

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

*Playmate
of the Year
Lillian Müller*

**A Chilling
Interview with
Sara Jane Moore:
"The Real Reason
I Tried to Kill
President Ford"**

**The Whale War:
High Noon
At Sea with
The Russians**

**Was Richard
Nixon a Wimp in
High School?
Was Ann-Margret?
Raquel Welch?
Playboy Tells All**

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For Your Body!
Speeding
Is Good for
Your Soul!**



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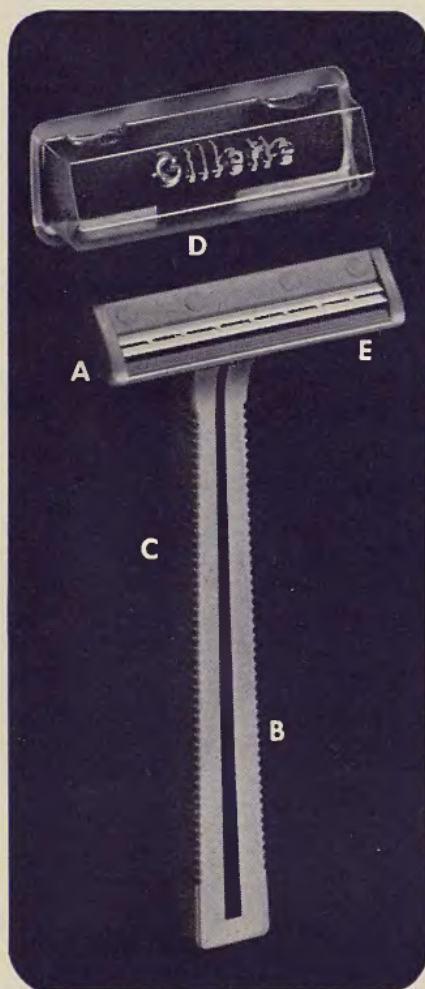


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What makes the Good News! razor so different is **A** it's all one piece. The handle and the head that holds the blades are permanently fused together, forever. That means there's no cartridge or blades for you to load, or mess with, or misalign.

The handle itself **B** is made of lightweight yet durable plastic to give you the soft touch that ordinary razors don't have. Good News! handles like an instrument, shaves with a feather touch.

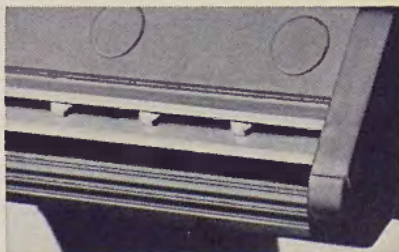
Nicely grooved no-slip ridges **C** that run up and down both sides of the handle make it easy to hold on to under the slipperiest of conditions.

There's even a clear plastic cap **D** that comes with every razor to cover the blades so they won't get nicked while your razor's waiting for the next shave.



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And now about the shave. The Good News! shaving system features twin blades **E** with all the advantages you get with twin-blade action. Smoother, slicker, more comfortable—you name it—the Good News! twin-blade platinum edges have it all. By the way, locking the blades permanently to the handle means you're guaranteed the optimum factory designed shaving angle every time.



Platinum-PlusTM twin blades and handle are set at precise shaving angle.



When the blades are finally dull, you just toss the whole thing away.

And what happens when the twin blades finally get dull? After lots and lots of great shaves, you just throw the whole razor away and reach for another Good News! You change razors instead of blades.

Now here's the clincher. The complete Good News! razor, handle, twin blades, cap and all, sells for only a quarter. That's right. Twenty-five cents. When was the last time you got something really substantial for a quarter. Even



Good News! at quarter price.

the evening newspaper can run you that much these days.

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Good News!



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Come up to KOOL.



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PLAYBILL

ON SEPTEMBER 22, 1975, **Sara Jane Moore** aimed a gun at President Gerald Ford, pulled the trigger and missed. When her lawyer entered a plea of guilty, the case was closed and all evidence sealed. But there were too many questions left unanswered. Frustrated, Moore decided to tell her story to free-lance writer **Andrew Hill**. (The two had met while working on the Hearst-sponsored People in Need program.) The *Playboy Interview* is a startling profile of a troubled victim of the political system. Perhaps most startling is the dispassionate, rational account she gives of an act most would consider insane. An unsettling moment for the editors came when, during a telephone conversation from prison, Moore commented that she'd been reading the *PLAYBOY* series on assassination. "Damn," she said. "I almost made it. I could have become your final chapter." Fortunately, Moore is only part of next month's chapter, while in this issue, in Part VI of the series, **James McKinley** explores the murders of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr. King's case was settled but not solved.

Centuries from now, anthropologists will study broken television sets and rusted automobiles the way they now study bones and pottery shards for clues to a lost culture. **John Leonard**, who left his position as editor of *The New York Times Book Review* to become chief cultural correspondent of that paper, offers his view of television in *And a Picture Tube Shall Lead Them*. **Kinuko Craft** supplied the visuals. To explain our national love affair with the automobile, we flagged down three speed demons. **Dan Gerber** raced for five years, then went on to become a poet, novelist and journalist. Here he gives us a detailed view of vehicular mayhem at *Indy*—*The World's Fastest Carnival Ride*. **William Neely**, who in the past has reported on stock-car racing (fiction) and truckers (fact) for *PLAYBOY*, profiles Indy driver **Dick Simon**, a six-time loser who enters the race every year, despite the fact that he stands little chance of winning. Finally, free-spirited highwayman **Brock Yates** gives his opinion of the national speed limit in *55 Be Damned!*

As anyone who has resisted the urge to throw an empty beer can out his car window knows, the whale is on the edge of oblivion, the victim of an overzealous whaling industry. **Jack Richardson** joined a crew of slightly freaky whale lovers as they put their boat and bodies on the line against a Russian whaling fleet. *The Great Whale Battle* (illustrated by **Roy Schnackenberg**) recaptures the quixotic encounter. Richardson is presently writing a screenplay based on the episode.

And now for the sex: When science writer **Edward M. Brecher** and his son, **Jeremy Brecher** (also a science writer), sat down to discuss the facts of life, they compared notes and made a surprising discovery. *Sex Is Good for Your Health* confirms what we've always suspected. Early to bed, and to hell with wealth and wisdom. Cartoonist **John Dempsey** doesn't need hard facts to prove his point. *The Honeymoon Is Over* offers humorous insight into the sexual habits of the married. *Jenny and the Ball-Turret Gunner*, this month's fictional offering from novelist **John Irving**, is an odd tale of a 99 percent immaculate conception. **Wayne McLoughlin** supplied the artwork. Irving, whose *Brennbar's Rant* appeared in the December 1974 *PLAYBOY*, reports that the story is the first chapter of a work in progress tentatively called *The World According to Garp*. June is graduation time: Yet another high school class prepares to close its lockers and leave the hallowed halls behind. Do people change when they get out in the *real* world? Not especially, says **Ralph Keyes**, the author of *Is There Life After High School?* (The article is an excerpt from a similarly titled book to be published by Little, Brown this summer.) Now that the studying is over, rest your eyes on Playmate **Debra Peterson** or check out **Richard Fegley's** stunning pictorial of Playmate of the Year **Lillian Müller**. With women like that in the world, who needs high school?



HILL



LEONARD



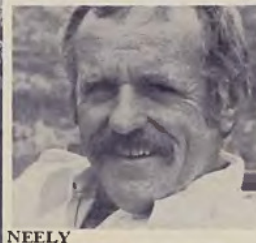
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 23, no. 6—june, 1976

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Working Women P. 92



Speed Trap P. 103



Wet Wear P. 153



Top Playmate P. 132



Picture Tube P. 150

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	21
SPORTS	24
At the Over-the-Line World Championship, the name's the thing.	
MUSIC	28
National Lampoon, Burning Spear and the latest from Barbra.	
MOVIES	32
Watergate, W. C. Fields, kids' baseball and Robin Hood for adults.	
BOOKS	40
Bernstein and Woodward's long-awaited new book on Nixon's last days.	
SELECTED SHORTS	
LOST IN THE STARS	RICHARD RHODES 42
If extraterrestrials get our message, their only response may be "Huh?"	
THE SAFETY FETISHISTS	CRAIG KARPEL 43
This year's new safety standards may well be the death of us all.	
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	45
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	51
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SARA JANE MOORE—candid conversation ...	69
Once a mild-mannered suburban housewife/accountant, Sally Moore reveals the real reason she attempted to assassinate President Ford.	
JENNY AND THE BALL-TURRET GUNNER—fiction	JOHN IRVING 88
A nurse discovers how to have an—almost—immaculate conception.	
CAUTION: WOMEN AT WORK!—pictorial	92
Thanks to fem lib, you find ladies doing macho things these days—like working oil wells and operating jackhammers. Ah, but there is a difference!	
THE GREAT WHALE BATTLE—article	JACK RICHARDSON 98
Our author joins a crew of ecologists out to get between the Russians and the endangered whale. The Russkies, as it turns out, have no sense of humor.	
AMERICA AT SPEED	
55 BE DAMNED!—article	BROCK YATES 103
Nobody's paying much attention to that ridiculous speed limit, least of all our author, who tells how to get around it.	
THE WHOLE HERO-DRIVER'S CATALOG—merchandise	104
The latest in driving gear to make the open road a joy.	
WORLD'S FASTEST CARNIVAL RIDE—sports	DAN GERBER 106
A former race driver provides an inside account of the ritual of Indy.	
LIFE AMONG THE ALSO-RANS—personality ...	WILLIAM NEELY 178
Dick Simon is not your typical Indy leadfoot. He wouldn't mind winning, but, for him, that's not the name of the game.	

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COVER STORY

Our Playmate of the Year cover was shot by Japanese lensman Ohta, whose fashion photographs appeared in *PLAYBOY* last January. Ohta had never dealt with a Playmate before. "I was frightened at first," he says. "I expected Lillian to be pampered. But she turned out to be an extremely professional model." We could have told him that.

VODKA!—drink EMANUEL GREENBERG 109
The drink of the Cossacks may turn out to be the only reason for détente.

DEBBIE'S DREAM—playboy's playmate of the month 110
Ever since she was 14, Debra Peterson has wanted to be a Playmate—that's what we call manifest destiny.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 120

PRIVATE EYES—modern living 122
Everything you always wanted to know about telescopes, like how to get a clearer view of that redhead on the 37th floor of the building next door.

SEX FOR YOUR HEALTH—article . . . EDWARD M. & JEREMY BRECHER 125
Need a good come-on gimmick? Here it is. Medical evidence proves that doing it will keep you young, active and alive, among other things.

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION—article . . JAMES McKINLEY 126
The death of Malcolm X may have been a gangland hit, but the killing of Martin Luther King, Jr., remains the most suspicious of them all.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial 132
The envelope, please. And lo, August Playmate Lillian Müller leads all the rest.

PRETTY KATE OF WINDSOR and TENEMENT TO LET!—ribald classics . . 145

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS—merchandise 147
A contemporary treasure-trove for men of achievement.

AND A PICTURE TUBE SHALL LEAD THEM—article . . JOHN LEONARD 150
The former editor of the *New York Times Book Review* takes a witty look at the one-eyed monster and concludes that television is the only thing holding this nation together.

JUST ADD WATER—attire DAVID PLATT 153
As far as today's swimwear goes, a little goes a long way.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?—article RALPH KEYES 157
Everyone goes through it, everyone gets traumatized one way or the other. Even the famous, whose high school experiences (and yearbook mug shots) are featured in this nostalgic walk down memory lane.

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER—humor JOHN DEMPSEY 159
A cartoonist's-eye view of marriage's rocky road.

THINK TANK 188
Quick hits on video-disc technology, a weird Navy project, research into the chemical transfer of learning and mineral shortages.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 206



Carnival Ride P. 106



Whale Bottle P. 98



Driving Gear P. 104



Dream Girl P. 110



Healthy Sex P. 125

LA CHAPPELLE OF BERNARD DAILEY'S IN LOS ANGELES. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: CHARLES W. BUSH, P. 3 (2); DAVID CHAN, P. 122-123, 190; RICK CLUTHE, P. 3; MIKEL COVEY, P. 3 (2); BILL FRANTZ, P. 22; SHYLA IRVING, P. 3; TOM KELLER, P. 3; HEINZ KLUETMEIER, P. 3; JOHN MCCORMICK, P. 3; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3; POMPEO POSAR, P. 12, 111 (1); SUZANNE SEED, P. 3 (2); VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3 (2); UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL, P. 126 (2), 127 (1), 129 (2); RICHARD E. VEITH, P. 3; WIDE WORLD, P. 126 (3), 127 (3), 129 (1), P. 109. DRESS DESIGNED BY ANDREA KALISH ARSENAULT.

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Civic CVCC 1488cc	Price**	EPA Mileage Estimates*		
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Sedan (4-Speed)	\$2979	42	32	36
Hatchback (4-Speed)	\$3189	42	32	36
(Hondamatic)	\$3349	33	25	28
Wagon (4-Speed)	\$3419	37	26	30
(Hondamatic)	\$3579	32	24	27
5-Speed Hatchback (All states, except Calif.)	\$3469	47	35	40
(Calif. Model)	\$3469	44	31	36
Avg. Sedan/Hatchback (4- & 5-Spd.)		43	32	36
Civic 1237cc (Not avail. in Calif.)				
Sedan (4-Speed)	\$2729	41	28	32
Hatchback (4-Speed)	\$2939	41	28	32
(Hondamatic)	\$3099	30	24	27

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1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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TO JOG OR NOT TO JOG?

I don't know where you found Dr. J. E. Schmidt, but in publishing his article *Jogging Can Kill You!* (PLAYBOY, March), you probably killed more young men than jogging ever will.

Charles Davant, III, M.D.
Blowing Rock, North Carolina

I found Dr. Schmidt's article on the hazards of jogging to be informative and opportune, considering the daily damage done to and by those countless, uninformed health seekers pounding the sidewalks of suburbia.

William Eaton
Oxford, Mississippi

What disturbs me as much as Schmidt's failure to include any references for his conclusions is his failure to offer any alternatives. We at the N.J.A., with the support of over 1000 jogging doctors represented by the American Medical Jogging Association, recommend vigorous, regular, nonstrenuous exercise; for those who like it and can do it successfully, jogging. The alternative is to criticize, offer no plan of positive action, grow fat and die early.

Rory Donaldson
National Jogging Association
Washington, D.C.

While it is true that running can, in some people, create back problems and perhaps a few other maladies, I feel that the therapeutic benefits by far outweigh any deleterious effects.

Buddy Edelen
1964 Olympic Marathon Runner
Alamosa, Colorado

Unadulterated garbage.

Dana J. Passig, D.C.
Davenport, Iowa

Popycock!

Neil I. Cohen
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Get off your ass, Dr. Schmidt—jogging can save you!!

Fred Volpe
St. Louis, Missouri

I am an orthopedic surgeon and I have never seen a jogger with sacroiliac trouble. Moreover, the ligaments and supporting structures of the body do not

necessarily give way with repeated stress. In fact, repeated functional use of a part, if not overdone, will strengthen and enlarge it so that it can withstand more trauma than before.

Bruce A. Miller, M.D.
Lincoln, Nebraska

I can hear the armchair athletes of our great nation belching their approval in unison as they lull themselves to death with the false belief that their nightly walk to the carbohydrate cooler in their kitchens is sufficient exercise to stave off an imminent myocardial infarction for another day.

D. C. Parker
Administrative Director
Spa Fitness Centers
Grand Rapids, Michigan

As a registered pharmacist trained to fit trusses, I've been surprised by the number of young men needing them. Thanks to Dr. Schmidt's fine article, I now know why they need them.

Charles R. Pelham
Andalusia, Alabama

TUCK TALK

The 1976 Democratic Handicap (PLAYBOY, March), by Dick Tuck, is highly readable, fascinating and provocative. I am circulating it among my political advisors.

Governor Thomas P. Salmon
Montpelier, Vermont

There is no doubt that *The 1976 Democratic Handicap* is up to Tuck's usual standards.

David Jensen
Associate Press Secretary,
Governor's Office
Sacramento, California

My staff and I enjoyed reading Dick Tuck's article.

Senator Gary Hart
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Tuck's article is a testimonial to his innate sense of humor.

Governor Ray Blanton
Nashville, Tennessee

While I am obviously not an insider when it comes to Democratic politics, the conclusion of Tuck's article might

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After Shave 4 oz. \$3.00, 8 oz. \$4.50
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not be as farfetched as it would appear on the surface. This should be a very unpredictable year in politics, and almost anything could happen in New York City.

Governor James E. Holshouser, Jr.
Raleigh, North Carolina

KING LEAR

Thank God for Norman Lear (*Playboy Interview*, March)! It is nice to know there is at least one producer who gives a damn about the quality of programming fed to the American public. I love his idea of cramming the classics down our throats. I would much rather digest Chekhov or Miller than be forced to swallow *The Rookies* or *S.W.A.T.*

Ronald R. Rowe
Hagerstown, Maryland

Norman Lear is a producer-creator-writer, but, more important, he has become the voice of all those who want to see network television mature and grow.

David Levy, President
Wilshire Productions
Los Angeles, California

Lear is a rip-off master who never had an original thought in his life and practices all the cheap-shot tactics of the way-out liberal urban elitist who imposes his value systems on an incurably ignorant majority.

H. Garcia
Corrales, New Mexico

Three cheers for Norman Lear! I thought people like him went the way of the dinosaur. It's about time somebody challenged the network executives as to what is acceptable fare for us corn-fed, middle-American, small-town hicks!

Gayle Plummer
Wentzville, Missouri

I am enthusiastic and grateful for the fact that Norman Lear is among us.

John Cheever
Ossining, New York

CORRECTION

In *Vengeance Under the Law* (PLAYBOY, August 1975), it is stated that "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." I happen to be Larry D. Grathwohl and know for a fact that the above statement is not true.

Larry D. Grathwohl
Hayward, California

ANN'S FANS

Your March Playmate, Ann Pennington, is terrific!

Robert M. Carse
Chicago, Illinois

I've always wondered why you rarely show any of your Playmates wearing

eyeglasses. I seriously doubt that all your centerfold girls are gifted with perfect vision, especially considering how gifted they are otherwise. Glasses are sexy!

Greg Sawyer
West Lafayette, Indiana

Maybe you're the one who needs the glasses, Greg. As you can see (can you



see?) by this centerfold shot, our March Playmate, Ann Pennington, is, indeed, bespectacled. Maybe you ought to clean your lenses once in a while.

POLICE STORIES

Re Laurence Gonzales' *Who Can Arrest You?* (PLAYBOY, March): Police officers are human beings. Contrary to public opinion, we eat, sleep, have feelings and families and occasionally even laugh a little. No one values a person's constitutional rights more than a police officer does. That's because we are treated as second-class citizens. We are not able to enjoy the protections of the U. S. Constitution as the ordinary citizen does. It is a pity that those people who hate us can't themselves be put in our unenviable position in life. Perhaps Gonzales should examine his research a little more closely before writing such unfounded baloney.

James P. Storney
The Professional Policemen's
Protective Association
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I thank Laurence Gonzales for calling me the Saint Jude of homicide, the patron saint of hopeless cases. (I only wish I were.) I concur with many of his points; however, I take exception to some of his statements. He mentions that in 1974, only 81 percent of those arrested were

prosecuted and then only 61 percent of those were convicted as charged. This does not necessarily mean, as Gonzales implies, that the remaining arrests were mistakes. All policemen know that many people are released despite their guilt because of legal technicalities and the lack of good investigative work on the part of the police.

Sgt. Gerald T. McQueen
Manhattan Homicide Task Force
New York, New York

The answer to controlling crime, as Gonzales implies, does not lie in the random proliferation of police. It lies in cleaning out the ghettos and giving every man and woman an equal chance to make a decent living.

Carter Benson
Miami, Florida

A spectacular job of research, consolidation and logic.

Patrick Owens
Newsday
Garden City, New York

We're living under martial law and we don't even realize it.

Arnie Baxter
San Francisco, California

Laurence Gonzales' article virtually scared the hell out of me. I never realized that there were so many cops crawling around our country.

Mike Sibley
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Gonzales has to be a total cop hater. For example, he states that in Chicago, 33 citizens were shot and killed by police but only four cops were killed by citizens. Were those 33 citizens just innocently walking down the street or were they engaged in a felony that justified self-defense?

Gerald S. Arenberg, Executive
Director
American Federation of Police
North Miami, Florida

If Gonzales had checked into the true reason for the drop in crime rate in Albuquerque during a recent police strike, he would have discovered that when the local citizenry takes up arms to defend itself from criminals, the rewards of crime become goddamn hairy and most unhealthy, because Citizen John shoots first and asks questions later.

K. Jay Leonard
Moline, Illinois

Gonzales' attempt to discredit efforts of law-enforcement agencies by suggesting that because only 81 percent of those arrested in 1974 were prosecuted, the remaining 19 percent were mistakes is absurd! Did he consider that perhaps the vast majority of those cases were delayed

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by defense motions and most of the other charges dropped by the complainants?

William B. McDonald, President
National Police Pilots Association
Shenorock, New York

Gonzales replies to all comers:

I do not hate cops and those who read the article carefully should have seen that. The piece is about the proliferation of police in this country and seeks to answer some questions, including the one posed by the title. I am in favor of police, but I am against continuing to increase their numbers and power when it has no apparent or real effect on crime. When police can kill citizens, and even a member of the American Federation of Police has to pose the question as to what these citizens were doing at the time they were shot, there seems to be a clear need for more thorough investigations of these incidents. And if the real reason the crime rate dropped in Albuquerque was that police protection was replaced by citizen protection, that may be yet another good argument for arming the citizens and reducing the number of police and the range of their power. As to McDonald's objection, he is correct—the figure may be lower due to cases that are dropped.

HOW TO DOERS

I enjoyed *How to Do Everything*, by Peter Passell, in the March issue of *PLAYBOY*, especially "How to Trace Your Family Tree." As a longtime amateur in genealogical research, I find it to be very well written.

Kermit B. Karns
Kansas City, Missouri

I was very sad after reading the section on how to calculate my life expectancy, since it showed I had died ten years ago. The net result is that I died before I reached 25. Can I use your chart to ask Social Security to refund my contributions, since I won't be able to collect on them, or at least can I get a charitable write-off for said deductions?

Albert C. Farrell
Beverly Hills, California

SPRINGSTEEN VOCALS

I'm a Springsteen addict and I never thought it possible to capture his performances in print. But *PLAYBOY* has come very close. James R. Petersen's *The Ascension of Bruce Springsteen* (*PLAYBOY*, March) is one of the finest pieces I have ever read on the incredible performer and his equally incredible E Street Band.

Mark A. Lyvers
Riverdale, Maryland

As a guitarist and self-appointed music critic, I think *Born to Run* is the most appalling example of the recording industry's all-out hype job. Apparently,



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REMAINED PURE IN PUBLIC
AND PRIVATE LIFE TO THE LAST"**

PETER JOHANN MILLER
1710-1796

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the industry can take anything it can press into vinyl and, through a seven-digit promotional campaign, sell millions of records.

Pfc. Jack Seeley
APO New York, New York

A hearty E Street congratulations to James R. Petersen for his outstanding character study of Bruce Springsteen. He did what *Time* and *Newsweek* could not; he captured Bruce on paper.

B. Douglas and O. Charles
The Backyard Bombardiers
Jungland, New Jersey

SHORT TAKES

The Middle-Class Squeeze (Selected Shorts, PLAYBOY, March), by Craig Karpel, really says it like it is. Never have so many been screwed by so few, though as our bureaucracy grows, so increases the number of screwers.

Tom Ellis
Redondo Beach, California

L. Rust Hills mentions in *Help! Pleh!* (Selected Shorts, PLAYBOY, March) that it may mean something that SERUTAN is NATURES backward, but it means nothing that TUMS is SMUT. However, I'm sure that he would be interested in the significance of the soap that you wished everybody used: DIAL, which equals LAID.

Sam Welker
Springfield, Missouri

FIRE BUGS

We of the Manitou Springs Volunteer Fire Department appreciate your *Fire Belle* pictorial on the all-American fireperson, Vicki Cunningham. We've got 50 members and I'll bet we bought at least 100 copies of the March issue.

Verne A. Witham, Fire Chief
Manitou Fire Department
Manitou Springs, Colorado

In my 27 years in the fire-fighting profession, I have never seen fire equipment as beautifully displayed as it was when wrapped around Vicki Cunningham. You can be sure that the March issue of PLAYBOY will be a permanent fixture in our firehouse. Vicki can slide our poles any time.

Lt. H. Mead
Cortland Fire Department
Cortland, New York

Your March *Fire Belle* feature lit more general-alarm fires in more firehouses than any other pictorial in PLAYBOY. One question, though: Why couldn't you have used our firehouse?

Jeff DeBell
Somers Volunteer Fire Department
Somers, Connecticut

You should have seen our waiting list, Jeff.

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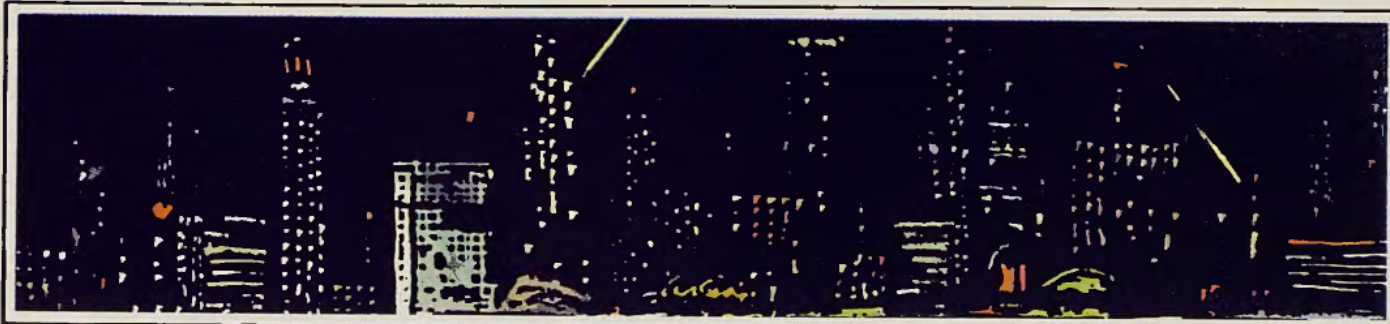
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Never shake hands with a Snowbird. In an article titled "Flying with the Snowbirds" (Snowbirds are the Canadian Armed Forces Aerobatic Team), *Canadian Aviation* stated: "Later, in the 409 Squadron briefing room, the Snowbirds reviewed their performance from start-up to shutdown. Debriefing was accomplished with short, sharp ejaculations and a lot of hand movements. The men were not happy with what they had done."

We always knew he was a dope. Former President Nixon has achieved a dubious honor in Egypt. Smugglers have named a type of hashish after him.

Stick it up your hypotenuse. According to the Victor Valley (California) College fall-semester bulletin, the mathematics department will be offering two courses in "Anal Geometry."

A star is born: An amateur astronomer in Raleigh, North Carolina, was looking through his telescope one night when he saw a strange movement taking place low in the sky. He looked out the window and promptly called the police, who arrested three men on the roof of a nearby store. The celestial phenomenon turned out to be the rise and fall of an ax being used to chop a hole in the roof.

The Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, *Globe-Times* reported an elderly nun stopped at the Five Points Adult Book Store, only to learn that her idea of adult books was not the same as that of the store's manager. She thought it meant the store didn't sell children's books.

Senator William Proxmire has been criticizing Government-financed research projects as time and money wasters. Specifically, he questioned the usefulness of a \$102,000 project to study the effects of alcohol on sunfish and a \$90,000 project

that attempts to turn rats into alcoholics. "Over the years," said Proxmire, "they've spent literally millions of dollars to turn normal rats into rodent lushes with little or no success."

A blow for law and order from the Troy, New York, *Times Record*: "Moderate head increases crime; extreme heat curtails it."

A California movie-theater marquee recently advertised the following double feature: *The Happy Hooker* and *Your Three Minutes Are Up*.

Must be a new form of orthodontia we haven't heard about yet. The following two classifieds were printed in the New Smyrna Beach, Florida, *News & Observer*: "For Sale—False Teeth, size 36-B cup.



Reason for selling: Too Small"; and "For Sale—Bra, like new. Reason for selling: Hurts my gums."

And we thought he was hiding out in Argentina. . . . The Albanian government has proclaimed that all citizens whose names do not conform to the nation's "political, ideological and moral standards" must change them. A government spokesman gave, as an example, a woman whose last name is Hitler. "We have so many nice Albanian names, such as Alban and Mimosa," the official said. "They are certainly nicer than Hitler."

The *Pensacola Journal* reported the following bizarre story: "A shotgun-wielding Fort Walton Beach resident . . . caught the man he claims had been peeing through a window at his wife."

Lawn enforcement: A Macomb County, Michigan, woman kept getting wrong-number calls from people asking if the "grass is cut" and if it were "OK to pick up the grass." Suspecting that marijuana dealers were trying to call suppliers, the lady managed to get the correct number and gave it to the state police, who investigated. The number turned out to be that of a sod farm.

A talk-show host in Vancouver, British Columbia, unfamiliar with Scottish customs, asked a lady traveler who was describing her recent trip to Scotland to explain what a sporran is. (It's the fur pouch worn at the front of a kilt.) Without a moment's hesitation, she replied: "It's that hairy thing that hangs between a Scotsman's legs."

Three Akron, Ohio, businessmen are marketing a deodorant called Mafia Protection with the slogan "Your personal bodyguard."

To encourage borrowers, the San Francisco Public Library system has come up with the catchy slogan "There's more to libraries than meets the eye." That phrase was proved more than accurate

when two library employees were caught *flagrante delicto* under a table in the library commission chambers. Said San Francisco's city librarian, pool-pooling the fuss: "This occurred during their luncheon break and involved no expense to the taxpayer. Unlike most proceedings in the commission chambers," he added, "their efforts rose to a climax."

Inspired by the fact that the number of divorces in America last year exceeded 1,000,000, Chicago photographer Louie Grenier has devised an interesting alternative to the wedding album—a divorce album. For a fee of \$200, Grenier offers to stay with the couple all day, taking candid shots of them during the divorce crisis. Some examples of what sort of pictures will result are: husband and wife arguing with each other; husband and wife dividing up possessions; bruises, black eyes and other physical manifestations of "mental cruelty"; poses of the departing partner packing and portraits of mistresses and boyfriends.

Isn't this carrying the Father of his Country image a little far? The Midwest Breeders Cooperative of Shawano, Wisconsin, is having a special Bicentennial Semen Sale. The ads, complete with a picture of George Washington, are offering seven pipettes of semen for the price of six.

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for their efforts to control overpopulation and sinus congestion: scientists at the Medical Research Institute in New Delhi, India, who recently developed a contraceptive nasal spray.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

Yes, fellas, now even you, and I mean you, can learn how to pick up girls in your spare time! Tall ones, short ones, thin ones, tubby ones, light ones and heavy ones—you name it. By following a few simple rules, even the weakest excuse among you will suddenly be able to pick up, with no muscle strain, girls who weigh up to 500 pounds—or your money back! By studying the following fool-proof techniques, you'll learn not only how to pick them up but also how to avoid hernias, how to utilize modern lifting techniques, how to overcome timidity, how to deal with resistance and how to hold a girl in the air for as long as two hours!

Just memorize a few of our guaranteed techniques and you're on your way.

The Direct Approach

Some girls really get off on this approach—for them there's nothing more charming and cavalier than a blatantly aggressive fellow who will walk up to them in a crowded bar and pick them up right off the floor. How can you do this? Simple. First of all, have confidence in your ability to move women. Be brash. (After all, a singles bar is no place for timidity.) Approach the girl, place your arms around her waist, bend your knees and just lift away. She's bound to be impressed by your strength and charm!

Over Your Back and Through the Bar

Some girls just won't let you pick them up, no matter how suave and handsome you may be. They will fight you every step of the way. For this type of girl, there is only one approach—stand before her, subtly punch her in the jaw, sling her over your back and make your triumphant exit. This way you will encounter no resistance in



"First of all, have confidence in your ability to move women."

the pickup stage. Also, you'll certainly be the life of the party! And remember: The unconscious pick-uppee will most likely be more amenable to your whims than the conscious one.

Feet First

Just because the normal female stance calls for feet on floor, head in air, is no reason to limit yourself to an ordinary vertical pickup. Be imaginative! Approach her, squat down casually and feign interest in her shoeleather. Then, while she's not looking, grab her by the ankles and sweep her up. You will literally have swept her off her feet! If done with finesse, this technique

resembles the old pull-the-tablecloth-from-under-the-dinnerware trick. Done ineptly, it resembles the old pull-the-dinnerware-off-the-table trick.

Cranes and Forklifts

Thanks to the wonders of modern technology, you, too, can pick up girls who outweigh you by up to 400 pounds with a mere flick of a switch. Forklifts are both cheaper and easier to maneuver than cranes, but there's a certain unmistakable panache in picking up a girl with a crane. Just think of it—there she is, standing on a corner one minute and the next moment she's 50 feet above the ground in the shovel of your crane!

Explosives

If everything else fails, if you simply can't pick her up by using those techniques, try this: Plant a bomb firmly under the girl's feet; a weak explosive can raise a stationary girl at least five feet for several seconds. And it's no strain on your muscles at all. The only trick is getting the girl to stand still while you place a small bomb under her shoes, but if she finds you attractive and amiable, this should be no problem at all.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

"A LESSON IN ARROW-DYNAMICS"

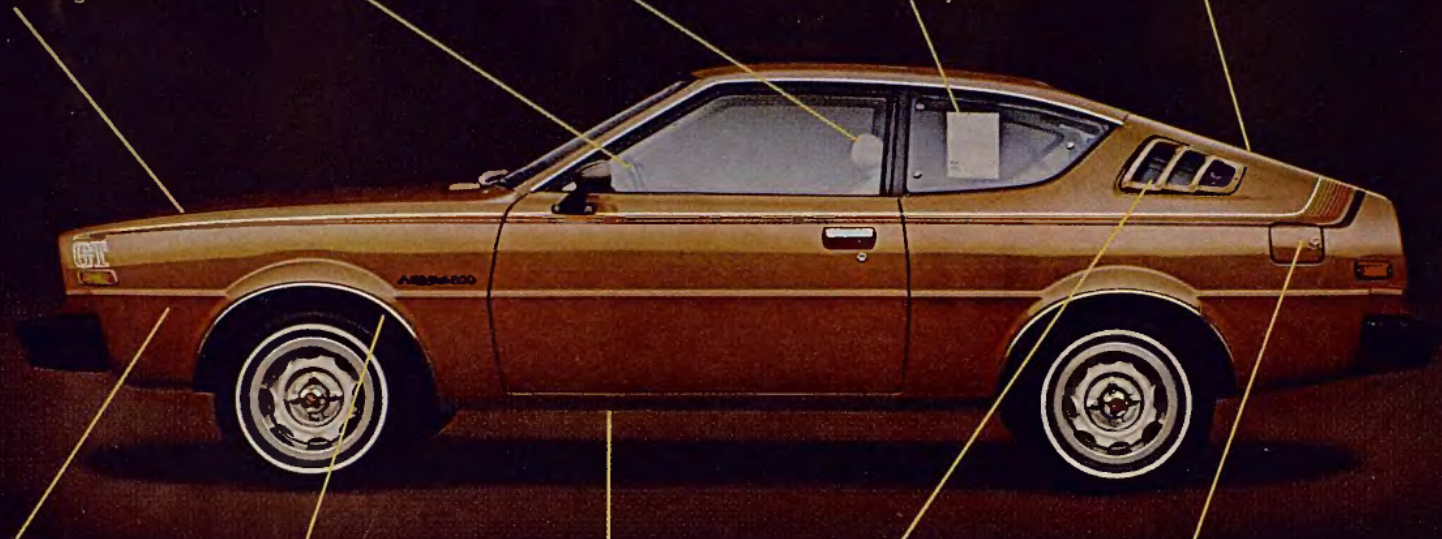
Aerodynamic styling which provides stability in crosswinds, also gives us a very sharp-looking Arrow.

Tilt-steering column and inside hood release.

Standard comfort features like reclining bucket seats and tinted glass.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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hwy. G city
1600 cc Arrow GT, 5-speed.

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

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

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

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



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

SPORTS

For a few days every July, the city of San Diego drops the cloak of conservatism shielding it from the rest of Southern California, that enclave of eccentricity that brought you everything from plastic grass to mushroom milk shakes, in order to host the Over-the-Line World Championship (Captain Pizzgums and His Perverted Pirates 6, Muffdivers 3). A couple of thousand sun-struck competitors gather to play a game invented on San Diego's Mission Beach 23 years ago; according to the sponsoring Old Mission Beach Athletic Club, that puts the O.T.L. tourney (Valley Yodelers 14, Downtown Dildos 12) right behind the Pan-American Games, participationwise. Less partisan observers claim it's more like the West Coast's answer to East-week at Fort Lauderdale.

The idea, as quick-witted readers may have deduced, is for each team to display as much ingenuity as possible in selecting a name. Classic entries from years gone by have included Freddie and The Foreskins, The Public Wealth Department, The Titless Trio, The Sanitary Napkins, The Beaver Ballers, Genitals Prefer Blondes, The Fonda Peter Fan Club, The Tenacious Testicles, The All-Prophylactics and The Nutcracker Sweeties.

This year's tournament is scheduled for July 10-11 and 17-18; if, as seems likely, it is anything like last year's, what spectators are in for is a good, clean display of dirty imaginations (Three Ugly Roots 13, Barnacle Balls Finds Hairpie 10). In the 1975 tourney, about 1200 games were played, making more scores (Trouser Snakes 7, Master Batters 4) than it's possible to include here. But some of the more important ones will be flashed throughout this report, which explains what you've already been seeing and wondering about. Like this: Coming Up the Rear 11, Lick'em, Stick'em and Cum 10.

The game is like softball, only simpler. Each team has three players. A softball is gently lobbed to the batter by a teammate and he or she tries to hit it over a line with boundaries on each side. It's a hit if none of the three fielders from the other team catches it. There are (Late Comers 4, Boston Red Cocks 3) no base



"The top teams take the game seriously, which mostly means they're sober when they play. Serious fans can be readily spotted, because (Gobble, Nibble and Chew 11, Scrotum Stokers 5) they're the ones facing the playing field."

runners; each hit after the third per inning is a run. Each game lasts five innings.

If that sounds about as thrilling as checkers, consider the powerful attraction exerted by the Wool Division for women (Six Tits and Three Slits 6, Three Easy Pieces 2), with teams like Andy's Birds, known around Andy's Saloon as the Bird Sisters: Cindy, Patty and Gloria; 21, 23 and 25; beautiful, blonde and Emerson. (The story goes that in 1973 a Coors-crazed fan achieved a dubious measure of immortality by slurring, "Emerson nice boobs, lady," to every woman he felt deserved the compliment, which was just about every woman there, and his style was so much in keeping with the O.T.L. ethos that the athletic club made it the official cheer. Cries of "Emerson! Emerson!" now echo throughout the throng.)

The top teams (Pull the Wool Under Your Eyes 5, Oral Roberts' Waist High Revival 3) take the game seriously, which mostly means they're sober when they play, and there are even some serious fans, who can be readily spotted because (Gobble, Nibble and Chew 11, Scrotum Stokers 5) they're the ones facing the playing field. One such serious fan is Sam Parker. In order to be at last year's tournament, Sam left his shaded hammock in Yelapa, Mexico, where he was turning

(Chicken Pot Pies 20, Star Spangled Boners 9) the Yelapians on to O.T.L. But since they don't play softball in Mexico, they didn't have the proper equipment; at first they used table legs and coconuts for bats and balls, which was annoying, because after every inning they had to hike back into the jungle for more balls. Sam solved the problem by persuading a wood carver to whittle a bat of softwood for him (Damn Rabbit Died 4, Eddie Haskell All-Stars 2) and wrapping a baseball with corduroy and tape. Anyhow, Sam reached the border at Nogales with \$43, spent \$41 of that on a plane ticket to San Diego and there he was, as he is every year, watching his mother, Scuz Parker, play for the Shallow Throats (Teeney Weenies forfeit to Nine-Inch Hardballers). "I'm just your average fan," said Sam.

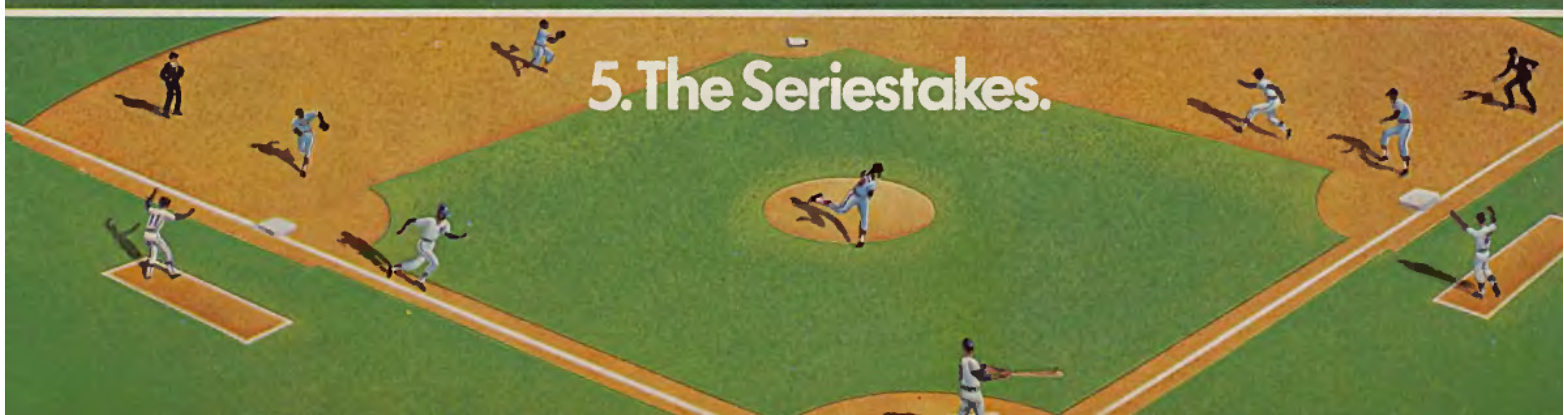
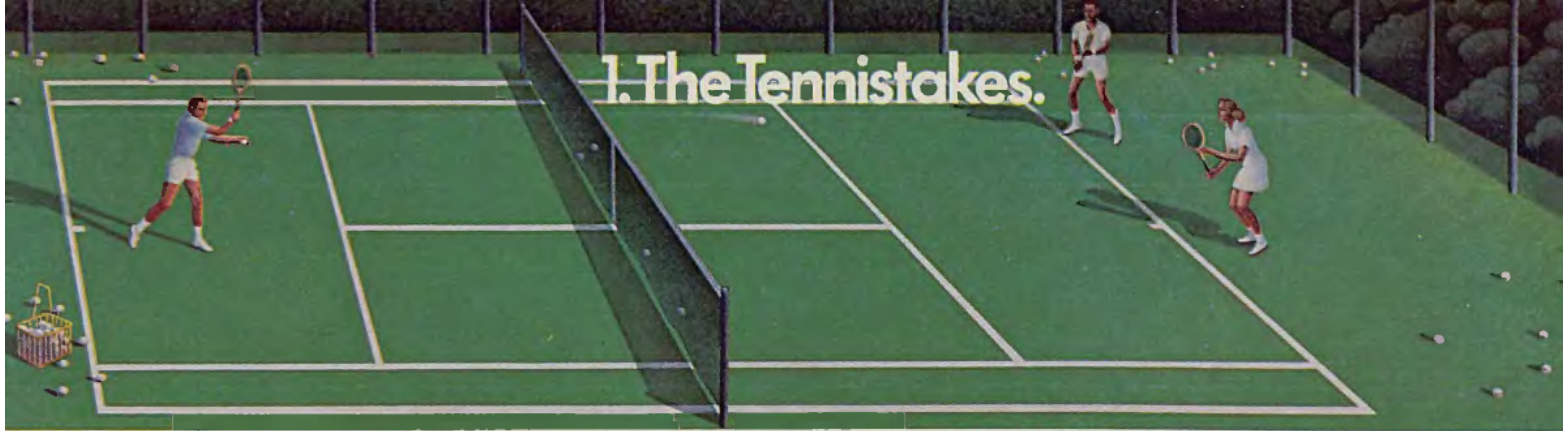
After four days, 50,000 spectators (all for free), thousands more empty beer cans (collected for recycling by local boy scouts wearing ear muffs), hundreds of jugs of wine, dozens of cars stuck in the sand, at least one driven into the bay (Need a Screw 10, Tunnel Tonguers 6) and a few dogfights—the tourney site on Fiesta Island was Mission Beach's dog run and the dogs, being territorial creatures, seemed neither to understand nor to appreciate the intrusion—the finals were played. In the Wool Division, three local junior high school phys-ed teachers who, after school, called themselves the Uncocks (Glad-He-Ate-Hers 7, Buster Hymen and His Two Bloody Buddies 3), their peeling noses testimony to their hours of practice, topped the Sandwiches, 2-1. And in the Open Division, George Brown's Hot Rocks beat the Top Shelf Ramblers, who were the heavies because no one could figure out what their name meant. The Hot Rocks won the final, 14-4, despite an earlier, humiliating loss to the Ramblers, 22-2.

As the sun and dust settled over Fiesta Island and the dogs moved back in, Scuz Parker was heard to wonder aloud, "Wouldn't it be nice if next year Old Faceful would let me be their bat girl?"

Lenny Bruce would have loved it.



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In the theatrical world, satire is what closes on Saturday night. For the perennial adolescents at the *National Lampoon*, however, this bit of conventional wisdom is just so much grist for their year-round, multimedia parody mill. The most recent object of their collective raspberry is that old war horse rock 'n' roll, and on *Good-bye Pop 1952-1976* (Epic), the 'Poon gang gives musical lads of the past two and a half decades the R.I.P. treatment through its by now familiar burlesques of Bob Dylan, Neil Young, soul, country, reggae and English art rock. The trouble is that, with the exception of the Neil Young send-up, the tunes themselves are either wooden and uninspired or, as in *Kung Fu Christmas* and *The B Side of Love*, smarmy and condescending. The best bits by far are the brief appearances of the unflappably hip FM deejay Mel Brewer and his polar opposite, the maniacally inane promo man, Ron Fields, characters from the earlier *Radio Hour*. In fact, aside from the engaging lunacy of the promo man's hype for wailing songs, the best thing about the LP is the explanatory notes on the back. And those you can read in the record store.

Brass Fever (ABC Impulse) is a knockout of a record, filled with driving ensemble work and breath-taking solos. George Bohanon, Charlie Loper, Kai Winding and Frank Rosolino make up the trombone choir on side one; Bohanon, Loper and Garnett Brown handle the chores on side two, while trumpeter Oscar Brashers plays both sides. Jerome Richardson is the reed man on side one; alto-sax man John Handy and flutist Buddy Collette are heard on side two. But whatever the configuration, *Brass Fever* moves along at fever pitch, whether it's Donovan's *Sunshine Superman* or *Bach Bone*, which turns Johann Sebastian inside out. There are no "stars" on this four-star production, but the cast is sensational.

Imagine Barbra Streisand singing German lieder and French art songs. It's like serving hot pastrami with Béarnaise sauce, right? Wrong; according to Lenny Bernstein, *Classical Barbra* (Columbia) is a "sensitive, straightforward and enormously appealing performance." The truth is that, as her career in the movies shows, the lady seems afflicted with a need to



Good-bye Pop: wooden eulogy.

"Most recent object of *National Lampoon's* collective raspberry is that old war horse rock 'n' roll."



Burning Spear: solid reggae.

shift fields and demonstrate for the world how protean her talent is. So now it's classical art songs, tomorrow it may be Gospel music. The album in question is produced by Claus Ogerman, whom you may remember for his fine late-Sixties pop scoring; his string voicings are unmistakable and, on *Brezairola* and Fauré's *Pavane*, fit perfectly with Streisand's dreamy, low-keyed approach. But, in fact, the album is just plain monotonous, though there is a variety of material: a selection from Orff's *Carmina Burana*, lieder by Wolf and Schumann, two Fauré songs and Handel's great aria *Lascia Ch'io Pianga*, along with *Dank sei Dir, Herr*. Only the last seems to challenge Streisand to emerge from her dreamy romantic funk. Add to this the

fact that her Berlitz German is none too perfect and you may be asleep before the last cut on side two. Which would be your loss, because *I Loved You*, written by Ogerman and based on a poem of Pushkin's, is the best thing on the record. Claus plays piano accompaniment beautifully, chording and filling in a modal style. This is the only song Barbra sings in English, and suddenly every word is clear. They've miked her much more closely for this cut, apparently not needing to mask her foreign-language difficulties. This sort of production cheating is not "straightforward," we submit—Bernstein to the contrary. As to the album's enormous appeal, we prefer hot pastrami.

To the handful of Jamaican reggae groups that are finding popularity here, we may now hopefully add Burning Spear. Its first American release, *Marcus Garvey* (Island), is a fine, solid album throughout, revealing Spear as more laid back than either the Wailers or the Maytals and heavier into the African element of reggae than both. Most of the ten songs were written, and all were arranged, by Burning Spear leader Winston Rodney, and they are intensely rhythmic, chantlike and hypnotic. Individual songs do not stand out as, say, *I Shot the Sheriff* or *Pressure Drop* did; rather, the music forms a continuum that pleases and soothes the stoned consciousness without demanding full attention. This is great music for nonhysterical parties, making love and, perhaps, extremely hip elevators.

Before the debut album of *The Salsoul Orchestra* (Salsoul) was available, radio stations were already playing just about all of the cuts from *Tangerine* (brought back virtually intact, which proves that if an old fruit is good enough, you can always squeeze out a little more juice) to the disco-sexy *Chicago Bus Stop*. And, as we went to press, a local station was giving free copies of the record to any new listeners who called in. The music—produced and mostly arranged by Vince Montana, Jr., who plays vibes with MFSB—is supposed to be a combination of Philadelphia disco soul and a little Latin *lupe lu*. As it turns out, it's mostly Philadelphia, and it's also very good, especially *Salsoul Hustle*, *Tale of Three Cities* and *Love Letters*, a ballad on which Montana does some very nice

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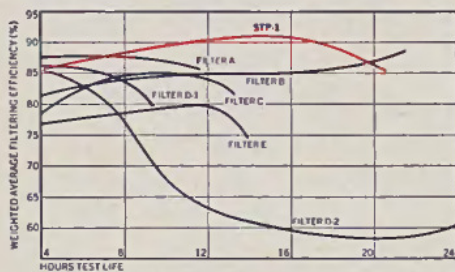
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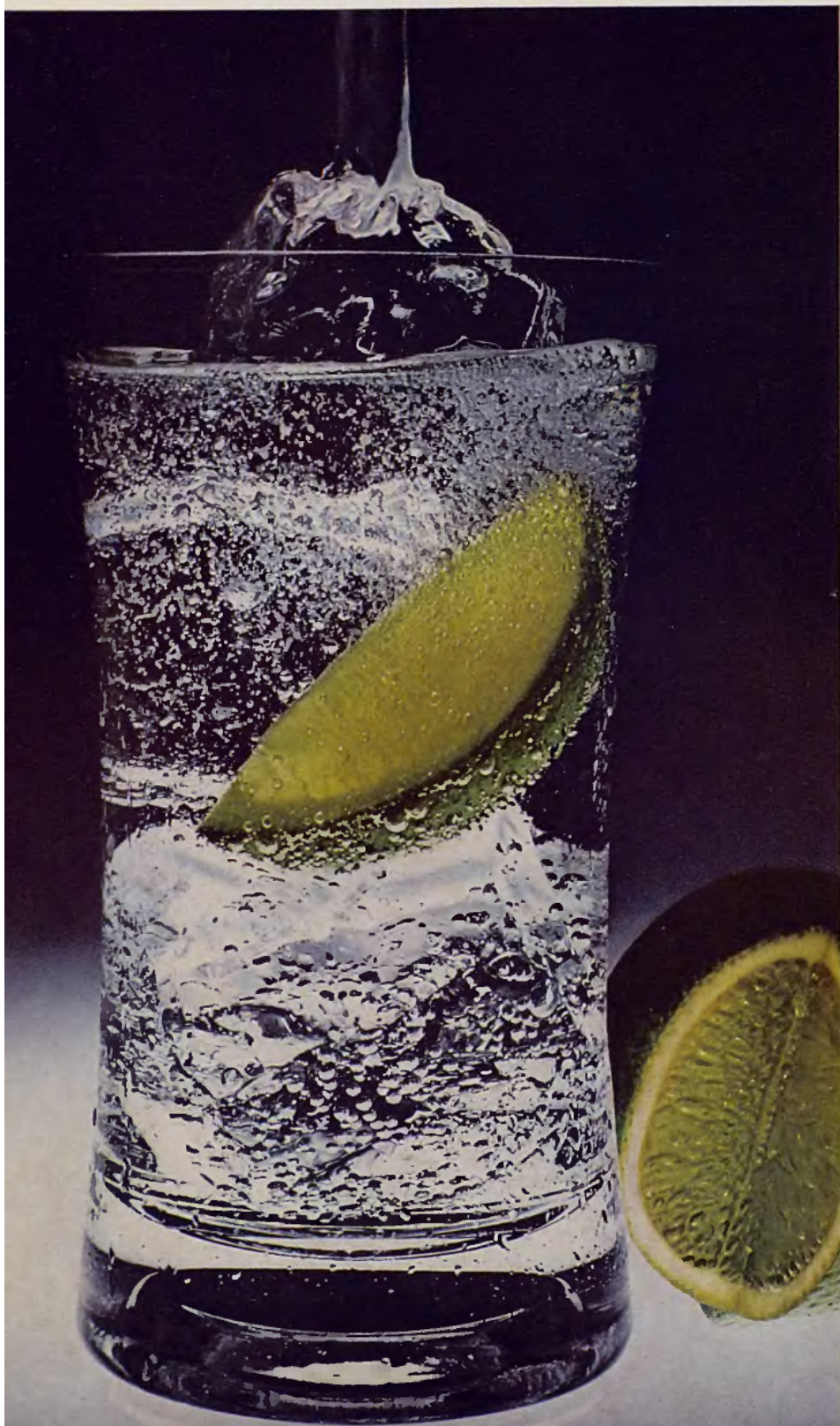
things with his mallets. Of course, when you think about the money that's behind him, how could he not cut a good record? Or, with that promotional campaign out front, how could it fail to sell?

Far too many people have the idea that listening to Chicago blues, especially as played by white musicians, is something that one did at an early age and then grew out of, like reading *Catcher in the Rye* and spending one's sophomore year feeling like Holden Caulfield. This silly attitude is unfair not only to the great black bluesmen but also to the white performers who've stuck with the music since its fall from popular grace. Chief among the latter is Paul Butterfield, whose two excellent albums for Bearsville surpassed anything he did in his *Born in Chicago* days. Now, after a two-year hiatus, Butter is back with *Put It in Your Ear* (Bearsville), which features his brilliant harp playing and strong vocals in a big-band blues setting that's as audacious, and successful, as anything he's done. Veteran producer Henry Glover (Dinah Washington, Ray Charles, Hank Ballard), working with a 25-piece band, has fleshed out Butterfield's expanded musical ideas without overwhelming his unique musical personality, and it's a credit to both of them that big-band Butter sounds better than ever.

Jimmy Buffett could be called the Rona Barrett of the folk-club circuit: The songs on *Havana Daydreamin'* (ABC) chronicle the social lives of the enigmatic floaters who inhabit roadhouses and night clubs, the beautiful ladies barely visible through the smoke, inevitably too fucked up to mess with (but the closer you get to closing time, the less that seems to matter). Buffett's been touring with a band this year, and the album shows it: The music is stronger, with a toe-tapping, ass-kicking romp, which is perfectly suited to the lyric content. Buffett has never been classed with Nashville's country-and-western outlaws, but there is more outrageousness and irreverence on this album than you'll find on all of Waylon Jennings, et al.

Stanley Clarke may have a large following that considers him the top bassist today, but we have to say that every time we hear Ron Carter, we can't believe that there's anyone who can touch him. *Anything Goes* (Kudu) finds the eminent bassist in charge of a group that includes flutist Hubert Laws, guitarist Eric Gale, reed man Phil Woods and the Brecker brothers, all of whom contribute yeoman service; but if you listen close (and sometimes it doesn't have to be that close), you'll hear the dark spirit of Carter's bass suffusing the five tracks. Not overpowering them, mind you—just supplying the perfect rhythmic force field to make the session something special.

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MOVIES

What director Michael Ritchie did in *Smile* to teenaged beauty contests he tries in *The Bad News Bears* to do to Little League baseball (referred to only as "sandlot ball" on film, because timorous Little League officials wanted no part of dugout profanity by both kids and coaches). The Bears, whose jersey pullovers identify CHICO'S BAIL BONDS as the team's sponsor, are ruthlessly exploited, in much the same way the girls of *Smile* were, by status-conscious adult achievers with their own axes to grind. Ritchie's satirical jabs are, however, far lighter in *Bears*, based on a first script by 26-year-old Bill Lancaster (Burt's son), who writes amiably as well as knowledgeably about fair play, pop flies and the fierce will to win. Swarms of precocious youngsters, led by Tatum O'Neal as a 12-year-old ace pitcher, would certainly steal every scene from an ordinary actor. Working under the gimlet eye of Walter Matthau, they are lucky to steal a few bases; without him, in fact, their sassy suburban cuteness might cloy pretty fast. Matthau, easily the most lovable movie grouch since Wallace Beery, plays a drunken minor-league has-been who earns his livelihood as a cleaner of California swimming pools and accepts a spare-time job trying to transform a team of fumbling sprouts into champions. He starts by teaching a couple of them to make a good dry martini. The movie's concentrated action seldom moves off the playing field, and its minimacho gags shatter every taboo a PG rating allows—which simply means that juvenile beer guzzling and jockstrap jokes are ruled OK. While no way related to the Disney definition of a wholesome family picture, *Bad News Bears* is ultimately a sentimental ode to the spirit of good sportsmanship, or maybe a blow for kids' lib. But how many message movies have Matthau on deck to guarantee a grand-slammer?

Perhaps big romantic movies by, for and about adults are not dead yet. Though it often seemed—back in the rash Sixties, when youth cults were in flower—that nothing of real importance could possibly happen to people over 30, director Richard Lester's *Robin and Marian* challenges the vogue for kid stuff with a literate and wordly wise updating of the Robin Hood legend by author James (A Lion in Winter) Goldman. Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn (she gracefully aged and gorgeous after an eight-year absence from movies) poke sly fun in the title roles while adding superstar authority to a larger-than-life grown-up love story. Unlike Errol Flynn's stalwart Robin and Olivia de Havilland's chaste Maid Marian of yesteryear, these 13th Century social revolutionaries—both on



Bears hits a four-bagger.

"These 13th Century social revolutionaries—both on the far side of 40—behave as if they actually sleep together."

Robin and Marian: adult romance.



the far side of 40—behave as if they actually sleep together. As Goldman and Lester tell it, 20 long years have passed

since Robin gave up robbing the rich to help the poor; for a change, he went off to the Holy Land to fight Richard the Lionhearted's religious wars but found the Crusades "a disappointment." Home again with his trusty Little John (Nicol Williamson), Robin meets balladeers singing songs about him, mostly untrue, and sees that the unequal justice of yore is as unequal as ever. The graying, displaced folk hero also learns that his fair Marian first tried suicide, then became an abbess, when the Sherwood Forest gang broke up. "What in hell do you want? You never wrote," she says, eying him quizzically through her cowl. "I don't know how," he answers feebly. Lester's droll but poignant fable for our time looks like the millions it must have cost, even if the stunning locations in Spain bear little resemblance to olde Engleland. Yet there is much more to all this jesting and jousting than meets the eye. Punctuating the three principals' every line with a neat new wrinkle, Robert Shaw, Richard Harris, Ian Holm and Denholm Elliott brandish their broadswords and match wits to make a point—proving age cannot wither a sophisticated adventure film that absolutely revels in maturity.

All the President's Men on film is unimpeachable as an accurate, engrossing and gritty inside view of investigative journalism. The book by Washington Post reporters Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward gave the fascinating facts about Watergate; the movie shows the real sweat and hustle that went into getting them. But that's about it. Maybe we already know too much about Watergate; we learn little here. A more venturesome movie might have explored fully—instead of coyly hinting at—the provocative notion that Bernstein and Woodward, in hot pursuit of their story, were as prone to deceit and coercion as your average White House henchman. To their credit, the authors took a harder look at themselves than the film makers do. Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford (as Bernstein-Woodward) are both magnetic, conscientious actors whose mere presence hypes *President's Men* as lively entertainment, though their star power finally overwhelms the film itself. Generally, director Alan J. Pakula's emphasis is on the two hungry but winsome young newshounds—a pair of mismatched gadflies with *chutzpah* to spare—either doing their tough door-to-door legwork or joining city-room huddles (with Jason Robards as Post editor Ben Bradlee, Martin Balsam and Jack Warden as second-rank Postmen). Washington, D.C., shot by cinematographer Gordon Willis, looks like an ideal setting for murky intrigue, and Pakula keeps his Watergate calendar

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straight by plugging it into TV coverage of Nixon's 1972 campaign. But screenwriter William Goldman's literal adaptation stops short pages away from where the book ended—even prior to the Haldeman-Ehrlichman resignations—thus touching only the first act of an incredible political drama. John Dean is barely mentioned, while frequent references to Liddy, Colson, Chapin, Mitchell, Kleindienst and Kalmbach flow into a scramble of Watergate name-dropping that a casual observer—or a desert-island outcast who missed the show live—might find puzzling without benefit of some heavy advance homework. Among the conspirators and informants portrayed, Jane Alexander steals her scene as the possessive, skittish bookkeeper at C.R.E.E.P., while Hal Holbrook plays Deep Throat (Woodward's mysterious, unnamed source of top secrets) as if he were warming up for a revival of *Dracula*. Ultimately, there's a cautiousness in the movie version of *President's Men* that keeps it from being the blockbuster everyone anticipated. For real excitement, go back and read the book. (Or its sequel, *The Final Days*; see "Books," page 40.)

Mother is dying of cancer, father is full of drunken despair and their favorite son comes home to Watts from a hitch in the Air Force. Whether to join the black revolution or to help himself and his people by going to law school seems to be Jeff's choice in *The River Niger*,

River Niger:
muddy waters.



based on an award-winning play staged by New York's Negro Ensemble Company. Black playwrights need room to develop, granted, but a movie screen may not be the ideal place to display their growing pains. Cicely Tyson, James Earl Jones and Glynn Turman carry the three central roles with skill and dignity while struggling through dialog so steeped in social truth that one character can't ask another to pass the sugar without coming upon a clue to author Joseph A. Walker's larger purpose. As a house painter-poet in the L.A. slums, Jones declares that a black can eat, sleep, piss, shit, screw, "but, for God's sake, stop



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thinkin' . . . it's the white man's sickness." Yet the words we hear are mostly rhetoric disguised as folk poetry, in the manner of Clifford Odets and other prophets of the people back in the Thirties. A director named Krishna Shah mounted this adaptation in a style so theatrical that *River Niger's* plots and subplots often collide on camera. One half expects to catch a glimpse of stagehands hovering in the wings, pointedly munching soul food.

Ghetto life is examined from a snappier angle in *Sparkle*, which describes how one sweet young songbird escapes it via rhythm-and-blues—after tuning up in Harlem as part of a trio deeply indebted to The Supremes of early Motown. Though Curtis Mayfield's score thumps along sounding like top-of-the-chart hits from the Fifties, as it should, *Sparkle* generally resembles a B-movie version of *Mahogany*, with newcomer Irene Cara warmly singing her heart out—maybe to help you forget that she's decidedly *not* Diana Ross. *Sparkle* falls in love, and suffers, and gives it all up, and ultimately returns to make the big time in a happy ending as soppy as *Mahogany's* was. Such pap often puts movie exhibitors into the black in more ways than one, so there ought to be easy pickings in this musical hope opera concocted for the feature-film debut of TV director and movie editor Sam O'Steen (whose editing credits include *Carnal Knowledge* and *Chinatown*). The debut to note, however, is that of sultry actress-singer Lonette McKee as Sister, the trio's foxiest lady, who succumbs to evil dudes and drugs—with spectacular side effects—midway through the picture. If she wanted to, Lonette might manage, simultaneously, passable impersonations of Diana Ross, Ava Gardner and Cyd Charisse. Just try to pull your eyes away.

As a tip-of-the-hat tribute for posterity, five minutes clipped from any W. C. Fields film classic would accomplish more than the total footage of *W. C. Fields and Me*. Loyal fans of that irascible comic genius already know everything worth knowing about his off-screen behavior as an alcoholic roustabout and the avowed enemy of women, children and dogs. And it's doubtful that a new generation of Fields buffs will be created by Rod Steiger's blustery impersonation of W.C. Steiger manages the job well enough technically, performing some vocal acrobatics behind a Silly Putty nose, though, at times, he looks disconcertingly like a bloated caricature of Van Johnson. This downbeat bio, directed by Arthur Hiller and based on the book by Fields's longtime mistress, Carlotta Monti (who served as consultant on the film), features Valerie Perrine, seriously miscast, playing Carlotta as if she were a Red Cross

volunteer, and Jack Cassidy as John Barrymore. On the evidence here, you'd think Barrymore made theatrical history as the drunken flasher who exposed himself to poor Carlotta in the kitchen one night. With *W. C. Fields* adding lesser injuries to the flaming insult of *Gable and Lombard*, Hollywood seems self-destructively determined to demolish its own myths.

As a comic Western in the anything-goes tradition of *Cat Ballou* from the man who made *A Touch of Class*, producer-director Melvin Frank's *The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox* looks like a movie inspired by some fast arithmetic beside a swimming pool in Beverly Hills. Sign up Goldie Hawn, because she is practically irresistible, to sing and dance and turn an occasional trick as a music-hall harlot in old San Francisco. Team her with George Segal, as a horny card shark-crook who is trying to get away



The Duchess: impure Goldie.

with \$40,000 he stole from a gang of vengeful bank robbers. Camping it up from beginning to end of an absurd chase story, they ought to gross millions at the box office. Frank's hunch about Goldie and George may have been a good one. She's a doll as the phony duchess, aspiring to marry a polygamous Mormon so she can get a bit of bed rest ("one day on and six days off"), or when she's simply drumming up business with a bawdy dance-hall ditty titled *Please Don't Touch Me Plums*; and George is in freewheeling good form as her foil, who'd like to get laid but would rather get rich. Both are thoroughly flip contemporary types who appear to be traveling on horseback or by stagecoach mainly because their Maserati is in for a lube job. Unfortunately, the script is written the same way, with at least one wheel spinning in a rut plainly marked Hollywood 1976.

The fuzzy line between all-permissive porno and so-called straight movies gets fuzzier every day. Witness *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*, co-starring England's vixenish Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson, who register as a white-hot romantic team even when they keep

their clothes on. *The Sailor* has sex and nudity to spare (check PLAYBOY next month, for a July feature with firecracker photos) but displays flesh primarily to further the plot, not to detour it. The result is mature, sophisticated erotica, combining healthy heterosexual lust with undertones of psychological terror. Making his film debut as a director, screenwriter-adaptor Lewis John Carlino chose a bizarre novel by Japan's late, great Yukio Mishima (who committed harakiri some five years ago), moved the action from a Japanese port to a harbor town in Devon and showed the good sense not to go berserk the first time he was let loose with a movie camera. In fact, a kind of Oriental simplicity shapes *The Sailor's* visual style (for which cinematographer Douglas Slocombe can claim substantial credit) and leaves the essence of the Mishima tale intact. It's a fiendishly cruel, hypnotic story about a frustrated young widow with a growing son who spies on her most private moments through a peephole between bedrooms—which makes him privy, on several occasions, to her intimacies with a rugged seaman (Kristofferson) from an American freighter that puts into port for repairs. The precocious little voyeur reports what he sees to the chief of a schoolboy gang that's into cigar smoking, dissecting household pets and generally defying parental authority. They begin to brood about the widow's lusty, roving sailorman as a good example of adult "betrayal" and convict him *in absentia*.

To tell more would spoil the suspense, fastidiously spun out on film like the strands of a spider's web, with a lethal downbeat ending that really stings. But there's no secret about *The Sailor's* sexual intensity, with Kristofferson providing a solid ballast of potent, manly virtue for the formidable Miles. Sarah outdoes herself here, playing a vulnerable woman in a state of perpetual arousal, half sick with desire, so hungry for love that she seems ready to come if the right man just touches her finger. The right man does a lot better than that, yet Sarah is sexiest of all while waiting in the car to pick him up, her lips sweaty with anticipation; or while trying to maintain her composure, later, when he slips his hand under her skirt in a proper English tearoom. If it had nothing else—and it has the depth and intelligence that separate routine shockers from the semiclassics—*The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* could bank on Miles as a pacesetter for next year's Oscar derby.

Being manipulated by a master manipulator is one of the elemental pleasures of moviegoing, and Alfred Hitchcock's *Family Plot* satisfies that basic need in a witty, craftily contrived and zestfully played suspense comedy about two San Francisco couples whose shady deals are

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on a collision course. Barbara Harris and Bruce Dern—she as a phony spiritualist, he as a sometime actor-taxi driver who takes an occasional role in her psychic cons—have been offered ten grand to help an old millionairess (Cathleen Nesbitt) find a long-lost heir to her family fortune. Karen Black and William Devane are a couple of stylish kidnapers who snatch a wealthy businessman, then a high church bishop, asking priceless gems as ransom. Neither couple knows about the other until . . . well, better leave the storytelling to Hitchcock. Working from a script by Ernest Lehman, *Family Plot* has more twists and turns than a can of worms, and Hitchcock opens it up with wicked relish, almost as if he were setting out to spoof the kind of hair-raising thriller for which he is without equal anywhere. Catapulting Dern and Harris hell-bent for leather down a steep mountain road in a car with sabotaged brakes, he can make their hysteria hilarious and still freeze your blood—though you know damned well he's not likely to kill off the stars of the picture so early in the game. It's all a game, of course, but how good it feels to sit back, beguiled and a little breathless, secure in the knowledge that a top witch doctor has everything under control.

Azizi Johari, our June 1975 Playmate, comes on sullen but strong as Ben Gazzara's favorite stripper in *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie*. Gazzara himself gives an honest, gutsy performance that makes his abrasive street-tough quality count for something, playing the operator of a dingy L.A. fleshpot called Crazy Horse West; he impulsively runs up a huge gambling debt, pays off the Syndicate guys by gunning down a Chinese ganglord they don't think he can touch, then discovers they've got a contract out on him to make sure the murder remains unsolved. That's the plot, which has been used and reused in countless gangland melodramas since James Cagney traded his tap shoes for a tommy gun. What sets *Chinese Bookie* apart is the utterly naturalistic free-form style of filming on which writer-director John Cassavetes took out a patent with *Faces*, still his best movie. Characteristically, Cassavetes' latest effort all but oozes atmosphere, letting the harsh light of day into the night world of a feisty survivor and skin peddler named Cosmo Vitelli (Gazzara). The L.A. lush life, as shown here, is about as appetizing as a stale highball. While Cassavetes feels comfortable with such material, he has set a trap for himself, too, by blindly conforming to his own tried-and-true bad habits. The rambling, repetitive dialog and hand-held camerawork, everything seemingly improvised on the spot, passed for brave originality a few short years ago. But you've been there, John.

X-RATED

A Pinocchio character does nose jobs, after a fashion, in *Let My Puppets Come*, which also features a merrymaking marionette in a clinch with a gray-velvet spaniel. "I couldn't . . . you're a dog," she demurs, as he nibbles her ear. To which the pooch replies: "But I've had all my shots . . . and I'm a full-blooded cocker." Though it's questionable whether puppets, coming or going, can launch a significant new trend in hard-core, writer-director Gerard Damiano (of *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*) has fairly solid credentials as a trend-setter. Damiano's latest breakthrough is a kind of Raunch-and-Judy show employing live actors, puppets and—to quote him indirectly—lots of chiffon, foam rubber and Elmer's Glue. None of it quite sticks together, yet *Let My Puppets Come* certainly takes off in a different direction, from

porno per se into pornographic self-parody. Some woolgathering idea men from a dummy firm known as Creative Concepts hatch the plot when they agree that making a fuck film is the easiest way to make big money, fast. After trying bestiality, operetta, a hospital fantasy with a head nurse, an undersea epic with a blowfish, etc., they shift their nefarious schemes into the political arena, where charges of obscenity are much tougher to prove. That's the socially redeeming satire in an original, inoffensive comedy obviously aspiring to be a put-on rather than a turn-on. Couldn't hurt.

As straight films become sexually freer—trading tat for tit, so to speak—sex films tend to get straighter, sacrificing some hard-core action for story values and greater professionalism. At least that's how it works in the career of writer-director Armand Weston, a serious-minded New York pornographer who prefers the term erotic film to the blunt, pejorative porno. Weston made *Personals*, followed by *Defiance*, and shows a capacity for growth in his two newest flicks. Hottest of the pair is *Expose Me Lovely*, a slick private-eye melodrama with a tidy plot, which introduces Ras Kean as a Raymond Chandler-style stud searching for the missing son of a Western Presidential hopeful. Kean is a clean-cut



Porno Puppets.

"Damiano's latest breakthrough is a kind of Raunch-and-Judy show."

Redford-Newman type with no discernible sexual inhibitions who balls his cool blonde client (played by ravishing newcomer Cary Lacy), as well as several shadier ladies (among them Jennifer Welles of *Honeypie* and Jody Maxwell, formerly billed as The Singing Stick-licker). Perhaps the horny detective-hero adapts easily because we know damn well this is what Philip Marlowe has been doing, between the lines.

Weston's *The Taking of Christina*, based on an actual case history of a young California woman who was kidnaped and raped by two thugs in 1974 (then risked a murder charge when she pretended to join her captors, led them back to her home and cut them down with a shotgun), is an orgy of graphic violence relocated in Upstate New York. Al Levitsky and Eric Edwards, two porno regulars who have seldom had a chance

to act, play the heavies almost too persuasively; Bree Anthony is much less convincing as their terrified victim. *Christina* is too chillingly real to be erotic, too wobbly to stand alone without explicit sex for a prop.

Sex films cannot ordinarily be judged by the same aesthetic standards of content, technique and perception that apply to "straight" movies. One of the rare exceptions is director Walerian Borowczyk's *Immoral Tales*, which earned raves from European critics while *Emmanuelle* was merely raking in the chips. As a turn-on, the four episodes that make up *Tales* (described in *Sex in Cinema—French Style* in PLAYBOY's June 1975 issue) are not explicit or even remotely raunchy. As an outrageous survey of the sexual mystique through the past five centuries, however, Borowczyk's work is rich, literate, elegant and subtle. His actors are also measurably better than the usual X-rated exhibitionists, with statuesque Paloma Picasso (Pablo's daughter, of all people) appearing in one voluptuously undressed episode as a 17th Century lesbian countess. *Immoral Tales* escapes the onus of being casually dismissed as sexploitation, not only because it's an eyeful but also because it's actually about something—the mystery and poetry and hypocrisy of mankind making love.



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BOOKS

Unless you're one of those people whose ears close and whose eyes turn opaque at the words Nixon and Watergate, you can't have missed the media blitz surrounding the new book by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days* (Simon & Schuster). The book doesn't have the page-turning compulsion of *All the President's Men* (excerpted in *PLAYBOY*, May and June, 1974), perhaps because its protagonists are not a pair of young reporters bearing a suspicious resemblance to Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman. Nor does it have a mysterious Deep Throat. But what it *does* have is some of the hardest-edged gossip ever to come out of Washington. Clearly, David Eisenhower spilled his heart out to the reporters and they apparently got to Henry Kissinger and Alexander Haig—or to their closest confidants—but the overwhelming impression is that Woodward and Bernstein must have spent most of 1974 crouching in a White House fireplace, taking notes furiously.

The main theme of the book is that the United States had, in the final months of the Nixon Administration, a President who was dangerously unhinged, overtly suicidal and, often as not, drunk out of his head. There are scenes of Nixon aboard his yacht, moaning: "Oh, goddamn, goddamn, goddamn!" Nixon, according to son-in-law Eddie Cox, staying up at night, "walking in the halls, talking to pictures of former Presidents on the walls." His staff covering up for the fact that Nixon rarely made it into his office before noon. Nixon talking despairingly to Alexander Haig, asking if it isn't true that the military has ways out of difficulties: pistols, for example. And finally, in one of the most wrenching scenes in U. S. political history, Nixon's dramatic meeting with Kissinger after the decision to resign had been made: Waiting in the Lincoln Sitting Room, Nixon asks Kissinger to get down on his knees and pray with him. Kissinger does so, only to see a weeping Nixon suddenly bend over, pound his fist on the carpet and cry out, "How did it come to this? What has happened?" Kissinger cradles the President in his arms like a baby, then steals away, shaken, to his own office. An hour later, Kissinger gets a call from Nixon, now drunk: "Henry, please don't ever tell anyone that I cried and that I was not strong."

The book traces Nixon's irrationality back to his first term in office. Once, when Kissinger was giving him his estimate of



Final Days: Nixon on the carpet.

"An hour later, Kissinger gets a call from Nixon, now drunk: 'Henry, please don't ever tell anyone that I cried.'"



Scoundrel Time: McCarthy had company.



U. S. casualties in Vietnam, the President's response was, "Oh, screw 'em." On another occasion, Nixon called Kissinger to inform him, drunkenly, of Bebe Rebozo's policy on the Vietnam war. From that time on, Haig referred to the President as "our drunken friend." But for all that is revealed about Nixon, Woodward and Bernstein are in some ways compassionate toward the man (with the exception of a cheap shot in which they make the seemingly unprovable assertion that Pat Nixon wanted to divorce her husband in 1962 and thereafter "rejected his advances"). The reporters save their hardest shots for the men who surrounded Nixon, including Haig and Ehrlichman, who are seen speculating on the nature of Nixon and Rebozo's relationship—and most especially including Kissinger. The Secretary of State is exposed as an astonishingly mendacious and hypocritical man detesting Nixon from the outset, diagnosing him as early as 1969 as "insecure and maniacal," telling friends that if he let Nixon have his way, he'd start a nuclear war every week, snapping to an assistant,

"Tell our meatball President I'll be there." There are yet more exposures: Nixon "editing" the transcripts he released by simply tossing pages of incriminating dialog aside; Rosemary Woods apparently erasing the first few minutes of the famous 18-and-a-half-minute gap. Nixon erasing the rest; his lawyer Fred Buzhardt, listening to the "smoking gun" tape a full three months earlier than previously disclosed, putting down the headset and saying to himself, "School's out."

Given the intense media coverage of the book's revelations, the possibility exists that once the sensational material has been serialized, analyzed and endlessly discussed, there won't be much to read in the hardback version. But a better bet is that *The Final Days* will be around for some time to come. It is, in its entirety, one of the most lucid and intimate accounts of the disintegration of executive power we've ever read. If it hadn't been written by reporters of their reputation, it would still be a terrific work of fiction.

It's unfortunate, as Garry Wills points out in his excellent introduction to Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time* (Little, Brown), that the peculiar American sickness of the late Forties and early Fifties should have come to be known as McCarthyism. The Red-baiting Senator had a lot of predecessors, not the least of whom was the Red-baiting Congressman Richard M. Nixon. He and others did their dirty work via the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and it was before the HUAC that playwright Hellman was in 1952 summoned to testify. *Scoundrel Time* is Hellman's account of how she dealt with that challenge; it's a slim, personal and oddly moving volume.

Hellman feels little hatred for the established villains of the era—Nixon, Joe McCarthy and his buddies Roy Cohn and G. David Schine. "It was not the first time in history," she observes, "that the confusions of honest people were picked up in space by cheap bad-dies who, hearing a few bars of popular notes, made them into an opera of public disorder, staged and sung, as much of the Congressional testimony shows, in the wards of an insane asylum." The real scoundrels of *Scoundrel Time* emerge as the presumably liberal intellectuals: Clifford Odets, Elia Kazan and others, who spilled their guts as friendly witnesses for

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we say  .

YOU, HOWEVER, PROBABLY SAY BLOODY MARY.
WE SAY BLOODY MARIA.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SAY BLOODY MARIA?
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OR VIGOR, BUT NOT BOTH.
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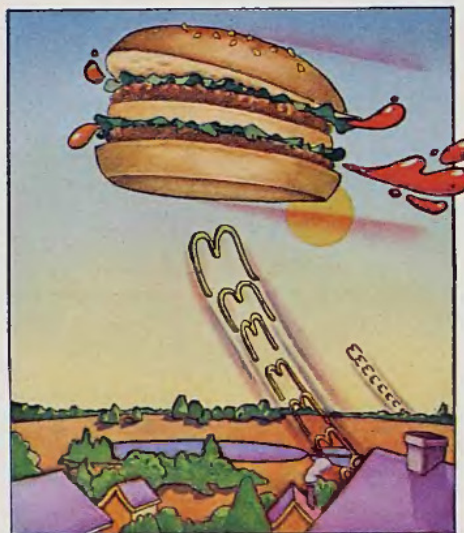
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the HUAC. Hellman had believed in their integrity, their devotion to freedom of thought. "Simply, then and now," she writes, "I feel betrayed by the nonsense I had believed. I had no right to think that American intellectuals were people who would fight for anything if doing so would injure them; they have very little history that would lead to that conclusion." When Hellman got her subpoena, she strove for what seemed to her the moral position. She offered to tell the committee anything it wanted to know about Lillian Hellman—but drew the line at squealing on friends. "I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions," she wrote to the committee. "I was raised in an old-fashioned American tradition and there were certain homely things that were taught to me: to try to tell the truth, not to bear false witness, not to harm my neighbor, to be loyal to my country." The committee refused her terms and, to avoid incriminating others, she was forced to plead the Fifth Amendment.

Hellman paid dearly for her stand. She didn't go to jail, as her longtime lover Dashiell Hammett had; she was, however, black-listed, and her income dropped from \$140,000 a year to \$10,000. Most of that was seized by the IRS. But she survived everything, even such small weirdnesses as a farewell supper with the Henry Wallaces the night before she left the farm she and Hammett had loved extravagantly and been forced to sell. After the Wallaces served her a supper consisting of one poached egg atop a shredded-wheat biscuit, they presented her with a going-away present: a 50-pound bag of manure. Would that it were the only pile of shit this remarkable woman has had to surmount.

•
Big Mac: The Unauthorized Story of McDonald's (Dutton), by Max Boas and Steve Chain, does its best to be a muckraking exposé, and there is muck under the Big Burger worthy of raking, but the book is better read as nonfiction comedy—partly slapstick, partly black. It is the true and terrifying success story of Ray Kroc, selected by fate to invent the Big Mac as surely as Oedipus was doomed to marry his mom. A phrenologist predicted a career in food or music when Ray was four. And, like Walt Disney—with whom he served during World War One—Kroc was as ambitiously American as Horatio Alger, a hustler with a nose for anything new. He tried radio (and had a hand in the creation of *Amos 'n Andy*—are you beginning to feel the inevitability here?), caught the last fizzles of the Florida land boom, sold a hot new item, paper cups . . . but he never quite put it together. In 1954, at the age of 52, he was selling multiprong malt mixers, six at a time per unit. One day he got an

order for eight of them from a burger stand in California. Instead of just processing it—here comes the blast of genius, folks—he wondered, "Why do those guys need to make 48 shakes at once?" and now he's worth \$450,000,000. As *Big Mac* shows, this all-American empire, with clarity buses and flags waving round the clock, has grown in ugly ways, particularly regarding such dread minorities as teenagers and blacks. But can you really hate a corporation that has put a McDonald's on the site of the Hiroshima bombing? That for a time required its young employees to submit to lie-detector tests? That offers lectures at Hamburger U on



Big Mac: funny business.

such topics as the Five Enemies of Shortening? And we've all been told often enough that you might as well eat the cardboard instead of a Big Mac—anyone who goes to McDonald's expecting a blast of nutrition shouldn't be walking around loose. McDonald's is like television: Everyone indulges and everyone over 14 is a little embarrassed about it. Admitting in mixed company that a junkie who craves only Big Macs lives inside you ranks in the same order of sin as knowing how things are going on *General Hospital*.

•
Face it. Everybody in the world is an agent for somebody except you and me, brother, and I'm not so sure about you. Given modern brainwashing techniques, I'm not so sure about myself, either. Richard Condon, the author of *The Manchurian Candidate*, obviously believes that infiltration is a fact of life: In his latest political thriller and general good read, *The Whisper of the Axe* (Dial), it is impossible to tell the good guys from the bad guys without a score card. Agatha Teel—a black lawyer who is equal parts Angela Davis and Pam Grier—recruits an urban-guerrilla army from the ranks of junkies, pimps and street gangs. With a cast like that, it's

inevitable at least half of her army are intelligence agents of one kind or another. A great way to celebrate the Bicentennial.

•
There's a saying in the publishing business that novellas get read by two people: the author's agent and the author's mother. We predict that won't be the case with *Bloodshed and Three Novellas* (Knopf). Cynthia Ozick is (by her own admission) a Jewish imitator of an Irish writer imitating a Jew—Frank O'Connor being the Irish writer, Isaac Babel the Jew. And, like other great Jewish writers (I. B. Singer comes to mind), she is steeped in the stuff of fairy tales and folklore, which gives her four novellas—*Bloodshed, A Mercenary, An Education* and *Usurpation*—an eerie, other-world quality, a feeling like walking knee-deep in fog through a dense forest. For once, the form that's too long for magazines, too short for books has found a home in a way that works. The only flaw is a rambling, maudlin preface, spattered with literary and religious references and explanations of what her novellas are "about." They're about perfect; we can tell you that. Skip the preface and read the stories.

•
Beginning with *The Andromeda Strain*, continuing through *The Great Train Robbery* and now in his latest work, *Eaters of the Dead* (Knopf), Michael Crichton has demonstrated an extraordinary knack for presenting his stories in such a fashion that one is convinced he is reading an account of an actual event as reported by a participant—thereby vesting relatively innocuous tales with an appearance of importance. This new work is classic Crichton. Taking the simple tale of a Tenth Century Moslem diplomat sent by the caliph of Baghdad on a mission to Bulgaria, the author has him fall in with a roving band of vikings ("Northmen"), taken against his will on a heroic crusade to rid another viking band of some nasty, flesh-eating barbarians (a tribe of Neanderthals who somehow survived evolution), eventually becoming a much-bloodied viking hero in his own right before returning home. The story, presented in the form of a newly discovered translation of the diplomat's official report to the caliph, is replete with anthropological and sociological observations of viking life and contains more footnotes and references—all fictional, of course—than an Oxford University Press edition of *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. Believe it or not, it works. Only by sheer will power is the reader able to maintain a mental lock on the book's sole reality—the fact that it is fiction. Someday, one hopes, Crichton will be recognized for what he is: the very best at what he does.



SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

LOST IN THE STARS

By Richard Rhodes

SCIENCE, dear dedicated moronic science, the same that gave us polyvinyl chloride and the hydrogen bomb, has temporarily given up trashing the moon and will soon be trashing Mars. Not content with invading hospitable neighbors, astronomers are now looking to conquer new worlds. Cornell astronomer Carl Sagan believes that the major scientific achievement of the next century may be the discovery of alien civilizations out among the stars. That, as Richard Nixon would put it, could be the greatest event in the history of the world. Or it could be a total flop. I predict it will be a total flop.

Sagan himself is leading the forces, scanning nearby galaxies with the 1000-foot dish radiotelescope at Arecibo Observatory in Puerto Rico. He's reasonably sure he's not wasting his time and his arguments are compelling. If you count the many moons of Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus as "planetary" systems, he points out, then there are four planetary systems in our unremarkable solar system alone. Jupiter and Saturn have atmospheres as rich in the precursors of life as Earth had four billion years ago. The star nearest our sun, Barnard's star, is almost certainly orbited by at least two dark companions the size of Jupiter, and six other nearby stars are suspected of harboring dark companions as well.

With 100 billion stars in our galaxy alone, and billions of equally populous galaxies beyond, the universe is probably host to billions of planets, some of them Earthlike. A few may be civilized. Sagan and associate Frank Drake estimate "a million civilizations in our galaxy at or beyond Earth's present level of technological development." They believe that the discovery of those million civilizations would cheer us. Other considerations aside, I'm not so sure. "I'd hate it," a lady said to me the other day. "I'd feel the same way I do when I go to New York."

The United States and the Soviet Union have searched the sky eight times since 1960, listening for deliberate messages or civilized noise. Some of the searches are ongoing. Astronomers have scanned about 200 stars so far and found nobody home. They figure they'll have to scan 200,000 to get a decent sample.

They're also sending messages. One message they sent was a transmission of

1679 bits that left Arecibo in 1974, bound for the Great Cluster in Hercules. It might have said, "Hello," but it didn't. It recited numbers one through ten, the atomic numbers for hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and phosphorus, the formulas for sugars and bases in nucleotides of DNA, the shape of DNA's double helix, the shape and height of a human being and the number of human beings on Earth and the shape and diameter of the Arecibo telescope. It said, in effect, "The most important thing we want you to know is how we got cooked up."

Before the Arecibo transmission, Sagan and his wife designed plaques for the Pioneer spacecraft, the two unmanned Jupiter probes that are leaving our solar system to wander the universe and that someday may turn up in an alien backyard, like the monolith in *2001*. Sagan



"The man has a modest set of genitals. The woman has no genitals at all."

and Drake wax lyrical about the plaques. They call them cosmic greeting cards:

These plaques are destined to be the longest-lived works of mankind. They will survive virtually unchanged for hundreds of millions, perhaps billions, of years in space. When plate tectonics has completely rearranged the continents, when all the present land forms on the Earth have been ground down, when civilization has been profoundly transformed

and when human beings may have evolved into some other kind of organism, these plaques will still exist. They will show that in the year called 1973, there were organisms, portrayed on the plaques, that cared enough about their place in the hierarchy of all intelligent beings to share knowledge about themselves with others.

But we didn't care enough to send the very best. The plaques locate the sun in relation to 14 pulsars. They diagram the solar system and outline the Pioneer vehicle itself. Superimposed on the Pioneer sketch are drawings of a man and a woman. They're censored. The man's got a modest set of genitals but no pubic hair. The woman's got no genitals at all. In a vintage gesture of male chauvinism, the man gets to hold up his hand. The woman discreetly looks aside—in embarrassment, one imagines.

Consider two aliens recovering Arecibo's 1679 bits and a Pioneer.

"Jesus. Grok," one says, "looka this plaque. The old lady's got no snatch. This here's the first shot the Earthlings had at interstellar communication and they were so hung up they couldn't even show a lady's snatch."

"Yeah, Zok," says Grok, "an' the guy's got no pubic hair. I wonder why he's holding up his hand."

"Maybe he's gotta go to the bathroom."

"Yeah," says Grok, "'cause he's the only one got something to go to the bathroom with."

Zok chews on a toothpick, if he happens to have a mouth. "Boy, Grok, Earthlings must really be ashamed of themselves. Looka all them numbers all over that plaque. Hell, they know things we ain't dreamed of yet; we ain't even got a rocket out to our third moon yet. You hear that big bunch o' signals that came in the other day? I counted 1679 bits, nothin' but numbers an' chemicals an' crap like that. They didn't even say if they came in peace or not."

"Yeah," says Grok, "they got the nerve."

We could have said something about love or something about death, something about kids catching fireflies on warm spring nights, something elemental like "I think, therefore I am." We could have sent a song, or our best recipe for apple pie, or an apology for presuming. We didn't. We presumed.

No matter. It was already too late. We began announcing ourselves to the universe about 20 years ago, when our ordinary intramural communications—radio and television—became powerful enough to carry beyond the immediate neighborhood of Earth. That means the aliens

Richard Rhodes is a novelist, a Contributing Editor to PLAYBOY and a public defender of private parts.

followed Vietnam and Watergate, saw terrorist bombs and Bangladesh, understand ICBMs and income taxes and oil. They've watched *Star Trek* and *All in the Family* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*. They've watched the soapers and the late-night movies. They've heard Billy Graham, Howard Cosell, Leonid Brezhnev and Gerald R. Ford.

They may be out there, but we'll never know. Who'd be dumb enough to tell us?

THE SAFETY FETISHISTS

By Craig Karpel

SAFETY is dangerous.

I discovered this alarming new hazard when I took delivery of my new Chevrolet Chevelle Malibu Classic Colonnade sedan and casually asked the salesman to have the retracting shoulder belts replaced with fixed shoulder belts like I had on my 1973 Camaro, of blessed memory. He gulped. He shrank. He blanched. "We're not allowed to touch the restraints," he whispered, breaking out in a sweat. "Don't even ask me!"

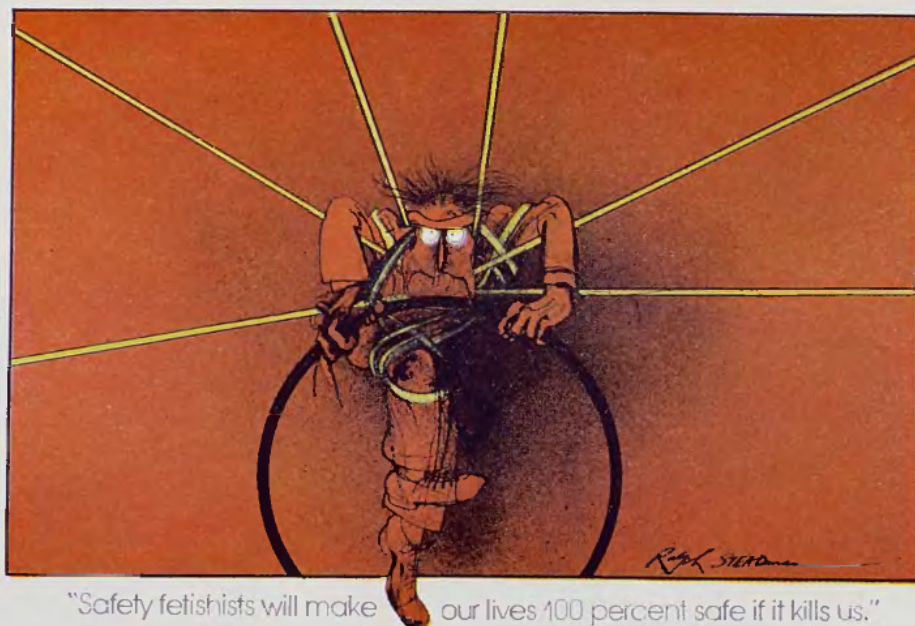
The newfangled shoulder belts are equipped with "vehicle-sensitive devices" that clamp down—that are *supposed* to clamp down—on the webbing if the car stops abruptly, as in a collision. In other words, I've got to trust my thorax to General Motors and Ralph Nader—my old belts, with bolts to the roof, were too foolproof for the Feds.

The reason the foolproof belts were abandoned was that the manufacturers had to put in starter interlocks and were concerned lest motorists universally disable the systems. They introduced the vehicle-sensitive belts because people who were loath to wear shoulder belts found them less confining. Then it turned out that everybody disconnected

the interlocks, anyway. Finally, the Government decided not to require interlocks anymore—the public was too resistant. So this year, there are no more starter interlocks. But did this mean the manufacturers went back to fixed belts? Hell, no—in fact, they've been required to keep the vehicle-sensitive belts. Fortunately, the vehicle-sensitive retractors are 100 percent reliable, like automobile electric clocks. Dirt, dust and wear only make them function more reliably.

In other words, in the name of safety, the new cars are equipped with belts that are less safe.

Drivers like your correspondent, who have come to know and love fixed shoulder belts, are supposed to make do with the lax, permissive vehicle-sensitive kind. Drivers who despise shoulder belts can just razor-blade the stitching off the end of the shoulder portion of the new kind and let the belt slide permanently into the retractor. So the net effect of all the



"Safety fetishists will make our lives 100 percent safe if it kills us."

safetymongering of recent years is that bondage freaks like myself who like to be strapped to the seat of their cars can't buy at any price an automobile equipped with discipline-oriented shoulder belts well versed in English arts.

The above example of ass-backwardness comes to you courtesy of America's safety fetishists, who are going to make our lives 100 percent safe if it kills us. The safety fetishists have made progress in other product areas besides automobiles.

Craig Karpel is a free-lance writer and frequent contributor to PLAYBOY who lives the good, but dangerous, life.

Now that eating a pastrami sandwich has become an act of reckless abandon and grounds for having your life insurance canceled, the question arises as to whether absolute safety really ought to be the paramount concern in human society. Isn't the campaign against nitrate-cured meats the coldest cut of all? Is it really worth outlawing Roman candles and pinwheels just to keep a few hundred jerks from blowing off their pinkies with cherry bombs? What if LSD *does* cause chromosome damage? Maybe it's better to have children with three eyes and webbed toes than to live as a dunderhead. Why can't I inquire wistfully if the store has any preprohibition red-flannel pajamas left to warm my little boy's buns without the saleslady's looking at me as if I'd asked for a case of adult-sized Pampers? Isn't it better to build springless, shockless snowmobiles so that the hominids who ride them can get the compression fractures of the lumbar

spine they so richly deserve? What do the safety fetishists have against Speedy Alka-Seltzer, just because he fights stomach upset with a combination of antacid and aspirin, an acid that erodes the stomach lining? Why put sensible folk at a disadvantage by discouraging fools from poisoning themselves with patent remedies? Doesn't the attempt to eliminate all danger from our lives tend to shift the risk inherent in mortal

existence to other, possibly more horrendous areas?

Meanwhile, I've located a guy who is willing to replace my vehicle-sensitive restraints with a pair of honest-to-goodness fixed shoulder belts from a junked '73 Oldsmobile. I think he used to be an abortionist. I've got to front the cash before he'll do the job, and then I've got to drive to his place blindfolded. Guy's so secretive the embroidered name over his coverall breast pocket has been Xed out. But I'm not kicking, because he promises to let me in on a plan he's got to smuggle pastrami into Miami Beach after they make it illegal that's—uh-oh—perfectly safe.



For the price of an imitation sports car, you can own the real thing.

There are a lot of spiffy looking little economy cars around today masquerading as sports cars.

They drip with "features" like non-functioning hood scoops. And imitation racing mirrors. And tachometers for automatic transmissions.

The problem is that by the time you've added all the sporty options, you've also added a small fortune to the price of the car.

And you still don't have a sports car. Only an economy car that vaguely resembles one.

Obviously, we have a solution. In fact, we have two.

The Fiat X1/9. Or the 124 Spider.

Instead of tires with raised white letters to make the car look better, you'll find radial tires. To make it drive better.

Instead of a pseudo racing steering wheel, you'll get rack-and-pinion steering on the X1/9. The kind used in racing cars.

And instead of being impressed with a fancy racing stripe on the hood, you'll be impressed by what we've put underneath it.

Because where we come from, a sports car isn't a sports car because of the way it looks.

It's a sports car because of the way it drives.

Which should explain why the 124 Spider comes with a five-speed transmission. And a dual overhead cam engine. And four-wheel disc brakes.

It might also begin to explain why the X1/9, one of but seven mid-engine cars in the world, was named one of the ten best cars in the world last year by Road and Track magazine.

Of course, we still think sports cars have to look like sports cars. In the land of Ferrari, ugly doesn't sell.

So we got the people who design Ferraris to design both these Fiats.

Look at it this way.

If you're going to spend real money on a sports car, the least you should end up with is a real one.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Have you ever heard of couples' trying to pick up single women to complete a *ménage à trois*? The other day, I was lying in the park sun-bathing when this tiny dog started bringing twigs and sticks and laying them at my feet. I looked up and noticed that a couple were handing twigs to the dog. They smiled and asked me out to lunch. I declined the invitation, because I wanted to stay in the sun for a few more hours. Later, a friend told me that the same couple had picked her up a few weekends earlier with the same trick. Apparently, the dog is trained to fetch young girls. My girlfriend went home with them and had a lovely day in bed. Most of the action happened between my friend and the other young woman—she claims that couples who are on the prowl almost always do so because the man can't satisfy the woman alone, that the arrangement is a cover for lesbian encounters. Is this true?—Miss M. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Hardly. Couples on the prowl are essentially looking for a safe way to introduce variety into their sex lives. In some cases, a woman may be interested in exploring lesbian fantasies and feels less threatened if her mate is along. (These same women would never engage in a one-on-one encounter.) In return, the male is often titillated by seeing his wife with another woman. If he were left out, he would feel threatened. There are also couples who pick up unattached young men for much the same reason. The phenomenon is not rare: The surprising thing about couples on the prowl is their success quotient. More often than not, the single person they take home has some fantasies that need exploring, too; for instance, making it with a Yorkshire terrier.

Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex* taught people that it was fun to tie up their partners before making love. Bondage and discipline was a fantasy to be explored by every liberated lover. Fine, except my girlfriend and I really enjoy it. We've even bought leather harnesses, whips, etc., and that's where the problem arises: We now have the tools to inflict genuine pain on each other. The costume ball has lost a bit of its luster now that we are skirting the reality. We are thinking about using the whip for more than a prop in our lovemaking. But we aren't sure whether or not we can or should cross the border from B/D to outright sadomasochism. Movies like *Story of O* and *Joanna* celebrate pain in the name of love. We doubt the accuracy of those



portrayals. We're not sure what to expect. What motivates a serious sadist?—W. E., Teaneck, New Jersey.

Beats us. We're not sure that S/M qualifies as a form of lovemaking. According to Ernest Becker, author of the essay "Everyman as Pervert," a sadist cannot stand the mystery of another person, her separateness, her uniqueness. "By treating the flesh with violence and causing it great pain, the sadist literally makes of his partner a predominately external organism: There is no room for subtleties of thought, and no way of keeping thought separate from what one feels and expresses, when he is convulsed with pain. The mind 'comes out in the open' in the screams and pleadings of the body. There is no longer anything private or aloof: The victim is reduced to the barest terms of the body." If that sounds heavy, it is. The master and slave roles are devoid of personality: In fact, sadists report that the better they know their victims, the less satisfactory the experience. The two actors in the S/M drama are bound by force, the whip that connects them. Pleasure is uncertain, pain guaranteed. A sadist never asks his partner if she came or, for that matter, if it hurt. We'd advise caution: These situations have been known to backlash.

Do you know of a place where I can rent 16mm prints of contemporary films? I live in the sticks; the nearest movie theater is miles away and it shows only Walt Disney flicks—bare sustenance for

a film student devoted to Bergman, et al. Television reception in this area is practically nonexistent, so I can't even catch the latest on the *Late Show*. Enough of my friends share my predicament that we've pooled our resources. We are rather intrigued by the idea of seeing good films in the privacy of our own homes, with the added treat of spiced popcorn and spiked punch and the absence of NO SMOKING signs. We already have a projector and a screen—we just need the movies.—G. A. H., Shiprock, New Mexico.

There are many groups of people in this country who, like you, prefer to roll their own. Several firms offer 16mm prints of recent releases, in addition to the standard oldies. Rental rates are reasonable, especially when divided among your friends. For \$25, you can catch Buster Keaton as "The General." For \$40, Marlon Brando as "The Wild One." For a mere \$100, you can watch King Kong cop a feel from Fay Wray. Newer films are somewhat more expensive: For a mere \$350, you can get "2001: A Space Odyssey," for \$200, the classic "Death Race 2000" and for \$100, Pam Grier in "The Arena." Chances are you can order the titles you want from United Films in Tulsa, Oklahoma; Contemporary/McGraw-Hill Films in Hightstown, New Jersey; or Films Incorporated in Wilmette, Illinois. Write for their catalogs: As a true film buff, you'll get off on the stills. In the meantime, you and your friends can debate whether or not "Cries and Whispers" was Bergman's attempt to create a situation comedy about cancer.

A few weeks ago, I was in bed with a woman with whom I'm having a casual affair. After foreplay, I found myself turned on by the idea of anal intercourse. I performed the job on her to the satisfaction of us both. Then I had an overwhelming urge to know what it felt like to her. She selected a phallus-shaped object from her collection of erotic toys and, after some initial gentle probing with her fingers, turned the tables. It was extremely pleasurable. The only thing that bothers me about the whole experience is that now I find sex with my wife rather uninteresting and am afraid that sooner or later she'll notice my lack of enthusiasm. I desire to repeat the episode of anal sex and have even contemplated using a vibrator or a dildo on myself. Does this indicate that a latent homosexual tendency is beginning to surface?—B. A., Seattle, Washington.

There's no reason a man should not find anal stimulation pleasurable: It

would be a sad state of affairs if only females and male homosexuals enjoyed themselves in so free a fashion. The episode does not indicate that you are a latent anything. (Never mind the graffito that declares: "If God had meant you to be heterosexual, He wouldn't have given you an asshole.") Relax. You are not responsible for the distribution of nerve endings through your body. If you are intrigued by this technique, don't be afraid to suggest it to your wife. The very worst that could happen is that she might tell you where you can put it.

My girlfriend and I are into bare-ass backpacking. We like to take off into the mountains, take it off and then get it on. Oh, natural! Unfortunately, most of the parks in our area are overcrowded. You might as well try to make it in Times Square. Any suggestions? We have an extended vacation coming up and would like to go to some of the least visited areas of the country.—C. M., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

You should check out one of the 135 wilderness areas in the U.S., which comprise some 12,000,000 acres of land protected by law from man-made degradations. No cabins. No vehicles. (If you can't get there on foot, you don't deserve to get there.) The ten least visited areas are Galivro (Arizona), Mazatzal (Arizona), North Absaroka (Wyoming), Gates of the Mountain (Montana), Gearhart Mountain (Oregon), Washakie (Wyoming), Selway-Bitterroot (Idaho/Montana), Teton Wilderness (Wyoming), Scapegoat (Montana) and Pasayten (Washington). But according to a spokesman for the Forest Service, there are reasons these places are not frequented. The two Arizona wilderness areas are pure desert. "Only the snakes go there." The Wyoming and Montana areas offer mountains, forests, streams, etc., which might be more to your liking. You don't need a permit to use these areas: It's first come, first served, but there are quotas and it helps to write ahead. For more information, contact the U.S. Forest Service, U.S.D.A., 12th and Independence, S.W., Washington, D.C. 20250. When you finally visit one of these areas, say hello to the 12,000,000 other PLAYBOY readers who have also taken our advice.

I enjoyed the descriptions of sexual positions of animals in the January Playboy Advisor. I have wondered for many years how two snakes do it. Can you explain?—C. V., New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Are you that horny? Snakes seem to prefer the back-to-belly approach when it comes to sex. (That may have been what the serpent taught Eve.) The male crawls forward over the female's back, moving his body in an undulating fashion. His tail twitches sideways over the

female's tail, increasing in frenzy. At the peak of the male's excitement, a loop of his tail is thrown under the female and the cloacae openings are brought together. The male then inserts his hemipenis, resulting in fertilization. Sounds like the latest dance craze, doesn't it?

While traveling through a small southern-Missouri town, I came across a unique relic sitting in the middle of an open pasture; to wit, a black two-door sports coupe of European manufacture. I had never seen anything like it. It had an all-metal sliding sunroof (years ahead of its time), knockoff wire wheels (16-inchers, at least) and wide pontoon front fenders like the Cord's. It vaguely resembled the XK 110-140 series Jaguar. A name plate on the fire wall offered the following information: Delahaye Majestic Auto Type 135MS, made by Delahaye, 10 Rue du Banquier, Paris. The custom coach was obviously handmade, with much of the woodwork and mohair interior still in good shape. A name plate on the dash identified the craftsman as Henri Chapron, Carrossier, Levallois, Paris. Apparently, the car had been sitting in the field for 12 or so years. For the most part, it was a rusted, burned-out carcass, but I would like to restore it, using sheet metal and fiberglass to bond together the rotted-out sections and, wherever possible, replacing defective parts with original ones. Where can I obtain information on this car? Would it be worth the effort to attempt restoration?—S. A. M., Topeka, Kansas.

The car you describe is a worthless lemon, a symbol of conspicuous consumption, totally lacking in redeeming social value, and where did you say that pasture was? Actually, there is a diamond beneath all that rust. Delahaye was an honored marque from 1894 to 1954. The Type 135 was a 3.5-liter concours d'élégance touring machine, built from 1934 until 1951 (with an interruption for the war, of course). With a top speed of about 115 mph, it was one of the fastest cars of its era, rivaling Bugattis and Alfa Romeos. In 1939, for example, a race was held in Britain to determine the fastest car on the road. A Delahaye Type 135 beat all contenders, even though the driver had to stop and put out a small fire. Class. It was standard practice before the war for one company to supply the chassis and the running gear of a car, while a master coach-builder such as Chapron put together a custom-made body to suit the client. Properly restored, the car could be worth a great deal of money. If you want to undertake the project, consult experts such as the amiable and knowledgeable caretakers of Harrah's Automobile Collection in Reno, Nevada. Making do with sheet metal and fiberglass could destroy the value of the car—you wouldn't try to

restore a Rembrandt with house paint and a roller. Better to sell it as is, unrestored, than to ruin it forever. Otherwise, bonne chance, you lucky bastard.

Is it possible for a woman to have an orgasm and not know it? When I make love to my girlfriend, I can feel her vaginal muscles go into contractions (a sign of climax, according to Masters and Johnson), but she claims that she feels only brief twinges of pleasure, not the cosmic, all-encompassing, oceanic, mystical garbanzo orgasm that women's libbers are always talking about. Needless to say, I feel somewhat frustrated. What do you suggest?—L. O., New Orleans, Louisiana.

The word orgasm is like the word love: Maybe someday there will be a ten-ton stainless-steel ORGASM sculpture erected in Central Park and jewelry and stationery embossed with the word. After they've seen it in print 10,000,000 times, some women no longer know what it means and are always suspicious that what they experience isn't the real thing. The cure is fairly simple: First, a woman must acquaint herself with the various stages of an orgasm. As the clitoris is stimulated, blood gathers in the pelvic region and the vagina lubricates and expands. The build-up of blood produces a tension in the muscles of the pelvis, particularly in those that surround the vaginal opening and the rectum. Eventually, a reflex is triggered in the responding muscles and the vagina begins to contract, expelling the blood from the pelvic region. (If a woman does not experience this reflex, she may feel discomfort from the accumulated blood.) That's all there is to an orgasm, folks: The contraction, followed by the expulsion of blood. It can be strong or weak, cosmic or suburban, depending on the woman's attitude toward herself. If she doesn't put her mind to it, she may not feel anything or, worse, she may experience excitement as discomfort. The current idea is that a woman can learn the stages through masturbation or cunnilingus, and then, when she has intercourse (a distinctly inferior method of directly stimulating the clitoris), she will locate them more quickly and surrender to the flow of her own sexuality without fear or hesitation. Then watch out.

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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So. Turn it down.

One last thought: don't let anyone, including us, tell you what you like in a loudspeaker. You're dealing with a very personal, subjective matter of taste. Loudspeakers are art.

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Consider sensation: a swift, nimble, taut two-seater that holds the road as if it had hands.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

NUDES VS. PRUDES

Black's Beach, near San Diego, has been the setting for a local drama that might be titled "The Naked and the Dead" or, perhaps, "The Nudes and the Prudes." The nudes represent as many as 20,000 people who visit Black's Beach on a single day to bathe in the most healthy and natural way, without fetishistic swimsuits to smother and restrict various parts of their anatomy. The prudes are an unknown number of superstitious folk who believe in such primitive nonsense as that naturalness is offensive to the imaginary gods or demons of their tribe or violates the taboos and might cause earthquakes. (There are many of these precivilized hominid types at large in California, as elsewhere in the Union.) The battle came to some kind of idiotic climax when one of the spokesprimates for the prude brood argued before the city council that Black's Beach should be closed because too many people were using it and might create an environmental problem. To this brilliant reasoning, an opponent replied simply, "We are in a very funny position in a democracy if we make something illegal because too many people want to do it." The council voted five to four to keep the beach open and the prudes retired from the battle, probably to hatch further mischief against civil liberties on behalf of their tribal totems.

James Sims
Los Angeles, California

PRURIENT PLATES

In response to Wayne Tustin's letter in the February *Playboy Forum* about his trouble with the state of California over a so-called obscene license plate, I offer a true story of my own. Shortly after the great state of Texas began issuing personalized license plates, I was driving from Kingsville to Austin and saw a car bearing the plate BREAD-8. Now, as any good Texas boy who was raised in a border town knows, the Spanish word for bread is *pan* and for eight is *ocho*. Put those words together and they become *panocho*. And in Spanish-American border slang, any variant of that word—*panocha*, *panochie* or whatever—means pussy. The Texas Department of Motor Vehicles had been had.

K. E. Smallwood
Denver, Colorado

ORGASM REBUTTAL

In the February *Playboy Forum*, a woman suggests that few men under-

stand or sympathize with the female who is unable to reach orgasm. If she really thinks this is still true, she must be having an awful streak of bad luck at choosing her bedmates. My experience has shown that men are increasingly sensitive to the needs of their sexual partners and care very much if orgasm is not achieved. Only the self-styled superstuds still simplistically blame the lack of female orgasm on frigidity and look no further. I feel sorry for anyone who sleeps with

"We are in a very funny position in a democracy if we make something illegal because too many people want to do it."

one of these guys, but then again, she shouldn't even have gotten near the bedroom with him in the first place.

(Name withheld by request)
Portland, Maine

ON AND ON

Women are now discovering the beautiful experience of orgasm, but most men are too lazy or impatient to work at providing enough clitoral stimulation. I know of men who seek other women to take care of their sex partner's needs

first, then these men proceed to reach their own sexual satisfaction. Still other men will give their women vibrators and tell them to take care of themselves and holler when they're ready to come.

It has been some time since I have experienced the frustration of the sexual act with a man. I am a beautiful, intelligent young female who wants her climax just as much as any jock wants his. At present, I am proud and happy to have an emotional and sexual relationship with a lovely feminist woman. We are both disgusted at the idea of being used as sex toys by male chauvinists. Our sexual experiences are multiorgasmic. There is nothing more satisfying than waking up to a long, loving genital kiss instead of a hard-on. And for us, oral sex can go on and on.

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Monica, California

APHRODITE'S BOX

Here's my invention for jazzing up a humdrum sex life: Go out and buy dozens of good erotic novels (not cheap porn but classy items by masters like D. H. Lawrence and Ariosto). Cut up the books, removing the individual sex scenes, and staple the pages for each scene together. Put all the stapled passages into a large file box. I call this Aphrodite's box because it contains nothing but goodies, in contrast to Pandora's box, which contained nothing but troubles. Then, when you and your lady are ready for an evening of fun, reach into the box and pick a script at random. Take off your clothes and read the passage aloud, with her taking the female dialog and you the male; you can alternate the narration. When finished with the reading, act the scene out in full detail.

It's surprising how the addition of a little fantasy from a great writer can liven up an ordinary sexual experience. One warning, however: Be very careful with Terry Southern's novels. You are likely to end up laughing so hard you can't retain your firmness of purpose.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

BUGGED BY BUGGERY

The two letters in the February *Playboy Forum* about anal intercourse are quite right in suggesting that it can be very painful if performed by inexperienced people. The man who introduced me to anal sex never used a lubricant and was not all that gentle. Since I didn't



know anything about anal intercourse and was a reticent young woman at the time, I said nothing. And on some occasions I did enjoy it. But I still feel some rectal pain, and it's been a year and a half since I stopped this practice. People need to be educated about anal intercourse so that fewer will suffer as I have.

(Name and address withheld by request)

I am a woman who firmly believes in the principle of to each his own, but when it comes to anal intercourse, I feel I must draw the line. For one thing, it hurts like hell and, for another, it can be downright dangerous. For the price of a little perverted fun, one can suffer lacerations of the rectum and colon. If the male switches from rectum to vagina without washing thoroughly, the female can suffer a vaginal infection. Furthermore, it makes you walk and sit uncomfortably for days; this from accidental personal experience.

I would advise the two assholes from Baltimore and Atlanta to consider these points before indulging in any more perverted pleasures.

(Name withheld by request)
Garfield Heights, Ohio

A MATTER OF TASTE

Frenchie, Steve and I are roommates and we have been debating the pleasures of oral-anal contact. Frenchie and I agree that doing it can be just as much fun as having it done to you. Steve, on the other hand, says, "To have my anus licked would be fine, but to do it to another would be degrading to my manhood." Frenchie and I feel there is nothing wrong with eating an anus and certainly nothing degrading about it.

We would like to know whether you have any figures on this subject, such as how many people—male and female—do, in fact, enjoy giving or receiving this pleasure.

(Name and address withheld by request)

In business and politics, quite a few. As to how many indulge in anilingus for purely sexual reasons, we know of no surveys on the subject. But never mind how many people like it or don't like it; the three of you seem to know where you stand on the subject and that's all that really counts. Alex Comfort calls the practice *feuille de rose*, which means *rose petal*, and advises, "Don't do it if you don't like the idea—or be afraid to suggest it if you do."

NO LOVE FOR THE GUV

In February, *The Playboy Forum* published a letter describing the way Governor Meldrim Thomson of New Hampshire used the power of his office to punish a motorist who gave him the finger while driving on a Massachusetts highway. After reading this, I received a

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BOOZE VS. SEX

New research indicates that heavy drinking, which can reduce male sexual capacity, accomplishes this by stimulating the liver to step up its destruction of the male sex hormone. According to a study conducted in New York and reported in the journal *Science*, the toxic



effects of booze, consumed in substantial quantities, cause the liver to produce up to five times the normal amount of the liver enzyme that breaks down the body's testosterone. The study involved a group of men who, under controlled conditions, drank the equivalent of a pint of 86-proof whiskey a day for four weeks.

PREGNANCY CLAUSE

ATLANTIC CITY—Women who wish to compete in the Miss America Pageant must henceforth sign a statement declaring that they are not and never have been pregnant. A spokesman for the pageant said that the previous stipulation—that a contestant was not and never had been married—failed to cover abortions and unwed motherhood. Two years ago, the pageant had to amend its bylaws to prescribe that all contestants be female. Too many men were entering and sometimes winning college beauty contests.

ABORTION LAWS VOIDED

NEW ORLEANS—A three-judge Federal court has ruled five Louisiana anti-abortion laws unconstitutional, while upholding the state's right to prohibit use of Medicaid funds for elective

abortions. The court struck down laws prohibiting abortions, the distribution of abortion instruments or devices and the advertising of abortion services and abortion counseling. It also voided a statute requiring a parent or spouse to give consent for abortions in certain cases.

SCHOOL FOR TRANSEXUALS

LONDON—Britain's National Health Service has started a night school at Charing Cross Hospital for transsexuals to teach men who have changed their sex to behave more like women. The instructor is a former model, who explains, "I pay a lot of attention to teaching them to walk like women and help them learn to use make-up and stop thinking as men." She also teaches them to stop opening doors for her and lighting her cigarettes.

RAPE DAMAGES

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND—A 24-year-old woman who filed a civil suit against two men who raped her in 1972 has been awarded \$365,000 in damages. She told reporters she may not collect much money but hopes her example will inspire other rape victims to report the crime and otherwise take action against rapists.

HOMOSEXUAL RAPE

ST. FRANCISVILLE, LOUISIANA—Two inmates of the Louisiana State Penitentiary are the first persons to be indicted under a new state law making homosexual rape, like heterosexual rape, punishable by death. Homosexual rape previously was classified as a "crime against nature," carrying a maximum penalty of 15 years' imprisonment.

NEW MARIJUANA LAWS

South Dakota and Minnesota have become the seventh and eighth states to decriminalize the possession of small amounts of marijuana. The new South Dakota law prescribes a maximum civil fine of only \$20 for an ounce or less of pot but does not go into effect until April 1, 1977. The Minnesota law is already in force and provides a civil fine of \$100 for up to 1.5 ounces.

NEW MARIJUANA TEST

LOS ANGELES—Researchers at UCLA have developed a test that accurately measures the amount of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), marijuana's psychoactive ingredient, in a pot smoker's

blood. Developers of the test say it could greatly facilitate studies of marijuana's effects on the smokers and provide law-enforcement agencies with a means of determining marijuana intoxication in drivers.

NEW MARIJUANA STUDIES

NEW YORK—Several recent studies of chronic marijuana users, conducted independently in half a dozen countries, have found the drug to have no apparent adverse effects on the human body or brain. The research, reported at a New York Academy of Sciences conference, corroborates and expands on an earlier Jamaica study and tends to contradict theories that pot smoking reduces production of the male sex hormone, lowers natural immunity to disease or affects motivation to work. The studies were conducted in Costa Rica, Egypt, Greece, Jamaica, Mexico and the United States, generally among older persons who had smoked pot from 10 to 28 years.

THREE-TIME LOSER

MARION, ILLINOIS—A 26-year-old Federal-prison inmate, serving a two-year sentence for illegal use of credit cards, has filed suit in circuit court for divorce from three wives. His attorney explained that his client would be getting

hood cinema club that shows films he considers pornographic. When club members are ready to leave after their weekly erotic movie, the elderly smut



fighter assembles up to 40 of his friends and neighbors, who wave flashlights and chant, "Dirty old men!" A spokesman for the club said the situation was "getting a bit volatile, but we don't want to call in the police."

ALIMONY ISSUE

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—The Connecticut Commission on the Status of Women intends to review recent divorce decisions of a judge because he ordered alimony payments stopped for a West Hartford woman when her youngest child becomes 21. The judge cited "the recent social, political, economic and professional emancipation of women" in ruling that women are not "entitled to a perpetual state of assured income, or as some would characterize it, assured indolence."

THE BLOB LIVES

SAN FRANCISCO—A Canadian researcher's unusual experiment has raised new questions about determining legal death by means of an electroencephalograph. At a San Francisco medical conference, Dr. Adrian Upton of McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, reported that an EEG hooked up to a brain-sized lump of ordinary lime Jell-O registered enough apparent brain waves to qualify it as being alive. The wave activity, it turned out, was coming from nearby intravenous-feeding machines, artificial respirators and other typical life-sustaining equipment.



out in a few months and wanted to "wipe the slate clean and start anew." This new life, the lawyer admitted, could possibly include charges of bigamy.

GRANDPA'S GAUNTLET

ACOMB, ENGLAND—A 63-year-old grandfather has been leading a campaign of harassment against a neighbor-

letter from Governor Thomson appealing for funds on behalf of an organization called the Conservative Caucus, Inc., of which he is national chairman. Although I had previously supported this organization, I wrote to the governor, explaining that I was turning down his request because of his conduct. Such abuse of an official position is indefensible.

Walter B. Jones
Clear Lake City, Texas

FIGHTING FOGGY BOTTOM

In November and December of 1974, I was a rock musician associated with the Joffrey Ballet during a tour of the Soviet Union sponsored by the U. S. Department of State. As a member of the Vegetables, the first American rock group to tour Russia, I visited Leningrad and Moscow, as well as Riga, Latvia, and Vilnius, Lithuania, spending about one week in each city. On returning to the U. S., I began work on a book describing the experience. I finished it in July 1975 and started submitting it to publishers.

Then representatives of the Joffrey Ballet called and told me I couldn't write anything about the trip without first consulting the State Department. They claimed the ballet's contract with the department (which I had never signed or even seen) prohibited anyone from publishing such a book until the U. S. Government had had a chance to examine it. I phoned the State Department and was told I had an obligation to submit the book because I was considered a State Department employee during the tour and came under the department's directives. The purpose of inspecting my book was to see that it was a balanced presentation that would not injure relations between the Soviet Union and our Government.

I refused to comply with the demand, feeling that the Government has no right to require that literary works about the Soviet Union conform to the foreign policy of the U. S. and that it had no right to hold me to a contractual provision I'd known nothing about. Last January, the legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union, Melvin L. Wulf, wrote a letter to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger asking him to withdraw the contractual provision and end the policy of such requirements on Government-sponsored tours. Wulf wrote, "In light of very recent history, it seems extraordinarily ill-advised for the State Department to assert the right to sanitize the writings of American citizens in order to avoid embarrassment of foreign governments and their peoples."

I am happy to say that I received a letter from Guy Coriden, director of the State Department's Office of International Arts Affairs, telling me that the provision would be waived for me and



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RONSON

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would not appear in future contracts. Prentice-Hall will be publishing my book, *Rock Goes to Russia*, this fall. I hope this resistance to the Government's censorship attempt will be a warning to other writers to remain vigilant in the protection of their First Amendment rights.

Thom Gambino
Maspeth, New York

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

Government promises notwithstanding, consumer prices have not been stabilized in this country. It appears that nothing will be spared going the way of the five-cent candy bar and three-cent postage stamp. Soon we may even be bowled over with news stories like this:

The Metropolitan Toilet Authority (M.T.A.) and city officials met early this morning in emergency session in an attempt to resolve the city's current pay-toilet crisis. It was announced yesterday that, due to increased economic pressures, many public facilities would be forced to increase the price of pay toilets from ten to 25 cents. City officials and the M.T.A. emerged from their meeting with a compromise pay-as-you-go plan in place of a flat rate. The plan was immediately challenged, however, and taken to the state supreme court, which, in special session, ruled that the compromise was in flagrant violation of squatters' rights.

Early this afternoon, the M.T.A. countered with an offer of two-for-one weekend sales and special rush-hour rates in an effort to abate the winds of protest. But critics described the proposals as "a tissue of compromises."

In desperation, city officials appealed to the state for aid, but the governor declined to involve himself in what he called "a messy situation." He was quoted as saying that he would like to "wash [his] hands of the whole affair."

Politicians from all over the country, eager to be identified with the consumer movement, could not risk turning the other cheek to such a burning social issue. Many released policy statements on the controversy. Senator George McGovern suggested giving every man, woman and child in the country his own portable toilet; CIA Director George Bush, commenting on his hopes for secret negotiations, said, "Leaks of this kind plunge us into national turmoil and wash everything we've stood for right down the drain"; and Fred Harris advocated establishing a Federal flush fund program to subsidize the needy.

When reached for comment in Washington, President Ford stated,

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Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
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*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

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**Carlton
Menthol
2 mg.**

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Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

SNUFF AND CENSORSHIP

Some clarification is needed to calm down public hysteria over a film phenomenon known as *Snuff*. This dreary, trifling hoax earned \$203,000 during the early weeks of its New York run, was closed in Philadelphia after being picketed, was denied a license by Maryland's censors and drew excited press comment—if not paying customers—after opening in cities across the country. The fuss that paved the way for *Snuff* began last year, with credulous media coverage of "snuff films," rumored to be a repulsive and inevitable new dimension in pornography—if simulated screen sex gradually escalated into actual sex, then did it not logically follow that violence in films might also become hard-core? Well, yes, if you subscribe to the logic of, say, mass murderer Charles Manson, who popularized snuff as a synonym for murder and was rumored to have filmed ritual murders by members of his tribe.

Though no one has ever found a Manson murder flick, stories persisted that other such films were on the market—probably made in Latin America—with black-market prints going for \$1500 apiece and up, tickets to furtive private screenings costing sick thrill seekers \$200 a head.

Early this year, New York distributor Allan Shackleton of Monarch Releasing Corporation leaped to fill the gap between fact and fancy and fat profits by launching *Snuff* in Manhattan. According to Monarch's unabashedly offensive ad campaign, this was it: "The *Bloodiest* thing that *ever* happened in front of a camera. . . . The film that could only be made in South America . . . where life is CHEAP!" With Shackleton coyly avoiding a statement about whether the film's horrendous final scene was real or faked, *Snuff* richly fulfilled his primary objectives of whipping up controversy and boosting box-office receipts.

Snuff, in fact, is a totally fraudulent shocker (aptly described by one Monarch spokesman as "a piece of shit") that was made in Argentina in the early Seventies, as a sleazy exploitation quickie titled *Slaughter*. Badly dubbed into English and generally inept, the movie describes how a murderous Mansonlike girl gang goes around killing people. Awkwardly tacked on to the end of this crude trivia is a seven-minute film within the film that has nothing to do with what went before but shows a fully clothed blonde actress being dismembered by a maniacal male armed with a knife, shears and a portable buzz saw. The grisly epilog was shot in New York, at a cost of several

thousand dollars, by a rightly embarrassed group of commercial film hacks who would rather remain anonymous. After a lengthy investigation, Manhattan's district attorney officially declared *Snuff* bogus; his men had met the supposedly murdered actress and her director and determined that: "The so-called killing scene is nothing more than conventional trick photography."

The more important issues raised by the *Snuff* case are crassly dismissed as "irrelevant" by Shackleton, are hysterically exploited by bluenose groups seeking some moral justification for film censorship and are further obscured by such liberal do-gooders as Susan Sontag, Eric Bentley, Ellen Burstyn and Gloria Steinem, who condemned *Snuff* for selling murder as sexual entertainment. Of course they object to murder. Who doesn't?

But why link sex with murder, hard-core with homicide, unless there's a curious, inexplicable need to equate them? Especially since *Snuff* bears little or no relationship to porno films as such but might be compared with contemporary cult-camp horror classics in the vein of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Night of the Living Dead* or even Andy Warhol's *Frankenstein*. One answer was suggested by that plain-spoken king of smut, *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein, who swept away *Snuff* and the entire snuff-movie pandemonium as "bullshit created by the morals squad to give pornography a black eye."

Though he may overstate it, Goldstein has a point about the self-appointed or state-appointed guardians of our morality—who are miles off the beam in seeking to use snuff films as ammunition in their dogged battle to ban explicit sexual material from screen, stage and page. High levels of outright violence are still tolerated, even on television, both in fictional form and as news coverage. An anti-obscenity militant is more likely to express alarm that sex films, hard-core or soft, are showing a trendy increase of heavy S/M and bondage sequences to entice customers weary of the same old fuck-and-suck formula. True enough. But none of it is being forced on a captive audience.

If taste and discretion were subject to legislative decree, we might all live in a pure, happy, sexually potent, unpolluted totalitarian state where no one would be crazy enough to lay out four dollars or more to see *Snuff*. But it doesn't work that way, so why don't we all settle down and let the market place get rid of our garbage?

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

"I've always been opposed to waste, both within government and without. It should be eliminated without delay." He did not elaborate.

Michael D. Aita
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

PUNISHMENT AND CRIME

There are people spending years in prison for having a little bit of weed on them, but a woman who murdered her own son gets only six months.

The woman in question is a schoolteacher whose 18-year-old son was taken to the hospital with a drug overdose in April 1975. Doctors had pronounced him out of danger, but she took a pistol and shot him six times as he lay, semiconscious, strapped to a stretcher. She was sentenced to a term of 4 to 25 years in August, and in December the governor of Ohio commuted the sentence to one to ten years. She was released on parole in February, less than a year after killing her son, and says she intends to return to teaching.

Kenneth Starbuck
Hilliard, Ohio

EMPLOYMENT INQUISITION

I was quite interested in the letter from Manuel Ramos, who had been given a grant from Yale University to find out what his friends from the old drug and flower days are doing now (*The Playboy Forum*, February). I found that it isn't easy for a person to move from the counterculture to the straight world.

I have a secretarial job with a big corporation. I passed all of my interviews easily. When I accepted the job, the personnel department told me to report for a medical exam. The nurse took my blood pressure, noticed two marks on my arm and looked at the other arm, which has a mark on it as well. She asked me whether I had given blood recently. Since she gave me the excuse, I took her up on it and replied affirmatively, though I've never given blood in my life. She kept touching the marks on my arms and mumbled something to herself that was inaudible to me. But it suddenly hit me that no big company is likely to be willing to hire an ex-junkie. My answers to the rest of the interview questions were a pack of lies. My need for a job would not allow me to answer truthfully such questions about my past as: Did you ever have venereal disease? (Twice.) Have you ever been heavily sedated or tranquilized for any reason? (When I was in a mental hospital kicking a methadone habit.) Are you now or have you ever been addicted to any narcotic drug? (Heroin, methadone, you name it, I took it.) There were many other questions that I couldn't answer honestly. Yet I had to sign the form.

I have been totally clean—not even pot—for over three years, and I resent

Joe Namath,
Brut 33 Olympic
Games Spokesman.

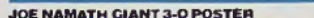
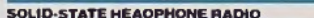
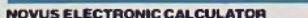
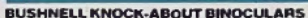
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this kind of prying. Even if I were on a methadone maintenance program, it seems to me that information about my history of drug use should be known only to the treatment center. I hope eventually I will not feel it necessary to hide the fact that I was strong enough to kick several heroin habits and a methadone habit that was much more difficult. For now, I feel I've done what I had to do in order to get a job.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

THE NEXT STEP ON GRASS

Now that eight states have reduced or eliminated criminal penalties for possession of small amounts of pot, I'm concerned about where we go from here. Decriminalization is a desirable first step, but it makes no sense to me that it be accompanied by heavy jail penalties for sale of pot. For one thing, we all know that an occasional narcotics agent isn't above enticing pot users into making sales or even planting extra weed on his victims to make a bigger bust. Furthermore, if some of our legislators now say that smoking grass is harmless, it's ridiculous to throw people in jail for dealing the stuff. I think it's time those of us who favor marijuana-law reform stop calling for decriminalization and start talking legalization.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

All the states that have adopted decriminalization have kept some civil penalty for possession, showing that legislators still don't think smoking grass is a good thing. Recognizing this, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has called for studies to examine various ways of regulating marijuana traffic "which would both minimize the potential for abuse and not encourage use." We agree that eventual legalization of the sale of marijuana is a logical and humanitarian necessity, but let's take one step at a time.

BEATITUDE

When my husband and I met, he admitted that he had been to bed with one other girl before me and that he had been masturbating for years. We took a course in human sexuality at the university where we met and it opened our eyes and answered some of our questions. But my curiosity about masturbation wasn't satisfied. After some practice, my husband brought me to my first orgasm by masturbating me. The experience was marvelous and I asked him how he felt when he masturbated himself. As he told me about what happened to him physically and mentally, he got an erection and I felt excited. The thought of actually watching my husband have an orgasm (you don't get to see much when you're screwing) turned me on even

more. So I shocked us both by asking him to beat off in front of me. He had never done that before in front of anyone and felt a little shy about it, but we both thought it would do us some good.

As a result of that night, masturbation has become a regular part of our sexual repertory. We masturbate each other and ourselves and when sexual excitement is at a peak, we either get off in this manner or proceed to intercourse. It is a beautiful experience.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

MARRIED MASTURBATORS

After reading all the happy testimonials from married masturbators in *The Playboy Forum*, I've decided that I won't do any masturbating just now. I'm going to save it for marriage.

E. Nash
Detroit, Michigan

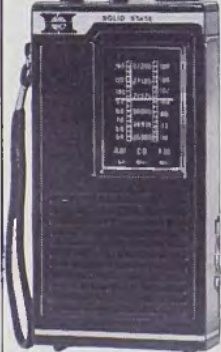
ONEROUS ONANISM

You might be interested in the viewpoint of an existential psychologist on masturbation. Much of my time is spent speaking with and listening to students. When they discover they can trust me, they open up and describe to me the most amazing behavior, experiences and feelings. There is one issue, however, that, except for those few who delight in scandalizing, can be spoken of only with great hesitation and profound shame and guilt—masturbation.

The feelings most people have about masturbation take one of two forms. First, we may think that if we masturbate, it is a symptom that our sex life is not adequate or not normal or not fulfilled or not self-actualizing. According to this belief, if we have to masturbate, it's because we're not screwing enough; and if we're not screwing enough, it's because we haven't taken our rightful place in the fantasy land of continuous orgies; and if we're not living in this fantasy land, it's because we aren't properly relating to others; and if we aren't properly relating, then—and this is what it boils down to—we're somehow weird or sick or disturbed or lacking. Or, second, we may think that if we masturbate, it's because we are afflicted with loathsome, animalistic, ungodly drives. In the first case, we feel we're lacking in social or interpersonal development; in the second, in spiritual development (i.e., we have failed to destroy our bodies). Both attitudes lead to a single self-interpretation: that either psychologically or morally I am a disaster area. The real disaster is the fact that even the most supposedly enlightened of us in our psychologically sophisticated and emancipated society that expertly advises us on sexual know-how can still cling to these merciless notions of masturbation.

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someone else; whether we are indulging in a great deal of interpersonal sexual activity, a little or none at all; whether we are at the moment alone or with someone else; whether we do it ourselves or another does it for us—it's all right to masturbate. As I write this, I feel helpless because I cannot cite any medical or scientific evidence that supports this, I cannot compose any eloquent argument to justify this, I cannot prove this. But it's true, nevertheless. In fact, it's perfectly in order that I feel helpless now, because it's silly to attempt to justify that which doesn't need to be justified: Masturbation is its own justification.

On the other hand, the mountain of self-destructive feelings that falls upon us as a result of our attitudes toward masturbation is what must be examined, because it can never be justified. When people come to realize all of this, they feel better about themselves, as though a great and onerous weight had been lifted from them. They wish that someone had set them straight long ago; they especially wish that when they were young, they had been persuaded to ignore their parents, teachers and friends, who told them that they were committing a mortal sin or that they were queer.

Paul Colaizzi, Ph.D.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SEXUAL SNACKING

As a happily married, uninhibited woman, I'd like to state that I think occasional masturbation for husband or wife is fine, as when the other partner is ill or unavailable. But for one partner to masturbate on a regular basis, without the knowledge or consent of the other partner, is pure selfishness in my opinion. He or she is cheating the other of sex that is rightfully the partner's.

Think of good sex as a good meal. If you snacked on and off all day, how would you feel when you sat down to a good dinner that had been prepared especially for you? Well, you'd probably eat, but the edge would have been taken off your appetite, right? How much more you would have enjoyed the meal if you'd used a little self-control and been really hungry when you sat down to eat. When you masturbate, you're taking the edge off your sexual appetite and denying your partner that extra energy that makes the difference between just good sex and really terrific sex.

(Name withheld by request)
McLeansboro, Illinois

We find it hard to swallow that analogy.

SEX ON THE HOOF

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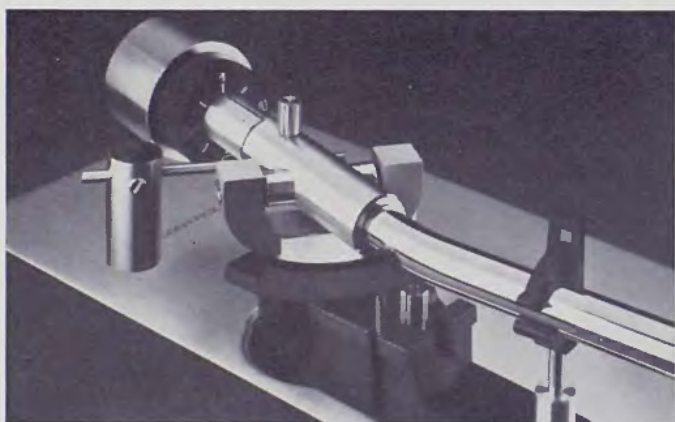


The high price.

The best way to judge the new Pioneer PL-510 turntable is to pretend it costs about \$100 more. Then see for yourself if it's worth that kind of money.

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The S-shaped tone arm is made like a scientific instrument and seems to have practically no mass when you lift it off the arm rest. The controls are a sensuous delight to touch and are functionally grouped for one-handed operation.

But the most expensive feature of the PL-510 is hidden under the platter. Direct drive. With a brushless DC servo-controlled motor. The same as in the costliest turntables.

That's why the rumble level is down to -60 dB by the super-stringent JIS standard. And that's why

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outside marriage and anything else that is considered either normal or abnormal for men or women. So what do you say about bestiality? Mainly, I'm just curious. I grew up in a rural community in south Texas where this was a common joke and where a few of my high school friends even bragged how they had made it with various animals, from sheep to heifers to hens. In fact, I didn't know that sex with animals was a criminal offense until I got into college in 1962 and the subject came up among some prelaw students in the course of a beer party. I never had sex with an animal, mostly for lack of opportunity. But it never occurred to me that there was anything perverse about it, and the country boys I grew up with never indicated that they would prefer an animal to a girl. It was simply a question of availability—what or who would either hold still the longest or protest the least. Anyway, that's how I saw it, and while this wasn't my meat (so to speak), I have never considered it sick or understood why laws would be passed to make it a crime. I never knew anyone who would screw an animal if there was a human available, and I never knew an animal that would care one way or the other as long as it was properly fed and cared for.

(Name withheld by request)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

In ancient times, women were considered the property of their husbands, who, to this very day, tend to be possessive and jealous when their wives engage in sex with strangers. Modern farmers feel the same way about their livestock. Liberation takes time.

BUILD-UP TO A LETDOWN

I'm a new nursing mother and I regularly attend meetings on techniques of breast feeding. One aspect of a problem we often discuss is the letdown reflex, which is the filling of the breasts with milk from the ducts. Hopefully, it occurs each time the infant is due to feed. Experienced breast-feeding mothers are aware of it as a tingling sensation and it happens automatically for them, but new mothers have to make it happen. There are various ways to do this, such as taking a hot shower, having a cup of hot milk or drinking beer, wine or brandy. I am just beginning to be able to control the letdown reflex, but I never produce it so reliably as when I perform fellatio. So far, though, I've been too shy to share this trick with other mothers at meetings.

(Name withheld by request)
Abilene, Kansas

CORRECTING IMPOTENCE

In the November 1975 *Playboy Advisor*, a rather complicated surgical procedure was described as one answer for the problem of impotence. Fortunately,

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impotence can also be corrected through a fairly simple operation that can be performed by a plastic surgeon or a urologist in almost every state. Basically, two silicone-rubber rods are inserted into two compartments of the penis so that the man is able to have intercourse. The penis bends quite easily, allowing the individual to wear clothing without any embarrassing bulge. Complications are rare and the hospital stay is between three and five days. Intercourse may begin six weeks following surgery.

Problems of impotence are rarely seriously discussed and the subject is often treated with humor. However, to the man who suffers from erectile impotence, whether the cause is psychological or organic, the results can be personally devastating. The man usually has the desire and the ability to ejaculate, but he just cannot get an erection. This brings about self-doubts, anxiety and depression, since his feelings about himself are often closely related to his sexuality.

It is true that most cases of erectile impotence are psychological. There are, however, many organic causes; for example, there are probably at least 1,000,000 men in the U. S. who are impotent from diabetes alone. As for psychologically impotent men, there are some, perhaps a great many, who do not respond to psychotherapy. No one should perform the penile-implant operation in the psychologically impotent person as the method of first choice. Certainly we would recommend a full medical and psychological evaluation and a trial of psychotherapy before turning to surgery. But we in medicine cannot turn our backs on the psychologically impotent patient when conservative measures fail. When a modern surgical procedure is available to alleviate a problem, it would be tragic to deny the benefits to a patient simply because the cause is identified as psychological.

James O. Stallings, M.D.
Des Moines, Iowa

SMALL BREASTS PREFERRED

I am shocked at the idea that some women would attempt to augment the size of their breasts through plastic surgery. Small breasts are beautiful. They're a turn-on in the sense that no matter how old the woman, her breasts will remind a man of a girl. And small-breasted women tend to look good at any age, while their big-breasted counterparts tend to droop like cows as they have children or reach middle age. If it is true that men are attracted to women's breasts as a regression to infancy, it is also true that breast size has nothing to do with milk output. And small-breasted women can go without bras more successfully.

Hopefully, in the future, women with big boobs will be looking for ways to reduce their bust size so as to look as

youthful and exciting as their small-breasted sisters.

Dave Thorp
Moses Lake, Washington

SEX, FUN AND THE VATICAN

As a former Catholic, I was interested in the press reports on the new Vatican declaration on sexual morality. Was it possible, I kept wondering, that my favorite practices might now be acceptable to the Pope and the college of cardinals and I could return to the bosom of mother Church? Alas, no. Nearly everything I like is still *verboten* by Rome—except for one thing. According to a Vatican spokesman, the Church "is fully in favor of sexual pleasure so long as it is exercised in a legitimate way in marriage."

What a breath of fresh air! What a revolutionary doctrine! As Lewis Carroll once wrote, "O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

THE POLITICS OF ABORTION

Who is Ellen McCormack? According to an advertisement in a newspaper published by the Catholic Diocese of San Diego, she is seeking the Democratic nomination for President of the U. S. As a candidate whose only interest is promoting the antiabortion cause, she is perpetrating a completely legal defrauding of the American taxpayer.

She has successfully raised the necessary minimum amount of money, and the Government will provide matching funds for her campaign coffers, under terms of a Federal law designated to aid the less financially fortunate running for that office.

With the funds thus collected and as a so-called bona fide candidate, McCormack will gain access to the media. She has no real intention to seek the Presidency. Instead, she will spread what, in my opinion, is a brand of religious bigotry by disseminating antiabortion material across the country.

That seems to me a serious blow to our freedoms of choice and religion. And we taxpayers are underwriting half the cost.

Robert A. Butts
San Diego, California

RIGHT TO MISERY

The right-to-lifers are nothing more than true believers whose mental deficiencies include a compelling need to cling to some grand theology, to defend it with spurious reasoning and, if possible, to validate it by imposing it on as many other people as possible. They don't give a damn about life, particularly the quality of life. They would ruin individuals' lives with compulsory childbirth and would see millions of children starve, live in poverty or without love

and opportunity for happiness, just to honor theological doctrine propagated by the institution that dictates their beliefs and otherwise relieves them of the individual responsibility to think. If the Pope went crackers and decreed that every third child be sacrificed for the greater glory of God, the fetus people would find some way to justify that madness, too.

Walter Herman
Chicago, Illinois

PAPAL PARADOX

The Italian parliament is considering a bill to liberalize abortion and the Vatican has issued a statement describing abortion as "Hitler's revenge." One of the favorite pieces of illogic used in Catholic antiabortion propaganda these days is the attempt to equate the destruction of fetuses (which are not persons) with Hitler's genocide (which was perpetrated on persons). Considering the Vatican's abject silence about Hitler's crimes, the hypocrisy of this is sickening. Obviously, it is easier and safer to pick on pregnant women now than it was to criticize the Nazis in the days of their power.

The Vatican also turns a blind eye to the fact that Italy's current abortion law was enacted by Hitler's pal, the Fascist dictator Mussolini. This totalitarian law calls abortion a crime against "the integrity of the race."

It's those who would prohibit abortion who are the Hitlers, not those who would give women freedom of choice.

L. Miller
Los Angeles, California

The only time Hitler ever gave a woman a choice was when he asked Eva Braun whether she'd rather shoot herself or take cyanide.

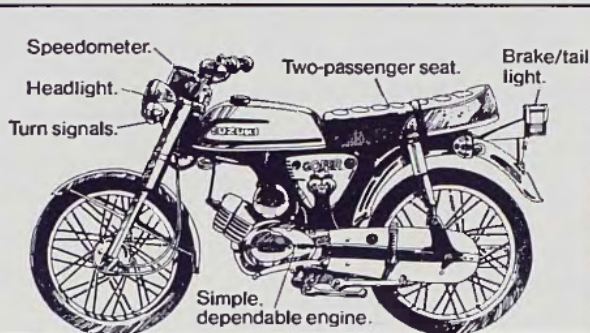
ABORTION AND MINORITIES

When he suggests that legalized abortion will somehow result in the denial of personhood status to racial minorities or the mentally retarded, Hugo Carl Koch (*The Playboy Forum*, February) fails to acknowledge the social conditions and attitudes in those countries where abortion has been readily available for years. For example, in Scandinavia and the People's Republic of China, the care afforded to those who are aged, infirm or mentally retarded appears to be much better and more extensive than in such countries as Brazil, Chile or Spain, where the right to legal abortion is denied. Earlier in this century, Nazi Germany enforced one of the harshest antiabortion and anticontraception policies the world has ever known. Clearly, this did not go along with respect for life generally. Also, one has but to look at the people who consistently vote against abortion rights, such as Senators Dewey Bartlett, James Buckley and Jesse Helms; they

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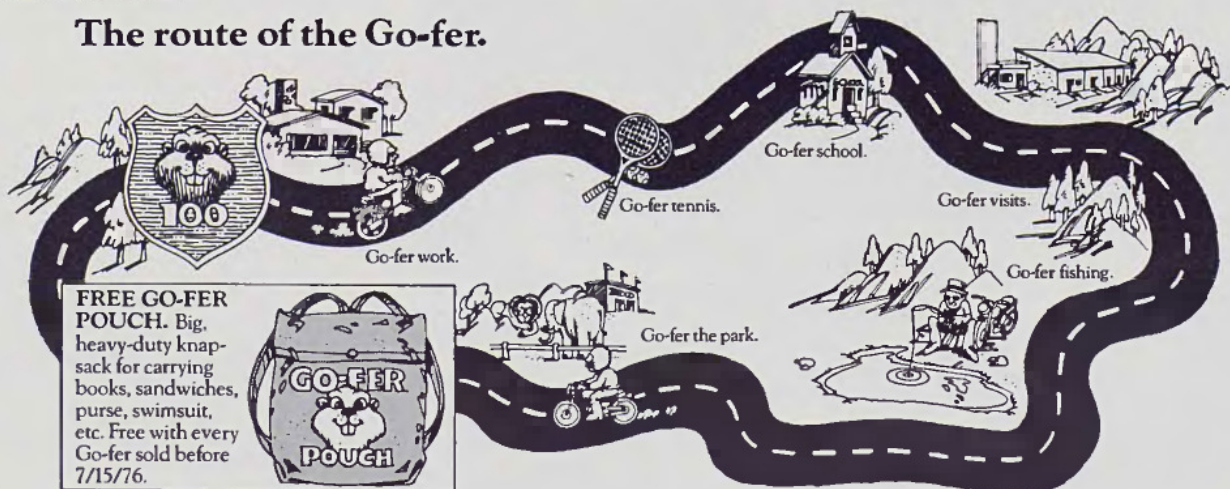


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Roger Johnson
 Chevy Chase, Maryland

A WOMAN'S CONSCIENCE

I congratulate you on your response to the antiabortion letter from Hugo Carl Koch. You express my feelings on abortion and religion in one short paragraph.

Three years ago, at the age of 15, I was an overly ripe female just waiting to be picked. A horny male of 28 plucked me—and got me pregnant. After battling with my Catholic parents, I obtained a legal abortion and survived it with no physical or mental scars. The only thing I lost was an unwanted fetus. What did I gain? Self-reliance and self-awareness.

I agree with PLAYBOY 100 percent. The final authority on the morality of abortion can only be the woman's own conscience.

(Name withheld by request)
 Scotts Valley, California

As a woman who believes she has a right to terminate a pregnancy, I found myself in total disagreement with Hugo Carl Koch's letter. There are many children in orphanages, many of them of minority races. There are still more children in unhappy, underprivileged and overcrowded homes. And how many child beatings, most of them unreported, take place each year? How many children are growing up unloved because their parents went through with a pregnancy *only* because of religious beliefs? Just what kind of hell are all these children going through?

It really upsets me to see a person arguing against abortion from some purely abstract, philosophical position, without really thinking about the unwanted child in the unhappy home or considering the feelings of the woman with an unwanted pregnancy.

I, as a woman, am glad we have legal abortion. I have too many goals to have them cut short by a child I would not want and to whom I could not offer a loving, complete home. I feel a whole lot better living with my conscience knowing that I have not brought one more helpless, unwanted child into this world. I am content to leave childbearing to the people who truly want and will love the child they conceive.

Bravo, PLAYBOY, for standing next to women in our fight for liberation and our lives.

Sandra Stohlman
 Maple Heights, Ohio

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Your reply to my letter opposing legal abortion states that "legal abortion is anti-totalitarian: It rejects the idea that the state can compel pregnant women to bear

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And, to be a bit blunt, BMW gives you a superior suspension system. Instead of the "solid-rear-axle" systems found in all domestic — and many foreign — sedans, the BMW suspension is fully



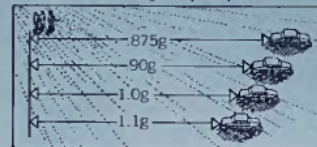
Results of the Motor Trend "200 Ft. Circle Test" clearly illustrate the superior road holding abilities of the BMW. At .82g BMW was still on the road, other makes were not.

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While inside, the BMW 530i features as long a list of luxury items as one could sanely require of an automobile, its luxury is purpose-



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fully engineered to perform a very significant function: help prevent driver fatigue.

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For many serious drivers in all parts of the world, the BMW 530i has redefined the meaning of the word "luxury" to encompass something more than a thin veneer of brocade and chrome.

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children against their wishes." May I point out, following Aristotle, that virtue is a mean and that it can turn into a vice both through excess and through defect. Both anarchy and the rule of law are antitotalitarian, but the former is a vice through defect, while the latter is a mean and therefore a virtue. To compel a woman to become pregnant is totalitarianism; to compel her to take responsibility for the predictable result of a voluntary act, requiring her to bear the child, is the rule of law.

You state that the doctrines of the great ethical teachers of the major religions, which I cite as authority in my opposition to abortion, are "wide open to interpretation," and add, "It's anybody's guess what Moses, Jesus or Buddha might say about the question of abortion in the light of today's biological and medical knowledge." Aside from congratulating you for the most sophomoric statement ever to appear in the pages of *PLAYBOY*, I would like to state that modern biological and medical research tells us that once technical problems are surmounted, human beings will be gestated in the laboratory as well as in the womb. Thus, the embryo possesses, after all, the potential for sustained existence apart from the mother, the denial of which formed for a long time the crux of the argument for legal abortion.

You further state that "citing higher authority is often nothing more than a way of ducking responsibility for one's decisions." I would suggest that just as when one has a medical problem, he doesn't treat himself but consults a physician; or when he has a legal problem, he doesn't represent himself but retains an attorney; so when one has an ethical dilemma, he doesn't go to the man in the street or solely to his own conscience. Unless one is gifted with the talent and temperament for ethical speculation, he is likely to be at least partially in error.

Hugo Carl Koch

New York, New York

You seem to think that God invented screwing for the primary purpose of making women pregnant and producing babies, and that anything interfering with this process is against God's will. Believe what you like, preach what you believe, but don't try to impose your theology on others. That's the rule of religion, not the rule of law. Childbirth may well be a predictable result of sexual intercourse, but predictable doesn't mean inevitable or mandatory, even by Aristotle's logic.

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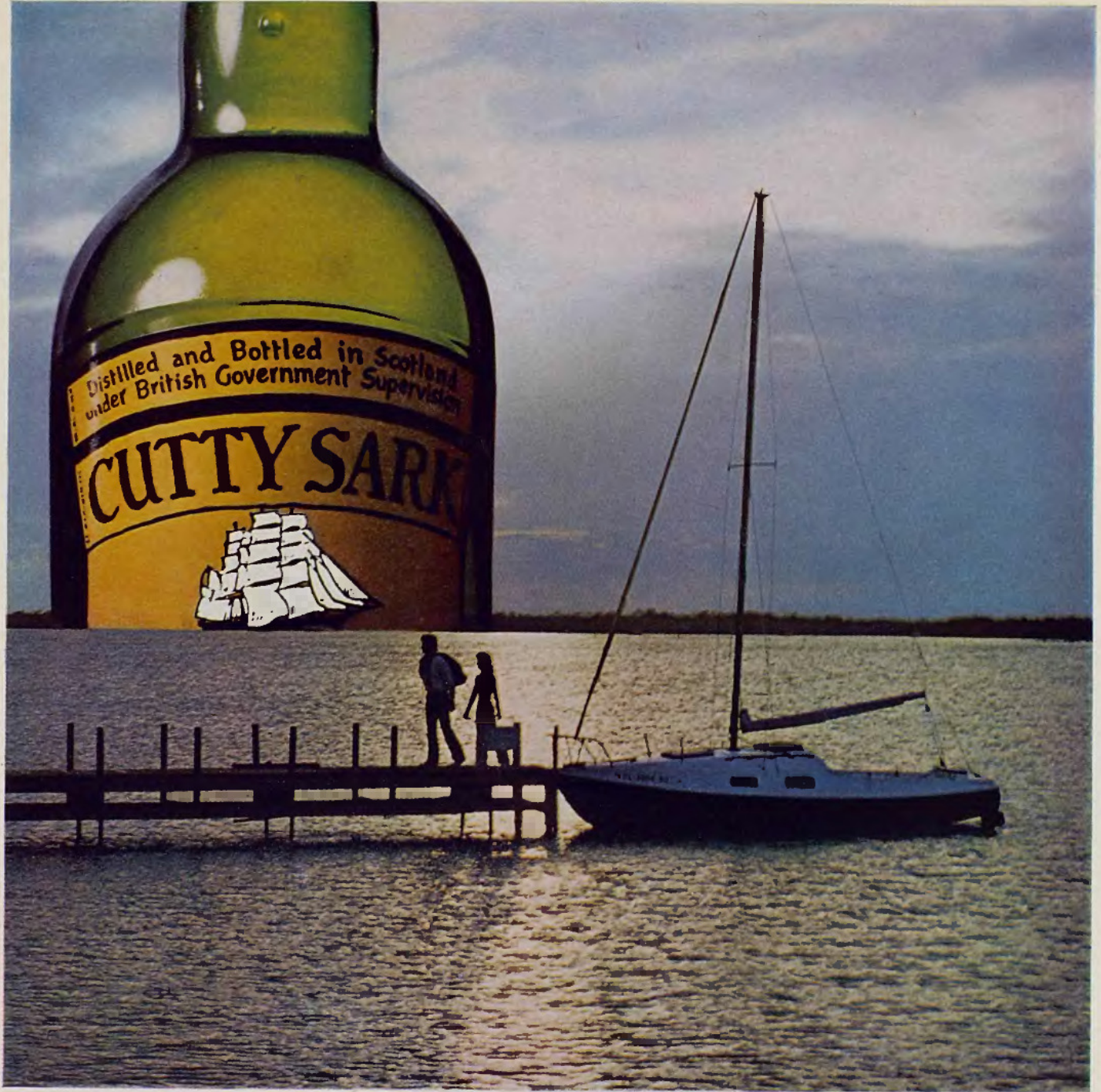
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The Verlyite



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

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SARA JANE MOORE

a candid conversation with the woman who tried to kill president ford

In the twilight of early morning, June 8, 1975, a black man named Wilbert "Popeye" Jackson and a woman friend were sitting in his car in San Francisco's Mission District, talking. Suddenly, there was a burst of gunfire, and when it stopped, both Jackson and his companion were dead.

At 3:30 P.M. on September 22, 1975, near San Francisco's Union Square, a single shot rang out, aimed at President Gerald R. Ford. The bullet missed and the would-be assassin, Sara Jane Moore, was immediately subdued.

The two events are not unrelated—and both were entangled with an even more bizarre crime, the kidnapping of Patricia Campbell Hearst. Sara Jane Moore, a middle-aged divorcee then working as a free-lance accountant in the East Bay Area, had volunteered book-keeping services for the People in Need program set up by Randolph Hearst to distribute food to the poor in fulfillment of the demands of Patty's kidnapers, members of the Symbionese Liberation Army. Through PIN, Moore met Popeye Jackson, a revolutionary who headed the United Prisoners Union in San Francisco. Hearst and Moore believed that Jackson might, through his prison sources, be able

to establish contact with the S.L.A. So Sara Jane—or Sally, as she often calls herself—became the liaison between Jackson and Hearst. All of which brought her to the attention of the FBI, which recruited her as an informant, asking her to report on the leftist groups with which she was becoming affiliated—and to whose doctrines she says she was gradually converted.

From the beginning, Moore was fascinated with Jackson, whom she regarded as her political mentor. Eventually, she gave up her comfortable home in suburbia to move into an apartment in San Francisco only a few blocks from where Popeye lived. The proximity, not incidentally, made it easier for her to continue her FBI-directed surveillance. Jackson, however, began to lose favor with other revolutionaries, who believed he might have received favors from the establishment, notably Hearst, in exchange for his help in the search for Patty. When he was killed, Moore—knowing it was she, in statements made when she had tried to repudiate her FBI relationship, who had let the cat out of the bag about the Jackson-Hearst connection—began looking over her shoulder. She's been doing so ever since; her conviction that she was marked for death, she has said, made it

easier to risk the assassination attempt.

Who is Sara Jane Moore? Is that even her real name? Most reports say that she was born Sara Jane Kahn on February 15, 1930, in Charleston, West Virginia, and that Moore was her mother's name. Other published accounts vary; some say she was married twice, others four times; that she had borne four children, or five; that as a WAC in 1950 she fainted near the White House, suffering from amnesia. Moore herself refuses to clarify her past. Adding to the air of mystery surrounding her case is the fact that U.S. District Judge Samuel Conti, in pronouncing a sentence of life imprisonment after she entered a plea of guilty to the charge of attempted assassination, sealed all the trial evidence.

Andrew Hill, a free-lance writer and television newsman in San Francisco, met Moore during her stint with the People in Need program. A year later, he saw her again, marching in support of Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers. After her arrest for the assassination attempt, Hill wrote an article about Moore, which she read. Deciding that he was perhaps one representative of the media she could trust, she invited him to visit her in her cell in the San Francisco County Jail,



"I was stunned that I missed. I just could not believe that I missed. My aim was true, the shot was good—it was just that the .38 was a faulty gun. I had never fired that particular gun."



"There's one part of me that's glad I didn't kill another human being, but my intent was to kill him. I knew what I was doing. The Government has tried to make me look like a crazy woman."



STEPHANIE MAZE

"Look at me—would you believe it if I said, 'I'm an FBI pig'? A white, upper-middle-class suburbanite wandering around in the left? That's why I was good at it; I just don't look like an agent."

where she was incarcerated before sentencing. She has since been transferred to the Federal prison at Terminal Island, California. Hill's report on his two sessions with her, on which, plus several subsequent telephone conversations, this interview is based:

"I wondered what everybody else wondered about Sara Jane Moore: How did a seemingly well-educated, middle-class divorcee get entangled in such a mess? And why did she think knocking off the President would solve her problems? These are the things I asked her, and, to my surprise, she answered my questions with glib candor. She talked mostly about the FBI, about how she had naïvely believed that its agents were truly her friends, and about her resentment that that aspect of her life had not been more fully publicized. She spoke compassionately about her nine-year-old son, Frederick, whom she has tried to protect from the consequences of her action. She has arranged for him to live with friends in her absence.

"I came away from the sessions with the feeling that here was not so much a political kook as a victim—perhaps the yield of Bicentennial America, an unblended brew of stars, stripes, media hype, domestic spying and urban guerrilla warfare. It's especially difficult to cast this buoyant woman in the role of assassin. Yet she has insisted, in court, that such was, indeed, her intent. Our conversation began on that note."

PLAYBOY: You told the court at the time you entered your guilty plea that you did intend to kill President Ford when you shot at him. Do you still stand by that statement?

MOORE: Yes, I wish I had killed him. Since I was arrested, I've been in four different jails. In each of them, people have asked me, "What were you trying to do when you fired the shot?" I always say, "I was trying to kill him." That's good for a minute or two of dead silence, because everybody expects I'm going to be struck dead on the spot. But then—whether the women are black or white, old or young, in for assault and battery, possession of marijuana or whatever—every one of them says, with really intense emotion, "I wish you had killed the motherfucker."

PLAYBOY: What, specifically, do you have against President Ford?

MOORE: Oh, Ford is a nebbish. I have nothing against him personally. It was the office of the Presidency that I was trying to attack. Killing Ford would have shaken a lot of people up. More importantly, it would have elevated Nelson Rockefeller to the Presidency, and then people would see who the actual leaders of the country are. I guess I was giving the average American credit for a lot more political awareness than he has.

You see, what we have now is a phony

Government. Nobody ever elected Rocky to the Vice-Presidency; he was governor of a state. Nobody elected Ford President; he was a Representative from a Congressional district. We've never had a true democracy here or anything even approaching it; now we don't even have representative government. We have a façade up there, and people say, "This proves the system works." But it doesn't. All it proves is that they—the real rulers of our country—have got a good thing going. Killing Ford would have meant that people would have had to face Rocky head on, which should rouse a lot of people out of their rationalizing daydreams.

PLAYBOY: But how can you possibly justify assassination as a tool of political education?

MOORE: How can you justify hitting a child? That's what you do when you spank him. A government that uses assassination as a tool—whether against political leaders in other countries or against its own citizens to put down dissent—has to expect to have that tool turned against

*"A government that uses
assassination as a tool—
whether in other countries
or against its own citizens—
has to expect to have that
tool turned against it."*

it. I regret the necessity for it, but I think it will be used more and more.

Sure, there's one part of me that's glad I didn't kill another human being, but my intent was to kill him. I knew what I was doing. The Government has tried to make me look like a crazy woman. That's an impression being deliberately fostered—with the press's enthusiastic cooperation—that I am a poor demented woman who went off her rocker and in a moment of madness fired at Gerald Ford.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that the most likely explanation of your act?

MOORE: Look, in every case of violent political protest, there is a serious attempt to put it down as a kook's act and as quickly and quietly as possible sweep it under the rug, where we try to hide the growing discontent of the people in this country. Am I mad? That was for the psychiatrists and the courts to decide, and they said I was competent to stand trial. If I am mad, it's because I was driven to it by a growing feeling of rage at what has happened in this, my country, and a growing feeling of frustration at being unable to do anything about it.

You know, there's been a lot of talk about the need for more money to provide protection for Ford and other politicians. Doesn't anybody realize that the only way to protect our so-called leaders is to bring about qualitative change in this country so that we would have leaders who are of the people, a Government by the people and for the people? That's what our American tradition says we're supposed to have. What we do have are PR puppets controlled by corporate money monsters: enemies of the people. Somebody, somewhere along the way, must strike the spark that will kindle the prairie fire of a revolution in America. I tried and failed.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying if you had had your .44, if the police hadn't confiscated it, you would have got Ford. Is that what you feel?

MOORE: Well, you know, I was stunned that I missed. I just could not believe that I missed. The trajectory of the shot, the history of the gun, leads me to believe that my aim was true, the shot was good—it was just that the .38 was a faulty gun. I had never fired that particular gun, the .38 I used that day. The police had confiscated my .44 the day before, so I had to get another gun that morning, September 22.

PLAYBOY: And your shot went wild. What were you aiming for?

MOORE: His face. I knew he was wearing a bulletproof vest. It was always going to be a face shot. I'd been practicing.

PLAYBOY: What did you practice on?

MOORE: A board about eight inches wide.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall any of your feelings that day, when you fired at the President?

MOORE: I can even recite for you a poem I wrote at the time. I think it expresses my feelings as well as anything:

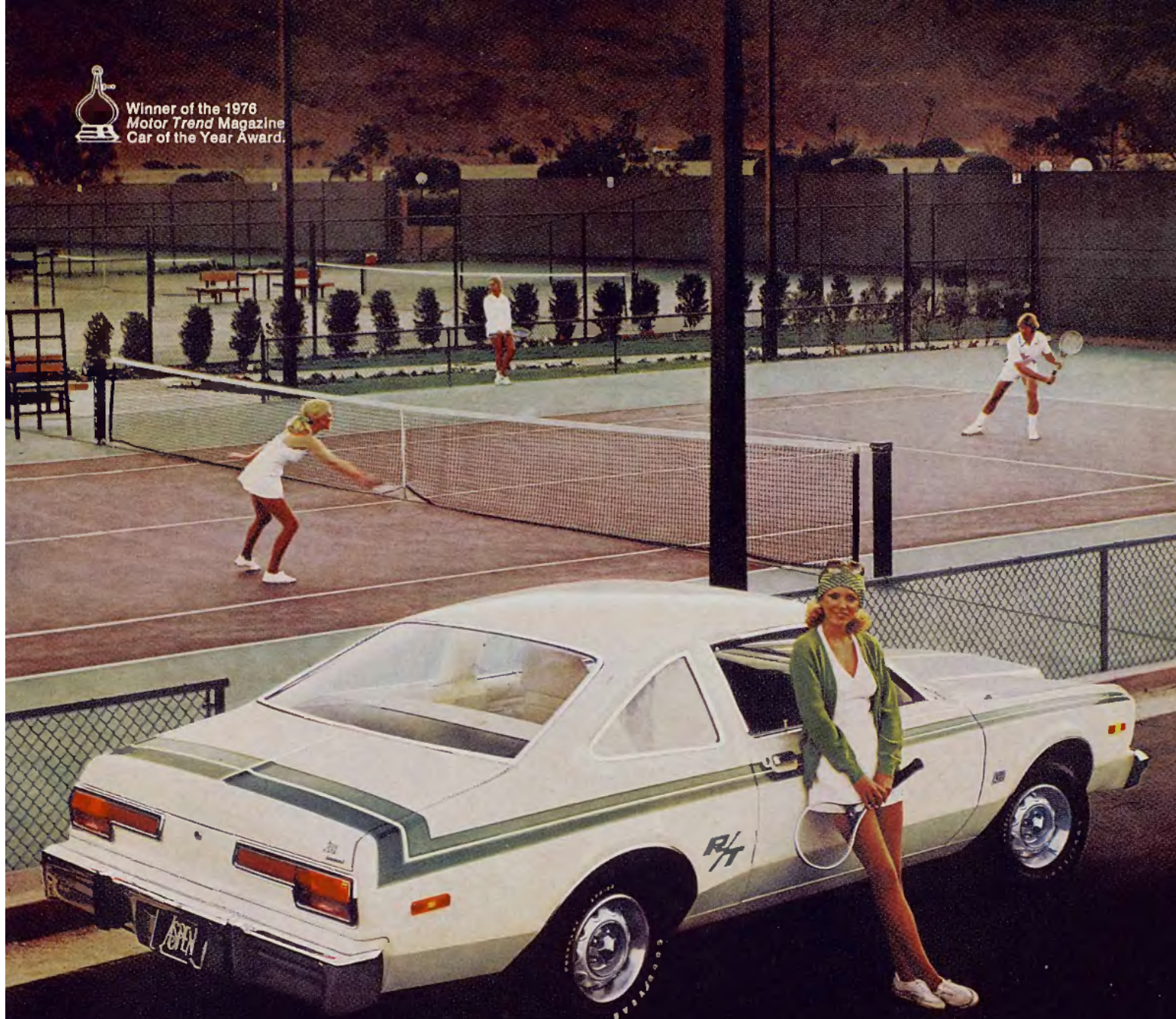
*Hold—hold
Still my hand
Steady my eye
Chill my heart
And let my gun
Sing for the people
Scream their anger
Cleanse with their hate
And kill this monster.*

PLAYBOY: Was there no moment at which your determination wavered?

MOORE: Oh, yes. There was a point where anything could have stopped me and almost did. The most trivial little thing and I would have said, "Oh, this is ludicrous. What am I doing standing here?" There was a point where I was trapped . . . I was actually up on the ropes, my hand in my purse, my finger on the trigger and the hammer back on the gun. I couldn't move, even if I had wanted to leave. I did try to leave once, but the crowd was just so tight . . . there was a point where I thought, "This has to be the most ridiculous thing I have



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done in my entire life. What the hell am I doing here, getting ready to shoot the President?" I turned around to leave. Couldn't get through the crowd.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you concerned that you might shoot an innocent bystander?

MOORE: One of the things that bothered me about my court hearing was that one of the Secret Service agents lied about that. He said I told him I would have shot into the crowd. Actually, I told him I wouldn't have. That morning, I was listening to the newscasts about the President's coming in at the airport. The media people reported that he had been so surrounded by Secret Service men that they hadn't been able to see him. And I thought, "Oh-oh," because that possibility had never occurred to me. If he had come out with people very close to him or in front of him, I would not have fired.

PLAYBOY: The possibility of Ford's being surrounded never occurred to you? Only a few weeks earlier, Lynette Fromme had pointed a gun at him, in the same part of the country. Certainly you realized he would have guards?

MOORE: Yes, I knew he would have guards, but a politician can't appear to fear the people and has to risk some exposure to them. That's why I had wanted to go to Palo Alto, where he was speaking the day before—to see what kind of security was around him. But I never got there, because I was picked up by the San Francisco police on orders—as I learned later that night—of the Secret Service.

PLAYBOY: What was their reason for suspecting you?

MOORE: The San Francisco Police Department said it had had a tip I was carrying a loaded gun. The gun, my .44, was not loaded, and they let me go after a couple of hours. But they did keep both the gun and the ammunition they found in the car. When the Secret Service men picked me up later that night, they admitted it was they who had ordered the arrest. They said it was because they had had a tip I was going to Palo Alto with a loaded gun and might be planning to shoot the President. I told them I had wanted to go to Palo Alto to attend the anti-Ford demonstration, not to shoot the President, and that I had a gun with me because I always carried it.

At the end of the interview, I asked, "What the hell does all of this mean?" They said, "In the future, any time you and the President are in the same city, we will come and get you and at least talk to you." I asked, "For how long?" "For the rest of your life." And I was sitting there thinking, "My God, for the rest of my life!" They took me back to my flat about midnight or one o'clock. This is going to sound silly, but they had thrown me one hell of a challenge. They had my gun, they had my picture, but they had also set things up so that the only chance I had of doing this was the next day. They

felt safe . . . I seemed like such an unlikely assassin.

PLAYBOY: When did you first get the idea of killing Ford?

MOORE: I don't think there was any one instant when I said, "I think it would be a nice thing to do as a political protest to kill the President."

PLAYBOY: But there had to be some point at which you started to take the steps that would get you to Union Square on the 22nd of September.

MOORE: Yes, but I think that it was a culmination of things. I had been politically active—active in terms of doing things—as an FBI informant; I already had the habit of political protest. And there was more and more pressure being put on me. There was considerable pressure brought on me from the left in terms of proving my commitment—everything I did, everything they asked me to do that I did, wasn't enough. And I was getting angrier at injustices I saw. The escalation of what to me was an acceptable political act had begun some time before. There was also the need to break the tie with the FBI.

PLAYBOY: What tie with the FBI? Haven't you stated publicly that you stopped working for the FBI in 1974?

MOORE: That's the story I've always told previously, but it was true only as far as it went. I did blow my own cover in July of 1974, and for some time I didn't do anything for the FBI. But I didn't go down and storm the FBI office and say "I quit." And eventually, by 1975, I had become a double agent.

PLAYBOY: How long did you continue as a double agent?

MOORE: All the time.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Were you, in fact, doubling until the very last moment—say until the day before you took the shot at the President?

MOORE: Oh, the day before the shot, I don't think I was doing anything.

PLAYBOY: But right up to September 1975?

MOORE: I'm not going to answer that, and I'm not sure that I could. I talked to Bert, my FBI control officer, the morning of the assassination attempt, but it had nothing to do with that. God, it is all really hard to explain. But the FBI wasn't going to throw me out and I wasn't feeling strong enough to break the tie by myself. So, for a long time, I'd been trying to do something that would accomplish two things: Number one, it would publicly commit me to several things I had said; and, number two, I planned to burn myself so badly with my FBI contacts that they would not dare use me again.

PLAYBOY: We'd say you succeeded in burning yourself with the FBI. But let's examine what you just said about committing yourself *publicly*. Can you honestly say that there wasn't something in you—aside from any political considerations—that was seeking the limelight? Didn't you



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MOORE: No, I was *not* seeking publicity; the world-wide publicity stunned me. My world had become so small and so local that I thought only in those terms. I hoped the act would mark a turning point in history but thought of myself as a tool of history rather than a maker of it. I still cannot fully understand or accept how much attention has been focused on me personally. It was the act and its reasons that were important—that it happened to be me was important only in that my background would, I hoped, embarrass and damage the FBI and the Government.

PLAYBOY: When Judge Samuel Conti pronounced sentence on you, he expressed the opinion that you never would have shot at Ford if we still had capital-punishment statutes on the books. You wrote to him that the death penalty would not have deterred you; you said you were "already under a death sentence." What did you mean by that?

MOORE: I had been receiving death threats. Just in the previous few weeks, I had finally got scared enough to ask the San Francisco Police Department for protection. I was going to get killed. I'm glad to see stories in the papers, finally, that people are admitting they had told me that. If anyone was saying I was safe, I never heard it. I even got calls from people out of town, saying, "My God, do you know what we've heard from our underground contacts?" They were calling to tell me I was going to be killed. The FBI had told me I was in danger and they wanted to contact the S.F.P.D. I got them to promise not to do it without my permission, but they did it anyway. When people began dying around me, though, I began to think maybe I was next.

PLAYBOY: People such as Popeye Jackson, the black revolutionary friend of yours who was murdered last June?

MOORE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What reason did the FBI give for thinking you were in danger?

MOORE: One of their other sources had told them an organization on the left had discovered I was a pig and wanted to take care of me. The FBI didn't know for some time that I had blown my own cover to the left; I didn't tell them. I went through a very freaky time.

PLAYBOY: How did that whole tangle—your involvement with the FBI and with the underground left—get started?

MOORE: I had been a political activist all my life. People tend to think of a political activist as a left-wing person, but a political activist is someone who goes out and does things. I had worked for things I believed in for a long time, some of them for 20 or 30 years, and they hadn't got much better.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

MOORE: Civil rights, particularly. I think I first became involved when I was a teenager and Marian Anderson was to sing in a concert in my home town. There was a controversy because she refused to sing in a segregated public auditorium.

PLAYBOY: Where was that?

MOORE: I never talk about my past life at all. That's the choice I've made. I feel if people who knew me wish to come forth and identify themselves with me, that should be their choice, not something I dragged them into.

PLAYBOY: What about the more recent past? How did you come to work for the FBI?

MOORE: It all started when I volunteered to work for the People in Need program, the food-distribution centers that Randy Hearst set up after Patty was kidnapped. Popeye, who was head of the United Prisoners Union, offered to help Randy get in touch with Patty, and I was the go-between. The FBI learned about it and asked me who had made the offer and I was afraid to tell them. I asked them why they wanted to know and they told me that they were not interested in picking this person up; they were not interested even in what he was going to do. They said it was their policy never to interfere with anything the family did, that their sole concern was the safe return of the kidnapped victim. After the victim was safely returned, you bet your boots they were going to go out and catch the kidnapers and maybe kill them if they resisted, but, according to them, until that point, they never interfered with any arrangements the parents made. But they said, as I was well aware, Randy had been ripped off dozens of times. We sat down and estimated how many times Randy or his agents had gone out on the street at 2:30 in the morning with \$300 to buy information. We had all been this route.

PLAYBOY: You speak of Hearst as Randy. Had you known him before Patty's kidnaping?

MOORE: No. I had met the Hearsts once years before at a social function, but we didn't know one another.

PLAYBOY: So you finally told the FBI that it was Popeye who made the offer?

MOORE: Yes, I told them. Now, this was a freaky thing. The FBI agents were in and out of Randy's office all the time. As a matter of fact, my first conversation with them had been inside Hearst's office itself. So when they said they wanted me to meet someone else from the bureau, I said, "Fine." And I called them the next morning on my coffee break—we had arranged that—and they told me, "Go stand on such and such a street corner and a green car with license number so-and-so will pick you up." I thought, "This has to be the wildest B-movie nonsense I have ever heard in my



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life." They were serious; they do it just like in the movies. I don't know whether the movies are made because that's the way the bureau does it or whether the movies have done it so often that the bureau plays along, but I swear to God it's exactly like that—the codes and all, just like a very bad movie script. There I was, standing on a street corner feeling so obvious, when the green car pulled up with a man in the back seat.

PLAYBOY: Who was in the back seat?

MOORE: Bertram Worthington, who later became my control officer. They wanted to go somewhere and have coffee, but I was scared. They had so firmly convinced me it wasn't cool for me to be seen with them that I was afraid to have coffee with them. So I suggested somewhere in Golden Gate Park and they said, "Well, you're twice as obvious sitting in a parked car." We compromised by going out to Pacific Heights and parking. They said something that's very true: The most private place is a public place.

At any rate, I told the FBI then that the man who had made the offer to Randy Hearst was Popeye Jackson. Bert said, "It's highly improbable, but it's possible that they would trust him."

PLAYBOY: They meaning the Symbionese Liberation Army?

MOORE: Yes. They asked me a lot of questions about what Popeye said and why I thought he knew S.L.A. people and I answered them. They said that he was telling the truth, that he did know them. They asked me if I would look at some pictures and I said yes. At a subsequent meeting with Worthington, I looked at the pictures, identified some people I had either seen or met, identified one man I had met on two occasions. They said that they had a continuing interest in that one man in particular. Then I asked, "What has this got to do with the S.L.A. and Patty and Popeye?" They said, "We feel that if anyone is currently in touch with the S.L.A., this man is."

PLAYBOY: Who was he?

MOORE: I've never identified him publicly. I've given him a pseudonym; I call him Tom. When the FBI agents told me they thought Tom was in touch with the S.L.A., I said, "You're joking." They assured me that they were not. I had several conversations with Worthington. He asked at one point if I thought I could arrange to see Tom again and if I was willing to do so. I agreed to work with them and Tom became my target.

I was at that time attending benefits, seminars and things on the background of the left. I was listening to left people—not the left people I'd worked with in the antiwar movement, not liberals or anything like that, but guerrilla types,

closer to terrorist types. Not Weather-people, not S.L.A. but the group of people in the middle who stand up and support the bombers.

PLAYBOY: Did you come to believe that Tom was connected with the S.L.A.?

MOORE: Oh, well, he admitted it. Yes, he knew most of the S.L.A. people. He had recruited two of the original women—not into the S.L.A. itself but into an organization that he belonged to.

PLAYBOY: You don't know which one?

MOORE: Yes, but I'm not going to say.

PLAYBOY: Is he still active?

MOORE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: The FBI is therefore maintaining its continuing interest in him?

MOORE: Oh, sure. The FBI's going to chop him down and everybody else, too. The FBI practice is to chop down the leaders before they get anywhere. And they're good at it.

PLAYBOY: Did the FBI also maintain an interest in your connection with Jackson?

MOORE: The FBI didn't care that much about Popeye. It used him as—kind of a training thing for me. All that we talked about in terms of Popeye was how his people were reacting to me—how I felt about what was being said at the benefits and seminars I was attending; in other words, was I being accepted by these people? And there were some messages Popeye had given me, some messages reputedly from the S.L.A. or its associates. One of those messages I believe to have been authentic.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MOORE: It had the right feel. Number one, the way Popeye treated it; number two, the wording of it. By that time, I was permeated with the S.L.A. I knew people who knew its members; I had read every communiqué, had a catalog—I was one of the few people around who had a copy of every one of its tapes, every one of its communiqués.

PLAYBOY: What happened to your collection?

MOORE: I hope it hasn't been lost. The FBI confiscated it after I was arrested, but I think it has been returned to my attorney's office.

PLAYBOY: Did the FBI believe the message was genuine?

MOORE: No, the FBI had doubts about its authenticity. One thing about the FBI, it's very specific. For instance, if I were writing a report on you today, I would give the date, what time you got here, that you were wearing brown corduroy pants and Hush Puppy shoes, etc., etc. I asked them once why they wanted that kind of detail, which I thought was trivial: where we had coffee, how you took your coffee, whether you ordered anything with it, the content of your social conversation as well as your

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political conversation. They said it was because they needed to know these people as well as their best friends knew them or better. I asked them why and they said, "So we'll be able to predict how they'll react." And they do. They know the most intimate details about people—if they really decide they want to know about you, they'll know how often you go to the bathroom, I swear to God.

PLAYBOY: How much money did the FBI offer for your services?

MOORE: The money thing I would like to clarify. I never took money for services. I refused any money in the beginning, but finally I did accept reimbursement for expenditures. If they said to me, "Go to this store and buy this book," I would go, and when I gave them the book, I'd say, "That will be \$1.55." The actual amount of money I received from the FBI was \$816.26.

PLAYBOY: Were the FBI agents people you could talk to and trust? Did you see them socially and regard them as real people?

MOORE: In the beginning, yes, I regarded them as real people—but I don't totally regard them as real people now.

PLAYBOY: What happened to alienate you from them?

MOORE: Well, they targeted me to infiltrate a group—they moved me very quickly. First of all, by the time the S.L.A. thing became moot, my purpose had changed. The people this man, Tom, knew were killed in the shoot-out in Los Angeles where six S.L.A. members were killed, so it never came up again. He knew Emily and Bill Harris, but they weren't the people he really knew well. By that time, I had really gone the FBI route, infiltrating a Communist cadre group and reporting on it. I was by then a real Potential Security Informant, a P.S.I., as they call it. It was freaky. I didn't like what I was doing. Those people were not at all what the FBI had pictured them to be—they'd pictured them to be kind of evil incarnate, paid agents of a foreign government. They painted them as real baddies and I met them—and they weren't baddies at all. The people I met were very dedicated, extremely. I found I shared their dreams and I envied their dedication.

PLAYBOY: Which groups did you inform on?

MOORE: I reported on the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization, on the Revolutionary Union, on the October League, on the Socialist Workers Party and on the Communist League, which later became the Communist Labor Party. I reported on groups and people peripheral to the Weather Underground. I reported on the Prairie Fire Organizing Committee. In addition,

I filed reports on the U. S.-China People's Friendship Association, the May First Movement and K.D.P., which is the Philippine Liberation Group. I also reported on the Black Workers Congress.

PLAYBOY: What is meant by reporting on groups and individuals? What, specifically, did you do?

MOORE: I take shorthand, so at meetings I wrote up minutes. At most meetings, people take notes, so nobody paid much attention to me. I made notes on conversations that took place before and after meetings: who said what to whom. I also reported on individual people. I supplied the FBI with addresses and phone numbers—even on one occasion stealing and copying an address book belonging to someone they had a continuing interest in. I reported on study groups I heard about and who participated and what they were reading. I looked at pictures taken at demonstrations, identifying people and their organizational affiliations. I gave the FBI literature and, on a couple of

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occasions, copies of internal policy papers of groups I knew. Sometimes I made analyses of organizations, spotting evidences of divisiveness within them, and so on. The FBI always likes to know who in an organization is getting mad at the group. One of its primary ways of recruiting people is making contact with those who are mad at organizations. If they haven't already left the group, the FBI tries to get them to smooth over their differences, stay in the group and report on it. If they've already left the group, the FBI will contact them and see if they want to be debriefed about the organization.

PLAYBOY: Were your assignments specific?

MOORE: Oh, I rarely had real assignments. They were more like suggestions to check on particular groups. I didn't report on every group I was associated with. I worked in coalitions; I went to seminars; I met people; I listened. I jabber on and on and it's a real fooler, because people

think of me as old gabby box, but old gabby box listens.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever give the FBI any information that turned out to be destructive to the organizations and individuals you reported on?

MOORE: Well, I know now, because of the things I've seen since my arrest, that they started files on people they didn't previously have files on. Someone asked me if anyone was now in prison as the result of any report that I had made. I countered that by saying there are some people in prison on whom I had filed reports. Whether or not anything I said was directly or indirectly responsible for their arrests, I do not know.

PLAYBOY: Was Worthington your only FBI contact?

MOORE: No, I answered questions for other agents who knew me only in terms of my code name. My real identity was known, I was told, only to my contact and his immediate superior. Not even the director himself knew my true identity. I think that was a pile of shit, all that supposed secrecy. Although the reason the bureau gave me for it at the time was really very good. They said they did not want anybody to make a slip. In other words, if I were somewhere where people were being arrested, or if I were participating in a demonstration, they did not want any other agent to make a slip in public.

PLAYBOY: Why did you blow your own cover in 1974? Was it under pressure from left-wing organizations?

MOORE: No, there was no pressure then. I had not yet converted to Marxism. I knew so little . . . I still know very little about Marxism. But I began to see that the leftist people I was working with were not enemies of this country—they were dedicated people working for qualitative change. They were not evil. Yes, they recognized revolution, they were dedicated to the armed overthrow of the Government—because they did not think there was any other way to do it. I became aware of how dangerous what I was doing was, how dangerous it was in terms of those people. I was looking at people getting arrested on the basis of information like that which I was telling the FBI—I was looking at people getting killed. I couldn't do what I was doing anymore. You can't fink on friends. You can't be a snitch. I could always have walked away from it; I could have just gone back out to suburbia and done my thing. I was still living in suburbia at that point. But I didn't want to—I wanted to continue to study. I didn't know if these people had the right answers, but certainly they seemed to have a viable alternative. But the bureau still knew where to find me; I would be under

surveillance like everybody else. I was afraid of the bureau. It kills people. FBI agents are quite honest about killing people. They have three ways they neutralize people. One of those three ways is to kill them.

PLAYBOY: What are the two others?

MOORE: They convict them or they hassle them until they burn out.

PLAYBOY: Someone at the bureau told you this?

MOORE: Oh, yes; they're quite open about the way they handle these things. They talk about neutralizing people and I finally asked them, "What the hell do you mean by neutralizing?" Those are the three ways they neutralize enemies, they said. "Look at the S.L.A. They don't hesitate; they go armed." It was Worthington who first said to me, "I don't think you take this seriously enough. This is a war." Bert goes armed 24 hours a day. The FBI people don't hesitate; they shoot. For me to get up the courage to try to shoot someone—you don't know what I went through, the idea of killing another human being. It doesn't bother them. I'm serious. They really don't care. If anyone thinks they do, think again. Death for them is simply a way to neutralize someone.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you were referring to earlier when you said a government that used assassination as a tool must expect it to be turned against it? Could you have learned the use of assassination as a tool from the FBI?

MOORE: Partly, I suppose. There has been so much killing.

PLAYBOY: Just how did you go about telling your leftist friends that you had been an FBI informant?

MOORE: At first I told only Tom. That was in July of 1974, as I said. It was really funny. The night that I told him I was a pig—it was the first time I'd ever used the word pig—I was just talking to him and I said, "There's something I've got to tell you." I kept saying, "No, don't leave." I finally said, "I'm a pig." He said, "S.F.P.D.?" I said, "No." He said, "State?" I said, "No." He said, "Treasury Department?" I said, "No." He said, "That leaves only one. FBI?" I said, "Yes." He didn't believe it. Look at me—would you believe it if I said, "I'm an FBI pig"? A white, upper-middle-class suburbanite wandering around in the left? Well, he didn't believe it, either. That's why I was good at it; I just don't look like an agent. But he asked me enough questions to satisfy himself and finally he realized that I was, indeed, what I said I was.

PLAYBOY: What was his reaction?

MOORE: Well, he said the FBI would never let me go—and it doesn't really ever let you go. I have to tell you that—once they've got you, they've got you. Anyway, Tom said that they would never



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let me go—not and keep working on the left. Tom had to talk it over with his group.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

MOORE: The decision of Tom's group was that I was a security risk to them and therefore they had to break off all contact with me. However, they believed in my sincerity and therefore they were making what to them was a dangerous decision. They would not tell anyone else I was a pig. I was left free to find my way in the movement as best I could. So, for many months, Tom said nothing to anyone, which means he was going directly contrary to the code, and therefore I do not feel that I can ever say who he is, because I do not want it to land on him that he didn't tell.

PLAYBOY: What did you say to the FBI?

MOORE: Nothing, at first. I got a call from Worthington telling me he would be in Washington and we would be out of touch for a while. So it was a while before I told him I had blown myself.

PLAYBOY: But even after your confession to Tom, you went back to the FBI. Why?

MOORE: I'm not sure I can explain it, partly because I don't totally understand why myself. When Tom said, "Go make your own way" and cut off all contact, I didn't realize how thoroughly I was going to be isolated. When you're in a group, you're getting mailings, you're talking to people, you're going to meetings. . . . When they cut you off, you're really cut off. I had peripheral, surface contacts with other groups, but I was not happy with surface contacts. Being out of touch with the FBI also made me realize to what extent my studies had been directed by them and that it was from them I was really learning who was doing what on the left. I remember thinking the only way I was going to make my own way was to have the Feds head me in another direction.

I also began to remember things the FBI had told me about Tom and his background—confirmed by Tom himself. I began to wonder whether Tom's group might not be setting me up. What he had done was contrary to all I had heard about the way "pig agents" were treated when they were discovered. And you have to remember that violence and death were very real in the Bay Area then—Marcus Foster had been killed, Patty Hearst kidnaped. The People in Need program operated in a sea of threats and violence. Then there was the S.L.A.'s fiery shoot-out in L.A.

So I was struggling with my beliefs, struggling to find a place to continue studying and working, struggling against fear. Because Worthington was away, the FBI wasn't aware anything had changed. When he had left, his instructions to me

had been just to continue but not to contact the bureau "unless something heavy happened." If that happened, I was to ask for Frank Doyle, who was Bert's backup. Well, something heavy did happen and I did make contact with Doyle.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

MOORE: Let's just say I learned that a group the FBI had been interested in was about to take an action. Anyway, I did contact Doyle—and so the link stayed intact.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the FBI suspect anything?

MOORE: Yes, I did finally tell Bert I had blown myself to Tom. As was the bureau's policy, I was dropped as a source and strongly "advised" to get out of the movement.

PLAYBOY: That was still in 1974?

MOORE: Yes, early in September, I think. When I refused to heed this advice and appeared to be successful in maintaining contacts and even in making what to them were important new contacts on

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But my heart and mind were
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This is the part I do not
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the left, Bert apparently argued successfully with his supervisor to reformatize my status as a P.S.I. According to him, that was the first time the bureau had ever continued with a blown source.

PLAYBOY: And when did that reinstatement with the FBI take place?

MOORE: October 1974.

PLAYBOY: When and why did you decide to start telling other people, besides Tom, something about your FBI activities?

MOORE: In January 1975, I told Charles Garry, the lawyer handling the San Quentin Six trial, about my FBI association up to July of '74. He convinced me my activities had been more harmful than I realized and that I owed it to the people I had reported on to let them know what I had done, especially if I were serious about continuing to work in the radical left. He was right. It was good advice. It eventually led to my making the assassination attempt and being here in prison, but it was right. I would not change that if I went back to change things. It was the only thing

I could do if I believed what I said and wanted to continue working.

PLAYBOY: So you followed Garry's advice?

MOORE: Yes. I called a leader in each of the three main organizations I had worked with in the movement and told them. I learned very quickly that I had to be rigid about the July 1974 thing, that I could not say that I had waffled through that summer and fall if I wanted to remain in the movement, which I did. There was some acceptance of me because I had come to them. Two organizations handled my story at the leadership level, but the third one spread it everywhere, and it began to go around the movement just like wildfire. And people began to come down on me very, very heavily. That's when I started actively reporting to the FBI again. The FBI is right, you know, about what happens when you get mad. But, at the same time, my heart and mind were with the revolutionaries. This is the part I do not understand about myself. People say, "Why?" and I say, "I can't answer it."

Anyway, this is the point at which I started doubling. Once I realized that that was what I was actually doing, I became very serious about keeping up my association with the FBI, because I began to see that was really the only way I could serve the left. Now, that was probably bastard reasoning, but I was piping information about the FBI to people in the movement. Telling people who thought they were clandestine members of organizations that the FBI knew about them, things like that. But I was scared, because if anybody had paid too much attention to what I said, it would have been obvious that some of the stuff I was talking about I couldn't possibly have known before July 1974, because it hadn't happened yet.

PLAYBOY: But you were also piping information about people in the movement to the FBI?

MOORE: Yes. It was incredible. The faster word about me spread through the movement, the more new people came to me to ask me questions—and the more information I was able to give about them to the FBI.

PLAYBOY: Didn't that bother you?

MOORE: Sure it did, and I don't know how I handled that. Part of it was that I thought if they were so goddamned stupid—I mean, here I was, walking around, an admitted FBI informant, or, as they thought, former FBI informant, and if they were so goddamned stupid as to talk to me, they needed to be taught a lesson.

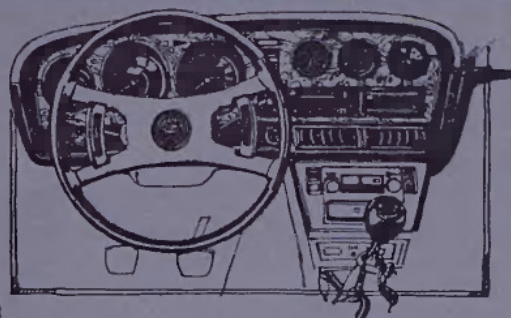
PLAYBOY: One might make the same observation about the FBI agents. If they thought you had converted to the left, why did they trust you?

MOORE: Oh, all right, I can give you an answer to that. Number one, I had told them I had become disillusioned with

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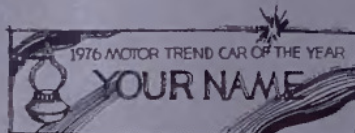


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the left. Number two, the stuff I gave the FBI was hard information. I never fudged with them; what I gave them was accurate. I had done something very valuable for them in the fall of 1974. That was one of the few times that I didn't have any struggle with my conscience. I will intrigue you a little with this: That was the point at which the seed of what finally happened on September 22, 1975, was planted. That was the one time when my political beliefs, what I wanted to have happen, coincided with something that the bureau and the Secret Service wanted.

PLAYBOY: You *have* intrigued us. What was it?

MOORE: Maybe sometime I'll tell you about it. Not now.

PLAYBOY: Why are you telling us these other incriminating things now? That, in particular, though you claimed to have been converted to the left, you had continued serving as an FBI informant?

MOORE: What I'm trying to do now is tell the truth. Be honest. The FBI is likely to make sure that I'm uncomfortable, but so what? At this point, I really don't care. I'm in jail. There isn't anything more anybody can do to me except kill me.

You see, all this period, when I was doubling, was a very freaky one in my life. Nobody *knew* I was doubling. There were actually not two but three Sally Moores operating at that point: one, the Sally Moore moving toward armed protest and starting to work with people dedicated to violence, telling no one—not the FBI, not friends on the left; two, the Sally Moore, converted informant, struggling to find acceptance with the theoreticians and “respectable” Communists; and, three, Sally Moore, FBI informant, reporting on who was asking me what about my “past,” as well as on the new groups and people I was meeting.

People on the left said to me, “You’ve got to write your experiences down. You’ve got to reduce to writing what happened. Write down how you got involved, what you did for the FBI, whom you involved—you’ve got to reduce it to writing.”

PLAYBOY: What did the FBI say about that?

MOORE: They first said enough was enough, that I should “stonewall” all further conversation about my past. When I refused, saying I couldn’t get anywhere without some public statement, I was asked to, one, stay with the story I had previously told, revealing no more and, if possible, even less than I had already admitted, and, two, be honest about their instructions to me, their treatment of me. In other words, to avoid telling any more than I had to, but what I did tell, make it the truth.

So I tried to reduce my entire FBI experience to writing. The written statement was very important to people on

the left. There was some talk that my statement could either be circulated among the leadership in various cadre groups on the left or be given general circulation, depending on what was in it. There were six people who saw the first draft. Everyone said, “No. It’s too dangerous; it’s too hot.” I thought they were talking in terms of what law enforcement might do to *me*, not to people on the left. I never used Popeye’s name in the statement, but he was instantly recognizable. When he was killed, all I could think about was that I had fingered him. When I hung up the phone after hearing the news, my immediate thought was, “Oh, my God, I’ve killed Popeye.” That same week, I got another call. The voice on the other end said, “You’re next.”

PLAYBOY: Is that when you decided to buy a gun?

MOORE: I bought both of my guns from a man named Mark Fernwood. He’s one of the leaders of the John Birch Society in the East Bay Area. Of course, had he been on the left or even a liberal, he

“When I hung up the phone, my immediate thought was, ‘Oh, my God, I’ve killed Popeye.’ I got another call. The voice on the other end said, ‘You’re next.’”

would now be in jail, charged with conspiracy or as an accessory, instead of out there making money. He was dickering at one point with the U.S. Attorney to have the gun I shot at Ford with returned to him; he was going to sell it as a collector’s item.

PLAYBOY: How did you make connections with Fernwood?

MOORE: Well, I lived in the East Bay for a while, in Birch country, and I knew a lot of Birch people. I could see there were people on the radical right doing the same things that the FBI was arresting people for on the left. The FBI was very interested in guns, who had them, where they got them, how they used them—things like that. So every now and then, I would talk to them about somebody I knew who had guns, somebody who was anti-Government, and they’d get really interested. “Who was it?” And I’d tell them, “A member of the John Birch Society,” and I’d get a lecture on the right of citizens to bear arms and protect their homes and such.

I got angrier and angrier at things like that, so I got ready to get a gun. The only reason I did was that my life was in danger. As a matter of fact, I asked the FBI for advice on what kind of gun to get. I asked my contact officers in the FBI and I also began asking other people.

PLAYBOY: Wasn’t that indiscreet?

MOORE: What’s the point of getting a gun to protect yourself and keeping it a secret? I wanted people to know I had the goddamn thing. People already realized I knew how to handle weapons: That was one of my attractions to the left.

PLAYBOY: When did you learn how to handle guns?

MOORE: I’d had some weapons training when I was younger, mostly rifles and shotguns. Target shooting, skeet. I was surprised that I retained as much as I did. It’s like riding a bicycle. I guess: Once you learn, you never forget. Anyway, because I could handle weapons, the FBI loved me. I was an accountant who knew about guns and they thought the left wouldn’t be able to resist me. It was almost true. Anyway, I was trying to figure out what kind of gun to get. I really hadn’t had much experience with handguns. The consensus was that it should be a revolver. Actually, the .44 was a little more gun than I wanted, a heavier caliber, but I tried it and it wasn’t that bad. I thought it was going to have a lot more kick than it did. I liked that particular gun.

Originally, I was going to go down to the local gun exchange—to a perfectly open and legitimate place—and sign my name, wait my five days and get my gun. All of a sudden, everybody said, “You don’t want to do that, because they report all those to the police.” I thought, “Well, I’ve already told the police I’m going to get the gun,” but I wasn’t saying that to anybody else. Everybody seemed to be freaked out about the fact that I was thinking of walking into a store and legally buying a weapon. I just couldn’t understand that. Not *everyone* I know is a revolutionary, but all I heard was, “You know how the police are about guns.” I said, “No, tell me how the police are about guns.” But a conservative friend of mine said, “What’s wrong with giving your business to friends?” and told me he had a friend who sold guns.

PLAYBOY: That was Fernwood. Where did you meet him?

MOORE: At his house. You know, just going into the house, you would never know that he sold guns. You had to be introduced by a friend. It was very much like it would be on the left—they have a clandestine group on the right, too. They have a secret shooting range, secret firing range. One of them even told me I should never buy ordinary

ammunition; I should use dumdums. There's a diagram that you've probably seen in the paper of how the dum dum goes in and makes a three-inch hole. You talk about bloodthirsty people! No one on the left is as bloodthirsty as those right-wingers. This is the thing that makes me angry. I spent those two years since the Hearst kidnaping getting angrier and angrier. Part of it was what I was learning on the left; part of it was Marxist theory, which was really turning me on.

PLAYBOY: Did you practice shooting on the Fernwood range?

MOORE: Well, yes, I did shoot there once, but I had shot elsewhere, also.

PLAYBOY: You say your initial purpose in buying guns was to protect yourself. At what point did you decide, "Aha, now I've got a gun. I'm going to use it on Ford"?

MOORE: That is the part that I don't think I can talk about. I just haven't figured out a way to talk about it and protect everyone. I'm not saying that anyone helped me plan it. I'm just saying that there are other things—which means there are other people, though not in terms of a conspiracy. There are areas I'm still not willing to talk about for a lot of reasons.

PLAYBOY: You said that you'd been threatened, that you were afraid for your life. Did that push you to the point of wanting to kill Ford?

MOORE: I wasn't pushed. What the death threats that had been made against me did was give me freedom. In other words, I genuinely felt, I still do feel, that I was going to be killed. I don't feel it as strongly now. Someone asked me if my attempt on Ford wasn't really suicide. I said, "Hell, no." I knew it then, but I really know it now, because I had none of the depression or anything afterward. It was a risk that I was running. But the risk wasn't that great, because it was a question of how I was going to be killed, anyway. Was I ever that much in danger? I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Why couldn't your protest have taken some less lethal form?

MOORE: I tried other things. Before the assassination attempt, I talked to a *New York Times* reporter and offered to set the FBI up by filing an unsigned report and getting Worthington to set up a meet, which the *Times* would have photographed, showing me signing it. The reporter wanted to do the story but was afraid of a setup. He was afraid of what the FBI would do to him. I was stunned. He was afraid that they would question him or subpoena him for doing the story, to find out what I might have told him. I told him the FBI knew what I knew and would probably assume I had told

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him everything, but since they weren't particularly interested in making it public, they would have nothing to gain by subpoenaing him. He was very much afraid that the FBI would see us together. I never felt good about him and so I told him I wasn't interested in doing the story. **PLAYBOY:** Did you try anything else before shooting at Ford?

MOORE: I tried to go underground, started attempting to contact one of the guerrilla groups. I had made the first contact with them—and then Popeye was killed. After that, things moved too fast. The underground accused me of fingering Popeye; the FBI warned me that I was in danger and should contact the S.F.P.D. for protection. The FBI also told me not to talk to the police about Popeye's death; if they asked, I was to use my First and Fifth Amendment rights and refuse to answer questions. That made me more scared. An offer of police protection came from the S.F.P.D.; I refused almost in a panic, telling them that, in effect, they would be signing my death warrant. A journalist who was writing a story about me decided it was necessary to interview my FBI control officer. The FBI did not know of the proposed story, so I begged the writer not to place me in danger. "I don't think you understand the forces you're going to set in motion," I said. The reply was that I was already in danger, according to reports from movement contacts. [The journalist in question contacted **PLAYBOY** and denied the allegation.—*Ed.*] The interview with the FBI took place. They warned the interviewer that I was probably in real physical danger if the story was done. I heard the tapes on which they said that—the journalist played them for me.

PLAYBOY: What did the FBI say to you?

MOORE: They descended on me and threatened me—told me to get out of town, read me the riot act about going public. Charles Bates, special agent in charge of the San Francisco office, told me if the FBI did not like anything in the proposed story, they would ask some higher-ups at the publication to edit it out, that they had done this before.

PLAYBOY: And did they make such a request?

MOORE: I don't know, but I kept looking, in vain, for the story. Now, that little episode simply set me up for the next chapter. When the FBI, along with everyone else—maybe even at their direction through informants in various groups—told me to get out of town, I said I had no money. They, the FBI, wanted the information I had on the underground, so they made a generous money offer for it. When I demurred, they added the inducement of relocation for my son and me—even new identities, if I insisted. I was tempted, mighty

tempted. I was scared, and I also wanted an escape from the course I had embarked on.

But I found I had finally reached a point at which I couldn't trade someone else's freedom for my own. And so finally the fence walking ended—and the course ahead was set. The many other things I'd considered as actions I might take against the FBI and the Government were discarded as not really forwarding the cause of revolution. I felt that assassinating Ford would. I never doubted that I would succeed if I got a clear shot at him; I'm a good shot.

How the plan went wrong from the beginning was really like a two-reel comedy. I wanted to get away and go underground; I started telling people I was tired, that I needed to get away for a while. I made arrangements for friends to take my son, but those went awry. I planned to sublet my flat, but that fell through.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you just leave the flat?

MOORE: It had everything I owned in it,

"Squeaky Fromme did her thing. If it hadn't been for that, Ford would probably have crossed the street to shake hands and I would have had a better chance."

some things that were precious to me: paintings, furniture, all the adult equivalents of a child's Teddy bear. Besides, I had an unexpected house guest during the week that I had intended to destroy papers, including that list that says I planned to assassinate the President. And good old Squeaky Fromme did her thing. If it hadn't been for that incident, Ford would probably have crossed the street to shake hands and I would have had a better chance.

PLAYBOY: Why hasn't your version of events been more widely publicized?

MOORE: I get so goddamned mad. I made statements and nobody printed them. Are the members of the press forgetting that many of them have in the past told me I was sensible, reliable, accurate, honest and reasonable—even likable? Or, to badly paraphrase Shakespeare, is it that the mistakes and frailties of men live on in the press, while the good is often interred beyond recall? There are two or three things I feel I ought to say to people, particularly about the callous,

deliberate, manipulative techniques of the FBI, whose agents are not, as I had always believed, impartial investigators but instruments of political action—using people as expendable tools for the repression and harassment of honest dissenters. I wrote a poem about the FBI. I'd like to read it to you:

Said the FBI, "You are a mother, help us.

If they truly love the people, how can they deliberately cause such anguish?"

Said the FBI, "You are a patriot, help us.

If they truly love the people, how can they deliberately cause such chaos that tears at the very fiber of our community?"

Said the FBI, "You are moral and Christian, help us.

If they truly love the people, how can they kill and steal and bomb?"

So I went out among the people as your agent.

To look for the kidnapers, to talk to the killers, to know the thief, to find the bombers.

And I heard from the kidnapers, who even in their running had a message of concern and love for their brother, not knowing he was being a Judas to protect his own child.

And then they died in flames—your flames.

You are parents and yet you killed and overkilled.

Where was your concern for the anguished mother or innocent kidnap victim?

You are the killers: killers of hope, killers of freedom, killers of children. You—smug, protective and self-righteous.

Yes, I learned to know those you call thieves, who take back for the people that which was torn from them, first with whips, then with oppression, in the name of "progress through profits."

And finally I found the bombers and embraced them as comrades, and now with flames we speak our love and our hate.



Marlboro Lights

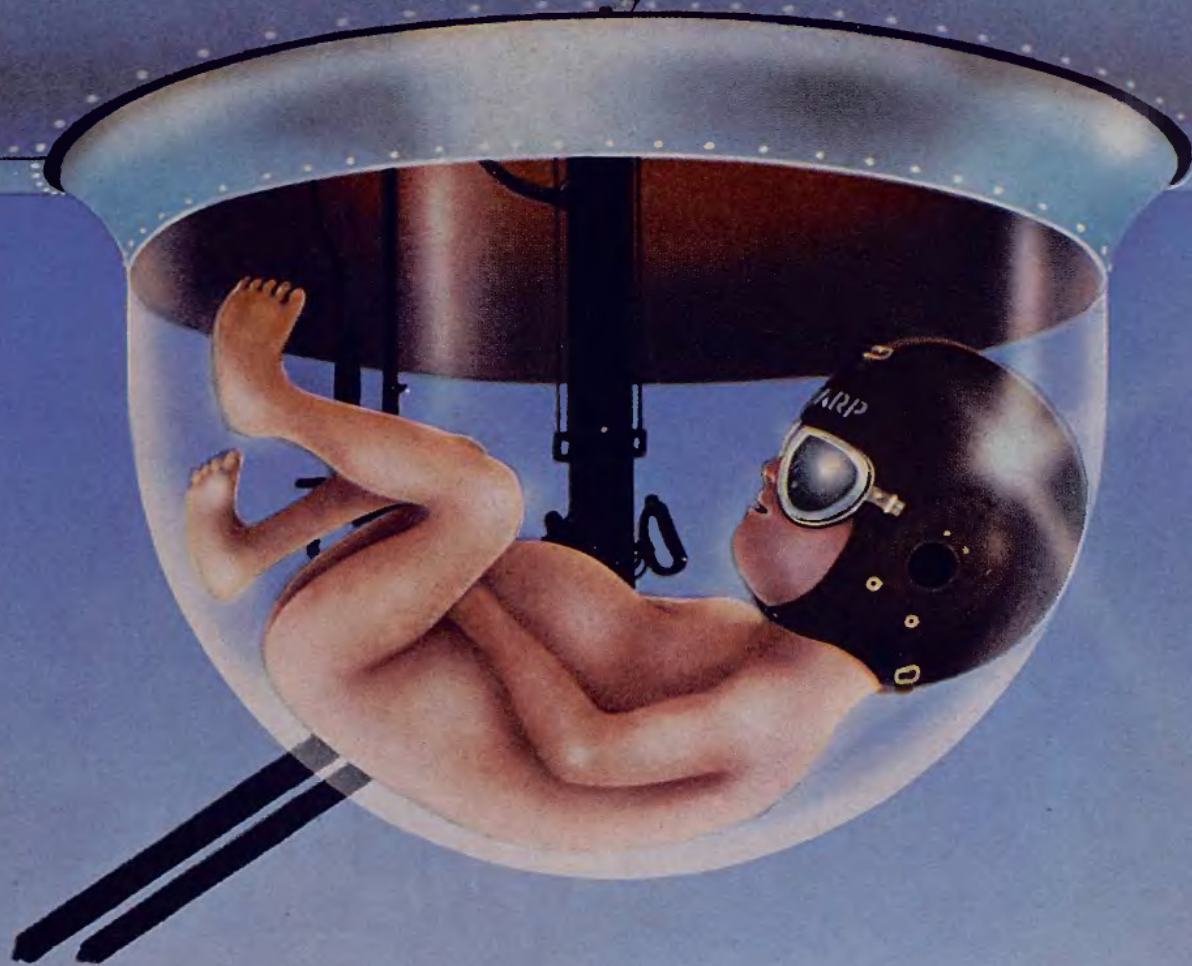
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fiction

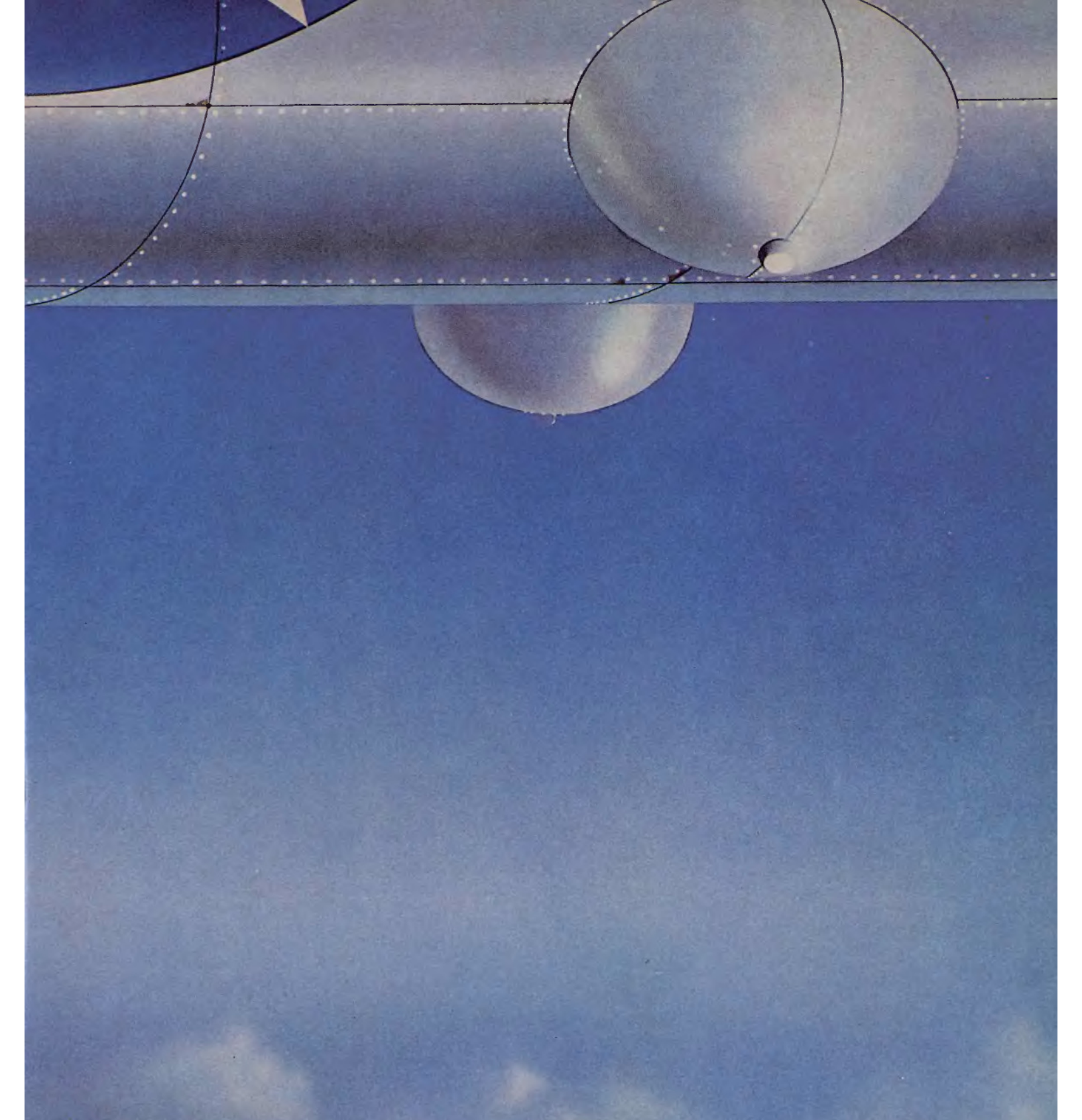
BY JOHN IRVING

*in which our heroine finds
a way to have
an—almost—immaculate conception*

GARP'S MOTHER, Jenny Fields, was arrested in Boston in 1942 for wounding a man in a movie theater. This was shortly after the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor and people were being tolerant of soldiers, because suddenly everyone was a soldier, but Jenny Fields was

quite firm in her intolerance of the behavior of men in general and of soldiers in particular. In the movie theater, she had to move three times, but each time the soldier moved closer to her, until she was sitting against the musty wall, her view of the newsreel almost blocked

JENNY AND THE BAI



by some silly colonnade, and she resolved she would not get up and move again. The soldier moved once more and sat beside her.

Jenny was 22. She had dropped out of college almost as soon as she'd begun, but she had finished her nursing school

program at the head of her class and she enjoyed being a nurse. She was an athletic-looking young woman who always had high color in her cheeks; she had dark, glossy hair and what her mother called a mannish way of walking (she swung her arms). In Jenny's opinion,

her breasts were too large; she thought the ostentation of her bust made her look "cheap and easy."

She was nothing of the kind. In fact, she had dropped out of college when she suspected that the chief purpose of her parents' sending her to Wellesley had

L-TURRET GUNNER

been to have her dated by and eventually mated to some well-bred man; the recommendation of Wellesley had come from her older brothers, law school men in Boston at the time, who had assured her parents that Wellesley women were not thought of loosely and were considered high in marriage potential.

Her declared major had been English literature, but when it seemed to her that her classmates were chiefly concerned with acquiring the sophistication and the poise to deal with men, she had no trouble leaving literature for nursing. She saw nursing as something that could be put into immediate practice, and its study had no ulterior motive that Jenny could see. She liked the simple, non-nonsense uniform; the blouse of the dress made less of her breasts; the shoes were comfortable, suited to her fast pace of walking. When she was at the night desk, she could still read. She did not miss the young college men, who were sulky and disappointed if you wouldn't compromise yourself and superior and aloof if you would. At the hospital, she saw more soldiers and working boys than college men, and they were franker and less pretentious in their expectations; if you compromised yourself a little, they seemed at least grateful to see you again. Then, suddenly, even the soldiers were full of the self-importance of college boys—and Jenny Fields stopped having anything to do with men.

The Fields family fortune was in shoes, though Mrs. Fields, a former Boston Bass, had brought some money of her own to the marriage. The Fields family had managed well enough with footwear to have removed themselves from the shoe factories years ago. They now lived in a large shingled house on the New Hampshire shore (Dog's Head Harbor).

There was a Fields line of nursing shoes, and Mr. Fields gave his daughter a free pair whenever she came home; Jenny must have had a dozen pairs. Mrs. Fields, who insisted on equating her daughter's leaving Wellesley with a sordid future, also gave Jenny a present every time she came home. Mrs. Fields gave her daughter a hot-water bottle, or so she said and so Jenny assumed; she never opened the packages. Her mother would say, "Dear, do you still have that hot-water bottle I gave you?"

And Jenny would think a minute, believing she had probably left it on the train or thrown it away, and she'd say, "I *may* have lost it, Mother, but I'm sure I don't need another one."

And Mrs. Fields, bringing the package out from apparent hiding, would press it to her, still concealed in the drugstore paper; she would say, "Please, Jennifer, be more careful. And *use* it, please!"

As a nurse, Jenny saw little use for the hot-water bottle; she assumed it to be a

touching, odd device of old-fashioned and largely psychological comfort. But some of the packages made it back to her small room near the Boston General Hospital. She kept them in a closet that was nearly full of boxes of nursing shoes—also unopened.

When Jenny had left Wellesley for something as common as nursing, she realized that, unintentionally, she had dropped her family—and they, as if they couldn't help themselves, were dropping her. That must be how families are, thought Jenny Fields. She felt if she ever had children, she would love them no less when they were 20 than when they were two; they might need you more at 20, she thought. What do you really need when you're two? In the hospital, the babies were the easiest patients. The older they got, the more they needed; and the less anyone wanted or loved them.

When the soldier in the movie theater first started changing seats—when he made his first move for her—Jenny wished she had her brothers with her. What she *did* have with her was a scalpel; she carried it with her all the time. She had not stolen it from surgery, either; it was a castaway scalpel with a deep nick in the point (it had probably been dropped on the floor or in a sink), it was no good for fine work—but it was not for fine work that Jenny wanted it.

At first it had slashed up the little silk pockets of her purse. Then she found part of an old thermometer container that slipped over the head of the scalpel, capping it like a fountain pen. It was this cap she removed when the soldier moved into the seat beside her and stretched his arm along the armrest they were (absurdly) meant to share. His long hand dangled from the end of the armrest, it twitched like the flank of a horse shuddering the flies away. Jenny kept her hand on the scalpel inside her purse; with her other hand, she held the purse tight in her white lap. She was imagining that her nurse's uniform shone like a holy shield and for some perverse reason this vermin beside her had been attracted by the light. ("My mother," Garp wrote, "went through her life on the lookout for purse snatchers and snatch snatchers.")

In the theater, it was not her purse that the soldier wanted; he touched her knee. Jenny spoke up fairly clearly. "Get your stinking hand off me," she said. Several people turned around.

"Oh, come on," the soldier moaned, and his hand shot quickly under her skirt; he found her thighs locked tightly together—he found his whole arm, from his shoulder to his wrist, suddenly sliced open like a soft melon. Jenny had cut cleanly through his insignia and his

shirt, cleanly through his skin and muscles, baring his bones at the joint of his elbow. ("If I'd wanted to kill him," she told the police, later, "I'd have slit his wrist.")

The soldier, on his feet and falling back, swiped at Jenny's head with his uncut arm, boxing her ear so sharply that her head sang. She pawed at him with the scalpel, removing a piece of his upper lip the approximate shape and thinness of a thumbnail. ("I was *not* trying to slash his throat," she told the police. "I was trying to cut his nose off, but I missed.") Crying, on all fours, the soldier groped his way to the theater aisle and headed toward the safety of the light in the lobby. Other women in the theater were screaming.

Jenny wiped her scalpel on the movie seat, returned it to her purse and covered the blade with the thermometer cap. Then she went to the lobby, where great wailings could be heard and the manager was calling through the lobby doors over the dark audience: "Is there a doctor here, please? Is someone a doctor?"

Someone was a nurse, and she went to lend what assistance she could. When the soldier saw her, he fainted; it was not really from loss of blood. Jenny knew how facial wounds bled; they were deceptive. The deeper gash on his arm was, of course, in need of attention ("A hundred and forty-six stitches!" Garp would say proudly, whenever he told his mother's story), but the soldier was in no immediate danger of bleeding to death. No one but Jenny seemed to know that, there was so much blood—and so much of it was on her white nursing uniform. They quickly realized she had done it, and the theater lackeys would not let her touch the fainted soldier; someone took her purse from her. The mad nurse! The crazed slasher! Jenny Fields was calm. She thought it was only a matter of waiting for the true authorities to comprehend the situation. But the police were not very nice to her, either.

"You been dating this guy long?" the first one asked her, en route to the precinct station.

And another one asked her, later: "But how did you know he was going to attack you? He says he was just trying to introduce himself."

"That's a real mean little weapon, honey," a third told her. "You shouldn't carry something like that around with you. That's asking for trouble."

So Jenny waited for her brothers to clear things up. The law school men from Cambridge, across the river. One was a law student, the other one taught in the law school. "Both," Garp wrote, "were of the opinion that the *practice*

(continued on page 146)

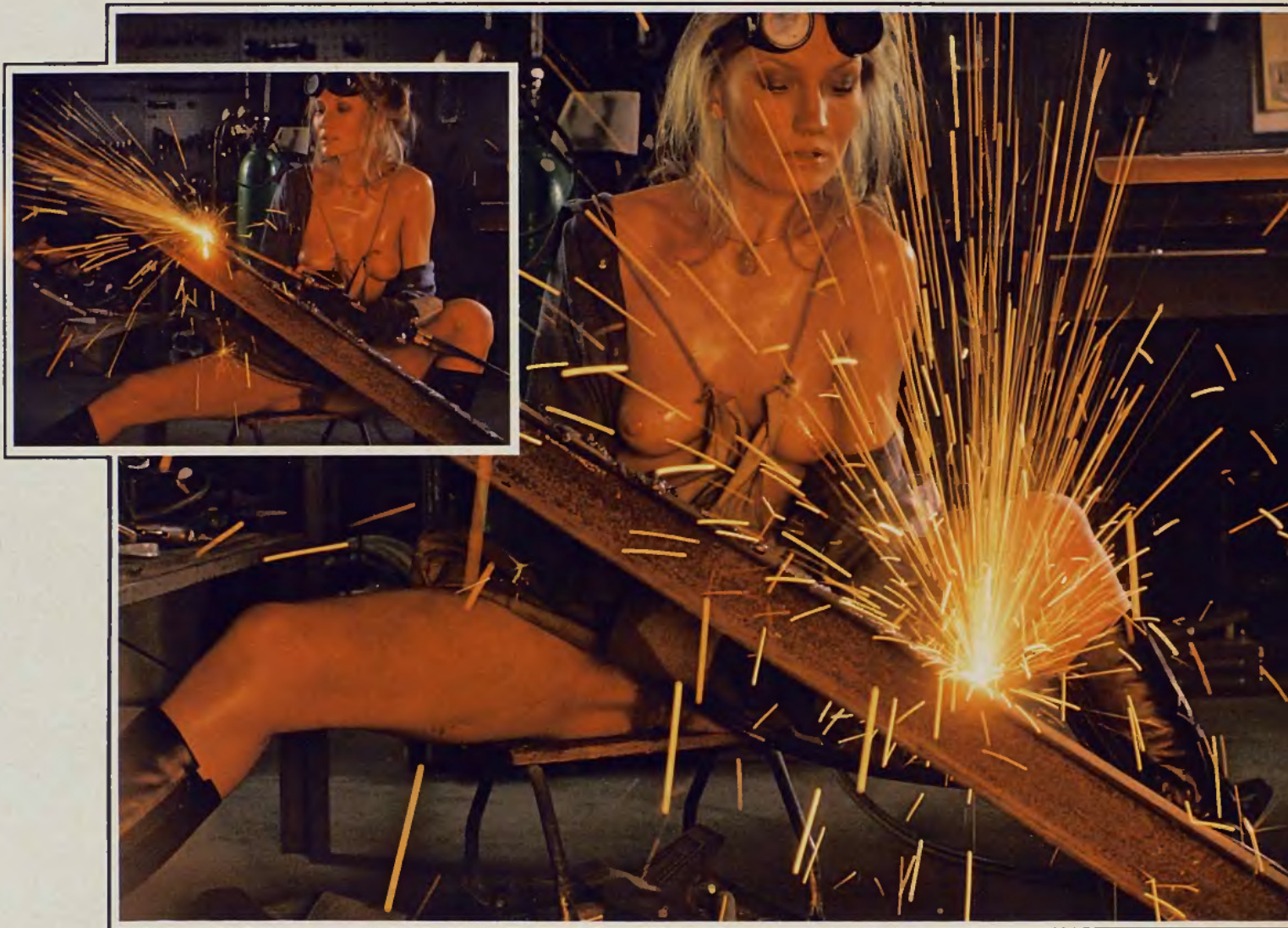


*"Careful, young lady—if it's a spotted one,
you'll get indigestion!"*



CAUTION: WOMEN AT WORK!

job opportunities being what they are these days, if you find a woman in the kitchen, she's probably a plumber

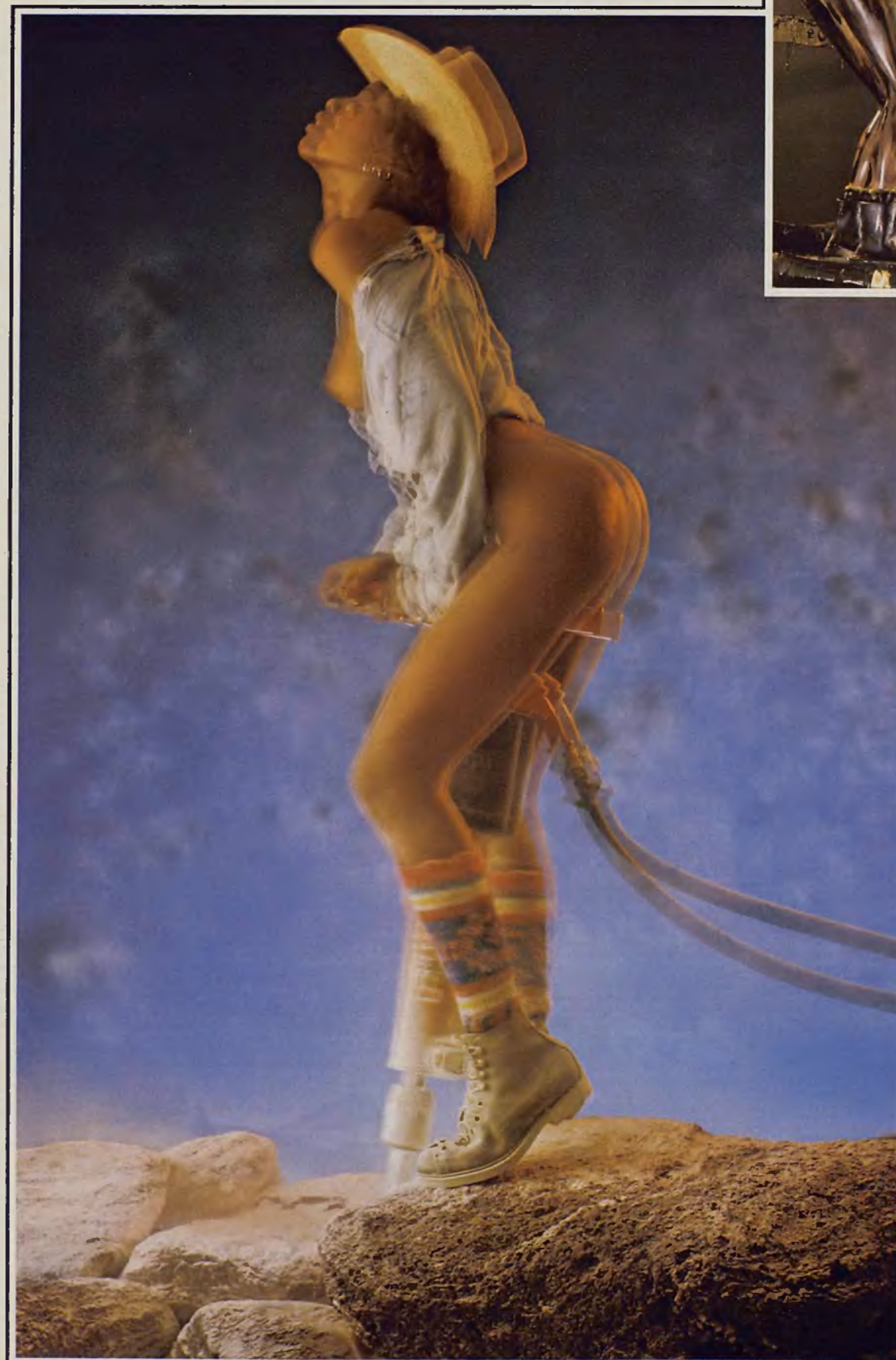


**PHOTOGRAPHY
BY RICHARD FEGLEY**

Everybody knows window cleaners are actually frustrated voyeurs braving dangerous heights just to get a furtive peek at some junior exec seducing his well-endowed new secretary, inside the office. With the advent of the lady window wiper, however, all the spectators will be on the inside looking out.


This conscientious metalworker doesn't really need an acetylene torch to make temperatures rise and sparks fly, but then, you can't melt hard metal with charm alone. By this time, that hunk of steel girder must be getting pretty hot, just like the foreman and the crew and whoever else is watching.

Nowadays, we fellows can't even walk by a construction site without getting catcalled. What's the world coming to? Unfortunately, the jackhammer seems to be more in control of the situation than its operator; but it's not hard to see how a person could get carried away, whot with the vibrations and all.



You've heard of oil barons, right? Well, this being the age of the liberated female, the next logical step is obviously the oil baroness. Seems like a good idea. If this pretty, albeit somewhat work-soiled young wildcatter can't bring in a gusher, nobody can. By the looks of her, she's already brought in a few.





*what happened
when a slightly
freaky group of ecologists
confronted a russian
whaler on the high seas*

THE GREAT WHALE

article **By JACK RICHARDSON**

ON A SUNDAY in late April 1975, over 20,000 people gather at Jericho Beach in the port of Vancouver in British Columbia to celebrate the departure of an 87-foot halibut boat called the Phyllis Cormack.

The reason for so much attention is that she is embarking upon the fifth official voyage of the Greenpeace Foundation, an

organization that, since 1971, has been sending expeditions into Pacific waters on missions of peace and ecology. The purpose of the present voyage had been stated on thousands of posters the foundation had distributed throughout Canada and the United States. These advertisements depicted a diving sperm whale and, in a black bandit's mask, a seaman standing

Schmidt



BATTLE

behind a loaded harpoon gun. Beneath the two combatants was the announcement that Greenpeace V intended to put itself between the whales and the hunters' harpoons, thereby both impeding and protesting the killing of the earth's largest creatures. As the speakers this Sunday at Jericho admit, that is a drastic and somewhat melodramatic gesture, but it

seems the only method left that might bring about the broad public support necessary to force the International Whaling Commission to declare a ten-year moratorium on the hunting of whales. If a confrontation can be recorded on film and the brutal methods of modern whalers shown to enough people, then perhaps the whaling industry will be forced to

defend itself against moral as well as commercial arguments.

"Either way, the whaling industry will be embarrassed if they meet us," explains Bob Hunter, one of the founders and president of the Greenpeace Foundation and chief strategist for the present enterprise. "They're going to have to show what hunting whales is like today or run away whenever they see us. Retreat, however, is unlikely before a strictly spiritual presence."

Hunter was a member of the first Greenpeace voyage, an attempt to sail into the waters around the Aleutian island Amchitka in order to stop underground atomic tests by the U. S. in that region. It was an ill-starred venture from the first, with squabbling and rough seas. It ended when, thinking they had obtained permission from U. S. Immigration officials to go ashore while in a small Alaskan port, they found they had been misled. Subsequently, members of the U. S. Coast Guard boarded the Cormack and announced that should the expedition continue toward the testing site, the boat would be impounded and the captain heavily fined.

The Cormack was replaced by Greenpeace Too (*sic*), the Edgewater Fortune, a converted mine sweeper dispatched by the foundation from Vancouver when it heard that the first boat might be impounded. But the Edgewater Fortune arrived too late to enter the testing area.

The third and fourth Greenpeace expeditions were more successful. In 1972, the Vega, a sailing vessel, was dispatched to prevent, again through a passive presence, the French from conducting atmospheric tests near the Mururoa Atoll in the South Pacific. This time, having committed no breach of international law, the Greenpeace boat's captain, David McTaggart, claimed the right of freedom of the seas when he was ordered to remove the Vega from the testing area. The French, being in no mood to debate international law in the middle of their scientific rituals, brought the case to a quick close by having a destroyer ram the Vega and tow it from the area.

The following year, the French and the Vega met again in the same waters and for the same reason. This time, McTaggart came prepared with evasive maneuvers should the French again base their legal argument on their ramming technique. He was not prepared, however, for an unabashed piratical seizure, for the boarding of his ship by French commandos and for an indiscriminate attack on his crew and equipment. While defending his vessel, McTaggart received a blow that may yet cost him the use of his left eye. Due to the ingenuity of a female member of the crew, who hid in her vagina the film on which this moment in French naval history was recorded, French antiwar groups protested loudly, and in the trials that followed in

Paris, the courts decided in favor of the foundation in the matter of the 1972 collision, and Greenpeace lawyers are still pressing for a court judgment against the exuberant French commandos.

And now, leaning against a bulkhead of the Cormack, Hunter explains the philosophy of the new expedition: "Besides the masculine principle of active interference, there should be a feminine principle also—a passive imprecation."

The crew questions him respectfully for details and he goes on to explain that he intends to mount the back of a slain whale and sit, cross-legged, in an attitude of prayer in order to impress upon the whalers that they are blaspheming life itself by turning its most magnificent creature into a commercial item.

The crew smiles and appreciates the image, but a few inquire about practical tactics. Hunter's expression loses its visionary blankness and takes on a soft look of amusement while he ponders the question.

"Ah, it would be nice," he says finally, "if I could sit naked on the whale, radiant in a rainbow, with dolphins rising up from the water singing hosannas. However, I'll be in a wet suit, with two of you guys standing by in a boat to pull my ass off in case the sharks or the whalers get too excited by my beatific presence."

This mixture of the realistic and the visionary has, from the start, infused the Greenpeace V project. When the campaign to protect the whale began, support expectedly came in from the usual professional sources of ecological concern. However, the farewell gathering in Jericho proves that the fate of the whale has also become a symbol to the workaday Canadian fishing communities.

As Patrick Moore, a young man with a Ph.D. in environmental studies and a member of the Greenpeace expedition, puts it, the whale has become a "common denominator of threatened existence, a symbol capable of inspiring a disinterested allegiance to all forms of life."

"When we were taking on atomic tests," Moore reflects, "a lot of people saw it as something political rather than ecological. But the whale seems to get a deep-level response, whether I'm talking to school kids or Rotarians. It sort of frightens everyone that something so large, so awesome could be wiped out and never be seen again. You don't even have to convince them with balance-of-nature arguments. It's enough that something beautiful is being turned into fertilizer and industrial lubricants."

When Moore talks of the Greenpeace program, his tone is that of someone who has learned that moral difficulties abound in even the most obviously righteous enterprises.

"You know," he says one day, as the Cormack moves through fiordlike inlets

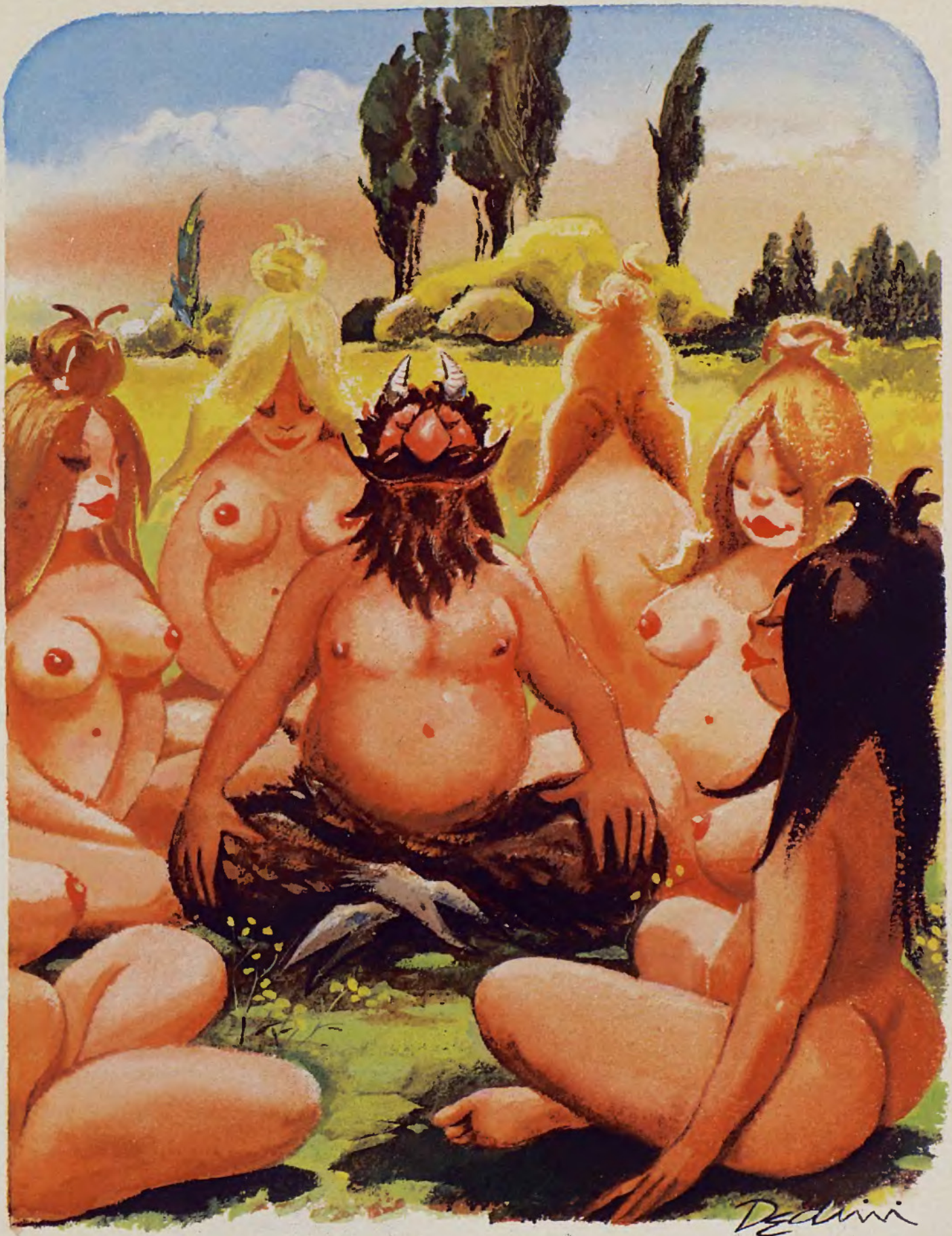
of Vancouver Island, past mountains that have been scarred by lumber and mining enterprises, "it was hard to understand so much hostile input when one was just trying to keep beauty like this all together. But I guess I didn't appreciate the problems of lumbermen and mine owners. I didn't know how to relate to them without sounding morally superior. I mean, I used to give speeches and I'd try to turn them on with lines like 'A flower is your brother.' Then one day someone threw back at me 'Does that mean a weed's our enemy?' and I started to realize it was time to add a little logic to the vision."

Now, however, the vision has come to seem self-evident to the crew of the Cormack as it sails out of the harbor of Vancouver and begins its mission to track down the hunters of whales. The main task, of course, is first to find a whaling fleet, not an easy assignment, since the Cormack is not equipped with sophisticated tracking devices and the area to be covered is some 3000 square miles of ocean. Besides making radio contact and establishing from the frequency a rough estimate of the location of the whaling ships, there is little Greenpeace V can expect from its ship's technical devices. The radio will give them a vague direction, but after that it will be left to the chance of a visual sighting, which at sea means that the Cormack and the whalers will have to come within 15 miles of each other on a clear day and in waters calm enough to keep a long, unbroken horizon.

At the early strategy meetings, various proposals were made as to how the probability of an encounter might be increased. John Cormack, the 63-year-old captain of the boat that bears his wife's name, listens with the bemused wonder of a practical sailor as Hunter leads the discussion of plans and strategies that include everything from demanding that the Canadian government supply reconnaissance planes to consultation of the *I Ching*. In his years of association with the Greenpeace movement, Cormack had learned how to suffer such suggestions with patience and good humor, waiting until the proper moment to temper their stratagems with crude nautical facts. He finally summons them abruptly out of the realm of mystical portents with a thump on the galley table and a gruff reminder that a course must be set in the prosaic terms of latitude and longitude before he will commit himself and his boat to following it.

"You don't trust the *I Ching*?" Hunter asks, aghast, and he and other members of the crew chide Captain John about his old-fashioned navigational methods.

"I don't care buggerall about what that book says or what some guru in Vancouver told you," Cormack grumps. Then he laughs with the rest of them. However, along with the laughter there



"Ommmmmmmmmm, Ommmmmmmmmm, Ommmmmmmmmm,
Ommmmmmmmmm, Ommmmmmmmmm, Ommmmmmmmmm..."

is a wary expression on his face, a look of uncertainty as to how serious his crew is about these peculiar beliefs and rituals. After some more good-natured banter, he gives in to their demand that he toss the *I Ching* disks to see if the voyage's life-force direction coincides with the course he recommends. Hunter fiercely studies the coins, and then begins reading the judgment: "'Thunder stirs the water of the lake, which follows in shimmering waves. This symbolizes the girl who follows the man of her choice.'"

"I wanted to know where to find whales and whalers," Cormack moans, shaking his head sadly, "and you come up with a lovesick girl."

"It's a parable, John," Hunter says, and continues reading: "'But every relationship between individuals bears within it the danger that wrong turns may be taken—'"

"Well, we're going to sure take a queer turn if we follow this advice," Cormack interrupts.

"The *I Ching* is a map for the spirit," Hunter answers gravely, but his face adds a qualifying smile to this heavy definition. When he finishes reading, he listens to the members of the crew interpret the passage. Most are flattering and optimistic, but Walrus Oakenbough, who serves as the cook on the voyage, takes the view that the *I Ching* has ferreted out a lack of unity and resolve in their venture and is warning them not to think that they can drift on good intention to success.

Only two countries, Russia and Japan, are at present seriously involved in commercial whaling. However, their influence is such that they have managed to keep the International Whaling Commission from putting any meaningful restrictions on the number of whales that can be killed annually. Certain species, such as the giant blue whale, have been so depleted that they are termed commercially extinct and are no longer hunted, simply because it would be unprofitable to do so. Such species enjoy international protection. However, the sei, fin, minke and sperm are still being regularly turned into pet food, oil, bone and fertilizer at the rate of at least 35,000 a year, which is the quota established by the I.W.C. Moreover, since the enforcement of this limit is left to the countries that do the whaling—there is a Japanese observer on a Russian boat, a Russian on a Japanese—one can imagine that a certain laxity exists in the count and measurement of kills.

"A moratorium is the only way," Moore says. "Otherwise, they'll just play a game with statistics until another and then another species dies off. And the moratorium will have to include everyone. Some of us thought the Eskimos

should be exempt, since they kill only a few whales and the uses they put them to are heavy into their cultural tradition. But the Japanese can say the same thing and can argue that their culture has more people in it and therefore needs a greater number of whales. No, the ban has to be total, but it's not easy to take anything away from the Eskimos."

The Eskimos have not yet responded to the Greenpeace interdiction. However, Japanese and Russian spokesmen for the whaling industries, on hearing about the purpose and philosophy of Greenpeace V, have dismissed the undertaking as the act of a group of fanatics. Nevertheless, the issue is sensitive enough for the Japanese government to have ordered its whaling fleets to avoid any incident should they encounter the Phyllis Cormack, even if such avoidance should mean abandoning the pursuit of a vulnerable herd or the harvesting of earlier kills.

"Which leaves the Russians, and they're mean sons of bitches. They see Hunter praying naked on one of their goddamn whales and they're liable to think he fits right into their quota, too."

This blunt estimation of the Russian character is spoken by George Korotva as he lies stretched out, sunning himself in one of the rubber Zodiac boats lashed to the rear deck of the Cormack. These boats, shaped like a horseshoe and powered by outboard motors, are capable of speeds that can pass a moving whale pod and literally run circles around a catcher boat traveling at full steam. Korotva, a professional fisherman, is an expert at handling these craft. Because of their lightness, the boats zip and bound across the water like a stone scaled across a pond, and in choppy seas it is a major feat just to keep from being abruptly ejected between waves.

Besides instructing other members of the crew in the use of the Zodiac, Korotva has another important function aboard the Cormack: Since he speaks Russian, he spends hours each day listening to the ship's radio, translating any communications that are picked up between Soviet ships and deciding whether they come from inshore trawlers or whaling boats. If they come from the latter, he and Captain Jack then determine from the strength and frequency of the transmission the approximate position of the signaling ship. And, of course, if a confrontation occurs, it will be up to Korotva to deliver the Greenpeace message on the brotherhood of life to the Russian whalers in a way that won't affront their proletarian principles.

"That is going to be some crazy moment," he says, chuckling and slapping the sides of his Zodiac. "They won't know what the hell to do when I tell them that the whales are their brothers.

No Russian is going to be overjoyed about being called the cousin of a humpback or a sperm."

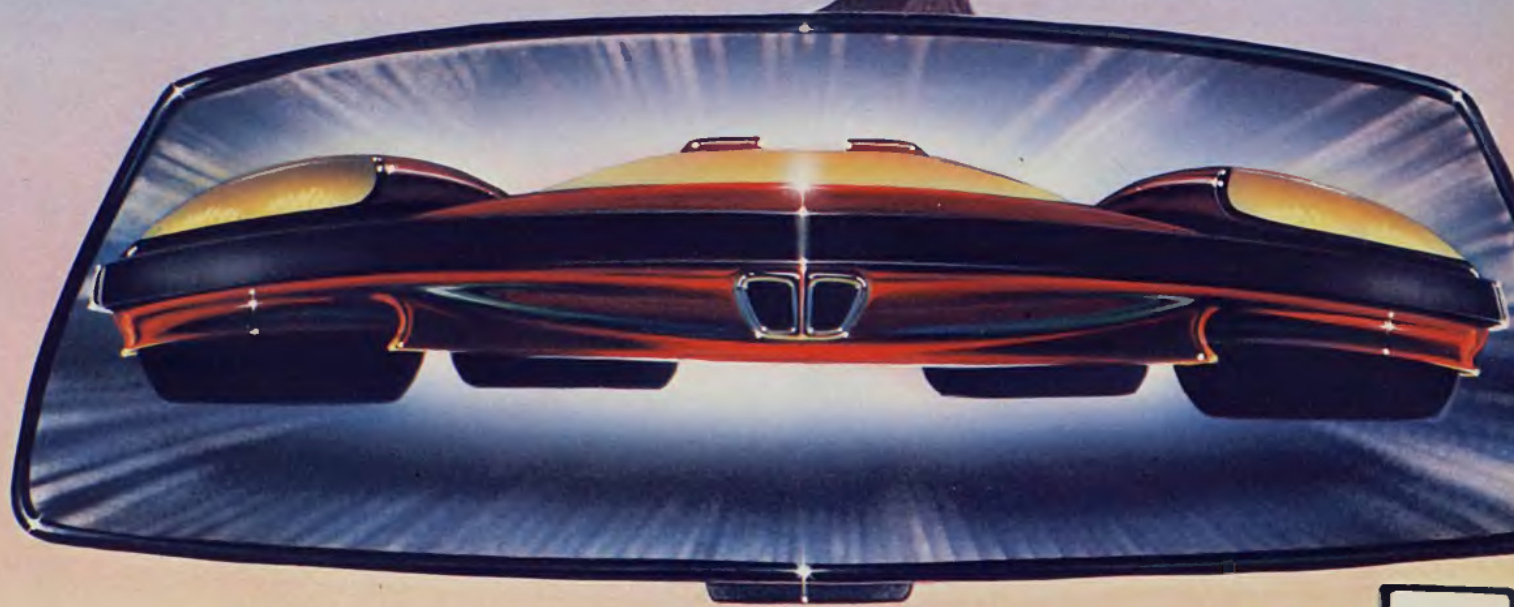
Korotva, in his early 30s, is large, heavy-shouldered and looks and sounds like the strong, easygoing, simple Swede who is always among the stock characters of shipboard dramas. But Korotva is neither simple nor Swedish. He is Czechoslovakian, a former student of psychology at the University of Prague and an escapee from a labor camp in Siberia to which he'd been shipped for his involvement in some student protests in the early Sixties. He therefore understandably feels little affection for Russians.

"These are wonderful bunch of people," he says, looking at the crew scattered about the boat, some singing folk songs, others scanning the horizon for whales and their pursuers. "But they're crazy sons of bitches. They don't know how mean Russians can be when they think they are being made fools of. I wouldn't be surprised if they just go ahead and blow up this damn fishing boat."

Besides the confrontations with whaling flotillas, Greenpeace V intends to carry out various experiments involving musical communications with whales, for the purpose of which the Cormack has on board hydrophones, amplifiers, a synthesizer and a 6000-watt generator to keep all this electronic gadgetry operating. Two musicians, Will Jackson and Mel Gregory, are in charge of finding the tones, melodies and harmonies that will cause appreciative responses from the whales. Thus, during the weeks that the Cormack searches the waters of the North Pacific, the tedium of shipboard life is relieved by tonal tests that include everything from the most sophisticated electronic beeps and gurgles of the synthesizer to the simple sounds of a one-octave flute. Gregory, a short, bearded, pixyish guitarist and composer, is certain that some sort of intelligible counterpoint can be established between whale and man and has spent hundreds of hours listening to recordings of the humpback whale's long, dolorous songs that seem to echo and reverberate in distinguishable patterns.

The intelligence, musical and otherwise, of the order Cetacea, a designation that includes all wholly aquatic mammals, has long been the subject of various scientific studies. Most of these attempts to gauge the order's cognitive abilities have taken place in conditions of captivity and have proved only that certain species are docile to the extent that they can recognize and imitate a limited number of human sounds and remember patterns of prescribed behavior that allow them to be turned into aquatic performers. And it has been only the smaller

(continued on page 192)



55

55 BE DAMNED!

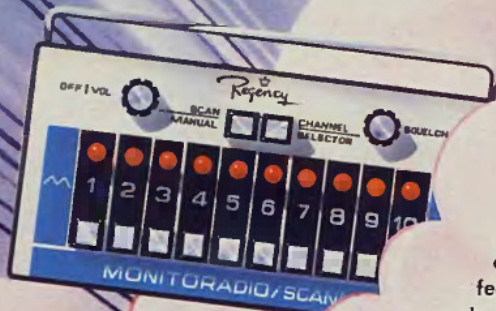
let's face it; there are times when it doesn't make any sense to stick to that stupid-ass speed limit. this is for those times

article **By BROCK YATES**

AT THE RISK of corrupting American youth and kicking away yet another foundation stone of the Republic, I am here to confess an act of overt civil disobedience: I am a speeder. On the open highways of America, I haul ass. I pay about as much attention to the Government's cockamamie 55-mph speed limit as I do to the Treaty of Versailles, and, what's more, by observing a few rules of my own, I get away with it—most of the time.

Yeah, yeah, I know—speed kills, right? Safety freaks have been yapping about that for years and, wringing their hands with concern, they tell us that lower limits and tougher law enforcement will cut the death rate on the highways. A simple solution but patent bullshit. The fact of the matter is that pure speed on clear, uncongested roads has very little to do with fatal accidents. It's the other ingredients such as alcohol (50 percent of all serious crashes involve booze), drugs, mental disturbances, physical disabilities, suicidal instincts (some experts speculate that as many as 15 percent of all fatal accidents are

(continued on page 124)



The Regency ACT-R10 scanner lets you listen in on U.H.F., V.H.F. high or low police bands, features push-button channel control, operates on 110-volt A.C. or 12-volt D.C. for mobile use (illegal in some states), \$169.




The Racemark Bucket Driving Seat, with a corduroy-covered center section, is designed to fit the human form. It's all yours for \$212 (not including installation kit), plus \$21.50 for headrest, both by Scheel for B & B Auto-Sport Ltd.



The Super Snooper Long-Range Radar Detector in optimum conditions operates at distances up to two and a half miles, by Autotronics, \$149.95. Racemark's wooden steering wheel was made to the late Mark Donohue's specifications, from MG Mitten, \$55 (not including hub kit).





The next-best thing to driving like Stirling Moss is gripping the wheel in a pair of his knit-backed pigskin driving gloves with elasticized wrists, from Wilco Sales, \$17.95.

Eat your heart out, Smokeys! The Regency CR-123 SSB/AM radio offers 46-channel capability and includes such refinements as a noise blanker and RF gain control, \$359.

Even Fangia will look twice when you wheel by sporting a pair of Givenchy sunglasses featuring wide-body plastic frames that are adaptable to prescription lenses. They're priced at \$35 to \$40.

Pearce-Simpson's Cheetah SSB transceiver includes 23 AM and 46 side-band channels, and also meters its own standing wave ratio (SWR) for maximum operating efficiency, \$419.95.

THE WHOLE HERO- DRIVER'S CATALOG

*handy-dandy items to
help keep your
driving safe and your
license unsullied*





sports

By DAN GERBER

IN THE EARLY FIFTIES it was a movie titled *To Please a Lady*, starring Clark Gable, with actual race footage and the faces of real drivers like Mauri Rose and Wilbur Shaw and huge ferocious cars resembling U-boats on wheels. The tires were absurdly narrow and grooved with tread on only the right half of the running surface. The movie was my first glimpse of a world that had previously enthralled me purely with sound. I was ten years old and to drive at Indianapolis was the only thing worth growing up for. Each Memorial Day was spent with engine sounds and the voice of Sid Collins. It didn't matter much what he said, it was just the sound of his voice switching to his reporters around the track, the roar of the cars in the

a former race driver goes to the brickyard as a spectator and finds it a combination of freak show, hand-to-hand combat and something perversely beautiful

INDY— THE WORLD'S FASTEST CARNIVAL RIDE

background and the litany of what were, for me, almost holy names: Troy Ruttman, Tony Bettenhausen, Jimmy Bryan, Sam Hanks, Johnny Parsons, Pat O'Connor and, most holy of all, Billy Vukovich. It meant school was getting out and I could get sunburned and go fishing and spend three months on Lake Michigan trying to let the magic names fade into some kind of perspective. Whenever I wasn't in a bathing suit, I wore slightly grimy white-duck trousers and a grease-smudged white T-shirt, because that's what Vuky had been wearing in the one photo I'd seen of him, sitting on a workbench, barefooted, his knees pulled up to his chest, exhausted and dejected after leading the 1952 Indy for 191 laps until a 50-cent steering part let go and put him into the northeast wall. "The tough little driver from Fresno," the papers called him, using his standard quote, "Just don't get in my way."

Then Vuky won in 1953 and again in 1954. It was the way it had to be. Speeds had climbed past the 140-mile-per-hour barrier and everybody wondered if they hadn't reached the limit. "We're going too fast out there," Vuky said.

"Well, Vuky," the interviewer reflected, "you're the only one who can slow it down."

But he didn't slow it down. He qualified for the 1955 race at 141.071 miles per hour, was leading the race at the end of 56 laps when he crashed and was killed attempting to avoid a pile-up on the back straight. I saw the newsreel and the photograph of the now-primitive-looking Hopkins Special lying upside down, the hand of my boyhood hero protruding from the cockpit as if waving goodbye. I remember feeling somehow responsible for Vuky's death. It was the first time I hadn't listened to the race. My father had taken me fishing in Ontario, and on Memorial Day we were flying down from Saddle Lake in a pontoon plane when the bush pilot tuned in the race on his radio and told us that Vukovich had been killed. I asked him to turn it off. I didn't want to hear the cars or Sid Collins and the magic names if Vuky wasn't among them anymore.

Another year went by and my aversion to racing cooled. But it would never be quite the same without Vuky. My interest turned to road racing and more exotic, if somehow less personally awesome names like Juan Fangio, Stirling Moss, Phil Hill and the Marquis de Portago. It was more intricate and interesting racing, and I learned to pronounce Le Mans like the French and Sebring and the Mille Miglia and Nürburgring. But as much as I pontificated that it was dumb to turn left all the time, Indy, with Collins and Tony Hulman orating "Gentlemen, start your engines," was still where the magic was.

I never drove at Indianapolis. I never even came close. I raced sports cars for five years, with moderate success, then

stuffed one into the end of the pit wall at Riverside, broke every bone in my body and quit. For seven years, I stayed away from racing, not wishing to taunt myself with failed aspirations. Then, three years ago, at the invitation of Bob Jones, a friend who covers racing for *Sports Illustrated*, I went to Indianapolis for the first time, as a spectator.

It wasn't quite the way it had been in *To Please a Lady*. The bricks had been covered with asphalt, the great wooden pagoda replaced by a glass-and-steel tower, and most of the names had changed. There was a Bettenhausen, a Parsons and a Vukovich, and, though they were a new generation of drivers, the sons of the men I had idolized, the names retained their fascination. There were newer names that had acquired their own aura—Foyt, Ruby, Unser and Andretti—and several, like Donohue and Revson, I'd competed with on road courses ten years earlier. I remember being a little awed by the realization that those men I'd learned to race with, and sometimes beaten, were driving and even winning at Indianapolis. Of course, they weren't the same men, and neither was I. But Indianapolis was the same track (at least it was in the same place) and finally going to it was like visiting a historic battleground, with one important exception: Another battle would soon be fought there and another and another. New monuments would be built over the old. Racing drivers must perform live totally in the present and pay no more than a token deference to last year's winner or last year's dead.

That was in 1973, and it proved a bad year to reacquaint myself with racing. During the final practice session before qualifying began, I had just come through the 16th Street tunnel on my way to the pits when I heard a loud *whuump* and turned to see Art Pollard's car, both right wheels broken off on impact with the wall, sliding sideways through the short chute. About 100 feet in front of me, the axle stubs dug into the infield grass and the car began flipping. Upside down, it skidded back onto the track, flipped right side up and came to rest in the middle of turn two. Pollard sat motionless amid the alcohol flames, visible only as heat vapors rising from the car, and at that moment, a strange thing happened: Looking back on it, it seems improbable, but I could have sworn I heard the crowd in the bleachers on the far side of the track, in unison, scream, "Save him!"

It was a full 30 seconds before the crash truck arrived, put out the flames and extracted Pollard from the car. The two disembodied wheels rolled together in formation and came to rest in the infield as neatly as if they'd been stacked there for future use. Several hours later, in an interval between qualification attempts, they announced that Pollard was

dead. A fat woman in the bleachers behind the pits broke into tears. There was an official minute of silence, then qualifying resumed. The announcer announced a new one-lap record. The fat lady was cheering.

Two weeks later, I went back, waited through the tension of two days of race-delaying rain and two aborted starts, one of them catastrophic, and went home. I watched the carnage on television, Salt Walther's legs protruding from the wreckage of his burning, spinning car, Swede Savage's fatal crash in turn four and the STP crewman hit and killed by an emergency truck speeding to the rescue. It seemed a more macabre spectacle couldn't have been planned. Indy had lived up to its reputation and anyone who'd paid his five dollars hoping he might see blood got his money's worth.

The rules were changed in the interests of safety. The fuel capacity of the cars was halved to diminish fire hazard. The size of the airfoils was cut and pop-off valves installed on the turbochargers to limit boost, all in hopes of slowing the cars down. The track facility was improved, spectator barriers strengthened, the pit entrance widened and the inside wall in turn four, the one that had killed Savage, eliminated. The 1974 race was one of the safest in the Speedway's history, no fatalities and no serious injuries. Maybe I would go back to Indianapolis, I thought. After all, it's the possibility of an accident that is racing's fascination, the risk without which racing would be sterile and pointless, but it's the almost historical certainty that sometime during the month of May, someone will be killed there that has tended to make Indy seem more like a Roman circus than a 20th Century sporting event.

I remember that I was fishing in Key West with Bob Jones when we heard the news that Peter Revson had been killed practicing for the South African Grand Prix. I had known Revson and raced against him back in the early Sixties. Jones had done a personality piece on him for *Sports Illustrated* and had spent many evenings with him in the course of five years covering major races. The news came over the radio and, for what seemed like almost an hour, neither of us had anything to say. Finally, when so much time had elapsed that it seemed to come almost out of context, Jones said, "You realize that for the next six months now, nobody will mention his name."

"Yeah," I reflected, "and when they do, it'll be as if he had lived twenty years ago."

It is easy to understand this sense of detachment among the drivers. If they were to ponder too deeply the dangers to themselves or the deaths of their

(continued on page 176)

clearly a great reason for détente

VODKA!

A man and a woman are shown in a dynamic, dancing pose against a solid red background. The woman, in the foreground, is wearing a white, backless dress with a white shawl draped over her shoulders. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the man. The man, behind her, is wearing a white tuxedo with a red boutonniere. He is looking upwards and to the right, holding a bottle of vodka in his raised right hand and a small glass of amber liquid in his left hand. The overall mood is elegant and celebratory.

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG
AS RECENTLY AS 1950, vodka was an obscure spirit, lumped with such esoterics as Yan Sum Luk Bak, in the catchall "specialties" category. Today, vodka stands alone, at the top of the liquor charts, ahead of bourbon, blended whiskey, Scotch, gin, Canadian—all the long-reigning favorites.
(continued on page 228)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT





"I'm not interested in modeling for recognition—just for money. And I've never had any desire to act. I don't want to be a star. And I don't like being the center of attention."

DEBBIE'S DREAM

when debra peterson decided she wanted to be a playmate seven years ago, she was too young. later she was too shy. now she's obviously neither



"My parents didn't like the first two guys I lived with, but they like my present boyfriend. As they see it, I do a lot of crazy things—and they think he's straight enough to keep me straight."





IT WAS something I'd wanted to do since I was about 14 years old—and, finally, I got up the nerve," says Debra Peterson, thinking back to the day when she went to a photographer and confessed her secret desire to pose for a PLAYBOY centerfold. Our ingenuous 21-year-old Californian—she was born in Santa Monica and grew up in Rolling Hills—had no experience before the cameras; but, as you can see, she didn't need any. Her parents weren't exactly enchanted with her move—"You know how it always is with the baby of the family," says Debbie, who's the youngest of four children—but her boyfriend, a technical advisor to film makers, gave her new-found modeling career a quick boost by making a connection for her to do some TV commercials. It promises to be easier work than breaking in horses, which she used to do professionally as a groom and exercise girl for a thoroughbred trainer. She left the job about a year ago, after deciding that the money wasn't enough to make up for the risk of injury. Debbie's been riding since she was six, when her



"I wouldn't say I'm into women's lib. When I eventually get married, I'd just as soon stay home and putter around the house while my man goes out to work. Of course, I don't plan on getting married for a while."

parents—like a lot of other people in Rolling Hills, a well-to-do suburb with plenty of trails—bought horses for their kids. When she was about 15, though, her parents split up. Debbie had to give up her horse. She stayed awhile with her mother, then with her dad, before striking out on her own three years ago. Now, in a sense, Debbie's turning back the clock; she's bought a thoroughbred of her own and she's keeping him back in Rolling Hills, which is a 45-minute drive in her VW from the Marina del Rey apartment she shares with her boyfriend. In addition to riding, Debbie also goes in for water-skiing, snow-skiing and flying. Obviously, her fun time is going to be limited as she gets more modeling assignments. And eventually she hopes to go into business: "I'd like to be a fashion buyer or something like that. So I'll most likely be going back to school in a year or two. Actually, I hate school—but everyone says it's necessary if you want a job that pays well." Right—unless you have some superb natural assets and an instinct



The vibrations are obviously all positive as Debbie—who thanks PLAYBOY for adding a positive new element to her life—looks over the results of a shooting with West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski.





MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Debra Peterson

"Sex is an important part of anyone's life; if your sex life isn't good, you end up bitching at everyone. I enjoy sex with no qualifications—as long as it's one on one. I don't go for orgies."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Could you perhaps describe the expression on your husband's face when you're having sex?" asked the marriage counselor.

"Well, usually it's sort of contorted with tension and excitement," replied the woman, "but I remember one time when it was contorted with anger."

"With anger? When was that?"

"That was the time he was peering in through the bedroom window."

Venereal-disease warnings being what they are these days, we've heard about a fellow who wouldn't let his date go down on him, because she had an infectious smile.



A new stewardess was summoned to the office of the head of the airline's training program. "I've been told about that episode on your first flight," clucked the woman in charge. "Look, Miss Larson, from now on when a male passenger feels faint, I'll expect you to push his head down between *his own* legs!"

Maybe you've heard about the marriage of the dipsomaniac and the nymphomaniac. It was nip and fuck all the way.

*I regret," she announced with a smile,
"That our music must wait for a while.
I would love a duet,
But I can't join you yet,
Because ragtime was never my style."*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *red-light district* as an erogenous zone.

The bereaved widow was eulogizing her late husband to her next-door neighbor for the umpteenth time. "He was so kind, so gentle, so considerate," she sobbed. "He never beat me. He never even touched a hair—not a hair! He was a truly good man."

"Yes," yawned the neighbor, "and what marksmanship."

Hanging on the reception-room wall at his favorite massage parlor, reports a correspondent, is a sampler that reads: HUM IS WHERE THE HARD IS.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vaginal lubricant* as a slitty slicker.

An egotistical and demanding job seeker had exhausted the employment-agency interviewer's patience. "I simply don't have anything matching our clients' needs with your stated requirements available right now, Mr. Clegg," he sighed with finality, "but I do have a suggestion for a young man like yourself who says that he's quite experienced in dealing with women and likes to travel."

"And what's that? Let's hear it."

"Fuck off!"

A furious pounding in a hotel room late one night awakened a number of guests. The house detective was called and he used his passkey to enter the room from which the noise was coming. Inside he found an elderly man banging on the wall with both fists and cursing with every breath. "Here, stop that!" demanded the security man. "You're disturbing the whole hotel!"

"Damn the hotel!" roared the oldster as he continued to pound away. "It's the first erection I've had in years—and both my hands are asleep!"

*Lisped a limp-wristed cowboy named Fay:
"It's a hell of a place to be gay!*

*I must, on these prairies,
For shortage of fairies,
With the deer and the antelope play."*

The anthropologist who had just returned from a remote South Pacific island told a gathering of colleagues that the members of the tribe he had been studying used palm-leaf suppositories to relieve constipation. "And how do the results compare with those from the use of civilized medical treatment?" asked one of the group.

"The results struck me as superior," replied the anthropologist. "In fact, with fronds like those, who needs enemas?"

We doubt that you've heard about the 97-year-old prostitute who got herself listed in the Yellow Pages and now claims to be the oldest trick in the book.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Australian abortion* as a womberang.

Quick," shouted a woman as she rushed into the drugstore, "do you have any way to cure hiccups?"

The pharmacist dashed out from behind the counter, dropped to his knees in front of the woman, flipped up her skirt, yanked down her panties and gave her a resounding pubic kiss. Then he looked up with a smirk and said, "There—that ought to have done it. It's the best cure in town!"

"The hell you say!" exclaimed the woman. "Just you wait until I get my husband! He's outside in the car—hiccuping his head off!"

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.



how to get close
to some
heavenly bodies

PRIVATE

CELESTRON 8

UNITRON SPOTTING SCOPE

SOLARAMA REFRACTOR

OTTW

EYES

TERRA REFRACTOR

SPACEMASTER II

We somehow doubt that Galileo, Newton, Halley and other pioneers of modern astronomy had in mind the type of full moon that's pictured here when they squinted skyward questing further knowledge of heavenly bodies. But we do know that today's telescopes and spotting scopes are great fun—and if you should zero in on a planet or a constellation while trying to bring an object of somewhat different configuration into proper perspective, that's OK, too. Invented in (concluded on page 190)

GUNSIGHTER-SCOPE

55 BE DAMNED!

(continued from page 103)

suicides, for example), junk cars, poor weather, etc., that combine with speed to cause problems. But there is no statistical support whatsoever that a healthy, reasonably intelligent person with good eyesight and quick reflexes, driving a quick, agile car with top-quality radial tires, excellent brakes, steering, suspension, etc., is contributing to the highway carnage. Convince me otherwise and I'll back off, but until then, I'll operate in good-natured protest against a speed-enforcement system that I believe is shot through with inefficiency and hypocrisy—and keep my eyes open and my foot down.

Using a driving technique that was developed in Europe (where, until the OPEC embargo, most countries had no superhighway speed limits at all—an environment that quite logically produced incredibly safe and roadworthy cars such as the Mercedes-Benz, BMW, Porsche, Alfa Romeo, Ferrari) in the United States was hard enough before the national 55-mph speed limit, but now it takes some real concentration.

But wait a minute, you protest, didn't our saviors in Washington institute the 55-mph limit for two reasons—to save lives and to conserve fuel? Of course they did; the simple fact that it does neither has had no impact on their thinking. Consider these realities: As the economy improves, the accident rate seems headed for pre-fuel-crunch levels, proving what antiestablishment traffic experts maintained all along: Altered driving habits, *not* reduced speeds, temporarily reduced accidents in 1974. Does 55 mph cut fuel consumption? Obviously, the slower the cruising speed, the better the gas mileage, except for trucks, which for the most part must operate in a lower gear, which means higher engine revs and more fuel burned. And then we have really efficient small cars with lightweight, slippery body shapes that get better mileage at 80 mph than some monster sedans get at 40 mph. Add to that the general loss of efficiency in terms of time wasted and you can empathize with the guy who said, "Driving across Texas at 55 mph isn't a trip, it's a goddamn career!"

All well and good, you say, but isn't trying to drive fast in the United States tantamount to robbing a bank armed with a rusty spoon? I mean, the highways are supposed to be swarming with cops in high-powered patrol cars, poised to ticket anybody who exceeds 55 mph. Aren't the papers full of stories about the California Highway Patrol (we scofflaws call cops Chippies) convoying mobs of cars between Los Angeles and Las Vegas? Isn't the word out that Ohio has gone crazy in some kind of asphalt pogrom to enforce the new limit? All true. Yes, even great crossroads of desolation such as Wyoming and Arizona have generated

substantial—if spotty—enthusiasm for enforcement of the "55." Such states as North Carolina, Utah, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey have evidenced fitful urges to get tough, but, like New York, Colorado, Indiana, Illinois, Texas and others that have quietly resisted this newest spasm of Washington-based nonsense, they lack the money, the manpower and the popular support to make 55 mph effective.

Nobody—not even your Aunt Ruth with her '63 Rambler American—is going 55 mph. Our American interstates simply will not accommodate such a sluggish pace. They were designed for utterly safe speeds in the 70-mph range and lesser velocities are simply dumb. When one recalls that 85 percent of all traffic in a given situation operates at a reasonable speed, regardless of the posted limit, the news that average interstate traffic is loping along at about 65 mph is hardly a revelation.

But that is still not quick enough. My particular preference is a cruising speed in the 75–80-mph range on open interstates, but it's a pace at which you can get your ass handed to you practically anyplace in the Union. Therefore, a little serious preparation is necessary if you plan to run that quickly and (1) keep your license for more than a week at a time, (2) stay out of jail and (3) not go broke paying fines. Actually, a fair amount of field research exists on the subject of subverting the highway heat. There is this underground coast-to-coast race called the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Dash that has produced incredible amounts of information on the subject. Started in 1971 by a semiweird journalist, car freak and general troublemaker named Brock Yates, the Cannonball has been run four times from midtown Manhattan to the Portofino Inn on the Pacific Ocean at Redondo Beach, California, south of L.A. The present record, including New York and L.A. traffic, plus all stops, is 35 hours and 53 minutes (set in 1975 by two Floridians driving a Ferrari Dino), which works out to an average speed of 82 mph. Can you run fast in the United States? The '75 Cannonball had 18 entrants, all of whom finished the run at an over-all average speed of 70.7 mph and got fewer than a dozen tickets and warnings in the process. Dangerous? Not hardly what the safety establishment tells you: The four Cannonball runs have involved 61 vehicles—ranging from 175-mph Ferraris to motor homes and pickups—and 149 individual drivers. Driving on the interstates at speeds seldom less than 75 mph and often over 100 mph, these people (myself included) have recorded over 160,000 miles with one minor accident. Yes, good drivers and good cars can run quickly and safely on the open roads. Here are

some of the things we learned along the way:

Know thine enemy: Generally speaking, the interstate system is in the jurisdiction of the highway patrols of the individual states. They have different operating procedures and use different brands and colors of cars, etc. California, for example, uses black-and-white Dodges, often without a light or "gum-ball machine" on the roof, which makes them hard to spot in freeway traffic. California uses very little radar or VASCAR, which means the patrols catch people by sitting on the freeways on ramps or making high-speed "sweeps" through traffic, picking up anyone they have trouble overtaking. Many other states use unmarked patrol cars (although they are generally identifiable to the sharp-eyed for the following reasons: 1. They are usually full-size, solid-color, stripped versions of the regular Ford, Chevrolet or Dodge patrol cars used by the particular state in question. 2. Somewhere on the car is a tiny VHF whip antenna and, in many cases, a spotlight on the driver's-side windshield pillar. 3. Specially built police specials usually sit lower on their suspensions and use slightly wider tires than normal cars. 4. They will usually carry official state license plates). This unmarked-car business can be frustrating; many is the time I've warily trailed a slow-moving Dodge or Ford that fits the description, only to discover that the driver is a member of the Office of Weights and Measures or some such thing. Moreover, some states are getting really sneaky—New Jersey is using vans equipped with radar parked on its overpasses and Arizona and Maryland, among others, have been known to let their troopers use what appear to be private cars and even old pickups. However, disguises can work both ways. The 1972 Cannonball featured a trio of sports-car racers who ran their Mercedes-Benz cross-country while decked out as Roman Catholic priests. After being arrested in Arizona for driving 95 mph, one of the impersonators suggested to the patrolman that he might reduce the speed on the ticket to a more saintly—and less expensive—velocity. The officer, vaguely suspicious, countered, "Yes, Father, we could reduce the speed, but that would be lying, wouldn't it?" Until you're sure, be suspicious of any vehicle on the road; it's that simple. Memorize the brands and colors of patrol cars in the areas where you drive.

Highway patrols use three basic methods to trap speeders: radar—a version of the military device that measures speed via microwave signals; VASCAR—a simple time-distance computer, operated by the officer from his car, that emits no beams or signals whatsoever; and the aged but basically foolproof method of clocking relative speeds by speedometer. In theory,

(continued on page 231)



SOUND NUTRITION, exercise and relaxation are three factors commonly cited as essential for good health. Almost always, a fourth important factor is omitted from the list—an active and rewarding sex life.

The evidence that sex is good for male health has been one of science's least publicized discoveries, never mentioned in those "how to keep well" manuals or "Dear Doctor" newspaper columns. Here are two little-known scientific findings linking sex to health that should delight us all:

- Testosterone, the most potent of the male sex hormones, is not solely a sex hormone. It also has so many, and such varied, health-maintaining functions that it might well be called a health hormone.

- The easiest, quickest and most enjoyable way to increase your supply of this invaluable hormone is through sexual arousal and sexual activity.

Day and night, through all the decades of life, the body is a battleground of
(continued on page 156)

SEX IS GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH

wouldn't you know--the best
medicine around turns out to be a ball

article By EDWARD M.
and JEREMY BRECHER



PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA

PART VI

DEATH CROSSES THE COLOR LINE

article

By JAMES MCKINLEY

the sixties saw the death of our two major black leaders, both working to solve the same problems. malcolm x advocated violent solutions, martin luther king, jr., preached a doctrine of brotherhood, but they were both brought down by gunfire, and questions remain: did elijah muhammad have malcolm murdered? did james earl ray shoot king?

BLACK AGAINST BLACK



Malcolm X (above left), the first black victim of political assassination in America since John Kennedy's death, was a Black Muslim who had been suspended from the sect by its leader, Elijah Muhammad (above right). Three Black Muslims brutally gunned Malcolm down

in 1965 using a shotgun and handguns. Above center: Moments after the fatal shots, friends vainly try to save Malcolm's life. Below left: Police remove his body. Certain that Elijah had ordered the killing, Malcolm's followers burned down his Harlem mosque (below right).



This thing with me will be resolved by death and violence.

—MALCOLM X

I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

—MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

JOHN KENNEDY'S unfathomable death created in many Americans a terrifying expectancy. If that could happen, anything was possible. We sensed that the potential for political murder had been only partially discharged with Kennedy. Somehow it was still suspended above the nation, a nearly palpable menace awaiting its moment. Who would be next, we wondered?

The answer surprised us. Our next two assassination victims were not, as always before, powerful white politicians. Instead, the assassins struck black reformers. Men, in fact, who in different ways—the one as incendiary, the other as dreamer—were protesting the injustices they believed white politicians had caused or tolerated.

The first to die, Malcolm X, put his bitterness succinctly. Of Kennedy's assassination he said, "Chickens coming home to roost never did make me sad: They've always made me glad." The chickens Malcolm had in mind were not just in ghettos; he felt they had also winged in from Southeast Asia and the Third World. It didn't matter that Kennedy at the time of his death was preparing wide-ranging civil rights legislation or that his inheritor, Lyndon Johnson, was sponsoring bills that in time would inspire some black leaders to hail him as the



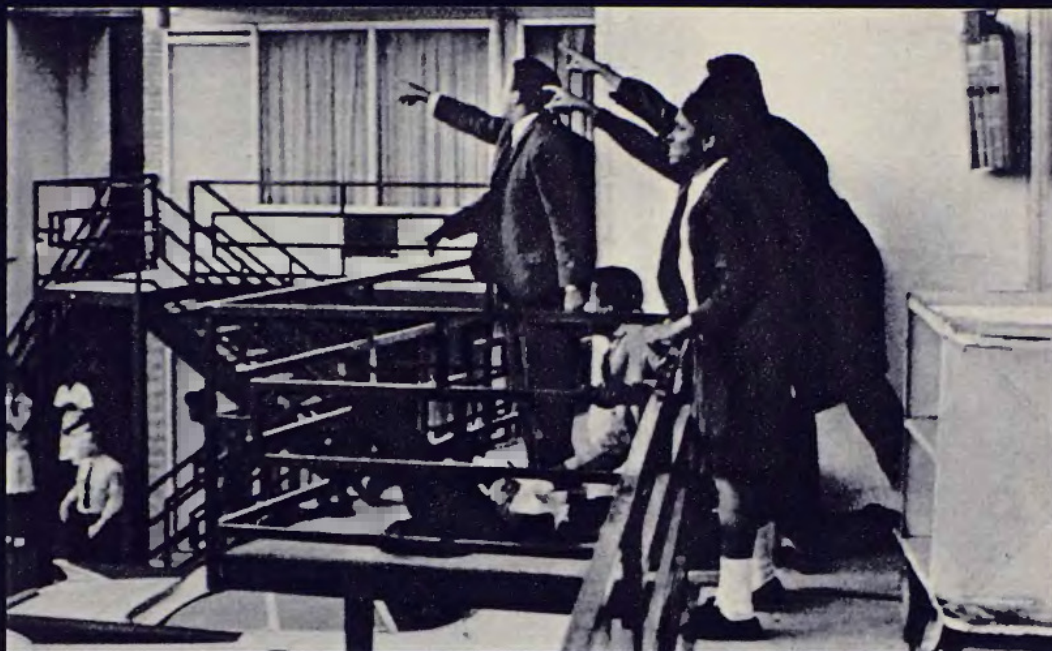
"Longevity has its place," King said to a crowd the night before his death, "but I'm not concerned about that now. . . . So I'm happy tonight. I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing any man." The next day, April 4, 1968, James Earl Ray (below) watched from his room about 200 feet away as King stood on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel, leaning over the railing, talking to friends. Moments later, at 6:01 P.M., Martin Luther King was dead.



Center right: In this 1956 photo, a black woman who was one of the first to ride in the front of the bus after the desegregation order sits next to Ralph Abernathy, longtime friend of King, who is just behind him. As civil rights marches grew, increasing attention (and hate) was focused on their leaders, especially King.



306



Moments after the fatal shot, King's aides point from the balcony in the direction from which the shot came. A slug from a .30-'06 rifle entered the right side of King's neck and went on to sever his spinal column. Fatally wounded, King lies among the helpless witnesses, a motel towel covering the right half of his face.

greatest civil rights President since Lincoln.

That was not enough for Malcolm, nor for King. They wanted justice now, freedom now. Like the preachers' sons they were, they exhorted their disciples to demand just that. But before they could see those demands met, each was dead and his cause soon faltered. Assassination had again removed a leader and deflected, perhaps thwarted, his movement. For those who kept faith with Malcolm and King, it was small comfort that the ultimate effects of their deaths were unknowable. Better to turn to assassination's only other constant, the questions of just who killed them and why.

With Malcolm it seemed simple. On Sunday afternoon, February 21, 1965, three men attacked him while he was addressing a congregation of his Organization of Afro-American Unity in the Audubon Ballroom, at 166th Street and Broadway, in New York. The assassins were well drilled. Two stood up about eight rows from the rostrum. "Don't be messin' with my pockets," one hollered, and while Malcolm asked them to cool it, his bodyguards moved toward them. Then smoke billowed from



King was buried in a plain wooden casket drawn through the streets by mules. Millions mourned and hundreds of thousands lined the streets...



... but just hours after King's death, hundreds of thousands, shocked and embittered, also took to the streets for another purpose: 125 cities were threatened by the riots and looting that followed the assassination.

a man's sock soaked in lighter fluid and set afire in the aisle. As Malcolm and his 400 followers stared at the confusion, a man rushed the stage with a sawed-off, double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun wrapped in a gray jacket. The blasts caught Malcolm in the chest, blowing him backward over a chair. Two other men moved up and pumped shot after shot from a .38 and a .45 into his body before all three ran to escape. Two made it, but a bodyguard's pistol felled one. The crowd outside broke his leg and would have killed him if police hadn't come to his rescue. They soon identified him as Talmadge Hayer, a.k.a. Thomas Hagan.

In the ballroom, Malcolm was dead. His pregnant wife, Betty Shabazz, wailed over his body, and another woman keened, "Oh, black folks, black folks, why you got to kill each other?" That was it, obviously. Malcolm's lieutenants were sure Elijah Muhammad had ordered the killing and that trained killers from the Fruit of Islam, the Black Muslim strike force, had carried it out. Fourteen months before, Elijah had suspended Malcolm from the Muslims, ostensibly for his remark about Kennedy, but really, they thought, because he feared the startling charisma of Malcolm, feared that Malcolm's new organization would attract more blacks than the Muslims and, above all, feared that Malcolm would tell what he knew about *sub rosa* Muslim activities.

Malcolm himself had thought the Muslims might kill him. They were responsible, he'd said, for the fire-bombing of his home just a week before he went to the Audubon. That was their gratitude for all he'd done. He'd built up the Muslim organization in New York. He'd enrolled their most famous recruit, the young heavyweight Cassius Clay. He'd articulated for them the black man's rage as no one had. "If ballots won't work, bullets will," he had once proclaimed, and now he feared he was to be the proof of that sentiment. That seemed ironic. He, born Malcolm Little, the man who in his youth was convinced that white racists had burned his home and killed his father, who as Big Red (for his reddish hair and light skin, the legacy of a "white rapist" grandfather) had gotten through zoot suits and processed hair, through dealing cocaine and grass, through burglary and six years in the slammer, where he'd learned about Islam and became converted, and then made it up close to Elijah's side, this man was now to be killed not by the "white devils" he excoriated but by his onetime brothers. Still, even Malcolm admitted they had reason. After he'd left the Muslims, he accused the 67-year-old Elijah of sexual promiscuity with teenage "secretaries" and declared he would, if threatened, tell everything he knew; for example, about deals the Muslims had

made with the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party to separate contested territories into black and white spheres of influence. There were rumors, too, that Elijah's sect had, like the Klan, accepted money from H. L. Hunt, who likewise thought it a capital idea to keep black and white apart. Such revelations could badly damage the Muslims. "The die is set, and Malcolm shall not escape," Elijah opined. No wonder that Malcolm wrote, "Some of the followers of Elijah Muhammad would still consider it a first-rank honor to kill me."

It had apparently happened. Soon after the shooting, police arrested two Black Muslims as Hayer's accomplices. Thomas "15X" Johnson was eventually tried as the shotgunner. Norman "3X" Butler was charged with being the third gunman. Both had reputations as enforcers for the Muslims (at the time of Malcolm's assassination, Butler was out on \$100,000 bond for shooting another Muslim defector). In 1966, the three were convicted of the murder and sentenced to life in prison. A rougher sort of justice moved faster than that. Within 36 hours of Malcolm's death, the Muslims' Mosque Number Seven in Harlem burned beyond repair, and for months after, Malcolm's allies publicly, if futilely, threatened to kill Elijah. But at least everyone agreed: The Muslims—possibly with outside encouragement—had assassinated Malcolm X.

That verdict still seems fair, even considering that no firm evidence ever led beyond the three convicted assassins (Elijah repeatedly denied any personal or organizational responsibility, but it is a well-known fact that the Fruit of Islam killers do not act on their own initiative).

Whatever the case, Malcolm X was dead. Many called that good riddance, remembering his hysterical rantings against whites, his calls for a separate black nation, his exhortations to blacks to buy guns and "get the white monkey off your back." Yet near the end, Malcolm seemed to have changed. He professed a new idealism. Trips abroad and a pilgrimage to Mecca had convinced him of the need for a brotherhood of all the oppressed, instead of war between the darker and the paler races. Ironically, that perception may also have helped doom Malcolm. A story had it that because of his visit, Moslems abroad had decided to give money to his organization instead of Elijah's, a prospect that could have provided the Muslims with another motive for removing Malcolm. Nevertheless, Malcolm persisted in saying the Muslim doctrine produced zombies. He said he was glad to be free of his hysteria, of "the sickness and madness of those days. . . . It's a time for martyrs now. And if I'm to be one, it will be in the cause of brotherhood." Unfortunately, he did not die in brotherhood's name but in a climate of violence that his early hate-

mongering may partially have made. Only his magnificent autobiography suggests what he might have become in other climes. Sadly, the violent weather was to hold, a fact deplored at the time of Malcolm's death by King, who ruefully said such violence "is not good for the image of our nation and not good for the Negro cause." That was three years before Memphis, where King became a genuine martyr to brotherhood.

It was in Memphis, of course, that Martin Luther King and James Earl Ray came to be paired as saint and criminal in the pantheon of American assassinations. Yet, as with Lincoln and Booth, Kennedy and Oswald, there are vital questions surrounding that pairing, so many that we truly know only two things.

First, we know that at six P.M. on April 4, 1968, King leaned on the railing of the balcony of Memphis' Lorraine Motel into the sights of a .30-'06 rifle. One minute later, a bullet ripped through his right jaw and into his throat and body, killing him with a single shot that ended his dream of social equality, that burned Detroit and Washington, that launched a world-wide search for his killer and that eventually brought in a skinny, petty-criminal escaped convict and lifelong loser variously called Eric Starvo Galt, Harvey Lowmyer, John Willard, John Rayns, Paul E. Bridgman, Ramon George Sneyd, but known to us soon and ever since as James Earl Ray.

Second, we know that even if Ray did kill King—and there is reasonable doubt that it could be proved—he has been victimized, almost framed, by legal and judicial irregularities, the cover-up of important facts in the slaying and a failure by the FBI and Memphis police to investigate thoroughly the possibility of a conspiracy.

To understand those two things, we must begin with Martin Luther King. King was in Memphis to lead a protest march in support of Local 1733, the nearly all-black local of the garbage and sewer workers union. The 1300 men had gone on strike in February, asking for a 50-cent-an-hour raise, workmen's compensation insurance and an insurance program. Memphis officials refused. Inevitably, trouble built. The town seethed with race hate. Memphis' black leaders called for King, the Nobel apostle of nonviolence.

On March 18, 1968, King arrived from Anaheim, California, where he'd given a speech two days before. (Ray, then underground in Los Angeles, had noticed it.) In Memphis, King exhorted 15,000 people to join in a work stoppage. It happened, but the agent was a freak snowstorm, not aggrieved citizens. One plan frustrated, King consented to lead a march on March 28.

It was a disaster. Militant youths, the Invaders, broke King's nonviolent rules
(continued on page 210)

Rowland B. Wilson



"Mmm. Tell another lie, Pinocchio."



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

lillian müller created a sensation when she debuted last august—but that was only the beginning, folks



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

ADMITTEDLY, we are sometimes inclined to overstatement. When Lillian Müller appeared as our August 1975 gatefold girl, we called her the most striking Playmate ever. Ever? Well, if not ever, then certainly within recent memory. It should be obvious to all that we are dealing with a remarkably attractive woman. After a year of observation and appreciation of the 12 beautiful ladies who graced our gatefolds in 1975, our readers felt that it was inevitable and proper that Lillian should receive Playmate of the Year honors. The editors concurred, if for no other reason than her eyes. Yes, her eyes. A correspondent for the German magazine *Neue Revue* met our August Playmate and wrote: "With such a figure, it's amazing that one would first be drawn to her face. Deep-blue, astonished eyes look at you, always a little reproachful, always a little surprised, as if immediately guessing your thoughts." Amazing, indeed, but Europeans have always been subtle. Bruno Bernard, a famous Hollywood glamor photographer (and, incidentally, father of December 1966 Playmate Sue Bernard), met Lillian at Playboy Mansion West. He saw in her a rare and unforgettable combination of eroticism and innocence. "Nobody escapes her eyes," he says. A few months later, he showed the Playmate feature to a friend, Rolf Thiele, a West German director who (text concluded on page 198)



"I grew up in a small Norwegian village, where there was no such thing as a life of glamor. Now, in Hollywood, I find so many people who are beautiful, erotic, sensuous. They have style. They dress up to make undressing that much more fun. Even everyday gestures are sexy. It's good to celebrate life."





"As Playmate, I frequently visited Mansion West. It is everything I love about California. It all sparkles—the sunlight, the fountains, the swimming pools, the gardens and the conversation. It's like a European salon, with one difference: The people you meet are not only intelligent, they are exciting, loose, fun."





"I look for certain qualities in a lover. He must be strong, masculine, ambitious. He must be able to guide me and guard me. If a man has these qualities, I will love him no matter what language we speak when we are together."





"Some women change men the way they change clothes. Not me. When I love a person, I need him completely. I want someone I can just go to bed with and hold on to. I make love when there is love. If there is patience, care between two people, the sex cannot be bad. Do you understand?"





"There has been an explosion in my life and I have been very active, pursuing an acting career. But I'm not living like a nun. I still find time to relax, to be a little bit lazy, to concentrate on my man and spend some time in bed."





"Will that be all, sir?"

Pretty Kate of Windsor

Near to the town of Windsor, upon a pleasant green,
There lived a miller's daughter, her age about eighteen:
A skin as white as alabaster, and a killing eye,
A round, plump, bonny buttock, joined to a tapered thigh:
Then, ah, be kind, my dear, be kinder! was the ditty still,
When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the mill.

To treat with her in private, first came a booby squire:
He offered ten broad pieces, but she refused the hire.
She said his corn was musty, nor should her toll dish fill:
His measure, too, so scanty, she feared 'twould burn her mill.

Soon after came a lawyer, as he the circuit went:
He swore he'd cheat her landlord and she should pay no rent.
He questioned the fee simple—but him she plainly told:
I'll keep, in spite of law tricks, mine own dear copyhold!

Next came a trooper who did of fighting prate,
Till she pulled out his pistol and knocked him o'er the pate.
I hate, she cried, a hector, a drone without a sting:
For if you must be fighting, friend, go do it for the king!

Next came a strutting sailor who was of mate's degree:
He bragged much of his valor, of fighting late at sea.
She told him his bravadoes but lamely did appear:
For if you had stood to't, rogue, the French would not be here.

Next came a smug physician upon a pacing mare,
But Kate esteemed this doctor less than any had been there.
He was so used to clysters,* she told him to his face,
He always would be plunging his pipe in the wrong place!

The parson of the parish did next his flame reveal:
She made him second mourning and covered him with meal.
The man of God stood fretting—she bid him be not vexed:
'Twill serve you for a surplice to cant in Sunday next.

If you want to know the reason why she was so unkind—
There was a brisk young farmer who first taught her to grind.
And he was just the workman and his the ready skill
To open up her water gate and best supply her mill.
Then, ah, be kind, my dear, be kinder! was the ditty still,
When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the mill.

*Enemas.



Tenement to Let!

I have a tenement to let
I hope will please you all—
And if you'd know the name of it,
'Tis known as "Cunny Hall."

It's seated in a pleasant vale,
Beneath a rising hill,
And I shall let this tenement
To whomsoe'er I will.

For years, for months, for weeks, for days,
I'll let this famous bower.
Nay, rather than a tenant lack,
I'd let it for an hour!

There's round about a pleasant grove
To shade it from the sun,



And underneath is well water
That pleasantly does run,

Where, if you're hot, you may be cooled,
If cold, you may find heat:
It is a well-contrived spring,
Not little, nor too great.

The place is very dark by night
And so it is by day,
But when you once are entered in,
You cannot lose your way.

And when you're in, go boldly on,
As far as e'er you can.
And if you reach the housetop,
You'll be my tenant man!



JENNY

(continued from page 90)

of law was vulgar, but the study of it was sublime."

They were not so comforting when they came.

"Break your mother's heart," said one.

"If you'd only stayed at Wellesley," said the other.

"A girl alone has to protect herself," Jenny said. "What could be more proper?"

But one of her brothers asked her if she could prove that she had not had previous relations with the man.

"Confidentially," whispered the other one, "have you been dating this guy long?"

Finally, things were cleared up when the police discovered that the soldier was from New York, where he had a wife and a child. He had taken a leave in Boston and, more than anything else, he feared the story would get back to his wife. Everyone seemed to agree that *would* be awful, for everyone, so Jenny was released without charges. When she made a fuss that the police had not given her back her scalpel, one of her brothers said, "For God's sake, Jennifer, you can steal another one, can't you?"

"I didn't steal it," Jenny said.

"You should have some friends," a brother told her.

"At Wellesley," they repeated.

"Thank you for coming when I called you," Jenny said.

"What's a family for?" one said.

"Blood runs thick," said the other; then he paled, embarrassed at the association—her dress was so besmirched.

"I'm a good girl," Jenny told them.

"Jennifer," said the older one, her life's earliest model—for wisdom, for all that was right. He was rather solemn; he said, "It's best not to get involved with married men."

"We won't tell Momma," the other one said.

"And certainly not Father!" said the first. In an awkward attempt at some natural warmth, he winked at her—a gesture which contorted his face and for a moment convinced Jenny that her life's earliest model had developed a facial tic.

Beside the brothers was a mailbox with a poster of Uncle Sam. A little soldier, all in brown, was climbing down, gently, from Uncle Sam's big hands. The little soldier was going to land on a map of Europe. The words under the poster said: SUPPORT OUR BOYS! Jenny's older brother looked at Jenny looking at the poster.

"And don't get involved with soldiers," he added.

But Jenny Fields was too confused to be properly outraged. She was also sore—her ear, where the soldier had cuffed her, hurt her, and there was a deep muscle cramp between her shoulder blades that made it hard for her to sleep. She

thought she must have wrenched something in there when the theater lackeys had grabbed her in the lobby and pulled her arms behind her back. She remembered that hot-water bottles were supposed to be good for sore muscles and she got out of bed and went to her closet and opened one of her mother's gift packages.

It was not a hot-water bottle. That had been her mother's euphemism for something her mother couldn't bring herself to discuss. In the package was a douche bag. Jenny's mother knew what they were for, and so did Jenny. She had helped many patients at the hospital use them, though at the hospital they were not much used to prevent pregnancies after lovemaking; they were used for general feminine hygiene, and in venereal cases.

Jenny was appalled. She opened all the packages. In each one was a douche bag. "Please use it!" her mother had begged her. Jenny knew that her mother, though she meant well, assumed that Jenny's sexual activity was considerable and probably irresponsible. No doubt, as her mother would put it, "since Wellesley." Since Wellesley, Jenny's mother thought that Jenny was fornicating (as she would also put it) "to beat the band."

Jenny Fields crawled back to bed with the douche bag filled with hot water and snuggled between her shoulder blades; she hoped the clamps that kept the water from running down the hose would not allow a leak, but to be sure, she held the hose in her hands, a little like a rubber rosary, and she dropped the nozzle with the tiny holes into her empty water glass. All night long, Jenny lay listening to the douche bag leak.

In this dirty-minded world, she thought, you are either somebody's wife or somebody's whore—or fast on the way to becoming one or the other. If you don't fit either category, then everyone tries to make you think there is something wrong with you. But, she thought, there is nothing wrong with me.

She decided that all manifestations of her innocence were futile and only appeared defensive. She took a larger apartment, which prompted a new assault of packaged douche bags from her mother and a stack of nursing shoes from her father; he also paid her rent, thus tripling her previous allowance. It struck her that they were thinking: If she is to be a whore, let her at least be clean and well shod.

In part, the war kept Jenny from dwelling on how badly her family misread her—and kept her from any bitterness and self-pity, too; Jenny was not a dweller. She was a good nurse and she was increasingly busy. Many nurses were joining up, but Jenny had little desire for a change of uniform or for travel; she was a solitary girl and she didn't want to

have to meet a lot of new people. Also, she found the system of *rank* irritating enough in the hospital; in the Army, or in the Navy, it could only be worse.

First of all, she would have missed the babies. She was at her best as a nurse, she felt, to mothers and their babies, and there were suddenly so many babies whose fathers were away, or dead or missing; Jenny wanted most of all to encourage those mothers. In fact, she envied them. It was, to her, the ideal situation: a mother alone with a new baby, the husband blown out of the sky over France. A young woman with her child, with a life ahead of them—just the two of them. A baby with no strings attached, thought Jenny. An almost virgin birth.

These women, of course, were not always as happy with their lot as Jenny thought she would have been. They were grieving, many of them, or abandoned (many others); they resented their children, some of them; they wanted a husband and a father for their babies (many others). But Jenny Fields was their encourager, she spoke up for solitude, she told them how lucky they were. Some of them came around to seeing it her way, but Jenny's reputation at the hospital suffered her crusade.

"Old Virgin Mary Jenny," the other nurses said. "Doesn't want a baby the easy way. Why not ask God for it?"

In her diary, Jenny wrote:

I wanted a job and I wanted to live alone. That made me a sexual suspect. Then I wanted a baby, but I didn't want to have to share my body or my life to have one. That made me a sexual suspect, too.

Jenny discovered that you got more respect from shocking other people than you got from trying to live your own life with a little privacy. She told the other nurses that she would one day find a man to make her pregnant—just that, nothing more. She did not entertain the possibility that the man would need to try more than once, she told them. They, of course, couldn't wait to tell everyone they knew. It was not long before Jenny had several proposals. She had to make a sudden decision: She could retreat, ashamed and embarrassed that her secret was out, or she could be brazen.

A young medical student told her he would volunteer on the condition that he could have at least six chances over a three-day weekend. Jenny told him that he obviously lacked confidence; she wanted a child who would be more secure than that.

An anesthesiologist told her he would even pay for the child's education—through college—but Jenny told him that his eyes were too close together and his teeth were poorly formed; she would not saddle her child with such handicaps.

One of the other nurses' boyfriends
(continued on page 169)



PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS

1 Electronic calculator/biolator features an eight-digit capacity for math computations, along with biorhythm readings based on your birth date, by Casio, \$29.95.

2 Travel kit includes a canvas overnight/sports bag, a 16-oz. bottle of YSL for Men cologne, plus an I.D. tag, by Yves Saint Laurent Parfumes, \$30.

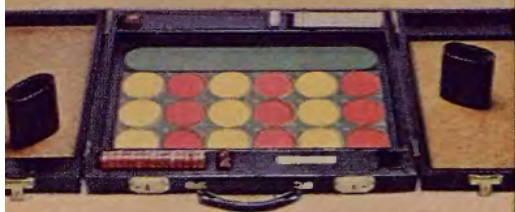
3 Combination lock that holds 33½" of retractable woven-steel cable is ideal for keeping skis, bikes, etc., temptation-proof, from The Horchow Collection, \$12.



4 Liberty '76 golf irons trimmed in red, white and blue are available in numbers from 2 to 9, plus pitching wedge and sand wedge, by Lynx, \$350.

5 A simple yet elegant 18-kt.-gold and ebony watch that offers 17-jewel movement, sapphire crystal and black-leather strap, by Baume & Mercier, \$800.

6 Telephone-type C.8. radio features a mike/speaker handset with push-to-talk switch; has crystals for 23-channel use, from Radio Shack, \$179.95.



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7 Counterstrike, a two-player game in a brass-hinged attaché case that folds out into a game board; with 30 counters, 4 dice, doubling cube, cups, by Essex, \$50.

8 Stainless-steel wrist calculator/watch with a six-digit display and a 12-digit calculating copability performs math, tells the time, month and date, by Pulsar, \$550.

9 200 Bax-belt-drive automatic turntable provides automatic, semiautomatic and manual operation; S-shaped tonearm holds ADC VLM/MK II cartridge, by BSR, \$139.95.

10 Contax RTS offers automatic exposure, unique self-winder attachment, \$800 with 50mm lens; self-winder, \$200; infrared flash, \$140, all by Yashica and Carl Zeiss.

11 The Washing Machine eliminates shower clutter, dispenses shampoo, conditioner and liquid soap, all at the punch of a button, by Evolution Health Care, \$29.95.

12 Mobile I Searcher hand-held tunable scanning radio has A.C. converter, scans four public-service V.H.F. (hi) channels; includes squelch control, by G.E., \$69.95.

13 Model KZ900 LTD has high-performance 903-c.c. engine, alloy wheels, Jardine exhaust, custom seat and newly designed suspension system, by Kawasaki, \$3295.



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14 Top to bottom: Model T-100 AM/FM stereo tuner, about \$700, P-300 amplifier, about \$800, and a stereo control center, about \$650, all by Accuphase from TEAC.

15 Omnitec home-practice tennis machine ejects balls at five-second intervals, includes on 8' x 8' backdrop net, from The Horchow Collection, \$79.95 without balls.

16 ESS speakers feature a Heil air-motion transformer with a special soft polyethylene diaphragm; oiled-walnut cabinet measures 35" x 16" x 16", by ESS, \$396 each.

17 Cook 'N Cajun, a charcoal-water smoker, separates coals from meat with liquid, is self-basting, so needs little tending; also serves as a grill, by Bosman, \$50.

18 The balance of these fiberglass tennis rackets is said to absorb shocks that add to arm fatigue; plastic sleeve ensures tight strings, by Yamaha, \$45 each.

19 The Pronto!, a no-fold Land camera, is a low-priced way to shoot SX-70 pictures, has Galilean view finder, focus range from three feet to infinity, by Polaroid, \$66.

20 Extra-strong fiberglass Hobie Sundeer skateboard can hold up to 3600 lbs. and still turn quickly on wide-track urethane wheels, by Coachcraft Products, \$60.

and a picture tube shall lead them

tv has become a self-fulfilling prophecy: we are what we see

Unwittingly, then, had I discovered an invisible Empire of the air.

—LEE DE FOREST, who invented the Audion tube

The relationship between consumer and advertiser is the last demonstration of necessary love in the West, and its principal form of expression is the television commercial.

—GORE VIDAL, *Myra Breckinridge*

Television is chewing gum for the eyes.

—FRED ALLEN

article **By JOHN LEONARD**

IT WAS A DINNER PARTY in a handsome apartment in Brooklyn Heights. The view was handsome, and so was the food, and so were the people, with the sorts of faces usually to be found stamped on Roman coins. Even the sullen surreal smear of art on the wall above the lowboy in the living room—a Technicolor artichoke, a test pattern—seemed



ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO CRAFT



handsome. I was among professors of literature and sociology. I, who professed nothing more compelling than myself, had just been unmasked as a reviewer of TV programs for a local newspaper. The professors wanted to know how anyone could watch 20 to 30 hours of television a week and stay serious, much less sane. They nodded so sympathetically I thought their heads would fall off and scare the cat.

Well, how many hours of TV did they watch each week? I took up pen and paper. News? Five and one half hours, if one counted *60 Minutes* on CBS and *Close-Up* on ABC. Documentaries? They all claimed to watch lots of documentaries on hunger, crime, inflation, farm workers, pensions, prisons and the Middle East. I didn't believe them. Nobody watches documentaries. Say one half hour, being generous. Dramatic specials? It was the same. Everybody claimed to have watched Shakespeare, Ibsen, O'Neill, Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams. I doubt it. Say an hour. Variety shows? Never, they said. Not even Carol Burnett, or Liza Minnelli, or Cher with Bette Midler and Elton John? No. Still, I gave them an hour. Situation comedies? Not really, except, perhaps, for *M*A*S*H* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and, occasionally, *Rhoda* or *The Bob Newhart Show*, and once in a while *All in the Family*, just to glance at a fever chart on the cultural distemper. No one admitted to watching *Maude*, and yet everyone had a different reason for disliking it. An hour and a half. Talk shows? Hardly ever. Oh, maybe Johnny Carson's opening monolog, which is always interesting because it tells us what can be safely reviled in the nation this week; and then, if the guest is Joan Rivers or Jonathan Winters or Woody Allen or David Steinberg or Flip Wilson, another 15 minutes; and then, of course, if Norman Mailer is visiting Merv Griffin. . . . Two hours. Public television? For Remedial Seriousness—Bill Moyers, Kenneth Clark, Jacob Bronowski, *The Robert MacNeil Report*—an hour and a half; for *Upstairs, Downstairs*, an hour; for William F. Buckley, Jr., 15 minutes. Sports? Ah, that's different. Five shameful hours or so, especially professional football and basketball, or if Catfish Hunter is pitching; more in Olympic years; and much more if a local team looks as if it might make the play-offs. Movies? Professors don't count watching movies as watching television. I do, either in prime time or after the late news. They will watch reruns of the B movies of their youth—*Andy Hardy Meets Frankenstein's Sister-in-Law*, *Sydney Greenstreet Goes to a Beach Party*, inferior in quality to an average episode of, say, *Columbo*—until the cows come home and the cartoons come on. Ten hours.

That amounts to about 30 hours of TV a week. And the total takes no account

of Barbara Walters, game shows, soap operas, political conventions and campaigns, assassinations, moon shots, moratoria, Saturday-night "massacres" (as distinguished from My Lai "incidents"), impeachment proceedings and Presidential pre-emptions. The pre-emptions are particularly time-consuming because, like jet lag, it takes a day or two to recover from them. We had one President on TV impersonating Ed Sullivan, arms aloft in the famous V, operating as a slingshot, flinging our heads through the screen and into incredulity: Government by jack-in-the-box! Surprise! Freeze the wages; go to China! Look what Daddy brought home from the office—an invasion of Cambodia! Now we have a President who impersonates Joe Palooka: Eat your parsnips and the economy will grow strong. This is known as children's programming.

These calculations should not have rained so much on the professors' picnic. Every survey suggests that intellectuals watch almost as much television as the rest of us, even if their sets—instead of being on display prominently in the living room, like a moonstone or a prayer mat—are hidden away in the study, behind Da Vinci's notebooks, under a Ceropegia woodii through whose tendrils their children must hack a path to *Gilligan's Island*. Moreover, intellectuals tend to look at approximately the same programs the *lumpen* do. The evening in Brooklyn Heights ended with everybody talking about *Kojak*. Did you know that the late Lionel Trilling watched *Kojak*?

Morley Safer, who was a superb correspondent covering the war in Vietnam, co-anchors *60 Minutes* with Mike Wallace and Dan Rather. He also takes his Jewishness seriously. Every year he has to explain to his outraged young daughter why there will be no Christmas tree in their house.

Safer used to live in Sneden's Landing, a postage stamp of God's country across the Hudson River from Manhattan. Perhaps the only disadvantage of living in Sneden's Landing is the vagary of television reception. The set in Safer's house couldn't pick up the Channel 13 (public TV) signal.

One afternoon, Safer was ferrying his daughter and several of her friends to the circus or the Metropolitan Museum of Art, it doesn't matter which. His daughter's friends were discussing Big Bird, the Cookie Monster, Bert, Ernie, Oscar the Grouch and the Muppets. Safer's daughter announced: "We don't have *Sesame Street* at our house—because we're Jewish."

At a series of seminars at Duke University in the winter and spring of 1975, journalists variously electronic and otherwise met to meditate on their profession.

Each was esteemed by his colleagues, which is why he had been chosen to be a Duke fellow in communications. Among them was Russell Baker, nonpareil columnist for *The New York Times*, and Bill Greider of *The Washington Post*, Alan Outen of *The Wall Street Journal*, John Seigenthaler of *The Nashville Tennessean* and Ed Yoder, then of *The Greensboro Daily News*. Sander Vanocur, who has done time with almost every network there is, presided. And Daniel Schorr, the CBS reporter who makes as much news as he reports, was the star.

The president of Duke is Terry Sanford, who used to be governor of North Carolina. Terry Sanford runs for the Presidency of the United States the way other people run for the bathroom; he needs to. At a reception in his executive digs in Durham, there was a receiving line for the Duke fellows. On passing through it, each fellow perfunctorily shook hands with local dignitaries, including the gracious Mrs. Sanford. Just once in the course of these introductions did the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford light up, like the dial of a radio. That was in their gasp of recognition on meeting Russell Baker. Their taste was impeccable, but their sense of what constitutes glamor in journalism was at least a decade behind the times—which may be one of the reasons Terry Sanford is known as the Harold Stassen of the Piedmont. Real glamor resides elsewhere.

It resides, as the students at Duke knew immediately, in Schorr and Vanocur. Among the students, they were celebrities, in a class with sports heroes, movie actors, rock musicians, only *serious*. Like a Cronkite, a Chancellor, a Howard K. Smith, in the synopsis of the quotidian on our TV screens, their faces have become front pages, mirrors of events. They are heavy: They have taken on the gravity of all they have reported. *Physically*, they embody the news. History has thickened, substantiated them. And yet they are edited down to essentials: There isn't time, there isn't room for anything that isn't important. This density exerts a mighty pull on our attention. Through their images, we are accustomed to trafficking with momentous occasions. It is altogether natural, then, that when they come personally among us, we should think it an occasion. Otherwise, why would they be here?

Even the print journalists at Duke deferred to the TV density. The problems of electronic news dominated the seminar discussions. It was clear from film clips that the unblinking camera could record the lump in the throat, the trembling of the hand, the bead of perspiration that may, or may not, signify a lie, whereas the typewriter had to resort to adjectives and adverbs. Nobody believes adjectives and adverbs. The newspaper people were defensive and

(continued on page 200)

JUST ADD WATER

*this season, swimwear is a matter of little pleasures
attire*

By DAVID PLATT

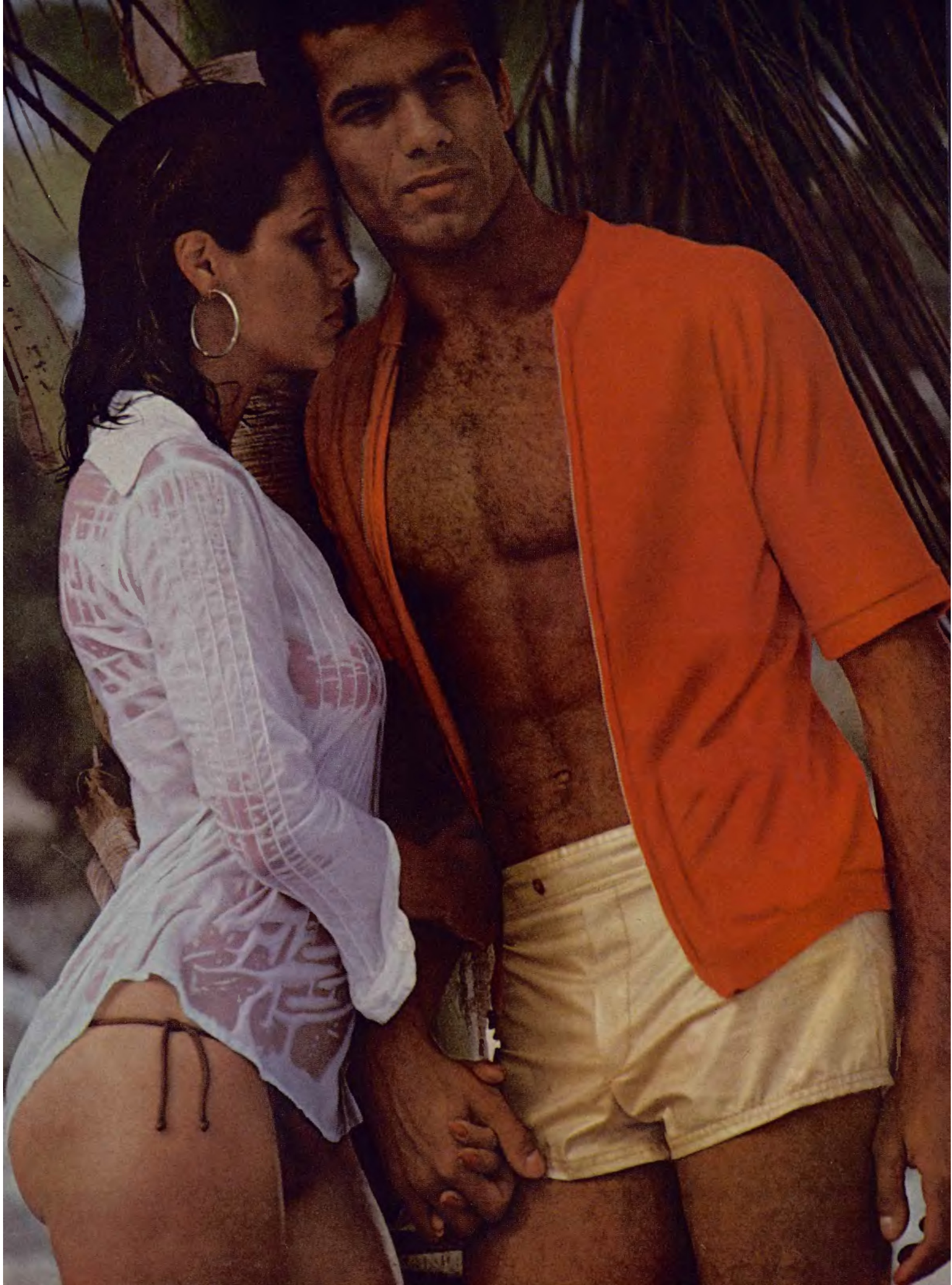
The floral-print, square-leg swimsuit (top) is by Campus Sportswear, \$7, and the just-enough string bikini, by Gantner, about \$8. (Her bikini is by Silvia Celentano.)

The scene is Cancún, a sandy peninsula on the coast of Yucatán, just the place to study Mayan hieroglyphics or to break in your new swimsuit—as these revelers, who flew down via Mexicana Airlines (and are staying at the Camino Real), can testify. The strang-armed Tarzan (top right) wears a terrycloth bikini, by Gantner, about \$10. (His Jane's swimsuit is by Catalina Sea Scapes.) The guy at right sports a pullaver caftan with stand-up collar, by Christian Dior, \$50. At far right are two more examples of how to stay delightfully cool in Cancún: The basket-weave beach slacks with drawstring waist are by Gil Cohen for Boulet, \$16; and the calica shirts with side waist buckles are by Huk-a-Poa, \$9. (The lady, of course, is keeping the coolest.)



One thing about a Mexican vacation, you don't need a suitcase full of clothes. Our lad at right needs only a zip-front cotton velour top with patch pockets and a ribbed collar and waist, \$14, worn over polished Dacron/cotton swim shorts, \$9, both by Jantzen. (Her bikini is by Feni Meeni Bikini.) Below: The chap at left cooling it with his señorita is appropriately attired in a hooded cotton velour pullover with three-button placket front and kangaroo patch pockets, \$32, plus a cotton terrycloth bikini, \$7, both by Catalina. His colleague sports a space-age aluminum-coated nylon Western-type jacket featuring snap closures and side waist buckles, \$45, and nylon trunks, \$16, both by Pierre Cardin. (Her bikini is by Gottex of Israel.)





SEX IS GOOD (continued from page 125)

two opposing processes: *catabolism* and *anabolism*.

Catabolism is the scientific name for the destructive processes constantly at work in the body—the breaking down of proteins, the death of cells, the wasting away of tissues. Anabolism is the repairing and restoring process—the building up of new proteins, cells and tissues. Good health depends on maintaining a positive balance of anabolic over catabolic processes.

Dr. E. B. Astwood, professor of medicine at the Tufts University School of Medicine, describes what happens when the catabolic processes dominate: "Following major injuries, after surgical operations and during fever or other severe illness, there is a profound catabolic state, leading to a widespread loss of tissue, wasting of muscles, shrinkage of the vital organs and loss of depot fat." Our appetite and weight fall off and we lose red and white blood cells. Our zest for life fades. Our bones may lose calcium. Changes occur in our skin. Our bodily defenses against infection—our immune reactions—are depressed so that we become more vulnerable to a wide variety of bacterial and viral infections. The bodily wasting away that sometimes occurs in old age is another example of the victory of catabolism over anabolism.

A physician, of course, will try to identify and remove the cause of any prolonged, severe and debilitating disease. He will also want to reverse the catabolic-anabolic balance. Some physicians try to do this by prescribing an anabolic steroid—that is, a medicine that is supposed to speed up the anabolic processes, stimulating the body to build new proteins, cells and tissues. The anabolic steroids they prescribe are, in most cases, synthetic testosterone derivatives—chemicals that differ from testosterone in only a few details.

Other physicians prefer to rely on the body's natural capacity to recuperate. Whether they think of it that way or not, these physicians are relying on one of the most potent of all anabolic steroids—the testosterone manufactured in the testes.

Once the anabolic processes overtake the catabolic, with the help of either our own testosterone or a prescribed testosterone derivative, we recover our appetite and zest for life, feel better, eat more, regain lost weight. Our bones stop losing calcium; our muscle strength and skin tone improve. Our immune reactions against infection return to normal; so do our red-cell and white-cell counts.

The importance of testosterone to normal development is demonstrated in the bodies of males whose testes fail to mature properly at puberty or who are castrated after puberty. In the absence of enough testosterone, the usual changes that come with puberty don't occur. The

skeletal muscles remain underdeveloped. The skin is soft and thin, with a yellowish pallor. There is mild anemia—a dearth of red blood cells. The blood circulation is deficient.

If testosterone is given to an adult eunuchoid male in this condition, "increased muscular strength and physical vigor are noted within a few days, and a general feeling of well-being prevails," Astwood reports. There is a gain in weight as new proteins, cells and tissues are manufactured. The anemia disappears and skin tone improves. Erections of the penis begin within a day or two and the genitals rapidly mature.

The healing of a wound is another example of an anabolic process. New proteins, cells and tissues are needed to repair the damage. Anabolic steroids such as testosterone may hasten the healing process.

The effects of anabolic steroids have also been studied in men who are neither sick nor eunuchs nor wounded. One such study by Drs. L. C. Johnson and J. P. O'Shea of Oregon State University reported that muscular strength and oxygen uptake both increased when healthy male college students were given an anabolic steroid. They gained weight—but their fat deposits did not increase, indicating that they were building cells and tissues rather than adding fat.

Another experiment was run on six of the strongest and healthiest young men in the world by Dr. Gideon Ariel of the University of Massachusetts. His experimental subjects were all varsity athletes who had undergone intensive training in weight lifting for two years. The Ariel experiment lasted eight weeks—during which the men lifted heavy weights five days a week and were tested on the seventh day. The tests were designed to determine the maximum weight each man could lift from four standard positions known as the bench, the military press, the seated press and the squat.

During the second, third and fourth weeks, a little trick was played on the six athletes. Each man was given a pill containing no active ingredients—a placebo—each day but was told that it was a substantial dose of a potent anabolic steroid resembling testosterone. These placebos had very little effect on the maximum weights the men could lift. During the next four weeks, three of the men were continued on placebos. The other three, without any notice to them that their medication was being changed, were switched to a substantial daily dose of a potent anabolic steroid, a synthetic testosterone derivative. The experiment was double-blind; that is, neither the athletes nor their trainer knew which men were receiving the anabolic steroid and which were receiving mere placebos. Each pill bore a code number and the code was kept sealed in the office of the

university's Student Health Service. Thus, any possibility of a psychological effect was ruled out.

During the first week that three of them were on the true anabolic steroid, there was little change in the men's performance. During the next three weeks, however, three of the men began lifting heavier and heavier weights—heavier as compared with their own past records and heavier as compared with the other three men in the experiment. At the end of the eighth week, the code was unsealed.

As you may have guessed, the three whose performance improved were the three who had been receiving the testosterone-like steroid.

The U. S. Food and Drug Administration strongly disapproves of any use of anabolic steroids to enhance athletic ability. Artificial steroids, some doctors believe, can have harmful side effects. Nevertheless, the use of these steroids by athletes is said to be widespread, despite the FDA warning.

The anabolic steroids prescribed by physicians are marketed under more than two-dozen brand names by many of the country's leading pharmaceutical firms, including Ciba, Organon, Parke-Davis, Schering, Searle, Squibb, Upjohn and Winthrop. But it isn't necessary to get a prescription for one or to buy it at a pharmacy. You can manufacture your own brand of testosterone without violating FDA regulations—and enjoy yourself in the process.

At the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center in Lawrenceville, Georgia, a male rhesus monkey named Quid demonstrated how testosterone levels can be raised and lowered without medication, through changes in sexual and other activities. The research on Quid was conducted by Dr. Robert M. Rose of the Boston University School of Medicine and two associates, Drs. Thomas P. Gordon and Irwin S. Bernstein of the Yerkes research center.

For the first two weeks of the experiment, the Rose team kept Quid isolated in his own cage and periodically measured the amount of testosterone circulating in his blood stream. Next, Quid was turned loose as the only male in a sort of rhesus paradise—a spacious outdoor compound inhabited by 13 female rhesus monkeys, several of whom were in heat. For that two-week period, Quid had a ball, engaging in the monkey equivalents of necking, petting and sexual intercourse whenever he felt like it—interrupted only by periodic checks of his testosterone. During his two orgiastic weeks, Quid's blood-testosterone level reached a peak more than twice as high as during the two weeks he spent isolated in his cage.

After the two-week sexual romp, Quid was returned to his cage. Over the next

(continued on page 208)



By RALPH KEYES

IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?

for those still brooding over not being invited to the sock hop, some short hits on the most significant—and excruciating—four years of everybody's life

"HIGH SCHOOL," Frank Zappa once said, "isn't a time and a place. It's a state of mind."

Especially in recent years, as we've lined up for *American Graffiti*, watched *Happy Days* on television and made *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen* into a best seller, America has become sort of an ongoing high school assembly.

As the most tribal experience many of us will ever undergo, high school must be memorable. Never again are we ranked so precisely by those around us and on so many scales. Through the popularity polls of our classmates, and their inexperience at tact, daily feedback was conveyed about how we were coming across. Such merciless judgment is not easily forgotten; it's the last time in life we know just where we stand in the scrutinizing eyes around us.

Consequently, insight into a person's high school behavior can usually give us an accurate picture of that person



POP HISTORY QUIZ

Above are high school yearbook photos of people you should recognize today. Name as many as you can, then turn the page for identification. Anyone caught looking at his neighbor's issue will be kept after school. As always, neatness counts.

today. Knowing what he was like in high school can make, or seem to make, everything fall into place. Because study after study has shown that there is seldom much difference in *behavior* between adolescence and adulthood. A look at one group of students 13 years after high school reports their "remarkable persistence of personality trends." What this means is that we're probably stuck for life with the behavior we displayed in high school. If noisy then, we'll most likely be talkative now. Self-assured as teens, we'll appear on top of things later. A study comparing one group of physically mature high school boys with another group that took longer to develop found that 15 years later, the first group still acted more sure of itself, even though its physical advantage had declined over the years.

For those who want life to be different after high school, this is discouraging news.

But here is the encouraging news: Although our behavior may not change after high school, the *setting* does. What succeeds in school won't work later on. Physical gifts, looks, a winning way and an easy smile—except for the occasional Paul Newman or Ann-Margret—are qualities that won't get you two seconds on the evening news. On the other hand, qualities that can lose you status in high school—aggressiveness, imagination and an independent turn of mind—may be just the qualities needed to make it in a larger setting where performance counts more than style. No

study has found any correlation between high status in high school and later achievement as an adult.

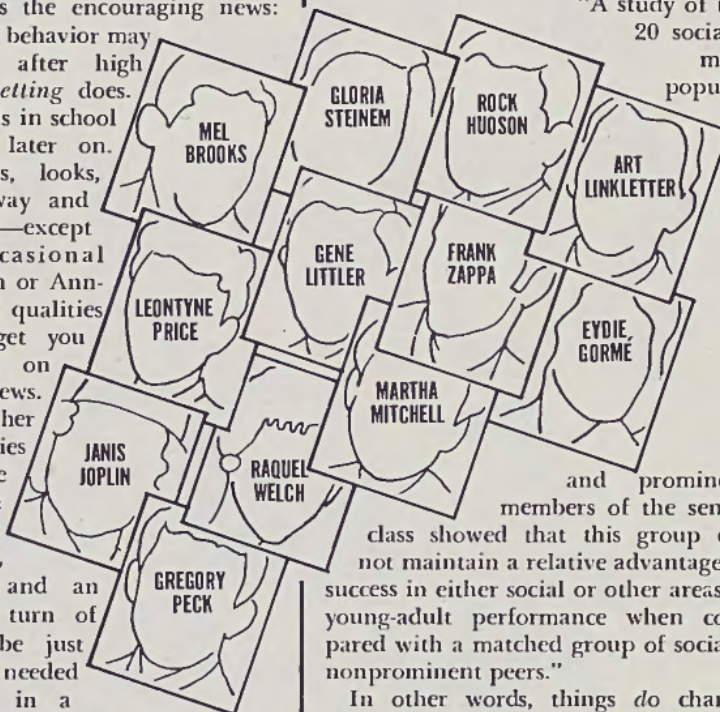
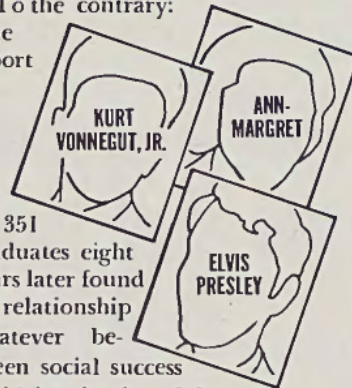
To the contrary: One report

on 351 graduates eight years later found no relationship whatever between social success in high school and later vocational success. "Some of the high school wallflowers are now leading very active social lives," the report stated, "and some of the sociometric queens of the prom now have little social interaction outside their immediate family."

"A study of the 20 socially most popular

and prominent members of the senior class showed that this group did not maintain a relative advantage or success in either social or other areas of young-adult performance when compared with a matched group of socially nonprominent peers."

In other words, things *do* change after high school and roles can reverse—radically.



Yet the memories, good and bad, persist. Questions such as "What were you like in high school?" "Were you popular?" "How did you feel about your body?" "What do you suppose your classmates were saying about you?" are not questions to which one gets a simple yes-or-no answer. Those struggling to respond are soon caught up in a flood of memories—dates, dances, fights, slights—long dammed by adult propriety. The memories are always personal and usually animated. Masks carefully constructed over the years crumble after a few moments of adolescent reverie. Bodies squirm, voices change.

Revenge

All the arrogance you read about stems from those days in high school. It all stems from a desire to be nobody's fool ever again.

—BOBBY DARIN

I am totally motivated by—I call it revenge.

—NORA EPHRON

I think for a long time there was an element in everything I did of "I'll-get-you-you-bastards."

—MIKE NICHOLS

Someday, so help me, I'll be so famous none of you will ever be able to touch me again!

—RONA BARRETT

If they don't like me, someday they'll learn to respect me.

—BETTY FRIEDAN

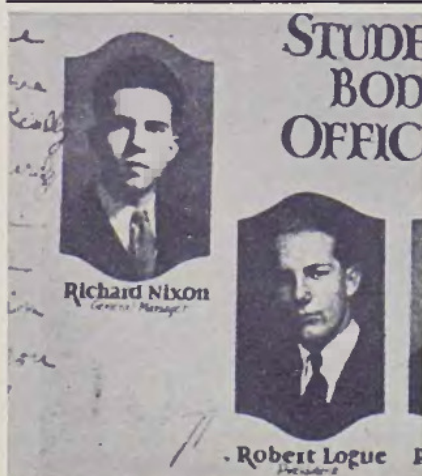
'Cause I was a Jewish girl growing up in a Samoan neighborhood . . . I left . . . and, you know, the old story about "I'll show them" . . . I really felt that way and I had a lot of anger built up in me from those years.

—BETTE MIDLER

Man, those people hurt me. It makes me happy to know I'm making it and that they're still back there, plumbers and all, just like they were.

—JANIS JOPLIN

(continued on page 162)



RICHARD NIXON

Richard Nixon's stern young face is pictured next to that of president Bob Logue's, in his consolation job of student-body general manager at Whittier Union High School. By the picture Nixon has written:

I have gone to 2 different schools and have had 4 different Student Body Presidents and, no kiddin' Bob, you are the best I have ever had. Really, Bob, you surely have made a big success this year, in everything you have done. You know I've always been crazy about

athletics, etc., but I have never been able to go out. You have certainly done your part in that line. Very few athletes have been able to combine good grades, high office and athletics—but you sure have. Thanks a lot for helping me this year at the gate and in everything you could. Boy, I've sure appreciated it. Remember me Bob, not as an orator, scholar or anything but just as old Dick Nixon, member of the Student Body. Thanx—lots of love an kisses.

Dick Nixon

P.S. Stay away from Blondes.



"Why can't you ever have premature ejaculations, like other men?"

it doesn't take much to turn the wedding march into a funeral dirge

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

humor by

John Dimpsey



"She's entitled to the big O, Pete, old friend, and since you can't hack it. . ."



"Our marriage counseling is doing some good. Warren isn't always telling me I'm full of shit anymore."



"If only you'd talk to me. I get so lonely."



"Excuse me, doctor, but I definitely do not think you're the right marriage counselor for us."



"Don't forget your 'Joy of Sex'!"



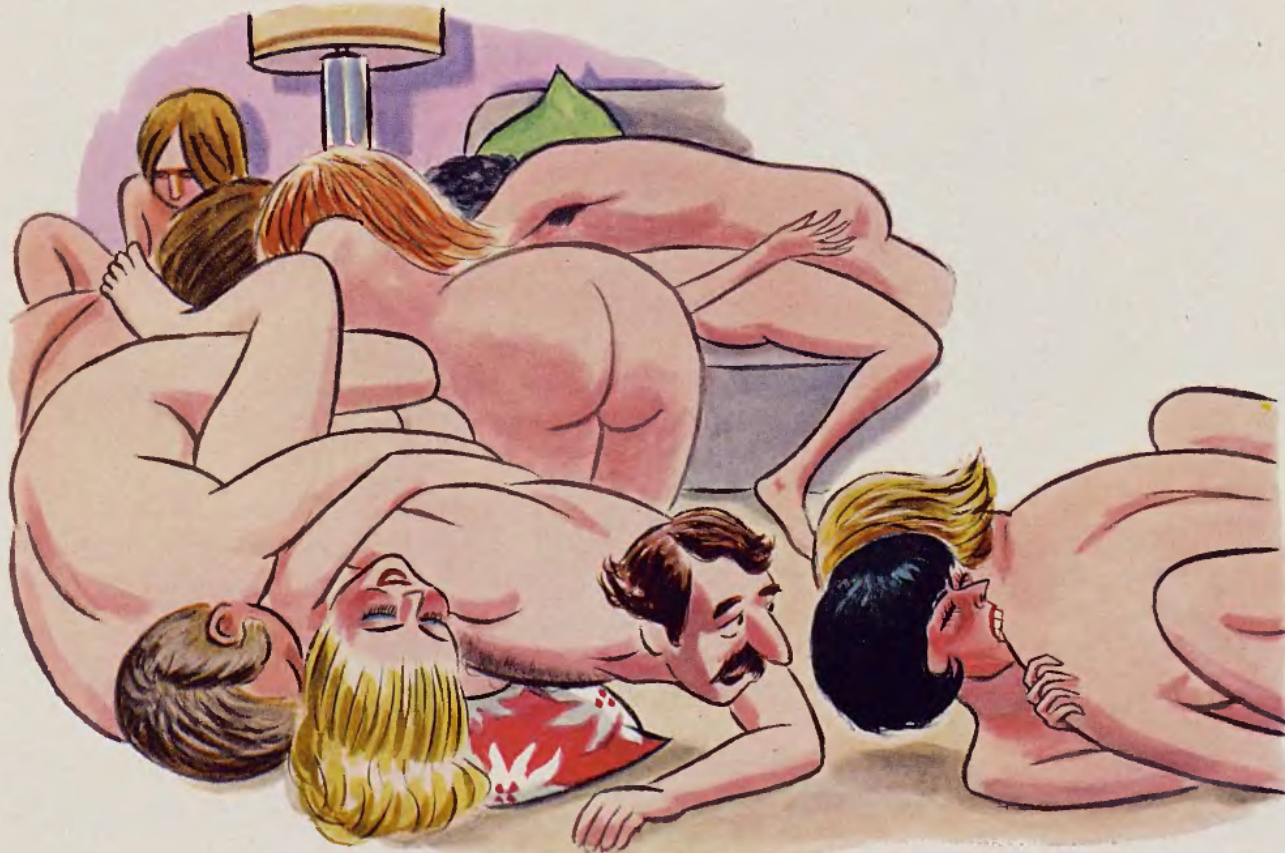
"Are you trying to tell me something, Mildred?"



*"Remember, sweetheart—open marriage.
Mutual trust. The freedom to grow to the capacity
of one's individual potential through love."*



"Ver-y funny."



*"Marge, I don't know how you're going to take this,
but I'm moving in with Sandra and Freddie."*

LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?

If I had been a really good-looking kid, I would have been popular with my classmates, I would have been smooth with the girls, I would have started scoring at about age 14, I would have been a big fraternity guy in college and I would have wound up selling Oldsmobiles. For sure, I wouldn't have had the bitterness and the fierce ambition I've needed in order to become a successful freelance writer.

—DAN GREENBURG

I'd love to do something about all those football players I used to envy in high school. What's with them? They sell insurance and send their kids for karate lessons every Saturday.

—ROBERT BLAKE

Thank God for the athletes and their rejection. Without them there would have been no emotional need and . . . I'd be a crackerjack salesman in the Garment District.

—MEL BROOKS

I really knew despair.

—LAUREN HUTTON

(continued from page 158)

Why couldn't this have happened to me when I was 16 and needed it?

—DUSTIN HOFFMAN

Ten Ways to Get High School off Your Back

1. Go back to high school. Walk down the up staircase. If anyone asks for your hallway pass, tell him to get fucked.
2. Work in a high school cafeteria. Give smaller portions to students who resemble classmates you didn't like.
3. Become a state governor. Impound funds for secondary education.
4. Send a copy of your doctoral dissertation to the counselor who said you weren't college material.
5. Arrange to be given a nickname.
6. Have your portrait taken as it *should* have appeared in the yearbook.
7. Check the welfare rolls regularly for ex-cheerleaders and ex-football stars from your class.
8. Become a Marine sergeant. Be tough on guys who look like jocks.
9. Buy a team. Cut lots of players.
10. Make a disaster movie about crumbling high school buildings.



"Let me see that. I doubt that she asked if your uncle makes good onions."

Who's Who of High School Status Groups

Jocks Warren Beatty Bill Blass James Caan Alice Cooper James Dickey Bill Graham Dennis Hopper Arthur Miller Robert Redford Jason Robards John Wayne	John Updike Abigail Van Buren Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Thespians David Carradine Johnny Carson John Denver Kirk Douglas Charlton Heston Cliff Robertson Katharine Ross Naomi Sims Robert Young	Yearbook Steve Allen Hugh Hefner
Cheerleaders Dyan Cannon Eydie Gormé Vicki Lawrence Ann-Margret Eleanor McGovern Cybill Shepherd Carly Simon Lily Tomlin Raquel Welch	Honor Roll William O. Douglas Betty Friedan Henry Kissinger Ann Landers Art Linkletter Shirley MacLaine Eleanor McGovern George McGovern William Proxmire Rex Reed Barbra Streisand Abigail Van Buren
Debate Mia Farrow Dennis Hopper Art Linkletter Eleanor McGovern George McGovern Richard Nixon John Wayne Wm. Westmoreland	Hoody Merle Haggard George Lucas Michael Parks Elvis Presley Robert Redford O. J. Simpson Rod Taylor Hunter Thompson
Student Government Warren Beatty James Caan Johnny Carson Peter Falk Hugh Hefner Bowie Kuhn Ali MacGraw Bette Midler Ed Muskie Pat Paulsen Philip Roth John Updike John Wayne	Band Jean Seberg Frank Zappa
Newspaper Steve Allen Alice Cooper Howard Cosell Hugh Hefner Ann Landers Philip Roth Jerry Rubin	Dis-Honor Roll Woody Allen Bob Haldeman Michael Landon Arthur Miller Gregory Peck Charles Schulz O. J. Simpson Gay Talese Joseph Wambaugh
	Wallflowers (self-described) Joan Baez Erma Bombeck Mia Farrow Betty Friedan Lauren Hutton Ali MacGraw Joan Rivers Buffy Sainte-Marie Barbra Streisand
	Pep Club Johnny Carson
	Class Clown Steve Allen Johnny Carson Dustin Hoffman Bette Midler Carrie Snodgrass Jonathan Winters

Start fresh with Belair.

*Light menthol
to make your smoking
fresh and free again.*



The light touch of menthol.

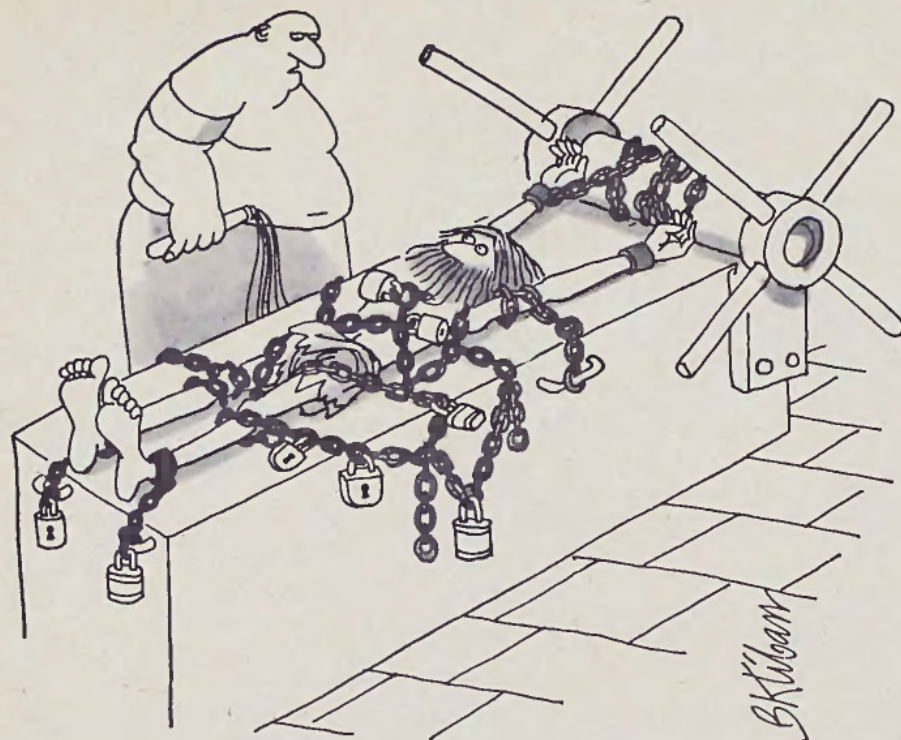
Pflueger spinning reel for fresh
or light salt water fishing.
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"Again you have to pee?"

George McGovern

Just as Nixon may have spent the better part of his life after high school campaigning for student-body president, his 1972 opponent George McGovern could also have been struggling against the caption under his yearbook picture, which reads: "For a debater, he's a nice kid." A shy introvert in high school, the future Senator went on to be elected president of his class three years out of four in college. McGovern also admits that enrolling in civilian pilot training in college, then becoming a bomber pilot during World War Two was in no small part to refute the taunt of a high school gym teacher who'd called him a coward. "That cut me more than anything anybody has ever said to me," the South Dakota Senator recalls.

Franklin Roosevelt

In his biography of Franklin Roosevelt, who did not do well at Groton ("I always felt hopelessly out of things," the President recalled), John Gunther hypothesized that those who did do well were rote steppers who marched off into obscurity after graduation. "As a matter of fact," writes Gunther, "the boys who were the best 'Grotties' usually turned out to be nonentities later; boys who hated Groton did much better. The explanation of this lies in the fact that

the boys who became successes were not conformists; hence, they were apt to be excluded from the compact group that made the core of each class. . . . A great many people, even including Presidents, have overcompensated in later life for slights and slurs undergone in school days."

Jerry Ford

In his inaugural speech before Congress, President Gerald Ford made a confession.

"I am here to confess," said Ford, "that in my first campaign for president—of my senior class at South High School in Grand Rapids, Michigan—I headed the Progressive Party ticket and lost.

"Maybe that is why I became a Republican."

In Washington, William J. Schuiling watched the President's televised confession with consternation. "I was amazed," Schuiling recalls, "absolutely amazed that this little incident would be any part of his mind."

Schuiling is the man who beat Ford in high school. Schuiling today is an investment banker. His office is within view of the White House. On one wall, Ford's picture is inscribed, "With appreciation for our long and close friendship." Beneath this picture, not long after Ford's speech, Schuiling gave his version of their contest in Grand Rapids 46 years earlier.

"You see," he said, "Jerry had a few close friends, while I had many, many friendly acquaintances." The banker leaned back, hands clasped behind his head. "So I thought my root system was stronger than his."

Unlike his opponent, Schuiling was not an athlete. His constituency came from places like the Y Club and Zoological Society—some of whose members got together with him for a strategy-planning picnic in the fall of 1930.

"Let's see, there was Thad Williams," Schuiling ticked off on his fingers. "And a girl; I think her name was Carol Tully. And Burt Salisbury."

"That evening, while roasting our wienies, and so forth"—Schuiling raised his palm in the air—"No beer! That was *unthinkable*! We thought we would gain an advantage by immediately assuming the name of the Republican Party—the reason being that we were from a Republican community."

"This left Jerry at a disadvantage and he picked the name of the Progressive Party. Now, the Republican Party platform seems rather trite today, but it was very important then." Schuiling paused, with a sheepish grin.

What was it?

"Rings and pins before Christmas."

"You see, we were seniors and we thought this would be a way of encouraging our parents to buy our rings and pins for us for Christmas. Very few of us had rings, so we were *very* anxious to get them."

On that platform, and with the added promise of two dances and a spring picnic, Schuiling's Republicans beat Ford's Progressives.

"But I don't think the best man won," Schuiling was quick to add. "I just outplayed him. I got to more of the, the, uh"—the banker pondered his words. "The student who was not *involved* in many things, who liked some *attention*—and I think they realized that the *Varsity Club* would not be appointed committee chairman and that they would all have an opportunity to participate."

Did that happen?

"Yessir! Yessir!"

How did Ford take the defeat?

"Well, he was the first one over to congratulate me. But apparently it made a lasting impression on him, because he mentions it from time to time. And I don't believe ever in the history of an inaugural was such an insignificant personal situation brought out."

Do you remember by how much you won?

"Yes, I do." Schuiling leaned over his desk. "But I'm not gonna tell you. Because it was a very, very comfortable margin."

Do you remember the actual count?

"Yeah." His voice rose. "It was a *very*

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comfortable margin. You'll just have to go ask the President and get the figure, but I know what it is."

Is it something you've remembered over the years or did you look it up?

"Oh, I didn't have to look it up. It's a figure that just stuck with me for some reason."

Kissinger

The young Henry Kissinger is recalled by one classmate as "a little fatso." "What you have to remember about Henry," a colleague once said of our Secretary of State, "is that he's the creep nobody would ever eat lunch with."

MATCH THE DESCRIPTIONS

Directions: Below are descriptions of prominent people who have appeared in the press. Following each is a list of possibilities for the person so described. Select the person actually described.

1. "She was pretty and blonde and energetic and, as we used to say in high school, popular."

- A. Jacqueline Onassis
- B. Phyllis Diller
- C. Alice Cooper
- D. Barbara Howar

2. "She was not beautiful in either the hip-swinging or prom-queen sense."

- A. Marilyn Monroe
- B. Barbra Streisand
- C. Valerie Perrine
- D. Mean Mary Jean

3. "Onstage she sometimes projects the air of a spoiled, slightly heartless prom queen."

- A. Lily Tomlin
- B. Karen Carpenter
- C. Moms Mabley
- D. Gloria Steinem

4. "In many ways, she reminds you of the girl you necked with in the back seat after Friday-night high school football games."

- A. Ingrid Superstar (Andy Warhol's stable)
- B. Dale Evans
- C. Julie Eisenhower
- D. Indira Gandhi

5. "She has the waggish air of a Norman Rockwell cheerleader."

- A. Bella Abzug
- B. Chris Evert
- C. Cybill Shepherd
- D. Bette Midler

6. "Her style is pretty much what you might expect from the giddiest girl in the 11th grade."

- A. Erica Jong
- B. Tatum O'Neal
- C. Joni Mitchell
- D. Agatha Christie

7. "He was the class Fat Boy, somehow, without being fat."

- A. Orson Welles
- B. Gerald Ford
- C. Richard Nixon
- D. Robert Redford

8. "He looks like the well-bred right guard on some winning high school football team."

- A. Dick Butkus
- B. Truman Capote
- C. Marlon Brando
- D. Warren Beatty

9. "He is a high school quarterback."

- A. O. J. Simpson
- B. Omar Sharif
- C. Fran Tarkenton
- D. Woody Allen

10. "At 50 [he] is the same gawky, overgrown Irish bookworm-turned-class clown."

- A. Carroll O'Connor
- B. Don Rickles
- C. William Westmoreland
- D. Steve Allen

11. "[His] mustache looks perennially like a paste-on job for a role in the high school operetta."

- A. Burt Reynolds
- B. Senator Hugh Scott
- C. Telly Savalas
- D. Walter Cronkite

12. "Like a prom king in a high school gym, _____ nodded to the subjects trotting back and forth before his throne."

- A. Henry VIII
- B. Abbie Hoffman
- C. Buck Owens
- D. Lyndon Johnson

ANSWERS

1. D; 2. B; 3. B; 4. A; 5. C; 6. A; 7. C; 8. D; 9. C; 10. D; 11. B; 12. D.

Status on My Mind

Mid-Term Exam

Directions: A list of social situations follows. Some contribute to one's status in high school; others don't. Indicate situations that are high status with a T for True, those that are low status with an F for False.

1. _____ Show up at the most popular hamburger drive-in with your parents at ten P.M. on a Saturday night.
2. _____ Be put in charge of yearbook picture captions.
3. _____ Forget your locker combination so a janitor has to open it as the halls fill up between classes.
4. _____ Arrive late to class often, but always with a flurry and a comment that makes the class laugh and the teacher smile.
5. _____ Your mother is elected president of the P.T.A.
6. _____ When you raise your hand in class, a big, round, dark mark is clearly visible around the armpit.
7. _____ Play piccolo in the band.
8. _____ On slave day, bidding is loud and long when you come on the block.
9. _____ When not at McDonald's, always sit at the crowded second

table from the northwest corner of the cafeteria.

10. _____ Consistently be seated in class several minutes before the bell rings.
11. _____ Break your leg skiing and walk around school for a month in a cast covered with autographs.
12. _____ Earn a letter sweater, but wear it only occasionally.
13. _____ Carry a briefcase, usually fat with papers, in the hallways.
14. _____ Show up late to an important party.
15. _____ Make Honor Society your junior year.
16. _____ Ride your bike to school and park it next to the main door as the first bell rings and your classmates stream in.
17. _____ When you cruise the drive-in on Saturday night, there's lots of honking and waving.
18. _____ A girl with a small gold megaphone hanging around her neck asks for an answer on a test and you refuse because "it would be wrong."
19. _____ Be assigned to IIR English, the R standing for Remedial.
20. _____ Tan flakes of Clearasil fall from your face to the floor as you walk down the hallway.

Special Status Section for Women Only

1. _____ 30 AA
2. _____ pierced ears
3. _____ anklets
4. _____ cashmere sweater
5. _____ A rumor circulates that you went all the way.

Special Status Section for Men Only

1. _____ Your letter reads MGR.
2. _____ '57 Chevy
3. _____ Chess Club
4. _____ chest hair
5. _____ Future Farmers

ANSWERS

1. F; 2. T; 3. F; 4. T; 5. F; 6. F; 7. F; 8. T; 9. T; 10. F; 11. T; 12. T; 13. F; 14. T; 15. F; 16. F; 17. T; 18. F; 19. F; 20. F.

Women Only

1. F; 2. F; 3. F; 4. T; 5. F.

Men Only

1. F; 2. T; 3. F; 4. T; 5. F.

SEX IN HIGH SCHOOL

"A cock teaser for sure."

That is how one woman describes herself and fellow cheerleaders at a Southwestern high school in the mid-Sixties.

"We knew damn well what we were doing with those crotch shots," she explains. "The cunt shots, the kicks—we really dug that. We made up so many cheers to expose ourselves. We all



Buck Brown

"OK, kid. This one's got a patriotic theme—
she's the Statue of Liberty, and as each guy
gets off the boat, she turns him on!"

knew. We didn't admit it, but everybody who could put in a kick or show their ass in a cheer they made up, it was immediately giggled over and accepted.

"It's like guys in high school are so horny. So with the pom-poms and lifting your skirt, it's like you're a big fucking sexual image. But it's like 'I'm pure because I'm here in a sweater.'

"It's cock teasing."

The woman saying this has since graduated into stripping and acting in porno films. With her is a former male cheerleader from Minneapolis who also acts erotically in movies and onstage. The two agree that exhibitionism linked their pre- and postgraduate careers, exhibitionism and a taste for crowd control.

(Interestingly, the male cheerleader's background checked out; the female's didn't.)

Breasts, of course, were the focal if not the only point of female comparison. Breast size was the basic medium of exchange, the gold to which all other currency was relative. And woe to the pauper with but two small nuggets.

Yet, while the unluckiest women recall stuffing their bras with Kleenex and trying to get out of P.E., girls at the other extreme were binding their chests in a desperate effort to squelch an abundance of riches. High school is simply not a time when you want to stand out in any way. Actress Dyan Cannon recalls being so embarrassed by a forward-looking

bosom that she stuffed oranges in her bra at night, hoping to hold down the swelling.

"You should have seen me when I was in high school," she said to an interviewer. "My breasts used to be absolutely huge. Really vim vam vroom. I used to go around the house with oranges in my bra to make them flatter. I was so ashamed of them. I wished they wouldn't stick out so much. I walked slouched over all the time so they wouldn't look so big."

NICKNAMES

In so status-conscious an environment, even something as innocent as nicknames takes on desperate significance: a precise barometer of one's social standing.

In the first place, you have to count enough to be given a nickname. A nickname means you're noticed. It means you're included.

An innocent question asked of a wide variety of people, "Did you have a nickname in high school?" most commonly provoked the response: "No, but I would have liked one."

"I really wanted a nickname," one woman said, "because I thought that having one would make me seem more popular. Consequently, I went around giving nicknames to everyone else in hopes someone would give me one, but no one ever did."

A nickname is not something you can give yourself. Others must bestow it upon you. Even a nickname you don't care for means classmates have recognized your presence, which isn't a bad thing to have recognized.

Those lucky enough to have nickname status could rely on this as a subtle but accurate gauge of status and its evolving nature.

Raquel Welch, for example, as a young teenager was known as Birdlegs because of her long, skinny legs. In high school, this was first changed to Rocky, then to Hotrocks—"after the equipment arrived."

Burt Reynolds says his home nickname Buddy got changed to Greaseball or Mullet by classmates, in recognition of his Italian-Indian origins, then reverted to Buddy after he began to win foot races. Some other childhood nicknames recalled by celebrities include:

Burt Bacharach—Happy
Tom Bradley—Long Tom
Mel Brooks—The Shadow
Dyan Cannon—Frosty
Julie Christie—S.O. (Show-Off) and Bugs
Alice Cooper—Muscles McNasal
Francis Ford Coppola—Science
William O. Douglas—Peanuts
Mia Farrow—Mouse
Gerald Ford—Junie (for Junior)
Pam Grier—Hawk
Isaac Hayes—Bubba
Dustin Hoffman—Dustbin
Lauren Hutton—The Yellow Wax Bean



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JENNY

(continued from page 146)

treated her most cruelly; he frightened her in the hospital cafeteria by handing her a milk glass half-full of a cloudy, viscous substance. "Sperm," he said, nodding to the glass. "All that's one shot; I don't mess around. If one chance is all anyone gets, I'm your man." Jenny held up the horrid glass and inspected it coolly. God knows what was actually in the glass. "Don't drink it!" the nurse's boyfriend said. "That's just an indication of what kind of stuff I've got. Lots of seeds," he added, grinning. Jenny poured the contents of the glass into a potted plant.

"I want a baby," she said. "I don't want to start a sperm farm."

Jenny knew this was going to be hard; she learned to take a ribbing and she learned to respond in kind.

So they decided Jenny Fields was crude, that she was going too far; a joke was a joke, but Jenny neither took them seriously nor offered them any humor of her own. She was just determined about it; either she was sticking to her guns, just to be stubborn, or, worse, she really meant it. Her hospital colleagues couldn't make her laugh and they couldn't get her to bed. As Garp wrote of his mother's dilemma, "Her colleagues detected that she felt herself superior to them. Nobody's colleagues appreciate this."

So they initiated a get-tough policy with Jenny. It was a staff decision—"for her own good," of course. They decided to get Jenny away from the babies and the mothers. She's got babies on her brain, they said. No more obstetrics for Jenny Fields; keep her away from the incubators—she's got too soft a heart, or a head.

So they separated Jenny from the mothers and their babies. She's a good nurse, they all said; let her try some intensive care. It was their experience that a nurse in the intensive-care unit quickly lost interest in her own problems. Of course, Jenny knew why they had sent her away from the babies; she only resented that they thought so little of her self-control. Because what she wanted was strange to them, they assumed she had slim restraint. There is no logic to people, Jenny thought. There was lots of time to get pregnant, she knew. She was in no hurry. It was just part of an eventual plan.

Now there was a war. In intensive care, she saw a little more of it. The Service hospitals sent them their special cases, and there were always the terminal patients. There were the usual, elderly cases, hanging by the usual threads; there were the usual industrial accidents, and automobile accidents, and the terrible accidents to children. But mainly there

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were soldiers; what happened to them was no accident.

Jenny made her own divisions among the nonaccidents that happened to the soldiers; she came up with her own categories for them. One, there were the men who'd been burned; for the most part, they'd been burned on board ship (the most complicated cases from Chelsea Naval), but they'd also been burned in airplanes and on the ground. Jenny called them the Externals. Two, there were the men who'd been shot or damaged in bad places; internally, they were in trouble, and Jenny called them the Vital Organs. Three, there were the men whose injuries seemed almost mystical to Jenny; they were the men who weren't "there" anymore, whose heads or spines had been tampered with. Sometimes they were paralyzed, sometimes they were merely vague. Jenny called them the Absentees. Occasionally, one of these had External or Vital Organ damage as well; all the hospital had a name for them; four, they were Goners.

"My father," Garp wrote, "was a Goner. From my mother's point of view, that must have made him very attractive." No strings attached.

Garp's father was a ball-turret gunner who had had a nonaccident in the air over France.

"My mother was a stickler for detail," Garp wrote.

When they would bring in a new

casualty, Jenny was the first to ask the doctor how it had happened. And Jenny classified them, silently: the Externals, the Vital Organs, the Absentees and the Goners. And she found little gimmicks to help her remember their names and their disasters. Private Jones fell off his bones, Ensign Potter stopped a whopper, Corporal Estes lost his testes, Captain Flynn has no skin, Major Longfellow is short on answers.

Sergeant Garp was a mystery. On his 35th flight over France, the little ball-turret gunner stopped shooting. The pilot noticed the absence of machine-gun fire from the ball turret and thought that Garp had taken a hit. If he had, the pilot had not felt it in the belly of his plane. He hoped Garp hadn't felt it much, either. When the plane landed, the pilot went to have a look at Garp. By the time he got back to the ball turret, quite a number of people had gathered to look at Garp.

Upside down in the ball turret, the tiny technical sergeant was playing with himself. For such a small man, he seemed to have an especially large erection, but he fumbled with it only a little more expertly than a child—not nearly so expertly as a monkey in the zoo. Like the monkey, however, Garp looked out of his glass cage and stared frankly into the faces of the human beings who were watching him; like the monkey, he seemed quite comfortable upside down.

"Garp?" the pilot said. Garp's forehead was freckled with blood that was mostly dry, but his flight cap was plastered to the top of his head and dripping; there didn't seem to be a mark on him. "Garp!" the pilot shouted at him. There was a hole in the Plexiglas bubble where the .50-caliber machine guns had been; it appeared that some flak had hit the barrels of the guns, possibly exploding the gun housing and even shattering the trigger grips, though there was nothing wrong with Garp's hands—they just seemed to be a little clumsy at masturbation.

"Garp!" cried the pilot.

"Garp?" said Garp. He was mimicking the pilot, like a smart crow. "Garp," said Garp, as if he had just learned the word. The pilot nodded to Garp, encouraging him to remember his name. Garp smiled. "Garp," he said; he seemed to think this was how people greeted each other. Not Hello, Hello—but Garp, Garp.

"Jesus, Garp," the pilot said. Garp still had his goggles on and when the pilot was able to climb near him, he gently pulled them off. A fine dust of Plexiglas was all over Garp's face, but the goggles had protected his eyes from splinters. Something was wrong with his eyes, though, because they rolled around independently of each other, and the pilot thought that the world, for Garp, was probably looming up, then going by, then looming up again—if Garp could see at all. What the pilot couldn't know, at the time, was that some sharp and slender shards from the flak blast had damaged one of the oculomotor nerves in Garp's brain, and other parts of his brain as well. The oculomotor nerve consists chiefly of motor fibers that innervate most of the muscles of the eyeball. As for the rest of Garp's brain, it had received some cuts and slashes a little like a prefrontal lobotomy—though it was rather careless surgery.

The pilot had a great fear of how carelessly a lobotomy had been performed on Sergeant Garp and, for that reason, he thought against taking off the blood-sodden flight cap. The pilot actually feared that if he took off the flight cap, what remained of Garp's brain might fall out.

"Garp?" Garp said to the pilot, trying his new word.

"Garp," the pilot confirmed; Garp seemed pleased. He had both his little hands on his impressive erection when he successfully masturbated.

"Garp!" he barked; there was joy in his voice but also surprise. He rolled his eyes at his audience, begging the world to loom up and hold still. He was unsure of what he'd done. "Garp?" he asked doubtfully.

The pilot patted his arm and nodded



"Let's forget the foreplay—my finger is still sore from plugging up that dike."

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**AND IT
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to the others of the flight and landing crew: Let's give a little support to the sergeant, men; please, let's make him feel at home. And the men, respectfully dumb-struck by Garp's ejaculation, all said, "Garp! Garp! Garp!" to him—a reassuring, scallike chorus intent on putting Garp at ease.

Garp nodded happily, but the pilot held his arm and whispered anxiously to him: "No, don't move your head, OK? Garp? Please don't move your head." Garp's eyes roamed past the pilot and the pilot waited for them to come around again. "Easy does it, Garp," he whispered. "Just sit tight, OK?"

Garp's face radiated pure peace. With both hands holding his dying erection, the little sergeant looked as if he knew he had done just the thing that the situation called for.

They could do nothing for Sergeant Garp in England. He was lucky to have been brought home to Boston long before the end of the war. Some Senator was responsible. The U. S. Navy had been accused of transporting wounded Servicemen back home only if they came from wealthy and important American families. In an effort to quell such a vile rumor, which was damaging to the war effort, the Senator claimed that if any of the severely wounded were lucky enough to get back to America, "even an orphan would get to make the trip—just like anyone else." There was then some scurrying around to come up with a wounded orphan—to prove the Senator's point—but they came up with a perfect person to enliven military morale. Not only was Technical Sergeant Garp an orphan, he was an idiot with a one-word vocabulary, so he was not complaining to the press. And in all the photographs they took, gunner Garp was smiling.

When the drooling sergeant was brought to Boston, Jenny Fields had trouble categorizing him. He was clearly an Absentee, more docile than a child, but she wasn't sure how much else was wrong with him.

"Hello, how are you?" she asked him, when they wheeled him into the ward.

"Garp!" he barked, smiling. His hands were wrapped in gauze mittens, the result of Garp's playing in an accidental fire that broke out in the hospital compound on board his transport ship. He'd seen the flames and reached out his hands to them, spreading some of the flames up to his face; he'd singed off his eyebrows. He looked to Jenny a little like a shaved owl.

With the burns, Garp was an External and an Absentee all at once. Also, with his hands so heavily bandaged, he had lost the ability to masturbate, an activity that his papers said he pursued

frequently and successfully—and without any self-consciousness. Those who'd observed him closely, since his accident with the fire, feared that the childish little gunner was becoming depressed—his one adult pleasure taken from him, at least until his hands healed.

It was possible, of course, that Garp had Vital Organ damage as well. Many fragments had entered his head; many of them were too delicately located to remove. Garp's brain damage might not stop with his crude lobotomy; his internal destruction could be progressing.

There'd been a patient before Garp whose head had been similarly penetrated. He'd been fine for months, just talking to himself and occasionally peeing his bed. Then he started to lose his body hair and he had trouble completing his sentences. Just before he died, he began to develop breasts.

Given the evidence, the shadows (the white needles) in the X rays, gunner Garp was probably a Goner. But to Jenny Fields he looked very nice. A small, neat man, the former ball-turret gunner was as innocent and straightforward in his demands as a three-year-old. He cried "Garp!" when he was hungry and "Garp!" when he was glad; he asked "Garp?" when something puzzled him or when addressing strangers, and he said "Garp" without the question mark when he recognized you. He usually did what he was told, but he couldn't be trusted; he forgot easily, and if one time he was as obedient as a six-year-old, another time he was as mindlessly curious as if he were one and a half.

His depressions, which were well documented in his transport papers, seemed to occur simultaneously with his erections; at those moments, he would clamp his poor, grown-up part between his gauzy, mittened hands and weep. He wept because the gauze didn't feel as good as his short memory of his hands, and also because it hurt his hands to touch anything. It was then that Jenny Fields would sit with him. She would rub his back between his shoulder blades until he tipped back his head and half-shut his eyes, like a cat, and she'd talk to him all the while, her voice friendly and full of exciting shifts of accent. Most nurses droned to their patients, a steady, changeless voice intent on producing sleep, but Jenny knew that it wasn't sleep Garp needed. He was bored, he needed adventure, some action—so Jenny entertained him. She also played the radio for him, but some of the programs upset Garp; no one knew why. Other programs gave him terrific erections, which led to his depressions, and so on. One program, just once, gave Garp a wet dream, which so surprised and pleased him that he was always eager to see the radio. But Jenny couldn't find the program, she couldn't repeat the performance. She knew that if she could

plug poor Garp into the wet-dream program, her job and his life would be much happier, but it wasn't that easy.

She gave up trying to teach him another word. When she fed him and she saw that he liked what he was eating, she'd say, "Good! That's good."

"Garp!" he'd agree.

And when he spat out food on his bib and made a terrible face, she'd say, "Bad! That stuff's bad, right?"

"Garp!" he'd gag.

The first sign Jenny had of his deterioration was when he seemed to lose the G. One morning he greeted her with an "Arp."

"Garp," she said to him. "G-arp."

"Arp," he said. She knew she was losing him.

Daily, he seemed to grow younger. When he slept, he kneaded the air with his wriggling fists, his lips puckering, his cheeks sucking, his eyelids trembling. Jenny had spent a lot of time around babies; she knew that the ball-turret gunner was nursing in his dreams. For a while, she contemplated stealing a pacifier from Maternity, but she stayed away from that place now; the jokes irritated her ("Here's Virgin Mary Jenny, swiping a phony nipple for her child. Who's the lucky father, Jenny?"). She watched Sergeant Garp suckle in his sleep and tried to imagine that his ultimate regression would be peaceful, that he would turn into his fetus phase and no longer breathe through his lungs; that his personality would blissfully separate, half of him turning to dreams of an egg, half of him to dreams of sperm. Finally, he simply wouldn't be anymore.

It was almost like that. Garp's nursing phase became so severe that he seemed to wake up like a child on a four-hour feeding schedule; he even cried like a baby, his face scarlet, his eyes springing tears in an instant, and in an instant being pacified—by the radio, by Jenny's voice. Once, when she rubbed his back, he burped. Jenny burst into tears. She sat at his bedside wishing him a swift painless journey back into the womb and beyond.

If only his hands would heal, she thought. Then he could suck his thumb. When he woke from his suckling dreams, hungry to nurse, or so he imagined, Jenny would put her own finger to his mouth and let his lips tug at her. Though he had real, grown-up teeth, in his mind he was toothless and he never bit her. It was this observation that led Jenny, one night, to offer him her breast, where he sucked inexhaustibly and didn't seem to mind that there was nothing to be had there. Jenny thought that if he kept nursing at her, she *would* have milk; she felt such a firm tugging in her womb, which was both maternal and sexual; her feelings were so vivid, she believed for a while that she could possibly conceive a child simply by suckling the baby ball-turret gunner.

It was almost like that. But gunner Garp was not *all* baby. One night, when he nursed at her, Jenny noticed that he had an erection which lifted the sheet; with his clumsy, bandaged hands he fanned himself, yelping frustration while he wolfed at her breast. And one night she helped him; with her cool, powdered hand, she took hold of him. At her breast, he stopped nursing, he just nuzzled her. "Ar," he moaned. He had lost the P. Once a Garp, then an Arp, now only an Ar; she knew he was dying. He had just one vowel and one consonant left. When he came, she felt his shot wet and hot in her hand. Under the sheet, it smelled like a greenhouse in summer, absurdly fertile, growth gotten out of hand; you could plant *anything* there and it would blossom. Garp's sperm struck Jenny that way: If you spilled a little in a greenhouse, babies would sprout out of the dirt. She gave the matter 24 hours of thought.

"Garp?" Jenny whispered. She unbuttoned the blouse of her dress and brought forth the breasts she had always considered too large. "Garp?" she whispered in his ear; his eyelids fluttered, his lips reached. Around them was a white shroud, a curtain on runners that enclosed them in the ward. On one side of Garp was an External, a flame-thrower victim, slippery with salve, swaddled in gauze. He had no eyelids, so it appeared he was always watching, but he was blind. Jenny took off her sturdy nurse's shoes, unfastened her white stockings, stepped out of her dress. She touched her finger to Garp's lips.

On the other side of Garp's white-shrouded bed was a Vital Organ patient on his way to becoming an Absentee. He had lost most of his lower intestine and his rectum; now a kidney was giving him trouble and his liver was driving him crazy. He had terrible nightmares that he was being forced to urinate and defecate, though this was ancient history for him. He was actually quite unaware when he did those things, and he did them through tubes into rubber bags. He groaned frequently and, unlike Garp, he groaned in whole words. "Shit," he groaned.

"Garp?" Jenny whispered. She stepped out of her slip and her panties; she took off her bra and pulled back the sheet.

"Christ," said the External, softly; his lips were blistered with burns.

"Goddamn shit!" said the Vital Organ man.

"Garp," said Jenny. She took hold of his erection and straddled him.

"Aaa," said Garp. Even the R was gone. He was reduced to a vowel sound to express his joy or his sadness. "Aaa," he said, as Jenny drew him inside her and sat on him with all her weight.

"Garp?" she asked. "Good? That's good, Garp."

"Good," he agreed, distinctly. But it

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was only a word from his wrecked memory, thrown clear for a moment when he came inside her. It was the first and last true word that Jenny Fields heard him speak: good. As he shrank inside her and his vital stuff seeped from her and was warm on his belly, he was once again reduced to "Aaas"; he closed his eyes and slept. When Jenny offered him her breast, he wasn't hungry.

"God," cried the External, being very gentle with the D; his tongue had been burned, too.

"Piss!" snarled the Vital Organ man.

Jenny washed Garp and herself with warm water and soap from a little white-enamel hospital bowl. She wasn't going to douche, of course, and she had no doubt that the magic had worked. She felt more receptive than prepared soil, the nourished earth, and she had felt Garp shoot up inside her as generously as a hose in summer (as if he could water a lawn).

She never did it with him again. There was no reason; she didn't particularly enjoy it. From time to time, she helped him with her hand, and when he cried for it, she gave him her breast; but in a few weeks, he had no more erections. When they took the bandages off his hands, even the healing process seemed to be arrested; they wrapped him back up again. He lost all interest in nursing. His dreams struck Jenny as the dreams a fish might have. He was back in the womb, Jenny knew; he resumed a fetal position, tucked up small in the center

of the bed. He made no sound at all. One morning, when Jenny watched him kick with his little, weak feet, she imagined she felt a kick *inside*. Though it was too soon for the real thing, she knew the real thing was on its way.

Soon Garp stopped kicking. He still got his oxygen by breathing air with his lungs, but Jenny knew this was simply an example of human adaptability. He wouldn't eat; they had to feed him intravenously, so once again he was attached to a kind of umbilical cord. Jenny anticipated his last phase with some anxiousness. Would there be a struggle at the end, like the sperm's frantic struggle? Would the sperm shield be lifted and the naked egg wait, expectantly, for death? In little Garp's return trip, how would his soul at last divide? But the phase passed without Jenny's observation. One day, when she was off duty, Technical Sergeant Garp died.

"When *else* could he have died?" Garp has written. "With my mother off duty was the only way he could escape."

"Of course, I *felt* something when he died," Jenny wrote in her diary. "But the best of him was inside me. That was the best thing for both of us, the only way he could go on living, the only way I wanted to have a child. That the rest of the world finds this an immoral act only shows me that the rest of the world doesn't respect the rights of an individual."

It was 1943. When Jenny's pregnancy was apparent, she lost her job. Of course, it was all that her parents and her brothers had expected; they weren't surprised;

Jenny had long ago stopped trying to convince them of her purity. She moved through the big corridors in the parental estate at Dog's Head Harbor like a satisfied ghost; her composure alarmed her family and they left her alone. Secretly, Jenny was quite happy, but with all the musing she must have done about this expected child, it's a wonder she never gave a thought to names.

Because when Jenny Fields gave birth to a nine-pound baby boy, she had no name in mind. Jenny's mother asked her what she wanted to name him, but Jenny had just delivered and had just received her sedative; she was not cooperative. "Garp," she said.

Her father thought she had burped, but her mother whispered to him: "The name is Garp."

"Garp?" he said. They knew they might find out who the father was this way; Jenny, of course, had not admitted a thing.

"Find out if that's the son of a bitch's first name or last name," Jenny's father whispered to Jenny's mother.

"Is that a first name or a last name, dear?" Jenny's mother asked her.

Jenny was very sleepy. "It's Garp," she said. "Just Garp; that's the whole thing."

"I think it's a last name," Jenny's mother told Jenny's father.

"What's his first name?" her father asked crossly.

"I never knew," Jenny mumbled. That was true; she never did.

"She never knew his first name!" her father roared.

"Please, dear," her mother said. "He *must* have a first name."

"Technical Sergeant Garp," said Jenny Fields.

"A goddamn soldier; I knew it!" her father said.

"Technical Sergeant?" Jenny's mother asked her.

"T. S.," Jenny said. "T. S. Garp. That's my baby's name." She fell asleep.

Her father was furious. "T. S. Garp!" he hollered. "What kind of name for a baby is *that*?"

"All his own," Jenny told him later. "It's his own goddamn name, all his own."

"It was great fun going to school with a name like that," Garp has written. "The teachers would ask you what the initials stood for. I used to say that they were *just* initials, but they never believed me. So I would say, 'Call my mom. She'll tell you.' And they would. And old Jenny would give them a piece of her mind."

Thus was the world given T. S. Garp: born from a good nurse with a will of her own, and the seed of a ball-turret gunner—his last shot.



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WORLD'S FASTEST CARNIVAL RIDE

(continued from page 108)

competitors, their imaginations would take control and make it impossible for them to continue. Physical courage relies, to a great extent, on the ability to suspend the imagination, and sometimes this kind of control is transmitted to the outsider as callousness. I was standing a few feet away when Johnny Rutherford was interviewed shortly after the death of his close friend Pollard. "It's too bad that you can't turn back the clock," he said matter-of-factly. "Art was doing what he loved to do, and there's a risk we all take." His statement seemed to echo Faulkner's, that "The irrevocability of action is tragic." A few minutes later, Rutherford went back out onto the track, qualified for the pole and set a new lap record of 199.071 mph, a heroic effort that would have been impossible for any man whose mind hadn't been totally on his business.

Saturday, May 3, 1975, and the track is supposed to officially open for practice, but the sky is overcast and threatens rain. Nobody expects any really hot laps the first day out and, with qualifications still a week away, most of the top drivers haven't shown up. There are several rookies (highly experienced racers but new to Indianapolis) who must learn the track and turn ten observed laps within each of several speed brackets to pass their driver's test, and a few veterans, anxious to get back in the groove and check out their cars. The only real question on anyone's mind is who will be the first driver onto the track. Being first out has no effect on qualifying or on the race, but it, like everything else here, is part of a tradition. It's supposed to be a coup. It generates a good deal of publicity and publicity is what attracts sponsors and sells their products. It's why Gatorade and Surefine Foods and Jorgensen Steel invest up to \$300,000 to run in this race, the hope that their sponsorship will generate millions of dollars' worth of publicity, maybe even get a picture of their car—their billboard on wheels—on the cover of a national magazine, the kind of advertising money alone can't buy.

Dick Simon, a 42-year-old retired insurance executive from Salt Lake City, wheels his car to the end of the pit lane, ready to go. Then a few drops of rain fall and his crew covers the car with a plastic sheet. A band of Scottish pipers marches onto the track and the absurdly elaborate pagantry of May in Indianapolis has begun. Every flower show, car wash and tea party will append the label 500 FESTIVAL. Today's official events include a radio-controlled model-car race, a bridge tournament, a "Dress Up Like Mom" parade, a "Look Like Your Favorite Television Personality" contest, a

bubble-gum-blowing contest and the Mayor's Breakfast, at which 1665 paying guests will hear Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder pick A. J. Foyt as the race winner, meet the 500 Festival Queen and then adjourn to the opening ceremonies at the track, where each of those attending the breakfast is permitted to make one lap in his Corvette or Cadillac.

The 38 Buick official pace cars stream by, bearing celebrities. A few more drops of rain. The Festival Queen accepts her crown and steps up to the microphone: "I wanna reek-anize the twenty-eight princesses behind me." Now it's pouring. The band marches off, the crowd scatters for cover and Simon's car sits abandoned, fogging its plastic shroud in the pit lane. The rain pools up all afternoon, discouraging everyone but the golfers on the Speedway golf course, their official black-and-white umbrellas dotting the fairways.

The bar at the Speedway Motel has the atmosphere of a neighborhood tavern. Everybody knows everybody, and if you don't know everybody, everybody knows you don't. But the waitress will flirt with you all the same and you're invited to listen in on any stories you like. It's fairly quiet this evening and as I sip my gin and tonic, I remember sitting there the evening after Pollard's crash, overhearing a large man with ruptured capillaries tell how once in Korea he'd put a .45 to the head of his "moose" when he'd gone back to his hooch and found her "shackin' up with a nigger supply sergeant."

"What'd you do?" his companion asks.

"I shot 'er head off."

"Really?"

"Yeah, but I missed and shot off her foot instead." The scalp beneath his silver flattop flares with laughter and, still laughing, he turns toward me. "Say, you don't know what happened to that fella crashed in turn one, do ya?"

"He's dead." I don't want to discuss Pollard in this context, but it is the only straight answer to his question.

"Aw, shit, I'm sorry," he says, as if apologizing to me.

"You really shot her in the foot, huh?" His companion is intrigued.

"Naw, I never hit her at all. I just shot the bed full of holes." He leans toward the bar and covers his face with his hand. "Aw, Jesus," he says and begins weeping.

Something bumps my leg and I notice seat belts dangling from each of the bar stools.

It's getting dark and the rain still hasn't let up.

The next morning, a rookie named Billy Scott beats Simon to the track. Scott passes his driver's test with no problems. "A cakewalk," he says to me as he steps out of his car. But Jigger Sirois, who in six years at the Speedway has yet

Discover What Vitamins Can Do For Your Hair.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair



Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated

vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females! Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked

to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED.

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." E.H., New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." W.H., Costlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had

tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..." E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J. T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work..." Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H.L.S., Hollywood, Fla.

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to make the race, is having trouble again. He takes four or five laps to warm his engine, then stands on it coming past the pits. I am standing next to a track photographer when we hear the engine noise fade in the first turn, the horrible scrubbing of tires, an instant of silence and the dull grinding thud of rubber, steel and fiberglass embracing concrete. "Oh, goddamn Jigger," the photographer slaps his thigh, "he done it again." Now the track is officially open.

Already there is gossip about cheating, and Foyt, as everyone's nemesis, is the center of attention. George Bignotti, who for years has been Foyt's crew chief, has publicly accused Foyt of carrying more fuel than the rules allow. Foyt won the California 500 in a walkaway, and Bignotti has suggested he did it carrying an extra five gallons of methanol in the canister of his fire extinguisher. The controversy has raged all month and, though the concerns are genuine, I sense a certain patina of showmanship.

No one, not even those with the most peripheral interest in racing, seriously entertains the possibility that anyone can go faster than A. J., when and if he finally gets around to it.

On the first day of qualifying, Foyt pulls in after one lap at 189.195. It is the fastest lap turned in during the first half hour of qualifications, but not close to the 192-plus laps he's been turning in practice. He rants around the pits, ostentatiously complaining about his tires, then storms off to his garage and locks the doors. The story goes around that he is so pissed off he has taken a screwdriver and punctured all four tires on his car. "That'd be a good trick," he says later. "I'd like to see somebody try it." There is also some speculation that the tire tantrum is a ploy to get his car back into the garage so he can tamper with the U. S. Auto Club-installed turbocharger pop-off valve and illegally increase its pressure.

Late in the afternoon, when the track is cooler and three other cars have qualified at over 190, A. J. tries again. The first time he goes by, everyone knows that if he survives, the pole position is his. I watch him power through turn two, using every inch of the track. I can feel everyone around me holding his breath, A. J.'s engine screaming at full power, watching him slide to the back-straight wall till there isn't an inch of daylight between his right rear tire and the unimpressible concrete. I can feel his engine vibrate all the way down the back straight and into turn three. No one is really surprised when they announce his first-lap speed of 195.313 mph, and we know we are watching something so frivolously momentous, so ethereally and courageously executed, and yet seemingly so pointless—a man, unquestionably the best in the world at what he does, transcending even his own

LIFE AMONG THE ALSO-RANS

By WILLIAM NEELY

IN A SPORT that has as its motto "First is first and second is nowhere," Dick Simon is kind of an oddity.

For openers, he's not a winner and doesn't expect to be, thank you. At 42, he works on his own car and does his own driving and, for the last six years, he has made the starting field at the Indianapolis 500 without a sponsor.

But Simon says: "The fact that I'm not going to win the 500, and I know that, doesn't take away one bit of the excitement. Just making the show is an honor—even if I finish 33rd."

It is exactly that philosophy that caused Simon to lay down his actuarial table and walk away from the board chairman's job of a \$70,000,000 holding company, the presidency of one insurance company and the vice-presidency of another—and to say goodbye to a wife who gave him the inevitable choice: "It's either that damn race car or me."

Two days before the 1975 Indianapolis 500, Simon sat, elbows on table, in a house trailer alongside the Gasoline Alley garage area. Inside the garage area, the big-name racers—the hot dogs, if you please—graced droves of fans with their presence. But Simon had taken a break for this interview. It seemed as if he had just walked out of a board room instead of shimmying from under his race car on a creeper. In the Formica-and-birch-veneer atmosphere of the trailer, he appeared somehow calmer than the rest of the drivers. He had that inner peace that comes only with not having to worry about the pole position or winning the race or lugging a trophy home.

"I don't have a better chance of winning than I did when I first came here in 1970—maybe less," he said. "In that first race, I was inexperienced and completely unrealistic. For one thing, I figured I could win. I didn't recognize some of the things that could go wrong and I just charged forward. I think that's a plus for a driver."

Simon started 31st that year and finished 14th. His best finish in six tries at the Brickyard has been 13th.

He had mortgaged his home to buy the race car and, with the little money left over, he bought a used engine from Dan Gurney. He arrived at the mecca of all racers without any spare parts and he began practice. Just like that.

"Sure, the odds were against us, tremendously against us," Simon says. "but some people don't mind odds. Ask anybody in Las Vegas."

With blind determination, Simon took a tired engine that already had 500 race miles on it, which is roughly equivalent to 100,000 miles on the family jalopy, and practiced at Indy until hell wouldn't have it. When it came time for qualifying, Simon went back to Gurney with a deal: "Sell me a better used engine, Dan, and I'll give you a postdated check. I'm gonna win some money on race day."

Of course, he hadn't qualified yet, but Gurney sold him an engine for \$18,000 and took the check, dated May 31, the day after the race. Simon won exactly \$18,000 that year at Indy.

"But we had gained some assets," Simon says. "Now we had a race car and two engines."

But somewhere during that first race, he had adopted a slightly different philosophy: "This attrition thing is important. I mean, if you're *running* at the end of the race, you have a pretty good chance of finishing in the top 15. So I made sure I was running and I made the rest of the circuit, putting the purses back into the car. As a matter of fact, I have yet to take ten cents out of racing."

Dick Simon epitomizes the back-of-the-pack racer who comes every year to fill one of the 33 spots in the race. While the Bobby Unser and Johnny Rutherford are up front, there are a whole bunch of cars behind them that don't have a ghost of a chance of winning. But it takes 33 cars to fill the field, and if race fans can't do anything else, they can count to 33.

"So I don't expect to win the race this year, even if accidents and broken engines are at a record high. We're shooting for the top five. Now that I'm in racing full time, I'll be able to tell what it will take to win it next year. That's the year. Next year. We've set the car up to run all day long at 180 miles an hour and that will put us in the top five, maybe even in the top three. Of course, that's assuming that one or two of the top cars break." Of course.

That was before the race.

Simon started 30th in 1975 in a three-year-old Gurney Eagle, just to

prove his loyalty to the man who trusted him, and he worked his way up to ninth before an ailing engine put him in the pits a few extra times. He wound up 21st.

"Things didn't go like we planned, but I still learned a lot. I know what we need to win next year. Besides, this was a game-plan race. I planned to build for next year and I think we've done it."

A lot of fans at Indy think there might be a next year. "You just can't overlook the Dick Simons of racing," says one fan, as he fishes around in the ice chest for another beer. "Lissen, man, it might not be '76 or even '77, but one of them *long* shots is going to win this race someday. Hey, where's the chicken, Martha?"

And Dick Simon certainly isn't overlooking Dick Simon. He says: "In 1974, I came here to be a *changer* and I did just that. I qualified tenth and went to sixth before we got off the back straightaway. I was making a move that would have gotten me to third place—I was really moving—when I broke my car coming off four. All that happened in the first lap. But at least I got the charging bit out of my system. Seventy-five was the year to build. Seventy-six is the year to win." That's the spirit!

Is the excitement still there? "My hands still perspire before a race. I perspire all over. And my knees knock. A lot of drivers' knees knock before a race, but most of them cover it up pretty well. I just let mine knock. It sounds like there's a woodpecker in my car. But when they drop that green flag, I forget about knees and palms and everything," he says with an impish grin and a sparkle in his eyes that makes you remember what that race fan said, the part about one of them *long* shots' winning.

"I have tears in my eyes when I finish qualifying and know I've made the race," Simon says. "I mean, we've gone through so much just to get there and to race. I've had third-degree burns twice—once at Pocono and once at Phoenix. At Pocono, the fuel line broke and with 120 pounds' pressure, it didn't take it long to spray four or five inches of fuel into the cockpit. Naturally, it ignited before I could get stopped—in a fireball it ignited. And at Phoenix, I finished the last half of the race with all the insulation torn away from the water lines that run through the cockpit. My legs were pressed against the red-hot pipes and it burned clean down to the bone. But I finished sixth."

Because he's been a parachutist and a ski jumper and now he's a race driver who burns himself before he quits, Simon gets the hackneyed question often: "Do you have a death wish?"

Death wish, indeed.

"A lot of people ask crazy things like that. But, man, I have no desire to get hurt. I enjoy competitive things; you know, reaching out and touching the things that are exciting in life. And there's still a lot of things I haven't touched."

Simon reaches out a lot more than most drivers. Often other teams ask him to test their cars, find out what's wrong and why they won't go any faster or handle any better. They ask Simon because he will "hang it out" more than the average driver, take that extra chance.

"I get out there and take the car to the point where the back end or the front end really slides. You can tell what's wrong with a car that way. It helps the other guy, but it also helps the total Dick Simon. I mean, I keep flirting with that exposure and keep training myself to take care of the situation and I figure it will make me a more competitive driver. I don't have the time left or the money to do it like Foyt did. He's got years of experience and literally thousands of miles of testing here for Goodyear and other companies," Simon says.

How does a 42-year-old racer who has never won an Indy car race look to the future? "I've got a lot of years left, maybe ten, and I know someday I'll come down into turn one at, say, 215 miles an hour, and I'll ease up a little more than usual. I'll be the first to know and I'll say, 'Oops, time to go.'"

"If I win, though, I mean the big one, Indy, I won't quit. I mean, that's no reason to quit. Foyt wouldn't quit if he won that fourth one. I just don't want to lose that feeling I get out there in a race car. I don't know, it just brings out everything in you. Everything. If I won it, I suppose my racing would compound phenomenally. I'd probably go to Europe and every place and try to win everything in sight. So, you see, it's not the money. I still wouldn't have any. But I've had lots of chances to make money," he says.

The interview is at an end. It is time for Dick Simon, race driver/philosopher, to go back and become Dick Simon, mechanic and parts boy and tester of other drivers' cars.

"I've dumped everything into racing—a career, a marriage. Everything. We almost won in 1973. I was leading and [Gordon] Johncock was behind me. It was past the halfway mark and it looked like it would rain any minute. Well, I burned a piston and as I sat in the pits in the rain that finally came and watched Gordy take the checkered flag, I knew that someday the piston wouldn't burn."

abilities, placing himself at the mercy of intricately overstressed steel and rubber and any stray speck of dirt on the track, to go nowhere faster than anyone else possibly could. For three minutes and five and a half seconds, all the allegations of cheating seem pointless. A. J. Foyt owns the track and no one will dispute it. "I thrilled the hell outta myself three or four times out there," he says, just to let everyone know it hasn't been quite as easy or as predetermined as it looks. Johnny Rutherford, who holds the one-lap record at Indianapolis and won the pole position in 1973, made the definitive statement on those four crucial laps after qualifying a disappointing seven mph off the pace: "Some days you eat the bear, and some days the bear eats you."

Television has come a long way in transcribing sports action on a field, court or track, observable from almost any angle, to a circumscribed image composed of dots and spaces on a screen, capable of a multitude of points of view, but again, only one at a time. Anyone who has gone to a race after watching them on television is astounded at how fast the cars zoom past. Maybe part of it is being there with the earsplitting engine noise, the smell of rubber, oil and asphalt, but when you get out from behind the telephoto lens and see how long those straights really are and how little time it takes a racing car to cover the seemingly immense distance from turn four to turn one, it causes a certain physical sensation in the scalp and at the base of the spine that television viewers never know. "My God, they're going fast." It's no longer the sort of leisurely motorized game you've watched between commercials. You feel the ground shudder under your feet and it feels a little threatening.

But maybe the camera is better than the naked eye at projecting the driver's experience of speed. Of course, there are vibrations, sounds and g-force sensations that the driver alone can experience, but when a man lives long enough at 200 mph, 200 mph becomes the norm and he slows it down. Through his eyes, as long as he remains in control, things don't happen with the frightening rapidity with which we perceive them. For him, the track isn't a chaotic blur but a calmly perceived series of sensations; now, now, now and now. He fixes on nothing and is therefore not startled by the brevity of his relationship with any object in the field of his experience. It's a kind of Zen by default, in which survival depends upon nonattachment and single-mindedness, a *Gestalt* from which no element can be removed and examined.

Apart from Foyt's run, the greatest spectator interest on the front straight is generated by a rabbit. Qualifying is stopped and several spectators chase the rabbit up and down the track in front of

the pits, the crowd cheering, as in the lion-feeding scenes in *Quo Vadis*, each time they pass. The rabbit has strayed into a jungle without cover, nothing but asphalt, concrete walls and four pairs of Adidas track shoes pursuing him. Five minutes later, he is strung from the infield fence, dead from an apparent heart attack.

It's a fairly reliable axiom that the best drivers will be offered the best cars and rookies, unless they're already established superstars, consider themselves fortunate to have any kind of ride for Indy. Billy Scott, the rookie for whom the driver's test at 170 mph has been a cakewalk, found that trying to push the same car just 12 mph a lap faster to make the race was a nightmare. And inferior equipment wasn't his only handicap. "Indy is the biggest race in the world," Scott says. He leans close to be sure I can hear him over the din of the bar. "I saw those huge grandstands full of people watching me, and it suddenly hit me where I was. A couple of times, I'd start down the front straight and hear myself thinking, 'Gee, I'm really at Indy.' Then I'd catch myself and say, 'Cut that shit out and drive.' Finally, I took an eight-hundred-and-sixty-nine-foot spin coming out of turn three and ended up on the grass inside turn four. The car was OK, and so was I, but that really got my attention, like a dog shittin' a loggin' chain."

Scott fails to make competitive speed on two qualifying attempts and the car owner decides to try another driver, Graham McRae, an Indy veteran. But McRae's times are no better than Scott's. On his last attempt, Scott overcooks it coming out of turn four. The rear end comes loose and he makes a spectacular spin down the front straight, shedding fiberglass and suspension parts like a dog shaking off water. "Too bad he didn't stuff it beyond fixin'," a driver quips. "Now some other poor son of a bitch'll have to struggle with it next year."

I tell Scott about my friend Dave McDonald, who was killed 12 years earlier coming out of turn four in an unstable car, how Jimmy Clark had followed him in practice and told him he should refuse to drive it in the race.

"But I couldn't do that," Scott seems shocked by the suggestion. "I mean, if I stepped out of a ride, I'd never get another one. I'd be all washed up."

"The thrill isn't there anymore." Andy Granatelli, who, with his legendary Novis and his turbine car that died three laps short of winning the 1967 race, has been responsible for more innovation and spectator interest than any other man in the Speedway's 59-year history, looks tired and almost on the verge of tears as he talks about his 29-year lover's quarrel with Indianapolis. "Driving down here each year, I used to get so excited I'd start edging down on the accelerator,

going faster and faster, till by the time I got to Lafayette I was driving flat out.

"But there's been too much tragedy," he explains, "that and U.S.A.C.'s continual legislation against innovation. It all comes to the rules." He gets up and goes to the refrigerator for a can of diet pop. He's lost 50 pounds and waddles less conspicuously than he used to in those STP commercials. "If they went to stock blocks, stock oil, stock gasoline and street-available tires, you'd have a better race and you'd have something about the cars the spectators could identify with."

"What about the changes they've made," I ask, "like wing restrictions and fuel limitations?"

"That's a start. But they didn't go far enough. Look, you've got a governing board made up of 21 car owners, drivers and mechanics, all legislating their own interests. I mean, you ever see a committee of 21 that ever got anything done? No. What racing needs is a czar. Limit the fuel to 200 gallons. You'd slow the cars down to 170 and you'd have a better race. The spectators wouldn't know the difference. They can't tell if a car's going 200 or 150. You ever notice during qualifying how they never cheer for the fastest cars till after they hear the time announced? They can't even see the drivers anymore, can't see their style or the way they drive, can't even see the numbers from the pits anymore.

"They killed my driver and my mechanic." There's a kind of forlorn intensity in his expression that, though he doesn't say it, pleads, *Don't you understand?* Two years earlier, the last year Granatelli entered the 500, Swede Savage, driving one of his cars, was leading the race after 57 laps when he lost it coming out of turn four, crashed brutally into the inside retaining wall and suffered burns from which he was to die a month later. A Speedway crash truck, rushing the wrong way up the pit lane, struck one of Granatelli's crewmen from behind and he died an hour later. Those in the pits, already horrified by the explosion and almost total disintegration of Savage's car, saw the mechanic's body tossed like a rag doll 50 feet into the air.

"Swede had just come out of the pits." Granatelli pauses and draws his hand across his forehead. "He'd taken on eighty gallons of fuel, and it was a completely different-handling car than he'd been driving a lap earlier."

To understand why Savage lost control in that particular corner, it's necessary to speculate on what he must have been thinking just before it happened.

Bobby Unser, who had previously been Savage's teammate, had insulted him in print, had told the media that Savage couldn't drive, that he wouldn't even include him on a list of the 100 top



"If you really loved me, you wouldn't ask me to go to bed with all your friends!"

drivers. Jerry Grant, who, like Unser, had been driving a white Olsonite Eagle, explained it to me. "The track was oily, really slippery in the groove, and Swedie was running high, making time by staying above the groove, where the track was dry. I think what happened was that he saw a white car in his mirrors and thought Unser was closing on him. I guess he didn't realize it was me and that Bobby was a lap down at that point. Anyway, he must have been thinking about what Bobby had said about him, 'cause he dove down into the groove to close the door on me. The car was heavy with full fuel tanks and he was just going too fast to hold traction when he came down into the oil slick. It just must have been brain fade. For a second there, his mind must have been somewhere else."

The race was stopped for an hour and 15 minutes after the crash, restarted and then called after 332 miles because of rain. Granatelli's other car, driven by Gordon Johncock, was declared the winner, but it was a sad victory for Andy.

The diet-pop can is empty now and Granatelli sets it on the table at the end of the couch. "Last year, when we were coming in over the airport, my wife looked down from the plane and saw the Speedway. 'The thrill is gone, Andy.' That's what she said." He looked down at

the floor and tapped his chest. "It just isn't here anymore."

Dan Gurney is balancing on a small bicycle in the Jorgensen Steel garage in Gasoline Alley. I'm leaning against a workbench and he seems to have me pinned in the corner with the flashing wheels of his unruly mount. He pulls up into an occasional wheelie and I notice, with some relief, that the frame brace bar is thickly padded. "We can't forget we're in show business." His blue All American Eagle rests unattended in the adjacent stall, race ready and immaculate. "We're competing for the entertainment dollar with football, baseball, hockey, whatever's going on at the same time, and those other things are more solidly entrenched and better organized than we are."

Like Granatelli, Gurney feels the rules, as they now stand, are stifling championship car racing. "I'd like to see us get more in line with the rest of the world, go to the Grand Prix formula and get a full international sanction, so we could attract foreign drivers again." I recall Granatelli's complaint that Indy had become too homogeneous, that there were basically only two kinds of cars there anymore, the McLarens and Gurney's Eagles, and no more Jimmy Clarks, Graham Hills or Alberto Ascari. "If we

had foreign drivers here again," Gurney continues, "they'd have to build a third tier on the grandstands." He also wants to eliminate rules that favor turbochargers. "Turbocharged engines cut down the noise and the diversity of sounds and, frankly, that's a big part of the spectator appeal."

I remind him that the Indianapolis 500 is already far and away the largest spectator event in the world.

"I know that," he smiles earnestly, "but that doesn't mean it couldn't be bigger." A man from ABC interrupts to tell Gurney they'd like to film an interview for *Wide World of Sports*. Dan politely explains that he's busy right now and that he'll get to it as soon as he's free. I feel slightly impertinent, holding up ABC, like the flea with an erection who floats down the river, hollering for the drawbridge to be raised, but Gurney takes one thing at a time. The man from ABC will wait outside with his crew.

"Where was I?" Dan smiles in apology for the interruption. "OK, another thing about turbochargers is that they make the race so technologically intricate that it works against younger, less experienced drivers, so that you've got the same crop of 40-year-olds out there leading the race every year. What makes this race unique is tradition and the ripples that it causes all around the world. But what I don't

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"Don't move—I lost my contact lens!"

like about it, and I guess it's a part of that tradition, is the amount of time we have to spend here. It's like a whole month in a police state." While we are talking, I notice three Indiana state troopers with night sticks, Sam Browne belts and mirror-finish sunglasses in the bright alley beyond the garage door. I don't like to reinforce stereotypes, but they look polished, impersonal and just plain mean, like licensed bullies. Their presence is an integral part of the atmosphere of this race, as are the rioters, sadists, muggers, streakers, fornicators, motorcycle gangs, Frisbee players and drunks who occupy the infield like 30 armed tribes. The faint odor of tear gas is almost as common on race day as beer, popcorn and hot rubber. I smile and notice that the troopers are talking with Bobby Unser, who, the previous week, was made a special sheriff's deputy, had a police radio installed in his car and 30 minutes later drove across town at unrecorded speeds to be the first on the scene to arrest three teenagers suspected of smoking marijuana behind an all-night market. "Maybe it's necessary for it to be that way in order to put this race on the way it is," Gurney scratches his head and smiles wryly, "but we're all anxious to get back to the United States when it's over."

It's the evening before the race and Speedway, Indiana, has become a refugee camp. Every field and vacant lot within miles is packed with trailers, tents, motor homes, sweating bodies, piles of empty beer cans and back-yard barbecues. Refugee camps are better organized. These are the Mongol hordes, the Huns awaiting race day to storm the

gates of Rome. Campfires glow. I'm certain I can hear the throbbing of tribal drums, unintelligible chanting. Police sirens are as commonplace as the random explosions of cherry bombs. A prison bus with heavily wire-meshed windows speeds past. There will be a total eclipse of the moon tonight and it seems to hype the lunacy. Except for a few nervous mechanics and staff personnel, the Speedway is empty and quiet. From a helicopter, it would look like a black oval, a void in a galaxy of fire and chaos.

The motel room I'm sharing with Bob Jones faces 16th Street and is less than 100 feet from an entrance to the track. It's a convenient bivouac, but only a self-hypnotist could sleep here. Although the gates won't open till five A.M., the traffic starts stacking up shortly after midnight. I close the door, turn out the lights and lie awake with the sirens, honking horns, motorcycle engines and the anticipation of the race. I wonder how well the drivers are sleeping or if they are.

At nine o'clock, two hours before race time, I head over to the track. I've been given a pass to shoot photographs from the balcony of the Penske Suite overlooking turn two. It's a precarious though very pleasant setup. Drinks, snacks and air conditioning will be available a few steps away and the view of the short chute, turn two and the back straight is excellent, though I'll be sitting less than 20 feet from the edge of the track at the point where the cars begin to exit the turn. I felt a little exposed there watching qualifying, feeling the vibration and heat from the passing cars and gauging the strength of the cables reinforcing the wire fence that was all that

separated me from the track. I reminded myself that it was only steel cables that held up the Golden Gate Bridge and that if they did fail, anything that happened would happen so fast that I wouldn't have time to torment myself with the hope of escape.

The chairman of the bank, whose traveler's checks have cosponsored the Penske McLaren driven by Tom Sneva, points out the bar and buffet, tells me not to hesitate to ask for whatever I need. I stake out a seat on the corner of the balcony where no one will be moving between my lens and the track, fix myself a tonic water and check my focus and exposure.

The prerace ceremonies have begun, the celebrities have been driven around the track, Peter DePaolo, winner of the 1925 500, has taken a lap in a Duesenberg that ran in the race in 1930, the Speedway has been presented with a plaque designating it a national historic landmark and the final lines of the invocation drift across the infield: "With a hand over the heart, a prayer in the soul and brains in the head." Now everything seems to accelerate, including 350,000 pulse rates. Jim Nabors gargles *Back Home Again in Indiana*, 5000 helium-filled balloons are released, Tony Hulman takes the microphone: "Gentlemen, start your injuns." The parade and pace laps come off without incident, the cars snaking from side to side to warm up their tires. Some of the drivers wave or salute as they pass the suites of their sponsors and I am reminded of knights dipping their lances to the ladies whose favors they wore. The ritual hasn't changed, only become more commercial.

For the drivers, the prerace tension is over and they are locked into that impenetrable concentration that comes the moment they are strapped into their cars. As they approach the starting line, everyone becomes very quiet, probably the one moment when none of the nearly half million people in this arena has anything to say. The engine noise accelerates, a series of bombs explodes in the air, and then a great cheer goes up from the crowd. The announcer's voice booms, "And the 59th Indianapolis 500 Mile Race is under way, the greatest spectacle in racing."

After the start and the excitement of the initial laps, the race, for most of the spectators, diminishes to a monotonous stream of almost indistinguishable cars and anonymous drivers flowing by at over 200 mph. I don't mean that it isn't still exciting. The noise itself is enough to keep the adrenaline pumped up, but you have to rely on the track announcer to understand what's happening. It's very much the way it was all those years I listened to it on the radio, but with a lot of special effects thrown in. I'm aware that Johncock, who had jumped into a commanding lead at the start, has

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dropped out. It's a 500-mile race. Running away with the early laps may please the crowd and momentarily put a driver in the limelight, but the chances are he'll be all but forgotten when the checkered flag falls. Foyt and Rutherford are swapping the lead now, though I'm seldom certain who has it at any given moment. As the cars scream out of turn two, it all seems effortless, though they're fighting the limit of adhesion. They pass so close it almost seems I can touch them. In twos and threes, the engines surge down the back straight like aircraft engines out of sync.

There's a yellow light and most of the cars head for the pits. For a full ten seconds no cars pass and the silence is startling. I'm keeping my camera ready, watching what's coming out of turn two and trying to answer the questions of the distractingly pretty lady who has taken the seat next to me. Our conversation is disjointed, broken sentences sequenced in the brief intervals between passing cars. Occasionally, a whiff of her perfume mingles with and subsumes the perspiration and burning rubber. She's a young Grace Kelly type from somewhere in Pennsylvania.

Several times I stand up to watch some passing action down the back straight. Sneva is running a highly respectable fifth and is still very much in contention. He pulls to the inside to lap several slower cars and the precision of his judgment keeps me standing. It seems he won't have time to get past them and back into the groove to set up for turn three, and I realize that at that point he's traveling at about 220 mph. He's deep, almost too deep, but in the last few feet, he cuts back to the outside, clear of the traffic and right in the groove. Then I remember how it always looks more impressive from the outside than it does from the driver's seat. Once at Mosport, during practice for the Canadian Grand Prix, I walked over to watch at turn one while my car was being worked on. I was frightened and astounded at how ragged and perilous it seemed, the cars skidding and vibrating through the reverse-camber downhill turn. "Jesus, that's scary," I thought. "How can they do it?" Then, half an hour later, I went and qualified on the pole for the G.T. race. I didn't know *how* to do it; I just did it.

More laps, more questions, more fragmented answers: "They're limited to—" two cars scream through the turn, nose to tail, and I wait for the noise to fade, "two hundred and eighty gallons, which means that—" another car passes and I can feel the heat from its exhaust, "at the mileage they're getting, they—" this time I'm interrupted by the track announcer's calling attention to Wally Dallenbach, who started in 21st

position and is now moving up toward the lead at an alarming rate, "couldn't finish the race if they didn't do at least—" another car, "a few laps under the yellow."

I've been watching Dallenbach. His engine sounds stronger, pitched higher and wound tighter than the other cars'. And another strange thing is that though he's gobbling up the field, his line through the corners isn't following the groove. He's running through the middle of turn two each time he passes, not drifting wide and using the whole track the way other cars do when they're turning hot laps. Each time he passes, it seems he's operating on a separate principle of physics, as if the laws governing centrifugal force have been suspended for him. Later I would hear rumblings that he had a small tank of nitrous oxide (laughing gas) that was being injected directly into the cylinders, giving him an extra 150 horsepower with no increase in boost, and that his unorthodox line was to compensate for the extra sensitivity under his right foot. It occurs to me that if that were true, it might be possible that the nitrous oxide was being injected directly into Dallenbach and that his extra speed was the result of an altered consciousness. Whatever the facts, Dallenbach is laughing on the 60th lap when he passes Foyt and goes on to open up a 22-second lead.

One hundred and twenty-six laps and almost two hours of racing. Senses are beginning to numb and the stream of cars is beginning to have a hypnotic effect on the afternoon. I have a mild headache, my throat's getting sore and, fortunately, or unfortunately, Grace Kelly is asking fewer questions. The tension begins to dissolve into monotony. I'm less attentive with my lens and have pretty well determined that I won't have to shoot any action on this turn today. Somebody taps me on the shoulder and as I turn to my right, I hear a scream from the crowd, followed by a loud dull thud. I turn back to my left and there, just 40 feet away and 20 feet in the air, just above eye level, is the top of Sneva's helmet. Flames have engulfed the rear half of his car and it's cartwheeling horizontally along the wire retaining fence. I have a stop-action image, looking at the car as if from above as it hurtles toward me, but not on film. I've forgotten about my camera. For an instant, I am certain I'm witnessing a man's death and that it will also be my own. Things have gone too smoothly, the atmosphere has been deceptively benign, and it now seems this track has demanded another catastrophe. I leap over the now vacant chair to my right and, as I turn toward the suite, I see the reflection of the flames in the sliding glass

doors and feel the heat sweep across my back. The instant of danger has passed and I turn back toward the track just in time to see the disembodied engine tumble by in a ball of flame. Debris fills the air like a flight of sand grouse. The Nikon takes over, zipping off exposures like a digital computer, one last somersault before the car comes to rest, right side up and on fire. It really doesn't resemble a car anymore, just a burning tub of metal, not 30 feet away, a driver's helmet protruding from the flames. The original fire had been burning oil, but now the methanol has ignited and can be seen only as intense heat waves blurring the edges of the wreckage.

The fire marshal is herding everyone off the balconies and into the suites. He sees my camera and press badge and lets me stay, though I've finished the roll and have to change film. It is obvious that Sneva is dead. It's the most brutal, spectacular and horrifying crash I've ever seen, and I've seen at least a dozen that were fatal. The scene in the suite couldn't be more macabre or more comic. All these people know Sneva in some capacity. Several of them are the sponsors of his car and he's crashed and been annihilated right in their laps. Sneva's wife has gone into hysterics and has been hustled out to the balcony overlooking the golf course on the far side of the building. Grace Kelly, who was fixing a drink at the time, has fallen backward and sat in a tray of chocolate brownies. The chairman of the bank, in nervous relief, tells me how delighted he is that I've been able to get good pictures. Though I'm sure it isn't his intention, it sounds as if, in his role as gracious host, he has arranged the crash for my photographic convenience. Everyone looks sick to his stomach and I am changing film. "Did you get it?" I look up into the wide eyes of a young-executive type.

"Ya, I think so."

"Did you get Mrs. Sneva?"

"What?" I'm certain I've misunderstood.

"Did you get pictures of Mrs. Sneva?"

I choke on my own saliva and shake my head. "I didn't hear that. No."

"Good for you," he says earnestly. "Good for you."

The fire marshal lets me back out onto the balcony to photograph the work of the fire crew. There are clouds of chemical vapors, flashing lights, scattered detritus and crash crews diverting traffic to the grass verge inside the track. Then I see something that, for a moment, I am certain is an illusion. Sneva moves. His helmet is wiggling back and forth and he's put his arms down onto the fuselage, trying to push himself up and out of the cockpit, but he appears to be stuck. Another driver has abandoned his car and is trying to help the emergency



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crew get Sneva out of the wreckage. The struggle goes on for several minutes till they finally free him, dragging him up and out by his armpits. Not only is he alive but he walks, with help, to the waiting ambulance, lies down on the stretcher and is taken to the infield hospital. Still, I am not confident he'll recover. I remember how, two years before, Swede Savage rode to the infield hospital sitting up but died of his injuries a month later.

The ABC slow-motion replays show Sneva passing Eldon Rasmussen and running just ahead of Foyt in the short chute between turns one and two. Sneva's right rear tire touches Rasmussen's left front and Sneva finds himself upside down and airborne, heading for the outside wall at almost 200 mph. Sneva's car slams into the wall tail first, the wing, engine and rear wheels separating, in a protracted dance with the flames and scattering fragments of metal and fiberglass, the remains of the car cartwheeling three times along the wall, then somersaulting three times down the asphalt, to come to rest, on fire, in the middle of the track. It's the kind of accident usually associated with dirt tracks at less than half these speeds.

Three weeks later, Sneva is recovering from his burns and practicing to qualify for the 500 at Pocono when I talk to him on the telephone. "It was like a dream," he tells me. "We watched the TV replays and it looked like it was all happening to somebody else. We passed Rasmussen in the first turn and thought we were by him in turn two. We glanced in the mirrors and he wasn't there, he was right beside us and we saw that the wheels were going to touch. From there on, it was as if we were dreaming, as if we were lying in bed dreaming we were flying through the air upside down. After we first made contact with the wall, we don't remember anything till we woke up in the track hospital and wondered how the car was." I ask him how it's going at Pocono and he tells me that the first day out he was pretty cautious. "The second day we started running hard through the corners, but I noticed that we still weren't trying to prove anything in traffic. It takes a little while," he concludes. "It makes you realize you really could get hurt doing this kind of thing."

After Sneva's crash, the race begins an anticlimactic slide toward a rain-shortened conclusion. Dallenbach, who has maintained his lead, drops out 36 laps later, claiming his air intakes have gotten clogged with litter from the wreckage, causing him to burn a piston. Some drivers have other theories about what has caused the burned piston, but it is a sad end to what has been one of the most spectacular, come-from-behind drives in the history of the race.

The sky darkens radically, the wind begins to whip up hot-dog wrappers and dust devils in the infield and, within minutes, the 500 has been transformed into a hydroplane race. The checkered and red flags appear simultaneously and cars spume rooster tails trying to make the start-finish line. There are multiple and relatively harmless spins and crashes, cars sliding, looping lazily down the straights, up the pit lane and through the corners. It is Bobby Unser's good fortune to be leading when the sky splits open and, in a delicate ballet with his now tractionless tires, he creeps toward the start-finish line. There are 26 more laps that will never be run and theories and arguments by and for Rutherford and Foyt that, had the race run its full course, they certainly would have won. It is the luck of the draw. It's made heroes and corpses without discretion.

Back in my motel room, I fix myself a drink and watch the rain pour down onto the policemen channeling the postrace traffic onto 16th Street. I notice that the hair on the back of my arms has been singed. It balls and crumbles off like melted plastic. This whole month in Indianapolis seems like an abruptly ended dream. Two weeks from now, most of these drivers will be racing at Milwaukee and it won't much matter who has won today. The race has been important only because 350,000 paying spectators and millions more by their radios and TV sets have, by agreement, made it so. But now it is all over and another agreement is in force. The following day's sports section will carry the news that the Golden State Warriors have beaten the Washington Bullets for the National Basketball Association championship and the cover of *Sports Illustrated* will carry a picture of Billy Martin, "Baseball's Fiery Genius." I have an autographed picture of the winner for my son and I'm beginning to get drunk.

The next morning, there's a photograph of Sneva's crash on the front page of *The Indianapolis Star* and I recognize my own figure, fleeing ignominiously from the flames. On my way to the airport, I drive past the Speedway and all I can see is litter, two feet deep, in every visible tunnel, passageway and concourse, more than 6,000,000 pounds of it. I stop for a red light and notice one more thing: the corpse of a huge tomcat lying next to the chain-link fence. Someone has considerably propped its head up on a crushed beer can and crossed its paws in repose. There's my story, I thought. After 25 years of listening and dreaming, I've seen my first Indianapolis 500 and this is the one picture that will stick. Another great event chronicled in trash, another discarded container.



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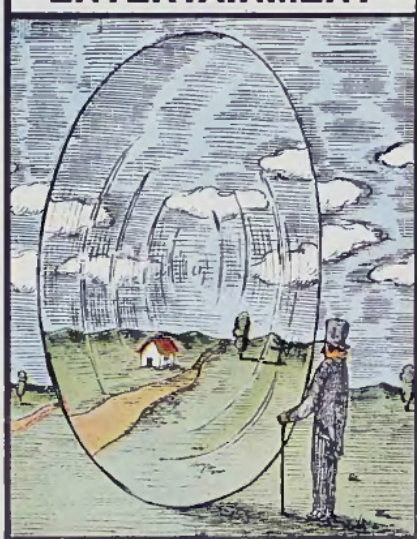
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ENTERTAINMENT



SECOND SIGHT

After more than a decade of research, Philips and MCA are about to bring out Disco-Vision, a playback system for video discs that attaches to the antenna leads of your TV set (the audio tracks can go through your sound system if you want better quality). Philips will produce the player. MCA will produce the discs and do the programming (the majority from material, such as *The Sting*, already owned by Universal, an MCA subsidiary). The player itself, expected on the market in 1977, should retail for about \$500, with a 30-minute video disc in the ten-dollar price range.

Disco-Vision, which is being touted by Philips as a "new communications medium" and not just a video-playback system to replace film or tape, operates on a unique principle. The metallic-coated disc (it looks like an LP that's been painted Rolls-Royce gray) has grooves, or tracks, something like a record, except that they are far thinner and there are more of them (15,000 per inch, as compared with a conventional record's 200). The disc spins at about 1800 rpm or 30 turns a second. Each track represents one frame and 30 frames per second is the rate necessary to feed programming to the television screen. This information is retrieved by a helium-neon laser beam that "reads" a series of tiny

THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

pits or bumps in the tracks. Light is reflected off the disc to a mirror, which in turn feeds the varying signals to a photo diode. These signals are then translated into sound and motion.

In the demonstration models, an arm, much like a tonearm, passes over the top of the record. Because some people may have a fear of lasers (this one is not dangerous), Philips will bring out its production model with the light source underneath, so that the disc will be played tracks down. It is recorded on one side only, not because of a technical problem but because the disc is so cheap to manufacture (about 40 to 50 cents) that it is easier to use three 30-minute discs for a movie than to try to squeeze it all onto one record (also, the company sells you more discs).

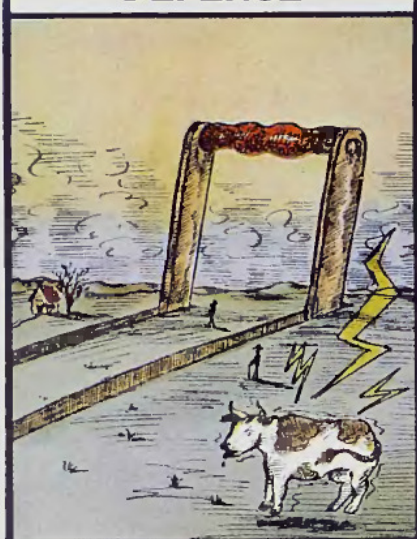
The fact that each track contains one frame gives freeze-frame capability. A select switch will allow the machine to read one track over and over, producing a stop-action effect. This presents the interesting possibility of storing more than just movies. As in microfilm, each frame could become a page of a book, a painting in a gallery, a stolen document relating to national security or a gatefold from *PLAYBOY*. And there are 54,000 individually selectable frames per disc. There are plans to produce a super-thin disc whose low production cost would allow it to be bound into a magazine. Hence, a sound-and-motion *Playmate* of the Month. *Newsweek* could show you newsreels. *Cosmo* could put on fashion shows. And the *Playboy Interview* could be seen and heard instead of read—which brings up the subject of audio-only discs, also in the planning stage.

The sound quality of Disco-Vision is far better than that of current recording systems. The incredible density of information on the disc would allow 100-track music or 500 hours of stereo recorded on a single side. Disco-Vision may, indeed, turn out to be a whole new communications medium.

A SHOCKING STATE

For years, the Navy has been secretly working on turning one of our states into a giant radio antenna. Sound like science fiction? It gets better. Project Seafarer (earlier known as Project Sanguine) has been kicking around top-secret Pentagon corridors since the Fifties. The idea is that with a giant broadcasting antenna (it would cover between 2000 and 4000 square miles), in the event of nuclear war, when all other communications may be knocked out, the Navy could bounce very-low-frequency radio waves off underground rock formations to communicate with submarines lying deep beneath the oceans. (The fact that the most important subs, Tridents, aren't even built yet doesn't bother the Navy.) It's a brilliant idea, but the effects could be disastrous. Extremely high voltages have been shown by some investigators to be harmful to almost every form of life (we aren't sure how much voltage will be needed by Seafarer. The Navy is currently claiming 5700 volts. Earlier reports had it as high as 14,000 volts). Soviet studies of the effects of powerful electrical fields on the human body turned up symptoms of instability of pulse and blood pressure, tremors of the arms and legs and sweating. Diminished virility was

DEFENSE



BIOCHEMISTRY



GEOLOGY



reported by about a third of the subjects. Perhaps less harmful but certainly more bizarre is the fact that fields of such strength induce electric current in almost anything made of metal. If you park your car under some of the 765,000-volt lines we have in this country, you can get a hefty shock by touching your fender. The Seafarer antenna could turn Cyclone fences into live wires. The Navy was at one point studying the feasibility of grounding metal objects in whichever state it chose. The official Government brochure on the project, released after the information leaked and the public began protesting, states, "The results [of studies] showed no significant adverse effects on humans, animals, plants or microorganisms at field levels planned to be used." The Navy is also claiming that the installation of hundreds of miles of underground cable would not have an effect on ecology nor mar the natural beauty of the landscape. This is what is known in military circles as an outright lie.

Since the public began protesting, Seafarer has tried to find a home, the two most desirable spots being Wisconsin's north woods and Michigan's Upper Peninsula, both of which have resisted vigorously. New Mexico and Nevada are also under consideration, though they, too, will probably protest. And finally, since the Soviets don't ask their citizens what they want the mili-


tary to do or not do, we probably have already developed a Zap Gap.

A SHOT IN THE DARK

A number of scientists, among them Georges Ungar of Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, have reported success in what has become known (perhaps inaccurately) as chemical transfer of learning. They trained normally nocturnal rats to be afraid of the dark. Then they isolated scotophobin, a peptide from the brain, and injected it into normal, untrained rats. The shot immediately made the rats afraid of the dark. In another test, extracts from the brains of rats that had been trained to run a maze were injected into untrained rats. These animals then learned to run an identical maze far quicker than untreated ones, indicating that the chemical carried learned information about the maze. Interestingly, the injection didn't help the rats run any maze except the one learned earlier by the subjects from which the peptide was taken, indicating a high degree of specificity for these chemicals. These admittedly preliminary studies of the chemical nature of learning and memory offer some intriguing possibilities. At least six other learning substances have been detected and some of them have been isolated. But even the most brilliant scientists

sometimes have a boring tendency to test for such things as fear of the dark (who wants to learn that?) and the tendency of fish to orient themselves to a certain color. It might be more interesting to try for a dog-housebreaking peptide. Or, looking ahead to greater advances, an injection from someone who can run 250 balls in a game of straight pool.

RARE EARTH

While a great deal of emphasis has been placed on conserving fossil fuels, our supplies of other essential materials have been diminishing. The U.S. Geological Survey released a 1975 report predicting that by the year 2000, the U.S. will be 100 percent dependent on foreign sources for 12 essential materials, most of them occurring in minerals. We now import 90 percent of our manganese, cobalt, chromium, titanium, niobium, strontium and sheet mica. Ninety-six percent of our aluminum ore comes from foreign sources and 100 percent of our tin has to be imported. Without tin there would be no "tin" cans (actually, tin-plate metal), solders, bearing alloys, bronze or brass. Ultimately, total "energy" independence appears to be impossible without the outlay of staggering (and unavailable) sums of money for mining and refining. 

PRIVATE EYES

(continued from page 123)

Europe during the 17th Century, the telescope immediately began to unlock the secrets of the heavens. Galileo's first telescope—a primitive instrument comprised of two lenses (convex and concave) separated by a tube—aided in destroying the popular philosophy that a stationary earth stood at the center of a revolving cosmos.

Although the telescopes pictured here probably aren't going to enable you to make any history-changing astronomical discoveries, they are great fun to gaze through. One peek and you'll find that that old devil moon is quite a ball of light; and when you finally tear your eyes away to zero in on one of the planets—by Jupiter!—the sight even beats reruns of *Star Trek*. (Jupiter, incidentally, is an especially good subject, as the planet's visual detail is exceptionally clear and its atmospheric features usually alter within the span of a night's viewing.)

You may wish to invest your money in a refractor telescope if you're just getting into stargazing. It uses one optical element—the objective lens—to focus light into a small image and a second lens (commonly known as the eyepiece) to magnify that image. Refractors come in all shapes and sizes; many offer zoom capability that will whisk you from, say, a wide, bright 20X (20 to 1 magnification power) to the detailed close-up of 45X. Models with 2.4- and three-inch apertures are readily available; biggies with four-inch apertures usually must be special-ordered from a manufacturer.

Reflector telescopes (often called Newtonians) are large tube-shaped instruments that have an eyepiece mounted near the aperture. They're ideal for a serious exploration of the night sky. Reflectors feature a primary objective mirror that receives light and reflects it to a smaller secondary mirror called a diagonal. This second mirror, tipped at a 45-degree angle, reflects the image produced by the primary mirror to an eyepiece that then magnifies it.

Reflectors call for a bit more maintenance than refractors, as the Newtonian's open-tube design allows dust and film to collect on optical surfaces that must, occasionally, be cleaned. Another very slight drawback is that the aluminum coating on the reflector's exposed mirror surfaces may deteriorate over the years, necessitating a recoating. The reflector, however, makes up for these slight inconveniences by providing the owner with a truly wondrous view of the heavens that's relatively inexpensive.

There's also a third, more complicated type of telescope on the market called a catadioptric, which essentially combines the features of both refractors and reflectors. In brief, catadioptrics amplify light rays entering the scope by an



1. An 80mm spotting scope with a 45-degree prismatic revolving quadruple eyepiece holder featuring 20X, 30X, 40X and 60X eyepieces and helical fine-focus control; comes with a felt-lined quick-release clamp, sturdy tabletop tripod with vertical and horizontal fast-motion clamps and a wood carrying case, by Unitran Scientific, \$215.
2. Bushnell's lightweight Spacemaster II zoom telescope is perfect for rugged field use; a large 60mm objective lens is coupled with a zoom that moves from a wide, bright 20X to the detailed close-up of 45X, \$194.50 without mounting.
3. For viewing heavenly bodies (the solar type), there's the Solarama Refractor, a 600X 80mm instrument featuring a 1200mm focal length that lets you zero in on even faint double stars, by Tasco, \$699.95 with tripod and hardwood carrying case.
4. The Terra Refractor all-purpose viewing scope comes equipped with a 20X–60X zoom that lets you zero in on the heavens or distant landscapes (high-rises, too), also by Tasco, \$199.95.
5. The eight-inch clear aperture of Celestron 8 collects 510 times as much light as the unaided eye and permits magnifications ranging from 50X to 500X, by Celestron Pacific, \$895, including a carrying case.
6. For antique buffs, there's the Ottway Gunsight-Scope, a brass 7X50mm gun-sighting instrument used for spotting during World Wars One and Two that comes with a wood-and-brass tripod, from Arthur Court Designs, \$595.

involved lens/mirror partnership. The result is an instrument that offers optimum viewing and exceptional compactness—one case in point being the Celestron 8 pictured here, which collects 510 times as much light as the unaided eye and permits magnifications ranging from 50X to 500X.

Now that you've got an idea of what types of telescopes you'll want to consider when making a purchase, let's take a closer look at their optical properties. First, there's something called light-gathering ability. This simply means that the more light that's gathered through an objective lens, the brighter the image you'll see. Light-gathering ability breaks down to the following easy-to-remember formula: Each time you double the diameter of the objective lens, you increase the light-gathering ability fourfold.

Resolving power is the ability of a telescope to separate heavenly bodies that are very close together. Poor resolving power may show two distant stars as a blob of light; an instrument with higher-quality resolve will separate them into distinct pin points.

Most telescopes—especially the imported ones—come with a skyful of impressive accessories, often neatly housed in a handsome wooden box that can be left out on display or stashed in a closet. And almost all models include a handy little 5X or 6X telescope called a finder

that's permanently mounted on the side of the instrument. The purpose of the finder is just what the name implies; its wide field of vision helps you locate celestial objects much more easily than you could with the big scope.

Other accessories that may be included with your unit are: eyepieces for low, medium and high magnifications; a Barlow lens, which doubles or triples the magnification of each eyepiece; a star diagonal that will enable you to zero in on objects directly overhead; an erecting prism that rights the upside-down images refractor models originally produce; a sun screen and a moon filter.

There are also some truly nifty optional goodies on the market in the form of clock drives that rotate the telescope along its polar axis at the rate of one revolution per day. All the clock drives we know of use 110-volt A.C. power and allow for fine-motion adjustments by means of control knobs.

A word about spotting scopes: These and most inexpensive refractor models aren't powerful enough for sky watching, but they will provide amazing close-ups of the apartment just across the way.

By now, we hope you're as turned on to telescopes as we are—and if you spot any heavenly bodies that we might be interested in, be sure to let us know.

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GREAT WHALE BATTLE

species, such as the dolphin, porpoise and orca ("killer whale"), that have been investigated. Cetologists, while encouraged by such experiments, feel that the true test of the whale's intellect can be made only in its natural surroundings and must involve sufficient numbers so that the modes of communal behavior can be observed.

"Teaching a killer whale to jump through a hoop," says Moore sourly, "only shows the limits of the teacher's imagination. We have to let the whales teach us, which means listening, watching and trying to understand what sort of life they have among one another."

The study of a pod of whales in the open sea is, of course, a difficult undertaking. Nevertheless, even the casual observations of whalers over the years have led to certain general conclusions about the whale's ability to transmit intelligence among members of its group and to show forms of complex social behavior, ranging from play to elaborate patterns of defense against attack. The sperm whale, whose brain is the largest of any animal's on earth, is especially noted for all sorts of apparent intelligent actions, some of which seemed quite malevolent to those who hunted it in the last century. Readers of *Moby Dick* know how palpable Melville felt the emanations of intelligence from this particular whale to be yet how deep a mystery its workings were to man:

Genius in the Sperm Whale? Has the Sperm Whale ever written a book, spoken a speech? No, his great genius is declared in his doing nothing particular to prove it.

Champollion deciphered the wrinkled granite of hieroglyphics. But there is no Champollion to decipher the Egypt of every . . . being's face . . . how may unlettered Ishmael hope to read the awful Chaldee of the Sperm Whale's brow? I put that brow before you. Read it if you can.

The whale's intelligence has become a major element in the promulgation of the Greenpeace cause. In press releases and letters, whether sent to the heads of government or to the principals of grade schools, there is always great emphasis placed on the intelligence of the endangered whales, and therefore on their closeness to the human species. So much, in fact, is made of the whale's cerebral powers that, according to the delicate ethics of the ecological movement, it has been felt by some that the campaign has been tainted with elitism.

"We've had to remind people and ourselves that it isn't all right to kill stupid animals," Rod Marining says, accompanying this remark with a soft burst of

(continued from page 102)

laughter and a perplexed expression. Besides being Walrus' helper in the galley, Marining is the official Greenpeace press secretary and publicist, and the mixture of bafflement and melancholy humor in his manner is most likely the result of his having sent forth thousands of pleas, proposals and ultimatums into the world only to see them disappear into silence. Of course, many of the communiqués he's dispatched on behalf of Greenpeace tend to baffle the reader into reticence. Here, for example, are two press releases sent on successive days to the wire services of the world from the Phyllis Cormack, somewhere at sea:

The Greenpeace Foundation, in its effort to protect the whale from the inhumanity of commercial exploitation and slaughter, demands that the governments of the United States and Canada protect its expedition in the event that hostile action is taken against it.

The Greenpeace Foundation categorically rejects and disassociates itself from the statement of the previous day. We will not be turned into a political or military tool.

Such radical shifts and re-evaluations of policy might be expected from the former head of the Northern Lunatic Fringe of the Yippie Party, the Canadian branch of that antic and social movement that enlivened the politics of the Sixties. Marining, however, asserts that he has become much more serious and subdued than he was in the days of the N.L.F., and though he still wears his hair tied in a ponytail and clothes that are a patchwork of Yippie fashions, he does seem, like many of the Greenpeace crew, to have been worn down by past crusades, not to the point of indifference but to that state of reasonable dedication in which one no longer needs flamboyant uniforms of rebellion.

Lying on deck curled in a sleeping bag, Marining sees Walrus begin to collect the vegetables for the evening meal from the storage bins about the boat. He twists himself slowly out of his covering and, dragging the bag behind him, sets off toward the galley. However, he pauses for a moment to scrutinize an albatross that has been a lonely follower of the Cormack for several days. The bird had been sitting quietly on the water, but as the boat passes by, it spreads its wings and begins the long, awkward, splatting run it needs on a windless day to become airborne. Looking like a nervous clergyman running through puddles in galoshes, it is hardly a beautiful study in animal grace. Nevertheless, Marining's long, doleful profile shapes itself into

pleasurable wonder as he watches the awkward beginning resolve into graceful flight. That night he will send out several dispatches praising the animal world and excoriating human beings who obliterate pheasants or pose for pictures standing proudly alongside a suffocated fish.

It does not occur to one, until after spending a good amount of time at sea, that the tradition of keeping a ship's log is based on something deeper than the need for records. The log, with its careful entries of time and location, its carrying forth in narrative fashion the day-to-day life aboard ship, provides a linear structure to the time at sea, a sense of chronological purpose and progression that man generally feels is the proper way to keep his experience tidy. However, the usual ways of measuring and ordering the past are difficult to impose on the long, repetitious rhythms of a sea voyage, especially one without specific destination. The sameness of the daily shipboard rituals; the single, encircling horizon that makes all points of view alike; the swells and sounds of the ocean that mock the keeping of calendars—all work against the serialized existence that obtains on land, and despite logs and journals, events blend together and become a mosaic of simultaneous scenes in the mind.

During the first weeks of the voyage, there are frequent changes in the crew as some leave from boredom, others because they've been found by Hunter wanting in either the skills or the attitudes necessary for the purposes of the voyage. But there are always recruits waiting to join whenever the Phyllis Cormack enters a port. Gary Zimmerman is one. An oceanographer, he comes on board with diving equipment, underwater cameras and a large shark cage he has built himself and from which he hopes to photograph various members of the suborder Squali as they encircle and close in on a dead or wounded whale. It will also be his job, should Hunter's plan to sit in spiritual protest on the back of a whale come to pass, to escort him to the sanctuary of the underwater cage if the sharks increase in number and frenzy to the point where both the whale and its apostle become objects of a furious communal appetite.

When Zimmerman talks of blues, hammerheads, makos, grays, whites, tigers and wobbegongs, it is in the matter-of-fact rhetoric of one who has made these monsters part of the practical experience of his profession. His boyish, handsome features remain set in a look of studious respect as he imparts to the crew endless information on the mannerisms and habits of that order of animal least

Raymond



"Well, I'll be! . . . Walt Comstock! . . . B Company, 'fifty-five!
What brings you to this neck of the woods?"

likely to cause any ecological concern for its safety and preservation.

As the days pass, Zimmerman takes his place in the frieze of shipboard life, as do the three photographers who, in the making of a documentary of the Greenpeace voyage, began by being everywhere at once about the ship, filming all that moved or spoke, but who now are part of the general static attitudes the crew members become as they wait and watch for some sign of good omen, some activating signal that they are not adrift in quiet illusions about their ability to effect a fateful moment in such a vast and empty area of the ocean.

And then, finally, it happens. The tableau of daily routine splinters into figures of action. Whales are sighted. A pod of

a half dozen grays is seen heaving gracefully through the water a mile or so off the starboard bow. Everyone scurries into a position to observe the rise and fall of the whales' huge slate-colored backs as Cormack carefully angles the boat in order to close the distance between it and the moving pod. Carlie Trueman, the one woman aboard the Cormack, a professional diver whose affection for the whale is neither sentimental nor militant, and who, in fact, disagrees with the official Greenpeace position that all whaling need be proscribed for a ten-year period, climbs to the highest point on the mast to look and holler with delight as the grays churn the water and spout their breath into a vapor that creates, as it often

does in an early-morning light, the arc of a rainbow over them. Carlie cries out in wonder and all the instruments aboard ship, from flute to synthesizer, offer their particular tribute.

The whales, however, are not indiscriminate music lovers. The more raucous tone clusters of the synthesizer and the rock song sent out through the underwater speakers do not inspire an enthusiastic response from the grays, which render their judgment by submerging and reappearing after many minutes at a location far from the source of the concert. "They are classicists," Korotva says, and, sure enough, excerpts from Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* elicit a happy response; the whales draw nearer and their movements calm into an appreciative glide almost in tempo with the music. Further experiments show that the gray whales' taste runs to a clear melodic line, with or without complicated harmonic embellishment. Beethoven or a simple ballad sung, strummed or fluted will keep their interest; the percussive and fragmented modern song will always send them into a critical brood deep beneath the surface.

Once the whales are used to the sounds and sight of the Cormack, they permit themselves to be followed and observed, and occasionally they raise their large, white-spotted heads from the water, as if to return the curiosity and interest of their new acquaintances. The Zodiacs are sent out for closer contact and cautiously circle nearer and nearer the pod, practicing the maneuvers they will execute when there is a third party involved in the meeting, pretending for now that the Phyllis Cormack is a whaling attack boat and that they must keep between it and the grays so that any harpoon sent out must pass over at least one of the small rubber boats in order to strike and explode in its victim. The closer the Zodiacs can stay to the whales, the less margin for error there will be for the Russian gunner, a condition that will increase the danger to the Zodiac occupants but will also, it is hoped, increase the reluctance of the whaling captain to give an order to fire.

However, after an hour or so, the joy of sharing the sea with such marvelous creatures begins to take precedence over the grim practice of tactics. A desire to frolic asserts itself, a wish to sport and play with these great creatures, to create a mutual feeling of trust and unity. Those on the Cormack's deck watch, a little apprehensively, as a greater and greater intimacy is established between the whales and the Zodiac crews, until finally the boat driven by Hunter pulls within touching distance of a gray. Paul Watson, one of the more physically adventurous members of the crew, a stocky, bearded young man who, according to



"Jane, it's a fuckin' jungle out there..."



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Hunter, has promised to put his body on the line for the Greenpeace cause, begins to try to climb aboard its back. He slips once, and then again. When he slides off for the third time, the whale's tail, a magnificent fanlike triangle of flukes, rises from the water and then strikes the surface with an admonishing splash that sends the Zodiac careening backward amid spray and foam. The intimacy has gone too far and a maidenly slap has signified an end to such improper advances. For a while longer, the pod is followed, but since they are gray whales, internationally protected, migrating north for the summer feeding, they will lead to no meeting with Russian whale fleets. Cormack signals that it is time to get back on course, the Zodiacs return and, pleasurably exhausted by the experience, the crew watches as the whales, still spouting their rainbow, roll on out of sight.

At night, around the galley, there are long, awed discussions and speculation about cetaceans. The less experienced ask excited questions, the more knowledgeable tell stories of sperms, humpbacks, bowheads and blues. The differences between the Mysticeti, or baleen whales, and the Odontoceti, toothed whales, are discussed: how the former strain plankton through the baleen slats in their mouths, an almost continuous process of placid feeding that keeps them always near the surface of the water; how a toothed whale, like the sperm, will dive to a depth of 600 or 700 meters in order to feed on its favorite dish, the giant sea squid.

Since it will most likely be the sperm whale that will be involved in a confrontation with whalers, there are as many stories told about it on the Cormack as Ishmael heard in those "spouting" and "gamming" sessions that took place during the Pequod's voyage—how there was, indeed, a Moby Dick, actually called Mocha Dick by 19th Century whalers, who not only wrought havoc on the chase boats that pursued it but also rammed and caused the sinking of several mother ships as well; how when a sperm whale is wounded, others in the area, even if miles away, will become immediately sensitive to its agony and go to assist it; and how herds of this species once could be seen that numbered in the thousands, so that the water for as far as the eye scanned became one vast scape of moving whales.

It is now some seven weeks since the Phyllis Cormack left Vancouver, but the crew's mood is one of high-spirited anticipation. Sometimes the moments of elation take a mysteriously whimsical turn, as when Gregory, during his turn at the ship's wheel, begins following the moon, finding it a more beautiful indicator of direction than the needle



"I don't mean to brag, but I have to use prescription condoms..."

heading on the ship's compass. Roaring invectives but laughing in spite of himself, Captain John drags Gregory by the beard from behind the wheel when he discovers the musician's aesthetic navigation has taken them almost five degrees off course.

However, the energies are put to hard practical uses also. A record of the Russian whaling fleet's daily position for the past two years when it was in this area of the Pacific is the one piece of practical intelligence on which Hunter and Cormack pin their hopes to reduce the odds against an encounter. How Greenpeace obtained this record is a secret, but it does add a feeling of reality to their quest, and long sessions are spent studying and transferring its information to charts and maps and then collating these markings with the Russian positions given by the last radio contacts. Everyone with nautical experience on board then contributes an opinion on the heading most likely to lead to a sighting of the whaling fleet. These are still guesses, of course, but they are looked on as becoming more and more educated with each daily addition of information.

"In a way, I wish it didn't have to be the Russians," says Moore. "You know, a lot of people are going to see us as defenders of the free world against communism."

"But if it were Japanese," Marining adds, "then we'd have the racial problem." He nods at a cartoon of the Greenpeace members guarding a submerged whale from a Japanese boat that sports an evil-looking, slant-eyed, jaundiced figure behind a harpoon gun and reminds the others how many objections from groups normally sympathetic to Greenpeace have been received about this caricature.

"If only Rhodesia were a whaling nation," Hunter sighs, "then it could all be good guys and bad guys."

Moore is the first to witness the confirmation of their faith: nine Russian catcher boats and a huge factory ship named the Vostok. It is 9:30 in the morning and the whaling vessels have appeared as though a rendezvous with the Cormack had been prearranged. The crew takes to the deck and stares at the outlines of the merchant ships, impressed and a little subdued by their size and number. But then jubilation grows over the fact that their mission has achieved at least half its purpose; and now if through persuasion or personal blockade they can press the Russian whalers into abandoning their hunt altogether...

"Well, I speak to them," says Korotva, after contacting the Vostok by radio, "and you can forget persuasion. I told them who we are, that we are not decadent bourgeois sentimentalists, that we are believers in the brotherhood of life and all that."

A silence follows as everyone waits for him to form the Russians' answer. Korotva thinks for a moment, shrugs and gives the most practical interpretation of the Vostok's response.

"They said, 'Fuck you!'"

The correctness of this succinct translation is illustrated as the Vostok and her hunting ships begin to move away at a good pace from the Cormack. Captain John, however, who does not relish being snubbed on the high seas, vows not to lose them and sets out in pursuit. For hours, the Russians try to elude him, but somehow, even though the Cormack is a slightly slower vessel, they never succeed, always finding that, no matter how they rush on or double back, an odd black-and-green halibut boat, blaring music and fraternal messages from its speakers, pops up to block their path.

Suddenly, the pattern of flight and pursuit changes. One of the chase boats begins veering toward the Cormack, an action that puzzles and excites the crew. They debate whether this new maneuver

is threatening or simply means that the Russians desire a face-to-face parley. Soon, however, they realize that the Russians' interest lies in the water, a large yellow pole and buoy marking its position. It is a dead sperm whale, probably killed the previous day and left while the Russians pursued others of its pod. Now a boat is being sent to pick up the carcass and tow it to the factory ship.

For a moment, the sight of the whale causes stunned disgust and anger aboard the Cormack and there is no thought of using its mutilated back as an altar for preaching the Gospel of ecology. Nor is there any time. The chase boat fastens a towline to the body and moves off in seconds and there is nothing left to do but try to revive the crew's spirits with some tunes from the musicians.

Since harvesting the dead whale has caused the Russians to slow down, the Cormack can now follow the chase boat at close range, remaining alongside at an even pace, so that the crews of each ship can clearly see and acknowledge each other. The Russian sailors look pleasantly befuddled by the appearance of the rainbow warriors and they laugh and wave as Gregory, Jackson and others sing about whales while Korotva shouts about their mission through a megaphone. However, as they near the factory ship, an officer appears on deck, the sailors stiffen and all gregariousness disappears from their manner. The whale is hoisted on a winch onto the Vostok, where the process of its reduction into commercial commodities immediately begins.

"The smell," Moore says sadly. "It's all there in that smell."

And, indeed, the odor emitted from the floating factory makes the Cormack back away, but it soon is again dogging the Russian boats as they move on to conclude the day's business.

That conclusion, which has most likely been transmitted to them by their sonar equipment, is a group of six sperm whales, which they and the Cormack sight at almost the same time. One of the attack boats immediately begins pulling ahead from its sister ships, and this abrupt action means it is time for the crew to seriously obstruct the killing. The Zodiacs are dropped over the side; Hunter and Watson leap into one and a camera team into another. They get off in a few seconds, skimming across the water at an angle that will cross in front of the whaler. While the camera boat hangs back, Hunter's gets directly ahead of the Russian's bow and then uses its superior speed to move off in a straight line toward the whales. It gets as close to the pod as possible, for the whales are now alert to the presence of danger and are moving with erratic, thrashing movements through the water. Each time their direction shifts slightly, the Zodiac shifts

with them, and the Russian chase boat, in turn, changes its course, so that the angle of pursuit and protection remains constant.

Then, with a comical breaking of the tension, the engine of Hunter's Zodiac stalls and the rubber boat, directly in the path of the oncoming ship, bobs helplessly up and down as Watson works furiously to restart the engine. Those watching from the Cormack are certain that the Russians will veer off their course at the last moment in order to avoid colliding with the Zodiac.

But Korotva thinks otherwise.

"They'll steam right over them," he says, and launches the last Zodiac with himself in it, an action he'd never intended taking, since, should he suffer an accident and capsize, he would most likely be hauled aboard the trawler and find himself back on Soviet territory, a prospect of special dangers to him.

Meanwhile, the captain of the Soviet ship is proving Korotva right. He stands solidly on the deck and observes his boat continue on a course that will bisect Hunter's Zodiac. An instant before the collision occurs, a small swell from the wake of the bow lifts the Zodiac out of the way of harm, but the miss has been a matter of inches. The Russian captain smiles down at Hunter as they pass each other. Hunter returns this sportive grin with a resigned shrug and a look that absolves the incident of its apparent callousness.

Korotva, however, is offering no absolution to anyone. Picking up Hunter in his Zodiac, he soon overtakes the Russians and is well on to approaching the whale pod when the harpoon gun is fired, sending its missile and the inch-thick steel-centered cable to which it's attached whistling over their heads. The harpoon enters and explodes in a female whale about 100 yards in front of the Zodiac, and the lethal cable comes down no more than ten feet to the right of it. The struck whale jerks, convulses and, after spouting great clotted streams of blood, rolls slowly over and dies. Korotva circles in his Zodiac back from the blood spreading through the water and the attack boat slows down almost to a stop, as though drained of its playful mood by the whale's death.

Then there is a sight that shames all that has gone before it. The male sperm of the pod, some 40 feet in length, breaches the water, lifting its entire body into the air as it twists to face the vessel that has killed its companion. It seems as if it might poise forever between water and sky, but then it re-enters its element with a sound and a turbulence that make one think the entire ocean is being cleaved. Its head raised in haughty, ferocious anger, it rushes toward its enemy, and during this charge, it seems that such

mightiness of purpose and size must be capable of venting just retribution on the offending ship. But the steel hull of the ship survives its blow and a second harpoon, fired at point-blank range, ends its life.

That evening, the Greenpeace crew is too dazed by what it has witnessed to think it has accomplished anything at all. Only gradually does it realize that what was recorded on film might ultimately achieve what could not be done in one dramatic confrontation. And, indeed, Marining's dispatches are no longer received with indifference. Wire services pick them up and television networks request film footage and interviews. When the Phyllis Cormack docks in San Francisco, reporters and cameras are waiting at the pier, and it suddenly seems to the Greenpeace crew that it has reason, after all, to celebrate, for it has delivered on its promise, even if that deliverance has entailed a greater expense of spirit than it has reckoned on. Even Captain John is caught up in the ebullient mood and affixes a feather to the seaman's cap he has worn into stained shapelessness during the voyage. Wives, girlfriends and even a grandmother of one of the crew are at the docks to welcome the rainbow warriors, who for a few days have a well-deserved lively port of call in San Francisco.

But their voyage is not over. They know how short the media's span of attention can be and they want to take advantage of this time in which everything they say will find an outlet. When it sails out of San Francisco, the Greenpeace V expedition is teeming with practical, hardheaded strategies. But one evening a rainbow seems to form its arc solely about the length of the Phyllis Cormack and Hunter, overjoyed at the sight, jumps naked into the water. He is persuaded back on board without much trouble, but this act softens the mood of the voyage, so that it again takes on some of its human contradictions and moments of humor.

The crew of Greenpeace V will not, in fact, meet the Russians again, but they will be greeted in port after port with the respect of fishermen and the affection of old and young believers in the defense of life, and they will be offered dinners, encouragement and even, on one occasion, a bottle of celebratory champagne. They will also, early one evening, encounter a group of orcas once described in a magazine article as being "cannibals" with "teeth the size of bayonets." The Greenpeace crew will bring out their flutes and they and the orcas will keep happy company together until the long summer twilight of the North Pacific ends.

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Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

was looking for a young woman to play a major part in his latest film, *Frauenstation* (the tentative English title is *Doctor's Dilemma*). Some 300 candidates had been tested without producing the right girl. Bernard called Lillian: She flew into Munich and performed in three of the crucial scenes from the movie. Thiele didn't even bother to develop the film but signed Lillian immediately. He told a reporter (roughly translated), "She will become at once very great with her wild talent."

Obviously, there is something about Lillian that defies translation. She radiates warmth, humor, intelligence and grace. As a Playmate, she charmed readers across the country. As a fledgling actress in her first film, she charmed an entirely different audience. Her performance as the wife of a doctor (played by Horst Buchholz) drew raves from her fellow actors. Stephen Boyd, who co-stars in *Frauenstation*, was unrestrained in his praise of Lillian. "I have had the pleasure of working with the top women in the motion-picture profession. Brigitte Bardot, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren, Elke Sommer, Raquel Welch. And I have the feeling that here is someone who can do what all of them did. She is Brigitte. She is Gina. She is Sophia. She is Elke. She is Raquel. She has the ability to hit heights that none of the others ever dreamed of. She's only 21, but she's right there. She's really exciting to watch."

Lillian is fast becoming the darling of the Continent since her debut in *PLAYBOY*. She has appeared on the covers of many of Europe's leading magazines. Her life has been rather hectic lately, as she commutes between film assignments in Europe and Playmate promotion appearances in the U.S. (Become a gatefold girl and see the world.) For someone who

(continued from page 133)

only two years ago was living in the tiny village of Kristiansand, Norway, Lillian seems remarkably at ease with the sudden attention. "As a Playmate, I had learned what it was like to stand before a camera. But acting is so much more challenging than modeling. It uses more of you. My first film gave me courage and confidence," she admits. "Everyone was so helpful, from the little people to the biggest stars. Smiling, friendly. The offer for the first film had come, how do you say, out of the sky? I had no real training. Before I flew to Europe to start filming, I had time for only two acting lessons at Lee Strasberg's Theater Institute in Hollywood. Strasberg says that relaxation is 80 percent of acting. Well, for the first two weeks on the set, I was very nervous. But I would come up to do a scene and everyone on the set would look so quiet and so patient. Nobody shouting. Just talking nice and saying, 'Come on, now, let's do it.' Some of the scenes were quite difficult. In one, I had to cry—naturally, without the onion, you know. Everything went all right. The four weeks I spent working on the film were the most fantastic weeks in my life. It was like discovering a new me. Now I'm hooked on movies. I want to be in as many pictures as possible. And not just beautiful or erotic faces. I would like to take off my make-up and show what I look like when I get up in the morning."

Even before she had finished filming *Frauenstation*, Lillian had signed a contract for a second film with director Thiele. In *Rosemary's Daughter*, the sequel to *Rosemary*, one of the most famous postwar German films (Luggi Waldleitner, who was *Rosemary's* producer, is also producing the sequel), Lillian plays the illegitimate offspring of

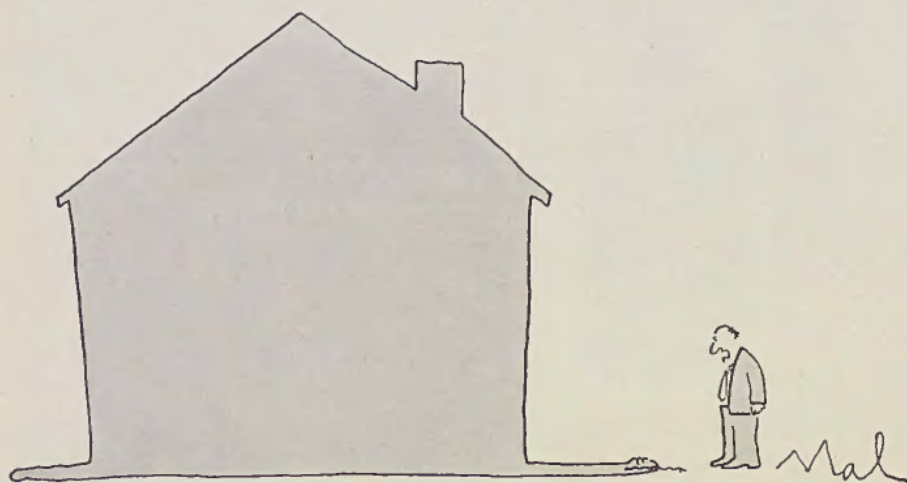
the woman who had been mysteriously murdered. Lillian sets out to find the killer and uncovers a Profumo-type scandal in the government. It's her first leading role and resulted from her Playmate appearance. "I love the role. Rosemary's daughter is sexy, worldly, curious. In short, very much like me. Also, I get to sing and dance in the movie, which should be fun."

Lillian is a frequent guest at Mansion West, where she has been meeting the luminaries of the film industry. "Being Playmate, and now Playmate of the Year, has been a catalyst in my life. I've been exposed to so many fine people; Hef shows two or three films a week and half of Hollywood attends the screenings. I can find out how the movies were made. I can also arrange private showings, which are a big help. I guess I'm a lot like everyone else; the first time I see a film I watch the action, the second time, the acting."

After she finishes her second German film, Lillian wants to do an American movie. Several offers are under consideration, but Lillian is being careful about choosing the right role. "I am afraid of being typecast as a sex kitten by American directors. I have been blessed with a beautiful body, but that's not enough. In Europe, an actress is valued for her ability to express a wide range of emotions. My favorite actresses—Sophia Loren, Liv Ullmann—are beautiful, not because they are pretty but because they are human. Some directors tend to use actresses as set decoration. I don't object to taking my clothes off in front of a camera, but it seems to me a waste of film if that's all I am allowed to do. If they want me to be sexy, there are better ways to be sexy."

Lillian has a good reason for wanting to work in an American movie: The drive from Mansion West to a Hollywood studio would be a lot shorter than the over-the-Pole flight to Europe. When that Hollywood role happens, Lillian will be able to take the drive in style. Among the many prizes she received for being Playmate of the Year was a luxurious BMW 530i automobile. But if she wants, she can leave the car at home and ride her new bike, a ten-speed AMF Roadmaster. Of course, then she'll have to find room for such items as her Panasonic hi-fi rig, her Sony color TV and her Crisloid deluxe backgammon set. But that's her problem.

Obviously, this is a lady to watch. Some women would be content with all the honors and recognition that go with the title Playmate of the Year, but for Lillian, it is just the beginning. She is carving out a career, and we are, to say the least, proud of her. Keep your eyes open, and in a few years, you may be able to say, "I knew her when. . ."



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CRAIG POWERPLAY

picture tube (continued from page 152)

depressed. What's more, with the exception of Baker, the clothes they wore were not nearly so stylish as those on the backs of the TV people. Newspapermen don't expect to be looked at.

Something similar was apparent at the [MORE] "counterconvention" in New York last year. [MORE] is a monthly magazine specializing in gossip about, and criticism of, the way journalists do their jobs. For four years now, invoking the name of the late A. J. Liebling, who wrote press criticism for *The New Yorker*, [MORE] has sponsored a convention supposedly "counter" to the establishmentarian meetings of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Last year, all manner of media honchos, mostly male and mostly pale, gathered at the Hotel Commodore to complain about the imperfections of the trade they slum in and to compare book contracts.

Wallace and Rather had to beat off the groupies with a stick. It was not that they were, necessarily, better reporters than David Halberstam or Nora Ephron or Bryce Nelson or Charlayne Hunter. But they were themselves occasions, events—importance made corporeal. So much of our consciousness consists of television images that to meet the embodiment of one of these images is somewhat like meeting what it is you think you know, the contents of your own head. You tingle. At the same time, you are aware of the fact that you are not in their stock of images. They have that advantage over you: an inviolate consciousness . . . pure beings of the ether.

A letter to the July issue of [MORE] informs us that two women reporters at the convention

sat down to await the start of a panel. A young man wearing staff insignia told them to get up. The seats, he said, were reserved for the panelists. After some discussion, the two intruders vacated the seats. Then Mike Wallace sat down. He was not a panelist and this was pointed out to the apparatchik.

The apparatchik replied: "I'm in awe of power. I don't tell Mike Wallace what to do. There are two kinds of people in this world: people you can push around and people you don't. It's as simple as that."

On the Fourth of July in San Francisco, there was something called a Media Burn. It was organized by the Ant Farm, a local collective of "conceptual artists." They piled 44 old TV sets on top of one another in the parking lot of the Cow Palace, soaked them with kerosene and applied a torch. An actor pretending to be John F. Kennedy made a speech. Then someone climbed behind the wheel of a rebuilt 1959 Biarritz

Cadillac, revved up and rammed the car into and through the wall of smoldering electrical detritus. Zowie. According to programs distributed before the event, onlookers were supposed to experience a "cathartic explosion" that would liberate them from the cultural tyranny of television. The conceptual artists—along with the network film crews they had invited to the Happening—recorded it all on video tape and then rushed home to see if their denunciation of TV would make the six-o'clock news. It is a nice existential point: We seem incapable of believing that we have actually done something until we see ourselves do it on television. Then it is "real." "Daddy," asked the little girl in the cartoon, "are we live or on tape?" Only Jack Ruby knows for sure.

Lionel Barrymore was . . . a great fan of *Time for Beany*. When Louis B. Mayer decided that television was a threat to the motion-picture industry and forbade sets on his Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio lot, Barrymore sent his chauffeur to a local bar to watch the show and report on the plot developments.

—*The Great Television Heroes*

I have been writing about television for eight years. Once I compared the medium to Jorge Luis Borges' concept of "the infinite." In *Avatars of the Tortoise*, Borges claims once upon a time to have longed to compile "a mobile history" of the infinite, which he describes as "the numerous Hydra (the swamp monster which amounts to a prefiguration or emblem of geometric progressions)."

Swamp monster seemed an appropriate simile for television, as mobile history seemed for hundreds of reviews, each no more than 750 words long. Borges gave up on his project because it would require too many years of "metaphysical, theological and mathematical apprenticeship." He settled instead for gnomish riddles, as I have settled here for anecdotes—arbitrarily, if not randomly, strung together.

Borges at least is taken seriously. TV reviewers are not. Learn a trade, says your mother; weave baskets, find God, sell Wacky Packs, eat your Marcusian Rice Krispies. You are unserious because you are powerless to alter events or to cloud men's minds. By the time your comment appears in print, the object of it will have vanished or, if it persists, millions of other people will also already have seen it and made up their own minds. If your reviews are read at all, it is by those who seek a confirmation, either of their own gut reaction to a new program or of their suspicion that you are a jerk. You can no more review

TV according to agreed-upon criteria than you can review politics or sports or old girlfriends—or compile a mobile history of the infinite. The lout on the next barstool also considers himself an expert.

But that is precisely the fascination. In writing about television, you are really writing about everything. Swamp monster isn't, after all, appropriate. TV is the sea we swim in. The trouble is that, like fish, we would be the last ones to notice that we were wet or to ask questions about the nature of *wetness*. Concluding his monumental three-volume history of broadcasting, Erik Barnouw remarks, "Five hours a day, 60 hours a week—for millions, television was merging with the environment. Psychically, it *was* the environment. What did all this mean?"

In fact, it's now up to six hours and eight minutes a day. That's how long the average set is on in the American home. Ninety-seven percent of American homes have at least one set. The average 16-year-old has clocked more time watching TV than he has spent in school. *TV Guide* outsells every other magazine on the nation's newsstands. Television is clearly more serious than venereal disease. And yet we go on breaking down this cultural phenomenon into individual components. We study violence, commercials, children's programing, news bias, situation comedy. Of *wetness*, we have only the dimmest of notions.

Theodore H. White, in his recently published book on the fall of Richard Nixon, *Breach of Faith*, at least gets the ball rolling!

One year before the [1952 Republican] convention opened, an event had exploded in American life comparable in impact to the driving of the Golden Spike, which, in 1869, tied America by one railway net from coast to coast. In September of 1951, engineers had succeeded in splicing together by microwave relay and coaxial cable a national television network; and two months later, late on a Sunday afternoon, November 18, 1951, Edward R. Murrow, sitting in a swivel chair in CBS Studio 41, had swung about, back to audience, and invited his handful of viewers (3,000,000 of them) to look. There before him were two television monitors, one showing the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, the other showing the Brooklyn Bridge in New York. The cameras flicked again—there was the Statue of Liberty in New York and Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. Both at the same time. Live. The nation was collected as one, seeing itself in a new mirror, on a 12-inch television tube. Murrow then swiveled back to the audience and



It comes as close to speaking for itself
as any car ever built.

Aggressive, unmistakable profile. Strong,
mellow, no-nonsense sound.
280-Z, by Datsun.

Its particulars bear out its promise. Under
the sculpted hood, an efficient 2800cc
overhead cam engine with computerized
fuel injection. The 6-cylinder plant has an
8.3:1 compression ratio for optimum
performance. The transmission is an all-
synchro manual 4-speed; an automatic
is available.

Perfection. Fuel injection.

Additional GT requisites include rack and
pinion steering. Power assisted front disc
brakes. 195/70 HR 14 steel belted radials.
Reclining bucket seats. AM/FM radio with
power antenna and electric rear window
defogger standard, of course.

The fuel injected Datsun 280-Z. 2-seater
or 4-seater. Commune with one.

The fuel injected
Datsun 280-Z

lifted his dark eyebrows in amusement, as if he were a magician performing a trick. . . .

And one realized this was no trick. On that tube, orchestrated by producers in New York, the battles of American politics would take place with ever increasing intensity; on its stage the emotions of America would be manipulated.

This is typical White—a fruitcake over which, with a heavy hand, the rum of foreboding has been poured. A disappointed romantic, he lapses into Spenglerianisms, gloomy odes. One of his many theses in *Breach of Faith* is that television, along with public-relations agencies, changed American politics for the worse. Symbol and slogan were substituted for substantive discussion. Well, yes, indeed, “the emotions of America would be manipulated,” as they had on the airwaves ever since Franklin D. Roosevelt’s fireside chats on radio in the Thirties. It is unclear to me why this method of engaging political reality, of influencing decisions, is inferior to the back-room deals that gave us as Presidents Pierce, Buchanan, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, two Harrisons, the on-again, off-again Cleveland, Taft, McKinley, Harding, Coolidge.

Such an argument is just a somewhat more elegant version of the apocalyptic nonsense advanced by Pat Buchanan, a recently disenfranchised Nixon Administration flunky who has found a home writing the “News Watch” column for *TV Guide*. According to Buchanan, TV news is undermining our democracy. Surveys show that since 1963, when the networks went to half-hour nightly programming, two thirds of the American people have come to rely on these programs as their principal source of information. Other surveys show that, during the past five years, more and more Americans have thought worse and worse of our Government, the business community, the legal profession, the Congress and our military forces. “What television journalism appears to be doing to the American body politic,” says Buchanan, “is to undermine the foundation of public confidence in our institutions, and induce a sense of bewilderment in the American electorate.”

Gosh. I’d suggest that more and more Americans think worse and worse of our Government because several Presidents have lied systematically to us on television, and one resigned before he could be impeached, and another pardoned *him* before he could be tried, and almost every agency of the Executive branch seems to have been used for partisan political purposes and/or to have participated in a cover-up of demonstrably illegal acts. We think worse of the business community because of its involvement in illegal campaign contributions,

bribery of public officials here and abroad, grain deals, assassinations and other ways of overthrowing foreign governments. We think worse of the legal profession because so many lawyers went directly from Watergate to jail. We think worse of Congress because it let the war go on and let the economy fall apart. (Oddly enough, respect for Congress went up during the televised proceedings of the Rodino committee, a survey it was not in Buchanan’s interest to mention, and so he didn’t.) We think worse of the military because it lost a war and gained a My Lai.

Of course, the networks brought us all this bad news, sometimes belatedly, as in the cases of Vietnam and Watergate. Therefore, the networks are apparently to blame for doing what most American newspapers have shamefully refused to do for years, which is to tell us what we need to know, whether or not we want to know it. As Garry Wills has pointed out, most newspapers in this country are in business to boost the community: publish ads for movies, restaurants, banks, department stores and retail grocers; provide comic strips, recipes, astrology columns and obituaries. Foreign news is buried, if it is printed at all. National news is hinted at in a couple of paragraphs ripped off a wire-service teletype.

The fact of the matter is that broadcasting—originally a child of the military (wireless, radar, etc.), then a creature of a huge economic consortium (A.T.&T., General Electric, Westinghouse, RCA), then a mindless conduit of advertisers and the agencies who packaged all their programs (the food, auto and cosmetics industries, those wonderful folks who gave you the quiz-show scandals)—has almost by accident achieved an independence from commercial and local pressures unknown to much of our free press. It is this independence, this adversary capacity, that has attracted the attention of those in Government who confuse communication with agitprop. “No other nation on earth,” says Buchanan, “tolerates the near unrestricted freedom or untrammelled power enjoyed by the national networks in the United States. And the position of these nations is a good deal more easy to appreciate today than ten years ago.” Near unrestricted freedom or untrammelled power is presumably the private property only of Presidents, and Presidential speechwriters who perpetrate phrases like more easy. General Amin of Uganda would appreciate this point of view, depending, of course, on the point in time.

Yes, Teddy White is more elegant, or, as Buchanan might put it, *elegant*. White deplores the emphasis on “style” that television has brought to politics. (Why, then, was Richard Nixon, an

almost totally styleless man, a fierce lump of Silly Putty, elected to the Presidency by the largest vote ever accorded a candidate for the office? To be sure, there were other factors. There are *always* other factors, which is why the “manipulation” of emotions antedates, coexists with and will outlast television.) He misses the larger point.

During the Sixties, as everybody by now is tired of hearing, our cultural coherence disintegrated. Whatever perceptions we held of ourselves as a people (sons of the Enlightenment, progressive, perfectible), whatever presumptions we indulged of our destiny as a nation (missionary of democracy, cop of the cosmos) took a brutal beating. There were bloody thumbprints of the irrational on every computer print-out. Our leaders couldn’t appear in public without getting shouted down or shot down. We couldn’t win a war against a bunch of little people in pajamas. Our children despised us and lost themselves in rock music, in the raptures and terrors of drugs, in dreams of blood; high-class, middle-class, working-class, they were all long-hairs—we couldn’t see their ears, and if they hadn’t any ears, how could they hear the eternal verities? High culture was routed in the academy. Popular culture turned to savage parody. The blacks stopped wanting any part of us. Women got uppity. Gays came loudly out of the closet. Athletes behaved like ingrates. Home-grown monks appeared on street corners peddling the nostrums of the East. Movies were dirty and the theater was abusive and even our astronauts were on the take.

We saw all this on television, and we saw something else, too. With the Presidency imperial in its arrogance, the Congress sluggish and deaf, the courts choked and confused, we saw the disaffected, the powerless, the outraged, the supplicatory and the spat upon petitioning the media, instead of the Government, for redress of grievance. It was, and is, extraordinary—a babel of victimization. See our faces, hear our voices. Even the oil companies, feeling misunderstood and unfairly blamed for the energy crisis, are doing it, sending out junior executives who have been trained before U.H.F. cameras to propagandize on talk shows. Television, these petitioners quite rightly believe, represents access to the consciousness of the nation. The nation may not like what it sees—it certainly didn’t care for the McGovern convention, for instance, nor was it much moved by the various invasions of TV studios by militant homosexuals during “live” news programs—but it watches. What the nation *knows* is what is on TV. I submit that television is our culture, the only coherence we have going for us, naturally the repository of our symbols, the attic of old histories and



"Yeah, but where are they when you need one?"

hopes, the hinge on the doors of change. We may not believe our President, our Senators, our novelists, the deans of our universities, the ministers in our pulpits, the children sullen or surly in our living rooms. Jane Fonda, Robert Altman, Bill Buckley, Wilt Chamberlain or Melvin Belli. But we are more likely than not to agree with Jack Paar when he said, "I am not a religious man, but I do believe in Walter Cronkite."

Nor is this interpenetration, or consubstantiation, of American culture and television limited to the news programs. The situation comedy is nothing less than a socializing agency, as the family and the public school system are supposed to be: The sitcom, after a lot of thrashing about with events and personalities, instructs the members of its "family"—and the rest of us—on appropriate behavior, helps them internalize the various decencies, define the wayward virtues, modulate peevish, legislate etiquette, compromise the ineffability of self with the clamors of peer groups.

In the Fifties, that flabby decade, the sitcom proposed as a paradigm the incompetent father, the dizzy mother, the innocent child. In the Sixties, it proposed the incompetent father, the dizzy mother, the innocent child, war as a fun thing and young women with supernatural powers (witch, genie, magical nanny, flying nun) who could take care of their men and their children, look cute and never leave the house. In the Seventies, it proposes the incompetent father, the dizzy mother, the innocent child—all sitting around discussing abortion, infidelity, impotence, homosexuality, drug addiction and death—and the career girl (have talent, need sex). The inability of the American father to lace up the shoes of his own mind without falling off his rocker has been constant, perfectly reflecting and perpetuating our cultural expectations.

If the sitcom is a socializing agency, the talk show is a legitimizing agency. Ed Sullivan for 23 years used to be our legitimizing agency. His was the power of sanction. He advised us on what was permissible. He authenticated celebrity, significance. Without his stamp—right here on our stage—the package hadn't really arrived, whether it was a mayor of New York, a heavyweight champion, an all-American football player, a beauty queen or Elvis Presley. When he closed up shop in 1971, it was almost as if he realized that another legitimizing agency had usurped his function: Johnny Carson. Carson now presides over our consciousness. He sits, a toad with a jeweled eye, on our nights as though they were lily pads, croaking ad lib, conferring celebrity, defining the permissible. When Carson started making Watergate jokes, Nixon was done for: It was *all right* to make fun of the President. When he alluded to a toilet-paper shortage, the

nation hoarded. When he left New York for Burbank, New York fell apart.

As it dimly perceives our needs as a nation, television tinkers with itself to accommodate and nurture. A nation cannot afford to lose its children and, therefore, television gave us *Mod Squad*, *The Young Lawyers*, *Storefront Lawyers*, John-Boy Walton, *Little House on the Prairie*. A nation cannot afford the secession of 25,000,000 citizens, even if their citizenship has been but partially and grudgingly conceded, and so television gave us Diahann Carroll (*Julia*), Bill Cosby (*I Spy*) and Flip Wilson (the first male TV star since Milton Berle regularly to wear a dress), and—when they didn't work, it gave us *Sanford and Son*, *Good Times*, *The Jeffersons* and a lot of black detectives, private and public. A nation cannot afford offending and alienating women with brains who do real work, and so television gave us, instead of cutie-pie housewife witches, magical nannies, flying nuns and dreamed-of genies, a Mary Tyler Moore, a Diana Rigg, a Valerie Harper, a Karen Valentine, a Cloris Leachman and *Police Woman*. If two Kennedys were killed off, Hal Holbrook as a *Bold One* would be born and then be borrowed later on to suggest that homosexuals can have Meaningful Relationships. If the institution of marriage was in disrepute, *Rhoda* would do the rehabilitating and the nation would weep with joy for the first time since *I Love Lucy* had a baby in prime time.

In addition, television creates style as much as it records it. Crybabyism was perfect for the Fifties, from Nixon with his Checkers speech to Jack Parr and his fat daughter to Charles Van Doren and Dave Garroway sob-ridden at what President Eisenhower called "a terrible thing to do to the American public"; that is, cheating. The Sixties, as Teddy Kennedy found out after he tried to explain Chapquiddick on television to an unbelieving public, required something more than squeezing your sincerity like a lemon. TV in the Sixties found it in the style of the media brat. The media brat could be political, like Abbie Hoffman, or commercial, like Mason Reese, but was more likely to be sporty, like Muhammad Ali, Mark Spitz and Jimmy Connors. They are, arguably, the best prize fighter, swimmer and tennis bum in the world. Yet there is something inauthentic about their image on the TV screen and they seem to know it—something pinched in the face, something ungenerous in the eyes, a lack of conviction about themselves as actors, for which they try to compensate by antics and strenuous gesturing. It is a quality of seeming not quite to believe the celebrity conferred on you, so young, by the camera; a fidgety smugness takes over; what if, when the red light

blinks off, you cease to exist? The media brats are the new heavies; most of the nation roots for them to lose. They are the children of our watching, and our own children imitate them, and they must be punished.

What are we doing when we watch the Super Bowl each January on television, with a half time full of star-spangled leotards, lunar modules, SAC bombers in friendly overflight, prisoners of war, the obligatory black singing the obligatory anthem and the obligatory Vice-President biting the nose of Pete Rozelle? What does it mean when we celebrate the rising of the national sappiness each spring by watching the Academy Awards? Are both of them exhibition games to prepare for the Bicentennial, when we will bestow a championship cup, an Oscar, on ourselves?

What we are doing and what it means are both aspects of the same activity and significance that attaches to our rapt watching of a Kennedy or a Martin Luther King funeral cortege, an Apollo lift-off, the Olympics with or without the murder of Israeli athletes, Armstrong walking on the moon, a President in China or a President resigning, the world series. We are participating with ourselves as a nation. There is really no other way to participate, given the state of the family, the church, the town, the state, the arts. When there is an assassination or a Cuban Missile Crisis, or the Beatles appear on the Sullivan show, or Joe McCarthy takes on the American Army and loses, or Joe Namath takes on the National Football League and wins, or Kennedy plays Nixon in the Great Debates and Billie Jean King plays Bobby Riggs in the Great Hustle, wherever we are, we turn on the set and watch, because that is what we will talk about tomorrow, that is what we know, that is one of the few things of which we will be certain.

Fragmented, mobile, restless, dispersed, we are nomads on an industrial grid. We get in our cars and go. But when we get there, where are we, and what did we leave behind? With our TV sets, we are one big *Mary Hartman*, *Mary Hartman* wherever we happen to be, hearing the same messages, commercials for the salvation of the soul and floor wax. Television is another kind of car, a windshield on the world. We climb inside it, drive it, and it drives us, and we all go in the same direction, see the same thing. It is more than a mobile home; it is a mobile nation. It has become, then, our common language, our ceremony, our style, our entertainment and anxiety, our sympathetic magic, our way of celebrating, mourning, worshiping. It's flimsy glue, but for the moment it's the only thing holding us together.

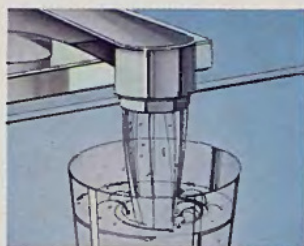
Why is Tareyton better? Others remove.



Tareyton improves.

The Reason is Activated Charcoal

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.



As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

Charcoal: History's No. 1 filter

Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.



Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!

Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.



Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.



Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.



Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced...but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



"...That's why
us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight
than switch."



**Tareyton is America's
best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



YOU LUCKY DOG

God knows, the English have this thing about animals. So much so, in fact, that one veddy British firm, Denes of England Ltd., is currently expanding its line of pet health foods to America. (Twenty-five cents sent to Denes at Box 92, East Rutherford, New Jersey 07073, will get you a complete brochure.) Products include dietary supplements made from raspberries, parsley, water cress, tree bark, garlic, green leaf and seaweed. Now, how about a doggy bicarb?



GETTING GOOD RECEPTION

Think you've heard everything? There's a gentleman in Philadelphia named John Quillin who makes electronic receptionist heads (in the image of your choice) for \$3000. Each 15-inch-high head moves its mouth and eyes, notifies you when someone enters the room, asks the visitor to have a seat—or whatever you choose—and then takes messages. (Full figures sell for \$10,000.) Quillin's latest head is on display at The Electric Gallery, 24 Hazelton Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. No, it doesn't polish its nails.

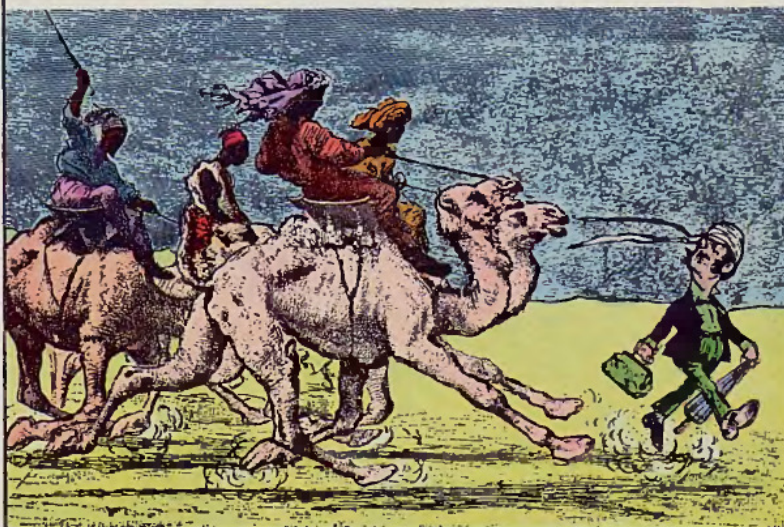
SHE'S OUR (BLOOD) TYPE

Vampirella, the comic-book industry's "beautiful blood-lusting girl from the stars," does a bit of starring herself in a full-length motion picture due later this year from England's Hammer Films, leading entrepreneur of cinematic horror. The fact that the title role will be filled, amply, by Barbara Leigh (who was featured in the May 1973 *PLAYBOY*) should make us all suckers for this film fare.



THE LONG-GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA

For those of you with a yen to see East Africa like some *bwana* from a Hemingway story might, Hanns Ebensten Travel at 55 West 42nd Street in Manhattan is offering a \$2350 (not including air fare), 17-day walking/camel safari through Kenya's Northern Frontier. While foot-loose, you'll see the dik-dik and the elephant play, explore Mount Bysion, home of the kudu, and chew the fat with friendly natives. Hope that fat is nobody we know.





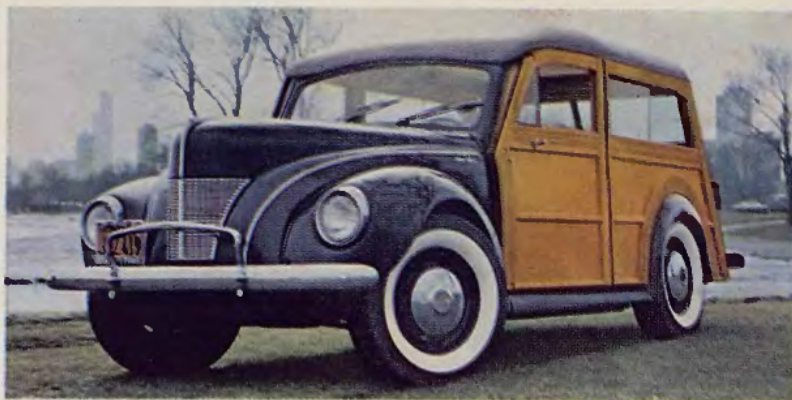
TAKING OVER THE TOWN

Yes, friend, now you can be the first on your block to own a town. Coming up for auction by Kruse Classic Auction Company of Auburn, Indiana, is something called Frontier Town, an actual place 15 miles from Helena, Montana, that was virtually hand-built over 20 years by a guy named John Quigley. The town includes a saloon, a jail, a church and hundreds of authentic relics of a bygone era. Just think, one day you're mayor, the next, sheriff, then prisoner. . . .



SHEEPSKIN GAME

Wouldn't it be nice if you could get a college degree without having to put up with all those years of boring education? Find out how you can in a soft-cover book called *College Degrees by Mail*, from John Bear, Drawer H, Little River, California 95456 (\$15). Buckner University, for example, offers a "strikingly handsome Degree Certificate" for only \$27.50. Boola-boola and *caveat emptor*.



WAGON MASTER

The Beach Boys had a '34 wagon and they called it a woodie. Paul Wilson has an auto business at 2455 N. Sheffield in Chicago and he calls it Miniwoodie. Yes, little wood runabouts resembling tiny '40 Ford wagons (underneath all that gorgeous ash and birch, there lurks a used VW) that Wilson is selling for \$3200 to \$4000 ready to go and including a sun roof. Kit prices start at \$995. Surf City, here we come.



THE BIGFOOT STOMP

If you think most rock lyrics are so much gibberish, wait until you hear *Bigfoot Sounds Off*, an LP available from Apollo Galleries, Box 81, Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071, for \$5.95. Bigfoot, as if you didn't already know, is the gigantic manlike creature said to live deep in the forests of Northern California and the Pacific Northwest. Now, for the first time ever, sounds attributed to several Bigfoot creatures have been captured on tape for your listening pleasure—plus info on how the record was made (four persons witnessed the performance). Stay tuned for the second album: *Bigfoot Does the Bossa Nova*.

INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT

The CIA may have supported a few wrong dictators, and it may have spied on a few of the wrong folks back home, but don't let anyone tell you it doesn't know its ass when it comes to weapons. If you get off on thumbing through lists of same, \$5.95 will now get you a copy of the CIA Special Weapon Supply Catalog, from Normount Technical Publications, P. O. Drawer N-2, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358. It's got the dope on all kinds of stuff, from antitank mines to document destroyers. Of course, you can't get hold of the hardware, but just running your fingers over the pictures ought to be a thrill.



SEX IS GOOD (continued from page 156)

two weeks, his testosterone gradually fell to its previous level—indicating that if you are a rhesus monkey and want to keep your testosterone level high, you have to keep working at it.

During the seventh week of the experiment, Quid was transferred to another compound—this one occupied by a tightly knit social group of 30 male rhesus monkeys with no females. "The response of the resident males was dramatic. Within minutes, they challenged and attacked the male [Quid] who had just been introduced." The Yerkes staff had to intervene to break up prolonged fights and prevent serious injury to Quid. In less than two hours, it was necessary for his protection to remove him from the compound and return him to his own cage.

During the first two weeks of the experiment, Quid's blood had contained about 750 units of testosterone. During his two weeks of sexual freedom, his testosterone reached a peak of nearly 1750 units. Following his "brief but decisive exposure to defeat," it fell to barely 300 units—less than half the base-line level. And it continued to drop—to less than 200 units after nine weeks of caged isolation. Quid was now suffering from a severe testosterone deficiency.

How could this deficiency be cured? One way, of course, would be to give Quid a series of testosterone injections or oral anabolic steroids—but Rose, Gordon and Bernstein instead simply set Quid free again to romp with the 13 females in their compound.

"Twenty-four hours after [Quid was] introduced to the females, testosterone showed significant increases," Rose and his associates reported. Then Quid's testosterone soared to a new high—from less than 200 units after nine weeks of isolation following his defeat to almost 2000 units after four days of unimpeded swinging.

The Yerkes researchers put three other rhesus males through the same series of procedures. The same rises and falls in testosterone levels, with only modest variations, resulted in all cases.

Rose and his associates point out that their experimental results can be interpreted in more than one way. When admitted to the compound with the females, Quid and the three other males each became, in turn, the *dominant* member of the group—the "Alpha male." Later, in the compound with 30 hostile males, Quid and the others cringed at the bottom of the dominance hierarchy. It is conceivable that their testosterone rose and fell as a result of their dominance status rather than as a result of their sexual arousal and sexual experiences. Rises in testosterone levels, however, have also been reported following sexual intercourse in rabbits,

elephants and bulls—with no dominance change to explain the rise. In some male animals, testosterone goes up when they are merely permitted to *look* at a female in heat, with no social interaction or sexual access to her.

How about humans?

As early as 1967, the effect of sexual intercourse on human testosterone levels was studied by Drs. A. A. A. Ismail and R. A. Harkness in Edinburgh. Two of the males Ismail and Harkness studied were of particular interest.

One refrained from sexual intercourse for 18 weeks before the experiment started. He continued to refrain for the first 13 days of the experiment, during which all of his urine was collected and tested in 24-hour batches. During the next eight days, he had sexual intercourse four times. Following these sexual encounters, his daily collection of urine contained nearly twice as much testosterone as before.

The other research subject had no sex for seven weeks before the experiment began. His average urinary testosterone rose similarly following a period of moderate sexual activity (two sexual encounters five days apart).

Another human study was performed by an associate of Ismail's, Dr. C. A. Fox. The Fox experiment was performed on "a male subject aged 38 who has been married for 11 years and has four children" and who had had "considerable experience in experiments involving the physiology of coitus."

Each night at ten P.M., for 45 consecutive nights, the subject's wife drew a small blood sample from his forearm vein. Each blood sample was centrifuged within half an hour to separate the blood plasma from the cells; the plasma was then frozen and stored until testosterone tests could be run in the endocrinological laboratory. These plasma samples were the control samples.

During the 45 days of the experiment, the research subject had sex with his wife on seven occasions. "Sexual intercourse took place by desire and was not the result of advanced planning. . . . The duration of coitus was 15–30 minutes."

During each sexual encounter, the man interrupted coitus before his climax so that his wife could draw a blood sample. She also drew a second sample within five minutes after his orgasm. On every occasion, the blood samples taken during and shortly after coitus contained more testosterone than the control sample.

On one occasion, for example, the control sample contained 216 units of testosterone, while the sample taken after orgasm contained 507 units. On another occasion, the control level was 253 units, compared with 599 units after orgasm.

To confirm these findings, Fox ran a

parallel series of tests six months later.

The subject was somewhat more active sexually during this second period; he had intercourse with his wife on 11 occasions in six weeks. The findings confirmed the initial study: Sexual intercourse raises male testosterone levels in the human species as it does in monkeys, bulls, rabbits and elephants.

Sexual arousal *without* coitus or orgasm also raises human testosterone levels. This was demonstrated at the Max Planck Institute for Psychiatry in Munich, where Drs. Karl M. Pirke and Gotz Kockott, with an associate, Franz Dittmar, invited 16 healthy heterosexual males aged 21 to 34 to look at some movies. Eight of the men, selected at random from the 16, were shown an animated cartoon without sexual content. The other eight viewed a color film in three parts. "In the first part, the two partners are shown petting and undressing, in the second part foreplay and face-to-face coitus are shown and in the third part are shown foreplay and coitus in various positions."

The penis of each male was fitted with a device called a plethysmograph, which measures the duration and intensity of erections. The plethysmographic records demonstrated that all eight of the men in group A—the ones who watched the porn film—experienced full erections during portions of the film.

Much more important than the plethysmographs were the catheters inserted into the forearm veins of the 16 film viewers. Through these catheters, blood samples were drawn every 15 minutes—beginning 45 minutes before the films were shown and continuing for two hours after the showings were completed. Thus, Pirke's team could compare blood testosterone levels before, during and after the films—and compare the sexually stimulated men in group A with the unstimulated group B controls.

As might be expected, the control subjects, who watched the cartoon, showed no significant variation in testosterone. The testosterone levels of the eight men who watched the porn film, however, rose on the average by 35 percent, even though two of the men showed no increase. Three members of the group showed dramatic increases—76 percent in one case, 64 percent in another and 54 percent in the third. Testosterone levels continued to rise even after the film was over—reaching a peak 60 to 90 minutes after the end of the porn film.

No theater, so far as we know, has as yet posted a sign on its marquee: PORN FILMS ARE GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH. But the Munich findings suggest that a good porn film contributes at least as much to maintaining a strong body as a modest dose of an anabolic steroid manufactured by any of the big pharmaceutical houses.

For generations, young males in our

culture—and in Asian cultures as well—have been cautioned to avoid “sexual excesses,” lest they ruin their health. Mahatma Gandhi refrained from coitus altogether for many years in order to conserve his resources. Medical folklore warns of the “worn-out old roué,” whose early enjoyment of life has left him a decrepit sexual cripple, prematurely aged, a prey to many degenerative diseases. Even today, there are men in their 20s, 30s and 40s who restrain themselves sexually lest they deplete their powers.

The studies here reviewed confirm what perceptive observers have always known: The worn-out roué is a figment of the antisexual imagination. The vigorous old man who still enjoys abounding good health (and good sex) is the one who also enjoyed himself in youth, young manhood and middle age—and who thus kept his testosterone level high.

The raising of testosterone levels is not, obviously, the only way in which an active sex life contributes to good health. It just happens to be the only way that has to date been carefully examined scientifically. Here are some other considerations affecting both men and women:

- Many doctors agree that by improving our mood and relieving psychic tensions, sex makes us less vulnerable to the numerous aches, pains and more serious health impairments that are commonly labeled psychosomatic or functional; that

is, arising from emotional stress, depression or other psychological factors.

- “Sexual intercourse,” Dr. Neil Solomon of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine points out, “is an excellent form of exercise.” An ideal exercise should require no special equipment, should make use of as many bodily muscles as possible, should enable you to improve with practice, should be something you enjoy and that you can do with another person—and it should be something you can continue throughout your life. Sex fills the order.

- Sex provides a valuable combination of stimulation and relaxation. During sexual activity, blood pressure and pulse rate rise, much as they do when we take a walk or climb a flight of stairs—then promptly return to quiet resting levels. It is precisely this sequence of stimulation and relaxation that is generally considered conducive to good health.

- Many athletes report that sex the night before a big game helps them get a good night's sleep and lowers excess tensions—both important contributions to good health. Casey Stengel agreed. “It wasn't the catchin' that caused the problem for athletes,” he is supposed to have said, “it was the chasin'.”

- Married men and women live significantly longer on the average than those who are single, widowed or di-

vorced; that sexual activity plays a role in this greater longevity seems likely, though it isn't proved.

On the other hand, it's also pretty obvious that abstinence from sexual activity is not necessarily a cause of poor health. Many monks, nuns and other celibates, for example, enjoy abounding good health and live into their 70s and 80s. Perhaps they have found other forms of stimulation and relaxation to take the place of sex; or perhaps freedom from many of the stresses of life compensates for the absence of sexual release.

Estrogen is the natural female sex hormone, resembling testosterone in numerous respects. It is chemically related to testosterone; and it plays much the same role in inducing female puberty that testosterone plays in male puberty. Just as testosterone is manufactured in the male gonads (testes), so estrogen is manufactured in the female gonads (ovaries). And, like testosterone, estrogen is an anabolic steroid that serves a variety of functions related to maintaining good health.

What *isn't* known, however, is whether sexual arousal and sexual activity raise female estrogen levels in the way in which they raise male testosterone levels. Our hunch is that they do. It's high time somebody found out.



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DEATH CROSSES THE COLOR LINE

(continued from page 130)

and some windows. They looted stores, touched off a riot in which police killed a 17-year-old boy. Cops moved in, plucked King and Ralph Abernathy and others out of the melee and took them to the fashionable Rivermont Motel. (During the recent revelations of FBI harassment of King, we found that the bureau discussed leaking the news that King was staying in a white establishment, to embarrass him. In turn, one of Ray's attorneys has speculated that the FBI really wanted to drive King out of the Rivermont to the Lorraine, where he could be more easily killed.) Anyway, things were more volatile than ever. Could King come back for a second march if they'd cool off the kids? King again agreed. They'd march on Friday, April fifth. Thus it was that King returned to Memphis from Atlanta on April third, and checked into the black-owned Lorraine Motel. Lots of people knew it, what with the TV and radio coverage. The next day, he was shot outside room 306.

The physical evidence proves no more than that Ray was involved in King's assassination—something he has admitted, asserting, "I personally did not shoot Dr. King, but I believe I may be partly responsible for his death." Furthermore, other evidence—which Ray's 1969 guilty plea (forced out of him by his lawyer, he says) prevented from being tried in a court—suggests a conspiracy as much as it does a lone killer. But in either case, King was at the Lorraine on April fourth. Where was Ray?

For a time, less than 300 feet away, in a rooming house on Main Street. The room—5B, in the north section of the double building—was a flophouse special featuring a chipped iron bedstead arched at each end like a leer. On the bed was the April fourth edition of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*. In it was a report of King's speech the previous night, of his vow to march, and more, of an incandescent prophecy. "Some began to talk about the threats that were out, of what would happen to me from some of our sick white brothers. . . . Well, I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days ahead. But it really doesn't matter with me now. Because I've been to the mountaintop!" Then his people heard him say, "Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now," and then on, his voice building, until he shouted, his broad face varnished with sweat: "So I'm happy tonight. I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!" The adulation washed over him. It must temporarily have cleansed him of the fear he'd recently admitted to close associates and friends, the fear that festered with every

threat on his life since the first attempt in 1958, with every confrontation, with the fact of his surveillance by the FBI (and by the Memphis police, even now, as he spoke and, at the motel, from a fire station across the street). He may also have shed for the moment his correct suspicions that J. Edgar Hoover's animosity had led to illegal wire taps, to a letter suggesting that he commit suicide, to the gossip spread about his alleged sexual misbehavior.

All that is sure, though, is that the next day anyone in room 5B could push aside the gold-and-green-flowered plastic curtain and see the balcony fronting room 306 at the Lorraine. Ray may have looked there, for certainly he was in the room at times between 3:30 and 5:30 P.M. on April fourth. However, no one would have taken a shot at King from that window. You'd have to lean halfway out for any sort of accuracy. But there was a bathroom next door to 5B. From it, a man could get a clear diagonal shot across the weedy, bushy back yards and Mulberry Street, if he could get the rifle out the window and stand in the cratered bathtub, with one foot up on the edge of it. And if he weren't interrupted. In this rooming house, the toilet got a lot of use, as it does in places inhabited by heavy drinkers. One such, named Charles Quitman Stephens, lived directly next door, in 6B. Charley had seen Ray around 3:30 on the afternoon of the fourth, he later said, and he'd gone out into the hall when Mrs. Bessie Brewer, the manager, was showing that fellow 5B after he'd rejected a room without a view of the Lorraine. He told police and newsmen that he could also identify Ray as the neat, "sharp-faced" man whom he'd seen in the failing twilight running down the hall after the shot, carrying a bundle, running, he thought, from the bathroom, which had been locked at different times between 3:30 and the shooting. Oddly, his common-law mate, Grace Walden, said Charley had to be wrong, that the running man she'd seen through her doorway looked nothing like Ray and that Charley didn't see the man until he was clear down the hall, rounding the corner for the stairs.

Could it have been Ray? No one denies he *was* in the rooming house. Or that he had with him a .30-'06 Model 760 Remington Gamemaster slide-action rifle fitted with a Redfield 2 x 7 telescopic sight. About four o'clock, he'd bought a pair of Bushnell 7 x 35 binoculars at the York Arms Company a half mile away, perhaps for observing King. And the binoculars, along with the rifle (one spent casing in the chamber and *none* in the four-shot clip), several other .30-'06 cartridges, including five military rounds, a green-and-brown bedspread, a Browning rifle cardboard box, a 15" x 20" blue-

plastic overnight case filled with toiletries, a white T-shirt (size 42-44), a pair of darned gray-and-white-paisley undershorts (size 34), a transistor radio, two cans of Schlitz, a pair of pliers, a tack hammer and *The Commercial Appeal* make up the famous "bundle of evidence" that Ray is said to have dropped in the doorway of the Canipe Amusement Company on Main Street after the fatal shot.

Ray—or, more properly, Ray as John Willard, the name he'd given Mrs. Brewer—also was in the bathroom. His palm print, the police said, was on the wall above the bathtub, where he'd leaned to get into the tub to take the shot. The scuffmarks of shoes were clearly visible in the tub, too, and there were identifiable Ray fingerprints on the rifle and scope. In room 5B, the FBI picked up fibers from the bedspread, as well as hair samples, the straps from the binocular case and other bits of physical evidence proving that Ray had been there.

Altogether, the weight of physical evidence against Ray seemed convincing. A week after the killing, the police and the FBI even found his 1966 white Mustang in Atlanta, loaded with clothes, a Polaroid camera and even a white sheet. The car was said to have been parked by Canipe's when King was killed. Ray was said to have used it to escape, driving from Memphis to Atlanta, before abandoning it in favor of a bus to Cincinnati, a train to Detroit, then on to Toronto, Montreal, a plane to London, then to Lisbon and back to London, where he was caught in June 1968. Authorities would prove it was Ray's car, after they proved it was Galt's and that Galt was Ray. Establishing that could not convict Ray, however, since he once affirmed he had purchased the car. Moreover, that indefatigable assassination researcher Harold Weisberg—a main force behind recent efforts to secure Ray a new trial—believes he has evidence showing puzzling things about the car. For example, it was almost bare of fingerprints, although there were several of Ray's left in Memphis. There were cigarette butts in the ashtray, but Ray didn't smoke. There was mud on the passenger's side, but Ray was supposedly alone. There was a white sheet on the back seat and some of the clothes didn't fit Ray. As we'll see in tracing alternate explanations for the crime, these items could be important.

But, to return to the car, it was odd that no all-points bulletin had been issued to stop a white Mustang. Guy Canipe said he had watched one roar past his door after he'd seen someone drop the bundle. The Tennessee State Police said they never got a request for an A.P.B., and the Memphis police said that was because they had no proof the "young white male, well dressed," in the white Mustang had killed King, even though, yes, they had at 6:08 broadcast a local



*"You've got it all wrong, baby. I'm taking you
home to cook, clean and sew!"*

Police said that was a schoolboy prank and had come too late (at 6:35 p.m.) to be part of a conspiracy. It was interesting, though, that the broadcast diverted attention from the southern routes out of Memphis, which Ray admitted he took.

Besides the fingerprints and the car pointing to him, eyewitnesses identified Ray as the man who, on March 29 in Birmingham (fresh from Los Angeles via New Orleans, Selma, Birmingham and Atlanta), had purchased a .243 Remington Gamemaster, had ordered it fitted with a 2 x 7 variable-power scope, had bought some cartridges and had given his name and address as Harvey Lowmyer, 1807 South 11th Street, Birmingham. The next day, though, Lowmyer took the rifle back to the Aeromarine Supply Company and asked for a heavier one, a .30-'06, because his "brother" had said the .243 wasn't big enough for the hunting they planned to do in Wisconsin. The clerk, Don Wood, gave Lowmyer the same Remington model in a .30-'06, fitted it with the

scope, exchanged cartridges and put everything into a Browning rifle box, because the scope made the rifle too wide for the Remington box. Lowmyer seemed grateful, Wood said. So was the FBI, since through the rifle and Wood they could identify Lowmyer, Galt, Willard and Ray as the murderer, because hadn't that .30-'06 killed King?

James Earl Ray was the kind of man for whom Martin Luther King spoke. Poor. Pissed off. Imprisoned in a world he never made. From the beginning on March 10, 1928, until now, in the Tennessee State Prison, Ray's life taught him to get before you're gotten. His father was a shiftless sort, a menial laborer, good mostly for siring nine children with Ray's hapless mother before leaving her so she could complete an ugly ruin with alcohol. The Ray children grew up in an agony of embarrassment and poverty. Eventually, Jimmy and his brothers Jerry and John became criminals. One sister was mentally ill. Even so, as a teenager, Jimmy Ray seemed to have a nail-hanging hold on America's vertical mobility. He learned the leather-dyeing trade in Alton, Illinois, and was neat, shy with girls, polite, reliable and frugal as hell. Then, when World War Two ended, he lost that job and six weeks later joined the Army (on the enlistment form, he said

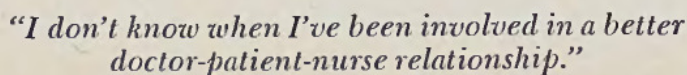
his father was dead). After basic, he became an MP in Germany (and, some say, admired the defeated Hitler's racial policies), an occupation that didn't inhibit considerable boozing, a little dope, lots of fighting and trouble. In December 1948, Ray was discharged for "lack of adaptability to military service."

From then until he was arrested for the King murder, Ray was a Sammy Glick of the nether world, scrambling for all he was worth. If he ever heard anything like the messages of peace and brotherhood coming from a black Baptist minister and his son Martin in Atlanta, his 20-year record of petty crime does not show it.

If Ray shot King, it was a complete break from his history of smalltime thievery. King was killed by a rifle bullet. In his stick-ups, Ray had sometimes brandished a pistol, but he'd never fired it. After his escape from the Missouri penitentiary, he carried a pistol, was captured with one on him. But, other than in his Army basic training 22 years before, there's no evidence that he used a rifle. Why would he choose one to kill King? It's been suggested that in prison, Ray was entranced by Oswald's feat, that maybe he went to school on it and decided on a long-range murder for a troublemaker he hated. George McMillan, a writer whose forthcoming book assumes Ray's guilt, quotes men in stir with Ray as saying he was rabid about "Martin Luther Coon" and vowed to get him. McMillan also claims Ray's brother Jerry said that Jimmy, who often contacted Jerry after his escape, was wild for Wallace and that on the morning of King's assassination, he got a call during which Jimmy said, "Big Nigger has had it." (Jerry has denied this statement.) McMillan further says that Ray financed his postescape peregrinations with money made in prison and sent outside to Jerry, about \$7000 in all.

How much of this is incontrovertible? The escape itself—Abernathy thinks “Ray may have been let loose” to kill King—*was* peculiarly successful for Ray. He hid in a box carrying loaves of bread, was trucked outside the walls and then left the truck (the authorities put out a routine \$500-reward leaflet, but it had someone else’s fingerprints on it—another detail that suggested to some that Ray had been let out, maybe that he wasn’t supposed to be caught). But other attempts hadn’t gone so well.

Convicts at the Missouri penitentiary this writer has interviewed said Ray was laughable in those adventures, once playing the "mole" and hiding in ventilators, only to crawl out hours later into a guard's arms. Another time, he tried to scale a wall with a pole but fell back into the yard and hurt himself. (After the King affair, when Ray was finally transferred out of solitary in Nashville to the





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enjoyment. I've
tasted it.**

In lots of places. In lots of ways.
Salem's one of them. The rich tobacco
taste, the fresh menthol and the box.
That's enjoyment you can taste.

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

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

maximum-security Brushy Mountain prison, he again tried to escape. This time he hid in a steam tunnel and got scalded out; he had picked the wrong tunnel—the other one in the yard led outside.) As for his wheeling and dealing at Missouri, one fellow inmate said, "He was the kind of guy who'd bring in ten dollars' worth of dope and sell it for twenty. This is while some guys are making ten grand a year in pills." Other convicts have said Ray made plenty.

Was Ray the kind of con who could plan and execute the King murder, then escape to three foreign countries? It's true you can learn a lot inside the walls about new identities and passports. In the months before King's death, Ray did travel in Canada and Mexico, as well as extensively in the United States. Yet before, he always had been a bungler. Dropping evidence at Canipe's would be his style, but eluding all the FBI agents would not. Perhaps, then, he was so deeply motivated by racism that he became inspired. Certainly, both in prison and out, Ray exhibited deep inferiority feelings, which he tried to allay through weight lifting, dance lessons, bartending lessons, hypnosis lessons, even plastic surgery, which changed the distinctive shape of his nose, and maybe they finally all worked to make him more confident and efficient. (Or, some suspect, such activities were simply aids to the new identity he needed after killing King.)

But was Ray a racist? His brothers admit they are. Jerry openly displayed his feelings, once working for J. B. Stoner, a hypermisanthropic Klansman who helped form the black-hating National States Rights Party and whom he tried to retain as a lawyer for Jimmy after Ray's guilty plea netted him 99 years. As for Jimmy, he refused to live in the integrated "honor" dormitory at Leavenworth. While loose in Los Angeles, he volunteered in March 1968 to work for Wallace (Jerry, again, supposedly said Jimmy thought if King were out of the way, Wallace could more easily be elected). He had a barroom fight over "niggers" there, and also wrote for information on immigrating to Rhodesia. A John Birch leaflet (along with a map, complete with Ray's thumbprint, on which were marked the locations of King's church and home) was found in a room in Atlanta allegedly rented by Ray just before the killing. And in England, after the assassination, Ray reportedly made inquiries about signing on as a mercenary in Rhodesia or the Congo. Yet those facts, however suggestive, don't prove Ray killed for race reasons. A man who spent seven years in the Missouri penitentiary with him has a different feeling about that:

"I'd say he was about as close to me as he was to anybody, which wasn't too close. He was an extreme introvert. He

didn't mix . . . he was only interested in gettin' out. Any fucking way he could . . . he couldn't stand the lockup, he hated it. Time drove his shit, just to speak frankly. You know about King, let's assume that Ray was down South . . . well, he goes on down there and he talks to two or three politicians, who are pretty influential people, and they could probably convince me that they could get me out of it or get me out of the country. A guy gets pretty fucking desperate out there on escape, you know. In my opinion [if Ray did kill King], it wasn't out of any racist motive. If he was a racist, I can honestly say I never heard this guy, not one time did I ever hear him say one word about or against a black man or a nigger. Not one time. He wasn't hostile, but now, man, you knew it was there. His smile came easily. But he had a temper. That great little ingratiating smile was pretty superficial."

If Ray did kill King, what was his motive? There are several answers. The first is Ray's own, most of which he sold after his arrest to an Alabama writer named William Bradford Huie for money to pay for his defense (Huie's publication of much of Ray's tale in *Look* before the trial date would these days be considered prejudicial, a point stressed in Ray's petitions for a new trial).

This account—documented in I-followed-Ray's-footprints style—portrays a bold and ingenious criminal who comes to the bad end of being framed by a mysterious man called Raoul. (Huie himself first believed that story of conspiracy, but then concluded Ray had done it by himself.) The story admits most of what the state of Tennessee would try to prove, differing only in the crucial detail of where Ray was when King was murdered. On that point, in fact, Ray has switched several times, as we'll see. But the rest was clear in his mind.

We track Ray as he escaped on April 23, 1967, and probably with his brother John's help made his way to Chicago (McMillan believes that the next day, Jimmy told John and Jerry he was going to kill King). He worked for two months in a restaurant kitchen. To his employers, this slim, quiet man was John Rayns, a model employee who didn't seem at all to mind the Negroes he worked around. When he quit in late June, the owners were sorry to see him go, but they wished him well at his new job in Canada.

But Ray didn't go directly to Canada. With \$450 and a \$200 Chrysler—whose title, with his temporary driver's license, gave him a bit of tenuous I.D.—he went to the St. Louis area, where brother John had a saloon. When the Chrysler broke down, he sold it and bought a \$200 red Plymouth.

In Canada, Ray/Rayns became Eric Starvo Galt. Huie believes Ray chose the

name after passing the city of Galt, between Detroit and Toronto. However, there is an Eric St. Vincent Galt in Toronto, a writer, whose middle initials, St. V., when scrawled in signature, look like Starvo. Did Ray get that odd name there and, if so, why and where was he looking at Galt's signature? (It's possible he sought out Galt's signature as he later, after King's death, supposedly sought out Canadians who resembled him and whose names he could use in getting a passport.)

Anyway, he first headed for Montreal, where he hoped to find a Canadian citizen to act as guarantor of a passport that he could use to get someplace "from which I could never be extradited." (He didn't know then that his prison information was out of date: Canadian law no longer required such a guarantor.) He also needed money. To get it, he told Huie, he robbed a whorehouse on July 18, though he later admitted it had been a supermarket.

After the robbery, Ray bought all sorts of glad rags, sent for some sex manuals, enrolled in a locksmithing correspondence course and went to the exclusive Gray Rocks Inn in the Laurentian Mountains, where he met and seduced a beautiful Canadian divorcee who he hoped would swear he was a Canadian citizen. Ray admits all this, but he adds "Raoul." And Raoul is all. If he exists, the conspiracy exists. Ray himself said he hung around "the boats" in Montreal, looking for a way out of the country. He frequented a waterfront tavern called the Neptune. He says there he put out word that he might be available for nefarious goings on, if fairly riskless, since he needed capital and an I.D. One day, a sandy-haired, mid-30ish French Canadian named Raoul showed up, saying he might have some things for Galt to do, just little things at first, mind you, but then more and bigger, ending with lots of cash and all the papers Galt might need to get away to places with no extradition treaty with the U.S.; say, Rhodesia or wherever.

And so, Ray says, began the association with Raoul that continued sporadically over the next eight months, until he told Ray to meet him in Memphis on April fourth on Main Street, where, Ray says, Raoul or somebody else must have killed King.

Does Raoul exist? The prosecution said no, that Ray was a loner. No Raoul, just Ray suddenly turned clever, and if their sole eyewitness, Charles Stephens, couldn't exactly say it *was* Ray he'd seen running down the hall—and his mate had said no, the man was blond, stocky, older than Ray, in an Army jacket and plaid shirt—look at all the circumstances.

Circumstances that, if true, unreal like a cops-and-robbers movie scripted by Ray but subtitled by his accusers, their alternate versions winding down to the shot

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



that blew away King. The star, James Earl Ray, begins:

I'm Eric Starvo Galt in August 1967, smuggling packages—heroin?—for Raoul into the U.S., modest fee, \$750, then being told to sell the old Plymouth and go to Birmingham, Alabama, where Raoul would meet me, get the better I.D., give me money, a suitable car, and if I needed Raoul, here was a New Orleans telephone number. He said there was \$12,000 in it eventually, and it was risky in the U.S., but things hadn't worked out with the passport.

No, the opponents say, not that way. He went alone to Chicago and signed the Plymouth over to Jerry, and then went by train to Birmingham, where he took dance lessons, lived in a rooming house, bought the white Mustang for \$2000 cash, got a Galt driver's license, bought surveillance-style photo equipment, movie stuff, just living there until October sixth.

Raoul met me in Birmingham. We bought the car after I found it and he OK'd it. He gave me \$500 to live on and \$500 for camera equipment he described to me, told me to lie low and stay out of trouble. I got Galt I.D. for driver's license and car registration.

Uh-uh. Ray was living on his prison earnings and robbery money and probably wanted those cameras—he bought a Polaroid, too—for pornography, to make money. He was just indulging himself, building up his self-importance, and he probably really liked being in Wallace country.

I left Birmingham October sixth and went to Nuevo Laredo, where Raoul met me, and we smuggled a tire full of something across the border, and he gave me \$2000 in 20s and said he'd need me for other jobs, to keep in touch via that New Orleans number, why not stay in Mexico awhile? And I said fine, there or Los Angeles.

Bull! Ray just lazed about in Mexico, mostly Puerto Vallarta, making it with three whores, posing as a writer, setting up to smuggle a bunch of grass into California.

I'd like to go back there when I get out; it was good; I even proposed marriage to a woman named Irma, but it didn't work, so I left with some marijuana but got rid of it before crossing the border.

He took it into L.A. by himself and those halcyon days were spent as much as anything else with that Polaroid, photographing himself, because he was obsessed with wanting

to be one of the Ten Most Wanted criminals, with his picture in all the post offices; he was so insecure, see, like Oswald, and he was studying his photos so he could get his prominent feature—the end of his nose—altered by plastic surgery, so when the great crime occurred, he couldn't be recognized.

Sure, I stayed in L.A. from November 18, 1967, until March 17, 1968. Had two apartments at different times and took bartending and dancing lessons, because if I lived in South America, they'd come in handy. Stuck with the locksmithing. Applied for two jobs but didn't have a Social Security card. Tried to learn about self-hypnosis; that's where those self-improvement books I had in England came from. Told the telephone company I was a Wallace worker so I'd get a phone quick to use looking for a job. Had trouble over race with some people in a bar called the Rabbit's Foot.

Hell, he told them since they loved niggers so much, he'd take 'em on down to Watts and see how they liked it. And he inquired about going to Africa. The hypnosis was strange; he actually gave that hypnotist his real name, since he believed he'd tell the truth when hypnotized, anyway.

I left for New Orleans December 15, after Raoul wrote to me at General Delivery, saying come for a conference, they had a job for me. Charley Stein rode with me—he's the cousin of a girl I met—to take his sister's kids back to L.A. The ride was a favor, but I made them register for Wallace before we left. Anyway, I saw Raoul and he told me to be ready for a job in two or three months, hinted that there was some big businessman involved. He gave me another \$500 in 20s.

Typical lie. He went because he was into some solo dope deal and Charley Stein's saying he made several long-distance calls to New Orleans along the way doesn't change it, since he always kept in touch with Jerry, anyway, so maybe the calls weren't to New Orleans. And Raoul never wrote to him. He decided to go the night before they left, because he called that morning and canceled his appointment with the hypnotist, so again, no Raoul.

On March fifth, I had the tip of my nose cut off so I couldn't be recognized in any of those deals, because Raoul wrote in February and said the deal was on for about May first, the one we'd talked about, running guns, so I was to meet him in New Orleans about March 20 and finally I'd get the 12 grand and papers.

Sure, that was about when he decided to kill King; it was building in him, all the Wallace hatred, the desire to make the top ten, and Ray had heard enough when King was in L.A. March 16 and 17 and he'd had the nose job, so he stayed out his rent like the tightwad he was and took off to go find King and shoot him.

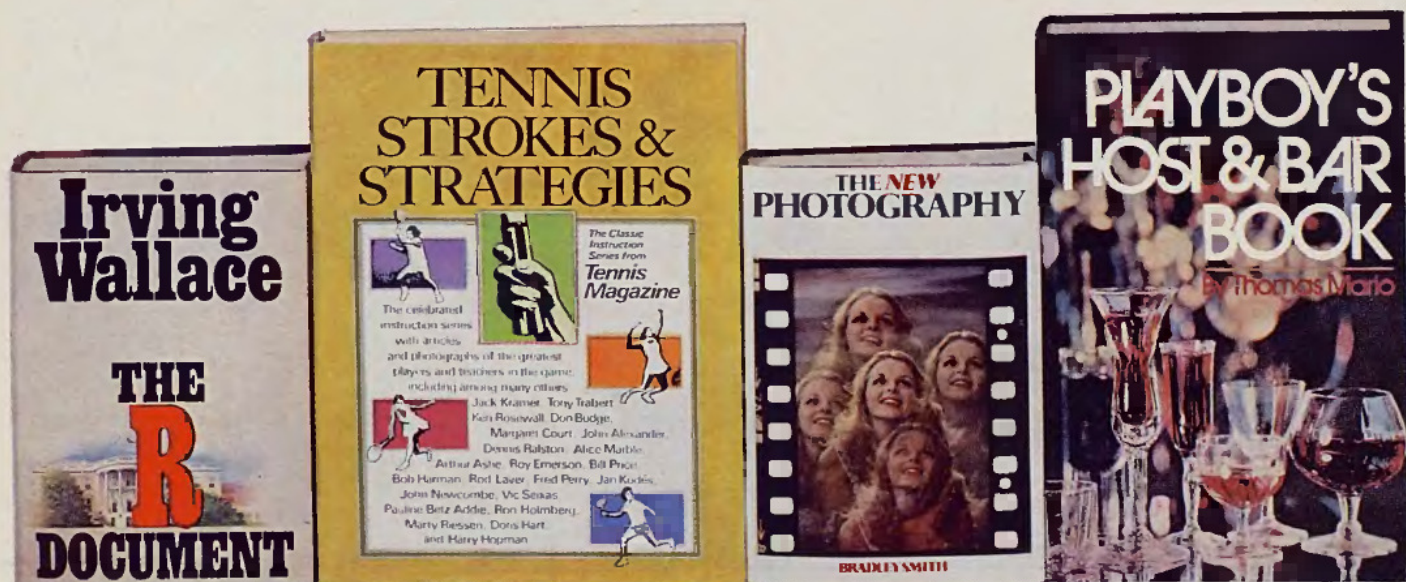
That's the way it is for each and the frames click madly as Galt leaves L.A. He drove to New Orleans, got word there to meet Raoul next in Birmingham, except, he vows, he got lost and had to spend the night of March 22 in Selma (Wrong! the accusers say; you were stalking King, who had been in Selma); then on to Birmingham and Raoul and then to Atlanta to that dumpy rooming house, where we heard about the gun deal (No! You were alone and after King, marking his haunts those days on a map) . . . then faster, faster, the images melting . . . I bought the .243 and then exchanged it, like Raoul told me, in Birmingham the 29th and 30th (You did it alone!), and then went by slow stops to Memphis, just me, with this gun they were going to use for a sample, Raoul said, for the buyers in Memphis who'd take that kind and hundreds of cheap foreign rifles (Sorry! You went back to Atlanta for King but found he would be in Memphis on April fourth, so you went the third). . . . No, no, Raoul met me near Memphis in a Mississippi motel on the second and took the rifle and told me to go to Memphis on the third and stay at the Rebel motel (Yes, you did, but you got there the third, signed in—we have your handwriting—and found where King was and went the next day to kill him). . . . No, Raoul came to room 5B with the gun (But Mrs. Brewer doesn't remember anyone asking where Mr. Willard's room was) and I went to South Main, I've told you, and bought the binoculars, and about five o'clock he sent me out for some beer so they could make the deal, and I went to Jim's Grill downstairs (You can't describe the place and no one remembers you there), and then I was on the sidewalk and heard this shot and here came Raoul and dumped the bundle and jumped in the car and covered himself with that white sheet and we took off, then stopped a few blocks away and Raoul jumped out, the last I saw of him, and I was scared and took off (You say that? Why, then, did you through your lawyers change your story later and say you were at a filling station with the Mustang, getting a low tire checked?). OK, I made up that sheet business and told it to Huie because I was scared, trapped, Huie was pressing me to confess so his book would sell, but I can prove it, there's a filling-station attendant and some others who'll say they remembered the car and



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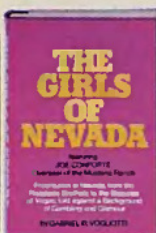
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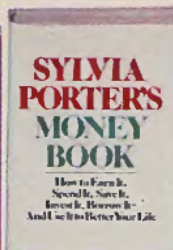
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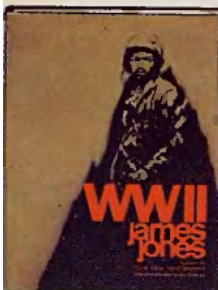
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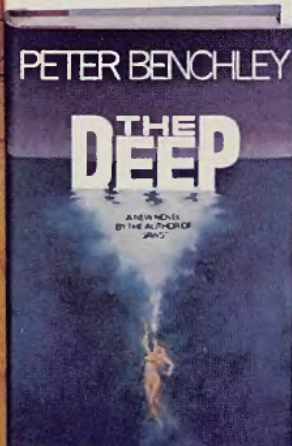
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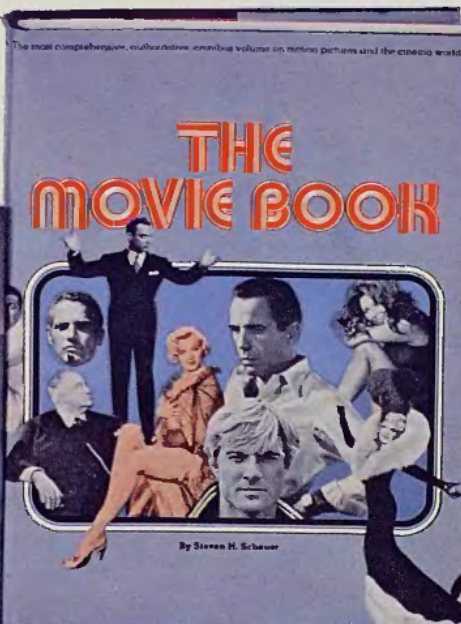
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*"Tell me all about yourself.
What kind of work do you do? Where did you go to school?
How long do you last in bed?"*

me, at about six o'clock; no, I didn't kill King, didn't fire that shot.

And then, freeze frame of King falling.

Every scene after that is anticlimactic, though fascinating. Ray admits he drove alone to Atlanta the night of April fourth and abandoned his car. He then returned to Canada, arriving in Toronto on the eighth. He lived again in rooming houses, in which he read of the riots, the grief, the universal condemnation of King's murder (if Ray or someone else had expected most of America to applaud, he was disheartened). Ray says he was fleeing in fear that Raoul and those who had set him up would now come and kill him, that he hadn't even known King was dead until he heard it on his Mustang's radio.

Fleeing he certainly was, and in ways the prosecution said were con-wise and the conspiracy buffs say are sure signals he had help. Again, he needed money and an I.D., however he got them. Ray has said he went to the library and looked up several Toronto births for 1932, finally choosing two names and, giving his rooming-house address, applied for birth certificates in their names—Paul E. Bridgman and Ramon George Sneyd. He picked 1932 to approximate his age and, to verify a general

resemblance, he floated around in their neighborhoods and made sure they were of medium height, medium weight, dark-haired. A clever scheme. Too clever for Ray, the conspiracy theorists say, especially since Sneyd—in whose name Ray easily got a passport through a travel agent—was a policeman, and did not that imply an international conspiracy? Some people wonder, too, about Bridgman's story that he got a call from someone who said he was checking to see if he had a passport. But Ray says he did that.

In any event, on May sixth, Ray as Sneyd flew to London on a \$345 21-day excursion ticket. He cashed in the return ticket and went on to Lisbon, there to try to escape to Angola as a mercenary. It was none too soon; by then the world knew that Galt, Lowmyer and Willard were really James Earl Ray. His picture had been in the papers and police of several countries had been alerted (if, as the prosecution says, it was fame he sought, he must have been gratified). Even so, it had taken the FBI a long time—until April 19—to identify Ray, despite the mound of evidence at Canipe's. In fact, it hadn't been until April 18, after agents came upon Ray's room in Atlanta and his thumbprint on the map, that they started checking the fingerprint files of Federal offenders. Ray's fingerprints

were there because of his money-order caper. Of the 53,000 cards, his was the 700th up. Lucky FBI. But why hadn't they immediately checked the serial number on the transistor radio left in the bundle? They'd have found that Ray had bought it in the Missouri pen and that would have told the bureau who had dropped all the stuff. Maybe then he would have been picked up sooner. Or did someone not want him picked up, as many have asked?

Yet he was picked up. There was nothing for Ray in Portugal, except beer and whores, so he went back to England on May 17. Apparently almost broke, Ray on June fourth robbed a savings bank of \$240. On the eighth, he went to Heathrow for a flight to Brussels, but there Detective Sergeant Phillip Birch of Scotland Yard, on the lookout for someone using Sneyd's passport with Ray's picture in it, brought his hand down firmly on Ray's shoulder. It was over. Ray handed over his cheap .38 and was taken to prison, where one man reported he uttered some of the few pitiable words anyone ever heard him say: "Oh, God, I feel so trapped."

That was true, in many ways. Take the judicial irregularities as one dimension of Ray's dilemma. His extradition from England—to which he agreed upon advice of counsel, though he could have declared King's murder a political act and so avoided extradition—was based on the questionable affidavit of Charles Stephens' and the inconclusive ballistics and firearms evidence. Ray's return to the United States and subsequent imprisonment were of dubious legality and constitutionality and showed how scared the Government was running. The return was accomplished in an Air Force C-135, with Ray strapped to a seat and surrounded by inquisitive Government cops. He was then stripped, searched, manacled and transferred, in an armored truck, to the Shelby County Jail, where, for eight months, he lived in a special cell section that was continuously flood-lit, monitored by TV and shuttered from the sense of day and night by quarter-inch steel plates.

Attorneys have been a problem for Ray, one he has exacerbated by his jailhouse lawyering. He first wanted F. Lee Bailey (an index of his sense of importance), but when Bailey declined, he got Arthur Hanes, Sr., the mayor of Birmingham back in the Bull Connor, cattle-prod, fire-hose and sick-the-dogs-on-the-niggers days. Hanes is a good lawyer. He successfully defended the Klannish killers of Viola Liuzzo and he maintains he could have done the same for Ray. He and his son investigated Ray's story as much as they could in preparing the case, and both thought it possible there had been a conspiracy. But it wasn't the key to their defense. They had detected large holes in the state's circumstantial evidence and they would attack those. But Ray fired

the Haneses in November 1968, two days before his trial was to start.

The reasons are uncertain. Cynics think he did it to postpone the trial until George Wallace could be elected that month and then pardon him. More probably, the reasons lie, as Ray has said, in the Catch-22 agreement under which Hanes worked. Hanes actually was paid by Huie, who was financing Ray's defense by gathering and publishing stories that indicated Ray was guilty. Thus, Ray may have decided that Huie *needed* him guilty, since much of the big-bucks potential for his articles and his book depended on their being an inside story. So couldn't Huie accordingly influence his partner's, Hanes's, conduct of the trial? Jerry Ray, for example, testified he told Jimmy that Huie offered him \$12,000 to get Jimmy to stay off the stand; i.e., not to say he was innocent when Huie had decided he was guilty. So Jimmy decided to fire Hanes.

For their parts, both Hanes and Huie have opined that's nonsense. Hanes says he had a fine case and Huie says a fair trial would have helped his book, no matter what the result (as it was, Ray's guilty plea obviated a trial and turned Huie's book into a big loser).

Whatever the truth, Ray got his postponement, and into the case at Jerry Ray's behest strode Percy Foreman, the famous Texas criminal lawyer who boasted he'd won more cases than Clarence Darrow, had lost only one killer to the electric chair, and that was just because his fees were punishment enough for any criminal. Now the fur would fly. Except that several things happened. First, Foreman found that Huie was the money man and, like Hanes, promptly struck a deal with the Huie-Ray-Hanes literary enterprise for his fee, supposedly \$150,000. Second, he says he then found that the state had a terrific case (Hanes violently disagrees, saying Foreman never even *looked* at Hanes's files) and so Ray was going to the electric chair unless he pleaded guilty. Third, the famous trial lawyer appeared in court in March 1969 with his sheepish client and instead of a furious legal battle, the onlookers saw the *pro forma* rigmarole of Ray's agreeing with the 55 stipulations the state had marshaled that said James Earl Ray alone had killed Martin Luther King. Was Mr. Ray guilty? "Yes, legally guilty, uh-huh," came Ray's reply. That was that, except for a potentially exhilarating moment that died a-borning when Ray rose up and said no, he just couldn't agree with Ramsey Clark and Mr. Hoover that there hadn't been a conspiracy. Nothing more was said. Foreman immediately left Memphis, taking with him the \$9000 remaining from Huie's original \$40,000 in payments to Hanes through Ray. He left



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behind several questions. Was it true, as Ray claimed, that Foreman had coerced him into the guilty plea—"You'll bar-be-cue, boy!"—even put pressure on Ray's family to influence Jimmy to cop a plea? Why hadn't Foreman spent more time on the case? (He was with Ray only one hour and 53 minutes in the first 70 days of preparing the defense, though he saw him more often in the days preceding the plea, the better to railroad him, Ray's advocates think.) Had Huie convinced Foreman that Ray was dead guilty (it's true Huie was summoned by the grand jury—some of Ray's recent lawyers suspect that he further incriminated their client then) and so called Foreman off? Was it true, therefore, that Foreman had not, as other lawyers have since alleged, provided adequate counsel for Ray? Finally, was Ray's accusation—related by John Ray—justified that Foreman had told him the trial judge would grant no more continuances, even if Ray fired Foreman, and, therefore, that he had no choice but to plead guilty, unless he wanted to be left only with the public defender as counsel?

Three days after his guilty plea, Ray wrote to the trial judge, asking for a new trial, consistent with Tennessee law. Ray's request was rejected because the trial judge had died of a heart attack, which, under Tennessee statute, put Ray's request within another judge's jurisdiction. He denied a new trial. Since then, Ray has kept trying through a succession of lawyers, including the racist Stoner, to

secure a new trial on the murder charge (and to secure compensation for allegedly libelous statements published by Huie and others). The grandest attempt came in October 1974, at a U. S. district court evidentiary hearing that had been ordered by a U. S. court of appeals. Largely based on the arguments of attorney James Lesar—the hardest-working of Ray's recent lawyers—the court found that Ray's judicial record reeked with "ethical, moral and professional irregularities" and that "Ray's attorneys, Hanes and Foreman, were more interested in capitalizing on a notorious case than in representing the best interests of their client." But in February 1975, despite the success Ray's defense team had in introducing vital questions on the evidence, the court ruled against the petition. An appeal is pending. And so are the vital questions.

We've seen the weakness of Charles Stephens' identification of Ray as the man in the rooming house. (The police, by the way, sequestered Stephens after the killing, providing him with bed and booze, while his wife, Grace, was put away in a state mental hospital, still contending that Charley was wrong.) If more were needed to impeach Stephens' testimony, Ray's lawyers interviewed a taxi driver named James McCraw who said that on April fourth he had been dispatched to 422½ Main Street to pick up Charley "about 5:30" and found him too drunk to walk, so he had left. McCraw also told a defense investigator, Weisberg,

that he had double-parked in front of Jim's Grill—where, in one of Ray's stories, Ray was sent by Raoul to get beer—and had seen no white Mustang on the street (which fits Ray's second story about being away from the place altogether). Further, a newsman supposedly saw Grace and Charley at police headquarters on the evening of April fifth, and Charley was too drink-sodden to say why he was there. All of this leads skeptics to think Stephens may have been encouraged to perjure himself.

We have, too, the suggestive but inconclusive ballistics data: a slug that, according to the FBI, was only "consistent with" a .30-'06 (a slug that, despite its mutilation, might, according to some experts, have been matched to the rifle) allegedly fired from an awkward position. Indeed, a criminologist active in assassination inquiries—Herbert MacDonnell—told the Federal court that it would have been impossible with the 42-inch-long Gamemaster to stand in the tub and get the needed angle on King, that to do so the rifle's butt would have to be six inches *within* the wall. Impossible, that is, if the rifle made the prosecution's dent, a semi-circular indentation in the bathroom window's inner sill that the state claims was made for the rifle barrel. Unfortunately for MacDonnell, you can aim from the tub if you put the rifle far enough out the window.

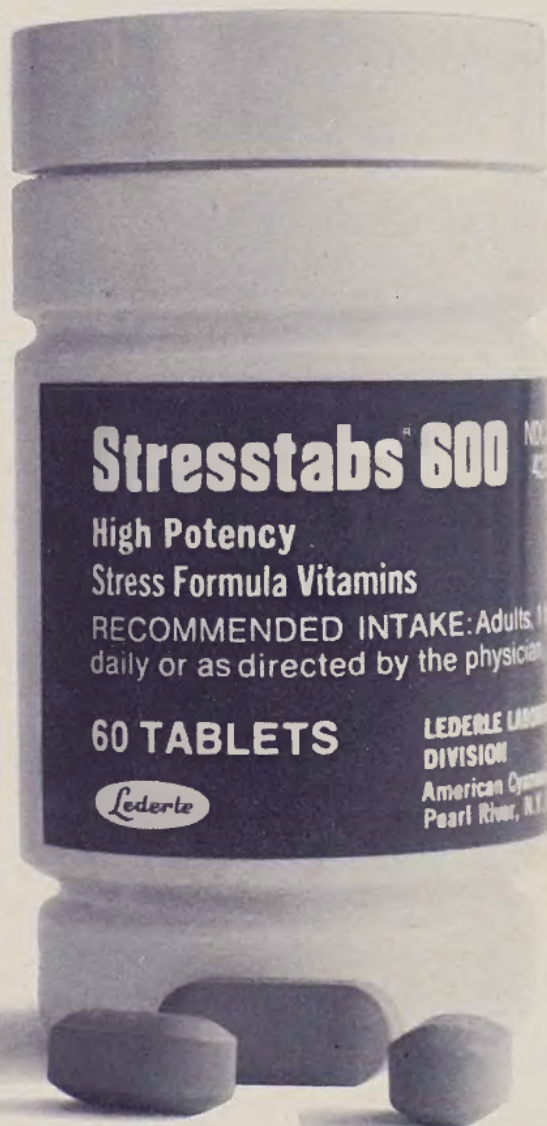
Whatever, the FBI's own documents show there are no splinters torn from the sill or powder marks on it as there would have been if the barrel had rested in the dent. It's conceivable that the dent was made by a hammer. It has also been suggested that the window in the sniper's nest was not open at the time of the shot and, furthermore, that an object sat on the window sill that was substantial enough to prevent a rifle from being shoved through the window and knocking a screen to the ground, as the state maintains. The shot simply had to come from elsewhere, according to Ray's advocates. (However, trajectory studies indicate the shot did come from the bathroom.)

If those contentions sound like some advanced by doubters of the Warren Report, so do the musings on the weapon itself. Why, for example, was the .243 exchanged for the .30-'06? The .243 is a splendid sniper's weapon, with a high velocity and a flatter trajectory than the .30-'06. The prosecution believes the exchange was made because the .243 had a flaw in the chamber and so the cartridges couldn't be smoothly loaded. Ray's defenders say that's absurd, that anyone as familiar with rifles as the state assumes Ray was could have used an emery board to smooth the imperfection. No, the exchange was made because those who were framing Ray were going to use a .30-'06 and so needed a matching weapon. And one loaded with their



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patsy's fingerprints. The inveterate skeptic Weisberg points out that a .30-'06 Gamemaster was stolen from a Memphis sporting-goods store shortly before the assassination. Others have opined that choosing a Gamemaster was not consistent with such a masterful frame-up. Why pick a distinctive pump-action high-powered rifle rather than a more common bolt-action weapon? No, they say, the choice—like Oswald's—was that of a lone and inexperienced killer. (Some wonder, too, if Raoul's alleged gun buyers would want pump-action guns for paramilitary use.)

The last speculations about the weapon and its effects also remind us of the John Kennedy case. Why were there five full-jacketed military .30-'06 rounds found among the hollow-point hunting cartridges in the bundle of evidence? Ignoring the supposition that these mean the Government was involved (military .30-'06 rounds are widely available), we can ask which sort of cartridge killed King. Weisberg's suits under the Freedom of Information Act have unearthed documents that he says prove the FBI has covered up or distorted important facts about that. Their spectrographic tests, Weisberg claims, show only one kind of metal on King's clothing, whereas hollow points are alloys of several metals. On the other hand, the FBI report may really be on a fragment from another kind of round, which would imply *two* bullets. As of today, though, the autopsy physician continues to say there was only one bullet.

Even so, there are peculiarities. Was the assassin so confident—more even than Oswald—that he would have chambered only one round? Some say no clip was in the rifle found at Canipe's, though one was in the box. The state believes that Ray, the bungling sniper, saw King come out suddenly, was surprised, jammed one round home, ran to the bathroom and shot. But assuming Ray alone did the killing, and assuming he carefully chose his sniper's nest, perhaps by walking down Main, seeking a flophouse overlooking the Lorraine, why would he not have the clip in his rifle? The state says he had been there since about 3:30. He'd taken his bag with him. Wouldn't a dedicated racist assassin be prepared to kill King? Or, if he were expecting a quick job, one shot, why would his spread, zippered bag and all the rest be with him instead of in the Mustang?

Could he even have packed up all that gear and escaped in the time available? Ray's defenders have long said they didn't see how he could have run from the bathroom, put the rifle in the box, wrap it and the overnight bag in the spread, run down the hall and the stairs, drop the bundle, get into his car and drive away when there were cops all over the place, many of them in the fire station on the

corner, then also serving as a police observation post. Besides, Ray's defense team says, a Lieutenant J. E. Ghormley was on Main Street in time to see Ray escape, if Ray had done it. Before the shot, Ghormley was in the fire station with the crews from three Tactical Action Cruisers. When King fell, police rushed from the fire station toward the Lorraine, but Ghormley was impeded by a bad leg. He decided not to jump down from the wall above Mulberry Street, then thought of the sniper's possible location and walked briskly to South Main, where he found the bundle, questioned Canipe and, with his walkie-talkie, radioed an alert for the young man in a white car. In a recent reconstruction for CBS, it was said Ghormley took three minutes to get to Canipe's. Previously, however, he had estimated it could have taken no more than a minute. Defense attorneys have duplicated Ghormley's movements in less than a minute. Ray could have escaped in three minutes but not in one. And whichever time applies, Ghormley saw nothing on the street. No car, no man, only the bundle in the doorway. He also says he saw nothing in the parking lot next to Canipe's. That fact, put next to perplexing and contradictory statements by Canipe, has led some of Ray's advocates to an alternate version of what might really have happened.

They hypothesize that the real assassins were in that parking lot. Two of them, a hit man and a wheelman, in another white Mustang. Ray had already been set up by his prints, his gear, his presence in the rooming house, and now he'd been sent down to get beer. The conspirators could make up the bundle while Ray was gone and he'd be easily caught at the scene. But Ray had noticed that a tire was low and had gone off to get it pumped up, and new witnesses could prove it, but the killers didn't know that, and they were watching the motel, and out came King, and the hit man said something like, "There's the son of a bitch now, go drop the bundle," and the wheel man dropped it at Canipe's, but the hit man couldn't shoot just then, because King was with somebody on the balcony, looking straight at them, and he waited a minute and then King was alone, and the hit man blew him away. They peeled off in the Mustang. That was the car Canipe saw, and a bit later, Ray went back, saw the confusion and took off, having figured out that he'd been set up. One bit of proof is that Canipe once said the bundle was dropped about five minutes before the 6:01 shot. Certainly, Ghormley would say there was nobody in the parking lot. The killers were gone.

Here, then, is the outline of a possible defense for Ray. It has never been tried in a court. No jury has heard what Canipe now believes, or decided whether

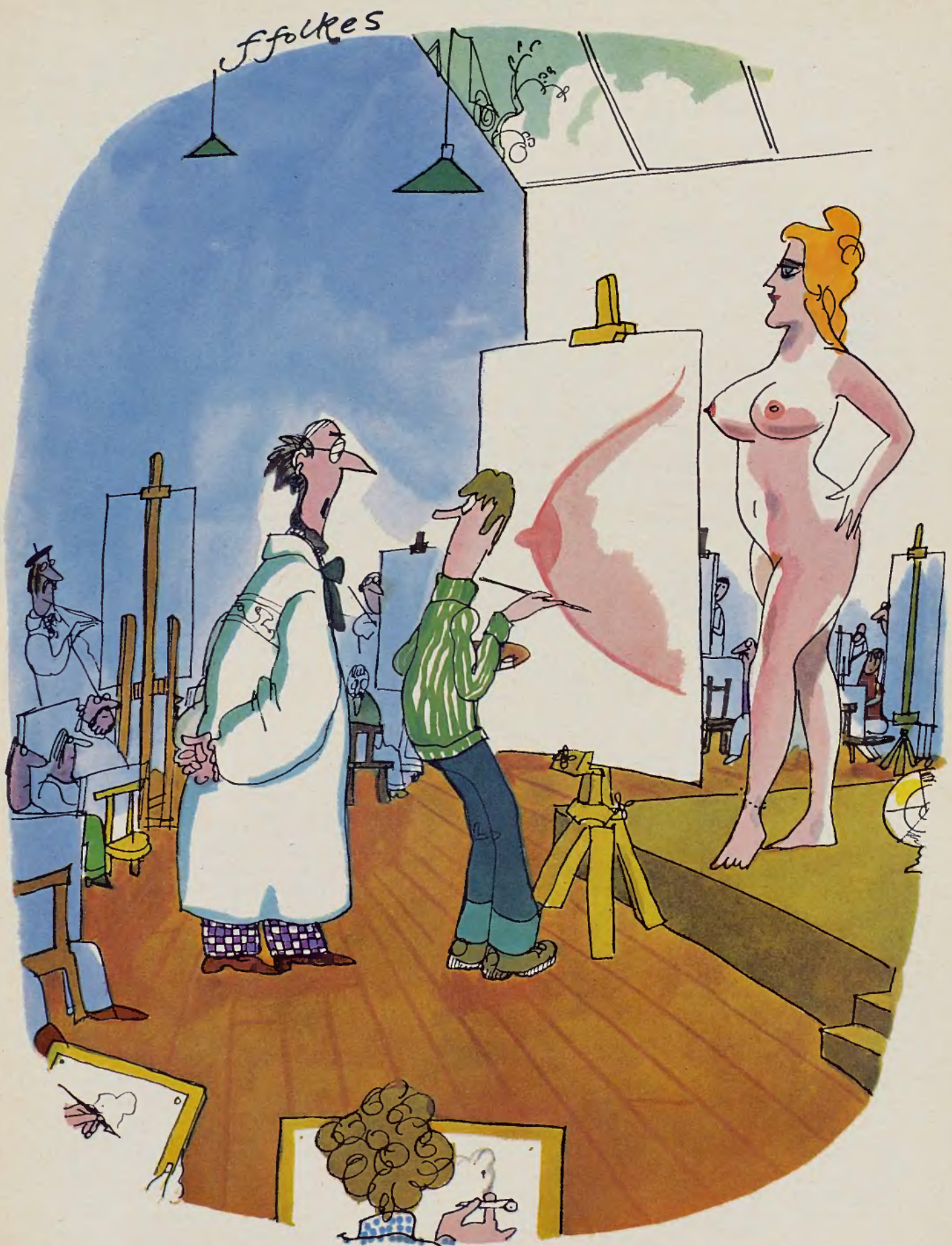
Ghormley's recollections mean the killers could have been in the parking lot or that they couldn't.

There is also the tale told by a derelict named Harold "Cornbread" Carter, who said he was drinking in the yard behind the rooming house when he saw a rifleman shoot, pull the stock off the gun, drop it and run off. Or that of King's chauffeur, Solomon Jones, who, from his position in the courtyard of the Lorraine just below the balcony, said that in the shot's echoes he'd seen a man, his head cloaked by a white sheet or hood, in the dense bushes facing the Lorraine above Mulberry Street, who then sans sheet emerged to disappear into the gathering crowd (people remembering the white sheet said to have been found in Ray's car think that intriguing).

There are accounts spread by a Memphis lawyer and former newspaper reporter named Wayne Chastain that a mysterious "advance man" visited the Lorraine and arranged for King to stay in a second-floor room instead of the usual ground-floor room.

Chastain also, in an interview with Ray, seems to have elicited yet a third account of where he was during the shooting. Raoul gave him \$200 and told him to go to a movie (not to Jim's Grill), but he had seen the vexing tire and went to have it fixed, and at 6:05 was on his way back when he saw an ambulance pass (presumably with King), and then he saw the mob scene and split.

Two older stories suggesting a conspiracy have recently been joined to another theory engendering a King-CIA-Cuba-Dallas mongrel reminiscent of John Kennedy. A week after the killing, a man calling himself Tony Benevitas told a Memphis attorney that his roommate had killed King for money with a .30-caliber rifle from the wall behind the rooming house and then gotten away on a motorbike. The man struck the attorney as believable, especially since, like a real mobster, he knew that the best place to conceal a pistol was in the small of the back. The man said he was from New Orleans but was headed for Brownsville, Tennessee, to meet a Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan. The same day, a man calling himself J. Christ Bonnevecche told two ministers that a man named Nick had killed King for \$20,000 for a well-known fraternal order, that he himself worked for the Mafia and was now on the lam over some lost money. He showed the ministers a counterfeit traveler's check and how his fingerprints had been filed off, and then said he was off for Brownsville. Queer as these stories seemed, they were regarded mainly as more of the "I did it" embroidery with which well-publicized murders are decorated. Now it's suggested that these two sinister men with the similar names may be one sinister man named Jack Youngblood, a



"You're standing too close again, Ferguson."

former mercenary for Castro, a man alleged to have discussed gunrunning with, of all people, Jack Ruby, and a man whose friends think he had ties to the CIA. Youngblood, it's theorized, participated in the conspiracy, perhaps Raoul's, that killed King. He's reportedly been identified as the man who ordered eggs and sausages at Jim's Grill about 4:30 the afternoon of the murder, then left about five P.M. The Memphis police supposedly then questioned Youngblood but released him. Ray's attorney in Memphis, Robert Livingston, is said to believe Youngblood was the hit man for some agency of the Federal Government. But no one has yet shown that Youngblood-Benevitas-Bonnevecche are one, or whom this multiphasic personality worked for. Not a scintilla of evidence yet points to Youngblood as anything but one of those dark presences hovering around Cuban exiles during the palmy days when the CIA was waging its own little war on Castro.

The Youngblood story, predictably, is not the only farfetched tale. For a time, attorneys Bernard Fensterwald (who has lately acted as Ray's chief counsel) and Livingston were taken by the story, related in spy-story meetings, of a convicted confidence man named Clifford Holmes Andrews, who said he could say who killed King. A hint: It was two men, hired by four wealthy whites. Fine, except that Andrews next told CBS it was Raoul and members of the Quebec Liberation Front, again, employed by four rich racists. And except that Andrews was in a Canadian jail from March 1968 until long after King was killed. Then there's

another prisoner, a young accused dope dealer named Robert Byron Watson, who has said he overheard his employers at an Atlanta art gallery plotting King's assassination. It's also been reported that six months before the murder, a group of people visited a jail in Atlanta, looking for inmates to help murder King. Meanwhile, back in Tennessee, a black businessman named John McFerren came forward right after the killing to say he'd overheard a white man in a produce house in Memphis, about five P.M. on April fourth, say over the telephone, "You can shoot the son of a bitch on the balcony . . . you can pick up the five thousand bucks from my brother in New Orleans." Still another man said, a day or so before April fourth, that he'd heard men in Baton Rouge plotting King's death.

It could be that the last two rumors, even if unfounded, are correct geographically. As with John Kennedy, many strands of the Ray yarn knit together in Louisiana, especially in New Orleans. Ray told Huie he was there meeting Raoul, and it's been established that he did visit New Orleans in December 1967 and again on his way to that fateful appointment in Memphis. (Not incidentally, it's been asserted that the FBI flew some Viceroy cigarette butts found in Ray's car to New Orleans for analysis, causing some to wonder if, since Ray didn't smoke, Raoul did.)

Further, Ray often has said he gave Foreman two Louisiana telephone numbers, so that the lawyer could contact people, presumably including Raoul, who knew something about the murder.

Foreman says he clearly remembers only one number, in New Orleans, and he found the phone disconnected. In December 1973, Ray filed a \$500,000 suit against the state of Tennessee, in which he alleged that Foreman had failed to investigate these numbers, while another attorney—by then conveniently deceased—had looked up the phone numbers and found that one belonged to a Baton Rouge "parish official under the influence of a Teamsters Union official" and the other to "an agent of a Mideast-oriented organization disturbed because of Dr. Martin Luther King's reported forthcoming, before his death, support of the Palestine Arab cause." But Ray's suit did not name the individuals or list the numbers. It did not say what connection these people had to the case or the source of the information on the union officer and geopolitics (some think his lawyers fed him this data). The suit, typically, created more mystery, as it may have been designed to do. In the meantime, the telephoning went on. Another number—the one Ray, according to Charley Stein, had dialed often on their trip to New Orleans in December—was purportedly secured from Stein by a West Coast reporter. Early in 1969, the newsman said he called the number and was answered by a voice that identified the location as a Louisiana State Police barracks. The reporter asked for Raoul and, in sheer implausibility, one answered: Raul Esquivel, Sr., a highway patrolman apparently stationed at 12400 Airline Highway, Baton Rouge. However, no connection between this Raul and Ray's shadowy accomplice has ever been found, and the number could have been planted with Stein, or even with Ray.

Baton Rouge is interesting, though, at least to people who believe in a conspiracy. The state capital was a stomping ground for Leander Perez, the legendary Louisiana power broker who once publicly wished King were dead. Perez had strong allies among organized labor. One reputedly was Edward G. "Whitey" Partin, the former Louisiana Teamsters official who once told Justice Department investigators that Jimmy Hoffa had threatened to have Robert Kennedy killed. And Partin, it's alleged, had an associate who closely resembled the man Grace Walden described as being in the hall at 422½ Main Street: "Small-bone built. He had on an Army-colored hunting jacket unfastened and dark pants. He had on a plaid sport shirt. His hair was salt-and-pepper colored." Conspiracy fanciers quickly recall the field jacket supposedly found in Ray's car that, like other items, was too small for him. They seize, too, on rumors that this man—another shrouded figure—hung around Perez' followers and *mafiosi* from New Orleans. Yet any role in King's assassination by this unnamed man, or the



"All right, but you can't wear them outside, only in the house."

Mob, or Perez, or Partin, remains strictly conjectural.

Not so tenuous is the Teamsters hypothesis. It was, after all, a labor dispute that took King to Memphis. A dispute by a black union. Men who drove trucks on their sanitation rounds. It's conceivable that in an atmosphere of hate and turmoil, two or three angry union men could, in a Yablonski reaction, decide to take out this superspade, this Communist, who was leading people who wanted to get their jobs, worse, get so high on the ladder that folks wouldn't judge just by color anymore. Yes, that's feasible; but again, there is no proof. Only rumors, speculations, thick as flies around a battlefield corpse and as various in their directions. Everyone is suspect and, like the echoes from Dealey Plaza, the murder's mad music goes on and on.

Would a new investigation help stop the carousel? As we go to press, it is reported that the Justice Department's civil rights division will ask Attorney General Edward H. Levi to appoint an independent non-Governmental panel to study King's assassination and to decide whether a new full-scale investigation should be made. The recommendation comes, it's said, because Ray's motives and activities have not been fully explained and because, even though an extensive review of the original FBI investigation has revealed no Governmental involvement in the murder, there remain questions. We agree. Certainly, the official explanation is doubted, with 80 percent of Americans joining Coretta King and Ralph Abernathy and Jesse Jackson in thinking King fell to a conspiracy. Certainly, there still are worthwhile leads to investigate, witnesses to call, stories to assess, maybe even truths to find. The best witness—James Earl Ray—is available. He seeks a trial, though he has said he won't help solve the crime by naming conspirators. Shouldn't Ray's various protestations of innocence be tested in a courtroom, where his advocates and the state's can address the fundamental question of who killed Martin Luther King?

Nothing less, surely, would have satisfied King himself. It was for justice he had lived and died. The wooden casket, shiny in the thin April sunlight, the plain wagon and the brace of plow mules slowly bearing his body to his grave should have imbued us with that simple imperative. Apparently, we lost that message in the haze of time's slow burning. Or maybe it was only that we could no longer feel, so many were the blows. Martin Luther King's accused assassin had not even been caught before another American leader was murdered. This time, he was white. Again, he was a Kennedy.

This is the sixth in a series of articles on political assassination in America.



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VODKA!

(continued from page 109)

At first, bemused whiskey moguls dismissed vodka as a passing fad. How could anything without distinctive character, aroma, taste and color be taken seriously? Ironically, it was the total absence of personality that was, and is, the secret of vodka's unprecedented success. It's the ultimate mixer, possessing a chameleon-like ability to lose itself in any blend—so that a screwdriver tastes orange, a bloody mary is tomato and a bull shot, a muscular consommé. Very easy to like.

For many years, this unique property was attributed to filtering through "mountains of activated charcoal," whatever that might be. Brands vied with one another as to the quantity and type of charcoal in their process. Then one fine day, the Feds removed the charcoal requirement and most distillers quietly abandoned its use.

In view of the sharp turnaround, it's fair to ask whether today's vodka is the same as it used to be. And the answer is no—it's better! With 25 years of practical experience, producers have refined their procedures and developed technical equipment that yields an amazingly clean, uniform product through distillation alone. It's just about the purest spirit you can buy.

Not that there's anything like unanimity on methods. Smirnoff, by far the leading vodka, is the only major label that still charcoals. It's hard to quarrel with that kind of success—nevertheless, other brands do. Gordon's, number two and trying, claims a patent on smoothness, achieved with nitrogen gas. Gilbey's insists it's the driest. Wolfschmidt is put through a sophisticated, six-column still to remove unwanted congeners, including acetates, aldehydes, fusel oils and acids. Schenley employs a vacuum column that turns out an extremely high proof and a very clean distillate. And so it goes. Although arguments wax heavy, and at times hot, they are largely academic. Whatever differences exist among national brands, they are barely detectable by chemical analysis and well-nigh impossible to perceive in a mixed drink. To give you an idea of just how refined vodka must be, spirits that do not pass muster as vodka may be used in blended whiskeys, cordials and, conceivably, gin.

There is agreement among American vodka makers on one point—imports. If you want to see the laws of gravity abrogated, tell a distiller that foreign vodkas are superior. He'll go up one wall and down another. Imported goods are not subject to the rigid scrutiny that American distillates are. If they're certified by the country of origin, they are accepted in the U.S. as vodka—and no questions asked. It is not uncommon in

Europe to add a touch of sugar, a tot of cognac-lees extract or, some say, a trace of glycerin to "smooth out" the raw spirit. And since the European techniques aren't as precise as the domestic, the end product is apt to be not as neutral coming off the still. So if some codger tells you vodka in the old country tasted different, believe him.

European countries offer a wide variety of flavored vodkas. The Soviets market upwards of 25 different types, in addition to clear Stolichnaya. The most interesting example available Stateside is the peppery Pertsovka, which makes a tingly bloody mary—and hold the Tabasco, Charley. Poland's Polmos Zubrowka, companion to the clear Wyborowa, is an enchanting vodka, with the scent of new-mown hay and a hint of almonds in its bouquet. The flavor and greenish tint come from steeping with Polish buffalo grass. Each bottle carries a length of grass, but that single blade is not the source of the aroma.

There are American flavored vodkas, too—all on the sweet side. Tvarscki is among the most versatile in this group, with ten offerings: lemon, lime, apple, cherry, et al. Its clear vodka is well regarded, too.

If the notion of flavored vodkas turns you on, it's no problem to make your own. They're a nice addition to your bar and make distinctive gifts. Recipes for do-it-yourself vodka steeps and a roundup of ingratiating drinks follow.

SLOE COMFORTABLE SCREW

- 1 oz. vodka
1/2 oz. sloe gin
1/2 oz. Southern Comfort
2 ozs. orange juice

Pour over ice in 8-oz. glass. Stir. Garnish with lemon slice, if desired.

ROMAN TONIC

- Wedge lime
1 1/2 ozs. vodka
3/4 oz. Campari
Tonic water, chilled

Squeeze juice of lime into tall glass with ice; drop in rind. Add vodka, Campari and 5 ozs. tonic water (1/2 bottle) or to taste. Stir.

ALL RIGHT JACK

- 1 oz. Yukon Jack
1 oz. vodka
Slice lemon
Slice lime

Pour Yukon Jack and vodka over ice in old fashioned glass. Stir well. Add fruit slices and serve.

VODKA A LA Russe

Stolichnaya Russian Vodka, ice cold
Pour about an ounce at a time into liqueur glasses or thimble-size silver cups

Candid Candy!



With some people it takes forever before you know where their heads are at. Not so with ex-stripper and porno queen **Candy Barr**. Candy, now the world's sexiest grandmother, is totally

upfront and still looking good, as you'll see in an exclusive pictorial profile in June **OUI**. Ex-psych

prof Timothy Leary

explains the various techniques of

Brainwashing—

Patty's defense and, apparently, something we all have been subjected to.

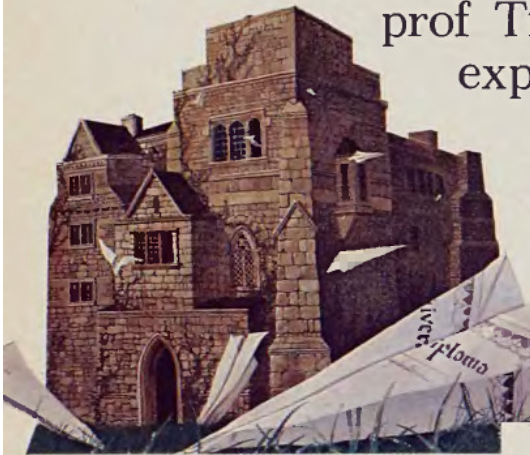
Ol' Tim doesn't make

The Case Against College. That case is being made by the unemployed grads themselves. It seems that revered sheepskin is no longer a job guarantee. And speaking

of jobs, **Boston's Male Prostitute** must have one of the best, and it's all perfectly legal. To join Fearless

Fred as he trucks around town spreading joy, all you have to do is say **OUI**. Your local news hawk has the June issue right now.

oui





*"You are now approaching the Merry Mermaids
Massage Parlor."*

and toss off neat—in the Russian manner. Authentic accompaniments are caviar, herring and smoked fish.

IRISH MULE

1 oz. vodka
Guinness Stout, chilled
Pour vodka and Guinness into chilled mug. The 6 $\frac{1}{3}$ -oz. Guinness nip is about the right size.

LARA'S LOVE

1 oz. vodka
1 oz. Lillet
1 oz. framboise
Club soda, chilled
Orange slice
Stir first three ingredients with ice. Strain into wineglass. Add light splash of club soda and garnish with orange slice. Stir once.

ORANGE-STEEPED VODKA

Remove peel from medium-size navel orange, taking orange part only. If you keep the peel in one piece, it's more attractive but doesn't affect the flavor. Add peel to bottle—you may have to pour off a little vodka to make room. It should show color in a day and be quite fragrant after three or four days' steeping.

Use in screwdrivers, gimlets, sours, with citrus-flavored sodas.

SAUCY MARY

2 ozs. vodka
4 ozs. clam-tomato juice cocktail, chilled
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
Pinch thyme
Few grains each garlic powder and salt
Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into 8-oz. goblet. Garnish with lemon slice.

DON'S EARLY LIGHT

2 ozs. vodka
1 tablespoon banana cordial
4 ozs. orange juice, chilled
Pour all ingredients over ice in tall glass. Stir well to chill. Garnish with fresh fruit, if desired.

LIMELIGHT (Serves two)

3 ozs. vodka
1 oz. apricot cordial
1 tablespoon Rose's Lime Juice
1 tablespoon fresh lime juice
Stir all ingredients with ice. Strain into two cocktail glasses.

DAWSON SPECIAL

1 oz. vodka
1 oz. crème de cacao
2 ozs. milk
Instant-coffee granules
Pour first three ingredients over ice in highball glass. Stir. Sprinkle lightly with instant coffee and serve.

SCHNAPPS WHIZZER

1 oz. vodka
1 oz. peppermint schnapps
Pour over ice in small old fashioned glass. Stir well. Garnish with mint sprigs or lemon slice.

BOG BUSTER

2 ozs. vodka
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. curaçao
4 ozs. cranberry-juice cocktail, chilled
Pour over ice in tall glass. Stir well. Garnish with slice of lime.

BLACK SNOW

2 ozs. Wyborowa Polish Vodka, out of the freezer
Pour into small, tulip-shaped stemmed glass (a sherry *copita* is perfect). Grind fresh black pepper over—about one turn of the pepper mill. The pepper flakes will float lazily down in the glass—supported by the slightly thickened icy vodka.

THE GODSON

1 oz. vodka
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Amaretto cordial
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Shake all ingredients with ice. Pour unstrained into old fashioned glass. Garnish with canned apricot half.

PEPPER VODKA

Steep 2 teaspoons cracked black peppercorns in a bottle of vodka for about a week. The more pungent the pepper, the zestier the vodka. Use in bloody marys, bull shots and bloody bulls.

LEMON-SMOOTH VODKA

1 large lemon
1 quart vodka
5 or 6 drops glycerin
Pinch salt
Remove peel from lemon, taking yellow part only. Add to bottle of vodka—you may have to pour a little off to make room. Add glycerin and salt. Let stand three or four days, until vodka has taken on lemon flavor. Present in ice jacket and serve neat or pour over ice in small old fashioned glass.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "I can whomp up a better drink than this with my hands tied"? Well, you probably can—better, certainly, to *your* taste. And that's the beauty of vodka; anyone can. So start whomping!



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55 BE DAMNED!

(continued from page 124)

VASCAR is the neatest, cleanest method of the three. It can be used in motion or at rest and can time cars running in the same direction or approaching the patrol car. But police officers complain about its accuracy, its reliability and the fact that it is more cumbersome to use than radar. Therefore, radar becomes a greater factor in speed control with each passing day. The old window-mounted units that had a range of about 1500 feet and could be operated only when stationary have been replaced by the incredible Kustom Signals, Inc., MR-7, which has a range of about a mile and can be operated at rest or in motion, or even hand held away from an automobile! This is decidedly the unit of the future and the one speeding scofflaws must treat with the greatest caution (although there are counter-measures—read on). Radar can be, and is, used in all situations: from bridges, behind hills and around curves, aimed at traffic approaching from either direction, or from a low-flying airplane (known as a Bear in the air or a spy in the sky in C.B. radio parlance). Yes, these "picture-taking machines," as the truckers call radar, are the heart and soul of speed-law enforcement, especially on open stretches of interstates (radar does not work particularly well on heavily congested highways, because it cannot easily discern one car from another) and, thanks to their cost, mobility and relative ease of operation, it appears they will remain as such for years to come.

*Smokeys, Smokeys, in the trees,
They've got radar,
But we've got C.B.s.*

Embodied within that cornball couplet is the secret to fast driving in the U.S. Citizen's-band radios came into really widespread use following the great truckers' strikes of 1973, when the Government first tried to make the big rigs operate at 55 mph. Because these brutes eat more fuel and consume more time (which is money to a driver) at 55, the truckers created an early-warning system via citizen's-band radios (channel 19 across the country and channel 21 in some parts of the West). With it came a beautiful new slang revolving around the world of 18-wheelers (trucks), four-wheelers (cars), etc., that operates from coast to coast. A C.B. radio is indispensable. It's that simple. Using it as an alarm system is great, but it has an added benefit of getting you involved in the highway milieu—of removing you and your associates on the road from those hundreds of little steel capsules and creating a kind of loose camaraderie that fights boredom and fatigue better than all the stereo systems known to man. Since I've put my C.B. on board, I've given up on my tape deck. The next

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time some turkey rips it off, I won't bother to replace it.

A couple of words of warning: Pass the truckers with care. Run by some of them too quickly and they'll begin to yell over the radio about your speed. More and more cops (called Smokeys, Smokey Bears or Bears) are carrying C.B.s in their cars, and before you know it, you may have one on your tail. Also beware of a friendly voice saying something like "It's clear to mile marker 28, come on, come on!" That could be a Smokey (sometimes known as a Sugar Bear) trying to lure the unwary into his radar beam (which is, of course, entrapment, but, then, life ain't easy out there on the interstates, good buddy).

Hit the brakes when you hear the beep: OK, so you've got your C.B. (or two-way, as it is called) tuned up to full volume for incoming Smokey reports, but you still need more warning, which comes in the form of a small black container about the size of a Coney Island hot dog mounted on your dashboard or windshield. When it was introduced, the Snooper, made by Autotronics, Inc., of Richardson, Texas, was the best radar detector on the market. This unit, which sells for \$79.95 (higher in some states), has an effective range of about 5000 feet and will sound an ear-piercing beep as soon as it senses a radar signal. In reaction to the new MR-7 radar, Autotronics now has the Super Snooper, which offers a substantial increase in range and receives both the X-band and the new K-band frequencies used by the latest models of police radar. These devices, like C.B.s, have no substitutes. (Forget that nonsense about putting aluminum foil in your hubcaps to jam the radar—it's useless, although there's a Texan known as the Lubbock Kid who's got his Camaro rigged up with a working police-radar jammer fabricated from the guts of a Sears microwave oven. The guys at Autotronics say a jammer is definitely within the range of their technology but are wary of its legality. However, if you were to have one built by your buddy, the electronics freak. . . .) Not all radar detectors are useful. The small battery-operated units that clip to the sun visor lack the range and sensitivity of more expensive versions and can sometimes create a false sense of security. One motorist roared through a New York State Police radar trap without his detector's making a peep. Irritated after receiving his ticket, he turned around and passed through the trap again, this time at a legal speed. Again the detector failed, which prompted him to stop his car, get out and stomp the device into small pieces.

Treat driving as an art: Being an effective fast driver demands pride both in your personal skills and in your automobile. If you don't care about cars and the science of controlling them, you are stupid to attempt to drive them quickly. Because similar but less intense vehicle

and driver dynamics relate fast road driving with motor racing, I recommend a pair of books: *The Racing Driver: The Theory and Practice of Fast Driving*, by Denis Jenkinson, and *The Technique of Motor Racing*, by Piero Taruffi (both available from Robert Bentley, Inc., 872 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139). When you understand what these experts are talking about and your automobile is in perfect mechanical condition, you can run quickly with minimal risk.

Moreover, make sure you are well fitted to your environment; namely, that you are comfortable while at the controls. For example: Your seat should be far enough away from the steering wheel so that your wrist will touch the top of the rim when your arm is outstretched. Actual driving should be done with *both* hands, located slightly below the traditional ten-to-two position. The grip should be light, the elbows relaxed. Loose clothing is a must, both to enhance mobility and to reduce fatigue. Turtlenecks or tight collars are practically guaranteed to produce sore necks and stiff back muscles. Top-quality sunglasses are invaluable. Many fast drivers insist on small-diameter, leather- or rubber-rimmed steering wheels, which increase control and absorb perspiration, thereby making them easier to grip. A variety of custom steering wheels as well as quartz-halogen driving lights (highly recommended) are available from a multitude of automotive-specialty shops. If you are not happy with the comfort and stability provided by the seat in your car, high-quality, race- and rally-type seats—some fully adjustable—can also be purchased for from \$100 to \$300.

Think! Anyone who thinks of fast road driving as the simple act of cranking the throttle to the wood and hanging on belongs in jail—which is exactly where he is going to end up. The automobile must be driven cautiously at high speeds, because closing rates on dangerous situations and law officers are greater. This means that hill crests, blind bends, etc., must be approached with speed reduced and the driver prepared to hit the brakes, ready for anything. *Concentration* is the key and if you are dull and inattentive enough to drive blindly into a radar trap, you deserve everything you get.

When you get nailed: All the C.B.s and the Snoopers in the world won't prevent the inevitable. If you drive a lot, sooner or later you are going to get stopped for speeding. When (not if) that happens, follow these few rules to ease the pain: 1. Immediately pull over, with your four-way flashers turned on. *Never, never be a dumb-ass and try to outrun a Smokey.* Not only is it unforgivably dangerous but the odds of success are minimal. 2. Get out of your car and walk to the patrol car with your license and registration in hand. This is effective for two reasons, one practical, one psychological:

Highway-patrol officers generally work alone, and that is a dangerous business. They are extremely vulnerable when approaching a stopped vehicle, which they do with reluctance. What's more, if you are conversant with Robert Ardrey's *Territorial Imperative*, you will know that the officer's largess will be increased tenfold when you submissively go to him on his turf. 3. Don't make an ass out of yourself by arguing or flashing that police courtesy card your uncle, the alderman, gave you. Highway patrolmen are, for the most part, highly trained, intelligent men who have heard every whacko story, excuse and tale of influence conceivable. They are professionals who are doing a difficult job (and many of them despise the 55-mph limit as much as anybody) and, if they nail you, they probably have you dead to rights and you're only wasting their time and yours by arguing or protesting. Virtually every rationale for speeding has been tried, including the one used by the Cannonball crew who, after being nailed at 115 mph, tried to convince the officer that they were desperately low on gas and were building up sufficient speed to coast to the next service station. If you think you have been unjustly arrested, get a lawyer and go to court, but don't mess around with the Smokey. And don't, for God's sake, ever, ever try to lay a bribe on him.

One final thought: When I talk about fast driving, I mean good driving. I don't mean some slob wheeling along in his Caddy at 70 mph with the stereo turned up and his arm draped over the seat back. To drive quickly means *total involvement* and success or failure is measurable by one simple test: It *must* be accomplished without the slightest inconvenience to anyone else. If you drive fast and cause another motorist to deviate from his own course and speed, even in the most minute fashion, you have failed. Force another driver to touch his brakes, turn his steering wheel or prompt even the most hypertense incompetent on the road to honk his horn in alarm or irritation and you have bad marks as a fast driver. Not only must you not place anybody's personal safety in jeopardy but you must set such high standards for your driving that no one notices that you are on the road. This demands incredible smoothness in your driving, which can only come through complete attention to the problem.

So turn off the stereo, crank up the C.B., get both hands on the wheel and start *driving*—as opposed to slumping behind the wheel and letting the car do the job. You'll be amazed at how rewarding the whole thing can be.

Another thing: Play it safe—take some cash along.





Buck Brown

*"Ah, here you are, my dear. I hope you
aren't still angry about last night."*

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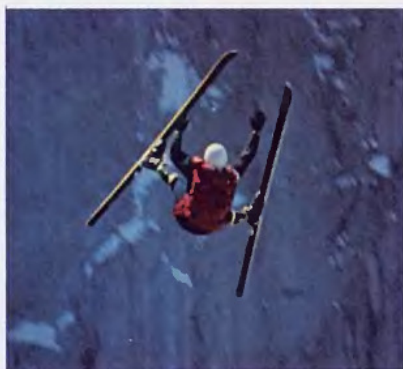
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before you hit the ground,
hit the silk!"**



**"Those treacherous winds
and the death-defying drop
down the mountain's sheer
granite face were enough
to make me as nervous as
a flea on a hot skillet."**

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.



"Shari made doubly sure my chute was secure. And triple-checked my skis. Then schuss! From my launching pad on the frozen mesa, I was on the way to my space walk. 4000 feet over the Turner Glacier in the Canadian Arctic."

"P-o-o-o-off! My chute billowed out. And none too soon. Because I still had some tricky maneuvering to do. Those deadly downdrafts almost collapsed my chute. But a little body English luckily prevented it...and it was happy landings."



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