

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

**Sarah Miles
and Kris
Kristofferson
in the Sexiest
Star Pictorial
Ever!**

**The
Playboy
Boat Stable**

**Art
Buchwald
Fingers Our
Founding
Fathers**

**The
Real Lily
Tomlin
Stands Up**

**And Now,
Jayne
Marie
Mansfield!**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AMERICA!

Winston's box makes a difference.

The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference.

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

20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.



GF Hardtop



DL 4 Door Sedan

WHILE OTHER CARS ARE BLOWING THEIR OWN HORNS, ROAD TEST MAGAZINE NAMED SUBARU "LINE OF THE YEAR"



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4 Wheel Drive Wagon



DL Sport Coupe



DL Station Wagon

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SUBARU

THE ECONOMY CAR FOR TODAY'S ECONOMY.

*Total POE—not including dealer prep, inland transportation and taxes. Some exterior accessories pictured are extra cost options.

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PLAYBILL

THE LATEST Bernstein-Woodward revelations tell us that Nixon was having conversations with the portraits of his predecessors in the White House. But **Art Buchwald**, also a patriotic American, was never lucky enough to rap with Thomas Jefferson: "I've always admired paintings of the Revolution, and I've wondered since childhood why they didn't say anything to me." Well, after we locked him in an office with a huge stack of Revolutionary paintings and drawings, it was only a matter of time before he heard their voices—as reported in *Art Buchwald's Special Commemorative Bicentennial Souvenir Album*.

You can also get a few star-spangled yoks from *Poor Rowland's Almanack*, a take-off on Ben Franklin's classic by cartoonist and prize-winning animator **Rowland B. Wilson**.

And, lest you think we haven't taken a serious enough view of America in this Bicentennial month, please note that we've also lined up a few torpedoes and depth charges.

Fire one: Political theorist **Karl Hess**, in an exclusive *Playboy Interview* conducted by **Sam Merrill**, tells why we'd be better off with no government at all.

Fire two: Songwriter/poet **Gil Scott-Heron**, in *The Fire This Time*, gives a state-of-the-current-American-revolution message—and tells why the Constitution is still where it's at (he's supposed to be a radical). Our reporter is free-lance writer and music critic **Vernon Gibbs**.

Fire three: The seventh and last part of *Playboy's History of Assassination in America*, by **James McKinley**, continues to explore the bloody side of our political heritage. At bottom left are the staffers who bled to make it possible—Assistant Art Director **Roy Moody** and Researchers **Tom Passavant**, **Karen Stevens**, **Chris Newman**, **Bonnie Martini** and **Mary Zion**. Senior Editor **Laurence Gonzales** (not shown) was their guiding spirit.

Fire four: **Ron Kovic's** memoir, *Born on the Fourth of July*, tells how he went to Vietnam as a gung-ho Marine and left there paralyzed for life. "The best piece of writing to come out of Vietnam," according to editor Gonzales, it will be released in book form next month by McGraw-Hill. Same title.

Both of our fiction pieces take some strange turns. **David Ely's** ironic *Last One Out*, illustrated by **David Beck**, is about a man posing as a lost World War Two survivor. *A Feast of Snakes*, by the inimitable **Harry Crews**, is part of his eighth novel (same title), set for immediate release by Atheneum; it finds an ex-football hero and an ex-baton queen getting their rocks off in a repulian setting. The illustration is by **Richard F. Newton**.

Speaking of getting them off, check what **Kristofferson** and **Miles** are doing in *Kris and Sarah*, a pictorial based on their sexually explosive new movie. Accompanying it is *The Soul of Sarah*—with Miles's poetry, **Bruce Williamson's** text and **Phillip Dixon's** photos. Incidentally, Kris and Sarah aren't the only showbiz names in the issue. *Jayne's Girl* finds **Jayne Marie Mansfield** responding admirably to the camera of **Dwight Hooker** (who, as you see, will do anything for a shot). Meanwhile, the Pittsburgh Steelers model some *City Shorts*.

And—in *Excuse Me, Do You Know Who Lily Tomlin Is?*—we've got a rare peek into the multiple personalities of the top-notch comedienne, as observed by **Louise Bernikow**, who, besides finishing a novel, is giving college lectures on suppressed works by women writers.

Re the women's lib movement: Assistant Managing Editor **G. Barry Golson** finds—in *So You Want to Be a Sex Object?*—that getting ogled by the fair sex can cause lots of confusion.

What else? Well, **Emanuel Greenberg** speaks frankly on how to make the wiener a winner in *Hot Dog!*, with a Bicentennial-flavored illustration by **Dennis Michael Magdich**. Then there are the pleasure craft photographed by **Alexas Urba** and elaborated upon by **Brock Yates** in *The Playboy Boat Stable*. And, speaking of pleasure, check out Playmate **Deborah Borkman**—a lovely lady who can be appreciated by old salt and young landlubber alike.



BUCHWALD



GIBBS



KOVIC



HOOKEE



URBA



BERNIKOW



MERRILL



CREWS



NEWTON



ELY



BECK



WILSON



GOLSON



HOOKEE



MAGDICH



MARTINI, ZION, MOODY, NEWMAN, PASSAVANT, STEVENS, MC KINLEY



MC KINLEY

PLAYBOY®

vol. 23, no. 7—july, 1976

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COVER STORY

This month's cover, featuring 1974 Playmate of the Year Cyndi Lauper, is an update of those turn-of-the-century Fourth of July postcards, tobacco cards and posters showing Lady Liberty swathed in the Stars and Stripes and clad in the classic Greek chiton of the Statue of Liberty. As you can see, our ubiquitous, if sometimes obscure, Rabbit is formed by Cyndi's hair covering part of a star.

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PLAYBOY, JULY, 1976, VOL. 23, NO. 7, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., AND AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3576 TO PLAYBOY, P. O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80502.

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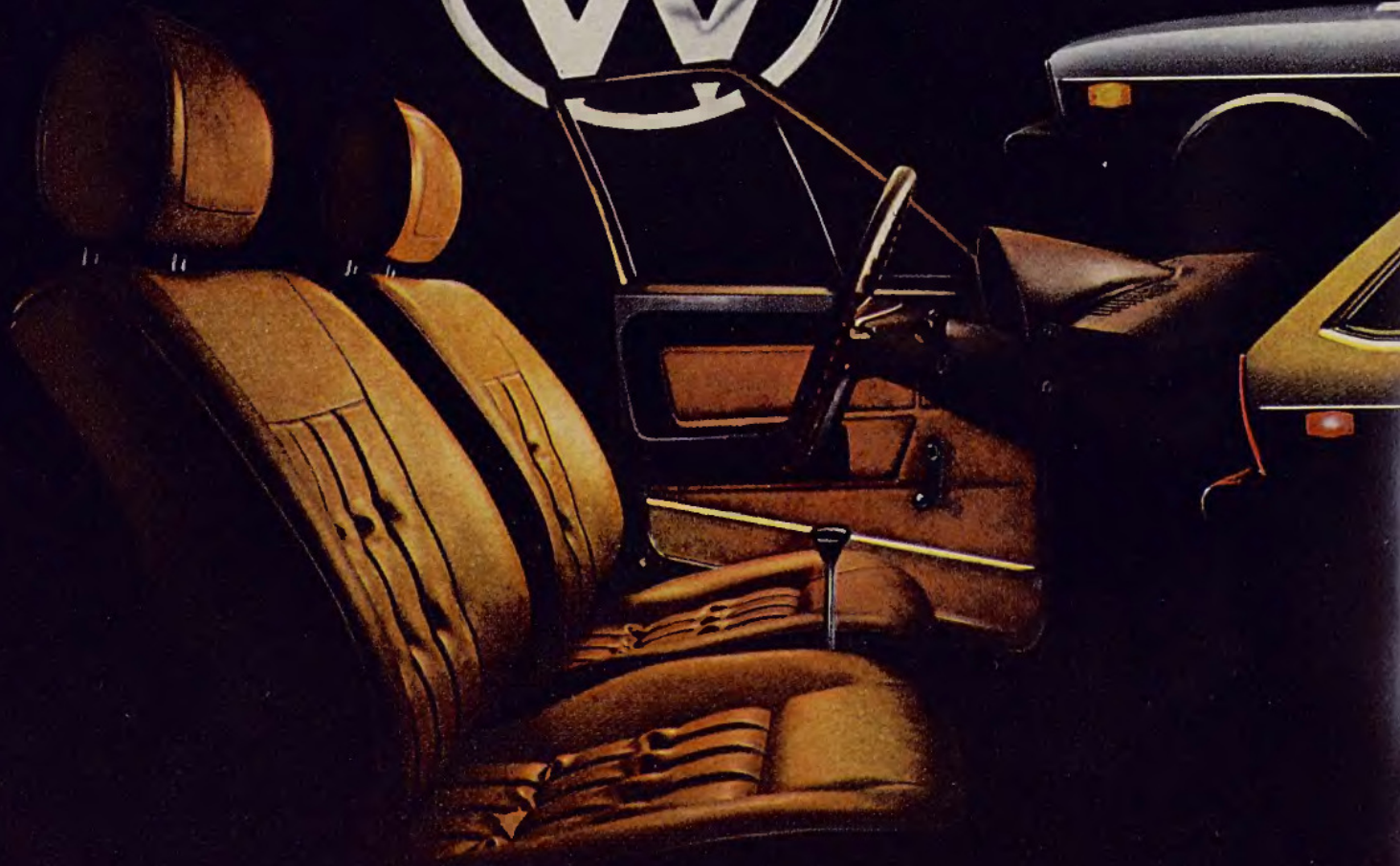
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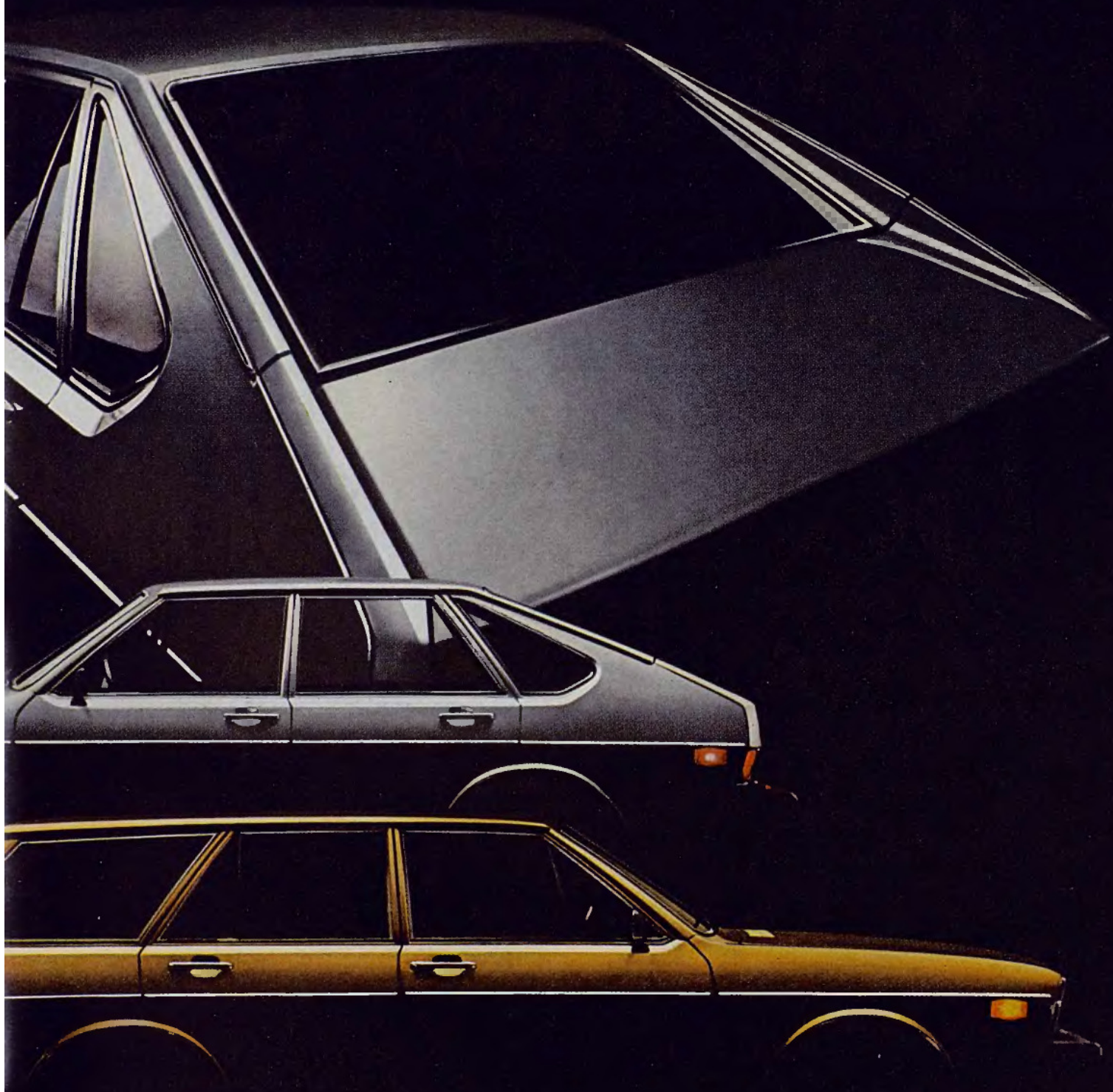
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New 'Enriched Flavor' discovery for 9 mg. tar MERIT achieves taste of cigarettes having 60% more tar.

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Others have made the claim. Philip Morris just made the cigarette.

MERIT. Only 9 mg. tar. One of the lowest tar levels in smoking today.

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'Enriched Flavor' Boosts Taste—Not Tar

After twelve years of intensive research, Philip Morris scientists isolated certain key ingredients in smoke that deliver *taste way out of proportion to tar.*

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Repeat: delivered more taste.

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MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion. Study available free on request. Philip Morris Inc., Richmond, Va. 23261.

9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

DEAR PLAYBOY

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BROWN BELTS

Your interview with Governor Jerry Brown of California (PLAYBOY, April) is timely, tasteful and terrific. His ability to comprehend, evaluate and discuss issues without self-protecting equivocation is a refreshing departure from typical political bullshit.

Mrs. R. Vernon Payne
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Governor Brown has made a career of telling us what didn't work and what not to do. His superstitious belief in a free will assures us he is not capable of defining a cultural illness.

Lester H. Higby, Sr.
Candidate for President
of the U. S.
Chico, California

Brown deals exclusively in the realities of our way of life, scolding us for it and, at the same time, guiding us by his example.

John P. Leon
Long Beach, California

Governor Brown is all we need; a scriptwriter's version of depth, eclecticism and charisma.

Marvin Gregory
Renton, Washington

I sure hope Governor Brown likes the big house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Jim Leach
Del Rio, Texas

My write-in vote for President in 1976 is Jerry Brown!

Brian Cunningham
Fairbanks, Alaska

What this country needs is 50 more Jerry Browns; one for each of the 49 other states and one as President.

Danny Huckabee
Corpus Christi, Texas

Brown's forthright admission to not having all the answers is beautiful.

Wesley Quick
Richmond, Virginia

As Gertrude Stein pointed out, asking the right question is at least as important as having the right answer. If we had asked more searching questions inside

Government in the Sixties, some horrors might have been avoided. I am glad Jerry Brown persists in asking good questions. I might wish that some of the answers he offers in your interview departed further from the conventional wisdom, but that may be a necessary limitation for an incumbent politician responding to an omnivorous interviewer.

Adam Yarmolinsky
University of Massachusetts
Boston, Massachusetts

Professor Yarmolinsky was special assistant to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, Deputy Director of Lyndon Johnson's Antipoverty Task Force and Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. He is now Ralph Waldo Emerson Professor at the University of Massachusetts.

I intend to vote for Brown for President. May his political career and thinking go on forever.

Don Davis
Long Beach, California

Just for the hell of it, we took a poll of the letters received concerning the Brown interview. A whopping 70 percent of our letter writers were pro-Brown (to the extent that they would vote for him in a Presidential contest), 15 percent against and 15 percent noncommittal. Interestingly enough, of the pro-Brown letters, 55 percent were from non-Californians.

SHORT CIRCUITS

I laughed seven times at Laurence Gonzales' fine satire *Transcendental Premeditation* (Selected Shorts, PLAYBOY, April). Mark Twain, who satirized almost everything under the sun, would have loved it.

Jeremy Thunder
Denver, Colorado

I am frankly appalled that PLAYBOY would publish such a piece of unknowledgeable trash. I am afraid Gonzales has spent too much time "meditating" in the local bars and is afraid of the light.

Vicki Ferguson
Gainesville, Florida

BASEBALL RAPS

The Short Season (PLAYBOY, April), by Jim Brosnan, is super stuff by the

"THE EXCITER"



Add your own dash at the table.



2 drops on each egg



3 or 4 drops in tomato juice



3 or 4 drops in soup

Free booklet! The Exciter! Write McIlhenny Company, Dept. EX-E, Avery Island, La. 70513

TABASCO

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master of the inside pitch. And why not? Big Broz wrote the finest behind-the-scenes baseball book, *The Long Season*. Brosnan is my favorite baseball folklorist—and my boyhood hero.

Robert E. Hood
Kendall Park, New Jersey

It's good to see Jim Brosnan back saving the game with his gently sardonic observations. Broz with a pen in his hand is just as apt to clip you with a high, hard one as he was with a baseball. I have missed him.

Jim Murray
Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, California

PLAYMATE RATERS

I never really knew the meaning of the word delicious until I saw your April Playmate, Denise Michele.

Mike Bloch
New York, New York

Denise Michele is, indeed, the closest you have come to aesthetic perfection in the human form since China Lee.

Willie Ragusa
San Francisco, California

MUSIC SURVEYORS

Congratulations on *Playboy Music '76* in the April issue. Once again, PLAYBOY readers picked the best of the bunch.

Ron Gandy
Alta Loma, Texas

From the results of your poll, one can only conclude that the majority of your voters should be disenfranchised on the charge of abysmal ignorance.

Colette Holt
Chicago, Illinois

One of the highlights for me in your magazine is the annual Music Poll. PLAYBOY has done much, with its large circulation, to acknowledge the great talents in music.

Robert Friedman
Washington, D.C.

Ho-hum.

Mike Wiseman
Oakland, California

TABLES TURNED

I darn near slipped my hi-fi disc after reading *The Direct Approach* (PLAYBOY, April), in which you say that platter ploppers have to do without when it comes to direct-drive component machinery. Well, turn my tables! While standing in my demo sound room the other day, I would have sworn I saw a Technics Model SL-1350 direct-drive record changer happily playing one record after another after another. . . .

Randy Withrow
Bellevue, Washington

Our mistake, our mistake, our mistake. . . .

ANDRESS ADMIRERS

Your April pictorial on Ursula Andress (*Incomparably Ursula*) is stunning. As a longtime PLAYBOY reader, I can recall the first time you featured her in a spread—was it, let's see, 1967? As far as I can tell, she hasn't aged a day since then.

Sanford Granger
Dallas, Texas

You're off by two years, Sanford—it was June of 1965. You're right about one



thing, though; as you can see by this 11-year-old picture, Ursula hasn't aged a bit.

TAX RETURNS

Your publication of Jim Davidson's *Punch Out the IRS!* (PLAYBOY, April) is probably the single most significant event of the Bicentennial year.

John R. Tkach, M.D.
Bozeman, Montana

To take on this foul enforcer of an equally foul concept by publishing this exposé, and thereby inviting almost certain auditing, harassment, intimidation and persecution, takes some balls.

Bruce Lagasse
Libertarian Party of California
Sherman Oaks, California

The fact is that war-tax resisters rarely go to prison or are painfully hassled by the IRS. The IRS treats us with an unusual degree of delicacy; it doesn't want the rest of the public to know a tax-resistance movement exists.

Susan Wilkins
New England War Tax Resistance
Cambridge, Massachusetts

I currently represent parties in litigation against the IRS and the examples of harassment in your excellent article make our case a fairly tame one by comparison. One good tip to beat the IRS people would be to tell them your income and allow them to figure out the rest. After they finish, take the return to your accountant. If the IRS makes a mistake,

it could be sued for negligence under the Federal Tort Claims Act. And if it doesn't provide top-level tax advice and service, refuse to pay. No jury will convict under those circumstances.

S. R. W.
Chicago, Illinois

The country's tax system is a mess—but our system of taxation is unique. It's a rare country where the original computation of tax liability lies with the taxpayer . . . it's also a rare country that has as many detected evaders. Who's at fault? Congress for its law? IRS for administering it? Taxpayers for evading it?

A Tax Auditor
Omaha, Nebraska

Yes, the American Revolution was a tax war. But the slogan of the times was not "No taxes"; it was "No taxation without representation!" We have representation. Let's use it.

Geoffrey J. Letchworth, D.V.M.
Homer, New York

The IRS is one of the greatest weapons we have against organized crime and we should be careful as to how far we limit its investigative powers.

Martin R. Northrup
Maitland, Florida

As far as I'm concerned, the IRS can stick all its 1040s up its ass!

(Name withheld by request)
Woodstock, Vermont

I do not necessarily enjoy paying my taxes, but I pay them because it is my right, my privilege and my duty. It is a small price to pay for freedom.

Bruce A. Brown
Goldsboro, North Carolina

Congratulations on the article by Jim Davidson. Let us hope that your courage in publishing such an article will serve as an example to other members of the communications community.

Robert H. Randall, Conference
Chairman
Libertarian Party
Chicago, Illinois

All taxes are odious, but let's face it, they're necessary. It remains for all of us to make them as fair as possible.

Channing L. Purdy
San Bernardino, California

Jim Davidson's article on the IRS is full of technical errors. There is no "IRS code"; the Intelligence Division was not disbanded, only the SSS; agents are not promoted on the basis of "points" but on an annual basis. The "ministerial method" of tax avoidance won't work. If you doubt that, try it. And the "Fifth Amendment" routine is equally absurd, since tax auditing and

The frost won't bite!

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collecting is an administrative, not a criminal, process and, therefore, is not subject to constitutional or due-process restrictions (except in a criminal-tax-evasion case). And Baxter's affidavit is simply laughable. Serious reform may be better than paranoia, but it's much more difficult. And speaking of paranoia, I regret I cannot sign this, since I am:

An IRS Agent
Oakland, California

Davidson replies:

The writer is merely showing off his training by pointing to supposed technical errors in my article. They are exactly the sort that IRS agents spend hours scouring tax returns for. That is to say, with one exception, they are not errors at all. They're merely differences of opinion. The exception is this: The writer is right in saying that there is no IRS code. There is an Internal Revenue code and there are IRS manuals, and when they were combined in a single phrase, they became "IRS code and manuals," a lapse of accuracy for which I apologize. If the writer is offended by that, pity the poor folks in Oakland whose tax returns he approves. As to his other complaints, they are merely disagreements. The anonymous writer says that he and other agents are not promoted on the basis of points, but Vincent Connery of the IRS employees' union testified that they are, so whom are we to believe? The means employed by tax resisters are not a matter for me to judge, but neither, according to the resisters, are they matters for the IRS. Everyone knows that the IRS has the power to impose its judgments in the current situation. Whether it will retain that power is a question that will be revealed by the outcome of the tax-resistance movement. Pronouncements from the IRS officials, anonymous or otherwise, won't settle that issue.

COVER LINES

Your April cover is the greatest!

Arthur Goldstein
Wyandotte, Michigan

I've enjoyed your magazine for years, but your April cover is the sweetest one I've seen yet.

Kathy Howard
Stuart, Florida

Your cover girl for the April issue is the exact duplicate of my girlfriend. Tell me, is that your girl or mine?

Steve Johnson
Alexandria, Virginia

Ours.

OIL WAR

Surely PLAYBOY wasn't serious when it ran Robert Sherrill's *Oil: The Final Solution* (Selected Shorts, February), in which he suggests that the U.S. meddle in Saudi Arabia. I'm aghast that

Get hooked on the looks and sold on the price.

At today's prices, a lot of people would consider themselves lucky to get an ordinary-looking car for under \$4,000, let alone a great-looking Dodge Charger. That low price includes a lot of standard features you've come to expect in Charger. Like color-keyed carpeting, soft vinyl-upholstered seats, front disc brakes, an Electronic Ignition System, and room to seat six full-grown people quite comfortably.

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a responsible magazine such as PLAYBOY would even consider our playing such an immoral and incredibly dangerous game.

Frederick Johnson
New York, New York

As you obliquely recognize, those are Sherrill's words, not ours. "Selected Shorts" provides a platform for widely disparate points of view, none of which is necessarily that of the magazine. You're responding to Sherrill's deadpan send-up in much the same way people reacted to Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal" (that we eat our young). Expect the U.S. in Saudi Arabia about the same time we begin to boil babies.

COUNTRY SOUNDS

I take exception to "C&W Made Easy" (PLAYBOY After Hours, April), by John Hughes. Everyone is entitled to his opinion, but for Hughes's, I hope a convoy of Kenworths runs him down in front of the motel he's visiting with his mistress and the law throws him into jail for littering our beautiful American streets.

Janice Bruce
Kansas City, Missouri

GUITAR CHORDS

In your short but enlightening article *String Fever* (PLAYBOY, March), you neglect to mention what must be one of the finest contemporary handmade electric guitars in the world, the Hamer. Although relatively new, it has already won recognition in the rock stars' elitist structure.

Frank I. Untermeyer
Madison, Wisconsin

SOUR GRAPES

Your reference to the *National Enquirer* in the February book-review section of *PLAYBOY After Hours* is neither correct nor contemporary. In 1966, the *Enquirer* began a conversion from blood, guts and gore to the wholesome, family-oriented newspaper it is today. For years now, the *Enquirer* has not dealt in the ghoulis material of your reference.

Jules d'Hemecourt
Director of Communications
National Enquirer
Lantana, Florida

FIRST TIME CAPSULES

I really got a good laugh out of John Blumenthal's *My First Time* (PLAYBOY, April). Each section is done beautifully. Terrific job! I hope we hear more from this talented writer.

Bob Callaghan
Rochester, New York

A watermelon in the Garden of Eden?
Fast Oeddie? A priceless piece of satire.

Irwin Halpern
New York, New York



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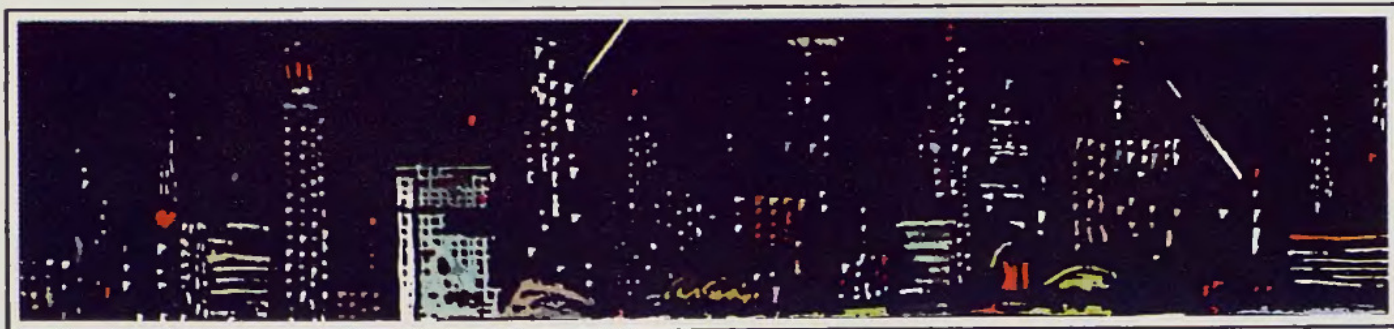
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



On a Cathay Pacific Airways flight, the stewardesses had just distributed drinks and salted nuts when a message came over the loudspeaker: "The captain informs us that we are about to enter an area of turbulence. He suggests for your safety and comfort that you fasten your seat belts, hold your drinks in one hand and your nuts in the other."

Kids'll listen to the darnedest things: A British journal reported that Scottish school children have been eavesdropping on their teachers—electronically. One boy played a radio very loud in class to make sure it was confiscated by the teacher. The radio contained a bugging device.

One of the songs piped into the waiting room of a Vancouver, British Columbia, V.D. clinic is *I'll Never Fall in Love Again*.

We love to see a man who's really into his job. An item in the *Appeal-Democrat* of Marysville, California, reports the arrest of a 30-year-old man for driving while under the influence. In the trunk of his car, police discovered seven plastic bags of smokables, a scale and a list of first names with quantities noted beside each. His job? Drug-abuse consultant for the state department of health.

This month's history lesson comes from *The People's Almanac*, which reports that the brassiere was invented by a fellow named Otto Titzling in 1912. However, he failed to patent his invention and a Frenchman, Philippe de Brassière, came along in 1929, promoted it with a flair and the device came to be known as the brassiere. Had Titzling had the foresight to patent his idea, the bra might today be

known as the titzling (pronounced tit-sling) or, simply, the tit.

Montana's *Glacier Herald* recently ran this classified ad: "Now Open, Whitefish Day Care Center. Creative activities, lots of fun and loving care. Drop-ins welcome."

The TV section of the Philadelphia *Sunday Bulletin* carried the following scheduled movie listing: "*The V.I.P.'s* (1963) Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Nixon."

Bumper sticker of the month: SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL TRIAL LAWYER, SEND YOUR CHILD TO MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The DePaul University student newspaper, *DePaulia*, recently published an article claiming that university cheerleaders were looking for guys to help out with the cheering. "Right now," the paper said, "the only requirement will be the ability to do mounts with the girls on the squad."

Two Washington, D.C.-based businessmen, having just started a local record company, have decided to call it Arrest Records, because, as they explain, "Now you can have an Arrest Record and it won't be detrimental."

Nostalgic note from *The Vinton County Courier* of McArthur, Ohio: "Bicentennial Advisory Committee is bringing back old-fashioned box supers—don't you remember when the boyfriend would pay a potful just to get his best girl's box?"

In Ladybrand, South Africa, the home of apartheid, a woman was so fond of her 1948 Studebaker that she wanted it buried after her death; but a local undertaker refused to handle the interment of the car. "We can't bury it in the cemetery," he said. "That's for whites only." The car is blue.

"Wanted. Experienced storekeeper, either sex, provided they (*sic*) look like Marlene Dietrich in her early 20s," read one of the ads in an English newspaper that tried to evade the country's new Sex Discrimination Act, which bans discrimination in employment and job recruitment on the basis of sex. "In celebration of the equal rights bill," read another, "all bricklaying vacancies will now be open to men and women alike. Applicants must have a minimum of 38-inch chest measurement and be prepared to strip to the waist in summer."

An Ulster Protestant minister arrived late for his sermon one day, with his arm in a sling and his left eye bandaged. Clearly shaken, he explained to his congregation that on



the way to church he had been involved in a traffic accident in which his car had overturned. "Friends," he said, "we had a narrow escape and we might still be there but for the fact that I was pulled out by the Balls." He paused, then added: "And I would like, if they are in the congregation, to offer my sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ball."

A bus-stop bench in Van Nuys, California, displays this slogan for a local butcher shop: IF YOU CAN'T EAT OUR MEAT, BEAT IT.

The Good Taste Award goes to the Indiana casket company marketing a red, white and blue "Spirit of '76" coffin, complete with tiny flags.

Reporting on an arts-and-crafts show featuring handmade rugs, the Brockville, Ontario, *Recorder and Times* ran this headline: "A THOUSAND HOOKERS TO DISPLAY WORK."

We've heard some weird pickup routines before, but this one takes the prize. An Orlando, Florida, man, out riding his motorcycle one day, spotted an attractive girl in a convertible directly ahead. He was so taken by her, in fact, that he failed to notice that the convertible had stopped. The bike slammed into the car, the man sailed into the air, did a somersault, landed in a perfect sitting position next to the girl, turned to her and said, "How're you doing?" His *sang-froid* was rewarded; the girl gave him her phone number.

New Orleans police recently arrested a man for committing a rather bizarre series of break-ins. The alleged crook's *modus operandi* consisted of entering the homes of his victims by cutting screens, taking small amounts of money and then sucking his victims' toes.

From the Conservatory of Hard Knocks: Claiming that he never gets headaches after musical sessions, an English sergeant plays tunes by whacking himself over the head with a nine-inch wrench. The maestro, whose repertoire includes such hits as *Deutschland*, *Deutschland über alles* and *Rule Britannia*, says that each blow on his noggin produces an easily discernible note, adding that he discovered his musical head when he banged it against another man in a rugby match.

When Governor Christopher S. Bond proclaimed the beginning of Missouri's trout-fishing season, the Cape Girardeau *Bulletin Journal* reported the event with this boldface headline: "BOND WETS HIS FLY TO OPEN TROUT SEASON."

ON THE MARK....

With the Olympic games coming on this month and all, we just wondered what was happening with the hero of the 1972 go-round, Mark Spitz, winner of a record seven gold medals. We knew that he had married, had done a stint as a TV sportscaster and had enrolled in dental school at Indiana University. But where was his head?

Writer Lawrence Grobel sends this report of a conversation with superswimmer Spitz:

PLAYBOY: Now that the 1976 games are just around the corner, do you find yourself reflecting much on the '72 Olympics?

SPITZ: As I was drying my hair this morning, I was looking in the mirror and thinking, Jesus Christ, you must have been like the most radical son of a bitch when you swam because you had a mustache. How did I get the mustache? In college, we weren't allowed to have facial hair and all that jazz, we were supposed to look like the all-American athlete, right? With short hair and all that crap. When I got through with college, I started growing a whole beard, but it kept itching and I got down to just the mustache. I went to the Olympic trials and I was going to shave it off and I never did. I went to the training camp. I went to Munich. I was going to shave it off just before I swam and all of a sudden I just said screw it, I'm not going to shave it off. I'm swimming great. I broke five world records in the Olympic trials; why shave it off? Now people recognize me because of the mustache and I'm getting it back in spades because I didn't grow it to have it forever. That wasn't my intention. I grew it because it was like, 'cause it was like, I mean, you know, I'd have never, given the opportunity, 'cause the coach didn't want it and all that jazz. Well, now he allows it, you know. I was offered \$5000 to shave it off—it got up to \$50,000 at one point, and then I turned that into a nice-figured contract with Schick and I never did shave it off. See, I swam in the Olympics as an athlete, not as a circus star. The mustache is an identification factor; I'm thoroughly convinced of that. When you drive down the street today,



"I grew the mustache because it was like, 'cause it was like, I mean, you know, I'd have never... 'cause the coach didn't want it and all that jazz."

there are more people who think that was me on that Turk commercial, and that's identification. I'll put a gentleman's bet of a dollar on the side that that Turk wouldn't be the Turk if it weren't for me. They probably paid him diddly compared with what they would have to pay me to do that kind of commercial. 'Course, I don't smoke. Cigarettes. I smoke cigars.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever

make a comeback, like Muhammad Ali's?

SPITZ: It would do me no good to come back. Ali was taken off the throne and never finished what he wanted to do, which was box everybody. He'll go out on top, I'll guarantee you.

PLAYBOY: What if you were offered a large sum of money to compete against the winning swimmers of the '76 Olympic games?

SPITZ: Money will affect people in many different ways, but the first way it affects them is that they'll take it. I wouldn't do it for less than a couple of hundred thousand, because my time is worth that much. But I could do it, because I'm much stronger mentally than my competition.

PLAYBOY: Do you reject the notion that your whole life seems to be one of guidance, training, grooming: programing?

SPITZ: Look at anybody who's been successful in something and he's usually been guided—either by himself or by some program. I think where people get lost is they go to college and they say, "Screw all this stuff, I'm just going to float around and decide what I'm going to do in a year or so." Those guys are still floating. When they send up capsules into space, if they don't program where the hell to go, they'll just fly all over the goddamn place.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as a space capsule?

SPITZ: I think everybody should look at themselves as space capsules, man. If their trajectory is screwed up, then they're going to be screwed up. I see a lot of people who are empty capsules out there, floating around. It's not my fault. I just hope I don't become one of them.

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MOVIES

Any list of great screen performances compiled from now on will have to save a niche at the very top for Liv Ullmann in Ingmar Bergman's *Face to Face*. A landmark movie even according to the exalted standards set by Bergman himself, this devastating, impassioned essay on "life, love and death" (that's Bergman's description of his real topic) seems, at first, to be simply a case history spelling out the complete mental crack-up of a competent, successful, happily married lady psychiatrist. It's a role so loaded with emotional fireworks that few actresses would dare to attempt such virtuosity and practically none could match Ullmann's incredible range. Tour de force is too mild a term for what Liv does here, with the camera fixed on her in long takes as if cinematographer Sven Nykvist were performing a kind of radical psychic surgery by laser beam. In one scene, within the space of a minute or two, while describing how a young thug tried to rape her and couldn't, because she was "too tight"—though she wanted him to—she runs the gamut from embarrassed reticence and uncontrolled laughter to retching hysteria and back again. Later, she spews a total catharsis of childhood guilt, fear, rejection, sexual repression and smothered love in a time slot barely adequate for plugging a headache remedy.

Since Bergman was hospitalized for a nervous breakdown after being arrested in Stockholm on charges of tax evasion earlier this year, *Face to Face* packs an added wallop of personal revelation. Openly hostile to shrinks, he indicts them in the words of a cynical doctor who decries "the brutality of our methods and the bankruptcy of psychoanalysis." To Bergman, life is a thing to be lived from day to day, hour to hour—suffering, learning, surviving if possible.

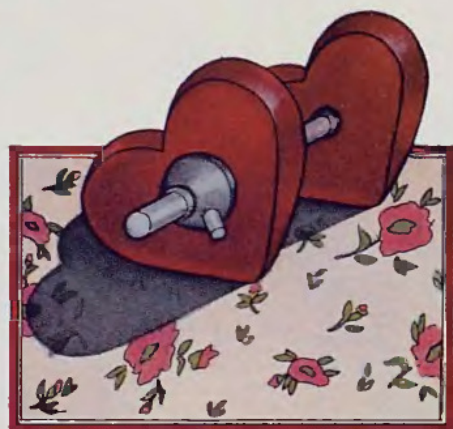
Opposite Liv, who is never less than hypnotic, Erland Josephson (her co-star in 1974's *Scenes from a Marriage*) heads another flawless company of Bergman regulars in a work that will stir debate and discussion for years to come. A few critics have already begun rooting through the heroine's labyrinth of dreams and fantasies—as mirrors into the mind of Bergman—like discoverers of an unknown archaeological dig, and are certain to publish findings far heavier than the film itself. Don't let their labored deep-think scare you away from a movie that's nearly as potent as, and infinitely more humane than, a session of shock therapy.

Jeff Bridges meets the Flying Nun and the Muscleman in *Stay Hungry*, a non-descript movie based on the novel by Charles Gaines. Although Gaines and director Bob (Five Easy Pieces) Rafelson



Face to Face:
devastating.

"Face to Face is a landmark movie even according to the exalted standards set by Bergman himself."



Stay Hungry: muscle-bound.



Stillborn Embryo.

collaborated on the screen adaptation, they don't appear to know what they're doing, or just where they're going, until they have passed that point of no return where the audience no longer cares. Against mounting odds, Bridges plays a rich Birmingham boy with good social connections who finds himself, more or less, in a weight lifters' gym and exercise parlor that he's supposed to buy out on behalf of some real-estate speculators; the rich, of course, would rather build a profitable high-rise than build up their deltoids. As a girl who works at the gym and moves in with Bridges, Sally Field pointedly throws all her nun's habits to the wind, producing the kind of culture shock that might prompt a devout TV watcher to switch detergents; as a many-muscled contender for the Mr. Universe title, long-time titleholder Arnold Schwarzenegger looks—and acts—like the real thing. *Stay Hungry* groans to its climax with a chase sequence of sorts, a stampede of musclemen who strut their usual stuff on street corners and stop city buses. Predictable form for an overdeveloped, undernourished comedy that's about as chucklesome as a Charley horse.

In *Embryo*, Rock Hudson plays a genetics scientist who runs over a pregnant dog, removes a fetus from the dying animal, injects it with magic serum, incubates it and becomes the surrogate parent of a full-grown, snarling Doberman in a matter of days. Having accomplished this Frankensteinish miracle, Rock wants to try fooling around with human life—as mad movie doctors always do—and arranges with a friendly local obstetrician to get the next available fetus that might otherwise end up in a specimen jar. Well, he finds one. It's a girl. Beautiful. Big. Bigger. And before you can say Miss Universe, the bawling tube-fed babe has grown up to be Barbara Carrera. A dark-eyed, exotic former model, Barbara is easily the most fetching monster in movie history; she also shows some talent for acting, though *Embryo*, under the direction of Ralph Nelson, provides very limited opportunities. What Dr. Rock doesn't realize, see, is that his life-accelerating chemistry has weird side effects. To retard her too-rapid aging process, the lady also needs a sort of placental diet supplement from the body of an unborn child. And Rock's daughter-in-law happens to be expecting . . . which means, you guessed it, that Barbara has to perform an impromptu Caesarean. *Embryo* starts out farfetched, which need not handicap a sci-fi horror story, but proceeds from incredulity to borderline imbecility without skipping a beat. Though the technical effects are well handled and the film's basic facts are sworn to be scientifically

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THE BEST ONE STILL DOES.



sound—linked to DNA, cloning and all that—the movie as a whole appears to have inherited some bad, bad genes. Call it a throwback.

Let's sulk a little before handing out pats on the back to movie giants who have already mastered the fine art of self-congratulation. Though delightful, *That's Entertainment, Part 2* is not as unutterably delightful as its predecessor, that bedazzling compendium of film clips, comments and showstoppers from vintage MGM musicals. Of course, the archives were sacked for the best stuff the first time around. Happily, MGM's second-best is still pretty fabulous, bringing back everyone from Abbott and Costello (presumably giving bottom-drawer comedy equal time with the Marx Brothers, seen doing the classic stateroom sequence from *A Night at the Opera*) to Garland, Garbo, Hepburn, Tracy and Lassie. Somehow, producers Saul Chaplin and Daniel Melnick have pulled together a mélange of great, semigreat and divinely silly Movie Moments that make this crash course in film history quite easy to love. Saul Bass's title sequence alone is worth the price of admission—with superstar credits flashing by in a nostalgic blur of sunsets, seascapes, crushed red satin, clacking typewriter keys and pages turned by a gentle offscreen zephyr. Then you get Eleanor Powell, Bob Fosse, Cyd Charisse, FitzPatrick travelogs, a Sinatra tribute, another soaking-wet Esther Williams excerpt (on water skis), all introduced by your genial hosts, Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. Still singing and dancing, in brand-new sequences directed by Kelly (with special narration written by Leonard Gershe), Fred and Gene are aged but ageless and spritely, like the material itself, the best of which is superb.

They speak Italian but sing songs of freedom in Spanish in *Guernica*, a feverish fantasy about the civil war in Spain (1936-1939), by Spanish-born French playwright Fernando Arrabal. As writer-director, Arrabal reduces history to a self-indulgent ritual, in which every symbol is meant to convey a shock—whether he unveils an antireligious painting of Jesus getting a blow job or dwells on a session of passionate tongue kissing between a Fascist army officer and a Catholic priest. There's also considerable sexual activity involving dwarfs, the significance of which is not so easy to pin down. Whenever the stylized stuff abates, *Guernica* describes how a tiny village called Villa Ramiro (not Guernica, for Arrabal is anything but literal) dies fighting Generalissimo Franco and his heavily armed German allies. Among cultists, the nightmare visions of Arrabal may register as brave revolutionary cinema; from our corner, *Guernica* suggests a French flasher doing the flamenco in an Italian straw hat.

X-RATED

Producer-director Radley Metzger's *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* (made under his hard-core nom de film, Henry Paris) is the *Pygmalion* of deluxe porno. That's the idea, in any case. And *Misty* gets off to a lovely start with its story of a rich pleasuremaster (Jamie Gillis) who brings a hooker home from Paris to undergo a crash course in sexual submissiveness. Fellatio seems to be the major required subject in his curriculum (we thought they already knew about that in Paris) and *Misty* manages it with ease. The title role is played by a classy new porn queen who has the

country-club look and calls herself, rather whimsically, Constance Money. In the film, she explains that *Misty Beethoven* isn't her real name—she used to be *Dolores Beethoven*. Metzger, as usual, shows a higher level of wit and sophistication than do most of his competitors, and there's promise in a scene aboard a transatlantic jetliner—in the first-class, fucking, non-smoking, adult-film section—where a solicitous chief stewardess tells an underling to take better care of her passenger: "He's only had one blow job and he hasn't got his brandy yet." Too bad that the movie begins to take sex seriously about halfway through. When a film maker settles down to filling the screen with the usual wall-to-wall genitalia and come shots in close-up, one hard-core movie looks pretty much like another. As the king of elegant sexploitation, Metzger's hallmark was style. As a closet pornographer, he seems a little uncertain about where to draw the line between real eroticism and outright raunch.

When the English have a go at hard-core porno, which they seldom do, the results are usually about as titillating as high tea. Writer-director Derek Ford's imported *Diversions* (called *Sex Express* over there) is more like a good stiff Scotch. The simple but serviceable plot introduces a girl aboard a train—handcuffed to a severe-looking female companion and evidently en route to prison.



Misty: lovely start, routine climaxes.

"*Misty Beethoven* is the *Pygmalion* of deluxe porno. That's the idea, in any case."

Getting there is all the fun, with flights of sexual fantasy with fellow passengers. The better bits include a sensuous seduction by a lusty farm hand who seems to get turned on by ripe red apples; some mock-Victorian hanky-panky; and a farcical London tale about an adventurous lass who unwittingly moves into a flat formerly rented by a callgirl and decides to make the best of her misfortune. Though the various male partners in *Diversions* look rather stolid and reserved, compared with the all-American boys of Stateside porno, they perform with honorable English

gusto, as if they were out to win a cup on the playing fields of Eton. Brunette sex star Heather Deeley proves she's a match for every man jack of them in or out of bed. She is also attractive and a passing fair actress.

The *Deep Throat* tricks made famous by Linda Lovelace look like mon-oral sex compared with the stereophallic wonders performed by lanky C. J. Laing in *Sweet Punkin'*, an otherwise forgettable rags-to-riches comedy about a simple housemaid who marries her millionaire boss after unsuccessfully moonlighting as a porno star. C. J. lacks Linda's finesse, but, quantitatively, she's a cocksure champion who manages to engulf, in turn, John C. Holmes (better known as Johnny Wadd, the guy whose prick allegedly measures 14 inches), Tony "The Hook" Perez (13½ inches) and Jeff Hurst (a relatively paltry 8 inches). Billed, respectively, as Peter the Great and The Great Peter, Holmes and Perez show no evidence of talent beyond their stud services, which they perform in dogged barnyard style during *Punkin's* final reel. The rest is standard fuck-and-suck farce, played unsubtly tongue in cheek as if jerky humor might save the day until the two juggernauts enter on cue to assist C. J. at an orgy. Her awesome feats of fellatio, based on the assumption that big is beautiful, may break all existing records—but they're seldom sexually arousing.

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Olivia Newton-John has won all sorts of awards as a country singer, but listening to her latest, *Come On Over* (MCA), you have to conclude that she is the *unlikeliest* country singer since Vaughn Monroe did *Ghost Riders in the Sky*. Her voice is very sweet, but it just doesn't have any edge to it. The first few times through the album, you feel as if you've been wrapped in cotton candy and set out in the sun. But then a more sinister pattern begins to emerge. Underlying the sweetness is an almost total passivity, a desperate drive to conform—minute by minute—to whatever her master wants. What's really weird is that if you listen long enough, she pulls you into her world. You want to kick hell out of her. It's scary.

The Captain & Tennille, on the other hand, are such a lovely pair. Gee, those two clean kids. And so much in love. They certainly set a better example for our children than all those queer outfits that are destroying people's eardrums. Take their new record, *Song of Joy* (A & M): On it, they sing a song about how Jesus came to their wedding. And Tennille sings right out about how a "woman draws her life from man and gives it back again." By golly, you just know she's an old-fashioned woman, the kind that Dad would have liked. The kind who'll go out and make \$1,000,000 singing and then go home and knit and say, "Yes, dear," every once in a while. Maybe that old Captain's not as goofy as he looks.

Whatever the reason behind its non-release until now, Duke Ellington's *The Afro-Eurasian Eclipse* (Fantasy), recorded in 1971, is a welcome addition to the Ellington catalog. *Eclipse* provides a fascinating musical journey through the three continents alluded to in the title (there are actually four, since *Didjeridoo* was inspired by Australia's aborigines). Marvelous solos are sprinkled throughout, especially by the reeds—tenor men Paul Gonsalves and Harold Ashby, alto-sax man Norris Turney and the late baritone nonpareil Harry Carney—and the ensemble work is typically Ellington: lush, inventive and disciplined. Travel Ellington and hear the world.

We had thought that with *Mary C. Brown and the Hollywood Sign*, Dory Previn was going to make it big. It didn't happen. Then there was *Dory Previn* and we figured, what the hell, the public was bound to recognize a good thing when it heard it. So much for prophecy.



Olivia, the Captain & Tennille: Sweeeet.

"You have to conclude that Olivia is the *unlikeliest* country singer since Vaughn Monroe did *Ghost Riders in the Sky*."



Dory meets Harpo.

Now that we've been twice burned, we'll make no predictions for *We're Children of Coincidence and Harpo Marx* (Warner Bros.). We still think Previn's one of the great songwriters around today. We've always had reservations about her abilities as a singer—she isn't, well, very polished, to say the least. But there is an honesty and immediacy in her delivery that make you accept her on her own terms. The melodies are a curiously successful amalgam of country, rock-a-billy, Kurt Weill and the best of pop. But the words are what carry the day. Previn is still examining the rapidly changing, exhilarating, disturbing role of the contemporary woman and its effect on male-female relationships. ("Late last night you said you love me, well, I thought, he's just comin' on and by tomorrow he'll have come and gone, gone and left me." "If you weren't so much trouble, I would take you back again, 'cause the worst you had to give me was the best with other men." "Then he and she

talked of poetry, philosophy and *Face the Nation* and when all was said, she took him to bed to show him her appreciation.") There's a large crew of fine musicians helping Previn put it all together. And put it all together she does—but we've told you that before.

If English rock has produced a musical equivalent of the working-class sod, it's probably the hoarse-voiced, blues-influenced vocalist. Fashions change, from heavy-metal wailers to pop operatic warblers,

but shouters like Mick Jagger, Rod Stewart, Joe Cocker, Paul Rodgers and Steve Marriott keep soldiering on. Bad Company's first LP brought joy back into the blighted lives of those who longed for the primal rock and raw pipes that Rodgers employed in *Free*; and even though the hard rock of the *Straight-Shooter* album left some feeling as if their foreheads had been pummeled with hard rocks, yet, it was better than Barry Manilow. With their latest, *Run with the Pack* (Swan Song), Rodgers & Bad Company, although rocking as relentlessly as ever, have broadened their musical base (and eased the pressure on their listeners' temples) by the addition of a few ballads to their standard fare of rock anthems and pacans to groupie grope. The lads even reveal a slight deviation from their rhino-in-rut image in one ballad that actually treats male-female relations rather tenderly. This bit of maturity seems to have affected the rest of the album, too, at least musically: The tunes have more variety and are more carefully constructed than any to date. And Rodgers is in good—i.e., raunchy—voice throughout.

Composers writing about their own works are often irrelevant, uninformative or just plain misleading. The artist is usually the worst person to judge or interpret his own work; besides, asking a musician to communicate effectively in another medium is frankly asking a lot. Still, when a composer can write and has an objective or critical turn of mind, superlative criticism may result. Who, after all, knows more about the work? Tchaikovsky wrote hundreds of letters to his patroness of 13 years, Madame Nadezhda von Meck (whom he never actually met), and brilliantly described in one of them the creative workings behind his *Fourth Symphony*, also giving a clear interpretation of its program. The recent Columbia recording by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic reprints this, happily, and

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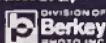


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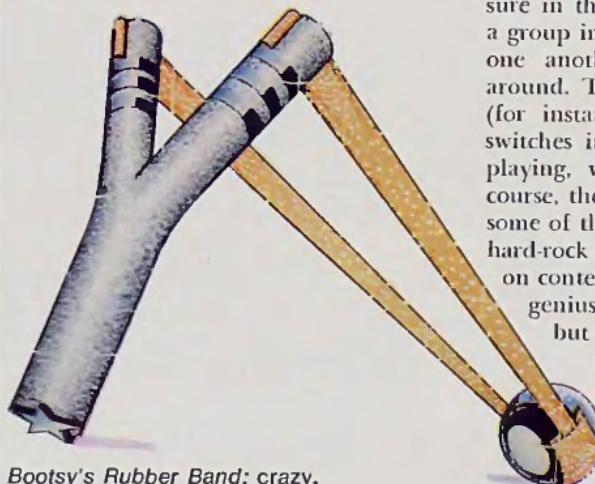
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gives us a grand performance in the bargain. From the opening fate motive à la Beethoven's *Fifth*, through the nervous, capricious scherzo, to the finale ("a picture of popular merriment on a holiday"), Bernstein does perfect sonic justice to this architectural largess. For a change, the program notes, instead of talking about subdominant majors or the composer's housekeeper, lead us to the essence of the music. Bernard Haitink and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam have also recently recorded another of Tchaikovsky's most popular offerings, the *Fifth Symphony* (Philips). Reeking of sentimentality and not a little self-pity, the *Fifth* still manages to make musical noise of an overpowering kind. Haitink fully understands its musical rhetoric and uses the famed basses and cellos of the Concertgebouw to create a *Fifth* that, to our ears, has more depth than any other version. The Philips sound is gorgeous. Now, if only Peter Ilich had written another letter, or something more than cryptic "program notes" (from his notebooks), explaining this, the most programmatic of his symphonies.

We've never heard anything quite like *Stretchin' Out in Bootsy's Rubber Band* (Warner Bros.). The three wild funk jams on side one are spiced with serio-comic digressions and some crazy narration by a Hendrix-voiced poltergeist named Casper ("not the friendly ghost but the *Holy Ghost*"). Bassist William "Bootsy" Collins is the leader of this gang of studio soul monsters that includes Fred and Maceo of the James Brown band and the Brecker Brothers (how's that for a horn section?). On side two, the



Bootsy's Rubber Band: crazy.

sounds become more melodic and, at the same time, freakier—sort of a Sly Meets The Beatles thing. The music throughout, as Casper says, is psychotic. And it'll definitely stretch your concept of funk.

Keith Jarrett is a prodigious musical talent, but his newly released album *Keith Jarrett / In the Light* (ECM) indicates

he could use a course in basic psychology. Jarrett is heavily into "automatic writing," which is fine as long as he doesn't kid himself into believing that free association is the same thing as inspiration. The trouble with automatic writing is that the composer may unconsciously stack the deck against a truly free invention and thus find himself in the position of the hippie farmer who thought he had scattered seeds at random and was disconcerted to discover that the plants were springing up in compulsively neat rows. *Metamorphosis*, for flute and strings, *Brass Quintet* and *String Quartet* are all academically brilliant and might very well win prizes at the county fair. But they are far too rigid to move the heart of the great Drum Majorette in the Sky. Yet the album is worth having for the opportunity it affords to hear some of the best musicians in the world: the American Brass Quintet, the Fritz Sondleitner Quartet and, of course, Keith Jarrett—particularly on *In the Cave*, *In the Light*, where Jarrett's piano gets it on with his writing desk.

Quick: How many four-sided "live" albums have you heard with no breaks for applause? More often, augmented crowd sounds are dubbed in, right? Well, *Agharta* (CBS), a recorded facsimile of a concert given in Japan last year by Miles Davis, is 97-plus minutes of uninterrupted music: a two-part *Prelude*, *Maiysha*, an *Interlude* and most of the *Theme from "Jack Johnson."* The important thing seems to be not the material, nor even the individual heroics of the players—though Miles himself is a bitch on both trumpet and organ, and reed man Sonny Fortune makes a strong claim for greater exposure in the future—but the dynamics of a group improvising onstage, listening to one another and passing the energy around. These guys know when to play (for instance, to cover Miles when he switches instruments) and when to stop playing, which they do frequently. Of course, they keep starting up again—and some of the resultant space doodling and hard-rock vamping may seem a little short on content. But who dares quibble with genius? Miles is giving us not tunes but ear movies, and you get more than enough musical images here to leave your mind's eye in a bloodshot (but satisfied) condition.

SHORT CUTS

Santana / Amigos (Columbia): A moody, provocative outing with *mucha salsa* and some trippy artwork; one of Santana's better LPs.

Elvis Presley / Elvis: The Sun Sessions (RCA): Classics from the King when he was claiming his throne, with a detailed discography and liner notes. Mystery train!

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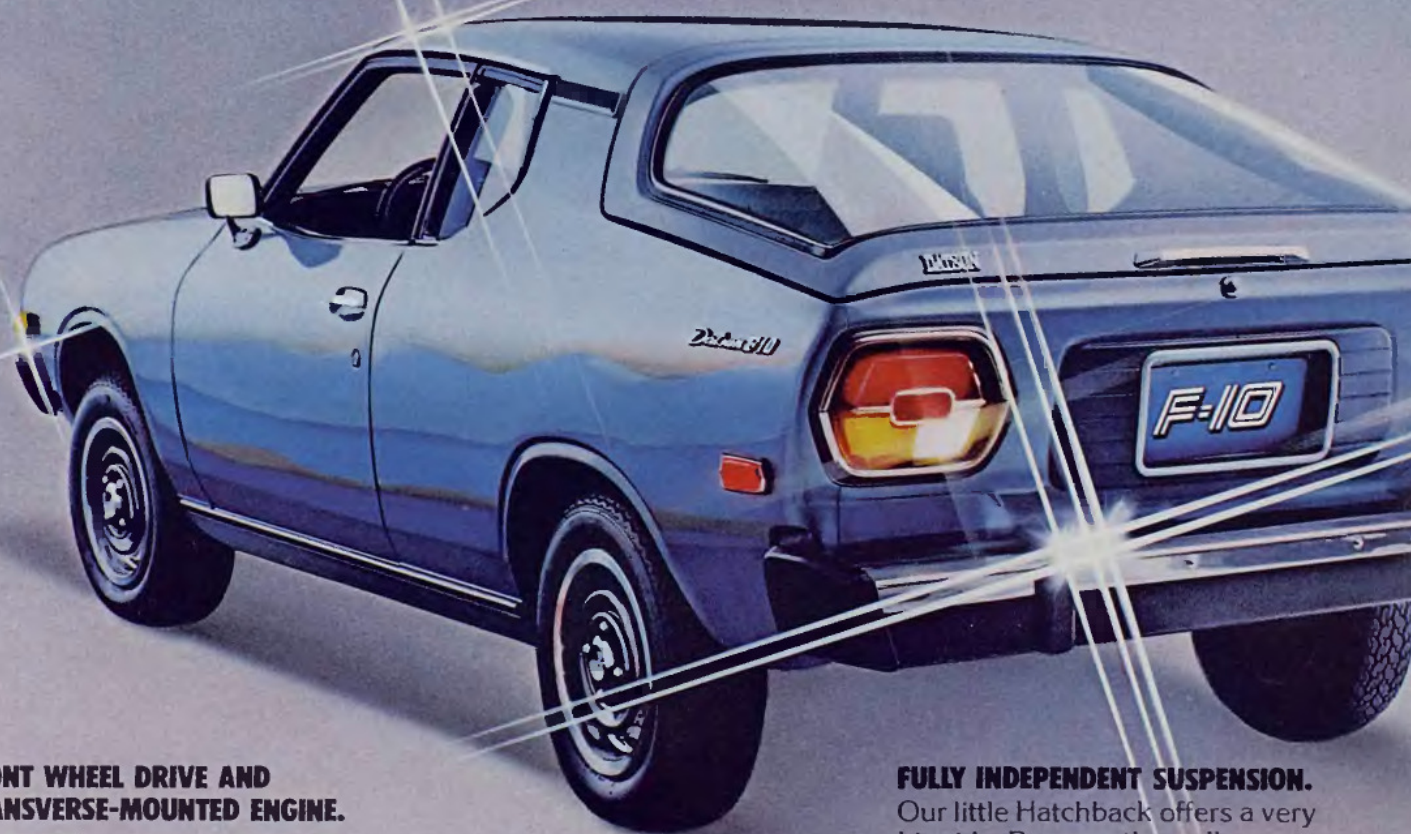
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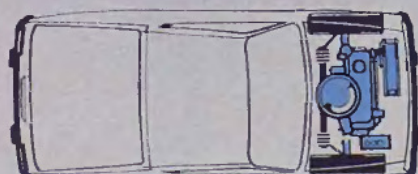


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195



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by some of the best jazz musicians in town. Spoon's pipes show no signs of rust.

Cedar Walton / Beyond Mobius (RCA): Pianist (now pianist-leader) Walton, finally starting to catch some of the gold rings, has come up with a well-charted rock-funk-jazz formula that's comfortable without being clichéd.

Third World (Island): Jamaican R&B, which down there comes out reggae & blues, with strong doses of African music as well.

This Is Reggae Music, Volume 2 (Island): Another solid sampler of the real thing. When do we get a Heptones album?

Charlie McCoy / Harpin' the Blues (Monument): Even the unnecessary rapping can't spoil this indigo study by the Nashville great.

Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines 1928 (Smithsonian Collection): Two LPs that glow with the genius of an ebullient young Armstrong. Hines supplies some of the flash, but Satchmo's trumpet and vocals are in a class by themselves.

Outlaws / Lady in Waiting (Arista): If you're not tired of the double-lead mutant Allmans/Capricorn/Eagles sound yet, these boys, unlike most of their competition, sound as though they aren't, either.

Kool & The Gang / Love and Understanding (DeLite): Their own brand of jazz-rock, half of it etched live in London. Isn't Ronnie Bell a monster?

Final note for wallflowers at the disco: You can end that heartbreak in the privacy of your own home with the help of *Dancing Madness* (Anchor Press), a new paperback original from *Rolling Stone*. It's got articles on the history of disco and the scene worldwide; bios of and raps with the stars, so you, too, can trade tidbits about Barry White; and great photos and charts that'll have you out there bumping and hustling in no time—everything you'll need to keep up with the crowd on the floor except your amyl nitrite.

"We all felt like we had about a month off," says **Dave Brubeck**, between sips of a Coke. He has just made it to his dressing room at Chicago's Civic Opera House and is due onstage momentarily, but he seems perfectly relaxed. He's in the midst of a remarkable concert tour that has him playing with two groups. One is Two Generations of Brubeck, with which he's worked for the past several years: it includes Brubeck, his three sons—Darius, Dan and Chris—and, at times, bassist Rick Kilburn. The other group, celebrating its 25th anniversary with this reunion tour, is the Dave Brubeck Quartet of yore—nonpareil altoist Paul Desmond; Brubeck himself, still courtly and professional despite the silk shirt and the shoulder-length hair, appropriately silver-hued; and the ever-dependable rhythm section of Joe Morello and Eugene Wright—which

took jazz to college back in the Fifties but hadn't played together in eight years. "I hadn't seen Joe Morello since the night we broke up," Brubeck admits. "And I saw Gene once, in an airport; I waved to him."

Messing around with time—as in *Take Five*—had always been one of the group's trademarks, and it's intriguing that, in trying to turn back the clock, they are still playing around with time. "Last night," Brubeck recalls—as Desmond, in the next room, warms up with a few rippling phrases—"Somebody wanted to play a tune that we hadn't done in years: we hadn't been playing it our last couple of years as a group. And I knew that I'd remember everything but the last chord change. Just before we started, I said to Paul, 'Does it go up a half step?' And he couldn't hear me onstage. So we came to the ending, and it was just like a railroad track, with the lights opening up at night—you know, down



Timeless Brubeck.

as far as you needed to see in order to keep going. And the ending just kept coming back, and that last note"—he snaps his fingers—"I remembered it. Which was down a half step, instead of up. When we hit it, we all just broke up."

Needless to say, the interaction between his kids and the veterans has helped brighten the strenuous tour—15 one-nighters, coming into this one—for Brubeck: "A few nights ago, Joe played one of the finest solos I've ever heard him play—and when he came offstage, Darius said to him, 'Gee, I've never heard a Western drummer use the form so much like an Indian drum solo.' And Joe said, 'Didja pick up on that?' and they got into a long conversation. Today on the bus, as an outgrowth of that, everybody ended up talking about Indian philosophy and religion."

Chris Brubeck, who has turned out some very interesting rock music with his own groups, New Heavenly Blue and Sky King, appears in the doorway with

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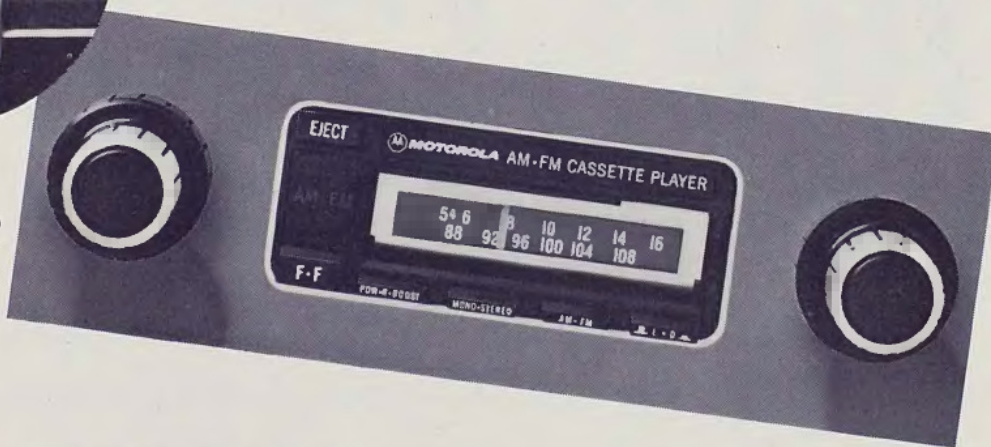


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some bad news: "I don't have my bass or trombone, because they forgot to take them off the bus. Yeah. And Rick went off in search of his bass, because they forgot to take *that* off the bus. . . ."

The joys of show business. People run off in search of instruments. Options are discussed. Should they reverse the show and let the old group go first? Should the kids open up, with Gene on bass? Should the concert start with some Brubeck-Desmond duets? Can they rent a bass from somewhere? Then Rick reappears with his instrument ("One down," says somebody) and Chris, having learned the whereabouts of the bus, goes out to get his stuff. His father, meanwhile, goes back to thinking about time past and present, about how his older fans are now bringing their kids, to show them what the group was all about. Somebody says it's lucky that, after 25 years, all four of the original guys are still alive, and he agrees: "I'll look at record albums and pull one out, like I did the other day; there were 12 musicians on this particular album, and three are dead. And the shock that hits you. I'll tell ya, the last few years have been hittin' so hard on the great jazz musicians. Duke Ellington, you know—"

He's interrupted by a knock on the door: it's the two-minute warning. Brubeck heads for the stage and proceeds to play a marvelously quiet, musical set with the kids, his acoustic-piano licks blending easily with the liquid tones of Danny's electric one. Desmond comes out, too, and plays a duet with Dave: it's one of the evening's high points. But Desmond doesn't play enough in the second set; at times, he lapses into musical joking. And Brubeck, whose playing had been so light before, lapses into the heavy-handedness that's always drawn critical fire. Morello and Wright are as solid as always, but the quartet, while sounding as clean as it used to, fails to generate the old-time intensity. The audience responds well to both the sounds and the intermittent clowning, but it seems that the guys come back for their encore a little too fast. Next day, the critics will pan the show. But that's not likely to worry Brubeck. As he says, "We can't all be at our highest form every night—but there have been nights when the quartet had its original strength, for sure." And when asked if he plans to keep it together, he simply says, "Europe wants us. Japan. Australia. New Zealand. Africa. Mexico. Canada. And this is without trying; they're calling in. So, after the tour, I'll just have to see how each guy feels about it."

It's possible, of course, that Brubeck & Company have finally messed around with time a little too much. As the man said, you can't go home again. But with gig offers in all those exotic places, why worry about going home?

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"[The porn] explosion is taking place in a highly literate society with the technological means and marketing talent to disseminate it. It is that collision of culture and commerce that creates concern."—*Time* cover story, April 5, 1976.

We at *PLAYBOY* are concerned, too, and that's why we'd like to thank the folks at *Time* for bringing the "porno plague" to our attention. We'd also like to thank them for putting Cher in a see-through dress on the cover of a recent best-selling issue and for publishing photographs as an educational aid to right-thinking people—so they'll know what *not* to look at, of course. A sampling of those pictures, culled from the last year or so, is reprinted here.



Paloma Picasso, *Time*, March 8, 1976.



Marilyn Chambers, *Time*, March 29, 1976.



Marisa Berenson, *Time*, November 17, 1975.



Anna Douking, *Time*, September 29, 1975.



Bette Midler, *Time*, March 1, 1976.

In its cover story, aside from scolding *PLAYBOY* "and its far crasser imitators," *Time* listed the cable-TV program *Midnight Blue* among the sexual offenders. Created by *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein,

Blue is shown on Manhattan Cable Company's Channel J and features soft-core porn. *Time* explained in an embarrassed footnote that Manhattan Cable is "unhappy" about *Midnight Blue* but can do

nothing about it because the rules governing public-access television are too vague. To its credit, and to the readers' delight, *Time* admitted that Manhattan Cable is a subsidiary of Time, Inc.



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Without warning, in the middle of my 30s, I had a breakdown of nerve," Gail Sheehy writes in *Passages: The Predictable Crises of Adult Life* (Dutton). A woman who knew herself as a successful and enterprising journalist suddenly became so mesmerized in a personal nightmare of doubts and fears that she was incapable of any act of will more demanding than watching TV. "That's it," she finally said to herself. "I've come unstuck . . . I was hanging on to shreds and I knew it."

When she finally got her nerve back, she set out to research a book on the phenomenon of the "midlife crisis" she had experienced so dramatically. But what she discovered was that men, women and couples are, at every age, experiencing certain predictable internal changes that cause stress on family, careers, creativity and sexuality. "During the 20s," Sheehy writes, "when a man gains confidence by leaps and bounds, a married woman is usually losing the superior assurance she once had as an adolescent. When a man passes 30 and wants to settle down, a woman is often becoming restless. And just at the point around 40, when a man feels himself to be standing on a precipice, his strength, power, dreams and illusions slipping away beneath him, his wife is likely to be brimming with ambition to climb her own mountain." This is not a self-help book offering advice on how to cope with these crises; Sheehy merely describes what they are, when you might expect them and what kinds of effects they've had on other people's lives. Her categories are as imprecise as life itself: The changes some people go through at 28 or 38 might not be felt by others until 32 or 42. But, she argues convincingly, there are definite stages in every adult life and when one understands what they are, they can be made easier to pass through.

In 1974, with the publication of his second novel, *The Fan Man*, William Kotzwinkle emerged as the best Horse Badorties writer this country had yet produced. To understand what a Horse Badorties writer is, however, one must read about *The Fan Man*, whose name is Horse Badorties. Put simply, it is probably the funniest book to emerge from the Sixties experience and the only one that has successfully represented the whole dope-hippie-filth culture ("Yes, man, even my roaches have roaches").

Later that year, Kotzwinkle wrote *Nightbook*, a religious-sexual-fantasy novel, and Avon republished his *Elephant Bangs Train*, a collection of short stories that includes *The Doorman*, a brilliant sketch of a schizophrenic. Although



Passages: one crisis after another.

"'That's it,' Sheehy finally said to herself. 'I've come unstuck . . . I was hanging on to shreds and I knew it.'"



New from Kotzwinkle, a fink rat.

these and his first novel, *Hermes 3000*, had clearly established Kotzwinkle as a major American writer, no one really noticed. He was labeled an offbeat humorist and those samples of his work that appeared in magazines tended to be erratic. But he had gained a large underground following. In 1975, Avon issued the short novel *Swimmer in the Secret Sea*, which, for the first time, proved that Kotzwinkle had what it takes to be more than just funny: People who read it cried.

His new book, *Doctor Rat* (Knopf), will be called Orwellian. It is told alternately from the point of view of a fascist laboratory rat, who, in the name of

science, directs the systematic torture and murder of his fellow lab animals, and from the point of view of other animals roaming free in the world. When the free animals stage a revolution to release the captured ones, naturally the humans get in on the act. *Doctor Rat*, like all didactic novels, has its problems. Disney isn't going to pick it up for a feature-length cartoon; neither is Roman Polanski. But Kotzwinkle is out there producing an enormous amount of writing; he's someone to contend with.

Oriana Fallaci is the Italian journalist who drew from Henry Kissinger his most memorable self-description: "Americans like the cowboy . . . who rides all alone into the town [and] this amazing, romantic character suits me precisely."

That quote shot around the world at the speed of sound, inspiring editorial cartoonists everywhere to portray Kissinger riding into the Middle East on horseback. It inspired Kissinger himself to say that agreeing to see Fallaci was "the stupidest thing in my life."

One of the most gifted and determined interviewers alive, Fallaci routinely pries out of the high and the mighty much more than they mean to tell a journalist. A dozen of her interviews with the powerful (including Kissinger and the Shah of Iran) and ex-powerful (Thieu, Golda Meir) have been collected in *Interview with History* (Norton), and every one will show you a lot that you didn't know before. If you've been wondering why the world is in such a mess, you will get many enlightening answers from these classic self-portraits of the people who run it.

I Hear America Swinging (Little, Brown) is Peter De Vries's celebration of sex in the Midwest. The setting of this fractured fairy tale is a small town in rural Iowa. Upwardly mobile farmers refuse to dust crops ("Oh, the maid will dust them"). Cracker-barrel philosophers debate the classics ("Caught with your Kierkegaard down that time?"). Cousin Clem, the rural art critic, leads crowds past paintings singing "Hello, Dali." Novice marriage counselor Bill Bumpers arrives to referee the town's attempt at a sexual revolution. If you think animal husbandry is something you study before attempting a *ménage à trois*, this is the book for you. The erotic couplings border on the slapstick. A group of swingers calling itself the Baredevils holds tag-team orgies. College girls, the victims of no-fault pregnancies, receive course credit for illegitimate childbirth. The Midwest will never be the same.



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FORBIDDEN WORDS

By Thom Racina

SOME TIME AGO, I heard the word bullshit on the William F. Buckley, Jr., show. I'm not kidding. Jimmy Breslin was Buckley's guest and they were talking about New York City's problems. The conversation was intelligent. Intelligent I was expecting. It was witty. Witty I was expecting. It was dirty. Dirty? William F. Buckley, dirty? I wasn't expecting dirty. Someone in the studio audience had asked an ordinarily clean question and casually edged in the word bullshit.

It wasn't bleeped out. No one reacted. Giggles? None. Blushes? Not unless you turned the color knob on your TV set to RED. At the very least, you would have expected Buckley to make a quick, devastatingly acute aside. He didn't. Buckley and Breslin nodded at the question and went at each other's throats.

That was it. It wasn't dirty. They said bullshit on TV and it wasn't dirty. I felt cheated.

It was then I realized: There are no more dirty words. *Fuck*? An ex-President said fuck in the fucking White House many fucking times. *Cunt*? Ho-hum. *Cock*? Yawn.

But I think there should be dirty words again. What would it be like if the children—my children or your children or even the neighbors' runny-nosed, disgusting brats—grew up and there wasn't fuck anymore or a suitable equivalent?

I say let's put dirty back into dirty words.

That's why I'm presenting a program to make female relatives blush again. I'm going to find a way to stun the good priest in the confessional. A new way to put your balls on straight. Announcing:

THREE WAYS TO PUT DIRTY BACK INTO DIRTY WORDS

1. *Put the grandeur back.* Maybe you remember that even before you could read, you saw certain words written on sidewalks and walls whenever you left the house. When you asked your adoring mother what the word meant, she gagged. It was, she said, a very hard word and she didn't know what it spelled. Or she forgot her glasses. What it was a word for grownups. *That* was a dead giveaway. It just about defined what a dirty word was and made it seem all the dirtier.

Then, once you were able to read for yourself, little idiot that you were, you could experience the delight of Mrs. Hanorah, your teacher from the third grade, seven months' preggers, walking by an eight-foot-high FUCK in the schoolyard.

Look at the walls of the city today: PACHINKO 118. DYN-O-MITE IV. JOY MAN 2. The dirty words have been squeezed out by a roster of the nicknames of ghetto adolescents that grows in tropical profusion year after year. Subway trains are decorated with rainbows. They're still trying to wash GET OUT OF CAMBODIA off brick walls. It's not very exciting. Occasionally, you'll see a FUCK. It seems almost nostalgic. And kind of naïve.

What do we need, then? A new respect. *Fuck* and *twat* and *boner* need to be treated with some honor. Perhaps awe. The kind of admiration and appeal that sells Chevrolets and elects U. S. Senators. The kind that only Madison Avenue money can buy.



Billboards. We need to see dirty words written on the biggest of billboards. (Forgive me, Lady Bird.) We need filthy nasties up there in signs designed by the greatest designers in the world. Give dirty words some class. ("Did you see the Bill Blass DONG yet?" "No, but they're putting up the Cardin SUCK round the corner.") Somebody should go out and see if the people doing the 7-UP campaign are available.

Families in their station wagons riding the interstate should have the option of reading STOOKEY'S PECAN FRIED FUCKIN' GOOD CHICKEN ONCE in a while and some-

Thom Racina is a free-lance writer and thus a student of words, both clean and dirty.

thing like MAKE THE BITCH COME—KING-SIZE BEDS—CROYDEN INN, ALBUQUERQUE. The Sunset Strip, L.A.'s billboard paradise, should be an authentic alfresco hall of fame for obscenities. The first honor goes to a 20' x 50' SUCK MY CLIT in neon. Look for it this fall.

Along with billboards, as long as we're talking about grandeur, I suggest an intensive skywriting campaign. Suspense builds up while people on the ground try to put the letters together into meaningful words. Girl to boy on hot beach: "OK. What have we got so far? E-A-T, eat. M-Y, my. S-N-A-T, snat. Snat? Honey, what's snat? I don't . . . oh, there's more. C. OK, and the next letter is I. No, wait, there's a crossbar . . . H. It's an H. S-N-A-T-C-H. Eat my snatch, eat my snatch. Oh, my God, what am I saying? That's so dirty!"

Boy to girl: "Yes. But wait till you see what that other plane is spelling: F-U . . ."

2. *Put the sleaze back.* What's annoying about respectable people—such as Buckley—condoning dirty language so casually is that you wonder what to do when you want to get into a little filth yourself. Now that the Republicans have appropriated bad language, toss around a few traditionally taboo four-letter jobbers and you'll sound like an up-and-coming White House staffer who wears a tie, not a sailor's parrot.

But good news! Observation has shown, I'm delighted to say, that you can make the old-fashioned no-nos sound like the latest in raunch if you remember a little trick:

Use a foreign accent.

Try this easy test. In your normal voice, say, "By the way, would you be interested in fucking my sister?" Sounds like you're helping your sister out and arranging a date with your college roommate for her, doesn't it? Pretty dull and normal, huh? And—most importantly—it doesn't sound dirty.

This time, use an accent. Try this example: "Hey, mon, you want to fock my seester?" Good, right? Filthy, huh? Just like being in Juárez.

Try to sound like your average illegal alien hiding in the trunk of a beat-up Mustang. And don't worry; even if you're terrible with dialects, anything that sounds vaguely south of the border or overscas will do. "You wan flockee my sisler?" has guaranteed gutter appeal, as does "Fluckink my sisturr, you vant, yes, no, meebet?"

3. *Put the wonder back.* The problem is that dirty words have become ordinary. They slip in and out of normal conversation. They're unnoticed, unfelt, unappreciated. Still, there's a big portion of our population that loves to talk dirty. Small

children. Call a five-year-old a pee-pee head and you've got a five-year-old running around the room laughing and screaming. Call a 30-year-old professional type a piss brain and he'll ask you if he can pour you another drink. Big deal.

What have these kids got that we haven't? I could answer that in one word, but I won't. A naïve sense of the power of talking dirty, that's what they've got. (I was going to say they're *horny*.) Talking dirty is new to them, so they approach it with a sense of wonder. For them, the words have just been hatched. The ink is still wet.

So, obviously, the way for us to make talking dirty a meaningful experience again is to talk like your basic five-year-old in the sandbox, or wherever the hell it is kids play today. People will notice.

Say you're out with Gloria. Tell Gloria that she has great *mee-meess* and her *ta-ta* is about to make you *ooshy* all over everything. Will Gloria love that? Gloria probably won't understand what you're saying, but you and Gloria never talk much, anyway.

How's your *dinkle*? Show me your *river maker*! You look like *number two*. Can I watch you *tinkle*? When you come down to the facts about dirty baby talk, there are two categories. The first sounds like varieties of *Bratwurst*—*heinnie* (ass), *penie* and *wienie* (both cock). The second names one sort of excretion or another—*poo-poo*, *poop*, just plain *poo*, *caca*, *pee-pee* (quite widespread, this one), *number one* (the forerunner of *number two*), *whizz* and *cowpies*. And don't forget one of the filthiest expressions of all time—*number three*. There's no doubt that if the member of the audience at Buckley's show had said cow's *poo-poo* instead of *bullshit*, Buckley would have *had* to comment.

Just one last thing: Next time someone talks dirty on TV, call up the station, write to your Congressman, picket the FCC. Make them stop. Either that or "Stick it up your ass" will be an extinct form of expression.

FORBIDDEN GAMES

By Garry Wills

G. K. CHESTERTON said the beginning of wisdom with regard to sex is the realization that we are all a little crazy on the subject. Sex has magic in it, to turn back upon even the most skillful sorcerer. That is why human cultures have found such a variety of interesting ways to go sexually bonkers. Some claim the current way is by an unresisted, unquestioning permissiveness. Is there anything to that, or even any sensible way of talking about it?

Sex easily gets tangled up with other demonic, magically driving things—religion, money, politics, ambition, pride.



The feminists perform a valuable service when they remind us how often sex is used to dominate or exploit others, make them objects to be possessed, traded, used in weird ego games. On the other hand, if sex is totally demysticized, shred of all its demonic side, made casual as a handshake, one loses, to begin with, *Romeo and Juliet*—a heavy price to pay.

There are some entirely worldly arguments for a measure of asceticism with regard to sex—e.g., Herbert Marcuse's attack on "desublimation," the diffusion of higher purpose in vaguely omnipresent titillation. The rinsing contact with real

Garry Wills, a Catholic, is a syndicated columnist and contributor to *PLAYBOY* who has taken on the Pope before.

saints is inspiring because of their white-hot clarity of motive. They play no half-confessed power games with people, teasing or challenging, testing egos.

Is the modern world capable of maintaining any taboo in the area of sex—not only a minimal privacy, or fidelity within "serial monogamy," but the taboo, say, against incest? Who can credibly discuss such a question in our age that boasts of its frankness? The willingness to discuss with anyone the most intimate matters all too often destroys what little meaning was left to the very word intimacy. If love means only sex, and sex has lost all mystery, one is reduced to playing endless games in which one "scores" meaningless points. No wonder some women, the new nuns of feminism, can find no way to play this game with any dignity.

One might have hoped for useful challenge to a merely trendy permissiveness from religious leaders called to oppose "the world." The ancient office of the Pope might, for instance, have acquired some wisdom along with age; it might have had something to tell us that is important precisely because it is "out of date." But, unfortunately, the Papacy has been using sex in one of the drearier power games of our time. The Vatican's recent Declaration on Sexual Ethics just further trivializes both sex and the Vatican.


The Pope has chosen to take a stand that he himself undercuts with each fresh assertion of his reasons. On issue after issue—contraception, married priesthood, women priests—Catholics realize that the Pope no longer talks even basic sense, much less revealed truth. There can be no better example of the way sex is used in power games and assertions of authority.

It was hoped by some Catholics that the loss of the Pope's temporal realms would remove the causes of corruption in the Papacy; that the Pope would depend on moral suasion alone, on sanctity, example and the Gospel. But a subtler corruption set in almost at once. Modern Popes staked out intellectual turf to be held at all costs, as a point of pride in

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office. The very man who lost the Papal States, Pius IX, maneuvered the first Vatican Council into declaring him infallible, and the vast energies of the Church were expended for a century in buttressing that claim. Being Pope meant never having to say you were wrong. Other parts of the Christian tradition, including the Gospels, were neglected in preoccupation with the claims of papal authority.

But by now, every further claim the Pope makes just cancels authority, even among Catholics. The spectacular fall-off in Catholic church attendance is directly traceable to disagreement with the Pope's letter on contraception, *Humanae Vitae* (1968). This is not the result of any desertion of the reform spirit attributed to "good Pope John." John XXIII (who wanted to canonize Pius IX) took the issue of contraception away from the assembled council fathers at Vatican II. He set up a special commission directly responsible to him and stacked it with "safe" types who could be counted on to reaffirm the ban against contraception.

A majority in that commission *did* begin with a belief that what was expected from them was a partial exception for the pill when that was used to "support" nature (regularize the menstrual cycle, etc.). But the more the members looked at the natural-law argument against contraception, the more indefensible it became. Those Catholics, all distinguished for loyalty to the Church, came out resoundingly against the old teaching—so the Pope suppressed the majority report, dismissed the commission and wrote *Humanae Vitae*. He was embarked on a ruinous and apparently irreversible attempt to convince by mere assertion.

Why could the Pope not back off, not change course? Because that would show fallibility? But the ban on contraception was not in the most technical sense defined. There were ways of obviating that problem. Much harder would be the admission that the whole creaky machinery of natural-law teaching, which had been largely tailored to support the opposition to contraception, was intellectually dishonest; that the vast and expensive training of priests was perverted in the philosophy it relied on for interpreting theology; that the Catholic school system was engaged in trying to justify the unjustifiable.

Yet all these things were true—and the Pope's loss of authority with his own theologians demonstrated their truth. There is a double standard, now, in what the Church teaches from Rome and what it insists on in the confessional. The burden on the candor and credibility of bishops and priests becomes more insupportable every day—and the Pope plunges on in this folly, proving that

when an institution loses its hold on men, everything done to increase that hold just loosens it further.

On abortion, many Catholics as well as others feel that a fetus is not simply a part of the woman's body. But the moral claim of the Pope to teach in this area has been dissipated by his condemnation of all contraceptives. For one of the things to be observed about abortion is that it is the least desirable form of birth control. The Pope cannot make this argument, since he has attacked *every* form of contraception.

The new declaration retraces the suicidal course so well marked out. It actually cites the one serious argument that might put limits on wholesale approval of masturbation—but only to reject that argument. Is there a point at which experimentation with one's own body becomes a fixation on it—as strippers and other sexual performers are said to be making love to themselves, solipsistically—so that sex, rather than opening out toward others, closes one in? The declaration rejects these considerations, based on the depersonalizing of sex, to insist on "the finality of the sexual faculty"—i.e., the procreative use of sex. Masturbation is wrong, says the Pope, because that is no way to have babies. (Many people would now find that a recommendation, not a prohibition.)

On homosexuality, our culture has not worked out the delicate kind of balance reached in the matter of marital fidelity—i.e., the encouragement of a general social norm along with a humane attitude toward offenders against that norm. One reason is that the general loss of intimacy about all sexual matters, starting with the heterosexual, makes it difficult to treat homosexuality as a private matter any more. But the Pope offers us no help in working out this problem; all he can do is remind us that homosexuality, too, is no way to have babies.

With regard to premarital sex, the danger most people can recognize is the divorcing of sex from love if sex is made the most casual kind of human commerce, as idle as a conversation. But the Pope cannot discuss real problems like that; he is too anxious to note that "most often" those engaging in premarital sex use contraceptives to "exclude the possibility of children." The Pope has only one little tune to play—but it is Joshua's trumpet song for bringing down the walls of his own empire.

The Vatican has succeeded in composing an X-rated declaration. It really should be kept out of the hands and minds of the young. It is dirty, as most power games are. We must turn to serious works to understand the serious problems of sex—works like *Romeo and Juliet*.

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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.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend likes to make love standing up. She claims the position allows her as much control as the much-touted woman-on-top position, plus it has the added benefit of pressure: With her back to the wall, she enjoys the feeling of being caught between a rock and a hard place. I must admit that the position does have its advantages—we have made love in showers, in telephone booths, in self-service elevators, in hallways and in rest rooms on airplanes. When we experimented with bondage and discipline, instead of tying her spread-eagled on a bed, I handcuffed her to a chinning bar and did it in a doorway. As long as she gets off on it, I'm willing to go along, but it's gotten to the point that we almost never do it in bed. My question is this: Is she weird?—D. D., Detroit, Michigan.

No; she's just the right size. Obviously, the position doesn't work for everyone. If you were 5'1" and she were 6'2", or vice versa, we doubt if she would be partial to the perpendicular. Go to it: What better way to ensure an encore than a standing ovation?

I live in an apartment building with cardboard walls and floors. Consequently, I am unable to play my stereo at full volume, as God and Phil Spector intended. (The volume control never goes past three on a scale of ten.) To compensate for the lack of power, I usually turn on the loudness contour. The music seems louder, or at least fuller. How does it work? Can I blow out a speaker if I turn up the volume with the loudness switch on?—R. S., San Francisco, California.

Probably not. When you listen to a stereo system that is being played at less than concert-hall volume, you tend not to hear low or high tones. The loudness contour boosts the bass and high-treble responses at low volumes, thus producing a fuller sound. Increase the volume to normal levels and the signal should return to a flat response, at least in theory: You may find that if you leave the loudness contour on at high volumes, the sound will have too much bass or too much treble. But by that time, you will be deaf and won't notice the difference.

Have you heard anything about massage parlors that cater to women? One of the guys I work with claims that the last time he went to New York looking for cheap thrills, he discovered that his favorite house of ill repute and/or leisure spa had been converted into a unisexual bath and offered services for



both men and women. Women have to call ahead for an appointment, but once there, they have their choice of a staff of male masseurs. This strikes me as the archetypal "I was a stud for hire" fantasy. If it were true, why didn't the guy apply for a job? Also, why would a woman pay for something when there are so many volunteers who would do it for free?—W. E., Trenton, New Jersey.

Is nothing sacred? Next thing you know, they'll be asking for the vote. There are massage parlors for women in several large cities—(proof, perhaps, that we don't really need the E.R.A.). The ads in underground papers are not that different from male parlors': They promise to fulfill fantasies, intoxicate senses, etc. Clients sign up for a basic one- or two-hour program that includes such sensual delights as a hot-oil massage, a needle-point shower, a sauna, a champagne bubble bath and a vibrator massage. Extras are available for an additional fee and include such items as a discussion of Oriental literature, oral sex, advanced macramé, a bit of the old in and out. Not all of the massage parlors offer sex: According to one report, the masseur "gives a woman wonderful foreplay and terrific afterplay, but he leaves out the center." Apparently, that's enough. Women enjoy being the divided center of attention. They are willing to pay for the luxury of sensuousness without explicit sex. You may prefer to have

your cake and eat it, too, but we can see their point. Just imagine the feeling of lubricous fingers tweaking erect nipples, the texture of a sponge lightly scrubbing an inner thigh for hours on end. If you like the fantasy, why not give your girlfriend a gift certificate, or do it yourself. Just remember the motto "The customer comes first, second, third" and you'll be in the money.

At a party recently, I noticed a man wearing an odd sterling-silver ring on a chain around his neck. He explained that it was a cock ring. Worn around the penis, it supposedly prolongs intercourse and stimulates the woman's clitoris. He said that a girlfriend had given it to him as a love token. Can you provide further information?—D. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

Cock rings have been in existence for centuries: Ancient erotic paintings from China and Japan show the devices in use. Gold and silver cock rings are de rigueur for today's rig, but the devices have also been made from ivory, leather, plastic or rubber. When placed at the base of the penis, the ring seals off the corpora cavernosa (the areas that fill with blood during erection) and prolongs the period of detumescence that follows ejaculation. Doctors suggest that the device be used only as an ornament. If you leave the ring on too long, it can damage delicate erectile tissues in the penis. As for stimulating the clitoris—the chances are just as great that you'll end up bruising your lover. You say that the guy received the ring as a gift from his girlfriend? What did he give her in return—a vibrator with a bandolier of batteries?

Can you help me make sense of the American system of labeling wines? Exactly what do you get when you buy a California varietal wine, such as cabernet sauvignon or chenin blanc? In Europe, wine makers follow a system of *appellation contrôlée*—the label tells you the specific region in which the grapes were grown and, if you are familiar with the region, you should be able to ascertain the quality of the wine. The California wines don't seem to be that specific. Are there any clues?—D. T., St. Louis, Missouri.

*The few rules that govern the labeling of California wines are nowhere nearly as strict as the French *appellation contrôlée* laws. Simple generic wines, such as California Burgundy or Chablis, can be made from grapes grown anywhere in the state. To qualify as a varietal wine, such as cabernet sauvignon or ruby cabernet,*

the bottle need contain only 51 percent of the named grape—the rest of the wine can come from other varieties, including raisin and table grapes. Your safest bet is to acquaint yourself with varietal wines that bear the name of a county, such as Napa chenin blanc. At least 75 percent of the grapes used have to come from the specific region. As a rule, wines from the coastal counties have more character than those made from grapes grown in the hotter Central Valley. But then, a rosé by any name is still worth drinking.

A few weeks ago, I was looking at a Geological Survey map of the Appalachian Trail and planning my vacation. I noticed that not all of the peaks had names and I began to wonder if it was possible to grab a bit of immortality by affixing my own sensational surname to one of those lonely mountains. If so, what is the procedure?—V. L. D., Millville, New Jersey.

Believe it or not, it is possible to play name-it-and-claim-it with America, as long as you don't use your own name. There are hundreds of unadopted mountains within the continental United States just standing there awaiting recognition. The procedure is fairly simple: Study a U.S. Geological Survey topographic map and pick a peak that appeals to you. Write to the chamber of commerce or county clerk in a nearby town and find out if there is an unofficial name by which the mountain is known. If not, let your imagination roam. Perhaps there is an unusual rock formation that you would like to feature. Does the mountain remind you of your mother-in-law? Obscene appellations are unacceptable, as are the names of living persons. Send your suggestion to Donald J. Orth, Executive Secretary of Domestic Geographic Names, U.S.G.S. National Center, Mail Stop 523, 12201 Sunrise Valley Drive, Reston, Virginia 22092. After your nomination has been checked by the board for local acceptance (and for possible duplication), it will be added to the official roster of geographic listings. Approximately 1000 new names are approved annually, so yclept away.

There I was, eating ice cream outside a restaurant in Boston, when I saw this beautiful blonde walk by. I said to myself, "Self, should I go up to her?" Self said, "She probably has a boyfriend and would not want to be bothered." I said, "Self, go fuck yourself," and approached the girl, anyway. We exchanged phone numbers. I called her and we started dating. In less than a month, we have grown close. I did a photo shooting of her that resulted in her getting a job with a modeling agency. When we walk, she will touch me, muss my hair, study my

face and admit that I am attractive to her. When we drive somewhere in my car, we sing along with the radio—she is amazed that I know what song is coming on just by hearing the first notes. We get along except for one thing: She does have a boyfriend and does not want to be bothered. The only thing I know about the guy is that he puts money into her checking account and that he is paying \$4000 a year for her tuition. Things aren't going well between them, but she doesn't want to do anything that would complicate the situation. Like sex. It's obvious the guy is keeping her. I don't have money, but I can offer her friendship and tender loving care. What should I do to win this girl?—C. J., Boston, Massachusetts.

Does she have a crescent-shaped birthmark on her left shoulder? That's one of our girlfriends and you better watch your ass. Seriously, don't knock the competition. Slander won't land her. The guy has qualities other than a large bank account; otherwise, your new friend would be more inclined to make love to you. Her reluctance suggests an emotional commitment beyond gratitude for financial support. Don't pressure her (it doesn't pay to fight unless you are a good loser). She is a free agent and she will make her own decision. Live with it. Just remember: The only cure for a woman is another woman. If just being yourself fails, go back to the restaurant and try one of the other flavors.

Bicycling through the local park is quite relaxing, but I'm not sure I'm getting the most out of my ten-speed. For the most part, I ride in the top five gears—never shifting from the large chain wheel to the small one. Semipro-racer types who pass me glance down at my rear wheel to see what gear I'm in, look at my kneecaps to see how fast I'm pedaling, then shake their heads and shout something about cadence and learning my gear numbers. What are they talking about?—S. K., San Diego, California.

Gear numbers are the secret to the ten-speed game of rushing roulette. Pull out your pocket calculator and do the following: Count the number of teeth on one of the forward chain wheels, divide by the number of teeth on one of the five rear free-wheel gear clusters, then multiply by the diameter of the bicycle wheel (e.g., 27 inches). Repeat for each of the ten gear combinations: The resulting figures are your gear numbers. Alpine bikes (designed for riding in the mountains) have gear numbers that begin in the low 30s. Touring bikes have gear numbers that range from the mid-30s to around 100. Racing bikes have ranges from the high 50s into the 100s. Now, if you multiply the gear number by 3.14, you

will have the number of inches the bike travels with each revolution of the pedal in that gear. (Still with us?) Now multiply that number by your cadence (the number of strokes, or revolutions, you make per minute) and you will have your speed in inches per minute. Good riders try to maintain a constant cadence (65 for beginners, over 100 for racers) rather than a constant speed. To do so, they must respond to changes in terrain with smooth gear changes. If you use just the five gears off the large chain wheel, you may be riding inefficiently. On most bikes, gear numbers are not arranged in a linear progression—you cannot go from gears one to five on the small chain wheel and then shift to the large one for gears six to ten. You have to shift back and forth between the two front sprockets for smooth riding. Now when you ease past beginners, you can glance down at their kneecaps and shake your head knowingly.

A friend claims that sperm banks actually pay contributors. Is this true? The economy may be down, but I'm not: I could see capitalizing on a renewable resource. How do I go about it?—K. W., Topeka, Kansas.

Donors do receive payment. The average is around \$20–\$25 per ejaculate, which is not bad for piecework. It sure beats giving blood. You don't see sperm banks appealing for new accounts on TV for a reason: The medical profession has cornered the market on donors. It has been suggested that the A.M.A. wants to recreate mankind in its own image, but there are other reasons. Residents, interns and students are readily available—particularly in large hospitals, where the fertility units (the euphemism for sperm banks) are usually located. Next time you see your doctor, ask him how he worked his way through medical school. Sperm banks are not regulated by Federal or state law, so practices may vary from hospital to hospital. In general, would-be donors must go through a thorough testing and give a complete medical history. You cannot just walk in off the street and make a deposit nor can you bank by mail. Past performance counts: Most banks require that a donor be married and that he be the father of a healthy child. For a list of banks in your area, consult your doctor.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SIN CITY REVISITED

In 1971, PLAYBOY published an article about the incredibly high rate of fornication prosecutions in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The article described how one teacher killed himself after his reputation was ruined by such a prosecution and he was unable to find a job. The district attorney at the time was Lance B. Jones, who claimed the police were perfectly justified in their harassment of unwed couples for having intercourse.

Well, D.A. Jones is still in office and fornicators are still being dragged into court. I've just read in *The Sheboygan Press* that the district attorney's office issued a complaint against a young woman for having sexual relations with two men. The woman was found guilty of "lewd and lascivious conduct," her name and address were published in the newspaper and she was fined \$50.

What will it take to bring this city into the 20th Century? Please withhold my name; I don't want Jones and his pussy patrol coming after me.

(Name withheld by request)
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

REFORM IN CALIFORNIA

I have the honor of being one of the first people busted in Santa Barbara County under the new California law that makes possession of an ounce or less of the Devil's weed a misdemeanor punishable by no more than a \$100 fine. I was caught when my girlfriend and I were smoking and skinny-dipping in a secluded spot in the Santa Ynez Mountains. We had hiked in over a mile, uphill the entire way, after dusk, and there was no one for miles around.

Members of the Santa Barbara County sheriff's department saw my empty car parked at the bottom of the grade and took it upon themselves to investigate. We were found in a rather compromising position and the boys in blue had no sympathy in their hearts for these two consenting adults. If this is reform, I am incalculably happy that I wasn't busted six days earlier, before the new law went into effect.

(Name withheld by request)
Isla Vista, California

ABSINTHE MINDED

Recently, a professional friend sent me a copy of *Nature*, the respected scientific weekly, and while I was thumbing through it, an article titled "Marijuana, Absinthe and the Central Nervous System"

caught my eye. It mentions the similarities between the psychological effects reported by users of absinthe and marijuana. There in the footnotes is my favorite magazine, PLAYBOY, being credited for information gleaned from a 1971 article by Maurice Zolotow on absinthe. Keep up the good work.

M. Brennan
Chicago, Illinois

SANTA ANA'S CLAUSE

The Santa Ana City Council has passed an ordinance that will, in effect, permit its members to act as that city's film

"As many people do, I've often wondered what it would be like to act in a porno movie."

censors and to close theaters that in their opinion show "lewd" movies. This oppressive action was inspired by a group calling itself Citizens Opposing Pornography (COP), which picketed a local theater for 65 consecutive nights to demonstrate its opposition to pornographic movies being shown there.

It never ceases to amaze me that small



bands of self-proclaimed do-gooders can so blithely and self-righteously demonstrate against one of our most important constitutional rights: freedom of expression. It brings to mind a survey that was taken a few years ago in which people approached at random were read each of the first ten amendments to the Constitution, otherwise known as the Bill of Rights but for the purposes of the survey not identified as such. When asked whether they would support passage of these ideas into law, a majority said *no*, totally unaware (or in spite of the fact) that they already *were* a vital part of our law. If those of us who understand and cherish our constitutional rights don't fight back, then we will all be at the mercy of this kind of ignorance. Someone has to make groups like COP and local leaders understand that the danger to our freedom comes not from films showing a little tits and ass but from those who legislate against our guaranteed right to produce, distribute, show or view them.

John Stewart
Los Angeles, California

SEX ON DISPLAY

As many people do, I've often wondered what it would be like to act in a porno movie. I finally took the plunge and answered an ad in an underground newspaper. The film's director, an arty and unbusinesslike type, was blunt about his work. "Let's see your equipment," he said almost immediately. Somewhat abashed, I opened my fly and showed him my qualifications. He was totally professional. "Big enough," he said, without a flicker of emotion.

Two days later, I reported to the motel where the sex scenes were being shot. There were three other guys involved, together with the female lead, who was a real knockout. Oddly, we all found it easy to talk with her, but all of us men were somewhat shy with one another. The sequence was an orgy in which the heroine was supposed to try, by taking one man in her cunt and one in her ass while she masturbated a third and sucked off a fourth (me), to make us all come at once.

In addition to the five participants and the director, there were about a dozen technicians and assistants scattered around. One of the spectators was an attractive young woman wearing horn-rimmed glasses who took a keen interest in all the action; I later found out she was the director's mistress and had written the

script, such as it was. Because of her eager attention, I began to feel I was performing as much for her as for the actress in the scene.

Once the action started, I found I was more excited than I'd ever been in my life. When the heroine started sucking me, I started trembling violently all over. "Cut," said the director. Marijuana was passed around and we all were calmed down and the scene started again. This time, I was better able to control my excitement. There were a few more cuts when things went wrong, but each time we started over, I was erect yet curiously mellow and unhurried. Finally, the star started moaning while sucking on me (she was being fucked at the same time) and I realized she was really coming. I could see our scriptwriter's gleaming eyes watching and I looked right into them as I came, fucking her, too, in my imagination.

I intend to be in more porno movies. The money isn't bad and while supplying other people with sex fantasies, I'm living out some of my own.

(Name withheld by request)
Oakland, California

SNUFF MOVIES

A letter in the March *Playboy Forum* mentions so-called snuff movies, films in which a participant is supposedly actually murdered. Shortly after reading that letter, I noticed a column by John Camper, television critic for the *Chicago Daily News*, about snuff movies. Camper wrote that the rumors about these films have already inspired two TV programs. One just used the making of a snuff movie as a plot gimmick, but the other, an episode of *Police Story*, used the notion of snuff films as a basis for a sermon against pornography. Camper reported:

In this show, the local prosecutor was refusing to prosecute victimless crimes, including pornography. Hugh O'Brian, playing a vice detective, declared that pornography was anything but a victimless crime. Porno fans, he said, were demanding to see increasingly perverse acts, up to and including "the ultimate obscenity—murder."

Camper went on to point out that there was absolutely no evidence that any real snuff films exist. But the damage has been done; another blow for censorship.

Walter Herman
Chicago, Illinois

For more on snuff films, see Bruce Williamson's commentary in last month's "Playboy Forum." We don't know who wrote that line for Hugh O'Brian, but it takes a pretty screwed-up mind to see a natural progression from sexual pleasure to murder. Sex and violence are opposites. As The New Yorker writer Brendan Gill put it, "I am a champion of pornography, to the extent that such a subjective

FORUM NEWSFRONT

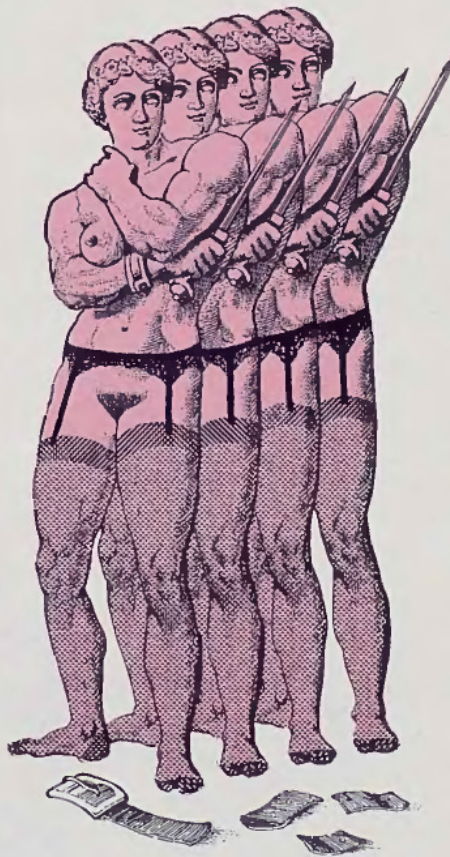
what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

UNMARRIED BLISS

BRUSSELS—A survey of almost 10,000 men and women in the nine Common Market countries of Western Europe indicates that the people who describe themselves as happiest are couples who are living together but are not married. The 215-page study, titled "European Men and Women," also found Danes to be the happiest citizens and Italians the least happy.

WOMEN RAPISTS

LONDON—Four women, aged 17 to 27, have been jailed for attempting to rape a man. A London night-club manager told the court the women



attacked him at night in a park, two holding him down while the other two pulled off his trousers. He was saved when a passer-by called the police.

RAPED PRISONER FREED

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—A Federal district judge has ordered the release of a 19-year-old prisoner who was forcibly raped by three other inmates at the Federal Reformatory in Petersburg, Virginia. Judge Herbert J. Stern criticized the U. S. Bureau of Prisons for

laxity in caring for youthful offenders and said, "It is difficult enough for a judge to sentence an individual to incarceration. That task becomes well nigh impossible and terribly frightening when prison officials cannot provide rudimentary protection against this sort of crime." The rape victim had served less than two months of a two-to-six-year sentence on a bombing conviction.

FETUS SUPPORT

TALLAHASSEE—A Florida appeals court has ruled two to one that an unborn fetus has a right to support payments and that its mother may not negotiate them away. The case involved a Jacksonville woman who had accepted a \$500 cash settlement from the admitted father in return for dropping her paternity suit and waiving support payments. The dissenting judge argued that the decision was illogical and inconsistent with the same court's earlier ruling that a woman may obtain an abortion without the father's consent. He reasoned that if a woman may eliminate the need for support by terminating her pregnancy against the father's wishes, she may also "relieve the same father from the obligation to support."

ABORTION AMENDMENT

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—A recent Gallup Poll found the public closely divided on a constitutional amendment that would ban abortions except to save the mother's life. Those opposed to such an amendment—49 percent—have a slight edge over those favoring it—45 percent. Strongest support comes from Catholics, persons 50 or over and those with less than a high school education.

THE ULTIMATE SIN

HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA—A 22-year-old student expelled by the Florida Bible College for becoming pregnant out of wedlock is suing the school to be allowed to complete her studies. She was six weeks away from graduating with a bachelor of arts degree in Biblical education. "She has now married the boy and has offered to do anything they wanted, but they said she had committed 'the ultimate sin' and they wanted nothing to do with her," her lawyer said, adding that her boyfriend, also a student, was expelled as well. In January 1975, the non-denominational school was scandalized when its founding president disappeared,

leaving a tape recording in which he confessed to having committed adultery with one of his students.

LAND OF THE FREE

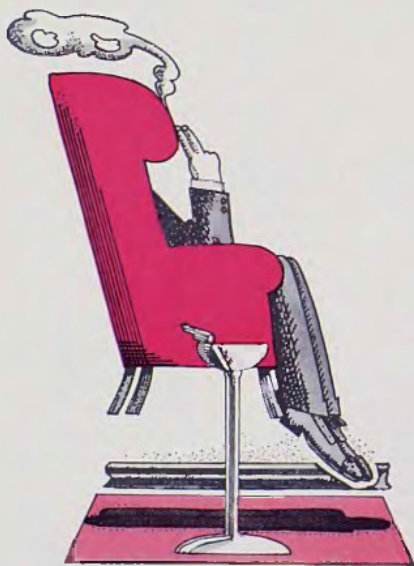
NASHVILLE—The Associated Press reports that theater managers in Nashville have stopped playing the national anthem before movies because of fights that broke out between patrons who stood up and those who didn't.

SMUGGLER'S HIDEAWAY

PHILADELPHIA—Police detectives arrested a 25-year-old man on drug charges after watching doctors use a gastroscope to fish a cocaine-filled prophyllactic from his stomach. The man is suspected of smuggling the drug into the U.S. from Mexico, expecting to recover it through the process of elimination. When it failed to pass after ten days, he called a doctor, who warned him that digestive juices would eventually dissolve the rubber and release enough cocaine to cause his death.

GRANDPOP'S POT

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA—Called to the local hospital to investigate the strong odor of marijuana smoke, police found an elderly man in the lobby puffing contentedly on a pipeful of pot. He



explained that he was visiting a patient and was smoking an excellent "herb mixture" given to him by his grandson. He was sorely grieved when police confiscated all that he had left.

COLOMBIA LEGALIZES POT

BOGOTA—The Colombian government has legalized the use of marijuana and the possession of up to 28 grams (about one ounce) per person. A justice ministry spokesman said the action was based on recommendations from Colombia's

national drugs council that the personal use of pot no longer should be a criminal offense, though persons caught with more than 28 grams can still be charged with drug trafficking.

SPLITTING HAIRS

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND—A magistrate's court dismissed soliciting-for-prostitution charges against a 26-year-old



Southampton woman accused of posing seductively in a window lit by a red light. The court ruled that she was not soliciting, only advertising, and that there is a legal difference.

BACK TO THE FARM

DOYLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA—A common-pleas court has rejected the common-law right of a husband to sue his wife's alleged lover for monetary damages, because, the judge decided, a woman is entitled to choose her sexual partner. Judge Isaac S. Garb said his ruling does not advocate or even condone adulterous conduct but recognizes a woman's constitutional right "to engage in voluntary natural sexual relations with a person of her choice"—a right, he pointed out, also enjoyed by men. He added, "We do not believe that the conclusion we reached constitutes the destruction of the family as an institution in Pennsylvania." The plaintiff had asked more than \$10,000 in damages from his estranged wife's alleged lover and several other persons who, he charged, had conspired in 1974 to encourage her to leave him and move to a farm commune. In several states, courts have permitted such suits under the common-law principle that a husband has the right to "the services, fidelity, consortium and body of his wife."

topic can be defined; it seems to me obvious that pornography, like all art, is a statement in favor of life and against death."

DIVINE RETRIBUTION

I wanted to applaud when I read William Peck's letter in the March Playboy Forum. Peck's blast at the Reverend Paul B. Tinlin, who suggests that convicted murderers be executed on prime-time TV, really hits the mark. It's time we weed out those Biblical hypocrites who speak of peace yet use the Bible to justify their own violent impulses.

Dennis L. Prokop
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

RUBBER DUB DUB

Having grown up in the pill generation, I never had occasion to buy a condom until recently. One evening, I got into some heavy petting on my living-room couch with a stewardess of my acquaintance but she stopped me from intercourse by telling me she was without protection. She had given up the pill on her doctor's advice and had left her diaphragm at a friend's apartment in London. The conclusion of the evening was satisfactory but not great. I resolved to keep a box of condoms on hand for future emergencies.

About two months later, I had another one of these postpill women in my apartment. She elected to tell me about the problem only after we were both nude and I was at full staff. Slightly annoyed, I rushed to the bathroom and rummaged through the medicine chest. Naturally, by that time, I'd forgotten where I had put the condoms and it seemed to take forever to find them. When I did, I took one out of the box and tried to break its protective plastic capsule per directions. And tried again. The damned thing would not snap. By that time, I was at half-mast and sinking fast. I put the capsule on the floor, stamped on it and let out a shriek as broken plastic bit into my heel. I limped back to the bedroom with the lubricated condom dangling from my finger tips like a dead eel and said it might be a while before I'd be ready to go. The young lady avowed she'd had a change of heart, anyway, having remembered a fiancé in Peoria, to whom she'd promised to be faithful, and packed up and left.

If any scientists are working on a pill for men, I'll be happy to volunteer as an experimental subject.

(Name withheld by request)
Minneapolis, Minnesota

FREEDOM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

George Maynard, who, on his car's license plates, taped over the New Hampshire state motto, LIVE FREE OR DIE, has finally been vindicated. But it cost him three arrests, two convictions, 15 days in jail, the impoundment of his car, the loss



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of his job as a printer and national notoriety—all in the name of freedom. A three-judge Federal court ruled in Maynard's favor earlier this year, finding that the license-plate motto "violates the constitutional right of free expression" and forces those disagreeing with it into "involuntary affirmation."

The ruling ended Maynard's tribulations, but afterward he said, "The decision doesn't mean much to me. I won when I taped over the motto. You can put a man in jail, punish him—but they couldn't break my will. I maintained my beliefs and my integrity."

Lewis J. Seale piously takes Maynard to task in the November 1975 *Playboy Forum*, writing that he "is like a lot of other people: He would obey only those laws that suit his fancy. This makes for plain anarchy." But despite Maynard's disagreement with the LIVE FREE OR DIE motto, he chose to follow it, risking serious penalties in order to live free, instead of pursuing the easier path of a court appeal. This, it seems to me, is closer to the ideal that Revolutionary War hero General John Stark had in mind when he uttered the phrase "Live free or die" 200 years ago. To uphold the principles he believes in, would Seale, or any other of Maynard's critics, have weathered the difficulties that Maynard did?

It's a small matter, this license-plate business, and Maynard's name may not go down in the history books, but he has offered a lesson in freedom to those who care to learn from it.

Michael Harris
Loudon, New Hampshire

GRIM FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time, there came to a campus called Kent State a small group of agitators. They tried to convince the students to demonstrate for peace. The students then embarked on a course of action that soon turned into a riot involving property damage and arson. The people who ran the campus and the nearby town became frightened and called on the governor for help. He sent in the National Guard, which turned out to be heavily armed but poorly trained and led, and the result was a tragedy.

If Peter Davies, whose letter appears in the March *Playboy Forum*, criticizes the courts that have consistently failed to find the Guardsmen and others guilty of wrongdoing, why is he not also critical of those courts that didn't prosecute the inciters and the participants?

W. L. Horst
Covington, Kentucky

The demonstrators were prosecuted, but it happened so promptly after the events that you've undoubtedly forgotten about it. Five months after the May 1970 killings, a state grand jury indicted 24 students and one professor on charges ranging from arson to first-degree incitement to riot. Among the accused

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were two of those wounded by the Guardsmen's fusillade. A year later, the state of Ohio brought the 25 to trial. Of the first five to be tried, one was acquitted, another had the charges dismissed by the judge and the remaining three pleaded guilty to lesser offenses. Most of the remaining 20 persons were indicted on charges pertaining to the day of the killings, but the state suddenly dropped its case against all of them, claiming it lacked evidence to prosecute. Trials would have led to public, recorded questions and answers about the circumstances surrounding the shootings. In contrast, it was not until March 1974 that a Federal grand jury indicted eight of the Guardsmen on the only Federal charge available in law, that of depriving their victims of their constitutional rights.

THE RIGHT TO ARMS

I read with interest the letters about gun control in the March *Playboy* Forum. I will support anyone's constitutional right to keep and bear arms as long as he or she belongs to a "well-regulated militia," as stipulated in the Constitution.

Pete Peterson
San Diego, California

THE POLICEMAN'S SIDE

There has been a lot of jazz in print lately about the "police state" the U. S. is turning into—such as Laurence Gonzales' *Who Can Arrest You?*, in *PLAYBOY* (March). I am a cop in New York City, and the idea of a police state frightens me. In a police state, there are purges, and guess who gets it in the neck first during a purge? Much more important, the whole idea of a police state is as revolting to me as it is to any other American.

There are any number of horror stories depicting nightmarish arrests of innocent people, who are swept up and jailed by police storm troopers. But the problem with most stories about cops is that they tell only one side. When the tables are turned, it's amazing how heavily the wheels of justice can roll over a cop who screws up. A criminal action of any kind comes down harder on a cop. A civilian can stand before a judge and tell him that he's got roots in the community and that he didn't know consensual sodomy was against the law. The cop can never say, "I didn't know." He's a cop—he has been trained for six months. He knows "that stuff" is a no-no. He can go down the drain for it. Even if he beats the criminal charges, the department hits him with everything from "conduct unbecoming a police officer" to "unauthorized meal period."

The vast majority of cops are neither blue-clad robots nor the overdramatized heroes of TV. Picture yourself on the train on your way to a cultural-anthropology class. All you want to do

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STONEWALLING ON SEXUAL FREEDOM

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—VIRGINIA CRIMINAL CODE

On March 29, 1976, the United States Supreme Court ruled that American citizens have no constitutional right to sexual privacy. Without hearing oral argument and without issuing a written opinion, the Court voted 6-3 to affirm a Federal district court ruling that upheld the state of Virginia's right to arrest, prosecute and imprison adults who engage in private, consensual sex acts. The summary decision was as sinister as it was efficient: It set national precedent without offering insight or guidance. In 1973, the Court was roundly criticized for its decisions on what constitutes obscenity, when it ruled that such judgments could depend in part on undefined "community standards"; i.e., the whims, prejudices or moral precepts of local lawmakers. This time out, the Court protected itself from criticism by acting in silence—stonewalling in the best Nixon tradition. The implication is plain, however: Sex is no longer a constitutional concern. Let the states handle it. The decision is fashionable, seeming to reduce the power of central government, but it does so in a way that converts federalism back to feudalism. It is a decentralization that diminishes rather than enlarges personal freedom. The Court has abdicated its historic responsibility to uphold the Bill of Rights, to protect the individual from the tyranny of the majority. We are back to the days when Judge Roy Bean was the only law west of the Pecos.

Commenting on the Court's highhanded manner, Gerald Gunther, law professor at Stanford University, declared, "It is irresponsible. It is lawless." It is also irrational. Because of the Court's silence, we are left to assume that it agrees with the reasoning behind the lower court's decision. The opinion presented by the 2-1 majority in the Federal district court was a travesty. Last fall, a group of Virginia lawyers initiated a challenge against the state law prohibiting so-called crimes against nature. The case was brought on behalf of two anonymous homosexuals who felt that the statute infringed on their constitutional rights to privacy. Their lawyers cited past Supreme Court decisions striking down abortion laws, laws against the sale of contraceptives and laws prohibiting the private possession of pornography—all of which seemed to establish a zone of privacy around the intimate life of the individual. The attorney representing the state argued that the statute did not violate these rights and that, in addition to being constitutional, it was actually useful, since laws prohibiting homosexuality act to encourage heterosexual marriages. So do shotgun weddings. Any species whose instinct for self-preservation is so muted that its continuation requires a legislative act probably doesn't deserve to exist. Two of the three judges hearing the case agreed with the prosecutor, drawing support from that Judaeo-Christian favorite, *Leviticus*: "Thou shalt not lie with mankind as with womankind: It is abomination. . . . [The guilty parties] shall surely be put to death; their blood shall be upon them." An astonishing choice of legal authority. What ever happened to separation of church and state?

The dissenting judge in the Virginia case wrote, "Private consensual sex acts between adults are matters, absent evidence that they are harmful, in which the state has no legitimate interest." Amen.

As a result of the Supreme Court's abdication of responsibil-

ity, the 36 states that have archaic sodomy statutes are under no pressure to repeal them. Generating public concern about the laws will be difficult, because the sodomy statutes are said to be "almost never enforced." When a law is almost never enforced, it pays to study the cases that do go to court. Selective application of a law is one way petty officials have of wreaking personal vengeance on people who disagree with their policies. If a law is on the books, it can be used against you. In the Sixties, drug laws were used to weed out political radicals. In the Seventies, IRS regulations were to be used against the people on Nixon's enemies list. A bad law is a bad government's way of getting a grip on the good guys.

A quick glance at the history of sex cases in America reveals that most excesses of law enforcement are the work of misguided, messianic prosecutors embarked on crusades to stamp out pleasure and please mother. In drafting the sodomy statutes, state legislatures have given such latter-day Comstocks a carte blanche upon which to charge their own visions of sexual normality. Not all sodomy statutes are as explicit as the Virginia law; many are vague, written in the style of an Old Testament prophet, condemning "the infamous crime against nature" but seldom offering a definition of the crime. Big Brother may not know how to define sodomy, but he knows it when he sees it and, believe us, he is watching. Some of the statutes have been so broadly interpreted as to include any behavior that varies from the missionary position—from oral sex to mutual masturbation to French kissing.

A bad law breeds corrupt enforcement. The means available to the prosecution in a sodomy case are more sordid than the behavior the law seeks to prohibit. The very nature of the crime requires the police to use entrapment, illegal surveillance, undercover agents or the testimony of one partner against another. Recent history has shown that poorly drawn Federal laws can result, for example, in the no-knock antics of DEA agents. The same kind of abuse can occur on the local level. And, like the drug laws, the possible sentences for sodomy are absurd. For noncrimes like these, the lightest penalty is a miscarriage of justice. Walter Barnett, author of *Sexual Freedom and the Constitution*, writes, "That such perversions of justice are permitted to take place in this day and age is a far greater outrage than these harmless 'perversions' of sex." It is unfortunate that the Supreme Court has chosen to condone such laws. But it is not surprising. In the name of law and order, Richard Nixon pocketed the Bill of Rights. When he finally got caught, he packed his bags and left, but not before he had packed the Supreme Court with four conservatives bent on restoring old-fashioned virtue at any cost.

The Court's states'-rights line has alarmed lawyers across the nation, moving the American Civil Liberties Union to write in protest: "The Supreme Court is embarked on a dangerous and destructive journey designed to dilute the powers of the Federal Judiciary to serve as guardian of Federal constitutional rights. If the trend continues; indeed, if it is not reversed, we believe that the protection of constitutional rights and liberties will be imperiled, and the people will be unable to defend themselves against arbitrary and unconstitutional actions of state officials or to secure effective relief against invalid state laws."

Chief Justice Burger answered that, contrary to criticism, his Court had done quite a bit for individual freedom. For example, it "opened up the whole field [of prisoners' rights] that wasn't open before." Just as well: At the rate it's going, we'll all be prisoners.

This is the first of a series of editorials.

is to finish reading the chapter you were supposed to have read the previous night, but three dudes get on and proceed to act like assholes—shouting, annoying people, blasting a radio. Suddenly, you are certain that everyone on that train *knows* you are a cop and is waiting for you to take care of the situation. It's as if there's a big red dome light on top of your head. And all you've got is a .38-caliber off duty and a ballpoint pen. You can't use the .38 (it's against the rules to shoot anyone for "loud and abusive language"). You can't even bluff them with the gun. They know you can't shoot them—they'll laugh at you if you even take the gun out. So you take out your ballpoint pen instead and make notes on cultural anthropology and hope they'll go away.

Or you can try to arrest them by yourself (if you think that shield in your pocket is going to impress them so much they'll fall into line and march to the police station). Chances are, though, either you'll get your pumpkin beat in, since you can count on zero help from the commuters, or you'll end up shooting one of them in the fight (headline: "COP SHOOTS UNARMED BOY IN CROWDED TRAIN").

Nor are cops immune to Catch-22 situations. Let's suppose an off-duty cop gets in a jam for patting a girl on the tushy. Not serious, but the girl presses charges—sexual misconduct. The charge becomes a felony because it occurred while the cop was armed with a deadly weapon—the gun he is required by the department to carry while he's in the city.

It's been said so often that perhaps no one listens anymore: Cops like to help people. There's much more satisfaction in it. Certainly more than they get out of shooting or arresting people. (There is satisfaction in arresting some turds, however. See the news stories on rapes and crimes against the elderly.)

But a police state? No, that's going too far. We have to draw the line somewhere between anarchic idiocy, where everyone is responsible for his own safety, and total police supervision, where everyone does what's "right" because the cops say so. Neither extreme is workable, since most people don't want the responsibility and cops don't know what's right any better than anyone else. So the line of compromise keeps shifting, affected by expediency, fear and the whims of society. That's as it should be—as long as it keeps working.

John E. Haas
Garnerville, New York

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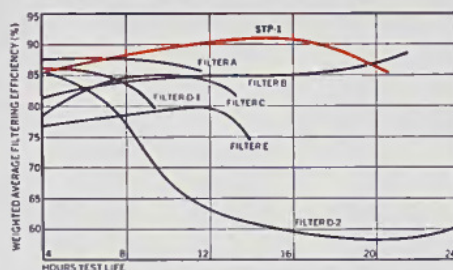
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

KARL HESS

a candid conversation with the former goldwater advisor turned left-winger who now pays no taxes, lives by barter and preaches red-white-and-blue anarchy

Soon after winning the 1964 Republican Presidential nomination, in a characteristic moment of breath-takingly inappropriate candor, Barry Goldwater frankly told a group of startled reporters how unhappy he was with his own campaign. He complained bitterly about the tacky practices of local Republican advance men, about offensive TV commercials aired despite his disapproval, about the seemingly endless parade of shadowy hangers-on who spend the money and re-fract the energies of a national campaign.

When asked how he'd prefer to run for President, Goldwater answered without pausing. "I'd rent one of those little executive jets," he said, somewhat wistfully. "And Shakespeare and I would just do it."

The man he was referring to as Shakespeare was Karl Hess.

Between 1948 and 1964, Hess was the quintessential conservative: advisor on Congressional politics to the Eisenhower Administration; an early contributor to William Buckley's *National Review*; gun- and napalm runner for a pre-Castro revolutionary leader; principal writer of the 1960 and 1964 Republican national platforms; speech- and

ghostwriter for most major conservative politicians, including Nixon and Ford; guru and close personal friend of Goldwater.

But last year, with the publication of "Dear America," a combination memoir and anarchist manifesto, Hess firmly established himself as one of the most important political theoreticians on the New Left. Within one decade, he had successfully navigated virtually the entire perimeter of American political thought without once crossing the mainstream.

Karl Hess was born in Washington, D.C., in 1923. His father was wealthy and influential, his mother intelligent and attractive. It was an auspicious beginning. But things went downhill from there.

The Hesses separated quickly—Karl's mother taking Karl and little else. She didn't believe in alimony and paid for her convictions by spending ten years behind the switchboard of a Washington apartment house.

At 16, Hess joined the Socialist Party (after the Communists refused to have him). At 18, he volunteered for combat duty in World War Two but flunked the physical and, instead, spent the war

years becoming one of America's fastest-rising young journalists. He worked for *The Alexandria Gazette*, the *Washington Times-Herald* and *The New York Daily News*. At 21, he married Yvonne Cahoon, beauty queen and rotogravure editor of *The Washington Star*. At 22, he became assistant city editor of the *News* but was fired later that year for refusing to write President Roosevelt's obituary.

A number of magazine jobs followed, culminating with a five-year stint as press editor of *Newsweek*. But by then, Hess's politics and lifestyle had changed considerably. He'd become a staunch conservative, the vitriolic author of numerous anti-Communist "exposés" and a member of what he now calls "the boozy, lecherous, carnivorously ambitious, suburban middle class."

Eventually, Hess left *Newsweek* to become "a free-lance conservative," an occupation that included, among many other assignments, writing for H. L. Hunt.

In 1960, the year he wrote Nixon's Presidential platform, Hess met Goldwater and the two immediately struck up a working friendship. A speech Hess wrote for the Arizona Senator condemning



BILL FRANTZ

"After I left Goldwater, I took up motorcycle racing, went into the welding business, was divorced by my wife, became a tax resister, began living on barter, remarried, joined SDS . . . the usual."

"The Declaration of Independence is so lucid we're afraid of it today. It scares the hell out of every modern bureaucrat, because it tells us there comes a time when we must stop taking orders."

"If the Soviets ever invaded the U. S., by the time the Red Army got here, it would be totally corrupted. They'd be deserting to open McDonald's franchises. This country is irresistible."

U.S. participation in a nuclear-test-ban treaty became the first conservative address ever printed in its entirety by The New York Times. In one stroke, Goldwater had become America's foremost conservative spokesman and Hess had become the Shakespeare of the right.

But soon after the 1964 election, Hess retreated into a cocoon and began going through a series of strange metamorphoses. At first, the changes were only superficial: He grew a beard, dressed in work clothes, began racing high-powered motorcycles. Friends like Buckley and Goldwater were amused at his antics. Then matters got more serious: Hess abandoned his lucrative political career to become a blue-collar worker—a non-union welder of heavy equipment. And a tax resister. That's when his wife packed it in.

With his property confiscated and a 100 percent Government lien on all future earnings, Hess gamely embarked upon a life of barter, welding in exchange for food and services. And when there was no welding to do, he began constructing metal sculptures that at least one critic has compared to the work of David Smith. Yet Hess sternly refuses to call his pieces art. "I'm a redneck," he explains, "and rednecks are craftsmen, not artists. If you don't believe me, ask a liberal."

In his early days on the New Left, Hess described himself as a libertarian. Recently, however, he has opted for the term anarchist, an appellation that usually conjures the image of murderous packs of food gatherers roaming the smoking streets of some postcatastrophe landscape. But, in fact, Hess is an orderly man whose unique recipe for utopia consists of equal pinches of right-wing self-reliance and rugged individualism, left-wing ecology and conservation and liberal (although he shudders visibly at the word) concern for the welfare of the disadvantaged. But the key is scale. For Hess, the basic unit of a humane civilization must be the neighborhood—not the state or the nation. Hence the term anarchy, an absence of rule.

With his migration leftward, Hess met a new group of friends and lovers, and in 1970 he married Therese Machotka, a free-lance writer and editor. In 1974 and 1975, Karl and Therese lived in Washington's Adams-Morgan ghetto, where they and about a dozen other hard-core believers tried to make a totally self-sufficient community-technology project work in the inner city. They heated water with the sun, had a plan to generate electricity with a windmill, raised trout in superhigh density on a warehouse floor, grew vegetables in a hydroponic garden. The project excited some interest in the neighborhood, but, eventually, idealism was ground down by the gritty hardships of ghetto life. Tools were routinely stolen and finally, in the fall of

1975, the Hesses' apartment was brutally savaged by vandals. Karl and Therese had had enough. They moved to West Virginia, where Karl is now building an underground house—a cave, really—of his own design.

Hess, perhaps better than anyone, has seen America's political reflection from both sides of the looking glass. So in this election and Bicentennial year, we thought it appropriate to discuss politics, politicians, love, money, God, taxes and welding with the man whose brilliant, if somewhat bizarre, reckonings have variously enraged, enthralled and amused political observers for a full generation. Sam Merrill (whose "Playboy Interview" with Joseph Heller appeared in our June 1975 issue) ventured into the West Virginia wilderness to interview Hess. He returned with the following impressions:

"Karl and Therese Hess live temporarily in an unpainted but not-too-ramshackle farmhouse. Meanwhile, Karl is building his dream: an experiment in ecological

*"The notion that a few
people are different and
superior . . . was horseshit
in monarchical times and
is horseshit today."*

sympiosis scooped out of a south-sloping creek bank. When he's finished, Karl expects earth, air and sun to heat and cool his underground Xanadu with very little outside help. Some experts who've studied his plans agree. Others are not so sure. During one of my visits to West Virginia, a prominent young architect offered the opinion that since the earth is an infinite heat sink, Karl's house would never get above 55 degrees in January. Hess responded by dismissing the architect as 'a rather negative fellow.' He refused to alter his plans and the incident was never mentioned again in my presence.

"Like most utopians, Hess receives information the way a snob receives dinner guests—warmly but with careful selection.

"The first time I visited him, we didn't get a single word on tape. As soon as I arrived, he and Therese ushered me into a crab-apple-red pickup with a decal on the rear window that said, 'National Rifle Association—Lifetime Member.'

"The house needs beams,' Karl informed me. 'You're just in time to help us find some.'

"So Karl, Therese and I spent the entire day scrambling up and down the mountains of West Virginia, occasionally

stopping to turn some huge, half-rotten timbers worm side up. Therese complained constantly about Karl's driving—which was awful. The pickup remained airborne much of the time as Karl flogged it over narrow, undulating roads. When he told me he had no driver's license, my knuckles, already milk-white, began turning the color and consistency of grape jelly.

"Then, mercifully, we found ourselves behind a school bus and had to slow down. When the bus stopped to discharge children, a large red sign flashed over the rear door: STOP—STATE LAW.

"Karl laughed. 'Stop state law. Now, that's about the most sensible statement I've heard today.'

"Hess is an antic and humane revolutionary, a witty and self-effacing raconteur—irresistible personal qualities that form a strange collage when laid across his quirky, sometimes highly resistible political beliefs. Physically, too, he is a pastiche: a great shambling bear of a man with the raggedy beard and gentle eyes of a dockside philosopher, the sadly drooping nose of a Lebanese Bedouin and the leafy, unstarched ears of a club fighter. But his appearance grows on you.

"Eventually—very eventually—Hess and I managed to put three interview sessions on tape at his temporary farmhouse. It was difficult to believe that this bearded, semikempt, wisecracking West Virginia welder had spent the past quarter century at the vortex of American political power. It is especially hard to think of him as a key Presidential speechwriter as he extols the joys of anarchy. We began on the topic of his speech-writing days."

PLAYBOY: Since we're in the middle of a Presidential campaign, let's start by asking you what it was like to be Goldwater's closest advisor during the 1964 campaign.

HESS: Running for President feels exactly like being President. The ordinary experiences of life melt away, are replaced by a constant swirl of limousines and money, jet planes and prepared statements, Secret Service men and gorgeous political groupies. There is an almost infinite sense of power and prestige. It feels wonderful, which is why it's so terrible.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't sound terrible.

HESS: Oh, but it is. The entire Presidential afflatus reinforces the notion that a few people are different and superior, capable of solving the problems of the faceless mob. That notion was horseshit in monarchical times and is horseshit today—not that the medieval monarchs were much different from our Presidents now. The point is that people have always been capable of solving their own problems, of living creative, joyous and peaceful lives, when left alone.

PLAYBOY: Surely, even as an anarchist you must be willing to admit that there



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are some differences between Presidents and kings.

HESS: Presidents achieve power by hoaxes and handshakes, while kings take the far less tiring route of being born. That is the only difference I can discern.

PLAYBOY: But the Constitution says—

HESS: I know, that the President is merely the head of the Executive branch—the one totally unnecessary branch of government, even in our own system. England, Sweden, Israel and other parliamentary democracies do quite well with only two branches of government: legislative and judicial. Nevertheless, the American President is a king, a fact that most of us fully understand. After all, didn't Senator Hugh Scott call Nixon's near impeachment "regicide"?

PLAYBOY: Were there any incidents during Goldwater's campaign when you personally felt yourself being corrupted by power and prestige?

HESS: Yes. I particularly remember the feeling of riding alone in a limousine with a motorcycle escort. Everyone was peering in at me. To them, I was a blur; power in motion. To me, they were a frozen tableau of still, dumb, gawking faces—as if captured by a strobe light. During those moments, I knew the glory that the President himself knows, and it was an impressive experience. Had it continued, I have no doubt that I would have succumbed to it absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Succumbed to what?

HESS: To the atrocious assumption that I was more important than other people. And I would not have been evil to do so—just human. If your repeated experience is that you're in motion and everyone else is frozen on the side of the road, it is only reasonable to conclude that you are a more important person than they, that they expect you to run the universe for them. You don't feel as though you are being corrupted by power. You feel as though you are intelligently responding to empirical evidence. And *that* is power's greatest corruption: the tragic and universal misconception by the wielder of power that it *isn't* corrupting him.

PLAYBOY: Along with limousines, you mentioned something about "gorgeous political groupies—"

HESS: I was waiting for you to pick that up.

PLAYBOY: Is sex on the campaign trail another aspect of the Presidential experience?

HESS: Well, yes.

PLAYBOY: Go ahead, you started this.

HESS: It's so sad. Women are used as trade goods in a political campaign. The rich and powerful require a lot of solace and don't have much time, so their approach to getting their rocks off is the same as their approach to getting a haircut. The barber comes to them, the tailor comes to them and sex comes to them, too.

Women are assigned, like jets and limousines.

PLAYBOY: Was Goldwater much of a womanizer during the campaign?

HESS: He wasn't a womanizer in the sense of being promiscuous. I think he's had a romance or two, but even as the Presidential candidate, when he had the pick of the litter, Goldwater was never a tomcat like, say, Jack Kennedy. Goldwater is not a cheap guy. Unlike most of official Washington, he isn't the afternoon "quick bang" type.

PLAYBOY: But most of official Washington is the quick-bang type?

HESS: Oh, Lord, yes. The first thing that strikes any visitor to Capitol Hill is the consistent beauty of the women. In almost every office, there's one Rose Mary Woods type. She ain't much to look at, but she sure churns out the work: answering the phone with one hand, typing with the other and erasing tapes with her

"It's so sad. Women are used as trade goods in a political campaign. . . . They are assigned, like jets and limousines."

feet. Then there are about six really gorgeous women called "political researchers" who never seem to be doing anything at all. You'd be surprised at how much high-level scheduling is done around whether or not some bigwig can get in his "nooner." And in a Presidential campaign, it's worse. I'd love to name names, but I won't.

PLAYBOY: Oh, go ahead.

HESS: Let's just call the practice—and the performance—"widespread."

PLAYBOY: How did the Nixon White House stack up in that regard?

HESS: Not as well as previous administrations. You can't do that sort of thing with a suit and tie on.

PLAYBOY: But the Goldwater campaign was a bit better?

HESS: I guess. After the election, I had a very funny conversation with a guy from the phone company who told me his biggest job wasn't dismantling the switchboard but disconnecting the tie lines to girls' apartments all over town. He said dozens and dozens of our campaign people had extensions, so the receptionist at national headquarters could just flip a switch and they could take their calls in bed.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Goldwater happen to team up?

HESS: While I was writing the Republican platform in 1960, the people at the American Enterprise Institute—which is to conservatives what Brookings is to liberals—asked me to be their director of special projects and I said sure. And when the Senator called A.E.I. for some help on his nuclear-test-ban opposition, I was his man. I liked him from the moment we met. You can't help it. He's such a fine man. Incidentally, when I broke with the conservatives, I honestly thought Goldwater would also amend the error of his ways and join me on the New Left.

PLAYBOY: Do you still think there's a chance he might?

HESS: With Goldwater, anything's possible. Which is more than you can say for Humphrey, Ford, Jackson, Rockefeller, Kennedy, Reagan or any of the other state socialists of the American right.

Anyway, I suppose Goldwater must have taken a liking to me, too, but we didn't get really close until *The New York Times* printed a speech I'd written for him against the banning of nuclear tests in the atmosphere. As far as I know, mine was the first conservative speech that august publication deemed fit to print.

PLAYBOY: You mean the *Times* liked your speech?

HESS: No, but it said even though it was incorrect, inhumane, indecent and a threat to motherhood and world sanity, it had nevertheless raised the literary content of the debate. Well, we were all thrilled, because if *The New York Times* says something, it must be official. So Goldwater started calling me Shakespeare.

PLAYBOY: Did you and Goldwater spend much time discussing political theory—as opposed to political strategy?

HESS: Yes, we did, and I'm glad you made that distinction. We frequently used to ask ourselves what the differences really were between us and the Soviets. Even then I was aware, as was Goldwater, that the differences were marginal, so we wanted to spell them out. But the more we discussed it, the harder it became. I mean, they have a secret police, we have a secret police. They can vote for only one candidate, here we have two—which makes us twice as good but not absolutely better, especially since our candidates are selected in such a peculiar fashion. We kept pressing each other for differences and when we got right down to it, for Goldwater, the difference was religion: "We are the children of light and they are the children of darkness."

PLAYBOY: That was the principal difference Goldwater found between us and the Russians?

HESS: Yes, and since I'm an atheist, I didn't consider his position wholly satisfying. But I think it turns out that the entire Cold War didn't make sense without religion. Nelson Rockefeller doesn't



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make sense without religion—not that Nelson Rockefeller makes much sense *with* religion. But what other differences are there? As James Burnham pointed out in 1941, in *The Managerial Revolution*, the similarity between the Soviet state and the American corporation is striking. So to find a difference worth dying for in opposing the Soviet Union while supporting General Motors requires a theological position.

PLAYBOY: It's surprising that Goldwater agreed with you on the similarities between the U. S. and Russia.

HESS: Not only did Goldwater agree with me but he had a theory of convergence that even I found somewhat radical. Goldwater believed—and probably still believes—that the Soviet Union, through the pressure of its people, would move steadily toward a free society, while the U. S., through the pressure of the liberals and the momentum of the Federal bureaucracy, would become more and more oligarchic. But, unlike many convergence theorists, Goldwater did not believe we would meet and stabilize. He felt we would cross, that they would keep moving toward freedom and we would keep moving toward dictatorship. I believed then, and still believe now, that he is wrong—at least about Russia. They seem to be able to slow down the libertarian movement any time they want.

PLAYBOY: As one of the authors of Goldwater's acceptance speech at the 1964 convention, are you aware that many people believe two of your sentences defeated him before he'd even started his campaign?

HESS: I assume you're referring to "Extremism in defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in pursuit of freedom is no virtue."

PLAYBOY: You guessed it.

HESS: Then the answer is yes and no. Yes, I'm aware people have blamed Goldwater's defeat on those lines, and no, I didn't write them. They're reminiscent of words used by Abraham Lincoln in his "house divided" speech and the actual phrase was given to me by Harry Jaffa, the Lincoln scholar, and although we all thought it was provocative, nobody suspected it would induce spontaneous hemorrhaging in the body politic. When Rockefeller heard it, he dropped his womb.

PLAYBOY: With some of the labels you've used through the years—anarchist, right-wing socialists, and so on—this might be a good time to ask you to define your unique views of the American political spectrum. For instance, you've said that the conservative movement is to the left of liberalism. What do you mean by that?

HESS: Most analysts see the political spectrum as a great circle, with authoritarian governments of the right and the left intersecting at a point directly opposite representational democracy. But my no-

tion of politics is that it follows a straight line, with *all* authoritarian societies on the right and *all* libertarian societies on the left. So for me, the extreme right is an absolute monarchy or dictatorship. On the right, law and order means the law of the ruler and the order that serves the interests of that ruler: orderly workers, submissive students, cowed or indoctrinated elders. Hitler, Stalin and Huey Long were all right-wingers because their regimes concentrated power in the fewest possible hands. The far left favors the distribution of money and power into the maximum number of hands.

PLAYBOY: So when you call yourself an anarchist, you've really moved as far left as you can go.

HESS: That's correct. I am in total opposition to *any* institutional power. I favor a world of neighborhoods in which all social organization is voluntary and the ways of life are established in small, consenting groups. These groups could cooperate with other groups as they saw

*"I am in total opposition
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fit. But *all* cooperation would be on a voluntary basis. As the French anarchist Proudhon said, "Liberty [is] not the daughter but the Mother of Order."

PLAYBOY: That sounds like so much pie in the sky. Have any such societies ever existed?

HESS: The precedents I look to were the participatory democracies of the Greek city-states, many Irish cities up until the British occupation, some Indian villages under Mahatma Gandhi and the town meetings right here in America. Each of those anarchist societies produced great and honorable cultures. There is no way to achieve a free society that is national. The concept of a nation requires the subordination of the citizen because you must let someone else represent you. So *your* freedom is being exercised by another person. In a truly free society, there is no subordination of any citizen. Every citizen represents himself.

PLAYBOY: But a society without any subordination would be chaotic.

HESS: The way to achieve freedom without chaos is to function at a scale of relationships that permits you to discuss matters of citizenship with everyone af-

fected. In other words, at the neighborhood level.

PLAYBOY: What about matters that spill over to other neighborhoods, such as the maintenance of roads and rivers? Or air pollution?

HESS: There would be *ad hoc* meetings, voluntary federations, and so forth.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be no avoiding the conclusion that at the core of your anarchist beliefs there is an assumption, taken on faith, of the essential goodness of man.

HESS: Yes, the anarchist does believe that although human beings are of a mixed nature, on slight balance we are probably good.

PLAYBOY: But what if the Christians are right and humans are basically evil, unready to go it alone socially or metaphysically?

HESS: In that sad case, it would be even more imperative to avoid the nation-state, because then a basically flawed individual would be invested with the greatest possible power. The anarchist—although he believes man is good—says that whether man is, in fact, good or evil, the nation-state is an abomination.

PLAYBOY: You frequently characterize American liberalism as elitist. How would you characterize American conservatism?

HESS: The American right today seems characterized by a smallness of spirit and by vast insecurities. This tragic fearfulness causes the right to abandon its traditional standards of self-reliance at the mere mention of the term national security. So while conservatives still speak out against the increasing centralized power of the Federal Government generally, they support the increasingly centralized power of the military and the police. Conservatives give lip service to neighborhood control of this or that. But they mean *their* neighborhood, not *yours*. Beverly Hills, not Harlem.

PLAYBOY: But you still feel that liberals are more dangerous than conservatives?


HESS: Conservatives strive to concentrate local power in conservative hands, while liberals strive to concentrate national power in liberal hands. Hence, although both are profoundly right-wing movements, liberalism lies slightly farther along the road to dictatorship.

PLAYBOY: You obviously didn't hold these views while you were Goldwater's speechwriter. What happened to you after he lost the 1964 election?

HESS: Oh, I took up motorcycle racing, went into business welding heavy equipment, was divorced by my wife, became a tax resister, began living on barter, remarried, joined SDS . . . the usual.

PLAYBOY: Right, the usual. Your first leftward step was to become a tax resister. How did that happen?

HESS: A lot of people believe Nixon was



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av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Nov. '75.

the first President to use the Internal Revenue Service as a weapon of political revenge. But, as in so many other areas, the only thing Nixon did first was get caught. As soon as Johnson was elected in 1964, I was slapped with my first and only IRS audit.

PLAYBOY: What a coincidence.

HESS: It was an experience I'll never forget. Before I was through with IRS—what am I saying? I'll never be through with IRS—I'd met a lot of "revenooers," and I'll tell you, they are a special case. Every war is full of stories in which ordinary decency breaks through, even in the most barbarous situations, turning a paid killer into a compassionate human being—if only for a moment. But I've never seen that happen to a tax collector. They are the most casually vicious, abjectly humorless and routinely amoral people I've ever met. If you want to find a fascist constituency in America, just poll the bureaucrats at IRS.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to become a resister?

HESS: It was a single phrase. I'd asked the auditor/robber who was handling my case/theft if he didn't think a certain perfectly legitimate deduction was right. He replied to the effect that it didn't matter if it was right. All that mattered was the law. I remember saying to myself, "Oh, Lord, here's a guy who thinks there's a difference between right and law. A perfect Nazi soldier." I had never met an American who felt that way before.

PLAYBOY: So what did you do?

HESS: I notified them that I wasn't going to pay taxes anymore—ever. And by way of explanation, I enclosed a copy of the Declaration of Independence.

PLAYBOY: What did they do?

HESS: Confiscated all my property except tools and clothing and slapped a 100 percent Government lien on whatever future earnings I might have. Our Government isn't interested in conscience when it comes to money.

PLAYBOY: That's a rather broad statement.

HESS: It is curious to note that when, for reasons of conscience, people refuse to kill, they are often exempted from active military duty. But there are no exemptions for people who, for reasons of conscience, refuse to financially support the bureaucracy that actually does the killing. Apparently, the state takes money more seriously than life.

PLAYBOY: How has IRS treated you over the past ten years?

HESS: Very shabbily. Since I'm not permitted to handle money, I've been forced to live on barter even while my case is being appealed. You see, the revenooers assume you are guilty until proven innocent. Fortunately, my lawyer, who was also David Smith's lawyer, has agreed to

take my metal sculpture in lieu of a fee, and he's kept me out of prison thus far. But my prospects aren't bright.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say that?

HESS: Because the revenooers consider tax resisters the worst of all criminals. They'll wheel and deal with gangsters and millionaires. Crooked politicians—even Presidents—and businessmen who chisel can hire hot-shot attorneys and almost *without exception* end up settling for so much on the dollar. They can even have the laws rewritten or, as in Nixon's case, suspended entirely. But the revenooers descend on working people like a cloud of locusts.

PLAYBOY: You realize, of course, that you're not doing your case any good by talking like this.

HESS: I know, but I can't resist the opportunity to haunt those people. Something has to haunt them. Certainly their consciences never do.

PLAYBOY: After your battles with the IRS

"Tax collectors are the most casually vicious, abjectly humorless and routinely amoral people I've ever met."

began, you joined Students for a Democratic Society. Did you find more commitment on the left than you'd encountered on the right?

HESS: Yes, and the difference is illustrated vividly by a comparison of student groups. I've worked closely with both the Young Americans for Freedom and the SDS, and I'll tell you, when Y.A.F. decided to take an action, first it beat the billionaire bushes for heavy money. It opened offices, hired secretaries, demanded expense accounts and salaries before getting its crusade off the ground. But when SDS decided to take action, it simply took it. The difference was the level of commitment.

PLAYBOY: Were you shocked or disturbed by the casualness toward sex and drugs you observed on the New Left?

HESS: The drugs of the left are grass, hash, acid, coke, opium and an amazing substance called amyl nitrite, which, if you survive the coronary, produces quite a rush. Although I've tried them all and don't particularly like any, they beat the hell out of whiskey, the drug of the right. But practically everything on earth is better than whiskey, including rusty nails.

PLAYBOY: So you're not into drugs.

HESS: Many of the experiences I've had with drugs have been pleasurable, but they don't expand your mind. They make you useless. I doubt very seriously whether even Carlos Castaneda wrote his books while he was high. He probably wrote them after the businessman's lunch at Schrafft's.

PLAYBOY: Do you, or did you ever consider Timothy Leary a member of the New Left?

HESS: Absolutely not. He was a clown when he started and now he is a little worse than a clown—a police informant, by some accounts. But getting on to more pleasant subjects, you mentioned sex. . . .

PLAYBOY: So we did.

HESS: Sex is much better on the left than it was on the right. On the right, the sharing of a political way of life by two people living together isn't necessary. In fact, it's rather unusual. On the left, it is unusual for a couple *not* to share their entire lives.

PLAYBOY: You next became an enthusiastic friend of the Black Panthers. Not many American whites—no matter *how* far left—rallied to the black and green. Why did you favor them so strongly?

HESS: Perhaps it was my conservative background. In fact, I'm surprised many conservatives didn't, if not support, at least admire the Panther movement. I remember that famous photograph of an armed black man standing proudly—or arrogantly, depending upon your racial bias—in the California Statehouse. What right-winger has not dreamed of the day he, too, would say no to the bureaucrats and take up arms like our revolutionary forefathers? Here was a group of Americans actually saying that extremism in defense of their own freedom was no vice. How could I, of all people, oppose them?

PLAYBOY: Did you feel similarly about the S.L.A. later on?

HESS: Of course not. In fact, I believe the S.L.A. is an FBI plot to publicly discredit the left-wing movement in America.

PLAYBOY: You're kidding.

HESS: Just look at the thing. It operates the way the FBI wishes a radical group would behave. There's nothing *political* about the S.L.A. It's just a criminal operation, like the Clyde Barrow gang. They rob banks, kill people and hide out. To discuss the S.L.A. in terms of politics or revolution is shockingly misleading. It doesn't resemble *any* political group, right or left, with the possible exception of the CIA. I believe the purpose of the S.L.A. is to offer the American people an apparently left-wing organization that the state is better than.

PLAYBOY: Do you endorse the pro-Arab position taken by many New Left groups today?

HESS: I neither endorse nor understand

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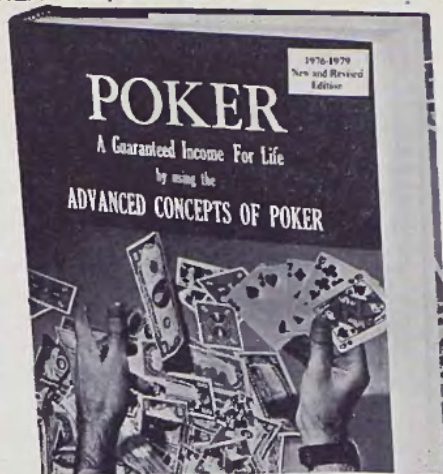
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it, except to note that it seems to be the tragic fate of the Jews to be hated by everybody in sequence. I've never seen anything like it.

PLAYBOY: American leftists would argue that they are not anti-Semitic, just anti-Israel.

HESS: That makes no sense, either. Sure Israel is a client of America, but so is everybody else, including China and the Soviet Union. And although Israel has driven her borders out some, I think you can make a fairly good case for its having happened in self-defense. But the thing I really don't understand is why the New Left has suddenly developed this vast enthusiasm for Arabs.

PLAYBOY: Presumably because some regimes are Communist backed.

HESS: I could understand an American New Left position that favored socialism in the Arab states, but most of the Arab nations are feudal. They're actually pre-capitalist! I think what you've hit on here is perhaps the gravest weakness of the American left today: a reflexive hatred of anything American. If an American doctor cured cancer tomorrow, there would be people on the left who would call it a plot by the drug companies.

PLAYBOY: What remedy would you prescribe for the Mideast problem?

HESS: I think the Jewish state should be placed elsewhere, like Texas or Orange County. Those areas aren't being used for much now. It's been my observation that when something happens anywhere in the world that civilized people generally regard as good, if there are seven people involved in it, three and a half of them turn out to be Jewish. That happens with such fantastic regularity that I conclude the Jewish culture must be pretty hot stuff. So a Jewish state, located in a politically hospitable region, would almost certainly become a great benefit to all mankind. But a Jewish state in the Mideast is likely to remain a roadblock to world peace for generations to come. As a realistic compromise, however, recognition of both Israel and a Palestinian state would seem reasonable.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your checkered career, you joined Goldwater again in 1968 and wrote speeches for his Senate campaign. The mind boggles at the thought that much of Goldwater's platform was written by a member of SDS.

HESS: Why? I was against the Vietnam war and Goldwater was for it; but, otherwise, we had a lot in common. He has a strong libertarian tendency. It's sad. Goldwater is such a good, good man. I can't figure out why, at this late date, he still insists on being a flack for the Presidency, the police and the military.

PLAYBOY: You seem to retain an enduring affection for Goldwater, yet the two of you haven't spoken since that campaign.

HESS: The break came soon after the 1968 election. It was sudden, unexpected and,

as we both immediately understood, final—unless, of course, he decides to come over to the New Left. I'm still hoping.

PLAYBOY: What caused the break?

HESS: Goldwater had campaigned heavily against the draft. But after he was returned to the Senate, when I suggested that his first legislative action should be a proposal to end the draft, he replied with the only answer that could have severed our relationship. He said, "Let's wait and see what Dick Nixon wants to do on that one." Those were the last words he ever said to me as a friend.

PLAYBOY: Let's see if we can keep track:

Before hooking up with Goldwater, you'd been, among other things, a Socialist and a gunrunner; now you're an anarchist and a tax resister. Were you ever normal?

HESS: I think I was normal for a brief period around the mid-Fifties. It was a harrowing experience.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe it for us?

HESS: I was working for *Newsweek* and living in Westchester; an unholy alliance

*"If an American doctor
cured cancer tomorrow,
there would be people on the
left who would call it a plot
by the drug companies."*

of corporate and suburban hells. Corporate life is like a pool of sharks. The object is survival and the food is whatever or whoever gets in the way. The competition is self-perpetuating: for new cars, for the kid's batting average in some joyless little league and, perhaps most important, for your wife's success as a hostess. Suburban women are the geishas of America. My first marriage, to a remarkably fine woman, was a victim of the corporate-suburban life.

PLAYBOY: You must have found some pleasures in suburbia.

HESS: I found two: oblivion drinking and conquest fucking.

PLAYBOY: You said your first marriage was a victim of the corporate-suburban life. What does that mean?

HESS: Yvonne is a bright, creative, attractive woman. When I met her, she was rotogravure editor of *The Washington Star* and a finalist in the American Newspaper Guild Beauty Contest. But as soon as I reached a certain point in my career, she had to abandon hers and become a hostess. When I realized what

I'd done to her, I felt like having myself horsewhipped. I think the feminists are absolutely correct about the American woman's tragic, insulting position in an upwardly mobile marriage.

PLAYBOY: So except for that one gratefully brief sojourn into "normalcy," your life has been . . . what?

HESS: Blessed madness.

PLAYBOY: How, where and when did the madness begin?

HESS: It began in Washington on May 25, 1923, but the scene quickly shifted to the Philippines. My father was surpassingly rich.

PLAYBOY: What did he do for a living?

HESS: He was smart for a living. He had the good sense to be the son of a wealthy man.

PLAYBOY: What was life like for you in the Philippines?

HESS: Madness. We moved in with my grandmother, old Amelia, a gentle soul who was always getting into trouble with the police for having her servants beaten. Grandmother Amelia had never seen the kitchen of her own house. But as soon as my mother arrived, being American, she went *directly* to the kitchen. When it was discovered that my mother had been to the kitchen, there was a family crisis. Such things simply weren't done. My mother finally split. And she didn't ask for a dime. She raised me by operating a switchboard at a Washington, D.C., hotel.

PLAYBOY: You dropped out of school at 15. Before that, you were an irredeemable truant. Didn't you like education?

HESS: I *loved* education, which is why I spent as little time as possible in school. Even in my day, education had begun decreasing in importance in the school system. Today, education has no place at all in the American classroom.

PLAYBOY: Then what is the function of the school system?

HESS: Administration.

PLAYBOY: How about some of the private schools employing "innovative" educational modes?

HESS: Our schools tend to treat children either as prisoners or as wild animals. Public schools prefer the prisoner technique, with rules and regimentation being the education offered, while the supposedly innovative private schools usually opt for the wild-animal position. There, children are reared as in a jungle: totally without the intervention of elders of the species and with as little contact as possible with sequential thinking involving a history or duration of more than six seconds. Both techniques offer the ideal preparation for life in a totalitarian society. They no longer teach you to read and they teach you *not* to think. What they *do* teach is a process of reducing the world, screening our options until we are, at adulthood, fully

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and the death-defying drop
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PLAYBOY: What kind of educational system would you prefer?

HESS: I like medieval schools.

PLAYBOY: What was so great about the medieval schools?

HESS: The medieval schools taught logic, dialectics, rhetoric and grammar. Their assumption was, once you'd learned reading and thinking, you could do anything. In those days, it was not unusual for a man to be a great author, astronomer, theologian, soldier, farmer, artisan, cocksman—everything. Already, people were doing what Marx talked about: fishing in the morning, tilling the soil in the afternoon and writing poetry at night.

PLAYBOY: So you believe education should consist of learning to think and read.

HESS: That's right. And eight or nine years should be enough. Then cut the strings. Repeal those goddamn child-labor laws and let people begin a series of apprenticeships by the age of 13.

PLAYBOY: Surely you're not seriously against the child-labor laws.

HESS: You bet I am. They're just a typical example of snobby liberal elitism—thinking everybody wants to be a professor of Chaucerian literature. Most professors of Chaucerian literature really want to be firemen.

PLAYBOY: How do you know what people want to do?

HESS: You can tell what a person really wants to do by his hobbies. Most people want to be gardeners or musicians. Nobody's hobby is insurance.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any personal experience as a teacher?

HESS: I taught logic to eight-year-olds at a local public school recently. The kids ate it up and spat it out. Nobody'd taught them how to be dumb yet.

PLAYBOY: How did that opportunity come about?

HESS: Believe it or not, there's a grade school principal in Washington who actually likes kids and questions the school system. Every other principal I've met likes the school system and hates kids. But this guy is a principal who actually believes in education. Lord knows what he's doing in the school system, but that's his problem. Anyway, he instituted a program where people from the neighborhood come in and lecture. The most popular guy was a surgeon who dissected a chicken. That was a pretty tough act to follow, but I taught logic and the kids loved it. Nobody'd given them a license to think before.

PLAYBOY: What, exactly, did you teach?

HESS: I went through syllogisms and fallacies. That took about three minutes.

Then we began playing word games: analyzing sentences, including some TV commercials. One kid said his favorite commercial was the one in which the late Euell Gibbons eats a pine tree. Well, we analyzed it, and before long every kid in the class was asking, "If pine needles are nutritious and if Grape Nuts taste like pine needles, does that mean Grape Nuts are nutritious?"

PLAYBOY: There are probably a lot of adults who never caught that fallacy.

HESS: Adults have already been taught to look at things only one way—the accepted way. Eight-year-olds are too uneducated to be that dumb. The best moment came when one of the kids asked me, "Why don't you take off your hat?" I said, "Why should I?" And they began thinking. Of course, they started out the way most adults would, by telling me it was good manners, but I rejected that and they became uneasy. Finally, a little girl jumped up and said, "Wait a minute. Why do you wear a hat?" And

*"Eight or nine years of
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child-labor laws."*

I said, "To keep my head warm." And she said, "Isn't it warm in here?" I said, "Yes, it is." So she said, "Then why don't you take off your hat?" It was marvelous. She had pushed beyond accepted custom into a region few adults enter: serious analysis of a situation. Suddenly, she had become a little human being—not a parrot anymore. And it is my notion that we'd have a whole country full of human beings if the schools would only liberate, rather than enslave children; teach them how to read and think. I myself grew up in the last era of successful dropouts. I went directly from my very occasional visits to the tenth grade to writing radio newscasts.

PLAYBOY: Then you became a Socialist. How did that happen?

HESS: I wanted to be a radical and the Communists wouldn't have me. No teenager got to be a Communist. So I joined the Socialists. They weren't so particular. And, of course, at that time I didn't associate communism and socialism with the Soviet Union.

PLAYBOY: What did you associate them with?

HESS: The people who didn't want war

or who, if there was a war, were always on the right side.

PLAYBOY: You mean Norman Thomas?

HESS: The Norman Thomas people were really standing up against authority. I liked that. But Norman Thomas' programs were later co-opted by Roosevelt, except that Roosevelt wanted to do good for the common folk without permitting the common folk to do good for themselves.

PLAYBOY: In other words, Norman Thomas' Socialist programs became F.D.R.'s liberal programs.

HESS: Correct. And a lot of American working people accepted that. Apparently, they didn't see anything basically wrong with the ownership/acquisition system but only thought it needed better rules. The Roosevelt Administration promised those rules, thus pacifying the working class and preserving capitalism for the rich.

PLAYBOY: But you're not entirely against capitalism, are you?

HESS: Theoretical, laissez-faire capitalism doesn't strike me as immoral—just unnecessary. I'd prefer it to many other ways of running things, but it's wasteful and causes people to be overly concerned with numbers: quantity rather than quality, profits rather than products.

PLAYBOY: Eventually, you left the Socialists. Why?

HESS: They were so boring. Also, they clung to the preposterous notion that if everyone in the world was exactly like them, there would be no problems. And that was no different from Roosevelt.

PLAYBOY: What have you got against Roosevelt?

HESS: What makes you think I have anything against Roosevelt? Roosevelt was wonderful—if you like fascists. And, apparently, many people do.

PLAYBOY: What made Roosevelt a fascist?

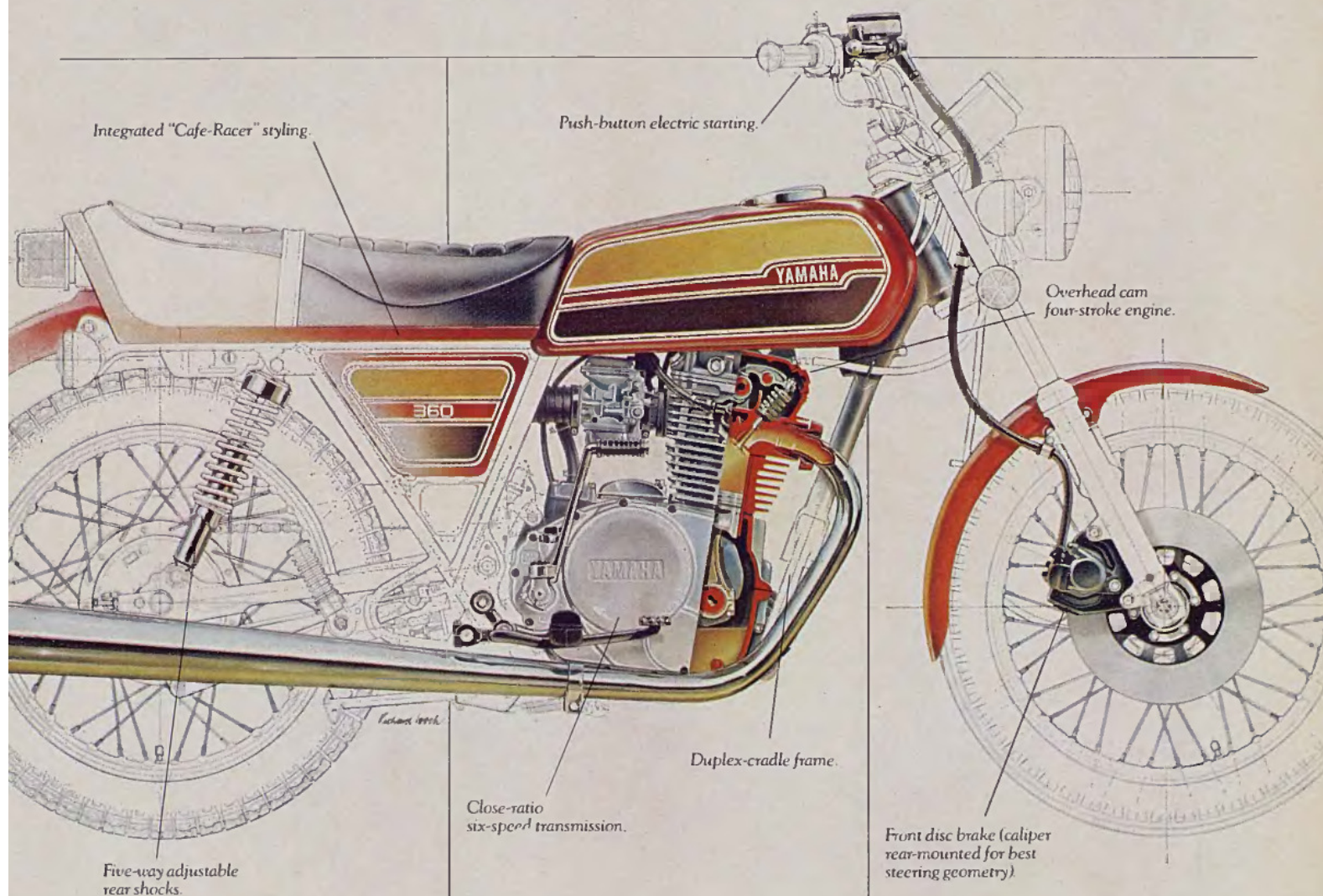
HESS: He believed it was better for people to be alike than for them to be different and it was better for people to be led than for them to be self-reliant. The term fascist seems appropriate because the most essential tenet of fascism views the state as the people, rather than the other way around. Both Hitler and Roosevelt began by nationalizing the people.

PLAYBOY: Do you note any differences between Hitler and Roosevelt?

HESS: The two regimes weren't altogether identical. Hitler's was mad and murderous. Roosevelt's wasn't cruel, certainly wasn't crazy, was kind and helpful to many people. Roosevelt sought the perpetuation of existing power, privilege and order. Hitler sought new power and a new order. But one crucial similarity between those two fascists is that both successfully destroyed the trade unions. Roosevelt did it by passing exactly the

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reforms that would ensure the creation of a trade-union bureaucracy. Since F.D.R., the unions have become the protectors of contracts rather than the spearhead of worker demands. And the Roosevelt era brought the "no strike" clause, the notion that your rights are limited by the needs of the state.

PLAYBOY: Many historians have said that without Roosevelt, the poor would have starved.

HESS: What a terrible thing to say about poor people. The alternative view is that without Roosevelt, the poor would have organized.

PLAYBOY: What happened after you abandoned the Socialists?

HESS: I attempted to join the Army. But that didn't work out too well.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HESS: I was so anxious for combat duty that I falsified my medical records. I believe I told them I was the healthiest person in the history of civilization.

PLAYBOY: And you weren't?

HESS: Not quite. Immediately after passing my exams for O.C.S., I came down with a crashing attack of hay fever. They didn't believe me when I told them that was the first time in my life I'd ever sneezed, so they contacted my family doctor and found out I'd had malaria.

PLAYBOY: Malaria?

HESS: I'd picked it up in the Philippines as a kid, along with dengue fever and blackwater fever. I'd also had several cases of pneumonia, hay fever, sinusitis, asthma and a deviated septum.

PLAYBOY: So characterizing yourself as the healthiest person in history was a bit of an exaggeration.

HESS: That's true. But even though I was only hanging together tentatively, I offered to sign a waiver that if I died of pneumonia, the Army wouldn't be responsible.

PLAYBOY: But they didn't buy that?

HESS: No; in fact, they seriously contemplated throwing me in jail for perjurying my medical records. Which only shows that you can't win with those people. They can arrest you for trying to get into one of their lousy wars and arrest you for trying to get out. If I had a kid today, I'd make sure the state never found out that child existed. And if it did find out, I'd rig up a phony death certificate.

PLAYBOY: What did you do after being pitched out of the Army?

HESS: I went back to Washington and went to work for the *Times-Herald*, an old Hearst-type newspaper. Press cards in our hats, digging up bodies for independent autopsy—the whole trip. Oh, and speaking of autopsies, I worked one summer while I was still a teenager as an autopsy assistant.

PLAYBOY: How did you get that job?

HESS: The coroner was hot to trot with my friend's sister; but in order to get her alone during the day, he had to do something with all us brats. So he hired us to prepare bodies and make preliminary incisions. It was great experience, but can you imagine letting a bunch of 14- and 15-year-olds slice up corpses today? Everybody would jump on you. Hubert Humphrey would accuse you of exploiting child labor and Ronald Reagan would accuse you of profaning the sacred dead. Conservatives like people only when they're dead.

PLAYBOY: Why was doing autopsies such a great experience?

HESS: Because it made me an atheist. I don't see how you can fail to be an atheist after dissecting all those people. I mean, nothing flies out of them. They don't sing or laugh or dance anymore. They're just a bunch of junk lying around.

PLAYBOY: Yet you say that conservatives like death.

HESS: The reason conservatives think death is such a neat thing is that they

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make sure the state never
found out that child existed.
And if it did find out, I'd rig
up a phony death certificate."*

don't get to see much of it. They're well fed and don't fight in very many wars. They make the poor fight for them. Of course, there are a few notable exceptions. George Patton was rich and really enjoyed shooting people. But ordinary folks, the ones who fight the wars and catch malaria and don't always have enough to eat, end up with a passionate feeling for life.

PLAYBOY: But in spite of that, you willingly converted from socialism to conservatism by your early 20s. Did you suddenly decide death wasn't so bad, after all?

HESS: I must confess, the conservative rhetoric is so spellbinding it actually makes you forget the value of life. Better dead than Red. Better dead than damn near anything. Dead, dead, dead. Kill, kill, kill. Go to war. The highest honor is to give your life for country A. All those death-centered things. To this day, I find it difficult to understand how I could have been in the grip of a spell so powerful it actually made me forget

the lessons I'd learned at the autopsy table when I was 15.

PLAYBOY: There aren't many conservative atheists.

HESS: I was the only one I knew. All the other conservatives either were or thought they were deeply religious. I should have realized I'd end up on the left eventually.

PLAYBOY: You frequently return to the link between God and conservatism. You've also said Nelson Rockefeller doesn't make sense without religion. Perhaps you'd better explain.

HESS: Conservatives believe that some people are born in a state of such grace as to be rich. That is a religious statement. Also, you hear conservatives say time after time that if all the wealth in the world were redistributed today, the same people who own it now would have it again in a few years. That, too, is a religious statement.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HESS: Because it isn't based on empirical evidence. You've simply got to believe it, take it on faith. Now, look at Nelson Rockefeller. What's his I.Q.?

PLAYBOY: Probably average.

HESS: Perhaps average or slightly below, but certainly within the normal range. I know for a fact that he can read, although it's not known that he can write. Take away his money and do you really think he'd end up with another *billion* dollars? If we all had to start over, I know a lot of welders who'd end up with more money than Rockefeller. And the ones who'd come out with the really big money would be the street hustlers and people like Robert Vesco. Certainly not the people who have it now. I think many conservatives believe old man Rockefeller *invented* petroleum. They don't know petroleum gets drilled. They think it comes out of a board room. A bunch of executives get together and say, "Let's have a million gallons of oil." And the board votes on it and then there's a million gallons of oil. Conservatives don't think food comes out of the ground, either. They think it comes out of Safeway. Conservatives are totally detached from the natural world.

PLAYBOY: More so than liberals?

HESS: Liberals are even *more* elitist but in a different way. The only reason I'm knocking conservatives is because they're worth knocking. Liberals scarcely are. Conservatives make a number of grievous errors, but they also make a number of correct analyses. It is not known to me that liberals make *any* correct analyses. And when liberals attempt a move to the left, they usually become Stalinists, because they believe in a strong central authority. When conservatives move left, they become libertarians or anarchists in a single jump. The first Weatherperson

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I ever met had been a Youth for Goldwater member in '64.

PLAYBOY: As one who helped start the *National Review*, how did you like working for William F. Buckley, Jr.?

HESS: He was good to work for, because he is talented. That alone places him a cut above most owners and managers. And socially, I never spent a boring evening with Bill Buckley. He's as charming, witty and mercurial in private as he is in public. I have no regrets about my conservative years because of the many fine people, like Buckley and Goldwater, I met and worked with. Conservatives in this country are just head and shoulders above liberals in every way. Can you imagine working for David Susskind? Susskind is always weeping crocodile tears for the common man, but I wonder if he's ever met one, aside from his servants. Buckley, on the other hand, would be the first to admit that he's a superior person.

PLAYBOY: An analysis you seem to share.

HESS: Bill is superior, but why shouldn't he be? He was brought up on a high-protein diet. He didn't have to go to public school. The wonder isn't that there is a Bill Buckley but that everyone else *isn't* that witty and well educated. After all, there's no real shortage of protein in the world and the only thing you have to do to get kids educated is abolish the school system.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the rich are smarter than the poor?

HESS: Unfortunately, yes. Rich children are frequently brought up with a lot of attention and a diet rich in food chemicals without which the brain, however hopeful, turns into an unfortunate mush.

PLAYBOY: So the rich are superior, but not because of any natural talents.

HESS: The rich have only one natural talent: an ability to insult the poor. But even that may be an acquired skill.

PLAYBOY: Although you admire Buckley, you no longer agree with him. From your point of view, where did he go wrong?

HESS: He went wrong because, in the end, he actually believed he was preserving God's will. I remember a dinner party Bill had at his place in Connecticut soon after the first issue of *National Review* was published. This fellow kept staring at him and finally said, "You know, Bill, you have the profile of a young Caesar." Well, instead of being embarrassed by that preposterous remark, Bill reveled in it. And in retrospect, I conclude that people who do not blush when they are compared to Caesar end up being Caesar.

PLAYBOY: After writing for the *National Review*, you became, among other things, the most sought-after conservative speechwriter in America. What was the secret of your success?

HESS: You may not have been expecting a direct answer to that question, but, in fact, I *did* have a secret, a secret I will reveal now, because nobody will pay any attention to it, anyway. My secret was—flourish of trumpets—the declarative sentence.

PLAYBOY: That's it?

HESS: Well, there was a little more, but that was the core of my secret. With—if you'll excuse the expression—liberal use of simple, declarative sentences, Anglo-Saxon words and active verbs, anybody can be a great speechwriter. Compared with the convoluted structure, passive verbs and Latin roots of most political speeches, my stuff stood out like pure crystal.

PLAYBOY: As a speechwriter, you are most closely identified with Goldwater, but you also wrote for Nixon and Ford. What were they like?

HESS: The funny thing about being with Nixon is that you never know when he has left the room. Nixon is like a

*"What Lyndon Johnson
really said about Ford was,
'Jerry can't fart and chew
gum at the same time.'"*

lot of other-directed people: shadowy figures identified more by the impressions others have of them than by the impressions they have of themselves. Whereas Goldwater has a vivid perception of himself, sees and knows himself through his own eyes, Nixon can only know himself through other people's eyes. I seriously believe that Richard Nixon does not exist when no one is looking at him.

PLAYBOY: And Ford?

HESS: Jerry used to be a perfectly ordinary fellow and, oddly enough, he still thinks of himself that way. Unlike Nixon and Johnson, Ford can't refer to himself in the third person without cracking up.

PLAYBOY: Did you know him well?

HESS: We played tennis together and socialized a bit. He was a good neighbor. Honest. I don't think there's any evil there.

PLAYBOY: How about his intellectual abilities? Johnson is quoted as having said, "Jerry Ford is so dumb he can't walk and chew gum at the same time."

HESS: Johnson is *quoted* as having said that. But what he really said was, "Jerry can't *fart* and chew gum at the same time."

PLAYBOY: Can he?

HESS: I assume so, although I must confess that I've never actually seen him do it. Although Ford is not a terribly bright man, his intellectual ability is sufficient for a relatively unimportant job like President. However, I don't think he has the brains to be a truck driver.

PLAYBOY: You also wrote speeches for billionaires like H. L. Hunt. What kind of person was he?

HESS: Hunt was a Stalinist and he—

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. H. L. Hunt, the H. L. Hunt, was a Stalinist?

HESS: Sure. He once told me Americans should be given numbers of votes commensurate with their money worth. As one of the world's richest men, that would have given him exactly the sort of special advantage a commissar enjoys in the Soviet Union.

PLAYBOY: What kind of speech does one write for a billionaire?

HESS: Mostly, I wrote speeches praising "the great system that produces all our material well-being." It was easy. I simply leaped from the fact of the productivity to a generalized justification of everything associated with it. Of course, I never bothered to explain how the "system" works or the price it exacts from the people and the planet.

PLAYBOY: While still a conservative, you expressed admiration for Lenny Bruce. Most conservatives hated Lenny Bruce.

HESS: They hated him because he talked dirty. Liberals *liked* him because he talked dirty. But conservatives knew he was telling the truth about the erosion of liberty in American society. Liberals weren't so sure about that. They thought, "Well, he *might* be right, but he couldn't be referring to *me*. After all, I don't mind when he says shit." They never understood that Lenny Bruce was a libertarian, not a liberal.

PLAYBOY: As an anti-Communist writer and editor, you must have had many dealings with the FBI.

HESS: Oh, Lord, yes. The FBI provides a lot of "research" material to conservative writers.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever rely *entirely* on the FBI for one of your "exposés"?

HESS: Are you kidding? What other source was there? You don't think anybody on the right did any research, do you?

PLAYBOY: Well, we did kind of assume—

HESS: No way. Ralph DeToledano, James Kilpatrick, Bill Buckley—all of us got material from the Government. We didn't have to do any investigative reporting if we didn't want to. All you had to do to be an anti-Communist writer was sign up. Then they'd send you people's names and Communist Party membership-card

*"Monogrammed leather luggage,
custom-made fishing reel and
six on-the-rocks crystal glasses...
What more could Dad ask for
on Father's Day?"*

"Old Grand-Dad."



Head of the Bourbon Family.

Old Grand-Dad
When you ask a lot more from life.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

numbers in the mail. Some of us won journalism prizes just for going down to the post office.

PLAYBOY: What about the CIA? Did it provide you with any research?

HESS: Some.

PLAYBOY: Based on what we now know about CIA operations, would you favor disbanding that organization?

HESS: No, I'd put the CIA on trial first. Although I don't believe in laws, I do believe in criminality. And when you have a bunch of muggers, thieves and murderers, rather than just letting them dissolve into the woodwork, you ought to make a very serious evaluation of whether or not they should be permitted to live in your neighborhood. If it's decided that there's no way to rehabilitate those people, which I suspect, because lying, stealing and murdering are terrible habits to get into, I think we should consider exiling them to a country more compatible with that sort of behavior.

PLAYBOY: What country do you suggest?

HESS: The Soviet Union might be a good place for them. In Russia, the biggest mugger is likely to become head of state.

PLAYBOY: But many Americans argue that we need an espionage network.

HESS: Pericles, to cite a general who once had a lucid moment, made a wonderful speech about secrecy in a free society. He said Athenians could invite their enemies to see all their secrets, because the *real* secret of that city's greatness was its courage and loyalty.

PLAYBOY: But some time after Pericles said that, Athens was defeated by Sparta.

HESS: Perhaps they should have kept just *one* secret.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the U. S. should keep one secret?

HESS: I don't think we need anything beyond a few Polaris submarines to counterbalance the Soviet nuclear force. And in the unlikely event of a Russian invasion, the American people could easily defend themselves. We're resourceful, patriotic and very well armed. We'd be like the Vietnamese. As the British found out 200 years ago, you can't beat farmers. So I don't think we need 100 billion dollars a year to defend this country. And we certainly don't need a bunch of cheap, gangland assassins.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Americans' being well armed, in a society with as few laws as possible, would gun control be one of them?

HESS: No, I don't think so, but I doubt if the manufacture of guns would be a very serious occupation in an anarchist society.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HESS: Because we don't hunt for food much anymore and the freer a society gets, the less need there is to shoot people.

PLAYBOY: You still own guns, although you no longer hunt. Why?

HESS: Because I might have to fight somebody one of these days.

PLAYBOY: Who?

HESS: A tax collector. A Government agent. Who knows?

PLAYBOY: Would you shoot a burglar?

HESS: If somebody breaks into your house at night, before you can discuss why he's there, you've got to get his attention and a gun isn't a bad way to do that—unless you happen to be seven feet tall and bulletproof. There are some terribly violent people in this imperfect world, and I can't quite see giving my life to one of them because of a theoretical position on guns.

PLAYBOY: So your theoretical position on life outweighs your theoretical position on guns.

HESS: Your life is the only real property you own. Every other form of property, I feel, is debatable. But you are the *only* one who can own your life. Murder, then, is the ultimate theft, and I think

"I would argue in favor of Americans' continuing ownership of weapons. . . . 'If guns were outlawed, only the Government would have guns.'"

it's perfectly responsible to say, "No, you will not have my life."

PLAYBOY: When your home in Washington was vandalized, were any of your guns stolen?

HESS: Yes, a target pistol.

PLAYBOY: So your gun, presumably, entered the criminal pool. And, indirectly, you made it that much easier for Sara Jane Moore to pick up *her* pistol at a moment's notice.

HESS: Fortunately, my gun was recovered. But even if it weren't, you are begging the question, which is, "Who should own guns?"

PLAYBOY: Who should own guns?

HESS: If the answer were nobody, if everybody's guns—including mine—disappeared at the same time, no one would be happier than I. But pending that golden moment, do I really want the CIA, the FBI, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Secret Service, etc., to be the only armed Americans? No. As long as they've got guns, I think the people generally should have them, too.

PLAYBOY: But as long as the general public is armed, the street criminals will also be armed.

HESS: Street criminals do not kill people in

great numbers. Most killing is emotional, and even without guns, emotional killing would proceed with rocks, baseball bats and ice picks. Most killing in this country is Federal, with war and the highway system heading the list. The 300-horsepower engine kills more Americans than any handgun.

PLAYBOY: Now who's begging the question?

HESS: You're right, I am. But to return to my original point, I would argue in favor of Americans' continuing ownership of weapons by adjusting a National Rifle Association slogan to fit my anarchist view: "If guns were outlawed, only the Government would have guns."

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that even if we dismantled most of our military apparatus, a Russian invasion would still be unlikely. Why?

HESS: Because there aren't enough ships in the world to launch an invasion against the U. S. and, anyway, most of Russia's ships are full of American grain. So they'd have to walk. Now, maybe you *could* walk across Alaska, but that's a long way. And by the time the Red Army got here, it would be totally corrupted.

PLAYBOY: Corrupted by what?

HESS: Everything. They'd be deserting to open McDonald's franchises. This country is irresistible. It corrupts Americans, who are, by and large, the greatest people on earth. Would it do less to Russians? I doubt it.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to be a fan of Kissinger's *détente* policy. Have you ever met Kissinger?

HESS: You mean the foreign-policy President?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

HESS: No, but I have the sick feeling that I helped introduce him to Republican politics. Bill Baroody and I edited a book for Mel Laird called *The Conservative Papers* and we decided to include in it some of Kissinger's work. That book established his credentials in the party. What a mistake! There is something essentially dangerous to a free society about a man who feels that the affairs of state—affairs that directly result in wars and other cataclysmic events—should be conducted without reference to the people affected.

PLAYBOY: How about Ted Kennedy? Do you know him?

HESS: Recently, while at a friend's house for dinner, he dropped in and was the neatest guy there. Warm, amiable, just plain nice. We had a long talk about the possibility of a decentralized technology and he really seemed to take my position seriously. Then, within a month, he made a speech to the World Future Society describing the role of technology in the same old liberal terms: a small, elitist group solving all the problems for everybody. So I guess it doesn't pay to meet people you are going to take an abstract

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**Heineken—
het fijnste bier
van Holland—is het
meest geïmporteerde
bier in Amerika—#1
omdat Heineken zo heerlijk smaakt.**

BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

memoir **By RON KOVIC**

an ex-marine sergeant brings you as close to the searing horror that was vietnam as you're likely to get

THE BLOOD is still rolling off my flak jacket from the hole in my shoulder and there are bullets cracking into the sand all around me. I keep trying to move my legs, but I cannot feel them.

"Oh, get me out of here, get me out of here, please, someone help me! Oh, help me, please help me. Oh, God, oh, Jesus!"

I try to breathe, but it is difficult. I have to get out of this place, make it out of here somehow.

Someone shouts from my left now, screaming for me to get up. Again and again he screams, but I am trapped in the sand.

"Is there a corpsman?" I cry. "Can you get a corpsman?"

There is a loud crack and I hear him begin to sob. "They've shot my fucking finger off! Let's go, Sarge! Let's get outta here!"

"I can't move," I gasp. "I can't move my legs! I can't feel anything!"

I watch him go running back to the tree line.

"Sarge, are you all right?" Someone else is calling to me now and I try to turn around. Again there is the sudden crack of a bullet and a boy's voice crying.

"Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus Christ!" I hear his body fall in back of me.

I think he must be dead, but I feel nothing for him, I just want to live. I feel nothing.

And now I hear another man coming up from behind, trying to save





me. "Get outta here!" I scream. "Get the fuck outta here!"

A tall black man with long skinny arms and enormous hands picks me up and throws me over his shoulder as bullets begin cracking over our heads like strings of firecrackers. Again and again they crack as the sky swirls around us like a cyclone. "Motherfuckers, motherfuckers!" he screams. And the rounds keep cracking and the sky and the sun on my face and my body all gone, all twisted up, gangling like a puppet's, diving again and again into the sand, up and down, rolling and cursing, gasping for breath. "Goddamn, goddamn motherfuckers!"

And finally I am dragged into a hole in the sand with the bottom of my body that can no longer feel twisted and bent underneath me. The black man runs from the hole without ever saying a thing. The only thing I can think of, the only thing that crosses my mind, is living.

The attack is lifted. They are carrying me out of the hole now—two, three, four men—quickly they are strapping me to a stretcher. My legs dangle off the sides until they realize I cannot control them. "I can't move them," I say, almost in a whisper. "I can't move them." I'm still carefully sucking the air, trying to calm myself, trying not to get excited, not to panic. I want to live. I keep telling myself, Take it slow now, as they strap my legs to the stretcher and carry my wounded body into an amtrac (amphibious tractor) packed with other wounded men. The steel trap door of the amtrac slowly closes as we begin to move to the northern bank and back across the river to the battalion area.

Men are screaming all around me. "Oh, God, get me out of here!" "Please help!" they scream. Oh, Jesus, like little children now, not like Marines, not like the posters, not like that day in the high school, this is for real.

"Mother!" screams a man without a face.

"Oh, I don't want to die!" screams a young boy cupping his intestines with his hands. "Oh, please, oh, no, oh, God, oh, help! Mother!" he screams again.

We are moving slowly through the water, the amtrac rocking back and forth. We cannot be brave anymore; there is no reason. It means nothing now. We hold on to ourselves, to things around us, to memories, to thoughts, to dreams. I breathe slowly, desperately trying to stay awake.

The steel trap door is opening. I see faces. Corpsmen, I think. Others, curious, looking in at us. Air, fresh, I feel, I smell. They are carrying me out now. Over wounded bodies, past wounded screams. I'm in a helicopter now, lofting above the battalion area. I'm leaving the war. I'm going to live, I am still breathing, I keep thinking over and over, I'm

going to live and get out of here.

They are shoving needles and tubes into my arms. Now we are being packed into planes and as each hour passes, I begin to believe that I am going to live. I begin to realize more and more as I watch the other wounded packed around me on shelves that I am going to live.

I still fight desperately to stay awake. I am in an ambulance now, rushing to someplace. There is a man without any legs, screaming in pain, moaning like a little baby. He is bleeding terribly from the stumps that were once his legs, thrashing his arms wildly about his chest, in a semiconscious daze. It is almost too much for me to watch.

I cannot take much more of this, I think. I must be knocked out soon, before I lose my mind. I've seen too much today, I think, but I hold on, sucking the air. I shout, then curse for him to be quiet. "My wound is much worse than yours!" I scream. "You're lucky," I shout, staring him in the eyes. "I can feel nothing from my chest down. You at least still have part of your legs. Shut up!" I scream again. "Shut the fuck up, you goddamned baby!" He keeps thrashing his arms wildly above his head and kicking his bleeding stumps toward the roof of the ambulance.

The journey seems to take a very long time, but soon we are at the place where the wounded are sent. I feel a tremendous exhilaration inside me. I have made it this far. I have actually made it this far without giving up and now I am in a hospital where they will operate on me and find out why I cannot feel anything from my chest down. I know I am going to make it now. I am going to make it not because of any god or any religion but because I want to make it, I want to live. And I leave the screaming man without legs and am taken to a room that is very bright.

"What's your name?" the voice shouts.

"Wh-wh-what?" I say.

"What's your name?" the voice says again.

"K-K-Kovic," I say.

"No!" says the voice. "I want your name, rank and Service number. Your date of birth, the name of your father and mother."

"Kovic. Sergeant. Two-oh-three-oh-two-six-one, uh, when are you going to—"

"Date of birth!" the voice shouts.

"July fourth, nineteen forty-six. I was born on the Fourth of July. I can't feel—"

"What religion are you?"

"Catholic," I say.

"What outfit did you come from?"

"What's going on? When are you going to operate?" I say.

"The doctors will operate," he says. "Don't worry," he says confidently. "They are very busy and there are many wounded, but they will take care of you soon."

He continues to stand almost at attention in front of me with a long clipboard in his hand, jotting down all the information he can. I cannot understand why they are taking so long to operate. There is something very wrong with me, I think, and they must operate as quickly as possible. The man with the clipboard walks out of the room. He will send the priest in soon.

I lie in the room alone, staring at the walls, still sucking the air, more than ever now determined to live.

The priest seems to appear suddenly above my head. With his fingers, he is gently touching my forehead, rubbing it slowly and softly. "How are you?" he asks.

"I'm fine, Father." His face is very tired, but it is not frightened. He is almost at ease, as if what he is doing he has done many times before.

"I have come to give you the last rites, my son."

"I'm ready, Father," I say.

And he prays, rubbing oils on my face and gently placing the crucifix to my lips. "I will pray for you," he says.

"When will they operate?" I say to the priest.

"I do not know," he says. "The doctors are very busy. There are many wounded. There is not much time for anything here but trying to live. So you must try to live, my son, and I will pray for you."

Soon after that, I am taken to a long room where there are many doctors and nurses. They move quickly around me. They are acting very competent. "You will be fine," says one nurse calmly.

"Breathe deeply into the mask," the doctor says.

"Are you going to operate?" I ask.

"Yes. Now breathe deeply into the mask." As the darkness of the mask slowly covers my face, I pray with all my being that I will live through this operation and see the light of day once again. I want to live so much. And even before I go to sleep, with the blackness still swirling around my head and the numbness of sleep, I begin to fight as I have never fought before in my life.

I awake to the screams of other men around me. I have made it. I think that maybe the wound is my punishment for killing the corporal and the children. That now everything is OK and the score is evened up. And now I am packed in this place with the others who have been wounded like myself, strapped onto a strange circular bed. I feel tubes going into my nose and hear the clanking, pumping sound of a machine. I still cannot feel any of my body, but I know I am alive. I feel a terrible pain in my chest. My body is so cold. It has never been this weak. It feels so tired and out of touch, so lost and in pain. I can still barely breathe. I look around me, at

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*"I am glad to see that you have changed your
mind about my inflatable doll."*



THE FIRE THIS TIME

gil scott-heron has been called the black bob dylan. he doesn't appreciate it

personality **By VERNON GIBBS** IT WAS THE SEASON of the black wind. Proud Afro-scats bugabooed the midnight streets. Tongues lashed brimstone medleys about the coming Armageddon, when America would finally pay for her sins. Hip revolutionaries demanded the new order. Out of the fire of the Watts and Harlem battalions that took to the sidewalks of the Sixties swinging Molotov melodies, The Last Poets arose. They issued several albums of poetry and music that were a summation of the decade's passionate rhetoric, from Malcolm X to Jerry Rubin. The Last Poets preached the voodoo Gospel, a strangled cry that beat against the siren shriek of the Harlem night. For many people in the black movement, they represented the ultimate union of poetry and politics. They spat into the metal breeze and screeched the frenzied incantations of Malcolm X, Huey Newton and Imamu Baraka. Their screams were part of the Sixties shock wave that convinced America she could no longer look away.

Gil Scott-Heron was not a member of The Last Poets, but here in the mid-Seventies he is *the* last poet. In spite of Bob Dylan's triumphant and widely covered Rolling Thunder Revue, people are not listening to poets and visionaries the way they did in the Sixties. Winter has settled on the American consciousness, and to those intent on bringing back the good old days, Gil Scott-Heron and his Midnight Band—with their African drums, dashikis and strongly political, often black nationalist messages—must be the most unwanted leftover from a decade that genuflected to the society-saving ideology of each new tirade without stopping to examine its importance. But to his fans and to those lingering malcontents who consider the social movements of the Sixties to have been something more than a series of fads, Scott-Heron is the only sane man in a house of lunatics.

Like the society that it reflects, popular music has lost much of its purpose and idealism. Having endured black militants, flower children and acid-rock freaks, the women's and gay liberation movements, and having treated each with the proper degree of media hysteria, Americans today *would* rather forget. But, at the same time, there is the desperate realization that no matter where we hide, the issues have

not changed and the problems have not gone away. Because Scott-Heron remains to prod the movement consciousness at a time when there are "less people taking a stand"—like Dylan, who has renewed his mission with his last two albums, *Blood on the Tracks* and *Desire*—his is one of the most important voices of the decade.

The Tennessee-born New Yorker, now living outside Washington, D.C., first came to national attention in 1970, when—at 21—he released an album of poetry and percussion, *Small Talk at 125th and Lenox* (Flying Dutchman), that contained the explosive poem/song *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised*. Along with *The Last Poets* (Douglas) and Stanley Crouch's *Ain't No Ambulances for No Niggahs Tonight* (Flying Dutchman), it proved to be the high point of militant poetry. There were other black movement poets who put out albums in the late Sixties and early Seventies—Sonia Sanchez, Don L. Lee and later Nikki Giovanni—but only Scott-Heron has survived intact into the mid-Seventies. He now has released seven albums, by himself or with pianist Brian Jackson and The Midnight Band, a group that was formed in 1972. In addition, he has published two novels, *The Vulture* (which he wrote at 19) and *The Nigger Factory*. But it's the songs in those seven albums—fierce, angry mutterings and brooding testaments of love and hope—that have led people (in *Rolling Stone*, among other places) to speculate about his being another Dylan.

Scott-Heron snorts contemptuously at the comparison and fixes me with a deadly glare for daring to bring up the subject. We are huddled in the offices of screenwriter (*Super Fly*) and director Phillip Fenty, minutes after seeing a completed version of *Baron Wolfgang Von Tripps*, Fenty's latest movie. It's a dud and Scott-Heron isn't feeling too good about having committed himself to providing the sound track. The prophet of the Seventies is cramped in the small hot room, refusing to remove his heavy overcoat. The impression is brown—a battered brown-gray hat is cocked over one side of his face, a weary-looking brown overcoat is carelessly hanging from his rangy frame. Cracked and ancient black-gray oxfords encase the feet.

"Did Bob Dylan play with James Last? Matt Dillon is my man," he says coldly, refusing to smile. Then he answers the question: "No, I'm not into him, man. I heard *Blowin' in the Wind*, but I don't know what he did for white folks. I'm not trying to do nothing like *Blowin' in the Wind* or *Just like a Woman*. What did he do?"

"He took up from the beatniks and Woody Guthrie and helped start the

protest movement in the early Sixties; isn't that enough?"

"Man, we got protest songs that go all the way back to the 1700s," he says.

"Yeah, I know. But I'm talking about a particular era and a particular generation—so that's why, when they compare you to him, I want to know how you feel about it."

"Well, I didn't even know what that meant," he admits, after a long silence. "I'm just now understanding what that means, and it's an insult. I'm doing something else altogether, and I would guess that anyone with an adequate amount of perception would be able to dig that."

He glares at me balefully and continues, "I'm not really writing protest songs—protest is not what I'm about."

"It isn't?" I say, incredulously. "Then what are you about?"

"It's pretty obvious that there is an entire black experience that don't relate to no protest. And I be dealing with a whole lot of those things. When people get ready to write something about me and Brian and The Midnight Band, they should look at all that we did. It ain't all protesting. I mean, that's some of it. But we deal with all the streets that go through the black community, and all of them streets ain't protesting."

"You know," he says wearily, "people be coming to see some wild-haired, wild-eyed motherfucker, because that's the impression they get of me from my songs; but most of the times when people pull me off to the side at concerts, the songs they want to discuss don't have nothing to do with politics—even though those are the ones that are most explicit. They want to say something about *Your Daddy Loves You*, because it seems to them that we wrote it about them. Or they want to say something about *Pieces of a Man*. The songs that people want to talk about are the ones that are more personal than political, more private than public, more of an emotion than an issue. I like the fact that my mother is one of my biggest fans. It's important to me that she understands what my songs are about, because it proves to me that what I'm talking about ain't crazy. It's only crazy in terms of the fact that we still have all these things—the lack of application of them different laws and how black people have had to end up fighting for things they was supposed to have from jump street—that we have to sing about."

Originally, Scott-Heron and Jackson wanted to write and produce for other acts; but when they went to New York in 1970, jazz producer Bob Thiele recognized the volatile nature of Scott-Heron's songs, the ferocious originality of his jazz-tinged vocals and the magnetic possibilities of his personality. He quickly signed him up as a solo artist.

"I had done some singing, but it was

secondary to my primary interest as a songwriter. I used to sing in this group, and we sang them soul jams by The Temptations and Sam and Dave. So I can do that. The question is whether somebody else can do what I can do, who call themselves singers."

"The objective is to be more like an instrument in an attempt to blend in with the music, rather than have one over the other. When people used to describe jazz to me, they would be describing modes and styles that different people fell into—and then they would always describe Coleman Hawkins as being off to the side, moving parallel to where everybody was at but not really in too-tough contact with them. And I can dig me and Brian as being like that. We be seeing what other people be doing, but we want to do this here."

In spite of his protestations to the contrary, Scott-Heron *did* become known because of song/poems such as *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised* and *Whitey on the Moon*—songs whose bitter, denunciatory rhetoric linked him ideologically in most people's minds with the Black Panthers and Angela Davis. Even though there is another side to him, as can be heard on songs such as *Lady Day and John Coltrane*, even in those moments of calm reflection, it is impossible for him to avoid the mission he has taken on himself: to sound the warning, to be the voice of black rage in the Seventies.

"People have polarized," he says, attempting to explain the changes in attitudes and values that the Seventies have brought. "The middle-class people who were just in the movement for the adventure of the moment have gone on to do whatever it is that middle-class people do. There's still a whole lot of programs in the community that can be effective, but a lot of the people who were aiming their heads toward that when they were in college, they ain't there. They've been kidnaped by Exxon!"

"*Surviving* becomes the ideal after a while. A whole lot of people got killed for talking about helping the community. I never was too familiar with the Black Panthers—but a lot of ideas they had came into focus with ideas I had, and a whole lot of *them* got killed, betrayed or put in jail. I can't really say what mistake I thought the Black Panthers made, because hindsight is always 20/20. It's easy to look back and say what they should or should not have done. But they seemed like they was doing what they knew how to do, in Oakland. You have to do what you can with as many people as you can get together, and if you can't get but a certain number of people together, then maybe

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

JAYNE'S GIRL

*for years jayne marie mansfield lived in the shadow
of her famous mother. now she's letting the sunshine in*



"Because my mother was a very beautiful, well-known lady, I've had hassles all my life—jokes and kidding. So I grew up very fast and wanted no part of show business."

MIS FOR the million things she gave me." And for a girl named Jayne Marie Mansfield, embarking upon a movie career of her own—with some inherited savvy and other obviously marketable assets as her birthright—that slosly old Mother's Day sentiment may not be far wrong. She is her mother's daughter beyond question, though the blue eyes and chestnut hair and more subtly curved contours add up to a cool contemporary understatement of those pinup-girl attributes that Jayne the First deployed as if she meant to shake the world at least once a day with a 21-gun barrage of



"If you're going to be a movie star, you should live like one," declared Jayne (above), and no one topped her as the Blonde Bombshell—five pictorials in PLAYBOY, living in a fairy-tale pink mansion with a heart-shaped pool—before her tragic death in 1967. Then 17, Jayne Marie today says: "That sex-symbol thing of the Fifties was like a mask, a part my mother had to play. But times have changed."



"My mother and I were more like sisters, really . . . there wasn't much of an age difference. I know I'm very similar to her, though more petite. She was 5'6" and large—in places I'm not. Anyway, I don't intend to be stereotyped in my mother's sexy image. That came from another era and it's just not me. I think of myself as a natural, realistic beach girl."





*"Married from 18 to 19; then I left
Hollywood, and wanted to keep
to myself for a while. I spent four
months in a Tibetan women's
center in India. Now . . . well,
I have a lot of movie offers."*



platinum curls, quotes and cleavage. Jayne Marie is a sexpot of the new breed and would rather be called a daredevil than a femme fatale. Just back from her debut film gig in the lead role of *The Great Balloon Race*, she talks like an excited home-coming athlete who's had a hot streak at the Olympics: "I should be put into the *Guinness Book of World Records* for this one. . . . I was the first woman to cross the Bermuda Triangle and touch ground in a hot-air balloon. It was a *real* race they used for the film, with lots of sinister little subplots added. I play one of the good guys, a girl who just wants to win" (concluded on page 172)



BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

(continued from page 76)

people moving in shadows of numbness. There is the man who was in the ambulance with me, screaming louder than ever, kicking his bloody stumps in the air, crying for his mother, crying for his morphine.

Directly across from me there is a Korean who has not even been in the war at all. The nurse says he was going to buy a newspaper when he stepped on a booby trap and it blew off both his legs and an arm. And all that is left now is this slab of meat swinging one arm crazily in the air, moaning like an animal gasping for its last bit of life, knowing that death is rushing toward him. The Korean is screaming like a madman at the top of his lungs. I cannot wait for the shot of morphine. Oh, the morphine feels so good. It makes everything dark and quiet.

I'm sleeping now. The lights are flashing. A black pilot is next to me. He says nothing. He stares at the ceiling all day long. He does nothing but that. But something is happening now, something is going wrong over there. The nurse is shouting for the machine and the corpsman is crawling on the black man's chest; he has his knees on his chest and he's pounding it with his fists again and again.

"His heart has stopped!" screams the nurse.

Pounding, pounding, he's pounding his fist into his chest. "Get the machine!" screams the corpsman.

The nurse is pulling the machine across the hangar floor as quickly as she can now. They are trying to put curtains around the whole thing, but the curtains keep slipping and falling down. All the wounded who can still see and think now watch what is happening to the pilot right next to me. The doctor hands the corpsman a syringe; they are laughing as the corpsman drives the syringe into the pilot's chest like a knife. They are talking about the Green Bay Packers and the corpsman is driving his fist into the black man's chest again and again until the black pilot's body begins to bloat up, until it doesn't look like a body at all anymore. His face is all puffy like a balloon and saliva rolls slowly from the sides of his mouth. He keeps staring at the ceiling and saying nothing. "The machine! The machine!" screams the doctor, now climbing on top of the bed, taking the corpsman's place. "Turn on the machine!" screams the doctor.

He grabs a long suction cup that is attached to the machine and places it carefully against the black man's chest. The black man's body jumps up from the bed, almost arcing into the air from each bolt of electricity, jolting and arcing, bloating up more and more.

"I'll bet on the Packers," says the corpsman.

"Green Bay doesn't have a chance," the doctor says, laughing.

The nurse is smiling now, making fun of both the doctor and the corpsman. "I don't understand football," she says.

They are pulling the sheet over the head of the black man and strapping him onto the gurney. He is taken out of the ward.

The Korean civilian is still screaming and there is a baby now at the end of the ward. The nurse says it has been napalmed by our own jets. I cannot see the baby, but it screams all the time, like the Korean and the young man without any legs I met in the ambulance.

I can hear a radio. It is the Armed Forces radio. The corpsman is telling the baby to shut the hell up and there is a young kid with half his head blown away. They have brought him in and put him where the black pilot has just died, right next to me. He has thick bandages wrapped all around his head till I can hardly see his face at all. He is like a vegetable—a 19-year-old vegetable, thrashing his arms back and forth, babbling and pissing in his clean white sheets.

There is a general walking down the aisles now, going to each bed. He's marching down the aisles, marching and facing each wounded man in his bed. A skinny private with a Polaroid camera follows directly behind him. The general is dressed in an immaculate uniform with shiny shoes. "Good afternoon, Marine," the general says. "In the name of the President of the United States and the United States Marine Corps, I am proud to present you with the Purple Heart, and a picture," the general says. Just then, the skinny man with the Polaroid camera jumps up, flashing a picture of the wounded man. "And a picture to send home to your folks."

He comes up to my bed and says exactly the same thing he has said to all the rest. The skinny man jumps up, snapping a picture of the general handing the Purple Heart to me. "And here," says the general, "here is a picture to send home to your folks." The general makes a sharp left face. He is marching to the bed next to me, where the 19-year-old kid is still pissing in his pants, babbling like a little baby.

"In the name of the President of the United States," the general says. The kid is screaming now, almost tearing the bandages off his head, exposing the parts of his brains that are still left. "I present you with the Purple Heart. And here," the general says, handing the medal to the 19-year-old vegetable, the skinny guy jumping up and snapping a picture, "here is a picture," the general says, looking at the picture the skinny guy has just pulled out of the camera. The kid is still pissing in his white sheets. "And

here is a picture to send home—" The general does not finish what he is saying. He stares at the 19-year-old for what seems a long time. He hands the picture back to his photographer and as sharply as before marches to the next bed.

All his life he'd wanted to be a winner. It was always so important to win, to be the very best. He thought back to high school and the wrestling team and to Lee Place and Hamilton Avenue, when he and the rest of the boys had played stickball or football. He thought back to that and remembered how hard he'd tried to win even in those simple games.

But now it all seemed different. All the hopes about being the best Marine, winning all those medals. They all seemed crushed now, they were gone forever. Like the man he had just killed with one shot, all these things had disappeared and he knew, he was certain, they would never come back again. It had been so simple when he was back on the block with Richie or running down to the deli to pick up a pack of Topps baseball cards; even working in the food store that summer before he went to the war now seemed like a real nice thing. It seemed like so much nicer a thing than what was happening around him now, all the faces, the torn green fatigues, and just below his foot was the guy with a gaping hole through his throat.

The amtrac was heading back to the thick barbed wire where the battalion lived and everyone around him was quiet. There was no question in his mind they all knew what had happened—that he had just pulled the little metal trigger and put a slug through the corporal's neck.

Inside he felt everything sort of squeezing in on him. His hands kept rubbing up and down his leg. He was very nervous and his finger, the one that had pulled the trigger, was sort of scratching his leg now.

Later, when they got back to the battalion area, he gave a quick report to a young lieutenant in the major's bunker. "They were attacking," he said, looking at the lieutenant's face, "and we moved backward."

"You retreated," the lieutenant said.

"Yes, we retreated and he got shot. He lived a little while, but then he died. He died there in the sand and we called for help. And then we put him in the amtrac. He must have run away when they started firing. It was dark and I couldn't tell."

"OK," said the young-looking lieutenant. "Come back again in the morning and we can go over it again. Too bad about..." he said.

"Yeah," he said.

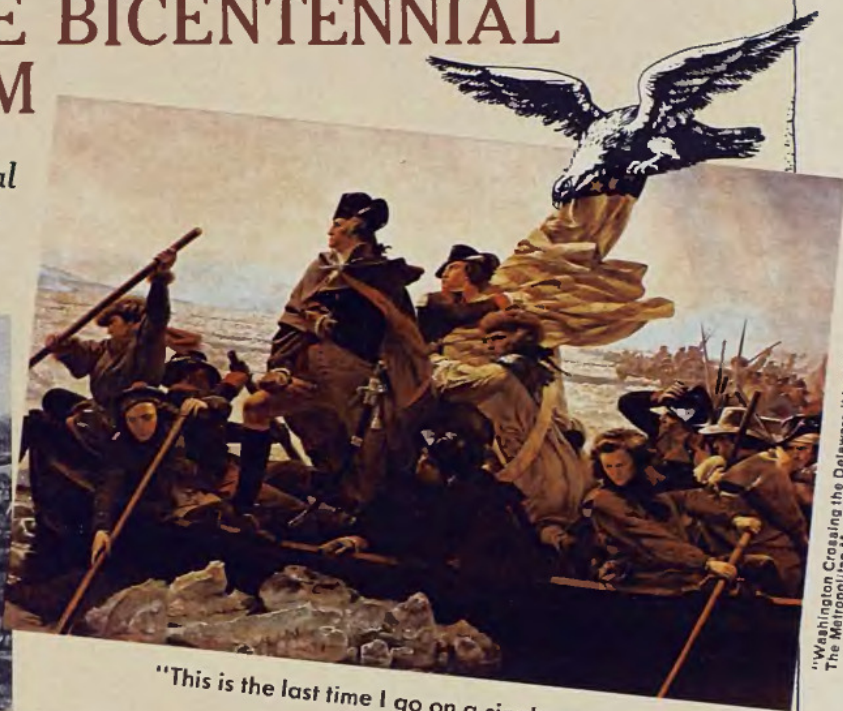
(continued on page 176)

ART BUCHWALD'S SPECIAL COMMEMORATIVE BICENTENNIAL SOUVENIR ALBUM

*for the first time anywhere, new historical
evidence shows what went on behind the
scenes in our madcap colonial days*



"Now, over there will be the golf course and
tennis courts and swimming pool, which will be free
for anyone who buys one of our homes."



"This is the last time I go on a singles cruise."

"Washington Crossing the Delaware," by E. Leutze (Detail).
The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Gift of John Stewart Kennedy, 1897.



"The Boston Massacre," by Paul Revere (Detail).
The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Gift of Mrs. Russell Sage, 1910.

There are many paintings
and drawings depicting
events of the Colonial
and Revolutionary period,
and we know from studying
them what the British
and our patriots did.
But no one is certain what
was being said.

No one, that is, but
Art Buchwald, who has in
his possession the tapes
that went with the pictures
at that point in time. Here,
in an exclusive exhibi-
tion, he shares them with
our readers.

"That should keep them
quiet about gun control!"

"The Death of General Wolfe," by Benjamin West (Detail).
The National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. Gift of the Duke of Westminster, 1918.



"Call Melvin Belli, I think I've got a malpractice suit."



"Benjamin Franklin," by David Martin. Copyright by White House Historical Association. Photograph by National Geographic Society.

"Cherry took off her bra. Rock had never seen such a beautiful pair of boobs. 'Now, Baby,' he said, 'I'm going to show you something.' He dropped his pants and Cherry gasped, 'It's too big, you'll kill me. . . .'"

Walter Pforzheimer Collection of Intelligence Service, Washington, D.C.

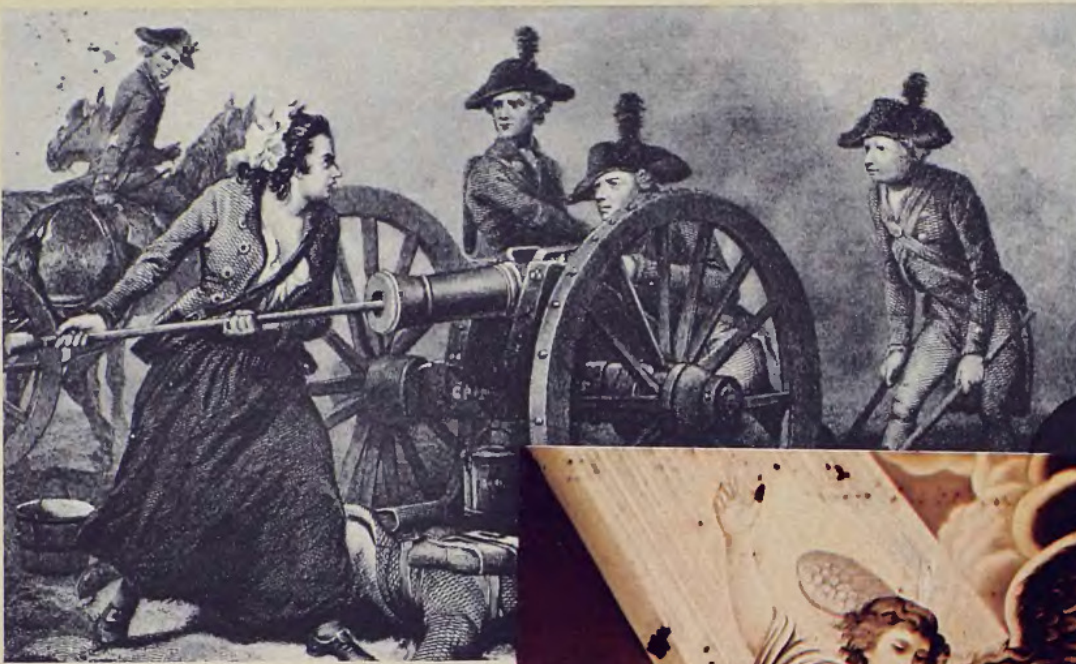


"What do you mean, we hung the wrong Nathan Hole?"



"Washington's Farewell to His Officers at Fraunce's Tavern, New York, December 4, 1783," by Alonzo Chappel (Detail). Chicago Historical Society.

"There, there. I'm sure he's soved a dance for you."



"I don't give a goddamn what Gloria Steinem says. Get your ass out of here."



The John Carter Brown Library.



"I love coffee, I love tea. I love the girls and they love me 🎵 🎵 🎵."



"Of course we're going to re-enlist, General. Why do you ask?"



"I never got a dime from Lockheed."

Courtesy, The Henry Francis Du Pont Winterthur Museum.

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HER WORST DREAMS were coming true. The Funniest Lady in America was about to be followed around, tagged after, scrutinized and pried upon by a reporter. You knew they were her worst dreams because in the Real Live Lily Tomlin Show that toured the country last fall, there was an obnoxious reporter, Deirdre Dutton, played by Lily Tomlin. Deirdre badgered Lily. She was whiny, creepy and sanctimonious. She wanted to know all about Lily's sex life. She interrupted; she was exasperating. It was all done on an 11-foot-high video screen, Deirdre, in a floppy straw hat and eyeglasses, popping onscreen to annoy the real live Lily with questions.

Deirdre appears on the screen and peers at Lily. "Uh, Lily, I hope you're not going to hold back. I want this interview very much to reveal the real you. Uh, it's a long way, Lily, from Detroit, the city of cars, to Hooray for Hollywood, the city of stars. Uh, do you find it corrupting?" "Of course," says Lily. "That's why I moved out there."

Lily puts her hands on her hips and scowls at Deirdre on the screen. Deirdre persists. "Lily, I want very much now to discuss with you your frank film on heterosexuality. I guess people are pretty much amazed. Lily, that a woman who looks like you do can play a heterosexual so realistically and still be perfectly"—she pauses—"normal."

The audience starts laughing on the word heterosexual. Most people think Deirdre is talking about the role Lily played in Robert Altman's film *Nashville*, but, in fact, Lily has been working on a bit in which Judith Beasley, her housewife character from *Calumet City*, Illinois, goes to a gay party and meets a man who is the only other straight person in the place.

Onstage, Lily relaxes into a soft chair and answers Deirdre with resignation. "Well, I did a lot of research, Deirdre, you know, so by the time we started filming, I was used to it. I've seen these women all my life. I know how they walk; I know how they talk; I spoke to some psychiatrists, but they don't know the answers . . . and of course my family, they said, 'How could you do such a thing?' People just don't understand"—Lily gives off a deep sigh—"you don't have to be one to play one."

There was a real live reporter on Lily's tail after her New York show. They met in the midst of a champagne-and-fruit-basket party for press and bigwigs sponsored by Lily's record company. Dick Cavett slumped

Excuse me, do you know who Lily Tomlin is?

*you could
start by asking
ernestine or edith ann,
but they
probably wouldn't
know, either*

personality

By LOUISE BERNIKOW



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN SILVERSTEIN

unnoticed against the bar. Bob Altman was deep in drink with a tableful of people. Everyone prowled.

"A genius. She's a genius."

"The female Lenny Bruce."

"Heavy. Really heavy."

This was being said in spite of a performance riddled with technical trouble. The sound system went out. You could hardly hear. The video setup was off, flashing bits of Deirdre and Judith and Bobby Jeannine, the cocktail organist, at all the wrong moments. Tomlin stopped the show and stood there with her hands high over her head, saying, "Thank you all a lot. This has given me a wonderful opportunity to observe you all," while technicians tinkered madly to get it right. She sat down on the stage, saying, "I have learned to wait. There's a lot of technology in art," and the audience was with her, as the crowd was with her afterward at the party.

The reporter sat unobtrusively among the *paparazzi*, sipping champagne. There had been a brief encounter in Tomlin's dressing room, a rather formal introduction and a shy handshake. Now Tomlin moved around in the crowd, shepherded by her PR people. She smiled. She shook hands. She kissed Bette Midler. She was not jive. She did not have that fuzzed-out, cardboard, When-can-I-get-out-of-here? look the reporter had seen on the faces of stars at a lot of those parties. Suddenly, Lily appeared at the reporter's right shoulder, leaned over and whispered, "Are you counting how many people I kiss? That's what PLAYBOY wants, isn't it?"

"Um," said the reporter. It was not clear what PLAYBOY wanted. It was clear that the reporter wanted to know about energy. How did she do it? Two hours nonstop and solo on the stage and two hours more into the party. The reporter's feet ached, but Lily showed no signs of tiring. She disappeared into the crowd with a wink and the two did not meet again until the next night, backstage at Lisner Auditorium on the campus of George Washington University.

Everything worked the next night and Lily warmed up, onstage, ad-libbing a little. Edith Ann, her surreal five-year-old character, said, "Sometimes I like to sit on the drain in the bathtub when the water's running out. It feels inner-esting," and looked out at the audience with a gaga leer. There were two shows and, between them, a party in Lily's dressing room. Lots of hip, denim-jacketed, boot-wearing women came to say, "It's so great to see a woman comic who doesn't put herself down," and ask Lily for an interview, an endorsement, a benefit. "Hey, how come I do all this stuff for you and you guys never even play my album on the air or anything?" Lily said, and then right away she smiled so no one felt bad. She talked with a deaf woman in sign language. Everyone in

the dressing room hung back, acting shy. People hugged the walls, licking the rims of their champagne glasses, staring at Lily and not knowing what to say. "Hey, why is it so weird in this room?" She laughed. No one spoke. Lily started joking to break the silence, and then she spotted the reporter.

"I had a dream about you last night."

The reporter froze. Everyone was listening. What was it going to be? Did they shoot pool in their Maidenform bras? Did she see the reporter's face tumbling around in a whirring washing machine? No. She said, "I dreamed we talked this whole thing out and decided not to do it." She meant no story.

"Well," the reporter shot back, "do you want to quit?"

"No," Lily said, "I think I cleared out all my anxiety about it by dreaming it." Secretly, the reporter was flattered that after her big-time New York opening, Lily Tomlin found room in her dreams for the likes of herself. Louie, this could be the start of a beautiful friendship. . . .

After the second show, they went out for some food at the Bistro Francais in Georgetown. Lily drank four hot chocolates and three glasses of orange juice, but solid food would not go down. George Boyd was there, a tall, thin, rather devilish and amiable person, Lily's road manager for the tour. Seeing that she was not eating, he remarked that she was getting too thin and that he had noticed from backstage that the pants she wore in the show looked loose. But it didn't work, because Lily was playing around, taking all the Domino sugar packets out of the bowl and spreading them on the table, casting about in her brain for a game to play.

"Anybody got a hat?"

It was the same voice everyone had just heard in the show, the voice of Edith Ann, the nutsy, knowing kid. Onstage, Edith Ann had filled a balloon with helium, held it to her lips and taken the gas in, holding it much the way people inhale dope. Then she had looked at the audience and asked, "Anybody want a hit?"

Someone happened to have a red baseball cap at the dinner table. Lily threw the sugar into it, along with one packet of Sweet 'n Low. "OK. Everybody ante up." She slapped a quarter onto the table, but the game, which she hadn't quite invented yet, never happened, because suddenly she was making faces at a guy who had been staring at her from the next table. They were strange Edith Ann faces, her tongue turned over and sticking oddly out of the side of her mouth.

Onstage, Lily lets go of the strangest laugh anyone has ever heard. It is a laugh that begins somewhere near a witch's cackle and ends up like a broken

record at a horror house in some amusement park that doesn't exist anymore. She has her hands on her hips; her back bends; her knees come forward; her hair nearly touches the floor. She laughs that insane laugh.

It comes out of nowhere, preceded by a line about Henry Kissinger ("I read somewhere in an interview that Henry Kissinger said power is the ultimate aphrodisiac. Reflect on what it just might take for him to get it up."), followed by another line that leaves the audience chuckling ("And I hope all the women in this audience know that FDS kills cockroaches"). Then that bizarre laugh.

"Guess who died?"

She laughs again. "You remember Fred? Betty Lou's Fred? I just read in the paper this mornin' that he kicked right over and I'm on my way to the funeral. . . . Well, my goodness, this place is like a wake. . . . Betty Lou, whatever possessed you to wear that black ensemble with that heavy veil? Why, you're depressing everyone. . . . Wait a minute, where is Fred's secretary? Oooh, I didn't know she was that far along. You know, Betty, I tell you, it's just a pity you couldn't of had Fred's children; everybody else did."

She looks at the corpse and proceeds to fix it up with some blusher and then, laughing all the while, a blond wig. She props up the corpse. She plays ventriloquist, talking through the corpse, then organizes a snapshot of Fred and the gang and ends up leading everyone in "Powder your face with sunshine, put on a great big smile" and "Everyone right behind me, last one to the cemetery's a rotten egg."

Half the audience is caught in panicky laughter. The other half is shocked, rattled, stunned and maybe a little confused. Where is that cute, funny Tomlin they saw on TV? This is *weird* stuff.

Cleveland was a bummer. Lily had agreed to do a benefit there for the Cleveland Women's Congress, but it wasn't what she thought it would be. She got to Cleveland thinking she would play for a tuned-in audience and she was all wrong. Things were messed up that day, anyway, she should have known; problems about scheduling and then the show freaked her out.

There is a taped prelude that goes on the video screen before Lily comes onstage. It shows "Miss Tomlin" preparing. She shaves her legs, plucks her eyebrows, chugs down a beer, brushes her teeth and washes it all down with more beer, then she leaves the dressing room and stops offstage for a deep snort of cocaine. Everywhere else, audiences cracked up. In Cleveland, silence. Lily listened backstage and couldn't figure out what was wrong. Then she walked

(continued on page 188)



humor

By G. BARRY GOLSON

I'M BEGINNING to suspect that a lot of women have only one thing on their minds.

Women touched or transformed by the women's movement—and I don't know many who haven't been—would probably regard me the way blacks look on white "liberals." I was one of those guys who welcomed the women's movement from the standpoint of simple justice—the illogic of sexual discrimination—and for purely selfish reasons, since I felt men would be allowed to drop some of the roles they'd been conditioned to play. Since I wasn't born after 1970, I'm still part of the problem, of course. But I did look forward to many of the changes I saw coming, and one of them was in the area of sex.

We men are supposedly bred to be the

*alas, there's
more to being ogled
by ladies than meets the eye*

SO
**you want
to be
a sex
object?**

aggressors, but from the time that both my skin problems and my interest in girls erupted, there were things that seemed to me patently unfair. Taking the initiative, for example—from the first shy approach after math class to the final cajolements in the back seat of a car. Why, I asked myself, can't a girl give *me* the eye? Why can't a girl ask me out, run out of gas on a deserted lane and promise me she'll respect me afterward?

Now I'm getting answers: These days, women can (concluded on page 166)

*our july playmate discovers there's
nothing wrong with painesville, ohio,
that leaving it won't cure*

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



*"My sisters accepted the traditional
Japanese values—they all married and
stayed home. But my mother under-
stood that I had to get away. Besides,
she knew I could take care of myself."*







"I am a natural woman who enjoys all the natural things in life—including my own fantasies."

You can tell at a glance that there is nothing ordinary about Deborah Borkman. As she says, "The Eurasian combination certainly gives you a different look." Deborah's mother is Japanese; her father—whom she hasn't seen in eight years—is Swedish-American. Deborah, the fourth of six children and the first born in America, is so striking a woman that when she went to Japan with her mother a couple of years ago, she attracted just as many stares as she always had in Painesville, Ohio, where she grew up. As a matter of fact, all four Borkman girls looked so exotic that the neighborhood boys used to hang out on their front porch; whenever the courting got difficult, they would press Mrs. Borkman into Ann Landers-type service: "She has always tried to help everyone, and she's the kind of person with whom you can't be anything but yourself." Debbie's admiration for her mother is in sharp contrast to her negative feelings about her father—a soldier who wouldn't allow Japanese to be spoken in his home—and about Painesville, a small industrial city that, for Debbie, has always lived up to its name. "There was nothing for me there," she says. "All I thought about was getting away." Despite her obvious intelligence—she chooses her words with care and uses them with accuracy—she dropped out of high school in her freshman year ("It was so violent they had armed guards in the corridors"). She worked as a cab dispatcher for a while. Then she broke a



leg in a motorcycle accident; advised to swim as part of her therapy, she became a lifeguard and spent a year working in Florida ("It was OK because of the sunshine; I'm a child of the sun and as long as I get it, I'm happy"). Then came the trip to Japan. Debbie and her mother traveled throughout the islands, visiting long-lost relatives. Deborah intended to stay there and model, but she found that getting into a new culture and a new profession was a bit much. Back to Painesville—but not for long. Our heroine went to visit some friends in Los Angeles; while there, she was offered a fashion-modeling job. And, of course, she stayed. There are some things Debbie doesn't like about L.A.—such as the "meat market" singles scene and the



"Sex, to me, is a private matter; but if you relate to someone on a mental level, then the physical part just follows naturally."





"It's sad that people would pick up a magazine just to look between someone's legs, when there's so much more to appreciate about nudity. I can admire the beauty of a healthy body, even when it's a woman's. And I don't feel there's anything dirty about posing for PLAYBOY."



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Deborah D. Gnan

"You should pursue whatever you're good at, but when it comes to competing with men, forget it. Who wants to drive a truck, anyway?"

rampant image-consciousness ("Sometimes I feel like saying, 'Could you please scrape away the plastic, so I can get inside and talk to you?' "). But, of course, she digs the great California outdoors. She also likes to go dancing and to shop for funky items at L.A.'s many antique shops and garage sales. Not too long ago, she visited Painesville—to help her mother move to Kent, some 90 miles away—and realized how good things were on the West Coast: "I saw all my old friends who had tried to discourage me from quitting school. I'd expected some of them to amount to something, but they were all just working and drinking, and they were all unhappy. I could remember feeling the same way—but at a much younger age." Deborah, who is all of 19, couldn't resist walking down the block to see her old cherry tree: "I would sit up there in the summertime, looking at the sky and eating cherries. That was where I found peace of mind; in a family of six kids, you've got to do something. So I looked up at it this time and I thought, *How the hell did I ever get up there?* And I didn't dare try it again. You're not going to write that, are you? It's pretty silly. . . ." Not by us, it's not.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Mommy, Mommy," cried little Sally as she ran into the house, "Bobby's been trying to get me to play 'married' with him again!"

"Oh, that nasty boy!" exclaimed her mother. "I hope you were firm in your answer."

"You bet, Mommy!" said Sally. "I told him no husband of mine was ever going to get a quickie just because *Sesame Street* would be on in five minutes!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *orgy* as *ass en masse*.



As the couple left the party and got into their car, the woman moved close against her husband and began working her hand up along his thigh. Later, at home, she hurried him up to their bedroom, raced him in undressing, urged him on to climax and, following a brief rest, began to stroke his body again; then she whispered in his ear, "Now you can take the baby sitter home."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *humdinger* as an electric dildo.

The beaver of hot-pantied Pearl
Incredibly just didn't curl.

When a hot-handed date
Said, "Your twat hair's so straight!"
She suggested he give it a whirl.

When his oil field dried up, the sheik found himself in financial straits, so he decided to give up his harem and settle for one wife on the basis of who was best at fellatio. As one after another of the women went down on him night after night, he found it difficult to make up his mind. But then the last and youngest of his lovelies did him in a way that drove him out of his skull. "You're the one!" he gasped. "But tell me," he added, "just what is the secret of your fabulous technique?"

"What I did, O Sovereign of the Sands, was to suck on ice cubes just before my time came to participate in the competition," replied the girl. "You see, an old woman, wise in such matters, once told me that the cooler head always prevails."

Behind the locked door of his private office, a businessman had just completed some extra-marital activity with his shapely secretary when the phone rang. At a nod from her boss, the girl got up and answered the call. "No, Mrs. Smith," she said, "he isn't in at the moment—so I'll let you speak to him."

On their first date, the boy drove out to the edge of town and parked, but when he put his hand on the girl's breast, she got out of the car in a huff and walked home. "Dear Diary," she wrote before going to bed, "a girl's best friend is her legs!"

She did go out with the same boy again, though, and he drove out into the country, but when he slipped his hand under her skirt, she again jumped out of the car and headed home. "Dear Diary, I repeat," went her entry for that night, "that a girl's best friend is her legs!"

But that incident blew over, too, and on their next date, the boy drove all the way to the county line. "Dear Diary," the girl wrote pensively some hours later, "there comes a time when even the best of friends must part."

You know," said one of the bar patrons, "that handsome devil over there is really hung!"

"Lance, dear," replied his companion, "you said a mouthful!"

A crab working hookers in Natchez
Takes refuge, when one of them scratches,
In her nook for a nap,
For the shrewd little chap
Finds he's safest when sleeping in snatches.

We've heard of a female lab technician who has asked to be transferred from a genetics-research project because the horny director keeps trying to get into her genes.



To put it bluntly, doctor," said the recent bridegroom, "my organ is so large and my wife's is so small that—well—each creates a difficulty for the other."

"In such cases," announced the medical man, "my advice has always been that both spouses make an adjustment that will enable them to lick their respective problems."

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.



"Here, Prince. Right here, boy. Ah, yes, right there, Prince. . ."

LISTEN, STUPID," Mack told Billy. "You always say you ain't got no luck in life, but now that's changed. This is going to be the biggest thing ever happened to you, so you hear me good and you don't do nothing but what I tell you, see?" "Sure, Mack," said Billy. It was night and moths were tumbling around the overhead light in Mack's bungalow down near the waterfront. There was a third man in the room, a fat man in a white suit and dark glasses who sat in a corner, drinking beer from a paper cup. Anybody who wore dark glasses made Billy nervous, and he said: "Listen, I don't want to break no law."

"Law? You ain't going to break the law." Mack laughed, screwing up his boxer's face with its mashed nose and ridges of scar tissue. "You going to be a hero, stupid. You going to have your picture in the papers. And you don't have to do a lick of work. You just going to take a vacation in the sun."

"Tell him," said the fat man in the white suit. "I don't have all night."

Mack took a pull at his beer bottle and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. "OK," he said to Billy. "You heard about them old Jap soldiers turning up thirty years after the war, and they don't know nothing about what's been happening, but all of a sudden they're famous, and people write books about them and all?" He grinned, squinting at Billy across the table. "Well, why let them Japs get all the glory? I mean, they lost the war. Who won it? *We* did. Well—"

The fat man got impatiently to his feet. He had something in his hand that gleamed when it caught the light. "We've got it all worked out," he said to Billy, and he tossed what he was holding onto the table. It was a pair of military identification tags on a chain. "That's yours," the man said. "You're a dead man come back to life. You're Robinson Crusoe." His face was pale and puffy and his teeth showed yellow when he spoke. "You're the last one out of World War Two."

The fat man was a publicity agent from Los Angeles named Carraway who for years had dreamed of some sudden, single success that would liberate him from the second-rate crooners and hoofers he served and despised. He needed to find a star—but where? How? There was no talent in the sleazy world he lived in.

One day, as Carraway was leafing through the newspaper, his eye chanced to fall on a story about the discovery of an elderly Japanese soldier in a Philippine jungle. His first reaction had been one of envy, as he reflected on how profitably a Tokyo publicity man

LAST ONE OUT

could promote such an unusual client . . . magazine articles, personal appearances, a best-selling book, even a movie. If only he could have such luck! And then he thought: Why not? The idea made his pulse jump and brought hot sweat to his skin. "Why not?" he said aloud. "Why not?" He hurried to his apartment to think things out.

He knew he couldn't plant a middle-aged American warrior on a populated island and pretend that he had been lurking in the bushes there for 30 years. No, his man would have to be found on some deserted atoll, where he could have drifted after his ship went down. Fine, thought Carraway. But what about the sailor's identity? This would be a tricky problem, indeed. After further meditation, Carraway concluded that he would need a partner—not just any partner but one with special job qualifications.

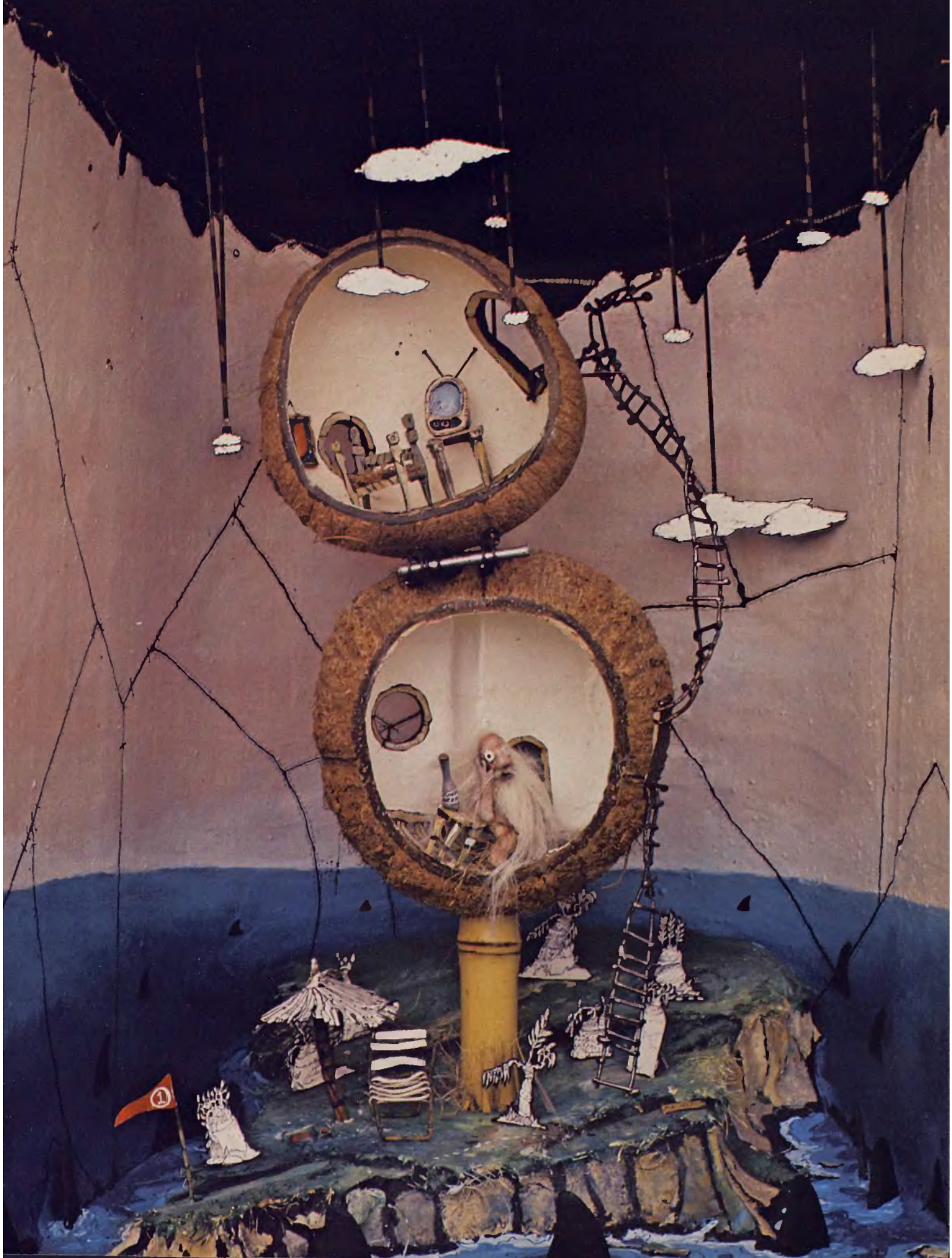
Carraway's long association with the entertainment world had sharpened his instinct for human corruptibility, and with a certain amount of patience, he managed to find what he wanted—a Naval records clerk willing to participate in a speculative enterprise. With the help of this public servant, Carraway obtained the names and particulars of several sailors lost at sea who had no wives or other close relatives to come around raising difficult questions. All he had to do was make a final selection. In the meantime, he began sketching out projects for commercial exploitation.

To play the part of his hero, Carraway needed a man with a Navy background who, if not handsome, was at least pleasing in appearance, as well as docile and trustworthy in nature. Beyond that, the fellow would have to be such a nonentity that he could vanish from his present life unnoticed. How could such a man be (continued on page 114)

fiction

BY DAVID ELY

*it was a sensational
publicity stunt—but
there was more than
coconuts on that island*



Hot Dog!

smile when you call it junk food, pardner. this year,
food **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

IT MAY SEEM unpatriotic or even treasonous, in this Bicentennial year, to suggest that our beloved frankfurter—America's ubiquitous hot dog—is a German immigrant. Nevertheless, it's true—at least technically. As a member of the sausage family, of which there are more than 500 varieties, the frankfurter has a long and noble genealogy. Born of necessity as a means of preserving food, sausage was

that's downright subversive



known to Homer, Aristophanes and Apicius. It was a favorite nosh of carousing Romans during their periodic freak-outs. Sausages were so closely associated with pagan revels that the Emperor Constantine banned them after his conversion to Christianity. That experiment was no more successful than our own attempt at Prohibition. A big (continued on page 170)

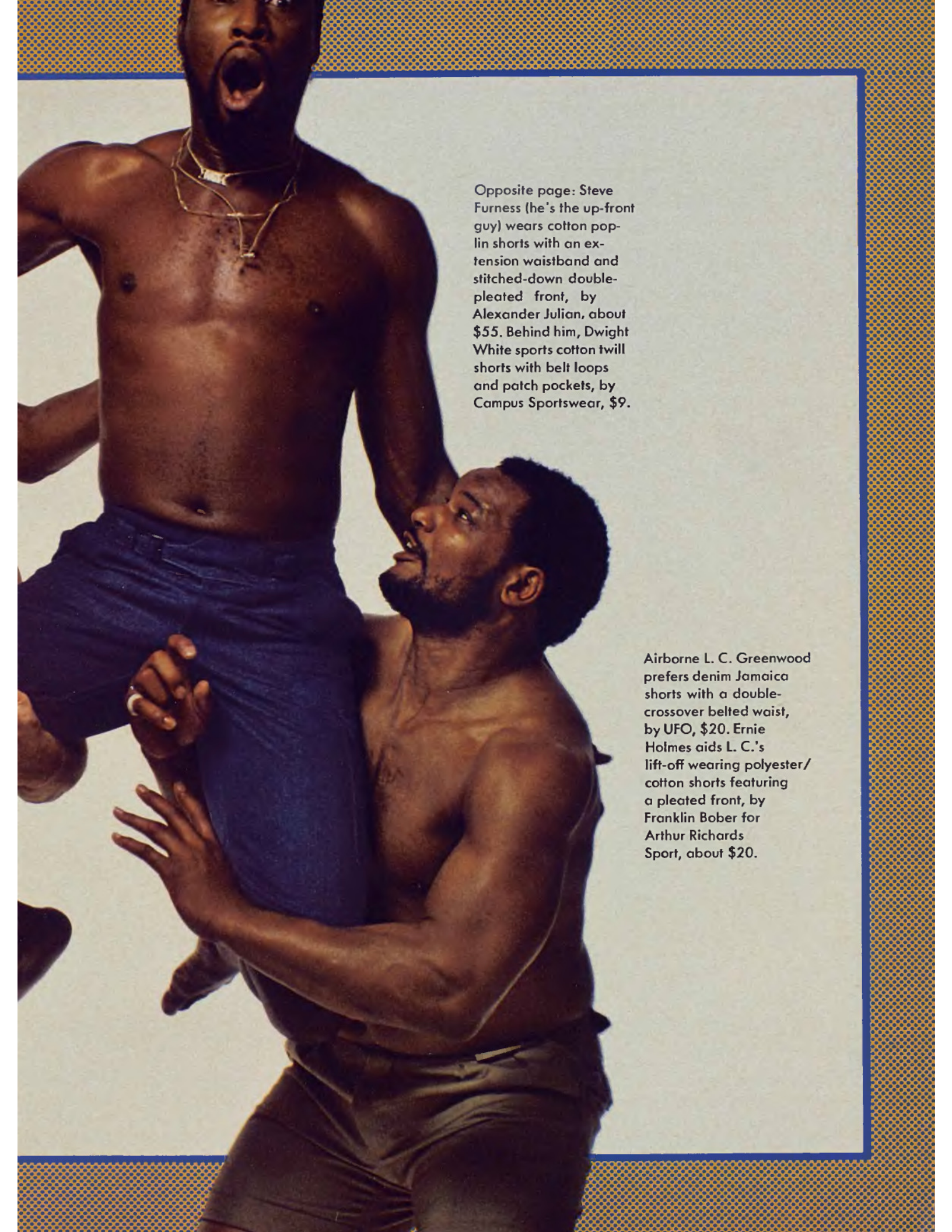
*where can the steelers' front
four wear shorts? anyplace they want to*

CITY SHORTS

ONCE UPON A TIME, short pants were for little boys. And big boys like yourself wouldn't want to walk down the streets of your basic metropolis in a pair. A crack from someone and you might lose your cool, right? Well, that was once upon a time and now shorts on guys are as common as no bras on girls. Of course, it also doesn't hurt to be built like the four boys at right—whose names just happen to be Dwight White, L. C. Greenwood, Ernie Holmes and Steve Furness, and whose occupation is manning the defensive line for the world-champion Pittsburgh Steelers. When they want to horse around in the latest looks in shorts—styles that are about mid-thigh and trim—who's going to stop them? (The Cowboys sure couldn't.) You may not be as immune to smartass remarks in your shorts as these studs are, but you'll be every bit as cool.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL KING





Opposite page: Steve Furness (he's the up-front guy) wears cotton poplin shorts with an extension waistband and stitched-down double-pleated front, by Alexander Julian, about \$55. Behind him, Dwight White sports cotton twill shorts with belt loops and patch pockets, by Campus Sportswear, \$9.

Airborne L. C. Greenwood prefers denim Jamaica shorts with a double-crossover belted waist, by UFO, \$20. Ernie Holmes aids L. C.'s lift-off wearing polyester/cotton shorts featuring a pleated front, by Franklin Bober for Arthur Richards Sport, about \$20.

found? Carraway could hardly run an ad in the papers.

One day he went to San Diego to promote a burlesque dancer and ran into an old acquaintance, a beefy night-club bouncer named Mack O'Neill. After a few drinks, Carraway hinted at his difficult casting requirements. "Say, I know just the guy you want," Mack told him. "Matter of fact, he's right outside the bar, waiting for me. Come over to the winder here and you can see him good. There he is, Carraway. That's Billy Johnson."

Carraway took a look. Across the street stood a tall, gaunt man with shaggy gray hair and a slightly bewildered expression.

"Billy's kind of dumb," Mack said, "but he ain't feeble-minded. He's just slow. Know what I mean? When I tell him something, he don't forget it. And when I tell him to do something, he does it." He gave Carraway a wink. "I told him to wait for me there, and I been in here over an hour and he ain't moved."

"I need a man," said Carraway. "Not a dog."

"Don't get me wrong, Carraway. Billy's OK. It's just he's loyal to his friends. And I'm his friend. He ain't got no others. One's enough. Hell, I'm good to him. When he don't have no money, I slip him a few bucks."

"Has he ever been in trouble?"

"No, he ain't got no police record. No wife, neither, and no folks, nothing."

"What does he do?"

"Do? Why, Billy don't do much. Sometimes he washes dishes and sometimes he digs ditches or picks fruit, stuff like that."

Carraway nodded, frowning thoughtfully. "And you say he was in the Navy in the war?"

"Yep. We was on the same ship. A can—you know, a destroyer. I was pretty wild in them days—looking for trouble, you know?—and they wasn't a man on the ship I didn't take on." Mack burst out laughing. "Them gooneys didn't know I was a pro, see. They couldn't understand how come I was cooling them so quick! But Billy, he stood up against me an hour or more, even though they wasn't much left of him when I was done. It didn't leave him no smarter, that's for sure!" Mack cocked his big, battered head and gave Carraway a shrewd glance. "Listen, Carraway," he said. "I don't know what you got in mind, but if you're lookin' for some guy you can make up any shape you want, Billy's your boy." He chuckled. "Provided you cut me in. Because Billy, he does what I say, see?"

"Get him over here," said Carraway. "I want to see how he walks and I want to hear his voice."

"Sure," said Mack. He went to the door. "Hey, stupid!" he bellowed, and Billy jerked his head up at the sound of

the familiar voice. "See if you can get across the street without gettin' run down!"

Carraway watched Billy approach. "Perfect," he said under his breath. Billy moved with a dreamy hesitation, gazing around as if he'd never seen a car before—or a street, either, for that matter—and his long-jawed face bore an expression of innocent wonder. A Gary Cooper type, thought Carraway, already envisioning him bearded and in cast-away rags. But he wasn't sure about him yet. "You sure he's got all his marbles?" he asked Mack.

"Depends what you want him for," said Mack. "You ain't plannin' to run him for governor, are you? Hey, dummy," he said to Billy, as Billy came up, "this here's a talent scout who's goin' to make you a big movie star, so say hi to the man."

Billy looked at Carraway, noticed the extended hand and shook it.

"He wants to hear what you sound like, stupid," Mack told him, "so you speak out and say somethin'."

Billy thought for a few moments. "Ain't nothin' comes to my mind," he said finally.

"Tell him that poem I learnt you last month."

Billy thought again. Then he recited an obscene version of *Mary Had a Little Lamb*. He spoke slowly, but his voice was firm and deep, and Carraway was satisfied.

"You drink, Billy?" he asked.

"Beer," said Billy.

"Got a woman?"

Billy smiled and Carraway noticed that he still had most of his teeth. "I had a woman," Billy said, "but she took off last month. Nina was a nice girl."

"She was a cheap whore," Mack said. "She wasn't no good for you, Billy, and you know it." Billy looked down at his shoes but didn't say anything. "You know that, don't you?" Mack repeated, with irritation in his voice. "That Nina was just a cheap, no-good whore, right?"

"Guess so," said Billy, still staring down.

"I run that bitch off," Mack told Carraway. "These women, they latch on to Billy like barnacles, see, so ever' so often I got to scrape 'em off. They take advantage of his trustin' nature, understand, and he's like a slave to them."

"Lucky he's got a friend like you to protect his independence," Carraway remarked dryly. He stepped back a pace and looked Billy up and down. "All right," he said to Mack. "He'll do. Let's have a drink and I'll tell you what it's all about."

The two men met several times in the next few weeks, working out the details. At the end of that time, Carraway went down to Mack's bungalow with the

identification tags and Billy was told what was going to happen to him.

The following week, Billy and Mack flew to Hawaii and stayed in a shack up in the mountains that belonged to a friend of Mack's, and it was there that Mack taught Billy the part he had to play, following the material Carraway had written.

"They ain't no more Billy Johnson," Mack said. "You never even heard that name. He's gone. He don't exist. OK, sailor? Now, you tell me—what's your name?"

Billy shook his head. "Don't know."

"That's right," said Mack. Then he squinted at Billy's neck. "What's that you got there? What's that you're wearin'?" He reached out and lifted up the identification tags. "Hey, here it says 'J. E. Williams, Jr.' That your name? You named Williams?"

"Can't remember."

"Well, you're wearin' these dog tags, so you must be Williams. That right?"

"Seems I heard that name somewhere, but I don't know if it's mine."

"Why, it's got to be yours, sailor."

"Yeah? Well, if you say so, maybe it is."

Carraway had insisted that Billy be drilled on this point. Loss of memory would be the only protection against the questions that only the real Williams could answer. And suppose some ex-shipmate showed up to chat about old times? "He won't need to say he's Williams," Carraway assured Mack. "Once he's found down there, the newspapers will identify him as Williams fast enough."

"Suppose they take his prints?" Mack had asked.

"I've taken care of that," said Carraway. He had made up a fake Service record for Williams, with Billy's fingerprints on it, which the cooperative Naval clerk had substituted for the original. Carraway wasn't anxious to have this forgery subjected to a close inspection, however, and had decided that Billy would not apply for Williams' back pay. No point in being greedy, he thought.

Billy spent every day in the sun to tan his body and he let his hair and beard grow. "Ain't nobody going to recognize you," Mack said with satisfaction. Every Saturday, Mack went into Honolulu for some recreation, but he didn't take Billy. "Suppose when they find you, they give you a checkup and you got the clap?" Mack said. "I mean, where the hell would you have got it? From a sea gull?" So Billy stayed in the cabin and thought about Nina and waited for Mack to come back.

"You're a man that's been thrown away on an island for so long you can't remember," Mack would tell Billy as they sat outside by a stream, fishing.

(continued on page 173)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA

PART VII

NO END TO THE MADNESS

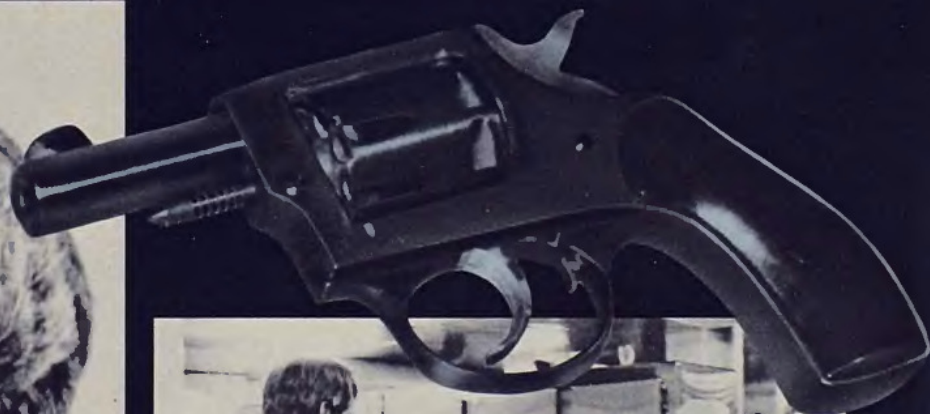
article **By JAMES MCKINLEY** the concluding chapter—as of this bicentennial year—to the nation's bitterest legacy: the killing of Robert Kennedy, the near-fatal shooting of George Wallace and the attempts on Gerald Ford

We must recognize that this short life can neither be ennobled nor enriched by hatred or revenge. Our lives on this planet are too short and the work to be done too great to let this spirit flourish any longer in our land.

—SENATOR ROBERT F. KENNEDY, April 5, 1968, on the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr.

ROBERT Francis Kennedy's life was to be short, indeed, in that flourishing spirit of hatred and violence. Only 62 days after Memphis and the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr., the spirit descended out of Los Angeles' midnight skies into the tawdry confines of a pantry in the Ambassador Hotel as a Jordanian refugee named Sirhan Bishara Sirhan put a .22-caliber minimag bullet into Kennedy's (text continued on page 118)

ANOTHER KENNEDY FALLS



Above, the eight-shot .22 revolver taken from Sirhan Sirhan on the night Robert Kennedy was shot. Minutes after his victory speech, Kennedy stopped to shake hands with the hotel kitchen staff. Just outside this kitchen, the gunman awaited him in the pantry.





Sirhan empties his gun (left) and Kennedy is down in a pool of blood. He is barely conscious (top) when busboy Juan Romera comforts him with a rosary he presses into his hand. "Am I all right?" Kennedy asks, and wife, Ethel, and sister Mrs. Stephen Smith whisper encouragement to him (above left). When the ambulance arrives, Kennedy is comatose.

After being subdued by Roosevelt Grier and Rafer Johnson, Sirhan is hustled out of the Ambassador Hotel (above right). The caption on this photograph, when it was published, read, "The man has refused to give his name and police are checking fingerprint files." Sirhan's brothers saw the photograph in the morning paper and identified him.

CRIPPLING A CANDIDATE



Like the assassination of John Kennedy, the shooting of George Wallace was caught on film. TV cameras show Arthur Bremer in the crowd, wearing a Wallace campaign button (top left and right). Without warning, he steps forward and begins firing (center left). As Wallace falls, Bremer continues to pump slugs into him (center right). Bremer subdued, Wallace lies bleeding from numerous wounds (bottom left), as his wife throws herself over him (bottom right).

brain. Kennedy died 25½ hours later, on D day, June 6, 1968, at the age of 42. With him died his hopes of gaining the Presidency. With him died, too, any lingering illusion that somehow America, with the deaths of John Kennedy, Malcolm X and King, had been purged of her destructive urges. Indeed, by the end of 1968, it was clear the year was one of the most violent since the end of World War Two. In the burgeoning horror of

Vietnam, the year began with news of the Tet offensive, then careened through broad-scale campus antiwar revolts and the decision of President Lyndon Johnson not to seek re-election, through the martyrdom of King and its attendant ghetto riots, on to the murder of Bobby Kennedy and the nightmare of the Democratic Convention's police riot and, finally, to the election of Richard M. Nixon. Obviously, 1968 was a

year to remember, if only to avoid repeating, for it was certain that the spirit of hatred and revenge that Bobby Kennedy reviled had come to dwell among Americans as seldom before. Yet, for Kennedy, in the City of Angels on the evening of his greatest triumph, in the vital California primary, it may well have seemed otherwise. It may have seemed that it was again possible to believe, as he said ten minutes before he was as-

sassinated: "We can work together [despite] the division, the violence, the disenchantment with our society, the division, whether it's between blacks and whites, between the poor and the more affluent, between age groups or over the war in Vietnam. We are a great country, an unselfish country, a compassionate country."

Sirhan Sirhan didn't, as far as is known, hear Kennedy speak those words. Kennedy had ended his short victory speech in the hotel's Embassy Ballroom about 12:10 A.M. on June fifth. He could then have moved off the podium to his left, exiting through the mass of jubilant supporters, the lines of Kennedy Girls. His bodyguards thought he would and started clearing a way. Simultaneously, a hotel employee suggested he go toward the right. But Karl Uecker, an assistant maitre de, surveyed the crowd and led the Senator toward the rear through a curtain in the direction of a nearby service pantry. That seemed a good way to avoid the mauling Bobby had taken throughout the campaign from enthusiastic fans and was a good way to get to his interview with the "pencil press" in another meeting room. In retrospect, it also seemed a random choice, one that might confound a conspiracy.

It didn't confound Sirhan. Near a crude sign reading THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING, he waited by a steam table in the narrow pantry and watched as Kennedy moved along, shaking hands with the kitchen help, trailed by his outdistanced bodyguards, surrounded by journalists who had divided the route. Precisely what happened next is debated. But several things seem clear. There is Sirhan in a peculiar half crouch, smiling, his hand moving to his belt and a little gun coming up in it—like a cap gun, a witness said—and then the gun fires as Sirhan lunges toward Kennedy, almost as though striking at him with a knife, one man said, and

then Kennedy is falling backward toward an ice machine, down to the concrete floor, while the gun keeps firing, again and again, even though Uecker has grabbed Sirhan, and then the shooting stops as others mob the Jordanian, throw him over a steam table and try to tear the gun away. All around, the screams go up: "My God." . . . "Oh, no." . . . "Jesus Christ." A radio announcer blabbers into his recorder and a TV man films the hysteria, both of them disassociated, unbelieving. Five others are wounded also, but Bobby draws the most attention. His blood pools as the struggle continues to subdue the slender, unexpectedly strong assassin. Bobby's friends are among the subduers. George Plimpton takes hold of Sirhan. Later, he will remember Sirhan's "enormously peaceful" eyes. Roosevelt Grier finally secures the gun. He gives it to Rafer Johnson. The two black men shout oaths while people call out, "Kill him, kill the bastard." Rafer fights the lynchers off and Jesse Unruh, characteristically polemical, jumps to the top of the steam table and announces, "We don't want another Dallas. If the system works at all, we are going to try this one." People twist Sirhan's leg, but Grier pins him down while they wait for the cops.

Kennedy, meanwhile, asks, "Am I all right?" Next to his heart, he holds a rosary volunteered by one of the encircling people and twisted around his thumb by Juan Romero, a busboy who has cradled Bobby's head and said, "Come on, Mr. Kennedy, you can make it."

Dr. Stanley Abo probes the wound behind Kennedy's right ear with his finger to relieve the pressure, and Ethel Kennedy, pregnant with their 11th child, and her sister-in-law Mrs. Stephen Smith comfort the near-comatose victim. It takes 17 terrible minutes to get Kennedy out of the mad-dened pantry and into an ambulance. By that time,

A "FAMILY" AFFAIR



On September 5, 1975, on the grounds of California's capitol, the first known attempt on President Ford's life was made. Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, a member of the Charles Manson family, approached Ford in a crowd, pulled out a military-style .45 automatic, pointed it at him and fired. Although she had put a loaded clip into the pistol, there was no cartridge in the chamber.

THE SECOND WAVE



Little more than two weeks after the first attempt, Sara Jane Moore, an ex-FBI informant, fired a shot at the President with a .38 revolver. Immediately below, Ford reacts in shock when the sound of the shot reaches him as he waits in a crowd in front of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. At bottom, police wrestle Moore to the ground. She later stated that she had meant to kill him.



Sirhan is in custody. The cops have pulled him from under Grier at 12:25, hustled him out, read him his rights and thought he looked remarkably collected, almost "smirky." Hoping he can help prevent another Oswald disaster, Unruh rides to the precinct station with the assassin—who refuses to give his name—and later says the swarthy boy mumbled, "I did it for my country." That's hotly disputed, but it's true that in the hours to come, the suspect displays a canny coolness, a sure knowledge of his rights (like Oswald, he'll ask for an A.C.L.U. lawyer; unlike Oswald, he'll get one), an interest in famous murders and remains anonymous until his brothers see his picture in the morning newspaper and tell the police who he is. For now, all the police know is that he probably shot Kennedy with the eight-shot Iver-Johnson .22 revolver that Rafer Johnson had handed over, all eight chambers containing expended cartridge cases, and that he was carrying \$410.66, a clipped David Lawrence column speculating on Kennedy's inconsistency in opposing the Vietnam war while supporting military aid for Israel, two unexpended .22 cartridges, one expended .22 slug, a Kennedy campaign song sheet and an ad inviting the public to an R.F.K. rally at the Ambassador on Sunday, June second. The police wonder if the expended slug was used in target practice and if the ad means he had been stalking the Senator.

If so, he succeeded. Kennedy was fatally wounded, although neurosurgeons did all they could to remove the bone shards and lead fragments from the killing shot, which entered the right mastoid—a honeycomblike bone—to sever arteries and lacerate cells. Had he lived, Kennedy, at best, would have been deaf in the right ear and paralyzed on the right side of his face and would have suffered bad vision and spastic spells. Ted Kennedy and Ethel and Jackie, in from London, looked on as Bobby's life seeped away. His brain died at 6:30 P.M. on June fifth, the EEG wave hardening to a line. His body followed at 1:44 A.M. on June sixth. Now for Sirhan it was murder and for America the agony of another Kennedy funeral. Following a painstaking autopsy, Bobby's body was flown to New York, where it lay in state at St. Patrick's Cathedral on June seventh, the day Sirhan was indicted for R.F.K.'s murder. Coretta King, widowed two months before, came to pay her respects. So did Ralph Abernathy, up from Washington, where the Poor People's March that King had hoped to lead now languished by the Mall in a shantytown called Resurrection City, its members hoping moral suasion would bring the stronger anti-poverty legislation Robert Kennedy had endorsed. President Johnson attended the

High Requiem Mass of June eighth—the day a no-account thief named James Earl Ray was caught in London—and heard Ted Kennedy eulogize his brother: "He should be remembered simply as a good and decent man who saw wrong and tried to right it, saw suffering and tried to heal it, saw war and tried to stop it." Fittingly, only two days before, L.B.J. had issued a call, doomed, as it turned out, for gun-control legislation that would prevent mail-order sale of all firearms and their interstate trade. (Such a law wouldn't have stopped Sirhan, however, since he got his \$25 gun through his brother, who got it from a man who'd gotten it from a woman, who'd gotten it for protection after the Watts riots.)

Robert Kennedy's remains were moved down the roadbed from New York to Washington in a funeral train all too reminiscent of Lincoln's. Kennedy's people, the ones he had counted on to help make him President, filled each window and lined the tracks: black and white, men and women, the aged and the children, people rich and poor, offering homage as best they could.

Robert Kennedy was buried that evening in Arlington Cemetery on a gentle knoll 60 feet from his brother's grave. Unlike his brother's, Robert Kennedy's funeral ceremony was simple, but like his brother's, dampened by rain. After a short liturgy, Bobby's son Joseph Kennedy III received the casket's covering flag. He passed it to his mother. The Kennedys, family-strong and ghostly in the light of myriad candles, moved one by one to kneel and kiss the mahogany coffin. Then it was over.

Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, for now everyone knew his name, spent June eighth reading and listening to radio music in his jail's infirmary. His leg and finger had been injured in the pantry fracas. He had a few bruises. Otherwise, he was in good health, small (5'3", 120 pounds) and lithe and, according to the New County Jail doctor, "self-satisfied, smug and unremorseful." That façade would crumble frequently in the months to come, as through his lawyers Sirhan learned of the massive evidence against him, testifying to his act, its motivation, its planning. So much incriminated Sirhan that his lawyers—including the estimable Grant Cooper—decided they could only plead that Sirhan's mental capacity to premeditate the crime was diminished, and so Sirhan was really guilty only of second-degree murder. Certainly, their client's behavior, his violent mood swings, suggested that the "diminished capacity" notion might be true. A consulting psychiatrist, Dr. Bernard Diamond, even suspected that Sirhan might have been in some sort of trance when he shot Kennedy—an idea shared by Robert Blair Kaiser, a writer-investigator who participated in the defense planning and later published an invaluable history of

the case. The trance idea was interesting—and jibed with Sirhan's interest in the occult, in thought transference, self-hypnosis and Rosicrucian doctrines—but it was hard to sell to a jury. Sirhan's own story wouldn't stand up, either. Who would believe, even if it were true, that he'd gone to the Ambassador, gotten "dizzy" on tom collinses and decided to drive home but was too drunk, took his gun from the car so it wouldn't be stolen, went again into the hotel for coffee, found some in the area behind the Embassy Ballroom stage and then was somehow in the pantry, where he guessed he did shoot Kennedy, but he couldn't remember a thing about it? No, liquor-induced amnesia might contribute, but it couldn't carry the whole defense. Sirhan's attorneys in time agreed on a narrow defense. He killed Kennedy, but he wasn't in a rational state of mind; was, in fact, rather crazy.

For its part, the prosecution set out to prove that Sirhan assassinated Kennedy with malice aforethought, motivated by Kennedy's pro-Israel statements. They reasoned that those statements, particularly after the Six-Day War humiliated the Arabs in 1967, had so inflamed the Jordanian that he undertook vengeance, thus becoming the prototypical lone assassin: a paranoiac but legally sane young man with a political fixation and a savior complex. The state's expert psychiatric witnesses would debunk the defense's contention that Sirhan was demented. Of course, the state had plenty of other evidence, too, eventually ten full volumes assembled by an investigative team called Special Unit Senator. (Those volumes, although repeatedly sought by interested parties, have remained secret, causing speculation that not everything in them fingers Sirhan as a lone killer.)

The trial began January 7, 1969, and ended three months later with a guilty verdict. Sirhan, the jury decided, had willfully killed Kennedy. The convicted assassin remained cool and cocky, even after he was—despite a plea from Ted Kennedy—condemned to death. "But I am famous," Sirhan said. "I achieved in a day what it took Kennedy all his life to do." Sirhan also asserted, as he had before, that there was no conspiracy and that he was not afraid to die. (In fact, Sirhan's death sentence later was reduced to life imprisonment and he now is eligible for parole in 1986.) For the state, the victory was twofold: Not only had it proved Sirhan was a lone killer but it had protected him and his rights, and at last—after John Kennedy and King—brought an assassin to justice.

Not without considerable help, to be sure. The state had the usual abundance of investigative resources (the trial alone cost \$609,792) and the ability to select from the immense bank of data what best suited its case. The press, which otherwise might have published items that

(continued on page 148)



DICK BROWN

*"We should work out a signal to let me know when the coast
is clear, Betsy. Y' know, a flag or..."*

KRIS AND SARAH

IN A SCENE OF ELECTRIFYING EROTIC INTENSITY, KRISTOFFERSON AND MILES MAKE LOVE FOR THE MOVIE CAMERAS—AND FOR “PLAYBOY”



To westernize *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*, a novel by the late Japanese novelist Yukio Mishima, producer Martin Poll and adapter-director Lewis John Carlino changed the Yokohama setting to a seacoast village in Devon. They then teamed England's provocative Sarah Miles with Kris Kristofferson (now co-starring with Barbra Streisand in *A Star Is Born*) as ill-starred widow and able-bodied American seaman whose headlong sexual collision is no secret to a gang of dangerously precocious British schoolboys. Anglicizing does little to inhibit Mishima's heady blend of romance, eroticism and horror in a movie that takes liberties—occasionally startling ones, even in the present permissive era—to flesh out the unique, decadent spirit of an author, too little known in the West, who was once hailed by *The New York Times* as “a master of gorgeous and perverse surprises.”

Alone (top right), the unsuspecting widow Anne masturbates in front of her late husband's portrait, observed through a peephole by her young son. The boy maintains a vigilant watch over her subsequent encounters with a virile sailor.





In story terms, *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace* combines elements of *Last Tango in Paris* with the intellectual rigors of *Lord of the Flies*. Kristofferson's sailor destroys "the perfect order" of existence by forsaking his anchorless life at sea for a sensuous, landed lady—a crime that the woman's son and a band of wayward chums judge punishable by death. The climax of this strangely tangled tale reflects the credo, as well as the kinkiness, of Mishima—a Japanese nationalist who committed hara-kiri in 1970, at the age of 45, to dramatize his political views. Though a self-absorbed bisexual, family man, fanatical bodybuilder (he liked posing nude) and actor in gangster movies, Mishima was also a prolific literary genius (three times nominated for a Nobel Prize for his novels, plays and short stories) who dreaded old age and called hara-kiri "the ultimate masturbation." The first English-language film based on his work catches his undertones of cool violence, played against some of the hottest love scenes in nonporn cinema history, and may prove an exhilarating trip for movie audiences only now discovering that the world of Mishima reaches to far-out aesthetic shores.

The man's body is scarred, his muscles ripple. Adult love games (above) seem "fantastic" to the boy—until cynical peers mock his innocence. Opposite: Sarah and Kris re-create the film's erotic intensity exclusively for *PLAYBOY*.

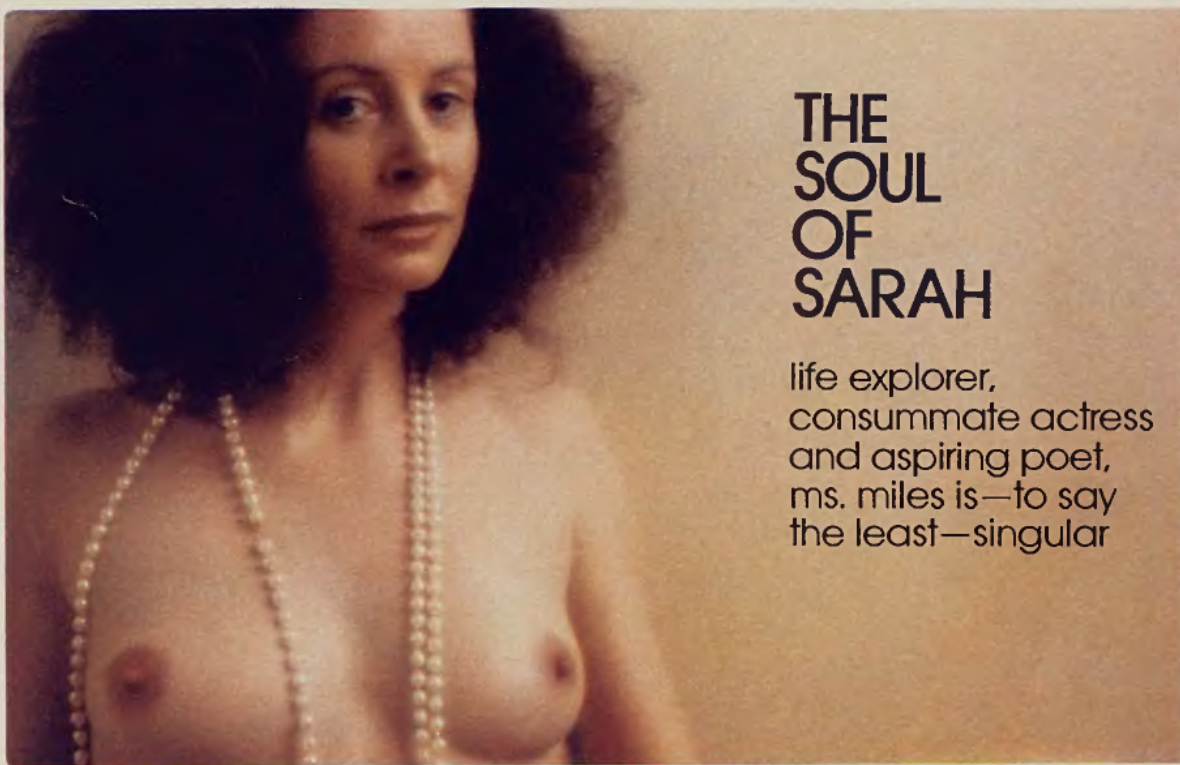




During ten weeks of shooting through unreliable English weather in Dartmouth, the community's lady mayor declared herself gratified to find people at work on "a nice family picture." The mayoress, when and if she sees *The Sailor*, will be surprised to learn that Miles, Kristofferson, Carlino and a company of ruddy-checked pubescent lads have used a slew of local landmarks as background for a drama richly garnished with sex, sadism, voyeurism, exhibitionism and ritual murder. Thomas Hardy country may never be quite the same after playing host to *The Sailor's* lusty co-stars, who all but shiver the timbers in several sequences that add graphic body English to Oriental erotic art. There's been no comparable breakthrough by big-name actors since Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, making it, made a sizzling bedtime story of *Don't Look Now*.

Doomsday looms (above) when the unlucky sailor lands back in the love-starved widow's bed. But only here will you see scenes such as that opposite depicting other *plaisirs d'amour* from our Miles-Kristofferson special coverage.





THE SOUL OF SARAH

life explorer,
consummate actress
and aspiring poet,
ms. miles is—to say
the least—singular

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON PICKING UP, three years late, on a canceled interview with Sarah Miles is not the first thing a weary Easterner wants to do on arriving in L.A.—City of Angels and of love goddesses en masse. Storm warnings have been posted by people who speak of Sarah in a whisper, the way they might speak about being trapped somewhere during the last big earthquake: "She's impossible." "Careful how you handle her." "Unpredictable, but *you'll* probably like her . . . she's great with men." "Completely flaky . . . and don't bring up that David Whiting business." "Very difficult." "No comment." Oh, well. It helps a little that she's so unequivocally damned brilliant in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with* (continued on page 161)

In the pictures on these pages, Sarah Miles is trying to tell us something about herself, the man-woman relationship and today's changing sex roles. The poems that follow are her interpretations in verse of the pictures.

.

*Now I'm straddling time and sex
and space—what an electric
place to be,
Floating in limbo, rooted in earth—
I'm neither Man nor Woman
but me.*



*I am happy as Woman—free to lose,
free to choose to be chaste.
Man stays linked by our pearls
to the mystery of girls,
Yet while we pursue Woman's truth,
Man is chased.*

*I've been there and back, man,
narrowed the gap, that gap
between master and slave . . .
But don't ask me to tell you
which is witch,
All my trips are a very close
shave.*





"Now it's everybody into the sack! God, how I hate planned parties!"

AFTER KING ARTHUR had established his court at Caerleon-on-Usk, he set out to find a lady to comfort his despondent nephew, Gawain. Riding far afield, Arthur one day reached the castle of an evil Caitiff, who could cast a spell such that no knight could face him but straightway his strength decayed. Arthur challenged the Caitiff, but he, too, succumbed to the magician, who refused to release Arthur except under the condition that he return at the end of a year, bringing the one true answer to the question: What thing is it that women most desire?

After giving his oath to return at the appointed time, Arthur set out. He rode all over Christendom, posing the question to those he met. Some answered worldly goods, some mirth, some flattery—and many the pleasures of love. But in such diverse answers, Arthur could find no sure dependence.

The year was well-nigh spent when Arthur, riding through the forest, spied a scarlet-clad crone sitting in a bush, a woman of such hideous aspect that he would fain avert his eyes. When she greeted him, he turned his head and made no response. “What man are you,” screeched the old hag, “who will not speak with me? For though I be not fair of face, mayhap I can end your quest.”

“If thou canst do this, grim lady, choose what reward thou wilt and it shall be yours,” Arthur replied.

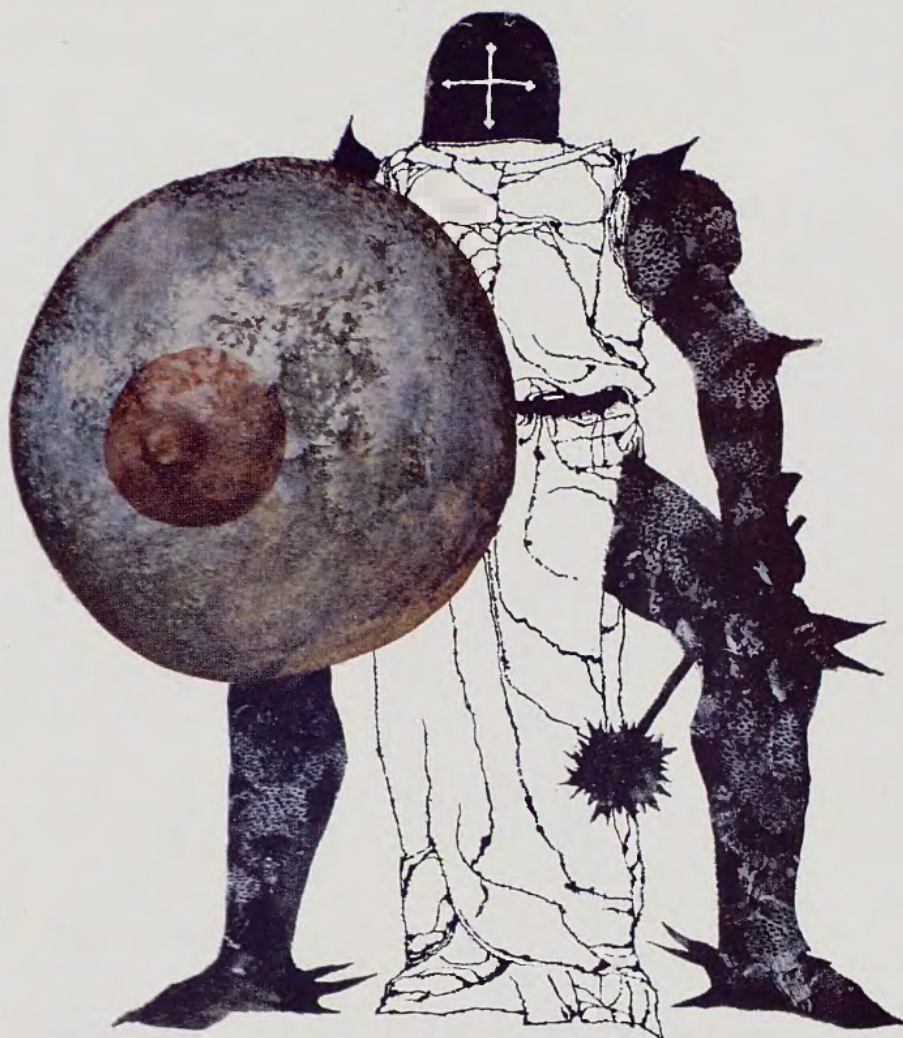
“Swear this upon faith and sword,” said the woman; and Arthur swore. Then she told Arthur the true answer to the question—and demanded her reward, which was that she receive as lover a fair and courtly knight.

Arthur hastened to the castle of the Caitiff and told him one by one all the answers he had received in his travels—without revealing the true answer. Then, when the Caitiff thought Arthur had spoken all, without speaking truth, Arthur said:

*“This morn as I rode over moor,
I spied a lady set
Amongst the oak and green briar tree
And clad in bright scarlet.*

*“She said: ‘All women would have
their will.’
That is their true desire.
Now grant, as thou art Caitiff bold,
That I have paid my hire.”*

Cursing the crone who had revealed the secret, the Caitiff freed Arthur, who rode homeward, heavy of heart, for he knew he must now find a knightly lover for the scarlet hag in the woods. Reaching Caerleon, he opened his sorrows to Gawain, who replied: “Be not sad, my lord, for in my quest didst thou encounter



this loathly lady, and now shall I bed her.” Arthur reluctantly consented and sent knights forth to fetch the old woman. Upon her arrival, Gawain was scoffed at and jeered by his fellow knights. And at night, when he found himself alone with the crone, he could scarce conceal his disgust. The lady languished on the bed and asked him why he sighed so heavily and averted his face. Gawain replied, in candor, that this was on account of three things: her low degree, her age and her ugliness. Whereupon she asked Gawain to turn his face toward her and look upon her. He did this with great reluctance, but when he turned his eyes, he saw, lying on the sheet, not the crone but a beautiful damsel, eyes black as the sloe, whose red lip swelled like the ripe cherry and whose snowy skin was covered only in the rose-red blush of her maiden modesty.

While the delighted Gawain caressed her, she told him that the form she had worn was not her true one but a disguise imposed upon her by the Caitiff. She was condemned to wear it until two things should happen: one, that she should obtain a fair and gallant knight to be her

lover. This done, she explained, half the charm was removed. She was now at liberty to wear her true form half the time and bade Gawain choose whether he would have her fair by day and ugly by night or the reverse. Pressing his lips to her breast and recalling that the sun had only shortly sunk beneath the horizon, Gawain said he would have the lady beauteous by night, when he alone would enjoy her charms. But she reminded him how much more pleasant it would be for them to taste the fruits of love by light of day, when she could also wear her best looks in the throng of knights and ladies. Stricken by her beauty, Gawain yielded and gave up his will to hers.

This alone was wanting to dissolve the charm. The lovely lady now joyously assured him that she would change no more; that as she was now, so would she remain by night and as well by day; and as she did now (for, indeed, she was then in his embrace), so would she always. And for many nights thereafter, Gawain enjoyed the charms of his lovely scarlet mistress, swearing that as he was a true knight, never was spice so sweet.


—Retold by Michael Laurence



Left: Pictured here is possibly the ultimate in cruising sailboats—the Westsail 32, a lovely wide-beamed, double-hulled 32-footer that sleeps four (six in a pinch) and includes such practical ocean-going features as a low freeboard, a small self-bailing cockpit and a full keel. Inside, the Westsail is a shipshape sanctum of rich woodwork. Fully equipped for the high seas, the Westsail runs about \$60,000.

Below: Weekend sailors itching to mess about in some type of small portable craft should check out the British-made Avan Redcrest inflatable dinghy. Don't laugh; this 9' 3" wander will carry four persons (or a load of 700 pounds), takes up to a four-hp motor, inflates by foot pump in six minutes and—get this—is what the British army uses for landing on rough beaches. Cast: about \$600.



An aerial photograph of several sailboats on a dark, choppy sea. The boats are white with dark hulls, and their sails are partially visible. The water is dark and textured with small waves. The boats are scattered across the frame, with one larger boat in the center-left and several smaller ones around it.

THE PLAYBOY BOAT STABLE

modern living By BROCK YATES

a something-for-everyone pleasure fleet guaranteed to get you in a watery groove

THERE IS NO RATIONAL justification for a boat. Oh sure, you might dredge up some legitimate excuses if you are a cod fisherman or Jacques Cousteau's second cousin, but let's face it, if God had meant for us to float around on the surface of the water, he'd have given us keels and masts and little portholes instead of eyes. And yet, damn it all, useless as they might be, boats are fun. Big ones, midget ones, kayaks, catamarans, tall ones, stubby ones, ketches, canoes; you name it and you've got a line on a brand of hedonism that dates back to Cleopatra's barge. To hell with utility; boats may be the last refuge for pure foolishness on the face of the earth. On land,

they are elbowing the crazies into tight little enclaves, sterilizing the highways and the ski slopes and the mountainsides and the great wilderness—where adventure comes only amid a barrage of regulations and cautious sanctions by the state. Yet boats remain essentially free. Once afloat, you can do about anything you please, which may be the underlying reason why recreational boating is the fastest growing sport in America. In view of this booming popularity, it may be time for you to shed your landlubber's boots in favor of a pair of Top-Siders. It is time to go down to the sea—in boats; time to take part in that vast armada of pleasure (text continued on page 138)



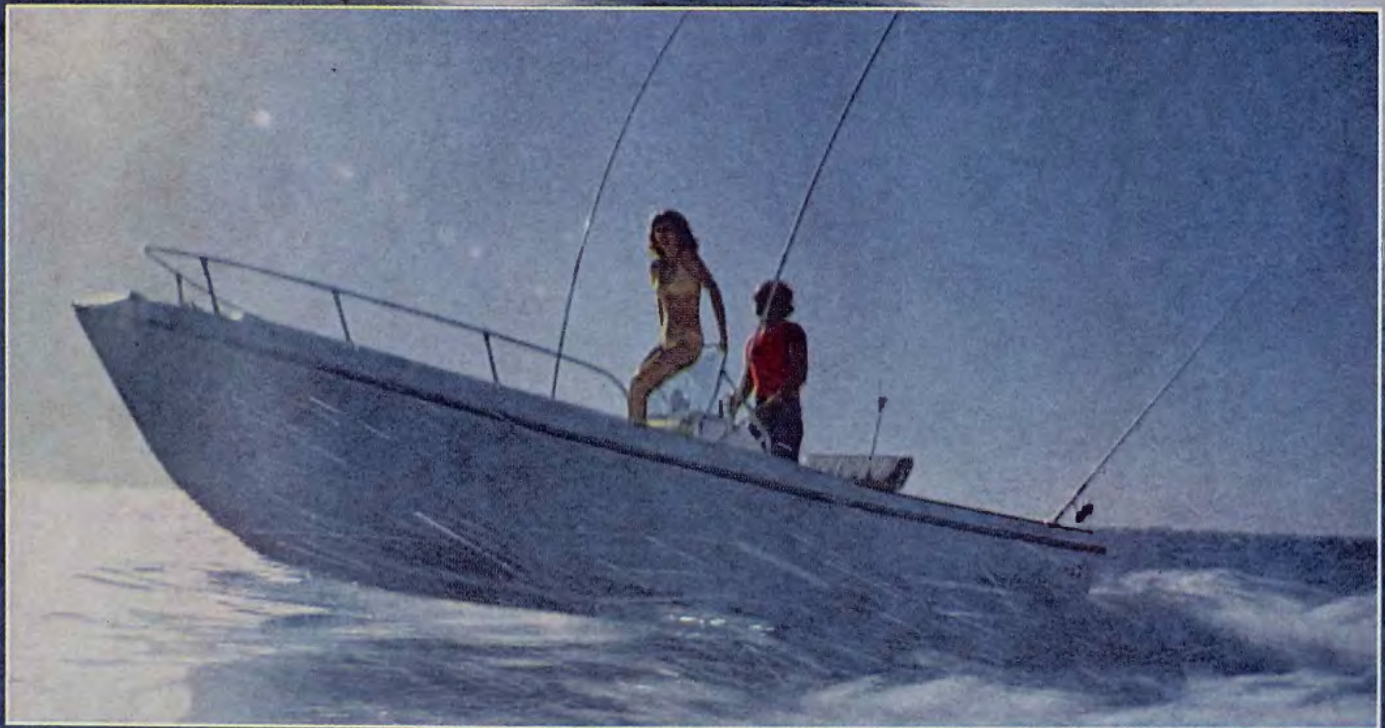
Right: Built for fun, the Hobie 16 catamaran is also one of the fastest sailing craft afloat, having been officially timed at 25.9 mph. Hobies have only a 10" draft; thus, they're adaptable to a variety of sailing conditions. When the day's outing is over, they can be run right up onto all but the roughest beaches and easily disassembled for trailer or van-rack toting. At \$2050, it's the cat's meow.

Far right: Skindiving, anyone? Water-skiing? Fishing? Or just jazzing about on a fresh-water lake or the open sea? Get yourself a fiberglass Aquasport Open Fisherman. Its 19' 6" can be equipped with a variety of outboards—including the new 185-hp behemoths.

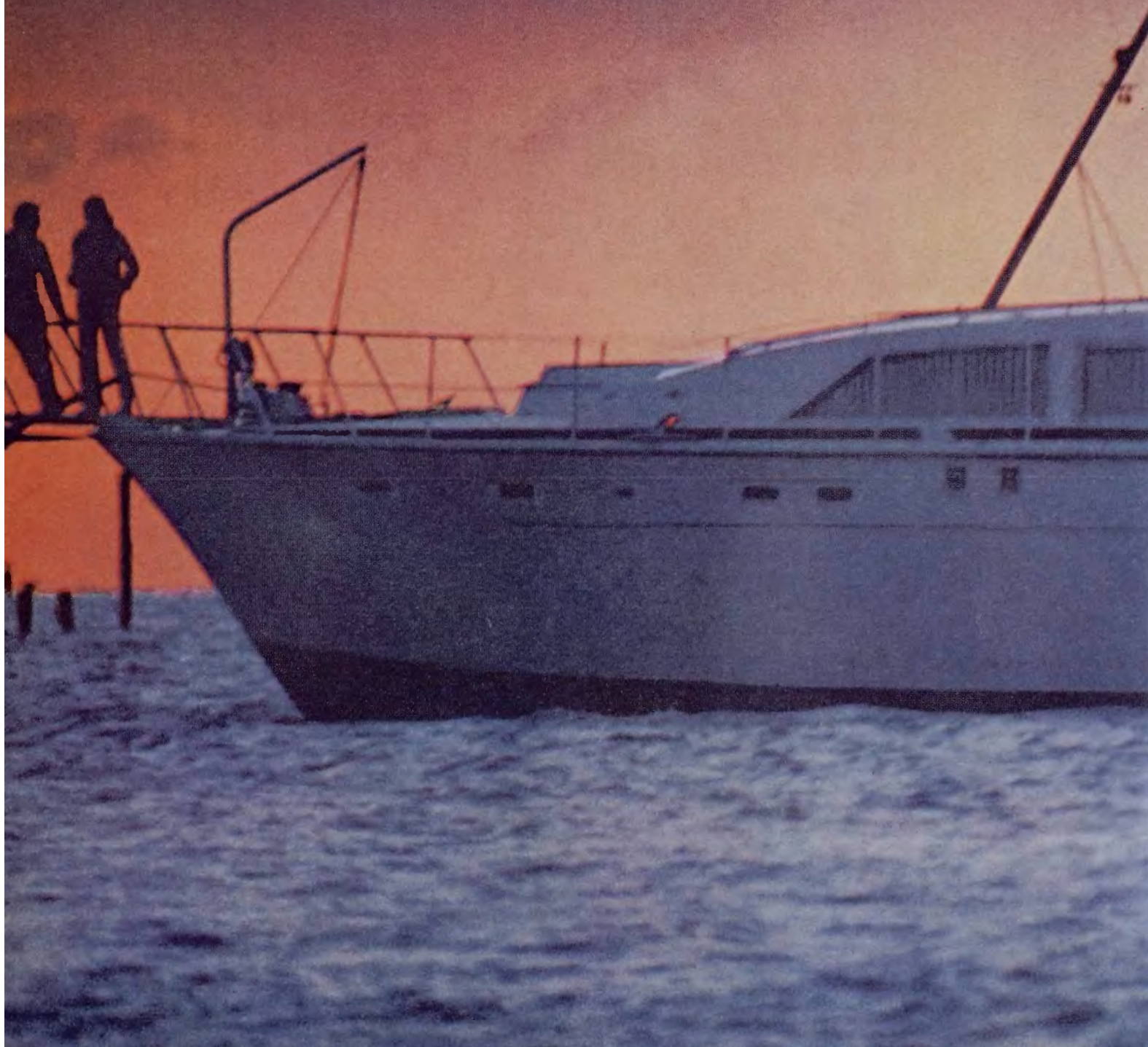
And because the Aquasport's helm is positioned at a center console, there's a clear walkway from stem to stern. Five thou will get you one sensibly equipped.

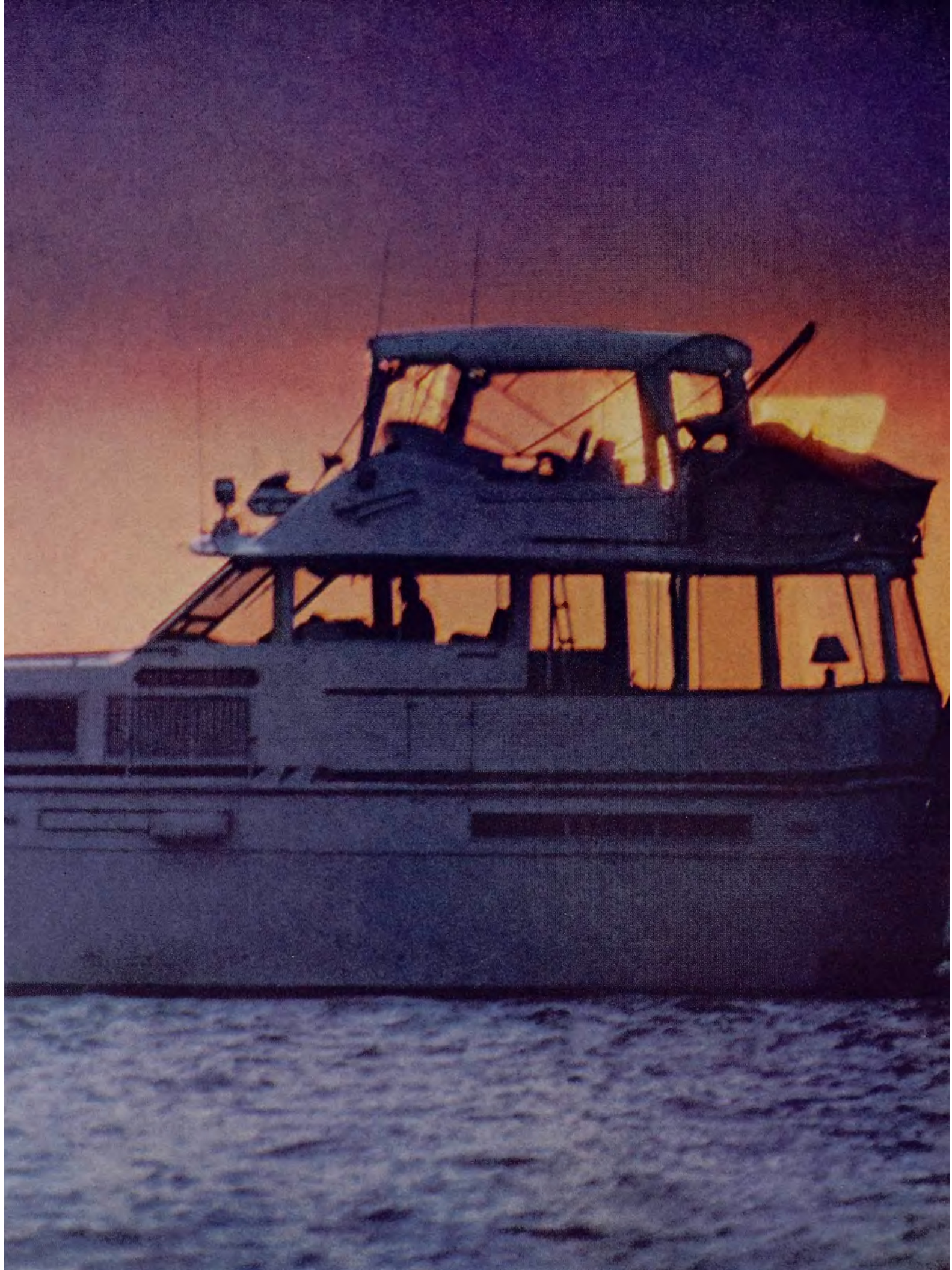


Below: If you want to haul things, buy a barge. But if you want to haul ass, buy a Cigarette 28-SS, the fastest production powerboat available anywhere. Within its low, 28' rakish hull are a head and an inviting forward berth—for two, of course. Laaded for bear—including twin 395-hp engines—a Cigarette will see 70 mph in scant, breath-taking secands. The price? \$40,000 or sa. Still breathing?



Below you see the stuff that an ocean-going hedonist's dreams are made of—the Bertram 58; when fully equipped (and in this baby, that's the only way to fly), it'll set you back 350,000 smackers. Everything on this yacht is designed to take you out to sea in a style that most people don't enjoy back home. In the captain's quarters, there's a king-sized bed with headboard console to control the lights, stereo, etc., and elsewhere, a luxe galley, a full head with shower, plus more, more, more. The view of and from the bridge is equally impressive. (Twin turbocharged GM diesels do the work.) Bon voyage, you lucky devil.





vessels sometimes referred to as plastic toys for girls and boys.

If you fancy yourself as a high roller, you will take pleasure in learning that we have selected a complete fleet for your delectation—six boats, ranging in length from nine feet to 58 feet—which should fill every water-borne need except victories in selected sail- and powerboat races. (The America's Cup, etc., costs extra.) Moreover, we have shown concern for the allowances of your trust fund in these difficult times by trying to keep costs at a reasonable level. This has prompted us to feature only boats available on the general market, as opposed to custom-built vessels that would boost the over-all price well beyond our arbitrary limit of \$500,000. Yes, thanks to prudence and good sense, we are able to present for your approval the Playboy Boat Stable for under a half-million dollars, delivered to your dock. Now, it may be that market setbacks, some reluctance on the part of your estate's trustees, other investment requirements, etc., prevent you from buying the full package. After all, not everyone has \$500,000 in ready cash. Crafty devils that we are, we have made provisions for individual purchases, so that your fleet can be accumulated over a period of time, thus causing less strain on your bank account. In fact, our first offering can be yours for under \$1000, which means that you can own one sixth of our pleasure fleet for less than 1/500th of the total cost.

Should any of you suspect that we included the Avon Redcrest inflatable dinghy as a sop to latent rubber fetishists in the crowd, forget it. This tiny, totally portable 9'3" British-made wonder is one of the most versatile seacraft available, hence its inclusion in the boat stable. In fact, if all British-manufactured goods embodied the kind of creative quality found in the Avon line, the Empire might still be intact. When one considers that the Redcrest will carry four persons—or a load of 700 pounds—yet weighs a mere 43 pounds and can be transported in a small duffel bag, the wide range of its utility begins to come into focus. Its primary application is a combination tender/life raft for larger yachts, but the Redcrest can serve as a perfect weekend mess-about craft, especially for the cramped apartment dweller with no space to store a full-sized boat.

The Redcrest can be inflated with its ingenious foot pump in about six minutes, although optional CO₂ bottles are available for the weakhearted. It comes with a pair of stout wooden oars (collapsible for storage) and provisions for mounting an outboard motor up to four hp. Now, you can trundle down to your local discount store and buy an inflatable dinghy for less than one quarter the price of an Avon Redcrest (which will run you about \$600), but let the buyer beware, especially the first time he

runs it onto a beach covered with sharp stones or hits some rough water. The Redcrest is used by the British army, which means that its reputation for ruggedness and stability is not without foundation. This little vessel with the sooty-gray hull is about as tough as a Brontosaurus and considerably more buoyant, especially with its three individually inflatable compartments. It isn't exactly J. P. Morgan's Corsair, but if you happen to be looking for low price, durability, compactness, versatility and a maximum of laughs per dollar, there are a lot sillier ways to start your fleet. Of course, you have other options: an even smaller, cheaper two-man Avon Redstart (8'2", \$510) and a whole line of really elaborate, more expensive versions, including a 17-footer that will carry up to eight people and, with an 80-hp motor hung on the transom, will run over 40 mph.

Hobie Alter may be the most laid-back tycoon in the history of the Dow-Jones Industrials. Here is this old surfer and Southern California beach bum who has America superjazzed about that water-borne hot-dogging known as catamaran sailing. Yes, he is the creator of the sensational Hobie Cats and, perhaps more important, cool and relaxed about sailing and competition. Whereas most sailboat racing is bound up in the tight-ass world of yacht clubs, race committees, arcane rules, classes and stiffly fanatical competitors, Hobie Cat racing is decidedly relaxed and open-ended (which has caused it to become the largest single class of sailboat racing, although it is largely ignored by the establishment). Hobie has been quoted as saying, "We run a lot of regattas all over the place—usually anywhere except a yacht club." He isn't kidding. Among the nearly 215 "Hobie Fleets" presently operating, one can find Hobie Cat freaks in such unsalty spots as Valparaiso, Indiana, and Wichita, Kansas, and as far away as Fortaleza, Brazil, and Quiberon, France. These thousands of world-wide Hobie freaks are part of a fraternity that has its own publication (*Hobie Hot Line*) and hundreds of parties and regattas that lead to world-championship competition in two Hobie classes. Heavy-duty marketing types consider this all an act of genius on Hobie Alter's part—but to him it's the logical outcome of having a lot of laughs. A good thing is bound to get better, if you are cool, is the way people think along the California beaches, and Hobie is the embodiment of that mentality.

Once a top surfer and surfboard manufacturer (he pioneered the lightweight balsa-and-foam fiberglass boards that replaced the traditional redwood versions that were about as maneuverable as barn doors), Alter first got stoked on big Polynesian catamarans in Hawaii in the mid-Fifties. Then surfing superstar Phil

Edwards built a 20-footer and Hobie and his buddies were under way. A 12-footer using a pair of reject foam surfboards was created, which set the pattern for the Hobie Cat—a high-performance, fiberglass catamaran that would handle surf and could be beached with ease. "A Hobie is a grown-up surfboard," says one beach type, "superperfect for us who are too old for surfing but not old enough for sailing."

Since Hobie started to market his original 14-footer in 1968, business has boomed. He has no formal office at Coast Catamaran's splendid 15-acre complex near Irvine, California. Hobie runs plenty loose, surrounded by his buddies, dirt bikes, cold beer, gliders and Cats—and never far from the water. His company sells five different types of sailboats (as well as the Hobie Hawk—a radio-controlled glider—surfboards, skate boards and a vast range of accessory items), of which all but the largest, the 16-footer, are essentially one-man boats. But the Hobie 16 is perhaps the most versatile and broadly appealing of the lot. It is also one of the fastest sailing craft in the world (officially timed at 25.9 mph) and is the epitome of quick handling and maneuverability in all but the meanest weather. With a ten-inch draft, the Hobie 16 can be sailed anywhere, including a municipal wading pool, and can be run up on almost any beach. The craft is easy to sail in almost all wind conditions and, once hiked up in a steady breeze, flying on one hull, it produces some of the most superjazzed, pumped, stoked, totally freaked fun on the water imaginable. Like all Hobies, its fabrication and over-all quality are excellent: it is easily portable, either by trailer or by vantop rack, and quickly disassembles for storage. And all this for about \$2050, complete with sails and rigging. Should you be a racer, over 700 "family-style" regattas (totally loose beach scenes: beer, open fires, kids, wives, girlfriends and lots of good-natured competition) are run each year in every part of the nation. Either way—racing or just catching some wind and sun—the Hobie 16 is built for grins, which is exactly the way that old surfer who started the whole thing wants it.

Fun is also the theme of a boat like the Aquasport 19'6" Open Fisherman, although its purpose is a trifle more utilitarian than that of the Hobie Cat. Here is a strong, stable outboard boat perfectly suited to fishing, in both fresh water and the open sea, skindiving, water-skiing and weekend camping/cruising. Unlike most old outboard boats, which placed the helmsman either at the stern, steering the motor tiller fashion, or in a cramped forward seat, new open fishermen like the Aquasport position the helm at a center console, where it is most efficient in terms of space and function.

(continued on page 203)

berenice sweet didn't know what

true love was—it took the boss rattler to show her

from the forthcoming novel

By HARRY CREWS

DR. AND MRS. SWEET'S DAUGHTER Candy—known to her friends as Hard Candy—felt the snake between her breasts, felt him there and loved him there, coiled, tumescent, ready to strike. They were roaring along in Duffy Deeter's Winnebago and the slanting light through the window caught the little snake—sign and mascot of the Mystic, Georgia, high school football team—where it was sewn onto her letter sweater. She particularly loved the snake because slumped against the wall directly across from her was Willard Miller, an enormous boy with a blunt head and small ears: Boss Snake of all the Mystic Rattlers. *Her Boss Snake*. The best running back in the state, the best back coach Tump Walker—who had four of his boys playing

in the N.F.L.—had ever coached.

With one exception. The exception was sitting across from her slumped just as drunkenly against the other wall of the Winnebago. Two years ago, in his senior year, *he'd* been Boss Snake not just of the Mystic Rattlers but of *everything*. He had offers from 50 colleges. But it all went sour when they discovered he couldn't read very well. Hardly at all, really.

Joe Lon Mackey was staring at Hard Candy's little snake and also at her titties, but mostly

**a
feast
of
snakes**



at the snake, because at this time of year, during Mystic, Georgia's Annual Rattlesnake Roundup, it was impossible for a rage not to start building in him over what had happened to his life. One day he'd had everything and the next day he'd had nothing. He'd been left to deal nigger whiskey and rent out his ten-acre campground to half-crazy snake hunters who came from as far away as Texas and Canada. They'd drink and they'd hunt snakes and they'd have a dance around a burning, 30-foot-tall, papier-mâché diamondback rattler and finally, while they munched on barbecued snake steaks, they'd have a beauty contest to choose Miss Mystic Rattler.

And he, Joe Lon, had been left here to suffer it all because of that reading thing. When he was in high school, from what everybody said to him, and about him, and wrote about him in every newspaper in the state, he had thought his job was to play football. It had honestly never occurred to him he'd have to read, too. Then when Hard Candy's sister, who had been head baton twirler and whom he'd fucked the last two years of high school, had left to become a champion twirler at the University of Georgia and he'd been left here to bootleg whiskey because his daddy was now too old to do anything but raise pit bulldogs and curse Joe Lon's crazy, bedridden sister—when that happened, he'd married Elfy Carter for reasons he still woke up in the night trying to remember.

Elfy hadn't even been pregnant. But it didn't take her long to get that way. And she showed with the second boy before the first one was a year old. Having the babies so close together caused her teeth to rot and begin to fall out. And now Joe Lon was stuck with two football-shaped babies who would not stop screaming for a minute if they didn't have a bottle in their mouths and a wife who had breasts like flaps and teeth so bad she couldn't smile.

Well, it could have been worse, he often thought, he could've been born with a harelip or he could've been born without the fastest pair of wheels in the state. Which he still owned. His 220 record still stood. Hadn't even been threatened. But what was he doing with these possibly world-beating legs? Totin' half pints of moonshine to pulpwood niggers was what he was doing.

"Slow this goddamn thing down, Duffy," roared Willard Miller. They seemed to be going about 110 in the top-heavy, wind-whipped Winnebago.

Duffy Deeter took both hands off the steering wheel and shook his fists in front of him. "Bring me giants!" he screamed.

They'd only known Duffy Deeter and the girl he was with, Susan Gender, about six hours. Duffy Deeter had made the trip to the Mystic Annual Rattlesnake Roundup not to hunt snakes but to bring along

young Susan Gender, who was in graduate school at the University of Florida in Gainesville, where Duffy Deeter had a large law practice and a small, unhappy family. It had been Susan Gender who had suggested they all go across the county line to a bar. She'd stood wide-legged in the Winnebago and shouted: "I wanta go to a tonk. I wanta eat a pickled pig's foot and shake my ass!"

They had immediately wheeled out of Mystic, headed north, in Duffy Deeter's camper. Susan Gender always came up with good things to do. They loved her. Hard Candy, particularly, had found a sister of the blood when she found out Susan Gender had been a baton twirler at the University of Alabama back in her undergraduate days.

Now, full of beer and a kind of belligerent joy, they were on their way to Joe Lon Mackey's trailer to eat an enormous meal of snake. But Joe Lon wasn't looking forward to it. He wasn't looking forward to anything. Everything that could go wrong seemed to be going wrong. More snake hunters had come this year than ever before. There were not enough Johnny on the Spots and the hunters' wives were lined up in front of the little chemical shitters day and night. It even looked as though there might not be enough drinking water. Everybody in the world seemed to be there.

Even Hard Candy's sister, Berenice, had come home from the university. She had brought a boy with her. Joe Lon had met them briefly out on the campground. The boy she was with was polyestered, double-knitted and color-coordinated. He had on a white belt and white shoes. Joe Lon could have cut off both the boy's hands just for wearing clothes like that. Berenice introduced them.

"Joe Lon, I'd like you to meet Shepherd Brown."

The boy wanted to take Joe Lon's hand. "Call me Shep," he said. "Everybody calls me Shep."

Shep? Joe Lon thought. That's a fucking dog's name, ain't it? But they'd shaken hands anyway and promised to meet later.

If that had been all there was to it, Joe Lon would not have chewed the side of his mouth bloody. Six days before the hunt was scheduled to begin, he'd gotten a letter from Berenice. It had come to the little store he sold the whiskey from and it said:

Dear Joe Lon, I will see you at rattlesnake time.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
Love, Berenice

It took him most of the afternoon to figure out what it said and when he did, it did not please him. Didn't them goddamn Xs mean kisses? He seemed to remember that Xs in a goddamn letter like that meant kisses. What the hell was

she trying to do to him? And bringing a fucking boy with her, too. He could taste the bile in his throat and the pressure of his blood was pumping in his ears just like he used to like it to do when he was about to get the ball in a game.

When they got to Joe Lon's purple double-wide, he skinned the snakes with a vengeance. He led everybody to a little wire pen that had several metal drums inside it. He struck one of the drums hard with a hooked stick and the air was suddenly shaken with the thickly rising yet strangely sharp rattle of diamondbacks. Then, with the rattle still reverberating, Joe Lon dipped the snakes out of the drum one at a time. He caught the slowly writhing rattler by the tail and swung it around and around his head and popped it like a cow whip, which caused the snake's head to explode.

When he'd popped 12 good-sized ones, he nailed them up on a board in the pen and skinned them out with a pair of wire pliers. Elfy was standing in the door of the trailer behind them with a baby on her hip. Full of beer and fascinated with what Joe Lon was doing, none of them saw her. But Joe Lon could feel—or thought he could—the weight of her gaze on his back while he popped and skinned the snakes. He finally turned and looked at her, pulling his lips back from his teeth in a smile that only shamed him.

He called across the yard to her. "Thought we'd cook up some snake and stuff, darlin', have ourselves a feast."

Her face brightened in the door and she said, "'Course we can, Joe Lon, honey."

Elfy brought him a pan and Joe Lon cut the snakes into half-inch steaks. When Duffy finally saw that Joe Lon wasn't going to introduce him, he turned to Elfy. "My name's Duffy Deeter and this is something fine. Want to tell me how you cook up snakes?"

Elfy smiled, trying not to show her teeth. "It's lots a ways. Way I do mostly is I soak 'm in vinegar about ten minutes, drain 'm off good and sprinkle me a little Loosianner red-hot on 'm, roll 'm in flour and fry 'm is the way I mostly do."

"God," said Susan Gender.

Duffy slapped Joe Lon on the ass and said, "Where'd you get this little lady, boy? You've got yourself some little lady here."

Elfy blushed and tried not to show her teeth. Joe Lon didn't answer and they followed him into the trailer. Joe Lon put on a stack of Haggard and Elfy took the snake into the kitchen, where she wouldn't let the two other girls come, saying, "It ain't but real room for one in a trailer kitchen. I'll have this cooked up in two shakes."

Joe Lon got some beer out of the
(continued on page 198)

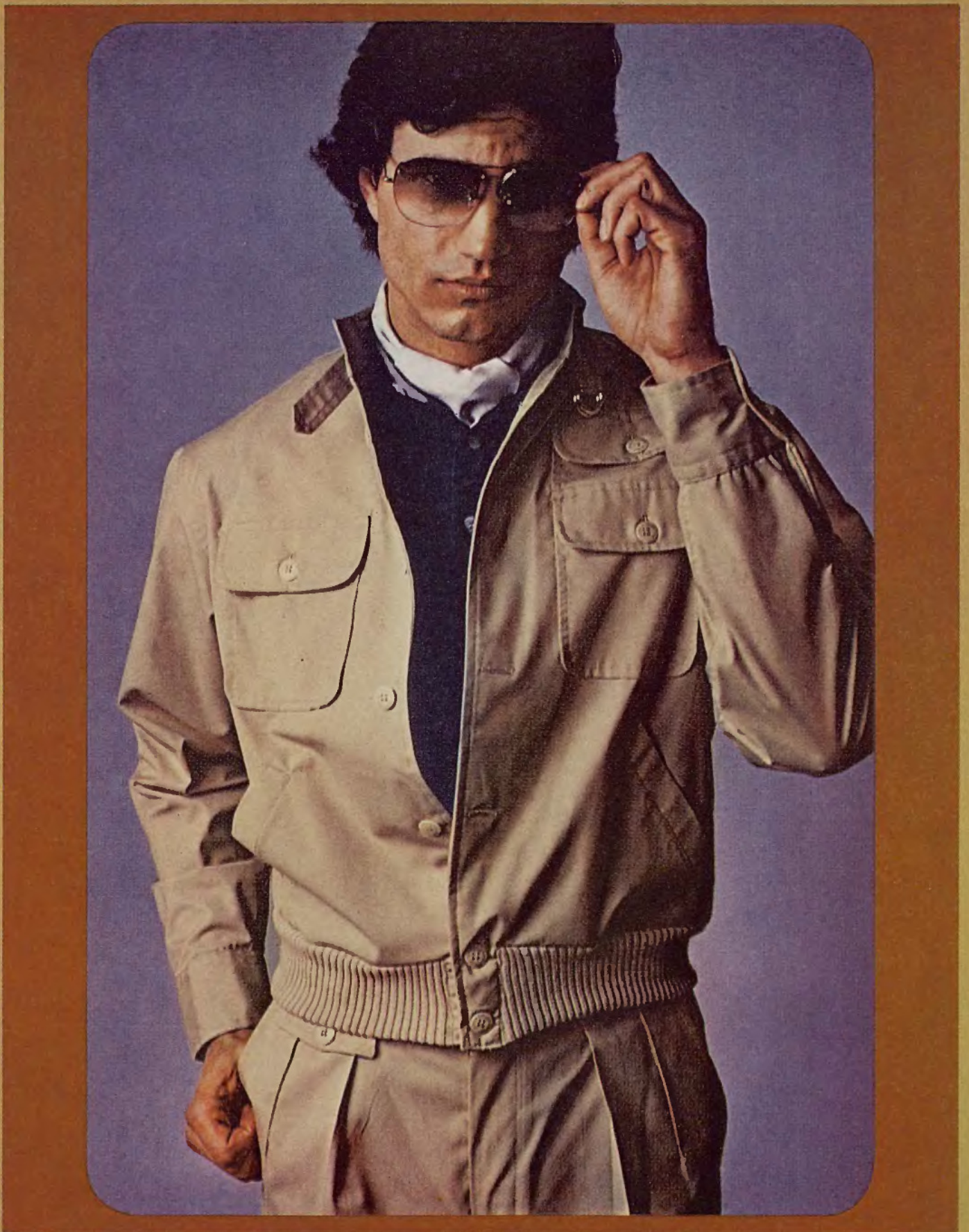


LOOKIN' GOOD

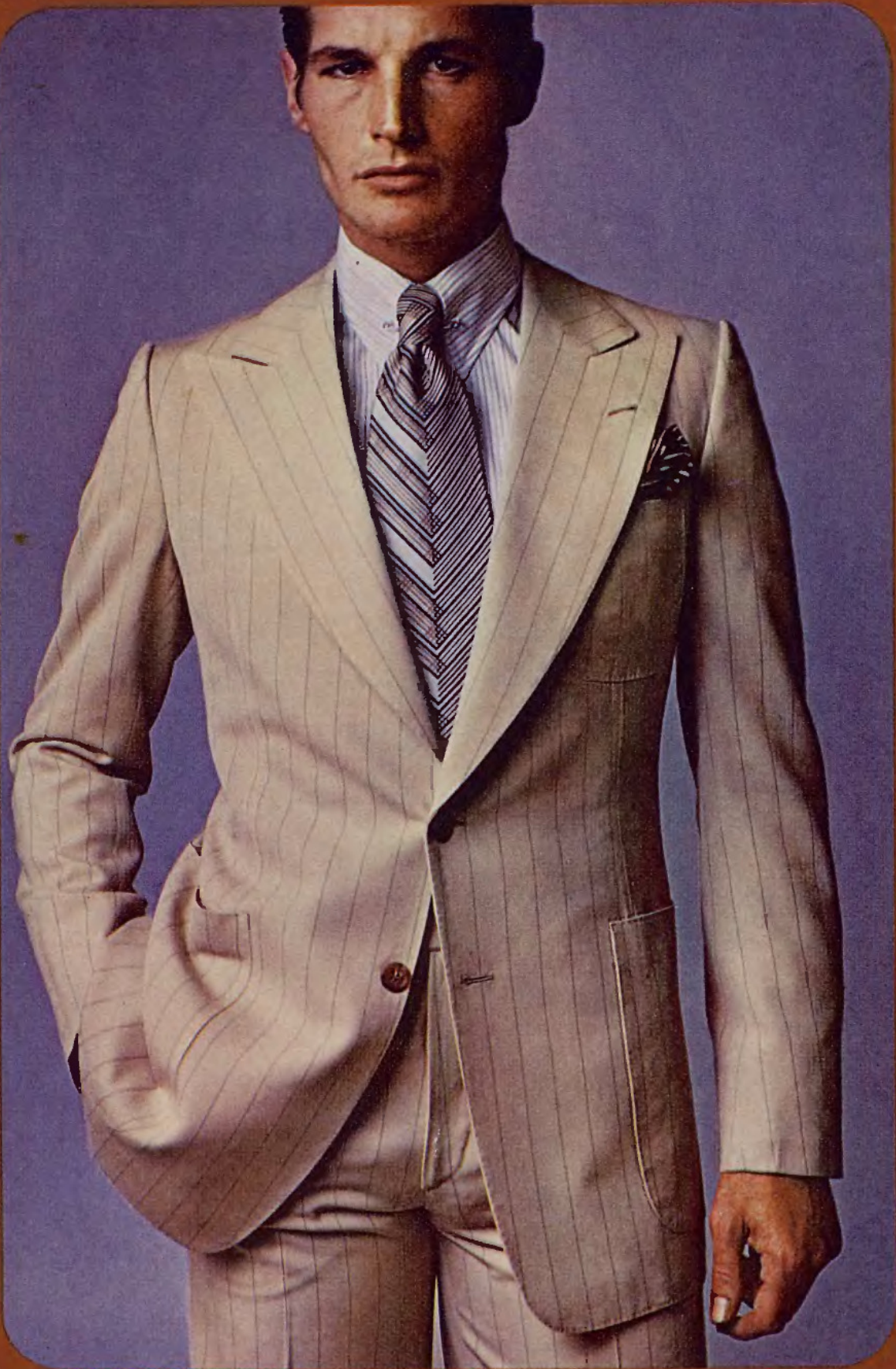
three smart ways to make it through the summer

attire By DAVID PLATT

Harry Lime should look so good in this treated-cotton belted trench coat with epaulets, angled slash pockets and front and back yokes, \$185, worn with a cotton knit shirt featuring a four-button placket front, \$50, and wool gabardine slacks, \$75, all by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, plus an Ultressa self-check scarf, by Carara Fashions, \$10, and a calfskin belt with a silver-and-brass buckle, by Paris Accessories for Men, \$20.



There's a new direction for that perennial classic, the poplin jacket; here, a polyester cotton model with belted stand-up collar, three flap-patch pockets and biswing back, \$95, worn with straight-legged matching slacks, \$50, and a cotton knit pullover shirt with contrasting stand-up collar and five-button placket front, \$32, all by Ralph Lauren/Polo, plus an Ultrasso self-check scarf, by Coraro Fashions, \$10.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALBERTO RIZZO

Chairman of the bored? Hardly—in this wool gabardine pinstriped two-button with peak lapels, patch breast and side pockets and wide straight-legged trousers, by Piero Dimitri for Dimitri Couture, \$450, plus pinstripe-design cotton shirt with long-pointed collar and barrel cuffs, by Bert Pulitzer, \$30, multicolor silk tie, by Carré by Berkley, \$12.50, and multicolor Ultrassa pocket square, by Carora Fashions, \$10.



By ROWLAND B. WILSON



*"A penny saved and forty-nine cents
will buy you carfare home."*



*"Early to bed and early to rise makes sure
you get out before her husband arrives."*



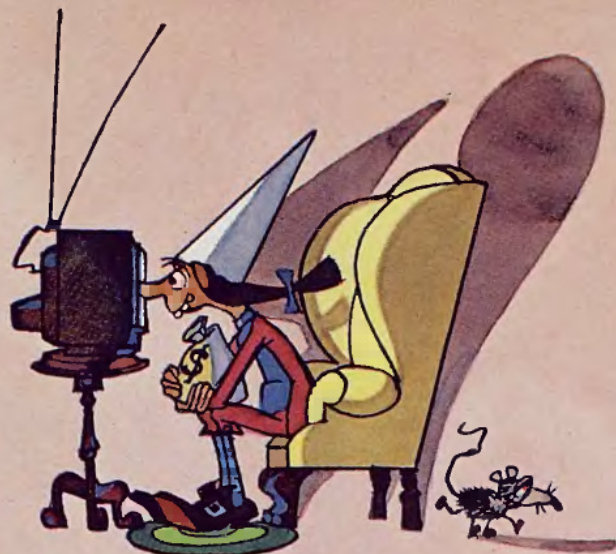
*"You can't teach an old dog
who should know better anyhow."*



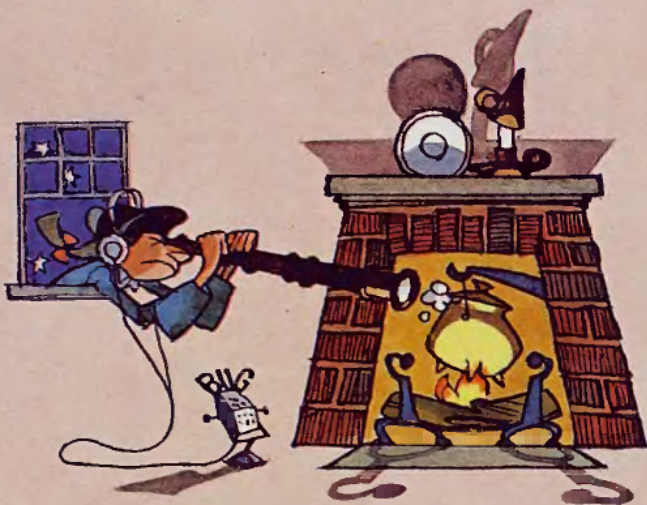
"A Rolling Stone gathers groupies."



"God must have loved the common man.
He made so many taxpayers."



"A fool and his money are
the prime-time target audience."



"A watched pot wouldn't surprise me,
considering what the FBI has been up to."



"Nothing succeeds like an oil lobby."



Forrest B. Wilson '76

"Some people are born great, some people achieve greatness
and some people are pretty much what you'd expect but get to be President, anyway."

THE FIRE THIS TIME

(continued from page 80)

you shouldn't be having gun battles on Main Street.

"There shouldn't be no confusion in people's minds about whether or not they in a fight—tell them to look in their pocketbooks. Somebody done took their motherfucking money. There's a war going on in this country right now and you try to find your best weapon."

Scott-Heron's weapons are his words and his music, and he wields them decisively: "I'm trying to get people who listen to me to realize that they are not alone and that certain things are possible. A lot of people who be believing in something that don't compare to what bourgeois people be into, they be thinking that they not correct, because the normal nigger is headed for something else. But we done seen how plastic and artificial some of those directions are—and we be trying to say to brothers and sisters, Let's pool our energies and talents and try to get all of this here, instead of this little bit you might be able to get on the corner. Just look at the Nation of Islam. How much more concentrated will and result could you want to see from a group of people? Whenever you see something like that, you've got to say, Right on."

"I think America is on a path that will not be conducive to its continued development and status as a world leader. I believe that a lot of life speeds and tendencies of American people will cause the country to suffer, and I believe that black people will be in a position to say how a lot of things go down in America. It's related to a theory that Malcolm X used to express, about how the Whiteys be evenly divided, so whichever way the black people go, that's the way it's going. The vote is another weapon, and when you in a fight, you use them all. But when we get into things that relate to politics, a lot of the time people be saying, Man, I'm just interested in cash. And I have to hip people to the fact that if they interested in money, that's the best reason to get into politics. And that's one of my objectives—to get people interested in politics in terms of cash motherfuckin' money."

"You've got to understand that there is a program—and when the black movement became reality in terms of its potential explosiveness, things were diverted to women's lib and gay lib and a lot of different other things, and they keep the program shifting, and they keep people off balance, and it took till now to focus on how all that was more than a coincidence and was hooked up in some sort of pattern. And people see how they were tricked. But there are a lot of things that a lot of diverse people

LYRICS BY SCOTT-HERON

SOUTH CAROLINA (BARNWELL)

*I heard they buildin' a fact'ry down in
South Carolina
With a death potential uncontrolled
by government designers.
It will house atomic wastes and be a
constant reminder
That they're buildin' a great big bomb
that's tickin' in South Carolina. . . .
Whatever happened to the people who
gave a damn?
Or did they just apply to dyin' in the
jungles of Vietnam?*

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H₂Ogate BLUES

*How much more evidence do the
citizens need
That the election was sabotaged by
trickery and greed?
And if this is so, and who we got
didn't win,
Let's do the whole goddamn election
over again.*

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BACK HOME

*There's been a whole lot said about
your city living.
They told us that the streets were
paved with gold.
And some of us believed, and left our
homes and came looking,
But that was just another story they
told.*

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THE BOTTLE

*See that black boy over there, runnin'
scared,
His old man in a bottle.
He done quit his nine-to-five, he drinks
full time,
Now he's livin' in a bottle.*

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GUERRILLA

*I believe we will see us in my lifetime
Standing tall on a mountain letting
our light shine.
I believe brothers been holding back
too long
And if you ain't blind, then you know
it's time
We were comin' on strong.*

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A VERY PRECIOUS TIME

*Was there the faintest breeze?
And did she have a ponytail?
And could she make you feel ten feet
tall
Walking down a grassy trail?
Wasn't your first love
A very precious time?*

*And now they got me
Trying to define, in later life,
How much a love means to me.
And it keeps me struggling to remember
My first touch of spring.*

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have in common these days. Russell Means, who is the head of the American Indian movement, has a lot in common with Joanne Little, who has a lot in common with Inez Garcia, who has a lot in common with the San Quentin Six—in terms of being symbols of how America had to change but did not. And that's important. The total reality, of course, is that the people are not helpless or defenseless or without the means to effect change. The realization has to be that nobody is gonna do everything—but that we all can do something and we should all be doing what we can."

It is difficult for anyone with such strong beliefs to remain a mere poet, and Scott-Heron's dilemma is that he has presented himself as more than a poet but less than a political leader. He is as good a polemicist as he is a songwriter or a vocalist, and his admitted concern with how people see him comes from the uneasiness of the combination.

The Dylan comparison is a forced one. Scott-Heron has, at 27, done a greater variety of things. In addition to his writing, he has been a college teacher of creative writing and a Johns Hopkins fellow. Furthermore, while Scott-Heron could easily be diverted into politics, it seems unlikely that Dylan ever could. But Dylan is a true poet, while there is always the suspicion that Scott-Heron may be just a political thinker trying to pass. Poets conceal their bitterness, and even at his best—*Lady Day and John Coltrane*—Scott-Heron is shrouded in bitterness. He can't back out from under the burden of Countee Cullen or Langston Hughes or Paul Robeson or Charlie Parker or Lester Young or Richard Wright or W. E. B. Du Bois or any of those sad-eyed black poets or thinkers bending over stacks of paper or over a horn, trying for an answer; fretting their lives away for a race that found it too painful to think. He can't escape the weight of the years, nor does he want to. As a black American, Gil Scott-Heron has a moral imperative to say what he says—but what we face in the closing decades of the 20th Century is not merely the question of the survival of a particular race within a particular society but the survival of the human race. Certainly, when the shit hits the fan, the privileged will be the last to suffer, but no one will be able to escape. It is intriguing that, for all his insight, Scott-Heron only suggests the scope of the problems and it is indicative of his entrapment in limbo as a spokesman and poet: singing out the agony of black America.

Still, he is the last poet—and the first major black thinker of the Seventies—and it'll be interesting to see whether he can overcome his limitations. His best album so far is *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised*, followed closely by *Winter in America*. The former is an anthology

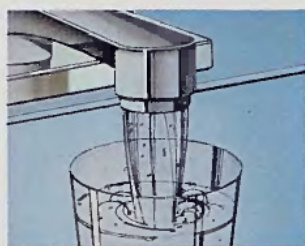
Why is Tareyton better? Others remove.



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.

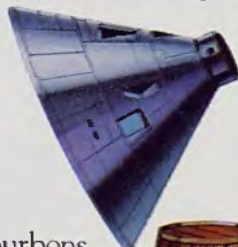


Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!

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
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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.

of the best from his first three albums on Flying Dutchman. It's a must for anyone interested in understanding where Scott-Heron is coming from. *Winter in America* may be hard to find, since it was issued on Strata-East, a small cooperative label with limited distribution. It contains *The Bottle*, which was a surprising hit in the New York and Paris discos. On their first two albums for Arista Records—*The First Minute of a New Day* and *From South Africa to South Carolina*—Scott-Heron and Jackson are dragged down by the unimaginative unprofessionalism of their producers. Songs with potential are ruined by the bland accompaniment of The Midnight Band and a second vocalist who wasn't needed.

Of course, as an educator, a teacher, a preacher and a hip lip, Scott-Heron cares not a whit for such considerations. The message is the music. But for a singing poet, the music is also the message, and if it isn't corrected, he might have to run

for Congress, since no one will be buying the records.

"But I'm not interested in politics," he says, "because there are too many gangsters involved in Government. Actually, I could run it, because anybody could run it if they ran it according to the rules. The Government as it exists now could really respond to the needs of the country. But there are too many gangsters making too many deals, and compromises that don't benefit people except in a roundabout way. If they followed the Constitution, they would be a lot closer to what's happening, because the Constitution and the Bill of Rights talk about justice, liberty and equality—and that damn near covers it all. But I heard they took a copy of the Constitution around to people on the street and they thought it was a Communist document. That's how far we've come."



"Oh, damn! 'Premature ejaculation'—go back ten spaces, lose your turn...."

NO END TO THE MADNESS

(continued from page 120)

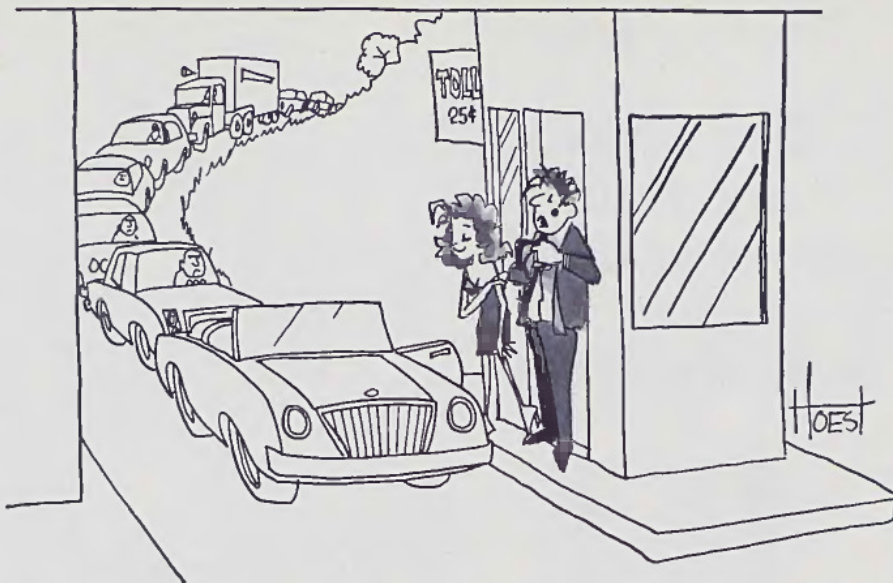
questioned the state's developing case, was gagged by a court ruling issued soon after Sirhan's arraignment (still, enterprising newsmen chased down leads, perhaps figuring they couldn't prejudice the case any more than had Mayor Sam Yorty, who, right after the murder, proclaimed that Sirhan was "a sort of loner who harbored Communist inclinations, favored Communists of all types. . . . [His diary said] that R.F.K. must be assassinated before June 5, 1968"). Then, too, the defense's decision to say Sirhan was a victim of diminished mental capacity meant the questions of a conspiracy, even important questions of physical evidence, were not deeply probed in Sirhan's behalf. Instead, the trial was mainly a show of psychiatric testimony.

Thus, the trial of Sirhan did not solve Kennedy's murder—an outcome to consider for those who believe a trial for James Earl Ray might have cleared up King's assassination. It's true much was revealed about the sort of man Sirhan was and about facts pointing to his planning and execution of the crime. But much else was slighted, leaving us with speculations that have survived. What do we now know—and what do we still question—about Sirhan and Kennedy?

We know, thanks to Sirhan's notebook and the work of writers such as Kaiser, that the convicted assassin was a mightily disturbed young man. In his diary-notebook, snatched up by the police when Sirhan's brother allowed them to search his room (a seizure of dubious legality), he wrote: "May 18 9:45 AM—68 My determination to eliminate R.F.K. is becoming more the more of an unshakable obsession . . . R.F.K. must die—RFK must be killed Robert F. Kennedy must be assassinated . . . please pay to the order." There are many such homicidal notes, several juxtaposed with entries about money, which has led some to suspect that Sirhan was paid to kill Kennedy (but no untoward sums were ever discovered—Sirhan worked, and in April 1968, he got \$1705 in workmen's compensation, due after a fall from a horse in 1966, an event to which we'll return). In one place, Sirhan writes that he advocates "the overthrow of the current President of the fucken United States of America," and in another, that the solution is to "do away with its leaders." Certainly, it seems Sirhan's attitude fits that of an assassin. His diary, according to Dr. David Rothstein, author of *Presidential Assassination Syndrome*, exhibits the same paranoia as that of those who write threatening letters to U.S. Presidents. (The notebooks are his, according to handwriting experts, and not forgeries, a fact that some conspiracy buffs contest, saying the notebooks, like Arthur Bremer's, were dictated to Sirhan by master plotters.)

What brought Sirhan to this attitude? Perhaps as revealing as any remark he ever made was one to his mother upon arriving in America in 1957. The 12-year-old boy asked, "When we become citizens, Momma, will we get blond hair and blue eyes?" His question came out of the miasmic sort of childhood psychiatrists say is common to many of our assassins and accused assassins: one marked by a lack of love from the father (Sirhan's father, people testified, often beat the boy) and by traumatic upset (in Sirhan's case, the barbaric 1948 Jewish-Arab war, much of it carried on in Jerusalem, where the Sirhans lived before the fighting uprooted them. The war also later provided Sirhan with a political cause similar to John Wilkes Booth's Confederacy, Guiteau's Stalwart Republicanism, Czolgosz' anarchism, Oswald's Cuba). Such early experiences can cause *anomie*, a feeling that one belongs to nothing, and a consequent desire to become—however it's accomplished—someone who does belong. For example, the prototypical blond, blue-eyed American—that, too, a fantasy—who had not been ousted by Jews from his home, who had not seen bombings in Jerusalem, who had not stood around refugee camps at the age of four in a spell cast by the horrors of continuous killing and maiming. Nor is that the only effect on embryonic assassins. Often there is a feeling of impotence (during the early morning hours after his arrest, Sirhan said, "We're all puppets"), which can spark desires for self-improvement, for secret societies, for anything to enhance self-esteem. That was true of Sirhan.

At Pasadena's John Muir High School, the swarthy foreigner was shy and envious of the white-skinned Americans, with their cars and money and fathers (Sirhan's deserted the family to return to Palestine after only six months in America). At Pasadena City College—whence issues the Rose Bowl Queen every year—he amassed Fs while flirting with collegiate communism (one leftish fellow student, Walter Crowe, afterward feared he had inspired Sirhan to kill Kennedy by discussing the virtues of terrorism) and Nasserism and Castroism and Rosicrucianism. Sirhan then badly wanted a Mustang and money (awaiting trial, he fantasized blackmailing first Lyndon Johnson, then Richard Nixon, for a pardon and money, and then James Hoffa for \$150,000, the threat always the same: They ordered him to kill Kennedy). In lieu of riches, Sirhan experimented with moving objects and people by transmitting thoughts to them. He tried automatic writing and gazed at candles, attempting self-hypnosis. He boasted that he once conjured Kennedy's face in a mirror. Sirhan became excited by the success of black militancy during 1967 and 1968 and enraged by Israel's victory over the Arabs in 1967 (June second of that year, he entered in his notebook, "A Decla-



"However, next time, please try to have the correct change."

ration of War Against American Humanity" for injustices visited upon himself). In April 1968, Kaiser reports, Sirhan was intrigued by the successful escape of King's assassin. Assassination itself interested him and he underlined pertinent passages in history books. And so Sirhan wandered through his early 20s, among odd doctrines and peoples, a lonely bed-wetting boy who had nightmares about walking into a great darkness, who worried about his food, who was both proud and ashamed of his Arabness and who detested Robert Kennedy's Zionist supporters—he once interrupted coitus when a girl confessed she was Jewish—although thinking with another mind that Bobby was for the underdog, and he was one of those for sure.

Sirhan was also, one defense psychiatrist said, a chronic and deteriorating paranoid (in the top 95 percent of tests) with persistent symptoms of "delusional false beliefs." One such belief, incidentally, was the messianic notion that he had elected Nixon by shooting Kennedy, which in history's cold light seems not so delusional. Diamond believed Sirhan's predominant appearance of lucidity came from feigning sanity. That opinion came partly from Diamond's sessions with a hypnotized Sirhan—predictably, he went under easily—during one of which the Jordanian writhed in horror as he melded the bombings of his youth with the Phantom jets Kennedy approved sending to Israel.

Israel, the detested usurper, obsessed Sirhan in both hypnotic and conscious states—a fixation that became fraught with ironies at his trial, where among his defenders he had both a Jewish civil rights attorney and an Arabian-American lawyer (who apparently had been retained by Arab interests to ensure that Sirhan's trial provided maximum airing

of Arab grievances). Israel's linkage to Kennedy was obvious. "I hated his guts, sir," Sirhan told Diamond. In one hypnotic session, according to Kaiser, Sirhan re-enacted the murder, reaching for his left hip, muttering, "You son of a bitch," pointing his finger and crooking it several times around the imagined trigger. Diamond in time hypothesized that Sirhan was entranced when he shot Kennedy, in a dissociated state brought into his fragmented mind by Kennedy's presence in the hotel, the booze and maybe the bright lights and mirrors of the campaign rooms through which he drifted before the shooting (at the trial, however, testimony was offered that Sirhan had lurked mostly in a dark corridor). Such a trance, some think, could have been induced by a coconspirator who had programmed Sirhan, one of his occultist acquaintances, perhaps. Special Unit Senator's investigation, however, found no evidence of the numerous meetings many hypnotic-suggestion experts believe would have been necessary to assure control of an assassin. Sirhan himself suggested (and Diamond and Kaiser thought it possible) that he may have killed Kennedy due to autosuggestion, his hatred and lust for vengeance so strong in his subconscious that they took over his body and rational mind. In the end, several questions bubbled out of these psychological swamps. For instance, did Sirhan, in and out of hypnosis, steadfastly deny there was a conspiracy because he had been programmed to do so or because he was schizophrenic, or both? What, then, was the import of his blocking on psychological test questions asking if he felt people were controlling his mind? Did he block because he was controlled by others or because he felt another of his selves steering him? Or was it all, as some prosecutors felt, a screen erected by a

Brut for Men.

If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut® lotion by Fabergé.



basically sane, cunning man who had planned the crime and executed it alone, in cold blood?

Whatever the answer, Sirhan obviously was not normal. His family, less fancy than the doctors, attributed Sirhan's increasingly bizarre behavior to that fall from the horse. After his college flunk-out, Sirhan wanted to be a jockey. He worked awhile at Santa Anita and in 1966 got a job as an exercise boy, actually riding, at a ranch called Granja Vista Del Rio near Corona, California. There, on a foggy September 25th morning, up on a horse named Hy-Vera, Sirhan was thrown against a metal post, where he lay crumpled, crying and bleeding. "He never coulda become a jockey," his boss later said. "He sort of lost his nerve." After the mishap, Sirhan didn't work much, although his notebook suggested he continued to covet the things America was supposed to bestow on her immigrants. His last job was at an organic-foods store in Pasadena. He quit in the spring of 1968, about the time he got his gun and his workmen's-compensation checks (several of America's other assassins have been unemployed or unsuccessful when they pulled the trigger). From March on, Sirhan moved inexorably toward the Ambassador's pantry, albeit through the half-light of facts and rumors that surrounds assassination reconstructions.

He took to practicing a lot with his gun and intensified his occult experiments. His notebook entries became more violent and disjointed. Sirhan watched the gathering California primary campaign and by May 18 (this, too, re-created in hypnosis) had confided those murderous desires to his diary. Then, it seems, he began stalking Robert Kennedy. Witnesses later said they thought they had seen Sirhan at R.F.K. campaign functions on May 20 and 24. On June first, Sirhan seems to have practiced shooting and bought some ammunition (the salesclerk at first said he was with two other men—coconspirators?—but he later recanted). Then, in the evening, he watched the key debate between R.F.K. and Eugene McCarthy.

The next day, Sirhan admits, he attended the R.F.K. rally at the Ambassador, enticed by the public invitation and beguiled by the notion that a Kennedy, even a hated Kennedy, would thus solicit the great unwashed. Sirhan's activities on Monday, June third, are unclear. He may have driven his '56 pink-and-white De Soto (so unlike the Mustangs he and James Earl Ray liked) to San Diego to an R.F.K. speech. More likely, he drove around awhile, maybe shot some pool or some targets, then went home to watch TV. But there is a story, admired by conspiracy theorists, that on June third, Sirhan and a Mexican-looking kid were picked up by a freakish Los Angeles character—minister, gambler and all-round hustler—while hitchhiking in

downtown L.A. The preacher said he drove them to a brief sidewalk meeting with a slick dark-haired fellow and a blonde girl, then took Sirhan alone to another rendezvous with somebody who worked in the kitchen at the Ambassador. During all this, the man said he made a deal to sell Sirhan a horse, a deal to be consummated the next morning. But Sirhan didn't show. Instead, it was the dark-haired fellow, accompanied by the girl and the Mexican, who wanted the horse delivered near the Ambassador that evening of June fourth; but no deal was struck and the preacher went off to Oxnard to sell the Gospel and the next day learned of the Kennedy shooting, and so came forward with this story. The police in time decided, based mostly on polygraph tests, that the minister had lied. Anyway, few thought it feasible that conspirators would plan to escape in a horse trailer. But the story didn't die, since it fit with other conspiracy tales, as we'll see.

In any event, most of Sirhan's activities on June fourth are documented. About 11:30 A.M., he was at the San Gabriel Valley Gun Club. There he stayed until it closed at five o'clock, firing almost 400 rounds of mini-mags (uploaded .22 long-rifle cartridges) and standard .22s. When asked by another shooter about his small gun, he said, "It could kill a dog." He also offered expert advice to a housewife about her shooting (although her blonde hair and fondness for firearms were suspect, the woman later was cleared of any role in a conspiracy). Leaving the range, Sirhan went to a hamburger joint, became distressed over two newspaper accounts—one of renewed skirmishing between Jordan and Israel—visited with some Arabs he'd met at college and then, failing to find the rally, headed for the Ambassador.

Sirhan arrived about 8:30. Police think he carried his gun stuck in his waistband but Sirhan's hypnotic reconstruction has him fetching it later. Either way, he left his wallet and identification in his car parked two blocks away. Soon the slight figure in blue-velour shirt and denim pants was mixing with the Kennedy crowds. He inquired of an electrician where Kennedy stayed and if he had bodyguards. Then he was seen in the press room, peering at a teletype tapping out the news of Kennedy's building victory. Next he seems to mingle with the crowd in the Embassy Ballroom, and then he's drinking a tom collins and remarking about the heat in the rooms, and then he's seeking entrance to the anteroom behind the stage from which Kennedy will soon speak but is rebuffed and returns to the adjoining pantry corridor, where he asks a bus boy if Kennedy will be coming through there soon. All around him ascends the hysteria of victory, the noise of the mariachi bands, of the campaign song *This Man Is Your Man*, of the cheers, "We

want Bobby! We want Bobby!" and the applause and laughter as the candidate appears and addresses them, and thanks them, and then comes off the stage and down the corridor toward Sirhan, standing between the steam table and the ice machine, waiting with those peaceful eyes. Lastly, there is the sound of shots and screams.

Immediately after the murder, the din intensified. Noise about the Girl in the Polka Dot Dress came first. Sandy Serrano, a campaign follower, said she was on a fire escape escaping the heat when a girl in a white dress with black polka dots came up, along with two young men, a *chicano* and a hirsute Anglo, one of them maybe Sirhan. Then, a few minutes later, Serrano said, the girl and a man came pelting down the fire escape, shouting, "We've shot him, we've shot him." A mystery was born (and one whose cast dovetailed with the minister's story). It deepened later, when Thomas Vincent DiPierro, son of an Ambassador *maitre de*, told police he'd seen the smiling assassin, holding on to a tray stand, just before the murder. He seemed to be with a pretty girl in a white dress with black polka dots. The press at once set out in full cry to find this vanished conspirator. Before long, a go-go dancer named Cathey Fulmer volunteered that she might be the girl, since she was wearing a polka-dot scarf. But that didn't check out as anything except publicity seeking by a sick girl (Miss Fulmer committed suicide ten months later and students of the "dying witnesses" in the J.F.K. assassination pondered the significance). Then Valerie Schulte, a Kennedy Girl who'd been in the pantry, said she was the polka-dotted girl, a statement disputed by other witnesses. Eventually, the police concluded that Serrano and DiPierro had "contaminated" each other's stories before giving their statements, and so discounted the tale (they believed DiPierro's account of Sirhan's shooting Kennedy up close, though). Nonetheless, today many think there was a girl and that she was part of a conspiracy.

Endlessly, the rumors came. A psychotic skyjacker and bad-check artist told the FBI that Castro had Bobby done in to complete vengeance on the Kennedys for their anti-Cuba activities. A French "investigator," and several Americans, suggested that Arab terrorists—possibly dispatched by Nasser—had killed Kennedy in retaliation for the U. S.'s friendship with Zionists. Donald Freed, who collaborated with Mark Lane in the J.F.K.-conspiracy film *Executive Action*, recently has revived the programmed-assassin idea in a pulpish book that supposes Sirhan was programmed through sex and hypnotism to kill Kennedy for the same right-wingers who had arranged King's death. Another writer previously vouchsafed to police that he had information indicating that the CIA had killed Bobby to keep him, when he became

President, from investigating his brother's murder and discovering that the CIA had done it. What's more, the writer had told Jim Garrison of his suspicions and Big Jim had thundered, Why not?

That made a weird sort of sense. Garrison and the assassinated Kennedys were, after all, a spectral dance team twirling through America's recent political murders, as the ghosts of assassinations past. No wonder that rumors are still mongered tying together the deaths of John and Robert Kennedy via a convoluted guilt-by-association skein of big labor, organized crime, Castro, anti-Castroites, dissident U. S. intelligence agents, Watergate and even the late Howard Hughes.

Compared with such conjectures, the puzzles in the physical evidence seem heavy as gold. Dr. Thomas Noguchi's thorough autopsy provided the most basic data, which paradoxically gave impetus to several questions about the assassination. (Even so, the autopsy contrasted with the shoddy performance wrought on J.F.K.; to assure proper procedures, the Government flew in three observers from the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, ironically including the much-maligned Colonel Pierre Finck, one of J.F.K.'s autopsy physicians.) Noguchi found three wounds: the fatal right-mastoid shot, which left a slug too shattered for testing; a nonfatal entry behind the right armpit, the slug exiting at the front of the right shoulder, leaving no testable lead fragments; another wound one half inch away from the shot above in the right armpit, this slug coming to rest in the lower rear of the neck, whence it was extracted for ballistics testing. The killing shot, Noguchi established, laid a powder tattoo one inch long on Kennedy, which meant the gun was no farther away from him than three inches. The other, wounding shots came from within about six inches. An examination of Kennedy's suit jacket showed a fourth bullet had passed through his right shoulder pad, going on to bounce around and wound one of the five other victims—or so the police thought. Skeptics were not so sure, and their queries clustered around these crucial factors: (1) the assassin's location as deduced from the wounds versus eyewitness accounts of where Sirhan and Kennedy were; (2) the fate of the missing bullets (indeed, how many shots actually were fired and where did they all go?); and (3) what the testable bullets recovered from Kennedy and two other victims revealed.

Critics of the police investigation pointed out that several eyewitnesses said Sirhan was never closer to Kennedy than a foot. How, then, could he have fired the fatal shot from three inches away? In addition, many witnesses (there were over 70 in the pantry who were interviewed) thought Sirhan was in front of Kennedy, and thus could not have shot him from behind, as the autopsy showed. Former

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U. S. Congressman Allard Lowenstein is one who believes in a "second gun" and thinks Sirhan's trial ignored the conspiracy angle. He quotes the assistant maître de, Karl Uecker (who was guiding Kennedy through the pantry), as saying Sirhan's gun was always in front of them and no closer than 18 inches. Moreover, that Uecker believes Sirhan fired only two shots before Uecker knocked him back onto the steam table, so how could Kennedy have been hit by four bullets from Sirhan's gun?

The question is tantalizing. Yet, at least two key witnesses dispute Uecker's recollection. A security guard named Thane Eugene Cesar, who figures in another speculation, said Kennedy turned just before he was shot. Vincent DiPierro, who was close enough to Kennedy to be splattered with his blood, also says that while it's true Sirhan was to Kennedy's right front, about three feet away, before the shooting started, the gunman then lunged forward, coming close to Kennedy, and at the same time Kennedy turned leftward to shake more hands. That movement, these witnesses think, brought Bobby's back to Sirhan. (Dr. Noguchi thinks a first shot into the head could have sent Kennedy into a "body spinning," which would have brought his back toward Sirhan and account for the additional wounds there.) As for the number of shots, DiPierro, again with many others, remembered a burst of shots (presumably the first attack) and then several more as during his struggle Sirhan kept firing wildly, throwing bullets all over the narrow pantry.

Certainly, Sirhan's eight-shot gun was empty when it was all over. And six people were hit. Seven bullets or fragments were retrieved from the victims (three of them unmutated enough for ballistics testing), and the eighth—according to the police, the one that went through Kennedy's chest—went upward through ceiling panels and "was lost somewhere in the ceiling interspace." Splendid, except that there were at least 12 bullet tracks: three in Kennedy and one in his suit coat, three in the ceiling panels and one each in Paul Schrade (a union leader and Kennedy supporter), William Weisel, Irwin Stroll, Ira Goldstein and Elizabeth (Evans) Young. How can there be so many? Doesn't it mean another gun fired from someplace? It does to Lowenstein and journalist Ted Charach (unsurprisingly, the maker of a movie called *The Second Gun*), and to Vincent Bugliosi, who as deputy district attorney in 1970 prosecuted and put away Charles Manson and part of the Family, wrote the best seller *Helter Skelter* and now is running for district attorney in Los Angeles.

The police believe eight shots could, indeed, have caused all the holes and wounds. One bullet penetrated a suspended ceiling panel, they say, ricocheted

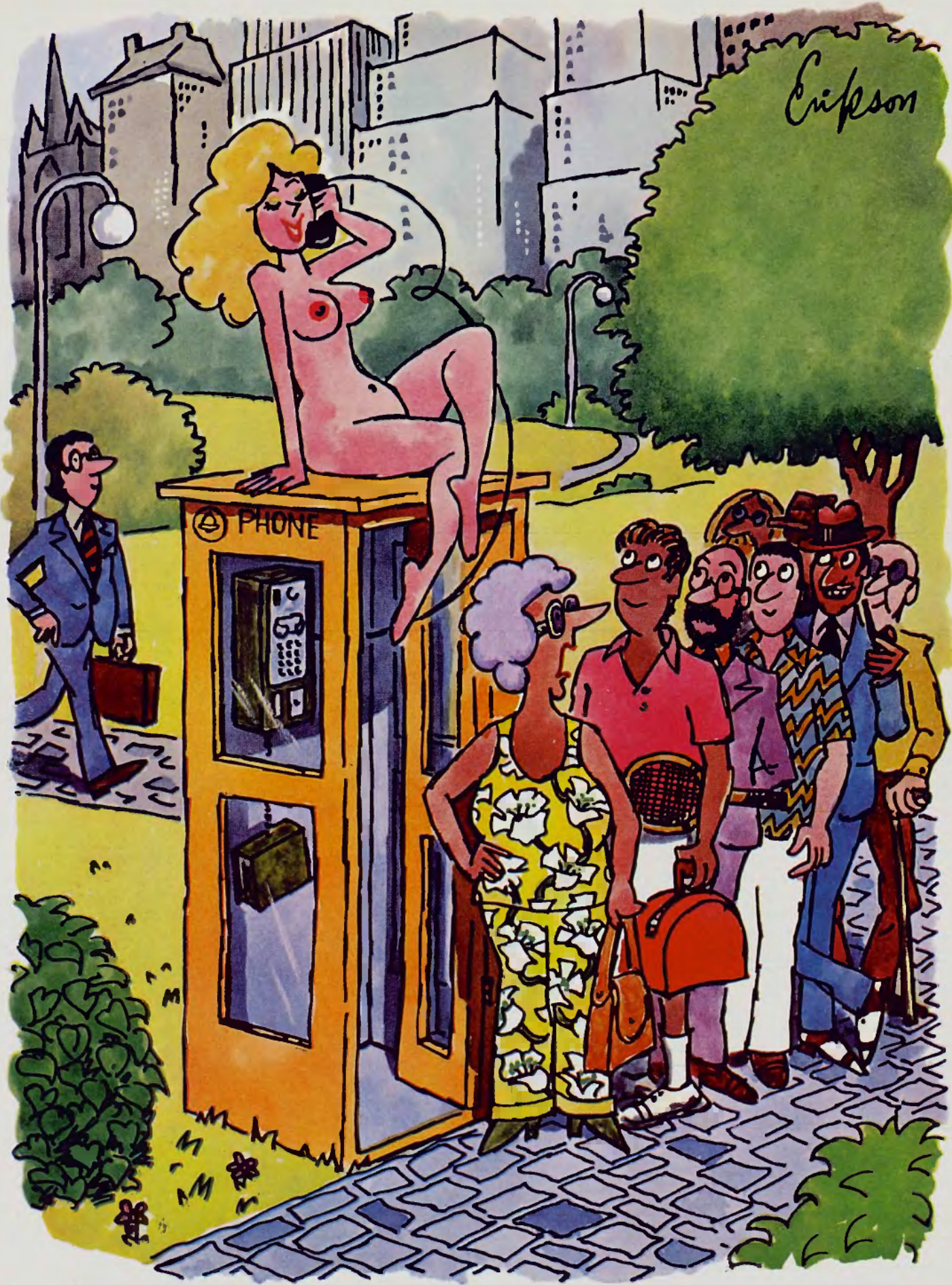
off the concrete beyond it and went down through another panel to strike Young's head. The third hole in the ceiling panels was made by the lost bullet (other wild shots bounced off the floor, they think, to wound people in odd places like the buttocks and lower leg). Critics say that's absurd and bring forth what they regard as refuting evidence. They contend the bullet that was recovered from Young is this case's "magic bullet," akin to that which wounded John Connally in Dallas, since it's supposed to have done so many things and all without losing more than eight grains of its original 39-grain weight. Furthermore, they think Young was bending over when she was struck, so how did the deflected bullet hit her forehead? Defenders of the investigation remind us that bullets can do exceedingly peculiar things, and that no one, not even Mrs. Young, knows what position she was in when hit.

Undaunted, those who are skeptical of the official explanation then ask why the ceiling panels in question were destroyed by the police? As part of a "monstrous cover-up" of second-gun evidence? Why, too, when the evidence was recently re-examined was the left sleeve missing from Kennedy's suit coat? Because there were more holes in it? And is the decision not to release the investigative report simply more proof of a whitewash? The police reply that the panels were unfortunately destroyed by a low-ranking officer, a year after the trial, as part of what he thought was "routine." The coat sleeve was removed by physicians at one of the hospitals Kennedy was sent to and, anyway, there were no bullet holes or other evidence connected with it. The report is withheld, authorities say, because it necessarily included interviews with people who might be harmed if what they said about other people or organizations became public. There was no second gunman, the police repeat. None. The bullets add up to eight.

Bugliosi disagrees and says he has proof to the contrary. He cites photos showing Sergeants Charles Wright and Robert Rozzi by a doorframe, pointing at what appeared to them to be bullet holes (the doorframe, he it noted, is a goodly distance from the murder scene). If they were bullet holes, of course, there had to be another gun, since Sirhan's revolver held only eight shots, each already accounted for, however curiously. Though the L.A. district attorney, like his predecessors, assured Bugliosi that the holes were not made by bullets, the Manson prosecutor obtained a written statement from Rozzi that said it looked to him like there was a "small-caliber bullet" lodged inside one hole, and whatever the object was, he thought somebody else had later removed it. Trying to check this story, Bugliosi talked by telephone with Wright, who, Bugliosi claims, told him it definitely

was a bullet they'd seen and no doubt someone had removed it. But when Bugliosi met Wright the next day, the officer refused to give a deposition and softened his talk, saying that the object just *looked* like a bullet and he had only *assumed* someone had removed it. Lowenstein points out that the police took several doorframes as evidence, presumably because they might pertain to the case. The police say the frames revealed no bullet holes (the frames were also routinely destroyed), just as a new search of the pantry area late in 1975 revealed no signs of additional shots. Predictably, Lowenstein, Bugliosi, et al., attack the official findings, claiming that two .22 slugs booked as evidence bear traces of wood, though police said they were found in Sirhan's car (how that relates to the doorframe mystery is unclear). They maintain other cops and witnesses have said more shots were fired, even that there exists (in L.A.P.D. files) other clear evidence of a conspiracy, like Sirhan's fingerprints in that minister's pickup truck, proving that the itinerant preacher told the truth about Sirhan, the blonde, the "Las Vegas-type" slicker and the horse deal. Yet, to this date, unfortunately for the conspiracy theorists, none of these claims have been documented.

Actually, the only second-gun theory with even faint plausibility doesn't much relate to such protestations. Its advocates, notably Charach, believe Cesar had the second gun. Certainly, Cesar was armed in the pantry. He was a security guard trailing Kennedy when the fatal shots were fired. Two TV men have said they saw Cesar with his gun drawn after the shooting, and Cesar once was quoted as saying he drew his gun (though he also denied this). So, did Cesar shoot Kennedy from behind and up close? Not with his service revolver, which was a .38-caliber weapon. With what then? By the baroque reasoning of second-gun theorists, with a concealed .22, a gun that he later disposed of to a friend variously reported as residing now in Arkansas, Indiana or other points east. Charach claims he has interviewed this mysterious friend and that, sure enough, he says Cesar sold him a .22 after the assassination, telling him there might be repercussions if it were found among Cesar's possessions. Assuming Charach is right, though, still doesn't mean Cesar was a second assassin (really, anyone in that pantry who owned a .22 might fear repercussions). No one has tied Cesar to Sirhan, and the odds against *two* independent assassins in the pantry are long, indeed. As for Cesar's purported motive, it's been suggested he was a right-wing racist who hated Bobby for his support of black civil rights. Again, that may be so, but it doesn't prove anything. At base, none of the Cesar story makes sense, except to those who cannot for whatever reasons—financial,



"What's more, she's speaking into the wrong end of the phone."

emotional, political—accept that Sirhan did it alone.

Nevertheless, the questioning of that conclusion continues. Most recently, a new ballistics test was made as a result of separate petitions filed in Los Angeles County Superior Court by Schrade and by CBS (as part of its inquiry into the killing). Both parties wanted another test to determine if Sirhan's pistol fired all the shots. But why? Hadn't the L.A.P.D.'s ballistics man, DeWayne Wolfer, firmly established at the trial that test-fired slugs from Sirhan's gun matched those taken from the victims? Yes and no. The slugs were said to match. But we recall that the ballistics evidence was never challenged in court, since his attorney readily admitted Sirhan shot Kennedy. No challenge, that is, despite confusion sown by what Wolfer called "mislabeling" of a trial exhibit. It seems People's Exhibit Number 55, which contained the test slugs, bore a tag listing the slugs as fired by a revolver with a serial number different from that of Sirhan's gun. Wolfer explained he *had* used another Iver-Johnson for powder-tattoo tests (thus sparing Sirhan's pistol any possible damage) and had by mistake put *its* serial number on the envelope containing what were, really and truly, slugs from Sirhan's pistol. Skeptics doubted this and began claiming Sirhan's pistol was never test-fired, had maybe even been destroyed (the L.A.P.D. said no, it had gotten rid of only the twin Iver-Johnson). Soon, skepticism became the rule as two criminalists announced that bullets taken from Kennedy did not match one taken from another victim. William Harper, a respected California expert, first studied the seven recovered bullets. Using a scanning camera rather than the conventional comparison microscope, Harper concluded in 1970 that the bullet taken from Kennedy's neck did not match that taken from the abdomen of Weisel, primarily because the R.F.K. slug had 23 minutes' greater rifling angle than did the Weisel slug (23 minutes is .001 percent of a circle). Harper also decided that the Kennedy bullet had only one cannellure (knurled groove circling the base), while the Weisel bullet had two. This assertion interested Herbert MacDonell, a professor of criminalistics and a frequent defense witness in notorious cases (MacDonell disputed the state's evidence in the James Earl Ray evidentiary hearing in 1974). Appearing in May 1974 at hearings convened by former L.A. county supervisor Baxter Ward (who then, like Bugliosi now, was running for higher office), MacDonell explained that the difference in cannellures meant there probably were two guns. You see, all Sirhan had in his gun, so the cartridge cases prove, were mini-mags manufactured by Cascade Cartridge,

Incorporated, in Lewiston, Idaho—a company that puts two cannellures on all its mini-mags.

With such claims abroad, the pressure for a new ballistics test mounted. It became irresistible after Wolfer testified he couldn't exactly remember the test results other than the positive match of test slugs to Sirhan's gun. He remembered a spectrographic test (which would show if all the bullets had the same metallic composition, thus the same manufacturer), but the results apparently "had been destroyed." Also, he'd nixed a more sophisticated neutron-activation analysis, feeling it was unreliable.

In late 1975, Judge Robert Wenke decided the matter, needed clearing up once and for all. He ordered retesting of Sirhan's gun. A group of seven firearms experts, chosen with the agreement of all concerned, was impaneled. Four test slugs were fired from Sirhan's revolver, examined by each expert and on October 7, 1975, the conclusions were announced.

The experts agreed that there was no evidence that more than one gun fired the bullets; that all the slugs had two, not one, cannellures; that the Kennedy, Stroll, Goldstein and Weisel slugs had "similar characteristics"; and that there was no significant variation in rifling angle between the Kennedy and Weisel bullets. So much, it would seem, for the second-gun theory. Yet the "moral crusade," as Charach calls it, marches on, ever seeking to prove a conspiracy, to get a new trial for Sirhan. It seems the conspiracy advocates would test anything, except the strength of their beliefs, against what seems, overwhelmingly, to be the central fact: Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, by himself, killed Robert Kennedy. He may have been drunk, or entranced, or possessed of a rational if murderous hatred, but it seems he did it. At last report—to CBS' Dan Rather—Sirhan said simply that there was no conspiracy, that he can't believe any external force influenced him, that so far as killing Kennedy goes, he just doesn't remember.

But we remember. Perhaps remember too well how we had lost another leader to another assassin, and in the process perhaps lost another irreplaceable piece of our national self. And, in 1972—when we knew in full what Vietnam meant, even as Watergate was rising behind its stone wall—we had yet another memory. This one came courtesy of a fat-faced bundle of frustrations named Arthur Herman Bremer.

Bremer's story is not long, nor should it be. He was, after all, a failed assassin, and we've seen how most assassins are failures to begin with. There he was on May 15, 1972, at the Laurel Shopping Plaza in Maryland, blond and resplendent in a red, white and blue shirt all plastered with Wallace buttons, his empty eyes concealed by sunglasses, his perpetual smirky smile flashing from the second

row, as he watched George Corley Wallace mumble platitudes, working the crowd, and then Bremer thrust his snub-nosed .38 between a couple named Spiggle, across the rope, and fired five times at point-blank range. Amazingly, Wallace lived, albeit wounded four times and paralyzed from the waist down (three others also were hit in the volley—they recovered). And so Bremer joined historical company with the likes of John Schrank, who tried but failed to kill Teddy Roosevelt. It seems clear Bremer dreamed of himself as a great figure in history. "I am one three-billionth of the world's history," the 21-year-old wrote in his journal, filled elsewhere with his admiration of Oswald and Sirhan, and with a corresponding hatred for Richard Nixon, for George Wallace, for the haves of the world. "I am a Hamlet," he wrote, while complaining about headaches and pains in his chest. On another occasion, he confided he'd like to see his name in the history books and after his arrest, he told a cop, "Just stay with me and you'll be a star, just like I am."

Whether or not such sentiments motivated Bremer's attack is a moot question, though they strongly suggest megalomania, that flip side of the schizoid-paranoid personality a psychiatrist detected after the attempt on Wallace. But it's far from moot that Bremer's childhood in Milwaukee provided the psychoenvironment we've learned is conducive to creating assassins. His father he perceived as weak, unsuccessful, a nonentity. His mother, he said, was lazy, inattentive and cruel—given to frequent beatings of Arthur and his brothers (one of whom became a confidence man who once was indicted for bilking fat ladies in a weight-salon scam). An indifferent student (I.Q. of 106), the young Bremer grew withdrawn, friendless, invisibly moving into and through an adolescence apparently made bearable by the fantasies he drew from *PLAYBOY*, *Gun Digest*, various soft-core sex comics (these magazines later were found in his bachelor apartment). In his pre-Wallace life, Bremer had one girlfriend, a 15-year-old named Joan Penrich, who worked as a monitor in the elementary school where Bremer was a janitor. Arthur took it very seriously, pursued her with sweaty earnestness. She did not reciprocate the fervent feelings. Their breakup in January 1972 helped turn Bremer's mind toward political murder, or so some think. Certainly by April, when he began his diary, Bremer's eye was on a compensation beyond love—he would achieve fame through assassination. (That is, it's certain if the diary is his work and not E. Howard Hunt's, as Gore Vidal has speculated. Samples of Bremer's handwriting seem to confirm that he wrote the journal, a fact that doesn't, as we'll see, unknot an

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interesting tie to Hunt, Nixon and the Watergaters.)

By April, Arthur had his gun. Two guns, in fact—the .38 and a 9mm Browning automatic.

They weren't his first weapons. In November 1971—a few months after he'd bought a car and moved out of his folks' house into an apartment—he was arrested while parked in a fashionable residential area with a .38 and two boxes of ammunition. No one can say what, if anything, he intended, though a psychiatrist has said Arthur was out target practicing that day—like Sirhan, Guiteau, Oswald—and had then decided to rob some houses. Also, about this time, the doctor says, Bremer thought about shooting his female boss at the Milwaukee Athletic Club, where he worked at a second menial job. Thus, Bremer seemingly had violent urges before his trauma with Permich, which did, however, unhinge him enough to make him shave his head and, like Sirhan, quit his jobs.

He soon started working as a Wallace volunteer, probably as much for the free meals as for the ideology. One supposition has Bremer shooting Wallace out of an identification with oppressed blacks, a contention that the diary's right-wing rantings refute. Arthur was frugal. Much has been supposed about where he got the money to follow Nixon and Wallace, some thinking it came from a conspiracy's masterminds. But he had made about \$9000 before he quit and he had only about two dollars on him when he was arrested. He recorded money worries in his diary. There were few luxuries. His battered 1967 Rambler cost only \$795. Aside from a fling at the Waldorf-Astoria, he stayed in modest lodgings. (One sad extravagance was a New York massage parlor, where a comely masseuse jerked him off and ripped him off for \$48.) The chronicle of his days is actually that of a mind slipping from control, as he trails Nixon to New York, Canada, Washington. He writes, "This will be one of the most closely read pages since the *Scrolls* in those caves. . . . My fuse is about burnt. There's gonna be an explosion soon." He wants to kill millions, especially "Nixy." But the President, he finds, is too closely guarded, though he got within 12 feet of Nixon's car in Ottawa. Then, in May, he writes, "I've decided Wallace will have the honor of—what would you call it?" Characteristically, he frets that editors won't care if Wallace is assassinated. About then, too, Arthur began observing and commenting on himself going mad. "NURSE! GET THE JACKET!" he scrawled. As Wallace's "Send 'em a message" campaign accelerated, Bremer voyaged through Wisconsin and Michigan, appearing at rallies, even being photographed in plastic Wallace boaters (afterward, Wallace workers said, sure, they recognized the little creep, and police

once questioned him). He gleefully noted the many lapses in Wallace's security. Like Robert de Niro's taxi driver, he sometimes chatted with Secret Servicemen.

At last, after driving to Maryland on May 13, Bremer's chance came. Wallace now lies, like all the political victims before him, in his own pooling blood. A bullet has severed nerve ganglia near the 12th thoracic vertebra. He will never walk again, or control his bowels, or be elected President—something that the overwhelming primary victories in Michigan and Maryland, after the shooting, had made seem quite possible.

Like many of our acts of political violence, the reverberations are unexpected, even ironic. For instance, no outraged black shot Wallace, the man who had stood in the schoolhouse door. A white did. And Wallace, the law-and-order (and pro-gun) candidate, fell victim to an armed criminal. Moreover, a criminal whose study of Oswald and Sirhan demonstrated a domino effect more devastating to Wallace than the one he excoriated in Southeast Asia. And just as the deaths of King and Kennedy brought legislative effort for civil rights and against guns (only partly successful), so Wallace's crippling brings on calls for harsher, swifter justice—especially from Agnew and Nixon.

Yet, some effects were to be expected. A trial for the accused, the contention he was sane enough to know what he was doing and the eventual guilty verdict and sentence—in Bremer's case, to 63 years. And the rumors of conspiracies.

Wallace to this day believes Bremer was an agent (no lone gunman could get him!) and he doubts that Arthur wrote the diary. Conspiracy lovers predictably suppose a second gunman lurking somewhere undetected in the crowd. Nearly half of Americans are disbelievers and suspect conspiracy, just as they do about the murders of the Kennedys and King. Bremer's father thinks his son needed to be directed to his act, not being much of a self-starter and certainly never before in trouble. Bremer's mother conjectures it was something he ate, or maybe "one of those false cigarettes" that drove him mad (but Bremer seems not to have used any drugs). Even the Government kept open the question of a conspiracy. But, to date, only one curious set of occurrences suggests anyone besides Bremer was involved.

Enter the infamous E. Howard Hunt, Watergate burglar, spybook author and former CIA spook. In testimony before the Senate committee investigating Watergate, Hunt said that the now-devout Charles Colson had suggested to Hunt that Hunt might want to "review the contents of Bremer's apartment." Colson was acting, it's reported, on Nixon's direct order, and though Colson denies having made any such suggestion to

Hunt, the questions persist: Why were the plumbers interested in Bremer? Would White House tapes thus far withheld by President Ford reveal the reason?

Further, what about the curiously complete amount of background information about Bremer that was found in his apartment? Was the reportorial treasure-trove obligingly planted by the FBI and Secret Servicemen who preceded newsmen there? Did they at the same time remove anything that might have implicated The Committee to Re-Elect the President (Nixon, that is)?

It's possible to envision Bremer as part of a "dirty tricks" campaign, perhaps being manipulated to scare Wallace out of the race so that the incumbent President could take over the law-and-order issue. Or, if the imagination runs riot, one could fantasize Bremer as the ultimate dirty trick, a directed killer, or as a dangerous psychotic who was suddenly, madly, out of his employers' control. Frightening and unlikely as such speculations are, it's true that a confessed dirty trickster—Donald Segretti—was asked by the Senate's Watergate committee if he knew Bremer. Segretti firmly said no.

We don't have evidence of anyone's contacts with possible conspirators. Or evidence of payoffs. Or evidence of anything except the smiling Bremer, his blond hair and his blue revolver glinting in the May sunshine. That, and the paralyzed Wallace—recently taunted by students in Bremer masks pushing wheel-

chairs—who over and over muses that it just couldn't be that simple.

Yet, it comes to that, whether or not conspiracies exist. Booth, Guiteau, Czolgosz, Schrank, Zangara, Weiss, Oswald, Ray, Sirhan, Bremer. They have lock-stepped through our history with guns and scarred psyches, with real ills and imagined causes that become excuses to kill. Not long ago Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme and Sara Jane Moore brought femininity to the roster of those who would kill our leaders. We tried to explain that as we have tried to explain the others.

It's said the one is Manson-crazy, acting out of a soul diseased by her despicable guru. The other, it's thought, is an unstable woman, who, in a liberated era, was trying to find her place and, frustrated, decided on violence as the way.

But is there any answer to the riddle of why assassins are always with us? No sociology, no psychology, no political analysis, no commission has yet found an answer or devised a cure. No judge or executioner has yet stayed an assassin's hand. Perhaps that is impossible. Perhaps there is a Cain deep in some of us, an urge pulsing through our hearts to kill the chief, to extinguish forever another's authority over us—an urge as primal, as fundamental, as implacable as evil itself. If so—and it seems that way—the question is not if another American assassin will strike. It is when.



"Not the Mother Goose."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 72)

position against. You're liable to end up liking them.

PLAYBOY: Jerry Brown of California seems to embody many of the virtues you find missing in most American politicians. He prefers his apartment to the governor's mansion, an ordinary car to limousines. Do you think he represents a step in the right—or left—direction?

HESS: It's too early to tell. One of these days, he's going to be late for an appointment; then we'll see if he waits for a cab or commandeers a police car.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any political heroes?

HESS: Gandhi is one. He was the first great spokesman for the neighborhood.

His notion was that the world is composed of neighborhoods—a breath-taking perception.

PLAYBOY: But Gandhi was a national leader. And you're against leaders—and nations.

HESS: That's true. And ordinarily, I'd say if you've got a leader, even a great leader, the thing to do is run for the nearest exit and start collecting canned goods. But Gandhi was a leader whose own program prevented him from achieving anything but inspirational power.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Chairman Mao?

HESS: Mao is an elitist, a bureaucrat. For that reason, China is schizophrenic: far

left out in the countryside and still right-wing in Peking.

PLAYBOY: In general, what is your view of the Chinese experiment?

HESS: American mothers can no longer force-feed their babies with the admonition, "Eat, children in China are starving." In fact, we now know that there are more people starving in Appalachia than in China. We also know that people in China now leave their doors unlocked. So, clearly, communism there has had its blessings.

PLAYBOY: Would you, then, call yourself pro-Communist?

HESS: I may have lost my faith in capitalism, but I haven't lost my mind. I have no more desire to serve the commissars than the cashiers.

PLAYBOY: Since it's the season, let's go back to talking about the Presidency.

HESS: Arggh.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean to you?

HESS: The Presidency doesn't mean shit to me. But it means *everything* to most people, which is sad. Thomas Jefferson once had to go out to eat because the boardinghouse he was staying at stopped serving dinner at a certain time. Sounds like the folks then understood that what they had was an elected officer, not an elected deity. That's why I used to like Jerry Ford. When I worked for him, he was studying ways in which the Executive branch could be reduced in power. For a while there, he was even interested in a system whereby the President could be recalled. You know, this is one of the few democracies on earth where you elect a person and then can't get rid of him for four years, no matter what he does. Even the Soviet Union is better with bureaucrats than we are. Khrushchev once boasted that he'd shot the head of the K.G.B. at a meeting.

PLAYBOY: You spoke wistfully about Thomas Jefferson. Do we detect a fondness for America's founding fathers?

HESS: They were a mixed group, and Jefferson was a man of mixed nature. But he gave us the Declaration of Independence, a document without parallel in the history of man's struggle for freedom. I understand that the Magna Charta was important, but the difference between a document that claimed some rights for some barons and a document that claimed sovereignty for an entire people is vast. I don't think it is without sensible connection that Ho Chi-Minh used our Declaration of Independence as the founding document for the North Vietnamese Republic. The Declaration is so lucid that we're afraid of it today. It scares the hell out of every modern bureaucrat, because it tells us that there comes a time when we must stop taking orders and start taking our lives back into our own hands. That's why the Constitution is so diligently



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taught in every schoolroom, while the Declaration is largely ignored.

PLAYBOY: How about the rest of the founding fathers?

HESS: I like the anti-Federalists, the ones who argued for the Articles of Confederation, the ones who took the position that we didn't go to all that trouble just to be great and rich—we went to all that trouble to be free. I think Hamilton was our Stalin.

PLAYBOY: We thought F.D.R. was our Stalin.

HESS: No, F.D.R. was our Mussolini. You haven't been studying your lessons.

PLAYBOY: Sorry. But the way most people read American history, the Articles of Confederation failed.

HESS: The Articles of Confederation were voted down by a narrow margin at the Constitutional Convention. Their only failure was to carry the day against Hamilton's argument.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

HESS: Greatness founded on scarcity. "If there aren't enough goodies to go around, let's make sure we're big and strong enough to grab more than our share." Hamilton's was an age-old argument and one that has always appealed to kings, priests, industrialists, everyone but the common man. Yet we are told the Articles of Confederation failed. Why? Because the contemporary records of every era are written by the courtiers of the central government, not by the tradesmen and farmers.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the records of our own age are still kept by courtiers?

HESS: What would you call Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a guy who virtually invents the "imperial Presidency" when his classmate is in the White House, then condemns his own creation when a bunch of yahoos take over?

PLAYBOY: Most people would call him a left-wing historian.

HESS: He is neither left-wing nor a historian. Have you read Schlesinger's classic essay in which he argues that there is no morality in foreign policy—that it is simply win or lose? He encouraged Kennedy to do all the things Nixon got caught for. Then he condemned Nixon for being an imperial President. That's like Dr. Frankenstein's publishing an antimoonster tract.

PLAYBOY: Now we note a touch of softness for Nixon.

HESS: Although I have always disliked Nixon, I think Johnson and Kennedy were more reprehensible. Nixon was reprehensible at the cloddish level, like a cat burglar. But there is no evidence that he was about to saddle us with fascism. I mean, if you were serious about establishing a fascist regime in this country, I doubt very seriously that you'd hire a bunch of advertising executives to run it

for you. Nixon used his power to commit vulgar but relatively petty larceny. Kennedy used his power to commit a people to war.

PLAYBOY: So you wouldn't rate any of our modern Presidents very highly.

HESS: I'd rate the office at zero. I can't imagine anyone doing much with that office unless the access of information were structurally changed. The President is dependent upon special sources for all he knows about the outside world. Ford is a decent enough guy, but he's got a bunch of what the CIA would call case officers running him. Henry Kissinger is his foreign-policy case officer. So, again using CIA jargon, Nelson Rockefeller would say that he has "penetrated" the White House. And so it goes. Even if Thomas Aquinas or Kropotkin were in the Oval Office, nothing would change much.

PLAYBOY: Then how *does* one rate the Presidents?

HESS: By trivializing them. Remember the good things. Eisenhower played golf. Kennedy was a snappy dresser. Truman used salty language. Things like that. Forget Vietnam, Korea, Greece, the Cold War, the McCarthy era, the black lists. Remember how good old Harry used to say, "Give 'em hell"? Now, *there* was a President. Forget the fact that he stomped the shit out of a burgeoning democracy in Greece.

PLAYBOY: You don't like Presidents or bureaucrats, then.

HESS: It's not so much that I don't like them but that *all* managerial functions are the most exalted and least important functions in our society. I mean, being a manager requires a fairly low order of skill. A lot of hard-core unemployed who have no useful skills such as carpentry have all the qualifications necessary to manage things. You know, look at the lists and make sure the paper clips arrive on time. I'm not saying managers don't do anything. I'm just saying they don't do anything a chimpanzee couldn't do equally well. Or a pigeon. Pigeons can do simple repetitive tasks, especially if they're color-coded.

PLAYBOY: But the President of the U.S. does more than simple repetitive tasks.

HESS: Oh, really? What *does* the President do? Or, more specifically, what does the President do for *you*? Can the President tell you who or what you should be sleeping with? No, he's got nothing to do with your sex life. Can the President tell you if you're in love or not? No, that's out. He doesn't know anything about your emotional life. Does the President know whether or not your back wall is going to collapse? No, you'd have to discuss that with an engineer. And on and on it goes throughout the day. Would you call the President when you're sick? No, he

doesn't know anything about medicine. Can he select your clothes for you? Can he weave them? Would you go to the President if you had a cinder in your eye? What *would* you go to the President for? I can think of only one instance: If you were strolling down Pennsylvania Avenue and suddenly thought, "God-damn, should we go to war with Denmark?" Then, maybe, you'd want to drop into the White House and talk it over. But in every sensible enterprise of humankind, you don't go to the President. You go to your neighbors.

PLAYBOY: OK, you've done a lot of criticizing. What positive steps would you take right now to improve this country?

HESS: Of course, I'd prefer anarchism. But given the situation we're in, I'd offer two suggestions that could be implemented at once. First, I'd establish the machinery for the immediate popular recall of elected officials—as you recall an automobile that's defective. If the President steers us into some outrageous war and then his brakes fail, I think we should be able to return him to the shop for repairs. And, second, I'd call for a new Constitutional Convention to decide exactly what kind of government the American people want—if any.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been tempted to lead, rather than merely endorse, a social revolution?

HESS: An anarchist leader is a contradiction in terms.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider being a leader even for a brief, transitory period?

HESS: No man should be the master of another for *any* period. I fear people who preach social change as though they were mere messengers of fate. Messengers change to masters as fast as they can. Beneath all the noble rhetoric of history and destiny, there is a human brow itching for a crown.

PLAYBOY: But no man is without ambition. What's yours?

HESS: I want to be the perfect anarchist.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

HESS: A good friend, good lover, good neighbor.

PLAYBOY: That's all there is to being an anarchist?

HESS: What did you expect, a lot of rules?

PLAYBOY: We expected one rule: "Resist authority at all cost."

HESS: By resistance you seem to be implying armed revolution. But that's not always necessary. For example, the Presidency could be overthrown tomorrow if the American people suddenly began laughing at it, or ignoring it.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that sometimes revolution can be accomplished through ridicule?

HESS: Sure, and why reach for the musket if all you need is a custard pie?



THE SOUL OF SARAH (continued from page 128)

the Sea. But then, she's always brilliant.

Such, understand, were a *PLAYBOY* reporter's wary thoughts nearly a full week before he prompted Sarah Miles to throw a book at his head and learned that her aim is good.

The quick, familiar voice on the telephone conveys no hint of menace and none of that chill, off-putting English reticence, either. And things happen fast. There's really no time right now, says she, because she's busy and will be working into the wee hours with a director and a musician on a project she can't discuss. So come along soon, eh, say 15 or 20 minutes? Either it's a bad connection or one party has misunderstood. No, because she's suddenly listing road signs: "You go up Benedict, pass West Wanda, turn right—it's a big red-barn house. The outside lights don't work, unfortunately, but there's a dirty gray, battered Volkswagen parked in front. That's mine—"

Wait a minute. Is this one of those remote Beverly Hills movie-star hide-outs that don't show up on radar and taxis can never find? How does one get away again? The question provokes a pause, followed by a throaty snigger. "One can always get away. Don't worry; I won't rape you. We might as well begin to get acquainted, just say hello, hmm?"

Off to see the wildcat. Forget that she was once described as "The Maiden Man-Eater" in an article by David Whiting, long before he became her man Friday and died tragically in a motel room at Gila Bend, Arizona, in 1973.

Twenty-five minutes later, she appears at the door in semidarkness, with a snappish Skye terrier at her heels. The dog's name is Gladys, she says, as she leads us up the stairs to a room furnished with a large puffy sofa and a merry-go-round horse, still upright on its pole. There she stands, tremulously live, with an unruly Anglo mop of hair, eager child's eyes of bluish gray and a mouth almost too big in a face she insists is far too small. She's wearing a tight white-terrycloth jump suit with little or nothing under it.

She has soon found glasses and ice and vodka—though she seldom drinks—and is about to settle down in an alcove at a table heaped high with a tape recorder, tapes, manuscripts, scrawly notes, books, loose paper and what appears to be unopened mail. The thought occurs that the slender dynamo who has played *The Servant's* scheming minx, *Ryan's Daughter* and *Lady Caroline Lamb* seems unexpectedly tall. Now, there's a terrific opening gambit. Christ. But she answers it. "Well, of course. I'm feeling ten feet

tall tonight! Because I've been at my writing. Which is funny, you know, because I'm practically illiterate. . . . I was asked to leave all those schools. Although I've read Mr. Shakespeare."

An hour with Sarah, especially the first hour, induces a kind of alpha state. She is a bright, multicolored prism spinning slowly or swiftly before your eyes, effecting kaleidoscopic changes. Her mysterious colleagues keep working at whatever it is behind closed doors while Sarah conducts a whirlwind tour through her past, present and future, with impromptu side trips into realms of fancy.

On being herself, doing things her way, she has a hundred and one anecdotes about how an overprivileged English wench—daughter of an eminent consulting engineer—can get into trouble by saying exactly what she thinks. There was the time she left a Noel Coward comedy during rehearsals because she refused to play her part the way it was written and suggested to the author that it had been rather carelessly written in the first place. Revealingly, Noel and Sarah later became fast friends. There were the teacup tempests at boarding schools, highlighted by one involving the queen mother of England: "On this particular occasion at Roedean, the queen mother came to visit us. I remember her standing in front of me, with her periwinkle-blue eyes. I've never seen such

kind eyes. So when she asked me, 'How do you like it here?' I said, 'I hate it, Mum,' and burst into tears. Afterward, a friend of mine told the housemistress what I'd done and I was accused publicly in chapel—of telling the truth. That's where I learned that the truth is dangerous, people don't like it."

On her recent divorce from playwright Robert Bolt, author of *A Man for All Seasons* and the script for *Ryan's Daughter*, she is candid and searchingly self-critical: "There's no one to blame except me for anything I've done. When I married Robert, who's some years older than I am, I suppose I was choosing another father. My dear father is one of the most extraordinary men I've ever met. But when you're married to a brilliant man—and Robert is brilliant—you don't feel you can contribute much, which did put me in a strait jacket. I stopped acting for three years after *Blow-Up*. Not just retiring every other week, like Frank Sinatra. I came to a big, full stop. I had an ambition to breed horses, which I did, successfully. I also bred myself a child. I thought I was really enjoying my private life. Meanwhile, something told me that wasn't all I was meant to do. When I finally left, I didn't know why, where, who I was going to, what I intended to do. I just knew I had to go."

On her relationship with her eight-year-old son, Thomas, Sarah slips into a rueful mood as heart-rending as the



"Let's get back to your mother. Did she believe in gun control?"

heroine's third-act renunciation of home and hearth in *A Doll's House*: "Thomas is not with me at the moment, because I'm going through a big change and I have to go through it alone. Therefore, I'm no good as a mother right now. He's with his father, going to school in England."

On her ambivalent attitude toward life in L.A., Sarah discusses having rented out her own Malibu beach pad so she could share this Beverly Hills barn house with a female chum in public relations, who's "off on a European tour with Raquel" (yes, *that* Raquel): "The reason I left Malibu is that I got myself stuck into a very busy lethargy at the beach. Besides, I like swimming in the sea, which practically makes you an eccentric in Malibu. And I was told off for hanging clothes to dry outside my window on a line, because I like the smell of fresh air in them. They said it didn't look nice."

On a touchier subject (and the reason for postponement of our scheduled interview three years ago), the death of Whiting on location for the film *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*, she falters momentarily, then lets the words come tumbling: "That whole public fiasco, that mess of publicity, was overwhelmingly painful for me and for anybody who knew David well, because he was an extremely good young man. He was brilliant but unbalanced—I never use the word *insane*, yet he was not sufficiently in touch with reality to stay among us. Or maybe he just chose to move on to the next life, I don't know. Though I do believe people sometimes take their lives because they feel they're going to another place that's better."

Sarah, who insists she hasn't smoked a regular cigarette in weeks, takes a thoughtful break while lighting one. "From the moment he first came into contact with my husband and me, David was lonely and strange. We were very close, very fond of him, both of us—though there was certainly no *ménage à trois*, as so often implied, in the sense of three people having it off together. David's love for Robert and me was never physical. He placed us both so high, way up *there*; we were his king and queen, his god, his goddess, his father and mother. Of course, we knew he could be self-destructive, because he'd tried something like that the year before, and he had us sort of trapped. People who threaten death always have you trapped."

The publicity about Whiting's death made life in England impossible for Sarah. "I was infamous. I couldn't go down to the village, I couldn't *move* without being pointed at and whispered about. I wanted to be free; and for me, the only place in the world where you can live and not be noticed is Los Angeles. So I left home, being thought

a murderess, arrived here and accepted an offer to play Shaw's Saint Joan at the Ahmanson Theater. It was very strange, as if people saw me as some kind of monster—and they were outraged that a monster was portraying a saint. It was not a good production, nor a critical success, but we played to packed houses every night. However, to show where the local critics are at, one of them led off his review by saying: 'This is not one of Shakespeare's better plays.' " Her laugh is warm, without bitterness or reproach.

Abruptly, she offers a lift back to your hotel, calls Gladys to wag along, wheels out the Volks and is tearing through Benedict Canyon as if she were an odds-on favorite in the Grand Prix. She confesses that she relishes danger: "I'm not proud of it, understand, but that's the way I am. I drive too fast, I swim too far out to sea; I climbed too high up in trees as a child—always did, always will. I want to be way out there on a limb. When you're *out* there, living on that thin edge, there's a kind of smell, a magic to life that you don't feel when you're in snug, perfect safety."

The two great evils of existence, in the Miles credo, are doubt and boredom—neither of which she can fully comprehend or take time out to practice. She enjoys quoting actor Robert Morley, who once remarked of her: "I'll say one thing for Sarah Miles, she *never* loses her enemies." Nor is she short on friends; over the years, they have included Laurence Olivier, Dame Edith Evans, the late Margaret Leighton ("We were twin souls, I still see her sometimes just before I fall asleep at night"), Robert Mitchum (a perennial confidant since *Ryan's Daughter*, Sarah calls him "acute and astute . . . one of my greatest teachers") and Hollywood actor Bruce Davison (a more intimate friend for a year or so).

Director David Lean, after *Ryan's Daughter*, hailed Sarah as the only actress who can act with her eyes alone. Adds Lewis John Carlino, writer-director of *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*: "Both as an actress and as a person, Sarah is a fourth-dimensional woman. If she once trusts you, she has no sense of self-preservation. Whatever you ask her to do, she'll reach down inside herself and give you everything there is to be gotten, and then some. She's intensely emotional, a mercurial personality. But there's no guile in her. She's absolutely straight. She expects that of others and she returns it."

Director Robert Altman, an old acquaintance, sums up succinctly: "The only problem with Sarah Miles is that she is so goddamned totally honest, it's more than most people can cope with."

Sarah appears, with Gladys in tow, at PLAYBOY's Hollywood offices a day or

so later. Sarah's sizzling with excitement over a Stevie Wonder recording session she had attended the evening before. She settles behind a carousel projector in a small dark room to study her PLAYBOY photos and some stills from *Sailor*.

"That's not awfully good of me," Sarah observes at one point, "but I like it of Kris. He has such a beautiful body; you can see the sweat on his back." Or she may remark, unexpectedly, "The reason my tits stay up is that I never shave under my arms and have never in my life worn a bra." Then a typical afterthought: "Perhaps I should have waited until I was 80 to be in PLAYBOY. Mightn't that have proved something?" she ventures mischievously. "I think I'll insist they let me do it again when the time comes."

Lunch with Sarah and the inseparable Gladys means finding a restaurant where pets are welcome. Sarah suggests a small, nonchalant French bistro with a pleasant garden and under-the-table crawl space for Gladys. If caring for canines is a virtue, someone should erect a statue to Sarah, who declares that her friendship with England's late great philosopher and mathematician Bertrand Russell was initiated in Chelsea years ago by her huge Pyrenean mountain dog named Addo. "People were frightened of Addo because he ran loose and detested anyone wearing a bowler hat. The residents decided they had to get me or my dog away from Harker Street and Bertrand was the only one who came to our defense. He and Addo used to go for walks together. Then he started inviting us both to tea; he'd do that whole ritual with silver and beautiful china and very thin cucumber sandwiches. When I explained how ignorant I was, he just talked and I listened." Her look of waif-like innocence vanishes behind a worldly smile that makes it easy to imagine her in cozy tête-à-têtes with Great Men Through the Ages. You don't so readily picture her as the girl who goes home with Lassie, but out of loyalty to Addo, who refused to eat in her absence, Sarah once took what she calls "compassionate leave" from a film job in Madrid. And refused for the next 11 years to make a movie away from England, where stringent health laws complicate foreign travel for dogs. "When you choose a dog's life above anything else," she explains flatly, "you must expect some compromises."

She will blame neither Addo nor Gladys, however, for what she views as the erratic course of her career. "I'm totally at fault, because I don't peddle my wares, and that's part of the job. I don't mean ass licking, even, but just looking *grand*—going out, being nice to the right people in the right place at the right time. I've never been able to do that."

Commanding attention, though, has

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seldom been a problem since the early Sixties, when she excited critical raves and, more than incidentally, launched a new era of screen nudity in *The Servant*. "That film really made a great stir in England. There was a naked scene in the bathroom, which had never been done before. If you're first at anything, like wearing the first miniskirt, you're stamped forever. The scene provoked criticism, especially from my parents, and their servants, who left because of it. My mother and father came to see me after a preview and said, 'Sarah, you've destroyed your career and us and everything we stand for.' At least they admitted they were wrong when the reviews came out."

Sarah waves away any hint that portraying a series of wildly passionate ladies pegs her as a kind of sexpot. "Passionate is the key word, not sexy. The most erotic scene I ever saw was in an old French film with Jean Gabin, where he was simply putting rolls into a basket." Her own mightiest struggle with screen sex, which left her emotionally ravaged, was the masturbation sequence in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace*: "In a love scene with a man, at least you've got him there. But when you're alone with a camera and a crew and a mirror, trying to pull off something so intimate and erotic, which still has to be elegant, it's frighteningly lonely—like having an abortion with your eyes open."

Eating, drinking, driving and rapping around L.A. with Sarah is a good trip for anyone who can maintain the pace. No matter how rapid the Miles per hour, there are pungent bits to grab in passing:

Her views of men, love and sex, she feels, are out of sync with the times. "I'm a romantic. And, funnily enough, I still believe in marriage. The hi-fuck-goodbye sort of thing is just not my way. If I were looking, which I'm not, I wouldn't be looking for a body . . . because I've never seen a man and said, Wow, let's go to bed. It's the brain that blows my mind."

Her favorite actor, after Olivier, is the late kung-fu master Bruce Lee. "I don't mean I find him sexually attractive at all. I'd never heard of this man until one night we went to the local movie-house in Dartmouth, and there he was, like magic. There's one shot in *Enter the Dragon*, where the look on his face tells you he's just broken a man's neck, that is the most dramatic single moment I've ever seen on the screen."

Her favorite bad movie, and she adores a real clinker, is *Cleopatra*. "You know, there's Elizabeth as Cleopatra, and the way she says that line—'Tell Octavius to get his arm-eeze outta here'—it's just beautiful, a classic."

Her overwhelming ambition is to be a funny girl. "I always made people laugh

at school and became a professional actress hoping to make people laugh. And there I was immediately in a weepy. I've never done a comedy. Except for *The Sailor*, I've always been stuck in historical clothes, too—playing those fucking trapped ladies."

Back at her place on a Sunday, Sarah is in hip-huggers and a homespun shirt; also in a spiky temper that anyone would thoughtlessly arrive 30 minutes late. For a warm-up topic, how about discussing her widespread reputation as a practical joker? It's here—without warning—that she grabs a book and heaves ho, glancing it off the dome of an interviewer whose reflexes, worse luck, are a half beat too slow.

She's instantly contrite, gentle and solicitous: "I hope that didn't hurt. I never intentionally hurt anyone. Usually, I throw custard pies in people's faces. People are so barred up, with so much crap around them. If you catch them off guard, then look into their eyes, you can break right through. I did it on *Cat Dancing* with Marty Poll and he threw one back at me, which was excellent." As the story—corroborated by producer Poll—goes, he went to a party well prepared for Sarah's pie prank and they ended up wrestling on the floor in a friendly mess of pastry.

Sarah also has a subtler trick for cutting the phonies out of her inner circle: "I go around L.A. asking people—mostly those who say they're interested in painting—if they have heard of this fantastic young painter who's coming up fast on the Left Bank. A fellow named Cabreu. Nine out of ten people pretend to know all about this remarkable gentleman—who doesn't exist."

Perhaps it's our unabashed ignorance of Cabreu, combined with a bump on the head, that convinces Sarah to let us in on the secret of the mysterious project she's been sweating over. It will be a one-woman (or one-woman, one-dog) show, mostly in freely rhymed verse, written and performed by Sarah Miles, who intends to premiere it on the stage in L.A. or New York. "Gladys will be onstage with me the entire time, but she's just an ordinary dog, thank God, who doesn't perform tricks. She'll simply act as my conscience and everything else."

Suddenly she's on her feet, rummaging through the coffee-table clutter. "It's going to be a challenge to my sound men, a challenge to the musicians, certainly a challenge to me, and an enormous challenge to Gladys." She pulls out a scrap of song ("Maybe I'm a whore . . . maybe I'm a lady . . ."), performs devastatingly accurate imitations (Edith Evans, Margaret Rutherford) and is finally persuaded to unveil a somewhat fuller sampling of things to come:

"I enter upstage right, dressed à la

typical Las Vegas, or maybe like Oscar night. With breasts out for display, everything clinging to the right places, a wig, perfectly coifed. Then I begin, in verse, with my musicians. It goes:

"I'm on the Ultra-Ego trip—
I put my chips on me.
No time to wait to be fingered by
Fate,
I'll handle my own destiny.

"The opening continues:

"I'd do it naked, but I'm afraid
you'd hate it.
I'd do it in the bath, just to get a
little laugh.
I'd hang in mid-air to make you
stare,
I'd do any dare. . . ."

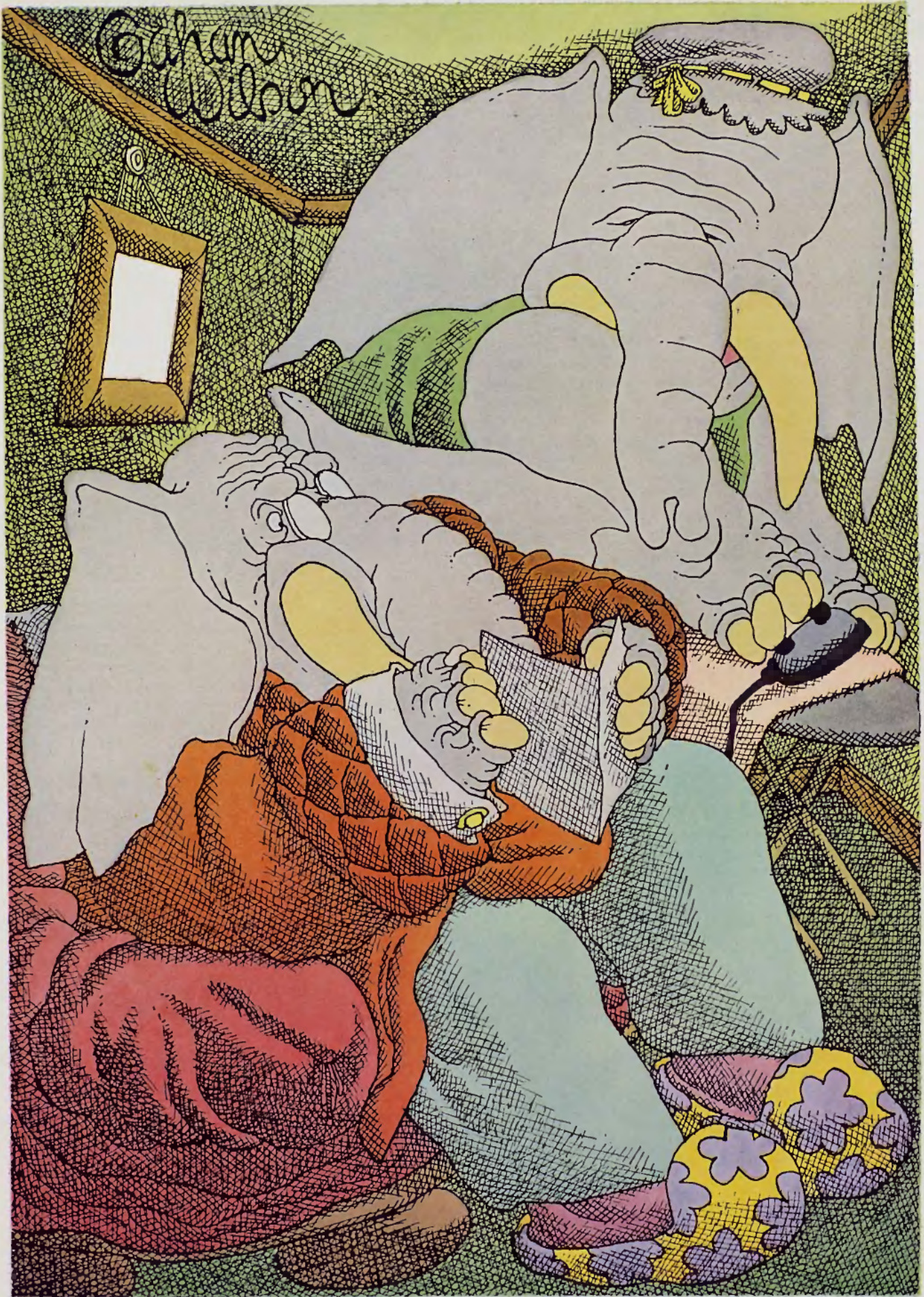
Well, it sounds far better than it reads. In the flesh, Sarah can create soaring drama from a seed catalog. The new Sarah Miles may be seeking some kind of catharsis—a cynic might even call it psychological exhibitionism—but no one can question her sincerity and flair. Either before or after the upcoming Sarah and Gladys show, her plans include a film, *Animals*, for Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev, whose icon-shattering *Sweet Movie* and *IWR—Mysteries of the Organism* created some sharp controversy. Sarah will play a brittle, neurotic society matron who meets a West Indian workingman in an elevator. "He's a happy window cleaner and she's an unhappy rich lady. But it's like a fairy tale, in which his purity breaks through her dry shell of neurosis—there's far more to it than a good fuck."

She also hopes to make a feminist-sounding comedy called *Tarzana* with her talented brother, director Christopher Miles. "We'll switch the roles, of course. I'll be Tarzana, while Jane becomes this charming, rather effeminate young man who keeps his hair nice and complains about getting dirty. We don't know who will play the male part, but there are a good many Janes around."

"What I won't do is any movie that's just a packaged commercial deal. Unless there's something challenging in a role, I won't touch it." She pauses, bright-eyed, resolute. "I've been forever flaming along in life, sort of putting the actress in me here, the woman there, never joining the two. Now I want to put myself right. So on my deathbed I can say: Well, Sarah, you've had a good try."

That's Sarah Miles, characteristically having the last word. Or the next to last. One still wonders: Is she Wonder Woman, a dog's best friend, the movie world's brainiest little bad girl or, and perhaps most probably, a deep-dish, displaced English eccentric masquerading in L.A. as a Hell's Angel?





"Of course, the place wouldn't seem so small if we weren't elephants."

sex object (continued from page 95)

and do, and, frankly, it's making me a little nervous.

The signs are everywhere. Women's magazines are running male nude centerfolds. Women are writing in books and declaring on talk shows that they enjoy sex just as much as men do, that they have just as large a lust quotient, that they give men the once-over, that in many cases they're just as willing to have sex for sex's sake—even the one-night-stand variety. In short, men have become physical sex objects for a lot of women.

It's been well established by now that the sort of talk we men thought was exclusively ours in locker rooms and saloons goes on among women with the same sort of candor. So I asked a number of free-spirited women friends what they talk about, what they look for in a man they'd like to get it on with, ziplessly.

Ask a man in any century the same question about women, and the answer, with variations in period dialect, would always be: great boobs, pretty face, terrific legs. My conditioning had led me to expect that the answers from women would be along the lines of: a handsome,

Redford/Newman face, a strong "build" but, most important, a slew of personality traits—gentle, confident, thoughtful, romantic, decisive—since women are traditionally supposed to be turned on "emotionally" by a man's total "aura."

But one answer I got—so frequently that it took me completely by surprise—was the sort of thing that can suddenly erase the conditioning of centuries.

"A great ass," the women told me. "A taut, lean ass." Click!

The implications are breath-taking. When I consider the time I've spent cocking an eye seductively into a mirror, trimming my mustache just so, honing my gentle, confident, decisive traits . . . and it now turns out that my most critical attribute may be my ass. I do not believe I've given my ass more than seven seconds of thought in my entire life. I have no idea whether it's taut or lean; I haven't an inkling as to whether it's great. It is awesome to consider that millions of men do nothing more with their most alluring attribute than sit on it or occasionally scratch it.

We men *have* spent some time worrying

about the size of our organs, so I asked my women friends what they noticed first about the nude men in some of the more explicit women's magazines. Again, their responses were unexpected. They said that if they were turned on at all (most of the men in the pictures were too faggy and too plastic, they said), it was by the tilt of the roguish hat on one guy's head or, when an occasional "real" man was featured, by the "craggy" look of his face. Click!

Stunned again. How many guys own roguish hats? I peered closely into my bathroom mirror, and I'm damned if I could tell whether I had *any* crags at all. We men *are* vain, of course. (I've been using a hair blower for several years now, though I can't shake the feeling I'd be embarrassed if the guy I beat at arm wrestling in junior high happened by some morning.) So I suppose I could shop around for a roguish hat. But is there a crag lotion being marketed that anyone knows of?

Even beyond the matter of specific physical attributes, the notion itself—that women are looking at men and their bodies critically, appraisingly—is an unsettling one. I'm a normal, reasonable-looking guy, no physical deformities or anything. But the very idea that a woman passing me on the street may do more than glance provocatively at me, then avert her eyes—which is the way it's *supposed* to be—and may instead drop her eyes down to the rest of my body and up again, licking her lips, well, it gives me the willies.

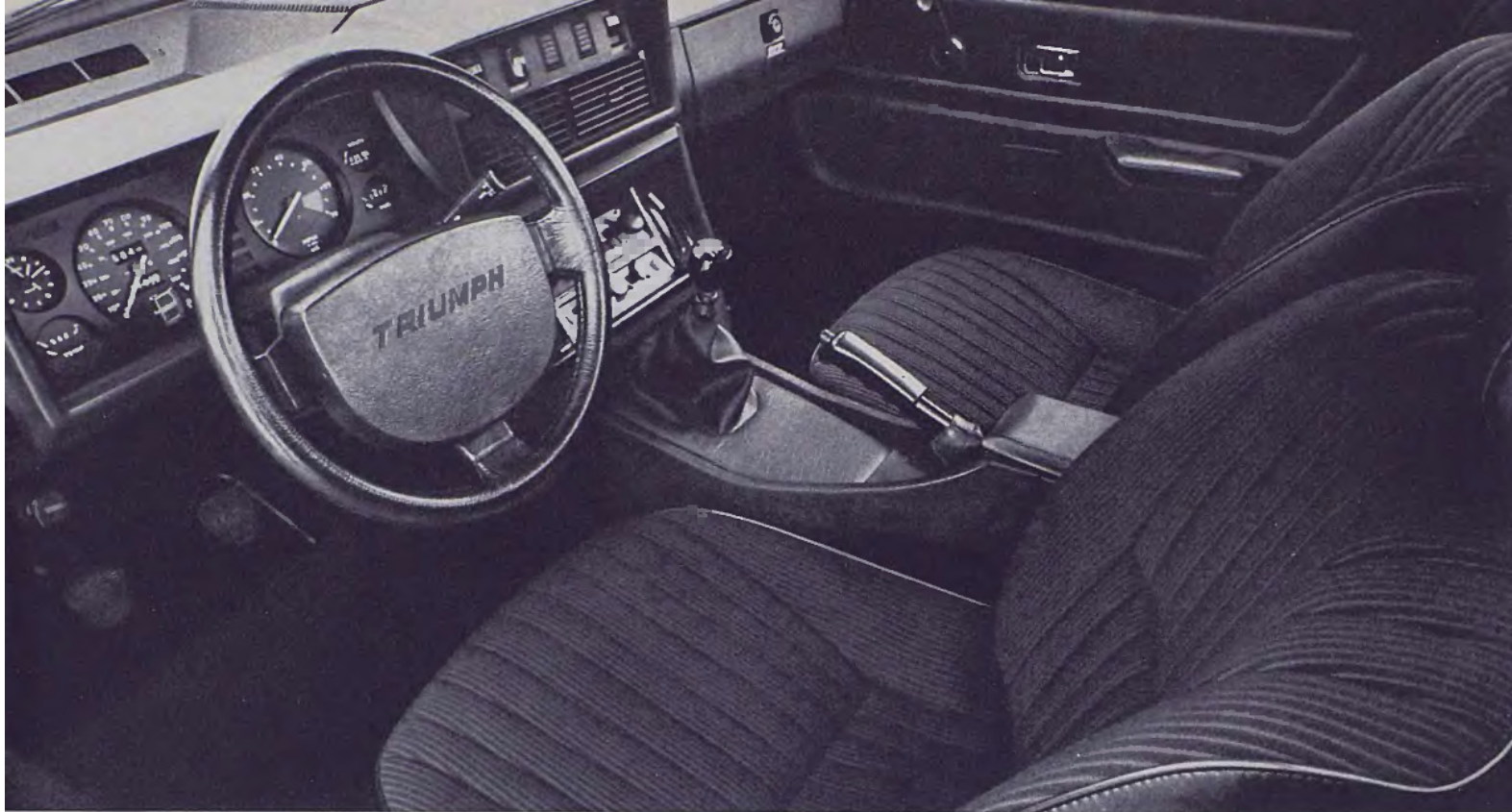
I mean, where do we go from here? Will I have to wonder at my next job interview whether some woman executive is hiring me for my looks and figure? Will I have to worry if the cleavage at the seat of my pants is "appropriate" for some formal function? Will I have to tolerate whistles and catcalls from women on sidewalk construction crews? Will a group of Puerto Rican women lounging in doorways make terrible sucking noises and shriek, "Mira! Mira!"? Will I have to warn my male friends to stay away from the Via Veneto, because Italian women are *insatiable*, the worst ass pinchers of them all?

What I'm saying is that, at first, I *did* embrace the movement wholeheartedly: the equality, the prospect of women's taking the initiative as often as men, the new honesty about women's sexual drives. But, as I said, I'm a liberal, and I'm having second thoughts. This thing could go *too far*.

Don't get me wrong; I still think it's a commendable thing. In principle. But the time has arrived for men to say to women: We have minds, too, you know.



"Hey! I'm not through seducing you yet."



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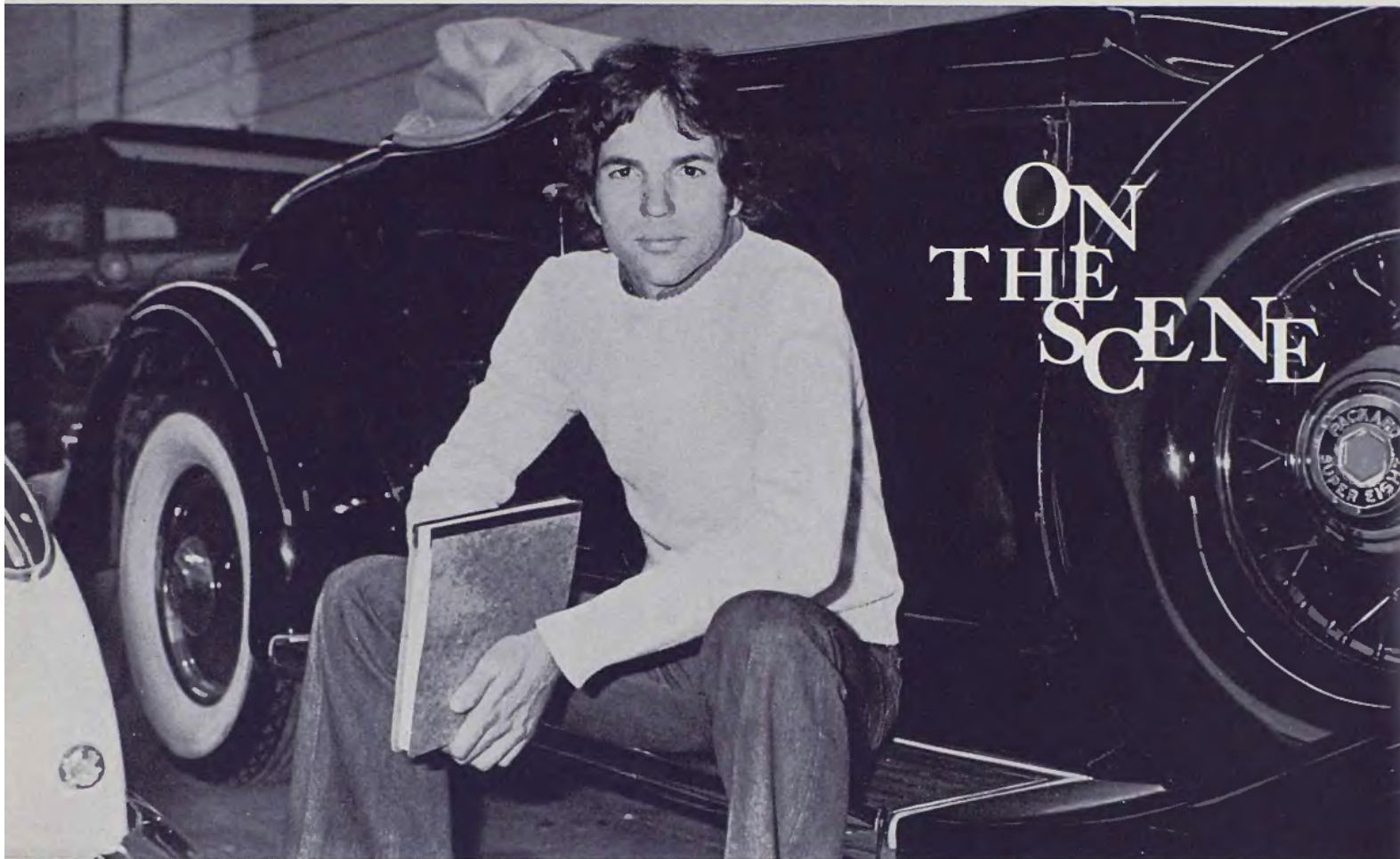
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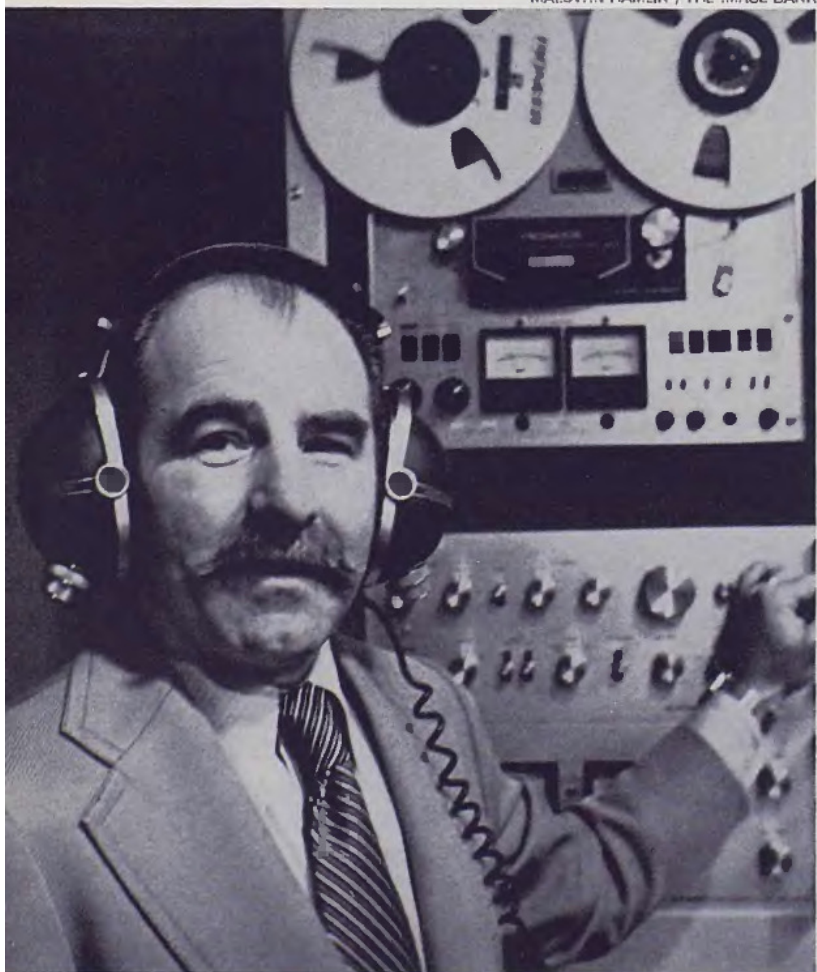


CHARLES W. BUSH

MALDWIN HAMLIN / THE IMAGE BANK

BERNIE MITCHELL *breaking the sound barriers*

HARDLY TEN YEARS AGO, owners of hi-fi systems—if they weren't simply rich and showing off—were usually pale, odd types who favored rimless mad-bomber glasses and had degrees in engineering framed on their walls. Bernie Mitchell, president of Pioneer Electronics, is one of the people who changed that. When he started there seven years ago, Pioneer's sales were \$3,000,000 a year; last year, in spite of a recession, they were up to \$90,000,000, representing a 15 percent jump in the market share. It happened because Mitchell takes Pioneer's name seriously. In 1969, when he arrived after being head-hunted away from a smaller firm—he had spent nine years as a district manager for Westinghouse before that—much of the hi-fi industry was hopelessly confused by the shift from tubes to transistors. "We took a leadership role in making what was essentially a big hobby into a mature industry," Mitchell says. "We talked loud and often, with a high visibility, about the industry's problems—we created the illusion that we understood them and could solve them. That's when I began to learn about mystique. If people believe that you can do things, you can probably do them. We began to grow very rapidly, because people seemed desperately to want a leader." Under Mitchell, Pioneer was the first to take ads in nonspecialty magazines—beginning with *PLAYBOY*, it should be noted. Mitchell is also the reason you've seen Gregg Allman and Elton John and Andy Warhol in those ads, grinning and fondling the equipment. They do it not for the cash but because they like the stuff. Which is saying something in today's fierce amp-eat-amp market. Mitchell, who's married and has five children and lives in the wilds of New Jersey, is an opera buff, but he likes his rock 'n' roll, too. "The best concert I ever saw was Chicago and The Beach Boys. Second was the Stones. If Mick ran for President, I'd vote for him. He's got leadership skills that I really envy." Now, *that's* a compliment.



TONY BILL *script miner*

MOVIE PRODUCER Tony Bill is one man who knows how to follow his own formula for success. "The only secret to finding good scripts is to keep your eyes and ears open and know a good idea when you hear one," he says. Easier said than done—except for the 35-year-old Bill, who has discovered or produced such good ideas as *The Sting* and *Taxi Driver*, in addition to the forthcoming *Harry and Walter Go to New York*, which stars James Caan and Elliott Gould. Such success in discovering young writers has led him to become a sort of guru to Hollywood apprentices, who appreciate his willingness to look at new material (all his films have been by rookie screenwriters, including David Ward of *Sting* fame), and that's led to a mountain of scripts on his desk. But Bill's talents range a good deal beyond just producing movies. He started out in Hollywood as an actor, playing Frank Sinatra's brother in *Come Blow Your Horn*. He'd left Notre Dame with a master's degree after turning down a Fulbright scholarship in writing and seemed headed for a solid acting career, until the siren song of behind-the-camera action intervened (he still keeps his hand in via such roles as Goldie Hawn's smoothy boyfriend in *Shampoo*, a part he took at the request of his friend Warren Beatty). Now that he's proved himself as an actor and as a producer, he's looking for new worlds to conquer and has set his sights on directing. "One of my next two projects will see me as the director," he says. "I'm really looking forward to it." For all his ambition, Bill has managed to remain easygoing and totally relaxed in the Hollywood pressure cooker. A passionate sailor and collector of vintage autos (he's shown here with his favorite, a Packard), he is always ready to hoist anchor in his 65-foot yawl and head for Mexico or the Caribbean. Tony is sanguine about Hollywood's future; he says that today's young screenwriters look just as promising as the older ones. And with his record, who's going to doubt him?

CHEVY CHASE *fall guy*

WE DON'T KNOW how you like your current events, but we take ours with a twist, via the "Weekend Update" spot on NBC's hit show *Saturday Night*. "Hello, I'm Chevy Chase and you're not. Our top story tonight: Gerald Ford pierced his left hand with a salad fork at a luncheon celebrating Tuna Salad Day at the White House. Alert Secret Service agents seized the fork and wrestled it to the ground." Outrageous, but credible. Chase was originally hired as a writer for the show, but he soon proved his worth as gadfly, fall guy and by far the least prepared of the Not Ready for Prime Time Players. When the 32-year-old Chase parodied a Presidential press conference, the White House asked for a tape. A few weeks later, Chase ran into Ford at a Washington dinner. The President stumbled to the podium (knocking over a water pitcher, dropping his notes in the process) to congratulate the comic on the accuracy of his impersonation. "Mr. Chase, you are a very, very funny suburb." It turned out that the two had much in common: For one thing, they perform their own stunts. Chase perfected his pratfall playing soccer for Bard College: "I believe that most great comedians were great athletes; physical humor demands rhythm and timing. I love making people think I've just killed myself." Chase's irreverence may seem suicidal (General Franco is still dead?), but his comic credentials are impeccable—*Mad* magazine, the *National Lampoon*, *The Great American Dream Machine*, *The Groove Tube* and the Woodstock parody, *Lemmings*. Insiders have predicted that he will replace the Prince, Johnny Carson, but Chase disagrees. "Doing his show would be fun for about two weeks. But it's not what I want to do. I have nightmares where I'm interviewing actors all the time, at home, in my shower." Imitation may, indeed, be a form of flattery, but, in recent months, the White House has soured on Chase. After all, said the Chief Executive, I'm Gerald Ford and he's not.

DAVID CHAN



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Hot Dog!

(continued from page 111)

trade in bootleg sausage soon developed and the edict was ultimately repealed.

The frankfurter is a relatively recent addition to the sausage tribe. Hot-dog annalists credit the butchers' guild of Frankfurt am Main with formulating the prototype *Hund*, in 1852. It is further alleged that the sleek, low-slung silhouette was inspired by a pet dachshund, adored by one of the butchers. German trenchermen took to the trim, taut, spicy beef-and-pork mixture, eating it from a plate with potatoes, sauerkraut and a dab of sweet mustard—much as they do today.

But superstardom lay only an ocean away. The 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis was the launching pad that sped the hot dog to glory and Anton Ludwig Feuchtwanger was the vehicle. Feuchtwanger, whose name will rank with Paul Bunyan and Johnny Appleseed when the folk history of our country is written, was peddling his sizzling *Wursts* to hungry hordes at the Expo. Since the *Hündchen* were too hot to handle and a mite greasy, the enterprising vendor lent white cotton gloves to every customer. Larcenous souvenir hunters soon made off with his stock of gloves. The dauntless Feuchtwanger countered by incasing the wiener in a soft bread roll—an edible holder that also protected delicate digits. With this simple stroke of genius, Feuchtwanger transformed the frankfurter into the all-American hot dog.

Actually, the term hot dog did not surface until a few years later. It is attributed to a clever sports cartoonist, Thomas A. "Tad" Dorgan, who worked a talking frankfurter into his cartoons—calling it a hot dog. Dorgan, something of a phrasemaker, is also responsible for dumbbell, 23 skidoo and drugstore cowboy.

Americans gobble hot dogs at a ferocious rate. The National Hot Dog and Sausage Council (there's also a hot-dog queen) expects that we'll do away with 18 billion wieners this year—if everyone pitches in. On a roll, with mustard or mustard and sauerkraut is the most popular way, but there are countless hot-dog embellishments: catsup, chili sauce, Thousand Island dressing (if you can stomach that), chili with beans, bacon bits, pickle, barbecue sauce, pickle relish with crushed pineapple and any number of cheeses, from *taco*-spiced to provolone. Californians lean to the corn dog—dipped in corn-meal batter and deep-fried. In Kansas City, an intrepid gastronome can sample the Reuben Dog (sauerkraut, melted Swiss), the Chicago Dog (mustard, relish, onion), the Kansas Dog (mustard, cheddar cheese) and a New York

Dog (cheddar, bacon) that the Big Apple has yet to see. New York vendors do offer savory stewed onions, originally a Hispanic specialty, now as part of the city's multinational cuisine.

No matter how sophisticated one's palate, there are places only a hot dog will do—circuses, carnivals, fairs, amusement parks, political rallies, Independence Day picnics and other outings. It was front-page news when President Franklin Delano Roosevelt introduced the king of England to our national soul food at a Hyde Park picnic. But the one place where hot dogs are absolutely indispensable is the sports event. A whopping 60 percent of those who attend sports attractions will end up chomping a red-hot, according to concessionaires. And they're firm believers in the Vince Lombardi doctrine "Winning is the only thing." If the home team takes a comfortable lead early on, hot-dog sales are brisk. Sandy Koufax may have enthralled the faithful, but he'll never make the Vendors' Hall of Fame. His 1-0 nail biters held the fans' minds on the game, while concessionaires "sat on their hands."

Frankfurters have not changed significantly in their 124-year history. Today's hot dog is usually a combination of beef and pork that is cured, seasoned, finely ground, stuffed into casings and linked. Finally, the franks are lightly smoked and given a hot-water bath, so that they're ready to eat as purchased. However, it is advisable to reheat them, for both sensory and sanitary reasons.

Hot dogs come off the linker in a variety of sizes and shapes, from the foot long to the diminutive Lily Pushin. If you assume Lily Pushin is the name of some celebrated diva, you're way off the mark. It happens to be the trade's arresting interpretation of Lilliputian. Your average frank runs a shade over five inches—seven to the yard on the linker. Dinner franks are somewhat plumper; *Knackwurst* is even plumper and spicier. The longest dog was a 164-footer, contrived for the First Baptist Church of New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Taste preferences are, of course, subjective—and, in the case of hot dogs, regional. Brands popular in the Midwest are apt to be milder and softer. Easterners and people in ethnic centers want more seasoning. Beef frankfurters tend to be both firmer and spicier than meat frankfurters. (The terms all-beef and all-meat have been discontinued. The Government considers them inappropriate for a product containing 15 percent of other ingredients—ten percent added water, corn syrup, seasonings and preservatives.) Franks labeled imitation can be made with almost anything—and generally are.

Connoisseurs say a top dog should be

succulent, beefy, aromatic with spices, tender yet crisp and lightly tanged with smoke—but not smoky. They want a little pop, a spurt of juice and a fragrant puff of steam when they make contact. But that calls for natural, preferably sheep, casing. However, most hot dogs sold in the United States—and virtually all of those sold in supermarkets—are skinless. There's a relatively new edible casing fabricated from beef collagen (a gelatinlike protein occurring in vertebrates), but, despite manufacturers' claims, it is not identical to sheep casing. One bastion of natural casing is the kosher hot dog sold in delicatessens. Prior to World War Two, kosher franks were scarcely known beyond the Hudson River. But with the gourmet explosion, these beef frankfurters went public, thriving in such unlikely outposts as Colorado, Arizona and Texas. Kosher hot dogs are seasoned liberally. After several cases of garlic shock were reported, the spicing mixture was tempered slightly to accommodate genteel palates but not enough to disappoint the regulars.

In recent years, hot dogs have taken quite a panning—and the chief cook is Ralph Nader. It's a murky situation, but it would appear that hot dogs are neither the nutritional bargain painted by the industry nor the "deadly missiles" denounced by Nader. At this point, an intensive, coordinated, Government-sponsored research project is required. The controversy swirls, but it will not deter the avid frankophile in his pursuit of hot-dog happiness. The following recipes can only advance this laudable endeavor.

HOT DOG ON A ROLL

Put hot dogs in pan of cold water. Bring to a boil; lower heat and simmer 5 minutes. Drain. Place in cold frying pan over medium heat. Grill until lightly browned, 6 or 7 minutes, turning often. Serve on warmed roll—with mustard and sauerkraut.

Note: For a tangy French touch, try potent Dijon or mellow, aromatic POMMERY mustard.

CHOUCROUTE AMERICAINE

- 2 tablespoons oil or bacon drippings
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 27-oz. can sauerkraut
- 1 teaspoon caraway seeds
- 12-oz. can beer
- 1 lb. hot dogs

Heat oil in large skillet and sauté onion until soft. Drain sauerkraut; rinse in cold water and drain well. Add sauerkraut and caraway seeds to skillet; cook 2 minutes. Add beer, reduce heat and cover skillet. Simmer 20 minutes. Place hot dogs on top of kraut; simmer 10

minutes more, uncovered. Serve on plate with parsley potatoes.

SUPER POOCH

Slit frankfurters lengthwise, about halfway through. Shred sharp cheddar cheese and insert in frankfurters. Wrap a strip of bacon around each and secure with toothpick. Place in shallow pan and bake in 425° oven until bacon is crisp. Remove picks. Put franks in rolls and garnish to taste.

FRANK AND BEANS

- 2 cans (1 lb. each) pork and beans in tomato sauce
- ¼ cup catsup
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 lb. frankfurters

Combine beans with catsup, onion, Worcestershire and mustard. Spoon into lightly greased baking dish. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Cut lengthwise slits in frankfurters, then cut each in half crosswise. Arrange on top of beans. Bake in 325° oven 25 minutes or until beans are bubbly and frankfurters lightly browned.

PAGAN'S POTAGE

- 1 can condensed black-bean or pea soup
- 2 tablespoons dry sherry
- 2 teaspoons finely chopped onion
- 1 frankfurter, sliced

Prepare soup according to directions on can. When hot, add sherry, onion and frankfurter. Simmer 10 minutes.

CHILI DOG

- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 1-lb. can red kidney beans
- 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 teaspoon chili powder, or to taste
- Salt, pepper, to taste
- 8 frankfurters
- 8 rolls, warmed
- 1 cup shredded lettuce
- ¼ lb. Monterey Jack or Swiss cheese, shredded

Heat oil in large skillet and sauté onion and garlic until soft. Add kidney beans with liquid, tomato sauce and seasonings. Bring to a boil; lower heat and simmer 5 minutes. Add frankfurters; simmer 10 minutes more. Fill rolls with hot dogs and beans. Top each with lettuce and cheese.

July is National Hot Dog Month. Take a hot dog to lunch . . . brunch . . . the beach . . . the ball game . . . bed. Whatever turns you on!



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JAYNE'S GIRL (continued from page 87)

the prize money so she can get married and ride off into the sunset or whatever."

While she may register as a reasonable facsimile of her famous mother, Jayne Marie will quickly point out where their lifelines diverge: Jayne, born Jayne Palmer, was a not-so-plain small-town girl imbued with dreams of glory. Raised in a family of schoolteachers from Pennsylvania and Texas, married and divorced, with a four-year-old child and a Buick among her souvenirs, she set off to conquer a star-spangled world where Jean Harlow and Lana Turner had proved how far a girl could go with a bit of luck and lots of moxie; her first job was at the candy counter of an L.A. movie theater. Jayne Marie—who began living out where the rainbow ends at an early age—dreamed the simple homespun dreams her momma had traded for fame, fortune, three husbands, loneliness and a Mediterranean-style palazzo. She studied singing and dancing, spent nearly half of every year squandering her childhood in Europe's grandest hotels. Most of the baby dolls she knew were backstage on Broadway or in Vegas, where she gradu-

ated from grammar school while Mother got her act together.

Nowadays, she can look back at it all without regrets. Wearing a peachy-pink Thirties dress she designed herself, relaxing beside the pool at L.A.'s grandiose Century Plaza Hotel—part of a vast high-rise complex built where the old 20th Century-Fox lot used to be—Jayne Marie manages a faraway smile for times past. "This was my playground, right here, when my mother made all those pictures for Fox. I'd run in and out, trying on gowns from the costume department.

"There are a lot of disadvantages in being a movie star's daughter. I helped my mother learn her lines, did her hair, choreographed, even designed clothes for her. I practically brought up my younger half brothers and half sister—five of us in all. I always lived as an adult, which wasn't normal. I guess that's why I want to devote my life to having a good time."

Tensions mounted, she recalls, as she began to mature. "Not on my side. But offers came to me, usually through my mother. I was asked to do a Broadway play when I was 16 and she said *absolutely not*. It was a conflict for her, a threat,

having a nearly grown-up daughter who might want to take over someday; that fear of competition made her irritable."

Jayne's death cast Jayne Marie in an even tougher role. "I'd been on someone else's merry-go-round my whole life, then suddenly I was on my own, angry at Hollywood and very distrustful." She went to school, tried marriage, delved into religion, took odd jobs—including one stint as a legal secretary—and finally became a globe-trotter. "The pink house was sold with all our clothes still in it, hers and mine. I didn't know why, or even care, at the time. I had no money. If my mother amassed a fortune, she certainly kept it well hidden. But I knew people everywhere, and now I'm grateful that we traveled so much, because that gave me a fabulous education."

It was little more than a year ago that Jayne Marie began to emerge from her period of adjustment and seek a more prominent place in the sun. She'd like, now, to do some high-fashion modeling. "One day I saw Margaux Hemingway on the cover of *Time* and thought to myself: If she can do that, I can do as well—or better. Determination is another thing I learned from my mother." Jayne Marie's next move will be a movie based on the hit song *Rhinestone Cowboy*, and she's also planning, with help, to write a book about Jayne. "Mother once told me I'd end up writing a book about her. Maybe it was a premonition. She even gave me the title: *My Mother the Sex Symbol—or Why I Became a Catholic*. Which was partly a joke, because I went to two parochial schools and was baptized Catholic. I don't know if the book will be a biography or an autobiography, but it will be a sort of Life with Mother about the two of us—as mother-daughter, girlfriends, sisters, practical jokers. It's a tribute she deserves.

"When you're put up on a pedestal, you attract the wrong kind of people—but you're still real, a person. Years ago, when we were out on the road, Mother would sometimes put on a brown wig and we'd go off and meet guys just for fun—and if they told her she looked like Jayne Mansfield, she'd say: 'Everybody tells me that.' She was very sad, in a way. So much was expected of her. She packed a lot into her life, but she missed a lot, too. I don't want to miss it. And we're living in another era, thank God, and an actress can be herself. You don't have to get caught up in the Hollywood star-making machinery, unless you're hooked on money and glory. There's no way that will happen to me. My idea of a fine time is riding a horse down the beach or just sitting there alone watching the sun set, with a nice glass of wine and my flute." Put 'em all together, that's wine, woman and song. Would you expect any less of Mansfield II?



"Astroturf!"

LAST ONE OUT (continued from page 114)

"You don't know nothing. You ain't even sure who you are, except you're a sailor off a destroyer. What destroyer? What's the name of it?"

"Don't know."

"The Kincaid, is that it?"

"Can't remember that."

"Well, you got to be Williams, and that was the ship, and it got sunk by a sub in 'forty-three, but man alive, you fetched up more than a thousand miles from there, and how come you survived, drifting all that way with no water? You must of have a boat and caught some rain, huh?"

"Could be."

"OK, tell me—who won the war?"

"Well, I don't know that. It's over, I guess."

"You're damned right it's over, and we won it, Williams. And who's the President?"

"Last I heard, it was Roosevelt."

"Right. It was, but it ain't no more. Say, you know what television is?"

"Television? Never heard of it."

"Well, what about the atom bomb? Know what that is?"

"Nope. I never heard of such a thing...."

Billy spent months in the mountains to let his hair get good and long. After the first few weeks, Mack moved to Honolulu, where he took a bouncer's job. He went up to the shack once a week with provisions. Billy practiced making fires with dry wood and learned how to split coconuts on rocks. He also got handy with the only tool they'd let him have, an old Navy jackknife. They were going to leave him on his island for two months, so he would have time to build a hut and cut paths and make the place look as if he'd been living there a long while.

Carraway made one visit near the end and was pleased with the way Billy looked.

"This ain't thirty years' worth of hair," said Billy.

"It'll be enough," Carraway said. "You can say it got in your way, so you hacked some off with the knife. Hair doesn't grow for more than a few years, anyway. I looked it up."

Billy thought about that for a minute, and then something else crossed his mind and he asked: "Them old Jap soldiers they been finding, how come they hid away so long?"

"Brainwashed," said Carraway. "They were told they couldn't surrender. They had to keep on fighting and never give up."

"Lord," said Billy. "Hiding out and fighting for thirty years? Why, they must be the toughest, meanest men alive, them Japs."

"Yes, yes," said Carraway impatiently.

"Now, listen. As I told you before, after you've been down there those two months, we'll get the story going that there's somebody on that island, and the Navy will send a patrol boat down for a look, and that's how they'll find you. The news will hit the papers fast. I'll make sure of that. Then the minute they bring you back, I'll show up and say I'm your cousin—Williams' cousin—and after that, you leave everything to me and Mack."

Late one night, Mack drove Billy into the city and down to the waterfront, where they boarded a big, rusty fishing boat. Down below was a tough-looking man with a scarred face and gold teeth. Mack didn't bother with introductions. "You stay in this here cabin all the time," he told Billy, "and the captain, he'll tell you when you've got to where you're going."

"You ain't going to forget about me down there?"

"Don't worry, dummy. We spent too much on you already and we're damned well goin' to get it back."

Mack took Billy's wrist watch and all his clothes, giving him in return a costume of palm fronds he'd gotten an old Hawaiian granny to twist together, handed him the jackknife and shook his hand

goodbye. "Watch out for them sharks," he said encouragingly as he left. Billy settled down on the deck of the cabin, listening to the fading footsteps, and after a while he fell asleep. When he awoke, it was daylight and the ship was out of sight of land.

On the fourth night, the ship anchored in a calm sea. A rubber life raft was dropped into the water. Billy was taken up on deck. He climbed down a rope ladder to the raft, where one of the sailors was waiting. The man pushed off and rowed until the distant whisper of water breaking against a reef got loud. The raft began to buck and pull. The oarsman yelled something at Billy and gestured furiously at the water, so Billy put his knife between his teeth, took a breath and splashed into the Pacific.

He hadn't been warned about the coral and it scraped him raw as he got washed across the reef. He was afraid that the captain had gone to the wrong place—suppose the reef was all there was?—but then he felt sand under his feet and caught the scent of plants and trees. He hauled himself up onto the beach and sat there gasping and shivering to wait for the dawn.

The island was a speck in the Pacific, the jagged tip of a dead volcano thrust up in a small lagoon walled by the coral



"Step on it, Alfred! My Valium's wearing off!"

reef. Its center was a miniature mountain, some 50 feet high, whose slopes were clothed with vegetation and clumps of curving palms. The air had a warm, sweet, lazy smell to it and Billy guessed there'd be coconuts and other fruit in the forest. He tried to estimate the size of the island as he walked along the beach. Must be two miles around and a half mile across, he thought. On the western side, there were some black boulders scattered down the slope and into the lagoon that looked as if they'd been spit there by an ancient eruption. The sand there was black, too, and at first he thought it might be from an oil spill, but when he picked up a handful and found no stains on his fingers, he realized it was a natural color. He stood there for several minutes, gazing at the sand, the water, the sky. Everything was clean and fresh. Even the air tasted good. He splashed some water on his cuts. The salt made him wince, but it was a cleansing pain and he knew he'd heal fast.

Just back from the beach were some trees he'd never seen before, with large, round, rough-skinned fruit. He picked one, cut away the rind and tasted the inside. "Can't say I much care for it," Billy said aloud. "but then, I ain't exactly in a position to be particular." He found a fallen coconut and opened it; after he ate the meat, he decided to try mixing some of the mealy fruit with coconut milk, and the result was quite tasty. "Guess I won't starve, anyhow," he remarked, pleased by his success.

At sunset, he ate some more of the breadfruit-and-coconut mixture and leaned back against one of the black boulders along the shore to watch the sky. In the lagoon, a fish broke the surface, sending out ripples that caught the multicolored light.

"Why, this here's a goddamned paradise," Billy said. "Right out of the Bible." This reminded him that Carraway had said they might make a saint out of him, with his leather-brown skin and long hair and beard. People in California would pay money just for a look at him. Billy wanted to know what a saint did. Mack told him that being a saint was soft work, except there'd be no drinking and he'd have to eat light.

"You think a saint can chow down on steak and potatoes?" Mack had asked. "No, sir, saints got to eat crackers and birdseed." All this had depressed Billy, for he didn't think it would be much of a life for him. But he had no choice, so he had said nothing. He'd never had much of a choice, anyway. As far back as he could remember, there'd always been Mack to decide things for him, and even now, sitting on the empty beach watching the sun drop, he almost expected to see Mack step out from behind a

tree and yell, "Hey, stupid," and tell him what to do.

It got dark and the air turned cool. Billy realized he should at least have picked up some palm leaves for cover against the night. "Got to start thinkin' for myself," he muttered, shivering and rubbing his arms. In the morning he would start building a shelter, he decided, and it occurred to him that this would be the first place he'd ever had of his own, which encouraged him. "It ain't so cold," he told himself more cheerfully, and he lay down on the sand and gazed up at the moon and the stars until his eyes got heavy and he fell asleep.

The next day, he found a thicket of bamboo at the base of the slope and laboriously cut some for his shelter. There were pathways back in the forest, but he couldn't tell if they were natural or not. He guessed that people might have tried living on the island once, because it didn't seem likely that the bamboo and the breadfruit would be growing there unless someone had brought in seedlings. But he saw no signs of them—no crumbled huts, no graves, no clearings. He didn't climb the slope. He didn't care for the looks of it. The vegetation was thick and tangled and he thought there might be snakes. Nobody would build up there, anyway, he thought. It was too steep.

He found he could dig clams out with his hands. He built his first fire and steamed a few clams on heated stones. He wasn't supposed to make fires after dark; he couldn't risk being spotted by some passing ship and rescued too soon. But he didn't think any ships ever passed that way, although he had no idea where the island was.

By evening, he had one wall of his shelter finished—20 bamboo stakes pounded into the sandy soil a few yards back from the beach. He'd gathered a pile of leaves for a mattress and stretched out in the moonlight. He awoke once during the night and scrambled to his feet, peering over his bamboo screen up at the peak, but everything was quiet and he didn't notice anything moving anywhere, so he lay back down.

At the end of the week, Billy had finished his shelter. It had three sides and a roof on which he laid palm leaves weighted by stones. "That ain't bad for a starter," he said, admiring it. "I'll build me a real house back in the woods later on." He hadn't succeeded in making a net, but he found he could spear fish with a sharpened stick of bamboo. After his midday meal of baked fish and steamed clams and breadfruit mixed with coconut milk, he felt peaceful and contented. His loneliness didn't bother him much. Going back into the world would mean taking orders from Mack, and from

Carraway, too, and having to remember all the things they'd taught him to say and not to say, and he'd probably be as lonely there as he was now.

He hoped that the rescue ship didn't arrive early. "I ain't in no hurry at all," said Billy.

It was on the morning of the tenth day that he found the footprint. He had gone around to the western shore collecting flat stones for the oven he was building and he was searching among the black volcanic boulders that lay in a tumbled chain down the slope and into the lagoon, like giant steppingstones. A man with springy legs could hop from one to the other, all the way from the water halfway up the hill, Billy reflected.

Then he saw the print in the sand. "Oh, Lord," he said, and his heart jumped. Was it really a footprint? He stooped down for a closer look. It had the general shape of a foot, but he couldn't be sure. "A man don't make just one footprint," he told himself, glancing anxiously about. "Not even a one-legged man." But the indentation was just below one of the boulders, and he couldn't help thinking that a man who lost his balance and slipped off the rock might land on one foot and leave a depression just like the one before him.

"Oh, Lord," Billy said again, and he forgot about his ovenstones and went back to the other side.

He tried to convince himself it hadn't been a footprint he had seen. "Some bird done it," he muttered, although he knew better. No bird could have made that mark. He thought of going back for a second look, but he realized that by now the tide would have erased it, and this bothered him, for it meant that the mark had been made within the past few hours.

"They ain't nobody else here," he said, and he looked despairingly up at the tiny mountain, the only part of the island he hadn't explored, and he wondered now if it had been his instinct that had warned him not to climb up.

He felt shaky. Someone hiding out on the island? Someone who'd been there all along, watching him? He sucked in his breath and he yelled: "Hey, up there! I'm a friend! A friend!" His voice came out shrill and tight. "C'mon down and let's have some fish; how about it?" He thought he saw movement high up among the leaves near the peak, but it could have been from a breeze. "I'm Billy Johnson from San Diego!" he yelled, spreading his arms wide and grinning. "Cook you up a nice lunch, what d'ya say, huh?"

There was no answer but silence.

Billy wiped the sweat off his face. "Lord, Lord," he muttered. "Suppose he

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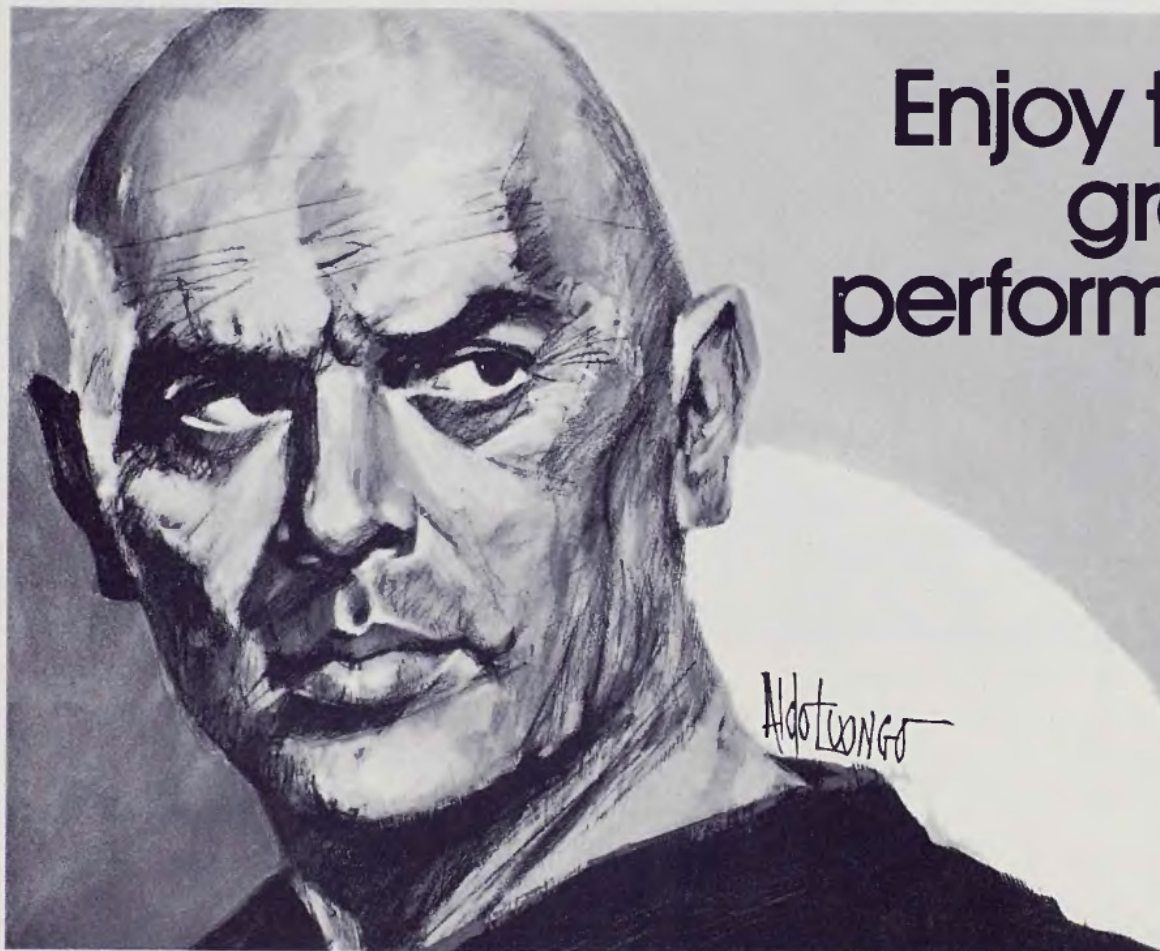


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don't understand English?" And he lowered his arms and sat down on the sand, feeling sick.

He was too upset to eat. "Ain't nobody else here," he kept repeating, but he sat with his back to the water, scanning the peak, the slope and the trees along the edge of the beach, and he kept his knife and bamboo spear close at hand.

I made a mistake, hollering, he thought. Now he knows I seen his print.

As the day wore on, he collected all the dry sticks and leaves he could find nearby, and at dusk he lighted a fire. "Why, that poor bastard's prob'ly as scared as I am," Billy told himself, but he doubted it. Everywhere he looked now, he seemed to see the gleam of watching eyes.

"Hey, the war's over," he called into the darkness beyond the fire. "Hey, banzai. Let's make friends, huh?" To keep awake, he chattered out everything he could think of, getting the Bible stories he remembered from Sunday school mixed up with the dirty poems Mack had taught him, and every so often yelling out to the unseen watcher. "Hey, kamikaze. I ain't going to hurt you. Hey, Tokyo. C'mon down and let's shake hands!"

Before dawn he fell asleep and the fire died. When the sun hit him, he jumped up in a fright. Lord, he thought. Can't go on like this. He tried to eat some coconut, but he gagged on it. He prowled up and down the beach, carrying his knife and spear, casting glances into the forest. "Last man out of the war," he muttered, remembering what Carraway had said. "Last one out, yeah—but it ain't me." He gazed about hopelessly at the sun-swept beach, the calm and shining lagoon and the fragrant tangle of vines and trees that shimmered in the gentle air. "Just my rotten ol' luck," he whispered, ready to weep. "Same ol' Billy Johnson luck!"

The Navy patrol ship arrived a few weeks later, more or less on Carraway's schedule. It anchored outside the reef and sent its helicopter in for a pontoon landing in the lagoon. An officer and two enlisted men climbed out, waded ashore and began looking around. They spent more than an hour on the island but found no trace of habitation. Billy's shelter had vanished and all other signs of his brief visit had been erased. The Navy men didn't climb the tiny peak, but the helicopter had crossed over it before making its descent and they had observed nothing but the usual screen of tropical growth.

The officer concluded that the fire reported by the fishing craft must have been caused by lightning, although he could find no charred trunks or burned-over scrub. Finally, he gave the order to depart. The men waded out to the heli-



"After his two-year Crusade, he'd forgotten I was still wearing my chastity belt."

copter, which lurched into the air, and flew back to the patrol ship, and then the ship, too, turned and steamed away. Before long, the waters of the lagoon were calm again and the horizon was empty and everything was as it had been before.

Billy swam out from behind one of the black boulders on the western side of the island, where he had hidden. "All clear!" he yelled, waving. From behind another boulder, farther out in the water, the Japanese cautiously appeared and smiled and waved back. Billy waded up to the beach. It wouldn't take them more than a couple of hours to reassemble their hut, he figured, and their little store of tools would be right where they'd concealed it, in a rock crevice up on the peak.

He turned to wait for his companion to join him. They still had problems in understanding each other, but with the help of gestures and sketches in the

sand, Billy had figured out that there'd been a hospital plane from Kwajalein headed for Japan that was blown off course in a storm and then crashed at sea not far from the island, with just this one survivor. He guessed she'd been a nurse, because she knew just which fresh leaves to put on his foot when he cut it once. She'd learned all about the island, too, and showed him where the different kinds of shoots and berries grew and how to catch the most elusive fish, and, best of all, she was a fine, strong, loving woman. Mack was right, he thought. His luck had changed. "I don't see no reason to leave," Billy remarked amiably as she came up to him, wet from the water and laughing. She didn't know what he'd said, but she guessed what he meant, and she threw her arms around him and pressed her cheek against his chest.

BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

(continued from page 88)

He was almost crying now as he turned and walked out of the big command bunker. There was sand all over the place outside and a cold monsoon wind was blowing. He looked out into the darkness and heard the waves of the China Sea breaking softly far away.

There was a path made of wooden ammo casings that led back to his tent. He walked on it like a man on a tight-rope, it was so dark and so very hard to see. A couple of times he stumbled on the wooden boxes. It was quiet as he opened the tent flap, as quiet and dark as it had been outside the major's bunker. He dragged in, carrying his rifle in one hand and the map case in the other. They were all asleep, all curled up on their cots, inside their mosquito nets. He walked up to his rack and sat down, his head sinking down to the floor. Panic was still rushing through him like a wild train, his heart still raced through his chest as he saw over and over again the kid from Georgia running toward him and the crack of his rifle killing him dead.

I killed him, he kept repeating over and over to himself.

He's dead, he thought.

Gripping his rifle, holding the trigger, he went through the whole thing again and again, tapping, touching the trigger lightly each time he saw the corporal from Georgia running toward him just as he had out there in the sand when everything seemed so crazy and frightening. Each time he felt his heart racing as the three cracks went off and the dark figure slumped to the sand in front of him.

"He's dead—go get him!" someone was yelling to his right. "Go get him, he's hit!" Someone was running now, running to the body, and they were pulling the guy in. They were bringing him back to the trench where they all lay scared and shivering.

"Doc—doc—where's the corpsman?" somebody was yelling.

"Hey, doc, hurry up!"

Then somebody said it. Somebody shouted real loud, "It's Corporal. They got Corporal. . ."

"He's dead," somebody said. "He's gone."

Slowly he turned the rifle around and pointed the barrel toward his head. Oh, Jesus God Almighty, he thought. *Why? Why? Why?* He began to cry, slowly at first. *Why? I'm going to kill myself,* he thought. *I'm going to pull this trigger.* He was going mad. One minute he wanted to pull the trigger and the next he was feeling the strange power of a man who had just killed someone.

He laid the weapon down by the side of his rack and crawled in with his clothing still on. I killed him, he kept thinking, and when I wake up tomorrow, it

will still be the same. He wanted to run and hide. He felt as if he were in boot camp again and there was no escape, no way off the island. He would wake up with the rest of them the next day. He would get up and wash outside the tent in his tin dish, he would shave and go to chow. But everything would not be all right, he thought, nothing would be all right at all. It was starting to be very different now, very different from what he had ever thought possible.

He opened his eyes slowly as the light came into the tent like a bright triangle. They were all starting to stir, the other men, starting to get up. And then he remembered again what had happened. He hadn't killed any Communist, he thought, he hadn't killed any Communist. Panic swept through his body. In some wild and crazy moment the night before, he had pulled the trigger and killed one of his own people.

He tried to slow everything down. He had to think of it as an accident. A lot of guys were firing their guns, there was so much noise and confusion. And maybe, he tried real hard to think, maybe he didn't kill the corporal at all, maybe it was someone else. Didn't everyone else start firing after his first three shots? Didn't they all start screaming and shooting after that? Yes, he thought, that's exactly what happened. They were all firing, too, he thought. I wasn't the only one. It could have been any of them. Any of them could have put the slug through the corporal's neck. Maybe it was the Communists who killed him. Maybe. But that was awfully hard to believe, that was even harder now to believe than the other men shooting the corporal. Something had gone wrong; something crazy had happened out there and he didn't want to think about it.

He went back to the big sandbagged bunker to see the major.

"That was a pretty rough night, Sergeant," the major said, looking up from the green-plastic maps on his desk.

"Yes, sir," he said. "It was pretty bad."

"Ran into a lot of them, didn't you?" the major said, almost smiling.

"Yes, we sure did. I mean, they just sort of popped up on us and started firing."

The major looked down at the maps again and frowned slightly. "What happened?" he said. "What happened out there?"

"Well, Major, like I said, we were moving toward the village and we had just set up a perimeter on top of the hill. We set it up so we could watch all around us and see if anyone was coming out of the village."

"What time was that?" said the major.

"Well"—he looked carefully at his watch—"I think it was about four. It was starting to get dark and I told all

the men to eat their rations. Then it became very dark and there were a few small lights in the village and then the shooting started to the left. It was maybe a hundred meters from the big sand dune. The men started running toward the ocean, away from the dune. Some of them were very frightened. I kept yelling for them to stay, but everyone sort of scattered. Then they all seemed to be running in a line toward a long trench near the ocean. Most of them got back."

"Most of them?" said the major.

"Yeah," he said, "they all got back in the trench except one."

"Who was that?"

"That was Corporal, he was the last to come back. And that was when it happened," he said.

"What happened?" said the major.

"That was when the corporal was killed."

The bald sergeant who worked for the major walked in then. He walked in just as he told the major the thing that had been rolling around in his head all night.

"What happened?" said the major.

The bald sergeant was putting some papers on the major's desk. He did that and walked out.

"There were a bunch of shots," he said carefully. "Everybody was shooting; it was a bad fire fight." He paused. "It was pretty bad and then Corporal was shot. He was shot and he fell down in front of us and a couple of the men ran out to get him. They pulled him back in. I think the others were still firing. The corpsman tried to help . . . the corporal was shot in the neck . . . the corpsman tried to help. . ."

It was becoming very difficult for him to talk now. "Major," he said, "I think I might have . . . I think I might have killed the corporal."

"I don't think so," said the major quickly.

"It was very confusing. It was hard to tell what was happening."

"Yes, I know," said the major. "Sometimes it gets very hard out there. I was out a couple of weeks ago and sometimes it's very hard to tell what's happening."

He stared down at the floor of the bunker until he could make himself say it again. He wasn't quite sure the major had heard him the first time.

"But I just want you to know, Major, I think I was the one who killed him. I think it might have been me."

There, he had said it. And now he was walking away.

For some reason, he was feeling a lot better. He had told the major everything and the major hadn't believed it. It was like going to confession when he was a kid and the priest saying everything was OK. He walked by the men outside the radio shack. They turned their faces away as he passed. Let them talk, he thought. He was only human; he had made a mistake. The corporal was dead



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now and no one could bring him back.

The chaplain held a memorial service that afternoon for the man he had killed and he sat in the tent with the rest of the men. There was a wife and a kid, someone said. He tried to listen to the words the chaplain was saying, the name he kept repeating over and over again. Who was this man he'd just killed? Who had he been? He wanted to scream right there in the church tent, right there during the ceremony. He kept hearing the name too many times, the name of the dead man, the man with the friends, the man with the wife, the one he didn't know or care to know, the kid from Georgia who was now being carefully wrapped up in some plastic bag and sent back in a cheap wooden box to be buried in the earth at 19.

He went back to his tent after the ceremony was over and sat down. There was some mail, but he couldn't get interested in it. Someone had sent him a Sergeant Rock comic book. But it wasn't funny anymore. The good guys weren't supposed to kill the good guys.

The next few weeks passed much slower than any time in his whole life. Each day dragged by until the night, the soft, soothing night, when he could close himself off from the pain, when he could forget the terrible thing for a few hours. The war was going a little worse than before; artillery and rockets were hitting the camp almost every day, sending the men into the little bunkers they had built. The major was still sitting behind his desk in the big sandbagged

battalion tent, and whenever he walked past him, the major would return his sharp salute with a very confident smile on his face. He thought of the major as his friend. He had understood the whole terrible thing. He had said that maybe it didn't happen, things got confusing out there, and the major said he knew, that he had been out there himself under heavy fire and he knew.

He knew the major understood everything, like the men who whispered softly on the chow line and the men who stood talking by their tents. No one wants to say, he thought, no one wants to talk about it. Who wanted to approach him and ask if he had done it, if he had killed the corporal that night? No one. No one would ever do it, he thought.

It was his friend the major who gave him his second chance. He called him into the command bunker one day and told him he wanted him to become the leader of his new scout team. The major who understood him told him he liked the way he operated and said he knew the sergeant could do a good job.

Here was his chance, he thought, to make everything good again. This young, strong Marine was getting a second crack at becoming a hero. He knew, he understood the thing the major was doing for him, and he left the bunker feeling stronger and better than he'd felt for a long time. Here was his chance, he thought over and over again.

He walked down the twisting ammo-box sidewalk and saluted one of the officers as smartly as ever, much too smartly

for anyone who had been over there as long as he had. The thoughts of the night he'd killed the corporal were already becoming faded as he began to think more and more about the scout team, how he would train the men and the things they would do to make up for all the things that had gone before.

He wrote in his diary that night how proud he was to have been made the leader of the scouts, to be serving America in this, its most critical hour, just like President Kennedy had talked about. He might get killed, he wrote, but so had a lot of Americans who had fought for democracy. It was very important to be there putting his life on the line, to be going out on patrol and lying in the rain for Sparky the barber and God and the rest. He was proud. He was real proud of what he was doing. This, he thought, is what serving your country is supposed to be about.

He went out on patrol with the others the night of the ambush at exactly eight o'clock, loading a round into the chamber of his weapon before he walked out of the tent and into the dark and rain. As usual, he had made all the men put on camouflage from head to toe, made sure they had all blackened their faces and attached twigs and branches to their arms and legs with rubber bands.

One by one the scouts moved slowly past the thick barbed wire and began to walk along the bank of the river, heading toward the graveyard where the ambush would be set up. They were moving north exactly as planned, a line of shadows tightly bunched in the rain. Sometimes it would stop raining and they would spread out somewhat more, but mostly they continued to bunch up, as if they were afraid of losing their way.

There was a rice paddy on the edge of the graveyard. No one said a word as they walked through it and he thought he could hear voices from the village. He could smell the familiar smoke from the fires in the huts and he knew that the people who went out fishing each day must have come home. He remembered how difficult it had been when he had first come to the war to tell the villagers from the enemy and sometimes it had seemed easier to hate all of them, but he had always tried very hard not to. He wished he could be sure they understood that he and the men were there because they were trying to help all of them save their country from the Communists.

They were on the rice dike that bordered the graveyard. The voices from the huts nearby seemed quite loud. He looked up ahead to where the lieutenant who had come along with them that night was standing. The lieutenant had sent one of the men, Molina, on across the rice dikes, almost to the edge of the village. The cold rain was coming down very hard and the men behind him



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were standing like a line of statues waiting for the next command.

But now something was wrong up ahead. He could see Molina waving his arms excitedly, trying to tell the lieutenant something. Stumbling over the dikes, almost crawling, Molina came back toward the lieutenant. He saw him whisper something in his ear. And now the lieutenant turned and looked at him. "Sergeant," he said, "Molina and I are going to get a look up ahead. Stay here with the team."

Balancing on the dike, he turned around slowly after the lieutenant had gone, motioning with his rifle for all of the men in back of him to get down. They waited for what seemed a long time and then the lieutenant and Molina appeared suddenly through the darkness. He could tell from their faces that they had seen something. They had seen something up ahead, he was sure, and they were going to tell him what it was. He stood up, too excited to stay kneeling down on the dike.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Be quiet," whispered the lieutenant sharply, grabbing his arm, almost throwing him into the paddy. He began talking very quickly and much louder than he should have. "I think we found them. I think we found them," he repeated, almost shouting.

He didn't know what the lieutenant meant. "What?" he said.

"The sappers, the sappers! Let's go!" The lieutenant was taking over now. He seemed very sure of himself; he was acting very confident. "Let's go, goddamn it!"

He clicked his rifle off safety and got his men up quickly, urging them forward, following the lieutenant and Molina toward the edge of the village. They ran through the paddy, splashing like a family of ducks. This time he hoped and prayed it would be the real enemy. He would be ready for them this time. Here was another chance, he thought. He was so excited he ran straight into the lieutenant, bouncing clumsily off his chest.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said.

"Quiet! They're out there," the lieutenant whispered to him, motioning to the rest of the men to get down on their hands and knees. They crawled to the tree line, then along the back of the rice paddy through almost a foot of water, until the whole team lay in a long line pressed up against the dike, facing the village.

He saw a light, a fire, he thought, flickering in the distance, off to the right of the village, with little dark figures that seemed to be moving behind it. He could not tell how far away they were from there. It was very hard to tell distance in the dark.

The lieutenant moved next to him. "You see?" he whispered. "Look," he

said, very keyed up now. "They've got rifles. Can you see the rifles? Can you see them?" the lieutenant asked him.

He looked very hard through the rain.

"Can you see them?"

"Yes, I see them. I see them," he said. He was very sure.

The lieutenant put his arm around him and whispered in his ear. "Tell them down at the end to give me an illumination. I want this whole place lit up like a fucking Christmas tree."

Turning quickly to the man on his right, he told him what the lieutenant had said. He told him to pass the instructions all the way to the end of the line, where a flare would be fired just above the small fire near the village.

Lying there in the mud behind the dike, he stared at the fire that still flickered in the rain. He could still see the little figures moving back and forth against it like small shadows on a screen. He felt the whole line tense, then heard the *woooooorshh* of the flare cracking overhead in a tremendous ball of sputtering light, turning night into day, arching over their heads toward the small fire that he now saw was burning inside an open hut.

Suddenly, someone was firing from the end of the line, and now all the men in the line opened up, roaring their weapons like thunder, pulling their triggers again and again without even thinking, emptying everything they had into the hut in a tremendous stream of bright-orange tracers that crisscrossed each other in the night.

The flare arched its last sputtering bits into the village and it became dark, and all he could see were the bright-orange embers from the fire that had gone out.

And he could hear them.

There were voices screaming.

"What happened? Goddamn it, what happened?" yelled the lieutenant.

The voices were screaming from inside the hut.

"Who gave the order to fire? I wanna know who gave the order to fire."

The lieutenant was standing up now, looking up and down the line of men still lying in the rain.

He found that he was shaking. It had all happened so quickly.

"We better get a killer team out there," he heard Molina say.

"All right, all right. Sergeant," the lieutenant said to him, "get out there with Molina and tell me how many we got."

He got to his feet and quickly got five of the men together, leading them over the dike and through the water to the hut from where the screams were still coming. It was much closer than he had first thought. Now he could see very clearly the smoldering embers of the fire that had been blown out by the terrific blast of their rifles.

Molina turned the beam of his flashlight into the hut. "Oh, God," he said. "Oh, Jesus Christ." He started to cry. "We just shot up a bunch of kids!"

The floor of the small hut was covered with them, screaming and thrashing their arms back and forth, lying in pools of blood, crying wildly, screaming again and again. They were shot in the face, in the chest, in the legs, moaning and crying.

"Oh, Jesus!" he cried.

He could hear the lieutenant shouting at them, wanting to know how many they had killed.

There was an old man in the corner with his head blown off from his eyes up, his brains hanging out of his head like jelly. The sergeant kept looking at the strange sight; he had never seen anything like it before. A small boy next to the old man was still alive, although he had been shot many times. He was crying softly, lying in a large pool of blood. His small foot had been shot almost completely off and seemed to be hanging by a thread.

"What's happening? What's going on up there?" The lieutenant was getting very impatient now.

Molina shouted for the lieutenant to come quickly. "You better get up here. There's a lot of wounded people up here."

He heard a small girl moaning now. She was shot through the stomach and bleeding from the rear end. All he could see now was blood everywhere and he heard their screams with his heart racing like it had never raced before. He felt crazy and weak as he stood there staring at them with the rest of the men, staring down onto the floor as if it were a nightmare, as if it were some kind of dream and it really wasn't happening.

And then he could no longer stand watching. They were people, he thought, children and old men, people like himself, and he had to do something, he had to move, he had to help, do something. He jerked the green medical bag off his back, ripping it open and grabbing for bandages, yelling at Molina to please come and help him. He knelt down in the midst of the screaming bodies and began bandaging them, trying to cover the holes where the blood was still spurting out. "It's gonna be OK. It's gonna be OK," he tried to say, but he was crying now, crying and still trying to bandage them all up. He moved from body to body, searching in the dark with his fingers for the holes the bullets had made, bandaging each one as quickly as he could, his shaking hands wet with the blood. It was raining into the hut and a cold wind swept his face as he moved in the dark.

The lieutenant had just come up with the others.

"Help me!" he screamed. "Somebody help!"

"Well, goddamn it, Sergeant! What's the matter? How many did we kill?"

"They're children!" he screamed at the lieutenant.

"Children and old men!" cried Molina.

"Where are their rifles?" the lieutenant asked.

"There aren't any rifles," he said.

"Well, help him, then!" screamed the lieutenant to the rest of the men. The men stood in the entrance to the hut, but they would not move. "Help him, help him. I'm ordering you to help him!"

The men were not moving and some of them were crying now, dropping their rifles and sitting down on the wet ground. They were weeping now, with their hands against their faces. "Oh, Jesus, oh, God, forgive us."

"Forgive us for what we've done!" he heard Molina cry.

"Get up!" screamed the lieutenant. "What do you think this is? I'm ordering you all to get up."

Some of the men began slowly crawling over the bodies, grabbing for the bandages that were still left.

By now some of the villagers had gathered outside the hut. He could hear them shouting angrily. He knew they must be cursing them.

"You better get a fucking chopper in here," someone was yelling.

"Where's the radioman? Get the radioman!"

"Hello, Cactus Red. This is Red Light Two. Ahhh, this is Red Light Two. We need an emergency evac. We got a lot of wounded . . . ahhh . . . friendly wounded. A lot of friendly wounded out here." He could hear the lieutenant on the radio, trying to tell the helicopters where to come.

The men in the hut were just sitting there crying. They could not move and they did not listen to the lieutenant's orders. They just sat with the rain pouring down on them through the roof, crying and not moving.

"You men! You men have got to start listening to me. You gotta stop crying like babies and start acting like Marines!" The lieutenant, who was off the radio now, was shoving the men, pleading with them to move. "You're men, not babies. It's all a mistake. It wasn't your fault. They got in the way. Don't you people understand?—they got in the goddamn way!"

When the medevac chopper came, he picked up the little boy who was lying next to the old man. His foot came off and he grabbed it up quickly and bandaged it against the stump of the boy's leg. He held him looking into his frightened eyes and carried him up to the open door of the helicopter. The boy

was still crying softly when he handed him to the gunner.

And when it was all over and all the wounded had been loaded aboard, he helped the lieutenant move the men back on patrol. They walked away from the hut in the rain. And now he felt his body go numb and heavy, feeling awful and sick inside, like the night the corporal had died, as they moved along in the dark and the rain behind the lieutenant toward the graveyard.

It was getting very cold and it was raining almost every day now. Some guy was sent back home because a booby trap had blown up on him. And it was about then I started looking for booby traps to step on, taking all sorts of crazy chances, trying to forget about the rain and the cold and the dead children and the corporal. I would go off alone sometimes on patrol looking for the traps, hoping I'd get blown up enough to be sent home but not enough to get killed. It was a rough kind of game to play. I remember walking along, knowing goddamn well exactly what I was doing, just waiting for those metal splinters to go bursting up into my testicles, sending me home a wounded hero. That was the only way I was getting out of that place. I took more chances than ever before, daydreaming as I strolled through the mine

Jock itch?

Chafing? Rash?

Cruex.

Aerosol Spray or Squeeze Powder



fields, thinking of the time I saw a guy named Johnny Temple play in Ebbets Field or the time Duke Snider struck out and tossed that old bat of his up into the air when the umpire threw him out of the game.

One morning the battalion was blown almost completely apart by an artillery attack. We had been out on patrol most of the night lying in the rain. We weren't even awake when the first couple of rounds began to pound in all around us. There was a whistle, then a cracking explosion. They had us right on target. We all ran for our lives, trying to make it to the bunker we had dug for ourselves. I was still half-asleep and not quite conscious of what was happening to me. All I remember is that I had to get to the bunker. Finally, after what seemed a long time, we all crawled down into the sandbags. We huddled together like children and I heard myself saying, "Oh, God, please, God, I want to live."

When the barrage finally lifted, we all looked at one another, feeling a little embarrassed for acting so frightened and praying behind the sandbags. Outside the bunker there was a sharp smell of gunpowder and people were beginning to move. We had been hit by almost 150 rounds in only a few minutes. Everyone was walking around in a daze.

There were scores of wounded. Sergeant Peters had been hit in the eye and Corporal Swanson was lying in the command tent with a large piece of metal still stuck in his head. I went up to him and held his hand, telling him everything was going to be all right. He told me to send a letter right away to his wife in California and tell her what had happened. I promised him I'd do it that night, but I never did and I never heard from him again.

We stopped going out on patrols in the beginning of the new year. We began to take showers every morning and even eat three meals a day again. It seemed like the perfect time to fix up the tent. Michaelson brought in a can of dark oil that we swept all over the wood floor. Even more work was put in on the bunker.

There was news one morning of a big fight a little north. A lieutenant from the battalion had been killed there. I knelt over him with the chaplain when they brought his body in. He was covered with a raincoat. There was a small bullet hole in his forehead and the whole back of his head had been shot out. He was dead like all the rest, and for some reason, right then I felt something big was about to happen.

The major called me over and told me to get the men ready to move out. We were going north across the river.

When I got back to the tent, Michaelson told me he would see me in heaven

after today. He was to die that afternoon. Every one of us seemed to have a funny feeling. I kept thinking over and over that I was going to get hit—that nothing would be quite the same after that day.

We went to get some chow and I remember the major yelled at me for not putting helmets on the men. We'd never used them in the past and I couldn't understand why on that day the major wanted us to wear helmets and flak jackets. We had to walk all the way back to our tent and put the stuff on. We felt like supermen in the cumbersome jackets as we got into the truck that took us to the southern bank of the river. We all got out and waited for a while, and then a small boat took us to the other side, where everybody else was getting ready to sweep up north to where the lieutenant's squad had been wiped out.

I remember later moving along the beach beside the ocean. There were sand dunes that reminded me of home and lots of scrub-pine trees. The men were in a very sloppy formation. It seemed everyone was carrying far too much equipment. The sky was clear and the Vietnamese were walking and fishing. Except for the noise of the tanks and amtracs that were moving slowly along with us, it seemed like a Sunday stroll with everyone dressed up in costumes. It was hard to remember that at any moment the whole thing might bust wide open and you might get killed like all the other dead losers. There was that salt air that smelled so familiar.

Then the whole procession suddenly came to a stop and we were told to go back. There was something happening in the village on the north bank of the river. A big fight was going on and the Popular Forces were pinned down and in lots of trouble. I ran up to the captain who had given the order and asked him was he sure we weren't supposed to continue going north? The men didn't want to go back, I said. Was it the major who had given the order? I asked. The captain said he'd try to get confirmation. I waited with the amtrac engines roaring in my ears while he radioed the rear. When he got off the radio, he told me the major had changed his mind. The scouts would now lead the attack into the village.

I climbed on one of the amtracs to talk to the men. They seemed very quiet. They had the same feeling I did that it was all about to come down, that this walk in the sand might be the last one for all of us.

There was going to be some kind of crazy tactical maneuver where we were going to march west along the bank of the river and make a direct assault on the village after crossing the razorback, which was the biggest sand dune in the

area. A group of us would dismount from one of the amtracs and lead the primary assault and the two other amtracs would sweep from north to south through the graveyard and attack from another flank. It all sounded so crazy and simple. I kept trying to get my thoughts together, trying to think how much I wanted to prove to myself that I was a brave man, a good Marine. No matter what happened out there, I thought to myself, I could never retreat. I had to be courageous. Here was my chance to win a medal: here was my chance to fight against the real enemy, to make up for everything that had happened.

This was it, I thought, everything I had been praying for, the whole thing up for grabs.

There were ten of them walking toward the village, and he felt the rosary beads in his top pocket and knew that the little black Bible they had given them all on the planes coming in was in his other pocket, too. The other men were getting off the 'tracs in the graveyard. He could see the heat still coming up from the big engines and the men looked real small in the distance, like little toy soldiers jumping off tanks. He looked to the left and they were all there; it was a perfect line. He had trained the scouts well and everything looked good. There was a big pagoda up ahead and a long trench full of Popular Forces. There wasn't any firing going on and he asked the commander of the Viet unit to help him in the assault that was about to take place. The Viet officer said they were staying put and none of them was even going to think about attacking the village. He was angry as he moved the scouts over the top of the long trench line. They're a bunch of fucking cowards, he thought. "Look at them!" he shouted to the scouts. "They're sitting out the war in that trench like a bunch of babies."

"Let's go!" he said. And then they began to move into a wide and open area. They were ten men armed to the teeth, walking in a sweeping line toward the village. It was beautiful, just like the movies.

The firing started in the graveyard. There were loud cracks, and then the whole thing sounded like someone had set off a whole string of firecrackers. He could hear the mortars popping out, crashing like cymbals when they landed on top of the 'tracs. The whole graveyard was being raked by mortars and heavy machine-gun fire coming out of the village.

I remember we all sort of stopped and watched for a moment. Then all of a sudden, the cracks were blasting all

(concluded on page 186)



"Just think, Miss Bridgewater, we're doing it exactly the same way they did it two hundred years ago!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



HEAD STOPPERS

You've got a super souped-up motorcycle, a tight-fitting leather suit and an appropriately stacked blonde to ride on the back seat, but there's something amiss. Your headgear makes you look like a bench warmer for the Detroit Lions. What you need is a gladiator-type helmet from Gurnie Coffey, 2135 Guava Circle NW, Huntsville, Alabama. Made to look like something out of *Ben Hur*, these colorful headpieces come in four styles and three sizes, are safety approved and can be custom painted—all for only \$125. The Hell's Angels never had it so good.



GIMME SHELTER

Well, if brain surgeons and stamp collectors can have *their* newsletters, why shouldn't the heads-up businessman—who can legally avoid paying some taxes if he's smart enough—have his? For \$125 a year, Tax Haven News (1280 Saw Mill River Road, Yonkers, New York) will turn you on to tax facts in abundance, everything from nondisclosure laws and investment trusts to holding companies and mutual funds in such balmy ports of call as Liberia, the New Hebrides, Hong Kong and the Bahamas, to name but a few. Tax shelters and tax avoidance, we hasten to add, are wholly legal, far removed from tax *evasion*. In fact, with a little practice in artful dodging, you should be paying yourself taxes. Death is still a sure thing, but taxes aren't quite so inevitable.

THE RED AND THE GREEN

Who else but the Chinese would portray their illustrious ideological leaders—Mao, Marx, Engels and Lenin—woven into pieces of pure silk? And who else but a very imaginative lady named Munda would think of sewing the pieces into extremely handsome wallets to stash filthy lucre in? Get yours from Munda, P.O. Box 5018, FDR Station, New York 10022, for just \$23. Mao must be seeing red.



SEA WORTHIES

Old salts who never got around to making it down to the sea in ships but who would still like to deck out their dens in nautical curiosa will wish to check with a company called Maidhof Bros. (1429 Garnet Avenue, San Diego, California). Maidhof specializes in handsome flotsam and jetsam gleaned from vessels around the world. Its latest catalog costs \$3 and contains such items as ships' wheels and brass plaques. It even *smells* like the sea.



CHEST HIGH

Remember the singing telegram? Now comes the Shirtogram. It seems that a North Hollywood, California, company called Fawn Inc., at 7396 Greenbush Avenue, is peddling for \$7.95 a message of 15 words or less printed Western Union-style on a T-shirt (DEAR JOE: I'M HORNY. NINE O'CLOCK FRIDAY, MY PLACE? LOVE, SUE). Fawn promises not to censor your message, which it tries to have delivered on the date you choose. But there's no guarantee you won't be arrested on the street.



CUTTING AN LP

Besides living in a genuine Playboy Pad (PLAYBOY, June 1973), Robert C. Pritikin happens to be our top concert sawist. Sawist? Uh-huh. Pritikin, who makes his old woodcutter sound like a coloratura soprano, gets backing from the San Francisco Symphony string section and the Edwin Hawkins Singers as he cuts his way through some easy-listening standards on an LP, *There's a Song Inside Your Saw*. For your copy, send \$4.98 to Saw, 2151 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 94109. It's sawmething else.



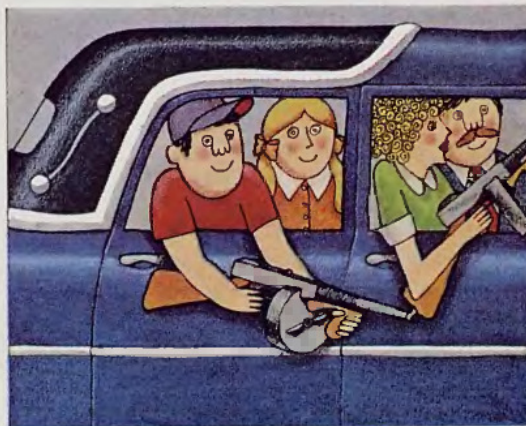
WOODEN EXPRESSION

Those of you with a high degree of vanity, a fat wallet and a gnawing desire to be immortalized in wood should check out a wood carver named Peter Engler of Mountain Woodcarving, Box 504, Branson, Missouri 65616. Engler specializes in carving six-foot-tall cigar-store Indians in one's very own likeness for around \$2000, depending on the choice of wood. (Linden is the most popular.) If you want to be wearing a war bonnet or smoking a peace pipe, that's up to you. But since the carving takes several months, it's best to act fast and put in your reservation. Ugh!



LEAD FREE

A few years ago, the notion of bulletproofing the family car would have qualified you for a quick trip to the booby hatch. Today? Well, we all read the headlines. . . . So if that's the type of auto erotica you're seeking, contact Tetradyne Corporation, a Texas firm at 1681 South Broadway, Carrollton 75006, that specializes in custom bulletproofing. Prices vary from \$3000 to \$30,000, depending on the machine and on what you want to stop. (A Jeep Wagoneer with fiberglass armor, firing ports and bulletproof glass costs about \$14,000.) You, of course, provide the car.



TENNIS, ANYONE? PATE? COGNAC?

Another wine and food tour? Ho hum. Vacation at a tennis camp? Yawn. A wine, food and tennis tour of France? Now you're talking. Wine Tours International (1035 Bell Lane, Napa, California) is serving up a three-week jaunt leaving September eighth, with refueling stops at three-star restaurants and country inns near tennis courts for running off the day's *foie gras*. Led by noted gourmet Claude Rouas, you'll volley through Beaujolais, Chablis and Champagne territory, ending up \$2100 later in Paris at Maxim's and the Racing Club, where, oddly enough, they play tennis. *Vive la différence!*



BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

(continued from page 182)

around our heads and everybody was running all over the place. We started firing back with full automatics. I emptied a whole clip into the pagoda and the village. I was yelling to the men. I kept telling them to hold their ground and keep firing, though no one knew what we were firing at. I looked to my left flank and all the men were gone. They had all run away to the trees near the river, and I yelled and cursed at them to come back, but nobody came. I kept emptying everything I had into the village, blasting holes through the pagoda and ripping bullets into the tree line. There was someone to my right lying on the ground still firing.

I had started walking toward the village when the first bullet hit me. There was a sound like firecrackers going off all around my feet. Then a real loud crack and my leg went numb below the knee. I looked down at my foot and there was blood at the back of it. The bullet had gone through the front and blown out nearly the whole of my heel.

I had been shot. The war had finally caught up with my body. I felt good inside. Finally, the war was with me and I had been shot by the enemy. I was getting out of the war and I was going to

be a hero. For a moment I felt like running back to the rear with my new million-dollar wound, but I decided to keep fighting out in the open. I kept firing my rifle into the tree line and boldly, with my new wound, moved closer to the village, daring them to hit me again. A great surge of strength went through me as I yelled for the other men to come out from the trees and join me. I was limping now and the foot was beginning to hurt so much, I finally lay down in almost a kneeling position, still firing into the village, still unable to see anyone. I seemed to be the only one left firing a rifle. Someone came up from behind me, took off my boot and began to bandage my foot. The whole thing was incredibly stupid, we were sitting ducks, but he bandaged my foot and then he took off back into the tree line.

For a few seconds it was silent. I lay down prone and waited for the next bullet to hit me. It was only a matter of time, I thought. I wasn't retreating, I wasn't going back, I was lying right there and blasting everything I had into the pagoda. The rifle was full of sand and it was jamming. I had to pull the bolt back now each time, trying to get a round into the chamber. It was im-

possible and I started to get up and a loud crack went off next to my right ear as a .30-caliber slug tore through my right shoulder, blasted through my lung and smashed my spinal cord to pieces.

I felt that everything from my chest down was completely gone. I waited to die. I threw my hand back and felt my legs still there. There was no feeling in them, but they were still there. I was still alive. And, for some reason, I started believing I might not die, I might make it out of there and live and feel and go back home again. I could hardly breathe and was taking short little sucks with the one lung I had left. The blood was rolling off my flak jacket from the hole in my shoulder and I couldn't feel the pain in my foot anymore, I couldn't even feel my body. I was frightened to death. I didn't think about praying, all I could feel was cheated.

All I could feel was the worthlessness of dying right there in that place at that moment for nothing.

The back yard, that was the place to be, it was where all the plans for the future, the trips to Africa, the romances with young high school girls, it was where all those wonderful things took place. Remember the Hula Hoop?—everyone, including my mother, doing it—and my sister—yes, my sister—teaching me the twist in the basement. Then out on the basketball court, with all the young fine-looking girls watching. Then back on the fence for a walk around the whole back yard. Up there! Can you see me balancing like Houdini? Can you see me hiding in a box, in a submarine, on a jet? Can you see me flying a kite, making a model, breaching a stream?

It was all sort of easy, it had all come and gone—the snowstorms, the street lamps telling us there was no school at midnight, the couch, the heater with all of us rolled up beside it in the thick blankets, the dogs—it was lovely. Getting nailed at home plate, studying the cub-scout handbook, tying knots, playing ping-pong, reading *National Geographic*. Mickey Mantle was my hero and Joan Marfe was the girl I liked best. It all ended with a bang and it was lovely.

There was a song called *Runaway* by a guy named Del Shannon playing one Saturday at the baseball field. I remember it was a beautiful spring day and we were young back then and really alive and the air smelled fresh. This song was playing and I really got into it and was hitting baseballs and feeling like I could live forever.

It was all sort of easy.

It had all come and gone.



"It doesn't matter how you feel. It's a matter of definition, and according to the latest, you're legally dead."

Are you still smoking?

In the years since the criticism against smoking first appeared, many people have given up cigarettes. But many more people haven't.

And that's who we'd like to talk to. That even larger group of people who are still smoking today.

If you're still a smoker, you've probably heard the charges leveled against 'tar' and nicotine. You may have become concerned. And chances are you even tried to do something about it. Like trying several of those empty-tasting low 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes.

If you're like a lot of other smokers, you probably went right back to your old brand, and concluded that a good-tasting low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette has never been invented.

Well, if that's the case, you haven't tried Vantage.

Vantage cuts down substantially on the 'tar' and nicotine you may have become concerned about. Without cutting out that satisfying tobacco flavor you've come to appreciate.

Now Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can smoke. But it may well be the lowest you'll enjoy.

To put it simply, Vantage still tastes like a cigarette.

So, if you still smoke, but would like to cut down on 'tar' and nicotine, Vantage is one cigarette you should seriously consider.



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

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

Lily Tomlin

(continued from page 94)

out and looked at the audience. "It was full of these straight, upper-middle-class women," she said later. "I mean, it was really strange." So she did the show and played to the three rows of hip-looking women down front, feminists and gay women, and she was more than a little pissed off.

In a taxicab nearing Hopkins Airport, Lily came clean. "Look," she said, "I just don't think I can do another straight interview."

The reporter tried to look crooked. "Well, if you could write the thing yourself, what would it be like? What's your fantasy of the ideal piece about you?"

"There wouldn't be any," Lily answered and she explained that talking straight about Lily Tomlin wasn't her thing. "My thing is what I do on the stage or on television. In everything written about me, I sound so self-indulgent." They were at an impasse, careening in silence along a busy interstate. Then Lily suggested, "Why don't we get really stoned and see what happens?"

They didn't get stoned; they got on a plane for Philadelphia. Lily made her last attempt at the boarding gate. "What are they paying you to write this? What if I gave you five hundred dollars more not to write it?" No dice. She gave up. They talked about the trip, the grueling one-night stands, and it was the reporter who complained about the hours and the bad food and the "devastating ecology of traveling around America." "Oh," Lily said, "say that. Say that I said that."

And they were on their way.

Airborne, Lily went to work. She had a pile of newspapers, magazines and a book on her lap. She flipped open the book, *The New Woman Is Survival Sourcebook*, a catalog-cum-essays about the feminist counterculture. Someone had just given it to her and Lily went mad, her yellow pen flashing across the pages, drawing lines through what interested her. When she was done, a page looked like a yellow-slatted Venetian blind. George was meditating in his seat across the aisle and Lily leaned over to show him the description of a women's hotel in Harper, Kansas. She wanted to go there. George wanted to know if they let men in.

Lily picked up a newspaper and read a story about a woman who had been in a coma for 32 years and whose mother would sit at her bedside every day. "Look at that," she said. "Can you imagine just sitting there? I'd take her by the shoulders and scream at her and shout and shake her." No indulgence. They were sitting in the nonsmoking section of the aircraft and the reporter had a nicotine fit. She confessed to Lily,

Again, no indulgence. "You don't really need it," Lily said and she described how she had stopped smoking through hypnosis. In fact, she often goes to a hypnotist. Three sessions for the smoking, several for allergies and then, just before going to work on *Nashville*. Aha! The reporter's eyes lit up behind tears of withdrawal. What about *Nashville*?

Lily liked it. "I liked Bob Altman when we started working and I liked him better when we were finished." She talked about how she had shaped her character, a middle-class wife with two deaf children who sings in a black Gospel choir (Lily and Richard Baskin wrote the songs for that) and has a brief encounter with a folk-rock singer. She studied sign language. She and Altman talked a lot about whether the character had slept around, whether she had done that sort of thing before. They never really decided. She and Keith Carradine, who played the folk singer, did a lot of preparation for their bed scene together. They improvised. They tried things out to see how they worked. She and Carradine told each other stories while lying in bed and at one point she recited a poem to him. Lily worried about it. She told Altman she wasn't sure the character would go through with it and Altman said OK, if that's what happened when they came to it, then that's what happened.

They were interrupted by the FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS sign and the landing. Lily tries to walk through airports or eat in restaurants or check into hotels inconspicuously. She has a few tricks in this line, but they don't work. She lowers her head a little, she seems to shrink, she turns her face away and gazes into shop-windows if she has to wait in a public place and she tries unfocusing her eyes, but there is always someone barging right in with "Hey, it's Ernestine" or "Aren't you Edith Ann?" Sometimes, some rare times, a nice person will inquire politely, "Excuse me, are you Lily Tomlin?"

So she arrived in Philadelphia and was sitting on a bench near the baggage-claim carousel while George went for the luggage. Henny Youngman had come off another flight. They embraced. "Where're you playing? Where do you go next?" Youngman had his fiddle; they laughed. He went off to the Hilton and she sat down on the bench again.

"Hey, aren't you Lily Tomlin?" She looked up. They were two young women. "Could we have your autograph?" They were tentative.

"I think giving autographs is dumb, don't you?" Lily said.

"Well, yeah"—they were smiling and uncomfortable—"but we wanted to ask

you something and we didn't know what to say."

"Well, um"—Lily understands this business of not knowing what to say—"um, why don't you ask me for a dollar?"

The women laughed and Lily slipped her hand into the pocket of her jacket. Her fingers wiggled in search of a dollar, but when the hand came out, it was closed in a fist. She undenchched it and revealed a handful of vitamins. There were glassy Es and chalky calciums and big Cs lying in her palm and a benevolent grin on her face. She doled them out. "A little white one for you. A little yellow one for you."

George signaled that he had the bags, but a young boy was passing by and joined the people standing around Lily. She gave him a C. People had begun to notice. It looked for a moment as though she would become Our Lady of the Vitamins, as though children would come and lie at her feet with upturned palms. George rescued her. He took Lily by the arm and led her out the airport door as she stuffed the remaining pills back into her pocket.

Everybody has a theory. Backstage at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, the local producer watched the house fill. Lily's a big draw. If only he had gotten her to do a run in a small house, a coupla nights. . . . Lily was inside the theater, testing the sound. "You know what she is?" he said. "She's the voice of the audience."

"Madam Chairperson. Madam Chairperson. OK." It was the voice of Susie Sorority.

"Hello. My name is Edith Ann and I'm five years old."

"Lines, lines go away, go and visit Doris Day." That was Lupe, the World's Oldest Living Beauty Expert.

Lily was unhappy with the quality of the sound. From the stage, she said to Andy Diraddo, her sound man, "No. It doesn't sound right. It needs more presence."

"Presence?" said Andy, deep in the darkened theater. "Do you mean volume?"

"I don't know. Presence."

Andy raised the volume.

"The girls I knew in high school thought they ovulated Chidlets. . . . Every time I see a YIELD sign on the highway, I feel sexually threatened. . . ."

It wasn't volume. Andy added some bass to the sound, then took it away. They got some of the voices to sound right but not all. Lily did Lucille, the Rubber Freak. Not enough presence. Andy added more bass for that one.

The producer is wrong. She is not the voice of the audience. She is not one voice but many. Remember the moments in *The Exorcist* when the



"Times have changed, Grandpa . . . you can come out of the closet now!"

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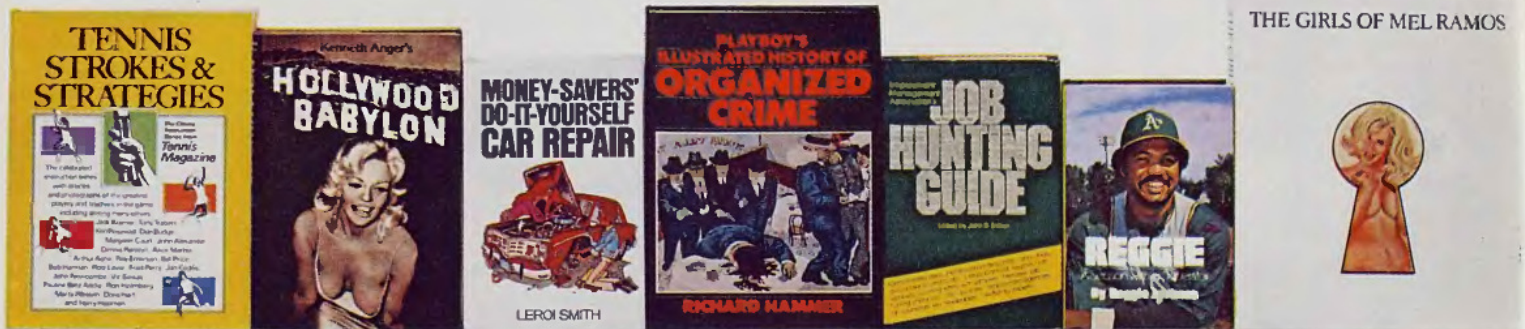
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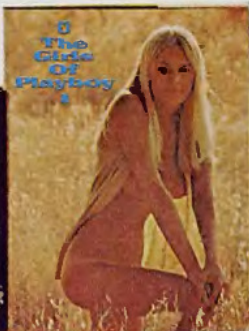
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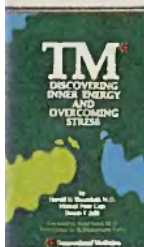
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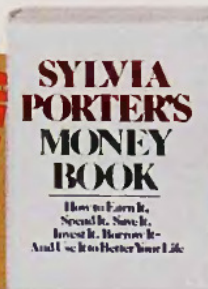
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deep-throated male voice of the Devil suddenly speaks out of the mouth of the sweet little girl? There are times around Tomlin that get just as spooky. Like watching her run through her voices alone in a dark theater. Like out there trucking around in the world when the voice suddenly changes and the face with it. She will become Edith Ann or Ernestine, slipping in and out so fast you lose your existential balance just watching. Where's Lily? Oh, there she is. Lost her for a second. She knows it. About her gallery of characters, she says, "A psychic told me they're possessions. They possess my body. I have nothing to do with it. Do you think Ernestine is not a real person? Do you think my characters aren't real? They're out there somewhere. I just imitate them."

Ah got good news for you tonight. Right up here on this stage—do ya feel it?—I tell ya, I receive so many cards and letters recently, they all start off [she pulls her breath in] "Sister Boogie Woman, I don't know how to tell ya how ma life has changed since I invited boogie into ma heart." . . . You say to me, Just what, Sister Boogie Woman, is boogie? How do I know if I got it? If I don't got it, how can I get it? Well, I'm gonna tell ya, friends and neighbors. . . .

The voice is just rolling along. The body out of which the voice comes rolls along, too, shakin' and rollin' and bouncin' around, picking up speed as it goes on. She's the Bible Belt come to life, the Sunday-morning revival, arms flailing, her pitch building.

Boogie's not a meanin', boogie's a feelin'. . . . Boogie takes the question marks outa yer eyes, puts little exclamation marks in they place. Ave ya on my beam? . . . Boogie's when the rest of the world is lookin' you straight in the eye sayin' you'll never be able to make it and ya got your teeth in a jar and those teeth say, Yes I can, yes I can. [She wheezes and huffs.] Yes I can. [She's a locomotive.] I say think of yourself as a potato chip and life as a dip. I say think of yourself as a chicken leg and life as Shake 'n Bake. Let me hear you say I got boogie. Oh, that's pitiful. [She scowls at the audience.] There's a whole bunch of dried-up peach pits in this auditorium. When ah say boogie, ah mean abandon [wheeze], I mean sensation [wheeze]. Lemme hear ya say I got boogie. [Whoop, whoop, she says, squawking and flapping her arms.] Oh, uh-oh, that boogie's takin' over mah body. C'mon, dig down deep. I got boogie! [The audience is screaming now right along with her.] Ooh, what a lark, what a lark, and ah thank ya!

Another good show. The sound and video worked and Lily was really on,

reaching out and touching the audience, playing with them. Three young guys leaned out of their first-tier box, calling, "Lily, Lily, up here, Lily, we love you."

"Shut up, you dopers," she said. Then laughed. "In the Fifties, nobody was gay. Only shy." The audience roared and cheered. "Not anymore, huh?" said Lily. Then she was telling about how she hitchhiked from Detroit to Chicago in the snow in ballet slippers.

"Is that all?" said a male voice in the front row. Lily stopped and looked at him. She got a really dopey, cockeyed look on her face and she spread her legs wide and very slowly, with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, she made like she was jerking off a cock. A good show.

Next day, Lily and George rushed into a small plant-filled restaurant for a fast lunch. The Chicago flight was leaving in an hour. A radio was playing, a man's voice urging women to wear pink and cook their husbands' favorite meals that day in opposition to a call for a women's strike. It was Alice Doesn't Day. Lily sneered at the radio voice. Then Phoebe Snow came on the air.

"Oh, sing it, Phoebe."

Lily was off balance a little. Reviews were catching up with her, mailed in from the cities she had played, and they were almost entirely raves. The "almost" threw her off. Someone in Miami wrote that her show was "cynical" and there was a negative notice in the *New York Daily News*.

"They want to get you. Those guys shouldn't be allowed to get away with that." Lily wanted to go punch the *Daily News* guy in the mouth. She crammed an omelet down her throat and sipped a bloody mary. "I mean, you can't fault my material, right? Cynical? It's all compassionate. I love the characters I do. I don't understand these people. You know that radio show I did this morning? The guy said—why'd he have to say this?—he said, 'I thought you were great, but I've heard people say they didn't think you were very good in Nashville.'"

George looked at his watch and cut in. "We're late." The cab waited. Waitresses were flustered. George paid the check. They dashed into the cab, sped away and made it on time. Lily stopped near the gate to phone ahead, do some quick interviews in cities she was going to. They took off.

Lily's brain whizzed with things she wanted to work on. On her lap, she had the resolutions of the just-finished NOW convention. She wants to do a bit on rape, but she hasn't got it yet. And wife beating, too. Wife beating? She looked for an association in her past. "Here's

part of it," she said suddenly. "A neighbor in Detroit used to beat his wife."

In Detroit?

Oh, yes, she grew up in Detroit, was the best white cheerleader Detroit ever saw, but the family's from Kentucky. Just as an aside, she said, her name isn't really Lily. It's Mary Jean. (Sometimes, in her show, Lily in her Edith Ann voice tells the audience that Mary Jean says if you smoke marijuana, you can get a college education in a week.) Mary Jean Tomlin became Lily when she was making the rounds in New York in the Sixties looking for work and she heard that someone was casting a revue and looking for an English couple. She went to the audition with her brother, Richard, and decided that Mary Jean didn't sound English. Her mother's name is Lily. She admired Beatrice Lillie. She switched and kept the name, although they didn't get the parts.

Back to the wife beater. "He was the kind of man who used to watch *Strike It Rich* on television with my father and he'd sit there crying." When Lily was a kid, he brought the family food from his back yard and once there were scallions, which Mary Jean found out had been grown with chicken fertilizer, so she refused to eat them. Twenty years later, that far away and a star called Lily Tomlin by then, she visited the old neighborhood and saw the wife beater. "He sort of didn't know what to say to me. So you know what he said? 'Hey, Lily, you want some of those scallions with chickenshit on them?' After twenty years! One thing he said"—Lily stopped for a minute to be sure she had it right—"he used to say to his wife, 'I don't know what you're complaining about, you always had just as good a clothes as anybody.'"

There was a night off in Chicago.

"Do you want to be hidden until the show starts?"

Lily looked at the theater manager incomprehendingly, wide-eyed and blinking. What did he have in mind, a tunnel? A veil? She turned to George, who shrugged. "Uh, well, OK." The manager took everybody backstage to hide out. Lily didn't like it. The actors, about to go on, were tense, but they gave her their attention. Barbara Rush kissed her and they talked. An ingénue looked as though she were about to ask Lily for an autograph. Excitement spread backstage: Lily Tomlin is here!

In the darkened theater, she slid into her seat way in the back and the play began. It was a Noel Coward play and Barbara Rush is her friend, but Noel Coward couldn't hold her interest. Near the lighted stage, she saw a row of middle-aged matrons, nine of them looking alike, none batting an eye throughout the play. Lily watched them and nudged George. She smiled. There was something more

amusing about the row of ladies than what was on the stage.

It was like the time she saw a welfare mother on television in New York and "I just had to do her. I mean, she was so righteous—in a street sense, you know—I had to do her. She was saying, 'My people built this motherfucking country.'" Like just a few nights before Chicago, Lily happened to turn on the television set in her hotel room and there was the Miss Teenage America Pageant on and one of the girls was saying, as Lily retold it, "I believe in equal work for equal pay, but I like-A boy to open-A door and I like-A boy to buy me dinner," and ever since then, Lily was saying that line, flipping her head from side to side, working it up.

The theater lights went up for intermission and the manager returned, asking if she would like to wait backstage. "No. That feels weird. I don't like to interrupt the actors' concentration during a show." At the theater bar, she drank a bloody mary and said she didn't like the play. "I just don't understand why anybody would want to do an *old* play." She had done some old plays herself, she said: "In Detroit coffeehouses, I did Pinter and Beckett, because you needed only one serious committed actor who was willing to work."

George asked Lily if she would be home for Thanksgiving. She smiled. She was thinking about home, which is in

Los Angeles, where there is a bedroom with a ceiling painted with clouds, a bright-blue Magritte kind of sky and a classic mid-Fifties Dodge sitting in the driveway and the oversize rocking chair Edith Ann uses locked up in the garage. Thanksgiving with people Lily loves and works with, the most important of whom are Jane and brother Richard.

Jane is Jane Wagner, probably the most important person in her life. Jane coproduces Lily's shows and writes an awful lot of the material. Jane is in California and when Lily goes through her reviews in the cities she plays, she cuts them out and sends them back to Jane.

At the end of the play, Barbara Rush announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have someone very special in the audience tonight." Unobtrusively, Lily dropped her small handbag to the floor and, as the applause rose, she stood, smiled, acknowledged all the turned heads and flapping hands. The lights went up. Lily went backstage again and smiled at everybody, said nice, supportive showbiz things, and then Barbara Rush asked if she wanted to go to a dinner with Danny Kaye. Lily and George conferred. Lily was not sure.

"What do you think it'll be like? I mean, if it's real showbiz and uptight. . . . I don't want to go if I can't misbehave."

George thought there might be good

food. After all, Kaye is known as a fantastic cook and there had been something said about Chinese food. OK. She'd go.

There was no Kaye after all and it was not a home-cooked meal but a group of people in a Chinese restaurant sitting at a large round table. Kaye, exhausted by his tour on behalf of UNICEF, had retired. Around the table, its cloth covered with stains and remains of a large meal, sat Irv Kupcinet of *Kup's Show*, Chicago's showbiz power broker; a prosperous-looking gynecologist in a three-piece suit; the gynecologist's wife; Essee Kupcinet. George slid in first, then Barbara Rush, then the reporter, then Lily. The waiters began to serve.

The doctor was telling how he had checked Kaye into a hotel earlier that evening. He had done the checking in so the hotel wouldn't know Kaye was there, but then he'd forgotten to take the room key with him. "Well," he said to the new arrivals, "I offered to send my wife to get it and Kaye said, 'OK. But be sure to send her up to the room with it, too.' Har-har." The doc shook with laughter, but Lily did not. She screwed up her face as though she had smelled something awful. Har-har.

"Well, tell us," Kup said, "about *Nashville*. I loved it. What was it like working with Altman?"

Lily knew how to handle that sort of thing. She said she had liked Altman to

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begin with and had liked him better afterward.

"He really works spontaneously, doesn't he? Makes snap decisions, goes with his instincts?"

"Yup," said Lily. "Those kids who played my deaf children, he hired them right there on the spot. They were the first ones who auditioned."

"I thought you were very moving," Essee said. "It's your first film, but it isn't really your first acting job, is it? You're really always acting in what you do, aren't you?"

"Yeah," said Lily, over her soup, "including right now."

Right there, soup spoon in hand, Lily faded out and Ernestine faded in. "A gracious hello. (*Snort, snort*) This is Installation and Repair Service, Miss Tomlin speaking clearly into her mouthpiece. Who's calling, please? (*Pause*) Th-th-the A.M.A.? What's that stand for, Anna Maria Alberghetti? (*Humph*) Oh, don't get so uptight. It's just a little joke. Not unlike Medicare."

If the doc got it, he didn't show it. His wife stepped in and tried to tell Lily about a women's conference she had gone to. Her husband stopped her. "Oh, those women," he said, "they get together and they can't figure out what they want to talk about, so they start complaining about birth-control pills."

Lily downed four cups of tea in a row. George squirmed in his chair and Barbara Rush said, "Well. . . ." Kup flicked the heavy ash from his cigar from time to time. It boiled down to a *mano-à-mano* between Lily and the three-piece suit.

"Did you ever hear this one?" he asked.

"There was a young fellow named Skinner

Who asked a young lady to dinner.

By a quarter to nine

They had opened the wine;

By a quarter to ten it was in her."

Lily countered:

"There was a young man from St. Paul

Who went to the fancy dress ball.

He said, 'I will risk it,

I'll go as a biscuit.'

But a dog ate him up in the hall."

The doc was obsessed with the women's conference, which he had not attended. "Those women, you know. They were complaining about having to shave their legs! Imagine! Who says they *have* to shave their legs? I don't give a rat's ass if they shave their legs."

"Well," said Lily in her own voice, "when the group you depend on for survival—"

"Depend on?"

"Yeah, most women are dependent on

men for survival. So you incorporate the values of the ruling class." She pushed her plate away. "You know, you pick up the dominant male ethics and values and—"

"Well," he said, "take black families. They're run by women. *That's* a matriarchal society. I was in Mexico last year and that's matriarchal. Look at the mess. Look at the way those people live . . . mud huts. . . . Everyone was much better off when it was a patriarchal society . . . things were run better."

"Well, what about these women who are heads of state?" Barbara Rush asked, but so quietly that no one heard her.

"What's important about black people's lives," said Lily, "is who controls them. Black women don't—"

"What about some tea over here?" Kup called to a waiter.

"Control them. It's white people—mostly white men—who control black people's lives."

"What about women who don't want to be liberated?" Essee, who seemed to be enjoying the conversation, put in that she had just read an interview with Larry Collins' wife. "She said she really liked her husband having the career and she staying at home—"

"What about this pork dish?" said a waiter.

"What about," continued the doc, "these men who leave home at seven in the morning and work hard all day while their wives have an easy life? Meantime, their kids don't know who their father is and they have no idea what he does all day."

"My father used to work in a factory and he'd bring home brass parts that he'd made to show me," Lily said quietly. Then she revved up again. "But what if that guy decides not to come home one day? What if he just doesn't get on that train and the woman has to support herself and maybe the kids, too?"

No one was converted. The melee died down. Lily did Miss Teenage America—"I like-A boy to buy me dinner"—and the doc paid the check. On the way out, Lily said to Kup. "How do you manage to create all this controversy just by being here? You did create this, didn't you?" Kup smiled a warm and knowing smile.

Next day was Halloween. Lily was cooking something up. She and George slipped out of the hotel midafternoon and came back laden with peculiar objects. They had a long black cape with red-silk lining, a high pointed black hat, a wig, a frumpy black dress, strange shoes, elbow-length gloves and a broom.

Lily appeared in the hotel lobby at five, dressed as Edith Ann in a witch costume, black cape and pointed hat. Her video man, Ed Brantley, took the

video camera and they climbed into the record company's limousine. Lily told the driver to go out into the suburbs (they were heading toward a school she had found out about where some kids were having a costume party) and, as the car made its way through rush-hour traffic, she made up what she was going to do.

"OK. We'll get Edith going into a building. OK? She'll go up the stairs and you shoot her going up, then she'll knock at a door and do trick or treat." Ed nodded and checked the batteries in his camera. Lily had something in mind for later, something to be used in the show that night. She made some notes. "How am I going to work this?" she said. She stared out the window. Watching Lily Tomlin thinking something up is like watching Charlie Parker get down with his music.

"OK, what will you get if you shoot out the window?"

"Not much."

"Well, can you just get some establishing shots of the neighborhood, so we see it's really a neighborhood?"

"I'll try."

"And we get Edith in the neighborhood. Then we do Ernestine when we get back to the hotel. How many decks do we have at the theater? Can we cut from Edith to Ernestine and then—"

She lost Ed. Lily was explaining, revising, working it out again when the car drove up to the school.

"Go ahead," Lily said to the reporter. "You do it. You're a good hustler." It didn't take much. Inside the building, a young teacher was taking tickets. The first floor was full of children in costume. The reporter said, "Excuse me, do you know who Lily Tomlin is?"

"*Lily Tomlin?*" The teacher's voice squeaked; her eyebrows went up near her hairline and her mouth dropped open.

"Well, Lily Tomlin would like to—"

The teacher rushed off to alert anyone she could find. "Lily Tomlin! Oh, my God, Lily Tomlin!"

Ed went in first with the camera. Lily stayed outside, fixing her make-up, and then she stuck her make-up case into a niche in the wall. She entered squatting, Edith Ann all done up as a witch, the cape trailing a foot behind her. She waddled up to the table, where the teacher was trying to keep a straight face. Two boys ran by, squirting each other with shaving-cream cans. Most of the kids paid no attention to Edith and ran down the corridor into a bigger room draped in crepe paper and balloons. Lily looked a little like José Ferrer playing Lautrec as she went down the hallway. Some older kids caught on. She was standing next to a

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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 occurs 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.)

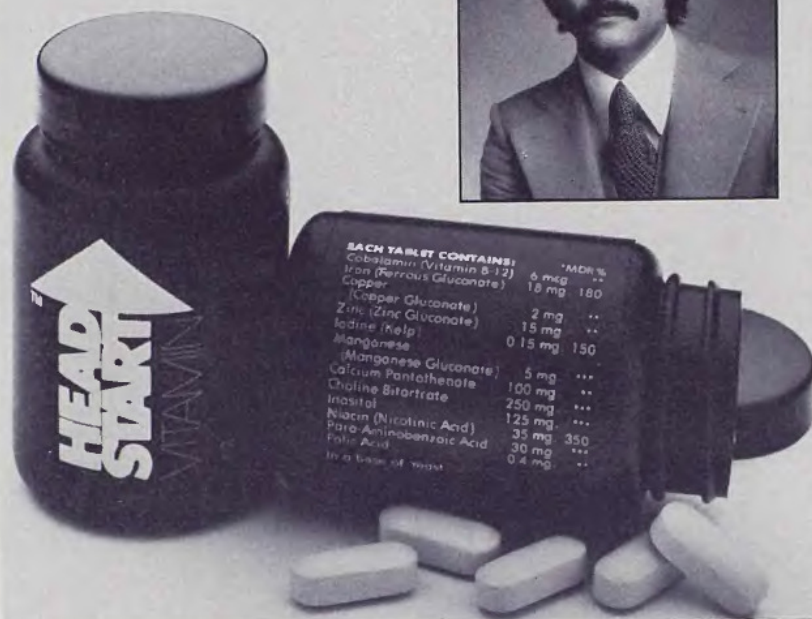
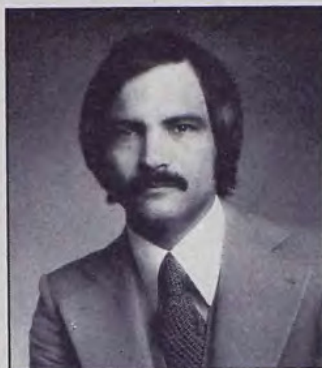
The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

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four-year-old ballerina and a three-year-old Superman when they started coming up to her.

"Is it really Edith Ann?"

"Hey, I saw you on television!"

She grinned.

"C'mon, you're not Lily Tomlin, are you?"

"Are you Lillian Tomlin?" The little girl had butterflies painted on her face. Lily nodded.

"I love you." That was a 12-year-old boy dressed in *Lederhosen* and a Tyrolean hat.

It was 20 to seven. Lily had to go. A stream of openmouthed kids followed her outside, where she discovered that the make-up case had been stolen. "Oh, shit. Well, I'll just have to get some more." She got into the car and told the driver to stop in front of Walgreen's drugstore. Without the peaked hat, but still wearing her flashing cape, Lily walked up to the make-up counter. "Let's see. There's a kind of lipstick I like, but I cannot remember who makes it. Um, I'll have some of this. Don't you have

any eye liner? Um, OK. Shit, they don't have brushes. It's a good thing I stopped wearing false eyelashes onstage."

A young woman sidled up to the reporter. "Is she who I think she is?"

"Yes."

"Here? Lily Tomlin's here?"

The reporter shrugged and lent Lily \$22 for the make-up. Inside the car, Ed reran what he had shot. They sped toward Chicago and the hotel clock read 7:30 as Lily rode up to her suite. In the living room, her new wig sat on its stand, the front hair set in pin curls and stuck with bobby pins. Lily was calm. The reporter left her but was back ten minutes later, knocking at the door.

"Come in."

It was a strange voice, a voice snorting and dripping with mucus and originating high in someone's adenoids. The voice came from the bedroom, which was to the left of where the reporter stood. The sitting room was dark and the reporter eagerly turned to the left, feeling a cold chill somewhere, and walked

through another dark room toward the open door of the second bedroom and the shaft of light.

Ernestine stood in front of a bureau, looking at the mirror on the wall, fussing with her hat and veil.

"Oh, God, I don't know. How does this look?"

Ernestine pulled the veil down over her eyes, raising it slightly at the forehead, where it waved over a Rita Hayworth hairdo. She tugged at her elbow-length, glittery gloves. The reporter's palms sweated profusely. Ernestine kept talking.

"Do you think it looks OK? God, no, these earrings are (*snort, wheeze*) too classy. No, I'll have to wear the other ones. . . ."

Ernestine's black dress came mid-calf and she wore pumps. Suddenly, she rolled her eyes and scowled. "I can't let you see me like this. *Oh, God!* You're *writing* about me!"

The reporter laughed, a little choked and feeling something not unlike fear. She knew that Ernestine, in real life, was a terrible prankster, that she had done things like calling people in L.A. in the middle of the night, people whose names she had picked at random from the phone book, and she had told those people that their telephone numbers had been changed. In the middle of the night. And those people had believed her, and then she had said that she did not know the new numbers, that that was information belonging to another department. Ernestine had learned that there was no telling how easily people buckled under authority. No telling what Ernestine might do, either. Right then, Ernestine shared a problem with the reporter.

"OK, let's figure out what I'm going to do. I go downstairs and walk through the ball and Ed shoots it, right? Then I go through the lobby and I get in the car, which is right outside, and we drive to the theater. Ed can get me coming out of the car. Then what?"

There was a Halloween drag ball going on in the main ballroom of the hotel. Leaning close to the mirror, she applied one of the lipsticks just bought at Walgreen's, squinted and said, "Maybe someone at the theater could say, 'You can't come in here, it's the Lily Tomlin show.'" Ernestine stopped to think. "Then I can say, 'But I *am* Lily Tomlin.'"

The reporter envisioned a dashing gesture like the one Clark Kent makes in telephone booths, Ernestine throwing off her wig and glittery gloves, revealing herself there outside the Auditorium Theater to be. . . . Things were getting confusing. The reporter tried to be helpful. "Well, is Ernestine Lily?"

"I think so," said Ernestine. "Don't you?"



"I'm too proud to go on welfare, that's why."

"No. I'm not sure."

"Oh, maybe Ernestine *isn't* Lily." She got a gleam in her eye. "Maybe Ernestine *hates* Lily Tomlin. OK. So I could drive up to the theater and I could say. . . Hey, wait a minute. If there's a poster outside the theater, I could just go up to it and draw a mustache on it. Let's see. Do I have an eyebrow pencil?" Ernestine rummaged among all the make-up spread on the dresser. "Wait! Go call George and ask him if there's a poster out front."

The reporter obliged. George said there was. He also said, "What's she going to do now?" The reporter didn't know. Neither did Ernestine. She whipped through the hotel suite, tottering around in her funky black pumps and thinking out loud. "No, maybe I could set fire to the poster. Do you have any matches?" The reporter handed some over and Ernestine dropped them into the velvet handbag hanging from her wrist.

Ernestine was thinking hard as she rode down in the elevator, emerging on the main floor. No one turned to look at her. The people who notice Lily Tomlin wherever she goes just passed Ernestine by. She might as well have been a reveler on her way to the ball, like everyone else in the lobby. Someone in a silver-lamé evening gown and bouffant platinum wig whisked by. Someone else had on flashing red satin. Ed had the camera going as Ernestine made her way through the lobby. She passed and paused to admire a very frail person dressed as a candelabra. He wore a tight electric-blue one-piece bathing suit and suspended from his shoulders were thin silver bars, jutting straight out and then up, topped by bright-blue candles. As he walked, four hangers-on dressed in ordinary street clothes adjusted the contraption to keep it straight.

Ed, still shooting, backed away and into the street as Ernestine walked toward him. The limousine waited at the curb, its door open, the uniformed chauffeur standing at attention. Before her lay the city of Chicago, the restless crowd outside the Auditorium Theater, nine more one-night shows, California, television, films, friends, lovers. . .

This is Lily Tomlin's prime. She has said herself that she just might be peaking. She is on several edges at once: the edge between underground heroine and the big, big time, the edge between living in the real world and living feverishly in her own imagination.

Ernestine got into the car. The Tomlin show would start late and then there would be a party back at the hotel and then an early flight to Des Moines. George stood on the sidewalk, watching the car pull away. "One of these days," he said, "she's going to keep on going and never come back."



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a feast of snakes

(continued from page 140)

icebox and they all sat in the little living room looking out through the picture window onto the campground. The babies lay in their playpen, where their mother had put them, screaming and refusing to suck their sugar-tits. Joe Lon pulled at his beer and then said something to Hard Candy that'd been on his mind ever since they decided to come back to his place and eat snake.

"Why don't you call you house and tell that sister of yorn to come eat snake?" Joe Lon was unable to make himself say the boy's name. "Tell 'er to bring him she brought from school, too, if she feels like it. We got enough snake for everybody."

Hard Candy got up and called her sister. Directly, she was back. "Berenice said she'd be sliding in here in a sec but not to wait the snake."

They all sat now without talking, sipping easy on the beer, a little stunned with alcohol and exhausted with dancing. Behind them through the window, smoke was layering in the windless afternoon over the campground above the open fires starting up now among the pickup trucks and trailers and campers and tents. Men, women and children wandered through the barren clay field in the failing November light with their hands full of snakes. Almost everyone brought pet snakes of one kind or another to the hunt. Mostly they were constrictors and black snakes and water snakes. The hunters spent hours passing them from hand to hand, comparing them, describing their habits and disclosing their names.

Joe Lon had just come back from the icebox with more beer when Berenice came sliding into the yard beside his pickup in her Austin-Healy. She had two batons with her and she came through the door, turning her brilliant smile on all of them and explaining that Shep had stayed to talk with her daddy, because he was seriously considering becoming a brain surgeon.

"Besides," she said, a little breathless, beaming still, "the notion of a snake-steak supper just made 'm want to throw up. Shep's got delicate digestion." While she talked, the batons slipped through her long, slender hands in slow revolutions.

Duffy said: "My name's Duffy Deeter. That's Miss Susan Gender. We're both from Gainesville." He gave her his own blinding smile. "Gainesville, Florida, not Georgia." Duffy wondered if his head could withstand a serious scissor from those powerful baton-twirling thighs.

"Why, that's the University of Florida, isn't it?" said Berenice, whose fine-grit voice education had turned to Cream of Wheat.

"I'm in philosophy and theater arts,"

said Susan. "Duffy's not connected with the university. He's a lawyer."

"Oh, I do wish Shep had come. He's so interested in philosophy and theater arts and law. A mind like a sponge, just like a big old sponge." Susan and Duffy and Berenice beamed one upon the other. Joe Lon and Willard and Hard Candy sat bored and unsmiling along one wall.

Elfy came out of the kitchen wiping flour on her pretty apron. "We can eat any—" Elfy stopped and looked at Berenice. "Any time we want to we can eat," she said, a sad, tentative smile fading on her mouth. "Hi, Berenice. I didn't know you was here."

Berenice high-stepped across the linoleum rug and hugged Elfy like a sister. "Just got here," she said. "Come through the door this minute. How you been, honey?" And without waiting for an answer: "You looking good. You looking one hundred percent." She turned and pointed to the two babies lying now curled in exhausted sleep in their playpen in the middle of the room. "You got two handsome little man-babies, honey. I was just looking and thinking how handsome them little darlings were."

Elfy blushed. "Thank you. Me and Joe Lon . . . Joe Lon and me, why, we think that . . . think that, too."

"You want a drink?" said Joe Lon.

Berenice shifted her beat-down magnificent haunches and turned to look at him. "A little light something might be nice before we eat," she said.

"Oh, I'll get it," said Elfy quickly. "Let me get it."

"Let me help you," said Berenice.

"No, I can. . . ." But the two of them were gone through the door together before she could finish.

When they were gone, Willard said: "She used to bubble a bottle like a goddamn sawmill nigger. Now she wants a little light something. Jesus!"

"I got a little light something I'm gone give her right here this afternoon," said Joe Lon.

"She needs to be opened up some so she can breathe," said Hard Candy, "that sister of mine does."

Willard said: "You gone stick 'er right here in the trailer with the babies and the old lady and everthing?" Laughter rolled in his heavy throat.

"Shut up, Willard," said Joe Lon bitterly. "It ain't nothing funny here."

"Don't tell me to shut up," said Willard Miller. "I'll come over there and let you smell you daddy's fist."

They sat glaring at each other, but Joe Lon was bored with the little game. Seemed it was one game after another.

"Run that by me again," said Duffy.

"Them two used to be a case here in Lebeau County," said Willard evenly



"All in all, then, I think we're agreed. We leave liquor alone and go for tea. After all, who's going to object to a few pennies' taxation on tea?"

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without ever taking his eyes off Joe Lon. "They used to be a case when Joe Lon here was Boss Snake."

"She's a fine-looking girl," said Duffy Deeter.

"The world's full of fine-looking girls," Joe Lon said sourly.

"It ain't full of Berenices," said Willard. "Was, she couldn't strike a lick on you like she does."

"Then it must be my turn," said Joe Lon. "Git everybody out of the trailer after we eat them snakes."

"How the hell I'm s'posed do that?" said Willard.

"You'll think of something," said Joe Lon. "You Boss Rattler now. It's you goddamn job to think of something."

But he didn't think of something. He was not the one. It was Susan Gender at the suggestion of Duffy Deeter who thought of something. After they had eaten the snakes and Duffy Deeter had found out that the next night there was going to be a dogfight—champion dogs on which money could be bet—after all of that, during which time Berenice had talked excitedly and in detail about her trip to Europe to study French the previous summer and Joe Lon had sat listening, choking on both snake and the thought that he had spent *his* time and life carrying whiskey and watching Elfy's teeth fall out, they were once again cramped into the little living room when Susan Gender said, "Hard Candy, let's go outside and have us a twirl-off. Settle this snake down some. You feel up to a twirl-off?"

"Always," said Hard Candy. "I always do."

"You're up against a good one," said Berenice. "My sister is a good one." She crossed her strong baton-twirling thighs and Duffy Deeter felt his stomach shift behind his belt. They were only waiting for Elfy to finish spooning the last jar of Gerber's into the older baby. "We both went, you know, to the Dixie National Baton Twirling Institute for two summers. Two summers each, both of us."

"Jesus," Duffy said. "Really?" Besides liking the marvelously absurd ring of Dixie National Baton Twirling Institute, he loved the excited, enthusiastic way Berenice had been babbling ever since she got there, as though she might have been eating speed of some sort.

"Right," she said. "It's on the campus of Ole Miss. Held every summer."

"Dynamite," said Duffy.

She talked on, a little breathlessly, waving her hands, her eyes turning now and again to check Elfy's progress with the baby food.

"When we were there, the director of the institute was Don Sartell. He's known as Mr. Baton, you know."

"I didn't know that," said Duffy Deeter. He was wishing he and Joe Lon could double-team her little ass and

thereby force her to give up all her secrets.

"I'm done," said Elfy, turning her ruined smile on them. "This young'un ain't eatin' another bite."

"Let's get to that twirl-off," said Duffy. He looked at Elfy. "Want to take the playpen outside for the babies?"

"Oh, they'll sleep now they full," she said. "We can leave 'm right where they are."

They let Elfy pass first through the door, followed by Willard, Susan Gender, Hard Candy and finally Duffy, who cast one lingering look over his shoulder toward Berenice just passing in front of Joe Lon. Joe Lon's face was gray and tight. He looked a little out of control. Duffy closed the door.

As the door closed, Joe Lon took her arm and spun her to face him. "Don't!" she said. "God, we can't, not here."

"Oh, I 'magine we can. I don't know what you think you doing, reminding . . . reminding me. . . ."

She wasn't listening, anyway. She'd already broken one of her nails tearing at his belt. He took her by the wrist and led her down the short narrow hallway to a little room and threw her onto the bed.

"Git naked and take a four-point stance," he said. His teeth were clamped so tight his jaws hurt.

The bed was right next to a wall and she braced herself firmly against the window ledge. He struck her from behind like she'd been a tackling dummy.

"You'll make me holler," Berenice said.

"Holler, then," said Joe Lon Mackey.

"You know how I always holler," she said quickly. And then: "Oh, Jesus, honey, honey, honey, Jesus."

"Is that what you gone holler?" he demanded. "Is that, goddamn it, what you gone holler? Jesus, honey? Is it *Jesus, honey?*"

She could no longer talk. He had driven her close against the window. The blinds were drawn, but around the edge, through a half inch of warped glass, he could see Hard Candy and Susan where they were twirling off while Willard and Duffy and Elfy squatted on the hard-packed dirt, watching. Elfy kept turning back to stare at the trailer, sometimes right at the window where they were locked together looking out. On the campground, men, women and children endlessly passed the snakes from hand to hand. Berenice's hair lay in a damp tangle on her neck. Sweat ran on their bodies, darkening the sheet under them.

Joe Lon held the sharp blades of her hipbones, one in each hand, while he looked absently through the window. Berenice slowly turned her head to gaze fondly back at him over her shoulder. Joe Lon felt inexpressibly awful.

"I must tell you, darling," she said, "I love Shep."

He told himself that he didn't care one way or the other if she loved Shep but that talk of love was the last thing in the world he wanted to hear from her. From anybody. He refused to meet her eyes and finally she turned to gaze with him through the warped glass at Elfy where she still squatted outside the trailer with Willard Miller and Duffy Deeter.

"It doesn't mean I didn't love you," she was saying. "It's not even that I don't love you now."

"I don't want to hear about it," he said.

"All right," she said.

Outside, Elf turned to look quickly back toward the trailer, but then she didn't look anymore, because Willard put his hand on her shoulder and started talking to her, pointing at the girls, who were taking turns testing each other in complicated little dance routines, their silver batons flashing like swords in the sun. In the other room, the babies slowly started crying, almost like singing, a chorus of something sad and interminable.

In a light conversational voice, while they watched Susan Gender skip across the bare dirt yard outside, Berenice said, "You know, darling, baton twirling is the second biggest young girls' movement in America. Did you know that? Uh-huh, is, though. Girl Scouts is *numero uno*. That means first. But baton twirling is *the* biggest if you don't count Girl Scouts, and who counts Girl Scouts?" She turned to smile at him over her shoulder. He gave her a single savage but unsatisfying thrust that made her grunt. "The reason is . . . well, there's three of them." She didn't look back at him, but she braced herself with one hand and held up the other hand with three fingers for him to see. "Three. First, you don't have to go nowheres. You can do it in the living room or, like them, out in the yard—out in the yard. Second. No expensive equipment. Third. You can practice alone, right by yourself. You can become very tremendous right by yourself."

"What good is it?" said Joe Lon Mackey.

"What?"

"I said, goddamn it, what good is it?"

"Well, now listen. All right. Here, think about this. Did you know it's a *Who's Who in Baton Twirling*?"

"What the hell you talking about, Berenice Sweet? I believe studying them goddamn foreign languages is done ruind your mind."

She said, "You honey," smiling at him as she did. He made her grunt. She had to use two hands to keep from being punched through the window. "*Who's Who in Baton Twirling*'s a book giving all our names. You know how many pages it's got? Well," she asked, "do you?"

"Berenice, I don't know shit like that."

"Six hundred pages is what it's got. And costs twelve dollars a copy. Gives all our names and's got six hundred pages. Now what you think?"

He watched Elfy glancing over her shoulder toward the trailer, ignoring the splits, the whirls, the twirling, flashing batons. He did not know what love was. And he did not know what good it was. But he knew he carried it around with him, a scabrous spot of rot, of contagion, for which there was no cure. Rage would not cure it. Indulgence made it worse, inflamed it, made it grow like a cancer. And it had ruined his life. Not now, not in this moment. Long before.

The world had seemed a good and livable place. Brutal, yes, but there was a certain joy in that. The brutality on the football field, in the tonks, was celebration. Men were maimed without malice, sometimes—often, even—in friendship. Lonely, yes. Running was lonely. Sweat was lonely. The pain of preparation was lonely. There's no way to share a pulled hamstring with somebody else. There's no way to farm out part of a twisted knee. But who in God's name ever assumed otherwise? Once you knew that, it was bearable.

But love, love seemed to mess up everything. It *had* messed up everything. He was as absurd as everything he had witnessed. He could not have said it, but he knew it. It was knowledge that he carried in his blood like a disease. Elfy was watching the window through which he was looking. He felt her eyes on his eyes. And the wavering window glass made her face softer, more vulnerable and afflicted with the pain of childbearing than he could stand to look at.

The golden plain of Berenice's back, gently indented along the spine by twin rolls of smooth muscle, was speckled with glittering drops of drying sweat. The musking odor of her flared into his nostrils like something steaming off a stove. It made the juices of his mouth run and caused an overwhelming desire to eat, to suck onto his tongue all the flavors of her, to make her disappear in an orgy of chewing. But she was still talking, had never stopped talking.

"See, it's beginning solo, intermediate solo, advanced solo, strutting, beginning and military—I was always good at strutting—two-baton, fire-baton, duet, trio and team. . . ."

The babies were screaming now. The older boy was banging the barred playpen in a rage with his rattle. Out in the yard, Elfy sat with her eyes steadily on the room where he held Berenice, she still compulsively talking, in her four-point stance. Susan Gender and Hard Candy Sweet were no longer twirling. They seemed to be in an argument about something, their fists balled on their hips, their legs straddling.

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competition is exact. It's exact, Joe Lon, in your twirl-off, it is. In each one, it's a judge and a scorekeeper. The scorekeeper doesn't look. The judge looks. He never takes his eyes off the twirl-off. He calls out the points, what he sees, mistakes, good moves, things like that. And the scorekeeper writes it down. That's—"

His mother had left for reasons of love. Deserted them all: Big Joe, himself, his sister, Beeder, the big house. And in deserting them had left an enormous ragged hole in their lives.

The note she left had said: *I have gone with Billy. Forgive me. But I love him and I have gone with him.*

They knew who Billy was well enough. He was a traveling shoe salesman and Mystic was one of his stops. It had been for years. He was short and nearly bald, a soft, almost feminine-looking man who always wore the same shiny, wrinkled suit and drove a rusting Corvair. And the bitterest, most painful thing Joe Lon ever had to do was admit to himself that his mother had been fucking that little shoe salesman for reasons of love when she had a house and a husband and children and a flower garden and friends and a home town and a son famous through the whole South and meals to cook and clothes to wash, a woman like that—no, not a woman, his *mother*—lying down on her back with a little man who walked always leaning slightly to the right from carrying a heavy suitcase full of shoe samples.

"Oh, it's exact, all right, the competition is. You take your advanced solo, for instance." She moved her hips languidly against him as she talked. "Your advanced solo has to last at least two minutes and twenty seconds and not more than two minutes and thirty seconds. That's ten seconds to play with and when you're playing—"

Big Joe had gone and got her. Billy lived in Atlanta and Big Joe had gone there and found his wife sitting in a little ratty flat on the edge of a neighborhood full of niggers (Big Joe had given all the details day in and day out for a year after it happened), found his wife sitting alone because Billy was out on his sales route with his suitcase full of shoes and Big Joe had picked her up like a sack of grain and brought her home. It was morning when they got back to Mystic and Joe Lon and Beeder were in school. Beeder came home that afternoon still wearing her little tassled uniform from her cheerleading practice and found her mother sitting dead in her favorite rocker wearing Big Joe's tie. She was wearing her husband's tie and had a one-sentence note pinned to her cotton dress. Beeder had never been the same since.

"And Ole Miss, the home of the Dixie National Baton Twirling Institute, is in

Oxford, Mississippi, the home of William Faulkner." She had developed an active regular stroke against him now and her breathing was getting in the way of her voice. "I don't know which it's famouser for, Faulkner or—"

His daddy didn't own but one suit of clothes, a black thing made out of heavy wool cloth that he almost never wore except to certain championship dog-fights. The cuffs and sleeves were spotted with old blood. And since he didn't own but one suit, he didn't find it necessary to own but one tie, which was black, too. He never untied it but simply loosened it until it would slide over his head and then hung it in the closet like a noose. When Beeder opened the door, she had found her mother sitting in the rocker with a plastic bag over her head and the tie cinched tightly at her throat. Her starting eyes were open under the plastic and her face was blue. The note pinned over her breast was not addressed to anyone. It said: *Bring me back now, you son of a bitch.*

Through the window it looked as though Susan Gender and Hard Candy would fight. It looked as if they might start swinging their batons any minute. It was an old movie and he had seen it too many times to find it anything but boring. It no longer entertained. He pulled Berenice away from the window and turned her over. She moved to his easiest touch, smiling fondly upon him, but insisting upon talking of love.

"First met Shep, I knew I'd marry him but I'd always love . . . love—"

"Take it," he said softly.

He held her by her perfectly formed pink ears and drove his cock into her mouth; she took it willingly and deeply, her eyes still turned up, watching him where he was propped on Elf's pillow. She sucked like a calf at its mother and he never released her ears, forcing himself so deep she could only make little humming noises.

Finally he said: "I want you ass."

She withdrew her throat and mouth and said as she turned, "You honey, you honey, you can have my . . . easy, darling, be easy." But he wasn't easy at all, because he knew she was about to talk of love and he had her bowed almost double, plunging deeply into her ass by the time she got to the place where she could say, "But I can love you, too, love you with all my heart, love—"

"Love," said Joe Lon, "is taking it out of you mouth and sticking it in you ass."

"Yes," she said, "oh, yes, that's—"

"But *true* love," he said, "goddamn *true* love is taking it out of you ass and sticking it in you mouth." He flipped her like a doll and she—flushed and swooning—went down in a great spasm of joy, sucking like a baby before she ever got there.

PLAYBOY BOAT STABLE

(continued from page 138)

This leaves an open cavity from stem to stern, where fishing, skindiving, sunbathing, etc., can be carried on with a minimum of crowding.

A strong, self-bailing fiberglass hull with a modified deep-V design permits the Aquasport to run in blue water, where, equipped with outriggers and other deep-sea fishing gear, it can seek salt-water game fish. An optional bait well and other extras are available for the serious fisherman, while a wide list of other accessories can be had if the primary mission of the boat is short cruising and general recreation. A 50-gallon fuel tank, large storage compartments and fishing-rod racks are standard with the Aquasport 19'6", which can be equipped with a variety of large outboard motors, including the new 150-plus-hp monsters, producing a top speed in excess of 40 mph.

The Aquasport is one of a new generation of open fishermen also being manufactured by SeaCraft, Mako, Robalo and others. They represent thinking whereby traditional concepts such as the large outboard motorboat have been modified in favor of direct utility. The Aquasport 19'6" may not contain the aesthetics of an old Penn Yan or a Lyman, with its polished-mahogany decking and brightwork, but in terms of function and performance, there is no comparison. Aquasports, like their competitors, are available in sizes from 15 feet to a maximum of 26 feet. They can be purchased with a variety of engine options, varying from medium-sized outboard motors, operating singly or in tandem, to a pair of 225-hp V8s. Prices range from about \$2500 for a bare boat to nearly \$20,000 for a loaded, oh-my-God, twin-V8 sport fisherman. The Aquasport 19'6", sensibly equipped, will run about \$5000.

There is very little that can be described as sensible about the Cigarette 28-SS, an incredible floating Ferrari designed for pure, hell-raising blasts across the waves. This you can do, maintaining a serenity (despite your white knuckles) based on the knowledge that you are in partial control of the fastest production powerboat available anywhere. All of this is the contrivance of Don Aronow, a ballsy Miami sportsman who has dominated the offshore powerboat scene for the past decade. Shortly after deep-V hulls revolutionized the high-performance boat business in the early Sixties, Aronow arrived with a combination of brashness and bravery that left the competition far behind. His Formula boats, piloted by himself, began to rule the fast, punishing sport of offshore powerboat racing. But more important, Aronow recognized the potential for sales of expensive, high-quality, ultrafast

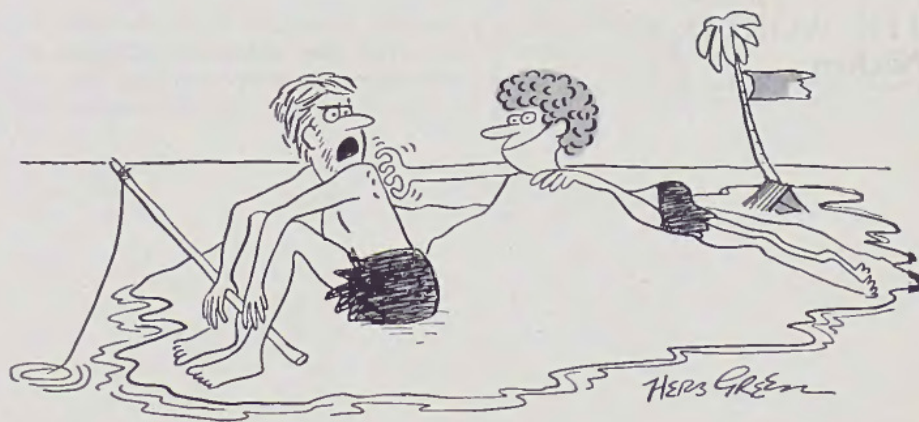
production speedboats based on racing designs. In a memorable display of business bravura, Aronow established Formula as a booming business, then sold out to form Donzi boats, which operated as a direct competitor. Donzi then gave way to Magnum, which was also sold. Aronow finally created the Cigarette Racing Team, a firm specializing in the fabrication of the finest and fastest offshore racers and production boats. Named after a legendary rumrunner that worked along the New Jersey coast during Prohibition, Aronow's Cigarettes have become legends: six consecutive world championships, 1969-1974 (Aronow designs have won a total of nine world titles), and victories in nearly 150 major races. Much of this dazzling record is personally Aronow's; he is a superb offshore racer (when he retired from racing, he had more victories than any other driver).

Perhaps the most rakish of his production boats is his 28-SS (Super-Sleek), a 28-foot beauty capable of over 70 mph. With simple modifications, the boat is eligible for participation in the production class of offshore racing, but a vast percentage of those sold are employed for pleasure—that of bashing around protected bays, lakes and channels, running impromptu races with other hot-boat fanciers and short weekend jaunts in the company of a suitable companion. With accommodations for two (head and a lush forward berth), the Cigarette 28-SS may be the greatest development in mobile lovemaking since they invented back seats for automobiles. In fact, the rakish lines of Cigarettes have been known to be such intense turn-ons for women that certain bold lads have gotten laid smack in the middle of boat shows, right there in the freaking main hall, surrounded by Mr. and Mrs. America and their kids hauling around bags of free promotional literature! "If you

can't get laid in a Cigarette, you'd probably strike out with a Times Square hooker, too," is the way one veteran observer of the boat scene puts it.

No, the Cigarette 28-SS isn't good for much besides basic hedonism. It is, in a sense, a motorized Hobie Cat; the quickest, most glamorous boat of its kind, with an image as powerful as its performance capabilities. While it is usable for water-skiing, it almost flaunts its lack of utilitarianism. It goes fast, and that is all that is necessary. If you want to haul things, buy a barge. If you want to haul ass, buy a Cigarette. This particular boat, with a pair of 280-hp MerCruiser V8s hooked up to stern drives, will cost you about \$32,000. Loaded with all the goodies, including the optional 395-hp engines (necessary if you want that 70-plus top speed), it will cost closer to \$40,000. But then, who ever said good sex, on the land or on the sea, was cheap?

Your ultimate destination in a Cigarette may be no farther away than the forward berth, but there is no navigable place in the world beyond the range of the Westsail 32. This wonderfully sturdy sailboat embodies within its wide, stubby hull all of the wanderlust fantasies harbored by each of us: that marvelous dream of shucking the niggling demands of daily life and simply taking off, boosted by wind and sea, to probe the corners of the earth. This is the central theme of the Westsail 32—it is a world cruiser, designed with honest devotion to the lessons learned by blue-water mariners over the centuries. While most sailing yachts of this size are compromise racers, intended for competition as well as for cruising, the Westsail, with its beamy, deep-keeled hull and its sailing rig, is designed purely for long-range travel with maximum safety and efficiency. It is the direct descendant of a Norwegian pilot boat designed around the turn of the century by naval architect Colin Archer. Those original *rednings-skjoites* were 46 feet long and intended



"Knock it off, Melvin! I told you I'd let you know the minute my divorce came through!"

for the roughest weather. Moreover, they were rigged for operation by one man after the pilot had been transferred to the waiting freighter.

The *redningskoite* was scaled down to 36 feet in the Thirties, triggering its employment in a number of global circumnavigations. In 1942-1943, Argentine Vito Dumas braved the elements' isolation, and harassment from a variety of combatants ("Don't you know there's a war on, Dumas?"), to singlehandedly circle the planet in 13 months. Others followed in Archer-inspired hulls.

In 1969, this famous design was produced in fiberglass and the Westsail success story was begun. Since that time, a small cult of blue-water cruising freaks has grown up around the boat and demand has increased to the point where a second factory, in North Carolina, was opened to augment production in the original Costa Mesa, California, plant. What is there about a Westsail 32 that sets it aside from other sailboats of similar size? It is elemental, really, traceable to traditional hard truths of the sea, as opposed to fads that place priorities on speed, pretty lines and superficial luxury at the expense of simplicity and strength. Mariners know that cruising sailboats are more stable if they have a moderately heavy displacement (9.75 tons in the Westsail's case), wide beam and full keel. They also know that a benefit of this design provides maximum cabin space (the Westsail 32 will sleep four with ease, six if necessary). They understand that a double-ended-hull design is best for high, following seas and that things such as a low freeboard, a small, self-bailing cockpit and a simple, ultrastrong sailing rig can mean the difference between life and death in a relentless ocean storm. And, knowing how they can break, old salts understand the limitations of the so-called conveniences and luxury trimming that adorn so many yachts. To quote a Westsail spokesman, "After a few days at sea, a luxury becomes any device that can be manually operated and easily repaired." So it is with the Westsail, whose message of sturdiness and almost puritan utility has a special eloquence in this frivolous age. This is not to imply that the Westsail is a mere machine, a stark hulk intended for a kind of ascetic functionalism at the expense of aesthetics. Quite to the contrary, the cabin of the 32 is a cavern of rich woodwork, testimony in behalf of that much-used contention: form follows function.

The Westsail is, in a sense, a more serious boat than some of the other members of our fleet. She is a capable, no-nonsense craft, overbuilt for the casual kind of sailing most owners will subject her to, but lying within her is a certain aura of fantasy. As the owner of the Cigarette runs his imaginary Miami-to-Nassau race

each time he punches the throttles, a Westsail skipper turns each cruise into a long reach to Pago Pago. Therein lies a hidden, ancillary benefit of boats: enough movement, enough flexibility, enough breadth of experience to dream the wildest dreams.

Equipped without compromise for world cruising, a Westsail 32 will cost you the better part of \$60,000, delivered, although it can be purchased in a variety of semifinished forms, including the bare hull for \$6550 and one requiring interior joinerwork and exterior detailing for \$23,500. In all cases, however, this sailboat—less rakish and chic than many of its contemporaries—embodies that clear demand for truth of purpose when dealing with the most powerful elements of the sea. In this sense, it may be the most honest of all the boats in our little fleet.

There is also an element of honesty in our Bertram 58 yacht—an honest commitment to the 20th Century idiom of lavish, superstar living based on unvarnished conspicuous consumption. This incredible vessel will cost you close to \$350,000 by the time you equip it with the electronic gear considered necessary in this class. And you've got to have the right electronic props, even if you never take the boat beyond the sight of land. That is part of the high-roller mentality of big yachts: You must have the props. Radar unit, loran, direction finder, autopilot, depth indicator, hot-shot radio transmitter and receiver, etc., are all *de rigueur*, as well as monogrammed towels, linen, china and glassware and—a sneaky little wallet-busting bonus—a full-time professional captain to run your toy. It cannot be emphasized enough that there are no compromises in this area; either you go the full shot or forget it. Buying a stripped version of the Bertram 58 would be like buying an estate in Palm Beach and furnishing it with discount-plaza furniture or navigating your Learjet with a boy-scout compass.

In a sense, the Bertram 58 is atypical of boats that established the Miami firm as the Mercedes-Benz of the yacht business. Its reputation was built mainly on sport fishermen: fast, ultrarugged 31- and 38-footers that were less frilly than the competition but faster, more seaworthy, more reliable and more expensive. Only one other manufacturer (excluding small, custom builders) seriously competes with Bertram in the field of top-quality motor yachts. Hatteras, of High Point, North Carolina, is a company noted for superb sport fishermen and beautifully appointed luxury yachts, including no fewer than six different superships from 58 to 70 feet. According to most boating experts, there are powerboats and there are Bertrams and Hatterases—the separation in quality and performance is that significant.

All right, then, you have decided that

you can handle the bucks for the Bertram 58 and want to know more details. We oblige as follows: Because you are a swinger (after all, what kind of geriatric basket case would want a boat like this?), we won't bore you with mechanical details—twin turbocharged 12V-71 TI General Motors diesels, 1250-gallon fuel capacity, electrohydraulic trim tabs, automatic fire-extinguisher system, 30-kw. diesel generator, etc.—and will get on to the important stuff. Naturally, you'll want to know about the owner's stateroom, featuring a king-size, walk-around bed with a Captain Video headboard console to control the lights, stereo system (piped throughout the boat), your very own color television and a full head (oh, hell, call it a bathroom) with tub and shower, *plus* a concealed vanity with theatrical make-up mirror. Then we have the wet bar on the afterdeck, another color television, the custom furniture in the main *salon* and the fully loaded galley—freezer, electric range/oven, garbage compacter ("Mayday! Mayday! We're nine miles off Atlantic City, New Jersey, and the garbage compacter has jammed up!")—as well as a complete washer-drier setup to keep your white ducks looking spiffy.

Owning a 58-foot Bertram yacht is a lot like going to sea in your three-bedroom split-level. The Bertram's craftsmanship is, for the most part, concealed by veneers of high-buck draperies, shag rugs and decorated bulkheads. The bulletproof engineering is generally overshadowed by the plethora of gadgetry. For anyone seriously planning to spend more on a single vessel than many people earn in an entire lifetime, the Bertram 58 is an excellent choice, but it carries with it the kind of excess that old Karl Marx claimed should have done us in long ago. Purists are attracted to the leaner, more purposeful sport boats built by Bertram, but a strong demand exists at the top end of the luxury-yacht market and both Bertram and Hatteras are not shy about trying to satisfy the sybarites.

There we have it: six basic boats for your fleet. A full spectrum of seagoing delights, and all bargain priced well under our half-a-million-dollar budget (actually, by cutting corners on a few options, you might actually end up with enough surplus cash to use the boats a few times before somebody gets wise and repossesses the whole package). But it is not our place to fret over your finances other than to remind you of the basic formula for keeping America strong: Buy now, pay later. After all, where does it say you can't sign off \$500,000 on your Master Charge card?

See you at the marina. Or Leavenworth.





"Bless you, no, sir. She told us all she knew weeks ago."

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