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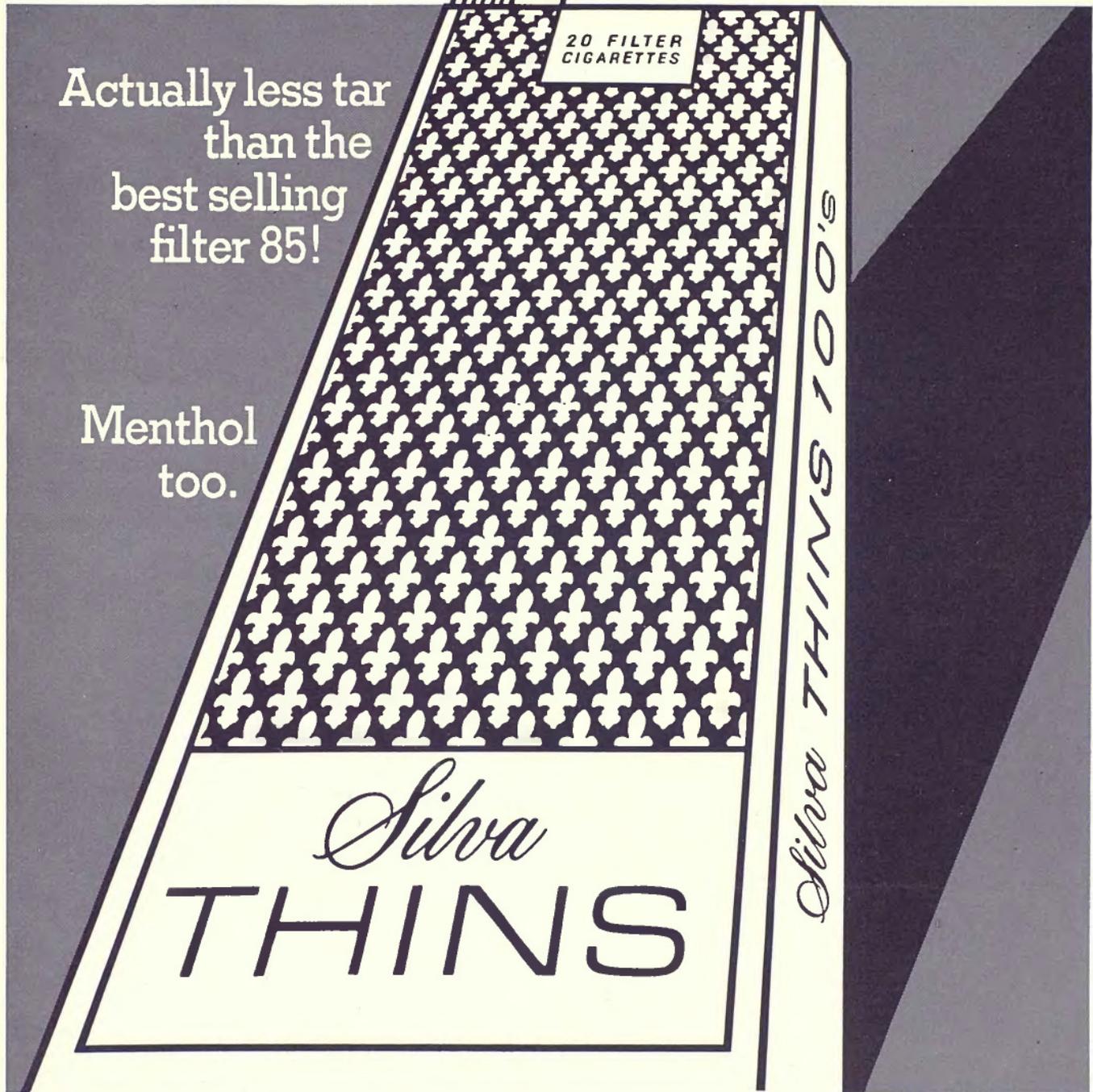


To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. limeade and stir.

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Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

Filter: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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But the truth is if your eyes are tormented by badly made or unsuitable lenses, extra energy will be drained. You'll tire a little faster—not just your eyes but all of you—and you probably won't know why. Feeling kind of saggy, tense, grouchy. And those tiny wrinkles optimistically called "character lines" appear.

All this simply because you were never told what sunglasses are and are not.

A new definition is needed. Sunglasses are not just a decorative

addition to your wardrobe. Not just to make the world a little darker. Nor are they just to hide behind. Glasses, for example, with light-tinted lenses or light shades of photochromic lenses—that change from light to dark—aren't really sunglasses.

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If they aren't really sunglasses.**



MC MURTRY



GREEN



GONZALES



RICH



RAPOPORT

PLAYBILL

IT WAS while re-searching the article that he started having the dreams. He'd see these enormous airplanes—a couple of them had iridescent green dragonfly wings—coming in to land: and when they hit the ground, cartwheeling, they broke up, scattering people all over the landscape. "It wasn't so bad," he said, "until I realized that I'd have to help clean up the mess." So it won't surprise you to learn that Staff Writer Laurence Gonzales—who, in *You Gotta Believe*, tells what really goes on in the cockpits of commercial airliners and the control towers from which they are guided—won't get on a plane again unless he's in the cockpit (he is in the process of getting his private-pilot's license). Gonzales, who flew in the cockpit of a jumbo jet as part of his research, recently drove some 2500 miles to Florida and back—and when he makes a planned trip to Europe, he's going by ship: "I'm not afraid of flying. I do it all the time—in a Cherokee Arrow. I just don't want to go up with someone I don't trust, just like I don't want to ride in the back seat of a car when the driver is drunk." His boycott, he points out, is for reasons not only of safety but also of aesthetics: "Airports and the interiors of airliners are among the ugliest things I've seen. And you don't get to see the country." Gonzales will be expanding his article into a book.

If you're a gambler—and especially if you're planning a junket to Nevada—you won't want to miss *Jimmy the Greek's Crash Course on Vegas*, by Mike Rich (whose name, we hope, is a good omen for those who follow the Greek's tips). Rich, who worked with Jimmy on his autobiography (just published by Playboy Press), allows that hanging out with the wizard of odds has improved his own moderate-stakes poker game—"if only to the extent of knowing what I'm doing wrong."

In tandem with Rich's article is a quiz, by Jay Allen, with the self-explanatory title *How's Your Gambling I.Q.?* If your score is low, you can wise up by contacting Allen's Superwinners Institute in Vegas or by checking his book, *The Winner's Edge*, put out by the institute.

Even in this depressed age, of course, there are some people who are making it financially without having to gamble. In *How to Make Money When All About You Are Losing Theirs*, Lee Berton tells how some guys have turned hard times directly into hard cash. "Ironically," notes Berton, who edits *Financial World*, a



BERTON



HUBBARD



SAXON, URRY



KIBBEE



GREENBERG



ALBRECHT, WEINSTEIN

weekly magazine for serious investors, and has covered Wall Street for over ten years, "many financial writers never had it so good, because so many people want to know why the temple pillars are falling." The illustration for Berton's piece is by Victor Hubbard of our Art Department, who reports—a bad omen, perhaps?—that as he kept working on it, the number of fish kept getting smaller.

Someone else who knows how to turn tough times into good is the sexually prolific hypnotist hero of Roger Rapoport's *The Good Doctor*, whose specialty—professionally and otherwise—is helping ladies reach orgasm, again and again, if

they so desire. Rapoport—who's writing a Playboy Press book, *The Superdoctors*, slated for fall release—has become something of a Dr. Feelgood himself: He received a diploma from the American Institute of Hypnosis for completing a class in the treatment of sexual disorders (his phone number is our secret, though).

Our lead fiction, *Johnny Guts*, is by Gerald Green, and it's about an educable young man who works for a crooked car repairman. Green—who, among other things, is working on a suspense thriller, *The Hostage Heart*, for Playboy Press—claims that *Johnny* sprouted from his 35 years of negative involvement with the automobile: "I've hated every car I ever owned, and everything connected with them."

Car abuse (not to be confused with auto abuse) is also a factor in our other fictional treat, *Dunlop Crashes In*; author Larry McMurtry says that his tale is based on a real incident and that it will be part of a forthcoming Simon & Schuster book, *Terms of Endearment*.

We've labeled *The Adventures of Sherlock Jones*—a soul-brother supersleuth with an amiable Oriental assistant—parody for want of a better word (we don't have a craziness category). Co-authors Sol Weinstein and Howard Albrecht, who got together while writing for various TV shows, candidly admit, "Our knowledge of Holmesiana was so sparse, we used to ship Milk of Magnesia to Baker Street Irregulars." The illustration for *The Adventures* is by Philadelphia artist Gordon Kibbee.

We've got more, of course. Such as an exclusive *Playboy Interview* with Oscar-winning film director (and writer) Francis Ford Coppola, conducted by free-lancer William Murray. And *Sex in Suburbia*, a satirical cartoon feature by *The New Yorker's* highly esteemed Charles Saxon. Getting him into *PLAYBOY* represents a coup of sorts—but nothing out of the ordinary—for Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry, who we happen to think is the best cartoon editor in the country, and that's no joke.

There's also *A Long Look at Legs*, by a whole gang of willing photographers, plus uncoverage of *Super Surfer* Laura Blears Ching and our Playmate of the Month, Lynn Schiller. Plus features on tonic drinks (by Emanuel Greenberg), on summer suits and—for folks who want to fly but don't dig airplanes—on hang gliders, those ingenious contraptions that let you soar like a pterodactyl.

On that uplifting note, we'll let you take off into the issue. Happy landings!

PLAYBOY®



Johnny Guts P. 70



Super Surfer P. 74



Hong Gliding P. 111



Leg Watching P. 125



Sherlock Jones P. 81

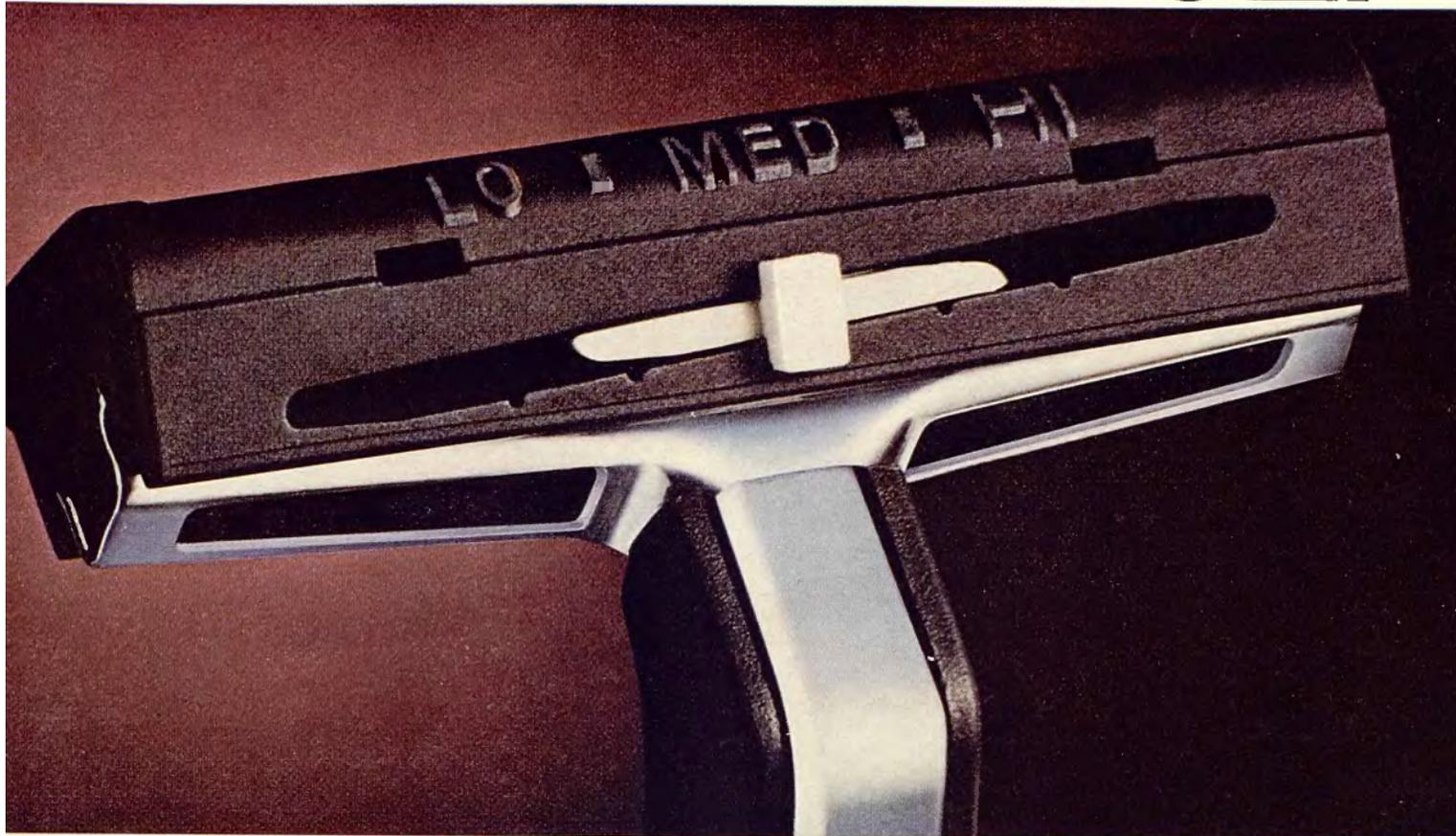
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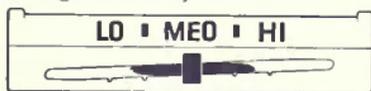


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DEAR PLAYBOY

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INSIDE CAMELOT

Benjamin C. Bradlee's fine memoir *Conversations with Kennedy* (PLAYBOY, April) again reminds me just how much the country lost when Jack Kennedy died. His thoughts and theories on the workings of politics and Government, his analysis of the motives and competency of those around him and perhaps even some transcripts of taped conversations would have made a fantastic novel. Kennedy's candor and street talk are probably accepted more now, because we first learned Presidents could still be men from Richard Nixon. But it was Kennedy's comments on Nixon's mental state that made the article striking. It is the saddest kind of hindsight to think that the nation could have been spared the embarrassment of Nixon's folly had we access then to the thoughts of a man such as Kennedy, a man whom people would have believed.

Tom Carter
Lexington, Kentucky

Bradlee is a fine example of the type who has all but ruined whatever was left of national journalism's shoddy reputation. In emitting significant sucking sounds for the Kennedys, Bradlee reinforces a long-held concept: that the ass kissers in much of our national news machinery are so utterly biased that they themselves serve no real purpose anymore other than to polarize us.

H. Zapata
Corrales, New Mexico

The Bradlee portrait of the late J.F.K. is a warm one, but it does have a chilling effect as a more telling portrait of the media as the willing seductee in what should have been an adversary relationship. The media ought to be the citizens' arm of dissent and inquiry and not what Homer described in the *Iliad* as "tenants of Olympian homes." The shift from the massive-retaliation *Zeitgeist* of the Eisenhower years, which scared the hell out of us, to the less apocalyptic counter-insurgency romantics of the Kennedy years didn't spring from the minds of zany generals or Dr. Strangeloves (hell, even that liberal goblin Douglas MacArthur warned J.F.K. against applying such romantic notions in Southeast Asia) but rather from the minds of those liberal, urbane, best and brightest whom L.B.J.

inherited from J.F.K. We will, of course, never know how history would have changed if the Bradlees had been doing their jobs. But we do know how history has been shaped because they haven't done their jobs. Perhaps the ideal President ought to be a Quasimodo with a slipped syntax. I don't have the slightest idea what real reporters ought to be, but what they ought not to be is political flacks.

Mike Lavelle
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois

Conversations with Kennedy further confirms what has long been known by the more politically astute element in our society: The Kennedy Presidency was just another Tinkertoy bought for a spoiled brat to play with. One of the more interesting items in Bradlee's memoir is Kennedy's opinion of Richard Nixon after he told the press, "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." Kennedy said Nixon was "sick, sick, sick." If it took him the better part of an hour to master *Ich bin ein Berliner*, Kennedy must have been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Until I read Bradlee's memoir, I believed that Jack Kennedy was one hell of a man. Now, I know that he was!

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

I read with great interest Benjamin C. Bradlee's *Conversations with Kennedy*. Articles of this sort are appropriate, provided they are accurate and written without malice. Bradlee's article is, indeed, without guile. It is well that we know something of the habits, customs and views of our public officials, especially our Presidents. It is well that we know something of the intimate details of their lives. The public somehow believes that upon election to high office the individual so elected becomes a sort of saint and thus faultless. Our admiration usually knows no bounds. As a result, we often have distorted images of such personalities. The article by Bradlee is perfectly in order, especially as it was written 11 years after the death of Kennedy. I had great admiration for Kennedy

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and had many contacts with him. Bradlee has not diminished one iota my high regard for the former President.

Emanuel Celler
New York, New York

MATCH POINT

I have seen Peter Nord play at tennis and have marveled at his courage. I never thought there would be anything funnier than the way Nord plays tennis. But I was wrong. He writes about tennis even funnier than he plays it. His article *How I Wiped Up the Court with Pancho Gonzales* (PLAYBOY, April) is a tribute to his powerful serve and brilliant repartee, not to mention his colossal gall. I am glad for Peter, for me, for all the Seymour Everymans of tennis that Peter knocked off Gonzales, who was just asking for it. Nord is a man who puts on his tennis sneakers one at a time—and can any man jack of us not be awed by him and his talent and the article?

Stan Isaacs
Long Island, New York

Nord's celebration of his tennis victory contains one rather serious inaccuracy that mars an otherwise great story. I have, till now, hesitated to disclose the inaccuracy, but truth propels me forward. Nord defeated Pedro Gonzales, not Pancho Gonzales! Nord was always bad at names. Otherwise—terrific!

Leonard S. Elman
Westbury, New York

I read Nord's article *How I Wiped Up the Court with Pancho Gonzales*, and all I have to say is, Richard "Pancho" Gonzales always was, still is and probably always will be not only the most talented but also the most enigmatic tennis player. He has been my idol since I was a kid, and Nord comes about as close as anybody to catching Richard in all of his moods.

Arthur Ashe
Washington, D.C.

RELIGIOUS FERVOR

In *Elmer Gantry for President* (PLAYBOY, March), Robert Sherrill does an efficient job of ridiculing the earnest faith of people such as President Ford and Billy Graham and Harold Hughes, of casting suspicion on the motives of the men who sponsor Campus Crusade and the Presidential and Senate prayer breakfasts, of haughtily dismissing every sincere effort to upgrade the spiritual climate in Washington—without offering any alternative! Obviously, he thinks that it's impossible for Chuck Colson to have had a genuine conversion experience, so Sherrill becomes Colson's spiritual judge and jury. What are his qualifications for that assignment? Granted, every attempt at a new morality—or a real spirituality in politics—will be flawed, because it will involve

human beings. Old Joseph McCarthy found that if you scrutinize *anybody* carefully enough, and focus on a fellow's wrongs rather than his aspirations, you could make him look bad and thwart his objectives. But that's really an unworthy and tragic course to pursue—especially since, in this case, the objective of most of the men in Sherrill's article is to save America's soul. Instead of throwing rocks at other flawed human beings who are trying to involve the Lord in our political affairs, instead of ridiculing prayer breakfasts and Christian fellowships and politicians who profess their faith publicly, we'd all better be listening to the voice of God: "If My people, which are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land" (2 Chronicles 7:14). Can Sherrill match that offer?

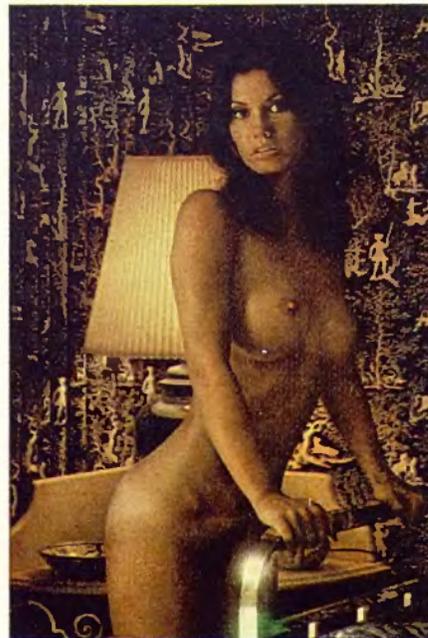
Pat Boone
Hollywood, California

KNOCKOUT

Victoria Cunningham, your April Playmate, just knocked me out. But one thing keeps bugging me: I could swear I've seen her somewhere before. Can you help me?

Joe Ross
Tampa, Florida

We can try. Perhaps you saw her cottontailing at our Los Angeles Club or



in PLAYBOY's October 1974 "Bunnies of 1974" spread. Just to refresh your memory, here's the photo we ran.

TALES OF HOFFMAN

Many thanks for your April interview with Dustin Hoffman, character actor par excellence. Your interviewer, Richard Meryman, has caught the essence of Hoffman: endearing impudence com-

bined with a consummate talent and a sure feel for his craft. Hoffman ranks among the best character actors in film history, and Meryman has done an exemplary job of illuminating the far-from-exhausted reservoirs of his talent.

Clifton Kenilworth III
Alameda, California

HAPPY TRAILS

Harry Crews's *A Walk in the Country* in the April issue is as gutsy and funny and scary and, generally, involving as anything Crews has done, and that's saying a bit, what with the man's seven novels, each one a departure from the others, each one unmistakably the work of Crews. You can taste his sweat: it's not the same as yours or mine, either.

James Landis
New York, New York

I have a few words to say concerning *A Walk in the Country*. According to the Right Honorable Mr. Webster, an article is "a nonfictional prose composition," and this little fact places Crews in a rather shaky position. The elephant hanging in the "article" is fictionalized all out of proportion. Poor little Alice was really big, irate Mary, who killed her trainer in a sizable town about 30 miles away but was taken to Erwin because the C.R.R. derrick car was there. I realize that ridiculing small Southern towns and their citizenry has often brought fame to aspiring young writers (although another Faulkner or Wolfe Crews ain't) and I know that "good, down-home country folks" do not make good copy, but Crews's article surpasses bad fiction and borders on sick sensationalism. I am surprised that PLAYBOY, once known for better-than-average short fiction, published it at all.

Gloria Harrell
Johnson City, Tennessee

Thanks for providing PLAYBOY readers with that brief glimpse of wild man Crews. He's spooky, he's ballsy, he's great fun to read and he has a pair of the sharpest, most penetrating eyes of any writer loose in today's jungle America.

James Leo Herlihy
Hollywood, California

Anybody who has ever listened to Crews (and I have, quite a few times, in Vermont, Louisiana, Florida and possibly a few places I've forgotten) knows that he is straight out of the bardic tradition, a singer of tales who becomes his arioso, so much so that fiction and biography have a way of synthesizing into a historical third element, separate and authentic. What happened and what didn't happen cease to be important in the Crewsian light of creation. Maybe the elephant tale has been told before, but so has the story of the Flood. Bards never plagiarize; they

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embellish. A bedrock realist myself, I keep wondering why the Grand Guignols of Crews's imagination fascinate me so, and I have come to the conclusion that the bedrocks of realism may be nothing more than cooled-off fantasy. At certain temperatures, they meld. If, as you indicate, *A Walk in the Country* is part of a novel, then I'm putting aside part of my tax rebate for a ticket to the grand tour.

Seymour Epstein
Denver, Colorado

SUPERCARS

Superlatives are in order for Brock Yates's *Eat Your Heart Out!* in PLAYBOY's April issue. My compliments for a well-written, superbly illustrated article. With mixed emotions, I say it may be best that these automobiles cannot be imported. Subjecting such magnificent machinery to our "gas saving" speed limit, commuter traffic or the terrors of the American parking lot could be classified as criminal. Even my beer-budget Porsche has balked at city traffic and, when observed, the reduced speed limit.

Gary D. Strong
St. Louis, Missouri

Multiple congratulations to Brock Yates for his article on the almost extinct breed of automobiles. American drivers have been forced by a few officials, who know less about auto engineering than they do about brain surgery, to drive look-alike, box-shaped blobs of metal and plastic. As to the dying breed of "real" autos, perhaps the only hope is to preserve them and refuse to buy the smog- and safety-device-strangled hulks Detroit is trying to foist on us. Perhaps the public, instead of the auto makers and Congress, can once again dictate the trends in the styling and production of exotic machinery.

Ed Waters, Jr.
Frederick, Maryland

I thoroughly enjoyed Brock Yates's *Eat Your Heart Out!* For those readers who were disappointed, if not outraged, in finding out that these cars are not available in the U. S., be comforted in knowing that there is at least one Lamborghini Countach LP 500 in the States. It is owned by a friend of mine. Rumor has it that the import duties and fees were several times higher than the original price of the car.

Mark H. Nicholas
Midland, Texas

LUNA TUNE

Just when I was about to congratulate you for the exquisite Douglas Kirkland pictorial of the exquisite Margot Kidder in the March issue, I opened the April issue to confront your garish, grotesque pictorial of Donyale Luna. After capturing the very real, very honest beauty of

Kidder, first in the subtle, minimal photography and then in her own essay, you wasted a good deal of time, energy, film and paper on the pseudo-avant-garde ravings of a failed model-actress taking apparently desperate measures to ensure publicity. No wonder Luna hid in Europe these past years. She should give us all a break and "fly" to another galaxy.

Robert-Paul Wagner
Palisades Park, New Jersey

Your feature on Donyale Luna is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen in PLAYBOY or any other magazine. Not only are Luigi Cazzaniga's photographs breath-taking but the layout itself is absolutely perfect: a real masterpiece.

J. S. Collins
Miami, Florida

BRANDY SNIFTERS

Everybody expects PLAYBOY to have great female bodies and your April issue is no disappointment. But that guy holding the brandy glass in "*It's a Naïve Little California Brandy . . .*" is a surprise. That body is almost unreal. Is he somebody? And if so, who?

Mary Lou Smith
Tampa, Florida

He is Arnold Schwarzenegger and he is probably the best bodybuilder alive. He won the Mr. Olympia title in 1970 through 1974, as well as a number of



others. You can read about him in "Pumping Iron," by Charles Gaines, or you can wait for the release of Bob Rafelson's new film, "Stay Hungry" (based on a novel by Gaines). In his first movie role, Arnold plays—you guessed it—a champion bodybuilder.

CLODS REVISITED

With regard to John Hughes's excellent parody *Chariots of the Clods?* (PLAYBOY, March), I have some additional information that may be of interest to

your readers: The Mystery of the Golden Arch, which was actually discovered in Southern California early in 1950, contains the astromathematical formula for turning one earthborn cow and two pickles into 6,000,000 all-American hamburgers with which to daily feed the masses. Fact or fiction?

Kris W. Brock
Torrance, California

VIOLENT REACTIONS

Your violence quiz, *ARRRRGGGHHH!* (PLAYBOY, April), is a farce! I've never been a particularly aggressive person. Patience is my most outstanding virtue. So how come, after taking Scot Morris' quiz, I came out overly aggressive, impatient and quick-tempered?

Richard Penny
Coldwater, Michigan

Why are you reacting so belligerently? Relax, it's only a quiz. You didn't have to take it. You could have kicked a beggar instead.

CHEEK OF ARABY

Reg Potterton's "*Don't the Arabs Understand I Wanna Make Them Rich?*" (PLAYBOY, April) is a classic example of Yankee ingenuity, or, in Harvey's case, just plain old American *chutzpah*. I hope Harvey makes a fortune off them.

Lance Harmon
New York, New York

HOLY WAR

While eating breakfast in a restaurant this morning, I started to read *Holy War on 34th Street* (PLAYBOY, March). But after the first few paragraphs, I had to force myself to stop reading. I suddenly lost all control and went into paroxysms of laughter. Norman Spinrad's style reaches the vertex of humorous fiction! Even funnier, I had missed seeing that it was fiction and thought it was for real. While living in Toronto, I was besieged *ad nauseam* by the Hare Krishna freaks, disciples of the Church of the Process and the Scientologists. After moving to New York, I was amazed to discover that one of the most obnoxious Processians had apparently followed me here. Now he was accosting me on Madison Avenue. Through much trial and error, I found my best technique for avoiding all these attacks was to walk fast, look mean and ignore them.

James R. Stoke
New York, New York

NIGHT CRAWLERS

Mal's *Serpentine Sex* in your April issue is a masterpiece! Ever since I pasted several of them on my dormitory door, the entire floor has been gagging with laughter. Let's have more soon.

T. Russ Briley
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah



For
the man of
principal.



Old Grand-Dad.
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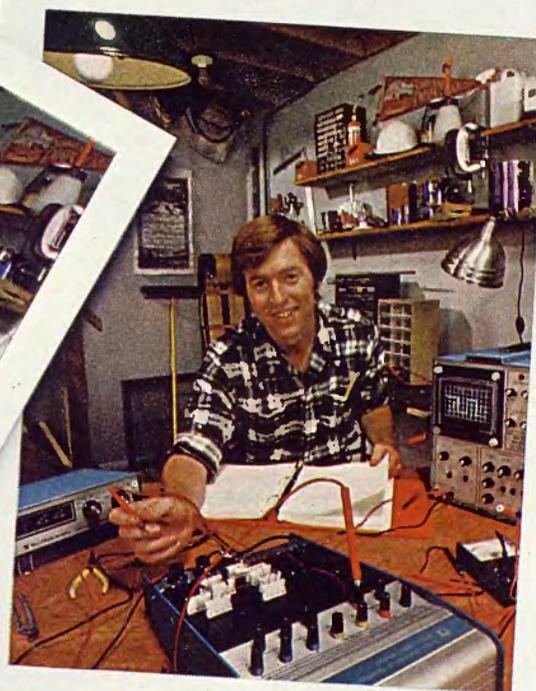
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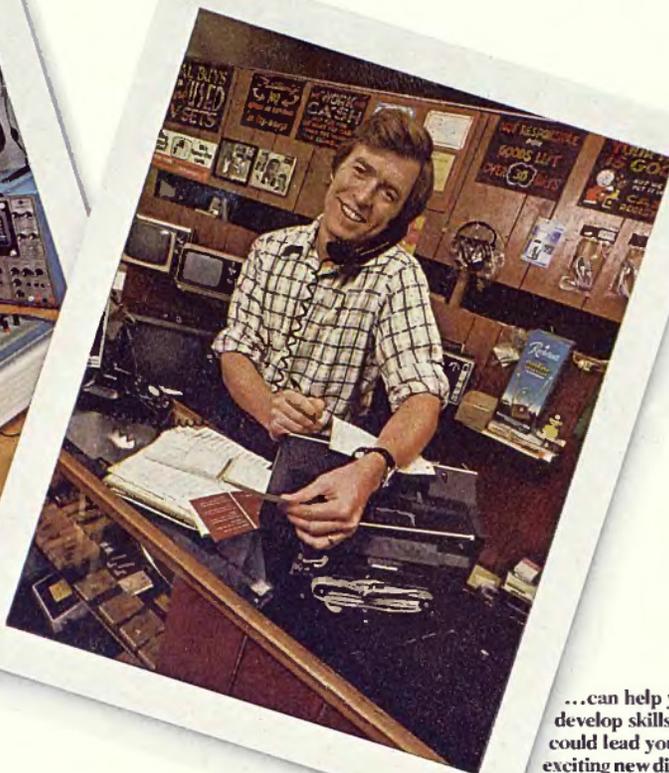
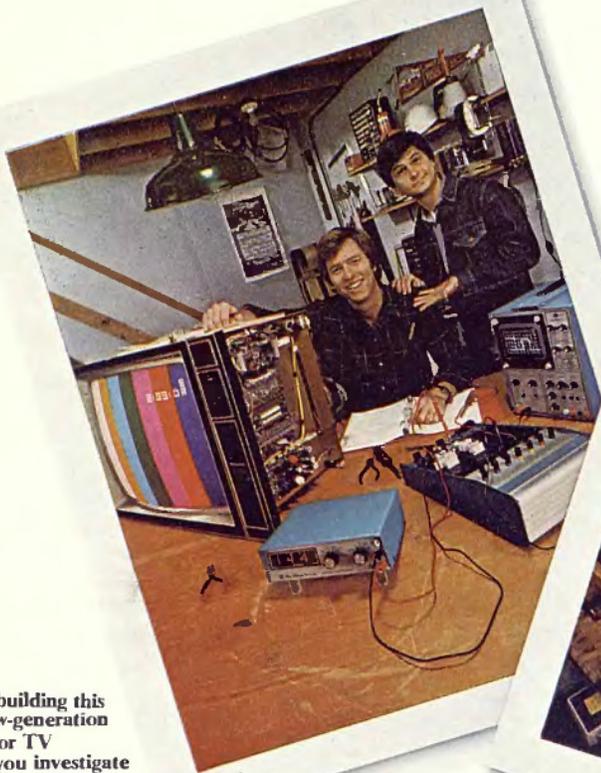
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Road & Track names Datsun 280-Z
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The new fuel injected Datsun 280-Z makes its bow in America with a rare honor indeed. It's been named one of the 10 best cars for a changing world in the June issue of *Road & Track* magazine. At \$6,284* the Z took top spot in the "Sports-GT cars, \$5,500 to \$8,000" category.

The new 280-Z has computerized fuel injection for instant acceleration, great mileage and better emission control. The 280 carries on the Z-Car heritage of superior technology with its new 2800cc overhead cam engine, fully independent suspension and transistorized ignition, as well as a long inventory of standard comfort and performance features. Test-drive the new 280-Z and 280-Z 2+2.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 280-Z two-passenger with standard 4-speed transmission, excluding tax, license, transportation and dealer prep if any.



Datsun 280-Z

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Much to the entertainment of the residents of a Tel Aviv apartment block, a couple in an open-topped car were making love with wild abandon. While spectators gathered on balconies and at their windows to watch the erotic show, a friend of the couple's was quietly breaking into their apartments. Residents became suspicious and called the police when they noticed TV sets and radios being loaded into the convertible.

Latins are lousy losers: Two carloads of soccer fans in Italy, evidently annoyed at their home team's defeat, tore off after the referee in a mad highway chase until his car careened into a ditch. The ref was hospitalized for ten days. . . . And in Mexico, a university soccer player was kicked to death by members of the opposing team after he made "an insulting gesture" as he was expelled from the game. A police spokesman was phlegmatic: "These things happen," he explained.

Who says you can't get no satisfaction? A Londoner who sent away for a mail-order porn movie, *Love Positions*, was disappointed with its length and content and filed a complaint with the British Consumer Protection Office. The agency reviewed the movie, agreed that it fell short of its promise and fined the distributor \$15.

Good news, bad news, as reported in Delta Airlines' magazine, *Sky*: "The National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C., is developing a 3400-acre research facility committed to the study and breeding of animals in semi-wild conditions. There are no immediate plans to accommodate the public."

He who laughs last, croaks: A 50-year-old bricklayer in King's Lynn, England, finished a hearty meal and sat down to his favorite TV show, *The Goodies*, a *Kung Fu* parody in which a Scotsman practices martial arts on his bagpipes. It

was so funny that he laughed nonstop for 25 minutes and then died—from the strain of digesting and laughing at the same time, said doctors. His wife plans to write to the creators of the show to thank them "for making my husband's last minutes so happy."

Not to be outdone by the commanding general in banal speechmaking, the chief nurse of a California Army hospital gave a stirring pep talk to her nursing staff: "The general believes that his troops should be the best troops that ever went down the pike, and I expect my nurses to follow them and be the best nurses who ever went down."

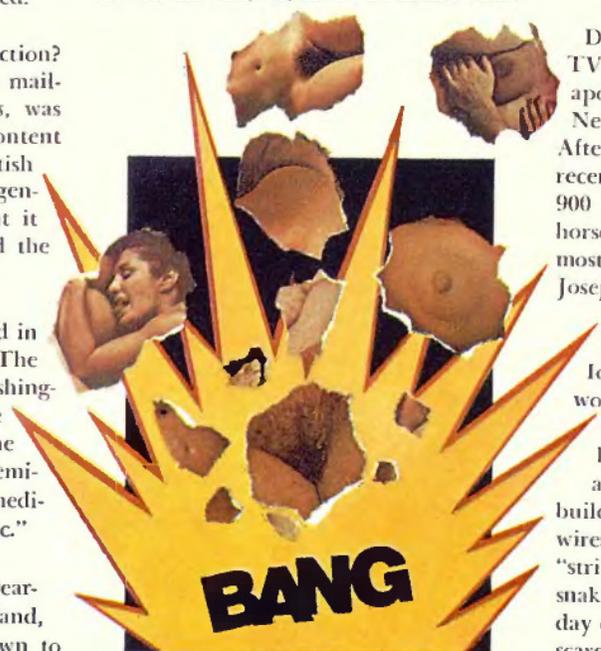
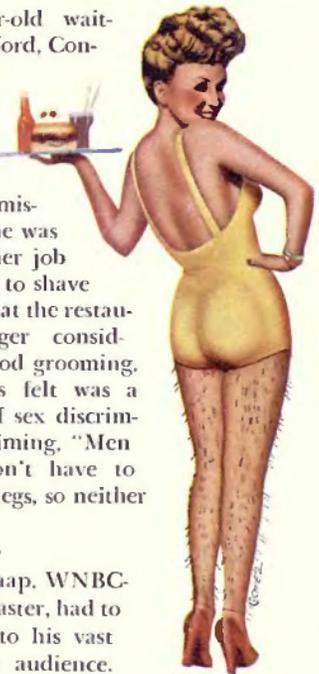
While on his early-morning exercise jaunt in a Los Angeles suburb, a jogger spotted a man stealthily place a cardboard box in a picnic area and then run off. His suspicions aroused, the jogger alerted the authorities. The sheriff's bomb

removing the silver tape that sealed the box. When they lifted the lid, they found a batch of pornographic photos.

A 27-year-old waitress in Hartford, Connecticut, filed a complaint with the state's Human Rights Commission after she was fired from her job for refusing to shave her legs. What the restaurant manager considered just good grooming, the waitress felt was a clear case of sex discrimination, claiming, "Men at work don't have to shave their legs, so neither should I."

Dick Schaap, WNBC-TV sportscaster, had to apologize to his vast New York audience. After his report on a recent evening's newscast, Schaap drew 900 phone calls when he named race horses Secretariat and Riva Ridge "the most famous pair of stablemates since Joseph and Mary."

Bird news: The folks in Dubuque, Iowa, came up with what they thought would be a harmless method of keeping the pigeons from fouling the city-hall building. They bought rubber snakes at a novelty house, placed them on the building's ledges and attached them to wires that would cause the snakes to "strike" whenever a pigeon perched. The snakes worked like a charm. On the first day of the experiment, all the birds were scared off their roosts. So, however, were two pedestrians who passed out at the sight of the flying, jumping vipers. Elsewhere on the feathered front: City officials in

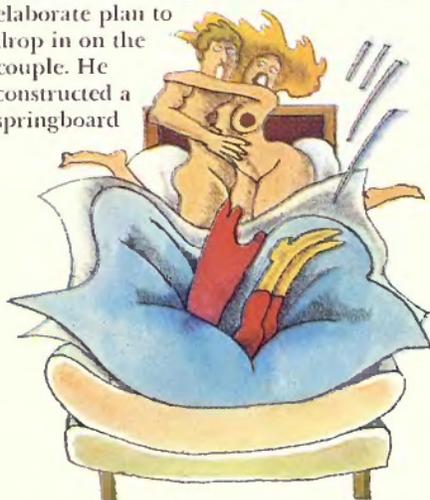


squad, backed by a unit from the county fire department, arrived on the scene and spent the next half hour gingerly

Quebec have a cagey plan to deal with their pigeon population. They're offering the birds room and board in a specially constructed, heated high-rise coop. And Lexington, Kentucky, used to have a pigeon problem, but no more. The solution: Trap the birds and feed them to town residents. Barbecued, stewed and potpied pigeon are said to be among the favorite recipes, but Kentucky Fried Pigeon is, of course, the local specialty.

In a series of surprise raids at the Lady Jane beach near Sydney, Australia, police arrested some 30 naked sun bathers and charged them with indecent exposure. The department's antinudity campaign wasn't always so effective, however. In the first raid, 15 burly policemen tried to infiltrate the nudists but were quickly spotted. They were the only ones wearing bathing suits.

Happy landings: Suspicious that his wife was seeing another man, a jealous husband in Dudley, England, devised an elaborate plan to drop in on the couple. He constructed a springboard



out of a plank of wood and two car tires and catapulted himself into the room where the lovers were meeting.

Scientists at the Arecibo Observatory in Puerto Rico decided to send a message into outer space that included a description of life on earth. They beamed the data in the direction of a far-off cluster of stars known as M-13. Nine days later, they got an answer. Over the observatory's telex machine, from someone as yet unidentified, came a cogent reply: "MESSAGE RECEIVED. HELP IS ON THE WAY. [SIGNED] M-13."

Ad in *The Daily Sun*, Corsicana, Texas: "I would like to take this time to thank you sincere friends and neighbors for wanting me to run for mayor of Blooming Grove; but, local politics being such as they are in the public eye, I am afraid running for a political office at this time would degrade my image as an

Honest Used Car Salesman. Thanks, anyway. Maybe later.—Edgar Earl Smith."

As part of a drug-education program in Newark, Delaware, a policeman stopped in on a class of ninth-graders to alert them to the dangers of narcotics. He passed around three marijuana joints so the kids could see what they looked like and know what to avoid. At the end of the presentation, the three joints weren't returned. The policeman sternly warned that anyone caught outside the classroom with a marijuana cigarette would be charged with possession; he'd pass around his hat, close his eyes and if the missing joints were placed in it, he'd ask no further questions. The hat came back with seven marijuana cigarettes in it.

"Straight Facts About Sex," a booklet issued at Dartmouth College, offers this bit of friendly advice as "a general rule to guard against vaginal irritation": "Don't put anything in your vagina that you wouldn't put in your mouth."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Who needs a star vehicle when you have a star like Bette Midler? Tacky, vulgar and spectacularly talented, she dominates a stage with sheer personality. After a year's absence, she is back on Broadway in a show of her own inspiration. *Clams on the Half-Shell Revue*, directed by Joe Layton. She makes the first of several blazingly theatrical entrances on the whole shell: A group of blacks on the levee suddenly stop singing *Old Man River*, absurdly wheel an enormous clam onstage and out pops The Divine Miss M. By the end of the first act, she has switched to Fay Wray draped on the hairy paw of a Kong-sized gorilla. This brassy, electrified entertainment is a turn-on, a one-woman Ziegfeld Follies, with Bette singing, dancing, talking, doing throwaway imitations and giving her fans their money's worth. Actually, there is some help from her friends—Lionel Hampton happily clanging away on the vibes (good ones) to the tune of *Flying Home* (Bette sings the lyrics); The Harlettes, a flashy, "trashy" backup trio; and the Michael Powell Ensemble of Gospel Shouters (Bette shouts loudest). When she wants to, she sings seriously, softly, funnily. Her new description for her style is "sleazo." She is also sensational. At the Minskoff, Broadway and 45th Street.

CHECKING IN WITH BETTE

Anyone who makes it to the top, then drops out, is not your average superstar, so we asked Research Editor Barbara Nellis to check in with Bette Midler as preparations for her Broadway comeback/premiere were under way. What

follows is something Nellis claims is "just two single Jewish girls hanging out together." As they switched off the tape recorder, Midler demanded to know who had "done" Nellis' nose. It's hers, Bette.

PLAYBOY: You lived in Hawaii until you were 19. What was it like growing up Jewish in Paradise?

MIDLER: My mother kept a kosher house, which was pretty strange, because you couldn't get any kosher food in Honolulu. So she kept the meat and the milk at separate ends of the kitchen.

PLAYBOY: Were you funny in those days?

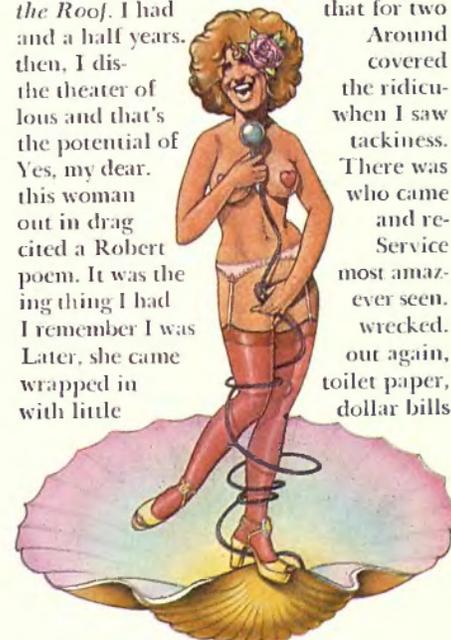
MIDLER: Being funny gained me a lot of positive attention that resulted in affection and approval. It was very different from the attention I got because I was white and had big tits and was a Jewish girl from a Samoan neighborhood, as I have often said.

PLAYBOY: Did you take shit for being busty?

MIDLER: Always. I'll never forget eighth grade. My mother wouldn't buy me a bra. I used to get teased, and I remember coming home weeping, so she broke down and got me one for my birthday. Oh, I was so relieved, oh, my dear, so relieved. Now, of course, I don't care.

PLAYBOY: What happened when you came East?

MIDLER: I worked at Café La MaMa, which at the time was way, way off-Broadway, and fell in with a lot of insane people. They were nuts, but they had real imagination and were terrifically funny. Then I got a job as the eldest daughter in *Fiddler on the Roof*. I had that for two and a half years. Around then, I discovered the ridiculous when I saw the potential of tackiness. There was this woman who came out in drag and recited a Robert Service poem. It was the most amazing thing I had ever seen. I remember I was wrapped in toilet paper, later, she came out again, with little dollar bills



stuck all over her and carrying a torch with a little wreath on her head like the Statue of Liberty and she was singing *Wheel of Fortune*. And I said, "Well, that's it! That's the whole thing!" The very next day. The Divine was born. It was as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: How does Bette Midler get

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along with The Divine Miss M? Any conflicts?

MIDLER: I went to a shrink for a few months when I was 22. He told me I was schizophrenic, so I didn't bother to go any further. Absolutely everyone, without question, has more than one side to him. Or her. I have a little girl who lives inside me who can't figure anything out. Then I have Bette Midler, who is very goal-oriented and business-minded. There's a side of me that hasn't got any confidence at all. And then there is The Divine, who has got *all* the self-confidence in the *entire* world. I adore her.

PLAYBOY: How do you define your brand of satire?

MIDLER: I can *see* style. I can take off on almost any period. I take it, add what I know and translate it into my own terms. When I started out, I used to do Thirties material. I thought I was a torch singer. I felt frustrated and thwarted in the business, so I sang the blues. But now I go all over the place—the Forties, the Fifties, even the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: That's the musical part of your act—

MIDLER: I always get that: "Oh, she's not really a musician, she's not really a singer. She's an entertainer, she's love-starved"—I *love* that one, *got* to get that in—"she's an actress!" People overlook the music, but if it weren't for the music, the message wouldn't be there at all.

PLAYBOY: OK, but what about the patter, the shtick—what sort of humor do you like?

MIDLER: I'm nuts for British humor. Mad for it—Monty Python, Kenneth Williams, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore. . . . It's further out, more outrageous than ours. But I *do* love Mel Brooks and Woody Allen. Then there's Lily. Lily Tomlin is a genius.

PLAYBOY: All right, here's *that* question: What about the Continental Baths, the gay mecca where you got your start?

MIDLER: The Baths and I met each other at the perfect time. There was a certain naïveté about the place then, a certain innocence and joy that could not be found anywhere else in the city. When we first got together, it was a very small operation and it was dismal and damp. The man who owns the place, Steve Ostrow, is a terrific entrepreneur. I mean, he turned shit into gold. He pulled down walls, added rooms, added bathrooms, added K-Y—jelly machines. Look, I've always known gay people because of the theater. The theater literally would not exist without them. If you were going to ask me if I went into the orgy room—I never did. I have a pretty rich fantasy life of my own and I never felt the need to embarrass myself or anyone else by watching what other people did. It seems everybody is out of the closet now. People who weren't even *in* the closet are out of the closet.

PLAYBOY: What are some of your fantasies?

MIDLER: I have hooker fantasies. My lady on the docks—she's *fabulous*. I have librarian fantasies, too.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, rhinestones seem more in keeping with your image.

MIDLER: That's because you never heard me quote the classics. I get most of my fantasies out on the stage, actually. I lead a quiet life at home. When I'm home, I do all the same old things—get high, hang out, listen to records, read—but I *love* to carry on onstage.

PLAYBOY: Why did you take such an extended vacation? Were you dropping out?

MIDLER: I wanted to travel. I wanted to go to Europe. I had never been to Paris. Mostly, I hadn't had a rest in 12 years and I needed time to get into myself again. *But*, as you can see with your very eyes, I'm back!

PLAYBOY: Are you scared? Are you going to make it through?

MIDLER: I sing, I act, I *schlep*, I fantasize about Blanche Du Bois, I depend upon the kindness of strangers—but I am not a sick person. I'm paranoid—but we're living in that kind of age. I've been very, very lucky. I'm not living a tragic life. I am *not* love-starved. Just believe me when I tell you, I'm OK.

BOOKS

In *Norma Jean the Termite Queen* (Doubleday), Sheila Ballantyne writes about a woman who finds her counterpart in *The Hellstrom Chronicle's* bloated, egg-producing queen. As killer insects come in to destroy the termite colony in the film, Norma Jean looks on and sides with the killers. Death would be better, she reasons, than being the baby maker she is, rather than the artist she wants to be.



This is a novel with many of the characteristics of a good writer's early work: flashes of brilliance but not yet enough control to bring the many pieces into something that holds. It has a jumpiness that is both fascinating and aggravating, and it is this very quality that seems to be particularly apparent in the best of fiction by women today. Nonetheless, it's a powerful story and if we learn more than we need to know about boredom, loneliness, cooking and cleaning, we also learn something about a woman who has to redirect the energy she has poured into her husband and children without destroying the framework of the family she has encouraged to depend upon her in the first place. We have seen into the lives of unhappy women, angry women, women driven mad, but the evolution of woman as artist seems to offer a theme that has been looked at recently in nonfiction but probed hardly at all in fiction.

Back when we were all younger, nobler and more eager to send our Marines into small warring states, a prophet appeared in our midst and told us the truth—just the way we wanted to hear it. His name was Theodore H. White and he wrote about politics. His genius was that he wrote about the *reality*, the inside stuff of politics, and still made the politicians appear noble. We looked upon his legwork and it was good. His faith in our leaders was our faith and it comforted us. We made his books best sellers. Well, a lot of blood has passed under the bridge since *The Making of the President 1960* appeared and changed the nature of political reporting. But White is still a believer. His latest, *Breach of Faith: Fall of Richard Nixon* (Atheneum), is an embarrassment—if not to him, then to all of us who read his other books with such profound naïveté. This one is a chronicle, as the title suggests, of Watergate. The reporting is skimpy and weak, with only an occasional tidbit to gladden the hearts of Watergate fanatics. For instance, did you know that while Nixon was still President, flying across the country to his exile in San Clemente, H. R. Haldeman managed to get a call through to Air Force One? He wanted to ask Nixon for a pardon as his last official act, but Ron Ziegler wouldn't put Nixon on the line. But there is precious little of that sort of thing. The book is really an extended attempt to keep the faith. White simply must find grandeur where there is none. Squalid political hacks must become tragic and flawed actors on the vast stage of history. Otherwise, nothing in White's earlier work is validated. So White lectures, moralizes and throws platitudes about as he tries to convince us that John Ehrlichman is a patriot and a selfless man caught up in a vortex of great historic conflicts. It's rubbish, of course, and judging from the rhetorical

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Seagram's Gin over ice.
Add 3 oz. orange juice,
a dash of grenadine,
stir and serve with
a wedge
of lime.



strains that White puts on his prose, he doesn't quite buy all of it himself. One reads the book first in disbelief, then in anger and, finally, with something approaching pity. You can't ask White to see Nixon as a small-timer and a crook any more than you could ask Tennyson to say that the charge at Balaclava was a futile waste and that Lords Raglan and Cardigan were pompous fools. White's innocence is, in the end, harmless simply because the rest of us are so much sadder and wiser—especially wiser.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar (Simon & Schuster), by Judith Rossner, opens with a murderer's confession. The killer is a drifter, one of those guys who are always in trouble with everyone. And Terry Dunn, the young woman he killed, is the kind of single girl who lives anonymously in cities all over the country. She has a family, she goes to college, she loses her virginity, she moves out on her own. And she teaches. It's all so familiar. Which is why this book is so terrifying. When Terry is lonely or restless, she picks up strange men in singles bars. But she has her principles: "It's one thing to fuck someone you don't know and another thing to look at him over coffee in the morning." And it is while she tries to uphold this one standard that she is murdered—a sexual partner she doesn't want to face over breakfast refuses to leave and attacks her in a rage. Rossner's book is based on an actual murder in New York and is written with much of the same intensity that made *In Cold Blood* a book no one could put down. Like Capote's characters, these are ordinary people caught up in the senseless violence that is a staple of our ordinary lives. We are predicting big things for this book. Not just because city people have a new litany of urban horror stories that they can pass on to one another at cocktail parties but because Rossner has such a simple, devastating way of describing the kind of city life that's turned most of us into street paranoids.

Last year, we neglected to review *Tender Loving Greed*—Mary Adelaide Mendelson's chilling indictment of the nursing-home industry. Now it's out in paperback (Vintage) and the situation she described hasn't changed. Since the passage in 1966 of Medicare and Medicaid (plans that were "conceived in illusion and born through political compromise"), hustlers have made millions of dollars operating Government-supported nursing homes. Mendelson builds a careful case against the nickel-and-dime frauds: doctors who charge the Government for an expensive pair of prescription sunglasses for a blind patient or order pregnancy tests for male patients. Almost none of the services paid for reach the patients. In one Cleveland nursing home, an 80-year-old man

climbed into the attic and died. His body was found 13 months later and during that time, the home had routinely collected \$1897.50 for his care. Occasionally, patients or attendants will try to complain to authorities about abusive conditions, but the operators have learned how to use the system in self-defense. Mendelson documents several cases in which the critics were examined by the house physician, declared mentally incompetent and ordered into asylums. Remember, this is America and there should be laws, right? Well, the laws are there, but the regulations "anesthetize the public with a false assurance that the Government is doing its job." And it's not. Warning: This book may be hazardous to your apathy.

Despite its many flaws and the known outcome of the capture of Adolf Eichmann by Israeli secret-service agents, there is something about *The House on Garibaldi Street* (Viking) that is compelling. From the moment of his capture outside the wretched house on unpaved Garibaldi Street in a Buenos Aires suburb, where he lived under a phony name,



until he arrived in Israel, Eichmann was a model prisoner. As if good conduct might win the forgiveness of an entire nation. The reactions of the 70 men forced to guard him ranged from loathing to the kind of contempt one has for a cringing villain. Each member of the capture team had some brush with the Nazi's "final solution," and there is a special poignancy as author Isser Harel, former chief of the Israeli secret service, recounts the reactions of his team members as they are forced to deal with the mass murderer. There are some ironies: Eichmann, for example, was first "sighted" by a blind man, which began the three-year hunt. But in the end, one is left with two things to think about: There should be no sanctuary for such enemies of mankind and perhaps the trial of Adolf Eichmann, destroyer of Jews,

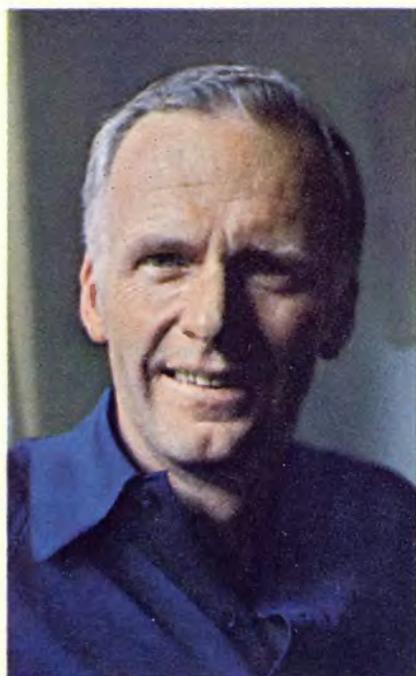
was the event that did the most to harden the state of Israel into a nation.

If you're a novelist ready to publish your first book and the publishers just don't think it's going to be another *Godfather* or *Fear of Flying*, you've got big problems. The reason for this is simple: Most novels don't sell enough copies to make a profit. In some cases, they don't even pay their own way. A few years ago, most publishers could justify this loss by countering it with a big seller, but the present economy has reduced even this margin of profit. So what do you do with your freshly typed work of art? One answer is given by *The Fiction Collective*. Several established writers got together to vote on which manuscripts to accept, edited one another's work and paid for production themselves (about \$3000 for a 200-page book: 500 hardbacks and 1500 quality paperbacks). And George Braziller was able to take on distribution of the Collective's books. When the first three titles (Jonathan Baumbach's *Reveries*, Peter Spielberg's *Twiddledum Twaddledum* and B. H. Friedman's *Museum*) sold out, the authors got back their production costs. As the books continue to sell, the writers will make a better percentage of the royalties than they would have if they'd contracted with a large publishing house (Braziller gets 25 percent and the remaining 75 percent is split between the Collective and the author). Three new titles, which came out in May, are selling well. Mark J. Mirsky's *The Secret Table* and Ronald Sukenick's *98.6* are both experimental novels and definitely not for mass-market audiences. Parts of each had previously appeared in well-respected but small literary magazines, such as *Tri-Quarterly*, *Fiction* (edited by two Collective founders, Mirsky and Jerome Charyn) and *Partisan Review*. The third title for this season is *Statements*, an anthology of new fiction by members of the Collective and invitees, such as the brilliant young novelist Walter Abish, whose *Alphabetical Africa* was published by New Directions. The Collective is not equipped to read unsolicited manuscripts, but others are expected to follow its example and start forming their own private publishing companies, using the larger houses as conduits to a broader market. If you're a fiction writer, this may stave off imminent destitution or despair. If you're just a reader who likes good fiction, you may once again have something worth buying.

Alexander Dolgun's Story—An American in the Gulag (Knopf) is the account of a 22-year-old New Yorker who was employed as a clerk at the U. S. Embassy in Moscow in 1948. One day, he was stopped on the street by Russian secret police, accused of espionage, shoved into a car, locked in a nine-by-four cell and forced

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to strip while a guard ripped apart the seams of his clothes and tore the shoulder pads out of his jacket. What did Al Dolgun think and what did he say while all this was happening? He thought: "I knew this was something big and something important in my life." He said: "Just a minute there, fella, that's my good jacket." A hugely confident and naïve young man, Dolgun drew gleeful satisfaction from the stories he would tell



his colleagues when he got out, for it was obvious to him that someone had made a mistake and that he would be released momentarily. He had committed no crime, he had nothing to hide; his captors offered no explanation for his arrest. After a couple of days, he resigned himself to spending as long as a week in prison while the Soviet bureaucracy found a discreet way to untangle what had to be a diplomatic blunder of the first order. "Boy! Just wait," he told his stone-faced inquisitors. "Just you wait!" Eight years later, Dolgun was given his freedom.

Through Solzhenitsyn's books, the world has become familiar with the depravity of Soviet justice; but until Dolgun's book, few people could have known that the Russian author obtained some of his material from interviews with the young New Yorker whose prison-camp experiences—prolonged torture, beatings, solitary confinement, forced labor—were no less horrifying than Solzhenitsyn's.

Every appalling anecdote has the ring of grim authenticity and, except for brief interludes of youthful American bravado, as when Dolgun stands in his cell and defiantly shouts the words to *Mairzy Doats*, *Don't Fence Me In* and *Chattanooga Choo-Choo*, few of these anecdotes can be read without a wince of horror. Reading this story reminds us again that under Stalin, the Soviet Union was little more than a vast concentration camp. It is difficult to believe, even in these days of *détente*, that Stalin's successors have been miraculously transformed into humanitarians. It is almost as difficult to acknowledge that throughout the years of Dolgun's captivity, his own Government did nothing to free him.

RECORDINGS

All hail Mingus the Magnificent! We've just listened to a pair of LPs recorded 17 years apart, and over that span, Charles the First—who blew everybody off the stage in 1957—has grown into something larger than life. The reissued *Tia Juana Moods* (RCA) wasn't released originally until 1962, but that

five-year gap made the total effect of the album no less stunning. It was an "event" and the folk who followed jazz knew something big was happening out there. Mingus, with a handful of spectacular musicians, produced an album that was all of a piece and yet was filled with avant-garde bits that surprised the hell out of the listener. Mingus was a brute on bass, propelling, cajoling, embroidering, giving everything his own very personal stamp. Now comes *Mingus at Carnegie Hall* (Atlantic) and lengthy performances of *C Jam Blues* and *Perdido* that may well take their place as jazz landmarks. For the concert, the regular Mingus group was joined by the brilliant young trumpeter Jon Faddis and reed men John Handy, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Charles McPherson, and the results are stunning—each solo providing yet another tier of excitement, until the mood becomes almost unbearably supercharged with electricity. Mingus' presence is not as obvious as on the earlier recording, but, God, you know he's there—you can feel him there. *Mingus at Carnegie Hall*—46 minutes of quintessential jazz.

On Your Feet or on Your Knees (Columbia) is the latest authoritarian imperative from Blue Oyster Cult, and, as the title says, there's no stopping these boys with fainthearted concessions: It's all or nothing. This double album of fascist-rock marching songs is comprised mainly of live versions of their best-known tunes,



recorded at torchlight rallies cleverly passed off as rock concerts. Once again, the BOC proves the superiority of its loud and disciplined heavy metal rock for the New Order over the alternatives offered by the fuzzy-minded competition. True believers will be invigorated, while the rabble will cringe in fear. Only one question: Will it play in Berchtesgaden?

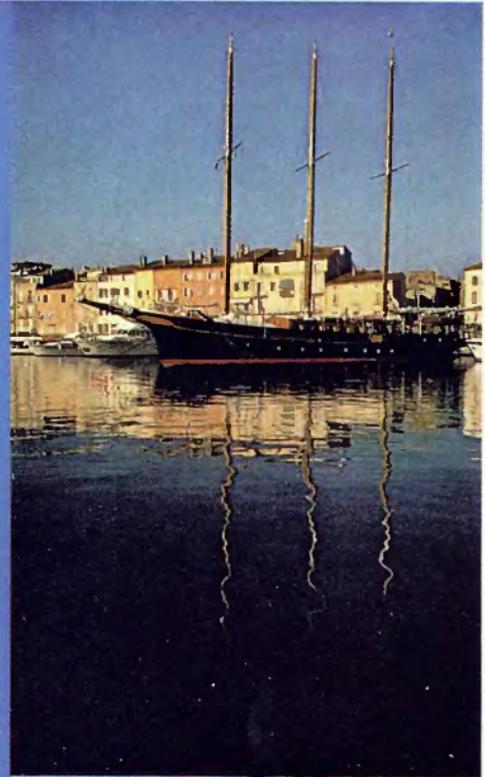
No Mystery (Polydor) is Return to Forever's third LP—they've hardly been overexposed—and will delight concertgoers who have experienced in person

the good-humored enthusiasm and staggering pyrotechnics put out by Chick Corea, Al DiMeola, Stanley Clarke and Lenny White. They start out—on side one—electrified, especially Chick at the keyboards, on a quintet of tunes with highly architectural themes, flowing solos and occasional, more-or-less-comic classical touches. They go acoustic for side two and mellow down for the title tune before closing the album with a *Celebration Suite* that brings the level back up—but that, unfortunately, seems a little too thematically dispersed. Even so, this group is as good as any around: versatile, together and blessed with chops that'd set any normal musician's mouth to watering.

The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra should be tarred and feathered along with Mike Oldfield and David Bedford for *The Orchestral Tubular Bells* (Virgin)—as pretentious a piece of pseudoromantic impressionist horseshit as was ever stuffed into an album cover. Composer Oldfield doesn't develop themes as much as move them along like beef in a stockyard toward the inevitable finale. And when it comes, it's so abrupt and illogical that often we aren't sure whether a movement has ended or we've suffered a sudden loss of hearing. Russia looms large among Oldfield's musical influences, as do German U-boat movies and Bambi. As for Bedford's conducting, our favorite moment is on the last cut, during the tumultuous *vivace* section of the *Sailor's Hornpipe*, when the lug wrench—which he obviously prefers to a baton—flies from the maestro's hand and the Royal Philharmonic plays as never before.

If someone says *reggae* and you think he's talking about Archie Andrews' rival, stop right there. *Reggae* is a fusion of native Jamaican folk music (which is nearly pure African folk music) and American R&B (heard by Jamaicans on certain powerful Miami and New Orleans radio stations). It was born in Kingston in the early Sixties and became full-fledged during that incredible musical year, 1967. Here in the States, we have only tasted a sampling of this fine music, notably on the superb sound-track album from *The Harder They Come*. So it is extremely good news that Island Records is now distributing one of the oldest and best *reggae* groups, Bob Marley & the Wailers, here in the States. Their latest release, *Natty Dread*, may be the best *reggae* LP ever made. The sound—characterized by strong black harmonies, funky guitar smears and the compelling *reggae* interrupted bass line—is a total laid-back pleasure from start to finish. Since the Wailers are Rastafarians (members of a freak/mystic Jamaican religious cult), the lyrics are often deliciously strange and surreal, as

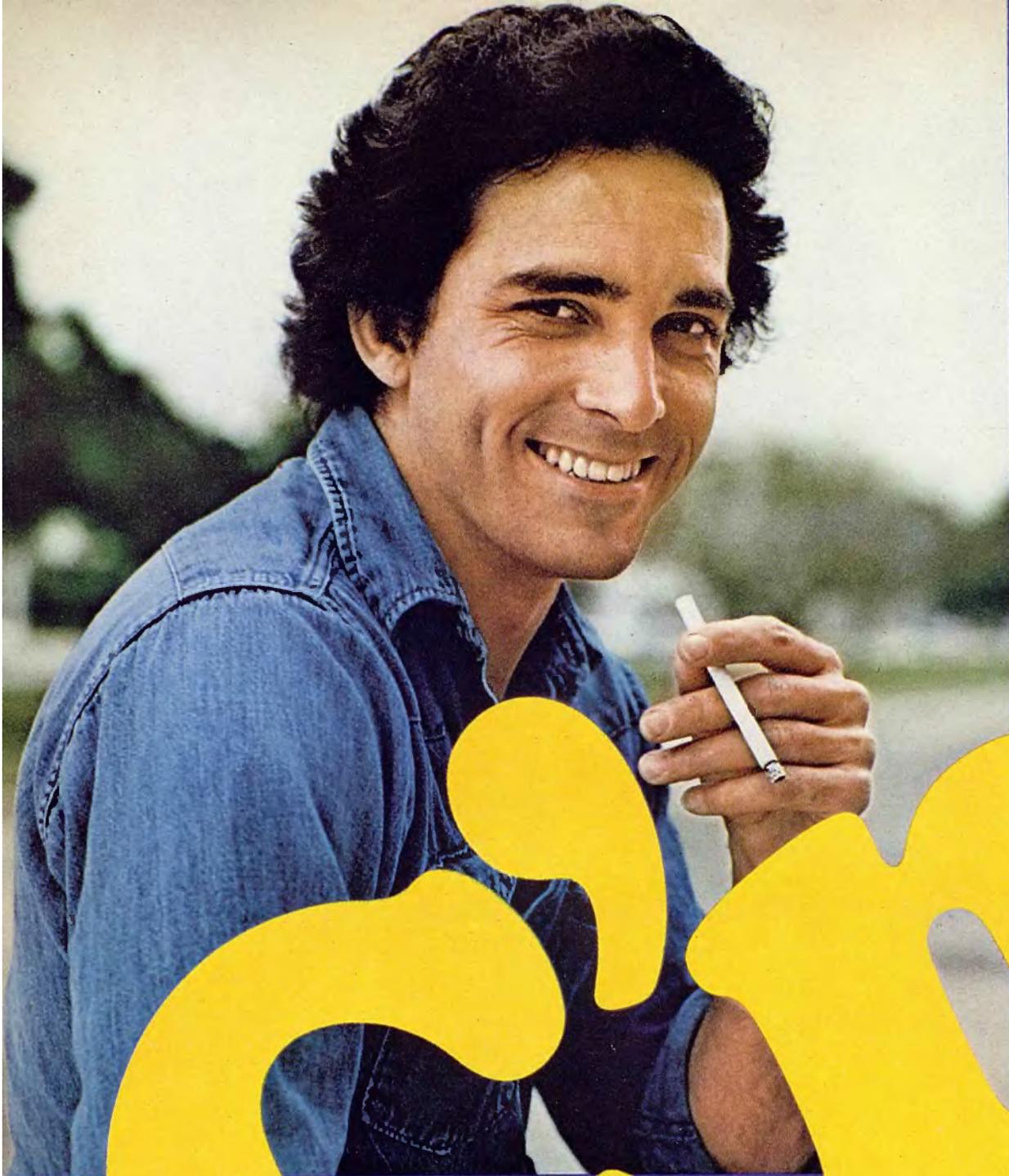
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in the title cut: "Dread, natty dread now/Dreadlock congo bongo I/Natty dreadlock in a babylon/A dreadlock congo bongo I." But our favorite cut is the jaunty, erotic suggestion *Bend Down Low*, whose lyrics say, "If you love me woman walk right in/I've got a notch for your safety pin." This is a good test album. If you like *Natty Dread*, you'll like *reggae*. If you don't, you won't, and probably have two tin ears.

There are no surprises on *Chicago VIII* (Columbia). The veteran band has churned out another collection of in-offensive, middle-of-the-road songs, which means another gold record, another tour, more money, back to the ranch for number IX and do it all over again. The boys somehow manage never to alienate their dogged fans or convert their detractors: in short, they're a pop institution. The key word is pop. While every



Chicago album can be counted on for at least one very slick hit single, there are practically no moments of real gut-wrenching emotion. On this album, the cuteness award goes to an insipid little ditty called *Harry Truman*, which eulogizes the late atom bomber's forthright honesty and folksy, funny candor—sorely missed in the age of Watergate. It's possibly the dumbest song they've ever done. *Anyway You Want* is a medium rock 'n' roller, powered by bassist Peter Cetera, who is by far the heaviest musician in the group. *Brand New Love Affair* is a rather inept, over-orchestrated, traditional ballad that tries to erupt, Beatlelike, into a rousing finale, but to little effect. Guitarist Terry Kath seems to be paying homage to Hendrix in *Oh, Thank You Great Spirit*, with slithery sound effects and a psychedelic solo. And sandwiched between the heavy-winded horn riffs (which seem as stiff and inert as Wahoo U's marching band) is *Ain't It Blue?*, a funky tune that outshines the others by a mile, with good solid vocals and arranging. There you have it. An album that neither thrills nor kills. Just commercial craftsmanship—the stuff of which millionaires and morning d.j.s are made.

Pianist Marian McPartland continues her good works as one of jazz's pre-eminent ambassadors of good will, taking its message wherever she thinks there might be a receptive audience. *Solo Concert at Haverford* (Halcyon) finds the mood

on campus decidedly pro-jazz and obviously pro-McPartland—the undergrads are unstinting in their applause, which proves they know a good thing when they hear it. Two medleys, one including classics from different eras—*Yesterdays* and *Yesterday*—the other made up of four Gershwin tunes, are the major offerings. In addition, there are several still-healthy evergreens, *Pick Yourself Up*, *You Turned the Tables on Me* and *I'll Be Around*, the beautiful Stephen Sondheim show tune *Send in the Clowns*, the contemporary *Killing Me Softly* and a couple of McPartland originals. *Solo Concert at Haverford* can be ordered by mail. Send \$5.98 to Halcyon Records, 302 Clinton Street, Bellmore, New York 11710.

Judy Collins once made a record called *In My Life* that was as close to perfection in its way as *Sgt. Pepper* was. And if *Judith* (Elektra) isn't quite up to that standard, it is certainly the equal of her other best—namely, *Wildflowers*. As a singer, Collins has always been noted for her beautiful, clear voice and her impeccable taste in choosing material. In this album, her first in two years, she still has those qualities, plus a new relaxed feeling that gives songs such as Steve Goodman's *City of New Orleans* a lilting buoyancy. And on three cuts, she has the help of Jonathan Tunick's orchestrations, which manage to use strings to heighten everything she sings without becoming gooey. The choice of material ranges from Jagger/Richards' *Salt of the Earth* to *Send in the Clowns* and *I'll Be Seeing You*, which she has rescued from its chestnut status and revitalized as a standard. It's a record that's hard to rip off the turntable.

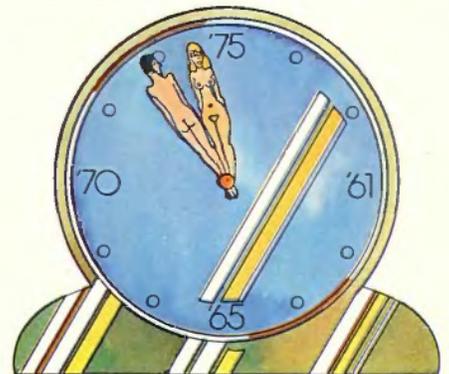
Every time we think we've had it up to here with tired old camp, something shows up that makes us change our mind. *The Pasadena Roof Orchestra* (Island) is a note-for-note facsimile of the dance-hall orchestras of the Twenties and Thirties—not parodying them, mind you, but playing the charts just the way they were then. The "band singer" John "Pazz" Parry is an uncanny throwback with his vibrato-laden baritone two-stepping its way through the likes of *Paddlin' Madelin' Home* and the ever-popular *Me and Jane in a Plane*.

A few years ago, Columbia Records took a chance on a semi-unknown British jazz guitarist named John McLaughlin and produced his newly formed Mahavishnu Orchestra, and the shock waves from that band jolted a whole generation of musicians. The fifth and latest album, *Visions of the Emerald Beyond* (Columbia), firmly establishes the fact that McLaughlin is, indeed, a musical

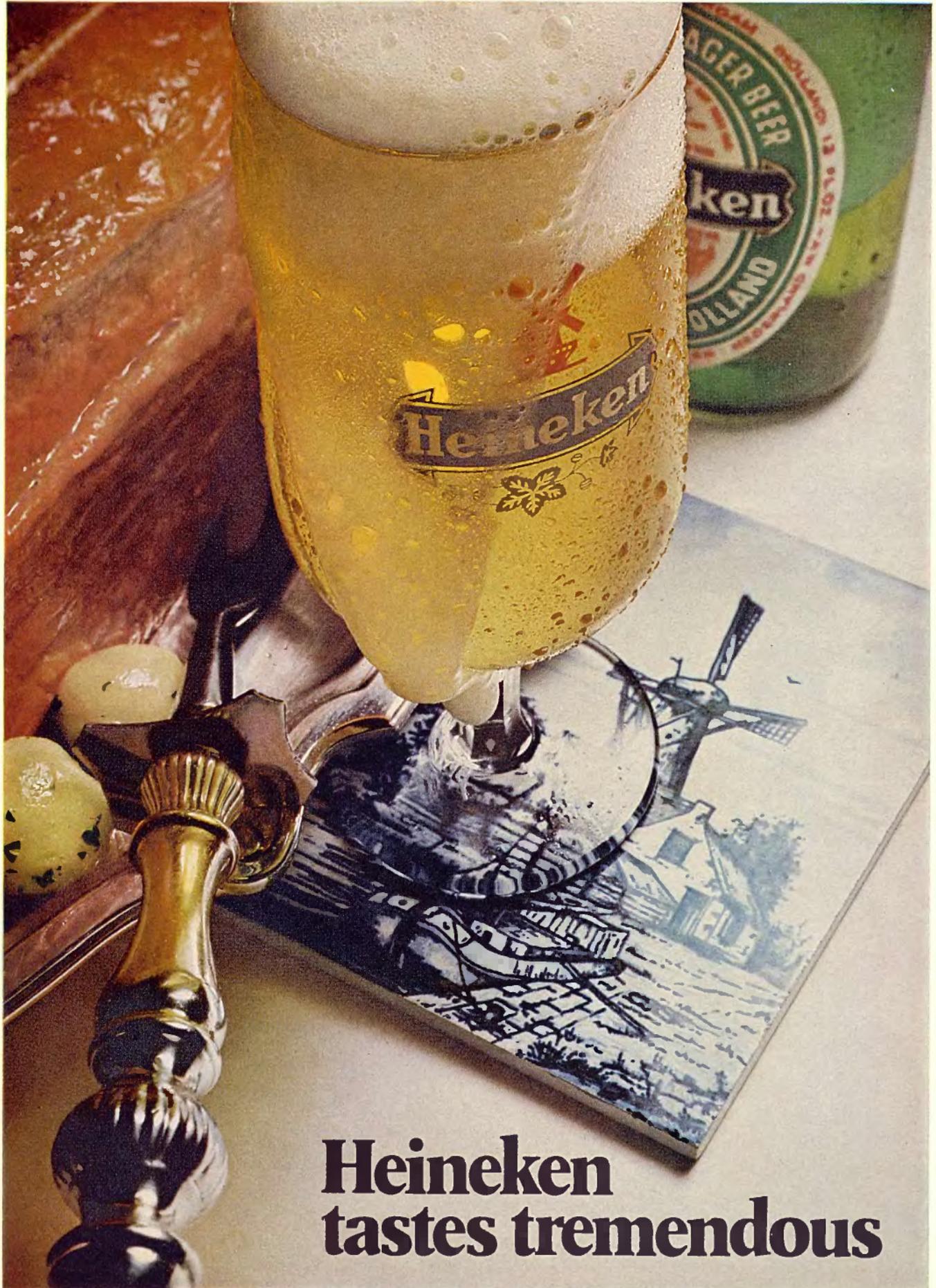
giant, one of the great guitarist/composers of our time. He gives only the best and inspires those who work with him to give as much. Sharing solo honors with him is the brilliant French violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, a marvelously fiery improviser, who works beautifully with McLaughlin. There is a diversity of style on this album that is refreshing in contrast to the gravely serious, unrelentingly dense music of the original band. One cut, *Can't Stand Your Funk*, is unlike any other Mahavishnu tune ever heard, with its brassy R&B horn riffs and popping back beat. Pure funk in the Average White Band genre. The same holds true for *Cosmic Strut* (written by drummer Michael Walden), with an uncharacteristically cheeky solo by McLaughlin. *Faith* is a gorgeously rolling vehicle for the acoustic 12-string guitar, and probably the prettiest of all the tunes here. But the real meat of the album is in the improvisations, which unleash rampaging power at the speed of light—enough raw energy to burn up city blocks. McLaughlin and Ponty slash at the listener with irresistible intensity and flawless virtuosity guaranteed to wake the dead.

THEATER

Same Time, Next Year is a 25-year comic case of adultery. The affair, conducted once a year in the same motel, is funny, clever and touching, acted by its two-person cast, Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, with impossible finesse and assurance (they are led through their stylish paces by director Gene Saks). When a Broadway comedy is smartly tooled (the contrivances never creak) and effortlessly performed, it seems breezy. New playwright Bernard Slade exercises a switch



on *The Fourposter*. The difference is that each protagonist is married, happily, to another spouse. But between them, there is a continuing relationship, filled with changes of heart and humor. We first see Doris as a nice Catholic wife on her way to retreat—she never gets there—and George as an up-and-coming-out accountant. The relationship is fraught with gamesmanship as they undergo annual guilt contests. Between scenes, they and the costumes, hairdos and manners are transformed. When she is pregnant—



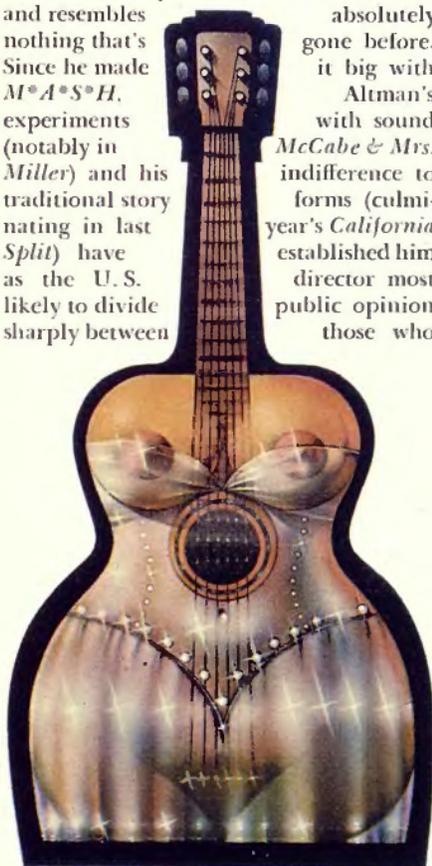
Heineken tastes tremendous

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again—he has suddenly become impotent. George's wisecracking offstage wife jokes, "When I married a C.P.A., I always thought that it would be his eyes that would go first." When he turns reactionary and we can almost see the icy Gold-water flowing through his veins, she has embraced the Age of Aquarius. Counterpointing this larky anniversary waltz are on-target sounds and songs of the various periods; the character changes, of course, reflect what's been happening in society. What makes *Same Time, Next Year* more than just Broadway flip are those perfectly partnered performances. Grodin is the essence of woman-loving, self-incriminating male superiority (a boy pretending to be an adult) and Burstyn is malleable, malleable and lovable. At the Brooks Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street.

MOVIES

Ready or not, America, Robert Altman's *Nashville* is apt to be the movie blockbuster of 1975 and makes good this controversial director's bold prediction that his country-and-western epic in the manner of *Grand Hotel* sets a standard against which other movies will be measured for the next decade or so. Certainly, *Nashville* is a breakthrough film in the way that *La Dolce Vita* was, and resembles nothing that's gone before. Since he made *M*A*S*H*, Altman's experiments (notably in *McCabe & Mrs. T*) and his traditional story nating in last *Split* have as the U.S. likely to divide sharply between



cannot tolerate his work and those who cannot resist it. Both the eyes and the nays should find proof of Altman's galloping genius in *Nashville*, which has at

least a dozen subplots woven effortlessly into a sweeping political essay that is also a deft satire of country music.

Letting his performers improvise, as always, from an ambitious scenario by Joan Tewkesbury, Altman brings some two-dozen major characters together in *Nashville* over a five-day period for an orgy of Grand Ole Opry dimaxed by a political rally at the full-sized replica of the Parthenon in Nashville's Centennial Park. It's because of the Parthenon, says Michael Murphy—playing a hustler aboard the band wagon of Replacement Party Presidential candidate Hal Phillip Walker—that Nashville is known as the Athens of the South. And it is no accident that a classic ideal of architecture, cheaply duplicated in poured concrete and draped with an American flag, becomes a chilling symbol of defeat, betrayal and angry disillusionment as the climax of *Nashville*. At the end, after a senseless shooting, candidate Walker is whisked away without ever actually appearing onscreen, and there's a strong implication that the nation's best hopes may have fled into political oblivion, well beyond firing range.

Such literal interpretation does some injustice, however, to the tragicomic and colorful cross section of American experience distilled in *Nashville*. While a Walker campaign truck prowls from scene to scene with a banner promising NEW ROOTS FOR THE NATION, a galaxy of rootless hustlers, hangers-on and hopefuls parades past to fill out Altman's dazzling mosaic. Though there are virtually no major stars on hand—with the possible exception of Karen Black, as a cutesy country-and-western headliner not unlike Tammy Wynette—the movie has so many fine actors doing exemplary work (writing their own songs, too, often as not) that you will scarcely believe they're acting. Dominating the male contingent is Henry Gibson, as a cranky senior superstar who wears heavily embroidered cowboy suits and gets *Nashville* into high gear with a song that asserts, "We must be doing something right—to last 200 years"; as well as Allen Garfield, Keenan Wynn and Keith Carradine—the latter as a hip recording star who lounges around his hotel room playing his own tapes as accompaniment to his seductions. Among his casually chosen partners are Geraldine Chaplin, very funny and abrasive as a pushy English kook pretending to do a documentary on Nashville for the BBC, and TV's Lily Tomlin, in a quietly moving bit as a young, yearning matron who sings with a black Gospel troupe (Ned Beatty, as her politicking lawyer husband, briskly handles the seamier side of Walker's campaign).

During its two-and-a-half-hour running time, several of *Nashville*'s finest moments fall to Gwen Welles as a

vulnerable but doggedly determined and untalented little nobody who is booked to sing at a political smoker, then goaded into performing what must be the most sadly forlorn striptease in film history (previewed by Gwen for PLAYBOY's May issue). The movie's key performance, though, is by singer Ronee Blakely—whose film debut as a neurotic, down-home country-and-western star named Barbara Jean conveys through vibrant words and music just about everything Altman wants to say. Barbara Jean ultimately becomes *Nashville*'s symbolic sacrificial lamb, though it's as if someone had set out to assassinate Shirley Temple. Altman plunges into deeply troubled water here, tackling ideas so cogent and so subtly subversive to our contemporary complacency that few directors would even dare think them, much less wrap them up in the red-white-and-blue trappings of *Nashville*—like a Fourth-of-July bomb delivered to a union picnic.

Apocalyptic visions appear to be on the rampage in current films, and director John Schlesinger's *The Day of the Locust* creates an impressive splash of Early Hollywood decadence from the raw material in Nathanael West's classic novel. Adapted by scenarist Waldo Salt, with flawless cinematography by Conrad Hall, *Locust* is a hypnotic, richly textured study of Hollywood's lunatic fringe circa 1933. It is also a rather downbeat



intellectual exercise that preserves the basic truth of West's book, probably at the risk of disappointing audiences who expect movies about Hollywood to exude real or imagined glamor. The Hollywood created by West is a spider's web full of struggling prototypes—would-be starlets en route to whoredom, has-beens who never were, elderly dress extras and an angry midget who keeps wanting to get laid—most of them trapped in the pseudo-Spanish squalor of a one-story residential hotel that seems marked for demolition by the very next earth tremor. The classier people appear to spend their



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leisure time in gloomy baroque mansions, watching stag movies. Karen Black (again) plays Faye, a peroxide dish who picks up a few bucks at the studios and is assiduously saving her virginity for the man of her rhinestone dreams. "I could only love someone *criminally* handsome," she explains to the hopeful young set designer (William Atherton) whose first big movie set collapses in use, leaving dozens of soldier extras badly injured. The studio chiefs don't mind, as long as insurance covers it and they get their picture finished on schedule. Both Black and Atherton are smashingly good at projecting the quality of a star-crossed, stunted romance that plays like something from an old Jean Harlow movie. Burgess Meredith, as Faye's father, a former clown peddling patent medicine door to door, and Donald Sutherland, as Faye's impotent suitor—a mysterious middle-aged square named Homer—have the flashiest parts and perform them to the hilt, though Sutherland fans may find their man almost unrecognizable in such a sniveling-character role. Kept women, madams, studio brass and lusty *chicanos* who survive by staging cock-fights round out the company of local groupies whose descendants, four decades later, might logically include some of the characters encountered in *Nashville*. Another nightmare of destruction brings *Locust* to its bristling, eerie climax at a klieg-lit Hollywood premiere, where one misfit's momentary aberration sets off a class war between the haves and the have-nots. This tinsel tragedy, drenched in tacky atmosphere and asworn with repulsive native fauna, beats all competition as the ultimate Hollywood horror show.

For proper appreciation of *Tommy* on film, it is best to be under 30 and programmed for an instant high at the mere mention of such names as Elton John, Tina Turner, Eric Clapton, Pete Townshend, Roger Daltrey and Keith Moon. They are all there, blasting away in quintaphonic sound during the cinematic delirium created by writer-director Ken Russell from The Who's 1969 rock opera about a deaf, dumb and blind boy who suffers unspeakable cruelties—but eventually triumphs as the world pinball wizard and new messiah. Magnified on the large screen, Russell's *Tommy* is a physically astonishing barrage of aural-visual excesses that often looks like an attempt to give The Who a hotfoot by exposing its celebrated piece of pop profundity for pure claptrap. The story's Oedipal complexity—every word of it sung or shouted with feverish passion—also taps the energy of Ann-Margret, as Tommy's mother; Oliver Reed, as the lusty stepfather, whose murder of Tommy's father triggers the original trauma; and Jack Nicholson, as a shrink

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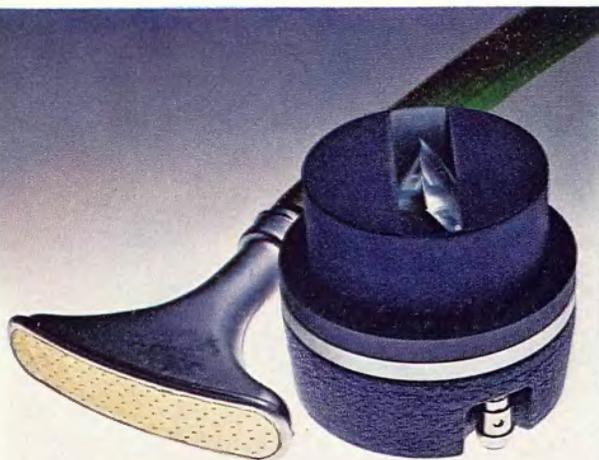
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called in on the case. Daltrey plays Tommy, with Turner as the Acid Queen who tries to trip him out of his catatonia. Though real acting would be inappropriate to the occasion, Ann-Margret is a kind of aesthetic anchor woman



who plunges into the movie's most vulgar bits with the saving grace and zest of a superpro—rather as if she had decided to include a few lines from *King Lear* for her next opening in Vegas. She bears up beautifully, even when Russell has her grappling with a huge phallic bolster while soapsuds, canned beans and chocolate pour into her white-on-white boudoir from a berserk television set. If you think that's heavy, how about Clapton as a faith healer whose temple of miracles is dominated by a huge, saintly replica of Marilyn Monroe? While acolytes wearing Monroe masks weave around the icon—MM with her skirt blowing up—incurably ill and crippled supplicants press forward to touch Saint Marilyn's feet. There may be a valid satirical point made from time to time, but any coherent thought tends to be thrown aside by *Tommy's* fierce forward momentum. Russell stops at nothing, and die-hard Russell addicts can reasonably argue that his movies are seldom if ever dull. With *Tommy*, he has finally wrought a gaudy, reckless, unquestionable masterpiece of bad taste, which will no doubt succeed as one of those wondrous, epic film flops that must be seen to be believed.

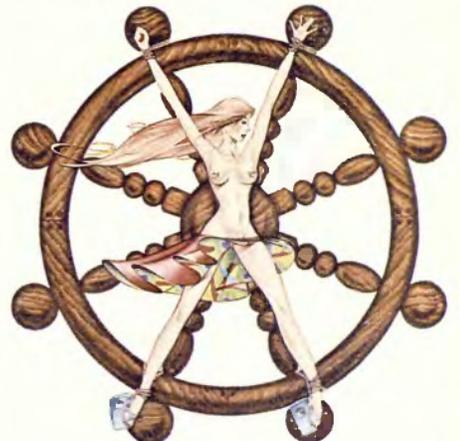
Lurid, sensationalized—with a heavy emphasis on sex and violence—*Mandingo* is easy to disparage as a movie melodrama that turns pulp fiction into wide-screen filmflam. The film, like Kyle Onstott's

novel, which sold multimillions in paperback, is devoted mostly to pre-Civil War low-jinks in Louisiana—where white masters "pleasure" their dusky slave wenches without shame, while white ladies, if they dare, may also entice a black buck into bed. Under the watchful eye of James Mason, as master of an ole plantation where slaves are bred to be illiterate Uncle Toms, Perry King and Susan George flamboyantly portray the young massa and mistress whose tempestuous marriage becomes a furtive foursome including His bed wench (played by lissome Brenda Sykes) and a proud Mandingo slave tagged Hers (played by heavy-weight contender Ken Norton, who broke Muhammad Ali's jaw in a 1973 bout). Director Richard Fleischer, working from an adaptation by Norman Wexler, keeps all of his handsome cast at the fever pitch of animals in rut, but King's is the performance to watch. He at least manages to slip a few subtle nuances into his role as a privileged young Southerner whose honest affection for his slaves, male or female, nearly penetrates the bred-in-the-bone dogma of a brutal tradition. Though he deflowers many a black virgin and resists marriage because "I wouldn't know what to do with no white lady," he's the only sympathetic white on view in *Mandingo*; but not so sympathetic when he learns that his wife shares his enthusiasm for interracial dalliance—which ignites an orgy of bloody retribution. John Lennon once wrote a song stating, "Woman is the nigger of the world," and *Mandingo* is about both sexism and racism, Early American style. Despite its fleshpot cheapness, the movie has some impact as a portrait of a doomed society where black men, women and babies (the young contemptuously labeled "suckers") are traded in the market place along with mules—and where two black studs are made to fight to the death for the amusement of guests in an opulent New Orleans brothel, where one of the ladies in residence is played by February Playmate-Bunny Laura Misch. Militants, please note: If *meaningful* makes it better, this is a case of blatant black-white sexploitation with redeeming social value.

The sly and distinctive humor of director Frank Perry's contemporary Western, *Rancho Deluxe*, can be traced to a wry screenplay by novelist Tom McGuane. Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston stride amiably through their roles as a team of latter-day cattle rustlers with a pickup truck, who use stolen beef to pay their rent, ball the local Montana belles (chiefly Patti D'Arbanville and Maggie Wellman, as a team of scrappy, ever-ready sisters) and, at one point, collect ransom on a \$50,000 blue-ribbon bull—after checking their 2600-pound hostage into a Holiday Inn. There is

more, much more. Perry sees the modern West as wide-open space where people are prone to go slightly crazy, especially nowadays, when every cowpuncher can pick up punch lines from TV talk shows—and when the county's biggest land-grabbing rancher and his sexy wife (Clifton James and Elizabeth Ashley) are folks who used to own a beauty parlor in Schenectady. "I wanna see some *desire* under the elms . . . smoldering glances down at the ole corral," groans Elizabeth, resentful of the pair of hired men (Harry Dean Stanton and Richard Bright, as Curt and Burt) she's stuck with, who've obviously *not* read any of the right plays. Since everyone in *Rancho* talks that way, it must be McGuane talking most of the time. But, luckily, his words have wit. He and Perry simply pack John Wayne's West in mothballs and invite all dudes to climb off their high horses for a little not-so-innocent fun. Unless you're a purist, say yes.

New York's former mayor John V. Lindsay makes his movie debut in *Rosebud*, under the direction of Otto Preminger, playing the anxious father of a kidnap victim. Lindsay appears no more uncomfortable with his role than Peter O'Toole, Richard Attenborough, Cliff Gorman, Peter Lawford and a score of



competent professionals are with theirs. That's the only news worth reporting about this clumsily directed and preposterous tale, adapted (by Erik Lee Preminger, son of Otto) from a novel in which Palestinian terrorists seize five teenaged heiresses aboard a luxury yacht moored on the Riviera. In exchange for bringing the girls back unharmed, the kidnapers expect to eradicate the State of Israel. In the insane world of international politics, God knows, anything can happen; but not the way it happens here. Let's toast Lindsay—with a double Manhattan—and remind him that picture people make even *stranger* bedfellows. Better luck next time, John.

Take the Bogartian plot from an old-time action-and-suspense drama. Remove most of the action and suspense and

replace with a soupçon of philosophical despair. Add Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider. Mix lightly under the cool, spare, ascetic direction of Michelangelo Antonioni, and you have the enigmatic movie titled *The Passenger*. Its hero, played loosely by Nicholson, introduces himself as a British film journalist trying to contact some guerrilla fighters for a documentary on the new Africa. He doesn't seem to believe in what he is doing, nor care much, so when a casual acquaintance conveniently drops dead in a remote village, the journalist named Locke decides to become an international gunrunner named Robertson—a man of approximately his age, build and coloring. Thereafter, Locke/Robertson traces clues to his new identity and tries to cover the tracks of his old one, from London to Munich to Barcelona. In a Barcelona museum, he encounters an unidentified girl (Maria) who may or may not be Robertson's wife or some former colleague's accomplice. Meanwhile, Locke's wife and producer (Jenny Runacre and Ian Hendry) smell a rat and also set off for Spain. *The Passenger's* chase proceeds at a snail's pace to a fateful rendezvous in a sun-baked Spanish provincial hotel, where Antonioni brings off one of those cinematic stunt climaxes likely to keep movie buffs atwitter for years to come—an unbroken seven-minute take through an open window, in which the camera moves slowly forward to study the peripheral, or even irrelevant, action in a bleak Spanish piazza, while everything important happens offscreen, behind our field of vision. The movie ends on a note of Antonioni ambivalence, leaving a number of crucial questions unanswered. What's clear is that the hero has been committing an elaborate form of suicide, meeting an existential doom seemingly borrowed from the novels of Camus. Antonioni's negative thinking is summed up in an anecdote about a blind man who regains his sight and is so depressed by the ugliness and injustice he sees in the world that he finally kills himself—a notion more provocative than profound. However lacking in direct emotional impact, *Passenger* has the master's touch—a sense of awesome physical and spiritual emptiness that turns Spain's wasted landscapes into a superscenic metaphor for alienation. While Nicholson and Schneider are never entirely credible in their roles, they provide sufficient charisma for a director who habitually moves actors around like pawns on his intellectual chessboards. The game is fascinating, once Antonioni's rigorous ground rules are accepted, yet fairly bloodless for anyone expecting the stars of *Chinatown* and *Last Tango*, and the director of *Blow-Up*, to produce explosive screen chemistry.



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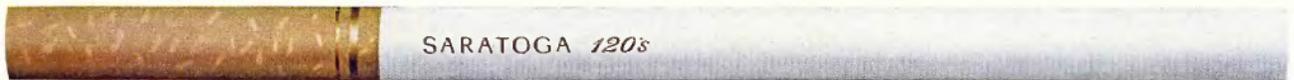


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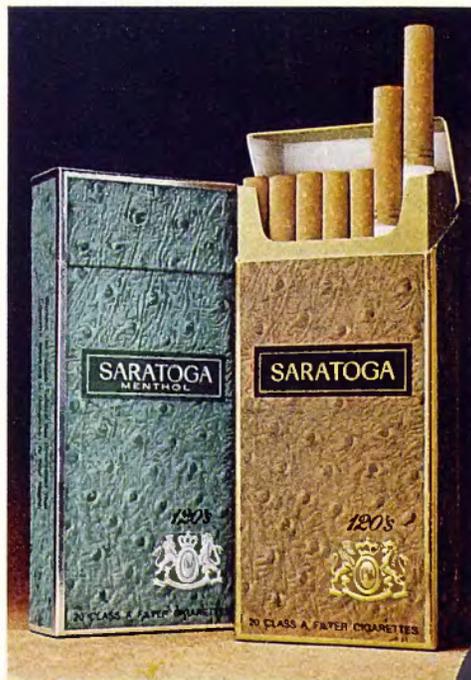
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Have you ever noticed how hard it is for some women to concentrate on sex? My girlfriend has the opposite of a one-track mind—she can get derailed by noisy neighbors, unfinished chores or the proverbial bread crumbs in bed. Once she loses her momentum, it takes her a while to get started again and, frankly, I can't always postpone my own pleasure for that long. Is her wandering attention a sign that she is inhibited or that she just isn't interested?—E. Y., Portland, Oregon.

The man who said don't eat crackers in bed never dated anyone from Georgia, but he did have a point—possibly the same one made by the gym tale "The Princess and the Pea." Mistresses on mattresses are easily distracted during sex. Psychologists may see the evasive action as an "anxiety-motivated defense" or a "culturally induced inhibition," but Kinsey suggested that such behavior goes beyond the bedroom: "Cheese crumbs spread in front of a copulating pair of rats may distract the female but not the male. . . . When cattle are interrupted during coitus, it is the cow that is more likely to be disturbed, while the bull may try to continue with coitus." Furthermore, female cats have been known to investigate mouse holes during intercourse. (We had a partner who used to do that—damn irritating, but new baseboards broke her of the habit.) Many women rate "privacy and freedom from intrusion" second only to "quality of relationship with partner" as a factor in their sexual satisfaction. Bear that in mind and find an appropriate setting for your next tryst (bank vaults and fallout shelters are great favorites). Also, you may find that if your girlfriend concentrates on something—music or an erotic fantasy—she can "distract the distracter" and mainline on the cannonball express.

Im planning a cross-country motorcycle trip. I would like your opinion on the usefulness of those bullet-shaped fiberglass fairings. They don't seem to fit with the image of the outlaw motorcyclist—most of the ones I've seen were on BMWs ridden by retired NASA engineers who carry the complete technology of Western man in their saddlebags, waiting for the chance to use it on the guy whose piano-wire Harley breaks down. In spite of that, fairings seem to be becoming more popular. Is there a reason?—M. B., Del Mar, California.

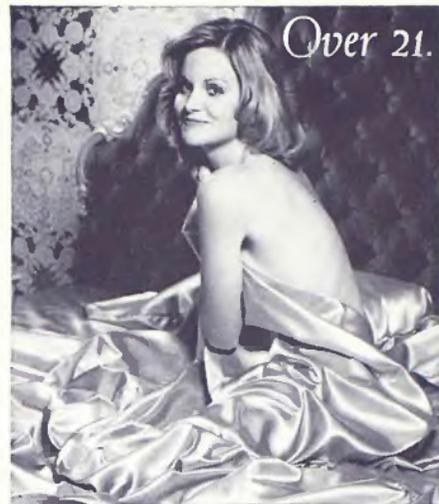
If you're into serious road tripping, a fairing that bolts onto the frame of a bike (as opposed to a handle-bar wind-screen) is worth its weight in vise grips. The aerodynamic shape cuts down wind resistance and thus increases rider com-

fort (cruising without one has been compared to doing a 55-mph pull-up). In some cases, a fairing will improve gas mileage (by five to ten miles per gallon) and stability (although you have to get used to the change from a razorface-with-bugs-in-teeth feeling to the sense of floating in a space capsule). You can hear your passenger when he or she screams that your rear wheel just fell off. A fairing makes you more visible to the citizens on Detroit wheels and that could mean your life. Finally, a fairing is convenient: Models such as the Vetter Windjammer have storage compartments that can hold tools, spare parts and your morocco-bound copy of "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance." Get behind one and see for yourself.

Over the past year, I've developed a masturbation technique with my boyfriend based on the handwork chapter in Alex Comfort's *Joy of Sex*. First, I apply baby oil to the head of his penis—this prevents irritation and creates a different sensation from what he does for himself. Then I slowly stroke him with one hand—occasionally giving a slight twist or pinch for variety. My free hand traces his thighs, scrotum or stomach muscles. (I can usually tell from the tension in the last when he is close to orgasm.) My boyfriend claims that the climaxes brought about by this technique differ from the orgasms brought about by normal intercourse—they are almost excruciatingly genital. Lately, he has consented to being tied down, so that he can thrash about in feigned helplessness as I continue to masturbate him to a second orgasm and fellate him to a third. After several of these marathons, he has told me that he felt he was going to have a heart attack. Am I hurting him by doing this?—H. J., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If your boyfriend is in reasonably good shape, you shouldn't have to worry about his coming to meet his Maker. He may have been describing physical ecstasy rather than distress—he did wait until you had finished before saying anything, right?

This spring, I met a beautiful young lady at a country-club dance. We started to date and gradually grew quite close. She confided in me that she was a virgin. One night, after an intimate dinner, I asked if we could make love and she agreed. I tried to be very gentle. I took off her blouse, kissing her neck, breasts and belly. (We had petted once or twice before, and I gave each area the attention it deserved and was used to.) I lay her on her back and lifted her by the buttocks to slip off her pants and



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underwear—then on impulse lifted her to my lips to perform cunnilingus. She responded completely and quickly reached orgasm. I was very excited, and so, without further delay, moved to enter her. She was a little tense and flinched when I tried to penetrate. There was no apparent obstacle, but she continued to experience pain. I am fairly well endowed and she didn't seem to be relaxing. I didn't know whether to slow down or speed up. My first orgasm settled the question for me. After resting, I tried to initiate a second round, but she refused, saying that once had been more than enough, that it had been total agony for her. Since then, she has refused to give it another try, for fear the same thing would happen. What should I do?—T. C., San Rafael, California.

An old sporting adage claims that if a girl hurts something while riding a horse, she should immediately get back in the saddle. The same advice holds true when it comes to sex. Fear and the anticipation of pain will often result in pain. In extreme cases, a woman can develop vaginismus—a condition in which the muscles at the entrance to the vagina tighten involuntarily at the thought of penetration. She may be totally responsive to other forms of stimulation but clench at the ultimate moment. Intercourse can be agonizing, if not impossible. Treatment for the problem usually consists of a gradual desensitization of the area, using a series of different-sized phallic objects. (Yes, there is a similarity to a set of upside-down Chinese boxes, but we refrained from mentioning it.) Find out from your girlfriend what she thinks caused the pain. It may have been lack of lubrication, which often diminishes after a first orgasm. Persuade her to try again, but don't push things: Let her initiate coitus—either by mounting you or by guiding you into her when she is ready. Cheerio.

While perusing a magazine on wines, I found an article on the 1974 California wine harvest. Apparently, it was one of the most extraordinary years in history—due to a season of perfect weather. As a measure of quality, the author explained that one lot of cabernet had come in at nearly 28 Brix, while a gray Riesling had come in at 24 Brix—both with excellent acid content. Unfortunately, the author did not explain what Brix means. Can you enlighten me? Also, when will bottles of that vintage become available?—J. R., Kansas City, Kansas.

The Brix scale is a wine connoisseur's Peter Meter. It measures the sugar content in grape juice. A 28 Brix indicates that there is approximately 28 percent sugar (by weight) in the solution—an astonishing, indeed, a favorably portentous figure. (A good Brix suggests that the rest of the fruit has aspired to grape-ness.) A vintner uses the Brix reading

and the acid reading to determine how long he has to let the juice ferment (i.e., let the sugar convert to alcohol). Also, if the reading indicates that there is not enough natural sugar in the grape juice to yield between 11 and 14 percent alcohol, some regions outside of California allow a vintner to add some sugar. A high natural-sugar content produces a robust, full-bodied, heavier wine that will age well. We can't say for sure when you'll see the 1974 vintage—that depends on the vintner. As a rule, good wines are aged in the barrel for 18 to 24 months before they are bottled. So look for this vintage around 1976. It's not a spirit, but it will do.

I've just acquired an old MG TD. The body and engine are in fine shape, but the seats are in dire need of restoration (they are dry to the point of cracking). This may be out of your field, but I wonder: What should I use to refurbish the leather?—C. M., Palmyra, Pennsylvania.

According to our resident bondage-and-discipline freak, mink oil is the best leather-care product around; it's suitable for hoods, belts, whips, motorcycle jackets, baseball mitts or sports-car seats. Unless those wily minks declare an embargo, you should be able to find it in a shoe-repair shop.

Perhaps you can straighten me out; my sex drive is totally unpredictable. On the average, I'd say that I'm a once-a-day lover; no complaints, but sometimes, for no apparent reason, I am insatiable. I'll go out and boogie all night with a close friend, come home exhausted and ask that lovemaking be put off until breakfast, thinking that I'm too tired to perform. Then, as soon as we're curled up like spoons in bed and I catch a glimpse of her sacral dimples—presto, an erection. And another and another and another: every time she changes position or I remember what we've just done. Or I'll be saying good night to a date whom I don't know particularly well, who didn't really turn me on—and before I know it, my pants are around my shoes, her legs are around my waist and we're halfway into winning a *Five Easy Pieces* look-alike pole-climbing contest. Then again, to top it off or bottom it out, I can go to a party where there are a dozen or so really beautiful women and want to make it with any one of them a dozen times and nothing happens. I can't get it up. What gives?—N. B., Chicago, Illinois.

An ancient Zen parable recounts how a monk met a young child walking down the road, carrying a candle. The monk said to the child, "Tell me, where does the flame come from?" Quick as a flash, the child blew out the candle and rejoined, "Tell me where the flame went and I'll tell you where it came from." The monk nodded, amazed at the child's wisdom, then hit him over the head

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with his staff for being such a smartass. The moral: Hold onto your candle—and learn to live with an occasional bit of spontaneous combustion. It sure beats having to ask for a match.

For several years, my girlfriend and I shared a house and our bed with another couple in a postgraduate group marriage. Sexual borders were fluid: casual nudity, daisy chains, cluster fucking or just sipping wine and enjoying a good book while the three others got it on. We were close, intimate. Then our friends were offered a job overseas and the household broke up. Seeking to fill the void, my companion and I started checking out swingers' magazines. It has been a disappointment. A lot of the ads picture just the woman (20 pounds lighter and five years younger). Sound somewhat chauvinist? At a club catering to swingers, I ran into a single man who looked at my companion and said, "I like her. My wife doesn't swing, but I know several girls who do. Take your pick." Then he pulled out his wallet and showed me pictures of possible accomplices. These incidents are the opposite of what we want: Women are not collateral, to be exchanged like hostages for a safe passage. We are looking for emotional involvement. Have we just run into the wrong people?—S. K., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

We'll trade you one dog-eared Yogi Berra for a Mickey Mantle. Dr. Gilbert D. Bartell painted a similar picture (vivid, but still 2-D) of the American way of swinging in "Group Sex." Often, a man who is interested in crowds will use his wife or girlfriend as a ticket (in some cases, a man like the one you described never even sleeps with the girl he brings). The women have their revenge: Dr. Bartell found that fewer than 25 percent of male swingers are able to get it on regularly at open, large-scale parties. With nothing but time on their hands, women tend to end up with one another: 75 percent of the women in foursomes engage in homosexual activities. Our guess is that you'll have trouble finding what you want through magazines or clubs. Widowers and divorced men almost never resort to mail-order brides; you'd do best to re-create the conditions that resulted in your original success. Or join the Peace Corps and get assigned to your friends' new home.

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



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"What's that?" we asked.

"My last name," she smiled.

rabbit


*38 mpg Highway—24 mpg City. Based on the 1975 Model Federal E.P.A. report.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PROGRESS IN TEXAS

In 1971, a Texas jury sentenced me to 25 years in prison for possession of 21 pounds of marijuana. This sentence has now been commuted to ten years, as a result of the 1973 reform of the Texas marijuana law, which reduced the penalty for possession or sale from a maximum of life imprisonment to a maximum of ten years and included a resentencing clause to help hundreds of persons already imprisoned under the old harsh law. The resentencing clause was found to violate the Texas constitution, but with the approval of Governor Dolph Briscoe, many of these sentences were commuted. I am now up for parole and have hopes of release in the near future.

Public support mobilized by PLAYBOY and NORML played a significant part in getting the new Texas marijuana law passed. Prison officials told me that after a letter of mine was published in the April 1973 *Playboy Forum*, people sent letters to Texas state legislators, urging reduction of penalties and resentencing. Letters of support were also sent to me.

I would like to thank those people who tried to help, as well as PLAYBOY and NORML. Texas attitudes about marijuana have changed drastically. Many former marijuana prisoners are now free because people of good will took a stand.

Frank Allan Demolli
Huntsville, Texas

We hope that the same good will and official responsiveness will be extended to Thomas Francis Mistrot, whose case is reported on page 50.

STEPS ON GRASS

Is the nation's capital about to go to pot? Exercising its newly acquired powers of home rule, the District of Columbia City Council has taken the first step toward decriminalization of marijuana in Washington. Three council members have introduced a bill to adopt a maximum \$100 civil fine, enforced with a citation rather than an arrest, for possession and not-for-profit transfers of two ounces or less of marijuana.

A California bill to adopt a citation system for persons caught possessing small amounts of marijuana cleared a major hurdle in March, when it was approved by the state senate. The measure, sponsored by Senator George Moscone and Assemblyman Alan Sieroty, now goes to the assembly, where passage is predicted by a larger margin. Governor Jerry

Brown has indicated that he supports a system like that of Oregon. The law would take effect January 1, 1976.

Both of these proposals are modeled after the Oregon law, which took effect in October 1973. And the Oregon experience with elimination of criminal penalties for possession of small amounts has been positive: There has been no increase in marijuana use, and 58 percent of Oregonians favor the new approach.

The District of Columbia has seen an almost unbelievable rise in marijuana arrests, from 266 in 1970 to 2553 in 1973, with the vast majority involving possession of small amounts. In California, marijuana arrests in 1973 reached an all-time peak of 95,000, accounting for nearly one fourth of the nationwide total of 420,000.

The new bills reflect the growing recognition among the country's lawmakers that there are sensible and humane alternatives to the use of the criminal law. We urge people in all states to take a moment to write to their legislators and let their support for marijuana decriminalization be known.

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

FINDERS, KEEPERS

Like the woman who was thrown over by her lover of several years and became bitter toward men (*The Playboy Forum*, April), I was soured on women by a series of crushing rejections dealt me during my high school and college years. By the time I started my first job, "Shaft them before they shaft you" had become my working principle. I decided to marry in my mid-20s, feeling that a man in my position would need a wife. Less than a year after our wedding, I had my first adulterous affair. Within two years, I was back hitting the singles bars, enjoying one-night stands once or twice a week.

We had been married three years when my wife told me in the gentlest, friendliest way that I was a fool. I thought that I had been keeping my infidelity secret from her. It turned out that she knew all about what I had been doing—and, what's more, didn't care. In fact, while I had thought her the little innocent, she had many times gone to bed with other men. It was, she explained, the only thing that kept our marriage

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together. That and the fact that she loved me.

Suddenly I saw her with new eyes. I might have stormed out of the house and gone on a three-day drunk, but instead, I carried her into the bedroom and made love to her with more passion than ever before. I spent what seemed like an hour just kissing her breasts. When the sun came up, we were still at it.

But that was only the beginning. From then on, we had a new relationship. No longer was sex a game in which we tried to get back at each other. We told each other the whole truth about our affairs, and when one partner got laid, it was not considered a defeat for the other partner. These extramarital encounters were simply experiences to be shared, sometimes to enrich our own newly splendid lovemaking. I did find that I had less interest in straying from home, though.

The most memorable experience in this new relationship occurred when another couple, friends of hers from out of town, stayed at our apartment while visiting New York. It turned out that they had the same kind of open relationship we had. One evening, what with playing soft music, lowering the lights and smoking a little grass, one thing led to another and I found myself passionately kissing the other guy's wife until his good-natured applause, in which my wife joined, made me realize what I was doing. But it was OK. My wife was the first to take her clothes off and the rest of us followed suit. We doused the lights in our high-rise apartment and, with the lights of Manhattan providing the illumination, spent the rest of the night making love to one another in every possible combination. I topped my record with five or six climaxes that night—I don't remember exactly how many.

All of us need all the love and experience we can acquire. If we let one another explore, we'll eventually find our way back to our best—if not our only—loves.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

MARRIED MASTURBATORS

I'm glad to see *The Playboy Forum* publish letters like the one in the April issue from the married man of 50 who masturbates once a week. After all the years of increasing sexual enlightenment, masturbation still has a stigma attached to it. Some psychologists and other commentators on human behavior call it immature and suggest that there must be something wrong with the relationship of a married couple if one or both of them masturbate. This, of course, is a hangover from the old Judaeo-Christian doctrine that only one type of sex is good. There's also an element of male chauvinism in the negative view of

FORUM NEWSFRONT

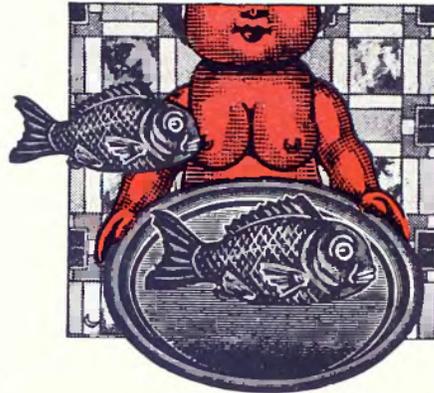
a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

TOPLESS MEN

TOWSON, MARYLAND—The Baltimore County liquor board has decided that male go-go dancers will not be required to wear bras, after all. An ordinance requiring dancers of either sex to cover their breasts has been amended, the board chairman said, with an eye to the "recognized differences between men and women."

FISH AND TITS

NEW YORK—The owner of a tropical-fish store in Queens reports that his



business increased 40 percent after he hired topless sales girls. One of the girls, whom he calls Miss Treasure Chest, measures 50-26-36.

SEX AND MARRIAGE

A survey of 800 middle-class married couples indicates that people who have lots of premarital sex also tend to have extramarital sex.

Of those who engaged in premarital sex, 40 percent said they were "very glad" about it, 28 percent said "somewhat glad" and 15 percent expressed varying degrees of regret. Forty percent also reported that they had extramarital affairs with from one to four different persons. Of the 80 percent who had premarital intercourse, about one third had their first experience with a "steady date," one fourth with a casual date or acquaintance and one fifth with a "fiancé."

THIS THING CALLED LOVE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Federal grants to study human love relationships have been denounced by Senator William Proxmire as a waste of taxpayers' money. Citing three university-connected research projects studying interpersonal attraction, romantic love and interdependency, the Senator said, "I believe that 200,000,000 Americans want to leave some things in life a mystery, and right at the top of things we don't want to

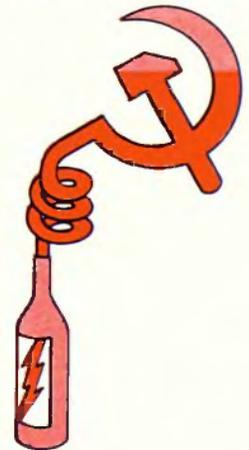
know is why a man falls in love with a woman, and vice versa." Social scientists involved in the research disagree and cite the country's rising divorce rate and increasing demand for marriage-counseling services. Senator Proxmire was divorced from his first wife in 1955 and was recently reunited with his second wife after a three-year separation.

GOOD FOR BUSINESS

The market for sex therapists may increase as a result of successful sex therapy, or so theorizes biology professor Dolores Keller of New York's Pace University. Her theory is that some of the causes of male impotence—such as a predisposition to incapacitating stress—may be transmittable from parent to child. Which would mean that successful sex therapists will be helping men father children who inherit their parent's sexual incapacities and who will eventually need therapy themselves.

RED LIGHTNING

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA—Moonshining is on the wane in the U.S., according to a Duke University economist, but it's causing official headaches in the U.S.S.R. Dr. Vladimir Trembl, who has been investigating liquor production and



consumption in Russia, estimates that illicit homemade booze now constitutes about one third of all the hard liquor produced in that country. He adds that the stuff he's sampled, made by Russian immigrants in New York, tastes awful: "It just sort of explodes inside you."

BLUE BEER

STOCKHOLM—A Swedish brewery, on order from a Danish grocery-store chain, is putting beer in cans illustrated with sexy words and drawings of female nudes. The brewery reports the sale of over 120,000 cans of beer in one month, and

its marketing director marveled: "We never counted on such a demand for porn beer. But obviously the naked girls and the bold words managed to conquer the Dane."

SEXUAL SECURITY

LOS ANGELES—A Department of Defense official has reversed long-standing Government policy by authorizing a secret-level security clearance to an acknowledged homosexual. Ruling in the case of a computer scientist who works as a consultant for the Air Force, the Defense Department examiner concluded that the applicant's sexual orientation was not likely to subject him to coercion through blackmail and that he "successfully has rebutted any inference that his variant sexual practices tend to show that he is not reliable or trustworthy."

FREE SPEECH ONSTAGE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Supreme Court has extended to theatrical productions the same First Amendment protection enjoyed by publications and movies. Ruling on a Chattanooga municipal theater's refusal to permit performances of the musical "Hair" in 1971 and 1972, the Court held five to four that unless a local judge had already ruled such a production obscene, such a refusal constituted "prior restraint under a system lacking in constitutionally required minimal procedural safeguards." Again, however, the Court did not issue any further guidelines on what constitutes obscenity.

CLEAN LIVING

LOS ANGELES—However else one may feel about it, clean living appears to be good for health. Dr. James E. Enstrom of UCLA studied 400,000 California Mormons and discovered that they have 50 percent fewer cases of cancer than the average American. Mormon doctrine forbids the use of tobacco, alcohol, coffee, tea and nonmedicinal drugs and recommends a well-balanced diet, with emphasis on grains and fruits and a moderate use of meat. While many Mormons do not strictly observe Church teaching, Dr. Enstrom noted that they tend to smoke and drink about half as much as the general population.

DIRTY PICTURES

SACRAMENTO—A local Baptist minister leading a county-wide antismut campaign has threatened to take photographs of customers who patronize adult bookstores, movie theaters and massage parlors. The Reverend James Wilkins of the Landmark Baptist Tabernacle said the Church does not intend to employ the photos "in any form of blackmail at all" but expressed hope that newspapers and television stations would use some of the pictures. "If pornography is good and

wholesome and right, then certainly [the customers] would never care one bit if they have their pictures taken," he declared. District Attorney John Price, questioned about the legality of the plan, said, "It wouldn't break any laws that I know of, but [the photographer] might get himself a mouthful of fist."

KLAN GOES LIBERAL

The governing board of the National Knights of the Ku Klux Klan has voted to accept Roman Catholics and immigrants as members as long as they espouse traditional Klan attitudes toward



Negroes, Jews and Communists. A Klan official from Ohio, explaining the new policy, said, "The Klan has broadened its view and aims in America and has more understanding of the needs of the American people."

NO SUBSIDY FOR SIN

CARSON CITY, NEVADA—The Nevada Highway Patrol has issued a new regulation prohibiting its officers from taking their patrol cars home if they're cohabiting with a woman to whom they are not married. A department spokesman said, "We don't say they can't live together, but don't use your patrol car to get there."

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

DALLAS—Dallas police are hoping that guidelines from the city attorney will give them a clever idea of how to enforce a strict new ordinance against the public display of nudity. The law prohibits the pictorial display of human genitals or buttocks, and one of its first effects was to cause many magazine dealers to paste censoring strips of paper across a Newsweek cover that pictured a Vietnamese mother carrying a mud- and blood-spattered, partly nude baby. A local attorney commented, "The people and the kids today have a hell of a lot more sense than the jackasses in City Hall."

masturbation. Supposedly, a man should always be able to get a woman to go to bed with him, and any man who has to resort to autoeroticism should be ashamed of himself. Not much shame attaches to women's masturbating, probably because we don't expect horny women to try to pick up men and, anyway, we don't suppose that women masturbate that much. These negative views of masturbation overlook the fact that the act can be enjoyed simply for its own sake, that it needn't be thought of as a second-rate substitute for anything else. Cheers for the letter writer who proclaimed this; he deserves a great big hand.

D. Crawford
Kansas City, Kansas

About a year after I was married, my wife and I were cuddling together in bed and talking about sex. I told her about all the masturbating I'd done as a horny teenager and she said she'd like to see me masturbate. A lesser man might have been embarrassed by such an idea, but I'm happy to say I didn't hesitate at all. I quickly pulled down my pajamas, and just the idea of jacking off in front of my wife was such a turn-on for me that I had an immediate erection. While my wife watched, I rubbed and handled my penis just the same way I've always done it when alone. Although I was excited, the distraction of being watched slowed down my orgasm somewhat. My wife said the sight of my semen spurting out was beautiful. At that point, she became so aroused that as soon as I was ready to get it up again, we made love. I think at the start my wife was merely curious, and I intended only to satisfy her curiosity. But we discovered that masturbating while your partner watches can be a real turn-on.

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

GOOD VIBES

The man who wrote in the April *Playboy Forum* about the joys, for a married man, of masturbating had a point. I'd like to add that though masturbation is generally considered a solitary vice, it's great fun to watch someone do it. Once, when my girlfriend was particularly horny, I was unable to satisfy her, even though I'd screwed her twice and she'd had a number of orgasms. I told her I just couldn't get it up again, whereupon she reached into a drawer of her night table and got out a vibrator, the kind barbers use to massage your scalp. She applied it between her legs for a minute or two while I watched. I'd never before had the opportunity to observe, at close range, a woman having an orgasm—that is, without being so involved and excited myself that I didn't notice anything. This time, I was able

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to see things such as the increasing rigidity of her muscles, the flush that spread over her shoulders and breasts, her agonized facial expression. Guess what? By the time she came, I had that hard-on I thought I just couldn't produce and I was wild for another screw. Fortunately, she had enough juice left to take me on.

(Name withheld by request)
 Canton, Ohio

DOWN IN FLAMES

The fad of streaking, having peaked last year, has now all but disappeared. Even so, I feel the need to come forward with some historical information: Running amuck with one's dingle dangling is now accepted as streaking, but it's not the original design. Streaking originated in Lakewood, California, in 1968. A figure dressed only in World War One flying goggles and a cape was occasionally to be seen leaping in darkness from garage roof to garage roof with a length of flaming toilet paper (six feet of four-ply, saturated with lighter fluid) flapping from his rectum. After several months, these stunts came to an end when the streaker was started by police who had been summoned by an irate neighbor. Blinded by their spotlights, he fell between garages and landed astride a sawhorse. His thrashing set fire to a pile of dry grass, a garage and his own pubic hair. He retired. Streaking became a memory until its revival in its new and simplified form. I liked the old way better.

Michael Wresch
 Long Beach, California

KENT STATE LAWSUITS

Peter Davies makes a mistake in criticizing the acquittal of Ohio National Guardsmen accused of depriving Kent State students of their civil rights by killing or wounding them (*The Playboy Forum*, April). He writes that the verdict "exposed to us all the absence of any meaningful Federal law to protect our civil rights." However, all is not as bleak as Davies would have us believe. There is another statute that provides for a civil action for the deprivation of one's civil rights by another person under color of state law. As with a personal-injury suit, intent need not be shown; indeed, some courts have allowed recovery of damages for the negligent deprivation of another's civil rights. If the defendant loses in a civil rights action in civil court, the judge or jury can assess nearly unlimited damages against him. When a person is severely injured by a law-enforcement officer without proper cause, it may be of more benefit to the victim to receive a large financial verdict in his favor than to see the officer go to jail.

John Francis Brennan
 Chicago, Illinois

The next of kin of the Kent State victims have been seeking civil restitution.

All the families of the victims filed suits under Federal statutes against Ohio officials and National Guard officers and men during 1970 and 1971. Arthur Krause also sued the State of Ohio for the wrongful death of his daughter, Allison. All the suits were dismissed in lower courts. On appeal, only the Krause complaint against the state succeeded in winning a reversal; but this, too, lost out in Ohio's supreme court. Federal Appeals Courts upheld these dismissals.

By 1973, these actions under the 14th Amendment were consolidated into the title "Krause vs. Rhodes" (Rhodes being the governor of Ohio at the time of the Kent State killings). In April 1974, the U. S. Supreme Court unanimously reversed the lower Federal Courts' decisions and ordered the case back to the lower courts for trial. Total damages sought amount to some \$20,000,000. Consequently, the families of the dead and wounded, five years after the shootings, will at last have their day in court. There are some 50 defendants and the trial is expected to last about six weeks.

The financial burden on the parents has been oppressive and a fund-raising drive is under way to help them (Kent State Due Process of Law Fund, 100 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002). For Rhodes, the generals and the others, money is no problem. The State of Ohio appropriated an initial \$250,000 for legal fees and expenses. Compensation would be especially important to at least two of the victims, Dean Kahler, shot in the back and paralyzed for life, and Joseph Lewis, Jr., shot twice—once while lying wounded on the ground—and permanently maimed.

WEIRD IRRELEVANCE

I've been following the debate over the Equal Rights Amendment and I must say that those who oppose it are a great mystery to me. E.R.A., as I understand it, would simply guarantee equal rights under the law to women. The most important benefit, it seems to me, is that employers couldn't pay a woman less than a man for the same work. But the people who are against it get sidetracked into all sorts of weird irrelevancies. They talk about women being drafted. Of course, women could be drafted now if Congress passed a law calling for it, and probably they will be if, God forbid, we should have another world war and it should last more than six minutes. E.R.A.'s opponents warn that men and women may have to share toilets. Good grief! It might be appropriate to ask who gives a shit? I have been sharing toilets with women, and they with me, all my life. Some people worry that homosexuals will be allowed to marry. They already are. Two Colorado homosexual couples, one male and one female, were recently granted marriage licenses. I say, if homosexuals are crazy enough to

want to marry when the rest of the world is looking for ways to escape from marriage, well, let 'em learn the hard way.

Even one of my heroes, former Senator Sam Ervin of Watergate fame, has come out against E.R.A., calling it "this evil measure." As far as I can make out, he has three arguments against it: First, that we don't need any new laws to prohibit discrimination against women. Second, that women really are different from men and should be treated differently because of this. Third, that E.R.A. will give Congress too much regulatory power over matters that have hitherto been left to the states, such as property rights, custody of children and divorce. Well, the first two points, it seems to me, cancel each other out. As for the third, I realize that there is no guarantee that the Federal Government might not be even more oppressive than any state government, but that is no excuse for perpetuating oppressiveness at the state level.

I frankly doubt whether the yahoos who are fighting E.R.A. share Ervin's intelligent concerns about unnecessary lawmaking and excessive Federal power. Most of them are just people who automatically oppose progress out of malice and ignorance and will believe any farfetched argument that supports them.

John Murphy
Chicago, Illinois

THE MAD MINISTERS OF SACRAMENTO

California's capital is infested with types who should have become extinct with *Tyrannosaurus rex*. According to *The Sacramento Bee*, the appointment of a Buddhist clergyman, the Reverend Shoko Masunaga, as chaplain of the California state senate has inflamed the fury of a Baptist minister, the Reverend Jack Johnson. Reverend Jack says he opposes the Reverend Shoko "because he is an atheist, or at best a polytheist." Now, you and I might hesitate to attack another man's religion until we at least found out whether he believes in no god or in many gods, but the Reverend Jack doesn't let his ignorance inhibit his self-assurance. Of those who support the Reverend Shoko's appointment, the Reverend Jack says with deadly deductive precision, "They want to get real emotional and they accuse me of being narrow and bigoted, but the fact is that logic is logic." So there.

I'm not sure that we should have senatorial chaplains at all in a nation where church and state are allegedly separate, but the First Amendment seems to make it clear that if profane legislators are supposed to have a spiritual adjunct, it is a no-no to prefer one religion over another. The Reverend Jack seems to be operating within the legal framework of the Dark Ages, when the Christian clergy were able to kill off practitioners of other religions with impunity.

Meanwhile, another Baptist minister

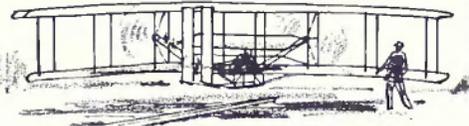
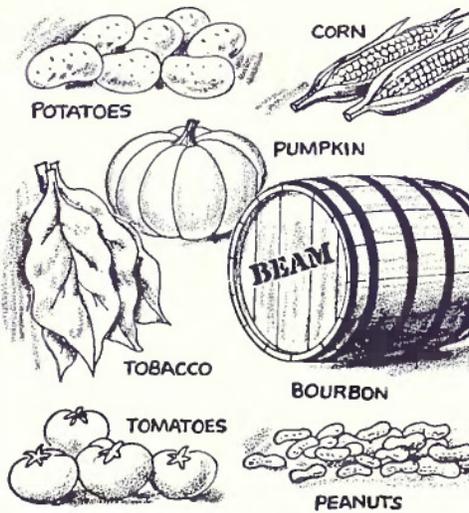
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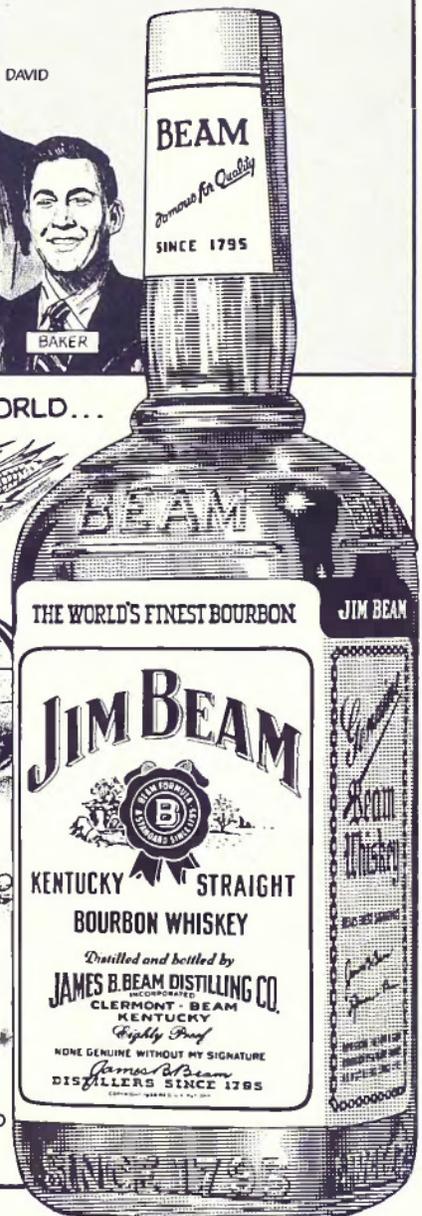
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THREE SMALL CRIMES, ONE LIFE SENTENCE

The Playboy Forum regularly publishes letters from prisoners protesting certain laws, law-enforcement policies or weaknesses in our criminal-justice system. Many of these protests are justified, particularly in marijuana cases, and when possible we try to help through the Playboy Foundation. Sometimes we encounter an unusual case, where the injustice is obvious but where neither legislative reform nor our judicial system seems to afford a remedy. Consider the predicament of Tom Mistrot, number 226334 at the Texas state penitentiary:

In 1968, I was sentenced to life imprisonment as a habitual offender. I had been convicted of three crimes; the first two, committed at the ages of 18 and 20, were stealing coins from a Coke machine and a cigarette machine. The third occurred in Dallas in 1968, when I was convicted of selling 1.876 grams of marijuana to two undercover agents.

On the first two occasions, I pleaded guilty and served three years altogether. But in the third instance, I insisted on a jury trial, because I considered myself innocent, or at least a victim of entrapment. A hippie I had met in downtown Dallas persuaded me to act as go-between in the sale of some fake acid, and I foolishly went along because I was broke and pretty desperate. I sold 38 tablets of Bayer aspirin, with the markings scraped off, as LSD to a couple of big, bearded, beaded long-hairs for \$86.

Next thing I knew, I was sitting in the back seat of a car between the two, with a third man at the wheel. I was scared out of my wits; they looked tough and kept talking about how burn artists sometimes end up dead. One cleaned his fingernails with a knife. I promised I'd refund their money in full, but all I could raise from two friends was \$40 in cash, and one of them threw in a plastic bag containing about five joints' worth of grass. I gave this to my dissatisfied customers, promising the balance of the money as soon as I could get it. The men turned out to be undercover agents and I was busted for selling them the pot for \$46.

At that time, the Texas drug law classified just about anything as a sale and Dallas juries just didn't acquit ex-cons in drug cases. Because this and my two previous convictions were then felonies under Texas law, and because I had refused to plead guilty and take ten years, the D.A. prosecuted me as a habitual offender. My conviction carried a mandatory life sentence.

I realize that I've got nobody to blame but myself, and I wouldn't be telling my troubles to *PLAYBOY* except that I saw—or thought I saw—light at the end of the tunnel. In 1973, the Texas legislature reduced coin-machine burglary to a misdemeanor (it's not exactly like bank robbery or murder, after all) and reformed the drug law in such a way that my offense would now be a misdemeanor also. Since then, I have been trying desperately to get my sentence reconsidered, with no success whatever. The parole board, trial officials and state officials all give me the old runaround. About the only thing different for me is that now I'm serving life for three misdemeanors instead of felonies.

Thomas Francis Mistrot
Huntsville, Texas

We decided to investigate this case in depth, because we found it hard to believe that two coin-machine capers and a questionable marijuana offense would be parlayed into a life

sentence or that the sentence would stand despite legislative reforms. Frankly, we expected to find out that Mistrot's story was incomplete—that he had neglected to mention a long string of other arrests, for example, or was a locally prominent heroin dealer who just happened to get nailed on a technicality.

In fact, his story *was* incomplete, but not in the ways we anticipated. We learned that Mistrot (he pronounces it *mistro*) has no family; he was either abandoned by his mother or taken from her and raised in a state orphanage in San Antonio. Childhood polio left him with damaged jaw muscles and a speech defect. About the age of seven, he was adopted by a middle-aged Dallas couple, who later put him in a state boys' home. From there, Mistrot graduated to a juvenile correctional institution, which released him at the age of 16. Friendless and uneducated, he tried to go it alone, working on Gulf Coast shrimp boats and as a short-order cook, and ripping off coin machines when he could not find jobs. He had been out of prison only three months when arrested in Dallas on the marijuana charge.

Mistrot was tried as a habitual offender mainly because the threat of a life sentence persuades most such defendants to plead guilty, thereby expediting justice. It was only Mistrot's ignorance of the law and of Dallas attitudes toward dope and hippies in 1968 that led him to gamble on a jury trial. As his court-appointed attorney put it: "He was basically a good kid, but he was stubborn as hell and you couldn't tell him a thing when he thought he was right. He didn't stand a chance with that jury. He has a speech impediment, has to talk sort of out of the side of his mouth, and it sounded like he was trying to talk tough." As one jury member put it: "It was a narcotics case, and all I remember is that he was just a no-good kid. He had a criminal record. You let guys like that go, the first thing they do is turn around and kill somebody." Mistrot's one-time jailer, now chief of police in a Dallas suburb, said: "He was a real lonely kid, desperate for friendship, who didn't really understand what was happening. When he was transferred to Huntsville, I sent him a few dollars' spending money."

From our interviews with a dozen people connected with the Mistrot case and with Mistrot himself (a *PLAYBOY* editor and a San Antonio attorney, Gerald Goldstein, were the first visitors he'd ever had in prison), we put together a melancholy picture of a young man who has had few chances in life and has generally made the worst of them. He doesn't give any sophisticated explanations for his misspent youth: "Thinking back, I guess I was both immature and stupid. I was pretty proud of myself that I could spring locks without messing up the machine, like some guys did. It didn't seem so bad at the time."

Mistrot's criminal history—two coin-machine rip-offs and some grass—makes him something less than a menace to society, nor has he ever been arrested for or suspected of other crimes. Under the law, however, he is serving a life sentence not for any specific offense but for three felony convictions, which is a totally different ball game. Three strikes and you're in for life, no matter if the rules change later.

On Mistrot's behalf, we have contacted a number of individuals, state agencies and officials. Senator Oscar Mauzy of Dallas and Representative Ronald Earle of Austin are investigating the case and are now in contact with the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles, Governor Dolph Briscoe and Judge James B. Zimmerman, who presided at Mistrot's trial in 1968. We will report their responses in future issues.

of kindred intellectual attainments, the Reverend James Wilkins, is photographing the customers of porno movie houses in an attempt to embarrass and harass them (see this month's *Forum Newsfront*). The Reverend James describes this, with Nixonian military grandiosity, as "waging a war against smut." What the hell is he going to do with all those photos when he has a collection of, say, several thousand? Donate them to the J. Edgar Hoover Memorial Sexual Blackmail Collection in Washington?

Whatever gods may be, please preserve us all from the wrath of the Christians.

Robert Fleming
San Francisco, California

LIVE FREE OR ELSE

Several years ago, *Manchester New Hampshire Union Leader* publisher William Loeb pressured state officials into adopting "Live free or die" as the state's motto. The slogan replaced the word SCENIC on license plates. This annoys people who feel the change is motivated by a right-wing viewpoint they don't necessarily agree with. Nothing more dramatically exposes the hypocrisy of the motto than the case of one resident, George Maynard: He has gone to jail for refusing to display it.

Believing that having the slogan on his license plates denies him freedom of speech, Maynard taped over the motto. Police repeatedly arrested him and confiscated the plates on both of his family cars. When he was fined \$75 for misuse of license plates, Maynard refused to pay for something that violates his convictions, and he was sentenced to 15 days in jail.

He and his wife now are trying to get commercial plates, which don't carry the offending motto. "If we're not able to purchase commercial plates," he says, "the state of New Hampshire will be forcing us to get out of the state, because we need our cars to work."

This is freedom?

Michael L. Harris
North Chichester, New Hampshire

SWEDEN UNMASKED

I'll bet you thought Sweden was a nice, neutral nation without imperialistic ambitions. And if you've been listening to the John Birch Society and its fellow travelers, you may think sex education is a Communist device to break down our moral fiber. Wrong on both counts. A letter to the editor of the *Lake Charles (Louisiana) American Press* reveals that the Swedes have not lost their Viking aggressiveness; they've just become more devious. Here are the key points:

Sex education is not the legitimate teaching of human biology and reproduction. Sex education is a Swedish import and a proved cultural sickness. . . .

On April 29, 1964, the Sex Infor-

mation and Educational Council of the United States (SIECUS) was formed to carry out the Swedish plan. . . .

Once you get a school system to say it needs some sex ed, that's all they need. Make no compromise with it or it will be throughout the curriculum. . . . It is a Swedish import, and it is a proven cultural sickness.

There it is, folks, the truth at last: Sex education is a Swedish plot.

Edward Thomas
New Orleans, Louisiana

SEX ED TAKES A BACK SEAT

After describing how a 35-year-old woman introduced him to screwing when he was 14, one of your readers worries about how others may react to his experience and expresses doubt that "even in these enlightened times we're capable of thinking rationally about cross-generational sex" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). He's probably right. But there's a way to avoid the problems of May-December cherry picking; one gives up his virginity in a way that doesn't offend anybody because everybody can identify with it. I did it with a girl my own age, who was a lot less dumb than I was but just as horny.

I'll never forget it. Nancy, whom I'd uneventfully dated a few times, and I were at a drive-in movie, where I was utterly ignoring *Gone with the Wind* and making out like a bandit. Right away, I sensed something different about this girl; she had a theretofore unencountered willingness to let me act out some of my milder erotic fantasies, like actually putting my hands *inside* her blouse. Encouraged, and working up to a frenzy that I knew would soon turn me into a sex-maddened beast, I decided to see what would happen if I tried to touch her "down there," at the holy of holies. Casually, I let my busy hand drop to her knee; stealthily, I began to inch my way up under her skirt, trying to feign unawareness of my own actions but sweatily aware that all hell would probably break loose when she finally caught on to my dastardly plan. Amazingly, she didn't get hysterical or scream rape; she just pulled away and asked me to get her some popcorn. "Oh, no; please, God, not *now!*" I quietly moaned. But my mother's lessons in chivalry were too thoroughly ingrained to be ignored. A date's whim was my command, and so, muttering to myself, I stumbled out to the refreshment stand—desperately thankful for the darkness that hid the telltale bulge at my crotch. When I returned, Nancy said she didn't want any popcorn after all. My old man had once warned me that dames are unpredictable. But this one, I thought, was going for a record. Then I found out what she'd been up to while I was running

errands: When I abruptly got back to where we'd left off minutes before, I discovered that her panties were gone. She'd taken them off, for chrissake! Praise be to God! I couldn't believe my good fortune at finding this sexual bonanza, and it was only our tenth date. Then I became terrified, as it slowly dawned on me that this girl wasn't just fooling around—she actually wanted to do it, right there and then, in the back seat of my old man's 1959 Ford, while Atlanta burned. It's one thing to daydream, and wet-dream, about finally putting it to some sexy creature with long legs, blonde hair and a pair of knockers that won't quit. But when she's sitting right next to you, waiting for you to show your stuff, it's like being on trial, man, and when you haven't the vaguest idea how to even begin, it gets pretty humiliating. Fortunately, she had read a few more dirty books than I had (for a long time I was amazed to find out how really dirty-minded girls were, and are; while us guys were bragging about exploits we never really dreamed we'd ever have, those outwardly sweet, innocent things were busily plotting ways to make them happen—without feeling guilty, of course). She was wet and slippery and just guided me right in between her legs as she sat astride me, after which we humped for all of 15 seconds before I came in a huge gush. As love-making, the experience was a complete washout. As pure animal sex, it wasn't all that great, either; but it was plenty good enough to let us both know that we wanted to try it again. And again. And again. We did, in several different locations, seasons, positions, etc., and by the time we graduated from high school, we'd become a pretty good fucking team. Then she went to her college, I went to mine and, though we corresponded for a while, we didn't see each other anymore. But I still remember ole Nancy as the young lady who provided me with a better, and certainly more enjoyable, course in sex education than the sterile stuff our kids are getting today.

I'm tired of hearing about how sophisticated and liberated and goddamn healthy our attitudes toward sex are becoming. I mean, health is fine in its place, but now it's threatening to take all the fun out of sex. Maybe it's time to put sex back in the gutter, or the back seat, let kids learn their own way and let them have fun with it again.

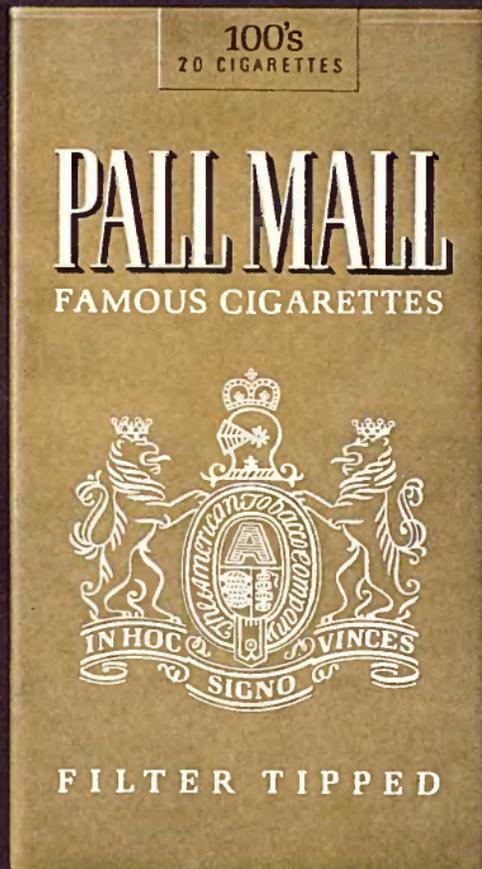
(Name withheld by request)
Minneapolis, Minnesota

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA

a candid conversation with the midas-touch director of "the godfather"

Every year or so, the American movie industry comes up with a talented new young director whose current flick is hailed as the greatest piece of goods since "The Birth of a Nation"; he usually finds himself an overnight celebrity, the darling of TV talk shows and magazine profiles. Few deserve such treatment and even fewer manage to survive it. The latest of Hollywood's directorial darlings is a portly, bearded, fast-talking 36-year-old dynamo named Francis Ford Coppola (pronounced Cope-uh-lah), who made headlines this year by being nominated for five Academy Awards—and winning three of them. In the history of the awards, only the venerable Walt Disney received more nominations (six) in a single year. Coppola was also named best motion-picture director of the year by the Directors' Guild of America.

Unlike most of the other boy geniuses, however, Coppola might actually be every bit as talented as the reviewers say he is. His present eminence rests largely on having made "The Godfather Part II" an even bigger artistic success than the original "Godfather," which, in addition to grossing a staggering \$285,000,000, has been acclaimed by most serious movie critics here and abroad as the greatest gangster picture ever made. For the first time in Hollywood history, a sequel to a tremendously successful motion picture has surpassed the original in

critical estimation and is likely to do the same at the box office.

Just three years ago, Coppola was broke and so little in demand that he was reportedly only fourth or fifth on Paramount's list of possible candidates to direct what the studio envisaged all along as no more than a big-budget thriller to be carved out of Mario Puzo's sprawling best seller. Since "The Godfather," Coppola has become the one person in the movie industry more in demand than Clint Eastwood. "If he took all the offers now coming his way in any one week," a studio executive recently said, "he'd have to work uninterruptedly for the next 50 years and might get to be rich enough to buy up Fort Knox."

The wonder is not that Coppola is so young to be in such a position but that it took Hollywood so long to find out about him. Francis remembers his childhood as an agitated series of crises, with much shouting, passion and tears. His father, Carmine, was a virtuoso flutist who played with several leading orchestras, including Arturo Toscanini's celebrated NBC Symphony. Unable to achieve recognition as a composer, he moved the family back and forth across the country in pursuit of his career, which was finally capped with an Oscar for the score of "Godfather II." Francis' older brother, August, a writer, was handsome, brilliant and popular with girls;

his sister, Talia, an actress (she played Connie, Michael Corleone's sister in both "Godfathers"), was the baby of the family. Francis retreated for a while into a fantasy world in which, for hours on end, he played with puppets, watched TV and read comic books.

He aspired to playwrighting but quickly changed his mind when he saw his first Eisenstein film, "Ten Days That Shook the World," at the age of 17. "On Monday I was in theater," Coppola has said, "and on Tuesday I wanted to be a film maker."

At UCLA's film school, Coppola won the Samuel Goldwyn writing award and at 22 he landed a job as a staff writer with Seven Arts, a major production company, where he directed a low-budget horror picture for producer Roger Corman. Coppola's master's-thesis film, "You're a Big Boy Now," a knockabout farce with a rock score, brought him to the attention of Warner Bros., which signed him to direct a musical, "Finian's Rainbow." It flopped. Mostly on his own, Coppola put together "The Rain People," a film he wrote and directed about a pregnant woman who leaves her husband, despite the fact that she loves him, because she doesn't want to be married anymore. The movie antedated women's lib and is now considered to have been ahead of its period, a polite way of saying that it didn't make much



CARL IRI

"The idea of a sequel seemed horrible to me. I used to joke that the only way I'd do it was if they'd let me film 'Abbott and Costello Meet the Godfather'—that would have been fun."

"America was absolutely ripe for the Mafia. Everything the Mafia believed in was here. In fact, the corporate philosophy that built some of our biggest industries was a Mafia philosophy."

"As I video-taped him, Brando reached for some Kleenex. 'I want to be like bull-dog,' he mumbled, and stuffed wads of it into his mouth. I watched this 47-year-old man turn into an aging Mafia chief."

money. But by that time, Coppola had also co-authored the screenplay of "Patton," for which he won an Oscar. He was barely 28 and the odds were he'd make it big, if he just stuck around long enough.

By 1969, however, Coppola had had enough of Hollywood's chaotic financing methods, antiquated production techniques and rigidly entrenched craft unions. He talked Warner's into letting him set up his own production company, American Zoetrope, and moved to San Francisco, where he proposed to turn out high-quality, low-budget features. The company's first project, "THX 1138," a futuristic script directed by his friend George Lucas that has since become a cult classic, all but sank it. Warner's canceled its contract, leaving Coppola stranded under a mountain of debts, from which he quickly extricated himself with "The Godfather," followed not only by "Godfather II" but by its rival for best-picture honors in the 1974 Oscars competition, "The Conversation."

Today, Coppola's only worry is deciding what to do next. He has enough money to indulge himself and he has a number of projects that have been sitting on his desk and/or maturing in his head for years. In addition to Lucas, whom he prodded into writing and directing the enormously successful "American Graffiti"—which he produced after the script had been rejected by 11 studios—Coppola has gathered around him in San Francisco a small army of young, supremely talented individualists. They swarm in and out of the Coppola Company headquarters, an old eight-story San Francisco office building that Coppola is restoring. Coppola listens to everyone and overlooks nothing.

Some people feel this may be his undoing as an artist. Coppola willingly delegates authority and listens to advice, but he clearly feels capable of undertaking just about anything interesting that comes his way. He has also set up his own distribution company, has acquired a small legitimate theater, where he plans to produce and direct his own plays as well as those of others, is wheeling and dealing in real estate and publishes a biweekly magazine called *City* that aspires to do for the San Francisco region something of what New York does for its area. He enjoys a warm home life with his artist wife, Eleanor, and their three small children, as well as an active social one with a wide circle of friends and cronies whom he calls "the family." To find out more about this artist-mogul, PLAYBOY assigned contributor William Murray to track him down on his home grounds and interview him. Murray reports:

"Getting to see Francis Ford Coppola these days is about as difficult as setting up a tête-à-tête with the Godfather himself. It took weeks and dozens of

long-distance phone calls, filtered through the usual guard screen of secretaries and super-efficient business managers, before a meeting was finally arranged.

"I finally caught up with Coppola at his house, a light-blue, turn-of-the-century, 28-room mansion with a magnificent view of the Golden Gate Bridge. The huge rooms are stocked with gadgets, including an old jukebox, a player grand piano, hi-fi equipment and a fully equipped projection room. It was exactly the sort of palazzo I'd have envisioned for a self-exiled Hollywood tycoon, but I hadn't been in the place more than 20 minutes before I realized that, far from being a self-advertisement for power and success, everything in the house reflected the highly personal, even eccentric tastes of Francis or Eleanor Coppola.

"The first thing Coppola did was to make me a cappuccino on his own espresso machine, imported from Turin. We sat and sipped coffee. Everything was moving at such a leisurely pace that I couldn't imagine at first how I'd ever be able to get a real conversation under way with him.

"I needn't have worried. The minute I switched on my tape recorder, Coppola came to life. This was work. First, he corrected the position of the machine, then he fiddled with the volume and tone controls till he had them set to his satisfaction. Finally, he allowed me to question him. All you have to do with Coppola is get him going. After that, the problem is slowing him down, much less stopping him; I got the feeling he could have been a tremendous politician or an eloquent preacher. We talked for several hours that first day, then continued the next two days at his office.

"Our final session was held at his home. Coppola, wearing an Arab caftan that failed to conceal his bulk, ushered me into one of the Bay Area's largest back yards, where a Moorish-style pool is heated to body temperature. He leaped into the water and for the next five minutes he moaned—very loudly. What if the neighbors complain? he was asked. 'It's my pool,' he answered, 'and I'll moan if I like.' Sipping a cup of espresso while standing in the water, he added: 'Y' know, I like this. It's my idea of real decadence.'

"Back in the living room, Coppola, his robe billowing about him, pirouetted, gavotted and jigged without a trace of self-consciousness to a record of carnival music that he'd brought back from Rio, where he'd gone to unwind for a couple of weeks. Then, I think, I saw the key to Coppola: He throws himself completely into everything he does, whether it's work or play. The man is a block of pure energy, with the powers of concentration of a leopard stalking prey. If anyone can pull off what he proposes to do to the film business, I'm convinced he

can and I came away hoping he'd succeed."

COPPOLA: This is my last interview.

PLAYBOY: Why?

COPPOLA: I decided recently that enough is enough. Basically, there's only one story I can tell and I've told it. I think it's time I kind of go on my way out of respect for the public.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's start with your recent Oscar haul for *Godfather II*. How did it feel to walk away with so many awards?

COPPOLA: Two years ago, I went to the Academy Awards ceremonies feeling blasé, not caring. I thought *Godfather I* would win most of the awards, but how important was the Oscar, anyway? Then it became clear that *Cabaret* was running away with the awards, and I suddenly started wanting to win desperately. When I didn't, I got very depressed. I figured I'd never make another film that would win an Oscar: I was going to go off and make small, personal films, the kind that rarely win awards. I had wanted to leave a winner.

This year, I thought *Chinatown* would clean up. I had two pictures nominated—*Godfather II* and *The Conversation*—and I figured that would split my vote. I was intrigued with the idea of losing twice after coming so close, which might be a record in itself. So when it all happened, I was so elated I didn't know what to do. I never expected Best Picture. I felt *Godfather II* was too demanding, too complex. But when it won, I felt the members were telling me they appreciated the fact that we'd tried to make a film with integrity.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when Bert Schneider, the producer of the antiwar documentary *Hearts and Minds*, read a telegram from a Viet Cong representative?

COPPOLA: Many people voted for *Hearts and Minds* as best documentary, not because it was a great film—it wasn't, particularly—but because of what the film said. And so when Schneider accepted the award, it was certainly appropriate for him to comment on what the film was saying. It wasn't as if they were giving him an award as best tap dancer only to have him turn around and give a political speech. The academy was sanctioning that documentary, was rewarding it for the message it conveyed. So his statement was really a response to that.

PLAYBOY: The incident caused quite an uproar. How did you personally feel about it?

COPPOLA: Imagine, in 1975, getting a telegram from a so-called enemy extending friendship to the American people. I mean, after what we did to the Vietnamese people, you'd think they wouldn't forgive us for 300 years! Getting this positive, human, optimistic message was such a beautiful idea to me—it was overwhelming. If the telegram had said, "You

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Yankee dogs have been killing us for 30 years and now we've got you, so screw you!" I wouldn't have read it. But it didn't say that.

As for the uproar caused by Frank Sinatra's reading the disclaimer expressing his and Bob Hope's reactions, well, men at that point in their lives can't understand what a message like that really means. They're not interested in the truth: they still think all Communists are bad, less than human. When people are against something, they don't even listen.

PLAYBOY: Your career as a director has been made by the two *Godfather* movies, and most of the critics seem to have recognized what you were trying to do with them, but none has had a kind word for the novel nor for its author, Mario Puzo. *The New Yorker's* Pauline Kael, in fact, calls the book trash. Could you have made two fine movies out of trash?

COPPOLA: When I was first offered the project, I started to read the book and I got only about 50 pages into it. I thought it was a popular, sensational novel, pretty cheap stuff. I got to the part about the singer supposedly modeled on Frank Sinatra and the girl Sonny Corleone liked so much because her vagina was enormous—remember that stuff in the book? It never showed up in the movie. Anyway, I said, "My God, what is this—*The Carpetbaggers*?" So I stopped reading it and said, "Forget it."

Four or five months later, I was again offered the opportunity to work on it and by that time, I was in dire financial straits with my own company in San Francisco, so I read further. Then I got into what the book is really about—the story of the family, this father and his sons, and questions of power and succession—and I thought it was a terrific story, if you could cut out all the other stuff. I decided it could be not only a successful movie but also a *good* movie. I wanted to concentrate on the central theme, and that's what I tried to do.

So the fact is, it wasn't a piece of trash. Like me, Mario went after the money at first. He's very frank about that. But if the two movies are strong, it's because of what Mario originally put in his book that was strong and valid. Mario himself, by the way, doesn't think *The Godfather* is his best book, but it's the only one of his novels that sold really well. I have great respect for Mario. He created the story, he created the characters, even in *Part II*, which I wrote more of than *Part I*. But all the key elements go back to his book.

PLAYBOY: Did you work together on the screenplays?

COPPOLA: Never. I would do the first draft and send it to him and he would make corrections and rewrite and change anything he wanted to and send it back to me, and then I'd rework it again, and it went back and forth. We work in

totally different ways. He's much lazier than I am, which I think he'd admit. What we mainly have in common is that we both like to play baccarat and shoot dice. I like Mario very much.

PLAYBOY: Since you weren't a famous director at the time, why did Paramount approach you about making the film?

COPPOLA: The book hadn't yet made an impression. A lot of directors, including Richard Brooks and Costa-Gavras, had already turned it down. At that time, I had an interesting reputation as a director who could make a film economically. Also, I was a writer and I was Italian, so I seemed like an intelligent shot.

PLAYBOY: Had you heard about *The Godfather* before reading it and hating it?

COPPOLA: Yes, and it's a strange story. One Sunday afternoon, I was sitting around my home in San Francisco, reading *The New York Times*, and I saw an ad for a new book. Couldn't tell what it was about from the book cover—it looked kind of solemn. I thought it might be an intellectual work by some new Italian author named Mario Puzo, so I clipped the ad. I was just going to inquire about it. Right then, Peter Bart, a friend of mine, came by with someone I'd never met before: Al Ruddy, who later became producer of *The Godfather* but at that time had nothing to do with the project. We started talking and Peter mentioned a book he'd just heard about: *The Godfather*, by Mario Puzo. He explained what it was about. I had no interest in filming a best seller, so I said, "No kidding—I just noticed an ad for it." At that very moment, the phone rang. It was Marlon Brando. I'd contacted him to ask if I might send by the script of *The Conversation*, which I'd written with him in mind. He was just calling to say, "Sure, send the script over."

That all happened in one afternoon. Several months later, Al Ruddy was named producer of *The Godfather*. I received my first offer to direct it and Marlon Brando would shortly have the lead. It still seems bizarre to me that the various elements came together that day in my home.

PLAYBOY: Once you'd decided to direct the film, how did you get Brando for the title role?

COPPOLA: I must have interviewed 2000 people. We video-taped every old Italian actor in existence. But it became apparent that the role called for an actor of such magnetism, such charisma, just walking into a room had to be an event. We concluded that if an Italian actor had gotten to be 70 years old without becoming famous on his own, he wouldn't have the air of authority we needed. Robert Evans, who was in charge of production at Paramount, wanted Carlo Ponti, which was an interesting idea: Get someone already important in life, that sort of thinking. But we finally figured that what we had to do was hire the best

actor in the world. It was that simple. It boiled down to Laurence Olivier or Marlon Brando, who *are* the greatest actors in the world. We went back and forth on it, and I finally called Mario to ask him. He told me that, ironically enough, he'd been thinking of Brando as the Godfather all along and had, in fact, written him a letter to that effect over two years before. Brando seemed too young, even to me, but sometimes when you go out on a limb and connect with someone—Mario, in this case—you say, "It's God signaling me." So we narrowed it down to Brando. He had turned down the role in *The Conversation* some months earlier, but after he'd had a chance to read *The Godfather*, he called back and said he was interested, that he thought it was a delicious part—he used that word, delicious.

PLAYBOY: Were the studio moguls pleased?

COPPOLA: Hell, no. Ruddy liked Brando, but he said flatly that the studio heads would never buy it. We got in touch with Evans, pitched Brando and listened to him yell at us for being fools. By now, the book was becoming more and more successful, and it was outstripping me in terms of my potency as a director. It was getting bigger than I was. And they were starting to wonder if they hadn't made a big mistake in choosing me as the director.

Time passed, the book got bigger, the budget increased and I refused to send them any new casting ideas. Besides Brando, I already had it in my mind that I wanted Al Pacino, Jimmy Caan, Bobby Duvall, and so on. So a big meeting was scheduled with Evans, Stanley Jaffe, who was then the young president of the studio, and assorted lawyers.

Halfway into the meeting, I made another pitch for Brando. Jaffe replied, and these are his exact words, "As president of Paramount Pictures, I assure you that Marlon Brando will never appear in this motion picture and, furthermore, as president of the company, I will no longer allow you to discuss it." Boom. Final. Maybe from his point of view, at that time, it made sense. Paramount, before *Love Story*, had made a number of flops. And Brando's track record was even worse. But I insisted they hear me out, and Evans persuaded Jaffe to give me five minutes. I stood up as if I were a lawyer pleading for someone's life and went through all the reasons I thought only Brando could play the part. After I'd finished, I pretended to collapse in a heap on the floor.

So Jaffe finally relented, but he gave me certain conditions, the main one being that Brando take a screen test. I'd won. Now all I had to figure was how to get Marlon Brando to take a screen test.

PLAYBOY: How did you?

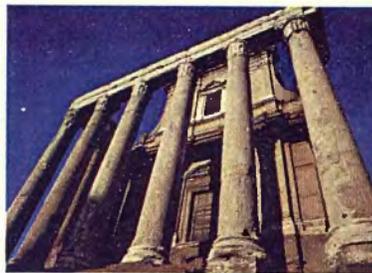
COPPOLA: Well, you have to realize that despite our telephone conversation, I was still scared shitless of Brando. So I called

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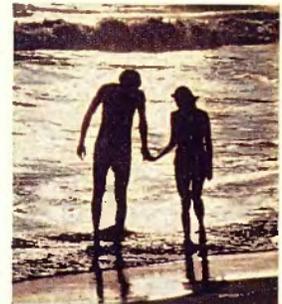
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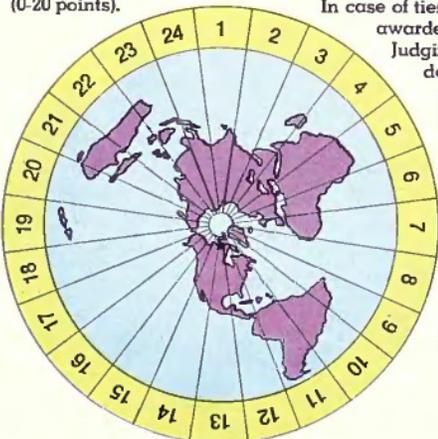
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him and said I wanted to explore the role with him. At which point he jumped in and said he wasn't entirely sure he *could* play the role, and if he couldn't, he shouldn't, so why not get together and try it out? Wonderful, I said, let's videotape it. Fine, he said.

PLAYBOY: So he never really agreed to take the screen test?

COPPOLA: No. But he's a fantastic guy, so I'm sure if I'd been up front with him and told him the spot I was in, he'd have done it.

PLAYBOY: How did the non-screen test go?

COPPOLA: I got a video recorder from some friends and showed up at Brando's house the next morning with a photographer and an Italian barber I'd already picked for the role of Bonasera, the undertaker in the film. I'd dressed him in a black suit and asked him to memorize the speech at the beginning of the movie, where Bonasera asks the Godfather for a favor. But I kept him outside. Brando met us in his living room, wearing a Japanese kimono, hair tied back in a ponytail. I just started video-taping him. He began to slide into character. He took some shoe polish and put it in his hair. His speech changed: "You t'ink I need a mustache?" I was anxious to make an intelligent comment, so I said, "Oh, yeah, my Uncle Louis has a mustache." He dabbed on a phony mustache and, as I video-taped him, he reached for some Kleenex. "I want to be like bulldog," he mumbled, and stuffed wads of it into his mouth. He kept talking to himself, mumbling, and finally said, "I just wanna improvise." I told my guys to keep quiet; I'd heard that noise bothers him. He always wears earplugs when he's working.

Then, without warning, I ushered in my barber friend, who went up to Brando and launched right into his speech. Brando didn't know what was going on for a moment, but he listened and then just started doing the scene. It was my shot. The thing worked, I had it down on tape. I'd watched 47-year-old Marlon Brando turn into this aging Mafia chief. It was fantastic.

Later, when I showed the tape to Evans and Jaffe, their reaction—and this is where I give them credit—was instantaneous. They both said he was great.

PLAYBOY: How was it, working with Brando?

COPPOLA: Well, we all wanted to impress Brando with the fact that each of us was special in some way or other. Jimmy Caan was always trying to make him laugh, Al Pacino would be moody and try to impress him with his intensity, and when Marlon would sit down to talk about Indians or politics, Duvall would sit behind him and do Brando imitations. I got along very well with Marlon. One of the most affectionate, warm men I've ever known. He'd come in late once in a while, but he'd make up for it with his sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: What's an example of his sense of humor?

COPPOLA: Besides "mooning" actors on the set? Well, there's this scene in *Godfather I* where they've brought Brando home from the hospital, and the orderlies are supposed to carry him up the stairs in a stretcher. The actors couldn't manage it, so I asked a couple of muscle-bound guys on the set—real physical-fitness types—to do it. They bragged that it would be no problem for them; so while they were off being costumed and made up, Brando got the other guys to load the stretcher with 1000 pounds of lead weights. So these two guys swagger out, pick up the weighted stretcher with Brando on it—and don't let on that they can hardly lift the thing. Well, about four steps up, they both yell, "Jee-sus, does he weigh a ton!" and they drop the stretcher, which breaks up everybody on the set. That sort of thing went on all the time.

PLAYBOY: Was it *all* as much fun as that?

COPPOLA: No, that's hindsight. If you'd checked with the crew while we were filming, they'd have said *The Godfather* was going to be the biggest disaster of all time. *The French Connection* came out while we were filming, and people who'd seen the film and who saw the *Godfather* rushes implied that our film was boring by comparison. There were rumors that I was going to be fired every day. I was trying to save money during that time, sacking out on Jimmy Caan's couch. A bad period for me. I couldn't get to sleep at night. When I did, I had nightmares of seeing Elia Kazan walk onto the set, come up to me and say, "Uh, Francis, I've been asked to. . ." But Marlon was a great help. When I mentioned the threatening noises, he told me he wouldn't continue the picture if I got fired.

PLAYBOY: Were you given your head by the studio, were you allowed to improvise, or did you have to stick faithfully to the script?

COPPOLA: I wasn't given my head, by any means. A lot of the energy that went into the film went into simply trying to convince the people who held the power to let me do the film my way. But there was some spontaneity. For instance, Lenny Montana, who plays Luca Brasi, the *mafioso* in the picture who calls on the Godfather to thank him for being invited to the wedding—that's before he gets his hand pinned to a bar with a knife, of course—is not a professional actor, and he was terrified of playing the scene with Brando. We shot the scene a dozen times, but he froze on every take and forgot his lines. We finally gave up. Later, I wrote a new little scene where he was at the party, before his visit to the Godfather, practicing his speech perfectly over and over. We shot that and kept one of the scenes with Brando where Brasi froze, and it made the whole thing work well with the context of the story.

As for Brando himself, what an improviser! I told him at one point that I didn't really know how to shoot his final scene, just before he dies. What could we do to make his playing with his grandson believable? He said, "Here's how I play with kids," and took an orange peel, cut it into pieces that looked like fangs and slipped them into his mouth.

PLAYBOY: Orange peel along with the Kleenex?

COPPOLA: Right. And I thought, what a ridiculous idea. Then suddenly I saw it: Of course! The Godfather dies as a monster! And once I'd seen him with the orange-peel fangs, I knew I could never shoot it any other way.

PLAYBOY: How about Pacino, who really had the major role in both movies? How was he cast?

COPPOLA: We were ready to go into production before we found our Michael Corleone. The studio guys wanted Jimmy Caan to play him. I love Jimmy, but I felt he'd be wrong for Michael—and perfect for Sonny. Other people suggested Robert Redford, Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, Ryan O'Neal. But all I could see was Al Pacino's face in that camera. I couldn't get him out of my head. Even when I read the book, I kept seeing him as Michael. I nearly got fired over insisting on him, but it worked out in the end.

PLAYBOY: That's an understatement. After *The Godfather* went on to unparalleled success, what got you interested in doing a sequel?

COPPOLA: Initially, the idea of a sequel seemed horrible to me. It sounded like a tacky spin-off, and I used to joke that the only way I'd do it was if they'd let me film *Abbott and Costello Meet the Godfather*—that would have been fun. Then I entertained some Russian film executives who were visiting San Francisco and they asked me if I was going to make *The Godfather Part II*. That was the first time I heard the phrase used; I guess you could say I stole the title from the Russians.

In short, it seemed like such a terrible idea that I began to be intrigued by the thought of pulling it off. Simple as that. Sometimes I sit around thinking I'd like to get a job directing a TV soap opera, just to see if I could make it the most wonderful thing of its kind ever done. Or I imagine devoting myself to directing the plays of a cub-scout troop and having it be the most exciting theater in the country. You know that feeling when something seems so outrageous, you just have to do it? That's what happened to me.

Then after I started thinking about the idea, when I considered that we'd have most of the same actors, the scenes we might be able to develop in depth, I started feeling it really might be something innovative.

PLAYBOY: Do you, like some critics, think

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Godfather II is a better film than *Godfather I*?

COPPOLA: The second film goes much further than the first one. It's much more ambitious and novelistic in its structure. If you get off on the wrong foot with it, I can imagine that it would be like a Chinese water torture to sit through it. But it's a more subtle movie, with its own heartbeat. And it was very tough on some of the actors, especially Al Pacino.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you had to stop shooting for two or three weeks when you were on location in Santo Domingo because Pacino was exhausted?

COPPOLA: Yes. The role of Michael is a very strange and difficult one and it put a terrific strain on him. It was like being caught in a kind of vise. In the first picture, he went from being a young, slightly insecure, naïve and brilliant young college student to becoming this horrible Mafia killer. In *Godfather II*, he's the same man from beginning to end—working on a much more subtle level, very rarely having a big climactic scene where an actor can unload, like blowing the spittle out of the tube of a trombone. The entire performance had to be kind of vague and so understated that, as an actor, you couldn't really be sure what you were doing. You had the tremendous pressure of not knowing whether your performance would have a true, cumulative effect, whether you were creating a monster or just being terrible. The load on Al was terrific and it really ran him down physically.

PLAYBOY: You obviously had a lot more control over *Godfather II* than *Godfather I*, didn't you?

COPPOLA: Absolutely. I had to fight a lot of wars the first time around. In *Godfather II*, I had no interference. Paramount backed me up in every decision. The film was my baby and they left it in my hands.

PLAYBOY: It would have been stupid of them not to, after all the money the first one made.

COPPOLA: But Paramount was fully aware of some of the chances I was taking and went along. I guess they had to, but they did.

PLAYBOY: One of the most important areas you explore in *Godfather II* is the connection between Mafia operations and some of our legitimate big-business interests. Are you saying that some corporations are no better and no worse than organized crime?

COPPOLA: Right from the very beginning it became clear, as I was doing my research, that though the Mafia was a Sicilian phenomenon, there was no way it could really have flowered except in the soil of America. America was absolutely ripe for the Mafia. Everything the Mafia believed in and was set up to handle—absolute control, the carving out of territories, the rigging of prices and the elimination of competition—

everything was here. In fact, the corporate philosophy that built some of our biggest industries and great personal fortunes was a Mafia philosophy. So when those Italians arrived here, they found themselves in the perfect place.

It became clear to me that there was a wonderful parallel to be drawn, that the career of Michael Corleone was the perfect metaphor for the new land. Like America, Michael began as a clean, brilliant young man endowed with incredible resources and believing in a humanistic idealism. Like America, Michael was the child of an older system, a child of Europe. Like America, Michael was an innocent who had tried to correct the ills and injustices of his progenitors. But then he got blood on his hands. He lied to himself and to others about what he was doing and why. And so he became not only the mirror image of what he'd come from but worse. One of the reasons I wanted to make *Godfather II* is that I wanted to take Michael to what I felt was the logical conclusion. He wins every battle: his brilliance and his resources enable him to defeat all his enemies. I didn't want Michael to die. I didn't want Michael to be put into prison. I didn't want him to be assassinated by his rivals. But, in a bigger sense, I also wanted to destroy Michael. There's no doubt that, by the end of this picture, Michael Corleone, having beaten everyone, is sitting there alone, a living corpse.

PLAYBOY: Is that your metaphor for America today?

COPPOLA: Unlike America, Michael Corleone is doomed. There's no way that man is ever going to change. I admit I considered some upbeat touch at the end, like having his son turn against him to indicate he wouldn't follow in that tradition, but honesty—and Pacino—wouldn't let me do it. Michael is doomed. But I don't at all feel that America is doomed. I thought it was healthy to make this horror-story statement—as a warning, if you like—but, as a nation, we don't have to go down that same road, and I don't think we will.

PLAYBOY: A number of critics feel that you and others—including, perhaps, **PLAYBOY**, with its series on organized crime—helped romanticize the Mafia in America. How do you respond to that?

COPPOLA: Well, first of all, the Mafia was romanticized in the book. And I was filming that book. To do a film about my real opinion of the Mafia would be another thing altogether. But it's a mistake to think I was making a film about the Mafia. *Godfather Part I* is a romance about a king with three sons. It is a film about power. It could have been the Kennedys. The whole idea of a family living in a compound—that was all based on Hyannisport. Remember, it wasn't a documentary about Mafia chief Vito Genovese. It was Marlon Brando with Kleenex in his mouth.

PLAYBOY: Where do the films depart most radically from the truth?

COPPOLA: Where you get into the mythic aspects of the Godfather, the great father who is honorable and will not do business in drugs. The character was a synthesis of Genovese and Joseph Profaci, but Genovese ordered his soldiers not to deal in drugs while he himself did just that on the side; Profaci was dishonorable at a lot of levels. The film *Godfather* would never double-cross anyone, but the real godfathers double-crossed people over and over.

PLAYBOY: Still, you won't deny that, whatever your intentions, *Godfather I* had the effect of romanticizing the Mafia?

COPPOLA: I felt I was making a harsh statement about the Mafia and power at the end of *Godfather I* when Michael murders all those people, then lies to his wife and closes the door. But obviously, many people didn't get the point I was making. And so if the statement I was trying to make was outbalanced by the charismatic aspects of the characters, I felt *Godfather II* was an opportunity to rectify that. The film is pretty rough. The essence of *Godfather I* is all Mario Puzo's creation, not mine. With *Godfather II*, which I had a greater part in writing, I emerged a bit to comment on the first film.

But the fact still may be that people like Marlon and Jimmy and Al too much. If you were taken inside Adolf Hitler's home, went to his parties and heard his stories, you'd probably have liked him. If I made a film of Hitler and got some charismatic actor to play him, people would say I was trying to make him a good human being. He wasn't, of course, but the greatest evil on earth is done by sane human beings who are miserable in themselves. My point is that you can't make a movie about what it's like inside a Mafia family without their seeming to be quite human.

PLAYBOY: What about those who say *not* that the Mafia is romanticized but that it simply doesn't exist?

COPPOLA: When people say the Mafia doesn't exist, in a way they're right. When they say it does exist, they're right, too. You have to look at it with different eyes: It's not a secret Italian organization, as it's portrayed. The most powerful man in the Mafia at one time wasn't Italian—he was a Jew. Meyer Lansky became powerful because he was the best at forging their common interests—that's just good business practice.

PLAYBOY: Except that, as far as we know, A.T.&T. hasn't killed anyone in pursuit of its business.

COPPOLA: Who says? Who says?

PLAYBOY: Have you got something on A.T.&T.?

COPPOLA: A.T.&T. I don't know about, but I.T.T. in Chile? I wouldn't bet my life that it hadn't. And it's not just business. How about the Yablonski murders

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in that coal miners' union? That was just the union equivalent of a Mafia hit. How about politics? Assassination of a President is the quickest way to bring about lasting and enormous social change. What's the difference between the United States' putting a guy like Trujillo in power so our companies can operate in the Dominican Republic, and the Mafia's handing the Boston territory to one of its *capos*? Then, after 20 years, either guy gets a little uppity and either organization feels free to knock him off.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any stories to tell about how the *real* Mafia reacted to the *Godfather* films?

COPPOLA: No.

PLAYBOY: And you wouldn't tell if you had any?

COPPOLA: No, I *would*. But the fact is I got some terrific advice from Mario Puzo. He told me that, in his experience, Mafia guys loved the glamor of show business and that, if you let them, they'd get involved. So Mario told me that I'd probably be contacted and when I was, I should refuse to open up to them. I shouldn't take their phone number, I shouldn't let them feel they could visit me. Because if there's one thing about them, it's that they respect that attitude. If you turn them off, they won't intrude into your life. Al Ruddy, the producer, was out having dinner with a lot of them, but I wouldn't participate in any way whatsoever with them.

Funny thing is, I've never been very interested in the Mafia—even though some important guys in the Mob have the same name as I do. "Trigger Mike" Coppola was one of Vito Genovese's lieutenants, I think. Terrible man.

PLAYBOY: Any relation?

COPPOLA: You mean Uncle Mike? No, of course not. Coppola is a common Italian name.

PLAYBOY: One Hollywood person who has been mentioned in connection with the Mafia is Frank Sinatra. How are your relations with him, considering that most people believe he was the model for Johnny Fontane, the singer-actor in *The Godfather*?

COPPOLA: I met Sinatra several times before filming started. They were very friendly meetings, since I never liked the idea of exploiting a fictionalization of a man, any man—and I told him so. I let him know that I didn't like that part of the book and that I'd minimize it in the film. Sinatra was very appreciative. Then he turned to me and said, "I'd like to play the *Godfather*."

PLAYBOY: *What?*

COPPOLA: It's true. He said, "Let's you and me buy this goddamned book and make it ourselves." I said, "Well, it sounds great, but. . ."

PLAYBOY: Didn't Sinatra yell at Puzo once when they met in a restaurant?

COPPOLA: That incident was caused by some guy trying to make points with

Sinatra by introducing the two of them very provocatively. Puzo never meant to embarrass him in person, and he told me he thought Sinatra behaved very understandably, considering the way they were introduced. But the fact remains that Mario, who is a very fine writer, was going broke with several good novels out, so he set out to write the biggest best seller in history. He was going to do anything he had to in order to get off the merry-go-round. So he wrote the perfect commercial book. And exploiting celebrities like Sinatra was something he felt he had to do. In the film, the Sinatra character plays a very small role. I'd have cut it out altogether if I'd had the power.

PLAYBOY: *Godfather II* was supposedly cut down from almost six hours. What did we miss?

COPPOLA: My heart was really in the Little Italy sequences, in the old streets of New York, the music, all that turn-of-the-century atmosphere. I had great scenes in the script that we couldn't include in the movie: There was one where Enrico Caruso showed up in the neighborhood and sang *Over There* to get guys to enlist for World War One; I had scenes of Italians building the subways, of young Vito courting his girl and joining his friends for music and mandolins and wine. . . . But it all got too long and too expensive.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered recutting the movies into one giant film?

COPPOLA: It's an exciting thought, and it's just what I plan to do, believe it or not. In two years, I'm going to take both pictures, look over all the outtakes and recut them any way I want to, into *one* film. You don't often do that, because there's a certain inertia: Once a film is done, it's done, and you tend not to want to open things up again.

I've had an idea for a film I want to make, which I'd call *Remake*. I'd buy a film—any film—decide what I felt about it, then recut it, maybe shoot some things and make it into a whole new work.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have charged that in cutting *Godfather II*, you gave the picture a jerky, disjointed quality.

COPPOLA: Oh, they're full of baloney. They think a movie has to be what the last four movies were. There isn't a critic out there who knows what he's talking about. There may be three. Most are special-interest critics.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

COPPOLA: Meaning that there's a lot of extortion and blackmail practiced by critics. A lot of them force the film maker to participate in certain things that accrue to the critics' advantage under the implied threat of a bad review.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

COPPOLA: No, because of course I'm not saying they're all that way. But suffice it to say that if this sort of extortion continues, it may blow up in the biggest

scandal the field of criticism has known. It's corrupt right down to the bottom. And I'm speaking as one who has enjoyed generally good favor from the critics.

PLAYBOY: Which critics do you admire?

COPPOLA: Pauline Kael of *The New Yorker*. When she writes about a film, she does it in depth. When I make a bad picture, I expect her to blast me higher than a kite and I'll be grateful for that. I like *Time*'s Jay Cocks, who's a friend; Steven Farber and *PLAYBOY*'s Bruce Williamson, who have liked some of my films; and Stanley Kauffmann of the *New Republic*, who often hasn't.

PLAYBOY: Your last three films, *Godfather I* and *II* and *The Conversation*, have been negative. Does that mean you've become more of a pessimist about life?

COPPOLA: Really, I'm not a negative person. Just the opposite. Starting now, I'm going to try to let the other side of me be more evident in my movies. It's funny, but I've noticed that very often film makers reflect things in their movies that are the opposite of what they really feel. I know some men whose films are highly sexual but who lead very tame home lives.

PLAYBOY: Why, in both *Godfather* films, are your female characters so submissive and acquiescent?

COPPOLA: That was how the women were represented in the original book and, from what I know, it was the role of women in the Mafia fabric. In *Godfather Part II*, I was interested in developing a more contemporary, political view of women in the person of his wife, Kay, and in her symbolic statement of power when she had her unborn son killed.

PLAYBOY: If Kay was such a liberated and defiant woman, why did it take her so long to leave Michael when she was no longer happy with him?

COPPOLA: It may seem like a long time, but actually they're together only six or seven years. How many people do we know who stay together unhappily for 15 years or more before they finally split? Also, during the Fifties, there were a lot of forces that tended to keep men and women together way beyond the point when they should have parted. Think of how many husbands have kept their wives and held their families together by promising that things would change just as soon as they became vice-presidents or had \$100,000 in the bank or closed the big deal. I've strung my own wife along for 13 years by telling her that as soon as I was done with this or that project, I'd stop working so hard and we'd live a more normal life. I mean, that's the classic way husbands lie. Often the lies aren't even intentional. And it's easy to string a woman along for years by doing exactly that. Michael lies to Kay in that way and she believes him at first—because she wants to believe him.

PLAYBOY: Why do people tend to get



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sucked in by their own lies? Do they just sell out to the system?

COPPOLA: Well, people like myself, who decide that it's necessary to work within a system in order to be able either to change it or eventually to go off on their own to subsidize the kind of work they believe in, inevitably become changed by the process, if they go along with it. I know a lot of bright young writers and directors in Hollywood who are very successful—some of them I gave jobs to four or five years ago—and they're making a lot of money; but they're no longer talking about the things they used to talk about. Their conversation now is all about deals, about what's going to sell and what isn't. And they rave about their new cars and their new \$400,000 houses. They don't even see or hear the changes in themselves. They've become the very people they were criticizing three years ago. Like Michael, they've become their fathers.

PLAYBOY: You don't think the same thing could happen to you?

COPPOLA: Sure, it could happen to me. One of the reasons I live here and not in Los Angeles is that I'm trying to keep my bearings. I have nothing against Los Angeles; it's a terrific center of talent right now, with the finest actors and certainly the best musicians and top people in every area, but there's always been a kind of collective madness that takes place in Hollywood, and it's very attractive and seductive, but you could lose yourself in it.

PLAYBOY: With the power and authority you wield, do you find it hard to keep a grip on your ego?

COPPOLA: Well, I'm 36 now, but I directed my first play in 1956—which is nearly 20 years ago—so I haven't been overwhelmed by power overnight. But sure, everyone has that problem. Let me give you an example: Al Ruddy, who's a nice guy but who's more of a wheeler-dealer than I am, used to walk onto the *Godfather* set now and then to suggest that an actor wear a hat for such and such a scene. I'd say, "No, I already thought this scene out, thanks, anyway." And no sooner would the sentence be out of my mouth than I'd think, fuck it, he's right, the actor *should* be wearing a hat. But I wouldn't, or couldn't, change it. If it had been George Lucas or someone like that, I'd have accepted the suggestion. But there are some people you can't take criticism from, perhaps because you feel threatened.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel threatened?

COPPOLA: The artist's worst fear is that he'll be exposed as a sham. I've heard it from actors, directors, everyone. I remember hearing Peter Sellers say, "Some day they're going to uncover me and realize I'm just a fake." Deep down, we're all living with the notion that our success is beyond our ability. In the last couple of years, I've grown more

confident that I have ideas, that I can solve problems. That's as much as I'll give myself for now.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel uneasy about the power you have to influence other people's minds through film—or in other ways?

COPPOLA: I had a thought about that, a little fantasy that goes like this: I'm getting to be an influential person in San Francisco; what if I and five other powerful guys with cigars got together in a smoke-filled room to decide who would be the next mayor of San Francisco? We do it because we're good guys and we really want the city to be wonderful for everybody. Then I thought, what's the difference between five good guys holding that kind of power and five bad guys? Just good intentions, and intentions can be corrupted. And it's not just, say, in the political field. Let me make a statement about power: From now on, I'm determined to give tremendous thought to the impact any project I undertake will have on the public. It may sound wordy, it may sound obvious, but very few film makers ever really do that.

PLAYBOY: Did you think that way about *The Godfather*?

COPPOLA: No. How could I? I've spoken about the circumstances surrounding that project. But if the picture seems to some to be irresponsible because it celebrates violence, that was never my intent. In fact, there's very little actual violence in the film. It occurs very quickly. It's just that the violence happens to characters you like. If I were to roast 50 people alive in *The Towering Inferno*, it would be less horrible than shooting up a guy you've come to know and believe in. I once saw a fistfight in a New York restaurant that was modest by movie standards. But I'd never seen anything so frightening; they were real people.

PLAYBOY: How will this determination to consider public impact affect your next film?

COPPOLA: My next project is going to be delicate in that context. It's going to be a film about Vietnam, although it won't necessarily be political—it will be about war and the human soul. But it's dangerous, because I'll be venturing into an area that is laden with so many implications that if I select some aspects and ignore others, I may be doing something irresponsible. So I'll be thinking hard about it.

People are hungry for film now, susceptible to it because it reaches them on an emotional level. We're living in a time when things are changing quickly: Zip, there went the Catholic Church; zoom, that was the traditional family unit you just saw go by. People aren't sure of what they are feeling or what to believe in, so film can be a very influential medium now. Millions of people watched *The Godfather* around the world, each person spending three hours in a dark theater.

Imagine how valuable that time with them is. It's priceless, and yet a film maker has it. I think that's an extraordinary thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that Hollywood directors in the past have been irresponsible in propagating stereotypes, in exerting the wrong kind of influence over the public?

COPPOLA: Perhaps to some extent, but American films have *followed* the stereotypes, not set them. I read somewhere recently that the American film was responsible for our view of what an Indian was. But it isn't. The American film merely echoed and amplified the image that already existed in the national consciousness. It reinforced attitudes people already had about Indians when they first came here. The people who write films and the people who direct them have also been programmed. That isn't to say we shouldn't have the courage to try to break the mold, but it takes more courage and more originality than most people have.

PLAYBOY: Isn't Hollywood much more open to new ideas, new ways of doing things than it used to be?

COPPOLA: Yes, but it's chaotic. There's no leadership, maybe because the country itself has no leadership, either. Making movies is a great, complex, writhing crap game. No one is running anything and the only priority is the one that's become uppermost in America today: to make a profit.

PLAYBOY: When you started out in your career, did you have to do work you were ashamed of, just to make a profit?

COPPOLA: Well, I've done some stuff that hasn't worked out too well. But I never took on anything with the attitude that it was going to be terrible. It may have turned out that way, but I thought it was great while I was doing it. I was worried about certain films, though. I was worried while I was making them that things were going wrong and I didn't have the power to change them. During the shooting of *Finian's Rainbow* at Warner's years ago, I was brought in to direct a project that had already been cast and structured. I was also working in a big studio, in a methodology I didn't understand very well and over which I had no control. I'd express some doubts about the way things were going, and the people around me would say, "It's going great." I'll never get myself caught in that kind of situation again, because I now surround myself with people whose taste I respect and who have the right to hit all the sour notes they want. We had no sour notes on *Finian's Rainbow*; everyone kept saying how terrific everything was all the time. They were sincere, their motives were pure. But today I try to work with people who won't hesitate to say, "We're making a mistake." And if after thinking about it I agree with them, we stop and make

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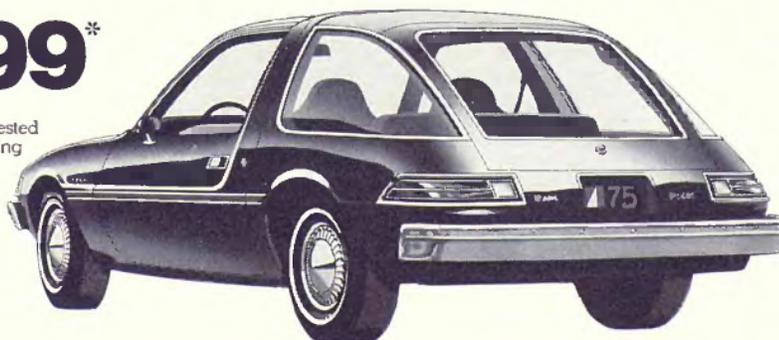
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changes. The one good thing I'd say about the old Hollywood, however autocratic and restrictive it may have been, is that you really got opinions from people who weren't afraid to give them and you always knew where you stood.

PLAYBOY: You mean from men such as Harry Cohn and Louis B. Mayer, the men who used to run the studios?

COPPOLA: Yes, and Darryl Zanuck and David Selznick and all the others. People weren't afraid to back up their opinions. Today everything is very confused and people kind of float around amorphously. Nobody backs up his hunches. There are a handful of directors today who have total authority and deserve it. And then there are a lot of other directors who really ought to be working with strong producers and strong writers, but they all think they're Stanley Kubrick. The *auteur* theory is fine, but to exercise it you have to qualify, and the only way you can qualify is by having *earned* the right to have control, by having turned out a series of really incredibly good films. Some men have it and some men don't. I don't feel that one or two hits or one or two beautiful films entitle anyone to that much control. A lot of very promising directors have been destroyed by it. It's a big dilemma, of course, because, unfortunately, the authority these days is almost always shared with people who have no business being producers and studio executives. With one or two exceptions, there's no one running the studios who's qualified, either, so you have a vacuum, and the director has to fill it.

PLAYBOY: Then Hollywood today isn't as good a place to make movies as it was when it was dominated by the big studios?

COPPOLA: There are maybe 10,000 of the finest actors in the world living in Hollywood, and there are fine writers and all kinds of talented people, but it's a sad, pent-up place. The actors are frustrated; they don't feel they have anyplace to work. When good actors say work, they mean work that uses the best of their talent, that uses them fully and creatively. And the truth of the matter is that there is nowhere to work that way these days. So they become petulant, they become depressed and they hate themselves for it. I feel that the film business today, with its tremendous potential to make profits, with a huge new audience of people all over the world who love to go to the movies, should be providing not only a product, something it can sell, but a hospitable place for creative people to work. Now, at a time when we stand on the eve of incredible profits, to think that no money, no percentage of any money is being used to provide a really stimulating place for actors and writers and directors to work, that all the energy is going into nothing but deal making, well, that's incredible to me. L.A. ought to be the acting and theater and film

capital of the world, but nothing is happening.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you can make something happen with your own company?

COPPOLA: What I'm talking about can't be accomplished by a little company like mine. It would take a major company to really grab this thing by the tail.

PLAYBOY: There are rumors that you actually *were* offered control of a major studio.

COPPOLA: Really? Where'd you hear that?

PLAYBOY: From several people. Is it true?

COPPOLA: Let's say that I was approached by certain people and there were discussions, but that's all. Look, I must be honest with you. I've just finished a film and I'm \$6. I have a good future in front of me and I'm trying to figure out what's the most exciting, positive way to go on working in films, and taking over a studio might have been a way. But as I see things now, that would take so much energy that I'm not sure it'd be worth it. I mean, if I were running a studio, it might take me 100 B.T.U.s worth of energy to bend something a quarter inch; if I stay independent and use my own resources, those 100 B.T.U.s could bend something a foot. I think events can make the decision for you, though. If someone were to come up to me and offer me the most incredible film company in history and say, "Do what you want, we're behind you," then I'd interpret that as a cosmic indication that I should do it.

But look: The average executive of a movie studio may make \$150,000 a year, and have a corresponding power over his company. As a film artist, I make much, much more than that and, consequently, have that much more power over my company. I've already made a million dollars for directing a film. So what do I do—ask for a million and a half? Perhaps the wisest thing to do is to use all my energies to make a film that grosses some stupendous amount, then go out and buy a major company and change it from the top. But I don't know. As soon as you become that big, you get absorbed.

PLAYBOY: You mean absorbed into a corporate structure?

COPPOLA: Yes, and not just in the movie business. Traditionally, our greatest heroes have been creators and inventors. A hundred years ago, what we paraded before the world was something called Yankee ingenuity. Every one of our great cartels and corporations was started by—that is, the original impulse came from—an Andrew Carnegie or a Thomas Edison or a Henry Ford, guys who used their inventive genius to create something better. And we made the best products in the world! And what those men created evolved into cartels, with their rules of property and profit. By the Forties, after the United States had

demonstrated that the ultimate result of this ingenuity was our emergence as the most powerful nation in the world, we were being run by huge, entrenched institutions completely hostile to that kind of inventiveness. By 1941, Henry Ford couldn't have built his cheap car. We might have *had* a Henry Ford in the Forties. His name was Preston Tucker.

Tucker designed a car that could be built for a fraction of the kind of money the major companies were spending on their new models. It was a safe car, a revolutionary car in terms of engineering, and it was a beautiful car. In every way, it was a much better machine than the stuff the major companies were offering, the companies created by Ford and the others. But Tucker was called a fraud and he was destroyed. If he were alive today, he'd be hired by one of the major car companies and his inventions would be shelved or filtered out to the public as the company deemed economically prudent. Not to benefit the public but the company, and only the company. I'm going to make a film of Tucker's story someday.

PLAYBOY: Many of the opinions you've expressed to us, including this one, reflect the antiestablishment views of the radical movement. Are you politically active?

COPPOLA: No. Politically, no one knows what I am, including me. I have a lot of very articulate, superradical friends who criticize me for living in a big, expensive house; they apparently believe the world would be a better place if I moved into a shack. I notice, though, that, like me, they send their children to private schools. You see, I believe *everybody* should live in a nice house. I also believe in public education; until last year, I had my own kids in public schools, but I decided I wasn't going to sacrifice my children to an egalitarian ideal. The public schools in this city and all over the country are bad. I refuse to make my children guinea pigs to some social ideal, so I'm not going to send them to our crappy schools anymore. The whole school system has to be changed in this country. Just believing in certain things or giving your own money away isn't going to change anything.

PLAYBOY: What have you done yourself to help bring about change?

COPPOLA: In a self-sacrificing, personal way, probably nothing. Look, if someone announced next year that everyone should put all of his money in escrow and that we'd elect a board of men and women guided by the highest humanistic principles to administer the money to build homes and parks and educational centers for everyone, I'd do it in a minute. A lot of people would. But if half of the people in the world gave up their money and half didn't, the givers would be exploited by the keepers. Wealth is the only protection in a society that works

(continued on page 181)

"Cigar smokers have a lot of style. I say it's time somebody got it all together for them." *John Weitz*

I'm John Weitz, the men's fashion designer. I'm a cigar smoker.

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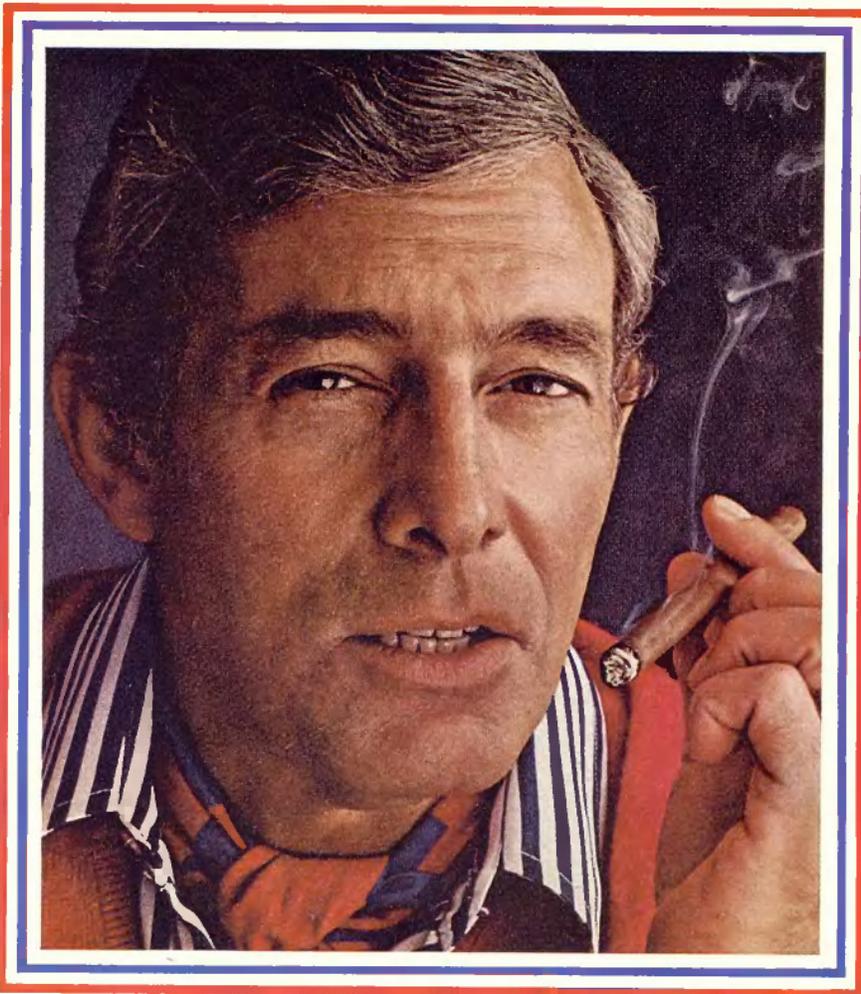
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JOHNNY GUTS

*the boss thought he had mastered all the hustles,
but the skinny kid had a few surprises of his own*

fiction

By **GERALD GREEN**

MAFALDA, owner of the R & M Service Station, was showing Johnny Guts how to find the leak in a radiator when the police car pulled up. The green-and-white Ford did not stop at the pumps but parked with its motor running at the edge of Mafalda's corner property.

One of the cops was summoning Curtis Jefferson with a wagging pink finger. Jefferson, pumping gas into Fifty Cents, Frank's 1975

Eldorado, jammed the nozzle into the hole and walked loose-limbed toward the prowler car. "They new," he said to Fifty Cents Frank.

Frank, the local policy banker and loan shark, did not look at the police. They were from out of the precinct, not on his payroll, and of no concern to him.

From the repair bay, Mafalda and Johnny Guts could see Jefferson talking to the police. Jefferson nodded his

ebony head, grinned like a clown, walked back to the garage.

"What they want?" Mafalda asked.

"They wants you, Mr. Mafalda. They say you on the Christmas list."

Mafalda's lumpy, stained face looked like a rotten potato—ridged, marked with black blotches, the skin a dirty gray brown. He was struggling to remove the radiator from a 1973 Riviera

that had boiled over. Snot dribbled from Mafalda's squashed nose. Johnny Guts had heard that Mafalda had been a welterweight who quit before his brains had gotten mashed. His wife's money (her father had made a fortune collecting waste oil from filling stations) had set him up.

"Kid, you go tell 'em I'm sick."

"But they'll see you're working, Mr. Mafalda," Johnny Guts said.

"Fuck do I care? You got a mouth-piece. I heard you and Jefferson talking all that movies-and-television shit. Go on."

"But I only been on the job three days."

"You be out on yer ass you don't go out. Tell 'em I gave Easter, for the captain's birthday party and Saint Patrick's fucking Day. I fill the captain's Chevy free. I service all the sergeants' cars. I'm through payin'. Tell 'em."

Johnny Guts followed Jefferson into the icy gray air. On the four-lane street, trucks and cars sped by. It was a busy intersection.

Fifty Cents Frank was leaning on his horn. "Fucksamatter you guys? What's happenin'?"

"Scuse it, boss, heah ah comes," Jefferson said. He winked at Johnny. "Make like you stupid."

Lean, round-shouldered, hands deep in his blue coveralls, his blond, bony head low, Johnny Guts approached the police car.

There were two sergeants inside. The cop at the window, who had wiggled his finger, had a clipboard with a long yellow pad on his lap.

"We want Mafalda," he said.

"He don't feel good. He ast me to ast you what you want."

The sergeants smiled at each other—flat, hard widenings of their mouths. They did not smile the way ordinary people did.

Fifty Cents Frank tipped Curtis Jefferson a dollar and blasted off the service island.

"Tell Mafalda he's on the Christmas list for forty bucks," the cop with the clipboard said.

"He says it's too early for Christmas," Johnny Guts said. "Bein' it's still November. And he also said he give already for Easter, the captain's birthday and fucking Saint Patrick's Day—"

A huge red hand left the clipboard and grabbed the boy's collar. The cop dragged Johnny to the window. Johnny's eyes were covered with an unterrified gray film. He read the listings on the clipboard. *Wallach's Dry Cleaner: \$25. Vitali's Bar & Grill: \$50. Kahn's Hardware: \$20.* The list ran to the bottom of the yellow sheet.

"Who are you, asshole?"

"John P. Guzzo, sir. I come to work three days ago. I don't know nothin', officer." He smiled. "They call me

Johnny Guts. From when I went to Mary Our Mother."

"Loogan, you hear that?" The cop pulled the boy's face close.

"I hear it, Healey, but I don't believe it."

"Johnny Guts, huh?"

"From when I played free safety for Mary Our Mother. My coach was Beans Gagliardi. The famous NYU star."

"Listen, Guzzo," Officer Healey said. "You aren't no safety man, no Johnny Guts, no graduate of Mary Our Mother. Know what you are?"

"I'm a gas-pump jockey for Ralph Mafalda, sir."

"You ain't even that. You're a scumbag."

"Yes, sir."

The sergeant at the wheel leaned across the seat. "He ain't even that, Healey. He's a little scumbag. Mafalda is the big scumbag."

"You understand that, Guzzo?" He was twisting Johnny's collar.

"I certny do, officer."

"Now," Healey said, shifting the clipboard, "you tell big scumbag Mafalda that he's on the Christmas list for forty bucks and we want it in three days."

"He'll understand," Loogan said gently.

"Be a good kid, John. Smarten up."

"It ain't me, sir," Johnny Guts said. "If it was up to me, I'd certny want to contribute. But, like you said, officer, I'm just a gas jockey. I'll tell Mr. Mafalda."

Sergeant Healey shoved him away. "You're fuckin' A you will. We'll break his chops if he don't contribute."

"Yes, sir."

The patrol car blasted away.

Curtis Jefferson spoke to Johnny Guts. "They got this sergeants' club, see? They send pigs from another precinck, so's to confuse the issue. Boss better cough up."

Johnny reported the conversation to Mafalda, who was soldering a pin-point hole in the radiator.

"They were sore, Mr. Mafalda."

"They don't scare me. I'm a friend of State Senator Mermelstein. I'm secin' him tonight."

"Maybe you should just give them the forty bucks. They said they'd break your chops if you don't."

"Mind your business, kid." Mafalda tested the hole to see that it was sealed. The woman owning the Riviera was sitting in a diner around the corner, waiting for the repairs. Returning from the airport, her radiator had boiled over. Mafalda had towed the car in, showed her the hole ("Pissin' hot water, lady") and had promised to repair it in a half hour for \$15.

"I know how to put it back in," Johnny Guts said. "Two clamps and two bolts."

"Put it back in?" Mafalda asked. "It ain't ready. Get the black spray can."

He gave Mafalda the can. In seconds,

the radiator was a shiny slick black. "Like brand-new," Mafalda said. "Now put it back in, then get the broad. Always spray first."

Johnny Guts found the woman smoking and sipping a third cup of coffee. He escorted her the half block to the R & M Service Station. Mafalda gave her a bill for \$85.42.

"So much?" she cried. She was stout. Jewish and frightened. She wore a fancy checked coat with a fur collar.

"We hadda buy a rebuilt radiator and replace the old one," Mafalda said.

"You told me it was just a small hole and it would cost fifteen dollars." Her voice shivered. "All you had to do was solder it, to stop the leak."

"Lady, it was rotten allaway through. Yer lucky I was able to find a rebuilt radiator for a Riviera. Johnny, show her."

Johnny Guzzo opened the hood. The newly sprayed black radiator gleamed amid the dusty oil-stained engine.

"She won't leak again," Mafalda said.

"Why didn't you call me? I was just around the corner, having coffee."

"You wuz?" Mafalda asked. "I didn't know. You shoulda told us."

"But I told *him*." She pointed at Johnny Guts. "Didn't I, young man?"

Mafalda's eyes vanished into the lumps of his face. "She tole you?"

Outside, Curtis Jefferson was giggling and shaking his head. Johnny Guts, *sheeit*. Little honkie would learn.

"Lady, you never told me where you went," Johnny Guts said. "We woulda ast you if it was OK."

"Young man, that is not very nice," she said. "That is untrue." She was shaking. Her fat behind was trembling inside the expensive coat and the fancy suit. She was over 50, Johnny Guts thought. He was sorry for her, but he had to impress Mafalda.

"Lady, go ask anyone what a rebuilt radiator for a Riviera costs," Mafalda said. "You're lucky, believe me. You got credit cards?"

The lady's gloved hand went into her bag. "Just a minute," she said. "If that's a new radiator, where is my old one?"

"They took it in trade," Johnny Guts said. "That's how it works, lady."

Mafalda squinted at him: *Learning fast*. "That's right, lady." He reached into his greasy overalls and brought out a fake bill of sale. "Here's the proof. I paid fifty-seven dollars, tax included, from Apex Spare Parts. I had to send the kid special for it. The rest is for labor and taxes and hardware. You got off easy."

Frightened, the woman gave Mafalda her Master Charge card. Johnny Guts slammed the hood on the black radiator.

. . .

Later in the afternoon, when they were pumping gas, Curtis Jefferson grinned across the hoses at Johnny Guts. "Where

(continued on page 80)



SOKOL

"As you can see, ma'am, I died with more than just my boots on."

**HERE'S WHY THE LADY IS A
SUPER SURFER!**



CHAMP

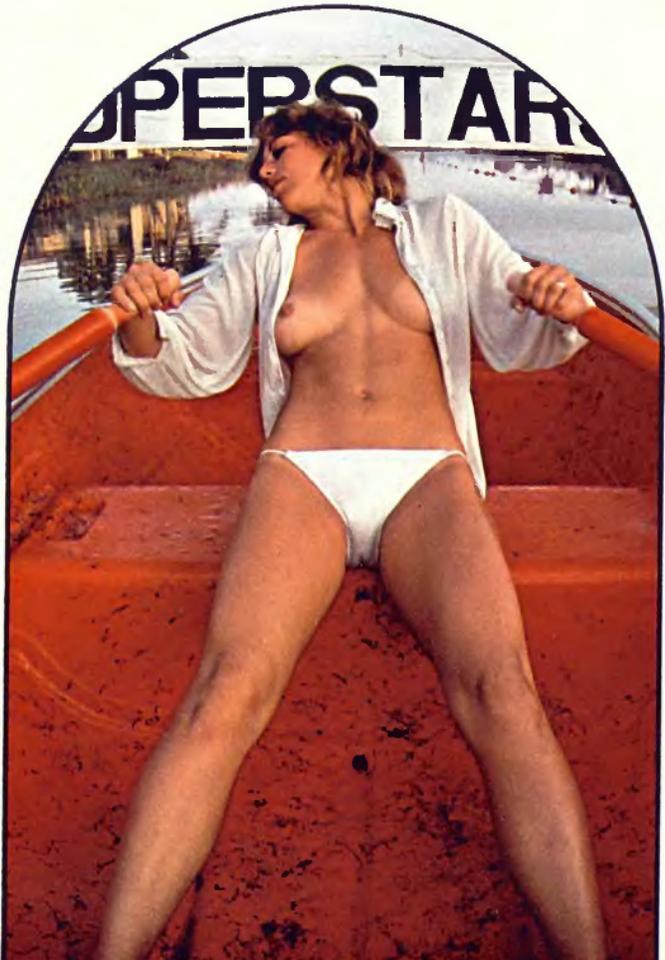
YOU MAY have seen Laura Blears Ching on TV several months ago, when they held the finals of the women's Superstars competition at Rotonda, Florida, in a sports complex built especially for the event. Laura, a 24-year-old Hawaiian whose specialty is surfing—she happens to be, unofficially, the world's number-one professional lady surfer, partly because she's the first and (at this writing) the only one—finished fifth in a field of 23, picking up \$2400 in prize money. In the semi-finals, held a few weeks earlier in Texas, she'd already won \$2600—and, according to *Sports Illustrated*, dazzled the assembled multitudes with her "soulfulness," her "John Lennon vocabulary" and her "alluring figure." Laura, who liked everything about
(text continued on page 78)







Whenever someone holds another big surfing contest, you can bet Laura will be in it—"It's my way of life, and I love it"—but she's not convinced that sports need to be so competitive: "We're always trying to find out who's best, but in a way, everyone is a superstar."





the Superstars except flying back and forth ("Being on a plane is a real drag, man—it makes you want to just nod out; but you can't"), expects to compete again next year—and to do even better.

For one thing, she picked up a little track savvy in this year's bicycle race, in which she pedaled strongly but goofed—out of inexperience—when she pulled out from the pack too close to a curve.

And next year she plans to put a little more effort into her training—which this year consisted largely of jogging every day and playing ball with her husband in Waianae Park. It was last summer—on the Fourth of July, in fact—that Laura and Bon Ching, who'd been her friend since school days and with whom she'd already been living for three years, got married. The wedding was held on a mountaintop, with music by Gabby Pahinui, who, like Laura, is number one in his field—Hawaiian slack-key music, so called because it's played on a fretless guitar.

In the postceremonial conviviality—everybody was drinking straight Scotch—Gabby gave his guitar, which he'd used in making several albums, to Laura and Bon for a wedding present. "It's an old gee-tar, but it has a lot of feeling," she says. So they've been making lots of music together in their house in the country, on the western side of Oahu Makaha. Laura admits that Bon, who is also learning "regular" guitar and whose brother plays the drums professionally, is the better musician: "I'm always bugging him with stuff like 'Hey, man, how'd you do that?' when he's really trying to get into it—but I can play *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star* in slack key." They're both freaks for rock and soul music, and they take in the Diamond Head Crater festival at the start of each year. They used to go simply because it was a gas: "They'd have all kinds of people (concluded on page 174)

Being an athlete, Laura maintains, doesn't make her a freak: "People keep apologizing to me for their lack of athletic ability. Well, I don't look at a guy and say to myself, 'I wonder about his athletic ability!'"



JOHNNY GUTS

(continued from page 72)

you get that free-safety shit? I been watching high school football games a long time, I never seen you on Mary Our Mother, man."

Johnny shrugged. "So what? I tell the cops crap like that all the time. They think yer an all-American boy."

"Look out Mafalda don't get on yo' ass. You too fast with that lady with the radiator."

"Too fast?"

"He like to work his own con. He got angles you never dream of. Let him work it and do what he say."

Toward evening, there was a call for the tow truck. Mafalda sent Johnny Guts out with it. The tow truck was ancient and in need of brakes, a muffler and directionals. Mafalda's license to tow had expired four months ago. Johnny found the stranded car—a '73 Olds with a cursing doctor behind the wheel—off the main highway, about a mile away. As he was attaching the hook to the front bumper, a police car pulled alongside. The cops were different from the sergeants who had come for the Christmas gift.

"You from R & M?"

"Yes, officer."

"Let's see your towing license."

Johnny Guts rummaged through the glove compartment, looked under the seats, smiled stupidly. "I'm just onna job two days. It must be back at the station."

"You're in violation."

"I don't know nothing, officer. Mr. Mafalda—"

"Mr. Mafalda, yer ass. You're getting a violation." He began to write on a pad. "Tell him if he keeps towing, he'll be subject to a two-thousand-dollar fine and a jail sentence. Unhook the car. You ain't licensed."

The doctor was pacing angrily. "Can't we do this later? My car won't go into gear and I'm late for a consultation. Can't we let this man tow me, then you can handle it?"

"Hold your water, doc. Scumbag, I said stop hooking him up."

Johnny Guts was attaching the hook to the bumper, maneuvering the nose of the Olds against the old tire. The doctor was handing something to the policemen.

"Just this once," the policeman warned Johnny Guts. "Because the doctor needs his car. Tell Mafalda this is the last job for that shit wagon."

Johnny Guts reported to Mafalda, who phoned State Senator Sid Mermelstein's office. The senator was out. In the repair bay, Mafalda got under the doctor's Oldsmobile. He saw immediately that the linkage rod to the transmission was bent and was preventing the car from going into second or third. A rock must have jumped off the roadbed and twisted the metal rod. He edged out of the pit, wiping his hands on a gas rag.

"Well?" the doctor asked. He was tall and old and looked tired.

"Looks bad, doc. The second and third gears is busted. The teeth are off the sprockets. You musta hit something big, like a big rock."

"What does that mean? How soon can I get the car fixed?"

Mafalda shook his head. "You take it to them transmission places, they'll rob ya blind."

"What has to be done?"

"Gotta rebuild the transmission. Take off the plates, put in new gears. It's a two-day job, at least. I got to put one man on it full time."

"What will it cost?"

Mafalda spread his stained hands. "Hunnert and ninety-five dollars. That's parts, labor, taxes and a three-month gorontee."

The doctor, who had no idea what was inside a transmission or what it did, hesitated. "That's a lot of money."

"Cost ya a lot more at a transmission place," Johnny Guts volunteered. "They sell an old rebuilt job and make believe it was new. Mr. Mafalda installs brand-new parts."

"When can I have it?"

"I'll put the kid on it right away. Tomorrow, four o'clock?"

"All right, all right."

When the doctor had left in search of a taxi, they raised the Oldsmobile on the grease rack. It took Mafalda 20 minutes to straighten out the rod so that the transmission would slide easily into all gears. Then he called Johnny Guts. "You see that transmission?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wipe it off with a gas rag so it looks new. Then—"

"Spray it with black paint."

Mafalda's lips curled. His teeth were browner than his mottled face. "No, wise guy. Silver paint. Black is for radiators. Silver is for transmissions. Then park it in the lot with the used cars."

When the physician returned the following day, he was delighted with his silvery "rebuilt" transmission and the ease with which the Olds shifted. He paid the \$195 with a check and made a note to buy gas from the helpful people at R & M whenever he was in the neighborhood.

The "used cars" Mafalda referred to were not his to sell. He had no license to deal in used cars. But he had a reputation as a used-car "fixer." This meant he could remedy a rattle or hum or knock or defect in a car, so that a private owner, giving no guarantees, could sell it. Mafalda collected ten percent of the sale price, plus whatever the "fixing" cost him.

"Don't he ever get caught?" Johnny Guts asked Jefferson.

"Ain't nobody catch Mafalda. He too

fuckin' smart. You watch how he work on that Dodge with the knock in the motor. Besides, it ain't *him* sellin' a bum car with a bad motor. It some other dude who payin' him to take the noise out."

Johnny Guts walked into the used-car parking lot at the side of the station. Mafalda had the hood of a '69 Dart open. He was shoving bananas into the oil hole in the cylinder head.

"Bananas, Mr. Mafalda?"

"Not so loud, kid. Bananas is for an engine rattle." His lumpy fingers daintily peeled another banana and shoved the meat into the motor.

"I don't get it."

"It takes the rattle out for a week. It muffles the noise, see? Guy sells it with a quiet motor. A week later, it's noisy again. Screw the guy who buys it."

Johnny nodded. He was astounded at Mafalda's knowledge.

"Heavy grease is OK, too," Mafalda said. "But bananas was on sale at the A&P. I ever send you for bananas, you buy the cheapest and the rottenest. Unnerstan?" He shoved a sixth banana into the motor, then told Johnny Guts to race the engine. It sounded perfect.

Mafalda taught him how to eliminate the annoying hum and shimmy in the rear end of certain models by stuffing sawdust into the gears. Mafalda showed him how to remove a bolt from the rear end, then tamp sawdust in with a tire iron. When the sawdust thickened around the gears, the hum stopped for three or four days. Meanwhile, Mafalda's client could sell the car to an unsuspecting buyer. With no guarantees, he would be stuck with a vibrating rear end as soon as the sawdust worked its way out.

"Mr. Mafalda is a genius," Johnny Guts said to Curtis Jefferson.

"He no genius. He a crook."

On the four-lane street, two cars were waiting to make a left turn over the white line and drive into the station. When the light at the corner flared red the cars turned left over the line.

"Busy day," Johnny Guts said. He walked to the first car. Jefferson walked to the second. Mafalda and his moronic cousin, Strunz Rizzo, were in back of the lot, wrecking an old Ford, which they would abandon without identification and for which they would then collect in surance.

"Fill 'er?" Johnny Guts asked.

Before the customer could answer, a police motorcycle blasted into the station. The helmeted cop dismounted and began to talk to the motorist. "That was a violation. You crossed the white line."

The man was flustered. "Officer, I make that turn twice a week to buy gas here on my way back from the airport."

The cop did not answer. He was writing a ticket. The other driver started his engine. The motorcycle cop shouted at

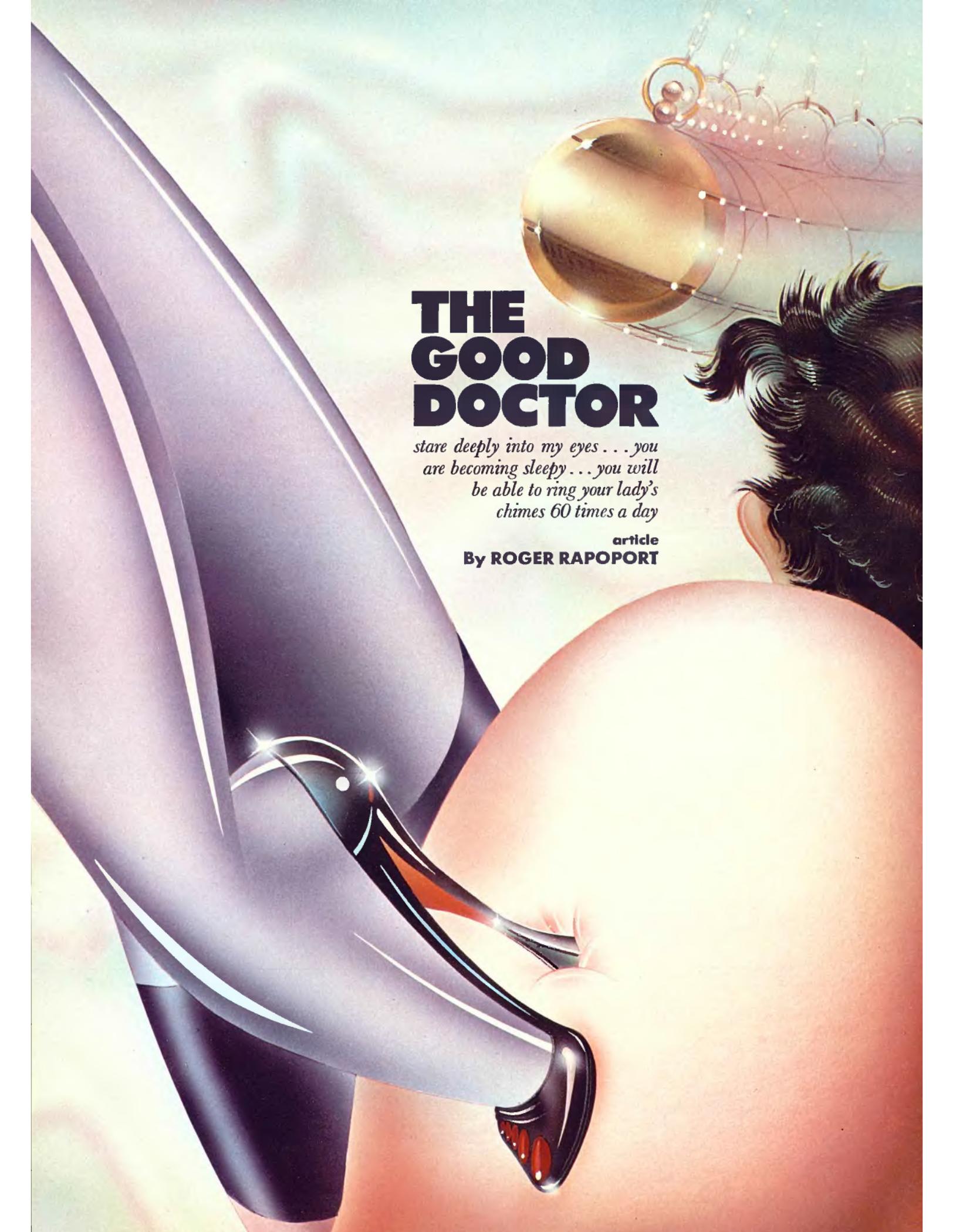
(continued on page 166)

parody By SOL WEINSTEIN and HOWARD ALBRECHT "A MOTORCAR ENGINE that runs on mother's milk? Intriguing concept, eh, Datson?" Mr. Sherlock Jones's ebon orbs twinkled my way; he tugged at the luxuriant steel-wool "do" under his deerstalker cap with a spatulalike Afro comb and touched a match to the bowl of his calabash, sending clouds of his favorite tobacco—Julian Bond Street—scudding with aromatic militance across our sitting room. The pipe had been a gift from the Newport Jazz Festival for proving that the untypical white blotches on the faces of the Count Basie aggregation were not, as first feared, (continued on page 90)

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK JONES

*in one of his most baffling cases to date,
our legendary ebon sleuth attempts to
unravel the mystery of the stolen trade
secrets—which means there's a
whole lotta heavy shit goin' down*

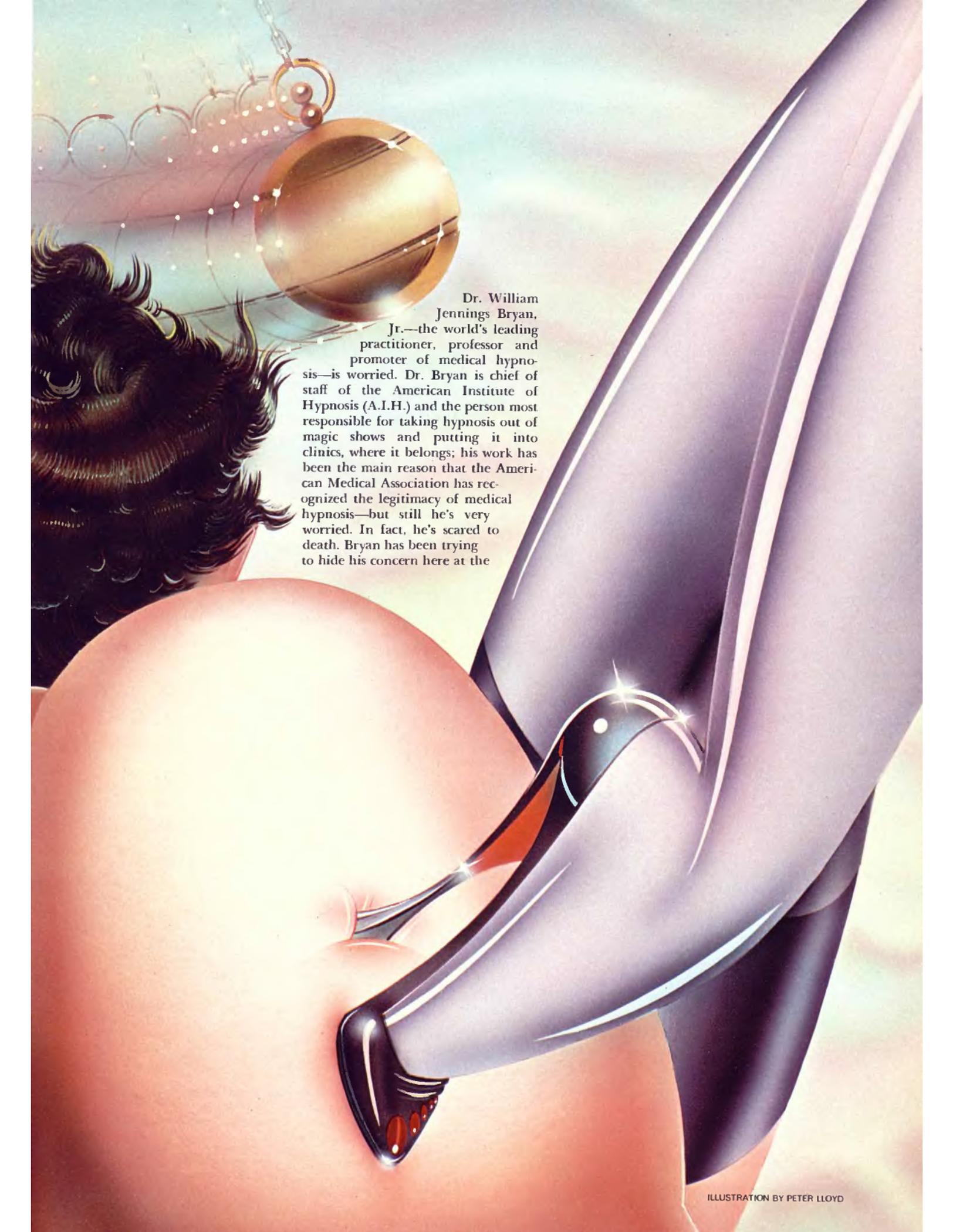




THE GOOD DOCTOR

*stare deeply into my eyes . . . you
are becoming sleepy . . . you will
be able to ring your lady's
chimes 60 times a day*

article
By **ROGER RAPOPORT**



Dr. William Jennings Bryan, Jr.—the world's leading practitioner, professor and promoter of medical hypnosis—is worried. Dr. Bryan is chief of staff of the American Institute of Hypnosis (A.I.H.) and the person most responsible for taking hypnosis out of magic shows and putting it into clinics, where it belongs; his work has been the main reason that the American Medical Association has recognized the legitimacy of medical hypnosis—but still he's very worried. In fact, he's scared to death. Bryan has been trying to hide his concern here at the

Banff Springs Hotel high in the Canadian Rockies as he gives A.I.H. post-graduate course number 506—Successful Treatment of Sexual Disorders—to an attentive class composed of 60 physicians, their spouses, nurses and associates. All morning long, he has been guiding them through case studies of doctors who can't keep it up for their 200 girlfriends, of frigid social workers and of housewives who vomit after climaxing. But as he helps the doctors understand the psychological origins of these sexual disorders, Bryan finds that he can no longer keep his own problem secret: "Sam," he yells to his executive assistant at the back of the conference room, "where's Brenda?"

Sam, a striking woman in her mid-30s who was crowned Miss Nude America in 1971, yells back that Brenda is still upstairs in Bryan's room. The physician, who at 49 has analyzed over 20,000 patients ("more than Adler, Freud, Jung and Mesmer combined"), calls a brief "bladder break" and runs upstairs to find Brenda, the 28-year-old who has recently become the center of his life. Bryan has made no secret about the fact that Brenda is the woman he has been searching for all his life. Although, at this writing, the distinguished medical hypnotist's divorce from his wife of 23 years is still in the preliminary stages, he openly tells the class of his determination to marry Brenda.

Bryan, who says he has averaged five orgasms a day since turning 21, has not made his decision about Brenda lightly. All told, he has slept with 11,999 women. "I would have hit 12,000 if it weren't for Brenda," says the good doctor. "But now I don't want anyone else."

"To see what I love about Brenda, you'd have to go to bed with her," Bryan told one of his students earlier in the day. In one of his first number 506 lectures, on sex potential, the father of medical hypnosis pointed out: "My gal Brenda can hit 60 times a day." She achieves this through application of multiple-orgasm techniques pioneered by Bryan himself. The medical hypnotist, who, on special occasions, is able to come as many as 15 times a day, explained that the mathematics behind Brenda's monumental achievement are simple. Since "she can come four times to my one every time," there is no problem getting her up to 60.

This revelation caused quite a stir in the class. In the back of the room, one of his associates quietly put the whole matter into perspective: "That's a lot, but remember, he's been conditioning her. Brenda's been great for Bill. He's finally found a woman who can satisfy his sex potential."

After class, Brenda confirmed her mentor's claim: "Since I met Bill, my sex potential has gone from seven to 60 orgasms a day."

Although there appears to be little

doubt about their compatibility, both Brenda and Bryan know their future is not going to be easy. The physician's responsibilities include treating hundreds of patients at his Sunset Strip headquarters, giving roughly 30 three-to-five-day hypnosis courses every year to doctors, dentists, therapists, attorneys, nurses, theologians, et al., training A.I.H. fellows and residents, helping lawyers such as F. Lee Bailey pick juries, writing books, editing the A.I.H. journal and otherwise tending to the needs of the world's sole hypnosis conglomerate.

Bryan, a devout man who serves as a deacon in the Old Roman Catholic Church (a sect originating among Roman Catholic opponents of the Vatican council's doctrine of papal infallibility), made the decision to leave his wife for Brenda only after God gave him His personal OK. Because the medical hypnotist enjoys what amounts to a hotline to the Lord, Bryan and Brenda have already been able to start anticipating some of the highs and lows of their life together. Just the night before, at dinner, Brenda paused between sips of her daiquiri to tell one of the number-506 students a bit of information that the Lord had recently passed down to Bryan: "God said we'll have five children. The fourth will be a boy and he will drown, maybe in a pool in the back yard."

Minutes after leaving the conference room, Bryan is back, paging for injectable Compazine: "We both woke up nauseated as hell this morning. It must have been something in those daiquiris we had last night. I kept wondering why they were yellow instead of green. At least I can eat, whether I'm nauseated or not, but poor Brenda is really sick. I'm going to have to give her a shot." After injecting Brenda with Compazine, he returns to call the class back to order.

Through courses such as the one being given in Banff, Bryan has taught over 20,000 physicians how to use hypnosis to uncover the real sources of patients' problems and then provide appropriate therapy. He has also showed them how to diagnose such common afflictions as "The Walking Zombie Syndrome (W.Z.S.)," "The Ponce De León Syndrome (P.D.S.)," and "The Snapping Pussy Syndrome (S.P.S.)."

The hypnotist relies heavily on case histories taken from his own Los Angeles-based practice. There, patients pay \$100 an hour for his help on a wide range of emotional, medical and psychosomatic problems. After inducing them into a deep hypnotic sleep, Bryan proceeds to uncover the subconscious factors that contribute to their problems. Then he offers positive suggestions aimed at helping impotent pharmacists, homosexuals, alcoholics, child molesters, asthmatics, chain smokers, kleptomaniacs, the obese and other kinds of patients solve their problems.

The "Bryan method" involves a wide variety of imaginative techniques. The hypnotist does not coddle his patients and frequently insists that they change their ways immediately. For example, heroin addicts who come to Bryan are subjected to some of the same brainwashing techniques the physician learned when he ran an Air Force brainwashing program years ago. They are indoctrinated six hours a day, while a private policeman baby-sits with them for the other 18.

Unlike conventional therapists, Bryan often uses the most direct approach possible to help his patients. Instead of tying them up with years of expensive therapy, he will often take short cuts to a cure. For example, under hypnosis, one woman patient in her 60s explained that she had found it nearly impossible to have an orgasm since the death of her lover, a conductor with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad. She indicated that the only way she could come was to climb on top of an Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad car and let her hands and legs go limp. Bryan solved the problem by getting a friend to install Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe wallpaper and a ladder in her bathroom. Then, simply by climbing the ladder and pretending she was on a railroad car, the woman came every time.

While Bryan is treating one patient, a prerecorded library of 250 cassette tapes enables him to simultaneously treat patients in four other rooms. After initial sessions, a patient can simply walk into a treatment room, put on a pair of earphones and listen to a tape that induces him into a deep hypnotic sleep. Then a technician puts on the Bryan tape appropriate to the patient's particular case. That way, therapy can continue while the doctor is out of town.

Through his broad clinical experience, Bryan has found that some afflictions—such as S.P.S., a common cause of male impotence—are relatively easy to diagnose through age regression. Simply by hypnotizing the patient and taking him back into his childhood, he can learn where he picked up the subconscious belief that the vagina has teeth capable of chopping off his penis. But sometimes medical hypnotists must age-regress patients back before birth into a previous incarnation to get to the root of their problems. Bryan wrote about one such case in a May 1974 article published in his A.I.H. journal.

The subject of the report was an impotent 33-year-old man attached to General Custer's forces at the Battle of the Little Big Horn in his last life. Too cowardly to fight, he hid from the Indians and became the sole white survivor of the battle. Ashamed of his cowardice, he developed a guilt complex that made him impotent. He died in 1888, of a gunshot wound. After being reborn in 1934, the impotence caused by cowardice

(continued on page 160)



"Going under for the third time, my whole sexual life flashed before my eyes."



suits to keep summer from turning into a sticky wicket

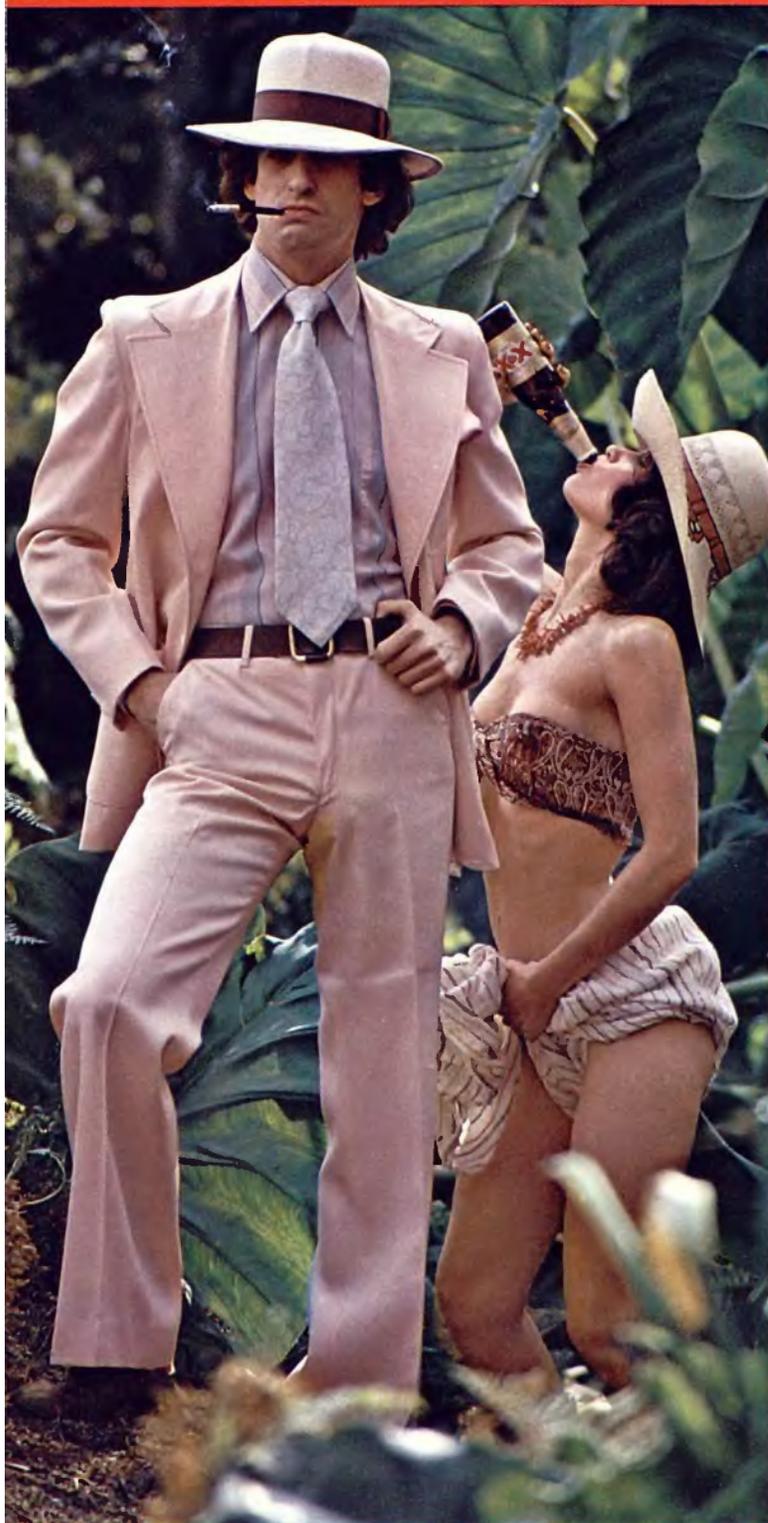
allure **By ROBERT L. GREEN** ASK ANY VETERAN ENTERTAINER, and he'll tell you: The point of a successful show is to do whatever makes the audience go crazy, while somehow holding onto your cool. And the same is true of that sociological branch of showbiz known as the mating game. Herewith, a variety of guys and dolls all heavily involved in that great midsummer pastime, beating the heat. The ladies,

WILT
NOT!



Left: She's having a tropical heat wave, but he couldn't care less, dressed in a polyester/cotton brushed poplin gabardine three-piece suit, by Stanley Blacker, \$140, a polished cotton shirt, by Cit di Milano for Barney Sampson, about \$45, and a chambray tie, by Kings Lynn, \$6.50. Above: More cooling trends prevail; left is a polyester/cotton two-button number by Arthur Richards, \$135, worn with a medium-spread-collared shirt, by Hathaway, \$16, and a silk print tie, from Carre by Berkley, \$11. Right: A polyester/nylon pin-stripe vested suit, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about \$200, a cotton pin-stripe shirt with contrasting collar, about \$30, and a polka-dot silk tie, about \$20, both by Polo.

it seems, are decidedly hot and bothered. (Women, as you know, are funny that way.) The gentlemen? Well, they're into something else, as these pictures obviously attest; specifically, some nifty-looking summer suits of various synthetic blends that never seem to lose their shape, no matter how high the temperature rises. All are worn with mighty good-looking shirts and ties, and some of the suits—would you believe?—are even three-piecers. What's a three-piecer doing out on a hot day like this? Why, keeping the up-to-date wearer calm, collected and very cool, of course.



Above left: The pause that refreshes—at least for him, thanks to his one-button gabardine suit, by PGs for Joymor Ruby, \$65, variable-striped crepe de Chine shirt, by Manhattan, \$15, and paisley print tie, by Bert Pulitzer, \$11. Above right: You're fan-tostic, she says, and he readily agrees, since he's wearing a polyester/wool two-button, \$145, and a cotton shirt, \$22.50, both by Pierre Cordin, plus a satin tie, by Don Loper, \$7.50. Opposite: She beats the heat with an electronic breeze, but he's into something better—a Dacron gabardine suit, by Christian Dior, about \$215, a cotton multicolor "eye" print shirt, by New Man, \$35, and a silk "woman's face" tie, from Corre by Berkley, \$11.



manifestations of some tropical disease but merely Kem-Tone inadvertently spilled into the trumpet section by a careless painter at Carnegie Hall and subsequently sprayed into the air during a wailing version of *Shiny Stockings*, the affair I like to call "The Adventure of the Speckled Band."

"Yes, Mr. Jones and Dr. Datson," said our eminent caller, Lord Tappet-Spanner, the automotive tycoon, who had always been the prime innovator in his industry. Whereas the other manufacturers gave the motorist such options as power brakes, power steering and power windows, Lord Tappet-Spanner went a step further and threw in a Powers model . . . with the usual warranty, 12 months or 12 affairs, whichever came first. "Imagine, a motor so unusual it does not require petrol but can go for days on just a few drops of the old booby juice."

"Indeed," Jones said, "such an invention would have enormous implications in the energy field." His interest acutely stoked by Lord Tappet-Spanner's mind-boggling revelation, my companion sprang up and played a water can upon the Colombian coca plant in the corner, which would soon yield enough ecstasy to keep Jones's gold spoon and splayed nostrils occupied for many days. The exotic flora also had been a gift, this from the Melbourne Music Appreciation Society for Jones's rescue of a globally famous pop singer in danger of being gnawed to death Down Under by a ten-foot rodent mutation, the affair I titled "The Giant Rat of Sinatra."

"Quite so, Mr. Jones," agreed the portly nobleman. "No fear of future Arab boycotts, no more domination by the oil cartel. . . ."

"With mother's milk fueling the old Morris Minor," joshed Jones, "it would be 'Adieu, Exxon, hello, Nippon' and," he sang lustily, "'You can trust your car to the one who wears the bra.'"

"Excellent wordplay, Jones," I interjected in sheer admiration, dropping the hibachi I was knitting to applaud his phrasemaking.

"Elementary, my dear Datson. Do go on, Lord Tappet-Spanner."

"This engine," our guest continued, "which we've designated as the MM-8, is on the verge of success, although there were many scoffers in my industry who said 'tut-tut.'"

"Given the peculiar nature of the power source, I would have said 'tit-tit' myself," Jones said, jumping in irrepressibly.

"Sparkling bon mot, Jones," I said.

"Elementary, my dear Datson."

"Gentlemen, my conglomerate is now in the process of constructing the first model of the MM-8 block. All the motorist need do is to get a quick fill-up at any convenient corner from a strategically placed lactating mother."

(continued from page 81)

"Oooowweeeee, yo' lactatin' mothuh, yo'!" And Jones's hitherto flawless Oxonian accent was routed by something more deeply embedded in his being, proving that you could take the man out of the South Side of Chicago but never the South Side of Chicago out of the man. As if to underscore this dictum, Jones reflexively felt for the razor stashed in his six-inch, klunky, Superfly shoe. "But now, Lord Tappet-Spanner"—Oxford was again dominant in his voice, having pushed ghetto to the back of the throat—"you have journeyed to Baker Street on this abysmal night because you are deeply disturbed."

"Yes," he said, "but how in the world . . . ?"

"Simple," Jones said, smiling, as he darted to the fireplace to baste a revolving rack of ribs with the prized Jane Pittman Soul Sauce. "There is a patch of bloodied toilet tissue on your neck, suggesting hurried, careless shaving; on your left foot, a bunny-rabbit bedroom slipper and on your right, a Head ski; and a coat hanger protruding from the back of your jacket, all of which clearly indicates to the trained observer the picture of a distraught individual."

"Amazing," breathed Lord Tappet-Spanner.

"Wearing your wife's panty hose over your trousers did not hinder my analytical flow, either," Jones noted.

"Brilliant deduction, Jones," I said.

"Elementary, my dear Datson."

"Why," asked our visitor, "do you keep saying elementary?"

Over those black eyes came the mist of reminiscence. "Because in Alabama, where I was born, they wouldn't let us attend the all-honkie high school. Hence, I only went as far as—"

"Elementary," I broke in maliciously.

"I'll do the funny shit, Fuji face," Jones said, snarling, as he went for me with stiffened hands. Luckily, I was prepared for his onslaught and ducked the flailing chops that whizzed over my inscrutable Japanese features. For the next minute, we worked off our aggressions with a medley of our all-time hits . . . karate, kung fu, judo and an occasional Harlem Murphy, the last the old knee in the nutshop that Jones had learned from an elderly maiden aunt with whom he had summered as a youth. Dear Aunt Winona had owned a ranch at 116th Street and Lenox Avenue where she rode herd over 2000 head of roaches. (Jones had oft regaled me with amusing anecdotes about roundup and branding time.)

Lord Tappet-Spanner's look of reproach halted our playful combat and brought us back to the matter at hand. "Yes, I am distraught. I have irrefutable evidence that major portions of the MM-8 plans have been stolen by systematic espionage and are already on the

assembly line of a foreign automotive concern whose name I cannot divulge, but"—and his tone turned conspiratorial—"the initials are G. M."

"General Motors," said Jones, without batting an eye.

The lord's jaw dropped. "You . . . you *knew*? That encyclopedic mind never ceases to amaze, sir. Now, if they mass-produce the MM-8 before we do, it can mean economic disaster for the Empire."

"No doubt you have instituted a security screen," said Jones, knocking the red-hot ash from his calabash into my palm to keep my interest at a high level.

"The tightest, sir. The area of top-secret research is completely sealed off from the rest of my factory. Only three men are working in that inner compound and they are not permitted to leave until they've been subjected to the most exhaustive scrutiny, which includes electronic scanning of clothing, internal and external body searches, etc."

"In that sealed-off compound, is there a capability for microfilming?"

"Yes. The three men use that special camera constantly to preserve records of their notes. I, of course, understand what you're driving at, Mr. Jones, but we precluded that threat at the onset by installing a brand-new X-ray apparatus through which the men must pass on their way out. This device totally fogs and destroys any film they might be concealing . . . whether developed or undeveloped."

"With the country's economic interests at stake surely this is a matter for the Yard or M.I. 5 or 6," Jones said casually, "and does not necessitate calling in a humble private detective, superior though I may be to any human on God's good earth."

"I dare not summon those agencies, Mr. Jones, because the three men in charge of that project are"—and his voice cracked—"my nephews. Each bears one of the most prestigious names in the kingdom and, ergo, the utmost discretion is required to prevent a scandal that would rock the peerage if one of them is the rotter. I implore you, sir, take the case."

"My lord, I sympathize with you in your plight, but at this very moment, my talents are needed for an even more pressing situation. One of England's most beloved and respected hookers is in danger of having her good name besmirched by the base charge that she has been seen in the company of a politician."

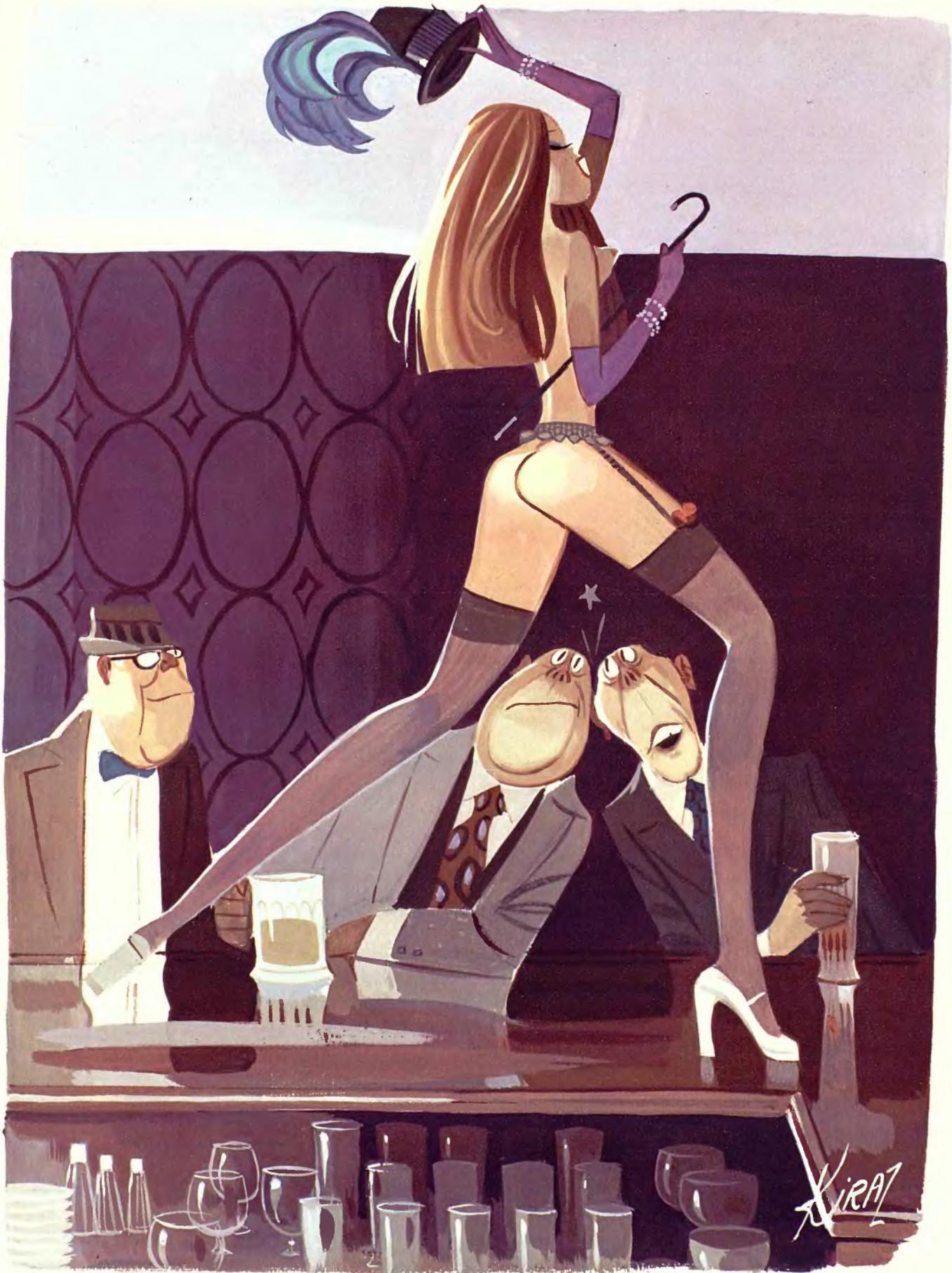
Lord Tappet-Spanner frowned: "Deplorable business, this blackmail."

"I prefer the term whitemail," Jones countered with some asperity. "Why should we take the rap for everything?"

"But you must help me, Mr. Jones, you must," and in a trice that mighty captain of industry was on his knees before my friend, blubbing like a child.

Mulling over the man's plea, Jones, as was his wont, took down from the wall the battered alto saxophone once owned

(continued on page 163)



"Oops! Sorry!"

*if you're about to
fly somewhere, read
this when you get back*

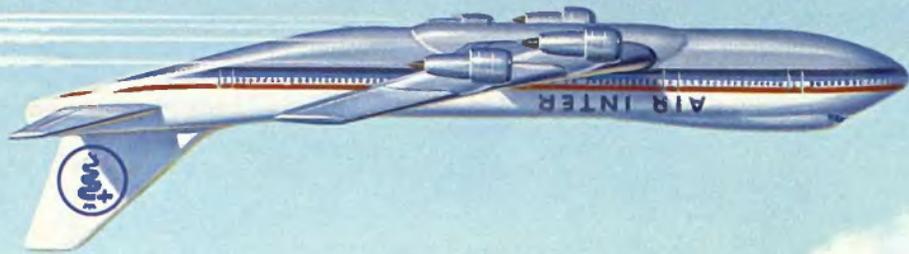
You Gotta Believe

article

By LAURENCE GONZALES

EVEL KNIEVEL is afraid to fly. So are 25,000,000 other Americans, such as Carly Simon, Jackie Gleason, Mike Douglas, Bess Truman, Shelley Berman and André Previn. There's even a group-therapy program for such people conducted by Marvin L. Aronson, a New York psychologist and the author of *How to Overcome Your Fear of Flying*. When you join his program, you'll meet with safety experts who will explain just how little danger there is in flying; your group will gather in an airliner that will remain parked at an airport; and for graduation there will be an actual flight. The program may get a lot of people off the ground, but it doesn't do much to make flying any safer.

According to the Air Transport Association
(continued on page 118)



*july playmate lynn schiller
shows us how to be
well rounded in california*

West Lynn



LYNN SCHILLER has a cold. Sniffles, sore throat, headache, the whole routine. She has had it ever since she took that boat ride to Catalina Island a little while ago, underestimating the chill sea wind. To Lynn, having a cold is more than just a pain in the head, for it keeps her from doing the things she likes to do; namely, swimming, acting, dancing and singing. She is adept at all those activities, especially acting and singing. In high school and college, she sang with school bands, and during a year in Germany, she and a small combo entertained at several Army bases. She plays the guitar now and is learning piano. Her voice is high, with the lilting quality







"Sexiness is not something a woman should deliberately strive for," Lynn says. "It should just happen." For her, being natural is the most effective way of being sexy, although, in her case, being *au naturel* will suffice.



Lynn's taste in men varies, although she claims to have a decided preference for the slim, lanky type. To her, a man's eyes are the real test. "I believe eyes," she says, "because no matter what a man says, they always tell the truth."



of a Joni Mitchell, and she is beginning to write her own songs—ballads, mostly, with a touch of country. When she is not singing, she takes acting lessons or ad-libs comic skits with the Ace Trucking Company, an improvisational troupe. She has just graduated from the famous Lee Strasberg Theatrical Institute and hopes to land a decent part in a movie soon. A musical would be perfect. Meantime, between dates with her boyfriend, Glenn Frey, currently of the rock group Eagles, Lynn is doing a little modeling (in *PLAYBOY*'s May feature "T" Formations, she is the model with the roller skates and the hose) and taking modern-dance lessons. And when she is not doing any of those, chances are you'll find her out swimming, surfing, horseback riding or playing tennis or baseball. Baseball? "I grew up with three brothers," she says, "and learned to play all the sports little boys play." She describes herself as perky, flirtatious and occasionally aggressive ("When I know what I want, I go after it"). Generally speaking, she's extremely active; but what with this cold, she's stuck indoors, in bed. But then again, there's a whole lot a person can do indoors, in bed.



As far back as she can remember, Lynn's been playing and singing. Her soft, high voice is particularly suited for ballads. Below, she takes a moment to work out a chord combination.





MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



In certain situations, Lynn claims to be openly flirtatious. But when it comes to sex, she considers herself somewhat old-fashioned. "Sex," she says, "is something I enjoy exclusively with someone I love."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I don't see why you insisted that your wife wear a chastity belt while we're away at the convention," said the man to his closest friend. "After all, Al—between us as old buddies—with Emma's face and figure, who'd want to screw her?"

"I know, I know," replied Al, "but when I get back home, I can always say I lost the key."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fellatio* as poon tongue.



After the voluptuous secretarial applicant had been put through detailed questioning by her prospective employer, the man sat back and let his glance slowly sweep over her obvious endowments. Then he cleared his throat and said, "Well, now, Miss Larsen, I think you'll do. All I ask in this job is that you put out."

"Sir," purred the girl, "are you referring to work or to sex?"

"Look," answered the man, "if it turns out that you don't do the one, you sure as hell better be willing to do the other!"

Our pharmaceutical correspondent reports that the first aphrodisiac-laxative is about to hit the market—under the name Easy Come, Easy Go.

And you've heard, of course, about the cross-eyed shoe fetishist who was always getting off on the wrong foot.

What they took," sighed the burglary victim, "was a custom-silver-plated TV set, a dozen Keane prints, a small rug hooked by my grandmother in shades of purple, magenta and green and an erotic glow-in-the-dark Lucite statuette inset with strategically placed semiprecious stones. Incidentally, I think the burglars were gay."

"Why?" yawned the investigating cop.

"Because they left a note suggesting how I ought to redecorate the place."

Returning home unexpectedly, the society lady was shocked to find her husband in passionate embrace with the upstairs maid on the living-room sofa. "Dagmar!" the dowager said sternly. "Just what, may I inquire, are you doing downstairs?"

You know," confided the haughty secretary to a group of her female co-workers during the morning coffee break, "my date last night had the nerve to suggest not only that we make love but that we do it—how's it called?—doggie style!"

"And did you," asked one of her listeners dryly, "put your paw down?"

On her deathbed, a nympho named Nash Said, "I've always been free with my gash.

So cremate me, then sift

What remains as a gift

To provide guys a last piece of ash."

When the test results were in, the physician told the young woman she was pregnant. "Do you have any idea when it might have happened?" he questioned.

The girl thought for a few moments before replying. "I'm really not sure, doctor," she finally murmured. "but it might have been one time about six weeks ago, when my boyfriend and I didn't have anything special to do and he suggested a game of strip poker. It could be I raised him once too often."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *horny Oriental chef* as a cock of the wok.

I'm uncompromisingly opposed to sex education in school for my son," the woman trumpeted at the P.T.A. meeting, "and I've felt that way ever since the stork brought him!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male chauvinist* as a Ms. demeanor.

The young thing in the fancy whorehouse slipped down the hall to get some towels. When she returned, her customer lay naked on the bed, abusing himself with abandon. "Hey," exclaimed the girl as she noticed his eyes beginning to glaze, "whatsa matter with you—you nuts?"

"Ah, no, baby," panted the man. "At the prices here . . . you don't think you're going to get . . . the easy one, do you?"

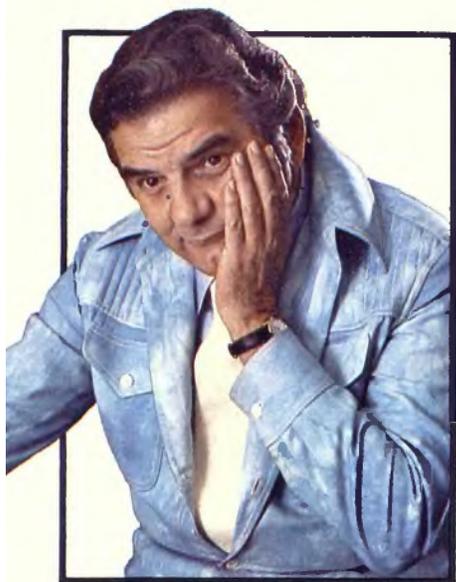
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Hey, everybody! . . . These folks are on their honeymoon!"



JIMMY THE GREEK'S CRASH COURSE ON VEGAS



"Anyone who bets ten the hard way should be led gently from the table and be given a glass of warm milk and cookies."

article By MIKE RICH

Demetrios Georgios Synodinos is a lumbering, 200-pound-plus, six-foot American legend. Proudly calling himself *Oddsmaker to the Nation*, Jimmy the Greek Snyder lives in a world of point spreads, of elusive advantage and disadvantage measured within a universe of probability.

The legend of Jimmy the Greek is part of modern folklore: Horatio Alger fans nod approvingly when they learn that the youth who bet nickels and dimes in Steubenville, Ohio, now grosses close to \$1,000,000 a year. It is legend that at the age of 14 Jimmy forged his father's name on his school savings account to bet a small bundle on *Cavalcade* in the 1934 Kentucky Derby. The horse won. It is legend that he made his first big score in

HOW'S YOUR GAMBLING I.Q.?

quiz By JAY ALLEN

The following test was created especially for PLAYBOY at the Superwinners' Institute, a gaming-consultation firm. Answers (and explanations) are on page 156. And remember, as Louis Pasteur once said, "Chance favors only the mind that is prepared."



1. The game is blackjack, Las Vegas Strip rules (dealer must take a hit on 16, must stand on 17; blackjack pays 3 for 2). The dealer is showing a 5; you hold a 10 and a Q. What is the correct play?

- A. Split the ten counts
- B. Stand and insure
- C. Stand
- D. Double down

2. You are playing roulette and recall that the last five numbers were red. Your best play is to bet on:

- A. Red
- B. Black
- C. Green (0 and 00)
- D. Any of the above; it makes no difference

3. The so-called point spread or Las Vegas line is:

- A. An indicator of the relative strength of the teams
- B. A device to stimulate better interest
- C. An indicator of the probable winner
- D. All of the above

4. One way to beat the races is to always bet the favorite to show.

- A. True
- B. False

5. The usual percentage taken off the top of the pari-mutuel pool at the race track is:

- A. 5 percent
- B. 10 percent
- C. Too small to matter
- D. 15-20 percent

6. You are playing gin rummy with someone who usually shows you the bottom card when dealing. You know that this is:

- A. Essentially meaningless

- B. Often a decisive advantage
- C. Sometimes a small advantage
- D. A false indicator—don't look at it; it will confuse you

7. Poker is a game of:

- A. High skill
- B. All luck of the cards
- C. Mostly luck, but some skill and knowledge are required
- D. Skill if stud but luck if draw

8. The player who has the best position in a draw-poker game is:

- A. The dealer
- B. The player on the dealer's immediate left
- C. The player on the dealer's immediate right
- D. There is no appreciable difference

9. Baccarat is:

- A. A card game that allows the players to bet among themselves; skill determines the outcome
- B. A recent fad, played on the back of a checkerboard
- C. A card game that pits the players against the bank with an even-money bet
- D. Another form of casino gambling—the house retains the percentage

10. Wagering with a neighbor on the outcome of a football game, using the line as printed in the newspaper, is an example of:

- A. A bad bet—but the percentage is less than the bookmakers'
- B. A bad bet—the percentage is the same as the bookmakers'
- C. A good bet—you have the percentage
- D. An even bet—neither side has an advantage

11. You are playing paker with the guys from work; 52-card deck and the deuces are wild. (continued on page 154)



1943, picking Great Lakes Naval Training Center to upset mighty Notre Dame, a straight-up bet (no points) at odds of eight to one and more. He won \$54,000. It is legend that the Greek picked Truman to upset Dewey—based, in perhaps the most unusual voter research ever undertaken, on the latent aversion of women to a man with a mustache. His hirsute insight won him \$170,000 in election bets. It is legend that the Greek bet \$275,000 on Kentucky to beat Santa Clara in the 1950 Orange Bowl. He lost.

Today, the Greek is a singular conglomerate. He has diversified into public relations and election polling, and he dreams and schemes of ways to catch the public's attention. His thrice-weekly column is carried by more than 200 newspapers and his weekday five-minute radio show is aired on the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Reluctantly, he no longer bets on sports: To do so might be a conflict of interest with his position as a national oddsmaker. But occasionally he drives over to the Strip—that stretch of Las Vegas where the hotels are festooned with neon and the metabolism pounds at high speed all day and all night—to bet a few dollars. And these days, recession or no, he meets a lot of fellow bettors. Las Vegas has been crowded recently, and most visitors could use a little help.

It is to that end that we corner the Greek one Monday night. He is glaring at the television set, where Pittsburgh, after intercepting another of Archie Manning's passes, seems headed for a touchdown that will give it a 14-point lead. The Greek has set the line as Pittsburgh by seven. Now the game seems to be developing into a rout.

He turns back to us and, with a baleful stare, begins a nonstop litany on how to stay alive in Vegas.

THE REASON I didn't want to do this article is that people will read it and think that they've been given The Secret—the way to beat the tables.

And, baby, there is no way the average gambler can beat that green cloth.

Sure, there are a few, a very few guys in Vegas who make their living from gambling. But they put their money into sports bets or maybe poker. Yeah, they go to the casinos, but they go there for entertainment.

And that's the key. Or one of the keys, anyway.

Mental attitude is where it begins. When you go into a casino, you're going to war. And the enemy has a lot of advantages.

They've got more money than you have and the percentages are sometimes, oftentimes, in their favor. But the biggest edge they have is that they won't stop and they won't encourage you to stop. The pit boss isn't going to sidle up to

you at the crap table and whisper, "Sam, that's enough." The blackjack dealer isn't going to stop dealing and tell you that you've lost enough—or that it's stupid to quadruple your bet because you've lost four hands in a row. Uh-uh. Nobody's going to tell you when enough is enough, and nobody is going to help you. You're on your own.

The difference between a gambler and a sucker is the management of their money. That's absolutely true. But another difference is psychological.

A good quarterback, when he goes into the huddle, doesn't just think, "Oh, it's third and seven, I guess I'll call a pass." He really thinks; he wants to know where the ball is spotted, wind direction and velocity, field condition, which defensive player has been cheating in his coverage. He thinks, and then he calls a play.

The gambler thinks. Constantly. He thinks about his bet and what cards are out. He won't let his own money ride, but he will, sometimes, let his winnings—the house's money—ride.

The sucker doesn't think. He reacts. He's caught up in his need to win or maybe his need to lose.

The people who come to Vegas fall into four groups. There are guys who don't gamble at all. There are guys who gamble compulsively. There are guys who gamble and lose. And there are guys, a few, who gamble for entertainment.

To gamble intelligently, a guy needs to know four things. First, he needs to understand money management. Second, he needs to understand the game he's playing. Third, he needs a walletful of self-discipline. And fourth, he needs to understand the psychology of the casino; he's got to know how this town can afford the great food, the fabulous entertainment, the golf courses and tennis courts and everything else that makes Vegas a fantastic entertainment and vacation center.

Let's go back to those four groups of visitors. The people who don't gamble don't need help, advice or warning. I don't understand not gambling: I mean, to me it's one of the greatest thrills, the superpleasures in life. But some people don't like gambling or they consider it immoral. I respect that view, but I don't subscribe to it.

The compulsive gamblers, well, what can you say? For them, gambling is a disease, a drug. They can't handle it, just like some people can't handle alcohol. For them, advice is a waste of time. What they want is action. All the time. Action. They don't really care about percentages, about good bets and bad bets. They want the damn action. Maybe, as many psychologists have said, they want to punish themselves. Certainly, they're sick people. I can't help them, but I feel for them.

The other two groups: the guys who gamble and lose and the guys who gamble

for entertainment. Anybody who is in the last category is already way ahead of the game, because he isn't betting more than he can afford to lose, and that's the ground floor of money management. But the other group is the one I worry about, and that's probably the majority of the people who come to Vegas.

They're average people, maybe more successful than most in business but average in their knowledge, average in their self-discipline. Sometimes they're lucky and they win. But over the long haul, whether it's a few days or several visits, they're meat.

When they lose, they figure that they're unlucky. And maybe they are. Bad luck hits everybody at one time or another. But even when they win, they win less than they should, and that's another element in successful gambling.

"Maximize your winnings; minimize your losses"—just a basic part of the outlook that a guy should have. And he should know how to accomplish it.

Let me make it clear, again, that nothing that I say here, nothing that I know can guarantee anybody anything. Except for one terribly important point. And, for God's sake, underline it, or set it in bigger type than the rest of the piece, or something. And that's this:

GAMBLE ONLY WITH MONEY YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE. AND WHEN THAT'S GONE, WALK AWAY.

If there's a secret to gambling, that's it. Don't dream about the big comeback. Don't play games with yourself or cherish the illusion that the next hand, the next roll, the next pull of the lever, the next keno card is going to be the winner that will get you even or put you ahead.

Nothing, absolutely nothing causes more grief than that. And, when you think about it, the feeling, the intuition that the next hand will be The One, that's just hope. Or need. It's a guy praying that it will be so. And, mostly, it isn't.

OK. A corollary of the rule is don't gamble to win money. Gamble for fun. That's right, for fun.

When you go to a show back home, you know how much it's going to cost. You figure dinner and cabs and the tickets and maybe a baby sitter. Well, OK, you do the same thing here. You came to Vegas with a certain amount of money. You know what your hotel bill is and you allow for going to some shows and shopping and incidentals, and then you allot some money for the fun, the *entertainment*, of gambling. Maybe it's 20 bucks. Or 50. Or 100. But whatever it is, expect to spend it for the pleasure, the excitement of gambling.

Now, we have two basic rules. First, set aside the money you will gamble with and when that's gone, forget it. Second, consider that sum of money as

(continued on page 114)

IT MAY have come to you on a bridge. Or at the window of a 95th-floor lounge. But surely it's come. We mean the desire to fly—on your own, sans motor, like a bird. It's a universal fantasy that has managed to fascinate such bold spirits as Leonardo da Vinci, Otto Lilienthal, the intrepid German aeronaut of the Nineties, who inspired the Brothers Wright, and Francis M. Rogallo, whose research in the Forties led to the most popular

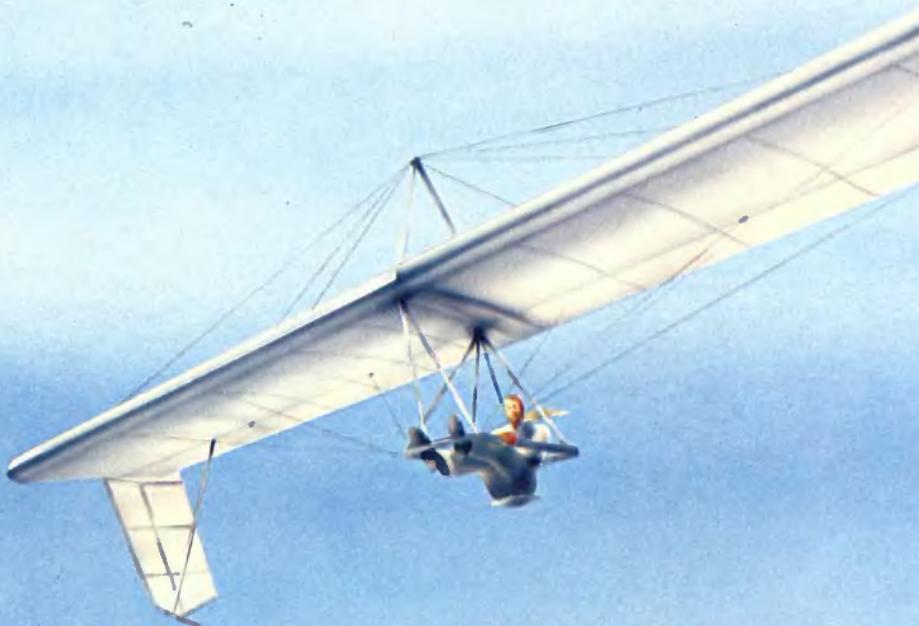
The Icarus II biplane, with 30' wing span, will set you free even under near-calm conditions; and when the wind blows—hang in there, Orville! The price? \$1495, including cartop tote box.

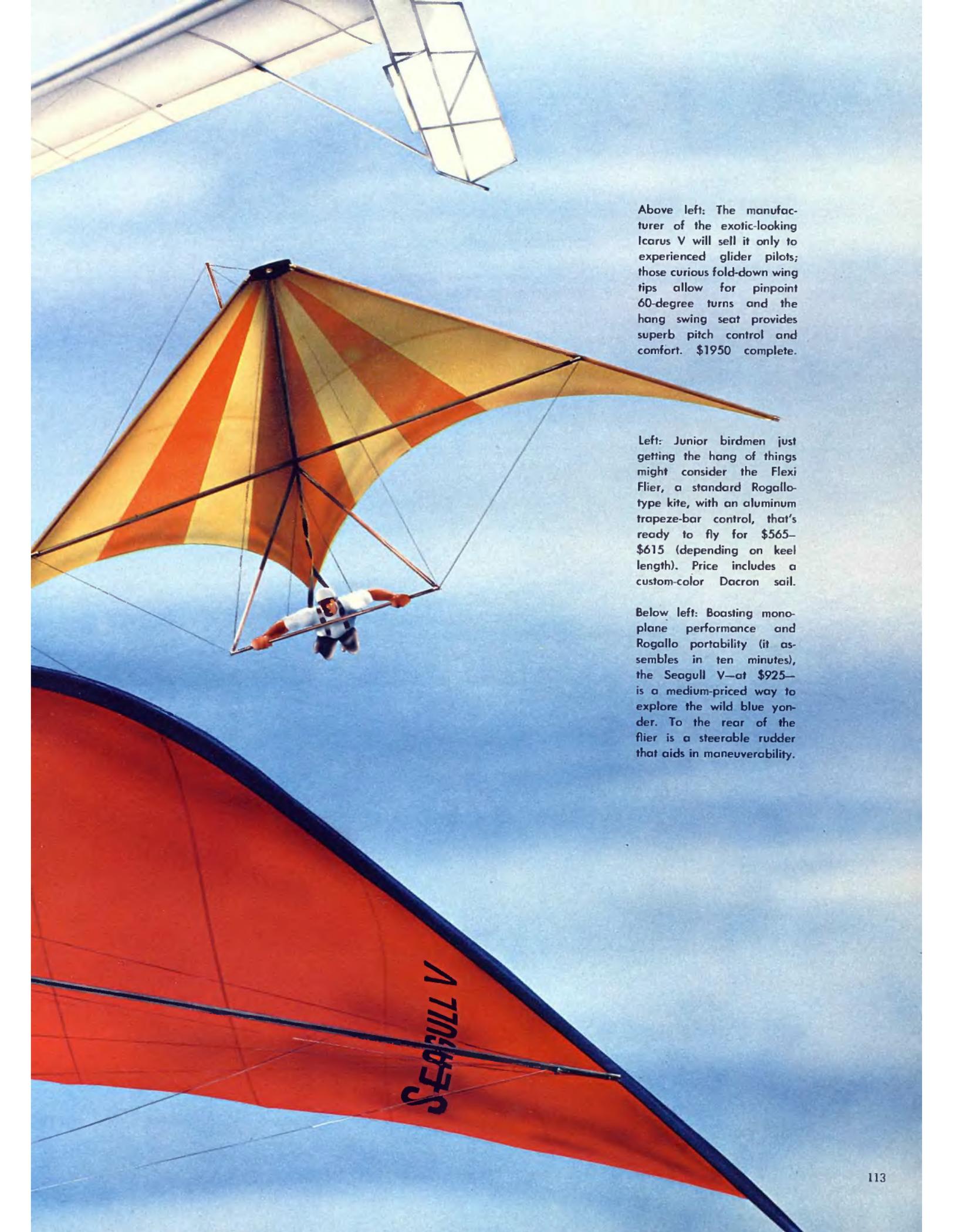


BORNE FREE

hang gliding—the closest you'll ever come to being a bird, and oh, those mpg!

type of hang-glider design today. In the past several years, "sky surfing" has really taken off, with manufactured machines invading a traditionally do-it-yourself field and with supermen leaping off all kinds of cliffs in search of a few transcendental moments. But before you start making like Superman, remember the coyote in the Road Runner cartoon; his wing thing never worked. And if you mess up with a hang glider, it's *Adios, Red Baron!* So before flying the friendly skies, you had better learn what the game's about.





Above left: The manufacturer of the exotic-looking Icarus V will sell it only to experienced glider pilots; those curious fold-down wing tips allow for pinpoint 60-degree turns and the hang swing seat provides superb pitch control and comfort. \$1950 complete.

Left: Junior birdmen just getting the hang of things might consider the Flexi Flier, a standard Rogallo-type kite, with an aluminum trapeze-bar control, that's ready to fly for \$565-\$615 (depending on keel length). Price includes a custom-color Dacron sail.

Below left: Boasting monoplane performance and Rogallo portability (it assembles in ten minutes), the Seagull V—at \$925—is a medium-priced way to explore the wild blue yonder. To the rear of the flier is a steerable rudder that aids in maneuverability.

JIMMY THE GREEK'S CRASH COURSE

an investment in entertainment.

That doesn't mean that you don't try to win. Of course you do. You play smart and tough and the best you know how. But always within the structure of entertainment. You don't get lost in the game. You keep your cool. Which is why you may keep your money and even get some of the house's.

To start with, you should understand how the house makes its money. I don't mean the percentages, which really aren't that bad. At least not in some games. In craps, it's one and a half percent, and if you bet the line and take the odds, it's only seven tenths of one percent. And that's nothing. That is, for the duration that you're going to play, it's a minimal disadvantage. But over the long haul, day after day, roll after roll, it's somewhat more meaningful. At baccarat, it's one and a quarter percent on the bank, one and a half percent on the players. So, if I'm betting 300 bucks, the house has me for \$3.75. Compare that with going to the track, where every \$100 you bet is hit with about 17 percent—the percentage taken off for the track, the state, and so on. So your \$100 bet is worth only \$83.

So the questions remain: How can they afford to put up these magnificent high-rise hotels? How can they afford to provide the world's greatest entertainment—at salaries of up to \$175,000 a week? How can Caesars Palace afford to put hundreds of thousands of dollars into its stage shows? How can a hotel afford to offer entertainment like that and charge you \$17.50 or 20 bucks for the dinner show?

I'll tell you how. It's because the average guy who comes here doesn't have the discipline to quit when he should. He can't, or won't, walk away until he's been badly mauled.

Take a hypothetical guy we'll call Sam. Back in New York, Sam's a pretty successful businessman. He comes to Vegas two, three times a year. Maybe there's a convention here or maybe he stops here on a business trip that will carry him to L.A. Anyway, our friend Sam has a \$2000 line of credit. That's where the big numbers are, not in your \$5000-, \$10,000- or \$20,000-credit guys but in the \$2000 or \$3000 range. Now, the first time Sam is in town, he goes to the tables and he gets \$300 or maybe \$400 ahead. He's made enough to buy somebody a present or he's covered his expenses—hotel and transportation—so he quits.

A couple of months later, Sam is back. He heads for the tables again and again he hits, maybe for a smaller amount, say, \$200.

A few weeks later, he's back again. But this time he gets nothing but losers. In the first hour, he runs through the \$500 or \$600 he had won on his previous trips. During the next hour or two, he loses his

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\$2000 credit, plus whatever cash he brought with him.

If Sam were half smart, he'd quit now. The decision would be late but right. But Sam doesn't quit. Sam has to get that money back, so he goes to another hotel where he has a \$2000 line of credit and starts on that. And because he's pressing like mad, chances are he's going to lose. He's not thinking, not analyzing. There's a voice inside him that keeps screaming, "Get the money back, god-damn it, get the money back!" And Sam keeps pushing the money across the table.

When Sam hit town, he was ahead \$500 or \$600. When Sam leaves, he will be down five grand. Maybe more.

The point of this story is that most people will lose more, maybe *ten times more*, than they will win.

That's the gimmick. That's how they build the high-rises, how they pay for the entertainment, how they provide such great food. That's *their* secret, baby, and, even knowing it, most people will go right ahead and play stupidly. Because most people cannot discipline themselves.

If this sounds like I'm putting the casino people down, I'm not. They're businessmen and they run the casinos fairly; that is, strictly within the law. They don't cheat the customer. They don't have to. And, to a man, the hotel people are shrewd psychologists.

This is the promotion capital of the world. That's why those hotels glitter with lights. Gamblers love good food and good entertainment. And both, particularly the entertainment, contribute to the feeling in Vegas, at least on the Strip, that this is your day. That's why your adrenaline flows when you come here. That's why the people coming off the planes have the look of unreal excitement, almost hysterical. Something happens to people when they come here, and it doesn't happen by accident.

And don't forget the ego of the gambler. When Kirk Kerkorian built the International [now the Las Vegas Hilton], he put a special casino for high rollers on the roof. Nothing smaller than \$100 chips, a plush room and free food and drinks. Couldn't lose, right? Well, nobody went up there. The guys with \$100 chips want to be where everybody else is. So maybe Kerkorian's not the kind of shrewd psychologist I was talking about. People want to be seen, to be admired. So they stayed in the main casino.

Being recognized is very important to gamblers. A guy walks down Park Avenue or Wilshire Boulevard or Michigan Avenue and, no matter what he's worth, he's part of the crowd. The same guy, in Vegas, gets recognition.

If he walks into the Tropicana, maybe Ash Resnick sees him and says hello. Or the floorman comes by and says, "Nice

to see you again, Sam." Or when Sam is sitting at the blackjack table or standing by the crap table, maybe the floorman wanders over and asks him what he's doing tonight. And Sam says, "Nothin'," and then the floorman asks if Sam and his wife, or whoever he's with, would like to see the midnight show as guests of the casino. And, for Sam, that's a big thrill. That's like getting a blackjack with a \$500 bet or making six or seven straight passes. Because that's recognition. And that makes Sam somebody. That makes Sam important. And that may make Sam spend all his time at the Tropicana or wherever.

OK. Now that we have Sam in the casino, let's see if we can help him.

BLACKJACK

Blackjack is the only casino game, other than poker, in which the player has reasonably wide latitude to exercise his judgment. Put another way, this is the only casino game, besides poker, in which playing skill as well as money management is really important.

Precisely because judgment is important, a good player can bring the odds down, while a bad player will destroy himself.

As everybody knows, one very sophisticated approach to playing blackjack is based on counting the cards, and particularly the aces and ten-point-value cards that are out. At a certain point in the game, the counter will, in theory, know that, with 12 cards to go, there are two aces and six ten-point-value cards remaining in the deck, and he'll bet accordingly.

The theory is fine. But there is only a handful of people in the country who can keep track of the cards as they are played. It's tough to do with a single deck and it gets progressively worse now that many casinos use a shoe with two, three or four decks.

Also, I don't think the average casino player is going to invest hours and hours in memorizing all the various permutations. Maybe he should, but he won't. I'm assuming, and I'm praying, that you're going to play for fun. For entertainment. So, without getting terribly complex, here are some general observations on the game and some basic guidelines.

The great advantage of the house is, of course, that you have the chance to bust before the dealer does. Even if the dealer has a lousy hand, he may beat you just because you bust first. That imbalance gives the house an advantage of nearly seven percent. That is, if a player follows the same rules as the dealer—hitting 16 or less and standing on 17 or better—he will lose almost seven percent of the time.

But the player has four advantages. He gets paid three to two on blackjack; he can double down; he can split a pair; and

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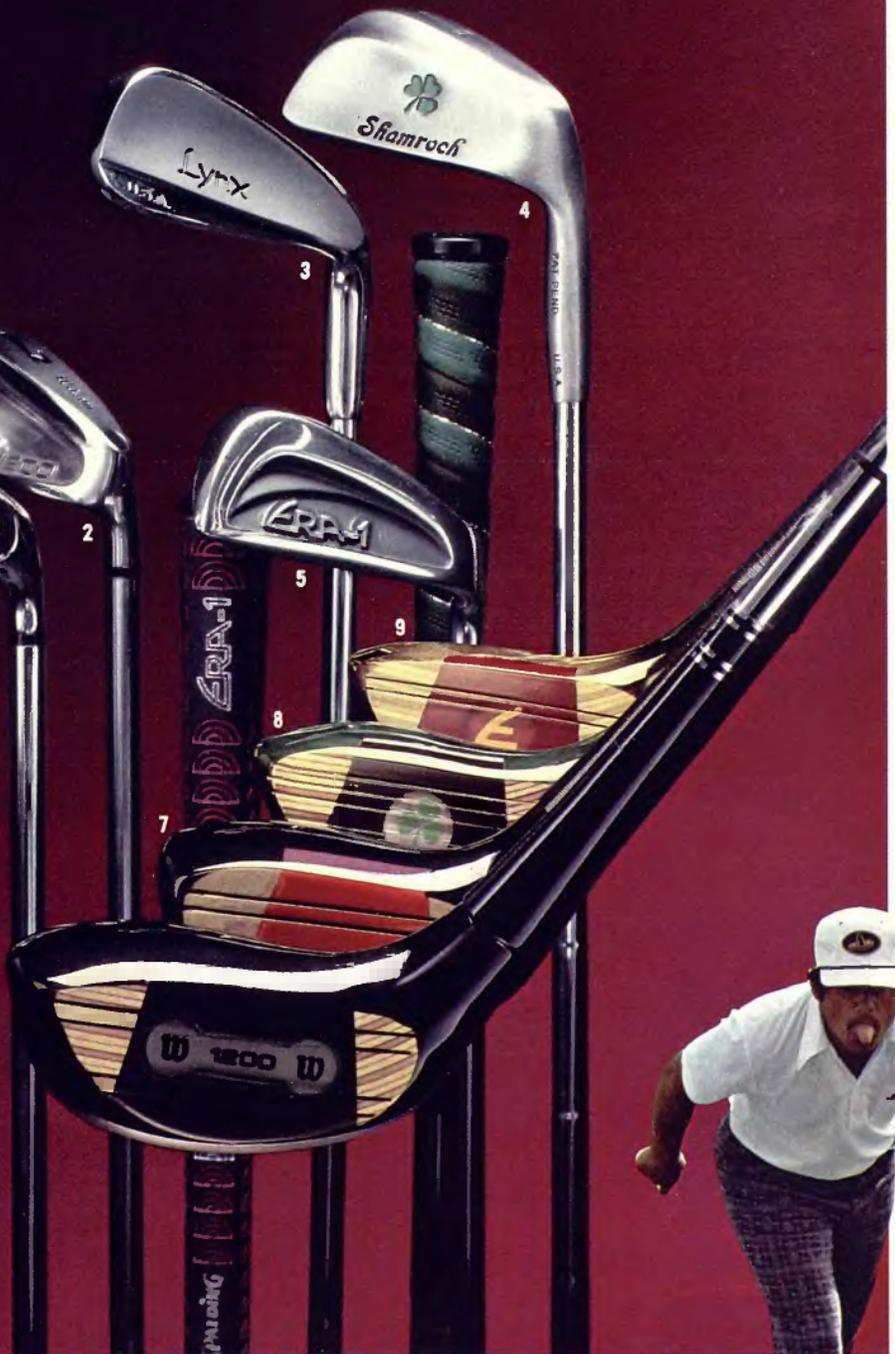
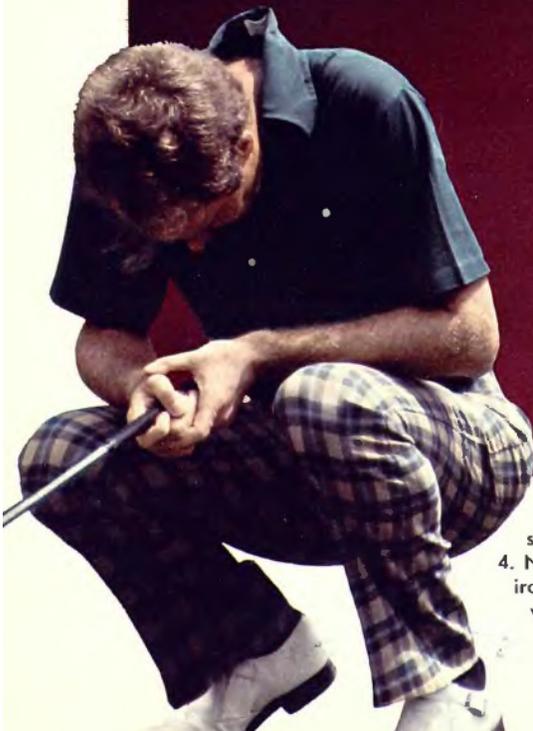


"Remember, now—no buggery."

NEWS FROM THE FORE FRONT

smoothing out the rugged path to par

modern living



Club members: 1. Number two iron, by Simmons International, \$33. 2. Number seven iron, by Wilson, \$32. 3. Number four iron, by Lynx Precision Golf, \$33.35. 4. Number one iron features weighted head, by Shamrock, \$37.50. 5. Number three iron, Era-Dyne with weighting in heel, sole and toe, by Spalding, \$33. 6. Number five wood, by Wilson, \$41. 7. Number five wood, by Lynx Precision Golf, \$42.50. 8. Number one wood, by Shamrock, \$49.50. 9. Number four wood, by Spalding, \$45.

THE JACK NICKLAUS heaven-help-me look, the Arnold Palmer pout, the Lee Trevino bronx cheer, the Tom Weiskopf crumble—there definitely are times on the links that try even the big guys' souls. And, worse yet, they can't blame it on their equipment. Now, we're not claiming that the golf gear pictured on these two pages is going to solve *all* your duffing problems. But we do guarantee it will earn you envious looks at the 19th hole, even after a day that could only be described as hit-and-miss. Ready for another round, Arnold?



10. Heavy-vinyl golf bag, by Shamrock, \$125. 11. Adjusta Length putter, by Brandell, \$12. 12. Vinyl golf bag, by Lynx Precision Golf, \$145. 13. Super Stick that's 17 clubs in one, by Brandell, \$50. 14. Golf bag with 10" apening, by Lynx Precision Golf, \$125. 15. Indoor putting green, by Brandell, \$19. 16. Golf cleaning kit, by Brandell, \$8. 17. Calarado Soge body rub, by Jess Bell, \$4.50. 18. Mirrored/clear sunglasses, by House of Vision, \$32. 19. Leather iron covers, by Melbourne, \$5.95 for set of ten. 20. Three-tone golf shoes, by Foot-Joy, \$60. 21. Antelope golf glove, by Wilson, \$7.

You Gotta Believe (continued from page 92)

(A.T.A.), when you board an airliner, there is a 99.9999 percent chance that you will *not* wind up stretched out on a stainless-steel morgue cart, with a tag dangling from your toe. That leaves you with a one in a million chance—worse than the odds of your winning the grand prize in a state lottery. And the airlines carry more than 500,000 passengers a day. But in 1973 it was more dangerous to fly from, say, Chicago to New York than to take a train. This is figured in passenger miles. This year it was reported that the U. S. acknowledged that for domestic carriers on international flights, "the [1974] fatality rate was an increase of 1802 percent over 1969–1973."

But the airlines like to give the impression that everything is always under control, that nothing is left to chance, that sending people across the country at 600 miles an hour some five miles above the ground in a 200-ton machine is simply routine. But when any one of the thousands of little things that can go wrong does, you should remember that it's only men and machines and men make mistakes and machines break down—just like you and your lawn mower on a Saturday afternoon. What if a flock of birds flies into a jet engine on take-off? What if a tire blows out during landing? What if a door flies open during flight? Or you get caught in a really vicious storm? Or a window breaks next to your head and the cabin loses pressure? Or suppose your captain just forgets what he's doing and gets too close to the ground. These things happen, and when they do, they change your odds drastically.

Generally, everything seems perfectly under control until the very last minute—as long as you can't hear what the flight crew is saying. After each crash, the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) goes to the site of the accident and retrieves a tape recording of cockpit-area conversation—and they are as eerie as you might imagine.

FIRST OFFICER: We did something to the altitude.

CAPTAIN: What?

FIRST OFFICER: We're still at two thousand [feet], right?

CAPTAIN: Hey, what's happening here? (*Altitude-alert warning beeps six times and ceases before sound of initial ground impact.*)

That's from an NTSB report of the first crash of a jumbo jet, a Lockheed L-1011 Tri-Star, which occurred near Miami in 1972, killing 101 people.

A startling piece of cockpit conversation was recorded in a United 737 that crashed near Chicago's Midway Airport in 1972, killing, along with six other

Watergate-related people, Mrs. E. Howard Hunt. The copilot drew off 15 degrees of flaps when he shouldn't have. The last few seconds of recording: "I'm sorry." Total dead: 45.

An Allegheny Convair 340/440 over Long Island Sound:

FIRST OFFICER: Man, we ain't twenty feet off the water.

CAPTAIN: Hold it. Impact.

A recording from a Texas International flight in September 1973: "The minimum en-route altitude here is forty-four hun—" He was cut off in midsentence by a large hill.

In the worst disaster in aviation history as of this writing, Turkish Airlines captain Berköz, fully aware that his disabled DC-10 was going to hit the ground, killing everyone on board, was singing, "Wonder what it is, what it is"—lines from a popular TV-commercial jingle.

The airlines have compiled what they consider to be an impressive safety record and take pride in comparing the safety of flying with that of automobile travel. Chuck Miller, a former Federal safety investigator, says, "When you're only killing one hundred, two hundred, three hundred people a year, you must be doing something correct." They are doing a great deal right, but whether it's enough or they are just awfully lucky is still a matter of opinion.

Whatever the case, air travel shouldn't be compared with driving. Planes are piloted by professionals and flight crews in general are excellent. There is a good reason for this: They are almost certain to be injured or killed if anyone at all dies in a plane crash. As American Airlines captain Bob Powers says, "I get there twenty feet ahead of you." Stewards and stewardesses are supposed to stay in the plane to help survivors off—leaving themselves vulnerable to fire, smoke or explosions that may occur on the ground. But, excellent or not, crews make mistakes, as was the case in the Miami disaster. And they don't have to be big mistakes, either. Seemingly unimportant slip-ups can have dramatic results. Once, someone spilled a cup of coffee in the cockpit of a 747. The liquid seeped through the floor and shorted out the basic navigational system and the plane was technically lost for a while over the Pacific Ocean. (An ingenious pilot will find ways to navigate in spite of this kind of difficulty, but he'd be much better off with all his systems working.) And so, professional or not, if the pilot does something wrong, there's not much anybody can do about it.

For example, some pilots mess around with stewardesses (stews in the jargon). So do some air-traffic controllers (A.T.C.s)

when they get a break and go on a "beaver patrol," also known as a yak track, which is basically a long walk around the airport. In any lonely stress-filled job, sex can stay on your mind a lot. A recent Thanksgiving transmission between an A.T.C. and a Continental ("The proud bird with the golden tail") pilot:

"Continental four three two, turn right to one eighty and maintain your speed at two six zero. Say, what're you havin' for dinner, some of that proud bird?"

"Four three two. No, I thought I'd have a little stew."

No doubt, everyone has heard stories about sex in the sky, from "Coffee, tea or me" to horrifying stories of in-flight romance causing fatal crashes. And, of course, many people in aviation are more than willing to relate thrilling stories of sex and disaster; but it's nearly impossible to verify any of them. There are accounts of various episodes, including a game of catch played with a water-filled prophylactic, a stewardess lying with her head in the captain's lap and her feet in the copilot's lap (the girl who told this story didn't mention that there is a large instrument console between the two pilots' seats, but those seats can be raised fairly high) and, naturally, the legendary captain who hands his plane over to his first officer and finds a cozy spot where he makes it with his favorite stewardess. No one ever located that cozy spot. So, although surely somewhere up there in the wild blue yonder, in some cockpit, someone has had the orgasm you've heard so much about, our search for sex in the sky turned up nothing but the usual vague rumors.

But, in other ways, pilots have been known to act rather capriciously. It is known that the NTSB blamed one crash on the fact that the flight-deck crew was discussing politics during approach, when it should have been making altimeter calls as the plane neared the ground. It crashed short of the runway. The NTSB report recommended more professional conduct from pilots.

In another incident, a Pan Am pilot was suspended for having a stewardess in the copilot's seat of his 747. At least two crews on other airlines were discovered fast asleep on long flights. One went 250 miles out to sea before controllers could wake the men. (Yes, pilots very often are tired or even exhausted by the brutal schedules they are forced to keep. And even when they get where they're going, more often than not something keeps them from getting rest. One night, after flying all day, a captain checked into his hotel to find that most of the other rooms were occupied by members of a barber-shop-quartet convention.)

Sometimes pilots refuse to acknowledge directions from an A.T.C. or disobey them or—as in one reported case—even

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a potato-chip truck on the dance floor?
that's gotta be the dumbest thing ever

fiction

By LARRY McMURTRY



Dunlup Crashes In

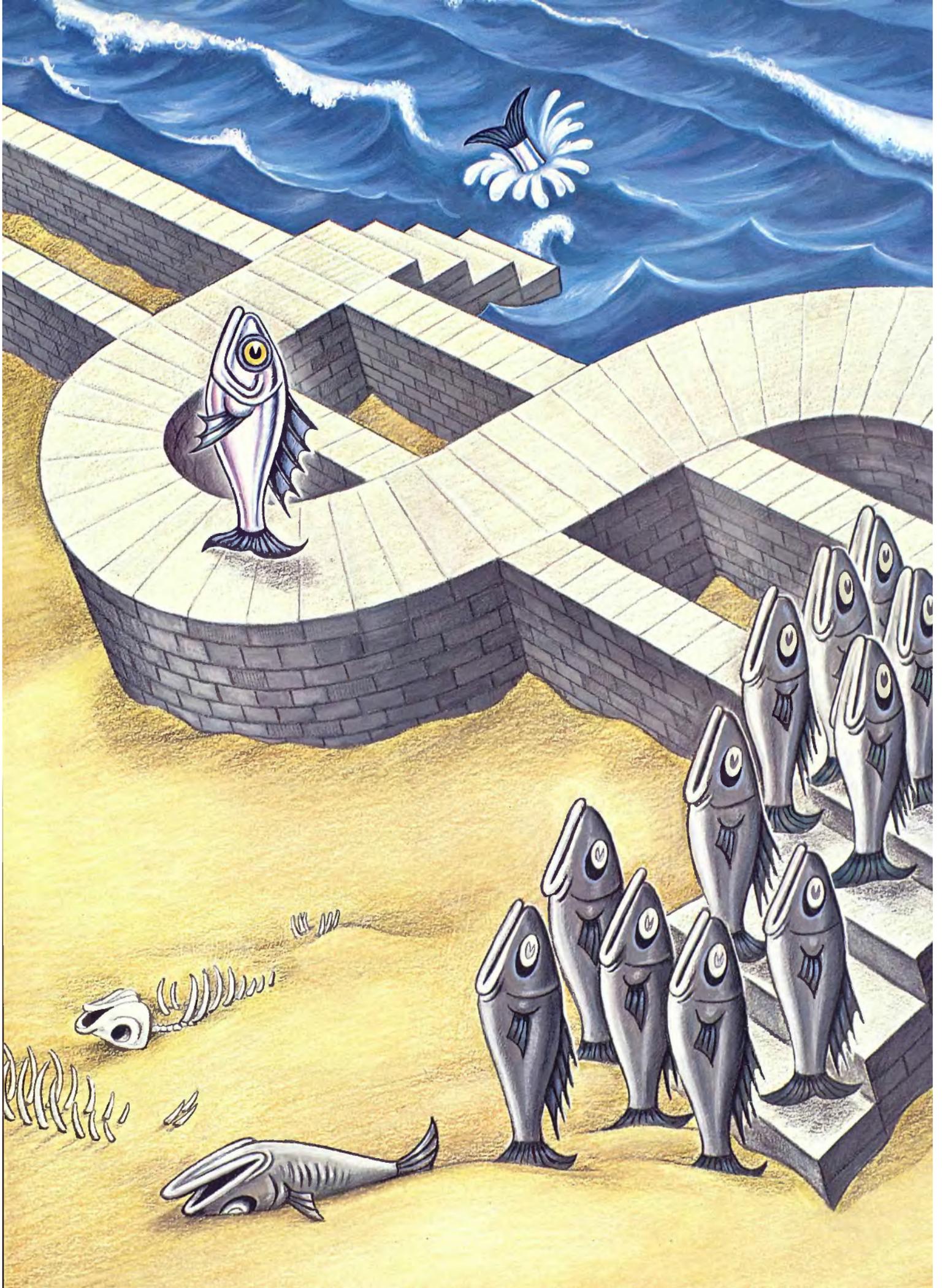
ROYCE DUNLUP was lying in bed with a cold can of beer balanced on his stomach. The phone by the bed began to ring and he reached over and picked the receiver up without disturbing the can of beer. He has a big stomach and it was no real trick to balance a can of beer on it,

but in this instance the can was sitting precisely over his navel and keeping it there while talking on the phone was at least a little bit of a trick.

Since leaving Rosie and taking up, more or less formally, with his girlfriend Shirley Sawyer, Royce had learned

a lot of new tricks. For one thing, he had learned to have sex lying flat on his back, something he had never done in all his conservative years with Rosie. Nobody had ever tried to teach Royce anything like that before, and at first he made a nervous pupil, but Shirl soon broke him in.

While she was in the process of breaking him in, she talked to him about something called fantasy, a concept she had picked up in her one year of junior college in Winklebury, Arizona. Fantasy, as Shirley explained it, meant thinking about things you really
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HOW TO MAKE MONEY...

article **By LEE BERTON** you may be in the throes of a numbing depression, worrying that the business cycle is headed toward Hades, but some people have never had it so good. While the dire implications of the Kondratieff wave (which makes Malthus and Spengler sound like pussycats) are giving you a migraine and the climbing Goat Index (cheaper goat milk sells well when times are bad) has you butting against despair, those people are making money hand over fist. And more often than not, their prosperity is the result of those frantic steps all the rest of us are taking to put off disaster.

For instance, companies selling dehydrated food to hedge against a coming catastrophe are booming. The food is sold in cans to be stored in a basement or bomb shelter (which you should have if you believe author Harry Browne, whose books tell how to profit from a monetary crisis or "the coming devaluation"; Browne's books, incidentally, are selling like hot cakes, says his publisher).

"The worse the economy gets, the more people lose faith in the system and the more they buy from us," says George Murdock, president of Rainy Day Foods in Provo, Utah. A year after Rainy Day began operations in 1973, it was selling only \$100,000 a month worth of dried eggs, cheese, wheat, fruits and vegetables. "Now our sales have soared to about \$1,000,000 a month and we're negotiating a \$10,000,000 deal with an OPEC nation," Murdock confides. "Can't tell you which one, because it might blow the deal, but the Arab countries, with all their oil wealth, have no food production, and they feel like they're sitting on a powder keg. Their situation is very volatile and they want to make sure they're protected against a disaster." In the

...WHEN ALL ABOUT YOU ARE LOSING THEIRS

simple—you sell prosperity short

United States, some 2000 Rainy Day salesmen push its products door to door. Murdock says selling is getting easier because of the "threat of world famine or world economic chaos." And the profit margin on famine is healthy, to say the least. Rainy Day, for example, buys peanut-butter powder for as little as 85 cents a pound, processes and repackages it in three-pound cans, which go for \$6.75 each. "We've made as much as 20 percent profit, but lately it's come down to ten percent because of competition," says Murdock. "People are buying our dehydrated food as insurance. If they never really need it, they can still eat it, because most of it may not spoil for 20 years. You can't eat gold or silver."

Murdock doesn't believe his business is a fad. "As long as people are worried about staying alive—some stores that sell Rainy Day products are called survival centers—our sales and profits will grow by leaps and bounds," he maintains.

Clyde L. Juchau, president of Neo-Life Company of America in San Lorenzo, California, which began selling dehydrated food last September, puts his money where his mouth is. In 1972, he bought for his personal use \$2000 worth of the stuff and he says he has stored it "out in the hills." He won't tell where. "You may think I'm nuts, but when I look at the food, I feel secure, no matter what happens in the future." Also, that food is worth "almost 40 percent more if I were to sell it today." Neo-Life itself sold close to \$1,000,000 worth of dehydrated food over its first six months in the business; more than 25,000 of its distributors peddle it door to door or in home-demonstration parties (a Tupperware ploy adopted by Neo-Life), mainly west of the Mississippi.

Neo-Life also has been in the food-supplement and vitamin business since 1958. Juchau points out that when unemployment lines get longer, his business prospers. "First of all, it's then easier for me to hire salesmen," he explains. Only one of every 25 Neo-Life distributors today is full-time; the rest have other jobs and are trying to make extra money. Sales were up over 20 percent for Neo-Life in 1974 and Juchau projects another 20 percent-plus gain this year. "We're growing every month right now and in the past have plateaued only in good times," he says.

That times are good for bad-times businesses is evident. Bankruptcies and liquidations send profits the way of auctioneers, small banks that make loans to companies in Chapter 11 and attorneys who help destitute businessmen throw in the towel. Consultants who specialize in helping companies or municipalities lay off employees or who rescue cash-hungry firms

by paring costs to the bone are turning away business. And credit-indemnity outfits that insure clients against insolvent customers are in big demand.

But the gaudiest new venture that thrives on fears of economic disaster insures cities against going out of business. This hasn't yet happened, but Willimantic, Connecticut, recently came close to missing its payroll after voters threw out the city's proposed budget and left the town flat broke. Few people today may remember the fine details of the Thirties, but, according to one tally, 48 big cities and 206 smaller municipalities then defaulted on the interest they owed bondholders.

That's where the newly formed Municipal Bond Insurance Association, backed by four big insurance companies, comes in. "It's obvious the M.B.I.A. wouldn't work if people didn't have some logical concerns that a depression is coming," concedes John R. Butler, who runs the service firm that acts as managing agent for the M.B.I.A. Butler knows whereof he speaks when the subject of financial disaster is broached. He once worked for Franklin National Bank, which almost went down but was rescued at the eleventh hour by a European bank that now controls it. "The bank was expanding too fast," is Butler's assessment of Franklin's debacle.

The M.B.I.A., on the other hand, would limit its expansion, if it could. It can hardly keep cities or bond underwriters away from its door and has had to double its staff to six. "We've turned down 100 deals because we think they're too risky, but at the current rate, we expect to have another 100, worth about half a billion dollars, under our belt in 1975," says Butler. From May 1974, when the M.B.I.A. got started, to December, it insured only 12 bond issues totaling \$75,000,000. The M.B.I.A. assures bondholders they will receive the specified bond interest each year, plus the face value of the bond, usually \$5000, when it matures from one to 50 years later. "It's irrevocable and uncancellable," notes Butler. "That's why major insurance companies turned down the idea at first, but units of four—Aetna Life & Casualty, Connecticut General, St. Paul and Crum & Forster—finally bought it despite its inherent risks."

What about profits? Butler has 17 partners in the business—together they put up \$300,000—and they're receiving an extremely high return on their investment. "We're not making as little as 20 percent a year on the money we put up, but we're not up to 100 percent a year, either," he says gaily. "And we figure the odds are with us that we won't have to pay off on these policies. Cities just don't disappear."

In bad times, people want to escape from their misery, to think about something else, to be entertained. So, just as in the Thirties, the movies are raking in big dollars, despite the arrival of TV. The big winners at the box office are escape fare such as *Airport 1975*, *The Towering Inferno* and *Earthquake*, which convince people, if for only three hours, that things could get a lot worse. Over a billion people, the most since 1966, went to the movies last year. And many more are going this year, despite the highest admission prices ever. Explains Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America: "When people are anxious and fearful, they long for the comfort of the movie, where the 65-foot screen offers escape." Incidentally, stunt men are in the money and demand for them is up since 1973 because of Hollywood's spate of disaster epics. *Earthquake*, featuring bursting dams and tumbles from high buildings, has a record 141 stunt performers. *The Poseidon Adventure* employed over 100, some at \$1000 a day for really risky scenes; the minimum stunt man's pay is \$172 a day.

During the Thirties, taking the wife or girlfriend for a motor jaunt in the country—if you could afford a car—was one way of getting away from it all. But the countryside is farther from the city now and gasoline prices have nearly doubled since 1973. So instead of looking forward to bigger and better business, the auto industry is glad to be alive. In fact, some financial experts are predicting that Chrysler, one of Detroit's Big Three, is in danger of going out of business, joining Studebaker as one more extinct species of motorcars.

Therefore, it must come as no small surprise that one of the smallest auto makers—if not the smallest—is selling every model it turns out. Elegant Motors makes its cars in a downtown Indianapolis building that was a Stutz Bearcat showroom in the Thirties. Elegant has only six factory workers, but 1974 sales were triple those of 1973 (94 cars against 30). "This year we'll sell 150 models, and profits are booming," says Tom Wood, Elegant's general manager.

And considering Elegant's price and what it offers, its success is even more surprising. Elegant charges a hefty \$7000 for its car, and at that price you buy only a completed body (you supply the frame and drive train) and finish building the car from the kit that Elegant supplies. When you've finished, you'll have a replica, but in fiberglass, of the Auburn Speedster of 1936, down to the rakish boattail look, the four sparkling chromed exhaust pipes on each side and the long

(concluded on page 162)



"We ain't got enough troubles in fairyland already? Why couldn't you get yourself knocked up by some nice pixy?"

You Gotta Believe (continued from page 118)

lie about flight information. An A.T.C. tells of a captain who took off, handed the plane over to his first officer and then spent the trip studying a book on how to deal cards. When control center told the flight to descend to 17,000 feet, the first officer was slow in doing so. Control requested an altitude check and the captain ordered the first officer to report that the plane was already at 17,000 when it was actually just leaving 19,000. The controllers might have sent another plane into the same airspace.

But these are isolated incidents. For the most part, what you hear about captains and crews is that they're top-notch. One jet had an engine blow up, taking off 25 feet of wing. Technically, that craft no longer had enough lift to stay in the air. But the crew turned it around and landed it. The crew was given the Daedalian Society award for skill in an emergency. Hubert Humphrey wrote to congratulate the captain and a firm sent him \$500.

In the old days of flying, the pilot flew by the seat of his pants and the stick, his white scarf waving from the open cockpit. This scene has changed considerably. It takes a long time to become a major-airline captain and, consequently, you see a lot of old, hard-bitten, Marlboro Country guys, who come on like Armed Forces career officers and have names like Bob Powers, Jack Box and Hugh Chance. And the image is a good one, smacking of seasoned skills and complete confidence.

Entering the cockpit of a DC-10, you might imagine that it would be humanly impossible to operate the machine, even with three men (there have been half a dozen female flight-deck crew members, but only one—a Frontier captain—is currently flying). The captain has endless rows of instruments and knobs, levers and switches. The first officer has a duplicate of the captain's panel. And the second officer (engineer) is literally surrounded by walls of circuit breakers and other devices. But then, sitting in the cockpit on an actual flight, you realize that what the captain does is similar to what a highly trained scientist would do with any supersophisticated piece of equipment. Though the machine can just about fly itself, some pilots still like to fly the plane themselves. But they can use the flight director and autopilot to make the plane climb to cruising altitude, stay on course and come down right at the edge of a runway 4000 miles away—all by itself. Normally, the only thing they have to do is adjust the settings now and then. They can have a meal sent in or take a stroll through the cabin if they like. The flight director is quite a sophisticated collection of machines, but, simply put, it tells the pilot where he is and where he wants to be.

By dialing desired maneuvers, he can

fly the plane with knobs and switches rather than by the rudder pedals and "steering wheel" (yoke). The DC-10 can even land itself, though the system isn't in use yet.

This doesn't mean that you'll ever find yourself stuck with a pilot who couldn't fly the plane by hand (or the seat of his pants) if he had to. A training "flight" in a simulator at United's Denver Flight Training Center would give you an idea of just how much a crew can handle. One of the latest simulators is that of the Boeing 747. It is a room about twice the size of a 747 cockpit. Kept spit polished, the white-plastic box stands on spidery hydraulic legs some 40 feet off the floor of an enormous room near the Denver airport. The legs move the box to produce a very realistic sensation of flight. Inside is a real 747 cockpit area. All the controls work. In addition, there is a computer video display and control panel for the instructor. With this, he can create for the flight crew any problem a 747 has been known to encounter before, during or after a flight. A typical sequence of events might be: All engines (one at a time) experience a hot start on the ground. This means that for some reason there is not enough air getting to the fuel. Each engine in turn has to be shut down, tried again, fixed, if necessary, until the problem is solved. The instructor might then direct the crew to take off and, just as they leave the ground, flame out their number-three engine, which causes the plane to yaw to the right. If the crew has been well trained, the plane doesn't crash (the simulator is so realistic that you can break it if you crash). They trim the plane for three-engine flight and go through preplanned emergency procedures. Then they might be cruising along and have an engine catch fire. They shut it down, shoot a bottle of extinguisher into the engine and hope the fire goes out. A 747 can fly on any two engines. It cannot fly on one. All during the simulator flight, the instructor pitches problems like these to the crew until its responses, theoretically, become second nature. On the other hand, when the instructor reached over and pulled a circuit breaker on a recent flight (shutting down the system that operated one of the leading edge control surfaces), the crew couldn't locate the problem.

The flight crew is totally in charge of an aircraft. By law, the captain—a human—is always the final authority when it comes to his craft. No one can tell him what to do. Control towers do not really control the plane. They advise its pilot. They sometimes plead with its pilot. This, of course, works both ways. A.T.C.s also make mistakes.

In fact, the whole system of modern aviation has become so complex that the number of things that can go wrong is

staggering. Can you imagine that there could be anything dangerous about having a bathroom on board? On April 30, 1974, in a National Airlines 727 over west Texas, the toilet leaked flushing fluid, which froze when it hit the subzero air at 33,000 feet. A chunk of this ice broke off, flew into the number-three engine, which seized up so violently that a bolt sheared and the engine fell off. The emergency landing was successful and none of the 97 people aboard was hurt. According to the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), four instances of this type of ice precipitation occurred in the first ten months of 1974.

If such a simple thing as a toilet can become fouled up, what of the myriad complex systems planes are using? For example, an autopilot spends more hours flying large aircraft than the captain does. But it, too, can break down. It's just another machine.

The Miami crash was under the control of an autopilot. As Eastern ("You gotta believe") flight 401 approached Miami International Airport on a moonless December night in perfect weather, the nose-gear light did not show green. That meant either that the wheel was still up or that the light was not working, or both. Not wanting to belly down in that monster, the crew shot a missed approach and devoted its attention to fixing the trouble rather than flying the plane. While they were busy, the plane flew itself into the Everglades. An A.T.C. saw the plane at 900 feet on his radar but didn't say anything. The altitude-alert warning beeped, but apparently the crew didn't hear it.

The crew was relying on an altimeter to keep the plane far enough above the ground. To understand the potential danger in using altimeters, it helps to understand how they work. Two types are common. One is operated by radio, one by barometric pressure. The radio altimeter, which reads from zero to 2500 feet, simply bounces signals off whatever is below the airplane. It is very accurate (for practical purposes, to about ten feet) but only for the length of time the plane is over the thing reflecting the signal. Consequently, if the terrain is rough, the reading fluctuates. If it's over water, there is a possibility that the radio altimeter could read the height above the ocean floor rather than the distance to the surface of the water. You could conceivably be under water and get a reading of 2000 feet. It could also reflect off a plane flying below you. A radio altimeter is used mostly during the final descent before landing. The barometric altimeters give height above mean sea level. So when you're coming into an airport whose elevation is 1320 feet above m.s.l., you touch ground when that instrument says you're still a quarter of a mile up. (A few airlines, such as American, adjust one of their barometric altimeters to read the

(continued on page 186)

A LONG LOOK AT

LEGS



PAUL GREMLER

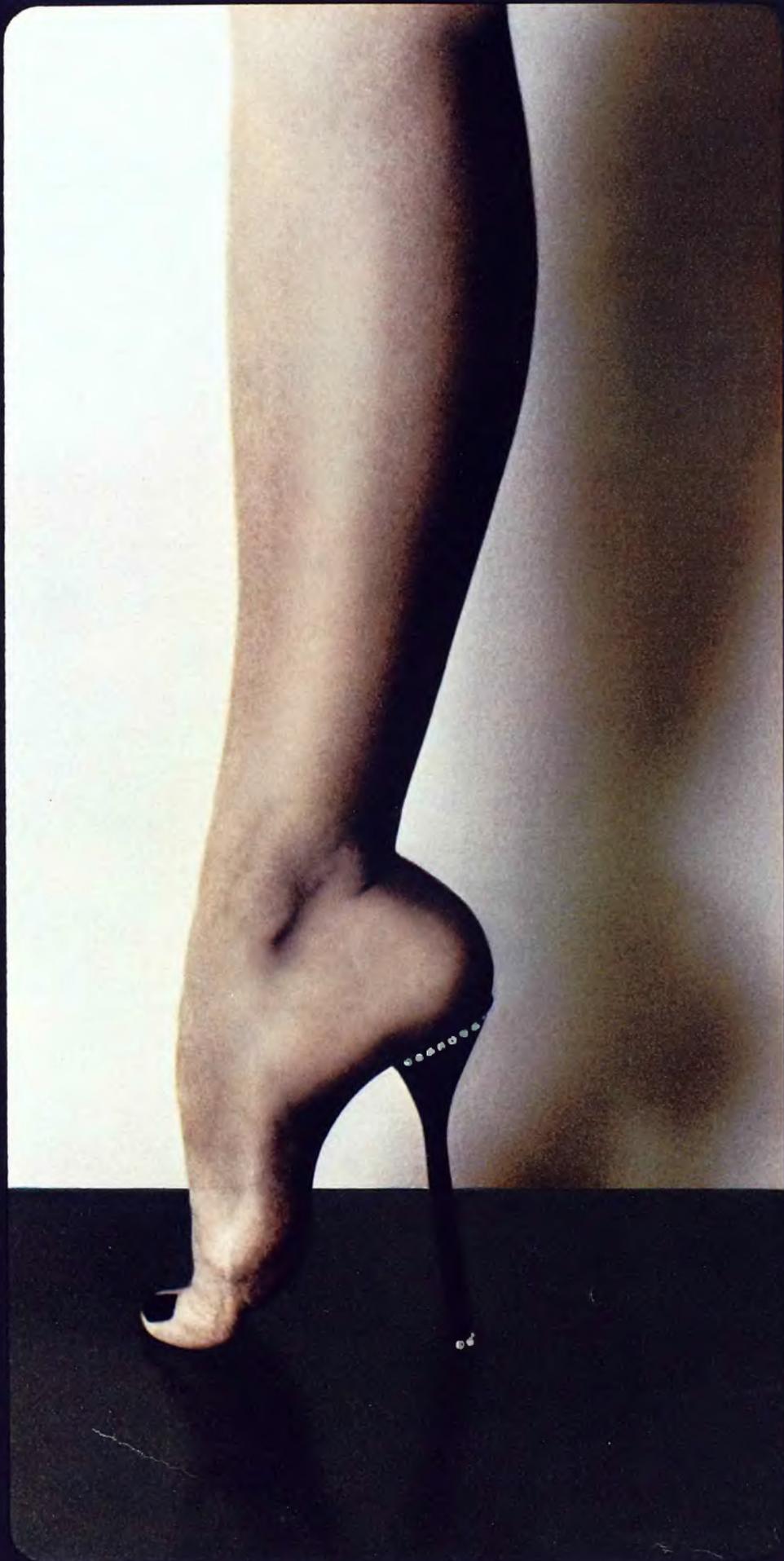
give us an inch and we'll take a foot and what goes with it

The leg is not a sex organ, of course, but the sight of a shapely pair of gams packs a load of erotic sensation. Strictly speaking, the purpose of legs is to provide support and mobility, but, as leg men the world over know, erogenous zones are where you find them, and legs—bless them—are easy to find. Which—combined with the oft-proved sexual truism that one thing usually leads to another—makes legs a beautiful base of operations. That being the case, we've asked nine photographers, who know a good leg when they see one, to give their imaginations free rein on the subject—starting with Chicago free-lancer Paul Gremler, who found the statement he was looking for in two women dancing. He says the graphic design is what's important—but, in all honesty, we must say that one man's graphic design is another man's turn-on.





Up against the wall, or how to liven up a decadent but dull soiree. Our satin doll and her Mr. Right (at least for the evening) find that "sitting this one out" can use up as much energy as the boogie. As choreographed by photographers Bob Keeling and Francois Robert, it's a Last Tangoish routine you won't learn at Arthur Murray's. Above and right: PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul turned cameraman for these studies, which carry realism to a point beyond reality—first, as a female leg, viewed from above, acquires an abstractly sculptural quality; second, as a foot—with the aid of a stiletto heel, some black nail polish and a mysteriously missing shoe—takes on the potent role of fetish.





Left: Ex-Staff Photographer Don Azuma, now free-lancing, doesn't believe in belaboring a picture with an overdose of words: "The picture says 'legs'—it's visual more than anything else—and if it has some erotic content, well, fine." It does, Dan, it does. Right: Pompea Posar took this sequence of shots, but he credits Arthur Paul with suggesting the idea. And what was Art thinking of? "Adoration," he says. That is, adoration of the leg—"which can lead you to some very interesting things." As we can see.





The warmth of a woman's flesh against the coldness of porcelain was what Staff Photographer Bill Arsenault found intriguing when he did this bathroom study. The pose, he says, was created spontaneously by the model, who "just did her thing." Right: L.A. free-lancer Ken Marcus left out the faces of his subjects deliberately, so that their muscular tension would acquire greater prominence: "I used models who dug each other and who really got into it; just by seeing their hands and feet, you can tell that their erotic feelings are real."



RICHARD FEGLEY





Photographer Richard Fegley and Associate Art Director Tom Staebler cooked up the idea for this one. Which was, simply, to show legs in a relatively natural, uncontrived setting. "So," says Fegley, "I just put the girl in bed and shot her." Makes sense.



is the biggest of them all."

"Golly, Mr. Hancock, yours

Vargas



SOME MEN had bought a stubborn camel, and when they wanted to make it enter a house, it balked. Then they began to beat it and still the camel would not go in. A woman, lovely as a half-moon, looked down at them

from a window and the men looked up speechless, staring at her.

She said, "What's the matter here?"

One of the men said, "We want it to enter, but there's no getting it in."

"Simple," she replied. "Wet its head and then it will slip in."

Once, in Medina, there was a shameless woman called Sallāma the Green. She was discovered with a homosexual as she was screwing him with an artificial penis. She was haled off to the governor, who sentenced her to be beaten and then ridden around the town on a camel.

As she was going through the streets, she met a man she knew and he asked, "What's all this about, Sallāma?"

"By Allah, be quiet!" she said. "Men are the most tyrannical things on earth—you forever screw us and when we screw you just once, we're beaten for it."

Hubbā was one of the most lustful women in Medina. Some women she knew came to her and asked, "Tell us about this thing of women crying out in the midst of copulation. Is it something natural or something that women have newly invented?"

Hubbā replied, "My daughters, let me tell you about the time my husband and I went on a pilgrimage with the caliph 'Uthmān. When we had come back to al-'Arj, my husband and I looked at each other and we had the same thought. So he leaped upon me and set to work. Just as 'Uthmān's caravan of camels passed by our tent, that which happens to all daughters of Adam happened to me and I loosed a wild cry—so wild that five hundred camels scattered in every direction."

After that remark, the women of Medina did their best to scare passing camels.

A certain man once noticed a beautiful woman who was being ordered about and bullied by an ugly and deformed little man. Later, he asked her about this creature and she replied, "That is my husband."

"Allah be glorified!" he said. "A woman blessed with your beauty has married a man like this?"

She replied, "If he attacked you from

behind with the thing he uses to attack me from the front, you'd think more highly of him." Then she bared her thigh and showed a great bruise. "This is where he missed," she said. "Think what it's like when he hits the target!"

Some men were talking about the pleasures of copulation and a homosexual happened to overhear them. "By Allah, I wish you'd stop talking about the vagina, that cursed thing."

One of the men laughed and asked, "When were you last in one?"

"When I was born," said the homosexual. "Allah created the penis round for a round lodging place. If he had meant it to fit the vagina, he would have created it in the shape of an ax."

In Medina, there was a beautiful girl who was sought in marriage by many men but, for a long time, saw none who pleased her.

At last, her mother came to her and described a new suitor, a young man with a handsome face, wealth and honor. "Could you marry better than this?" she asked.

"Mother," said the girl, "he is as you say, but I have heard a frightening thing about him."

"Do not be shy, child, tell me," said the mother.

"It is said that he has a huge penis—much too large for me, I fear."

The mother went to the young man and spoke to him about this and he replied cleverly, "If she is afraid, let us agree that you will sit by on the wedding night and thread the needle. There is nothing like a mother's touch."

When the mother told this to her daughter, the girl accepted the idea, saying, "Yes, Mother, I trust you always."

The wedding night came and the mother appeared in the bridal chamber. "Where is it?" she asked.

"Here," said the young man. The mother gasped when she discovered that she must close both hands around it. But she plucked up courage and put its head into her daughter's vagina.

"More!" said the daughter. And the mother removed one of her fingers from the staff.

"Oh, Mother, more!" said the daughter. And so it continued until the mother had loosed both hands entirely and the staff was buried out of sight.

"More!" cried the daughter.

"But now you have the whole of it, my daughter," the mother said. "Nothing remains in my hand."

"Good," said the daughter. "I'm glad you didn't keep any for yourself. Do you remember that my father used to say, 'When giving a gift, let nothing remain in your hand—for then the blessing of generosity disappears?'"

—Translated by William Hutchins



*has the commuting-and-country-club
set joined the revolution? well,
there's something stirring out there
and it isn't the crab grass*

SEX IN SUBURBIA

humor

By *Saxon*



*"Where do you think I should say I've been this afternoon?
The Museum of Modern Art is closed today."*



*"I thought a trip to Rome would help us find each other again; then
Harold was propositioned by a twelve-year-old boy on the Spanish Steps."*



"Say, Ellen, there's another obscene message for you on the answering machine."



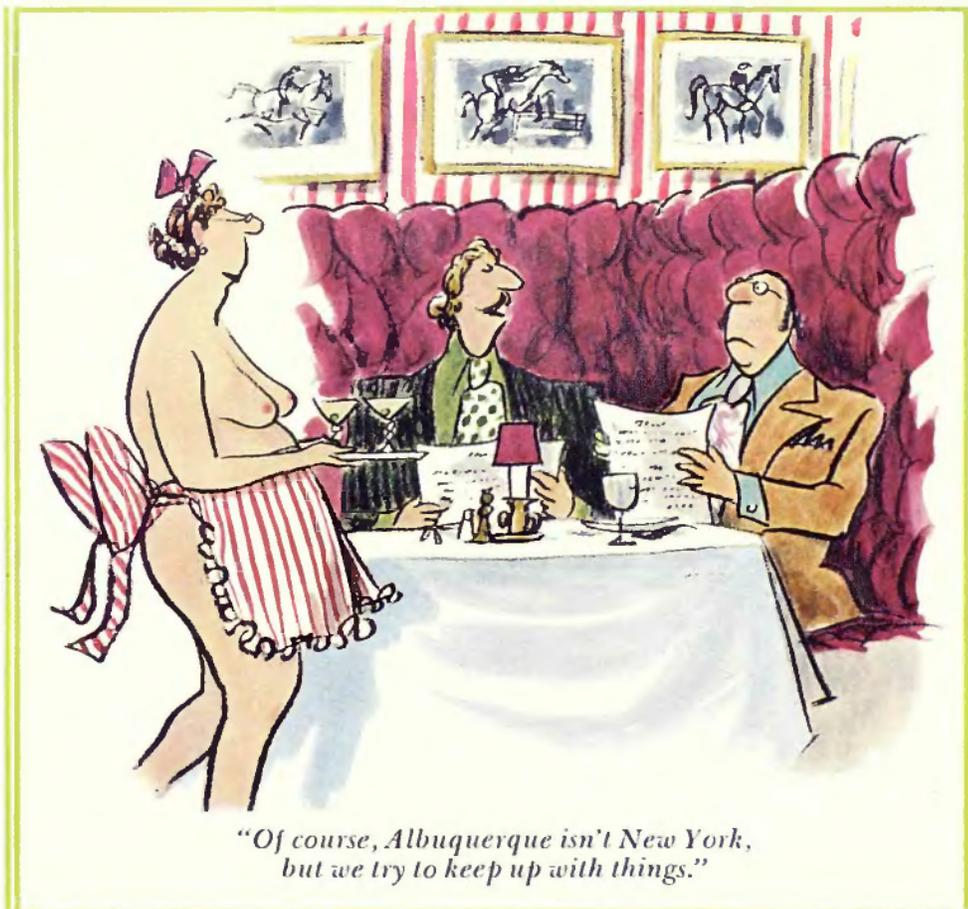
"Marcia, are you implying that with a Vice-President in Charge of Eastern Sales you can't have a meaningful relationship, but with an assistant tennis pro you can?"



"I haven't been to a wife-swapping party. I don't even know anyone who has been invited to a wife-swapping party."



"I want to hear all the dirty stories you told before we got here."



"Of course, Albuquerque isn't New York, but we try to keep up with things."



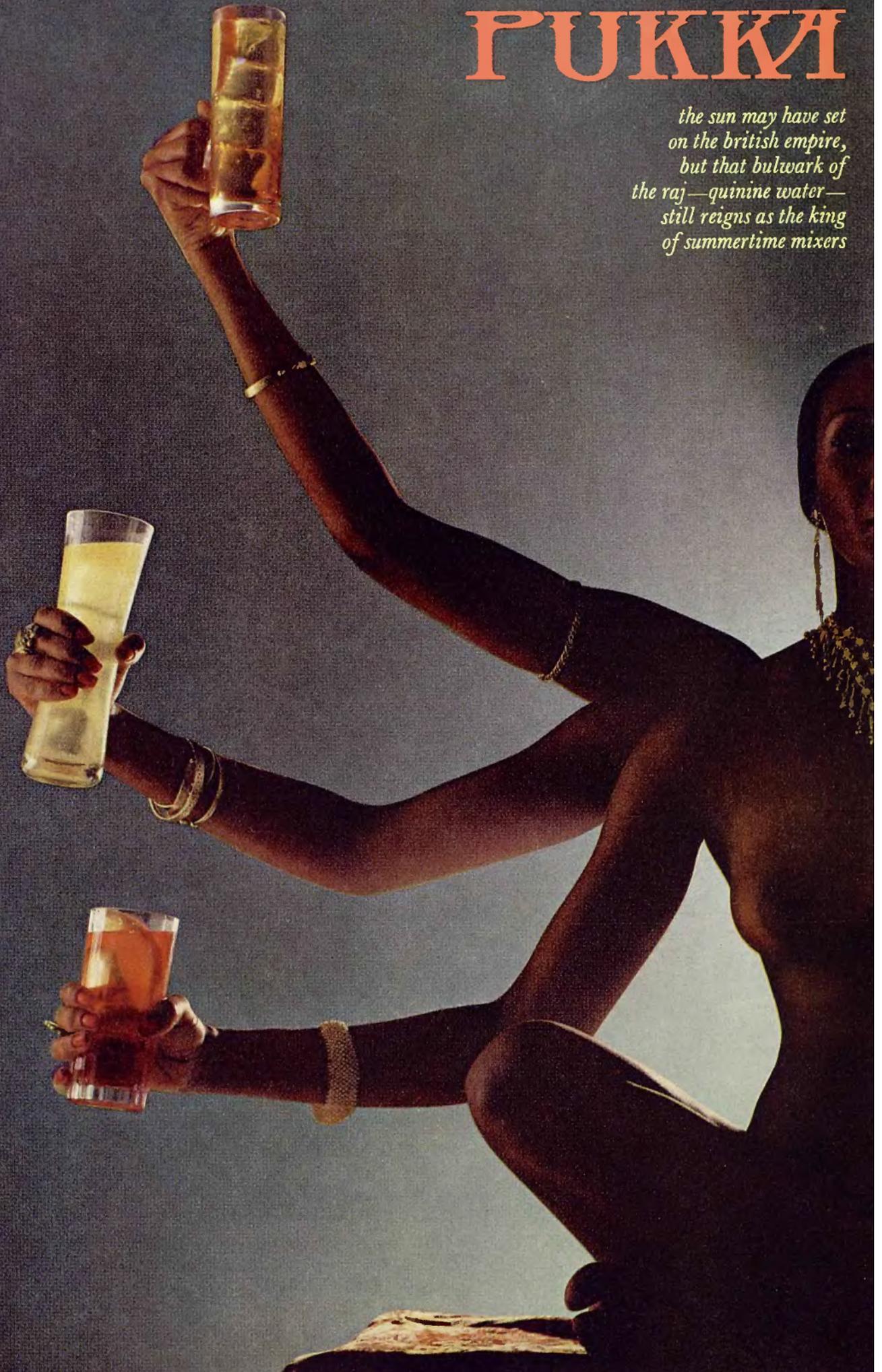
"We hate to eat and run, but Edith has to get to bed early and I have a late date."



"Another thing I don't miss about the old days—word games!"

PUKKA

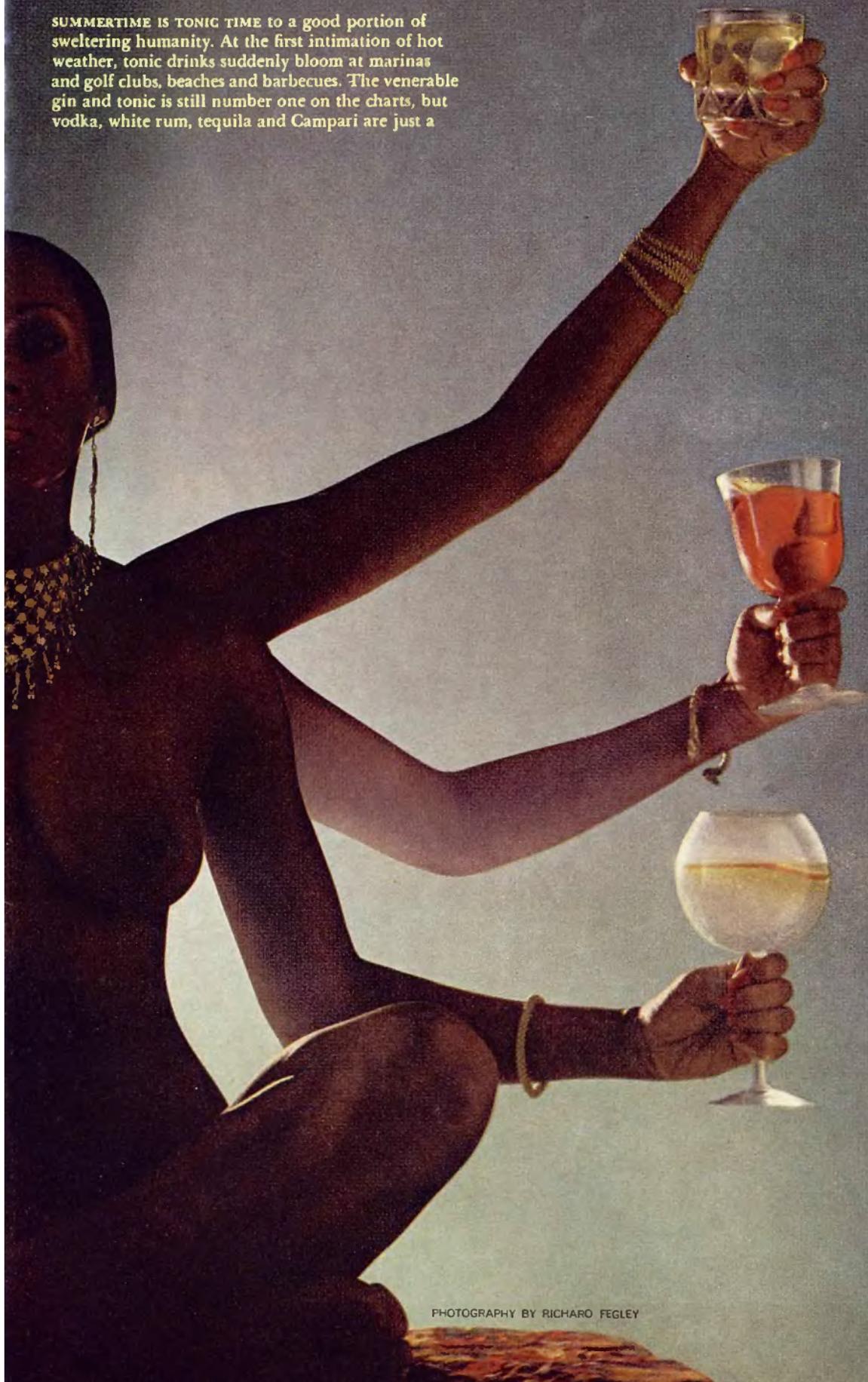
*the sun may have set
on the british empire,
but that bulwark of
the raj—quinine water—
still reigns as the king
of summertime mixers*



COOLERS

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

SUMMERTIME IS TONIC TIME to a good portion of sweltering humanity. At the first intimation of hot weather, tonic drinks suddenly bloom at marinas and golf clubs, beaches and barbecues. The venerable gin and tonic is still number one on the charts, but vodka, white rum, tequila and Campari are just a



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

few of the potables frequently paired with tonic.

As it happens, the gin and tonic is an accident of history and pharmacology, one of the happier spin-offs of Great Britain's 18th and 19th Century colonial incursions. Royal forces and civilian cadre stationed in India were required to take quinine daily, as an antimalarial. The disease was almost preferable to the rank, bile-bitter preventive and the troops were constantly searching for a way to make their diurnal dose more palatable. Various combinations of citrus, seltzer, sugar and essences helped some, but it wasn't until a valiant cavalry officer drowned the mixture in gin that it was proclaimed a total triumph. Admittedly, a double gin will ameliorate almost any difficulty, but the lasting affection for gin and tonic is a tribute to its broad extratherapeutic appeal.

Carbonated quinine water was first bottled commercially by Jacob Schewpe in England more than 100 years ago and made it to this side of the pond before the century turned. However, it remained in limited distribution until Schewpe's began bottling the product here in the early Fifties. Domestic brands of tonic waters dealt themselves into the game about that time, too. The consequent increase in promotional activity and decrease in price extended the market considerably.

While the nationally advertised brands all claim to be distinctive, one would be hard put to find a material difference among them after they've been iced down, spiked with liquor and garnished with lemon or lime. Local brands can be inferior, either too bitter or noticeably sweeter. Tonic waters as a group contain more sugar than is generally assumed, but this is balanced by the bitterish quinine and tart citrus. The amount of quinine is minimal and has no medicinal value

whatsoever, but that small quantity is essential to the refreshing, bittersweet tang. Tonic waters are also quite heavily carbonated, imparting a commendable briskness and bite to the alcoholic chillers given below.

WILD BILL

1½ ozs. William Pear Liqueur
4 to 5 ozs. tonic water, chilled
Lime slice

Pour pear liqueur over ice cubes in highball glass. Stir. Add tonic water and thin slice of lime. Stir once.

DUST CUTTER

2 ozs. vodka
2 teaspoons Rose's sweetened lime juice

Tonic water, chilled
Pour vodka and lime juice over ice in 8-oz. old fashioned glass. Stir. Add tonic water. Stir once.

TNT

2 ozs. tequila
Lime slice
Tonic water, chilled
Pour tequila over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add lime and tonic water to fill. Stir once.

BRITISH CUP

2 ozs. Pimm's Cup #1
Apple wedge, unpeeled
Tonic water, chilled
Thin strip of cucumber rind, about 3 in. long

Chuck 2 or 3 ice cubes into a glass mug or large old fashioned glass. Add Pimm's Cup, apple wedge and tonic water. Stir once. Slip cucumber rind down one side and serve.

OLD SALT

1½ ozs. tequila

1 oz. frozen concentrated grapefruit juice, half thawed
Lemon wedge
3 to 4 ozs. tonic water, chilled
Pinch salt

Pour tequila and grapefruit-juice concentrate into tall glass. Stir until grapefruit juice dissolves. Add ice; squeeze in lemon juice and add peel. Stir. Add tonic water and light pinch salt. Stir once.

PINK ELEPHANT

3 ozs. rosé wine
3 ozs. tonic water, chilled
Ripe strawberry, unhulled
Pour wine and tonic water over ice cubes in highball glass. Stir quickly. Garnish with strawberry impaled on a pick.

SAN JUAN COOLER

2 ozs. white rum
1 oz. lemon juice
2 ozs. orange juice
1 teaspoon passion-fruit syrup or grenadine

3 ozs. tonic water, chilled
Lemon, lime, orange slices
Over ice in collins glass, pour rum, lemon juice, orange juice and passion-fruit syrup. Stir to chill. Add tonic water. Stir once. Garnish with slice each lemon and lime and half slice orange.

PERNOD EYE OPENER

½ oz. Pernod
1 oz. triple sec
1 oz. lemon juice
Tonic water, chilled
Pour Pernod, triple sec and lemon juice over ice in tall glass. Stir. Add tonic water to fill. Stir once.

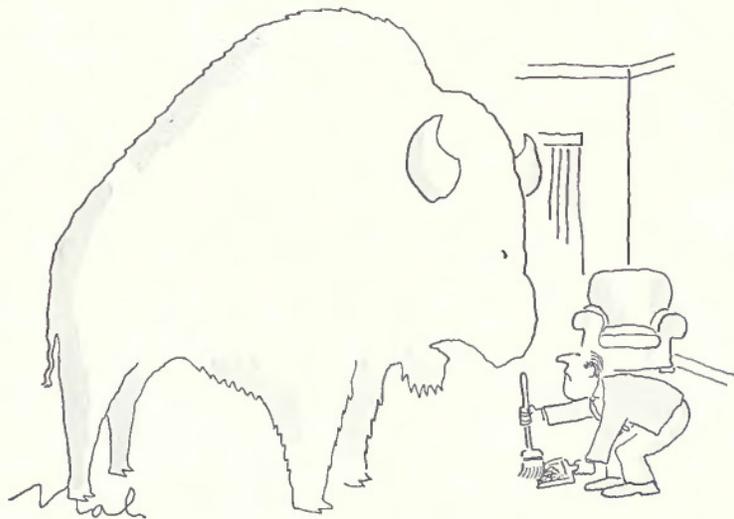
BITTER TONIC

2 ozs. Campari or Amer Picon
Orange wedge
Tonic water, chilled
Pour Campari or Amer Picon over ice in highball glass. Squeeze in orange juice and add peel. Stir. Add about 4 ozs. tonic water. Stir once.

GINS UP

1 oz. London dry gin
½ oz. sloe gin
½ lime
Tonic water, chilled
Pour dry gin and sloe gin over ice cubes in tall glass. Squeeze in lime juice and add peel. Add 3 to 4 ozs. tonic water. Stir once.

It may be presumptuous to quibble over such an established drink as the gin and tonic, but to our mind, the average bartender overtonics and undergins. This is partly because most bars use the 7-oz.-size bottle and allocate one bottle to one drink. We suggest that you make your next gin and tonic with about 2 parts tonic to 1 part gin, plenty of ice and a lime wedge. You'll find it's a crisper, drier, more vigorous drink. Cheers!



"Oh, stop complaining. . . . You're the one who wanted 'a home where the buffalo roam!'"

He's just won \$25,000,
poured a bucket of champagne
over his head.
He's not going to follow all
that with a boring cigarette.



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

King Size.
Super Longs.



Viceroy has full-bodied
flavor that doesn't flatten
out. Always rich...always
smooth...always exciting.
Get a taste of Viceroy.
Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Dunlop Crashes In (continued from page 119)

couldn't do, and her own favorite fantasy involved having sex with a fountain. In particular, Shirley wanted to have it with Houston's new Mecom fountain, a splendid gusher of water in front of the equally splendid Warwick hotel. At night, the Mecom fountain was lit up with orange lights, and Shirley insisted that she couldn't think of anything better than seating herself right on top of a great spurt of orange water, right there in front of the Warwick.

That wasn't possible, of course, so Shirley had to make do with the next best, which was seating herself every night or two on what she primly referred to as Royce's "old thing." About all that was required of Royce at such times was to keep still while Shirley jiggled around and made little spurting sounds, in imitation of the fountain she imagined herself to be sitting on. Royce's only worry was that someday Shirley might lose her balance and fall backward, in which case his old thing was bound to suffer; but so far it hadn't happened and Royce had never been one to look too far ahead.

His own favorite fantasy was simpler; it involved setting the beer can on his navel. What Royce liked to pretend was that the beer can had a little hole in its bottom and his navel a secret hole in its top, so that when he put the can of beer over his navel, a nice stream of cold beer squirted right down into his stomach with no effort on his part at all. That way, the two pleasantest things in life, sex and beer drinking, could be accomplished without so much as lifting a hand.

Shirley evidently liked sitting on his old thing so much that she was willing to support him to keep it handy, so Royce had become a man of substantial leisure. His memory had never been very keen, and in three weeks he managed to forget Rosie and his seven children almost completely. Now and then, longings for his darling, Little Buster, would come over him, but before they got too strong, Shirley would come home and set a cold beer on his navel and the longings would subside. Shirley lived in a three-room house on Harrisburg, right next door to a used-tire center, and Royce spent much of his day staring happily out the window at a mountain of some 20,000 worn-out tires. For activity, he could walk two blocks down Harrisburg to a 7-Eleven and buy some more beer or, if he were especially energetic, walk another block and spend an afternoon happily playing shuffleboard at a bar called the Tired Out Lounge, the principal hangout of his old friend Mitch McDonald.

Mitch was a retired roustabout who had had a hand pinched off in an oil-

field accident years before. It had been he, in fact, who had introduced Royce to Shirley. She had been Mitch's girlfriend for years, but they had had a falling out that started (Shirley later told Royce) because Mitch's old thing acquired the bad habit of falling out of Shirley just at the wrong time. Despite this, Mitch and Shirley had decided to stay friends, and in a moment of lethargy, Mitch had handed his friend Shirley over to his friend Royce. He himself regarded Royce as far too crude for Shirley, and he was very upset when they happened to hit it off. It was his own doing, however, and he managed to keep quiet about how wrong it all was, except to Hubbard, Jr., the nervous little manager of the Tired Out Lounge. Mitch frequently pointed out to Hubbard, Jr., that Royce and Shirley couldn't last, and Hubbard, Jr., a very neat man who had the bad luck to own a bar that was only three blocks from a used-tire center, always agreed, as he did with everybody, no matter what they said.

Still, on the surface, Royce and Mitch stayed buddies, and it was no great surprise to Royce that it was Mitch who called him on the phone.

"What's up, good buddy?" Mitch asked when Royce said hello.

"Restin'," Royce said. "Havin' a few beers."

"You're gonna need something stronger than that when you hear what I got to say," Mitch said. "I'm over here at the J-Bar Korral."

"Aw, yeah?" Royce said, not much interested.

"It's this here East Tex hoedown," Mitch went on. "They have it ever Friday night, unescorted ladies free. The pussy that walks around loose over here ain't to be believed."

"Aw, yeah?" Royce repeated.

"Anyhow, guess who just come in?" Mitch said.

"John F. Kennedy," Royce guessed, feeling humorous. "Or is it old L.B.J.?"

"Nope," Mitch said. "Guess again."

Royce racked his brain. He could think of nobody they both knew who might be likely to turn up at the East Tex hoedown—in fact, in his relaxed state, he could not even think of anybody they both knew.

"Too tired to guess," Royce said.

"All right, I'll give you a hint," Mitch said. "Her name starts with an R."

Mitch expected that crucial initial to burst like a bombshell in Royce's consciousness, but once again, he had miscalculated.

"Don't know nobody whose name starts with an R," Royce said. "Nobody 'cept me, an' I ain't hardly even got out of bed today."

"Rosie, you dumb shit," Mitch said, exasperated by his friend's obtuseness. "Rosie, Rosie, Rosie."

"Rosie who?" Royce said automatically, all thought of his wife still far from his mind.

"Rosie Dunlop!" Mitch yelled. "Your wife, Rosie, ever hear of her?"

"Oh, Rosie," Royce said. "Ask her how Little Buster's doin', will you?"

Then the bombshell finally burst. Royce sat up abruptly, spilling the can of beer off his navel. He didn't notice it until the cold liquid began to leak underneath him—then, since when he sat up his stomach hid the can, he thought the sudden shock must have caused him to wet the bed.

"Rosie?" he said. "You don't mean Rosie?"

"Rosie," Mitch said quietly, savoring the moment.

"Go tell her I said to go home," Royce said. "What's she think she's doin' over there at a dance with all them sluts? She oughtn't to be out by herself," he added.

"She ain't out by herself," Mitch added. It was another moment to savor.

Royce stuck his finger in the puddle he was sitting in and then smelled the finger. It smelled like beer, rather than piss, so at least he was rid of one anxiety. Dim memories of his married life began to stir in him, but only vaguely, and when Mitch dropped his second bombshell, the room of Royce's memory went black.

"Whut?" he asked.

Mitch adopted a flat, informative tone and informed Royce that Rosie had arrived with two short men, one of whom wore a mustache. The other was a well-known oilman who drove a white Lincoln.

There was silence on the line while Royce absorbed the information. "Fuck a turkey," he said finally, running his fingers through his hair.

"Yeah, don't that beat all?" Mitch said. "I guess what they say is true: While the cat's away, the mouse will play."

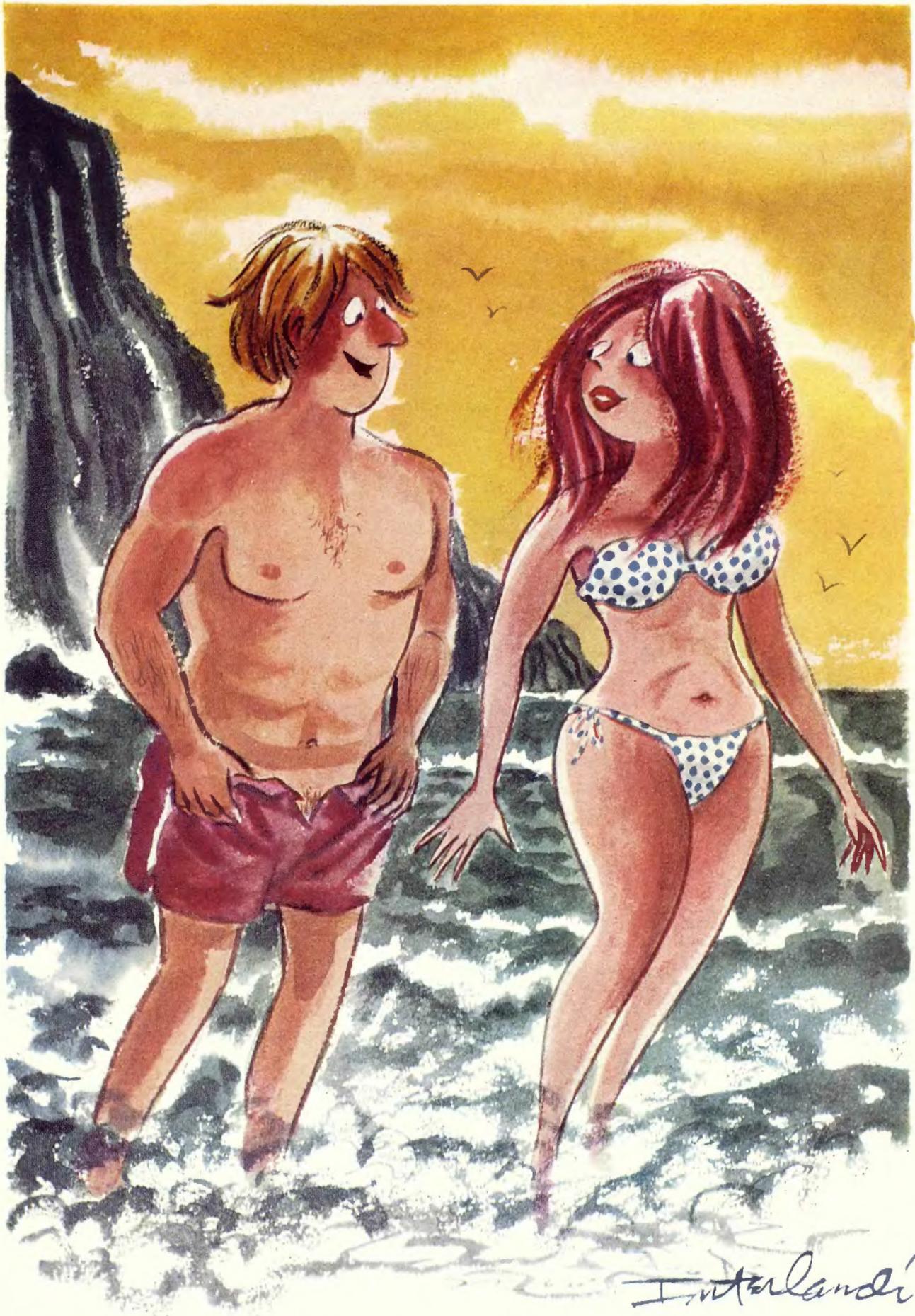
"Why, what does she mean, goin' off an' leavin' the kids?" Royce said. A sense of indignation was rising in him. "She's a married woman," he added forcefully.

"She sure ain't actin' like one to-night," Mitch said. "Her an' that Cajun's dancin' up a storm."

"Don't tell me no more, you're just makin' it hard for me to think," Royce said. He was trying to keep in mind a paramount fact: Rosie was his wife and she was in the process of betraying him.

"You comin' over?" Mitch asked.

In his agitation, Royce hung up the phone before he answered. "You goddamn right I'm coming over," he said, to no one. Problems lay in his way,



"Interested in a little offshore drilling?"

however. One of his shoes was lost. Shirley had a scroungy little mongrel named Barstow, after her home town, and Barstow was always dragging Royce's shoes off into corners, so he could nibble at the shoestrings. Royce found one shoe in the kitchen, but the other one was completely lost. While he was looking for it, though, he found a bottle of Scotch he had forgotten they had, a good deal of which he gulped down while he was looking for the shoe. The shoe refused to turn up and Royce, tormented by the thought of what his wife was getting away with, grew more and more frantic. He turned the bed upside down, thinking it might be under there—then he turned the couch upside down—then he stepped outside to kick the shit out of Barstow, who had vanished as neatly as the shoe.

As the minutes ticked by, Royce's desperation increased, and his fury with it. Finally, he decided the shoe was non-essential; he could do what he had to do with one shoe on. He rushed out into the street and jumped into his delivery truck, but unfortunately, thanks to a month of inactivity, the truck's battery was dead. Royce felt like turning the truck over, as he had the bed and the couch, but

sanity prevailed. After trying vainly to flag down a couple of passing cars, he hobbled rapidly up to the Tired Out Lounge. Everybody got a good laugh at the sight of him with one shoe on and one shoe off, but Royce scarcely heard the uproar.

"Shirley's damn turd-hound stole it," he said, to silence speculation. "Got an emergency. I need somebody to come help me jump-start my truck."

Nothing wins friends in a bar like someone else's emergency, and in no time Royce was getting a jump start from a 1958 Mercury, his shoe problem forgotten. Five or six experts from the used-tire center stood around, idly kicking at the tires of Royce's truck while the jump-starting took place. Several of them tried not too subtly to find out what the emergency was; after all, they had left their drinking to participate in it and had done so with the expectation—always a reasonable one on Harrisburg—of gunshots, screaming women and flowing blood. A used potato-chip truck with a run-down battery was a poor substitute, and they let Royce know it.

"What the fuck, Dunlup?" one said. "Your old lady's house ain't even on fire."

Royce was not about to admit the humiliating truth: that his wife was out honky-tonking with other men. He silenced all queries by slamming his hood down and roaring away, although the hood popped up again before he had gone a block, mainly because, in his haste, he had neglected to remove the battery cables and had slammed it down on them.

The men who had helped him watched him go with a certain rancor. "The son of a bitch is too ignorant even to put on both shoes," one of them said. They were hoping maybe he'd have a car wreck before he got out of sight, but he didn't and they were left to straggle back to the bar without even a story to tell.

"Dumb bastard," another tire whanger said. "I wouldn't help him next time if a snappin' turtle had aholt of his cock."

• • •

Over at the J-Bar Korral, meanwhile, a colorful evening was in progress. A group called the Tyler Troubadours was flailing away at a medley of Hank Snow favorites and the customers had divided themselves roughly into three equivalent groups: those who had come to drink, those who had come to dance and those who hoped to accomplish a little of both. Brylcreem and Vitalis gleamed on the heads of those men who bothered to take their Stetsons off, and the women's hair was mostly upward coifed, as if God had dressed it Himself by standing over them with a comb in one omnipotent hand and a powerful vacuum cleaner in the other.

Everybody was happy and nearly everybody was drunk. One of the few exceptions to both categories was Vernon, who sat at a table, smiling uncomfortably. He was not sober on purpose, but then, neither was he unhappy on purpose. Both states appeared to belong to him, which was just as well, since as near as he could tell, nobody else wanted them.

Certainly, Rosie didn't. She had immediately flung herself into dancing, figuring that was the easiest way to keep her mind off the fact that she was out on a date with F. V. d'Arch. It was very clear to her that it was a date, since at the last minute she had let him pay for her ticket; beyond that, her imagination refused to take her. She had more or less forgotten why she had been so determined to drag poor Vernon along, but she was glad that she had, anyway, just in case problems arose with F. V.

Fortunately, though, F. V. had shown himself to be a model of comportment. He had flung himself into dancing just as eagerly as Rosie had, mostly to keep his mind off the fact that he couldn't think of anything to say to Rosie. For years, the two staples of their conversation had been Bossier City, Louisiana,



"So I figured, what the hell, as long as I was going to practice without a license, I might as well practice gynecology."

and Packard engines, and neither seemed quite the right thing to talk about on their first date.

Also, looming in both their minds was the specter of Royce Dunlup. Despite the fact that he had not been heard from in weeks and might be in Canada, or even California, both Rosie and F. V. secretly assumed that somehow he would find them out and turn up at the dance. They also secretly assumed that by their being there together, they were guilty—probably in the eyes of God and certainly in the eyes of Royce—of something close to adultery, although they had as yet to exchange even a handshake. Both were sweaty before they had danced a step, from guilt and nervousness, and the dancing proved to be an enormous relief. At first, F. V. danced with great Cajun suavity, from the hips down, never moving his upper body at all, which struck Rosie as slightly absurd. She was used to lots of rocking and dipping and hugging when she danced, and while she didn't especially want F. V. to try any hugging, she did expect him at least to turn his head once in a while. Right away, she poked him in the ribs, to make her point.

"Loosen up there, F. V.," she said. "We ain't standin' in no boat, you know. You're gonna be a dead loss when they play one of them jitterbugs if you can't twist no better'n that."

Fortunately, a little practice and five or six beers and the fact that there was no sign of Royce did wonders for F. V.'s confidence, and Rosie had no more cause for complaint. F. V. had her on the floor for every dance and they were cut in on only twice, both times by the same massive drunk, who couldn't seem to get over the fact that Rosie was as short as she was. "Ma'am, you're plumb *tiny*," he said, several times.

"That's right, be careful you don't fall on me. I'd just be a smear on the floor if you was to," Rosie said, charitable in her happiness at finding out she could go about in the world and dance with various men without any lightning bolts striking her dead.

In her happiness, and because the inside of the J-Bar Korral was roughly the temperature of a bread oven, she began to drink beer rapidly during the intermissions. F. V. drank beer rapidly, too, and Vernon bought beer as rapidly as they drank it. The top of their table was a puddle from all the moisture that had dripped off the bottles, and Vernon amused himself while they danced by soaking up the puddle with napkins.

"F. V., we ort to of been doing this years ago," Rosie said, during one intermission. She was feeling more and more generous toward F. V.—the fact that he had gotten up the nerve to mumble



*"One final question for our readers, Miss Dellasandro:
Do you sleep in the nude?"*

"Wanta go?" that morning was the beginning of her liberation.

"We ort, we ort," F. V. said. "Wanta come next week?"

"Oh, well," Rosie said, fanning herself with a napkin.

"They have these dances ever week," F. V. said. He paused. "Ever week on the dot," he added, in case Rosie doubted it.

"That's sweet," Rosie said vaguely, looking around the room in such a way as to leave in question as much as possible. It was rather vulgar of F. V. to rush her so, she felt, and the thought of having to commit herself to something a whole week away was scary.

"It's the same band all the time," F. V. persisted.

"Vernon, you ort to try a dance or two," Rosie said, hoping to slip quietly off the spot she was on.

"I was raised Church of Christ," Vernon explained. "They ain't partial to dancing."

Vernon was not going to be of any

help, Rosie saw. He was merely waiting politely for the evening to be over. Meanwhile, F. V.'s dark Cajun eyes were shining and he was waiting to find out if he had a date for next week.

"Well, if Little Buster ain't been kidnaped, or the sky don't fall . . ." Rosie said, and she let her sentence trail off.

That was enough for F. V. Anything less crushing than blank refusal had always been enough for F. V. He leaned back and drank beer, while Vernon ate pretzels.

Vernon felt as if the road of his life had just suddenly forked, giving him no time to turn. He had left the old, straight road of his life, probably forever, on the impulse of an instant, yet it did not surprise him very much that the fork had so quickly led him into the sand. He did not expect to get back on the old road, and to him the sweat and the roar of the J-Bar was just part of the sand. He watched and ate his pretzels rather disconnectedly.

mild in his dullness, not thinking of much.

None of them knew that outside, in the far reaches of the J-Bar parking lot, a baby-blue delivery truck was revving up. Royce Dunlup had arrived and was preparing his vengeance.

He had not, however, parked his truck. On the way over, he had had the feeling that a few beers might clear his head, so he had stopped at an all-night grocery and bought two six-packs of Pearl. To his annoyance, everyone in the store had laughed at him because he had on only one shoe—it was beginning to seem to Royce that he must be the first person in the history of the world to have a shoe carried off by a girlfriend's dog. The cashier at the grocery store, no more than a pimply kid, had felt obliged to crack a joke about it.

"What happened, Hoss?" he asked. "Did you forget to put the other one on or forget to take this one off?"

Royce had taken his six-packs and limped to his truck, followed by the rude jeers of several onlookers. The incident set him to brooding. People seemed to assume that he was some kind of nut, a kind who liked to wear only one shoe. If he went limping into a big dance like the East Tex hoedown wearing only one shoe, hundreds of people would probably laugh at him—his whole position would be automatically undermined. For all he knew, Rosie could have him committed to an insane asylum if he showed up at a dance with only one shoe on.

It was a thorny problem, and Royce sat in his truck at the far end of the J-Bar parking lot and drank his way rapidly through a six-pack of beer. It occurred to him that if he waited patiently enough, some drunk was sure to stagger out and collapse somewhere in the parking lot, in which case it would be no trouble to steal a shoe—the only risky part about such a plan was that Rosie and her escorts might leave before he could find a collapsed drunk. In light of the seriousness of it all, the matter of the missing shoe was a terrible irritation, and Royce made up his mind to strangle Barstow the next time he came home, Shirley or no Shirley. He drank the second six-pack even more rapidly than the first—drinking helped keep him in a decisive mood. The J-Bar was only a cheap, prefabricated dance hall, and Royce could hear the music plainly through the open doors. The thought that his own wife of 27 years was in there dancing with a low-class Cajun put him in a stomping mood, but, unfortunately, he had nothing but a sock on his better stomping foot.

Then, just as he was finishing his 12th beer, a solution to the whole problem accidentally presented itself. Royce had

about decided to wait in the truck and try to run over Rosie and F.V. when they came out. He killed his motor and prepared to lie in wait, and just as he did, the solution appeared in the form of two men and a woman, all of whom seemed to be very happy. When they stepped out of the door of the J-Bar, they had their arms around one another and were singing about crawfish pie; but by the time they had managed to stagger the length of the building, the party mood had soured. One of the men was large and the other small, and the first sign of animosity Royce noticed came when the big man picked up the little man by his belt and abruptly flung him at the rear wall of the J-Bar Korral.

"Keep your fuckin' slop-bucket mouth shut around my fiancée, you little turd, you," the big man said, just about the time the little man's head hit the wall of the J-Bar Korral. Royce couldn't tell if the little man heard the command or not—instead of answering, he began to writhe around on the asphalt, groaning out indistinct words.

The woman paused briefly to look down at the small writhing man. "Darrell, you never need to done that," she said calmly. "I've heard the word titty before, anyway. I got two of 'em, even if they ain't the biggest ones in the world."

The big man evidently didn't think her comment deserved an answer, because he grabbed her arm and stuffed her into a blue Pontiac without further ado. The two of them sat in the Pontiac for a while, watching the little man writhe; then, somewhat to Royce's surprise, the big man started the car and drove away, without bothering to run over the little man. The little man finally managed to get one foot under himself—the other foot evidently wouldn't go under him, because he hopped on one leg right past Royce's potato-chip truck and on into the darkness of the parking lot.

Royce scarcely gave him a glance. He had just had an inspiration. When the little man struck the building, it seemed to Royce that the building crunched. He distinctly heard a crunching sound—obviously, the building was flimsy; it was probably made of plywood and tar paper. There was no reason for him to wait half the night so as to run over Rosie and F.V. in the parking lot. A building that would crunch under the impact of a small dirty-mouthed man wouldn't stand a chance against a six-year-old potato-chip truck in excellent condition. He could drive right through the wall and run over Rosie and F.V. while they were actually dancing together.

Without further contemplation, Royce

acted. He drove his truck up parallel to the rear wall and leaned out and punched the wall a time or two with his fist. It felt like plywood and tar paper to him, and that was all he needed. He chose as his point of entry a spot right in the center of the rear wall, backed up so as to give himself about a 20-yard run at it, revved his engine for all it was worth and, with blood in his eye, drove straight into the wall.

The J-Bar Korral was a big place, and at first only those customers who happened to be drinking or dancing at the south end of the building noticed that a potato-chip truck was in the process of forcing its way into the dance. The first impact splintered the wall and made a hole big enough for the nose of the truck, but it was not big enough for all the truck and Royce was forced to back up and take another run at it. A couple from Conroe were celebrating their first wedding anniversary at a table only a few yards from where the nose of the truck broke through, and the young couple and their friends, while mildly surprised to see the wall cave in and the nose of a truck appear, took a very mature attitude toward the whole thing.

"Look at that," the husband said. "Some sorry son of a bitch missed his turn an' hit the wall."

Everybody turned and watched, curious to see whether the truck was going to break on through. "I hope it ain't a nigger," the young wife said. "I'd hate to see a nigger while we're celebratin', wouldn't you, Goose?" Goose was her pet name for her husband—he didn't like her to use it in company, but the sight of the truck caused her to forget that temporarily. Her first name was Beth-Morris and that's what everybody called her, including her husband's best friend, Big Tony, who happened to be sitting right next to her at the table, helping her celebrate her first anniversary.

No sooner had she uttered the forbidden nickname than Big Tony gave her a best-friendly hug and began to make goose talk right in her little white ear. "Shit, your husband's already too drunk to cut the mustard; let's you an' me sneak out to the car and play a little goosy-gander," Big Tony said.

Before Beth-Morris could take a firm stance, Royce and his truck burst right into the J-Bar Korral. Annoyed at being stopped the first time, Royce had backed halfway across the parking lot for his second run. Beth-Morris looked up just in time to see a potato-chip truck bearing right down on their table. She screamed like a banshee, spoiling everyone's anniversary mood. Big Tony instantly had all thought of goosy-gander driven from his mind—he had just time to fling his



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beer at Royce's windshield before the edge of the front bumper hit his chair and knocked him under the table.

For a brief moment, there was a lull. The people at the south end of the dance hall stared at Royce and his truck, unwilling to believe what they were seeing. Royce turned on his windshield wipers to get Big Tony's beer off his windshield, at which point people began to scream and push back their chairs. Royce knew he had no time to lose: Rosie and F. V. might escape him in the confusion. He let out his clutch and roared right out onto the dance floor, scattering tables like matchsticks.

Of the people Royce sought, F. V. was the first to see him. He and Rosie were dancing near the bandstand. They had both heard the first screams, but screams were not uncommon at a big dance, and they didn't immediately stop dancing. At the sound of gunfire they would have stopped dancing, but screams ordinarily just meant a fistfight, and fistfights were not worth stopping for.

Thus, it was a severe shock to F. V. to complete what he thought was a nicely executed step and look up to see Royce Dunlup's potato-chip truck driving straight toward the bandstand. If shocks really froze blood, his circulatory system would have achieved a state of immediate deepfreeze. As it was, except for a couple of involuntary jerks, he managed to control himself rather well.

"Don't look now," he said to Rosie. "Royce is here. Don't look now."

Rosie felt instantly weak. It was not a surprise, though; the only thing surprising was that she seemed to hear the sound of a truck. It was bound to be her imagination, however, and F. V.'s tone had more or less convinced her that her life depended on keeping her head down, so she did. She assumed Royce was stalking through the dancers, probably with a gun in his hand; since she had nowhere else to put it, she reposed her trust in F. V. Perhaps he could steer them out the door, so they could make a run for it.

But F. V. had stopped dancing and stood stock-still, and the sound of a truck got louder; then the sound of screams got far too loud to be the result of a fistfight and the musicians suddenly lost the beat. "My Gawd," the vocalist said, and Rosie looked up just in time to see her husband driving past in his familiar baby-blue delivery truck.

For a moment, Rosie felt deeply happy. There was Royce in his delivery truck, driving with both hands on the wheel, just like he always did. Probably all that had happened had been a dream. Probably she was not at a dance but home in bed; the dream would be over any minute and she would be back in

the life she had always lived.

A happy relief swelled in her as she stood there, expecting to wake up. Then, instead of her waking up, Royce's truck hit the bandstand, flinging musicians left and right. The drummer's drums all fell on top of him and the vocalist was knocked completely off the platform, into the crowd. To make matters worse, Royce backed the truck up and went at the bandstand again. The drummer, who had just managed to get to his feet, was once again knocked sprawling into his drums. The second crash did something bad to the electrical system—it spluttered and flashed a very white light, and the electric guitar, which was lying off by itself in a corner, suddenly emitted a horrible scream, frightening everyone in the place so badly that all the women screamed, too. All the musicians who could move picked themselves up and fled—except one, the bull-fiddle player, a tall, gangly fellow from Port Arthur who preferred death to cowardice. He leaped over the fallen drummer and smashed at the potato-chip truck with his bull fiddle. "Son-of-a-bitch bastard!" he yelled, raising the fiddle on high.

Royce was mildly surprised at the stance the bull-fiddle player took, but he was far from daunted. He backed up a few feet and went at the bandstand a third time. The gallant from Port Arthur got in one tremendous swing before being flung backward into the drums and the drummer. The fight was not gone from him, though: He rose to his knees and flung a cymbal at the truck, cracking Royce's windshield.

"Security, security, where's the goddamn security?" the vocalist yelled from the midst of the crowd.

As to that, no one knew, least of all the two owners of the J-Bar, Bobby and John Dave, who had run out of their office to watch the destruction of their place of business. They were both middle-aged businessmen, long accustomed to dealing with rowdiness, but the spectacle that confronted them was more than they had bargained for.

"How'd that get in here, John Dave?" Bobby asked, astonished. "We never ordered no potato chips."

Before John Dave could answer, Royce was off again. He was largely satisfied with the destruction of the bandstand and whirled the truck around to face the crowd. He began a fast trip around the dance hall, honking as loudly as he could in order to scatter the many bunches of people. It worked, too: The people scattered, hopping around like grasshoppers over the many fallen chairs. In order to block the exit, Royce then began to use his truck like a bulldozer, pushing chairs and tables into the one door and then smashing them into a

kind of mountain of nails and splinters.

Vernon, ever a cool head in an emergency, had rushed to Rosie's side as soon as he figured out what was happening, and the two of them were concentrating on trying to keep F. V. from panicking, which might give their position away. The fact that they were all short gave them some advantage, though it didn't seem so to F. V. "Good as dead, good as dead," he kept saying.

"Damn the luck," he added mournfully.

"It ain't luck, it's justice," Rosie said grimly. She was not especially calm, but she was a long way from panic—she had not lived with Royce 27 years without learning how to take care of herself when he was mad.

Vernon watched the little blue truck chug around the room, smashing what few tables it hadn't already smashed. The three of them had taken refuge behind the huge man who had danced with Rosie; fortunately, he was with his equally huge wife. The two of them seemed to be enjoying the spectacle enormously.

"That's a pretty little blue truck," the huge lady said. "Why'nt we get one of them to haul the kids in?"

At that very moment, the pretty little blue truck veered their way. "Here's what you do, you two run for the ladies' room," Vernon said. "Run, run!"

Rosie and F. V. broke for it and the moment they did, Royce spotted them. He braked, in order to get an angle on where they were going, and while he was

slowed down, six drunks rushed out of the crowd and grabbed his rear bumper. The huge man decided to get in on the sport and ran right over Vernon, who had just moved in front of him to try to get into the truck. Royce jerked the truck into reverse and flung off all but two of the drunks; then he shot forward again and the last two let go. As the truck went by, the huge man threw a table at it, but the table only hit one of the drunks.

F. V. outran Rosie to the ladies' room, only to remember, at the last second, that he wasn't a lady. He stopped and Rosie ran into him.

"Ooops! Where's the men's room?" he asked.

Rosie looked around and saw that the crowd had parted and that Royce was bearing down on them. There was no time for commentary—she shoved F. V. through the swinging door and squeezed in behind him, about two seconds before the truck hit the wall.

The part of the J-Bar where the rest rooms were had once been the projection area when the J-Bar had been a drive-in theater, rather than a dance hall. It had cinder-block walls. Royce had expected to plow right through, into the ladies' john, but instead he was stopped cold. He even bumped his head on his own windshield.

His confusion at finding a wall he couldn't drive through was nothing, however, to the confusion inside the rest room. Most of the women who had been



"Gentlemen, I'd just like to say that, while earnings are unfortunately down thirty percent this quarter, we have got to be the hippest-looking board of directors ever!"

using it were blissfully ignorant of what was going on out on the dance floor. They had heard some screaming, but they had just assumed it was a bigger-than-usual fight and more or less resolved to stay where they were until it was over. Several were in the process of combing their hair upward, one or two were re-gluing false eyelashes and one, a large redhead named Gretchen, who had just finished getting laid out in the parking lot, had one leg propped up over a lavatory and was douching.

"Lord knows the trouble it saves," she remarked, to general agreement, and the conversation, such as it was, was largely concerned with the question of unwanted pregnancies. A woman who was sitting in one of the toilets was regaling everyone with a story about unwanted triplets when, with no warning at all, a small

male Cajun popped through the door and right into their midst. The appearance of F.V. was so startling that no one noticed the small, frightened-looking redhead who was right on his heels; but the shock that followed when the truck hit the wall was nothing anyone could miss. Gretchen fell down beside the lavatory, and a blonde named Darlene opened her mouth to scream and dropped a false eyelash into it. F.V., off balance to begin with, had the bad fortune to fall right on top of Gretchen.

"It's a monster; get him away," Gretchen screamed—she assumed she was about to be raped and rolled onto her belly and kept screaming. A couple of women rolled out from under the doors of the toilet stalls. They assumed a tornado had struck, but when they saw F.V., they began to scream for the police.

Rosie had her ear to the door and could hear the wheels of the truck spinning on the slick dance floor. When she looked around, she saw that F.V. was in real trouble. Five or six women had leaped onto him to keep him from raping Gretchen, and a particularly tough-looking young brunette was trying to strangle him with a tubular syringe.

"Naw, naw," Rosie said. "He ain't out to hurt nobody, he just run in here to hide. My husband tried to run over him in a truck."

"He dove at me," Gretchen said.

"You mean there's a truck loose in this dance?" the young brunette said. "That's the dumbest thing I ever heard of."

She hurried over and peeked out the door. "Aw," she said, "it's just a little truck. I thought you meant a cattle truck or something like that. Anyway, it's driving off."

Gretchen was still looking at F.V. with burning eyes—the news that a truck was loose in the dance hall seemed to mean nothing to her at all. "I still think he's an ole sex fiend," she said, looking at F.V. "A man that waits till he's right between my legs to fall down may fool you, honey, but he ain't fooling me."

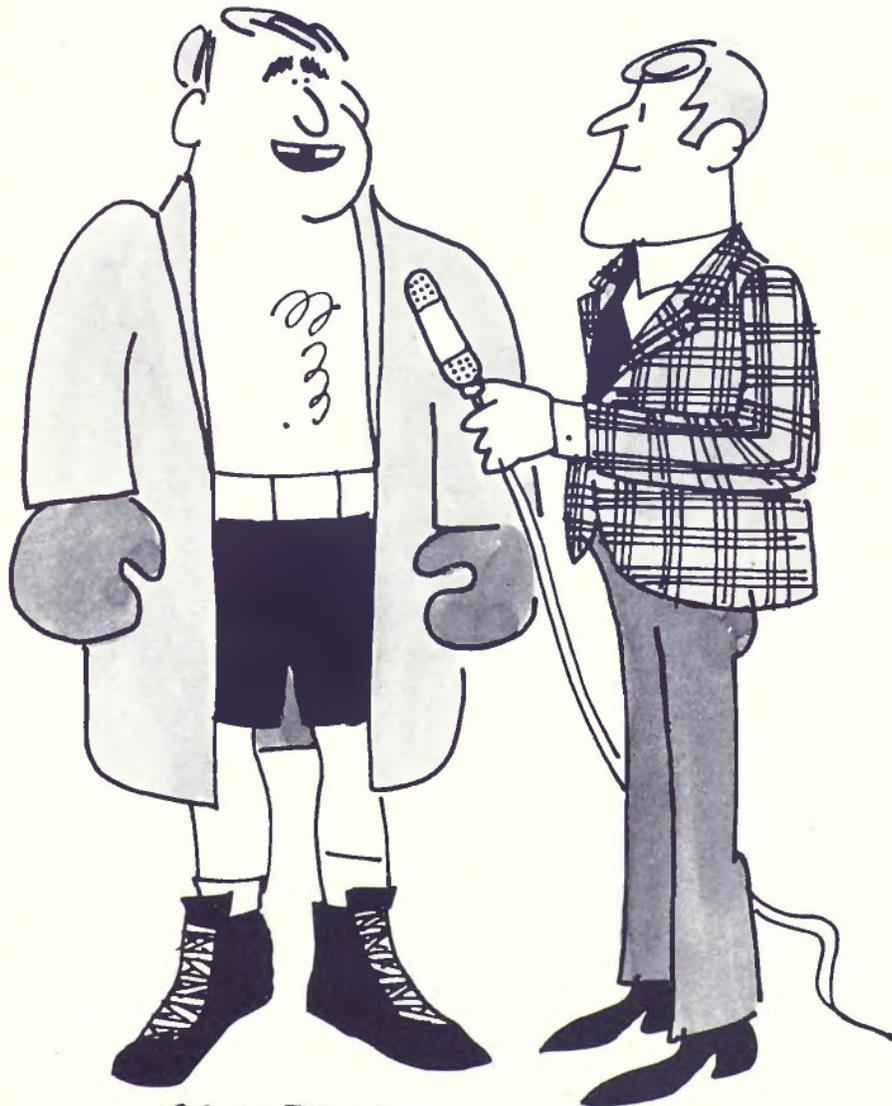
F.V. decided Royce was the lesser of two evils—he ran out the door, with Rosie close behind him. On the dance floor, a scene of pandemonium reigned. Royce had a headache from bumping his windshield and had decided to go back to his original plan, which had been to run over the two sinners in the parking lot. To make that work, he had to get back to the parking lot, and it wasn't proving easy. The patrons of the J-Bar had had time to size up the situation and a number of the drunkest and most belligerent began to throw things at the truck—beer bottles, particularly. The outraged vocalist had managed to locate the two security policemen, both of whom had been taking lengthy craps when the trouble started. The two policemen rushed onto the dance floor with guns drawn, only to discover that the criminal was in retreat.

Royce ignored the rain of beer bottles and plowed on across the dance floor, honking from time to time. The two policemen, plus Bobby and John Dave and the vocalist, began to chase the truck. Neither of the policemen was the sort to enjoy having a crap interrupted, though, and they weren't running their best. When a small man jumped out at them and yelled "Stop!" they stopped.

"Don't stop," the vocalist yelled, very annoyed.

Rosie joined Vernon. "It's all right, it's all right," she assured the policemen. "It's my husband. He's crazed with jealousy, that's all."

"I knowed it, Billy," one of the



COCHRAN!

"I think the turning point came when I beat the elastic out of his trunks."

policemen said. "Just another goddamn family fight. We could have stayed where we was."

"Family fight my Lord in heaven," John Dave said. "Lookit this dance hall! Hurricane Carla never done us this much damage."

"No problem, no problem," Vernon said quickly, pulling out his money clip. He peeled off several hundred dollars. "The man's my employee and I'll make good your damages," he assured them.

At that moment, there was the sound of a car wreck. Despite the bottles and an occasional chair, Royce had managed to drive more or less calmly down the length of the dance floor and out the hole he had made coming in. It was just after he got out that the wreck occurred. The large man in the blue Pontiac had thought it all over and decided to come back and throw the little man against the wall again, and he was driving along slowly, looking for him, when Royce drove through his hole. Darrell, the large man, was not expecting anyone to drive out of the wall of the dance hall and was caught cold. The impact threw Royce out the door of his truck and onto the asphalt of the parking lot.

The next thing Royce knew, he was looking up at a lot of people he didn't know, all of whom were looking down at him. The surprising thing was that

there was one person in the crowd he did know; namely, his wife, Rosie. The events of the evening, particularly the unexpected car wreck, had confused Royce a good deal and he had for the moment completely forgotten why it was he had come to the J-Bar Korral in the first place.

"Royce, just keep still now," Rosie said. "Your ankle's broken."

"Aw," Royce said, looking at it curiously. It was the ankle belonging to the foot on which he had no shoe, and the sight of his sock, which wasn't even particularly clean, made him feel deeply embarrassed. "I never meant to come with just one shoe on, Rosie," he said, doing his best to meet his wife's eye. "The reason is Shirley's damn old dog carried the other one off."

"That's all right, Royce," Rosie said. She saw that Royce had forgotten her little indiscretion, for the moment; he just looked tired, drunk and befuddled, as he often did on Friday night, and squatting down beside him in the parking lot, with hundreds of excited people around, was, indeed, a little bit like waking up from a bad dream, since the man before her was so much like the same old Royce instead of the strange new hostile Royce she had been imagining for several weeks.

Royce, however, felt a little desperate. It seemed very important to him that Rosie understand that he had not deliberately set out to embarrass her. Long ago his own mother, a stickler for cleanliness, had assured him that if he didn't change his underwear at least twice a week, he was sure to be killed in a car wreck someday wearing dirty underwear, a fact that would lead inevitably to the disgrace of his whole family. A dirty sock and one shoe was maybe not so bad as dirty underwear, but Royce still felt that his mother's prophecy had finally been fulfilled, and he needed to do what he could to assure Rosie it hadn't really been his fault.

"Lookt everwhere for it," he said morosely, hoping Rosie would understand.

Rosie was plain touched. "That's all right, Royce, quit worryin' about that shoe," she said. "Your ankle's broke an' you wouldn't be able to wear it, anyhow. We got to get you to a hospital."

Then, to Royce's great surprise, Rosie put her arm around him. "Little Buster askt about you, hon," she said softly.

"Aw, Little Buster," Royce said, before relief, embarrassment, fatigue and beer overwhelmed him. Soon, though, he was completely overwhelmed. He put his head on his wife's familiar slate-hard

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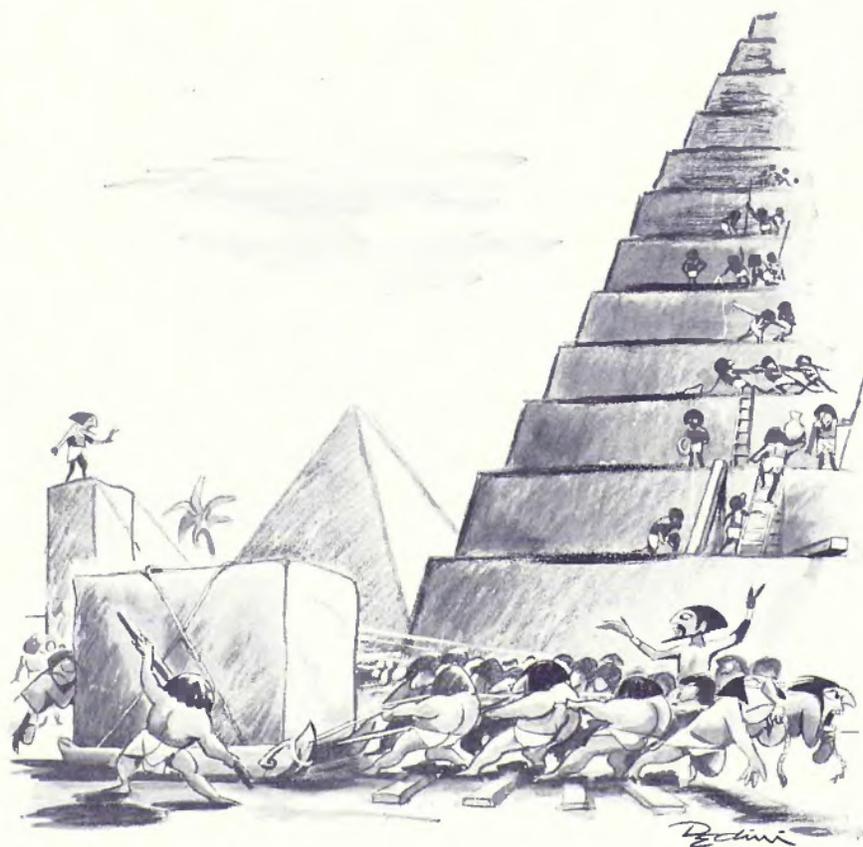


breastbone and began to sob.

In that, he was not alone for long. Many of the women and even a few of the men who had gathered around forgot that they had come out to tear Royce limb from limb. At the sight of such a fine and fitting reunion, the urge for vengeance died out in the crowd's collective breast—a number of women began to sob, too, wishing they could have some kind of reunion. Darrell, the owner of the ill-fated Pontiac, decided to forgive Royce instead of stomping him and went off with his fiancée to continue the argument they were having over whether titty was an OK word. Bobby and John Dave shook their heads and accepted ten of Vernon's \$100 bills, as collateral against whatever the damages might be. They realized that, once again, the East Tex hoedown had been a big success. The two policemen went back to their bowel movements, Vernon started an unsuccessful search for F. V. and Mitch McDonald, Royce's best buddy, immediately went to a phone booth to call Shirley and tell her Royce had gone back to his wife. He made it clear that he had nothing but forgiveness in his heart and hinted rather broadly that his own, very

own old thing was aching to have Shirley come and sit on it again—to which Shirley, who was filling beer pitchers with her free hand at the time, said, "Sit on it yourself, you little tattletale, I got better things to do, if you don't mind."

Rosie knelt by her husband, gratefully receiving the warm sentiments of the crowd. Many a woman leaned down to tell her how happy she was that she and her husband had got it all straightened out. Royce had cried himself to sleep against her breast. Soon an ambulance with a siren and a revolving red light screamed up and took Royce and Rosie away, and then two big white wreckers came and got the Pontiac and the potato-chip truck. Some of the crowd straggled back through the hole in the wall to talk things over; others drifted off home; and many stayed where they were—all of them happy to have witnessed, for once, such passion and compassion. Then, when all was peaceful, a spongy raft of clouds blew in from the Gulf, hiding the high wet Houston moon, and the clouds began to drop a soft, lulling midnight drizzle onto the parking lot, the cars and the happy, placidly milling crowd.



"If it was up to me, I'd just dig a six-foot hole and drop him in it!"

HOW'S YOUR GAMBLING I.Q.?

(continued from page 109)

- You're dealing, the pot was opened and then called twice. You hold K, 8, 6, 2, 2. The correct play is:
- Call (draw three, discard K, 8, 6)
 - Call (draw two, discard 8, 6)
 - Call (draw one, discard K)
 - Fold
12. A good way to beat a game such as roulette, wherein you get an almost even bet on red and black, is to wager on one color or the other and double the bet if you lose. Then continue to do so until the odds have a chance to catch up and you win the original amount bet.
- True—except that you must occasionally cover the house numbers 0 and 00
 - True—simultaneously work the high/low to win more
 - False—switch back and forth each spin to make this work
 - False—one of many fallacious systems
13. When a middle is created because of betting trends, the football bettor:
- Is restricted by the bookmaker as to the maximum bet that he can make on that game
 - Should avoid this game, as he must surely lose
 - Should bet less than normal; the odds are against him
 - Has a rare opportunity to make a combination of wagers that cannot lose but may not win
14. You are playing craps at home with several other people. Correct winning strategy would include:
- Bet with the shooter as often as possible
 - Shoot the dice yourself as often as possible
 - Shoot the dice yourself as little as possible
 - If required to bet against the shooter, make the bets as small as allowed
15. Prior to the deal in blackjack, a single standard deck has a ratio of non-tens to tens of:
- 12-1
 - 8-5
 - 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ -1
 - 1-2 $\frac{1}{4}$
16. After two hands of blackjack from a freshly shuffled deck, you recall that neither you nor either of the two other players, nor the dealer, has had a single ten-count card. Correct play is to:
- Place a smaller bet than normal
 - Place a larger bet than normal
 - Stand pat regardless of your hand
 - Continue as before; nothing has changed
17. You are having a beer at your favorite tavern and someone offers you the

following bet: You put a bill on the bar and he will match it with one of his own of the same denomination. Then you will roll a pair of dice 20 times. If you can roll just one 12, you win; if not, he wins. You:

- A. Decline; you know a bad bet. Then offer the same bet to him. In fact, sweeten it up and let him roll 21 times
 - B. Accept and reach for one-dollar bills, so that a bad run doesn't wipe out your capital; you have the odds and will win in the long run
 - C. Accept and get out the biggest bills you have: this is an opportunity not to be missed
 - D. Accept only if he lets you roll 21 times each try
18. You are considering a numbers bet with your local bookie's runner. He offers you your choice of any three-digit number for any amount you want and agrees to pay off, if it hits, at 600-1. He also reminds you that it is customary to give him ten percent of your bundle if you win. You determine that:
- A. The odds are against you, but the edge is small
 - B. The odds are even
 - C. You can get the odds in your favor by betting the same number every day for three years (more than 1000 days)
 - D. The odds are greatly against you
19. You are playing five-card stud poker and hold the Ah in the hole, plus the following up cards: 6s, Ac, Kh, 9d. Your four opponents are showing:
- (1) Ks, Ad, 9s, Kc
 - (2) 9c, 5c, 7d, As
 - (3) 5h, 10d, Qc, 9h
 - (4) Jd, Kd, 10s, Qd

Accordingly, you know that you have a "lock" (unbeatable hand) against:

- A. 2 and 3
 - B. 1 and 4
 - C. All four
 - D. None
20. The game is casino craps. You have \$10 on the pass line, you rolled the dice once and now have a point of 4. You want to maximize your mathematical expectations by taking the odds. Accordingly, you would:
- A. Do nothing—you can't do this now
 - B. Make a back-line bet of \$5
 - C. Make a back-line bet of \$10
 - D. Make a back-line bet of \$20
21. In the same game as above, eight becomes your point. This time you have only \$3 on the pass line. Your correct play is to:
- A. Do nothing—you can't make a back-line bet now
 - B. Make a back-line bet of \$1.50



"Well, this isn't my idea of battling the elements!"

- C. Make a back-line bet of \$3
 - D. Make a back-line bet of \$5
22. At the craps table, taking the odds is:
- A. A good bet with a point of 6 or 8, an even bet with a 5 or a 9 and a bad bet with a 4 or a 10
 - B. Always a good bet and smart-money players always place the maximum bet allowed
 - C. Always a bad bet; that's why there isn't even a spot marked on the table layout to make the bet
 - D. Not much worse and certainly no better than any other casino bet
23. The game is poker as played in Gardena, California; five-card high draw, a pair of jacks or better required to open, 53-card deck (addition of a single joker called the bug, which may be a fifth ace or complete any straight or flush). You are the dealer, each player anted \$1, the pot was opened for \$5 (pot is now \$13) and called once (now \$18). You hold the following: 9c, 10d, Jd, Qh, X. Your correct play is to:
- A. Call (draw one)
 - B. Fold
 - C. Raise (draw one)
24. You are the same dealer again, except that this time the opener is raised (pot is now \$8 + \$5 + \$10 = \$23). You hold: 9h, 10h, Jh, Bug, X. Your correct play is to:
- A. Call for \$10 (draw one)
 - B. Fold
 - C. Reraise for \$15 (draw one)
25. You are at the same poker table, but this time you are on the dealer's immediate left (first to act). You hold: 6c, 6d, 4s, 4h, 9d. The correct play is to:
- A. Open—maybe no one else will
 - B. Pass—you can back in later if someone opens
26. Assuming that you did open the pot in question number 25 and had one call followed by a raise (pot is now \$8 + \$5 + \$5 + \$5 + \$10 = \$28), your correct play is to:
- A. Fold
 - B. Call for \$5 (draw one)
 - C. Reraise for \$10 (draw one)
27. Assuming that you did not open the pot in question number 25 but that it was opened by the player on the dealer's immediate right and called by the dealer (pot is now \$8 + \$5 + \$5 = \$18), your correct play is to:
- A. Fold
 - B. Call (draw one)
 - C. Raise (draw one)
28. You're still in Gardena, except now you're playing five-card lowball draw poker. 53-card deck (the bug is used in this game also—it becomes wild and is the lowest card possible without creating a pair). The best hand is A, 2, 3, 4, 5; straights and flushes are ignored without penalty. Because there are no opening requirements, if you pass before the draw, you pass out of the hand. You are on the dealer's immediate left (first to act) and are dealt the following cards: A, 2, 3, J, Q. Your correct play is:
- A. Fold—pass out

- B. Pass—you can back in if someone opens
 C. Open (draw two)
 D. Open (draw three)
29. Same game, except that this time you are on the dealer's immediate right and are dealt the following cards: A, 2, 7, 8, K. Each player anted 50 cents; the pot was opened and called twice (pot is now \$4 + \$5 + \$5 + \$5 = \$19). Your correct play is to:
 A. Fold—pass out
 B. Call for \$5 (draw one)
 C. Call for \$5 (draw two)
 D. Raise for \$10 (draw two)
30. Same game; this time you're the dealer and hold the following: 2, 3, 4, 7, 8. The pot was opened by a known loose player and raised by the next player (probably the best player at the table), whereupon all the others folded. Your correct play is to:
 A. Fold—pass out
 B. Call—stand pat, but fold if either player bets at you
 C. Call—stand pat and call if either player bets at you

ANSWERS

Start with a base score of 30. Add three points for each correct answer. Wrong answers are not penalized.

- 120 Genius! Perfect score.
 114-119 Near genius. You are a winner.
 101-113 Gifted. You probably win.
 77-100 Above average. You probably lose.
 57-76 Average. You are losing.
 33-56 Below average. You should never wager on anything.
 . . .
1. C. Never split ten counts; insurance is available only if the dealer has an ace or a ten count up.
 2. D. A beginner's trap; a single spin is not influenced by previous action.
 3. D.
 4. B. A common misconception; prove it to yourself with the charts from yesterday's races.
 5. D. And it *does* matter.
 6. B.
 7. A. Skill is the ability to use one's knowledge effectively. Poker, played expertly (winningly), is largely a demonstration of skill.
 8. A. He is last to act, has more information and is less susceptible to raises.
 9. D. The dealer is the bank, and although the players may bet with or against the bank, the bets are covered by the house. The bank has the percentage (the house compensates with a five-percent commission if a player bets the bank and wins), and thus, betting against it loses.
 10. D. The only reason this isn't true with a bookmaker is that losses are paid at least 5½-5.
 11. A. Three kings won't win often

enough to justify *not* drawing a third card. The desired draw is, of course, a pair, or perhaps another deuce. Similarly, drawing one significantly reduces the probabilities of four of a kind, and the small straight is hardly better than triplets.

12. D.
 13. D.
 14. C. The mathematics of craps is such that the shooter is at a disadvantage; i.e., the odds are that he won't pass (Las Vegas compensates for this by disallowing the bettor a win when the shooter "craps out" with a 12). Therefore, at home, if possible, never hold the dice and always bet against the shooter.
 15. C. There are 36 nontens and 16 tens (10, J, Q, K).
 16. B. A ten-rich deck favors the player. The standard ratio is 36-16 and our example has at least 28-16, perhaps as little as 20-16, since we aren't told how many cards were played, only the number of players. This ratio also means we are more likely to stand pat—though *not* regardless of our hand.
 17. A. Proposition bets are fraught with danger; the percentage is against the player. In this case, it is an even bet with 24 rolls; anything less represents a percentage against the player.
 18. D. Actual odds are 999-1; the payoff of 600-1 is not sufficient, especially since you also lose ten percent to the runner. This is probably the worst bet anyone can make; even without the extra ten percent and at 700-1 payoff odds, it would be a fool's bet.
 19. C. Look more closely; all of the As, Ks and 9s are accounted for.
 20. C. Give yourself one point for D and another two points if you've ever gotten away with this; then tell us where. The odds are the only even bet allowed; not really quite even, because you paid a percentage to be allowed to make the bet; i.e., the initial roll produces craps and loses once every nine rolls. The back line is an imaginary area between the pass line and the edge of the table. This is where the knowledgeable player places a bet equal to his pass-line bet and gets true odds (2-1 for the 4 in this example).
 21. D. To get the true odds in this case, you must bet \$5.
 22. B.
 23. B. The chances of filling a nine-way straight are too small to warrant a call against two players.
 24. A. Give yourself one point for C, which is more weak than wrong,

Folding would be folly. There are 48 cards remaining to consider (53 — 5 = 48); ten complete a flush, 16 complete the straight, subtract four that do both and you find that you have a 22-way hand to which to draw. If you divide 22 by 48, you get 46 percent as your probability of completing the hand, and therefore need only 1-1 pot odds. The pot offers 2.3-1 now and the prospect of 2.8-1 if the opener calls. This situation demands a call. A reraise reduces the pot odds to 1.5-1 now, 1.9-1 if only the raiser calls and 2.5-1 if they both call.

25. B. Two small pair are insufficient for opening early.
 26. A. You are too weak to stand a raise, which is why you shouldn't have opened. Now you can only fold five dollars poorer. You can't afford to throw good money after bad, stay to the end and get beaten (probably by all); the eight and a half percent of the time that you fill up and win won't compensate for the losses the rest of the time.
 27. B. Give yourself one point for A, which is too conservative but, again, more weak than wrong. You can fold this hand, but it was opened late, called late and no one showed great strength. It is worth a call, the probability of a raise is slim and the one-card draw almost guarantees they'll check and your two pair might hold up. If either player bets at you, fold.
 28. A. Drawing two cards is the downfall of many lowball players. It is bad enough to draw two cards; the magnitude of error is increased by opening *early* when needing a two-card draw.
 29. A. Against three other players, a one-card draw to an 8-7 is insufficient and a two-card draw is folly.
 30. C. Give yourself one point for A; again, too conservative. This one is more complex; although you can fold this hand, it is better to play it here. An 8-7 pat is a calling hand, especially since the strong player may be a little weak against the loose player. He'd probably play a pat 9 (maybe even a 10) or would draw one to an 8. The betting after the draw is less significant; the loose player often bets on anything and the timing is just right for the strong player to bet if the loose one doesn't. You would be squeezed against the opener. If you call here, stand pat and fold if someone bets, you show great weakness. Why did you call in the first place?

I smoked the same brand of cigarettes for 16 years. Here's what made me stop.



The pleasure I get from a cigarette is important to me. And I've been pretty loyal to the taste I like.

But even up here in the small town I live in I've heard all the things they've been saying against smoking and against 'tar' and nicotine.

Yet I didn't want to quit. I enjoyed it too much. So every once in a while I'd try one of those low 'tar' cigarettes.

To me they were like smoking cabbage.

Then one day my wife said, "Bill, here's a new cigarette I've been reading about."

It was Vantage. I lit it up skeptically. But was I surprised! It tasted as good as my old brand.

I found out that while Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette I can

buy, it sure is the one I can enjoy. In my book that means a lot.

Because of Vantage I gave up my old brand without giving up anything I really wanted.

William C. Pixley
William Pixley, West Stockbridge, Mass.



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 OCT. '74.

ON THE SCENE



RICK WOHLHUTER *on the right track*

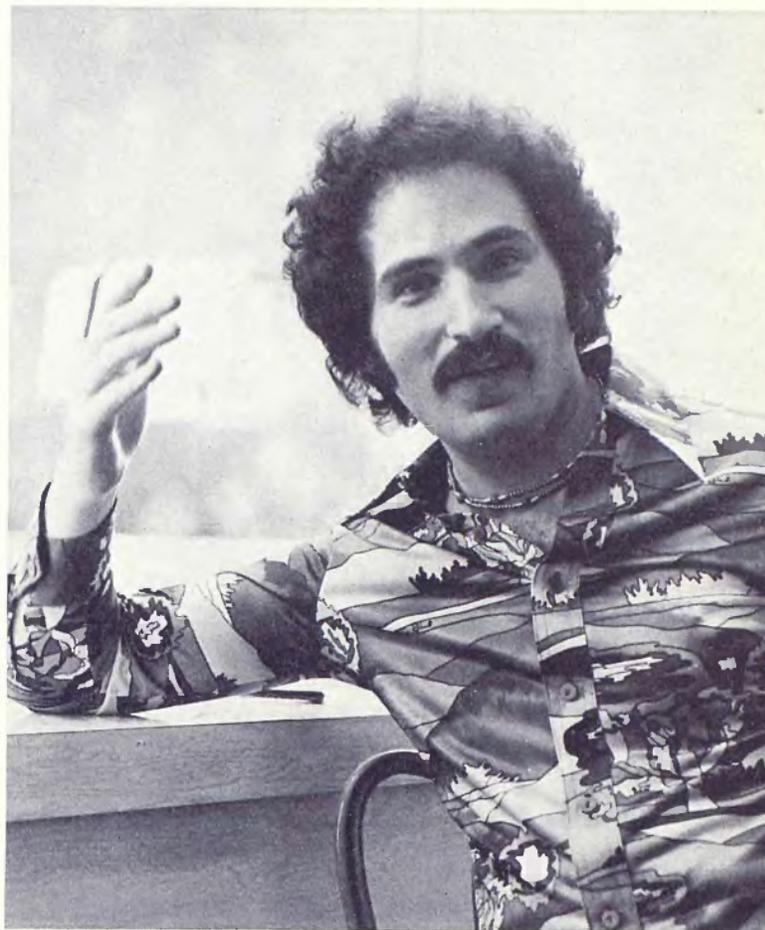
"WHEN I'M AT MY JOB during the day, I think about what I'm doing then; later, when I'm out running, what I think about is running." That's the matter-of-fact approach of Rick Wohlhuter, 26, who doubles as a rising young insurance salesman and the world's best half-miler, holder of records at both 880 yards and 1000 meters. In fact, after his trauma at the Munich Olympics (he fell in the first qualifying heat and failed to place, though he did get up and finish), he put together an amazing streak of 26 victories before losing (in the mile) to Tanzania's Filbert Bayi. The mile is Wohlhuter's project for this year—"I'd like to run it as well as anyone has"—after which (as a half-miler again) he's pointing toward the next Olympics, in Montreal. He downplays personal glory as a motive: "The Olympics is a one-shot deal: Either you make it that day or you don't. But I'm trying to develop my 'running business,' just like I'm trying to develop my insurance business. If I'm going to turn pro—and I haven't made any decision about it yet—I can make more money by going to the Olympics first and doing well. So it's worth waiting another year. Besides, there was lots of beer at Munich—and a lot of girls—and, if not for the Israeli incident, I'd have had a real good time." Wohlhuter, the product of a Chicago suburb, started running ten years ago because his high school buddies were doing it, then continued at Notre Dame and—since 1971—has competed under the auspices of the University of Chicago Track Club. He runs about six miles a day along Chicago's lake front, all year round (his two jobs don't leave much time for other interests), and recently moved from the North Side to the South Side to be nearer the club. That meant learning a new training route, and the first night he took it, he was startled to come upon a steel mill: "I thought I had run all the way to Gary." Well, he hadn't. But if his mind ever starts to wander, he just might.

TOM GISH *the eagle's claws*

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO, Tom Gish left his reporting job with U.P.I., returned to his home town of Whitesburg, Kentucky (population 1800), and bought *The Mountain Eagle*. He quickly lost any romantic notions he'd had about the leisurely life of a country editor: "On a rural weekly, you share the news—good and bad—with the people it happens to. You face your readers every day. There's no ducking. You get angry. You work your ass off." Gish's timing was impeccable; he came to Appalachia just as the mines were laying off two out of every three workers. Incensed, he began a one-man campaign against a coal industry that feeds off the "raw strength and lives of miners for cold-blooded profit." The fight has cost the *Eagle* half of its advertising revenue (the paper, which exists on the faith of 5800 subscribers, is put together by Gish's family and a few volunteers). Last year, Gish's office was fire-bombed. If the police were slow to investigate, it's understandable (one of those indicted for the crime was a deputy)—they had felt the *Eagle's* claws more than once. A Federal grant had created a small law-enforcement army in the county with high-speed cars, Mace, submachine guns and "weapons I didn't even begin to recognize," says Gish. "It was as if they expected the Detroit riots in downtown Whitesburg." In the absence of a real threat, Gish charged, the police took on the nearest target—the kids. "They were sitting ducks." Gish's chronicle of police harassment of some boys who liked to spend their evenings on the Whitesburg bridge received the John Peter Zenger Award for "distinguished service in behalf of freedom of the press and the people's right to know." (Past winners include publishers Katharine Graham, for *The Washington Post's* Watergate stories, and Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, for the *New York Times* release of the Pentagon papers.) A newspaper's job is to state the obvious; do it infrequently and you'll be praised for your scoops. Do it every week and you'll be Tom Gish.

GABRIEL KAPLAN *low-key to success*

DEADPAN and excruciatingly low-key, 28-year-old stand-up comic Gabe Kaplan delivers his latest bit: a prospectus on movie sequels in 1985, including such future box-office hits as *The Senility of Billy Jack* ("Billy Jack in an old-age home, wearing corrective moccasins") and *Planet of the Gentiles* ("the story of a Jewish astronaut from New York who lands on what he thinks is another planet, Iowa"). Whatever may be lost in the written translation is certainly there in Gabe's short, terse, uninterested delivery, and the audience is devastated. But then, Gabe's been fracturing audiences all over the country, bringing in record crowds in Vegas and hosting TV specials. His first album, *Holes and Mellow Rolls*, is a runaway success and ABC is starring him in a pilot based on one of his comic sketches. Raised in Brooklyn, in the shadow of Ebbets Field, Kaplan wanted to be a professional ballplayer and kicked around the minor leagues until a shoulder injury ended his baseball career. Working as a bellboy in the New Jersey version of the Borscht Belt, he spent evenings listening to the comics' stock jokes and decided that he could do better. Back in New York, he began doing one-nighters at talent showcases such as the Cafe Wha, then graduated to the burlesque circuit. ("The only reason I got jobs was that I owned a car and could drive the strippers to work.") After hitting such towns as Shreveport and Wichita with Jewish jokes that usually bombed, Gabe changed his act, injecting some original material, such as his "Geriatric Dating Game" routine ("the prize is a free trip to Johannesburg, where Dr. Christian Barnard will perform the organ transplant of your choice"). After his second appearance on the Carson show in 1974, Johnny asked him up to the platform to talk and Kaplan was made. His success surprises him: "I was never a funny kid. I was always quiet and introverted. I still am." The Kaplan motto must be "Speak softly and carry a big shtick."



R. SCOTT HOOPER

MICHAEL MAUNEY



GOOD DOCTOR (continued from page 81)

in his previous life remained with him. Finally, under hypnoanalysis, the man was reassured that, far from being a coward at the last stand, he had actually used good sense to save his life in a hopeless situation; suddenly he became potent—for the first time since the battle.

Cures like that one help explain the broadening appeal of hypnotherapy, which seems to reach into realms untouched by conventional therapists. And when practiced by the Bryan method, it can also be very lucrative. Under his ingenious tape system, Bryan can earn \$500 an hour when all five treatment rooms are in use. The physician, who makes \$250,000 a year and "spends every bit of it" to keep himself and the A.I.H. happy, stops periodically to tout his automated hypnotherapy system to the Banff audience: "I've never had a single resident come out of the institute and make less than \$100,000 the first year with the Bryan method." Already, the first wave of Bryan disciples is moving out of his Los Angeles headquarters and setting up offices across America, where the miracle of tape allows them to treat five patients at a time. Bryan sees this as the beginning of a medical revolution that will supplant much of conventional psychiatry and psychotherapy. "Our system is faster, it's cheaper and it works," he says. "I'm so confident of my results I'm willing to do what no psychiatrist is willing to do—charge a flat fee."

When one of the doctors asks how they should set their fees, Bryan enunciates his personal rule of thumb: "You should charge the highest fee you can without feeling guilty about it." There are, of course, certain exceptions. For example, he never charges a fee to other physicians or their families. And already he has

offered to treat a "hate fucker" here at Banff for free. This particular physician, who has been discussing his problem with Bryan between sessions, suddenly finds his case being incorporated into the number-506 lecture. The A.I.H. leader tells his class: "Now, I'm not going to mention any names, but I want you all to know that we have one hate fucker here with us today. These guys love their wives and have had an active sexual past. But somehow they get the idea that sex is disgusting and turn into hate fuckers."

Just then, there is a knock at the door and Brenda, who is very slim, very blonde and very pale, walks in to join Bryan at the podium. The physician decides to give his voice a rest and let Brenda take over the reading of the case studies. She begins with the story of Mr. E. E., a 40-year-old hospital administrator who insists the best piece of ass he ever had was with a Spanish goat. Bryan is obviously delighted with the way Brenda, who was a Cincinnati doctor's assistant when he met her at a number-101 course in Pittsburgh, takes control of the session. Following a brief courtship, Brenda left her Ohio job, took a position with the institute and began traveling with Bryan. At first she resisted the rotund physician's marriage proposals. In one desperate plea for her hand, on the first night of a number-101 course in Oklahoma City, he asked, "What do I have to do, Brenda, bleed for you?" She brushed aside his rhetoric, but the very next day, Bryan collapsed, started spitting up blood and was rushed to the hospital, where ulcers were diagnosed. Brenda agreed to marry him (as soon as he could get a divorce) and the ulcers cleared up in a few weeks.

That evening, Bryan and Brenda are

only too happy to teach his sex-development techniques to the class in a partitioned-off section of the Alberta dining room. While Banff Springs guests dine noisily on the other side of the plastic room divider, Bryan and Brenda sit down to demonstrate a variety of techniques designed to produce multiple orgasms. Bryan lies back while Brenda sits on his thighs and lets him use his hands to rock her by her thighs. Unfortunately, Brenda's long dress interferes with his effort to teach the best route to multiple orgasms: "You had to wear that dress tonight, didn't you? You should have worn your shorts." Finally, the physician gets a good grip and goes to work jerking his paramour back and forth: "Look at the speed you can get with this; it'll really surprise you girls. Most of you don't fuck this fast now, I bet."

After demonstrating several other high-speed techniques, Bryan and Brenda turn to psychological methods aimed at helping along multiple orgasms. "You have to get them up to their climax and then talk them into having another one before they come down. One method is to tell them, 'You can't stop fucking, no matter how hard you try,' and they come all over the place. Or, with an inhibited girl, you can say, 'It's the good girls who can keep coming. Come on, good girl, give it to me, give it to me, give it to me, you can do it good.'"

Then Brenda takes her turn to chant a few of her favorite preclimax chants that turn Bryan on: "Show me what a real fuck you are, shoot your gun into me. Come on, baby, you're onstage and everyone is waiting for you to come." Everyone scribbles notes furiously as Brenda shouts another of her favorites into the mike: "Come on, man, you are all man, you are a big man. Everyone is watching, everyone else out there wishes he was screwing me. The whole world wants me, but you've got me." By the time Brenda finishes, a hush has come over the noisy diners on the other side of the partition. They have all put down their prime rib and turned toward the room divider, waiting for more of this unexpected audio entertainment.

Thanks to techniques such as these, Bryan has been able to personally help many women along the road toward achieving their sexual potential. Likewise, he has found his sexual experiences with 11,999 women to be most educational: "I enjoy variety and I like to get to know people on a deep emotional level. One way of getting to know people is through intercourse." Unfortunately, this warmhearted attitude has created some difficulties for Bryan. In the spring of 1969, the California Board of Medical Examiners found him guilty of unprofessional conduct in four cases in which he had sexually molested women patients. He was given five years' probation



with the understanding that he would have an adult woman present whenever he was treating females. After fulfilling the terms of probation, the physician has had his license fully restored.

After the Banff Springs course, things between Brenda and Bryan began going downhill. The relationship that had seemed too good to be true was. Completely exhausted by the good doctor's whirlwind schedule, she checked into a hospital. After consultation, it was decided that preservation of Brenda's health dictated her leaving the doctor and the institute. The young woman returned to her family in the Midwest, where she continued to recuperate. Bryan finds it painful to speak of the breakup: "This girl was the love of my life. I just don't know what I am going to do without her."

Bryan—who has, among other things, been a drummer with the Tommy Dorsey band, flown commercial planes, directed medical-survival training for the Air Force in northern Nevada, where his patients included employees of several local bordellos, hypnotized the Boston Strangler and served as technical advisor for *The Manchurian Candidate*—feels no remorse about his affair with Brenda or any of his past ones: "I don't regret any piece of ass I've ever had or any affair. You shouldn't be afraid of extramarital intercourse. God is watching you and if He doesn't approve of who you are screwing, He can change it right now. God saved Lot, even though He knew he was screwing his daughter. Don't worry, no one can separate you from the love of God, no matter who you fuck. If you start denying your sex potential or the extramarital love you need, your whole body will suffer."

By the last day of the Banff number-506 course, Bryan's students seem nearly as tired as he is. Many of them have been up half the night, practicing his new techniques. Some have technical questions about the three basic fellatio methods he has been teaching on large red-candy penises: the silken swirl, the butterfly flick and the Hoover. When one doctor's wife indicates that she simply can't stand the idea of swallowing semen, the professor encourages her to give it a try: "It tastes like potato chips, only a little stickier." By now, Bryan himself is beginning to show signs of exhaustion. He is having a hard time keeping his eyes open and his voice is going fast. The thought of repeating number 506 for a new class at Grossinger's in a few days only adds to his weariness. Despite the fact that he uses self-hypnosis to ward off illness, Bryan has had a stroke, hepatitis, bleeding ulcers, rectal surgery, a gall-bladder operation and an intestinal bypass in the past four years. Although the last operation succeeded in bringing his weight down from over 300 pounds to a more realistic 250, it also hurt his liver.

As a result, he went back into the hospital to have his intestines hooked back up.

Bryan's staff and his friends have been suggesting that perhaps it were time he slowed down a bit. But the world's leading medical hypnotist can't stop himself from working too hard. He must continue teaching too many courses, treating too many patients, writing too many articles and training too many hypnotherapists. As long as there is an undiagnosed case of The Snapping Pussy Syndrome, as long as there is a person guilt-ridden by an extramarital affair, as long as there is a single kleptomaniac out there stealing toilet paper, Bryan will not be able to rest. He will hypnotize crocodiles, put medical-hypnosis courses to music, publish articles on "Suicide as a Means of Sexual Gratification in Young Females" or do anything else necessary to bring the eyes of the medical world to his new form of therapy. He won't be satisfied until a whole legion of hypnotherapists comes forth from the A.I.H. Sunset Strip headquarters, fans out over America and wipes out the problems that traditional therapists, psychiatrists and psychologists have failed to solve. "I'm fortunate to have enough ego to think I know more than Freud, Adler, Jung and all those old guys," says Bryan. "I'm not knocking them: I'm just practicing 20th Century medicine the way it should be practiced. I'm sure about 2150 some new guy will come up with a better idea, and then everyone will say, 'That Bryan sure was crazy.'"

As the A.I.H. leader raises what's left of his voice to conclude his final lecture, the entire class rises to give him a standing ovation. After picking up their number-506 diplomas, many of the students rush forward to thank him. Among the most grateful is a young doctor's wife who has been greatly relieved by Bryan's reassurances that there is no harm in her seven-year-old daughter's experimenting with a vibrator. The woman who was afraid to swallow semen also thanks the doctor for helping her overcome her inhibition. And even the hard-nosed hate fucker comes forward to promise he will reconsider the error of his ways. This delights Bryan: "I know, if you really try, you can stop hate fucking and learn to start really loving your wife."

The hate fucker nods and says, "You know, there's something I've been wanting to tell you."

"What's that?"

"Well, you know how sick to your stomach you got the other day."

"Yes."

"Well, you know that lime juice they put in daiquiris is very strong. It can cause gastritis."

Dr. William Jennings Bryan, Jr., M.D., J.D., Ph.D., LL.D., F.A.I.H., F.A.C.M.H., slaps his blond head, then cups his hands to his mouth and shouts across the room in a raspy voice: "Hey, Brenda, you know what gave us all the trouble? It was the lime juice. Can you believe that?"



BORTH

"Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation is out. . . . Perhaps a dog biscuit would help."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY . . . (continued from page 122)

teardrop-shaped fenders. An original (there were only 500 Auburn two-seaters made that year) is worth up to \$50,000. And Elegant owner Del Amy has one in his showroom. He says: "In good times, it makes sense to buy a classic car. In bad times, it is an absolute necessity."

Some Elegant distributors in cities such as Boston, Fort Lauderdale and San Antonio sell complete Auburn models for \$20,000 or so. And Elegant is finding business so good, this year it's also going to make an Auburn Phaeton (four-seater) that will sell for \$30,000 complete. A Jersey City auto-parts-store owner drove his wife and parents in a truck to Indianapolis to pick up one in person. "He was as excited as if his wife had given birth to a baby," recalls Wood.

The success of the Auburn may be a last, desperate gasp of the well to do. *Time* magazine has noted that the only private indoor tennis club in Boston has closed its crowded membership rolls this year, that expensive gems are selling better than ever at posh jewelry stores and that sales and attendance at a recent boat show in New York were considerably higher than last year's. The show's director said: "These people don't care about money."

Paul Karow, general manager of the Indian Head Mountain ski resort in upper Michigan, says skiers flocking to the slopes either "refuse to believe the economy or they have a doomsday syndrome: They think that they'll be in the bread lines next year."

Some folks who would otherwise be forlorn are losing themselves in nostalgia. Demand for old jukeboxes (Seeburgs, Packards, Rockolas and Wurlitzers) has skyrocketed. Walter Romanek, a Chicago attorney who bought a 1937 Wurlitzer for \$85, says: "It's a yearning for something you don't have or something you have a remembrance of. I recall all the jukeboxes of my youth; the summer resorts in Canada had all those jukeboxes. The feeling of solidity appeals to me. It's the feeling that they're so heavy, and heavy was good. With Wurlitzer, it's a mass feeling. It's a self-contained cathedral. It reminds me of good times and fellowship."

Mink neckties, which were "in" during the Thirties, are coming back. So are men's hats for women, long cigarette holders—and arson, which was a hot business four decades ago. In hard times, fire losses go up sharply, and so do the number of fires that are set intentionally to collect insurance. Arsonists apparently are doing better than ever: in recent years, the crime has been growing at the rate of 12 percent a year, but arson, say police, remains the least investigated or prose-

cutted of any felony. "Bad times are good for the arsonists," asserts *Business Week* magazine. Two 70-year-old ladies were recently arrested in New York and charged with running a mammoth "arson for profit" ring for Queens apartment owners.

Like nostalgia, pure escape—despite the harm it may do to the escapee—isn't doing too badly, either. Bar owners say their business—particularly in tequila, which gives a cheap high—is picking up as unemployment rises. Alcohol, it appears, is one of the last luxuries to go during economic hardship. A survey by a big New York City bank (Citycorp) found that among people earning more than \$20,000 a year, only 14 percent had changed drinking habits, while 34 percent had canceled travel plans and 36 percent had put off buying a new car. The bank didn't ask about it, but cigarette sales also are spiraling upward, giving tobacco-industry profits a big boost; nobody has really figured out why, but one Wall Street tobacco-industry analyst who began smoking again himself after a layoff figures it's because people who kicked the habit "now need a smoke to forget about their worries."

There's another trend in the current bad-times boom that's worth mentioning. That's prudent shopping. Modells, a ten-store retail chain that sells jeans, work clothes and casual shoes in the New York area, is "looking forward to our biggest year," says William Modells, grandson of the founder. Modells has no fancy fixtures, lets customers serve themselves and cuts profit margins 15 to 20 percent below other retailers. "We make money on volume and are a depression-proof business," says Modells.

Lean times are bringing fat profits for can manufacturers, because more people are eating stew and hash. And radio advertising is booming, because it is less expensive than TV commercials. "We're getting margarine and tooth-paste spots for the first time," observes Hal Gore, executive vice-president of Sudbrink Broadcasting, which runs nine radio stations in six large cities. Sudbrink's sales and profits are up 20 percent from last year's. "And it looks like the sky's the limit," says Gore. "We're a cheap trade-down from TV and advertisers get more for their money." A minute spot on Sudbrink's FM station, WLYF, in Miami, for example, costs only \$50; a 30-second TV spot in Miami costs 15 times that amount.

Discount drugstores that seem to sell everything but drugs are making money. Fay's Drug Stores, an East Coast chain, is having a banner year by pulling people into its 38 stores with low-priced items.

Fay's sells rice, macaroni, spaghetti and spaghetti sauce and other staples at cost, so shoppers jam the stores. And once inside, customers also are buying drugs, greeting cards, glassware and even fire-place equipment and lawn furniture.

People are trying to reduce their fuel bills. And in one case, at least, they also are protecting themselves against the day when utilities may go broke or power failures may become widespread. There's a run on Franklin stoves, those free-standing fireplaces that can heat a home with almost any fuel—wood, charcoal, you name it. Invented 200 years ago by Ben Franklin, who advised Americans in his *Poor Richard's Almanac* that "a penny saved is a penny earned," the stove also can be used for cooking. "It's a survival tool," explains Samuel McCullough, general manager of a Brockville, Ontario, firm that makes them. McCullough's Selkirk Metalbestos began making the stove last October and will sell up to 10,000 by the end of 1975, he estimates. Installed and vented, the stove with Franklin's original scrollwork costs \$500 to \$600. It has authentic rustic charm, but, more than that, it would keep a family warm and eating well during a long-lasting power failure. Selkirk's profits are up 70 percent from 1974's, thanks largely to the Franklin stove. "We're on a double shift, and if the energy crunch continues, we will go to a third shift in the factory if we can find enough workers," notes McCullough.

So it's easy to see how bad times can bring good fortune to some folks. One recent instance involves eerie coincidence: Don Proudfit of Calendar Promotions in Washington, Iowa, at a flea market found a couple of 1930 calendars sent to customers 46 years ago by the Peters Cartridge Company of Cincinnati. On the calendars is a vintage painting of a big mountain lion and a hunter staring each other down. Proudfit sent the calendars to the Remington Arms Company in Bridgeport, Connecticut, which bought control of Peters Cartridge in 1934, a year after the giant DuPont chemical concern took over Remington. Last year, Remington conceived the idea of printing a replica of the calendar and selling it for four dollars. Calendar Promotions has already shipped out 13,000 and has had to reprint the replica three times. "We didn't expect to sell more than 5000," admits Proudfit. "It's a smashing success. People are very fascinated with the Thirties."

A key factor in the calendar's popularity: The days and numbers of 1975 coincide with those of 1930. Is nostalgia why the calendar is so popular? Or *déjà vu*?



ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK JONES

by Bird and nimbly worked over the changes to *Parker's Mood*. At the end of a dazzling double-time passage, he unpuckered his lips from the reed and stared contemplatively at an object on the mantel, an exotic Persian slipper with an exotic Persian still in it. As she smiled at him, I remembered that she had also been a gift, a token of gratitude from the Whitechapel Merchants' Association for Jones's discovery that the garter belt, panties and chemise left at the scenes of the latest harlot murders belonged to that kinkiest of killers, Jack the Stripper. Then Jones whirled and said to our anxious guest, "My lord, I have decided to take the case."

"Bless you," gushed the exultant mag-nate. "You will not find me ungenerous. If you were of the Hebraic faith, I would have a tree planted for you in Israel. Considering your background, in your name a bomb will be planted in Rhodesia."

The following noon found us inside Tappet-Spanner Ltd., being awaited by the motor mogul whose brow furrows had so deepened overnight with angst that they could have held enough crops to feed Bangladesh. "It's good you're here, Jones. My nephews have started the final phase and if that data leaks out,

(continued from page 90)

we're for it." At the lord's side was a young Chinese woman who, although at-tired in a prim, tailored business suit, still revealed a sensational construction that would have been the envy of the Tishman organization. "Gentlemen, this is my secretary, Miss Wu."

"Fi-i-n-n-ne-lookin' fox," and in Jones's voice, ghetto slammed a service ace at Oxford, but Oxford lobbed back elegantly:

"I say, Datson, bit of a smashing for-tune cookie, eh, wot?"

"I know her type, Jones. That cookie could cost you a fortune," I riposted, whereupon Jones said testily:

"I told you before, yellow fellow, I do the shtick. Your gig is to worship me, immortalize my every utterance and see that my shirts and my rice aren't too starchy."

Stung by his imperiousness, I snapped, "Here you may be the premier detective Sherlock Jones, but remember, in Ala-bama, you were only Sam Spade."

Jones found that sally intolerable, cried, "Climb down off my back, Sony boy, 'cause I'm gonna whup yo'," and crouched in the stance of the master of openhanded combat in which he pos-sessed a black belt, but, considering his pigmentation, who could tell? But just then, Miss Wu sensibly interposed her willowy configuration between us and as

Jones and I drank in all that undulating Yangtze protein, we lost the urge to fight, remembering sagely that hands were cre-ated for more delightful purposes than splitting windpipes.

"May I pin on your security badges, sirs?" she trilled in a sweet singsong.

As she got close to affix mine, I whis-pered into that peach-toned ear, "Since we're both of the Asian persuasion, what say to a late-date plate of *moo goo gai pan* at Mr. Chow's and let the chopsticks fall where they may?"

Her smile remained painted on, but she thrust the point of the badge past my lapel deep into the flesh of my chest, then pinned it to the plastic square, her singsong mutating into an ugly hiss: "This is for my grandmother, who was raped at Nanking, Nipponese pig!" As a devotee of the code of *Bushido*, I stoically bore the agony. Later I might permit my-self the luxury of an uninterrupted, 20-minute scream, but now was no time to exhibit effiteness before a mere woman.

Then Jones made *his* lecherous bid, with a sample of his sophisticated repartee: "Hey, Momma, Midnight at the oasis?" Oddly, this precipitated a trembling in her and she dropped the badge slated for his lapel. She knelt to retrieve it, but Jones, moving like white lightning (or its Swahili facsimile), swooped to the carpet and got it first. Noticing a powdery substance on the toes

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of her plain pumps, Jones remained in the kneeling position, plucked a hanky from the pocket of his Inverness cape, wet it with his lips and gave her a spit-shine in the old street-corner mode. I was shocked at this display of Tomism from a man so advanced in racial pride that with his tea he preferred Huey Newtons to Fig Newtons, but his rolling eyes seemed to say to me in apologia, *Forgive me, but it's hard to break the habits of a lifetime*. Indeed, the rhythmic slapping of the hanky inspired him to sing à la Bojangles:

"Oh, when a shine does yo' shoes,
Dey's a melody in yo' heart."

With a grand flourish, he pointed to his handiwork, two brilliantly buffed pumps, but as he started to rise, I saw him pause at her pelvis, heard those broad nostrils emit a long snuffling sound, and when he did pull himself to his full height, I saw those carbon eyes flicker fractionally and almost heard the clicking of that Bowmar Brain. But whatever Jones had filed in the Rolodex of his mind he was keeping to himself.

Miss Wu, unauthorized to enter the inner compound, stayed behind as Lord Tappet-Spanner led us in. We traversed a long hallway leading to the MM-8 laboratory, walking past a number of small rooms that Jones meticulously examined with his magnifying glass. (A basically worthless device, as I knew quite well, but it always looked impressive on his itemized bill to the client: "Use of genuine sleuth's magnifying glass—90 guineas.") Vetted were a bathroom with shower, a cloakroom holding the nephews' coats, bowlers and bumbershoots and the aforementioned microfilm room with its special cameras. There was a fourth door, but its knob did not yield to Jones's twisting.

"Oh," said Lord Tappet-Spanner, "that's merely a utility washroom, Jones. Brooms, mops and that sort of paraphernalia, but you, of all people, should be familiar with. . . . Oh," and our host coughed daintily. "That was inexcusable bad taste on my part. Fact is, I adore you colored folk. Why, I have every record that Al Jolson ever made."

Jones let that bit of bigotry slide by, but I had no doubt that it would be revented in another excessive item on the lord's bill.

"This utility washroom," the lord explained, "has two entrances, both on this side and from my suite in the outer compound. However, for security purposes, it has been bolted from the outside so no one in here can enter it."

Then we reached the lab itself and there, poring over charts and blueprints of the almost-completed engine, which hung from a chain in the center of the room, were three patrician-looking young men who wore white lab coats over their dark, dust-spattered trousers. "My lads,"

called out the magnate, "may I present Dr. Datson and the famed Baker Street detective, Mr. Sherlock Jones."

"Pleasure, sirs," said one of them, a reedy, fair-haired chap with fluttering hands. "I am Lord Windsor and this distressing business has my stomach tied in a knot. And you know how hard it is to tie a Windsor knot."

Jones's sinewy frame quivered, but he said through clenched teeth, "I'll overlook that."

The second young noble, who reeked of ennui, lassitude and a beakerful of accidie, offered a limp hand. "J'doo. I am the Earl of Marlborough and my life is a drag. And you know how hard it is to drag on a Marlborough."

If it had been within Jones's power to turn white with anger, he would have. But though near the breaking point, he said icily, "I'll also overlook that."

"And I, sir," bellowed number three, an aggressive fellow with angry blue eyes, "am the Duke of Wellington and I have a beef. And you know how hard it is to prepare—"

But Jones's left hook was already sweeping up from the floor Sugar Ray style, its fearsome trajectory impacting on the young duke's jaw before the gratuitous remark concerning beef Wellington could slip out. Sent spinning like a Catherine wheel, he tumbled over benches, lathes and punch presses and ended up against the cinder-block wall with a head-cracking thump. He arose, shook his head and remarked offhandedly, "Curiously refreshing."

It being lunchtime, the nephews invited us to join in their simple but nourishing repast, a gigantic garlic pizza that they hotted up with a welder's torch and cut into the eight traditional slices. We washed down these pungent wedges with glasses of ice-cold seltzer from a large siphon. After the meal, the fastidious noblemen sought to expunge the lingering odor of the just-devoured Sicilian Frisbee. Windsor produced a spray container, using it liberally on his tongue. "Hate the bloody stuff," he said, smiling wanly, "but I use it twice a day." Marlborough shook a few golden drops from a tiny bullet-shaped bottle onto the back of his hand and held it to his lips. From a red packet, Wellington placed some particles between his expensively capped canines, triggering Jones's nostrils into another sniffling spasm.

"I perceive, my dear duke, that you tend to be a bit of a traditionalist. You're still using Sen Sen."

The duke's brows arched with surprise. "Yes, matter of fact. I discovered the stuff in a shop on Portobello Road and have been using it for months now. Would you care for some?" And when Jones nodded, Wellington shook some into Jones's palm, which soon held a dozen or so tiny black squares. "How did you identify them?"

"It so happens," Jones said, "that I

have published the definitive monograph on the forty-nine best-known breath purifiers and I dare say this proboscis of mine could distinguish from ten yards off the difference between the brutal candor of a Listerine and the subtler bouquet of Binaca. Hence, I would be a poor expert, indeed, not to be able to identify the characteristic licorice-cum-parfum tang of Sen Sen, the daddy of them all."

"All very interesting, this display of nasal virtuosity," said an impatient Lord Tappet-Spanner, "but, damn it, Jones, time is of the essence."

"No," said Sherlock Jones, a new hardness in his demeanor, "in this case, the *essence* is of the essence." He pivoted on his high heels and stalked out of the lab.

Silence in the room. . . . I, too, mute. Had Jones found the crack in the case? If so, who was the traitor? Windsor? Marlborough? Wellington? Tappet-Spanner himself? Devoid of my colleague's ineffable powers of deduction, I did not even attempt in my own mind to guess the guilty party. But with a few moments to kill, there was one thing I could do, let loose the scream I'd been stifling ever since Miss Wu had pierced my flesh with the pin, and I did, long and loudly, but the sound died in my throat when the door to the utility washroom opened from the outer compound. Through it walked Sherlock Jones with Miss Wu in tow, on her downcast face a look of shame.

"So," said Lord Tappet-Spanner, "it was my Chinese secretary. I should have known better than to accuse my own dear, clean-cut Anglo-Saxon kin when it was the old Yellow Peril behind the plot all the time."

"Yes," wept the lovely maiden, "I am guilty."

"But only of loving not wisely but too well," said Jones, with uncharacteristic gentleness. "My dear, you were the unwitting espionage conveyance of your paramour."

"No, no," she gasped, and her hands flew theatrically to her breasts.

"Splendid notion," mused Jones, and his hands flew to her breasts, and so did mine, and so did the lord's, and the three of us spent a marvelous few moments kneading those insuperable Chinese love apples until Jones barked, "Enough! Back to the case!"

Now tension returned to every face as my friend began his peroration. "Miss Wu, when first we met, I was exceedingly curious as to why an otherwise well-dressed, impeccable amanuensis should have an unsightly layer of powder on the toes of her shoes, and so, utilizing my racial heritage as a cover, I did my obsequious shoeshine bit . . . for which, incidentally, you will receive a bill for twenty guineas, 'cause, Momma, dere's been some changes goin' down in the Shinola scene. No more of that two-bit shit. Having identified the powder, I became even more curious when, as I arose,

I detected the heady scent of licorice. Initially, I presumed it to be the latest feminine-hygiene spray and inwardly I cheered. I've been terribly bored by women lately. They all seem to smell like a strawberry patch."

"What has all this to do with the stolen plans, man?" roared Tappet-Spanner.

"These two facts seemed relatively insignificant until you, Duke of Wellington, used that distinctive licorice-flavored Sen Sen, which told me immediately that you were meeting Miss Wu clandestinely in the utility washroom, where you, sir, were getting down to the real nitty-clitty and paying lip service to the fun-fur place for the purpose of espionage."

"I admit, Mr. Jones, that Miss Wu and I have, uh, been intimate in the past, but such meetings could have occurred anywhere. You have no proof," the duke said with disdain, "that ties me physically to the washroom."

"The dust on your knees," said Jones.

Wellington's mocking laugh rang out. "I have you there, you impetuous, over-rated wog! All of us in this lab have dust on our trousers, due to the very nature of our work."

"Behold!" Jones commanded, as he snatched up the siphon, depressed the lever and sent a fizzing spray of cold seltzer across the knees of all three nephews.

Windsor and Marlborough jumped up and whooped, "Jolly fun, eh?" but Wellington's nasty laugh faded as the dust on his knees made a startling mutation from white to foaming blue.

"Yes," thundered Jones in triumph, "your dust is the same telltale hue as on this," and he whipped out the hanky he had flicked across Miss Wu's shoes. "Of course, it is axiomatic that virtually all utility-washroom floors are littered with patches of the ever-popular cleansing agent Ajax, and when Ajax is moistened, it turns . . . blue!"

"You'll never take me alive!" screamed the duke, dashing for the door, but a charge of chocolate surged by him and before Wellington reached the exit, there, barring it, was Sherlock Jones, his forefinger idly running down the length of his deadly septia snickersnee.

"So you'll take me alive," he said.

Back in our sitting room, a still-incredulous Lord Tappet-Spanner pondered, "Who would have thought that my own nephew would sell out to the oppo? Why? He had it all—money, title, stature. . . ."

"Because," Jones said, "they knew Wellington was a fanatic collector of rare objects and, in exchange for his betrayal, they offered him something he could not resist—a zoological wonder: a mutant strain of lemming that at the height of the suicide season rushes to the sea, stops, thinks, 'I'm supposed to drown

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myself because of some insane tradition?" and dashes back to the safety of the land."

"But, Jones, old fellow," I interrupted, "you still haven't explained how Wellington got the MM-8 plans through security."

Jones waved his hand airily. "See if you can follow my train of thought."

"Your *Soul Train* of thought . . . or your Coltrane of thought?" I said, proving myself no slouch in the realm of ethnic humor.

"Buddha will get you for that one," Jones said, wagging a finger. "When Wellington was bribed by the rival firm, he set into motion a diabolical scheme. For some time, he had been carrying on with Miss Wu and noticed that she was driven into an erotic frenzy by oralism. He had also secretly substituted a micro-reduction lens in the microfilm-room camera, allowing him to reduce each vital component to the size of a Sen Sen. Since he made a point of constantly using those little black squares, who would have suspected one of them to be a microdot? In their hasty trysts in the washroom, which the poor lovesick maiden unbolted from her side to permit him access, he would drop to his knees, perform the old Mao Tse-tong technique, depositing the Sen Sen in that fine fox's lair. She, no security risk, could leave the factory unvetted, and Wellington, with no incriminating film on his person, could sail through the X-ray apparatus, meet

her later somewhere and remove the miniaturized data in his own sweet way. A rather unique case in one major aspect, because in order for the criminal to successfully do the job, he had to muffle it."

"If I ever write up this case, Jones," I said, laughing gaily, "I shall most certainly dub it 'The Adventure of the Chinese Box.'"

But Jones had already wearied of the affair and spotted an item in *The Times*. "By Godfrey Cambridge, I see Supersax is in concert this evening at Albert Hall! Coruscating pyrotechnics, incredible tempi, dazzling conceptualization. In other words, they gonna lay some heavy shit on us."

"Good show, Jones," I said, and rose quickly. "Of course, I shall accompany you."

"Not tonight, old fellow. I have already made an engagement with Miss Wu . . . on a strictly professional basis, you understand. I suspect that she may be concealing on her person the plans for the entire MIRV missile system that will be the bulwark of NATO defense for the next decade."

"The entire system? Jones, that's impossible."

"Perhaps," he grinned, "but this dude gonna have a real ball checkin' her out." He bounded down the stairs and soon his slim figure was lost in the swirling fog of Baker Street.



JOHNNY GUTS

(continued from page 80)

him: "You, too, Jackie. I saw you cross the white line. You're getting a ticket also."

Mafalda, a sledge hammer in his hand, trusting his cousin to remove the tires, license plates and inspection tags from the Ford, hurried toward the pumps. "Fuck is goin' on?" he shouted.

"People are endangering life and property," the motorcycle policeman said. "No more left turns off the opposite lane. We'll be watching, Mafalda. That's a violation." He ripped off the tickets and gave them to the drivers.

"That's haffa my gas business," Mafalda wailed. "What is this? For fourteen years, people been makin' that left turn into my station."

"They won't anymore. I catch you taking any customers who make that turn, it'll be your fault for running an attractive nuisance."

"Sergeants' club, right?" Mafalda shouted. "Tell Healey and Loogan fuck off."

The motorcycle belched and blasted away.

Later, a prowler car came by, circled the block and wrote four more tickets for customers who had turned left across the white line.

"I told you, Mr. Mafalda," Johnny Guts said. "Those guys will break your chops. Maybe you should just give them the Christmas present."

"Butt out, kid. State Senator Sid Mermelstein's gonna fix it for me. You give 'em the Christmas present in November, they're back two weeks before Christmas for a bigger one."

When it turned dark and business was slow, Mafalda sent Johnny Guts and Curtis out to get rid of the old Ford. Mafalda's cousin Rillo had bought it six months ago, insured it and removed all the usable parts. Then he and Mafalda had wrecked it.

Johnny Guts was to leave it on a deserted street corner and tag it with an official Sanitation Department sticker. Mafalda bought the stickers for ten dollars each from a nephew in the department. Once tagged, the unidentifiable ruinous Ford, worthless to anyone, would be towed to a city dump. In three days, Rillo would report the theft to the police. He would get a formal statement of theft. Then he would call the insurance company and wait for his check.

"How much does he think he'll get?" Johnny Guts asked.

"Rillo never settle for less than six hundred."

"Six hundred? That piece of junk isn't worth fifty bucks."

"That why insurance premiums go up, man. Rillo and Mafalda work this all the time. Buy an ole heap, insure it, wreck it, nobody ever find it."



Returning to the station, they came across a Puerto Rican couple in a stalled Chrysler with the hood up. They were frantic. The woman kept screaming about a baby she had left somewhere. The man asked Johnny Guts to help them.

Johnny Guts looked at the dashboard. The man was trying to start the car in drive. Then he looked at the engine, jiggled a few hoses, belts and connections and inspected the battery and the oil.

"Looks bad, pal," he said. "Maybe the generator's out."

"Please, you tow me?"

"Sure."

A patrol car whipped out of a side street. It was dark and very cold. A finger summoned Johnny Guts.

"Got a license to tow, kid? A medalion?"

"Sure, officer."

"Yer a fuckin' liar and so is Mafalda. Also, you got no directionals. Your front left headlight is out. You got no flasher. You ain't even got no towing license. I don't see no medalion onna hood. Untie that shit wagon and go back to Mafalda. I'm writin' up the violations. Take these papers back to Mafalda. Some scumbags never learn their lesson."

Johnny Guts and Jefferson unhooked the Chrysler and left the sobbing Puerto Rican couple. Before leaving, Johnny Guts walked over and moved the gearshift from drive to park. "Try it now," he said. "You can't start in drive."

"You too kindhearted." Jefferson said. "You want to be like Mafalda, you get that spick come in tomorra and sell him a new generator."

"I ain't Mafalda."

"Not yet you ain't."

Deprived of his towing service, Mafalda got State Senator Sid Mermelstein on the phone. A few days later, R & M Service Station boasted a new sign: OFFICIAL STATE INSPECTION.

"Man, that good for twenty grand a year in repairs," Jefferson laughed. He and Johnny were at the pumps. There was a hint of snow in the air.

"How does he do it?" Johnny Guts asked.

"He got connections. Got him a rabbi."

Mafalda came by with a generator from a '64 Cadillac in his hands. He took Johnny Guts away from the pumps and showed it to him. "Know what this is? I want you should rebuild it later."

"A generator. They don't use them no more. Not for maybe eight years."

"Know how to rebuild one?"

"We didn't go that far in tech training."

"Fuck tech training. You tell the customer you're gonna rebuild a generator. So you put in three new brushes, see? Then you wipe the whole thing with a gas rag, then—"

"Spray it with black paint."

"Charge is twenty-five dollars for labor and parts. This afternoon, do it and put it back in the Cad."

Back pumping gas, Johnny asked Jefferson, "What do generator brushes cost?"

"Fifteen cents each, man. You put in forty-five cents' repairs on a gen'rator, charge the man twenty-five bucks. That is called inflation."

They both laughed. A black Nova pulled into the bay. A young man in a pale-blue windbreaker got out. "Brake inspection?" he asked. "This an official station?"

Johnny Guts could see Mafalda taking the man into a corner, then accepting money from him. He went into the glassed-in office to get the inspection tag. As he was gluing the tag to the windshield, the man took out his badge.

"City police."

A prowler car pulled in. Two uniformed men got out.

"Violation of state ordinance twenty-three slash fifteen A, subparagraph

twelve," the plainclothesman said. "Soliciting of bribes from a police officer, failure to enforce inspection rules."

The cops were smiling. One of them had a clipboard under his arm.

Mafalda said, "I ain't payin' no Christmas gifts until it's Christmas. Besides, you guys ain't even from this precinct."

Johnny Guts shook his head. "Curtis, they're breakin' his chops."

Curtis opened a hood and reached for the oil dipstick. "Yeah, but he break everyone else. So it all even up."

Mafalda pleaded but could not get the inspection license back. State Senator Sid Mermelstein could not help him. Nor did a towing medallion ever arrive. Mafalda began to drink and wander off afternoons to his girlfriend's apartment over the Blue Paradise Bar & Grill. She was a barmaid.

He came back from her pad one day in December when the weather had turned biting cold. It was below 25 degrees by evening. Mafalda ordered Jefferson



*"And I'm going to star
you in the kind of wholesome film that the entire
family will enjoy. . . ."*

and Johnny Guts to start pushing dry gas.

"Buck anna half a pint can," he told them. "Tell 'em it's goronteed to start up the engine, no matter how cold."

"Does it help?" Johnny Guts asked Curtis. Johnny brought out a case of pint cans and set it up on the island.

"It don't he'p nothing but Mafalda's profits."

In an hour, they had sold two cases of dry gas. Johnny went into the garage and discovered they had run out. He returned to the trash cans and retrieved the empty cans and the press-on caps. Then he rearranged them in the case and poured regular gasoline into each can. His hands shivering from the cold, he pressed the caps back on.

Mafalda saw him selling dry gas again. He came out of the garage, where he had been cracking a water pump so that a customer would need a repair job in a week. "Fuck are you doing?" he asked. "I thought we was out of dry gas."

Johnny Guts held a freezing hand to his mouth. His breath formed icy clouds. "I'm sellin' white gasoline. Costs us six cents a pint. We're gettin' a buck fifty for it."

"Who said you could?"

"Why not? Curtis says the dry gas don't do nothin'. They want dry gas, might as well give them gasoline, right, boss? It can't hurt."

Mafalda ran a scabbed hand across his chin. He was not too sure about the skinny blond kid with the long nose. Only Mafalda was supposed to invent hustles. But since losing the tow truck, and since the state had canceled his inspection license, he needed every buck. His wife, who had moved to Waltham, Massachusetts, after finding him screwing his girlfriend in the back of their new Monte Carlo, was sending threatening letters and talking to a lawyer.

"OK," Mafalda said. "But stay outa sight when you refill the cans."

"Yes, sir," Johnny Guts said. He spun around to welcome a new customer and held up a can. "Dry gas, sir? Really keeps the engine runnin' in cold weather. Only a buck anna half."

• • •

Business got worse, in spite of all the hustles. Mafalda started leaving earlier, letting Johnny Guts or Strunz Riffo manage the station overnight.

"No fuckin' around with the receipts, either," Mafalda warned Johnny Guts. "I got eyes inna backa my head. Gas sales are registered on each pump. The first thing I do inna morning is check them against receipts. I'm gonna count every canna oil and grease every time and it'll be your ass you try to steal on me."

"Mr. Mafalda, I'd never do that. You gimme my first job."

"That goes for the coon, too."

"Curtis? He's honest."

The first night they were alone at the station, Johnny Guts inspected the glass

plates on the gas pumps. They could be detached with a screwdriver. Business was slow. Riffo had left to bet the trotters with Fifty Cents Frank.

"What you doin', man?" Curtis asked.

"I ain't sure. There must be some way we can screw Mafalda."

Johnny Guts studied the row of figures that recorded the day's sale on the pump. They were at the bottom of the white metal sheet, much smaller than the figures that showed the price of gas, the amount pumped for each sale and the sale price. He took a small screwdriver from the leather sheath on his belt and started to work on two screws that held the total sale figure in place. The digits came off neatly in one black strip. They could be easily refastened.

"Johnny Guts, you too much for me," Curtis said. Some teenage kids in a beat-up Rambler had pulled in.

"It's easy, Curtis," Johnny Guts said. "We take the numbers off. Then we pump, say, forty bucks' worth, twenty bucks for each of us. Then we put the numbers back on. I put the glass back on. Who knows the difference?"

"Man, you move too fast."

"Mafalda checks the cash and the credit slips against the numbers on the pump tomorra morning, right? They hafta check out. But you and me pumped forty bucks' wortha gas for cash and it never registered."

"Yeah," Jefferson was servicing the jalopy. "Except maybe he stick the tank someday."

Johnny Guts and Jefferson began to steal \$40 every night by removing the numbers for an hour or so. After a week, Mafalda became suspicious during a visit from the gasoline truck. The main tank took somewhat more than his totals indicated it should. As Jefferson had predicted, he began to stick the tank every morning. "I can't figure it out," Mafalda said. "I'm down a coupla hundred gallons more than I should be." He glared at Johnny Guts, went back to the office and laboriously checked his books. Everything was in order, down to the last 50 cents. But the tanks were short.

"Know what I think, Mr. Mafalda?" Johnny Guts asked.

"No one asked you."

"I'm tryin'a be a help. I think you got a leak under that there tank."

Mafalda's face seemed to sprout a new lump. "Jesus, that must be it. A leak. It'll cost me a fortune to open 'em up." He was in trouble, Johnny Guts knew. The reduction in highway business because of the cops, the loss of the medalion and the inspection station.

"Maybe it'll seal itself," Johnny Guts said. That night, he and Curtis pocketed another \$20 each before screwing the numbers back on.

• • •

"They're bustin' my hump," Mafalda was saying to Fifty Cents Frank. He was

changing a tire for the policy banker. Johnny Guts could overhear the conversation. He was pouring cheap drum oil into name-brand cans. When a customer requested a popular oil, Johnny Guts would hide the rack with his back and ram the oil spout into the already opened can filled with cheap oil. They could sell 20 cents' worth of oil for \$1.75.

"You shoulda paid the cops off," Fifty Cents Frank said hoarsely. "So what? A lousy Christmas present?"

"It was a matter of principle. Those assholes wouldn't stop. Them and their fuckin' sergeants' club." He pried the old tire off the rim. "Could you put in a word for me?"

Fifty Cents Frank flicked ashes from his dollar Havana into the trash bin. "Sorry, Mafalda. There's cops and there's us. I can't shit in my own kitchen, know what I mean? But maybe you could help me, so both of us come out ahead."

Johnny Guts made it his business to walk by. He filled dry-gas cans with gasoline, poured cheap antifreeze into Prestone containers. Fifty Cents Frank was offering Mafalda the chance to take policy bets for him. It was an unusual side line for a gas station, but Mafalda was in trouble.

"I'm a runner?" Mafalda asked hesitantly.

"All you gotta do is take bets. Send one of the kids over with it every day. You get a quarter onna dollar. It adds up. But don't try holdin' the money yourself."

The R & M Service Station became a popular gathering place for policy players. Blacks and Puerto Ricans began dropping by to place bets. Johnny Guts and Curtis Jefferson were trained to write slips and to ask each customer politely, "You want the Brooklyn number or the Harlem number?"

Gas sales were still down. Customers were harassed by the police. A few people began to complain about shoddy repair-work. A man who had asked for a new oil filter discovered that Mafalda had wiped off the old one and shoved it back in. The motorist recognized the original filter because of a rust stain. He came back raging and threatened to call the Better Business Bureau. Mafalda put the blame on Johnny Guts.

"It's this dumb kid," Mafalda explained. "I tole him not to do that no more. Give the gennulman a new filter."

Luckily, the policy business prospered. But as gas sales dropped, Mafalda began, in spite of Fifty Cents Frank's warning, to keep half the cash, banking the bets himself.

A week into the new year, a Puerto Rican grocer named Vasquez hit the Brooklyn number on a two-dollar bet. This meant that he had won \$1000. It was one of the policy slips Mafalda had banked himself. When Vasquez showed up drunk, shuffling through the snow



"Stanley—how could you?—and on the Fourth of July!"

doing a merengue, Mafalda had to make excuses.

"The main bank is closed," Mafalda said. "I'll get it next week."

"When nex week?"

"Thursday, Friday."

"Man, you jerkin' me off? You s'pose to pay ri'away. Where my grand?"

Johnny Guts and Curtis Jefferson watched the Puerto Rican leave.

"Boss up to his ass in trouble," Curtis said. "That spick ain't takin' no for a answer."

"Mafalda don't have no grand layin' around. The last two cars we wrecked, he didn't even get his cut yet. And we're outa them abandoned-car tags."

Vasquez returned every night, cursing, crying, demanding his \$1000. One night, Mafalda threatened him with a tire iron. The Puerto Rican pulled a switchblade. They faced each other, snarling, until Johnny Guts intervened.

"Hey, Mr. Vasquez. Mr. Mafalda is good for it. He's gonna see the big guy tonight. What good will it do if you cut him? You'll never get your money."

Vasquez shrieked. "He is jerkin' me off. Nobody jerk off Carlos Vasquez. Not here, not in San Juan."

"Sure, sure." Johnny Guts put an arm around him and led him, bawling, to the street.

The next afternoon, Johnny Guts, muffling his voice, called Vasquez' grocery store. "Vasquez? This is a friend. Mafalda banked that bet himself. He's fuckin' the policy banker. He's just a runner. You'll never see that dough." Then he hung up.

At dusk, with a light snow swirling and making the greasy concrete slippery, Vasquez appeared across the street. He was waiting for the light to change. He carried a brown-paper bundle.

"Call the cops," Mafalda said to Johnny Guts.

Johnny ran to the office phone and dialed the precinct. Vasquez was crossing the street. He was hatless, coatless, walking like a man under hypnosis.

"Police? You gotta come quick. Mafalda's place. The R & M Service Station. There's some spick here is gonna lean on the boss."

"Where'd you say?"

"Jesus, officer," Johnny Guts pleaded. "The R & M station. Two blocks away. There's a spick here looking for trouble."

"Didn't quite get the name. Bad connection."

"I said the R & M station. Ralph Mafalda's place."

"Repeat that, please? Ralph who?"

"You know. He gave to the captain's birthday party!"

Vasquez was strolling through the thickening snow, past Curtis, who averted his head and busied himself with a snow-caked windshield. Mafalda picked up his tire iron.

"Please, officer," Johnny Guts begged on the phone.

The policeman was shouting to someone. "You know anything about the captain's birthday party? A guy named Mafalda?"

"Officer——"

Vasquez was removing the paper bag from a sawed-off shotgun. Mafalda, stubborn, stupidly courageous, raised the tire iron.

"What's your name, Jackie?" the policeman asked.

"John Guzzo. They call me Johnny Guts. Oh, Jesus."

The blast lifted Mafalda off his feet, slammed him backward into the island against the premium pump. He crumpled slowly onto the hose, his ass resting in the rubber cradle, his head falling between his knees. Vasquez returned the shotgun to the bag. Without looking back, he crossed the street.

• • •

Mafalda's wife, Mildred, came down from Waltham. After paying Riffo \$50 to beat up her husband's girlfriend and warning her not to come to the hospital, she visited the heavily leaded gas-station owner.

The doctors told her that Mafalda would live but would be in a wheelchair all his life, if not flat on his back. He could never work again and he would be returning to the hospital for several years to have lead pellets removed from his groin, legs and feet.

Johnny Guts put up a sign (CLOSED BECAUSE OF PERSONAL TRAGEDY IN FAMILY) and went to see Fifty Cents Frank in his office in back of a candy store.

"That cocksucker is lucky the Porto got to him first," Fifty Cents Frank said. "Keepin' receipts, tryin' to be the banker. I'da done worster to him than a load of shot in the balls. He'd be fucking floating in the river."

"I know, Mr. Filardi," Johnny Guts said. "If it's OK with you, we won't be able to run policy no more. I don't know what's gonna happen to the station."

"It's a good business," Fifty Cents Frank said. "I hate to see a legitimate business go to waste."

"So do I. It's what makes our country strong."

Was this skinny blond kid trying some hustle? The banker knew about the fake repairs—the spray paint on the transmissions, the padded bills, the 15-cent brushes in the generators, the bananas stuffed down motors.

"Whaddya want?"

"I need a stake. I wanna buy the R & M."

"A stake? You know the troubles I got raising risk capital?" He leaned across the desk, over his stacks of ledgers, folders and files. "The spicks and niggers are ruinin' my business. Inna old days, there was jurisdiction. I worked so mucha the city. Angie Fotch worked another. Fat

Nunzi worked another. We knew where we belonged. But these spicks and niggers are animals. They sell policy anywhere, they buy anywhere, they roam around the city like wild men. Who can run policy that way?"

"That's why people respect you," Johnny Guts said. "You always observed the rules. That's what got Mr. Mafalda in trouble. He broke the rules. He banked bets himself. Before that, he refused to grease the cops. Look what it got him."

Fifty Cents Frank patted his yellow forehead with a green-silk handkerchief. His shadowed eyes were full of sorrow. "I dunno. Nothin's good no more. It's the new element. Look at what I used to do for the zips off the boat from Naples and Genoa. You wanna work? You keep a loan. I give 'em two-fifty to start, they pay me fifty bucks a week. So long as they keep the loan and pay the vig, they work. Not today. You know what's ruinin' me today?"

"No, sir."

"Greeks. Fuckin' ship jumpers. You think they'd come to a reliable person like me to find a job? Nah. Their Greek *goombahs* put 'em on. Dishwashers, fruit stores, bootblacks. What do they know about keepin' a loan so they can work and make real money?"

"I see your problems, Mr. Filardi."

Fifty Cents Frank's eyes were glinting black rocks. "So you wanna buy Mafalda's gas station? It useta be a gold mine. Is it for sale?"

"I spoke to his wife's lawyer. Mafalda left her broke. It's what they call a distress sale."

"What does she want?"

"They're askin' ninety-five thousand, but the lawyer says he'll come down. I figure I can get it for sixty thousand if I sneak him a fast grand."

"But you don't have a pot to piss in. You're a kid who pumps gas. Where you gonna get that kinda dough?"

"I talked to Mrs. Mafalda. Mildred. She's real nice. I tole her she could keep a third interest, twenty grand. Then you could buy a third interest, pay her twenty thousand. It's worth more, Mr. Filardi, like you said, a gold mine. Then I'd put up the last twenty thou and there'd be three owners."

"Where you gonna get twenny grand?"

"I'll get a loan from you. It's like you're investing in your own success. You and Mrs. Mafalda and me split the profits three ways and share expenses. I do alla work, alla thinking. I got some good angles on used cars and rentals. All you gotta do is sit back and get your check every month."

"Listen, kid, you know what I charge? Six on five. For every five hundred bucks you borrow, you pay back six. So the vigorish on twenny grand is four grand."

"A month?"

"A week."

Johnny Guts's pale eyes widened. He

The Bacardi Driver. Zipper than a screwdriver and as easy as 1, 2, 3.

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1. Splash 1 1/2 oz.
Bacardi light rum over
ice in a tall glass.

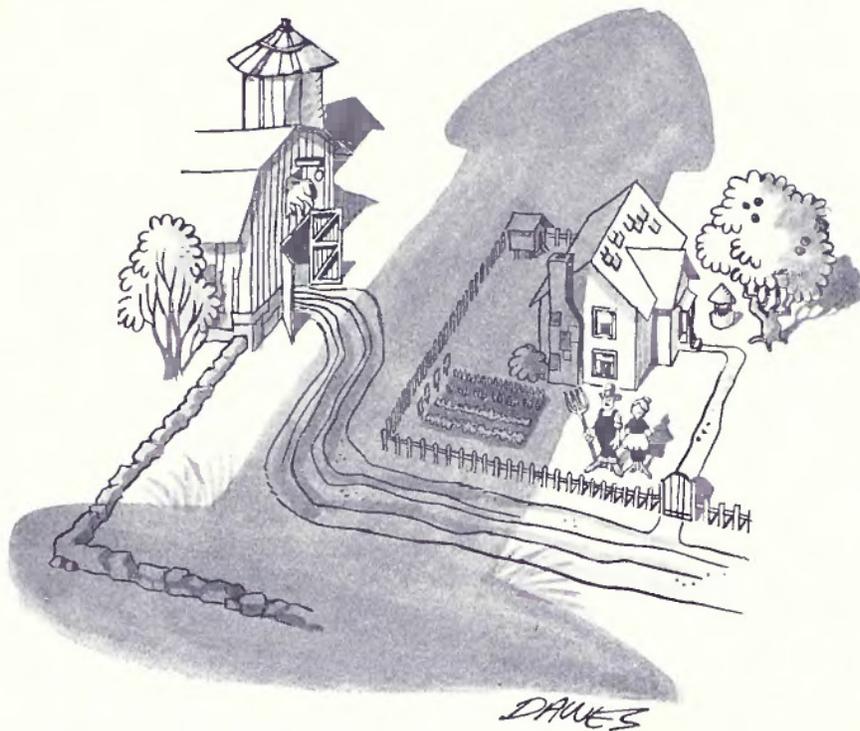
2. Pour on lots of ice cold
orange juice.

3. Squeeze and drop in
a wedge of fresh lime or
lemon.

Now you're ready for
some zippy sippin'.
Because smooth ol'
Bacardi and that hint of
lime or lemon really turn
on the OJ. The Bacardi
Driver tastes terrific. And
it couldn't be easier.



BACARDI rum. The mixable one.



"Oh-oh—looks like the Jolly Green Giant's been apeekin' at the X-rated drive-in movie again!"

ran a finger along his hooked nose. "Four grand a week, wow." In its best years, before Mafalda ruined things, R & M had grossed close to \$200,000. But it would mean that every dollar he earned would go to pay the vig. There'd be nothing left for himself, for Mrs. Mafalda, for Fifty Cents Frank's share of the earnings.

He spoke in his most appealing manner. "But Mr. Filardi, this is different. You're a *partner* in a legitimate business. It's like you're cutting in on your own profits if you charge me so much vig. I mean, in a year or so, I can make that place pay big. And you're a part owner."

"Rules are rules. The vig is always six on five."

"But not when you lend money to yourself."

Fifty Cents Frank scowled at Johnny Guts. "You tryin' a jerk me off?"

"No, sir. All I want is a chance. Look, it's better for you if I pay the vig off. I got more profits—for you. We can grow together. There's land in back of the place we could buy. We could put up a cut-rate tire-and-spares-parts place, a whole *block*. The markup on that stuff is terrific. We could name it for you, Filardi's Tire Town."

The loan shark's horrid face tried to stifle a smile. The purple lips cracked. "So? Whaddya want? Special treatment?"

"Cut the vig to one third."

"You crazy? I don't even talk to guys with ideas like that. Vig is six on five."

"But Mr. Filardi, it's your *own* money. It's your own fortune. It's like we're stockholders in a big corporation that gotta grow. Lemme pay you one third the vig, one thousand, three hundred and thirty-three a week. I'll have to bust my hump to make any money the first five, six years, but I know I can do it."

"Fifteen hundred a week."

Johnny Guts hesitated. He would be paying \$78,000 in vigorish alone, but if he could stay open 24 hours a day, buy and sell used cars, hire Curtis Jefferson's nephews at nonunion rates, he might swing it.

"You got a deal, Mr. Filardi. You'll never regret it. There's nothin' like a legitimate business."

They shook hands. Johnny Guts stared for a moment at the biggest pinkie ring in the world, then left to arrange with the lawyer for the reopening of the service station.

In a week's time, with business picking up, Johnny Guts got credit for the gunpoint capture of Vasquez, the gunman who had felled Mafalda. He got a tip from Curtis, in turn tipped the precinct and led the cops to Vasquez' hiding place in a bodega. Johnny Guts was personally congratulated by Captain James Hanratty and State Senator Sid Mermelstein.

After the TV cameras had left the police station, Johnny Guts invited himself to State Senator Sid Mermelstein's office, where he convinced the official that he

deserved to have the towing medallion returned, as well as the license as an inspection station. Mermelstein was impressed with the sincere, courageous young man, so public-spirited and polite, so obviously concerned about the welfare of his old friend Ralph Mafalda, from whose groin two dozen more pellets had been removed that morning.

In March, Sergeant Loogan and Sergeant Healey returned. Once again, Johnny Guts saw the finger beckoning. He was busy with an architect, discussing a new façade for the station. A gleaming red sign was going up over the garage: CITY LINE SERVICE. And in small letters: JOHN P. GUZZO, PROP. Curtis Jefferson and his twin nephews, Morland and Oran, were pumping gas. A new mechanic, a genius named Manny, was at work constantly. Cars were backed up around the corner. Johnny Guts always had free prizes of some kind. Today he was giving away children's Little Golden Books, which he had bought for a penny a copy from a bankrupt jobber.

"Guzzo?" Loogan asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Healey, you see what I see? It is the scumbag."

"The little scumbag."

"Hi, Sergeant."

"I hear you're a big friend of Captain Hanratty's ever since they collared the spick who shot the big scumbag."

"The captain and I respect each other."

"Yeah," Loogan said, "but we represent the sergeants' association." He lifted the same clipboard Johnny Guts had seen in November, when they had come to ask Mafalda for a contribution.

"Captain Hanratty says—"

"Fuck Captain Hanratty. You're down for forty bucks, Guzzo. For the sergeants' Saint Patrick's Day party for orphans. You're lucky it ain't sixty."

"Forty bucks? That seems a lot."

Curtis Jefferson was shaking his head, thinking, ole Johnny Guts was smart, but the pigs would always win.

"Pay up, scumbag. You got a medallion for the tow truck? You got any fire violations?"

Johnny reached inside his starched blue overalls and took out a sheaf of pink cardboard tickets. "I got a great idea, Sergeant. You say my contribution is forty bucks?"

"Yeah."

"It so happens we're tendering a banquet in honor of our mutual friend Ralph Mafalda, on his release from the hospital next week. Lemme suggest that instead of me giving you forty bucks, I give you two free tickets to this lovely affair. They're twenny bucks each, so we're even."

Loogan's icy gray eyes read the elegant printing on the ticket:

March 7, 8:30 P.M. TICKET: \$20

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"Take these," Loogan said, "and shove them up that nigger's ass, in small pieces." He tore the tickets to bits and tossed them in Johnny Guts's face. "We'll take forty dollars now or you'll end up like Mafalda, broke and without balls."

"Whatever you say, officer." Johnny took an enormous roll from his pocket. "Here y'are, officer." He gave Loogan two 20s.

"You're gettin' smart, scumbag."

Healey laughed. "Loogan, he ain't a scumbag anymore. He's one of the boys."

A shambling fat man in a gray topcoat and hat came out of the repair bay. He had been pretending to be a customer studying the motor in a Cougar. He carried a small camera. As he approached the police car, he flashed a silver badge. "Olsen. Special-investigations unit from the Chief Inspector's Office."

"Fuckin' shoofly," Loogan said.

"It's legit, Olsen," Healey said. "It's for the orphans."

"Tell the chief inspector. You're both under departmental arrest. Thanks, Guzzo. Any other cop tries to shake you down, call me."

"Thank you, sir."

Olsen climbed into the prowl car. "You're both suspended, pending a hearing. Don't say anything. It might be held against you."

The car sped off.

Curtis Jefferson waved at them. "Merry Christmas, motherfuckers."

That night, Johnny Guzzo closed the station for six hours. The contractor who was refurbishing the garage put up a plywood fence. Manny, the mechanic, arrived with several elaborate sets of wrenches and gauges.

He, Johnny Guts and Curtis Jefferson began to dismantle the pumps.

"What this for, boss?" Curtis asked.

"A slight adjustment inna gears," Johnny Guts said. "From now on, we pump three fourths of a gallon for every gallon that registers. This way, I get Fifty Cents Frank off my back in four years instead of five. This is between us, Curtis."

"It between us." Curtis laughed. "You Johnny Guts, all right."



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SUPER SURFER!

(continued from page 78)

mixed in together, man, tourists and family groups along with the junkies, and it was beautiful; sure, there'd be a beef here and there, but that's only natural." Now, though, they mostly go to see their old school chums, who are scattered about the islands. That's because the festival has gotten too organized and com-

mercialized: "They've got these booths now, which you've got to reserve and pay for; but it used to be that people would just go there and camp out." Anyway, some of Laura's best moments with music seem to come when she's alone in the house: "If I'm trying to clean the place or something, I just put on some

sides—real loud, man—and rock on out. Somehow, when you've got to dance, you never get that loose." As you might imagine, Laura's not the world's most efficient housekeeper: "I'm always starting to crochet, knit or embroider things, but I never finish anything, so the stuff is all over the house. If you saw it, you'd crack up. Oh, I did finish a set of pillows—but it was easy; they were just big squares that I stuffed with foam rubber and sewed up."

Laura comes naturally by both her athletic ability and her enterprising, unconventional spirit. Her father is a former top professional wrestler who—as Lord James Blears—plied his bone-crunching trade all over the States and the Pacific. He taught all his kids to swim at an early age—Laura learned when she was about one and a half—and after they moved to Hawaii (when she was six), the youngsters started spending most of their time on the then-undeveloped beach. Laura, something of a tomboy, also played baseball, football and other traditionally male sports. In school, she competed as part of the girls' swimming team. And, in 1970, she won the title of Hawaii's number-one amateur female surfer. That same year, she won first place in the women's world-wide amateur competition sponsored by Smirnoff (incidentally, Laura's brother Jimmy also holds a world surfing title, so there's no question but that Lord James had the right idea when he pushed his kids into the water). In 1973—after she'd won yet another crown, in the women's division of the 1972 Makaha International Surfing Championships—Laura, by invitation of the Smirnoff people, became the first female surfer to take on the men, in their world professional championships (let's hear it from the equality crowd). And while she didn't win her heat, she did beat out one of her male rivals, who's probably still trying to forget about it. A year later, the sex barrier having been broken, Smirnoff invited six female surfers; they would take part in different heats but would be competing with one another, and the girl with the best score would win \$1000—the first prize money ever awarded a distaff surfer—plus the unofficial world title. Of course, you already know who won. Being the world's first, best and only professional lady surfer, though, is anything but a full-time job, and when we called Laura to ask if she'd like to be photographed for our magazine, we reached her on the job at one of the two restaurants functioning in her particular neck of the Hawaiian backwoods. Her answer was "Sure"—partly because it sounded like fun, partly because Laura, who doesn't appear to have any hang-ups anyway, wanted to remind the world that lady athletes are, indeed, ladies, even if they perform as jocks. We think she's made her point.



"It's no use. You'll have to let your hair grow."



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JIMMY THE GREEK'S CRASH COURSE

(continued from page 114)

he always sees one of the dealer's first two cards.

The last point is crucial. It's the one that catalyzes all the others. Except, naturally, for the blackjack payoff.

That's simply a function of the rules of the game. The advantage—that the player gets three to two for blackjack, while the dealer simply is paid even money from the players—is worth somewhat more than two percent. Subtracting that from the house's original edge of nearly seven percent leaves the house with an advantage of about four and a half percent.

That's the figure that you have to overcome in order to win at blackjack.

OK. If you have a hard 17 or better in the first two cards, you *stand*. No matter what the dealer has showing, you do not draw another card.

But suppose you have a stiff—a two-card hand that is more than 11 and less than 17 and that may bust if you draw a card?

The guy sitting to your right may say, "Always hit a stiff." And the guy sitting to your left may say, "Never hit a stiff."

Both of them are wrong. You hit a stiff, or not, depending on what card the dealer shows.

If you have a stiff and the dealer shows a strong card—7, 8, 9, 10 or ace—you hit your hand once. If you have a stiff and the dealer shows a bad card—2, 3, 4, 5, 6—you stand. *Except* if you have a 12 and the dealer shows a 2 or a 3, hit your hand once.

If you have a soft hand—one that allows you to hit without fear of going bust—you hit until the sum of the hand is governed by the rules above.

Everything I've said so far assumes that you have either a strong hand—17, 18, 19, 20, 21—or a stiff. And because a strong hand plays itself, most of what I've said has been directed at making the best of a bad hand. It's the equivalent of playing defense in football. But, as in that game, there are times when you are on offense. And positive decisions can be made in two ways: through card strategy and through betting.

Let's consider card strategy. There are two distinct tactics here: doubling down and splitting a pair.

When you have a two-card total of 11, always double down. *Always*. If the dealer shows an ace, you'll discover soon enough whether he has blackjack. If not, you double down. If you have a two-card total of ten, always double down *except* when the dealer shows a 10 or an ace.

If your two-card total is nine, double down *unless* the dealer shows a strong card—7, 8, 9, 10 or ace.

All double-down situations require you to double your bet, and allow you to



"Charles loves your little idea. It's just that he's very shy."

receive only one card. However, the percentages are such that, depending on the card that the dealer shows, you are betting from strength. Because you are permitted only one card, you cannot go bust and the dealer may. The best double-down situation is when you have 11 and the dealer shows a 6.

The advantage of the double is, I hope, obvious. You *know* what your hand is. You can get a good idea of what the dealer's hand is. Contrast this with the mandatory blind bet—the normal one in which you bet before you see your own cards or one of the dealer's.

The second part of offensive blackjack strategy is splitting pairs. Correctly done, this strategy will provide about 25 percent greater productivity than doubling down. However, such situations arise only about two percent of the time, compared with the approximately eight percent incidence of hands that permit you to double down. So the profit potential to the player from doubling down and splitting pairs is about the same.

Splitting also brings us to one of the most common errors. A lot of otherwise reasonably sane people will, upon noticing that the dealer shows a 6 or another poor card, check their own hands, discover a hard 20 and split their cards.

This is dead wrong. A player's 20 versus a dealer's 6 is as close to a lock as you can get—short of a blackjack.

Splitting a hard 20 does not give you two half locks. Sure, it *can* be done, and *maybe* you'll get covered with an ace or a 10. But don't bet on it.

When you're dealt a 20, stand on it. Period.

Actually, the reason for splitting is to turn a stiff hand into a better hand.

Of course, you split a pair of aces. Regardless of what the dealer shows. Always.

The best advertisement for splitting a pair is when you hold two 8s and the dealer shows a 7. If you treat the hand as 16, the dealer has a strong edge. You must hit your stiff. But not happily, because the probabilities are, approximately, .27 to win, .06 to tie and .67 to lose.

But if you split the pair of 8s, you now have a slight edge on the dealer. What you're looking for, of course, is an ace, a 10, a 9 or a 3—in which case, you will, if the casino rules permit, double down.

There's no certainty here. But the probability is that you have converted a loser to a winner. Again, not a sure loser but a likely one. And not a sure winner but a likely one.

Because 16 is the worst of all stiffs, always split a pair of 8s.

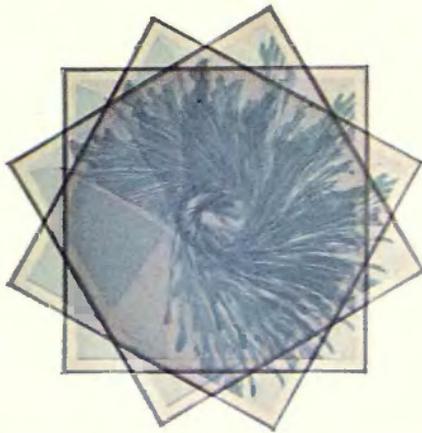
By way of review, then, always split aces. Never split 10s. Always split 8s.

Split 9s except when the dealer shows 7, 10 or ace. (Your 18 is a lock against the dealer's 17; but it is doubly disadvantageous as a split against a possible

(continued on page 178) 175

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

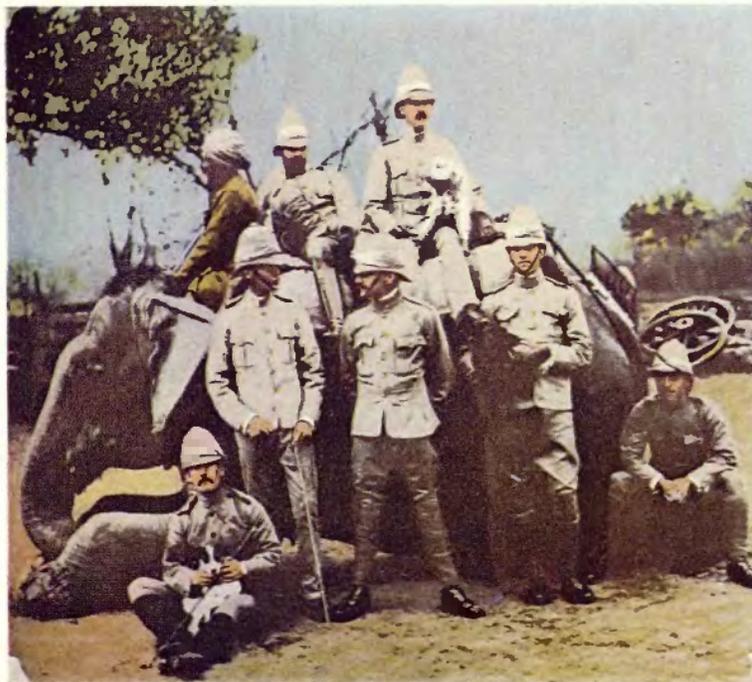


MUSCLE BEACHHEAD

Well, fellas, it's summer again and that unsightly blob of protoplasm you optimistically call a body must once again make its awe-inspiring debut on the beach. Need some fast muscles? Why not try the Dyno-Trainer, the first exercising device with a flywheel rotor, which means the harder you pull, the stronger you get? Imported from Germany, the Dyno-Trainer is available from The Thoylo Corp. (64 Palisade Avenue, Garfield, New Jersey) for only \$42.70, postpaid. You have to supply your own sand to kick in a weakling's face.

GIVING ART A WHIRL

Wham-O Manufacturing Company, that madcap manufacturer responsible for the Frisbee and Hula Hoop, has done it again; this time it's created a \$300, 30" x 30" Magic Window that's comprised of millions of Microdium crystals sealed under glass. You bolt the gizmo to your wall (Magic Window weighs in at 46 pounds), turn it on its Lazy Susan attachment and—*voilà!*—the scene shifts right before your eyes. Write to them at 835 East El Monte Street, San Gabriel, California, for where to buy. Magic Window also looks great when you're standing on your head.



PAIR OF KINGS

No, the forthcoming Allied Artists/Columbia release *The Man Who Would Be King*, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine, is not the memoirs of the late J. Edgar Hoover. It's a wild Rudyard Kipling tale of two 19th Century ex-British army sergeants who, by sheer wit, tenacity, courage and luck set themselves up as kings in the primitive country of Kafiristan, a remote section of Afghanistan. John Huston is directing, Shakira Baksh (Mrs. Michael Caine) is the beautiful Roxanne and Christopher Plummer plays Kipling. Jolly good show!



GETTING YOUR ROCKETS OFF

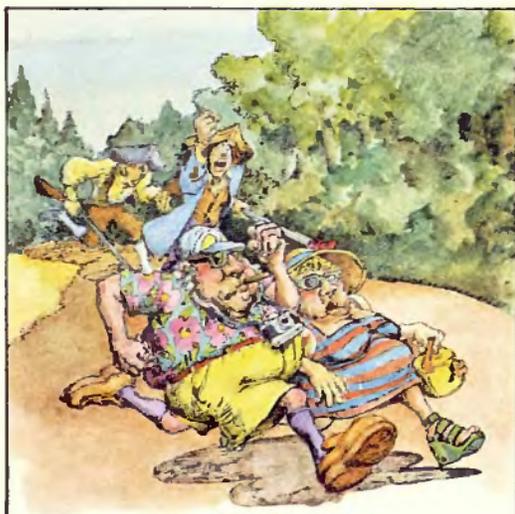
Those of you with money to burn this July fourth—or any time, for that matter—may wish to contact Barry Rothman (P. O. Box 167, Downingtown, Pennsylvania), one of the last free-lance fireworks designers in America. Rothman specializes in fulfilling pyrotechnic fantasies; his latest creation is an X-rated display, but he'll gladly light up anything from *bar mitzvahs* to funerals. Prices begin at \$500, not including travel expenses, and from there, bunky, the sky's the limit.





DOWN TO THE SEA IN TUBS

Take a guy wearing a pirate outfit, add a flotilla of over 250 bathtubs equipped with sails and engines and what have you got? A typical top-secret naval maneuver? Nope, it's the annual 34-mile Bath Tub Race that will shove off this July 20th across the Strait of Georgia between Nanaimo and Vancouver, British Columbia. The event attracts tub freaks from as far away as New Zealand; if you wish to enter, write to them at Box 565, Nanaimo, British Columbia. Oh, yes; don't forget to take a stopper.



SPIRIT OF '75

Before Benedict Arnold turned traitor, he led an expedition against British-held Quebec in September 1775. Now, thanks to Gordon Clapp Travel Services—98 Central Street, Bangor, Maine—hardy volunteers (for \$430 a person) can spend 15 days retracing Arnold's route, starting with a sail aboard the 65-foot schooner Rachel and Ebenezer up the Kennebec and continuing across the Maine woods by foot, canoe and motor coach. On the last day, of course, you're all lined up and shot.

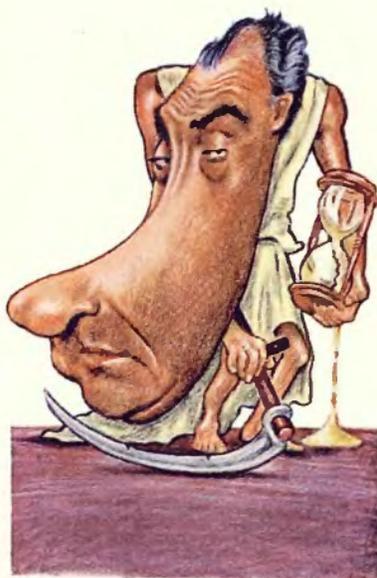
ADJUST IN TIME

Some racket, tennis. First you buy a wooden model because that's what Rod Laver, Stan Smith, Chris Evert and Billie Jean King like. Then, just when you're getting into the swing of things, the coach talks you into an aluminum one. So here's the latest: Peter Latham's Hart Adjustable, manufactured by the ski people, that comes with a handy little tool that enables you to increase or decrease string tension in a matter of seconds, depending on weather, playing conditions and your opponent's game. It's currently available at pro shops and sporting-goods stores for about \$100. At that price, you may think twice before beating it on the ground.



OLD POLITICIANS NEVER DIE

Maybe we no longer have Nixon to kick around, but we still have his cherished image on lots of memorabilia. For one, there's a 1975 Nixon Presidential calendar offered by the John Baumgarth Co.—3001 North Avenue, Melrose Park, Illinois—for \$3; it shows a beaming R.M.N. surrounded by his honored predecessors. And there are the Nixon-Agnew campaign buttons, from both '68 and '72, that you can get for \$2.95 (plus 50 cents postage) from Joy Products, 24 West 45th Street, New York City. Their value should go up, thanks to Tricky Dick's very special spot in history; and who knows, he just might try to make one more comeback.



THE BLEUS

There is something truly distinctive about French farmers, more distinctive, even, than the after-effects of having shoveled compost all afternoon. What is that certain *je ne sais quoi*? Why, the French farmer's work jacket, of course. Called Le Bleu and available in both his and hers sizes, it's now imported by an interesting shop called The Booted Sheepherder, 297 Main Street, Francetown, New Hampshire. The all-cotton Bleu is ideal for camping, hiking or gardening, comes in sure-to-fade French blue only and sells for \$17.95, postpaid. (Be sure to mention your size.) Now all you need is a shovel and a pile of compost. Remember to stay downwind from your friends.



JIMMY THE GREEK'S CRASH COURSE

(continued from page 175)

20 or the flexible hand that includes an ace.)

Split 7s except when the dealer shows 9, 10 or ace.

Split 6s except when the dealer shows 8, 9, 10 or ace.

Never split 5s. Because the count of ten is a basic building block. And, as indicated earlier, you may want to double down.

Split a pair of 4s only if the dealer shows a 5.

Split 3s and 2s unless the dealer shows 8, 9, 10 or ace.

All of the preceding advice assumes that you have a hard hand. But if your two cards include an ace, your approach has to be slightly different.

Don't settle for a soft total of less than 18. If you have a soft 19 or 20, stand. If you have a soft 18, hit only if the dealer shows a 9 or a 10. Always hit a soft 17. (There are some situations in which it is statistically advisable to double down, but I think you have enough to remember already.)

We now come to that situation in which the dealer has an ace showing. He will then peek at his down card and, in a voice studiously devoid of emotion, ask if you want insurance. This is an invitation to bet half your original wager on the likelihood that the dealer has a ten-point-value card in the hole. Insurance pays two to one, so the offer seems attractive. Particularly if you have a strong hand. Especially if you already have blackjack. Just ask any player.

Oh, yeah?

Assume that you're playing with a 52-card deck. Further assume that you do not see the cards of any other players and that you don't even look at your own cards.

What are the chances of the dealer's having a blackjack?

The dealer's down card is drawn at random from the 51 other cards. (You know he has an ace; it's up.) Of the cards that are out, 16 are ten-point cards, 35 are not. The odds are 35 to 16 against the dealer's down card's being a 10. But your payoff is only 32 to 16—two to one. So you're paying about six percent for insurance. At that price, the premiums are too high. Even if you check your own cards and find that neither one is a 10, there's still a house edge of about two percent.

If you have blackjack, insurance is an even worse bet. The dealer will have blackjack only about one third of the time. And since you cannot lose this hand, only push it, two thirds of the time you will be giving away your edge.

Of course, if you are a card counter and you know that toward the end of the deal nothing but 10s remain, then you've got a sure thing. But if you were a

counter, and a good one, you wouldn't be reading this.

All the percentages given here are slightly changed when blackjack is played with two or more decks. But these are still sensible rules that can save you money and prolong your entertainment.

Remember; you're playing for the fun of it.

About the size of your bet: That's up to you. If you can afford to bet \$100 a hand or \$100 a roll, that's fine. But whatever your unit of betting is, stick to it. Except as indicated below. And if you lose, get up and walk away.

Your unit of betting—two bucks or a grand—is the basis of your money management.

You may, if you are keeping track of cards, have a general sense that toward the end of a deal, the deck is rich in ten-point cards. This favors the player, and you may want to increase your bet. I said *may*, because I don't have much faith in the average player's ability to keep track of the cards. But if you can still be generally aware of what is in the deck, while not actually counting the ones that have been played, that knowledge will help you with both insurance bets and general betting. Obviously, if a lot of 10s have shown up, the chances of the dealer's having one are lessened.

About betting: Even though there are certain situations in some casino games that are relatively favorable for the player, the chances are that the longer you play any casino game, the more the house edge will cut into you.

Remembering that, and that this is entertainment combined with the possibility of winning, I recommend the following:

If your unit of betting is two dollars, head for the table with 50 bucks. That's enough to let you play 25 hands. Plenty of action. But when that's gone, leave.

The basic error that most guys make at casino games is that they try to force a hot streak. When they lose, they bet heavier in an attempt to get even.

That's the reverse of what should be done, of what you must do. Bet *light* when you are losing; bet *heavy* when you are winning.

If, let's say, after a half hour, you have doubled your money—your 50 bucks is now up to \$100—increase your unit of bet by 50 percent. That is, increase your unit bet to three bucks.

But as soon as you start to lose, decrease your betting to the original level.

No one can advise you on how to start. Maybe you'll begin by winning. Maybe you won't. Either way, have a firm monetary policy, not only in terms of your unit of betting but also for the conservation of your money.

If you win, set yourself a realistic limit

for your profits already in hand and don't dig into them. If you're ahead 50 bucks and your unit of betting is two bucks, tuck 20 away; and if you lose 30 more, *quit*.

You will have quit a winner, which is, in Vegas, a mighty select company.

Finally, a word about shills. They are not, contrary to general opinion, designed to lure you into anything. The casinos know that a lot of gamblers don't like to play head to head with a dealer, so shills provide the social framework for a game. Some shills are men, others are women. Invariably, the shills at baccarat seem to be women.

At any rate, if you want to know if there are any shills at your table, ask the dealer. Nevada law requires that he tell you which of the players are house players—a far more decorous term than shills, by the way.

CRAPS

The velocity of this game is part of its attraction. That quality is also part of its danger. It's easy to become caught up in the pace of craps. And a gambler should never get caught up in anything—even when he's playing for entertainment.

The basic attractions of craps are the speed of the game and the opportunity to bet on various numbers during every roll of the dice. And, unlike blackjack, which is played in relative silence, craps is noisy. That can be colorful or it can be distracting.

The sprawling craps table offers multiple opportunities to bet. Prominently featured in the layout is "the field," which is what the houseman is referring to when he intones, "The field, play the field, pays two to one."

Avoid it like the plague. Also shun the high-payoff bets usually featured in the center of the table—Any Craps, eight for one, hard-way bets. Anyone who bets, say, ten the hard way should be led gently from the table, given a glass of warm milk and cookies and sent to bed.

Craps does offer some good bets. The Pass Line pays even money when you bet with the shooter. The percentage against you is about 1.4 percent. Most important, the Pass Line bet entitles you to bet an amount equal to your original bet that the shooter will roll a specified number before he either makes his point or rolls a seven. This is called Taking the Odds; to wit:

POINT	ODDS PAID
4 or 10	2 to 1
5 or 9	3 to 2
6 or 8	6 to 5

These are the *right* odds. There's no house edge whatsoever. The only limitation here is that the amount of your Odds bet cannot be more than that of the Pass Line bet.

Or you can bet against the shooter.



DAVE BROWN

"Swaneeeeeee!"

on the Don't Pass Line. The house percentage here is a few hundredths of a percentage point less than the edge on the Pass Line, but the difference is so small as to be practically meaningless. A bet on the Don't Pass Line allows you to Lay the Odds, the reverse of Taking the Odds, but also a fine bet, because the odds, and therefore the payoff, are correct. Your bet here is also allowed to be no larger than your Don't Pass bet.

POINT	ODDS PAID
4 or 10	1 to 2
5 or 9	2 to 3
6 or 8	5 to 6

A similar situation unfolds when the shooter has made his first roll and now has a point. Then, Come and Don't Come, each with the opportunity to Take or Lay the Odds, are available.

If you get lucky at craps, always increase the size of your bet, using the house's money. Parlay your bets, two or three times, and then drag half or at least your original investment. Maybe.

There are a lot of maybes in a casino. The best proof of that is that for 1974, the casinos in Las Vegas alone reported a gross income from games and tables of more than \$684,000,000. In other words, that's how much we lost.

Casino people don't think in terms of winning or losing. Or at least not of losing. Their vocabulary features words such as drop and percent. The drop is how much money is bet, generally figured

on a daily basis, and the percent is what the house makes and expects to make.

Again, note that it doesn't expect to lose.

But how much does it expect to win? It varies. According to the game, but not really according to the players. At blackjack and craps, most casino people figure that they should average between 19 and 22 percent—22 being a mite high, 19 a bit low. What that means is that they expect you, the guy next to you or both of you to lose 20 cents out of every dollar you bet.

And so far, they haven't been wrong. Sure, some guys win, and sometimes they win a bundle. But the percent grinds along, day after day. And, as I've said, the house edge in most games isn't that high, and sometimes it's virtually nil. So the weakness must be in the players.

But that potential weakness vanishes if you gamble for entertainment.

A guy who loves craps is just like any other gambler. Only more so. They tell the story of the elderly gentleman who had just made his point when he suddenly grabbed at his chest and then collapsed onto the floor. For a moment, the crowd at the table froze. In the ensuing silence, the voice of the houseman rang clearly as he announced, "New shooter comin' out."

ROULETTE

Roulette is a pleasant, relaxed and highly comfortable way to lose your money. The basic American wheel has

38 possibilities, numbers 1 through 36, 0 and 00. The odds are 35 to 1 on an individual number, which means that the house edge is a flat 5.26 percent.

That ain't good, and it gets worse.

There's one five-number bet you can make—0, 00, 1, 2 and 3. The house edge on this is 7.89 percent.

The only way to beat the wheel is to bet—whether numbers, colors, odd or even or columns—and parlay your winnings and quit. Or bet a number a few times, hit it and quit. Forget systems. There is no such thing, but it can still be fun to play the wheel.

If this sounds paradoxical, remember that we are considering roulette as entertainment. If the blackjack and craps tables are jammed, why not wander over to the roulette wheel?

It's always relatively quiet and peaceful. You have a seat. The wheelman is pleasant. There's no rush. There's even a pleasant inheritance from Europe of, well, style.

And there is always the chance that you might hit a number—which will pay you 70 bucks for a two-dollar bet, \$175 for a five-buck bet.

The relaxed pace of the game is one of its principal attractions, but you can hit. When my wife and I went to Europe, we went to the casino in Rhodes and I bet her birthday—26. It hit. And I bet the kids' birthdays and a couple of them hit.

It can happen. But even if it doesn't, roulette is a gracious way to spend an evening or an hour. For short money, the long odds are attractive. Sometimes.

A while ago, a Saudi Arabian prince was in town. They gave him a high limit of \$300 any way he could get around the number. During the evening, he got \$740,000 behind—yet he got even and out!

How?

Mostly by catching a number three times in a row. And by starting the numbers. Which means, for example, if you're playing 17, you bet \$300 on 17, \$300 on 16-17, \$300 on 17-18, and so on.

It can happen, but don't bet on it.

BACCARAT

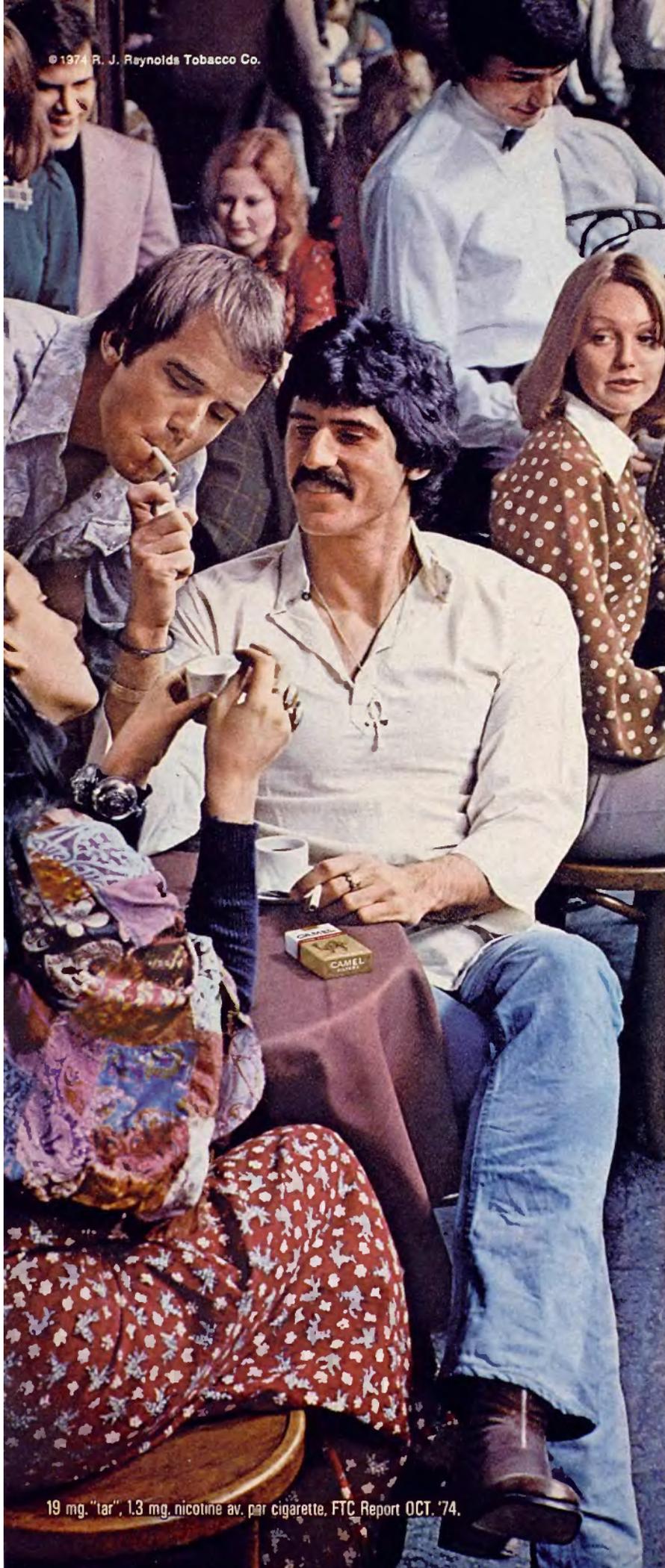
Don't be put off by the lush separate quarters in which baccarat is played. The velvet rope, the housemen in evening dress quite properly suggest a special tone to this aristocratic game. But you're most welcome to play.

The edge in baccarat is low: about one and a quarter percent on the bank, one and a half percent on the players. But winning bets on the bank hands pay the house a five percent commission. This evens things up, because, under its rules, the bank hand will win more than the players. I don't like baccarat, although you may like it just fine.

I have two things against the game. First, the minimum bet often is 20 bucks—



"Sorry, but transvestites can only be associate members."



Meet The Turk.

He does more
than survive. He lives.
Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.
He gets it from the blend
of Turkish and Domestic
tobaccos in Camel Filters.
Do you?



Turkish and
Domestic Blend

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

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

which probably keeps out some people who can't afford the stakes, but it also attracts some people who can't afford it but play, anyway.

Second, the players do nothing. You have no option, no decision to make. You exert no control over the playing, the winning or the losing.

That simplifies the game—in the sense that somebody who has never heard of baccarat can walk in and the housemen will see that he gets the same break as a guy who's been playing for years. Fine. But I don't like games in which I can't have some opportunity to outthink the house.

THE SLOTS, KENO, ET AL.

Don't sneer at slot machines. They are the single most profitable form of gambling in Las Vegas. Although not for you.

Of the 684,000,000 bucks that Vegas casinos grossed in 1974, more than \$170,000,000 came from slots. That's a hell of a lot of nickels, dimes and quarters.

For pure entertainment, nothing beats the slots—if only because they certainly can't be considered gambling. No one knows for sure what the house percentage is, but some reasonable estimates can be offered.

It is lightest at the big casinos. The casino people know that a low percentage—meaning relatively large payoffs—will attract volume, and that's the name of their game. So expect casino slots to keep between 8 and 12 percent of everything you deposit with them.

Slot players being a breed apart, many of them want to burn their dough at twice the normal rate, so they play two machines at once. In recognition of this, rumor has it that a high-paying slot will squat between two miserly machines, set perhaps to keep 15 percent of what you drop in them. But that's only rumor.

It does seem to be true that the slots in gas stations and other retail places are rougher, keeping as much as 40 percent. Those at the airport aren't *that* bad, but they aren't good, either.

So if you're going to play the slots, or if your wife is, play at the casinos. And don't sneer at them. They can be fun. For a while.

But I can't see standing in front of a machine hour after hour after hour. I mean, lots of people do it, but I don't understand it.

On the other hand, at some point during your visit, invest a buck in a dollar slot or four halves in a 50-cent slot. You might be the one to hit.

But then *stop*.

The machine doesn't owe you anything. And there is no mechanical certainty that because you see 100 people put money into a machine, it's overdue.

When those wheels spin around, it's a fresh start every time.

Tell your wife or loved one to invest ten nickels in a slot or an equivalent unit of speculation. If the machine doesn't cough up something, she should try another one. Because, as I said, some machines do seem to pay better than others.

And at least once, throw a couple of bucks into one of the big slots. A couple of months ago, a guy did that with three silver dollars in the three-line, four-reel progressive slot at the MGM Grand. And he hit—for \$62,500.

So it can happen. But don't chase it. It doesn't pay. Except, of course, as entertainment.

If you believe in miracles, head for the keno lounge. You'll be bucking a basic house edge of only 25 percent. True, there is always the chance that you may hit for the \$25,000 jackpot. But it is remote, to put it kindly.

You get even money on a 5-Spot win and your chances are 1 in 20. An 8-Spot ticket is a 1-in-74,000 shot. And to hit the 10-Spot, you're bucking odds of 1 in 9,000,000.

Play keno because the keno runner has nice legs. Or play because the seats in the keno lounge are comfortable, the drinks are free or your favorite numismatologist told you that this is your lucky day.

Don't play to win. But invest—correction, speculate—with a couple of bucks, just to see what happens.

POKER

Ever since the World Series of Poker began to be played in Las Vegas, there's been a slow but steady increase in the visibility of house-run poker games.

They are generally stud, five, six or seven cards. The stakes cover the spectrum from nickel ante, 50 cents to open, three-dollar-maximum bet, to quarter ante, two bucks to open, five-buck maximum, and on up to an occasional, and rather stratospheric game at the Tropicana at \$400 and \$800 a card.

Most games are table stakes, and for the big ones, you better have five grand or more to put on the table. But, at every level, the players are probably better than the ones back home. Local people have more time to play, whether they're salesmen or professional gamblers, because the games go on and on.

The house cut is limited to a percentage of the ante or a percentage of the pot. This may seem trivial, but it inexorably adds up to the house's profit.

Shills are usually present in the smaller games and often an off-duty dealer, or maybe a dealer who's on his break, will sit in.

That's probably the ultimate tribute. You don't see stickmen from the crap

tables rolling or blackjack dealers trying to beat a *compadre*. Only at poker, which says it all about the fascination of the game.

I don't have any inside tips to offer. Poker has to be played for stakes that are significant to you without being fatal if you lose. There's no point to playing in a small game if your bank roll is a couple of grand. Purists will dispute this, claiming that the logic, the insight, the inherent excitement of poker are the same at all stakes.

Maybe so. But the bluff is basic to poker, as is the principle that you make guys pay if they chase. Both are sensitive to the willingness, and therefore the ability of a player to pay. And if a guy's wallet is choking on C-notes, he isn't going to run from a two-dollar raise.

Shills and local nonpro players tend to play a tight game. A table of seven players is usually cut to three, maybe four players after the first cards are dealt.

A friend recently played in a small game at the Tropicana. It was pushing four in the morning and his luck had been so-so. Then came the hand. At seven-card stud, he was dealt the jack, queen, king of spades. Then came a couple of small cards and the 10 of spades. His seventh was the ace of spades.

It was the first time in his life he had bought a royal straight flush. Unfortunately, nobody called his bet and there was no reason to show his hand.

With forgivable pride, he turned his cards over, pointing to his wondrous hand. Instantly, two players chorused, "Nobody paid to see!" His chagrin at the *gaffe* was relieved when the dealer said, with appropriate awe, that he had never seen a hand like it in ten years of dealing.

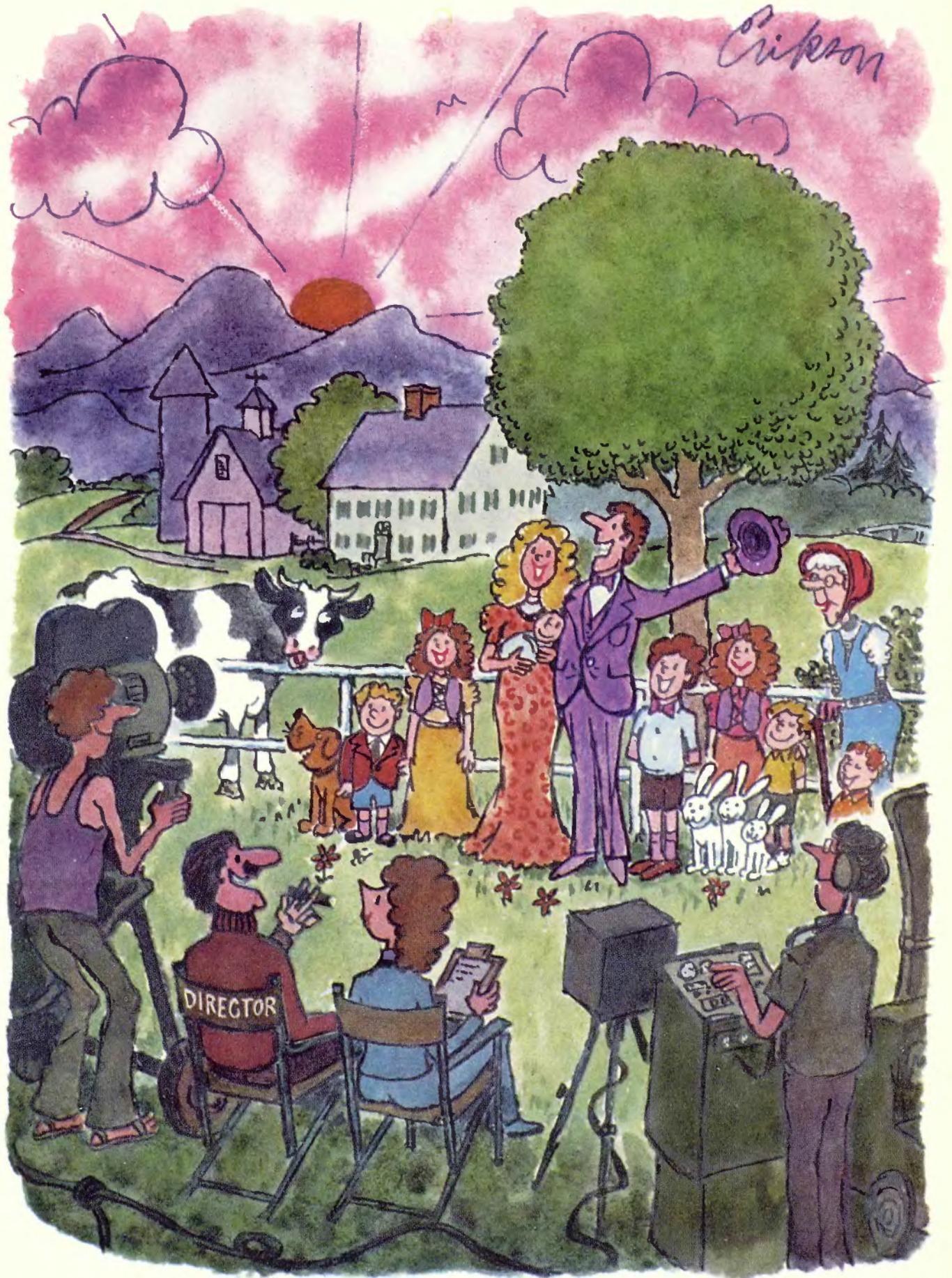
As it happens, I am nuts about poker. But about the only times I get to play are those four, five or six times a year when my wife and I have an argument. In the wake of a domestic squabble, some guys go out and get drunk, some go on the prowl for other women. I play poker, in the biggest game I can find. Sometimes I come home excited and sometimes I come home chagrined. That's poker.

Again, unless you are an excellent poker player, don't try the game in Vegas. And never, never play in a game you can't afford. Because, of all the casino games, poker will exhaust the undercapitalized player by far the fastest. There's just no way around the disadvantage of valuing the money you bet more than the other players do. You'll start scared and end skinned.

Gambling is a part of the soul of Vegas. But gambling is only part of the entertainment, of the total appeal of Vegas. Enjoy the golf, the tennis, the great food and plush hotels. Enjoy your stay.

Gamble—but just for the fun of it.





"This film is going to make 'Mary Poppins' look like 'Deep Throat.'"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 68)*

on a system of property, of exploiter and exploitee. So that if I gave up what I earn, it wouldn't really improve anyone else's situation as much as it would deteriorate mine. There's no middle ground. If you have money, you're an exploiter; if you don't, you're exploited. We're in a fish tank in which there are only fish who eat and others who are eaten. If that's the only choice I'm offered, then I hope to be a fish that eats. We have to drain the tank and get into a newer, higher system altogether.

PLAYBOY: You certainly have the money now to afford beautiful things, and you've bought plenty of them. You also seem to have a craving for gadgets and expensive toys, like the \$50,000 Mercedes you own. What kind of things do you like to spend money on?

COPPOLA: I've spent money on my house because I need space and because I want to enjoy my family. I've found that there are some things money can buy that truly make life more pleasant and give you more time to do the things that are really important, such as your work. When I was very young, I thought I needed a lot of things, but I've discov-

ered that the more I have, the less I need. I've had terrific sports cars in my day, so now I drive a Honda car—not to be cute or anything like that but because I really like it. An XKE pulls up alongside and the guy looks at me in my little Honda. Nothing happens. I'm not jealous, because I've had that other car. I know I could have one and I don't need it anymore. There's something about possessions, living wealth, that really has to do with trying to prove something to yourself. My lifestyle is going to get simpler and simpler with the coming years.

PLAYBOY: What about that Mercedes?

COPPOLA: I didn't buy it. It was a gift, and I hardly ever use it. I also own a private jet. When I bought it, it was because I had once thought, "Wow, wouldn't it be crazy to have a private jet!" I do a lot of things and live in the same fantasy spirit that I write in. It's all make-believe to me. It's a fairy tale and I get to do all the things I can imagine. But I find that as I actually do them, I don't need them anymore. If I keep the private jet, it will be because I've found it useful. Even when I began buying things,

I'd take whatever I'd bought out of the box and often I'd realize immediately that I really didn't need it or want it. I gave a lot of things away to people as presents, things I'd bought for myself the day before.

PLAYBOY: What does make you happy, besides your work?

COPPOLA: What brings me the greatest joy is the company of nice people and to be able to go through all the rituals with them, to eat dinner with them, cook with them, talk with them. I'm very European in that respect.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a lot of people around all the time?

COPPOLA: No. My wife is a very private person, which is probably why I'm still married to her, because I'm a big consumer of things and people, but I know I can't consume her, so I could never get tired of her.

PLAYBOY: Is she a big influence on your life?

COPPOLA: No. I can't say that. Everybody's wife is a big influence, but I don't want to give the mistaken impression that she's the quiet conceptualizer of my life. I discuss things with her and I think she's really bright and I respect her values a lot. She's not interested at all in money or material objects. She's interested in ideas. The best definition I can give you of my wife is that she's an impossible person to buy a present for, because there's nothing she wants. You know what I once gave her for Christmas? The kids were opening their presents and I went into the other room and made her a cappuccino, put it in a box, wrapped it up, brought it out and gave it to her. To this day, she maintains it's the best present she ever got, because she really wanted that cup of coffee. That's the way she is.

PLAYBOY: Generally speaking, what kind of women do you like to have around you?

COPPOLA: I've always enjoyed being around women older than myself. My wife is three years older than I am. I'm very attracted to intelligent women.

PLAYBOY: A lot of men in the movie industry use their power and their status as celebrities to play around sexually. Have you ever been tempted along those lines?

COPPOLA: I'd like to point out that it's not only the men who play around, as you put it. I know a female casting executive who uses her position just as a man might. It's incredible how this woman operates. She uses her position to keep five or six men going at one time and she's just as exploitive of her position as any man might be. I'm convinced that men and women are basically very similar in many more respects than we've been brought up to believe. We've been taught so-called masculine roles, just as women have been programed into so-called feminine ones. But the lines aren't so clearly drawn anymore, partly because



"Frankly, Willard, I just felt like being in a different bag tonight."

of the women's movement. What I'm talking about has nothing to do with what people do in bed, necessarily. I know a great many heterosexual women who are very masculine in many ways, and many heterosexual men who are very feminine. I include myself among the latter and I always have.

PLAYBOY: Pardon us for mentioning it, but you didn't really answer our question about playing around. Would you rather not?

COPPOLA: What can I say? I love women. I can be walking down the street with my wife, and I'll see a beautiful woman and I'll pat my wife on the shoulder and say, "Hey, look at *her!*" But to some extent, the myth about famous movie directors' being pursued by women is not quite accurate. For one thing, there's so little time and so much work to be done. I once asked one of my assistants, who's always with beautiful girls, how he met so many of them. He said, "Easy; I tell them I'm going to introduce them to you." But he never does. And it would seem to me that although the life of a swinging bachelor might have some temporary appeal, it would be something that would run out pretty fast. I'm happy living with my wife and I enjoy the format of the traditional family. And I love kids. If I had my way, I'd have ten of them. I've always been like that. One of my happiest summers was being a camp counselor. Even as a kid, I liked littler kids.

PLAYBOY: Were you happy as a kid?

COPPOLA: My childhood was very warm, very tempestuous, full of controversy and a lot of passion and shouting. My father, who is an enormously talented man, was the focus of all our lives, the three children and my mother. Our lives centered on what we all felt was the tragedy of his career. He was a very frustrated man, because, though he played first flute for the NBC Symphony under Toscanini, he felt that his own music never really emerged. I worked for Western Union one summer when I was 14 and, for some unknown reason—I still don't know *why*—I wrote up a phony telegram to my father telling him he'd landed a job writing the musical score for such and such a film. I signed it with the name of the guy who was in charge of music at Paramount Pictures. My father was overjoyed and yelled, "It's my break! It's my break!" And I had to tell him it wasn't true. He was heartbroken. Is that a terrible story?

Well, at least you know why I was so delirious when he shared the Oscar for best musical score with Nino Rota. Much of what is called source music—the com-



"Say 'Ah-h-h.'"

positions played by marching bands, performed on stage, and so on—in both *Godfathers* is his, and I used him not because he's my father but because he's an excellent composer.

PLAYBOY: When you were younger, did you dream of success on a scale like this?

COPPOLA: I always dreamed, I always fantasized. While I was in college, I'd tell people I was going to be a famous director, I was going to be rich. People who knew me then tell me they felt it would happen. But I never really believed it would happen, not like this.

PLAYBOY: Would you say the success has come easily to you, or did you have to take risks?

COPPOLA: I've been taking small chances all along. I've always been a good gambler and I've never been afraid to take a chance. I don't think the risks I've taken have been that dramatic, but even so, there have been times when I've stuck my neck out and almost had my head chopped off. But ultimately, I've been

rewarded. I've been treated very well by Hollywood. And I've been treated very well by this country. The main reason I've been treated well is that I have taken risks, and people have some respect for that.

Of course, when you gamble, sometimes you lose. It goes in streaks. When the streak goes your way, you build on it as fast as you can, utilizing *their* money, not yours. You try to catch your streak in anything.

PLAYBOY: One last question: You have said you'd never make a *Godfather III*. But is the story of Michael Corleone really over?

COPPOLA: Nine times out of ten, people who say they're never going to do something wind up doing it. Right now, I don't want to make another sequel. But maybe 30 years from now, when I and all the actors have gotten really old, then it might be fun to take another look.

You Gotta Believe (continued from page 124)

height above the field.) Sudden changes in pressure produce sudden changes in the reading. This is adjusted for periodically, but it's a messy, inadequate system that has not kept pace with the technology of modern flight. Also, neither of those devices tells you what's ahead but only what's under you—what you've already passed over or run into. The Air Force B-52 bomber is equipped with a system employed when the Air Force practices dropping atom bombs. You get that giant plane down to a few feet off the ground, under radar—remember *Dr. Strangelove*? Then you cut in your terrain-following device and set your altitude to where you want it. The system will adjust the plane to every bump and valley; it's like going several hundred miles an hour in a jeep. Some people feel that a modified system like that could save a lot of lives on commercial carriers. (If you're wondering how they drop the big one, that's classified. But one way it possibly could be done is the so-called toss method. They stand the plane on its tail, switch all eight engines to rock 'n' roll, kick that nuke out of the belly hatch and climb like hell—about 8500 feet a minute.)

An even less expensive system called a ground-proximity warning system that costs about \$8000 could have warned the Eastern captain. It flashes a red light on the console that reads PULL UP and a recording shouts "Pull up!" As it turned out, the Eastern plane touched the swamp and disintegrated. One hundred and one people died.

When the NTSB investigates a crash, two devices help: the cockpit voice recorder mentioned earlier and a Digital Flight Data Recorder (D.F.D.R.) that happened in the above case to be in the L-1011 (now called a "swamp buggy" by A.T.C.s, much to the chagrin of some pilots). The D.F.D.R. retains a comprehensive history of esoteric technical data during flight, such as engine thrust, air speed, altitude, heading, vertical acceleration, roll angle, pitch attitude and angle of attack. These two machines (unlike the rest of the plane) are built to survive crashes. The NTSB report on Eastern flight 401 ran to 46 pages and is a public document, including graphs, photos and recommendations for improvements that might prevent future accidents of that kind. A Pan Am 707 had a similar experience near Bali in April 1974—the fourth of Pan Am's 707s to go down in nine months. That plane rammed a mountain. The FAA ordered a world-wide investigation of Pan Am's operations and the company ordered all 140 of its planes to be equipped with ground-proximity warning systems, though even this device cannot tell the pilot what's ahead of him but only what's directly below, as it works with infor-

mation generated by the radio altimeters. And, in fact, until the recent crash near Washington's Dulles Airport, in which a Boeing 727 flew into a mountain, the FAA still refused to order the system installed on all airliners. In that particular crash, in December 1974, TWA flight 514, going 235 miles per hour and weighing 136,000 pounds, hit one ridge in a series referred to as Mount Weather and disintegrated so thoroughly that post-mortems could not be done on the flight-deck crew. Ninety-two persons were killed. The crew had an altimeter and a map of the area that required the plane to stay at 3400 feet. But when the A.T.C. told them they were clear for approach to their runway, they thought that meant they could descend to 1800 feet. A few weeks before this happened, a United pilot almost did the same thing. He was lucky enough to have had clear weather: He saw the mountain in time to pull up. He reported the incident to his company. Charles Beatley, mayor of Alexandria, Virginia, and a United DC-8 pilot, had the same experience. No one is certain yet exactly whose fault the Mount Weather crash was. The TWA magazine *Flite Facts* published an article prior to the accident that seemed to encourage pilots to do what that captain did—make the assumption that if he was cleared for approach, he was cleared to descend below the minimum altitude. Wherever the blame lies, everyone agrees that a ground-proximity warning system would have given the crew a much better chance of surviving, even with the faulty communication.

• • •

What kills you if you are in a plane crash? Often it is the seats. Most airplane seats are made to withstand the force of nine *g*s. The human body can stand 35 *g*s. So if a plane decelerates suddenly, the seats break loose at their moorings and everybody goes sliding forward, perhaps still strapped in, though seat belts that don't have metal-to-metal buckles have a tendency to slip and let you go. In March 1972, most of the 45 passengers in the Mohawk plane that crashed in Albany, New York, were propelled through the plane into the forward cargo compartment and 14 of them were crushed to death.

In October 1974, a Trans-Australia Boeing 727 had seats torn loose by heavy chop encountered at 35,000 feet. Eleven persons were injured. In certain cases, a few passengers have been lucky enough to be thrown clear of the wreckage and land in such a way that they survive.

But you don't need a miracle like that to survive a crash. Many times a disabled airplane will go down with the pilot more or less in control. Some people may be injured—some may even be killed—but many will survive impact, just as they

would in an auto accident. And then those who survive are faced with the problem of getting out.

In June 1971, an Allegheny Convair 340/440 crashed in New Haven, Connecticut. All but two passengers survived the impact, but while they were on the ground, trying to get out of the wreckage, 27 burned to death because several hundred gallons of aviation-grade kerosene exploded. The NTSB asked for a system to prevent fuel fires. The FAA did nothing.

A fuel-explosion-protection system keeps fuel from burning until it is in the engines. There are several methods used in military aircraft. One simple method is to inject an inert gas into the vent lines and the air space above the unburned fuel in the tanks. Without oxygen, the fuel can't burn. There is also a honeycomb that can be put into tanks to contain fuel in small isolated pockets. With that system, you can shoot a fuel tank with incendiary tracer bullets and it won't explode. These methods are expensive (about \$70,000 for a 747) but expense doesn't frighten the airlines when it comes to in-flight frills, such as movies, meals and stereo music.

Even if a survivor isn't burned, he may die from poison gases given off by burning seat cushions, plastics, drapes, and so on. Cyanide and other gases produced when these materials burn can incapacitate you in a lot less than 90 seconds—the minimum time required by the FAA to evacuate a fully loaded 747. In 1961, a DC-8 crashed at Denver. Everyone survived the impact, but 16 were killed by carbon monoxide when the plane burned. Forty-nine died the same way in Rome in 1964 and 43 at Salt Lake City in 1965. Near Midway Airport in 1972, the United 737 mentioned earlier came down on a residential area and seven of the fatalities resulted from cyanide poisoning. Cyanide can be given off by burning wool, cotton, paper and plastics, but the NTSB didn't say where it came from. In fact, some people maintain that the cyanide was put there to assassinate the Watergate-related figures who died inside the plane, because—among other things—FBI men were on the scene so fast they appeared to have expected the crash. But the NTSB explains the cause of the accident as follows: "Captain's failure to exercise positive flight management."

In a North Central-Delta crash at O'Hare in 1972, in which a plane taking off hit another on the ground, nine of the ten dead were killed by toxic gases. Others were burned. The NTSB report said that survival would have been more likely had the North Central flight crew stayed on board to help evacuate the passengers. One invalid who couldn't get up without help was simply left strapped in his seat, where he died. Most members

We care enough to age our jug wines in wood.

Wood aging is not absolutely
necessary in making wine.

Other less expensive, less
involved ways of aging can be used.

But not by us.

To achieve a touch of greatness,
each Almadén jug wine spends
time in wood.

We insist on it.

So should you.

Almadén



of the flight crew are supposed to stay on the plane until it is evacuated. And most do. In the famous mid-air collision over New York, a pilot lost his life going into the burning wreckage to save someone.

Only the FAA can make such things as fireproof interiors mandatory, and it has the problem of simultaneously trying to promote a very profitable airline industry and safe flying—things that are beginning to seem mutually exclusive. Recently, a House investigations subcommittee chaired by Representative Harley O. Staggers conducted an exhaustive investigation of the FAA and decided, according to the report, that it is notoriously slow in taking action on matters that “may literally endanger human life.” The report says the FAA is oversolicitous of the airline industry: “The attempt to balance dollars against lives benefits no one.”

Also, the FAA doesn't seem to know how to order its priorities. It spent most of 1973 researching mid-air collisions, which constitute only two percent of all accidents. There was no money spent to learn about “controlled flight into terrain” crashes (such as the Miami disaster), responsible for 56 percent of the total. The House subcommittee also criticized

the FAA for allowing industry representatives to participate in the process that leads to FAA mandates for air safety, a situation that seems to carry the strong possibility of blatant conflicts of interest. Safety costs money. Furthermore, safety precautions bring to everyone's attention the possibility that something might go wrong. The airlines don't want nervous passengers. So the instructions stewardesses give include only the barest minimum of safety procedures. For example, do you know which exits have slides? How soon you'd need oxygen if the cabin lost pressure, or what you'd feel if you needed supplementary oxygen? How you should evacuate a plane that hits the ground? And do you know how to open the door? Most people don't. In 1971, in the Allegheny Convair 340/440 that went down at New Haven, 15 of the dead were found near a rear service door. Investigators assumed that when the lights went out—which they do when a plane crashes—the people couldn't read the instructions for opening the door and died in the smoke and fire. The stewardess who should have opened the door was injured and couldn't help. (Normally, two stewardesses are required on this type of plane, but Allegheny was granted an exemption from

this rule.) The passengers should have read the instruction card before take-off, but the installation of high-quality emergency lighting systems to lead passengers to proper exits could have saved lives. There are emergency lights, but they apparently didn't do the job in that case. An observer recently inspected the emergency lighting in a 727 and found it inadequate even for reading a newspaper. Imagine what it would be like in heavy smoke.

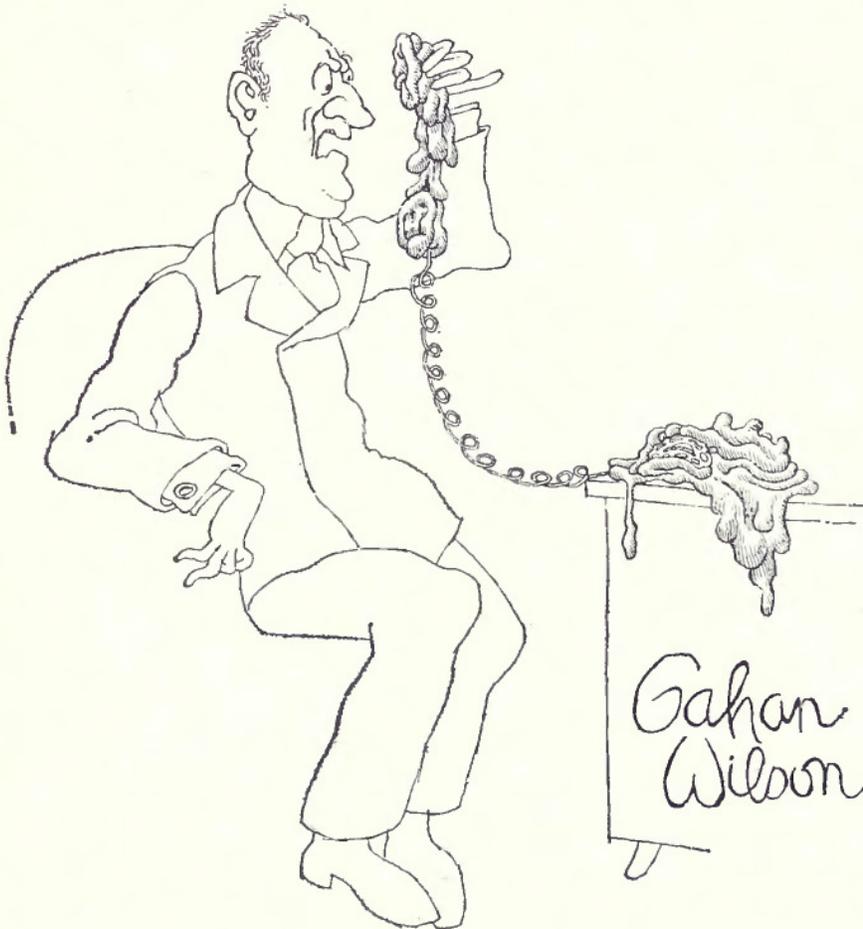
There are some wholly unnecessary—and unreported—dangers in commercial flight. More than 90 percent of commercial airliners, according to an Air Line Pilots Association (A.L.P.A.) study, carried hazardous materials until recently. In November 1973, a Pan Am cargo 707 crashed at Boston because bottles of nitric acid, improperly labeled and set on their sides in a pile of sawdust, leaked, caused a fire and filled the cockpit with smoke. The crew members had not been told about the nitric acid; they thought the smoke in the cockpit was caused by an electrical fire and since the plane was operating all right, they passed several airports on the way to Boston, because they wanted to reach their own service crews. The smoke goggles failed to keep smoke out of the crew's eyes and they couldn't see to fly the plane. The smoke-venting system didn't work well enough to clear the cockpit in time. The plane landed 262 feet short of the runway.

In 1971, a Delta plane contaminated with radioactive molybdenum 99 carried 917 passengers over a period of days. In April 1974, as many as 213 on two Delta flights may have been exposed to radioactivity from improperly shielded iridium 192. Airliners may also be carrying germ and virus cultures, or explosives. If you fly regularly, you've probably spent time sitting above some of these things. And what the FAA has done about this problem is so grossly inadequate that pilots have had to threaten to boycott flights carrying dangerous substances.

James Sparling, safety officer of the Aircraft Mechanics Fraternal Association (A.M.F.A.), representing 8000 men, calls the FAA “the worst of all Government agencies when it comes to public safety.” He described situations in which mechanics “may be biting their knuckles a little bit when the airplane departs.”

James Eckols, a captain and an A.L.P.A. representative, says of the FAA, “They're the world's worst. You keep turning over rocks and you don't find just worms. You find tarantulas. And the finger always ends up pointing at the FAA. They don't just commit adultery with the airlines, they commit incest.”

The general rule is that the FAA won't issue an “airworthiness directive” (which has the force of law) until something terrible happens, such as the Dulles



"I'd like the Service Department, please!"

crash. And even then, nothing may be done. An airworthiness directive is a mandate from the FAA that describes what legal qualifications a vehicle must have to fly. Before leaving the ground, every craft made or flown in this country has to be certificated by the FAA as an airworthy machine. Basically, that means that it will fly. But then, some vehicles considered to be airworthy by the FAA have failed to stay in the air. Consider the Turkish Airlines (THY) DC-10 in which 346 people lost their lives near Paris. That crash was preceded in June 1972 by a "deal" (as certain horrible situations are nonchalantly called by A.T.C.s) over Windsor, Ontario, in which a cargo door blew off an American Airlines DC-10 that had just taken off from Detroit Metro Airport. The plane lost pressure, causing the cabin floor to buckle, thereby jamming control cables in the floor-support beams. This stopped the number-two (center) engine and caused the rudder to malfunction. The crew had no idea what was wrong. All they knew was that they were in big trouble. But they responded with cool professionalism and no one died when the badly disabled plane made an emergency landing at Detroit.

The NTSB recommended a modification to ensure that the door couldn't close without being properly locked. The Los Angeles office of the FAA wanted to issue an airworthiness directive at that point, but manufacturers are made uneasy by such a ruling, because it suggests that their product is defective. Also, they have to spend money to comply. The DC-10 is far from being an inferior airplane. It handles well and incorporates some of the most sophisticated aerospace technology to date. And it would be foolish to think that McDonnell Douglas would purposely design a bad plane. But the machine is so incredibly complex that it was inevitable that problems would develop. The two worst problems were with the cabin floor and with the now-famous cargo door. In May 1970, the DC-10 prototype fuselage was finished and ready for its "pressure vessel test." The engineers closed the doors and started pumping air into the plane, simulating the pressurizing process that would take place as the plane rose into the air. They kept pumping air until something blew. Well below the minimum pressure, the cargo door blew off this prototype DC-10, causing the floor to collapse. To prevent the front part of the floor from collapsing, engineers added venting doors that would open in the event of depressurization. But the rear part of the floor was not strong enough to allow for such vents. No one yet knows whose fault the problem was. The subsequent events and the reasons for the failure of either

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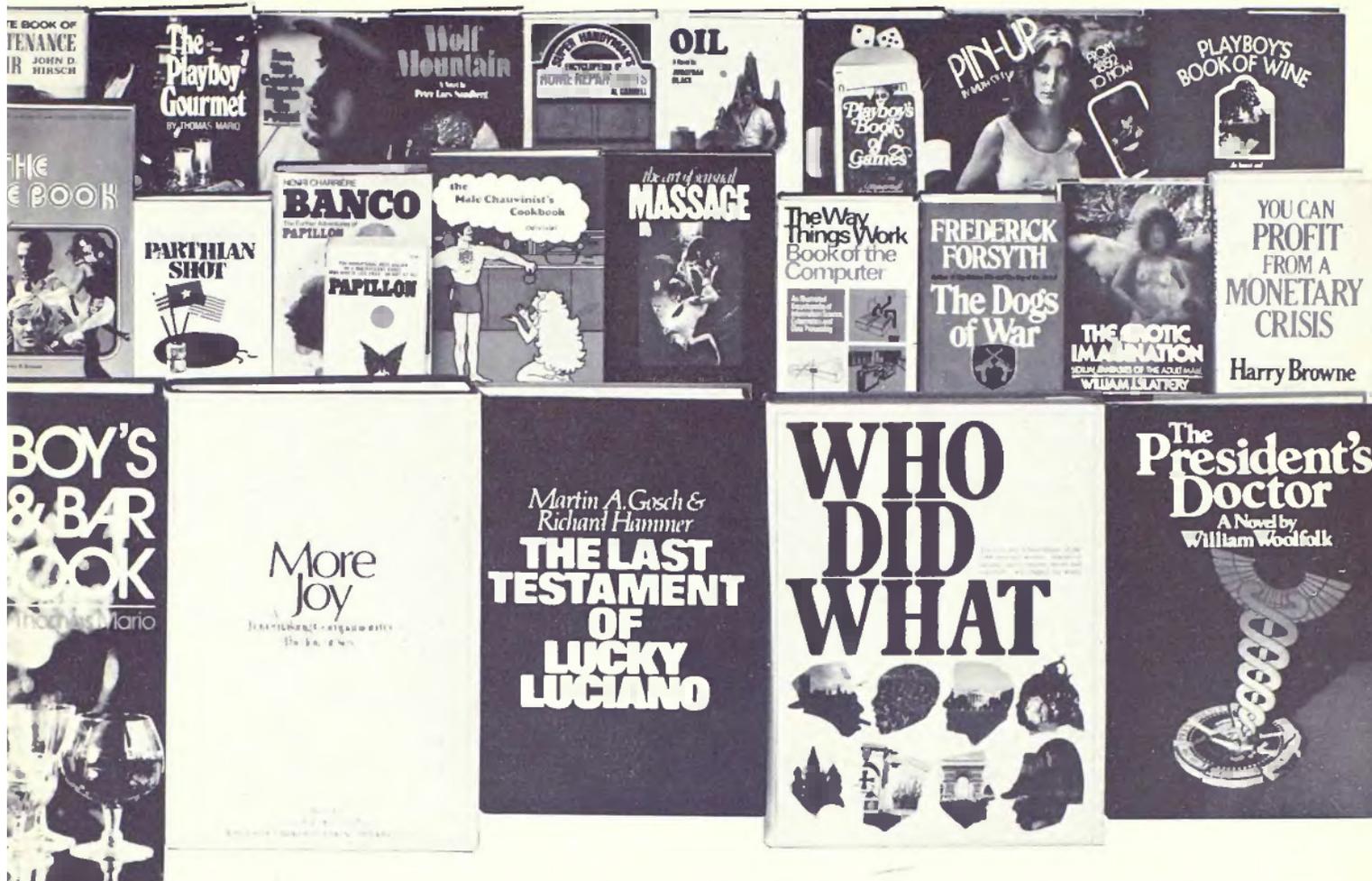
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McDonnell Douglas or the FAA to do anything about the problems are so complicated that John Godson devoted all of his book *The Rise and Fall of the DC-10* to the subject. But the danger was clear to at least one man long before the crash occurred near Paris. An engineer named F. D. Applegate wrote a memo (no one knows who saw it), saying, "It seems to me inevitable that in the 20 years ahead of us, DC-10 cargo doors will come open and cargo compartments will experience decompression for other reasons, and I would expect this to usually result in the loss of the airplane." Whether or not this memo ever came to the attention of the FAA, no airworthiness directive was issued after the Windsor deal.

Instead, McDonnell Douglas appealed to John H. Shaffer, FAA administrator, and they reached what an FAA official called a gentlemen's agreement, by which McDonnell Douglas would issue a service bulletin, calling for voluntary compliance. The necessary changes were not made on the THY DC-10. Though an official report has not yet been released, experts agree that the door blew off, and the worst disaster in aviation history resulted. It wasn't until a year later that the FAA decided to require modifications. The system will be designed to keep the floor safe from buckling even if the plane has a 20-square-foot hole in it. The door that blew off, however, measured 22 square feet.

The full story of the blame for the Paris crash will not be told for years to come. At the McDonnell Douglas annual meeting in St. Louis in April 1974, its president, Sanford McDonnell, said the company was distressed by the incident. But, he added, it was inexcusable that the French baggage handler in Paris, who was responsible for closing the cargo door, couldn't read English, the language in which the instructions were printed.

McDonnell may have been a little upset with the way maintenance crews sometimes handle aircraft. But, in general, what you hear is that they're meticulous, well trained and conscientious. And the A.M.F.A. is right now agitating for closer FAA attention to air-carrier maintenance—because it is perfectly legal in the U. S. to send up an airplane that isn't working properly. For instance, there are four hydraulic systems in a 747. If one of them isn't working, the plane can take off anyway. This is the thrust of the Minimum Equipment List (M.E.L.) concept, on which mechanics operate, not altogether enthusiastically. There are two lights on a wing tip. The plane can fly with one burned out. If one thrust reverser is broken, the aircraft can go with the other. Trijets have at least three electrical generating systems. They can operate with only two working, as one United 727 did over San Mateo Bay on January 18, 1969. It then had a fire and shut down

an engine. Then another generator failed, leaving the plane with no electricity, flying in the middle of the night, through clouds and over deep water. On top of this—it was theorized—since there were no lights, the flight engineer, reaching for a switch, accidentally cut his battery power. At that point, he probably didn't know why he was getting no power and, while he was trying to figure it out, the airplane went into the water and 38 people died. The plane had gone through 42 flight hours and 28 stations with the number-three generator broken and no one—not even the pilot who died as a result of the failure—demanded that it be repaired. The reason? It's hard to say, but pilots who slow down schedules annoy airlines, which are losing money while a plane is out of service.

Mechanics write Flight Standards Mechanical Reliability Reports, which are very hard for someone outside the industry to come by because they are very unsettling. Some examples from 1972, obtained by Ralph Nader after litigation: "Unscheduled landing [because the plane] lost all hydraulic fluid and utility pressure during cruise about three hours after take-off . . . found leaking hose . . . in number-three pylon and failed number-two and number-three engine-driven pumps and number-one auxiliary pump leaking." "Returned due to number-four-engine stall on take-off . . . replaced engine." "Number-two engine had series of stalls in climb, then flame-out. Restarted and stalling continued. Shut down engine and returned." (According to a captain interviewed on the subject, the pilot should never have tried to restart the engine.) "Pilot reported on take-off, lost hydraulic pressure and quantity. Dumped fuel, returned." "After take-off from Las Vegas, two pieces of wheel rim, first piece 14 inches and second piece 18 inches long, and the number-six tire was found on the runway . . . the crew was alerted and the flight continued."

So what can you do to protect yourself? Not much. As one captain put it, "If we did everything we could to make the plane totally safe, it would weigh 900,000 pounds and carry four passengers and a crew of five. They'd have a very wonderful and safe flight and a ticket would cost a million dollars." So take some minimal precautions of your own.

If you are in an aircraft and see something that makes you think the flight may be in danger, get off the plane. No one can stop you as long as the plane has not been cleared for take-off. If you do decide to take the flight, the safest place to sit is by a door or an emergency exit, and on smaller jets as far as possible from the engines (in case they explode, burn or blow off). On the jumbo jets (747, DC-10 and L-1011—learn to know the equipment you fly), sit over the wings, the most stable area during turbulence. You

can get knocked around pretty badly when the plane encounters heavy chop or turbulence. Also, do keep your seat belt fastened. A United pilot recently joked that he kept his on because he worried about getting sucked out if his window broke. He may have been thinking about G. F. Gardner, who was sucked out into the night when a DC-10's General Electric CF-6 engine blew apart and shattered his window. (The engine in question had been removed for repairs four times prior to the incident.) The man had his seat belt on, but it was loose and he slipped out. The flight-deck crew has shoulder harnesses as well as metal-to-metal seat-belt buckles that would probably keep them in their seats in a decompression situation. But even if your seat belt won't keep you from getting sucked out the window, it may keep you from banging your head. An aircraft hitting certain kinds of downdrafts can drop at a rate of 2000 to 3000 feet a minute—fast enough to send people through the roof and break their necks. (And the next time you're approaching a gate in a plane that's landed, consider what an American captain said about seat belts: "I've got three thousand pounds of hydraulic pressure in my plane. If some asshole is standing up while I'm taxiing and I touch the brakes, he's gonna go flying through the cabin.")

If you consider drinking while in flight, remember that in an emergency, it will slow you down. At lower air pressures, the effects of alcohol are magnified. An FAA brochure warns, "Two martinis become four at altitude." So when you've had a few drinks and feel pleasantly warm, if the cabin loses pressure, you may find yourself blind drunk and unable to do anything. Most crew members are not even allowed to enter a tavern in uniform. Federal regulations prohibit anyone who has had a drink from entering the cockpit and anyone who is intoxicated from entering a plane. Pilots have a saying, "Twelve hours from bottle to throttle." As badly as you might need those two vodka tonics, abstaining could improve your chances of surviving a crash.

But even if you're stone-sober, you may be in for a surprise if something goes wrong. On National Airlines flight 27 on November 3, 1973, when Gardner was sucked out of that McDonnell Douglas DC-10, the plane naturally lost all its pressure. At 39,000 feet, the necessary supply of air was gone in a few seconds. At that altitude, you can go for about 20 seconds without supplementary oxygen before becoming incapacitated. There are emergency oxygen masks that the stewardess demonstrates at the beginning of each flight. What most people don't know is that this system doesn't necessarily work. When the number-three fan assembly on National's DC-10 number N60 NA disintegrated, it blew numerous holes in the body of the plane,

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knocking out several systems. While the crew was desperately trying to keep the plane aloft and under control, many of the remaining 115 passengers were finding that they had no access to oxygen and were losing consciousness. After a loud explosion, the cabin filled with blue-gray smoke. The head stewardess telephoned the engineer and asked him to try to deploy the oxygen masks. Some of the masks appeared, but others weren't available for up to three minutes. And then a further problem existed. Incredibly, that oxygen system uses an explosive "thermal decomposition" (read: fire) involving sodium chlorate to create oxygen inside a sealed container. This heats the oxygen cylinder (located in the headrests of the seats) to 547 degrees Fahrenheit. To start the reaction, the passenger pulls a type of ripcord. Because the mountings of the cylinder are so weak, some passengers pulled the cord and the bottles came tumbling out into their laps. Not only were several passengers burned but one of the canisters reportedly caused a fire. All of this equipment is perfectly legal, according to current FAA rules. Furthermore, John H. Reed, chairman of the NTSB, wrote to Alexander Butterfield (FAA administrator at the time): "Portable oxygen equipment [for the stewardesses] is contained in closed cabinets near the cabin attendants' stations. The regulator assemblies were covered with cellophane-type wrapping, which was held by an elastic band. K-S disposable oxygen masks and supply tubing were sealed separately in plastic bags and stored with, or near, the portable oxygen bottles. . . . The board questions the 'immediate availability' of such equipment when it must be unwrapped and assembled before it can be used, considering the reduced time of useful consciousness at flight-level altitudes."

One final note on this episode: When the crew skillfully landed the crippled plane (the pilot had to dive the plane to get to an altitude at which the passengers could breathe), two of the pneumatic slides didn't work. This is a common occurrence. Eight months later, the very same aircraft was involved in a near disaster close to Tampa.

But for that matter, no airplane is a miracle machine. They are not, for example, necessarily able to handle every kind of meteorological condition. You should choose your own weather. The best time to fly is during a high-pressure system, on a very clear day. The FAA operates 385 Flight Service Stations around the country. By knowing something about meteorology and calling one, you can find out if you should go up in the air. The worst time to fly is at night during a blizzard or an electrical storm. Lightning can strike your plane. In one study, 153 strikes of commercial aircraft were recorded in two years. Planes are like

big metal barns and though they have lightning deflectors, fatal strikes occur: A Pan Am 707 was struck over Maryland in 1963 and a fuel tank exploded. Eighty-one people died.

Be wary of certain airports. Pilots are. Hong Kong and San Diego are universally hated. Coming into Hong Kong (the only airport with a traffic sign—it tells pilots where to turn as they fly toward a mountain), you're stuck between the mountains and the ocean. A pilot really has to slide the plane in there with precision. You can sometimes tell what people are having for dinner as you pass the tall apartment buildings. San Diego requires a very steep descent, since final approach is directly over the city—and planes actually have to fly between rows of apartment buildings. Other bad airports include Washington National, where various restrictions require planes to follow the Potomac until they are very near the airport. Then they have to execute an unusually steep turn in order to line up the runway. Any maneuver is more dangerous at low altitude, since there is less room to correct a mistake.

Another horrible airport is Houston Intercontinental. According to the FAA, a fully loaded 747 needs over 11,000 feet of runway. Houston's longest is 9401 feet. The two runways are in bad repair. An airplane going 130 knots on a rough surface sustains structural damage that can literally cause it to fall apart in mid-air. At present, one runway is closed for resurfacing and lengthening. This runway has a 77.5-foot unlighted obstruction at one end (into which a DC-3 crashed recently) and a 142-foot obstruction three miles down the other side, in addition to a high pine hedge. When this runway opens with its new surface, pilots will face another problem: It is easy to mistake the airport-access-expressway lights for the lights of the runway. Someone unfamiliar with the layout could accidentally land on the freeway, especially if the runway lights happened to be out. Houston also allows smaller aircraft to take off and land on taxiways. The planes that use the big runway have to taxi on these roads, creating an incredible risk. The FAA says this situation is not high risk. That means that nothing has happened—so far. A further problem is that there are places on airport property that couldn't be reached by emergency equipment if a crash occurred.

But the worst airport of all is Los Angeles International. The International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations has given L.A. a Class Three Black Star rating, the lowest possible rating for an airport. Only a few others have a Class Three Black Star and most of those are in undeveloped Africa. L.A.'s rating is the

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result of noise regulations that often require a plane to make ocean approaches with the wind at its back. To understand the gravity of this sin, you must understand flying. But suffice it to say that Bernoulli's theorem and Newton's second law of motion are commonly used to explain how planes stay in the air, and having the wind at your back discourages both of these effects and forces the plane to land at a much higher ground speed. So maybe you should never go to L.A. by plane. Pilots don't particularly like to. One captain said without qualification, "They're going to kill people in L.A." There's a place on the worst approach there called the black hole.

Without question, the best airport is Dallas-Fort Worth (D.F.W.). Braniff captain William Alford, who represents 56,000 pilots at the International Civil Aviation Organization in Montreal each year, calls it "as nearly perfect an airport as there is today." It is hell on the ground (perhaps you've heard some of the horror stories about that place, such as the dollar-bill changers that gave 95 cents and the hot dogs that cost six bits), but it's the first airport ever designed with the advice of A.L.P.A.'s Airport Evaluation Committee. All of the common problems of risky airports were eliminated before D.F.W. was even built. For example, according to FAA standards, a mile downrange, the maximum height of an obstruction should be 120 feet. At D.F.W., that distance has been doubled.

Dulles Airport may be the second safest. But the recent crash that killed 92 near there has brought up some question about that. And, as an American captain put it, "Yeah, Dulles is great because nobody ever goes there."

O'Hare is legendary in the business. Last year it handled 681,000 operations. The A.T.C.s in the O'Hare tower are in their mid-20s and are prone to ulcers, nervous breakdowns and ill-fated marriages. They have the look of young athletes who like to go out and raise some good old-fashioned hell now and then. But on the job, they appear rigid, tense, precise, wired. Big cookie jars filled with individually wrapped Gelusil tablets sit out on the counters and you see a lot of the men using Chap Stick on lips chewed raw and tender. They get paid no more than an A.T.C. in Miami or Atlanta, maybe up to \$24,000, so they don't go to O'Hare for the money.

"It's like being on the best football team in the league," an O'Hare A.T.C. said recently in a bar near the airport. "It's something you've got to love. We all love our jobs, don't we?" He gets nods of assent from the other A.T.C.s around the table. He talks like a speed freak or a New York PR man. "It's an ego thing. We're the biggest and we're

the best. There's no other place like this in the world. Merst, here, he's picking up his divorce papers tonight. I picked up mine two years ago and I'm only twenty-seven. But this work is our first love."

Indeed, there is no place like it. A visitor can watch from the tower as an A.T.C. squeezes off departures, slips in arrivals, coaxes the pilot off the runway just in time for another departure. From his cockpit, a pilot recently remarked that O'Hare was the only place in the world where you'd see that kind of precision maneuvering. The controller eyeballs the craft three to six miles out, judging distance/velocity/time, figuring what the equipment-pilot combination is and is not capable of doing. He must keep the planes at least three miles apart in clear weather, five in bad weather (known as IFR, for instrument-flight rules). And it is a very close-order drill. A few seconds lost and either somebody is off again, circling, or you've got yourself a deal. And it never lets up. On the radar, you can see a railroadlike line of big jets (known as a daisy chain) moving in from all the way back to the holding areas. In the four quadrants of the radar screen, the planes are milling around in circles, holding, with the pilots bitching about fuel, threatening to go to Detroit or Milwaukee if they aren't put in line soon. On the ground, they're lined up to the gates and still coming. In IFR weather, the A.T.C.s are allowed to work this position for no more than 90 minutes at a time, so demanding is the job.

"It's like you might have to do eighty, ninety operations during that period of time," an A.T.C. said, while controlling ten or more planes, carrying on six conversations at once, in addition to explaining his job. "Now, you look out there and tell me if this looks like a goddamned slowdown," he said, referring to accusations by airlines that the A.T.C.s were dragging their feet. "In IFR weather, maybe you can't see twenty feet out the window. You've got planes spaced five miles apart all the way back and they can't see each other and you can't see them and you've got to be one hundred percent right for an hour and a half. There are no mistakes. Lose concentration for just a second and your whole system breaks down." He was exaggerating a bit about the exact tolerance and precision of his work, but a deal did almost occur while he was talking. "Did you see that truck drop the generator on our active runway just then?" He pointed to where a trijet (called a three holer) was just touching down. It had taken a full half minute to get the generator off the runway. "Well, that could have been a deal. But I had a split second, made a decision, put my arrival into

another pattern and everything worked out." And while that near deal was in progress, the A.T.C. talked so fast and to so many planes that others in the tower stopped to listen. When the verbal gymnastics ended, they applauded.

In contrast, the scene in the cockpit is almost tranquil. Not long ago, a United DC-10 came into O'Hare from Denver on a Tuesday night in poor weather. It was cloudy, foggy and intermittently raining and snowing in Chicago. As the plane came into the first holding area, the controllers could be heard talking a mile a minute. Meanwhile, the pilot had set his plane to a radio-beacon course and an electrical signal at the holding area. Once it was set, the plane ran a race-track-like figure back and forth from its holding point, automatically turning, maintaining altitude, speed, attitude, and so forth, as the pilot turned the knobs until the controller directed him to another holding point. The pilot put his feet up and relaxed. At the second holding point, he moved to a new electrical marker and did the same thing. In each holding area, the planes were stacked up 1000 feet apart and the controllers kept dealing them off the bottom, shifting the higher planes down 1000 feet at a time and finally vectoring them into an approach controller. At one point in the third and final holding position, an A.T.C. found a second in his steady stream of transmissions to remark, "Ain't it strange, a guy makin' \$80,000 a year for going around in circles?" The DC-10 pilot was talking at the time and didn't hear it.

On the final vectoring and descent to landing, things pick up in the cockpit. The plane has to be trimmed up for landing configuration. Check lists have to be read. The crew has to prepare itself for the critical few moments of the flight. Then the pilot lines up the plane in a gun-sight type of instrument and as long as he keeps the image of his aircraft in the cross hairs, he will come down right on the end of the runway. There's another set of check lists to be read on the ground, which the crew can do while the plane is taxiing to the gate. And the flight is done. Meanwhile, the A.T.C. is bringing in another plane, and another. Once the traffic gets heavy, it just doesn't let up. Delay compounds delay.

But then, the A.T.C.s admit, even they aren't perfect. So when you demand perfection from a person, you're going to see deals occasionally. Recently, there was a crash of an Air Force plane near Seattle. An A.T.C. confused the call letters of two planes he had at the same altitude. He told the wrong one to descend and it flew into a mountain, killing 16 on board. A few months before that crash, a controller fell asleep at his position with a hog (A.T.C.s' name for a 747) moving head



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on toward a C-5A Galaxy, the world's largest aircraft, which had its first fatal crash this year in Saigon while being used to evacuate orphans. The two planes missed each other by about 30 feet. Near collisions in mid-air are more common than one would expect. The Aviation Safety Institute counted 43 near collisions in one three-month period. There is a device that could warn planes that are getting too close to each other, but the FAA has not required airlines to install it. And so responsibility for keeping the planes apart is left up to the controllers, for the most part.

. . .

Are some airlines better than others? The FAA and the CAB (Civil Aeronautics Board) say they've never studied the matter. The airlines aren't talking about it. A pilot will favor the company he works for. Passengers have their own ways of choosing. One London aviation lawyer said, "I have some clients who run immaculate airlines and I have certain clients whose planes I wouldn't get aboard if you paid me in heavy gold." He would not mention names, of course, and we have no way of guessing who he's talking about. In a recent talk with some A.T.C.s, however, they all agreed which one they prefer to fly: Continental.

"They really move their tail for you," one O'Hare A.T.C. joked. "It's really true. Of course, we're naturally a little prejudiced. If we tell them to do something, they do it, and fast. It's like a challenge to them. You can't count on other airlines to do what you want when you need it and not only does that slow down traffic but it can get you into a deal. Sometimes you transmit something urgent to a pilot—like, you've got two seconds to get it done—and he'll say, 'Huh?' A Continental pilot will always hear you the first time." A captain from a competing airline pointed out, however, that if an A.T.C. has worked himself into the position of having only two seconds, he has made a big mistake. It's true, though, that a pilot may sometimes fail to respond to calls. In October 1974, Northwest flight 27 went 25 miles without answering the A.T.C. in the O'Hare radar room. The A.T.C. finally had to radio another Northwest plane to call the company, which in turn called Northwest 27 and told him to pay attention.

"If I have a Continental in front on take-off," the A.T.C. goes on, "and squeeze an American off right behind him, say I want the Continental to do a one-eighty. I'd better warn him there's a slowpoke behind him, because I know that Continental's going to give me a one-eighty and quick. We call that a Continental turn. He might go all the way around and get into a deal with American. Or if I've got American up first, I've got to tell Continental to turn,

because when he's going 230 knots, American might still be pushing 200 and Continental is going right up his tail."

"They're cowboys," another A.T.C. agreed. "That's what we call 'em. They've got the guts and the know-how to use the airplane. They know its potential for performance. Those airplanes—those big three-holers—they can really fly like a rocket. Hell, Hefner's plane—that little DC-9—even that can go pretty good. And he seems to get cowboy pilots who know what they're doing. If one of those guys comes off my runway, I know I can ask him for anything and he'll give it to me. A lot of airlines don't like making steep banks. This is allegedly for passenger comfort, meaning they don't want to spill Scotch. A Continental pilot will just come over the cabin intercom and explain that he's making a little sharper turn than normal, that it's been authorized by us, and then he'll lay that sucker on its wing—and never spill a drop of Scotch back in the cabin. That's the Continental turn. And if they get a little priority now and then, it's not because of favoritism but because when you've got this much traffic, if you see a little slot where you might get a plane off or land one, you've got to know the pilot can handle it with no foul-ups. You see an Allegheny waiting on the runway and you want an immediate take-off? He could sit there for a full 15 seconds before he starts moving. And that could mean a deal. Immediate means now. A lot of Continental pilots will jack the cabin pressure up to 7000 feet while they're still on the ground so your ears won't pop when they climb. Because these guys get wheels in the wells, stand that mother on its ass and go. And they're safe."

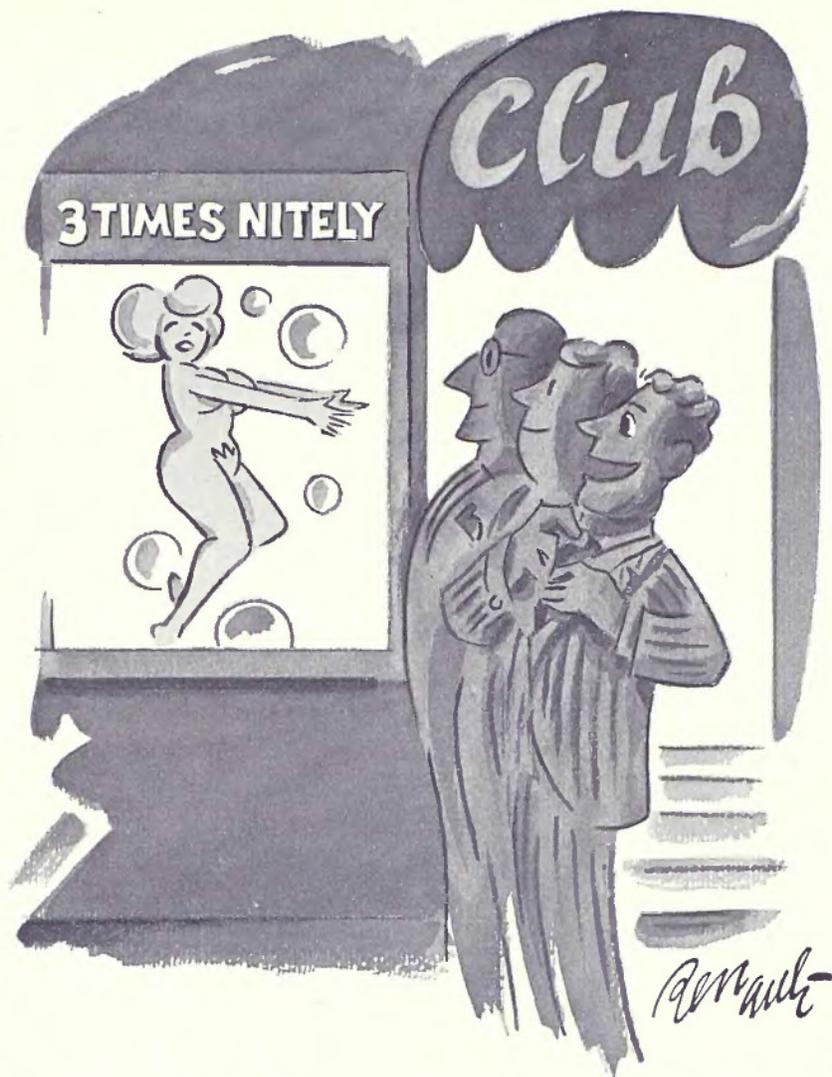
On the other hand, an American Airlines 727 captain responded to these remarks in the following manner: "Bullshit. It's true that O'Hare A.T.C.s are the best in the world. If they told me to fly upside down, I might question it, but, goddamn it, I'd fly upside down. But that stuff about Continental is bullshit. You can't jack the pressure up to 7000 feet on the ground. And if an A.T.C. has gotten so critical that it has to be 15 seconds, that controller is playing a little too tight. They may be cowboys, but not everybody thinks that's such a good thing to be. The A.T.C.s want speed, because it makes them look good. They'll get you a hundred feet off the ground and tell you to make a turn. Then a passenger in the cabin looks out the window and sees the wing tip almost touching the ground and he goes home and says to his wife, 'Good Lord, honey, we almost crashed this morning'—and he doesn't want to fly with you anymore. Anybody can cowboy an airplane. Our pilots have a lot of pride in what we do. We don't usually

tell nonaviation people this, but we feel like very special gifted people because we're allowed to fly. We've got perfect vision, split-second reflexes and when I'm up there, I'm God. I am totally responsible for the lives of 91 people. And I'm not going to hurt anybody. I've never hurt anybody because of fooling around with my aircraft. And I take pride in that. We also take pride in precision flying. If an A.T.C. tells me to execute a maneuver, I'm going to do it, because it makes me look good, it makes my company look good—it makes the whole system look good. And that stuff about not wanting to spill Scotch. First of all, at that point in flight, no Scotch is being served. But secondly, I always try to imagine some little old grandmother sitting in my cabin holding a basket of eggs. Then I fly the plane for her. I give her the smoothest, softest, most enjoyable ride I can give. When I do a turn, I want it so smooth and easy that the passengers will hardly notice what we're doing. If I'm alone in a plane, that's different. I've flown fighter planes, helicopters, all kinds of equipment. And any pilot worth a shit wants to fly hard now and then. That's why I like going into Washington National when the weather's good. You fly up the river and then have to make that steep turn. That's flying. Of course, in bad weather, that can get a little hairy at National. But the passenger is my main concern. Those are *my* people and I'm going to take care of them. I wouldn't want to fly with a cowboy. No way." And as far as American's being slow, an American Airlines "Cockpit Crew Operations Briefing" (a regularly distributed newsletter) stated: "When cleared to take the runway in preparation for take-off . . . if for any reason you won't be immediately ready to . . . take off . . . advise the tower. . . . Your cooperation may save landing aircraft from making a pull up and go around."

It might seem that it takes more nerve to be a pilot than to be an A.T.C. But according to the A.T.C.s, barring a deal of some kind, the pilot has only one thing to worry about: operating his plane safely—taking off and flying. The A.T.C. has hundreds of planes coming and going, holding and waiting. (On this subject, the American captain said: "Right. I don't earn the money I get—most of the time, that is. I just sit back and relax. But this"—he slapped his ass—"has thousands of hours of experience they're paying big money for. And when the time comes and the plane fucks up—as they do—then I earn every goddamned penny they've ever paid me, because *that's* when I fly the plane and that's when I justify all the money. An A.T.C. earns his money all the time. But for those few minutes



"I've forgotten everything now except her tits."



"Me first!"

when I earn mine—my life is on the line.")

You may have spent some frustrating time sitting on the ground or "loitering" (circling) over a city, wondering how the hell things could get so screwed up. To set the record straight, it's the airlines' (not the pilots' but the policy makers') fault that you're there, even though they like to foster the notion that the A.T.C.s or someone else should be blamed. Weather can be at fault. But airlines like to compete with one another by scheduling flights to the same place at the same time. If four companies have one flight each leaving at 8:23 on a Friday for Los Angeles, there is absolutely no way they are all going to take off on time. It is physically impossible for four planes to take off from the same airport at 8:23 on a Friday. Airlines know this, of course. They also know that those cleverly accurate-looking figures (9:21 instead of a more realistic "around half past nine")

give the passengers a sense of precision that's comforting. But the truth is that rolling big airplanes out to a runway and telling them when to fly is a process fraught with complications that cannot be scheduled. That is why planes never seem to be on time.

Another thing airlines fail to do is let people know when a plane is going to be late. On a recent flight from Denver, the pilot could see at Dispatch in Denver that he was going to hold over O'Hare for "at least an hour." On the ground at O'Hare, the time on the sign at the gate was moved up in five- and ten-minute increments until it finally registered an hour and 15 minutes late when the plane arrived. Those on the ground, instead of anxiously hanging around a crowded gate, watching the clock, might have gone for a drink if they'd known the truth. A simple way to get the information for yourself is to find out how long the delay has been with other flights that have

already landed. Everybody waits about the same length of time. Even hot pilots.

Stay away from companies having financial or managerial problems. It can't help their performance. Maintenance can be reduced and pilots pressured to take chances in the name of profit. Distracted managers might not be watching operations closely enough. A.L.P.A. reported in 1974 that "Ozark Air Lines has in the past disciplined captains [for refusing] to fly aircraft they deemed nonairworthy or to fly into weather they deemed not suitable for the flight involved." One pilot was discharged when he refused to fly into turbulence. Another pilot, who later did fly into bad weather, had a fatal crash.

Never fly in a newly designed aircraft. It takes a while to get the bugs out of them. When the Lockheed Electra came out, it had to operate at reduced speeds because of wing problems. The 707 had problems initially, though they were eventually worked out and this craft has now carried more passengers than any other airliner in history (perhaps a reason to fly 707s). L-1011s and 747s were something of a nightmare when they were first put into service. This is one reason A.T.C.s started calling the 747 a hog, though pilots are still known to get offended by this term. A recent transmission:

"United four oh one," said the A.T.C., "please taxi to runway two two right and await clearance for take-off right behind the United hog there." It was a slip of the tongue.

"Don't you think," the pilot asked dryly, "that it's a little strange to call a twenty-five-million-dollar piece of machinery a hog?"

"I can't help it if the price of pork went up."

But the original 747 did have its share of problems. It had JT-9D Pratt & Whitney engines, a new-generation gas turbine. And it had, as James Sparling put it, "really disastrous, catastrophic engine failures, turbine wheel separations and fragmentations, whipping out of fuel cells, draining fuel in mid-flight, knocking out flight controls and knocking out other engines . . . you wouldn't get me on a 747 in the early days." In October 1974, a 12-foot flap fell off a KLM 747 on approach to O'Hare. The plane landed at the airport. The flap landed in a suburban front yard.

And if you're thinking of flying in a DC-9, one of the more popular airplanes these days, consider this study done by A.L.P.A. The DC-9's fatality rate per 100,000 flight hours is three times as great as that of a 727, even though there are only half as many DC-9s in operation. DC-9s were found to have twice as many fatalities on departure when compared

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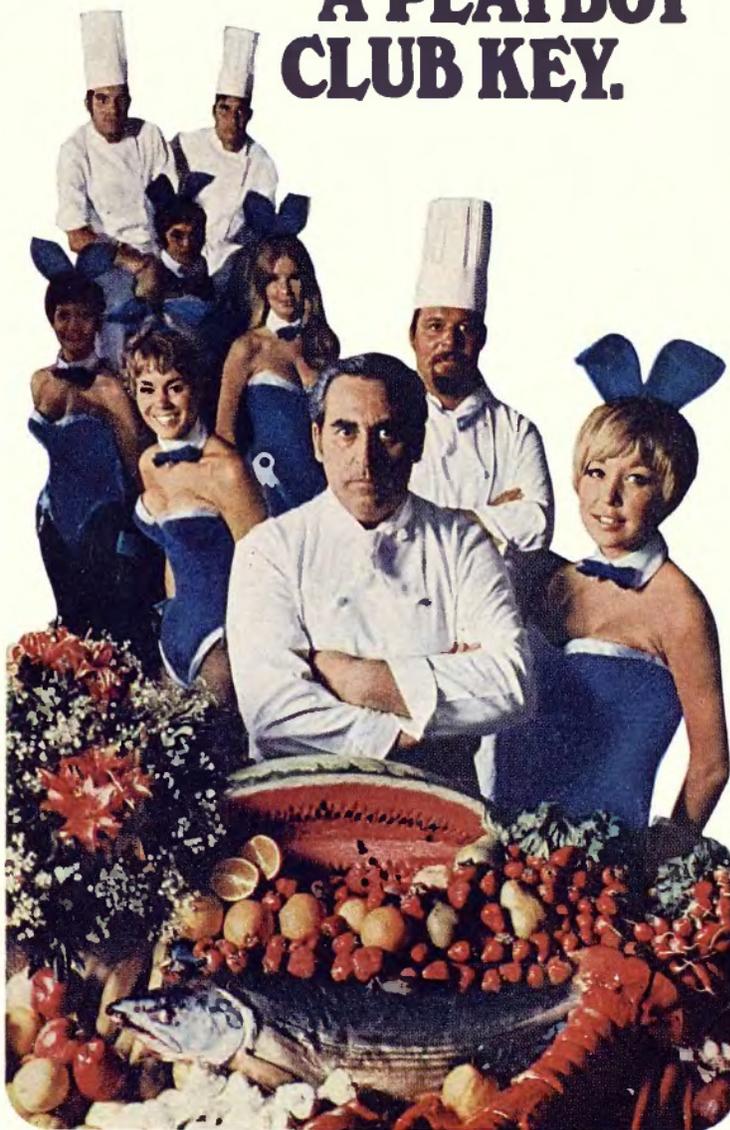
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with the 727. And the DC-9 mid-air-collision rate was four times that of the 727. It has been suggested that a factor in this striking difference is that the 727 has a three-man crew, while the DC-9 has only a pilot and a copilot. Others suggest that since the DC-9 makes shorter runs, the greater number of take-offs and landings makes it more prone to mishaps. FAA spokesmen said the A.L.P.A. was just trying to make DC-9s look bad so they could get more jobs for pilots. But one pilot who flew DC-9s said the two men in the cockpit were "busier than one-armed paper hangers."

After taking all of these precautions, memorizing the location of the exits and learning how to operate door locks and staying cold sober for the flight—after choosing the best airport in the country and finding out that the weather is good all over the world, after making sure you're on the best aircraft made, on the finest airline in the country, and your own brother is flying it—what do you do if you are involved in a crash? You get out of the plane. The worst enemy of any airline employee who is trying to help people get out is the hero who stands up and says, "All right, everybody keep calm, don't panic, let's get organized." For what you want to do when the plane stops is to get everyone out as fast as possible and in any way possible. Women and children first? No way. Get everybody out in whatever order they come. Pregnant women? Throw them out. Cripples? Shove them out, kick them out—if you have to, knock them unconscious and toss them out. But whatever you do, don't try to create an orderly procession, because order takes time and time means a lot when you've lauded in a big puddle of aviation-grade kerosene.

• • •

It has taken a long time for airlines to get where they are. The first big advances in aviation came with World War One, when 1.25 billion dollars of Government funds was poured into an Armed Forces Air Mail service. The first transcontinental flight was made in 1923.

Under Herbert Hoover, private air-mail routes were awarded by Postmaster General Walter Folger Brown. He was supposed to give routes to the lowest bidders, but instead, in a series of secret meetings in 1930 known as the spoils conferences, he and airline executives worked out the routes. Boeing kept its Northwest route. A Northern route went to a company called Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., now known as TWA. And a Southern route went to American Airways.

When Roosevelt took office and Brown's actions came to his attention, the contracts were canceled. So the companies changed their names and got their old routes back.

As the airlines became fatter, they began to find competition annoying. This was when they formed the A.T.A., today the second largest lobby group in Washington. In 1938, their efforts resulted in the establishment of the Civil Aeronautics Board, creating a closed market. The big four—United, TWA, American and Eastern—still dominate the industry and no new carriers have been added since 1938.

In the late Thirties, flying became the glamor way to travel. Anything newer, bigger, flashier was snatched up by airlines and still is today, as one can see from the ongoing in-flight-frill competition and the way the jet age began. In 1955, Juan Trippe, head of Pan Am, ordered Boeing 707s, which were at the time a technological breakthrough comparable to the introduction of computers. No one could survive without jets. When the planes were delivered in 1958, the recession had struck, so the CAB granted an 18 percent fare increase over the next three years. By the mid-Sixties, the airlines were in their greatest boom.

The second big order of new equipment was also made by Trippe, who bought a number of 747s. Again he was first (and horribly premature) and again the others had to answer the challenge. At \$25,000,000 a shot, everyone went into massive debt to get the jumbo jets. Then the 1970 recession took hold. Once more, the CAB upped the ante. Between 1970 and now, fares have gone up an additional 26.9 percent. Today, more fare increases are in the wind.

There doesn't seem to be much in the way of explanation for the behavior of top airline executives. One observer simply concluded that the airlines appear to be hopelessly mismanaged by manic depressives who react to good times as if they will last forever and to bad times as if they were the end of the world. One stock analyst whose specialty is investments in airlines says that the type of characters who started commercial aviation are responsible for this behavior. Hip-shooting, adventurous pioneers in the industry, exemplified by men such as Robert F. Six, founder of Continental Airlines, showed a kind of Old American Wild West attitude in the early days about getting things done. But that didn't help much in making sound decisions when they found themselves heads of enormous bureaucracies. The problems became evident in the way airline stocks performed. If the general stock market went up ten percent, airlines would go up 30 percent. If the market dipped a little, airline stocks would plunge. The only airline that grew steadily over the years (through intelligent decision making and cautious use of frills) was Delta (you may have noticed Delta

airplanes don't always look as brand-spanking-new as others—not getting that new paint job was money in the bank). Now, for the first time, even Delta isn't doing as well as it used to and investors fear that the golden days of the airline industry are over. Not too far in the future, we may see the airlines in the same fix the railroads are in today. "If you take the salaries airline executives pay themselves," says Robert Murphy, former CAB member, "you'd think they had the cream of the crop there. They earn a quarter million on up a year. They shouldn't need a twenty-thousand-a-year man at the CAB to bail them out of their mistakes."

Actually, according to Ruben B. Robertson of the Aviation Consumer Action Project (ACAP), the CAB functions essentially to grant wishes of the airlines. "It's like a Government-sponsored trade association," he said. In June 1974, Robert Timm, then CAB director, flew with his wife to Bermuda on a United Aircraft Corporation jet. The tab was picked up by United, a big plane manufacturer. Among his other companions were William Seawell, chairman of Pan Am; Charles C. Tillinghast, TWA chairman; Harding Lawrence, Braniff chairman; and Arthur Kelly, president of Western Airlines. Recently, Timm has come under Congressional investigation for such escapades. It turns out that he's made a regular practice of accepting free services, meals, and so on, from airlines, not only in this country but all over the world. In April 1974, Timm took off on a monthlong European tour of ten countries, spending much of his time with top airline executives. A CAB spokesman said there was nothing improper about its director's meeting with *any* citizens.

Neither is there anything odd in the curious connections between airlines and Nixon. Timm himself, with no professional aviation experience, was appointed by Nixon. Clark MacGregor, former chairman of CREP, is a vice-president of United Aircraft Corporation. Dwight Chapin went to work for United for a while. He is now fighting to stay out of jail because of his involvement in Watergate. Herbert Kalmbach's law firm was also hired by United. Kalmbach got six months for indiscreet campaign practices.

And recently, a bizarre incident involving the suicide of CAB official William Gingery opened a whole new can of worms (or tarantulas, as Eckols would say). Gingery left a note that implicated Richard J. O'Melia, acting chairman at the time, in the obstruction of investigations into possible illegal political contributions by airlines. Senator Edward Kennedy, who was heading a Congressional subcommittee that was investigating CAB affairs, called O'Melia, who flatly denied the charges made in Gingery's suicide note. O'Melia turned

around and accused Timm of ordering him to stop those investigations. Timm denied O'Melia's charge and no one yet knows who is lying.

As a result of the note, the CAB's own enforcement bureau filed complaints against American Airlines and Braniff International. It accused American of faking entertainment expenses and hiding the money—at least \$275,000—in a secret fund for the Nixon campaign. Chairman George Spater had already pleaded guilty in 1973 to charges of making illegal donations and was fined \$5000. Others accused by the CAB are still working for American. Braniff was even less discreet: According to the CAB, it simply sold an unreported 3000 or 4000 airline tickets to generate nearly \$1,000,000 for the campaign.

But, in spite of a few embarrassing illegal maneuvers and deaths, in spite of the prediction that airlines may be looking at a rather bleak future in financial terms, the Government and airline officials are going ahead full tilt, pulling in and spending money as if nothing at all were happening. In 1970, the Airport Development Aid Program Fund was established, putting an eight percent tax on each airline ticket. There is a 1.9-billion-dollar surplus. Since hijacking became popular, a 34-cent tax on tickets has been charged for anti-hijacking measures. Just

over \$100,000,000 was collected in the 1974 period, \$25,000,000 more than was spent on security.

No doubt, the way certain Senators and officials are treated when they fly encourages Washington's friendly attitude toward airlines. Until recently, Allegheny's service manual instructed employees to recognize CAB members and Congressmen "on sight and greet them by name." Company officials were expected to greet them, "provide any assistance that the passenger may request, give priority to unloading passengers' flights" and accompany them to baggage-claim areas to make sure everything was in order. This kind of treatment encourages good relationships and good news when an airline needs a fare hike.

Though these practices have recently come under investigation, it's no wonder the airlines wanted special treatment for VIPs: The way they treated ordinary passengers wouldn't do their image much good on the Hill. Take, for example, getting bumped. Airlines book beyond their capacity and planes occasionally leave ticket holders behind. The CAB and the ACAP say that over 100,000 passengers a year are bumped. That's a lot of irritated people.

In April 1972, one such person was Ralph Nader, who was scheduled to speak in Hartford, Connecticut, and was left behind in Washington. Nader, of

course, sued and the U.S. District Court in Washington awarded \$50,000 in damages, calling Allegheny's act "wanton and willful misconduct." If you get bumped, an airline's own tariffs generally provide that you be placed on another flight that will delay you no more than two hours (four for international flights) at your destination. If they don't do this, you should be paid up to \$200, depending on your ticket's value, within 24 hours. But if you want to sue, don't cash the check. There's a waiver on the back.

The reason the airlines would like CAB officials, Senators, et al., to be accompanied to baggage-claim areas can be explained by the way airlines handle baggage. U. S. airlines lose, damage or misplace 3,000,000 pieces of luggage a year. In one recent year, the world's airlines paid out more than \$78,000,000 in baggage claims. This sum is staggering, considering that most limit their liability to \$500 (though if the U. S. airlines paid \$500 for each piece they lost in a year, they would dole out one and a half billion dollars). World Airways is the only carrier that doesn't have a limit and hasn't denied a claim. With that exception, your chances of getting even the \$500 maximum are slim. The payment is for depreciated costs and there is a long list of things that are not covered: books, jewelry, cameras, fragile items, silverware,

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manuscripts, business papers, negotiable securities, cash, artwork, antiques. . . . The fact is that most valuable things are not safe in your checked luggage. An airline captain said, "Wherever possible, I take my baggage on board. When I've got skis going, though, I live in mortal fear."

All liability on international flights is computed by weight, about \$9.07 a pound. So you might consider carrying bricks if you have anything of value in your suitcases.

With so much wrong with flying, it seems remarkable that 54 percent of the adult American population has flown—up from 38 percent ten years ago. This makes the airliners about as special as superfast, airborne Greyhound buses. And one reason everyone continues to push ahead with the airlines is that they are tremendously good business (they're not going broke yet), not only because you pay for them but because they provide more than 300,000 direct jobs and countless thousands of incidental jobs, for designers, insurance men, bureaucrats, lawyers, airport bartenders, shoeshine men, janitors, architects, ironworkers et al.—and because they move all the things we like to have: things like strawberries, snake antivenin, the Juilliard String Quartet and the painting that illustrates this article. Trafficking in stolen tickets is big business. Banks are making huge profits, having lent airlines millions at high interest rates for jumbo jets. D.F.W. is the largest airport in the world—Manhattan would fit inside the land it covers. That \$700,000,000 facility will soon take second place to one near Montreal. The International Air Transport Association (IATA) says that by 1990 there will be planes capable of carrying 1000 people, or almost three times the capacity of today's jumbo jets. The supersonic planes are coming back. By 1976, you should be able to cross the Atlantic—Washington to Paris—in about three and a half hours. This aircraft lands at such a nose-high altitude that it is equipped with a jointed nose that tilts out of the way so the crew can see where it's going. Ten miles in the sky, the plane will go so fast that the windshield would be destroyed if it weren't specially strengthened. The skin of the plane will reach 120 degrees centigrade at speeds approaching Mach 2.05, where two planes closing on each other would have virtually no chance to take evasive action. As if that weren't far enough into the future, some are looking forward to "space-line" flight, say, New York to Tokyo—lift-off, space shuttle, re-entry and landing—all in under an hour.

All of this may be very exciting to airline owners who hope to pull themselves up once again by their bootstraps, but in truth, we will be subsidizing the whole

venture, because more taxes and surcharges will surely be needed and as long as the CAB has control, fares are guaranteed to keep going up, at the same time they continue to confuse anyone who tries to understand them. Jack Yohe, director of the CAB's Office of the Consumer Advocate, says that most agents don't even want to know what proper fares are. *Consumer Reports* concluded that the "structure of international air fares is so complicated that you stand a good chance of wasting hundreds of dollars if you don't spend some time boning up on the possibilities."

One way to get around this mess is to work for an airline. Then you and your family will become one of the "non-revenue passengers." The A.L.P.A. advises members: "Don't brag about your status . . . especially to a passenger paying full fare. Imagine his reaction if you are paying \$15 for your seat and he has to pay \$300 for his."

International fares are not set by the CAB but by the IATA, a cartel of most scheduled international airlines (Icelandic is an exception, providing cheap transatlantic travel and maintaining an attractive safety record). The IATA sets its own rates and then submits them to the CAB for approval. If precedent means anything, the CAB is almost certain to allow the rates requested. Recently, it approved an incomprehensible package of fares to Europe that has made those trips more expensive than ever. The following day, it approved "no frill" fares on certain domestic routes that allow up to 35 percent off. Yet some fares are as much as 100 percent higher than necessary wholly as a result of the CAB. This represents some 3.5 billion wasted dollars.

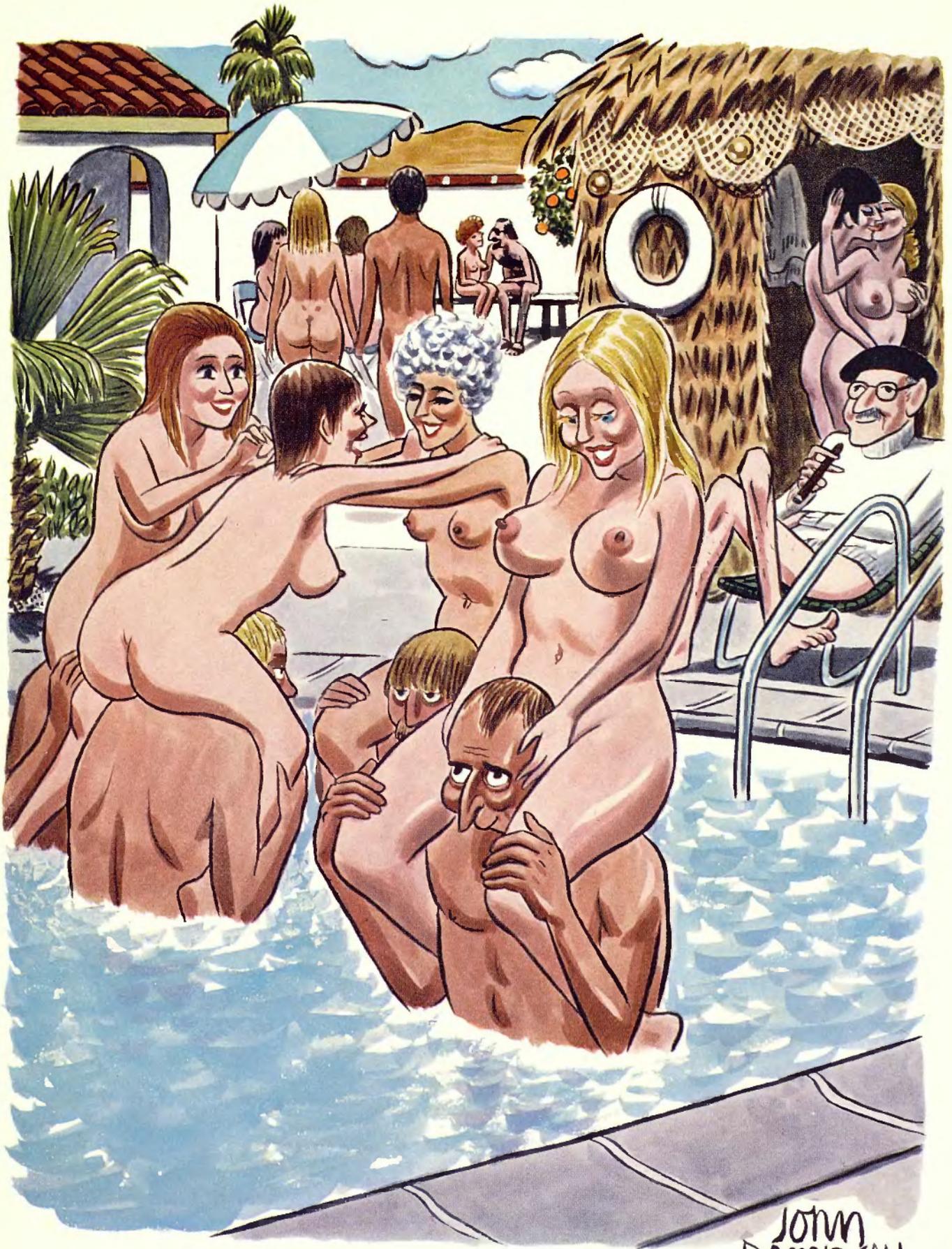
These methods of handling business discourage development of safety equipment and procedures that will equal in excellence the rest of aviation's technical potential. Emphasis is placed on promotional improvements, such as spending \$250,000 each for remodeling older planes to look like wide-bodied jets, an alteration that does nothing at all for the comfort or safety of the craft. For that price, they could have installed a fuel-explosion protection system, ground-proximity warning, stronger seat moorings, new seat belts and a collision-warning device—and had money left over.

Barry Goldwater asked, "Is it going to take the mid-air collision of a fully loaded 747 to wake us up . . . ?" Well, the Paris crash was of a fully loaded jumbo jet.

Some airline critics would like to see less Government control of the industry, which, they say, would cut fares in half and improve safety. President Ford has recently proposed legislation that would limit the power of the CAB, encourage

price competition and permit new airlines to be formed and old companies to fly new routes. As Lewis A. Engam, chairman of the FTC, said, "You may be pleased when you find yourself next to an empty seat, but how pleased would you be if you knew you were paying for it?" Walter D. Scott, of the Office of Management and Budget, calls the CAB system "outdated, inequitable and uneconomical . . . stifling competition, discouraging innovation and fostering inefficiency," none of which could possibly be good for safety. In a time when no one can afford anything, Ford's proposed bill may have to go through. That would be a step in the right direction. But business is good. And the Washington lobby is awfully strong. The in-flight lobster and stereo have so far attracted more customers than the knowledge that airlines are doing all they can to get you there safely at a reasonable price. So this leaves you sitting at home, about to make reservations for a three-week trip to the Yucatán. It's either the airlines or Amtrak, Greyhound or Trailways—or the family car—and you can't even have fun going 90 mph in Nevada anymore. So what can you do? There may be no hope for improving commercial air travel: The Department of Transportation just appointed a panel to study aviation safety. It includes a university president and two astronauts. It does not include any airline pilots, A.T.C.s or aviation mechanics.

There are no encouraging answers. If you have problems with an airline, write to the president of the company. Probably nothing will happen, but it helps to get it out of your system. So does writing to the President of the United States. You can also write to Jack Yohe, the CAB's consumer-advocate officer. He's a terrific guy, but he doesn't have much power. And there's always small-claims court, if your case is right for it. But you should probably write to the ACAP in Washington. Your letter will help it stockpile ammunition for later use. The airlines know the ACAP is a Nader organization. And not even G.M. messes with Nader. But if your complaint is a serious one—say, your wife or husband was killed in a plane because of lax standards or careless practices—then you don't have much recourse. The several hundred million dollars' worth of lawsuits resulting from the Paris crash will be in court for years. As John Galipault, president of the Aviation Safety Institute, says, the airlines' procedure when a crash occurs is to "notify the insurance underwriters, notify the next of kin and go about their business." But the final insult is that if you're killed, they don't even refund the price of your ticket.



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RALPH HEATH

HOME: St. Petersburg, Florida

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Zoologist

HOBBIES: Restoring antique cars, scuba diving, flying, film making.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Silent Spring" by Rachel Carson

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded the Suncoast Seabird Sanctuary where he cares for thousands of sick and injured birds and works to improve their ecological conditions.

QUOTE: "My goal is to save as many of our wild birds as possible, because they do not deserve to die—especially when most of their injuries and illnesses are caused by acts directly or indirectly related to man."

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