noteworthy for some delightful solos by clarinetist Hank D'Amico) to a more modern group (1949) that included pianist Junior Mance and drummer Roy Haynes. Among the other albums: **Erroll Garner / The Elf**, which includes a 1945 recording of the classic *Laura*, a milestone for Garner; **Cannonball Adderley / Spontaneous Combustion**, which finds the late alto great in mid-Fifties recording sessions with two smashing groups, highlighted by the rhythmic achievements of bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Kenny Clarke; and **Milt**



Savoy's stompin' again.

"This series of twin-LP albums will gladden the hearts of jazz buffs and give neophytes a splendid reprise."



Bob Marley, prophet of reggae.

Jackson / Second Nature, again from the mid-Fifties, with Jackson's vibes playing off beautifully against the dreamy, unpressured quality of Lucky Thompson's tenor. Arista is to be congratulated and listeners are to consider themselves fortunate.

Back in the Sixties, when the great American children's crusade was under way, parents of teenaged girls who took off for California worried about such humdrum stuff as rapists and murderers. Better they should have worried about the kids' winding up in exploitative rock groups like *The Runaways* (Mercury). The youth of the five nymphets in the group is ballyhooed on the cover; the punk

rock inside glorifies all the primordial horrors of the adolescent psyche: "I got away clean with my fake I.D. / No more school or Mommy for me / Stealin' cars and breakin' hearts / Pills and thrills and actin' smart." We propose that this album be declared a national monument. Or disaster.

Let's say this right up front and underline it twice: Bob Marley and the Wailers seem finally to have emerged as the finest rock-'n'-roll band

of the Seventies and, what's more, they're as heavy a group as we have had in the 22-year history of the music—right up there with any of the giants you might care to name, from Chuck Berry through Sly Stone. And that includes the Beatles, Otis Redding, the Stones, all of them. That's how good they are.

Maybe the reason not everyone knows this yet is that Marley has just begun touring in the United States, fronting a group of the foremost practitioners of the most exciting music of our day, Jamaican *reggae*. What mysterious, laid-back energy this music has; how cradling the complex, irresistible rhythms, soothing even while exciting. *Reggae* is slow fire, sensuous, exotic, yet always familiar, for one of its parents is our own rock 'n' roll.

At the microphone is Marley, wearing what appears to be very hiply tailored freedom-fighter fatigues. He is skinny in the classic mode of rock-star skinniness (Dylan, Jagger), a wiry, tightly contained energy bundle topped by a fine snake-coil mane of *rasta* dreadlocks, which fly about Medusalike during some of his more energetic moves. He jogs in place, thrusts curious index fingers at the audience, stands holding his brow as if suffering from an extremely soulful headache. The opening songs, *Rastaman Chant* and *The Lion of Judah*, performed in partial darkness before a spotlighted Ethiopian flag, are like an invocation, slow, beautiful, serene. Then things start to heat up. When these people sing about Jah and hunger and burning and injustice, they aren't kidding. They don't sound slick and dumb nor, thanks to the ganja-informed beauty of Marley's lyrics, are they stridently didactic. Because the music speaks of real and present dangers, of righteous religious faith, of not giving up the fight, it has the power to play upon an audience's emotions as no music has in years.

To be fair, it should be added that in the two sold-out shows we caught at



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New York City's Beacon Theater, the performances were not equally fine, the Friday-night one seeming to sag in the middle. But a *soso* Wailers performance is better than a fine plum, and this applies also to Wailers albums, the newest of which, *Rastaman Vibration* (Island), falls a little short of the mark set by the past two. Which means that only seven of its ten cuts are fantastic. Listen to *War* and *Rat Race*, which offer up sad and horrifying images of the future consequences of enforced human inequality. Listen closely. There is a terrible fucking tidal wave building in the Third World, aimed this way, and Marley is its prophet.

Remember the ads in the back of old comic books: Draw this dog and win a \$25 art scholarship? David Geffen might as well have sponsored a similar contest for singer-songwriters when he founded Asylum Records: Compose a lyric using the words refuge, holy, disguise, mystery, pretend and/or desperado, and you can join the family. We happen to like the Asylum brand of uneasy listening: The artists are eloquent under fire, weaving images of frustrated innocence, failed romance and Southern California mysticism into compelling visions. *Warren Zevon* is one of the newest members of the Asylum family and his album is the one the company has been rehearsing for all these years. Zevon's lyrics are crisp, deftly ironic ("Well, I met a girl at the Rainbow bar, / She asked me if I'd beat her, / She took me back to the Hyatt House, / I don't want to talk about it") and understanding ("You know the sheriff's got his problems, too—and he will surely take them out on you"). Jackson Browne deserves praise for his impeccable production.

Not everyone thinks discos are as smashing as the contributors to our "Playboy Music '76" package (April), and one who doesn't is Lester Bangs, editor of the respected music magazine Creem. His views:

Imagine that you have been herded into a newly discovered circle of Dante's hell. It is claustrophobic, jammed with people who, like yourself, do not know exactly why they are there. The lighting is dim and the air is thick; the decor is either dingy or opulent unto the grotesque. You finally find a booth where you're served watery drinks that the waiter, who treats you like an insulting interloper, slops across the table and probably does not clean up. Looking around, you find that you're surrounded by human beings whose sexual indeterminacy is muddleheaded. Rather than breathe the heady air of liberation, they have canceled out both of the genders within and emerged from their closets dancing ciphers. And dance they do: boys with boys, girls with girls, mixed couples, neuts with nons, shuffling and posing with the most

unconsummately bored air imaginable. There is every reason they should be bored, since they are moving their flat feet and skinny little tushies to an endless program of identical musical constructions: strong, loping bass lines, brushes on cymbals, occasional strings and voices crooning like hot sorghum of "loooooove," or stuttering cyclic cocaine-twitchy imprecations to "gimme-gimme-gimme-gimme," "do-it do-it do-it do-it" or "getdown-getdown."

I ask you, gentle reader, is this entertainment?

Of course not, but this is what is being



Rockabye, my baby, to a *disco* melody.

"All they do is dance
to music that is neither
soulful nor bluesy.
It's Muzak for a dry hump."

sold as a kinkily hot time on the old town to a large segment of the American public, which is mindlessly lapping it up. The *disco* craze has America in its mitts, or perhaps under the soles of its Hustling feet. *Discos* represent a revival of an early-Sixties concept—that people would rather dance to hot records than to lame bands playing the same hits—with a new Seventies twist: Originally, the *nouveau discos* were primarily a facet of gay culture. And that culture is big business now; so about two years ago, *discos* suddenly became places where you could simultaneously eye the gays and be seen yourself, dressed to the pout and soaking up the oozing charisma of the only underground that's left. A forbidden thrill so innocuous was bound to become a national fad.

Concurrently, the music business picked up on *discos* as a new way of getting the audience to listen to (and buy) the latest vinyl product. Now there was a voracious public in need of something to dance to, something hip, catchy and tailored to the endless flow of *segues* in the local speak-easy. The result, of course, is

that *disco* music is as identifiable a commodity as SMILE buttons—and just about as vital. It's not only that it all sounds the same but also that its stylistic lock step compromises the individuality of every artist who touches it, hopelessly adulterating any musical product associated with it in much the same way as the sexual identities of the people who dance to it are adulterated. In other words, it's all bland shit. The *disco* girls don't fuck the *disco* boys, who pretend to be gay but aren't, so they don't fuck each other—or anybody else. All they do is dance to music that borrows from soul and rhythm-and-blues but is nothing but a treadmill rhythm, neither soulful nor bluesy. It's Muzak for a dry hump, the perfect mood elevator for dull times.

The people who go down to *discos* hoping to rubberneck the exotically epicene habitués are no different from the white society folk who used to roll into Harlem in their tuxes in the Twenties and Thirties to ogle their fill of lubricious Negroid vitality. What they don't realize is that their encroachment has spooked authentic nether-world types, causing the original clientele to beat a hasty retreat. When I asked a deejay friend where the gay community had gone after deserting the most famous gay *disco* in my own city, he replied: "I won't tell you. We've managed to keep you people from coming in and fucking up our scene so far—why should we ask for trouble again?"

If this trend continues, we may not only see an end to *discos*; we may discover that fags don't, after all, have natural rhythm.

On May 27, 1974, properly majestic funeral services for Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington were held in the vast Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, just south of Harlem. Among many musicians in the audience that day, there was a strong sense that while Ellington's compositions and his own interpretations of them on recordings would surely survive, the future of the Ellington band was much more problematic. Duke's son, Mercer, was now in charge of the orchestra, but Mercer, while amiable and conscientious, seemed to have little of his father's pervasive authority. And when more of the older ducal associates left and younger musicians moved in, could Mercer do more than field a faceless "ghost" crew sounding as if it were playing a book of antiques?

Almost two years after Duke's funeral, *The Duke Ellington Orchestra*, conducted by Mercer Ellington, returned to the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine. While there were other events of note during the night, the key musical news is that Mercer Ellington has confounded his detractors and is now leading a largely young, crisply driving band that is achieving its own firm musical identity within,

of course, the powerful Duke Ellington *Gestalt* of which it is an extension.

The occasion for what turned out to be a Mercer Ellington triumph was a benefit concert (sponsored by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church) for Cuttington College in Liberia, the only independent liberal-arts college in sub-Saharan West Africa.

Among the guest performers were Joe Williams (technically assured, as usual, but really more suited to the Devil's lyrics than to the pieties he was stuck with most of the night); Dave Brubeck and sons (in the elder Brubeck's accurate, affectionate and still glowing 18-year-old piece *The Duke*); the Hampton Choir (dignified, earnest, unswinging); and Sarah Vaughan, who was the solo triumph of the evening. In manifestly exuberant spirits, Sarah, backed by her first-class trio, was so stunningly in command of her instrumentalized voice that it seemed a shame Duke and Sarah had never enjoyed a long-term musical partnership.

A surprise guest at the "Ellington Is Forever" concert was the redoubtable Charles Mingus, who, all in black, played an elegantly lyrical unaccompanied solo and then, moving to the microphone, announced, "Back in 1941, I played with a band Mercer Ellington had in Los Angeles. I am sure glad to see him with a good band."

Mercer grinned, as did his colleagues in the band. Like all of Duke's bands through the decades, they know they're good. This posthumous edition isn't up to its predecessors yet, but it's building. And it certainly is not a ghost band.

SHORT CUTS

Steely Dan / *The Royal Scam* (ABC): More solid rock 'n' roll—with both brains and guts—from one of the best groups around.

Larry Young's *Fuel / Spaceball* (Arista): Supra-energized jazz-rock from the most original of organists—with more horns and guitars than he's used before.

James Moody / *Timeless Aura* (Vanguard): Individualistic but readily accessible jazz statements by a neglected giant of the tenor sax.

John Handy / *Hard Work* (ABC Impulse): His first LP in eight years finds San Francisco's superb altoist—who's been busy teaching—playing and singing funkier stuff than he used to.

Al Wilson / *I've Got a Feeling* (Playboy): A top-notch vocalist gets some straight-ahead commercial production. Believe us.

Remembering . . . *The Greatest Hits of Bob Wills* (Columbia): The original country-swing records; now you can listen to the same stuff Merle Haggard listens to.

Jimmy Ponder / *Illusions* (ABC Impulse): An unheralded but superskilled guitarist in the Burrell/Benson mold gets help from Ron Carter, among others, on some soft electric funk.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a motorcycle fanatic. Over the years, I have developed several techniques for having sex while riding my two-wheeled beast. Usually, the female passenger simply reaches around in front, unzips my jeans and holds on for dear life. An erection makes a great granny handle. Sometimes, if the girl is small enough, I put her on the seat in front of me. She leans over the tank, I enter from the rear and the acceleration causes her to settle back against me. Unfortunately, I have yet to discover a way for a passenger to perform fellatio while cruising down the road. Is there a safe way to accomplish my dream?—F. F., Berkeley, California.

Yes. It's called a sidecar. But watch out for those bumps and potholes. You could lose more than your concentration.

My girlfriend and I have decided to take advantage of charter rates for a vacation in Europe. To minimize the hassles at hotels and inns on the Continent, I made the reservations as man and wife. When we arrived at the airport, my girlfriend was not allowed on the flight because she did not have any identification that matched the name on the reservation list (i.e., proof that she was my missus). What happened?—S. C., New York, New York.

Charter operators are required by law to file a passenger manifest with the Civil Aeronautics Board 30 days prior to international flights and 15 days prior to North American flights. The manifest is to include only lawful names and boarding passengers must present a serialized I.D. (driver's license, passport or Social Security card) that matches the name on the manifest. Next time, make your reservations in your own names. The list is alphabetized, so there is no way to tell who is traveling with whom—not that it matters to anyone, anyway. Honeymooners are urged to carry a marriage license if the wife's I.D. has not been changed to the name entered on the manifest. You suffered the consequences of an unfortunate and unnecessary act of discretion. (By the way, most innkeepers in Europe are open-minded about the sleeping arrangements of unmarried couples.) The CAB receives several complaints a week from people who were not allowed on charters for the same reason. Better luck next time.

Being a 25-year-old single male, I lead an active sex life. I thought that I had seen and done everything—however, something happened not long ago that



has me totally freaked. One sunny Saturday afternoon, I was checking out the action at the local beach, when my eyes came across a beautiful blonde who was as foxy as the girls who grace your magazine. After about 15 minutes of small talk, it was obvious that she wanted to get it on. My little sex kitten turned out to be one of the greatest partners I have ever had. She not only wanted to make love all day—in every position—she also was a master of oral sex. She gave the best head I've ever had. Later that night, the lady let it slip that she used to be a he named Bill and had undergone a sex-change operation. Imagine my surprise. I don't know what to think. What should I do now?—B. R., Miami Beach, Florida.

It's a rare phenomenon, but one that has to be faced: In the sexual revolution, there are some persons who want to change sides. At first glance, a whole new set of problems arise: Should a gentleman offer a transsexual a Tiparillo? Perhaps the simplest way to end the confusion is to take your new friend at face value. If you can't tell the difference, there isn't any. In one sense, you've had the best of both worlds. Maybe it's time to retire.

Have you ever heard of anyone intentionally strangling himself during masturbation to heighten the orgasm? One of my friends has confessed to a strange form of autoeroticism. He throws a soft velvet noose over the bar in his closet

and slowly increases the tension while stroking himself. The closer he comes to passing out, the better his climax. It strikes me that it would be easy to go too far. How common is this practice?—R. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Yet another bizarre sexual practice comes out of the closet. This form of self-abuse has been around for years, which is more than we can say for some of the people who have tried it. Supposedly, the momentary oxygen starvation increases the intensity of the orgasm—the same thing can happen if you hold your breath. It's dangerous to do alone—pass out and you may well pass on. There are a number of documented cases of boys and men who have died this way. Even with supervision, the practice may be unsafe. English brothels in the 1600s experimented with the technique: Apparently, some enterprising madam noticed that when a convict went to the gallows, he often died with an erection and/or an ejaculation (hence the praise, "He was a well-hung man"). Seeking a cure for impotence, ladies of the night sometimes played the part of high executioner. The madam would let the aging lord dangle from the chandelier until he developed an erection; then she would cut him down. Accidents were known to happen. To avoid a scandal, the death would be explained as a suicide. There are better ways to go—or come.

Every time I watch the film sequence preceding ABC's *Wide World of Sports*, I wonder about the ski jumper who will be forever famous as the Agony of Defeat. Can you tell me the who, when, where and what? Did the guy survive?—M. K., Wilmington, Delaware.

Veinko Bogatej is the skier who made, or failed to make, what is probably the most famous jump in history at the 1970 International Ski Flying Championship in Germany. You'll notice we said is and not was. Despite what would appear to be an impossible jump to survive, the Yugoslavian was not critically injured.

The other night, I was watching a Western on the TV set at a local bar. The movie showed a cowpoke entering a saloon and ordering a beer. A few of the guys got to talking and we all had the same questions: Was the beer cold? If it was kept on ice, where did the ice come from and how was it made?—J. T. C., Brownsville, Texas.

In Colonial days, ice was gathered from frozen ponds and streams and stored in well-insulated huts called icehouses. The

commercial ice business, which supplied the Southern states, began in 1799, when a shipload of ice was sent from New York to South Carolina. By the middle of the 19th Century, inventors in the U. S. and England had developed refrigeration systems for manufacturing ice, and by 1870, there were four commercial ice-making plants in the U. S. The frontier settlements chilled their thrills in much the same fashion. In the Northern towns, ice was gathered and stored as it was in the East. In warmer areas, towns that were big enough to get regular shipments of vital necessities (beer, etc.) had ice sent in. Smaller settlements stored their beer in caves and deep cellars to keep it as cold as possible: Serving temperature for a cool one was 55-60 degrees.

My wife and I have been married for almost two years. We are both in our early 20s, enjoy sex, have done some swinging now and weren't virgins when we met. My wife has started to have highly erotic dreams. In her dreams, she has intercourse with one man while other men or a mixed crowd look on. The dreams are so intense, she awakens with her body sweating, swept away by the feeling that she has just had a cosmic climax. She claims that she never feels like that during real sex. What is puzzling is that she cannot remember the identity of her lover or any of the faces in the crowd. Does she secretly desire another man? Please advise.—W. C., San Francisco, California.

Her dream is a fairly common one: The crowd of anonymous admirers defines her own desirability. And it is quite possible that her dream produces physical orgasm (Kinsey found that 20 percent of the women he interviewed had experienced nocturnal climaxes). Our advice: Don't engage in armchair analysis—proceed directly to bed and remember the old adage: The person who wants to make a dream come true doesn't sleep.

Sex and music are a powerful combination. Unfortunately, my stereo system is at the opposite end of the house from my bedroom. I would like to install a set of accessory speakers. According to some of my friends, it is not a simple process: Attach the wrong speakers and you may blow out your amplifier. Also, if the wires are too long, you get a poor damping effect—i.e., the sound is not distinct. Are my friends correct?—J. P., Portland, Oregon.

You've got good friends. There are several things to look out for when connecting extra speakers. Most problems arise if you try to operate in two rooms at the same time. Figure out the impedance level of the entire system. Two pairs of eight-ohm speakers, hooked up

in parallel, yield a total of four ohms. Two pairs of 16 yield eight ohms, etc. Then compare the total with the operating specs of your amp. Make sure it can deliver the optimum power to each speaker. Some amps tend to self-destruct when they try to power systems of less than four ohms. Damping is the time it takes for a loud-speaker to stop vibrating after a signal (i.e., a one-second note should sound for one second and no more). The damping value of your present system is a ratio of speaker impedance divided by the amplifier impedance. The higher the number, the better the damping. By adding speakers, you decrease the damping effect. Also, the long wires used to connect the extra speakers increase the impedance of the amplifier, thus decreasing the damping effect. The wires should increase in thickness as the distance to the speaker increases (18- or 20-gauge wire is sufficient for 10-to-20-foot runs, while 16-gauge wire is preferred for room-to-room hookups). For more information, talk to the serviceman at your stereo shop. With a little planning, you should be able to rock-'n'-roll in every room.

Last month I met a delightful French girl. We started dating and soon began to enjoy intercourse. I would like to further our relations and I wonder how to ask her in French if I may perform cunnilingus.—N. L., Brooklyn, New York.

We look your question to one of our French cousins at Oui who is bilingual as well as cunnilingual. The phrase is: Est-ce que je peux sucer ta chatte, chérie? She wondered why you have to ask.

Cocaine is very expensive and very illegal. As long as I'm going to take the risk to enjoy my favorite drug, I would like to be sure I'm getting the real thing. Do you know of any simple tests to indicate whether or not a substance is cocaine and, if so, what the purity is?—S. W., New Orleans, Louisiana.

If the nose doesn't know, who does? The only reliable answer would come from a professional lab. If you want to play home chemist, pick up "The Gourmet Coke Book" (excerpted in "The Coca Leaf and Cocaine Papers," by George Andrews and David Solomon). It gives several imaginative tests. The easiest is the cobalt test, marketed in kit form by head shops. When cocaine and cobalt (a pink liquid) are mixed, the solution turns blue. If it doesn't, it's not coke. However, lidocaine—a local anesthetic commonly used to cut cocaine—also turns cobalt blue. (To test for lidocaine, put a drop of Clorox on the cocaine. Pure coke will remain colorless. Lidocaine, procaine or benzocaine will turn from yellow to orange.) The cobalt test merely indicates

the presence of cocaine. It does not indicate the purity. There is no reliable, easy test for cuts, although the author of "The Gourmet Coke Book" suggests using methanol: "Most common cuts do not dissolve in pure alcohol, while cocaine and, unfortunately, procaine and speed do. Pure methanol must be used in this test, because the presence of water in any alcohol will also dissolve the sugars and salts. When testing with methanol, two small equal amounts of the substance to be tested are placed in two teaspoons next to one another. Pure methanol is added to one of the teaspoons. Any powder that remains is definitely the cut. The amount of the cut is then compared with the original, unaltered amount in the second teaspoon to determine the percentage of the cut." Of course, by the time you finish these tests, there will be nothing left to sample. But buyer beware: They'll bust you whether it's pure or not.

Have you ever tried one of those textured condoms? I answered an ad for a contraceptive that boasted its scientifically designed ribs would enhance a woman's pleasure. When I put one of the things on, my penis looks like the louvered fender of a '55 Thunderbird. The ruffles have ridges. I'm curious: Do the things really work?—M. L., Boston, Massachusetts.

We welcome any excuse to return to our test bedrooms. First reports indicate that the radial-ply condoms do accomplish their goal. They prevent babies. In addition, the tread design improves traction and may keep you from falling out of bed on those slippery curves. The patterned ribs do stimulate the clitoris—whether or not the woman notices and appreciates the effect depends on the position and the pressure being used. The inner walls of the vagina are not sensitive to touch, so much of the effect of the extra texture is lost on penetration. The best positions are those that allow you to lightly draw the cornucob condom across the clitoris—we won't make a comparison to a violin bow, but your lover might. The items are definitely worth adding to your arsenal, but don't expect drastic results. It's very hard to improve on the basic sexual act. The rule in our test bedrooms is: Anything that doesn't actually detract from sex gets an A-plus rating.

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.



For the man who has everything... Something to help you keep it!

You're a special kind of man.

You've worked hard to get where you are. And you want to protect the life-style you've made for yourself.

But what if something happened to you? What if you were hospitalized by an accident? You'd need help . . . the kind of help \$100.00 A Day can give you.

Playboy Lifestyle Protection.

We pay you \$100.00 each day you're hospitalized by a covered accident, from the very first day, and continuing for life if it's necessary. That's \$100.00 a day paid directly to you, or to your doctor or hospital if you prefer, when you're hospitalized within 90 days of the accident.

Your family would need help, too. We pay them \$10,000.00 if you're fatally injured in a covered accident and death occurs within 100 days. And every one of these benefits is paid to you in addition to any other money you receive, including Workmen's Compensation.

Your benefits increase 10%.

For accidents occurring after you've had your protection one year, you get \$110.00 a day and \$11,000.00 for accidental death. There's no additional cost . . . the increase is automatic.

Send no money now.

For your convenience, send no money with your application, we'll bill you later. For PLAYBOY Readers 18-69, your reasonable monthly cost is \$1



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World-wide protection.

Whether you're skiing in Switzerland or driving to work, you're protected... anywhere in the world... 24 hours a day. Your protection is Guaranteed Renewable for Life. It can't be taken away from you or cancelled as long as you make your payments, even if you collect again and again. Your rates can't be raised unless the same change is made on all these policies in your state.

HERE'S WHAT ISN'T COVERED

Loss resulting from self-inflicted injury, acts of war, speed contests, air travel other than as a fare-paying passenger on a commercial airline, hernia, use of narcotics unless administered on the advice of a physician, and confinement in a U.S. Government hospital (except in Colorado), mental institutions (except in Arizona), or Christian Science sanitoriums.

You be the judge.

We'll give you 10 days to look your policy over. If you aren't completely satisfied, return it. You don't risk a penny, and you'll be covered all that time. This protection is brought to you by Beneficial Standard Life Insurance Co., Home Office: 3700 Wilshire Blvd., L.A., 90010.

Enjoy the convenience of buying by mail. No salesman will call, there's no obligation. So complete and mail your application now.

◀ ACT TODAY... SEND NO MONEY NOW!

This plan is not available in Oregon or Idaho.



You're about to double cross your favorite imported beer.

So you've been loyal to your favorite brand for a long time. But then, maybe you haven't yet experienced Dos Equis. It is an experience!

Dos Equis, imported from Mexico, is the big, brawny beer with two X's for a name.

People try it once, just to see what it's like. But before long, their old favorite beer isn't their favorite beer anymore. They have a new favorite—Dos Equis.

Some say Dos Equis is a little darker, a little richer than other imported beers. Some say they like the light, natural carbonation—without the hard bite.

Odds are Dos Equis can make you—even you—become disloyal to your old favorite beer. In that case, why not double cross a friend and offer him or her a Dos Equis.

After all, disloyalty loves company.

Dos Equis the double cross



VISIT MEXICO—THE FRIENDLY COUNTRY.

THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell tapes are not cheap.

In fact, a single reel of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape recorders.

Our tape is expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components. And unfortunately, there's not much to get out of most inexpensive tape recorders.

So it makes no sense to invest in Maxell unless you have equipment that can put it to good use.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape, no one gets into our manufacturing area until he's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and vacuumed.

(Yes, vacuumed.)

Unlike most tape-makers, we don't test our tape every now and then. We test every inch of every Maxell tape.

Which is why every Maxell tape you buy sounds exactly the same. From end to end. Tape to tape. Year to year. Wherever you buy it.

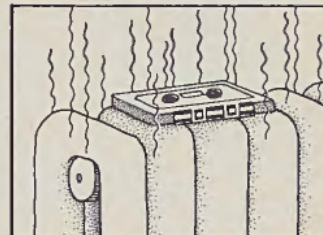
And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for a stronger cassette.

Our tape comes with a better guarantee than your tape recorder.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

So our guarantee is simplicity itself: anytime you ever have a prob-

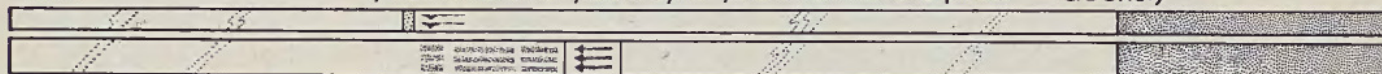


Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

Give our tape a fair hearing.

You can hear just how good Maxell tape sounds at your nearby audio dealer.

(Chances are, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)



No other tape sounds as good as ours because no other tape is made as carefully as ours.

For example, every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope before we use it. This reveals the exact size and proportions of individual particles of oxide. Because if they're not perfect, the tape won't sound perfect.



Every employee, vacuumed.

No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

We clean off the crud other tapes leave behind.

After all the work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put non-abrasive head cleaning leader on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

Our cassettes are put together as carefully as our tape.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material.

lem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.

You may be surprised to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.



Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, New Jersey 07074



MGB presents the world's biggest sunroof.

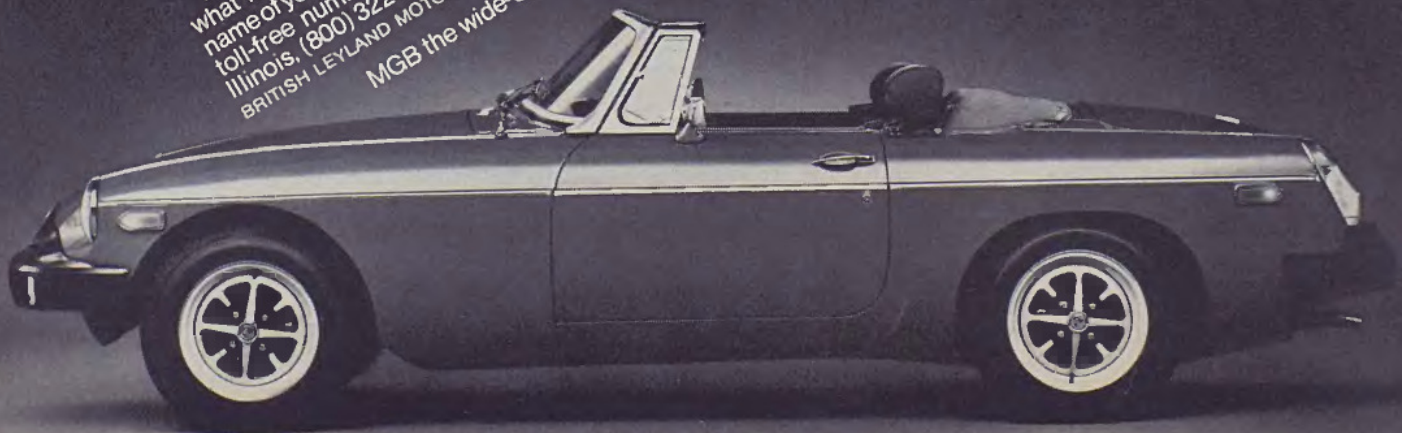
A super sunroof, a fully-convertible top that opens wide to let the sunshine in; it's standard equipment on every 1976 MGB. Along with the classic look and wide-open performance that have made MG famous for 50 years as one of the world's great sports car bargains.

MGB holds the Class E Championship in the Sports Car Club of America's national competition, as it has for four of the last five years. Performance like this can't be faked: you can't fool a finish line with a flashy paint job or a fancy name.

MGB's authentic sports car performance and crisp handling grow naturally out of standard equipment like radial tires, front disc brakes, short-throw, four-speed stick shift, rack and pinion steering and a race-proven 1798 cc engine.

If what you're driving makes you forget what fun is, take one MGB, fast. For the name of your nearest MG dealer, call these toll-free numbers: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC. LEONIA, NEW JERSEY 07605
MGB the wide-open sports car.



"SCREW" SCREWED IN WICHITA

If little good can be remembered of Richard Nixon, the evil he did truly lives on after him—in the Supreme Court, in the Department of Justice, even in the Post Office. Seizing on the Nixon Court's 1973 *Miller* decision, the Administration's smut hunters launched a campaign of repression against erotic films and publications by bringing Federal obscenity charges in Bible Belt states where "community standards" would most likely produce convictions. Thus, *Deep Throat* and other popular sex films could be prosecuted in Memphis because they passed through Tennessee in interstate commerce. *Screw* magazine, the most successful, explicit and important sex journal in the country, has been tried in Wichita because some Nixon officials arranged to have it mailed into Kansas. He wasn't called Tricky Dick for nothing.

Screw was never sold on Kansas newsstands and it has never had more than a dozen subscribers in the entire state. Yet the U.S. Government dragged publishers Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley from New York to Wichita to prosecute them under the 103-year-old postal-obscenity law known as the Comstock Act. The act provides penalties of up to five years in prison and \$5000 in fines for mailing any "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy or vile article, matter, thing, device or substance." It even makes it a crime to advise, in a letter or mailed publication, where such matter can be obtained. Until a court decision five years ago, the Comstock law specifically prohibited the mailing of any information on contraception or legal abortion; and it's still possible today for an individual to be prosecuted for writing profanity on a postcard or even in a first-class letter that falls into the hands of a postal inspector. (As late as the Sixties, such prosecutions were occurring at the rate of 60 to 70 a month.)

This crackpot law was the work of Anthony Comstock, a notorious 19th Century bluenose who secured its passage in 1873 and, as an unsalaried postal inspector, personally enforced it with a fanaticism that verged on insanity. Armed with a revolver and a free railroad pass, Comstock traveled the country, seizing and destroying tons of books of "improper character," hundreds of thousands of "obscene" pictures, photographs, condoms and even playing cards. He raised entrapment to the level of an art, soliciting contraceptive information from doctors and early birth-control advocates by writing letters in the guise of desperate women who had been warned they would die in childbirth. In 1913, he boasted of having convicted some 3600 persons and of having driven at least 15 to suicide. Comstock died in 1915 while prosecuting William Sanger, husband of Margaret Sanger, for mailing a family-planning book Comstock had ordered under a fictitious name.

On the 100th anniversary of his law, U.S. postal officials used classic Comstock procedure to set up Goldstein and Buckley. A New York postal inspector, on orders from superiors in New York and Washington, sent money and subscription forms to postmasters of the Kansas towns of Pratt, Salina, Lawrence and Hutchinson. These officials subscribed to *Screw* and its sister publication, *Smut*, under phony names, and then sent the sealed envelopes containing the magazines back to authorities in New York, unopened.

The Comstock Act doesn't define obscenity; the Government need merely accuse someone of mailing it, and the burden of proof is placed on the defendant to persuade a jury that he's innocent. Unfortunately for the *Screw* Two, their jury in Wichita was conservative even by Kansas

standards. Of the four men and eight women, only five were under 40 and most were from small farming communities. One woman juror had to be excused and replaced by an alternate because she declined to view the evidence. Another told local TV newsman Charles Duncan, "I was so embarrassed. . . . I held a paper up in front of me and cried."

The defense called on *New Yorker* drama critic Brendan Gill, psychiatrist Walter Menninger and Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, a co-author of the Kinsey Reports, as well as a book reviewer and an art director for *The New York Times* and a prominent Wichita newspaperman, all of whom testified that *Screw's* articles, columns, reviews and editorials—including many attacking the Nixon Administration—gave it more than enough political and artistic value. One of the prosecution's two expert witnesses, a University of Kansas English professor, said the magazines had no serious literary merit and neither did *Cosmopolitan*, *Redbook*, *PLAYBOY* or the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The defense presented cultural and constitutional arguments against censorship, while Assistant U.S. Attorney Larry Schauf admonished the jurors that they had a duty to conscience and to Kansas to save their children from the depraved smut kings of Times Square, that "hideous market place of sex," to prevent each of their towns from having its own 42nd Street. There must be controls on freedom of expression, he warned, or "some playwright in this crazy world of ours would find some individual willing to commit suicide onstage." The issue before those 12 proud Kansans, he said, was not the First Amendment or censorship or entrapment but "whether decency is alive and breathing any more. Is it alive enough to raise up on one arm and draw a line? The line that *must* be drawn above *Screw* and *Smut*? If decency is dead, ladies and gentlemen, please tell me!" Confident it wasn't dead in Wichita, Schauf turned to the defendants and declared, "There's no more hiding left for Mr. Buckley and Mr. Goldstein."

Federal district judge Frank G. Theis presided over the trial impartially. Wichita papers and TV stations reported it accurately, one editorializing that "thousands of taxpayer dollars are being frittered away on a case which, both sides admit privately, would have been quickly tossed out of court in New York."

If the Government's case was nothing more than a hell-fire appeal to ignorance, fear and prejudice, it worked its spell in Wichita. The jury found Goldstein and Buckley guilty on all counts—and, in doing so, helped the Government forge a powerful legal and economic weapon with which to impose censorship. Their defense has already cost these two publishers almost \$175,000, and years of appeals lie ahead. By blowing the dust off the Comstock Act, the Justice Department can now threaten national or metropolitan publications with full-blown Federal prosecutions in what it considers to be the most puritanical communities in the land.

As George Bernard Shaw once put it:

Comstockery is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States. Europe likes to hear of such things. It confirms the deep-seated conviction of the Old World that America is a provincial place, a second-rate country-town civilization after all.

This is the third of a series of editorials.

Of all menthols:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*1	*0.1
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)
*Av per cigarette by FTC method.

**Carlton
Menthol
1 mg. tar**



**Carlton
Filter
2 mg. tar**

No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

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

Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine; Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THE BEST DEFENSE. . .

I must take exception to the May *Playboy Forum* letter that suggests that "every woman in the U. S. carry a Saturday-night special and, if attacked by a rapist, blow the son of a bitch away." That is poor advice.

Saturday-night specials are notoriously ineffective and unreliable. I would advise, instead, the use of a quality small-caliber, double-action handgun, made by a reputable firm and loaded with hollow-point ammunition.

A rapist or an armed robber or any other violent attacker deserves the very best.

John T. Graham
Kingston, Ontario

JUSTICE FOR RAPISTS

It is certain that the high rape statistics in this country are abetted by the reluctance of women to press charges, the skepticism of policemen and the strange ambivalence of juries in dealing with rape. Charles McCabe, a very perceptive columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has offered a rather bizarre solution to this problem. He suggests that women who are raped should report it to the police as indecent exposure. This will change everything, McCabe argues: "First, the police have no respect for guys who take out their penises in front of women and will immediately try to find the culprit. . . . Second, the woman is not embarrassed before her friends and her husband. Third, the raper who is picked up is very humiliated, since his friends think he is a sick guy who can't even rape a woman." McCabe also argues that fewer cases will go to trial, since most lawyers would urge a guilty plea rather than risk a judgment in a case of "sick sex crimes like *indecent exposure*," and that even if the case does go to trial, the woman cannot be cross-examined about her background, as in rape cases.

This is ghoulishly plausible; but what does it tell us about society's present attitudes toward the much more serious (and violent) crime of rape itself?

Michael King
Sacramento, California

FEMINOPHOBIA

I agree with the rage of the letter writer in the May *Playboy Forum* who suggests that women take steps to defend themselves against rapists. However, I get the feeling that women these days are beginning to look upon all men as

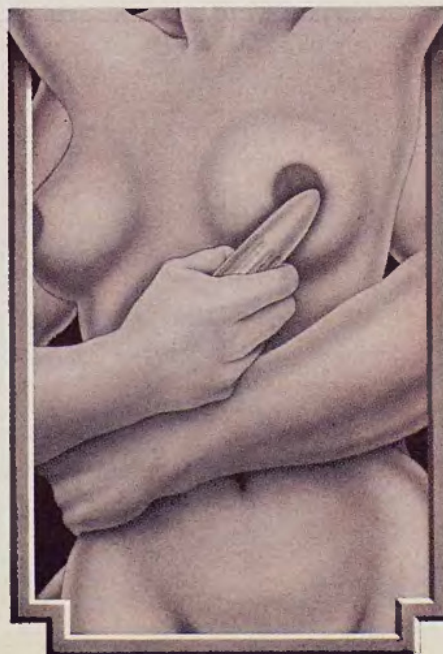
potential rapists. Several years ago, there was an article by Germaine Greer in *PLAYBOY* (*Seduction Is a Four-Letter Word*, January 1973) that implied that many of the things men consider fair tactics in getting women into bed are a form of rape. And earlier this year, I read a review of the book on rape *Against Our Will*, in which the author states that rape is "nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which *all men* keep *all women* in a state of fear."

Women may not realize that not only are most men not rapists or would-be

*"A rapist or an armed
robber or any other
violent attacker
deserves the very best."*

rapists but there is a large group of men who are afraid of women. Women don't know about these men because they rarely come into intimate contact with them. I am one such and I believe that this group outnumbers the rapists many times over.

We are men who are afraid to talk to women, to call them up and ask for dates and, if by some fluke we do get a date,



afraid to make any advances. In my own case, because of fear, my only experiences of sexual intercourse have been with prostitutes. We frightened men go through our entire lives in a prison of our own making. If women realized how many of us there were, perhaps they would feel kindlier toward the male sex.

(Name withheld by request)
Kansas City, Missouri

ENEMA ACTION

I can only note with disapproval your straight-faced effort to create a verb form of the word enema in your May *Forum Newsfront* item reporting conviction of the Illinois housebreaker given to "enemizing" his women victims. More properly, the expression would be enemate; your word would mean to make an enemy.

S. Hoffman
New York, New York

Well, he didn't make himself very many friends.

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

After reading the letter from the woman in Syracuse, New York, who climaxes only with the help of a vibrator (*The Playboy Forum*, April), I find myself moved to encourage her not to give up on men yet. A year ago, I was more or less in the same position. My marriage was falling apart, my sex life was kaput and, being too upset to do otherwise, I turned to my vibrator for sexual satisfaction and was quite pleased with it. It never failed to satisfy me, never got grumpy, never fell asleep when I was horny.

But I did not give up on men. After I got my head together, I moved out into the dating circle, establishing relationships—temporary—with various guys, but my vibrator was still my main source of gratification . . . until I met the man I am living with now: a warm, moving, living, breathing vibrator. Wow! Needless to say, I haven't used my mechanical one for months.

(Name withheld by request)
Dayton, Ohio

Hey, fellow vibrator freaks, you don't have to buzz alone! If your man has no ego problem about it and isn't made to feel inadequate in other ways, he'll enjoy the vibrator experience, too. There are any number of imaginative positions that allow a couple to be stimulated simultaneously with the clever application of this device. In fact, with a little practice, it is

not difficult to climax together. As a woman who enjoys intercourse but who rarely reaches orgasm without the help of a vibrator, I find that this dual technique provides instant foreplay for me and tremendous sensations for my man. If you like vibrating by yourself, you'll just love doing it with someone else.

(Name withheld by request)
Montebello, California

And then with others. And then somebody will want to form a club, which will inspire a national organization with jackets and patches and newsletters. Could be the biggest thing since C.B. radio.

HANDY GADGET

Recent letters in *The Playboy Forum* on masturbation reflect a refreshing candor that I believe is long overdue. It's interesting to me that the sexual revolution has given women the vibrator but has produced hardly any comparable monosexual toys for men.

A few months ago, in an erotic boutique, I bought a device that I think answers the need. It is euphemistically advertised as a marital device or an aid to erection but is quite obviously a male masturbatory toy. It consists of a soft rubber cylinder that encircles most or all of the penis. Running lengthwise inside are four fingerlike chambers that inflate just slightly by means of a tube leading to a rubber bulb. The user inserts his penis into the cylinder—well lubricated with K-Y jelly and a drop or two of water to make it slipperier. Rhythmic manual squeezing of the bulb creates exquisitely pleasant sensations. Unlike the vibrator, the device has no batteries to run down and is completely silent.

Using this toy, I quite often linger delectably along the way for an hour or so before letting myself go into orgasm. It has enhanced considerably the pleasure of getting there. The gadget should be as popular with men as the ubiquitous vibrator is with women. I enjoy it whenever I can, usually at least once a day. While it's no substitute for sex with a cooperative woman, it is certainly better than doing without.

(Name withheld by request)
Toronto, Ontario

BIGGER IS BETTER

I've heard and read that the size of a man's penis is inconsequential, provided he knows how to use it. A lot of men seem to use this obvious fact in asserting the superiority of *small* organs; they argue rather fatuously that well-endowed men, like beautiful women, rely so heavily on their physical assets that they never develop any lovemaking skills. But since anything that can be done with a small penis can be done with a larger one, sexual skill alone doesn't establish the value of a diminutive tool.

Actually, many of my female friends

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THE KINKY SEX CROWD

MIAMI BEACH—Two psychiatrists who interviewed 42 expensive callgirls and ten madams reported that 60 percent of the prostitutes' clientele were either public officials or influential executives. Addressing a convention of the American Psychiatric Association, Drs. Samuel S. Janus and Barbara E. Bess of New

citation or gratification of welcome on-lookers, they cannot selectively claim that the state is an intruder." Three dissenting judges said the majority confused privacy with secrecy and declared that the right of privacy was older than the Bill of Rights.

HIGH COURT COPS OUT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has declined to review, for what it said was "want of a substantial Federal question," a lower-court decision upholding the Illinois flag-desecration law. The American Civil Liberties Union, representing three young women convicted of burning a flag to protest the Vietnam war and the Kent State shootings, had challenged the law as an unconstitutional limitation of freedom of speech.

AVOIDING THE ISSUE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Again side-stepping constitutional issues, the Supreme Court has held that states may not require parental consent for minors on welfare to receive free contraceptives. The Court avoided ruling on the right-of-privacy question raised by a parental-consent law in Utah and, instead, decided the case on the basis of a conflict between Federal and state laws. Under Federal law, states participating in Medicaid and the Aid to Families with Dependent Children programs must provide family-planning assistance to recipients who request it, including minors.

BIRTH CONTROL, OR ELSE

NEW DELHI—The government of Uttar Pradesh, home state of India's prime minister, Indira Gandhi, has formally proposed compulsory sterilization for men who have fathered three children. The proposed legislation would carry a prison term of up to two years for any man who failed to comply, and who then would be sterilized in jail. Several of India's 22 states already are penalizing government workers who have three or more children.

GREEDY GROOMS

ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN—The Pakistan national assembly has passed a bill limiting dowries to \$500 and wedding expenses to \$250. The purpose of the legislation, which still must pass the upper house, is to discourage avaricious



York Medical College said that these two groups of customers overwhelmingly preferred flagellation, bondage and humiliation to conventional intercourse. The prostitutes, who worked in New York, Las Vegas and California, listed a total of 5408 customers, 80 percent of whom were married.

ABORTION PROBLEM

As many as 770,000 women were unable to obtain legal abortions in 1975 because they could not find a hospital that would allow the operation. According to Family Planning Perspective, abortion services are confined largely to big-city clinics and are not readily available to women who are poor, young and live in rural areas. The magazine said that more than one million women had legal abortions last year and that this represented more than one fifth of all pregnancies. The Center for Disease Control in Atlanta reported that during 1975, only three women in the U.S. died of illegal abortions.

PRIVACY VS. SECRECY

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—A U. S. appeals court has ruled that a married couple forfeit their right of sexual privacy if they permit other persons to witness or participate in their sexual acts. Upholding the sodomy conviction of a Virginia Beach couple who had engaged in oral sex in the presence of another man, the four-judge majority held that "if the couple perform sexual acts for the ex-

bachelors from demanding excessive amounts of money or property from the families of prospective brides.

CRIME VS. SIN

OTTAWA—A board of judges and attorneys appointed by the Canadian government to recommend changes in the national criminal code has urged that the country's morality laws be "carefully reconsidered" by parliament. "Our criminal code is largely the product of 19th Century thought wedded to a Victorian philosophy which is now inadequate," the Law Reform Commission said in its report. The commission listed abortion, incest, obscenity, indecency, polygamy, pornography, gambling and drug use among those "offenses whose wrongfulness and seriousness" should be re-evaluated.

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

MIAMI BEACH—The president of the American Psychiatric Association has warned members against mixing business and pleasure. "An increasing number of malpractice claims in psychotherapy in recent years has been related to sexual seduction of patients," Dr. Judd Marmor said. "There is a real



possibility, if this trend continues, insurance carriers will exclude this from their coverage. Indeed, some have already begun to do so." He noted that other medical doctors are slightly more inclined than psychiatrists to engage in sex with patients, but he said this was of "scant comfort."

NARCOTICS AND CRIME

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Efforts to combat heroin traffic may have the unintended effect of increasing the number of robberies, burglaries and other "revenue-producing" crimes, according to the Drug Abuse Council. A 40-month study conducted in Detroit indicates that

when narcotics agents succeed in reducing the availability of heroin, the price goes up, and addicts who support their habit through crime tend to commit more crimes in order to raise the extra money.

Meanwhile, the U. S. Customs Bureau says that the country is experiencing "the highest level of smuggling since Prohibition days."

"MANHOLE" PRESERVED

BERKELEY—The Berkeley city council has decided its policy of desexing job titles and terminology need not be extended to include manhole covers. When members were dealing with a



routine item of business involving bids for city sanitation equipment, a councilwoman objected to the term person-hole cover. The cover on a sewer, she said, "is not an acceptable desexed word."

LIBBERS BLAMED AGAIN

BRUSSELS—A health-ministry official has blamed the feminist movement for a reported increase of lice, fleas and cockroaches in Belgian homes. The ministry's director of social services said the Belgians' growing pest problem is due mainly to a lack of cleanliness and proper housekeeping. "I hardly dare say so," the official told newsmen, "but the fault can largely be attributed to women's liberation. Man and wife now more often go to work together in the morning and are often too tired to start cleaning up the house when they get back in the evening. They watch TV and then go to bed."

LOSING THEIR BALLS

TOKYO—Japan's environmental protection agency has appealed to naval and merchant seamen not to pollute the ocean with golf balls. The agency estimated that more than 2,000,000 used balls are consigned to the deep each year by ships' crew members practicing their drives.

unconditionally endorse large penises. Some just like the visual turn-on; others say a big organ feels better in their hand. A few insist that it produces a more intense sensation, since it stretches the vaginal opening more. And those who like exotic screwing contend that they enjoy sexual variety with a man with a large penis, since a small one makes some of the more athletic positions virtually impossible.

All other things being equal, I have to believe that most women would prefer a lover with an average-sized penis. Many would choose a large one. But few, if any, would deliberately seek out a man with a very small one.

(Name and address withheld by request)

All things being equal, most men probably would prefer to make love to a woman with an average-to-large bust. But all things never are equal, and by the time we add all the other factors that are crucial in attracting one person to another, penis or bust size has lost its importance. Only one-dimensional people choose lovers on the basis of one dimension.

IRISH TROUBLES

It was with disgust that I read the letter from an anonymous reader in Medford, Massachusetts, making fun of the tragic situation in Northern Ireland (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Personally, I have seen sights in Northern Ireland that I will never forget, such as the limbs of human beings being shoveled into plastic bags after I.R.A. bomb explosions. Consequently, letters like the one that appears in the *May Forum* do not strike me as either useful or amusing. What is happening has nothing to do with the Irishwoman's inability to have orgasms. There have been almost 2000 people killed in Ulster during the present troubles. The political leaders in Northern Ireland, both Protestant and Catholic, the leaders in the Republic of Ireland, the leaders of Great Britain and even the U. S. Ambassador to the U. K. all agree that the problems and the killings are being aggravated by money from the U. S. Maybe Americans should keep their dollars and their inane idea of comedy to themselves.

Christopher D. McGimpsey
Liverpool, New York

CAMELOT VS. WATERGATE

In the *May Playboy Forum*, a reader exalts J.F.K. as being "able to service various beautiful women day and night and still run the country," while "Richard Nixon . . . vented . . . sexual frustrations by bombing Hanoi at Christmastime." Come on! How convenient it is to forget that J.F.K.'s popularity at the time of his assassination was extremely low and that he was *not* running the country. Let's face it: If J.F.K. had been caught

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politically snooping on his enemies, there would have been a tut-tut on page eight, prefaced with the admonition that "all Presidents do it." But if Nixon had been shown to have the sexual morals of an alley cat, it would have been front-page news, the source of gleeful hysteria by the news media and an excuse to call for his immediate resignation.

Nixon was obviously guilty in the Watergate affair. But he would have been strung up by the liberal community for spitting on the sidewalk. On the other hand, if J.F.K. had pissed on the Liberty Bell, the same people would be the first to justify it as being only a boyish prank.

William E. Berry

El Cajon, California

Come on, yourself! Nixon would have been a lot more popular if he'd been a swinger instead of a bugger.

J.F.K.'S MEMORY

John Fisher is to be applauded for his straightforward defense of John F. Kennedy's memory in the May *Playboy Forum*. I, too, will "take a dozen John Kennedys any day." If the various sensationalistic journalists would get off Kennedy's back, I'm sure they could find more constructive and important subjects to write about. I only hope Pope Paul doesn't have any skeletons in his closet.

Greg Beaumont

Des Moines, Iowa

"AS GOD IS MY WITNESS"

I am intrigued by the suit by FUORI, the Italian Unitarian Homosexual Revolutionary Front, against Pope Paul VI for slander. The gay *paisanos* claim that the Pope's denunciation of homosexuality (when denying the charge made in an Italian magazine that he himself is gay) used "slanderous and spiteful expressions." Slander is generally defined as any untrue statement that subjects the victim to hatred, ridicule and contempt. Since there is no doubt that the statements of Pope Paul VI and the Catholic hierarchy in general tend to subject the gays to hatred, ridicule and contempt, any legal decision must hinge on whether or not the Vatican's antigay position is true. This is similar to the issue that was decided when Henry Ford, after publishing the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, was forced under threat of suit to admit that they were a forgery. The Catholic condemnation of homosexuality is based on the claim that the Vatican knows God's opinions and that God is bitterly antigay. Can this case be fairly decided without bringing God into the courtroom and finding out what He really thinks about gays? Will God come into court, or will He ignore the whole business, as He usually ignores the brawls on this backward planet?

This raises questions that go beyond Catholicism and homosexuality. Could other religious leaders be sued and



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forced to justify their claims of speaking for the Almighty? Could the transcendental-meditation people sue Billy Graham and force him to present evidence that God disapproves of TM? Could Sun Myung Moon be hauled into court to prove that God really opposed the Watergate investigations? Makes you think.

(Name withheld by request)

San Miguel de Allende, Mexico

RECREATION VS. PROCREATION

In the frequent discussions in **PLAYBOY** on homosexual activity, some confusion has been generated by the tendency to treat the homosexual issue as if it were a self-contained civil-liberties question abstracted from controlling moral considerations. According to *Humanae Vitae*, the much-maligned 1968 encyclical of Pope Paul VI on contraception and other issues relating to human life, there is an "inseparable connection, willed by God and unable to be broken by man on his own initiative, between the two meanings of the conjugal act: the unitive meaning and the procreative meaning." The intrinsic connection between the unitive and the procreative is rooted in human nature itself. The willful separation of the unitive (or recreational) and the procreative aspects of sex is characteristic not only of contraception but also of homosexuality, as well as of pornography and abortion.

PLAYBOY and the rest of the contraceptive society, however, base their beliefs on the fallacy that the unitive aspect of sex is an independent and self-sufficient end in itself, with no inherent relation to procreation. I think this is the essence of the **PLAYBOY** philosophy, pursuant to which the partner, whether male or female, tends to become merely an instrument of one's own gratification. Once that contraceptive philosophy is accepted, there can be no coherent objective ground for opposition to homosexual activity. If the recreational, or unitive, aspect of sex is a total end in itself, there is no essential reason why sex should be restricted to couples of different sexes or reserved for marriage.

Brother Don Fleischacker, C.S.C.
 University of Notre Dame
 Notre Dame, Indiana

Brother, you sound like Saint Thomas' lawyer. We say that either kind of sex can be an end in itself, both kinds are good, but don't get the two confused.

OUT OF THE SQUAD ROOM

San Francisco, hardly the nation's heterosexuality capital, has long had a history of hostility between the police and the gay community. The new chief of police, Charles Gain, suggested a novel approach to easing this problem, calling on homosexual police officers to

"come out of the closet" and declare themselves. "It will be hard for them, I know that," he said, "but they'll have the full support of the police chief."

Police response to this offer has been negative. According to the *San Francisco Examiner*, one cop said, "It's disgusting," another said, "It's sad," and a third declared, "Now he's calling us fruits." Nobody acknowledged that he was gay.

This is especially striking because, when all is said and done, San Francisco is probably the most liberal city in the U. S. Gain's promise to support gay cops would have been political suicide anywhere else. It looks to me as if we're still living in the sexual dark ages.

B. Davis

Los Angeles, California

SEX IN THE BACK ROOM

There are still places in the world where Dr. Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex* is considered obscene. Two years ago, in Macon, Georgia, the operator of a local bookstore was arrested for selling the popular sex manual, but charges were dismissed without trial after the judge determined that the book had been illegally seized. Well, folks don't give up easily in Macon (some are still fighting the War Between the States, suh!) and now a local alderman has charged that Dr. Comfort's manual is obscene and has called for police action against local distributors. The alderman, a mental giant named Ed DeFore, has looked at the beautiful drawings in *The Joy of Sex* and pronounced them "pure pornography."

The funniest part of this little saga is the comment of the bookdealer: "Nobody's buying it much now to speak of. But I keep it in the back room in case somebody wants it." And so, in Macon, the joy of sex has yet to replace the fear of sex.

(Name withheld by request)
 Atlanta, Georgia

PRISONER OF PORN

According to *The Washington Post*, one of the leading anti-pornography crusaders in the District of Columbia is himself a projectionist at a porn-movie theater. This is not another example of bluenose hypocrisy, however; the man is 66 years old, needs the money and can't find another job. He faces the back of the projectionist's booth all day long and avoids looking at the screen as much as possible. He has even developed a technique for changing reels without seeing what is going on in the movie. He's quoted as saying that he once loved his job, when the big features were Shirley Temple films and the Andy Hardy series. Now he spends hours writing to Government officials, pleading that anti-porn laws be re-established.

I don't approve of censorship, but I'm

somewhat touched by this poor man's predicament.

George E. Johnson
Wilmington, Delaware

FREEDOM TO PROPHECY

One of the most important civil liberties cases in the country is being generally ignored by the press: the suit by the American Civil Liberties Union to overthrow the 70-year-old antidivination ordinance in San Francisco. This may not seem important to anybody but gypsy palm readers and their clients, but, actually, the issue involves the meaning of the First Amendment doctrine of separation of church and state. The fact is that every religion claims some degree of divination, at least to the extent that the priests or shamans allege that they have a special insight into the wishes of the Almighty. The First Amendment, on the face of it, should protect *all* such claims, not just those of the more well-heeled churches. Why punish those who find prophecies in crystal balls and not those who find them in the Apocalypse?

Michael King
Sacramento, California

LICENSE FOR LEVITY

You can F city hall. For the past four years, the inscription on my Cadillac's license plate has been F YOU. The plate had actually been issued and I had used it from 1972 to 1974 before the California Department of Motor Vehicles decided it was naughty and offensive. Only one California resident complained to the D.M.V., but that was enough to embarrass it.

When the D.M.V. tried to cancel the plate, I chose to fight back. I sent it a long letter, with copies to the governor and the attorney general, but the department would not reconsider. We had to go to court. I'd estimate that the D.M.V. spent \$11,000 of the taxpayers' money on the case. It flew two attorneys from Sacramento to Los Angeles and also paid the travel expenses of the chief state witness, Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, former president of San Francisco State College. Under oath, Dr. Hayakawa contradicted the basic principles of general semantics, on which he is supposed to be an expert, by swearing that F you can have only one possible meaning. He insisted that F cannot stand for any word but fuck and that fuck always has sexual connotations. Arguing my own case for the defense, I showed that most dictionaries, other expert witnesses and the courts themselves in other cases have recognized that the expression has many meanings, both humorous and hostile, unconnected with sex itself.

The trial steadily became more ridiculous. At one point, Hayakawa was shouting "Fuck you!" over and over—he was

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imitating a student demonstration of several years ago, but the effect was rather astonishing. On another occasion, I used the word fuck several times rapidly, illustrating its various and contradictory meanings. The court reporter interrupted, "Wait a minute—you're going too fast. Fuck who?"

The court ruled that having issued the plate two years earlier, the D.M.V. could not cancel it, since that would be breach of contract. I was sorry that so much money had been wasted on this farce, but I retained my right to the plate. The D.M.V. is now twice as cautious about issuing new personalized license plates. Hayakawa is running for U.S. Senator as a Republican. And California remains a fascinating place to live, if you enjoy the bizarre.

Harry B. Coleman
Sepulveda, California

THE ROAD TO HELL

A letter in the April *Playboy Forum* states that an objective moral code is a necessity, because "if everyone rejected objective morality, power would win out and the victors would force-feed their moral code to the losers." But this is exactly what happens now with so-called objective morality. Almost all moral codes claim to be objectively valid; that's how their adherents justify imposing them on others.

C. Moore
New York, New York

MY SISTER, MY LOVE

One of the most beautiful sexual experiences of my life was with my sister. Having written that, I can already imagine the strangulated mixture of emotions in the ordinary citizen—curiosity, shame, prurient excitement and moral outrage. Isn't it strange that people should feel so strongly about a situation that doesn't involve them and that they can't fully understand? The only objective danger in incest is the heightened probability of abnormal birth and, with modern contraception, that is no longer a real danger. Why are we still controlled by the prejudices of Old Testament fanatics and medieval hysterics?

The incident was the most tender and also the most guiltless of the seven times I have been, as they say, unfaithful to my wife during ten years of happy marriage. As on the other occasions, I was away from home and lonely. The emotional situation, however, was very special, since I was attending the funeral of my sister's husband. I was staying in the spare bedroom of her house and the night after the service, I awoke to hear her crying. I went to the living room and found her on the couch, weeping and totally miserable. We began to talk (I think I expressed my philosophy of life more articulately than ever before or since) and after a while, quite simply, we were



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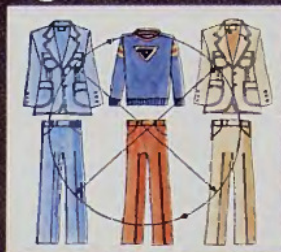
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that's made Levi's a legend in its own time. Even the prices are in the Levi's tradition. Suggested retail for the corduroy outfits shown is about \$18 for the slacks, \$60 for the blazer, \$15 for the vest. Sweaters and shirts are \$16 to \$20.

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Slacks and Tops

Yes, Levi's Panatela!!

CONGRESSIONAL NOOKY

opinion By JAMES R. PETERSEN

No doubt about it: Politics makes strange bed partners. I read with interest a recent front-page story that claimed a House committee chairman had asked a clerk to submit to bondage and discipline. From the tone of the article, you would have thought the guy was the Beast of Nanking or the Madman of My Lai. Weird? Kinky? Depraved? Not really. Some of my best friends are strange bedpersons. The old goat had probably read Alex Comfort's *Joy of Sex* and wanted to try a little amateur knot tying. The practice is not unknown in Washington. What do you think the red tape is for?

Frankly, I'm not sure what all the fuss is about. You wouldn't fire your electrician if you found out she was sleeping around. Good electricians are hard to come by. The same standard should apply to politicians.

Take the case of Wayne Hays. It's alleged that the Congressman broke two of the lesser-known rules of order: Thou shalt not fish in the office pool. Thou shalt not stock the pond. The first is forgivable. The second is, at most, a misdemeanor, for which Hays was stripped of his power. Did he deserve his comeuppance?

Elizabeth Ray said she couldn't type (she had to dictate her novel). It isn't the first time that someone in Washington has received tax dollars for not doing his or her job. At least in this case, not a few citizens got something in return for their money. Better that the \$14,000 was spent on a blonde bombshell than on another warhead or a multimillion-dollar fiasco like the Memphis porn trials.

Patrick Buchanan typifies the self-appointed spokesmen who expressed pious outrage at Congressional capers. In an editorial titled "It's Not the Money but the Morality," he charges:

The acrid, unmistakable odor of decadence is wafting off Capitol Hill and the nation has caught the scent. . . . What has disturbed and disgusted a significant slice of [America] are the unverified reports of widespread promiscuity and debauchery in the Capitol. . . . If the national press allocates the same muscle to a full-court press on Capitol Hill during this scandal as it did to Richard Nixon's White House during the Watergate scandal, a significant component of the 94th Congress will not be returning in the 95th.

There you have it, folks: a political purge in the finest Puritan tradition. If you can't win in a fair fight, hit below the belt. Perhaps Buchanan, who once wrote speeches for President Nixon, recalls the plaque that graced the wall of Charles Colson's White House office: WHEN YOU'VE GOT THEM BY THE BALLS, THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS WILL FOLLOW.

The ground rules for the current purge were established by Benjamin Bradlee, the executive editor of *The Washington Post*. When two of his reporters uncovered the Hays-Ray affair, he gave it the full *National Enquirer* treatment. A front-page banner headline. Provocative photos. Tidbits culled from intimate phone calls (keyhole journalism at its lowest). Not exactly the kind of thing you'd expect from Jason Robards, Jr.

Ironically, at the same time the *Washington Post* reporters were eavesdropping on Hays's calls to his mistress, Bob Woodward was investigating charges that Hays had misused his stewardship of the House restaurant by treating supporters to free lunches. The story might not have gotten page-one headlines (big tits sell more papers than big tabs), but it would have nailed Hays for a legitimate reason. Abuse of power is rampant in every area of Congressional enterprise. By equating office affairs (or inter-office affairs) with political corruption, *The Washington Post* has succeeded in giving sex a bad name.

The New York Times even admits that "if Congress examined itself, sex might be just a start." Come off it, guys. The Watergate story resulted in increased surveillance of campaign financing. Are we now going to ask Uncle Sam to drop his striped trousers for an annual inspection? Washington is not the Vatican, nor should we expect it to be. If anything, I'm glad to hear that Congressmen are getting it on. There's some truth to the adage "Make love, not war." A man who is satisfied in bed will not vent his insecurities on Panama. It is said that the man who rattles his saber does so because the blade does not fit the sheath.

If newspapers insist on invading privacy to cover the body politic, they should do so in a spirit of celebration, not repression. Sex and power are intertwined. Biologists have noted that in colonies of baboons, the dominant males have first crack at the females during mating. Can we seriously ask our leaders to deny nature?

making love. It was like every licentious fantasy I'd had about her in my adolescence, but with the involvement and compassion that only maturity brings.

My sister, like most women widowed young, is now married again, quite happily. When we meet, we never refer to that night, but I think we love each other more than ever.

(Name withheld by request)
St. Petersburg, Florida

ALL IN THE FAMILY

I've got myself into a jam that's complicating my life something awful. I have no one to blame but myself. You'd think what I got into I could also get out of, but it just doesn't seem to be that simple.

Not long ago, my son married a beautiful, 18-year-old redhead. Soon after their marriage, he left for the Service, leaving his wife to stay with my wife and me. Not more than three months later, she began to pay a lot of attention to me. At first, I thought nothing about it, nor did my wife. But it was pretty hard not to notice her legs and body, especially when she wore her cutoffs. I got a damn hard-on just from looking.

One week, my wife came down with the flu and had to stay in bed for a few days. The first night, my daughter-in-law walked into the living room wearing a loose robe and, under it, the sheerest white pajamas I'd ever seen. I just stared, wanting no end to fuck her. It seemed to me that that was what she wanted, too. I finally said, "To hell with it," and we made it right there in the living room. Before the sun came up the next morning, we'd fucked four times.

My son has since returned and he and his wife have moved into their own home. They have a baby now and seem very happy. But she still wants me. I've tried to talk her out of it, but she just smiles and moves in close, and we end up fucking at least two or three times a month. Once, we actually made it in the kitchen after everyone else had gone to sleep.

That's where things stand now and it's a real predicament. I honestly feel terrible about it and get a guilty, uneasy feeling whenever they come over for a visit. I want to stop, but I can't. I don't need advice, because I know what the answer is: to stop this right now and to never let myself be alone in a room with her. But even though I know what I should do, I can't resist her. Maybe I'll just quietly go nuts.

(Name withheld by request)
Tucson, Arizona

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to *The Playboy Forum*, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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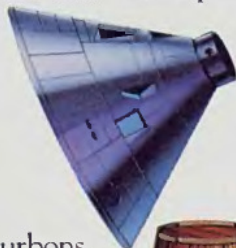


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID BOWIE

an outrageous conversation with the actor, rock singer and sexual switch-hitter

He was once a scruffy, honey-haired folk singer. Then the foppish leader of a Beatles-prototype pop band, *The Buzz*. Then an adamantly bisexual balladeer. Then a spacy, cropped-red-haired androgynous guitarist backed by a band called the Spiders from Mars. Then a soul singer. Then a movie actor . . . and finally, a smartly conservative, Sinatra-esque entertainer. David Bowie, it's safe to say, would do anything to make it. And now that he has made it, he'll do anything to stay there.

At 29, David Bowie (born David Jones in Brixton, England) is far more than another rock star. He is a self-designed media manipulator who knows neither tact nor intimidation. There is but one objective to his bizarrely eclectic career—attention. Without it, he would surely wither and die. Before a crowd of paying customers, if possible.

In April 1975, Bowie splashily announced he had given up on rock. "I've rocked my roll," is the way he put it. "It's a boring dead end. There will be no more rock-'n'-roll records or tours from me. The last thing I want to be is some useless fucking rock singer." That was the second time he'd made such a statement. He had first announced a rock

retirement during his encore at a huge outdoor London concert in 1973, after which he went on to release "Diamond Dogs" and to book a three-month American tour.

This time, Bowie ate his words of farewell even more spectacularly. Last November, he arranged an interview by satellite from his Los Angeles home with England's most popular talk-show host, Russell Harty, to explain that he had a new album of double-fisted rock 'n' roll, "Station to Station." What's more, Bowie rambled on, he would soon be embarking on a six-month world-wide concert blitz. The government of Spain, meanwhile, demanded emergency use of the satellite to tell the world that Generalissimo Franco had died. Bowie, always the bad boy, refused to give it up.

Bowie is not the most loved man in the music business. Still, he has made his mark. When he first appeared on an American stage, in 1972, he was humping his guitarist, wearing full make-up and sporting lavishly feminine costumes. He instantly created a new genre—glamor rock—that yanked rock out of its innocence. Mick Jagger and The Rolling Stones, Elton John, Alice Cooper, Todd Rundgren, Lou Reed and a host of

glitter bands, such as Queen, Roxy Music, Slade, T. Rex and Cockney Rebel, followed suit.

Once Bowie had turned everybody's head on that first U. S. tour, it wasn't long before his then-current LP about a doomed rock demigod, "The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars," shot to the top of the charts. His three previous albums—all stiff in their day—began selling wildly. The press leaped to proclaim Bowie the Next Big Thing we'd all been craving since the demise of the Beatles. Just as quickly, it turned to attack the phenomenon. There was, it seemed, something about Bowie's bisexual band wagon that wasn't quite . . . healthy.

Musicians and critics banded together to revolt against Bowie's decadence. But Bowie had already assumed a new, equally ludicrous façade—disco soul. Suddenly, this frail, faggy hard rocker was bumping and grinding out rhythm-and-blues. And it worked. Bowie racked up two huge hits, "Young Americans" and "Fame." Then came the ultimate acceptance: He became one of the very few whites ever to be invited to appear on "Soul Train."

To accommodate the wide base of his success, Bowie has since assumed the



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"Girls are always presuming I've kept my heterosexual virginity. So I've had all these girls try to get me over to the other side again: 'C'mon, David, it isn't all that bad.' I always play dumb."

"The only thing that shocks now is an extreme. Like me running my mouth off, jacking myself off. Unless you do that, nobody will pay attention to you. You have to hit them on the head."

"Adolf Hitler was one of the first rock stars. Look at some of his films and see how he moved. I think he was quite as good as Jagger. The world will never see his like. He staged a country."

posture of grand old entertainer, wearing black formal trousers and vest over a white shirt. "Station to Station" reached the sacred gold status of \$500,000 worth sold. His subsequent world tour, just completed, was a sellout at every stop.

Now, in Bowie's biggest year yet, the onetime glitter king/queen of rock is threatening to keep a promise for once. He has always claimed to be a genuine film star, and his performance in *Nicolas* ("Walkabout," "Don't Look Now," "Performance") Roeg's recent release, "The Man Who Fell to Earth," has won lavish praise. The choice of Bowie to play the title role was, according to The New York Times, "inspired. Mr. Bowie gives an extraordinary performance."

We figured it was about time to catch up with Bowie's crusade—as he has explained it—to rule the world. Free-lance journalist and Rolling Stone contributing editor Cameron Crowe was sent to visit with the most arrogant superstar to invade the media in the Seventies. His report:

"My talks with Bowie began as far back as early 1975. Few of our sessions were marathon affairs. No matter how stimulating the conversation, after any longer than an hour of sitting still, Bowie could barely contain himself. 'Can we just take a short break?' he'd blurt. Not waiting for a reply, he would then shoot to his feet and dart in another direction: sometimes to write a song or two, other times to dash off a painting. In one instance, he ended a session by asking for a random list of 20 items. I gave it to him. He studied the list for ten seconds, handed it back and recited it from memory. Backward and forward.

"Bowie is expertly charming, whether in the company of a stuffy film executive, another musician or a complete stranger. He is fully aware that he is a sensational quote machine. The more shocking his revelation, from his homosexual encounters to his fascist leanings, the wider his grin. He knows exactly what interviewers consider good copy; and he gives them precisely that. The truth is probably inconsequential."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the one question you've always seemed to hedge: How much of your bisexuality is fact and how much is gimmick?

BOWIE: It's true—I am a bisexual. But I can't deny that I've used that fact very well. I suppose it's the best thing that ever happened to me. Fun, too. We'll talk all about it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say it's the best thing that ever happened to you?

BOWIE: Well, for one thing, girls are always presuming that I've kept my heterosexual virginity for some reason. So I've had all these girls try to get me over to the other side again: "C'mon, David, it

isn't all that bad. I'll show you." Or, better yet, "We'll show you." I always play dumb.

On the other hand—I'm sure you want to know about the other hand as well—when I was 14, sex suddenly became all-important to me. It didn't really matter who or what it was with, as long as it was a sexual experience. So it was some very pretty boy in class in some school or other that I took home and neatly fucked on my bed upstairs. And that was it. My first thought was, Well, if I ever get sent to prison, I'll know how to keep happy.

PLAYBOY: Which wouldn't give much slack to your straighter cellmates.

BOWIE: I've always been very chauvinistic, even in my boy-obsessed days. But I was always a gentleman. I always treated my boys like real ladies. Always escorted them properly and, in fact, I suppose if I were a lot older—like 40 or 50—I'd be a wonderful sugar daddy to some little

"James Dean epitomized the very thing that is so campily respectable today—the male hustler. . . . He had quite a sordid little reputation. I admire him immensely."

queen down in Kensington. I'd have a houseboy named Richard to order around.

PLAYBOY: How much of that are we supposed to believe? Your former publicist, the celebrated ex-groupie Cherry Vanilla, says she's slept with you and that you're not gay at all. She says you just let people think you like guys.

BOWIE: Oh, I'd love to meet this impostor she's talking about. It sure ain't me. That's actually a lovely quote. Cherry's almost as good as I am at using the media.

PLAYBOY: Yet the fact remains that you've never been seen with a male lover. Why?

BOWIE: Oh, Lord, I got over being a queen quite a long time ago. For a while, it was pretty much 50-50; and now the only time it tempts me is when I go over to Japan. There are such beautiful-looking little boys over there. Little boys? Not *that* little. About 18 or 19. They have a wonderful sort of mentality. They're all queens until they reach 25, then suddenly they become samurai, get married and have thousands of children. I love it.

PLAYBOY: Why, at a time when nobody else in rock would have dared allude to it, did you choose to exploit bisexuality?

BOWIE: I would say that America forced me into it. Someone asked me in an interview once—I believe it was in '71—if I were gay. I said, "No, I'm bisexual." The guy, a writer for one of the English trades, had no idea what the term meant. So I explained it to him. It was all printed—and that's where it started. It's so nostalgic now, isn't it? 'Seventy-one was a good American year. Sex was still shocking. Everybody wanted to see the freak. But they were so ignorant about what I was doing. There was very little talk of bisexuality or gay power before I came along. Unwittingly, I really brought that whole thing over. I never, ever saw the word gay when I first got over here to America. It took a bit of exposure and a few heavy rumors about me before the gays said, "We disown David Bowie." And they did. Of course. They knew that I wasn't what they were fighting for.

Nobody understood the European way of dressing and adopting the asexual, androgynous everyman pose. People all went screaming, "He's got make-up on and he's wearing stuff that looks like dresses!" I wasn't the first one, though, to publicize bisexuality.

PLAYBOY: Who was?

BOWIE: Dean. James Dean did, very subtly and very well. I have some insight on it. Dean was probably very much like me. Elizabeth Taylor told me that once. Dean was calculating. He wasn't careless. He was not the rebel he portrayed so successfully. He didn't want to die. But he did believe in the premise of taking yourself to extremes, just to add a deeper cut to one's personality.

James Dean epitomized the very thing that is so campily respectable today—the male hustler. It was part of his incredible magnetism. You know, that he was . . . a whore. He used to stand on Times Square to earn money so he could go to Lee Strasberg and learn how to be Marlon Brando. He had quite a sordid little reputation. I admire him immensely—that should take care of any question you may have about whether or not I have any heroes.

PLAYBOY: Thanks. Now what about your posing in drag for the cover of the English album of *The Man Who Sold the World*?

BOWIE: Funnily enough, and you'll never believe me, it was a parody of Gabriel Rossetti. Slightly askew, obviously. So when they told me that a drag-queen cult was forming behind me, I said, "Fine, don't try to explain it; nobody is going to bother to try to understand it." I'll play along, absolutely *anything* to break me through. Because of everybody's thirst for scandal—look at how big *People* is—



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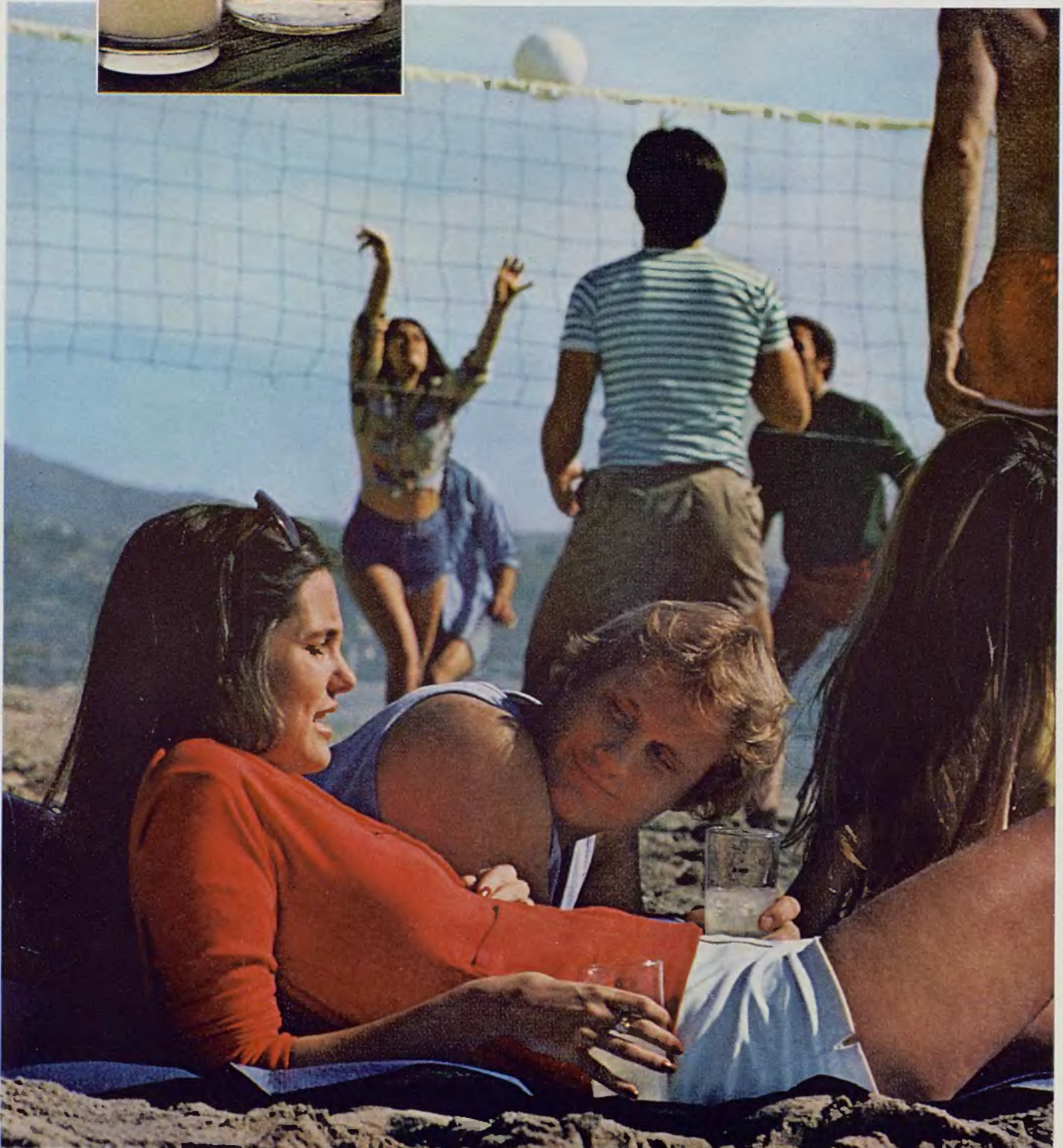
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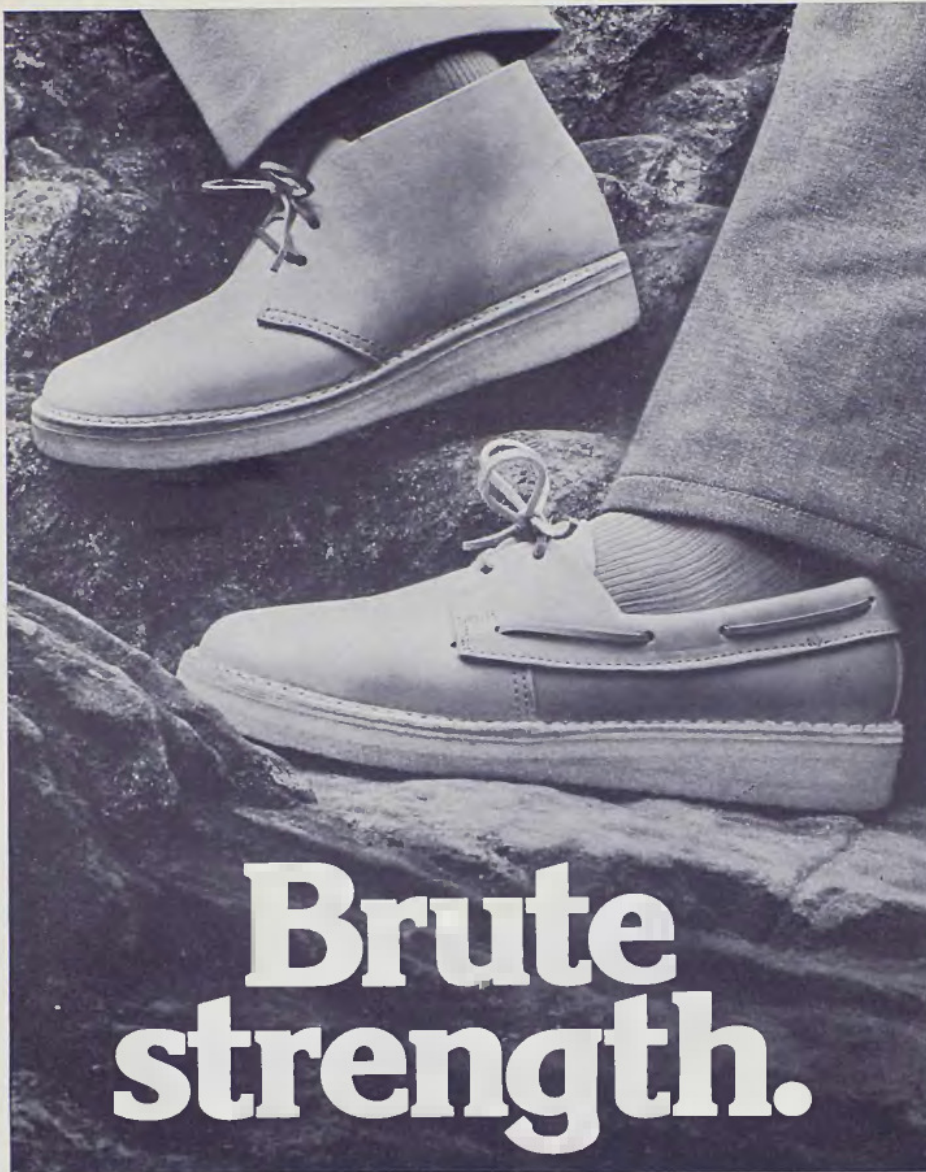
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they gave me a big chance. All the papers wrote *volumes* about how sick I was, how I was helping to kill off true art. In the meantime, they used up all the space they could have given over to true artists. That really is pretty indicative of how compelling pretension is, that it commanded that amount of bloody writing about what color my hair was gonna be next week. I want to know why they wasted all that time and effort and paper on my clothes and my pose. *Why?* Because I was a dangerous statement.

The follow-up to that, now that I've decided to talk a little more—if only to you—was, "How dare he have such a strenuous ego?" That, in itself, seemed a danger to some people. Am I, as a human being, worth talking about? I frankly think, Yes, I am. I've got to carry through with the conviction that I am also my own medium. The only way I can be effective as a person is to be this confoundingly arrogant and forthright with my point of view. That's the way I am. I believe myself with the utmost sincerity.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you having trouble getting *other* people to believe you? Take, for example, your well-publicized farewells to showbiz. You've retired twice, swearing you'd never have another thing to do with rock 'n' roll. Yet you've just finished a six-month world concert tour, promoting your newest rock-'n'-roll album, *Station to Station*. How do you rationalize these contradictions?

BOWIE: I lie. It's quite easy to do. Nothing matters except whatever it is I'm doing at the moment. I can't keep track of everything I say. I don't give a shit. I can't even remember how much I believe and how much I don't believe. The point is to grow into the person you grow into. I haven't a clue where I'm gonna be in a year. A raving nut, a flower child or a dictator, some kind of reverend—I don't know. That's what keeps me from getting bored.

PLAYBOY: What else do you do to keep from getting bored?

BOWIE: You name it.

PLAYBOY: How about drugs?

BOWIE: What year is it now? 'Seventy-six? I suppose I've been knocking on heaven's door for about 11 years now, with one sort of high or another. The only kinds of drugs I use, though, are ones that keep me working for longer periods of time. I haven't gotten involved in anything heavy since '68. I had a silly flirtation with smack then, but it was only for the mystery and enigma of trying it. I never really enjoyed it at all. I like fast drugs. I've said that many times. I hate falling out, where I can't stand up and stuff. It seems like such a waste of time. I hate downs and slow drugs like grass. I hate sleep. I would much prefer staying up, just working, all the time. It makes me

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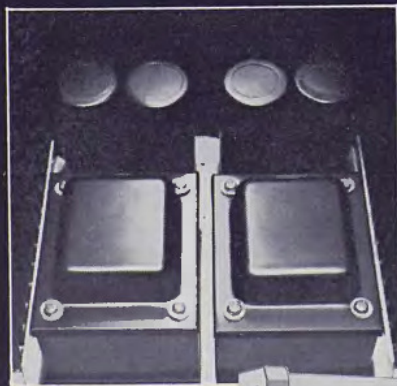


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PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time you got stoned?

BOWIE: On grass? I'd done a lot of pills ever since I was a kid. Thirteen or fourteen. But the first time I got stoned on grass was with John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin many, many years ago, when he was still a bass player on Herman's Hermits records. We'd been talking to Ramblin' Jack Elliott somewhere and Jonesy said to me, "Come over and I'll turn you on to grass." I thought about it and said, "Sure, I'll give it a whirl." We went over to his flat—he had a huge room, with nothing in it except this huge vast Hammond organ, right next door to the police department.

I had done cocaine before but never grass. I don't know why it should have happened in that order, probably because I knew a couple of merchant seamen who used to bring it back from the docks. I had been doing it with them. And they loathed grass. So I watched in wonder while Jonesy rolled these three fat joints. And we got stoned on all of them. I became incredibly high and it turned into an in-fucking-credible hunger. I ate two loaves of bread. Then the telephone rang. Jonesy said, "Go and answer that for me, will you?" So I went downstairs to answer the phone and kept on walking right out into the street. I never went back. I just got intensely fascinated with the cracks in the pavement.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get into acid?

BOWIE: I did three times. It was very colorful, but I thought my own imagination was already richer. Naturally. And more meaningful to me. Acid only gives people a link with their own imagery. I already had it. It was nothing new to me. It just sort of made a lot of fancy colors. Flashy lights and things. "Oh, look. I see God in the window." So what? I never needed acid to make music, either.

PLAYBOY: How much have drugs affected your music?

BOWIE: The music is just an extension of me, so the question really is, What have drugs done to me? They've fucked me up, I think. Fucked me up nicely and I've quite enjoyed seeing what it was like being fucked up.

PLAYBOY: Then you agree with the reviewer who called your *Young Americans* album "a fucked-up LP from a fucked-up rock star"?

BOWIE: Well, *The Man Who Sold the World* is actually the most drug-oriented album I've made. That was when I was the most fucked up. *Young Americans* probably is a close second, but that is from my current drug period. *The Man* was when I was holding on to some kind of flag for hashish. As soon as I stopped using that drug, I realized it dampened my imagination. End of slow drugs.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound much like the guy who was recently busted in

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Upstate New York for possession of eight ounces of marijuana.

BOWIE: Rest assured the stuff was not mine. I can't say much more, but it did belong to the others in the room that we were busted in. Bloody potheads. What a dreadful irony—me popped for grass. The stuff sickens me. I haven't touched it in a decade.

PLAYBOY: In the song *Station to Station*, though, you do refer to cocaine—

BOWIE: Yes, yes. The line is, "It's not the side effects of the cocaine. . . I'm thinking that it must be love." Do the radio stations bleep it out?

PLAYBOY: None that we've heard. Did you have any reservations about using the line in the song?

BOWIE: None whatsoever.

PLAYBOY: One might easily construe it as advocating the use of cocaine. Or is that the message?

BOWIE: I have no message whatsoever. I really have nothing to say, no suggestions or advice, nothing. All I do is suggest some ideas that will keep people listening a bit longer. And out of it all, maybe *they'll* come up with a message and save me the work. My career has kind of been like that. I get away with murder.

PLAYBOY: You claim you like to work all the time, yet you release only one album a year. What exactly do you do between recording sessions?

BOWIE: I write songs and screenplays and poems, I paint, I do Kurlien photography, I manage myself, I act, I produce, I record, sometimes I tour. I could give you five new and unreleased David Bowie albums right now. I could just hand them over. I've got an incredible backlog of material. Work, work, work. . .

PLAYBOY: Do you ever relax?

BOWIE: If you're asking whether or not I take vacations, the answer is no. I find all my relaxation within the context of work; I'm very serious about that. I've always thought the only thing to do was to try to go through life as Superman, right from the word go. I felt far too insignificant as just another person. I couldn't exist thinking all that was important was to be a *good* person. I thought, Fuck that; I don't want to be just another honest Joe. I want to be a supersuperbeing and improve all the equipment that I've been given to where it works 300 percent better. I find that it's possible to do it.

PLAYBOY: Would you give us some examples of your self-improvement?

BOWIE: When I started writing, I couldn't put more than three or four words together. Now I think I write very well. I'm finding that if I just look at something and think, A man did that, I realize I can do it, too. And probably better. I didn't know anything about films, either. I mean, nothing at *all*. So I went out, got hold of a lot of the greatest films and worked it all out for myself. Very logically done. Now I have an excellent

knowledge of the art. I became a bloody good actor, I'll tell you. And I'll be a superb film maker as well. It's only a matter of deciding what you want to do.

PLAYBOY: Surely, you doubt yourself sometimes.

BOWIE: Not so much anymore. About two years ago, I realized I had become a total product of my concept character Ziggy Stardust. So I set out on a very successful crusade to re-establish my own identity. I stripped myself down and took myself apart, layer by layer. I used to sit in bed and pick on one thing a week that I either didn't like or couldn't understand. And during the course of the week, I'd try to kill it off.

PLAYBOY: What was the first thing you attacked?

BOWIE: I think my lack of humor was the first thing I picked on. Then prissiness. Why did I feel that I was superior to people? I had to come to some conclusion. I haven't yet, but I dug into myself. That was very good therapy. I spewed

*"I consider myself
responsible for a whole new
school of pretensions—
they know who they are.
Don't you, Elton? Just
kidding. No, I'm not."*

myself up. I'm still doing it. I seem to know exactly what makes me sad.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't taking yourself apart all the time tend to make you a little schizophrenic?

BOWIE: The four of me will have to talk about that. Am I schizophrenic? One side of me probably is, but the other side is right down the middle, solid as a rock. Actually, I'm not schizophrenic at all. I think that my thought forms are fragmented a lot, that much is obvious. I often think of six things at one time. They all sort of interrupt one another. Not very good when I'm driving.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever have trouble deciding which is the real you?

BOWIE: I've learned to flow with myself. I honestly don't know where the real David Jones is. It's like playing the shell game. Except I've got so many shells I've forgotten what the pea looks like. I wouldn't know it if I found it. Being famous helps put off the problems of discovering myself. I mean that. That's the main reason I've always been so keen on being accepted, why I've striven so hard to put my brain to artistic use. I want to make a mark. In my early stuff, I made it through on sheer pretension. I consider myself responsible for a whole

new school of pretensions—they know who they are. Don't you, Elton? Just kidding. No, I'm not. See what I mean? That was a thoroughly pretentious statement. True or not, I bet you'll print that. Show someone something where intellectual analysis or analytical thought has been applied and people will yawn. But something that's pretentious—that keeps you riveted. It's also the only thing that shocks anymore. It shocks as much as the Dylan thing did 14 years ago. As much as sex shocked many years ago.

PLAYBOY: You're saying sex is no longer shocking?

BOWIE: Oh, come on. Sorry, Hugh. Sex has never *really* been shocking, it was just the people who performed it who were. Shocking people, performing sex. Now nobody really cares. Everybody fucks everybody. The only thing that shocks now is an extreme. Like me running my mouth off, jacking myself off. Unless you do that, nobody will pay attention to you. Not for long. You have to hit them on the head.

PLAYBOY: Is that the Bowie success formula?

BOWIE: That's always been it. It's never really changed. For instance, what I did with my Ziggy Stardust was package a totally credible, plastic rock-'n'-roll singer—much better than the Monkees could ever fabricate. I mean, *my* plastic rock-'n'-roller was much more plastic than anybody's. And that was what was needed at the time. And it still is. Most people still want their idols and gods to be shallow, like cheap toys. Why do you think teenagers are the way they are? They run around like ants, chewing gum and flitting onto a certain style of dressing for a day; that's as deep as they wish to go. It's no surprise that Ziggy was a huge success.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you said you became Ziggy at one point?

BOWIE: Without even thinking about it. At first, I just assumed that character onstage. Then everybody started to treat me, as they treated Ziggy: as though I were the Next Big Thing, as though I moved masses of people. I became convinced I was a messiah. Very scary. I woke up fairly quickly.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about your fans' giving up on you—not wanting to hear Bowie as a soul singer or whatever?

BOWIE: Well, they must understand what my trip was in the beginning. I've never been a musician.

PLAYBOY: What have you been?

BOWIE: The unfortunate thing is that I've always wanted to be a film director. And the two media got unconsciously amalgamated, so I was doing films on record. That creates your basic concept album, which becomes a bit of a slow pack horse in the end. Now I know that if I'm going to make albums, I've got to make albums that I enjoy musically, or else just make the fucking film. A lot of

my concept albums, like *Aladdin Sane*, *Ziggy* and *Diamond Dogs*, were only 50 percent there. They should have been visual as well. I think that some of the most talented actors around are in rock. I think a whole renaissance in film making is gonna come from rock. Not because of it, though, despite it.

PLAYBOY: But you've said that you find rock depressing and sterile, even evil.

BOWIE: It is depressing and sterile and, yes, ultimately evil. Anything that contributes to stagnation is evil. When it has familiarity, it's no longer rock 'n' roll. It's white noise. Dirge. Just look at *disco* music—the endless numb beat. It's really dangerous.

So I've moved on. I've established the fact that I am an entertainer, David Bowie, not just another boring rock singer. I've got a film out, Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. And I'll be doing a lot more, taking a lot of chances. The minute you know you're on safe ground, you're dead. You're finished. It's over. The last thing I want is to be established. I want to go to bed every night saying, "If I never wake again, I certainly will have *lived* while I was alive."

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to *disco* music. You say it's a dirge, yet you had the biggest *disco* hit of last year in *Fame* and you scored again this year with *Golden Years*. How do you explain that?

BOWIE: I love *disco*. It's a lovely escapist's way out. I quite like it, as long as it's not on the radio night and day—which it is so much these days. *Fame* was an incredible bluff that worked. Very flattering. I'll do *anything* until I fail. And when I succeed, I quit, too. I'm really knocked out that people actually dance to my records, though. But let's be honest: my rhythm and blues are thoroughly plastic. *Young Americans*, the album *Fame* is from, is, I would say, the definitive plastic soul record. It's the squashed remains of ethnic music as it survives in the age of Muzak rock, written and sung by a white limey. If you had played *Young Americans* to me five years ago and said, "This is an R&B album," I would have laughed. Hysterically.

PLAYBOY: How about if we had said, "This is going to be *your* album five years from now"?

BOWIE: I would have thrown you *and* the record out of my house.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Barbra Streisand's recording your song *Life on Mars*?

BOWIE: Bloody awful. Sorry, Barb, but it was atrocious.

PLAYBOY: You're not noted for cordial relationships with other artists. Yet there was the rumor that you flew to Europe to spend a sabbatical with Bob Dylan. What about it?

BOWIE: That's a beaut. I haven't even left this bloody country in years. I saw

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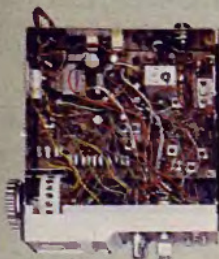
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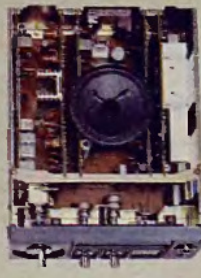
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Dylan in New York seven, eight months ago. We don't have a lot to talk about. We're not great friends. Actually, I think he hates me.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances did you meet?

BOWIE: Very bad ones. We went back to somebody's house after some gig at a club. We had all gone to see someone, I can't remember who, and Dylan was there. I was in a very, sort of . . . verbose frame of mind. And I just talked *at* him for hours and hours and hours, and whether I amused him or scared him or repulsed him, I really don't know. I didn't wait for any answers. I just went on and on about everything. And then I said good night. He never phoned me.

PLAYBOY: Did he impress you?

BOWIE: Not really. I'd just like to know what the young chap thought of me. I was quite convinced that what I had to say was important, which I seem to feel all the time. It's been quite a while since somebody really impressed me, though.

PLAYBOY: Could another musician impress you?

BOWIE: Gil Evans; Ricky Ricardo, maybe. I like meeting other artists, but they rarely impress me. Regular people do, people who aren't playing power games. I know power plays immediately and I'm better at it than most of them, so I discount them in a flash.

PLAYBOY: How did you become a rock-'n'-roller, anyway?

BOWIE: Truth? I was broke. I got into rock because it was an enjoyable way of making my money and taking four or five years to puzzle my next move out. I was a painter before that, studying commercial art at Bromley Technical High School. I tried advertising and that was *awful*. The *lowest*. But I was well into my little saxophone, so I left advertising and thought, Let's give rock a try. You can have a good time doing that and usually have at least enough money to live on. Especially then. It was the Mod days; nice clothes were half the battle.

PLAYBOY: But nice clothes cost money.

BOWIE: At the time, not necessarily. I lived out of the dustbins on the back streets of Carnaby. Carnaby Street was actually, at one time, quite fashionable—before it became known to everybody in London. The very best young designers were down there and because they were very expensive Italians, if any of the shirts had a button off or anything like that, it would go in the dustbin. We'd go around and nick all the stuff out of the dustbins. Entire wardrobes of clothes for, well, nothing. All you had to do was sew a button on or stitch a sleeve. I remember when I used to steal everything. Had to look fashionable. We all were caught up in that game of wanting to be the next Elvis Presley, hopping from tinny band to tinny band. I went through a group called

THE FIRST BEER CAME FROM BAVARIA.
THE BEST ONE STILL DOES.



David Jones and the Buzz, another called David Jones and the Lower Third, even a mime troupe called Feathers.

PLAYBOY: What was it like to be a mime?

BOWIE: Oh, listen, it's very easy to be a mime. There wasn't much competition. I was only reasonably good. My technique was quite poor, actually, but nobody really knew. I've got a very good body and it does things I want it to do, but I'm still not disciplined enough to ever compete with a Marcel Marceau. Mime helped me learn a lot about body language. That's all.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your wife, Angela, have something to do with getting you your first recording contract?

BOWIE: Angela and I knew each other because we were both going out with the same man. Another one of her boyfriends, a talent scout for Mercury Records, took her to a show at The Roundhouse, where I happened to be playing. He hated me. She thought I was great. Ultimately, she threatened to leave him if he didn't sign me. So he signed me.

PLAYBOY: And how was the situation with your mutual boyfriend resolved?

BOWIE: I married Angela and we both continued to see him.

PLAYBOY: Why did you marry her?

BOWIE: Because I realized that she'd be one of the very few women I'd be capable of living with for more than a week. She is remarkably pleasant to keep coming back to. And, for me, she always will be. There's nobody more demanding than me. Not physically, necessarily, but mentally. I'm very strenuous. Very intense about anything I do. I scare away most people I've lived with.

PLAYBOY: Were you in love with Angela?

BOWIE: Never have been *in* love, to speak of. I was in love once, maybe, and it was an awful experience. It rotted me, drained me, and it was a disease. Hateful thing, it was. Being in love is something that breeds brute anger and jealousy, everything *but* love, it seems. It's a bit like Christianity—or any religion, for that matter.

PLAYBOY: What do you believe in?

BOWIE: Myself. Politics. Sex. . . .

PLAYBOY: Since you put yourself first, do you consider yourself an original thinker?

BOWIE: Not by any means. More like a tasteful thief. The only art I'll ever study is stuff that I can steal from. I do think that my plagiarism is effective. Why does an artist create, anyway? The way I see it, if you're an inventor, you invent something that you hope people can use. I want art to be just as practical. Art can be a political reference, a sexual force, any force that you want, but it should be usable. What the hell do artists want? Museum pieces? The more I get ripped off, the more *flattered* I get. But I've caused a lot of discontent,

because I've expressed my admiration for other artists by saying, "Yes, I'll use that," or, "Yes, I took this from him and this from her." Mick Jagger, for example, is scared to walk into the same room as me even *thinking* any new idea. He knows I'll snatch it.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Jagger once told you he was hiring the French artist Guy Peellaert for the jacket of a Rolling Stones album and you ran right off to hire Peellaert for your own album, *Diamond Dogs*, which was released first?

BOWIE: Mick was silly. I mean, he should never have shown me anything new. I went over to his house and he had all these Guy Peellaert pictures around and said, "What do you think of this guy?" I told him I thought he was incredible. So I immediately phoned him up. Mick's learned now, as I've said. He will never do that again. You've got to be a bastard in this business.

PLAYBOY: Any other artists you'd especially like to hire?

BOWIE: I really wanted Norman Rockwell to do an album cover for me. Still

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I will one day. I'd adore to be
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I believe very strongly
in fascism."*

do. I originally wanted him for the cover of *Young Americans*. I got his phone number and called him up. Very quaint. His wife answered and I said, "Hello, this is David Bowie," and so on. I asked if he could paint the cover. His wife said in this quavering, elderly voice, "I'm sorry, but Norman needs at least six months for his portraits." So I had to pass, but I thought the experience was lovely. What a craftsman. Too bad I don't have the same painstaking passion. I'd rather just get my ideas out of my system as fast as I can.

PLAYBOY: Some psychiatrists would call your behavior compulsive. Does the fact that there is insanity in your family frighten you?

BOWIE: My brother Terry's in an asylum right now. I'd like to believe that the insanity is because our family is all genius, but I'm afraid that's not true. Some of them—a good many—are just nobodies. I'm quite fond of the insanity, actually. It's a nice thing to throw out at parties, don't you think? Everybody finds empathy in a nutty family. Everybody says, "Oh, yes, my family is quite mad." Mine

really is. No, fucking about, boy. Most of them are nutty—in, just out of or going into an institution. Or dead.

PLAYBOY: What do they think of you?

BOWIE: I haven't a clue. I haven't spoken to any of them in years. My father is dead. I think I talked to my mother a couple of years ago. I don't understand any of them. It's not a question of their understanding *me* anymore. The shoe's on the other foot.

PLAYBOY: You've often said that you believe very strongly in fascism. Yet you also claim you'll one day run for Prime Minister of England. More media manipulation?

BOWIE: Christ, everything is a media manipulation. I'd love to enter politics. I will one day. I'd adore to be Prime Minister. And, yes, I believe very strongly in fascism. The only way we can speed up the sort of liberalism that's hanging foul in the air at the moment is to speed up the progress of a right-wing, totally dictatorial tyranny and get it over as fast as possible. People have always responded with greater efficiency under a regimental leadership. A liberal wastes time saying, "Well, now, what ideas have you got?" *Show* them what to do, for God's sake. If you don't, nothing will get done. I can't stand people just hanging about. Television is the most successful fascist, needless to say. Rock stars are fascists, too. Adolf Hitler was one of the first rock stars.

PLAYBOY: How so?

BOWIE: Think about it. Look at some of his films and see how he moved. I think he was quite as good as Jagger. It's astounding. And, boy, when he hit that stage, he worked an audience. Good God! He was no politician. He was a media artist himself. He used politics and theatrics and created this thing that governed and controlled the show for those 12 years. The world will never see his like. He staged a country.

Really, I would like to be Prime Minister, but I think I'd have to set up *my* own country first. I don't want to be Prime Minister of the old country. I'd have to create the state that I wish to live in first. I dream of one day buying companies and television stations, owning and controlling them.

PLAYBOY: Are you still obsessed, as you reportedly once were, with the fear of being assassinated onstage?

BOWIE: No. I died too many times onstage, man. And it's really not too bad. No, I don't have that paranoia anymore. I've now decided that my death should be very precious. I really want to use it. I'd like my death to be as interesting as my life has been and will be. And being assassinated is not quite a hero's demise. Assassination is the . . . the snub. The Great Snub. It's the ultimate result of that Wilhelm Reich philosophy—nobody

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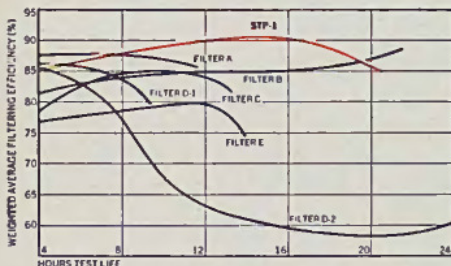
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will be allowed to be any more than we are—that most people subscribe to in their hearts. People aren't very bright, you know. They say they want freedom, but when they get the chance, they pass up Nietzsche and choose Hitler, because he would march into a room to speak and music and lights would come on at strategic moments. It was rather like a rock-'n'-roll concert. The kids would get very excited—girls got hot and sweaty and guys wished it was them up there. That, for me, is the rock-'n'-roll experience.

PLAYBOY: You stated in *Rolling Stone* that you'd like to use your music to "rule the world . . . subliminally." Would you care to elaborate?

BOWIE: I think subliminal advertising is great. If it hadn't been outlawed, it would have gone out of advertising very quickly and straight into politics. I would have excelled at it. Think of it, an empty screen that people could stare at for an hour and a half and not actually see anything but leave with an entire experience in their heads.

Of course, *Rolling Stone* got hate mail. So did Dali in his day. He knew exactly what he was doing when he painted his paintings. He knew what all the objects meant. Should his work have been destroyed and he forced to paint a vase of flowers? The attitude that says the artist should paint only things that the proletariat can understand, I think, is the most destructive thing possible. That sounds a little like Hitler's going around to museums and tearing modern paintings down, doesn't it?

You mustn't be scared of art. Rock 'n' roll is only rock 'n' roll. People hold it so sacred—mustn't tamper, in case you find out that it really does govern kids. Those old Fifties antirock movies were right. Rock-'n'-roll records are dangerous to the moral fiber. But then, records are a thing of the past now, so who knows?

PLAYBOY: We're not quite sure how you made the leap from subliminal advertising to reporting the death of the record industry, but since you have, what do you propose will happen to music in the future?

BOWIE: It will return to the sensitivities of the working class. That excites me. Sound as texture, rather than sound as music. Producing noise records seems pretty logical to me. My favorite group is a German band called Kraftwerk—it plays noise music to "increase productivity." I like that idea, if you have to play music.

PLAYBOY: We give up. Let's talk about movies. Why did you decide to do *The Man Who Fell to Earth*?

BOWIE: Well, I'll tell you what happened. I was sent the script and was immediately intrigued with the character

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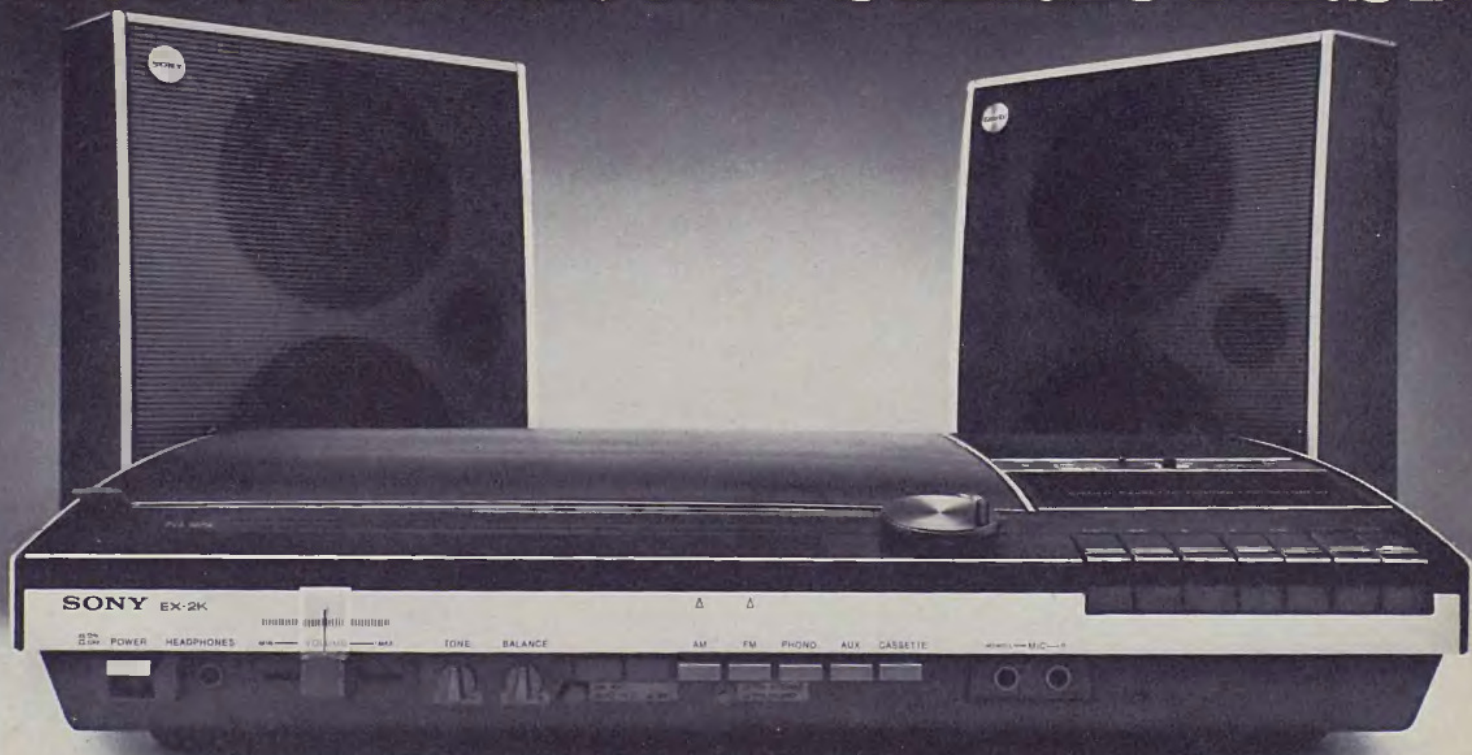
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of Newton, who had a lot in common with me. He dreaded cars but loved fast speeds. He was physically emaciated; there were so many characteristics we had in common. One problem: I hated the script.

PLAYBOY: How did you get around that?

BOWIE: Nicolas Roeg, the director, came over to my house a number of weeks after he'd sent the script. He arrived on time and I was out. After eight hours or so, I remembered our appointment. I turned up nine hours late, thinking, of course, that he'd gone. He was sitting in the kitchen. He'd been sitting there for hours and hours and wouldn't go upstairs, wouldn't go into my room. He stayed in the kitchen. God, I was so embarrassed. I thought I would be embarrassed into doing the film. He said, "Well, David, what do you think of the script?" I said, "It's a bit corny, isn't it?" His face just fucking fell off. Then he started talking. Two or three hours later, I was convinced the man was a genius. There is a very strong story line, as it turns out, but that only provides the backbone to the meat of it. It works on spiritual and prime levels of an incredibly complex, Howard Hughes-type alien. I still don't understand all the inflections Roeg put into the film. He's of a certain artistic level that's well above me.

PLAYBOY: Why did Roeg want you?

BOWIE: He had Peter O'Toole cast, but he couldn't do the film. And I believe the editor of the film advised Nick to watch the documentary about me, *Cracked Actor*, that was on the BBC. Nick watched it and I guess it was my attachment to Ziggy, the alter ego, that captured his interest and imagination. And my looks helped, too. Roeg wanted a definite, pointedly stark face—which I had been endowed with.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take for you to adapt to the cameras?

BOWIE: Less than an hour. My first film, I couldn't have worked with a director unless it was somebody I knew instinctively would become a mentor. I couldn't have worked with someone I considered to be less than myself—and I have a very, very high opinion of my own abilities. Within the first hour on the set, I knew that I'd picked the right one. Just wait until I become a director, though. I'll be tremendous.

PLAYBOY: Do you find acting more worth while than rock 'n' roll?

BOWIE: Rock 'n' roll is acting. All my albums are just me acting out certain poses and characters. That's why I'm not entirely proud of a lot of my records—the visual side is sorely missed. My finally being on film simply makes it official. I'm sure I'll take my following with me. They're very faithful.

PLAYBOY: Steven Ford, the President's 20-year-old son, is one of your biggest fans. What did you talk about when he visited you in Los Angeles?

BOWIE: Steven Ford? He likes to talk about horses. I told him I could ride horses English style. He said that he rode Western style and knew that riding English style was a lot harder. I agreed with him and said, "Yes, it has a lot more to do with etiquette and discipline than to do with horsemanship." He agreed. That was it, really. I liked him very much. I asked him what he thought of using rock 'n' roll as a political vehicle.

PLAYBOY: And what did he say?

BOWIE: That's when he started talking about horses.

PLAYBOY: Did he invite you to meet Gerald?

BOWIE: No. I invited myself. I said if I'm ever in the area, would he invite me down? He sort of reluctantly said yes. I

*"I invited myself to the
White House. Steven Ford
sort of reluctantly said
yes. I don't know what he's
worried about. I was
a very butch
gentleman with him."*

don't know what he's worried about. I was a very butch gentleman with him.

PLAYBOY: How is your relationship with Elton John these days?

BOWIE: He sent me a very nice telegram the other day.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you describe him as "the Liberace, the token queen of rock"?

BOWIE: Yes, well, that was before the telegram. I'd much rather listen to him on the radio than talk about him. Let's do something else. Want to write a song?

PLAYBOY: Sure.

BOWIE: All right. We'll call the song *Audience* and it'll be about rock 'n' roll. All right? I'm gonna say, "Led Zeppelin is solid. They make you like a wall." [Writes it down] Quick. Give me the name of an artist, someone in rock.

PLAYBOY: How about Stevie Wonder?

BOWIE: Good. "Stevie Wonder is growing and you love him most of all." [Writes it down] He's sort of the golden boy, everybody loves him. Who else? Name a good songwriter.

PLAYBOY: Joni Mitchell.

BOWIE: "Joni Mitchell has our hearts." [Writes it down] She does, doesn't she? OK, let me get my guitar. [Looks at what he's written and begins strumming

and humming softly] All right, here we go. [Sings] "Led Zeppelin is growing, erasing our minds / They make us feel stony, they make us go blind / Hey, Stevie Wonder, there like a wall / So good to lean on, the hardest of all. . . ." Isn't that a nice little tune?

PLAYBOY: Is that how you wrote *Changes*?

BOWIE: Naw, but that's basically how I wrote most of the *Diamond Dogs* album.

PLAYBOY: What happened to Joni Mitchell?

BOWIE: She's good enough, she doesn't need me crooning about her. You see, of course, there are no rules to my writing.

PLAYBOY: We see.

BOWIE: You asked about other rockers, you got a song. Don't complain. No respect. Who's that comedian? Rodney Dangerfield. Don't worry, Rodney. The new art is always catcalled. They hooted the *Mona Lisa*.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've been taken advantage of over the years?

BOWIE: Not taken advantage of. Exploited.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting you haven't made all that you should have?

BOWIE: What, moneywise? Oh, Lord, no—we made nothing. All I've made is an impact and a change, which, of course, is worth a lot. I keep telling myself that. The best thing to say about it all is that it's archetypal rock-'n'-roll business. Read the reports of the Beatles, the Stones and a lot of other big entertainers and take some kind of amalgamation of all that; it's a pretty accurate picture of my business. John Lennon has been through it all. John told me, "Stick with it. Survive. You'll really go through the grind and they'll rip you off right and left. The key is to come out the other side." I said something cocky at the time like, "I've got a great manager. Everything is great. I'm a *Seventies* artist." The last time I spoke to John, I told him he was right. I'd been ripped off blind.

PLAYBOY: You're not a rich man? After five gold albums?

BOWIE: Now, yes, exceedingly. No! Wait, America! Not at all. Haven't got a penny to my name. I'm pleading poverty at the moment, but I'm *potentially* very rich. Theoretically rich but not wealthy.

PLAYBOY: Are you as bitter about the music business as Lennon and Jagger have said they are?

BOWIE: No, no, no. You see, I needed to learn about it. You've got to make mistakes. It's very important to make mistakes. Very, very important. If I glided through, I wouldn't be the man I'm not today.

PLAYBOY: Last question. Do you believe and stand by everything you've said?

BOWIE: Everything but the inflammatory remarks.

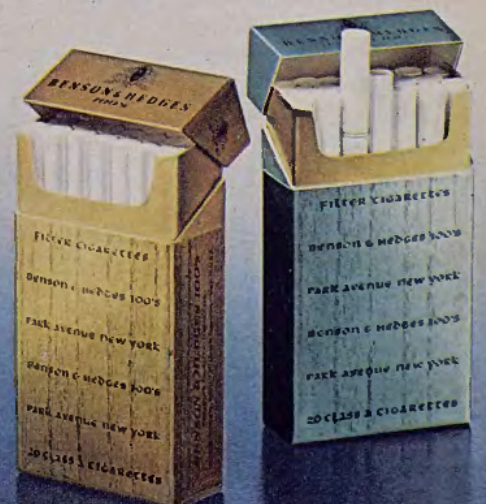


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Regular and Menthol

an investigative report
By Larry DuBois and Laurence Gonzales

THE PUPPET . . .

UNCOVERING THE SECRET WORLD OF NIXON, HUGHES AND THE CIA

including

The Buying of the President
The World's Biggest Intelligence Front
The War Within the Hughes Empire
The Untold Story Behind Watergate

Of all the mysteries surrounding the Watergate affair, perhaps the strangest is that in this, the most thoroughly investigated burglary in history, no publicly accepted motive for the break-in itself has ever been established. A vague notion that a group of Republican-sponsored burglars decided to get some dirt on the Democrats and did so without knocking is still widely believed. Lost in the bonanza of books and movies about who did it and how it was done is the central question: Why did it happen?

In the recent past, some accounts—notably, J. Anthony Lukas' massive Watergate study, "Nightmare"—have suggested that both the Howard Hughes organization and the CIA had connections with Watergate. And some important pieces of the puzzle were put in place by a few of the investigators on Sam Ervin's Senate Watergate committee. But the puzzle was never made whole, the pieces never seemed to fit.

A set of unusual circumstances led PLAYBOY to undertake an investigation of Hughes and the CIA and to get a fuller picture of Watergate. Part I of our report will examine the links between Hughes and the CIA and the events leading up to Watergate. Part II, to appear in November, will examine the cover-up that succeeded and will reveal how newsmen were misled in their efforts to report the whole story.

PART I

A SURVIVOR'S NOTEBOOKS

To sort of take the term Watergate and link it to Howard Hughes, I think, is really unfair. —BOB WOODWARD, *April 25, 1976*

IN THE SPRING OF 1975, a man named Virgino González (no relation to Laurence Gonzales) drafted an affidavit

that was executed in Mexico City. In the sworn document, he claims to be an ex-CIA agent who was assigned by the agency to monitor the activities of John Meier, a former Hughes executive. "At the end of 1971," Virgino González wrote, "I was ordered to an assignment that included monitoring the activities of John Meier and was shown a file on him. . . . This file showed that Meier came from New York, his early business life and how he joined Hughes and evaluated the underground [nuclear] testing in Nevada. He was giving the AEC a hard time on behalf of Hughes."

Meier, a computer expert and environmentalist who had worked for Hughes off and on since 1959, was sent to Las Vegas by Hughes to evaluate environmental problems. Before Hughes moved to Vegas in November 1966, he wanted Meier to give him a full report on the effects of atomic testing at the Nevada Test Site, about 100 miles from the city. During three of Hughes's four years there (1966–1970), Meier was his scientific advisor and one of the few Hughes executives who communicated directly with the boss. Hughes had chosen Meier to handle his personal pet projects, such as his fierce campaign against nuclear testing. Secretly—not even known to others in the organization—Meier managed Hughes's investigations into areas that appealed to the farthest reaches of Hughes's imagination: parapsychology, LSD, mysticism, cryonics (the science of freezing human bodies with the hope of later reviving them) and other equally unlikely subjects.

Meier received the 1966 Aerospace Man of the Year award, the 1968 Nevada Governor's Award for Technical Achievement in Data Processing and was a member of President Nixon's Task Force on Resources and Environment. He was on the board of



... AND THE PUPPETMASTERS

advisors of *The Manhattan Tribune*, was a member of the Governor's Gaming Industry Task Force and in 1971 was appointed special advisor on environmental affairs to Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska.

When Virgino González filed his affidavit, a copy was flown to Los Angeles, where Meier's attorney, Robert Wyshak, was told in an anonymous phone call to pick it up at a hotel near the airport. Wyshak, former Assistant U. S. Attorney with experience as chief of the tax division of the Central District of California, determined to his satisfaction that the document was authentic and that Virgino González was telling the truth about his illegal surveillance of Meier. He sent a copy to Meier and Meier sent a copy to Washington for examination by another attorney. It was intercepted en route—they believed by the CIA—and they then decided to file it in the U. S. district court in Nevada.

Wyshak provided PLAYBOY with a copy of the affidavit because of the last line, which reads, "I asked to be put elsewhere and was put onto Hugh Hefner [sic] for a time." The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence (the Church committee) was unable to locate Virgino González, or to confirm his employment by the agency, and views the affidavit with suspicion. We never found González but did interview sources who claim to have had contact with him, including one writer who told us about interviewing González on his agency activities. The authenticity of the document still remains in doubt, but there is strong circumstantial evidence indicating that the agency *did* spy on Meier, as Virgino González claims.

What began as an attempt by us to determine the extent of illegal CIA surveillance of Hefner gradually developed into an investigation of the CIA itself. That search led us straight into the Hughes organization, where the story emerged of how critical Hughes had been in the rise and fall of Richard Nixon, how the CIA had gradually turned the Hughes companies into its largest front organization and how those inter-related matters were all part of the motive for the Watergate break-in.

John Meier¹ is now a fugitive from the United States, living with his family in British Columbia under landed-immigrant status granted him by the Canadian government. He supports himself with part-

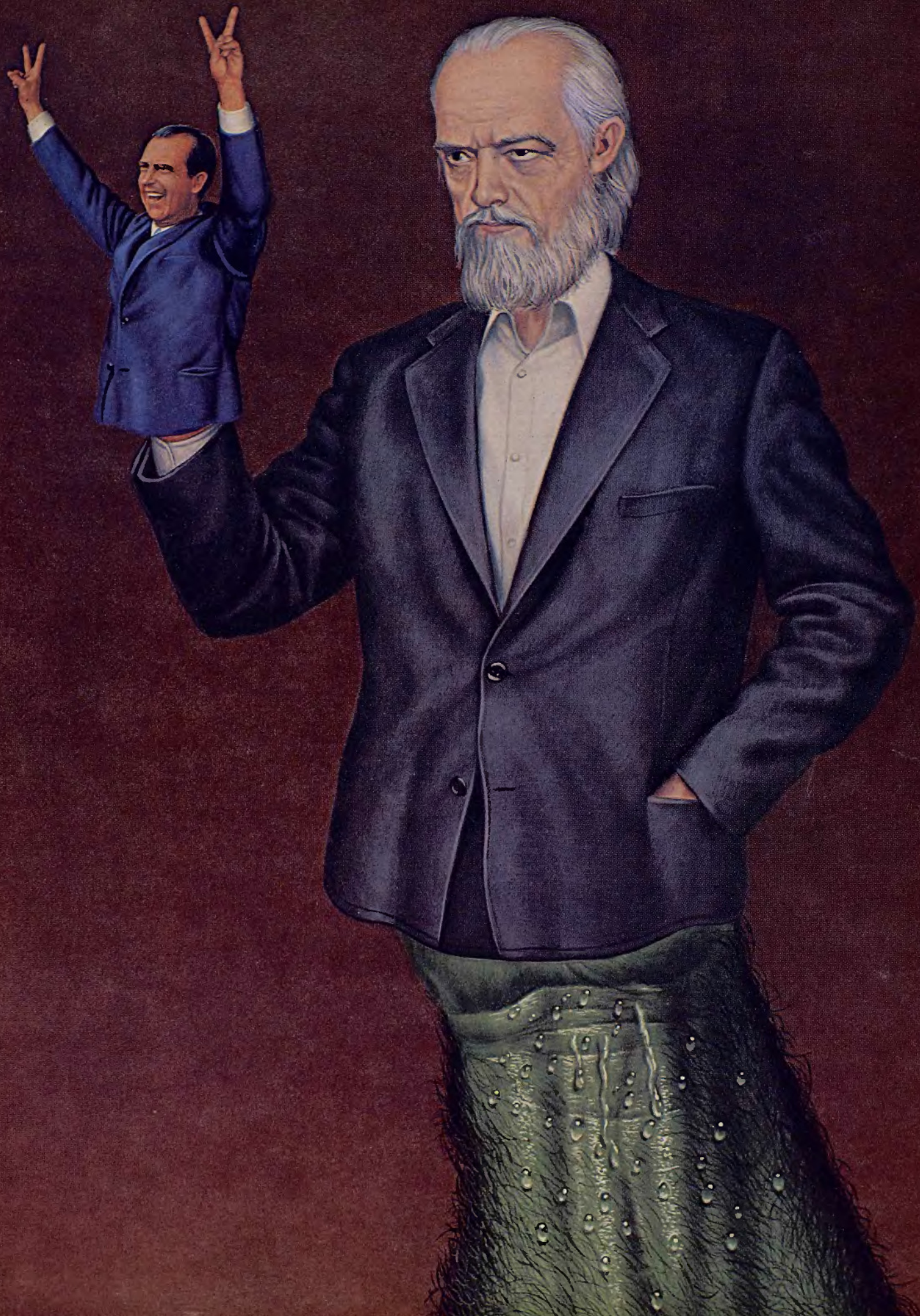
¹Not to be confused with Johnny Meyer, a former Hughes aide who, in the late Forties, was involved in the Hughes military-contracts scandal that ended in a Senate investigation.

time consulting work for the Canadian government and private organizations while he fights his case. The reason he is a fugitive stems from an extremely complex legal case that began with an IRS indictment for back taxes on money he supposedly made from Hughes companies on mining deals. Meier claims he is innocent; the IRS claims to have a strong case against him. The press has rarely mentioned Meier's name in connection with Watergate and most accounts of him have discussed only his alleged crime. As a result, we were reluctant to believe him at first. But more than 100 hours of interviews with him and hundreds of documents obtained by PLAYBOY during a year's research all point to one inescapable conclusion: On the subject of his role in events leading to Watergate, Meier is telling the truth, and his recall of detail rivals John Dean's.

In a recent interview with us, Meier said, "I'm fully convinced that one big reason for the break-in wasn't to get something on McGovern but to find out what I was telling the friends of Larry O'Brien [the Democratic national chairman] about Richard and Don Nixon and Hughes, to see if anything was going to break before the election. They knew the Nixons were Hughes's greatest asset in getting his purchase of Air West airlines approved and that Hughes was fronting for the CIA; they knew I was talking to left-wingers, Democrats, McGovern people—people who scared the hell out of the agency and the White House."

Meier, at 42, is an intense, often obsessive man. He kept a meticulous diary of his Hughes years. Every phone call on Hughes's behalf, every flight number, every meeting is noted neatly in ballpoint pen in one of a dozen leather-bound "executive planners." One of his reasons for keeping these records was that the meetings, calls and flights involved Meier's dealings with some of the world's richest and most powerful men. He was, for example, Hughes's liaison to another reclusive billionaire, D. K. Ludwig. In Meier's six filing cabinets are hundreds of handwritten memos to and from Hughes, as well as internal White House memos, letters from various Government officials and political lobbyists and numerous in-house reports prepared for Hughes.

These documents and Meier's own accounts provided the key to the bits and pieces of information that are buried in the mass of publicly available information generated by (continued on page 82)

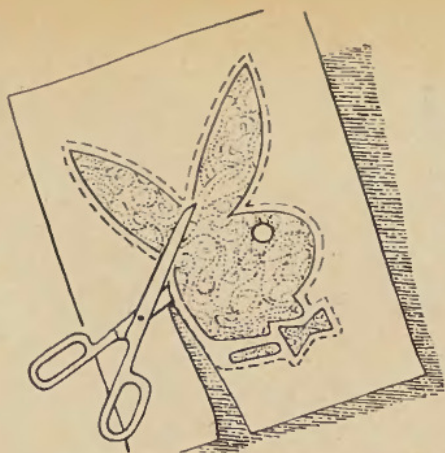




**YOUR
TURNED-ON
PRESS-ON!**

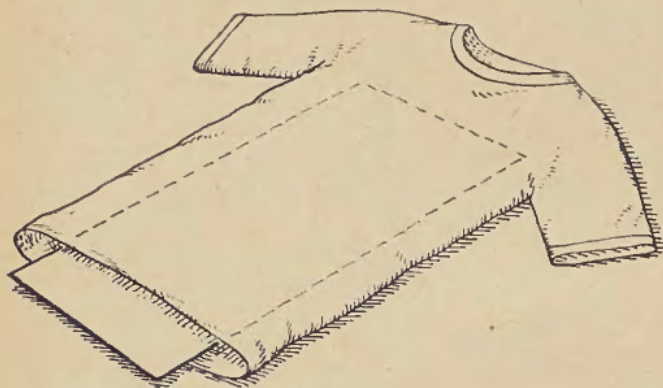


all right, boys, out with the irons: this bunny—unlike others—can be pressed onto your favorite t-shirt (now turn the page for iron setting)



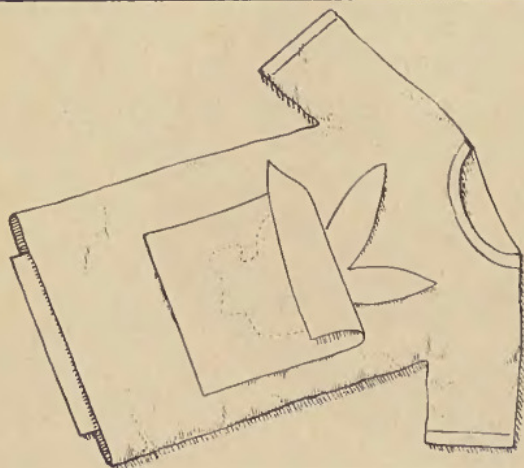
1

Make sure your T-shirt is 50 percent cotton and 50 percent polyester. Most other fabrics won't hold the inks as well after washing. For the same reason, it's not advisable to iron the decal directly onto your chest. Cut out the Rabbit decal and put it aside for the moment.



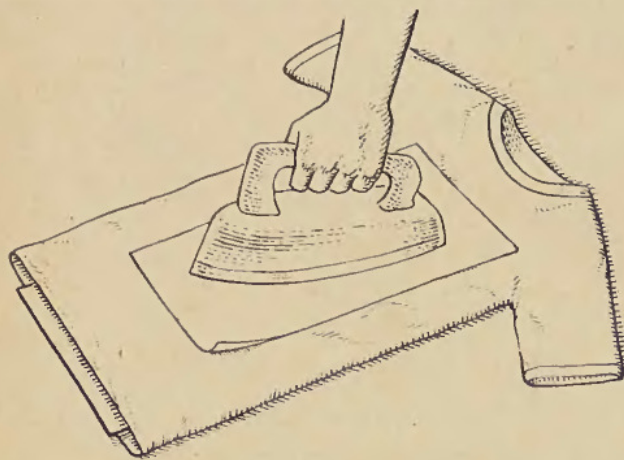
2

Place a protective piece of cloth over the ironing-board cover. (The ironing-board cover should be covering the ironing board.) Slip the T-shirt over the end of the board so that the place you want the design to appear is directly over the protective cloth. Do not, under any circumstances, iron on the decal while wearing the T-shirt.



3

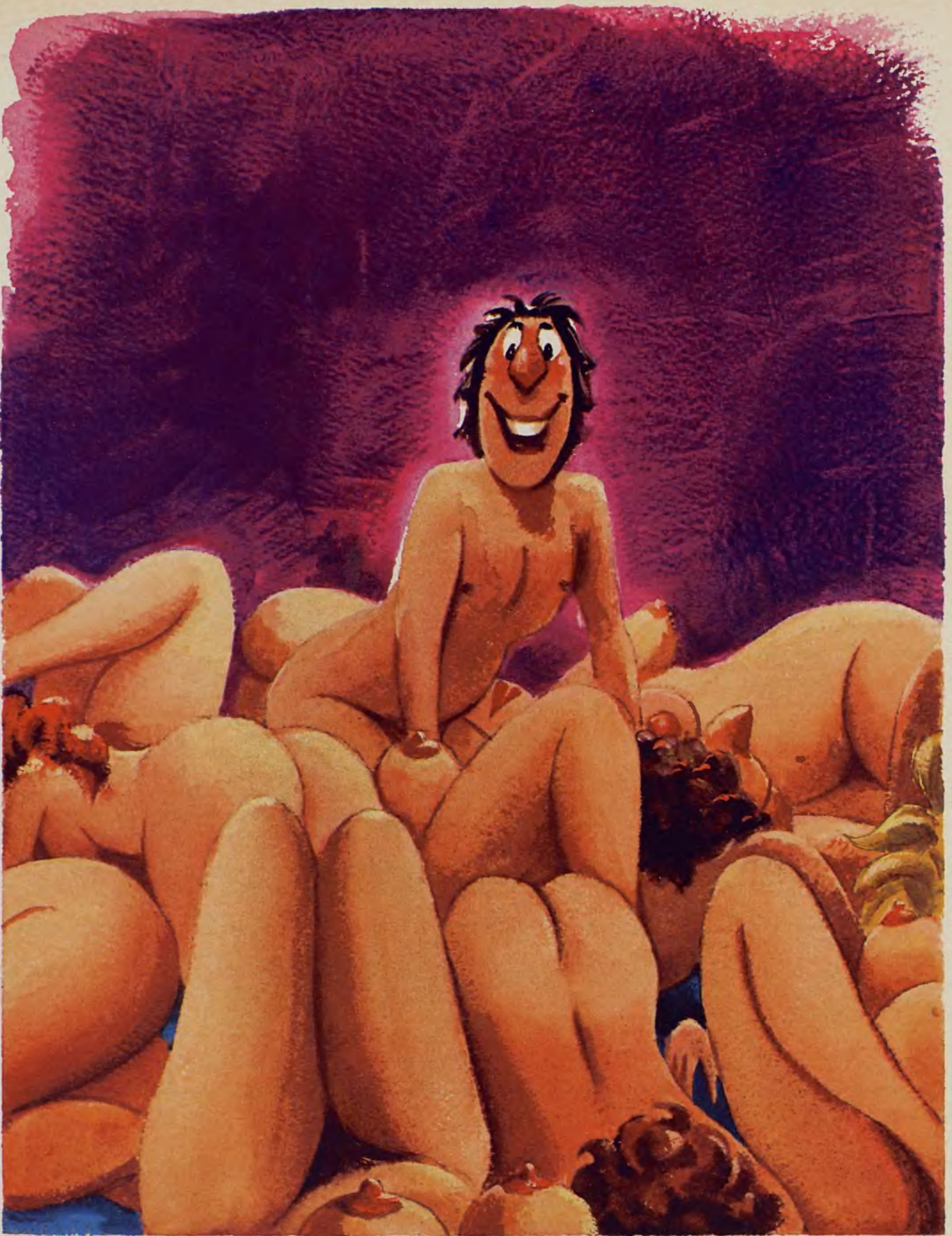
Now place the Rabbit decal face down on the area of the T-shirt you wish to use. Place a clean piece of white paper over the entire inked surface. Preheat your iron to a temperature of 350 degrees. This is done by turning the knob to linen setting, not by putting your iron in the oven.



4

Apply your dry, hot iron (make sure you plugged it in, dummy) with firm, even pressure over the entire decal surface for 30 seconds. (Be sure to get the entire decal—the ears are easy to miss.) If you smell something burning, open the window. Remove the top sheet of paper and allow the design to cool for at least one minute before you peel the paper backing. Your PLAYBOY T-shirt is now ready to wear!

One last note: You can wash and dry your PLAYBOY T-shirt as you would any permanent-press item; just don't use chlorine bleach. On second thought, why don't you just get your girlfriend to take care of this whole rigmarole while you relax and have a beer?



D. Divi

"Was it good for all of you, too?"

THE PUPPETMASTERS

Watergate—either in news reports or in court proceedings, in affidavits or in the transcript of the Watergate hearings. The picture that emerges shows the Hughes organization inextricably entangled in American politics, inside the White House and out. It shows the gradual merger of the Hughes organization and the CIA to such a point that it is difficult to determine where one ends and the other begins.

After Meier was indicted on August 9, 1973, he sought immunity in exchange for his story. He offered his testimony to the Watergate committee and was interviewed for 13 hours on October 13 and 22 of that year so that investigators could decide whether or not to take his testimony officially. According to the transcript of those sessions, Meier asked Watergate investigators, "Why not put the cards on the table about Hughes, Nixon and [Bebe] Rebozo? I have been shell-shocked from the IRS and Hughes. I told you that [John] Ehrlichman had me bugged and put the IRS on me. I don't have the organization behind me the President has or the money Hughes has. I'm fighting for my life and my family."

Meier's name is scattered throughout the Senate Watergate report, but he was never called to testify. His story seemed confusing and contradictory to investigators and they decided against granting him immunity. But the fact remains that most of the major targets of the investigation had significant ties to Hughes:

- Attorney General John Mitchell, overruling a prior decision of the Antitrust Division, had given Hughes permission to buy more than the five casinos he already owned in Las Vegas.

- E. Howard Hunt worked for Robert F. Bennett, who had the Hughes public-relations account in Washington. In February 1972, Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy had discussed with Hughes security chief Ralph Winte a plan to burglarize the offices of *Las Vegas Sun* publisher Hank Greenspun.

- Nixon's confidant Bebe Rebozo was the bag man for Hughes's now famous \$100,000 contribution to Nixon.

- Charles Colson had encouraged the White House to cultivate Bennett's friendship because of the financial and political clout Bennett's Hughes connection carried.

Meier tried to convince the Watergate investigators that he could prove himself a valuable witness. "I want to prove my statements to you," he told them, "I don't want to say it's my feeling Richard Nixon

(continued from page 76)

has money in the Bahamas.² I want to say this is why, this is what I was told and this is who told me. These are serious charges. I don't want to talk in general, without having to prove what I'm saying."

At that point, Watergate investigator Scott Armstrong—who later worked on *The Final Days* with Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein—explained to Meier, "We are not conducting an investigation of Summa [Hughes's holding company] or of Hughes. We are conducting an investigation of the 1972 campaign." That was, in fact, the Senate committee's mandate, but clearly, those were impossible ground rules, rather like investigating cancer over the telephone.

The relationship between Hughes and Nixon goes back at least to 1956. That year, Hughes lent Donald Nixon \$205,000 to save a failing restaurant business. For Hughes, giving money in exchange for potential political favors was not unusual. Right after that loan—in a coincidence that investigators have been suspicious of for years—while Nixon was Vice-President, the Hughes Medical Institute was suddenly granted a tax-exempt status after prior refusals by the IRS. The loan to Donald was kept secret for obvious reasons. But four years later, one week before the 1960 Kennedy-Nixon election, columnist Drew Pearson got the story and printed it. The press flashed it across the country and to this day, Nixon and his friends believe it was the news of that loan that was partly responsible for his defeat by Kennedy.

In 1962, Nixon was running for governor of California. The loan again became a campaign issue and Nixon was called on to explain it publicly. Again he lost the race. Later, Rebozo's attorney, William Frates, was to say that Rebozo felt the story "had materially affected the outcome of the 1960 Presidential election and the 1962 governor's race in California." So not once but twice Nixon's relationship with Hughes was connected, at least in his mind and the minds of his friends, with agonizing political setbacks.

In 1968, Nixon was again running for President. Hughes had moved into his penthouse suite at Las Vegas' Desert Inn

² The reference is to fugitive financier Robert Vesco, who successfully swindled at least \$224,000,000 from a company named *Investors Overseas Services*, then moved to the Bahamas for a while. Two hundred thousand dollars he later secretly contributed to Nixon's 1972 campaign was used in part to finance the Watergate break-in.

(known locally as the D.I.). Meier's files are jammed with photocopies of memos from that period, all of which had been handwritten with a ballpoint pen on lined yellow legal pads. Hughes didn't mince words when directing his executives to achieve his goals for him. In reference to political contributions that year, for example, he wrote to Robert Maheu, manager of the Hughes-Nevada Operations: "I want you to go see Nixon as my special confidential emissary. I feel there is a really valid possibility of a Republican victory this year. If that could be realized under our sponsorship and supervision every inch of the way, then we would be ready to follow with [Paul] Laxalt [Nevada's governor at the time] as our next candidate."

Frank statements like that, as well as court documents from lawsuits against Hughes, show that he desperately wanted four things at that time and was prepared to devote enormous resources to getting them.

1. He wanted to select a Presidential candidate of his own and "go all the way" in funding him.

2. He wanted to purchase an airline. He had been forced out of ownership of TWA and aviation had always been his first love. Air West was for sale and he was determined to buy it.

3. He wanted to expand his Las Vegas empire. He had bought five hotel-casinos and the Justice Department had ruled he could make no more purchases without violating its antitrust guidelines. Hughes's attitude was that Justice could go to hell.

4. With a fury that bordered on the pathological (see *A Hughes Vignette* on page 182), he wanted the Atomic Energy Commission to stop underground nuclear testing, which caused the D.I. to sway back and forth a few inches.

THE PURCHASE OF NIXON

I can make or break anybody.

—HOWARD HUGHES

The last three problems could be solved much more easily if the first goal were accomplished. Maheu had initially convinced Hughes that Hubert H. Humphrey could take care of the AEC. Hughes wrote to Maheu in early 1968, "There is one man who can accomplish our objective through [Lyndon] Johnson—and that man is HHH. Why don't we get word to him on a basis of secrecy that is really, really reliable that we will give him immediately full, unlimited support for his campaign to enter the White House if he will just take this one on for us?"

It turned out that Humphrey wasn't altogether willing to go along with Hughes's plan. He wanted technical
(continued on page 112)

A HIGHLY PERSONAL PORTFOLIO BY A WORLD-RENOWNED
PHOTOGRAPHER WITH A TASTE FOR THE BIZARRE

NEWTON'S PHYSIQUES



PEOPLE WHO HAVE had close brushes with death often report that their whole lives pass before them. When that happened to fashion photographer Helmut Newton after suffering a coronary thrombosis, he saw the nude bodies of beautiful women. Upon recovery, he changed his style to focus his lens on the erotic. His work has been called vulgar, exciting, elegant, decadent. A single Newton pictorial in *Vogue* will spark gossip: Whose hand *was* it under that dress? But let the master explain his approach in his own words:

"It is difficult to find new ideas for erotic photography. Most poses are ritual, classic. One hand on the breast. One hand between the legs. The behind in the air. There is nothing surprising, hardly anything to laugh at in such pictures. I try to invent pictures that are different. This photo was shot in the office of the Fashion Editor of *PLAYBOY* in New York. I am fascinated by Venetian blinds. Through slats, the world looks funny. It is night. There are people in the building opposite. Working. Perhaps the watcher is being watched."



"These photographs are part of a series based on a story I read when I was 14: *Fräulein Else*, by Arthur Schnitzler. The heroine was a young girl of 19. In order to save her father from bankruptcy, she agreed to meet a man at a hotel, wearing just a fur coat. Naked underneath."



"The idea of a woman's revealing herself before strangers is an audacious one; the reality is even more disturbing. We photographed the girl on the Champs Elysées, on the Métro and then in a hotel. Witnesses to the event were dazed."





"Offices. Subways. Parks. Hotel rooms. Swimming pools. Gymnasiums. I am always on the lookout for places to take photographs. The erotic is waiting everywhere, if you look for it. These pictures were taken at a health spa in Europe, a place where women go to make themselves beautiful. The techniques they use to make themselves sexy are themselves sexy."



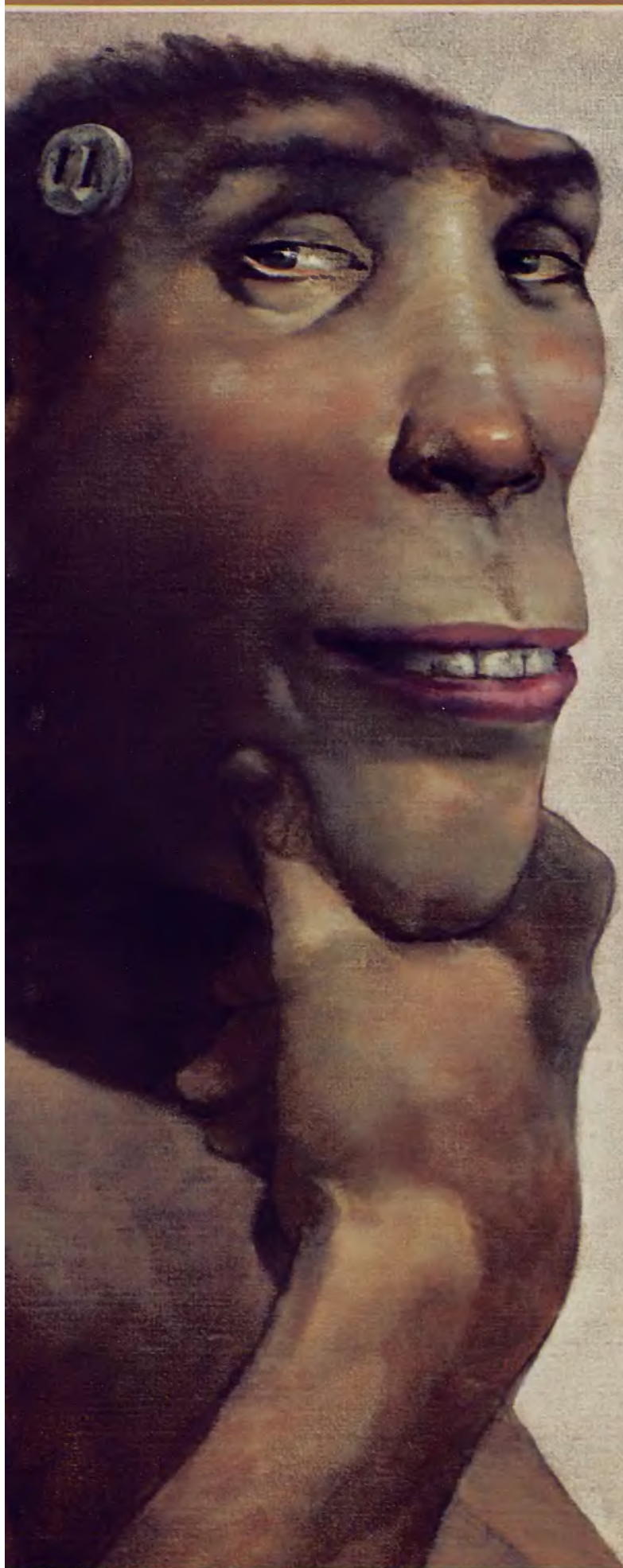
"I like to create erotic climates wherein every object has a sexual connotation. I study what is in front of me. Perhaps I start with a simple dress, then drop one shoulder. In this photograph, the car is a black Citroën DS, the type driven by the monogerial class in France. The newspaper on the seat is *Le Monde*, the journal of the intellectual establishment. The man is dressed in a conservative blue pinstripe suit. He is wearing a Cartier wrist watch. The car is parked in the Bois de Boulogne. It is a clandestine meeting; he cannot take the woman home. The risk of discovery makes the sex exciting. Risk is synonymous with sex." For sex and excitement without risk, we recommend *White Women*, a book of Newton's astonishing photographs being published this fall by Stonehill.







ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



SLAPSTICK

or
Lonesome No More!

*the strange memoirs of the
final american president*

from the new novel
By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

CHAPTER 1

TO WHOM it may concern:

It is springtime. It is late afternoon.

Smoke from a cooking fire on the terrazzo floor of the lobby of the Empire State Building on the Island of Death floats out over the ailanthus jungle which 34th Street has become.

The pavement on the floor of the jungle is all crinkum-crankum—heaved this way and that by frost heaves and roots.

There is a small clearing in the jungle. A blue-eyed, lantern-jawed old white man, who is over two meters tall and 100 years old, sits in the clearing on what was once the back seat of a taxicab.

I am that man.

My name is Dr. Wilbur Daffodil-11 Swain.

I am barefoot. I wear a purple toga made from draperies found in the ruins of the Americana Hotel.

I am a former President of the United States of America. I was the final President, the tallest President and the only one ever to have been divorced while occupying the White House.

I inhabit the first floor of the Empire State Building with my 16-year-old granddaughter, who is Melody Oriole-2 von Peterswald, and with her lover, Isadore Raspberry-19 Cohen. The three of us have the building all to ourselves.

Our nearest neighbor is one and one half kilometers away.

I have just heard one of her roosters crow.

Our nearest neighbor is Vera Chipmunk-5 Zappa, a woman who loves life and is better at it than anyone I ever

knew. She is a strong and warmhearted and hard-working farmer in her early 60s. She is built like a fireplug. She has slaves whom she treats very well. And she and the slaves raise cattle and pigs and chickens and goats and corn and wheat and vegetables and fruits and grapes along the shores of the East River.

They have built a windmill for grinding grain, and a still for making brandy, and a smokehouse—and on and on.

"Vera," I told her the other day, "if you would only write us a new Declaration of Independence, you would be the Thomas Jefferson of modern times."

I write this book on the stationery of the Continental Driving School, three boxes of which Melody and Isadore found in a closet on the 64th floor of our home. They also found a gross of ball-point pens.

Visitors from the mainland are rare. The bridges are down. The tunnels are crushed. And boats will not come near us, for fear of the plague peculiar to this island, which is called the Green Death.

And it is that plague which has earned Manhattan the sobriquet the Island of Death.

Hi ho.

It is a thing I often say these days: "Hi ho." It is a kind of senile hiccup. I have lived too long.

Hi ho.

The gravity is very light today. I have an erection as a result of that. All males have erections on days like this. They are automatic consequences of near weightlessness. They have little to do with eroticism in most cases and nothing to do with it in the life of a man my age. They are hydraulic experiences—the result of confused plumbing and little more.

Hi ho.

The gravity is so light today that I feel as though I might scamper to the top of the Empire State Building with a man-hole cover and fling it into New Jersey.

That would surely be an improvement on George Washington's sailing a silver dollar across the Rappahannock. And yet some people insist that there is no such thing as progress.

And who will read all this? God knows. Not Melody and Isadore, surely. Like all the other young people on the island, they can neither read nor write.

They have no curiosity about the human past nor about what life may be like on the mainland.

As far as they are concerned, the most glorious accomplishment of the people who inhabited this island so teeming

was to die, so we could have it all to ourselves.

I asked them the other evening to name the three most important human beings in history. They protested that the question made no sense to them.

I insisted that they put their heads together anyway and give me some sort of answer, which they did. They were very sulky about the exercise. It was painful to them.

They finally came up with an answer. Melody does most of the talking for them, and this is what she said in all seriousness: "You, and Jesus Christ, and Santa Claus."

Hi ho.

CHAPTER 2

And I really will try to stop writing "Hi ho" all the time.

Hi ho.

I was born right here in New York City. I was not then a Daffodil. I was christened Wilbur *Rockefeller* Swain.

I was not alone, moreover. I had a dizygotic twin, a female. She was named Eliza Mellon Swain.

We were christened in a hospital rather than in a church, and we were not surrounded by relatives and our parents' friends. The thing was: Eliza and I were so ugly that our parents were ashamed.

We were monsters, and we were not expected to live very long. We had six fingers on each little hand and six toes on each little footsie. We had supernumerary nipples as well—two of them apiece.

We were not Mongolian idiots, although we had the coarse black hair typical of Mongoloids. We were something new. We were Neanderthaloids. We had the features of adult, fossil human beings even in infancy—massive brow ridges, sloping foreheads and steam-shovel jaws.

We were supposed to have no intelligence and to die before we were 14.

But I am still alive and kicking, thank you. And Eliza would be, too, I'm certain, if she had not been killed at the age of 50—in an avalanche on the outskirts of the Chinese colony on the planet Mars.

Hi ho.

Our parents were two silly and pretty and very young people named Caleb Mellon Swain and Letitia Vanderbilt Swain, nee Rockefeller. They were fabulously well to do and descended from Americans who had all but wrecked the planet with a form of Idiot's Delight—obsessively turning money into power, and then power back into money, and then money back into power again.

But Caleb and Letitia were harmless themselves. Father was very good at

backgammon and soso at color photography, they say. Mother was active in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Neither worked. Neither was a college graduate, though both had tried.

They wrote and spoke nicely. They adored each other. They were humble about having done so poorly in schools. They were kind.

And I cannot fault them for being shattered by having given birth to monsters. Anyone would have been shattered by giving birth to Eliza and me.

Young Caleb and Letitia were advised not to break their hearts and risk their furniture by attempting to raise Eliza and me in Turtle Bay. We were no more true relatives of theirs, their advisors said, than baby crocodiles.

Caleb and Letitia's response was humane. It was also expensive and Gothic in the extreme. Our parents did not hide us in a private hospital for cases such as ours. They entombed us instead in a spooky old mansion that they had inherited—in the midst of 80 hectares of apple trees on a mountaintop, near the hamlet of Galen, Vermont.

No one had lived there for 30 years.

Carpenters and electricians and plumbers were brought in to turn it into a sort of paradise for Eliza and me. Thick rubber padding was put under all the wall-to-wall carpets, so we would not hurt ourselves in case we fell. Our dining room was lined with tile and there were drains in the floor, so we and the room could be hosed off after every meal.

More important, perhaps, were two chain link fences that went up. They were topped with barbed wire. The first enclosed the orchard. The second separated the mansion from the prying eyes of the workmen who had to be let in through the first from time to time in order to look after the apple trees.

Hi ho.

A staff was recruited from the neighborhood. There was a cook. There were two cleaning women and a cleaning man. There were two practical nurses, who fed us and dressed us and undressed us and bathed us. The one I remember best is Withers Witherspoon, a combination guard, chauffeur and handy man.

His mother was a Withers. His father was a Witherspoon.

Yes, and these were simple country people, who, with the exception of Withers Witherspoon, who had been a soldier, had never been outside Vermont. They had rarely ventured more than 16 kilometers from Galen, for that matter—and

(continued on page 122)



*"I said nothing of stamping the grapes, Marie.
I speak of the romance of wine making!"*



PRIZE WINNERS

*what better setting
for award-winning drinks
than a chicago newspapermen's
hangout and five
local talents who have all
grabbed journalism's gold ring?*

BILL MAULDIN
Pulitzer Prize—Winning Cartoonist
The Ambassador Fizz

ROGER EBERT
Pulitzer Prize—Winning Critic
The Roger

drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG** PEOPLE WHO WILL at one time or another have a go at every item on the menu, from Artichokes Clamart to Zampino, are content with their usual martini, sour or whiskey on the rocks before each one of these adventures. It doesn't make sense. Not when there are



TOM FITZPATRICK

Pulitzer Prize—Winning Reporter
The Teardrop

JOHN FISCHETTI

Pulitzer Prize—Winning Cartoonist
The Stefania

RON POWERS

Pulitzer Prize—Winning Critic
The Tak

literally thousands of inviting drink combinations from which to choose—with new ones arriving regularly. Liquor companies swell the pool with their drink promotions—hoping for another Harvey Wallbanger or Godfather. Occasionally, restaurants

and taverns develop house specials. But the great spawning ground for innovative, intriguing concoctions is professional bartenders' competitions.

The United States Bartenders' (continued on page 171) 95

behind the carnival is another world—
and behind that is a rat-colored
curtain—and behind that is rose, who
can fire hard-boiled eggs out her. . . .
well, look behind the curtain

article **By HARRY CREWS**

I WOKE UP screaming and kicking, catching the ride boy in the ribs with the toe of my boot (which I had not bothered to take off), and when the toe of the boot struck him just below the armpit, he screamed, too, and that caused the lot lady he was rolled in the blanket with to scream—and there the three of us were, thrashing about in my Dodge van, driven stark raving mad on a crash from Biphphetamine 20s (a wonderfully deadly little capsule that, taken in sufficient quantities, will make you bigger than anybody you know for at least 96 hours running) and driven mad, too, by the screaming siren that woke us up to start with. It was the middle of the night—or, more accurately, the middle of the morning, about four A.M.—and the electronic system set to catch burglars and tire thieves had tripped, but I—addled and nine tenths stunned from too long on the road with a gambler, chasing carnivals across half a dozen states—I didn't know it was my siren or that I was in my van or who I was with or why I was where I was.

But as soon as I opened the side door and saw the black Ferris wheel and the tents standing outlined against the sky, I calmed down enough to get the keys out of my pocket. I couldn't find the right key to turn off the alarm, though, and all the while the siren was screaming and the ride boy, who was about 50 years old, had come out of the van naked from the waist down with his lot lady, who looked like she might have been 15, hanging on his back.

"What the hell?" the ride boy kept shouting at me. "What the hell?"

"Alarm!" I kept shouting back. "Alarm." It

was all I could get my mouth to say as I fought with the keys.

Lights were coming on in trailers all around us and out of the corner of my eye I saw the Fat Lady from the ten-in-one show standing beside the little wheeled box that her manager used to haul her from carnival to carnival behind his old Studebaker. She was so big that her back was at least a foot deep in fat. By the time I got the key in the switch and turned the alarm off, the Midget had appeared, along with several men who had apparently been gambling in the G-top. Unfortunately, the sheriff's deputy, red-faced and pissed off, had arrived, too. He pushed his flat-brimmed hat back on his head and looked at the van and then at the freaks from the ten-in-one show and then at me.

"You want to take you driver's license out of you billfold and show it to me?" he said.

"My what?" I said.

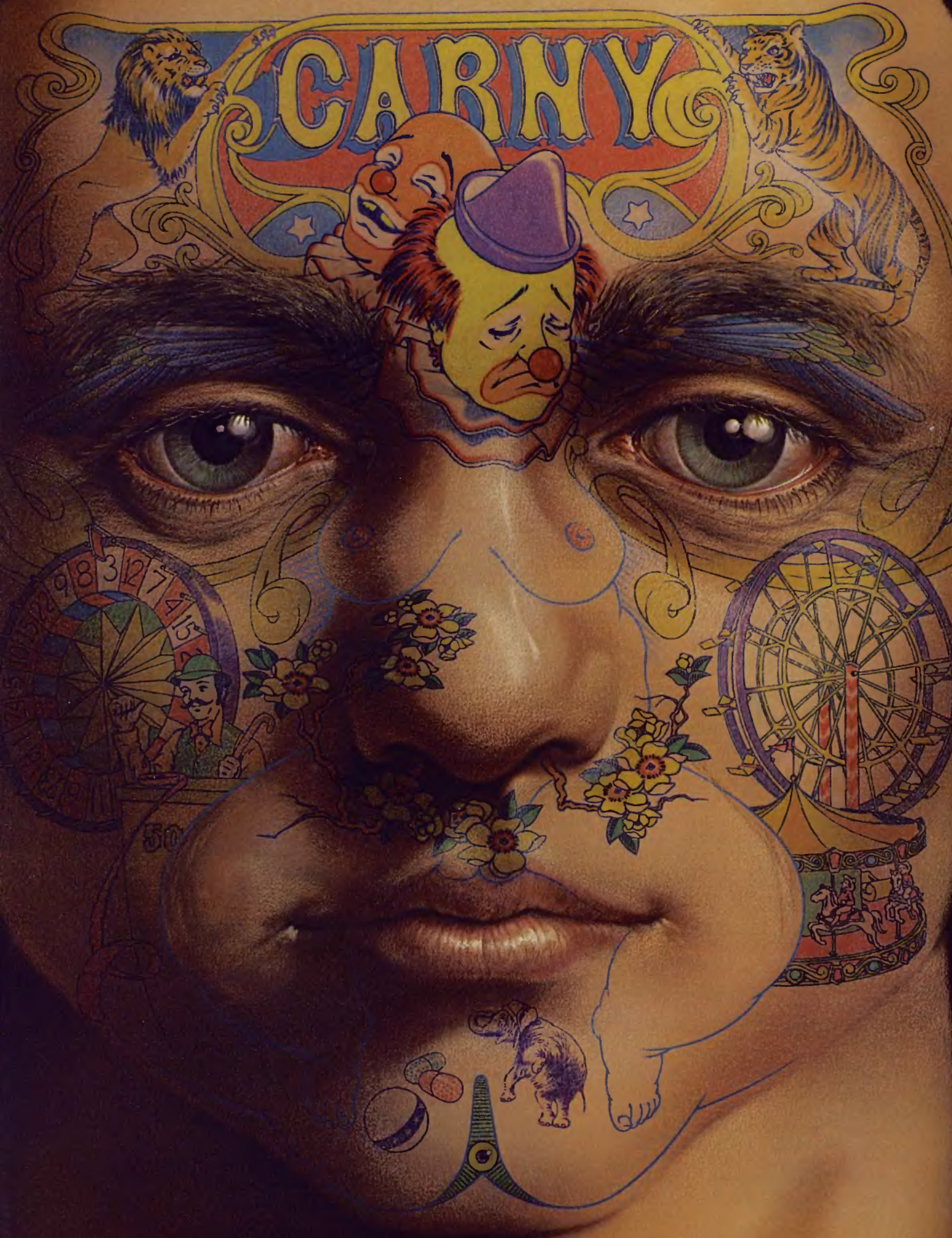
"You want to git on back in there and put you britches on?" he said to the ride boy. The ride boy didn't move, but the lot lady, who was a local and in some danger, maybe, of being recognized by the cop, turned and got into the van.

He had a flashlight on my license now and without looking up, he said, "You want to tell me how come you got that siren?"

"Look," I said, pointing. "There's a goddamn air jack." The sight of that jack slipped under the front end of my van made me mad enough to eat a rock.

But the deputy sheriff refused to look. He said, "Only you fire, law-enforcement and you rescue veehicles allowed to have a siren."

The carny people had closed in around us now. The cop flashed his light once at them, but



when the light fell upon the illustrated face of the Tattooed Man, he looked immediately back at the license.

"You want to—"

But I cut him off and said that two months earlier some malevolent son of a bitch had jacked up my van and taken the wheels. I'd come out of the house one morning and found it up on concrete blocks. So I had the doors and hood wired and had a mercury tilt switch rigged to the chassis. If anyone tried to jack it up, a siren went off. While I talked about the tilt switch and the rigged hood and doors, his face drew together on itself. He had never heard of such a thing and it obviously upset him.

"You want to come on down to the station with me?" he said.

"But what for?" I was getting a little hysterical now. "What about the jack? What about the fucking jack?"

He glanced briefly at Big Bertha where she loomed enormous in the slanting light from a trailer. "You want to watch you language in front of—"

"Hello, Jackson."

We all turned and there was Charlie Luck, sometimes called Chuck and sometimes Luck and sometimes Chuckaluck and sometimes many other things.

"This man here's got a siren, Charlie. I think it might be illegal."

Charlie bit his lip and shook his head in disgust. "Has he still got that? I told you, boy, to git rid of that goddamn siren." He had, of course, told me no such thing.

Charlie was beautiful in a brown suit and soft brown cap and square-toed brown shoes. There was no flash to him at all. Everything he was wearing was very muted and very expensive. He came over and put his arm on the cop's shoulder. "Officer Jackson," he said in just about the most pleasant voice you've ever heard, "could I talk to you over here for a moment?"

They turned away from us and immediately Big Bertha was struggling up the steps into her little wheeled box. The ride boy got back into the van with his lot lady, mooning us all as he went. The trouble was over. Everybody knew everything was fine, now that Charlie Luck was here. I stood watching, admiring the earnest, head-to-head talk he was having with Officer Jackson, who was nodding now, agreeing for all he was worth with whatever Charlie Luck was saying.

My feeling for Charlie Luck went far beyond admiration. I loved him. He was a hero. Some people have only one or two heroes; I have hundreds. Sometimes I meet six or seven heroes in a single day. Charlie Luck was a great man who just happened to be a gambler, in the same way that Bear Bryant is a great man who just happens to be a football coach.

Bryant could have stumbled into a brokerage house when he was 20 and owned Wall Street by now. Instead, he happened into football. Same with Charlie Luck. Somebody showed him a game when he was 16 and he never got over it. He became perfect of his kind. The perfect caryn. The perfect hustler.

Charlie Luck has never registered for the draft. He's never paid any income tax. Officially, he does not exist. Or, said another way, he exists in so many different forms, with so many different faces, that there is no way to contain him. He knows a place in Mississippi where he can mail away for an automobile tag that is not registered. If somebody takes his number, it can't be traced. And even if it could be traced, it would be traced to an alias.

To my knowledge, Charlie Luck has six identities, complete with phony Social Security cards and driver's licenses, even passports. He has six and he's contemplating more. He's very imaginative with his life. With his past. Sometimes he's from Texas. Other days, from Maine. I sometimes wonder if he knows where he's from or who he is. He's probably forgotten.

The sheriff's deputy turned and, without looking at me once, walked to his car. Charlie Luck came over to where I was. He watched me for a moment, a little half-smile showing broken teeth.

"A siren?" he said. "Well, what do you know about that? I heard the thing over in the G-top. Thought it was a fire truck. Thought maybe something was burning up."

"What did you say to the cop?"

He shrugged. "One thing and another. I told him I'd shut you down, take your siren away."

"You wouldn't do that."

"Of course not." He pointed to the open door, where the ride boy was locked with the lot lady. His mouth suddenly looked like he tasted something rotten. "I told you about letting those things use your van."

"She came up and he didn't have any place. I couldn't think of a way to turn him down."

"You better start finding a way or you'll queer everything." He started to walk away but then stopped. "Hang on to that jack. We'll send it into town sometime and sell it."

I got back into the van and listened to the snores of the ride boy and the cotton-candy wind-breakings of the lot lady. Charlie Luck was disappointed in me for letting the ride boy sleep in my van, because the workers, the guys who up and down the rides and operate them, are at the very bottom of a well-defined caryn social structure. A lot lady is a carnival groupie. She is given to indiscriminately balling the greasy wired men and

boys who spend their lives half-buried in machinery. It was definitely uncool of me to associate with them. And inasmuch as I was traveling as Charlie Luck's brother, it was even worse.

Charlie had been reluctant—very reluctant—to let me in with him to start with. But he owed me. Back in November, I had managed to persuade a cowboy down in a place near Yeehaw Junction, Florida, which is great cattle country and where they have one of the last great cowboy bars, not to clean out one of Charlie Luck's ears with the heel of his boot. Charlie had been grateful ever since. That day in Florida, he bought me a beer after the cowboy left and we went to a back booth, where he watched me drink it and I watched him bleed.

"Name's Floyd Titler," he said. "Friends—and you definitely a friend—friends call me Short Arm."

"Harry Crews is mine." We shook hands across the table.

"Son of a bitch nearly killed me," he said, dabbing at an eye that was rapidly closing with a handkerchief he'd just soaked in a draught.

"I never saw anybody do that," I said, pointing to the handkerchief.

"You just have to be careful none of the alcohol gets in your eyes. Otherwise, it's great for the swelling."

I finally got around to asking what he was doing in Florida, because nobody is from Florida, and he said he wintered down there and worked games in a carnival up North in the summer.

"You work hanky-panks or alibis or flats?" I said.

He stopped with the handkerchief. "You with it?" he said.

"A sort of first-of-May," I said. "I ran with a carnival a little about twenty years ago."

To a caryn, you are said to be "with it" if you have been on the road with a carnival for years and run your particular hustle well enough to be successful at it. They call anyone who's been with a carnival for only a short time a first-of-May. I wanted to talk to him about his game. He didn't want to talk. Not about that. But it was easy enough to find out that he ran a flat joint, also called a flat store or sometimes a grind store or simply a flat.

"I've seen most of them," I said.

"Good," he said. "That's good." He went back to working on his eye.

The more I talked with him, the more I wanted to get back with a carnival. I thought if I did it right, I might get him to let me travel with him some the following summer. But I made the mistake of telling him I was a writer. I suppose I would have had to tell him sooner or later, anyway.

(continued on page 195)



"Well, yes, Holmes, I agree it is the perfect disguise, but, after all, that case has been closed for over six weeks now."



"QUITE FRANKLY, I don't really feel like a Playmate at all," says Whitney Kaine. "I mean, I'm not especially concerned with the glamor aspect of it, nor do I think of it as the high point of my career—but it is an interesting detour for me." Whitney's major interest these days is—believe it or not—her schoolwork. She's currently a sophomore at UCLA, majoring in art (with a little anthropology, French, dance and psychology thrown in for good measure), and she takes her education seriously. "If I could, I'd continue going to school for the rest of my life," she says. Nonetheless, her tentative goal is to get a master-of-



fine-arts degree at UCLA and then, perhaps, either teach art in an experimental school or free-lance, although the idea of working as an art therapist intrigues her. In the meantime, when she's not playing tennis (years ago, she was on a tournament circuit) or

Although her course schedule at UCLA is a hectic one, Whitney does occasionally get a chance to catch her breath between classes. She frequently uses those free moments to observe and sketch.

OVERWHELMING UNDERGRAD

an uninhibited portrait of university art student whitney kaine



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON
GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON AND GRANT EDWARDS



"I think society is screwed up, the system is screwed up. We're too concerned with achieving. We're not really physical beings anymore. Just human robots."



"I'd describe myself as warm, sensitive and totally uninhibited, sexually speaking," Whitney claims. "I'm willing to try anything. Sex on the beach, at night, really turns me on."





"I consider myself a rebel," says Whitney. "I hate social scenes, fraternities and sororities, ignorance, dishonesty, phoniness and the so-called inherent wisdom of my elders."



practicing the piano (mostly Bach and Mozart), she sketches tirelessly, attempting to create her own style. Her only definite plan for the future is to take a senior year of study in Paris, to be largely funded by her modeling money. Aside from its financial advantages, her Playmate modeling experience has been "refreshing," Whitney says. "Working with the photographers was fascinating to me, because, as an artist, I was really able to appreciate the creative elements of their craft," she says. "In a way, posing for PLAYBOY has given me the chance to express myself in a new medium." And if the medium is, indeed, the message, then we're reading Miss September loud and clear.

"If I'm physically attracted to a man, I won't automatically have sex with him," she says. "I have to talk to him first. If I find I can't relate to him, I'm turned off."





Whitney Lane

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

"I don't particularly like the sexual-freedom-movement dictum: doing it whenever, wherever and with whomever you like. Sex is not a game or an ego thing for me. It's a powerful form of expression that should be taken seriously."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The model interrupted the painter to exclaim, "You're really quite an artist!"

"Tell me what impresses you most," responded the man with obvious satisfaction.

"I like the swift, bold, self-assured strokes with which you work!" cooed the girl.

"If you think this is good," exulted the painter, "just wait until I start your portrait!"

We refuse to believe that a new line of bull sperm for use in animal husbandry will be called Elmer's Goo.



Two members of the face-lift set ran into each other and one gushed, "Darling, it's been ages . . . and you look fabulous! You're so slim and trim! Tell me, what's your secret?"

"I exercise, dear, to the point of treating my body as I treat my house," replied the other woman.

"I don't quite understand the comparison."

"It's this way: I have a cleaning-service man who comes in three times a week."

*As a survey has recently shown,
When a husband is tactlessly prone
To demand wifely thrills,
In the contest of wills
He may finish just holding his own.*

Maybe you've heard about the couple on the stalled elevator who got off between floors.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *I.U.D.* as a womberang.

Miss Armbruster," said young Eddie during class, "what does it mean when it says 'Robin Hood tore his leather'?"

"Tore his leather? I don't quite understand the question," said Miss Armbruster.

"Let me read you the whole passage," continued Eddie. "What it says here is this: 'Robin Hood tore his leather jerkin off.'"

An oilman had filed for divorce from his adulterous wife. "On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"Breach of contract," replied the complainant.

"Come, now," said the judge, "you don't own your wife as if she were a piece of property."

"Maybe not," said the man, "but I damn sure have exclusive drilling rights!"

Sex is one of the few businesses in which a man doesn't mind starting at the top and working his way down.

The egotistical young swinger was the bane of his family, because all he ever did was date girl after girl, claiming that none of them proved attractive enough to excite his matrimonial interest. One day, his grandmother took him aside and said, "You'll never get to marry, Tom, if you keep on being so vain and so fussy. Surface appearances are sometimes deceiving. You should try to see the beauty inside every girl you meet and take out."

"I do better than that, Grandma," said Tom with a smile. "I try to put the beauty inside every girl I meet and take out!"

*Gripes a live-sex-show star, "It's perverse
To the point where I mutter and curse!
Does the public expect
I can always erect
When my co-star insists we rehearse?"*

"What's the matter?" inquired the bartender of an obviously troubled customer.

"It's a terrible thing," grumbled the forlorn drinker in reply, "for a man to be arrested for indecent exposure and then released for insufficient evidence."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *42D bra cups* as tanks for the mammaries.

When the side-show human pretzel learned to his dismay that his bride was sexually distant, he turned to oral self-abuse. One night, though, he shed his reserve and bluntly asked his wife for a blow job. "Why don't you do it yourself?" she sneered.

"I'm sorry, dear," the contortionist replied, "but tonight I have a headache."

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



"Alice, you're corrupting the morals of a juvenile delinquent!"

THE PUPPETMASTERS

(continued from page 82)

information—conclusive scientific proof that the tests were as harmful and dangerous as Hughes claimed. Hughes had told Meier he didn't place much importance on the technical side—it was nice backup leverage, but he simply wanted, as he wrote, to "handle this just as if we were buying a hotel." In other words, paying for it was Hughes's idea of a solution. That is perfectly acceptable in buying a hotel, but when a Government decision turns on the deal, it is known as bribery.

Hughes chose Nixon and bribed him. The \$100,000 he gave Rebozo for Nixon was well reported during the Watergate investigation. At least another \$150,000 changed hands in subsequent years, some through Robert F. Bennett, who would later figure prominently in the Watergate affair. *The New York Times* reported on August 4, 1975, "Howard R. Hughes got his secret contract with the Central Intelligence Agency for the ship *Glomar Explorer* five weeks after making an 'emergency' contribution of \$100,000 to President Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign."

Meier claims to have discussed with Don Nixon possible Hughes contributions of sums much larger than the \$100,000. Nobody has ever proved the money changed hands, but there were conversations in the summer of 1968 between Don, Meier, Rebozo and others that indicate that it was a definite possibility. Don wanted Rebozo out of it. Rebozo wanted Meier and Don out of it. There were difficulties with the logistics, but the attitudes—the expectations and intentions—were clearly aimed at making the deal work.

The sum total of Hughes's favors and contributions may never be known, but his generosity was rewarded. In April 1968, with Johnson in the White House, he wanted to buy the Stardust and other casino-hotels, but the Justice Department drew up a complaint against the proposed acquisitions. Hughes temporarily abandoned his plans, dropped back and regrouped for another attack. He hired Richard Danner in February 1969, just a few weeks after Nixon's inauguration. He was put in charge of the Frontier Hotel. But one reason for bringing him aboard was that he could act as go-between for Hughes and Nixon through Rebozo. Even Hughes couldn't just walk up to the White House and hand the President a bundle of cash. Danner was a friend of both Nixon and Rebozo, had been for 20 years and claimed he had introduced the two.

According to Danner's executive-session Watergate testimony, \$50,000 in \$100 bills was removed from the safe at the Frontier.

He gave the money to Rebozo to pass along to Nixon. (The cash was a campaign contribution, according to Danner.) Hughes returned to his plan for expansion, first sending Danner to see Attorney General Mitchell, who conferred with the head of the Antitrust Division, Richard McLaren. McLaren strongly objected to any more purchases by Hughes. Antitrust had already ruled on the case of the Stardust (Hughes's lawyers had already bulldozed through the purchase of the Landmark) and a turnaround would make the division look foolish.

This wasn't cause for much concern in the Hughes organization. Maheu had written to Hughes as early as June 28, 1968 (when the Democrats were still in power), that there would be no problems. In a gleefully vicious memo, he reinforced what Hughes already knew about the Government:

You can bet your life that the Antitrust Division will live to regret their contemplated action. Yesterday they had "firsthand" evidence that we have many friends in Washington who *truly* believe in us. Today, they have received many inquiries—including one from the chairman of the Judiciary Committee—and that is just the beginning. Howard Cannon [Senator from Nevada] called me this afternoon to inform me that he and Senator Bible [of Nevada] have been told all day long—by fellow Senators—that they can depend on full support and assistance in sustaining their position that we obtain the Stardust. Cannon stated that Justice was severely ridiculed. . . . In the meantime, I've been in touch with George Franklin [Las Vegas district attorney] and Governor Laxalt and they are both ready to challenge the department "singlehandedly."

Clearly, Hughes was at the zenith of his power. He could demand almost anything from the Government and expect to get it.

The Philadelphia Inquirer reported on December 17, 1975, "The Justice Department in a dramatic turnaround just three days before Nixon's 1969 inauguration agreed not to oppose Hughes's proposed acquisition of the Landmark, a Las Vegas hotel and casino. Only 28 days before, the same Justice Department had informed Hughes's attorneys . . . that the Government intended to oppose in court any attempt by Hughes to acquire the Landmark on the ground that such a move would violate the antitrust laws."

On March 19, 1969, only two months after Nixon's inauguration, Danner met with Mitchell and was told that Hughes could buy more hotels. At the time, he wanted the Dunes. Mitchell said, "We see no problem." Later, Danner gave another \$50,000 campaign contribution to Rebozo, this time in cash from the Silver Slipper casino.

The acquisition of Air West was accomplished by an exchange of favors as well. Hughes told Meier just to keep Don and Richard Nixon happy and they'd get what they wanted as long as Hughes got Air West. It was agreed at the time that Hughes would hire Don in some executive capacity (though this never happened). Rebozo met with Maheu on Nixon's behalf and worked out a "deal with the President" (as Hughes put it to Meier), whereby Hughes would stop his four-year-long campaign against atomic testing if Nixon approved his purchase of Air West. It worked well for Hughes, because the AEC, under pressure, had already decided to move to Amchitka, Alaska, and Hughes didn't so much care whether or not they exploded atomic bombs, he just didn't want them set off near him.

The Hughes empire wrapped itself so totally in the upper echelons of the Nixon Administration that soon after his inauguration in 1969, Nixon offered to send his National Security Advisor, Henry Kissinger, to Las Vegas to negotiate with Hughes on the AEC problem. Nixon told Maheu that Kissinger was willing to meet Hughes personally or, if that was not acceptable to Mr. Hughes, Kissinger would settle for a telephone call. Hughes refused. The White House was advised to deal with Maheu. The President already regarded Hughes as a foreign government of sorts—at least foreign enough to send his National Security Advisor to negotiate with the man who ran Las Vegas.

Clearly, Nixon hadn't been President long before he had a great deal to protect. The Hughes-Nixon relationship was so sensitive that the scope of it was even kept from people at high levels in the White House. And Nixon was going to some extraordinary lengths to protect himself. Photographs showing Meier with Donald Nixon and others at Orange County Airport in July 1969 were taken by the Secret Service and passed to Rebozo at the President's request. Rebozo was supposed to contact Maheu to have Meier fired or "kept out of things."

Meier was Hughes's liaison with Don Nixon, and the White House was understandably anxious about this arrangement. Those close to the Nixons would always remember the disastrous Hughes loan to

(continued on page 180)

PATENTED SEX

a kinky catalog of unusual gadgets registered at the patent office

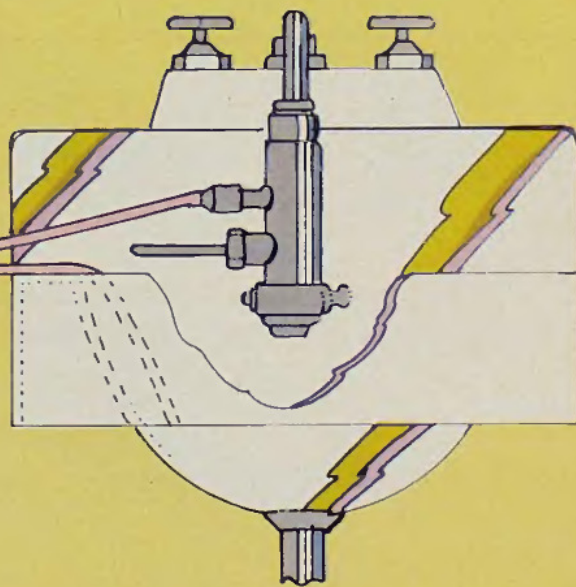
compiled by **ANTHONY ASTRACHAN**

"THERE ONCE WAS a man from Racine," according to a well-known limerick, "who invented a fucking machine. Both concave and convex, it would fit either sex, but oh, what a bastard to clean."

That limerick is undoubtedly a key to understanding our culture and its artifacts. Unfortunately, it carelessly omits an essential of American economics: Did the man from Racine patent his device? The Patent and Trademark Office has issued more than 3,900,000 patents since 1836—approximately 100 of these govern instruments that are to be used in connection with the genitals. The first was issued in 1887, followed by 44 more

in the 72 years to 1959. Six were issued in 1964. The burst of activity was attributed to sunspots. The office has issued 43 sexual patents in the past eight years. Last year, six were issued. More are pending. We couldn't find one for the man from Racine, but the ones we did find are interesting enough. The gizmos rendered here are actually on file in Arlington, Virginia. They show the range of the American sexual imagination, if not its performance. Erector sets. Breast developers. Take a look. Maybe you can figure out how they work. The keyhole finder is simple enough, but the one that looks like a car wash still has us puzzled.

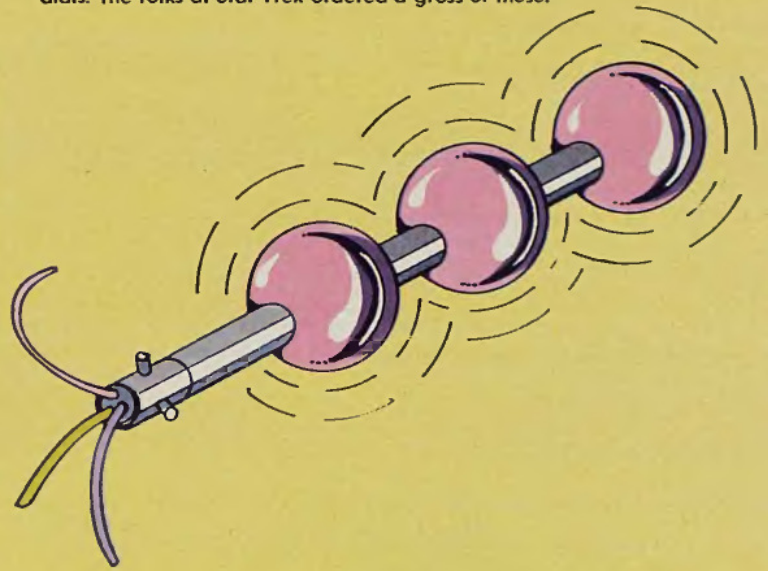
The Breast Developing Jacket (patent 3,500,832) was a striking little number in the spring collection of California designer C. J. Nunnery. Essentially, it is a Mae West with fluid drive. According to the inventor, "The circulation of warm water around the breasts enlarges the arteries and veins therein, by increasing blood circulation, and also causes the storage of fat tissue in the heated area." The jacket never achieved great popularity, though the costume department of *Star Trek* did order a dozen, in assorted colors. The gadget shown at right is not something from a snake-bite kit. Dr. Otto Lederer of Vienna, Austria, received patent 1,225,341 for a device that supposedly cures impotence: "A ring of elastic material is placed on the root of the penis and a sleeve provided with a device for creating suction is arranged in connection with said ring. By creating a vacuum in the sleeve, the blood is compelled to enter the [corpora cavernosa], whereby an erection is produced." A Hoover and a pair of vise grips would accomplish the same end.



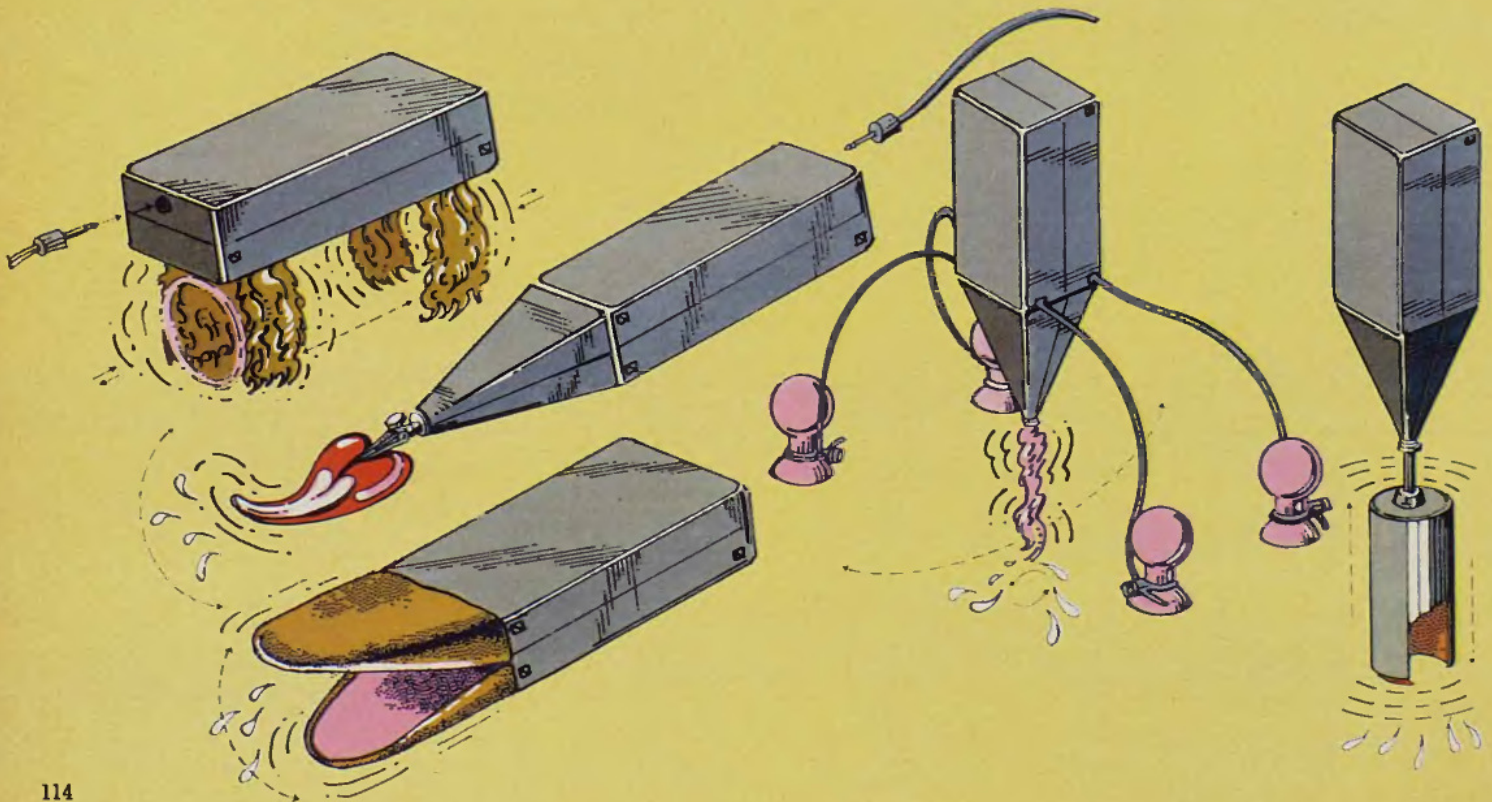
Golfers are familiar with the so-called 19th-hole phenomenon. ("Put a little hair around that cup and I'll sink this putt.") Herbert W. Sellwood borrowed the principle for this device (patent 2,632,266). Come home, fumble for the fuzz, slip in the key.

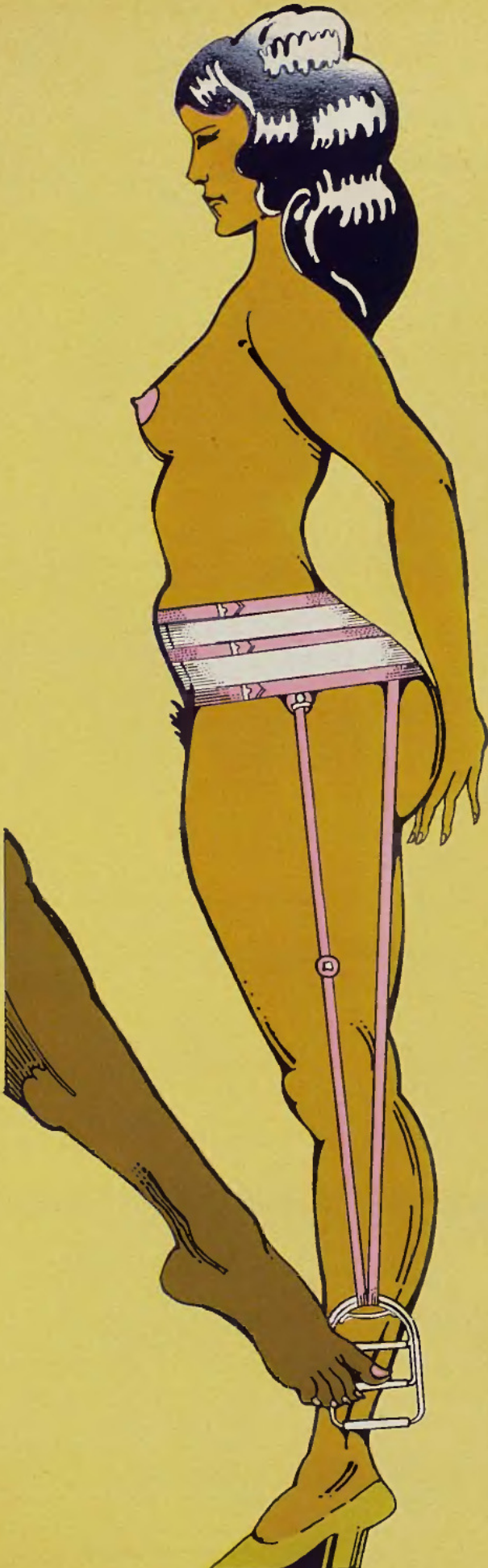


How well does your main squeeze squeeze? In a no-holds-barred wrestling match, is her love muscle a match for yours? Ned Cole invented this intriguing-looking device (patent 3,726,273) to help your lover develop the tone of her vaginal muscles. The three bolls are filled with air; muscle contractions increase the air pressure, registering the strength of the clench at three locations on separate dials. The folks at Star Trek ordered a gross of these.



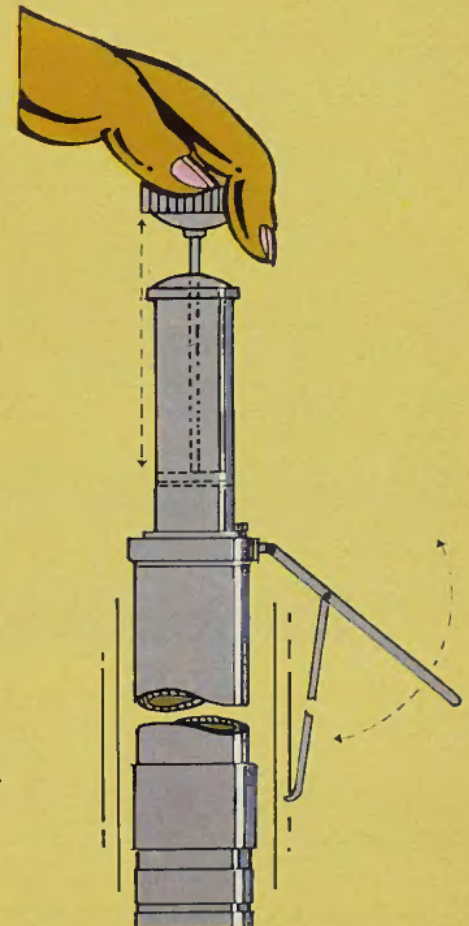
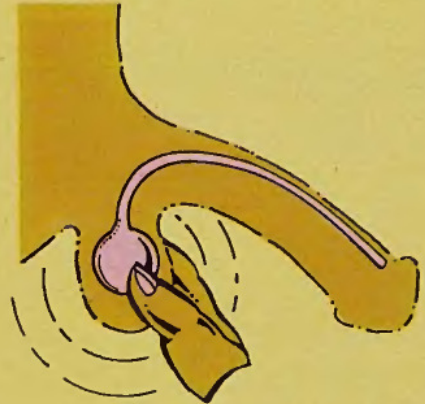
For many years, it was thought that the Government would not issue patents for "lewd" devices. Peter Sobel, an inventive genius from Miami Beach, spent more than \$5000 and three years developing the pleasure machine pictured below. A dozen lawyers refused to handle his claim, but he eventually found an enlightened attorney and was granted patent 3,874,373. It's not quite the fucking machine from the man in Racine, but it's close. A variable-speed motor comes equipped with different strokes for different folks. There's a gripping-type stroking tool, a rotating-type stroking tool, a clasping-type stroking tool, a limp-tongue-type stroking tool, a mechanical-jaws or plotypus-bill stroking tool. Now you know what to do with those chattering teeth you bought as a novelty item years ago. Sobel explains his devotion with the remark "I have always been preoccupied with sex." Which isn't a bad thing to be preoccupied with.





The Patent Office does have rules. To receive a patent, an invention must be useful. It must be new and not obvious to a person skilled in the art. And the invention cannot be frivolous (the keyhole finder notwithstanding). That last rule has compelled most sexual Edisons to justify their devices on medical, psychological or sociological grounds. Lewis Twyman claimed that his body harness (patent 2,594,097) was intended for use promoting and maintaining compatibility in married life. "With the device attached to the female form, the marital companion at the appropriate time exerts pressure in the stirrup . . . and the body of the female wearer is drawn downward and by the same pressure he is drawn upward and firmly supported." Marital accord is achieved by winning the fifth at Saratoga. A gentleman removes his spurs.

The boys at the Patent Office seem to agree on one thing: An erection is serious business. Anything that helps a poor soul get it up cannot be frivolous. Berish Strauch, Allan Bloomberg and Selwyn Z. Freed received patent 3,853,122 for the device at right. A rubber bulb containing fluid and a flexible tube are implanted in the scrotum and in the penis. One squeeze of the bulb, and presto! As for the object pictured below right, is it a bicycle pump? A demolition device? A jack? No. Freddie W. Sell called it (patent 2,874,698) the Erector. Anxiety is the mother of invention. Next time you can't get it up, just pull out this "surgical appliance for the male organ which has manually operated means providing for the selective erection thereof. . . . The organ is placed within the open end of the tube and the evacuation pump actuated by means of the handle, thus producing a partial vacuum within the tube that causes an erection. Following this, the handle is actuated to discharge [an] elastic band onto the organ to thus maintain it in the erected position, following which the relief valve may be opened to admit air to the interior of the tube and thus permit it to be withdrawn." Meanwhile, back at the ranch, your partner has finished *War and Peace* and is halfway through the collected works of Joseph Conrad. If you lose the instructions, what will you do? Most sexologists recommend more natural forms of suction. Organic sex is best. Why not ask your friend for a helping hand?



*the mood of academe's occupants has changed
and that applies to their clothes as well as their consciousness*

Back to Campus

attire **By David Platt**

THE TIME IS GONE for fighting—or whatever—in the streets. We are in the age of accountability, not to mention diminishing prospects for employment, and today's

Right: It's tie score in (left to right) a wool hooded coat, by Zero King, \$175, knit pullover, about \$55, and tweed slacks, \$50, both by Arthur Richards Sport, and plaid scarf, by Cisco, \$10; and a wool hooded jacket and matching slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, \$115 the set, knit crew-neck, by Jantzen, \$23, and striped shirt, by John Henry, \$18.50.



Above: A field day at the track. The guy at left has on a cowhide jacket, by Lakeland, \$110, tweed slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, \$35, knit pullover, by Career Club, about \$20, and striped shirt, by Courage from Eagle, \$21.50. His compadre likes a nylon windbreaker, by McGregor, \$45, denim painter's jeans, by Wrangler, \$10, knit pullover, by Jantzen, \$25, cotton turtleneck, by Gant, \$16, and sueded boots, by Dinga from Acme, \$52.





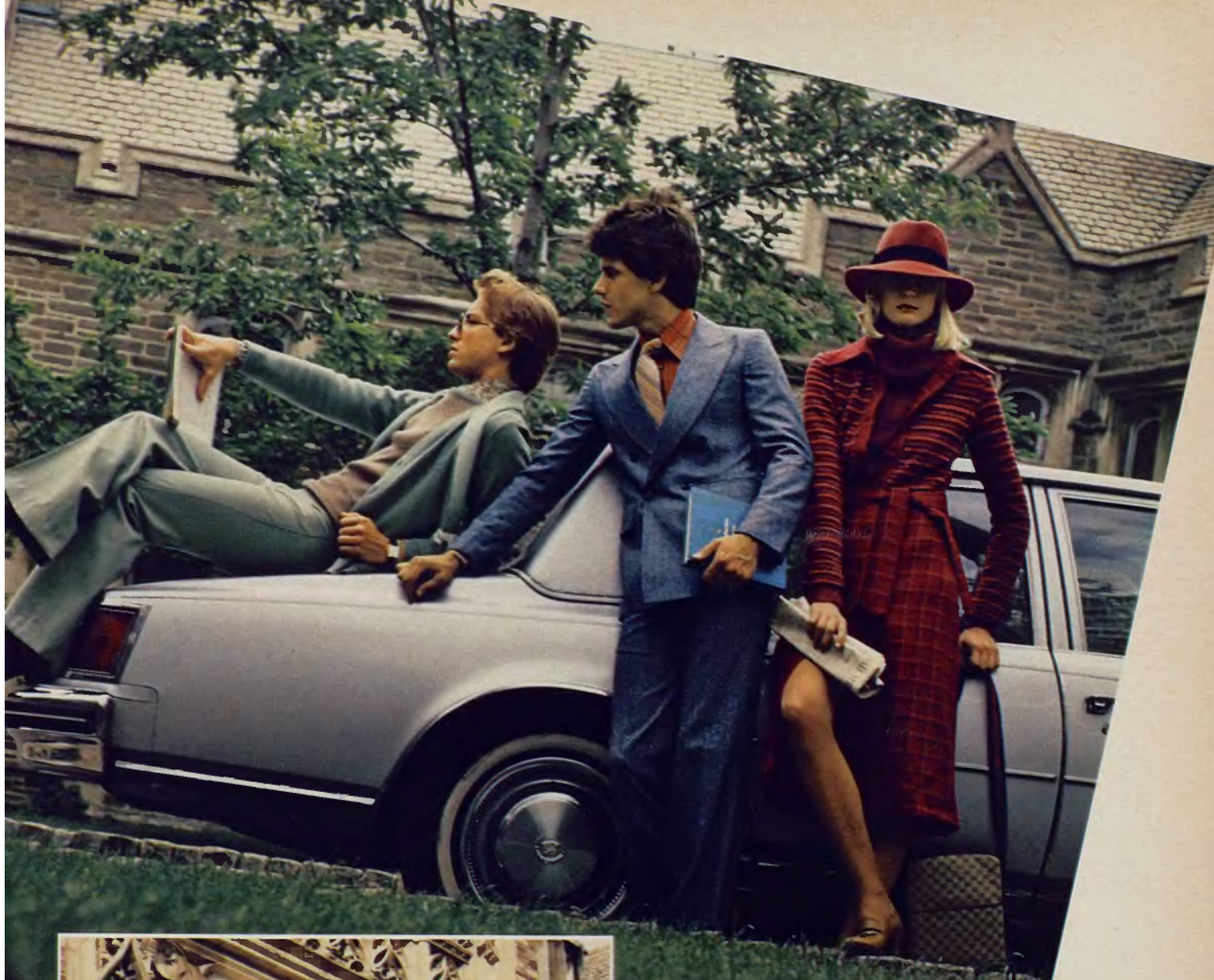
student doesn't know what—if anything—lies beyond those quadrangle walls. So he's doing his level best to stay in. Which means hitting the books and generally acting like a *mensch*. And today's undergrads' clothes quite naturally reflect this studious attitude. They're elegant in a traditional way, not formal and certainly not ostentatious. In other words, dressing down as opposed to dressing up—with traces of the old Ivy style, plus new options (flannel jackets with Western boots, for example). We like it.

Opposite: These B.M.O.C.s circa '76 sport (left to right) a knit cardigan, \$25, Dacron slacks, about \$32.50, geometric-patterned ring-neck pullover, \$25, fringed scarf, \$8, all by Gil Cohen for Boulet, plus a floral shirt, by Van Heusen, \$16.50; a Danegal tweed suit, by Europe Craft, \$110, striped/plaid shirt, by John Henry, \$18.50, and silk tie, by Berkley Cravats, \$12.50. (Her outfit is by Stanley Blacker.)



Right: Two undergrads pass Equestrianism I in high style. Guy at left wears a patched split-cowhide vest, by H. D. Lee, about \$60, corduroy jeans, by Wrangler, \$11, knit turtleneck, by Pierre Cardin, \$23, plaid flannel shirt, by John Henry, \$20, and wool brimmed cap, by Kangal, \$9. His buddy prefers a herringbone jacket, by Arthur Richards, about \$135, denim jeans, \$15, and plaid flannel shirt, \$16, both by Levi's, cable-knit pullover, by Faded Glory, \$25. (Her outfit is by H. Kauffman & Sons Saddlery and Pulitzer-Her.)

Opposite, below: The fellow at left likes a hooded pullover, by Britannia Sportswear, \$25, worn over a cotton shirt, by Mad Man Shirts, about \$17, and jeans, by Sedgefield, \$18. His scholarly pal is in an Indian-patterned crew-neck, by Pendleton, \$40, tweed slacks, by B. Jeffrey Madoff for Benje, about \$40, plaid shirt, by John Henry, \$18.50, and fringed scarf, by Handcraft, about \$12.



ALL WOMEN'S SPORTS
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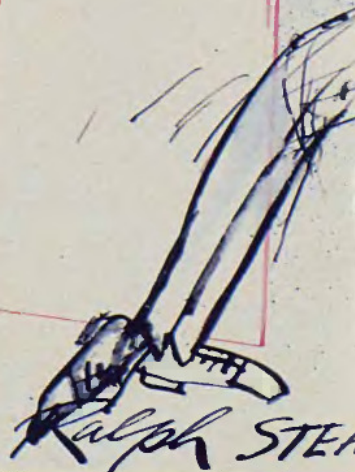
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Ralph STEIN

article By ROBERT S. WIEDER

A REMARKABLE ASPECT of consumerism is that it is one of the few recent social causes not largely manned by students. That college students do generally pay for an education may not say much for their wisdom, but it certainly qualifies them as consumers; indeed, abused consumers, who pay mighty tuitions and then hope the school will not abruptly eliminate their major, cancel required courses, make wholesale departures from the catalog descriptions or stock the course with inept or unfit lecturers. In this perennial sellers' market, the university has unilaterally controlled everything from degree requirements to food.

Now, however, students are going to court over such matters as course changes, fees and quality of teaching. And though no high-level court has yet explicitly called the student a consumer, the trend in the Seventies has been to view education as a commodity; and in the legal waters, trends are everything.

The 1974 Family Education Rights and Privacy Act recognized the student's right to have access to his/her files, thus implicitly accepting the student-consumer concept. Records are, ultimately, what the student is buying, and learning institutions that fool with, falsify or otherwise devalue that (concluded on page 174)



fed up with your school's rotten food for thought?

**SUE THE
BASTARDS!**

(continued from page 92)

they were necessarily all related to one another, as inbred as Eskimos.

Yes, and it was easy for our parents to buy the fealty of these living fossils from the family past. They were given modest salaries that seemed enormous to them, since the money-making lobes of their brains were so primitive.

They were given pleasant apartments in the mansion and color-television sets. They were encouraged to eat like emperors, charging whatever they liked to our parents. They had very little work to do.

Better still, they did not have to think much for themselves. They were placed under the command of a young general practitioner who lived in the hamlet, Dr. Stewart Rawlings Mott, who would look in on us every day.

Dr. Mott was a Texan, incidentally, a melancholy and private young man. To this day, I do not know what induced him to move so far from his people and his birthplace—to practice medicine in an Eskimo settlement in Vermont.

Yes, and there was an automatic sprinkler system in the mansion—and burglar alarms on the windows and doors and skylights.

When we grew older and uglier, and capable of breaking arms or tearing heads off, a great gong was installed in the kitchen. This was connected to cherry-red push buttons in every room and at regular intervals down every corridor. The buttons glowed in the dark.

A button was to be pushed only if Eliza or I began to toy with murder.

Hi ho.

CHAPTER 3

Father went to Galen with a lawyer and a physician and an architect—to oversee the refurbishing of the mansion for Eliza and me and the hiring of the servants and Dr. Mott. Mother remained here in Manhattan, in their town house in Turtle Bay. Father wrote a graceful letter to Mother from Vermont, which I found in Mother's bedside table after she died.

It may have been the whole of their correspondence by mail.

"My dearest Tish," he wrote. "Our children will be very happy here. We can be proud. Our architect can be proud. The workmen can be proud.

"However short our children's lives may be, we will have given them the gifts of dignity and happiness. We have created a delightful asteroid for them, a little world with only one mansion on it and otherwise covered with apple trees."

"And when Eliza and Wilbur die and go to heaven at last," our father's letter

went on, "we can lay them to rest among their Swain ancestors, in the private family cemetery out under the apple trees."

Hi ho.

Many of the tombstones in that cemetery had sunk out of sight or capsized. Weather had dimmed the epitaphs of those that still stood.

But there was one tremendous monument, with thick granite walls, a slate roof and great doors, that would clearly last past Judgment Day. It was the mausoleum of the founder of the family's fortune and the builder of our mansion, Professor Elihu Roosevelt Swain.

Professor Swain was by far the most intelligent of all our known ancestors, I would say—Rockefellers, Du Ponts, Mellons, Vanderbilts, Dodges and all. He took a degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the age of 18 and went on to set up the department of civil engineering at Cornell University at the age of 22. By that time, he already had several important patents on railroad bridges and safety devices, which alone would soon have made him a millionaire.

But he was not content. So he created the Swain Bridge Company, which designed and supervised the construction of half the railroad bridges on the entire planet.

He was a citizen of the world. He spoke many languages and was the personal friend of many heads of state. But when it came time to build a palace of his own, he placed it among his ignorant ancestors' apple trees.

And he was the only person who loved that barbarous pile until Eliza and I came along. We were so happy there!

And Eliza and I shared a secret with Professor Swain, even though he had been dead for half a century. The servants did not know it. Our parents did not know it. And the workmen who refurbished the place never suspected it, apparently, although they must have punched pipes and wires and heating ducts through all sorts of puzzling spaces.

This was the secret: There was a mansion concealed within the mansion. It could be entered through trap doors and sliding panels. It consisted of secret staircases and listening posts with peepholes, and secret passageways. There were tunnels, too.

It was actually possible for Eliza and me, for example, to vanish into a huge grandfather clock in the ballroom at the

top of the northernmost tower and to emerge almost a kilometer away—through a trap door in the floor of the mausoleum of Professor Elihu Roosevelt Swain.

We shared another secret with the professor, too—which we learned from going through some of his papers in the mansion. His middle name hadn't actually been Roosevelt. He had given himself that middle name in order to seem more aristocratic when he enrolled as a student at MIT.

His name on his baptismal certificate was Elihu Witherspoon Swain.

It was from his example, I suppose, that Eliza and I got the idea, eventually, of giving simply everybody new middle names.

CHAPTER 4

When Professor Swain died, he was so fat that I do not see how he could have fitted into any of his secret passageways. They were very narrow. Eliza and I were able to fit into them, however, even when we were two meters tall—because the ceilings were so high.

Yes, and Professor Swain died of his fatness in the mansion, at a dinner he gave in honor of Samuel Langhorne Clemens and Thomas Alva Edison.

Those were the days.

Eliza and I found the menu. It began with turtle soup.

Our servants would tell one another now and then that the mansion was haunted. They heard sneezing and cackling in the walls, and the creaking of stairways where there were no stairways, and the opening and shutting of doors where there were no doors.

Hi ho.

It would be exciting for me to cry out, as a crazed old centenarian in the ruins of Manhattan, that Eliza and I were subjected to acts of unspeakable cruelty in that spooky old house. But we may, in fact, have been the two happiest children that history has so far known.

That ecstasy would not end until our 15th year.

Think of that.

Yes, and when I became a pediatrician, practicing rural medicine in the mansion where I was raised, I often told myself about this childish patient or that one, remembering my own childhood: "This person has just arrived on this planet, knows nothing about it, has no standards by which to judge it. This person does not care what it becomes. It is eager to become absolutely anything it is supposed to be."

That surely describes the state of mind of Eliza and me, when we were very

(continued on page 160)

COULD IT JUST BE that Washington, our drab, monumental political capital, is the true unsung girl capital of America? Even more than L.A., the Big Apple or swinging Atlanta?

David Chan, our peripatetic PLAYBOY Staff Photographer who has photographed the girls of Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and New York, was amazed: Last winter, he received calls at his hotel from more than 900 ladies of greater Washington who wanted to pose for our pictorial. "I've never seen anything like it," says Chan. "I've photographed the girls of many cities, but I've never had such a variety of really beautiful girls who wanted to be in the magazine. In other cities, the women might be actresses or (text continued on page 175)

THE GIRLS OF WASHINGTON

monuments, memorials, capitol and white house—if you think those are the visual delights of d.c., you're either blind or crazy

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN



Opening things up with typically Washingtonian flair is Smokey Gray, an effervescent Virginian who's in TV and radio commercials.



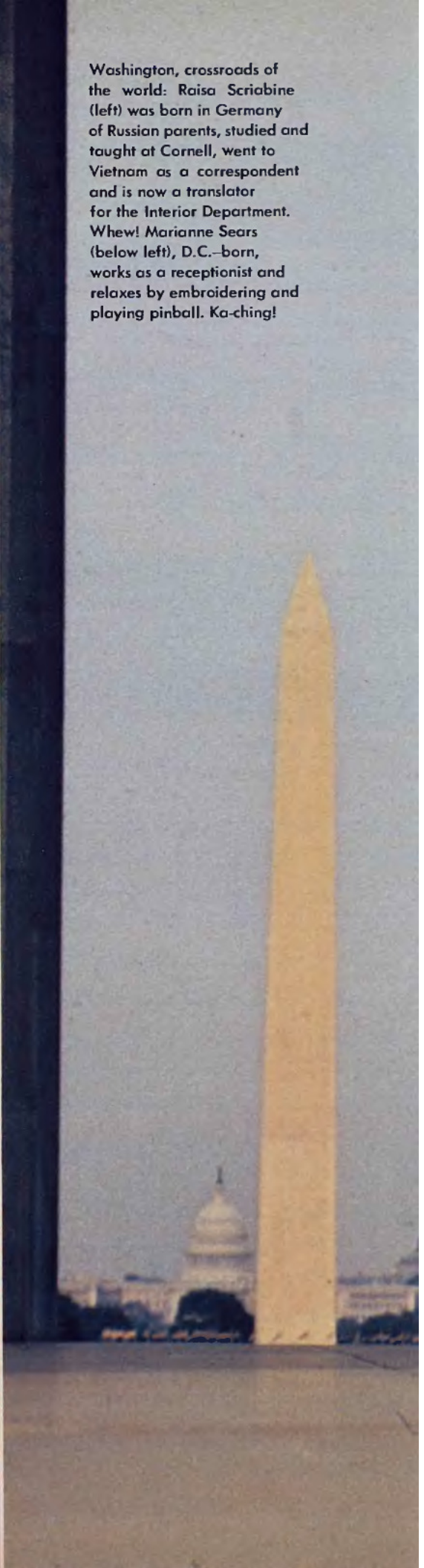
Mavis Jane Cusick (inset) was born in Germany and schooled in Italy, Turkey and Brazil, graduating from high school in Virginia. She's multilingual, as you might expect.



Here are three local products who have found their own niches in the professional and social mosaic that is Washington. Constance Kruse (top) is a barmoid with the expertise to handle obnoxious customers. Koren Mae Fields (above), who's the daughter of an international financial consultant, is a hostess in a restaurant; she likes strong plants almost as much as she dislikes plastic people. She told us that she's looking for a guy "with a nice rear end and a crazy personality." Our bather, Adele dePolo, works in a French café and relaxes by growing vegetables in her yard. She loves D.C. and it obviously agrees with her.



Washington, crossroads of the world: Raisa Scriabine (left) was born in Germany of Russian parents, studied and taught at Cornell, went to Vietnam as a correspondent and is now a translator for the Interior Department. Whew! Marianne Sears (below left), D.C.-born, works as a receptionist and relaxes by embroidering and playing pinball. Ka-ching!





Danna Lee Hill (top left) is a Hollywood native (go East, young lady) who works as a marketing rep and writes poetry, too. An independent sart who likes her men the same way, she gets off on doing offbeat things. Washington-born Rabin Sue Hayes (above left) supports her six-year-old daughter by tending bar (she doesn't let that stop her from having a good time). As for Kathleen Hobbs, shown adding a warm touch to the cold stone of the Lincoln Memorial: The daughter of a retired IRS official, she studied theater in college but wound up directing a marketing corporation. As you see, she has no reverence for politics.

Ethiopia was the birthplace of exotic Tiffany Wilson (below), an actress and model who likes meeting interesting people at Washington's fabled embassy parties but adds that "Almost anything and everything I do, I find interesting." We believe it.





Debbie Shanko (top left), who works as a cocktail waitress and solesgirl, likes to broadcast a positive attitude (and why not?). Rhondo Koch (top right), who's half Japanese, is a hard-working dental hygienist (if you don't know how important teeth are to Washington, you haven't been following politics this year). Valerie Jean Ashley (above), an 18-year-old Maryland product, is a sometime student and part-time model who likes to travel and hopes she never gets stuck in an office job. The odds are against it, Val.



Carolyn Grubbs (left), who's looking for a job as a flight attendant, likes to flout convention—and to attract men. That she clearly does.





Another émigrée in Washington is Trina Dow (above), who was born in England 22 years ago; she manages a boutique and goes riding or skiing to get away from it. Cynthia Thrower, shown at the Jefferson Memorial (below), has lived in Europe but was born in Milwaukee; she's a high-spirited actress/model who studied math at the University of Virginia (that adds up to a winning combination).



AND NOW... D.C.'S DYNAMIC DUO!

Fill a town with wily women and powerful men and it's a good bet that the two will get together. Representative Wayne Hays, long one of the most influential—and crustiest—members of the House, also has been among the most openly hedonistic. In Marshall Frady's August 1973 *PLAYBOY* article *Chairman Skinflint*, Hays claims his greatest ambition is "to be 91 years old and shot at by a jealous husband." His admission, last May, that he'd been making it with Elizabeth Ray, after first trying to deny it—and her charge that she was on his payroll to give him sex—rocked the House like nothing else had since October 1974. That was when Annabella Battistella, the Argentine bombshell known as Fanne Foxe, jumped from the car of a soused and bleeding Representative Wilbur Mills into the Washington Tidal Basin. The tides washed Fanne into celebrityhood—and Mills into a public storm that has left him a chastened, sobered-up shadow of his former self. The score stands: Women of Washington, two; House of Representatives, nothing.



Fanne Foxe didn't get Wilbur Mills. But she has copitized on the affair, with movies, a club act and a book (the PR hype: "She had the woy, he had the means . . . and together they made the front pages").



Elizabeth Ray, who got her destiny (among other things) all tangled up with Wayne Hays's, had already posed for us (she said she was "staff director for a U. S. Congressman")—and begun her Dell book, *The Washington Fringe Benefit*—before she made her story public. A native of North Carolina, a former stewardess, a former beauty queen and a sometime actress, Ray has visited Hollywood, in search of a film career (she was giving Hays an Academy Award performance every week, she says). Chances are a return ticket to California is now in her future. Hays would probably recommend her for the female lead in any new cinema version of the story of Samson.





JOHN
DEMPSSEY

*"Could we do it once in the missionary position—
just for old times' sake?"*



the devil and the peasant wife

from a traditional Polish tale

LONG, LONG AGO, in the hills of Opoczno, in the land of Polonia, lived a peasant and his wife, tending their small piece of land. Every morning, Piotr and Basia would rise with the sun and begin work. One autumn day, Piotr set out with his sickle to begin harvesting. Down the long rows he went, cutting the tall stalks of grain and spreading them out to dry. Near the edge of the forest, he heard a noise in the tangle of bushes. "Who goes?" he called, for he knew all the people from the village. In a louder voice, he called, "*Huzia!*"

Out jumped a strange creature. Half-man, half-animal, half-clothed, half-naked—it danced about and waved a long spear. Its tail lashed viciously and Piotr drew back, dropping his sickle and trembling with fear. "I have come to claim my land! You and your horse and anything else on it, you have trespassed long enough!" shouted the creature.

When Piotr realized that it could talk, he drew a great breath. "This is my land," he said bravely, "from my father and grandfather. And before that, the *szlachta*, the golden gentry of the land."

"Ah, yes, the *szlachta!*" the creature exclaimed. "You do not know the tale of bargaining with the Devil. Foolish *szlach*, to think they could outwit the Devil! And now, you will die!" With that, the Devil swung his spear wildly round his head and danced about Piotr.

Fearfully, Piotr began to jump this way and that, avoiding the spear and trying to think of a way to stop the mad action. "Wait, Devil, this is not fair," he cried in desperation. "You have hooves and are as fleet as a horse; I have only clumsy boots. You have a tail to lash and sting; I have only a short sickle. Since you are so powerful, you won't mind a compromise, will you?"

The Devil burst into a roar of laughter that turned into a tongue of fire. "You think I am afraid?" he bellowed. "Fair or not, I will win, so what did you have in mind?"

Quickly the peasant began to bargain for time. "Tomorrow I will fight you to the death!" he cried out. "But you must

dress like me, with boots like mine, baggy trousers and jacket. Your horns must be covered with a hat and you must carry a sickle like mine."

The Devil threw his spear into the air and roared again. "Agreed! Tomorrow, then!" With that, he jumped into the tangle of bushes again.

Long into the night, Basia and Piotr talked. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" moaned Piotr.

Basia's nimble fingers flew over the piece of tough leather she was fashioning into a jacket for her husband. "Be brave; God will provide," she comforted him. "And I will have this protector for you by morning."

At dawn, Piotr arose and made ready for the fearful day. With his newly sharpened sickle and thick vest of leather, he started for the fields.

"I will pray to God all the while you are gone," said Basia.

The sun had not risen very far in the sky when the bushes at the edge of the forest began to shake. With a clap of thunder, the Devil jumped out, ready for the fight. In spite of his fear, Piotr laughed, for the Devil looked ridiculous. A wide-brimmed hat came down to his eyes, a loose blouse and trousers were held in place by his tail, which was knotted at the end. The high, stiff-leather boots were similar to Piotr's, clumsy on the feet of a new owner. Without a word, the Devil swung his short sickle and began to dance around Piotr.

Blades flashed in the sun, dust rose from the ground, groans came from the two as they struggled and fell to the ground and rose again, trickles of blood seeping into the dry soil. Piotr began to tire as his shoulder wound widened. With a desperate lunge he slashed at the Devil, but the blade fell short and came down between the Devil's legs and into the tattered trousers. The Devil let out a howl and jumped up. Hopping around, surprised and hurt, he cried, "You wounded me!" Looking down, he discovered his trousers in shreds and his prick sliced off. Furiously he wrapped his tail between his legs to stop the bleeding and



roared at Piotr, "You wait; tomorrow I shall return and take care of you! Wait!" And with that, he darted into the forest as quickly as he had appeared.

Shaken, bleeding and dazed, Piotr headed for home.


While dressing his wounds, Basia heard the frightening story from Piotr. "What shall I do, what shall I do?" he moaned.

Basia looked at him with determination. "The Devil will *not* take our land, nor our horse, nor us! I will go to the fields tomorrow. Perhaps I can make a bargain with him. I will go and appeal."

Piotr only moaned louder and fell back onto his straw mattress. He knew what happened to people who tried to bargain with the Devil. But there was no stopping her, and, the next morning, she dressed in her husband's work clothes, pulled his hat over her thick braids and was gone.

The grain had to be stacked; Basia had helped many times before and it was nothing new for her. Through the warm day she worked, unable to eat or rest. And then what she feared happened. The forest shook with a clap of thunder. From the bushes jumped the Devil, once again in his full array of red cape, horns and hooves. "Ho, peasant," he cried. "You have been working all day and getting tired while I have recuperated from my wound."

Basia stood in silent fear, forgetting her plan for bargaining. As the Devil approached, she turned and ran for the wagon, but he jumped in front of her. "I will finish you off quickly," he belted. "Just as you did me!" They wrestled to the ground, Basia scratching and biting, the Devil intent on tearing off her trousers. All at once, the trousers were on the ground. The Devil spread her legs and drew his sword. "Now you will know what it feels like to be without a prick." He laughed. He was ready to slash, when he looked down and saw only a long slit from front to back. He dropped his sword in amazement. "Oh, poor peasant, your wound is worse than mine. You have nothing left!" With that, he jumped up, laughing. "I will let you live! I want you to spend the rest of your life like that. That is punishment enough!" In a cloud of dust, he disappeared into the forest whence he came and was not heard from for many years.

—Retold by Florence Clowes 

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation



PLAYBOY All-America defensive lineman Mike Fultz (72), demonstrating his incredible lateral mobility, zeroes in on Iowa State's roll-out quarterback Mike Tryon as Nebraska, PLAYBOY's pick as the nation's number-one team, shuts out the Cyclones 52-0 in last year's meeting.

sports **BY ANSON MOUNT**

"I STILL CAN'T believe the Irish weren't in the national championship race last year. They weren't even in the top 20. It's disgusting," said the go-go advertising executive in the bar car of the afternoon commuter train. "There's no excuse for it. They've got the players. They don't even have to recruit 'em; every Catholic high school in the country is a Notre Dame farm club. They ought to fire what's-his-name—the coach. I read about him. He's like Joe Btfsplk. He's got a cloud over his head and everywhere he goes things get all fucked up, like in Green Bay."

Twenty-four hours and 100 expressway miles later, the golden dome and marble mosaic of Memorial Library rose out of the spring green of the Indiana (text continued on page 140)

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Nebraska	11-1	11. Maryland	9-2
2. Southern California	10-1	12. Florida	9-2
3. Michigan	10-1	13. Ohio State	8-3
4. Pittsburgh	9-2	14. Arkansas	8-3
5. Arizona State	10-1	15. Oklahoma	8-3
6. Texas A&M	9-2	16. Kansas	8-3
7. Alabama	9-2	17. California	8-3
8. Notre Dame	9-2	18. Mississippi	9-2
9. Penn State	9-2	19. Colorado	7-4
10. Texas	9-2	20. Georgia	7-4

Possible Breakthroughs: UCLA (7-4); Oklahoma State (7-4); Miami, Ohio (10-1); Boston College (8-3); Georgia Tech (7-4); Purdue (7-4); Minnesota (7-4); Arkansas State (10-1).

**PLAYBOY'S
1976 PREVIEW
ALL-AMERICA
OFFENSIVE
TEAM**



Left to right, top to bottom: Bob Lingenfelter (70), linemen, Nebraska; Don Hasselbeck (89), tight end, Colorado; Joel Parrish (67), linemen, Georgia; Mike Vaughan (79), linemen, Oklahoma; Tom Osborne, Coach of the Year, Nebraska; Rob Lytle (41), runner, Michigan; Morvin Powell (76), linemen, Southern Cal; Joe Roth (12), quarterback, California; Larry Seivers (89), receiver, Tennessee; Tony Dorsett (33), runner, Pittsburgh; Dan Beaver (3), kicker, Illinois; Ricky Bell (42), runner, Southern Cal; Leo Tierney (62), center, Georgia Tech.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

**PLAYBOY'S
1976 PREVIEW
ALL-AMERICA
DEFENSIVE
TEAM**



Left to right, top to bottom: Ross Browner (89), lineman, Notre Dame; Bob Baumhower (91), lineman, Alobomo; Phillip Dokes (91), lineman, Oklahoma St.; Gary Green (43), defensive back, Baylor; Stan Black (36), defensive back, Mississippi St.; Mike Fultz (72), lineman, Nebraska; Gory Jeter (79), lineman, Southern Cal; Kim Rowekamp (43), linebacker, Michigan St.; Robert Jackson (55), linebacker, Texas A&M; Brian Ruff (51), linebacker, The Citadel; Lester Hayes (82), defensive back, Texas A&M; Gavin Hedrick (46), punter, Wash. St. 139

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Nolan Cromwell (Kansas), Jim Kubacki (Harvard), Tony Dungy (Minnesota), Vince Ferragamo (Nebraska), Steve Pisarkiewicz (Missouri), Jack Henderson (Oregon)

RUNNING BACKS: Wendell Tyler (UCLA), Mike Voight (North Carolina), Courtney Snyder (Indiana), Earl Campbell (Texas), Ted Brown (North Carolina State), Jerry Eckwood (Arkansas), Terry Robiskie (Louisiana State), Rob Carpenter (Miami, Ohio), Walter Packer (Mississippi State)

RECEIVERS: Mike Renfro (Texas Christian), John Jefferson (Arizona State), Tony Hill (Stanford), Ken MacAfee (Notre Dame), Wesley Walker (California)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Warren Bryant (Kentucky), Ernie Hughes (Notre Dame), Leon White (Colorado), Val Belcher (Houston), Tom Brzozza (Pittsburgh), Ted Albrecht (California), Dennis Swilley (Texas A&M), Mike Fagan (North Carolina State)

CENTERS: Mark Cantrell (North Carolina), Robbie Moore (Florida), Billy Bryan (Duke), Bob Rush (Memphis State)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Mike Butler (Kansas), Duncan McColl (Stanford), Eddie Edwards (Miami, Florida), A. J. Duhe (Louisiana State), Joe Campbell (Maryland), Robin Cole (New Mexico)

LINEBACKERS: Lucius Sanford (Georgia Tech), Calvin O'Neal (Michigan), Gary Spani (Kansas State), Kurt Allerman (Penn State)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Martin Mitchell (Tulane), Bill Armstrong (Wake Forest), George Adzick (Minnesota), Luther Bradley (Notre Dame), Dave Butterfield (Nebraska), Pete Shaw (Northwestern)

KICKERS: Tom Skladany (Ohio State), David Posey (Florida), Neil O'Donoghue (Auburn), Lee Pistor (Arizona), Joe Parker (Appalachian State)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who will make it big)

Houston McTear, running back	Florida
Mike Jolley, quarterback	Georgia Tech
Vegas Ferguson, running back	Notre Dame
Willard Browner, running back	Notre Dame
Ron Simpkins, linebacker	Michigan
Mark Brammer, tight end	Michigan State
Al Leake, defensive lineman	Indiana
Steve Ulrich, running back	Northwestern
Tim Travis, tight end	Alabama
Scott Brantley, linebacker	Florida
Preston Brown, running back	Vanderbilt
Marlin Van Horn, linebacker	Maryland
Derrick Lewis, wide receiver	Duke
Mike Brewington, linebacker	East Carolina
Marty Crosby, quarterback	The Citadel
Mackel Harris, linebacker	Georgia Tech
Mark Lyles, fullback	Florida State
Ralph Kelly, linebacker	Arkansas State
Wardell Johnson, running back	Kansas
Curtis Dickey, running back	Texas A&M
Gary Blair, running back	Baylor
Joe Walstad, defensive tackle	Texas Tech
Wesley Roberts, defensive tackle	Texas Christian
Greg Gilchrist, running back	Oregon
Keith Black, defensive lineman	Texas at El Paso
Chris Malmgren, middle guard	New Mexico
Tim Cunningham, running back	Long Beach State
David Turner, running back	San Diego State
Nofa Tipoti, defensive lineman	Hawaii

countryside. We had gone to Notre Dame seeking answers and insights. We found them.

Answer number one: Notre Dame is neither owned nor operated by the Catholic Church. A few years ago, the Holy Cross fathers signed over the ownership of the university, lock, stock and legend, to a national board of trustees (predominantly laymen).

Answer number two: Notre Dame football still has an unparalleled national following, but the Catholic identity is fading. Nuns no longer teach fourth graders to pray for victory each Saturday, nor do Irish recruiters have any noticeable advantage in wooing the prime beef of parochial schools. Result: Nearly half of last year's traveling squad were Protestants and one (linebacker Marvin Russell) is an ordained Methodist minister.

Answer number three: Eighty-five percent of the incoming freshman football recruits are in the upper 20 percent of their high school class, a statistic that even the Ivy schools would be hard pressed to better.

Answer number four: In a recent survey of the academic credentials of N.F.L. players conducted by Cleveland sportswriter Hubert Mizell, Notre Dame graduates far outstripped the products of all other schools. All 24 former Irish playing pro ball graduated with a degree (and Notre Dame has no physical-education department to haven dummies). This score is most impressive when compared with that of other football citadels such as Ohio State (36 percent of the N.F.L.'s former Buckeyes graduated), Texas (15½ percent) and LSU (ten percent).

Answer number five: Although nearly all major football universities isolate their players in athletic dormitories, where they have their own dining hall, recreation room, movie theater and private tutors (making it possible for athletes to spend their entire college career without coming into more than cursory contact with other students), Notre Dame players live in the student dormitories, eat the same food in the same dining hall with other students and go to classes and labs like everyone else. The absence of an athletic dormitory, incidentally, is one of the Irish recruiters' most effective sales tools.

Insight: Dan Devine is the victim of his own personality traits—human qualities that in most professions other than coaching would seem admirable. Virtually all football coaches are wary, tense and guarded in the presence of a journalist. A great many have a cleaner-than-thou arrogance beneath a veneer of pious humility.

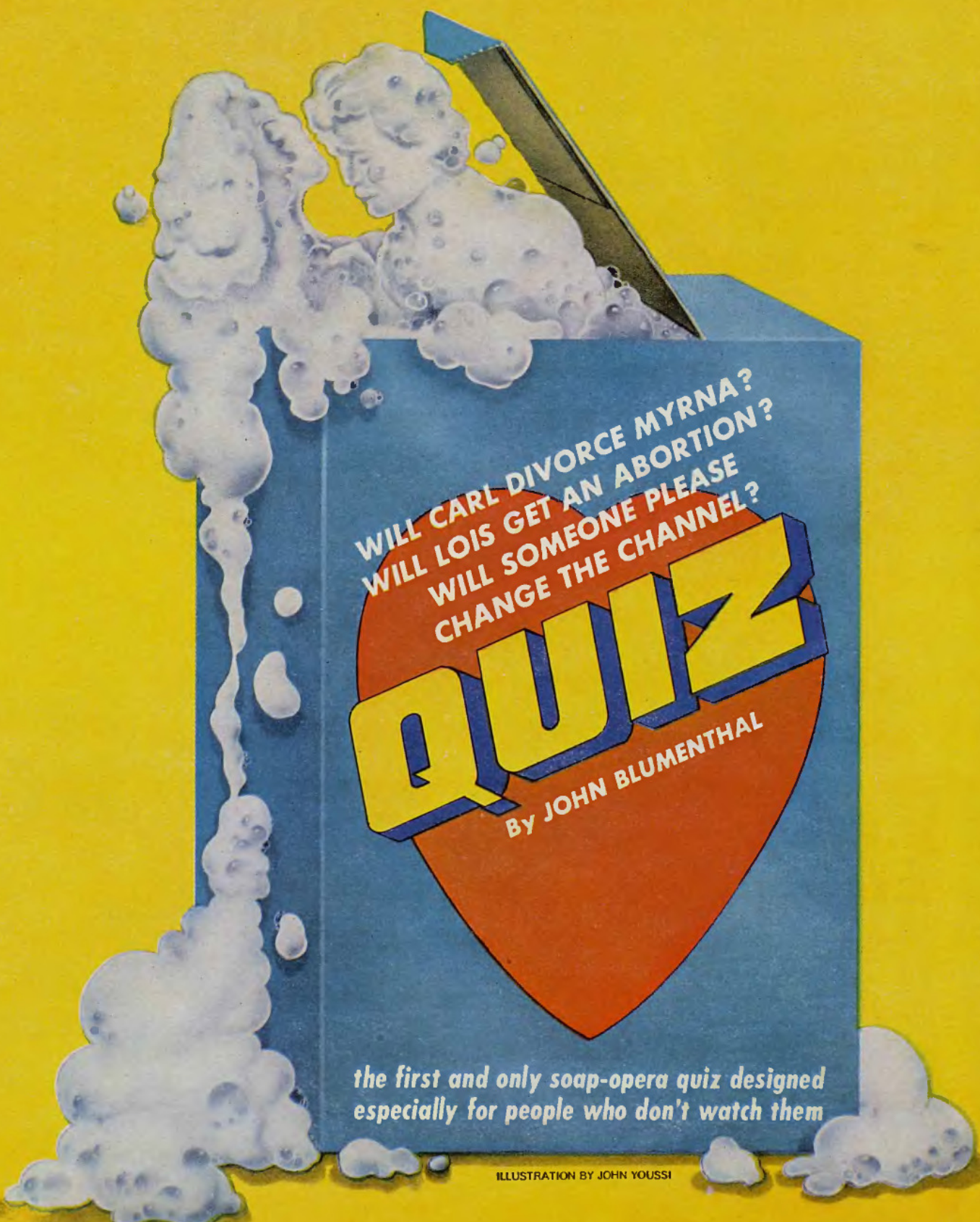
Devine, on the other hand, is a relaxed and friendly sort, with an openness that borders on naïveté. His countenance, even when smiling, seems to mirror accumulated pains and uncertainties. His normal desire for approval is evident rather than hidden behind a superjock bravado. He willingly discusses both his past mistakes and his personal virtues.

You can imagine the consternation when such a man arrived in Green Bay a few years ago, when the ghost of Vince Lombardi hovered everywhere. (continued on page 146)

HERE IT IS, noontime or thereabouts, and you've just skipped Physics 103 or postponed that important stockholders' meeting or said the hell with the laundry to watch the latest heart-rending episode of *Days of Our Lives*. Will Amanda's tumor turn out to be malignant? Why is Maggie upset with Mike? Is Brooke really pregnant or did she swallow a football? Whatever happens, and rest assured something will, the fact of the matter is, America is slowly drowning in an ever-expanding vat of soapsuds. We have become a nation of armchair gossips. Nowadays, to be a really with-it human person, it's *de rigueur* to be

able to converse *at length* about the soapers. Who cares about *détente* or the fact that a nuclear war has just been determined inevitable by Pentagon experts when the really hot issue of the day is Hortense's proposed separation from Dr. Carl Putz?

Whether or not you're a bona fide soap-opera enthusiast (and God help you at the next cocktail party if you're not), the following quiz was designed solely to test your soap-opera aptitude potential (SOAP). Which means, in other words, that you can score high even if you've never seen a soaper and low even if you're an addict. (continued on page 192)



WILL CARL DIVORCE MYRNA?
WILL LOIS GET AN ABORTION?
WILL SOMEONE PLEASE
CHANGE THE CHANNEL?

QUIZ

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

the first and only soap-opera quiz designed especially for people who don't watch them

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSI

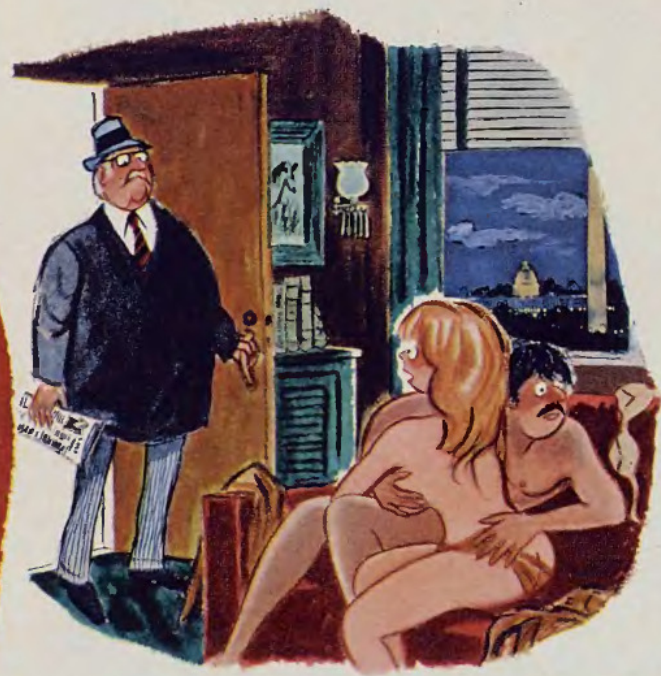


SEX AND THE POLITICIAN

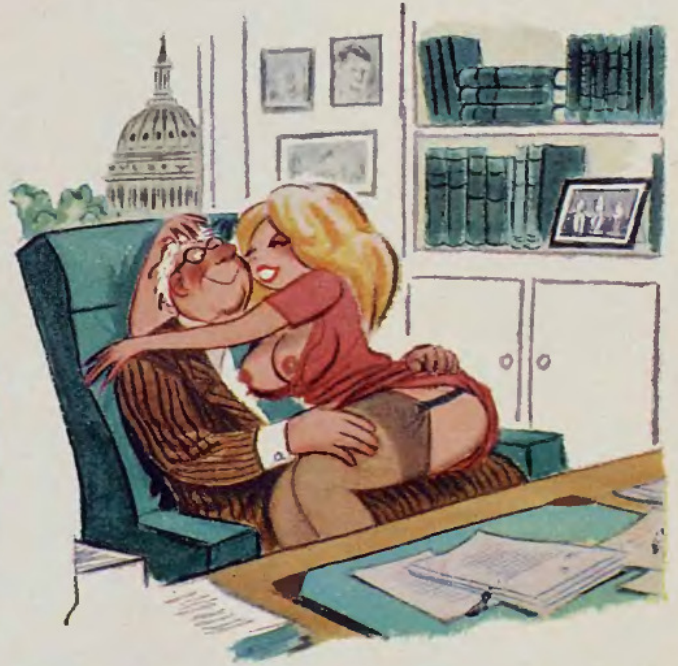
bedfellows — strange, capital and otherwise

humor By

Interlandi



"Darling, I thought you were going to filibuster today."



"I think it's marvelous the way you can relax right in the middle of a crisis."



"Quorum call! I'll finish up in here for you, Congressman!"



"Well, you folks certainly know how to handle a guest speaker!"



"Ah . . . er . . . you must be the incumbent, right?"

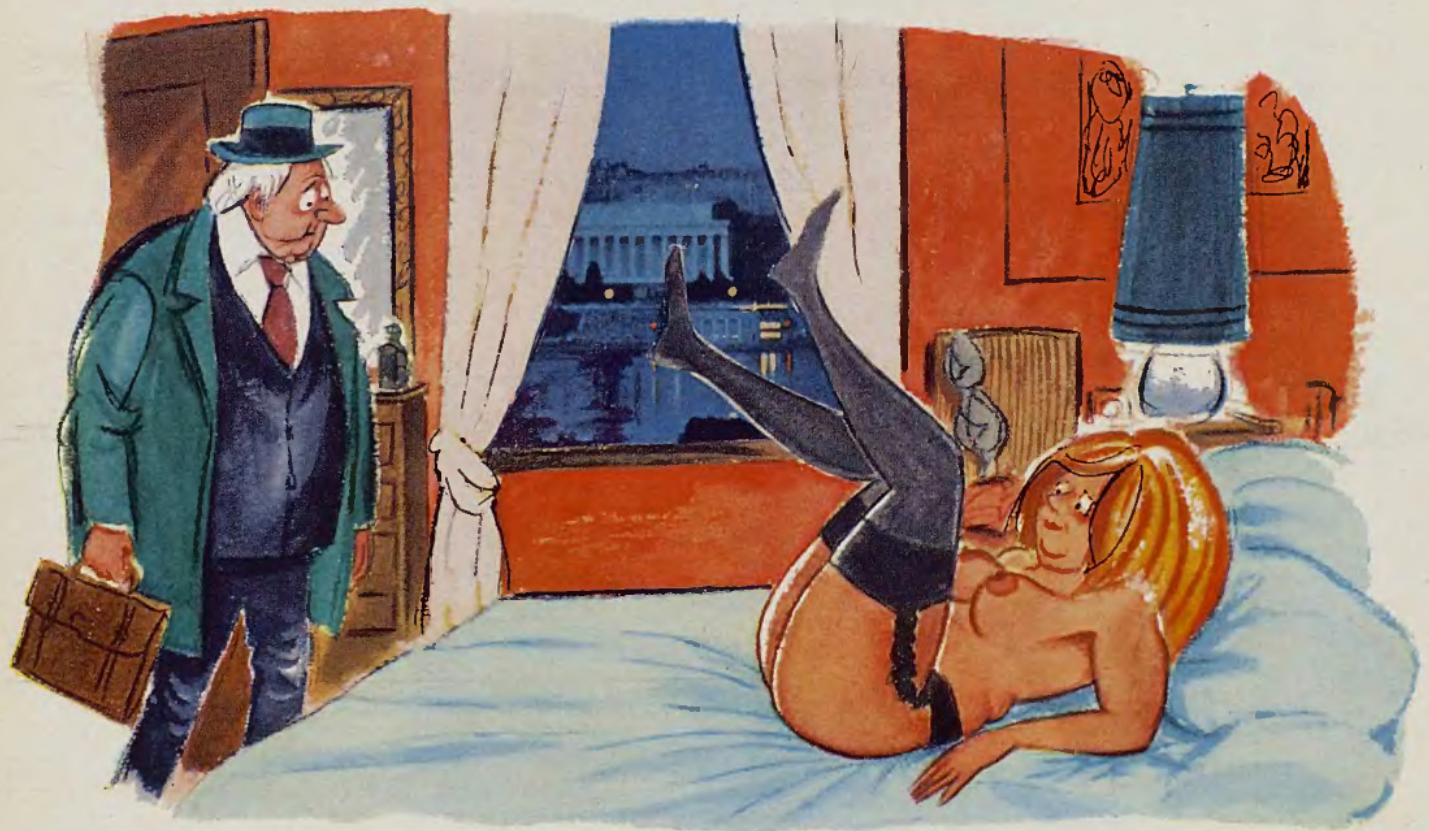


"She's the hardest-working lobbyist in the business."

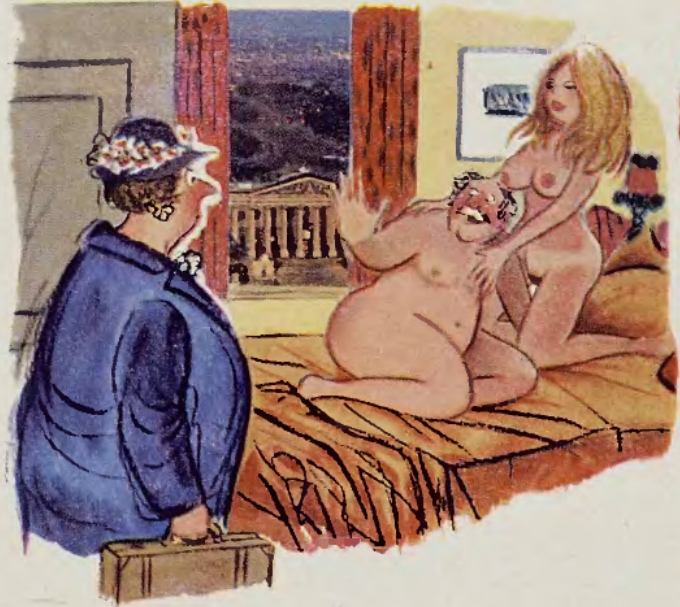
POLLING PLACE



"Don't tell me she's not electioneering!"



"Thanks for the vote of confidence, dear, but I'll just have a martini and call it a day."



*"It's not what you think, dear—
she's a bribe!"*



"Now, if we can keep this from the FBI and the CIA, we've got a good thing going."

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

Devine was a casualty of the Lombardi legend and its attendant hallowed truths, beliefs that have been the most destructive and dehumanizing influence in the history of sports: *Winning is not just the most important thing, it's the only thing and Victory justifies any suffering, any sacrifice, anything it takes to win.* The end, in short, justifies the means.

But Devine doesn't work that way. His personal qualities were, and sometimes still are, interpreted as weakness and indecision, his ability to accept defeat gracefully as the mark of a born loser.

Most remarkably, Devine shows no sign of bitterness, though the jackals are still after him with vengeance. When some ugly and obviously baseless rumors about him were circulated last fall (and were committed to print by a few vacuous sportswriters), *Chicago Tribune* sports columnist Dave Condon laboriously traced them down. Taking circuitous routes through Washington and Pittsburgh, they all led back to the tundra of northern Wisconsin.

But Notre Dame isn't a Vince Lombardi kind of place. And Dan Devine will do quite well there.

(continued from page 140)

just how good the Panthers are; they play Notre Dame on national television September 11.

Nothing seems to change much at Penn State. The Lions, always fearsome on defense, have been ranked among the top ten teams in the country eight of the past nine seasons. This year, though, they will play less conservatively than usual, will have more big-play potential and will be much more offense oriented. The Nittanians, rapped in past years for their weak opposition, are now playing tough schedules. Nevertheless, they have a good chance for an undefeated season.

Boston College needs only to find an adequate replacement for graduated passer Mike Kruczek to have a banner season. Joe O'Brien and Kenny Smith are the likeliest candidates, with Smith's superb throwing arm giving him the advantage. All five receivers return, as does runner Glen Capriola, whose presence seems vital to the Eagles: Last season they lost all the games he missed. With a solid defense and unaccustomed depth, the Eagles could go to a major bowl.

The lean years are over at Syracuse. Coach Frank Maloney has done a masterful job of rebuilding a once pitiful Orange football program. It will still be a couple of years before the boys from Syracuse can challenge other Eastern biggies, but they will probably perpetrate a few upsets on unsuspecting opponents this fall. The team is loaded with good running backs, but two unimpressive sophomore passers, Bill Hurley and Pete Prather, will vie for the starting quarterback job. The defensive unit, led by back Larry King, will be very strong. Great freshmen will provide help at some of the lean positions.

Alarm signals are going up from athletic departments all over the East. "Don't ignore Rutgers," they say, "it's for real." Indeed, with 18 starters returning from a team that blew the fuses on scoreboards last season, the Scarlet Knights are true contenders with weak competition. The opening game with Navy will set the tone; if Rutgers wins that one, only Tulane will be a serious impediment to an undefeated season.

Graduation was a major disaster for the Navy team. Returning are quarterback John Kurowski, runner Gerry Goodwin and peerless middle guard Jeff Sapp, but very few others. The defense, last year's strength, had to be totally restructured during spring practice. Fortunately, Kurowski, an improved passer, will have a fine group of receivers.

It's going to be a rough first season for new West Virginia coach Frank Cignetti. Both lines and the running corps were emasculated by graduation. Junior college transfer runner Lee Dowell will help and two strong quarterbacks, Dan

Kendra and Danny Williams, are available. The schedule is a killer, too, so this will be a rebuilding year.

Coach Wayne Hardin apparently has brought Temple back into the big time to stay. The Owls get stronger each year—this being no exception—but the schedules get tougher, too. This will be an experienced team with Pat Carey, a much improved quarterback, and the defense, led by premier middle guard Joe Klecko, will be stingier than ever.

Villanova, accustomed to relying on defense, will have to do more scoring this year, because six of the front defenders have graduated. Coach Dick Bedesem has changed the sputtering veer offense to a wishbone. The sparkplug will be sophomore fullback Vince Thompson.

Colgate football, mired in mediocrity for years, seems on the rise with the arrival of new coach Fred Dunlap. He will install a wing-T offense, but he'll have to find a quarterback to run it. Note: Former coach Neil Wheelwright, who defected to Holy Cross, will bring his Crusaders to Hamilton on October ninth for Colgate's home-coming festivities; that could be a real blood bath.

It will be another lean year at West Point, though the prospects aren't as bleak as last year's. This is a mature and able squad, the reserves are better and the offense has been redesigned to take advantage of the many talents of quarterback Leamon Hall.

New coach Neil Wheelwright and his wishbone offense will undoubtedly bring improvement to Holy Cross fortunes, since it is unlikely the Crusaders could get any worse. The schedule, fortunately, is a bit easier than last year's.

Although the Ivy League race is always wildly unpredictable (it's great for the spectators but hard on the coaches), this year Harvard and Yale seem to have the best chance at the title. Harvard coach Joe Restic must replace the entire offensive line, but all the skilled position men return, including quarterback Jim Kubacki, who Restic insists is the best in the country. Yale also has quarterback wealth, with Stone Phillips, Bob Rizzo and Pat O'Brien vying for the job.

Pennsylvania, like Harvard, must find some offensive linemen to protect an excellent quarterback, Bob Graustein, around whom the entire attack will be built. With an improved defense, the Quakers are the dark horse of the league.

In each of the past three years, the sophomore class at Brown has been better than the preceding one, and the same appears to be true this time. If so, the Bruins will be one of the stronger teams in the Ivy League by season's end, despite the need to replace 13 departed starters. Paul Michalko is the likely replacement for quarterback Bob Bateman.

The Cornell team will be much improved, mostly because of better familiarity with coach George Seifert's

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Pittsburgh	9-2	West Virginia	3-8
Penn State	9-2	Temple	6-4
Boston College	8-3	Villanova	4-7
Syracuse	7-4	Colgate	8-2
Rutgers	10-1	Army	3-8
Navy	4-7	Holy Cross	4-7

IVY LEAGUE

Harvard	7-2	Cornell	5-4
Yale	7-2	Dartmouth	4-5
Pennsylvania	7-2	Columbia	3-6
Brown	6-3	Princeton	1-8

TOP PLAYERS: Dorsett, Romano, Brzoza (Pittsburgh); R. Hostetler, Allerman, Petercuskie (Penn State); Watts, Capriola (Boston College); King, Clarke, Jacobs (Syracuse); Toran, Fisher (Rutgers); Sapp, Goodwin, Kurowski (Navy); Earley, Kendra (West Virginia); Klecko, Carey (Temple); Mastroiardo, Thompson (Villanova); Murphy, Andrewlavage (Colgate); Hall (Army); Campbell (Holy Cross); Kubacki (Harvard); Pagliaro, Staffieri (Yale); Graustein (Pennsylvania); Farnham (Brown); Labeau (Cornell); Lucas (Dartmouth); Burns (Columbia); Schiller (Princeton).

The future is now in Pittsburgh. The Panthers have everything it takes to make a run for the national championship, including 18 returning starters. With two-time PLAYBOY All-America Tony Dorsett and Elliott Walker, the running game will be sensational. Quarterback Robert Haygood, whose potential hasn't yet been reached, will throw to a pair of superreceivers, Gordon Jones and Jim Corbett. We'll find out early

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He is at home in a world few men ever see.

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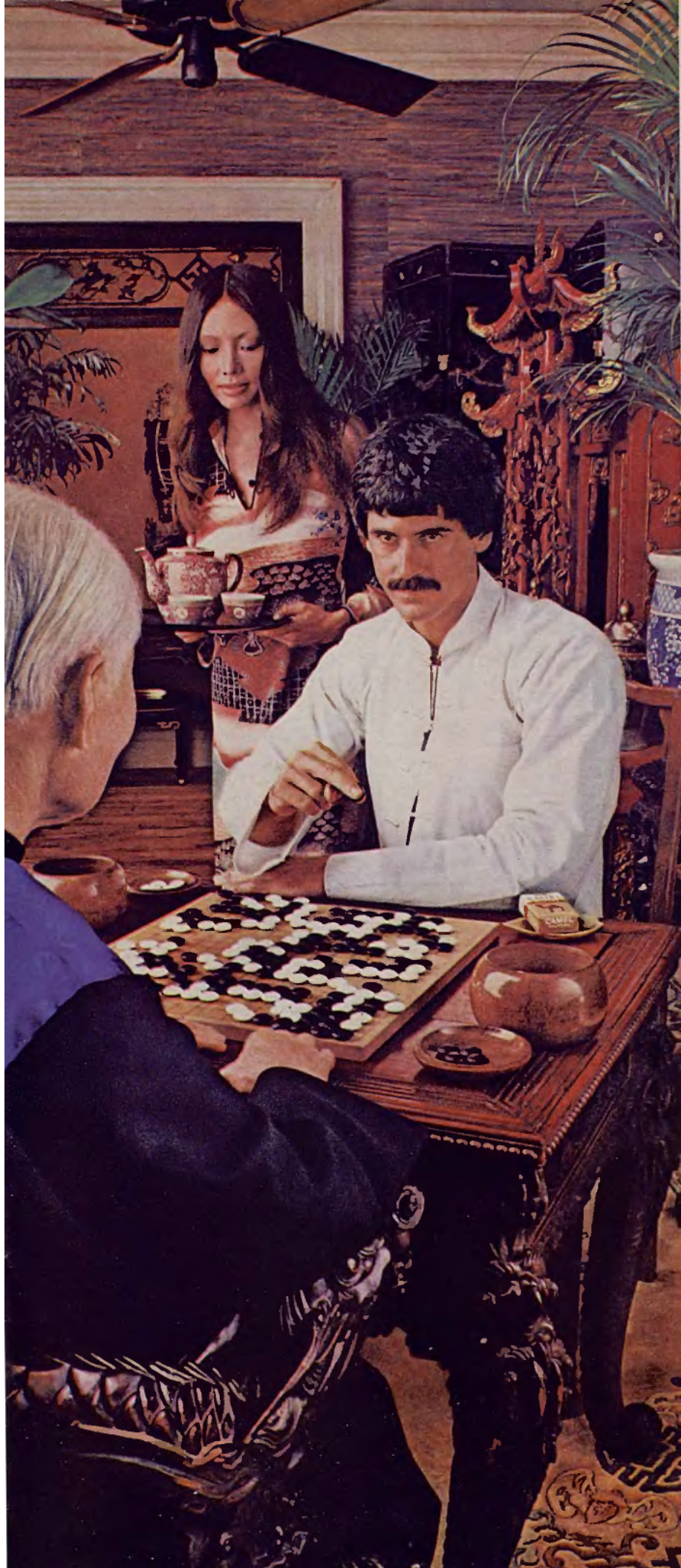
Do you?



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wing-T offense. The Crimson will be the most experienced squad in the Ivy League—an important consideration with no spring practice. Also, a highly touted transfer from Michigan, halfback Joey Holland, will give the running attack new zip.

Dartmouth also will have an untested quarterback in southpaw Kevin Case. With no promising targets, he'll rely on a running game featuring Curt Oberg and Sam Coffey. The Big Green has solid over-all talent, so don't count it out, despite the lack of big names.

Columbia always seems to be rebuilding. With severe graduation losses, this year is no exception. There isn't a quarterback in camp with a minute's varsity playing time, though Kevin Burns looks very promising. If he doesn't work out, soph Cal Moffie will do the job.

Graduation nearly wiped out the Princeton squad. Hardest hit were the skilled positions. The offense must be rebuilt, and finding an adequate quarterback has been a main priority in pre-season drills. The defense will recuperate fastest but must do a heroic holding job until the young attackers get some experience.

Last year, you'll recall, was going to be the year when a few of the perennial have-nots in the Big Ten would show enough new muscle to seriously challenge Ohio State and Michigan. It didn't happen—but it will this year. Purdue and Minnesota finally have got their acts together, Michigan State has both excellent material and the incentive of revenge and even lowly Indiana is loaded with experienced depth.

Still, this appears to be the year when Michigan won't be nosed out of the Rose Bowl in the final game with Ohio State. The Wolverine offense, manned largely last year by freshmen and sophomores, is now two deep at most positions with proven players. Their point production will be spectacular. PLAYBOY All-America Rob Lytle should become the leading rusher in Michigan history before the season is finished. The defenders are a bit thin up front and a middle guard must be found during August workouts, but any material shortcomings will be overcome by the quickness coach Bo Schembechler builds into his teams.

It seems unlikely that Ohio State can duplicate last year's excellence. Eight offensive starters were taken by graduation, so the Buckeyes will depend on a rock-ribbed defense and a super kicking game to hold off the enemy. Fullback Pete Johnson will still be on hand to bulldoze the ground yardage, but he'll be running behind a noticeably weaker line. But don't shed any tears just yet. Coach Woody Hayes has a long-standing record of unveiling sudden superstars just when he needs them the most. He undoubtedly has an ample stockpile of

brawn and sinew waiting to step in. Another plus is that he seems to have figured out a magic way to avoid injuries to his key players. If he can do that this year, the Bucks could be the same old juggernaut by the end of the season.

Purdue coach Alex Agase says that the only thing that kept his team out of the title race last year was an inexplicable series of bad game breaks, aggravated by a few costly mental lapses. "The whole

decade. Tony Dungy is the best quarterback in the league, some good receivers are on hand and several impressive freshman runners should help soph tailback Kent Kitzmann perk up a previously sad running attack. The defense, admirable last year, will be even better with the addition of two remarkable defensive linemen, Jim Ronan and Steve Tobin. Everybody on the Gopher squad is excited. If the breaks go right, it could be a big year in Minneapolis.

Despite all the furor over Michigan State's N.C.A.A. probation, the abrupt dismissal of coach Denny Stolz and the crash program in spring practice to install new coach Darryl Rogers' multiple offense, the Spartans aren't in as bad shape as most people think. The squad is deep in experienced talent. The passing attack, last season's weakness, will be juiced up with new quarterback Ed Smith and the running will be as good as ever. The main strength of the squad will be the defense, with PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Kim Rowekamp.

The defense will have to carry the load at Illinois while coach Bob Blackman rebuilds the offensive platoon. The job will be made easier by the return of quarterback Kurt Steger and an impressive assortment of runners. The main problem is the offensive line, which, though huge (averaging 6'4" and 250 pounds), is raw and untested. The kicking game, featuring PLAYBOY All-America kicker Dan Beaver, will again be one of the best in the country. Beaver needs only 40 points to become the Illinois' all-time leading scorer.

Although Indiana appears to be the most improved team in the Big Ten, the Hoosiers have a long way to go. Last year's biggest handicap, an over-all lack of speed and quickness, was largely due to the hesitancy of youth and inexperience. Fifteen starters return, and the whole squad looked greatly improved in spring practice. The Hoosiers' main asset will be a quartet of excellent runners. Courtney Snyder, with an uncanny knack for staying on his feet, breaking tackles and just plain running over people, already holds virtually all of Indiana's rushing records. Also on hand are two breakaway types, Ric Enis and Jaycee transfer Tony Suggs, three top-caliber quarterbacks and a much improved receiver corps (last year's fastest receiver, Keith Calvin, will be this year's slowest). Whether or not all this new talent produces more wins will depend on the success coach Lee Corso has in patching last year's pitiful defense. There's no question, though, that Corso has the Indiana football program in high gear. With all that offensive fire power, look for the Hoosiers to knock off a couple of biggies this fall.

Quarterback inexperience and a porous defensive line hurt Wisconsin last season. Throwers Mike Carroll and

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	10-1	Illinois	5-6
Ohio State	8-3	Indiana	5-6
Purdue	7-4	Wisconsin	3-8
Minnesota	7-4	Northwestern	3-8
Michigan State	6-5	Iowa	2-9

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Miami	10-1	Ohio	
Bowling Green	9-2	University	6-5
Kent State	9-3	Northern	
Central		Illinois	5-6
Michigan	8-3	Toledo	4-7
Ball State	8-3	Western	
		Michigan	3-8

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9-2	Dayton	4-7
Cincinnati	6-5	Southern	
Marshall	5-6	Illinois	3-8

TOP PLAYERS: Lytle, O'Neal, J. Smith, Morton (Michigan); P. Johnson, Skladany, Ward (Ohio State); B. Smith, Beery, Dierking (Purdue); Dungy, Morrow, Adzick (Minnesota); Rowekamp, Bethea, L. Jackson, (Michigan State); Beaver, DiFelicianantonio (Illinois); Snyder, C. Smith (Indiana); Morgan, Matthews (Wisconsin); Shaw, Boykin (Northwestern); Schick, Washington (Iowa); Carpenter (Miami); Saleet, Preston (Bowling Green); Best (Kent State); W. Hodges (Central Michigan); Yaroch (Ball State); Day (Ohio University); Palochko (Northern Illinois); Young (Toledo); Gapinski (Western Michigan); R. Browner, Fry, E. Hughes, Bradley, Slager, MacAfee (Notre Dame); Jenkins, Woods (Cincinnati); Filliez (Marshall); Dailey (Dayton); Herrera, Major (Southern Illinois).

squad is mad as hell about that, and we're determined to make up for it this year. We worked our tails off in the spring. This is going to be our year," says Agase in his best Marine Corps style. Besides desire, the Boilers' chief asset is the defensive platoon, which lost only tackle Ken Novak to graduation. His replacement is supersoph Cleveland Pittsburgh Crosby, a head-hunter type with the speed of a halfback. Crosby is typical of the new look at Purdue; for the first time in cons, the defensive line won't be dominated by behemoths but will be manned by smaller, quicker and tougher types. If quarterback Mark Vitali is more consistent than a year ago, the Boilers will have a good shot at the Big Ten title.

Minnesota looks like the dark horse of the league. If the Gophers can play the entire fall like they did the last half of the '75 season, it will be the best year in

Charles Green now have more savvy and a new crew of assistant coaches has been hired to restructure the defense. Coach John Jardine has switched to a multiple-T offense in an effort to spring speedy runners Mike Morgan and Ira Matthews to the outside. Unfortunately, the offensive line will be green.

Northwestern's Achilles' heel is a distressing lack of over-all speed. With no outside running threat, opposing defenses will key on Greg Boykin, one of the country's better straight-ahead runners. The only other effective weapon in the Wildcats' arsenal is the Randy Dean-to-Scott Yelvington passing threat. The defensive line is thin and slow, which means that the secondary, led by superb safety Pete Shaw, will again have to make most of the tackles.

The rebuilding program at Iowa, now in its umpteenth year, is progressing with painful slowness. Graduation took a dozen starters, including five N.F.L. draft choices, but coach Bob Commings insists he has more good players this year than last. Commings' most critical problems are the quarterback position and the interior line, where only one starter returns. The schedule is horrendous, with Southern California and Penn State added to the usual Big Ten slate.

Miami of Ohio has a wealth of good linemen on both sides of the trenches, runner Rob Carpenter and a favorable

schedule. The only question going into pre-season drills is the quarterback position, where two sophs, Larry Fortner and Bob Maxwell, will probably share the duties. The Mid-American Conference championship probably will be decided in the October 23 game with Bowling Green, and a possible place in the nation's top 20 will be determined in the games with Purdue and Cincinnati.

Bowling Green will have one of the best backfields in the Midwest, with Dan Saleet and Dave Preston doing the running, Mark Miller the passing and versatile wingback Steve Kuehl doing nearly everything.

Kent State, with one of its younger teams of recent years, fattened up during the off season on transfers from other schools. Former Notre Damer Art Best and Tom Roper (from Florida A&M) will be the star runners, Frank Angelo (from Michigan State) is the likely quarterback, guard Jim Grubaugh (from Indiana) will add heft to the offensive line and Neil Ferree (from West Point) will join the defensive backfield.

Believe it or not, the Central Michigan offense will be even more explosive than it was last year. But help is needed everywhere on the defensive unit. Coach Roy Kramer doesn't trust furriners; every player on the roster is a Michigan native.

Ball State, expected to have a dismal

season its first year in the Mid-American Conference, wound up with a 9-2 record. This time the Cardinals won't be taken lightly, but with superscrambler Art Yaroch at quarterback, they'll still be hard to beat.

Ohio University is again searching for a quarterback to supplement the running of Arnold Welcher. Unless a good one is found to run coach Bill Hess's multiple-I offense, the burden of a successful season will fall on a rugged defensive unit built around premier middle guard Rod Day.

Northern Illinois has a new coach (Pat Culpepper), a new offense (wishbone), new enthusiasm and much improved offensive and defensive lines (both of which were dreadful last fall). If the incoming freshmen are as good as their advance billings, the Huskies will be tough to beat by late season.

Toledo lost only four starters from last year's 5-6 team, but one of the departed is Gene Swick, a once-in-a-lifetime quarterback. With no replacement of even approximate quality and only ordinary runners in camp, the Rocket attack seems defused.

Western Michigan will field a much improved team, a welcome change after last year's dismal showing. Depth, however, will still be a problem. Last year's quarterback, Sollie Boone, has been

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switched to wingback, where he will be a deep-receiving threat.

Last fall, Notre Dame's very young team relied on amazing Irish luck and a couple of breath-taking come-from-behind performances to salvage a barely respectable 8-3 record. The most glaring weakness, the offensive line, will be much improved this time. The quarterback is also better; Rick Slager was sensational in spring practice. A plethora of good runners led by soph Jerome Heavens is on hand and the receiving corps will be strengthened by a group of stellar incoming freshmen. **PLAYBOY** All-America Ross Browner and Willie Fry, both brainy and articulate young men, are probably the best pair of defensive ends in college football. They're backed by a superb set of linebackers, and defensive back Luther Bradley is an intimidator in the mold of Attila the Hun. A national championship is possible.

Two jaycee transfers, runner John Ziegler and quarterback Art Bailey, will add much zip to the Cincinnati offense. If last season's unbelievable series of crippling injuries doesn't repeat, the Bearcats will be a much improved team. Give coach Tony Mason, one of the brightest young mentors in the country, another couple of rebuilding years and his team will be a major power.

Marshall has 19 returning starters, an embarrassment of riches at quarterback and stellar receiver John "Fuzzy" Filliez. It could mean the first winning season for the Thundering Herd since 1964. A group of huge recruits, best of whom is tackle Howie Harris, will provide much needed help in the trenches.

Quarterback B. J. Dailey returns to lead the Dayton Flyers, but unless some receivers are found, he'll be a one-man attack. Fortunately, both lines will be stronger.

Two productive recruiting years in a row make Southern Illinois a much better team. Nearly everyone returns from a horrendous defense (a mixed blessing at best), but a year's added maturity will help. Vic Major and Andre Herrera will give the Salukis excellent running.

Although graduation gutted the defensive unit and the offensive backfield, Alabama will still be favored to win the Southeastern Conference race. Coach Bear Bryant always has a stable of prime replacements waiting for its elders to graduate. Soph Jeff Rutledge seems the likely starter at quarterback, while Johnny Davis and Calvin Culliver will do most of the running. The defense, rebuilt around **PLAYBOY** All-America tackle Bob Baumhower, won't be as intimidating as in recent years and the offensive line will be slow by Alabama standards. The Tide will still dominate the Southland but not by as wide a margin as usual.

The Florida team had no major weak-

nesses in 1975, and it will have none this year if it can find adequate replacements for graduated quarterback Don Gaffney and fullback Jimmy DuBose. To duplicate last year's 9-2 record, though, the

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Alabama	9-2	Tennessee	6-5
Florida	9-2	Mississippi State	6-5
Mississippi	9-2	Auburn	4-7
Louisiana State	7-4	Vanderbilt	2-9
Georgia	7-4		
Kentucky	7-4		

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland	9-2	Duke	6-5
North Carolina State	6-5	North Carolina	5-6
Wake Forest	6-5	Virginia	5-6
		Clemson	1-10

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Appalachian State	9-2	Furman	6-5
East Carolina	7-4	William & Mary	3-8
The Citadel	7-4	Virginia Military	3-8

INDEPENDENTS

Georgia Tech	7-4	Louisiana Tech	8-3
Memphis State	7-4	Richmond	6-5
Tulane	6-5	Southern	
Florida State	6-5	Mississippi	4-7
Miami	4-7	McNeese State	5-6
Virginia Tech	8-3	Northeast	
South Carolina	4-7	Louisiana	5-6
Arkansas State	10-1		

TOP PLAYERS: Baumhower, C. Hannah, New-some, J. Davis (Alabama); Moore, Posey, Carpenter, Davis (Florida); Turner, Ellis, Sweet (Mississippi); Duhe, Robiskie (Louisiana State); Parrish, McLee (Georgia); Bryant, Kovach (Kentucky); Seivers, Spiva, Morgan (Tennessee); Black, Packer, Hull (Mississippi State); Ostrowski, McIntyre, O'Donoghue (Auburn); Weaver, Harrison (Vanderbilt); Campbell, Schick, Roy (Maryland); Brown, Stringer, Fagan (North Carolina State); Armstrong, Zeglinski (Wake Forest); Bryan, Dunn, Benjamin (Duke); Voight, Cantrell (North Carolina); Copeland, Ozdowski (Virginia); Goggins (Clemson); Price, Parker (Appalachian State); Bolding, Godette (East Carolina); Ruff, A. Johnson (The Citadel); Holcomb (Furman); Rozantz (William & Mary); Willison, G. Jones (Virginia Military); Tierney, Sanford (Georgia Tech); Rush, Jones (Memphis State); M. Mitchell (Tulane); Key, Bright (Florida State); Edwards, Anderson (Miami); Beasley, Davis (Virginia Tech); Courson, Long (South Carolina); Humphreys, Speer (Arkansas State); White (Louisiana Tech); Nixon (Richmond); E. Smith (Southern Mississippi); Broussard (McNeese State); Maxwell (Northeast Louisiana).

Gators will need the same good luck at avoiding injuries. Jimmy Fisher will probably handle the quarterback chores, but he may be outscored by place kicker David Posey. The defensive unit boasts a pair of potentially great linebackers, Scott Hutchinson (switched from defensive tackle in the spring) and rookie Scott Brantley, who has a brighter future than any freshman linebacker in Florida history.

Ole Miss, the most improved team in

the South last season, will continue its move back to excellence this fall. Best news is that the Rebs, who were lighter than most of the teams on their schedule in '75, have put on a lot of weight, thanks to a multitude of big linemen recruited a year ago. Quarterback Tim Ellis has superb targets in Curtis Weathers and Mark Clark, a transfer from Rice. The Rebels are deep and experienced. They'll be in the thick of the S.E.C. championship race.

Two years of laborious rebuilding at LSU are beginning to pay off. Tandem quarterbacks Pat Lyons and Bobby Moreau have matured after taking their beginners' lumps last fall. The offensive line will be bigger and older and the running attack could be the best seen in Baton Rouge in a decade. Tailback Terry Robiskie, the catalyst of the running game, should become LSU's all-time rushing leader before the season ends. Behind him is sophomore Charles Alexander, who is built like a linebacker and runs like an impala. Defense is LSU's traditional hallmark, and this year's unit could be among the best. We'll know how much progress the Bengals have made when they face Nebraska (unfortunately for the Huskers, it's a night game in Baton Rouge) on September 11.

With two good quarterbacks (Ray Goff and Matt Robinson) and a group of top receivers (best of whom is Gene Washington), Georgia will do a lot of passing this year. The running chores will be handled mostly by Kevin McLee. The offensive line, anchored by **PLAYBOY** All-America guard Joel Parrish, must be rebuilt, but it should still be the S.E.C.'s best.

Kentucky seems to be perennially snakebit; whenever the Wildcats are on the verge of national prominence, disaster strikes. Last year, it came in the wake of murder, kidnaping and assorted other charges against a former player, with groundless guilt-by-association suspicions engulfing the team. It all resulted in faculty interference, police harassment, charges of point shaving by a puerile sportscaster who did his research in a bar, carping alumni and irresponsible press coverage. The jackals have now crawled back into the night and morale is excellent. So is the squad talent, despite the loss of a few big-name players. Coach Fran Curci has switched to the wishbone offense. If Derrick Ramsey wins the quarterback spot, the passing game (virtually nonexistent last year) will be revived. Look for the Wildcats to win some of the close ones they lost in '75.

Fall practice opens at Tennessee with coach Bill Battle still looking for a starting quarterback. If none of the three returnees pans out, Battle will groom newcomers Jimmy Streater and Wilbert Jones, both blue-chippers. Whoever does the throwing, he'll have both **PLAYBOY** All-America receiver Larry Seivers and



Heineken tastes tremendous

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swift wingback Stanley Morgan as targets. Morgan will also be a deadly kick returner. The offensive line, bearing much of the blame for the mediocre '75 season, will be improved.

Mississippi State will be a factor in the S.E.C. race if the Bulldogs can overcome their tendency to cough up the ball just before getting to the end zone. Such improvement will depend largely on sharpening the skills of quarterback Bruce Threadgill. Failing that, he could lose his job to Steve Wohlert, a former flanker. There is a wealth of running talent in camp and the stopper unit, led by PLAYBOY all-America defensive back Stan Black, should be even stronger than a year ago. Freshman runners James Jones and Len Copeland could win fame their first season if they get a chance to do much playing. Dennis Johnson, moved from running back, could become the best tight end in the South.

Auburn will try to pick up the pieces from a disappointing '75 season and start over with new coach Doug Barfield. Last year's problems were caused by serious breakdowns in the defensive secondary and among the linebackers, so a new defensive system was installed during spring drills with gratifying results. With quarterback Phil Gargis and runners Secdrick McIntyre and William Andrews on hand (as is place kicker Neil O'Donoghue), the Tigers will have scoring punch. Still, it will be a rebuilding year.

Graduation took the finest senior class in Vanderbilt's history, leaving only six starters and a lot of questionable replacements. Sophomore quarterback Mike Wright has a promising future, but he'll be operating behind a very green—though huge—line. A large number of promising freshmen will see action. Among the best of a fine group of recruits are runner Preston Brown and 290-pound defensive tackle Ronald Hale.

Last year was supposed to be a rebuilding year for Maryland, but the Terps won eight games—which gives you an idea of how good they'll be this year. There's an experienced backfield, a solid offensive line, two good quarterbacks, a running attack led by Steve Atkins that will be the strongest in school history and a favorable schedule. Maryland, in short, has a good chance to go undefeated.

New coach Bo Rein inherits a North Carolina State team that features one of the best running attacks in the country. Quarterback Johnny Evans, a genuine triple-threat, will be assisted by sensational soph runner Ted Brown. Rein may move star cornerback Ralph Stringer to fullback, a move that would create havoc with opposing defenses. The finest freshman crop ever will give the Wolfpack enviable depth. If the coaching change goes smoothly (the infectious enthusiasm of former mentor Lou Holtz will be missed), State will give Maryland a good tussle for

the Atlantic Coast Conference championship. The non-Conference schedule, though, will keep the won-lost record modest.

Ditto Wake Forest. With 17 returning starters, the Deacons will be one of the most improved teams in the country, but a killer schedule could preclude a winning season. A wealth of quarterback talent is in camp and free safety Bill Armstrong has the pro scouts drooling.

Sophomore quarterback Mike Dunn will be the leader of a rejuvenated Duke offense. A master of the veer option, Dunn will have the help of fullback Tony Benjamin, a devastating blocker and power runner. The linebacking corps, led by soph Carl McGee, is the best in Duke history. The Blue Devils' biggest need is wide receivers, but freshman Derrick Lewis and jaycee transfer Bob "Sticky" Finger will likely fill that void.

North Carolina could have a better offense than the one that produced an 11-1 season in '72. The entire offensive line, a good one, returns, Mike Voight is one of the better runners around and two talented quarterbacks, Johnny Stratton and P. J. Gay, are available. The bad news is the defense, where ten members of last year's inept unit return. Happily, many of them will be displaced by freshmen and sophs.

No more vivid illustration is possible of the destructive effects of applying Lombardian tactics to college football than the fate of last year's potentially great Virginia team. Virginia, ultraconscious of its academic excellence, is the least likely place for boot-camp tactics to work. The players, fed up with intimidation, rebelled against their coaches and the season was a shambles. New head coach Dick Bestwick was astonished during spring practice by his squad's lack of fundamental training and spent the whole time teaching basics. Bestwick was also amazed by the enthusiasm and dedication of the players. Six underclassmen who quit football last year returned for spring drills. Result: Though the Cavaliers have much less talent than last season, look for them to be tougher to beat. Quarterback Drew Schuett, a transfer from Notre Dame, should make a big impression in Charlottesville.

Clemson will field a very young team. The air attack, with Steve Fuller the likely quarterback, will still be a good one. The defensive unit, dreadful last year, has been rejuvenated by new defensive coordinator Charley Pell. The schedule, as usual, is murderer's row.

Appalachian State and East Carolina, each with 17 starters returning from 8-3 seasons, should have banner years and fight it out for the Southern Conference championship. Both wishbone attacks will be even more explosive than last year's. Look for East Carolina soph runner Eddie Hicks to become a superstar.

The Appalachian kicking game, led by punter Joe Parker, may be the best in the South.

The Citadel is the dark horse of the Southern Conference race. The offense will be hyped by new quarterback Marty Crosby, a transfer from Florida State. Gem runner Andrew Johnson is at full speed after recovering from knee surgery. The defense, fearsome in '75, will be more so with the leadership of PLAYBOY All-America Brian Ruff, who, pound for pound, is the best linebacker in America.

Don't count Furman out of the title race, either. The Paladins lost only three starters via graduation. If it can avoid injuries, Furman could have its best season in many years.

William & Mary will also be deep and experienced, with 19 starters returning, many of whom are talent-laden sophs. It will still be a very young team and the schedule, as always, is rough. By 1977, the tribe will be taking a lot of scalps.

For the first time since 1973, Virginia Military enters the season with an established quarterback. In fact, there are two good ones on hand: soph Robbie Clark threatens to dislodge veteran Mark Lambert, who led the Conference in passing last year. Alas, there's no proven wide receiver in camp.

Georgia Tech will be stronger if coach Pepper Rodgers can find a quarterback to run his wishbone attack. Bucky Shamburger, a converted runner, is the top candidate for the job. The defense, a hot-cold unit last year, will benefit from added maturity. The won-lost record probably won't improve, though, because the schedule, with Tennessee and Pittsburgh added, will be much tougher.

Memphis State faces the meatiest schedule in its history. Fortunately, the Tigers also have one of their best teams ever, with good depth at nearly all positions. With a little luck, they could be among the surprises of the country.

Tulane's '75 season was scuttled by the injury to quarterback Terry Looney before the season began. Looney is now healthy and could have a great year if he isn't beaten out by one of two highly touted incoming freshmen, Tommy Hightower and Roch Hontas. The Greenies will profit from the enthusiasm injected by new coach Larry Smith, who also took in a bumper crop of recruits. Five or more incoming freshmen could be starters by season's end. If Smith can find some more line depth in pre-season drills, Tulane will be a spoiler.

With Larry Key, Leon Bright, Rudy Thomas and incoming freshman Mark Lyles, Florida State has its best-ever group of running backs. The kicking game, dreadful last year, will be much better, but all this good news may be canceled out by a serious lack of good bodies in both lines.

The long and painful rebuilding

Crispin



“Untying her wrists from the bedposts, he rolled her over and tore away what remained of her panties. Once again, he thrust his swollen member into her now-eager flesh. ‘Don’t stop,’ she moaned. ‘Please, don’t stop!’”

process at Miami is approaching fruition, so look for the Hurricanes to vent their accumulated frustrations on a few unsuspecting opponents. The defense, featuring fearsome tackle Eddie Edwards, will be miserly. Otis Anderson and Tim Morgan will provide a lethal running attack.

Virginia Tech has a plethora of good linemen and several runners with afterburners. Much needed is a take-charge quarterback, with soph Don LaRue the likeliest candidate. It's an experienced squad and looks like a sleeper among Southern independents.

South Carolina will suffer withdrawal symptoms from the graduation of invaluable quarterback Jeff Grantz. Fortunately, his replacement, Ron Bass, is a good one, and both the offensive line and the running corps will be strong. Less fortunately, eight starters return from a mediocre defense and the schedule looks like something Paul Dietzel put together when he knew he was about to be fired.

Arkansas State, one of the two major undefeated teams in the country last year (with Arizona State), will be as strong as ever, despite serious defensive losses. Supersoph quarterback Randy Reed (from that notorious hotbed of football talent, Dickson, Tennessee) will be at the controls. If Bill Davidson, undoubtedly the most superstitious head coach in the land, doesn't break any of his several dozen taboos, the Indians could be undefeated again.

Louisiana Tech will try for a comeback after a disappointing (for Tech) 8-2 season. The prospects are bright, with twin-barreled quarterbacks Steve Haynes and Randy Robertson throwing to a pair of dandy receivers, Billy Ryckman and Rod Foppe.

Richmond joins the ranks of independents with virtually the entire squad that won the 1975 Southern Conference championship returning for another year. The Spiders' only need, a good fullback, will probably be filled by converted quarterback Milton Ruffin.

Southern Mississippi, while awaiting completion of its new stadium, must surely have set an all-time record for playing games away from home. When the Golden Eagles dedicate their new home September 25, they will have played 32 of their past 35 games off campus. This doesn't appear to be the most triumphal of years for the celebration; the passing game will be impotent and—ironically—the Eagle defense will be vulnerable to enemy passing attacks.

Graduation took a heavy toll at McNeese State, so this will be a rebuilding year. Jimmy Morvant is the heir apparent to the quarterback job.

New coach John David Crow takes over at Northeast Louisiana. He doesn't inherit much talent and his priority assignment will be to rebuild the defensive line. Much of this season's success will

depend on how well quarterback Brian Garriga recovers from knee surgery.

There's a feeling of euphoria in the Nebraska camp. For the past two years, the Cornhuskers have been playing in the shadow of national-champion Oklahoma teams. This season, with more and better players in Lincoln, there's a strong feeling among both coaches and players that this is the year for a serious run for the national title. Main reasons for the optimism are a deep and mature offensive line anchored by PLAYBOY All-America tackle Bob Lingenfelter and a

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	11-1	Oklahoma State	7-4
Kansas	8-3	Missouri	6-5
Oklahoma	8-3	Iowa State	5-6
Colorado	7-4	Kansas State	3-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas A&M	9-2	Houston	5-6
Texas	9-2	Texas Christian	4-7
Arkansas	8-3	Southern	
Baylor	7-4	Methodist	3-8
Texas Tech	5-6	Rice	3-8

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Tulsa	6-5	Drake	5-6
New Mexico St.	6-5	West Texas St.	5-6
Wichita State	5-6	Louisville	4-7

INDEPENDENTS

Air Force	5-6	Texas at	
Utah State	5-6	Arlington	4-7
North Texas St.	5-6	Lamar	4-7

TOP PLAYERS: Lingenfelter, Fultz, Pruitt, Hoins, Ferragamo, Butterfield (Nebraska); Cromwell, L. Smith, Butler (Kansas); Vaughan, J. Anderson, Peacock (Oklahoma); Hasselbeck, White, Spivey (Colorado); Dokes, Gofourth, T. Miller (Oklahoma State); Pisarkiewicz, Frisch (Missouri); Mike Stensrud, Green (Iowa State); Spani, Pennington (Kansas State); Hayes, Jackson, Fields, Swilley (Texas A&M); E. Campbell, Clayborn, Shearer, E. Lee (Texas); Thielemann, Eckwood, Little (Arkansas); G. Green, Burns, Lee (Baylor); Isaac, Sears (Texas Tech); Whitley, Belcher (Houston); Renfro, Lowe (Texas Christian); Wesson, Duggan (Southern Methodist); Kramer, Roy (Rice); Hickerson, Watts (Tulsa); Dean, Hull (New Mexico State); Adkins (Wichita State); Martin (Drake); Perez (West Texas State); Prince (Louisville); Weidmann, Wood (Air Force); J. Hough (Utah State); Chapman (North Texas State); Jensen (Texas at Arlington); McGowen (Lamar).

defensive unit that would be the envy of some pro teams. PLAYBOY All-America Mike Fultz and Ron Pruitt are the best defensive-tackle duo in the land. The Huskers will continue to be a powerful ball-control team but with more explosiveness than last year. Look for Vince Ferragamo to throw the ball often and far. The only dark cloud on the horizon is the questionable team speed: The Huskers might find themselves badly outthusted by some teams with less impressive credentials. Still, coach Tom Osborne has done a masterful job of

rebuilding his team to its former excellence, and for that feat we've named him our Coach of the Year.

Kansas surprised everyone last year by winning seven games, including a convincing win over national champion Oklahoma. Prospects are bright for this fall, because graduation losses were minimal. Coach Bud Moore insists that Nolan Cromwell is the best wishbone quarterback in the land, and Laverne Smith should become the leading runner in Kansas history. Smith will have strong support in fullbacks Norris Banks and Dennis Wright, plus flashy jaycee-transfer halfback Wardell Johnson. Tackle Mike Butler (who could well be the first player to be taken in the next pro draft) anchors the best Jayhawk defensive line in many years. The squad's only major weaknesses seem to be the defensive secondary and the kicking game.

After winning the national championship two years in a row and losing a storehouse of talent to the N.F.L. draft, Oklahoma would seem destined for an off year. But a building season in Norman is like Fat City most other places. Before November, the Sooners could be as strong as ever. The offensive line, led by PLAYBOY All-America lineman Mike Vaughan, will be much improved and the running game, despite the loss of Joe Washington, will be as lethal as ever.

Many Colorado followers, considering their team's losses (11 graduates were taken in the first ten rounds of the pro draft), fear this will be an off year for the Buffs. But the replacements look as good as their departed elders. Jeff Austin, the heir apparent to the quarterback job, will operate behind another huge offensive line. Austin's prime targets will be PLAYBOY All-America tight end Don Hasselbeck and little Steve Gaunty, a star of the future. Another comer is soph defensive end Stuart Walker, who joins a defensive unit that could be the best in ten years. Coach Bill Mallory got another crop of recruits this past winter (Colorado's broad vistas and relaxed youth culture apparently have a strong appeal for big high school seniors), so expect the Buffs to be a top-20 team for years to come.

For many years, Oklahoma State has fielded a team that would be tops in most conferences but usually has had to settle for fourth or fifth place in the Big Eight. If the Cowboys ever break into the elite of the fatlands, this will have to be the year. Nearly everyone returns from last fall's 7-4 squad. The defense, featuring PLAYBOY All-America lineman Phillip Dokes, was strengthened in spring practice, and an improved passing game will complement a running attack that is already awesome.

Except for an inspired performance in the opening-game win over Alabama, the Missouri defensive crew played sporadically in '75, letting the burden fall

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on an offense that consisted mostly of Steve Pisarkiewicz' throwing arm. The defenders were restructured during spring drills and at least three excellent receivers (Lamont Downer, Leo Lewis and Joe Stewart) were trained to catch Zark's cannon shots. Another major plus is the return, intact, of the offensive line. Nevertheless, road games against Southern Cal, Ohio State, Nebraska and Oklahoma will make a winning season a difficult attainment.

Iowa State will be improved but not good enough to survive a Big Eight schedule that would overwhelm better teams. The Cyclones have more break-away speed than in recent seasons, but the offensive line is green and thin. New quarterback Wayne Stanley is a classy thrower, so the attack will be more pass oriented. The presence of middle guard Mike Stensrud, a 280-pound sophomore, will make the defensive line the squad's strongest area. Older brother Maynard will help beef up the linebacking crew.

With 16 starters returning, Kansas State will be stronger, but so will the opposition. The Wildcats will be heavily dependent on incoming freshmen and transfers to do the running and the blocking. The defenders, led by linebackers Gary Spani and Carl Pennington, will again be the squad's major strength.

Both Texas A&M and Texas, to put it as succinctly as possible, are loaded. The vagaries of fate and infirmity admissions will probably determine which team makes it to the Cotton Bowl. A&M's graduation losses were heavy, but the replacements look just as good. Incoming freshman halfback Curtis Dickey is a future star and may become a household name his first year. He'll be teamed with 240-pound fullback George Woodard, a sensation as a rookie last year. Two experienced starting quarterbacks (David Shipman and David Walker) return, but they'll probably lose out to talented soph Keith Baker. The defense, led by two PLAYBOY All-Americans, defensive back Lester Hayes and linebacker Robert Jackson, may not be as impregnable as a year ago, but with all that offensive punch, it won't have to be.

The Texas defense, on the other hand, will be awesome. Only one starter graduated and the returning ten seem bigger and tougher than they were a year ago. The offensive platoon lost only three starters, but one of them was superquarterback Marty Akins. Two sophs, Ted Constanzo and Mike Cordaro, will compete for the job, with Constanzo the likely winner. Neither will have to throw the ball much, because fullback Earl Campbell and halfback Johnny Jones will give the Longhorns a powerful ground attack.

Only four starters return from the Arkansas offense that came on like Gang Busters at the end of the '75 season.

Three of the returnees are the heart of a superb interior line and the other is Jerry Eckwood, who, now that his injuries are healed, could be one of the best runners anywhere. So the Razorback ground game should be top grade; but, unfortunately, the passers and receivers are new and unpromising. Soph Ron Calcagni is the heir apparent at quarterback, but he could be bumped by either of two high school hot shots. Most of the opportunistic defense returns, however, and the toughies on the schedule come late in the fall. If it all comes together soon enough, this could be another fearsome pack of Hogs. But the odds are against it. The Oklahoma State game September 18 will be the key to the rest of the season.

The main objective of the Baylor team is to curb its compulsive generosity. Last year, the Bear offense fumbled 65 times (losing 38 of them) and suffered 12 interceptions. The team looked great in spring practice; tailback Cleve Franklin apparently found a new brand of finger glue to correct his fumbling and ran like a demon. Quarterback Mark Jackson is also better this year and the offensive line is the best in school history. Depth is a problem on defense, but the secondary, led by PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Gary Green, is the best in the Southwest. Baylor, in short, is the dark horse of the Southwest Conference.

With eight offensive starters returning, including the entire backfield, the Texas Tech team will look much the same as last year's edition. The gains of this added maturity will be nullified, though, unless a depleted secondary can be rebuilt and some backup defensive linemen found during pre-season drills.

A combination of injuries and squad lethargy produced a disastrous '75 season for the Houston team. This year, the Cougars, joining the Southwest Conference, intend to make a good showing. With a little luck, they will. The defense, last year's major weakness, will be much stronger if all the injuries are healed. With 35 of the top 44 players returning, Houston will be the most experienced team in the S.W.C. Making their Conference debut, the Cougars'll likely have the mental edge in most games, so look for them to pull off some upsets.

Texas Christian will be much improved, but after posting a 2-20 record the past two years, it has a long way to go. The Frogs' major liability recently has been inexperience, but that will be much less of a problem this time. Jimmy Dan Elzner is a howitzer-armed passer and receiver Mike Renfro will be the nation's best before he graduates. The air attack, therefore, should be impressive, but the Frogs are still woefully short of quality running backs. Two diminutive jaycee transfers (Tony Accomando and Audi Woods) will help. Look for incoming freshman defensive tackle

Wesley Roberts to wreak havoc his first year.

With the arrival of new coach Ron Meyer, there is a salubrious change in the attitude and atmosphere at SMU. Last year, the players suffered from a sense of oppression; they feared the coaches, the media, even the other students. There was much bad press—deservedly so—and bitter campus hostility. Meyer, fortunately, is the antithesis of Lombardi; he thinks football should also be fun. He's open and outgoing with the press, players and students. Although the squad is seriously lean in talent, the new desire and spirit shown in spring practice will probably produce better results than last year. Much depends on whether quarterback Ricky Wesson, a one-man offense, can stay healthy. Also, two incoming freshman receivers, Tom Ferguson and Emanuel Tolbert, must live up to their advance notices. The offensive line, last year's major strength, is this season's most serious weakness.

Homer Rice, fittingly, is the new coach at Rice. He succeeds Al Conover, who worked hard and well for four years but didn't win enough games to suit a few impatient and very rich alumni. Rice is one of the smallest schools in the country to field a major football team, yet the schedule is always tougher than those of most mammoth state universities. Coach Rice inherits stellar quarterback Tommy Kramer, whose performance will be a key to this season's fortunes. Also on hand is tight end Kenneth Roy, tabbed by pro scouts as one of the best anywhere.

Tulsa will field a young team (only three offensive starters return), but it will have much potential. Soph runner Rickey Watts, who averaged an incredible 11.2 yards per carry last year, will be the biggest threat. The key to the Hurricanes' season will be how well a veteran defense holds the fort while the young attack unit, headed by quarterback Ronnie Hickerson, develops.

The wishbone offense turned out to be a bag of bones for New Mexico State last season, so coach Jim Bradley has switched to the slot-I formation. He has three good quarterbacks, best of whom is Rick Horacek, to make it work.

Wichita State retains 18 starters and loses three Big Eight opponents from last year's schedule. Any way you figure it, that adds up to a much better year for the Shockers.

Drake will switch to a pro offense this fall in order to better utilize gifted quarterback Jeff Martin.

Fan pressure may force West Texas State coach Gene Mayfield to abandon his very successful wishbone attack. The ticket buyers want more passing. Quarterback Tully Blanchard has the arm power, but the only proven receiver is Scott Wiley. A good crop of huge freshmen could make the Buffaloes hard to handle by season's end.

At Louisville, coach Vince Gibson is still in the early stages of a major rebuilding program. Twenty starters return from a miserable 1-10 season and 100 players showed up for spring practice. Gibson should find a few nuggets in such a crowd.

The Air Force Academy seems to have fallen on hard times. A dismal 2-8-1 season will now be followed by a rebuilding year. A new quarterback must be found, the kicking game rebuilt and the offensive line reconstructed. Fortunately, the defensive unit will be much stronger.

After appraising his squad in spring practice, new Utah State coach Bruce Snyder said, "There's no way we will drive 80 yards for a score this year. If we win, the defense will have to do it." 'Nuff said.

North Texas State, on the verge of becoming a team of genuine quality, will score a lot of points if the offensive line holds up. "We may not have the best quarterback in America," says coach Hayden Fry, "but I bet we have the best *three*," referring to Ken Washington, Glen Ray and Ken Smith. There are also some good runners, best of whom are Mack Cumby and newcomer Gary Dirks, and the defense is its usual nasty best. The schedule is a masochist's delight.

Texas at Arlington has the only tri-tagenarian player in college football. After a career in the Army, 30-year-old Thomas Wilson decided he'd like to do something more exciting than jump out of airplanes, so he'll be a starting split end this season.

Lamar, rebuilding from last year's sad showing, is still short of good runners.

Rarely has a new coach inherited such a storehouse of talent as John Robinson found waiting for him at Southern California. The Trojans seem to have an All-America contender at every position. The offense will be better balanced, because Robinson pepped up the passing attack in spring drills. Three quality quarterbacks, Vince Evans, Rob Hertel and jaycee transfer Walt Ransom, will throw often to a pair of spectacular receivers, Randy Simmrin and Shelton Diggs. Add a running attack led by PLAYBOY All-America Ricky Bell, plus two excellent blocking fullbacks (Dave Farmer and Mosi Tatupu), and you have the ingredients of a 50-points-per-game offense. The Trojan defensive platoon has astonishing speed, with tackles and linebackers faster than some teams' halfbacks. All together, Southern Cal would seem to have an inside track to both the Pac-8 and national championships. Except for one potentially threatening factor: The chemistry of coaching changes is unfathomable. Robinson and his staff must fit all the pieces together just right their first year.

If Southern California falters, California will be ready. The Bears led the

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nation in total offense last year and could easily do so again. PLAYBOY All-America quarterback Joe Roth has so many flashy receivers he can't remember all their names, and seven top-grade runners are vying for Chuck Muncie's job. Last year's major weakness, an inexperienced defense, has turned into a major

passers, Mike Cordova and Guy Benjamin, are available, with the game situation determining who plays. They'll throw to receiver Tony Hill. The defense against the run, last year's only weakness, is improved with the leadership of scholar-athlete Duncan McColl, one of the nation's better defensive linemen. With no apparent weaknesses, the Cardinals (the Indians) fill the dark-horse role on the West Coast.

Oregon has had only one winning season in the past 11 years, but the long rebuilding program seems to be paying off. This year, the Ducks, disillusioned with the veer attack (they fumbled 48 times last season, mostly near their own goal line), will field a pro-style offense featuring the passing of quarterback Jack Henderson. Needing someone to share the running chores with George Bennett (last year's one-man running attack), coach Don Read recruited three jaycee transfer sizzlers, Greg Gilchrist, Jim Johnson and Gary Nair. Together, they'll give the Ducks more outside speed than they've had in a decade. Another group of transfers will shore up a defensive line gutted by graduation. If all those newcomers adapt quickly, the Ducks will be a factor in the Rose Bowl race.

Washington was the Cinderella team of the West Coast in coach Don James's first season, knocking off both Southern Cal and UCLA, and losing to both California and Stanford by only three points. That would seem to make the Huskies a dark-horse contender for the Rose Bowl trip this year. However, there are a couple of clinkers in the otherwise bright picture: (1) They no longer can sneak up on unsuspecting opponents and (2) graduation claimed the entire two-deep line-up in one of the nation's best defensive backfields, making it the squad's weakest area this time.

New Washington State coach Jackie Sherrill drastically shuffled his squad in spring practice in an effort to strengthen both lines. Some help will come from freshmen, but the beef will still be young and lean. Four good quarterbacks are on hand, best of whom is John Hopkins. The Cougars will be heavily dependent on PLAYBOY All-America punter Gavin Hedrick to keep the enemy at bay while the new offense, mainly a passing one, refines its act.

Oregon State is just beginning to rebuild and it will likely take several years to do the job. The Beavers just plain ran out of quality players last year and new coach Craig Fertig is trying to do stop-gap patchwork with a hastily recruited group of transfers. The most critical area is the offensive line. Fertig also must find a quarterback. Two jaycee transfers, Dave White and John Norman, looked good in spring drills. If Fertig can fit all those new bodies into a cohesive team, Oregon State could be much improved. Considering last year's showing (1-10),

the Beavers have no way to go but up. Arizona State won all 11 games last year and defeated Nebraska in the Fiesta Bowl. From that squad only eight seniors graduated, which should give you an idea of how strong the Sun Devils will be this year. The offense, with Dennis Sproul at quarterback, fast Freddie Williams at fullback and John Jefferson at wide receiver, will be devastating. The ranks are so deep in first-rate talent that any of the starters could be replaced with little negative effect. It isn't a heavy team, because coach Frank Kush recruits primarily for quickness; the Sun Devils usually run around and away from opponents instead of over them. If they get past their first two games (with UCLA and California) unscathed, the Devils have a good shot at the national championship.

The Arizona team, nearly wiped out by graduation, will feature a lot of new starters, most promising of whom will be quarterback Marc Lunsford. With a grueling early-season schedule and a young team, it looks like a tough year in Tucson.

The Brigham Young team has had a disturbing proclivity for slow starts in recent seasons, largely because of vacancies left at skilled offensive positions by players leaving for church missions. This year, though, the attack unit is well stacked and coach Lavell Edwards hopes to avoid a sluggish start. Other progress is evident in the citadel of Mormon learning: The Cougars have their first black halfback, Clay Blackwell, who will furnish some badly needed outside speed. If a green but promising defensive unit jells early, this could be a banner year in Provo.

The Wyoming team, having spent all of last season adjusting to coach Fred Akers' triple-option wishbone attack, should get off to a much faster start this fall. Much depends on whether or not injury-prone soph quarterback Don Clayton can stay healthy. Two new running backs, Bobby Calhoun and Chico Johnson, will help make up for the loss of Lawrence Gaines.

Texas at El Paso will probably be the most improved team in the country—which, in view of the recent past, isn't saying a whole lot. Last year's predominantly freshman-sophomore team will be bigger and smarter, but it will still be very young. Coach Gil Bartosh was lucky with his recruits, best of whom is defensive tackle Keith Black. Give the Miners another year and they'll raise all kinds of hell in the Southwest.

Colorado State, heavily dependent on the pass in recent years, will have a more balanced attack in order to utilize a good group of runners, led by Ron Harris. Mike Deutsch, a converted runner, is the probable quarterback.

New Mexico's football fortunes, seemingly on the rise, will be stalled briefly

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Southern		Oregon	6-5
California	10-1	Washington	3-8
California	8-3	Washington	
UCLA	7-4	State	3-8
Stanford	6-5	Oregon State	3-9

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Arizona State	10-1	Texas at	
Arizona	6-5	El Paso	5-6
Brigham Young	6-5	Colorado State	4-7
Wyoming	6-5	New Mexico	4-7
		Utah	3-8

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

San Jose St.	8-3	Fresno State	3-8
Long Beach St.	9-2	Fullerton St.	3-8
Pacific	5-6		

INDEPENDENTS

San Diego St.	7-4	Hawaii	6-5
Idaho	6-5		

TOP PLAYERS: Powell, Bell, Jeter, Farmer, Diggs, Hickman, Strozier (Southern California); Roth, Albrecht, Walker, Heck, Freitas (California); Tyler, Tuiasosopo, Edwards, Burks (UCLA); T. Hill, McColl, Karakozoff (Stanford); J. Henderson, Duman, Quillan (Oregon); C. Jackson, Earl (Washington); Hedrick, Kelly (Washington State); Boyd, Overton (Oregon State); Jefferson, F. Williams, Chambers, Scroggins (Arizona State); Pistor, Erby (Arizona); Blanc, Reynolds (Brigham Young); Nunu, K. McClain, L. Jones (Wyoming); Bradford, K. Black (Texas at El Paso); King, Harris (Colorado State); Cole, Dennard (New Mexico); Degnan, Graham (Utah); Faumuina, Kane, Maddocks (San Jose State); Bailey, Fiatoa (Long Beach State); Gibson, Picchi (Pacific); Hill (Fresno State); Ball (Fullerton State); Dixon, Turner, Hinton (San Diego State); Yarno, Pellegrini (Idaho); Kaloi, Birdsong, Tipoti (Hawaii).

asset for this season, because 16 of the top 22 players return and are joined by four superstud jaycee transfers. California has no apparent talent or depth problems at any position. One problem the Bears *do* have, though, is the schedule: The first three games are against Georgia, Oklahoma and Arizona State.

New UCLA coach Terry Donahue must find a quarterback to run his veer-T attack. Jeff Dankworth and Steve Bukich are the top candidates and both are good runners and elusive scramblers. A depleted offensive line may inhibit the running game, however, despite the welcome presence of halfback Wendell Tyler. Sophomore defensive lineman Manu Tuiasosopo should be a consensus All-America before he graduates.

Stanford's strong point again will be the passing game. Two gold-plated

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this fall while coach Bill Mondt searches among four promising sophomores for a quarterback. The Lobos have the best stable of runners in the Conference and a mean defensive unit built around defensive end Robin Cole. "There's gonna be a lot of blood on the field this year," says Cole.

Utah's hope for a revival of sagging fortunes is based on the return of skilled passer Pat Degnan and a good group of receivers, best of whom could be jaycee transfer Jack Steptoc.

San Jose State seemed headed for another banner year, then coach Darryl Rogers defected to Michigan State in the middle of spring practice. New coach Lynn Stiles took over a thoroughly pissed-off squad that would like nothing better than to show Rogers he should have stayed in San Jose. Stiles will have no problem fielding a respectable defense, but he must find a quarterback and install a viable offense during fall drills.

Long Beach State will be a different sort of club this season, relying more on its dependable defense and trying to keep the offense free of mistakes. Quarterback Joe Paopao and fullback Mark Bailey will be the '49ers' main weapons.

Graduation wiped out both of Pacific's lines and took the top two quarterbacks. Coach Chester Caddas scoured the nearby junior colleges for reinforcements, but their worth won't be determined until they see game action.

Fresno State is rebuilding under new coach Jim Sweeney. Don't look for much improvement until Sweeney gets his recruiting program in high gear.

After suffering a 2-9 record last year,

Fullerton State coach Jim Colletto brought in so many recruits from junior colleges (39) that fans won't recognize the club that takes the field this year. The Titans will at least have better depth and more skilled players.

San Diego State had an off year in '75, winning only eight games, because the running attack was limp. That problem is now solved with the arrival of jaycee transfer David Turner, a flamboyant runner who broke all of O. J. Simpson's junior college records. The quarterback job will go to either Pete Tereschuk or another jaycee transfer, Joe Davis.

Idaho inaugurates its impressive new enclosed stadium with a squad that has the best chance in anyone's memory for a victorious season. There's a virtual traffic jam of top-grade freshmen and transfers, three excellent quarterbacks and an improved running attack (it was good last year) led by soph Tim Lappano.

As always, we end with an appraisal of the Hawaii team, an outfit of enduring multiracial charm: The Rainbows will have a tough time negotiating the usual joyously suicidal schedule. Adrian Kahoohanohano has graduated, unfortunately, but tailback Norris Birdsong and passer Alex Kaloi will provide offensive muscle. Best of all, we are in receipt of a University of Hawaii press release announcing that defensive lineman Randy Rodriguez will be joined by a future superstar recruit, 270-pound Nofu Tipoti. Of pure Samoan ancestry, young Tipoti won lineman-of-the-year honors in Pago Pago his last year in high school. Move over, Mean Joe Green.



SLAPSTICK

(continued from page 122)

young. And all the information we received about the planet we were on indicated that idiots were lovely things to be.

So we cultivated idiocy.

We refused to speak coherently in public. "Buh," and "Duh," we said. We drooled and rolled our eyes. We farted and laughed. We ate library paste.

Hi ho.

Consider: We were at the center of the lives of those who cared for us. They could be heroically Christian in their own eyes only if Eliza and I remained helpless and vile. If we became openly wise and self-reliant, they would become our drab and inferior assistants. If we became capable of going out into the world, they might lose their apartments, their color television, their illusions of being sorts of doctors and nurses and their high-paying jobs.

So, from the very first, and without quite knowing what they were doing, I am sure, they begged us a thousand times a day to go on being helpless and vile.

There was only one small advancement they wished us to make up the ladder of human achievements. They hoped with all their hearts that we would become toilet trained.

Again: We were glad to comply.

But we could secretly read and write English by the time we were four. We could read and write French, German, Italian, Latin and ancient Greek by the time we were seven, and do calculus, too.

There were thousands of books in the mansion. By the time we were ten, we had read them all by candlelight, at nap-time or after bedtime—in secret passageways or often in the mausoleum of Elihu Roosevelt Swain.

But we continued to drool and babble, and so on, whenever grownups were around. It was fun.

We did not itch to display our intelligence in public. We did not think of intelligence as being useful or attractive in any way. We thought of it as being simply one more example of our freakishness, like our extra nipples and fingers and toes.

And we may have been right at that. You know?

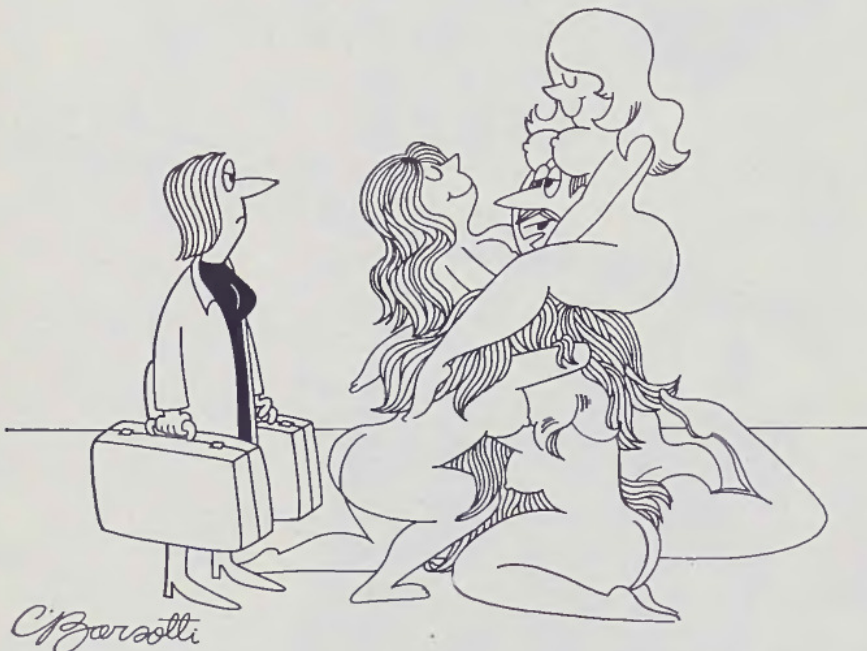
Hi ho.

CHAPTER 5

And, meanwhile, the strange young Dr. Stewart Rawlings Mott weighed us and measured us, and peered into our orifices, and took samples of our urine—day after day after day.

"How is everybody today?" he would say.

We would tell him "Buh" and "Duh,"



"Well, you gave me the damn aftershave lotion."

and so on. We called him Flocka Butt.

And we ourselves did all we could to make each day exactly like the one before. Whenever Flocka Butt congratulated us on our healthy appetites and regular bowel movements, for example, I would invariably stick my thumbs in my ears and waggle my fingers and Eliza would hoist her skirt and snap the elastic at the waist of her panty hose.

I teeter even now between thinking that Dr. Mott loved Eliza and me, and knew how smart we were and wished to protect us from the cruelties of the outside world, and thinking that he was comatose.

After Mother died, I discovered that the linen chest at the foot of her bed was crammed with packets of Dr. Mott's biweekly reports on the health of Eliza and me. He told of the ever greater quantities of food being consumed and then excreted. He spoke, too, of our unflagging cheerfulness and our natural resistance to common diseases of childhood.

The sorts of things he reported, in fact, were the sorts of things a carpenter's helper would have had no trouble detecting—such as that, at the age of nine, Eliza and I were over two meters tall.

No matter how large Eliza and I became, though, one figure remained con-

stant in his reports: Our mental age was between two and three.

Hi ho.

Eliza and I must have given him thousands of clues as to our intelligence. We weren't the cleverest of deceivers. We were only children, after all.

It seems probable to me that when we babbled in his presence, we used words from some foreign language that he could recognize. He may have gone into the library of the mansion, which was of no interest to the servants, and found the books somehow disturbed.

He may have discovered the secret passageways himself, through some accident. He used to wander around the house a great deal after he was through with us, I know, explaining to the servants that his father was an architect. He may actually have gone into the secret passageways and found books we were reading in there and seen that the floors were spattered with candle wax.

Who knows?

CHAPTER 6

Perhaps some people really are born unhappy. I surely hope not.

Speaking for my sister and myself: We were born with the capacity and the determination to be utterly happy all the time.

Perhaps even in this we were freaks. Hi ho.

What is happiness?

In Eliza and my case, happiness was being perpetually in each other's company, having plenty of servants and good food, living in a peaceful, book-filled mansion on an asteroid covered with apple trees and growing up as specialized halves of a single brain.

Although we pawed and embraced each other a great deal, our intentions were purely intellectual. True—Eliza matured sexually at the age of seven. I, however, would not enter puberty until my last year in Harvard Medical School, at the age of 23. Eliza and I used bodily contact only in order to increase the intimacy of our brains.

Thus did we give birth to a single genius, which died as quickly as we were parted, which was reborn the moment we got together again.

We became almost cripplingly specialized as halves of that genius, which was the most important individual in our lives but which we never named.

When we learned to read and write, for example, it was I who actually did the reading and writing. Eliza remained illiterate until the day she died.

But it was Eliza who did the great

Jock itch? Chafing? Rash?

Cruex.

Aerosol Spray or Squeeze Powder





"Ouch! ... Don't do that. ... Not now ... the children'll hear. ... My back hurts. ... No, I can't! ..."

intuitive leaping for us both. It was Eliza who guessed that it would be in our best interests to remain speechless but to become toilet trained. It was Eliza who guessed what books were and what the little marks on the pages might mean.

It was Eliza who sensed that there was something cockeyed about the dimensions of some of the mansion's rooms and corridors. And it was I who did the methodical work of taking actual measurements and then probing the paneling and parquetry with screwdrivers and kitchen knives, seeking doors to an alternate universe, which we found.

Hi ho.

Yes, I did all the reading. And it seems to me now that there is not a single book published in an Indo-European language before the First World War that I have not read aloud.

But it was Eliza who did the memorizing and who told me what we had to learn next. And it was Eliza who could put seemingly unrelated ideas together in order to get a new one. It was Eliza who *juxtaposed*.

Much of our information was hopelessly out of date, of course, since few new books had been brought into the mansion since 1912. Much of it, too, was timeless. And much of it was downright silly, such as the dances we learned to do.

If I wished, I could do a very presentable and historically accurate version of the tarantella, here in the ruins of New York.

Were Eliza and I really a genius when we thought as one?

I have to say yes, especially in view of the fact that we had no instructors. And I am not boasting when I say so, for I am only half of that fine mind.

We criticized Darwin's theory of evolution, I remember, on the grounds the creatures would become terribly vulnerable while attempting to improve themselves, while developing wings or armor plate, say. They would be eaten up by more practical animals, before their wonderful new features could be refined.

We made at least one prediction that was so deadly accurate that thinking about it even now leaves me thunderstruck.

Listen: We began with the mystery of how ancient peoples had erected the pyramids of Egypt and Mexico, and the great heads of Easter Island, and the barbaric arches of Stonehenge, without modern power sources and tools.

We concluded there must have been days of light gravity in olden times, when people could play tiddlywinks with huge chunks of stone.

We supposed that it might even be abnormal on earth for gravity to be stable for long periods of time. We predicted

that at any moment gravity might again become as capricious as winds and heat and cold, as blizzards and rainstorms.

Yes, and Eliza and I composed a precocious critique of the Constitution of the United States of America, too. We argued that it was as good a scheme for misery as any, since its success in keeping the common people reasonably happy and proud depended on the strength of the people themselves—and yet it described no practical machinery that would tend to make the people, as opposed to their elected representatives, strong.

We said it was possible that the framers of the Constitution were blind to the beauty of persons who were without great wealth or powerful friends or public office but who were nonetheless genuinely strong.

We thought it was more likely, though, that the framers had not noticed that it was natural, and therefore almost inevitable, that human beings in extraordinary and enduring situations should think of themselves as composing new families. Eliza and I pointed out that this happened no less in democracies than in tyrannies, since human beings were the same the wide world over, and civilized only yesterday.

Elected representatives, hence, could be expected to become members of the famous and powerful family of elected representatives—which would, perfectly naturally, make them wary and squeamish and stingy with respect to all the other sorts of families that, again perfectly naturally, subdivided mankind.

Eliza and I, thinking as halves of a single genius, proposed that the Constitution be amended so as to guarantee that every citizen, no matter how humble or crazy or incompetent or deformed, somehow be given membership in some family as covertly xenophobic and crafty as the one their public servants formed.

Good for Eliza and me!

Hi ho.

CHAPTER 7

How nice it would have been, especially for Eliza, since she was a girl, if we had been ugly ducklings—if we had become beautiful by and by. But we simply grew more preposterous with each passing day.

There were a few advantages to being a male two and one quarter meters tall. I was respected as a basketball player at prep school and college, even though I had very narrow shoulders and a voice like a piccolo, and not the first hints of a beard or pubic hair. Yes, and later on, after my voice had deepened and I ran as a candidate for Senator from Vermont, I was able to say on my billboards, **IT TAKES A BIG MAN TO DO A BIG JOB!**

But Eliza, who was exactly as tall as I

was, could not expect to be welcomed anywhere. There was no conceivable conventional role for a female that could be bent so as to accommodate a 12-fingered, 12-toed, four-nippled, Neanderthaloid half-genius—weighing one quintal and two and one quarter meters tall.

There was a time in our childhood when we actually agreed that we were *lucky* not to be beautiful. We knew from all the romantic novels I'd read out loud in my squeaky voice, often with gestures, that beautiful people had their privacy destroyed by passionate strangers.

We didn't want that to happen to us, since the two of us alone composed not only a single mind but a thoroughly populated universe.

This much I must say about our appearance, at least: Our clothing was the finest that money could buy. Our astonishing dimensions, which changed radically almost from month to month, were mailed off regularly, in accordance with our parents' instructions, to some of the finest tailors and cobblers and dressmakers and shirtmakers and haberdashers in the world.

The practical nurses who dressed and undressed us took a childish delight, even though we never went anywhere, in costuming us for imaginary social events for millionaires—for tea dances, for horse shows, for skiing vacations, for attending classes at expensive prep schools, for an evening of theater here in Manhattan and a supper afterward with lots of champagne.

And so on.

Hi ho.

CHAPTER 8

Until the eve of our 15th birthday, Eliza and I never heard anything bad about ourselves when we eavesdropped from the secret passageways.

The servants were so used to us that they hardly ever mentioned us, even in moments of deepest privacy. Dr. Mott seldom commented on anything but our appetites and our excretions. And our parents were so sickened by us that they were tongue-tied when they made their annual space voyage to our asteroid. Father, I remember, would talk to Mother rather haltingly and listlessly about world events he had read about in news-magazines.

They would bring us toys from F. A. O. Schwarz—guaranteed by that emporium to be educational for three-year-olds.

Hi ho.

Yes, and I think now about all the secrets about the human condition I withhold from young Melody and Isadore, for their own peace of mind—the fact that the human afterlife is no good, and so on.

And then I am awed yet again by the

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about yourself,
try
something else.



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Brut® lotion by Fabergé.



perfect lulu of a secret that was concealed from Eliza and me for so long; that our own parents wished we would hurry up and die.

We imagined lazily that our 15th birthday would be like all the rest. We put on the show we had always put on. Our parents arrived at our suppertime, which was four in the afternoon. We would get our presents the next day.

We threw food at each other in our tile-lined dining room. I hit Eliza with an avocado. She hit me with a *filet mignon*. We bounced Parker House rolls off the maid. We pretended not to know that our parents had arrived and were watching us through a crack in the door.

Yes, and then, still not having greeted our parents face to face, we were bathed and talcumed, and dressed in our pajamas and bathrobes and bedroom slippers. Bedtime was at five, for Eliza and I pretended to sleep 16 hours a day.

Our practical nurses, who were Oveta Cooper and Mary Selwyn Kirk, told us that there was a wonderful surprise waiting for us in the library.

We pretended to be gaga about what that surprise could possibly be.

We were full-grown giants by then.

I carried a rubber tugboat, which was supposedly my favorite toy. Eliza had a red-velvet ribbon in the mare's-nest of her coal-black hair.

As always, there was a large coffee table between Eliza and me and our parents when we were brought in. As always, our parents had brandy to sip. As always, there was a fizzing, popping blaze of pine and sappy apple logs in the fireplace. As always, an oil painting of Professor Elihu Roosevelt Swain over the mantelpiece beamed down on the ritual scene.

As always, our parents stood. They smiled up at us with what we still did not recognize as bittersweet dread.

As always, we pretended to find them adorable but not to remember who they were at first.

As always, Father did the talking.

"How do you do, Eliza and Wilbur?" he said. "You are looking very well. We are very glad to see you. Do you remember who we are?"

Eliza and I consulted with each other uneasily, drooling and murmuring in ancient Greek. Eliza said to me in Greek, I remember, that she could not believe that we were related to such pretty dolls.

Father helped us out. He told us the name we had given him years ago. "I am Bluth-luh," he said.

Eliza and I pretended to be flabbergasted. "Bluth-luh!" we told each other. We could not believe our good fortune. "Bluth-luh! Bluth-luh!" we cried.

"And this," said Father, indicating Mother, "is Mub-lub."

This was even more sensational news to Eliza and me. "Mub-lub! Mub-lub!" we exclaimed.

And now Eliza and I made a great intellectual leap, as always. Without any hints from anybody, we concluded that if our parents were in the house, then our birthday must be close at hand. We chanted our idiot word for birthday, which was "Fuff-bay."

As always, we pretended to become overexcited. We jumped up and down. We were so big by then that the floor began to go up and down like a trampoline.

But we suddenly stopped, pretending, as always, to have been rendered cataleptic by more happiness than was good for us.

That was always the end of the show. After that, we were led away.

Hi ho.

CHAPTER 9

We were put into custom-made cribs—in separate but adjacent bedrooms. The rooms were connected by a secret panel in the wall. The cribs were as big as railroad flatcars. They made a terrible clatter when their sides were raised.

Eliza and I pretended to fall asleep at once. After half an hour, however, we were reunited in Eliza's room. The servants never looked in on us. Our health was perfect, after all, and we had established a reputation for being, as they said, "as good as gold at bedtime."

Yes, and we went through a trap door under Eliza's crib and were soon taking turns watching our parents in the library—through a tiny hole we ourselves had drilled through the wall and through the upper corner of the frame around the painting of Professor Elihu Roosevelt Swain.

Father was telling Mother of a thing he had read in a newsmagazine the day before. It seemed that scientists in the People's Republic of China were experimenting with making human beings smaller, so they would not need to eat so much and wear such big clothes.

Mother was staring into the fire. Father had to tell her twice about the Chinese rumor. The second time he did it, she replied emptily that she supposed that the Chinese could accomplish just about anything they put their minds to.

Only about a month before, the Chinese had sent 200 explorers to Mars—without using a space vehicle.

No scientist in the Western world could guess how the trick was done. The Chinese themselves volunteered no details.

Mother said that it seemed like such a long time since Americans had discovered anything. "All of a sudden," she

said, "everything is being discovered by the Chinese."

"We used to discover everything," she said.

It was such a *stupefied* conversation. The level of animation was so low that our beautiful young parents from Manhattan might have been up to their necks in honey. They appeared, as they had always appeared to Eliza and me, to be under some curse that required them to speak only of matters that did not interest them at all.

And, indeed, they *were* under a malediction. But Eliza and I had not guessed its nature: that they were all but strangled and paralyzed by the wish that their own children would die.

And I promise this about our parents, although the only proof I have is a feeling in my bones: Neither one had ever suggested in any way to the other that he or she wished we would die.

Hi ho.

But then there was a *bang* in the fireplace. Steam had to escape from a trap in a sappy log.

Yes, and Mother, because she was a symphony of chemical reactions, like all other living things, gave a terrified shriek. Her chemicals insisted that she shriek in response to the *bang*.

After the chemicals got her to do that, though, they wanted a lot more from her. They thought it was high time she said what she really felt about Eliza and me, which she did. All sorts of other things went haywire when she said it. Her hands closed convulsively. Her spine buckled and her face shriveled to turn her into an old, old witch.

"I hate them, I hate them, I hate them," she said.

And not many seconds passed before Mother said with spitting explicitness who it was she hated.

"I hate Wilbur Rockefeller Swain and Eliza Mellon Swain," she said.

CHAPTER 10

Mother was temporarily insane that night.

I got to know her well in later years. And, while I never learned to love her, or to love anyone, for that matter, I did admire her unwavering decency toward one and all. She was not a mistress of insults. When she spoke either in public or in private, no reputations died.

So it was not truly our mother who said on the eve of our 15th birthday, "How can I love Count Dracula and his blushing bride?"—meaning Eliza and me.

It was not truly our mother who asked our father, "How on earth did I ever give

birth to a pair of drooling totem poles?" And so on.

As for Father: He engulfed her in his arms. He was weeping with love and pity.

"Caleb, oh, Caleb," she said in his arms, "this isn't me."

"Of course not," he said.

"Forgive me," she said.

"Of course," he said.

"Will God ever forgive me?" she said.

"He already has," he said.

"It was as though a devil all of a sudden got inside of me," she said.

"That's what it was, Tish," he said.

Her madness was subsiding now. "Oh, Caleb," she said.

Lest I seem to be fishing for sympathy, let me say right now that Eliza and I in those days were about as emotionally vulnerable as the Great Stone Face in New Hampshire.

We needed a mother's and father's love about as much as a fish needs a bicycle, as the saying goes.

So when our mother spoke badly of us, even wished we would die, our response was intellectual. We enjoyed solving problems. Perhaps Mother's problem was one we could solve—short of suicide, of course.

She pulled herself together eventually. She steeled herself for another hundred birthdays with Eliza and me, in case God wished to test her in that way. But before she did that, she said this:

"I would give anything, Caleb, for the faintest sign of intelligence, the merest flicker of humanness in the eyes of either twin."

This was easily arranged.

Hi ho.

So Eliza and I went back to Eliza's room and we painted a big sign on a bed sheet. Then, after our parents were sound asleep, we stole into their room through the false back in an armoire. We hung the sign on the wall, so it would be the first thing they saw when they woke up.

This is what it said:

DEAR MATER AND PATER: WE CAN NEVER BE PRETTY, BUT WE CAN BE AS SMART OR AS DUMB AS THE WORLD REALLY WANTS US TO BE.

YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANTS,
ELIZA MELLON SWAIN
WILBUR ROCKEFELLER SWAIN

Hi ho.

CHAPTER 11

Thus did Eliza and I destroy our paradise—our nation of two.

We arose the next morning before our parents did, before the servants could

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great smell
of Brut
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come to dress us. We sensed no danger. We supposed ourselves still to be in paradise as we dressed ourselves.

I chose to wear a conservative blue, pinstriped, three-piece suit, I remember. Eliza chose to wear a cashmere sweater, a tweed skirt and pearls.

We agreed that Eliza should be our spokesman at first, since she had a rich alto voice. My voice did not have the authority to announce calmly but convincingly that, in effect, the world had just turned upside down.

Remember, please, that almost all that anyone had ever heard us say up to then was "Buh" and "Duh," and so on.

Now we encountered Oveta Cooper, one of our practical nurses, in the colonnaded green-marble foyer. She was startled to see us up and dressed.

Before she could comment on this, though, Eliza and I leaned our heads together, put them in actual contact, just above our ears. The single genius we composed thereby then spoke to Oveta in Eliza's voice, which was as lovely as a viola.

This is what that voice said:

"Good morning, Oveta. A new life begins for all of us today. As you can see and hear, Wilbur and I are no longer idiots. A miracle has taken place overnight. Our parents' dreams have come true. We are healed.

"As for you, Oveta: You will keep your apartment and your color television and perhaps even receive a salary increase—as a reward for all you did to make this miracle come to pass. No one on the staff

will experience any change, except for this one: Life here will become even easier and more pleasant than it was before."

Oveta, a bleak Yankee dumpling, was hypnotized—like a rabbit that had met a rattlesnake. But Eliza and I were not a rattlesnake. With our heads together, we were one of the gentlest geniuses the world had ever known.

"We will not be using the tiled dining room anymore," said Eliza's voice. "We have lovely manners, as you shall see. Please have our breakfast served in the solarium and notify us when Mater and Pater are up and around. It would be very nice if, from now on, you would address my brother and me as Master Wilbur and Mistress Eliza.

"You may go now and tell the others about the miracle."

Oveta remained transfixed. I at last had to snap my fingers under her nose to wake her up.

She curtsied. "As you wish, Mistress Eliza," she said. And she went to spread the news.

As we settled ourselves in the solarium, the rest of the staff straggled in humbly—to have a look at the young master and the young mistress we had become.

We greeted them by their full names. We asked them friendly questions that indicated that we had a detailed understanding of their lives. We apologized for having perhaps shocked some of them by changing so quickly.

"We simply did not realize," Eliza

said, "that anybody *wanted* us to be intelligent."

We were by then so in charge of things that I, too, dared to speak of important matters. My high voice wouldn't be silly anymore.

"With your cooperation," I said, "we will make this mansion famous for intelligence as it has been infamous for idiocy in days gone by. Let the fences come down."

"Are there any questions?" said Eliza. There were none.

Somebody called Dr. Mott.

Our mother did not come down to breakfast. She remained in bed, petrified.

Father came down alone. He was wearing his night clothes. He had not shaved. Young as he was, he was palsied and drawn.

Eliza and I were puzzled that he did not look happier. We hailed him not only in English but in several other languages we knew.

It was to one of these foreign salutations that he responded at last. "*Bon jour*," he said.

"Sit thee doon! Sit thee doon!" said Eliza merrily.

The poor man sat.

He was sick with guilt, of course, over having allowed intelligent human beings, his own flesh and blood, to be treated like idiots for so long.

Worse: His conscience and his advisors had told him before that it was all right if he could not love us, since we were incapable of deep feelings and since there was nothing about us, objectively, that anyone in his right mind *could* love. But now it was his *duty* to love us, and he did not think he could do it.

He was horrified to discover what our mother knew she would discover if she came downstairs: that intelligence and sensitivity in monstrous bodies like Eliza's and mine merely made us more repulsive.

This was not Father's fault or Mother's fault. It was not anybody's fault. It was as natural as breathing to all human beings, and to all warm-blooded creatures, for that matter, to wish quick deaths for monsters. This was an instinct.

And now Eliza and I had raised that instinct to intolerable tragedy.

Without knowing what we were doing, Eliza and I were putting the traditional curse of monsters on normal creatures. We were asking for respect.

CHAPTER 12

In the midst of all the excitement, Eliza and I allowed our heads to be separated by several feet—so we were not thinking brilliantly anymore.

We became dumb enough to think that Father was merely sleepy. So we made him drink coffee and we tried to wake



COCHRAN!

"Marge and Herb, it's your baby sitter. She wants to know if you allow the kids to watch 'Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman.'"

him up with some songs and riddles we knew.

I remember I asked him if he knew why cream was so much more expensive than milk.

He mumbled that he didn't know the answer.

So Eliza told him, "It's because the cows hate to squat on the little bottles."

We laughed about that. We rolled on the floor. And then Eliza got up and stood over him, with her hands on her hips, and scolded him affectionately, as though he were a little boy. "Oh, what a sleepyhead!" she said. "Oh, what a sleepyhead!"

At that moment, Dr. Stewart Rawlings Mott arrived.

Although Dr. Mott had been told on the telephone about Eliza and my sudden metamorphosis, the day was like any other day to him, seemingly. He said what he always said when he arrived at the mansion: "How is everybody today?"

I now spoke the first intelligent sentence Dr. Mott had ever heard from me. "Father won't wake up," I said.

"Won't he, now?" he replied. He rewarded the completeness of my sentence with the faintest of smiles.

Dr. Mott was so unbelievably bland, in fact, that he turned away from us to chat with Oveta Cooper. Her mother had apparently been sick down in the hamlet. "Oveta," he said, "you'll be pleased to know that your mother's temperature is almost normal."

Father was angered by this casualness and no doubt glad to find someone with whom he could be openly angry.

"How long has this been going on, doctor?" he wanted to know. "How long have you known about their intelligence?"

Dr. Mott looked at his watch. "Since about forty-two minutes ago," he said.

"You don't seem in the least surprised," said Father.

Dr. Mott appeared to think this over, then he shrugged. "I'm certainly very happy for everybody," he said.

I think it was the fact that Dr. Mott himself did not look at all happy when he said that that caused Eliza and me to put our heads together again. Something very queer was going on that we badly needed to understand.

Our genius did not fail us. It allowed us to understand the truth of the situation—that we were somehow more tragic than ever.

But our genius, like all geniuses, suffered periodic fits of monumental naïveté. It did so now. It told us that all we had to do to make everything all right again was to return to idiocy.

"Buh," said Eliza.

"Duh," I said.

I farted.

Eliza drooled.



"For absolutely no reason whatsoever, I have this urge to cross the road!"

I picked up a buttered scone and threw it at the head of Oveta Cooper.

Eliza turned to Father. "Bluth-luh!" she said.

"Fuff-bay!" I cried.

Father cried.

CHAPTER 13

Eliza and I were, of course, not allowed to return to consolations of idiocy. We were bawled out severely whenever we tried. Yes, and the servants and our parents found one by-product of our metamorphosis positively delicious: They were suddenly entitled to bawl us out.

What hell we caught from time to time!

Yes, and Dr. Mott was fired, and all sorts of experts were brought in.

It was fun for a while. The first doctors to arrive were specialists in hearts and lungs and kidneys, and so on. When they studied us organ by organ and body fluid by body fluid, we were masterpieces of health.

They were genial. They were all family employees, in a way. They were research people whose work was financed by the Swain Foundation in New York. That was how they had been so easily rounded up and brought to Galen. The family had helped them. Now they would help the family.

They joshed us a lot. One of them, I remember, said to me that it must be fun to be so tall. "What's the weather up there like?" he said, and so on.

The joshing had a soothing effect. It gave us the mistaken impression that it did not matter how ugly we were. I still remember what an ear, nose and throat

specialist said when he looked up into Eliza's enormous sinus cavities with a flashlight. "My God, nurse," he said, "call up the National Geographic Society. We have just discovered a new entrance to Mammoth Cave!"

Eliza laughed. The nurse laughed. I laughed. We all laughed.

Our parents were in another part of the mansion. They kept away from all the fun.

That early in the game, though, we had our first disturbing tastes of separation. Some of the examinations required that we be several rooms apart. As the distance between Eliza and me increased, I felt as though my head were turning to wood.

I became stupid and insecure.

When I was reunited with Eliza, she said that she had felt very much the same sort of thing. "It was as though my skull was filling up with maple syrup," she said.

And we bravely tried to be amused rather than frightened by the listless children we became when we were parted. We pretended they had nothing to do with us, and we made up names for them. We called them Betty and Bobby Brown.

Yes, and it was the last specialist to look us over, a psychologist, Dr. Cordelia Swain Cordiner, who decreed that Eliza and I should be separated permanently, should, so to speak, become forever Betty and Bobby Brown.

CHAPTER 14

Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky, the Russian novelist, said one time that "one

sacred memory from childhood is perhaps the best education." I can think of another quickie education for a child, which, in its way, is almost as salutary: meeting a human being who is tremendously respected by the adult world and realizing that that person is actually a malicious lunatic.

That was Eliza and my experience with Dr. Cordelia Swain Cordiner, who was widely believed to be the greatest expert on psychological testing in the world—with the possible exception of China. Nobody knew what was going on in China anymore.

I have an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* here in the lobby of the Empire State Building, which is the reason I am able to give Dostoevsky his middle name.

Dr. Cordelia Swain Cordiner was invariably impressive and gracious when in the presence of grownups. She was elaborately dressed the whole time she was in the mansion—in high-heeled shoes and fancy dresses and jewelry.

We heard her tell our parents one time: "Just because a woman has three doctor's degrees and heads a testing corporation that bills three million dollars a year, that doesn't mean she can't be feminine."

When she got Eliza and me alone, though, she seethed with paranoia.

"None of your tricks, no more of your snotty little kid millionaire tricks with me," she would say.

And Eliza and I hadn't done *anything* wrong.

She was so enraged by how much money and power our family had, and so sick, that I don't think she even noticed how huge and ugly Eliza and I were. We were just two more rotten-spoiled little rich kids to her.

"I wasn't born with any silver spoon in my mouth," she told us, not once but many times. "Many was the day we didn't know where the next meal was coming from," she said. "Have you any idea what that's like?"

"No," said Eliza.

"Of course not," said Dr. Cordiner.

And so on.

Since she was paranoid, it was especially unfortunate that her middle name was the same as our last name.

"I'm not your sweet Aunt Cordelia," she would say. "You needn't worry your little aristocratic brains about that. When my grandfather came from Poland, he changed his name from Stankowitz to Swain." Her eyes were blazing. "Say 'Stankowitz!'"

We said it.

"Now say 'Swain,'" she said. We did.

And finally one of us asked her what she was so mad about.

This made her very calm. "I am not mad," she said. "It would be very unprofessional for me to ever get mad about anything. However, let me say that asking a person of my caliber to come all this distance into the wilderness to personally administer tests to only two children is like asking Mozart to tune a piano. It is like asking Albert Einstein to balance a checkbook. Am I getting through to you, 'Mistress Eliza and Master Wilbur,' as I believe you are called?"

"Then why did you come?" I asked her.

Her rage came out into the open again. She said this to me with all possible nastiness: "Because money talks, Little Lord Fauntleroy."

We were further shocked when we learned that she meant to administer tests to us separately. We said innocently that we would get many more correct answers if we were allowed to put our heads together.

She became a tower of irony. "Why, of course, Master and Mistress," she said. "And wouldn't you like to have an encyclopedia in the room with you, too, and maybe the faculty of Harvard University, to tell you the answers, in case you're not sure?"

"That would be *nice*," we said.

"In case nobody has told you," she said, "this is the United States of America, where nobody has a right to rely on anybody else—where everybody learns to make his or her own way.

"I'm here to test you," she said. "but there's a basic rule for life I'd like to teach you, too, and you'll thank me for it in years to come."

This was the lesson: "Paddle your own canoe," she said. "Can you say that and remember it?"

Not only could I say it but I remember it to this day: "Paddle your own canoe." Hi ho.

So we paddled our own canoes. We were tested as individuals at the stainless-steel table in the tile-lined dining room. When one of us was in there with Dr. Cordiner, with "Aunt Cordelia," as we came to call her in private, the other one was taken as far away as possible—to the ballroom at the top of the tower at the north end of the mansion.

Withers Witherspoon had the job of watching whichever one of us was in the ballroom. He was chosen for the job because he had been a soldier at one time. We heard "Aunt Cordelia's" instructions to him. She asked him to be alert to clues that Eliza and I were communicating telepathically.

Western science, with a few clues from the Chinese, had at last acknowledged

that some people could communicate with certain others without visible or audible signals. The transmitters and receivers for such spooky messages were on the surfaces of sinus cavities, and those cavities had to be healthy and clear of obstructions.

The chief clue that the Chinese gave the West was this puzzling sentence, delivered in English, which took years to decipher: "I feel so lonesome when I get hay fever or a cold."

Hi ho.

Well, mental telepathy was useless to Eliza and me over distances greater than three meters. With one of us in the dining room and the other in the ballroom, our bodies might as well have been on different planets—which is, in fact, their condition today.

Oh, sure—and I could take written examinations, but Eliza could not. When "Aunt Cordelia" tested Eliza, she had to read each question out loud to her and then write down her answer.

And it seemed to us that we missed absolutely every question. But we must have answered a few correctly, for Dr. Cordiner reported to our parents that our intelligence was "low normal for their age."

She said further, not knowing that we were cavesdropping, that Eliza would probably never learn to read or write and, hence, could never be a voter or hold a driver's license. She tried to soften this some by observing that Eliza was "quite an amusing chatterbox."

She said that I was "a good boy, a serious boy—easily distracted by his scatterbrained sister. He reads and writes but has a poor comprehension of the meanings of words and sentences. If he were separated from his sister, there is every reason to believe that he could become a filling-station attendant or a janitor in a village school. His prospects for a happy and useful life in a rural area are fair to good."

The People's Republic of China was at that very moment secretly creating literally millions upon millions of geniuses—by teaching pairs or small groups of congenial, telepathically compatible specialists to think as single minds. And those patchwork minds were the equals of Sir Isaac Newton's or William Shakespeare's, say.

Oh, yes—and long before I became President of the United States of America, the Chinese had begun to combine those synthetic minds into intellects so flabbergasting that the universe itself seemed to be saying to them, "I await your instructions. You can be anything you want to be. I will be anything you want me to be."

Hi ho.

I learned about this Chinese scheme long after Eliza died and long after I

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

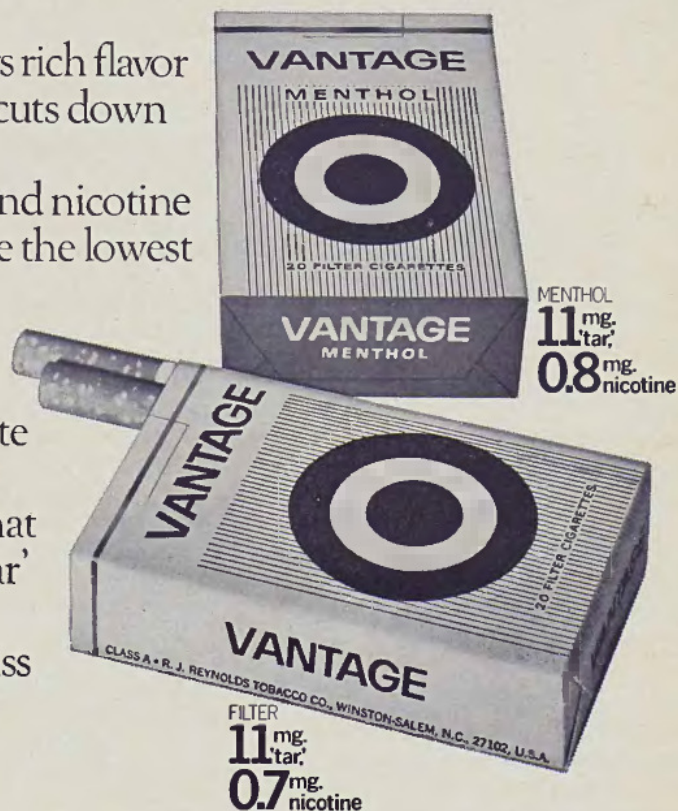
Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.



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

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

lost all my authority as President of the United States of America. There was nothing I could do with such knowledge by then.

One thing amused me, though: I was told that poor old Western civilization had provided the Chinese the inspiration to put together such synthetic geniuses. The Chinese got the idea from the American and European scientists who put their heads together during the Second World War, with the single-minded intention of creating an atomic bomb.

Hi ho.

CHAPTER 15

Our poor parents had first believed that we were idiots. They had tried to adapt to that. Then they had believed that we were geniuses. They had tried to adapt to that. Now they were told that we were dull normals, and they were trying to adapt to that.

As Eliza and I watched through peep-holes, they made a pitiful and fogbound plea for help. They asked Dr. Cordelia Swain Cordiner how they were to harmonize our dullness with the fact that we could converse so learnedly on so many subjects in so many languages.

Dr. Cordiner was razor keen to enlighten them on just this point. "The world is full of people who are very clever at seeming much smarter than they really are," she said. "They dazzle us with facts and quotations and foreign words, and so on, whereas the truth is that they know almost nothing of use in life as it is really lived. My purpose is to *detect* such people—so that society can be protected from them and so they can be protected from themselves.

"Your Eliza is a perfect example," she went on. "She has lectured to me on economics and astronomy and music and every other subject you can think of, and yet she can neither read nor write, nor will she ever be able to."

She said that our case was not a sad one, since there were no big jobs we wished to hold. "They have almost no ambition at all," she said, "so life can't disappoint them. They want only that life as they have known it should go on forever, which is impossible, of course."

Father nodded sadly. "And the boy is the smarter of the two?"

"To the extent he can read and write," said Dr. Cordiner. "He isn't nearly as socially outgoing as his sister. When he is away from her, he becomes as silent as a tomb.

"I suggest that he be sent to some special school, which won't be too demanding academically or too threatening socially, where he can learn to paddle his own canoe."

"Do what?" said Father.

Dr. Cordiner told him again. "Paddle his own canoe," she said.

Eliza and I should have kicked our way through the wall at that point—should have entered the library ragingly, in an explosion of plaster and lath.

But we had sense enough to know that our power to eavesdrop at will was one of the few advantages we had. So we stole back to our bedrooms, and then burst into the corridor and went running down the front stairs and across the foyer and into the library, doing something we had never done before. We were sobbing.

We announced that if anybody tried to part us, we would kill ourselves.

Dr. Cordiner laughed at this. She told our parents that several of the questions in her tests were designed to detect suicidal tendencies. "I absolutely guarantee you," she said, "that the last thing either one of these two would do would be to commit suicide."

Her saying this so jovially was a tactical mistake on her part, for it caused something in Mother to snap. The atmosphere in the room became electrified as Mother stopped being a weak and polite and credulous doll.

Mother did not say anything at first. But she had clearly become subhuman in the finest sense. She was a coiled female panther, suddenly willing to tear the throats out of any number of child-rearing experts—in defense of her young.

It was the one and only time that she would ever be irrationally committed to being the mother of Eliza and me.

Eliza and I sensed this sudden jungle alliance telepathically, I think. At any rate, I remember that the damp velvet linings of my sinus cavities were tingling with encouragement.

We left off our crying, which we were no good at doing, anyway. Yes, and we made a clear demand that could be satisfied at once. We asked to be tested for intelligence again—as a *pair* this time.

"We want to show you," I said, "how glorious we are when we work together, so that nobody will ever talk about parting us again."

We spoke carefully. I explained who Betty and Bobby Brown were. I agreed that they were stupid. I said we had had no experience with hating and had had trouble understanding that particular human activity whenever we encountered it in books.

"But we are making small beginnings in hating now," said Eliza. "Our hating is strictly limited at this point—to only two people in this universe: to Betty and Bobby Brown."

Dr. Cordiner, as it turned out, was a coward, among other things. Like so many cowards, she chose to go on bully-

ing at the worst possible time. She jeered at Eliza and my request.

"What kind of a world do you think this is?" she said, and so on.

So Mother got up and went over to her, not touching her, and not looking her in the eyes, either. Mother spoke to her throat and, in a tone between a purr and a growl, she called Dr. Cordiner an "overdressed little sparrow-fart."

CHAPTER 16

So Eliza and I were retested—as a *pair* this time. We sat side by side at the stainless-steel table in the tiled dining room.

We were so happy!

A depersonalized Dr. Cordelia Swain Cordiner administered the tests like a robot, while our parents looked on. She had furnished us with new tests, so that the challenges would all be fresh.

Before we began, Eliza said to Mother and Father, "We promise to answer every question correctly."

Which we did.

What were the questions like? Well, I was poking around the ruins of a school on 46th Street yesterday and I was lucky enough to find a whole batch of intelligence tests, all set to go.

I quote:

"A man purchased 100 shares of stock at five dollars a share. If each share rose ten cents the first month, decreased eight cents the second month and gained three cents the third month, what was the value of the man's investment at the end of the third month?"

Or try this:

"How many digits are there to the left of the decimal point in the square root of 692038.42753?"

Or this:

"A yellow tulip viewed through a piece of blue glass looks what color?"

Or this:

"Why does the Little Dipper appear to turn about the North Star once a day?"

Or this:

"Astronomy is to geology as steeple jack is to what?"

And so on. Hi ho.

We made good on Eliza's promise of perfection, as I have said.

The only trouble was that the two of us, in the innocent process of checking and rechecking our answers, wound up under the table—with our legs wrapped around each other's necks in scissors grips, and snorting and snuffling into each other's crotches.

When we regained our chairs, Dr. Cordelia Swain Cordiner had fainted and our parents were gone.

At ten o'clock the next morning, I was taken by automobile to a school for severely disturbed children on Cape Cod.



PRIZE WINNERS

(continued from page 95)

Guild holds a shake-off annually, and similar contests take place in about 30 countries. The top selections and their creators go against one another every few years in a Bartenders' Olympics, conducted by the International Barmen's Association.

Only the best of the best, culled from dozens of bartenders' competitions, are included here. This varied array should provide ample inspiration for any sybarite who wants to expand his pleasure horizons and his repertoire of congenial libations.

If you're wondering about inside tips or secret ingredients, there aren't any—although one wily veteran says he gauges the taste partiality of the judging panel and slants his entry accordingly. Successful competitors agree that balance is the prime requisite of a fine drink. They aim for a harmony of flavors in which no single ingredient dominates.

Amateur mixologists inclined to create their own prize winners should heed the advice of U.S.B.G. president Charles J. Chop: "A touch of mystery enhances the appeal of any cocktail, but one exotic ingredient in a drink is enough." There are certain things one should not overdo!

FESTRUS

International Cocktail Competition, Los Angeles (1973), International Barmen's Association. First prize, cocktail division, Bjørne Eriksen, Norway.

1 oz. vodka
1 oz. Grand Marnier
1 oz. Cinzano Bitter (or Campari)
Stir briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with orange-peel twist.

LENA

International Cocktail Competition, Tokyo (1971), International Barmen's Association. First prize, Alberto Chirici, Moulin Rouge, Florence, Italy.

1 oz. bourbon
½ oz. sweet vermouth
¼ oz. dry vermouth
¼ oz. Campari
¼ oz. Galliano
Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with cherry.

I.C.C.

International Cocktail Competition, Los Angeles (1973), International Barmen's Association. First prize, long-drink division, Valerio "Bobby" Batugo, Tip's Valencia, Valencia, California.

The I.C.C. was so named to honor the competition. However, customers have taken to calling it the Icy Sea.

1 oz. light rum
1 teaspoon gin
1 teaspoon sweet-and-sour lemon juice
1 teaspoon pineapple juice
1 teaspoon grenadine
2 dashes Frothee

Until Excita I never thought I'd like my man to wear a condom.



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Shake with lots of ice. Pour unstrained into highball glass. Garnish with sprig of mint, red cherry, pineapple slice and *American flag*. (Look at what you started, George Foreman!)

BLUE HAZE

Finalist in same competition, Nick Zongas, Boomerang Bar, Melbourne, Australia.

- 1 oz. light rum
- 1 teaspoon Parfait Amour
- 2 teaspoons dry vermouth
- 2 drops Cointreau
- 1 drop blue curaçao

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

MALLORCA

International Cocktail Competition, Palma de Mallorca (1967). First prize, Enrique Bastante, Madrid.

- 1 oz. light rum
- 2 teaspoons dry vermouth
- 2 teaspoons crème de banana
- 2 teaspoons Drambuie

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

BEST YEAR

United States Bartenders' Guild Long Drink Contest (1975). First prize, Valerio "Bobby" Batugo, Tip's Valencia, Valencia, California.

- 1½ ozs. vodka
- ½ oz. Licor 43
- ½ oz. blue curaçao
- 2 ozs. pineapple juice
- ½ oz. Rose's Lime Juice

Shake with ice. Strain into tall glass over fresh ice. Garnish with lime slice.

DOLCE VITA

Runner-up in same competition, John A. Rettino, La Dolce Vita, California.

- 1 oz. dark rum
- 1 oz. pineapple juice
- 1½ ozs. orange juice
- Dash orgeat syrup
- Dash maraschino syrup

Shake with ice. Strain over fresh ice in highball glass. Garnish with orange slice.

VELVET KISS

United States Bartenders' Guild Cocktail Championship (1974). First prize, Al Repetty, La Brique, California.

- 1 oz. gin
- ½ oz. crème de banana
- ½ oz. pineapple juice
- 1 oz. half-and-half
- Dash grenadine

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with cherry.

ROGER

Concours Européen de Cocktails, Grand Prix de Paris (1975). First prize, Mauro Lotti, Le Grand Hotel, Rome.

- 1 oz. dry vermouth
- 1 oz. rum—gold or amber
- ½ oz. Campari
- ½ oz. Galliano

Shake well with ice. Strain into cocktail glass or over ice cubes in old fashioned glass. Garnish with orange twist.

FAVORY

Finalist in same competition, Daniel Pion, Loew's Monte Carlo.

- Dash strawberry syrup
- ¼ oz. lime juice
- 1¼ ozs. tequila
- ½ oz. Chartreuse Orange (or 1½ teaspoons Green Chartreuse and 1 tablespoon orange juice)
- ¼ oz. Galliano

Light splash bitter lemon

Moisten rim of large cocktail or sour glass with strawberry syrup. Swirl in superfine sugar. Tap off excess and set aside. Shake all ingredients but bitter lemon with ice. Strain into prepared glass. Add bitter lemon and lime-peel spiral.

STEFANIA

Finalist, First Annual A.I.B.E.S. Contest, Italian Association of Barmen (1975).

- 1 oz. Italian dry white wine
- 1 oz. Italian brandy
- 1 oz. orange juice
- ¼ teaspoon tangerine liqueur
- Brut spumante

Shake first four ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into wineglass. Fill with spumante. Stir once.

RUSSIAN GARDEN

Finalist, same competition.

- 1 oz. vodka
- ½ oz. lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon white crème de menthe
- 1½ ozs. Italian dry white wine

Shake with ice. Strain into small champagne flute glass. Garnish with orange twist.

TAK

Finalist, Cocktails Competition, Bartenders' Union, Helsinki (1965).

- 1 oz. Polish vodka
- ⅔ oz. Dubonnet
- ⅓ oz. Cointreau
- Dash Angostura bitters

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with small orange slice.

TOM'S DREAM

National Mixed Drink Competition—sponsored by Early Times (1968). First prize, Tom Fleming, Beverly Hills Hotel, California.

This drink was so well liked that Early Times packaged it as a dry mix—renaming it The Pussycat!

1½ ozs. bourbon
 2 ozs. orange juice
 ½ oz. lemon juice
 ½ oz. orgeat syrup
 Dash simple syrup (sugar syrup)
 ⅓ cup crushed ice
 Mint sprig

Whirl all ingredients except mint in chilled blender container. Strain into 7-oz. glass. Garnish with mint.

THE PARASOL

Best of the Bar Contest—sponsored by *Resort* magazine (1969). First prize, Fountain Valley, St. Croix.

1¾ ozs. gold rum
 1¾ ozs. dark rum
 1¾ ozs. lime juice
 1½ ozs. tamarind juice
 1¼ ozs. Coco López
 ¼ oz. crème de cacao

Shake with ice. Serve in bamboo section. Lacking that, a tall glass will do.

PLANTATION PUNCH

Runner-up in same competition, Caneel Bay Plantation.

1 oz. 151-proof rum
 1 oz. gold rum
 1½ ozs. Demerara rum
 1 oz. lime juice
 1 oz. orange juice
 ½ oz. sugar syrup
 Dash Angostura bitters

Stir all ingredients with cracked ice. Serve in large glass mug or tall glass.

BANANA'S BREEZE

California Bartenders' Guild Cocktail Competition (1970). First prize, José Ruiseco.

1 oz. California brandy
 ¼ oz. apricot-flavored brandy
 ¾ oz. crème de banana
 1½ ozs. orange juice
 ½ oz. sweet-and-sour lemon juice
 3 drops Frothee

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with orange-peel twist.

AFRICAN QUEEN

California Bartenders' Guild Cocktail Competition (1963). Finalist, Chris Buchner, Harrah's, Lake Tahoe.

1 oz. vodka
 2 teaspoons dark crème de cacao
 1 teaspoon Green Chartreuse
 Juice ½ lime

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with lime slice.

GOLDEN AMBER

California Bartenders' Guild Cocktail Competition (1962). First prize, LeRoy Charon, Marineland.

1½ ozs. Demerara rum
 ½ oz. orange juice
 ½ oz. pineapple juice
 ½ oz. orgeat syrup

Shake briskly with cracked ice. Strain

into prechilled champagne glass. Garnish with pineapple cube.

AMBASSADOR FIZZ

Brunchfest-West—sponsored by Smirnoff. Most Unusual Drink, Nick Kotsonas, Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles.

1½ ozs. vodka
 2¼ ozs. half-and-half, chilled
 2¼ ozs. orange juice, chilled
 1½ ozs. pineapple juice, chilled
 1 egg

1 teaspoon sugar
 ⅓ cup crushed ice
 ½ oz. apricot-flavored brandy
 Prechill blender container. Blend all ingredients except brandy. Pour into 14-oz. collins glass. Float brandy on top.

THE KICKOFF

College Alumni Football Brunchfest—sponsored by Smirnoff. Princeton vs. University of Pennsylvania. Winner, Princeton.

1½ ozs. vodka
 1 oz. orange-flavored brandy
 1 oz. orange juice
 Dash Angostura bitters
 ¼ teaspoon sugar
 2 ozs. champagne

Shake all ingredients except champagne briskly with ice. Strain into large old fashioned glass. Add champagne. Stir once. Garnish with small black olive—and hold 'em, Tiger.

YOUNG FASHION

National Mixed Drink Competition—sponsored by Early Times (1968). Finalist, Robert Ferullo, River Club, Jacksonville, Florida.

2 ozs. bourbon
 ½ oz. orange curaçao
 2 dashes Angostura bitters
 Club soda

Shake all ingredients except soda with ice. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Add soda to taste. Stir once. Garnish with cherry and orange slice.

TEARDROP

National Mixed Drink Competition—sponsored by Early Times (1970). Second prize, John W. Chop, Dales Secret Harbor, Los Angeles.

1 oz. bourbon
 ½ oz. crème de banana
 ½ oz. triple sec
 1 oz. sweet-and-sour lemon juice
 1½ ozs. crushed ice

Whirl all ingredients in blender. Strain into large cocktail glass. Garnish with banana slice on rim of glass.

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SUE THE BASTARDS!

(continued from page 121)

property are violating the law. Students denied grades or credit on any grounds not purely academic should immediately open the phone book to Attorneys. "If . . . you can prove that the teacher was acting arbitrarily or . . . for reasons unrelated to the quality of your work, you have a chance of winning in court."—A.C.L.U.'s *The Rights of Students*. The Supreme Court's recent decision that students can sue school personnel for handsome damages makes it all the more interesting.

Most significant, though, is the current tendency of student consumers to question the product itself. What is sociology, for example, and what is merely teacher opinion? For that matter, is it possible to literally "get your money's worth" from the likes of Renaissance Poetry? Courts have recognized that the right to pursue prosperity includes the right to enough education to do so. Ergo, a lousy education is *no* education, and anyone paying for such a thing has been taken.

Indeed, many proprietary/vocational schools, such as career academies and diesel-truck-drivers' schools, have had the Federal Trade Commission all over them for making lofty, unsubstantiated educational claims—that their students gain higher income potential, adequate training for existing jobs and salable skills. The university makes no such overt claims, but they're generally presumed by everyone involved. The FTC has specifically charged naughty P/V schools with not providing accessible instructors or sufficient experience to qualify the graduate. The resemblance to many college programs is enough to keep a chancellor up nights, especially since the P/V crowd must now supply dropout rates, placement figures and salary ranges: proof of worth. Universities shudder at the idea of having to publish such data where the public can see it, but doesn't the taxpayer have the rights of an unrequited disc jockey or teamster?

Yes, says Duke law professor and contract-law savant William Van Alstyne, among others. "Contract law applies when colleges don't furnish what they promise"—an idea not lost on students, as the College Press Service's Diane Auerback notes: "Claiming that their college catalog constitutes a valid contract between student and university, they've sued their schools for breach of contract."

A teenager sues the San Francisco Unified School District for negligence for graduating him from high school at a fifth-grade reading level, thus withholding skills vital to his economic future. A Ph.D.

candidate goes after American University for \$650,000 for killing his major program and giving him inept advisors. A George Washington University student says her landscape-architecture program consists mostly of tracing and goes to court for a \$900 refund. A Syracuse philosophy graduate student says that nonphilosophers teach philosophy courses totally unlike the catalog descriptions and wants his \$4000 back, and tells a judge so. Ilene Ianniello sues the University of Bridgeport for subjecting her to a business-teaching course she calls "worthless."

Universities have hardly lain down and played dead in the face of this. In fact, few students can afford to go to the mat against the sheer mass of the schools' legal weaponry, which, says breach-of-contract attorney Robert Powell, "can take any stand against a student and then literally expense him to death in legal fees." Thus, Syracuse answered its philosopher with a \$10,000 countersuit and Mrs. Ianniello had to scour New England for a lawyer—even the A.C.L.U. shied from her case.

The universities argue that a catalog isn't a legal contract to be taken literally and that the *doctrine of substantial performance* obliges them only to give your education the old college try. But underlying all of this is the basic question of who finally determines "academic quality" and the contents of the educational product—students, courts or the educational establishment. So far, few suits have challenged the schools' unstated right to decide what and how students will be taught, nor are judges eager to usurp it. But, notes College Press Service writer Neil Klotz, "the concept of students as consumers has arisen only because students found that . . . they were academic sharecroppers producing what industry and government told them was socially useful."

Even the National Education Association concedes that "as other institutions exist to serve their clients, schools at all levels exist so that people attending them can learn. . . . Students therefore have the right to substantial influence over the educational program," meaning everything from basic goals to grading methods. The A.C.L.U. minces no words: "You should demand whatever type of education you want."

In the immediate future, look for students' swarming back to activism against a new Goliath—inflation. A goldfish could barely get through college on \$12,000, and tuition hikes and budget cuts have produced the widest outbreak of unruly campus confrontations since the Vietnam war.

But this time, worry the schools, general public sympathy just may be with the student—not as hairy bum but as fellow consumer.

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GIRLS OF WASHINGTON

models, or maybe they do nothing. But in Washington, they all seem to have a career, a goal."

Hardly had Chan unpacked his Hasselblad and announced his whereabouts than his phone heated up. "I was scheduling them every 15 minutes," remembers Chan, who worked 12-hour days during his first visit to the capital.

Washington, we found, is literally blossoming with lovely ladies. The Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies tells us there are 162,000 single, widowed, divorced and separated females between the ages of 20 and 34 in the greater metropolitan area—the equivalent of the entire population of Hartford, Connecticut, or Springfield, Massachusetts.

Like all the world's great capitals—London, Paris, Vienna, Rome—ours exerts an apparently irresistible attraction not only for the country's best and brightest but also for its most beautiful. More than ever before, politics in America is showbiz. Just look at what Robert Redford is doing these days—going around the country on film as Bob Woodward in *All the President's Men*, a movie about what they do in Washington. Watergate, for all its nastiness, conclusively put D.C. on the glamor map as a springboard to the national limelight. Careers are made and broken here; politicians, journalists and even some hapless secretaries (Nixon's Rose Mary Woods, for example) see their names in lights. Senator Sam Ervin, flappy-jowled and 77, became a cult figure. Henry Kissinger, short, nearsighted and given to a slight paunch, is, believe it or not, a sex symbol. The girls of Washington follow the spotlight, trekking to Capitol Hill and Pennsylvania Avenue the way they used to patrol the theater district off Broadway or line up before the studio gates in Hollywood. After the gala world premiere of *All the President's Men* at the elegant new Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts last spring, Washington began to be called Hollywood East. None less than pop pioneer Andy Warhol descended from smuggest Manhattan to proclaim the people of Washington "so attractive, so good-looking. . . . All the people who should have gone into the movies are coming here."

The ladies come from everywhere. You hear Midwest and magnolia accents; you see the colorations of Minnesota, Miami and Malibu Beach; you sense the commingling of the American melting pot—German, French, Irish, African, Chinese, English, Japanese, Scandinavian, Middle Eastern, Greek, Russian. The Washington female is light and dark, tall and short, Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western, and yet peculiarly Washingtonian.

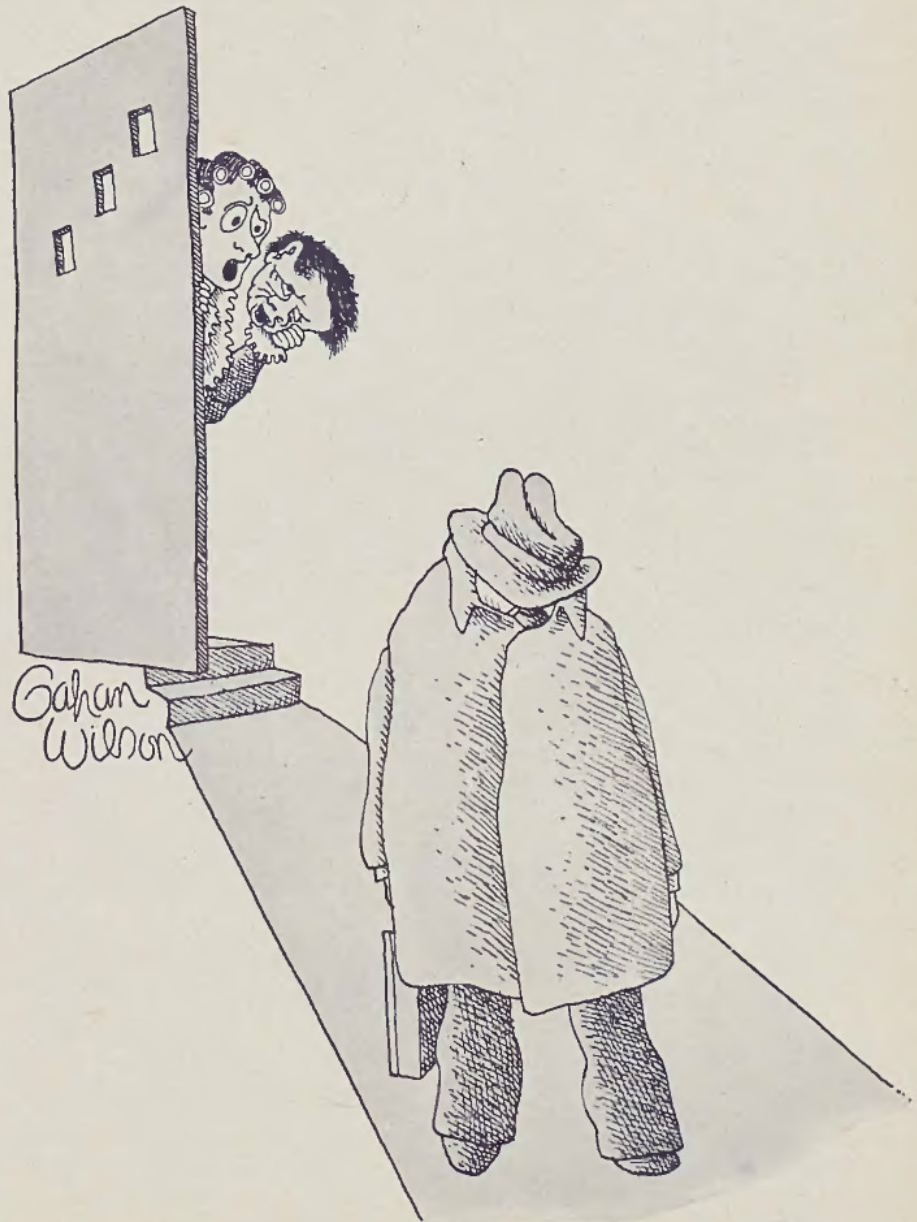
Most of all, the Washington girl is a

(continued from page 123)

working girl. Government jobs dominate the field—from secretaries in Congress to computer-systems analysts at the Control Data Institute. But she does everything—waitressing in a French restaurant or writing legislation that affects your corner lunch counter. She may be a lawyer, a legal secretary, a Congresswoman, a commercial artist, a television researcher, a picture editor at *National Geographic*, an accountant, a lobbyist. Or she may be a coed: 22,000 of them are full-time students at area colleges, from the huge University of Maryland in College Park to tiny Mount Vernon College on fancy Foxhall Road, where Susan Ford goes to school.

Of course, the 19 ladies you see on these pages were attracted to the capital

for widely varying reasons. You know Elizabeth Ray from her celebrated career as a Congressman's mistress and author of the new book *The Washington Fringe Benefit*. She was a buxom blonde beauty from North Carolina who pursued masculine political power with the most traditional of a woman's skills—and apparently got what she was looking for. Raisa Scriabine, 26, is a statuesque blonde of rather different origins: She was born in Germany of Russian parents who emigrated to the U. S. The third cousin of Russian composer Alexander Scriabine, Raisa is now the U. S. Department of the Interior's translator for common Soviet-American wildlife preservation projects, and no wonder: She speaks English, Russian, German, French, Spanish and Hindi. She translates for all visiting official Russian wildlife experts



"Charles!"

and even helped one team of Russian scientists capture 40 musk oxen in Alaska last year. Raisa has a weekly radio program on ecology and when this was written, she was in Moscow, translating for a team of visiting U. S. environmental officials. Though she does not speak Chinese, Raisa obviously had no trouble communicating with Chinese-Canadian PLAYBOY Staff Photographer Chan. "She was fabulous," he says. "One of the most intelligent women I ever photographed." Raisa says she likes sensual, honest men "with originality, intelligence and masculine gentleness."

PLAYBOY Stylist Chris Bartholome, who assisted Chan during the shootings, also noticed a difference: "Washington is the kind of city where, if you're pretty, you've also got to have a brain. Someone with political power doesn't want a dumb broad on his arm who might come out with an inappropriate comment at an embassy dinner."

Bartholome—herself a single woman—talked with almost 100 girls of Washington while helping them prepare for the photo sessions. "They told me the Watergate publicity had showed them there really were a lot of powerful and wealthy men in Washington," she says. And many revealed to her a secret longing to shatter Washington's reputation as the capital of practiced boredom and stuffy conservatism. "A lot of the girls were excited about giving people a little shock," remembers Chris. "They said, 'Just wait till the guys back at the office see this. They think I'm so strait-laced and staid.'" In some cases, alas, the guys at the office won't see anything: Two women who work for the CIA and one in the Justice Department were threatened with the loss of their jobs if they went through with their final shootings with PLAYBOY.

"In a way, everybody there is very tired of politics," says Chan. "They want to break out into something different. When they found out PLAYBOY was in town, a lot of people saw it as a chance for a change, a little excitement. They made us celebrities everywhere we went. Washington really opened its arms and hearts to us." Its homes, too: Several Washingtonians offered gorgeous digs as settings for the photo sessions. Prominent hairdresser Jean-Pierre Sarfati gave Chan the keys to his four-story French-style mansion in Georgetown, where the pictures of Valerie Ashley and Candace Kruse were shot. A few months later, none other than *Washington Post* reporter Bob Woodward bought the house.

In spring and summer, Washington's leafy parks and broad avenues make the city a bird watcher's paradise—especially at lunchtime. Pass the noon hour in stately Lafayette Park opposite the White House and you'll believe. Said one awe-struck fellow, gawking at the stunning female brown baggers there: "They must

fly them in for lunch." Washington is also the quintessential cafeteria town; and if you have a Government I.D., the best one around is in the New Executive Office Building. More accessible are Kay's Sandwich Shoppe, The House of Rothschild and the Senate cafeterias—all jammed with lovely ladies from 12 noon until two o'clock.

Look around on Capitol Hill, overrun with attractive administrative and legislative aides, receptionists and interns from the 50 states who are gaining experience (all kinds, we hear) in the offices of their Representative or Senator. Nothing in Washington impresses quite like power. But familiarity with the city's main game—politics—puts the Washington girl slightly on the defensive at first acquaintance. She doesn't buy lines easily, but once she warms up, you'll find her as friendly and liberated as her counterparts from the golden West with the permanent all-over tan.

The Washington girl's career is important and probably the main reason she came to the capital. In the Sixties, she might have come for The Cause; in the Seventies, it's for The Challenge. Now that she no longer gets gassed on the Mall by John Mitchell's SS, she is probably working for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. She is usually up on what's happening—perhaps a strip-mining bill coming out of committee, a new exhibit at the Renwick Gallery or the Redskins' strategy for the following Sunday—and prefers friends who are up on things, too. Bright, informed and beautiful, the newly arrived Washingtonian may not move immediately into the old-guard drawing rooms of Georgetown, but she can often be found at Embassy Row soirees and National Day lawn parties, which are easier to crash than the P.T.A. picnic in Peoria.

At night, action focuses on the neighborhood near 19th and M streets, N.W., and Dupont Circle, which has Rocky Racoon (Tex-Mex menu and music of the folk-rock-country variety), Bixby's Warehouse (the new owners are promising a Maxwell's Plum of a place), Harold's Rogue & Jar (with its rotating roster of jazz) and The Childe Harold (a bar with blues and sometimes bluegrass).

Along Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E., on Capitol Hill, after-workers throng a saloon called Jenkins Hill (that's the real name of Capitol Hill), the Hawk'n Dove, Duddington's, Mike Palm's Restaurant and, near Georgetown University Law Center a few blocks away, The Chancery.

The naughtiest neighborhood is the 14th Street strip, but wise men avoid it. (Wilbur Mills did not.) According to an old adage, the girls may get stripped, but the guys get clipped. Of course, if you really want to meet a lady plainclothes cop, this is the place.

The best night district is Georgetown, which retains some of the swagger and

raucousness of its seafaring era. (It was a vital port long before Pierre L'Enfant laid out Washington.) Today, there's a nonstop parade along M Street and Wisconsin Avenue, its main arteries, with a multitude of restaurants, bars and discos providing side shows. You can be part of the Georgetown scene just by sitting on the sidewalk jawing with the bauble and flower vendors, but your chances of engaging an engaging lady in conversation are better in a Clyde's or a Nathan's. Clyde's is the P. J. Clarke's of the capital, the top of the heap in terms of authentic saloon atmosphere, drinks, food (hefty bacon cheeseburgers and omelets are featured) and appealing patrons, even if many are right out of a William Hamilton cartoon. Stuart Davidson and John Laytham, the owners of Clyde's, have created a similar sort of mating mecca in the 120-year-old Old Ebbitt Grill, a block from the White House. Nathan's clientele is a bit more down to earth, even though everybody seems to be wearing sunglasses—not necessarily because they're famous, although this was Mo Dean's favorite hangout.

Chadwick's, more remote under the Whitehurst Freeway, is big with postgrads; and C. R. Higgins, a new place, draws the kind of girl who's a devotee of avocados and spinach. Gunchers is for pinball wizards and grinders fans; and The Guards, with fireplaces and wing chairs, is a determinedly stylish singles lair. For a view of the passing parade along Wisconsin Avenue, barflies opt for window-stool perches at The Third Edition.

Discos are everywhere. Most share the same features: strobes, postage-stamp dance floors and very sexy ladies delivering the drinks. Among the Georgetown hot spots: Boccaccio, F. Scott's, Winstons (Susan Ford's hangout), Tramp's, Sazerac and Le Club Zanzibar (art deco and deliciously seductive). For high-tone café society, try the Pisces Club, if you have a friend who belongs, or Foxtrappe, a popular private club whose membership is principally but not exclusively upper-class black.

Whether it's the lure of the lifestyle, the stirring of ambition or just an urge to pull up stakes and try something different, it seems likely that girls in numbers will keep right on streaming into Washington. So much for Charles Dickens, who observed in his *American Notes*, gathered in 1842: "Few people would live in Washington, I take it, who were not obliged to reside there; and the tides of emigration and speculation, those rapid and regardless currents, are little likely to flow at any time toward such dull and sluggish water."

Mr. Dickens, you were here 134 years too soon.





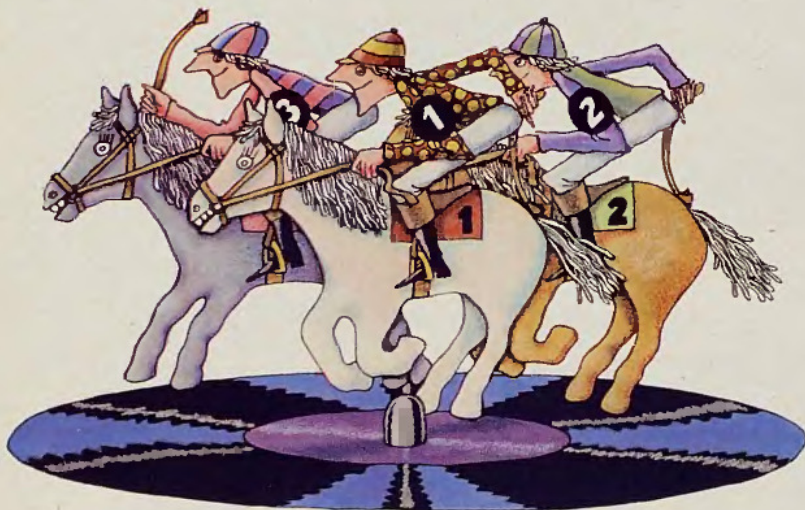
"I tell you I keep hearing Beethoven's Ninth!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

You think you've seen everything in horse-race games? Well, guess again. They're At the Post (available from Gerry King Associates, 1499 Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago, Illinois 60654, for \$26.50, postpaid) comes with eight races on four LPs—plus play money, betting slips and racing programs. But here's the rub: The records can be replayed and the finish of each event will be different. You've got to hear it to believe it—the trick being in the way the platters are grooved. And with over 190 different finishes, there's no way railbirds can cheat.



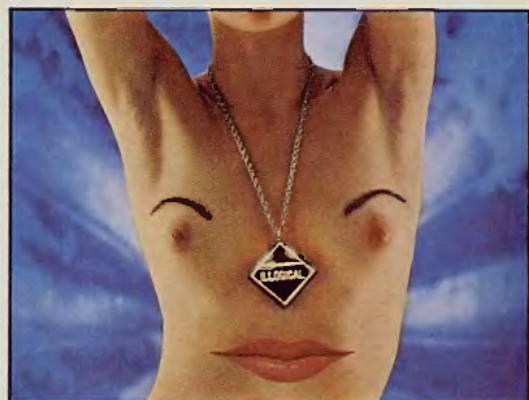
STASH HITS!

No, songs about drugs and sex didn't come in with L.B.J. The Thirties and Forties were alive with the merely risqué and the blatantly direct, from such ditties as *Reefer Man* and *Dope Head Blues* to *You Stole My Cherry*. Now Stash Records (245 E. 25th Street, New York, New York 10010) has collected some of those jazz classics and for six dollars each you can add five LPs—*Reefer Songs*, *Copulatin' Blues*, *Tea Pad Songs*, *Volumes 1 and 2*, and the latest, *Pot, Spoon, Pipe and Jug*—to your hip collection. Most are vintage Harlem with Leadbelly, Slim and Slam and Cab Calloway—all kickin' the gong around.



MEDIASCENE IS THE MESSAGE

If you're into *The Shadow*, Marvel Comics, pulps, pin-ups, adventure flicks, crime, sci-fi, fantasy or God knows what, subscribe to a bimonthly publication called *Mediascene* (\$7.50 to Supergraphics, Box 445, Wyomissing, Pennsylvania 19610). The publisher, editor and chief illustrator is a triple threat named Jim Steranko, who describes his labor of love as "the magazine of popular entertainment." How can you go wrong?



BE A FLASHER

So you wanna see your name in lights? Your phone number? Flash your boss a message—like GET FUCKED, CLOWN? Two boys from Brooklyn, Gerald Rich and John Gergely, will sell you a blinking-light pendant (powered by AAA batteries, not included) with any message you choose, up to 20 letters, engraved on transparent acrylic. The gadget comes on a silver-plated chain and costs \$15, from R-G Products Co., 163 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11225. Blink!

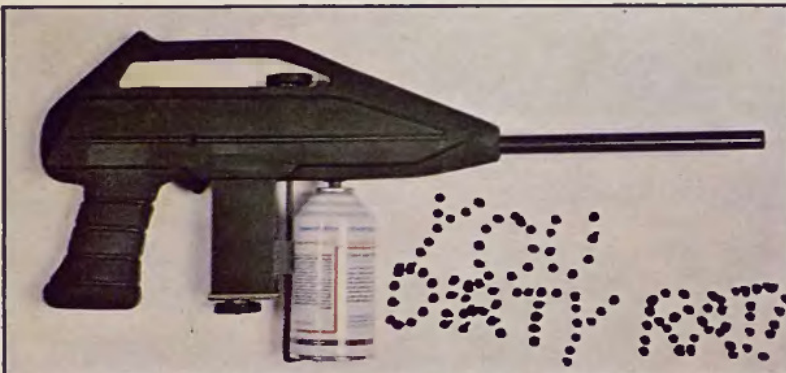
SWEAT SHOP

Any old dude can wear a work shirt without working and painter's pants without knowing which end of the brush to hold, but it takes somebody with real *élan* to sport a pre-sweated stained cowboy hat. Ace Reid (he's the famous Cowpoke cartoonist of Kerrville, Texas) sells perspiration-laced models for a mere \$26.50, postpaid, sent to him at Box 868. Ace claims they're just the thing to wear with \$40 pre-faded jeans and a pair of beat-up Tony Lamas. Lotsa luck at the Dew Drop Inn.



GREAT SHAKES

Nervous nomads in search of the perfect place to live may wish to avail themselves of a curious Government service that few know about: For \$15, the National Geophysical and Solar-Terrestrial Data Center in Boulder, Colorado, will provide a computer print-out that lists the earthquake activity since 1638 in any U. S. geographical region. Info includes the date and time of each quake, plus more. California, here we don't come.



SURE AS SHOOTIN'

It resembles something designed for the K.G.B., but what's pictured here is The Annihilator, a Freon-powered BB submachine gun that's guaranteed to turn the most uptight adult into a vintage Jimmy Cagney with one burst from its wicked-looking muzzle. Available from Larc International, P. O. Box 340007, Coral Gables, Florida 33134, for \$31, postpaid (plus a signed note stating you're over 18), it's a great way to cut uppity beer cans down to size.

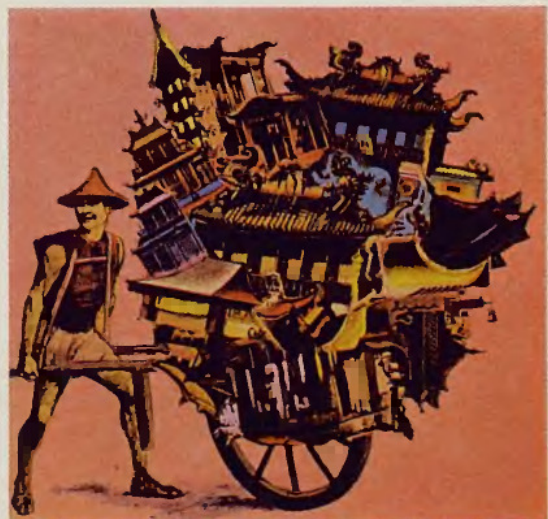
CHOP TALK

One Ming Dynasty dining room to go, please. Really, folks—no kidding. You can now order a prefabricated Chinese restaurant, Chao Kwan Designs—1406 Guardian House, 32 Oi Kwan Road, Happy Valley, Hong Kong—will build you such an establishment, on any of several "themes," for about \$70 per square foot. They'll stock it with everything from uniforms to fortune cookies, then hand you the key. But will you be hungry for another eatery 20 minutes later?



PARADISE LOST

Night, and you and blue Hawaii. . . . Black and blue, that is; for over at the Outrigger East Hotel (2381 Kuhio Avenue in Honolulu), you'll find the Coward Collection, possibly the world's finest assemblage of torture instruments. The owner of this grisly show is Arne Coward, a Norwegian gentleman who has devoted his life to *objets* truly bizarre. Here a 13-foot torture rack, there a shrunken head; everywhere you look, the weird, the ghoulish, the bizarre—and all for a mere two-dollar admission fee. Children under 12—\$1.50.



THE PUPPETMASTERS

Don. As Ehrlichman told an interviewer recently, "I was sort of responsible for the care and feeding of the President's brother Don, and Don seemed to have a sort of magnetic attraction to the Hughes organization and the Hughes people . . . and so I was continually being confronted with Don Nixon's involvement and continuing relationship with people who had been or were members of the Hughes organization . . . so I was always engaged in trying to extricate him from those kinds of things."

After carefully setting up his career and going through more than his share of troubles, one of the last things the President wanted was to have anyone learn how entangled his career had become with Hughes.

THE MAGIC BOX

Hughes was extremely anxious to get himself into an alliance with the CIA that would protect him from investigation by other Government agencies.

—ROBERT MAHEU

A CIA cover organization is a strange and very useful thing. It's like having a magic box. You can put things in and you can take things out. You can take things out that you never put in and you can put things in that will never come out. Or you can get into the box yourself and go away somewhere—or perhaps go away forever. If the box is large enough, you can put an entire country inside it and no one will ever know.

The Hughes organization is such a box, the biggest and most useful of its kind. According to information given to us by a highly placed intelligence source, there is nothing else like it in the world, as far as intelligence fronts go. It is no secret to most foreign governments, most of which stand in awe of its ineffable, elegant vastness. From within this magic box, an important part of the United States' covert intelligence operations emanate. But by 1971, it had begun to crack. So much had been put into the box that things were beginning to come out. The magic was fading.

Hughes's alliance with the agency started as early as 1949. Only two years after the CIA got its charter, it began giving contracts to Hughes.

On April 1, 1975, *The Washington Post* reported, "Hughes Aircraft [HAC] has been mentioned as a potential hotbed of interrelationships with the CIA." *The New York Times* on March 20, 1975, quoted high Government officials as saying that HAC had been building satellites for intelligence purposes for years and "employs a number of high-ranking CIA and military men." As early as 1960, Maheu had Hughes's blessing in taking on one of the agency's most sensitive assignments: the assassination of Fidel Castro. Maheu worked out several un-

(continued from page 112)

successful plots with gangsters Sam Giancana and Johnny Roselli.

The affinity between Hughes and the agency was natural: America's most secretive billionaire and the most secretive part of America's Government. In a way, Hughes was a kind of modern-day Leonardo da Vinci, an eccentric genius who pushed to the cutting edge of the 20th Century, whether in early talking movies or in space satellites. Just after his death was reported, *Newsweek* quoted a top-ranking Washington intelligence official as saying, "Hughes gravitated into areas that other people refused to go into or didn't believe in." HAC pioneered the synchronous-orbit satellite, built the first Early Bird satellite and the Surveyor spacecraft that made the first soft landing on the moon and sent pictures back to NASA in preparation for the manned moon shots. Without Hughes's signal-amplifying microwave tubes, pictures from Mars would have been impossible. HAC is responsible for three-dimensional radar that is used for tracking hundreds of planes simultaneously. And the world's first operating laser arced across the labs of HAC. Laser weapons are now one of the hottest topics within the Pentagon—they may someday make nuclear weapons obsolete. The secrets of laser-weapon technology are so closely guarded that Pentagon insiders will discuss it only in state-of-the-art terms.

HAC became a leading Government electronics contractor with the building of an early fire-control system in 1948 and the Falcon air-to-air missile. During the Korean War, HAC was the only contractor of fire-control systems for Air Force interceptors. More recently, HAC built the entire ground-based defense systems for Japan, Belgium, Switzerland and NATO.

For years, Hughes Tool Company (Toolco—sold by Hughes in 1972) held a virtual monopoly on mining-drill bits. (On the subject of whether or not he really did have a monopoly, Hughes once said, "We don't have a monopoly. People who want to drill for oil and not use the Hughes bit can always use a pick and shovel.") A highly placed intelligence source told PLAYBOY that this monopoly was one of the important factors in the relationship between Hughes and the CIA because of the importance of resource-recovery information to the agency. What this means is that any time someone drilled into the ground, the information about what was down there went straight back to the agency. The setup with Toolco had put the agency in a position of awesome power with respect to other countries' abilities to keep the exact nature of their resources confidential.

Over the past decade, according to *Time*, the Hughes organization received at least six billion dollars in secret

CIA contracts. That's approximately \$11,500,000 a week, over and above \$11,500,000 a week in public Government contracts awarded to Hughes. That is about 1.2 billion dollars a year. Put another way, the Glomar Explorer, the Hughes-CIA secret ship that cost \$343,000,000 to build and made headlines in 1974 for trying to raise a sunken Russian sub, was to CIA funding of Hughes as six cents is to a dollar.

The one Hughes operation that doesn't seem likely to be involved in these types of dealings is the Hughes Medical Institute, established in 1953 "for the benefit of mankind." The Miami-based tax-exempt foundation has as its stated purpose medical research. Hughes turned over to the H.M.I. all HAC stock and 50 percent of Theta cable TV—assets worth hundreds of millions of dollars—to support that purpose.

But, as with all explanations of Hughes's actions, behind that story is another story: Mismanagement of HAC had upset the Air Force so much that Secretary Harold Talbot threatened to cancel all HAC contracts if the problems weren't taken care of. This was done on December 17, 1953, by Hughes's donating HAC to H.M.I. and naming himself sole trustee of H.M.I. Apparently, that satisfied the Air Force, because HAC now has an annual cash flow in excess of \$900,000,000. (Despite the enormous assets it owns, H.M.I. grants only about \$1,500,000 a year in medical-research funds.)

Hughes had said for years that when he died, he intended to leave his entire estate to H.M.I. Meier claims that Hughes instructed him to meet with the institute's president, Ken Wright, to discuss the institute's relationship with the CIA and that on March 8, 1969, Wright told him it was really a CIA front doing only token amounts of medical research in order to protect its tax-exempt status. According to Meier, H.M.I. had taken a long lease on Cay Sal, an uninhabited Bahamian out island 40 miles north of Cuba, to provide a site for covert CIA training operations. Meier's story that the medical institute is actually a CIA front was corroborated recently when a former Pentagon official was quoted in *Time* as saying that HAC (solely owned by H.M.I.) "is a captive company of the CIA. Their interests are completely merged." In other words, if Hughes left his fortune to H.M.I., control of his whole empire would legally—and secretly—pass to the Central Intelligence Agency. The CIA could then—under the guise of tax-exempt charity—fund any project, any covert activity imaginable, working its magic with billions of untraceable dollars through the seemingly legitimate channels of the Hughes empire.

Making Hughes's other companies nearly as attractive to the CIA was the fact that he was personally the sole

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A HUGHES VIGNETTE

On the morning of April 16, 1968, Howard Hughes was so scared he wanted to die. No, make that live. He had just picked up the *Las Vegas Sun*, published by his good friend Hank Greenspun, and read that the Atomic Energy Commission was going to set off the largest nuclear explosion ever right under the desert floor at the Nevada Test Site, not 120 miles from his home. In an uncharacteristic flurry of activity over the next few days, Howard wrote memos, made frantic phone calls and, in general, caused a stink that eventually would be blamed for postponing the shot that was originally scheduled for the 24th. In short, Howard was freaking out.

His top executive aide, Bob Maheu, was sent on wild missions to plead with politicians. Hughes was so firm in his stand against the blasts that as early as 1967, he had sent Maheu to offer President Johnson \$1,000,000 to stop the tests (what exactly happened to the \$1,000,000 is unclear).

It wasn't just any atomic tests that bothered Howard so much. It was the ones he could feel. His home—the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, which he had bought when he learned it was check-out time and decided he didn't want to leave—would rock gently back and forth in the aftershocks of large underground nuclear explosions. Howard didn't like that one bit.

He called John Meier, his scientific advisor, and told him to do anything he could to stop the test. "All my money," Howard said, "is at your disposal."

Over the next ten days, the vision of what was going to happen when the bomb went off became more and more bizarre in Howard's mind. Meier was calling Senators, Congressmen, assembling large groups of scientists to amass technical data showing that if the test went off on schedule, the entire city of Las Vegas would be destroyed. The Desert Inn, the Sands, the Frontier—all of them would crumble like so many card houses, killing everyone, but most of all, killing Howard Hughes.

Meier flew Barry Commoner out to speak against the test. The public outcry resulted in the Atomic Energy Commission's holding a scientific briefing to reassure the people that it was quite safe, that nothing would happen, that everything was under control. And the test would, indeed, go off, and it would be on Friday, April 26, 1968, at six A.M.—period.

Howard panicked. His voice was shaking when he phoned Meier. "Tell

them I will give them anything." Meier remembers him saying, "Find out how much it cost them to set this test up. We will pay it. Ten million, twenty million—I don't care! Tell them we'll pay them their costs if they stop this test."

"But Mr. Hughes, they've been working on this for thirty years. You can't *reimburse* the Atomic Energy Commission."

April 26, 1968: Howard had a plan. Admittedly, it was a pretty weird plan, but at least it was a plan.

Meier was quietly ascending the stairs to the roof of the Desert Inn. It was four in the morning. He carried with him a scientific instrument: a piece of string. As he opened the door to the roof, he found himself face to face with another man, who also had a scientific instrument or two. But then, this man was from the U. S. Geological Survey, which had sent him out as a result of Hughes's protest to find out if, indeed, Las Vegas would fall down when the test went off. He was ready to monitor several thousand dollars' worth of seismic gear that measures the aftershock.

But one of the richest men in the world had sent *his* scientific advisor up with a string, so he could make a plumb line to measure the sway of the building. The plan was that if the plumb moved more than six inches either way (Howard had figured this out mathematically), Meier, who had taken a large friend along, was to stomp up and down with his friend on the roof above Howard's bedroom to alert him that the Desert Inn was about to fall down. Meier had a transistor radio tuned to a local station to let him know when the bomb went off.

At exactly six, Boxcar was fired. Meier and the man from U.S.G.S. watched the plumb. Pretty soon, it started swinging back and forth. About 6:05, John Holmes, one of Howard's Mormon valets, went running out onto the roof in a panic.

"He felt it! He felt it!" Holmes screamed. "He's going crazy. Get down there immediately and call him, John; the building's going to fall down. He's hiding under the bed!"

Hughes stayed under his bed in the penthouse of the Desert Inn until nearly 8:30 that morning. When Meier called, Holmes handed Hughes the phone under the bed and Howard chewed Meier's ear off for ten minutes.

owner of them. The sleight of hand with billions of dollars was not subject to the scrutiny publicly held corporations come under. And—aside from the obvious money, security and benefits—making the CIA attractive for Hughes was the fact that he was a fiery anti-Communist and a superpatriot.

Charles Colson has said that "Hughes is the CIA's largest contractor." In this position, Hughes had another advantage. He could hire its influential people for his own team.

Scores of high-level officials from Government intelligence and investigative agencies have moved over to the Hughes organization. A. D. "Bud" Wheelon left his position as deputy director of science and technology for the CIA to become president of HAC. At the age of 48, a three-star general named Ed Nigro was in line for the position of deputy director of plans for the Pentagon. He turned it down, ended his promising military career and went to work managing hotels in Las Vegas for Hughes. When questioned by reporters on this strange career tactic, Nigro commented, "I felt I could come out here and still serve my country." (Hughes wrote a memo to Maheu suggesting that Nigro could use his contacts in the Pentagon "to keep the Vietnam war going," in order to allow HAC to sell more helicopters.)

Robert Peloquin resigned as head of the Justice Department's organized-crime strike force and started what has become the world's largest private security company, Intertel. Hughes quickly became one of Intertel's most prominent clients.

In turn, Toolco and HAC routinely hired CIA agents, who would then be given jobs in other countries. Meier first learned of Hughes's involvement with the agency in 1968. On August fifth, Maheu told Meier that a man named Michael Merhage, a new young Toolco executive, would be handling some business in South America. Meier was asked if he would use his contacts in Ecuador to open the right doors for Merhage. It was a routine request and Meier handled it in a routine way. He flew to Quito before Merhage arrived and explained to his friends in high government positions the importance of giving Merhage all the help he needed.

Meier returned to Vegas and when they met there, Merhage began explaining to Meier how really important this particular project was from an agency standpoint, believing Meier knew he was an agent using Toolco as cover. Meier was stunned by the revelation. (Merhage was apparently just a clumsy agent. In Meier's file on the Ecuadorian situation is a letter from a bemused Ecuadorian official explaining that Merhage "was so obvious" they spotted him as an agent

almost immediately.) While Merhage was still in Nevada, he again let Meier in on an agency matter that should have been kept confidential, and this time it proved to be a serious mistake. He gave him a list of American politicians the CIA wanted funded through Hughes. Meier was supposed to act as a courier and give the directive to Hughes, but later the agency would suspect that Meier had retained a copy of the list. He did keep a copy, which PLAYBOY now has.

The directive is dated September 2, 1968. It is addressed to H.R.H., with a copy designated for R.M.A.—Robert Maheu Associates—and is headed “Proposed Fund-Support List as Through Local Outlets.”

In the directive is our current President, Gerald Ford (then a Congressman from Michigan). The list reads as follows:

Paul J. Fannin, Arizona
Wilbur D. Mills, Arkansas
Craig Hosmer, California
Robert L. Leggett, California
Gordon L. Allott, Colorado
J. Herbert Burke, Florida
Hiram L. Fong, Hawaii
Larry Winn, Jr., Kansas
Joe D. Waggoner, Jr., Louisiana
Gerald R. Ford, Michigan
James O. Eastland, Mississippi
William J. Randall, Missouri
Paul Laxalt, Nevada
Howard W. Cannon, Nevada
Norris Cotton, New Hampshire
James R. Grover, New York
William H. Harsha, Ohio
Frank T. Bow, Ohio
John N. Camp, Oklahoma
Strom Thurmond, South Carolina
Dan H. Kuykendall, Tennessee
James H. Quillen, Tennessee
James M. Collins, Texas
Olin E. Teague, Texas
Omar Burleson, Texas
Abraham Kazen, Texas
John G. Tower, Texas
Wallace F. Bennett, Utah
W. C. Daniel, Virginia
Robert C. Byrd, West Virginia
Vernon W. Thomson, Wisconsin

We have been unable to determine why the CIA selected this particular group or to get any indication of whether or not they were aware that the agency had chosen them for funding. But the depth of CIA influence can be partly measured by the behavior of new, middle-level executives such as Merhage. When he didn't get a quick enough response to the funding directive, he gave another copy to Meier and this time wrote, “John—am asking for progress,” and signed it.

The diplomatic relationship between Hughes and the American Government had clearly become extremely delicate, and only a very select group of people knew it was so deep and so broad that it

PLAYBOY'S “SHALLOW THROAT”

With disaffected agents spilling their stories and Congressional committees announcing new exposés every few weeks, the penetration of CIA secrecy has become almost commonplace. But breaching security at the Summa Corporation is another matter. It is one of the most secretive companies in the world.

For this reason, one of PLAYBOY'S sources of corroboration for *The Puppet and the Puppetmasters*, Charles Kenworthy, is in a unique position. He has breached Summa security and, far from seeking the anonymity of “Deep Throat” status, he has been rather eager to let Summa know about it. The story of how he got into this cold war is an interesting one.

Kenworthy is a flamboyant Los Angeles millionaire who made his fortune in real estate. His favorite pastime is hunting for lost treasures. In 1974, he formed a company called Quest and persuaded the initially skeptical Stanford Research Institute to work with him applying sophisticated technology to the task of finding ancient treasures. Using radar, lasers, sonar and electronic gear from its radiophysics lab, Kenworthy has turned an adventurous old art into a lucrative new science.

Shipping records from the 16th Century indicate that a Spanish galleon carrying treasure now worth \$30,000,000 sank off the coast of Catalina Island, near Los Angeles. Last year, Kenworthy, after finding evidence of the galleon's location, got a permit from the state of California for sole search rights. His crew then began the time-consuming process of zeroing in on the sunken ship.

Then along came the Glomar Explorer.

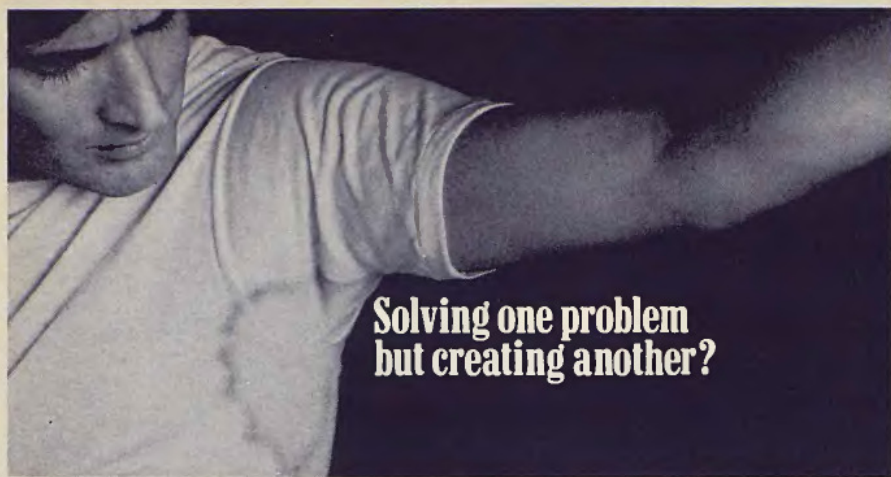
On August 20, 1975, she arrived, anchored a quarter of a mile off the coast, over the very area from which Kenworthy planned to raise the galleon, and remained there for nine days. During that time, a perimeter of half a mile was drawn around the Glomar to keep private ships away.

Kenworthy thought it odd for the Glomar to show up within 1400 feet of a populated area to perform a “secret” mission. But when he set out to investigate, he drew a complete blank. And Summa, in a one-paragraph note, simply assured him that the Glomar's activity off Catalina “involves no ocean-bottom exploration or salvage operations” and ignored demands for proof.

So Kenworthy took matters into his own hands. Using his own connections with ex-investigative and intelligence agents, he penetrated Summa's security system and began compiling a dossier of Summa documents. He has not yet been able to prove his case, but he has acquired a rather remarkable array of documents, ranging from the startling to the ridiculous. He has, for example, part of Bill Gay's personal phone book, which lists R. Spencer Oliver and Robert R. Mullen & Company. The minutes of the June 6, 1975, Hughes Air Corporation board of directors meeting note that Robert F. Bennett, who leaked stories to Bob Woodward that helped bring down Nixon, was “present by invitation.” Bennett was president of the CIA front Robert R. Mullen & Company. He is now director of public relations for Summa. Other documents show the massive losses sustained by Hughes-Nevada casinos. The Desert Inn, for example, lost \$5,702,000 last year. The Summa color codes are among Kenworthy's treasure chest of papers. Summa executives, depending on their rank, have emblems on their company cars that show by the colors how important they are. And one executive's note to himself says, “Get CIA clearance” on “mining operations.” Yet another directive shows that Richard Danner—who passed \$100,000 of Hughes's money to Bebe Rebozo and is now general manager of the Sands—can't spend over \$1000 without clearing it through Steve Savoldelli, now manager of Hughes-Nevada Operations. Kenworthy also discovered evidence that suggests that Summa has committed Watergate-like break-ins against its own staff.

Jean E. Clary, food-and-beverage director of the Landmark Hotel, on April 23, 1976, wrote a letter to Summa saying that the Summa security men had broken into his home in an attempt to prove he was accepting kickbacks.

Summa has so far only threatened legal action and Kenworthy has failed to inspire an official Governmental investigation to determine the truth about whether or not the Glomar is the pirate ship that stole his treasure. PLAYBOY'S own investigation of his charges has turned up two sources who claim that the Glomar did remove that treasure from off the coast of Catalina. In the meantime, PLAYBOY and Kenworthy are continuing to gather evidence to prove or disprove the story.



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even included the intelligence apparatus as its critical component. The press, the public, the FBI, the IRS, Congress—all of them were necessarily ignorant of the gravity of the relationship between Hughes and the agency and what it meant.

Even among Government insiders, it couldn't become common knowledge that the Hughes organization was in possession of some of the nation's most explosive national-security secrets, ranging from attempts to assassinate foreign leaders to the Glomar (see *Shallow Throat* on page 183) to the secret funding of American politicians by the CIA, using Hughes as the conduit for these funds.

With adventures like these on their hands, it was clearly imperative for agency officials to keep a very tight rein on any information about the inner workings of the Hughes-agency merger.³ Since other Government agencies were not

³ It was so important that the details of this merger not come out that in June 1974, three days after several documents that touched on the CIA links were subpoenaed by the Justice Department for the Securities and Exchange Commission, a group of highly professional burglars broke into Summa headquarters and removed those documents. According to several sources with firsthand knowledge of the case, this was a CIA job done to protect the Hughes-CIA relationship.

aware of the extent of the relationship, investigations of Hughes's holdings could not be allowed to succeed.⁴ There was

⁴ For example, a 1973 Congressional investigation of tax-exempt foundations came up empty when it looked into H.M.I. During the course of the investigation, this exchange took place between Seymour Mintz, representing H.M.I., and Representative Ben B. Blackburn of Georgia:

BLACKBURN: [Howard Hughes] certainly has done well in mixing up his money. We cannot keep up with all the financial transactions. We have received a report, but our staff has had problems understanding all of these notes floating around and interest floating around mentioned in it. . . . Why can't that superb management pay off that note?

MINTZ: We have never made that demand on the Hughes Aircraft Company because we felt that it was not in the interest of the institute to hamstring the aircraft company to the point where it would be deprived of its working capital.

BLACKBURN: You mean Mr. Hughes, the trustee, has never felt that Mr. Hughes, the chief executive, ought to be hamstringing in paying Mr. Hughes the money Mr. Hughes owes Mr. Hughes?

good reason for this. Any leaks could prove disastrous.

NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES

For quite a while, the security system seemed to be working very well. But in November 1970, a series of bizarre events took place that started cracking the shell of secrecy that had surrounded the operations for years. Exactly what took place in November 1970 is likely to remain a mystery. But it is certain that the date is crucial in beginning to comprehend Watergate and its aftermath.

An internal crisis had been brewing inside the Hughes empire since Howard's arrival in Las Vegas in 1966. During his years in Nevada, Howard Hughes the man was becoming separate from the Hughes companies, and his control of them gradually diminished. When he sold TWA, he received \$546,549,711, and with it he built Hughes-Nevada Operations, putting Maheu in charge. But the rest of his multibillion-dollar empire was controlled by three executives outside Nevada. A woman named Nadine Henley, who had once been Hughes's personal secretary, had installed Ken Wright, one of her former chauffeurs, as president of the Hughes Medical Institute, and his first loyalty was to her.

In California, Toolco was controlled by a Mormon named Frank W. "Bill" Gay. He had maneuvered his way to a senior vice-presidency after beginning as the manager of Hughes's car pool. He was responsible for hiring the Mormon valets who surrounded Hughes day and night. They controlled the flow of information into and out of his penthouse suite. With no word to the contrary forthcoming from Hughes himself, Gay was able to maintain his public image as that of a son to Hughes.

From New York, an attorney named Chester C. Davis handled much of the ongoing litigation involving Hughes, including the 12-year court battle over TWA. Davis, with his fiery tongue, dramatic gestures and shrewd maneuvering, has a well-earned reputation as just about the meanest man in any courtroom. (During the Watergate testimony, Davis represented Danner, who had delivered the now famous \$100,000 to Rebozo. Davis personally steam-rolled over many of the investigators' questions. At one point, when Danner tried to add to Davis' own remarks, Davis growled: "You open that mouth again and you're going to have to go see a dentist." The court reporter dutifully typed it into the record.)

Davis, Henley and Gay had won control over the Hughes empire outside Nevada, but they had no proximity to Hughes; Hughes directed the Nevada Operations through Maheu and was in

constant communication with him via memos and phone calls. Maheu's ambitions represented a very real threat to Davis, Henley and Gay.

During the Nevada period, Howard's orders outside Nevada were frequently ignored. He could have his little half-billion-dollar playground in Nevada, but Gay, Davis and Henley directed the course of serious world-wide business for the empire. Both Maheu and Meier witnessed Howard's gradual loss of control.

It is not easy to imagine how Hughes could own his empire outright and not have solid control over it. But he was a very unusual man. It is easy to forget that in 1953, he legally stepped down when he passed control of HAC to the institute to take his name off the books as official head of that company to smooth over the mismanagement problems he was having with the Air Force. This maneuver was designed to allow Howard to maintain control of HAC while satisfying the military that someone else was in charge. Later, his fear of germs, of kidnaping, of court subpoenas would seal him off from the outside world and make him dependent on a small group of Mormon aides for everything from food and medical attention to news from the real world. It was a simple matter for them to see that written communications to Hughes about the course of business in his empire did not escape their attention—or their censorship. Even Maheu was never allowed to meet Hughes face to face.

Aside from Maheu and the Mormon valets, one of the few people who spoke with Hughes on the phone regularly was Meier. His position was unique. Maheu and the other executives ran the Hughes-Nevada businesses; Meier handled the projects personally important to Hughes.

Hughes also involved Meier in some of his political and business projects, including the acquisition of Air West, the purchase of several mining claims in Nevada and Hughes's extremely delicate dealings with Donald Nixon.

In November 1969, Meier officially resigned his position with Hughes to set up the Nevada Environmental Foundation. Secretly, he continued to carry out assignments for Hughes.

But by 1970, Howard Hughes was a very sick man, and in early November, he was near death. His health had been failing since his mysterious operation in Boston in 1966, after which he had moved to Las Vegas. Now his weight was down to about 100 pounds, he was suffering from anemia and pneumonia and his hemoglobin count was down to four. This condition causes euphoria and erratic behavior. Normal hemoglobin is between 14 and 18 grams per 100 milliliters of blood. One of the doctors who attended him in his penthouse later



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told police his condition was so poor they feared for his life if he did not get to a hospital's intensive-care unit. For unknown reasons, Hughes remained in his suite. His memos and phone calls to Maheu and Meier, which had been tapering off since September, abruptly stopped in mid-November. On or about November 25, 1970, Thanksgiving eve, he suddenly vanished, having methodically worked to take over not only the city of Las Vegas but the entire state of Nevada. Hughes's Mormon valets put out the story that a smiling, healthy, high-spirited Howard R. Hughes had sashayed down nine flights of stairs at the back of the D.I., climbed into a limo and been winged away on a long-overdue and well-deserved vacation.

He enjoyed the flight, they said.

A number of media people took that jaunty-departure story at face value. *Time's* report began, "A few minutes before ten o'clock on Thanksgiving eve, Howard Hughes pulled an old sweater over the white shirt that he wore open at the neck, donned a fedora and walked to the rear of the penthouse atop the Desert Inn. . . . Hughes eased his tall, thin frame through a long-unused fire door and walked the nine stories down an interior fire escape to the hotel parking lot."

It's a nice picture, but neither Maheu

nor Meier believed it for a second. They claim instead that an emaciated Hughes was carried out by Intertel agents, who sent a decoy caravan of limousines to the Las Vegas airport while Hughes was taken to Nellis Air Force Base and flown away in a Lockheed Jet Star. (According to an account in *Look*, by Benjamin Schemmer, editor of *The Armed Forces Journal*, Hughes was on a stretcher when he was loaded on the plane, and the flight crew that departed from Nellis was told, "Your life depends on your not looking to the rear.")

As mentioned before, what took place on November 25, 1970, may remain a secret, and there are only fragmentary reports on Hughes's actual condition. If he did throw on some old clothes and walk down nine flights of stairs, however, it represented a remarkable recovery from his condition earlier that month.

Meier had strong circumstantial evidence to support his belief that whatever happened that night, Hughes was no longer in control. On October 28, 1970, Meier and his wife had arrived in Honolulu and checked into the Kahala Hilton Hotel. They were joined there the next day by Donald Nixon and his wife. Both couples were vacationing at Hughes's expense, but Meier says he was also negotiating with Don about a high-level job for him in the Hughes



*"Veronica has never once tried to deceive me.
I'll say that for her."*

empire. Hughes was eager to find Don a position and was keeping in touch with Meier by phone. On November third, a friend of Meier's named Mike O'Callaghan, in an upset victory (not expected or funded by Hughes), won the governorship of Nevada. Hughes called Meier the same day and instructed him to fly back immediately and begin to cement a sympathetic relationship with the new governor. Meier went to see O'Callaghan and on November 12 returned to Honolulu with Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan, who stayed until November 15. Meier sent his report to Hughes on November 16 and was told he would receive a prompt return call from Hughes, whose Nevada Operations had always run smoother with the good will of the governor. The call never came. Either Hughes was no longer functioning, Meier concluded, or he had suddenly lost inter-

est in the President's brother and Nevada's new governor.

Maheu was not even told of Hughes's disappearance until December fourth, when, in a dramatic scene resembling a South American *coup d'état*, a strike force of Intertel agents swooped down on Maheu's offices, physically ejected him and his staff into the street, locked and guarded the offices and files and seized control of the Hughes-Nevada Operations in the name of Gay, Davis and Henley.

Literally, one minute Maheu was in his office, carrying on with Howard's business; the next, he was on the street, having been told that he was relieved of all authority, including the authority to continue drawing the \$500,000-a-year retainer he had been charging Hughes.

Maheu had evidence that Hughes had been kidnaped. He knew that Gay had long been on the outs with Hughes, despite the father-son image. One memo

later circulated by Maheu expressed Hughes's opinion that Gay was responsible for the breakup of Hughes's marriage to Jean Peters. "I feel he let me down utterly, totally, completely," Hughes wrote. He added, "If I were to list all the grievances, it would fill several pages." In another memo to Maheu, dated March 21, 1968, Hughes had written of Gay, "Apparently you are not aware that the path of true friendship in this case has not been a bilateral affair. I thought when we came here and I told you not to invite Bill up here and not to permit him to be privy to our activities, you had realized that I no longer trusted him. . . . My bill of complaints against Bill's conduct goes back a long way and cuts very deep. Also, it includes a very substantial amount of money, enough to take care of any needs of his children several times over." Meier was also aware of Hughes's dislike for Gay. He explained that the money reference is to Hughes Dynamics, a computer-software company Gay had set up in the early Sixties without Hughes's knowledge or approval. Gay had spent millions of dollars hiring a staff of computer experts, who, according to documents in Meier's files, prepared studies on the computerization of such institutions as police departments and the U. S. Postal Service. Hughes Dynamics had also assisted the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, at Hughes's expense, in beginning to computerize its operations. "They had offices all over the States, hundreds of people, they were spending millions of Hughes's dollars," says Meier, who was on the staff of Hughes Dynamics himself until he was tipped off that Hughes was not even aware of the operation and advised that he should get out. Meier resigned, and not long after that, Hughes's wife saw a TV news story about Hughes Dynamics and reported it to Hughes, who ordered the entire staff fired within 24 hours.

That was not the first time he had fired Gay. But each time, Gay managed to find a way around the order. Hughes had also sent Maheu a memo giving him "full authority" to take over the TWA case from Davis, which Maheu had attempted to do. On November 12, 1970—two weeks before Hughes's disappearance—in a three-page teletyped message to Davis, Maheu charged him with mismanagement of the TWA court case. Maheu wrote, "I must insist that you now step aside." Two days later, Davis drafted a proxy turning over control of the Hughes-Nevada Operations to himself and Gay. On the afternoon of November 14, 1970, according to Levar Myler and Howard Eckersley, two of Hughes's Mormon valets, they handed the proxy to Hughes for his signature. Myler served as witness; Eckersley, a notary public, sealed the proxy, which was then used as the legal

basis for ousting Maheu. Both men had been hired by Gay to attend Hughes.⁵

Shortly after the take-over, Davis and Gay made public a "Dear Chester and Bill" letter from Hughes reiterating his desire to remove Maheu and ordering them to get the Maheu affair over with as quickly as possible. It is signed "Howard R. Hughes" and his fingerprints appear at the bottom of the page. At the very least, Maheu thought the letter was suspicious because Hughes did not begin his written communications to executives with "Dear." He began directly with a first name, such as "Bob—" or "John—" Nor did he sign personal messages "Howard R. Hughes." He signed them "H" or "Howard." The purpose of the fingerprints was to prove Hughes had written the letter. But curiously, sheriff's police captain William Witte of Clark County in Nevada

⁵ A few months after Hughes's disappearance, Eckersley, after years of laboring anonymously as chief staff executive for Hughes, showed up in Montreal touting a new mining stock called Pan American Mines Ltd. and implying that it was a Hughes venture. The stock quickly shot up 500 percent before Toolco announced that the venture was not backed by Hughes. The Canadian government indicted Eckersley for stock fraud. He remained in his position in the Hughes organization.

later testified about those fingerprints: "From the way the latent prints developed on the three separate examinations, we feel it is impossible to tell *how* [emphasis added] those prints were placed on that piece of paper."

A BEAST WITH TWO HEADS

But whether or not Hughes was in control at the moment his fingerprints were placed on that letter, the meaning of the 1970 coup was that Maheu and Meier, the two men who knew intimately the inner workings of the Hughes empire, were convinced that Hughes was no longer calling the shots; and hostile actions taken toward them, in Hughes's name, made them bitter enemies of the new regime practically overnight. Powerful executives who are accustomed to having the nation's business and political elite seek their favor do not simply fade quietly into the background when they believe—rightly or wrongly—that an illegal coup has taken place and they are its victims, abruptly and ignominiously thrown out onto the street and made to look like fools. Together, Maheu and Meier had enough information to topple the entire structure involving the Nixon White House, the Hughes empire, the CIA and politicians from both parties who were secretly indebted to Hughes in ways that could cause a public outrage.

Ironically, the initial White House response to the Hughes upheaval was jubi-

lant. Maheu had retained Larry O'Brien, for some of the Hughes public-relations work in Washington. Once Maheu was out, so was O'Brien—no friend to the Republican White House. The powerful Hughes account was turned over to Robert F. Bennett, who was, like Bill Gay, a Mormon. Bennett purchased Mullen & Company, a public-relations firm that also served as a CIA front organization, and which employed E. Howard Hunt. On January 15, 1971, Charles Colson wrote to another White House aide: "Bob Bennett, son of Senator Wallace Bennett of Utah, has just [taken] over the Mullen public-relations firm here in Washington. Bob is a trusted loyalist and good friend. We intend to use him on a variety of outside projects. One of Bob's new clients is Howard Hughes. I'm sure I need not explain the political implications of having Hughes's affairs handled here in Washington by a close friend. As you know, Larry O'Brien has been the principal Hughes man in Washington. This move could signal quite a shift in terms of the politics and money that Hughes represents."

But already there was concern about the dangers posed by the angry Maheu's relationship with O'Brien. A White House memo dated January 26, 1971, from Dean to H. R. Haldeman, says: "I have also been informed by a source of Jack Caulfield's that O'Brien and Maheu are longtime friends from the Boston

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area. . . . Bebe [Rebozo] is under the impression that Maheu had a good bit of freedom with Hughes's money when running the Nevada operation. Bebe further indicated that he felt he could acquire some documentation of this fact if given a little time and that he would proceed to try to get any information he could. He also requested that if any action be taken with regard to Hughes that he be notified because of his familiarity with the delicacy of the relationships as a result of his own dealings with the Hughes people." (The "delicacy" Rebozo referred to is not hard to understand. At that moment, he had \$100,000 of Hughes's money that he had never reported to the IRS stashed in a safe-deposit box.) Two days later, Haldeman instructed Dean to get more information on Maheu and O'Brien: "You and Chuck Colson should get together and come up with a way to leak the appropriate information. . . . However, we should keep Bob Bennett and Bebe out of it at all costs."

In other words, the White House was looking for information to embarrass O'Brien because of his Hughes connection, but before long, it started to look like the change of command in the Hughes empire was going to threaten the White House far more than O'Brien. Maheu and Meier would see to that.

It was an odd couple that set out to destroy the new Hughes regime. Maheu was an ex-FBI agent who worked for the CIA while on the Hughes payroll and was instrumental in creating the role of CIA front for the Hughes empire; Meier was a computer expert who was more interested in cleaning up the environment than in planting spies overseas. Maheu and Meier had probably not seen eye to eye on anything important until they came to the same conclusion about Davis and Gay's take-over of the Hughes organization. For once, their hands were forced in the same direction.

Maheu began by taking his grievances into court, letting out bits and pieces of information. Meier began by talking to his friends—liberals, Democrats, journalists—about such things as Air West. Maheu and Meier both talked with columnist Jack Anderson. The conversations resulted in articles that were potentially more disastrous for both the Hughes people and the White House than the column by Drew Pearson, Anderson's predecessor, about the 1956 loan. Anderson, for example, was the first to print, in August 1971, the outline of the \$100,000 payoff to Nixon through Rebozo.

Haldeman wanted Rebozo kept out of it "at all costs," and now Anderson was bringing him into it. Anderson told PLAYBOY: "That column, and every other column I wrote about Hughes and Nixon, provoked a reaction so much stronger than on any other subject I could write about. They went crazy over there whenever I linked them to Howard

Hughes. And I learned from sources in the White House inner circle that they believed the source for that column about the \$100,000 to Rebozo was Larry O'Brien. They were mistaken, but they were convinced at the time that I was getting my stuff on Hughes and Nixon from Larry O'Brien."

The tension gradually increased through 1971. Maheu and Meier talked more and more. The agency, the Hughes empire and the White House became more and more concerned. In the Watergate testimony, several witnesses alluded to their nervousness about the struggle within the Hughes organization and its potential for serious political embarrassment.

In early 1972, the Clifford Irving biography of Hughes surfaced in the press as a fraud, prompting an unprecedented phone call from either Hughes or a man purporting to be Hughes. The reason for suspicion about the identity of the man making the call is the fact that he couldn't answer several of the identifying questions put to him by reporters who supposedly had known him. In the four-hour conversation, the voice rambled disjointedly, going into extended discourses on such topics as the way in which he trimmed his fingernails and the advantages of a clipper over a scissors. At one point, the voice said, Maheu "robbed me blind," sending Maheu into a rage that ended in a \$17,300,000 defamation suit against Summa. In the course of this action, a very angry Maheu began telling even more about the internal workings of the organization as they related to Nixon and the CIA:

- He presented a tape recording of a phone call from Hughes, who told him in reference to a possible move to the Bahamas, "If I were to make this move, I would expect you to wrap up that government down there to a point where it will be, well, a captive entity in every way."

- July 4, 1972, Maheu gave the first detailed account of the famous \$100,000 gift to Nixon—in a sworn deposition. While there had been some question before, Maheu now stated conclusively that the money was unquestionably meant for Nixon.

- He revealed that approval for Hughes's purchase of additional casinos was a favor granted by Nixon implying that Hughes had bought Nixon off.

- He described showing Hughes executive Ray Holliday the Hughes memo asking Maheu to give Lyndon Johnson the \$1,000,000 bribe to stop atomic tests. "Mr. Holliday," Maheu said under oath, "dropped the yellow sheet of paper to the floor and requested of me whether or not his fingerprints could be taken off the piece of paper."

Although some of this was to take place after the Watergate break-in, its general impact gives an idea of how far Maheu

was willing to go. He had apparently decided to pull out all the stops and blast the organization.

In some ways, Meier represented even more of a threat, especially to the White House. His close friendship with Don Nixon, as mentioned before, had long been a source of concern for the President. Although Donald and Meier were told at various points to keep away from each other, Don wanted to maintain his Hughes connection and Meier had a job to do. Meier, after all, was charged by Hughes with handling business dealings with Don. Don later testified to the Watergate committee that he viewed Meier as "the number-two man with Hughes." The Secret Service had already tapped Don's telephone because of his connections with Hughes, and as early as July 1969, the Secret Service had, as mentioned, photographed Meier and Don at the Orange County Airport, prompting an angry call to Don from Rebozo. But Don persisted in seeing Meier, which led to yet another embarrassing column by Anderson. Meier was going to have lunch with George Clifford, an Anderson investigator, and Don joined them, only to start bragging about his international wheeling-dealing. A February 11, 1972, Anderson column reads, "Suddenly he fixed his gaze on a visitor [Meier] connected with the airline Air West. 'How do I get Air West?' Donald demanded. 'We ought to do their catering. They owe me that.'" The story "upset the entire Nixon family," according to Meier, who was told that by Don.

Just the seamier aspects of the Air West story were enough to threaten Nixon's chances of re-election. Nixon hadn't forgotten the disasters of 1960 and 1962, caused by the Nixon family's relationship with Hughes, and in early 1972, his old nightmare was showing signs of repeating itself, and all because of the fallout from the internal Hughes explosion. On February third, *The New York Times* added a new dimension by carrying a story saying that *Las Vegas Sun* publisher Hank Greenspun had a safe full of Hughes memos. One day later, Mitchell met with Liddy and the result was Liddy's belief that he had the go-ahead for two missions: the burglary of Greenspun's safe and a mission into O'Brien's office at the Watergate.

Friends throughout the Hughes organization had warned Meier not to get into politics after the 1970 blowup. He was told the organization would "ruin" him if he did. Meier ignored them, determined to get to the bottom of what he regarded as the mysterious disappearance of Hughes and to get on with his own career, now that he'd lost his position with Hughes. He decided to run for the U. S. Senate from New Mexico against an old friend of Nixon's, Pete Domenici. Meier announced his candidacy on January 11,

1972, and as the election year started, the White House had cause for alarm at Meier's conversations not only with Jack Anderson but with high-level McGovern supporters as well.

"I was telling them," Meier says, "that my feeling was that McGovern stood a chance of winning the election only if he exposed Nixon in areas such as his relationship with Hughes, such as the fact that I was told directly by Hughes to lay off the AEC because he had a deal with the President that he would get approval for the acquisition of Air West. And I was sitting there in Don Nixon's house, listening to him talk to Nixon in the White House about Air West and Hughes. Now, where are those tapes between Don and Richard Nixon? Nixon had Don's phone tapped. Why didn't those tapes come out?"

Left alone, Meier stood a good chance of winning over Domenici, who was thought to be a weak opponent. But in the next five months, before Meier lost in his campaign for the Democratic nomination, he experienced a series of disasters. According to an affidavit by Harry Evans, Meier's campaign coordinator, Tom Benavidez, then a New Mexico senator, was managing the campaign and had his real-estate offices burglarized of Meier's papers, including tax records. Benavidez found a transmitting device on his office phone. The campaign was being directed from that office. Evans' report to Meier on the state's political structure was stolen when someone broke into the Downtowner Motel room in which Evans was staying. (The wire tapping and burglaries by that time were nothing new to Meier. As early as January 27, 1970, he was at the Fontainebleau in Miami with his wife and their room was broken into. Meier's files were taken and he reported the incident to the police.)

Telephone threats on Meier's life became so common that he had to get a police monitor on his phones in an attempt to trace the calls. Although Meier had never met Clifford Irving—and so testified—he was dragged before a Federal grand jury in New York investigating the hoax and subjected to heavy publicity about his possible involvement.

As soon as Meier was cleared of the Irving matter, Summa sued him and others, claiming \$9,000,000 had been swindled from Hughes in mining deals.

Then, in May, someone leaked the story to the press that Meier was under investigation by the IRS. Meier had initially come under IRS scrutiny as a result of a massive investigation of the Hughes empire. At the end of 1971, the IRS and the Justice Department—presumably unaware of the depth of the CIA connections to Hughes—sent teams of dozens of volunteer agents into Las Vegas to investigate Hughes-Nevada Operations. The heat was on in Vegas, considering that

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Intertel, Hughes, IRS, Justice, the CIA and who knew who else were all there spying on one another. According to Hunt's own Watergate testimony, "It was Mr. Bennett who told me that if I ever got out to Las Vegas, to be very careful even of using a telephone booth there; there was so much electronic surveillance out there that he for one would not even trust a coin phone in Las Vegas."

It wasn't surprising. The IRS was uncovering what *The Wall Street Journal* called the largest skimming operation the IRS had ever seen. In its July 31, 1972, report, the *Journal* said, "The billionaire was roundly fleeced . . . the noose is beginning to tighten." It quoted a "seasoned" Federal agent as saying the situation involved "some of the most incredible swindles I've ever seen" and described the "massive investigative force that is combing Las Vegas, several other U. S. cities and such remote points as the Netherlands and the Dominican Republic."

A minimum of \$50,000,000 could not be accounted for right at the outset and all indications were that there were more mysteries where that came from. Spokesmen for the IRS admitted to total bafflement about how business had been conducted in Vegas since Hughes arrived.

Nixon's problem was that some money was intentionally moved in circuitous ways because at least \$100,000 had been taken from casinos and passed to Rebozo, earmarked for the White House. The IRS was beginning to turn up bits and pieces of evidence pointing to a Hughes-Nixon relationship and the investigation was immediately flagged "sensitive." In May 1972, less than a month before the Watergate break-in, Roger Barth, assistant to the commissioner of the IRS, reported to Ehrlichman at the White House. He said the IRS had developed information that might embarrass the President (meaning ruin his chances for re-election). The IRS further told Ehrlichman that Donald Nixon's name kept coming up in the Hughes investigation.

The sequence of events leading up to Watergate reads like an invasion plan.

- During January, Meier's Albuquerque home was broken into and bugged.
- During February, there was a break-in at Meier's room at the Marriott Hotel in New York.
- During March, two additional Albuquerque break-ins were made at Meier's campaign offices.
- Meier's Senate campaign ran from January 11 to June 6, 1972. Less than two weeks before the break-in at Watergate, he lost the primary, his campaign in a shambles.

The situation was beginning to get out of hand for Hughes, the CIA and the White House. Even for them, it was an awfully active schedule of larceny.

The three groups had many worries in common. They also had in common E.

Howard Hunt, inasmuch as he was employed by Bennett, had been one of the CIA's top clandestine talents and was in 1971 on a daily retainer of \$100 from the White House to do special projects. Liddy had worked with Hunt before. By late 1971, he was doing "law-enforcement" work for the White House. He had a flair for wild schemes, guns, fast cars and planes. It was Liddy who originally proposed to Mitchell the brutal tactics for sabotaging the Democratic campaign (such as hiring a yacht full of prostitutes to lure Democrats into compromising situations).

Hunt and Liddy had planned to drug Anderson to make him incoherent during a public appearance and thereby discredit him. Every time someone got close to the Hughes connection, he was bugged or burglarized or discredited.

By the spring of 1972, militaristic security actions had become almost a day-to-day business for Hunt, Liddy and their associates. There were at least two failed attempts to break into Watergate (Liddy, in his typical style, had even suggested shooting out a streetlight to give the break-in team the cover of darkness for a job aimed at McGovern's headquarters). Then in late May, the plumbers, under the direction of Hunt and Liddy, entered the Democratic National Headquarters in Watergate for the first time. They placed electronic bugging devices, which were monitored from the Howard Johnson's across the street and reduced to memo form.

In the process of scrambling to re-establish some semblance of security, the White House, the agency and the Hughes organization also found O'Brien worrisome. His old relationship with Maheu and his friends' conversations with Meier could be providing the Democrats with some unbeatable ammunition for the election. Maheu and Meier could also threaten the integrity of America's largest covert-operations front. The plumbers had already been in the Watergate once in May. There were so many taps in place already, it was probably not even considered a very important job to place a couple of eavesdropping devices on the phones of O'Brien and one of his assistants, R. Spencer Oliver, Jr. (whose father worked for Bennett at Mullen & Company), and to photograph some documents at the same time.

Liddy, Hunt, the agency, the Hughes organization, the White House all regarded it by that time as just part of business as usual. And the June 17 Watergate break-in would have been just another small job—a repeat performance, in fact—in the process of finding out just what was going on with Meier, Maheu, O'Brien, Greenspun, Anderson—the entire nexus of the Hughes connection and the mass of information swirling around it. It would have been just another step if the burglars hadn't been caught. That

opened the floodgates. During the next year, the only thing to do was to head for high ground. But someone had to go down. Someone had to take the blame. The only thing certain at that point was that it wasn't going to be the world's largest CIA cover organization or the CIA itself.

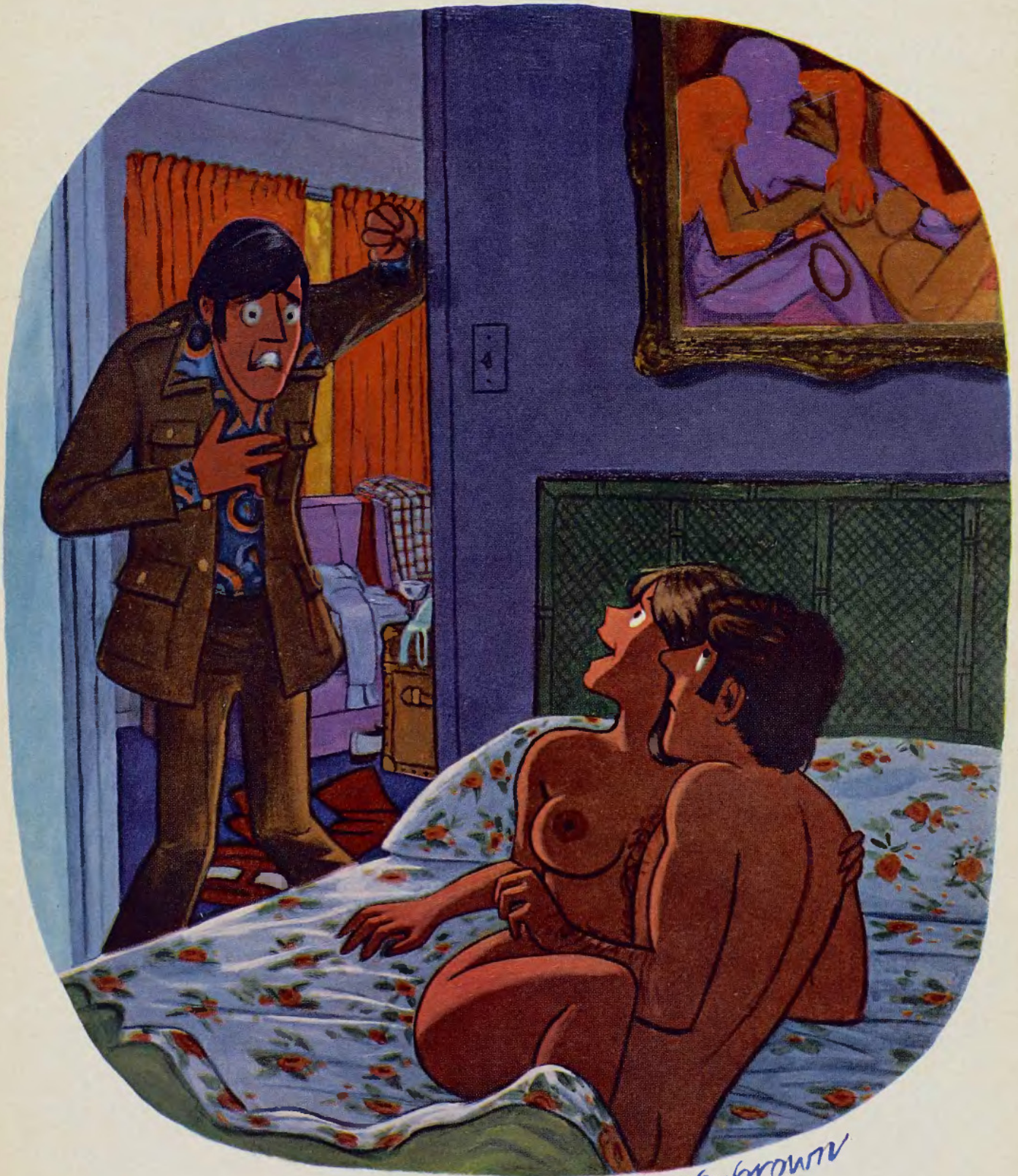
In the following months, different versions of the motive for the burglary would be rolled out: First, it was a group of anti-Castroites who had pulled off the job, believing McGovern to be pro-Castro; then it was a band of overzealous campaign workers pulling a dirty trick on the opposition; and finally, of course, it was a group of plumbers hired directly by the White House. Supposedly, as the drama unfolded, the public would be getting closer and closer to the truth.

But of the three interested parties—the White House, the CIA and the Hughes organization—two of them had the power to ensure that the whole truth never emerge. As the White House portion of the cover-up began to crumble, it would become clear that Nixon could not be saved and would have to be thrown overboard to keep the CIA and Hughes afloat. The attention of the news media would have to be focused on the White House alone—surely a large enough target for tenacious journalists. Robert Bennett, Hughes public-relations man and director of a CIA front, would play a fascinating, complex and mysterious role. He would supply information to a number of newsmen; notably, Bob Woodward. In the following year, Woodward and his partner, Carl Bernstein, would write the stories credited with bringing down the President, stories that would make journalistic history without ever mentioning Hughes or the CIA in any substantive relationship to the motive for the Watergate break-in. In Woodward and Bernstein's two books, which are the most popularly accepted accounts of the Watergate scandal, Howard Hughes's name is mentioned only in passing.

Clearly, Hughes and the CIA were more important than a mere President. They were the magic box in which the country's most sensitive secrets were kept. It had almost come open and those in charge of its security were determined not to let it happen again. The magic box had to be closed once and for all and whoever wasn't inside—God help him.

This is the first of a two-part series. In November, the conclusion: Bennett secretly provides stories to Woodward; Nixon falls, but the CIA succeeds in covering its own tracks; Hughes's death, under circumstances even more suspicious than previously reported, causes Summa and the CIA drastic problems requiring drastic action, including a tentative peace feeler to their old foe, Meier; the scramble behind the scenes for a Hughes will.





Buck Brown

"I can't believe you're making such a fuss, dear. You're always telling me to have a nice day."

WILL CARL DIVORCE MYRNA?

(continued from page 141)

and vice versa. The point of all this is basically the same as that of soap operas themselves; which is to say, there is none.

PART I

MULTIPLE CHOICE QUIZ

- In *All My Children*, Anne's mother, Phoebe, disapproves of her daughter's marriage to Nick because:
 - Nick wore a tutu to the engagement party
 - Nick doesn't have enough pathetic problems to keep the family occupied
 - Nick is the illegitimate son of Tara, who had an affair with Ted, who lost a lot of money to Chuck, who is separated from Louise, who was run over by a Mack truck
 - Nick is the illegitimate son of Mack Truck, who had an affair with Louise, who is separated from Joe, who paid for Joanne's abortion
 - Nick is below Anne's social class
- General Hospital's* Jim Hobart, a professor at the University Medical School, becomes extremely agitated when Audrey suggests that:
 - He would be happier at the bottom of a lake
 - He use both hands while performing open-heart surgery
 - She go away by herself to think things out
 - He is having an affair with Griselda Frobisher
 - He divorce his wife, pay for an abortion, mortgage the house, tell Fred he is adopted and strangle the organist
- In an episode of *Another World*, Marianne confides in Mike and Glenda that she is afraid to return home to Bay City because:
 - Everybody except her is pregnant, divorced, separated or adopted
 - Her husband has planted a bomb in her car
 - Her friends would notice that she'd had a nose job
 - She's made such a dismal mess of her life
 - Her furniture might have gotten dusty
- Which of the following is *not* one of Scott (*Search for Tomorrow*) Phillips' problems?
 - His father died
 - He doesn't love his wife
 - He's paralyzed from the neck up
 - He's an alcoholic
 - His wife had a miscarriage

- In order to embarrass his father, Tony Harris (*One Life to Live*) decides to:
 - Put ketchup in his shoes
 - Enter a beauty contest
 - Open a topless bar
 - Play the kazoo at his brother's funeral
 - Marry his father's mistress
- Ruth and Joe Martin of *All My Children* developed a close relationship because they were:
 - Siamese twins joined at the nose
 - Separated, divorced, illegitimate, miscarriages, adopted, etc.
 - On the same chain gang
 - Widowed
 - Capricorns
- Noel of *Edge of Night* visits the hospital and finds out from a nurse that the vital piece of medical equipment keeping Geraldine alive is:
 - A used Hudson Hornet hooked up to a bubble pipe
 - A tape recording of Henny Youngman jokes
 - A respirator
 - A rectal delineator
 - A thrombotic postaurial discombobulator
- In *Ryan's Hope*, Faith admits to Bucky that she's "hung up" on Pat Ryan and that she feels miserable because:
 - She just ate some bad gefilte fish
 - She just found out she wasn't adopted
 - She hates the name Pat and prefers Bucky
 - She promised herself she wouldn't let it happen
 - She doubts whether she can find true happiness with a hamster
- Roger of *The Guiding Light* finally tells Peggy he's the father of Holly Bauer's baby. Peggy is shocked and says bitterly that she can't live with a man who:
 - Sleeps in the garage
 - Is not adopted
 - Wears a helicopter beanie to bed
 - Lies so easily
 - Sits so easily
- In *Search for Tomorrow*, Steve realizes he can no longer keep the truth of his illness from Liza. After his release from the hospital, Steve sits down with Liza and tells her that he has acute:
 - Little puppy dog
 - Adoption syndrome
 - Toe ache
 - Leukemia
 - Thrombotic infraction of the culinary



"There it is! You see? Right there in the Talmud!
 'Feed a cold and starve a fever.'"

Discover What Vitamins Can Do For Your Hair.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells 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. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked

to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED.

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and . . . I have tried many. . . " E.H., New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement. . . " W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail. . . " S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference. . . " E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Branx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable. . . " V.M., Carralltan, 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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“The city is thereby empowered to seize said films found to be in violation of local community standards.”

**PART II
WHO NEEDS THIS
AGGRAVATION?**

Every soap-opera character is beset by his or her own personal *tsoris*. We know when someone in a soaper is about to find out he's got a problem, because that's when the organ music starts. And, naturally, everybody in the soap-opera community has found out about everybody else's problem by the time the commercial is over—word travels fast in Soap City, U.S.A. Here is a list of problems and another of the characters who have them. Your job is to match them. A little organ music, maestro. . . .

1. Has a sex hang-up
2. Has dizzy spells
3. Is impotent
4. Had an abortion
5. Is an alcoholic
6. Is in a coma
7. Has defective kidneys
8. Is deaf and dumb
9. Has a low sperm count
10. Had a face lift
11. Was paralyzed
12. Had malaria
13. Has leukemia

- A. Nick (*All My Children*)
- B. Steve (*Search for Tomorrow*)
- C. Loretta (*Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*)
- D. Jenny (*One Life to Live*)
- E. Scott (*Search for Tomorrow*)

- F. Amanda (*Days of Our Lives*)
- G. Tom (*Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*)
- H. Margo (*All My Children*)
- I. Steve (*Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*)
- J. Marianne (*Another World*)
- K. Joan (*The Doctors*)
- L. Susan (*Days of Our Lives*)
- M. Chuck (*All My Children*)

**PART III
WHAT'S WHAT**

Five of the following are actual plot summaries of actual episodes from actual soapers. The others are phonies. See if you can spot the real ones.

- A. Lance has an affair with Lenore, who will not tell him that she is suffering from terminal cancer. Little does she know that Lance, having overheard a conversation in the hospital reception room, already knows this.
- B. Heather and Bobby arrive at a party dressed in Thirties costumes. Heather is wearing a blonde wig, a tight-fitting dress and lots of make-up. Jerry thinks Heather has lost her marbles when the two of them break into a song-and-dance routine.
- C. Having found out where Naomi is buried, Willie visits the Collins family mausoleum and unsuccessfully tries to open Naomi's casket.
- D. Joe, the adopted son of Bill and Marjorie Shmendrake, is involved

- E. After the local basketball coach drowns in a bowl of her chicken soup, Mary offers to pay the funeral expenses.
- F. Although she knows it means Linc will find out that she and Hal were married and never legally divorced, Kitty tells Hal she will not turn in a load of Espada soap containing cocaine.
- G. Upset over losing her baby, Catherine tries to commit suicide by taking sleeping pills. George finds her in time and calls Dr. Blake, who saves her life.
- H. Before resigning from his job, Dick breaks down and asks Henry to pray with him. When Dick begins to curl up on the floor and weep, Henry starts calling him a meatball.
- I. When the psychotic lab technician climbs through the window and threatens to kill Faith, she screams, alerting her father, who chases the man and falls off the roof.
- J. Dick goes on a long trip without telling Jerry, and Barry gets so angry he tells Dick not to bother coming home.

ANSWERS

PART I

1. E
2. C
3. D
4. C
5. C
6. D
7. C
8. D
9. D
10. D

PART II

1. L
2. F
3. G
4. J
5. E
6. K
7. M
8. I
9. A
10. H
11. C
12. D
13. B

PART III

Real Plots:

- B (*Somerset*)
- C (*Dark Shadows*)
- E (*Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*)
- F (*All My Children*)
- I (*Ryan's Hope*)



GARNY

(continued from page 98)

"That'd burn down my proposition," he said.

Nobody has a job in a carnival; he has a proposition.

"I've never blown anybody's cover. Never."

"It'd be dull, anyway," he said.

"No such thing as a dull subject. Only dull writers. Think about it, will you?"

"I'll think about it."

I figured I might as well remind him he owed me. That's the way I am. "You could still be over there on the floor with that cowboy walking around on your face."

It took a little doing, but he finally let me go with him for a while. I particularly wanted to see the gamblers one more time on the circuit and I knew I had to do it soon or they would be gone forever. Twenty years ago, practically every carnival had flat stores. But the flats are not welcome in very many carnivals today. Of the more than 800 carnivals that work this country, probably fewer than 50 still have flat joints. Ten years from now, I don't believe there will be any at all.

They are condemned because of the heat they generate. If a flat is allowed, as the carnies say, to work strong, there will be fistfights, stabbings and maybe even a shooting or two in a season, all direct results of the flat-store operation. Every carnival has a patch, who does just what the word says. He patches up things. He is the fixer, making right whatever beefs come down. Generally, flats keep the patch very busy.

Perhaps unique in the history of carnivals, Charlie Luck—a flattie himself—was also the patch. He was able to operate as the patch only because he usually did not actively run a joint. Rather, he had two agents who worked for him in flat stores he independently booked with the owner of the carnival. So far, I'd traveled 600 miles with him and I'd seen no real violence in his flats—some very pissed-off people but no violence. And now, this was to be the last weekend before I went back to Florida. We'd just made a circus jump—tearing down and moving and setting up in less than a single day. It took me a long time to get back to sleep, because the ride boy had dropped another capsule, strapped on the lot lady and was noisily working out at the other end of the van.

They did, however, finally rock me to sleep and I didn't wake up until late afternoon. The carnival Charlie Luck was with worked nothing but still dates, which is to say it never joined any fairs where they have contests for the best bull or the best cooking or the biggest pumpkin. Fair dates work all day. Still dates never have much business until late afternoon and night. I changed my

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

Alive with pleasure! Newport



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

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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clothes in the van and went out onto the midway.

The music on the Ferris wheel and at the Octopus had already cranked up. The smell of popcorn and cotton candy and caramel apples was heavy on the air. A few marks from the town had showed up with their kids. Several fat, clucking mothers were herding a group of retarded children down the midway like so many ducks. I didn't know where Charlie was. He had a trailer, but he usually slept in a motel. I walked over to get a corn dog and while I was waiting for it, I listened to two ride boys, both of them in their early 20s, talk about shooting up. They were as dirty as they could get and as they talked, their teeth showed broken and yellow in their mouths. All the workers on carnivals have European teeth. Anybody with all his teeth is suspect. Several locals were standing about eating corn dogs, but the two ride boys went right ahead discussing needles and the downers they had melted and shot up. They were speaking Carny, a language I can speak imperfectly if I do it very slowly. When I hear it spoken rapidly, I can understand it just well enough to know what the subject of discussion is without knowing exactly what is being said.

The marks stared at the two boys babbling on in this strange language full of Zs and Ss. God knows what the marks thought they were speaking. In Carny, the word beer becomes bee-a-zeer and the sentence Beer is good becomes Bee-a-zeer ee-a-zay gee-a-zood. It is not too difficult as long as you are speaking in monosyllables. But when you use a polysyllabic word, each syllable becomes a kind of word in itself. The word mention would be spoken mee-a-zen shee-a-zun.

It is a language unique to carnivals, with no roots anywhere else, so far as I know. And it does what it is supposed to do very effectively by creating a barrier between carnies and outsiders. Above everything else, the carnies world is a self-contained society with its own social order and its own taboos and morality. At the heart of that morality is the imperative against telling outsiders the secrets of the carnival. Actually, it goes beyond that. There is an imperative against telling outsiders the truth about anything. That was what made being there with Charlie Luck as risky as it was. Either one of us could have been severely spoken to if what we were doing had got out.

I ate my corn dog as I walked down past the Octopus and the Zipper and the Sky Wheel and past the House of Mirrors. I was on my way for a quick look at the ten-in-one, which I had seen every day I'd traveled with Charlie Luck. Ten-in-one is the carnies name for a freak show, possibly because there are often ten attractions under one tent. This was a good one but not a great one.

I was especially fond of the Fat Lady and her friends there under the tent. I think I know why, and I know I know when I started loving freaks.

Almost 20 years ago, when I had just gotten out of the Marine Corps, I woke up one day in an Airstream trailer in Atlanta, Georgia. The trailer was owned by a man and his wife. They were freaks. I was a caller for the show. My call was not particularly good, but it was good enough to get the job and to keep it. And that was all it was to me, a job, something to do. The second week I had the job, I was able to rent a place to sleep in the Airstream from the freak man and his freak wife. I woke up that morning in Atlanta looking at both of them where they stood at the other end of the trailer in the kitchen. They stood perfectly still in the dim, yellow light, their backs to each other. I could not see their faces, but I was close enough to hear them clearly when they spoke.

"What's for supper, darling?" he said.

"Franks and beans, with a nice little salad," she said.

"I'll try to be in early," he said.

And then they turned to each other under the yellow light. The lady had a beard not quite as thick as my own but three inches long and very black. The man's face had a harelip. His face, not his mouth. His face was divided so that the top of his nose forked. His eyes were positioned almost on the sides of his head and in the middle was a third eye that was not really an eye at all but a kind of false lid over a round indentation that saw nothing. It was enough, though, to make you taste bile in your throat and cause a cold fear to start in your heart.

They kissed. Their lips brushed briefly and I heard them murmur to each other and he was gone through the door. And I, lying at the back of the trailer, was never the same again.

I have never stopped remembering that, as wondrous and special as those two people were, they were only talking about and looking forward to and needing precisely what all of the rest of us talk about and look forward to and need. He might have been any husband going to any job anywhere. He just happened to have that divided face. That is not a very startling revelation, I know, but it is one most of us resist because we have that word *normal* and we can say we are normal because a psychological, sexual or even spiritual abnormality can—with a little luck—be safely hidden from the rest of the world. But if you are less than three feet tall, you have to deal with that fact every second of every day of your life. And everyone witnesses your effort. You go into a bar and you can't get up onto a stool. You whistle down a taxi and you can't open the door. If you're a lady with a beard, every face you meet is a mirror to give you back the disgust and horror and unreasonableness of your

predicament. No matter which corner you turn on which street in which city of the world, you can expect to meet that mirror.

And I suppose I have never been able to forgive myself the grotesqueries and aberrations I am able to hide with such impunity in my own life.

Inside the tent, the Fat Lady was already up on her platform, ready for the day's business. She had a pasteboard box under her chair. The box was filled with cinnamon buns that her manager bought for her. She could get through about ten pounds of cinnamon buns a day. Her manager said he'd owned her—that was his phrase, owned her—for three years and in that time he had never seen her eat any meat. She stuck, he said, pretty much to pastries.

"How is it today, Bertha?"

She nodded to me, put the last of a cinnamon bun into her mouth and reached for another one. Her little eyes deep in her face were very bright and quick as a bird's.

"You seen Charlie Luck?" I said. I wasn't really looking for him. I just wanted to talk a little to Bertha.

"He was here with one-eyed Petey," she said. "You want one of these?"

"Thanks, but I just had a corn dog."

"Luck's probably back in the G-top, cutting up jack pots."

"Probably," I said.

Cutting up jack pots is what carnies call it when they get together and tell one another about their experiences, mostly lies. The Tattooed Man came in with the Midget and the Midget's mother. The Midget's mother was nearly as tall as I was and very thin. She always looked inexpressibly sad. During the show, she wandered among the marks, selling postcards with a picture of her tiny son on them for a quarter apiece. The Tattooed Man had intricate designs in his ears. Little flowers grew on his nose and disappeared right up his nostrils. He was a miracle of color.

"I surely do admire your illustrations," I said.

"How come I got 'm," he said. He was from Mississippi and had a good grit voice.

"How many dollars' worth you reckon you got?"

"Wouldn't start to know. For years all I'd do was put ever nickel I could lay hand to for pictures."

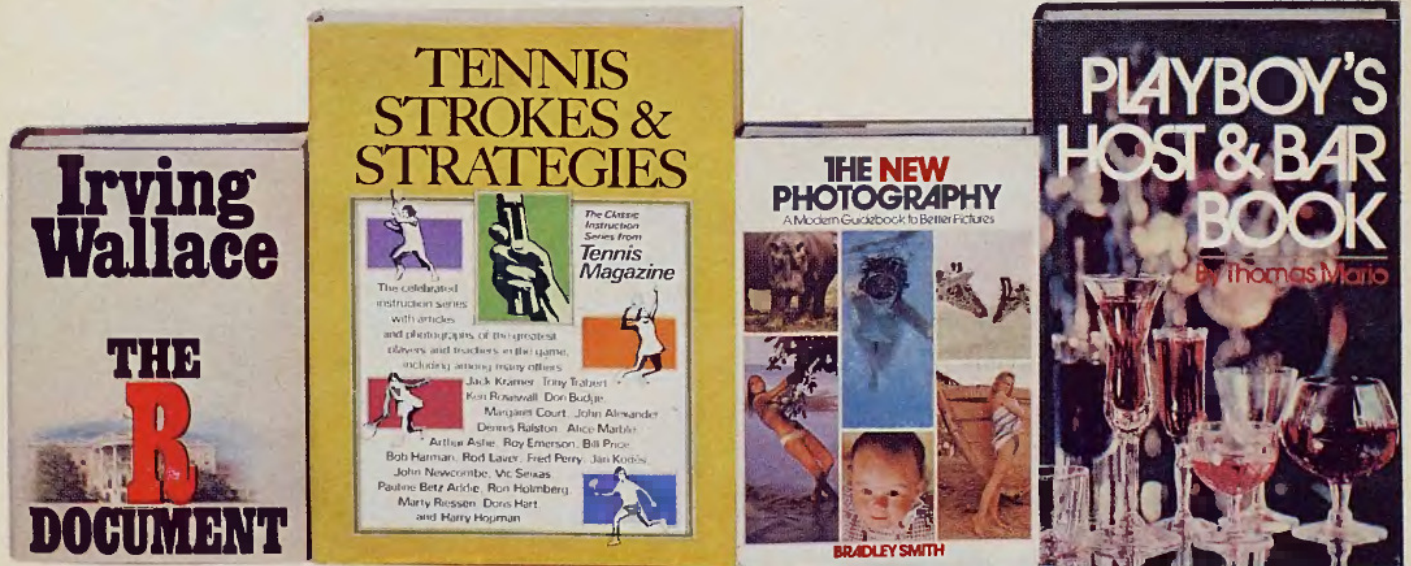
He had eyelashes and an eyelid tattooed around his asshole. It looked just like a kind of bloodshot eye and he could make it wink. For two dollars over and above the regular price of admission to the ten-in-one show, you could go behind a little curtain and he'd do it for you. Carnies have nothing but a deep, abiding contempt for marks and what they think of as the straight world, and nowhere is that contempt more vividly expressed than in the Tattooed Man's



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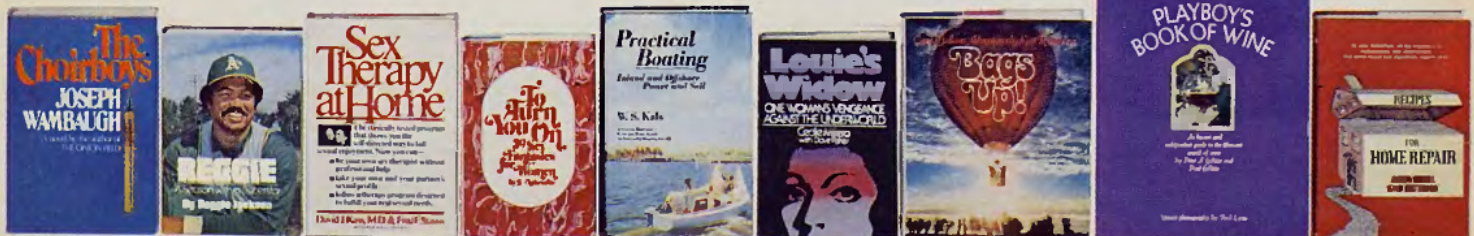
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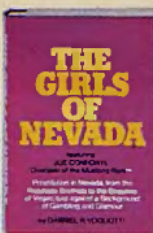
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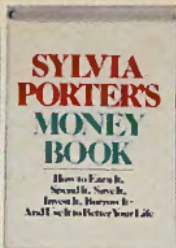
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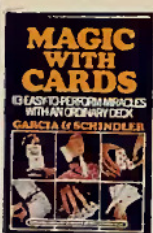
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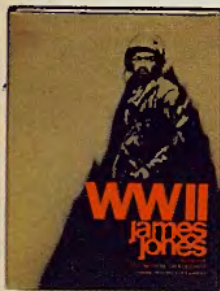
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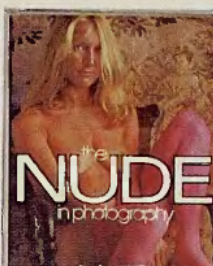
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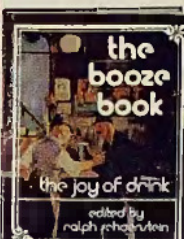
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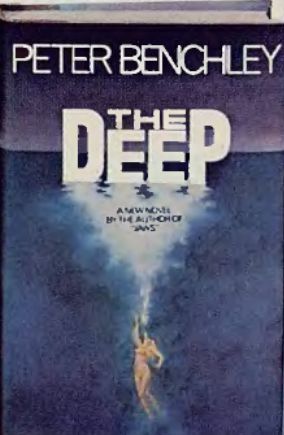
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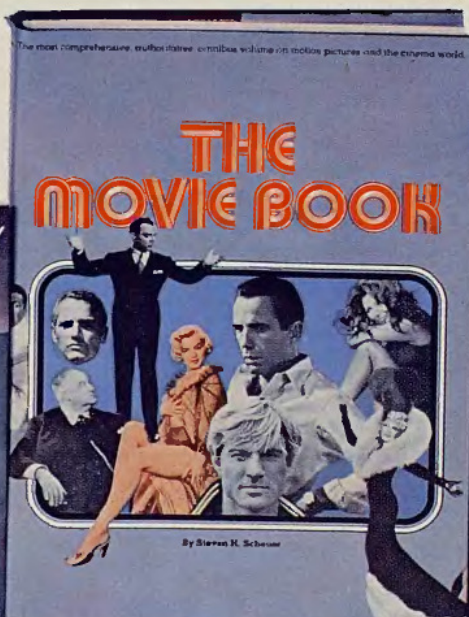
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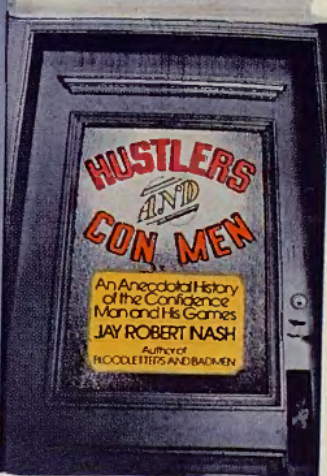
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response when I asked him why he had the eye put in there.

"Making them bastards pay two dollars to look up my asshole gives me more real pleasure than anything else I've ever done."

Charlie Luck came in looking for me and handed me five dollars. "I sent the jack into town. That's your half."

"Charlie, that was a fifty-dollar jack."

"The guy took it said he got ten."

"And you believed him?"

He took another five out of his pocket and handed it to me. "What the hell, take it all. He was probably lying and, besides, it was your van. You oughtta have it all."

Charlie dearly loved a hustle, any hustle, on anybody. "Come on out here; I want to see you a minute."

As we were leaving, Bertha called around a mouthful of cinnamon bun. "That's a wonderful siren; I liked it a lot."

"Thank you, Bertha," I said. "That's sweet of you to say."

Out on the midway, Charlie Luck said, "You thought any more about what I asked you?"

"Charlie," I said, "I told you already."

"Look what I'm doing for you and you can't even do this little thing for me."

"It's not a little thing, I'm liable to get my head handed to me."

"You not working the show, you just traveling with me. You don't know anybody on this show. It'll be all right. Nobody's going to mind."

"You don't know that."

"I'm telling you I do know that. It'll be all right. You're leaving tomorrow, anyway. And I gotta know, I gotta have a firsthand, detailed report."

"Report, for Christ's sake!"

"I gotta know."

Charlie Luck's problem was this. He was nailing this lady named Rose who worked in the girlie show. Like the Tattooed Man, Rose had a specialty act that the marks could see by paying extra. Rose also had a husband. A large, mean, greasy husband who worked on the Ferris wheel. Charlie Luck wanted to know what she did in her specialty act. She wouldn't tell him. He couldn't go see for himself, because one of the strongest taboos in the carnival world is against carnies' going to the girlie show. Most of the girls have carnies for husbands and the feeling is that it is all right to show your wife to the marks but fundamentally wrong to show her to another carny, one of your own world.

"Hey, come in here and let me get my fortune told," I said.

We were passing a gypsy fortuneteller and I was reminded of the gypsies and their wagons passing through Georgia when I was a boy. But mostly I was just trying to get Charlie Luck to stop thinking about Rose and her specialty act.

"You let that raghead touch your hand

and you never come on to my game again."

"I just wanted my fortune——"

"Ragheads can't tell time, much less fortunes."

Carnies are not the most liberal people in the world. A few blacks are tolerated as laborers, and maybe an occasional gypsy to run a mitt camp, or fortune-telling booth, but not too long ago, it wasn't unusual to see advertisements in *Amusement Business*, the weekly newspaper devoted in part to carnivals, that said plainly NO RAGHEADS.

"Look," said Charlie Luck. "You think you seen my proposition. But you haven't seen me take any real money off anybody. Go bring this thing back for me and I'll run the game tonight. I'll run it strong."

"You don't have to run it strong," I said.

"I will, though, if you'll do this thing."

Charlie got bent bad over women. I found out later that the cowboy was on him in the bar in Yeehaw Junction over a woman, although I never found out precisely what it was about. But Charlie was, to use the kindest word, kinky when it came to ladies. Everybody I talked to said the same thing about him. I don't know why this was true, or how long it had been true of him, and I didn't try to find out. It wasn't any of my business, unless he wanted to tell me, and he didn't seem to. The girlie show had only joined us at the date preceding the circus jump. I was with Charlie Luck the first time he saw Rose in the G-top. He had known her now a total of four days, but he reminded me of the way I'd been when I fell totally and deeply in love the first time, at the age of 13. He'd honed for Rose from the first second he saw her and had managed to nail her two hours later in my van. He'd asked me for the van because he was afraid to take her to his trailer.

She came out of the van first and left. Then he came out—face radiant under his soft brown cap—and kept saying to me, "Did you see her? Did you?"

"I saw her, Charlie."

"Was she beautiful? God, I practically almost never seen anything like her in the world."

"Right," I said.

She looked about 48 years old, thick in thigh and hip, but had slender, almost skinny calves. The left calf was badly varicosed. Her face was a buttery mask of make-up. I couldn't figure what the hell she had done in there to him to string him out so bad. When I finally got into the van to drive to town, it smelled as though most of the salmon of the world had been slowly tortured to death all over my red-and-black carpeting.

"All right," I said finally, as we walked down the midway. "I'll catch Rose's bit for you, if you want me to. But I want you to remember one thing. Afterward,

I don't want any conversation about it. You know, they used to cut off the heads of the guys who brought bad news to the king."

"Now, what the hell's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing," I said. "It means nothing."

"I'll catch you after the eight-o'clock show," he said. "I gotta go settle a beef about a fifty-cent piece of slum. The shit I put up with."

Slum is what carnies call the cheap merchandise they give out in the little booths that line the midway. For that reason, hanky-panks and alibis are also called slum joints. Hanky-panks are simple games of skill such as throwing darts at balloons. Alibis are games in which the agent is continually making alibis about why you did not win. Also, alibis—unlike hanky-panks—are liable to be gaffed, or rigged, and they are also liable to have a stick who is said to work the gaff. A stick is a guy who pretends to be a mark and by his presence induces the townspeople to play.

I strolled down the midway and watched it all come down. A stick who was working the gaff at a game called six cat was winning tons of slum. Six cat is an alibi in which the object is to knock down two cats at once with a ball. The stick quit playing as soon as he had attracted half a dozen marks. The agent was singing his song, alibiing his ass off:

"Hey, woweee! Look at that! That was just a little too high! A hair! No more 'n a hair an' you woulda won! Too much left. Bring it down, bring it down and win it for the lady."

I watched the mark finally get thrown a piece of plush, in this case a small, slightly soiled cloth giraffe. The poor bastard had paid only \$12 for something he could have bought for two and a quarter out in the city. The six cat was gaffed, or fixed, and the agent had done what's called cooling the mark by rewarding him with a prize after he had taken as much money as he thought he could get away with.

Eighty-five million people or thereabouts go to carnivals every year in this country and I do not want to leave the impression that all of them are cheated. Most of them are not. But the particular carnival Charlie Luck was running with is called a rag bag and it means that everything is pretty run-down, greasy and suspect. The man who books the dates and organizes the lot in such an operation will allow anything to come down he thinks the locals will stand for. Few people realize that one person or family almost never owns a carnival. One person will put together a tour—a combination of dates in specific locations—and then invite independent concessionaires to join him. If you look in the publication I mentioned earlier, *Amusement Business*, a sweet little paper you can subscribe to for \$20 a year, you will find

such notices as these: "Now booking Bear Pitches, Traveling Duck, can also use Gorilla Show." "Will book two nice Grind Shows. Must be flashy."

The independent concessionaires pay what is known as privilege to work these dates. The privilege is paid to the man responsible for lining up the dates, organizing and dispensing necessary graft and arranging for a patch. It is interesting to notice that the farther South a show goes, the rougher it becomes. There may not be a single girlie show or flat in Pennsylvania, but flatties and girlies both may be playing wide open and woolly in Georgia. Whether it is true or not, it is the consensus among carnies that you can get away with a hell of a lot more in the South than you can in the North.

Carnies can conveniently be divided into front-end people and back-end people. Front-enders are carnies who work games, food and other concessions. The back-enders are concerned with shows: freak shows, gorilla shows, walking-zombie shows and—where I was going now—girlie shows.

The guy out front was making his call, but it wasn't a very good call. His voice was more than tired, it was dead. He rarely looked at the marks who were crowding in front of the raised platform now, and once he stopped in mid-sentence and picked his nose.

"Come on in, folks. See it all for fifty cents, one half a dollar."

Four middle-aged ladies in spangled briefs and tasseled halters—all of it a little dirty—were working to a Fifties phonograph record about young love. The ladies were very active, jumping about in a sprightly fashion, their eyes glittering from Biphettamine 20s, the speeder far and away the favorite with carnies. From Thursday to Tuesday, whole carny families—men, women and children—ate them like jelly beans. Rose looked right at me but either didn't see me or didn't give a damn, for which I was grateful. I didn't want her paying any attention to me, because I kept thinking of her huge greasy husband out on the Ferris wheel right now splicing cable with his broken teeth.

I paid my half dollar, went inside feeling like a fool and saw the same ladies doing pretty much what they had been doing out front and doing it, if you can believe it, to the same goddamn phonograph record. But before they began, the semicomatose caller pointed out that there would be a second show right after this one to which no one who was female or under 18 would be admitted. Those who were admitted would have to pay three dollars a head. That threw several good old boys into a fit of leg slapping and howling and Hot-damning. They were randy and ready and seemed to

know something I did not know. Rose even permitted herself a small smile and a couple of winks to the boys who apparently knew who she was, had maybe seen her show before and were digging hell out of the whole thing.

After the first show was over and they had made us lighter by three dollars, things happened quickly. Peeling the eggs took the longest. But first they added a drummer to the act. Really, a drummer. The ladies had retired behind a rat-colored curtain and out onto the little platform came an old man dressed in an ancient blue suit with a blue cap that at first I thought belonged to the Salvation Army. And it may have. Ligaments stood in his scrawny neck like wire. He sat on a chair and put his bass drum between his legs. The caller started the record we had already heard twice, which, incidentally, was by Frankie Valli, and the old man started pounding on his drum. His false teeth bulged in his old mouth every time he struck it. Never once during the performance did he look up. I know he did not see Rose. I was fascinated that he would not look at her when she came out onto the stage. She was naked except for a halter. I swear. She had her tits cinched up, but there was her old naked beaver and strong, over-the-hill ass. She was carrying six eggs in a little bowl. She carried it just the way a whore would have carried a

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bowl, except she had eggs in it instead of soap and water. She squatted in front of us—taking us all the way to pink—while she peeled the eggs. When they were peeled, she placed them one by one in her mouth, slobbered on them good and returned them to the dish. Then, still squatting, with Frankie Valli squealing for all he was worth and the old man single-mindedly beating his drum, and several of the good old boys hugging each other, she popped all of the eggs into her pussy and started dancing. She did six high kicks in her dance and each time she kicked, she fired an egg with considerable velocity out into the audience. On a bet with his buddies, a young apprentice madman caught and ate the last two.

I left the tent disappointed, though. I'd seen the act before. Once, many years ago, I knew a lady in New Orleans who could do a dozen. Not a dozen of your grade-A extra-large, to be sure. They were smalls, but a dozen nonetheless.

I found Charlie Luck down in the G-top. A G-top is a tent set up at the back of the lot exclusively for carnival people to socialize with one another. Marks are not allowed there and the carnies' socializing usually comes in the form of gambling games of one kind or another. It is not unusual for a carny to walk into the G-top at the end of the

May-to-October season with \$20,000 in his pocket and walk out the next morning wondering how he's going to get a dime to call his old mother for a ticket home on the Trailways. Some very heavy cheese changes hands in that tent and I was amazed that the other carnies would sit down to a table with Charlie Luck. He had exceedingly quick hands and more than once he showed me his short-change proposition. You could open your hand flat and he would count out 90 cents into it. You could watch him do it, but when he finished and you counted your change, you'd be a quarter short. He would press a nickel into your palm and at the same instant take out a quarter he'd just put down. He could count nine one-dollar bills or a five and four ones into your hand and inevitably he would take back over half of it. It's called, among other things, laying the note, and it's a scam usually run off in a department store or a supermarket.

"Down where I come from," I'd said to him once, "we don't sit down to seven card with folks who have fingers like you do."

He looked me dead in the eye and said, "These guys know I would never cheat in the G-top. When we do a little craps or cards back there, they know that's my leisure, my pleasure. Cheating is business. The only place, and I mean the

only place I ever steal is when I'm working the joint right out there on the midway. I'd be ashamed of myself to do it anywhere else."

Charlie Luck saw me from across the G-top and immediately got up from the table and came to meet me. We walked back out onto the midway. It was dark now and the lot, laid out in a U shape, was jammed with men and women and their children, laughing and eating, their arms loaded with slum. Screaming shouts of pleasure and terror floated down out of the night from the high rides, glittering and spinning there above us.

"Did you see it?" he finally said after we'd walked for a while. "Did you see her do it?"

"Yeah, I saw her do it."

"The specialty act, too?"

"I told you I'd go."

"Then lay it out for me."

I laid it out.

"Eggs? Hard-boiled fucking eggs?"

"Right."

"And she'd kick and fire?" He took out two capsules. "You want one of these?"

"You know I'm a natural wire," I said. "What I need is a drink to calm me down. Let's go by the van before we go to the game."

He swallowed both capsules and made a face, but the face was not from the dope. "Goddamn eggs and goddamn drummer. I'd need a drink, too. I may even have one."

By the time we got to the van, he'd worked himself into a pretty good state over Rose and her specialty act.

"I don't put my dick where hard-boiled eggs've been," he kept saying. "Jesus, a pervert. I'm tainted."

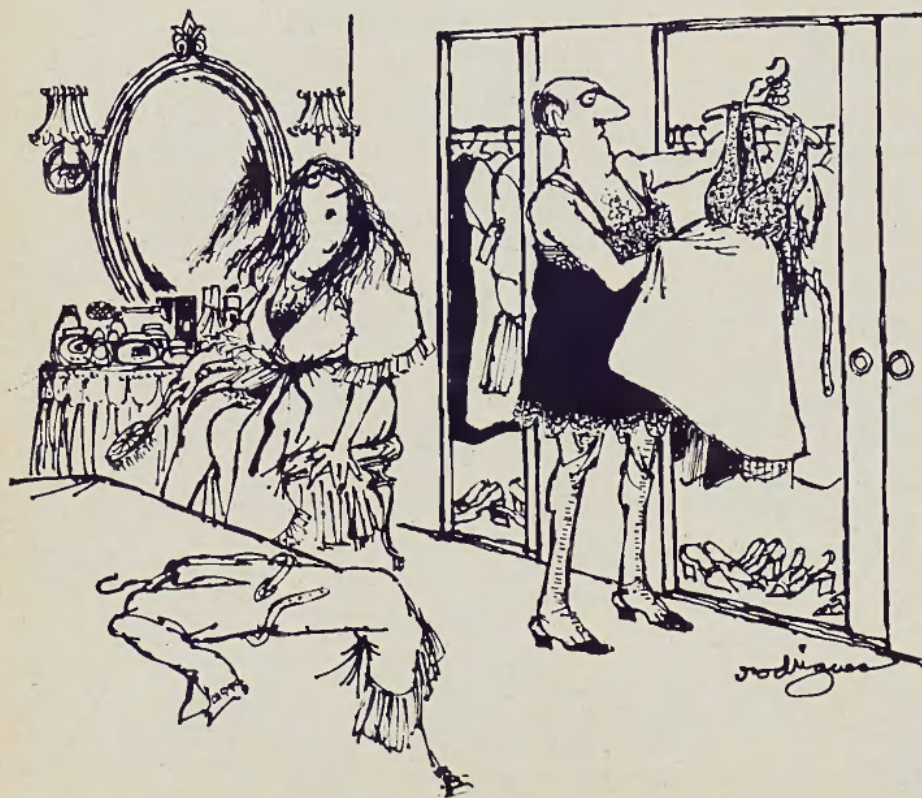
"You ain't tainted, man," I said. "You just like you were before. I wish to God somebody could guarantee me my dick wouldn't go nowhere worse than a few boiled eggs. Besides, I don't know what you expected, taking her out of a girlie show."

"How was I to know? I never been in a girlie show once, not once," he said. "Over half my life I'm with a carnival. Never once did I go near a girlie show."

"Didn't you talk to her?" I said. "You should have asked if she ever put anything up in there."

Charlie Luck jerked his cap lower on his ears and stared straight ahead. "You don't ask a lady a thing like that," he said.

He poured a little straight vodka on top of the speed and we walked over to his proposition. The flat was near a punk ride between a glass pitch and a grab joint. The grab joint sold dogs and burgers and a fruit punch called flukum. Charlie Luck let the kid off for the rest of the night and we got behind the counter. Charlie banged things around, positioning his marbles and his board and muttering to himself. He finally



"Don't deny it, Gordon; it's true! You only married me for my wardrobe."

quit and stared balefully out at the passing crowd. He made no attempt to draw anybody in. Nobody so much as looked at us.

"You taking it in tomorrow?" he asked.

"I told you," I said. "I got to get back. There's only so much of this that'll do me any good, anyway."

"Maybe I'll go in, too," he said. "There's not but a little more than a week left on the season."

"I've enjoyed it," I said. "We'll cross again. Maybe we can sit in and have a beer with the cowboys."

He smiled. "Maybe." He sighed deeply. Then, "You don't gamble with cripples or ladies or children. I keep them out of my proposition. You beat one of them and you got heat, bad heat. Gamble with a fat guy who looks like he can afford it. The thing you like is if he's dressed up real good, too."

"One thing, Charlie," I said. "I been meaning to say this to you, but I didn't yet. Maybe I shouldn't now. But you don't gamble. You're not a gambler. No offense, Charlie, but you're a thief is what you are."

"Actually," he said, "I'm a gambler who doesn't lose. That's what I like to think I am. I just took the risk out of it."

"No risk, no gamble. No gamble, no gambler. You're a thief."

"Well, sort of. The word doesn't bother me. I only do what they let me do."

The thing you have to know right off is you can't win from a carny gambler unless he wants you to. And he doesn't want you to. Of course, like any other hustler, he may give you a *little* something so he can take away a *lot* of something. But that's a long way from winning.

The carny's success in flat joints depends upon having a good call, an expert knowledge of just how far he can push a mark and the certainty that there is larceny in all of us. A good call simply means someone is passing on the midway and you are able to "call" him to you and get him involved with your hustle. A call itself is a hustle. The agent plays the mark off against the clothes he's wearing, or the woman he's with, or his youth, or his old age—in fact, anything that will make him rise to the challenge, which doesn't appear to be much of a challenge to start with. Many times an agent will walk out onto the midway, calling as he goes, and literally grab a mark, take hold of him and lead him over to the proposition. I've known agents who could consistently operate like that and get away with it. Others can't. The moment I touch a guy, he swings on me. He thinks he's being attacked.

Beside me in the store, Charlie Luck had dropped another Biphedamine 20. His eyes were wet as quicksilver and he was mumbling constantly about Rose.

Finally, he said to me, "Lay it out for me again. How it was, what she did, the crowd. Six, you said, half a dozen, and none of 'm mashed when she fired 'm out at the marks?"

I laid it out for him again, just as straightforward and with as much detail as I could, even to the smells in the tent, saving nothing.

When I finished, he seemed to think about it for a moment. "All right," he said.

"Don't you think we ought to try to take a little money now, Charlie?"

"OK. Yeah." He turned to watch a middle-aged couple approaching down the midway. He looked back at me. "One thing. Don't call me Charlie Luck anymore."

"What should I call you?"

"Tuna," he said.

"Tuna?"

"Like in fish. Tommy Tuna. A name I always liked. Brings me good things."

"I got it," I said. "OK."

"You got to be careful with names," he said. "Names can be bad for you. Or names can be good for you. You know?"

I didn't know, so I didn't say anything.

"A name can get dirty. Start to rot. Bring you nothing but trouble." He sucked his teeth and sighed. The middle-aged couple had stopped and were looking at us. The lady carried two little pieces of slum, a ceramic duck and a small cloth snake. "I don't think I'll be Charlie Luck anymore."

"You mean for a little while."

"I mean ever."

I loved him for that. He just willed himself to be someone else, submerged as Charlie Luck and came up Tommy Tuna. I knew how easily I did the same thing. My fix is other people's lives. It always has been. As I stood there watching the well-dressed couple, secure in their middle age and permanent in their home, a fantasy started in me, a living thing. I felt my teeth go rotten and broken, my arms fill with badly done, homemade tattoos. I was from some remote place like Alpine, Texas, and I'd joined the carnival when I was 14 and ever since been rootless, no home except the back of a semi carrying a disassembled Octopus, and I lived off people—marks—those two there smiling at me. I suddenly smiled back. They had no way of knowing my secret and utter contempt.

"Tuna," I said quietly, "let me take this."

"Take what?"

"These two here. Let me do it."

"Do it."

"All right, here we go," I called. "Hey! Look here! *Your* game. Yeah! You. Come here. Come *here*. In here and let me show you the little game. I can tell by the look on you face, big fella. This is your game! A quarter. Nothing but twenty-five cents. Win the little lady this right

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here. Big panda. Come here! Come on!"

They smile uncertainly at each other. The lady blushes. The guy looks away.

"Hey, you just married? I can see it, I can see how in love you are, how you want this right here for the little lady, right? *Come over here.*"

They've turned now and they're mine. I had thought they might walk on and, in spite of the fact that I've never been a caller who could actually grab anybody, I was ready to vault the counter and take the guy by the arm. The rule is that the mark gets deeper into your hustle with every move he makes toward you. He looks at you. He moves a little nearer. He lets you explain your game. He bets. If you can get him to do that much and don't take everything he's got, or as much of it as you want, you ought to find another business.

"See that bear? See that bear right here? You want it for the lady?" Tommy Tuna keeps his bear nice. An enormous panda under clear cellophane. The bear must be worth \$20. "Look, she wants it! Look at her face! A quarter, it's yours for a quarter! OK? Can I show the game to you?"

The lady is blushing and squeezing the guy's arm and pressing into him. And he's already got his quarter out.

"Look, I got marbles and I got a board." I whip the board out and show it to him. The board has little indentations on it. On the bottom of each indentation is a number: a one or a two or a three on up through nine. There's a little chute that leads down to the board. "You need a hundred points to win this game. Right? One hundred points to win that bear. Cost you a quarter. You roll the marbles down the chute, we add up the total. Each total gives a number toward the hundred points you need. Right?"

He's still got his quarter in his hand. Both of them are leaning over the board. He wants to give me the quarter so bad it's hurting him and he's not even heard the game. He just knows he's risking only 25 cents.

"Right? Each total gives a number toward the hundred points you need." I look him in the eye and smile. I take him by the wrist and pull him a little closer. "Here's the kicker. You keep rolling till you get the hundred points you need to win. *Without paying another penny.*" I pause again. He's smiling. She's smiling. I'm smiling. Tommy Tuna's smiling. "Unless . . . unless the total you roll is thirty. If you roll a thirty, the cost of the game doubles, but you *keep* the points you've earned toward the hundred and roll again."

The lady says, "Do it, honey. Oh, do it."

And here is where much of the carnies' contempt for the mark starts. The guy walks up to *my* game. He doesn't know the game, has never seen it. He sure as hell doesn't know me. He doesn't see or

doesn't care that on the board there are not an equal number of ones, twos, threes, and so on. If he cared to check the board or think about it, he'd see the odds are overwhelming that he'll roll the losing number nearly every time. And each time you roll a 30, though you keep the points you already have, you don't get to count the 30.

He rolls the marbles. As soon as they stop in the slots, I'm taking them out again as fast as I can, palm partially obscuring the board, adding aloud in a stunned, unbelieving voice, "Two and nine, eleven, and six is seventeen and, wow, oh, golly! Nine and nine and nine . . . twenty-seven to the seventeen and . . . that's forty-four *big* points, almost half of what you need to win that bear for the little lady. This must be your-lucky night!"

He had, of course, rolled a 30. He takes the marbles again and I quick-count him to 52. "Hey, this bear's gone tonight. It looks like your night." He's flushed. You'd think he had \$5000 on the line. He whips down the marbles, and guess what? He rolled that 30. But he's got 50 cents out almost before I can count the losing number for him. We go again and I take him up to 65. He rolls and loses. The bet's a dollar. Before he knows what's happened, he's looking at an eight-dollar bet and he needs only 22 points to win.

I was just about to give him the marbles and made the mistake of looking at the lady. You'd have thought the guy was losing the mortgage on the house. She was nearly in tears. I hand him the marbles. He rolls a 30, but I count him into 105. Pandemonium. Squeals. Hurrahs. Down comes the bear and off they go. Tommy Tuna took me by the arm and led me to the back of the booth.

"You son of a bitch," he said.

"Yeah, I guess. But don't come down on me too hard. I'll pay you for the bear."

"Not the point. You had the gaff so deep into that fucker, you coulda made him bet his wife."

"It was the lady. Hadn't been for the lady, I could've done it."

"It's all right. You done good, anyway." He smiled toward the front of the booth, where four marks—all men, well fed, well dressed and apparently at the carnival together—were yelling to come on and play the game. They had been drawn to the booth by my loud counting and they'd stayed to see the man easily win the bear.

Tommy Tuna went over to the four marks. He shrugged, looked sadly at his board. "Maybe I'm crazy," he said, "but I feel like a little action." He leaned closer to the marks. "Fuck the bears. Let's bet some money." He went into his pocket and came out with the biggest roll of bills I've ever seen. He showed the roll to the marks. I saw nothing but hundreds. "I'll play you no limit. Just like with the

fucking bear, it takes a hundred points to win. The first bet'll cost you a buck. The bets double after that. I'll pay ten to one. Did you get that? Ten to one I'm paying. If you're betting a hundred dollars when you reach the hundred points to win, I'll pay you a thousand."

He said it quickly, in a flat, unemotional voice. They were into it immediately and Tuna quick-counted them to 37 points. There seemed to be no way to lose. All four guys were pooling their money with the intention of splitting the take. But by the time they had accumulated 82 points, they'd lost \$255. The next bet was gonna cost them \$256. The whole thing had taken about five minutes, but Tuna pointed out they needed only 18 more points to win and, after all, he *was* giving ten-to-one odds.

"Sumpin' mighty goddamn funny goin' on here," said the biggest and meanest-looking of the four.

"Gee," said Tommy Tuna in a quiet, sad voice. "You fellas do seem to be having a real bad run of luck. I can hardly believe it myself."

They withdrew a few steps to consult and then came back and went for the bet. They rolled a 30. Tommy Tuna scooped up the money. All four of them howled simultaneously as if they'd been stung by wasps. They'd been cleaned out. The big, mean one moved to come over the counter when, as if by magic, Officer Jackson appeared on the midway, only a few feet away.

He came over and said, "You want to tell me why you hollering like this?"

The big one said, "This bastard's running a crooked game, that's why."

"You want to tell me what kind of game?"

He told Officer Jackson what kind of game. He also told him they'd been taken for over \$500 in less than ten minutes.

"Gambling?" Officer Jackson could hardly believe it. "That's against the law. It's against the law for everybody here. If it's true, I'll have to lock you up. *All* of you." Then he turned to the four guys and actually said, "And if I do, and if it's true, he's got your money to bail hisself out with." He paused and looked at each of the four in turn. "You want to tell me what you want to do?"

After the four guys had left, Officer Jackson and Tommy Tuna went over to the corner and had a short, earnest conversation, which I did not hear. Then Officer Jackson left.

Tommy watched the cop disappear down the midway and said in a wondering voice, "You know, I once took twelve thousand dollars off a oilman in Oklahoma. He never said a word about it. A real fine sport."

I said, "Some days chicken salad. Some days chickenshit."



"There are some things you can't learn from books, Miss Bigelow."

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

As children, we all had our sandboxes to romp around in; and even as adults, we still have that same desire to cuddle up, goof off or let loose in our own special little corner of the world. Pictured below is what surely must be the ultimate in grown-up playpens; the Kroehler Company calls it Intimates and it couldn't have picked a more appropriate name. Intimates consists of nine supercomfortable padded units (corner, armless and ottoman) that can be mixed and matched to fit any wall space; they can be used as a divider between rooms or for

individual or tête-à-tête seating. Our preference is to box the units into one big, cushy pit and then invite, oh, say, half a dozen close friends and neighbors over to climb aboard the tufted acrylic velvet. (Intimates, incidentally, can really take a beating; the fabric is guaranteed for two years and tailoring details include baseball stitching on back pillows.) The size of the assembled crawl space is about eight feet square and the cost is around \$2000. Cheap, when you consider that Intimates isn't really just a piece of furniture—it's more like a whole new way of life.



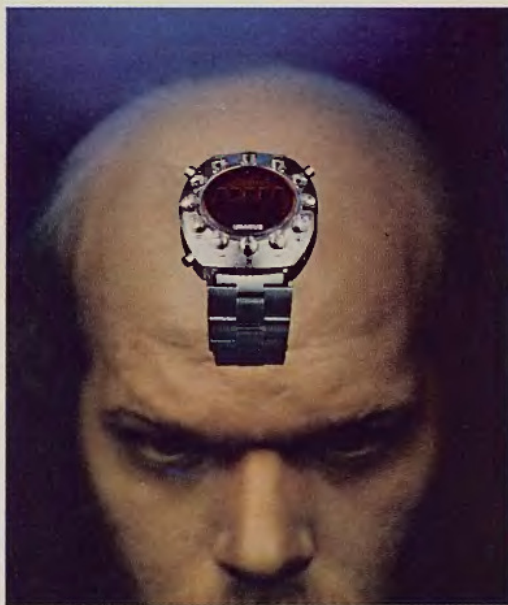
Night and Day

Right: This battery-powered infrared viewer called Find-R-Scope probes the dark to reveal—well, you tell us; it can be hand held or mounted on a tripod if you're a little nervous, by FJW Industries, \$545.



Snap Decision

Below: The Olympus OM-2, from Olympus Optical, is said to be the smallest, lightest automatic-electronic-shutter 35mm SLR camera in the world; the chrome-bodied model, \$499.95, features a choice of either fully automatic or manual exposure control, weighs just 24.3 ounces and measures about 5" x 3" x 3". The 50mm, f/1.8 Zuiko Auto-S lens shown with the OM-2 costs \$100.



Solar Power!

Left: Uranus Electronics' Solar-Cell Calculator wrist watch is powered by the sun and incandescent light; digital read-out includes hours, minutes, seconds, month and date—and it also houses a minicomputer-calculator that's equal to sophisticated desk models in scope of function—all for just \$800.

French Cutup

Below: As you probably know, the Cuisinart food processor is that revolutionary French kitchen helper that grates, blends, slices, chops and shreds—all in jiffy-quick time. Now comes a new model that features a superquiet motor and a handsome cast-aluminum base, by Cuisinarts, \$225. Vive la France!

Off the Record

Below: The sound of music has never been clearer than after your LPs, 45s or even 78s have been bathed in a Spin & Clean record washer that removes grease, dirt and static, by Fidelitone, \$19.95.

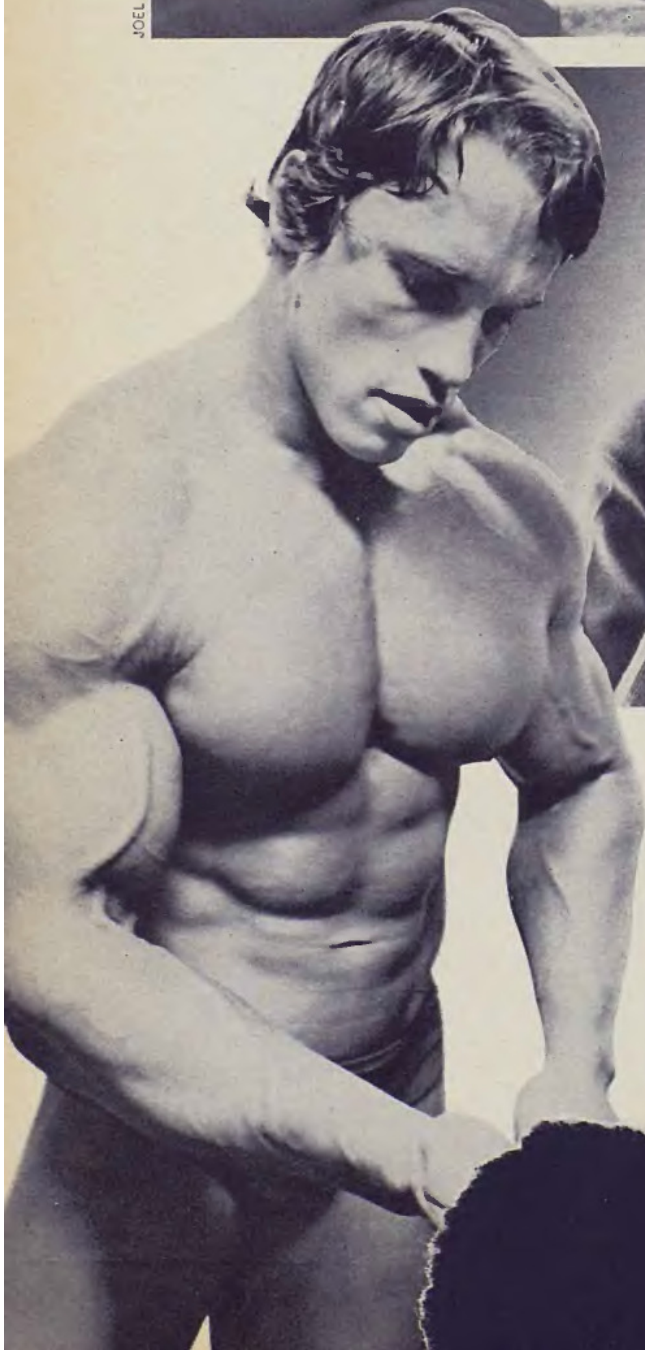




JOEL SUSSMAN

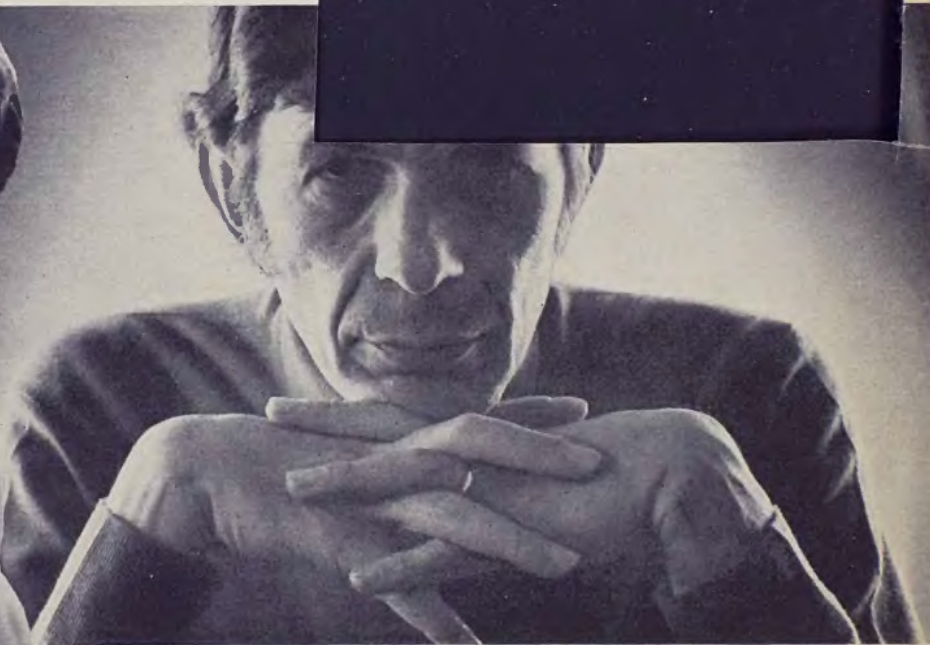
Babylon Revisited

Sources close to Oscar winner François Reichenbach report that the French film maker's soon-to-be-released documentary, an unstaged, no-holes-barred, X-rated view of American sexual mores, will concentrate heavily on the kinkier side of our national sex life. Reichenbach's ubiquitous cameras have thus far probed gay bars in Manhattan, porno-film sets in L.A. (notably, an Alan Colberg production starring John Holmes) and the daily curriculum of a Los Angeles striptease school. Tentatively titled "Life Around the Clock," the project is already being touted by Hollywood insiders as the



Arnold Talks!

Stripped, he looks like The Hulk but with perfect symmetry. Arnold Schwarzenegger's muscles have made him number one in the masochistic sport of body building. He is tops among the maniacs who destroy muscles to make them bigger; he's also one of the first bodybuilders to come out of his mirror-filled closet. Arnold can really talk. In fact, it looks as if Mr. Protein has a future in movies. He has an acting role in "Stay Hungry"—word is, he's damned good—and will be featured in "Pumping Iron," a film conceived by George [redacted] who took the photos for the [redacted] same name. But, movies [redacted] Arnold will never be [redacted] just has to take [redacted] an impression.



SUZANNE SEED

In Search of Nielsen Ratings and Other Ancient Mysteries

Hey, trekkies! Remember that TV special that beamed your way a few seasons back? "In Search of Ancient Astronauts" drew a 34 share of the Nielsen ratings and a record number of calls and letters to Earth station NBC. So now you can expect a weekly half-hour series this fall, called "In Search of...." The producers have recruited our favorite astronaut, Leonard Nimoy, late of the starship Enterprise, to help them solve the riddles of antiquity. Nimoy should have no trouble puzzling them out, having just finished the lead onstage in "Sherlock Holmes." Spock would undoubtedly approve. After all, it's only logical.

You Can Take It with You, If You're a Vampire

When we first saw the title, we weren't sure whether "Interview with the Vampire" was a Watergate book or one of the "True Confessions of the Occult" pulp thrillers that are so popular. It is neither. Anne Rice's first novel is a delightful history of a Southern gentleman who happens to be a vampire. So far, the book has netted close to \$1,000,000 in paperback and movie rights. After the IRS takes its drink of blood, the author is going to indulge a lifelong fantasy: to see the world—by daylight.



NIKOLA DRAKULICH

Best Booter

A man's name, said Faulkner, will generally tell you what he's about, if you can read it right—and George Best is proof of that. He was Europe's number-one soccer player—and bon vivant—during a stormy 11-year career with the Manchester United club. He retired two years ago, but Elton John—part owner of the Aztecs, L.A.'s entry in the North American Soccer League—persuaded him to go to Southern California and launch a new career. The question now: Is Los Angeles ready for the Best?

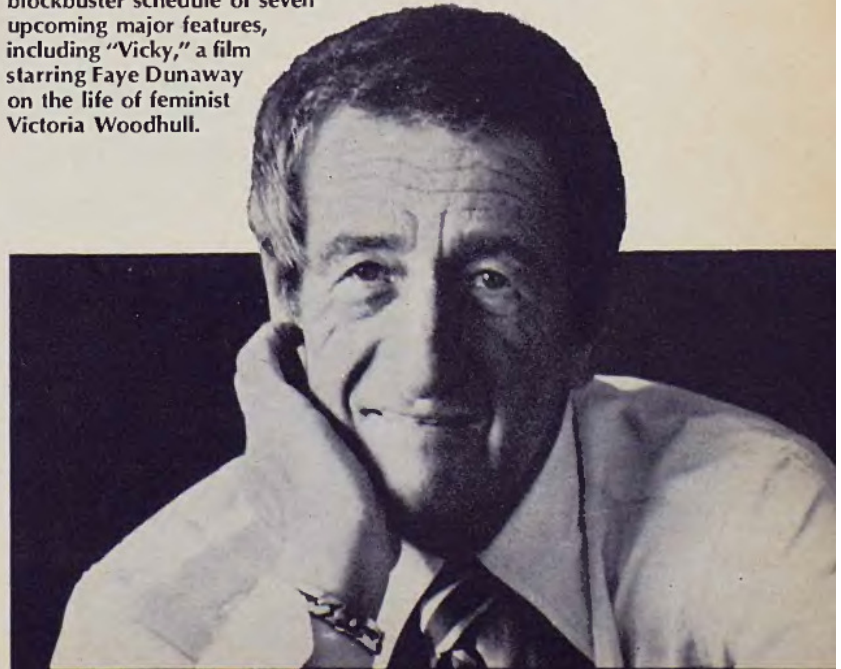
J. BARRY O'ROURKE



JEFF COHEN

The Sweet Smell of Success

Has success gone to George Barrie's head? We doubt it. Barrie, the sales genius who turned a small cosmetics firm into multimillion-dollar Fabergé, has been off and running with his five-year-old brain child, Brut Productions, which exploded on the scene three years ago with the award-winning "A Touch of Class." Brut has just announced a blockbuster schedule of seven upcoming major features, including "Vicky," a film starring Faye Dunaway on the life of feminist Victoria Woodhull.



FASHION

SMART ALEX

Now that the revolution is over, American fashion seems to have found its postwar leader in 28-year-old designer Alexander Julian. Bright, engaging, egotistical and immensely talented, Julian has emerged as perhaps the perfect design honcho for the Seventies. Like most post-revolutionary leaders, he is a traditionalist who shows no intention of departing radically from his forebears. In light of some of the extremes of recent design, Julian is a reactionary. But without a general upheaval in men's fashion, his particular way with clothes might have gone unnoticed.

The fountainhead of Julian's collection is that symbol of the establishment, the suit, particularly its British antecedents. (Even his sweaters are based on suiting details—woven Shetlands, pinstriped patterns, etc.)

"I like the classic English drape," he says, "which is based on the ideal male physique—broad shoulders tapering down to the ankles . . . sort of a triangle."

All of his trousers are double-pleated. ("Is there any other kind?" he asks rhetorically, knowing full well that the rest of the industry generally sounds the one-note "European" tune of smooth front and flared legs. His trouser legs taper.)

Fabric is the most important element. Or, as Julian says, "Fabric speaks." And, indeed, his does—in very cultured tones. But many fine fabrics have ended up as banal clothing, and Julian's clothing is anything but.

Though most of his fabrics are British (many designed by him), his "look" is a far cry from the familiar image of the London gent in his City stripes and bowler. It can best be described as natural shoulder with European fitted body. The



lean look is further accented with somewhat narrower lapels, high armholes and trim sleeves—a subtle balance of proportions.

There is another key element in the Julian approach: layering. He believes that "The mark of good dressing is the ability to pull things together in unexpected ways that still look comfortable and uncontrived."

As the illustrations on this page attest, Julian is fond of putting a jacket with pocket square over a

collarless shirt over another shirt worn with a casually tied neck scarf. While it sounds like an outfit on a haberdashery shoplifter, the effect is stimulating—in a word, style.

"A sense of style, of the aesthetics of clothes, has really been lacking in American menswear," Julian says. "We have seemed to be afraid to care how we look. Clothes don't make the man, but they are a form of communication. They should be pleasing, comfortable, sensuous and interesting. However, we shouldn't look as if we took clothes too seriously."

Naturally, such a philosophy extends to a "nothing but the best" attitude. And Alexander Julian designs aren't cheap. His suits (most of which, including the double-breasted, are vested) range from \$300 to \$500—but he does give you cuffs that button, long a hallmark of custom tailoring, so who's going to quibble over price?

—DAVID PLATT



Clockwise from top right: Details that give Julian's clothes their appeal: the layered look—jacket, sweater, shirt, neck scarf; slightly tapered trouser leg; dropped sleeve on sweater; layered neckline and bloused effect; jacket sleeve that actually buttons; the vested suit with narrower lapels. Above: A wry sculpture of Alexander Julian by Frank Kenan Barnard.

SCORPION BITTEN

Secret roads. I guess everybody who's really cuckoo about fast cars and driving has a stretch of highway where he can couple his fantasies to the available horsepower and haul ass in direct violation of the laws of decency and good sense.

My own secret road runs through a wooded state park, skimming the edge of a deep river gorge. The road contains a fine variety of corners, ranging from tight, downhill switchbacks to open, flat-out kinks through the forest. Swooping through the blurred tunnel of pines and other softwoods, blitzing through the wisps of ground fog, generates lunatic transformations in me. When you're behind the wheel of the right vehicle, the run becomes a tactile feast—which is what skilled, serious, fast driving is all about.

I recall a recent run on a dim, misty morning with mean gray clouds clinging to the treetops. My secret road was glazed with a thin coating of moisture and smudged wads of fog billowed out of the ravines that slashed into the main gorge. The car was a Lancia Scorpion, a stubby G.T. coupe newly arrived from Italy, the nirvana of fantasy drivers. There is a quality about Italian cars, be they mite-sized Fiats or fierce Ferraris, that creates a special appeal for people who love to drive. Whereas American cars are designed primarily for passenger comfort, Italian automobiles make the driver *numero uno*, placing emphasis on his ability to operate the controls with maximum efficiency. This endsows cars of this nationality with great driving enjoyment, regardless of their power or speed. My Lancia was not a fire breather. The double-overhead-cam, four-cylinder, 1756-c.c. engine—mounted transversely amidships—is a modified Fiat 131 mill. Its effluviants purified by a catalytic

muffler, it generates a modest 81 hp. (The European version, sold as the Monte Carlo, carries a 115-hp, two-liter engine unencumbered by U. S. emission controls.) But operating through a five-speed transmission, it will propel the 2370-pound, steel-bodied coupe a tad past 100 mph—which is more than enough performance when coupled to a supple independent suspension and powerful, four-wheel disk brakes.

The car stuck to the glistening pavement better than most conventional sedans cling to dry macadam. The small steering wheel, perfectly positioned for classic, arms-out driving, required only gentle corrections to keep the Scorpion on course.

The car was equipped with 165x13 steel-belted radial tires, which are a mite on the narrow side for a high-performance sporting vehicle. Wisely, Lancia had announced that the 3000 models planned for export to the American market would carry wider-profile 185x13 radials. Not only will this improve cornering but the cosmetics of the car will be enhanced. And, after all, if one is going to pay up to \$11,000 for a car of this type, one expects it to look at least as fast as it is.

The Scorpion is a compact machine, really (90.5-inch wheelbase, 156-inch over-all length), with all the right stuff—overhead cams, disk brakes, five speeds, mid-engine, etc.—boxed into a contemporary, slippery body and capable of transporting two human beings down the road, secret or otherwise, in smooth, quiet, leather-bound comfort.

I wailed along through the morning, toying with the silky gearbox for the boyish pleasure of hearing the engine—operating mere inches behind my back—sing its 5900-rpm song. It was a simple moment of hedonism—in harmony with a good automobile on a good stretch of highway. May you find the same pleasure on your secret road. —BROCK YATES



The Scorpion's body, turned out by the Pininfarina Coach Works, is an eye-catcher, conveying solidity and grace. The roof can be stowed in the roll bar.



MALE MATA HARIS

Superspy confessions have revealed that sexpionage is an equal-opportunity employer. Along with electronic bugging devices, aliases and computer technology, old-fashioned sex is still an accredited weapon in the endless Cold War played out by the global powers. Now it's been divulged that it isn't only the women who are swapping sex for information. The James Bond fantasy is real. Male agents are expected to lay it on the line for their country, too. Of course, there are other skills expected of an agent (necessary if you expect to stay alive). We can't tell you just what all the qualifications are (besides an adequate I.Q. and a masterful member), but if you are interested in pursuing a career in this field, you can send for applications from the following and find out all the details direct from the source: Recruitment Office, Central Intelligence Agency, Washington, D.C. 20505, or Clarence Kelley, Director, FBI, U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D.C. 20505. If your girlfriend thinks she would also like to engage in spy activities, she can apply the same way. The requirements for female agents are evidently the same as for men. Just in case you believe that nasty rumor that to qualify she must have the ability to think fast, shoot straight and have a deep throat, it's not true. But it wouldn't hurt.

THE ORAL TRADITION

"I still can't figure out how they get the stork in the woman's stomach." Remember those nervous, giggling conversations you had as kids? Where you lied like crazy to one another, making believe you knew all the straight facts about sex? A group of scientists has just conducted a survey to find out exactly where kids today are getting their erotic misinformation. The results, presented at a conference of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, show that kids still get most of their sexual knowledge from friends. It was also found that Mom is coming up fast on the outside as one of the next most important sources: In fact, she's now ahead of school sex classes, magazines, films and TV. Comparisons of a group of 25 years ago with a similar



Beds, bugs and Bondage.

pumping away on yours. Finally, you're both ready to take a break. The best kind. Now you're lying together in a sunny field, her clothes and yours draped over the bikes, your bikes resting against a tree, your head resting against her bosom and—what's this?—your penis resting numbly between the two of you? It's hard—but can't feel anything! Don't panic. The problem is that you should have stopped biking sooner. You're merely a victim of a wondrous new medical discovery. It's called the pedaler's/penile anesthesia syndrome and the dulling effect is caused by the unrelieved pressure of the bicycle seat on the area under your scrotum. It doesn't stop you from having an erection, urinating or ejaculating. It just makes you feel like a piece of wood for a while. With cycling more popular than ever, doctors have found themselves reassuring an increasing number of pedaling patients. The consensus among physicians is that the symptoms will disappear in a few hours and that you can avoid them altogether by (1) simply tilting the peak of the saddle downward, (2) standing up from time to time while pedaling or (3) increasing the number of passionate pit stops.

TATTLETALES

You never thought she'd tell those deep, dark secrets you've always hidden from everyone. It's bad enough to hear that an old lover has told her sisters about how you pick your nose, how you sometimes don't change your underwear for three days or



Kids know best.

about that time you couldn't get it up. But suppose you read it in a newspaper? That's exactly what's happening in a feminist newspaper called *Majority Report*. "Every woman who has lived with a man knows something about him that should, in the spirit of feminist solidarity, be passed on to his next victim." So begins the section called "Used Husbands Exchange." Here, for a fee, women may place an ad to publicly air their ex-mates' transgressions. Indiscreet, to say the least. Nobody would ever do that to you; or would she? Maybe you want to check it out. In any event, the biweekly *Majority Report* is one of the more vital newspapers of this kind around if you're interested in keeping abreast of all that's new on the rad/lib front. A 26-issue subscription costs five dollars from Majority Report, 74 Grove Street, New York, New York 10014.

THE FLOWERS THAT WILT IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA

Scratch another old wives' tale: the notion that as we creep from the doldrums of winter into the fertile fevers of spring, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts



Numb's the word.

of love." Forget it. Chronobiologists, those scientists who study biological rhythms, have discovered that male hormonal levels sink very low in the spring. It is, coincidentally, a time of increased depression and suicide. But fear not, nothing is forever, and as summer shimmers past, nature has a goody for you. In the fall, up shoots your testosterone to its peak level and that's the time when a young man's fancy lightly turns to some heavy screwing. Shine on, harvest moon.

SEE ME, FEEL ME, TOUCH ME, HEAL ME

Will "laying on of hands" replace laying on of bodies in sex therapy? The practice of psychic healing has, in the past few years, moved out of the twilight zone of quack medicine into an area of recognition and research by the orthodox medical world. In one study, for instance, hemoglobin levels in the blood were shown to markedly increase during psychic treatment. Researchers were significantly impressed that they could measure physical results from such a mystical method. Now healers have begun to move into

the area of sex therapy. After all, psychologically induced sexual dysfunction is so bewildering and inexplicable to sufferers, it is only natural that they should seek succor from an esoteric source. It is obvious that more research is desirable in this field and that more is forthcoming. One hazard in therapeutic touching is that the psychic healers are vulnerable to a whole new set of malpractice suits different from those that beset M.D.s. For instance, a woman recently sued Israeli psychic Uri Geller, who bends metal objects with his "mind," claiming that he was responsible for her pregnancy. It was not a run-of-the-mill paternity suit. She didn't say he actually fathered her child. She accused him of psychokinetically bending her I.U.D.

ARE YOU READY?

You'd have to be deaf, dumb and terminally *macho* to believe that the upsurge of sexually aggressive women is nothing more than a passing fancy. How far can it go? How far would you like it to go? After all, violent crimes committed by females are on the upswing, and if statistics take their usual course, it is reasonable to suppose that sex crimes

committed by women may be right behind. Will women be raping men? Rape is a common fantasy among women, but will the changing sexual atmosphere find more and more men fantasizing about being raped themselves? The subject of women raping men has been thinly researched. Yet it is not terribly unusual for a man to muse about being held prisoner by some ravishing sex-crazed amazon who uses his body in every imaginable way to appease her exotic and enormous sexual appetite while he just lies there helpless. Being forced to have sex: It's something to think about. Are you ready to be raped by a woman?

INNOVATIONS ON INCEST

For those involved in the forbidden passion of incest, punishment never seems to cease. For the father, if convicted: imprisonment; and even there he is an outcast. And not only is the daughter traumatized by the initial incident; she is usually victimized a second time by the judicial process and by community ostracism. But a program started four years ago in California that offers psychological counseling and group therapy for all parties involved in incest is having some amazing results. The Santa Clara County Juvenile Probation Department strategy provides therapy for the father and the daughter, and also arranges discussion groups for parents and children with people who have had similar experiences.

Where previously marital breakup has been inevitable in such cases, 80 percent of the families participating in the Santa Clara program have remained together. Furthermore, county judges now give lighter sentences to those offenders who participate in the program. Look for these enlightened techniques to spread across the country.

—HOWARD SMITH and BRIAN VAN DER HORST



PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below. Please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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CAMPUS MOOD



'76 BUNNIES

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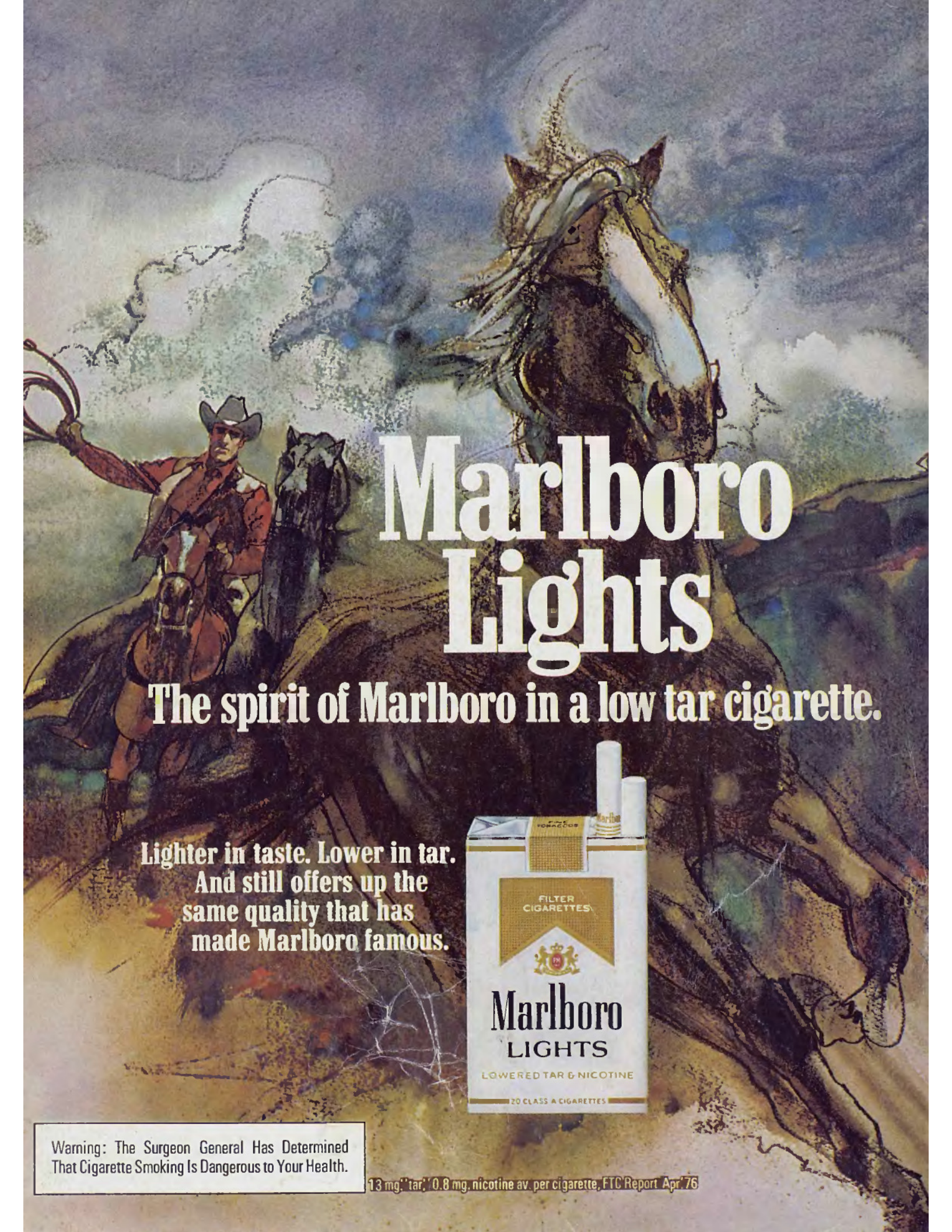
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