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PLAYBILL IT'S NO PICNIC operating an international espionage network that meddles in the affairs of many nations. In fact, it can get to be an awful headache. A lot of things can go wrong. For instance, your agents may off the wrong dictator, a wellplanned invasion might founder in the bay or your agents may set up a government that tortures people, which is bad publicity. Worse yet, one of your agents may defect and start telling the world just what it is you do. In graphic detail. We're speaking, of course, about the Central Intelligence Agency, and in particular, about a certain ex-CIA officer named Philip Agee, who, after 12 years with the agency, has dedicated himself to spilling the beans on his former outfit. Now living in England, Agee recently wrote a controversial confessional, *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, that has sold exceedingly well in Britain and Canada. Although CIA director William Colby vowed to try to prevent publication of the book here, Stonehill Publishing Company put out an uncensored U.S. edition last month. Anticipating such a move, PLAYBOY dispatched Brad Darrach to Toronto to talk to the man who opened this intriguing can of worms and, in this month's exclusive interview, Agee opens a few more, naming names and generally laying bare just what the CIA does, and how, and why. As an added attraction, we've included several of what we in the mag biz refer to as sidebars by people such as John Marks, co-author of The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence, on The Company's proprietary companies; ex-Army secret agent Kenneth Barton Osborn on the CIA's infamous Phoenix program; and Fred Branfman, codirector of the Indochina Resource Center, on America's clandestine war efforts in Laos.

If the peculiar machinations of the CIA haven't already made you dyspeptic over what's happening in the land of the free and the home of the brave, you ain't heard nothin' yet. Similarly cloak and dagger and no less rotten are some of the questionable practices of the Justice Department as exposed in Vengeance Under the Law by Peter Schrag. While covering the Ellsberg trial for his recently published book, Test of Loyalty, journalist Schrag concluded that when the Government wants a conviction badly enough, judicial safeguards become meaningless. "What was going on with respect to Ellsberg," he says, "was not an isolated instance; there has been a Watergate of the courtroom for years. Watergate made certain forms of paranoia obsolete, but the ultimate form of paranoia about these things is permanent, so it's always a problem writing articles like this one. What if every disclosure is really part of a cover-up?"

Speaking of Watergate, remember how it all started? Remember what the so-called plumbers were so ineptly attempting to tamper with? That's right, telephones. Consider for a moment, if you will, the telephone. You react not unlike one of Pavlov's dogs when it beckons. You have become the slave, the handmaiden of that mind-shattering ding-a-ling. Admit it. In Dr. Bell's Monster, Craig Karpel, author of The Rite of Exorcism, gives us a humorous look at just how much that little piece of furniture has us on perpetual hold. And while you're on hold, why not take a look at Donn Pearce's survey of Miami's escort services in Love for Rent, effectively illustrated by Martin Hoffman. It seems that Miami is virtually teeming with young girls for rent (no security deposit necessary) and Pearce, who just recently became a licensed private detective, investigates exactly what it is you get for your dough and how to get more, if you want it.

For some time now, the Oakland Raiders have been the top team in pro football-statistically. With 115 wins, 42 losses and 11 ties, they stand above the Dallas Cowboys and the late Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers. But for some mysterious reason, just when it looks like there's no stopping them, they lose the big one. In an attempt to get to the root of this problem, San Francisco Examiner sports columnist Wells Twombly, who has been avidly watching the Raiders for years, profiles the team's managing general partner, Al Davis, in Head Raider. "There's really no plausible reason why they keep going on like this," Twombly says of the Raiders. "Maybe God doesn't like the competition Al gives Him." Naturally, in keeping with their impressive status among football teams, the Raiders figure prominently in PLAYBOY's annual Pro Football Preview, by soothsayer Anson Mount, also in this issue.

Thinking optimistically, we like to label Mount's annual football forecast as nonfiction, although, if the gods are angry, it may turn out to have been pure fiction. Which can be all right, since it's loaded with suspense, good characters and conflicts—as are the short stories this month. By now you're probably familiar with John Updike's alter ego, author-celebrity Henry Bech, whom we find on a diplomatic/cultural odyssey in Bech Third-Worlds It. Updike's last novel. A Month of Sundays, published this past spring, will be followed this fall by his biggest book ever, a collection of ten years' worth of essays, reviews and prose oddments called Picked-up Pieces. In B-Tower West Wall, by Peter Lars Sandberg (illustrated by Mark Christian Wethli), a mountain climber is forced by a bunch of gangsters to scale a Boston skyscraper. Sandberg's last novel, Wolf Mountain, was published by Playboy Press in April. Slightly more down to earth, altitudinally speaking, is David Ely's tale of a suburban housewife who falls under the electronic spell of an elaborate antiburglar system in Always Home.

Now that you've checked your mail for CIA tampering, taken your phone receiver off the hook and turned off your burglar alarm, shpritz some Visine onto those word-weary eyeballs and let your gaze fall upon this month's pictorials. While working on the Playboy Book Division's first book in its Playboy Photographer series, editor Kim Komar was persuaded by the disarmingly charming Pompeo Posar to pose au naturel. The result, accompanied by a Komar-by-lined piece on how she came to appear in these pages, is the disarmingly charming feature The Girl from Playboy. As they say, "He who looketh in his back yard need look no further." In The Ices Age, Emanuel Greenberg tells us how to cool off in summer via Italian ices, and for a little smorgasbord to go with them, check out our August Playmate, Norwegian Lillian Müller. That's not all, but life, it's been noted, is full of surprises, and so is PLAYBOY. Go on and be surprised.









HOFFMAN













TWOMBLY



POSAR, KOMAR

# PLAYBOY

Ye



Law's Vengeance

P. 60



Playboy's Own

P. 71



Lave Rental

P. 80



Department Store

. 12



Super Shades

P. 132

# CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		17
PEOPLE		18
DINING-DRINKING		20
RECORDINGS		20
MOVIES		24
BOOKS		30
THEATER		36
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		43
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PHILIP AGEE—candid conversation	n	49
A KAFKA STORY, BUT IT'S TRUE—article	JOHN MARKS	54
THE CIA'S QUIET LITTLE WAR IN LAOS-orticle	FRED BRANFMAN	56
THE CIA SCALPEL CUT DEEP—articleKE	NNETH BARTON OSBORN	58
VENGEANCE UNDER THE LAW—article	PETER SCHRAG	66
THE GIRL FROM PLAYBOY—pictorial essay	KIM KOMAR	71
DR. BELL'S MONSTER—article	CRAIG KARPEL	79
LOVE FOR RENT—article	DONN PEARCE	80
MAIN STREET, U.S.A.—pictorial		83
ALWAYS HOME—fiction	DAVID ELY	88
SCANDINAVIAN MODERN—playboy's playmate of the n	nonth	90
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		102
BECH THIRD-WORLDS IT—fiction	JOHN UPDIKE	104
THE ICES AGE—food and drink	EMANUEL GREENBERG	107
PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW-sports	ANSON MOUNT	110
HEAD RAIDER—sports	WELLS TWOMBLY	113
LOOSE LIVING—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	114
B-TOWER WEST WALL—fiction	PETER LARS SANDBERG	110
THE DEPARTMENT STORE—pictorial		12
VARGAS GIRL—pictorial	ALBERTO VARGAS	130
THE FOUR WISHES OF SAINT MARTIN-ribald classic		
GLARING OMISSIONS—modern living		13:
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI		
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire		

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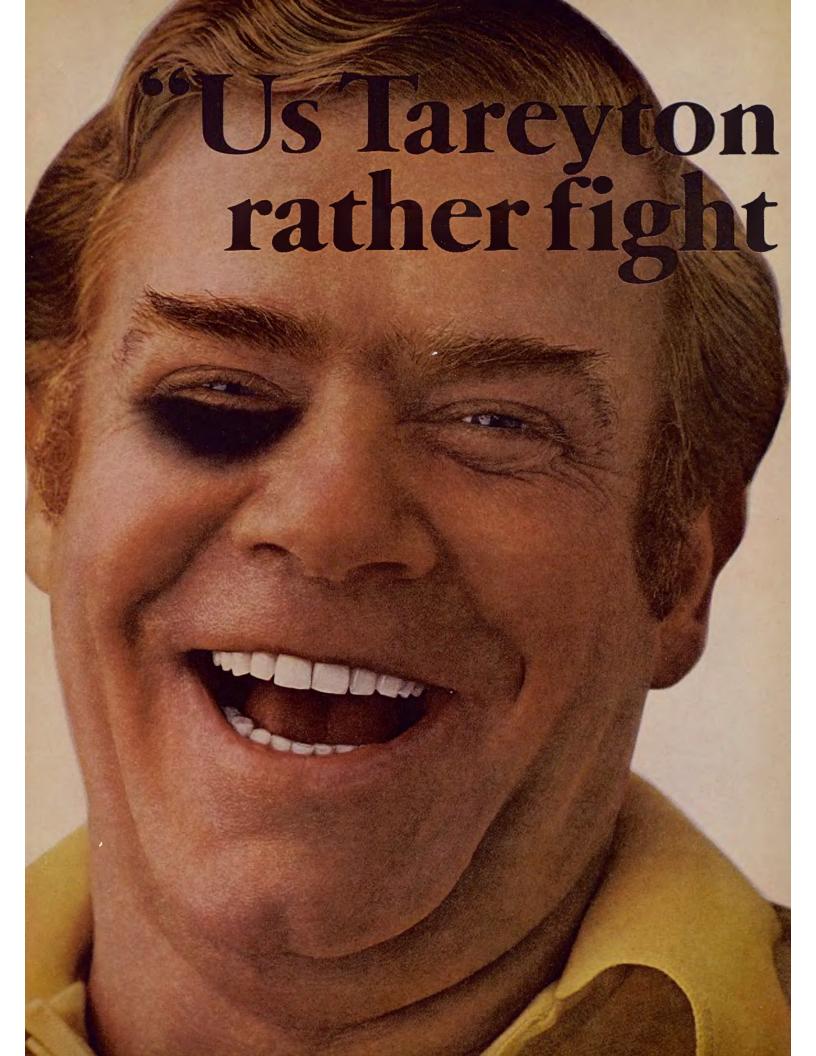
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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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## SIMON SAYS

Your May interview with William E. Simon is most impressive. It's reassuring to know that a competent and responsive individual is holding the office of Secretary of the Treasury. It's a difficult task, indeed, to remove any power or regulatory agency from the Government and it's a far greater accomplishment to do so and remain in office. There's nothing simple about Simon!

Stuart Pressey Pope AFB, North Carolina

Simon advocates spending billions to prove to the world that the U.S. is still the most powerful and richest nation. The rank and file in China, Russia and Vietnam don't give a damn. Neither do the people in the U.S., who have been spoon-fed this Fourth-of-July oratory since infancy but know it is sheer baloney. At the same time, Simon favors cutting down on unemployment benefits, welfare and social security. Ninety percent of welfare recipients are hardcore unemployed, the disabled and women and children who can't get into the labor force. The dead beats are few in number and, for practical purposes, nonexistent, because welfare workers are so narrow-minded. I felt sick after reading Simon's tripe. Perhaps you did us a service by publishing it, because we can now see how his mind works. He belongs in an oil corporation or at Lockheed, where he would be among his own kind, and not in a Government position of authority requiring leadership for the benefit of the country

James H. Wright Madison, Tennessee

William Simon and I have been saying the same thing for years; except my expounding was done in bars, at cocktail parties and while lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. One (or both) of us has always had a handle on the problem—but who would listen? Simon's Presidential candidacy should be announced forthwith—or is he too smart to get stuck with that job?

Gerald Corridon Amsterdam, New York

Thanks to your May interview, Simon has now become a full-fledged member of the comedy team of Alan Greenspan, Milton Friedman and Earl Butz. "Government is a menace," he says. "What the hell happened to the free-enterprise spirit: Did the Pilgrims need subsidies? Did the pioneers in covered wagons need all those things that Government promises to do—then does so inefficiently?" I tell you, that Simon is one of the biggest clowns around. As long as we understand that he's joking (like Mort Sahl), he's harmless; if we ever make the mistake of taking him seriously, we could be in very bad trouble.

Norm Pliscou Holtville, California

Congratulations on the finest interview that I have ever read. William Simon is, without a doubt, the most capable of our Government leaders, all of whom should read this interview to understand that the Government cannot be everything to everybody. To strangle our productive sector would be more destructive than any of our wars. Perhaps the most revealing section of the interview is the rhetorical question "What about the poor?" This question plagues everyone, but once we have sufficiently strangled the producers and have every type of transfer payment possible, we will finally see that the poor will be hurt just as much, and that there will be more poor people losing their jobs because industries have been taxed out of business. Government regulation, instead of bringing prosperity, brings chaos.

> James M. Anderson Birmingham, Alabama

# LONE-STAR STATEMENTS

I must tell you how much my husband and I enjoyed *Houston* (PLAYBOY, May), by Jay Cronley. This man has a beautiful mind and a crazy sense of humor that have to be appreciated by all.

Mrs. C. R. Smith Tulsa, Oklahoma

Basically, what I disagree with most in Cronley's article is his tone. From the outset, he tries to disparage and misrepresent Houston. What good things he does mention, he does so grudgingly, as in comments about the fine freeway system, which is currently being expanded and modernized. His description of Sam Houston Park says nothing about the bike trails or sprawling grassy areas

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for walking and relaxing. In an article written for a magazine that is concerned with the "entertainment of men," Cronley makes no reference to the leisure and recreation available to the resident and tourist of Houston and, outside of one night club—bar, makes no reference to the night life. I have the distinct impression that he wrote the article based on one overnight trip. I am sure that if he had taken the time to explore the aspects of Houston that he neglected, he may have written it in a different frame of mind.

Robert W. Huth Houston, Texas

Cronley's *Houston* is one of the most entertaining articles I've read in ages. I'm certainly looking forward to that football article of his you're planning to run this fall and hope you've got the good sense and good taste to continue to publish his stuff.

Art McClane Austin, Texas

As stated in the May Playbill, PLAYBOY bought two pieces from Cronley. Unfortunately, you chose to publish Houston in your May issue. I suggest that you print his next piece on toilet tissue, so your readers will know what to do with it. By the way, in the next ten years, Houston will probably become the most important and influential city this country has ever seen.

Russell Jowell Port Arthur, Texas

Cronley is a hell of a fine writer. Houston is one of the most amusing pieces I've read in PLAYBOY. Between Cronley, Reg Potterton and Harry Crews, I'd say you've got yourself the finest stable of travel writers around.

Lamar Hogen New York, New York

## GRADING SUPERMAN

From grade school to high school, I grew with Superman, at first racing to see if I could get my pajamas on faster ("Can't I wait till afterward, Dad?") than he could fly somewhere, and later wishing I had the supereyes he had, for obvious reasons. Congratulations to Robert S. Wieder for creating Clark Ghent's School Days (PLAYBOY, May), the funniest story about Superman to date. And thanks also, I might add, for keeping my fantasy alive. . . . If only we could get this one on TV!

David Gardner Lansing, New York

Clark Ghent's School Days made me laugh as I used to when I read Mad Magazine out loud to my best friend, sitting on his bedroom floor, 17 years ago! Wieder, you're funny! I want more.

Richard Katz Chicago, Illinois School Days has got to be the best comical satire of all time. While reading Wieder's masterpiece, I was forced to stop several times. I was laughing so hard I could not see through the tears. May I encourage him to submit more of his outstanding work?

Jon S. Wreschinsky Riverside, California

I have been subscribing to PLAYBOY for four years and I have found no big reason to write. But I have just finished reading Clark Ghent's School Days and, in the four years, this is the funniest story I have read.

Ron Reed Marshall, Michigan

### HIS ON HERS

Your His and/or Hers pictorial (PLAYBOY, May) is kinky, all right, but there is one small problem that you may have overlooked. In the opening shots, the man has a mustache, which somehow disappears in the closing shots. I was somewhat disappointed, because I thought the transference was going to be complete. What gives?

Thomas Hail New York, New York

Have we ever let you down? Of course not. When we say we're going to make a transference, we make one. Just because



you didn't see the mustache on the lady doesn't mean it wasn't there. It was, and here's the picture to prove it.

# CONSPIRACY THEORIES

Prior to reading Mordecai Richler's It's a Plot! (PLAYBOY, May), I watched Mae Brussell in an hourlong interview on a Los Angeles TV program. In a matter of one or two hours, I don't believe anyone could ask enough questions to find out if she is for real. If I wanted to discredit the people who believe there was a conspiracy, Mae Brussell would be the obvious person to interview. I do not know Richler's intent, but if he was really interested in conspiracy, why didn't he interview someone more intelligent, like

Mark Lane? Better yet, why doesn't he study the Warren Report? Mae Brussell and the Warren Report are equally difficult to follow or make any sense of. Throw them in with Alice in Wonderland and let Richler review all three. He seems suited for the job.

Steven Watson Van Nuys, California

Richler's piece on conspiracy theorists is most amusing. Granted, there are some perplexing questions that need to be answered; but when people like Mae Brussell start suspecting everybody, rational thought turns to paranoia. And we all know what unbridled paranoia can bring.

Lester Smyth Miami, Florida

The clusive Mae Brussell is being handsomely rewarded by the CIA for her efforts to discredit the conspiracy persuasion. Richler is either a witting or an unwitting dupe.

> Michael Hoffman Montreal, Quebec

Mordecai Richler couldn't even recognize the victim of a high-level Government plot when he met one. Instead of inserting trivia into his article with bad jokes about Castro, the Washington Senators and the CIA, it would have been more pertinent to write about Elmer Davis, Watergate scapegoat, who was present when Richler arrived via the artichoke fields. Richler failed to tell his readers that the author of the legal document he signed, and which you published in full, was Davis, who just served three years in prison as a result of a parole violation. One of the charges on his arrest record was for having burglarized the offices of Dr. Lewis Fielding, Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. The best persons to inform about Government plots are the victims of these crimes. Perjured testimony and falsified evidence caused Davis to serve time for White House crimes. My concern in exposing plots is to save lives by preventing future conspiracies. Richler came all the way from Montreal to Carmel, via a Chinese lunch in San Francisco, and concluded that plots are fictions of the mind. He walked away without absorbing a single word Davis had told him, and here was living proof that conspiracies against private citizens do exist. Plots will continue to be a way of life as long as educated men such as Richler can't even recognize a plot victim when meeting him face to face.

Mae Brussell Carmel, California

As a practicing paranoiac, I couldn't resist the temptation to respond to Richler's article. A friend of mine who runs an independent intelligence-gathering

# "It's my money. And I never forget it."

Jerry Sherman. Longshoreman



"I'm careful with money...
I always have been. And I've
been caught in some bad spots
without cash. So I have
BankAmericard. I use it just as
carefully as I use money.
I figure, it is money."



# When do you use BankAmericard?

"Not all the time, but, you never know...anything can happen. Once, when I was in the army...coming back across the country...my old car was so loaded down that the shocks went out. I mean...it was flat! I was in this little town...and I had to come up with extra money to cover it. So I used BankAmericard. It saved me."

# Do you ever use your card when there's not an emergency?

"Sure. Let's say I find a pair of shoes on sale and I'm between pay checks. I get the shoes with Bank Americard, and then, when the bill comes, I can take care of it."

# What about the cost of the card?

"It didn't cost me anything to get it.\* It works the same as a store card. Only I can use it where I want to."

# What happens if you lose it?

"Nothing, if I contact the bank before somebody uses it. Even if somebody's already run up a bill of...say \$600 on it, the most I'm liable for is \$50... if that."

# How do you feel about having BankAmericard?

"I'm careful with it. I don't use it all the time. But there've been times when if I hadn't had the card, I'd have really been out of luck. It's a good thing to have."



network out of the Greyhound Bus station in Barstow, California, claims that Richler is, indeed, a CIA man who has conned you into publishing his article as part of a cover-up attempt to make conspiracy theories appear ridiculous. However, I do not trust this friend of mine; he may be an agent for Liechtenstein and, as we all know, you've got to watch out for those Liechtensteiners. No, I know better; Richler is a member of a fiendish group, best called The International Ballpoint Conspiracy, made up of writers trying to cash in on the conspiracy craze. Keep it up, Richler. You might even be able to convince us that there is not a conspiracy, organized by the Red Chinese, to outpopulate every other known race and nation on earth.

> Erik Visser Los Angeles, California

### FIGHT SONGS

Mailer's *The Fight* in your May issue is outstanding. Even though I knew the outcome of the event, I found myself glued to my seat, awaiting Norm's next unpredictable insight. Despite his muchtalked-about ego and occasional self-indulgence, Mailer is by far the best writer we've got.

Don Richardon New York, New York

I've always been a fan of Mailer's, although I was quite disappointed by Marilyn. The Fight rekindled my enthusiasm for this man's incredible talent for depth and observation. The jogging scene with Ali is especially entertaining, because it reveals a side of Mailer that I never knew.

Al Marten New York, New York

## HOME, SWEET HOME

My highest praise to Julius Horwitz for his superb story *Going Home* (PLAYBOY, May). He has perfectly portrayed a fantasy that I'm sure every man has long dreamed of. The story is genuine and captures all of the intimacy and excitement that is anonymity. In all honesty, what attracted me to the article was Pompeo Posar's excellent photographic representation. It is one of the most erotic pictures in the issue.

Edward Darstein Buffalo, New York

# FICTION FRICTION

It is my sad duty to inform you that you have been the victim of a fraud perpetrated by John Updike in his story Australia and Canada (PLAYBOY, May). Anyone can see that he never visited these places, since he doesn't have the faintest idea what they are like. Now, really, what is all this about an opera house in Sydney? And, by God, he says the Canadians have cars, TV sets and even computers! He says he visited

Australia but didn't see one kangaroo, koala, wallaby, boomerang or convict; and in Canada, not one fur trapper, lumberjack, Eskimo, igloo or solitary Mountie! Somewhere he's got the idea that these countries are civilized, when we all know only barbarians live west of San Francisco or north of Detroit!

David Woodman Toronto, Ontario

Updike is a master. His short story Australia and Canada is both insightful and entertaining, something that all great writers strive for but that few have the cunning to pull off. Bravo!

Oscar La Blanc Tucson, Arizona

### HOFFMAN REVIEWED

As you point out in your excellent April interview, the very first time I laid eyes on Dustin Hoffman I thought he was a window cleaner. He had a dust rag in his hand, walked into my office and proceeded to clean a misty window. It was, of course, a gag set up by Mike Nichols. Then, after the first rushes, I was positive The Graduate had the greatest performances I had ever seen-but I never signed Hoffman for another picture, because I was just as positive he would never again be seen in another picture. I thought he was a figment of Nichols' imagination. We have since become good friends and I regard him as one of the world's greatest actors, as well as one of the warmest, kindest, most thoughtful people I have ever known.

Joseph E. Levine New York, New York

## DIFFERENT STROKES

In the May issue of PLAYBOY, the Tennis Stroke Master was shown in the photo feature Court Appearances. While we thank you for this inclusion of our product, the picture in combination with the text represents a serious error that might mislead your readers. The photo illustrates the Stroke Master unit with base, at a quoted price of \$49.95. There are two separate and distinct pieces. Your price is the price of the Stroke Master unit alone. The base is an additional \$24.95.

H. L. Houser Sierra Industries Grass Valley, California

Pardon us. To further clarify matters, the young lady in the picture doesn't come with the Stroke Master, either.

# "T" TIME

Your "T" Formations pictorial (PLAYBOY, May) is one of the most erotic ever. My favorite is the young lady in the "Don't Tailgate" number. What a pair of shock absorbers.

Len Kingston Houston, Texas

The young lady with the shock absorbers, for your information, is Lynn

Schiller, who just happens to be our July Playmate, as well.

Many thanks to Marilyn Grabowski and Phillip Dixon on their pictorial "T" Formations. It gives me the utmost thrill to see what a simple garment can reveal to us "above the waist" admirers.

David G. Vargo West Point, New York

Your feature on T-shirts is nice, but I was under the impression that it was guys who went in for that sort of garment. Judging from his looks on the *Playbill* page, you should have had the photographer, Phillip Dixon, pose similarly unattired in a T-shirt.

Marlene Conzemius Edina-Morningside, Minnesota

My congratulations to producer Marilyn Grabowski and photographer Phillip Dixon on their outstanding feature "T" Formations. Their somewhat lighthearted approach does, indeed, capture the essence of the current phenomenon—the lowly T-shirt as high fashion and as personal expression.

John S. Shaw Vienna, Virginia

### RECLINING DINING

My compliments to Richard Fegley. His contribution to the *Bed & Board* pictorial (PLAYBOY, April) is a very interesting advertisement for Ritz crackers and sex, not necessarily in that order.

Donald Rice Alexandria, Virginia

# A STAR IS BORN

Your May pictorial The Splendor of Gwen is marvelous. Gwen is beautiful and PLAYBOY is a step ahead of the other magazines of its genre in recognizing her. William Loyd Roberts Stringtown, Oklahoma

### OOPS!

In "Playboy's History of Organized Crime" (PLAYBOY, June 1974), several errors of fact appeared that were brought to our attention by the International Credit Bank of Geneva. These errors include the following: our reference to the International Credit Bank (I.C.B.) as Lansky's "private institution," our reference to one of the former executives of the bank, Sylvain Ferdman, as an agent of Lansky and our statement that Tibor Rosenbaum, director of the I.C.B., had carried out certain ventures for Bernard Cornfeld. PLAYBOY deplores that such assertions, which the International Credit Bank advises are totally devoid of foundation, appeared in this article.



...and now it's time for a Cutty.



# **PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS**



No one under 18 admitted without a keeper: A pair of gorillas at the Sacramento City Zoo haven't gotten around to starting a family and zoo officials figure it's because the apes, born in captivity, don't exactly know how to go about it. So the zoo has invested in a sex-education film—starring several passionate gorillas who do know how to get it on—to give them the idea. So far, it hasn't worked.

Dragula? Police are keeping an eye out for a six-foot transvestite wearing fangs and a black cape, reported to be lurking around Miami Beach. They've dubbed the night stalker Gayzilla.

Remember Ladies' Day? To promote the opening of Linda Lovelace's latest flick, the Texas Theater in Austin sponsored a "weenie-eating contest" for the ladies. All entries received free admission to the show and the winner was awarded \$125 in prizes.

Speak into this egg roll, please: A Soviet newspaper, Moskovsky Kosinolets, has asserted that Peking has spies stationed in Chinese restaurants throughout the world. This, of course, explains why "many Western agents have to spend most of their time in restaurants chewing Bombay duck . . . trying to decide which of the waiters are being used by Peking for illegal activity."

Plans to open the Bay Area's first combination organic-juice bar and massage parlor, to be called The Organic Grope—Natural Foods and Unnatural Acts, have been abandoned. The Health Department and the vice squad united in opposition.

Two virtual political unknowns have announced their candidacies for the '76 Presidential ticket. U. Utah Phillips, also known as the Golden Voice of the Great Southwest, is a folk singer, hobo and ex—Peace and Freedom candidate for the Utah senate. His running mate is Mallard Fillmore, a duck, who Phillips claims is a graduate of Drake University. Phillips promises that he and the duck will do nothing if elected. "Just like all our greatest Presidents have done."

That's the rub: At a city-council hearing on a bill to outlaw massage parlors in Baltimore, one of the witnesses complained that his business was suffering because of the presence of one of those establishments next door. A newspaperman asked why he didn't complain to the police. "When you do," the man said, "a



bunch of them show up, go into the place and come out a little later—smiling."

An Italian fashion designer has created the "minicurtain bikini" for those who



like the topless look only part of the time. The new bikini has a two-piece top that works with strings like a curtain and can expose or cover the breasts at a moment's notice.

Heil, heil, the gang's all here. West German police arrested 50 persons on the island of Sylt, breaking up a party commemorating Hitler's birthday. The celebrants wore Nazi uniforms, hung a picture of the Führer on the wall, played old SS songs and ate hamburgers decorated with mustard or catsup swastikas. They were charged with "glorifying Nazism."

Nominations for the Playboy Master Criminal Award of the Month are: A would-be bank robber in Philadelphia who, after handing the teller a note she couldn't read, announced, "I am a bank robber," to which a man standing in line next to him replied, "I am a policeman," and took the man into custody. . . . A Chicago holdup man, who apparently believed in neighborhood banking: Having robbed one bank of \$7989, he was found by police with a bag of money, opening a savings account at a bank half a block away. . . . And the man in Covington, Kentucky, who tried a nononsense approach to bank robbery. One night he stole a bulldozer from a construction site and rammed it through the side of the bank. He managed to move a steel safe weighing several thousand pounds about 15 feet, but part of the bank floor fell in, the bulldozer got stuck and the bandit fled without any money.

A San Francisco urologist has business cards listing his phone number as PRostate 5-1999.

The conclusion of the U.S. Commission on Obscenity and Pornography—that the average customer at X-rated moviehouses is "male, white, married, middle-aged and middle-class"—was a topic of lively discussion at a conference of the Scattle, Washington, Bar Association. Following some debate, the members, who are predominately male, white,

married, middle-aged and middle-class, were shown a porn film.

Look, man, a cavity! Professors at the University of Maryland Dental School came up with what they thought would

be a "tension-breaking device" to keep classes from getting dull. They interspersed slides of female nudes among the pictures of molars and incisors to help hold the students' attention. But a female dental student found it was more than she could chew and complained that the practice was a blatant promotion of sexism. The

controversy was soon quelled by the dean, who ordered a stop to all manner of cheesecake not directly related to the field of dentistry.

Congresswoman Bella Abzug is the chief sponsor of a bill to outlaw sex discrimination and protect the rights of homosexuals. She told a Washington news conference that the move was needed "to guarantee that all individuals, regardless of differences, are entitled to share . . . in the fruits of our society."

Damned white of them: From Indiana comes word that the Ku Klux Klan has renounced chauvinism and has seen fit to admit women to its roster. Members now refer to themselves as Klanspersons.

# PEOPLE

At six feet and 225 pounds-broadshouldered, narrow-waisted and heavily muscled, forked beard flowing from a gray-streaked rust mustache, thinning hair curling over his ears and collar-Korczak Ziolkowski looks like a cross between an artist and a truck driver. Which, in a way, he is, although it's a bulldozer-a 60-ton D-9 Caterpillar-that he drives in pursuit of his enduring dream, the chiseling of a granite monument to Chief Crazy Horse in the Black Hills of South Dakota. It's a job that has cost him 28 years of work, one failed marriage and assorted injuries-and one that, his critics charge, will earn him a fortune in tourist dollars even if, as they predict, he never finishes it.

Ziolkowski, it seems, has been called a lot of things: opportunist, profiteer, eccentric genius. About one matter there is little dispute: He is unquestionably a talented sculptor. His bust of Polish

pianist-patrio: Ignace Paderewski won the New York World's Fair sculpture award in 1939. When he got word of the honor, Ziolkowski was, as it happened, in the Black Hills-assisting Gutzon Borglum in the carving of Mount Rushmore. During that stay, he met Chief Henry Standing Bear of the Sioux Nation, who with his fellow chiefs asked Ziolkowski to carve another mountain portrait-of their great leader Crazy Horse. Crazy Horse, Ziolkowski learned, had been murdered September 8, 1877-31 years before the sculptor was born in Boston to a Polish immigrant couple whose death in an accident left him orphaned at the age of three.

The Crazy Horse project interested Ziołkowski, but before undertaking it, he had to fulfill a few other commitments, not the least of which was three years' service in the Army during World War Two. He returned to the Black Hills in 1947, selected Thunderhead Mountain as his site and filed a mining claim there. In a complicated land deal, he purchased a larger, timbered site 25 miles distant-and exchanged that with the Federal Government for Thunderhead. Then the work began. Ziolkowski built a dam, strung wires two miles to a power line, cut 60-foot logs to build a cabin that served as his house and studio for 12 years and built a 700-foot wooden stairway up the mountain. He estimates he carried 29 tons of lumber up those stairs-"It nearly killed me"-before he was ready to move the first rock. By June 1948, when the first dynamite blast went off on Thunderhead, his savings were down under \$200. By the next year, his first wife had divorced him. In 1950, before he married a Connecticut lady named Ruth Ross, he took her to the site and warned: "The time to spend with her, though, because they've since become the parents of ten children-one of them delivered at home by her father. Between his obstetrical duties, the establishing of a dairy herd, the building of a sawmill and a school to accommodate his growing brood, he worked away on the mountain, 6740 feet above sea level. When it's finished, the monument will be 641 feet long and 563 feet high. Its construction has been an extremely slow process. For the first 17 years, Ziolkowski worked with only a jeep, a jackhammer and a crowbar. More recently, he built (and rebuilt, after the disastrous 1972 floods) a 13-foot-wide road, along which he eases, very carefully, a dozer whose blade is 15 feet, 4 inches wide. Slowly, he guides it down to the blast site. "We get boulders as big as 15 tons," he says. "The big ones we have to blast off the mountain; the rest of the debris I can push off with the dozer."

Though the work still bears only a rough resemblance to the sculptor's plan for a gigantic, mounted Indian chief, the tourists are streaming in. They travel over a surfaced highway that leads to a 1000-car parking lot beside Ziolkowski's home, now a rambling 50,000 square feet. The structure includes concessions, post office, display rooms, library, studio, storage room, museum and a viewing terrace on which a 20-foot, 16-ton plaster model of the monument moves on tracks.

"I never expected to be in the tourist business," Ziolkowski says, "but one day I woke up. Mining and lumbering businesses were failing, but with all the motels and stands going up, I said, 'Ziolkowski, you're a fool.' So we built a road. The next year we had 96,000 visitors and took in about \$5000 in voluntary contributions. Now we're charging three dollars per car as an admission fee, and last year we took in over \$320,000." Receipts go to the nonprofit Crazy Horse Foundation; although Ziolkowski himself is unsalaried, other members of his family draw pay—a fact that has inspired some controversy.

Other facts have not, Ziolkowski points out. Nobody, for example, has objected that Crazy Horse, in the model, is nude; nor has a single person asked why his horse wears no reins. In case somebody does ask, Ziolkowski has answers. "There are no reins," he says, "because the Indian did not impose his will on anyone. And Crazy Horse is nude because he was captured and stripped of all his worldly possessions before he was treacherously stabbed. But no one could take his lands from him, 'My lands,' he said, 'are where my dead lie buried." At the rate he's going, many

observers feel Ziolkowski himself will be dead and buried





Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

before the figure of Crazy Horse emerges clearly from the surrounding granite. That, apparently, doesn't faze the artist, who told one interviewer: "It took 150 years to build the cathedral of Notre Dame. Over those 150 years, somebody worked on it."

### **DINING-DRINKING**

On entering Arnie's (1030 North State Street, Chicago) in the Newberry Plaza, you're likely to be greeted by a dapper, cane-carrying gent slightly reminiscent of Jack Norton, the ultimate drunk who kept popping up in Hollywood Thirties and Forties flicks supporting a lamppost. Is this Damon Runyon character the Arnold Morton, former Executive Vice-President of Playboy Enterprises and now the proprietor of, as Arnie's PR release puts it, "Chicago's most unique dining spa"? No, he's just a colorful old-timer named Mr. Turtle who wandered into Arnie's one evening, was smitten by the restaurant's casually elegant, art nouveau-deco ambience and appointed himself a nonsalaried welcoming committee of one. Arnie's does funny things to people. The highly stylized decor (it's rumored to have cost over \$1,000,000) is a prop man's dream come true. There probably hasn't been such an eclectic fusion of bronze statues, gaslight fixtures, tin ceilings, stained glass, gilded mirrors, exotic plants, bizarre murals and miscellaneous objets d'art since the Everleigh sisters opened their sporting house back in 1900. Surrounding a five-story atrium, the large, rambling restaurant consists of four areas: the bar, the garden room, the salon and the wicker room. (The latter is a Casablancan all-white room furnished with white wicker tables and chairs, suspended plants and accented by-yes-white neon sculptures.) Collegiate-looking waitersmany, in fact, are students-dressed in bow ties and sleeveless Argyle sweaters bustle about, and there's a small dance floor adjacent to the bar. (It's a sure bet that Arnie's musician in residence, Stanley Paul, will play As Time Goes By once during the evening.) The à la carte menu is more than adequate but not spectacular. If you're looking for Troisgros haute cuisine, keep looking; Arnie's food is good, if not imaginative, well prepared and nicely served. Avocado, sour cream and red caviar or the exceptional Icelandic trout in dill sauce are both worthy choices from the array of chilled appetizers. Arnie's specialties include Barbecue Chicken, Long Island Duckling and Roast Saddle of Lamb. Nothing too complex. Sirloin Steak Arnie's is broiled and topped with medallions of lobster and a Béarnaise sauce; the Steak El Forno, served with linguine, is broiled with parmesan cheese, butter and, as they say, a wisp of garlic.

Fish dishes are limited but excellent: Dover Sole Meunière, Broiled Red Snapper and Filet of Whitefish with Dill Sauce. Dessert is a must. The cold soufflé Grand Marnier and chocolate mousse are both stellar attractions, and the brandy icesipped through a straw—has been compared (We warned to ambrosia. Arnie's does that you funny things to people.) Arnie's

is open for lunch from 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Monday through Friday. Dinner hours are from 5:30 P.M. to 11 P.M. Monday through Thursday. Friday and Saturday they close at midnight and 1 A.M., respectively. On Sunday, a munificent come-as-you-are Henry VIII brunch is served from 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. for a flat \$5.50 per. Most major credit cards are accepted. Reservations are recom-

## RECORDINGS

mended (312-787-2299).

Soulwise, we are in the Year of the Chick. New stars are emerging (Minnie Riperton), old stars coming back (Shirley Bassey) and existing stars maturing into superstardom (Millie Jackson). Brightest among the newer stars is Betty Wright, whose fourth LP, Danger High Voltage (Alston), will probably be one of our favorite albums of 1975. There's not a weak cut on it. Betty's voice, which has the tough, smoking exuberance of the young Martha Reeves, melds with instrumental tracks that lie halfway between the contemporary disco-soul sound of Miami's TK Productions and the hard, happy, Gospel-tinged R&B of early Motown, with a soupçon of reggue thrown in for spice, and the results cook like crazy. There are three hit singles included-Shoorah! Shoorah!, Tonight Is the Night and Where Is the Lovewhich, alone, are worth the price of the record.

You're going to find that Mel Tormé Live at the Maisonette (Atlantic) is one of his best recordings ever, if you can manage to get past the first track, which is Jet Set, a tune composed by Tormé.

Jet Set has maybe the most embarrassingly trite lyrics we've come up against in years. But beyond that disaster, joy awaits. The band, led by Al Porcino, is working off Tormé charts and they are splendid. And the rest of the tunes are first-rank—What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life, Mountain Greenery, It Takes Too Long to Learn to Live Alone, Superstition, The Party's Over and a 17-part Gershwin medley that leaves no doubt that, after all these years, Tormé is still an incomparable singer.

Our Steal of the Month album-that is, one too dreadful to buy but well worth stealing for a couple of magnificent minutes of music-is Rick Wakeman's The Myths and Legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table (A&M). When you get the album out from under your trench coat, ignore the English Chamber Choir soap opera on side one and drop the needle halfway through Merlin the Magician on side two. There someone spliced in a tape of a rinky-tink piano, banjo and oompah band doing a Scott Joplinesque rag that will convince you that crime pays. Apparently it's not a mistake, because the full orchestra takes up the rag theme at the end of the passage—at which point you'll want to hug all the members of the reed section for their inspired playing, as well as orchestral arranger Wil Malone, if, indeed, he had anything to do with it. But these glimpses of Avalon appear between mountainous waves of lugubrious sound. So drop the needle carefully or you'll be washed away.

Take Herbic Hancock's group, subtract Hancock, add Blackbird McKnight on guitar and you have the Head

Hunters, who demonstrate on Survival of the Fittest (Arista) that they suffer from the pianist's absence not at all. With reed man Bennie Maupin leading the way and percussionist Bill Summers going out of his gourd, Head Hunters is an incredible powerhouse. The opening track, God Make Me Funky, sets the pace for the session. The Gospel-funk message is delivered with bassist Paul Jackson acting as lead singer and the (surprise!) Pointer Sisters turning it into a revival meeting. The Afro-Latin rhythms pulsating throughout, pushed along by

and augmented by a trio of percussionists,

drummer Mike Clark



# The Generous Taste of Johnnie Walker Red.

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Enjoyment you can always count on.



should keep your attention riveted to your speakers from start to finish. But before you put the LP on the turntable, stock up on vitamins; it will leave you exhausted.

After three disappointing albums, flamboyant and flighty guitarist Jeff Beck is back with an all-instrumental record capturing perfectly the many voices of his six strings. On Blow by Blow (Epic). Beck exceeds the limits of a rock player to include jazz, country and funk in his repertoire, a tribute to his technical faculties and estimable imagination. Though the former Yardbirds figure has not written anything new by himself, he helped write four of the five tracks on side one and plays ravishing symphonies on Air Blower and Scatterbrain. Producer George Martin has remained far enough in the background so as not to become distracting and employs appropriate amounts of brass and strings to accent the Englishman's overtures. He scampers about the fret board like a mouse on Meth and not since the days of 1967 has his playing been so brutal and breath-taking. Blow by Blow stands as a monument to some of the finest fingers in the business.

"Hello, Carly? You don't know me, but I'm looking at a picture of your ass and I'll bet you can't guess what I have in my hand." Carly Simon better keep her phone number secret or she may be getting some calls like that. But the music on her latest album, Playing Possum (Elektra), is enough to kill any desires you may have had. What would you do if your girl said to you, "Won't you give



me all your limes/And I will give you a reason/I'll rub them on my body/And smell like the West Indies"? Not too much substance there—but the cover is something else again. On the front, she is on her knees, doing the bump, wearing nothing but tall leather boots and a shortie black slip. For a look at Carly

Simon's ass, \$6.95 ain't bad. On the back, you get a split (suitably shadowed for the discreet record-buying public)—and those teeth. Jeezus, those teeth. There's enough stuff there to make pendants for all the freaks in Topanga Canyon. We'd like to know where she has them done. But the ass is the real treat here. We'd pay double for her next album if we could get a look at the flip side. Because, as Carly said, "When I stop attracting people sexually, then I'll become a cook or something." Like maybe a singer?

Nine years ago in New York, Coleman Hawkins recorded the tunes just released in a Pablo album called Sirius. It was a melancholy undertaking. Hawkins, the massive trunk in the genealogical tree of tenor men, was dying by degrees and his physical deterioration was glaringly, pathetically apparent in his playing. The marvelous continuity that used to link one new idea to the next in effortless symmetry had been shattered. leaving only occasional glittering shards strung together with frayed, soiled thread. The immense Hawkins tone, which once made one listen in openmouthed awe, had withered away into something tentative and-who would have believed it?ordinary. But still, still, there are moments on this album (Hawkins has some fine backing from pianist Barry Harris, bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Eddie Locke) that provide an echo, however dim, of his protean outpourings of the Forties. If only as a study of the mortality of man, Sirius is worth listening to.

Leon Russell is trying to hurt you. On the back of Will o' the Wisp (Shelter), a Hieronymus Bosch-style owl head stares out like a warning, as if to say, "This record contains 40 minutes, 6 seconds of pain." But it's the good kind: Fine silver wires lance the pleasure centers of your brain for millimicrovolt injections. There is such a thin line between what tickles and what hurts, such a lack of distinction between Leon's own crying and laughing that you might as well not try to figure it out. You'll overload. On a song such as Laying Right Here in Heaven, you can hear the circuit breakers popping: "Sometime I feel like biting your toes/Heaven knows anything goes," Leon says. And his girl suggests, "If you ever feel like waking me baby/ In the middle of the night/To give you a taste of my piece of pie/You know that it will be all right." That's the kinky kind of pain. Handcuffs and cock rings. On Back to the Island, he hurts you in a more traditional way: "I guess that our guessing game just had to end that way./ The hardest one to lose of all the games we play." A simple blow to the solar

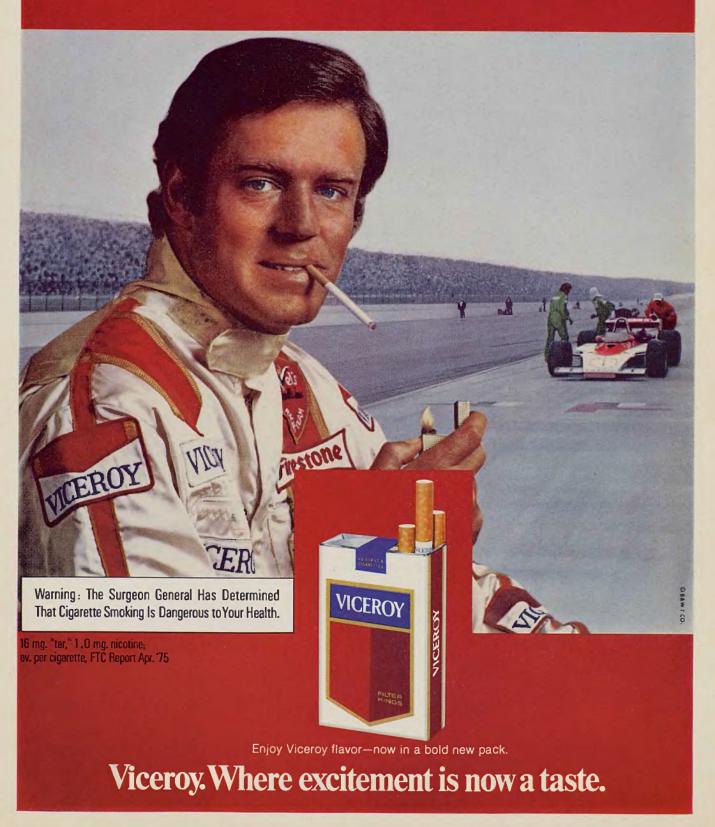
plexus. Can't Get Over Losing You is just what the title suggests: a good old-fashioned hammer lock. Leon, naturally, wrote and arranged all the songs. In his own torture chamber, he is profoundly facile: He plays bass, piano, acoustic guitar, electric lead guitar, percussion, synthesizer, RMI, clavinet, vibes, organ and dobro. He also sings lead and background vocals. Mary McCreary, Steve Cropper, Al Jackson and Jim Horn are some of his better-known henchmen. It's a dangerous group, but with a little of the right anesthetic, the experience comes highly recommended.

Eric Clapton seems to have had a serious falling out with his guitar. He has publicly thrown it over for a microphone. He is, it would seem, a singer



now. But the switch-over was in the works many years ago. Cream made Clapton a musical deity to a whole generation almost overnight. Audiences went wild. even as Clapton felt he was cheating them, because it all became just so much routine-get high, get onstage, go through the motions, endure the hysteria. And some upstart critics started to blast him for being uninspired, a guitarist with no style, an electric plagiarizer of blues riffs. It hurt, but he believed them. For some strange reason, Clapton felt the answer lay in becoming a singer. After all, his own idols were primarily singers whose guitar expertise was secondary. The most recent fruit of this misguided thinking is There's One in Every Crowd (RSO). It is, for the most part, a boring, bastardized collection of reggaeinfluenced tunes that will excite no one. It surely didn't excite Eric, who lazily drawls through every song like a burnedout Jamaican beachcomber. We get a couple of traditional Gospel songs, including that ole favorite Swing Low, Sweet Chariot (probably thrown in for lack of material). There are a few old blues standards, again soporific. Don't

# "Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."

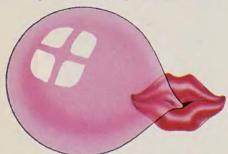


Blame Me, a sequel to I Shot the Sheriff, is pure Harry Belafonte. Singin' the Blues (not Guy Mitchell's) is a decent, up-tempo number and the best cut on the album. The whole LP is like a parfait with lots of whipped cream but not enough nuts. After sitting through it all, you can't help feel that Clapton is grossly out of his element or he really just doesn't care anymore. And those who remember the raw brilliance of his finest playing have to feel a little more than sad that he's going through a dry spell.

Ayers Rock is a huge boulder located, for reasons best known to its Maker, in the middle of the Australian desert. It's also the name of a very solid Aussie jazz/rock group whose album Big Red Rock (A&M) is worth scaling. The music they play has jazz underpinnings, but the superstructure on tunes such as Talkin' 'Bout You and Goin' Home is straightahead rock 'n' roll. Particularly nice are two pieces with a Japanese flavor, the title tune and Boogie Woogie Waltz, the latter written by Joe Zawinul. When guitarists Chris Brown and James Doyle, bassist Duncan McGuire, reed man Col Loughnan and Ginger Bakeresque drummer Mark Kennedy aren't grooving off the Orient, they face toward England and offer a reasonable facsimile of the Cream sound on Get Out to the Country and Nostalgic Blues.

## MOVIES

A teenage beauty pageant to pick California's choice as Young American Miss from 25 state-wide finalists is ostensibly the subject of Smile. Producer-director Michael Ritchie (who made The Candidate and Downhill Racer, still two of Robert Redford's best) has, in fact, created a funny, blistering attack on middle-American Philistinism as seen in the small town of Santa Rosa, which appears to be permanently blighted by a kind of



inbred cultural smog. Though Ritchie and his scriptwriters occasionally overstate their points, the movie cheerfully demolishes every target in sight—and the satire is often savage. As stage director of the pageant itself—filmed with the onthe-scene accuracy of a TV special by cinematographer Conrad Hall—choreographer Michael Kidd deftly describes the job he's hired to do: "I take a bunch of

nice high school kids and turn them into Vegas showgirls," Kidd isn't kidding. Neither is Bruce Dern, an ace character actor who seems to claim for his own every all-American male hang-up not previously patented by Jack Lemmon and Jack Nicholson. Playing "Big Bob" Freelander, a glad-handing used-car dealer who treats the annual pageant as if it were a religious crusade, Dern easily takes Best of Show. Barbara Feldon lends support as a former Young American Miss, now a sex-shy, civic-minded housewife who leaves her drunken husband at home with a fridge full of frozen TV dinners. Among the sprightlier misses are Joan Prather (as Miss Antelope Valley), Melanie Griffith (in real life, the daughter of Tippi Hedren) and Maria O'Brien (daughter of Hollywood's own Edmond O'Brien and Olga San Juan). In general, the girls are precocious. And that helps a lot when you're watching Maria, as a baton-twirling dervish whose superpatriotic routine about brotherhood could set Mexican-American amity back a hundred years. Or watching another hopeful Young Miss, who proves her talent with a desperately vivacious lecture on How to Pack a Suitcase. The humor is intentional, of course. Smile should make you laugh loud and long.

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud has the somewhat warmed-over air of a pre-Exorcist thriller, made when it still seemed boldly original to imagine that a bright young college professor might be possessed by the soul of a murder victim, dead these 20-odd years, whose surviving descendants include an irresistible daughter and an alcoholic wife with a bad conscience. Michael Sarrazin, as Peter Proud, falls in love with the daughter (Jennifer O'Neill) but makes life hell for Momma (played-then and nowwith flashy intensity by Margot Kidder). It's no fault of the actors, who are surprisingly persuasive, that director J. Lee Thompson lacks the touch to save a dėjà vu melodrama from mediocrity.

Sequels are traditionally pale imitations, inspired by the hope that a proven hit can be milked for further profits. The Godfather Part II-with added depth and more incisive perception than the original-came as a surprise to cynics. And French Connection II moves in the same direction, thanks to a powerhouse performance by Gene Hackman, reprising his role as Popeye Doyle, the tough New York cop with a passion for drug busts. At the end of the last episode, the worst of the bad guys got away. Which brings us to French Connection II and Doyle's arrival in Marseilles, where he intends, by God, to restore lost face and get the son-of-a-bitch master criminal named Charnier (Fernando Rey again, suave as ever) who eluded him once before, or die trying.

Under director John Frankenheimer, very much at home with pell-mell action in a European setting, the sequel is less a conventional thriller than a singleminded story of obsessional neurosis. Doyle's man hunt seems mostly a matter of pride and personal vengeance; he has a score to settle and doesn't give a damn about breaking the rules, hurting innocent people or making himself likable to the local gendarmes. In fact, his host (Bernard Fresson) considers him a fascist killer cop, a charge to which he responds, with typical savoir-faire: "I'd like to pull this goddamn city down brick by brick

and put
it all on
yer fuckin' head."
It should be
clear by now that
Popeye has not mellowed with age.
He's the subject
of a nasty,
abrasive char-

acter study that takes a while to develop but finally elicits a gut response—particularly in Hackman's harrowing scenes as a reluctant drug freak, forced into addiction, then forced into withdrawal by the agonizing cold-turkey method. Here, Hackman gives it the kind of natural, undiluted emotional whammy that usually presages an Oscar nomination, though he already has a Best Actor prize for playing Popeye in 1971.

If there were nothing else-and there is plenty else-the opening credits of Monty Python and the Holy Grail would be a cockeyed wonder, complete with a nod for someone who devised "Suggestive Poses for the Moose." There's no moose, of course. There may not even be a movie, in the strict sense. But there's loads of fine-to-foolhardy undergraduate madness in this chaotic British comedy of the buckshot school, so thoroughly flipped out that it makes your average Mel Brooks movie look almost sane. For the benefit of those among you who may have been listed as missing persons in recent years. Monty Python is the collective name for a subversive sextet of writer-performers (Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones and Michael Palin) who have seized American television by force after whooping it up on the BBC for several seasons. Holy Grail, their second feature film (the first was a zany trifle called And Now for Something Completely Different), takes off on the Camelot-King Arthur legend and appears to be Monty Python's revenge for a lifetime of required courses in English lit. All the Python chaps play multiple roles as kings, courtiers, knights or varlets, and they jog through lavish medieval settings-appropriately costumed and



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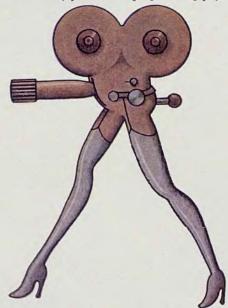
without horses-in the giddyap manner of Sesame Street tykes playing horsey. At some castle or other, they enter into a lengthy, hilarious dialog with their French foes about the coconut shells used to produce that clip-clop sound of hooves. There are methods of distinguishing between royal characters and rogues, for, as one wag points out, "He must be a king . . . he hasn't got shit all over him." The humor plainly lacks subtlety, whether dealing with an animatedcartoon dragon or with the Holy Hand Grenade used to vanquish a ferocious bunny rabbit. But to charge Monty Python and the Holy Grail with lack of subtlety would be irrelevant-since it's a work designed with diabolical cunning to be simultaneously vulgar, inspired, sophomoric, excessive, outrageous and wildly original.

Flossie is director Bert Torn's literate modern-dress version of an English underground novel written (by one Jack Archer) back in 1810. Promoted as "the most beautiful erotic fantasy ever" and already challenging Emmanuelle as a boxoffice phenomenon abroad, Flossie lives up to its blurbs with exquisite photography, pretty people and a spate of softcore but fully consummated sexcapades more romantic than raunchy. Performer Jack Frank-who looks like a young Joseph Cotten, even with his clothes off-plays a guy named Jack, who is invited by a worldly old flame to tutor her virginal blonde protégée in the arts of love. In the film's title role, Maria Lynn is the freshest little porn queen since Marilyn Chambers and exudes a Sweetheart of Sigma Chi innocence that makes her thirst for sexual knowledge seem both natural and disarming. You don't have to be a swinging Swede to read between the lines of Flossie's frequent voice-over narration, which is intense, explicit and the proper accompaniment to images made to tease the eye with intimate details that most sex movies rush through in their haste to reach a splashy climax. Torn uses flashbacks to cover the obligatory orgies and lesbian sequences but keeps Flossie thrumming along seductively as well as subjectively-until every man jack of us begins to root for the hero to achieve maximum penetration. Seldom has this primal need been depicted on the screen with such wholesome spirit and zest. Another forward step in making smut utterly respectable.

Any resemblance between The Hoppy Hooker, as played by Lynn Redgrave, and Xaviera Hollander's confessional best seller is pruriently coincidental. They decided to make the movie version a charming comedy but have carelessly omitted most of the charm. A hapless script by William Richert leaves director Nicholas Sgarro and his bright Eng-

lish star buried alive under a blanket of discretion so smothering that little old ladies from Dubuque may think whores are just girls who talk dirty and wear low-cut dresses. Amid all the arch cuteness, Lynn performs gamely if not gamily, though her raciest scene is one in which she croons returns from Wall Street ("Lockheed is up a stiff nine points") while putting her clothes on again for Tom Poston, as a depraved tycoon.

Originally written as a hoax by a platoon of mischievous Newsday journalists—who used Penelope Ashe for a pen name on their giddy spoof of hard-breathing sex novels in the Harold Robbins—Jacqueline Susann tradition—Noked Come the Stranger hit the best-seller lists, anyway. Which only proves that pulp writing pays



off faster than a Pulitzer Prize. On screen, producer-director Henry Paris (himself a well-established entrepreneur of erotica, using another monicker since his first venture into hard-core films, The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann) treats Naked with the droll disrespect it deserves. Leaving the book's format generally intact, Paris adds some visual elegance and randy wit to the tale of Billy and Gilly-a married couple, cohosts of a radio interview show, whose connubial bliss is interrupted by an important message: Billy has been screwing around with a production secretary, known in private as Love Bunny. At a costume party attended by most of their L. I. neighbors, Gilly plots her counterattack: "Find a few acquaintances and appeal to the inner man in each of them." In the book, Penelope's vengeful heroine effectively destroys every philandering male in the community. Paris' more playful advocate of equal rights (portrayed with dry humor as well as numerous "wet shots" by blonde Darby Lloyd Rains, one of the better bets among Manhattan hard-core performers) merely sets out to taste vengeance a few licks at a time. One of her funniest escapades is luring a creep named Marvin onto the upper level of a chartered double-decker London bus, where he's invited to see New York while she practices fellatio. "Would you like to get off on Fifth Avenue?" she teases, diving for his fly. There's also a silent-movie sequence, a sort of Last Tango à la Valentino, artfully photographed in black and white. Levi Richards as Billy, Mary Stuart as Love Bunny, plus sundry other porno specialists, join with Paris to act out a horny charade flagrante delicto. As literary parody, Naked is scarcely distinguishable from any other piece of purple fiction, serious or not. As all-out, unzippered sex comedy, it sets a new high in sophistication and even makes explicit screen sex look sexier.

Once Is Not Enough, based on the late Jacqueline Susann's third and last bestselling novel, moves from Switzerland to Marbella, Spain, then on to New York (mostly the Hotel Pierre, the Waldorf-Astoria and such) and Hollywood (the Beverly Hills Hotel). The international travelers on hand are not so much characters as registered guests, checking in and out between costume changes. They dress rather expensively, in line with the film's edict that "Gucci is in and Pucci is out." Most of such smart talk falls to Brenda Vaccaro, giving more than Enough deserves, as the sleeparound editor of Gloss magazine, who would speak her mind if she had one and appears to be hinting that this jetset world of privilege and self-indulgence is actually a lot of crap. The script proves her point time after time. Kirk Douglas plays a skidding Hollywood producer who marries one of the world's richest women (Alexis Smith, as Deidre) in order to support his nubile daughter (Deborah Raffin), a girl named January. January, in turn, wastes her affection on a notorious, hard-living Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist a little like Norman Mailer (played by David Janssen, as if he were trying to shake a hangover). Meanwhile, Deidre enjoys a lesbian liaison with a former great star (Melina Mercouri) who shuns publicity. A plane crash brings all the plots and subplots to an ending of sorts and the film fades out with the suggestion that January-left a poor little rich girl because her stepmother doesn't get a chance to rewrite the will-has probably learned something about life. God knows what it could be. Once Is Not Enough might have been fun if director Guy Green had made it unequivocally trashy. Instead, the movie strives to be tasteful and serious and ends up incredibly dull-an unfitting memorial for a lady who knew her audience well enough not to sell it the world of Rona Barrett in a jacket designed for Princess Grace.

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**HONDA CIVIC**What the world is coming to.

guide is French director and perennial man about town Roger Vadim, to Jeune Fille Assassinée (Charlotte) introduces Vadim's newest feminine discovery, Sirpa Lane, in a variation on the theme of Laura, the romantic suspense classic by Otto Preminger. Vadim himself-in his first major assignment as an actor-takes the role of an intellectual writer who abandons a book on Freud to research a novel about the death of a reckless young thing he has not seen since their brief love affair years earlier. During a fashion show at Lanvin, he meets the decadent, spoiled son (Mathieu Carriere) of a German diplomat, who casually confesses that he murdered the girl and expects to get away with it. The subsequent relationship between the two men develops against a series of flashbacks, each revealing some new aspect of the late, lamented Charlotte's self-destructive tendencies and sexual misadventures. One of her whims is to masturbate under a masterpiece; on another occasion, she is had on the hood of a car in the midst of a traffic jam. "I'm dropping the novel," announces the writer at last. "It would look like the story of a nympho who met a madman." Though the description is fairly accurate, La Jeune Fille turns out to be the most interesting Vadim film in a decademore erotic than Barbarella and edging into that French-blue twilight zone between straight movies and porno where Emmanuelle made her mark. Mlle. Lane projects a very detached contemporary cool, if compared with such lustrous Vadimoiselles as Bardot, Deneuve and Fonda. Yet La Jeune Fille's major handicap may be Vadim himself, who performs his leading-man stint reasonably well and intelligently but without much of the offscreen charisma that has made his name a household word among dedicated heterosexuals. Putting it nicely, he poses no threat to Redford, Newman, Delon or Belmondo.

Short Takes: Even Screw magazine readers may be ill prepared for the audiovisual assault of s.o.s. (subtitled "Screw on the Screen"), with publishers Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein as your genial hosts. Highlights are a history of the Peter-Meter, excerpts from porno classics, "Dirty Diversions," plus a couple of flagrantly scatological specialty acts-including a lewd performance of pussy tricks by "the one, the only, the disgusting Honeysuckle Divine." In a Tonight Show format, Buckley also greets Jody Maxwell (The Singing Stick Licker from Missouri), who tells the secrets of her trade as a topper to the dirtiest, funniest, most aggressive piece of unabashed pornography since Buckley and Goldstein reached puberty.

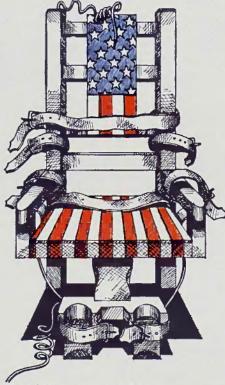
Ski champion Jill Kinmont—an Olympic hopeful until an accident on the slopes in 1955 left her almost totally

paralyzed—is played appealingly, as well as straightforwardly, by Marilyn Hassett in *The Other Side of the Mountain*. Because the essentials of the story are true, director Larry Peerce and a smilin'-through scenario cannot quite spoil it, nor quite save it from lump-in-the-throat bathos. Jill's ordeal begins with a wild race to the hospital and worsens when her loyal daredevil fiancé (Beau Bridges) dies in a plane crash. *Mountain* may be a molehill among great screen biographies, yet only the hardest heart will remain unmoved.

Headline truth also lends a fillip of kinky fascination to Live a Little Steal a Lot, costarring Robert Conrad and Don Stroud as Allan Dale Kuhn and Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy-a pair of Miami beach bums who achieved instant celebrity, and made a pretty good deal with the law, after pulling off the most unlikely jewel caper in the annals of crime. On October 29, 1964, Kuhn and Murph stole the Star of India sapphire and other priceless baubles from New York's American Museum of Natural History. Kuhn served as technical advisor on Steal a Lot, a generally rollicking amorality play by director Marvin Chomsky, who drives home the point that jewel thieves attract terrific chicks and have a hell of a good time being bad.

### BOOKS

"Believe me, my loved one, children are what their parents truly expect them to be. If we can face the thought of our



intended execution without terror, so then will they." With more hope than certainty, Ethel Rosenberg writes to re-

assure her husband, Julius, while both await death as nuclear spies for allegedly passing atomic secrets to the Russians. We would spare them, we decided, if they pronounced themselves guilty and ashamed; instead, they broadcast their innocence throughout the land, accused our Government of operating under a "paralysis of fear" and viewed their case as a "psychological offense against a free and reasoning mind." Thinking to free ourselves from the dangers of subversion, we electrocuted the Rosenbergs in 1953an example of mass hysteria from which we have yet to recover. Now, better than 20 years later, the Rosenbergs' children have provided us with We Are Your Sons (Houghton Mifflin), a collaborative effort by Robert and Michael Meeropolraised under an adopted name for the sake of anonymity. An uneven mix of personal recollection and polemics, their work rises above its weakest moments to create a convincing portrait of the Rosenbergs as warm, affectionate parents who exerted a massive effort of will to ease their young sons through their nightmare. Games were played during prison visits, nonsense rhymes composed. Still, nothing could prevent the boys from being shunted back and forth between unloving or incapable relatives, or from being taunted and abused at school, or from living as castoffs for a time in a dismal state welfare home. It is no small miracle of human survival that Michael and his younger brother emerged from their early chaotic experiences as sane men-embittered, passionately committed to proving their parents innocent, but still able to give and receive love. For that they thank the Meeropols, who took them in after the executions, allayed their worst fears about being exposed and allowed them their first chance at a normal upbringing. Today both are married and no longer feel compelled to disguise their true identity. They don't want to let us forget what they see as our inhumane treatment of their father and mother, but they speak here with an honesty and openness that helps balance the bombast. Meanwhile, our Government continues to maintain a secretive silence about the Rosenberg affair. FBI files on the case remain sealed, classified, unavailable-leaving us to suspect, along with the Meeropol brothers, that we have as much to fear from our protectors as from our enemies.

Usually when we hear the term long-awaited novel, it means that the reviewer would give anything if the new work were anywhere nearly as good as the last. James Clavell's **Shogun** (Atheneum) falls into this category; we were waiting for it, but we doubted that it would be good enough to erase our memory of *King Rat* or *Tai-Pan*. We were wrong. Clavell has reworked his central concern—the survival of an individual in an alien



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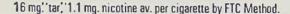
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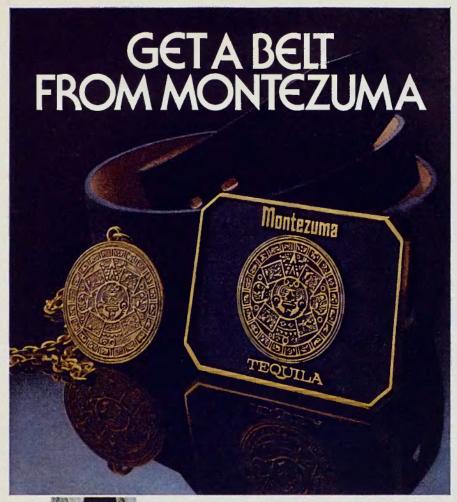
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environment through pure force of will—in a subtle, brilliant way. In Tai-Pan, master storyteller Clavell provided enough hooks to drag the most reluctant reader through 734 pages of Oriental history. In Shogun, the hooks aren't necessary (although they're still there). Clavell has taken the life of John Blackthorne, an English navigator for the Dutch Trade Company who landed in Japan in 1600, and used it as the skeleton for a richly detailed "novel about Japan." The hero pursues his ambition to wrest



control of trade from the Portuguese Jesuit missionaries, makes enemies, plans revenge, falls in love, etc. But his survival instincts are those of a chameleon. He slowly adopts the protective coloration of the Asian mind. He receives a Japanese name, Anjin-San. When he becomes a samurai and a vital instrument in local political intrigues, the survival of the culture takes precedence over the concerns of the individual. At the end of 823 pages, we don't care if the villains are still alive. We have learned a new definition of heroics. Try Shogun on the train home; when you look up, you'll probably be at least three towns past your stop.

Judy Garland's life story would make a dandy disaster film: thousands of people's lives caught up in a natural catastrophe. And Gerold Frank's Judy (Harper & Row) tells the whole story, deliciously drawn out as though Frank were a literary special-effects man. It's 635 pages of trauma. Frank's thesis is simple: Judy was spoiled, insecure, burdened with an insatiable need for love, bitchy and uncontrollable. She pushed those who loved her beyond their endurance. She understood her problems, but she couldn't help herself. She was Saint Judy of the spilled guts. Her audiences wanted her to feel agonized; that's how she sang best. And it's no wonder she's the scout mother of the gay movement: Judy Garland was the product of her own Immaculate Conception. She might also have been the best entertainer of

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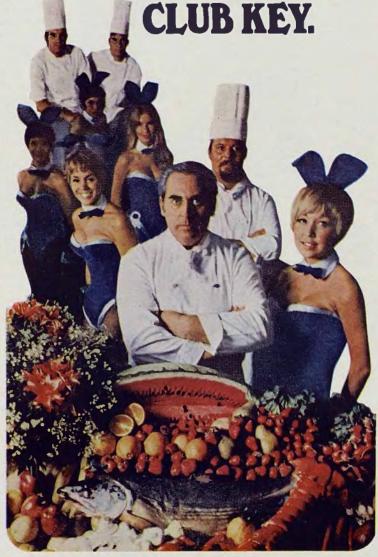
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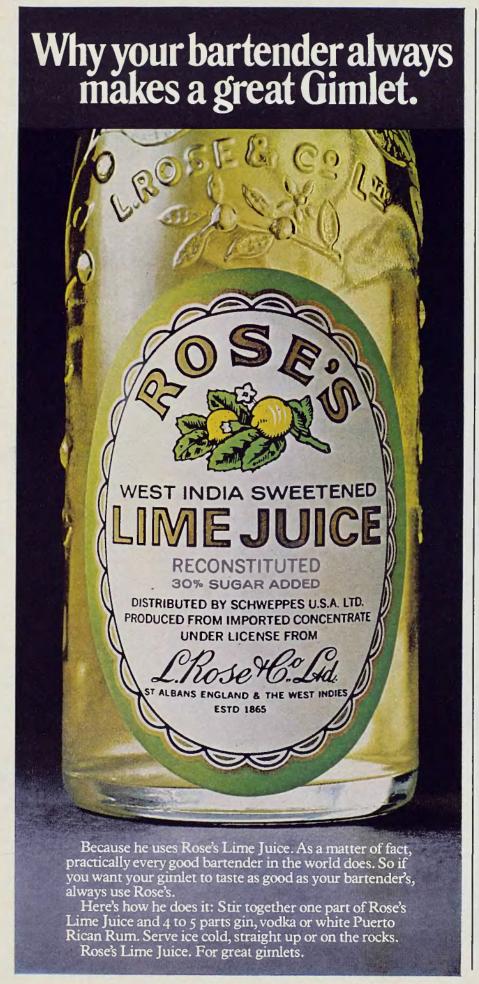


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# LOCATIONS

Atlanta - Baltimore - Boston (Playboy of Boston) - Chicago (Club and Playboy Towers Hotel) - Cincinnati - Denver - Detroit - Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey (Club-Hotel) - Jamaica (Club-Hotel) - Kansas City - Lake Geneva, Wisconsin (Club-Hotel) - London, England - Los Angeles - Manchester, England - Miami - Montreal - New Orleans - New York - Phoenix - Portsmouth, England - St. Louis - San Francisco



the 20th Century. She loved the screaming adoration of her fans, but she also needed more help than others to keep up with the demands of being a film star. Benzedrine and Seconal were eventually to kill her, but it took 30 years. What drugs did was to accentuate her already feisty character; her quicksilver temperament vacillated between ecstasy and despair, and the drugs just greased the process. We do learn that Judy loved hamburgers with peanut butter on them, that she was a ping-pong ace and that when she once complained that a microphone looked too phallic, a stagehand stretched a prophylactic over it during her performance. The book is as exasperating as Judy's life, but without any of the brilliance. But it is fun to read.

Nobody likes reviewers who blow the endings of "mystery" books for them. The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum (McGraw-Hill), however, blows the ending by itself, right in the first few pages. Which is not to say it's a letdown. The opposite is true, for Heinrich Böll, 1972 Nobel Prize winner and author of several shelves of books, does a classic job of telling you what he's going to do, doing it and then telling you what he's done-while incredibly building the tension to the expected climax. But the finest aspect of this work is that it shows how an ordinary, respectable-even conservative-young girl can be driven to violence by an irresponsible press. After writing many slanderous articles about her, a reporter comes to interview Katharina. He says, "How about us having a bang for a start?" So Katharina obligingly reaches into her purse, pulls out a pistol and gives him the last bang he'll ever get.

Even to his closest friends, Humphrey Bogart was somewhat of an enigma-a diehard puritan with a taste for profane language, a society blueblood who liked to act like a thug, a brawler who never struck anyone, a faithful husband who married four times, a blunt and cruel man with a pronounced tendency to become mawkish and sentimental over nothing. He once went up to John Steinbeck at a party and said, "Hemingway tells me he doesn't think you're all that good a writer," and once called Jack Warner a creep because "the only reason to make a million dollars in this business is to be able to tell some fat producer to go to hell." The contradictions in his character prompted restaurateur Mike Romanoff to describe him as "a first-class person with an obsessive tendency to behave like a second-class person." Others were not so kind. But Nathaniel Benchley, son of humorist Robert, father of Peter (Jaws) Benchley, has compiled a potpourri of amusing anecdotes, testimonials and bits of trivia that succeed admirably in resolving his enigmatic character. Researched in



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cooperation with Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogon (Little, Brown) stands out as the first really illuminating document on the man, thanks largely to Benchley's knack for choosing anecdotes that are amusing and revealing at the same time. The book abounds with charming little fragments that come together perfectly in the end to form an unforgettably honest character study.

Woody Allen practically created a special brand of comedy, so maybe we expect too much of him—just as we do of Dylan, the various ex-Beatles and most arch supports (of which more later). But his latest collection, Without Feathers (Random House), isn't going to push him many notches upward on that Big



Laugh Meter in the Sky. Most of the pieces in it first appeared in the elegantly gray pages of The New Yorkerand that's where they belong. Encountered at long intervals, one by one, it is easy to enjoy the little blasts of true lunacy in them and ignore what is beginning to smell too familiar. But when they're crammed together here like herring under a hot sun (of which, etc.), the odor gets harder to avoid. Consider: The lead sentence in The Early Essays is "Of all the wonders in nature, a tree in summer is perhaps the most remarkable, with the possible exception of a moose singing Embraceable You in spats." A little cheap, maybe, but not bad. Or so we thought until two short pieces later we came across "a horse that could recite the Gettysburg Address." Hmmm. Especially hmmm when we found the same gag (a "rent-controlled palace") in three separate pieces. We didn't run them through a computer, but our rough meat calculator came up with nine jokes about chickens (in salad, featherless and regular), four blocked hats, three dwarfs,

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Richard Loftin, Washington, D.C.





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two crook-sniffing spiritualists, a variety of gravies and sauces and a scattering of herring, arch supports and embarrassments after death. Before drawing any conclusions, we should remember that Walt Whitman once said, "You say I repeat myself? So I repeat myself." He didn't say that? Well, his boyfriend probably did. And whether Woody Allen is only in love with running gags or, worse, is getting lazy, we modestly would like to offer an energy-saving solution. But before moving to the inevitable cheap-shot finale, we'd like to say that one piece here, The Whore of Mensa, is smart and wonderful ("For fifty bucks, I learned, you could 'relate without getting close.' For a hundred, a girl would lend you her Bartók records, have dinner, and then let you watch while she had an anxiety attack.") and that the two plays, God and Death, are more ambitious and at least get out and chase the edge a little. Neither appeared in The New Yorker. But on to our advice, which concerns the pieces in that magazine. We submit that if Woody were to write the paradigmatic piece including all of his favorites, The New Yorker could simply run it every eight weeks with a different title. It might begin: "One day while jogging in the East 70s with a morose penguin, a Jungian samba instructor ran into a bald dwarf with an overwhelming fear of dying while fondling an arch support immersed in gravy. . . . "

#### THEATER

Tom Eyen, who created The Dirtiest Show in Town and Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down, has now aimed his devilish eye at Women Behind Bars. In this new "film for the stage," he reveals the crude truth behind the romanticized trash that emanated from Hollywood in the Fifties. Take one virgin, entrap her in a crime and toss her into a cell swarming with tough tarts, lecherous lesbians and a murdering grandmother and you have yourself a turn-on. The innocent is "raped by the system" and gang-banged by everyone else in the cast, meanwhile reveling in all the attention. From Eyen's point of view, those stiff old Warner Bros. melodramas avoided such weighty prison questions as where you find sex behind bars (answer: everywhere) and where you hide a chicken in jail (one cluck and it's a dead bird). The characters are cartoons, written and acted with broad slashes. But line up anyway for Pat Ast as a bullish matron, Sharon Ann Barr as a toothsome hooker, Helen Hanft as a brassy ball breaker and Mary-Jenifer Mitchell as the bride stripped bare by her sisters. No holds barred in Women Behind Bars, a screaming travesty, salted with low-down laughs. At the Astor Place, 434 Lafayette Street.

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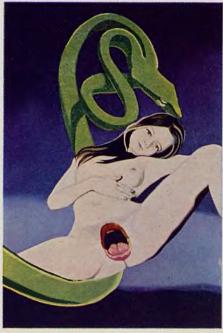
DELUXE LENGTH

### THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I have been together for three years. Our marriage, which at first seemed to have been made in heaven, has broken down completely. I've tried to get her to discuss our problems, but to no avail. She refuses to admit that we have any, and she will not go with me to see a counselor. Divorce seems to be the only answer and, frankly, I want it. My problem is this: Recently, I ran into my best friend's sister. It had been ten years since I'd last seen her and I found her very appealing. She knows I'm married, but she doesn't know my marriage is on the rocks. How do I declare my interest in her? She comes from a good family and is a nice girl. I don't want her to get the wrong idea-that I am just a dissatisfied husband seeking solace or that she would be the other woman. Believe me, I don't want to let her out of my life.-N. J., Burlington, Vermont.

Marriages made in heaven have the same troubles that plague other imported jobs-it's hard to get spare parts and the repair charges are outrageous. We suggest that you keep these affairs separate. Do what is necessary to resolve your marriage-one way or another. Explain the situation to your friend's sister as honestly as possible. When you do talk to her, don't force yourself into a category such as "ex-husband-to-be" or her into one such as "nice girl." Stories tend to come out the way you write them. You might want to ask her brother to act as a gobetween-what are best friends for, anyway? Of course, he may punch you out: "Not with my sister, you don't." Take

For several months, I have been struggling with something that I just don't know how to handle. My girlfriend and I have always respected each other's privacy, but in a weak moment, I let curiosity get the better of me. She has a small metal box that she keeps locked. She told me that it held some personal mementos. I'd always wondered what was in the box, and one night while she was away, I found the key and opened it. Inside were a stack of 35mm slides and a reel of film. I cannot tell you the sinking feeling I had when I saw what was on the transparencies. Her old boyfriend had been a photographer and had obviously taken the pictures-there were shots of my girlfriend without her clothes on. The first few frames of the movie showed her face as she engaged in an act of oral sex. I put everything back where it had been and tried to pretend that nothing had happened, but that hasn't worked. I haven't felt like making love to her since. I can't even kiss her without



thinking of what her lips were doing in that movie. She's never done that with me. She'd always acted so innocent about sex—I thought she was a virgin when we first made love. She never seemed to be interested enough in sex to keep pictures of a guy without clothes. I am afraid of what she will say if I tell her what I did. I'm afraid of what more I might find out. What should I do?—B. M., Syracuse, New York.

Respect for privacy is often used as a front for lack of confidence. One cure is to trade the insecure suspicions of "What we don't know about each other can't hurt us" for the trusting curiosity of "What we find out together is a measure of our strength." It's said that people who keep Pandora's boxes expect them to be opened. We're not sure that's true, but people who want to talk do tend to leave clues-diaries left unlocked or astrological charts circled in the morning papers. (If you can't read my mind, read my horoscope.) Obviously, what you thought about your girlfriend was wrong-that's no excuse for not finding out what she is really like. It won't do to suffer in silence: Confess your actions or ask her to go over the contents of the box with you. If you want to put things in perspective, borrow a trick from Sherlock Holmes: Place a smoke bomb under your bed and see what she tries to saveyou or the box.

One of my friends, who is not too keen on flying to begin with, says that it is very dangerous to fly with a cold or an allergy. He claims that crew members are grounded for their own safety if they have any kind of congestion or ear infection, but he couldn't say why. Is this true?—D. K., Dallas, Texas.

Not quite. As an airplane gains or loses altitude, a difference develops between the pressure inside your ears and the pressure in the cabin; consequently, the eardrum is subject to stress. To correct the situation, a passenger swallows or yawns-air passes through the Eustachian tube to the middle ear and the balance is restored. A cold, allergy or ear infection can clog the Eustachian tube and prevent the equalization of pressure; in some cases, the membrane of the eardrum may rupture. For this reason, airlines advise both crews and passengers to see a doctor if they are planning to fly under the weather. A combination of decongestants and, possibly, antihistamines can make the going easier.

Did Rolls-Royce ever have a factory in the United States? My brother thinks that some left-hand-drive versions of the classic were made in America. True? We have a five-dollar bet on this.—C. M., Palmyra, Pennsylvania.

One of these days, we're going to open an off-track betting house and make some money from all these wagers we settle. Rolls-Royce opened a factory at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1920; the plant produced Silver Ghosts until 1926, then Phantom I's until 1931, when the operation was phased out. (A few Phantoms were assembled from spare parts in 1933.) The Springfield Rolls-Royces were almost identical with their English cousins, except for the left-hand drive. Needless to say, they are prized collector's items and damn good cars.

I've been reading about a Scandinavian sex device called a grope suit. Supposedly, it will keep a woman in an almost constant state of orgasm. Would you know anything about it—for instance, where I could purchase the device?—Miss F. D., Melbourne, Florida.

Grope suits came out of the closet after Alex Comfort devoted a paragraph to them in "Joy of Sex." In case your little brother stole your copy, Comfort describes the attire as a "very tight rubber G string with a thick phallic plug which fits in the vagina and a roughened knob over the clitoris. The bra has small toothed recesses in the cups which grip the nipples and is covered all over inside with soft rubber points. Once it is on, every movement touches a sensitive area." Yee-hah. In spite of publicity, it's almost impossible to find a grope suit

in this country. The Sears catalog doesn't mention one. Frederick's of Hollywood and other lingerie houses seem to be sticking to their nylons. Makes you wonder about capitalism and the law of supply and demand, doesn't it? You might talk the neighborhood tailor into whipping something up out of an old wet suit, a recycled soap dish, a soft hairbrush and a burned-out vibrator. Better yet, invent your own erotic wardrobe: bikinis made out of waist chains, leather thongs, feathered boas, inflated balloonsthe fittings are a gas. In cool weather, an inside-out fur coat is a reliable turnon. If you believe that less is more, try going out on a date without wearing underwear. You'll find that clothes can make a woman.

Last spring, my roommate and I vacationed in California. While we were there, her uncle invited us to dine at his restaurant. He ordered for us, dined with us and made it clear that the meal was on the house. Later, on the drive back to the hotel, my roommate told me that she thought it would have been appropriate for me to tip the waiter, even though we did not see, or pay, the tab. What is the proper etiquette?—C. R., Silver Spring, Maryland.

It is a gentlemanly gesture to offer to take care of the tip when you are treated to dinner, but only because the offer can be refused so gallantly. As a guest, you should never see the check. Should your gesture be accepted by the host, you'll have to estimate the gratuity. Be

generous.

bout a year ago, my husband brought home some stag movies given to him by a friend. One of them showed a beautiful, sexy woman making love to two guys at once. She looked as if she were completely blown away by it, and I longed to be in her place: lying in bed, the guy behind her cupping her breasts, kissing her neck and ears, the other man kneeling between her thighs, kissing her stomach, tugging lightly at her pubic hair with his teeth, performing cunnilingus. It seemed such a tender homage to her body, a total support system for her ecstasy. Later, she accepted both of them and I really spaced out. She had them coming and going. My husband realized my excitement and he used himself and a rubber penis on me during sex that night. I pretended that both were real; the feeling was glorious. Since then, our marriage has gone through a radical change. We spend hours talking, playing and making love. Still, I hunger to make love to my husband and another man at the same time. When we pretend, the effects are the same as the first time. My husband doesn't seem to mind-I think he likes the fact that I enjoy sex more than I ever did before. Do you think I'm overreacting to the film? What would my husband say if he knew I wanted the real thing?—Mrs. S. C., Schenectady, New York.

How about, "Funny you should mention it"? We suspect that your husband has already considered the possibility. He seems quite liberated. Ask him what he had in mind when he brought the films home. Maybe he'll bring the friend along next time. (Then again, maybe he enjoyed a scene showing two women and a man and has another suggestion.) Your reaction to the erotic movie was fairly common. Some women get more turned on recalling what they have seen than they do while actually viewing the movie. The visual image becomes a counterpoint to their own activity-it looks like what they feel like. The fantasy of a ménage à trois has increased your sense of attractiveness and sexual skill; the reality may or may not add to that. Consider the possible consequences; sometimes it does hurt to triangle.

What are my chances of being sterile if I am in my late teens, enjoy a normal sex life (with intercourse more than twice a week and as much as five times in a day) and was kicked or kneed in the groin about 32 times in one month?—W. R., Toronto, Ontario.

Thirty-two times? We just have to ask: Were you a stand-in in a Kung Fu movie? Does your girlfriend get off seeing Neolite stamped on your thigh? Are you putting us on? It's not nice to fool "The Playboy Advisor." Seriously, injuries to the genitals can affect fertility. If you're worried, have your doctor run the appropriate tests.

Recently, I met a young lady who is 19 years old. I am 25 years old and divorced. She is a virgin-we have not had intercourse, but we have engaged in some heavy petting. What concerns me is that she doesn't seem to get turned on by any of my actions. I try the ear and no luck. She doesn't react to the tongue-in-thenavel trick. She does like to have her breasts fondled and kissed, and her nipples do become delightfully erect at times. However, when I play with her vaginal area, she does not even move her hips as if excited. I have asked her what she likes, what really excites her. She says she doesn't know. I am running out of ideas. To top it off, while we are making out and I am busy with her breasts and navel, trying to arouse her, she will start tapping her foot, as if she could care less about what is happening. I have never experienced such frustration. She wants to remain a virgin until she is married but admits that she may not make it. What can I do?-D. C., Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Pleasure is not something you give a partner through technique; it is some-

thing she allows herself to have in your presence. Your girlfriend has apparently made the decision to save it all for marriage, but she doesn't know quite where to draw the line. If she is intimidated by your age difference and sexual experience, she may view all sexual activity as foreplay—i.e., leading up to the one thing she wants to avoid. Consequently, she represses her excitement. For the time being, go easy on setting and pursuing sexual goals. Map the terrain, don't conquer it. When she knows her own borders, she will be more likely to open them.

In a previous answer in *The Playboy Advisor* you mentioned a type of brandy that comes with a whole pear inside the bottle. (The manufacturer apparently ties bottles over each blossom on a pear tree.) I bought some of this brandy, but now I am vexed by one thing. How do I get the pear out?—S. D. S., West Orange, New Jersey.

The pear is there to flavor the brandy; let it be until the bottle is empty. If you want to savor the fruit, use a glass cutter. If you want to save the bottle for your collection of rare glass, use a long, thin knife to section the fruit. Or, better yet, take the worm from the bottom of a bottle of mescal, put it in with the pear and see what happens. If anything does, don't tell anyone.

Have you ever heard of a sexual practice known as "changing water into wine"? My girlfriend asked me if I had ever had it done to or for me. Not really knowing what it was, I answered flippantly that I had not had it done since the days I was an altar boy. She looked at me sort of funny. Did I say the wrong thing?—N. W., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Probably. The water-into-wine trick is yet another variety of that diner's delight—fellatio. The woman fills her mouth with water, then slides her lips around the nearest thing that looks like a swizzle stick. Carefully, so as not to spill a drop, she swirls the water. The motion is that of a connoisseur testing wine or someone using the taste you hate twice a day. The results are substantial. Other beverages can be used—liquors, fruit punches, coffee (pass the cream, please), even wine—although you will have to decide whether the dish deserves a red or a white.

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



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#### THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

#### MEASURE FOR MEASURE

A writer in the May Playboy Forum professes to have measured her lovers' penises to within one one-hundredth of a centimeter. Given the variables involved, that degree of accuracy is impossible without rigorous scientific standards for measuring and reporting. Fortunately for those who are concerned about such information, I have developed just such a set of standards:

1. The age, height, weight and general appearance of the subject should be noted, for the benefit of readers who wish to compile extensive data files.

2. Any dimension should be reported in the customary form  $X \pm Y$ , where X is the measurement in question and Y indicates the upper and lower limits of possible error. E.g., an average organ might be reported as 15.2 centimeters plus or minus 2.5 centimeters.

3. The degree of tumescence should be established; one might ascertain penile blood pressure with a sphygmomanometer. The cuff might be momentarily uncomfortable, but science requires some sacrifices.

4. Forget about diameter; it's virtually meaningless in this context, since it implies a cross-sectional measurement that can be made directly only by using extraordinary means that are likely to excite strenuous objection in the measuree. Some sacrifices are *too* great, even in the name of science. Circumference will suffice quite nicely, anyway, provided the location at which the measurement is taken is reported.

5. Of greater interest would be measurements of volume. Those familiar with integral calculus might lend a hand here, but a simpler technique would utilize Archimedes' principle (a body immersed in a fluid displaces its volume).

6. Finally, some attention should be paid to shapes, curvatures and other eccentricities, as well as to the direction and magnitude of any external forces, including gravity, that might affect size.

When people finally tire of measuring penises, we can distribute do-it-yourself sperm-count kits. But whatever they're gonna measure, let 'em do it right.

G. Babick Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

My penis is ten and a half inches long when erect and almost eight inches in circumference. I have attempted to register it with the Federal Government as a destructive device under the Gun Control Act of 1968, but so far I have had no response from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

(Name withheld by request) Camden, New Jersey

Whether one's penis is big or little, *life* is too short to worry about it.

Joe Cross Memphis, Tennessee

As an engineering student, I think that PLAYBOV could perform a service to the country by giving the Playmates' measurements in centimeters rather than inches. This would help us adjust to the coming changeover from the U. S. system of measurement to the metric system. For example, a 38-24-36-inch Playmate would be 97-61-91 centimeters.

Jon Tapply

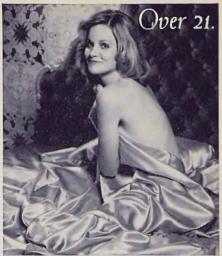
Lunenburg, Massachusetts The fact is we don't publish women's measurements anymore unless they qualify her as a natural wonder-like the Florida stripper we heard about recently who has a 73-inch bust (185 centimeters). And, as the preceding letters indicate, the big issue these days seems to be penis measurements. As it happens, a magazine for professional engineers, titled Measurements & Data News, has been teaching its readers to think metric for several years by publishing photos of PLAYBOY'S Playmates with their dimensions in centimeters. We haven't followed suit, because people read PLAYBOY less for the

#### **AUTOEROTICISM**

A letter about masturbation in the April *Playboy Forum* reminded me of a girl I dated when I was in high school; she and I used to masturbate each other like crazy. It was wonderful. We shared ecstasy, could climax together and never had to worry about pregnancy.

sciences than for the humanities.

One night at a drive-in movie, I discovered that I had forgotten to bring the olive oil we used to lube ourselves when we were getting it on. But a desperate search and some ingenuity produced a can of 30-weight motor oil from the trunk of my father's car. It worked great, except that besides slathering it all over ourselves, we managed to slosh a goodly quantity onto the crushed-velvet seats of Dad's custom chariot. He nearly



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killed me when he saw the stains, which are still there. But now, whenever I lay eyes on the oily residue, the memory of how it got there makes me sexually aroused.

> (Name withheld by request) Vincennes, Indiana

Sounds like an incipient case of lube fetishism: You'll have to be oily to bed, oily to rise.

#### LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Today's books and magazines cite so many varieties of the art of love, some unknown even to Vatsyayana himself, that the names alone fascinate me. So, with apologies to Stephen Vincent Benét:

I have fallen in love with libidinous names.

Not Tucson or Deadwood or Skunktown Garage

But the curious names of lovers' games:

Cunnilingus, fellatio, ligotage

And, of course, the more sociable à trois ménage.

Croupade and cuissade fit like a glove; Postillionage is a marvelous noun.

Pompoir and flanquette are gambits of love.

When it comes to fine oysters, Vienna's the town,

And a good gamahuche will not let you down.

I will not be happy with mere copulation.

Though femoral fucking is more in my line.

I get no release from slow masturbation;

Ticklers and teasers are habits not

Bury my heart in a deep sixty-nine.

(Name withheld by request) Norfolk, Virginia

#### BLUENOSED REDS

I've always felt that there was something basically un-American about those characters who preach that people must be protected from seeing, hearing or reading anything that might turn them on sexually. Now a U.P.I. dispatch from Peking, by R. H. Growald, confirms my notion:

Communism tends to be puritanical. And the Chinese are zealots at it. Here the women dress as men—the blue smock or neck-buttoned tunic and the full trousers. The haircuts are pretty unisex, too. Peking has few billboards. But the women on them are as well-bundled as the children.

Growald quotes one U. S. diplomat as saying, "We're very short of books. What we want is a pornographic novel." And a wife adding, "Hard-core, if you please."

Next time some fool Bible-thumper

#### FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### CONSUMER FRAUD

ILFORD, ENGLAND—A sex-shop owner has been fined \$720 for selling a purported aphrodisiac that produced belches instead of lust. The potion was found to consist of casseine, citric acid and bicarbonate of soda.

#### MORE FEMALE RAPISTS

DENVER—A 27-year-old hitchhiker reported to police that he was picked up and sexually assaulted by three women, including one weighing 180 pounds who



held him in the back seat of their car while another took off his clothes. Afterward, the women, between the ages of 20 and 30, put him out on the highway near the place where they'd picked him up.

#### TRICKY DICKS

LOS ANGELES-The Los Angeles city attorney has refused to prosecute 45 women arrested as prostitutes after they answered a help-wanted ad planted by police. The ad appeared in the Los Angeles Free Press and read, "Sexy hostesses needed for gambling junkets. Entails foreign travel. Expenses paid." About 150 women responded and some 50 of them were sent to a party at which undercover policemen posed as gamblers looking for companions for trips to Las Vegas. The city attorney said that, technically, the police were not guilty of entrapment, but 'it would be extremely difficult to convince a jury of that." Two of the women have filed a \$1,000,000 civil rights damage suit against the police, charging false arrest and imprisonment.

#### ADULTERY DEFINED

washington, b.c.—In a complicated deportation case involving a Korean student who had a mistress in Chicago and a wife back home, a U.S. Court of Appeals reaffirmed an old Federal definition of adultery. The issue was whether the student—facing deportation on a technicality—was a person "of good

moral character," and the court found that state laws on the subject were confused and contradictory: "A number of states follow the common-law rule that adultery depends upon the married status of the woman without regard to the marital status of the man. Others require open notorious cohabitation. Still others have adopted the ecclesiastical rule that only the married party to the extramarital relationship is guilty of adultery." And still others, sighed the court, "hold that adultery is committed if either party is married." Finally, the court went back to an earlier Federal case and found adultery to be "extramarital intercourse that tends to destroy an existing viable marriage, and that would represent a threat to public morality." The student's relationship didn't do either of those things, the court decided, and so he is eligible to leave the country voluntarily rather than be deported, which would preclude his ever returning.

#### THE LONG NOSE OF THE LAW

SAN FRANCISCO-In its first interpretation of California's right-to-privacy law, the state supreme court has ruled that police cannot pose as students merely to compile intelligence reports on other students and university professors. The court held unanimously that, in the absence of a "compelling state interest," such undercover surveillance violates state and Federal constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, as well as the state's constitutional amendment on privacy, passed by popular vote in 1972. The ruling came down in the case of a UCLA history professor who had charged in a taxpayer's suit that police spies had been attending his classes, going to campus meetings and infiltrating university-recognized organizations. The court's decision sends the case back to trial to determine if the surveillance is justified. The court expressed a "strong suspicion . . . that the gathered material, preserved in 'police dossiers,' may be largely unnecessary for any legitimate, let alone 'compelling,' governmental interests."

#### OVERSEARCH

BROOKLYN—A 26-year-old mother of three, arrested for nonpayment of a \$15 traffic ticket and forced to strip for a vaginal and rectal search, has filed a \$1,100,000 damage suit against Suffolk County and various police personnel involved in the case. The suit also seeks a restraining order barring such searches in connection with minor offenses.

A jury in Bellevue, Washington, has awarded damages of \$5000.15 to a woman who was arrested, booked, fingerprinted and photographed by police for failure to pay a traffic ticket when, in fact, she had already paid it. The 15 cents, the jury foreman said, was for the call she made after her arrest; the police had made her use a pay telephone.

#### PERPETUAL PREGNANCY

SASSARI, ITALY—Under Italian law, a woman cannot be jailed while pregnant nor just after childbirth, and that provision has inspired the wife of a Sardinian street cleaner to set some kind of



procreative record. Convicted years ago of fraud and forgery, she has remained almost continuously pregnant, recently giving birth to her 18th baby, a boy.

#### CHURCH VS. FEMINISTS

SAN DIEGO-The National Organization for Women has accused the Most Reverend Leo Maher, bishop of the San Diego diocese, of attempting to "spiritually disenfranchise" women by denying Communion to members of NOW or any other group that supports the right to abortion. The bishop's order was contained in a pastoral letter to priests in 178 parishes, and he attacked NOW for its "shameless agitation" for legal abortion, adding that membership in the organization constituted "a serious moral crime." On the Sunday after the order became effective, more than 80 people wearing NOW pins were refused Communion at churches in the diocese.

#### WACKY WHEELS OF JUSTICE

PORTLAND, OREGON—First, the Portland police decided to test the honesty of citizens by using Federal anticrime funds to purchase \$3500 worth of television and stereo equipment and offer it for sale as stolen merchandise through undercover agents, who easily found customers in bars and taverns. Then the police charged the purchasers with attempted first-degree theft. Eight people were convicted and several cases are still pending. Now, however, a deputy district

attorney has decided that, because the equipment was in fact not stolen, "the civil contract created by the sale of the sets was not affected by the prosecution of the buyers." So the buyers get to keep their sets if they are willing to make up the difference between the price they paid and the wholesale price paid by the police—so the city doesn't lose money. The presiding county judge said that this "served the ends of justice, but I have never seen cases like this before."

#### DARK DAYS FOR THE DEA

WASHINGTON, D.C .- The resignation of John R. Bartels, Jr., as director of the Drug Enforcement Administration has increased speculation that the agency may be disbanded. The DEA was established in 1973 by President Nixon as a Justice Department superagency to consolidate Government narcotics-control programs for the enforcement of Federal drug laws and the combating of heroin traffic. Since then, frequent charges of graft, hiring and promotion irregularities, poor persormance and Gestapostyle tactics have brought it under investigation by both the Justice Department and Vice-President Rockefeller's Domestic Council. Bartels' resignation adds weight to charges of "gross corruption" and mismanagement, and the New York Post reports that the DEA's work may be divided among the FBI, the Food and Drug Administration and the U.S. Customs Service.

#### MAN'S BEST FRIEND

LOS ANGELES—A Federal district judge has ruled that the drug-sniffing dogs used by U.S. Customs are not only efficient and effective but, in some cases, constitute an illegal invasion of privacy. In the case of 1525 pounds of marijuana found in a truck parked at a Santa Ana gas station, the judge ruled that while dogs legally



may be used to examine autos and luggage at border crossings and airports where citizens expect searches, they cannot be taken onto private property without probable cause. Such use of dogs, the court held, violates constitutional rights against illegal search and seizure.

starts howling against porn, he should be unmasked for what he is: a fellowtraveling Bolshie dupe. Censorship is a Commie plot.

> George Hayes Cincinnati, Ohio

#### CLEMENCY: PROMISE AND REALITY

After living in Canada for six years as a draft resister, I was induced by the President's clemency plan to return to the U.S. The decision to come back was a difficult one, complicated by the fact that I have a wife and a daughter to support, and I pondered it for several months. But numerous letters to officials and a telephone call to the U.S. Attorney's office in San Diego finally convinced me that I wouldn't have to worry; I was told that the length of time I would have to devote to alternative service would be determined quickly and that I would begin working almost immediately in some capacity that would adequately support me and my family. We were also assured by the U.S. Immigration Service that my wife, a Canadian citizen by birth, who had lived in the U.S. from the age of three until we fled to Canada, would have no problems returning to the U.S.

The reality bears no resemblance to the promises. After I turned myself in, a month passed before I had the hearing to set my length of service—six months. I was given a month to look for a job on my own, but none I found met all the conditions of the clemency program. Nor has Selective Service turned up anything in the several subsequent months. We are out of money, sinking ever deeper into debt and, to top things off, the Immigration Service has forgotten its assurances and has given my wife 30 days to get out of the country before it issues a deportation order.

One can't help wondering whether the people who set up this program really want it to work.

> Hugh Peebles La Mesa, California

#### THE BIG EYE

Back in the late Sixties, when I was 16, a class project led me to communicate with the National Socialist White People's Party (formerly the American Nazi Party). Subsequently, I worked at its national headquarters for a few months, until I quit to join the Army.

Everything went smoothly in the Army until just before I was to graduate from basic training, at which point I learned that my association with the N.S.W.P.P. was being investigated by the FBI. When I asked about the fuss over my discontinued work for a nonsubversive organization, I was told to mind my own business. That wasn't the last security check on me. The Army's Criminal Investigations Division did one while I was in quartermaster school that resulted in

my getting the lowest security clearance the Army offers; then I was stationed safely out of the way in Alaska.

Doubts about my loyalty followed me, and in Alaska I discovered the file the Government had compiled on me, including photos of me at various demonstrations I'd attended with the Nazis and a stack of paper at least an inch thick. During several encounters with military intelligence, I refused to admit being a spy or being involved with any subversive organization. But my dossier followed me to my next post, Fort Richardson, and to Fort Hood, from where I was discharged. Just before discharge, I requested that the file be destroyed, but the Army flatly refused, nor would it allow me to see what was in it.

Thus, after nearly four years in the service of my country, during which time I advanced to the rank of E-5 and received six letters of commendation, the Government still maintains a classified file on me, whose contents it refuses to divulge. One wonders how many other Americans are the subjects of secret dossiers.

It's a bit disconcerting to contemplate the fact that if PLAYBOY publishes this letter, somewhere, in some remote office building, some faceless Government employee will doubtless put a copy of it into my file.

> William R. Humes III Magnolia, New Jersey

#### EXPLOITED COUNTRY FOLKS

It was kind of John Hawkins to defend the rights of the "simple hillbillies" of West Virginia to remain simple hillbillies (The Playboy Forum, April). If I understand him correctly, they are being exploited by a group of snobbish metropolitan intellectuals who keep them digging coal at coolie wages so their misery can provide material for countryand-western songwriters. Hawkins assumes that it is these downtrodden folks who are behind the Kanawha County antitextbook drive, and that they're motivated not so much by concern about the textbooks as by a desire to strike back at those who oppress them. Actually, though, it isn't the simple hillbillies of West Virginia who are against the textbooks; it's a small, fanatical minority. Even this minority is not powerless, as Hawkins suggests. The antitextbook zealots already possess the power to keep objectionable books away from their children. That's not what they're after; they want all children prevented from reading them.

Hawkins' sympathies are misplaced. It isn't necessary, even for poor country people, to use lawbreaking and violence to protect their values. The "plain people" of neighboring Pennsylvania have preserved their beliefs and lifestyle

for hundreds of years without guns, dynamite or mob action.

> Laura Walker Beckley, West Virginia

#### COMFORT'S GOSPEL

A letter in the May Playboy Forum by an 18-year-old man, who hasn't got the common sense that God gave to a goose, states that he disagrees with my belief that anal intercourse is unnatural. It isn't me with whom he is disagreeing but the inspired Word of God. This teenager would rather believe what a doctor, Alex Comfort, says in The Joy of Sex than what God says in the Holy Bible. I stated in my letter in the January Playboy Forum that surely no one would be foolish enough to argue with the Scriptures. Well, it seems that someone was stupid enough to do just that. Now, if The Playboy Forum will just publish this letter, it will be a job well done, as the Scriptures can always use a good right arm.

Kenny R. Richter Bobtown, Pennsylvania

That's us!

#### THE BACK ROAD

A year ago, I would have been repelled by the idea of putting my penis into a woman's rectum. I would have agreed with the 18-year-old who wrote in the May Playboy Forum that any harmless sexual behavior that satisfies all parties is natural; but I would have added that anal intercourse was not for me.

That was before I met my current girlfriend. She told me that her previous lover, an Englishman, had enjoyed buggering her (as he called it) about half the time they made love. I mention the fact that he was an Englishman because I've heard that the English have a propensity for this practice, though I've no way of knowing whether that's true. He taught her how to relax the muscles of her anal sphincter so as to receive a penis without pain, and she soon found that she enjoyed it. I didn't mind hearing about all this, but why anyone should want to do it was, pardon the pun, Greek to me.

My girl and I like to vary positions often, and one day she was sitting astride me, riding my peg with her back toward me, a position I like because I can watch the muscles in her beautiful back and ass working while I reach around and squeeze her breasts. Suddenly, she raised herself up and released my penis, and when she came down again, I knew that I was in a different place. I discovered that it was a place I liked. The sensation was that of having the shaft of my penis in a tight, pulsating grip. The rhythmic contractions of her anus as it moved up and down were exquisitely pleasurable. Seeing my penis plunged into my girl's ass, I suddenly realized what buttocks are all about-they're a setting for that delightful orifice. I still felt a sense that what we were doing was somehow dirty, but that only added to the excitement. I came quickly and with great intensity, and I had to get her to hold still for a minute, because my pleasure-pain in the aftermath of orgasm was unbearable.

My girl doesn't come when we have anal intercourse, unless I bring her to orgasm with my fingers, but she finds that it arouses her greatly and prepares her for more sex. Often, after I come, I go down on her. We like to have anal intercourse once or twice a month, keeping it sort of a special occasion.

I certainly wouldn't recommend anyone's trying anal intercourse out of a sense of duty to the sexual revolution. But I've learned that it doesn't pay to be too sure about what you don't like until you've tried it at least once.

> (Name withheld by request) Juneau, Alaska

#### ANNE'S FRENCH CONNECTION

Ed Moore suggests in the May Playboy Forum that so-called French kissing must be of English origin, because Anne Boleyn was accused of practicing it. Perhaps Ed doesn't know that Anne spent some of her formative years in France, where she probably had a lot of opportunities to learn about kissing with her tongue.

Erla Zwingle New York, New York

#### THREE IN A BED

Like the woman who wrote the letter "Bitter to Better" in the April Playboy Forum, I found that taking in an outside sexual partner improved my marriage. Unlike her, though, I had to deal with my husband's disapproval. For years, I had wanted to have a sexually open marriage, and I had tried to talk it over with my husband, only to find him totally unreceptive to the idea. Finally, I decided just to go ahead on my own.

One afternoon, my husband came home and found me in bed with a young man who lived in an apartment down the hall from ours. I was on top, pumping up and down, and when I saw my husband at the bedroom door, I was so startled that I pulled free. It happened that my partner was coming just at that moment. He ejaculated all over my tummy. To my surprise and great relief, my husband did not blow up. Instead, he was aroused by the spectacle. He quickly took off his clothes and joined us in bed.

Later he explained that he'd rejected my proposals for a sexually free marriage because he was afraid of his own bisexual feelings. He thought he might be attracted to my partners. Faced with a fait accompli, he realized that he was, but he decided to say, as it were, fuck it.

I suspect that I unconsciously set things up so as to be discovered in the act by my husband. There was no other way I could communicate to him how desperate I felt at the thought of life slipping by and so much pleasure being lost to us in our self-imposed prison of monogamy. Since then, we've found several people, male and female, who like to join us in sex from time to time. We're still experimenting and the future, instead of being predictable and boring, is unknown and exciting. I'm glad I acted as I did; it freed us both.

(Name withheld by request) Chicago, Illinois

#### SEX CHANGES

During the past few years, I've conducted extensive interviews with 17 people who underwent male-to-female sex-change operations at the University of Minnesota, and I've gotten more data from a number of other transsexuals. I wanted to learn about their social adjustment to their new gender identity. Clinical, medical and psychiatric material about transsexuals abounds, but my study, which is reported in my book Sex Change: The Achievement of Gender Identity by Feminized Transsexuals, is the only in-depth description of the social lives and inner feelings of feminized transsexuals.

Sex-change technology has now been perfected to the point where a majority of postoperative patients have well functioning vaginas or penises. These people range from slightly odd-looking to superb specimens who can go totally undetected; and in all but a few cases, they claim to be far happier now than before their sex change. At the time of the interviews, the subjects, who ranged in age from 21 to 55, had been feminized from two weeks to two years. By then, four were married, including one whose husband did not know she had once been a man.

I found four basic ways of adjusting to being female:

The housewife type. She is the most typical transsexual. She desires respectability above all else and views marriage, motherhood and housewifely roles as the true fulfillment of femininity. She will attempt to pass for a natural-born female to avoid stigmatization.

The stripper type. She is at the opposite end of the continuum. Unlike the housewife, the stripper does not conceal herself, her body, her identity. Stigma becomes asset, as when the stripper appears in downtown shows, advertising herself as a sex change, flaunting what the housewife tries to conceal.

The aspiring housewife. This transsexual also subscribes to traditional cultural sex definitions, but, for a variety of reasons (less-than-successful sex surgery, older age, extreme masculine features to begin with), she isn't attractive enough to land a husband and fulfill her dreams. The career woman. A few transsexuals are attuned to the winds of ideological fashion. They exhibit a healthy indifference to respectability and bourgeois lifestyle yet remain aloof from the underworld subculture of the stripper type. They don't try to pass, nor do they call unnecessary attention to their sex change. The career woman's educational level is high; her work is her central life interest and it is frequently of a creative, scientific or executive nature.

Overall, feminized transsexuals might be called the Uncle Toms of the sexual revolution. Unlike feminists, gay liberation and other branches of that revolution, transsexuals are sexually conservative, even reactionary. I constructed masculinity-femininity scale and found significant differences between the patients and matched groups of naturalborn females. Not only did the transsexuals turn out to be more unliberated than the women but they were more chauvinistic than the men. They overwhelmingly feel that women belong in the home, in the kitchen, with the children. This is understandable. Transsexual conversion, like any other major change in status, entails an irretrievable investment of one's life. It is a basic law of social psychology that when all bridges to a former status or identity have been burned, the new status must be embraced with unconditional loyalty and commitment. The feminized transsexual wants nothing to do with women's lib, which she sees as a movement to masculinize women.

> Thomas M. Kando Associate Professor of Sociology California State University Sacramento, California

#### HAIR FREAK

Have any of your Forum readers ever encountered a woman who had a fetish-I guess you would call it-for hair? I've heard of people who were into feet, but last winter in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, I got hooked up with a most intelligent, charming and attractive ski freak who was so turned on to my shoulderlength hair that all our sexual activities began with her using my hair to stimulate herself. Since my hair attaches to my head, I was in a good position to progress to cunt licking, and we invariably ended up with a good, old-fashioned screw; but that was always the way we got things started. I fell in love with her and wanted to pursue matters further after our vacations ended, but it turned out that she hadn't given me her real name or address.

> (Name withheld by request) Battle Creek, Michigan

#### WINNER BY A HAIR

My son Lee, a 17-year-old senior at Holtville High School, was thrown off the school's tennis team because he refused to have his hair cut to a length acceptable to the coaching staff and school authorities. After exploring without success every other way to resolve the conflict, Lee, with my support, got a lawyer to defend him against what he saw as an attack on his rights. Thanks to recent U. S. Supreme Court decisions and a ruling by a local superior-court judge, the school board decided that it could not uphold the coaches' short-hair rule. The coaches then withdrew the regulation.

It's good to know that young people in public schools are not subject to the capricious whims of school officials and that they are, like all Americans, protected by the U.S. Constitution.

Norm Pliscou Holtville, California

#### SCREWED IN VEGAS

On a business trip to Las Vegas, I noticed that the local newspaper was full of ads offering love for sale, with lines such as "It's legal in Nevada, why be alone?" It sounded interesting, so I decided to give it a whirl.

When I arrived at the place I'd chosen and told the attractive hostess why I was there, she said a half hour with the girl of my choice would cost \$50, plus tip. As it happened, there was only one girl working at the time, and she told me her usual tip was at least \$85. I asked what that included; she said anything I wanted. The price was getting steep for 30 minutes' pleasure, but I paid her after we'd agreed on oral and regular intercourse. We went into a room furnished only with two beanbag chairs and I started to remove my clothes, whereupon the girl informed me that the rules didn't permit that. I allowed as how it seemed unnecessarily difficult to screw fully clothed, to which she replied, "Oh, this is just a talk session. Selling love is legal in some parts of Nevada, but not in Las Vegas." When I left, the hostess had been replaced by a hulking gorilla who calmly told me there were no refunds. I suppose I could have called the police, but, being married, I didn't want to take a chance on having the story printed in my hometown newspaper.

Las Vegas is a great place for fun; but if you want to fuck, you'd better find a girl on your own. If you want to throw away \$135, as I did, put it into a slot machine, where at least you have some chance to score.

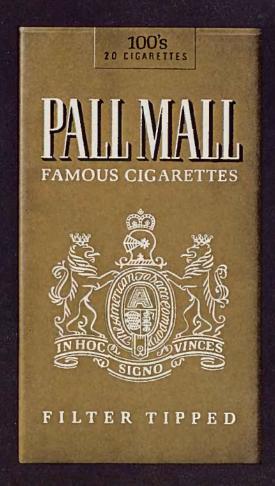
(Name withheld by request) St. Louis, Missouri

#### DEATH OF A JAILER

I feel that everything possible should be done to support the defense of Joanne Little, a 20-year-old black woman who escaped from her cell in Beaufort County, North Carolina, after stabbing her jailer to death with an ice pick. She has pleaded self-defense. These facts support (concluded on page 170)

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PHILIP AGEE

a candid conversation with the only cia field officer ever to tell all about "the company's" operations abroad and to expose agents by name

Flinching under an almost daily assault of headlines accusing the Central Intelligence Agency of everything from domestic spying to foreign coups and assassinations (with an occasional submarine-raising scheme out of Jules Verne), Americans—and the rest of the world—may well wish for the more innocent era of 1929, when Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson abolished an early version of the U.S. intelligence service, noting with a sniff that "gentlemen don't read other

people's mail."

The CIA, it has become obvious, has no such scruples about the sanctity of private correspondence—nor about a host of other things. What it does subscribe to is a code of secrecy, and that code has nowhere been more deliberately flouted than in the publication, first by Penguin Books in Britain and, last month, by Stonehill Publishing Company in the U.S. of a detailed exposé, "Inside the Company: CIA Diary." Its author is Philip Agee, a 40-year-old Notre Dame graduate with a degree in philosophy who spent 12 years in the agency, nine of them as a field officer in Ecuador, Uruguay and Mexico. Though other CIA officers have written about their experiences, Agee is the first to have

challenged the entire apparatus by publishing without GIA approval or censorship.

There had, of course, been previous flaps, earlier leaks about the CIA. The 1961 Bay of Pigs disaster exposed the agency's hand—which was all thumbs—in an abortive invasion of Cuba; in 1966, Ramparts magazine revealed a massive CIA attempt to co-opt leading universities, foundations and even the National Student Association with covert financial

Because of the subject's importance, we are accompanying this month's Playboy Interview of ex-CIA officer Philip Agee with statements on other aspects of the agency's functions by three experts in their fields: John Marks, co-author of The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence, who discusses the CIA's vast empire of proprietary business firms; Fred Branfman, codirector of the Indochina Resource Center, who has conducted extensive research on the CIA-directed secret war in Laos; and Kenneth Barton Osborn, former military-intelligence operative in Vietnam, who cooperated with the CIA's Phoenix program of authorized political assassinations.

support. In 1974, after previous CIA director Richard Helms had denied to a Senate committee that the CIA had had anything to do with the rightist coup that assassinated Salvador Allende Gossens, the Marxist president of Chile, CIA director William Colby was forced to admit that the agency had, indeed, spent \$8,000,000 to "destabilize" the Allende government. Helms later retracted his testimony and may face perjury charges.

Watergate opened a fresh can of dragons. Implicated in the scandal through its connections with E. Howard Hunt and his plumbers, the agency managed for three years to avert investigation of its domestic activities by an adroit combination of admissions, denials and appeals to national security. But on December 23, 1974, Seymour Hersh reported in The New York Times that the CIA had been spying on 10,000 U.S. radicals and other citizens—among them Congressmen and Government officialsall in violation of its charter, which forbids it to conduct operations inside the U.S. Glumly, the agency admitted that Hersh was right-and millions of Americans who had comfortably assumed that the CIA's immorality, if it existed, at least stopped at the water line realized



"We ran over Ecuador like a steam roller. It was like living a fantasy of absolute power. That's one of the insidious things about the CIA. You can get hooked on your own adrenaline."



"When the history of the CIA's support of torturers gets written—in Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Portugal, Greece, Iran, Indonesia, above all in Vietnam—my God, it'll be the all-time horror story."



GEORGE HUNTER

"The CIA claims that secrecy is necessary to hide what it's doing from enemies of the United States. I claim that the real reason for secrecy is to hide what the CIA is doing from the American people." with alarm that the U. S. was much closer than they had supposed to becoming a police state.

Within weeks, three Federal investigations of the CIA were under way. The White House set up a panel headed by Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller, several members of which—including Rockefeller—had previous ties to the CIA. A Senate committee headed by Idaho's Frank Church and a House committee led by Michigan's Lucien N. Nedzi seem likely to be more objective.

As the investigations cranked up, charges old and new kept surfacing on front pages. The CIA, rumor had it, had assassinated Jack and Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Rafael Trujillo, Ngo Dinh Diem, Patrice Lumumba. The CIA had collaborated with the Mafia in an attempt to assassinate Fidel Castro. The CIA had once sent out three murder teams at the same time to waste Gamal Abdel Nasser. The CIA had arranged President Nixon's downfall. On the orders of Attorney General John Mitchell, the CIA had sprung Robert Vesco from a Swiss prison. The CIA owns and operates hundreds of private corporations that in some cases return enormous profits. The CIA is even now setting up an invasion of Portugal from bases in Spain.

Agee's charges in "Inside the Company: CIA Diary" are less sensational and, perhaps because of that, more devastating to the CIA. A careful man, he published nothing he could not document. And he named names—some 250 of them, CIA officers and agents—in what he hopes will be a first step toward the abolition of the CIA through exposure of its functionaries.

Clearly fearful that Agee's may be only the first of many security-breaching revelations by conscience-stricken CIA operatives, the agency has taken or threatened to take strong measures to discredit, impoverish and otherwise punish its most openly rebellious renegade. Reports have been leaked to the press that Agee has passed information to the Soviet secret police. CIA director Colby, having been sustained by the Supreme Court in his battle to censor a far less damaging book ("The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence," written by former CIA officer Victor Marchetti in collaboration with John Marks), vowed to try to prevent publication of "CIA Diary" in the United States. Colby also seems likely, if Agee dares to return to this country, to demand his indictment under national-security statutes for publishing official secrets.

So far, Agee has not decided whether or not to take up the fight where Daniel Ellsberg dropped it and thoroughly test the constitutionality of those statutes. He is currently living in Cornwall, England, with his two children by a former marriage and a young Brazilian woman who was tortured and imprisoned by a CIA-supported regime in her country. Recently, however,

Agee made a two-week trip to Toronto to promote the Canadian edition of his book, which ran through its first printing in seven days. There he was interviewed for PLAYBOY by Brad Darrach, who had conducted the February "Playboy Interview" with Mel Brooks. Darrach's description of the encounter:

"A person in his late 30s or early 40s was sitting in a far corner of the lobby reading a newspaper when I walked into the Toronto hotel where Philip Agee was staying. While I was checking in, I asked for the number of Agee's room and, a moment later, happened to drop my copy of his book on the floor. As I bent down to pick it up, I saw that the newspaper had been lowered and the person in the corner was watching me closely. When he saw me looking at him, he looked away.

"The next morning, I met Agee, a prototypal Black Irishman: stocky, squarefaced, with thick black eyebrows and a good head of wavy black hair. His eyes are practically black, too, and steady; his voice deep, clear, hard but capable of subtlety. At first, Agee comes off as a man of action; as he talks, it quickly appears that he is intellectual, too. But not speculative. He has a practical, no-nonsense mind-perhaps in some ways a narrow mind. It grew on me as we talked that one view of the world is all that Agee can or will hold in his awareness at one time, and for him, that view is The Truth. There is a touch of the fanatic about Agee, but no more than a touch. He believes as passionately in socialism now as he believed in ClAism as a young man and in Catholicism as a schoolboy in Tampa, and he is convinced that what he sees as the evil, fragmented world of capitalism will someday be replaced by a shining universe of socialism.

"Do I make Agee seem an impractical idealist? He isn't. Twelve years in the CIA and six years as a fugitive have taught him cunning. In the thickest crowd he can spot a tail, and in a matter of minutes he can sense whether or not a new acquaintance is a CIA plant. 'Once a spook,' they say in the CIA, 'always a paranoid.' Except with the few people he totally trusts, Agee conceals his thoughts and feelings behind a plausible mask of easygoing naturalness. Curiously, that mask seems to serve two purposes. It prevents the world from penetrating his reserve and it prevents him from penetrating certain areas of his own psyche. In an era of galloping introspection, Agee is resolutely unself-knowing, an oldfashioned, Jesuit-trained layman who thinks feelings are something a man hides or controls.

"Most of our interview took place in Agee's hotel room, which a good deal of the time was crowded with TV and newspaper reporters, publishers' representatives, leaders of citizens' groups, former intelligence officers, historians in search of CIA data. When we went out to eat or

do some shopping, we were shadowed, sometimes by the nondescript person I had seen in the lobby, sometimes by a younger man who on one occasion wore a modish suede coat and a mustache and on another a lumpy old Burberry and glasses. Agee didn't seem to mind, but it put me rather on edge. So I raised the subject of surveillance as the interview began."

PLAYBOY: Are you in danger here?

**AGEE:** Probably not. If they tried any rough stuff, it would have to look like an accident, and if anybody slipped up, there would be a very big flap.

PLAYBOY: Is the room bugged?

AGEE: I doubt it. Too much trouble for a short visit. But the phone may be tapped. The hell with them. Let's talk.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you like having the Central Intelligence Agency breathing down your neck?

AGEE: Not much. That's a dangerous bunch of people to tangle with. I don't want to sound as if I think I'm a hero. I'm not. I just think something's got to be done about the CIA. Remember, I'm not the first ex-CIA man to come out against the agency. Victor Marchetti was the first. But while he was fighting to get his book published, I was working fast and furiously on mine in secret.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to blow the whistle on the CIA?

AGEE: I finally understood, after 12 years with the agency, how much suffering it was causing, that millions of people all over the world had been killed or at least had had their lives destroyed by the CIA and the institutions it supports. I just couldn't sit by and do nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** Millions of people? Aren't you overstating the case?

**AGEE:** I wish I were. Even after the revelations we've had so far, people still don't understand what a huge, powerful and sinister organization the CIA is.

PLAYBOY: How big is it?

AGEE: In my opinion, it's the biggest and most powerful secret service that has ever existed. I don't know how big the K.G.B. is inside the Soviet Union, but its international operation is small compared with the CIA's. It's known now that the CIA has 16,500 employees and an annual budget of \$750,000,000. But that's not counting its mercenary armies, its commercial subsidiaries. Add them all together, the agency employs or subsidizes hundreds of thousands of people and spends more like billions every year. Even its official budget is secret; it's concealed in those of other Federal agencies. Nobody tells the Congress what the CIA spends. By law, the CIA isn't accountable to Congress. Not for anything.

PLAYBOY: To whom is it accountable?

AGEE: To the National Security Council, which is composed of the President and officials chosen by him. So it's really an instrument of the President to use in any

way he pleases. If there are legal restraints on this, I don't know of them. It's frightening, but it's a fact: The CIA is the President's secret army.

PLAYBOY: What does this army do?

AGEE: To understand that, you have to understand why the CIA was set up. There are two reasons: the official reason, as set forth in the National Security Act of 1947, which authorized the CIA to collect and analyze foreign intelligence, and the real reason, which was carefully hidden. There was a sleeper clause in the National Security Act, allowing the CIA to "perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the NSC may from time to time direct." Right from the start, it was those "other functions" that occupied most of the CIA's time. And money.

PLAYBOY: Just what are those other functions?

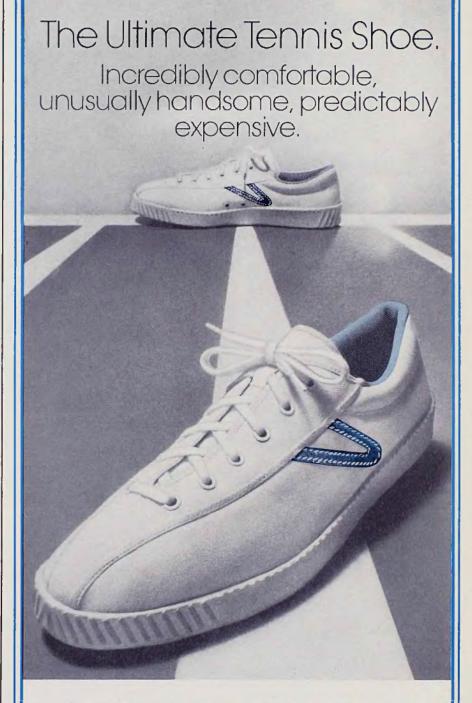
AGEE: Covert action. The dagger inside the cloak. It's a form of intervention somewhere between correct, polite diplomacy and outright military invasion. Covert action is the real reason for the CIA's existence, and it was born out of political and economic necessity.

**PLAYBOY:** What does covert action have to do with economics?

AGEE: Think back to the end of World War Two. The United States faced a really alarming economic crisis. In 1945, 11,000,000 men were still under armsand out of the work force. Even so, production was more than double what it had been in the best prewar year. But then something scary happened. In the first six months after the war ended, production was cut in half and unemployment shot up from 830,000 to 2,700,000. In six months! It looked as if the U.S. might have won the war only to fall back into a depression. And the people who were running the country, politicians and those who later became known as the military-industrial complex, were badly frightened. Somehow they had to create 11,000,000 new jobs or face catastrophe. So they decided to reconstruct the European and Japanese economies, thus providing new markets for the U.S., and adopted the "containment" policies of such military alliances as NATO that brought on the Cold War.

**PLAYBOY:** Wait a minute. Are you saying that we started the Cold War? Didn't the Russians have something to do with it?

AGEE: I'm saying that when World War Two ended, U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union came to be dominated by the anti-Soviet school in the State Department led by George Kennan and Chip Bohlen, who were convinced that the Soviets wanted to conquer the world. Such a foreign policy meant that revolutionary socialism must be opposed, with arms if necessary, wherever it appeared, because the Soviets were supposed to be behind it all. Sure, the Soviets also



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helped start the Cold War; they were aggressive and they reneged on agreements. Militarily, though, they were much weaker in those days than the U.S. public was led to believe. But the scenario of an innocent and defensive America struggling to save the world from Communist dictatorship provided the rationalization for the dominance of foreign economies by American companies. This was the CIA's main mission, to guarantee a favorable foreign-investment climate for U.S. industry. You see, the U.S. market isn't big enough to support the kind of production we need to keep unemployment down to so-called acceptable levels. We've got to exportfinance capital as well as products-or die. But where were our markets when the CIA was established? Europe was in ruins. Japan was flat on its back. Reconstruction of those economies would re-create those markets.

PLAYBOY: Do you discount America's humanitarian motives in rebuilding Europe

and Japan?

AGEE: No. Most Americans, I think, felt a generous, really unselfish obligation to help the people whose countries had been devastated by the war. But European Communists opposed the Marshall Plan because they understood that U.S. economic domination would accompany it. So the CIA's covert-action operations began as secret political warfare against those people who opposed the Marshall Plan. For example, the CIA broke dock strikes against Marshall Plan aid, got non-Communist labor unions to withdraw from the World Confederation of Trade Unions and establish the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. All this, of course, with the help of George Meany, who-

PLAYBOY: You're saying that the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is a CIA collaborator? AGEE: One of the most effective. For almost 30 years, he has helped the CIA pour money and agents into the "free world" labor movement. By the Fifties, unions supported by the CIA had become a pretty effective counterweight to the ones controlled by Communists in western Europe. This meant 20 years of relative labor peace during which U.S. companies and their local counterparts could consolidate investments. But those labor-union penetrations were only the beginning of The Company's covert actions.

PLAYBOY: The Company?

AGEE: To the people who work for it, the CIA is known as The Company. The Big Business mentality pervades everything. Agents, for instance, are called assets. The man in charge of the United Kingdom desk is said to have the "U.K. account." But, as I was going to say, The Company has conducted covert actions all over the world. In the Forties and early Fifties, it operated mainly in Europe. In the late Fifties and Sixties, emphasis shifted to the Third World: Africa, Asia, Latin America, the Middle East. These operations are carried out at different levels of intensity, of course. Not all of them are violent. Sometimes The Company forges documents or spreads false rumors and untrue news stories-what it calls disinformation. The Company sends hecklers to public meetings, pays strikebreakers and industrial spies, organizes propaganda services like Radio Free Europe, launders millions of dollars' worth of dirty cash each year. It has also spent huge amounts to buy elections and overthrow liberal or socialist or nationalist governments-or to prop up repressive regimes. But The Company gets into a lot of violence, too. It trains and equips saboteurs and bomb squads. The police and military-intelligence services of many countries are trained, financed and controlled by the CIA. Worse than that, The Company has assassinated thousands of people, some of them famous, most of them unknown. If it has to, it will conduct paramilitary campaigns and even fullscale wars. You name it, the CIA does it.

PLAYBOY: Those are sensational but very general accusations. Can you give specific

examples of such actions?

AGEE: Sure. In the past 25 years, the CIA has been involved in plots to overthrow governments in Iran, the Sudan, Syria, Guatemala, Ecuador, Guyana, Zaïre and Ghana. Will that do for starters? In Greece, the CIA participated in bringing in the repressive and stupid regime of the colonels. In Brazil, the CIA worked to install a regime that tortures children to make their parents confess their political activities. In Chile, The Company spent millions to "destabilize"-that's the Company word-the Allende government and set up the military junta, which has since massacred tens of thousands of workers, students, liberals and leftists. And there is a very strong probability that the CIA station in Chile helped supply the assassination lists. In Indonesia in 1965, The Company was behind an even bloodier coup, the one that got rid of Sukarno and led to the slaughter of at least 500,000 and possibly 1,000,000 people. In the Dominican Republic-you want more?-the CIA arranged the assassination of the dictator Rafael Trujillo and later participated in the invasion that prevented the return to power of the liberal ex-president Juan Bosch. And in Cuba, of course, The Company paid for and directed the invasion that failed at the Bay of Pigs. Some time later, the CIA had a go at assassinating Fidel Castro. That one was close, but no cigar.

PLAYBOY: What you are saying is that the CIA can overthrow governments practically at its pleasure. How is that possible?

AGEE: It's not a question of snapping fingers and telling some generals, "Now's the time, boys." What the CIA does is to work carefully, usually over several years' time, to undermine those governments whose policies are unfavorable to U. S. interests. Through propaganda, political action and the fomenting of trade-union unrest, often carried out through many different front organizations, the CIA cuts away popular support from the undesired government or political leader. Major emphasis is placed on influencing reactionary military officers. Once this process gets started, it will acquire its own momentum and eventually lead to the desired coup. The CIA can sometimes speed things up by providing a catalyst: let's say preparing a forged document such as a list of military officers allegedly due for assassination, then seeing that the list gets publicized.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the CIA's role in Indonesia. What about Indochina?

AGEE: I figure everybody knows the war there began as a CIA war, as far as direct U.S. intervention was concerned. This is documented in the Pentagon papers. CIA officers were in Indochina before the French left. They organized the Montagnards into a paramilitary force to fight the Viet Cong. CIA agents helped put Ngo Dinh Diem in power and CIA agents at the very least cooperated in his assassination. It was the failure of the CIA's secret operations in the Fifties that led to the overt military intervention of the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the Diem assassination, are the rumors we hear true-that the CIA was involved in Diem's killing without President Kennedy's approval and that when Kennedy found out he was furious with the agency?

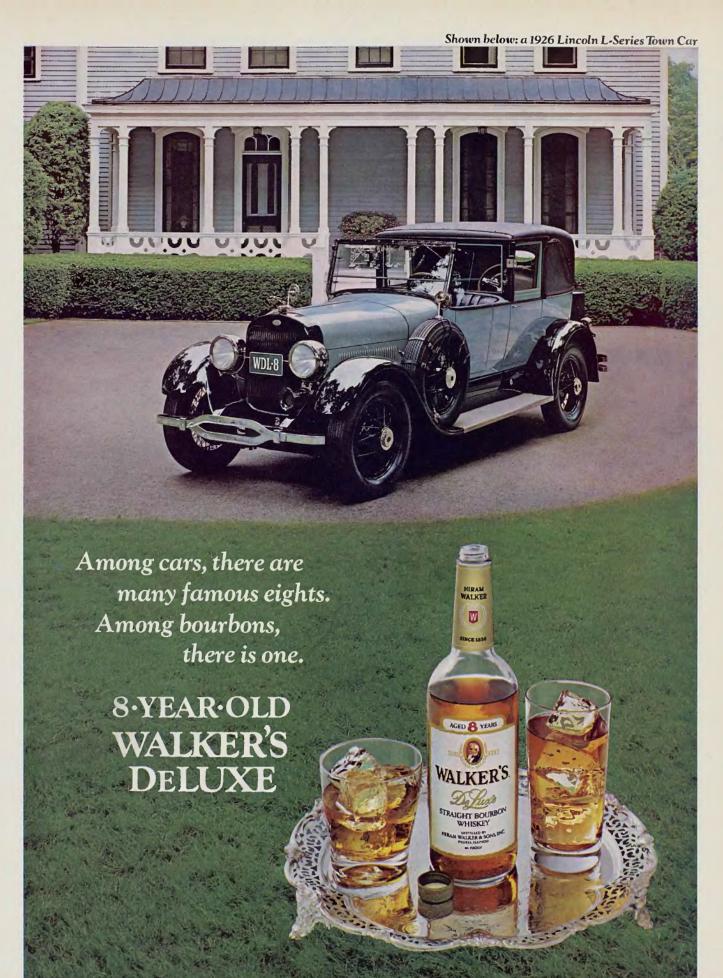
AGEE: I don't know, but I've heard that from people who should know.

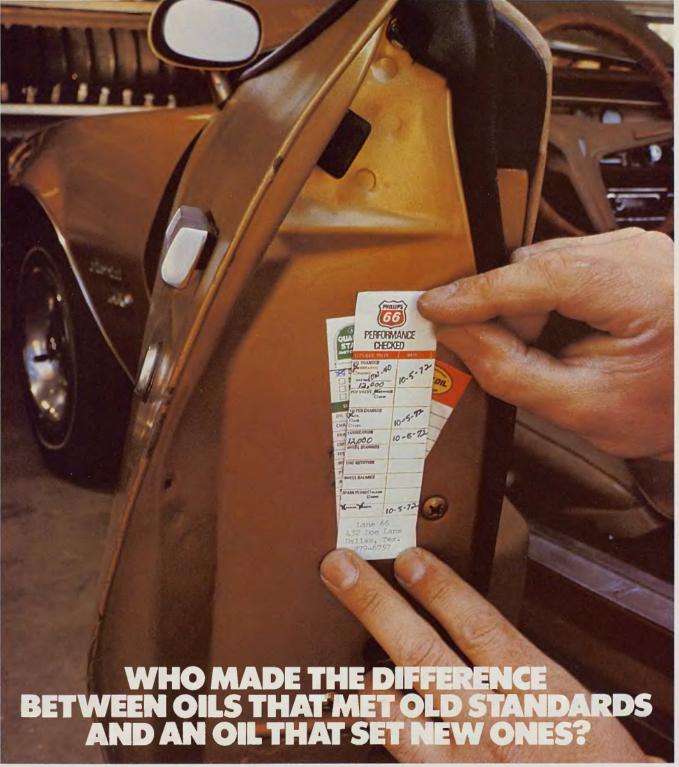
PLAYBOY: If the CIA were to admit to all your allegations, what justification would it give for such actions?

AGEE: The same old emotional appeal: that we have to prop up our so-called friends-usually the tiny minority that has cornered most of the wealth in poor countries-or they'll fall victim to the Soviets and lose their freedom. Kissinger and people like him keep reviving that argument, but the truth is-and the CIA knows it better than anybody else-that for many years there has been no worldwide Communist conspiracy! The socialist bloc has just as many cracks in it as the capitalist bloc. I think most revolutionary socialists-call them Communists, if you like-want the advantages of socialism without the disadvantages of some Soviet-style police state.

PLAYBOY: You don't believe in Marxist conspiracies, but you do admit there's repression in Russia?

AGEE: Don't put me on. Sure there's repression in Russia-and it goes back for centuries, not just to 1917. But I think it'll take another generation of Soviet leaders to relax things there; today's





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leaders can't answer very well the question of what they were doing during Stalin's reign of terror.

PLAYBOY: But if the CIA knows, as you claim it does, that there is no worldwide Communist conspiracy, why does it act as if there were?

AGEE: Remember, the CIA is an instrument of the President; it only carries out policy. And, like everyone else, the President has to respond to forces in the society he's trying to lead, right? In America, the most powerful force is Big Business, and American Big Business has a vested interest in the Cold War.

PLAYBOY: Hold on. This is beginning to sound like Marxist jargon about the big bad imperialists on Wall Street.

AGEE: That's because, in my opinion, the Marxists are right about American economic imperialism. American multinational corporations have built up colossal interests all over the world, and you can bet your ass that wherever you find U.S. business interests, you also find the CIA. Why? Because the foreign operations of American companies are the key to our domestic prosperity. The multinational corporations want a peaceful status quo in countries where they have investments, because that gives them undisturbed access to cheap raw materials, cheap labor and stable markets for their finished goods. The status quo suits bankers, because their money remains secure and multiplies. And, of course, the status quo suits the small ruling groups the CIA supports abroad, because all they want is to keep themselves on top of the socioeconomic pyramid and the majority of their people on the bottom. But do you realize what being on the bottom means in most parts of the world? Ignorance, poverty, often early death by starvation or disease.

PLAYBOY: You paint a bleak picture. Hasn't the CIA accomplished anything positive, at least for the U. S.?

AGEE: Over the short run, quite a bit. The CIA certainly helped goose up the American economic boom of the past 25 years. What many Americans don't seem to have noticed, though, is that American prosperity over those years was to some degree a false one. Have you noticed that as the political and economic independence of the Third World has increased, American prosperity has begun to sputter? In the long run, I'm betting that the CIA will be seen to have done a lot of damage to the United States, because, along with its business allies, it has caused us to be hated by millions of people as the last of the great colonial exploiters. That hatred is going to haunt us for a long, long time, and it has got to be focused on the few people who deserve it and not on the American people as a whole.

PLAYBOY: Your own experience in the CIA has been mostly with its overseas operations. What do you know about alleged CIA activities inside the U. S.?

AGEE: Very little—but enough to suspect strongly that they're much more extensive than anybody outside the CIA or the National Security Council realizes. I think a lot of sinister things will come out in the investigations that are under way in Washington. I think the American people may be in for some severe shocks.

PLAYBOY: What are you hinting at? AGEE: I can only hint, because I have no direct knowledge. But I can tell you what I was told by Marchetti. I told him I thought that most of the 10,000 cases the CIA admits to having investigated inside the U.S. would turn out to be connected, no matter how tenuously, with some sort of foreign-intelligence effort. "You're wrong," he said. "You just don't know. You haven't been here. There are going to be some revelations that will chill your spine, really grisly things. And some of them," he said, "may be connected with the assassinations of President Kennedy, Senator Kennedy, Martin Luther King and other well-known individuals both at home and abroad."

PLAYBOY: Connected how? What are you trying to say?

AGEE: Just what I said. That's all I know. But by the time this interview appears, a lot of these things may have come out. I hope so. That's really all I know. I can give you an opinion, though, for what it's worth. Knowing the CIA as I do, I can tell you that everything I have read about the assassination of President Kennedy-Lee Harvey Oswald's background, Jack Ruby's background, the photograph that seems to place E. Howard Hunt at the scene of the crime, the mysterious deaths of so many people involved-everything makes me very suspicious of the Warren Commission's version of what happened. And remember: Allen Dulles, the former head of the CIA, was a member of the Warren Commission. If the agency had anything to cover up, Dulles was in a very good position to do so. But I don't have any proof that the CIA was involved. Remember, I wasn't working in Washington then. What I can tell you about best is the normal, everyday dirty tricks a CIA man is up to.

PLAYBOY: All right. Let's go into that. Beginning at the beginning, how did you get into the CIA?

AGEE: Through my college placement bureau. No kidding. Just before I was graduated from Notre Dame, I was interviewed by a CIA man. He made his pitch like any other company recruiter: interesting work, good pay, opportunity for advancement, foreign travel. He also mentioned patriotism and public service, I said no at first, but a year later, when the draft began to catch up with me, I changed my mind. The CIA training program allowed me to do my compulsory military service as an agency man. So I went away for two years with the Air

Force—always in the special CIA program-and in 1959 I returned to Washington to begin formal training as a CIA officer. After about three months of classes at headquarters in Langley, Virginia, learning the structure and functions of the CIA, most of us went to The Farm for operational training.

PLAYBOY: The Farm?

AGEE: Camp Peary, Virginia. A secret CIA training center. So secret at the time that some of the foreign trainees weren't even told they were in the United States. We worked hard, I can tell you, for more than six months. There was a physical-conditioning program, plenty of practice in the martial arts. How to disarm or cripple, if necessary kill an opponent. We had classes in propaganda, infiltration-exfiltration, youth and student operations, labor operations, targeting and penetration of enemy organizations. How to run liaison projects with friendly intelligence services so as to give as little and get as much information as possible. Anti-Soviet operations-that subject got special attention. We had classes in how to frame a Russian official and try to get him to defect. The major subject, though, was how to run agents-single agents, networks of agents.

PLAYBOY: How does a CIA officer set up and operate a network of spies?

AGEE: The first stage of the process is targeting prospects. Say your objective is to penetrate a leftist political party. The first thing to do is to probe for a weak spot in the organization. Maybe you bug the phone of a leading party member and find out he's playing around with the party's funds. In that case, perhaps he can be blackmailed. Or one of your agents plays on the same soccer team as a party member, or goes out with his sister, and gets to know something about him that seems to make him a good prospect. Then you make him an offer.

PLAYBOY: You mean money?

AGEE: Usually, but not necessarily. In rich countries, a man might become a spy for ideological reasons, but in poor countries, it's usually because he's short of cash. A hungry man with a family to support will do almost anything for money, and there are a lot of hungry people in most of the countries in the world. So you make an offer. Maybe you make it yourself, but maybe you have someone else do it, because you don't want the prospective agent to know who he's working for. Not all CIA agents are what The Company calls witting.

PLAYBOY: How could a person be a CIA

agent without knowing it?

AGEE: Thousands of policemen all over the world, for instance, are shadowing people for the CIA without knowing it. They think they're working for their own police departments, when, in fact, their chief may be a CIA agent who's sending them out on CIA jobs and turning their

### A KAFKA STORY, BUT IT'S TRUE By JOHN MARKS

John Marks, the 32-year-old co-author (with Victor Marchetti) of "The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence," is a graduate of Andover, Cornell and Vietnam, where he spent 18 months as a civilian advisor to the Vietnamese government. Back home in 1968, Marks was assigned to the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. In 1969, he became assistant to State's intelligence director and watched CIA operations from the point of view of a cooperating service. He was serving as an aide to Senator Clifford Case, a liberal Republican from New Jersey, when Marchetti asked him to collaborate on the book. Pursuing his fascination with the CIA, Marks, who works at the Center for National Security Studies in Washington, has recently been exploring the clandestine labyrinths of CIA economics. Outside the CIA, he is thought to be the world's leading expert on CIA cover organizations and secret corporations, which he discusses here.

It's like a Kafka story, but it really happened. Back in the Sixties, the then director of the CIA, Richard Helms, asked one of his staff officers what he thought was a simple question: How many airplanes does the CIA own? The officer went off to find the answer. Three months later, he came back with a chart that covered a wall and was dotted with hundreds of colored pins. For about an hour, while Helms sat there flabbergasted, the officer lectured him on the dozens of airlines and the hundreds of planes the agency owned and explained how the airlines leased planes to one another, changed engine numbers and cannibalized planes for parts to such an extent that after three months of research, he still didn't know how many planes the CIA owned.

For me, there are two points to this story. One of them is that the CIA has gone into private business in a big way. The other is that the situation has gotten out of control. From what I've been able to find out, the CIA now owns more than 200 clandestine corporations inside the United States and around the world; there may be more.

Some of these CIA-run corporations—proprietaries, as the agency calls them—were set up to provide cover for those CIA operatives who don't work in U. S. embassies abroad, which conceal about three fourths of the CIA's overseas staff. Most of them, though, were organized to provide not only cover but also some special service. For instance, I ran across an outfit called Psychological Assessment Associates. The CIA uses a lot of psychological estimates in testing its own

employees and in trying to make judgments about foreign leaders.

Another CIA firm, Anderson Security Consultants of Springfield, Virginia, had, before it went out of business in 1973, only one acknowledged function that I've heard of. It supposedly shredded documents for companies with Government contracts. But Anderson Security at one time really served as a funding conduit for the CIA's operations against Castro.

Yet another CIA company, International Police Services, Inc., was closed down only last year. It was ostensibly a private academy for foreign police officers, most of them sent there for advanced training under the auspices

"Some people conjecture that even if the CIA were abolished today, hidden funds might finance its operations for decades; that the CIA, like a super-Mafia, has to be lived with because it can no longer be eliminated."

of the Agency for International Development's public-safety program. Actually, they were sent by the CIA, which ran the course in order to recruit and train agents in foreign police forces.

The CIA owns propaganda proprietaries, too. For years, Radio Free Europe was a CIA asset; the agency also used R.F.E.'s fund-raising campaigns to propagandize Americans at home. The CIA has also secretly set up a number of press services that seem to be doing the same things A.P., U.P.I. and Reuters are doing, supplying news and features to newspapers, radio and television stations overseas. The difference is that the copy has a CIA slant.

The agency has also had a special relationship with several publishing houses. I don't know if any of them are proprietaries, but in 1967, Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. admitted having published 15 or 16 books at CIA request.

The CIA got into really Big Business during the wars in Korea and Vietnam. Before the Korean war was over, it was operating a number of shipping companies and dozens of airlines all over the world. In the U. S. itself—I have this from a former vice-president of one of these outfits—the CIA had secretly set up 17 fully operative airlines! One of their main jobs was to ferry GIs around the country—using planes lent to them by the Air Force. The Penta-

gon was paying these airlines a nice fat fee for every body they moved, and one might ask why millions of public dollars were being paid to the CIA to do what the Air Force could have done itself. It looks to me as if one part of the Government was secretly raising money from another.

Anyway, as the war in Vietnam developed, the CIA's airline operations became really immense. Air America flies one of the world's largest fleets of cargo and passenger aircraft. There have been many other smaller operations: Civil Air Transport. Intermountain Aviation. Air Asia, which has just been sold to a Dallas company called E-Systems Inc., operates on Taiwan the largest aircraftrepair facility in the western Pacific. How much of the profits from these firms goes to the CIA? We don't know. We do know that the CIA director has at his disposal at any given moment "unvouchered funds," which he can spend without accounting to anybody, of from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000.

We also know that the CIA is not always scrupulous, to put it mildly, in its management of funds. I can give an example. The CIA has a participatory pension plan for high-level officials only. Naturally, the officers who administer the fund want it to make money, and I'm told that they have used classified information to do so. For instance, if our satellites relay intelligence that the Soviet wheat crop is poor, CIA analysts may decide there's going to be a world-wide wheat shortage and use this secret information to play the market.

One way or another, at any rate, the CIA is making a lot of extra money the citizens aren't supplying, and that money gives the agency an undesirable, possibly dangerous independence of Congressional control. Some people have conjectured that, even if the CIA were abolished today, these hidden funds might finance clandestine operations for decades. Such people think the CIA, like a super-Mafia, has to be lived with because it can no longer be eliminated.

I don't agree with that point of view, nor with that of those who believe we don't need some kind of intelligence agency. I say, let's improve our capacity to gather information through technical means and let's encourage the analytical people to give the President the best possible estimate of what's happening in the world. But let us know what our intelligence-gathering apparatus is up to and where its money is coming from. A great nation does not have to stoop to playing dirty tricks.

information over to his CIA control. There's also a lot of "false flag" recruiting, when one agent will recruit another one by telling him he'll actually be working for his own government, or even for Peking or Havana. You don't let the recruit know he'll be working for the United States, because if he knew that, he might not consent to do it.

PLAYBOY: How much do you pay a spy?

AGEE: It depends on local conditions. In
a poor country, \$100 a month will get
you an ordinary agent. In my day, about
\$700 a month would buy a Latin-

American cabinet minister.

PLAYBOY: After you've recruited your

agent, what then?

AGEE: Then you've got to run him, and that's an exacting job-mainly because of the secrecy. You both have to be very careful what you put on paper or say on the phone. You communicate mostly by signals agreed upon in advance. For example, you can make a chalk or pencil mark or place a strip of colored tape in a certain telephone booth or on a fence, wall or utility pole. Different marks or colors signify different instructions. Since you usually can't be seen together, you have to meet in what the CIA calls "a safe house." Sometimes, even that's too risky, so you arrange for your agent to leave his information at a "dead drop," like a hollow place in a cement block or a magnetized container you can fasten under the shelf in a telephone boothanyplace a message or a roll of microfilm or a reel of tape would be safe until it could be picked up.

PLAYBOY: What if you suspect that an

agent's information is false?

AGEE: You can put him through a polygraph test or cut off his money-fire him. Or, if necessary, and headquarters approves, you can "burn" him. In Companyese, that means to reveal his connection with the agency, or frame him. I remember, for instance, the case of Joaquin Ordoqui, who was an old-time leader of the Communist movement in Cuba. I don't know if he was ever a CIA agent, but a decision was made to burn him in order to create dissension in Cuba. So a series of letters implicating him as a CIA agent was sent to the Cuban embassy in Mexico City. In 1964, Ordoqui was placed under house arrest in Cuba and the case caused a lot of friction there. Just before he died in 1974, though, he was exonerated. In 1966, Stan Archenhold, the CIA officer who dreamed up this burning operation, got the Intelligence Medal-the CIA's biggest merit badge-for it. Then there's the really extreme situation in which someone who has worked for the CIA has to be physically eliminated for some reason or other. I don't know of any of these cases, but I've heard that has happened, especially in Indochina during the Sixties.

So the stick is a big element in keeping

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### THE CIA'S QUIET LITTLE WAR IN LAOS, OR WHAT'S TWO MILLION TONS OF BOMBS AMONG FRIENDS? By FRED BRANFMAN

Fred Branfman, 33-year-old codirector of the Indochina Resource Center in Washington, D.C., has lived for four and a half years in Indochina, three and a half of them in Laos as a researcher and writer and as an educational advisor with International Voluntary Services. A graduate of the University of Chicago with a master's degree in education from Harvard, Branfman speaks Laotian, French, Swahili, Hebrew and some Thai and is married to a Vietnamese. The following article will form part of "CIA: The President's Secret Army," a book based on his research into America's clandestine war efforts in Laos.

The current controversy over the CIA has concentrated on activities conducted by a relatively small number of people, ranging from the bugging of Soviet embassies to an occasional assassination attempt. But the CIA actually functioned as a major war-making body, spending unreported billions of dollars directing a military force of more than 100,000 Americans and Asians and dropping over 2,000,000 tons of bombs—as much tonnage as was absorbed by all of Europe and the Pacific theater during World War Two—on the tiny country of Laos.

To hear some officials describe the CIA men in Laos, one would think them a few dozen miracle men combining the qualities of Tom Dooley and Frank Merriwell to help the 30,000 guerrillas with whom they communicate in flawless native dialect. A strikingly different picture emerges from interviews with sources who know these CIA operators.

People are still talking about the exploits of one legendary CIA man in Laos. This guy, they say, offered a bounty for enemy ears-which could be deposited in a big plastic bag hanging on his porch-until his "boys" got carried away and lopped off so many ears he had to discontinue the practice. Probably the most famous story recalls the time he gave a box to a pilot, asking him to deliver it to Pat Landry, his CIA boss at Udorn Air Force Base in Thailand. During the flight, the pilot noticed a progressively worsening odor, which he finally traced to the box. He tore it open-to find inside a fresh human head. The joke was to imagine Landry's reaction on opening the box. "I mean," said one source, collapsing with laughter, "what do you do with a human head? You can't just throw it in the wastepaper

Four key organizations played a central role in the CIA's secret army

structure. They were Air America, an airline owned and directly controlled by the CIA; Continental Air Services, Inc., which as Continental Airlines in the United States is a commercial firm but operated entirely separately in Laos; the U. S. Agency for International Development's Requirements Office; and the Air Force's 56th Special Operations Wing.

AA and Continental, or CASI, provided military air-transport service that, among other things, enabled the CIA's troops to carry out offensives during the rainy season, when Pathet Lao forces were mired down in mud. Air America and CASI drops of rice and armaments, too, were often what kept the Meo and Lao Theung hill

"If there's any one question posed by the CIA's behavior in Laos and elsewhere, it's that the CIA may have reached the point where it has itself become a threat to our national security."

tribes, the Thai mercenaries and Lao conscripts of the CIA's army fighting. For the hill people, these rice drops were the only means of survival, since they had been uprooted from their homes as many as four or five times.

The Requirements Office, one of the most powerful organizations in Laos, was established to receive and distribute all military goods coming into the country. CIA logistical control of the war through this office meant that those Laotian generals who cooperated with the CIA would get U.S. weapons; those who didn't wouldn't. The reason the office was given a USAID cover was, once again, part of the over-all attempt to keep the CIA secret army from public view. The lid was somewhat blown in 1970, when then-USAID director John Hannah took the unprecedented step of complaining publicly that the CIA was using his agency as a cover.

The 56th Special Operations Wing, a fleet of propeller-driven aircraft headquartered in Thailand, was first brought into the Laotian conflict as a means of carrying out extensive bombing raids by American, Lao and Thai pilots; later, it was used to support the many irregular activities of the Air Force's Blue Berets, the most publicized of which was the raid on Son Tay

prison camp in North Vietnam. The exact tie-in between the CIA and the 56th SOW is not clear. Fletcher Prouty reports that in the late Fifties, he helped set up the 56th as a CIA air unit with special facilities at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida. Prouty believes, although he cannot confirm it, that the CIA may well remain in direct control of the 56th SOW today.

In the first year after the July 1962 Geneva Accords, which prohibited foreign military advisory personnel in Laos, the CIA ran the war almost entirely through its own personnel, plus the aforementioned AA, CASI, 56th SOW and USAID Requirements Office. Soon, however, as the war effort grew, the CIA found itself having to utilize ever-increasing numbers of Americans

from other groups.

First of all, there were active-duty U.S. military personnel, working in Laos out of uniform, to give the appearance that the Geneva Accords were being observed. Many of the men of the Air Force's clandestine unit known as Project 404 lived and worked in Laos but were officially registered as residing in Thailand. There was even a daily Udorn-Laos commuter flight, carrying 20 to 30 Air Force mechanics and weapons technicians in and out, morning and night. On any given day, there were many other U.S. activeduty personnel in Laos on TDYtemporary duty assignment. One such was Bob Anderson, who in 1967-1968 was an Air Force ordnance expert who was frequently sent in to Laos from Thailand for such tasks as defusing unexploded U.S. bombs that had been dropped on friendly villages. Anderson remembers he'd be given \$100 to buy civilian clothing and issued a USAID employee's card for his visits to Laos. There were also several thousand Green Berets on active duty in various secret enterprises from time to time. The Pentagon recently declassified a series of operations that went into southern Laos for missions involving everything from espionage to kidnapings and murder between 1965 and 1972. Although nominally under orders from the Pentagon, they were, in fact, controlled by the CIA out of Saigon. And finally, of course, any listing of U.S. military personnel actively involved in the war in Laos must include the hundreds of U.S. Air Force, Navy and Marine airmen who flew the 400 jet sorties and 15 B-52 raids that took place over Laos on a typical day in 1971, for example. It is, of course,

difficult to arrive at a full count of all the active-duty U.S. military personnel involved in support of that air war. One method, however, might utilize the following statistics: During 1971, the United States dropped a total of 626,279 tons of bombs on Indochina. Of these, 71 percent were dropped on Laos. At the same time, official records show 73,000 U.S. military personnel involved in the bombing. Since 70 percent of U.S. air strikes were devoted to Laos in 1971, one might argue that taking 70 percent of the U.S. personnel involved in the air war during that period gives us an indication of the number of Americans waging war against Laos from the outside. From this point of view, some 50,000 activeduty U. S. military personnel were thus employed on an average day in 1971.

Although directed by Americans, the bulk of the CIA secret army in Laos was, of course, made up of Asians. The troops over which the CIA had direct control, who did most of the fighting, consisted by 1971-1972 of 40,000 to 50,000 men.

Whenever I think of the Asian component of the CIA's army, I remember a Lao officer I met, a man in his early 30s who had been trained in the United States and spoke excellent English. He had been fighting for ten years. "The main thing I want you to tell the American people is that the Lao soldier does not want to fight," he said soon after we started talking. "We prefer peace with the Pathet Lao to fighting this war on and on for the Americans. They don't care anything about us." He grew very animated; his face reddened and he began gesticulating. "Let me give you an example. About a month or two ago, an American was shot down in a spotter plane east of Salaphoukhoun. The Americans made three battalions go out and try to rescue his corpse. Of course, the Pathet Lao were waiting and shot them up. Twenty-four men died for one American corpse." His voice rose to a shout. "Aren't these Lao men people? They have wives, they have families, they're not animals."

At that point, he excused himself to go to the bathroom. When he came back a few minutes later, weaving unsteadily from too much drink and too many memories, he tried to apologize. But, he said, "Inside I really feel I hate you. I know it's not your fault. But I can't bear to see Americans anymore."

Such attitudes on the part of Asians serving in the CIA secret army were not uncommon. Indeed, one cannot begin to understand the way that army worked without recognizing first and foremost that its troops served without cause or

ideal. Most served because they had been forced to; others because they were paid to; others, the youngest ones, because it was all they knew. Understanding this, one understands why Americans were needed at every level to plan, support and command the fighting: why, nonetheless, the secret army was defeated at every turn.

Had the CIA's doings been more exposed to public scrutiny, its foibles, like those of the military in Vietnam, would have come to light. At least the CIA would have been more hampered than it was had the American press been carrying regular stories about its operations; had reporters been going out with some of the American pilots dropping the napalm we were officially not dropping, or bombing the villages we were officially not bombing, from planes marked ROYAL LAO AIR FORCE; had the press regularly reported on CIA knowledge and support of the opium trade in Laos-a traffic that came home to roost in terms of heroin addiction among our own troops in Vietnam-in a tacit quid pro quo with Laotian leaders; had the full cost of the CIA's war effort in Laos, unknown to this day, been revealed.

By turning to the CIA to run the operation in Laos, American leaders reaped the short-term benefit of being able to wage war without having to account for it to their own people. It is clear that the human costs of the CIA effort in Laos-massive bombing of civilian centers, the wiping of whole Laotian societies off the face of the earth, an estimated 1,000,000 refugees created-were a monstrous affront to the conscience of humanity. This immorality is often defended on the grounds that it was necessary for national security. But if there is any one major question posed by the CIA's behavior in Laos and elsewhere, it is that the CIA may have reached the point at which it has itself become a threat to our national security.

One well-known writer has described the CIA by quoting a member of his church who by chance had been one of the administrators of the Phoenix program, under which the CIA had thousands of Vietnamese killed on the unsupported allegation that they were Viet Cong sympathizers. When some fellow churchgoers asked the man how he rated Phoenix, he responded that while it hadn't been a success in Vietnam, due to faulty intelligence, the important thing was the experience they'd gotten for use back home. The former Phoenix official, the writer went on to explain, is now a high-ranking official in the internal-security division of the Justice Department.

control of agents. But the carrot, usually money, is at least as important.

PLAYBOY: How does a CIA officer make

payments to his agents?

AGEE: In cash. Let's face it, you can't pay spies by check. The minute you go into the bank, the operation goes public. No, toward the end of every month, I'd go out with my pockets stuffed full of little pay envelopes and run all over town to meet my agents in cars or safe houses and pay them off. I had so many envelopes that once in a while I got mixed up and gave an agent the wrong one. I always made them count the cash in front of me, though, so I was able to correct those mistakes on the spot.

PLAYBOY: Besides cash, what were you supplied with? Were you given James Bond gadgets and trained to use them?

AGEE: Bond never had it so good. In CIA jargon, tradecraft covers the tricky side of espionage; it includes all the techniques that keep a secret operation secret. We learned how to write secret messages-there's a carbon system, a microdot system and various wet methods; we also learned how to open and then reseal a letter. Very simple when you have the flat steam table.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

AGEE: It's a rectangular platform, about one foot by two feet, with a heating element built into it and foam rubber all around the outside. You plug the unit into a wall socker, let it heat up and put a wet blotter on top of it. Right away, the steam begins to rise from the blotter. By experience, you know just how wet to get it. Then you place the envelope on top of the blotter, with the flap side down. In a matter of seconds, any envelope will come right open. Later you reseal it-the CIA makes a very effective clear glue. If it's done right, there's no trace that the envelope has been tampered with.

We were also taught how to bug a room and how to restore a wall or a ceiling to its original appearance afterward. The CIA puts out a handy-dandy plaster-patching and paint-matching kit, by the way, that is better than anything the public can buy. They give you about 150 chips on a chain, practically every color you can think of. You just match the chips to the wall paint until you get the right color. Then you look on the back of the chip, which gives you the formula for mixing the paint. It really works. I took the kit home one weekend when I was renovating my apartment. It's superquick-drying, odorless paint.

They trained us in the use of disguises, too-wigs, mustaches, body pads-and taught us to work with hidden cameras. Some of them had lenses that looked like tie-clasp ornaments or locks on briefcases. The Company had other cameras with telescopic lenses that could photograph documents inside a room,

### THE CIA SCALPEL CUT DEEP By KENNETH BARTON OSBORN

Kenneth Barton Osborn is a 30-yearold political analyst who joined the Army in 1966 and spent about a year and a half in South Vietnam. He worked under civilian cover as a pacification officer but was actually assigned by Army Military Intelligence to operate nets of secret agents in the countryside near Da Nang. To strengthen his operation, Bart Osborn made a deal: CIA funds and technical support in exchange for his spies' information—which was, he later learned, fed into the CIA's infamous Phoenix program. His account:

The Phoenix program was set up under CIA control after the 1968 Tet offensive killed Washington's last hope of a military solution in Vietnam. It was supposed to be a neutralization program "to win the hearts and minds of the people"-if possible, by persuasion: if necessary, by other means. "Grab 'em by the balls," the saying went, "and their hearts and minds will follow." The CIA program was described as the scalpel instead of the bludgeon, but the scalpel cut deep. William E. Colby, who set up Phoenix and has since become director of Central Intelligence, has admitted that under Phoenix more than 20,000 Vietnamese were killed by CIA-directed murder teams on the assumption that the victims were Viet Cong. He has also admitted that the CIA often had no valid evidence on which to base that assumption. When he was pressed, Colby said no, he wouldn't want to see the American people treated the way the Vietnamese were treated by the Phoenix program. But he excused what happened by saying it was an "emergency situation."

When I arrived in Da Nang, I was 21, a very green E-3 with no knowledge of Vietnamese language, history, customs, anything. Nevertheless, I was immediately put in charge of a network of Vietnamese secret agents and told to gather information on which people's lives depended.

My operation was small to begin with: six agents, one cell. Most of the agents were people whose livelihood had been wiped out by the war. They spied because they were desperate for money. I had absolutely no way of knowing that the people they named as Viet Cong were really Viet Cong: A spy might finger a man to whom he owed money or with whom he'd quarreled over a woman. When a name came in, I just sent it through channels.

One of my biggest problems in the early days was money. Military Intelligence had a very tight budget, and sometimes at the end of the week I didn't have enough money to pay my

agents. I found myself giving out C rations and even making up the difference out of my own pocket, which hurt; and, besides, it definitely damaged my rapport with my agents when I had to pay them shit prices. So I ran over the list of outfits that used the intelligence I was producing, wondering if some of them might not be willing to pay a little extra for what they were getting. I came across one name that puzzled me, that of the Phoenix Coordinator Office. After asking around, I found out that the office was in Da Nang and that it was run by the CIA, so I stopped by. I told the CIA people what I had in

"I saw two men dragging a dead body away. It was the man I'd turned in, or what was left of him. There was blood all over his head and part of a six-inch dowel was sticking out of his ear."

the way of a spy network. They asked me what I needed. I said I needed safe houses for debriefing, air and ground transportation, including access to Air America, also money for agent payments. They said fine, they'd trade. From then on, most of my operations were funded by the CIA and I was able to expand them to include 45 agents.

I didn't know at first how the information gathered by my agents was being used; but, since Military Intelligence required me to prove that its money had been well spent, I began to send out questionnaires to the outfits that were receiving my reports. I discovered very quickly that my information was acted upon with vehemence. One of the questionnaires I got back informed me that because one of my agents had reported that there was one Viet Cong in a certain village, that entire village had been obliterated by a B-52 strike. Other questionnaires revealed that on the evidence of informers such as mine, thousands of Vietnamese were being hunted down by Provincial Reconnaissance Units. These PRU teams were gangs of reformed Viet Cong and ex-convicts who were given monthly assassination quotas by the CIA. The body-count mentality was at its height then.

Along with the PRU teams, the CIA set up Provincial Interrogation Centers where the people being turned in by spies could be held and questioned. I visited one such center operated by U.S. Marines in the Da Nang area,

to watch the interrogation of a man whose name I had turned in. Just as I reached the hooch where they said he was being questioned, I saw two men dragging a dead body away. It was my man, or what was left of him. There was blood all over one side of his head and part of a six-inch dowel was sticking out of his ear. The Marines who had been torturing him looked a little sheepish, but they were also disgusted because the man had died before they could get him to confess.

On two occasions, I accompanied a Marine interrogation team and two suspects on a helicopter flight. One of the suspects had already been tortured until he was a gasping wreck. The other suspect was a man whose name had been on my list. When the chopper had reached a good height. maybe 500 feet, the Marines began beating the prisoner who had already been tortured, threatening to throw him out of the plane if he didn't talk. When the man refused, they did exactly what they had said they would do. They winged him out of the chopper. All this, of course, had been staged for the benefit of the second prisoner, and you can imagine the effect it had. For the next 20 minutes, until he got safely back to earth, he blabbed everything he knew and probably a lot of things he didn'tanything to keep from being thrown out of that chopper.

The CIA, of course, claims that what the interrogators did was their own business. But the fact is that the CIA ran the entire Phoenix program, including the Provincial Interrogation Centers and the Provincial Reconnaissance Units. Director Colby, under oath, has stated that he had no direct knowledge of the operational methods of the PRU. but a former Marine officer named David Harrington has also testified under oath that he was present when a CIA officer named Harry Mustakos, who was in charge of the PRU teams in I Corps, briefed Colby in detail about the problems he had in keeping the gangs in line. Even after the Phoenix program, as such, was discontinued, the CIA persisted in running assassination operations under other names: first F-6, then SPIS, Special Police Investigative Service.

That's the main point. These things keep going on. Since Watergate and the end of our Vietnamese intervention, we want to believe everything's all right, all cleaned up. But Watergate and the other things we've seen so far were not aberrations. They are part of a pattern, just the tip of the iceberg. There are icebergs, and we are the Titanic.

right through a curtain. There was also a machine through which we could overhear a conversation inside a room across the street; it bounced an infrared beam off a window, using the windowpane to pick up the vibrations of the voices inside the room. The reflected infrared beam would carry the vibrations to a receiving set.

PLAYBOY: All that, we suppose, comes under the heading of gathering information. What about the dirty tricks we hear the CIA pulls? Did you have special

gadgets for those, too?

AGEE: The CIA has a department called the Technical Services Division, TSD, and its laboratories have produced all sorts of things. Some of them are pretty unpleasant. For instance, TSD has developed an invisible itching powder-I think it's made of asbestos fibers, actually-that drives its victims wild for about three days. My agents used a lot of it. They went to leftist meetings and sprinkled it on the seats of toilets. TSD has also produced an invisible powder that will just lie harmlessly on the floor-at a meeting hall, say-until people arrive and start walking around, so the powder gets stirred up. Within about five minutes, everybody in the room is gasping and watering at the eyes, and the meeting has to break up.

I remember another chemical we had. If you dropped it into somebody's drink, it would give him a horrible body odor. We also had a drug that would make people say whatever they were thinking, just babble on. We had a powder that, mixed with pipe tobacco or sifted into a cigarette, would give the smoker an annoying respiratory ailment. We even had an ointment that came in a little container that looked like a ring. On the underside was a little compartment filled with ointment that, when you smeared it unobtrusively on the door handle of a car, would give the person who opened the door terrible burns on his hand. Ordinary stink bombs were effective. too-small glass vials with the vilestsmelling liquid on earth. One time at the Mexico City station, some clown poured a bunch of that liquid down the drain. It was going bad, I guess. At that time, the station occupied the upper floors of the embassy, in a high-rise building. Somehow the liquid didn't run out into the sewer system; it got caught in the basement area, and the smell began to seep back upstairs. They had to evacuate the whole building for a while. I heard that when the Ambassador asked the station chief if he knew anything about it, the chief replied that somebody must have had a worse case of Montezuma's revenge than usual.

PLAYBOY: But all those things-itching powder, stink bombs-are incredibly petty, the kinds of things nasty little kids might think of.

AGEE: The CIA isn't always petty. For



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instance, we had a whole inventory of sabotage devices. Chemicals to gum up printing presses, foul bearings, contaminate wheat or rice or sugar sacks. There were limpets to sink ships. Also some frightening stuff called thermite powder. Add a little water and you could mold it like clay-into an ashtray or a book end or a doll. It looked harmless, but when the time pencil up the doll's behind ignited, there was a shuddering ball of violent white heat that ate through concrete or even steel in a few seconds. There was no way you could put it out. I heard it was a CIA thermite doll that burned down El Encanto, the big department store in Havana. You could also combine thermite with tear-gas rods and create a cloud that would clear an area for blocks around.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn these techniques during your CIA training in the States?

AGEE: Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** Where was your first assignment outside the country?

AGEE: Quito, Ecuador. I went there in December 1960 under cover as a State Department political officer, but using my own name. My secret Company name was Jeremy S. HODAPP. I fell in love with Ecuador. The mountains are spectacular, and high; Quito is 9000 feet above sea level. On the coastal plain, there are endless palm forests and banana plantations. But the country is appallingly poor. When I was there, the average income was \$18 a month. A conservative upper class, about one percent of the population, held most of the wealth. However, for about 12 years before I went there, Ecuador had been politically stable and some economic progress was being made. But from 1961 to 1963, we really subverted that country.

PLAYBOY: What was the point of that?

AGEE: Cuba was the point. The Cuban Revolution had swung to the far left and the State Department was terrified. So were I.T.T. and United Fruit and the big U.S. banks with Latin-American interests; they feared that Cuba would export revolution to other countries in the hemisphere, and then those countries might nationalize their holdings. So the top priority of U.S. policy in Latin America became to seal off Cuba from the continent. In Quito, our orders were to do everything possible to force Ecuador to break diplomatic and economic relations with Cuba and to weaken the Communist Party there whatever it cost.

PLAYBOY: What did it cost?

AGEE: About \$2,000,000. We bought everybody willing to sell himself to get our jobs done. The vice-president of the country—his name was Reinaldo Varea—was a CIA agent. We paid him \$1000 a month and kept a suite for him in Quito's best hotel, where he could take his girlfriends. The president's personal physician, Felipe Ovalle, was on the CIA's payroll, too. So were the president

of the Chamber of Deputies, the minister of the treasury, the minister of labor and the chief of police intelligence. So were the leaders of several right-wing political parties and some key members of the Communist Party, too. Several ministers of government and the director of immigration also worked closely with us. It was like a covert occupation of the country. But, at the time, I didn't see anything wrong in what we were doing. I believed what the CIA told me, that we were buying time for liberal reforms by checking the spread of communism. So I went out and worked like a demon to make that policy effective. We ran over Ecuador like a steam roller. It was like living a fantasy of absolute power. That's one of the insidious things about the CIA. If you get exciting assignments, you can get hooked on your own adrenaline.

PLAYBOY: Let's get into some of those assignments.

AGEE: Don't think it was all excitement. A CIA officer spends at least half of his day on paperwork. Then he spends hours in musty little basement rooms, waiting for agents to show up and make their reports. Then he spends more hours listening to agents' problems-how their girlfriends are pregnant, how their cars need new transmissions, how their brothers-in-law would make good spies. When he isn't mothering agents, a CIA officer is at a cocktail party or a diplomatic reception or trudging around some golf course, sucking up to a corrupt politician in hopes of corrupting him still further. But some wild things did happen. I would say maybe our most successful operation in Ecuador was the framing of Antonio Flores Benitez, a key member of a Communist revolutionary movement.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about that one.

AGEE: By bugging Flores' telephone, we found out a lot of what he was doing. His wife was a blabbermouth. He made a secret trip to Havana and we decided to do a job on him when he landed back in Ecuador. With another officer, I worked all one weekend to compose a "report" from Flores to the Cubans. It was a masterpiece. The report implied that Flores' group had already received funds from Cuba and was now asking for more money in order to launch guerrilla operations in Ecuador. My Quito station chief, Warren Dean, approved the report-in fact, he loved it so much he just had to get into the act. So he dropped the report on the floor and walked on it awhile to make it look pocket-worn. Then he folded it and stuffed it into a toothpaste tube-from which he had spent three hours carefully squeezing out all the tooth paste. He was like a kid with a new toy. So then I took the tube out to the minister of the treasury, who gave it to his customs inspector. When Flores came through customs, the inspector pretended to go rummaging through one of his suitcases. What he really did, of course, was slip the tooth-paste tube into the bag and then pretend to find it there. When he opened the tube, he of course "discovered" the report. Flores was arrested and there was a tremendous scandal. This was one of a series of sensational events that we had a hand in during the first six months of 1963. By July of that year, the climate of anti-Communist fear was so great that the military seized a pretext and took over the government, jailed all the Communists it could find and outlawed the Communist Party.

PLAYBOY: Is forgery often resorted to by

AGEE: It's a standard technique. The catalyst for the coup in Chile was almost exactly like the Flores incident. A document describing a leftist plot to seize absolute power and start a reign of terror was "discovered" by the enemies of Allende. Plan Z, it was called. It made big headlines and the military used it as an excuse to take over the country and start a real reign of terror. I can't prove it, but I strongly suspect that Plan Z was written by a CIA officer, or by the coup makers at the CIA's suggestion.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that the Communist Party was outlawed in Ecuador. Did you succeed in your other objective, getting the Ecuadorian government to break off relationships with Cuba?

AGEE: Yes. The government of José María Velasco Ibarra, who was a moderate liberal, had resisted breaking with Cuba. He was followed in 1961 by a moderate leftist, Carlos Julio Arosemena, who also tried at first to resist U.S. policy. Finally, though, he caved in and broke with Cuba after about six months in office. When I left Ecuador, with the military junta in power, the short-run security situation had been improved from our viewpoint, but there hadn't been much improvement for most of the people there. Practically none of the reforms everyone agreed were needed-redistribution of income, agrarian reform, and so forth-had been installed. Do you know that today the Ecuadorian government is still talking about those reforms without really acting on them? But, at that time, I didn't realize how reactionary the effects of our CIA operations really were.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

AGEE: For one thing, I suppose, I barely had time to stop and turn around. The job of an operations officer calls for dedication to the point of obsession, if you try to do it well. You have too many secrets; you can't relax with outsiders. It's a very unnatural life, hard on the people who live it, There's a lot of alcoholism and a lot of emotional breakdowns in the CIA.

PLAYBOY: What sort of breakdowns?

AGEE: I'm not an expert on this, but it's a schizophrenic sort of situation. Sometimes a CIA officer is using several identities at once, and when you wake up in the morning, your mind goes click! OK,



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who am I today? All day long, there's the same problem. Somebody asks you a simple question: "What did you do over the weekend?" Click! Who does he think I am? What would the guy he thinks I am do over the weekend? You get so used to lying that after a while it's hard to know when you're telling the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that sort of stress affect CIA marriages?

AGEE: It didn't do mine any good. I had married Janet the year before I went to Ecuador, but after we got there, we began to have difficulty. I was gone all day and half the night and when we did see each other, I couldn't tell her what I was doing. On top of that, she had trouble learning Spanish, so she was somewhat cut off from the Ecuadorians. More and more, she spent her time playing bridge with embassy wives.

PLAYBOY: What did you do when you weren't working?

AGEE: I had some pretty wild friends, and some close calls; barely missed a scandal several times. One time-God, was I lucky! I went to Guayaquil for the weekend. It's a steamy, tropical town and I spent Saturday night with a convivial agent, making the rounds of the sleazier dives. About 15 minutes after we left one of them, a place called Cuatro y Media, President Arosemena and some of his cronies came in. The waiters in that joint were all homosexual and Arosemena and his friends began to taunt them. Arosemena would get wild when he drank, and after a while he ordered one of the waiters to put a lamp shade on his head. Then he took out his pistol, but instead of shooting the lamp shade off, he shot the waiter in the head. The whole affair was hushed up, so I still don't know if the man was killed or just wounded. But if I'd been in the Cuatro y Media when the shot was fired and the Ambassador had found out, I'd have had to leave the country.

**PLAYBOY:** Which, of course, you eventually did—though not under a cloud. What was your next station?

AGEE: Montevideo, and I think Uruguay had something to do with turning me around in my attitudes toward the CIA. For years, Uruguay had been one of the most prosperous and progressive countries on the continent. It had a \$700-a-year per-capita income and a 90 percent literacy rate, an eight-hour day, a minimum wage, workmen's compensation, free, secular, state-supported education, free elections. The country was a showcase of liberal reform, but in the Fifties some deep cracks showed up in the window. The reforms hadn't touched land tenure-a few rich men owned most of the countryside. Uruguay had a sheep-andcattle economy, and a collapse in the prices of wool, hides and meat after the Korean War sent the country into a tail spin of inflation, deficits, unemployment, stagnation, strikes and corruption. The left was getting stronger, and the CIA reinforced its station in Montevideo.

PLAYBOY: When did you arrive in Uruguay, and what did you do there?

AGEE: I got there in March 1964 and stayed about two and a half years. We pretty well ran the military and the police intelligence services, gave them information from our penetration agents in the Communist Party and used the police to tap telephones. I ran an operation to bug the United Arab Republic's embassy, which enabled us to break the U.A.R.'s diplomatic codes. My main responsibility, though, was for operations against the Cubans. We had an agent in the Cuban embassy, the chauffeur, and we thought at one point that we'd recruited the Cuban code clerk. We offered him \$50,000 for a look at the code pads and \$3000 a month if he'd continue working at the embassy, but at the last minute he backed out. I'm glad now that we lost him, but I was really disappointed then.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the Russians? Did you run any operations against them?

AGEE: Another officer was in charge of anti-Soviet operations, but after we finally got the Uruguayans to break with Cuba, I began working against the Soviets. In fact, I really made trouble for the Russians in Uruguay. It all began when I met a K.G.B. officer from the Soviet embassy named Sergei Borisov. We met at the Montevideo Diplomatic Club and struck up a kind of unreal friendship. He knew what I was, I knew what he was. We both knew we were spying on each other, but we went ahead and did it anyway, because it was part of the game we were playing. It was like chess. In fact, we sometimes played chess and he beat my ass off every time, but I liked to think I beat him at the spy game.

PLAYBOY: How?

AGEE: Well, it started by my inviting Sergei and his wife, Nina, to dinner at our house. Then we began to see them every month or so. Go to the beach, have dinner, drink a little vodka and play some chess while the wives talked girl talk. Then one day our telephone tap on the Soviet embassy gave us a sensational piece of information about infidelity in the Borisov menage.

PLAYBOY: You mean Sergei was sneaking out for a quick one now and then?

AGEE: No. Nina was! Sergei had a new boss, a K.G.B. station chief named Khalturin, and one of Khalturin's first unofficial acts after arriving in the country, even before he had a permanent place to live, was to jump into bed with Nina. Then I found out that Khalturin was interested in an apartment owned by a friend of mine, a Philip Morris distributor named Carlos Salguero. Salguero agreed to make sure Khalturin took the apartment—but to give us access before the Russian moved in. We bugged the sofa and the bed, and we got another apartment on the floor above and just

off to one side. My secretary moved into the other apartment until we could find an agent to cover it. To operate the bugs, we used one of the CIA's less amazing technological achievements, a transmitterreceiver that was fitted into a gray, twosuiter Samsonite suitcase and gave us nothing but trouble.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong?

AGEE: Well, for one thing, the damned thing put out so much radiation that you had to wear a lead apron so the radiation wouldn't homogenize your balls. And for another, you had to tilt the suitcase to just the right angle so that the beam was aimed directly at the switches in Khalturin's apartment. Otherwise, the switches would get stuck in the ON or OFF position and somebody would have to sneak into his apartment to move them.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from Nina and Khalturin's conversations?

AGEE: It's funny, I don't know. None of us could understand Russian, so we sent the tapes to headquarters to be transcribed, and I was so busy with other operations that I never bothered to read the English transcriptions that came back. But that situation served as the basis for one of the weirdest operational ideas I ever had. I suggested to Washington that I should arrange to find myself alone with Sergei and tell him how sorry I was to hear that his wife was having an affair with his boss. That would have put Sergei and Khalturin into a tricky situation on two levels, personal and political. PLAYBOY: We can see the personal problem, but how would it affect them politically?

AGEE: Well, if a Russian told Sergei his wife was having an affair with his boss, he would not be obliged to report it to Moscow. Extramarital affairs in a Soviet colony abroad are, in fact, rather common. Sergei might even have known about the affair and was allowing it to continue. But if a CIA man told Sergei about the affair, that would be another matter altogether. All CIA contacts must be reported. Not to report what I said would be to take a first step toward treason. If he did report it, he'd create an uncomfortable situation for himself and for Khalturin. What I hoped, of course, was that he wouldn't. Then we might have gotten him into a position for blackmail. If he told his wife what I'd said, we'd have her, too. And if Nina told Khalturin and we got their conversation on tape, we could make big trouble for all of them. We might even find ourselves with some very valuable new assets inside the K.G.B.

PLAYBOY: So what happened?

AGEE: Washington killed the idea. They were afraid Sergei might throw a punch at me and cause a flap. I think they were wrong.

PLAYBOY: So that was that?

AGEE: Far from it. We kept right on after

Khalturin. I helped forge a document pretty much like the Flores report, this time seeming to involve the Soviet embassy in Uruguay with the damaging strikes the country had been having. By using some of our well-placed agents in the Uruguayan government, we had six officers in the Russian embassy expelled. most of them from Khalturin's department. That left him terribly shorthanded, so he had to work day and night. From our observation posts at the Soviet embassy, we could see him coming and going, and he looked really run-down. We hoped he might crack. But I left Uruguay before Khalturin and the Borisovs did, so I don't know what finally happened with them.

PLAYBOY: But something happened to you? You were saying that in Uruguay you began to have a change of heart about the CIA.

AGEE: Yes. Part of the trouble was the atmosphere in the Montevideo station. Ned Holman, the chief, was a really unpleasant, middle-aged ex-FBI man. And God, was he lazy! He was only four years from retirement and all he wanted to do was serve out his time. When anything went wrong, he wrote scurrilous letters about his officers to our superiors in Washington. I found the combination to his file and read them. He gave me good reports, because I was a bear for work, but he really hurt most of the others. There was a foul atmosphere there.

PLAYBOY: What about the atmosphere in your home?

AGEE: That kept getting worse, too. And so did the atmosphere in the country. While I was in Uruguay, inflation soared from 33.5 percent a year to more than 100 percent. For months on end, one sector of the economy or another was paralyzed by strikes. The more I got to know about the corrupt government we were backing, the less I liked my work. I began to see that the landowners, ranchers, bankers and professionals-a small minority-were using the government for their own selfish purposes. Why were we supporting such people? Then came the invasion of the Dominican Republic by U.S. Marines. That really got to me. It was done under the pretext that the Dominican Republic might become another Cuba, which was so absurd I had to wonder what the real reason was. For the first time, I had to consider that the CIA might not really be serving the cause of liberal reform. And then one day I got a shock that's still painful to talk about.

PLAYBOY: What was it?

AGEE: I overheard a man being tortured by the police—a man I'd fingered for them. You know, at that time, the police in Latin-American countries didn't use torture as some of them do now. For years I'd been having people arrested, but I don't think I'd ever actually seen what happened to them afterward. Then,



in December 1965, during a state of siege, I told the Uruguayan police to pick up a Communist named Oscar Bonaudi for preventive detention, because he was quite active in street demonstrations. About five days later, the new chief of station, John Horton, and I were visiting police headquarters to show the police chief a forged document we'd prepared, and I began to hear moans coming from somewhere above the police chief's office. The chief was embarrassed and told one of his assistants to turn up the radio. I remember there was a soccer game on. Well, the moans got louder and the assistant kept turning up the radio. Finally, the moans turned to screams and the radio was blaring so loudly we couldn't hear ourselves talk. I had this strange feeling-terror and helplessness. Two days later, I found out that the man they had been torturing was Bonaudi.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

AGEE: I can't describe it. I just know that after that, I began to notice certain things and think about them. For instance, I began to observe what happened to Company men as they got older. Unless they made it to a high-level job, a lot of them turned into pale-faced paper pushers who believed in nothing but their pensions. Burned-out cases. Was I going to be like that in 15 years? It worried me.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to quit The Company?

AGEE: Before I left Uruguay. But I decided not to leave until I found another job. When I was transferred back to Washington in the fall of 1966, Janet and I separated, so my expenses were pretty high. We had two children. Christopher, who was then two, and Philip, who was five. Then I had a piece of luck. I was sent to Mexico City-assigned, along with another man who was legitimate, not CIA, as one of the U.S. Ambassador's attachés for the 1968 Olympic games. I spent a very pleasant year and a half working on that assignment. The CIA's purpose in sending me was to use the Olympic milieu to recruit new agents. I met a lot of people, didn't recruit any, and meanwhile learned quite a bit about the CIA's operation in Mexico.

PLAYBOY: Is it a sizable one?

AGEE: Huge. The station's annual budget even then was \$5,500,000. And the Mexicans were very cooperative. With Mexican security's help, the station was able to tap as many as 40 telephone lines at once. The president of the country at the time, Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, was a very close CIA collaborator. So was his predecessor, Adolfo Lopez Mateos. The current Mexican president, Luis Echeverría, also was a station contact-when he was Diaz Ordaz' minister for internal security. But I'm pretty sure Echeverría has broken with the CIA; in fact, he's now denouncing it and accusing it of fomenting demonstrations by what he calls "young fascists" against his administration.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn about any interesting operations in Mexico?

AGEE: Two. One was a defection operation, the other involved the use of a woman as bait. In the defection business, I learned how much the CIA would pay to get what it wanted. We had access through one of our agents to a senior K.G.B. officer named Pavel Yatskov, who happened to be a fanatic about fishing. Well, cool as you please, the Soviet Bloc Division in headquarters proposed to induce Yatskov to defect by offering him \$500,000! Not only that, but the CIA was willing to set him up with an elaborate cover as the owner of an income-producing fishing lodge in Canada. The reason this plan wasn't adopted was that we feared that our own man may have been a double agent, secretly recruited by Yatskov.

PLAYBOY: And the case in which a woman was used as bait?

AGEE: Straight out of Ian Fleming. She was a young Mexican girl, recruited through a local businessman. She was used as bait to lure the administrative officer of the Soviet embassy, a man named Silnikov. He used to spend a lot of time horsing around with the owner of a tiny grocery store near the Soviet embassy-who just happened to be a CIA agent. The Soviets bought a lot of Coca-Cola there and at one time the CIA was working on ways to bug the Coke bottles that went into their embassy. Anyway, it became obvious that Silnikov rose to the bait, shall we say. After some hot necking sessions in the back of the store, they went to the girl's pad, where, unbeknownst to her, a bug and a hidden camera had been installed. I don't know how much information Silnikov spilled, if any, but his virility was beyond belief.

PLAYBOY: When you left the CIA, did you let The Company know how you felt about what it was doing?

AGEE: Hell, no! I wanted them to think I was still a loyal agency supporter-that there were no political reasons for my resigning-so I told them I was leaving for personal reasons. This was true as far as it went, because the CIA knew I was planning to marry a woman I'd met through the Olympics and to live permanently in Mexico. If The Company had known how I really felt, it could have made it impossible, through its Mexicangovernment friends, for me to remain in Mexico. As it was, the CIA urged me to stay in The Company and offered me another promotion. But I refused. In fact, I did something you have to be pretty damn careful not to do in the CIA. I refused to obey an order.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that like refusing to obey an order in the military?

AGEE: Almost as bad. It happened like this: Janet was resentful because of the breakup and other things, so when I took a trip to Washington, she refused to let me take the children back to Mexico for a visit. I took them anyway and Janet was furious. She said if I didn't send them back, she'd expose me as a CIA officer. I knew she was bluffing, but The Company didn't. So Win Scott, the station chief, called me in and said, "Send them back." I said, "No. If you want to fire me right now, OK, I quit." They couldn't fire me, because the Ambassador needed me; it would have been too awkward for him to fire one of his Olympic attachés on the eve of the games. But they were really in a lather.

PLAYBOY: The CIA felt that you were disloyal?

AGEE: To put it mildly. But, in fact, I wasn't really disloyal to the CIA even then. When I resigned, I had no intention of writing a book, of doing the CIA any harm. I was still a prisoner of middleclass respectability and of that pervasive CIA security consciousness. I went to work for a friend in Mexico City who was marketing a new product, and I figured I'd just forget I'd ever worked for the CIA.

PLAYBOY: But you couldn't forget?

AGEE: I couldn't forget. The memories kept coming back like things I'd swallowed but couldn't digest. Then my marriage plans fell through and I had plenty of time to think. The feeling began to grow inside me that I had some message to give-that I should tell the American people what their Government was doing in their name. I found myself making notes. First I thought of writing sort of a scholarly treatise on the CIA. I wrote an outline and took it to New York. Five publishers turned it down. But I'm stubborn, you know. I'm a Capricorn, if that means anything. Headstrong. So back in Mexico, a friend who knew François Maspero, a radical publisher in Paris, put me in touch with him. And, well, Maspero agreed to give me a small advance and help me get the book written. But I couldn't find the research material I needed in Mexico. You see, I had no notes from my CIA days: I had to find contemporary sources to refresh my memory, so I could reconstruct events. I could have continued in Paris or maybe London, someplace outside the jurisdiction of U.S. courts, so they couldn't enjoin my work as they had Marchetti's. Another possibility was Havana, and with Maspero's help, arrangements were made for me to go there.

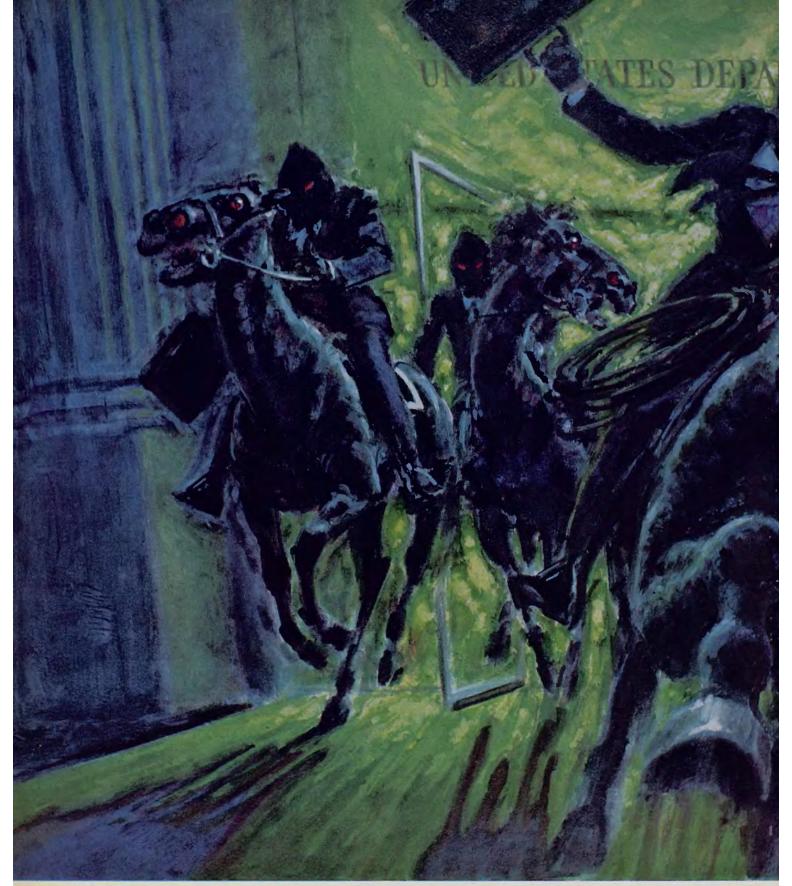
PLAYBOY: Why Havana?

AGEE: We found that there were newspapers and magazines and other reference works at the National Library and the Casa de las Americas. But, besides, I really wanted to see for myself what the Cuban Revolution was all about.

PLAYBOY: How much were you allowed to see in Cuba?

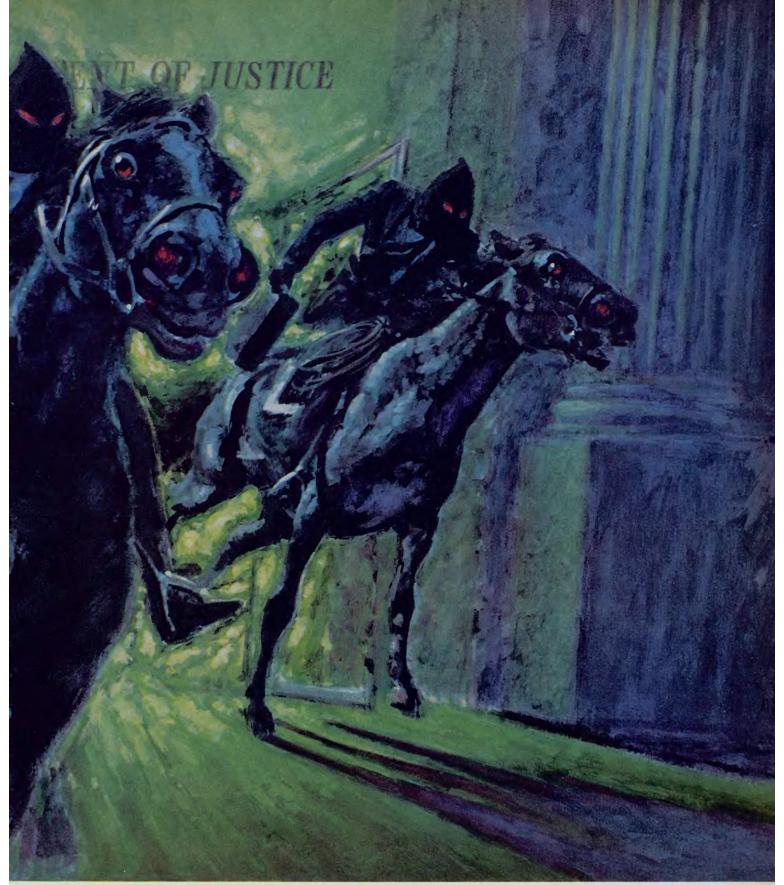
AGEE: They let me go anywhere except onto military reservations. In 1971, I traveled all over the island, and I was (continued on page 78)





# VENGEANCE UNDER THE LAW

when federal prosecutors want you, they'll try like hell to get you—and due process be damned



article By PETER SCHRAG IN THE FALL of 1974, two months after Richard M. Nixon left the White House, a Federal judge in South Dakota pronounced what may become history's verdict on the U.S. Department of Justice in the Nixon years. The judge, Fred J. Nichol, had presided over the eight-month trial of the leaders of a group of American Indians who had

occupied the town of Wounded Knee in the spring of 1973, a case in which he found "the misconduct of the Government . . . so aggravated that a dismissal must be entered in the interests of justice."

"The waters of justice," Judge Nichol said, "have been polluted."

It was a long record. Judge Nichol had

found, among other things, that the FBI had altered or suppressed documents vital to the case; that there had been illegal electronic surveillance; that an FBI agent had perjured himself on the witness stand; that Government agents had probably persuaded law-enforcement officials in Wisconsin to drop rape and sodomy charges against the key prosecution 67 witness in return for favorable testimony; and that the witness, appropriately named Louis Moves Camp, was probably not even in Wounded Knee during the time about which he testified. "The prosecutor," said Judge Nichol, "was grossly negligent in failing to verify Moves Camp's testimony and, further, in failing to offer an explanation or correction of his testimony in the face of overwhelming contradictory evidence." The plain implication was that the Government had suspected that its star witness had been a liar from the very beginning. Judge Nichol said:

The prosecution in this trial had something other than obtaining justice in its mind. . . . The fact that incidents of misconduct formed a pattern throughout the course of the trial leads me to the belief that this case was not prosecuted in good faith or in the spirit of justice.

The record at Wounded Knee contained elements that had become tediously familiar in the more notorious cases of the Nixon era, though few judges before Watergate (or, indeed, since) were willing to go as far as Nichol in chastising the Government. In every major political case-Wounded Knee, Daniel Ellsberg, the Gainesville trial of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (V.V.A.W.), the Harrisburg trial of the Kissinger kidnap "conspirators," the prosecutions of Weathermen, the conspiracy prosecution of the Chicago Seven-the Government employed illegal wire taps, suppressed evidence or used provocateurs who encouraged criminal acts. That record, however, represents just the most visible part of a Byzantine tangle of investigative and prosecutorial techniques and intrigues that ran from the lowest levels of law enforcement to the inner councils of the White House and that involved local police, the FBI, the CIA, the Internal Revenue Service, the "plumbers," the Defense Department, the Intelligence Evaluation Committee (IEC), the National Security Agency (NSA) and other agencies. The objective was not merely to "neutralize" New Left and black militant organizations (as outlined in secret FBI directives issued six months before Nixon was elected) but to use the criminal-justice system in every possible way against all the "enemies" of an increasingly defensive Administration.

Most of the elements were familiar long before Nixon became President and John N. Mitchell his Attorney General. The roots went back to the beginnings of American history and beyond, to the Alien and Sedition Acts, one of which made it a penal offense "to publish any false, scandalous or malicious writings against the Government of the United States," to the great Red scare of the Twenties, to the McCarthyism of the Fifties and to a dour puritanism of the country that its prosecutors never quite outgrew. There were ghosts in those courtrooms, spooks and specters who had rattled around criminal trials for centuries-Spanish inquisitors in matters of heresy, long-forgotten attorneys general, American and British, specialists in the Star Chamber and informers and provocateurs from every age. There was U.S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, the "fighting Quaker," who, in 1920, raided the offices of radical groups, rounded up "alien Bolsheviks" and, without trial or hearing, shipped them out of the country; there was Joe McCarthy himself, clutching his lists of "Communists" and demanding on penalty of contempt of Congress that ordinary citizens inform on their friends; and there were scores of prosecutors with their target lists of gangsters, subversives, deviants, freethinkers, liberals, professors, atheists and other bad people who

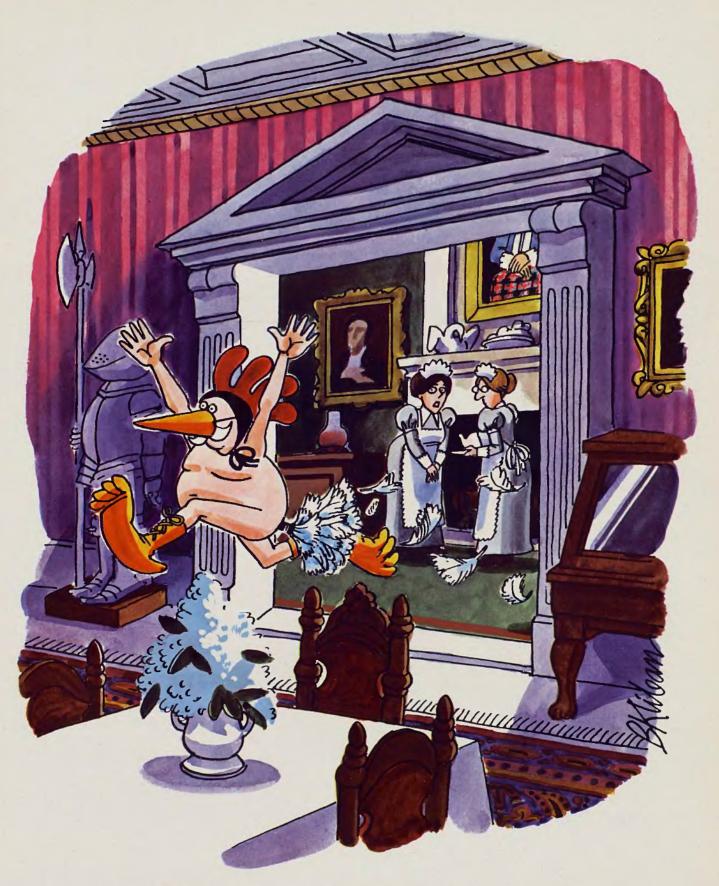
had to be put away.

Nor were the tactics new. Some were developed by the Justice Department under Robert F. Kennedy, and some, including the burglary of selected "targets" in "national security" investigations, had been used in prior administrations and later dropped. J. Edgar Hoover, later to become director of the FBI, began his career in 1919 by helping assemble 60,000 dossiers on "Reds" and radicals for the Justice Department; Kennedy, later to become Attorney General, learned some of the tricks working for McCarthy's committee. It was Kennedy's Justice Department that stretched the concept of interstate crime, permitting Federal prosecutions and grand juries to include anything that involved travel across state lines, interstate telephone calls or checks drawn on out-of-state banks. It was Attorney General Ramsey Clark, now a hero among civil libertarians, who ordered the prosecution of Dr. Benjamin Spock and others (on conspiracy charges) for counseling draft resistance; and it was Clark who in 1967 set up the Justice Department's Interdivision Information Unit (IDIU), a computer data bank on people likely to be involved in urban riots or potentially useful in cooling them. Clark instructed Hoover that "sources or informants in black-nationalist groups should be developed and expanded to determine the size and purpose of these groups and also to determine the whereabouts of persons who might be involved in instigating riot activity in violation of Federal law." (In simple language, that meant keeping activists under surveillance.) More important, prosecutors had frequently used some variant of the hit-list technique against labor racketeers and Syndicate figures in an effort (usually through the tax laws) to put them away. That process came full circle when, in 1973, James R. Hoffa, who had been pursued for years by Robert Kennedy, went to Los Angeles to hire Leonard B. Boudin, Ellsberg's chief counsel, in his attempt to regain the right to hold office in the Teamsters'

Mitchell and the Justice Department fused the old elements with new surveillance and data-processing technologies, changed the hit list and put the system to work in the service of an Administration with an obsessive need to control every facet of the political environment and with an apparently chronic inability to distinguish the national security from its own. At the same time, the White House, under Kissinger's influence, began to see foreign-policy problems in distinctly Central European terms, which, among other things, meant secret diplomacy and an absolute need to control the flow of what it regarded as sensitive information. In a time of total or popular war, such a view would have been sustained by consensus-it is inconceivable, for example, that any newspaper would have published something like the Pentagon papers in 1943-but the consensus had broken down, protest had become fashionable and the credibility gap was immense. Everyone, from the lowest hippie to the editors of The New York Times, had become an enemy. The whole apparatus of Government would therefore be brought to bear on the broad spectrum of people who disturbed the peace in the Oval Office.

The operating center, the organization with the muscle, was the Internal Security Division (ISD), a branch of the Justice Department that had been more or less dormant since the days of McCarthy. In 1970, ISD was beefed up by Assistant Attorney General Robert C. Mardian, a tough-talking political organizer who was one of the Administration's major links with the right wing of the Southwest (he had been a Goldwater campaign manager in 1964) and who, in the words of a White House aide who often worked with him, "can't tell a kid with a beard from a kid with a bomb." Mardian would ultimately be convicted-with his patron, Mitchell-under the same conspiracy laws that he so often used against the left. But while he headed ISD, he came to symbolize the Administration's definition of law and order.

Under Mardian and his successor, A. William Olson, ISD became an aggressive investigative and prosecutorial machine specializing in draft resisters, Weathermen, sympathizers of the Irish Republican Army, left-wing professors, Ellsberg and the Pentagon papers, Catholic pacifists, members of the Jewish Defense League and a variety of radicals, hippies and bombers. "The way to do it," Mardian allegedly told a senior FBI official, "is to



"I'll never finish my cleaning now. His Lordship's got the feather duster again!"

set up a list of key leaders and we target them for prosecution, and we go after them with blanket coverage 24 hours a day until we get them."

The trouble with Mardian, the FBI official said later, "is that he was a hip shooter."

ISD pursued its targets on three levels: through prosecutions, through an extensive, freewheeling network of grand juries and through other "investigations" that depended in part on a special relationship that Mardian had developed with William C. Sullivan, deputy director of the FBI. Mardian used Sullivan, who had ambitions to succeed J. Edgar Hoover, to get around the director. While Mardian and Hoover were ideologically compatible, Mardian's ISD lawyers had a penchant for running their own investigations without waiting for Hoover's jealous collaboration. Hoover, for example, balked at ordering FBI interviews with his friend Louis Marx, Ellsberg's father-in-law, in the weeks after the Pentagon papers were published. When an FBI official, misreading Hoover's instructions, ordered agents to interrogate Marx, Hoover blew up and demoted the culprit.

Sullivan was Mardian's conduit. Without Hoover's knowledge, he delivered the logs and transcripts of the so-called Kissinger wire taps on reporters and Government officials to Mardian in September 1971. The fear was that Hoover, worried that Nixon might replace him, would use the wire taps to blackmail the Administration. Whether that special relationship also led to activities (such as burglaries) that Hoover had prohibited remains anybody's guess.

It is still impossible to put it all together. It would take a bank of computers and the imagination of a novelist. In the shadow world of competing intelligence organizations and double agents, truth always has two faces. Probably even the Justice Department doesn't know-and doesn't want to know-how much dirty work was done by Federal agents, how many bombings were inspired by Government provocateurs or how many plots evolved within conspiracies within other plots. During his "debriefing" after the Watergate burglary, plumber G. Gordon Liddy told Mardian that "we pulled two [jobs] right under your nose," one of them the burglary of the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Among the many informants who infiltrated the V.V.A.W. in 1971-1972 was a paid FBI provocateur named William W. Lemmer, who was the organization's only serious advocate of "bombing and shooting" in the planned demonstrations at the 1972 political conventions. Among the Weathermen who planted a series of bombs in 1969 and 1970, the most skilled and enthusiastic

bomb maker was a gun-toting FBI informer-provocateur named Larry D. Grathwohl. And among the Camden 28, a group of religious war resisters, was an FBI informer named Robert Hardy, who later confessed that he was the one who provided the encouragement, supplies and technical skills to carry out the draft-board raid in Camden, New Jersey, in which the group was arrested. Hardy also claimed that his FBI contacts had promised him that the group would be stopped before the raid actually took place but that "the higher-ups, 'someone at the Little White House in California,' they said, wanted it to actually happen."

There is no way to know how many provocateurs and double agents never surfaced or how many bag jobs were pulled by Federal agents or (more likely) by local police collaborating with Government investigators. After Watergate and the disclosure of the Ellsberg breakin, almost every movement lawyer and every radical organization recalled burglaries in which only address lists, membership records and other key documents had been taken. There were literally dozens, but perhaps the strangest took place at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont, where, in 1970, the identification photo of a former student and radical activist named Ronald Fliegelman was removed from the college files by persons unknown. A few weeks later, the photo appeared on an FBI "WANTED" poster. It is possible, of course, that most of those burglaries were garden-variety second-story jobs and that only retroactive paranoia attributed them to more sinister forces. But Watergate made that sort of paranoia almost obsolete. What had been suspicion became fact, and whenever the Government was challenged in court on possible illegal activities, prosecutors either tried to avoid direct answers or moved to dismiss the case to prevent disclosure. In 1973, for example, after three years of extensive investigations, grand-jury hearings in a dozen cities and complicated legal jockeying, the Government was preparing to try a case in Detroit it desperately wanted to win, a conspiracy case against a group of people associated with the Weathermen. That summer, however, after the activities of the plumbers were disclosed, the judge in the case, Damon J. Keith, ordered an evidentiary hearing and the production of documents to determine whether and to what extent a long list of Federal agencies "participated in any activities with respect to the preparation or investigation of the subject matter of this case, which activities were unauthorized by any court, consisting of burglary, acts of sabotage, mail searches, electronic-surveillance devices, provocateurism, breaking and entering, or any and all other espionage tactics'

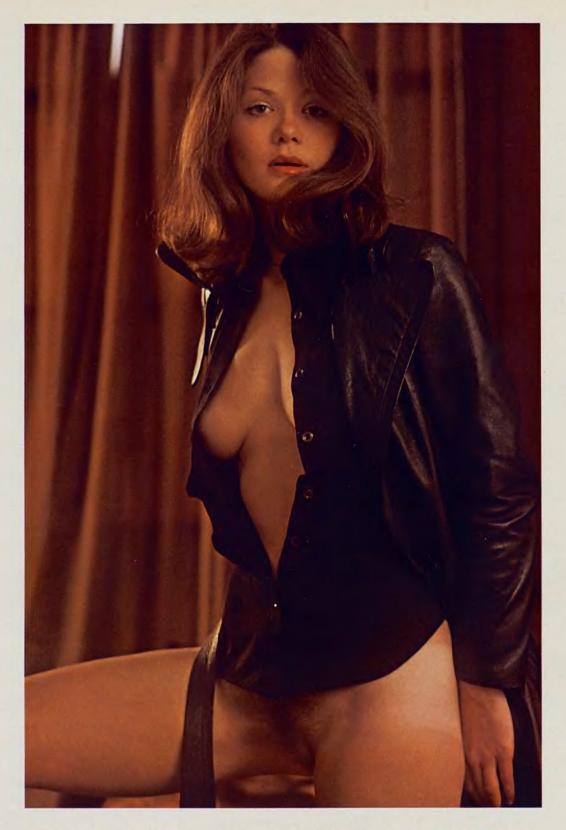
against the defendants. At that point, the Government abruptly moved to dismiss the case

The prosecutors of the ISD seemed to have a penchant for withholding and laundering evidence. In the generation after World War Two, Congress and the Supreme Court had established the principle that defendants in criminal cases were entitled to exculpatory evidence in the possession of the Government (i.e., the names of possible witnesses, documents and exhibits that might indicate innocence), that they were allowed transcripts of statements Government witnesses had made to Government agents and that information derived from illegal searches such as burglaries or unauthorized wire taps ("the fruit of the poisoned tree") could not be used by the Government. In case after case, however. ISD prosecutors, sometimes abetted by tolerant judges, concealed such information by evasion, obfuscation, forgetfulness or something that verged on outright perjury. In the Ellsberg trial in Los Angeles, Judge W. Matthew Byrne, Jr., ordered the prosecution to produce "damage" reports written by State or Defense Department officials that might indicate that disclosure of the Pentagon papers would not affect the national defense, a key issue in the case. For months, prosecutor David R. Nissen insisted that extensive searches of Government files had indicated that there were no such documents. Then, on cross-examination, a Government witness accidentally revealed that such damage reports might. indeed, have been written. After extensive questioning of a series of Government officials by an increasingly suspicious judge, it turned out that the reports had been produced by Defense Department analysts at the specific request of the Justice Department (which had found them "unsatisfactory") and that copies had been sitting in Nissen's own files in the Los Angeles courthouse for more than a year. Byrne wanted an explanation:

BYRNE: We are talking about the availability of a witness who could be called by the defendants who is an employee of the Department of Defense [who] told the Department of Justice that that particular document . . . does not relate to the national defense. Now, don't you think that is material and exculpatory evidence . . . ?

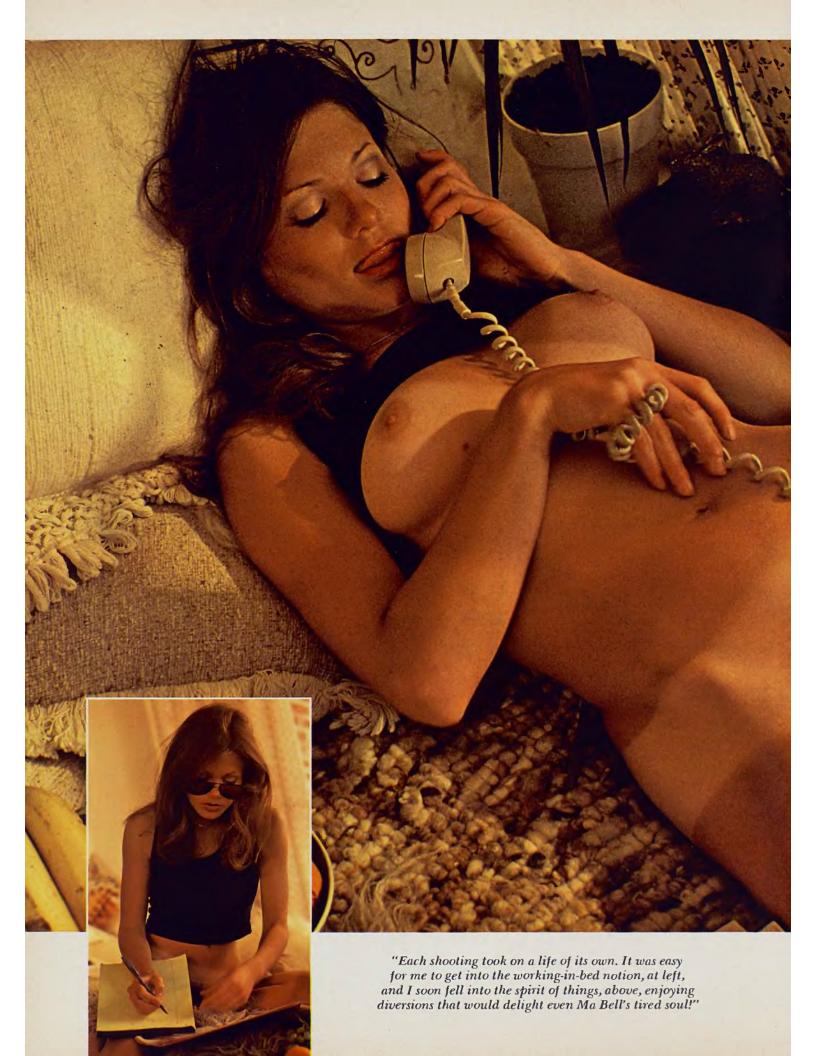
NISSEN: Your Honor, I not only think so, I know so.

There was more, not only in Los Angeles but in many other cases. In virtually every political trial, defense lawyers and judges were told that there had been no unauthorized wire tapping only to discover later that taps had been (continued on page 134)



### THE GIRL FROM PLAYBOY

kim komar, who happens to be a playboy press editor, also happens to be a dynamite-looking lady. need we say more?



Beautiful, bright, creative and—wonder of wonders—unaffected, Kim's the very model of the career person as she tends to business in her Playboy Press office.

#### by kim komar

I'M NOT SURE how the idea of my writing these words came up. Did I propose it in a moment of insanity, never suspecting that I'd get a go-ahead? Looking back, I guess it was my own idea, but the realization of actually doing it didn't surface until a lunch date with the magazine editors, when, suddenly, amid talk of diets, Playmates and Julia Child, we were discussing my "story"—rather an incredible happening for a girl raised in a Catholic boarding school.

It all began with my job as an editor in Playboy's Book Division. I was assigned to work on a proposed series of books called *The Playboy Photographer*. The idea was to feature the work of one photographer and reveal something about the man as well. As one of the earliest staff photographers hired, Pompeo Posar was a logical choice for the first book.

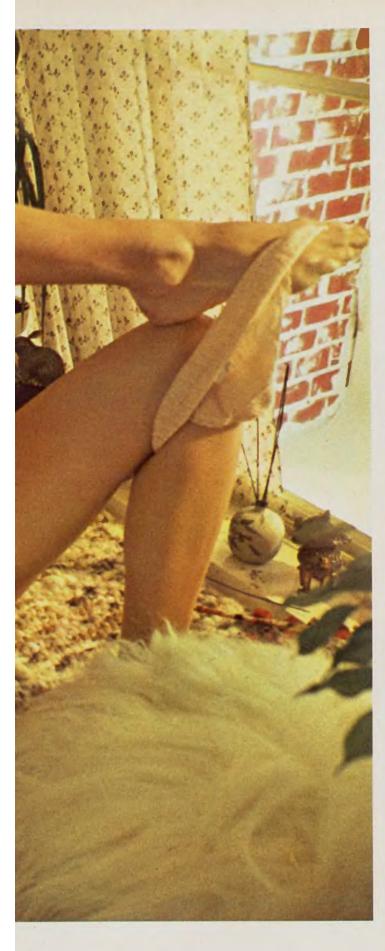
I set out, gathering the hundreds of photos Pompeo has done, interviewing him and watching him at work. I soon realized a few of the reasons for Pompeo's success: He's appealingly shy and disarmingly stubborn. He kept asking me to try modeling and I kept answering with a question: "Who, me?" I was sure that this was one instance when Pompeo's Italian intuition about women would prove mistaken. As for me, romping nude in front of a camera was something I would not have called me. But I'd underestimated not only Pompeo's determination but my own curiosity as well. Pompeo's reassuring manner finally got me to answer with another question: "Why not?"

At first I was alarmingly quiet and generally uptight. After a couple of shootings, though, when I'd halted the mental commotion long enough to analyze what I was feeling, I was genuinely surprised at myself. Rather than being traumatic, it





"Taken only a couple of days after my return from a trip to the Bahamas, this shot caught me daydreaming about a caressingly warm, early-morning beach and all that it inspired. A lovely, sensuous reverie."



had turned out to be a lot of fun. Pompeo's confidence in me helped immeasurably. Especially gratifying was being able to get in touch with my sexy self, discovering and accepting it as a full-time part of me, not as something to be conjured up only at appropriate moments. It wasn't a question of feeling more attractive or of being more attractive in the PLAYBOY sense, nor of feeling or being more female, just more aware that I already was those things and hadn't let myself enjoy them.

Enjoying myself is what the pictures came to be about. Trusting my instincts that what was feeling good was looking good, I forgot the camera and dove into fantasies, visions of myself and phantom partners who appeared and disappeared at will. (My faith in the effectiveness of fantasies has been confirmed!)

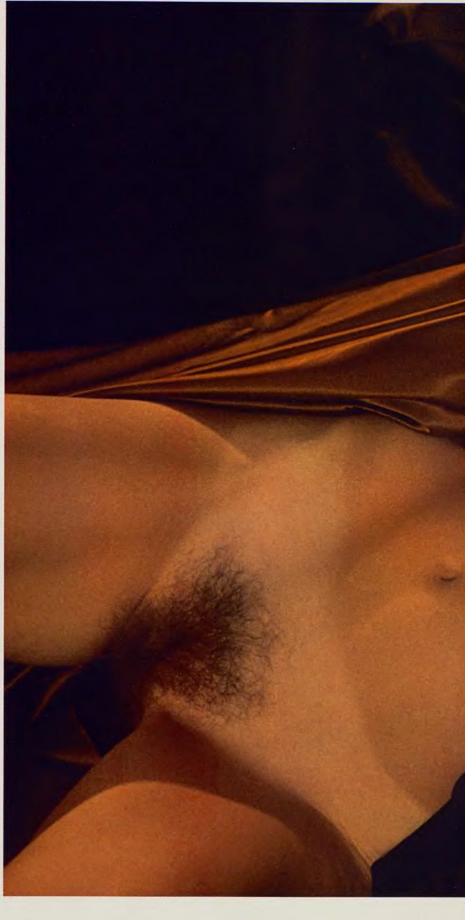
I waited for the much-touted "sex object" feelings to arise, and occasionally they did, when some technical problem came up in a shooting and I had to be moved around. But what's expressed in these pictures was very much felt and experienced. I didn't find it necessary to objectify or create anything that didn't occur naturally. Allowing myself to feel and be sexy, being encouraged to be so and knowing that none of the usual complications would occur was really a great experience.

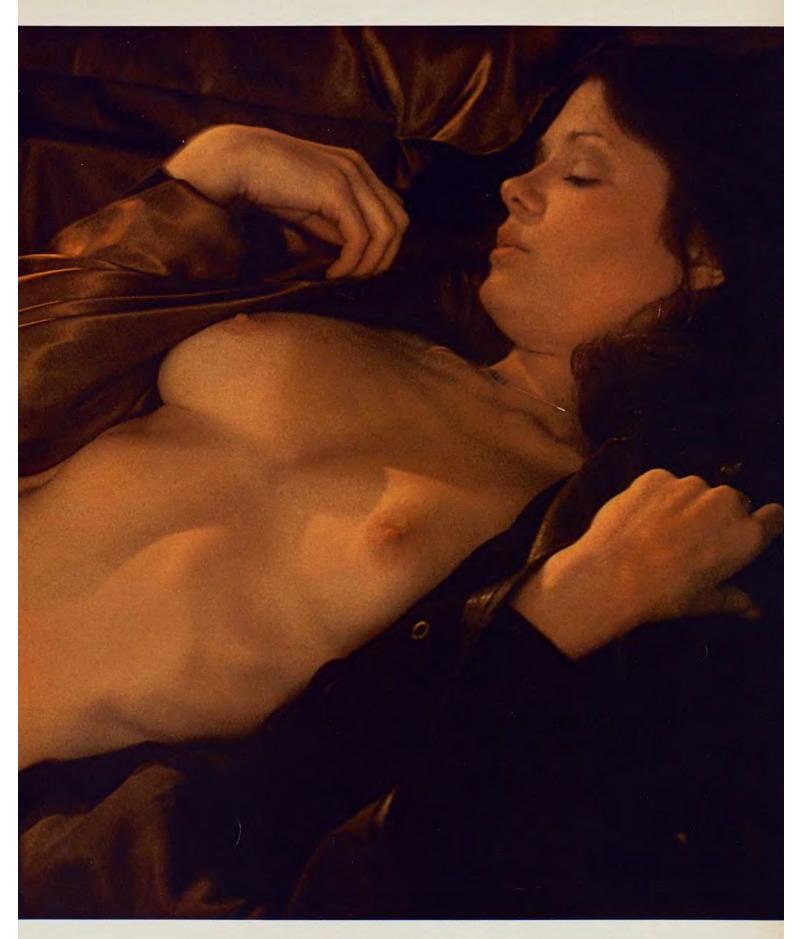
Doing the pictures was hard work, too, which is hard to believe. But there's a pressure for everything to be *right* that





creates tension. It generally proves to be productive tension, triggering something vital between photographer and model. Then there's the quantum leap from doing the pictures to seeing them and thinking. Is that really me? It's sort of like vacation pictures a year later: You see yourself in them, you remember the time, what was happening when a picture was taken, but it seems incredible that you really were in Piazza San Marco in Venice or in Aunt Mabel's back yard in Alabama. Add to that the dimension of seeing photos that show you as you rarely see yourself and it becomes even more difficult. How many people get to critically examine their bodies as models do: finding faults, seeing awful expressions and once in a while-thank God-finding a pleasing shot? But I've overcome that disbelief and accept these images as being of me, but not as being me. They only begin to show me, and you've only begun to see me. There's a skinny Midwest-suburban tomboy in there, one of the first to try out for little league; the quiet, shy "everybody's friend," lifeguard-wholesome, knee socks high school girl; and the studious Phi Beta Kappa college student who was beginning at last to learn what it means to be and to feel alive. And the "career person," whom even I have only begun to see. Sometime editor, sometime writer-whoever she turns out to be, she has learned that to be alive means to want to know more about everything. Right now, there's a harp in my life, Charlie Brown, Virginia Woolf and yoga. There's collected junk, a convertible and bathtub rings. There's Shakespeare (who knows it all), dumb poems, a nondescript black dog and some fine people. I thought briefly of turning in a bunch of business cards, each carrying my name and one of my "life roles" as the copy for my story. But they would all boil down to "Kim: person," and that's really what I'm all about.





"I can best describe my photo adventure as experiencing the luxury of oneself. Whether I became a mischievous ten-year-old or an elegant lady, it felt easy and good just being me.
I'll have to let myself be charmed into things more often!"

#### PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 64)

impressed. The Cubans were quite enthusiastic about the Revolution, in spite of the many hardships caused by the U.S. economic blockade—and by their own mistakes, too. They supported their government; they were convinced it was giving them a fair deal. So was I. Cuba had done what the other Latin-American countries had pledged to do in the early Sixties: It had redistributed income and integrated its society.

PLAYBOY: Did the CIA discover in 1971 that you were inside Cuba?

AGEE: Surprisingly, I don't think they did. I knew The Company checks passenger manifests on all planes and ships that make stops in Cuba. Somehow they missed me. I guess good luck made me reckless, because before leaving Havana to continue research in Paris, I did something really foolish. I wrote a long, signed letter to a Montevideo political journal, describing some of the CIA's covert-action operations in Uruguay. There was an electoral campaign on there and I thought I could help the left-wing coalitionwhich was similar to the Popular Unity coalition that had elected Allende in Chile the year before-by suggesting that the CIA would be helping the corrupt traditional parties. It was as if I had forgotten everything I had learned about the CIA and how dangerous it can be. I was damn soon reminded, though.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

AGEE: I was visited in Paris by a CIA officer named Keith Gardiner, a Harvard type, a guy I'd known a long time, who told me that Richard Helms, who was director of the CIA then, wanted to know what the hell I thought I was doing by writing that letter to the Montevideo publication. It was a scary moment. I decided I'd better bluff. I figured that if The Company knew how little work I'd actually done on the book-less than a third of the research—they might figure it was safe to get rough. So I told them it was already written and I was cutting it to a publishable length. I promised to submit the final draft to the CIA before publication. PLAYBOY: But you didn't?

AGEE: I never intended to. At that time, I was just trying to calm them down. I hoped that would stall them for a while, but I couldn't be certain, and from that moment on, I lived under a big strain.

PLAYBOY: Were you afraid you might be assassinated?

AGEE: I was too busy to think about that. But I was jumpy. For one thing, I wasn't sure to what lengths the French secret service might go to please The Company. At the very least, I was afraid I might be deported and put on some plane that made its first stop in New York.

PLAYBOY: Did you see any indication that your fears were justified?

AGEE: A few months after Gardiner's visit, I noticed I was being followed on

the street. I couldn't be sure if it was CIA people or a French liaison operation working at the CIA's request. And I had no idea what they might be setting me up for. For all I knew, they might have been a bunch of killers. Anyway, about the same time, my advance from the publisher ran out. The situation was pretty grim. The CIA was after me and sometimes I literally didn't have a franc for cigarettes. I felt pretty damn small and alone. Friends helped out with food and some small cash donations, and to avoid the surveillance, I went to live in the room of a friend who's an artist. In the daytime, I worked as usual at the library doing my research, but I kept the place where I was living a secret.

PLAYBOY: How did you duck the people who were tailing you?

AGEE: It wasn't too hard. I'd take the Métro, for example, the Paris subway, and when the train arrived, I'd just stand by the door and let it go off again and see if anybody had stayed in the station with me when all the other people were gone. Or when I got off the train, I'd stay there on the platform and let everybody leave and then see if anybody else had remained on the platform. Usually, there was a group of three or four of them. Once identified, they'd be easy to lose. One time, when I had a little cash, I took a cab. My retinue took a cab, too. I told my driver to stop at the Arc de Triomphe. When he did, I pretended to be fumbling for my money, but I was really watching my surveillance team in the rearview mirror. They got out of their cab fast, all set to keep following me on foot. But the minute their cab drove off, I told my driver I'd decided to ride a little farther. So we pulled away and left them standing there. I couldn't resist-I turned around slowly, held my hand up and gave them the finger.

PLAYBOY: Besides following you, did The Company make any other moves?

AGEE: Some surprisingly obvious ones. A CIA man visited my father in Florida and tried to scare him about what might happen to me. Another CIA man called on Janet and got her to write me a letter of concern. He also told her they'd pay me to stop and not publish. She didn't tell me this, but my older son did—he was listening secretly. God, I hope spying isn't congenital!

In the spring of 1972, The Company moved against me more directly. A young man who said his name was Sal Ferrera showed up in a café I liked and introduced himself as an underground journalist. I told him who I was and what I was doing. He offered me a small loan and suggested that he might do an interview with me. I was desperate for money, so I took the loan and let him have the interview. He bought me a dinner one night and afterward we met

a woman named Leslie Donegan, who said she was a Venezuelan heiress. At Sal's urging, I saw Leslie again and soon she offered to support me while I finished the book—provided I let her read the manuscript. I needed money so badly I let her have a copy for a few days.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Leslie come through with the money?

AGEE: In dribs and drabs, enough to keep me going. It's ironic to think that the book may have got finished partly because the CIA, through Leslie, supported me through my darkest hour. But the situation had its risks. I was just plain foolish to keep seeing Sal and Leslie. The bugged typewriter was the last straw.

PLAYBOY: The CIA bugged your typewriter?

AGEE: Sal lent me a portable that Leslie eventually switched for a different one. I took it to my secret living place. One afternoon I went out to get a bottle of beer and when I went back to the room, I saw a man and a woman in the hall outside my door. When they saw me, they began kissing. I thought right away they might be surveillance agents-but how had they found out where I lived? The friend whose room I was staying in went out to see what they were doing in the hall. When they saw her, they hurried down the back stairs but couldn't get out the back door, because it was locked. When she followed them down, they started embracing and whispering again and then ran up to the main floor and escaped by the front door. They had something bulky under their coats-probably the receiving set for monitoring the bug in the typewriter.

PLAYBOY: The typewriter had led them

to you?

AGEE: This typewriter—the one you see right here on the table. The one that's photographed on the cover of my book. After catching the monitors, I began to examine the typewriter Leslie had given me. I noticed that when it was facing a certain way, I heard a beeping sound on my FM radio. So I tore off the lining on the inside roof of the case and there it was—a complicated system of miniaturized transistors, batteries, circuits, antennas, even a tiny switch glued flat against the roof of the case.

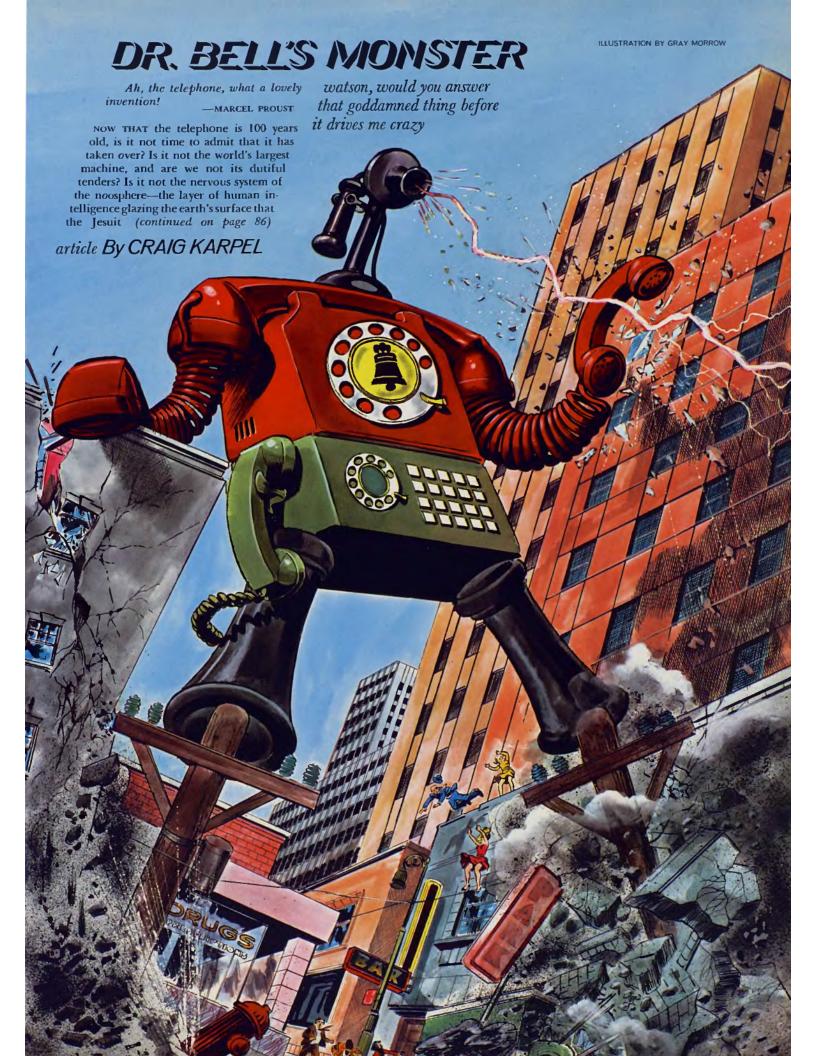
PLAYBOY: Have you ever been accused of rigging this yourself to discredit the CIA? AGEE: I wouldn't know how to make one of these. My editor in London had a technical study made and the thing is legitimate—made in TSD.

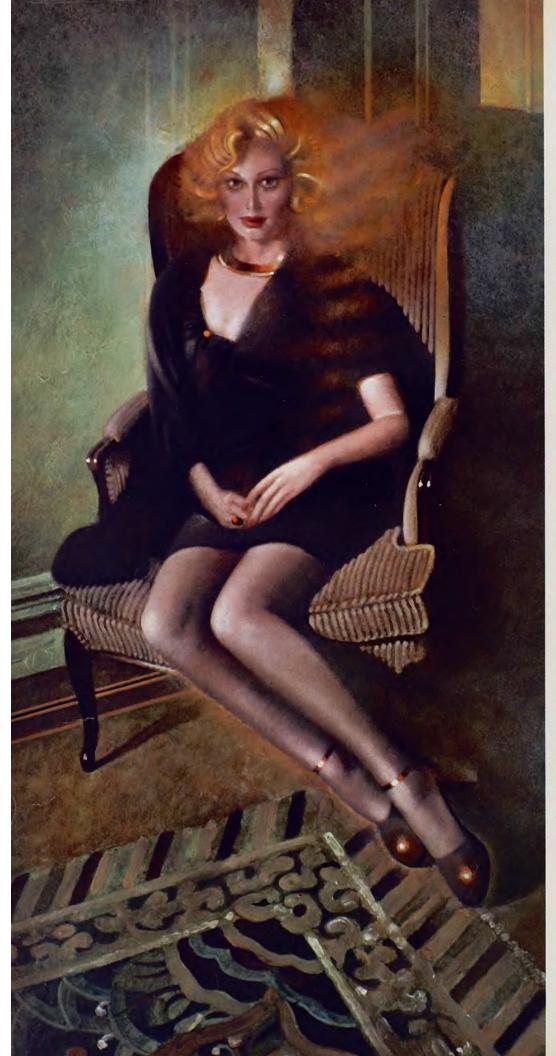
**PLAYBOY:** So they'd found out where you lived—what did they do then?

AGEE: I didn't give them a chance to do anything. I left that room the same day and slept in a different hotel every night until I took off for London.

PLAYBOY: Why did you go to London?

AGEE: Partly to get information, partly to look for a new publisher. I found one (continued on page 164)





VELL, Charley, here you are. Miami Beach, at last. You've worked on your tan. You've played the horses and the dogs. You've watched jai alai. You've made your calls and made your deals. You've played around with boats and water skis and tennis rackets and golf clubs. But now it's time to get something to eat, have some drinks, listen to some sounds, parade around in your fancy threads, boogie, rap, swallow some smoke, cruise a little and then—certainly by then it will be time to get laid.

But there wasn't anything interesting at those convention meetings. Those committee sessions didn't turn up anything. Big Daddy's. The Boom-Boom Room. Four twats at a table, giggling and eyeballing around. Nine ball-bearing characters lined up at every bar, pretending to be unconcerned, aloof, above and beyond it all. Nobody notices those scrapes and scars on the front of the bar where those secret hard-ons have been chipping away for years.

So you flip through one of those giveaway magazines. We can't speak for all of them, but some will promise you your very own personal pick of

## LOVE FOR RENT

money won't
buy affection,
but in
miami beach
it will
produce a
reasonable
facsimile

article By Donn Pearce



dozens of girls: Oriental and subservient; sexy and daring; multilingual or homegrown; sophisticated or country. There are quickie dates. There are branch offices. If you are looking for a hot investment, you can even pick up a franchise.

Models. Guides. Hospitality. Twentyfour-hour service. Master Charge. Carte Blanche. Members of the Chamber of Commerce. Jazzed-up logos with business addresses. Do it now. Telephone numbers

just waiting for your fingers. So call one. The voice will be sweet and seductive, enough to give you an instant electronic erection. No regional accent. Tones carefully modulated. Diction perfect. Inquire about renting a date. Don't use any cornball code phrases, like: "Is the lady liberal?" Don't worry. The odds are pretty good that she's liberal. The going rate is quoted at about \$45 for four hours. If you agree and if she doesn't hang up on you immediately because you're a creep or a perv, she will check to see what girls are available. Asking for your age, your business, your home town and what type of woman you prefer, she promises to call you right back and takes your name, hotel and room number.

Smoke a cigarette. Have a drink. Understand that they are checking you out. Several times a day they get calls from phonies. So wait. The phone rings. Mr. Charles Dork? Yes. OK. There are several girls available. Discuss the matter. Make your decision. It is then explained that a collector will arrive in a half hour for the fee. Smoke. Wait. Knockknock. Here's a big, beefy guy in his 50s with flat feet, shortness of breath and a beeper on his belt. You pay him. He may try to wheedle you for a ten-dollar tip, explaining that he can see to it that you get something extra-special. He may also hit you for a five-dollar service charge because it is after ten o'clock. He may also want a four-dollar "sales tax." He calls in. You are OK.

Shortly afterward, the phone rings. The girl is downstairs in the lobby. And from now on, several things can happen. If she is bold, she may come right up, knock on the door, size you up at a glance, proposition you and then, boomboom. You're in. But sex is not part of the original fee. It comes extra. The highest asking price is \$200, the lowest, \$50. Par is about \$100.

If the girl is smart, she will assume you are a cop, no matter what you look like. no matter what you say. She will ask for a personal I.D. She will make you sign a simple contract, using whatever name you choose. You agree to behave like a gentleman; no excessive alcohol, no public embarrassment, no rough stuff; nice, legal and no entrapment intended. If you don't conduct yourself properly, the date is off. There are no refunds.

The girl will call the agency and say the date is on. You can take her out to dinner, dancing, drinking or whatever. The usual minimum is a few drinks at the bar as a warm-up. And then, at your option, the date is over. She calls the agency and tells them. You are satisfied and the agency has earned its fee. You are so satisfied that you are willing to give her a personal tip. Like, say, \$100.

And now that you are both legally unencumbered and unemployed, you are perfectly free, as consenting adults acting in private, to go on up to your room and fuck.

Bonnie Joy is her trick name. She likes to use Ms. and her favorite words are lady and gentleman. Her business card lists her occupation as public relations. Her hair is dyed auburn, her body is thin, her face made up. She wears no bra but does wear very long fake fingernails that are silver with pink dots. Resentful of being called a girl, she insists with modulated sultry tones, "I am a woman." Only when she relaxes does she get tough and pushy, and then the brittleness of her Bronx accent comes out. Very easily, she admits to being 34. She has been in the business about a year.

Although Bonnie hides many of the facts of her background, she admits others quite candidly. She describes four of her personal selves—the mother; the housewife with teenaged kids, completely involved with her neighbors, upset by all the violence in the current movies; the escort who goes artfully passive to please her clients; and "me," the woman with the temper she never controls, the individual concerned about her personal freedom, who doesn't want responsibility but could live with a man as long as she could remain independent.

What Bonnie does not tell is that her husband. Frank, operates the escort service she works for. They started out as swingers. After moving to Miami, Bonnie worked at all the other dating outfits then in business until they set up for themselves. She admits she has been bisexual with other couples but never with a single woman. She rolls her eyes nervously as she says it.

Bonnie's children think she works for a dancing school and goes to dances every night where she sells lesson contracts. This explains the phone calls, dressing up and going out, the parttime nature of her work. She never takes men to the apartment and is always home before midnight.

The escort service closes at ten o'clock. Frank and Bonnie believe that anyone who calls after that must be either a drunk or a loser. In spite of the slump in business because of the depression and the lack of tourists, they run a very strict operation. Their women must be reliable and careful. They want no hookers. The women must be either separated or widowed and must have children. Attractive and intelligent, not over 35, they can

be zaftig but not fat. They have to be smart. The cops are always playing undercover games—trying to get them to agree to sex for a specified price or to accept a tip after the act itself. In the past year, Bonnie has avoided five traps.

Most of the escort agencies claim to have large selections but, in fact, few have more than six to eight women working at any one time. They have big picture albums, and when a guy picks one who has long since gone, they will say she is not available that night. Or they will try to send a similar type and hope the guy doesn't notice. Or they will send whoever is handy and hope that a smile and a sweet apology will be sufficiently distracting.

Frank and Bonnie's service has five women and never advertises for replacements, all their recruits being walk-ins. Recently, a housewife called from Chicago. She wanted to get away from the bad weather. And not long ago, two of their friends came down for a vacation. When told about their business, they got very excited. The wife had had a lifelong fantasy about being a hooker, so they sent her out on a \$60 date. She was scared and turned on and trembling all at once. But she did it. Her husband was very proud of her. He hadn't thought she'd have the guts.

Bonnie won't go to the rougher neighborhoods, but the danger is greatly exaggerated. Only once did she have trouble. That was with a mean drunk who hurt her arm. She took a canister of Mace out of her purse, sprayed him in the face and left. But each trick is an adventure, with all the hopes and stimulations of the ultimate blind date. Two thirds of her customers are in their 20s and they really dig an older lady of experience. One of her regulars is only 18. She sees him once a month and gives him lessons. He feels like a superman when she leaves.

But it's all an act. Most guys are very straight and not very good in bed. They mean well; it's just that they're not very skillful. Bonnie has sex with 90 percent of her clients. About two percent want only a straight date, for the companionship. And eight percent are rejects.

There is a high mortality rate among escort services. The local papers describe it as a \$250,000-a-year business; but it's not. When the new Yellow Pages comes out, there is always a different line-up. A new name will appear in the papers, last a couple of weeks and then disappear; not busted, just broke.

J and J Escort was located near the airport in a small office building that looks like an abandoned motel. A voice on the phone says it went out of business a couple of months ago. At the Elite Introduction Service, a child's voice says: "My mother will be back tomorrow." The

(continued on page 192)

# MAIN STREET, U.S.A.

in snavely, iowa, some of the citizens are characters, but they all have one thing in common



WELCOME to Snavely, Iowa (population 2067). It's a nice little town; nothing special, mind you, just your basic run-ofthe-mill hamlet situated snugly in the middle of the state. Not much has happened in Snavely in the way of history. George Washington never slept here, although they tell us General U. S. Grant started a fight in one of our saloons some time ago. One day, Dillinger came through town on his way to Chicago and sampled a bowl of Elvira Larson's Yankee bean soup. (Paid for it, too.) The bowl is presently on display at the public library. Like we always say, you can't really judge a town until you've met the folks who live there. And we've got plenty of folks, from all different walks of life, living in Snavely. Why, we've even got ourselves our very own village idiot, although some folks claim we got two of them-the other one being the mayor. We've lived in Snavely almost 40 years now and we've seen our



obody in Snavely's seen Claudette Mayflower (above) since she was run out of town for carousing on Main Street naked as a plucked chicken.

share of folks come and go. Mostly they go, but every once in a while somebody'll stake out a claim and settle down here, don't ask us why. There hasn't been much action in these parts since the day Homer Nesselbaum drove his brand-new Duesenberg right smack into the lobby of the First National Bank. But, like we said before, the best way to get to know a town is to know its people, so what we've done is compile a collection of pictures for your general edification depicting some of our more colorful citizens.

e used to coll old Foster Grove (left) "Mr. Clarinet," even though the only time we ever saw him ottempt to play onything on it, he wound up blowing through the wrong end.









orton Jerome Garoon (top) is Snovely's only connoisseur of wines, although most folks coll him a wino. The lady with the iron (obove) is, you guessed it, Ann White as she looks today. Bill's out watering the crob grass.





oseph Charles Major (obove) is Snovely's oldest citizen. The picture he's holding (shown on left) depicts whot Joseph looked like way back in World War One.



Punch line: As you've probably already guessed, there is no Snovely, lowa. What you probably hoven't guessed is that all the citizens you've been reading about ore actually one person, disguised and made up, named Curtis Fisher (above). See the resemblance? Curtis and photographer Ross Hamilton contrived this little put-on two years ago and compiled the results in a book colled Face to Face, which they're trying to have published. Incidentally, in cose you're wandering about the breasts on Claudette Mayflower—they're made of cost foam lotex.

#### DR. BELL'S MONSTER

(continued from page 79)

paleontologist/theologian Teilhard de Chardin warned would be the next stage in the evolution of human consciousness? Does not the continued non-incineration of humankind hang on the slender filament of the hotline? Can you not annoy the bejesus out of anyone you loathe by giving his name to the Government's heroin tip line, toll-free? Has not the concept of "taking a vacation" been superseded by that of "getting away from the telephone"? Is not long distance better than being there?

#### WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS PHONED US ABOUT

We are the telephone babies. The doctor who pulled us into the world was summoned by a phone call. We teethed on toy handsets. When we were miniature, they pushed us up to the receiver to goo for Grandma. Our first balcony scenes were played over the telephone. Our initiation into adulthood was discovering that telephone voices could lie. We buy, sell, bitch, threaten, cajole, tease, stall, praise, ask, harangue, invite and proposition over the telephone, and as long as we live, few of us will ever be far from one. When we are called by the great Traffic Manager to the big Central Office in the sky, everyone whose number appears in our little black book will be advised by telephone. Shortly thereafter, our line will be disconnected, our name will be stricken forever from the Book of Telephones and our most important number recycled.

#### THE MIND OF THE TELEPHONE

When we penetrate to the heart of contemporary myth and history, we discover that it is all about the telephone. This shouldn't surprise us, since both history and myth concern the extremes of human interaction and the telephone system has become the predominant means by which humans interact. Scan Watergate for telephones and see if their role in that event is not most striking.

The break-in itself was, of course, an attempt to replace faulty bugs on several telephones at the offices of the Democratic National Committee. White House involvement was first suspected because the address book of one of the burglars contained E. Howard Hunt's "W. House" phone number. Public speculation about Watergate was stimulated by Martha Mitchell's repeated telephone calls to reporter Helen Thomas. The case was broken by the admissions of James McCord, the former CIA phone-tapping expert. McCord's new lawyer was Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., who had become prominent as counsel to Senator Edward Long's committee on wire tapping. The Senate Watergate committee's majority counsel was Samuel Dash, who had

achieved prominence through a wire-tap study he did for the Pennsylvania Bar Association. During the hearings, some-body telephoned Senator Sam Ervin, identified himself as Treasury Secretary Shultz and told him that Nixon had decided to make the tapes available to the committee—a hoax that led Ervin to laughingly characterize the telephone as "an instrument of the Devil,"

The tapes that finally did Nixon in included many telephone conversations. When asked how she accidentally erased part of one crucial tape, Rose Mary Woods claimed she had done it while reaching for the telephone.

Telephones, telephones and more telephones. According to Norbert Wiener's theory of cybernetics, any system of enough complexity embodies a quality we know as mind. The telephone system is the most complex that man has yet created, so it must embody the highest of machine intelligence. Nixon and his stooges, I once explained to a friend, tried to seize dictatorial power by messing with the phones, so the system maintained its integrity by plotting his downfall.

"Are you serious?" my friend asked.
"Of course not," I said—but perhaps

"Of course not," I said—but pe

Or take the mysterious accidental death/suicide/murder of Marilyn Monroe, a media martyrdom that has provided the pretext for several books and nonbooks, a hit single and a "Movie of the Week" in which Connie Stevens spent two hours on the telephone. The day before Marilyn bought the farm, she tried unsuccessfully to telephone old flame Bobby Kennedy at the Justice Department in Washington. Peter Lawford says he called Marilyn the night she died to find out how she was. It has been alleged that he was calling to invite her to a party; that Bobby Kennedy was at Lawford's house and that Marilyn had called him there. Before she went to sleep, Marilyn had a thing about "putting her telephones to bed"-under the covers in the next bedroom. Her housekeeper became alarmed when, next morning, she saw the long cord of one of the phones underneath Marilyn's closed bedroom door and she immediately telephoned Marilyn's psychiatrist. The psychiatrist reported that he found Marilyn holding the handset, with her finger in the dial; the housekeeper says she was lying on top of the phone.

Lawford believed that Marilyn had taken a heavy dose of sleeping pills but was awakened "by the phone's insistent ring." Forgetting that she had taken pills earlier, she took another batch to put her back in dreamland and the accidental overdose killed her. Walter Winchell wrote, "She was phoning to save her

life. . . . The louse to whom she appealed panicked. 'I'm a married man! I can't get involved! I'll phone my agent to get a doctor!' . . . And he couldn't reach his agent . . . both of whom haven't slept since." Immediately after her death, the records of her toll calls for the previous week disappeared from the phone company. It is said that the L.A. chief of police removed them.

"I suppose you think the mind of the telephone plotted Marilyn's death," said my friend.

"Au contraire," said I. "She was one of its biggest customers, after all. She treated her phones like human beings, let them sleep together. No, I think the telephone tried to save Marilyn."

"You're shitting me."

"Of course I am," I said—but perhaps I wasn't.

#### THE TELEPHONE GAME

Reality is too complex for oral transmission.

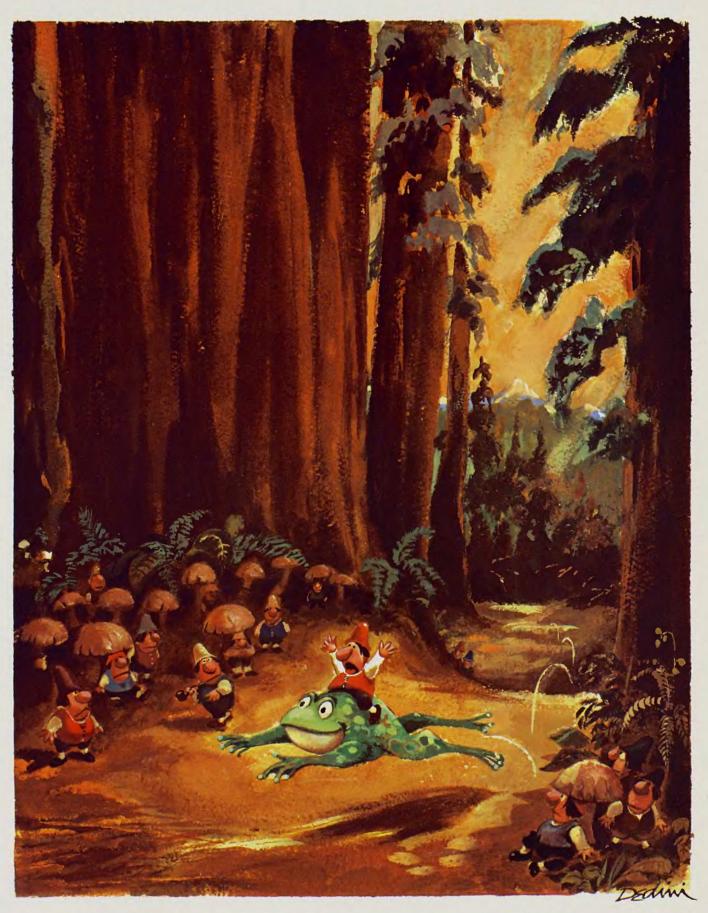
-JEAN-LUC GODARD, Alphaville

When we were young, they lined us all up and showed Michelle the Brownnose an index card with a message on it. Michelle whispered it to Christopher, who whispered it to Brian, who whispered it to Jennifer, and by the time it got to Robert, the message had become, 'Who is Ravel to catch? It is easy to compose a possible melody." Then Michelle the Brownnose, in a singsong voice that rekindled thoughts of setting fire to her braids, read from the card: "Who is to bell the cat? It is easy to propose impossible remedies." They didn't call this The Whispering Game. They called it The Telephone Game, and I think they were trying to tell us something.

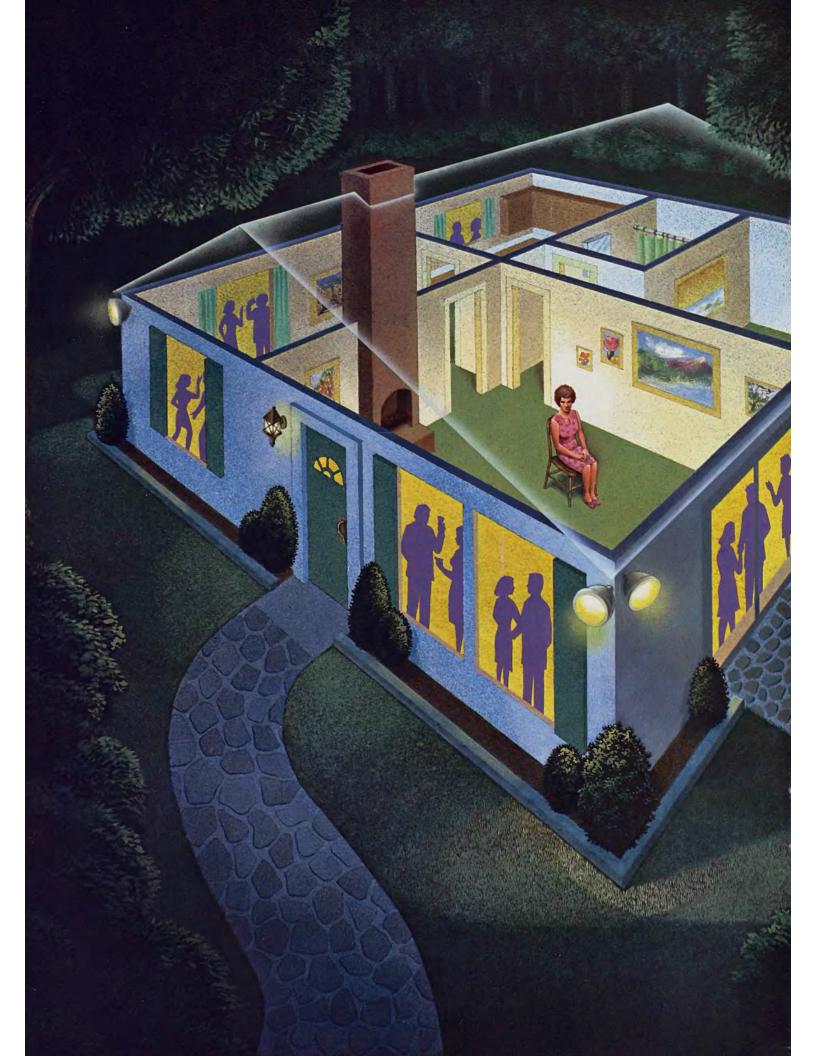
Even when you are trying hard to convey information accurately over the telephone, words seem to have a way of transmogrifying by the time they reach the other end. That's the reason we write letters "confirming our telephone conversation," dictate memoranda of telephone calls or even tape them, surreptitiously or otherwise.

Nearly all of the clues for spotting a liar are missing in the telephonic interchange. The unsteady hand, the dry mouth, the shifting gaze, the untimely swallow, the cold sweat, the clammy palm, the halting breath cannot be perceived over the phone. All we have to go on is the cadence and intonation of speech. The result is that one can lie, fib, puff and otherwise shoot pooty with impunity over the phone, because in the event that one is caught, the prevarication can always be downgraded to a "misunderstanding" ascribable to the Telephone Game phenomenon rather than to any intention to deceive.

Lying on the telephone isn't restricted to matters of substance—delivery dates, (continued on page 184)



"The condominiums are coming! The condominiums are coming!"





when would it stop? how long would that hideous tape go on broadcasting angry voices from within the wall?

fiction

#### BY DAVID ELY

THE HOUSE in the suburbs was roomy and had spacious grounds, but to Peter its major attraction was the fact that it was well equipped with security devices. As he explained to the real-estate agent, he had to make frequent business trips and was uneasy about leaving Teresa alone in their city apartment.

"You wouldn't worry about your wife if you took this place," the agent assured him. "It's as safe as Fort Knox."

He took Peter and Teresa around to look at the various systems of protection. There were triple locks on the doors and alarm buzzers in the window frames. The entire lawn could be illuminated by Teresa laughed. "Lonely? Why, with all this to take care of, I wouldn't have time to be lonely!"

So Peter agreed to buy the house (the price was quite reasonable, since the people who owned it were getting a divorce and wanted a quick sale). Within a month, all the paperwork had been completed, the city apartment had been disposed of and Peter and Teresa took possession of their new home.

Teresa knew she would be happy there. She and Peter had lived for 15 years in apartments, and although each had been larger than the one before, she had felt cramped in them. But now she had a

### ALWAYS HOME

powerful floodlights. In addition, trip wires had been concealed in the shrubbery; if a prowler stumbled over one of them, it would set off a siren. The approach to the back door, moreover, was guarded by the invisible beam of an electric eye, which, when interrupted, activated the tape recording of a viciously barking dog.

The agent reserved the most sophisticated installation for last. "Nothing attracts criminals like an empty house," he said, "and so if you folks go out for the evening, you just need to punch the Always Home button right here in the front hall. Step outside and you'll see how it works."

The Always Home mechanism, wired into the electrical system, created the illusion that the house was occupied. It switched lights on and off at random in different rooms, just as though people were moving about inside, while a concealed projector beamed lifelike human shadows against the window shades in the living room. Most ingenious of all, a sound system produced the recorded babble of voices, easily heard from outside.

"Well, what do you think of the house, folks?" the agent asked, when Peter and Teresa returned inside.

"Oh, it's simply beyond words," Teresa said enthusiastically. She was dark and slender and still seemed girlish, even though her hair was touched with gray. She turned cagerly to her husband. "Don't you agree, Peter? Don't you think it's nice?"

Peter, a stout and florid man, was by nature more cautious. "You might be lonely out here," he said.

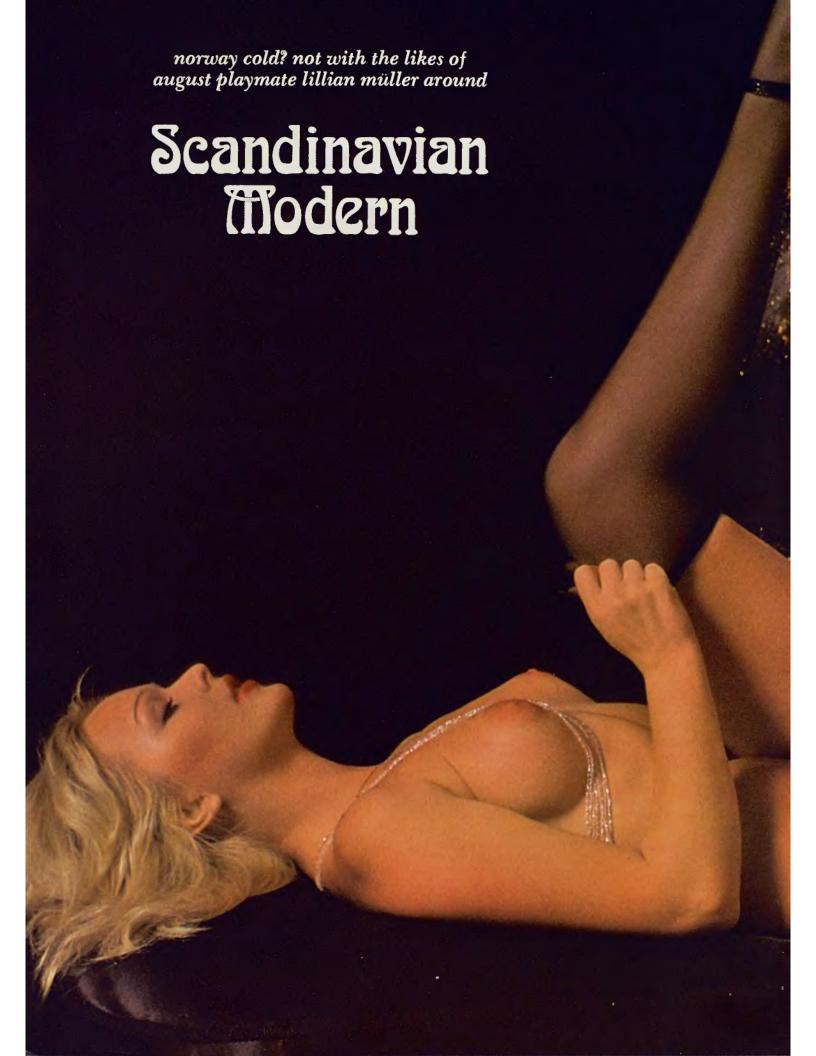
house, a lawn, trees, everything. She could do whatever she wanted there in peace and privacy.

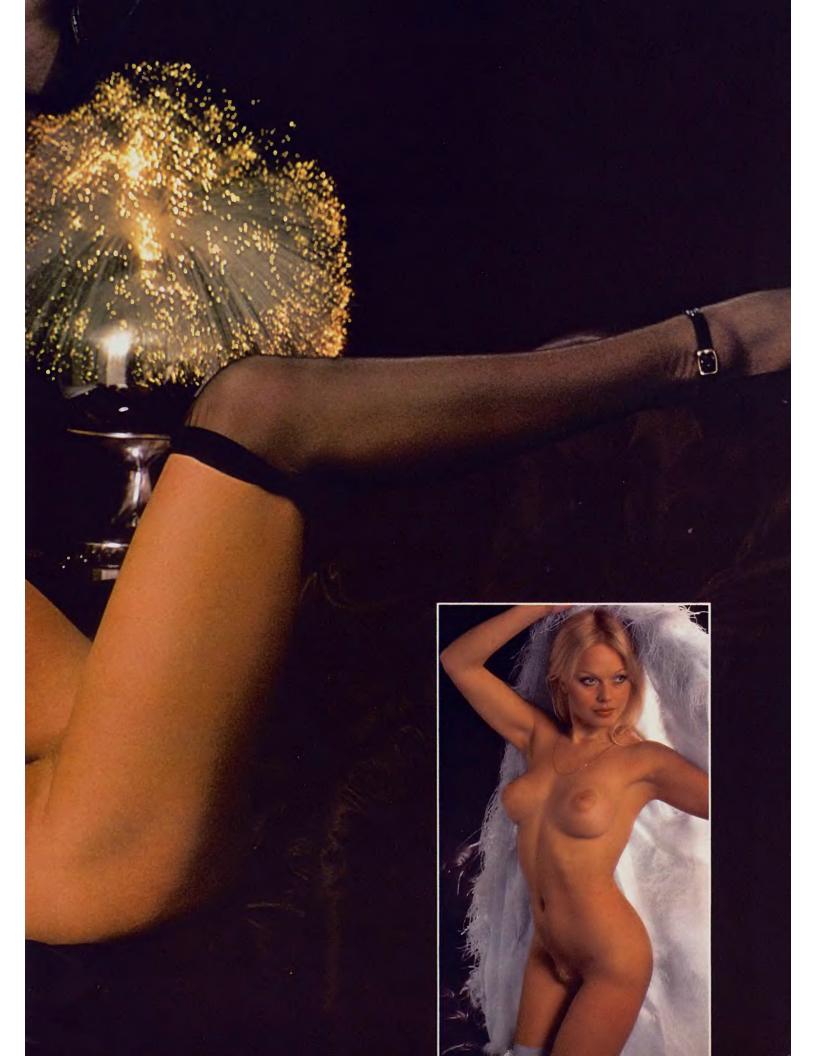
When Peter was home, she'd run down early every morning to make him a nice breakfast, and while he ate, she would tell him all the interesting things she could think of, about the birds she'd seen and the television programs she'd watched and the new products she'd seen advertised. She would have liked to go out with him to the car to see him off, but he preferred that she remained in the house, so she would merely wave to him from the doorway. "Have a nice day," she would call out, or (as was frequently the case, in view of the travel demands of his job), "Have a nice trip!"

They had no children. Teresa had never learned what the problem was, for Peter hadn't found the time to arrange visits to a clinic. Whenever she had brought up the question of adopting a baby, Peter had made vague promises to look into the matter, but he had never managed to get around to it. Finally, Teresa decided that children were a burden and a responsibility and tied people down. "I'm really glad there are just the two of us," she would remark, knowing that this pleased Peter. "Anyway, I'm too old for a baby now."

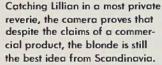
To which Peter would gallantly respond: "Don't be silly. You're hardly more than a child yourself."

Once they had a cat, but its fur made Peter sneeze, and so the cat had to be given away. The goldfish and canaries Teresa acquired didn't live long. "Get a dog," Peter (continued on page 148)









OUR EYES tell you true-the lady's beauty is remarkable, her sensuousness unmistakable. Which is why you're looking at the most striking Playmate pictorial ever. How it came to be is a fittingly improbable tale of two newspapers, two women and four cities, of which London is perhaps the most important. It was there that Lillian Müller, a ship's engineer's daughter from Kristiansand, Norway-and, at that point in her life, a restless college student specializing in languages-spotted a newspaper ad placed by a modeling school. It appealed to a longsuppressed desire, with the result that instead of conjugations and declensions, Lillian began to study the ways and wiles of the successful model she soon became, tripping 92 all over Europe to do TV



commercials, book and magazine covers, fashion shots and pinups. It was one of the latter, in another London newspaper, that caught the sharp eye of Suze Randall, a former model herself, who'd switched to the other side of the camera a year before. Struck by Lillian's opulent beauty, and the professional possibilities of same, Suze got hold of her through an agent. Not only did the two women decide to do some pictures, they got on so well that they wound up rooming together. That benefited both Lillian, who was still something of a stranger in London, and Suze, who had the opportunity "to just shoot and shoot and shoot." Eventually, she took a sampling of the results to Victor Lownes, a Londonbased Playboy Vice-President. Lownes took a hard look at the pictures and immediately



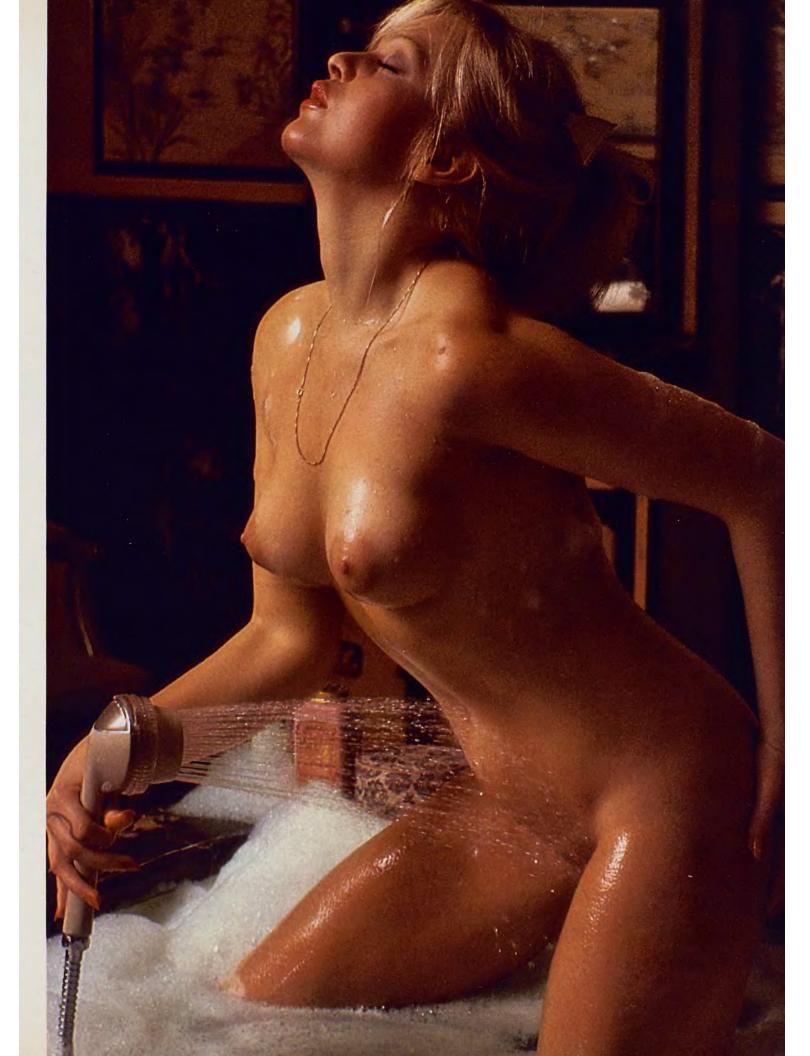


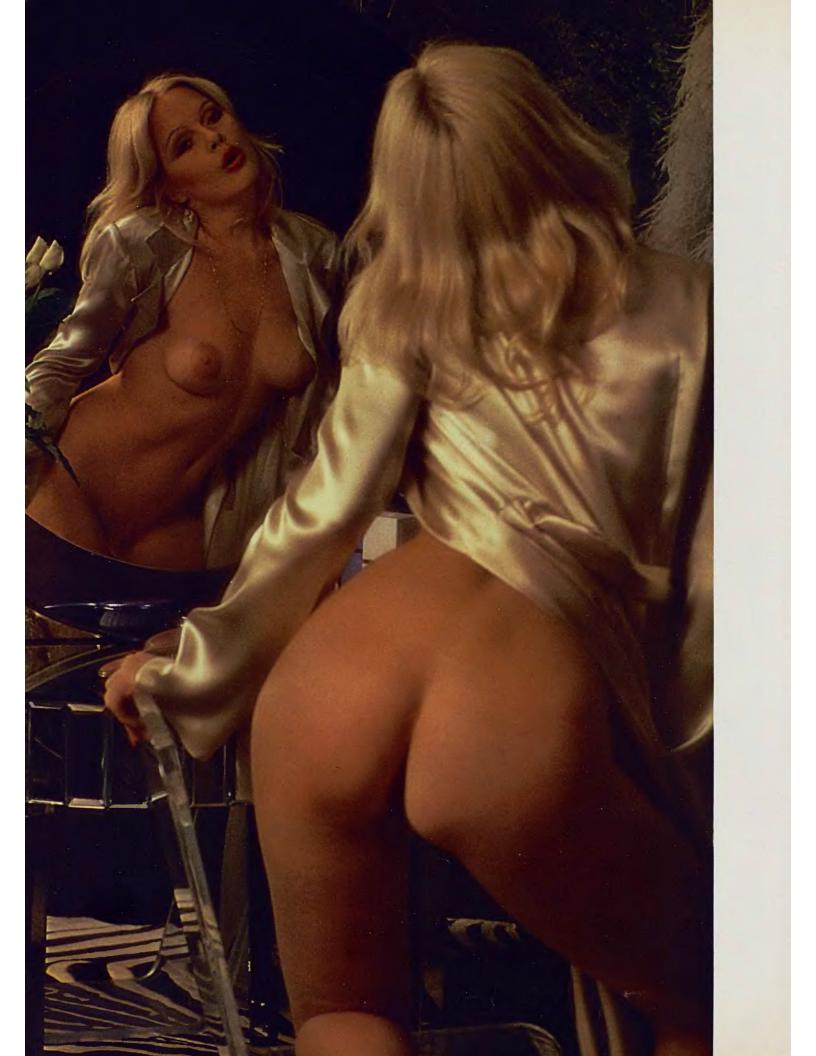
"I'm a strong-willed, ambitious person, and when it comes to my career, I know exactly what I want. But when it comes to romance, I'm open to suggestions."

"I'm looking for a very bossy man, really. I never like to be the boss, but I always seem to wind up in that role—and I'm getting pretty sick of it."



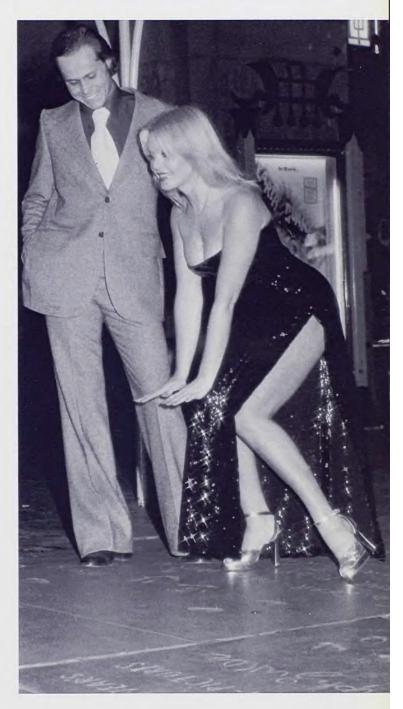
GATEFOLD PHDTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER COLDR PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE





While in Los Angeles, Lillion dresses for a date with a friend, George Bogen, who's also from Norway; then they check out the sights on Hollywood Boulevard. A top model in Europe, Lillian hopes to repeat her success in the Southern California glitter capital.





started dialing for a transatlantic operator. It wasn't long before Lillian and Suze were en route to Chicago, where Dwight Hooker shot her gatefold picture, and then on to Los Angeles, where they spent several weeks in our studio, working under the experienced eye of West Coast Picture Editor Marilyn Grabowski and staying at Playboy Mansion West in Holmby Hills. After Lillian's Playmate shootings were completed, she returned to Norway, while Suze stayed in Los Angeles to work as a free-lance photographer. At presstime, though, Lillian was waiting a bit impatiently for the visa that would enable her to fly back to L.A. She had done just about everything there was for a model to do in Europe, so she was headed for California—where, among other things, she hoped to get into acting. Suze Randall has

no doubts about her friend's ability to make it big: "Lillian is an archetypal glamor girl, and somehow she seems to echo all the great beauty queens of the past. When we walked together in Los Angeles, she attracted so much attention I felt like a bodyguard. She's also very ambitious, and she works hard." Indeed. While she was modeling in Europe, Lillian confined her social life to weekends so she could concentrate on her work. And on the eve of her departure for America, she was nothing but optimistic about her chances of emulating the successes of Brigitte Bardot and Ursula Andress, who are among her heroines: "I always think I can do what I set out to do, and I keep on trying until I've done it. I'm always in a good mood." We trust that Lillian has managed to put you in a good mood. We couldn't be happier.





### PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A secretary had suffered a sudden attack of appendicitis and was being visited after the operation by one of her female co-workers. "How are things going in the office?" she asked.

"You don't have to worry about a thing," replied the visitor, "because we're all sharing your work. Linda is making the coffee, Christine is doing the knitting, I've taken over the crossword puzzles . . . and, oh, yes—Kathy is making it with your boss."



The fellows in the club locker room were expressing admiration for the little man's truly impressive manhood. "Hey," said one, "how big does that whanger really get?"

"I can't honestly say that I've ever found out," answered the modest possessor. "Every time I begin to get an erection, the blood rushes from my head and I faint."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines contraceptive jelly as an antipersonnel balm.

Says a showgirl who works at the Lido, "I've developed a flexible credo: I support women's rights, But there are, frankly, nights When the lib that I flaunt is libido."

One afternoon, a teenaged couple got carried away while petting in the park and began to ball on the grass within sight of passers-by, one of whom was shocked enough to go in search of a policeman. "See, darling," said the boy loudly as the pair readjusted their clothes just as a red-faced cop came storming up, 'your hiccups are all gonel"

Perhaps you've heard of the elderly gentleman who was stung on the privates by a bee and asked the doctor to relieve the pain but leave the swelling.

Will I be the first to do this to you?" whispered the groom as he slipped into bed.
"What a silly question!" giggled the bride. "I don't even know what position you're going

to use yet."

My wife is really bugging me," muttered the morose drinker to his bar companion. "It's nothing but, 'Thanks for the five, Sam-if you can afford it!' or, 'I've got to have six this time, Sam!' or, 'Sam, couldn't you somehow manage to give me seven?"

"What does she do with all that money?" asked his fellow drinker sympathetically.

"Who's talking about money?" snapped Sam.

Two fussy old queers from Algiers Were flustered and almost in tears, For the buggers had spent What they needed for rent, And their landlord had said, "No arrears!"

A young man was sunning himself on the beach late one afternoon when a nearby girl in a bikini struck up a conversation. "What are you doing tonight?" she finally questioned. "Nothing special," he replied.

"Then why don't you drop around to my apartment?" she invited. "I'll mix us some drinks . . . put some romantic music on the stereo . . . change into a negligee I've just

bought. And after that—"
"OK," interrupted the excited fellow, "but let's slip into the water, quick! I want to keep

your invitation confidential."

We saw a minor traffic accident recently in which a butcher ran into a plumber. It probably wouldn't be worth mentioning-but just how often do you see a Rolls-Royce hit a Bentley?

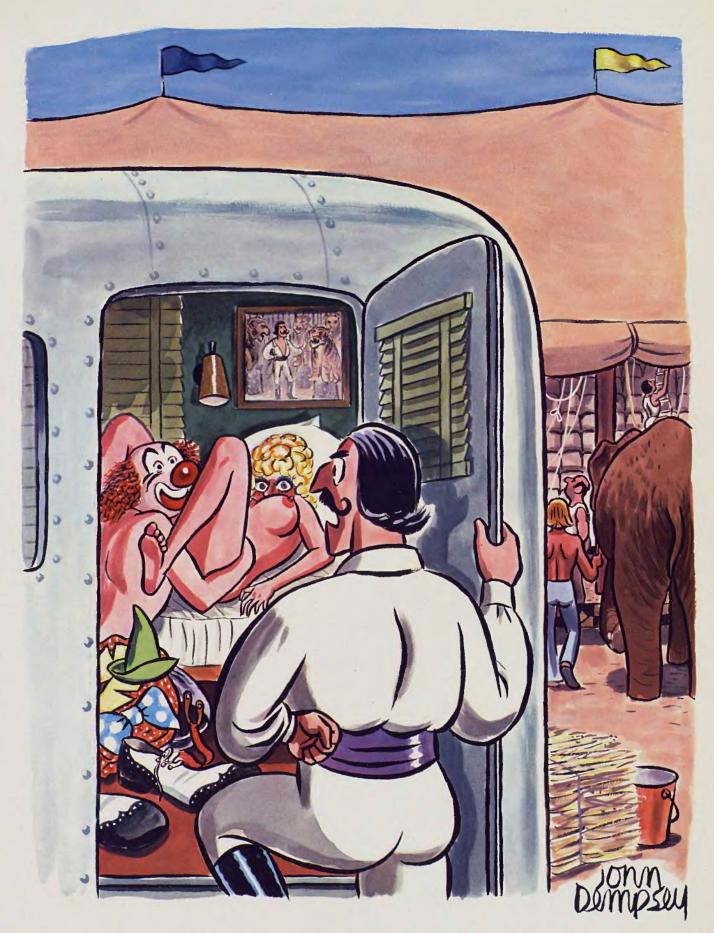


t's been rumored that Carte Blanche plans to issue a specialty credit card for swingers—to be called Charge d'Affaires.

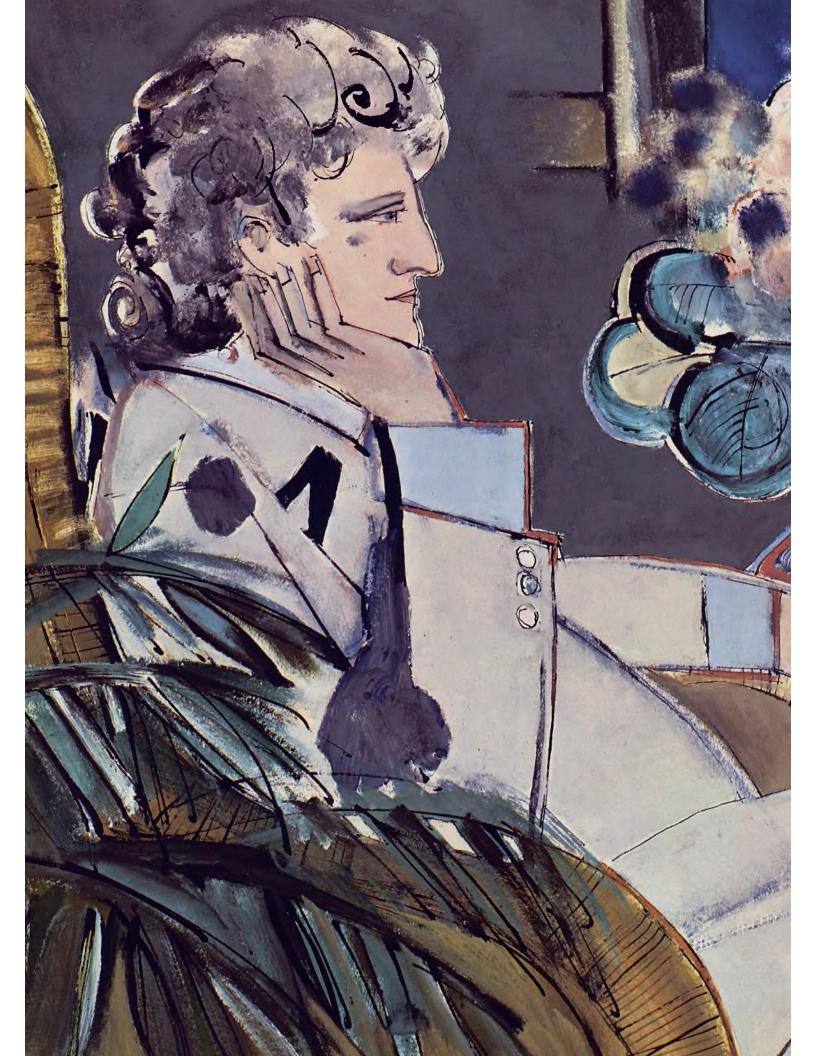
A rural physician at a medical convention asked of a Hollywood colleague, "In your city, doctor, what is the most widely used means of avoiding having babies?"

"As far as I know," replied the movieland medico, "the girls simply spit them out."

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.



"So this is why you haven't been crying on the inside lately!"





### BECH THIRD-WORLDS IT fiction By JOHN UPDIKE



here he comes, bringing culture to the black, the brown and the yellow, to drunken poets, madmen and rich communists

ow IT CAN be told. How Henry Bech, the scarcely read yet oddly respectable American author, permitted himself, out of loyalty to a country of which his impressions were almost entirely whimsical, to be used by the State Department as a cultural emissary to whatever little nation it could think of; this was in the Cold War's slush season, the years (1968–1972) before the Soviet Union and the United States realized that, far from wishing to win the minds and the hearts of the Third World, they just wished it would go away.

In Ghana, the Ambassador was 60 and slender and spunky, and wore a suit white as himself. He bade the driver on the road from Accra to Cape Coast stop at a village where a remarkable native

sculpture did not so much imitate as duplicate in painted plaster an ornate, enigmatic tower. Green and pink, dec orated with scrolls and pineapples, the tower, as solid inside as a piece of marzipan, was guarded by life-size plaster soldiers dressed in uniforms that combined and compounded the devices of half a dozen imperial uniforms. Out of pasty plaster faces they stared with alien blue eyes out to the sea whence, first, the Portuguese came. The strange structure was weathering rapidly, but its cracks and crumbled corners were part of its aesthetic, like the reticulated glaze of a Chinese porcelain or the dribbles and stains in a Pollock. Its purpose, Bech imagined, was magical; but it was their Mercedes limousine, as it roared into the village at the head of a procession of raised dust, a tiny American flag flapping on one fender, that had the magical effect: The villagers vanished. While the little cultural delegation stood there, on the soft dirt, in the hot sun-the Ambassador, mopping his pink, gaunt, impressive face: Bech, nervously picking his front teeth; the cultural attaché, a curly-haired, informative, worried man from Minnesota; his assistant, a lanky black female from Charlotte, North Carolina, coifed in the only Afro, as far as Bech could see, in Africa; and their driver, a gleaming Ghanaian a full head shorter than the rest of them-the village's inhabitants peeped from behind palms and out of oval doorways. Bech was reminded of how, in Korea, the North Korean soldiers skulked on their side of the truce zone, some with binoculars, some with defiant gestures. "Did we do something wrong?" Bech asked.

"Hell, no," the Ambassador said, with his slightly staggering excess of enthusiasm, like a ringmaster shouting to the far rows, "that's just the way the buggers act."

In South Korea, at a party held in a temple converted to an official banquet hall, a Japanese poet was led up to Bech by a translator. "I have long desired," the translator said, "to make the acquaintanceship of the honorable Henry Bech."

"Why?" Bech thoughtlessly asked. He was very tired, and tired of being polite

There was, this monosyllable translated, a smiling, steady answer. The translator put it, "Your beautiful book, Travel Light, told us of Japan what to expect of the future." More Japanese, translated as, "Young hooligans with faces of glass." This surely meant Bech's most famous apparition, the begoggled motorcyclists in his first, now venerated and wearisome, novel.

The poet in the kimono was leaning at a fixed angle. Bech perceived that his serenity was not merely ethnic; he was drunk. "And you," Bech asked through 106 the translator, "what do you do?"

The answer came back as, "I write many poems."

God. Bech was tired. The jet lag built up over the Pacific was unshakable, and everywhere he went, a dozen photographers in identical gray suits kept blinding him. And Korean schoolgirls, in pigtails and blue school-uniform skirts, kept slipping him love letters in elevators. Two minutes off the airplane, he had been asked four times, "What are your impressions of Korea?" Where was

A thin ocher man in a silvery kimono was swaying before him, upheld by a chunky translator whose eyes were crossed in a fury of attention. "And

what are your poems about?" Bech asked. The answer was prompt. "Frogs," the translator said. The poet beamed.

"Frogs?" Bech said, his mind swimming. "My goodness. Many poems about frogs?"

"Many."

"How many?"

No question was too inane, here in this temple, to receive an answer. The poet himself spoke it, in proud English. 'One hunnert and twelve.'

The Cape Coast Castle breasted the green Atlantic like a ship; the great stone deck of the old slave fort was paved with plaques testifying to the deaths, after a year or two of service here, of young British officers-dead of fever at 22, 23, 25. "They thought that gin kept away malaria," the cultural attaché told him, "so everybody was reeling drunk most of the time. They died drunk. It must have been wild."

"Why did they come?" Bech asked, in his role as ambassador from the kingdom of stupid questions.

"Same reason they came to the States," the attaché said. "To get out from under. To get rich quick."

"Didn't they know"-Bech felt piqued, as if the plaques around him were a inattentive students-"they would die?"

"Dead men tell no tales," the Ambassador interrupted heartily, brandishing an imaginary whip. "They kept the bad news mum back home and told the poor buggers fool tales about black gold."

The Ambassador's party went down to the dungeons. In one, a shrine seemed operative-bones, scraps of glass, burnedout candles dirtied a slab of rock. In the deepest dungeon, a trough cut into the stone floor would have carried away body wastes and a passageway where one must crouch led the captives, manacled, out to the ships and the New World. Bare feet had polished a path across the shelf of rock. Above their heads, a narrow stone speaking tunnel would have issued the commands of the captors. "Any white man come down in here," the Ambassador explained with loud satisfaction, "he'd be torn apart quicker'n a rabbit."

The cave-shaped historical site echoed,

even smelled, of the packed, fearful life it had contained.

"Leontyne Price was here a year ago," the cultural attaché said. "She really flipped out. She began to sing. She said she had to."

Bech glanced at the black girl from Charlotte, to see if she were flipping out. She was impassive, secretarial. She had been here often before, it was on the Ghana tour. Yet she felt Bech's glance and suddenly, there in the dungeon dimness, gave it a dark, cool return.

In Venezuela, the tallest waterfall in the world was hidden by clouds. The plane bumped down in a small green clearing and jauntily wheeled to the end of the airstrip. The pilot was devil-maycare, with a Cesar Romero mustache and that same Latin, all-giving smile, under careful eyes. Bech's guide was a languid olive woman employed by Creole Petroleum Corporation, or the government ministry of human resources, or both. She struck Bech as hard to touch. Her brown eyes were retained in their eggshell lids like great drops of a perilous, sardonic liquid. Bech and his guide stepped from the plane into tropical air, which makes all things seem close; the river that flowed from the invisible waterfall was audible. At the far edge of the clearing, miniature brown people were walking, half-naked, though some wore hats. There were perhaps eight of them, the children among them smaller but in no other way different; they moved single file, with the wooden dignity of oldfashioned toys, doubly dwarfed by the wall of green forest and the mountainous clouds of the moist, windy sky. "Who are they?" Bech asked.

"Indians," his lovely guide answered. Her English was flawless; she had spent years at the University of Michigan. But something Hispanic made her answers curter than a North American's would have been.

"Where are they going?"

"Nowhere. They are going precisely

Her emphasis, he imagined, invited Bech to question deeper. "What are they thinking?" he asked.

The question was odd enough to induce a silky blink.

"They are wondering," said the señorita then, "who you are."

"They can see me?"

They had vanished, the Indians, into the forest by the river, like chips of pottery lost in grass. "Perfectly," she told him. "They can see you all too well."

The audience at Cape Coast grew restive during Bech's long address on "The Cultural Situation of the American Writer," and afterward several members of the audience, dressed in the colorful robes of spokesmen, leaped to their feet and asked combative questions. It was (continued on page 144)



and cherry water ice. Little did we know, as we greedily sucked the last drops from the folds of the paper cup, that gourmets considered this frozen mixture of sugar, fruit juice and water a big culinary deal; "the consummation of all that is delicate and good," in the words of Escoffier himself.

Our romance with ices and sherbets goes back a way, spanning continents and centuries. One account credits their development to the Chinese, who presumably passed the information along to the Turks, Arabs and Persians. The peace offering given Richard the Lionhearted in the Third Crusade was charbet (sherbet) made of snow from Mount Hermon. Ices were served to rally flagging appetites between courses of long-playing baronial banquets, as minstrels and buffoons entertained the indefatigable fressers. The custom of serving an ice between the fish and the roast, to "renew" the palate, is still observed at formal dinners.

The rage for frozen refreshments reached its zenith around the turn of the century at the incredibly lavish Victorian and Edwardian banquets. Great chefs vied with one another in the creation of elaborate frozen fantasies. Most elegant of the genre was the bombe, a molded affair formed in contrasting layers of flavor, texture and color. If you're wondering about the menacing name, the original bombes were made in hinged spherical molds, with small indentations at the top. After unmolding, a wick saturated with brandy was popped into the indentation and set aflame. What else could they be called?

In keeping with contemporary tastes, iced confections are lighter and more delicate today. The simplest and purest are the granitas. They're coarser and grainier than standard water ices, because they're not stirred during the freezing period. Stirring breaks the crystals down and makes for a smoother product. Sherbets are smoother still, since they contain milk or egg whites or gelatin, all of which retard crystal

Ices have a versatility too often neglected. They're just the thing, of course, after a sumptuous dinner. And they're pleasant casual refreshments any time. Sidewalk-café habitués in Paris and Rome would just as soon pass the time over an ice as over an aperitif or a demitasse of coffee. Crème de menthe granita is a pleasant surprise served with barbecued lamb, and Burgundy ice complements pork or duck. You might try a fresh-tomato-and-clam-juice ice, piled into tomato cups, as a luncheon appetizer, a mound of avocado sherbet with lemon sole or a pale crescent of honeydew melon topped with crystalline lime ice to kick off a leisurely brunch. Wines and spirits are nice with ice, as an ingredient 108 or a last-minute garnish: Bourbon mates with espresso, benedictine with peach, framboise with raspberry or pineapple, white port with cherry, cassis with strawberry or lemon, cognac with cantaloupe, Cointreau with orange or apricot.

There's no trick to making ices at home. If you have a freezer and a good recipe, you're almost there. Most icecream machines will make water ices and sherbets. In fact, machines give creamier texture and a more consistent product. There's at least one, Salton, that works inside your freezer, eliminating the need to pack it with rock salt and ice.

Freezing time varies. Depending on the mixture and the efficiency of your box, it may require anywhere from two to six hours. Alcohol and extra sugar slow the process down; a shallow tray freezes more rapidly. Your freezer should be set at its coldest and, for best results, the mixture should be chilled before freezing.

Iced delights may be served in dessert saucers, coupes, small goblets or stemmed glasses, and in fruit shells-orange, lemon, melon, avocado, grapefruit and other natural cups. André Soltner, chef and proprietor of New York's Lutèce restaurant, presents his superlative melon sherbet in a frosted saucer champagne glass. He moistens the rim with lemon juice, then swirls it in sugar. After spooning the sherbet into the chilled glass, Soltner adds a garnish of diced fresh melon or candied violets. Delicious!

#### FROZEN GIMLET (About 31/2 cups)

13/4 to 2 cups sugar 2 cups water Strip lime peel, green part only 3/4 cup fresh lime juice 1/4 cup Rose's sweetened lime juice 1/2 cup gin

Garnish: slice lemon, lime and orange Bring sugar, water and lime peel to boil, stirring to dissolve sugar. Remove from heat; cool, then discard lime peel. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into ice trays and place in freezer. Stir thoroughly every half hour or so until firm. Garnish each portion with a quarter slice of lemon, lime and orange.

Note: Sugar may be adjusted up or down, depending on your taste and the acidity of the lime juice.

#### RASPBERRY FROST (About 2 cups)

10-oz. package frozen raspberries, unthawed

2 ozs. framboise or raspberry cordial (or 1 oz. each)

Optional garnish: fresh strawberries and sec (sweet) champagne

Cut block of frozen raspberries in half. Put half the spirit and half the raspberries in chilled blender. Blend until smooth. Sieve the purée into chilled bowl (sieving removes the seeds). Repeat with remaining ingredients and combine with first batch. Transfer to ice trays and freeze, stirring occasionally. Shortly before serving, prepare garnish. Rinse and hull strawberries, then halve. Steep them in champagne. When ready to serve, scoop ice into saucer champagne glasses. Rim with halved berries and spoon a bit of the marinade over the ice. Decorate with mint leaf.

Note: This mixture freezes rather quickly. If you catch it at the right stage, semifirm, it doesn't require stirring.

> BURGUNDY ICE (About 3 cups)

1/2 cup sugar 3/4 cup water I in. stick cinnamon 2 or 3 whole allspice 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind 13/4 cups Burgundy or Beaujolais 2 tablespoons orange juice 11/2 tablespoons orange liqueur

Combine first five ingredients in saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring to dissolve sugar. Simmer 5 minutes without stirring. Strain into bowl and let cool. Combine wine, orange juice and liqueur and chill. When spiced sugar syrup is cool, stir well with wine mixture and pour into ice tray or shallow metal pan. Place in freezer; stir well about every half hour until proper consistency.

Note: This is not a sweet ice! It's a fine companion to duck, hot or cold, to ham or roast fresh pork. For use as a dessert, increase sugar and water by 1/4 cup each, reduce wine by 1/4 cup.

#### APRICOTS AMARETTO (About 3 cups)

8-oz. can apricot halves 8 large marshmallows 2 tablespoons sugar 1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind 1/4 cup orange juice 1/4 cup Amaretto liqueur 2 tablespoons honey 1/4 teaspoon almond extract I cup light cream Chopped toasted almonds or macaroon

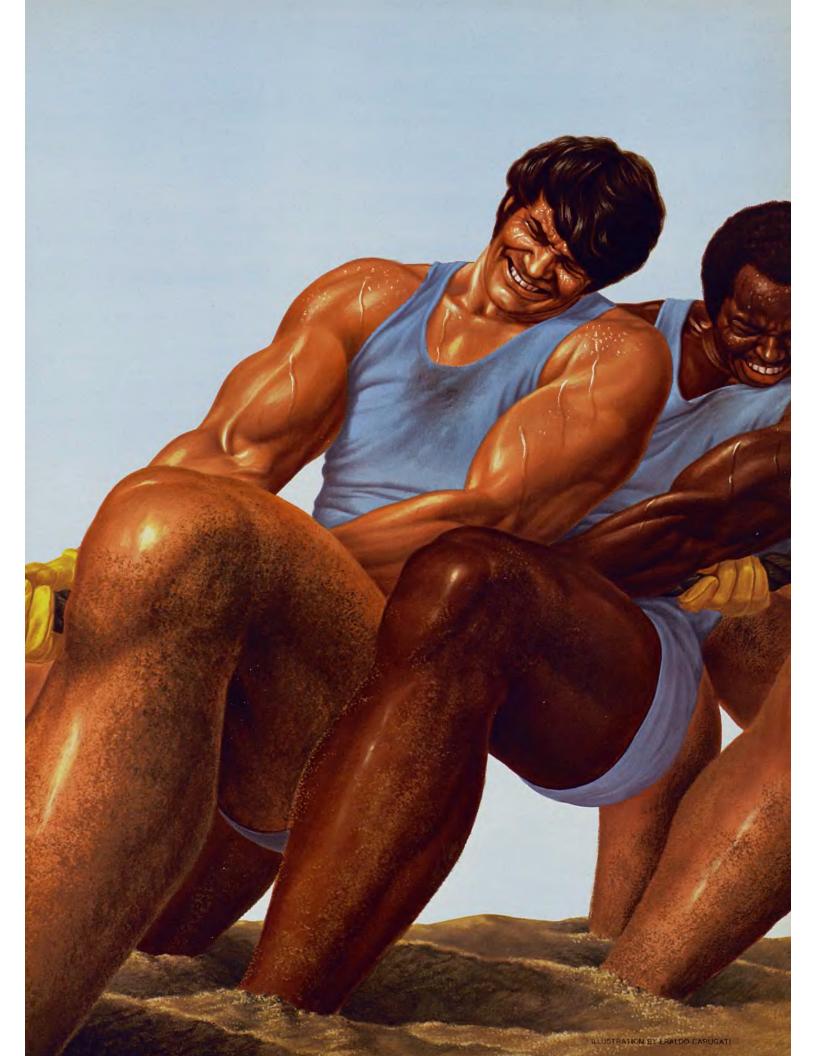
crumbs Drain apricots and save syrup. Combine marshmallows, sugar, lemon rind and 1/2 cup apricot syrup in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring until marshmallows are melted. Cool. Place drained apricots in blender and blend until puréed. Add purée, orange juice, Amaretto, honey and almond extract to syrup mixture. Chill, then stir in cream. Freeze in ice-cream machine, following manufacturer's directions, or pour into ice trays and place in freezer. When outer edge of sherbet is frozen but center is still slushy, transfer to chilled bowl and beat until smooth. Return to trays and freeze until firm but not hard. Sprinkle each portion with chopped toasted almonds or macaroon crumbs.

The following is a nectareous glace inspired by the alluring persimmon (continued on page 143)



"It's amazing. I can remember when we couldn't get him to practice."





THIS SEASON'S WINNERS		
AFC Eastern Division: AFC Central Division: AFC Western Division:	MIAMI DOLPHINS PITTSBURGH STEELERS OAKLAND RAIDERS	
AFC Play-offs:	OAKLAND RAIDERS	
NFC Eastern Division: NFC Central Division: NFC Western Division:	DALLAS COWBOYS MINNESOTA VIKINGS LOS ANGELES RAMS	
NFC Play-offs:	LOS ANGELES RAMS	
SUPER BOWL:	LOS ANGELES RAMS	

THIS SEASON'S TOP ROOKIES (In approximate order of immediate value to their teams)			
Larry Burton	Wide Receiver	New Orleans Saints	
Walter Payton	Running Back	Chicago Bears	
Ken Huff	Guard	Baltimore Colts	
Mike Williams	Defensive Back	San Diego Chargers	
Bill Capraun	Offensive Tackle	Philadelphia Eagles	
Woody Thompson	Running Back	Atlanta Falcons	
Bill Bain	Guard	Green Bay Packers	
Mack Mitchell	Defensive End	Cleveland Browns	
Robert Brazile	Linebacker	Houston Oilers	
Ken Bernich	Linebacker	San Diego Chargers	
Danny Buggs	Wide Receiver	New York Giants	
Steve Bartkowski	Quarterback	Atlanta Falcons	
Allen Carter	Running Back	New England Patriots	
Doug English	Defensive Tackle	Detroit Lions	
Willard Harrell	Running Back	Green Bay Packers	
Robert Giblin	Defensive Back	New York Giants	
Don Hardeman	Running Back	Houston Oilers	
Oscar Roan	Wide Receiver	Cleveland Browns	
Russ Francis	Tight End	New England Patriots	
Jimmy Webb	Defensive Tackle	San Francisco 49ers	
Elmore Stephens	Tight End	Kansas City Chiefs	
Rod Shoate	Linebacker	New England Patriots	
Richard Wood	Linebacker	New York Jets	
Neal Colzie	Defensive Back	Oakland Raiders	
Randy White	Linebacker	Dallas Cowboys	
Mike Fanning	Defensive Tackle	Los Angeles Rams	
Louie Kelcher	Defensive Tackle	San Diego Chargers	
Gary Johnson	Defensive End	San Diego Chargers	
Glenn Cameron	Linebacker	Cincinnati Bengals	
Anthony Davis	Running Back	New York Jets	

4–10 outfits speak guardedly of plans to take part in this December's play-offs.

Never have the tides of change in the N.F.L. been more volatile than this year. Six teams have new head coaches, five have new general managers and hordes of assistant coaches have arrived and departed. In Houston, the Oilers' offices buzz with quiet but purposeful activity in the wake of cyclonic Sid Gillman's departure. In Green Bay, the veterinarian across Lombardi Avenue from the stadium tells friends about feverish midnight activity in the coaches' offices during the depths of the off season.

Significantly, the biggest upheaval of all is proceeding apace in the den of the Chicago Bears, the league's traditional bastion of 19th Century immutability. Visitors to the Bears' offices rub their eyes in disbelief. The green eyeshades and sleeve garters are missing, hardly a familiar face can be found among the office, coaching or scouting staffs. Files are being packed for removal to more contemporary offices. Most astonishing of all, sportswriters are greeted with open friendliness and the coffee is free. New general manager Jim Finks, the spark plug of all this volatility, admits that much of the change is purely cosmetic. "In an organization where losing has become such an ingrained way of life, everything must appear to be different. For sound psychological reasons, all reminders of the past must be purged. The ambience, the attitudes, even the operating efficiency of the front offices is somehow reflected in the team's performance on the field."

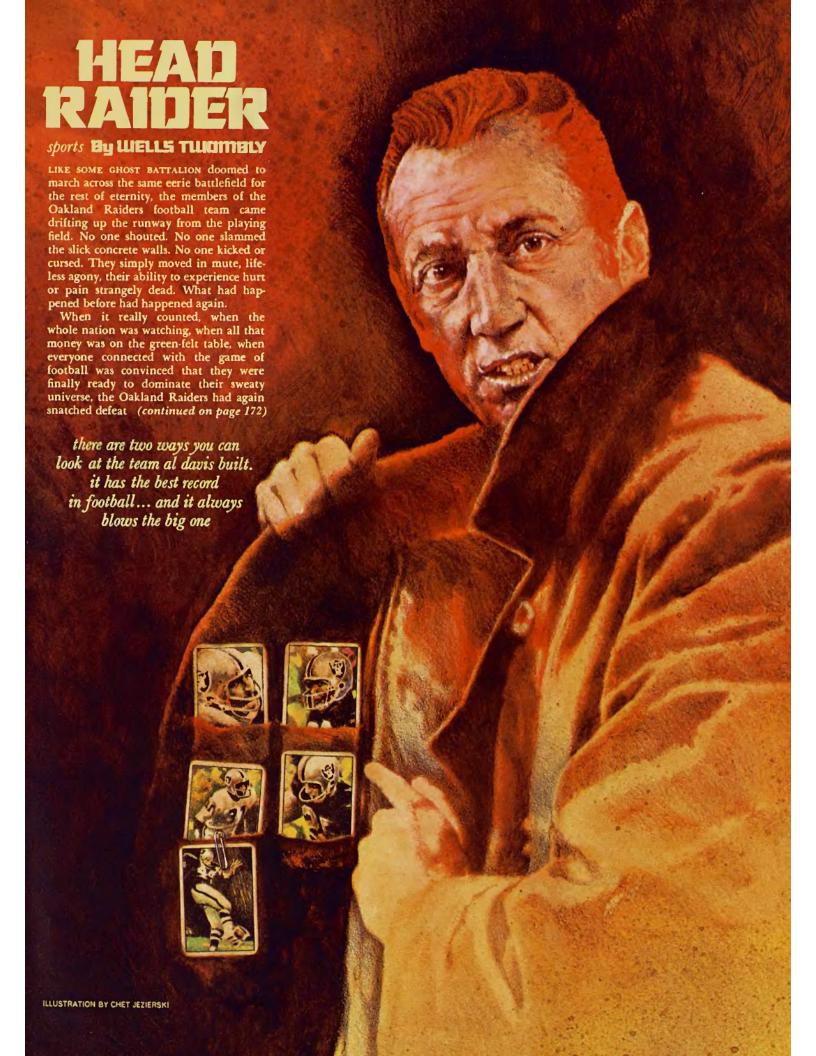
Professional football teams do, indeed, tend to reflect the class and quality of their front-office management. This explains the persistent failure of those franchises owned by previously anonymous multimillionaires who buy teams so they can see their names in print and be recognized by headwaiters. Their egos having been poorly served by 2–12 records, most such owners have ceased interfering in front-office affairs. Thus, the turbulent changes in the league this year are all constructive and we should enjoy a more competitive and—we would hope—more exciting season than the last.

#### EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Miami Dolphins	9-5
New York Jets	8-6
New England Patriots	8-6
Buffalo Bills	8-6
Baltimore Colts	4-10
	New England Patriots

The topic of winter conversation in Miami was the fate of the Dolphins without Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick and Paul Warfield. Few fans seemed to realize that their team would need a lot of luck this season even with their services. Chinks began to appear in the Dolphins' (continued on page 152)



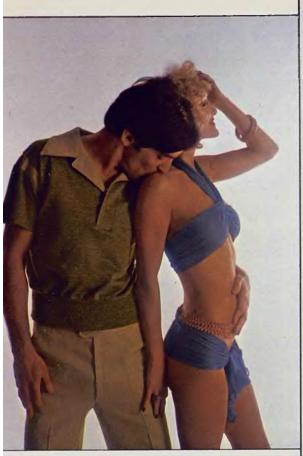




IN THE HEAT of summer, you want the clothes on your back and legs ta hang free and easy. Nothing too binding, please, just styles that are casual—and colarful—such as a cotton pullover (left) with three-button closure and side slits, \$20, worn, in this case, with matching pants, \$25, both by Grecophilia. Or maybe a cotton shirt, above, with floral print, \$15, plus cotton double-pleated slacks, with pegged legs, \$25, bath by Dan Robbie.

By ROBERT L. GREEN

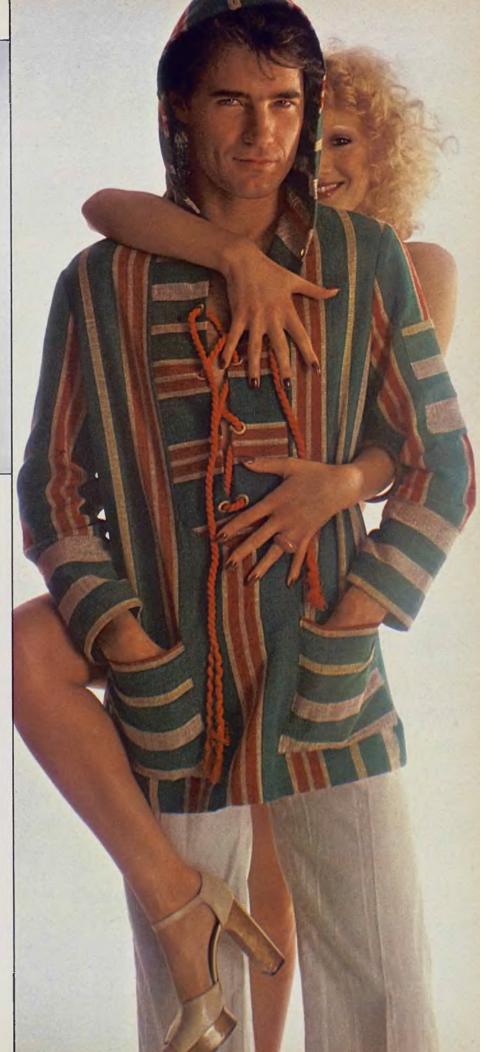




So who needs to wear anything, you say, when things really get hot? Well, we agree, but, os you can see above, clothes—such as an acrylic knit pullover worn with linen/silk slacks, by Guarna International, \$100 the set—certainly do seem to make the man. And on windy days at the beach, there's nothing wrong with a little help from a hooded cotton cover-up with lace-tie closure, by Rikma, about \$50, and flared-leg polyester/cotton jeons, by Landlubber, \$15.

now playing in summer shirts: room at the top

## LIVING



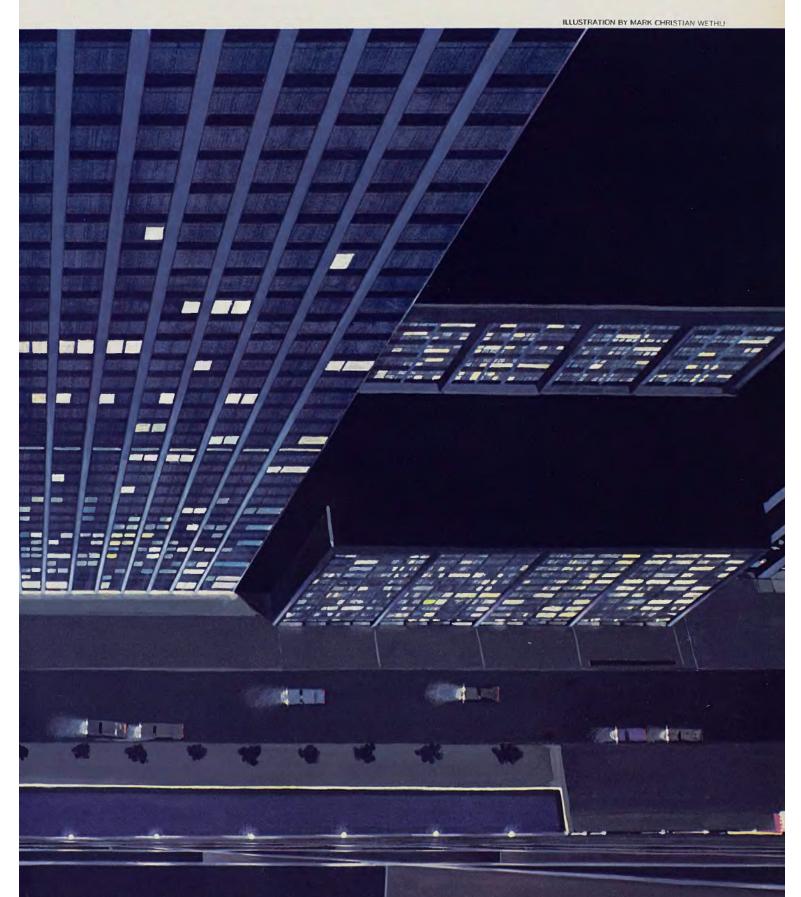
# B-TOVER WEST WALL fiction By PETER LARS SANDBERG



LET ME CONFESS THIS TO YOU. THEY KILLED BAKER AS SOON AS WE WENT IN THE DOOR. THEY SHOT HIM TWICE in the chest: two men in business suits; pistols with silencers. Baker was a big man, but

the bullets stopped him as if he had walked into a tree. I think he was dead before he hit the floor, but he lay there for a while with his legs thrashing and my son Chip, who had always thought a lot of Baker, pressed his small face against the front of my parka so he wouldn't have to watch.

"Dad, Dad," he pleaded, as if he wanted me to explain what was happening, to make it not true. I couldn't. All I could do was hold him and die with him, if that's what it was going to be. He was 12, and except for the television news, where it never seems quite real, he had not seen a man get killed



before. I had, but never like this.

It was a few minutes after nine P.M. We had spent the weekend in New Hampshire, climbing rock in Tuckerman Ravine, had just got back to the city. Baker had parked his truck under the building, had come up for a drink. I was a widower, he was divorced. We had served together, Special Forces, Vietnam, back when it had begun. Now he was dead. I looked away.

All the drapes in the apartment were drawn, though I remembered having left them open. Most of the lights were on. I could hear the traffic on Tremont Street, six stories down: sirens and horns.

"Shut the door, McKim," one of the two men said to the other. They both wore gloves. This one was young, late 20s, medium build. His hair was red and longish and crossed his forehead in bangs. He had wash-blue eyes and a lopsided nose and when he spoke, the tone of his voice was persuasively calm, as if in his view Baker's dying counted for nothing at all.

"Look," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "I don't know what this is. I don't care what you do to me. But let

my boy go."

"There's some clothes in the bedroom," the redhead said. "Sports jackets, slacks, street shoes. Put them on, both you and the kid. There's an empty overnight bag in the closet. You put your climbing shit in that bag: pants, boots, parka. The kid won't need his. McKim will go in there with you while you change."

I nodded. McKim came up next to me. He was a couple of years older than the redhead, dark complected, heavier set. He had the thick neck and wrists of a man who might have been a wrestler once or a catcher in a trapeze act. His suit was expensive, \$250, maybe \$300. It smelled like cloves,

"You screw off or make noise or give McKim any trouble," the redhead went on, "and your kid will wind up as dead as your buddy. You got that?"

I told him I did.

McKim went with us into my bedroom, where we changed clothes the way we'd been told to. My wife's picture was on the dresser. When she had turned 30, she started having headaches but was misdiagnosed. By the time the doctors got it right, she was a long way toward being dead.

McKim took off his gloves and inspected his nails. They were cut short and filed smooth. He had not closed the bedroom door. I could hear the redhead talking on the living-room phone. "Yeah, yeah, we've got them," I heard him say. Tell Sights to meet us there in half an hour. Yeah, yeah. No sweat."

Chip looked up at me. He was in his jacket and slacks now and looked nice, the way he always did whenever I took him out to a good restaurant, ex-118 cept he was pale and his lip was shaking; but he was holding on and I was proud of him for that and scared.

"We'll be OK," I told him. "We'll do what they want us to do and when they're through with us, they'll let us go." I glanced at McKim, hoping he'd back me up on that.

He didn't.

We took the elevator to the garage. They had a limousine waiting, a darkblue late-model Caddy with a phone antenna in the center of its trunk. An old man drove. He wore plaid slacks and a white shirt with the sleeves rolled back and he didn't ask anybody where he should go and nobody told him. The redhead sat in front. Chip and I sat in back, along with McKim and my overnight bag. I held Chip's hand. It was early September, cool enough so the old man had the heater on low. There was an east wind coming in off the harbor; the few girls on the street who wore skirts had to hold them down with their hands. We drove west on Commonwealth.

"Dad," Chip whispered after a while.

"Where are they taking us?"

"I don't know," I said. "To the Carlyle, maybe." That's a new 30-story hotel in the Back Bay. We pulled into the half-circle drive at the main entrance. The redhead turned around and looked

"I'll be behind the kid when we go in," he said in the calm way he had of saying things. "You won't try any shit."

"No," I said.

Once the four of us were out, the old man drove the Caddy away.

The lobby of the Carlyle was jammed: a pharmacists' convention going on; men with short haircuts and plastic I.D.s pinned to medium-wide lapels. No cops in sight. I wouldn't have called them if there had been. McKim went to the main desk and got a room key, then we took a crowded elevator to the fourth floor, which I knew was the first floor of rooms.

"He's already here," McKim said as we walked down a long corridor. The carpet was deep blue and smelled as if one of the conventioneers had tossed his cookies onto it.

"I told him half an hour," the redhead said.

"Yeah, well, he's here now. He took the other key. I don't like that shit."

"He's all right."

"He sucks," McKim said.

"He does his job; forget it. Open the door."

We had reached the end of the corridor. McKim let us in to room number 418. Once we were in, he pulled the door shut behind him. The room was smoky, the drapes drawn. A wispy, thin kid in black slacks and a blue buttondown sat sprawled on one of two queensize beds. He was smoking a cigarette, watching TV highlights of a pro game that had been played earlier that afternoon: Patriots-Bills. Baker and I had bet on it driving back from Tuckerman Ravine. Baker had won. I had told him to come on up for a drink.

The kid had dark hair with a bald spot the size of a butter plate. He wore the kind of heavy-framed glasses people used to like in the Fifties. The lenses were the thickest I'd ever seen. They magnified his pupils so that when he looked at you it was as if he were seeing you through a couple of stewed prunes.

"Is this the man?" he said without

getting up.

'Yeah, right," the redhead said.

"He looks older than I thought he would. Why did you bring the boy?"

"Never mind the boy, Sights. You just get your shit together. Show him what he's going to do."

Sights stood up, stretched, yawned. He may have been tired, but I'd have bet right then he was nervous, too. Chip's hand was small and moist in mine. I loved him. I've heard about fathers who don't love their kids, but I've never met one. I guess I've been lucky.

"You've done a considerable amount of direct-aid climbing, is that correct?"

Sights said.

'I've done some," I said. He sounded like a third-string professor at the kind of college I might have made if I'd had time to make one.

"Long's Peak Diamond, El Capitan, The Fisher Towers. . . ." He ticked them

"They're standard climbs," I told him. "I haven't done anything a lot of other people haven't done just as good or better."

"You were profiled in the Globe."

"Once. Five years ago. I haven't been west of Chicago since."

"But you still climb, correct?"

"I do when I can. Look, I'd like to know what this is all about."

"Tell him," McKim said. There was an ice bucket and a bottle of Chivas on the vanity. McKim was pouring himself a drink. The redhead had gone into the can.

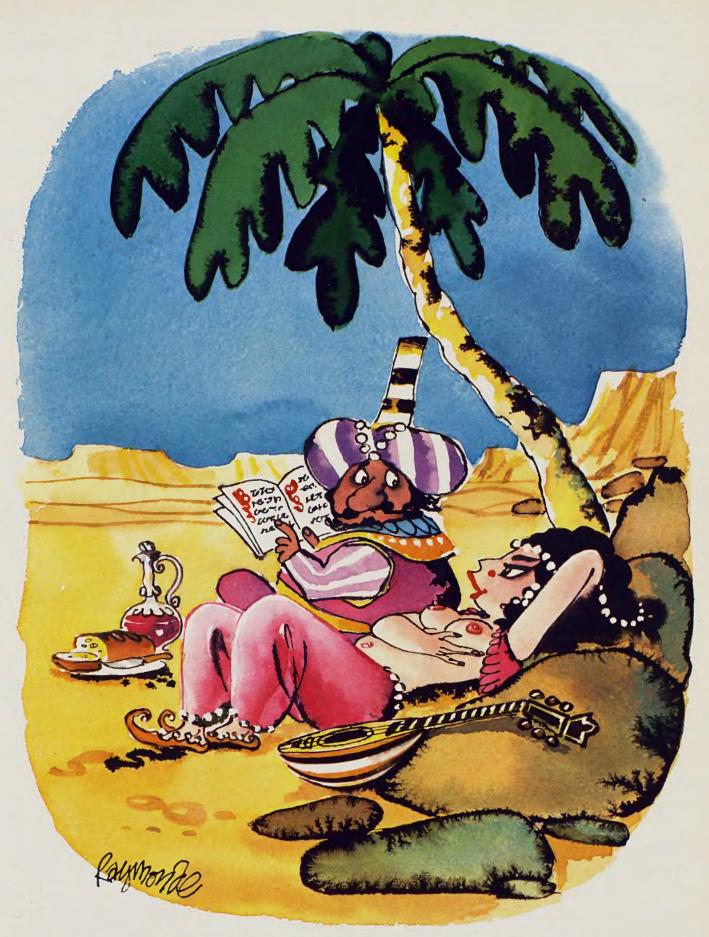
"They want you to do a climb for them," Sights explained.

"What climb?"

He went to the window and opened the drapes. The room we were in had a close view of the Bennington Tower, a floodlit 52-story high-rise.

"That one," Sights said. "They need to get into an office on the forty-second floor."

The hotel was part of the Bennington Plaza complex, the biggest and newest collection of buildings in Boston. The Bennington Tower was the hub of the plaza wheel. It had over 1,000,000 square feet of office space and a restaurant on top where Chip and I had gone a



"Do you think the moving finger could move on now, Omar?"

lot. He liked the view and a waitress named Sadie who would always tell him Chip was hip and bring him desserts that weren't on the menu.

"Right now we are less than a hundred feet above the plaza roof," Sights said. He'd gotten a green Bill Forrest pack from the closet and taken from it what looked like photocopies of building blueprints and a half-dozen original diagrams. He'd spread them out on the bed near the door. McKim sat on one side of him, I sat on the other. Chip and the redhead sat in the chairs. "The facade lights go off at midnight. That's because of the energy crisis. They used to stay on all night." He blinked at McKim through his thick glasses, as if he was proud of having that kind of information.

"So what do. we do?" McKim wanted to know. "Just cut the shit."

"As soon as the façade lights are off, you rappel from here down to the plaza roof. He'll show you how; it's not difficult. Then you walk three hundred feet across the plaza roof to the corner of the west wall of the Tower. That's the one we're looking at."

"Which corner?" McKim said.

"The left one as you face it. There's less traffic on that side, less reflected light. The facade itself consists of hard aluminum mullions that run symmetrically in rows up the wall, and hard aluminum sills that run symmetrically across it. Where they intersect, they form rectangular boxes. Each box is two and a half feet wide and six and a half feet high. There are over six thousand of these boxes on each of the four walls. They are functional where they frame a window, decorative where they do not, but they are all made of the same material. The mullions and sills are three inches thick and extend seven inches out from the building itself."

Sights showed us how it looked. His blueprints and diagrams were clear, sharp and detailed; they showed the various elevations of the Tower, the curtain-wall design, the corridors, stair wells, elevators.

"Why the corner?" I asked.

"Because it's the only place where the sills are not flush with the wall. You've got a two-inch gap where you can loop a sling and hang a stirrup."

"What happens when we get to the forty-second floor?"

"The office they want is in the center of the wall. You will have to traverse ninety feet, stepping from box to box."

"Any protection on that?"

"Nothing I could figure," Sights admitted. "But with seven-inch platforms to stand on, I don't see why you should have any trouble."

I studied the drawings he'd made, tried to memorize them, tried to discover a way out for Chip and me.

"All right," I said finally. "Suppose

we don't have any trouble. We're fortytwo stories up and I'm ninety feet out on the wall. I've got nothing to anchor to and no way to protect him coming across——"

"That was the most difficult problem I had," Sights admitted. He looked satisfied as hell. He got up and went to the closet, came back with what looked like a two-and-a-half-foot length of one-inch pipe with a chrome sleeve and rubber cups at each end.

"Have you ever seen one of these?" he asked. I told him I hadn't. McKim told him he had.

"It's a portable chinning bar," Sights explained. "It's designed for doors. You turn the sleeve and the ends tighten against the frame. If you use enough torque, a man weighing three hundred pounds could hang from it all day."

"So what?" McKim said. "What good is that going to do him?"

"I put that in the box in front of the window you want," I said.

"Correct," Sights said. "That will give McKim a fixed rope on the traverse and something to tie on to while he works on the window."

"Very beautiful," the redhead said. I didn't know he'd been listening, but I guess he had, and Sights looked pleased.

"How the fuck do we get down?"
McKim wanted to know.

"You traverse back to the corner and make four rappels. Then you walk back across the roof of the plaza. You will have a penlight to signal with. When you do, Red will lower a rope and up you come."

"Have you got ascenders?" I asked.

"Jumars," he said. "Two pair in the pack. Carabiners, five-step web stirrups, slings, everything you need. There are three hundred-and-fifty-foot ropes in the closet: two for you to take and one to leave here."

"It sounds like a hell of a lot of trouble," I said. "Why not take the elevator and jimmy the office door?"

"The offices shut down at five P.M.," he told me. "Seven days a week. The elevators are computer programmed. Once the cleaning crews are out—usually by eleven—the only one that operates is the express to the restaurant. All the office doors have electromagnetic locks. There are infrared scanners in the halls and emergency stair wells. Pinkertons patrol the lobby and the plaza outside the building."

"How thick is the window?" McKim wanted to know.

"They vary, depending on wind load and building height. That high, you should figure half-inch glass in a doubleglazed unit."

"What about alarms?"

"There aren't any. Except for the floodlights and the Pinkertons in the plaza, there is no outside security at all."

"How come?"

"They think it's impossible for anyone to go up that way."

"How the fuck do you know what they think?" McKim said.

Sights smiled.

"I asked their security chief," he said.
"I told him I was doing a term paper."

I asked McKim if he'd ever climbed before, though I knew he hadn't. He shook his head.

"How high will we be?" I said.

Sights blinked. "The Tower is eight hundred feet. By the time you get to the forty-second floor, you will be about six hundred feet above the plaza roof."

"That's a long way up for anybody who hasn't climbed," I said. "If I'm going to do it, I'd rather do it alone."

"You don't pick locks, do you?" the redhead put in. He had got up and was pouring himself a drink. He wasn't really asking, but I told him I didn't pick locks. "Don't worry about McKim." he said. "You just get him to the right-window and he'll take care of the rest of it."

They paid Sights off and he left. I couldn't tell how much they gave him, but it was in cash and it looked like a lot.

"Are you going to do it, Dad?" Chip asked me. He'd got up to give me his chair and I'd taken it and pulled him down onto my lap. We'd scrubbed up at noon in a mountain stream in New Hampshire. His hair smelled terrific: like sun and leaves.

"Sure," I said, trying to sound calm. "It should be easier than what we were doing in Tuckerman's."

"Will it take a long time?"

"I don't think so. Couple of hours, maybe."

"What should I do?"

"Sit tight."

"Do I have to do what he says?"

"Yes."

"Can't I---'

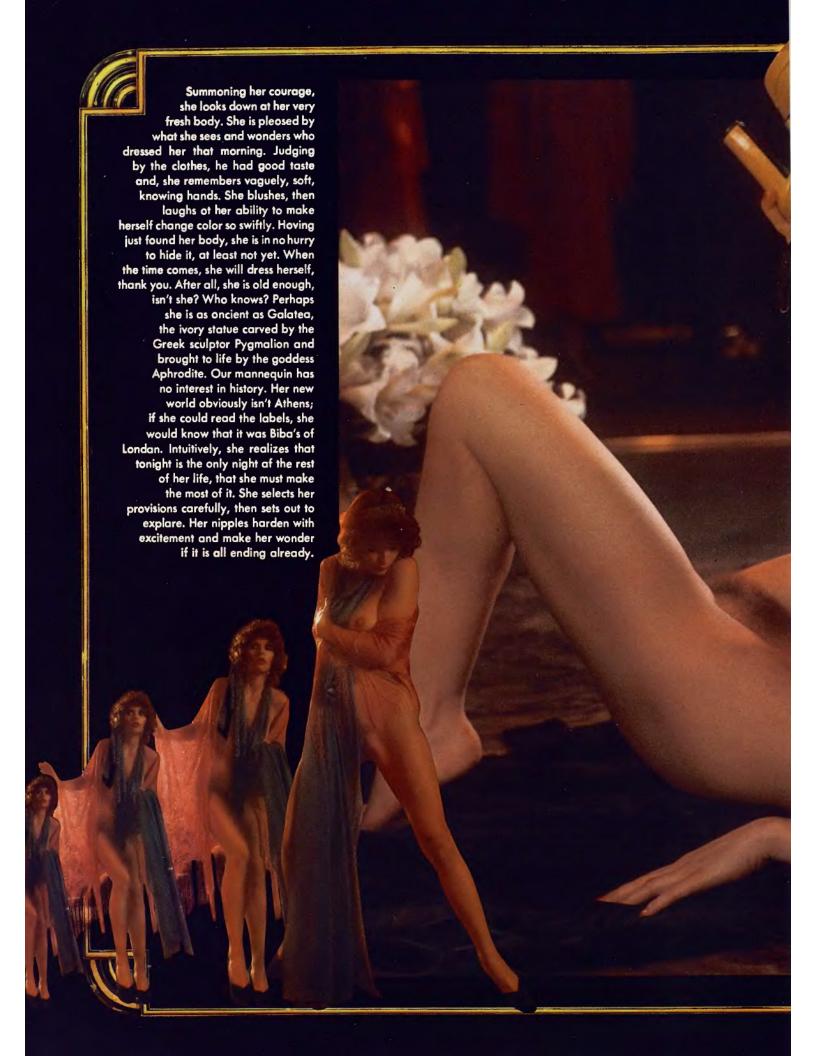
"You do what he says. I don't want you to worry about me; I'll be finc. OK?" "Sure. OK."

I held him tight. Ever since they'd shot Baker, I'd been trying to figure a way out of this jam we were in, but so far nothing had come up right, everything too risky, too liable to get us both killed. All I could do was wait and hope. McKim had gone into the can to change clothes. When he came out, he was wearing fatigue pants, a black sweat shirt like mine and a pair of Royal Robbins Double-R Klettershuhs. He had a holster suspended from a wide blackleather loop on his left shoulder. The holster had been especially made for a modified automatic with a silencer. He stood next to one of the beds, shoving his wallet, keys and change into his trouser pockets. I looked at him. I'd been right about his build. He looked strong as hell.

"What time is it?" he asked.

(continued on page 159)

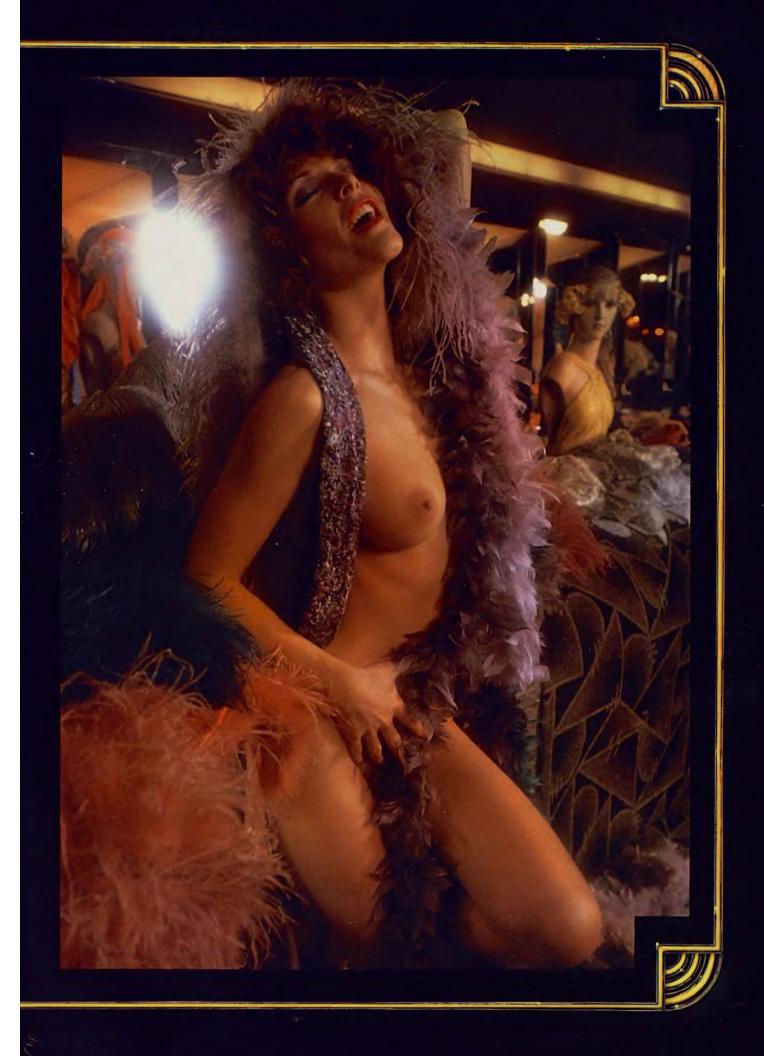












Our elegant Galatea imagines a life of leisure. Lavers would call her statuesque.
Lovish gifts would be customary. She would take the measure of her men. If she tired of the frivolity, she would become a governess.









from Recueil Général et Complet des Fabliaux des XIIIe et XIVe siècles

THERE WAS A PEASANT in Normandy who was forever calling upon Saint Martin. One morning, as he went to the fields, he was mindful of the good saint, just as usual, and he spoke the blessed name aloud.

Saint Martin, suddenly appearing, said, "Peasant, I must be very dear to you, because my name seems to be forever on your lips. Therefore, I say, leave your harrow and go home now and you shall have four wishes. I tell you truthfully that whatever you name will be yours, but be careful of this, because it will be yours for keeps!" The peasant bowed his thanks and went off home, happy as could be.

"Ha, husband, what's this? Why have you quit work so early-because the weather's clouding up a bit? Evening's a long time away. Are you thinking of having a little fun for yourself? Or are you afraid your taxes will go up? What's the use of having farm animals and fields if you can't make a profit? Go on back, I tell you." Thus his wife greeted him.

"Don't put yourself in a lather, little sister," said the man. "Our hard work is over forever! I just now met Saint Martin and he gave me four wishes. I didn't wish them on the spot, because I wanted your advice, but I'll tell you, I'm thinking of land, riches, gold and silver."

"My lord!" she cried. "Is this true? Oh, my dearest! Now, surely you owe me a little reward for all my wholehearted love and service-

so please give just one of the wishes to me."

'I'd never do that," said the peasant, "for women have such crazy ideas. You might wish for hemp or wool or linen. Or, considering your tastes in loving, you might wish me into the form of a bear, a goat or a mule."

"My lord," she said, "I promise with my two clasped hands that you should always remain a peasant, just as you are, for I love you better than any other man."

"All right," he said, "but, for God's sake, wish for something that will do us honor."

"Now, this is my wish," said she. "I ask that you be loaded all over with cocks-on eyes, arms, face, head, hips, feet. And let there be a pair of balls for every cock, and let every cock be stiff, so that you'll truly look like a horned peasant!"

And so he began to sprout cocks, from his chin, from his knees, from his back; everywhere, he was bedecked with long cocks, blunt cocks, fat cocks, short cocks, puffy cocks, curved cocks, pointy cocks.

The peasant looked sadly at himself and said, "Well, that was truly

an awful wish. What came into your head?"

"One weak one was never enough for my liking," said his wife. "But now I'm an heiress in cocks. And, what's more, I've wished very wisely. You'll never owe a penny again, because now you've become a most wonderful beast!"

"Damn!" cried the goodman. "Now it's my turn to wish. I wish

this: that you shall have as many cunts as I have cocks!"

Well, then! She suddenly had one in each eye, four in a row along her forehead; she had cunts in front and cunts in back, cunts up and cunts down; there were white-haired ones, bald ones, ones with curly locks, comely ones, narrow ones, virginal ones, well-proved ones; there were cunts from her head to her toes.

'My lord," his wife asked sadly, "why did you do that to me?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "After you gave me all these new toys, one hole wasn't good enough for me. Don't worry, now when you go walking, everybody will be sure to recognize you.'

"It's no use," she said. "We have lost two of our wishes already. Now make a wish that you have done with your cocks and I with my cunts and that will still leave us one wish to change us into rich people."

So the peasant spoke up and wished for the removal—except that he forgot something. His wife's cunts disappeared, all of them. And he looked down to find himself prickless.

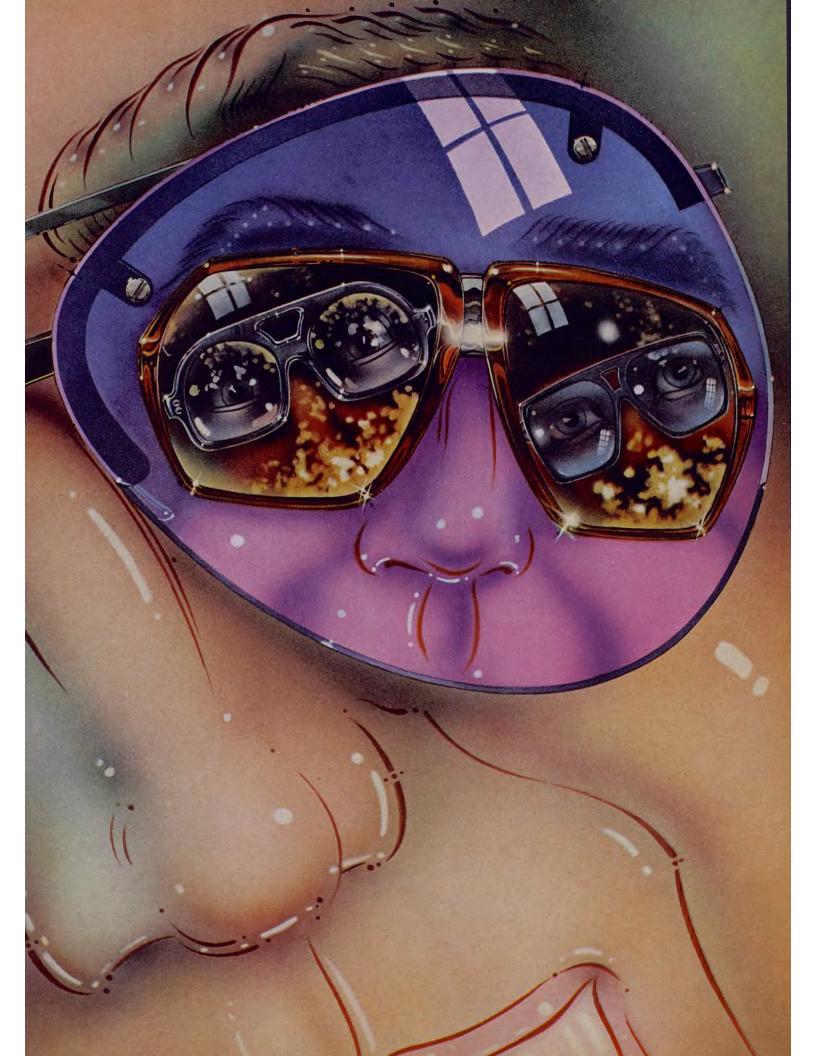
"Lord," she said, "we have erred again! But now be careful how you do it and wish us just as we were before, with a cock for you and one cunt for me."

When the goodman had done this, they were, indeed, just as before, neither winners nor losers, neither richer nor poorer. And so you can judge from this little tale that, in the matter of magic wishes, it is better to trust yourself than your wife-unless you want to remain always a peasant, just as you are.

-Adapted from the Old French by Sophie Moore







#### VENGEANCE UNDER THE LAW

(continued from page 70)

placed. In one Weatherman case, 12,000 conversations were overheard: "We had to buy an extra seat on an airplane," said a lawyer in the case, "to carry all those records." In the Ellsberg trial, the Justice Department did its utmost to conceal from the defense and the judge a maverick CIA intelligence analyst named Samuel A. Adams, who, going through channels, told his CIA superiors (who told Justice) that he could provide important testimony challenging Government evidence about the military situation in Vietnam. Defense lawyers eventually learned of him by accident. In the Gainesville trial of the Vietnam veterans, the prosecution denied that statements made to an FBI agent by a Government witness had been taken down and transcribed. When the witness testified that he had himself read and signed the transcribed statement, the prosecution denied that it was covered by the law and the judge's order that such material be turned over to the defense. In response to a subsequent order from the judge, the FBI agent "found" the statement in his files. At Wounded Knee, the prosecutor denied to the court that he knew anything about the rape and sodomy charges against his star witness or about the fact that Government agents had persuaded state officials to drop them; that fact, however, was known to the FBI, and, in the judge's words, "It is . . . likely that the prosecutor was informed of the incident and tried to keep it from the defense and the court."

Even by the standards of honest prosecutors interested only in getting convictions, it was a dismal record. The partial box score in the major political prosecutions between 1969 and 1974:

The Chicago Seven conspiracy case: Illegal electronic surveillance and prosecutorial misconduct. Jury conviction overturned by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals on grounds of judicial error and bias by trial judge Julius Hoffman. The Government elected not to retry the case.

Harrisburg (the Kissinger kidnap case against Philip Berrigan and others): Illegal electronic surveillance, withholding of evidence by the Government, FBI informer. A hung jury favored acquittal (10-2) on all major charges; Berrigan and Elizabeth McAlister convicted for smuggling letters out of prison. The Government elected not to try the case

The Gainesville case against the Vietnam veterans charged with planning violent demonstrations at the 1972 political conventions: FBI provocateurs and informers; withholding of evidence by the Government and probable perjury by Government agents. Defendants acquit-134 ted of all charges by the jury.

Camden 28 (draft-board raid): FBI provocateur, withholding of evidence by the Government. Defendants acquitted of all charges by the jurors after Judge Clarkson S. Fisher had instructed them they could acquit if they found "overarching Government participation" in the raid.

Ellsberg (Pentagon papers): Illegal electronic surveillance, burglary, withholding of evidence by the Government and probable perjury by Government witnesses. Case dismissed by Judge Byrne.

The Detroit Weatherman case: Illegal electronic surveillance, FBI informerprovocateur. Case dismissed by Judge Keith on motion of the Government after Keith had ordered a hearing on Government misconduct.

Wounded Knee: Illegal electronic surveillance, withholding of evidence, perjured Government testimony, prosecutorial misconduct. Case dismissed by Judge Nichol after the Government refused to accept a verdict by an 11-person jury-before the 12th juror became ill, the full panel had decided on acquittaland after the prosecutor told reporters that he knew the chance of conviction was "slim." Early in 1975, long after the trial was over, the defendants discovered that their "chief security officer," a man who had routine access to all the plans of the defense, was an FBI informer.

Yet even when they finally resulted in acquittals, the political prosecutions and investigations had a fearful effect on the lives of defendants and witnesses, in the cost of litigation (the Ellsberg defense alone cost \$1,000,000; Chicago cost another \$1,000,000, Wounded Knee an estimated \$500,000) and, most significantly, in their chilling effect on the left and on protest in general. "In spite of all this joy and elation," said one of the V.V.A.W. defendants immediately after they were acquitted, "I can't forget the Government put me through 14 months of hell." Aside from the winding down of the Vietnam war, the work of the Justice Department between 1969 and 1974 may well have been one of the principal reasons for what used to be called "the cooling of America." It clearly helped cripple the V.V.A.W. in 1972. It drained the resources and energy of other groups and it frightened moderates away. "We had some effect," said Olson, Mardian's deputy and later his successor as head of ISD. "People don't like to be prosecuted." The mass protests stopped and the campuses became quiet, although the bombings continued. In January 1975, a few days after Olson made his remark, bombs were planted at the State Department in Washington and in the Federal Building in Oakland, California. After six years of investigations, the Government had managed to find only three members of the violent wing of the Weathermen. The hard core had never been prosecuted, but the protests had stopped.

Late in 1970, the face of Guy L. Goodwin, once described by a reporter as "a well-groomed handsome man with sculptured gray hair," appeared on a WANTED poster distributed by the radical

Name: Guy Goodwin Occupation: Special Prosecutor for the Nixon-Mitchell Gang Charges: Conspiracy against the People's Movement

Subject actively involved in Grand Jury Inquisition in Tucson, Seattle, Detroit, Washington, Manhattan, Brooklyn, Harrisburg, Cleveland and Los Angeles. Most recently seen around Madison, Wisconsin, and San Francisco, where similar trouble is expected. Subject is believed to be spearheading the drive to use the grand juries as an arm of the Secret Police.

Goodwin, who headed the Special Litigation Section at ISD under Mardian and Olson, once called himself "only a prosecutor." But in four years of running grand-jury investigations into the activities of the left, he developed (and perhaps curried) the image of the Grand Inquisitor. During that period, Goodwin and grand juries became almost synonymous-by his own count, he supervised more than 100 in 48 cities, conducting several of the most important ones personally. Yet he always remained a shadowy figure who refused to be interviewed and whom newsmen saw only in courthouse corridors. At the same time, however, he developed a symbiotic relationship with many of the witnesses who were called before his grand juries and with the left in general. In August 1971, for example, when Federal agents, having been tipped by their informerprovocateur, lay waiting inside the Federal Building in Camden to arrest the draft-board raiders. Goodwin was among them. At four A.M., as the trap was sprung. Goodwin greeted the raiders by their nicknames and personally passed out arrest forms that had already been filled out for each of the participants. He prided himself on his detailed knowledge of the radical left and apparently considered the "wanted" poster a sort of tribute. A copy hangs in his office.

The game, however, was deadly serious. Under Goodwin, the Government turned the grand jury into a blunt instrument that was used not merely to determine whether there was probable cause for indictments but as part of an all-purpose investigatory process and intelligence system. The person who refused to talk to the FBI could be called



"Hey, chappie, changing of the guard."

before the grand jury and compelled to answer; if he refused, he could be jailed for contempt. The technique had been employed long before Nixon became President (usually against mafiosi and labor racketeers) but never as systematically, broadly and ruthlessly as it was under Goodwin and his ISD colleagues. What was in theory a "people's panel" designed to protect innocent citizens against arbitrary prosecution was turned not only on radicals and freaks but also on college professors, students, priests, journalists, lawyers, housewives and other middle-class people, many of whom had ignored or tolerated grand-jury abuse when it was used against "gangsters" and who now discovered that the same tactics were being applied to them. They learned that they had to face the prosecutor and grand jury alone and in secret (they could go outside to consult their attorneys); that they could be forced to answer any sort of question about their personal lives, friends and associates; and that even the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination had been eroded.

The erosion was significant. The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution was designed to protect individuals against forced confessions and intimidation by prosecutors. It was therefore (in the words of Justice William O. Douglas) "not only a protection against conviction and prosecution but a safeguard of conscience and human dignity and freedom of expression as well." Before 1970, prosecutors could grant "transactional" immunity that, at least in theory, shielded witnesses fearful of self-incrimination against any indictment for the acts about which they testified. That year, however, Congress passed an Administration-sponsored bill drafted by John Dean giving prosecutors the option of forcing witnesses to accept "use" immunity instead. Thereafter, a witness who testified could still be prosecuted, provided the evidence against him had not been derived from his grand-jury testimony.

For most witnesses, facing the grand jury was a shattering experience. "They scared the shit out of people," said Nancy Stearns, a lawyer at the Center for Constitutional Rights in New York. "Goodwin made people's lives miserable and loved every minute of it." The witness is alone with the prosecutor and the grand jurors (who usually just sit and listen and who will usually return any indictment the prosecutor wants); he can ask no questions and is not allowed to take notes.

"You're terribly self-conscious," said a woman who faced Goodwin in a grandjury room. "It's the isolation and the loneliness. He can ask anything he wants; you can't ask any questions, and sometimes you don't even know why the questions are being asked. The whole thing was terrifying."

Goodwin denied that he was doing anything other than investigating crimes. "I'm amazed at some of the stories I've read," he told Lacey Fosburgh of The New York Times in a rare interview. "Frankly, we do our work just like any prosecutor. . . . The idea of amassing dossiers . . . Government spying . . . that I go around the [country] getting information and then prepare sociograms of the left-why, I don't even know what a sociogram is. . . . And we certainly don't have a data bank.... Oh, my goodness, it's just totally wild." Despite such disclaimers, the kind of witnesses the Government called and the sort of questions it asked suggested interest in something broader than specific crimes. Some of the questions were reminiscent of McCarthy Committee investigations of the Fifties:

Describe for the grand jury every occasion during the year 1970 when you have been in contact with, attended meetings which were conducted by, or attended by, or been any place when any individual spoke whom you knew to be associated with . . . Students for a Democratic Society, the Weathermen, the Communist Party or any other organization advocating revolutionary overthrow of the United States Government, describing for the grand

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The proud tradition. Proud heritage. Proud taste.

The proud tradition. Proud heritage. Proud taste.

jury where these incidents occurred, who was present and what was said at the time you were in these meetings, groups, associations or conversations.

Tell the grand jury every place you went after you returned to your apartment from Cuba, every city you visited, with whom and by what means of transportation you traveled and who you visited at all of the places you went during the times of your travels after you left your apartment in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in May of 1970.

Since there are virtually no checks on the grand-jury process, the prosecutor's chance to fish for unrelated information and the possibilities for harassment are immense. Goodwin, said a lawyer who confronted him, "is very good in situations he can totally control; he functions brilliantly behind closed doors." Sometimes ISD lawyers summoned reluctant witnesses cross-country to places where they knew no one and where they had never been-New York to Fort Worth, San Juan, Puerto Rico, to San Francisco, Washington to Seattle-and sometimes they gave witnesses no more than a few hours between delivery of a subpoena and the time they were to appear. Ellsberg's 15-year-old son, for example, was summoned at 7:30 one morning and ordered to testify two hours later. Others

had no more than a weekend to hire lawyers and prepare for their appearances. If a witness tried to resist-usually by invoking one of a number of constitutional rights-he found himself tangled in months of litigation in a strange town among strange people. Nonetheless, many did resist; some lost their jobs and dozens went to jail. The prison terms were usually for the life of the grand jury (and therefore as long as 18 months); but since new hearings could be started after one grand jury expired, some recalcitrant witnesses, facing the prospect of an endless succession of prison terms, chose to talk. It was a way of putting a "target" away for a long time without formal trial and without

"We're past the rubber-hose stage," Mardian once told an interviewer. "You don't drag people to the police station. We're more civilized than that. But when we subpoen a someone to testify before a grand jury, it's his duty as a citizen to talk. If he doesn't, the judge has no choice but to hold him in contempt."

One of the more revealing confrontations took place between prosecutor Richard J. Barry, Nissen's junior colleague in the Ellsberg case, and Harvard Vietnam scholar Samuel Popkin, Popkin, who knew Ellsberg but was not sympathetic to his politics, was first interviewed by FBI agents who wanted to know, among other things, who Ellsberg's psychiatrist was and "what makes Ellsberg tick." Shortly thereafter, he was called before a Boston grand jury, where he asked Barry about the subject of the inquiry. "The judges just told you," Barry replied, "that you may not ask this question, to appear here immediately and testify. Please don't keep these people waiting. Why are you trying to hold up the process of justice?" Popkin, who said he was only trying to protect his scholar's sources, refused to testify, lost a series of legal tests and was brought before the panel again. He denied that he knew anything about who might have possessed the Pentagon papers before they were published. The questioning, however, continued:

BARRY: Mr. Popkin, do you recall an immediate reaction that was formed in your mind upon hearing about the original stories in *The New York Times* about who may have been the source?

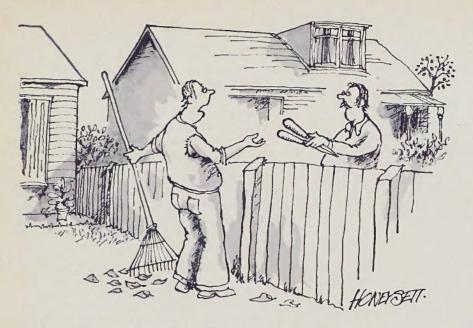
POPKIN: I request permission to see my counsel.

BARRY: How can your counsel be of use in this case? We're asking you about your immediate reaction.

POPKIN: I request permission to see my counsel.

BARRY: Mr. Popkin, you are stretching things for this grand jury. Your exits from this room have been ranging about five minutes. This is





"And have you finished with my wife yet?"

an inconvenience for the grand jury. . . .

BARRY: What is your opinion as to persons you believed possessed the Pentagon papers in Massachusetts prior [to their publication in the newspapers]?

POPKIN: Is this grand jury really asking me to violate confidences necessary to my research, simply to discover my opinion?

BARRY: The grand jury does not answer questions.

Popkin, who is now at the University of Texas, spent 18 months in litigation and finally spent a year in jail. "I still can't tell you what those days were like," he said recently. "I didn't know anything and I still don't know why they were asking. Why did I lose two years of my life?"

On April 27, 1971, Federal agents arrested Leslie Bacon, a 19-year-old radical who had been living in a commune in Washington, D.C., and hustled her off to Seattle to face a grand jury. The Justice Department let it be known that the grand jury was investigating the explosion of a bomb in a Capitol washroom eight weeks earlier, that the plot had been hatched in Seattle and that Bacon, who had once been involved in a plot to bomb a New York bank (but had withdrawn in the early stages), was a material witness. But when she arrived, she discovered that Goodwin, who was running the grand jury himself, was more interested in other things. That very week, hundreds of thousands of demonstrators were gathering in Washington for a peaceful May Day Vietnam war 138 protest, and the following week (May 3-7), the so-called May Day collective (according to its own announcements) would try to disrupt traffic and "shut down the Government." At first, Bacon's lawyers were puzzled. "If there is a relationship between the matters about which the questions are being asked and the bombing of the Capitol," one of them said, "I have been unable to perceive it. They haven't asked her who bombed the Capitol."

Bacon had several uses. She testified on April 29 and 30 and on May first. Although she eventually started to balk at Goodwin's questions and was subsequently jailed for contempt, she talked enough about her extensive travels and associations among the radical left to give Goodwin leads for new grand-jury hearings in New York, Detroit and Washington. Only one appeared in any way related to the Capitol bombing and indicted no one. Some of Goodwin's questions suggested that he had information based on illegal wire taps, which could not be used in court; but by getting Bacon's answers before the grand jury, he "laundered" that information into admissible evidence. In a similar case in Detroit, Goodwin based questions on documents illegally seized by the Chicago police and ordered returned by a judge. A subsequent indictment cited an act about which the Government could only have learned from the illegally seized material. In the meantime, however, Goodwin had succeeded in forcing a witness to testify about it. But what he was most interested in, particularly on April 29 and 30, was May Day.

By the time Bacon was arrested, the panic had started in Washington. On May first, while she was testifying in an

unusual weekend session of the Seattle grand jury, senior officials of the Government held the first of an intensive series of meetings at the Justice Department to plan tactics for keeping the city open. Among the participants were Mitchell, Mardian, Dean, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, Presidential Assistant John D. Ehrlichman, the Secretary of the Army, the commander of the District of Columbia National Guard, regular-Army generals. FBI officials, Washington Chief of Police Jerry Wilson and several others. Wilson and the generals were confident that they could control the demonstrations-"the number of radicals is not great," Wilson said-but Mardian and Ehrlichman wanted to get tough. According to the minutes of the meeting, "Mr. Ehrlichman . . . stated that the President wanted the city kept open if it took 100,000. He added that if we were short of troops, someone will be in big trouble. He said there was to be no misunderstanding about that. . . . The President was ready to go further than had been discussed up to now at the meeting." The minutes of the meeting, obtained by American Civil Liberties Union lawyers in the course of a suit arising from the indiscriminate mass arrests during the demonstrationsmore than 12,000 were arrested between May third and May fifth-make it clear that the strategists at the Justice Department-and the President-regarded the demonstrations as a major challenge to the authority of the Government.

Acting on the advice of what someone later called "inexperienced lawyers," Bacon answered more than 250 questions, thereby waiving any subsequent claim of privilege against self-incrimination. (Once a witness answers certain questions, he cannot invoke the Fifth Amendment against answering other questions.) Goodwin knew that she had been working on the May Day protests and that she had been living with the leaders of the organizations that were planning them. He wanted her to describe all her movements, whom she saw, what was said, how and with whom she traveled, even who slept with whom in what rooms. Her testimony may well have been superfluous in providing information. Government agents had thoroughly infiltrated the protest groups and on May second, Mardian informed his colleagues that the Government "had information as to the protesters' codes and communications and that their radios would be monitored."

The arrest and interrogation, nonetheless, were part of a process in which intelligence and intimidation were linked and through which the Government let the demonstrators know that everything they did was being watched. Ever since early March, FBI agents had been stopping, searching and questioning people as they entered and left the Vermont Avenue headquarters of the various protest organizations. FBI agents had also broken into the home of a May Day volunteer (they left when she began to scream) and forced their way into a house where several May Day workers lived. "If you think this is repression," one of them said to the angry residents, "you haven't seen anything yet."

In leaks to the press, Bacon was represented as a link between the Capitol bombings and the May Day protests—an overt suggestion that those participating in the demonstrations would be involved with bombers and other dangerous people. As it turned out, most of the violence was perpetrated by police and Federal agents who arrested and often beat up demonstrators and pedestrians indiscriminately, no matter what they were doing. In early 1975, a Washington jury awarded \$12,000,000 in damages to 1200 people who had been illegally arrested during the demonstrations, and suits on behalf of others are still pending. The Justice Department, in the

meantime, had secured only one indictment, and that was later dismissed at the request of the Government. And on September 30, 1971, five months after Bacon testified, a Federal appeals court ruled that her arrest had been illegal.

The Administration had multiple uses for the ISD, although the mix varied from case to case. Senator Edward M. Kennedy charged that calling five New York Irish-Americans before a Fort Worth grand jury investigating the alleged purchase of weapons for the I.R.A. "had nothing

#### THE NOT-SO-GRAND JURY

Historically, the purpose of the grand jury has been to protect people against the abuse of government power. The American founding fathers got the idea from the British and inserted it into the Bill of Rights: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury." The idea, simply enough, was to interpose a shield between the individual and the state to show that its desire to prosecute somebody is based on public interest, not political whimsy.

Furthermore, before the state could drag a man out of his house and put him on trial, it had to convince his neighbors that the crime had been committed and that there was reason to suspect him. So to protect the man from frivolous or malicious accusations, the grand jury was to meet in secret.

At least that's the way it was supposed to work in 1791, when there was a healthy skepticism about the motives of politicians and their administrators. As it turns out, the skepticism was well founded, because political leaders since then have managed to transform this protective instrument into a tool of persecution and suppression by the state.

Federal courts still respect the independence of a grand jury to a greater extent than state or county courts do, but most grand juries can be manipulated and dominated by a prosecutor. Jurors, randomly selected from voter lists, hear only what the prosecutor wants them to hear, and thus often become rubber stamps despite themselves. Here are the major weaknesses of the grand-jury system as it's now set up:

• The secrecy of grand-jury proceedings is easily violated when it suits the purpose of a prosecutor—for instance, when he wants to embarrass some individual or group.

 Unlike any other judicial proceeding, there are virtually no rules of evidence or procedure before a grand jury. A prosecutor can bring out aspects of a person's private, professional or political life; he can demand virtually any personal or business record without explanation; he can put hearsay evidence or mere gossip into the record.

 The prosecutor is not even required to tell the jury what an investigation is about or why he wants a particular bit of testimony.

 The prosecutor need not present any evidence or testimony that he knows exists in favor of the accused.

 Subpoenas can be issued for irrelevant records in order to conceal the true purpose of an investigation.

 Courts have almost no control over the conduct of a prosecutor before a grand jury.

 A grand-jury witness must face the prosecutor alone, without benefit of counsel; his attorney must wait outside.  If a prosecutor makes a false or prejudicial statement to the grand jury while a witness or a suspect is absent, it can be stricken and won't necessarily show up in the final record.

 A witness who exercises his Fifth Amendment right can have immunity "forced" on him and can be jailed without trial for contempt if he refuses to answer any questions; and despite this immunity a person can be prosecuted if evidence against him can be obtained "independent" of his testimony.

• Federal prosecutors can convene any number of special grand juries to conduct simultaneous and parallel investigations. These juries may be used to fire off batches of subpoenas to disrupt activities of a targeted organization, harass its members and intimidate its supporters. Such shotgun use of subpoena power can also bolster an otherwise weak case, creating publicity and headlines that virtually convict a person on popular suspicion that only an important criminal attracts so much attention.

As to the jurors themselves, rarely, if ever, are their fundamental duties explained to them. They may never know, for example, that they can and should determine charges, call witnesses and ask questions; that their power to indict or investigate is not limited to the accused person. If a grand jury refuses to indict, the prosecutor can take his case to another; or if it indicts against his wishes he can simply refuse to sign the true bill and end the matter there.

Reform is clearly needed, but what complicates the issue is that a grand-jury system cuts both ways; it gives prosecutors vast powers they can misuse, but it also gives the Justice Department or a state's attorney an effective tactic for nailing Syndicate gangsters, labor racketeers and corrupt politicians, such as former U. S. Attorney General John N. Mitchell, former Vice-President Spiro Agnew and former President Richard Nixon—who were undone mainly at the grand-jury level (after a grand-jury cover-up failed) rather than on the basis of the hard criminal evidence that must persuade a trial jury "beyond reasonable doubt."

The fact that a grand jury can so easily violate the spirit of the U.S. Constitution, for either good or evil, is what provokes both liberals and conservatives to call for reform. A variety of reformist legislation already has been introduced in the U.S. House of Representatives and in the legislatures of several states. The main organization trying to reconcile both sides of the issue is the Coalition to End Grand Jury Abuse, 300 Atlantic Building, 930 F Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20004. It is made up of legal, religious and civilliberties groups working to preserve the grand jury but also to restore its original function of serving both the individual citizen and the public interest.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

to do with Texas and a great deal to do with a thinly veiled attempt by the Department of Justice, at the request of the government of Great Britain, to harass Irish-Americans in the New York City area engaged in peaceful protests against British policy toward Ulster." True or not, there seemed to be little reason for holding the hearing in Texas, where none of the suspects had ever been, except for the fact that Fort Worth was far from the ethnic politics of New York, with its 400,000 Irishmen. (The five witnesses all went to jail for contempt after they refused to testify, where they remained for a total of 12 months. They were released when a court finally upheld their claim that their attorney-client privileges had been violated by wire taps. The Fort Worth grand jury returned no indictments.) The veterans called before the Florida grand jury investigating the "plot" to disrupt the political conventions with violent tactics were certain that the grand jury, conducted by Goodwin, had been timed to keep them detained during the conventions, even though the Government knew no violence had been planned. There were also charges that the V.V.A.W. grand-jury hearing, coming on the heels of the Watergate arrests, was an attempt to divert attention from the burglary or, alternatively, to give it credibility as a necessary measure to prevent violence; Watergate burglar James McCord later testified that while he was head of security for the Committee for the Reelection of the President (CRP), he had seen ISD reports linking the McGovern

Department officials vehemently denied the charge that the V.V.A.W. case was politically inspired.

What is undeniable, however, is that ISD was part of an intelligence system linked to the White House and its political apparatus. The Watergate evidence made it amply clear that in both the V.V.A.W. and the Ellsberg cases, some people in the Administration hoped to link the suspects with the Democrats; in both, the ISD furnished information directly to the White House or to CRP. In attempting to smear Ellsberg, the plumbers operated largely with FBI and grand-jury information, particularly on his personal life and sexual habits. Mc-Cord received ISD reports "almost daily" on the veterans and other organizations.

In the majority of cases, however, the conduit was the Intelligence Evaluation Committee (IEC), a supersecret agency that Mardian established at Justice "to provide intelligence estimates to the responsible Government departments and agencies on a need-to-know basis in order to effectively evaluate and anticipate problems to (sic) appropriately respond to civil disorders." IEC, in short, was conceived as a sort of domestic war room. Members included representatives of the FBI, the NSA, the Secret Service, the Defense Department, the Justice Department and the CIA. Mardian first asked a Seattle lawyer (now a Federal judge) named Morrell Sharp to be executive director. But Sharp, a friend of Ehrlichman's, didn't like the committee's spook secrecy and soon quit. He was replaced by a former FBI man named Bernard Wells.

campaign to V.V.A.W. activities. Justice The IEC, which met weekly, was COCHRAN!

"What do you mean, I won't respect you in the morning? I don't respect you now."

"tasked" (usually by the White House) to produce detailed intelligence reports about future "civil disorders"-May Day, the demonstrations planned for the conventions and the 1973 Inaugurationand about such matters as the foreign connections of domestic radicals and "the Inter-Relationship of Black Power Organizations in the Western Hemisphere." David Wilson, John Dean's assistant at the White House, said he used to get IEC reports and pass them on directly to Ehrlichman or Presidential Assistant H. R. Haldeman. He did not recall that they ever contained reports focusing on specific individuals or organizations, nor did he recall that the White House ever furnished information to IEC. But a staff aide on the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, perhaps the only outsider who ever saw the IEC files, said they contained extensive details about the leaders and membership of activist organizations. (By the time she saw them, however, someone had sanitized the files; they contained no minutes of meetings, no agendas and few other documents describing exactly how IEC worked: The records of two and a half years were compressed into two file cabinets.) The detailed information, through the IEC evaluations, was circulated to the participating agencies and to the White House, but there is no way to know whether data also went from the White House (and particularly the plumbers) to IEC. "We had no information at the White House," Wilson said.

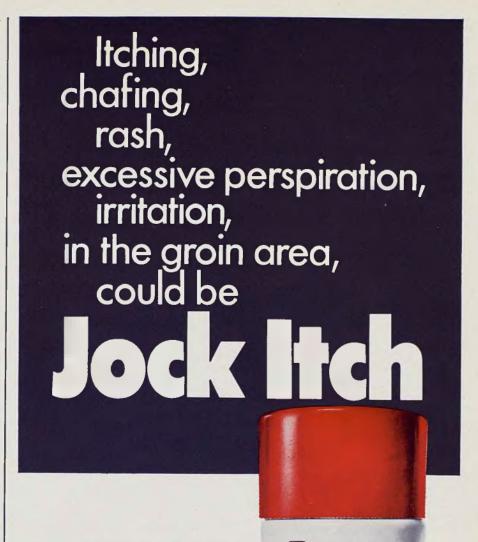
It is also uncertain whether the tasks assigned to IEC included the development of intelligence available only through grand-jury testimony. The way that IEC was constituted, however, suggests at least the possibility that the CIA, forbidden by law from engaging in domestic espionage, contributed information to Justice Department investigations and prosecutions, and that the IEC was an intelligence-laundering device through which illegally obtained information was channeled to prosecutors who themselves probably didn't know (and, again, didn't want to know) where some of their information came from. In case after case, the Government chose to dismiss indictments rather than disclose how it had got its information.

Mardian is one of the few who know, and Mardian, now appealing his conviction in the Watergate case, refuses to be interviewed. But a number of people who worked with him at Justice describe him as a true believer who never understood that "criminal justice and internal security don't mix." "It was a disaster for law enforcement," said Whitney North Seymour, Jr., the former U. S. Attorney in New York. But what may have been most revealing were comments made by Tom Charles Huston, the creator of the so-called Huston Domestic Intelligence

Gathering Plan, which included authority for mail covers, wire tapping, burglary and other illegal activities, and which the White House approved in 1970. Huston saw the plan as a way of gathering domestic intelligence solely for the purpose (as he told interviewers later) of anticipating and meeting civil disorders and "preventing calamities like bombings." But Mardian wanted to use the information in prosecutions: "He felt it was impor-tant to get these people in jail." In October 1970, after Hoover balked at the Huston plan (there is no record that it was ever formally rescinded). Mardian asked Huston to become his assistant. Huston refused because of his disagreement about the functions of intelligence. Early in 1971, Mardian set up the IEC.

The problem of coordinating the apparatus was more difficult than the Administration expected. Hoover, who was waging his own private war with the New Left through Cointelpro ("to expose, disrupt and otherwise neutralize this group"), was often uncooperative not only with the White House and the Justice Department but also with the CIA. In 1970, after CIA Director Richard Helms refused to tell him the source of a leak from the FBI to the CIA. Hoover, in the words of one agent, "said no CIA relations." In the meantime, the CIA and the NSA, which intercepts and decodes foreign communications and is perhaps the most secrecy-bound organization in the Government, jealously guarded their activities from public view. Both agencies, it appeared, were willing to furnish certain kinds of intelligence to the Administration but were reluctant to have it used in public trials. In the Ellsberg case, the NSA informed the Justice Department that it would refuse to indicate whether the Pentagon papers contained "communications intelligence"-material involving allied or foreign codes (there was probably none that was current)-and would provide no testimony at the trial. The State Department and the CIA also declined to provide witnesses and the Department of Defense, according to reliable reports, counseled against prosecuting Ellsberg but was overruled by the White House. The IEC, the plumbers and Mardian's special relationship with FBI Deputy Director Sullivan were all facets of the attempt to get around those problems.

The prime resource, however, was the Justice Department itself. Kleindienst (among others) insists that, with the possible exception of the Ellsberg case, there was never any pressure from the White House and that there were no hit lists. But with people like Mardian and Goodwin, no pressure was necessary. From the time the new Administration took office, everyone from Nixon down made it clear what "law and order" meant and who the "bums" were. The Administration took the position that wire taps without



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court authorization were legal in cases involving national security. Mardian himself argued that principle before the Supreme Court and lost. It backed "preventive detention" laws in the District of Columbia and it secretly approved the acknowledgedly illegal tactics of the Huston plan. Under such leadership, it didn't take much prescience for a prosecutor to know what tactics to use or against whom to use them. All he had to do was read the newspapers.

Until the Watergate cover-up began to unravel in the spring of 1973, there were few complaints from Congress or the public. Congress had passed the noknock entry law, permitting courts to authorize police to enter a dwelling without notice, and it authorized use immunity for grand-jury witnesses. (Use immunity was subsequently upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court.) The resistance came largely from a small group of lawyers who specialized in political cases-William Kunstler, Gerald Lefcourt, Leonard B. Boudin, Leonard I. Weinglass, Doris Peterson and Ramsey Clark-and from members of the National Lawyers Guild who began to develop tactics to delay (and sometimes block) grand-jury proceedings, and who slowly learned to apply techniques of social psychology in the selection of trial juries. Their most effective weapon, however, was the judicial taint on unauthorized wire taps. A good many grand-jury witnesses were excused after they claimed that they were illegally overheard, and a number of indictments were dismissed. In many cases, the Government preferred to lose the witness or the case rather than disclose who was wire-tapped by whom. In 1972, the Supreme Court broadened that protection by unanimously rejecting the Government's claim that national-security taps required no court authorization.

The weapons, nonetheless, were weak and expensive, and they prompted elaborate tactics of obfuscation and evasion by the Government. Olson recently said that he was "embarrassed and upset" when sworn Government denials of wire tapping later proved to be untrue. But Olson himself signed affidavits denying electronic surveillance that (in the Berrigan case) turned out to be demonstrably false and that (in the course of the Boston grand-jury hearing into the Pentagon-papers case) were so vague that a judge called them "insufficient."

The essence of the process was "deniability." Documents and instructions were worded in such a way-indeed, the whole system was so designed-that false claims could always be attributed to ignorance, misunderstandings, complex divisions of responsibility or to the excessively zealous behavior of subordinates. The tactic, familiar to espionage organizations-"if they catch you we'll deny that we 142 know you"-was one of the first lines

of Nixon's defense after Watergate.

Secrecy and deniability had always gone together not only in the prosecutorial process but through the whole social system. Ellsberg, among others, discovered from the weak public response to the Pentagon papers that if there was a public need to know about certain activities of the Government, there was also a need not to know. One of the functions of secrecy was getting the dirty work done without confronting the beneficiaries with the moral problems involved. Cops beat drunks and vagrants in the back rooms of police stations and chased blacks off the streets of "nice" neighborhoods, prosecutors intimidated witnesses in the grand-jury room, the CIA overthrew foreign governments and soldiers burned villages and murdered Vietnamese peasants in such a way that the mayor, the Attorney General, the Secretary of State, the President or the public would be spared the onus of complicity. Secrecy was socially useful.

Ever since the Vietnam war turned sour, it has been fashionable to argue that the country was deceived about the origins of the war; and ever since Watergate, it has been argued that the country was deceived about the domestic activities of the Justice Department, the White House, the CIA and the FBI. But if we were deceived, was it only because the Government lied, or was it also because we wanted to be deceived?

The purge is now almost complete and the counterattack is in full swing: The ISD has been reduced to a section within the Justice Department's Criminal Division, the IEC has been abolished, Congress is investigating the intelligence agencies, Nixon is gone, Mitchell and Mardian have been convicted for their part in the Watergate cover-up and their former targets have turned on them with a barrage of civil-damage suits. Congress is also considering extensive reform of the grand-jury system and revision of the immunity statutes. "Perhaps the only way we can preserve the Fifth Amendment and end the abuses of immunity grants," said Representative Robert W. Kastenmeier, one of the sponsors of reform legislation, "is to make the former absolute by allowing [grants of immunity] only with the consent of the witness."

There is increasing recognition that grand juries are unrepresentative of the general population (they are older, whiter and more middle class), that they are totally under the control of the prosecutor and that, in the words of one senior Federal judge, "this great institution of the past has long ceased to be a guardian of the people. . . . Today it is but a convenient tool for the prosecutor.'

In the meantime, there is also some support for legislation that would compensate future victims of prosecutorial abuse, including a bill sponsored by Representative Edward I. Koch whereby a judge or jury could order the Government to pay the legal fees and other costs of acquitted defendants who, in the opinion of the court, had been subject to "an unreasonable administration of justice."

The returns, however, are incomplete. Despite the post-Watergate celebration of "the system," and despite the impeachment hearings and criminal prosecutions of the major Watergate figures, no prosecutor has been disciplined for misconduct, perjury or misuse of the judicial process-Goodwin, among others, is still at the Justice Department-and none of their targets has been compensated. Judges like Nichol and Byrne chastised the Government for flagrant abuses, but neither pursued the issues of possible perjury or contempt against the Government officials associated with them. Any prosecutor can therefore still proceed with impunity until he gets caught; at that point, he may lose his case but not his freedom or his license to practice. The issue was put by Leonard Weinglass, the attorney for Anthony J. Russo, Ellsberg's codefendant, after it was learned that Ehrlichman, during the trial, had offered Byrne the directorship of the FBI. "If the defense had done what the Government did," Weinglass said, "we'd all be in jail."

There are no guarantees that it won't happen again. In the post-Watergate euphoria, the chances of recurrence are unlikely, but the mood won't last forever, the technologies of surveillance are becoming increasingly sophisticated and the legal methods of intimidation and repression-barring major legislationare readily available. "Not a thing has changed," said an aide to Senator Lowell P. Weicker, who tried to flush out the abuses of the Justice Department in the Nixon Administration. "There hasn't been a piece of legislation." What may be most significant about the Nixon era is that in case after case, a great many people attributed the Government's inability to get a conviction to legal technicalities. The fact that those technicalities involved major violations of constitutional rights and that they were often essential to the Government's case-that the prosecution and, in the use of provocateurs, the "crime" itself could not have taken place without them-is often forgotten. Even the most absurd charges, therefore, have their effect. The Government, after all, wouldn't bring a case if there were not some reason to believe that the defendants had done something wrong. An hour after Byrne dismissed the Ellsberg case, a lawyer asked a reporter in the Los Angeles courthouse what had happened, and the reporter told him. "Son of a bitch," the lawyer said. "The Government spends ten million dollars and some guy screws it up."

Tis Ten App (continued from page 108)

sherbet served at the Four Seasons restaurant in Manhattan. Its quality depends on really ripe fruit. Persimmons are deceptive: They're at their peak when they start to look wilted and overripe.

# PERSIMMON LUCULLUS (About 3 cups)

l cup sugar

11/2 cups water

1 cup persimmon purée (2 mediumsize persimmons)

1/2 cup yoghurt 11/2 ozs. lemon juice

1 oz. kirsch

Combine sugar and water and bring to boil, stirring to dissolve sugar. Boil 4 or 5 minutes without stirring until reduced to 1½ cups. While syrup cools, prepare purée. Carefully remove the astringent persimmon skin and seeds, retaining as much of the juice as possible. Place pulp and juice in blender and purée. Measure 1 cup persimmon purée. Put yoghurt in bowl and slowly stir in purée, mixing well, so that there are no lumps. Add cooled syrup, lemon juice and kirsch. Chill in refrigerator 1 hour. Freeze in ice-cream machine or freezer, as in Apricots Amaretto.

The Four Seasons serves its persimmon sherbet with a small wedge of lemon and gaufrettes.

# CRANBERRY GLACIER (About 3 cups)

1-lb. can cranberry sauce

3/4 cup water

1/4 cup triple sec or cranberry cordial

1 tablespoon Iemon juice

1 tablespoon superfine sugar, or to taste

1 teaspoon grated orange rind

Pinch salt

Optional garnish: chopped candied orange peel

Blend all ingredients in blender until smooth. Freeze in ice-cream machine, following manufacturer's directions, or pour into ice trays and set in freezer. Stir thoroughly every half hour or so until firm. Garnish with chopped candied orange peel if you like.

Note: For a more intense cranberry flavor, substitute cranberry-juice cocktail for part or all of the water.

Escoffier was partial to lemon as an ice ingredient and recommended that every mixture contain some. Here's a basic lemon ice, with several interesting spin-offs.

# THE LEMON TREE (About 3 cups)

1 cup superfine sugar 2 cups water

1 cup fresh lemon juice

I teaspoon grated lemon rind

Combine all ingredients and stir until

sugar is completely dissolved. Chill in refrigerator for a couple of hours. Pour into ice trays and place in freezer. Stir every half hour or so until firm.

Lemon Mint Ice: Add 1/4 cup crème de menthe to the recipe and proceed as

above.

Spicy Lemon Ice: Add 1/4 cup kümmel, Strega, benedictine or Galliano to the recipe and proceed as above.

Granita di Limone: Do not stir ice while in freezer. The taste remains the same, but the texture is coarser.

Lemon High: Prepare basic lemon ice. Splash a bit of curação, cassis or another fruit liqueur over each portion when serving.

This makes a soft, loose ice, technically a frappe. It's a one-two-three operation, ready to serve immediately. Read the directions before starting; get things together; chill what needs chilling, etc.

# QUICK FRAPPE MANDARINE (About 4 cups)

6-oz. can frozen tangerine concentrate

3 cups very finely crushed ice

1 egg white

3 tablespoons superfine sugar, or to taste

2 tablespoons mandarine liqueur

Combine all ingredients and put half in a chilled blender and blend at high speed until mixture is almost snowy. You may have to stop blender once or twice to stir down mixture with rubber spatula. Empty contents into chilled ice tray and hold in freezer. Repeat with remaining ingredients. Combine with first batch. Spoon into chilled sherbet glasses and serve at once. If there's any left over, transfer to a plastic container and store in freezer.

# HONEY DO (About 2 cups)

2 cups honeydew-melon purée

3 tablespoons sugar, or to taste

2 tablespoons lime juice 1 oz. lime cordial

Use ripe honeydew. Halve and seed. Scoop out and blend enough melon meat to make 2 cups purée. Add sugar, lime juice and lime cordial to purée in blender and blend a few seconds until well mixed. Chill I hour; pour into ice trays and freeze, stirring thoroughly every half hour. For smoother consistency, break up when firm, transfer to chilled bowl and beat with electric mixer until slushy. Start at low speed, then shift to high. Freeze until firm but not hard.

# GRANITA DI CAFFÈ (About 4 cups)

3 cups espresso or double-strength coffee

I cup water

3/4 cup sugar

Cinnamon stick

Strip lemon peel, yellow part only

1/2 cup coffee or coffee-mint liqueur

I cup heavy cream

Prepare coffee in advance and chill. Place water, sugar, cinnamon stick and



"What the hell happened to my olive?"

lemon peel in pan and cook, stirring to dissolve sugar. Boil 5 minutes without stirring. Remove cinnamon stick and lemon peel. Combine syrup with coffee and cool, then chill in refrigerator. Pour into ice trays and freeze. If you want this smoother, stir as for ices. If mixture is too hard, break up into chunks and blend quickly in blender.

Combine liqueur and cream in pitcher and serve with *granita*, so guests can help themselves.

If you haven't the time or the interest to start from scratch, you can still make nifty iced desserts, using a commercial product.

CANDIED LEMON ICE, FORUM (Delightful surprise served at New York's Forum of the Twelve Caesars)

6 tablespoons mixed candied fruits 6 large lemons

1 pint lemon ice or sherbet, slightly softened

Finely dice candied fruits and set aside. Decapitate lemons, slicing off stem ends about ½ in. down. Remove pulp, keeping shells intact. Clean out remaining membrane. Quickly and thoroughly mix candied fruits with ice and spoon into prepared shells. Replace caps and fix with toothpick. Place in freezer until firm but not hard. When serving, place a mint leaf on the toothpick and strew leaves around the lemon.

CUPS OF ORANGE

1 pint orange sherbet 3 oranges 1 oz. Puerto Rican rum 1/2 oz. banana cordial Leave sherbet at room temperature to soften slightly. Halve oranges. Remove flesh in segments, using tip of grapefruit spoon. Clean out inside of shells and hold in refrigerator. Marinate orange segments in rum and banana cordial. When sherbet is just workable, stir in 2 to 3 tablespoons liquid from orange marinade. Pile into shells and mound. Place in freezer until just firm. Garnish each portion with a few pieces of marinated orange and an orange leaf, if available.

ROMAN FLAG (Serves four to six)

1 pint lemon ice or sherbet Crème de menthe Cherry cordial

Red and green maraschino cherries

Scoop or slice (if package is oblong) ice into 4 to 6 portions. Spoon a bit of crème de menthe down one side of each portion, cherry cordial down the other, keeping the lines as straight as you can. The middle section should be clean. Put 1 red and 1 green maraschino cherry on the end of a toothpick. Plant the other end in ice, like a flag.

Consistency and texture make quite a difference in the taste. You want your ices or sherbets firm but not hard; the serving spoon should penetrate without undue pressure. If necessary, transfer your ice to the refrigerator an hour or so before serving or let it stand at room temperature until ready. One final detail: Be sure the serving dish or glass is well chilled before filling, to present your oeuvre at its best.





"Now, that's the kind of inflation I like!"

# **BECH THIRD-WORLDS IT**

(continued from page 106)

Bech's turn to provide answers. "Why," asked a small bespectacled man, his voice tremulous and orotund over the microphone, "has the gentleman speaking in representation of the United States not mentioned any black writers? Does he suppose, may I ask, that the situation of the black writers in his country partakes of the decadent and, may I say, uninteresting situation he has described?"

"Well," Bech began, "I think, yes, the American Negro has his share of our decadence, though maybe not a full share——"

"We have heard all this before," the man was going on, robed like a wizard, his lilting African English boomed by the amplifying system, "of your glorious Melville and Whitman, of their Moby Dicks and Scarlet Letters—what of Eldridge Cleaver and Richard Wright, what of Langston Hughes and Rufus Magee? Why have you not read to us pretty posies of their words? We beg you, Mr. Bech, tell us what you mean by this phrase"—a scornful pause—" 'American writer.'"

The noise from the crowd was rising. They seemed to be mostly schoolgirls, in white blouses and blue skirts, as in Korea, except that their skin was black and their pigtails stood straight up from their heads. "I mean," Bech said, "any person who simultaneously writes and holds American citizenship."

He had not meant this to be funny and found the wave of laughter alarming. Was it with him or against him?

In Korea, there was little laughter at his talk on "American Humor in Twain, Tarkington and Thurber." Though Bech himself, reading aloud at the dais beside the bored Belgian chairman, repeatedly halted to get his own chuckles under control, an echo of them arose only from the American table of the conference-and these were contributed mostly, Bech feared, as tactical support. The only other noise in the vast pale-green room was the murmur of translation (into French, Spanish, Japanese and Korean) leaking from earphones bored Orientals had removed. Also, a yipping noise now and then escaped from the Vietnamese table. This table happened alphabetically to be adjacent to that of the United States, and one of the delegates happened to be crazy. A long-faced man with copious black hair cut in a bowl shape, he yipped and doodled to himself throughout all speeches and rose always to make the same speech, a statement that in Vietnam for 20 years the humor had been bitter. Humor was the conference subject. Malaysian professors cracked Malaysian one-liners; the panel on Burmese scatology was very dignified. There was never much laughter, and none when Bech concluded with some

deep thoughts on domestic confusion as the necessary underside of bourgeois order. "Y a-t-il des questions?" the chairman asked.

A young man, Asiatic, in floppy colorless shirt and slacks, stood up with fear electric on his face and began to scream. Scream, no, he was intoning from sheets of paper held shaking in his hands. Fear spread to the faces of those around him who could understand. Bech picked up the headset before him on the dais and dialed for the English translation. There was none, and silence also gaped in French, in Spanish, in Japanese. From the uplifted, chanting sounds, the young man was reciting poetry. Two policemen as young as he, their faces smooth as their white helmets, as aloof from their bodies as the faces in Oriental prints, came and took the young man's arms. When he struggled and attempted to read on, to the end, Bech presumed, of a stanza, the policeman on his right arm neatly chopped him on the side of the neck, so his head snapped and the papers scattered. No one laughed. Bech was informed later that the young man was a Korean satiric poet.

On the stage at Nairobi, a note was passed to Bech, saying, Crazy man on yr. right in beret, dont call on him for any question. But when Bech's talk, which he had adjusted since Ghana to "Personal Impressions of the American Literary Scene," was finished and he had fielded or fluffed the obligatory pokes about racism, Vietnam and the American loss in Olympic basketball, a young goateed African in a beret stepped forward to the edge of the stage and, addressing Bech as one character in a Beckett play addresses another, said, "Your books, they are weeping, but there are no tears."

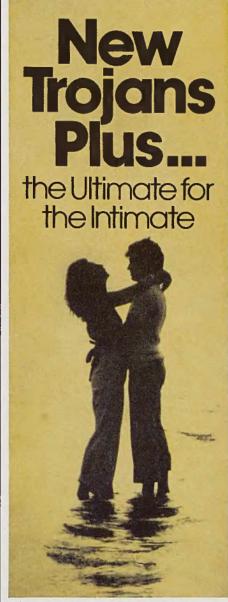
On a stage, everything is hysterically heightened. Bech, blinded by lights, deafened by the resonating of every word he spoke, was enraptured by what seemed the beautiful justice of the remark. At last, he was meeting the critic who understood him. "I know," he said. "I would *like* there to be tears," he added helpfully.

Insanely, the young black face opposite him, with its Pharaonic goatee, had produced instant tears; they gleamed on his cheeks as, with the grace of those beyond harm, of clowns and paupers and kings, he indicated the audience to Bech by a regal wave of his hand and spoke, half to them, half to him. His lilt was drier than the West African lilt, it was flavored by Arabic and savanna; the East Africans were a leaner and more severe race than that which had supplied the Americas with slaves. "The world," he began, and hung in the pause with utter confidence that the sentence would find its end, "is a worsening place. There can be no great help in words. This white man, who is a Jew, has come from afar to give us words. They are good words. They make us ask ourself the question, Is it words we need? Do we need his words? What shall we give him back? In the old days, we would give him back death. In the old days, we would give him back shame. But in these days, such gifts would make the world a worse place. Let us give him back words. Peace." He bowed to Bech.

Bech lifted enough from his chair to bow back, answering, "Peace." There was heavy, relieved applause, as the young man was led away by a white man and a black.

In Caracas, the rich Communist and his beautiful French wife had Bech to dinner to admire their Henry Moore. The Moore, a reclining figure of fiercely scored bronze-art seeking to imitate nature's patient fury-was displayed in an enclosed green garden where a floodlit fountain played and bougainvillaea flowered; the drinks-Scotch, arepamaterialized on glass tables. Bech wanted to enjoy the drinks, the Moore, the beauty of rich enclosure, but he was still unsettled by the flight from Canaima; the devil-may-care pilot had wanted to land at the unlighted midcity airport, rather than at the international airfield along the coast, and other small planes, also devil-may-care, kept dropping in front of him, racing with the fall of dusk, so he kept pulling back on the controls and cursing, and the plane would wheel, and the tin slums of the Caracas hillsides would flood the tipped windows, vertiginous surges of mosaic. "Caramba!" the escritor norteamericano wanted to exclaim, but he was afraid of mispronouncing. He was pleased to perceive, through the surges of terror, that his cool guide was terrified also. Her olive face looked aged, blanched. Her great eyes shut. Her hand groped for his, her long fingernails scraped. At least he would die with her. The plane dived and smartly landed.

The Ambassador held a dinner for Bech and the Ghanaian elite. They were the elite under this regime, had been the elite under Nkrumah, would be the elite under the next regime. The relative positions within the elite varied, however; one slightly demoted man, with an exquisite Oxford accent, got drunk and told Bech and the women at their end of the table about walking behind Nkrumah in a procession. In those days (and no doubt in these), the elite had carried guns. "Quite without warning or any tangible provocation," the man told Bech, as gin-enriched sweat shone from his face as from a basalt star, "I was visited by this overpowering urge to kill him. Overpowering-my palm was itching, I could feel the little griddle of the revolver handle in my fingers, I focused hypnotically upon the precise spot, in



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the center of his occiput, where the bullet would enter. He had become impossible, you see. He had become a tyrant. Isn't that so, ladies?"

There was a soft, guarded tittering of agreement from the Ghanaian women. They were magnificent, these women, from mammy wagon to cabinet post, fertile and hopeful, wrapped in their sumptuous gowns and turbans. Bech wanted to die, there, in the candlelight, amid these women, like a sultan amid so many pillows. Women and death and airplanes: There was a comfortable triangulation there, he drowsily perceived.

"The urge became irresistible," his informant was continuing. "I was wrestling with a veritable demon; sweat was rolling from me as from one about to vomit. I had to speak. It happened that I was walking beside one of his bodyguards. I whispered to him, 'Sammy. I want to shoot him.' I had to tell someone or I would have done it. I wanted him to prevent me, perhaps-who knows the depths of the slave mentality?-even to shoot me, before I committed sacrilege. You know what he said to me? He turned to me, this bodyguard, six foot two at the minimum, and solemnly said, 'Jimmy, me, too. But not now. Not yet. Let's wait."

In Lagos, they were sleeping in the streets. Returning in a limousine from a night club where he had learned to 146 do the high-life (his hostess' waist like a live, slow snake in his hands), Bech saw the bodies stretched on the pavements, in the stately old British colonnades, under the street lamps, without blankets. Seen thus, people make a bucolic impression, of a type of animal, a hairless, especially peaceful type, performing one of the four or five acts essential to its existence.

In Seoul, the prostitutes wore white. They were young girls, all of them, and in the white dresses, under their delicate parasols, they seemed children gathered by the walls of the hotels, waiting for a bus to take them to their first Communion.

In Caracas, they stood along the main streets between the diagonally parked cars so that Bech, until the USIS men confirmed his worst suspicion, had the vague impression of a drive-in restaurant blocks long, with the carhops allowed to choose their own uniforms, as long as they showed lots of leg.

In Egypt, the beggars had sores and upturned, blind eyes; Bech felt they were gazing upward to their reward and glimpsed through them the Biblical pyramid, the hierarchy of suffering that modern man struggles with nightmare difficulty to invert, to place upon a solid material base of sense and health and plenty. On an island in the Nile, the Royal Cricket Club flourished under new management; the portly men playing bowls and sipping gin were a shade or two darker than the British, but mannerly and jubilant. The bowling greens were level and bright, the gin was Beefeater's, the laughter of sportsmanship ricocheted, it was jolly, jolly. Bech was happy here.

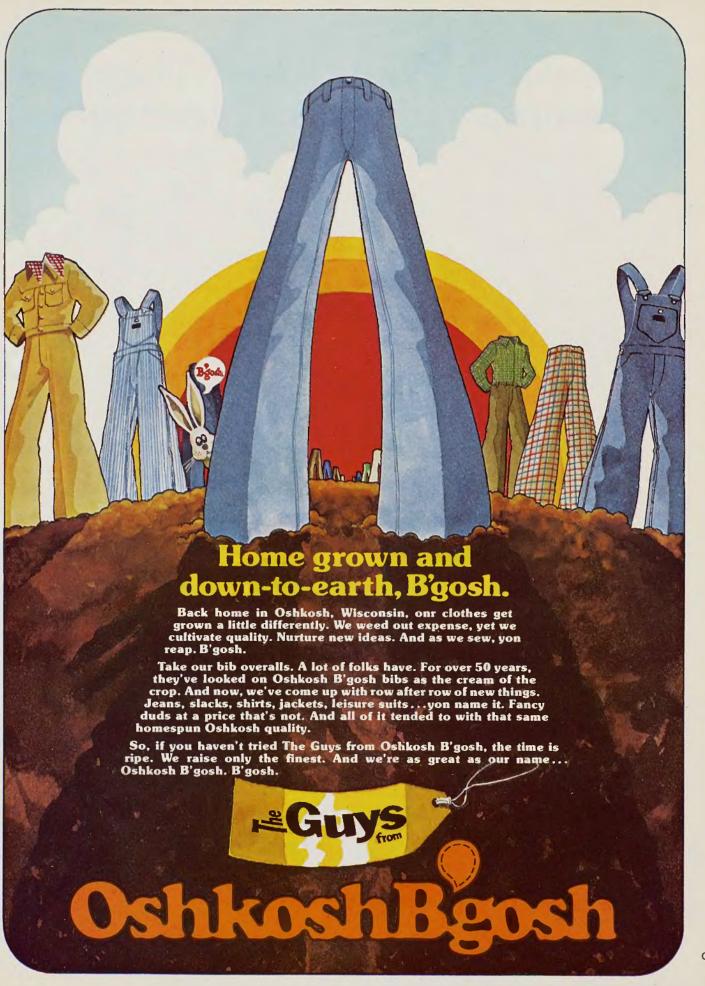
A friend had fought in Korea and had told Bech, without rancor, that the whole country smelled. Alighting from the plane. Bech discovered it to be true: a gamy, muddy smell. That had been his first impression, which he had suppressed when the reporters asked for it.

As the audience in Cape Coast politely applauded. Bech turned to the Ambassador as to a fellow conspirator and said,

"Tough questions."

The Ambassador, whose white planter's suit lacked only the wide-brimmed hat and the string tie, responded with a blast of enthusiasm. "Those weren't tough questions, those were kid-glove questions. Standard stuff. These people are soft; that's why they made good slaves. Before they sent me here, I was in Somaliland; the Danakil-now, those are buggers after my own heart. Kill you for a dime, for a nickel-plated spoon. Hell, kill you for the fun of it. Hated to leave. Just as I was learning the damn language. Full of grammar, Danakil."

Tanzania was eerie. The young cultural attaché was frighteningly with it, equally enthusiastic about the country's socialism and its magic. "So this old guy wrote the name of the disease and my brother's name on the skin of the guava and it sank right in. You could see the words moving into the center. I tried writing on a guava and I couldn't even make a mark. Sure enough, weeks later I get a letter from him saying he felt a lot better. And if you figure in the time change, it was that very day." They kept Bech's profile low; he spoke not in a hall but in a classroom, at night, and then less spoke than deferentially listened. The students found decadent and uninteresting Proust, Joyce, Shakespeare, Sartre, Hemingway-who had seen the Tanganyikans as one with their beautiful animals-and Henry James. Who, then, Bech painfully asked, did measure up, or begin to, to the exacting standard African socialism had set for literature? The answering silence lengthened. Then the brightest boy, the most militant and vocal, offered, "Jack London," and rubbed his eyes. He was tired, Bech realized. Bech was tired. Jack London was tired. Everything in the world was tired, except fear-fear and magic. Alone on the beach in Dar es Salaam, where he had been warned against going alone, he returned to the sand from having tried to immerse himself in the milky, shoal-beshallowed Indian Ocean and found his wrist watch gone. But there was nothing around him but palms and a few rocks. And no footprints but his own led to his blanket. Yet the watch



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was gone from where he had distinctly placed it; he remembered its finy thread-like purr in his ear as he lay with his back to the sun. It was not the watch, a drugstore Timex bought on Broadway. It was the fear he minded, the terror of the palms, the rocks, the pale, unsatisfactory ocean, his sharp small shadow, his mocking solitude.

At the center of a panel of the Venezuelan elite, Bech discussed "The Role of the Writer in Society." Spanish needs more words, evidently, than even English to say something, so the intervals of translation were immense. The writer's duty to society, Bech had said, was simply to tell the truth, however strange, small or private his truth appeared. During the eternity while the translator, a plump, floridly gesturing woman, rendered this into the microphone, one panelist kept removing and replacing his glasses fussily and the rich Communist studied his own right hand as if it had been placed by an officious waiter on the table-square, tan, manicured, cuffed in white and ringed in gold. But what, the man with the restless spectacles was at last allowed to ask, of Dreiser and Jack London, of Steinbeck and Sinclair Lewis-what has happened in the United States to their noble tradition of social criticism?

It's become sexual display, Bech could have said; but he chose to answer in terms of Melville and Henry James, though he was weary, weary to death of dragging their large, obliging, misshapen reputations around the globe, rag dummies in which the stuffing had long ago slipped, a generation, nay, two, since their electric connection with the young Bech, a student, had been made, feebly utilized and allowed to go dead. Words, words. As he talked, and his translatoress feverishly scribbled notes on his complicated gist, young Venezuelans-students-not too noisily passed out leaflets among the audience and scattered some on the table. The Communist glanced at one, put it face down on the table and firmly rested his handsome, unappetizing hand upon the now blank paper. Bech looked at the one that slid to a stop at the base of his microphone. It showed himself, hugenosed, as a vulture with striped and starred wings, perched on a tangle of multicolored little bodies; beneath the caricature ran the capitalized words INTELECTUAL REACCIONARIO, IMPERIAL-ISTA, ENEMIGO DE LOS PUEBLOS and some words in quotes that he instantly guessed to be a statement he had once irritably given an interviewer, on Vietnam, to the effect that, challenged to fight, a country big enough has to fight. Though it was what he honestly thought, he was sorry he had said it. But then he was sorry he had ever said anything, on anything,

ever. He had meddled with the mystery of creation: blasphemy. These realizations took the time of one short, not even awkward pause in his peroration about ironic points of light; bravely, he droned on, wondering when the riot, the demostración, his death, would begin.

But the students, having distributed their flier, stood back, numbed by the continuing bombardment of North American pedantry, and even parted, murmuring uncertainly, when the panel wound down and Bech was escorted by the USIS men and the rich Communist from the hall. They looked, the students, touchingly slim, neat, darkeyed and sensitive-the fineness of their skin and hair especially struck him, as if he were a furrier appraising pelts. Had he known Spanish, Bech might have told them, like one of those dragons in Spenser craving to be eliminated from the lists of evil, how grateful he was for their attempt to slay him.

He lived. Outdoors, in the lustrous, shuffling tropical night, the Communist stayed with him until the USIS men had flagged a taxi and, in response to Bech's protestations of gratitude (for being his bodyguard, for showing him his Moore), gave him a correct, cold handshake. A rich radical and a poor reactionary: natural allies, both resenting it. To quiet Bech's fear, they took him to a tennis tournament, where, under the lights, a defected Czech beat a pigtailed Swede. But his dread did not lift until, next morning, having signed posters and books for all the wives and cousins of the embassy personnel, he was put aboard the Pan Am jet at the Maiguetía airport. His Government had booked him first class. He ordered a drink as soon as the seat-belt sign went off. The stewardess had a Texas accent and a cosmetically flat stomach. She smiled at him. She blamed him for nothing. He might die with her. The sun above the boundless cloud fields hurled through the free bourbon a golden arc that shuddered beside the plastic swizzle stick, upon the plastic tray. God bless America.





"Wouldn't it be better if you took off your driving gloves?"

# ALWAYS HOME

(continued from page 89)

sometimes suggested. But Teresa hadn't wanted to be cooped up with a smelly dog in the apartment, and now, in the suburban house, she was sure a dog would dig up the flowers or set off the security sirens in the bushes. Besides, she did have a sort of dog there, even if it was only the tape-recorded watchdog out in back.

She once had taken part-time jobs, but she wasn't really trained for anything interesting, and she knew that Peter didn't care for her to work. For several years she had done nothing except knit and practice her flute and do water colors. She had become used to Peter's frequent absences. She didn't consider herself lonely. After all, there were widows and spinsters who lived alone all the time.

Nor was she afraid. Peter was the one who was anxious about her safety. Well, he needn't worry now, she thought. Not even a mouse could get into their new house. She was amused by all those antiburglar devices. Sometimes she would step out the back way and break the beam of the electric eye, just to hear the barks and snarls of the dog, and in the evenings she would flick on the floodlights, whose blast of light seemed to freeze each blade of grass, as in a frost storm

What intrigued her most was the Always Home installation. When Peter was away overnight, she would turn it on and stroll about the house, diverted by the effects that that remarkable system produced-the lights that were turned off and on by unseen fingers and the shadows projected against the shades and the sociable chatter of the recorded voices. It was almost like having a party, with friends who would drop in at the touch of a button, even if she couldn't actually see them or take part in their conversations.

She didn't tell Peter about that, though. As he got older, Peter became more conventional and literal-minded in his attitudes. "That gadget is supposed to be used when we're away,' Teresa could imagine him saying, "so what's the point of turning it on when you're home?" If she told him it was because she liked to hear the sound of voices, he might suggest-as he had on a few occasions in the past-that she find friends. But that wasn't easy. She was a little shy and, besides, she couldn't accept dinner invitations or plan her own dinners, because Peter's schedule was so uncertain. She really had no friends, apart from Peter.

She did expect that some of her new neighbors would call on her, but none of them did. Finally, she paid a visit herself to the nearest house down the road. The woman there, a Mrs. Myer, received her graciously, but when Teresa 148 hinted that she felt isolated, Mrs. Myer said she didn't see how that could be, with all the entertaining Teresa did. Entertaining? Teresa was about to explain that she hadn't had a single guest, when she realized that Mrs. Myer must have heard the recorded party noises of the Always Home device. Was it really that loud?

'Oh, we sometimes have a few people in," Teresa found herself saving casually, and then she remembered that she often left the system on all night. Good heavens, she thought. Mrs. Myer would suppose that they gave parties that lasted until dawn! What must the woman think of her?

"We lead a very simple existence out here, I'm afraid," Mrs. Myer was saying, with a rather grim expression that confirmed Teresa's misgivings. The whole neighborhood would have written her off already as a frivolous madcap from the city! She tried to think how she could correct this impression. She might invite Mrs. Myer over to show her what the Always Home device was and to explain how it worked. But Mrs. Myer would still think her rather peculiar for using it night after night. Teresa finally concluded that Mrs. Myer wouldn't be very congenial under any circumstances; if she wanted a friend, she would have to look elsewhere. So she merely said goodbye as cordially as possible and made her departure.

As she neared her house, she heard voices inside. Had she pressed the button before she left? She didn't think so. Then she remembered that she had let the thing run on from the night before, and she realized that she kept it going almost all the time now, except when Peter was home.

Teresa assumed that the Always Home voices were recorded on a single tape that was played over and over again. But what she heard never seemed to be completely familiar, even though the voices of the men and women were, as far as she could tell, the same. "It must be a very long tape," she told herself, and she reasoned that this was a wise precaution, for if the tape were a short one. a burglar listening from the lawn might detect the repetition and realize that there was actually no one in the house.

The taped conversations were quite ordinary. The men spoke mostly of golf and politics, while the women gossiped and talked about fashions. Teresa often found it difficult to make out the words, for, as at a real party, three or four people would be talking at once against background noises of footsteps and laughter.

Frequently, however, there were only two voices, a man's and a woman's. They addressed each other rather frostily and

said such things as "Do we have to have the Vogels over again?" and "We're spending a damned fortune on booze,' which didn't sound like party talk at all. By listening attentively, Teresa was able to pick out the names that were assigned to these two principal voices. The man was called Chris and the woman, Carla. Teresa assumed that they and the others were professional actors hired to make standard tapes used in the thousands of other homes throughout the country equipped with Always Home systems. But when Carla complained once about the color scheme of the master bathroom-"that ghastly pink and those hideous green fish"-Teresa blinked in surprise, for her master-bathroom walls were pink and the bath tiles had a motif of greenish fish, too. And then the actor called Chris grumbled about the warped panels in the dining room and the bedroom window that rattled in the wind . . . and all these and other things he and Carla mentioned were also true about Teresa's house, so that Teresa could only suppose that the script for the Always Home tape had been written specifically for that particular place.

One day she learned something that forced her to make a drastic alteration in her suppositions about what she was hearing. The tape produced the familiar ring of the doorbell. A man's voice announced the delivery of a package and asked: "Is this the Woodling residence?"

To which Carla's voice replied: "That's right. I'm Mrs. Woodling. . . ." Mrs. Woodling? Teresa was astonished. Why. the Woodlings were the previous owners of the house! It seemed incredible to her. That meant the tape wasn't simulated. It was real. Chris and Carla weren't actors at all. They were actually Mr. and Mrs. Woodling and the other voices were those of their friends. The Always Home device must have been set up to record its own tape automatically, activated by the sound of voices. But hadn't the Woodlings realized that? Wouldn't they have heard it playing, too? Well, no, Teresa reasoned. They might not have, for presumably they punched the button only when they were leaving the house and then turned it off again once they returned. They might not even have bothered using it at all.

But the recording part of it must have been on all the time, faithfully storing up each word uttered within its transcription range.

Teresa resolved not to listen any longer. It would be shameful to do so, now that she knew what she was hearing. It would be like spying on someone else's marriage. Still, it occurred to her that the conversations were in the past, perhaps even years ago, and as for the marriage, the Woodlings were divorced by now. Beyond that, the tape was her property, strictly speaking, since it was part of the house . . . and, anyway, if

she just listened and said nothing about it to anyone, not even to Peter, what harm could there be?

She went on listening in fascination. It was like a radio serial, this day-by-day story of the Woodlings' marriage-but it was true! And it was disturbing, too. The voices became harder. They snapped at each other. They made sneering and sarcastic remarks. There were fewer parties, and finally none at all, just endless bickering exchanges. Teresa could hardly believe what she heard. How could they go on hour after hour that way? And then she remembered that the Always Home recorder would have registered only the voices, not the silences in between, so that it joined together in a single scene the domestic disputes that would have taken place over a period of weeks and months.

At first, Teresa was sorry for Carla. She built up a nasty picture in her mind of Chris, imagining him to be brutish in appearance, for he had a coarse voice that was often slurred, as if he drank a lot, and it seemed not unlikely that, as Carla charged, he was having affairs with other women. But then Teresa was confronted with evidence of Carla's misbehavior, too—a man named Joe came to the house frequently, and the cooing and giggling that went on left no doubt as to what he and Carla were up to—so Teresa had to admit that Carla was no better

than Chris and it was a good thing that they had no children.

Thus, Teresa sat in her living room hour after hour, listening with rapt disapproval to Carla's vicious tones and to Chris's snarls and roars, occasionally accompanied by the slamming of doors or the shattering of glass, while all the time the rest of the Always Home apparatus continued to perform its duties, flicking a light on or off and calmly projecting shadows on the window shades.

Teresa was shocked by the terrible things she heard on the tape, but somehow she couldn't prevent herself from listening. She felt as though the tape were poisoned and that the poison had to come out. After a particularly disgusting scene, she would fling open the windows to air the rooms. It was her house now. Carla and Chris had no business there any longer.

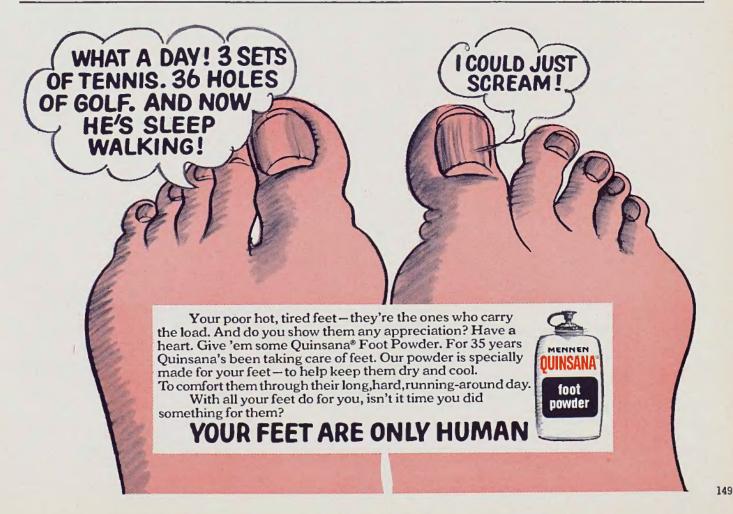
She became even more solicitous of Peter and was glad she had decided not to tell him about the tape back in the days when it had been nothing more than an amusing diversion. How he would disapprove of the Woodlings, if he knew about them! She appreciated him all the more now. His quietness was in such contrast to Chris's loud vulgarity. And Peter worked so hard. He'd come back from his trips absolutely exhausted. She always had fresh flowers on the table, and a drink to put in his hand, and a

nice supper, and then he'd go to bed while she took his dirty clothes out of his suitcase and packed clean things in their place for his next trip. Whenever she'd pass through the front hall, she'd glance at the Always Home button and give a little shudder of revulsion, thinking of the Woodlings, that hideous couple who dwelt, so to speak, in the walls, and whose spirits could be exorcised only by the completion of that monstrous tape. But when would it stop? How much longer would it go on?

"It must be terrible when married people fight," she said once to Peter. He seemed surprised by that. "Oh, not that I know any who do," she added quickly, "but you hear about these awful cases and—well, the main thing is, we don't fight."

Peter yawned. "We don't have anything to fight about," he remarked sleepily, and although Teresa had been about to suggest that they go out to a movie, she decided not to mention it. Sometimes he would rouse himself with an effort and ask if she'd care to go to a restaurant or just drive around, but she knew he really didn't want to, so she'd say, "Oh, no. I'd rather stay home with you. I don't want to go out." Now, the bizarre thought crossed her mind that if they did go out and if, in leaving, they switched on the Always Home de-

vice. Chris and Carla, unchecked by her



presence, might go out of control. Their shadows would spring loose from the window shades and they would, in their fury, tear the house apart.

But one day the Woodlings vanished from the tape so suddenly that Teresa didn't realize it until she heard strange voices speaking in ordinary tones and deduced, from what was said, that the real-estate agent was showing prospective buyers through the house. So . . . it was over at last. Chris and Carla were gone forever.

"Well, what do you think of the house, folks?" she heard the real-estate agent's recorded voice inquire, and immediately came a woman's response:

"Oh, it's simply beyond words. Don't you agree, Peter? Don't you think it's nice?"

Teresa was startled. Why, that was her voice. And now there was Peter's, replying to her. Of course-why hadn't she thought of that before? The Always Home device was bound to have gone on recording. That meant she could listen to everything she and Peter had said months ago, when they first came to the house. At least that would be a pleasant change from the frightful quarrels of the Woodlings'.

She let the tape go on playing while she went about her household chores, dusting and straightening and putting things to rights. Even from upstairs, she could hear her voice and Peter's conversing below, and although it was nice, in a way, it was a little strange, having her voice in one place and herself in another. It was as if she didn't have control over what she was saying.

"Of course I'm not lonely," she heard her voice remark as she came down the stairs. "Being by myself doesn't mean I'm lonely. Why, there's so much to do, I couldn't be lonely if I tried!"

Peter was returning from a trip the following morning, so Teresa went out in back to choose the flowers she would cut for the dining room. She could hear the tape out there, too. "Have a nice day," her voice said brightly, and Peter's voice said: "No, don't come out. Stay in the house. Be sure it's locked." To inspect the gladiolas, Teresa forgetfully stepped the wrong way, breaking the electric-eye beam. The unexpected burst of barks and snarls from the dog made her leap back as though stung. "Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed, momentarily frightened. From the house, her recorded voice cried out cheerfully: "Don't worry about me. I'm safe. See? I'm inside. And I'll be right here waiting when you come home again!"

Teresa went back into the kitchen, her heart still pounding. The invisible dog was snapping and grunting, as though straining against its chain. "Hello, darling," she heard Peter say from the front hall. "I'm back early . . . where are

Teresa was astonished. Why, he'd left only an hour ago. "Peter!" she cried out, hurrying to greet him. But the front hall was empty. She stopped short in alarm, Then, as she heard her own voice sing out gaily, "Oh, Peter, what a wonderful surprise," she realized it was only the Always Home tape. She felt betrayed, as though she'd been the victim of a practical joke-and someone was laughing at her. But it was her own laughter that came pealing out . . . her recorded laughter from some forgotten moment in the past. It sounded mocking to her, as if it were the laughter of the tape itself.

"My plane leaves at four o'clock," Peter's voice was saying, and Teresa's voice replied: "So soon? Oh, you poor dear. No, no-let me get your things together for you. . . ." The voices were fading out of recording range. But there were no silences on the tape. Teresa's voice resumed immediately, fresh and clear: "Here we are-all packed and ready. I put a nice new tube of tooth paste in your shaving kit."

Teresa, standing alone in the hallway. thought she heard footsteps around her and the dutiful smack of a hasty kiss. She stared at the front door. She heard it open-but it remained closed. "Have a nice trip!" her recorded voice called out.

Teresa turned, bewildered, and headed toward the kitchen. The dog was still barking out in back. Its tape usually ran for about five minutes before it went off. "Hello, Peter!" her voice exclaimed behind her. "Oh, just try to guess what I've got for supper!" Teresa resisted the impulse to turn around and look. There was no Peter back there. Oh, that barking was making her head throb. Why wouldn't it stop? "I'm not afraid," her voice said from the hall. "Why would I be afraid?"

Peter's voice said: "Get a dog." Teresa tried not to pay attention to them. She looked in the refrigerator, wondering what she would have for her lunch. "Hello, darling," said Peter's voice.

"Oh, my goodness," Teresa muttered. It was too confusing, all those hellos and goodbyes. She went to the hall and punched the Always Home button, silencing the voices. She had to. Suppose Peter actually came back early? She might think it was just the tape again and not go to greet him. Besides, she was awfully tired. That idiotic barking had gotten on her nerves. But now it had stopped; the house was quiet at last. She didn't bother eating lunch but went upstairs to lie down and rest.

She was awakened at dusk by a terrible racket. It was one of the sirens in the shrubbery, wailing like a banshee. Teresa leaped from bed in a fright and hurried downstairs to switch on the floodlights. But she saw nothing move outside. The lawn was empty. The bushes could hide nothing in the light that drenched them. It must have been a cat, Teresa thought. The trip wires were too delicately set. Once, a squirrel had touched one off. She'd watched it streak up the nearest tree and turn to chatter angrily at the howling siren. How funny that had been!

But it wasn't funny now. Even after the siren stopped, its echo rang in her head and she noticed that her breath still came quick. "I'm really a bit nervous today," she remarked aloud, although she hardly ever talked to herself-and then she broke off with a strained little laugh. realizing that the Always Home would have taped her words. "I'm not nervous," she added, as if to correct the record. "Not nervous at all!"

Still, as she went back to the kitchen to make a sandwich and a cup of tea, she wondered about the siren. How long had it taken her to run downstairs and switch on the floodlights? If there had been a burglar, he would have had time to retreat out of range of the lights. And suppose he were hidden out there now, watching the house?

She hastened around the downstairs rooms to make sure that all the windows were closed and locked. Was someone whistling in the kitchen? Ah . . . it was only the kettle boiling. When she poured the water for her tea, her hand shook. "Don't be such a silly goose," she told herself sternly-and then she stopped to listen, as though unsure whether it had been her real voice that had spoken.

The house was silent. She thought of turning on the television. That would give her a little company.

But, instead, she returned to the front hall and pressed the Always Home button. That would project Peter's voice, she knew. Anyone outside would realize that there was a man in the house; she would be safe.

"Glad I didn't get a job," she heard her taped voice say. "How could I commute to it from here? There isn't a bus and I can't drive."

Peter's voice said: "You don't need a job. You don't have to work."

Teresa's voice went on: "It's a good thing I don't have a job. If I did, I'd have to give it up. But I don't want a job, anyway. I'm much better off the

way things are. . . ."

It was quite dark now. Having finished her tea and eaten her sandwich, Teresa went upstairs to her bedroom to read. But no sooner had she opened her book than the Always Home switched off her lamp. It had happened a few times before, of course, but it was particularly unsettling now. The trouble was that she couldn't turn the lamp back on, since the Always Home, when in operation, controlled the whole electrical system. It usually took about 15 minutes for the cycle to be completed. She thought of going into Peter's room, but that was the one where the panes rattled, so she remained where she was in the

darkness, waiting for her lamp to light again, and she couldn't help listening to the conversation of the recorded voices below.

"Glad I didn't have a baby. Why would I need a baby? We have each other, don't we? That's quite enough for me, Peter!"

Teresa got to her feet and felt her way through the dark room. Had she heard a key turn in the lock down below? That alarmed her. And now the door clicked open. She heard that distinctly. "Hello, darling!" Oh, God, she thought, it was Peter. Peter's voice. She stood trembling at the top of the stairs, peering down into the empty front hall. The opening of the door had been on the tape, of course. It was Peter's ghost that had entered, to be greeted by her own.

"To Denver this time? For a week,

really? Oh, you poor darling!"

Teresa came down the stairs, gripping the banister. She had to be careful. The Always Home might flick off the light at any moment. "Have a nice trip!" her voice cried out, and then, in an instant, the week in Denver had passed. "Hello,

darling . . . !"

The voices were loud at the bottom of the stairs and louder still in the living room, where the Always Home projector sent the lifelike shadows marching across the shades. "What? Bored? Am I bored? Why, I'm never bored!" Her taped voice seemed high and tense and its laughter was piercing. Teresa knew the sound had to be kept high, so that the voices could be heard outside. But why so loud? They were virtually shouting.

"Get a dog," boomed Peter's voice, and Teresa's voice, replying, had a hys-

terical, keening edge to it:

"I don't need a dog! I don't need

anything!"

Teresa edged through the living room as if there were people there she mustn't bump into. "I really don't care to meet anyone out here, Peter," her voice screeched at her. "Why would I need friends when I've got you . . ?" Teresa pulled one shade aside to glance out at the lawn. It glittered like crystal in the glare of the floodlights. The projector sent a shadowy form across her arm. She jumped back to avoid its touch.

"Stay in the house," commanded Peter's voice. She shuddered. Why did

he have to roar?

"Don't worry," her voice shrilled. "I'm

right here inside—always home!"

Teresa hurried out of the living room. She wanted to turn the voices off. She didn't want to hear them anymore. But when she reached the hall, the light there went off. She couldn't find the Always Home button in the dark. Her hands were shaking. She was clawing at the wall. Oh, where was it? She heard the front door open. Now she couldn't see whether it was really open or not. "Hello, darling!" shouted Peter's voice,



"Since you ask, the reason you weren't promoted is that you have a short attention span. Hey!"

and Teresa's gasp of fright was drowned by her taped shriek of welcome:

"Oh, Peter . . . !"

Teresa ran unsteadily through the hall to the kitchen. She could still hear the voices. They were following her. "We don't fight," her voice cried out.

And Peter's voice rumbled: "We don't have anything to fight about."

Teresa shut the kitchen door, but she could hear them anyway. "I don't want a baby," her voice said. "Why would I need a baby? I'm too old for a baby. . . ." Teresa shrank against the wall. She put her hands over her ears, but it didn't do any good. "I'm glad I don't have a job," her voice said. "I don't need a job . . . I don't need friends. I'd rather stay home. I don't want to go out. . . . Have a nice trip! Hello, darling!"

Teresa was weeping now. "Please don't," she whispered. The light in the kitchen went off. "I'm not lonely," her voice declared cheerfully. "The very idea—lonely!"

Peter's voice said: "Stay in the house." Pulling the door open, Teresa stumbled out of the kitchen. The light in the hall was back on now, but she didn't go to the Always Home to turn it off. She didn't want to touch it ever again.

It was just after ten o'clock the next morning when Peter drove in from the airport. He was surprised and annoyed to find the front door open and was even more surprised and annoyed when he couldn't find Teresa anywhere, although he could hear her voice. In her bedroom, he discovered evidence of her hasty departure-the closet door open, half her clothes gone from the rack and the yellow telephone directory left open at the taxicab listings. He was quite put out by her behavior, but he reasoned that there must have been some family emergency. She had a sister in St. Paul, he remembered, and he was about to look up the sister's number when the fact that Teresa's voice was still speaking below caused him to go back down.

It took him a few minutes to discover the reason for this strange phenomenon. "Don't worry about me; I'm safe here at home," Tercsa's voice was saying gaily, happily. "Have a nice day!"

Peter pressed the button. Teresa's voice was stilled.



# PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

armor last fall. Also, in only two years, the A.F.C. East has changed from Goliath and the Four Patsies to the strongest division in the league.

The only indispensable man in the Miami franchise is coach Don Shula. He has an uncanny ability to make his players perform beyond their apparent capabilities. He will need that ability more than ever this year. The offensive line, though still one of the best, isn't what it used to be. The pass rush lost steam toward the end of last season and the linebacker corps needs reinforcements. That problem may be solved by the presence of three rookies, Bruce Elia, Gerald Hill and Steve Towle. Another newcomer, Darryl Carlton, will help juice up the offensive line.

Shula has quietly vowed never again to become so dependent on one phase of the offense. The running game won't be neglected, but quarterback Bob Griese will probably throw more passes this season than ever before. Rookie Fred Solomon, who can play every skilled position with almost equal cunning, will probably combine with Nat Moore to give Griese the most elusive pair of outside receivers in the league. If the Miami machine breaks down this season, the problem will probably be in the defensive line.

The New York Jets could be the most improved team in the country-whoever is the quarterback. The defensive line, last year's major weakness, will be enormously improved with the arrival via trades of end Billy Newsome and tackle Jim Bailey. The defense should be further helped by new linebacker Richard Wood, who could be one of this fall's superrookies.

Most of the credit for the Jets' resurrection goes to coach Charley Winner, who did a laudable job of keeping the squad together during the lean months of the '74 season. His handling of player morale was largely responsible for the sudden turnaround at midseason. After winning their last six games, the Jets go into training camp sky-high. "Charley's enthusiasm is so contagious he's got these guys bouncing off the ceiling," one of Winner's assistants said.

The main blot on the Jets' horizon is an unusually tough schedule that features interdivision games with Dallas, Minnesota, Pittsburgh and St. Louis.

Every year, it seems, injuries cripple a couple of teams that otherwise would be in the thick of the race to the Super Bowl-last year, New England and Cincinnati. The Patriots' experience was especially frustrating. After years of cellar dwelling, they became a power in the A.F.C. East through the early weeks of the '74 season. But their play-off chances were scuttled by a blight of injuries. The 152 likelihood of being snakebit two years in (continued from page 112)

a row is remote, however, and the Pats have all the tools to realize last year's shattered dreams. Coach Chuck Fairbanks surrounds himself with competent assistants who do the work while he stands around and takes the bows.

The Pats' only major weakness was the punting game, but that should be cured by the return to form of Dave Chapple. The Pats' first two draft choices, tight end Russ Francis and linebacker Rod Shoate, could be instant starters, but the happy surprise among the rookie crop will likely be running back Allen Carter from Southern California, where he played in the shadow of Anthony Davis. Carter will probably become a better pro runner than Davis.

One of the major reasons for Buffalo's emergence over the past two seasons is coach Lou Saban's skill as a trader. Other coaches around the league call him "the pickpocket." Defensive tackle Mike Kadish, obtained from Miami on the cheap, anchored the Bills' defensive line, which, because of injuries, had only three members the last half of the '74 season. The need for line reinforcements will be alleviated by the return to health of Jeff Winans and more consistent play by Walt Patulski. To solve his most urgent problem, Saban used his first two draft choices to get a couple of hot-shot linebackers from Nebraska, Tom Ruud and Bob Nelson. They'll compete with starters Doug Allen and John Skorupan, who played college ball together at Penn State. Another rookie, Gil Chapman, will help the special teams as a punt and kickoff returner. Chapman is one of five squadmen from the University of Michigan, known among their peers as "The Michigan Mafia."

Buffalo's major hopes for success, this year and in the foreseeable future, rest on two superstar performers, runner O. J. Simpson and quarterback Joe Ferguson. After a phenomenal first eight games last fall, Ferguson threw six interceptions against Houston and was never the same. Undoubtedly, he will regain his confidence and become one of the giants among pro quarterbacks-perhaps this year. O. J., however, may not be around much longer. A man of uncommon maturity, intelligence and charisma, Simpson is destined for political office via show business. This could be his last year in pads.

The situation new Baltimore coach Ted Marchibroda inherits is not as bleak as press reports indicate. Despite last season's dismal performance, the players kicked their fatalistic attitude after Joe Thomas took over the coaching duties in midseason. They finished looking like a team of the future, with a squad consisting of 15 rookies, 13 second-year men

and only three players over 30. The most obvious weakness was the offensive line, but Thomas, now returned to his generalmanager duties, solved that problem by pulling off one of the brilliant horse trades in the history of the draft. He wound up with veteran George Kunz, one of the premier offensive tackles in the country, and Ken Huff, the best offensive lineman in this year's draft. As a result, quarterback Bert Jones will enjoy unaccustomed protection and could become the most improved passer in the league. Jones will also benefit from the tutoring of Marchibroda, who coached quarterbacks for George Allen the past several years. Rookie runners Marshall Johnson and Roosevelt Leaks could both be sleepers. All this adds up to a rejuvenated offense to go with a young defensive crew that will have an added year's experience. Problem is, with the resurgence of power in their division, the Colts could be much improved and still not have an impressive won-lost record.

# CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers								10-4
Cincinnati Bengals .	 							9-5
Houston Oilers	 							7–7
Cleveland Browns							-	4-10

Fans will notice fewer changes at Pittsburgh this year than on any other team in the country. The reason is obvious: The Steelers are so deep in first-rate talent that there isn't a rookie in camp who has a chance of seeing much action. A possible exception is cornerback Dave Brown, who would be an instant starter on most squads. Most of the starters are in their mid-20s and only linebacker Andy Russell, center Ray Mansfield and guard Sam Davis are past 30. All of which diminishes the prospects of the Steelers' divisional opponents.

It is hard to imagine how the Steeler defense could be improved (its performances in the '74 play-offs were mindboggling). The offense, however, should have added punch. Quarterback Terry Bradshaw bloomed to full potential midway through last season, and talent throughout the offensive platoon is such that coach Chuck Noll could win most of his games this season with second-string

players.

The Steelers' major hazard in '75 will be an emotional letdown. Last season's Super Bowlers were only the third Steeler team in 42 seasons to get as far as the play-offs. If the emotional pitch is maintained, owner Art Rooney will deserve much of the credit. Rooney, unlike the majority of owners, has won the love and respect of his players. He never misses a practice, walks around the dressing room after each game passing out cigars and spends a large part of his time talking to players about their personal problems.

Assuming that Cincinnati's injured warriors are recovered by season's opening, the Bengals will be the only threat to Pittsburgh's dominance of the A.F.C. Central. As usual, the Bengals were among the craftiest franchises in the draft, filling their only personnel needs (a linebacker and an offensive lineman) in the first two rounds (with Glenn Cameron and Al Krevis). Both are talented enough to be rookie starters at positions that usually require much maturity. Cincinnati, year after year, has more "Who's he?" draft choices who become superstars than any team in the league-except Dallas. The Bengals' talent sleuths do it on their own; they are one of only two teams in the N.F.L. (the other is Oakland) that don't belong to a scouting combine. This year there are at least three unknowns among the Cincinnati draftees who could be very pleasant surprises: runner Stan Fritts, wide receiver Pat McInally and punter Jeff West.

One thing is certain: Coach Paul Brown will make sure his players don't show up for summer camp fat and short-winded, a situation that may have been indirectly responsible for last season's injury blight. "Pro football," Brown told us, "has developed to the point where off-season conditioning, mental and physical, has become a necessity. It's impossible to forget about football in off season and think you can perform against an opponent who has been working year round

to keep fit."

The turbulence and upheaval that have characterized the Houston organization for several years finally may have come to an end. Owner Bud Adams, admitting that much of the fault has been his own, has promised to shut up and pay the bills. Ex-honcho Sid Gillman, who was to Houston what a typhoon is to troubled waters, has been replaced by Bum Phillips, a steady countryfolk type. The divisive player bitterness, resulting from Gillman's unyielding and vindictive approach to the players who went on strike last summer, has disappeared. Coming off a fast '74 finish, the Oilers enter summer camp with soaring morale. Best of all, their major personnel needs appear to have been solved by the draft. Don Hardeman is the bruising runner needed to give heft to the running corps; linebacker Robert Brazile and end Jesse O'Neal will provide defensive depth. All of them, plus wide receiver Emmett Edwards, could be rookie starters. Look for the Oilers to retain the three-man defensive line that they were forced to adopt last year because of injuries. Curley Culp's sensational play at middle guard makes him almost as effective as two

Last year was the worst season in the history of the Cleveland Browns. Their only other losing season was in 1956. Thus, new coach Forrest Gregg



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takes over a club in the throes of reorganization. Called by Vince Lombardi "the greatest player I ever coached," Gregg was asked if he intended to coach like Lombardi. "No," he said, "I'll coach like Forrest Gregg." Whatever that means, his chances of turning the Browns around his first year at the helm are very slim, indeed. But he will be greatly aided by former Browns head coach Blanton Collier. As quarterback coach, Collier will work to make Mike Phipps more effective. Two new receivers, rookie Oscar Roan and veteran Reggie Rucker (obtained from New England), provide better targets than Phipps has enjoyed recently. Both will be starters, as will Mack Mitchell, who brings sorely needed muscle to last year's disgraceful pass rush. The Browns also badly need a good big runner but will have to make do for another year. The only area that seems in reasonably good shape is the offensive

# WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Oakland Raiders	. 10-4
Denver Broncos	
San Diego Chargers	
Kansas City Chiefs	. 3–11

The Oakland Raiders entered the draft needing nothing except a reserve defensive back in case injured Willie Brown should not return. They got Neal Colzie and Charles Phillips, both of whom would be rookie starters on most clubs. Thus, the Raiders enjoy depth unmatched by any club except Pittsburgh. Ken Stabler seems set as the starting quarterback. The Raiders' only visible need as training camp opens is a good kickoff specialist, and punter Ray Guy will probably add that chore to his punting duties. Extra-point virtuoso (and sometime quarterback, to the Oakland fans' hysterical delight) George Blanda has declined other siren calls ("I'm too old to coach," he said) to return for another year. The Raiders' prime incentive this fall will be the accusation that they always lose the big games. To reach the Super Bowl, all the big ones must be won. The Raiders haven't done that since 1968, but, barring a deluge of injuries, this should be their year.

Denver coach John Ralston, the most ardent pop psychologist in pro football, has convinced himself that squad morale is poisoned when veterans who are used to losing sit on the bench backing up gung-ho youngsters. Ergo, Ralston is sweeping his squad clean of nonstarting oldsters. As many as nine rookies are likely to make the squad. The best bets to be freshman starters are cornerback Louis Wright and safety Steve Taylor, thus shoring up last year's flimsy defen-154 sive backfield. Another probable rookie starter is defensive end Charlie Smith, who will join Paul Smith and Ed Smith in the three-man defensive line. Inevitably, they will be called "The Cough Drops," Yet another Denver draftee, quarterback Mike Franckowiak, has all the equipment to be this year's supersleeper. He's 6'3", weighs 220 pounds, has a cannon arm, runs well enough to be a pro fullback, catches and blocks well enough to be a tight end, is a good punter and an excellent place kicker. He should find a niche somewhere.

If the youngsters come through, and if the players are less cocky than they were at the beginning of last season, Denver could give Oakland a stiff fight for the division championship. The Bronco offense, with the passing of Charley Johnson and the running of Otis Armstrong, Jon Keyworth and Floyd Little, will again be one of the most potent in the country.

When Tommy Prothro took over the sad-sack San Diego team last summer, he found a superb offensive line, one quality wide receiver (Gary Garrison) and a few dozen warm bodies. The entire defensive corps gained national attentionfor ineptitude. So while other coaches were Super Bowling, Prothro and his staff scoured the country for college beef. Having stockpiled early draft choices, Prothro made one of the biggest hauls of defensive talent in the history of the draft. At least six rookies (defensive linemen Gary Johnson and Louie Kelcher, defensive backs Mike Williams and Mike Fuller, linebackers Ken Bernich and Fred Dean) should become starters by midseason. Another pair of rookies, defensive tackle Kevin Nosbusch and linebacker Jerry Dahl, could also join what will surely be the greenest but most promising defensive unit in the N.F.L. Prothro's offensive crews always play better than the available talent would seem to allow-and that will probably be the case again. With a year's experience for the young backfield (three rookies were starters in '74), they'll keep game scores respectable while the ingénue defenders get their bearings. By season's end, the Chargers should be the most improved team in the country. The schedule, however, is a scorcher.

The entire Kansas City team has fallen on such evil times that it is unlikely that new coach Paul Wiggin can do much patchwork his first season. Wiggin's biggest asset could be the contrast between his style and that of his imperious predecessor. Wiggin looks as if he could still play defensive end and is open and warm. Kansas City fans can comfort themselves through the coming cold season with the knowledge that owner Lamar Hunt is an impeccable judge of coaching talent. There won't be much else to be happy about. Perhaps the most crippling of the Chiefs' many problems has been a poor-to-disastrous performance in the past several drafts. It wasn't much better this time but did produce the filler for one gap in the person of tight end Elmore Stephens. The Chiefs' biggest onfield problem is the defensive line, the result of perhaps the dumbest trade in the annals of Shylockery: the exchange of Curley Culp with Houston for superflop John Matuszak. Matuszak, picked this time two years ago as the hottest prospect since Goliath, may have acquired some maturity in the off season. If so, he and rookie tackle Cornelius Walker could beef up a line that has been woefully vulnerable to running attacks.

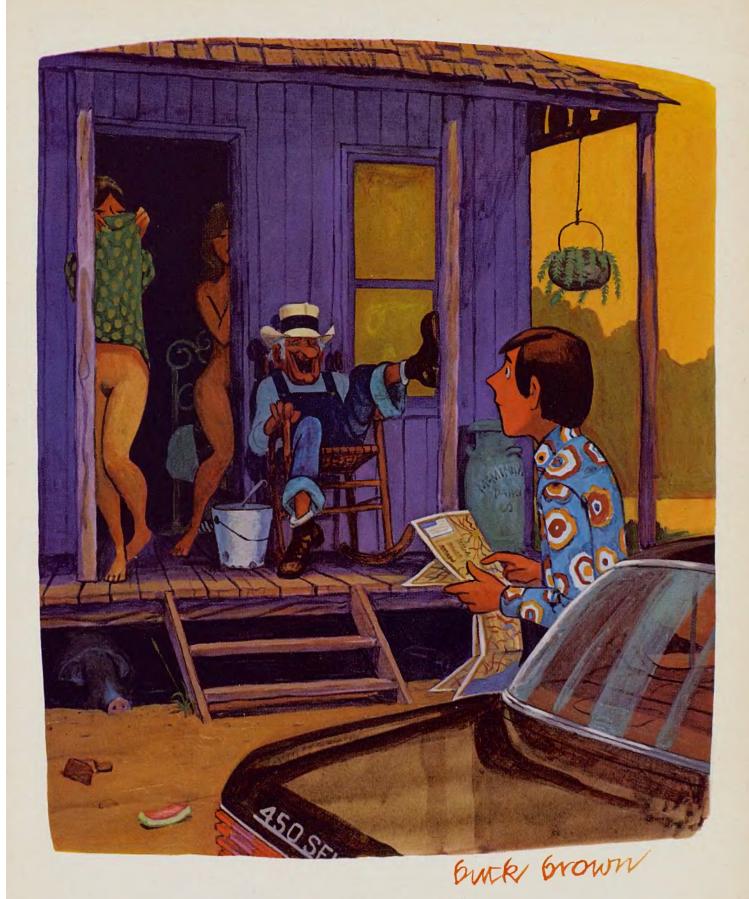
### EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas Cowboys	
St. Louis Cardinals	
Washington Redskins	8-6
New York Giants	6-8
Philadelphia Eagles	6-8

The Dallas team unfailingly plays out the same scenario each fall: It starts slowly, dropping a game here and there, gathers momentum in midseason and finishes at its peak. Last year the start was too slow; three early games were lost in the final moments on fluke plays or bad calls. And the Cowboys never could catch the fast-starting St. Louis Cardinals. The frustration was doubly annoying to the Cowboys, who were obviously stronger than the '73 team that won the division championship. This year's squad will be even stronger, deeper, more mature and talented-and there's little likelihood that coach Tom Landry will tolerate any more earlyseason blunders. The Cowboys' only need as summer camp opens is linebacker depth, and three prospects (Randy White, Bob Breunig and Thomas Henderson) were taken in the draft. White, the most coveted player of last year's college crop, won't see much action for the next couple of years if Leroy Jordan stays healthy.

The omniscience of the Dallas talentresearch department continues to dumfound opponents. Amazingly, not a single player on the 1974 Cowboy roster had ever played a down for any other N.F.L. team. But perhaps the best proof of the expertise of the Dallas bird dogs is backup quarterback Clint Longley. His heroics in the Cowboys' November 1974 comefrom-behind victory over the Redskins left 8,000,000 fans limp in front of their television sets. Longley, a quiet and unaffected kid who hunts rattlesnakes as a hobby and grew up across the street from the Dallas practice fields, was drafted as an afterthought by the Cincinnati Bengals. Not knowing that Longley was slowed by a sore toe, the Bengal coaches watched him practice for about 30 minutes, then swapped him to Dallas for a



"Don't pay those young'uns no mind, Hoss. They've always been real shy."

bag of peanuts. Longley, a Bob Griesetype quarterback, is now regarded as one of the future greats at his position.

The therapeutic effects of winning have seldom been more vividly demonstrated than by the turnaround of the St. Louis team. Players who only a year ago were playing out their options and asking to be traded now can hardly wait for the new season to begin. The new attitude results not only from last year's reversal of form on the field (the Cardinals, to their own and everyone else's astonishment, won their first seven games and their first division championship since 1948) but also from the new organizational warmth supplied by coach Don Coryell and director of operations Joe Sullivan, Sullivan, a skilled trader, is also responsible for overcoming the lack of depth that resulted from a series of disastrous trades in '71 and '72. The ranks are still precariously thin, however, especially among running backs and defensive linemen. New runner Jim Germany and defensive tackle Dave Butz's healed knee will provide partial solutions to these problems. Additional help will come from veteran runner Ken Willard, who in his 11th year looks as good as ever, and from new defensive tackle John Adams, who may turn out to be the best eighth-round draft choice in memory. Still, a few injuries in vulnerable areas could scuttle the Cards' hopes of another glory year.

Washington coach George Allen, who trades in futures like a commodities broker, conducted his usual draft. He swapped several future choices for two veterans, offensive guard Glenn Ressler and wide receiver Cotton Speyrer. Ressler will challenge Walt Sweeney at right guard. The only other remotely possible change in the Washington line-up is at quarterback, where Joe Theismann has vowed to displace Billy Kilmer. In either case, fans will notice little or no difference in the Redskins. Continuity and singlemindedness are Allen's personal trade secrets. There are no malcontents on his squad, because he is a genius at promoting togetherness. In team meetings, he says, "Screw the front office, the owner, the press, the league. We take care of one another." The fact that the Redskins are also the highest-paid squad in the N.F.L. probably has something to do with the good morale.

The immediate future holds as much hope for the New York Giants as for the Jets. The Giants' problems of a year ago have been solved. The main turning point was the arrival of quarterback Craig Morton from Dallas in midseason. Morton immediately took over leadership of the club, morale zoomed and the 156 offense solidified. Except for the four late-season games that were last-minute losses, the Giants would have finished the year as spectacularly as the lets. Entering the new season, the Giants need reinforcements in the offensive line and a speed burner at wide receiver. The draft produced probable answers to both problems. Offensive tackle Allen Simpson, a superb pass blocker, will combine with second-year linemen John Hicks and Tom Mullen to give the Giants one of the ablest and youngest offensive lines in the country. Two other rookies, tight end Jim Obradovich and wide receiver Danny Buggs, will give Morton better targets. Buggs has the ability to become the premier receiver in the country in a couple of years. Another recruit certain to win a starting berth is defensive back Robert Giblin.

Last January's draft was a fabulously productive nonevent for Philadelphia long before the event itself. The Eagles traded their first six choices plus a few futures for quarterback Roman Gabriel, linebacker Bill Bergey, defensive tackle Jerry Patton, runner John Tarver and backup quarterback Mike Boryla. Some teams don't get that much high-voltage talent from the draft in five years. As a result, the team bore no resemblance to the flaccid Eagle squads of previous years. Coaches attribute their midseason collapse (six losses in a row after getting off to a fast 4-1 start) to a lack of maturity. Translated, that means they panicked when the breaks started going against them. If that, indeed, was the case, a year's experience could make a difference. The Eagles' prime asset is the quarterbacking corps. Roman Gabriel is backed up by John Reaves and Boryla, either of whom could be a starter on many clubs. Running back Tarver, the only tradee who arrived after the season ended, will be the only noticeable new face. Unfortunately, the offensive line is still so weak that the Eagles aren't likely to have a winning season.

# CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota Vikings	10-4
Detroit Lions	4-10
Chicago Bears	3-11
Green Bay Packers	3-11

Year after year, Minnesota remains the most stable and unchanged team in the league. The Vikings rarely indulge in major trades and coach Bud Grant can afford to draft for future rather than present needs. In the past eight years, only Alan Page, Jeff Siemon and Chuck Foreman have been rookie starters. Grant has a phobia about putting a player into the line-up before he is thoroughly prepared. Therefore, this year's starting Viking line-up will be hardly distinguishable from the '74 crew. If there are changes, it will be because some aging veterans suddenly decide to retire. The defensive line, for years considered the best in the land, now averages 32 and is as awesome as ever. "Big men mature later than small men," explains Grant. Nevertheless, acting on the assumption that one or more of these graybeards will retire in the next couple of years, Grant's first two draft choices last winter were defensive tackles Mark Mullaney and Art Riley. They're the only rookies who have much of a chance to even earn a seat on the bench this fall. It all adds up to another year when the Vikings will dominate their division.

Except for San Diego, no team is likely to have as many raw recruits in the starting line-up as Detroit. The offensive line and running backs are the principal disaster areas, a situation made evident by last season's inept running attack. New offensive linemen Lynn Boden and Craig Hertwig should become instant starters, along with rookie runner Horace King and any garden-variety runner the Lions can get during the summer via waivers or trades. Another problem is the defensive line, which, though spirited enough, is scrawny by N.F.L. standards. But rookie defensive tackle Doug English will add needed heft to the pass rushers. The Lions' strongest suit will again be the passing game. Already good receivers will be helped by new catchers Dennis Franklin and Mike Murphy. Best omen for an improvement is the fact that coach Rick Forzano, one of the class mentors in the league, is now in his second season and the entire Lion organization is more together than it's been in two decades.

The Chicago team may not win any more games this year than last, but thanks to the efforts of new general manager Jim Finks, the Bears will at least look different. Bear fans will be grateful for any change. New coach Jack Pardee, who was a starting linebacker for the Redskins only three years ago, gained fame last season as a W.F.L. head coach who could motivate an underpaid team. This may be his prime qualification for the Bear job. His best hope lies in the possibility that some prime recruits of recent years (tackle Lionel Antoine, linebacker Waymond Bryant and defensive end Dave Gallagher, for example) will at last play up to their potential. With runners Cid Edwards and Walter Payton (the most coveted runner of last year's college crop) joining Carl Garrett, the Bears will have a high-velocity ground attack. Newcomers Noah Jackson and Roger Stillwell (a former defensive lineman) will bring needed muscle to the



offensive line. The sleeper among the Bear rookies could be linebacker Joe Harris.

Whatever miracles the new coaching staff can work, though, the ranks are still too thin to produce a winning record. The Bears are the only team in the country with two second-string and two thirdstring quarterbacks but nobody who's good enough to be a starter.

During his first year as head coach at Green Bay, Bart Starr's major task will be to heal the wounds left in the wake of departed coach Dan Devine. Starr will have the toughest coaching job in the league this fall. Fortunately, he has the personal equipment for the task: the grace and cordiality of a Southerner combined with the tough-as-nails character of a north woodsman. He will probably be the first superstar quarterback ever to succeed as a head coach; all the others (Van Brocklin, Baugh, Waterfield, Graham) have flunked out.

Starr will be trying to fashion a winning team from a woefully thin squad that received little help from the draft. A fascinating subject of conversation in the Packer camp last winter was Devine's midseason trade for quarterback John Hadl. The Dallas cowboys, it seems, offered to trade sterling quarterback Craig Morton to the Packers for a number-one draft choice. Devine turned the offer down but shortly thereafter traded two number-one draft choices, two number twos and a number three to Los Angeles for much-lesstalented Hadl. As a result, the draft will be a nearly dry run for the Packers for at least another year. Furthermore, Starr has no expendable talent to use as trade bait. In short, it will be another grim winter in Green Bay. Fortunately, the populace seems inclined to be patient as long as it sees that Starr is doing a good job and making progress.

### WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	11-3
San Francisco 49ers	7–7
Atlanta Falcons	6-8
New Orleans Saints	3-11

The extraordinary rise of the Los Angeles Rams since owner Carroll Rosenbloom took over in 1972 demonstrates graphically the virtues of enlightened management. Rosenbloom, his son Steve, general manager Don Klosterman and coach Chuck Knox have created an organizational efficiency and an esprit de corps unmatched in any professional sports franchise in the country. During last summer's player strike, there was less friction between the players and the front office in Los Angeles than anywhere else except Pittsburgh. Another-158 and more obvious-reason for the Rams'

growth is their uncanny skill (or luck) at the trading table. During the past two years, two high-caliber quarterbacks (Roman Gabriel and John Hadl) were traded for an amazing collection of skilled veterans and high draft choices, yet the Rams still have James Harris and Ron Jaworski to handle the controls. The only possible cloud on the horizon is an aging offensive line, two of whose members are 15-year veterans. On the offchance that they should succumb to instant senility, the Rams spent two early draft choices for Dennis Harrah and Doug France. They and rookie center Geoff Reece will likely form the bulk of the Rams' offensive line in future years. The only other possible need is for another high-grade wide receiver. Whether or not Knox finds him, his team will have an inside track in the Super Bowl race.

San Francisco is in a perfect position to be the surprise team of the league. Last year's excruciating quarterback problems (Steve Spurrier was lost in the last exhibition game and four different passers started the first nine games) have been solved with the emergence of Tom Owen. His coaches feel he is the greatest find since the Baltimore Colts got Johnny Unitas for the price of a phone call. As a college freshman, Owen became a starter after the Wichita squad was nearly wiped out in a plane crash. He would have been a consensus all-American with a good team around him. Green and young. Owen will be helped along by old campaigner Norm Snead, who will be a coach on the field and a father figure as well as a backup quarterback.

Complementing Owen will be one of the better collections of runners and receivers in the N.F.L. New tackle Jeff Hart will add needed depth to the offensive line and rookie defensive tackles Jimmy Webb and Wayne Baker will strengthen the inside pass rush. All three are good enough to earn starting assignments this year. As in Los Angeles, the major threat to a successful season is an aging offensive line.

Like Green Bay, the Atlanta Falcons replaced an unpopular coach with an extremely popular one. There wasn't a dry eye in the dressing room after the first game under Marion Campbell, a loss to the Rams. "Campbell doesn't demand respect, he commands it," a squad member told us.

Campbell must solve two serious problems in summer camp if he is to bring the Falcons back to respectability this fall: (1) a turbulent quarterback situation and (2) a limp offensive line that allowed 50 quarterback sacks last season. In the first instance, at least, there is plenty of raw material on hand. Unfortunately, the best material is very raw, indeed. Rookie quarterbacks Steve Bartkowski and Mitch Anderson have more natural talent than either veteran, Pat Sullivan (who has never been given a fair chance to reach his potential) or Kim McQuilken (who was the starter at the end of last season).

The offensive line will not be so easy to heal. Two veterans obtained via trades, Larron Jackson and Steve Smith, and draftee John Nessel will provide some help but probably not enough to keep the young passers upright. If the blocking does prove adequate, either of two rookie runners, Woody Thompson or Mike Esposito, could steal the offensive show.

The scene is brighter on the other side of the scrimmage line. The Falcon front four has the potential to match the Pittsburgh and Dallas lines. New linebackers Ralph Ortega and Fulton Kuykendall provide superb depth.

Some wag has suggested that if the New Orleans Saints could be turned over to a consortium of local restaurant owners, they would build a four-star team overnight. The Saints are as short on talent as ever, though under John North, the coaching is finally expert. The team's most urgent needs, swift runners and receivers, were at least partly met in the draft. Wide receiver Larry Burton, said to be the fastest player in the country, is a certain rookie starter. Six runners were drafted and at least one of them (probably Andrew Jones) should turn out to have the goods. If not, the Saints are again in offensive trouble.

Draftee Elois Grooms should fill the defensive-line vacancy left by Billy Newsome, who was traded to the Jets.

Best news is that quarterback Archie Manning's February knee surgery was pronounced a success. If a garden-variety running back isn't located somewhere, Manning will once more be the Saints' one-man attack.

Even for those teams where change is minimal, the coming season seems new and bright. Gone is last summer's expensive and disruptive strike threat. The annoying player raids from the World Football League have ceased. A depressed economy has had no discernible effect on advance season-ticket sales, and even Howie Cohen, known professionally as Howard Cosell, has promised to be less logorrheic and more informative on Monday nights.

It should be an exciting and surprising season, with Oakland and Los Angeles squaring off in the Super Bowl in Miami this January. If such should be the case, never will two teams have traveled so far from their homes to decide a national championship.

# B-TOWER WEST WALL (continued from page 120)

"Ten-thirty," the redhead said. "You've got an hour and a half."

The façade lights went off at 12 and we were on the plaza roof at 12:10. McKim had taken the bottom half of the window unit out; I'd used the vanity to anchor our rappel. Once we were down, he blinked his penlight and Red hauled up the rope. When I thought about Chip alone in that room with one of the men who had killed Baker, I felt weak, as if someone had drained off half my blood.

It was dark and cold and I could feel the wind coming at me damp and salty as we hurried across the plaza roof. The roof surface was fixed gravel and what noise we made going across was lost in the noise of the late traffic on the city streets. The stream of headlights, the glitter and flare of restaurant signs, movie marquees and arc lamps all seemed a million miles away to me, like a promised land I'd only be able to dream about and never reach. Where I was was dark and cold and deadly with Mc-Kim just beside me, sure of himself because he knew I wouldn't do anything to risk my son's life.

"Get started," he told me when we got to the northwest corner of the Tower. I wondered how sure of himself he really was about this climb we were about to try. And I wondered, too, what they were after in that office on the 42nd floor. Something big. Something worth killing an innocent man for.

I uncoiled one of the ropes we had, tied one end around McKim's solid waist, the other around my own. He would carry the second coiled rope and the Bill Forrest pack, in which he'd put his tools. I showed him how he should follow me after I'd gone up one lead.

"Get started," he said. And I did,

I went up a rope's length, moving as quickly as I could. Sights had been right. The aluminum sills curved at the corner and gapped from the wall. I'd stand on one, reach half a foot over my head, loop a sling, hang a five-step web stirrup. Then I'd go up the stirrup, gripping the adjacent vertical mullions to steady myself. Once I was standing on the next higher sill, I'd reach down, retrieve the stirrup and repeat the process. It was awkward at first, but I got on to it quickly.

I ran the rope out, anchored myself and gave McKim a snug belay as he came up with his own stirrup and sling. I found it was easiest to stand sideways on the sill with my back to the wind that was blowing hard along the north wall of the Tower. I was already higher than we'd been in the hotel. I could see the lighted window of 418, but Red had drawn the drapes again and I

couldn't see in. God help Chip, I thought, if anything goes wrong.

McKim came up. I could hear him grunting and cursing just below me in the dark. There were no stars visible, no moon. The light from the streets below bounced off a lowering overcast of cloud. Though they were just 300 feet away. I had trouble seeing the corners of the hotel, could not see the upper floors at all. If anyone on the street happened to glance up at the Bennington Tower, there was no chance he was going to see us, and just now I was glad of that.

"Far enough," I told McKim. "Tie yourself in. I'm going up.'

We made the 42nd floor in five leads. McKim got slower on each one. During the fourth and fifth leads, he lost his grip on the mullions twice and fell back and I had to stop him with the rope. He was winded, silent and, I think, more scared than he'd figured on being. At the end of it, we were 600 feet above the plaza roof, shrouded in fog. The mullions and sills were cold and wet. The big panes of glass on the north wall creaked and popped in the wind.

"Christ," McKim croaked. He stood just below me. I could hear him, but I couldn't see him.

"Tie yourself in," I said, "Give me the extra rope and the chinning bar." When he did, I tied the chinning bar to the back of my waist loop, then made one end of the extra rope fast to the sill just above my head, draping the loose coils over my left shoulder. I told McKim how he should do the traverse. I took the penlight from him and told him I'd signal when I wanted him to start. He sounded as if he wanted to talk some more, but I didn't and I



"If you haven't tried it, lady, don't knock it."

stepped very slowly and carefully from the corner into the first box on the

It was bad standing there: too close, too tight. I felt as if someone had put me in a coffin. I wanted to step back to get some breathing room, but all I had to stand on was that seven-inch sill. I kept my left arm high so the coils of the extra rope wouldn't spill off and I moved from the first box to the second. I had to squeegee water off the surface of the mullions before I could get a fair grip on them. My leather belaying gloves were soaked.

According to Sights's diagram, the window of the office they wanted was 30 boxes in from the corner of the 42nd floor. I counted each one as I stepped around, then rested a few seconds, then stepped around to the next. The weight of the chinning bar and the extra rope pulled like a hand behind me. Twice I pressed my face against the cold window glass and rested a full minute. My heart tripped in my chest. Sooner or later, I knew I'd have to make a move, for Chip's sake and my own, but I still couldn't think what it would be. The redhead and McKim weren't going to let us go, I was pretty sure of that. We'd seen them kill Baker and they hadn't told Sights anything about it nor explained to him why they'd brought Chip along. My guess was they'd be needing Sights again and that's why they were keeping his nose clean. I guessed they wouldn't be needing us again.

As I kept moving toward the center of the west wall, I heard sirens in South Boston, a long way off, and jets taking off and coming in at Logan, in spite of the fog. I wished Chip and I were on one of them, going to Puerto Rico, maybe, someplace in the sun.

When I was able to, I set the chinning bar high up between the mullions that framed the window they wanted. I couldn't see anything inside. I screwed the bar in as tightly as I could, yanked it a couple of times, then slowly let it take my weight until I was hanging from it. I weighed 190 and it held me solidly. I pulled all the slack out of the extra rope, tied it to the bar, stepped one box over and signaled for McKim to come ahead. Somehow he managed to spot that wink of light through the fog: I think he would have spotted it if I'd been three states away. He came quickly, wanting to get it over with, feeling safer with the fixed rope to clip to than I'd felt without it.

Tie onto the bar," I told him when he reached it. "It's safe. You can hang from it. lean back, whatever you want."

He didn't answer, which was just as well, because at that moment I saw what I was going to do, all laid out like a color film on a small white screen in my brain.

McKim cut out the lower half of the 160 outside panel of glass and taped it to the upper half. Then he cut out the lower half of the inside panel and dropped it onto the carpeted floor of the office. He did it fast and clean and told me to follow him in.

It was pitch-black inside and smelled of cleaning fluids. I could hear a soft whirring sound, as if the blower in a heating unit had come on. According to Sights's diagram of the suite, there were three rooms: the private office we were in, a larger reception area and a file room. McKim got a three-battery flash out of the pack and told me to follow him. We were still roped up. I coiled the slack as we went. He headed for the file room. Shadows cast by the beam of his light bobbed and shrank.

The files were color-coded and numbered. From what I could see, there were a lot of them: They covered three walls of the room from floor to ceiling. McKim moved the flash impatiently; it appeared that he knew exactly what he was looking for but couldn't find it. The cabinets were heavy-gauge steel and locked. The colors were pastel: yellow, orange, buff, green, blue. The numbers seemed to run in series: A/100, A/110, and so on. McKim swore. He was on his hands and knees now, moving slowly, checking the numbers on the bottom row.

"OK, I got it," he said finally. "Hold the fucking light."

I put the beam on the green-vinyl pack. He got out an aerosol can of silicone and a small leather packet of lock picks, which he unrolled on the carpeted floor. He blew a jet of silicone into the file lock, chose one of the picks and went to work. I couldn't see my watch, but I don't think it took him a minute and a half to open the drawer. It was blue and the number on it was N/100. It rolled out quietly. McKim reached in. I could see his thick wrists and stubby fingers moving over the legalsize folders, quickly at first, then slowing as he neared the back.

"OK, got it," he said, this time more to himself than to me. He pulled out what looked like a pocket-size ledger, and then two more.

"Give me some light," he said. I did. He sat on the carpet, looking at the ledgers. Each of them was bound in worn red leather with a gold Roman numeral embossed on the center of the front cover: I, II. The ledger sheets themselves were coded and filled with neat columns of figures. McKim grinned. I hadn't seen him do that before. I stood over him, the coils of rope in my left hand, the flash in my right. It was quiet in the room, as if the walls and floor and ceiling were all six feet thick, as if we were inside the main vault of a bank.

"Fucking Nancarrow," he said, looking

I nodded as though I didn't know what

he was talking about, but I did and he knew I did.

"If you've got what we came for, let's get out of here," I told him.

"We just blew that son of a bitch away," he replied.

"OK, swell," I said. "My boy's waiting for me. I'd like to get back to him."

"Fuck you," McKim said. He started to get up. He was about halfway up when I kicked him. I kept the light on the left side of his face and kicked him just under the chin, the way I would have punted a football. I heard his teeth snap, heard him grunt, saw him bang up against the file cabinets, then sag to his knees. I was edgy as hell but mad, too. I came up next to him and swung the flash against the back of his neck. The light winked out. I heard him groan as he went down. In the pitch-darkness of the room, I found him, groped for the pistol in his shoulder holster. I thought he had to be damn near out, but suddenly he was boiling up under me. shoving his fist in my gut, locking his hands on my throat. I could hear him snarl, spit blood. I tried to pull his hands away but couldn't. When I began to black out, I found his pistol, with some difficulty pulled it out of the long holster, put the silencer against his heart, pulled the trigger once. It was a Beretta .380. It bucked a little. There was hardly any noise. I felt McKim slide away from me.

I could have picked up one of the office phones then and called the police. I could have told them about Baker and McKim and Sights and Nancarrow and the old man in the parking garage at my place who had probably fingered Baker while we were on our way up. I could have told them where the redhead was and how he was holding Chip as a hostage, could have let them be responsible for trying to get my son out safe, and maybe I should have, but I didn't.

I figured the way things had been going in this country for the past ten years, I'd most likely be the one they'd lock up and the redhead would go free or do short time and Chip would get killed or hurt bad when the cops raided the room. He was all I had, and if anything was going to happen to him. it was going to be my fault and not somebody else's.

I found the penlight and untied the rope that still connected me to McKim. I went through his pockets. He was carrying the hotel-room key, a small bottle of glycerin, a thick roll of aluminum-backed tape, the straight-stemmed cutter he'd used on the glass, his wallet and the packet of lock picks. I took everything except the wallet. I put the ledgers in the breast zipper pocket of my parka. I put on the shoulder holster with the pistol in place.

There were a toilet and a closet in the



"I understand they're almost as good as sheep."

private office where we'd come in. There were some clothes in the closet, including a couple of sports jackets. I took one and tied it around my waist. It was 1:40 A.M. From here on, I knew I was going to have to move fast and be lucky. My heart was beating as if it were coming through my shirt. The office had got cold; I was having trouble catching my breath.

I backed out of the hole McKim had made in the window, reached up for the chinning bar, pulled myself up. I couldn't see anything and because I couldn't, I felt disoriented and I closed my eyes and thought about the Bennington Tower and how Sights had said there were over 6000 boxes on any given wall and how I was now on the west wall, 42 floors up, standing on a seven-inch sill that helped form one of those boxes. I thought how I was exactly 30 boxes from the northwest corner and how I had made the traverse safely once without protection and how, if I was careful, I could make it again.

I untied the fixed rope at this end, let it go. I loosened the chinning bar and tied it to my belt. Then I was stepping slowly from box to box again, counting each one as I went. The mullions were cold and slippery; it was all I could do to hang on to them. My hands and forearms ached. I'd stand face in, with my soles flat and heels hanging over the 600 feet of space between me and the plaza roof. Then I'd move around the vertical mullion that separated me from the next box. When I got to the corner, the wind was blowing hard. I could hear the north wall creak and pop as if it were about to let go. I knew skyscrapers swayed with the wind and wondered how much this one was swaying right now.

I put my hand behind the gap in the corner sill and leaned back. The fixed rope lashed at my left. I squinted up. The atmosphere was heavy with the brackish smell of the harbor. A hundred and fifty feet above me, I thought I could see where the restaurant lights brightened the overcast. I checked my watch. The place was due to close in five minutes. I prayed some people had just come in or were taking their time with a late snack, as I knew they often did.

I was going up there. I was going up past the restaurant, up the building cap to the roof. There I was going to find a 100-foot antenna and a maintenance door that led to a storage room off the kitchen. The blueprints Sights had gotten had laid it all out for me, had told me everything except whether or not I could reach the roof edge from the last of the corner sills and, if I could, whether or not the door on the roof would be unlocked.

Using the stirrup, I began to move up. It seemed to take forever. I had to tell myself over and over to take it easy and 162 not make a stupid mistake that would get me killed and probably Chip also. The wind wanted to blow the stirrup away. I could hear it crack like a flag under me when I was standing in the higher steps. My eyes streamed tears. My gloves were soaked and stiff and my fingers were numb. There were no more planes. When I listened for street noises, all I could hear was the racket the curtain wall of the building was making, the same splitting and popping noises the frozen surface of a lake will make in the dead of winter.

Come on, move, I told myself. But I was lead-footed and slow. When I finally got level with the restaurant, I gambled that no one would be looking out because of the fog and mist that wrapped the building like a bandage, and I leaned around one of the mullions and looked in.

The lights were soft. Most, but not all, of the tables were empty. I saw Sadie rolling the beef cart back toward the kitchen. I'd always liked her. She had the same kind of figure my wife had had: lean, small-breasted, graceful. If she hadn't been 15 years younger than I was, I'd have asked her out. Faintly through the double sash I could hear the music they always piped in after the gal at the piano bar quit. I wanted to be in there. I wanted to be one of the people I saw, sitting at a table, eating, drinking. When I thought about it, I felt tired, as if I couldn't go on; and sad as hell, too. I don't know why, but that's the way I felt looking into that place.

I used the penlight to check my watch. It was 2:25.

I continued climbing up the corner until I reached the roof cap. It felt like smooth wet marble under my gloved hand. The sills and mullions ended here. I held on to the last of them. Fifty feet above my head, one of the antenna lights blinked off and on at two-second intervals, giving the overcast a slight red glow. The wind rushing past the north wall tugged at my parka sleeve and pants leg.

I untied the chinning bar from my belt, screwed it out as far as it would go and shoved it up through the gap in the last sill, then tied it off with the same sling I hung the stirrup from. Then I began to go up, using the chinning bar to steady myself the same way I had used the vertical mullions before they'd run out. I balanced up on the balls of my feet, one step at a time. The stirrup wobbled under me. The wind wanted to push me back. I kept my face in the lee of the west wall, my cheek pressed against the roof cap. The chinning bar extended waist high beyond the last sill and I hung on to it and hoped to God it wasn't going to pop out on me or slip back through the gap.

According to Sights's blueprints, the roof was recessed to drain toward its center. A masonry lip four inches high and four inches thick kept any build-up of rain water from spilling over. When I finally stood gingerly on the last sill, I let go of the bar and reached up arm's length and felt with my finger tips the edge of the masonry lip. I didn't want to commit myself but knew if I was going to, I'd have to do it quickly.

I stepped up on my toes, stretched and reached until I had the lip with both hands, and I began to pull myself up. I kicked the wall with my feet, felt my forearms knot up and cramp, felt the strength begin to go out of them, knew in an instant I'd never make it. I pulled with everything I had left, wondered if the masonry was strong enough or whether it would suddenly break off in my hands and I would fall back and down all the way to the plaza roof. I cursed myself for not having rigged up some kind of protection. I closed my eyes and pulled and kicked, and just before I would have given it up, I found the chinning bar with my right foot, pushed down on it, pulled myself up and over.

For a few seconds, as I lay on the roof trying to get my wind. I had the same good feeling I'd always had whenever I'd worked hard to get to the top of something. Then, in the red glow from the antenna lights, I hurried across the roof to the raised steel hood where the maintenance door was set and I tried the door and it was locked.

Everything came down on me then, everything that had happened since Mc-Kim and his friend had killed Baker and taken Chip and me away. I wanted to scream. I wanted to smash something flat. I wanted to find the jerk-off who'd put a lock in a door like this and tie a knot in his nuts. When I tried to pick the lock with one of McKim's tools, my hands shook so badly I dropped the tool, and then all I could see was a lot of bright red with the image I had of those two pistols with silencers and Baker falling back and I took the handle of the door in both hands and began to turn it and kept turning until I heard something give and then the door was

A short flight of steel steps led to the storage closet. I used the penlight and went down. I could hear people talking in the kitchen. I got out of my parka and into the sports jacket I'd brought. I wouldn't look any too good, but neither did a lot of folks these days. I transferred the ledgers from the parka to my combat trousers. Then I went to the closet door, which was not locked, and I opened it a crack.

I could smell frying grease and some kind of cleanser. It was hot. Three men in white aprons and hats stood along a stainless-steel counter. They weren't looking my way. I stepped into the kitchen and was almost to the restaurant door before one of them called to me.

"Hey, no customers back here," he

"Sorry," I told him. "I took the wrong door. I wanted the head."

He told me where it was, but I already knew. I checked to be sure Sadie wasn't anywhere close by and then walked through the restaurant. At one of the tables I passed, a college kid in Levis and a turtleneck sweater was finishing a beef sandwich and a bottle of Bass Ale. Come as you are. That's how it was these days. For once, I was glad.

The maître de smiled at me when I walked by his station, but he was busy sorting receipts and didn't recognize me. There were a half-dozen people waiting in the lobby for the high-speed elevator. I waited with them, wondering what they'd say if they knew there was a dead man in an office on the 42nd floor and I was the one who had killed him, or what they'd say if they knew how I'd gotten in here and where I was going now and what I intended to do when I got there. Then I tried not to think about it or about anything else.

The elevator arrived at last. Nobody got off. The seven of us got on. We faced front. It took 30 seconds to go from the 52nd floor to the main lobby.

The place was crawling with Pinkertons. I stayed with the group until I was in that section of the plaza that joined the Bennington Tower with the Carlyle Hotel. Then I broke off and headed for the hotel door. It was a revolving door and I was about to go through it when a Pinkerton stopped me and wanted to know if I were a guest. I told him I was and showed him McKim's key and he waved me on.

The hotel lobby was empty. I went up to the desk clerk and asked him to hold the ledgers for me, not to mention them to anyone else, not to give them to anyone else except the police if I didn't pick them up in an hour. He looked nervous and asked me my name and room number and I took a chance and told him McKim, 418, and he said OK and put the ledgers into his safe.

I took an elevator to the fourth floor and went down the long corridor again. It seemed like I'd gone a mile before I was finally standing just outside the room. My legs were shaking. The corridor was empty and silent, but I could hear the sound of the TV, muffled by the door. I wondered whether Chip was still in the chair where he'd been when I last saw him or whether he'd gotten sleepy and the redhead had let him bag it on the bed. I tried the key. It went halfway into the lock, then hung up on something. I eased it back out, dipped it into McKim's bottle of glycerin, tried it again. This time it went all the way in without a sound.

I wondered if the chain lock were on. McKim hadn't used it, but I didn't know about the redhead. I took the pistol out of the holster, held it in my right hand with the silencer alongside my cheek.



"Tell her I'm also making some tarts."

Then, with my left hand, I turned the doorknob as slowly as I could and began to open the door. I'd figured the redhead would be watching TV or looking out the window. I hadn't figured he'd be sitting on the vanity, looking at me as I opened the door, but he was. His washblue eyes widened until his eyebrows were lost somewhere behind his bangs. I don't know if he was going for his gun when I shot him. I didn't give a damn. I put a bullet in his chest and watched him sit up a little straighter and then pitch toward the floor.

"Dad!" Chip shouted. He'd been lying on his back on one of the queen-size beds and he came to me and put his arms around me and he was safe and alive and if anything in my life has ever made me happier than that, I don't know what it was.

"Take it easy," I said. "We've got some things to do."

I picked up the ledgers at the desk and we left the hotel. According to the newspapers I'd read, Joseph Nancarrow had been an accountant for the New England Syndicate for 12 years. A month ago, he'd made a deal with the prosecutors, had bought himself immunity in exchange for the financial records Mc-Kim and the redhead had gone to so much trouble to steal. It's that kind of world. No use pretending it isn't. I had the ledgers now and I got in touch with the prosecutors and made a deal of my own: a new life for me and for Chip.

My name used to be Hank Gage. It's not Hank Gage anymore. I used to be a manufacturer's rep. I'm not that anymore, either. No chances. No loose ends. That's the only way to fly. I still climb, though. Today Chip and I are going to drive to the high country and do a 1000foot headwall. It'll take two days. Tonight we'll be snug in our hammocks, hanging from pitons a long way up. The wind will blow clean through the high trees. Before we fall asleep, we'll think about the woman who was my wife, each in our own way and without saying anything. At dawn we'll hear the coyotes bark.

Hey, look, I'm glad I told you about it. Whatever you read in the papers was bull. This is how it happened, just this way. I didn't leave anything out. My son wanted it straight. Oh, yeah. In case you're wondering, he's a little older now. I don't call him Chip anymore.

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 78)

almost overnight. An editor of Penguin Books, Neil Middleton, believed in the book and gave me an advance. I also found the information I still needed. I'd been looking desperately for Latin-American newspapers that covered the years when I was there. John Gerassi, who has written extensively on Latin America and was teaching at the University of Paris when I was in France, had told me the British Museum had complete files and he was right. They were just what I needed. I decided to stay in London and rewrite the book. With all the new material available, I saw I could reconstruct a diary of the whole period. I finished the research in eight months, then in the next six months I wrote over 600 pages in a terrific burst of work.

PLAYBOY: Did the new material inspire you?

AGEE: Well, it wasn't only the material. I had met a young woman just before I left Paris. Angela's a Brazilian in her early 20s. We fell in love before she knew I had worked for the CIA and before I knew she had been in prison and been tortured by the CIA-supported military regime in Brazil. Strange, isn't it, that two people with such opposite experiences should have come together? It was from Angela that I learned the full horror of what I had been doing in supporting repression. When I was in Montevideo, I was actually in charge of spying on Brazilian exiles who opposed the military regime and had fled to Uruguay. I reported on their activities to our CIA station in Rio. Anyway, Angela came over to London a few months after I did and we've been together ever since. She was a tremendous help with the book, reading and discussing every sentence with me, helping with the typing and the Xeroxing. I was so scared that the CIA might try to steal the manuscript that every time I got 20 or 30 pages done, we'd Xerox copies and hide them all over London.

PLAYBOY: You say Angela was tortured by the Brazilian government?

AGEE: In early 1970; she was 19, a student at Catholic University in Rio. She had gotten involved in radical politics and had to go underground, and was wounded in an ambush by the military police. They left her for dead and she had almost escaped when they spotted her and hauled her off to an interrogation center, where they began to torture her.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of torture did they

AGEE: Clubs, truncheons, fists. They hung her upside down from a bar and beat her. They would stand behind her and clap her ears as hard as they could with both hands. She says her head felt as if it were exploding, blood spurted out of her ears and she passed out. But most of the torture was done with a field telephone. 164 They attached electrodes to sensitive parts of the body, the nipples or the lips, and then cranked the telephone as hard as they could. Sometimes they poured water on her before they turned the crank; because water is a conductor of electricity, the pain was even more excruciating. One of her torturers got the bright idea of putting the electrodes on her gunshot wound and then cranking the generator. The electricity forced the wound open again. Somehow Angela held out. All she admitted under torture, which went on over a period of maybe four months, was her membership in an underground party-and she was ashamed of admitting that. A year and a half after she was arrested, she went to trial. A year after that, she finally got out. Her closest relative, an aunt who is a lawyer, shipped her out of the country.

PLAYBOY: Is torture still going on in

AGEE: Every day. There's one difference. At first, the torturers wore name plates and didn't bother to hide their faces. Later, after several were executed by revolutionaries, the torturers got nervous and began to hood their victims. But many names were already known. They turned up in Chile, too, and were recognized there. After Allende fell, the Brazilian military lent the Chilean military some of its most successful torture teams as a gesture of good will.

PLAYBOY: How is Angela now?

AGEE: Solid. No emotional scars that I can see. A very gentle and spiritual woman. She's with me and my children, who are living with us permanently now, in England. The book is for her and for all the people who have suffered torture because of the CIA. You know, when and if the history of the CIA's support to torturers gets written-not just in Brazil but in Chile, Uruguay, Portugal, Greece, Iran, Indonesia, above all in Vietnammy God, it'll be the all-time horror story. PLAYBOY: Has The Company kept after

you in England the way it did in France? AGEE: I've been shadowed and my phone was tapped.

PLAYBOY: People are always saying their phones are tapped. How do you know

your phone was tapped?

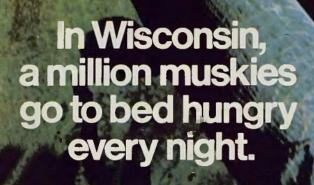
AGEE: How about this? Just last week, at home, the telephone went dead for a couple of hours. Then it rang and a guy on the line asked, "Is this a WB 400 number?" or some letters like that and then a number. And I said, "What's that?" And he said, "Oh, this is the telephone-company engineer, and we've just installed a new cable up the hill toward your house, and I'm in here in the exchange right now, connecting it." And I said, "What do you mean, a WB 400 number?" And he said, "Oh, you know, it's one of those observation lines." And I said, "Observing what?" He said, "Well, they don't tell you very much about it.

I'm new; this is my first job. But there's this little black box on the frame here where your pair is." And I said, "Well, I don't know." And he said, "Well, now, tell me, are you . . . is this a private line?" And I said, "Yes." And he said, "Oh, excuse me. Yes, yes, yes-everything's all right. Thanks. Bye." I checked later with some people who know about phone tapping in Britain, and they have a system there for monitoring lines where they have obscene or threatening calls, and they use that as a cover for political line tapping.

PLAYBOY: Have there been any obvious attempts to harass you?

AGEE: Nothing overt until Angela and I and the boys went on a two-week trip to Portugal over Christmas and New Year's. We went with the car by ferry from Southampton to San Sebastián, Spain, and when we were rolling off the ferry, Christopher said, "Hey, Dad, I just saw that policeman looking at our license plate and now he's making a phone call." Sure enough, when we pulled out of the docking area, five cars pulled out after us! We looked like a funeral procession. It was obvious what had happened: The CIA had known of our trip from the telephone tap and had asked the Spanish service to shadow us-I hoped that was all. But it occurred to me, for instance, that they could have planted some drugs in my car. If they stopped us and "found" drugs, I could be put away for 20 years! Anyway, with that army on our tail, I figured they had something major in mind, but I knew I couldn't outrun them. They were all in big cars and I was driving a little VW. So I just moseyed along steadily for an hour or so. Occasionally, one of them would pass me, then drop back. Once I pulled into a rest area just as one of the drivers was changing his license platesthe CIA makes an all-purpose quickchange license-plate bracket that fits different sizes of plates from different countries. When we reached the caves at Altamira, two of our shadows went down into the caves with us to see the prehistoric paintings. When we came out, I saw another agent holding in a curious way what looked like a TSD briefcase. So I drifted in his direction and when I passed him, I heard the camera inside the briefcase go zing!

It was getting scary, but suddenly I had a real bit of luck. We came to a city named Torrelavega. It was about six, the rush hour, and the streets were crowded with cars. Up ahead there was a big intersection, maybe seven streets coming together and one traffic cop in the middle, trying to keep all the lines moving. OK, I thought, this is my chance. I stopped the car against the cop's signal and pretended I was stalled. He got hysterical. There were horns blowing, mass confusion. The cop forced all the cars behind me, including, of course, all the surveillance



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cars, to go around me and keep moving. I watched which streets they turned into, then took a different street and made a couple of quick turns. Pretty soon I was on the back road to Burgos and we never saw them again. But that was lucky. They were asleep.

PLAYBOY: Do you think The Company is behind the leaks that have been made to the press about you in the past year?

AGEE: Sure it is. During the Watergate hearings, while Senator Howard Baker was investigating the CIA's involvement, he came across a veiled mention of a "WH Flap." He assumed the phrase meant White House Flap. Actually, it meant Western Hemisphere Flap and referred to me and my book. This had to be explained to Senator Baker. The CIA figured that someone would talk and the cat would soon be out of the bag. So an attempt was made to discredit me in advance. A story was leaked to The New York Times, A.P., The Washington Post and Newsweek about a "drunk and despondent former CIA officer" who was talking to the K.G.B., telling them all about the CIA.

PLAYBOY: And were you drunk and despondent?

AGEE: Why should I be? I'd finally finished my book.

PLAYBOY: Were you talking to the K.G.B.? AGEE: No way. And they knew I wasn't. In the CIA's so-called news leak, the CIA officer wasn't identified, the K.G.B. people weren't identified, the time and place and substance of the supposed conversations weren't given. Nevertheless, the *Times* and *Newsweek* fell for the story and printed it as fact. *The Washington Post* printed an item but said it was unconfirmed.

PLAYBOY: Nobody bothered to check the story out?

AGEE: That's right. Where the CIA is concerned, very few journalists have learned to tell information from disinformation. But that time, the smear wound up on the CIA's face, and I owe that to Victor Marchetti. By the way, the CIA tried to get Marchetti to spy on me. When The Company heard that he was going to England, they asked him to steal my manuscript so they could read it. We think they already had a copy of the book and were just trying to use him so they could discredit him with his friends as an informer. Of course, he turned them down. . . . But getting back to the smear story. Marchetti told Larry Stern of The Washington Post what the CIA was trying to do to me, and Larry flew over to England to see me and got the facts and printed them. The Times sent Dick Eder to see me and then printed an item saying its source had retracted the story. It's a small victory, I guess, but to me it's not a trivial one. If the press can start to expose some of the CIA's little lies, maybe someday it'll get around to exposing some of the big ones.

The big victory for me right now, of course, is the publication of the book and the fact that it's a success. But I've been lucky to get this far, when you think of the odds. My father thinks what I'm doing is some kind of personal vendetta against the agency-not so, of course, but the agency sure trashed me in an effort to complicate my negotiations for U.S. publication of my book. There was, for example, a series of leaks to Jack Anderson that he obligingly printed, to the effect that I'm under some kind of Cubangovernment control. Too bad about Anderson. You'd think he'd have wanted to help get my book published in the U.S., since his so-called CIA sources confirmed its accuracy to him. But it finally is getting published there. The CIA can't hide its crimes from the American public forever, and I'll bet other books will follow Marchetti's and mine.

**PLAYBOY:** But doesn't the CIA have a legitimate bone to pick with you? For instance, like Daniel Ellsberg, you've been accused of violating a secrecy agreement. What do you say to that?

AGEE: I did violate the secrecy agreement. But I think it was worse to stay silent than to violate the agreement. The agreement itself was plain immoral—like criminals' swearing secrecy.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you plan to go back to the U.S. and risk indictment?

**AGEE:** I don't know if I'm subject to indictment and neither do my lawyers. If it turns out I *am* subject to indictment, I may go back and fight it as a test case. I may not.

PLAYBOY: Even if you don't go back to the U.S., you're going to publish your book there. Other than indirectly, as through the leaks to Anderson, do you think the CIA has tried to block it?

AGEE: The CIA let prospective publishers know that if they tried to publish it, they would face expensive litigation. But a lot has happened since Marchetti's book was published. If as much comes out as I expect, the CIA may look pretty silly if it tries to assume a posture of civic virtue in front of a magistrate. That's why I published the book first in England. I figured the CIA couldn't so easily stop publication there and I figured that once the truth was out somewhere in the world, it would be much harder to keep from the American people. And that's what I really care about. I wanted the book to be published in the United States because I wanted the American people to know what I know about the CIA, what the CIA has been doing all these years, all over the world, in their name.

PIAYBOY: Many people agree with your aims but disagree strongly with your methods. They say that by revealing the names of CIA agents and exposing CIA procedures your book jeopardizes U. S. security. What is your answer to that?

AGEE: I think it's a little late in the day to pretend that what I've written puts the country in any danger. What I've written puts the CIA in danger. The CIA claims that secrecy is necessary to hide what it is doing from the enemies of the United States. I claim that the real reason for secrecy is to hide what the CIA



"Arthur, if you were doing undercover work for the CIA, you'd tell me...wouldn't you?"

is doing from the American people and from the people victimized by the CIA.

PLAYBOY: But many people who dislike the CIA as much as you do have charged that by revealing the names and functions of individual officers and agents of the CIA, you have endangered the lives of your former colleagues, many of whom you yourself induced to become employees of The Company. Your accusers ask: Wasn't it unnecessary, wasn't it immoral, wasn't it, in fact, a crime to reveal those names?

AGEE: Absolutely not. Those people talk about the CIA as if it were an international charity of some sort and about me as if I'd done something horrible to a lot of decent, well-meaning Y.M.C.A. leaders. In fact, the CIA, in my opinion, is a criminal organization at least as nefarious as the Mafia and much, much more powerful. Even more than the Vietnam war, the CIA represents the destruction of our national ideals on the pretext of saving them. What you've got to understand is that in revealing the names of CIA operatives, I am revealing the names of people engaged in criminal activities. These people live by breaking the law. Every day of the week, CIA men break the laws of the countries they're stationed in. I don't know any country in which bugging or intercepting mail or bribing public officials is legal.

At the same time, it's nonsense to say that by exposing the CIA officers and agents I knew, I have endangered their lives. I have exposed some to problems, but The Company can solve those problems for the indigenous agents in Latin America. As for the Company officers I've named, well, they can stay in Langley if they want to be safe.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your book has disrupted CIA operations in Latin America?

AGEE: I hope so, and I think the disruptions I've caused will be followed by many more around the world. I think the fact that Marchetti and I have broken ranks and somehow survived is going to encourage a lot of other CIA men to come out of that poisonous log of secrecy they've been living in and tell their stories. There's a lot of soul-searching going on in the CIA now and I'm going to do all I can to help the people who decide to get out. If my book is a commercial success, I'll be able to support CIA men who want to talk.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, what will be the result of the CIA investigations in Washington?

AGEE: The Rockefeller Commission was never a real danger to the CIA. President Ford set it up to whitewash The Company. The House committee shows real promise and so does the one in the Senate. These committees have the chance right now to correct the mistake the 166 Congress made almost 30 years ago in

not making sure the CIA was closely controlled. I sure hope they do, and I would applaud anything they could do to restrict CIA-promoted repression, even though I think the CIA should be abolished.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's a serious possibility?

AGEE: I think that for the time being, we will have some kind of intelligence collection for early warning and monitoring of agreements with the Soviets. But this can be preserved under the military services. Perhaps also the analytical work done by the nonclandestine part of the CIA will be continued. But it could be continued in a wholly different kind of organization, with a different name and without any of the kinds of overseas operations that I engaged in. Imagine the fear and suspicion and resentment that would be eliminated on the part of other governments if the CIA were abolished or at least if its overseas operations were. And we might avoid those future Vietnams that are germinating wherever The Company is supporting repressive governments.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you support socialist revolution. Don't you think that will turn a lot of people off to what you have to say?

AGEE: It's just the opposite: I couldn't answer all the letters of support I'd gotteneven before the book had come out in

PLAYBOY: Couching the world picture in your terms, those of class warfare, is the CIA winning or losing?

AGEE: The question should be whether people, not the CIA, are winning or losing. In the Third World, the poor are beginning to win, in my opinion. In an era of expensive energy, the U.S. no longer has the money to protect its foreign investments at all costs and to repress every socialist movement. More and more, we're going to have to learn to live within our own resources. The CIA can still do a lot of harm, but its palmy days are over-unless we really go fascist, and with a depression coming on, that's a live possibility. In the United States, though, it seems to me the poor are not vet winning. The system that's been exploiting the rest of the world is also exploiting Americans. The difference is that other people are more aware of it.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you being doctrinaire? The American worker you consider exploited is said to have the world's highest standard of living.

AGEE: Poverty and prosperity are relative as well as absolute measurements. Have you read the 1974 Report of the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs? This report, written before unemployment soared, stated that 40,000,000 Americans, 20 percent of the population, are living in poverty-in fact, are sinking deeper into poverty every year. On the average, they were hungrier and needier in 1974 than they had been five years earlier. The report also pointed out that in the last 45 years-all through the New Deal, the Fair Deal and the biggest economic boom in U.S. history-the proportion of the national income received by the 20 percent at the bottom of the income scale had not changed one iota. And get this: The Senate committee discovered that the richest one percent of the U.S. population not only has more wealth than the poorest 50 percent of the populationit has eight times more! And we've supposedly had 40 years of liberal reform.

If we want social and economic justice, we're going to have to scrap capitalism as we know it. Already in the space of three short generations, a third of the world's population has done this. Are we going to be the last? We should realize that socialist societies are built on national traditions-for better or for worse-and that we can build socialism and at the same time preserve our special tradition of civil liberties and right to dissent. But right now, unless someone's really rich, he's demoralized by the fear that there won't be enough to go around unless he screws the other guy. We're so goddamn alone, everybody guarding his own pile, however small. Property separates people from one another. But we're so tranquilized by sex and beer and football and the chance to play a small hand in the game of success that we don't even know we're being exploited. I suggest it's time we noticed how badly we've been had and began to stand up for ourselves. I suggest that if we want to, we can make sure that whatever there is to go around goes around fairly. But that's socialism. And remember: New systems can develop only when people are ready for them and want them-if imposed by foreign peoples or brute force, they fail.

PLAYBOY: We all agree that the freeenterprise system has faults. But no socialist system that has been set up so far provides the sort of idealistic paradise you envision, with everything fairly distributed. The point at issue here is the CIA-whether it does more good than harm, whether the world would be better served by its existence as is, by its reform or by its destruction.

AGEE: I leave it to you to decide. I promise you that the CIA now knows who you are and is undoubtedly at this moment running you through its computers. Have you ever been arrested? Are your tax returns up to date? Did you ever fail to pay a bill? Have you ever been to an analyst? Did you ever knock a girl up? Are you strictly heterosexual? Do you sometimes blow a little grass? And, by the way, when you leave the hotel, glance over your shoulder. Somebody may be following you.



# How one family solved its discipline problem

This is Jane. When she is nice, she is very, very nice. But when she is naughty, she has to be punished. Lately, Jane has been very, very naughty.

That's why, in the current issue of our magazine, Jane is pictured in a variety of poses that restrict her movement. It was movement that got Jane into trouble in the first place. So you see, it's for her own good. And not incidentally, your pleasure.

And it's only in our.



In the same issue, OUI brings you the results of new freedom. Freedom in Oregon. There it is possible to get high on marijuana, pay a small fine, and get high again. How is this new freedom working out? Find out in OUI.

And while you're at it, tune in on the latest installment of "The Sex Tapes." This month interviewees are asked to "Describe your first experience with oral sex." They say a mouthful! As for you, just say our.

At your newsstand now.

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

# STELLAR ATTRACTIONS

Don't go promising her the moon, because it has already been sold—by The Maryland Academy of Sciences (601 Light Street, Baltimore) for \$10,000. But they will sell you a star (and so will The Boston Museum of Science, Science Park, Boston) for as little as a buck for cheapo Milky Way varieties, deed included. First-magnitude stars sold in Boston go for \$50. But if you really want to impress her, give her something with a little class. Perhaps Venus (\$3000), Jupiter (\$5000) or—if you want a little real estate close to home that's sure to increase in value as energy becomes scarce—plunk down \$25,000 for the sun. A hot property.



# THE SECOND SECON

### SUITES AND LOEW

Aside from the fact that it has played havoc with the once spectacular Monaco shore line, the new four-star Loews Monte-Carlo hotel/casino will make even Prince Rainier's pad look like a Salvation Army flophouse. Opening in November, the Loews Monte Carlo features 600 luxuriously appointed rooms and suites, three restaurants, plus a supper club, disco, rooftop pool, etc. Best of all, there's also an American gambling casino on the premises with blackjack, slot machines and craps. Lotsa luck, Pierre.

# SAFE DISGUISE

Left that certain something in your hotel room, did you? Afraid someone might take it home for his very own? Next time, put it in a \$29.95 Keepsafe, a steel coat hanger, built like a vault, that clips to your closet's hanger bar and doubles as a lockable storage area for sundry goodies. (Write to Travel-Safe Systems, 3303 Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica, California, for information on where to buy.) And if you're really paranoid, you can get one with an electrically operated alarm for \$39.95. Now all you have to worry about is where you left the key.



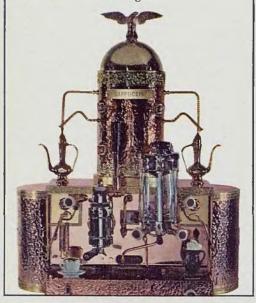


# CINEMA CUTUPS

Now you can buy a whole raft of paper dolls to call your own, and indulge your nostalgia craze as well. Thirty from the 30's, a jumbo Prentice-Hall paperback, is a portfolio of "paper dolls for grownups" featuring Clark Gable, Fay Wray and friends with the costumes from their greatest film hits (Fay Wray's costume includes a huge King Kong fist). The whole thing is done in living black and white, so when you pony up your \$4.95 for it at your local bookstore, save a few shekels for a box of Crayolas.

# ODE ON AN ITALIAN URN

No, the contraption pictured below is not a leftover prop from H. G. Wells's *Time Machine*. It's a copper-and-brass  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ' x 4' Gaggia Espresso and Cappuccino Coffee Machine that Hammacher Schlemmer in New York, at 147 East 57th Street, is selling for a mere \$4950. And if coffee isn't your cup, it also cranks out boiling water for tea, cocoa and other hot drinks. Sanka never had it so good.



### INCA DO

Erich von Däniken junkies will be pleased to learn that Braniff International is offering a \$1398 (and up) 15-day Chariot of the Gods tour that whisks you to such far-out locales in Peru and Bolivia as the giant-built thrones of Kenko and the Tiahuanco statue of an ancient "astronaut." And if you can't swallow all of Von Däniken's interpretations, there's always the local Inca hooch.



### FLASH ATTACHMENT

Victorian England's ace of cads, as PLAYBOY readers know, is Harry Flashman, the obnoxious bully in Tom Brown's School Days who went on to later fame through the fortunate discovery of The Flashman Papers-a marvelous literary put-on by George MacDonald Fraser. Well, this winter, our hero swaggers onto the big screen in Royal Flash, directed by Richard Lester and starring Malcolm McDowell as Flashy. While you're waiting, fans, there's also next month's PLAYBOY, in which we feature the opening segment of a new Flashy novel, Flashman in the Great Game. The setting is India and, as usual, Flashman is a hero in spite of himself.





# GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOG-LEG

Deep in the heart of Texas, duffers like to take to the links sporting something more flamboyant than a pair of anonymous brown shoes. What they've been donning are golf cowboy boots. Yep, a 12-inch-high white soft-cowhide and sharkskin model that the Stylist Company, at P.O. Box 1887, El Paso, Texas 79950, is selling custom-fitted for \$165. The boots come with multicolor stitching and spikes—in case your opponent is winning and you want to walk on his face.

### WALK ON THE WET SIDE

In the old days, if you wanted to take a leisurely stroll on the ocean floor, you had three choices: Buy expensive diving equipment, hold your breath or drown, Now, thanks to Aqua Bell (P.O. Box 221, Windsor, Wisconsin), you can take that walk for only \$59.95, by getting the Aqua Bell diving helmet and manual pump. Just fill the bottom rim of the helmet with 40 pounds of rocks, etc., put it on your head and get a friend to pump air into it while you're under water. Due to the air pressure in the helmet, no water will seep in and you can go as deep as 35 feet. Just make sure your friend is really a friend.



her claim: (1) the ice pick was normally kept by the jailer in a desk drawer; (2) he was found dead in her cell, naked from the waist down, except for his socks; (3) the medical examiner reported clear evidence of recent sexual activity by the jailer.

Little gave herself up, but despite the evidence in her favor, a Beaufort County grand jury indicted her for first-degree murder, which carries a mandatory death sentence in North Carolina. There are already 69 people on the state's death row, the highest number in the nation. North Carolina newspapers at first failed to inform their readers of the questionable circumstances in which the jailer was found and published editorials praising him for "dying in the line of duty."

Her defense is being underwritten by the Southern Poverty Law Center (of which Julian Bond is president), 119 South McDonough Street, Montgomery, Alabama 36101. Contributions to this organization are tax-deductible.

Becky Brunskill San Francisco, California

### ANYTHING BUT THAT

There's a joke in which Mommy thinks Billie and Susie are awfully quiet in the bedroom and calls out, "What are you children doing in there?"

"We're fucking, Mommy," comes the innocent reply.

"That's nice," chirps Mommy, relieved. "Don't fight."

I was reminded of this ancient joke by a conversation I had with a policeman named Mike Friendly. He recounted the time he had hauled down a pair of motorized teenagers who were manifestly navigating under the influence of some mind-altering substance. During the subsequent curbside interrogation and search of the boys, who were brothers, Friendly found two opened bottles of port and a six-pack of beer lying on the floor behind the front seat. This incident took place in a small suburban community. Friendly knew the boys' family and didn't want to stigmatize them or jeopardize their future driving privileges. He ordered them to leave their vehicle and took them home in his squad car. Their mother was grateful but a bit defensive. Casting about for something she could say in behalf of her boys, she finally blurted, "Well, thank God you didn't find my sons smoking marijuana!"

Officer Friendly took a long, reflective toke on his cigarette, then sighed and said to me, "You know, I've been taken hostage during a bank robbery, I've plowed into a freight train during a chase, I've been shot at and missed and shit at and hit; but that encounter with that idiot of a parent beats all I've ever been 170 up against."

Friendly has since quit the force in disillusionment.

> Keith W. Wilson Chicago Heights, Illinois

# SELF-SERVING OPINION

PLAYBOY concedes that a fetus is human, yet it persists in supporting legal abortion because some people's consciences will allow them to destroy the fetus. Your case seems embarrassingly weak, since it makes the right to life dependent on self-serving opinions rather than on clear scientific and biological reality. I know that a comparison with Nazi Germany offends many people, but the parallel does exist: defining human beings as nonpersons in order to justify eliminating them. Biology teaches that a fetus is human in form and function, and not just an appendage of a woman or a part of her body.

I recognize that some cases are more than just troubling, and I have to admit that, dreadful as abortion is, there are some times it may be the lesser of the available evils; e.g., cases in which the woman's health is seriously threatened by a continued pregnancy, or instances of incest or rape. A model law might provide for these circumstances. The important thing is not to prohibit abortion but to provide that if a human life must be taken, it should be done only for the most compelling reasons.

> Donald N. Delano Los Angeles, California

Certainly, a fetus is human in the biological sense that its genetic make-up distinguishes it from any other species, just as the blueprints for a building differ from those for a ship. But whether or not the fetus possesses any rights is a matter of personal opinion based on moral beliefs, not on scientific facts. We don't think such conjectures should be enforced by law.

You yourself concede that a fetus should not have the same rights as a fullgrown person, since then its destruction could never be accepted as the lesser of two evils.

### INTIMATE RELATIONS

I've had a desire for a first cousin of mine since first laying eyes on her, so to speak. She was born and raised in the city, whereas I was reared on a farm. Several times during our childhood, her family came out to visit mine. Once, when we were both about 12 years old, I guess nobody thought there'd be any harm in both of us sleeping in my room. After lights were out everywhere in the house, I got up and joined her in her bed, where we lay talking and exchanging dirty jokes. After a while, I fell asleep and awoke about an hour later to find myself still in bed with her. I also found that in my sleep I'd developed

an erection. My cousin was lying on her back with her legs slightly parted. The small bedside lamp was still on, and I was able to raise her nightgown gently and peek at her white panties. I got an uncontrollable urge to touch her there. I knew I'd be in a hell of a lot of trouble with my parents and my aunt and uncle if she woke up and started hollering, but I was too excited to care. I guess I figured it would be worth any punishment if I could once feel a real live cunt, I moved my finger in little circles, feeling the small lips under the smooth material, finally taking the big step and introducing my finger under the edge of her panties to come into contact with a tender little virginal slit surrounded with just a few silky hairs. After a few minutes of manipulation, her hips began a slow movement matching that of my finger. By this time, my cock was ready to explode from the pleasure I was experiencing, and suddenly, the first ejaculation of my life spurted out of me. I pressed the palm of my hand against my cousin's sweet slit and her legs clamped together and her body gave a little jerk. I kept my hand there while staring at her face. She was breathing deeply and still seemed to be asleep. I went back to my own bed and fell asleep still smelling and tasting her on my hand.

She never let on the next morning that anything had happened, though she was quieter than usual before going home. After that, my aunt and uncle moved to a different city and I didn't see her again until last month, when I paid a surprise visit to her while on a business trip. She's working now and has her own apartment. When she answered the door, I got a surprise. She's a lovely woman with blonde hair, a very pretty face and a magnificent body. We sat over a cup of coffee, talking about the old days, while my mind rioted in a fantasy of performing cunnilingus on her. After a half hour, I left to catch my plane in a state of shock.

I have no idea how I can think such things about my own first cousin. Also, since I'm now married, there is a second barrier between us. She might be outraged if she knew how I felt for her. All I know is, I can't get her out of my mind and I'm as excited as I was ten years ago when I reached out to touch her in bed. I don't care what happens. I'm going back to see her again.

(Name withheld by request) New Orleans, Louisiana

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

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# HEAD RAIDER (continued from page 113)

from the jaws of victory. Was this the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth straight time it had happened? It made no difference. All Oakland Raider defeats are cruel, the disgrace unbearable. No football organization aims so high, squawks so loud, fails so often. None wins so many games and so few championships.

When the clubhouse door finally opened, some of the players were still slumped in their cubicles, patches of mud and blood drying on their hands and faces. They had made no attempt to remove their uniforms. They wouldn't concede that what had happened was real. While they sat there yet in full battle dress, the war was not over, the professional football season hadn't ended. From time to time, one of them would rise with a great heaving, sighing burst of strength, pull off his jersey, remove his pads and head for the obscuring mists of the shower

On an equipment trunk, isolated from the rest of the mourners in the Oakland dressing room, sat Al Davis. He was resting his cheekbones in his hands. There are times when he forgets his Brooklyn Jewish origins and falls into a pseudo-Southern accent, which is, after all, an effortless way of speaking.

This time the hurt was so deep, the wound so ancient that Davis was using the hard, bitter tones of his native land. Do not get the impression that Al Davis came from a squalid section of Brooklyn, an impression he would like to give when he talks to athletes from the ghetto. He grew up in a wealthy neighborhood where all the Irish, Italian and Jewish families settled as soon as they got a few hundred thousand dollars ahead. He was never a street fighter except in his own mind. "I'm not the lovey-dovey type," he said. "They want to know if I plan to go over to congratulate Art Rooney. I don't see any reason to. It's nice he won . . . you follow me? He's a nice fucking guy. He hung in there for years, when there wasn't any goddamn money to be made in professional football, and I admire hell out of him. If he doesn't know I'm happy for him without me saying it, he's not the goddamn man I think he is. That kinda shit doesn't bother men like Art Rooney . . . whether I go over or not . . , you know what I mean? Art knows my guts are cut up. If we had won, I wouldn't expect him to come over here when he's all cut up again himself. This was another damn game. Tomorrow, we start planning for next year.'

A television cameraman stuck his weapon into the small room and turned on a light bright enough to illuminate hell.

"Hey, leave us the fuck alone," said Davis, disgusted at the man's lack of sympathy. "Don't you have any damn 172 idea what's happened here? These guys have worked hard. They proved they were the best team in the league over the length of the season and they aren't going to the Super Bowl. Now leave them the hell alone. Geez!"

Davis slumped forward and gazed at some statistics somebody had handed him. "This is damn disgraceful," he muttered. "Christ! Our longest gain was four yards. . . . That's the negative aspect of what happened. . . . We should have run better. . . . We've been living by throwing the ball and, Jesus, they're going to the Super Bowl. The Pittsburgh Steelers . . . Christ! The Oakland Raiders had the best year and they had to have a great year. Christ!"

The insane thing about the Oakland Raiders is that they have consistently been the best team through the sunniest years of the professional-football boom. The statistics prove it. In the dozen seasons since Allen Davis became head coach and general manager, the Raiders have scored a handsome over-all record of 115 wins, 42 losses and 11 ties. The Dallas Cowboys are second, with 107-58-3. Despite the sainted presence of Vincent T. Lombardi for much of the period covered, the Green Bay Packers are eighth, with a 95-64-9 figure.

The statistics are lovely; very ornate, in fact. But they lie about the most important subject and Davis knows it. The Raiders have been to only one Super Bowl. They were defeated handily by the Packers and His Holiness, the sainted but not necessarily saintly Lombardi. Last season, they were rousted out of the American Football Conference's play-offs by Pittsburgh, ultimately the Super Bowl champion, by a 24-13 score. For the Raiders, it was the fifth consecutive post-season defeat.

Coming close and failing is Davis' personal purgatory. He refuses to make it his hell, although he suffers worse in defeat than anyone else in the game. Some people suggest that he takes victory just as hard. He admits that he cannot bear to attend team parties. "I don't like silly social functions," he says. "They make me ill at ease."

The week before the Raiders were dismissed from further competition by Pittsburgh, they were matched with the Miami Dolphins, champions of the American Conference three straight years, Super Bowl survivors twice and generally considered to be the dynastic successors to Lombardi's Packers. In box 20 on the mezzanine level of the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, Davis struts and frets his team's hours on the field. He crouches, prowls, stands, sweats, swears. He almost never sits. There are no time-outs left and Miami leads 26-21 with 26 seconds left to play. Oakland, which sometimes does not think it necessary to play full-tilt football until the

final minute of a game, has the ball on the Miami eight-yard line.

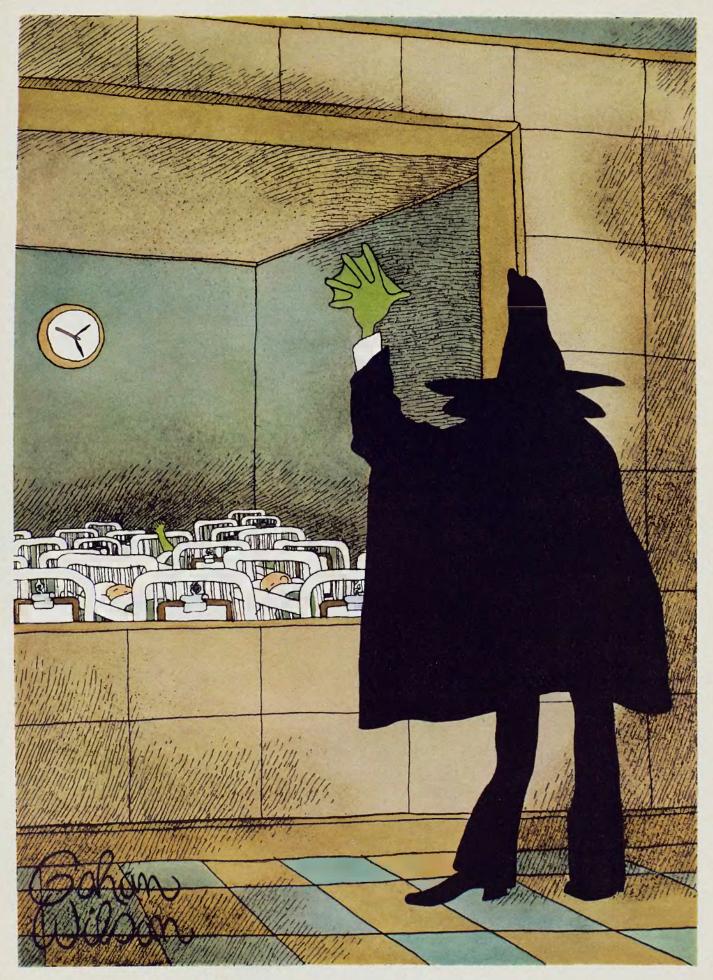
"You got the Dolphins just where you want them, ahead with seconds left to play," says a newsman, trying to ease the tension and fully aware that his words will hardly be heard. "They must know how dangerous the Raiders are when they are trapped."

'Yeah, yeah," says Davis, "sure, sure." His broken fingernails are slipping back and forth across the front of his teeth. His face has no complexion. His arteries have been drained of blood. Quarterback Kenny "The Snake" Stabler cannot find a receiver. They are all over the field but neatly covered. The clock is ticking. Miami defensive end Vern Den Herder has his hands on the Oakland quarterback and he is falling forward.

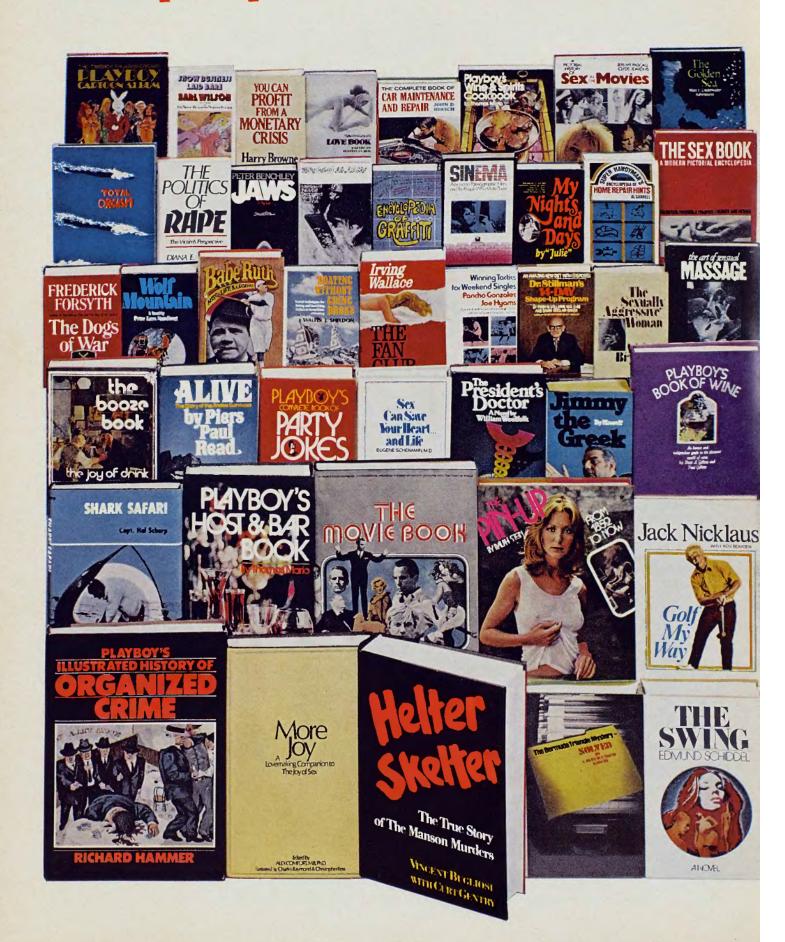
"Throw the damn thing away, Kenny," shouts Davis, his soul in torment. "Stop the damn clock. What's the matter with your head? Aw, damn it! Damn it! Damn it!"

As Stabler pitches forward, he floats one of his left-handed passes into a mob scene in the Miami end zone. Hands beat on helmets. Oakland's smallish running back (5'10") Clarence Davis is between two large, malevolent Dolphins; namely, Mike Kolen and Charlie Babb. "Oh, God, we've blown it. What a damn stupid damn thing to damn do," says Al Davis, his energy spent. Nobody knows what has happened to the pass. Then an official reacts. Up go referee Ben Dreith's hands. Touchdown! Davis reels. "What a dumb damn pass. My God! How did it happen? How in the hell did we score? He honest to God caught the ball? Oh, my God! It's not goddamn possible." The time ticks out and the other club officials in box 20 stand, waiting for Davis, the resident genius, to lead them to the Oakland dressing room. He does not stir. The quality of the victory has left him entirely sapped. He is muttering about the unclean touchdown pass.

Eventually, he decides that the Deity has come down to help him. The profanity, which is something of a macho thing with Davis, anyway, ends. He concludes that this was God's way of evening out the affairs of men and football coaches. It was two years earlier that the Almighty came down and took another play-off game away from Oakland. With 22 seconds left and the Raiders leading, 7-6, a Terry Bradshaw pass intended for Frenchy Fuqua either bounced or was batted back to Franco Harris, who ran 60 yards for a Steeler touchdown. Almost immediately, the Oakland players and coaches and executive personnel began to complain-with some justificationthat they had been sorely wronged, if not to say downright screwed. They argued that the ball had bounced off Fuqua's shoulder, thereby making Harris an illegal receiver. (A pass may not touch



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two members of the same team in sequence.) The officials insisted that Raider defensive back Jack Tatum had a hand over Fuqua's wishbone and the ball ricocheted off his knuckles. Blowups of the television films showed nothing conclusive. Neither did the Steelers' game movies. The decision stood.

"God came down and let Franco Harris catch something-you know what I mean?" says Davis, with his nervous laugh and stagy stutter. "You follow me? Men plan and plan and God comes down . . . just like today against the Miami Dolphins. We catch that pass. Shucks! You tell me. But Clarence comes up with it, get me? How does that work, if it isn't God? If you don't believe there's a God that does stuff like that, how about fate? It's the same thing, you got me?"

Al Davis, managing general partner of the Oakland Raiders, is one of the most powerful men in the National Football League. He is a former successful head coach whose ability to think on the side lines was once compared to that of Frank Leahy, Paul Brown and Lombardi. He is a former league commissioner. He gave the city of Oakland, one of the smallest communities this side of Green Bay, reason to build a major sports facility and get into the major leagues. He is a member of the N.F.L.'s executive committee, an elite group that determines policy for the nation's new national pastime. He is also on the competition committee, which means that he can help change the game if he

When you conjure up the Oakland Raiders, your mind fixes on Al Davis. He dominates his own team, whether he coaches or not, in a way no mortal has since George Halas was the Chicago Bears. His coach-some say his surrogate-John Madden is a warm, pleasant, red beet of a man, who has a carefully programed sense of humor. Davis' players are integral parts in a carefully devised plan. They wear no-nonsense black-and-silver uniforms-good solid institutional colors, men-living-together-ina-military-unit colors. There are no dominant players. There are only "Raider types," carefully selected by The Organization. Even someone as gaudy as George Blanda seems oddly subdued in Oakland's black and silver.

Nothing pleases The Organization more than finding an athlete on another team who is not doing well either because he is being misused or because he is playing out of position. It was either a game or a conceit with Davis in the early days of his reign to make a mockery of another club's system. He picked up fullback Billy Cannon from the Houston Oilers and made an all-league tight end out of him. He accepted 176 Hewritt Dixon, a tight end from the Denver Broncos, and made a great fullback out of him. He took defensive back Clem Daniels from the Kansas City Chiefs and converted him into a 1000-yards-a-season running back. They said that linebacker Arch Matsos was an overrated nobody, but Davis redesigned the entire Oakland defense so that Matsos' mobility would make Davis look like a genius.

Unlike other teams, the Raiders do not encourage the construction of superstars. They ignore the clichéed concept of drafting the best athlete regardless of position. They go strictly for the best men at the positions where they are weakest. They are so bold at times that they almost shatter the confidence that other clubs have built by sticking to the rules. They badly needed a punter three years ago, so they used their first round picking up a punting specialist, Ray Guy of Southern Mississippi. They did so in the knowledge that Guy was also a fine pitcher greatly sought after by several major-league teams. He signed with Oakland, mostly because he was flattered to be the only punter ever drafted on the first round. It was calculated flattery. Guy understood it and appreciated it. He lives in trivia contests everywhere.

The Organization does not enjoy making mistakes. One year it had two first-round choices and it used them to select two other curiosities, a left-handed quarterback, Kenny Stabler of Alabama, and a black quarterback, Eldridge Dickey from Tennessee State. The former is a smash success. The latter did not take well to being converted into a wide receiver. Dickey was able to commit incredible atrocities, mostly because Davis did not want to admit that he had blundered in that case. Dickey went to practice only when he felt the urge, which wasn't often. At every capricious turn, he was forgiven.

When he was finally traded to Baltimore, it was only with the deepest reluctance. Raider types are not supposed to fail. Dickey's name is no longer mentioned.

Warren Wells was an immensely talented but deeply disturbed young man who had been cut in order by the Detroit Lions, the Kansas City Chiefs, the Raiders and the Houston Oilers. The Lions were turned off when he brought a pistol into their training camp at Cranbrook Academy out in the safe, white suburbs of Detroit. Wells was alternately a scoundrel and an evangelist, depending on which day you talked to him. Despite his brilliance as a wide receiver for the Raiders, his behavior was so erratic that the law was constantly after him. One evening, he set what must be a Northern California record when he was caught for drunken driving on both sides of the Bay Bridge. He was nailed in San Francisco and held just long enough to sober up, a concession to his status as a football player, When he was let go, he pulled out a jug, got blasted again and was flagged down in Oakland. That time he was held overnight.

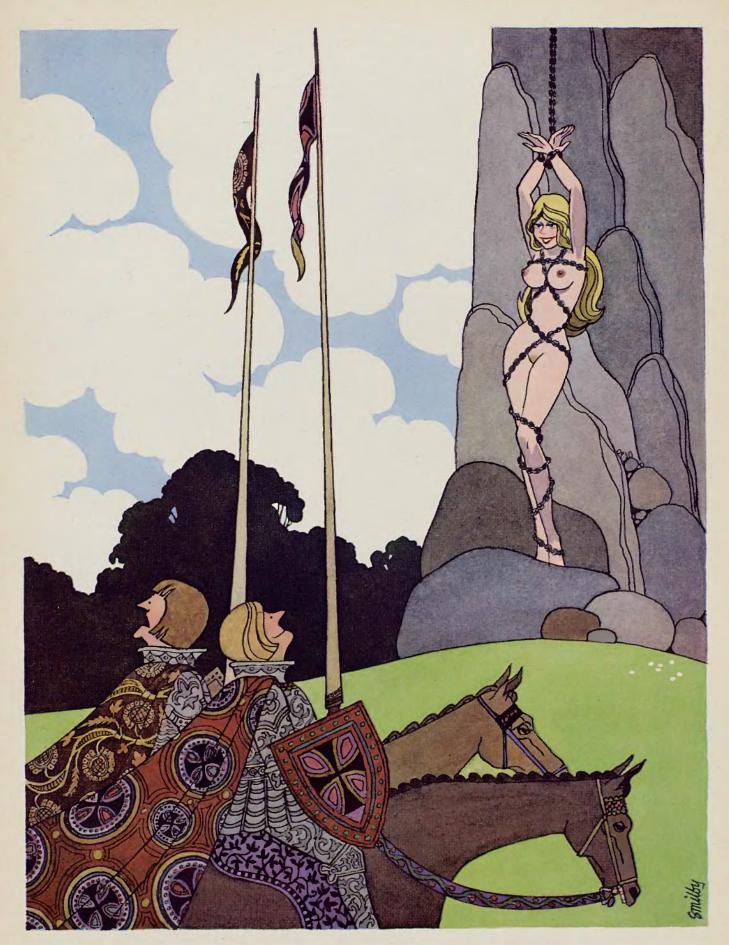
His transgressions could not offend The Organization. Each time, he was taken back willingly. The authorities finally decided that they had had enough on February 17, 1971, when Wells was sent to county jail. Davis managed to get him placed on probation, but on September third of the same year, he was knifed by a girl he allegedly had beaten up. Since Wells had caught 36 touchdown passes in three years, Davis wanted him out of prison. His fellow managing general partner. Wayne Valley, was a friend of Judge Leonard Dieden but refused to use his influence with him. Davis suggested that Valley was a racist. This was based on two counts: Valley is a rough talker and often uses racist remarks; and Wells is black and the judge is white. Wells wasn't out of jail until the following spring. His usefulness was at an end and The Organization released him.

"It wasn't racism," said Valley. "The Genius [Davis] was willing to use a guy who belonged behind bars simply because he was a good football player. He didn't care that Warren was a potential danger to society and to himself. He just didn't give a damn. To Davis, Warren wasn't an emotionally disturbed guy, he was a Raider type and the Raiders needed him."

Writers have been picking at Davis for better than a decade, with a notable lack of success. Lombardi was easily stereotyped as a drill instructor who bought the beer for the entire regiment on the day when he ceased to make their lives nearly unbearable. Tom Landry is a methodical man of God, an unvielding fundamentalist. Paul Brown is an autocrat with the warmth and understanding of a Romanov, Frank Leahy was a Victorian adventurer on the surface and an Irish rover underneath. But Al Davis. their peer, works at making himself an enigma.

A few years ago, the late Leonard Shector, then the fastest man with a typewriter or a hand ax this side of Rex Reed, spent a half hour with Davis at the Raiders' summer concentration camp at Santa Rosa up in the Sonoma Hills. He came away with a story so slanted that even Davis' old adversary Sidney Gillman felt sorry for him. "What a slash job that was," said Sid, "Unfair."

It openly suggested that Davis lied about his disturbingly modest athletic career and that he was so sensitive about his physique that he wore baggy pants to hide his slender legs and never shook hands because his fingers were so short. It was a cunning piece of work. It implied far more than it revealed and it left Davis with a title that cannot be



"I don't see no dragon—maybe she's just an S/M freak."

erased. The headline, in Look magazine, said: "THE MOST HATED WINNER IN FOOTBALL." That is one that sits on Davis' mind like a cancer. He is largely unwilling to give magazine interviews, even though a more kindly story in Sports Illustrated, written in 1963, when he joined the Raiders, left him with a designation he rather fancies: The Genius. "Well, shoot, man, if that's what they want to call me, what can I do to stop it? You follow me? I mean, shoot, I'm no smarter than anyone else. I just try to work harder. Know what I mean? That's all. Genius? Well, that's funny, man. Genius? Me? Al Davis? Shoot!"

As a matter of record, Davis never forgot what Shector did to him. He waited and waited. He put out the word, It turned out that Davis wasn't anywhere nearly as hated as he was respected, football people being accustomed to sharp practice. One day a couple of summers later, he received a telephone call from Paul Brown, maximum leader of the Cincinnati Bengals. It had been whispered that Shector was bearing down on Brown with the idea of doing the same sort of job on him that he had done on Davis. What did Al advise?

If Brown made the regular newsmen feel a part of the inner circle and Shector like an outsider, then the yellow journalist would be instantly discredited. Brown did just that. "You have one minute to leave this room," he said. "You are not welcome here. I know what you did to Al Davis and I also read a piece you wrote on Vince Lombardi that was not very complimentary, either." With no court of appeal, Shector had no choice but to depart. Justice had been served, at least in Davis' eyes.

That is exactly how the Oakland Raiders' managing general partner prefers to operate. He likes to think three, four, five steps ahead and cut you off at the pass. After all, one of his hobbies is

the study of foreign affairs.

"Henry Kissinger has gone too far in his arrogance," he says. "The secret is to control conditions without growing arrogant. That's good diplomacy, if you follow what I say. You can control, but when you start thinking you're God . . . well, you're in a whole lot of trouble. You've lost perspective. Know what I mean?"

Davis sees himself as a latter-day Metternich cleverly outflanking the crowned heads of Europe by dint of sheer intellect. Although he affects jock mannerisms-working out daily and swearing like the boys, when he himself is alleged to be somewhat puritanical about sex-he is actually above all that. He is the head of The Organization-an unreal entity that operates out of a twostory, black-and-silver stockade just off the Nimitz Freeway. Across the high-178 way is the Coliseum, a plain-pipe-rack stadium that holds 54,000 ticket holders, nowhere near what the Raiders could do if unrestrained. There is talk that 15,000 seats will be added. Then the Oakland club, which shows about a \$3,000,000-a-year profit, will be one of the most lucrative in the league.

All of the walls are black and silver. The carpeting is silver . . . well, silver gray. The wood is ebony stained. The seat cushions are silver gray. The couch is black. There is only one window in the building-in Davis' office. There are no clocks, because members of The Organization are not supposed to think about things like being home with their wives and families. Once a newsman called John Madden at his home and his wife replied: "It's 11 P.M. What would be be doing here this time of night? Why not try the office?"

Some days Davis arrives in his silver Cadillac with the black-vinyl roof, wearing gray slacks in a rich corduroy. His pullover sweater may be black with silver and white stripes at the cuffs, collar and waist. The loafers are black, worth a minimum of \$110. On other days, Davis has a black sports coat, silver slacks and a white shirt with a white tie. Any time one of his executive assistants sees something in the team colors that suits him, he can charge it to the company and Davis will approve the expense.

There are shutters on Davis' office window. He can look out. Nobody can look in.

Discipline is so severe that secretaries are instructed not to come to work smiling on a Monday morning after a Raider defeat. Round-the-clock loyalty is demanded. Once there was a playful publicity man named Bob Halford, who got on the horn one midnight with his old friend Don Klosterman, both of them somewhat in their cups. They had worked together with the Kansas City Chiefs. But now Halford was employed by Davis and was, therefore, a member of The Organization. Klosterman had gone on to become general manager of the Houston Oilers. They laughed and talked and amused each other for the better part of an hour. Nothing was said about the expense of the call. Keeping the enemy amused and, thus, unweary is good strategy. When Davis went to talk trade with Klosterman a few days later, he discovered that the Oilers knew something about one of his players that could only have been learned from the Oakland public-relations man.

"Have you talked to Don Klosterman lately?" asked Davis.

"Just the other night," said Halford, innocently.

For that single indiscretion, the publicity man was summarily dismissed. A man who would leak a small item would eventually spill something important that might hurt the franchise. Davis will not let that happen. His present publicrelations man is an extraordinarily efficient individual named Tommy Grimes, whose lips have grown almost bloodless over the past few seasons from straining to hold back a rather inventive sense of humor. Funny flacks are not what The Organization prefers. Another Oakland press agent, Bob Bestor, was such an incredible impressionist that his voice sounded more like Davis' than Davis' own. One afternoon, at the insistence of some newsmen, Bestor called the same Klosterman and had a ridiculously unfair trade half made before Klosterman realized that he was being put on. Bestor departed soon afterward.

'They used to say that I was tough on my public-relations men," says Davis, lapsing into the Southern accent he acquired, rather quickly and mysteriously, during a single year as an assistant coach at The Citadel. "Shoot . . . that's not so. Look at Tommy Grimes there. Ah've had him on the staff for seven years. No problems there. Ah had trouble with some of mah other PR men because ah tried to do them some favors. One of them had a drinking problem and ah tried to help him out. He said some things in that Shector story. Now he's dried out and he admits he said a lot of those things when he was . . . ah . . .

drunk, you follow me?"

"All I am is an organization guy," Davis says. "When I was a kid growing up in Brooklyn, I admired George Weiss of the New York Yankees. Maybe the other kids in my neighborhood admired the players, guys like Dixie Walker and Pee Wee Reese and all the rest. But Weiss was my hero. He developed a great organization, one that created a dynasty the like of which professional sports will never see again. He kept a low profile. I try to keep one. It isn't easy. That's why I tell writers they should be talking to John Madden. You follow me? Shoot, man, he's the head coach. Write about the team itself. I tell my secretary to try to convince writers who call for an interview with me that they ought to write about somebody else, instead."

But the people who work in the Raiders' front office, the subgeniuses and semigeniuses and assistant geniuses who make up The Organization, all lack flash and instant identification. Who knew Madden before Davis made him, at 33, the youngest coach in professional football? Who knows him now, even though Davis insists that people should be doing stories on the head coach and not on him?

Of his assistants, Davis says, "Every last one of them is in demand. I handpicked every one of them. I selected them on the basis of efficiency, intelligence and loyalty. They stay with me, too. They've all had chances to go someplace else, but they like it here. The Raiders pay better than the majority of teams. For instance, Al LoCasale, my administrative assistant, was one of the three finalists for the New York Jets job [general manager]. He could have had it. I think he was probably their first choice. But he preferred to stay here."

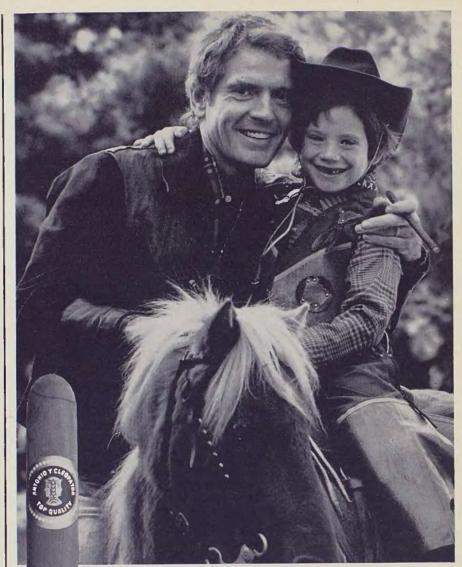
Davis' adjutants reflect his thrill of intrigue. LoCasale is a pompous man, filled with inner furies. He is given to smiling a lot and speaking in enigmatic phrases. Your friend one day, he is liable to insult you the next. He is an accurate reflection of The Organization's party line. If Davis is disturbed with you, LoCasale is blazing mad. Equally impressive and equally mysterious is former personnel director Ron Wolf, alleged to be both a former Army Intelligence operator and the possessor of a photographic memory. Considering that the Raiders do not use computerized scouting and that they usually draft in the 19th or 20th spot on every round, and considering that they usually come away with an excellent selection of college seniors, everything they say about Wolf must be true. Like most Davis subalterns, he speaks highly of the leader.

"They say that he's a dictator, because that's the way any military organization has to be set up," said Wolf. "But he isn't that way at all. He is a dynamic man, a real intellect. He has an amazing mind. Still, he lets you think on your own. When you make a decision, you better have ten good reasons for making it. He keeps you mentally sharp, that's why it is such a pleasure working for him. He should be utilized on a league level, not on a club level. That's why he didn't go back to coaching. He was ready to do something else. Now he's ready to move up again and the pity is there is no real place for him to go. I feel a loyalty to him because he's treated me so well. Once when Al LoCasale was out of a job, he called him and said to use his [Davis'] credit card to make calls looking for work."

Former employees are less generous, possibly because they are former em-

ployees.

"One time I went to Davis and asked him what he wanted to do about the flight to San Diego," said Bestor. "I told him a charter would cost us \$2000 more than taking the regular commuter flight. He told me to do what I thought was best. So we took the regularly scheduled flight and there was a stop in Los Angeles. Naturally, there was a lot of bitching among the players. So Davis stood up and yelled, 'For Christ's sake, Bobby, are you responsible for this? Why didn't you consult with me before you did this?' He insisted that I had never talked to him about it. I suppose, with everything he had to think about,



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that it could have slipped his mind. But he's not above shifting the blame to somebody else."

Life has not been very difficult for Davis, who was to the purple born, if that phrase fits the merchant princes of New York Jewish society. His father, Louis Davis, manufactured clothing and shoes and left his sons, Allen and Jerry, millionaires when he died in 1961. (Even now, Davis cannot speak of his father without becoming emotional.)

Voted the most popular boy in his class, Davis went to tiny Wittenberg, a Lutheran school in Ohio, hoping that he would have a better chance to play varsity sports. It was a mistake. The campus was small and largely unexciting, permeated by evangelical Protestantism, something he had never faced in his insular Jewish-Catholic neighborhood in Brooklyn. He left after one semester and, for a while, attended a junior college, before entering mighty Syracuse, where the athletic program suited his grandiose tastes. Davis did not play

enough to win a major letter, a fact that still bothers him, although not as much as has been reported. For appearing in half of Syracuse's games in his senior year, he was awarded a minor letter. His partner-and current adversary in a lawsuit to break Davis' contract as managing general partner of the Raiders-is a former Oregon State fullback named Wayne Valley, a football star who never took off his jock even when he went on to make millions on the post-World War Two construction boom. "Here are my college clippings, Al," he once said, producing a dusty scrapbook. "Now, where the hell are yours?"

When he graduated with a degree in English, Davis had no intention of teaching or of going into the family business. For a while, his mother toyed with the notion of buying her son the unusual gift of a Class D minor-league baseball team in West Virginia that he had seen advertised for sale in *The Sporting News*. She was looking into the matter when an application Davis had made for a job as football line coach and head

Johnsay

"Not because you know I like it. I want you to do it because you really want to sit on my face."

baseball coach at Adelphi College on Long Island was accepted. A former Raider employee insists that he got the job only because Adelphi somehow got the impression that it was signing another Al Davis who had been a star at Syracuse a few years earlier. There are no records with the school's letterman club that show that another Al Davis existed, proving that any sinister story about Davis will be believed. He was writing scholarly tracts about athletics when the Army drafted him. "I was only 22 and I was getting these pieces published in coaches' magazines . . . you know what I mean? . . . You see what I'm trying to say?"

Not only did military life agree with Davis but he managed to make military life most agreeable. His articles on coaching technique were brought to the attention of General Stanley Scott, commander of Fort Belvoir, Virginia. In those days, Service teams played on a level just below that of the National Football League. Only a private, Davis became head coach under General Scott. He was given his own staff car and a driver, a separate barracks for his team and the right to grab players where he could find them.

"I looked all over and found that a lot of football players in the Service were just dying to be Army engineers," he said. "After all, Fort Belvoir was an engineering center. We operated just like a pro team. A lot of bases wanted me to coach. But I liked the setup General Scott showed me and I took the job. I wanted to stay a private. They offered me stripes, but I thought it best to stay in the background. We lost only two games in two years."

Davis was discharged just before a Congressional investigation into athletic abuses in the military was begun. He was hired as an assistant to the personnel director of the nearby Baltimore Colts, who had admired his Army career. Davis took notes on how a professional team operated and kept them in a loose-leaf binder. A year later, he went to The Citadel, where he acquired his semi-Southern accent.

"I always thought I was handicapped by the fact that people were turned off because I was from New York," he said. "I guess that's how some Southern inflections crept into my speech. I was selfconscious, you follow me? I got two real outstanding players for The Citadel, Angie Coia, who later played with the Bears, and Paul Maguire, who was with the Chargers."

One year later, when he left to join Don Clark's coaching staff at Southern California, he took with him a deep respect for The Citadel's president, General Mark Clark, after whom he named his only child. He took with him, too, a reputation as a master recruiter. And he took several Citadel football

players-notably, Angie Coia. ("When ah was at The Citadel, we had to get players. We had to win. It was tough, We had to take players away from some mah-tee big universities. You can't win without players. You have to move things to get players. Players just don't magically appear on your doorstep.") When the N.C.A.A.'s investigators got through poking around, USC was on probation. Still. the Trojans prospered for a while, with John McKay coaching the backfield and Davis coaching the ends. Given such important territory as Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia to recruit from, Davis brought in enough raw talent to keep the Trojans rated number one in the nation through the first eight weeks of the 1959 season.

Then guard Mike McKeever drove out of bounds and broke the cheekbone of a University of California ball carrier after the play had been whistled dead. The turmoil lasted for several days and USC ended up with a conference condemnation. Nobody in the school's administration backed up coach Clark. When the season was over, the Trojans were 8-2 and no longer first in the nation. Clark and Davis resigned. For a few months, Davis was out of work and desperately pondering which direction his future might take when he received a telephone call from Frank Leahy, the former Notre Dame master, who had been named general manager of the American Football League's Los Angeles

Leahy said something to Davis that was both flattering and gracious. Then he asked him how he would like to join the new venture as the Chargers' receiver coach. Davis was working with the Chargers in San Diego-where they had fled in 1961 after a disastrous first season-when the Oakland Raiders began looking around for a messiah. Here was a pitiful, homeless operation that moved nomadically from stadium to stadium and always seemed ready to move someplace-Portland, New Orleans. Seattle, Cincinnati, San Antonio. It was an ugly football team, the lovestarved loser of a struggling new league. It was situated in a hard-hat-and-beer city that seemed to be embarrassed by being in a major league of any kind, even an inferior one.

"They kept telling me that I didn't want Davis because he was a son of a bitch who would stop at nothing to win," said Wayne Valley, who was doing the hiring in those days. "That description sounded pretty good. After all, that's how a lot of people used to describe me. They kept saying that he got USC into trouble and that there was something kinky about his Army record and that nobody could figure out how he got such a deal when he was only a 22-year-old private. Nobody could explain what he'd





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Dept. 9570 919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois 60611 done wrong. They all said he was devious. That led me to think that they hated him because he was too sharp for them and he made them feel inferior. I said to myself, 'This so-called Genius has to be the guy . . . he'll work 16 hours a day making sure nobody beats him out.' So I made him an offer he couldn't refuse."

Oakland Raider coaches-and there had been a number of them-had run up a composite 3-25 record in the two seasons prior to Davis' arrival. His first words upon taking command were: "You are the Raiders of Oakland. We are building a great tradition here today. Our motto will be 'Pride and poise.' You will never forget those two wordspride and poise. You will never lose either of them. Follow me to victory!" It could not have been funnier if he had told that rabble that they were now officers in the service of the czar and that they were about to attack Moscow and throw the Bolsheviks out. Never did he let Valley or Ed McGah, the other partner, forget that he had refused their first offer.

As soon as he had the job, Davis went looking for all the quality athletes other clubs said they couldn't handle. For a while, the Oakland dressing room was little more than a den of thieves and there were stories about knives and guns in the locker room. Davis gathered them all to his bosom. "Sure Art Powell is a bad guy," he said of a man he liberated from the New York Titans, "He's such a bad guy that all he can do is lead the A.F.L. in pass receiving and behave like a thorough gentleman while he's doing it." Under the Genius, this group of malcontents began to do different things. Davis invented the bump-and-run pass defense because, until two years ago, there was no rule that said you couldn't do it.

The six-year war between the insurgent A.F.L. and the entrenched N.F.L. had reached an impasse when Valley decided that what his group needed was a gunslinger to replace commissioner Joe Foss, the courtly war hero and exgovernor of South Dakota.

It happened at a midnight meeting at the Shamrock-Hilton Hotel in Houston, where Bud Adams, the slightly pixilated owner of the Oilers, spoke a few words of truth: "What we need is some ruthless bastard who won't have any compunction about taking the war right to them."

For less than a second, Valley pondered the situation: "Take my Genius!" he shouted. The vote was one short of unanimous.

On the evening of Davis' election, he instructed his publicity director, Jack Horrigan, to insert the phrase "dynamic young genius" before his name in the

press release and then insisted that Horrigan level all possible questions at him. When the reporters were summoned, Davis was ready. It was a short battle. Inside of eight weeks, the N.F.L. was suing for peace. The strategy had been simple: "Get their fucking quarterbacks," said Davis. "Let's see them play without quarterbacks." He had Roman Gabriel of the Los Angeles Rams under contract to the Raiders and John Brodie of the San Francisco 49ers ready to jump to the Oilers. Three others were ready to go when peace broke out. The negotiations went on behind the commissioner's back. Davis was disgusted.

"They made the A.F.L. clubs pay indemnities to the 49ers and the Giants," he said. "Ah mail mah check from the Raiders every year. But, shoot, ah don't mind. They let me keep mah sword and mah horse for the spring plowing. What do ah care . . . it's not important . . . know what ah mean?"

Somehow Davis thought that because he had won the war, the A.F.L. owners should have shown their appreciation by pressing for a settlement that would have made him commissioner of the combined league. They did not. Davis had served his purpose and it was up to Valley to tell him so, "Look, Al," he said, "they got 16 teams and we got ten. I'm not sure you could get all ten of our votes, let alone any of theirs, if it came down to a decision between you and Pete Rozelle. He's got the job, so forget it. Come back to Oakland." Davis returned, but he decided that to be head coach again would be an affront to his pride. He would accept as his meager share of the spoils a chance to become the largest stockholder and to run the franchise. Davis holds 16 percent of the stock. In 1972, he signed a new contract with McGah, giving him \$100,000 a year and total control of the club. This was well in advance of the January 1, 1976, expiration of the original agreement among McGah, Valley and Davis, signed after the leagues merged in 1966. It is the new contract that Valley is disputing

"They wanted me to start coaching again," Davis said. "You just don't go from commissioner to coach. At least I couldn't do that. I had to get into the managerial end of it. I wanted to be an owner, you follow me? They write such shit about me. They say I'm the real coach of the Oakland Raiders and Madden is just a stooge. If we win, I get the credit; if we lose, I give him all the blame. Why doesn't somebody ask John?"

Hulking along the hallway toward his office, Madden, still short of 40, resembles a large red bear. He chuckles way back in his throat but rarely laughs. There were stories that he could have replaced Hank Stram at Kansas City when the latter's long romance with owner Lamar

Hunt finally ended, but then somebody pointed out to Hunt that it wouldn't do to hire somebody from an outfit so clearly defined in the fans' minds as the enemy as the Oakland Raiders. So the offer was never made.

"Al and I have a unique relationship," Madden said. "There's no other way to describe it. He makes suggestions and then he tries to sell them to me. He never gives me a direct order where coaching is concerned. People are always looking to see if we aren't at each other's throats. We aren't and that disappoints them, because Al is supposed to be some kind of villain, which he isn't. Sometimes he makes a suggestion and I ignore it completely. He never chews me out afterward. He's an organizational type and he's the head of The Organization, He admires the way the Los Angeles Dodgers do business. They sign Dodger types who fit their specifications for what they want at each position. They try to have a surplus so they can trade for Dodger types in other organizations. That's what we did. There are Raider types, you

"Al thinks of me as being the Walter Alston of professional football. A lot of guys might be put off by that, but I consider it one hell of a compliment, because Alston has been a great success at his profession and he's lasted 20 years working on one-year contracts. Incidentally, how do you like our offices? Just like Las Vegas, isn't it? No outside windows and no clocks. Al doesn't want you wondering if the sun has gone down."

There is a basketball game across the street at the Oakland-Alameda County Sports Arena, which is located on the same plot of land as the Coliseum. It was Davis who convinced Franklin Mieuli, owner of the wandering San Francisco Warriors, to stop drifting between the Cow Palace, the San Francisco Civic Auditorium and the San Jose Civic Auditorium and settle down in Oakland as the Golden State Warriors. Like a glowering godfather, he drifts through the stands, not wanting to be recognized but upset when he isn't.

"You know what Davis is?" asked Dick Vertlieb, general manager of the Warriors. "He's a catfish. You know the parable about the two Italian fishermen who come back to Fisherman's Wharf year after year and one always gets a better price for his fish than the other, even though their catches are about equal? Well, one of them says to the other, 'How come?' And the other tells him that when he throws his catch into a live tank, he always has a couple of catfish in the bottom. Now, there's no tougher, better organized, more aggressive fish than a catfish. Those catfish

simply kept the rest of those fish stirred up until they reached port. They looked fresher and more alert. That's what Al Davis does to professional football. He's its catfish."

On the morning they were getting ready to bury Frank Leahy on a hillside above the Willamette River near his final home in Portland, it struck Davis that he would be remiss not to attend the funeral. So he called a newspaperman from San Francisco whom he knew was working on Leahy's biography at the time of the great Notre Dame coach's death. Would the writer meet Davis at the airport if he sent a limousine for him? Davis did not want to go to the funeral alone. When he arrived, it was raining and Davis was in a thoughtful mood.

"Here's a letter he sent me when mah father died," he said. "He'd only met mah father once, but he sent me this wonderful letter and apologized for not being able to attend the funeral. He was in the hospital at the time. I believe he would have gone if he had been well. Imagine that! Isn't that touching? Go ahead and read the letter."

At the service on the University of Portland campus, there were so few explayers present that Frank Leahy, Jr., asked Davis to be an honorary pallbearer. He walked behind the casket wearing a red carnation in his lapel and gnawing on his lower lip.

"Where the hell were his former players and all the people who idolized him?" he asked in the limousine on the way back to the airport. "Those men were heroes to me when I was a kid . . . Leahy and Red Blaik and all the rest. He was kind to me when I wanted to get into pro football. You know why I picked black and silver for the Raiders? When I was a kid, I went to see Army's Black Knights of the Hudson play the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame. The Army team looked like a football team ought to look. But Leahy down on the side lines was mah idea of a coach. Ah am glad ah'm out of coaching. I could have ended up like Leahy did, all eaten away for nothing. Ah don't care how far it was to come or how short a notice they had, a great man shouldn't go out that way. And Frank Leahy was a great man . . . the poor bastard! Ah don't spend enough time with mah wife and mah kid. Ah don't read the books ah want to read. There has to be more to life than football."

A mountain storm was gathering strength and the rented limousine was making waves on the expressway. In the back seat, professional football's resident genius was chewing on his finger tips and acting like a haunted man.

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## DR. BELL'S MONSTER (continued from page 86)

prices, discounts, specifications or what you are doing Saturday night. The telling of falsehoods forms the very basis of telephone etiquette. Let's say that you phone an office to speak to somebody. The secretary answers and tells you he has "stepped away from his desk." This may mean that:

A. Your party does not wish to speak to you just then;

B. Your party does not wish to speak to you ever;

C. Your party really is too busy to take any calls just then, yours included;

D. Your party is still out to lunch but doesn't want his secretary to convey the impression that her boss takes long lunches;

E. The secretary didn't get your name right and your party doesn't know it's you calling;

F. The secretary is under the false impression that her boss does not wish to speak with you;

G. The intercom line is busy and the secretary will be goddamned if she's going to walk all the way to your party's office to tell him you're calling;

H. Or (and this is extremely unlikely) your party actually has stepped away from his desk.

The first thing that a young woman is taught when she reports for work in the world of getting and spending is that her basic job is not typing or filing-but lying. She is employed to weave a scrim of falsehood behind which business can be conducted without telephonic interruption by undesired callers-or desired callers at inopportune times. Allowing her to use natural womanly tact is not even considered. Instead, she is taught a repertoire of prevarications:

"He's in a meeting," "He's in conference," "He's on another line," "He's tied up at the moment," "He's on a longdistance call," "He's still at lunch," "He's gone for the day," "He's not in today," "He's on vacation this week."

The exasperating part of all this is that, for all you know, the person you're calling may not be trying to avoid you. He may actually be in a meeting, but there you are, thinking he's trying to brush you off. It isn't so bad when you're sure they're lying. It's when you don't know that the paranoia begins and you crave to hear a straightforward "He's really very busy and we're only writing construction loans for old customers, so I think you're wasting time trying to telephone him-why don't you send him your ear in a Baggie?" or "Mr. Gotrocks doesn't take calls from anybody whose last name ends in a vowel."

But all seriousness aside, the fact is that the screening of phone calls is a license to lie, and this corrodes whatever weak impulse people have toward truth-184 telling in more consequential areas. Not

that we don't believe her, but how could poor Rose Mary be expected to tell the truth about who erased the tapes when a precondition of employment for any secretary is that she be an expert, convincing and habitual liar?

#### LONG DISTANCE IS BEING THERE

LEAD TENOR:

Twas the penis, he thought-was, his

Just a big playful boy of a bone . . . With a stout purple head, Sticking up from the bed,

Where the girlies all played Telephone-

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Te-le-phone. . . .

-THOMAS PYNCHON. Gravity's Rainbow

The bell rescues her from a nightmare and his voice flows out of the white Princess phone tart and sweet and fructuous as gooseberry preserves. He has been on a salvage job out in the Gulf for a month now and her tissues are burning for it. "Talk to me, honey," she

'Lemme speak to one of your nipples," he drawls. "Hey, how you doin'? You hot and pink and standing up for Poppa like a good little rosebud? Lemme speak to the other little baby. Oh, I can smell you through the phone. Yes I can! You smell of woman sweat and Chanel No. 5 and those little hairs around you, I can hear 'em rubbing up against the telephone, mm-mm. Lemme say hello to your pussy. Pussy, sweetheart, I hope your mistress ain't gettin' too squirrely up there all alone. Ooh, pussy, you are hot! God, I can feel how overheated you are all the way over long distance. You gonna seize up if you don't look out! I think I better wet you down."

She presses the receiver to her frenulum clitoridis with both hands and feels him slurping from 400 miles away. Then he starts to hum like an old radio and she strains against the handset, strains, strains, strains against the handset, until there is a pulsating moment in which the distance between them is bridged and Alexander Graham Bell spins in his grave like a barbecue bird on a roadside rotisserie.

### ALL ALONE BY THE TELEPHONE

I used to think obscene phone calls were like when I was 11 and we'd all get on different extensions and call the number for Fuchs. "Is this Mrs. Fucks?" we'd squeak, if we could stop giggling long enough. That was many years before I saw this article in Today's Health called "They're Cracking Down on the Telephone Nuts . . . and You Can Help!" Eager to be of assistance, I dropped everything and read it at once. I discovered that there is a whole spectrum of telephonic obscenity, ranging from the lowly "breathers" (whose idea of hot noogies is calling up strangers and respiring) to an elite who have only to drink telephone juice to be transformed into latter-day Mr. Hydes. There was the infamous brassiere salesman of Minneapolis, whose shtick was calling as many as 100 housewives a day (!) and announcing that his company had introduced a new bra for women with big breasts. "If you have a thirty-six inch bust or larger," he explained, "we would like to send you a free set of our lingerie after you answer a few simple questions," which got progressively raunchier until the lady hung

Then there was Dr. Martin of Miami, who offered women a cancer checkup if they would answer a few simple questions about their breasts and cervixes. And a "Father Steiner" of New Jersey, who offered to hear a Catholic woman's confession over the phone, especially her sins of sexual indiscretion. For non-Catholic women, the good padre became Dr. Barry of the Kinsey Institute, who asked questions like, "How often have you had sexual intercourse with your husband during the past month?"

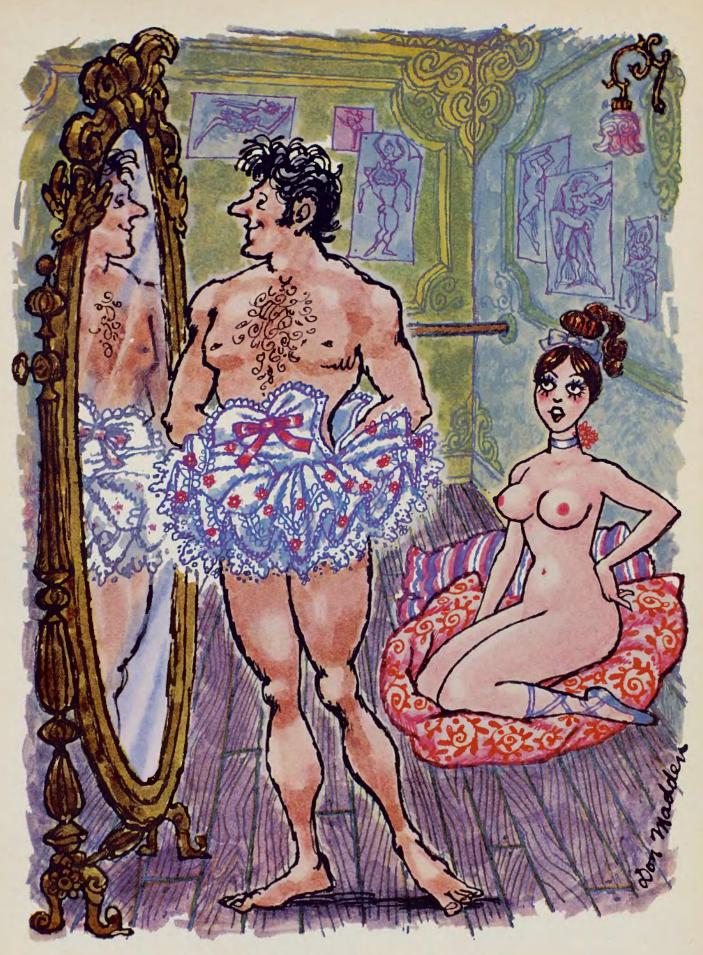
P.S. Father Steiner, aka Dr. Barry, was finally nailed while phoning in the nude (!!). Turned out he was a 26-yearold salesman, married, two kids, a town councilman, who used his mistress' phone to absolve/survey 135 penitents/respondents on a good day. "I guess I need help," he said.

My favorite character I'll call Frederick of Hollywood, about whom Today's Health really lets loose:

"In California, a 35-year-old housewife who was preparing dinner at home alone while her husband was at work and her 13-year-old daughter was at school answered her telephone late one afternoon.

"A brisk male voice greeted her. 'I have your daughter tied up and gagged in the next room. If you don't do exactly what I tell you, I'm going to rape and kill her. Understand? OK. Now take off all your clothes. Your dress first. Now your bra. I want you to strip for me-all the way. And tell me everything that you're doing, thinking and feeling as you take off everything.

"Terrified, the woman nervously removed all her garments and choked out the gutter words that her telephone tormentor was coaxing out of her. Then her faceless caller ordered her to perform some solitary acts. Though they shocked her, she was too frightened not to comply with his commands. Finally, she stood trembling and naked at her telephone. . . . Her sadistic caller chuckled mockingly and hung up. Five minutes



"Alfredo, when you said you wanted to get into my tutu, I hoped you had something else in mind."

later, her daughter, who had been walking home from school during this call, found the weeping woman in a bathrobe, lying on her bed in a state of hysteria."

The part that knocks my socks off is how the lady actually strips and diddles herself, even though Frederick of Hollywood could never know if she were dressed in a snowmobile suit, weeding her terrarium whilst oohing and aahing. The fact that she obeyed old Fred's demands demonstrates the power of the telephone.

"Many of these obscene callers are teenage girls," observes Herb Bugle (Herb was manager of New York Telephone's Annoyance Call Bureau). "Their victims are men as well as women, old

and young."

All of which tells me how I Can Help. Girls, if you've got to talk dirty to strangers, call me collect.

CONVERSATIONS WITHOUT DON JUAN

Some time ago, I needed to get in touch with Carlos Castaneda, who has every sophomore in America convinced that *The Teachings of Don Juan, A Separate Reality, Journey to Ixtlan* and *Tales of Power* are works of nonfiction. I got the clusive author's telephone number from an individual I will call Rolodex, because he has *everybody's* ten little digits on little notched cards. A female voice answered.

"Can I speak to Carlos for a minute?" I asked. This seldom fails to get celebrities to telephones, if only for a minute.

"Oh, he just walked out the door! I'll see if I can get him; hold on a moment. . . . No, sorry, he's gone, Can I take a message?"

"No, thanks, I'll call back."

Four times a day for a month I went through this drill. Never was Carlos home. Never did I give my name. Always was he trotting out the door. I began to detect a pattern and rang up Rolodex to complain that he'd dealt me a stiff.

"Hey, I'm sorry," he said, "but I didn't want to discourage you. You see, Carlos has this thing about telephones. There are two levels to it. For one thing, he feels that in order to come across to the public on the mythic plane, he must keep himself incommunicado. This means he doesn't grant interviews or permit photographs-and, most important, doesn't talk on the telephone to strangers. He considers the telephone to be a mundane, profane means of communication. He says, 'You can't just call Mescalito on the phone, you know.' He thinks that if he were accessible by telephone, it would demystify him and compromise his power. Also, he doesn't want to be pinned down on things like how he met Don Juan or where Don Juan lives-since, of course, Don Juan is only a

projection of Carlos' personality, the trickster side.

"There's another level to Carlos' aversion to the phone, too. He had several extremely unpleasant experiences where he was talking on the phone to somebody he didn't know too well, and suddenly the other person's mind sort of melted and flowed through the wire right into his mind—and then he couldn't get this invading mind out of his mind even by hanging up. He had to work it loose ever so patiently over a period of weeks or months. So whenever the telephone rings, he takes a walk. He feels like he's in danger just being in the same house with an open telephone line."

So I gave up trying to connect with Don Juan's alter ego by phone. If a phone caller's mind can fly into his like a foreign object into someone's eye, I wouldn't want Castaneda daubing at my mentality with the corner of a piece of psychic Kleenex.

THE CALL OF THE TELEPHONE

Hear my phone ringin' Sounds like a long-distance call.

—MUDDY WATERS,

Long Distance Call

Most businessmen from force of habit will turn their heads at the ring of the telephone bell. Cognizant



Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 21 mg. tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

# Alive with pleasure!

of the fact, a haberdasher had the bell box of his telephone placed in his show window, out of sight. . . . The bell could be heard plainly by passers-by.

This window is on one of the main streets. Hence, the occasional telephone ring attracts considerable attention. Fully half the men who are passing the store when the bell rings will look toward the window and often they will stop—and read a large placard in the window: "My telephone is a busy one. Phone your order to me and save time and money."

—System, "The Magazine of Business," April 1912

Not in Pavlov's wildest imagination could he have conceived of the way 20th Century man falls off his stool at the sound of a ringing telephone. Adrenocorticotropic hormone zinging from the pituitary body to the adrenal cortex... Epinephrine spritzing from the adrenal medulla to quicken the heart, relax the bronchioles, constrict the blood vessels, inhibit the intestinal smooth muscle. Break the stemware, slip in the bathtub, drop the baby, but answer that telephone! Not for nothing do they call it the Bell System.

Some years ago, the administrators at Doctors General Hospital in San Jose, California, tried to install Ericofons, the one-piece Swedish phones with the dial in the base. They wanted Ericofons because their bells made a "pleasant chirping sound." Pacific Tel & Tel refused to let Doctors use the Swedish phones, chirp or no chirp. During the hearing at which the hospital challenged the company before the Public Utilities Commission, an examiner asked a P. T. & T. witness whether the standard bell was designed to be "so irritating that the called party will answer promptly."

"I don't think we like to put it that way," said the engineer, "but there is a certain amount of that in the design. Mr. Examiner, if I may comment, we usually call it 'urgency.'" (Surprisingly, the hospital won.)

Is there any sound that cries out to be stilled with more urgency than a phone's insistent ringing? Yes—the "screamer" they slap onto your line if you try to leave your phone off the hook. Does anything try your patience like waiting for a phone booth? Is a two-minute wait for a busy executive in his reception room not refreshingly brief compared with two minutes on hold waiting to talk to the same person on the phone?

Much of the urgency associated with the telephone undoubtedly springs from the fear that unless we move fast, we will miss an important call. What earthly frustration rivals-after one has struggled with the front-door lock, thrown his packages to the floor and dived for the telephone-the sound of a dial tone? But this sense of urgency has been conditioned into us by telephone engineers. They don't want us to take the phone off the hook, enjoy a leisurely shower, return the handset to its cradle, then receive a call from a friend who tried us twice while we were doing our toilette. They want us to keep the phone on the hook to keep our friends from using the wires and relays any more than necessary and to interrupt our shower to answer the phone even for a sales pitch from an encyclopedia salesman or, for that matter, an obscene call. The idea is to minimize the amount of time the system's switching apparatus is being used in ways that don't make money for Ma Bell-such as calls that must be redialed because our phone is off the hook.

WATSON, COME HERE, I WANT YOU

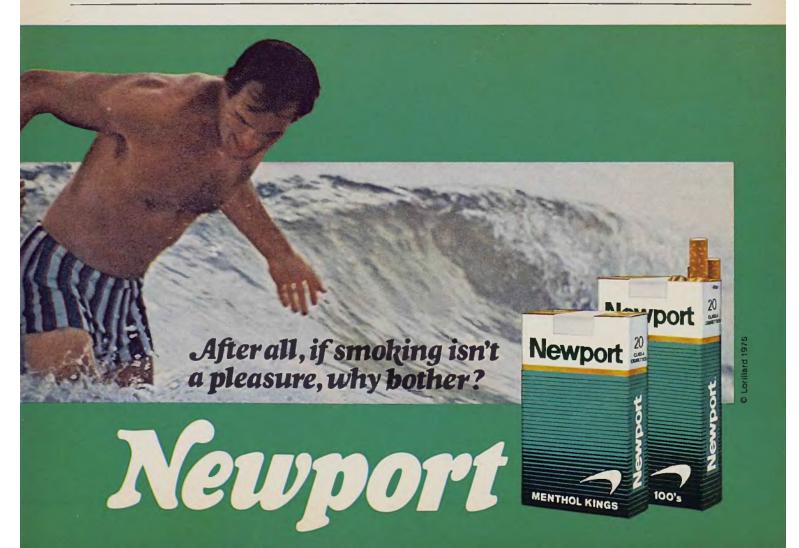
"Perhaps we can talk about it over the phone?"

"There are things that have to be discussed face to face."

- ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, Enemies, A Love Story

VOICE CONTACT NEEDED

 —Indicator light on credit-cardverifying terminal, Ma Bell's Restaurant, New York City



I call the New Yorker magazine library to make an appointment to look through its files for telephone cartoons. The librarian says I can't come up, it's against magazine policy, but she will be happy to describe the cartoons I am looking for-over the phone. Somehow my telephone presence is deemed to be less intrusive and disruptive than my physical presence, despite the fact that the librarian must spend time and energy making word pictures instead of leaving me to rummage. I shrug and waggle my left index finger counterclockwise at my left temple, but the librarian can't see me do either of those things, because we are on the telephone.

Conversely, at my hotel in Rome, I ask the portiere to telephone a concert hall and find out if tickets are available. "Non è possibile." he says, with that

special little smirk they learn in hotel scuola.

"And why is that?" I say with my ugliest American how-much-is-that-inwhat-used-to-be-real-money scowl.

"Because, sir, they will not tell you over the telephone."

"They will not tell you?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because it is necessary to go there personally."

"Oh, well. When in Rome. . . . "

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing-just an old American expression. The full saying is, 'When in Rome, the reason they won't tell you over the phone is because you've got to go there.'

Do I have to tell you that when I got there it was closed?

Face to face is still thought to be more real than phone to phone. The New Yorker librarian wanted me less real, so she kept me on the phone, even though it meant more work. The portiere was intimating that I'd have to get pretty real before an Italian would give me any information. If you visit your doctor and describe your symptoms, you have to pay. If you telephone him and describe your symptoms, you don't have to pay. The medical profession doesn't consider a telephone consultation to be as real as an office visit in which precisely the same information is exchanged. But whether you visit your lawyer or talk with him on the phone for an hour, you get the same bill. Conclusion: Because they believe more fully than doctors in the reality of the telephone encounter, lawyers do less work for free. Alternative conclusion: Because their canon of ethics is too antiquated to allow physicians to charge for work done on the phone, patients who visit the office subsidize patients who do not. Keep in mind that the very first telephone conversation consisted of Bell, who'd just spilled acid on himself. asking his assistant to present himself 188 immediately in the flesh.

An editor once asked Bobbi Cowan, one of the top publicity people in the music industry, why she was in PR. "Because I give great phone," said shethereby giving great phone. Those who are capable of giving great phone are at the same sort of advantage as men with long legs were in the days of mounted shock combat. I know a successful businessman who spends many of his working days at home curled up in fetal position on a water bed in a darkened room, making and taking telephone calls. He goes through extended periods when to be in the same room with a coworker would make him break out in a cold sweat, to see a stranger would make him nauseated. But on the phone, he's Mr. Personality, and the people he does business with undoubtedly visualize him in shirt sleeves at a glass-andchrome desk with a skyline behind him. In reality, he's huddled in a smelly bathrobe, chewing his cuticles, with his head under a pillow, thanking the Lord and Ma Bell that the dial of a Touch-Tone

Trimline lights up.

On the other hand, I've spoken to plenty of people-ranging from General Omar Bradley to Joey Gallo-who may be pushy in person but are pussycats on the phone. But the strongest telephone personality I've ever encountered is neither a general nor a gangster but Hillard Elkins, producer of Oh! Calcutta!, Alice's Restaurant and The Rothschilds and prince consort to Claire Bloom. If there were a way of implanting a mobile telephone in the human body, Elkins would be the first to sign up. He says he could conduct all his affairs over the phone-"meeting someone is merely a matter of protocol." He has a telephone next to his toilet and he uses it to call his secretary, whose desk is eight feet away. In hi-fi terminology, there is a quality known as presence. A reproduced audio signal has presence if it seems to be right there in the room with you. Elkins' resonantbaritone telephone voice is an ectoplasm that transcends space and materializes in the room where you are holding the receiver. He is a master ventriloquist, for, indeed, you never do see his lips move. When you speak, you sound farther away from yourself than he does.

I would not describe Elkins as short, I would describe him as not tall. He identifies very strongly with Napoleon Bonaparte, another producer who was not tall, and his town house in Manhattan's East Sixties is replete with Napoleonic memorabilia. I discovered that Elkins was a radio actor as a youth. I concluded that when on the phone, he acts the part of a large person, large of body, large of soul, large of mind, large of pocketbook, and that he achieves his remarkable presence by intoning his lines as if he were saying "Thank you for welcoming me into your office today."

Every school child knows the story of how the late Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen considered Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson to be his telephonic rival. Ev particularly envied Lyndon's car phone. Finally his own car phone came through and, of course, the first person he called on it was L.B.J., car to car. "Lyndon," he shouted. "How the hell are you?"

"Just a second," said Johnson. "My other phone is ringing."

But two telephones in one limo was nothing compared with what Johnson had over Dirksen once he became President. Whatever future generations may make of Vietnam and holding a beagle by its ears, Lyndon Baines Johnson's place in history is secured by his version of Executive Override. This was the system Johnson had installed that meant that, say, the Secretary of State would be on his white phone ordering a sausage pizza, when suddenly he would hear an operator saying the President was on the line and then, goddamn if it wasn't old Lyndon woofing at him without so much as a "May I?" Talk about concentration of power in the Presidency! What greater clout than never to have to wait on a busy signal?

The telephone-status competition for non-Prexies has been severely complicated by the rise of the lumpen-unlisted number. For a paltry six bucks a year, or for free in some places, you used to be able to show everybody how swell you were by having your number delisted. But in the past few years, the percentage of unlisted phones skyrocketed to over 30 percent as civilians discovered what the stars always knew-that an unlisted number was a nifty way to avoid bill collectors.

Self-conscious telephone-status efforts have lost their punch, anyway. The only kind of telephone numbers that go over any more are ones that radiate a lack of affectation and an abundance of simoleons. William F. Buckley, Jr., gets some kind of award for having a telephone line that's rigged to ring his New York office, his New York apartment and his home in northern Connecticut. leaping tall area codes at a single bound. Perhaps the prize ought to be dinner at Ma Bell's with New York deejay and raconteur Jonathan Schwartz, who is so totally gone over the Boston Red Sox that he spends some \$55 a game to call an accomplice in Beantown who puts the receiver next to the radio so Schwartz doesn't miss a single pitch.

### TELEPHONE OPERATORS

Why else should the female mammary gland have replaced the ringing telephone as the movies' most photographed insert?

> -JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ, More About All About Eve



"They're not making us the way they used to."



"Personally, I wish the whole world was Jewish."

We are indebted to the movie moguls of Hollywood's golden age for rescuing business telephony from the "Whom shall I say is calling?" insipidity of the early days. Mogulhood was impossible without telephonic virtuosity, because the studios had moved to L.A. for shooting weather, leaving the home offices in New York, where the money was. The cliché mogul scenario went something like this:

I. INTERIOR OFFICE CLOSE-UP-Bald, sun-tanned, overweight man with big cigar in mouth screaming into telephone. A telephone bell is heard. He brings another handset to other ear and shouts into it.

2. INTERIOR OFFICE MEDIUM SHOT-He is sitting at an enormous desk alternating between two phones. There are eight phones on the desk. Another phone rings.

MOGUL: Listen, I got a call on another line. Here, you two say hello to each other.

He puts the two handsets together on the desk, the transmitter of each to the receiver of the other. As he picks up the phone that is ringing, another begins to ring. . . .

The most virulent of the virtuosos was Harry Cohn, of Columbia pictures, whose heavily attended funeral inspired Red Skelton to quip, "Give the public something they want to see and they'll come out for it."

Cohn used the telephone as a weapon. He himself didn't get into the office till noon, but he used to phone the studio at 9:30 A.M. to find out which executives 190 were not at their desks. He phoned the

latecomers' offices and left messages for them to call him. Then he refused their calls so they could pee in their knickers about what the old man wanted. Cohn was the inventor of the now-common technique of humiliation by Speak-R-Phone. He amplified telephone conversations while others were in his office, responding to the victim in earnest tones while holding his nose and giving him the finger. Agent Irving Lazar got the picture and began his conversation with a barrage of salty language. "Wait a minute," Cohn cut in. "Don't you know there are ladies in the room?"

"Then maybe you'd better turn off the loud-speaker," said Lazar.

Hollywood heavies still have plenty of telephones. Beverly Hills has 1.6 phones for every man, woman and other human resident. Former Paramount vicepresident Robert Evans, for instance, has 32 phones in his 16-room hacienda. But moguls have mellowed since the days when Jack Warner could declare himself the only person on the Warner Bros. lot authorized to make an outside call. Mario Puzo, noted telephonophobe, describes his initial encounter with Evans, who was in charge of production for The Godfather: "I liked Evans right off for one reason. There were five of us having a conference in his office. He had to take a private phone call. So he stepped into a little closet to take it. Now, Louis B. Mayer would have told the four of us to squeeze into the closet and shut the door so that we couldn't hear him take the call at his desk."

Where are the telephone moguls of yesteryear?

There are those who will tell you that you haven't experienced Alan King unless you've seen him on the Sullivan show. There are those who will tell you that you haven't experienced Alan King unless you've seen him at Caesars. There are those who will tell you that you haven't experienced Alan King unless you've seen him in Miami Beach. Then there is the truth: You haven't experienced Alan King unless you've spoken to him on the telephone.

"The part I love is when the secretaries are jockeying over whose boss must suffer the indignity of getting on the line first," King growls through his 12-button prosthetic ego; then he does

" 'Mr. Zanuck, please, Mr. King calling.'

"'One moment, please . . . I have Mr. Zanuck; is Mr. King ready?'

"'Mr. King is ready. Is Mr. Zanuck ready?'

" 'Mr. Zanuck is ready for Mr. King's call. Do you have Mr. King on the line?'

"'I have Mr. King on the line, Do you have Mr. Zanuck?

'I have Mr. Zanuck on the line.'

"'I have Mr. King on the line ready for Mr. Zanuck.'

" 'I have Mr. Zanuck on the line ready for Mr. King.'

"My secretary isn't going to buzz me till she's got him on the line and his secretary isn't going to buzz him till she's got me on the line. It's a matter of protocol! It's a matter of honor! Someday Zanuck's secretary's gonna give in and Zanuck and King will talk, if they can remember what it was about."

#### LOOK, MA, NO HANDSET

I've got a friend named Chuck Wein who's an underground famous person for having been a director of Andy Warhol's films-Warhol didn't make all of those movies himself, for heaven's sake-and for constantly having his destiny revealed to him by playing cards found lying on the streets of such places as Bangkok, Hong Kong and Perth, Australia. Chuck is also renowned for being the hardest person on earth to reach by telephone. By comparison, Howard Hughes is as accessible as the weather lady. For example, I called the executive producer of Arizona Slim, a soon-to-be-released cinespectacle starring Sean Walsh and-would you believe?-Yvonne De Carlo, to try to sniff out Chuck's latest telephone number, I figured that if you were giving somebody several hundred thousand dollars to make a film, you'd have to be able to call him on the phone to scream at him, right? The E. P. was happy to oblige. Thinking that maybe I had located Chuck a trifle too easily, I dialed the number in L.A. The man who answered told me in advanced conversational Tex-Mex to do something salacious to my grandmother. He didn't sound like anyone Chuck would be living with. I called 17 other numbers I had for him. They ranged from a Chinese laundry in West Hollywood to an all-night masseur who was ready to zip over to my house until I told him it was 2926 miles away. But mostly I got recorded messages telling me that the number I was calling was out of service at the time and to make sure I had dialed correctly.

A while back, Chuck called me and I scolded him roundly for leaving such a trail of used-up numbers behind him that even I, one of the great unsung skip-chasers of investigative fantasy, could not track him down. He proceeded to offer a dissertation on how the telephone had been interfering with the development of man's psychic powers and how "strong minds like ours" didn't need it and shouldn't fall back on it. He explained that he categorically refused ever to have a telephone, that the only time he ever had a telephone number was when the house he was renting at the moment happened to come with one, and that he usually used other people's phones as message drops.

"The telephone did a good job of getting people used to the idea of contacting anybody else in the world instantaneously by knowing their special code," Chuck said. "But once you've got that concept down, you don't need the telephone. You just zero in on whomever you want and beep-boop-boop-boop-beep-beep, you're in contact."

"Maybe you're in contact," I demurred, "but us mortals would rather pay a dollar forty-five for the first three minutes, plus forty-six cents for each additional minute between the hours of eight A.M. and five P.M., Monday through Friday, and put it down as lunch."

"Yeah, well, if you could wean yourself from the telephone," Chuck insisted,
"you'd see that it's just a crutch and
that the most effective form of telecommunication is mind to mind, without
that whole messy expensive tangle of
wires in between. In Beyond Telepathy,
Andrija Puharich, the psychic investigator slash physician who is Uri Geller's
keeper, talks about how a person who is
dialing a phone call is in the adrenergic
state and can act as a telepathic sender,
even to someone who's asleep. So why
bother with the hardware?"

A couple of moons later, I wanted to reach Chuck, because I was off to Tangier to see some people and thought it would be amusing for him to be there at the same time—Tangier having been one of his haunts during the Silly Sixties. I bothered with the hardware and called the number he had last given me. A girl answered.

"Hi. Is Chuck there?" I said.

"Fuck yourself, mister," she said, and she slammed down the phone. Maybe she hadn't heard me correctly. Anyway, she didn't sound like anybody Chuck would be living with, either. So I called every other number I had for him, and they were all duds. Finally, in desperation, I called his mother.

Now, I stop at nothing to get my man, but I don't like to disturb mothers unless I'm absolutely at wit's end. Mothers of grown wild men have got a right to privacy and I know I can't stand it when people call my mommy looking for me. It's like they're the school attendance officer and I'm out somewhere hooking rides on the back of a bus.

Wein's mother's number was out of service at that time and there was no other number.

I gave up. This was ridiculous. Mothers are never supposed to have their telephones disconnected. Home is where, when you go there, there's always a telephone you can use.

So there I am, sitting in the Parade bar in Tangier with Sanche de Gramont, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Secret War*, and his charming wife, Nancy, telling them about this former Tangerine buddy of mine, name of Wein, who I wish they could meet, but I couldn't get in touch with him because he's so weak-minded that he thinks the telephone is not for strong minds.

"What's he like?" says Nancy.

"Well, he's very berserk. He's constantly having strange interludes with peripatetic extraterrestrial do-gooders he calls the space brothers. Chuck Wein is the kind of guy who, when you've been trying to phone him in Hollywood for weeks without success, you're sitting in a bar in Tangier and you turn around and in he walks."

By way of illustration, I turned around and in he walked.

I must have made a face like I'd just seen Marley's ghost, because Sanche and Nancy started laughing. Chuck saw me, acknowledged my presence just as matterof-factly as could be, sauntered over and plunked himself down.

"I've been trying to call you for a month to get you to come here," I gasped.

"Well, I'm here, aren't I?"

It took Sanche and Nancy about 12 bars to comprehend that, no jive, the Chuck Wein I'd been telling them about was sitting at our table. I don't think I'd believe it today if I hadn't been so fortunate as to have been drinking with a Pulitizer Prize-winning journalist. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by A. T. & T.'s Long Lines Department.

I HAVE BEEN PRIVILEGED TO HAVE KNOWN THE COBRA WOMAN OF THE TELEPHONE FOR FIVE YEARS—THREE OF THEM ON HOLD

Once I lived in New York City and spent all my time going to press parties



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IT'S ALL YOURS! SEE PAGE 25.



and openings. Now I live in a cottage on a lake in the mountains and spend all my time looking to the heavens for a sign. I have a gold phone with a long cord that plugs into a jack on my porch. Often when I am outside communing with the great Manitou, I take a break and direct-distance dial the Cobra Woman of the Telephone and ask her to brief me on what went on at the previous day's bashes. "Well, Bianca was there with her walker, Mick whatsisname. . . ." Her voice is like a knife blade skittering across dry ice. If you threw it onto an oscilloscope, you would discover no frequencies outside the narrow audio range of a telephone. Live and in person, the Cobra Woman of the Telephone sounds exactly like the Cobra Woman on the telephone. "Andy was there, of course, but then, darling, he goes to every supermarket opening. One of my other lines is ringing. . . . Let me tell you, gala it wasn't. New York State champagne and franks in blankets. Haven't these people ever heard of catering? Next it's gonna be Gatorade and tortilla chips. Oh, my God, two of them are ringing; just a minute. . . . Listen, I've got London on one line and L.A. on the other, so we're going to have to make it standing up. Let's see, Groucho was there; you'd think he'd be old enough to know better. I mean, you'd never catch W. C. Fields coming to any of these things! Honey, I've got to dash-you wouldn't believe who I've got on hold! Call me later."

There came a point in my life when I realized that telephone society was more real than face-to-face society, that it was more important what the Cobra

Woman of the Telephone said about the extravaganzas of the previous evening than what had gone on there. I realized that I could save a fortune in cab fare, Alka-Seltzer and bills for cleaning spilled Tequila Sunrises off my Lurex tank tops by removing myself to a farm and checking in with the Cobra Woman via A. T. & T. I now know much more New York party poop than I ever did when I actually socialized, because when I call the Cobra Woman of the Telephone, it's long distance-so she keeps all the local yentes flashing impatiently inside their little square clear-plastic buttons while she tells me what I will not believe.

One day the Cobra Woman of the Telephone realized that her best friend, the Dowager Duchess of the Telephone, hadn't rung her to scream about the gaffes of the night before.

"There's only one possible explanation," she said to the Black Prince of the Telephone. "She would have called if she were busy. She would have called if she were out. She would have called if she were in jail. She would have called if she were kidnaped. She would have called if she were sick. So there's only one possible explanation. She must have died."

The memorial service was attended by the entire telephone tree of New York pop society. For two hours that afternoon, the engineers at New York Telephone kicked their pen registers and jiggled their crossbars and scratched their heads; but by the time they had dispatched their crews, traffic was back to normal.





"I've stopped reading 'The Wall Street Journal'; it only depressed me."

## LOVE FOR RENT

(continued from page 82) telephone of Where The Elite Meet is no longer in service. Neither is that of Special Escorts. Supergirls used to carry their own beepers. But there was a bust and they moved out, Rent-A-Gent never got off the ground. There are no good gigolos anymore. If there were, rich ladies would offer to keep them and they would disappear in a flash.

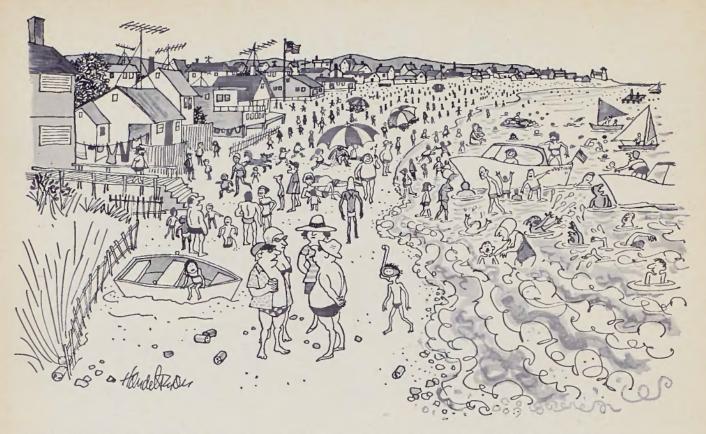
Rent-A-Bird has been around since 1968. It claims to have 150 girls. It also claims to have invented the business and says everyone else is an imitator. Alan Budd has a big belly and a bald head. He wears a bright-blue jacket, an expensive watch and ring. He carries a briefcase with a portfolio of clippings all sealed in plastic. As he puffs on his cigar, he discusses his appearances on TV, having been interviewed by Phil Donahue and been on To Tell the Truth and two of his girls having been on the David Susskind show. Neat and well organized, a teetotaler, straight, square and all business, Budd displays his clips, brochures, notices and items from national magazines, local newspapers, travel guides and even The New York Times.

Rent-A-Bird charges \$55 for five hours and ten dollars per hour overtime. A free car is thrown in. For 24 hours, the rate drops to \$185. There are birds who travel to Europe for as long as a month. The oldest bird is in her 40s. Rent-A-Bird has one mother-daughter team and can supply women who speak any of 14 languages, including Czech and Chinese.

Over the years, the company has weeded out about eight birds who have behaved improperly. Some of the birds get as many as six dates a week, sometimes several in one day, but they say their business is absolutely straight. They use a collector who interviews the client and collects the fee. They do not use a photo book. Budd refuses to discuss the fees paid to his birds or any other business details, but he does have plans to sell franchises nationwide as well as overseas.

Birds must be at least 20. The ideal age is between 27 and 32. They must be dependable, cooperative and intelligent. Beauty standards are not restrictive, but personality is a must. Only the young clients insist on beauty. Excess weight is a taboo. Rent-A-Bird's clients have included an Arab sheik, a former Nazi and a surviving ex-kamikaze pilot. Several priests and one rabbi have hired birds for entertaining and as shopping guides. Sometimes birds are engaged to accompany businessmen's wives or to give solace and advice.

Debbie's father was a high Government official. Debbie graduated from an Eastern college at the top of her class and worked with the Peace Corps for



"I long for the old days, when places like this were still unspoiled by people like us."

two years. She is now 32 and a widow. She had wanted to be an actress, but her father wouldn't permit it. Instead, she became a legal secretary.

Debbie is attractive and very bright. She uses pot, and cocaine if it's available, and she enjoys sex very much. But she tends to remain cool with her clients, especially if they are older. Occasionally, she really gets turned on. She turns down about five percent of her dates.

When she was 29, Debbie answered an ad in the paper and began to hire out for \$20. For eight months she was offered money for sex but always refused. Then she met a guy she liked enough. The next morning, he gave her \$50. That did it. She quit her job and began living the life of a high-class callgirl.

A complete date with Debbie will cost from \$250 to \$300. And she is getting into the administration end of it and expects to manage a service someday. She predicts that the escort business will eventually be totally accepted, though right now it is found only in cities that are on the social frontier: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Atlanta and Miami.

Debbie has had her share of experiences. Once she went to a party at the Sheraton Four Ambassadors with four other girls. It was a very discreet orgy with some Caracas millionaires. One by one, the girls were taken into the kitchen for a private conference. A man offered them \$350 to make it with a 40-year-old woman, the daughter of the premier of a South American country who had always had fantasies of a lesbian scene. Debbie stayed. So did another girl.

She was not turned on by it, but the money enticed her and an abundance of coke helped her over the bumps. The male friend became the director, calling all the shots and the angles as the woman went into a passive ecstasy, smothered by the two awkward but willing, nude, perspiring and very high escort girls.

Sunshine Girls is run by Steve Accardi, who is the Mr. Miami of the escort services. A former lifeguard, clown diver and high diver, he is six feet tall and 198 pounds of tanned muscle. He wears expensive casual clothes. He has a thick waxed mustache, his curly brown hair erect in a full natural. He is half Jewish and half Sicilian. He tools around town in his silver Corvette and plays tennis every day at the Jockey Club, where he also wheels and deals. At night he is at The Executive Club, a reported hangout for the heavies of the crime families, or at Marcella's, Cye's Rivergate or the Old Forge. Steve is 24. He works four hours a day. He expects to retire at 30.

Accardi lives in a small house on a quiet, modest street. His buddy, a lifeguard, lives there off and on. Lois and Tammy were staying there for a while. People-high, low, lightweight, heavycome and go.

The phone rings. Steve signals to Lois, who immediately turns to get dressed. He yells out the name of the hotel and the room number and turns his attention back to the speeding dude with the gold chains around his neck, shirt open, eyes flashing, the guy with the tight friends in Hollywood, with the house in Jamaica, the Rolls-Royce with the English tags parked outside, the guy who knows everybody in Miami, who ran the only topless joint in town for five years, who wholesales grass, who owns a chain of swinging boutiques.

Tammy entwines herself around his neck. She pours wine. She poses and smiles. She stands in front of a lamp that illuminates her nude flesh under the seethrough dress, outlining the subtle curves and planes of her lithe 19-yearold body and clearly revealing that sweetly petite, kinky little bush between her gentle thighs. Tammy would like very much to be kept by Mr. Speedy, who is eternally grateful to Steve for having found him this far-out, dynamite chick. For an hour and a half, he makes phone calls to hotel owners and restaurateurs, forcing them to take ads in Accardi's tourist magazine, bragging about those fantastic "40" Sunshine Girls, bragging about Tammy, giving and taking the latest in gossip. "Man. What can I do 193 for you? What do you want? You did me a solid. I gotta do you one."

Accardi has a girl who covers the office during the day. He goes in about six o'clock. As he talks, he throws darts at a target on the wall, answers the phone, throws his bare, muscled legs up onto the desk. He fell into this business by accident, taking it over from a friend. He's very sensitive about the fact that people might think he is some kind of pimp. But he's bored with it all. It's too slow and too small. He feels he is doing all right, considering his age, but he wants to turn the business over to Debbie and let her run it while he goes on to other things: an interest in a construction outfit that has organized connections, partnership in a tennis/night club, a piece of a modeling school. He wants to move things, to build, to angle and tangle.

The phone rings. Accardi listens to the complaints and then explains that he has nothing to do with the date itself. That's a private matter. Harry is up in his room. Patty is down at the bar. "Tell her to call me." She does. Firmly but with patient exasperation, he tries to explain to Patty how to be Oriental and nice to the clients. He reminds her that she has this

trouble on every date.

All the other escort services are starving, says Accardi. He himself grosses about \$1500 per week. He gets no kickback from the girls. That would be illegal. When he interviews a new escort, he is very careful of what he says, making her open up to him without prompting. And he never balls any of his girls.

The phone rings. It is Mr. Gomez at the Miami Airport Inn. Accardi quotes a price of \$60 for ten hours and describes the date as a short-haired blonde of 21 with blue eyes, about five feet, three. He hangs up and calls his collector, who will earn a \$12 fee. The girl will get \$25 if there is no tip, but this rarely happensjust as no one ever drags out a date to the ten-hour limit.

He hangs up and calls Lisa.

He throws some darts. The phone rings. He picks it up, holds it to his ear for a second and slams it down. It rings again. He picks it up and slams it down. He throws some darts. On a coffee table is the business card of an IRS agent with a note requesting Accardi to call on Monday between nine and eleven.

Most of the girls are out to make only \$200 to \$300 a week. Then they quit so they can swing and get high. Debbie wants \$300 to \$400 every week. They could make up to \$1000 if they pushed hard, but nobody does. Accardi says most of the clients really want companionship, not sex. Some of his girls are dogs. They float among the various agencies and some have to work very hard to earn \$200 a week.

The phone rings. Mr. Gomez. He is from South America. He was just sent a blonde, blue-eyed Cuban. But he didn't want a Spanish-speaking woman. Steve promises a replacement. He hangs up and calls Debbie.

Darts. Talk. Gomez again. About Debbie. Twenty-eight is really too old. They discuss the question of tips, but Steve answers in a vague, distant manner. Finally, he agrees to send someone else tomorrow night.

Mr. Siegel calls. He is at the Fontainebleau. He is 55 and wants a girl who is 30, attractive and sharp. Steve calls Debbie. He calls Mr. Siegel back and explains the setup.

Carol is 24. Brenda is 28. They are sisters and they both work for the same agency. Although they got into the business completely by coincidence, at different times and without the other's knowledge. When she was 15, Carol began traveling all over the U.S. and much of the world. She went back to New York for two years. In Miami, she had two car accidents, went broke and became disgusted with working 40 hours a week and coming home with only \$120. At the same time, she met a guy who gave her the idea of sitting in a make-out joint and waiting for a proposition. Carol will try anything if it represents growth. It worked. A guy offered her \$100 and she

From there she went to the escort service, where she has been working for two months, finding it an interesting challenge calling for a combination of actress and espionage agent. She has very long reddish-blonde hair, large lips, blue eyes, carefully plucked eyebrows. She gets mad if a client passes her over for someone else. A few of them make a big hassle out of it. Some are vulgar and refuse to light a girl's cigarette or open the door.

Mr. Gonzalez calls from the Sheraton Four Ambassadors. He wants a Spanishspeaking girl. Carol gets his number and calls back, explaining about the collector and the fee. She calls several girls, laughing and joking with them, until Barbara agrees to take the date. She calls Mr. Gonzalez. She is sending Barbara, who is 22 and blonde. But there is a confusion. She thought he said non-Spanish-speaking. Call Barbara back and cancel. OK. Call Mr. Gonzalez. Carol is sending him a girl with a lovely figure, not fat, not thin. She is 21 and has short blonde hair.

Her sister Brenda comes into the office, completely pissed off after another bummer. Brenda hates this business. She hates Florida and she hates men. When she started out, she always took a downer before going in to the office and another downer before going out on a date. Brenda has had 11 traffic tickets in the past two months for speeding, careless driving and leaving the scene of an accident. She has used all of the drugs but now is straight, using only an occasional

Carol dropped out of high school and has a big inferiority thing about it. But she did two years of psychotherapy, knows all the jargon of analysis, the concepts and terminology. She is still actively and consciously struggling with her demons. But Brenda is chronically depressed and has a suicidal personality. Her mind is very disorganized and she articulates very poorly. As she tells the endless saga of her drug days, of climbing walls and running away and going hysterical, of losing custody of her sixyear-old son to her ex-husband, her face is a blank, her eyes staring straight ahead, her hands nervously and continuously brushing the hair away from her face with slow, ritualistic gestures. She uses all the hippie phrases, mumbling about dynamite this and dynamite that, like, wow, far out, you know what I mean, you know, like, man it was really groovy dynamite stuff.

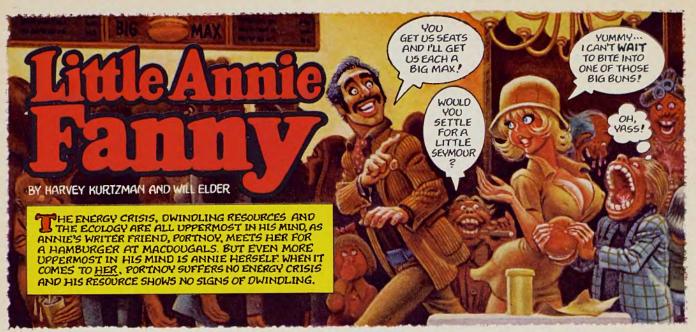
Brenda has been convicted of two felonies and did ten months in the Dade County jail for credit-card fraud. At her first agency, she had to sit in the office with five or six girls from seven until two in the morning. All of them were stoned. After a few months, she quit and got a room at the Millionaire's Club, where she locked herself up for two months. But she had to get back to work. She needs money for a lawyer to attempt to regain custody of her son.

And yet it is Brenda who says she really digs people. If she likes a date at all, she gets emotionally involved. It's all or nothing. Once she rapped for hours with a dirty-looking guy. He was drunk and couldn't get it up. She didn't ask him for any money, but he gave her

Carol couldn't care less. She has an act. She can bullshit and play games, but she really just wants the money so she can go home. Accardi once conned her into a date with a Negro, telling her that he was a personal friend, that his skin was light and he had Caucasian features. Carol went anyway, just to conquer her own hang-ups. The client was a pleasant person. He paid her very well and he was a true sexual athlete. But Carol doesn't like sex. All she wanted to do was get her money and get out.

The phone rings. It is Mr. Gonzalez. He is mad. Lisa is 26 years old. She is married and has kids. He wanted something about 18.

Carol says she will straighten it all out tomorrow and send him another date. What time does his plane leave?



































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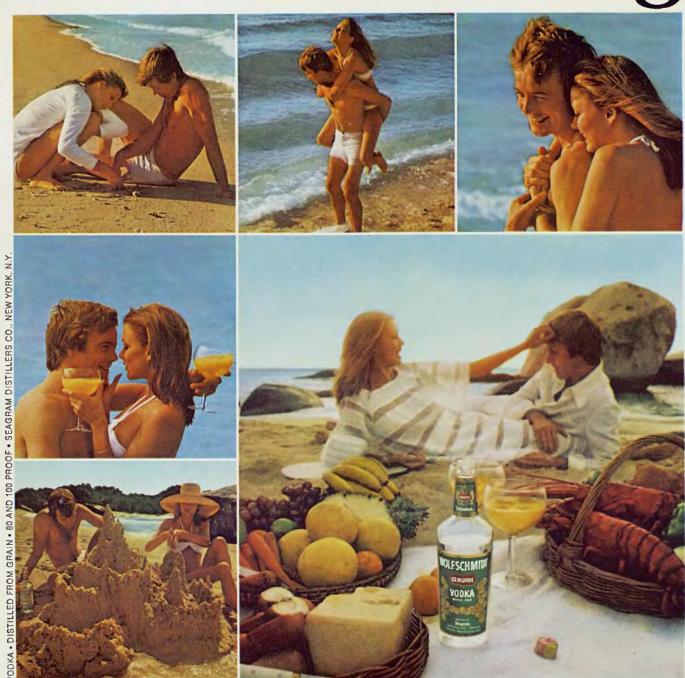
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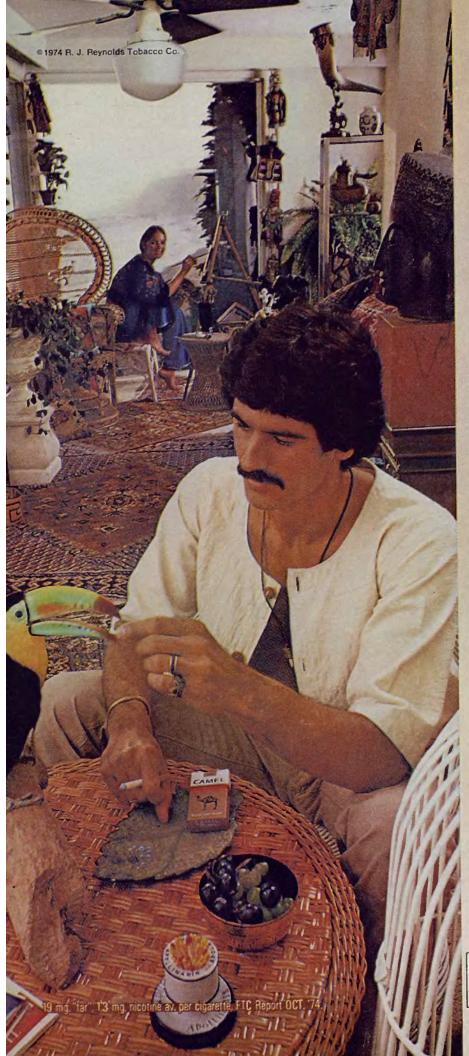
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