

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1977 • \$1.50



**FORD
PRESS AIDE
RON NESSEN:
BLUE JOKES
IN THE
WHITE HOUSE**

**THE NEW
PORN STARS:
BEAUTIFUL
AND
TALENTED**

**AN
INTERVIEW
WITH
OUTSPOKEN
AMBASSADOR
ANDREW YOUNG:
WILL DIPLOMACY
EVER BE THE SAME?**

A woman in a white jacket is riding a bicycle on a green lawn. The bicycle has a large front wheel and a smaller rear wheel. Attached to the front of the bicycle is a black cart with two wheels, which is filled with several colorful drinks in plastic cups. In the background, there is a white house with a dark roof and a large tree with green leaves. The scene is set in a bright, sunny outdoor environment.

Here come

Just breezing along. Crystal-clear Smirnoff. It's everything that Summer is. Shiny, sociable, sophisticated, smiling. Soft and smooth. It's juicy, too. And cool and tart and tasty. It's cookouts and beach parties and Summer dances. It's sitting on the back steps doing nothing.

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I think I'm in trouble.
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example of how the Datsun 200-SX is
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made sure of one thing.

The fun would last.

Suddenly it's going to dawn on you.

DATSUN SAVES

PLAYBILL

FEW FIGURES in the Carter Administration have aroused more vocal support or received more brickbats than United Nations Ambassador **Andrew Young**. In doing the *Playboy Interview* with Young, Senior Articles Editor **Peter Ross Range** (who, not so coincidentally, was born in a little town about 80 miles from Plains, Georgia) trailed him for seven days of his hectic schedule, talking and taping on a jet flight between New York and Atlanta, in Young's suite in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, in Young's office overlooking the UN Building and in a locker room on the 27th floor of the UN Plaza Hotel after a round of tennis.

When it comes to the game of politics, no one played harder than Gerald Ford's press secretary, **Ron Nessen**. So who knew that Nessen had a sense of humor after his display of pique at our denial, during the Jimmy Carter-PLAYBOY controversy, that we had ever asked Ford for an interview? The Ford Administration depicted any political figure who appeared in PLAYBOY as little more than a pervert. Well, we welcome Ron to the pages of PLAYBOY and hope you enjoy his recounting of the behind-the-scenes pranks, jokes and foibles of the people around Ford in *Running the World Is Funnier than You Think*, with an apropos illustration by **Bill Utterback**.

And while we're on the subject of public figures, we are pleased to bring you a firsthand report on one of America's fastest-growing indoor amusements in *Sex Goes Public*. **Arthur Bell**, who braved places "where Comet had to be used later on my shoes," tells a penetrating tale of the scene in New York's gay clubs. Then **Dan Rosen** gives us a stimulating peek inside the up-and-coming public swingers' clubs in New York. And, finally, **Jules Siegel** tells the naked truth about the out-front sexual scene in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

But while ordinary folks like thee and we have to pay an entry fee to participate in the joys of public sex, there are those beautiful *New Girls of Porn* who get paid for it. According to PLAYBOY Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, a fresh flock of beautiful and talented ladies has ushered in a golden age of porn. The accompanying photos bear out the beauty part. Williamson also teamed up with photographer **Chris von Wangenheim** to capture the inner and outer essence of top fashion model turned movie actress **Barbara Carrera** in *Acting Beastly*.

Of course, sex can also be a very private thing, as **Paul Theroux's** short story *Adulterer's Luck*, set in Southeast Asia, proves. (The illustration is by **Kathy Calderwood**.)

If there is anything more American than politics and sex, it's money, and **Asa Baber** suggests that there are easier ways to get rich than playing *The Commodities Market*. But if you do make that fortune in soybeans, you're going to want to get away from it all, and where better than on your own private island? **Dan Carlinsky** shows you how you can own, for less than you might think, your own Shangri-La in *How to Buy an Island*, illustrated by **Rick McCollum**, who wound up with a far-away look in his eyes.

You won't have to deal with traffic jams on your island, but city driving is not without its rewards, as **William Neely** and **Bob Ottum's** redneck alter ego, stock-car driver "Stroker Ace," finds out in the zany *Manhattan Pit Stop*. On the other hand, if you're too rich, your chauffeur might have a tough time keeping you out of the hands of terrorists who want your dough or your life. Never fear. In *Home, James. There's a Bogy at Four O'Clock!*, **Brock Yates** describes a driving school that will teach your chauffeur how to keep you alive. Speaking of which, **Philip Nobile** has an intriguing little quiz on the famous and near famous called *Dead or Alive?* There is no question as to the status of Playmate **Sondra Theodore**, as photographer **Ken Marcus** reveals. If she were any more alive, we couldn't stand it. But why waste time? See for yourself!



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PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

If you're a TV buff, you'll probably recognize this month's cover girl, actress/model Pamela Serpe (photographed by L.A. lensman Claude Mouglin). Aside from appearing in several Broadway productions (Coca and the last *Follies*), Pamela's been featured in such TV series as *Police Woman* and *The Rockford Files* and has done a number of commercials. The big-eared beach toy she's holding was made out of water-bed plastic by L.A.'s International Water Beds.

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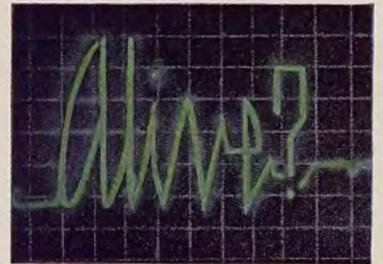
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Sporty. Performance is backed by a 1.6 liter engine. Match it with a 5-speed, the Deluxe model's standard 4-speed, or the optional 3-speed automatic, you'll get great gas mileage and performance. For example: In 1977 EPA tests, the Deluxe model with 4-speed transmission got 39 mpg highway, 28 mpg city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower. If you can find a better built small car than Toyota... buy it.



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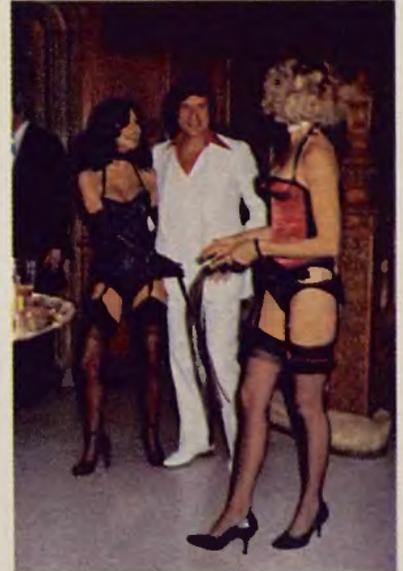
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



PLAYBOY CLUB OPENS IN TOKYO

Playboy Club key-holders have a new overseas haven on the tenth floor of the Roi Building in the heart of Tokyo's night-life district. The Tokyo Club is the first of a proposed network throughout Japan. And on the domestic front, there's the about-to-open Dallas Club in the Expressway Tower.



WINGDING AT MANSION WEST

"Come in romantic costumes," guests at this Playboy Mansion West party were told; here's Hef quipping with appropriately attired beauties.



GILLEY SWEEPS AWARDS

Co-hosts Pat Boone and Patti Page marvel as Playboy Records' Mickey Gilley nabs an unprecedented six of the top awards offered by the Academy of Country Music this year.

HITTING THE BEACH

Bunny Claudia was one of many attractions at the second annual College Expo staged by Playboy's College Marketing and Research subsidiary at Daytona Beach. More than 60,000 students attended the popular spring-break fling.



GOING LEGIT

Below, actors James Broadbent and Chris Langham in London production of *Illuminatus!* (from the sci-fi trilogy by PLAYBOY Senior Editor Robert Shea and ex-staffer Robert Anton Wilson).



FILM STUDENT WINS WHEELS, \$3000 PRIZE

UCLA student Alan Karp (second from left), winner of the Datsun FOCUS Film Competition's film-study category, is congratulated by actor Roy Scheider, Nissan Motor Corporation's Robert Kent (far left), who awarded him a Datsun, and Executive Editor G. Barry Golson (far right), who presented a \$3000 scholarship from Playboy to him.

TAKE A BUNNY HOP ON THE BOARDWALK

Playboy Clubs International won approval for construction of a 600-room hotel-and-casino complex adjacent to the Convention Center on Atlantic City's famed Boardwalk. Work on the \$50,000,000 complex is expected to begin in August. P.C.I. already has experience in the casino field, with four successful ventures in Great Britain.

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VERDICT ON GILMORE

Your interview with Gary Gilmore (PLAYBOY, April) is the best argument for capital punishment I've ever read.

G. Learhrin
Odessa, Florida

Your Gilmore interview moved me to a point beyond words.

Ramsdall Dooley
Indiana State Prison
Michigan City, Indiana

Society threw out Gary Gilmore with the rest of the garbage. It is a crying shame.

E. K. Corbley
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

I felt no grief for Gary Gilmore on January 17. He got what he asked for. But after reading your interview, I feel compassion for the man.

Joel S. Reiman
Moscow, Idaho

Lawrence Schiller and Barry Farrell show that this man whose life was laced with catastrophe, bleakness and attempted suicide was, indeed, too mentally sick to be put to death. Our execution of Gilmore means we must empty this country's mental hospitals and begin passing out hoods and chest targets.

Scott T. Weber
Laramie, Wyoming

It certainly was a magnanimous last gesture on Gary Gilmore's part to donate his eyes, liver and other organs. Too bad they had to wait until he was dead before removing them.

Ken Bauman
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am amazed at the way Schiller and Farrell were able to elicit such brutally honest responses from Gilmore.

David G. Downey
Denver, Colorado

I have twice faced the death penalty and some say I am the perfect example of why such a penalty should not be imposed. Yet I lecture in favor of it and feel quite strongly that for some types of offenses, there is no other answer. However, I think everyone who is a thinking person, no matter how hardened his

heart may be against Gilmore and his like, has to agree that prisons such as the one in Utah do little to prevent the manufacture of future Gilmores. While Gilmore was no doubt antagonistic toward his keepers, I know from personal experience that guards in a low-class state prison, which is what Utah's facility is, gain more than their share of satisfaction from baiting prisoners. However, even in the most hostile of institutions, there is usually a different attitude displayed toward the condemned. I do not like the Gilmores of this world—I have known too many of them and came too close to being one of them myself. But I despise even more the petty and cruel bastards who man prisons like the one in Utah.

William R. Geraway
Sequim, Washington

Geraway has spent 18 years in institutions in 13 states and missed the electric chair by a single juror's vote after being tried on two first-degree-murder charges. After becoming a witness against organized crime in a number of homicides, Geraway had a \$50,000 contract placed on his life and was kept in strict prison isolation for eight years, until the Massachusetts Supreme Court, in a landmark decision, overturned his conviction and set him free. He is currently director of a home for delinquent boys in the state of Washington and author of the book "There's \$50,000 on My Head."

Undoubtedly one of the most intense, powerful and insightful interviews I have read anywhere.

Pete Gautieri
Cortland, New York

You deserve to be censured for publishing an interview with so worthless and despicable a person as Gary Gilmore.

Paul A. Recht
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PLAYBOY's interview with Gary Gilmore is the most edifying journalistic work I've ever read.

C. F. Abrams, Jr.
Syosset, New York

I want to point out that Gilmore's story should not be used to judge others. I am a convicted murderer from Provo, Utah, but that's as far as the similarity goes. I will get out of prison in a few



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years and be successful in staying out, unlike Gilmore, because that is my sincere desire. I surely understand Gilmore's dislike of prison, but he didn't dislike it enough to stay out; I do.

Mark C. Austin
Utah State Prison
Draper, Utah

Gilmore is the darkest aspect of America's id, the id expressed with differing degrees of directness every night on television. He is frighteningly human, almost ordinary, and yet extraordinary, also. The ironies abound: Gary, the powerless, brings America's institutions to confusion; Gary, the condemned, insists on death; society, the executioner, does not want to kill. And I believe that the most remarkable aspect of the drama is that, as far as I can tell, no one understood the entire unfolding of events with more clarity than Gary himself.

Martin Holladay
Sheffield, Vermont

GREENBURG'S WEEKEND

Dan Greenburg's *My Weekend of Flashy Orgasms* (PLAYBOY, April) is great! I laughed aloud reading it.

Joseph C. Ashcraft
Waco, Texas

I wish to thank Dan Greenburg (*My Weekend of Flashy Orgasms*) and Kenneth Tynan (*Carte Blanche*) for their contributions to the April PLAYBOY. By word and by picture, they reveal human beings whose moral behavior has deteriorated to the level of dogs copulating in a park.

Paul Martin
Omaha, Nebraska

NEW SOUTH WAILS

Your pictorial *The Girls of the New South* (PLAYBOY, April) is as good as my mom's grits and gravy.

Frank Bonifay
Oxford, Mississippi

The Girls of the New South is a joke. It should have been titled *The Girls New to the South*. All it talks about is Yankee transplants.

Steve Clark
Birmingham, Alabama

Your mouth-watering pictorial *The Girls of the New South* proves once again that PLAYBOY has good taste. The most provocative of these beautiful belles is Amanda Childers. The backdrop of the bedroom speaks for itself. Shambles! Which is the way a bedroom must constantly be with such a wonder as she.

Dana Gray
Morgan City, Louisiana

YEAR IN SEX REVISITED

I am pictured in the *Year in Sex* pictorial (PLAYBOY, February) as Miss Nude

U.S.A. and someone else is represented as Miss Nude World, a simple mistake but one that I'd like to see rectified. I was crowned Miss Nude U.S.A. in San Bernardino, California, in June 1976 and was chosen Miss Nude World '76 in Toronto in July 1976.

Nona Montague
San Diego, California

We're both right. It seems that there are two Miss Nude World contests that apparently have been suing each other for the past five years, with no legal resolution. Miss Montague is the winner



of the Miss Nude World contest (she sent us this picture to prove it) held at a nudist colony near Toronto. The Miss Nude World shown in our pictorial is the winner of the Naked City, Indiana, contest. In any case, two Miss Nude Worlds are certainly better than one.

GOLD DIGGERS

Jay Rosenstein's article on athletes' salaries (*Sweating Gold*, PLAYBOY, April) made me green with envy. Think of it—those guys are getting paid millions for playing!

Sam Donaldson
Topeka, Kansas

I always knew athletes were ridiculously overpaid, but I never suspected it was that bad or that universal.

Carl Akerman
Chicago, Illinois

HITE MEASUREMENTS

In *The Hite Report* (PLAYBOY, April), by Barbara Nellis, Shere Hite follows the all-too-common practice of playing down the fact that some women are more sexually responsive than others. She further says she doesn't think these women "are somehow anatomically or emotionally different." Perhaps, as Hite says, anatomy is not important. I do, however, question her dismissal of emotion. And it's time we finally examined another factor already suggested by some experts:

an innate, hereditary programming. We readily accept innate ability as a contributing factor to most human talents, including athletics, that, like sexual response, involve neuromuscular reactions. But we have always resisted applying innate ability to sex, probably because it connotes a certain finality we don't like.

Harold C. Luckstone, Jr.
Forest Hills, New York

Congratulations to Barbara Nellis on a fabulous writing job on *The Hite Report*. Getting the information out there is great.

Betty Dodson
New York, New York

Feminist Betty Dodson is the author of "Liberating Masturbation" (she wrote, illustrated and published it herself) and leader of masturbation workshops for women in New York and San Francisco.

Thanks to *The Hite Report* and Barbara Nellis' in-depth conversation with Shere Hite, I, for one, feel a lot better about a lot of things regarding female sexuality.

Claudia Ungers
Galveston, Texas

Barbara Nellis' *The Hite Report* asks the question *What Do Women Really Want?* Hell, I still don't know.

Pete Sussex
Omaha, Nebraska

COVER BLURBS

You state in your April "Cover Story" section that Lisa Sohm is wearing a Confederate cap, when actually she is wearing the colors of the Union Army!

Gerry Fritsch
Tom Norrholm
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Granted, Civil War uniforms were far from standardized. Granted, our brave boys were not above liberating various articles of clothing from recently deceased Yankee invaders. But the gray cap achieved at least semi-official status and came to symbolize the cause, as the blue cap came to symbolize Sherman's drunken miscreants. But then, what can a displaced good ole boy expect from a New York-Chicago-L.A. coterie of Commie preverts?

S. Webb Baldwin
Alameda, California

Thanks for the history lesson, but, according to our sources, the Confederate cap was actually bluish gray, while the Union cap was dark blue.

HUGHES CARDS

Laurence Gonzales and Larry DuBois' *Howard Hughes: Inside His Secret Files* (PLAYBOY, April) gives a rare and remarkable look into one of the most fascinating and enigmatic figures of our time. It seems ironic that this man who

Now's a great time to say Budweiser.



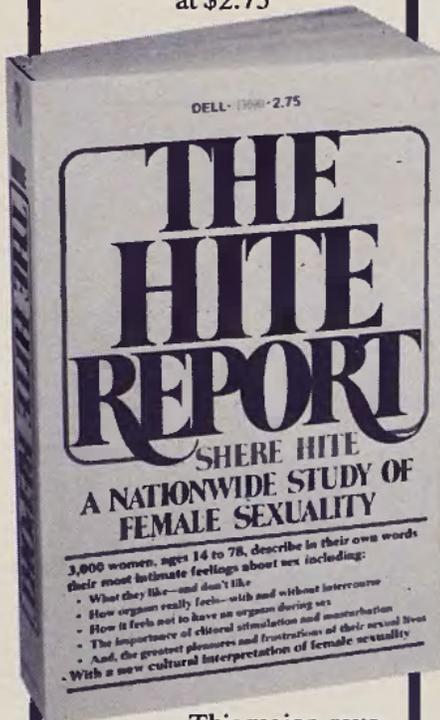
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The runaway bestseller
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This major, revolutionary new study of female sexuality is based on questionnaires answered by three thousand women, ages fourteen to seventy-eight, from all walks of life. In their own words, these women describe their most intimate feelings about sex—what they like and don't like, their greatest pleasures and frustrations.

The most important book in its field since Masters and Johnson, *The Hite Report* finally lets women tell how sex really is—and offers a reassuring new theory of a woman's sexual response. It's one of the most important books you will ever read.

"The whole rich variety of female sexuality is spread out in panorama—real, significant and poignant."

—Mary S. Calderone, M.D.
President, Sex Information
and Education Council
of the United States

A DELL BOOK \$2.75

once set air-speed records, made hit movies and dated some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood decided to turn his back on the world and spend his final years in wretched loneliness. It's sad.

Jack Sague, Jr.
Miami, Florida

Your second report on Howard Hughes (*Howard Hughes: Inside His Secret Files*), by Laurence Gonzales and Larry DuBois, is as intriguing and well researched as the first installment. Those guys ought to get an award for their work.

Paul Enright
New York, New York

They did. We're proud to announce that Gonzales and DuBois received the Sigma Delta Chi Distinguished Service Award for 1976 in the field of magazine reporting for "The Puppet and the Puppetmasters," which appeared in our September 1976 issue.

DuBois and Gonzales make Woodward and Bernstein look like lightweights. Hurry and point them at someone else.

Loni F. De Land
Novato, California

DuBois and Gonzales are to be congratulated for a brilliant job of investigative reporting.

Sanford Carruthers
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

ET CETERA

In April's *Sexcetera* (*Playboy on the Scene*), you report that instead of using "paid surrogates," we have "therapists" who "do the actual body work themselves." PLAYBOY's implication is that the body-work therapist works alone. This is not true and if it were, it would constitute substandard and unprofessional practice.

Bernard Apfelbaum, Ph.D., Director
Berkeley Sex Therapy Group
Berkeley, California

In your March *On the Scene* section, under the title *Habitat*, you feature three photos of an absolutely gorgeous loft but make no mention of who owns it, if anybody. Is it a set or a real pad?

X. K. Collingsworth
Newark, New Jersey

The loft featured in the column is the bona fide habitat of sculptor/designer Robert Mihalik.

POLL WATCHERS

Those who responded to the Playboy Music Poll (PLAYBOY, April) showed their usual lack of taste and willingness to recognize new talent.

R. Louis Rotondo
Rochester, New York

Although you may think it cute to make fun of Elvis for splitting his pants

in front of 60,000 people in January 1976, you ignore the fact that in January 1977 he played a fantastic one-and-a-half-hour set in Pittsburgh, as slim and trim as anyone. I think he deserves more respect from you than that.

Raymond Charles
Hamburg, New York

In the "Hot Wax" section of your music package, you show the backside of Ellen Michaels, Miss March 1972. I've been a PLAYBOY addict since 1964, but, for the life of me, I can't seem to remember her, and I never forget a body. How about a little help?

Art Meskill
Walkill, New York

This outtake from Ellen's Playmate



shooting ought to jog your memory, among other things.

LISA LOVERS

Pompeo Posar's photography of April Playmate Lisa Sohm is among the most beautiful and sensuous I've ever seen.

T. A. McDermit
Gainesville, Florida

Lisa Sohm is one of the greatest girls I've ever seen. How did you find her?

Randall Pearson
Tucson, Arizona

Quite well, thank you.

I think I might start a Lisa Sohm fan club.

Ted Sakellarides
Brookline, Massachusetts

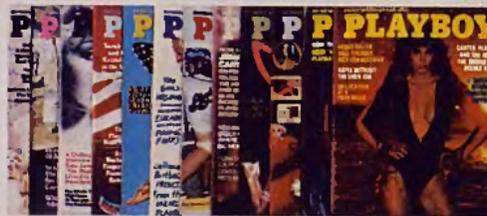
CORRECTION

Due to a transcription error, on page 86 of our interview with NBC's *Saturday Night* (May 1977), we had producer Lorne Michaels saying that George Harrison "hosted" the show last November. Michaels actually said Harrison "appeared" on that show, which was hosted by Paul Simon.





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\$75,000
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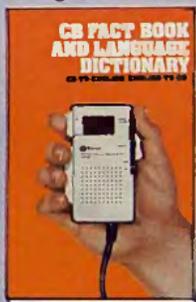
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The new Clarion Mike System™ CB is the most advanced and exciting CB system available today. We want everyone who is even a little bit interested in CB to know about it. So we're offering a hefty bundle of valuable gifts and prizes as an incentive for you to visit our dealers. While the supply lasts, everyone who visits a participating Clarion or Datsun dealer can get a highly informative CB Fact Book and Language Dictionary.

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We're giving away a 128-page CB Fact Book and Language Dictionary with all the useful information every CB'er needs. It's got two CB language dictionaries, complete FCC rules, licensing information,

features you should look for when buying a CB, and much, much more. It also includes full details about our Master Modulator Sweepstakes and Contest. Rules, prizes, and entry blanks are all in the book.



The Unique Mike System CB

The Mike System CB features an anti-theft remote transceiver that installs out of sight in your trunk, on the firewall, or under your seat. All the controls are on the mike, which easily disconnects for storage when you leave the car. As a result, there is virtually no chance of theft.

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SWEEPSTAKES

6,612 Sweepstakes Winners

Just fill out the entry form in your free Fact Book, drop it in the mail and you may win one of these 6,612 prizes.

GRAND PRIZE... 810 Datsun Station Wagon. Fully equipped including a Clarion Hi-Way Fidelity sound system and a Clarion Mike System CB.

1st RUNNER-UP... A Kawasaki KZ 1000, the king of all grand touring motorcycles and a legend in its own time, plus a Clarion Mike System CB.

10 SEMI-FINALISTS... Daiwa Rods & Reels. The choice of fishermen who want the finest equipment money can buy.

100 QUARTER FINALISTS... The Popular Mechanics "Guide To Basic Auto Repair and Maintenance." Over 600 pages of useful and easy to read information on the care and maintenance of your car.

ADDITIONAL WINNERS...

- 500 Memberships in the Good Sam Club — The world's largest recreational vehicle club.
- 1000 Official Master Modulator T-shirts.
- 5000 Official Master Modulator emblems.

CONTEST

50 Contest Winners

If you are a good communicator, your skills could qualify you to win Clarion's Master Modulator Contest. We are going to pick the best modulator in each state, find a national champion, and add some fun for the good talkers everywhere. Get all the rules

and entry information in your free CB Fact Book at participating Clarion and Datsun dealers. Qualified judges will first name 50 state champions, who will move on to a semi-final round of competition. Then we will select 6 finalists who will fly, at our expense, to New York City for a Talk-Off Round. As you can see by this prize list all 50 State Champions, finalists, and our Master Modulator will be very well-rewarded.



GRAND MASTER MODULATOR

- Datsun 280Z fully equipped including a Clarion Hi-Fidelity car sound system and a Mike System CB.
- \$5,000 personal appearance and TV contract. All expense paid 10-day vacation for two to London, England.

1st RUNNER-UP

- Datsun King Cab truck fully equipped including a Clarion Hi-Fidelity sound system and a Mike System CB.

2nd RUNNER-UP

- A rugged on/off road Kawasaki KE 125 plus a Clarion Hi-Fidelity sound system and a Mike System CB.

3rd RUNNER-UP

- Kawasaki KE 125 plus a Clarion Mike System CB.

4th & 5th RUNNERS-UP

- \$500 cash and a Clarion Mike System CB.

The six finalists will each receive an all expense paid weekend holiday for two in New York at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel where the Master Modulator Talk Off finals will be held.

50 State Champions

- Clarion Mike System CB.
- Complete Outdoors Encyclopedia. Everything you need to know to be an active outdoorsman.
- Membership in the Good Sam Club.
- Official Master Modulator T-shirt.

One Last Note.

We believe in our Mike System CB, and we know once you see it and compare it with others you're going to want to ride with it. You don't have to purchase anything to win the Sweepstakes or the Contest. Sweepstakes and Contest entries must be received no later than September 1, 1977. You can enter one or both and win! Good luck.

Sweepstakes void in Missouri, Maryland and Wisconsin and wherever prohibited by law. Residents of Ohio only may write Clarion Corporation of America, 5500 Rosecrans Ave., Lawndale, CA 90260 for official entry blank and rules. Sweepstakes and contest start June 25, 1977.

For the name of a Clarion dealer near you Call 1-800-821-7700 Extension 807 In Missouri call Toll Free 892-7655, Extension 807



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Merit Breakthrough Remains Unduplicated.

'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco makes MERIT unique among low tar cigarettes.

Since the introduction of MERIT, a number of other low tar brands have come along. But MERIT remains unique—the only low tar cigarette with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT delivers what others can only promise: the flavor of higher tar cigarettes. The kind of flavor made possible by a breakthrough in tobacco technology.

Here's how it was done:

By cracking cigarette smoke down into separate elements, researchers were able to isolate certain flavor-rich



LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

ingredients that delivered taste way out of proportion to tar.

These flavor essentials were then packed into MERIT, giving it extraordinary flavor.

Taste tests against a number of higher tar cigarettes proved it.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested. Cigarettes with up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg.*tar,* 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'76
100's: 12 mg.*tar,* 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

MERIT

Kings & 100's

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



After 26 years of marriage, Doris and Albert May were granted a divorce on grounds of irreconcilable differences. Nothing so unusual about that, but consider the circumstances: Albert ran outside naked and played the tambourine whenever Doris rejected his advances and, when she *was* in the mood, she charged him \$8.50 for sexual relations—once a week.

This billboard for a roofing company appeared on I-95 near Philadelphia: WE'RE NOT PLUMBERS, BUT WE'D LOVE TO FIX FARRAH'S FAWCETT.

We have no idea what the prof was trying to say, but according to an orientation-week pamphlet, incoming freshmen at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, were invited to attend this provocatively titled seminar offered by a member of the music faculty: "Chewing Mozart's Meat."

Sounds like a real booby prize, if you ask us. Beneath an enticing photograph of film actress Sophia Loren—displaying ample décolletage—the caption read: "Sophia Loren flashes a smile after she was named Female World Firm Favorite." The announcement was made, quite appropriately, at the annual Golden Globe Awards ceremony.

What? Without mustard? A 21-year-old Marine stationed in Oceanside, California, discovered a unique way to end marital discord. After an argument with his wife, the Marine bit off her tongue and swallowed it.

Apparently, professional genealogists can be coy when it comes

to reporting the more delicate aspects of their clients' ancestry. According to the National Geographic News Service, one researcher offered this report on the family history of a proper Georgia matron: "One of her grandfathers occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of America's best-known institutions. He was very attached to this position and literally died in harness." Translation: Grandpa was electrocuted at Sing Sing.

Our Freudian Slip of the Month Award goes to *The Cincinnati Enquirer* for this ad: "Be a secretary in just 24 weeks—asses forming for September."

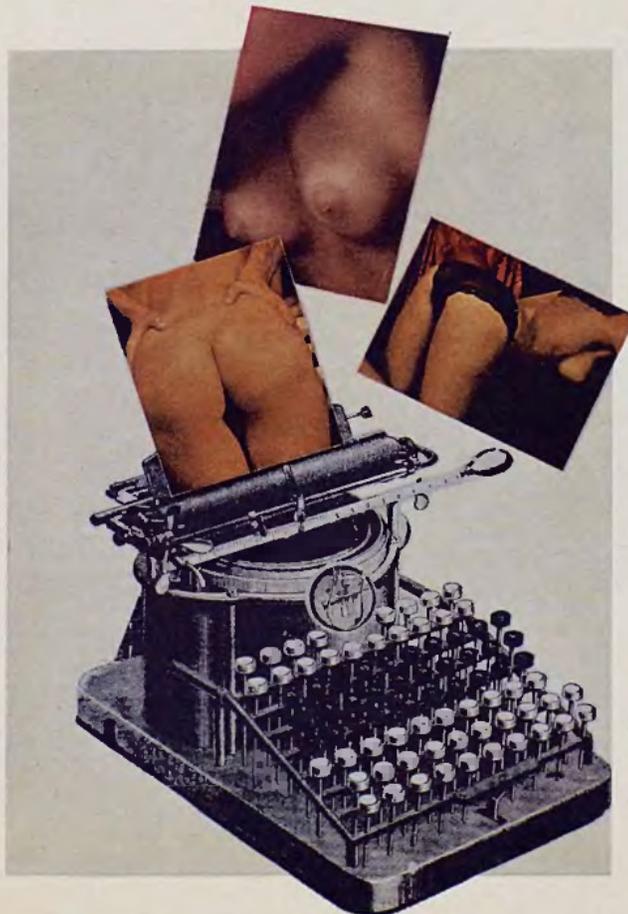
Different Strokes Department: A 20-year-old Maine man was charged with public indecency for exposing himself in front of a large display of Barbie dolls in a downtown Bangor department store.

Only when the outhouse is out of order. Astronomers have announced the discovery of what appears to be a belt of Saturnlike rings surrounding the distant planet Uranus. Over a report on this finding, *The Boston Globe* carried the revolting headline "IS THERE A RING OF DEBRIS AROUND URANUS?"

You've had a rough life, Angelo. Angelo Toscano of Lucca, Italy, is so handsome that his jealous wife was afraid he'd be seduced by other women. So she kept him locked up at home while she went to work each day. After six months of incarceration, the debilitated husband finally escaped by climbing down a drainpipe. "It was hell," he declared to police. "I was only allowed to eat and make love."

Complaining about the unusually poor pecan crop this past year, a local Oklahoma agricultural extension director was quoted by the *Sulphur Times-Democrat* thusly: "Reports show there's not a good set of nuts in most of the state."

A New Jersey senate commission, working on a bill to alleviate the high incidence of cancer in the state, has met with some resistance from manufacturers, who claim that banning certain carcinogenic chemicals now used in production would cost the state millions of dollars in lost jobs and



taxes. Concerning this controversy, the commission chairman was quoted as saying, "To suggest that New Jersey choose between cancer and jobs is ridiculous; there is no reason why we cannot have both."

Mrs. O'Leary, thou shouldst be living at this hour: A cow fart recently caused a fire that destroyed a farm in Lichtenvoorde, the Netherlands. A vet was called in to treat the cow for flatulence; he proceeded by inserting a tube into bossy's anus and lighting a match to determine the nature of the gas. Whoosh—the flame spread to nearby bales of hay and burst into a roaring fire.

Any relation to the duck-billed platypus? This ad appeared in the "Personals" column of the Lynn, Massachusetts, *Bargain Hunters Guide*: "W/MALE, 36, single, 5'8", 150 lbs. . . . desires to meet white wingle girl who is sincere. . . ."

A lead-filled dildo, maybe? This A.P. story came over the wire in several newsrooms: "An 18-year-old Spokane man has been sentenced to serve six months in the county-city jail for assaulting a policeman with a weapon used in the marital arts."

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for his contribution to jurisprudence and the oldest profession: a California judge who sentenced a convicted prostitute to stand outside city hall for three days with a sign reading: I'VE BEEN CONVICTED OF PROSTITUTION. The judge found out later that the woman had used the time to distribute business cards and had increased her client list tenfold.

OWNER'S MANUAL



To keep your TurboScooter Mach II in perfect running condition, don't run it.

Hello and congratulations on purchasing a 1977 TurboScooter Mach II. To welcome you to the world-wide TurboScooter family, we have prepared this booklet, which comes in two parts. Part I explains the manufacturer's warranty and tells you how to keep your TurboScooter in perfect running condition. Part II tells you what to do when your TurboScooter breaks down. After reading this manual carefully, be sure to leave it in the special

pouch we have provided under the driver's seat. (For tips on how to find the driver's seat, see page 34.)

Part I—The TurboScooter Warranty: Svensk-Altvien-Microsushi, S.A. (hereinafter referred to as the manufacturer), agrees to repair or replace any defects in material or workmanship for 12 months following date of delivery, or until vehicle has been driven 24,000 miles, or until January 1, 1974, whichever comes first.

Maintenance Schedule: It is the owner's obligation to have vehicle maintained and serviced at prescribed intervals. For example, every 300 miles, the running boards must be resurfaced with vulcanized vinyl. Failure to have this done by a factory-trained mechanic renders the warranty null and void. The only way to be sure you are in the hands of a factory-trained mechanic is to take your vehicle to one of our factories in Stavanger, Hokkaido or Ouagadougou, or to our authorized American representative, Honest Sam's Wheels-and-Deals, in Twelve Gators, Louisiana.

Special Safety Design: A unique feature of your 1977 TurboScooter Mach II is the Fail-Safe Interlock. If the steering wheel should fall off while the vehicle is traveling faster than 60 miles per hour, the front axle immediately snaps in two, thereby bringing the car to a complete halt. Conversely, if the axle snaps in two, the steering wheel

falls off. *Do not try to tamper with the Fail-Safe Interlock!* Any attempt to do so will render the warranty null and void.

Optional Extra: The Deluxe 1977 TurboScooter Mach II comes equipped with a heated glove compartment large enough to keep four doughnuts or two cheese Danish warm. To operate, simply lift the little square lid on the right-hand side of the dashboard and press the red button for at least ten seconds. Next to the red button,

you will find a blue button. *Do not press the blue button*, as this will cause irreparable damage to the electrical system and render the warranty null and void. To help you distinguish between the red and the blue button while driving at night, there is a small spotlight that shines directly on both buttons. To operate this light, simply lift the little square lid on the left-hand side of the dashboard and flick the orange toggle switch. (Note: The only time the blue button can safely be pressed is when the engine has been turned off and the front seats have been removed.)

Part II—What to Do when Your Car Fails to Start: Not every minor problem requires professional assistance. Use this trouble-shooting guide when in doubt:

1. **PROBLEM:** Key won't turn in ignition.

PROBABLE CAUSE: Wrong key.

WHAT TO DO: Change pants and try again.

2. **PROBLEM:** Engine whines but won't turn over; foul-smelling purple fumes seep into car.

PROBABLE CAUSE: Someone has filled gas tank with cheap zinfandel.

WHAT TO DO: Mull away excess with hot poker and try again.

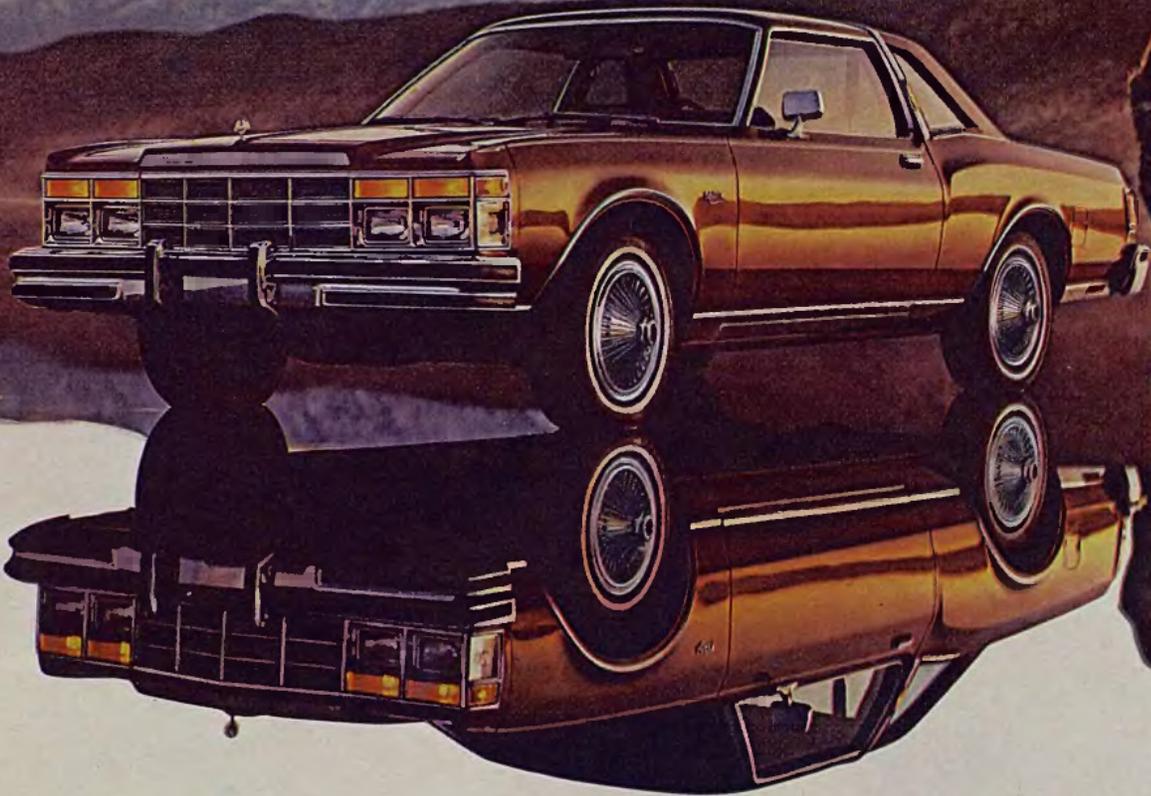
3. **PROBLEM:** Engine turns over, but so does car.

PROBABLE CAUSE: Mechanical malfunction.

WHAT TO DO: Reread small print on warranty.

—GERALD JONAS

INTRODUCING CHRYSLER LE BARON.



A PERSONAL CAR. A ROAD CAR. A NEW SIZE CHRYSLER. \$5,667. AS SHOWN.

Never before has one automobile combined such desirable features with such an attractive price. This unique combination makes Chrysler LeBaron the beginning of a totally new class of automobiles.

The two-door LeBaron shown above has the performance of a road car, powered by Chrysler's computer-controlled Lean Burn Engine. LeBaron is a lighter, leaner Chrysler. A personal car. The two-door LeBaron has such personal features as overhead lighting, individually directed for driver and passenger.

A complete list of options, including genuine leather seating, rivals that of any luxury car.

The standard LeBaron features listed below will show you how much car it really is.

The total will show you how little it's priced. The Chrysler LeBaron two-door and four-door are now offered for sale or lease at your Chrysler dealer.



Optional leather seat \$208 extra. LeBaron Medallion only.

Two-Door LeBaron Medallion

Base Sticker Price	\$5,436
318 cu. in. V-8	Std.
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Power Front Disc Brakes	Std.
Automatic Transmission	Std.
Landau Vinyl Roof	\$132
Wire Wheel Covers	\$35
Whitewall Tires	\$43
Bumper Guards, Front	\$21
TOTAL	\$5,667*

*Sticker price, including options as shown. Taxes and destination charges extra.



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A TOTALLY NEW CLASS OF AUTOMOBILES.

MUSIC

A few years back, one of the rock newspapers ran a feature titled "Guitars of the Stars": the nation's ten most-wanted gun fighters and their weapons of choice. Bonnie Raitt was the only lady in that rogues' gallery—perhaps because she is the only female performer in America with an identifiable electric-guitar style. Bright and sassy. A guitar slide into home plate. And her voice: Well, it will clear your head and break your heart. *Sweet Forgiveness* (Warner Bros.), the redhead's latest album, will satisfy old fans—and may win a few new converts. Our favorite cuts are a bluesy version of Del Shannon's *Run-away* and a stirring hymn called *Two Lives* that has Raitt's voice soaring over the harmonies of Michael McDonald and Rosemary Butler. Comparisons between Raitt and Ronstadt are inevitable—if only because the two sing many of the same songs (cf. *Love Has No Pride*). This time out, Bonnie does her own version of Paul Siebel's *Louise*. (Who is this Louise, and why do so many chick singers mourn her passing?) The differences on this and other songs are educational: While Ronstadt tours with a band of the best studio musicians in California, Raitt gets by with her friends, the same support troops who helped her out on previous albums, some of which were recorded in a garage. The band has its limits, but Raitt has so much fun and feels so at home in those limits that we can't complain. This lady not only sings the blues, she plays them—well.

Hymns Spheres (ECM) finds Keith Jarrett perched atop the Karl Joseph Riepp Trinity Organ at Ottobeuren, Germany, raising hell against electricity. Upon this baroque colossus, the Moloch of acoustic instruments, Jarrett reproduces the sound of shrimp frying in a wok, a butterfly pinned for 12 minutes, then pulverized between two millstones, a weekend at Sun Valley turned night on Bald Mountain and a car battery going dead in front of a motel. In the fifth movement, the band aboard the Titanic plays a bone-crushing minuet inside a block of ice. And the seventh movement answers a question we've always wondered about: What would it sound like if elephant tusks were tuning forks? The nine movements are sandwiched between a *Hymn of Remembrance* and a *Hymn of Release* like so: Hmnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

Count yourselves lucky, you followers of the fine art of vocalise; you've got Carmen McRae coming at you in very large bunches—two twin-LP albums to demonstrate quite clearly just how it's



Bonnie sings the blues.

"Bonnie's voice:
Well, it will clear your head
and break your heart."



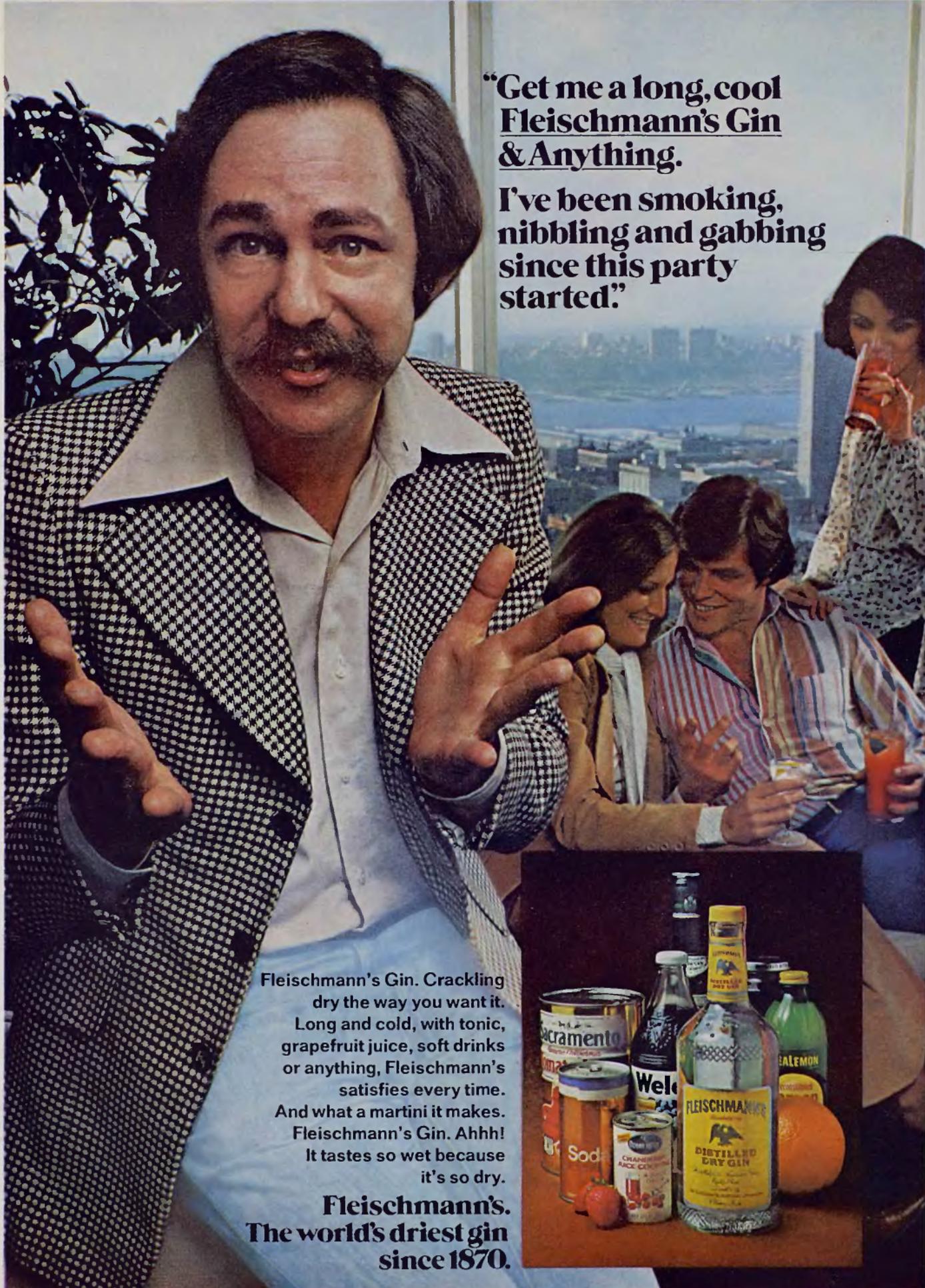
Timeless McRae.

supposed to be done. The first, *The Greatest of Carmen McRae* (MCA), is a pickup of stuff recorded about 20 years ago for Decca and Kapp, and there are nearly 20 changes of personnel behind her, but the accompaniment is uniformly—almost astonishingly—first-rate throughout. There are several big bands on hand, the best of which is the Ralph Burns Orchestra circa 1958 that featured the larger-than-life tenor of Ben Webster. Those

tracks are from her *Birds of a Feather* album and *Baltimore Oriole*, *Bob White* and *Skylark* in quick succession will knock you down. The orchestration for *Oriole*, we think, is the best thing Carmen has ever had going for her. There are lots of other goodies strewn throughout—*Yesterdays*, *Lush Life*, *Last Night when We Were Young*, *Summertime*. There are, in fact, 32 tunes crammed into this album, and that, friends, in this age of four-dollar-a-pound coffee, is a goddamned bargain. And then there's Carmen recorded "live" two decades later for *Carmen McRae at the Great American Music Hall* (Blue Note). This time, there's only rhythm accompaniment, plus the protean sounds of Dizzy Gillespie's trumpet on occasion. One of those occasions is on the magnificent *Miss Otis Regrets*, where Gillespie's fills transform a subordinate role into something very special. Some other beauties in the album: *Old Folks*, *Star Eyes*, *Dindi*, *No More Blues* and *On Green Dolphin Street*. McRae seems to have a little trouble initially finding her way on *Street*, but once she gets her bearings, she's off and running. A marvelous lady, Miss McRae.

The title of the new Kansas album, *Leftoverture* (Kirschner), may imply that it's made up of outtakes from previous sessions. That, however, would be very surprising. It is an extremely strong album throughout and contains the excellent hit single *Carry On Wayward Son*. This is the sort of band one would like to hear boogie long instrumental jams at concerts; it combines the tough, hard-rock feeling of the metal bands with asshole-tight ensemble playing. Kansas can also tone things down and be appealingly sensitive, particularly on *Cheyenne Anthem*, a noble song about the Indians' "trail of tears." The material (mostly by Kerry Livgren) features bright melodies and intelligent words. In these decadent *disco* days, with rock over-arranged to sound like the 1001 Singing Strings of the Starlight Symphony, Kansas represents the solid, Midwestern values of our vast musical heartland.

After seven studio albums, Jeff Beck has released his first live recording, and not since Eric Clapton's masterful reworking of *Crossroads* has the sound of a raw, untampered-with guitar been so heart-shaking. Beck's technique was once described by a fellow player as a "non-style" and in *Jeff Beck with the Jan Hammer Group Live* (Epic), it is easy to see why. Note follows note in a dizzy and uncontrolled fashion; but mended with Beck's

A man with a mustache and a patterned jacket is speaking at a party. In the background, other people are socializing and drinking. A table in the foreground holds various drinks and a bottle of Fleischmann's gin.

**“Get me a long, cool
Fleischmann’s Gin
& Anything.”**

**I’ve been smoking,
nibbling and gabbing
since this party
started.”**

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grapefruit juice, soft drinks
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satisfies every time.
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Fleischmann’s Gin. Ahhh!
It tastes so wet because
it’s so dry.**

**Fleischmann’s.
The world’s driest gin
since 1870.**



inherent sense of rhythm and immaculate use of vibrato, the shapeless becomes structured. Regrettably, there are only seven tracks here, but the virtuoso's tornadolike treatment of *Blue Wind* and the astro-illogical lines he plays on *Full Moon Boogie* compensate for the album's lack of minutes. *Live* is another page in the Beck book of jazz/rock application; and while there are many who would like to see him return to his blues roots, there can be no denying his excellence in this current genre. This album will undoubtedly become a guitarist's guidebook—and, in the long-term scope of music, should do much to set Beck as the livest wire of them all.

In his album *I Came to Dance* (A & M), Nils Lofgren comes on like a street-wise rocker: "I'm not Bob Dylan, but I never miss a beat / I ain't no philosopher, I dance in the street." Not everyone will be convinced.

The material is hard-nosed and stoic—but substance alone will not carry that image convincingly, and Lofgren sounds about as mean as Dion did on *Run Around Sue*. His delivery doesn't approach Lou Reed's for street-smart toughness, much less that of the old devil Mike Jagger. It's . . . well . . . the singer, not the song.

Interestingly enough, the one non-Lofgren song is by Jagger—*Happy*, from *Exile on Main Street*. As Jagger wrote it (correctly printed on the inner sleeve of Lofgren's album), it goes, in part: "Never kept a dollar past sunset / It always burnt a hole in my pants." Lofgren sings:

"Never kept a daughter past sunset"—what?—

"Always had a hard in my pants." He sounds like he's *trying* to be nasty. Jagger could sound nasty singing *Silent Night*.

Last Thanksgiving, at the Last Waltz, the Band said a beautiful goodbye to touring together, after 15 years or so of flat tires and flying bottles and greasy burgers—though, toward the end, not all of the white lines were road dividers and the burgers had turned to chateaubriand. So the Band as live flesh is gone, and we will miss it. But even as the boys all sign separate contracts, their studio life lingers on. The first of their Post-Semi-Farewell albums is *Islands* (Capitol). It's well named; that's how the good cuts sound in contrast to what's around them. Side one starts off with *Right as Rain*, which is as close to a dippy, conventional click-click-click love song as they've ever gotten. Next is *Streetwalker*, a paler reincarnation of *The Shape I'm In*. The images are all B-movie stuff for the horror of horrors of the city. *Let the Night Fall*, next, is much more successful sinister, and might have been



Band: "Breaking up is hard to do."

"The Band as live flesh is gone, and we will miss it. But the boys' studio life lingers on."

written for Greil Marcus of *Rolling Stone*, who can make considerable American Studies hay over this one. Is this Death speaking? Lucifer? Young Goodman Brown? Leslie Fiedler? The only one that gets you going on the first side is the one nonoriginal, Levon Helm cheerfully trilling through *Ain't That a Lot of Love?*, the old shitkicker.

Luckily for all of us, most of the second side is like finding those islands. It opens with the title cut, a nice enough instrumental, streams of styles converging as one sweet river. And then *Saga of the Pepote Rouge*, which is the first original that sounds like it's really got a life of its own, the melody one of those classic loose chugs patented by the Band, and the story of the Pepote, legendary lady of the mountain—both unwinding like they just can't help it. *Pepote* is followed by a more famous lady, *Georgia* herself. Richard Manuel's vocal owes almost everything to Ray Charles's unforgettable version; but while Charles sings of her with loving resignation and world-weariness, Manuel adds an edge of pain—or sadness, as if that old sweet song is driving him a little crazy, too. By us, it's the hit of the album.

Requirements for status as a cult band include the fulfillment of any of the following: (1) Have a hit single and thereafter be forgotten by AM programmers; (2) maintain relative obscurity in spite of a series of critically acclaimed albums; (3) harbor an overlooked songwriting genius; (4) develop a reputation for eclectic instrumental perfectionism; (5) have a song mentioned in the title of a Hunter Thompson *Rolling Stone* article. In the case of The Amazing Rhythm

Aces, who appeared two years ago with the hit *Third Rate Romance*, all of the above are applicable.

Like comparably talented groups such as Little Feat, the Rhythm Aces continue to grow in popularity, albeit quietly. Their third LP, *Toucan Do It Too* (ABC), shows the Memphis-based band's willingness to take the unassuming road to success. While on past albums they demonstrated proficiency in such diverse genres as C&W, Gospel, ragtime, Latin and jazz, *Toucan* is essentially blues and Southern rock. Singer-songwriter Russell Smith dominates, as usual; however, the keyboards of James Hooker and Billy Earheart have become more pronounced. Byrd Burton's hard-driving lead licks have never been better; he produces, engineers and adds dashes of pedal steel, mandolin and dobro as well. Rhythm Aces addicts will find *Toucan Do It Too* another satisfying fix—amazing is right.

The cover of Michael Walden's first LP, *Narada, Garden of Love Light* (Atlantic), will put many folks off. Since he's wearing a white gown and holding a rose, the album's obviously some sweetness-and-light Eastern mystical bullshit. Well, yes . . . but no. True, Walden was once the drummer for John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu, and he *is* into some kind of religious trip. But his religion must be of the body as well as the spirit, because the music is a vital combination of soul and R&B rock.

There's fantastic guitar throughout, mostly by Ray Gomez, with Jeff Beck and Carlos Santana doing one cut each. But the heart of the music is the powerful, integrating rhythm laid down by Walden's drums and Will Lee's bass. Tasteful string arrangements and Walden's singing complete the pleasant fusion. You can enjoy this record, even if you think that *Harry Krishna* is Don Kirshner's younger brother.

SHORT CUTS

Lowell Fulson / *The Ol' Blues Singer* (Granite): Never before have so many instruments worked so beautifully together to make such a great blues album.

Dexter Wansel / *What the World Is Coming To* (Philadelphia International): A great fusion of funk, jazz and light classical. *Disco* with a difference.

Asleep at the Wheel / *The Wheel* (Capitol): More silky musical visions of Texas in the Western-swing Forties and country Fifties: There are more old rock-a-billy dreams here than in former albums, but the best still sound like Duke Ellington conducting Bob Wills's Original Texas All-Stars for the sound track of a Republic Western—starring Roy Rogers, say, in something like *Gun Fight at the Copacabana* or *Cocktails on the Purple Sage*. Classy time tripping.

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MOVIES

A flawless computerized superbrain known as Proteus IV, presumably programmed to think male thoughts, soon gets its fill of human frailty and determines that a mating of woman and machine might produce something closer to perfection. When it's planting time in *Demon Seed*, Proteus cuckolds the scientist (Fritz Weaver) responsible for its creation by making preparations to impregnate the man's wife, first by assuming control of all the circuits in the couple's totally electronic home—where voice-activated devices tidy up, serve meals and apparently do everything but slice carrots. Julie Christie, as the sacrificed lady trapped in a house full of futuristic hardware intent on rape, needs all the screen magic she can muster to keep *Demon Seed* from becoming a dud. Because she is gorgeous, dynamic and graceful, Julie proves more than a match for the picture's technological virtuosity. But dazzling special effects, even combined with supernatural sex, are no big deal when there's as little else to work with as *Seed* director Donald Cammell was given: a simple, rather shallow tale of computer meets girl, computer gets girl, computer begets God knows what. Though sparks fly in profusion, there are few surprises.

Woody Allen's *Annie Hall*, a project so shrouded in secrecy while he was making it that it even lacked a title, begins with an Allen monolog—about love, mostly—and turns out to be a semiautobiography as well as a rueful valentine to Diane Keaton, his favorite leading lady for considerable periods of time offscreen and on. Small wonder. Everyone who has not previously succumbed is apt to be crazy about Keaton after witnessing her zany, delicious throwaway performance as Annie Hall, an actress-singer not unlike Diane herself, who has an intermittent love affair and live-in with a famous comedian and writer named Alvy Singer. Need we tell you which part Woody plays? In one cheeky scene, Woody-Alvy appears as himself back in grade school among a bunch of monstrous teachers and rotten little kids who stand up to recite how *their* adult lives turned out. Much later, while Alvy and Annie are waiting in line for a movie, he fumes at a loudmouth behind him—pontificating about Fellini and McLuhanism—and shuts the guy up by producing Marshall McLuhan himself from behind a billboard in the lobby. It's all like that. *Annie* is a homage to an Ingmar Bergman movie, one of those incisive psychological classics redone as minor surgery by an inspired New Yorkese nut—and, so far, it is the freshest, funniest and weirdest comedy of 1977. Annie and Alvy initially get acquainted while talking



Demon Seed: Hardware gets hard-on.

"When it's planting time in *Demon Seed*, Proteus cuckolds the scientist, making preparations to impregnate the man's wife."



Wizards: big magic on campus.

seriously about art and ambition; subtitles express what's *really* on their minds. "I wonder what she looks like naked," Alvy asks himself, and Annie hopes she hasn't hooked "another schmuck." They decide to live together, decide to live apart. They argue about their sex life, citing what their respective analysts expect of them. They sit in the park, making up stories about strangers. They discover that she sort of likes Los Angeles, while he deprecates it as a place that looks clean simply because "they don't throw their garbage away . . . they turn it into television shows." To sum up, *Annie Hall* is about those modern

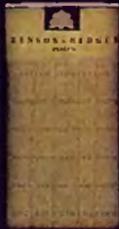
movable feasts known as Relationships. "A relationship is like a shark," observes Allen in one of many asides to the audience. "It has to constantly move forward, or else it dies." At the risk of splashing some shark deterrent onto an otherwise enthusiastic notice, it's only fair to warn you that you may go away from the movie feeling vaguely depressed if you have ever been half of a loving couple that couldn't quite manage to keep a good thing going. You will also see yourself, as Woody sees himself in his most personal movie to date, as part of the headlong human comedy that just never lets up, and actually hurts from time to time. But relax. All the greatest comedy has a subtext of painful truth. While inching in that direction, Allen supplies uproarious one-liners to ease the sting, with comic relief of various kinds snuck into the main bout by Tony Roberts, Carol Kane, Paul Simon, Colleen Dewhurst and Shelley Duvall.

Set in the remote future, more than "two million years after five terrorists blew up the world," *Wizards* describes a peaceful planet on which science, technology and the machinery of war are obsolete if not utterly forgotten. Then a preternaturally evil wizard named Blackwolf finds some old Nazi propaganda buried in the debris of a once great European city and the human race is off again in its headlong goose-step rush toward self-destruction. There are good guys, bad guys, hobgoblins, elves and soothsayers as well as neo-Nazis involved, because *Wizards* is the work of writer-producer-director Ralph Bakshi, whose X-rated *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic* established him as a modern young master of film animation. Bakshi is probably a genius, but the kind of go-to-hell genius who trusts to luck, sudden inspiration and his fantastic artist's eye some of the work that a shrewd screenwriter might do. His earlier films sprang from his own experience in—or on the fringes of—a cool contemporary subculture that jumped with vitality. *Wizards* has visual splendor but not much of a story—and what there is often seems simplistic and tiresomely polemical, like a cinematic retread of Tolkien's novels without Tolkien's humor. Already reported to be scoring with college crowds, *Wizards* deserves high marks for aesthetic derring-do; we're curious to see what wonders Bakshi will perform with a *real* Tolkien epic, *Lord of the Rings*, even now bouncing off the bookshelves onto his drawing boards.

In a masterpiece of miscasting, Michael Caine plays a German paratrooper

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colonel and commando leader whose peculiar mission, ordered by Hitler via Himmler, is to kidnap Winston Churchill. Caine as a semi-Cockney Kraut is about as convincing as the plot of *The Eagle Has Landed*, based on one of those hindsightful suspense novels (by Jack Higgins, adapted for the screen by Tom Mankiewicz) that plunge into World War Two pretending there's still considerable doubt as to which side will win. Well, Caine's raiders slip into a sleepy English coastal village, where treachery and terrorism start to explode under the direction of John Sturges, whose most spectacular achievement here is the conspicuous waste of some high-caliber talent. Robert Duvall—an actor whose incredible range allows him to assume almost any role so persuasively that audiences, as well as critics, have begun to take his perfection for granted—plays a dedicated Nazi officer overseeing the operation back at H.Q. in Germany. Donald Sutherland faces a tougher challenge as an unlikely Irish rebel, working for the Germans because he hates everything English except a delightful local lass (Jenny Agutter) who quells his revolutionary fervor with love at first sight. Then there is Jean Marsh—dear old Rose of *Upstairs, Downstairs* fame—as a murderous maiden lady who, we are asked to believe, would like to see swastikas flying over all those thatched English cottages. After much travail, the film finally rises to a climax that has the impact less of an eagle's landing than of a sparrow's slamming into a trellis.

The dark-horse movie that surprised everyone by coming from behind to win this year's Oscar as Best Foreign Film, *Black and White in Color*, nosed out such favorites as *Cousin, Cousine* and Lina Wertmüller's dynamic *Seven Beauties*. The Academy's choice is still puzzling, though *Black and White* has undeniable fascination. Co-author and director Jean-Jacques Annaud, using a little-known cast of European actors complemented by Ivory Coast inhabitants, spins out an original, oddly tender, tragicomic tale about the black man's burden—white ignorance, white hypocrisy, white greed, circa 1914–1918—in a remote West African settlement, where two neighboring communities, one of German colonists and the other of French ones, belatedly discover that World War One has been declared. Then, of course, the formerly peaceful settlers feel honor bound to do battle, spilling real blood, much of it supplied by innocent natives. Annaud's points are pretty obvious, but he understates them with compassion and uncommon decency—prizeworthy, if not likely to win the popular vote.

Director Sam Peckinpah's penchant for death and destruction—usually in slow

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Things are looking up.

Trish Van Fleet is one way July OUI will pick up your spirits. Jerry Rubin's optimism in *My Hope for America* is another. Also this month: a firsthand report on Jimmy Carter's inauguration by America's favorite fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. To keep your spirits soaring, check out Valerie and Janni, who are fancy enough for springtime and just right for now. You'll also find out who really runs our country (Surprise! It's Bert Parks and Buddy Hackett), *How to Sleep with Two Women at Once* and you'll meet the King of the Gypsies in the OUI interview. For a real pick-me-up, pick OUI up.

oui





Cross of Iron: bloody bore.

motion—became the hallmark of his distinctive cinematic style in *The Wild Bunch*. What was once hailed as style looks like little more than a mannerism, if not a pathological personal hang-up, in *Cross of Iron*, in which flesh-and-blood Germans are blown away, bit by bit, on the Russian front during the great 1943 Nazi retreat. Valor, arrogance, treachery, homosexuality, despair and an occasional spark of humanism flare up on the Axis side, which is Peckinpah's focus in this film. The Russian bombardments, though they take a heavy toll, almost come as welcome relief from the non-stop "meaningful" dialog provided by three screenwriters for James Coburn, James Mason, Maximilian Schell, David Warner and Senta Berger. Berger looks great but hasn't much to do except climb briefly into Coburn's bed while nursing his wounds. As Sergeant Steiner, Coburn is *Cross of Iron's* nominal star. "Steiner is a myth," muses Warner, droning out enough world-weary philosophical detachment for a whole regiment of losers. "He is our last hope . . . which makes him a very dangerous man." After a few paragraphs of such twaddle, Peckinpah ought to call a truce. Except for one go-for-the-groin episode in which a captive Russian woman is forced into an act of fellatio with a German soldier, on whom she performs it with a vengeance, *Cross of Iron* could be a collage of scenes that went straight to the cutting-room floor from 1001 previous movies about World War Two.

A film that is gay, liberated, semiserious, based on a classical theme and spoken entirely in Latin with English subtitles might be called a lot of things—and has been. *Sebastiane*, a British-made independent movie, was condemned by both leftists and churchmen at the Locarno Film Festival last year for its explicit sexual episodes, male nudity and rather slanted look at the legend of a Catholic saint and Christian martyr. Produced for a pittance by two 25-year-old neophytes, Howard Malin and James Whaley, and

filmed in several weeks in London and on the island of Sardinia, *Sebastiane* was codirected by Paul Humfress and Derek Jarman (an artist-designer who created the smashing sets for Ken Russell's *The Devils*). Although major distributors were afraid to touch it, the controversial miniepic had audiences (gay and straight, by all reports, with surprising numbers of women) queuing up in England during its premiere engagements. Whether or not the movie will excite the same curiosity over here is anyone's guess. However, to pigeonhole *Sebastiane* as a queer curio for boy watchers only would be unfair. It is far more intelligent and sophisticated

than that, though avid John Wayne/Clint Eastwood fans should probably shun it like the plague.

In the title role, Leonardo Treviglio plays a rather sullen, boyish slyph whose sexual proclivities and religious scruples appear intentionally ambiguous. A favorite of the Roman emperor Diocletian circa 304 A.D., he is exiled to a remote army outpost because of his Christian faith, and courts violent death when he resists the sexual advances of his commanding officer, a *macho* centurion named Severus (Barney James). This striking, starkly photographed *Sebastiane* covers up virtually nothing, from the first decadent

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phallic orgy in Diocletian's court to the gladiatorial jousting between soldiers in a bleak desert hellhole, where costumes are so scanty that there's very little to remove after they unbuckle their swords. Off-duty sexual activity among the troops is treated as a common daily diversion for men without women but not presented in a campy fashion. Linguistically, though, the movie smacks less of classicism than of rowdy GI lingo, aimed to amuse upperclassmen from UCLA to Cambridge. OH, SHIT! reads the subtitle over an aggrieved soldier's Latin "*Excremento!*"; MOTHERFUCKER! comes across on the sound track as "*Oedipus!*" If you're ready for a bizarre cinematic side trip, *Sebastiane* makes *The Boys in the Band* look like a bed of wilted pansies.

FILM CLIPS

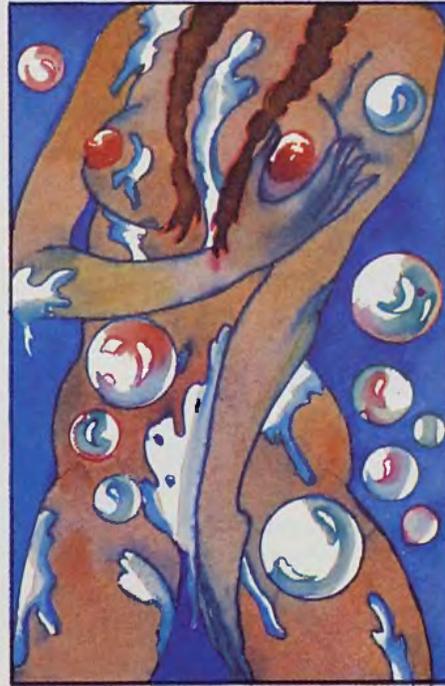
Man on the Roof: Talk about changes of pace: Swedish writer-director-editor Bo Widerberg, who made the wiltingly romantic *Elvira Madigan*, brings his formidable skills to bear upon a police thriller (with a stout actor named Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt as detective-hero Martin Beck, Scandinavia's answer to Philip Marlowe) that takes off like a sizzling comet. There's a crazed cop hater, himself once a law officer—with a pretty strong case against his former buddies, as a matter of fact—picking off policemen from atop a Stockholm skyscraper. They have a hell of a time getting him down.

Jabberwocky: Two Monty Python alumni—Terry Gilliam as co-author and director, Michael Palin as a medieval dragon slayer named Dennis—provide plenty of blood, guts, lowbrow yoks and some overtones of contemporary satire in a lunatic spoof of all those movies that used to feature King Arthur's Round Table types, set somewhere in the Dark Ages or thereabouts. Gilliam's comic touch is bold, brilliant and never square—with Good Humor men of the era peddling "rats on a stick" and other outrages, none quite equal to those in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* (nor is the film in any way related to a previously reviewed, semisubversive American comedy titled *Jabberwalk*).

Chinese Roulette: Harrowing truth games pass the time, slowly, during an impromptu weekend in the country with a married pair, his mistress, her lover, a mute nurse and the couple's obstreperous crippled child. Fans of prolific writer-director Rainer Werner Fassbinder are welcome to another studied, semisophomoric work by a young man making the biggest ripples in an alleged New Wave of West German cinema, which has already swept away hordes of critics and cultists. The Fassbinder phenomenon is scarcely visible as yet to the general public, most of which is cursed with a stubborn preference for movies that keep one wide awake if not wantonly entertained.

Adding bits and snatches of explicit sex to re-makes of good old movies and current TV hits is a discernible trend in porno (see *The New Girls of Porn*, page 133, for other examples). It may be a cheap way to come up with a plot, but any story values are an improvement in porno—which has traditionally thrown away plot as a nonessential, as casually expendable as a used condom.

Eruption, co-starring John C. Holmes and Leslie Bovee, is a lewdly adapted rip-off of *Double Indemnity*, the Fred MacMurray-Barbara Stanwyck suspense classic about an insurance salesman and a rich man's horny wife who get together and decide she'll be even richer, as well as happier, after they have bumped off her husband. Filmed in Hawaii with lush backgrounds and a thin but visible layer of dramatic sophistication, *Eruption* provides the first solid evidence that "Johnny Wadd" Holmes may have some acting ability in addition to a foot-long schlong. Leslie—or Lesllie, as she now calls herself (she has whimsically added an extra L to her name since being top billed in *Eruption*)—has an ell of a time in her encounters with Holmes, particularly when the two get it on in a sand-and-surf sequence that's a direct steal from the celebrated beach scene between Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr in *From Here to Eternity*. John and Leslie do what the big stars never dared do, except by implication. Actually, *Eruption* would be better than it is if the film makers had stuck closer to the *Double Indemnity* original. Instead of letting their crime of illicit passion go the limit, they lose impetus by wasting screen time and energy on a sexy stepdaughter (Susan Hart), who gives head to all comers and ultimately screws up the picture in more ways than one. In other words, they set



Sexy sudser.

"Mary Hartman it ain't, but *Hard Soap, Hard Soap* is hardly more offensive."

out to sexualize a durable classic—and blew it.

The relationship between *Hard Soap, Hard Soap* and TV's *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* is far more tenuous, the links consisting mostly of the repetitive title and such soap-opera conventions as *Kaffeeklatsch* kitchen scenes and a background of unctuous organ music. Organ music is not entirely inappropriate, since Holmes, that well-endowed wonder man, again plays the hero—Dr. John Holmes, busy shrink, who, oddly enough, seldom has either the time or the inclination to ball his dear little wife. As Mrs. Holmes, impish Laurien

Dominique is a passable comedienne and decidedly more cuddlesome than Louise Lasser. Laurien snuggles with the milkman, is raped by an office janitor, turns on the newspaper delivery boy by letting him watch her masturbate and feels generally obliged to do as everyone asks because "people need my help." *Hard Soap* features a group-therapy grope that's almost funny and ends with Laurien the housewife simultaneously saving her marriage and the eyesight of her sister who suffers hysterical blindness when a flasher exposes himself to her—by getting her doctor hubby to reawaken Sis to the joys of normal intercourse. *Mary Hartman* it ain't, but at least it conveys a generally positive, straightforward view of sex and is hardly more offensive than a TV show with episodes about testicle transplants.

Heat Wave works up to an orgy—a meek social worker fantasizes being gang-raped by leather bike boys—with a series of completely conventional duos: the accountant and the secretary, the housewife and the delivery boy, the lesbian teacher and her student, the husband and the baby sitter. Any sensible customer will go away bored but not stiff.

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MINOLTA

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SNEAK PREVIEW

The following is a portion of the script for *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* (starring Marty Feldman and Ann-Margret, written by Feldman and C. J. Allen). The movie opens this month.

The scene is the Sahara Desert. A small patrol of gallant Legionnaires, led by GENERAL PECHEUR, is on its way to relieve the besieged desert outpost Fort Zindeneuf.

PATROL (singing):

We'll give our alls for France
We'll break our balls for France
We're scum and we're dregs
But we'd gladly die
We'd lose all our legs
At least lose an eye
With great panache
For Fraaaaaaaaaaaaaance—
And a little in cash.

A Legionnaire rides past on a one-humped camel. Two Legionnaires ride past on a two-humped camel. Three Legionnaires ride past on a three-humped camel. Apart from PECHEUR and his aide, CAPTAIN MERDMANGER (a tall, gangly, flamboyant fop), nobody is French. We see their African, Chinese, Indian, Jewish faces as they ride by.

PATROL (singing):

So bring on the Arabs with sabers
and knives
We'll murder the men and we'll
rape all their wives
For liberty, freedom, nobility, money,
and then . . .
Perhaps, for a change, we'll murder
the wives,
And rape all the men.
For France!!!

PECHEUR (staring through binoculars):
Captain Merdmanger.

MERDMANGER rides up. He towers above
PECHEUR, on his tiny camel.

MERDMANGER: *Oui*, General Pisher.

PECHEUR (controlling his temper): The
name is Pecheur. How many times must
I tell you?

MERDMANGER (in a hysterical fit of
humility): Oh—I have offended my gen-
eral—what a worm's turd am I. Allow
me to shoot myself—

PECHEUR: Shut up!

MERDMANGER: Allow me to shoot some-
one!

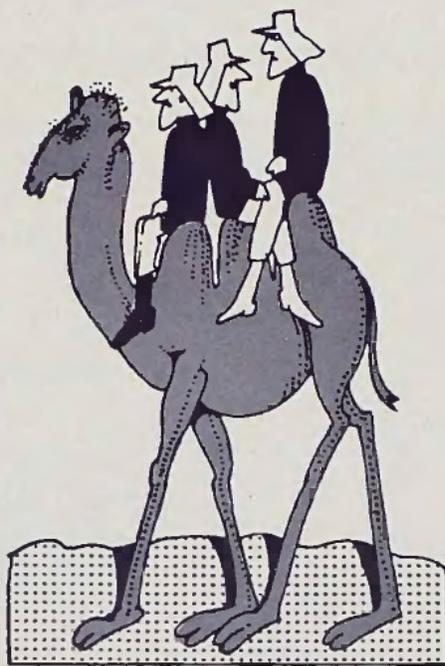
PECHEUR: Shut up! I am trying to see
something.

CUT TO a view of deserted battle-
ments as seen through binoculars.

PECHEUR: A besieged fort. No signs of
a battle.

MERDMANGER: All the men are dead?

PECHEUR: I hope so. That is the cus-
tom. (Suddenly) *Un moment!*



But Feldman, can we believe
you? Is this really *The Last
Remake of Beau Geste*?

Binoculars pan one apparently dead
Legionnaire slumped over the battle-
ments.

PECHEUR: Thank heavens—one man.

MERDMANGER: Dead?

PECHEUR: Of course.

As he lowers binoculars, a shot rings
out from the fort.

PECHEUR: *Sacré Châteauneuf-du-Pape!*
Dead men do not shoot. I know this from
experience. Perhaps our friend Sheik
Abdul has prepared a little trap.

MERDMANGER: Oh, he is a wily one—
non? A naughty little Arab trap. I will
sally to reconnaissance.

MERDMANGER gallops over to fort,
climbs nimbly and disappears over bat-
tlements.

MERDMANGER (as he goes): See, I pre-
cipitate myself into the certain teeth of
death so that all men may be free (sings
snatch of "Marseillaise").

PECHEUR (shouts): Why are you scaling
the walls? The door's wide open.

MERDMANGER appears in the wide-open
doorway of the fort.

MERDMANGER (shouts): What did you
say, *mon général*?

CUT TO fort courtyard, deserted but
for huddled figure on battlements. PE-
CHEUR and MERDMANGER survey the scene.

PECHEUR: Not quite what we expected,
eh, Merdmanger?

MERDMANGER: It defeats the bound of
my comprehension, General. A single
shot—and just one dead man.

PECHEUR: *Voilà! Sacré Pouilly-Fuissé!*
A hero for France. Order him to report
to me immediately.

MERDMANGER: But, *mon général*—he is
dead.

PECHEUR: Then he may need a little
help. Bring him to me. I wish to decorate
him.

A sergeant exits with a couple of
Legionnaires.

PECHEUR (confidentially): Merdmanger,
come here.

MERDMANGER: I dance attendance upon
your whim.

PECHEUR (up very close): What I have
to say is very confidential. . . .

MERDMANGER: Then I will not listen.

MERDMANGER sticks his fingers in his
ears. PECHEUR slaps them away.

PECHEUR: No, Merdmanger! I would
like you to listen! When you make out
your report, you will say that upon ar-
rival we found 200 dead Legionnaires.

MERDMANGER (knowingly): *Je com-
prends, mon général.* I drip with grati-
tude to perform your will.

The slumped body of the Legionnaire
is brought in by the sergeant and the
other Legionnaires.

PECHEUR (to corpse): Corpse. Corpse,
attention! I order him erect.

MERDMANGER: Cause him to an erec-
tion. *Vite! Vite!*

Legionnaires erect corpse into alert
position, holding him upright, raising
arm into a salute.

PECHEUR: My brave Legionnaire—I
salute you. France salutes you. My wife
and children send you their fondest. The
medals, Merdmanger.

MERDMANGER steps forward with an
open box full of medals.

PECHEUR: I want to give you a little
something to remember us by. (Picks up
a medal) What's this one for?

MERDMANGER: It's for baking chocolate
mousse.

PECHEUR: That'll do. I award you
France's highest honor. For baking choc-
olate mousse posthumously in the face of
the enemy.

MERDMANGER: Does not tradition de-
mand that you kiss the hero on both
cheeks, sir?

PECHEUR: What do you think I am—a
bloody necrophiliac? I am not going to
slobber over a dead body. *Adieu, mon
brave.*

He pins the medal to corpse's chest.
Pins it a little too deep. With a start, the
body comes alive.

CUT TO a close-up of the corpse's eyes

The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

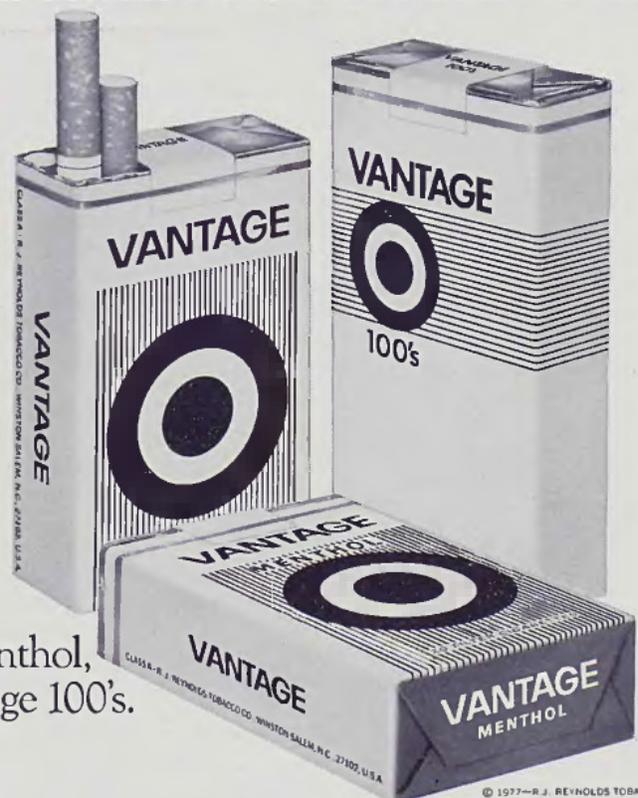
First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

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It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.



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FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar",
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opening. They are Marty Feldman's eyes.

DIGBY (*Marty Feldman, saluting*): Digby Geste reporting for duty, sir. There is something sticking in my chest, sir. Permission to scream.

PECHEUR: Granted.

DIGBY (*screams*): Thank you, sir.

MERDMANGER: *Mais zout*. What an incredible stroking by Lady Luck. He will be able to solve the mystery of the deserted fort.

PECHEUR (*uneasily*): Yes, he will, won't he? This could be a little awkward. (*To Digby*) Do you intend to talk, my friend?

DIGBY: A Geste does not talk. I won't say a word. Not a word. Not a syllable. I shall remain silent. Absolutely silent. Totally silent. Not another sound will I utter. Not one. Not another.

PECHEUR: Will you shut up?

DIGBY: I can't answer that question.

PECHEUR: Then, my little hero, you give me no option but to shoot you for withholding information.

A Legionnaire runs in. He holds in his hands a pile of ashes and a metal identity tag.

LEGIONNAIRE: I have found this, *mon général*.

PECHEUR (*holds up identity tag*): You are looking at the finest soldier I ever knew.

MERDMANGER *exhales with wonder, blowing ashes over PECHUR's face. PECHUR does an Oliver Hardy take.*

PECHEUR: You have just blown Beau Geste all over my face.

MERDMANGER: Oh, pardon, *mon général*.

DIGBY: Beau? Dead? It's not possible. It can't be. (*To ashes*) Beau, speak to me. . . .

PECHEUR: Silence! Merdmanger—scrape Beau Geste from my face and put him in a suitable container.

DIGBY: Please—one last request before you shoot me. Beau always wanted a viking's funeral. I promised that he should be buried at sea.

PECHEUR: The Legion always honors its heroes. It will be difficult out here in the desert, but we will do what we can.

DISSOLVE TO a French flag draped over a small oblong container, CUT TO DIGBY, marching, holding container in hands, flanked by PECHUR and MERDMANGER. The Legionnaires form a cortege.

PECHEUR (*as they march*): *Mes braves, mes enfants terribles*. Beau Geste has not died in vain. He has died so that generations yet unborn may die for a noble cause, which is none of your business. He died to the last man. We weep for him.

MERDMANGER (*barks orders*): By the left, weep. Shake those shoulders, you hardhearted buggers.

CUT TO DIGBY, holding container. MERDMANGER's voice fades under DIGBY's thoughts.

DIGBY (*voice-over*): Strange that it should have ended this way. . . .

DINING & DRINKING

Windows on the World,

the ensemble of restaurants perched on the 107th floor of Manhattan's World Trade Center—the structure King Kong recently scaled—is a place that inevitably invites one-liners. Referring to the putative \$8,000,000 chit for furniture, fixtures and such incidentals as cups and saucers, one customer invoked the George S. Kaufman zinger "Shows what God could have done if He had money." Another chap, disconcerted by the excess of marble in the john, retreated without attending to his needs. Asked if anything was wrong, he replied, "No, but it's just too shabby to take out here."

Windows boasts a tremendous investment of imagination and ingenuity, a passionate concern for the satisfaction and comfort of the patron. Somebody up there likes you, and it's evident in such things as the terraced seating arrangement that gives everyone a great view of the spectacular surroundings—harbor, bridges, cityscapes . . . the understated opulence of fabrics and carpeting . . . the oft-refilled insulated silver server that keeps coffee hot and plentiful . . . the fact that every seat is an armchair . . . the lovely, capacious crystal stemware.

A private membership club for luncheon, Windows goes public in the afternoon. There are several separate dining and drinking areas. The main dining space, archly called The Restaurant, offers a *prix fixe* dinner at \$16.50 and an à-la-carte menu with entrees from \$7.95 to \$16.50. This place would be a smash if it served TV dinners, but, as it happens, the food, though variable, is generally good and always intriguing. Clichés like Shrimp Scampi, Sole Amantine and Coq au Vin are supplanted by Coulubiach of Salmon, Venison with Polenta and Striped Bass Wrapped in Seaweed. Not every adventure is a triumph. The Circassian Chicken with Walnuts disappoints—which can happen when you are hustling up to 700 covers



"Windows boasts a tremendous investment of imagination and ingenuity."

a night. Curried Mussels with Celery Root and the Corn and Crab Soup are excellent openers and the Seafood Cervelat is distinctive. Tortellini of Shrimp in Cream is a pleasant appetizer but a bit pricy at \$5.25. Desserts are luscious, especially a Mango and Macadamia Nut Sundae (sometimes made with papaya), which is

positively orgasmic. A more elaborate dinner is served at Cellar in the Sky, an actual working wine cellar that doubles as a dining spot. The set menu includes three or four wines, selected to complement each course. The Hors

D'Oeuverrie and the City Lights Bar open at 3 P.M. There's a dance floor and a three-piece combo, and the place jumps. The bar carries 130 brands of Scotch, 76 gins and almost anything else you'd want in its 1000-bottle inventory. Among the Hors D'Oeuverrie's rotating assortment of international *nosherei* are various cold seafood offerings: Tarama with Hot Pita, a Sushi and Sashimi platter, Steak Tartare and crunchy Coconut Shrimp.

Sunday, The Restaurant shucks its classic ways in favor of a buffet (\$11.75)—and it's certainly the place to bring visiting firemen. The food is only terrific: bowls of bay scallops and avocado seiche, prune-stuffed pork roast, shrimp salad vinaigrette, chicken hash, a subtly seasoned Japanese noodle salad, pickled mushrooms, bulgur with three herbs, roast beef, hams, perhaps a curry with assorted sambals—more than 50 dishes and a dozen desserts.

The Restaurant is open from 5:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.; Cellar in the Sky has one seating at 7:30 P.M.; both operate Monday through Saturday. Reservations (212-938-1111) are essential. The Hors D'Oeuverrie and bar open at 3 P.M. The Sunday buffet is from noon to 7 P.M. Major credit cards accepted.

The morning after I discovered martinis, I discovered Alka-Seltzer.



Me before Alka-Seltzer.



Me after Alka-Seltzer.

I'd really like to tell you about the stupid night I first discovered martinis... if only I could remember.

I do remember traveling with Charlie at the time. I was impressed with his knowledge of back roads and where to get the best chili in town and how to make the best out of a bad hotel. Charlie sure knew how to travel and he never traveled anywhere without Alka-Seltzer.[®]

And, boy, do I remember the next morning. I remember the shaft of light that pierced my brain as I cracked open the blinds to see where I was... or *if* I was. Then I knocked my collar pin off the dresser. I'll never forget that deafening ping as it hit the floor, and, as my hands went up to shield my ears, I knew I was in trouble.



But there was good old Charlie with his good old Alka-Seltzer.

There was another incredible din as the two tablets hit the water — plop, plop, and suddenly the room was filled with the glorious roar of bubbles — bubbles bursting, rushing to the top of the glass like a thousand gallant soldiers coming to the rescue.

I could scarcely believe the speed with which they calmed my crazy stomach and soothed my aching head. But they did, Charlie, and if you're reading this, thanks.

Today, I never travel anywhere without Alka-Seltzer. And every once in a while, I catch myself singing that stupid song: Plop plop, fizz fizz, Oh, what a relief it is... But all I can say is, it is, it is.

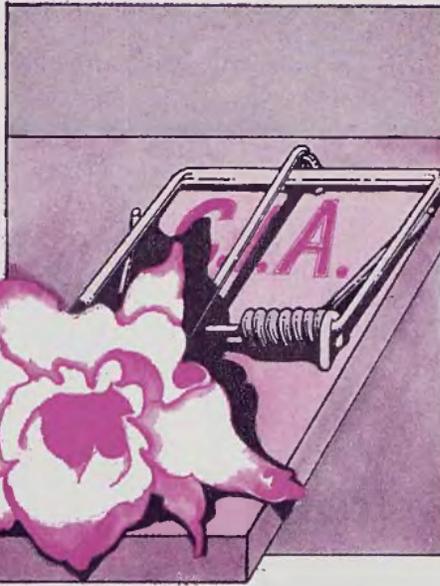
The Plop Plop Fizz Fizz Is Fast Fast.

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BOOKS

The ongoing saga of the Washington novel moves a step further into realism with nonfiction writer Aaron Latham's first trip into fiction, *Orchids for Mother* (Little, Brown). Enough of heroic super-bureaucrats slaying CIA monsters: Here the monsters are reduced to scale; viz., life-size—and almost win. So realistic is this novel that the public figures involved—Henry Kissinger, Richard Nixon, Elliot Richardson, even the author's own wife, Lesley Stahl—are called by their real names. Latham's antihero is an oddly named orchid fancier, Francis Xavier Kimball, a.k.a. Mother, the quintessential old-school spook for whom the CIA is part religion, part method. (Funny, but in real life, one of the CIA's top men, James Angleton, collected orchids, too.) Mother is trapped in the generation gap as expressed in Langley, Virginia: old spies vs. new spies. In the new and improved CIA, there is actual fucking in the woods on maneuvers. Things like that. Meanwhile, there's a classic power struggle going on, with Kissinger on the side of the villain, and some nice action footage of Mother traipsing past death and destruction on a personal visit to the Yom Kippur War. Mother is a sad old man whose only solaces are orchid tending and the fastidious carrying out of his calling as defender of the republic, a task that often leads to a little discreet assassination. His final trick is the meticulous execution of his own suicide, dressed up as murder. *Orchids for Mother* is no fantasy trip: It's fiction written lucidly and simply. And it's scary, because it sounds altogether too much like the real thing.

The Visible Scientists (Little, Brown), by Rae Goodell, started out as a Ph.D. dissertation—which, everybody knows, is a mutant life form that can be read safely only by full professors and other lead-shielded types who can take it. Goodell has made some headway on turning it into a real book about scientists who, for various reasons, attract the attention of the rest of us. There are scattered throughout small and often revealing profiles of the current science stars—Paul Ehrlich, Linus Pauling, Margaret Mead, B. F. Skinner, Carl Sagan, Barry Commoner and William Shockley. In between, unfortunately, are swamps of quasi-theoretical discussion about the nature of the “visible scientist” and, blah, his relationship with society, blah blah, at large, especially, blah blah, the media. Blah. Some of it's interesting—particularly how straight universities have a habit of punishing their maverick scientists—but much of what Goodell goes on at



Orchids: scary stuff.

“Funny, but in real life, one of the CIA's top men collected orchids, too.”



A look at science's superstars.

length about would be obvious even to Joseph Kraft if he thought about it ten minutes or so. There are good anecdotes, like the one about Skinner's lamenting that American industry failed him by not successfully marketing to the masses his Skinner Box for babies—and another in which Shockley, coinventor of the transistor now turned prophet of I.Q. doom, seriously suggests cash incentives for

volunteer “bounty hunters” who would roam the land convincing those with scores below the magic 100 to be cheerfully sterilized. But at a ten-dollar cover price, the good stories are too few and far between. Better to watch Sagan on the Carson show, free, and draw your own conclusions.

It is now—officially—open season on the Sixties. Our favorite decade is available on tape, record, in hardbound book and Hollywood movie. For a long time, it looked as though the good old days would escape untouched—or, better yet, unexplained—but apparently a few hardy souls survived brain damage and/or consciousness raising, learned touch typing and set out to seize the time.

The worst offender is Sara Davidson, whose *Loose Change: Three Women of the Sixties* (Doubleday) is being hailed as the first “*You Are There* Bible of the Berkeley era.” A better title might be *Bitches and Sad Ladies*, but that's already been used. Davidson tells the story of three college roommates (herself included): Their postcollege years. Marriage. Divorce. Analysis. Childbirth. Divorce. Abortion. Divorce. First Orgasm. Divorce. Analysis. The result is a colossal, boring bummer. Its problem is perspective: A few years ago, a friend of ours journeyed to a commune in Tiburon, where a Ceylonese mystic was holding court. Our friend and Guru Bawa watched a beautiful sunset. Forty disciples of Guru Bawa watched Guru Bawa watch the sunset. Davidson and the women she describes were also detached observers; they did not so much experience the Sixties as hang around with people who did.

If you are kidnaped by the S.L.A. and forced to read Davidson's book, may we suggest as an antidote *The Serial: A Year in the Life of Marin County* (Knopf), by Cyra McFadden? This author takes the same material—in effect, the entire contents of the *Last Whole Earth Catalog* by way of the index to *Psychology Today*—and constructs a soap opera for veterans of the acid wars. It's a hilarious picture of the counterculture grown old. (Would you believe a Manx named Kat Vonnegut, Jr.?) If you can't laugh at yourself, then you didn't learn the lesson of the Sixties.

QUICK READ

Laurence Gonzales, Grant Lyons and Roger Roth / 4.4.4. (University of Missouri Press): Gonzales is one of our own (Senior Editor, articles), but that's not the only reason to call this short-story anthology to your attention. These three writers are all worth reading and it's good to know that the story form is alive and well.



Oriana Fallaci as interviewee.

Interviewer Oriana Fallaci, having survived a novel-promoting tour, has a few uninhibited things to say about the American press.

We've sometimes suspected that the most grueling task for an author who wants to see a book on the best-seller list is not writing it but promoting it. With that in mind, Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese asked **Oriana Fallaci**, internationally known for her devastating interviews with world leaders, about her experiences on an American tour in behalf of her latest work, a novel that is on its surface about a pregnancy that ends in miscarriage; at a deeper level, it is a debate about life and death.

PLAYBOY: You've just completed a frantic tour of the U.S. promoting your latest book, *Letter to a Child Never Born*. Just how many interviews have you given on this trip?

FALLACI: Oh, God. Listen, you lose the count at a certain moment. And you know what is the problem with me, it is that I take seriously everything I do. I put all myself in an interview. I try to give something good and to everybody something different. Now, once you repeat that four, five, six times a day. . . . For Christ's sake, now I am exhausted. All this interviewing was kind of annoying for other reasons, also.

PLAYBOY: What reasons?

FALLACI: Because each time they were so



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scared, as if I were Frankenstein. Honestly. They come there with their pale faces and you think that they go to an execution instead of coming to interview me.

PLAYBOY: Your reputation as a relentless interviewer has preceded you?

FALLACI: Of course. The more honest ones say, "I'm terrified." And then I answer, "You're stupid if you are. Why are you terrified? I'm not going to eat you. I'm not going to shoot you, for Christ's sake. Look at me as a colleague." But they say, "Ah, but you know, you're the master of interviews and. . ." "All right," I say, "good for you if I am. I'm going to do it well, no?" OK.

If they don't say they're scared, then it's worse, because they will silently hit you and will write nasty things. I was annoyed because—and this is a very hard thing to admit for a feminist, as I am—once again, those who have written nasty things about me are women. Ms. sent me Susan Brownmiller, who was terribly rude to me. Immediately, she started not liking me, because I said, "As I said once to **PLAYBOY** . . ." and she said, "To **PLAYBOY**?" And I said, "Yes, **PLAYBOY**." She said, "You give an interview to **PLAYBOY**?" I said, "Sure, I give an interview to **PLAYBOY**." She said, "Why do you give an interview to **PLAYBOY**?" I said, "Because **PLAYBOY** asked for it." She said, "I don't write for **PLAYBOY**." I said, "Well, why don't you?" "And I don't read **PLAYBOY**." And I said, "Well, I happen to read it, there are many good things in it and, besides, if one is a feminist, it's a good audience. You don't need to go and speak to those who know already these things, right?"

PLAYBOY: Preaching to the converted?

FALLACI: Yes. As a politician, it's very political to speak to the adversary, and I found it very unpolitical, saying I don't talk to **PLAYBOY**.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to describe your confrontation with the women at Ms.?

FALLACI: I am a feminist, a liberal one, an open-minded one. And when I found myself in front of these extremists, it seemed to me that I was in front of the Central Committee of the Italian Communist Party of 30 years ago, not the one of today, which is very democratic. I mean, you know the Stalinist Communists, it was impossible to discuss dogma with them, right? Now, these women behave in the same way, like Jesuits. And then I understood that, like the others, she was scared at the idea of interviewing me. And this I find very sad, because I'm not a woman who keeps her nose in the air; you have seen me, I'm a very simple person and I don't play the pretentious person, and I cannot understand how I can scare them. I am 40 kilos, one meter and 56, I am tired, and I am kind, very kind, and I am generous in an interview. Why do I scare them? Why do I terrify them? In TV, it was the same thing.

I mean, it begins to be a persecution. I was on the Merv Griffin show with Orson Welles. So Orson, as usual, did the part of the lion, you know, took all the time. Finally, I enter. And he embraces me, you know, he takes me in his arms, I disappear in the immensity of this enormous body. My secretary, Elizabeth, was there; she said, "I didn't see you anymore. I thought he had swallowed you up." And I said to him, "Now, Orson, I listened to you, you're going to shut up. It's my turn, eh?" And I sit down, and I turn and I see that both he and Merv Griffin are looking at me intensely, you know, like two cats when they are going to fight with another cat. Even *those* people, who are show people! It's as if there's a curse on me.

PLAYBOY: What's your reaction when you read the interviews journalists have done with you?

FALLACI: How badly they are done. Oh, Jesus. I get constantly surprised to see how badly they interview. Honestly. And how badly they write. You know what disturbs me? It's the hypocrisy of these people who come friendly and go away kissing you and telling you how marvelous you are, how marvelous your book is, oh, God, oh, Jesus, how much they love you—and then they write nasty, stupid things against you. I *never* do these things. I have never been hypocritical, never. Never.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been accused of misquoting anyone in an interview?

FALLACI: Oh, no, come on. Not once in my whole life. Ha! No, no, never, honestly, this cannot happen with me.

PLAYBOY: We understand you've been particularly irritated during this U.S. tour by one question: Is *Letter to a Child Never Born* autobiographical?

FALLACI: My God, the book is about the problem of life and death, the ambivalence of the dilemma—do I take the responsibility or do I not take the responsibility of bringing a new person into the world? Will this person thank me or curse me later? And I keep telling people, "Listen, it would be a cheap diary if it was my story, my God." I say that the fairy tales in the book are autobiographical, but of course they have been reinvented, re-created as a writer should do. I mean, do you have to reduce everything to journalism?

PLAYBOY: But if you are a journalist, isn't it a natural question—to ask if the book is autobiographical?

FALLACI: Wasn't Hemingway a journalist? Would you go and ask Hemingway if *The Sun Also Rises* was the story of his trip to Spain? My God, I mean, that's inexcusable. That's where I find the American press narrow-minded. Nobody ever has asked me in Europe the questions that they have asked in America. How come? Because the American press lives on gossip.

PLAYBOY: Well, it has been reported that

you, indeed, had lost a child during a pregnancy at some time; but you say that this is not a strictly autobiographical book. Does that make sense?

FALLACI: I say, of course, I am a woman. I have a womb. And I am not a lesbian, right? OK, I like men, and I have had this great love in my life. Of course, they know what this pregnancy meant, for Christ's sake, but it is not *my* pregnancy, it is not my story, how many times should I repeat it?

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that making a tour like this—

FALLACI: I'll never do it again.

PLAYBOY: We don't blame you, but does it make you feel, for lack of a better word, as if you are prostituting yourself?

FALLACI: Oh, no, no. Never, because among my qualities there is one, that I never lose my dignity. I'm sorry, but those who lost their dignity in this trip were the journalists who came to interview me.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with reviews like the one by Francine du Plessix Gray in the Sunday *New York Times* that said your book is "Italian soap opera"?

FALLACI: Who cares? Bah! Who cares? The poor lady is not able to read. I hope she is able to write; I wouldn't say so, reading her review. I tried to read her book; I couldn't. It's ugly. So I give her back! Who cares about this Francine something? My book will have sold 1,000,000 copies by the end of the year.

Who cares about what that woman writes or doesn't write? Oh, come on. It's a book that's going marvelously everywhere.

But, you know, the fantastic story about this book is that *men* like it. I thought that this was a European phenomenon, but it is not. Men have always put their genitals inside a woman's womb, but this time they put in their intellect, their minds. They understand the book, very often better than women, which is extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: Why, do you think?

FALLACI: They understand that the pregnancy is a pretext to tell something more, to write about death and life, to write about doubt. They understand that the woman is Hamlet: "To be, or not to be." You see? And very often men understand that in reality, I am the child. My approach, I mean, especially now, at this stage of my life, is very near the one of the child, no?

PLAYBOY: You mean you are wondering if you should ever have come into the world?

FALLACI: Yes, exactly. Sure. What a rest I could have had if I had remained there. Oh, I'm so tired. This *Child Never Born* has deviled me in America. It has been like betraying the book I'm writing now. You know, when a book is done, he has his own life and you forget about him. He goes and lives alone; he takes an apartment and doesn't live with mother

or father, you know? And when you're writing a book, you're pregnant of that book, you see, and if you have somehow to interrupt the pregnancy to go back to the other child that is already born, it's kind of unjust and unfair to what you are doing, you see?

PLAYBOY: You have been quoted as saying that Alexandros Panagoulis, the late hero of the Greek resistance who was your lover and friend, had wanted the ending of the story to be ambivalent but that you wanted the woman to die. Why? Because she had betrayed her unborn child by going back to work instead of remaining in bed during the pregnancy?

FALLACI: No. I wanted to have her die, but it was because I wanted to demonstrate that it is always the woman who pays the price of bringing another person into the world. But when I ask people, "Does she live or does she die?" men always say she lives. Women are divided.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't she?

FALLACI: Oh, no, she dies. I know it. I killed her. The last chapter is the chapter of a woman entering a coma, in my opinion. Now, I'm glad that this ambivalence exists; it's right. It should be so, because it is coherent with the rest of the book, which is all on ambivalence and ambiguity. Alekos was right. But I know that I die . . . ah, I know that I killed her.



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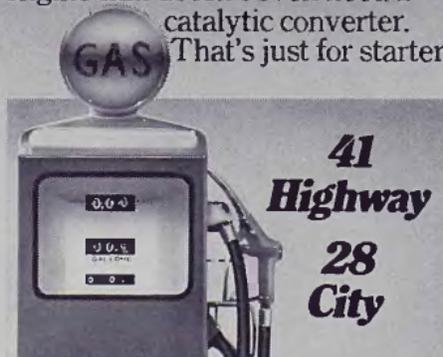
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Perhaps you can explain the following phenomenon: Whenever my girlfriend and I play racquet ball, we become sexually aroused. We don't do it on the court, for the simple reason that court time is expensive and there's always someone waiting in line. No doubt you remember the scene in *Emmanuelle* where the two women dressed in white made love in an all-white exercise room. Obviously, the thought has occurred to other people. We rush home—our bodies hot and sweating, the blood rushing through our veins, particularly those on my erect penis and her taut, perky nipples—for a session of truly exhilarating sex. Sometimes, it's tender—having gotten rid of our homicidal instincts on the court. More often, it's athletic, even though we may be totally exhausted. We have a curious energy and end up ricocheting all over the bedroom. My question: Is exercise an aphrodisiac? Sometimes, after we shower, we make love again—that is, if we don't do it in the shower. What do you say?—M. G., Del Mar, California.

And all these years, coaches have been worried about athletes' having sex before the big game. They knew it was better afterward. Oh, well. No less an authority than Kinsey wrote that the only true aphrodisiacs are exercise, fresh air, sunshine, good food and sound sleep. If you have sex after working out, your body begins at the point lovemaking usually leaves it. Your heart pounds, the blood courses through your veins and engorges all of those areas usually engaged by foreplay. Your system is purged of impurities and sludge. The oxygenated blood makes your mind more alert to what's going on (sleeping through sex is generally a drag). Indeed, one locker-room pundit called the erection that follows exercise a heart-on—because it seems to be connected to your entire circulatory system. Of course, different sports do different things to people. For some, backgammon is sufficient.

Recently, a friend and I bought some photosensitive shades. Theoretically, the glass used in each pair is identical, but his glasses appear to be darker than mine. Can you explain the difference?—D. G., Phoenix, Arizona.

Photosensitive glass contains a matrix of silver-halite crystals. When light hits the crystals, the molecules flip into an ionized state—the result is a darkened lens. Virgin glass must be broken in, just like a woman. According to a spokesman for Corning Glass, it takes ten cycles of light to dark to light to set the crys-



als. After that, the glasses will not improve in efficiency nor will they fatigue. Glasses that are broken in on a beach become saturated with ultraviolet light and will remain about five percent darker than those that first see the light of day in a library. You should get out more.

Have you ever heard of a practice called the silken saddle? One of my girlfriends glanced through my closet the other day and said that I was missing the essential ingredient for a silken saddle and that she would have to correct the situation. What am I in for?—M. S., Detroit, Michigan.

A delightful surprise, and we wish we could be there. A silken saddle is a nice bit of autoerotic stimulation. A woman draws a long silk scarf back and forth between her legs until she can't. (The motion is similar to drying oneself, except that dryness is not the goal.) Terminally excited, she will fall into your arms and you will ride off into the sunset. You may want to beat her to it and buy a silk scarf yourself. Not to your taste? We've found that, in a pinch, old school ties work just as well. For variety, so does a well-polished chain. Get it on.

I just bought a Burberry trench coat and I'm having lots of fun trying to figure out what all of its idiosyncrasies were for

originally. I'm having fun, mind you, but not much luck. Can you help?—L. C., Los Angeles, California.

You bet your sweet D rings we can. The coat, which is as much a cult item as Danish schoolbags and Bass Weejuns, was made for British officers during World War One—hence the term trench coat. The epaulet-style shoulder straps were used to secure binoculars and a whistle lanyard. Tightly drawn cuff straps prevented rain water from running down a raised arm. The extra yoke in the back also protected against rain when officers bent down to read maps. The throat latch was to secure the collar against cold wind and the high slit up the back made for easy horse mounting and dismounting. The D rings on the belt were to hold grenades, bayonets, canteens and a pistol—the perfect gear for the international terrorist.

Some of my friends have been trying to organize an orgy. The suggested party games include the old Wesson Oil tag-team wrestling match. Everyone would grease up and go at one another. I confess that the image of gleaming bodies slithering against one another—women's hands running up thighs to grasp erect penises, men's hands sliding from crotch to breast—is my idea of a good evening. One of the guys suggested that such antics are out of date. He recently read about something called a hot-wax orgy, where they drip candle wax over one another's bodies. Each drop of wax is a touch of warmth—to be removed after several layers have built up. The accompanying images—erectons that look like the necks of chianti bottles, breasts that look like ice-cream-shop concoctions—are kinky, but I have reservations. Isn't the hot wax dangerous?—S. M., Baltimore, Maryland.

Not really. Hold the candle high enough above the skin and the liquid wax will have time to cool off. And just think, you'll be saving a bundle on your electric bill.

My parents gave me a trip to Europe as a graduation present. I want to keep in touch with friends and would like to know the best way to get messages from home when you're overseas.—L. R., Evanston, Illinois.

The most popular home addresses away from home are those of the Thomas Cook Travel Agency and American Express. You can have your mail sent to foreign offices of Thomas Cook, where it will be held for two weeks. The agency does not

forward letters. If you don't have a tight itinerary, have your mail sent to American Express offices—the company will hold letters for 30 days and will forward them to another A.E. office for a three-dollar charge. To pick up mail at American Express, you must produce a passport and evidence that you have been an Express client—i.e., traveler's checks. Letters can also be sent to any foreign post office. Mail should be addressed c/o Poste Restante (general delivery), City, Country, Europe. Of course, for some foreign mail services, Poste Restante means dump in the Mediterranean. Perhaps the classiest way to get messages from home involves the "America Calling" section of the International Herald Tribune. For \$22.50, you get a five-character code based on your three initials plus two digits and a set of code books with agreed-upon messages shortened to two letters. For example, if the parents of John W. Public want him to call home, they place the message (PJW4CH) by calling the America Calling Message Center in New Jersey. The message is telexed to Paris and appears in the Herald Tribune for four consecutive days, after which if John hasn't called home, he will be disowned. For more information, write to America Calling, 3 Hamburg Turnpike, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey 07442, or phone toll-free 800-631-8984.

I have recently become interested in purchasing a perfectly balanced pair of dice. I'm not sure what the best material for such dice would be and I'm hoping you can tell me. What are the best available dice?—M. B., Bowie, Maryland.

The most perfectly balanced dice are known as gambling-house or casino dice. They are cut from extruded rods of cellulose and are hand shaped to a tolerance of 1/5000 inch. Casino dice are available at finer game and gift shops. The luckiest dice—i.e., those loaded to roll seven—you'll find in novelty shops.

Condoms seem to be the only form of birth control that does not produce unhealthy side effects. What's more, they are readily available—you don't need to see a doctor to get them. My only problem with the damn things is size. I happen to be somewhat well endowed—not enough to make it as a porn star but enough to feel a tight squeeze when I slip into a safe. One of my best friends has the opposite problem—he feels lost in a normal condom. Does anyone market them in sizes?—H. V., Knoxville, Tennessee.

America is a democracy: It's one man, one vote and one size for all. Upright citizens at either extreme are left in the lurch. However, there are several solutions. The most intriguing involves

international smuggling. (Government emission-control standards prohibit more than the importation of some foreign cars. The Food and Drug Administration refuses entry to imported condoms. Next thing you know, it'll be asking you to look for a union tag on your safes.) If you have a friend who flies to London, have him or her pick up Durex condoms. For some reason, British condoms are larger than American brands. (It may just be limey arrogance; those guys keep more than a stiff upper lip.) Those of you who feel lost in American condoms should try picking up Japanese brands, which are somewhat smaller. Also, they are one third the thickness of American condoms and thus are more sensitive. The thin condom is just as safe—the difference in thickness results in perhaps one additional pregnancy for every 2,500,000–5,000,000 acts of coitus. (If you're scoring that often, you deserve to have a kid.) Also, try experimenting with American brands. Condoms made of animal skin are larger than those made of latex—because they cannot stretch, they have to be more accommodating. (The lubricant keeps them in place.) On the other end of the scale, your friend might try Slims—which are five percent smaller in diameter than normal condoms. They are distributed by Population Planning Associates, 403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400, Carrboro, North Carolina 27510. And remember, if the safe fits, wear it.

Now I know how junkies must feel. I've got a bad coffee habit. It takes at least two cups in the morning before my brain slips out of neutral. But the price keeps going up. I've thought about hoarding it, but I don't know how to store it or how long it would keep. Help me, quick, before the price goes up again.—C. L., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Ground coffee, vacuum packed in a can, will keep for many months. Once it's opened, however, it begins to lose its flavor almost immediately. You can extend its life for about 30 days if you keep it in a freezer, for two weeks at the most in a refrigerator. But your best bet would be to buy the roasted beans and grind your own. Roasted beans will last for months in a freezer and, when freshly ground, make the best-tasting coffee. Heavy coffee drinkers can also save money, and their taste buds, by not making too much at one time. Freshly brewed coffee, say the experts, stays palatable for only 20 minutes, drinkable for one hour. So waste not, want not. Other than that, we can only suggest that you do what the junkies do: Become a dealer and drink yours for free. For information on coffee-making paraphernalia, see "Those Semiprecious Beans" on page 226.

I've just started my first postcollege job and it's ruining my life. I want to succeed and my anxiety is keeping me awake nights. Instead of getting sleepy, I get worried. What can I do, short of taking barbiturates?—L. J., Peoria, Illinois.

Have we got good news for you! A group of London doctors who have formed the Committee on the Use and Restriction of Barbiturates has a list of ways to relax and get a good night's rest. At the top of that list is screwing. The doctors are quick to add that for those who have anxieties over their sexual performance, this may not be the best way to get Zs. They also recommend taking a long walk or reading a good (and/or boring) book. We recommend Edmund Spenser's "The Faerie Queene."

Why should a female find anal sex enjoyable? As a medical student, I can understand why gay men who engage in sodomy get off on the practice. The rectum is adjacent to the prostate gland, which is very sensitive to stimulation. Any massage is felt as pleasure. But a woman does not have a prostate and the rectum is—as far as I can tell—not adjacent to any sensitive tissues. (For example, the inner two thirds of the vagina lack nerve endings.) Is a woman's pleasure purely psychological?—D. K., Houston, Texas.

A woman's ability to enjoy anal sex just has to be ranked as one of those tiny wonders that let us face each day with renewed vigor. (There are a lot of people who don't understand why a woman enjoys regular sex.) You are correct in saying that the lining of the vagina does not have nerve endings, but the muscles surrounding it do have nerve endings that are sensitive to different strokes. This fact has led sexologists to suggest that exercising these muscles will improve the tone of coital orgasms. Anal sex engages these magic muscles as well as the peritoneum—the sensitive membrane that lines the abdomen. Finally, any contact between humans is potentially pleasurable. Try massaging your partner's neck, or feet, and see what kind of response you get. If, by some slim chance, she doesn't like such attention and tells you to put it where the sun don't peek . . . go right ahead.

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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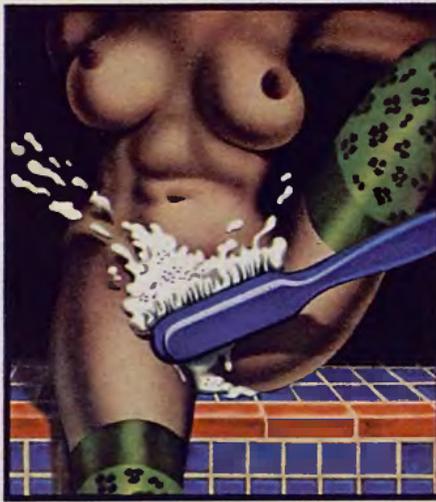
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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Ah, how clever we sexual sophisticates are today—always inventing something fantastic to spring on our lovers. Remember the time when you had that marvelous inspiration and turned the old missionary into a sexual mission incredible? And later on, she sat up with a delighted, dazzled expression on her face and said, "Wow, that was amazing! I've never been so turned on in my life."

Or how about the reverse? That one glorious moment of ecstasy in your sex life when your lover did something extraordinary, turning your body into a quivering bolt of pleasure. Almost everybody has his own particular sexual specialty that he knows from experience *always* works. But do we all know the same tricks? We decided to find out. We asked 100 men and 100 women not only what was *their* best never-fail sexual skill but also what was the most effective sex technique that had ever been used on them. The groups we chose to survey were not a stodgy cross section of the American population. The people we were interested in were the adventurous, active, sexual avant-garde of our society, and the results show that we chose well. The diversity of the responses could be used as a manual for Remedial Romping 101.



Q:

WHAT IS YOUR BEST SEX TRICK—THE ONE THING THAT NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE YOUR LOVER?

(Asked of 100 men)

Twenty-two percent of the men with whom we talked maintained that endurance was a most effective trick. The longer they sustained their erections, the happier their lovers were: "I believe in a domino theory of sex—I push and set off a chain of orgasms that sweeps Indochina, and my partner, into sweet oblivion."

Thirteen percent of the men said that expert oral sex was their hole card: "I lick her all over, from her toes to the top of her ears, saving her pussy for last. Then I start eating her with really slow, probing tongue motions that build into a quick, flicking frenzy she can't resist." "Each woman has a ribbon of passion

that I try to tie into knots with my teeth." "Pouring gin all over her cunt and licking it off is an instant turn-on. A twist of lime helps, too."

Twelve percent of the men we queried believed in the wisdom of that old blues song—it's not the meat, it's the motion: "I penetrate and then withdraw, leaving only the tip of my penis in her vagina, to create a teasing effect. She can't wait for me to finally thrust down deep and bring her off." "There's a technique that I call triple time—I work myself up to an almost vibrating rhythm inside her."

Nine percent of the men supplied an erotic sound track to turn their women on: "I've found that a girl doesn't mind as much if I come first, as long as I make a lot of noise. So I make moaning sounds and thrash about at the same time. It's usually enough to set off her orgasm."

Eight percent of the men told us that sensory overkill—a variety of tricks used

in the same session—was their turn-on: "I will rub fur, washcloths, ice and everything I can think of all over a woman's body—that will make her moan." "I nip her all over—but she really gets off on love bites on the inside of her thighs."

Eight percent of the men said that women got off on different masturbation tricks, or variations of the bird-in-the-hand routine: "I have a device that looks like an electric vibrator, but actually it gives very mild shocks. Women go crazy when I apply it to their nipples or clits." "I always jerk my woman off with a vibrating toothbrush."

Five percent of the men said that their sure-fire technique involved aspects of rape, brutality and mild S/M: "A woman really likes it if, on the first night in bed with her, I literally tear her panties off." "I give my woman a hard slap on the face at the precise moment she comes and it triples the intensity of her orgasm. It's the old thanks-I-needed-that trick."

Three percent said that doing it in the great outdoors was the healthiest way to a woman's heart: "I once screwed a girl in a rowboat on a crowded lake. She liked it even more than I did."

The rest of the sample had various esoteric erotic tactics, such as focusing on the breasts, anal sex, switching positions, sensuous massage, going to pornographic films, doing it in front of friends, inviting a woman to act out her fantasies, etc. And then there were the weirdos: "I cover her ears to prevent her from hearing during intercourse—the enforced silence drives her nuts with excitement." And: "Sucking on a woman's toes is one of the ultimate arousals."

Q:

WHAT IS THE BEST SEX TRICK EVER DONE TO YOU?

(Asked of 100 women)

Seventeen percent of the women with whom we talked were turned on by different bondage-and-discipline scenarios. Some of their comments: "Once I had my clothes pulled over my head and then knotted around me so I couldn't see or move my arms. Then I was flung onto the bed and made love to, very gently and teasingly." "This freak bound me with belts and had his dog lick my cunt

until I came. I went from revulsion to heaven."

Fourteen percent of the women had rare reminiscences about oral-sex sessions: "A very strong man once gave me head while holding me upside down." "On a very hot day, my lover stuck an ice cube up my vagina, pulled it out, then replaced it with his tongue, which he'd dipped in brandy. Wow, did I come!"

Eleven percent of the women had been brought to incredible heights by unusual forms of masturbation: "One guy nearly drove me out of my mind by using a vacuum cleaner on my clit."

Nine percent of the women raved about their lovers' strokes: "I was entered from the rear by a man with a really thick prick who moved with agonizing slowness. My orgasm was an explosion."

Eight percent of the women were really thrilled when their lovers turned them on and on, without mercy: "I once had crazy machine-gun orgasms after a guy had been teasing me, finger on the trigger, all weekend."

Seven percent of the women said that sex in the outdoors was best: "Making love in a mountain stream has to have been the most exciting thing in my sex life."

Six percent of the women were extraordinarily aroused by some form of anal sex: "A guy once talked me into being fist-fucked and I loved every minute of it."

The rest of the sample was excited by strange positions. Others got satisfaction from group sex, making love in unusual places (a haunted house, the office, a limo, a swimming pool), having hot candle wax dripped onto erogenous zones. The baby-oil boogie and the video-tape tango were also mentioned: "The most terrific orgasm I've ever had was the gift of an electronics freak. He video-taped me giving him head, and then I watched myself doing it to him on instant replay, while he went down on me. We sort of had a simultaneous orgasm—he on TV, me in real life."

Q:

WHAT IS YOUR BEST SEX TRICK—THE ONE THING THAT NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE YOUR LOVER?

(Asked of 100 women)

Thirty percent of the women with whom we talked were sure that they had the gift of tongues. Oral sex—and especially deep throat—was the most frequently cited road to ecstasy: "Giving head to a man in a movie theater always turns him

on." "I suck real hard, making sure his cock ends up all the way down my throat. Men love to be completely swallowed."

Eleven percent of the women boasted that control of the vaginal muscles would ensure a superb climax for the unsuspecting male: "There's a certain motion I do with my vagina—sort of grabbing his cock and pulling it into me—that puts him over the edge."

Eight percent of the women said they could masturbate a man better than he could himself: "Rubbing his penis between my breasts always gets him off."

Seven percent of the women found that by performing anal sex on a man, they could give him ultimate pleasure: "Shoving a dildo up a man makes him feel totally raped. Turning tables is a turn-on."

Five percent of the women had perfected their massage techniques: "Stroking him with feathers all over the body and then tickling his penis with them is one of my great arousers."

Five percent believed in cat baths, or some form of tongue-tied foreplay: "My favorite complete body lick involves sprinkling wine all over the man and cleaning it off with my tongue. Even if I don't like the guy, I can get off on the wine."

Five percent of the women were devotees of domination: "A spontaneous bondage number always works. I surprise my man by tying him up, or by slapping on handcuffs, and then teasing him deliberately for hours."

The rest of the sample said making noise, exhibitionistic masturbation, teasing and doing it in bubble baths were effective. Four of the women favored the foot job: "Massaging his erection with my feet will make him moan with ecstasy."

Q:

WHAT IS THE BEST SEX TRICK EVER DONE TO YOU?

(Asked of 100 men)

Thirty-eight percent of the men admitted that their peak experiences had resulted from imaginative feats of oral sex. Here are some of the tricks they mentioned: "A French girl I knew used to give me hollandaise hand-and-mouth jobs. It was nice, but she put on too much weight and we broke up." "Coming while getting head underwater in a heated swimming pool is incredible." "Getting head from my wife and ex-wife at the same time was my ultimate experience. Maybe it was the danger."

Thirteen percent of the men said the best technique they'd ever come across involved some kind of bondage, or S/M, in which they were the victim: "It's fantastic to be handcuffed so I can't move.

Especially if the woman does strange things to my body or orders me to do strange things to hers."

Eight percent of the men had experienced great joy in the presence of a woman who had exceptional muscle control: "Her vagina was so taut, it was a literal snapper."

Seven percent of the men got turned on by making love outdoors: "A woman once wrestled me down onto a very muddy patch of ground on a hot summer day. The mud made these fantastic sucking and squelching noises as we sucked and squelched each other. It was very primal."

Six percent of the men had fantastic experiences with women who knew how to take things into their own hands: "I got jerked off by a woman wearing rubber gloves greased with Vaseline. It was like fire."

Five percent of the men enjoyed some form of anal stimulation: "Nothing like having a woman perform around-the-world on me to make me shout, 'Stop, I want to get off!'"

The rest of the sample had been overwhelmed by such diverse tactics as making it in the shower, having their toes sucked and making it with a girlfriend and her best friend at the same time.

Summary: From looking at this list of inspired eroticisms, you wouldn't guess it, but a lot of people had trouble answering. They protested that everything they did in bed was spontaneous love and not some kind of premeditated gymnastic stunt. Since our polling style is conversational rather than clinical, we were able to push everyone past that barrier. Once our subjects began sifting through those tantalizing memories, there was no stopping them. They gushed on and on, with elaborate details.

If you carefully peruse the responses above, you'll note that surprise seems to be the substance of the vast majority of favorite erotic techniques. Also, you'll notice that most people are primarily concerned with the payoff of sexuality and not the process—their answers almost always reflected moments of orgasm, even though the question we asked was not "What was your best orgasm?"

A large group of people like to put their mouth where their imagination is. Oral sex is a very popular technique for both men and women, with many arcane variations. A fascination with S/M is another popular item, but the experiences mentioned were all of the mild variety. The men were very impressed with their own powers of endurance—and it led their list of tricks. Women found that interesting but not so essential.

Overall, this poll demonstrates the happy fact that for every man there is, indeed, a woman—and for every vice there's a versa. We wouldn't have it any other way. —HOWARD SMITH AND BRIAN VAN DER HORST

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

RHETORICAL POPGUN

I'd like the rest of the nation to know the kind of turkeys Cincinnati has among its prosecutors. At a hearing on whether or not *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt should be released on bond, assistant prosecutor Fred Cartolano told the court that *Hustler* is "as much danger as a man with a gun; it is a danger to the community." Maybe the National Rifle Association should contribute to Flynt's defense.

D. H. Vigus
New Richmond, Ohio

CONSENTING ADULTS?

No one is forced to see *Deep Throat* or to buy *Screw*. But the poor jurors in obscenity trials have no choice. Every citizen is supposed to take his turn on a jury, whether or not he wants to. Perhaps prosecutors, postal officials and other Comstockers should be arrested for forcing innocent bystanders to view "articles, matters, things, devices and/or substances" that they are determined to prove "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy and vile."

Steve Robinson
Colstrip, Montana

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

It's time to admit that incest need not be a perversion or a symptom of mental illness. I know this from my own experience of long ago. During the spring vacation of my freshman college year, my mother came to Chicago to visit me. She stayed at the Palmer House where my parents always registered. This was almost the first time I had really been alone with my mother under circumstances that gave us complete privacy for some period of time.

As soon as she was settled in her room, I presented my proposition. My case was that this was 1925 and the old ideas about sex were no longer accepted. Since she had been my teacher when I learned to walk and talk and read and swim and ride horses, and she was the one who made it possible for me to recognize chromatic music scales on the piano by five and play the piano when I was six, wasn't it natural and logical that I be introduced to the ways of human sexual relationships by the person with whom I had the greatest amity and with whom I had the greatest confidence and trust? As I made my proposal, she resisted with all of the objections anyone has heard, but I persisted. After we had thoroughly discussed the question, she told me she would think

about it and we went out. Later, immediately after returning to her room, she said: "I think it best to start your first training session by taking a bath together. Will you help me undress?"

We did all the things she had planned to do while in Chicago and we ate dinner each evening at a fine restaurant and took long walks as well, but about 70 hours were given over to my in-depth sex instruction. Then and ever since, it has seemed reasonable to me that parents are

"It's time to admit that incest need not be a perversion or a symptom of mental illness."

the ideal persons to teach their children all the important things first.

(Name withheld by request)
Indianapolis, Indiana

CHILDBIRTH FILM ABORTED

The movie *My Mom's Having a Baby* was scheduled to be shown February 16 at 3:30 P.M. on WDIO-TV in Duluth. It was shown at 10:30 P.M. instead, because Frank Befera, president and general manager of the station, said, "The content, the birth and discussion of sex, was in-



appropriate for the afternoon time it was scheduled for." Inappropriate? The film, two and a half years in the making, was designed for children, intended to be shown after school at a time convenient for children to see it. A mother of four children and another of two wrote the script, in which a real-life doctor explains the process of birth to a nine-year old boy.

Befera also said, "We're making every effort to decrease sex, sex education and violence on television and believed this to be a step in that direction." But this same station on the six-o'clock news shows gory details of accidents, including dead victims, blood and injuries. It has shown films of the slaughter of cattle by their owners. Why are we permitted to see the goriness of death but not the beauty of birth?

We resent this self-important man's refusal to leave to us parents the decision as to whether or not our children should watch the film.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Burlison
Duluth, Minnesota

MORE WICHITA WITCH-HUNTING

Last February, Vern Miller, district attorney for Wichita, Kansas (site of the *Screw* trial), entered the campus of Wichita State University and shut down a showing of *The Devil in Miss Jones* being presented by the Erotic Arts Society, a recognized campus organization. The film was seized and the student president of the society arrested. The showing was restricted to members of the Erotic Arts Society and membership is open only to those in the university community.

The A.C.L.U. is doing what it can and has taken up the cause of the Erotic Arts Society. We're hoping it can be demonstrated that Miller and those like him cannot use the law in this fashion to oppress others and promote themselves.

Anthony Sobin, Assistant Professor
Wichita State University
Wichita, Kansas

MEMPHIS MARCHES ON

Although my conviction in Federal Court in Memphis, Tennessee, for conspiring to transport obscene materials (*Deep Throat*) across state lines has been reversed and my indictment for acting in *The Devil in Miss Jones* has been dismissed, there are alarming new developments that suggest the Memphis obscenity trials may be just in their infancy.

Last March 31, Larry Parrish, the Assistant U. S. Attorney who prosecuted the *Deep Throat* trials, resigned his post as a

result of President Carter's nominating W. J. Michael Cody as U. S. Attorney for West Tennessee, Parrish's immediate superior. In a last grandstand effort to attract notoriety, Parrish released a statement to the press taking pot shots at Cody, calling him a neophyte and suggesting that he didn't have the experience to carry out the duties of the office. Parrish offered his services in aiding future prosecutions of obscenity. Cody responded with a flat, "No, thank you." He stated that should he need help in office, he would call upon the Justice Department in Washington, D.C., for assistance and added that obscenity prosecutions would not be among his top priorities.

Clearly, this statement, when weighed with his liberal background (Cody is a past president of the Memphis chapter of the A.C.L.U. and as a private attorney has defended film distributors against obscenity charges brought by Parrish), assured film makers that they would not be harassed—as they had been by Sunday-school teacher Larry Parrish—for attempting to make an honest living showing films to consenting adults.

After a meeting at the Justice Department in Washington, D.C., at which Parrish was present, Cody announced that he would dismiss indictments against me for *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*. But Cody also stated that Larry Parrish would be back on the payroll as a special prosecutor in Memphis, continuing to prosecute obscenity cases. Cody also stated that he intends to prosecute obscenity vigorously in three areas: (1) where there is child abuse; (2) where there is an indication that organized crime is connected with the manufacture or distribution of alleged obscene materials; (3) where it is indicated that the materials are being distributed on a national level. I couldn't be more in agreement with the Justice Department for prosecuting those who commit acts of child abuse. But to prosecute Mafia figures for obscenity rather than for racketeering is a waste of court time and taxpayers' money. However, the most sinister of Cody's remarks is his last: his intention to prosecute obscenity where there is an indication of materials' being distributed nationally. This catchall statement means, in effect, that interstate-transport statutes, such as the one used against me, will continue to be used against distributors and producers, even when they are shipping to areas where they do not violate local community standards, and can only be interpreted to mean that Memphis will remain the Government's chosen battleground. All films are distributed interstate, so that they can be viewed by as many people as choose to see them.

President Carter has again and again spoken out for human rights. He has urged enactment of the Equal Rights Amendment and voiced his concern over infringements of civil rights. Perhaps he

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ANTI-AIRCRAFT

DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA—A Durban housewife told a court that a hang-glider pilot flew low over the garage roof on which she was sun-bathing in the nude and shouted a sexual proposition. The woman was testifying in the trial of her husband, charged with attempted murder for shooting an air rifle at the airborne masher and at another circling hang-glider pilot.

CONTRACEPTIVE RESTRICTION

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN—A Federal-district-court judge has ruled that contraceptives may not be dispensed to minors without notifying their parents. In issuing an injunction against a birth-control clinic and several county



health officials, Judge Noel Fox said that such a practice is an unconstitutional violation of the parental right of privacy in the care and control of their children. A spokesman for the defendants indicated that the decision would be appealed.

CONTROLLING THE CLAP

ATLANTA—The U. S. Center for Disease Control reports that gonorrhea cases increased by only one half of one percent last year, representing a substantial improvement in the National V.D. rate. In previous years, the annual increase was at least ten percent. Officials warned, however, that a new strain of penicillin-resistant clap could turn the figures around.

Meanwhile, a government official in Thailand says that Bangkok appears to have the highest V.D. rate in the world—an estimated 13 percent of the city's population of 4,500,000.

SELF-DEFENSE

SALINAS, CALIFORNIA—Inez Garcia, the 32-year-old woman convicted in 1974 of second-degree murder in the killing of a man she said had helped rape her, has been acquitted in a retrial. A state appeals court overturned her earlier conviction on legal technicalities; and during the second trial, a jury found that she acted in self-defense, even though the killing occurred about half an hour after the sexual assault.

"DECIM" PASSES TEST

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A major study funded by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) has found no significant increase in marijuana use in states where pot has been decriminalized. The study noted a general concern that the new laws would encourage drug use and would also attract pot smokers from states where possession of small amounts remains a crime instead of a minor civil violation. "Neither of these patterns has occurred or is occurring," according to the report.

DRUG LAWS CHALLENGED

NEW YORK—A survey of 100 New York City judges and rehabilitation specialists has found that most believe the state's current tough drug laws have failed to reduce illegal drug use. More than half the respondents say the laws have "contributed to a worsening of the situation" by encouraging drug sellers to recruit as couriers youths under 18 who are exempt from the heavy penalties of the law. The study, conducted by New York's Addiction Services Agency, also found that most of those surveyed don't believe that possession of small amounts of heroin should be a criminal offense.

SNORTING AT COKE LAW

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—After hearing medical testimony on the nature and effects of cocaine, a county circuit-court judge dismissed drug charges against a 28-year-old defendant and declared the Illinois cocaine law unconstitutional. Judge George P. Coutrakon, a 70-year-old former state legislator, said, "I call

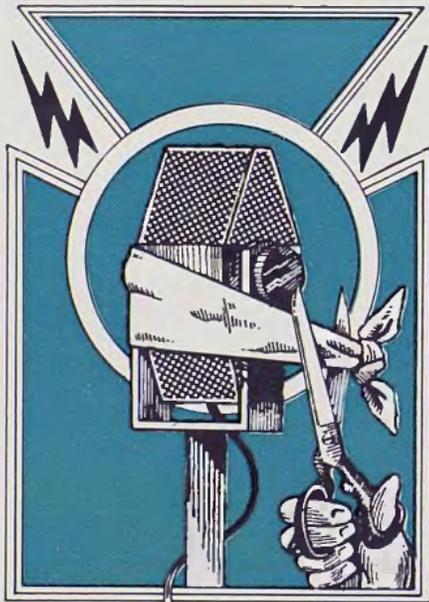
them as I see them, and the evidence here was uncontradicted that cocaine is no more harmful than coffee or alcohol." The decision is not binding on other judges unless upheld on appeal. A similar ruling by a judge in Massachusetts is being appealed in that state.

THANKS A LOT

BAR-LE-DUC, FRANCE—A local court has fined a Parisian driver \$1000 because of the unusual way he thanked the policemen who helped him get his car started. He gave the officers a book titled "Sex in Mourning," which the court decided was pornographic and "offended good mores." The book's author, publisher and photographer were fined similar amounts.

SEVEN FORBIDDEN WORDS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A U. S. Court of Appeals has ruled that under the First Amendment, the Federal Communications Commission cannot ban certain words from radio and television. The ruling set aside an FCC order that banned seven words describing sexual



activities, portions of the female anatomy or excretory functions from the airwaves at times when children might be listening. One judge pointed out that the FCC earlier had cited freedom of speech in refusing to ban violence on television. The decision may be appealed to the Supreme Court.

FREE PRESS FOR STUDENTS

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA—A U. S. district-court judge has ruled that a high school newspaper editor has a First Amendment right to publish an article on birth control over the objections of the principal and the school board. The article had been censored on the grounds that school regulations prohibit the teaching of contraception, but the

judge found that the paper was "in substance, a free-speech forum" protected by the Constitution. The school board also was ordered to pay the editor's legal fees.

BARNYARD SEX

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA—A member of the West Virginia House of Delegates has introduced a bill to outlaw sex with animals. Delegate Charles Shaffer told a legislative committee that he had learned from a state policeman of an incident in which a farmer's mare allegedly turned violent after being sexually molested by a stranger in a barn. The police were convinced sex



had occurred because they found evidence in the barn "of the precautions a man takes." The state lawmakers are puzzled over the wording of the bill, however. It includes phrases that also prohibit sex "with another person without the latter's consent" and intercourse "with another person knowing that such person mistakenly supposes that he is a third person." The sponsor said he would leave it to the committee to work out the wording of the bill.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

LITTLE ROCK—An Arkansas legislator has come up with a novel plan whereby the sexual revolution would produce revenue for the state: Cohabiting couples would have to register with the county sheriff and pay a \$3000 tax for the "privilege" of living together out of wedlock. The bill was introduced by Representative Arlo Tyer, a 64-year-old former court clerk from Pocahontas, who said that such a law would strengthen the family and the institution of marriage. It would not apply, however, to men and women who merely spent a few nights together. The legislature voted the sin tax down.

needs to watch more closely what decisions are being made by his appointees. America's freedoms are being denied us.

Surely the decision to rehire Larry Parrish was not made by locals in Memphis. A meeting took place in Washington; statements were soon thereafter released contradicting earlier ones, and now a Nixon appointee has been rehired to vigorously prosecute obscenity in a jurisdiction known for its conservative political and religious views. The Justice Department has sanctioned an individual who time and time again has voiced his personal antagonisms in this area. To clothe him with the power to prosecute these beliefs is dangerous not only to the due process of law but also to our entire system of justice.

After a year of harassment and Government prosecution, I have been restored to society, and the acting community has been told (but by no means assured) that working in films will no longer be a legally hazardous occupation. I had to fight for those rights. I urge *Playboy Forum* readers to write to President Carter, Attorney General Griffin Bell, their Congressperson or the U.S. Attorney's office in Memphis, and let them know that they do not want their rights to view movies and read books and magazines denied.

I'd like to express my gratitude to the entire *Playboy* organization for all it has done in aiding my legal defense. As a result of *PLAYBOY's* continuing coverage of my case as well as the *Playboy Foundation's* fund-raising efforts on my behalf, millions of people have been made aware of the injustice I suffered and a substantial amount of money has been raised for my legal costs. I am deeply indebted to *PLAYBOY* for so tangibly joining with me in this struggle.

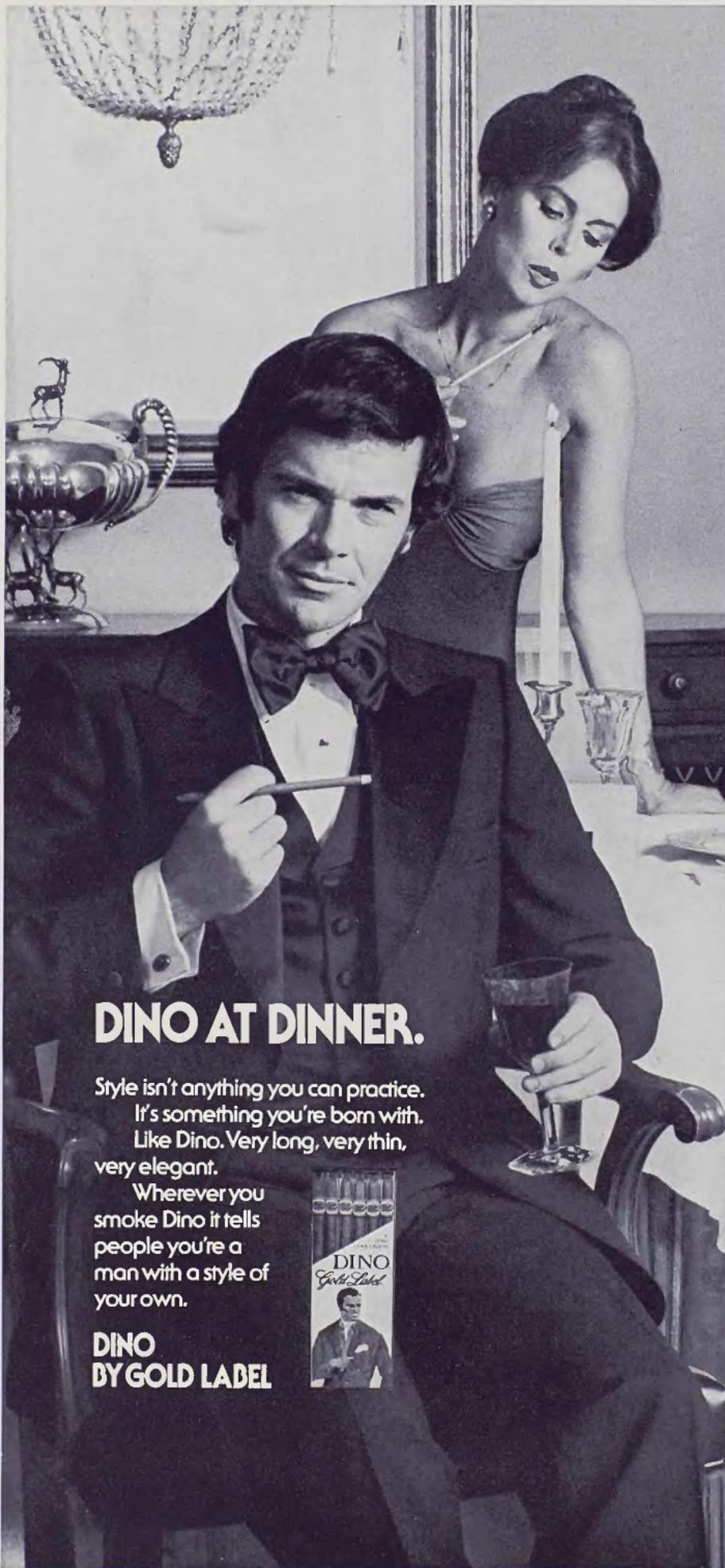
Harry Reems

New York, New York

With the dropping of indictments against Reems and Georgina Spelvin for their part in "The Devil in Miss Jones," it appears that the U.S. Department of Justice no longer intends to prosecute actors and actresses for obscenity (though the other "Deep Throat" convictions and "Devil" indictments still stand). Thus, Harry Reems's long fight to vindicate himself has won a victory for the entire creative community. Reems, however, is broke and deeply in debt. The Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund (Suite 1030, 120 East 56th Street, New York, New York 10022) is continuing to raise money to pay the expenses Reems incurred fighting a Government prosecution that spent millions.

SEX, PORN AND VIOLENCE

In the March *Playboy Forum*, you and film critic Bruce Williamson argue against Charles B. Beard's contention that pornography is a dehumanizing influence. Like Beard, I consider pornography to



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be dehumanizing and antisexual. It is dehumanizing because it portrays people only in terms of their sexuality, ignoring or slighting other aspects of their character. Such one-dimensional treatments of human character are invariably dehumanizing, whether people are treated only in terms of their religion, race, nationality, profession or level of intelligence.

Pornography is antisexual because most people have a deeper and more meaningful attitude toward sexuality than is commonly presented by porn. The simple, mechanistic version of sex depicted in pornography, with its throbbing rods and pulsating vaginas, contradicts the vision of sex most people have. Pornography makes sex seem shabby and vulgar and its net effect is to turn people off sex, rather than to turn them on.

I hope you print more letters like Beard's and write more replies like your reply to his letter. I am sick of reading letters in the *Forum* that give the impression that someone's grade school teacher assigned him to write 200 words on "My Favorite Fetish."

Charles Craig
Atlanta, Georgia

We're beginning to feel that dehumanizing is one of those words that have been so overworked as to be demeaning. What you are condemning is simply low-grade entertainment. Shoddy workmanship, sadly, is all too human. Your complaints about one-dimensional and mechanistic treatments could be used to indict 90 percent of what appears on TV. But it's only when sex is involved that bad taste becomes a justification for censorship. Even when people complain about violence in a sex movie, it's not the violence that really bothers them but the sex. It's likely that, were artists not threatened by censorship when they deal with explicit sexuality, more and better talents would explore this area and we'd see more humane and meaningful portrayals of sex.

And now: What's your favorite fetish?

FIRST FAMILY COPS OUT

Sad to report, Chip Carter has let down the millions of marijuana smokers who hoped for his support in the drive to decriminalize marijuana. During the Presidential campaign, Chip Carter, like his father, repeatedly endorsed marijuana decriminalization. Chip, who is 26 years old, admits to having been a smoker himself; his older brother, Jack, was busted for marijuana smoking and discharged from the Navy for it in 1970 and his younger brother, Steve, also admits to having smoked marijuana.

After Jimmy Carter's victory, I contacted Dr. Peter Bourne, White House special assistant for mental health and drug abuse, with the suggestion that Chip be asked to make a couple of appearances ("Playboy Forum Casebook" follows on page 56. Letters continued on page 58.)

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THE LID COMES OFF IN RED LODGE

overzealous police have often used bad drug laws to harass unpopular citizens; this bizarre case may be a good example

What the citizens, the press and even the police of Red Lodge, Montana, first thought was a legitimate raid on a large marijuana farm is now turning into a major law-enforcement scandal, involving Federal and state narcotics agents, county officials and, possibly, the FBI. Pretrial testimony indicates that evidence found by a Federal Drug Enforcement Administration agent may have been planted and that Western Union telegrams sent to one of the defendants may have been illegally intercepted and supplied to the county prosecutor, whose wife is a local Western Union agent. The sheriff has admitted that the information on which the original search and arrest warrants were issued contained "mistakes." And, tragically, a deputy sheriff who began to testify for the defense, and who told a reporter that he would be "dead tomorrow" if he revealed what he knew about the case, died that night—apparently of a heart attack.

In February, we reported the arrest of five persons accused of growing marijuana on a ranch near the Carbon County town of Red Lodge. Under state law—which equates growing with selling and which fails to distinguish between marijuana and heroin—the defendants were charged with "sale of dangerous drugs," a crime punishable by up to life in prison. But this was no ordinary pot bust. The county sheriff had kept the property and its alleged marijuana under surveillance for three months last summer without seeing anyone "cultivate" anything. Then, in early September, a DEA agent and four state narcotics officers from other Montana jurisdictions arrived in town and conducted a late-night raid like something out of *Gang Busters*, complete with machine gun, as if the suspects were wild-eyed desperados.

The raid did not turn up any "marijuana farm" of some "2000 plants" with an "estimated street value of \$450,000," as first reported in the papers. It did turn up some apparently planted evidence that may permit the defendants to bring court actions of their own.

One of the defendants is Lake Headley, a California private investigator who has tangled with Federal agents and agencies, including the DEA, several times while working for defense attorneys. Another is Donald Wogamon, who allowed Headley the use of a ranch outside Red Lodge so he could take a vacation and write a book on his investigations of the S.L.A. shoot-out in Los Angeles and the violence at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. (Also charged are Headley's wife, Elizabeth Schmidt, his son, Lake Headley III, and Wogamon's son, Timothy.)

The out-of-town narcotics officers have a simple explanation for the raid: They learned from a friendly local citizen that marijuana was growing on the ranch and that the local sheriff was taking no action, so they called the sheriff and "volunteered their services."

But in pretrial hearings, the following emerged:

- Sheriff James Eichler began his investigation not in response to any suspected marijuana plants but when an official from the state attorney general's office supplied him with a police "intelligence package" on Wogamon and Headley soon after their arrival in Red Lodge in the first weeks of 1976.

- The county attorney somehow had access to private telegrams sent to the Headleys in Red Lodge as early as February.

- At a regional police intelligence seminar held in Billings in May and attended by several officials involved in this case, more documents were circulated mentioning Headley and Wogamon. Soon after that, a local "concerned citizen" re-

ported sighting marijuana plants growing on a remote part of the Wogamon ranch.

- Search and arrest warrants were obtained on the basis of statements now declared by the sheriff to be inaccurate. And for reasons defense attorneys still don't understand, Headley and his wife were arrested on "John and Jane Doe" warrants, though their identities were apparently known to local officers.

- The raid in early September turned up no pot plants, but a single joint was found in Wogamon's home by DEA agent Don R. Friend and Sheriff Eichler in a place searched earlier by the Red Lodge police chief and a deputy sheriff. Outside the house, agent Friend and another out-of-town officer found an envelope of "suspected" cocaine lying in plain view on the front seat of a car that also had been examined earlier by the local police chief. The car, with California plates, turned out to belong to an out-of-town visitor who was staying next door. He was never questioned and the supposed cocaine was never entered into evidence.

With all these disclosures, the *Clarks Fork Bonanza* reported the story this way:

DID THE SUPER COP PLANT POT?

It looks bad for the good guys in Carbon County.

A super cop is accused of planting drugs the night an army of police swooped down on the Red Lodge Five and their alleged "pot plantation."

The County Attorney's wife is accused of a Federal felony in the interception of information from Western Union telegrams used to trap the drug defendants.

Sheriff James Eichler admits that during months of surveillance by Carbon County Sheriff's officers, Red Lodge policemen, cops on loan from Billings and Missoula, and agents from the FBI and the Federal Drug Enforcement Agency, neither he nor the others saw the defendants commit the crime they are charged with.

The Federal drug agent accused of planting evidence isn't talking.

The County Attorney's wife, Pat Ayers, has taken the Fifth Amendment 19 times. And her husband, County Attorney Art Ayers, is finding himself in the uncomfortable position of being grilled like a criminal. . . .

The story perhaps overstates the situation, in that none of the people referred to are yet accused of or charged with any crimes. However, both the defendants and PLAYBOY are requesting a grand-jury investigation into the case.

Two members of the Playboy Defense Team, Senior Editor Bill Helmer and Investigator Russ Million, returned to Red Lodge for some of the pretrial hearings, expecting that Judge Robert H. Wilson would quickly dismiss the case on the legal technicalities. He did rule that Headley and his wife were "illegally and improperly" arrested, but he still continued the hearings that each day brought to light more and more instances of official confusion, conflicting testimony, errors in police reports and questionable police conduct. Under cross-examination, Sheriff Eichler's testimony became a litany of "I don't recall," "I'm not sure" and "That is possible." One of the few points on which the sheriff seemed certain of himself was that he had not called for any Federal or state assistance in the case. In fact, he did not arrive with warrants until after the initial raid and arrests.

From the testimony of several witnesses, defense attorneys



'If I told what I knew I'd be dead tomorrow'

Red Lodge drug witness dies after hint he'd 'talk'



The Red Lodge Five from left: Lake Headley, Donald Wogamon, Don Wogamon, Elizabeth Wogamon and Lake Headley II.

Deputy didn't like the way 'pot farm' was investigated

Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock... The Red Lodge Five... The Red Lodge Five... The Red Lodge Five...



Deputy Sheriff Adcock... Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock... Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock...

Deputy's death won't kill his story - widow

Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock... Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock... Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock... Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock...

thing I knew about this case, I'd be dead tomorrow." He was found dead the next morning, apparently of a heart attack, at the age of 51. Inexplicably, embalming began almost immediately, without notification of his wife, who was trying to locate the defense attorneys. This was halted midway through the process by Judge Wilson, who ordered the body sent to Great Falls for an autopsy, early results of which established heart failure without finding any specific physiological cause. The night after Adcock's funeral, his wife's house was broken into and ransacked, apparently by some mentally deranged person who dripped blood around.

Adcock's death and the break-in stunned the defense, the people of Red Lodge and even the prosecution, but it may bring forth even more testimony from his fellow officers, who respected him and who seem to have their own doubts about the case. To their credit as professional policemen, none of the local officers, while cautious in their pretrial testimony, have lied on the witness stand. And at least one officer, former Red Lodge police chief Tim Ortner, who is now a deputy sheriff in another county, is taking up where Adcock left off. He feels that he is under pressure to "soften" his testimony. He told us that he would very much like to do that but that he "refuses to lie to protect anyone." He was the man who searched the defendants' houses and looked into the parked car and saw none of the drugs found by the DEA agent. He did find a pinch of marijuana in the back of a closet.

But the defendants aren't charged with simple possession, which is a minor offense even in Montana. They're charged with "cultivation," which is the same as "sale" and which means up to life in prison. A further irony is that in one recent pot-growing case, the same sheriff instructed deputy Adcock to tell the people to leave town; and in another, involving over 100 plants, the county attorney settled for a plea of misdemeanor possession that let the culprit off with a fine.

At last report, the town of Red Lodge was fudging itself host to a variety of state and Federal investigators. The impression we get, however, is that these agents are not investigating possible criminal acts by the raiders but are trying to determine how badly the case was bungled and how best to protect their own people—except for Western Union agents, who have impounded the local office's records in response to a letter from defense attorney Pablo Perhacs.

Meanwhile, the Red Lodge defendants, their attorneys, deputy Adcock's widow, Carole, and deputy sheriff Tim Ortner have met in Chicago with PLAYBOY and with Keith Stroup, national director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), to discuss the possible civil actions or criminal charges the defense may soon bring in this case. The U. S. Senate's Permanent Investigations Subcommittee has already been supplied with material supporting a request that it investigate defense allegations of misconduct by Federal officers.

Contrary to the defendants' earlier suspicions, it could well be that the villain in this case is not some high-level Government official in the DEA or the FBI who passed down specific orders to "get Headley," though a former DEA agent says that his agency intended to do just that. Instead, the villain may be the police intelligence system itself. In our next report, we will describe how the police and even large corporations plug into various "intelligence gathering" organizations, some Federally supported and some that are private companies, like credit investigators. These people disseminate confidential information that can make any citizen who has ever been arrested for or even suspected of anything, or who has antagonized police by political activism, look like a desperate fugitive from justice. And it seems to have been this kind of information, not the suspicion of growing marijuana plants, that inspired the raid on the Red Lodge Five.

The death of Deputy Sheriff Adcock made headlines in Montana.

now believe that the county attorney knew more about the planned raid than even the sheriff, who, the defense now believes, has become "the fall guy in this fiasco."

Trouble occurred during one of the noon recesses. Marge Wogamon, Don Wogamon's wife, tried to take pictures of the Federal agents who refused to testify during the pretrial hearings, and in the close quarters of the courthouse foyer, FBI agent Merrill Reese pushed the camera away from him. It hit her in the face, cutting her nose. Headley pinned Reese's arms behind him and shouted for police assistance in making a citizen's arrest for assault. City policeman Buck Vondra intervened in time to prevent a brawl and city attorney Loren Tucker is reportedly interviewing witnesses to determine whether or not to file charges against Reese.

The last officer to testify was Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock. We could not reveal this earlier, but "Chuck" Adcock was the man who turned the case around by informing the sheriff, the county attorney and the defense attorneys that he would tell only the truth when placed under oath. He told us that during a long raid-planning session with the out-of-town officers and the local sheriff, he had decided that something was wrong. On the night of the raid, he ignored instructions to wear civilian clothes and was the only officer in uniform. During the arrest of Headley, he handed agent Friend an impressive-looking riot gun—from which he'd removed the shells—and then placed himself between Headley and other officers to make sure no "accidental" shooting took place. When Headley was locked up, under \$25,000 bond, Adcock went to his cell and told him cryptically not to worry too much.

When we first went to Red Lodge, we talked with Adcock privately and asked him why he had acted as he had. He told us, "I didn't like the way this thing was handled. It smelled. I didn't like all the killing talk I'd heard. I figured there might be some unnecessary shooting and that just didn't set right with me."

The day he testified concerning his role in the raid and his suspicions about some of the evidence, Adcock remarked to Billings Gazette reporter Kerry Pechter, "If I told you every-



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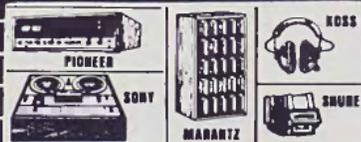
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before legislative committees in key states where marijuana decriminalization is pending. Dr. Bourne agreed that would be an appropriate way for the new Administration to assist decriminalization and passed the request on to Chip. Chip replied that he would be eager to do what he could to help. He then sought the approval of Hamilton Jordan, the President's assistant. That's when the snag occurred.

"Not a good use of Chip's time," Jordan reportedly declared.

After Chip discussed the proposal with Jordan and with Presidential aide Jody Powell, who also advised against it, his enthusiasm waned. He would not be able to help us, after all. Yes, his father still supports marijuana decriminalization, but Chip's personal involvement might be—in White House lingo—overinterpreted. Apparently, Chip's elevation to the status of a member of the First Family has diminished his concern for the rest of us who smoke.

Well, I hope Chip finds other important projects on which to work. But helping stop the senseless arrest of hundreds of thousands of our citizens each year would not have been a waste of his time. More than 35 states are currently considering marijuana-decriminalization proposals and Chip Carter probably could have provided the impetus to assure a string of legislative victories.

Right now, 86 percent of our citizens oppose sending a marijuana smoker to jail; only ten percent still favor incarceration. Yet criminal penalties remain and the arrests continue, because people like Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell don't think the issue is important.

Come on, Chip, you know better.

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

A PARCEL OF POT

Last July, I was told that I could pick up a package addressed to me that had been misdelivered to a person whose name was similar to mine. When I went to get the package, I was confronted at gunpoint by the local chief of police, who arrested me. It turned out that the parcel contained four pounds of marijuana.

Without the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, I would probably be in jail right now. With NORML's help, I obtained the services of Marc Kurzman, a Minnesota attorney, NORML state coordinator and professor of pharmaceutical law. I was ultimately acquitted, because the judge ruled that the state failed to prove I had any prior knowledge of the parcel's contents.

For the seven months from the time of my arrest until the trial, I went through periods of deep despondency, and the feeling of having that cloud lifted from my head is fantastic. I am a British citizen

and have lived in the U. S. for ten years and could have lost my visa, had I been convicted. One reads many sad letters in *The Playboy Forum* about marijuana arrests and convictions that have destroyed people's lives, and I thought you'd like to know about a happy ending. I want to thank the Playboy Foundation for helping make NORML possible.

Catherine Dunlop
Kent, Washington

POT AND GLAUCOMA

I am a law student at Florida State University working on a law-review article about a recent Florida Supreme Court marijuana decision. The court held that marijuana smoking in the privacy of one's home is not constitutionally protected. It declined to decide the question of whether or not the state has a rational basis for banning private possession of marijuana.

The March *Playboy Forum's* report on Robert Randall (*Glaucoma and the Killer Weed*), the 28-year-old teacher who has won the right to use marijuana to treat his glaucoma, is enlightening and helpful to me in my research. Since this case is a major breakthrough in this field of law, I have been trying to find a copy of the judge's opinion, which is not available in any of our local law libraries. Can you send me one, together with any other research you think might be helpful in drafting my article?

William M. Smith
Tallahassee, Florida

We've sent the decision. Additional information about the Randall case is available from the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, 2317 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037. With NORML's help, Randall is working to assist others who have medical reasons for using marijuana in preparing applications to the Federal Government.

RIGHTS AND RAPES

I was surprised that you printed without comment the letter titled "The Right to Sex" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). "Every human being should have a right to sex when he or she needs it" sounds like the old rapist mentality. When one's desires involve other people, the only right to fulfillment he or she has is that granted by those people. Certainly, one should have the right to buy or sell sex with consenting adults, but no one has a right to fulfill all his or her desires free, sexual or otherwise. Far from being "the most legitimate reason for prostitution," the right to sex is, without doubt, the shittiest reason I've ever heard.

Beth Petrochuk
Greensboro, North Carolina

Rather than talk about a right to sexual fulfillment, I wish more people would

simply realize that to give oneself sexually when asked is a generous and praiseworthy act. Not something we should feel obligated to do but something we choose to do out of simple humanity. A couple of times in my life, women to whom I hadn't been particularly attracted made advances to me and I turned them down. I now regret that. It was mean-spirited of me. I now feel we should say yes whenever possible.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

There's no such thing as a right. All human relations are based on human agreement, voluntary or coerced, and rights are pure fantasy, like demons or ghosts.

J. Green
New York, New York

No one need suffer from unfulfilled sexual desires. Relief is always handy.

B. Davis
Los Angeles, California

ON THE BRINK

All the talk about women's problems achieving orgasm—and I admit that not achieving it can be frustrating—neglects the fact that nothing is a problem unless you choose to see it as such. One day last March, my lover and I went to my apart-

ment after lunch, stripped and went to bed. After a few minutes of foreplay, I began to feel myself building toward an explosive orgasm. But for some reason, it didn't happen. For the next two hours, I teetered on the brink of orgasm while my lover came again and again. We fucked till our bodies were drenched with sweat. As I lay there with my belly button filled with perspiration after my lover's fourth climax, he admitted that he was exhausted and there wasn't any more he could do for me. He had tried everything, but it was all futile.

I don't know why I didn't come, but during those two hours, I experienced the most sensational turn-on of my life. To spend two hours on the verge of orgasm is a fantastic trip. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

(Name withheld by request)
New Hyde Park, New York

YUMMY!

I have been experimenting with various foods and flavors during lovemaking and the results have been utterly delicious. My first attempt involved spreading a soft chocolate-marshmallow cookie over my lover's cock and balls. I intended to lick it off immediately, but since the feel of that sweet, sticky goo was driving him wild, I took my time and spread it all around his crotch and up to his navel. And then I started licking, slowly working

my way down to his quivering dick. It was such a trip to be literally eating while going down on him that I almost came myself when he exploded in my mouth.

After that first luscious episode, we've tried other tastes, textures and even temperatures. My man has licked warm oatmeal off my breasts or gone down on me after drinking hot soup. We've played with everything from peeled cucumbers to Jell-O.

We've also gotten into using different flavor extracts in our sexplay. I might dab a few drops of almond or lemon extract onto my shoulders and thighs and ask my lover to explore my body with his tongue till he finds the tasty spots. It feels like he's searching for some new erogenous area that only I know about.

My current fantasy is making love in a bathtub full of chocolate pudding, but the prospect of making and cleaning up all that pudding has kept this venture in the idea stage.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANDREW YOUNG

a candid conversation about open diplomacy with president carter's "best friend in public life," the new and outspoken united nations ambassador

Shortly after the 1976 Democratic Convention had nominated Jimmy Carter, the President-to-be was asked if he felt he owed any political debts to anyone. Carter mentioned only one name: "Andy Young."

Andrew Jackson Young was at the time hardly a household name, at least to white Americans. Some knew him as an aide to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and others may have remembered that in 1972 Atlanta had elected him as the first black Congressman from the South since Reconstruction. There were also articles last summer billing Young as the most powerful black man in America, because his standing in the black community made it possible to help deliver 83 percent of the all-important black vote to his friend from Georgia, Jimmy Carter.

By now, however, Andy Young is known to many more as the handsome, outspoken and somewhat brash U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. His off-the-cuff remarks on developments in Africa, on the U.S. position toward Vietnam, on the role of the press in reporting terrorism and on racism in Britain have

caused controversy and have brought him notoriety. Yet, as this interview reveals, when President Carter addressed the United Nations this spring, his first comments to Young were not critical; instead, he asked him to keep speaking out, to take the heat and stay on the job.

Young is an unlikely kingmaker. Born 45 years ago into lower-middle-class comfort in New Orleans, his future appeared limited to the route of professional life—his father and brother are dentists—followed in those days by many educated blacks. But then came Martin Luther King, Jr., and the civil rights movement of the Sixties. By then, Young had become a preacher and pastor of a small church in south Georgia; he then went to New York as one of three black executives on the National Council of Churches. On a television set in his comfortable home in Queens, he watched student-led black resistors start the sit-in movement. Growing uneasy over his absence from the place "where things were happening," Young returned South in 1961 to run a leadership-training project and become Dr. King's administrative assistant at the

Southern Christian Leadership Conference in Atlanta. By the time of King's assassination in 1968, which he witnessed on a motel balcony in Memphis, Young was executive director of the SCLC, the driving engine of the civil rights movement.

By the end of the Sixties, the antiwar movement had eclipsed civil rights as a popular cause and the SCLC was in disarray. Young sensed that the next phase of progress for minorities lay not in noisy mass movements, which no longer inspired the popular imagination, but in long-term political action. He became chairman of the Community Relations Commission in Atlanta and found himself mediating labor disputes, negotiating with the U.S. Army on behalf of civilian employees, forging lines of communication between the races. It was during that period that he found himself swapping favors and tips with a man who often seemed a spokesman for Georgia conservatives—Governor Jimmy Carter.

This broadening of Young's political base did not hurt him in the years to come. Despite an initial loss in 1970, he



VERNON L. SMITH

"You can't pull back. Once the Xerox copier was invented, private diplomacy died. There's no such thing as secrecy. It's just a question of whether it's leaked or revealed openly."

"Idi Amin is putting up a 14-story building behind the U.S. Mission in New York. Ours is only 12 stories high, and I can just see him coming over and, you know, pissing on the U. S. Embassy."

"The Russians in Africa are all racists. Russians are very isolated from cultural differences. They're terribly uncomfortable and insecure around blacks, and every African knows it."

subsequently won Atlanta's seat in Congress; he won two more terms by increasingly wide margins. Last year, Carter himself won only 3000 more votes than Young did in Atlanta.

When word leaked out in late December 1976 that Young was about to be appointed to what many viewed as a dead-end political post as Ambassador to the United Nations, most of his mail from Atlanta read like the telegram from state senator Julian Bond: "DON'T DO IT, ANDY." His constituents did not want to lose one of the most popular Congressmen the Fifth District of Georgia had ever had. Consistent with his habit of confounding even his closest friends, Young took the UN job anyway. In what must be record time, he has catapulted the Ambassadorship into one of the most visible posts in Government today. On an all-points, anything-goes run through southern Africa during his first month on the job, Young appeared to many to be committing a number of unforgivable diplomatic sins, such as saying he felt Cuban forces in Angola had a "stabilizing" influence. For that and other comments, he quickly earned a reputation as a hip-shooter, though he refers to his style more simply as "open diplomacy."

To explore the background and the thinking of this unusual Ambassador and Presidential counselor, we sent Senior Articles Editor Peter Ross Range to interview him. The two had known each other since Young's first, unsuccessful campaign for Congress in 1970, when Range was *Time's* Southeastern correspondent. Our house Southerner and an activist himself in the civil rights movement, Range also has a long-standing interest in foreign affairs: He served as *Time's* correspondent in Germany and as its bureau chief in Vietnam. He co-reported its first cover story on then-governor Carter and watched his relationship with Young grow and develop. Range's report:

"One thing that has not changed about Andrew Young since I met him in 1970 is his schedule, except that it's probably more hectic today. He comes from a family of early risers and considers every waking hour a chance for work—with an occasional recess for tennis. Our first interview session had to be scheduled for 6:45 A.M. in the dining room of the ambassadorial suite at the Waldorf Towers in New York. That session continued into the locker room of a tennis club where we played afterward. Young, a lifelong swimmer and runner, took up tennis only recently. Although ten years my senior, he has mastered the game well enough to beat me every time we have played during the past four years. Young's personality is perfectly suited to tennis and his game reflects his politics: steady, concentrating on the point of contact more than on the form, and unflappable. Rather than throw a racket, he laughs at his mis-

takes. Tennis loosened us both up and led to convivial chats that were more like conversations than formal interviews, except that my tape recorder was always running. The only time I was forced to leave it behind was when we decided after one tennis match to jog the 18 blocks from Central Park back to the hotel. Besides being the first Ambassador who is black, Young is probably the first Ambassador ever seen jogging through the streets of New York on a Sunday afternoon.

"Because Young and I have become friends over the years, he feared at the outset that he might tell me 'things I shouldn't talk about.' I, in turn, was afraid I might not be insistent enough on some topics. Fortunately, Young followed his habit of full disclosure and I felt comfortable enough to be able to press him hard on a number of points. The only moment of tension was the session that followed his public remarks about passing a law to restrict the press in its live-TV coverage of terrorist acts, such as the Hanafi Muslim attacks on public buildings in Washington. After a storm of criticism, Young felt the press was out to

"I didn't clear anything with Carter during the campaign and I've cleared almost nothing with him since then."

burn him—and to try to hurt the Carter Administration. But, as I expected, he met with me for several more candid sessions.

"One reason I tend to suspend early judgment on Young's statements is that he often turns out to be right. I'll never forget one chilly night in early April 1974, two and a half years before the Presidential election. We were sitting together in Atlanta Stadium, waiting for Hank Aaron to break Babe Ruth's record by hitting his 715th home run. Before the game, a group of celebrities had stood near home plate to shake Aaron's hand. Young, Mayor Maynard Jackson and Governor Jimmy Carter had been among them. They all wore suits and ties, as befits politicians, save one. Young leaned over and said, 'Did you notice how Jimmy was dressed?' I answered, 'You mean the open shirt and cardigan sweater?' So what? 'Well,' he said, 'I think he's going to run for President as the down-home candidate. And I'm going to support him.'

"Of course, I thought Andy was as crazy as Carter. It's almost painful to think of the odds I'd have gotten on Carter if I'd bet on him back then.

"Talking foreign policy with Andy was more like discussing how to get two squabbling neighbors to compromise on trimming the hedge than on where to move armies or shape the destiny of the West. In 15 years of international life, I've never met anyone so capable of reducing international conflict to human terms. This spring, bets were taken in Washington on how long Young would last before Carter would be forced to fire him. Even though I'm writing this ten weeks before publication date, I expect to collect on this bet from my friends who gambled that Andy Young would be gone by summer. Still, he has caused waves in his new job and it was on this topic that our conversations began."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the waves you've been making. Some of your comments on foreign policy have raised a lot of controversy and you've been called President Carter's "unguided missile." How are things between you and the President?

YOUNG: My relationship with him has always been one of mutual trust. I mean, I didn't clear anything with him during the campaign and I've cleared almost nothing with him since then. I really get very few guidelines from Washington. But as long as the President and the Secretary of State are satisfied with my performance, the criticism doesn't really matter.

Just before that trip of mine to Africa earlier this year, I told the President that if he ever thought I was saying things that would embarrass the Administration, I hoped he would pick up the phone and call me. He said, "I wouldn't hesitate." I pressed the point, saying that I didn't want to take advantage of our friendship in any way and wanted to be treated like anybody else in the Administration, and he said, "Oh, I assure you, I will." So far, I haven't heard a word of criticism from him or even guidance. In fact, I've had to tell some of the guys around the President—Jody Powell, Hamilton Jordan, Tim Kraft—that I'm counting on them to let me know if they hear any rumblings. Jody's called once, and that was to encourage me.

PLAYBOY: So nothing you've said publicly thus far has embarrassed the President?

YOUNG: No. In fact, we drove up to the UN Building together on the evening he made his first big foreign-policy speech in the General Assembly hall. We were talking about how he and I have been criticized for discussing foreign policy in public, instead of observing all the old diplomatic conventions of secrecy. It really shocked me the way he approached it. The President said, "I hope you're going to stick with me." I said, "What do you mean?" and he replied, "It seems like you and I are the only ones who want to talk foreign policy with the American people. And I think we just have to keep it up." That was right after he'd been to Clinton,

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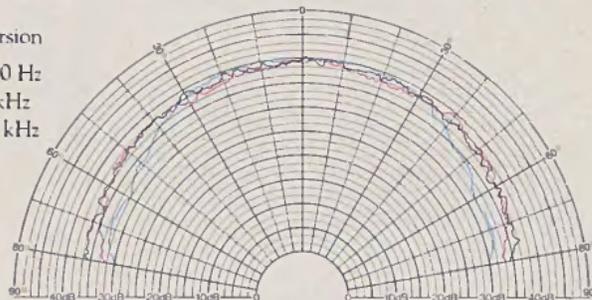
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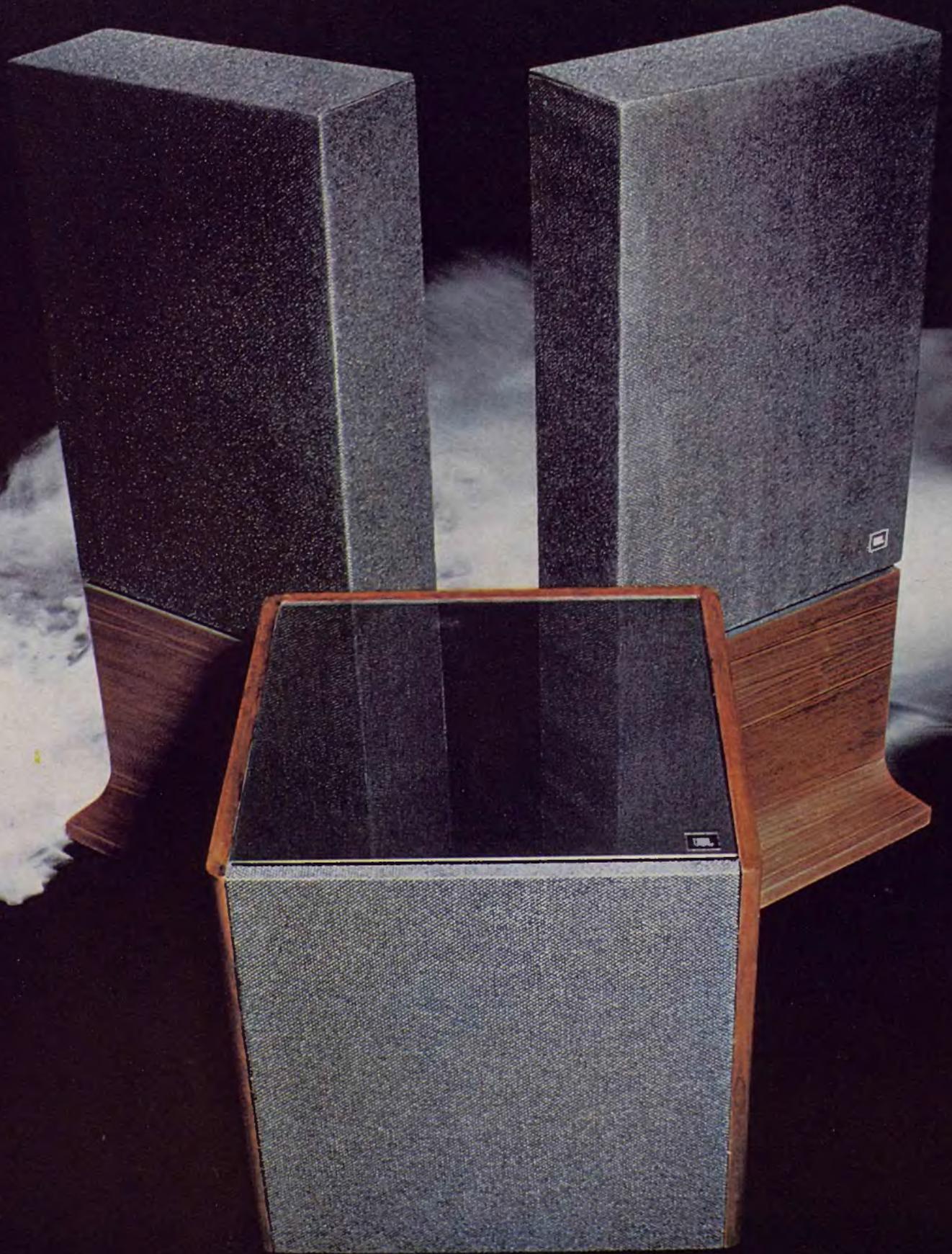
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Massachusetts, and he told me he'd been almost embarrassed by the thunderous applause he'd gotten when he said that the American people had a right to know in advance what kinds of commitments and decisions were being considered, since they would affect their lives and their children's lives. President Carter and I talk openly in public because that's what people have been looking for in Government: freshness and candor, even in foreign policy. The alternative is secrecy, which very easily leads to deceit and foreign policy conducted solely by experts, which closes out the American people.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you say to Carter that day?

**YOUNG:** I told the President that I certainly wouldn't stop discussing our policy with the people but that perhaps I was getting caught up in too many battles; maybe I was going to have to learn not to take on more than one fight at a time. He said, "People tell me I should be more sensitive to that, too."

**PLAYBOY:** You make it sound as if you and Carter are blood brothers in that respect.

**YOUNG:** Yeah. But you have to remember that in the early months, there were still basically two administrations—the new people who came in with President Carter and the old people who'd been around for a while, the bureaucrats. They're the ones who haven't yet quite understood what we're doing, and that's where some of the criticism has come from. At first, they thought some of the things the President was saying were slip-ups. Now they know it was deliberate on his part and that this is a policy style he is encouraging as part of his Administration.

**PLAYBOY:** But there's an impression among some people that Carter hasn't encouraged *your* particular style—especially after he announced that Vice-President Walter Mondale would be concentrating on African problems. It seemed as if you were being relieved as spokesman.

**YOUNG:** It was a false impression that I was ever assigned a role as African spokesman. There's always been an African desk in the State Department. I've argued that Africa should be of greater concern to U.S. foreign policy, and it pleased me to see the President and the State Department upgrade the responsibility for Africa to the Vice-Presidential level.

The decision about Mondale was made a month before it was announced. It just happened to become public during a week when I was getting some press criticism. A member of my staff had already been working with Mondale's staff for three weeks.

**PLAYBOY:** If that's so, why hasn't it come out in the press?

**YOUNG:** Because the press thought it had finally found a conflict. The reporting

hasn't been interested in policy formulation; it's been interested only in digging in dirt.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, it's fair to criticize you for having been careless in some of your statements.

**YOUNG:** Oh, I guess I've been—I don't know if I'd use that term; I'd rather say I've not been very careful. At times, I've allowed a reporter to phrase a question for me, rather than rephrase it in my own words. So, in that sense, I've been careless. But nobody has refuted or quarreled with the substance of what I've said.

**PLAYBOY:** You really seem to be singling out the press, rather than any critics you might have in Government, as the reason you're seen as too brash.

**YOUNG:** Well, you get a lot of old Cold Warriors in the press. A lot of the big boys are fairly well isolated; they talk to one another, they read one another's writing and very seldom do they really get out and become exposed to trends in American thinking. That's why they were so slow in anticipating the success of Carter's campaign. The criticism doesn't

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*"Carter and I talk openly in public because that's what people have been looking for in Government: freshness and candor, even in foreign policy."*

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bother me, because it helps people face the issues—and that's one of the roles I agreed to play.

**PLAYBOY:** The day the President spoke at the UN, you flew back to Washington with him aboard Air Force One. Did you continue talking with him about your candor problem?

**YOUNG:** No. I had a choice of sitting up front with him or staying with my wife, Jean, and my son Bo—whom I hadn't seen in nearly two weeks. It was a significant experience for them, so I stayed with my family.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't it your first trip on Air Force One?

**YOUNG:** Yeah. In fact, it was Jimmy's first trip on it as well, come to think of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it beat the shuttle?

**YOUNG:** As Bo, who's four years old, said as he got aboard: "Gollee, this is the *bestest* plane in the whole world!" I mean, the guys back in the press section were complaining that the floors were so well carpeted you couldn't hear the beer cans roll down the aisles. In that respect, it's no different from Jimmy's campaign—all the noise comes from the back of the bus.

Actually, the person I got a chance to talk to that day was Zbigniew Brzezinski.

We exchanged some personal conversation about the human aspects of the posts we hold. I remember hearing about all the divorces and neglected children in previous administrations. It's very easy to get caught up in the day-to-day pressures of the job, and you've got to find a way to keep body and soul together. Brzezinski and I talked about the problems we have sleeping. You just get so keyed up, you stay so turned on to the job that you wake up automatically at six every morning—no matter how late you go to bed.

You know, it's more important to the foreign policy of the nation that people like us get it together in some human way. We can't just constantly discuss foreign policy and stay sane. Brzezinski and I talked about our kids and sports. I think the Swedish government has a rule that no government official can do business on the same day he crosses the Atlantic: He *must* take a day off and relax.

**PLAYBOY:** While we're talking about the informal aspects of your role, what about your personal relationship with President Carter? He has called you his best friend in public life. How did that friendship develop?

**YOUNG:** Well, at first, I was very skeptical of him. In the period that I met him—when he'd just become governor of Georgia and I was the chairman of the Atlanta Community Relations Commission—I almost refused to be impressed. He was doing good things, but you didn't want to believe the guy was as straight as he seemed; you were still cynical about it. It was *hard* for a black civil rights leader to feel close to a Georgia governor. Black people have been hurt by white people for so long that they tend to keep testing a relationship, like a dog that's been kicked a whole lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel cynical when Carter hung Martin Luther King, Jr.'s portrait in the Georgia state capitol?

**YOUNG:** *Especially* that. That was the kind of symbolic gesture about which you could very easily feel cynical. But my cynicism was just gradually worn down. For us blacks, it may not have seemed like any great gesture for Carter to have hung Martin's picture in the state capitol—until we stopped to realize that there isn't a single black man's picture hanging in the U. S. Capitol.

**PLAYBOY:** To this day?

**YOUNG:** To this day. That reminds you of how controversial it was in 1974 when Carter did it in Georgia. In any case, I'd seen good signs earlier than that, when I met his mother, Miss Lillian, in 1970. I realized then she was really free of racism.

**PLAYBOY:** How could you tell?

**YOUNG:** I met her with a group of black welfare mothers, and there she was, just very comfortable—nothing pretentious, nothing paternalistic. It's remarkable for a lifelong Southerner to be comfortable in a totally black environment.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you really warm to Carter?

**YOUNG:** When I realized that he had hung Martin's picture not merely as a political gesture but because he thought it was right. And then, later, when he'd announced for the Presidency and I realized that, of the Democratic candidates, he wasn't just as good as anybody else running, he was the best on race. I mean, he had grown up with the problem and had overcome his own past. John Kennedy read about racism and poverty in a sociology class at Harvard, but Jimmy Carter lived with it. I think one of the things that made it possible for us to understand each other so easily, and be friends without actually seeing each other that much, is the way we grew up. I grew up in New Orleans in a white neighborhood, playing with white kids but going to schools with only black kids. Jimmy Carter grew up surrounded by black playmates but went to schools with only white kids.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from Carter, the person in the Administration most people wonder about in relationship to you is Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. How do you get along with him?

**YOUNG:** Before I took this job, I talked with him about my willingness to take on some unpopular issues and go out front on them and help create a discussion of these issues. I said I didn't expect him to back me up. I just didn't want him to feel threatened by it, or upset, or to conclude that I was trying to usurp his policy function. So there's been no problem.

**PLAYBOY:** Then any reports that he resents your role—

**YOUNG:** No, he's been very encouraging. What I don't like is that the press has tried to create tension between us that isn't there.

**PLAYBOY:** You must have expected the press to speculate about it.

**YOUNG:** Well, I guess I was really naïve about how much coverage I would get. I didn't know my trip to Africa in February would attract so much attention, for instance. The instructions I got from the President were simply that we needed to communicate with the African leaders. When we were asked if we wanted a military plane, I said, "No, let's keep this trip very low key and not go charging in as a big, powerful nation with a big Air Force plane. We'll just fly commercial and move around in a relaxed way." My press secretary was not even planning to go along.

**PLAYBOY:** Then what happened?

**YOUNG:** Well, the *Los Angeles Times* called and said it wanted to send a reporter along. It was Grayson Mitchell, a journalist I've known for a long time, so I said, "Sure, that'll be OK." And the next thing you knew, we had a press party of 22 people on that trip.

**PLAYBOY:** How could you imagine that a brand-new Administration could send its UN Ambassador halfway around the

world and that the press would be uninterested?

**YOUNG:** Again, I was naïve. Coverage is not really what I need right now. And my problem is with the headline writers. I've always been very open and candid, but now that I'm some kind of celebrity, the press picks up everything I say as if it were big news—even if it's just a speech to a high school class having a mock UN assembly. Everything I say is *not* newsworthy.

I guess I find it almost impossible to say "No comment." Especially to some young reporter who is just starting out and needs encouragement. But now they've got me paranoid. I hate to, but maybe I'll just have to be rude. I was even getting chicken about *this* interview, but since it won't appear until this summer, I guess it's OK. All this fuss should have settled down by then.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of this interview, a lot of people will be curious about your reasons for granting it.

**YOUNG:** It fits in with my idea that the American people are entitled to a full

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picture of just who they have representing them. I see **PLAYBOY** as a magazine that probably reaches more young opinion makers of this nation than almost any other magazine; and I think the *Playboy Interview* is a very good forum for revealing as much of yourself as you want to reveal.

**PLAYBOY:** Some would say your boss revealed a bit too much in *his* interview with us.

**YOUNG:** I was always a believer that Jimmy's *Playboy Interview* was one of the things that helped him win the election. You know, I think every American has some pious relative who's a kind of moralistic godfather. Most of us have rebelled in one way or another against our neopuritan environments. And I don't think we wanted a President who seemed to be a self-righteous judge of other people's actions. Jimmy Carter's problem before the election, especially in the big cities, was his religion. The *Playboy Interview* balanced that out very nicely.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you clear your decision to do the *Playboy Interview* with the President?

**YOUNG:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned Carter's image

as a judge of other people's actions. *Has that image been cleared up?* His stand on human rights has been applauded, but it has also been blamed for the breakdown in disarmament talks with the Russians.

**YOUNG:** The talks have not broken down. They're continuing, but the initial Russian rejection of our position was, in some ways, a foregone conclusion. You see, there never have been really serious arms talks—until now, they've all been cosmetic. The Vladivostok agreement, which Ford signed after Nixon resigned, created arms ceilings so high we couldn't possibly reach them, anyway. It merely sanctified the arms race. It was the Russians and the Nixon Administration conspiring to deceive the American people.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean by conspiring?

**YOUNG:** The Nixon Administration bent over backward for the Russians and, in a sense, it sold out to the Soviet Union. The Nixon Administration gave away wheat. This Administration is going to *sell* wheat. And I think the President has decided he's not going to play disarmament games: Either we'll have a real ceiling on the arms race and serious arms reductions or we'll realize the Russians are not willing to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** So what, in your opinion, happened in Moscow this spring?

**YOUNG:** We had been given indications from a number of sources that Brezhnev wanted a real arms agreement as one of his final, significant acts. The Administration took him at his word. The President proposed a serious arms cutback, but the Russians just weren't ready for it. They've just used the human-rights issue as an excuse not to face up to serious disarmament proposals. They couldn't admit that, however, by announcing, "We're not ready to disarm *that* much."

**PLAYBOY:** But you're admitting that the human-rights statements at least played a part, if only by giving the Soviets an excuse. Is support of Soviet dissidents worth even the possibility that arms talks could become derailed?

**YOUNG:** The human-rights emphasis by this Administration was never really set down, thought out and planned. Frankly, I've said almost nothing about Soviet dissidents, because I don't know that it helps anything. Now, the focus has largely been on Soviet human rights, but the truth is that the President has included a number of Latin-American countries in his statements and has had private conversations with the South Koreans. To be credible, the thrust of the human-rights issue has to be universal; it has to be applied to friend and foe alike. On that basis, I think it is a legitimate instrument of U.S. foreign policy.

But I must admit that I never anticipated such a strong policy on human rights. The commitment and determination President Carter feels came as quite a

surprise to me. But I've always trusted his instincts. You know, the only reason millions of people around the world look to us is that we do have this basic commitment to human rights. That's what America's all about.

**PLAYBOY:** But we were talking about Carter's old image of self-righteousness; don't you think his moralizing to other nations confirms his critics' fears?

**YOUNG:** Everybody thinks it's the Sunday-school teacher in Carter when he lectures the Russians on their human rights. The truth of it is that it is in the pragmatic, long-range interests of the nation that he speak out. Chaos occurs when human rights are not respected. Once, we took the short-range view of human rights in Greece and encouraged the take-over by the Greek junta. In the end, we weakened the underbelly of NATO, because a government that doesn't govern with the consent of its people is always going to be a confused and weak government. The problem is that Americans would like to be independent of the rest of the world. In the wake of Watergate, there's an isolationist tendency that's very comfortable for Americans. Except the world ain't that way. Trying to be independent of the rest of the world is to commit suicide.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll return to the subject of morality in foreign policy, but let's talk some more about how you've been presented in the press. One example of your putting your foot in your mouth was when you were quoted as having told a British interviewer that the British "invented racism."

**YOUNG:** Well, that came at the end of a long television interview on the BBC, when the interviewer was implying that racism was an essentially American phenomenon, and he seemed to be exempting the British. I kind of came back at him more in humor than in condemnation. At first, there wasn't any reaction at all in the British press, because people who watched it on television could see that it was said in the context of good humor. It was only when it appeared in print here in the States that the British began to react.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you stand behind the thought you were trying to convey?

**YOUNG:** Well, I thought it was just generally taken for granted. If you remember the Dred Scott decision on slavery before the Civil War, the judges, in their written opinion on the origins of slavery in the U.S., held that racism was most firmly established in England. As far as I'm concerned, the patterns of class and race in the British colonies were much more rigid than in the Portuguese or French colonies. To me, that's not an argument or a judgment; it's just an acceptance of what was.

**PLAYBOY:** Another foot-in-mouth incident as far as the press was concerned was your reference to Cuban troops in Angola as a

"stabilizing influence" in Africa. Looking back at it, did you think you were putting your foot in your mouth?

**YOUNG:** No, I thought it was a legitimate policy function, coming out of my role at the United Nations, to try to help the American people understand what the new international reality is. I condemn the Cuban military presence in Angola. But in terms of its technical assistance, the Cuban presence can also be a force for stability. Look: When the Portuguese decolonized Angola, they simply picked up and left. They had 19,000 trucks in the country and took 18,000 with them. They left a phone system without operators, hospitals without doctors. They weren't honorable in their decolonization, not compared with the British or even the French. They were more like the Belgians. They took home everything that wasn't nailed down.

When the Cubans arrived, they filled a gap. They provided order where there was essentially an undisciplined guerrilla army that wasn't ready to govern. So I'm not trying to defend the Cuban presence.

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*"A thousand Cubans, or  
20,000 Cubans or  
even 100,000 Cubans  
anywhere in the world are no  
threat to the United States."*

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I'm just trying to get people to be rational about it. I would rather see the Cubans in there than the South Africans, and that was the choice. The American people are afraid of Cuba. And it's ridiculous for the strongest nation in the world to panic every time it hears 1000 Cubans have gone somewhere. A thousand Cubans, or 20,000 Cubans or even 100,000 Cubans anywhere in the world are no threat to the United States of America. There's nothing the Cubans can do that we cannot thwart.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that all former colonies need some sort of Western-imposed order?

**YOUNG:** I think they need order. They need a rational transition period.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that neocolonialism?

**YOUNG:** Yes. I've got no problem with that. I believe in neocolonialism when it's moving in the right direction. I don't think that the Western powers that took over a continent in past centuries, cut up nations, divided and disrupted tribal life, can just pick up their marbles and go home. I'm a product of a kind of neocolonialism in the sense that my education was provided by the people who enslaved my ancestors. I had to fight for my rights, but I was able to get some support from the neocolonial authority

in Washington—shall we say the Kennedy Administration.

**PLAYBOY:** It's surprising to hear a man whose public life was once based on civil disobedience sing the praises of stabilizing influences. It sounds more like George Wallace.

**YOUNG:** No, we in the civil rights movement created order. In those days, it was George Wallace who was advocating bombings—of black folk.

**PLAYBOY:** But he did that only after you'd tampered with the comfortable status quo of white people.

**YOUNG:** No, we were the forces of order—the kind of order spelled out by the Constitution. We made the courts live up to the Constitution. If Martin Luther King hadn't used an aggressive nonviolent approach, the South could easily have become another Lebanon or Northern Ireland.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you made progress by destabilizing the order that existed then.

**YOUNG:** It was a *controlled* destabilization. We could call off our demonstrations.

**PLAYBOY:** We started out talking about foreign policy; here we are, discussing civil rights in the South. Some traditional diplomats must be surprised at how often you interpret world events through your own civil rights experience.

**YOUNG:** It's true. I mean, it's all I got. Everybody is determined by his own experience. But my involvement with civil rights—and with churches—is a broader experience than you'd think. There are certain things you learn in the movement that you don't learn at the Fletcher School of Diplomacy.

For instance, the other day, a senior American diplomat began shaking his finger in the face of a foreign diplomat to make his point. He had had a couple of drinks and I kept nudging him, because where I come from, you just don't do that, see. You point your finger in someone's face, you're lecturing him, and that's not the way to get anything done. Finally, I just walked away. So even though we have a Foreign Service that's extremely well trained academically, there hasn't been much sensitivity training.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your academic training? There's been some criticism leveled at you for not being adequately qualified for the post.

**YOUNG:** While my academic training in foreign affairs is limited, my background in the civil rights movement and my travels abroad are extensive. Almost anywhere I go in the world, there's someone I knew and worked with before I became Ambassador. For instance, one of the guys who was in church youth work with me is now the Swedish minister of education. Just as I'm moving into the Government of our country, people I met around the world as students are moving into government in their countries. It's a different



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channel from having gone to a foreign-policy school, but I think it's made me extremely sensitive to the human factors in diplomacy.

**PLAYBOY:** How does this bear on the great international issues of the day?

**YOUNG:** Well, I think one of the big weaknesses in Henry Kissinger's equation was that he couldn't understand something that W. E. B. DuBois wrote in 1903: that the problem of the 20th Century is the problem of the color line. And that racism is one of the most powerful dynamics in the world today.

**PLAYBOY:** As a German Jew who was persecuted by the Nazis, Kissinger surely knows something about racism.

**YOUNG:** James Baldwin wrote that people who have suffered from racism for a long time try to ignore it and deny it. This was true of Ralph Bunche, the first black American Undersecretary General of the UN. A lot of his energy went into not being black and trying to assimilate. I think that the horrors of racism in Kissinger's childhood were so terrible that in order to function, he had to put it behind him. Otherwise, he would have been so bitter and filled with hate that he never could have done anything. This is not a criticism, just an acceptance of reality. I take racism in small doses. I didn't read Richard Wright until I was mature enough to begin to deal with him. I read Baldwin, I looked at *Roots*, but I don't pore through things that are going to make me bitter beyond my control.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Kissinger's lack of understanding of racism affect his foreign policy, in your opinion?

**YOUNG:** Not just Kissinger but Nixon and Ford, too. They did not face racism in their lives and tended to rule it out. Nixon and Ford did not face it, because they were, in fact, racists.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a pretty strong charge.

**YOUNG:** They were racists not in the aggressive sense but in that they had no understanding of the problems of colored peoples anywhere. There's a sense in which every American, black or white, is affected by racism. You cannot grow up in the United States of America in the 20th Century and not be tainted by it. We've got to start talking about racism without putting moral categories on it so we can understand it.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you talk about it?

**YOUNG:** I demoralize racism and call it ethnocentrism. On my first visit to Chinatown in San Francisco, in about 1959, I was looking in the shopwindows for a mandarin dress to buy for Jean. I went into one of the stores, but I just began to feel very uncomfortable and I left. I went into three different stores in Chinatown and walked out of each one before anybody could even wait on me. Back at the hotel, I realized that I was so anxious and insecure in the presence of the Chinese that I couldn't conduct a simple business transaction. All of my knowledge of

Orientalism was from movies, those Charlie Chan films that portrayed them as inscrutable personalities who could not be trusted. I'd get in there and feel that somebody was going to put opium in my tea or snatch me through a curtain and put me on a boat to China. I'd been programmed by this society to respond in a racist way to Orientals. It's much easier for people who come in contact with Orientals or with blacks to deal with their feelings than it is for people who never have to deal with their anxieties. Southerners have had to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** What difference does all this make in foreign affairs when it comes to such issues as money and arms?

**YOUNG:** Well, as an example, Kissinger didn't like to deal with Nigeria, because Nigerians are arrogant, powerful black folk. They demand the same respect that the Russians demand or the West Germans demand. They are not going to tolerate any paternalism, they're not looking for anything. They're hard for white folk to deal with. They're not hard

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*"Nixon and Ford were racists not in the aggressive sense but in that they had no understanding of the problems of colored peoples anywhere."*

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for me to deal with, because I *know* that they are powerful, arrogant black folk. I have a great deal of respect for them and know they are important to the United States' national interests. You can't do anything in Africa without consulting them.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying it takes one to know one? Can only blacks function as our diplomats in black Africa?

**YOUNG:** Not at all. I think Don Easum, our current Ambassador to Nigeria, who is white, gets along with the Nigerians even better than the black Ambassador who was there before him. He has coped with race in his own life, like Carter has. On the other hand, the Russians in Africa are all racists and that's why they won't have any influence.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you know?

**YOUNG:** Russians are very isolated from cultural differences. They're terribly uncomfortable and insecure around blacks, and every African knows it.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of an advantage is it for you to be black when you go to Africa?

**YOUNG:** In my opinion, being black is not totally a plus in the eyes of the Africans. At first, there was a lot of cynicism in the African press about my appointment.

They felt I was simply being used, that the Carter Administration was thinking a black man could sell bad policies better than a white man could. To them, my being black did not signify a change in policy. They would say, well, the President has made some nice pious comments on human rights, but what are you going to do about the Byrd Amendment, which allowed us to import Rhodesian chrome in violation of the UN sanctions against Rhodesia? Fortunately, I knew that the Byrd Amendment would be repealed. I had been working on it, trying to push it in the Rules Committee, and I introduced the bill before I left Congress. That became a kind of test of American sincerity on southern Africa. The irony of it is that a lot of other folk broke the boycott, too. Russia, Japan, a number of African states, like Zaïre. But we did it openly.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't that give you a certain credibility with them?

**YOUNG:** That's the only time being black helped me. I'm comfortable with them, so I can shoot straight. I don't have any hesitation to be very frank and blunt with them. I'm very open about our relations with South Africa. I don't give the black African nations a bill of goods and tell them we're about to turn our back on South Africa and break off relations. I tell them we have many economic ties with South Africa, but that doesn't mean we approve of apartheid. I also don't try to soft-pedal the Africans on Israel. When I was asked about relations between the U. S. and Israel, I said very frankly that in the U. S., the Jewish community is part of the liberal coalition. When you divide blacks and Jews, you're not helping anybody, you're not helping Africans, you're not helping black Americans, you're not helping forward-moving politics. When you're reasonable and open with people, they respond the same way.

**PLAYBOY:** Which sounds like something you might have learned in the civil rights movement.

**YOUNG:** That's right. I remember once when I was down in Albany, Georgia, visiting Martin in jail. There was this really big cracker cop at the desk. When I asked to speak to Dr. King, he scowled at me and announced, "There's a little nigger out here who wants to see that big nigger back there."

I had to go in and out of that jail twice a day, so before I left, I noticed his name tag. The next day, I went back and, before he looked up, I said, "Good morning, Sergeant Hamilton. How are you today?" He replied, "All right." Then he looked up and became almost angry that he'd spoken in a friendly way. Well, I kept working on him: Every day, I'd stop and talk to him and make him talk to me. I'd ask about his children and his home. In a week's time, we were good friends. People will respond to courtesy and decency.

**PLAYBOY:** When did your involvement

Decisions...decisions... Make your decision

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with civil rights begin? Let's go back to your earliest days.

**YOUNG:** My father was a dentist in New Orleans, but we lived in a poor-white neighborhood. We were the ones who had the football, the roller skates and the basketball hoop in our yard. All our playmates were white, but some of the white parents paid their kids not to play with us. We were also taught to fight if anybody called us nigger. My grandmother told me, "If anybody calls you nigger and you don't hit him, don't come home unless you want a spanking." I fought a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't that a little dangerous for a black kid in the South?

**YOUNG:** Well, I guess I became a pretty good bluff artist, too.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it like when you attended Howard University in Washington, which is pretty much a training ground for black professionals?

**YOUNG:** You know, even at Howard, Northern blacks discriminated against Southern blacks, 25 years ago. Almost everybody in the black elite went to Howard; it was the home of the black *bourgeoisie*. People coming out of Philadelphia, New Jersey, New York and Washington dominated the school. And no matter how well off you were, there was a certain stigma attached to being a Southerner. Because you were so obviously a second-class citizen where you came from, you were always the object of the down-home nigger jokes. You weren't taken seriously.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that lead you into civil rights?

**YOUNG:** In my last year in college, I was influenced by a young minister who had come to live in my parents' home. I mean, he was getting up to study and work when I was just coming in—about five in the morning. That presented a challenge to my lifestyle and values. And then I began reading the classics—Plato, Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations*.

**PLAYBOY:** That changed your life?

**YOUNG:** Well, after I graduated from Howard, we were driving home to New Orleans and spent the night at a church conference at Lincoln Academy in Kings Mountain, North Carolina. Blacks couldn't stay at motels in the South in those days, so we always spent the night with other friends or church groups. That night, I had a white roommate who was on his way to Rhodesia as a missionary. It really bugged me that he was going to Africa. Here was this white guy sacrificing material comforts to go help Africans.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have a sense of having African roots?

**YOUNG:** Not at all. I had a sense of having Louisiana roots. I was taught to be proud of being black, but it was at the time when most black folk were still trying to say they were one fourth Indian, or something—anything but *all* black.

**PLAYBOY:** What did that do to you?

**YOUNG:** Well, the next day, a bunch of us decided to race up Kings Mountain. I had just come out of track season, so I must have got there 15 minutes ahead of everybody else. I was exhausted and it was about 90 degrees, so I took off all my clothes except my underwear and hung them on a tree. And looking out over that valley, it was a kind of natural religious experience. You had to be aware that someone had created the world like this, that it was done for some purpose, and I felt that I had something to do in it. That's the time from which I date my religious awakening.

**PLAYBOY:** And you decided to go into the ministry?

**YOUNG:** There was another incident that was one of the most influential in my life. Once, in the third grade, another kid and I got put out of school for cutting up in the back of the room. I got a spanking and went back the next day. But he never went back. Then, after my junior year in college, I was lifeguard

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*"The civil rights movement  
was on its last legs when  
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the movement alive."*

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at a swimming pool in New Orleans. A guy dove in and went straight to the bottom. When I pulled him out, I realized it was the same kid who had been put out of school with me. He was in a heroin stupor, but when he slept it off, we got to talking. He was very intelligent. He would come around the swimming pool regularly when he was sober and we'd sit around and philosophize. He wanted me to hurry up and finish school so I could help him write a book. It would be the story of the life of the poor, how he had been in and out of reform schools and the state penitentiary. And the title of his book was going to be *Junk*.

**PLAYBOY:** What did that teach you?

**YOUNG:** That poor people are not poor because they're dumb or because they're lazy but because the society has not provided opportunity. I also realized that there but for the grace of God went I.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you attended Hartford Theological Seminary and after a few years with a church in south Georgia, you became one of only three black executives with the National Council of Churches in New York.

**YOUNG:** Right. That's when I went through my black consciousness. I was on the verge of being absorbed by the white community. So I totally rebelled culturally. I didn't listen to any music except Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins, Ray Charles, old Bessie Smith blues. All the reading I did then was about Africa. And that's when I decided I could be black in the midst of the white world. I've taken it for granted ever since.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you married by then?

**YOUNG:** Yes. Actually, I almost didn't get married. For almost a year, when I was reading Gandhi and the lives of the saints, I seriously considered a life of celibacy. I felt guilty about my college days. I had met many, many beautiful, beautiful women—

**PLAYBOY:** Say, are you announcing you've lusted in your heart?

**YOUNG (laughs):** No. I don't lust in my heart. My views of women are strictly Biblical. I say, Great, O Lord, are Thy works. Thou hast created them just a little lower than the angels. Eighth *Psalms*, I think. Anyway, of all the women I went out with in college, I never met one who was dedicated to the things I was. Frankly, until I met Jean, I didn't think there were enough black women who had gone through the kinds of experiences I had. And I didn't want to marry anybody white, because I wanted to go back South.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get back South?

**YOUNG:** Dr. King had asked me to be his administrative assistant at the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, but I said no. I had a sort of special awe for him. And that's when the sit-ins started, I saw John Lewis, the chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, on an NBC white paper on Nashville. It really disturbed me that things were happening in the South and I wasn't there. We'd bought a house in Queens and were living pretty good. Then I got a chance to do a leadership-training program in the South, so I went down and sort of doubled as Martin's administrative assistant.

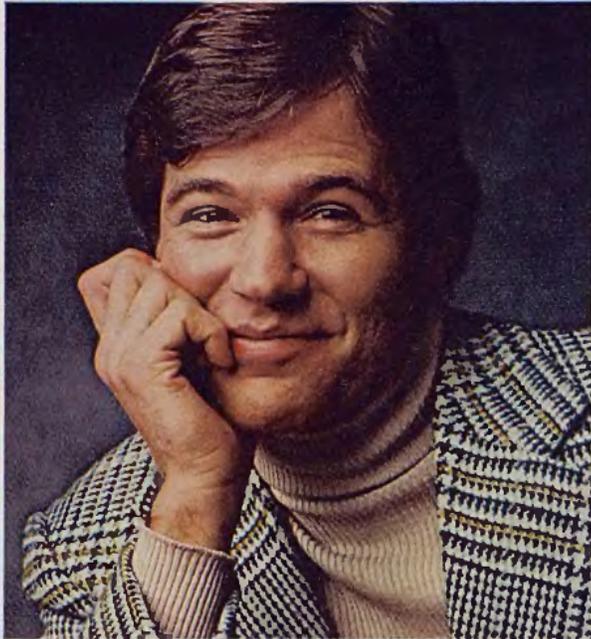
**PLAYBOY:** You eventually became executive director of SCLC, which was the driving engine of the civil rights movement. How did you acquire your reputation as a mediator?

**YOUNG:** I understood the dynamics of Southern racism. I also knew which people to go to. I mean, in any given Episcopal church in America, you're dealing with the people who own the town or have contact with those who do. The church was my back door to the Birmingham Better Business crowd, for instance.

**PLAYBOY:** So you were negotiating with the powers behind the scene while others were confronting the police, the dogs and Bull Connor?

**YOUNG:** That's right. Actually, the movement was on its last legs when Bull

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Connor called out the dogs. We had 700 people in jail and no money to bail them out. Martin was desperately looking for a way to keep the movement alive. He decided he had to go into jail with the people. And he could get only 55 people to march with him, not because he didn't want more, but that's all that were willing to go. After he was arrested, a big crowd gathered. And that was when Bull Connor, the Birmingham police chief, put the dogs and the fire hoses on the people. Two days later, I led a march of 6000 people.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any of these experiences make you hate white people?

**YOUNG:** Well, I grew up with lynchings and castrations in the newspaper all the time, but my parents taught me that racism was not something that was wrong with me but a sickness in other people. And sickness was to be treated, not hated. The closest I came to hatred was during a rally along the James Meredith march in Mississippi. There were about 500 people singing and praying in a schoolyard in Canton, Mississippi, when the state patrol surrounded us. They shot tear and nausea gas into the crowd. I was on top of a truck with a bullhorn, trying to give directions on which way to run. But the gas came up and I jumped down vomiting. I thought I was really going to die. It was my first experience with tear gas. I did everything wrong. I ran with the wind. I completely lost my cool. I didn't say it, but I thought to myself, "If I had a machine gun, I'd show those motherfuckers!"

**PLAYBOY:** It is easy to forget how bad it was in the Sixties.

**YOUNG:** Not really. We *knew* it was bad. Homes were being bombed and the Ku Klux Klan was riding through neighborhoods, shooting up people and burning down churches. Nonviolence was an attempt to overcome that sickness by getting it all out in the open.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you ever in serious danger?

**YOUNG:** In St. Augustine, I got beaten. The police turned the mob loose on me. Somebody caught me across the jaw and I went unconscious. I didn't even know what had happened until I saw it on a newsreel several years later. They just sort of stomped all over me and kicked me. The only kick that worried me was the one that missed my balls by about three inches.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you ever afraid of being killed?

**YOUNG:** Oh, we figured we'd be killed somewhere along the line. Martin used to talk about it all the time, to make us think about it. He would say, "If it's you, Andy, I sure will preach you a great eulogy," and then he'd start preaching it in advance, so we would all end up laughing.

**PLAYBOY:** But you weren't worried?

**YOUNG:** The only time I got kind of afraid was the day Medgar Evers was shot in Jackson, Mississippi. We got word that some of our folk who used the white rest room at the bus station were jailed and beaten in Winona, Mississippi. And the people who tried to bail them out got arrested and beaten, too. James Bevel and I decided that, as Southerners, we could probably get them out. But we were scared. I mean, with Medgar shot down in cold blood, Mississippi could just go crazy.

We were in Birmingham and wanted to borrow Dorothy Cotton's car. She was one of the civil rights workers. And she was really an early women's libber. She insisted on going with us. I think she really wanted to go to jail. She said, "If Anell and Mrs. Hamer got beat up, I can get beat up, too." We told her we weren't going to Mississippi to get beat up but to stop people from getting beat up. I said, "We don't want you to go, not because you're a woman but because you're a masochist!" Well, she got in her

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*"Near Birmingham, I  
decided on the spot that it's  
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car and started the engine, so Bevel and I just jumped in. She was furious and was driving about 90 miles an hour. We came around this curve and there was a big Mack truck staring us in the face. She just barely got off the road and back on. I decided on the spot that it's a blessing to die for a cause, because you can so easily die for nothing. I was afraid to go to Mississippi, but that truck made me realize that death is always with you, anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** You said you thought that as Southerners, you could get people out of jail. Why was that?

**YOUNG:** Most of the SNCC folk were Northerners who were basically afraid of white folk. They got thrown in jail all the time. Bevel was in Mississippi for three years in the middle of every conflict and never got put in jail.

Stokely Carmichael and the others from the North would pull into a gas station and ask for five dollars' worth of gas and roll up the window and sit there scared to death. Well, the white man running the station would pick up the phone and call the sheriff and say, "Some more agitators coming your way." We knew you had to get out of the car,

talk about the weather, buy an RC and a moon pie and just relax. I remember one time, after we'd been working all day without food, Dr. King and a bunch of us stopped at this old country store. And Martin just walked in and saw one of those two-gallon jugs of pigs' feet; he bought the whole jug. He got a stack of paper towels and passed them out to us. That was dinner: a pig's foot and a big RC.

**PLAYBOY:** You were present at the death of Dr. King; in fact, you were standing a few feet away from him on the motel balcony in Memphis when he was shot. What went through your mind?

**YOUNG:** That he was very fortunate—really, that it was a blessing. I know that sounds strange, but we've always viewed death as a blessing. That's been the basis of my life since early childhood, since my grandmother prayed for death. Martin had done about all that he could. He was misunderstood. He was being abused by black and white. The burdens of this nation were weighing so heavy on him, God decided Martin had had enough. It was time to go on home and claim his reward.

My other reaction was that I was mad. I really got angry at Martin for leaving us in all of that mess.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you support the reopening of an assassination investigation? Did James Earl Ray act alone?

**YOUNG:** I am convinced it was not a one-man assassination. I understand that when James Earl Ray was caught, he had two passports and he used the wrong one. Both contained pictures of people who looked like him. If he had just gone and used that wrong passport, he might be free today. But when he gave them the wrong passport and realized it, he took it back and said, "Oh, no, I have given you the wrong one." He let the people know he had two passports. I'm saying that a guy who's not smart enough to handle two passports is not smart enough to get two of them by himself. In Congress, I didn't want to be on the assassination investigating committee, because I'm much too emotionally involved. We said from the very beginning that finding Dr. King's murderers would not bring him back and that the most important thing for us who were closest to him to do is to keep his work alive.

**PLAYBOY:** In view of the vendetta that J. Edgar Hoover conducted against King, did you ever think his shooting might have been a Government act?

**YOUNG:** It was inconceivable to us that the Government was capable of doing anything to hurt us. We were really never anti-Government. It hurt Dr. King to have to criticize Lyndon Johnson on Vietnam and he never would do that when he was abroad. The motto of the SCLC was to redeem the soul of America

and that we were trying to make America live up to its Constitution and to its courts.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you realize that Hoover personally had it in for King?

**YOUNG:** Back in 1964, after Martin won the Nobel Prize.

**PLAYBOY:** That was when the FBI director made available tape recordings for reporters that purported to involve King's sex life in motel rooms. How did you find out about it?

**YOUNG:** It leaked out here and there. When we went to the FBI, they just denied it. We kept asking reporters to give us a name or a place. I know that what I was told about the tapes was inaccurate in almost every situation I was familiar with. I don't have any idea of what kind of tapes they have on me.

**PLAYBOY:** You're certainly in a position to find out now.

**YOUNG:** I'm not even sure I'm interested. I'm not ashamed of anything I did. In those days, we were sort of struggling to change the nation. Whatever happened to us personally, well, we thought we'd be killed somewhere along the line, so a matter of taped phone conversations seemed unimportant. I couldn't figure what the angle was. It sounded sort of perverted.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you want to fight back?

**YOUNG:** We couldn't possibly take on the FBI with its 6000 agents and millions of dollars. The way to deal with that problem was to get black folk the right to vote in Selma. You deal with a problem you can deal with. We had a pretty sound sense of priorities. We had a meeting with Hoover, but, as Dr. King said, it was a completely nonfunctional meeting. Hoover talked *at* us, not to us. He talked for 50 minutes of our hour and never once brought up anything about communism or rumors of sex. Martin used to say that when you went to see President Kennedy, he listened for an hour and asked questions. When you went to see Lyndon Johnson, *he* talked for an hour. Hoover was more like Johnson.

**PLAYBOY:** After King's death, you headed the Atlanta Community Relations Commission and won a seat in Congress in 1972. What made you decide to throw in with Carter four years later?

**YOUNG:** At first, I was just glad to see a Southerner run against Wallace in the primaries. For so long, Wallace had been the spokesman for the South, and it finally seemed as if we might get a spokesman who was progressive. I knew Carter would need the black vote in the key primaries of Florida and North Carolina; but I'd intended to support Humphrey after that.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you finally decide to go all the way with Carter?

**YOUNG:** I almost hate to tell it, because I

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have to criticize my liberal friends. During the debate on whether we should send money and supplies to support the National Front for Liberation in Angola, which was being backed by South Africa, several of the liberal candidates were very wishy-washy. And Jimmy, who knew a lot less about Africa than they did, understood very clearly why we couldn't side with the South Africans. That's when I realized that the others were incapable of getting beyond the Cold War view of the world. And the clincher is the worst part: Somebody asked me to lobby the liberal candidates on this and I told him they should let some of their black staff members explain it to them. And, you know, the guy said, "They don't *have* any black staff." So there you are. Jimmy already had 26 blacks on his campaign staff, and most of the other liberal candidates had either no black staff members or only one or two. Also, Jimmy Carter got the black vote not just because of my endorsement but because he really worked at it. He campaigned in the black community.

**PLAYBOY:** So, to you, the Carter Administration is the civil rights movement come of age?

**YOUNG:** That's right. Carter realizes he never could have become President had it not been for the civil rights movement. In his 1964 Nobel Prize address, Dr. King talked about putting an end to racism, poverty and war. And, in a sense, that's what this Administration is doing. We've kind of redeemed the soul of America from the moral lethargy of the Nixon years. And because Jimmy Carter is himself free of racism, because he struggled throughout his life in an environment that was infected by racism, he has the capacity as President of the United States to do more to put an end to racism than anybody since Martin Luther King.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it this respect and admiration for Carter that made you take the UN job against the advice of most black leaders?

**YOUNG:** Well, I really did have the UN in the back of my mind for a long time. That's because of Ralph Bunche. He was the first black man in public life that I identified with as a kid. Still, I always figured this was something you did at the end of your career. The UN and the Foreign Service had the image of being reserved for elder statesmen. Now I'm finding out this job requires a young man's energy, almost a 15-to-18-hour day, running back and forth between New York and Washington, attending breakfasts, receptions, consultations and dinners in the evening.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you know you would take the job?

**YOUNG:** Just after I got back from Africa on a Congressional mission in November. I was on my way to a television interview and I told Tom Offenburger,

my press secretary, "You'd better get used to calling me Your Excellency."

**PLAYBOY:** You mean President-Elect Carter had already offered you the UN post?

**YOUNG:** No. But it had somehow come to me during my trip that maybe that was what I ought to be doing next. I went to see the President-Elect in Atlanta and, after breakfast, we went into a little upstairs room at the governor's mansion, where he was working, and he told me, "I've been feeling for a long time that the UN is going to become important again. We're going to make it important in foreign policy and, though I respect your wish to stay in Congress, I'd really like for you to take the position."

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction, considering that you'd already been thinking you should be in the post?

**YOUNG:** Like a kid who hadn't even sent Santa a letter and got what he wanted for Christmas anyway. I hadn't really spoken about it to anyone before that. I told him then that I wanted to do it but that I would have to talk to Jean first. If she had said no, I wouldn't have done

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it—she has her own career to think about, too. I suggested to the President-Elect that he ask Jean what she thought, since I really wanted him to be offering us the job. So that's what he did.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you overcome some critics' perception of the UN as an ineffectual school for infant nations, filled with meaningless ritual and jargon?

**YOUNG:** That sounds like racist ignorance. It always seemed to me the jargon was worth it if you kept people shouting at one another instead of dropping bombs on one another. Being a member nation of the UN is like an individual going to a psychiatrist. We take the problems we get emotional over to the UN. By getting our emotions out there, it enables us to take rational actions.

**PLAYBOY:** That's an unusual definition of the UN, just as your style as a diplomat seems to be unusual. Incidentally, didn't the United States mission to the UN used to have two Cadillac limousines?

**YOUNG:** Yeah, the Cadillacs had to go. I really felt uncomfortable sitting in them. It's so associated with class and status and all that kind of bullshit. There's all this protocol you're supposed to follow

in the Foreign Service—like, the Ambassador is supposed to sit in the right-rear seat, because it's the status seat, all that crap.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you sit in the Ford you ordered?

**YOUNG:** I sit up front with my driver. You know, Vernon Jordan, the director of the National Urban League in New York, saw me riding up front the other day. He called one of my aides and said, "He's the Ambassador now. You tell that nigger he can't be runnin' around town ridin' shotgun!"

**PLAYBOY:** We've noticed you have invited your driver into your home and to some meals with you.

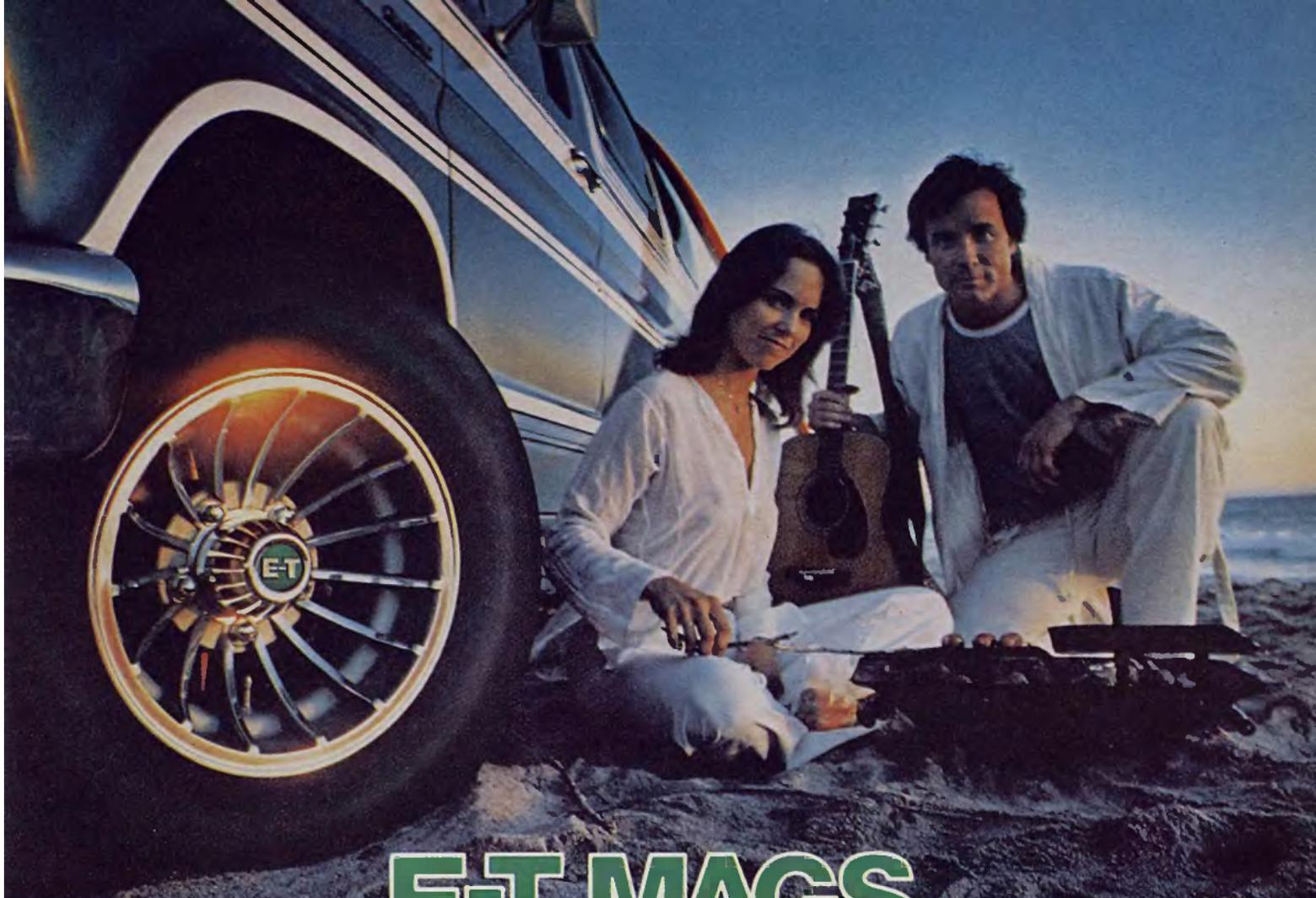
**YOUNG:** You work with me, you gotta be part of the family.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's go back to some of the foreign-policy questions we touched on earlier. What is your long-range view of what the U. S. role ought to be in world affairs?

**YOUNG:** My main interest is in developing for the United States a coherent foreign policy and humane world economic order. How do we make a shift from military confrontation to economic competition in the world? We have to learn to be competitors and still find broad areas of agreement. We need an order in which India and West Germany and Italy can have wholesome competition. If Britain goes bankrupt, so does the whole of NATO and our European defense system. Here's what I mean: Britain's economic security is in many ways dependent on her relationship with Nigeria. But it is also heavily tied in economically with South Africa. So Britain has to work closely with two countries in Africa that are on a collision course. If that's not resolved diplomatically, it will begin to pull apart British politics, which weakens the whole Common Market apparatus and directly affects us. We have to explore the lines of economic interdependence.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think the U. S. attitude should be toward the spread of socialist and Marxist regimes in Africa?

**YOUNG:** Well, I'm certainly not defending any military take-overs by Marxist groups. But my feeling is that the U. S. should not simply condemn and isolate such regimes. When I was in Congress, some representatives of Marxist governments in Africa talked to me and said, "Don't force us into the Russian camp as you did with Cuba. We want to be non-aligned. We want relations with East and West." What I resent is our reacting emotionally to the presence of Communists. For instance, in Somalia, I understand that there are 15,000 east European technicians. There's also a Soviet naval base, even though the Russians deny it. They have all kinds of projects there that may be a challenge to us but not a threat. Those countries can reach only a certain stage of development before they



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**PLAYBOY:** What about Angola?

**YOUNG:** With the Cubans in control of Angola, change can literally be negotiated. If you had a civil war going on, there would be nobody to negotiate with. There would be sheer chaos and bloodshed. There's got to be a process whereby Angola is going to be united into one Angola or Cuba will be in exactly the same position we were in in Vietnam.

**PLAYBOY:** Would Agostinho Neto, the president of the Angola MPLA, get mad if he heard you say that the Cubans were in control of the country?

**YOUNG:** He would probably get mad.

**PLAYBOY:** When you surprised everyone by meeting him during your African trip, despite the fact that the U. S. has no diplomatic relations with Angola, did you talk of his country in terms of being a Cuban satellite?

**YOUNG:** No. Neither did he. But the fact remains that if the Cubans pulled out, he would not be in power. Neto is a physician, trained in Portugal, he's a poet, he's a very cultured and genteel man who happens intellectually to be a Marxist.

**PLAYBOY:** You make that sound like an afterthought.

**YOUNG:** It is an afterthought.

**PLAYBOY:** It determines the social system under which people live.

**YOUNG:** There's nothing wrong with their deciding to live under a socialist system. It's a decision that does not interfere with us in any way. In spite of the fact that he's a Marxist, Neto's relationship with Gulf Oil is what keeps the revenues coming in that make it possible for the Cubans to run the country. The Cubans could not run it by themselves. Neither could the Cubans get the oil out of the ground if Gulf dismantled its offshore rigs. The oil is about 12 miles offshore.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your feelings about the role of multinational corporations?

**YOUNG:** The multinational corporation has a very positive role to play. Let's take two examples from my own Congressional district, Coca-Cola and Lockheed. I used to say we had the best and the worst. Coca-Cola probably has as good a foreign policy as and more sensitive relationships in more places in the world than any other multinational corporation.

**PLAYBOY:** If you're selling candy in a bottle, that should be easy.

**YOUNG:** But it wasn't easy to get there. They very gradually indigenized their own corporations. Coca-Cola companies all over the world are owned and managed by nationals. Coke evolved policies that did not interfere with the culture and politics of other countries. Lockheed went in like a bull in a china shop. But I compare the two because Lockheed has a much more valuable product to sell. The C-130 Hercules aircraft is a tremendous development tool that can make a much greater contribution to a country than can Coca-Cola. Yet, in a way, Lockheed's foreign policy was terrible. I think that roughly it contributed in one way or another to disrupting at least four democratic governments—those of Japan, Italy, Holland and Nigeria. There were scandals and reverberations and bad foreign policy with a good foreign product. Companies that work well and want to stay in a foreign country and get a return

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*"I've never been a moral leader. That is a term people used to try to sanctify the civil rights movement once we got successful."*

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on their investment really ought to make it a 40-year proposition and not a five-year proposition.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds like a very pragmatic view of what's going on. It doesn't sound like the old moral leader—

**YOUNG:** I've never been a moral leader. That is a term people used to try to sanctify the civil rights movement once we got successful. Before that, we were considered Communists and agitators and the lowest kind of American citizen. People were afraid of us. They reacted emotionally and wouldn't see us as we really were.

**PLAYBOY:** The most volatile spot in Africa at present is the Katangese uprising in Zaïre. During your trip to Africa, did you see Zaïrian president Mobutu Sese Seko?

**YOUNG:** Yeah. I like Mobutu a lot, but I think he gave me a snow job. If he had done the things he told me he was doing, he would not have this problem in Katanga province. He told me that he was stopping the attacks and that he had told the guerrilla leaders that they couldn't operate from bases in Zaïre against Angola, and that he was moving to cement relations with Angola, and that he wanted them to live together in peace. But evidently he didn't patrol the borders. Another thing is that a lot of equipment left Angola through

Zaïre—trucks and airplanes and all kinds of stuff. Angola expected them to be returned. Angola has always felt that the Portuguese kind of raped them. They figured that as part and parcel of a new relationship with Zaïre, some of that stuff should have been returned. There were all kinds of little problems like that that should not have been sufficient to start a war between two nations that have to live together.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's discuss South Africa. You got into yet more trouble by calling the government in Pretoria "illegitimate." In fact, that was the one occasion on which President Carter contradicted you publicly. But did you ever really reverse your stand on the subject?

**YOUNG:** Well, I was asked if I thought the South African government was illegitimate and I was quoted as saying, "Yeah." Actually, it was more of a grunt. But it didn't just slip out. You can define legitimacy in a variety of ways. I wouldn't question the legality of the South African government; but in terms of its being a moral or legitimate representative of the nation as a whole—I mean, it's ridiculous to argue that it's an expression of the will of the 20,000,000 inhabitants of South Africa.

**PLAYBOY:** The South African foreign minister said some pretty harsh things about that statement.

**YOUNG:** Well, he had an election coming up and obviously decided that the best way to come off as a tough Afrikaner was by jumping on me. As a politician myself, I'm not at all offended by that, because when I was in Congress, guys would tell me, "Let me know how I can help you—I'll blast you or endorse you, whichever is better for you."

**PLAYBOY:** But as an Ambassador, rather than a Congressman, doesn't it undermine your effectiveness when a foreign minister says that you're a man who can't be worked with?

**YOUNG:** No, no, indeed. It gives me greater credibility in Africa.

**PLAYBOY:** With the black nations in Africa.

**YOUNG:** Well, that's 44 out of 45.

**PLAYBOY:** But haven't you said that part of your appeal to black Africans is that you can talk with the other side, the whites?

**YOUNG:** Yeah, but, you see, I don't need South Africa. My contention is that they need me. They need all the reasonable black voices they can find.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel any sympathy for the white position there?

**YOUNG:** I feel a great deal of sympathy for the white position. The last thing I want to see is the white community destroyed or pushed into the sea. And I don't think there's any independent African nation or liberation movement that advocates that. Nor do any of the

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presidents of the front-line countries immediately surrounding South Africa.

**PLAYBOY:** But you support majority rule without qualification?

**YOUNG:** Yes. But the whites can survive if they allow their economic system to serve the needs of all their people. Capitalism has got to separate itself from racism and demonstrate that it's not dependent on racism. I think we demonstrated that, to some measure in the South. The enfranchisement of blacks did not hurt the economy. In fact, it created an economic boom. The only way the whites can survive is if they are willing and able to modify their system to involve blacks in the decision making and in economic participation.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds paternalistic.

**YOUNG:** It's a give-and-take operation. Right now, frankly, that's all there is. Nobody's got an army on the continent, except Nigeria, that's capable of coping with South Africa. The best the whites can hope for is a situation where blacks may control the politics but whites still run the economy. If it's worked out without violence and massive bloodshed, I think that it is possible.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sympathetic with the whites for pragmatic or humane reasons?

**YOUNG:** My sympathy with them is strictly as human beings. They remind me very much of white Southerners in the U. S. They're stubborn, but they're also very sensitive, religious people. The church has the same role in South Africa that it had in the U. S. South. The average congregation is extremely conservative, but the church leadership is way, way out front, literally suffering alongside the blacks. And there's the *Rand Daily Mail*, which is actually much more progressive than *The Atlanta Constitution* and the *Arkansas Gazette* were in the Sixties.

But, you know, South African whites use the same language that U. S. Southerners used. They use all the same Biblical stories to justify separation. And they're afraid that having blacks vote will mean the blacks will completely take over and marry their daughters. They assume the worst possible consequences and don't allow themselves any room in between. That's exactly what the South was doing 25 years ago.

**PLAYBOY:** What were your own experiences like in South Africa?

**YOUNG:** On my first trip to South Africa, I was driving around the countryside with Arthur Ashe and Mike Cardozo, who is white, and we ran out of film in a little country town. We were nervous about whether we should go into the drugstore to buy more film.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, you had Mike along.

**YOUNG:** Yeah, but knowing the South, that doesn't help. An integrated group was treated more hostilely than an all-black group. So I said, "Let me go in." Once I got inside, I began talking to

people about the weather, how things were goin', told 'em where we were from. But I didn't say I was a Congressman.

My real surprise was that I did not sense any overt racial hostility on the streets. One day, this white man in a big, pretty Mercedes had just pulled up to back into a parking space. And we had a little Toyota or something and our black driver pulled right in there, stole his space. And I said, "Oh, hell, now we're going to get it!" The guy just shook his head and drove off. Now, in the South, 20 years ago, you'd have somebody calling the police to get that nigger out of his space. I asked the driver about it and he didn't see any problem at all. I'm not trying to say that South Africa's better, I'm just saying that it's not a hopeless situation.

**PLAYBOY:** Where does it lead next?

**YOUNG:** In this day and age, the more violent the South African government becomes, the more hostility there will be from the international community. So, in a sense, my taking a hard line on South Africa is in that government's interest. Just like I'm convinced that the

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*"My sympathy with white South Africans is strictly as human beings. They remind me very much of white Southerners in the U. S. They're stubborn, but they're also very sensitive, religious people."*

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President's promoting of human rights in Russia helps the government there.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds contradictory.

**YOUNG:** No. Human rights are the natural outgrowth of people becoming culturally and economically secure. As you become secure, you want to be freer. See, the Soviet human-rights movement is a rebellion by their elite, who have tasted a little freedom and want more. As they advance economically and culturally, the Soviet Union is going to have a human-rights explosion that will be not unlike our civil rights movement. As soon as they expand national television, no matter how they censor it, the weaknesses of the Soviet system will be exposed. You'll have literally hundreds of thousands of dissidents rather than a few hundred, as you have now. The Jews and Baptists there are starting it, but it won't necessarily be a racial thing. There will be more and more mass action for freedom.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a bold prediction. What do you base it on?

**YOUNG:** You see, the Soviets and the

South Africans are in a similar situation. Remember, in the Fifties, every aspiration for freedom in the U. S. was considered Communist inspired. In South Africa, every aspiration for freedom is also considered Communist inspired, while in the Soviet Union, it is labeled capitalist inspired. Just as we finally quit blaming other people and started looking at our own situation, the United States is now helping the Soviet Union look at its situation.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that one reason Moscow will nip dissidence in the bud?

**YOUNG:** Yeah, but that totalitarian way of nipping it in the bud only makes it grow. There's an old Christian statement that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. Every time they killed somebody in the civil rights movement, they created an expansion of the movement. The killing of three civil rights workers in Mississippi just made people more determined. The same thing will happen in Russia.

**PLAYBOY:** Looking at a map of the world based on civil liberties, it would not seem to support what you say. Most people live under regimes with a relative lack of civil liberties.

**YOUNG:** I'm talking about the inevitability of the technological revolution. With that revolution comes resistance. In 1973, I predicted that within two years of establishing television in South Africa, there would be uprisings. Everyone said I was crazy, because television there would be censored. My reply was that television cannot really be censored; it inevitably raises people's aspirations. The South African uprisings occurred within one year.

**PLAYBOY:** The spread of Western technology in the Soviet Union hasn't necessarily helped its dissidents; in fact, a case can be made that the Helsinki Accords precipitated a crackdown on Soviet dissenters.

**YOUNG:** Dissent in the U.S.S.R. has become a political issue, because we've sort of adopted the dissenters. There have always been artists and writers who continually, subtly press against that system. When it gets too repressive, it will break. The system that repressed the Jews has already broken, and Jews aren't even a large political force in the Soviet Union. They've gotten some help from the United States, but it was largely their determination that strained the system.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're saying that pressure from the U. S. in the form of political messages to dissidents doesn't really have much of an effect on U. S.-Soviet relations?

**YOUNG:** Yes. I don't think the Soviet government is, in fact, very concerned about its dissidents. Of far more importance are its satellite countries in eastern Europe. More than President Carter's statements on human rights, Soviet leaders are worried about such things as

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increases in the budgets of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty—which they do interpret as real attacks on their system and sphere of influence. In fact, however, we are not trying to foment an overthrow of any government—either in eastern Europe or elsewhere. Our policy is just to try to get existing systems to reform to the extent that they protect human rights and freedoms.

**PLAYBOY:** Sorry to persist, but it still seems to us that the Soviets don't necessarily interpret things the way we do. To them, moralizing about human rights must seem like interference.

**YOUNG:** I think we haven't yet communicated at all levels. We haven't learned what kinds of messages they're sending and they have been misreading our messages. If they think President Carter's ultimate aim is to overthrow eastern Europe, they've misread his messages on human rights. I played tennis with the Soviet ambassador to the UN recently and he said, "It's too bad your Administration has done nearly everything wrong in its first three months—at least insofar as dealing with our country is concerned." I said, "Well, I'm not sure. I think it's just that we haven't learned to understand each other. But we've got to understand each other or neither of us will survive." And he said, "Yes, that's right."

**PLAYBOY:** If signals are being misinterpreted, isn't that reason enough to return to the older forms of diplomacy—communicating through more private channels than press conferences?

**YOUNG:** No. It's reason enough to explain to the Russians what we mean. I'm not going to let you press folks push us back into the Dark Ages, and that's exactly what the press is trying to do. You want us to go back to the days when you could get news through leaks and sneaky sources.

**PLAYBOY:** We're not talking about sneaky sources. We're talking about communicating with other governments on certain sensitive subjects through less than public channels.

**YOUNG:** You can't pull back. The reason isn't foreign-policy considerations but the Xerox machine. Once the Xerox copier was invented, private diplomacy died. There's no such thing as secrecy. It's just a question of whether it's leaked or revealed openly. Kissinger tried to use the old diplomacy, but it didn't work for him, either, so he tried selective leaking. Instead of doing that and talking about "unnamed sources," I simply say that I'm speaking on the record. If you say something, you ought to be man enough to take the consequences for it. If you're not man enough, you shouldn't say it in the first place, see. I just don't believe in being sneaky or double-dealing with either the press or the American people.

As for the specific example of the human-rights question, well, I think it should be a combination of symbolic acts and cold, hard political thinking. The President's letter to Andrei Sakharov gave him so much international visibility that it protected him. But it is the kind of thing you can do only once, like the raid on Entebbe. You don't try it again. My own feeling, in sum, is that it's time to let up on the Soviet Union in this respect.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, we'll move on to another subject. You spoke of Entebbe. How do you feel about events in Uganda, where massive political exterminations reportedly took place?

**YOUNG:** Death in Uganda seems to be a matter of government policy on specific groups of people. It's like Hitler's pogrom of the Jews. I really believe in meeting with anybody and everybody. But the only person I'd be reticent about meeting with is Idi Amin. My faith is that all men can be saved, but I didn't

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*"If you say something, you ought to be man enough to take the consequences for it. If you're not man enough, you shouldn't say it in the first place."*

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want Hitler to be saved and I don't want Idi Amin to be saved.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever talked to him?

**YOUNG:** No. But he's putting up a 14-story building on the vacant lot right behind the U. S. Mission to the United Nations. Ours is only 12 stories high. I can just see him now coming over here and, you know, pissing on the American Embassy.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you want him to disappear from politics?

**YOUNG:** I want him to disappear from the face of the earth. Go on home and claim his reward.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound considerably more antagonistic toward him than toward South African leaders.

**YOUNG:** There's a difference between murder, as has happened in South Africa, and genocide, as has happened in Uganda. There is a family of men and nations and national boundaries are artificial boundaries. What happens in one country will inevitably have an impact on another. But I am concerned about South Africa. If there is a race war in South Africa, there will be a race conflict in the United States. That's the frightening thing about Rhodesia and that's why a columnist like Joseph Kraft

is terribly mistaken when he writes that we don't have any interests there. If you have 200,000 whites slaughtered in Rhodesia, South Africa will go in there. Then you'll have American volunteers running over there and getting involved. If you have a race war in Africa, there's no way we won't be affected. I think racial tensions in this country are always just below the surface.

**PLAYBOY:** That is, on the premise that blacks overrun the whites in Africa?

**YOUNG:** Yes. Whites here will begin to panic.

**PLAYBOY:** Give us a scenario. What happens in Detroit, in Atlanta?

**YOUNG:** You start getting white reactions against blacks. You get the American Nazi Party predicting the same thing will happen here as is happening in Africa. It would start with whites' attacking blacks.

**PLAYBOY:** Where would it start?

**YOUNG:** Probably in the Northern cities. Probably least in the South.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's go back to the topic of morality in foreign policy. As a minister as well as an Ambassador, what is a moral foreign policy?

**YOUNG:** Morality for me is thinking clearly through the alternatives and making a decision that is best for the largest number of people.

**PLAYBOY:** You can call that morality; it could also be called Kissinger's *Realpolitik*.

**YOUNG:** Exactly. I had no problem with Kissinger's *Realpolitik*, except that it was based on only one part of the world. Kissinger's *Realpolitik* was essentially looking at the world strictly from an East-West equation. I learned my foreign policy in theology class, not in the church. I was reading Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Now, they were much more like Kissinger than like Billy Graham. The problem we're having is that you're trying to make me a Billy Graham-type moralist and I never have been that. My understanding of Jesus Christ is that he came to fulfill the law. And you're trying to talk in terms of a moral law. And I don't believe in it.

**PLAYBOY:** We're trying to find out at what point you make foreign-policy judgments based on your theology and not on your pragmatic understanding of a situation.

**YOUNG:** Very seldom. But I don't think they're in conflict. My theology is not in conflict with *Realpolitik*. It would be an enlightened *Realpolitik*. My theology does give me an extra sensitivity to the rest of the world. It gives me an additional dimension in which to look at a situation: not just from my point of view but also from the point of view of my enemy, who is also my brother. And that's perhaps the only moral difference I would have with

Kissinger. But I don't know that Kissinger did not do the same thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Should foreign aid be tied to the human-rights question?

**YOUNG:** Well, I don't believe in buying friends and buying votes in the UN. That's insulting. But there's a difference between tying aid to human rights and saying you're not going to finance pulling out people's fingernails and applying electroshock to their genitals. It's another thing to say you are not going to give aid because there's a clear disagreement in principle. Tanzania probably has voted with us less than anybody else in the UN, and yet it was our biggest aid recipient in Africa—because Tanzania is probably our most valuable ally, in spite of its refusal to be our puppet. It's Tanzania's influence that has kept the Cubans and the Russians out of Mozambique and Rhodesia. Tanzania's disagreements with us in the UN are honest disagreements and on many of them, we were wrong, such as when Tanzania refused to vote with us on resolutions condemning the U. S. role in Vietnam.

**PLAYBOY:** If you support the Cubans' providing order for Angola, why not support America's providing order in Vietnam, say in 1954? How is that any different from what the Cubans did in Angola?

**YOUNG:** I don't know that it was when it started. But if we had gone into Vietnam

in 1954 and abided by the Geneva Accords, held an election and turned the situation over to the rightful elected leadership, which in everybody's opinion would have been Ho Chi Minh, I think that would have been the right thing to do. I think the people who dominate have a responsibility to a smooth transition. I've said the same thing about Ian Smith in Rhodesia. You can't just throw Ian Smith out. Ian Smith has power in Rhodesia. There's got to be some negotiated settlement that reasonably transfers power. If Ian Smith falls and runs out and all the whites run with him, you're going to have the very chaos in Rhodesia that we're trying to avoid.

**PLAYBOY:** To wrap up, could you summarize what you're trying to do with your unorthodox approach as Ambassador to the UN?

**YOUNG:** Well, for the past eight years, our policy at the UN has tended to ignore basic questions. Too often in the past, we've taken no strategic initiatives. We've sat back and used our veto to reject other people's strategies, and whatever our strategy was, we've kept to ourselves. President Carter's and my approach is to be more up front. We're going to tell other delegates beforehand what our interests are and where we're willing to compromise—before it even gets to the voting stage. We've started to do this with the core group of the 15 nations that

make up the Security Council, and it's working. By talking it out beforehand, we're finding that differences in language that might have bothered other representatives at a more formal stage aren't really differences in our positions at all. It's important to say things out front. If people feel like you're being sneaky or trying to trick them, they act very defensively. I've simply shared everything I know.

**PLAYBOY:** What's beyond the UN for you? Will you ever return to the South?

**YOUNG:** I could go back to Atlanta and run for mayor in 1980, at the end of Maynard Jackson's second term.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the U. S. Senate?

**YOUNG:** If I were going to deal with the Senate, I should have stayed in the House of Representatives. But I kind of gave that one up.

**PLAYBOY:** Another snap decision. Like running up that mountain when you were young?

**YOUNG:** Yeah. But, you know, if this job ain't for me, I'm going back to Atlanta and get me a church and take over Martin Luther King's assignment. Become a teacher, a prophet.

**PLAYBOY:** Should we bet on it?

**YOUNG:** I wouldn't bet on it. But I wouldn't discount it, either.



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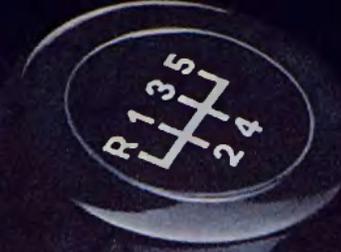
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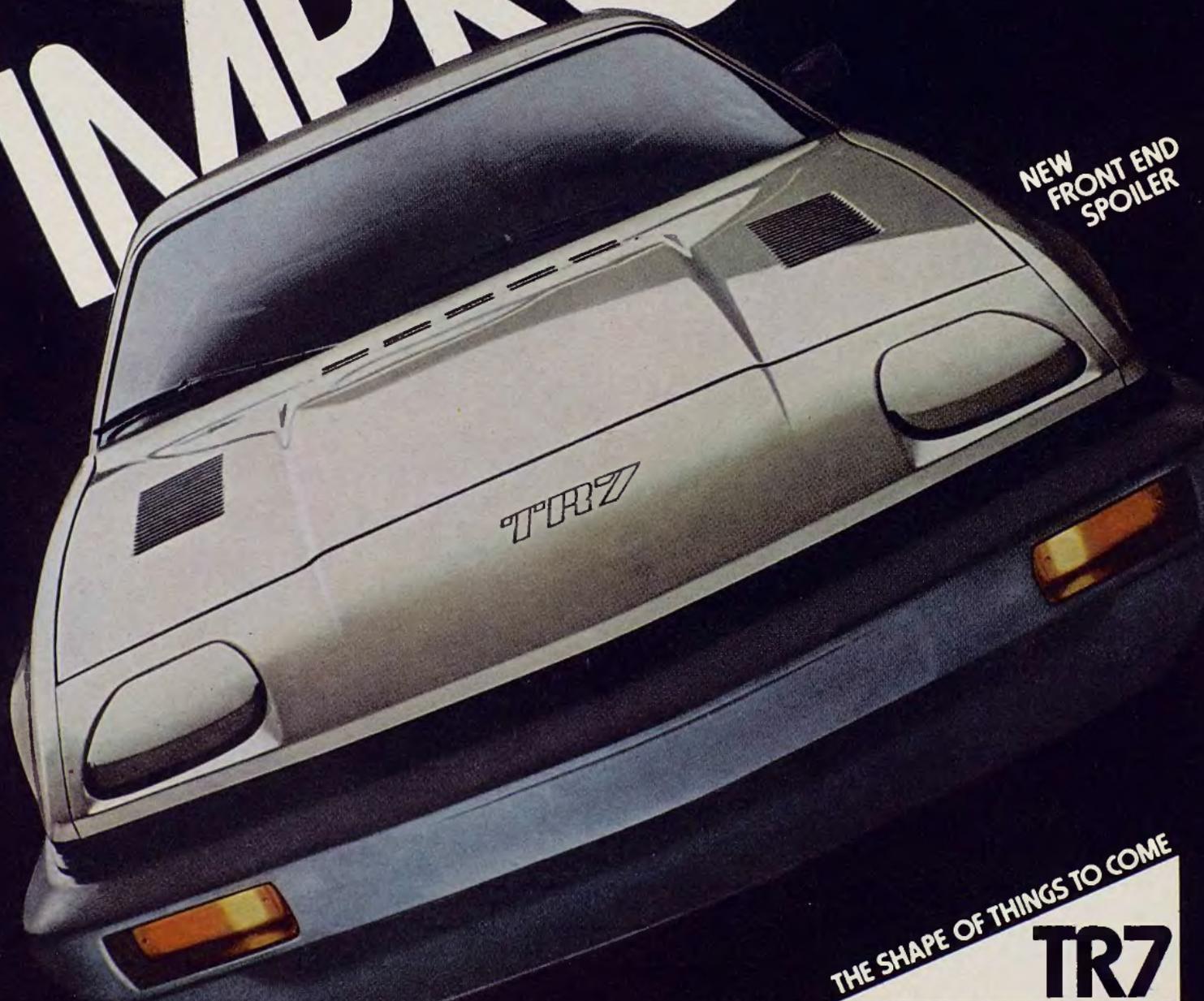
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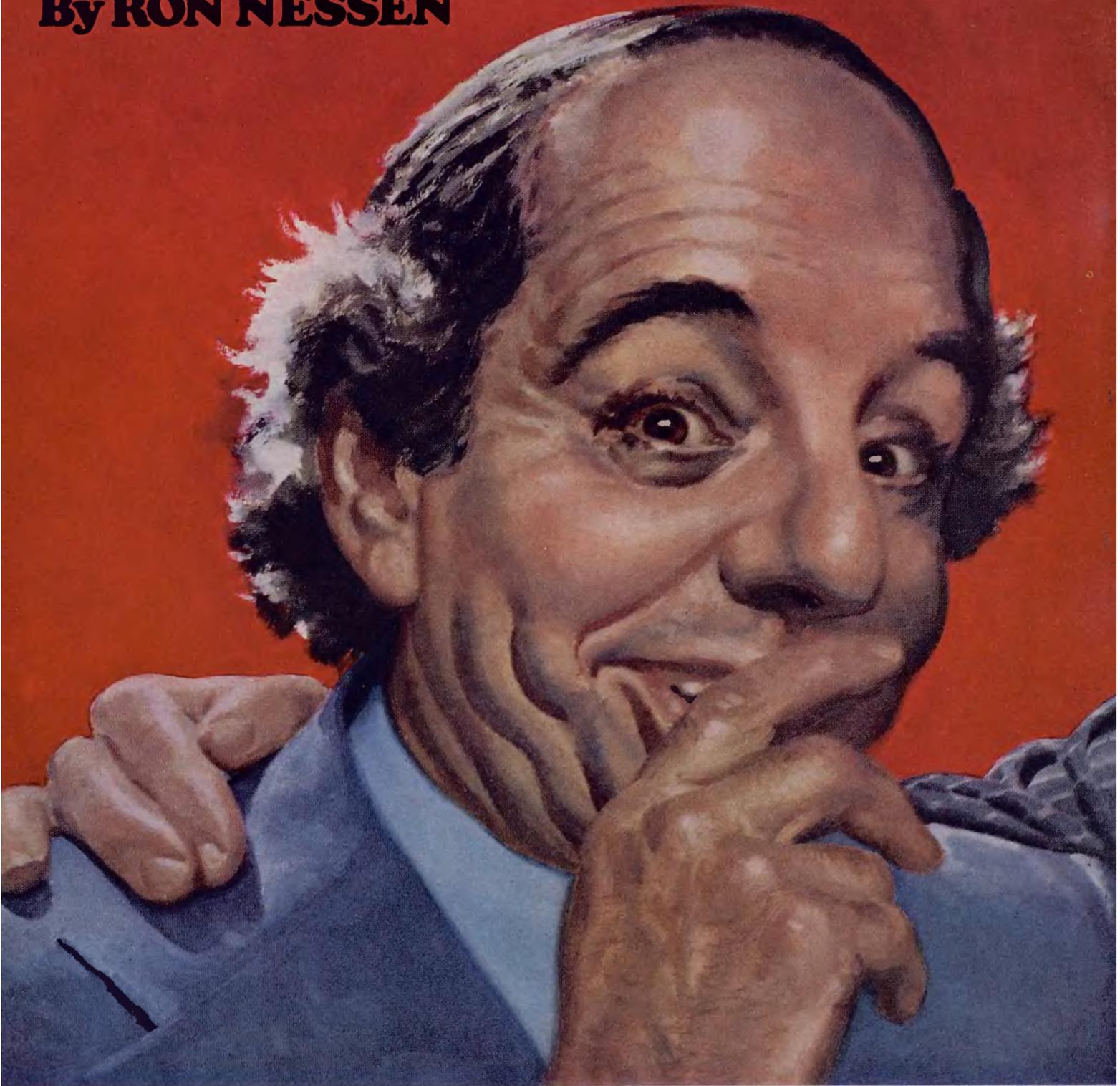


THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME  
**TR7**

# Running the World Is

article

By **RON NESSEN**



**gerald ford's press secretary reveals the untold saga of pubic hairs in the presidential seal, a sheep in the hotel room and greetings from the ku klux klan**

# Funnier than You Think



"I HAVE GOOD NEWS and bad news.

"The good news is that the Vietnam war is over. The bad news is, we lost."

A mildly amusing crack, nothing special, right?

Except the audience was President Gerald R. Ford, the wisecracker was White House photographer David Hume Kennerly and the scene was the headquarters of the National Security Council,

where the loss of the Indochina war had finally been acknowledged.

Henry Kissinger, noting that Cambodia had fallen to the Communists only two weeks before, joked bleakly: "I have

lost one country in my capacity as Secretary of State and I have lost one country in my capacity as National Security Advisor. Give me another title and I will lose you another country."

You may think the power to blow up the world is no laughing matter. Yet in my two and one third years among the men who had that power, there were plenty of chuckles. As White House press secretary, I heard most of them.

After the White House prematurely announced that the hasty evacuation of the U. S. Embassy had been completed, we received word that 156 Marines were still waiting for helicopters to pick them up. So Kissinger quipped: "We could say the evacuation is at hand," a bitter reference to his mistimed declaration three years before that peace was at hand.

"Maybe we should say the evacuation was so popular we decided to do an encore," I added.

There was a lot of leering speculation about why the Marines had missed the helicopters. Someone suggested they had gone over to Tu Do Street to help their old girlfriends escape. Or maybe



Running the world was not funny all the time. Here is Ron Nessen at three separate confrontations handling the grim task of explaining why President Ford had decided to veto a Federal loan to New York City. Note the barely contained levity among reporters.



they had just stopped off at a Saigon bar to have one last drink and got laid. The Marines were finally rescued. The day of the Saigon surrender ended incongruously, with Kissinger in his office changing hurriedly into his tuxedo for a state dinner. Kennerly flung open the door and snapped an unprecedented photo of the round Secretary of State with no shirt on.

Another international crisis that produced a crop of dark humor was the evacuation of Americans and other Westerners from Beirut during the murderous fighting there in June 1976.

Lieutenant General Brent Scowcroft, who replaced Kissinger as Ford's National Security Advisor, showed up at the White House about midnight to oversee the evacuation wearing a rough-textured leisure suit, sporty shirt, string tie and hand-painted Western tie ring.

Kennerly took one look at the clothes and cracked, "What's

that, Brent, your *après-war* outfit?"

Scowcroft's deputy, William Hyland, was probably the best natural comedian in the White House. He was an impish man who had worked his way up from a minor post in the water department in Kansas City to the CIA to the White House. That progression can give you a pretty funny outlook on life.

When reporters wrote stories about some of the Beirut evacuees returning to the beleaguered city after a week of business or vacation in Europe, Hyland constructed an elaborate fantasy in which the Navy would offer refugees special cut-rate round-trip excursion fares.

Once, while Hyland was accompanying Ford on a speaking trip, I noticed him looking especially grim during a phone conversation.

"Anything the matter?" I asked after he had hung up.

"Well, you know that part of the President's speech where he says, 'Not one American boy is fighting or dying anywhere in the world tonight?'" Hyland asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, maybe we should change it just a little to read, 'Very few American boys are fighting or dying anywhere in the world tonight.'"

A military aide with a briefcase containing the coded instructions needed to launch a nuclear attack was never far from President Ford. He also carried a small leather case containing the President's pipes, pipe cleaners, tobacco and matches.

The aide often was asked what was in the cases.

He explained that the big briefcase contained the codes for starting a big atomic war. The small case contained the codes for starting a small conventional war, he added with a straight face. A lot

of people believed him.

The Ford White House was portrayed as stolid, dull Midwestern Republican.

Actually, it was alive with wisecracks, practical jokes and put-downs, often in the darkest shade of black. Kennerly wasn't the only court jester. There were two resident joke writers; the Secretary of State had the reputation of being one of the world's great wits; the press secretary—that was me—poked fun at my own boss on the satirical *NBC's Saturday Night TV* show; the White House staff once amused itself after a California campaign rally by untying the balloons and breathing in the helium so we could laugh at our resulting high-pitched Donald Duck voices.

It was all tolerated by President and Mrs. Ford, who loved a gag.

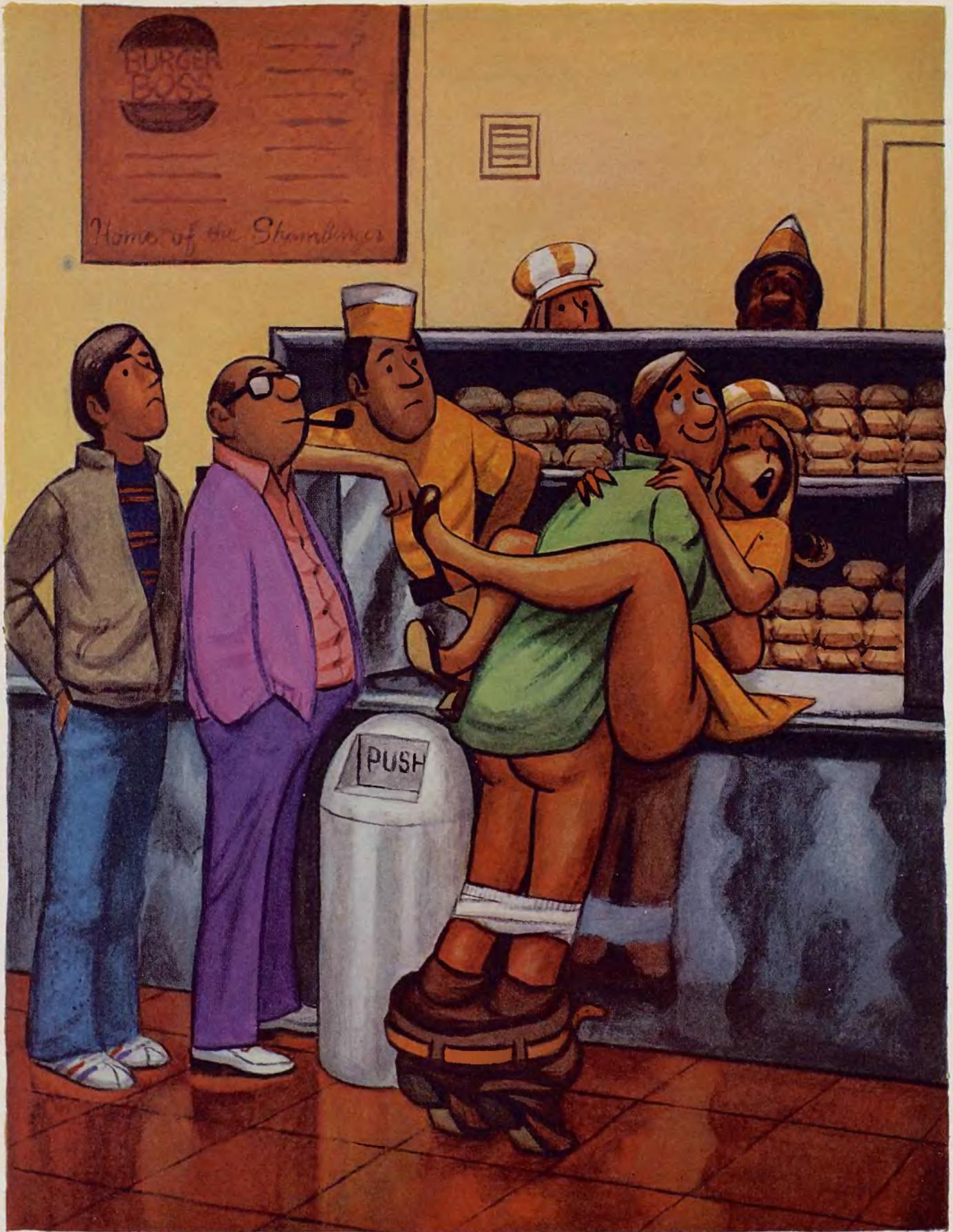
What other President would ask for an inflatable plastic duck to carry when he appeared before cameramen waiting to record his first swim in the new White House pool?

What other First Lady would parade around Air Force One wearing a fake black handlebar mustache?

Some of the funniest moments of the Ford Administration occurred during overseas trips—often as elaborate practical jokes. Ford's military aide Major Robert Barrett was a master at pulling off a practical joke with a straight face.

While attending an economic summit meeting in France, Ford was assigned a duplex apartment in an old chateau at Rambouillet. During the night, the wind blew open the French windows on the lower floor of his apartment, knocking over lamps and other small pieces of furniture and decoration.

In the morning, Barrett showed Ford's Filipino stewards the disorderly scene and convinced them that someone had broken in during the night and kidnaped the President. Barrett really had them worried for 20 minutes, (continued on page 190)



*BUCK BROWN*

*"Have it your-r-r way-y-y..."*

**W**E RATHER disliked children; we had none of our own, but that was seldom noticed, because the local kids were everywhere. They strayed from the staff quarters and the kampong into the club grounds, meeting in threes—three Tamils, three Malays, three Chinese, as if that were the number required for play. They usually quarreled: It was an impossible number—one was invariably made a leper, victimized and finally rejected. Alec called them villains. He blamed the theft of his camera on one particular threesome who played their own version—no teams, no net—of the Malay game of *sepak takraw*, kicking a raffia ball the size of a grapefruit back and forth at the side of the clubhouse.

There was a solitary one, perhaps Malay. It was hard to tell how dark she was beneath her dirt. She had uncombed hair and bruised legs and elbows and she wore a soiled waistless dress of the sort sent in bales from America and England and distributed by bush missionaries. She was not tall, but neither was she very young. The dirt gave her skin the texture of greasy fabric. Her feet were cracked like an adult's, she was solemn, she did not play. She squatted on the grass with her arms folded on her knees, her tangled hair drooping, and she watched the other children taking possession of the parking lot, the gardens, the old bowling green. She looked upon them with a witchy aloofness. She was, for all her dirt, free.

All this I remembered after she joined us.

Late one night, over drinks, Tony Evans was describing how a tennis ball should strike the racket if it were to have maximum top spin. There were three of us in the lounge—Tony, Rupert Prosser and myself—and it was October, just before the second monsoon. Tony was still in his white tennis outfit, having made a night of his after-game drinks; there were spills of pink Angostura down the front of his Fred Perry shirt.

"You should concentrate on your game, now that the Footlighters have folded," he said to Prosser, the pink gins giving what was meant as a casual remark a leaden pedantry. "Jan's got a weak serve—she should be working on that." He sipped his drink. "Now, top spin. Ideally, the ball should hit the racket at this angle."

He touched the ball to the strings and then with a sudden hilarity hit the ball hard. It shot out of the window and made a dark thump in the grass.

"You weren't paying attention."

Prosser said, "You're drunk."

But Evans was heading for the door. He said, "Now I've got to find my bloody ball."

We heard him stamping around the lawn and swishing through the flowers under the window. He cursed; there was a cry—not his—like a cat's complaint. The next we knew, he was at the door and saying, "Look what I found!"

He did not hold the girl in his arms—she was too big for that. He held her wrist, as if he were abducting her, and she was trying to pull away. She had the haggard, insolent look of someone startled from sleep. She did not seem afraid but, rather, contemptuous of us.

"She was at the door," said Evans. "I saw her legs sticking out. These people can sleep anywhere."

"I've seen her around," said Prosser. "I thought she was from the kampong."

"Could use a bath," said Evans. He made a face, but still he held her wrist.

In Malay, I asked her what her name was. She scowled with fear and jerked her head to one side. Her thin starved face allowed her teeth and eyes to protrude, and she smelled of dust and damp grass. But she was undeniably pretty, in a wild sort of

*it was a question  
they all asked  
themselves—was he  
or wasn't he  
sleeping with that  
wild, beautiful  
lost girl?*

# ADULTERER'S LUCK

*fiction* **By PAUL THEROUX**

ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD



way, like a captive bird panting under its ragged feathers, wishing to break free of us.

"Call the police," said Evans. "She shouldn't be sleeping out there." Then he said with unmistakable lechery, "She doesn't look like much, but, believe me, she's got a body under all those rags. I felt it! Give her a bath and you might be surprised by what you find. All she wants is a good scrub."

I said, "We ought to call the mission."

"They'll be asleep—it's nearly midnight," said Prosser. "I'll ring Jan. We can put her in the spare room."

Prosser went to the phone. Evans picked up the bowl of peanuts from the bottle-cluttered table. He showed her the peanuts and said, "*Makan?*"

At first she hesitated, then, seeing that she was being encouraged, she took a great handful and pushed it into her mouth. She turned away to chew and I could hear her hunger, the snappings and swallowings.

Evans nudged me. "Listen to him"—Prosser was drunkenly shouting into the phone in the next room—"I'll bet Jan thinks he's picked up some tart!"

A week later, the girl was still with the Prossers.

"She's landed on her feet," said Evans. "Couple of bleeding hearts. They always wanted a kid."

"She's no kid," I said. "Has Prosser told the police? Her parents might be looking for her. Who knows? She might have had amnesia."

Evans was shaking his head. "She might be a bit simple."

"Not according to Jan. They're thinking of taking her on as an amah. She learns fast, they say. The only thing is, she hasn't said a blessed word!"

"Suppose she's not Malay? Suppose she's Chinese? We should get someone to talk to her in Cantonese or Hokkien. Father Lefever could do it."

"You don't want a mish for this," said Evans. "My provisioner's just the man. I'll put him on to it. You're in for a treat. Pickwick's a real character."

That afternoon, as I was walking into town, a car drew up beside me, the Prossers' Zephyr.

"Give you a lift?" said Rupert.

I thanked him but said I'd walk. Then I saw the girl. She was in the back seat, in a beautiful sarong, with a blouse so starched it was like stiff white paper enfolding her dark shoulders. She smiled at me shyly, as if ashamed to be seen that way. The blouse was crushed against her breasts, the sarong tightened on her curve of belly. Cleaned up, she looked definitely Chinese; her face was a bit fuller, her eyes deep and lacking the dull shine her hunger had given them. She was a beauty in tremulous trapped repose, and the Prossers in the front seat were ob-

viously very proud of her.

"We're taking Nina into town to buy some clothes," said Jan. "She doesn't have a stitch, poor thing."

"We had to burn her dress," said Rupert, grinning. "It stank!"

"Filthy! She was caked with it," said Jan, who, like Rupert, seemed to relish their transformation of the girl.

Rupert glanced back admiringly. "We gave her a good scrub. Jan wouldn't let me help."

Jan was coy. "She's hardly a child."

The girl hid her face against her shoulder: She knew she was being discussed.

I said, "What does she have to say?"

"Not much," said Jan. "Nothing, actually. We think she'll open up when she gets used to us."

I told them my idea of asking someone to speak to her in Chinese and how Evans had suggested his provisioner.

"Wonderful," said Rupert. "Send him around. We're dying to find out about her."

"You know her name, at least."

"Nina? That was Jan's idea. We always said if we had a girl, we'd call her Nina."

And they drove away, like a couple who've rescued a stray cat. They looked happy, but I was struck by the sight of their three odd heads jogging in the car's rear window. If the girl had been younger, if she had not looked so changed by that hint of shame, I think I would have let the matter rest. There would have been little to describe: a lost child—and children look so much alike. But she was different, describable, almost remarkable in her looks, perhaps 15 or 16, all her moles uncovered, a person. Someone would remember her. I knew Jan and Rupert wouldn't forgive me for going to the police, so the first chance I had, I rang Father Lefever at the mission and asked him if he could find out anything about her. The mission net was wide: Johore was a parish.

Evans' provisioner was that unusual person in Malaysia, a fat man. I distrusted him the moment I saw him. He had an obscure tattoo on the back of his hand, three linked circles, and he had that wholly insincere jollity the Chinese affect when they are among strangers.

Evans introduced him as Pickwick and the fat man laughed and said his name was Pei-Kway. He said, "Too hard for Europeans to say."

I stared at him, pursed my lips and said crisply, "Pei-Kway."

Rupert was leading the girl and Jan into the room. The girl was even prettier than she had seemed in the car, but her look of wildness was gone; she was slow, uncertain, domesticated. She watched the floor.

"Ask her how old she is," said Jan.

"Go on, Picky, do your stuff," said Evans.

Pei-Kway spoke to the girl and, getting no reply, he repeated his question in a slightly different tone, licking at the words and gulping as he spoke.

The girl's answer was little more than a sigh.

"Hokkien," said Pei-Kway. "She is sixteen years."

"Amazing," said Evans. "Small for her age."

"Not really," said Rupert. "Ask her where she's from."

This time, the girl seemed reluctant to speak, and I could see that Pei-Kway was urging her. He was certainly challenging her, and he could have been uttering threats, his tone was so nasty. He did most of the talking, with greedy energy. The girl replied in monosyllables to his squawks. None of us interrupted; we stood by, lending Pei-Kway authority in what was by the minute becoming an inquisition. Although instead of going closer and bearing down on her, Pei-Kway inched back as he kept up this flow of questions.

He stopped. After all that talk, all he said was, "She's not from Ayer Hitam."

"I could have told you that," said Evans.

"Doesn't she have parents?" asked Jan.

"Dead," said Pei-Kway. He made a vague gesture with his tattooed hand. He seemed satisfied, almost subdued. He had become as laconic as the girl; his grin was gone.

Now, unprompted, the girl spoke.

Pei-Kway said, "She wants to stay here. She is saying thank you." He said something to the girl in a harsh growl and I saw her react as if he'd given her a push.

I said, "What did you just say to her?"

Pei-Kway gave me a vast empty smile, simply a stiffening of his face. "I say, this is not your place." To Evans he said, "Tuan, I'm going."

But Jan had put her arm around the girl. "Wait a minute," she said. "Why is it she doesn't speak Malay? I thought everyone in this country knew Malay."

"They speak Hokkien in her village."

Rupert said, "Where is this village?"

"Batu Pahat," said Pei-Kway, who, no longer looking at the girl, was replying without referring to her. He appeared restless. He had announced his intention to go but was kept at the door by the questions.

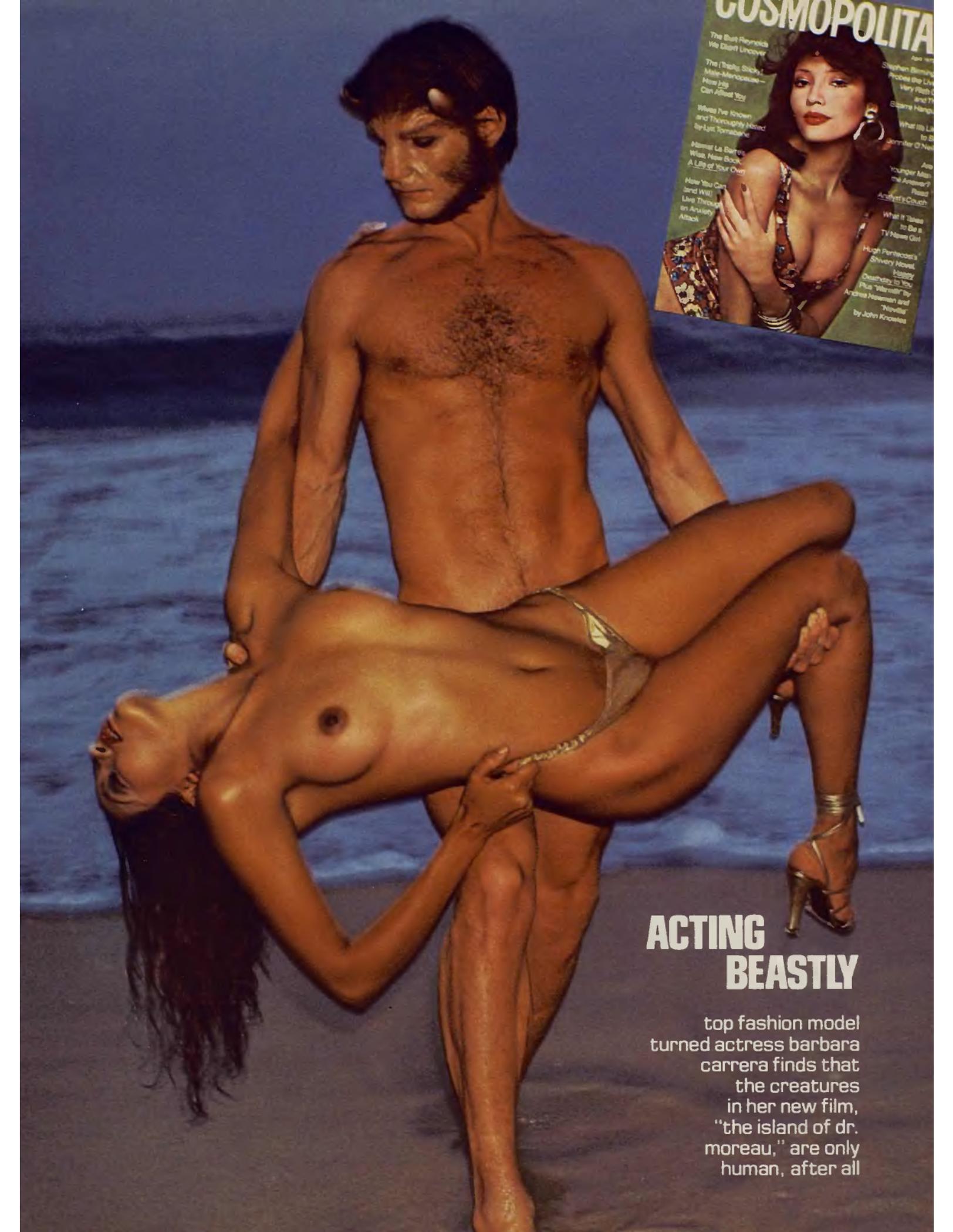
Jan said, "But what's her name?"

Angrily, Pei-Kway addressed the girl. Her mutter sounded familiar.

"Nina," said Pei-Kway.

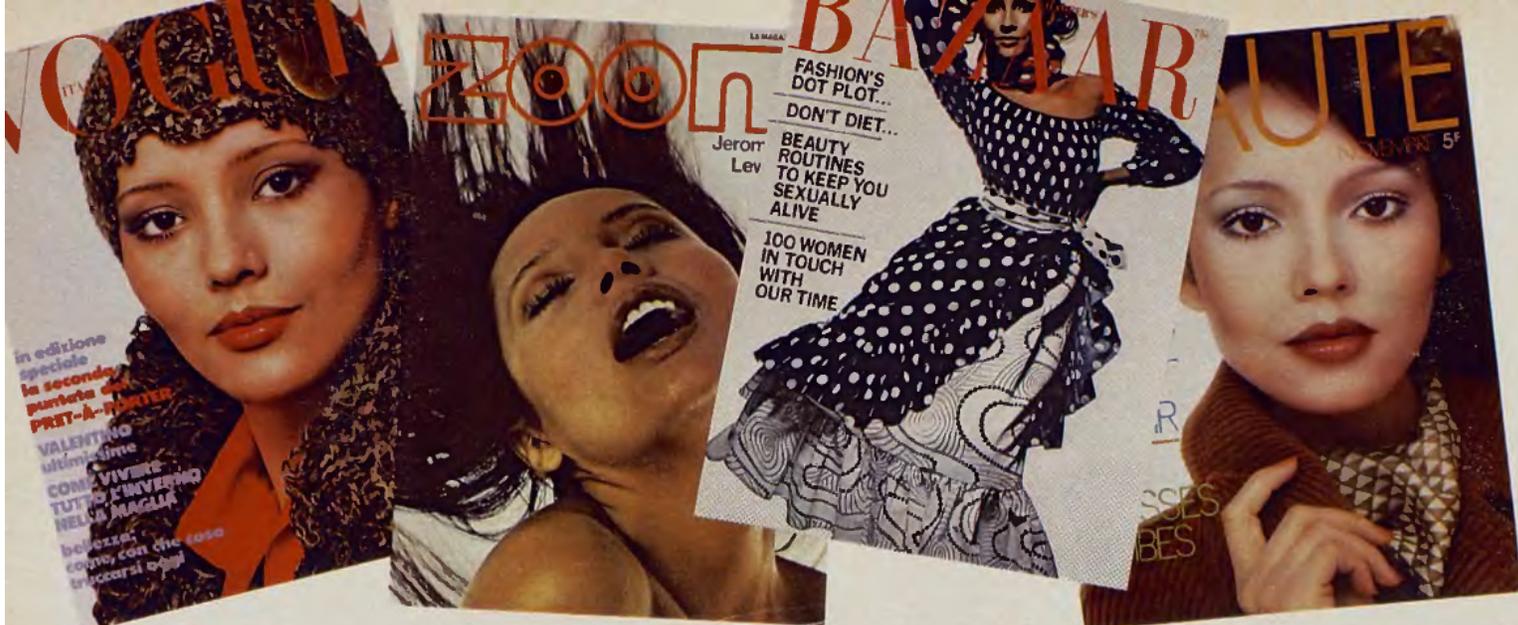
For several days, I saw nothing of the Prossers, but as usual when someone stayed away from the club, he became all the more present in conversation. Gossip

(continued on page 210)



# ACTING BEASTLY

top fashion model turned actress barbara carrera finds that the creatures in her new film, "the island of dr. moreau," are only human, after all



**pictorial essay By BRUCE WILLIAMSON** Metamorphosis looms large in the burgeoning career of Barbara Carrera. Changes. Hourly changes, daily changes. Changes of heart. Changes of direction. Take a sharp right turn and shoot for the moon. She'll get there. Just a few short years ago, she was a top cover girl working through the Ford agency and Wilhelmina—you saw her adorning *Zoom*, *Vogue*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Harper's Bazaar*, to name a few. Calls herself an

international nomad, though she is currently settled in a sunny jungle habitat of a flat in Beverly Hills. And somewhere in her well-worn luggage, she packs a letter from editor Helen Gurley Brown, attesting to the fact that Barbara's *Cosmo* cover outsold everything up to and including the famous issue with the Burt Reynolds nude centerfold. Her *Harper's Bazaar* cover photographed by Hiro marked the real turning point, however. "Until then," says dark-eyed, raven-haired Barbara, "the

Cover girl Barbara Carrera has an unforgettable face, but it was not always so. "When I first came to New York, my face just didn't fit in. A session with *Vogue's* Irving Penn ended up with just my back appearing in the magazine." As you can see, below and right, more than her back caught photographer Chris von Wangenheim's eye. One man's oversight is another man's pleasure.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

blonde all-American outdoor look was the look everyone wanted. It's what I myself, even as a little girl, thought was the definition of true beauty: blonde, with blue eyes. But after that Hiro cover, the look changed and my career really took off."

Barbara took off, too. She earns \$100 an hour (as a model) on up—way up. She lives in airplanes and the very best hotels. "She also works like a dog," adds Barbara, "and the glamorous life is largely a myth. I once rented an apartment in Paris, but I never had



a chance to decorate it, much less live in it."

A prestigious U. S. casting director kept pursuing Barbara around the world to ask whether she wanted to become an actress. "They were looking for someone to do a remake of *Camille*. But how could they want *me*, I asked? I'm just a model, not a professional actress. I said no, yet a seed had been planted in my head." Some time later, she was working and relaxing among some Beautiful People in the south of France when her (text continued on page 200)

Was photographer Von Wangenheim trying to re-create an X-rated version of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*? No, says Barboro. "He set out to capture a beauty-and-the-beast tableau. It is his interpretation of H. G. Wells's *Island of Dr. Moreau*. Where the film is Victorian, the photos are contemporary. The theme is simply conquest and submission. The mon's submission at times, my submission at others." Or, simply, who's on top? This fantasy is unconditionally guaranteed to put hair on your chest, not to mention your palms.





## THE GAYS PIONEER

By ARTHUR BELL

THE ODD THING about it is that you see them during the day, scurrying along Madison Avenue in three-piece suits, sipping jasmine tea at Serendipity, selling shoes, digging ditches, dyeing fabric, reading Doris Lessing on the subway. Some are detectable; others invisible, which is to say. (concluded overleaf)

# SEX GOES

the last barrier is down—they're

WHAT IS THE LAST TABOO—the frontier at which even the most experienced sexual adventurer hesitates? Oral sex? Anal sex? Bondage and discipline? Not really. Americans have been enjoying those activities for years—behind closed doors. The sexual revolution ends at the bedroom door. The last taboo is doing it in public. But that is changing. Over the past few years, couples have gone from doing it with the lights off to doing it with the lights on and the cameras rolling to performing live on Saturday nights in front of other couples.



# PUBLIC

doing it everywhere but in the road

*Members of the audience may be content to watch; but with increasing frequency, not-so-innocent bystanders are shedding clothes to join the floorshow. Arthur Bell suggests that gay lib started the ball rolling. When the New York homosexuals came out of the closet, they kept right on going—into the bars. Dan Rosen reports that the East Coast's heterosexual avant-garde is catching up. In "Sex—California Style" (page 206), Jules Siegel provides a guide (with appropriate pictures) to California's own brand of public sex. Read. Enjoy. Tell 'em PLAYBOY sent you.*

## THE STRAIGHTS FOLLOW

By DAN ROSEN

THEY COULD easily have been the outtakes from an old Fellini movie. On the floor by the heated swimming pool, a languid, Germanic-looking man was staring vacantly at the green-painted ceiling as two stunningly attractive women took turns fellating him. Over near the steam (continued on page 204)



they don't wave lavender hankies, swish or dress in drag. It is estimated that they make up 15 percent of the population of Manhattan—and they don't all live in Greenwich Village.

But come the weekend, an out-of-towner might guess that New York's male-homosexual population had skyrocketed to 50 percent. Because that is when the city's gay gentry leave behind the steam that's been bottled up inside all week, don this year's *macho* costume and partake of a little night magic.

Where do they go? The obvious spots are the restaurants, the theater, the opera. The special spots are the gay bathhouses (there are about a dozen in town), Christopher Street and the fringes of Central Park West. There are also the *discos*, where they can boogie and sniff poppers and pretend to ride a rocket ship propelled by David Bowie. And the gay bars, where they can stand around the jukebox and sing gems from *A Chorus Line* while sipping Harvey Wallbangers and making polite conversation about the latest in this and that.

When the city closes shop, however, the horny homosexual's real fun begins. For the bars and the *discos* are merely foreplay—a prelude to the nitty-gritty activity that takes place at the after-hours orgy rooms that have sprung up in Manhattan over the past three years. In fact, at three A.M. on a Sunday, the waterfront dock strip north of Christopher Street resembles the subway at rush hour. Customers wait in line to get into The Anvil, The Sewer and The Cock Ring. These indoor playgrounds aren't bars in the traditional sense: They're back-room battlegrounds, fetish palaces, dimly lit or pitch-black chambers where whips crack and urine and beer are often served in the same container. They are combat zones where customers seek out peak thrills, where fantasy becomes reality for a two-dollar fee. Creative sex is alive and plentiful and personhood is dead at these spas. After all, one doesn't have to probe the innermost depths of another's psyche while penetrating his anus.

Ironically, the gay liberation movement is responsible for the fact that this phenomenon exists without harassment. In premovement days, to cheat on a lover was considered *verboten*. The best thing in life was to settle down with a nice young man and raise French poodles in Brooklyn Heights. Homosexual relationships were supposed to imitate the best of *Ozzie and Harriet*. That they often imitated the worst of Edward Albee had to do with forced confinement, false obligations, vows that had little relationship to deep feelings and sexual drives that had nothing to do with monogamy.

In 1969 came the revolution. Gradually, gay men hopped off their pianos and stopped singing *Why Was I Born?* They began to accept their sexuality; in fact, revel in it. The movement made it possible for the homosexual to "be gay." The back-room bars make it possible to "be free," to drop one's inhibitions along with one's khaki overalls.

Night crawlers who'd sit sadly at a bar, sloshing themselves into oblivion before the "last chance" call at four A.M., are gone with the wind in New York. With the proliferation of the orgy rooms, one doesn't have to slash one's wrist after the closing hour. There's always one more bit of heaven to visit, one more taste treat waiting around the bend. Forget the hour, it's possible to ball until the mailman comes. While we're at it, forget love, too. And romance is just a seven-letter word that no longer exists. When homosexuality came out of the closet, romance went in and bolted the door. And the back-room bars became TV dinners for young men with insatiable appetites.

The back rooms are where virile males perform stunts they wouldn't do in the privacy of their bedrooms with men they wouldn't necessarily drag home. Pretty models hook up with Neanderthals. Neanderthals hook up with other Neanderthals. Sadism and masochism are big, so big, they've replaced "normal" sex on the "Where do we go from here?" circuit. Leather is the latest drag. Chaps and studs are all the rage and yesterday's transvestite now sports the latest in behemoth butch.

On a recent visit to The Mine Shaft, one saw a long-haired gentleman strung naked to a rack. Cries of ecstasy left his lips as the passing parade stuck hands, wrists and elbows up his rectum. A handcuffed slave in a bomber jacket performed fellatio while having his buttocks strapped. Psychodramas took place between pseudo ditchdiggers, unmechanical telephone linemen and Long Island storm troopers. Some of the participants screamed primally at orgasm, others grunted and groaned, others laughed in ecstasy. Men indulged in combat sex while smoking grass, inhaling coke, swallowing Quaaludes, and by six A.M., there was a waiting line for the rack.

Shades of the Weimar Republic? Yes, but not exactly. The scene smacks of decadence, but not of evil. The uniform, the fantasy trip is equivalent to Mom and Dad's Sunday excursion to the country. Mom and Dad call it a picnic; at The Mine Shaft, it's called consensual madness.

The penis, of course, reigns supreme. It is in front of you, in back of you, beside you. Often the visitor does not know what it is connected to. And that's

the beauty part in a primal setting where one's imagination can run berserk.

Yet the atmosphere is not uncomfortable, nor is it depressing. It is like a narcotic and while you are there, you are unaware of the world outside. The ambience at The Mine Shaft is dreamlike—wet dreamlike. The dreamer can wake up whenever he chooses merely by descending a flight of stairs and stepping into the reality of the dock-strip gutter outside.

How long these dream factories will be around is a matter of conjecture. Legally, they're out of bounds. Yet rarely are they raided by the police. Most are licensed as "social clubs," which means they're not supposed to sell liquor. Some attempt to get around the problem by selling tickets that, in turn, may be exchanged for booze. According to Lawrence Gedda, chief executive officer of the New York State Liquor Authority, "the owners don't pay sales or withholding taxes or unemployment insurance. They operate without benefit of clergy, so, naturally, these establishments are attractive to organized crime."

Because of the prohibition aspects, they are also attractive to the bored, the disenchanting and the chic. After *Women's Wear Daily* ran an item that Bianca Jagger, Rudolf Nureyev and people like that were seen slumming at The Anvil, lines formed around the block.

The newly discovered chic of the back rooms does not delight the regulars. They fear that word of mouth and press coverage will turn the best rooms into tourist traps.

And they're right. One of New York's least attractive sewers, The Toilet, became a gawk spot before its recent demise. Straight couples went to see what it was all about. Women piled their hair into poor-boy caps, flattened their chests, slipped into checkered shirts and plumber's pants and gained admission. Some of them lived to write about their experiences.

Still, it's a timeworn tradition that when gays become side-show attractions, they move on. Traditional, too, is the fact that straights often follow trends that gays begin. Since gays are outlaws (in New York State, it is legal to be a homosexual but illegal to commit certain homosexual acts), they have the least to lose. Consequently, they're the first to take chances and are often innovators. The Sistine Chapel ceiling was a gay creation. So was Bette Midler, the hully-gully, camp, Holly Golightly, the Cockettes, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Walden Pond and the back-room orgy bars. Where to go from here?





*"And don't let anybody tell you they're little people!"*



Above, inset: A silk doupioni jacket, \$260, doupioni slacks, \$100, striped cotton shirt, about \$45, and silk foulard tie, \$25, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren. This page: A silk suit, about \$230, worn with a vest, about \$30, brushed cotton shirt, about \$28, all from Cesaroni; and a Liberty of London floral tie, by Berkley, about \$8.50. Opposite page: A silk shirt, by Ménage à Trois, \$95; and a pair of silk-weave slacks, by Tattersall, \$37.50.

## A WHOLE LOT OF LITTLE SILK WORMS WORKED THEIR TAILS OFF SO YOU COULD LOOK GOOD THIS SUMMER

WE HOPE YOU APPRECIATE IT

ATTIRE

By **DAVID PLATT**

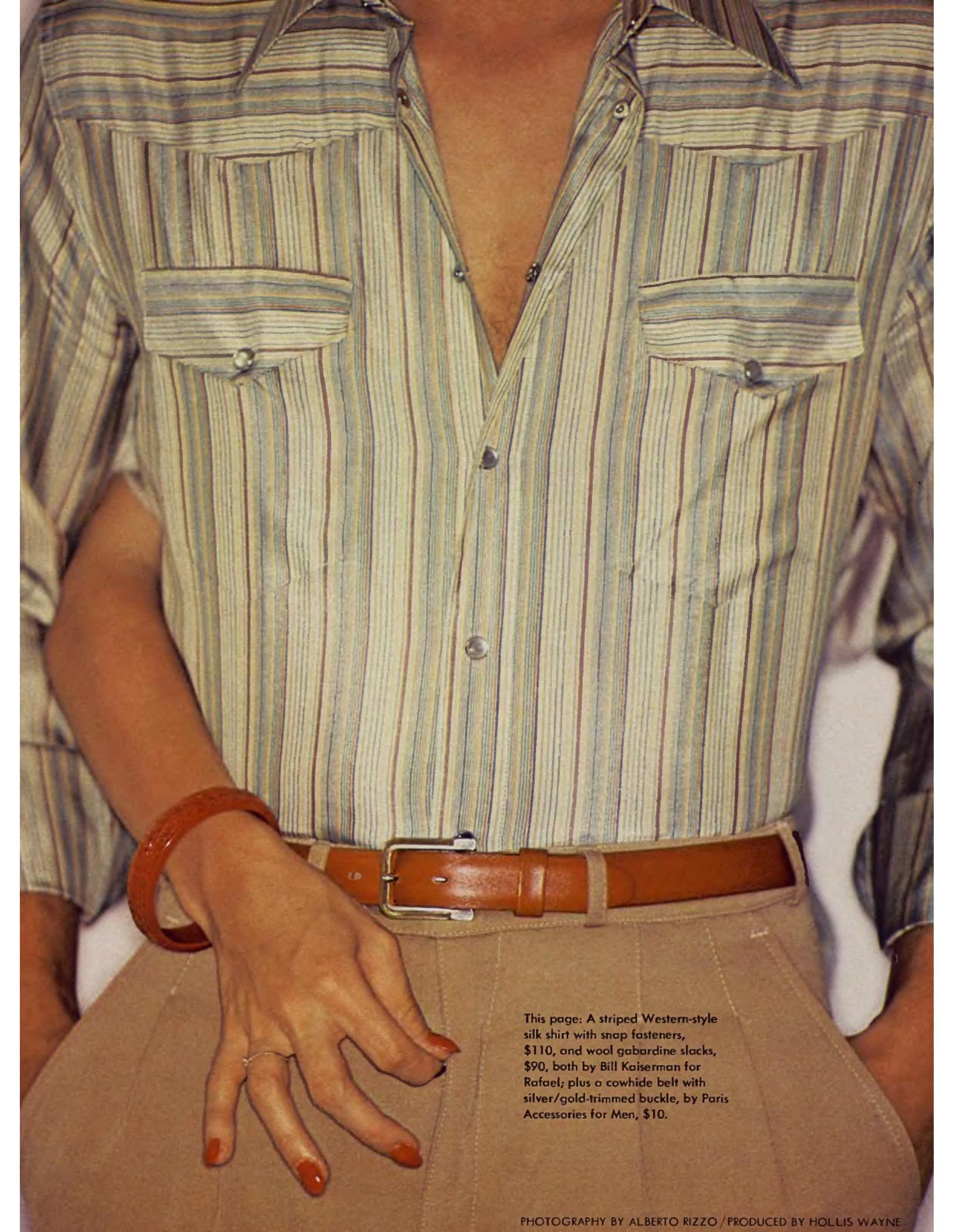
'TIS THE SEASON to be sensuous . . . and fashion designers everywhere have once more gone bananas over sexy silk for summer. While cotton may be cooler and just about anything else cheaper, nothing beats silk for color, versatility and giving you the sense that your threads have class. (As Marie Antoinette would have said, "Let them wear silk!") So for sheer aesthetic pleasure and a touch of pure luxe, take a close look at what those industrious little worms have wrought.





Above, inset: A tussah-silk outershirt, \$75, worn over a silk Jacquard short-sleeved shirt, \$60, and cotton sateen slacks, \$35, all by Pierre Cardin Sport Couture. This page: A silk-weave three-piece set that consists of contrasting jacket and vest, about \$265, and a pair of cotton slacks, about \$55, plus a pinstripe shirt, about \$35, and a silk tie, \$15, all by Alexander Julian.





This page: A striped Western-style silk shirt with snap fasteners, \$110, and wool gabardine slacks, \$90, both by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael; plus a cowhide belt with silver/gold-trimmed buckle, by Paris Accessories for Men, \$10.



in a semitriumphant  
return, our  
favorite redneck  
stock jockey  
learns a  
few things from  
some fast-  
fingered cityfolk

**fiction By "STROKER ACE"** FIRST PLACE we head for in New York is Mama Leone's Italian restaurant. Listen: They've got all the moves at Mama Leone's. I mean, they've got those trick little white statues out front—cement cherubs and real marble Roman ladies with their arms and nipples chipped off. And they've got a guy hidden somewhere deep inside the place and he's pumping that white clam sauce into the *air* conditioner, for crissakes. The smell fans out to maybe a block away. You wear a loose-weave sports coat into the restaurant and you can later boil it and come up with a pretty good soup. Besides, they treat race drivers nice.

And there we were. There was me, maybe the meanest racing man ever—you know, just trying to win them all and keep my NASCAR championship and not get hurt too bad. And there was Lugs Harvey, my chief mechanic. In the sort of garlic lighting they have at Mama's, Lugs is the one who looks a lot like a water buffalo.

We were sitting at this little table underneath a pretend grape trellis. Silvery ice bucket tucked up close, like a motorcycle sidecar, the neck of a bottle of Soave Bolla sticking out. We had driven up from Daytona to sign contracts before the Darlington race. Nonstop, naturally, and we had left a whole lot of highway back there with the concrete all curled up along both edges and barns leaning and trees bent over—plus at least two patrolmen I know of who probably still have their breeches down around their knees.

Well, that's because it was Lugs's car and folks don't notice it too much at first. It's a Z-28, all right, which is a sort of hotted-up Camaro, a little special-order item that Chevy makes to keep certain customers loose. But Lugs can't leave cars alone.

He had all the usual stuff: Edlebrock Torquer Intake Manifolds, Hooker Headers and side pipes, Accel Ignition, Cragar wheels and the fat Goodyears, 315-cubic-inch displacement, 510 rated horsepower, all of that stuff. But then Lugs had beefed up the steering and installed his own magic suspension setup that we use in our Grand National race car: You breathe on it just right and the damn nose comes down and the tail goes up. And he had touched up the basic block just a little bit. Not much—but you could hold it up to a dim light and still read the *Akron Beacon Journal* through it.

And then Lugs had painted the car *gray*, for God's sake, with the idea that maybe folks wouldn't notice it. Which is fine, of course. Except that sometimes it's pretty hard not to notice a car that is sitting there trembling.

Right now, the Z car was parked in the lot next door to Mama Leone's and Lugs had given the attendant ten dollars to see that nobody touched it. As an extra inducement, he had promised to break the guy's liver if there was a fingerprint on the car when we came out.

So Lugs snatched up the wine bottle and shook off all the water drops. "Y'know," he said, "nice thing about New York over Indy is that nobody knows us here."

Wrong. I was just lowering my glass, kind of sighting out over the edge of it—and I was looking directly into a belt buckle. It was roughly the size of a Mercedes hubcap.

So I leaned back and looked at the whole guy. And there was just about only one way to take him. From the top:

This guy was the tallest, skinniest dude I had ever seen. To start with, he was wearing a softly fuzzy, pure-white wide-brimmed hat. I mean wide. The brim hung out like an awning. Below that, he had:

1. A little fire opal sunk right into his right ear lobe. A mashed-in nose and a Zapata mustache.

2. An orange pure-silk shirt, unbuttoned right down to the belt buckle. Under the shirt, he had maybe 47 chains with jeweled things on them. Little, tiny knock-off wheels. Little, tiny racing emblems: Ferrari and STP. (continued on page 152)



SONDRA Theodore's eyes are obviously green, so how come her nickname is Baby Blue? We'll get to that story in a minute.

Our Miss July is an actress who loves to tell stories, create scenes and play all the parts.

Before you find out what Baby Blue means, you may be treated to a re-enactment of the time Sondra's sister woke up eyeball to eyeball with Sondra's pet lizard. ("I always had a pet lizard—the kind you'd put on your blouse and watch it change color. This time, it was my sister who changed color.") Or maybe a quick run-through of the time Sondra and her girlfriend went shopping in Beverly Hills' most exclusive shops—on roller skates. ("I used to be a miser, but now I'm dangerous. If I see



something that reminds me of a friend, I'll buy it for the person.") Or Sondra as a seven-year-old, trying to learn to play ragtime by following the dancing keys on the family player piano. A small furry object pokes its head from beneath her chair. "Oh, that's Alex. We're both mutts. I take him with me everywhere. If I'm interviewing for a part, I'll just toss him into my purse. Alex has turned more three-minute interviews into ten-minute interviews and ten-minute interviews into parts than any agent in town." (We understand that Grizzly Adams uses the same trick with his bear.) Alex helped Sondra land at least one interesting role—that of Hef's more-than-occasional companion.



# BABY BLUE

THAT'S THE VERY SPECIAL NICKNAME OF JULY PLAYMATE SONDRA THEODORE—IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HER EYES

"One day I took Alex up to the Mansion and Hef fell in love. With Alex. By the end of the afternoon, Hef was saying, 'Has *our* dog been fed yet?' It's a classic rags-to-riches story—rescued from the city pound, Alex the wonder dog lives happily ever after in a Holmby Hills mansion." We asked Sondra about her own from-rags-to-wearing-nothing-at-all story. "Well, I've always wanted to be an



actress. I grew up in San Bernardino. For me, high school was one long rehearsal—lunch hours, after school, weekends. I was always working on a part. Los Angeles has been good to me, so far. I was one of the contenders for the role of Pinky Tuscadero—the Fonz's girlfriend. An agent saw me and figured that what was good enough for the Fonz was good enough for him. **PLAYBOY** agreed."



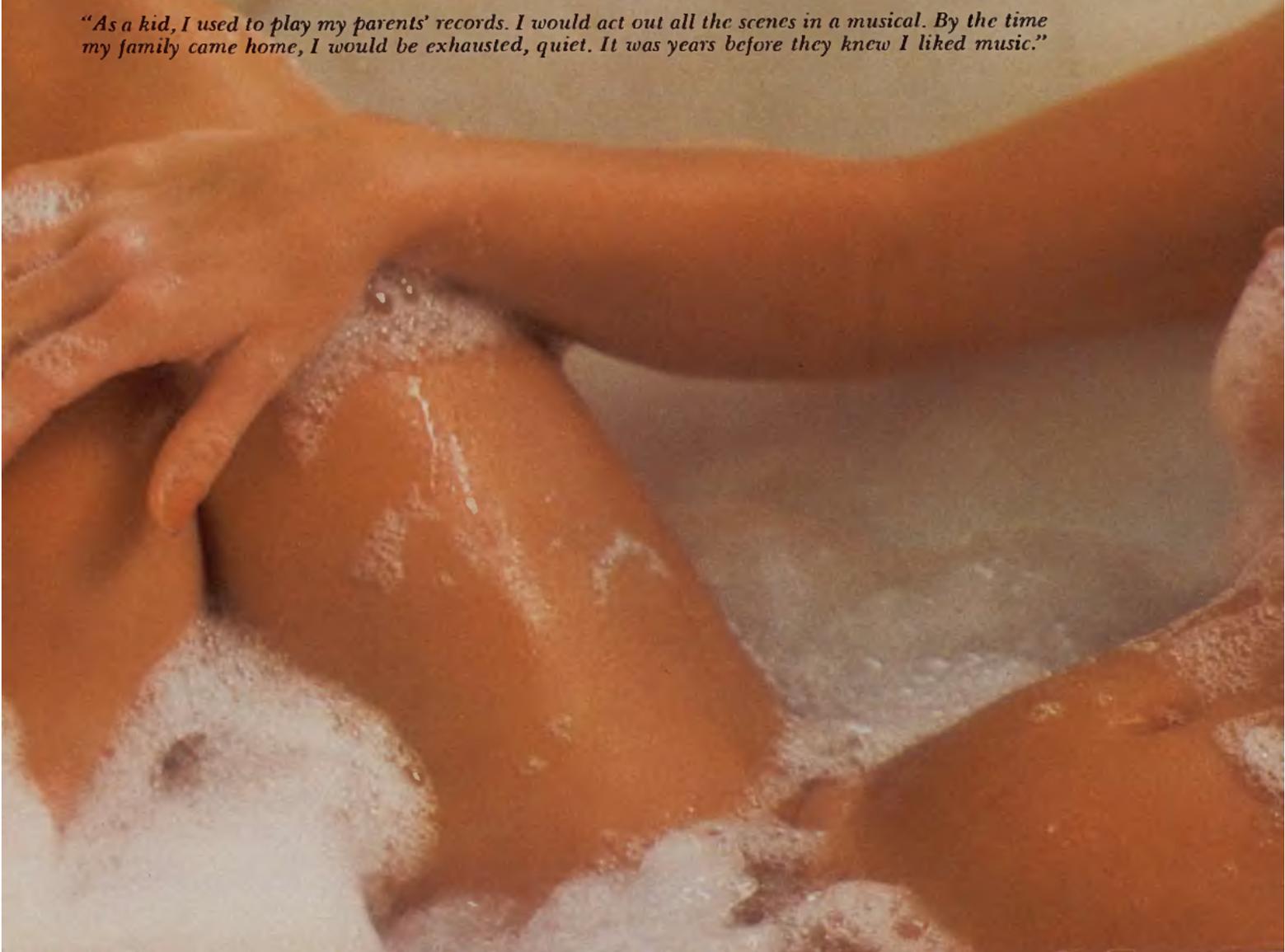
*"My apartment isn't big enough for a piano. When I saw the Steinway at Hef's, I asked if I could come up and practice. He said sure. There's also a pipe organ built into one wall. One day I was into my Captain Nemo act and looked up to find three butlers kneeling, their heads bowed in prayer."*





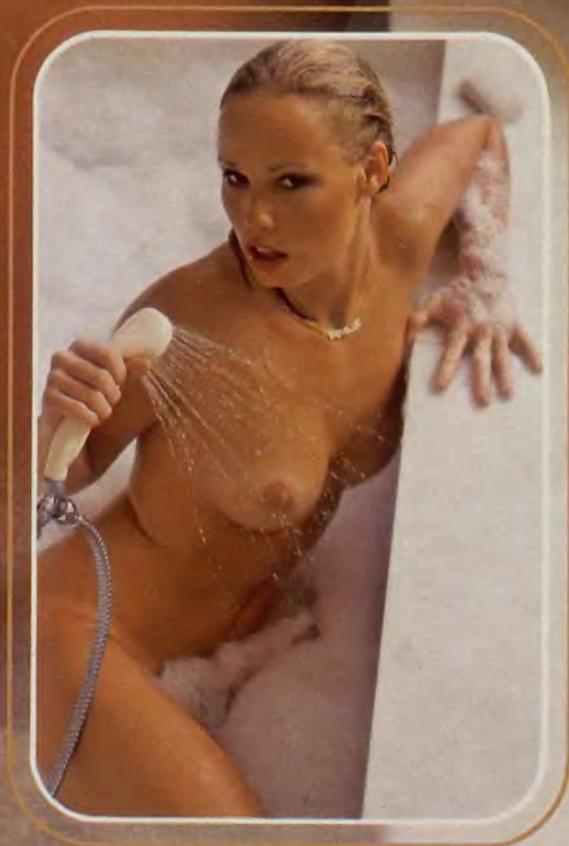


*“As a kid, I used to play my parents’ records. I would act out all the scenes in a musical. By the time my family came home, I would be exhausted, quiet. It was years before they knew I liked music.”*





*"A few months ago, a friend took me to a party at the Mansion. I found myself dancing with Hef. The band was playing a tune called 'Baby Blue Panties.' To commemorate the evening, Hef gave me a necklace with the first two words of the title set in diamonds. So, drop the panties and there you have it—my new nickname."*







*"This is Alex, my mutt. When I spotted him at the pound, it was love at first sight. I bought him for \$11, but whatever the price, it wouldn't have mattered. I guess you could say that he's the second most important male in my life."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
KEN MARCUS



MISS JULY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Sondra Theodore

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 12/12/56 BIRTHPLACE: San Bernardino, California

GOALS: to enjoy life completely, to earn a living doing what I most enjoy: acting. My life long ambition has been to work as an actress, on stage or screen.

TURN-ONS: Honesty, someone who sincerely cares. Also, beautiful food, beautiful clothes and beautiful people.

TURN-OFFS: people who don't live their lives to the fullest, who never reach out for what's around the corner.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Nancy Drew Mysteries / sexy novels

FAVORITE PLAYS: those I've enjoyed working in -- Cinderella, Barefoot in the Park, Tobacco Road

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Way We Were, Rocky, Charlie Chaplin

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Barbra Streisand, Nat King Cole, and Marvin Hamlisch

FAVORITE SPORTS: My current mania is pin-ball, I'm trying to break 300,000 on Captain Fantastic.



age 3, digging for China at the beach.



age 17, spending time at the piano.



age 18, graduation day -- finally.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young general practitioner was giving his attractive nurse a thorough annual checkup, inside and out, as a professional courtesy, and was rather prolonging the examination. Toward the end, he smiled and said, "You're lucky, you know. If you were a patient, a session like this would cost you thirty-five dollars."

"You're luckier yet, doctor," laughed the girl. "If you were a patient, it'd cost you fifty."

There's a rumor that some independent skin-flick producers are combining to form a major studio to be known as 20th Century-Fux.



On the day of her scheduled release from prison, the usually brassy inmate had a case of the sulks. "What's the matter, deary?" sneered the matron. "After having carried on in here often enough about how badly you wanted a man, aren't you happy to be getting out?"

"Hell, yes," snapped the woman, "but what horny female con wants a period at the end of her sentence?"

I would," to his date murmured Dick,  
"Amuse you by flicking my Bic;  
But my fuse has been lit,  
So I'd deem it more fit  
To enthuse you by dipping my wick!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines bikini bottom as a bush jacket.

The kindergarten teacher held up the picture of an animal and asked, "What's this?"

"A horsy," one child answered.

"And this?" she asked.

"A piggy," replied another youngster.

"And now this one?" asked the teacher, holding up the picture of a deer. There was silence.

"Come on, now, children," she coaxed. "I'll give you a hint. What does your mommy call your daddy when he's in an affectionate mood?"

"I know, I know!" piped up a little girl. "It's a horny bastard!"

We are touched by the sensibility displayed by one jet setter when informed, via a plug-in phone call at his table, that his wife had just been killed in an air crash. He told the bartender to put a black olive in his next martini.

I wish you'd make up your mind, baby," muttered the young man parked with his date in a lonely spot. "First you wanted me to get in the back seat of the car with you, and now you tell me to drive it home!"

The prim female seaside vacationer strolling in the dunes was shocked when she came upon one naked male bugging another. Apparently feeling impelled to offer some explanation, the active partner paused long enough to grunt, "A little while ago, this fellow almost drowned in the surf."

"Then why," asked the woman glacially, "aren't you giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation?"

"That, lady," answered the pederast, resuming his activity, "was how our beautiful friendship got started!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines self-abuse as a pound of flesh.

An eager young French girl named Claire,  
Endowed with beaucoup pubic hair,  
Begged her date, "Darling, please  
Put it in me—don't tease!"  
He replied, "Oh, I want to!—but where?"

Sam," said the senior executive, "mix me a Harvey Wallbender."

"I beg your pardon, sir," responded the club bartender, "but don't you mean a Harvey Wallbanger?"

"Would that I did, Sam; would that I did!"



The parents of a popular high school girl were reading in bed one night when the mother looked at the father and said, "What do you think, Harry? It's past one o'clock. Shouldn't I go downstairs and tell Linda's boyfriend it's time to go home?"

Harry leaned over and pecked her on the cheek. "Now, now, dear," he chided smilingly, "don't you remember what it was like when we were courting?"

The woman flung back the covers. "Harry," she exclaimed, "I'm going right down and throw that fucker out of the house!"

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.



*"If you really loved me, you'd let me get on top!"*

# **THE COMMODITIES MARKET: YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO BE AN ANIMAL**

*want to know how to make a small fortune in commodities? start with a large one*



article **By ASA BABER**

WHERE WERE YOU on May 1, 1976? That was a Saturday, remember? What were you doing? Painting your porch? Watching a ball game on TV? Thinking about the five contracts of soybeans you had bought the day before?

Soybeans? Yeah, you know; they're small and round and yellow. They contain a lot of protein. The Japanese are crazy about them—soy sauce, bean curd, that kind of thing.

Let's do some supposing. Let's suppose it is springtime 1976. You are contemplating your future. You are

worried about inflation. You see the purchasing power of your life insurance and savings and Social Security shrinking like wet wool in a hot drier. You know the cost of living has gone up about 80 percent in the past decade. You think the real energy crisis is yet to come and that the



winter was just the tip of the glacier. You believe the price of such basic energy sources as crude oil and coal—and, therefore, the price of almost everything else—has nowhere to go but up. The world seems to be going out of its collective mind, swelling like a balloon about to burst.

On that Friday before May first, you unearth the \$10,000 you have buried in your basement for your Sunset Cruise. You say to yourself, "By the time I'm ready to retire, this won't buy me a round trip on the Staten Island Ferry. I'd better put it into something that inflates with inflation."

You have asked yourself what moves with the tide, what goes with the flow. Real estate? The stock market? Art? Mining ventures? Mutual funds? City bonds? State lotteries?

Oh, yes, you have reviewed the possibilities. Each of them makes your gut tighten and your teeth itch. But there is one area of investment you have heard about that seems worth exploring: the commodities market. You have heard apocryphal stories about overnight successes in commodities: the Chicago dentist who put \$3000 into pork bellies and pyramided \$100,000 in six months; the California lawyer who simply handed his account executive (the same as a stockbroker) a small inheritance of \$10,000 and forgot about it until he learned he had just made \$250,000 in plywood. "I wouldn't mind something like that," you say modestly to yourself. "I could stand it." You settle on commodity trading as your thing.

You have been watching the markets. You—you salty dog—have this feeling that soybeans are underpriced. Never mind for the moment how you got the feeling. It is simply there. And on that Friday before May first, you drink one last cognac, flip your scarf around your neck, pull your goggles down and call your account executive and say firmly, "Buy five contracts of November soybeans."

Basic truth in commodity trading: You buy when you think the price of a commodity is going up; you sell when you expect the price to go down. It is a two-way street. You can make money in either direction. It is this thought that you might find hardest to grasp. You can enter the market as either a buyer or a seller of a commodity. When you buy or sell, it means you are willing to take the risk for the market price of that commodity while you hold the contract. Since you have told your account executive that you want him to *buy* soybeans, this means that if all works well, you will buy the beans at a relatively low price. While you are responsible for them, you hope the price will rise. You will ride the price up. Then you will *sell* them

back at a higher price. Your account will then be cleared and you will have made money.

If you had thought the price of soybeans was going to drop, you would have *sold* the contracts, ridden the price down and then bought them back. Again, your account would have been cleared and you would have made money.

It is a Kafkaesque world, very modern and complex, something you might expect to find in a comic novel. You can, in effect, sell what isn't yours. You can buy it back later. You can make money while prices fall. You might lose money as the price goes up (you *will* lose money if you sell a commodity and the price goes up). In all cases, you pay only a small percentage of what the commodity is actually worth. It is something like Milo Minderbinder's selling Egyptian cotton, buying Italian grapes, coating them all with chocolate to trade for African gold with the understanding that everyone will get a cut—depending on the price of goats on Crete and the shipping tonnage in the Suez Canal. The logic is there if you want it to be. Surely, this is the bottom line for all economic systems: We subscribe to them and they are reflections of us. They are the mirror, not the cause, of our complexities.

Anyway, you think soybeans are about to take off. You had your account executive *buy* five contracts—that is, 25,000 bushels—due for November delivery (i.e., by the end of November, that contract will close out and be taken off the board). Sure, soybeans have been piddling around in a narrow price range for six months, whipsawing back and forth between \$4.80 and \$5.20 per bushel. And, yes, that minimal price movement has been wiping out traders who were trying to outguess the trend. But no matter. You are ready to put about \$10,000 into a purchase of soybean contracts, because you believe the price of beans is going up. Maybe you are psychic. Maybe you are depending on your luck. Maybe you have an indecent relationship with the wife of the Bulgarian military attaché in Moscow, and maybe she is sending you photocopies of her husband's on-site crop-inspection reports that indicate deteriorating conditions in Russia (and therefore the need for Russia to buy grain from the U.S.A.). Whatever your reasons, you buy the soybean futures on the Chicago Board of Trade, which is the most common place to trade soybean futures.

Let's take a simplified look at the mechanics of the market: Your order has progressed along a chain of people. From your account executive, who took your order on the phone, your "Buy 25,000 bushels of November beans" order is directed to the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade. The floor of the board happens

to be one of the most interesting places in the world. The room where futures contracts are traded is as large as an old railroad-station waiting room, with each commodity having its own "pit." The activity down on the floor is as frantic as a beehive on speed. Teletypes clatter, people run around, current prices are flashed on the boards high on the walls and, through it all, you hear a sound—something like an ocean's ebb and swell. That is the sound of some 1000 people calling out their orders, often at the same time. It is the ultimate primal scream, a chant of financial dealing that carries echoes of the oldest bazaar on the most ancient camel route.

Your soybean-futures order is received over a phone or a teletype at the desk of the commission house with which you are dealing. These desks line the edges of the floor of the board. A phone clerk writes out your order, time-stamps it and hands it to a messenger wearing a loose blue jacket. The messenger hustles through the crowd to the soybean pit, moving through the pack like O. J. Simpson on a good day. The soybean pit is an octagonal structure made up of several wooden risers. Your messenger climbs the few steps to the top of the pit. Inside this edged circle stand the brokers and the traders. They jam together on the steps that converge down toward the center of the pit. They stand like this through the trading day, shouting into each other's faces. Most of the people trading are men. They yell and signal with their hands. Sometimes they seem to panic. So would you if you had a few hundred thousand dollars riding on whether or not you were heard.

This system of trading in the pits is called open outcry. The orders for both buyers and sellers are supposed to be traded openly. The price is always vocal (or by hand signal) and is not supposed to be secret. Clerks stand at a rostrum above the pits and listen for the latest prices being called out. As they hear changes from moment to moment, they feed the information into an electronic ticker that signals the current price to all those interested in the market. The quotations go to wire services, commission houses, Government agencies, foreign banks, county grain elevators, private individuals who are willing to pay the freight of a commodities service over their phone line and many others.

In theory, you are supposed to have as much of a chance to get your order filled fairly as anyone else. But, like the rest of life, theory does not reflect reality.

The messenger carrying your order slips through the crowded pit and hands it to the broker for your commission house who is in charge of all that firm's November soybean contracts. He happens

(continued on page 148)



*"Gee, Harriet, you are the kinkiest!"*

# VIVA TACOS!

food By EMANUEL GREENBERG

TRANSCRIPTS of the Watergate tapes introduced this nation of budding gourmets to the phrase big enchilada. As a guide to Mexico's gastronomic invasion of America *del norte*, it's about as reliable as other pronouncements of Ehrlichman, Halde- man, Mitchell and company. The fact is, in the hierarchy of *nosherei* fording the Rio Grande, the *big enchilada* is the *taco!* There are other aspirants—*tostadas*, *tostaditas*, *nachos*, *chilaquiles*, *chalupas*,

*quesadillas*, *empanadas*, *tamales*, *flautas* and *burritos*—but *tacos* are *número uno*. They're hawked at Chapultepec park and the Floating Gardens, at bullfights, *charreadas*, roadside stands—even beside shrines—and offered at practically all eateries.

For the uninitiated, *tacos* are simply *tortillas*, thin corn-meal pancakes, rolled around some savory filling—and it's likely that the original *taco* was filled with locusts, fingerlings, maguery worms, lizard,

## SIMPLE BUT SENSATIONAL PLEASURES FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER





thrush, iguana and other delicacies of pre-Cortes Mexico. These days, the preference is more toward beef, lamb, refried beans, *chorizo* (sausage) or leftover chicken *mole*, rolled in a fresh *tortilla*—with maybe a squirt of *Salsa Roja* (see following recipes) for chic. Extra *Salsa*, well-seasoned salad vegetables and an incandescent red-pepper sauce that could heat Cleveland for a week are usual accompaniments.

Gringo *tacos* are much more of a production, particularly in California, where they're beginning to rival hamburgers as snack items. The filling—chicken, pork or ground beef—merely lays the base for a glorious array of garnitures heaped in a crisp *taco* shell. Among the options are shredded lettuce, grated cheese, minced onion, chopped ripe tomatoes, pimiento strips, chopped ripe or green olives, *guacamole* or diced avocado, sliced radish, *cilantro*, bacon, chopped green chilies and, on occasion, exotica like *nopalitos* (baby cactus joints) or *tomatillos* (tiny ground tomatoes)—as well as a variety of moistenings, from sour cream to *Salsa Cruda* (see following recipes). Almost anything goes on a *taco*!

To accommodate this largess, the *tortilla* is fried and folded over into a U shape, forming a large, crunchy pocket known as a shell. *Tortillas* are generally made from *masa*—corn kernels steeped in limewater to loosen the skins, then ground into a fine meal. The *masa* is mixed with water, nothing else—no salt, shortening or leavening—formed into flat pancakes, then baked quickly on an ungreased griddle. At one time, the rhythmic patapat of the *tortillera* shaping the dough between her palms was the mesmerizing beat of Mexico. Today, however, Mexicans are apt to pick up *tortillas*, along with other groceries, at the market.

*Tortillas* come frozen, canned or refrigerated in plastic packs. They're not the same as those fresh, hot off the griddle, but they're palatable. The canned are brittle and don't roll well but are acceptable for *taco* shells. To make crisp *taco* shells, fry soft *tortillas* in medium-hot oil (lard in Mexico) 30 seconds to one minute each side, then bend and hold in a U shape with tongs or chopsticks. Fry until firm. Drain on paper towels. The shells become crisper as they cool.

Prepared *taco* shells, made on a special form, are widely available and they're fine. Many restaurants and *taco* joints use prepared shells—and it makes sense for home cooks, too. Sauces are another story. Sauces made from recipes given here are much better than the canned, and not at all difficult. Like curry, chili powder is a *blend* of spices—basically ground hot and mild chilies, cumin seed, oregano and garlic—with coriander, allspice and cloves added at the whim of individual packers. Contrary to

the common impression, it is not a hot mixture, cumin supplying the dominant aroma. Fresh and canned chilies run a gamut of firepower. *Anaheims* are mildish; *anchos*, stronger; *jalapeños caliente* and *pequins* will send you to the moon. In deference to northern palates, we've used a relatively light hand with peppers in the recipes that follow. Add more if you like hot stuff. ¡Olé!

TACOS DE PUERCO

- ¾ lb. lean roast pork, shredded (about 3 cups)
- Oil or shortening
- 2 cloves garlic, minced fine
- 1 teaspoon salt, or to taste
- 1-2 tablespoons chili powder
- ¼ teaspoon fennel seed
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 tablespoon aged tequila
- 1 tablespoon chopped *cilantro* (or parsley)
- Tortillas*
- Salsa Roja*
- Salsa Cruda*
- Guacamole* or chopped avocado

Sauté pork in about 2 tablespoons hot oil, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned. Meanwhile, mash garlic with salt and combine with chili powder and fennel. Stir into browned pork; cook about 5 minutes. Add vinegar, tequila and *cilantro*; cook until just heated through. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in another skillet and fry *tortillas* about 15 seconds on each side, just to soften. As each is ready, spoon some *Salsa Roja* across, a little off center, add a couple of good spoonfuls of pork mixture and roll up. Place, seam down, in shallow pan. When all *tacos* are rolled up, heat in 375° oven for about 10 minutes, until shells begin to crisp. Serve with *Salsa Cruda*, *guacamole* and more *Salsa Roja*.

SUPER TACO

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- ¼ lb. *chorizo* or Italian sausage
- 1 4-oz. can pimiento, cut in thin strips
- 2 tablespoons chopped green olives
- ¼ teaspoon garlic powder
- ½ teaspoon oregano or marjoram
- Pinch cumin
- Salsa Roja*, about ½ cup—to moisten
- Salt to taste
- Taco* shells, warmed
- Garnishes

Remove casing from sausage and crumble. Lightly brown beef and sausage meat in large skillet, stirring to break up meat. Skim off fat, if necessary. Add pimiento, olives and spices and combine. Stir in enough sauce to moisten mixture, but don't make it soggy or your *taco* will drip. If filling seems too moist, simmer to reduce liquid. Taste for seasoning—salt may not be necessary. Spoon filling into *taco* shells and serve with array of garnishes so people can add as they choose:

shredded lettuce, chopped sweet onion, chopped hot or mild chilies, minced *cilantro*, shredded jack or Münster cheese, *Salsa Cruda*, *Salsa Xochitl* and extra *Salsa Roja*.

*Note:* As a final touch, El Charro's Chef Vidal fries garlic in olive oil, adds a little wine and a nip of tequila. When cooked down, he inverts the pan, sauce and all, over the *taco* filling—letting the good smells permeate the mixture.

SALSA ROJA

- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
  - 1 tablespoon olive oil
  - ½ teaspoon oregano
  - 1 tablespoon vinegar
  - 3 tablespoons canned chopped green chilies
  - 1 clove garlic, squeezed through press
  - 1 tablespoon minced onion
  - 2-3 teaspoons chili powder
  - Pinch cumin
  - 1 tablespoon chopped *cilantro* (optional)
  - ⅛ teaspoon salt, or to taste
- Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Taste for seasoning; add more salt, chili powder or green chilies, as desired. Bring to simmer before using.

SALSA CRUDA

- 1 lb. ripe tomatoes
  - ¼ cup canned chopped green chilies
  - 1 medium-size sweet onion, chopped fine
  - 1 tablespoon minced *cilantro*
  - 2 cloves garlic, squeezed through press
  - ½ teaspoon salt, or to taste
  - Pinch sugar
- Peel, seed and chop tomatoes. Combine with other ingredients. Taste and correct seasoning. Those who like it hot can go heavier on the chilies. Stir in a little olive oil, if you like. Let stand 10-15 minutes, so flavors can marry.

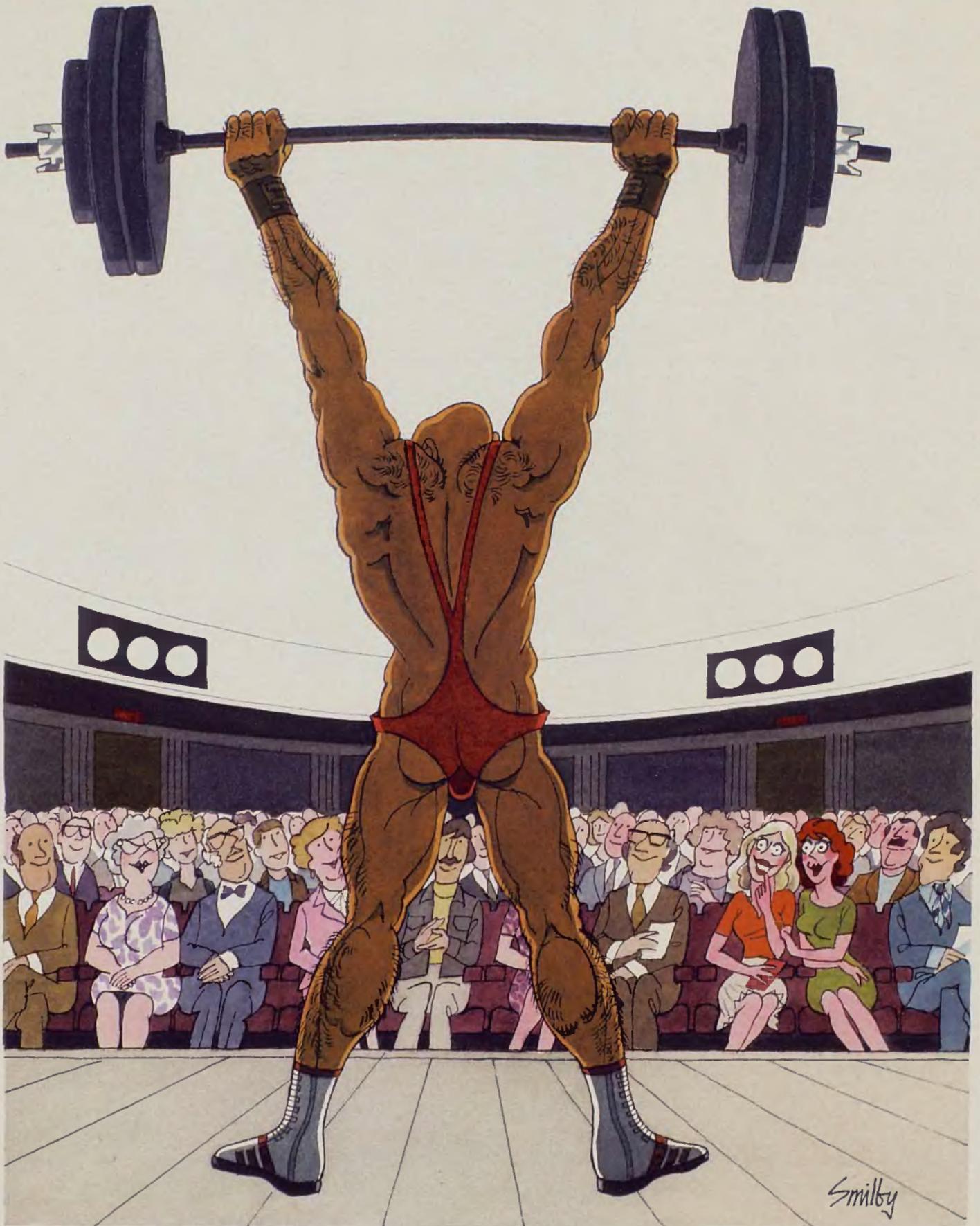
*Note:* You can substitute parsley for the *cilantro*, but it's not the same.

SALSA XOCHITL

- ¼ cup vinegar
  - ¼ cup cayenne
  - ¼ cup water
  - ¼ cup olive oil
  - ¼-½ teaspoon salt, or to taste
- This is a tablecloth burner, which may be why Xochitl, Manhattan's oldest Mexican restaurant, dispenses with cloths. It's *muy picante*—hotter than the bottled red-pepper sauces—so dash with discretion. To prepare, combine ingredients thoroughly. It will keep for months, refrigerated in covered jar.

In Mexico, *tacos* are often taken with pulque—a vile ferment derived from the agave or century plant. One of the excellent Mexican beers, dry wine, *sangria*, lemonade or an icy tequila punch is an appealing alternative.





*"Yes, I'd noticed."*

**T**homas More didn't envision his perfect society on a mountaintop, in a valley or in a nice, clean suburb. He placed it on an island: Utopia. He must have had a reason.

For the leisure-minded, the notion of owning a private island—as opposed to sharing a vacation island with swarms of tourists and bus boys—is not so far out as you might think. You may not know any island owners personally, but rest assured: There are thousands upon thousands, and they aren't all rich. Herewith, a brief report on the phenomenon and what you can do about it.

#### WHY AN ISLAND?

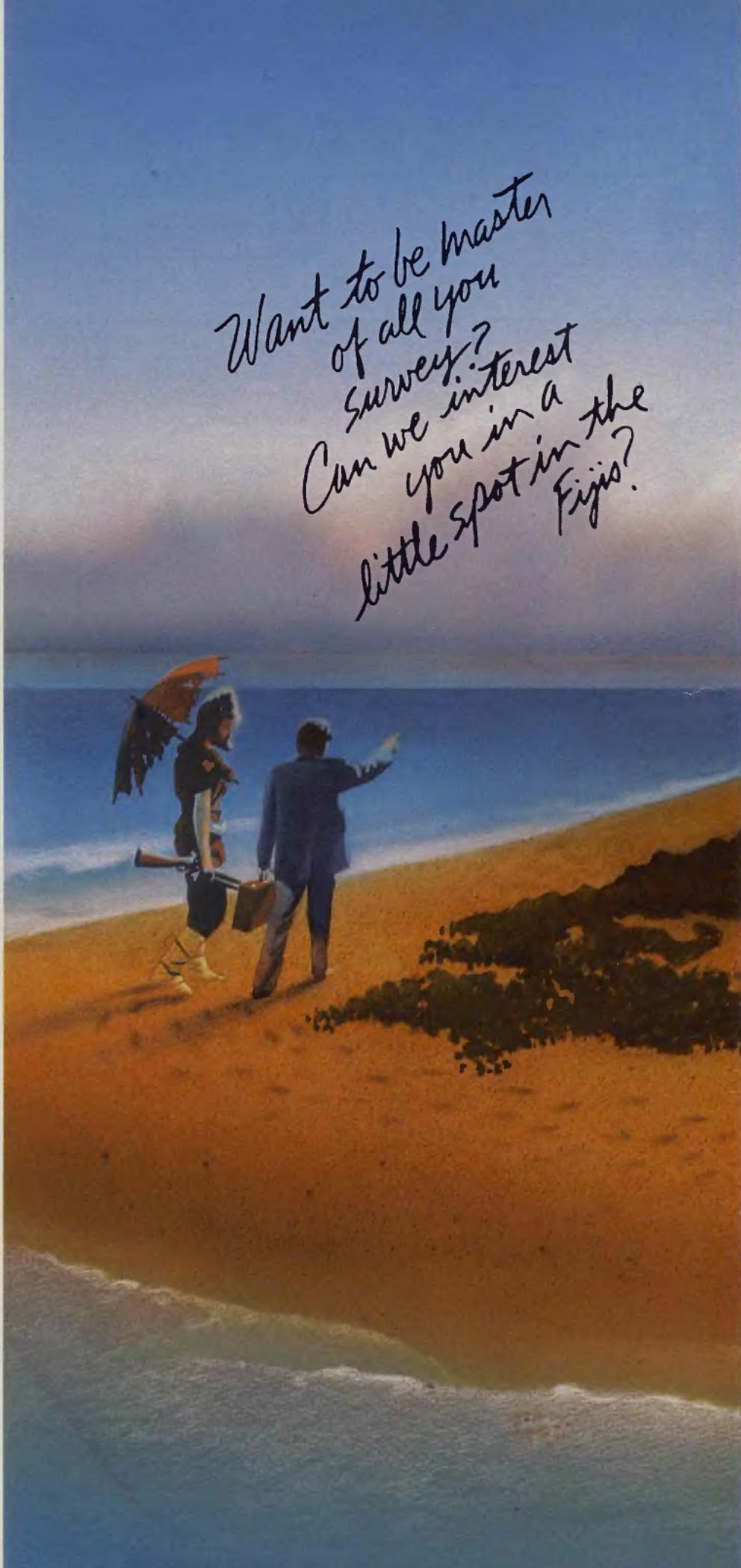
Think up your own pluses: romance, nature, nude swimming, no phone calls, no Saturday-morning lawn mowers outside your window, no dog doody (unless you take your own dog) . . . the list is endless. Of course, there are minuses, too (high cost of living, lack of medical care, need to import food), but the pluses usually win out on balance.

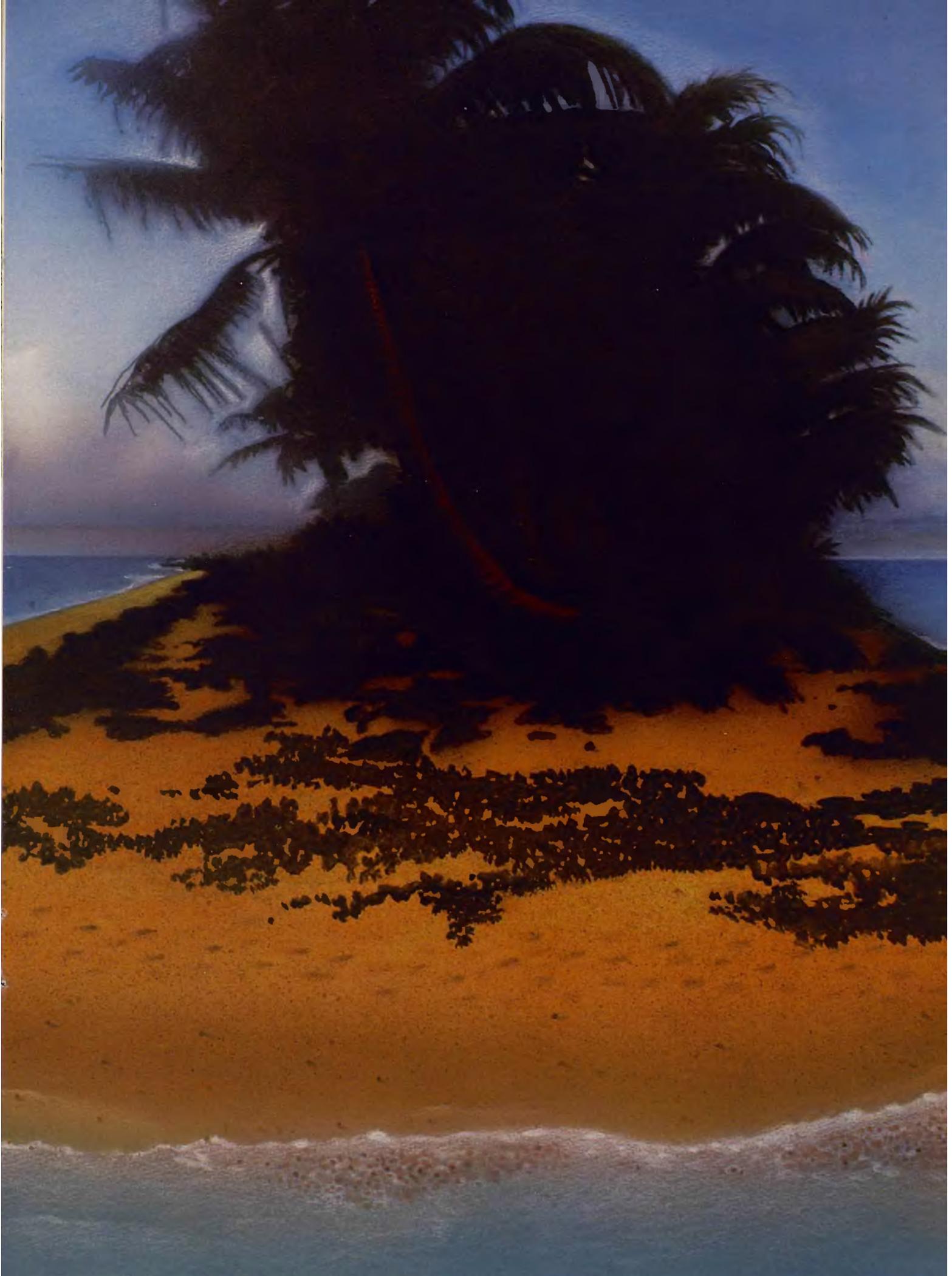
Some dwell more or less full time on private islands to make daily life

# HOW TO BUY AN ISLAND

article By DAN CARLINSKY

*Want to be master  
of all you  
survey?  
Can we interest  
you in a  
little spot in the  
Fijis?*





tolerable. Such as the New Yorker who a dozen years ago parted with his car and \$200 for a small isle off the Jersey shore, where he built a modest house and commuted to work in Manhattan. Or Tim Andrews, an American who lectures at the University of Helsinki three days a week and spends the rest of his time 60 land miles and seven sea miles away on Timsö (Tim's Island), a four-acre beauty off Finland's coast. They are special people. Others—no less special, perhaps—are driven seaward by fear of impending global disaster. One recent purchaser constructed a complete fallout shelter on his island. And Marlon Brando told an interviewer in his thatch-roofed hut at Tetiaroa, his Tahitian island and home for half the year, "I'm convinced the world is doomed. The end is near. I wanted a place where my family and I could be self-sufficient and survive."

More common is the need for escape and the fervent feeling that part-time life on a private island is as close to true freedom as modern man can come. "It's a rare opportunity to create a world of your own," says New York editor Caskie Stinnett, who air-commutes weekends to Portland, then drives 45 minutes and boats 15 more to Hamloaf, his heavily wooded retreat off the coast of Maine. "Owning an island fulfills a dream of your own kingdom, from shore to shore," agrees Bob Douglas, a Canadian island agent. "If you own a 1000-acre ranch, you can walk all day, but eventually you come to a point in the ground where someone owns the other side. That's not true on an island. Some people never even have to go to their islands; once they own them, their dreams are fulfilled. One Hollywood guy told me that whenever things got rough in a business meeting, he'd sit and dream of his island. He hadn't gone there in six years. He didn't have to."

#### WHO OWNS ISLANDS?

Three categories: developers and businesses, individuals seeking investment, individuals seeking a hideaway. Commercial users are only a minor force today, money problems having taken their toll on the business world. Private money is still around: The German firm of Boehm & Vladi has sold islands to be used for satellite tracking and salmon breeding; but most of its sales, it reports, are for individual use, even sales of the biggest and best islands—the ones with price tags that read like phone numbers. "Right now," says René Boehm, "there is a demand for private islands from leading families in the Middle East, particularly in the Indian Ocean and in prominent European areas."

A college professor sank \$90,000—most of his savings—into a large Maine off-

shore island with limited accessibility. That's not unusual. Only last year, an Iranian prince dropped \$8,000,000 on a string of magnificent islands in the Indian Ocean, to be used as his home away from home.

From Jerry Sherrard, a Seattle island broker: "Most island owners are not extremely wealthy. Just professional men who have a spark of romance and are very concerned about the future value of property."

From Bill Craig, of Previews, Inc.: "They're a special type that wants a little kingdom. Whenever we run an ad for an island or a castle, it draws like crazy."

Bob Douglas has it figured out more precisely than that. "Your island people," he says, "are quieter than the country-club fellows. They enjoy privacy. They're serious about ecology—I can't think of an island owner who smokes. Most are Democrats, they drive foreign cars, they have a strong artistic leaning. Not your average American."

Most of them, according to those who know, fall wildly and irrationally in love with their islands and get bitten by the exaggeration bug. "Nearly every owner," maintains Jerry Sherrard, "will tell you his island is the most beautiful piece of property in the world. He may have 300 feet of rock cliff, but he can tell you it's unique. I hear that almost every day. People tell me the sun always shines on their islands."

#### THE MARKET

"Invest in land," advised Will Rogers and about 80,000 other sages. "They ain't making any more of it." That goes double for islands.

Every island watcher has his tales about rising values, like the one about the Maine island that went for \$7500 in 1961 and for \$150,000 in 1974. Like the unimproved island that started out at \$2500 six years ago and has since traded at \$9000 and \$17,000; it's back on the market now for \$22,500. One agent insists that island properties outperform the stock market by at least a factor of ten. Nearly everyone agrees that island prices rise faster than those of most mainland real estate. "No matter how depressed the world may be, or how many serious recessions come and go, there are always people looking for islands," says one smart investor who owns several.

At one time, the Federal Government was handing over public islands to anyone who would pay to have the properties surveyed. No more. Federal- and state-owned islands are off the market for good. Many private owners, some of whom have been holding family properties for years, refuse to let go at any price. Still, islands are available—from

estates, from owners who want cash, from traders. Some measure less than an acre, others are bigger than a lot of countries. Some are easy to get to, others aren't. Some are pretty, others are barren. Some have houses, others have zilch. They're out there.

#### WHERE ARE THEY?

Lots of places. You probably know if there are privately held islands in your area. In the U.S.A., best bets are off Maine, the Florida Keys, in the Great Lakes (particularly Huron). Some also on the West Coast, north of Seattle and a few off California. There are tens of thousands in American lakes and rivers; the Thousand Islands region, for instance, at the New York-Canada border, where the St. Lawrence River flows out of Lake Ontario, has 1700. Prices, of course, are higher nearer civilization: Maine islands generally cost more if they're close to the Boston area, Great Lakes islands if they're near Detroit or Cleveland. Canada has islands galore, particularly in Nova Scotia, whose rocky coast is peppered with them. Other popular regions include the coasts of Britain (prices are particularly good in Scotland, because the mist and generally iffy weather scare many away), Bermuda (where the incentive of zero income tax keeps prices inflated), the Great Barrier Reef off Queensland in northeastern Australia, off the Italian Riviera (where *mafiosi* have vacation isles), the Bahamas, the South Pacific. Many an island owner has a place so far away he can afford to visit only once or twice a year. You can't count on owning an island around the corner.

#### WHEN IS AN ISLAND NOT AN ISLAND?

When it's so close to the mainland you can hear an onshore transistor radio. Land surrounded by water is, of course, technically an island, but any island that crowds the mainland—or too many other islands—just doesn't *feel* like an island.

Such, for example, is Perots Island, something under eight acres—most of them manicured gardens—in a Bermuda bay. Perots has been the permanent home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel for more than 25 years, ever since Joel decided the British Board of Inland Revenue was taking too big a bite out of his income from diamond mines and race horses. Less than 100 yards of water separates mainland Bermuda from the hibiscus and oleander, the 14-room boathouse, the pool and the 40-room main house of Perots. Crossing to the island is, as one of the live-in staff of a dozen puts it, "rather like crossing Fifth Avenue in a rowboat."

(continued on page 213)

## THE NEW GIRLS OF PORN

*a new—and  
better-looking—  
breed of uninhibited  
actress is showing  
up on the screen  
of your local  
x-rated cinema*

Catharine Burgess' mother stopped speaking to her after *Through the Looking Glass* (below) appeared—complete with hard-core footage Catharine didn't pose for. But the part was her steppingstone to major films.





Compared with the porn stars of yesteryear, today's sex queens represent an entirely new breed of liberated lovelies who consider themselves professional performers first. They may screw onscreen as exuberantly as Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Chambers or Georgina Spelvin ever did; they may even admit to a streak of flagrant exhibitionism without becoming defensive about it, unless pressed to confess that, in many cases, their families still don't know. Which only means that the sexual revolution kindled to a blaze in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco has just reached the simmering stage in back-home towns. The current blue-movie beauties are surveyed here by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson.

LET A Screw interviewer corner one of this year's crop of X-rated Loreleis to ask her opinion of favorite positions or penis sizes and she is apt to reward him with a cool fisheye and an empty notebook. Porn movies may not have improved much, but the girls in the orgies are upwardly mobile—beautiful, skeptical, seriously ambitious, intellectually and aesthetically together as never before. A special few are likely to insist that simulated sex is as far as they will go—they leave a film's hard-core inserts to genital stunt women, who seldom worry that maximum penetration might peg them as un-touchable for a TV shampoo commercial or a role in a so-called straight movie. One wet-dream girl who goes



When Leslie Bovee (opposite) worked as an executive secretary for a savings and loan association, she got sent home for appearing bare-midriffed on the job. In her roles in such films as *A Coming of Angels* (right), she shows a good deal more. *Angels*, a loosely disguised spoof of the hit TV series *Charlie's Angels*, stars (from left) Annette Haven, Abigail Clayton and Leslie. Says Abigoil (also seen above right) of this stint: "Charlie's Angels on TV seems to me like pornography without the sex—all that emphasis on those three lodies' looking beautiful."





Serena BlaqueLord (below) plays a Southern belle who enjoys many balls in *Sweet Cakes* (left), with Pat Lee and Peter Russel. "I looked good in that movie," Serena recalls. "I was five months' pregnant and my tits were huge." The trouble with most explicit films, according to Mary Mendum (opposite), is that they end up "not being sexy at all." None of them, she feels, are meant to appeal to women. Mary's credits include *Felicia* (right, with Beatrice Harnois and Jean Roche).



all the way without a shred of regret is scrumptious Annette Haven, a California native who attended community college in Oregon City, studied video technology, married and divorced by the time she was 18, then settled for a while into a bisexual *ménage à trois* with a couple named Bonnie and Danny.

"All my life I'd wanted to be an astrophysicist," says Annette, "but we three moved down to San Francisco, where I started with nude modeling. Then we met Alex deRenzy, who was about to do a movie called *Lady Freaks*." Several years and some 29 features later, Annette is a jet-propelled sex symbol whose jobs may take her to L.A., New York or the Caribbean. She turned audiences on with featured roles in *China Girl*, *Deep Tango* and *Autobiography of a Flea*, currently plays stellar roles in *V* (directed by Gary Graver, who has worked as an assistant to Orson Welles), in Radley Metzger's brand-new *Barbara Broadcast* (Annette plays a Xaviera Hollander type who's constantly being interviewed) and in *A Coming of Angels*, by New York's Joel





Scott, director of *Sometime Sweet Susan*, the first and only hard-core movie in which Screen Actors Guild members were given tacit approval to appear without fear of reprisals.

Ultrathin and articulate, Annette believes in what she's doing, with minor limitations. "I flatly refuse to do oral come shots, because I don't enjoy that. I'll let someone come on my pubes or on my rear end, though it certainly doesn't reflect reality. Anyway, doing it for the camera—and stopping every five minutes—is not all that much fun. We're still sort of stuck in the Dark Ages in sex films, compared with what *could* be done. I think Hollywood and the porn industry ought to be combined—and why not? Because everyone is so



One of the busiest of the new porn princesses is Annette Hoven (left), featured in such releases as *Desires Within Young Girls* (below), with John Seeman as a chauffeur, and *Barbara Broadcast* (bottom), with C. J. Loing as a girl reporter really getting into her interview subject. Annette, who soys she spent seven years supporting men, is looking for Mr. Right. "I need o man os ombitious, strong, intelligent and creative as I om," she soys. Any volunteers for the job?



uptight out in Podunk, they need to loosen up about sex. The Puritan ethic is still crippling our nation. I have no desire to escape from porno; I'd just like to see sex as an integral part of the film, the way it was in *Sexworld*, another film I did a while back: a sci-fi thing loosely based on *Westworld*."

To rip off established hits, as a matter of fact, is a growing trend in hard-core as well as feature films. Joel Scott, under another name, is a young producer-director with substantial showbiz credits and a hit musical running off-Broadway. To cast *A Coming of Angels*, a sex-and-adventure epic patterned after television's prime-time hit *Charlie's Angels*, Scott went recruiting in California and came back with Annette, Leslie Bovee (text continued on page 144)



During a press junket to Louisville, Tina Lynn (left) became so captivated by a typographical error in a local newspaper that she's changing the spelling of her name to conform. Henceforth, she's Tyna Lynn, thank you very much, though she made the change too late to be included in the credit sheet for *Jailboit* (above), in which she co-stars with Wade Nichols. Refreshingly candid Laurien Dominique (opposite), now onscreen in *Hard Soap, Hard Soap*, a *Mary Hartmanish* parody, confesses: "I used to think I wanted to make love to a *Vogue* model. Then I did, and she was so like a mannequin it blew fantasy right out the window."





The Mitchell brothers' latest, *Autobiography of a Flea* (above), features Jean Jennings (left) and Paul Thomas, here as a priest in mufti. Making merry in *Mary! Mary!* (right) are John Leslie and box-office sensation Constance Money (opposite). Constance, who is also in *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* and *The Joy of Letting Go*, allows as how Leslie is one of her favorite screen-sex partners.



Perhaps the year's most unusual sensation on the porn scene was provided by identical twins Broake and Taylor Young, who specialize in sisterly love in *Sweet Cakes* (left). The Youngs made another flick, *Teenage Twins*, before quitting the scene, allegedly so one could return to her job as an airline stewardess.



and Abigail Clayton, plus a couple of secondary performers. "I don't know why, but the West Coast has attracted much prettier women to the business," says Scott. "They don't seem to be just frustrated actresses who can't make a living. Maybe it's the whole California mentality, coming out of Berkeley. Up to now, East Coast films have been of better quality, with gorgeous West Coast girls stuck out there making lousy movies.

"Still, the over-all quality of girls in porno has risen dramatically in the past couple of years. The performers we used to settle for can no longer compete. These girls don't drink on the set or get stoned. It's a different world now and you can't hire a bunch of junkie whores trying to make a fast buck." Plugging his own flight of *Angels*, Scott adds, "Annette is probably the most beautiful woman ever to appear in a hard-core film. Abigail has a sweet, classy air about her that's unique among porno people, while Leslie is one of the *sexiest* girls in the field, absolutely. She projects torrid sensuality on film like no one else."

Leslie—she adopted the double L to make her name distinctive—proved her appeal last year in DeRenzy's *Femmes de Sade*, oiled up and grappling with three naked merchant seamen for an engine-room orgy that virtually stopped the show. Says San Francisco stud John Leslie, one of the three: "In that scene, Leslie had me so worked up I jerked off in my car on the way home."

A tawny, green-eyed former TWA stewardess from L.A. who comes on like an early Rita Hayworth, Leslie slowed to a stop at a New York restaurant—grappling with a simple fruit salad—fresh from a \$1500-a-week stage engagement at a Manhattan burlesque house. She'd been breaking in an act that she and her boyfriend, Carl, expected to book as a team at the Las Vegas Tropicana. "I don't intend to have a small career," avows Leslie, recalling how she'd left the airline and become a go-go dancer and stripper because the pay was better, then wriggled her way into such explicit skin flicks as *Easy Alice*, *The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio* and the recent *Eruption* (Barbara Stanwyck's classic *Double Indemnity* revisited), in which she performs some explosive sexual duets with John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes.

"I aspire to become a *real* actress and sex star," says Leslie, who echoes Annette's criticism of the porn industry. "Carl and I are into three-ways, two girls and a guy. We have a very open relationship. But we'd go to a porno house to turn on and walk away feeling insulted. They owe the audience more. A new way to see sex. Some enlightenment, instead of all that gratuitous bondage and discipline. I've turned down more

than one film that I felt was based on humiliation of women."

Abigail Clayton, a reticent New York-born beauty whose role in *Angels* would correspond roughly to the part played by Farrah Fawcett-Majors, has a B.A. in fine art from the State University of New York at Stony Brook and started her career as a model. "A very uptight business, modeling. Movies are fun and the people I meet in porno are interesting, nice, educated . . . not a bunch of hippies making movies to buy dope, as the public may think." Abigail's first film was *Dixie*, made three years ago, and she's less interested in stardom than in maintaining her casual San Francisco lifestyle, performing or working as a production assistant and editor with DeRenzy, caring for her baby and her old man—a student and cab driver who occasionally moonlights in blue movies.

Ranked high among the California contingent of prettier-than-thou porn queens is busy Linda Wong, a veteran of 14 films in less than two years. *Jade Pussycat* (with John C. Holmes and Georgina Spelvin coupled for the first time), *Femmes de Sade*, *Easy Alice* and *Oriental Babysitter* are just a few of the titles bolstering Linda's claim to fame. Before her debut in hard-core, which was encouraged by a boyfriend "who really got off on it," she had been a fashion-show model and student of ballet. Linda tells us that, using her real name, she also worked for a while as a bookkeeper and legal secretary in the office of San Francisco attorney Melvin Belli—a statement Belli's office refuses to confirm or deny.

Practically everyone on the hard-core scene has a nom de film as either a legal or a professional safeguard or to spare his or her family embarrassment. Liberation has its limits, as Linda learned. "I led a pretty straight life, brought up here in San Francisco, and had a closed mind about this kind of movie. But I also wanted to experience different things, test myself. Now I get fan mail from some people practically idolizing me, while a few old friends won't have anything to do with me anymore. If I get a chance, I'd like to have a career in straight films."

Turning pro sexually has been even tougher emotionally for Amber Hunt, currently nestled in a flat in Sausalito with her beau and her seven-year-old son. She was known as Bunny Ginger prior to 1975, when she wore a cottontail at Playboy's Great Gorge resort and the Century City Club in L.A.

"I don't plan to spend the rest of my life as an X-rated actress," says Amber. "I'm wrong for it. I'm too domestic a person, and I've promised my boyfriend not to do any more films after the next few months. It's been a hassle. My family

back in New York has completely disowned me . . . the whole shtick."

Amber's straight screen credits include *Farewell, My Lovely*, with Robert Mitchum ("A small part in the brothel scene," she notes wryly), and an R film called *Bare Knuckles*. Neither brought her the kind of rapt attention she received, or hopes to receive, from *Cry for Cindy*, *Sexworld*, *A Coming of Angels*, *Baby Face* and her recent *Fiona on Fire*. The last she describes as "a take-off on *Laura*," with Amber, natch, in Gene Tierney's role.

If, since the debut of Marilyn Chambers, outright fuck films have produced one girl with a star mystique, it's Constance Money. Ask Jamie Gillis, generally considered the busiest and best actor in porno, who co-starred with Constance in Metzger's *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*. He'll tell you: "I had quite a crush on her. She's special." And Jamie has had them all.

Adds Joel Scott: "She's definitely one of the top two in this business, a real turn-on with that girl-next-door look." A bit role in *The Joy of Letting Go*, followed by *Misty* and *Mary! Mary!* constitute her whole career in hard-core. But *Misty*, which grossed well over \$1,000,000 in hard and soft versions, was the biggest sexploitation hit of 1976-1977.

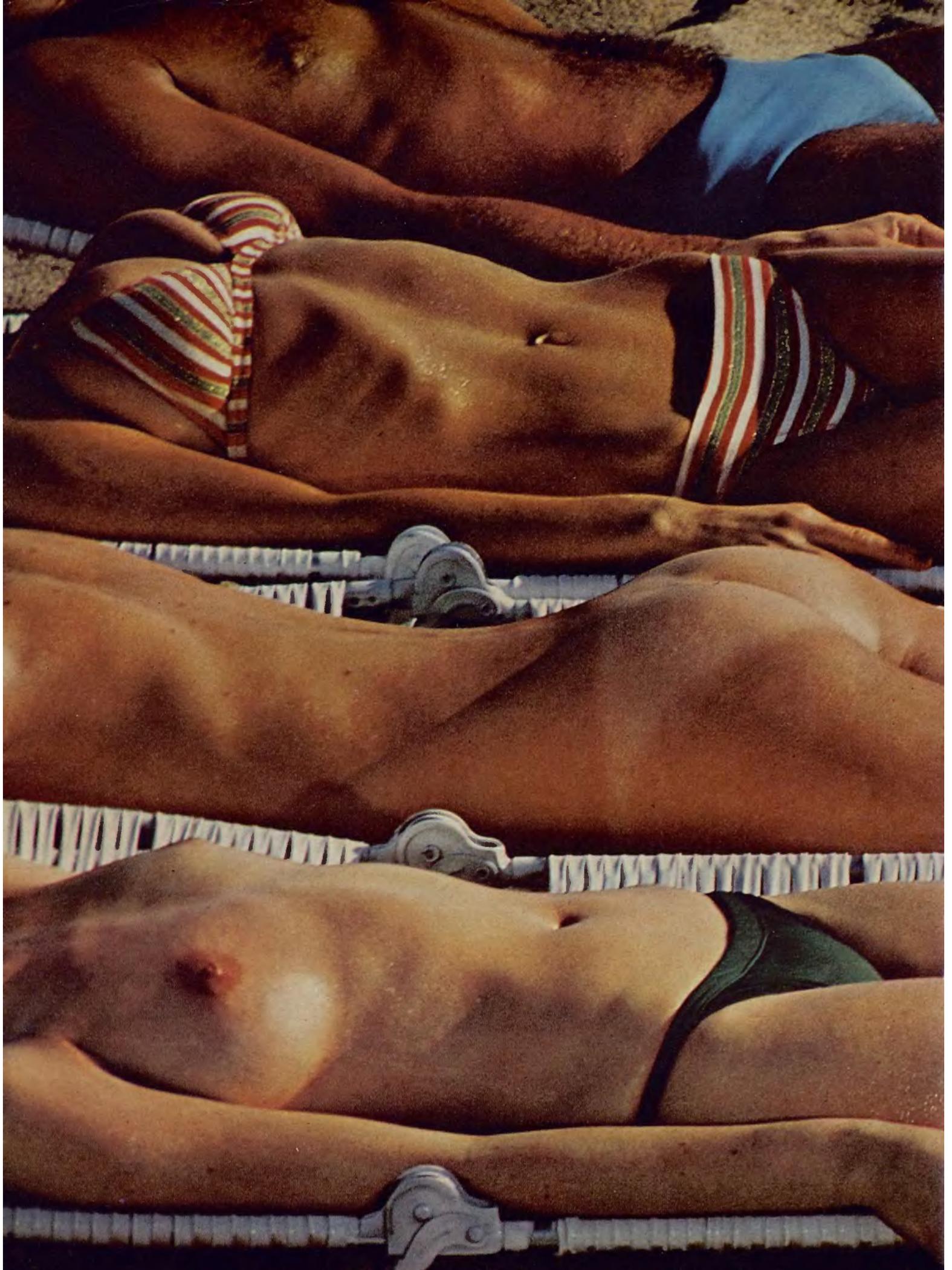
Since then, Constance has reportedly raised her asking price to \$800-\$900 a day—considered all but prohibitive by most entrepreneurs, who pay an average of \$200-\$300 daily for seasoned sexual performers. Money—who detests the name invented for her by Metzger and wonders aloud whether she has waited too long to change it—flew to L.A. for a PLAYBOY photo session from a Northern refuge so icy and remote that you need a dog sled, a Sherpa guide or a mutual friend to get through to her.

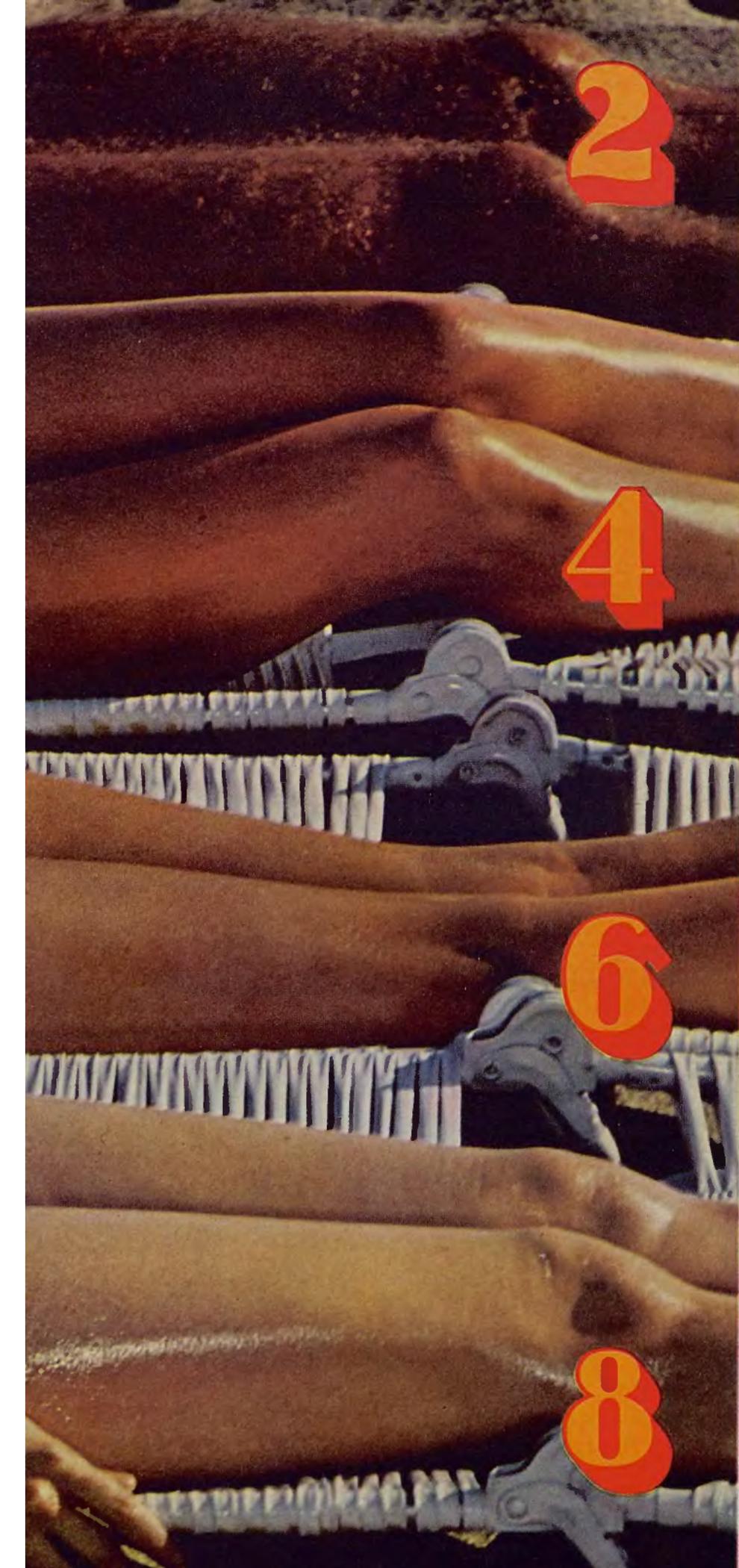
"I only do what I like," quoth Constance, enjoying a bite of breakfast and a bit of sunshine in a Sunset Boulevard coffee shop. What she likes, for the time being, is managing a lodge frequented by offshore oil riggers and roustabouts who would be perfectly cast in a Russ Meyer movie—they heave by, horny and hungry, and haven't seen a woman in weeks. No dice, fellas. Her clientele at the inn doesn't know Constance Money exists, but Constance knows who she is with crashing certainty. One of her ancestors invented the vacuum cleaner, for God's sake.

"I'm an egotist," says Constance, "and always leading a double life, which I find kind of exciting. Way back in high school, I was a cheerleader by day, dropping acid and carousing at night. I'm a swinger by nature, I guess, though I

(continued on page 196)







2

## BY THE NUMBERS, TAN!

NOW IT'S AS  
EASY AS  
TWO  
FOUR  
SIX  
EIGHT  
TO TURN THE  
SHADE THAT  
SUITS YOU

**C**OME SUMMER, thousands of sun bathers find that they've been lolling under an unlucky old sun, because the tanning lotion they rubbed on didn't effectively stop Sol's harmful rays. To help alleviate this problem, the FDA soon will be enacting regulations that all suntan, sun-screen and sun-block agents must be labeled with a number and specific information as to the average length of time the product protects fair, medium and dark skin. Products that offer minimum protection will be given a 2—they're ideal for people who have a good base tan; maximum protection rates a 10, which means that the user can stay in the sun ten times longer than he could if he had no protection.

You may have noticed that at least two companies—Elizabeth Arden and Coppertone—are already playing it by the numbers; several of their tanning products, such as Coppertone's Tanning Butter (2), Suntan Lotion (4) and Shade (6) and Elizabeth Arden's Dark Tanning Gel (2), Gentle Tanning Lotion (6) and Sun Shading Cream (8), are available, and other manufacturers will soon follow. It's about time somebody got smart and eliminated the smarts.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH

*"Right, good buddy, you pay as you go in commodities. And they don't take Master Charge or American Express."*

to be holding some very large orders for many thousands of bushels, so he is not exactly awed by your five-contract buy order. But he will do the best he can for you—usually. If you have named a price, he will try to buy the soybeans at that price. If you have sent in a market order (that is, you agree to pay whatever price he can get for you), then there is more room for him to maneuver. Of course, he might maneuver for himself instead of for you, but more on that later.

Your broker reads your order quickly. He starts waving his hands and yelling. If it is a busy day, the action is very physical. Sometimes there are fights. Sometimes people collapse right there in the pit. It is a tough business, with more than financial risks. Anyone who argues that emotions do not move markets has not seen the hysteria that can sweep the pits. It can be frightening to the novice.

Signaling, bellowing, threatening and cajoling, your broker gets the nod or the sign or the call from someone else in the pit who is willing to sell the soybean futures you want to buy. Your contracts are bought. Your broker scribbles the transaction price on the order form, along with the name of the party with whom he traded and the bracket (the hour during which the trade was made—not the exact minute but the hour). He either gives the completed order to the messenger, if he can find him, or tosses the order toward the edge of the pit, where it will be picked up and taken back to the commission-house desk at the edge of the trading floor. There your order will be time-stamped again by the phone clerk, who will notify your account executive that your order has been filled. Your account executive calls you to report that your soybean contracts were bought at such and such a price. Meanwhile, back on the floor of the Board of Trade, the action continues. The trading hours in the grain pits are from 9:30 A.M. to 1:15 P.M. Seconds after your order has been filled, you could be making or losing money. The action happens just that fast. Price changes occur so quickly sometimes that an order is deeply in debt or high in profits before the customer even knows he has a "fill."

**Caution!** Each step in the process just described is open to some weighty questions—from how much information you actually had available to you to help you make a sensible buy or sell decision, to what kind of account executive and commission house you were dealing with, to

how fairly and accurately your order was filled on the floor of the board.

**Double Caution!** You paid an initial margin of about \$8750 for your five soybean contracts. That is only a percentage of the total value. Assuming those beans were worth about five dollars a bushel when you bought them, their net worth was \$125,000 at the time of purchase (five dollars a bushel  $\times$  25,000 bushels = \$125,000). You control a lot of soybean contracts for not much money. Such financial leverage can lead to glory or ruin. The risk is large. By the way, you will also pay a commission to your account executive and the commission house that bought the soybean contracts for you. That commission—about \$40 per contract—may not seem like much, but it does something interesting to your chances of making any money. It starts you off behind, it does, on each and every trade you make.

**Triple-Quadruple-Infinite Caution!** If things go against you in the market, you may not be able to get out when you want to. This is a brutal fact and the chance you must take if you deal in commodities. If you were wrong in your decision to buy November soybean futures, and if the price starts to drop, so that you are losing instead of winning, it is conceivable that you will be locked into those contracts for several days, maybe longer. It does happen. You could scream at your account executive. You could write letters to your Senator. You could picket the Board of Trade. You could wear a sign around your neck that reads, I AM LOSING \$5000 A DAY—HELP! But part of the tremendous risk you have assumed in this soybean speculation is just such a frozen situation. If the market goes "down limit" for several days after you buy your soybean contracts, you will be losing \$5000 per day.

Down limit? This refers to the fact that the market can move only so far on any given day. That is a rule of most commodity exchanges. On the Chicago Board of Trade, for example, the limit in soybeans is usually 20 cents above or below the previous day's settlement price (the final averaged closing price). Two thin dimes' worth of movement may not sound like much to you. Until you do some arithmetic. Here are the numbers on those soybean futures you bought: If you own a single contract (5000 bushels), you stand to make or lose \$50 for each penny the price goes up or down; since you own five contracts, you are risking

\$250 for each cent of price change ( $\$50 \times 5$ ); therefore, on each limit move, your risk is \$1000 per contract ( $\$50 \times 20$  points of movement = \$1000), or \$5000 for your five contracts. As you can see, limit moves often leave speculators wearing an expression closely akin to that of the captain of the Titanic as he asked, "Iceberg? What iceberg?"

Limit moves are something a soybean speculator has to learn to live with. They happen frequently in that market. They happen very fast. It is not unusual for the market to be up or down limit within a few minutes of the opening bell. In these situations, the small speculator has about as much chance of getting an order filled as Joe Garagiola would have of throwing out the Road Runner on a steal of second base. When the market is hot and limit moves are happening, you might as well sit back and write out the checks for the required "maintenance margins." That's right, good buddy, you pay as you go in commodities. And, no, they don't take Master Charge or American Express. If your position is vulnerable and you are locked into the market, you can expect a daily call from your account executive for more money. You are legally bound to pay until you can get out. It can be a terrifying situation.

The limit rule is supposedly there to protect you. It is there to prevent total panic in the market. Since prices cannot rise or drop too far in a day, due to this arbitrary halt in trading, the market can cool down a little and hope for some counterbalancing news.

Question: Are you still game to invest in soybeans? Or are you doing that Commodity Shuffle right out of town?

Let's suppose you really are the tiger that you tell the girls you are. Let's suppose you have not been fazed by the problems already described and that you accept the risks because you want the quick profits that can accrue. We are back at May first. You have bought your five contracts of November soybean futures. Your neighbors are walking their dogs and trimming their hedges and swinging their golf clubs. They are pretending that they will be able to afford to send their kids to college. They are assuming that fixed retirement incomes will keep up with inflation and will survive depression. This next generation of oldsters—you and me, quickly aging here—is carrying on the civilized fantasy that all's well with the world, at least within reason.

And you? What are you worried about? Well, you are wondering how you'll keep up with all the changes you suspect are ahead. You would not be gambling with your \$10,000 and submitting yourself to such psychological and financial pressure

(continued on page 162)

quiz  
By PHILIP NOBILE



*migod, is he still around? a fun-filled test that's a matter of life and death*

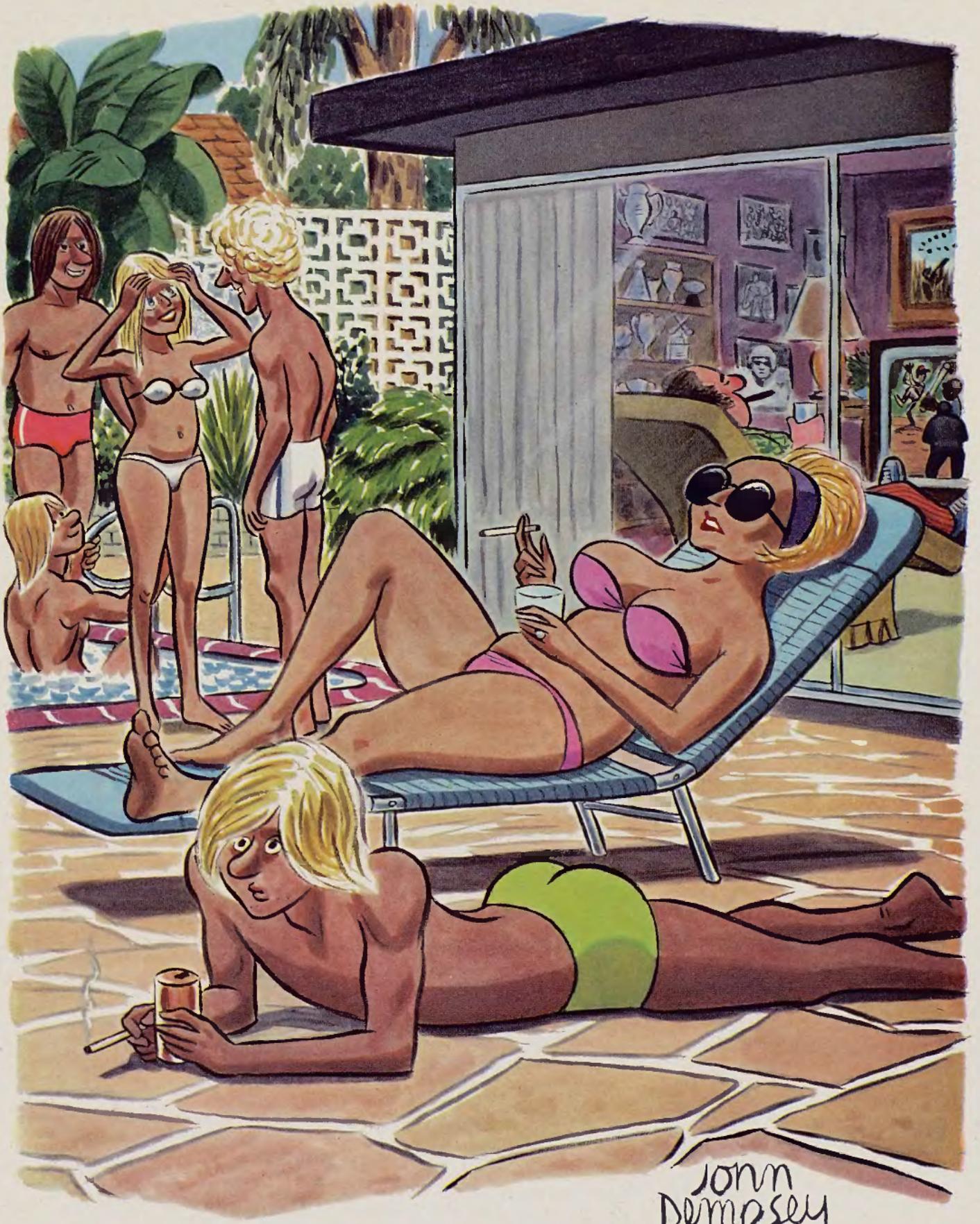
THE PALE HORSE of death often leaves no tracks. It can pass without notice and sometimes its presence is imagined where it has not yet appeared. For example, how frequently have you been surprised to learn that a celebrity you long ago gave up for dead was still kicking? Or someone you consigned to the living was actually among the dearly departed?

Who are these prematurely deceased, these lively stiffs? You will have to guess. Separate, if you can, the dead from the living on the following list. See how alert you've been to the obit pages.

1. Irving Berlin, composer
2. Mandy Rice-Davies, British callgirl
3. Alf Landon, politician
4. General Fulgencio Batista, Cuban dictator

5. J. Fred Muggs, TV personality
6. Chico Marx, comedian
7. H. Rap Brown, political activist
8. Ralph Edwards, TV personality
9. Amy Vanderbilt, social arbiter
10. Roy Campanella, Brooklyn Dodgers catcher
11. Jimmy Durante, comedian
12. Sherman Adams, politician
13. Klaus Fuchs, atom spy
14. Lord Louis Mountbatten, British public servant
15. Victor Mature, actor
16. Yuri Gagarin, Russian cosmonaut
17. Ezra Taft Benson, former Secretary of Agriculture
18. Sonja Henie, ice skater
19. General Omar Bradley, World War Two leader

20. Joseph Valachi, *mafioso*
21. Anna Magnani, actress
22. Nikolai Bulganin, Russian statesman
23. József Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary
24. Mary Pickford, actress
25. Betty Grable, actress
26. Dave Garroway, TV personality
27. Judy Holliday, actress
28. Vittorio DeSica, film director
29. Luciano Visconti, film director
30. Daphne Du Maurier, author
31. Jack L. Warner, film producer
32. Killer Kowalski, wrestler
33. General Lewis B. Hershey, Selective Service director
34. Pierre Mendès-France, former premier of France (concluded on page 195)



John  
Dempsey

*"Want to know something, Matthew? I think you have the yummiest buns of all Linda's boyfriends."*

*Numero Uno*

All Rome admires and hums my verses—  
look!  
That fellow down the street peeks at my  
book  
And curses, reddens, rants and stamps his  
feet.  
Infuriated—

I find such praises sweet.

*Cherry*

You say Thais is a virgin? Where? Be-  
tween her toes?  
No, between her eyes.

*To Sextus*

You claim that beautiful women come  
just by looking at you.  
I think they go.

*Grocer's Daughter*

Marulla measures men's erections  
Before and after, noting their deflections  
On the scales when they're shrunken,  
limp and numb.  
And still she cheats. How? She has a fat  
thumb.

*Out*

Thais is so thin that when she stands by  
the edge of an open door—  
she isn't home.

*All Pro*

Chrestina the contortionist is quite a  
screw.  
Nothing, Marianus, *nothing* she can't do.

*Parasite*

Cantharus, you must learn to shut your  
mouth  
And stop your tongue's abusive screech.  
If he expects to get invited out,  
A freeloader can't afford free speech.

*On a Jockey*

In the homestretch, Catanius applies the  
whip  
And makes his mount run backward—  
that's whoresmanship!

*To Chloë*

Chloë, I like everything about you but  
Your face, your arms, your legs, your tits,  
your butt.

*Professor*

Pollio, you're charming when you're  
skunked.  
Sober, you're a sepulcher. My friend, stay  
drunk.

*Two to Go*

After burying seven husbands, Chloë  
Is marrying Phileros, who's buried seven  
wives.  
They'll get a special funeral for two  
And trip each other on the steps to hell.

*To Polla*

Why plaster your face with mudpacks,  
Polla,  
When even your deep wrinkles get me  
hot?  
All those cosmetics, creams, curlers, etc.,  
It's like embracing a swamp—  
or a beauty shop.

*Stinko*

Papylus sniffs a perfume jar,  
Presto!—it's vinegar.

*To Galla*

All right, refuse me, Galla; be a cock-  
teaser.  
I'll get over it—  
my right hand's a girl.

*Muscle Beach*

You see that stud there—bulging biceps,  
stout chest, hairy hide—surrounded by  
admirers?  
Last night he was a bride.

*To the Boss*

Chairman of the board, why shower gold  
on Danaë  
When you have a Leda for a secretary?

*Afterward*

Your ordinary girl takes a douche,  
But Lesbia gargles.

*Gay Blade*

You depilate your chest and legs and  
arms  
And tell us it's to please your mistress.  
But here's the real question, Laberius:  
For whom do you pluck your ass?

*Midget*

Glyptus decided to get circumcised.  
The knife slipped. Now he really is pint-  
sized.

*Can't Win*

While dressed, you say, "Naked, I'll  
please you more."  
While naked, you say, "What do you  
think I am, a whore?"

*To a Loudmouth*

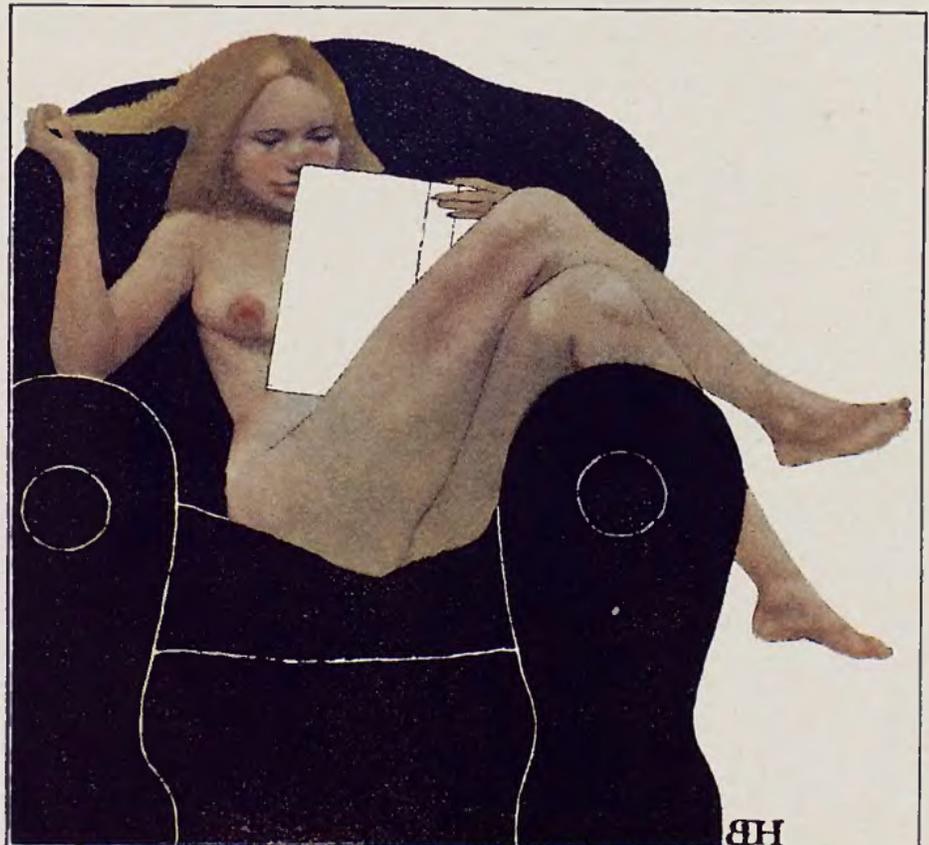
You brag you fuck my girl, you phony  
prick,  
But all that you can really do is lick.  
If I catch you, I'll make you choke on  
something, quick.

*To an Ad Hoc Surgeon*

You caught your wife's lover and cut  
off his nose?  
But not his joint?  
Unless you know something I don't  
know,  
I'd say you missed the point.

—Translated by

Richard O'Connell



## MANHATTAN PIT STOP (continued from page 107)

*"With each move he showed two more great, big perfect teeth, until there were about 55 or so of them."*

A little, tiny phaeton. And a Jaguar with landau irons. Little, tiny MG-TDs. Little Shelby-Cobras in gold. Little wheels with gold and silver spokes. And teensy Champion sparkplugs.

3. Over the shirt, he had on a blue-velvet jacket and it had sort of champagne-colored mink lapels and mink trim around the pockets. And he was wearing dark-blue satin pants, tight fitting across the crotch and thighs, sweeping out at the bottom.

4. And red alligator shoes sitting up on top of those platform soles.

5. And a platinum watch with a black dial that kept flashing the time on and off in red. And a ring on every finger; two on some.

He just stood there and glowed on and off and when I got through looking at him, he cleared his throat and he said, "I don't fuckin' believe it."

"Listen, I don't believe it too much myself," I said.

He did a little shimmy, snapping the fingers of both hands and sending little bolts of light up into the grape trellis.

"Stroker Fucking Ace," he said. "My main man. Like, I mean: It's you!"

"It's me," I said.

The guy turned to Lugs and did a kind of long, lean grind and capped it off with a little bump, snapping his fingers some more. "And you," he said. "You Lugs Harvey, man. The magic wrench, man."

Then he twisted his body, without moving either foot, snatched a chair from the next table and arced it through the air and plunked it up against our table backward and then eased down onto it, cowboy style. He put both elbows out in the middle of the table and leaned way over until we were nose to nose. "Can I sit down?" he said.

"I insist."

He smiled: slowly, a little move at a time under the Zapata mustache, and with each move he showed two more great, big perfect teeth, until there were about 55 or so of them hanging there in the air. And then he folded his hands delicately under his chin to hold up all that weight and he kept shaking his head back and forth, looking at me.

One more item:

6. He was wearing sparkly fingernail polish. Not too much, so as not to appear gaudy, but pretty sparkly, all the same.

"It's you," he said. "And it's me. Sit-

ting here at the very same table with you, baby."

"That's an upset right there," Lugs said.

The guy opened one thin hand and began to count, bending down one finger with each item.

"Indy five hundred," he said. "Daytona five hundred. And Charlotte and Talla-dega, and Dar-lington and Po-cono, man, and Riverside and On-tar-io. And the title. And, like slamming that sum-bitch flat fucking sideways at Atlanta; I saw it all. Listen, I saw you. Like, you were limping so hard you could hardly walk—and I saw you get into that mother car . . . it was at Daytona . . . and you were peeling their humpin' doors off, baby. And you were comin' off that number-four turn and the brakes went out and the whole car suddenly—"

"Brakes," I said. "Uh-huh. Brakes. That's Mr. Magic Wrench over there. Mr. Magic Wrench and his four-hundred-and-ten-mile braking system."

"Yer ass," Lugs said. He pushed his plate away and began working through all his pockets, looking for a toothpick. "The idea is: You keep yer foot off the fucking brakes and they'll last longer. You want to play with the brakes, you can go out somewhere in the goddamn street."

The guy shook his head some more, blinking, and he did another sort of sitting-down shimmy in wonder. "Man," he said. "You guys. Like, here I am, me, sitting right here. Right here at this table, with the greatest racing driver ever."

"Well. If you go to all those races, you could come around to the pits and—"

He held up one delicate hand, the palm toward me. "Uh-uh. Look at me again, sugar. You think some honkie guard gonna let me anywhere near the pits? You think, like, even across the track?"

Lugs nodded. "I got to confess," he said, "fingernail polish ain't really all that big in NASCAR."

The waiter bent into view, looking at our visitor.

"Mr. Snapper," he said. "The girls want to know when you're coming back to the table. And they would like to know if they could please have another drink while they're waiting."

"I swear, I thought maybe I heard somebody just mention girls," Lugs said.

The guy nodded. He bent back a bit

and reached into his pocket and swept his hand up. It was full of crumpled money. He pulled out a hundred and handed it to the waiter. "You tell the ladies that the Snappuh Man gonna be back when it suits the Snappuh Man. But you tell them to go right on ahead and have a little something."

Then he turned back to us. "Permit me," he said, and he swept off the white hat and dropped it onto the floor. His Afro sprang right up all around. "Permit me to introduce myself formally. I am none other than Beau-re-gard Snappuh. Uhh, the third. I would deem it an honor if you called me Beau, man. Beau Snappuh, at your service. Your biggest fan. I follow your career, Mr. Ace. I am your—"

"Beau," Lugs said. "Beau, never mind all that Stroker Ace fan crap. Beau, yer holding out on me. You mean to sit there and tell me that you gotta table full of girls somewhere here in this very restaurant, Beau? And not one of them knows that Lugs Harvey is in town? America's sweetheart? You tellin' me that, Beau?"

Beau smiled. "It's their night off," he said. "Man, like, Beaugard Snappuh is the kindest, most loving executive director in town. All work and no play is bad, man. The members of my staff get days off. And parties. Dinners and dressy clothes and all. And then they return to work happy, you dig?"

"Beau. . . ." Lugs said.

Beau shook his head. "Uh-uh. No. We gonna get to the girls in a minute. I'll introduce you, even. But first, I wonder if you'd do me one little thing. I just wonder if you'd do me the honor of stepping outside for just a second to look at my car."

"Car? Car? Crissakes, Beau, I've seen cars. Now, about those girls. . . ."

"Please? I mean, it'll jus' take a second. I mean: It's a machine, baby. Ain't another one like it in town. Nowhere. It's something else. I got, like, fifteen thou into it now and still spending. It's a mean car."

Beau's car was parked smack in front.

It had come off the line as a Lincoln Continental, a Mark Four, or whatever they call them. Which meant, for one thing, that the suspension system was made out of old artgum erasers. But that was just the basic car; a lot of folks had been tugging and pulling at it since. For openers, Lincoln doesn't usually do pink Continentals—and this one was metallic pink. There were so many hand-buffed coats laid on there that you could stare deep into it, through a gallon of Simonize rubbed on like rock crystal, and your reflection came back at you in wide

*(continued on page 178)*



# HOME, JAMES. THERE'S A BOGEY AT FOUR O'CLOCK!

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*if you pass this driving-school course, you'll know how to make bootlegger turns in a limousine and—oh, yes—how to keep your boss and yourself alive*

article **By BROCK YATES**

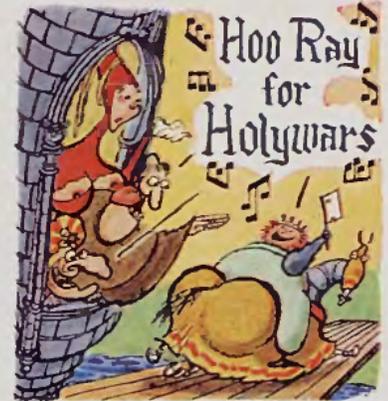
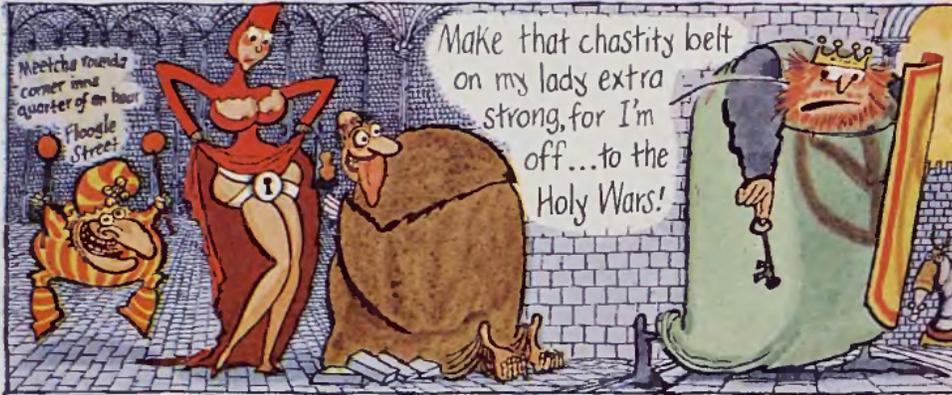
OLD HABITS die hard, but with Howard they are practically immortal. He has been a professional driver for 27 of his 50 years on this earth, compressing his vertebrae in the seats of Greyhounds, Carey limousines and now, as the chauffeur for the chairman of the board of a giant multinational company, a Cadillac Fleetwood. Yet for all that time behind the wheel, Howard cannot bring himself to spin an automobile. He is driving a vermilion Datsun 610 sedan on a vast expanse of asphalt custom-treated to make it slippery—a place designed specifically for training drivers to control automobiles during a spin—but he cannot seem to haul the car off its head-on course.

Time after time, Howard heads down the paving, which shimmers like black ice in the warm Northern California sunlight, only to yank the steering wheel to one side in an attempt to force the car off line. But his movements are tentative and instead of snapping the machine around in a crisp 180-degree loop, his vague control merely sends the Datsun slewing sideways (continued on page 221)

A LIGHTLY HANDLED  
**HISTORY OF SEX**  
 by Arnold Roth  
 PART 7



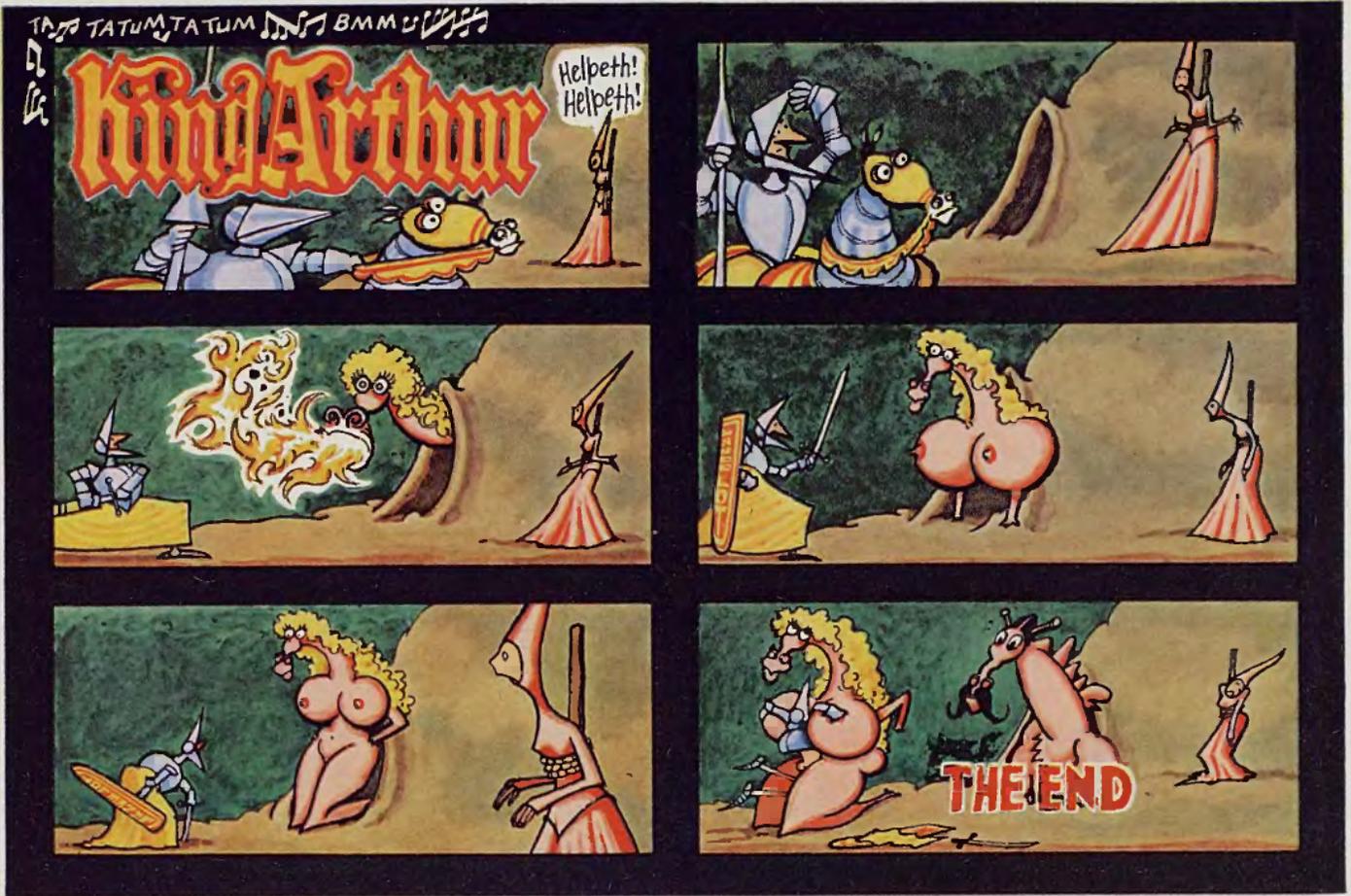
The Crusades: A Highlight of the Dark Ages.



Alchemists wanted to convert everything to gold.







The Middle Ages: An Era of Up Tights.

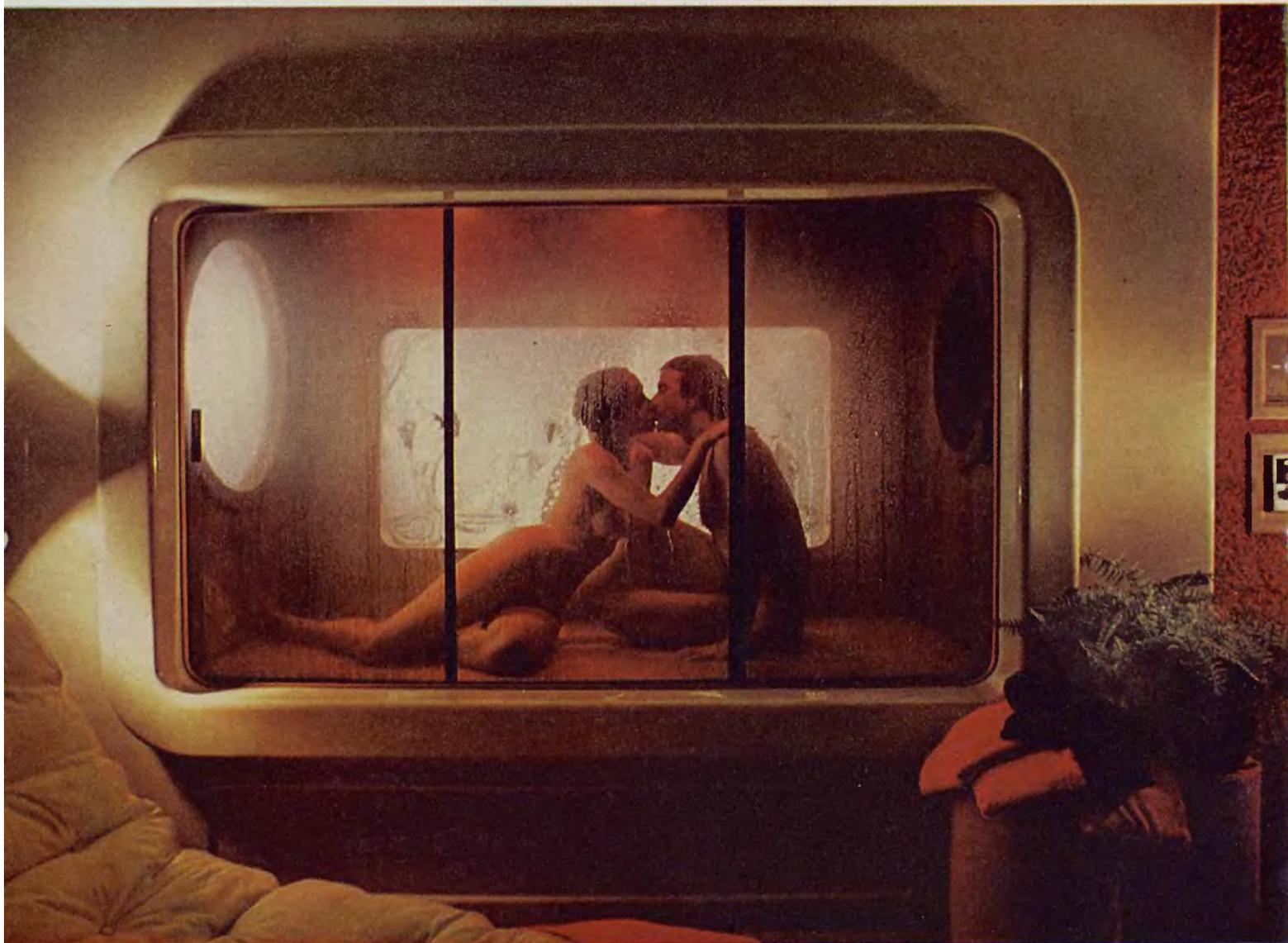


Is there life beyond the middle ages?



# SUPERCLEAN!

Below: Step into your own teak-and-cypress Environment, Kohler's 6'10" x 3'2" "new dimension in living" that allows you to program any combination of spring showers, Boja sun, jungle steam, tropic rain or Chinook winds at the push of a button. The mechanism includes four heat lamps, four sun lamps, six shower heads, a steam generator and two warm-air circulating systems. All for \$9900.



**two new products designed to improve the environment of your bath; one is a transparent shower/tub in the round; the other, a fantastic vacation machine that creates the weather of your choice from desert sun to tropic rain**

Right: Incorporated into the Serie 2001 cylindrical see-through shower/tub from Hastings are compartments for toiletries, a mirror, a thermostatic mixer control, a hand shower, built-in seats and a heated towel rack. (The toiletries and towels keep dry behind a transparent panel.) Serie 2001 measures 6'10" high and 6'7" in diameter and comes disassembled to fit through a bathroom door. Price: \$3600.





# The Three July Hondas.

## The Accord. Our Car of the Year.

Voted Car of the Year by Road Test Magazine. This quote just about says it all: "The Accord has a unity of concept and execution that is just not to be found in other cars in this price range. That's why the Accord is the Road Test Car of the Year in the Under \$5,000 category."<sup>\*\*</sup>

Thank you, Road Test. We are honored.

## The Civic CVCC 5-Speed. Our Highest Mileage Car.

54 mpg on the highway. 41 mpg in the city. And that's the most phenomenal estimated EPA mileage for any gasoline powered car sold in America. (Mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. For high altitude models, see your dealer. 5-Speed Calif. estimates: 51 hwy./34 city.) And Hondas run on regular or unleaded gasoline without a catalytic converter.

JULY 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17  
 FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN



Civic CVCC 5-Speed

Civic Sedan 4-Speed

## The Civic Sedan 4-Speed. Our Lowest Priced Car.

Dollar for dollar, our 4-Speed is one of the best car buys in America today. Because in addition to an incredibly low price, you get a great many advanced engineering features. Front wheel drive and a transverse-mounted engine up front gives you superb traction. Plus power-assisted front disc brakes, dual diagonal braking system, and rack and pinion steering. All standard.

So come see our Hondas and see what the world is coming to.

| Accord CVCC® 1600cc |            | EPA Mileage Estimates* |         |
|---------------------|------------|------------------------|---------|
|                     |            | Highway                | City    |
| Hatchback           | 5-Speed    | 48 (47)                | 38 (33) |
|                     | Hondamatic | 31 (32)                | 26 (25) |

| Civic CVCC® 1488cc |            |         |         |
|--------------------|------------|---------|---------|
| Sedan              | 4-Speed    | 50 (46) | 39 (35) |
| Hatchback          | 4-Speed    | 50 (46) | 39 (35) |
|                    | Hondamatic | 37 (34) | 32 (28) |
| 5-Speed            | Hatchback  | 54 (51) | 41 (34) |
| Wagon              | 4-Speed    | 41 (37) | 30 (28) |
|                    | Hondamatic | 32 (32) | 27 (25) |

| Civic 1237cc (not available in Calif. and high altitude counties) |            |    |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|----|----|
| Sedan                                                             | 4-Speed    | 43 | 28 |
| Hatchback                                                         | 4-Speed    | 43 | 28 |
|                                                                   | Hondamatic | 29 | 23 |

\*EPA ESTIMATES. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. For high altitude models, see your dealer. California estimates shown in parentheses.

\*\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price excluding freight, tax, license and optional equipment.

©1977 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

*"If you avoided the markets because your freezer couldn't hold 36,000 pounds of pork bellies, you can relax. Sort of."*

if you were a contented citizen. But to clear the air of one common misconception, there is one thing you are not worried about: You are not expecting a convoy of grain trailers to arrive and dump 25,000 bushels of soybeans on your front lawn. There will be no Soybean Happening in your neighborhood. You made a paper trade when you bought soybean futures. You paid only a percentage of the total cost of the actual beans. You bought five contracts for something, not the thing itself. Your contracts will not expire until the end of November. That gives you half a year to sell back the contracts you bought. At that point, your account will be cleared (except for whatever profit or loss that trade shows, plus the commission). If you held those soybean futures for all their slippery life, you would still be dealing with warehouse receipts at the end. It is exclusively a paper chase. And so it is for some 97 percent of all the trades made. Very few people take actual delivery of a commodity. So if you avoided the markets because your freezer couldn't hold 36,000 pounds of pork bellies, you can relax. Sort of.

Back to May first. You are hoping, obviously, that the price of soybeans will go up. You *bought*, remember? You will make money only if the price goes *up*. You will lose money if the price goes down. You will also lose money if the price stays the same, because the commission starts you out behind the eight ball.

What happens? Let's suppose you bought the contracts at five dollars a bushel. Guess what? In three weeks, November soybeans go from five dollars to \$5.50 a bushel. It is not a straight line up, understand. You have nervous moments as prices rise and fall each day. The pattern seems very unclear at close range. The market moves up and down, all around. You are ahead, and then you are not. You have big profits, and then you lose them. Day by day, trading takes nerve. Like a mystery story or a puzzle, the picture looks clear only in retrospect. You are on the phone to your account executive several times a day. You start buying an evening paper again just to read the closing commodity quotations. With risk comes worry. But you hang in there and in three weeks you see your soybeans go up 50 cents a bushel. That means you have made \$12,500 on top of your original investment. (Remember

that one of your contracts makes \$50 for each cent's rise in price. Five contracts make \$250 per penny, or point. Therefore,  $\$250 \times 50 \text{ points} = \$12,500$ .)

Think you can make that at your local savings and loan? Your neighbor over there, he rejoices when Baba Wawa reports a point or two rise in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. "Beeg deal," you say with a yawn. "I'm in with the high rollers now. I can't mess around with that penny-ante stuff."

Do you take your profits in soybean futures and run? Nope. You stay with those beans. Maybe you're lucky. Maybe you're shrewd. Maybe the wife of the Bulgarian military attaché in Moscow misses you so much that she is sending you soil samples from the Ukraine. Since she is possibly also sending samples to the CIA and one or two grain companies, it keeps you even with the big boys. Whatever your reasons, you stay with your beans. It is a smooth move, too. In another two weeks they climb, spasmodically, to six dollars a bushel. You have now made \$25,000. And in approximately two more weeks, your contracts go to \$6.50 a bushel. You are now ahead by \$37,500.

Isn't this fun? Doesn't it sound easy? Why didn't you think of this before?

Of course, in every life a few setbacks must occur. You are no exception. For one thing, at some point you will be ordered to add more money to your account (a margin call), even though you are ahead of the game. This is because the market is volatile. It takes bigger stakes to stay and play. For another, the third and fourth weeks of June are tough for you. First you see your beans go up to \$6.90 a bushel, at which point you are staring at a profit of \$47,500. No chicken, you, you stay in the market as you watch it undergo a reaction to its dizzy pace. Prices slide to about \$6.30 a bushel. While that may not sound like much, it means you see \$15,000 slip through your fingers while you tough it out. But you're smart. You're able. You were born at night, but it wasn't last night. You keep the contracts. You refuse to sell them back and get out of the market.

What a great decision! You old knife fighter, you! In the first couple of weeks of July, those beans hit \$7.70. Not only that but you know enough to get out of the market at that high point. Never mind how you know—you just know. It's a certain instinctive sixth sense you've had all

your life, right? Brando and Redford and Nicholson and you all have it. You sell your contracts back, going through your account executive and the Chicago Board of Trade again, and you count in your countinghouse a glorious \$67,500 profit.

Holy Commodity! The summer of '76! Will you ever forget it? In nine weeks, you have made \$67,500. You have paid your account executive a few hundred bucks in commission. The rest of the money is yours to play with. What will you do with it? Go on a spending spree? Pay off the mortgage? Buy a Rolls-Royce Corniche? Or maybe you should pile that money right back into the commodities market? How about that, Walter Mitty? Could you triple that profit in another nine weeks?

"All I know," says an old hand in the commodities business as he lights a Cuban cigar, "is if you screw around long enough with a horse, you'll get syphilis sooner or later."

He is referring to you, Stud. You of the \$67,500 profit. He means that if you are so greedy and so foolish as to put your money back into the market, you are probably going to lose all of it—and possibly more—within the year.

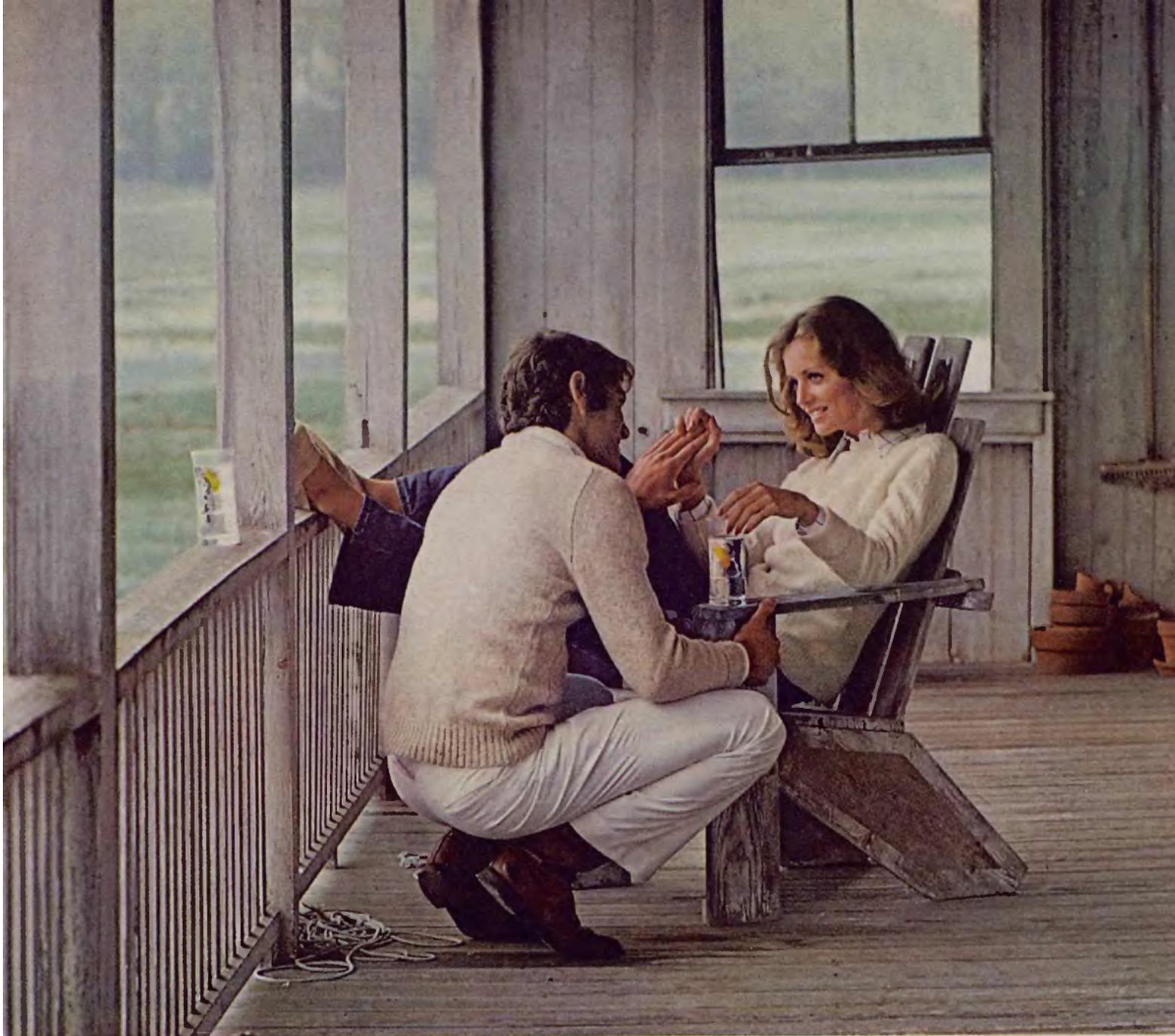
Those are the odds.

Wait a minute! What are the odds? Does anybody know? What are the odds that a small speculator will make money in commodities? You deserve to know the risks you are assuming. That is just rudimentary. A roulette player can tell you the differences in odds between a wheel with one and two zeros. An investor in fast-food enterprises can find out how many have folded in the past years.

Well, then, what are the odds for a small speculator in commodities? How many of them made money last year? How many lost? How much did they win or lose? How does that compare with their performance in previous years? What is the total dollar volume of small-speculator investments in commodities? Choosing an arbitrary figure of, say, \$20,000 as the maximum size of a small account, have any speculators in that area gone bankrupt through commodity trading? We are not asking for state secrets. Just give us industry-wide figures.

There is a problem here, sports fans. As strange as it may seem, if anyone is keeping records on the success and failure rates of small speculators, those records have not been revealed.

"I'm not going to release any information concerning the accounts of E. F. Hutton to anybody outside the firm," says David Johnston. "You just don't do that. I don't care whether the figures are fantastic or terrible." Johnston, who is head of Hutton's commodity division in New York, goes on to argue that the risks of



## You know the day is in your hands. You're a white rum drinker.



White rum and soda

The day reflects your mood—smooth and sure. The kind of day that comes often to a white rum drinker—a person of confidence.

After all, it took confidence to move to white rum in the first place, at a time when fashion dictated drinking gin or vodka.

But you found out for yourself that white rum was better tasting and smoother.

Little wonder. All white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at

least a year, in contrast to gin and vodka which aren't aged at all.

And now that the word is out, fashion is following you.

White rum is turning up with soda, tonic, vermouth, orange juice and other mixers—in all the drinks that used to be made with gin and vodka.

Enjoy white rum, knowing that you had the confidence to discover it first.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**



For free, "White Rum Classics" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P32, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.  
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commodity investment are worth it for those people who can afford it, because the rewards can be so great. He does not want to be pinned down to specifics about the track records of small speculators or his own account executives. He is very nice in his refusal and he reflects the general attitude of most of his profession. Theoretical discussion, *si!* Facts, no!

If people selling the service itself are not going to tell you what the odds are, where do you go to find out? How about the Government? There is an agency in Washington, D.C., charged with the task of overseeing America's commodities market. It is called the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC). It must be doing something about keeping track records of the American public's performance in the market, right?

Wrong. You ask one of the CFTC commissioners, Gary SeEVERS, if the agency has anything to report on customer longevity in the market. "No," he says, "we do not."

Dr. Mark Powers, chief economist for the CFTC, refers to three—count 'em, three—studies that have been done on winners and losers in the past 40 years. He does not sound too sure about the reliability of any of them. He knows of no current studies being done, in or out of Government, that might help the small investor determine whether the commodities market is the place for him.

It is a lonesome old world, cowboy. These people talk as if any tabulation of the records of individual speculators

would take years to accomplish, as if little old ladies with bifocals would have to leaf through dusty ledgers in dingy attics, as if computers had not been invented, as if most professionals don't have a damned good idea right now, as if each commission house does not know to the penny how each of its customers (and its account executives) is doing. To reverse the old joke, in a room full of ponies, there must be manure somewhere.

What is going on? Why is it so difficult to compile basic statistics? Why the hemming and hawing, the side-stepping, the delicacy from commodity people who are not usually known for their delicacy? It seems as if it would be a simple matter to total the number of small investors in each commission house and then to report at least annually that a certain number of people profited and a certain number of people lost. Is such a task really beyond the industry and our Government? They can count, can't they? The commodities market is open to all citizens who meet fairly loose requirements (considering the financial risks they will be running). Do they know and understand what the odds really are?

In the midst of the economic clichés and platitudes put forth by most of the professionals in the commodities field, there are still a few hardy souls who are not content to mouth standard propaganda. One of those special people is Robert Raclin, senior vice-president of Paine Webber. In talking with Raclin, you get the feeling that he has traveled beyond hackneyed responses and public-

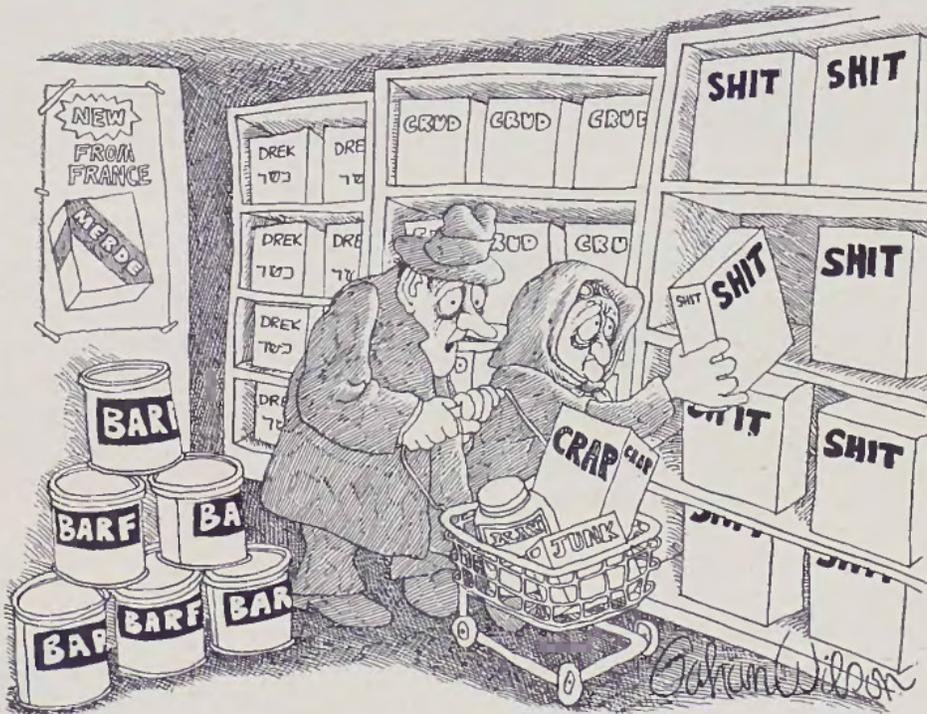
ity handouts. He does not act as if all is hunky-dory in the market. He does not pretend that Adam Smith (the 18th Century Adam Smith, that is) was the last valid economist in the Western world. Raclin does not even parade the usual knee-jerk responses to the thought of Government regulation of commodity trading. "There's always been a referee in any boxing match I've ever seen," he says.

A lean, tough, graying man, Raclin keeps his appointments in a Brooks Brothers Daily Diary. A decade's worth of the blue-and-gold volumes stands on a mahogany side table. His office has small touches of elegance. Stemless carnations float in a silver bowl. A computer terminal sits to the right of his large desk, within his immediate reach for market quotations and price charts. His office windows are completely curtained and bayed. The windows look out over Chicago's el tracks, but you would never know it. No noise penetrates the soft hiss of air conditioning. Three of the four oak-paneled walls are hung with Oriental ink drawings on rice paper, along with a brass barometer, a naval compass, framed documents. A single small photograph hangs on the fourth wall. It shows Raclin looking happy and dapper, in blue blazer and yellow slacks, standing beside a woman who appears to be kind and humorous. That is his wife, who died in 1976.

"The small investor starts out with a lot against him," says Raclin, without hedging his remarks. "The account executive's commission is against him, obviously. The investor starts out in the hole before the price has moved at all. In addition, the time-information lag is against the little guy in the market. He'll be the last to know when something important happens. Also, there's the fact that the average investor would rather buy a contract than sell a contract. The public is never more than 20 percent on the sell side of the market. The average guy would rather think about the price going up, like the stock market. He just doesn't use all the tools of the market.

"Now, we don't take anyone who walks in off the street as a client. It requires a minimum of \$5000 to open an account here, plus a net worth of about \$150,000. Any account under \$20,000 is considered a small account. And I would guess that 85 percent of the small accounts lose whatever they have invested within a year or two. It might be 90 percent that lose, maybe more. A lot of money is being lost. Assume some 600 billion dollars of total contracts were traded last year. If the public accounted for six billion dollars, you've got a lot of money lost."

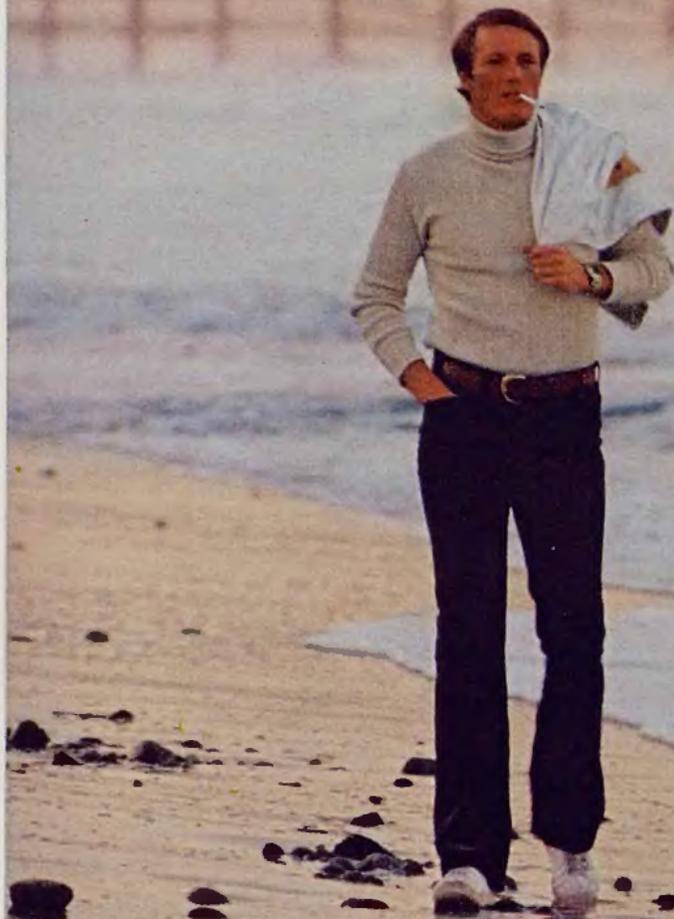
All right. The odds are becoming clearer. And they are not so hot. Roughly



"And every day it's costing more and more!"

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

*Treat yourself  
to light menthol Belair.*



*And,  
treat yourself  
to gifts  
twice as fast  
with new Belair  
Double Coupons.*

*Send for your free gift  
catalog today.*



See over 1,000 gifts you can get twice as fast with Double Coupons. Now you get not one—but two—gift coupons on every pack of Belair. And a bonus of eight, instead of four, in every Belair carton. Send for your free B & W gift catalog today.

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City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_  
Mail to: Gift Catalog  
Box 12B  
Louisville, Ky. 40201

90 percent of all the small investors in commodities are losing huge sums of money. If this is the case, as it seems to be—if the public is losing billions of dollars in contracts—what is the trade itself doing about this? Are the commission houses that push for new business also giving appropriate warnings of the risks involved?

Here is how one Merrill Lynch public mailing began:

If you have been one of the eight out of ten speculators who have lost money in the commodity-futures market, or if you are looking for an extremely attractive speculative medium with the potential of large profits with corresponding risks, our free booklet . . . is must reading for you. . . .

Commodity trading has been viewed as one of the last frontiers where anyone through his own ingenuity, common sense and strength of character can pyramid a sizable fortune from a modest investment. Whereas the rewards are great, the challenge is even greater.

Is there a familiar ring to this prospectus? Something like "The Merrill Corps Is Looking for a Few Good Investors"? Read it again to see what it takes: "strength of character," "ingenuity," "common sense." The market is "one of the last frontiers." Isn't that wonderful? Do you feel a little like Daniel Boone after that?

Please don't.

It could be argued that if Daniel Boone had faced the same odds as the small investor in commodities, the continent of North America would still be unpopulated west of the Appalachians by anyone but Indians.

Sure, you might make \$67,500 in the markets.

Isn't that a funny word?

•  
"It's like lambs to the slaughter." So says a reporter in the Chicago office of *The Wall Street Journal*. This is a person who follows the market daily and who writes news stories about it. "The average public speculator is usually driven out of the market within six months to a year of the time he enters. I'm talking about 95 percent of them. While they've got them trading, their account executives try to make as much in commissions as their customers originally invested. With the markets moving so fast, a lot of trades can be justified. It happens all the time. It's called churning an account. And, face it, commodity trading is tough to do. It's just not like the stock market, where there's been a long-term cyclical upturn. The behavior of commodity prices is much more random. So

the trading record of most account executives is lousy, but the commission houses keep pulling in customers. This year, a couple of the biggest houses started a commodity mutual fund. They were down to one quarter of the total funds invested within a few months. That means they lost three quarters of everybody's money. But you never seem to hear about things like that. Accounts are turned over all the time. Customer longevity is terrible. Most people don't realize it, but the money they invest goes right into Treasury bills in the name of the commission house. Same for the commissions. The house makes a load of interest off the customers' funds, but the small accounts never see that money. Some of the big accounts do."

What is happening here? First you are lured into thinking you have made \$67,500 in nine weeks. Now you are being told the odds are almost totally against such luck. Which is accurate?

Go back to May first again. Ask yourself a tough question this time: How did you arrive at the decision to buy soybeans when you did? Assume that it was more than luck. Assume that the wife of the Bulgarian military attaché in Moscow dropped you for the CIA, which was willing to pay her very good money to go out to assigned map coordinates at an assigned time to take leaf and soil samples at the same instant one of our spy satellites was passing overhead. She is making so much money getting what is called "ground truth" that she doesn't need you anymore. This time, you are strictly on your own. How do you come to a reasonable decision as your \$10,000 is held at the ready?

Answer: There are basically two major ways to read and interpret commodities-market action. One approach is labeled *fundamental*. The other is called *technical*. You can use elements of both approaches, but for the moment, let's examine each one separately.

Fundamentals in soybeans include things that can make or break the crop: weather conditions, foreign and domestic demands, crop carry-over from the previous year, farmer planting intentions and a thousand other factors that add up to that deceptively simple phrase supply and demand.

As a fundamental trader, you spent your time trying to decipher the formula of supply and demand. You knew that as this formula changed, so would the price offered for soybeans. Therefore, April 1976 was a busy month for you. You researched such things as the amount of rainfall in the Ukraine, since the size of Russia's grain crop directly affects the size of our exports. You watched our own import figures on Malaysian palm oil, because that item is now in competition

with American soybean oil (one of the by-products of the soybean, as is soybean meal, which is used for animal feed). The more palm oil we import, the less our soybean oil is needed; with less demand comes lower price. Brazil had most of its harvest completed (its seasons are the reverse of ours) and you were interested in Brazilian yield estimates. A reduced Brazilian harvest would boost American soybean prices, while a big Brazilian harvest might depress our own crop's value. You monitored such exotic details as the size of the Peruvian anchovy catch. Fish meal can be used as high-protein feed instead of soybean meal. Perhaps you even used econometrics (statistical method) to work out a sophisticated computer model.

By that Friday before May first, you had learned a number of things that made you think the price of soybeans might go up. There was a severe drought in the British Isles and it seemed to be spreading to Europe. Many meteorologists were predicting dry weather here in the United States. There were rumors that Russia might already be negotiating with several grain companies to purchase some of our 1976 soybean crop. If true, demand was on the increase and supply was shrinking before the soybean crop was in the ground. A reasonable argument could be made that soybeans, in the price doldrums for several months, were going to escalate in value.

But there was conflicting fundamental information. The picture was not clear to the average investor. Europe might have drought, but Russia was having better than normal rainfall. Would that not dampen Russia's buying enthusiasm? The published planting intentions of our own American farmers, compiled by the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), were suspect in the soybean area. The figures, which were low, did not include acreage that would be put into soybeans in late May and June, after the winter-wheat crop was harvested. This method of "double cropping" (getting two crops off the land each year) might boost the amount of acreage in production. And as for the weathermen who were talking of drought, who could bet \$10,000 on their charts of inverted jet streams and abnormal sunspot activity?

OK, big fella, what was your reason for that shrewd decision you made to buy soybean futures? In retrospect, you know you were right. But how did you know at the time? Was it based on fundamental information? How available is fundamental information, anyway?

"There is no such thing as inside information in the grain business," testified Carlos Bradley, president of the Kansas City Board of Trade, before a Senate



*"Screw the protocol—in this bed, the queen comes first!"*

committee in 1974. It is a statement that would qualify him as a joke writer for Don Rickles. And Bradley got even funnier: "The only potential inside information that might exist would be Government reports. . . . If there are leaks in the Government, which we greatly doubt, this is something that should be stopped. But within the trade itself, there is no inside information."

There you have it! The real skinny! The chief executive of a major commodity exchange is willing to come up with this pap for the public only two years after the infamous Russian Wheat Deal, brought to you by the same folks who brought you loose Watergate, tight security and warm payoffs. Perhaps it would be useful to review a few of the many significant details of the 1972 Wheat Deal. Then ask yourself if "there is no inside information in the grain business." Ask yourself if you, the average guy, the small speculator, will ever know enough in time to trade on fundamental information.

In the spring of 1972, all pronouncements from Government quarters (in particular, the U.S.D.A.) suggested that the world wheat crop was in fine shape. Carry-over from the previous year was large. The current crop was doing well. It looked as if wheat prices would be at about the same level as in the past several years. Wheat had not gone above two dollars a bushel since 1964. The indications were that a wheat surplus was developing.

But what was actually happening during the winter of 1971-1972, unbeknownst to the American public, was the beginning of a major drought in Russia.

It was a natural disaster that was going to have reverberations around the world, but, unlike tidal waves or volcanic eruptions, this one would elude the American public for some time. The Soviet Union was going to be a big buyer of grains for import. However, that news did not slip out beyond the market powers (the governments and the grain companies) until the sales had been completed.

In the scenario that follows, understand that you, as an investor (or farmer or baker or just plain consumer), would have known nothing of what was going on. Yes, it would affect your pocketbook and your life. But so it goes. The year is 1972:

• January. A line of credit was being arranged for the U.S.S.R. by the U.S.A. as part of the strategy of *détente*.

• February. The United States Agricultural Attaché in Moscow reported to Washington that there was inadequate snow cover for 2,500,000 acres of wheat. The same month found Clarence Palmby, a high official of the U.S.D.A., talking secretly with officials of Continental Grain Company (one of the world's largest) about the possibilities of his employment with Continental. The only thing unusual about this was the timing of it, since there is a continuous revolving door of executives between the U.S.D.A. and the food industry.

• March. Palmby, still an official with U.S.D.A. who had access to many of the reports from Russia, bought a condominium in New York City. He also visited Continental again.

• April. Several of our Government agencies knew that Russia was having a

dry spring after a dry winter. More importantly, an American team, consisting of such people as Palmby and Earl Butz, flew to the U.S.S.R. Along with Vladimir V. Matskevich, Soviet minister of agriculture, they traveled to the Ukraine, Russia's breadbasket. Butz himself suggested irrigation as a way to combat the drought. He handled the chernozem, the black earth of the Ukraine, and urged Matskevich to ask Brezhnev for irrigation funds, even if they had to come out of the defense budget. But when Butz and Palmby returned to the U.S.A., they publicly denied that the Russians had any interest in buying grain from us.

• May. The U.S.D.A. "Wheat Situation Report" made no mention of any Russian problems. The readers of this report, including the American farmer, had to assume we were in a surplus situation with grains.

• June. The U.S. Agricultural Attaché toured the Ukraine and Moldavia. He reported back to the Government that 27,000,000 acres of Russian wheat had been wiped out by the drought. This report was upgraded and more highly classified to keep it from leaking to the public. About this time, Palmby quit U.S.D.A. and went over to Continental as a vice-president. In Minneapolis and Memphis and New York, Russian negotiating teams were contacting all the major grain companies and placing large orders for grain purchases. Just for the record, the Russians did not have to make a lot of phone calls to contact all the big companies. You can count on one hand and another thumb the number of companies that control the shipping and delivery of 95 percent of the world's grain. There is a fancy word for that economic situation: oligopoly. It is a hard word to pronounce without swallowing your tongue. *The American Heritage* dictionary defines oligopoly as: "A market condition in which sellers are so few that the actions of any one of them will materially affect price and hence have a measurable impact upon competitors." The dictionary goes on with this understatement: "Profits above normal may persist in oligopoly."

• July. As the month began, wheat was selling for about \$1.40 a bushel. The public had been led to believe that food prices would remain stable and that world grain crops were in good shape. The first inkling of some kind of change came on the eighth of July, when the Western White House at San Clemente announced a \$750,000,000 credit agreement with the U.S.S.R. But it was not generally known at that time that the Soviets had already purchased 4,000,000 tons of wheat and 4,500,000 tons of other feed grains. Agriculture Secretary Butz reassured his country's citizens that the buying was over. "They have plenty of wheat for now," he said.



"Do you know how proud your father would be if he knew how well you were filling in for him while he was away?"

He was a little off. The Russians were going to buy 12,000,000 tons of wheat from the U.S.A., or about two thirds of all the wheat America would normally export in any one year. And in Moscow that July, temperatures were in the mid-90s during the day. East of the capital, in Shatura, the normally soggy peat bogs were on fire. Drought had made the peat moss vulnerable to careless fishermen and hunters and tourists. The fires traveled underground and surfaced in surprising places. Smoke from the fires floated into Moscow, making the city that much more uncomfortable. Such conditions were obvious to the people living there, including the American community of State Department, CIA, AID, U.S.D.A. and other officials. The same conditions were recorded by our spy satellites in orbit over Russia. Surely, the grain companies, whose intelligence systems are the finest in the world as far as agricultural matters are concerned, knew what was happening. But nothing was revealed to the American public.

• August. A grain-trade publication edited by Morton Sosland printed the first news that the Russians were in the grain market in a big way. Sosland got this information not by hard journalistic research but by a strange series of phone calls from a source never completely identified, probably a Russian agent or a disgruntled American Government employee who was privy to the machinations at the highest levels of our Government. Anyway, the news was out. The next day, a Reuters dispatch reported: "Russian trade delegates, currently in New York, are placing buying orders for further substantial quantities of U.S. wheat and feed grains." The wheat market began its climb.

By the winter of 1973, wheat listed at about five dollars a bushel, heading up to \$6.50 a bushel by early 1974. Soybean prices rose even more dramatically. They went from about four dollars a bushel to \$12 a bushel within a year of the Wheat Deal. From the summer of 1972 to the autumn of 1973, the Commodity Research Bureau's Price Index (something like the Dow Jones Average for common stocks) rocketed up by more than 130 percent. Fortunes were made and lost. One trader in the soybean pit at the Chicago Board of Trade reportedly made \$13,000,000 on the 1972-1973 soybean action.

At the same time, farmers and grain-elevator operators who had sold grain contracts on the Board of Trade to try to protect a price (an operation called hedging) found themselves locked into tremendous losses. As the prices went up, those contracts that had been sold lost more and more money. People were caught in a squeeze that became untenable. Meantime, the grain companies

were double-hedging; that is, they were taking the same positions on the board that they took in the field (i.e., they bought all the grain they could before the farmers realized what the fundamentals were). The big traders and brokers in the grain pits followed the grain companies' action, putting even more upward pressure on prices. While some farmers and elevator operators suffered financial setbacks, the grain companies were receiving special untaxed export subsidies from the American taxpayer. The next two years after the Wheat Deal saw some grain companies report earnings as much as six times greater than in previous years.

Question: Do you still believe "there is no inside information"? Are you ready to rely on "common sense" and "strength of character"? If so, good luck to you. The 1972 Wheat Deal showed how much money (billions) could be riding on privileged information. In the commodity business, information is power; power leads to money. Deduction, my dear Watson: Information is therefore expensive and restricted. *Timely* information, that is. Timing is all, and if you know a week ahead of me that the President of the U. S. is going to call for a grain embargo, then you will make money and I probably will not.

It turns out that as a fundamental trader, you will wish devoutly for that unspeakable relationship with the wife of the Bulgarian military attaché in Moscow. It would also be nice to have certain intercepts of grain-company messages. While you are making up your Fundamental Trader's Shopping List, be sure to add the need for special contacts within various satellite-interpretation programs. A person who is trained in "multispectral remote sensing technol-

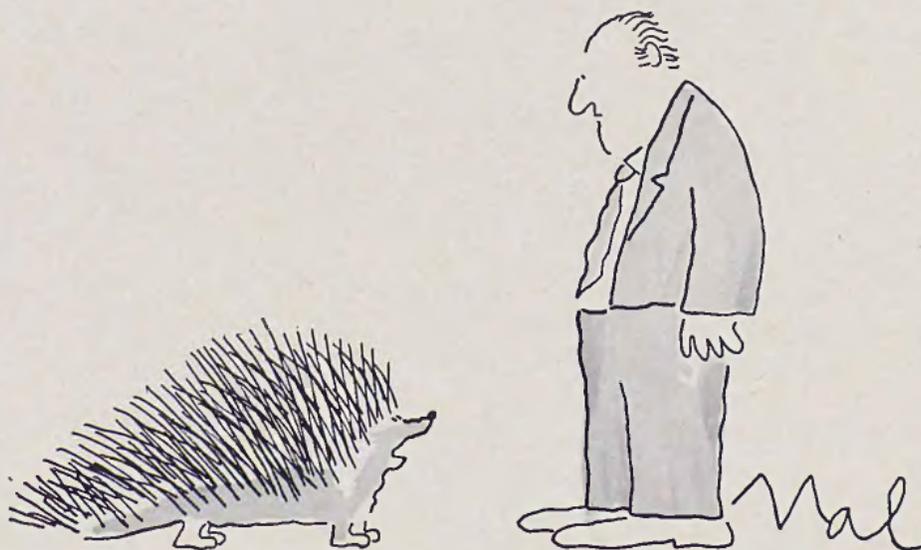
ogy" (satellite reconnaissance) is a fine source for agricultural information.

The American public is led to believe that such agricultural espionage is still in a primitive state of advancement. "We can distinguish land mass from water," says a Public Information officer disarmingly. He works at the Earth Resources Observation Systems (EROS) just outside Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He claims that not much can yet be determined by satellites about such things as crop yields.

On August 30, 1976, the *CBS Morning News* carries an item narrated by Lee Thornton. The U.S.D.A. has just announced it is using satellites for space evaluation of agriculture in the U.S.A. and China. Russia is not mentioned. "The project," reports Thornton, "is still in experimental stages."

An ex-Reuters newsman—you know Reuters, known affectionately in some circles as the CIA School of Journalism because so many of its stories, supposedly originating in Europe and supposedly uncovered by European journalists, coincide in peculiar fashion with our own Government's propaganda—anyway, this ex-newsman (who is currently employed by a commission house) looks up from his pre-luncheon drink and says, as if by rote, "I suppose one day in the future they'll be able to do some very sophisticated things with satellites."

The impression given by all of these pronouncements is that what we have up there in the sky right now is a bunch of Space Brownies. You know, Kodak took some of its old 1930 box cameras, wrapped some housing insulation and aluminum foil around them and tied a rocket to the package and, by gosh and by



"Fortunately, I'm into S/M; otherwise, I wouldn't have any sex life at all."

golly, there are some nice family snapshots coming back from space! They aren't always too clear, and surely nothing like crop yields can be determined by them, but looky there, will you? You can even distinguish oceans and lakes!

One of the biggest stories of this decade is the total capability of various spies in the sky. Aside from their obvious military use, satellites can provide specific agricultural data for almost anything you want: infrared measurements of various crops, crop identification and crop yields, locations of mineral deposits, measurement of soil chemistry, microwave communication intercepts between Government agencies and other businesses, water temperatures, acreage planted and acreage harvested, as well as acreage being cleared for production, types of soil-conservation practices, volume of available grain storage, transportation capability, amount of agricultural machinery in the field, amount of machinery out of service, status of road and bridge repairs . . . the list is colossal. The state of the art in terms of camera-lens capability (not to mention the many other sensors that are in operation on a spy satellite) is such that from 600 miles in space, a good satellite interpreter can read car license plates; by now, the pictures are probably even more highly resolved than that.

Despite all their protestations and their calculated public naïveté, and despite the flood of other kinds of information they will be happy to provide (you can order some space photographs from EROS, for example), it is a fact that certain of our Government agencies (NSA and the CIA in particular) have tons of current and accurate fundamental agricultural information about every major country in the world. It is their job to have such information; and it is a fact that Russia takes a lot of pictures of us, too. Spaceship Earth is being very thoroughly monitored. But that is not the problem. The problem is that some people outside Government

know more than others about the results of our intelligence efforts.

So when you read press releases from the U.S.D.A. about what is supposedly the latest word in fundamental information, or when your account executive whispers over the phone that he has just learned the real scoop about cotton yields in Zanzibar, take it all with a dose of caution. The big-money people had all that information long ago. The market has already reacted to it. You are out of sync with the market, suffering eternally from a disease you might call information lag. You will be the last to get the word. Like the person in Plato's cave, you will never see the fires of truth yourself. You are doomed to watching only shadows and reflections dance on the walls of your den.

"Some of these agencies running satellite-reconnaissance programs—the CIA, for example—could they be investing in the commodities market through some of their proprietary organizations? They have the best information about crop conditions. Couldn't they be making money on the side by running accounts through your commission house without your knowing it?" That question was asked of an American executive who handles commodity accounts for countries like Brazil.

"It's possible," he answers. "There's no way I could tell, really. If someone comes in from such and such a company, and they have a bank account and a board of directors, and so forth, how would I know they were a front? It could be happening. But I'll tell you something that I think is more scary. Nobody's talking about it out loud right now, but they will be. The number of *foreign governments* entering our commodities market is frightening. It makes our economy very damned vulnerable." (See *Bargain-Base-ment Combat?*, page 174.)

So. Enough talk about fundamentals. You can see how convoluted and inac-

cessible they are. It is doubtful that you would have risked your \$10,000 in the spring of 1976 on the basis of fundamental information alone. So do you kiss your \$67,500 goodbye? Not yet; because there is that one other major way of interpreting market action—*technical analysis*. Did you, on that Friday before May first, make your buy decision through technical interpretation of the soybean market?

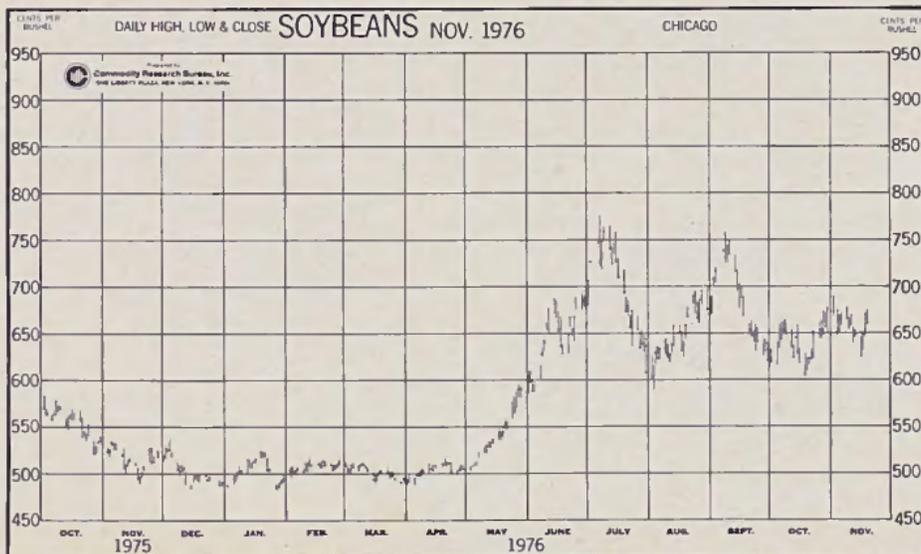
Simply speaking, the technical trader is interested in price patterns. His primary tool is a chart that represents price movement. The technician operates on the assumption that if recent price changes have formed a pattern on the chart similar to price changes in the past, then the next price change ahead (i.e., the futures) will probably be similar to past performance. The technical trader keeps charts of each commodity (and each month in that commodity) in which he's interested.

Working also with mathematical averages and computer models (and using a rarefied vocabulary with terms such as trend lines and exhaustion gaps and head-and-shoulders formations), the technical trader is really not interested in fundamental information. You could tell him that the rootworm was attacking every cornstalk in the American Midwest (as may happen in a year or two, if the rootworm continues to develop resistance to all known pesticides) and that the supply of corn was bound to drop. The pure technician would sniff and say, "I'm watching my charts. Don't talk to me about supply-and-demand factors. You'll never get a complete picture of that."

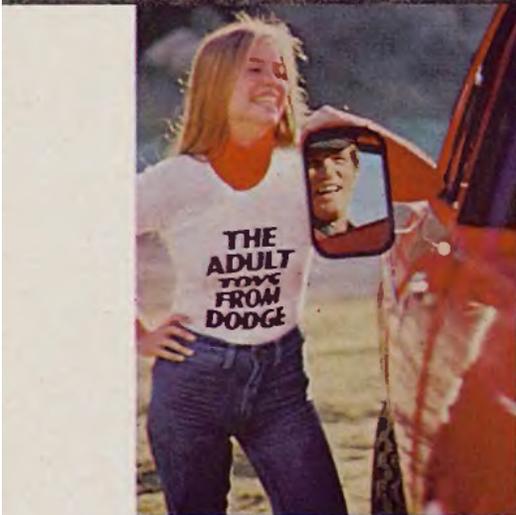
Below left is a bar chart for November 1976 soybeans. The numbers on the sides of the chart represent the price in cents (points). Five hundred equals five dollars. The months of the year are listed at the bottom. The day-by-day price ranges are charted in the vertical bars running from left to right across the middle of the chart. Each vertical black line represents the extent to which the price moved up or down for the day.

As you can see, the price of November soybeans at the end of April was a few cents more than five dollars a bushel. For six months, the price had moved in a very narrow range as soybean prices go. A flat and undramatic line moves from December to May. The market was moving sideways. During that half year, traders who tried to stay in the market and guess the direction lost quite a bit of money. This includes many technical traders.

While with hindsight you might argue that a solid base of support was being built up for soybeans over that time period, still, there is nothing on the chart that indicates the timing of a price breakout. Timing was a matter of waiting. Those people with enough capital reserve



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stayed in the market and took their losses from the whipsaw price action because they wanted to be in on the ground floor when prices finally did make a major move. Needless to say, you, the small investor, could not survive six months of that. As a prudent person, you probably would have waited until a clear pattern seemed to establish itself (say after the price reached \$5.50 or \$5.80), points that began to break new ground for that contract month and that indicated soybeans might take off. Then, had you jumped into the market, you would still have made money—but not \$67,500 (assuming you knew when to get out of the market after prices began to break down from their highs).

Let's face it. Compared with the scarcity of well-timed and important fundamental information, the charts are a much more equal thing. There are several chart services to which you can subscribe as an investor (or you can keep your own, the way the real professionals do). Technical trading is much more accessible to the small investor. But some warnings are in order before you rush out and buy your charts.

First, it takes some real sophistication to read charts properly. There are people who make a living at it. They make mistakes. Some of them have Ph.D.s in statistical theory and such. It is difficult and demanding work, and it takes a talent that most of us do not have. Indeed, technical traders do not necessarily have any better trading records than fundamental traders. Also, it can be argued that technical systems require a good money supply to work well. That point may be debatable, but it seems as if technicians have to be in the market more often than the small investor can stand it in order for their trading strategies to function adequately. Finally,

charts can be very deceptive instruments. They make price action in the past appear simple and inevitable. They can also broadcast false signals. For example, take a look at the chart below for July 1976 wheat.

In this chart, you will see one of the classic technical formations. It is called a head-and-shoulders pattern. (Note: Three arcs and the dotted line have been drawn in for emphasis.) The left shoulder was formed in January, the head in February–March, the right shoulder in April. This is a chart that caused the technical analysts to lose a lot of money. Why? Because a head-and-shoulders pattern is supposed to be a reliable indicator that the shift in market direction is about to be finalized.

Notice that wheat had seemed to be strong in January and February. It had climbed to about \$4.10 a bushel (the head of the pattern). But that strength did not seem to hold. The question for investors during late February and March was this: Will wheat resume its climb? Or is the market definitely weak? Technicians were watching to see if the price of wheat would drop below that drawn-in dotted line. If prices broke through that imaginary barrier, then technically it was a neckline penetration, meaning that wheat was weak and would supposedly go right on down to about three dollars a bushel before any support could be found.

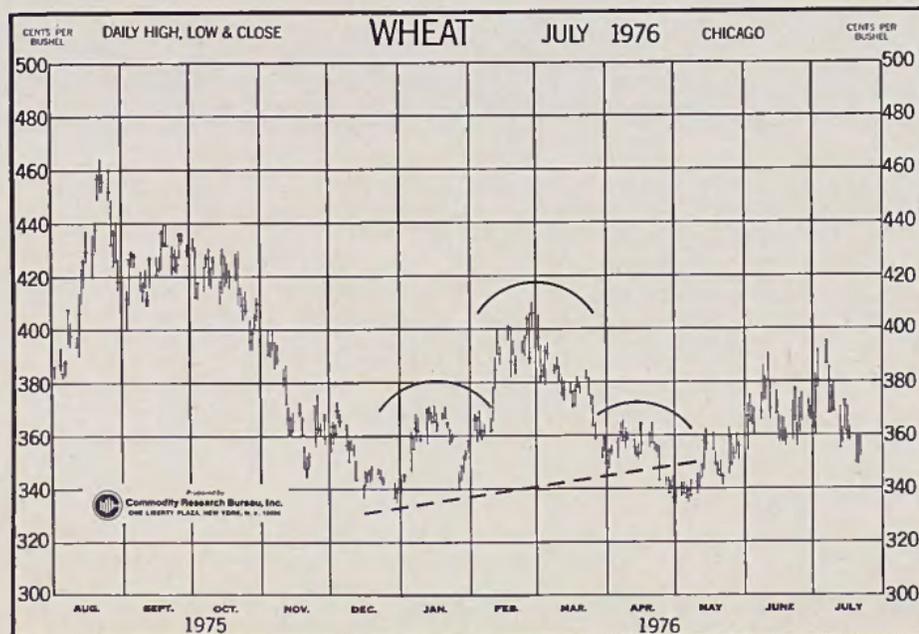
Once the price of July wheat penetrated \$3.50 a bushel, a lot of technical systems sold that contract. They expected a further downward slide. But look what happened: July wheat turned right around and shot back up to \$3.96 by early July. A lot of people lost a lot of money. Had you been following the chartist's theories, it would have taken a good supply of capital to ride out that surge. As a small investor, you probably

would not have survived the price rise. Yes, it is true that wheat eventually collapsed. But you, with your small capacity to absorb error, probably would have been wiped out before that occurred.

There is one other point about technical trading that you need to be aware of before you enter the market: Computers are ideal companions to the technician. Sooner or later, someone will urge you to let the computer make the decisions for you—that person will want to sell you a technical computer trading system. You will get mail about it and you will receive phone calls about it. Since statistical theory and technical approaches are suited to computer programming, it can all be made to sound very scientific. But watch out. There are literally hundreds of computer programs to choose from. Almost all of them claim consistently profitable years. Many of them report gains of several hundred percent each year. As authoritative and glorious as they appear, they appeal especially to the novice in the markets.

You should know first that the advertising of these programs is unregulated. That does not mean they are all misleading in their presentations, but it does mean you have to keep an eye out for discrepancies in claims versus actual results. Know second that some of the programs report results that are based on theoretical advice only. In these, the assumption is that the computer does not have to compete for a "fill." It is up to you to fill the order through your account executive, and that simply may not be possible on some days. If the market has made a limit move in the first few minutes of trading, and if trading is not open to you, then it is hardly fair for the computer to assume you are filled. The computer might claim you are rich on paper, but, in fact, you might be frozen out of (or into) the market. Know, finally, that fast-talking account executives—and there are such animals around, just as in any other business—find computer programs ideal for churning accounts. Usually, the computer recommends a lot of trades, frequently in several commodities. The unscrupulous account executive can wring commissions out of you like King Kong squeezing oranges. Let a former subscriber to one such computer trading program tell you about it:

"It was my first year in the market," says a farm owner and manager from central Illinois. "I was trying to stay alive in the corn market. I got talked into this computer program. It sounded fantastic. Claimed to have made 1300 percent in soybeans the year before. Claimed to have a new theory of random numbers programmed into it. And the published trading record made it look very, very good. The only trouble was, I kept losing money. And every other day, my man





*"No, I haven't performed fellatio—but I've done Ophelia and Lady Macbeth."*

at the commission house was calling me with some orders from the computer. 'Buy December corn at \$2.60; sell at \$2.58. Buy again at \$2.63.' And so on. Three and four trades a week, sometimes more. And it was the computer I was up against, see? Not human judgment. Not my account executive. Nothing fallible like that. No, sir, it was that great calculator in the sky. And if I hesitated to make a trade, my man would come on with this sincere act. You know, 'Well, we just broke through a major support line and the box size has adjusted to it and I'd hate to see you abandon your strategy here—but, of course, if you think you know more than the computer. . . .'

"I lost a few thousand dollars before I knew what hit me. I was going broke by being modest and not challenging the computer. My account executive was heading home with commissions from me every week. Sure, I quit him. But he dug deep before I got out."

One of the problems in researching a topic like the commodities market is that people don't want to talk about their losses. Usually, they just want to slink away and forget how dumb they've been. It hurts to admit you have been manipulated.

I should know.

That's me talking in that last quote.

So here you are, old buckeroo, and that \$67,500 profit you thought you made in soybeans does not seem quite as possible now, right? You've seen the odds.

That leaves one vital question still unanswered: On that Friday before May first, when you placed your order to buy soybeans, was it treated fairly on the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade? That question leads to a larger one: Are there trading violations on the various commodity exchanges?

Such a question is not easy to answer. "People who have such knowledge [about trading violations] are reluctant to come forward and identify themselves, because they are part of the process as well. The next day, they may be doing business with the person they have accused. . . ." So says Jacob Gross, a Chicago lawyer with vast experience in commodities cases.

Another Chicago lawyer who has criticized current exchange procedures is Harry Fortes. Short and heavy-set, Fortes wears glasses as thick as Coke-bottle bottoms. No amateur/rat fink/Commie/freak, Fortes is a former vice-chairman of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange (C.M.E.). He became a member of the exchange in 1947 and was one of the principal authors of the trading specifications for the egg, potato, cattle and pork-belly contracts. Fortes is probably one of the most hated men at the Mercantile Exchange and the Board of Trade, because he does things like sue

account executives and commission houses that have churned customer accounts.

Fortes does not have any doubt that there are trading violations that could affect your soybean order: "One of the most glaring conflict-of-interest situations exists in the fact that brokers who handle and have on hand thousands of customers' orders, and are fully aware at all times of where the buy and sell orders are, trade for their own accounts to the detriment of the trading public." Fortes is talking about something called dual trading. Under the present rules, it is legal. But it can hurt the small investor. The broker handling your order on the floor is allowed to trade for himself in the same commodity (and the same month) as your order. In a crunch, or when an obvious profit is available, he might take care of himself instead of taking care of you. It has been known to happen.

The cliché response from the commodity industry when dual trading is attacked comes in one word—liquidity. The argument is that without dual trading, there might not be enough trading. This rationale is offered by people engaged in trading more than 600 billion dollars in contracts this year. Six hundred billion dollars buys a lot of contracts. To put it in perspective, here is a quote from *Time*: "Congress has raised Ford's proposed budget for fiscal 1977 from 394 billion dollars to 413 billion dollars." Got that? The total value of contracts traded on American commodity exchanges is almost one half greater than the Federal budget! And we are supposed to worry about whether or not there will be enough liquidity?

"Better we should watch the other way," as one of my friends used to say.

There are other violations taking place on the exchanges. "I suppose," says one highly placed commodity executive, as he makes a Noel Coward exaggeration of the word, "I suppose there is trading outside the pits. I suppose there are little sweetheart deals between traders that are not by open outcry. I suppose a lot of the boys on the floor defer their taxes year after year by putting on false losses in spreads with no risk. I suppose some of the phone clerks are running their own accounts. I suppose commission houses are arranging bank loans for customers."

Yes, Virginia, there is some hanky-panky going on. And, no, trading is not as open for you as it is for some others. For every deal made illegally off the floor, for every order handed to a friend without any real open outcry, for every market order manipulated and "sleeved," you have been shut off from just one more trading opportunity. There are CFTC investigations going on right now in some of those areas. It remains to be seen whether or not they are effective—and

## BARGAIN-BASEMENT COMBAT?

IN WHAT WAYS is our economy vulnerable? Could a foreign government come into our commodities markets and buy up all of our soybeans, for example? Is it that bad? The answer is: Not quite. But there are some very concerned people in the commodities business and in Washington. They see the possibility of price manipulation, deliberate inflation—economic warfare, in other words—if the foreign governments investing in our markets are not better controlled and monitored.

"These countries don't have any position limits," says an investment specialist. "They can buy or sell as much of something as they want. Foreign-state traders do not play by our rules. If Brazil's agents call me today and tell me to buy a few million bushels of soybeans, I do it. I don't question their order. I execute the trade. Their margin money is here in New York the next morning. It is all very neat. But do you realize what they could do to us if they set their minds to it? In theory, at least, every American trader has position limits. You can buy or sell only so many bushels at any one time. But there are no controls on the foreigners. And the whole world is getting into our act. Our commodities markets have become very interesting places for a lot of people.

"The other day, I had a meeting with some officials from Nicaragua. What did they want? They were planning to use our markets to hedge the prices of their corn and cocoa and sugar. I walked out of there thinking, Nicaragua? What are we coming to? I called the Commodity Futures Trading Commission in Washington. I said, 'Listen, boys, it's getting out of hand. You'd better do something before all these countries start playing games with our prices. Make some rules, will you? License us. License them. Make them agree to position limits. We can't let them move prices on us any time they feel like it. You people in Washington know what's happening. Merrill Lynch has already been to Moscow to talk about setting up accounts. I expect to be invited within the year. The Russians are priming their pumps and getting ready to use our markets. We'd better be ready.' "

One vivid example of how foreign



governments take advantage of our markets is found in the current price of coffee. On the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, the price per pound has risen from about 45 cents to \$3.25 in the past two years. During part of this escalation, the tiny country of El Salvador owned almost one quarter of all contracts on the exchange. During the autumn of 1975, interests in El Salvador were buying "long" contracts exclusively (that is, they were anticipating—and encouraging—a price rise). During November 1975, 35 percent of all New York long contracts were owned by merchandisers or exporters or governments outside the United States.

Paine Webber senior vice-president Robert Raclin is another executive truly concerned about the prospect of unlimited foreign investment. "What does it cost per day to run a war?" he asks. "A billion dollars? Let's assume that's close. Well, I suspect you could wage economic warfare on our commodities exchanges for a fraction of that. Suppose, for example, a foreign government commits \$200,000,000 a day for one year toward destabilizing investments. Say they decide to inflate the American dollar or the price of grain. Instead of putting their money into conventional war efforts, such as matériel, they choose to attack our basic price structures. Suppose they create a situation in the futures markets that causes chaos. And then our Government says—because there were no rules until that time to stop this stuff—'Stop. Enough. No more.' Believe me, it would probably be too late. The damage would be done. Anything we did then would just add to the panic. And what if we're having other problems in our markets at the same time?" Raclin goes on to talk of the market as a delicate mechanism that can be upset by politically calculated pressures. He closes

with an old joke, still funny, about the fate of the small investor in all this action. "You want to know how to make a small fortune in the commodities markets?" He pauses for effect. "Start with a large one."

There are some bright people in the CFTC who are aware of the problem. One such person is John Rainbolt, vice-chairman of the CFTC. "There is a problem," he acknowledges. "Frankly, it scares the hell out of me. It is a complex issue. The CFTC has got to develop a policy to handle it. The public has a right to know if foreign governments are in the markets and has a right to protection." (Recently, the CFTC began an investigation of coffee and other commodities to try to determine what effect foreign investments have on our pricing structures.)

Rainbolt proceeds to talk about the question. He speaks as an individual, not for the CFTC, but he shows he has analyzed the dangers. He wonders aloud about specific scenarios: What if an unfriendly government we didn't even recognize diplomatically were found to be manipulating a particular market? How is it possible to determine the real motives of foreign-state traders? Say we decide to become purists and keep foreign governments out of the action. How do we enforce that? Is it not better to let them participate openly? Then, at least, they are more visible. Or so Rainbolt thinks.

But some questions hang in the air. How easy is it to identify foreign-state traders? Can they not function under various cover accounts? How can any Federal agency keep track of them? If, as is rumored, the very computer tapes themselves were monkeyed with in a current commodities investigation, is there any foolproof method of record keeping? Assume for the moment that all governments agree to certain position limits. Is it logical to expect a

hostile government to abide by such an agreement?

The war against what is left of "capitalist" societies may not take place in the melodramatic fashion we are preparing for. The West may be too technologically advanced for that. It is not something usually admitted, especially just before defense appropriations are bargained for in Washington. But our submarines do not have wooden partitions. Our underwater communication systems are not just now shifting from floating transmitter buoys to satellite relays. Our fighter planes are not rusted or hampered by minimum sight lines from the cockpit. And one day it may be revealed that our electronic intelligence is the best in the world by several generations. To quote a wise old spy, "We know when a commissar farts in Tiflis."

It just may be that we are less vulnerable on the military side than our leaders like to admit. The question is at least debatable. But what about our fast-moving economic playgrounds that have remained largely unregulated for 200 years?

Slowly, ponderously, certain bears in the woods are waking up to the fact that we are as wild in some ways as we claim we are. The bears see the possibilities for manipulation. Once upon a time, those bears had some harsh words for us. It is not considered polite in all circles to remember those words—but what is the price of voluntary amnesia?

Lenin wrote that the choice was simple and that the Soviet Union would either "perish or catch up with the advanced countries and outdistance them, too, in economic matters." Stalin, never the most original thinker, said almost the same thing. Khrushchev was distracted by the romantic fallacy that Sputnik was evidence of Russian superiority in the technological world. But Khrushchev did not last.

It seems clear that at this point in our history, our commodities markets are vulnerable to foreign manipulation. Given the natural shocks of weather disasters and growing populations, given the present tendency of our own oligopolies to try to move certain markets at certain times, and given the growing awareness that there is only so much decent farmland in this old world, we find ourselves in a dangerous situation.

It was Clausewitz who wrote: "War is not merely a political act but also a political instrument, a continuation of political relations, a carrying out of the same by other means." He was not speaking of economic warfare, but he could have been.

—ASA BABER

whether or not the exchanges can truly regulate themselves.

Anyway, what about your order for those five contracts of November soybeans? Was it fairly handled and fairly filled? Let's put it this way: probably . . . maybe. There is no question that trading violations are taking place in some of the pits on some of the exchanges. But if you accept the fact that you might get shafted for a few dollars every now and then, you will be able to think about the more creative questions of which market you should enter, when and for how much.

In 1973, Fortes testified before a subcommittee of the House of Representatives. Gross was a special counsel to that subcommittee. Those two Chicago lawyers, both experienced in commodity trading and both unwilling to ignore the lax regulation and market manipulation that was going on, participated in frank discussions. One of the results of their efforts was the establishment of the CFTC. It's hoped that that agency will prove itself effective.

At one point in his testimony, Fortes

took off on a far-reaching examination of our market system. Before you put your money into commodities, listen to Fortes. His words call into question the value of any small investor's trying to ride the tiger's back.

"Although millions of people have been enticed, to their sorrow, into the trading of commodity futures," said Fortes, "only a bare handful of commercial interests and professional pit traders really have the sophistication and know-how to successfully trade in commodities. When properly employed, this expertise serves a valuable economic function. . . . However, in many instances, this sophistication and know-how simply are utilized by certain commercial interests and professional traders, acting in concert with sufficient group power and money to squeeze and manipulate a market. . . .

"I am convinced that there is a direct relationship between the futures trading and the unconscionable run-up in cash prices of food products that the American housewife buys for her table. . . .

"We are all aware of the scarcity of feed grains and the exacerbated futures

and cash-price increases resulting from the Russian export deal. The run-up of July soybeans from \$3.31 to \$12.90 could not have occurred without the cooperation of a handful of commercial houses.

It is my opinion that the last five or six dollars of the increase in July soybeans was the result of manipulative practices. It is significant that when the embargo was placed on exports, the price of soybeans dropped to below seven dollars. This occurred despite the fact that there was no significant increase in the supply, because July soybeans were an 'old crop' already harvested. . . . The only explanation for this phenomenon is that the \$12.90 price was artificial, created by highly concentrated buying without regard for the actual value of soybeans. . . .

"Manipulation results in price control, it results in disruption of our free-market price structure, it results in the geographic dislocation of commodities, it results in a complete breakdown of the hedge operation to the detriment of the grower and it results in inflated costs to the American housewife in millions of dollars."

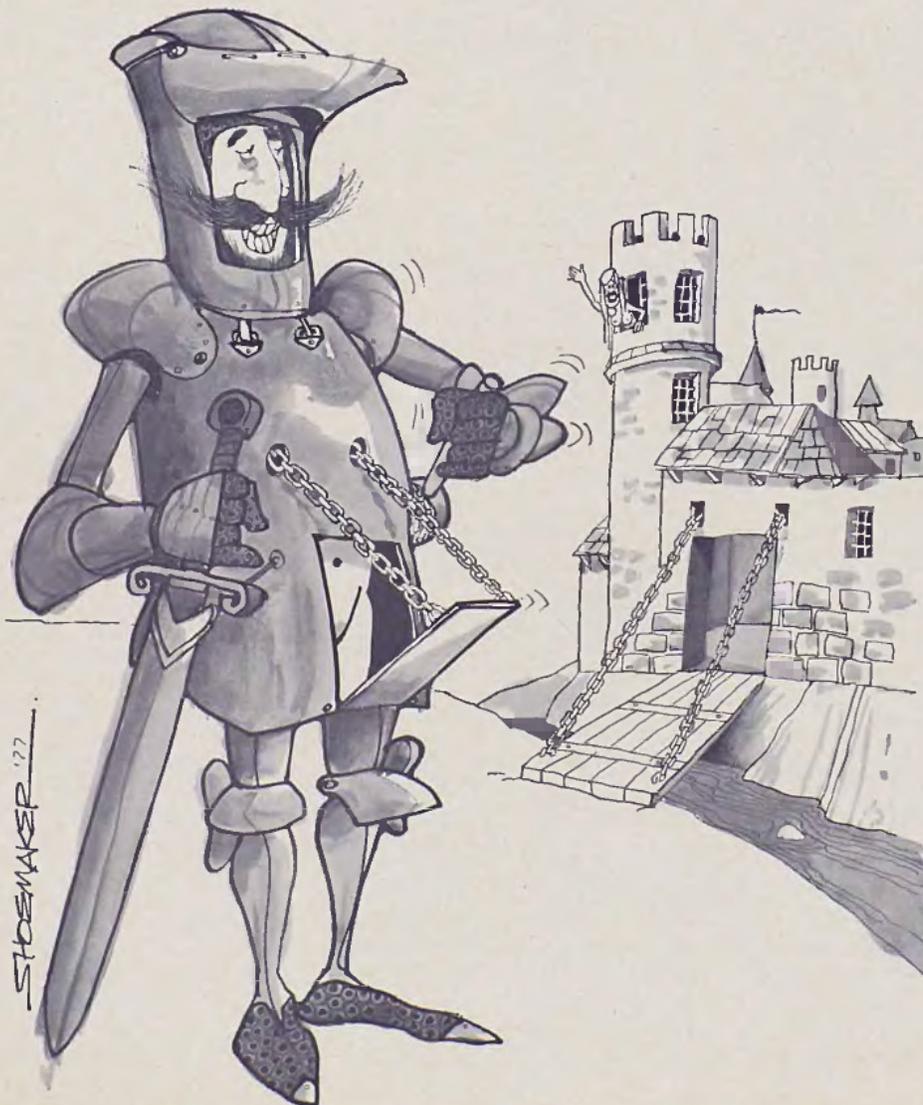
Fortes has moved right into the overwhelming question: Does concentrated speculation exaggerate price movement? If it does, how does that affect each of us? To some people, the question is not so dramatic right now. But it will become so after the next drought or famine or climatic change or whatever else probably sits just over our horizon. The Seventies may well be our last dream decade. Of all the jokes—chemical, nuclear, biological, ecological—that may be waiting for us like metaphysical banana peels, perhaps none will be more ironic than the status of the food supply itself.

Here is a scenario to reckon with. The prediction may not come to pass, but consider it: When whatever is chewing through our cornstalks and destroying our soybean root systems and rusting our wheat, when pesticides are seen to be nerve gases and herbicides carcinogens, when our entire food chain is collapsing under the fire of our blindness, then let us go back to Malthus. He is still with us, even if these words were first published in 1798:

Population, when unchecked, increases in a geometrical ratio. Subsistence increases only in an arithmetical ratio. A slight acquaintance with numbers will show the immensity of the first power in comparison of the second.

This statement may mean more to us sometime soon. The exact timing of it is as difficult to assess as a market entry point. But it seems to have an inevitability about it.

Then it is, as the markets escalate up limit daily and as political measures such as embargoes have little effect, that prices might climb out of the range of reason.



Those in favor of a private marketing system will argue that we should let the prices go where they will. They will say, along with Leo Melamed of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange: "There are no commodity exchanges in Moscow; there is no Peking Duck Exchange in China; there is no Havana Cigar Board of Trade. . . . There, the governments themselves establish the prices they will pay. . . . Alas, by removing the risk, that system also removes the incentive."

Will we be willing to listen to that kind of argument then? If the prices of all our earthly products—grains, fuels, precious metals, livestock, meat, fats, oils, wood, eggs, potatoes, sugar, coffee, cocoa, orange juice, cotton, wool, Treasury bills, mortgage rates, plus all the other commodities that might be traded by that time, such as coal and propane and plutonium and who knows what else—are

ascending, will we be able to watch the brokers and the traders in their shouting matches without deciding that this has really gone too far? Will we be tolerant of them, those fallible, shrewd, sometimes cold, sometimes hysterical, sometimes tax-dodging characters? Or will we cry "Enough!"?

And where will you be? Riding soybeans to new highs? Locked into the wrong side of the market and pleading with your banker to lend you more money until you have a chance to get out? On the side lines, as wary as the rest of us about the rocket ride we are on?

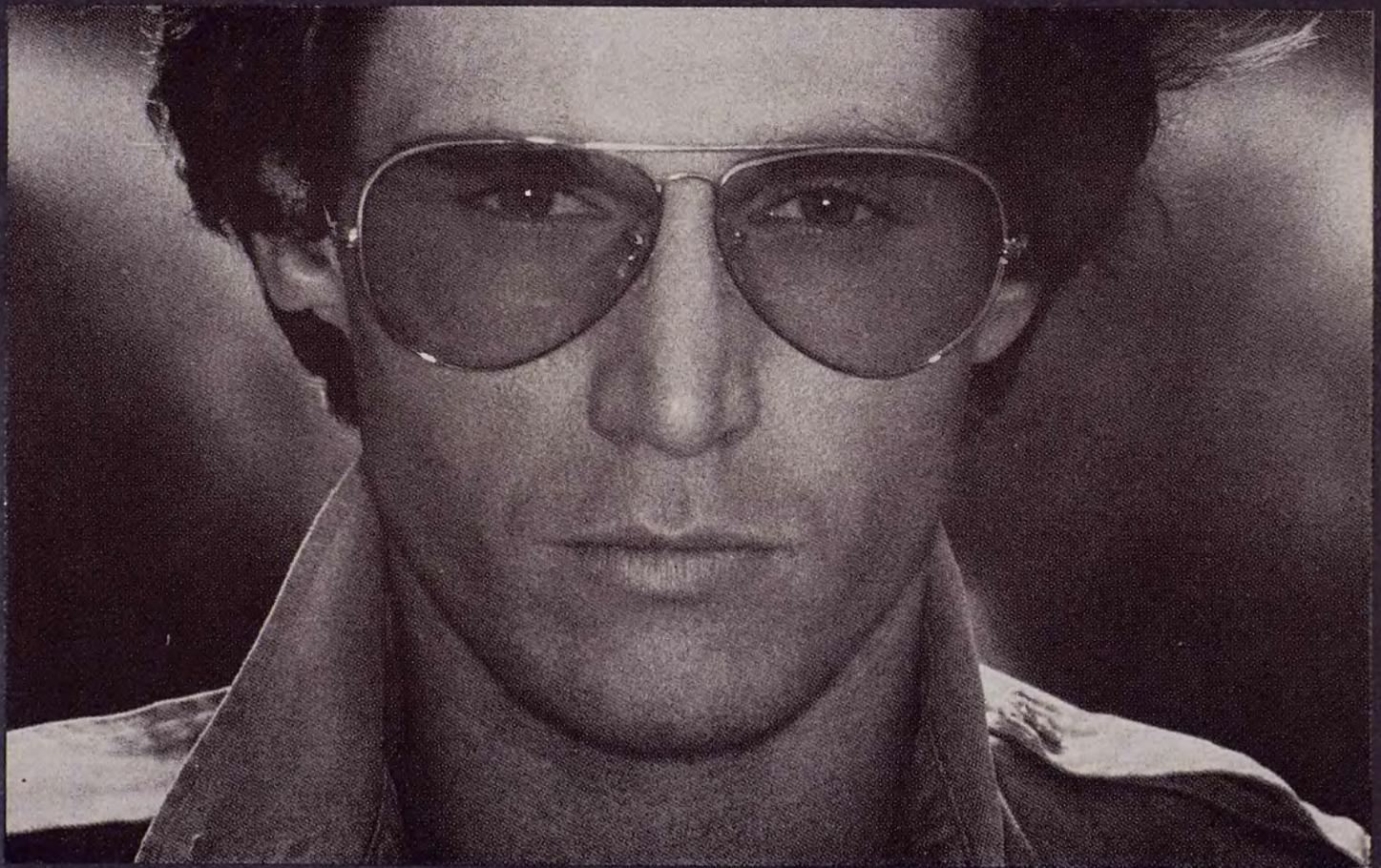
Surely, momentous change is ahead and, just as surely, the commodities market will reflect that change.

And at some moment in either inflation or depression, as the basic needs of our lives are bid up beyond our price

range, there will be a time warp. Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* will be played out in our own streets. Citizens will be rioting, demanding that the granaries be opened to feed the poor. Where will we be then? In ancient Rome? Elizabethan England? Modern America?

They ne'er cared for us yet! Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor.

Such rhetoric may not read well on West Jackson Boulevard at the Chicago Board of Trade. But it will ring familiar in some other neighborhoods not too far away.



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## MANHATTAN PIT STOP *(continued from page 152)*

*"The steering wheel looked like someone had taken a 200-pound sapphire and chipped it into the right shape."*

screen. But that was just the paint.

The grille had been rechromed and flecked with chips of something, maybe zircons. There were special-order white-wall tires; the snowy sidings wrapped practically into the goddamn treads; there were opera windows and the top was covered with armadilloskin dyed baby blue. Marching straight down the middle of the trunk deck were four aerials: one for a C.B. radio, one for a radio radio, a television antenna and one for a telephone. The whole inside was pink fur: dashboard, pedals, floor, inside door handles and all; everything. Well, except for the steering wheel. It looked like someone had taken a 200-pound sapphire and chipped it into the right shape.

"Baby, baby," Beau said. "Doan jus' stand there like you're growing out of the sidewalk. What do you *think*, man?"

"It's, uh, it's a whole bunch of car," I said.

Lugs was speechless, breathing through his mouth, like he always does when he is thinking hard; Lugs has an air-cooled brain pan. He marched down to the far end, looking at the Lincoln, then he marched up to the front end and, finally, he got down on both knees just a little bit behind the front tire and he looked in behind it at the steering linkage. He stood up and shrugged.

"Lemme see the engine," he said.

"Engine," Beau said. "Engine." And he opened the door, reached in and pulled the latch. He ran around front, shook out a pink handkerchief, reached down and lifted the hood. He peered in, quickly, and stepped back. "Careful," he said. "There's a lotta jive-ass horses just lyin' in there, waiting to jump out at you."

Lugs leaned over and looked in. Then he swung his head around and looked back at Beau for a long second, then he looked back under the hood. And then, still looking, he walked around on the street side and checked it from that direction. And then he straightened up, the car between us.

"I don't believe it," he said. "Stock. I'll be goddamned if this sumbitch ain't flat *stock*."

Beau shook his head up and down a lot. "Man, it all came with the body," he said. "You mean something is *wrong* in there?"

"Wrong?" Lugs looked like he had just been goosed. "Wrong? You mean to tell

me that nothin' has been *done* to this here *en-gine* since you *got* it? I mean: This is *it*, for crissakes, just like it came from the fucking *fac-tory*? A stock engine. Oh, shit, oh, dear. I ain't seen one of them in years."

Beau spread out both hands, fingers apart. "But you . . . you cats *race* stock cars," he said. "You know. Uhh, well, I mean *stock* cars."

Lugs just looked at him in disbelief. Old Magic Wrench thought about it for a minute and then gave his very best critical assessment. "This here car here," he said, "is a fucking *sled*, is what it is."

Beau swung around to me. "What is he *saying*? What is that man *SAYIN'* to me? You know how many *horsepower* in that big ole motherhumper right there? Like, you know how much that car *cost*? Stock? Man, I got to tie that rascal *down* at night, keep it from *runnin'* off somewhere. You talk about *that* car, you're talking about *mean*, man. That's a *bad* car there."

Lugs jammed his hands into his back pockets and sighed a very sad sigh. "Listen, Beau," he said. "Rock-candy apple paint ain't gonna save it. That's still a stock engine there, Beau. Which makes it a shitbox, pure and simple. Case closed." He pointed at the parking lot. "If I couldn't take my poor little old Camaro over there and suck the *doors* off this goddamn sled here, I'll kiss your ass until you bark like a fox."

Hoo-boy.

Beau said something about your honkie ass you can, and Lugs said something about my pore old gray Camaro ain't even *set up* and I could smoke off this shitbox Lincoln, and Beau said something about not through New York traffic, you can't, and Lugs said something about traffic, my ass; I could blow you off in a fucking *swamp*. And we got out Beau's hand-worked silver flask and passed it around, drinking pure Seagram's Seven, the drink that makes better drivers of us all.

"Harlem," Beau said.

"Mrrrrmmmmph," Lugs said, passing back the flask. "Where's it at?"

Beau shook the flask next to his ear, listening. Then he spoke into the neck of it. "You in there, bubbles?" Then he took a long drink and passed it to me. "You know where Harlem is?"

"Hell, no," I said. "Listen: I get lost a lot just outside the main gate at *Indy*.

And, besides, this here flask is damn near empty."

He fished in his inside pocket and came up with another one, gold. "Here, baby," he said. "Two flasks, no waiting."

"Look," Lugs said. "Are we gonna race or are we gonna fuck around? Just gimme a drink here and point me at the track. We get to Harlem or whatever it is and you tell me what happened to your goddamn fenders, kiddo."

Beau shimmied a little bit, snapping all his fingers. "Hundred-thirty-five and Lenox," he said. "Dig it? I own a bar up there. Know what the name of it is? The Beau-Regard. Two doors down from the corner. Can't miss it. Big-mother sign: THE BEAU-REGARD. Got it? Long as you're with me, you're safe."

Lugs looked out at all the Manhattan traffic; he was weaving a little, not too bad. "No worse than the infield at Darlington," he said.

"Look, now," Beau said. "We leave here. We race up Eighth Avenue, dig it? Flash past Columbus Circle, man, and we keep on hauling ass uptown on Broadway. Mmmmm. We're on Forty-eighth here, right? And, well. Mmmmm, say eighty-seven blocks or so."

We all looked over at Eighth Avenue, into the cars zinging along. Uh-huh.

"One little problem," Lugs said. "I hate to bring this up, but this here's a one-way street. Goin' the wrong one way."

We had a little shooter, thinking about it. And since I was the only racer present, I made the steward's decision:

"It ain't all that far to the corner," I said. "They got to forgive us that little distance."

"Eighty-seven blocks?" Lugs brought the flask down and surged the Seagram's around in his mouth, poaching out first one cheek, then the other. "Hrrmmph. That's all? Hell, I can four-wheel drift that Z car all the way to yer place faster 'n you can drive that shitpot forwards."

"Wrong," I said. "I'll drive. You always wanted to be a riding mechanic, anyway, remember?"

"Man, that's it," Beau said. "Me against Stroker Ace. Me and the goddamn national champ, man."

"I don't know," Lugs said. "I got that clutch pulled up so delicate that——"

"OK. I won't use the clutch."

"And you gotta feather that throttle and——"

"Not if you got it on the floor, you don't."

"And, all right. You drive. No trick stuff, now. You get us belly up some-where and I'm really gonna be pissed. Anyway, where's that flask?"

I went over and got the Z car. Beau fired up the Lincoln and looked over at us through his tinted windows, but it didn't matter. With the Z-28 running, all

we could hear was black thunder and the vibration was rippling my bowels. Both upper and lower. Over on the other side of the Lincoln, all the statues started shaking and the cement dingus fell right off one of the little cherubs. I touched the clutch and popped it into first. And then, holding the clutch in, I braced the heel of my right shoe on the brake pedal, swung the toe around and mashed in on the gas and put them both down on the floor. The needle on the tach swung up hard and sat there steady.

Lugs looked over at it. "Gimme more rpms," he said. "What do you think this thing is, a goddamn sports car or something? Get on it."

I brought it up higher, until my liver started clenching off and on, like a fist.

Lugs flashed Beau a wait-a-second sign. And then he leaned across me and reached way up under the dashboard. Gently, almost so you couldn't see it, the nose of the Z-28 came down. Then it inched down a touch more, while the ass end came up just a bit until we were flat damn *hunkered* there on the street.

I glanced back at Beau and now he had on fancy driving gloves with cutouts across the knuckles, and he was punching them between the fingers to get them on tight. He flashed me a thumbs-up sign, like in *Dawn Patrol*, and then he put both hands on the sapphire wheel and took off. Hoo-boy.

Hell, that Lincoln was almost *majestic*, the way it waddled into a U turn and then ambled on down toward the intersection, waving goodbye with its aerials. I let go the clutch, held the brake on for a bit and goosed the gas. There was a long, long second while we just sat there stirring up mauve smoke from the rear wheels, and then, just about the time the cloud covered our back window, we fired it off the mark.

Lugs said, "Ooohhhh, yeceaaahhhh," and we spun it around and came back in through our own smoke. And then we came around the Lincoln with our speedometer at 68 miles an hour and climbing—all crouched down and fishtailing just a teeny bit, our heads slammed back against the head restraints; it was like going past 20 miles of pink fence. I hung a hard right at the corner and we chopped him off, ducking under him with a *ting* that took off a foot and a half of pink paint from his left-front fender and got the leading edge of his bumper just a bit out of shape. And then we were out in it.

Eighth Avenue is New York City's straightaway. Every city has one. Nobody just *tools* along Eighth Avenue; everybody there is going for the pole position. Hell, it's maybe the only street in Manhattan that pedestrians cross at a dead lurch, even before the sign flashes DON'T WALK.

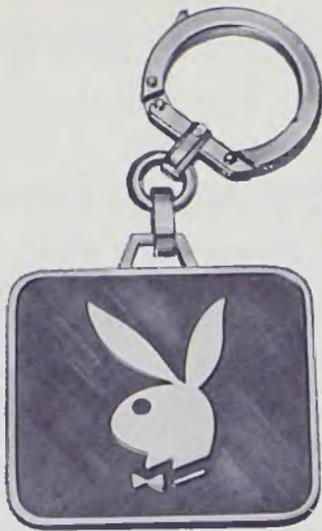
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The cops picked us up at 53rd Street. Well, to be absolutely accurate about this, I picked them up. We had just chopped off a goddamn Triumph Stag and I had the Camaro in a drift, my arms all crossed over, and I was trying to sight down toward the next intersection. I drifted right past this squad car.

Understand, I couldn't hear him. We both had our windows up. But for one flash, we looked into each other's eyes. He had to be doing maybe 57 miles an hour or so—and here I came, sliding right past him, somewhat sideways.

Like in a silent movie, I could see his mouth open and then form the words: *holy shit*. And then he turned on the red bubble-gum machine on top of his car.

I spun the wheel back hard left and got us all snapped around, and slashed across to the other side of the street to get some more cars between us and the cops. And that's when two things happened:

Thing one: hot-dog vendor. Lord, Lord.

He popped out into the street at mid-block, just pushing the cart ahead of him, his mouth all pursed up in a whistle, and for a split second there, it was all printed inside my head: blue-and-white fringed umbrella advertising CinZano and some Italian ices stacked up on top and two bicycle wheels—and this poor sumbitch whistling *Dixie* or something.

Lugs put both hands up to his face and peeked out through his fingers and said, "Sheeeeee-ittttt!" and I cranked it hard right just about the time the vendor looked up. And just about the time Lugs was saying, "Ohhhhhh dearrrr," we ticked the cart just ahead of the bicycle wheels while I was trying to crank us the other way to get around a goddamn tiny Alfa Romeo that was looking for a place to park.

The Z car sheared off everything ahead of the bike wheels, and then I looked in the rear-vision mirror. And the cart was taking off on a sort of clockwise spin, picking up speed as it went and spewing out hot dogs and buns and a blizzard of colored ice. And the guy was still hanging on to the handle and he was picking up speed with the cart, his legs swinging straight out in the air. I have very fast eyes, naturally; some of the hot dogs were raining down from about two stories high.

And then the squad car ducked

through, its front window covered with sauerkraut.

We snicked the rear-vision mirror and left-front hubcap right off the Alfa.

That was Thing one. Thing two was Columbus Circle.

It isn't really a circle. It's a goddamn *triangle*, is what it is. And I suppose it isn't usually all full of cops, but I guess somebody had got on the radio. They were all looking for a damn gray Camaro; but then, we really weren't all that hard to spot. We pulled in going about 80, double-clutching to beat hell and dragging down through the gears, looking for an opening—and you could hear that rascal Z-28 snapping and snarling all the way to Newark.

Zero openings, far as I could see; just a lot of rooftop red lights swirling off the monument. Central Park was off there on a soft right; the Colosseum was on the other side, soft left. Central Park West was over there somewhere on the other side of the monument, and so was upper Broadway.

"Awwwww, no," Lugs said.

I swung it around two squad cars parked nose to nose and got us into a slide going toward the big statue, then straightened it out. Sort of. We did a little frog jump right up onto the sidewalk, getting up in there with all the spectators, who were wondering what the hell the cops were looking for.

It's OK: I honked the horn a lot while the car was doing a slow 360 turn, and the folks were real nice about spilling out of the way, climbing the statue and all. And we bounced off the other side. Unhappily, we landed nose to nose with a big black police van, chicken-wire windows and all.

"Reverse," Lugs said. "You gotta goddamn reverse in here, you know."

"I'll drive," I said.

So we went back up on the plaza, this time going backward, and sneaked it around to the other side. And the rest was easy.

Easy. We fired it right up the steps going toward the Gulf and Western Building, across that high sidewalk and down the other steps. It was when we were high up on the sidewalk, where cars don't hardly ever go, that we glanced over at the entrance to upper Broadway.

"That sumbitch," Lugs said. "Lookit."

The pink Lincoln flashed by, flat out, and that goddamn Beau had the television set on and was talking on the telephone. And we came off the sidewalk—all airborne, which really cuts down your speed—and landed, bouncing, about six cars behind him.

The run to Harlem was like a parade, though you had to look pretty fast to see any of the floats: There was Beau and there was me and there were about 20

cops strung out behind, all weaving and honking and sirening.

Couple times, I inched right up behind that big pink Lincoln trunk—though you can't really draft anybody too good when you're only running about 70—and gave Beau a couple of whaps. But then, every time I pulled over to slingshot him, he would ease it in my direction, waltzing me right over toward the parked cars on each side.

"If there was only an infield here," Lugs growled, "we could put that sum-bitch so far into the porta-johns you wouldn't believe it."

But then it happened; the cops began dropping away, closer we got to Harlem. And so did the people cars. In the 90s, we were zapping along pretty much on our own, and where there weren't cars parked on each side, there was garbage stacked up. There were fewer streetlights; about every other one had been shot out or something. Hell, some of the lampposts were missing. And about three blocks of buildings were flat burned out, all stained brick and empty, black windows.

"Does that say BEAU-REGARD?" I said.

"Uhhh, where?"

"Two blocks ahead. On the right."

He popped a beertop, taking all the spray in the chest. "Hell, listen: If I

could see two blocks ahead, I'd be a fucking *race* driver."

"Well, hang on."

I slammed the nose of the Z-28 flat up against the Lincoln and when Beau bobbed it just a teensy bit, I popped it and dragged it down a gear. I could see him glance up at me in his mirror, one eyeball looking right into mine. So I fainted right on him, ducking that shoulder. And, grinning, he let old Pinkie drift over to the right to block me.

And I stood on it and came back left, really cranking it this time, taking off his whole goddamn rear bumper coming around; it bounced about 25 feet behind us. We came slingshotting around and when Beau suddenly glanced over, all he could see was Camaro roof line and Lugs sort of saluting him with a can of hot Coors, the foam still spilling out.

Then I chopped him off and hit the brake all at the same time and we crossed the finish line all ass-end to, smoking a bit. I got the front wheels up on the sidewalk and we took out two tin garbage cans; slammed it right up against the building and then fell back, rocking gently.

"Darlington finish," Lugs said. "Right off the wall. Though I gotta say, you embarrass me by driving like a damn Sunday-school teacher."

Beau came easing up to the curb,

aerials fluttering, and he got right out, went around in back and kicked the Lincoln a good one in the ass. Then he came over.

"You want a statement?" I said. "Well, I just want to thank Mom and Pop and all my sponsors and all those wonderful people that worked so hard to make it possible for me to win this here race. And, of course, I couldn't of won it without the help of my excellent chief mechanic, whose name I forget right now."

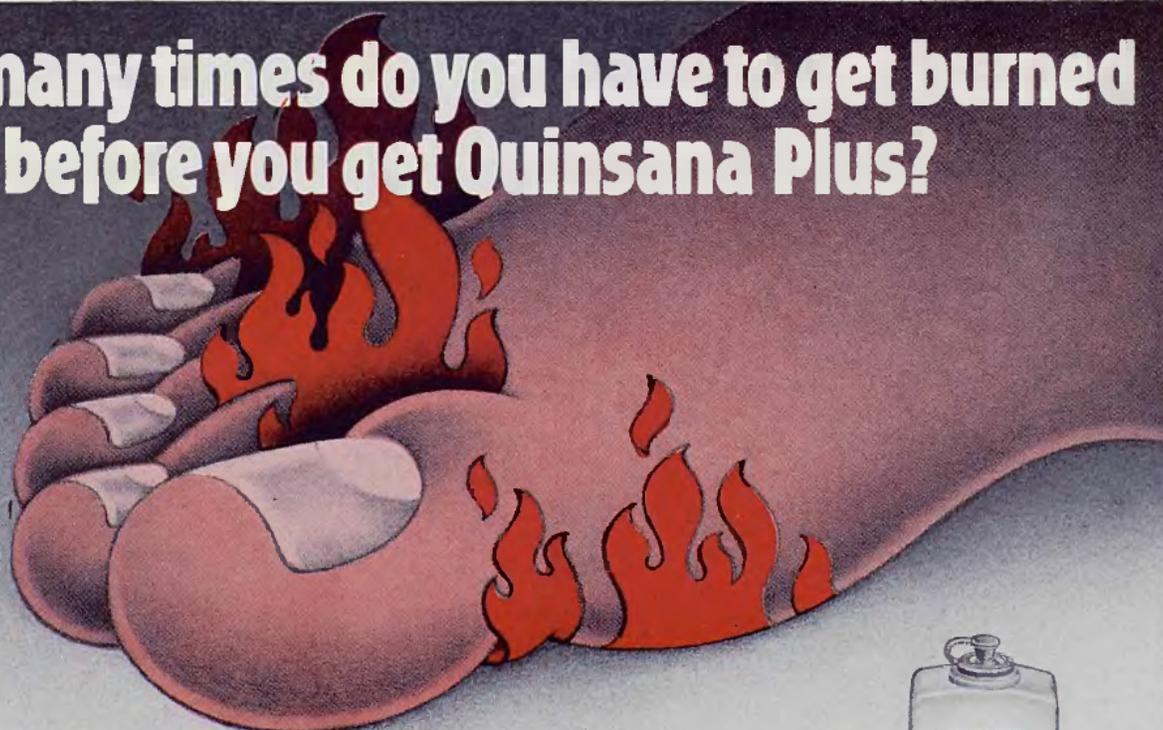
"Jee-zuz," Beau said. "You a *mean* driver, man. Bad, is what you are. You wanna buy a used Lincoln?"

"Uh-uh. The TV set looks too small to me."

"C'mon in," he said. "Man, nobody's gonna believe this; me racing Stroker Ace. C'mon. Walk close behind me, now; you're safe with me, but sometimes it is a little bitty shock to see a honkie face in here."

Two minutes. It couldn't have been more than two minutes, because I have this racing clock inside my stomach—and we were standing there with these big glasses of Seven and Seven and Beau was just starting to tell everybody about the big race to Harlem—and Lugs turned to me and said something about Just a second, I gotta get me a cigar out of the glove compartment, and he went out the door. And very soon he was back inside, and he had this funny look

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on his face. That's how fast it was. Two minutes.

"Hey, Beau," he said. "It's about my car."

Beau half-spun around, his eyebrows up. "Hmmm?" he said. And then he saw the look on Lugs's face and, suddenly, he slapped one long hand to his forehead. "Uh. No," he said.

"Uh, no, my ass," Lugs said.

"Oh, man. I forgot to tell them. I mean, the excitement and all. I forgot to tell them to lay off. Oh, oh."

"C'mon and look," Lugs said.

Beau said something about Lord, I can't bear to go out there and look, because I know what I'm gonna see, and we all pushed back through the door with a whole gang of folks from the bar and stood there and looked at the Z-28.

That little sumbitch was totally, flat stripped. It was sitting there on the naked axle hubs and the hood was up and the trunk lid was up and everything was gone. And the street was deserted. Two minutes.

And while we were standing there looking at it, the car gave a sort of soft little swooshing sigh, and the nose came back up and the tail settled down.

Lugs walked around it, taking inventory. He looked in under the hood and he lifted up a few loose wires and then let them fall back. He looked into the trunk and then inside the car at where the dashboard used to be. And then he came back and stood on the sidewalk with the crowd, looking down at the skeleton and sipping thoughtfully at his Seven and Seven. And finally:

"Allstate's gonna shit," he said.

"Man, I'm sorry," Beau said. "Like, I forgot to spread the word. You know, man. I was just so jazzed about the race and all. Like, what'd they get?"

"Well, lemme see," Lugs said. "We still got the floor boards and the tail-light bulbs. I guess I prolly came back out the door too soon." He stepped up and unscrewed the bulbs, then carefully put them up on the roof. "There," he said. "Save somebody a little work. Now, then. Let's go back in and get us a little shooter here."

"Oh, man, I mean, I feel tragic about this," Beau said. "And I'd get all this stuff back for you cats, really. But, like, we been here"—he glanced at his digital, flash-on-and-off watch—"well, like, maybe five minutes now. And half the stuff is in Jersey City by now, man. No serial numbers or anything on it."

Lugs waved for a new round of drinks, and then he turned to Beau and got him by one arm and sort of half-bent him over, so they could look each other in the eyes. "Beau," he said. "Listen, Beau: Ordinarily, now, I would be . . . uhhhh, I would be . . ."

"Sore wrought," I said.

"Sore rot," Lugs said. "And, also, I would be pissed off. But I been in this business way too long and I got to salute a job like that out there. Shit, oh, dear, man, you see that little Z car? I mean: You see it? Crissakes, listen: I seen some fast goddamn work in my day; I mean fast guys who work like nobody's business, kiddo. But this here has got to be the hot-damnedest pit stop I ever..."

"Hey," I said.

"Oh, man!" Beau said. And he shimied. "Pit stop!"

Lugs went right on talking and Beau and I stood there and looked at each other, the idea taking shape inside our heads.

"Nooooooo," Beau said.

"Why not?" I said.

"Yeah, but I mean: Stock-car racin' is Honkie City, man."

"Somebody's gotta be first," I said.

And Beau said, "Lord, can you dig it?"

And I said, "Maybe, maybe. Look: How many of them—"

"Six. Six cats and they been working together for years. Fast; Lord, they are so fast that on hot summer nights round here, folks come sit out on their front stoops just to watch them work. I remember last year they did a whole bread truck here and you could hear the clap-

ping and cheering all the way downtown. They're fast. They got fifty-nine magic fingers, man. I say fifty-nine because one time one of them, it's Roosevelt, I think, still had his pinkie in a guy's electric window and the guy was pullin' away from the curb at the time."

Lugs had stopped talking and was looking at us. Then he took a deep breath. "I just got a hell of an idea," he said. "Now, listen: Hear me out before you say anything. But, listen. Get this: Maybe we ought to sign these guys as a pit crew."

Beau nodded. "How about that?" he said. "I just doan know how you come to think of such things."

"S'nothing," Lugs said.

The thing was coughing and hacking and doing everything but spitting up blood coming down the pit lane and, looking up ahead, I could see the crowd gathered. Where the crowd was, that was my pit; it had been like that ever since we had checked in at Darlington. And no damn wonder: When I slammed it to a stop and shut it down, here they came again.

Here's the way it worked: Roosevelt was standing lookout, because he was the smallest and had only nine fingers anyway. The rest of them were poised on tippy-toes, arms slightly out, watching and listening. Roosevelt identified with

the car; he could look at it and tell what was hurting. And even before I got it stopped, he was chanting: "Aching inside, won't hardly ride, over the side—and do it." And when he said, "Do it," they came flowing over the wall like a goddamn ballet troupe. Each guy was carrying something: a tool, a wrench, something. Small Sam swept one forearm across the hood and the latches came out like magic; he leaned back and Flip popped up the hood, and then they both leaned in again. Then Small Sam straightened up and he had four sparkplugs in one hand; he held out the other hand and Stretch laid four new plugs on him and he leaned in again. On the beat.

Up front, Bonzo clapped his hands and ducked in out of sight and then quickly stepped back, both hands up. He was wearing the old fan belt around his neck. "Ta-dah," he said. Then the car slammed back down and Lucius flashed the "Tires on" signal, his thumb and forefinger together. And Roosevelt scooted around to my right-front fender and poised like Mercury on the front of the telephone book, bouncing a bit and snapping his fingers to the beat, ready to wave me out, keeping one eye on Lugs.

And Lugs, standing behind the wall, winked at Roosevelt and punched the stop watch. I kicked it and Roosevelt twirled right out of sight, like a bullfighter.

Behind me, when the roar died down,

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they say that the crowd sighed in unison, like air coming out of the Hindenburg. Everybody blinked and said something appropriate. Like: Jee-zuz, did you-all see that pit stop? I make it 14 seconds. And appropriate things like that.

Fifty-five laps to go and somewhere in there I had managed to work my way from first place down to second and all my leg bones ached—I think from clenching my teeth so hard in the turns.

Turbo Ellison and I were rubbing door handles going through the corners, and then—every time I drew a bead on that sumbitch—he would outgun me down the straights in that really big-mother Mercury and I would have to tuck in tight behind him while we both smoked off every other car in the race. Then he'd hit the turn in a slide, front wheels cocked over, and I'd slide right up alongside him, going absolutely flat balls-out. And we'd glance over at each other. We were scaring each other to death.

Then we both rifled off the fourth turn, where I was squeezing him so hard against the wall that I was gradually buffing all the paint off the far right side of his car and, again, he ducked down across me, ticking my right-front fender so hard that it made the palms of my hands hurt.

We went through the first turn side by side, nobody off the gas just the slightest

bit, both into a full slide on the high banking, with the crowd all sucking up enough breath to levitate the goddamn speedway. Then Turbo hunched up and I hunched up and we did the whole back straight like the world's widest car. Old Turbo gave me a small glance and a nod indicating that he was going to cut me off and go into the pits—and I gave him a small glance and shrug indicating that, if he was, he was gonna have to drive right through about 27 hunnert pounds of full-bore Dodge, asshole. So we still hung together coming off turn four, with me snuggled up under him, and then I took a very deep breath and cocked it for the pit entrance. Still on the gas.

Down along pit row, I could sort of sense the retracting of testicles when they saw us both coming.

And that's when Lee Roy Harber—who was pitting fast but more or less amiably—blew his engine. First dumb thing he did was to *flinch* inside his seat belts when it went off, and when he flinched, that sissy goddamn humpty, he got his goddamn Plymouth sideways—and while he was flinching and sliding, he dumped a whole carload of oil. There just can't be that much oil in one car, can there?

There can be; trust me: I hit it and Turbo hit it and, suddenly, the whole Darlington International Speedway took

off and began going around and around, picking up speed.

I sucked up my rib cage a lot and got off the gas, and then, next thing, I hit Turbo a ferocious lick: Bam! And I could see parts flying off his car and he caromed off the trackside wall and drove right back *through* me—ka-pow! And the sky started raining bumpers and rear-vision mirrors and stuff. And I did a reverse spin, catching a quick flash image of somebody's pit crew running for the stands. That's just about the time I hit their pit wall so hard that all their tires jumped and somebody's toolbox flew up into the crowd, throwing wrenches over about 15 rows of seats. But, still, I came off that one reasonably straight. So I dragged it down a gear and popped the gas a very quick shot and got the hell out of there. Making a clean stop at my pit was easy for two reasons:

One: All my tires were shredded.

Two: Turbo's car was welded to mine, T-boned, and that served to slow me down considerably.

"Do it," said Roosevelt.

And they came flowing out over the wall, moving around me in a smooth swirl.

Stretch leaned in and looked at me. "Your nose is all bleeding," he said.

"It always bleeds when it's broken," I said. "Never mind. Get moving. If you sumbitches ever stripped a goddamn car—strip one now."

Small Sam popped the bright flame on the welding torch and cut Turbo loose, while Turbo's own crew came swarming in with tires and things. Lugs ducked down and grabbed the sheet metal on the right-rear fender and gave a mighty heave and pulled it free like that; never mind the hernia. Then the car went up and down on all four corners like it had the hiccups and all four new wheels went on. Up front, Bonzo and Flip discovered that the hood was jammed crooked, locking the latch pins—and in a blur of motion, Flip reached into one pocket and whipped out some sort of small, shiny tool; he flicked it somewhere up near my windshield and simply snatched off the hinges—just like that—and picked up the whole goddamn hood while Bonzo ducked under it and did a major overhaul; he backed away, nodding, and Flip popped the hood back on and snapped the hinges back in, pocketed the silver tool and looked innocent, all in one sweep.

Lugs slapped the roof and I got the hell out of there.

The crowd was still yowling when I came around the first time: 13.3-second pit stop for a new, all-time NASCAR record. Jeez, a couple of more seconds there and they could have simonized me. Maybe even set my nose.



"Come on—it's only for my diary."



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## MEDICINE



### REFERTILIZATION

It's said that all normal, healthy males (and maybe females, too) have fantasies about size in male sex organs; but would you believe 40 times life-size?

That's what one pioneering surgeon sees as he peers at a portion of the male anatomy. Actually, it's a magnified view of a tiny section of the *vas deferens*—the tube through which sperm travel—and it's the key to the phenomenal success that Dr. Sherman Silber of St. Louis is reporting in restoring fertility to men who have had a vasectomy.

Men who seek a vasectomy are warned that they must not count on becoming fathers again. Rates of successful restoration have been discouragingly low. Now, however, Dr. Silber reports that he has had 90 percent success in restoring fertility to 300 men who have had vasectomies within the past ten years. Pregnancy rates in the wives of these men are running at better than 50 percent within the first year. Babies born from these pregnancies are healthy and normal.

Silber's dramatic results are attracting widespread medical attention, because they may portend a quantum leap forward in voluntary sterilization's swiftly growing popularity as a birth-control measure. To obtain those results, Silber employs a new technique of microsurgery to recon-

# THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

nect the *vas*. His microscopes are not the standard instruments you may have encountered in high school or college labs. Specifically designed for surgeons, they are high-powered, twin-vision, equipped with special lights, and are suspended over the operating table. Usually, they are "two-headed" to permit simultaneous viewing of the operating field by the chief surgeon and his assistant. Results of the magnification are breath-taking. Tiny blood vessels that are invisible to the human eye appear as large as tree branches. Nerve fibers thinner than the finest human hair are seen as thick bundles of cables.

In a vasectomy, the two *vas* tubes that conveniently lie just beneath the surface of the upper scrotum are severed and the ends are cauterized or tied off. The result is the same as if you cut a piece of pipe in half and capped the two new ends. To reverse the operation, Silber uses nylon thread that is invisible to the naked eye and specialized tools such as finely polished jeweler's forceps. With the *vas* enlarged by the microscope to something like the Alaska Pipeline, Silber is able to trim away all the scar tissue from the earlier vasectomy and reunite the *vas* precisely. First, he reconnects the inner canal to make it leakproof. Then the outer wall is similarly stitched to ensure the return of proper muscular contractions, which propel the sperm up the *vas*. He believes that without the high-powered magnification, it's impossible

to remove all scar tissue that blocks the canal and obtain a leakproof connection.

Who seeks a vasectomy reversal? Mostly, men who have lost a mate through death or divorce and wish to have a child in a subsequent marriage. The high—and still rising—divorce rate in the United States is returning men who have had vasectomies to single status. Many seek remarriage and often they and their new wife want children. A poignant case among Silber's patients was a young rancher whose only son, aged two, was drowned just after the rancher's vasectomy. Silber's operation restored the man's fertility and his wife soon became pregnant. Another man had lost a wife to cancer two years earlier. He had three children, but the woman he was marrying had none and they wanted to try for a child. A goodly number of Silber's patients have previously undergone reversal surgery with poor results. Silber's success with this group has been just as good as with the others.

Silber worked four years to develop his technique and believes other surgeons can master it, too, but it requires extensive training in the laboratory before a surgeon should attempt it on humans.

In contrast to a vasectomy, which takes about 15 minutes to perform, the delicate microsurgical reversal takes about two hours. It requires a hospital stay of at least 24 hours and convalescence at home of at least one

## POLITICS



week; discomfort is slightly more than from a vasectomy. Sex can be resumed in about two weeks. In Silber's patients, normal sperm counts return within three to eight months, but it's important to understand that regaining one's fertility is only halfway to fatherhood. The other half depends upon the fertility of the wife, her age and the course of a pregnancy. That's why Silber stresses that his successes should not be taken as any guarantee or as a reason for a man to have a vasectomy unless he feels certain that he doesn't want to have more children.

—EVAN MC LEOD WYLIE

### BLACK-MARKET ARMS

While most Americans are well aware of terrorist violence and armed uprisings all over the world (see *Terror, Inc.*, by David B. Tinnin, in the May PLAYBOY for an inside look at the problem), far fewer are aware of the sources of all those submachine guns and light-artillery pieces the rebels brandish. Weapons used by the Irish Republican Army, Palestinian terrorists and assorted left- and right-wing extremists are most often manufactured in the United States or Russia and find their way into the wrong hands through a variety of routes. Since such groups are rarely picky about where they get weapons, they will use rifles made in the U.S. alongside rockets made in Russia. One study has estimated that at least 85,000,000

military rifles are strewn all over the globe, so anyone who wants weapons doesn't have to look very far.

After legal sales are made to approved foreign governments, large supplies of arms can be resold to third parties facing U.S. arms embargoes. This was the case recently when South Africa got hold of several shipments from Colt and Winchester gun-makers through intermediaries who *could* buy them from the U.S. Although the Justice Department is investigating the sales, the companies claim they didn't know about the transfers. Similarly, legal shipments to governments with repressive regimes often wind up in the hands of paramilitary groups who can enforce unofficially the political point of view the government wants.

Weapons can also be stolen; *The Wall Street Journal* reported that American grenades had been lifted by West German anarchists who gave them to Palestinian and Venezuelan terrorists. A Senator's investigation revealed recently that 10,000 to 20,000 weapons were "missing" from military units, but the exact number was hard to determine because of sloppy accounting by the Pentagon. One raid by police in Houston turned up missing Army grenades, C-4 and TNT blocks, .50-caliber heavy machine guns and manuals for their use. Traffic in stolen U.S. military hardware has reached epidemic proportions in Mexico, as a side light to the burgeoning trade in heroin.

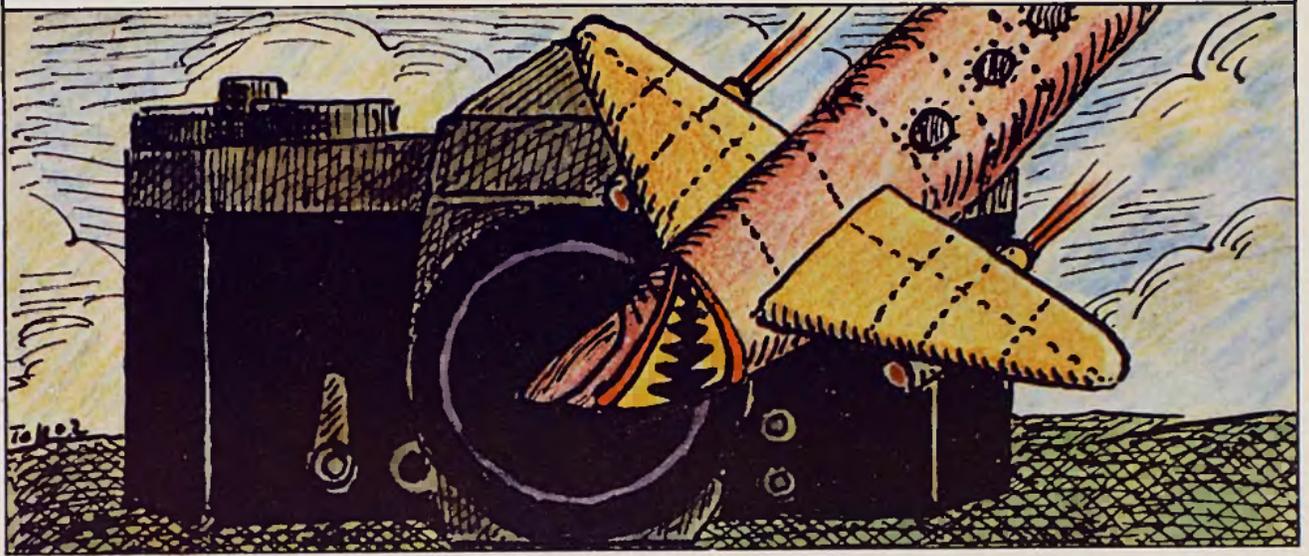
An even easier target is abandoned arms and munitions. One estimate is that the U.S. left behind five *billion* dollars' worth of military hardware in Vietnam and that those supplies have not yet reached the black market. Even so, there are reports that M-16s can be bought in Bangkok stores for under \$100 apiece. Of course, anyone who doesn't want to go to the trouble of buying weapons can simply ask the Libyans (who get them from Russia), who will gladly supply them to any group fighting for a cause supported by Colonel el-Qaddafi, the country's militantly pro-Arab ruler.

The biggest market is for automatic weapons, such as the M-16 and M-11 rifles and the AR-15, their civilian counterpart; but matters don't stop there. The Russians have supplied heat-seeking guided missiles, small enough to be carried by a single person, to Egypt, India and North Korea. In 1973, Italian officials just barely nabbed terrorists who had set up some of those rockets in an apartment under the approach to Rome's airport. Antitank weapons and other heavy ordnance are also readily available to anyone who is willing to look for them.

In the United States, at least, all weapons sales to foreign buyers are supposed to be screened by the Office of Munitions Control, a branch of the State Department. Arms dealers need pay only \$125 to become registered to sell abroad, and any sales under \$1,000,000 will not be reported

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLAND TOPOR

## PHOTOGRAPHY



beyond the OMC. The Munitions Control people admit that they depend on the good faith of the foreign governments involved and that, unless their suspicions are aroused by something grossly out of line, applications to ship weapons will be approved routinely. In the past five years, 2,500,000 weapons were legally exported from the U.S. In one case, the chief of staff of the El Salvador armed forces applied to Munitions Control for permission to buy 10,000 Bushmaster submachine guns. Since his country has fewer than 6000 troops, this might have seemed out of line, but the request was being processed when the Treasury and Justice departments got wind of the plot and arrested him for plotting to sell the guns to the underworld.

### X-RAYTED FILM

Do those X-ray machines that you see at most major airports really damage your photographic film? Signs posted by the Federal Aviation Administration claim that the X rays will not affect ordinary, undeveloped film; but most professional photographers insist on their right to a hand inspection and many people pack their film in special lead-lined pouches made expressly for shielding film. The issue became the subject of a lawsuit recently and the details may help clarify this heretofore foggy subject.

On January 11 of this year, the

Chicago Area Camera Clubs Association and SIMA Products announced that they were filing the suit aimed at forcing the FAA to change the wording on those signs at the inspection gates. What they wanted was a warning that the machines were *not* film safe and that all film should be removed from carry-on baggage. The suit, they said, was spurred by a report in *Technical Photography* magazine in which hundreds of pieces of unexposed film were carried through X-ray machines at airports in Minneapolis, Chicago and New York. Seventeen percent, both color and black and white, were found to be damaged in some way, usually by "fogging," which often appears as streaks on some portion of the film surface. This was especially noticeable on the color film; and the study also showed that the slower the film speed, the greater the fogging. "If anything stood out," said John Rupkalvis, the author of the study, "it was how unpredictable the possibility of fog is—it may not happen at all or your film could get zapped the first time through."

The only problem with all this is that SIMA Products happens, not so coincidentally, to be the only manufacturer of those lead-lined safety pouches. A few months later, C.A.C.-C.A. considered withdrawing from the suit, saying that its governing board had not been consulted.

A United Airlines spokesman said that, while no one denies the veracity

of the study itself, it has never been able to prove a single case of film fogging due to X rays. Kodak adds that some cases of fogging turn out to be related to camera and processing defects, rather than to X-ray-machine damage.

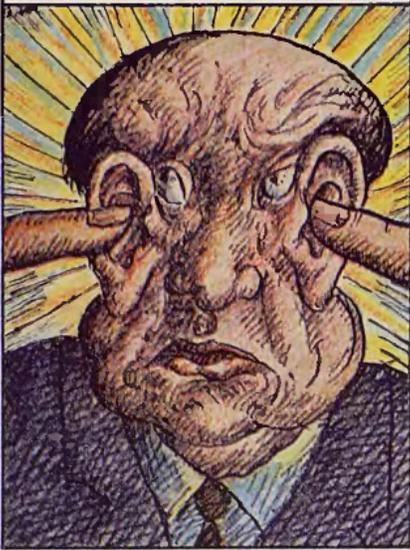
### 40-CHANNEL FOUL-UP

The Reverend Gordon Blauvelt was leading his congregation in Hampton, Iowa, through the Lord's Prayer when suddenly the church's loud-speaker system boomed out, "That's a ten-four, good buddy." The speaker, it turned out, was not the Big Fellow Himself but a nearby C.B.er whose broadcast was inadvertently picked up by the church's system.

Last year, the FCC received nearly 100,000 complaints from irate citizens such as Reverend Blauvelt who had picked up C.B. interference on their stereo systems or television sets. Basically, anything with an amplifier is susceptible, though there have been reports of electric stoves and even tooth fillings becoming temporary receivers. Often, the wiring of an entire building can act as an antenna and transmissions have interfered with weddings, funerals and classical-music broadcasts on FM radio stations.

All of this hassle and ill will has been caused by circumstances no one could have predicted many years ago, when broadcast frequencies for various types of communications equipment

## COMMUNICATIONS



were assigned. The FM radio and VHF TV frequencies are very close to the multiples (known as harmonics) of wave lengths assigned to C.B.ers; and no one foresaw the day when millions of C.B. radios, some with illegally boosted power, would break into the FM and VHF television bands. Although Congress is now considering legislation that would tighten standards for proper filtering of stray signals, debate is raging over whether restrictions should be placed on the *source* of the offending interference (your C.B.) or on the receiver of the interference (your stereo, TV, oven, fillings, etc.).

Until very recently, the FCC sided with the C.B.ers and told victims that inadequate filtering on the receivers was responsible and that they should take it up with the makers of their equipment. Naturally, the manufacturers aren't overjoyed at the prospect of adding expensive filtering and shielding equipment to their gear. One writer observed that it was like being told to buy earplugs when you complain to the Government about noise from the Concorde. People who already feel their right to listen to music in peace has been destroyed are left to complain, fix it themselves or retaliate. Since so many people have complained, the FCC has recently adopted a new policy of sending a letter to the owner of the C.B. (if he can be identified), ordering him to contact an FCC-licensed service representative and conduct some tests to find the cause of

---

"There have been reports of electric stoves and even tooth fillings becoming temporary C.B. receivers."

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the interference. The letter assures the C.B.er that in a "high percentage of cases," the other guy's receiver will be at fault and that he will have to add some filters. Still, the tests must be conducted within ten days of the receipt of the letter and if it is found that harmonics or power exceeding the four-watt limit is being emitted, the broadcaster is told that his transmitter "must be treated to reduce radiation to acceptable levels."

While this sounds as though help may be on the way for stereo and TV owners who complain to the FCC, the agency is quick to point out in letters to them that, in most cases, "interception of unwanted radio signals" is the fault of their equipment and getting rid of the stray voices that go ten-four in the night will be their responsibility. Fixing it can involve simply moving your receiver or antenna to another wall or shielding the cable. If it requires something more, do not remove the back panel from your TV or stereo and start fooling around with the innards of the beast. Take it to a good repair shop and hope for the best, since remedies are still in the trial-and-error stage.

Retaliation can take the form of calling up the offending neighbor to complain or threaten to call the FCC (if you can prove he's illegally boosting his power). Sterner measures that have been reported include shooting off C.B. antennas or putting straight pins into the exterior cables, which

## SCIENCE



results in a blown-out transmitter next time the unit is used.

Good buddies, indeed.

## REMEMBER THE WHAT?

Does that old gag line "I'll never forget What's-his-name" strike too close to home? If so, you'll be happy to hear about research done recently by a couple of experimenters at University College in Wales. Stuart Dimond and E. Y. M. Brouwers tested the drug Piracetam on eight pairs of students who had been evenly matched according to performances on earlier memory tests. In each pair, one student got three Piracetams daily and the other got three placebos. Two weeks later, the memory tests were repeated and the students taking Piracetam showed a sharp improvement in their test scores, while the control group remained unchanged.

Is Piracetam, in fact, a drug that helps you remember? Previous experiments had shown that it worked to improve the memory of animals and also seemed to check mental degeneration in severe cases of alcoholism and senile dementia, but Dimond and Brouwers are the first to show that Piracetam actually improves the memory of healthy humans.

Even though the two researchers now know that Piracetam does, indeed, improve memory, they still have no idea how or why it happens. Or have they just forgotten? 

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## Running the World

(continued from page 88)

"'What's your favorite Mexican dish?' she asked. 'You are,' Ford quipped."

until Ford awoke and called from the upper level for his tea.

Once, in Peking, Ford was whisked away without his bodyguards by the Chinese for a private meeting with Mao. After he was returned, the chief of the White House Secret Service detail, Dick Kaiser, only half-jokingly proposed that the President strip down and let the White House doctor examine his moles and freckles to make sure the Chinese had sent back the real Ford.

A few jokes that seemed funny at the time backfired. Two of them involved attractive women and Mrs. Ford.

When Ford went to Martinique for a conference with French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing in December 1974, members of the American delegation, including the President and Kissinger, couldn't help noticing a stunning young woman named Nicole attached to the French press office.

At a photo session before the opening meeting, Kissinger waved her over and introduced her to Ford.

"This is Nicole," Kissinger announced. "We are going to trade her for Nessen."

Ford beamed and introduced her, in turn, to Giscard d'Estaing.

"We are going to trade my press secretary to you for Nicole."

Giscard d'Estaing looked bewildered and irritated. He did not know the woman; she was only a low-ranked employee in his press office. But at that moment, he was involved in a scandal at home concerning allegations that he had a mistress. He didn't need any stories about strange and beautiful girls attached to his official party.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ford saw a photo of the episode on the front page of *The New York Times*. When the President got home, she wanted to know who the hell Nicole was.

Once, the attractive entertainer Vicki Carr was invited to sing at a White House state dinner. As Ford escorted her to the door at the end of the evening, she asked, "What's your favorite Mexican dish?"

"You are," he quipped.

Mrs. Ford overheard and directed, "That woman is never coming in this house again."

Another joke that backfired originated at a meeting of Ford's energy advisors at Camp David in late 1974. They were discussing how the United States could



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Frank Zarb, the energy czar with an exuberant sense of humor, scrawled a facetious note and slid it across the conference table to another participant.

The note read, "Let's go for the low-cost option—invade!"

Somehow, the note leaked out and was taken seriously by reporters. We spent weeks denying that the United States planned to invade the Arab oil countries.

If you've ever been on a junior high school playground, you would understand that the roly-poly girth and the angelic countenance of Tom DeFrank, White House correspondent for *Newsweek*, just begged to be victimized by practical jokers.

On the flight home from one of Ford's foreign trips, a journalistic colleague passed a bogus note to the Navy nurse saying, "I have contracted an all-too-common social disease," and gave DeFrank's seat number. The nurse sat down and began a sympathetic discussion of the strait-laced *Newsweek* reporter's embarrassing problem before DeFrank's protestations of innocence drove her off.

Another time, DeFrank received a bogus telegram informing him that he'd been selected to be on the panel of questioners for one of the Presidential debates.

DeFrank is a graduate of Texas A&M, where detractors claim the students romance farm animals because of a shortage of coeds.

To test this thesis, some reporters, with the connivance of a few White House staff members, smuggled a live sheep into DeFrank's hotel room during one Presidential trip. The management may still be trying to get the sheepshit out of the carpet.

DeFrank's chief tormentor was Jim Naughton, White House correspondent for *The New York Times*.

A few weeks before the end of the Ford Administration, some of the President's aides decided to help DeFrank get revenge.

Chief of staff Dick Cheney phoned Naughton and notified him that his long-standing request for an interview with Ford had been granted. Naughton was instructed to report to the front gate of Camp David at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. He would be ushered in for the interview.

Naughton drove up early that morning and booked a room in a third-rate motel in Thurmont, Maryland, so he could write his story on the spot.

He appeared at the Camp David gate promptly at eight A.M. Of course, the guards had never heard of him. There

was no interview scheduled. The President wasn't even at Camp David.

Much of the humor of the Ford Presidency never got reported as humor, because the White House press corps, after Vietnam, Watergate and the Nixon pardon, didn't think very much was funny anymore.

Jokes and wisecracks were treated as serious news.

When Ford joked at a White House reception shortly after the election that he was considering a job as professor at the University of Michigan, but not in eastern European history, the reporters ignored the punch line, rushed to the phones and filed straight-faced stories about the President's "job offer."

Another time, as the President started down a steep gangplank from a tuna boat he had been inspecting in San Diego, I covered my eyes in mock dismay and moaned, "Oh, no, I can't look." The U.P.I. filed a straight story, quoting me as if I were genuinely concerned about the President's ability to descend safely.

During one trip, I jokingly announced to a press briefing that for one day only, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld would play the role of the "senior American official," the designation Kissinger normally used for his background briefings. Reporters wrote serious stories

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*Clayton Kopp*



*"Don't you think we ought to see how the test flight goes before we start interviewing stewardesses . . . ?"*

about Rumsfeld and me plotting against Kissinger.

As a result of such episodes, dozens of wisecracks that bubbled up in the throats of White House staffers got choked back, lest they be overheard and printed by the humorless reporters.

Thus, during one of our periodic bouts of suicidal staff infighting, I resisted the temptation to joke at my briefing that when the Ford White House pulled its wagons into a circle, the guns were all pointed in.

At one point, news stories began speculating that this or that White House aide might be a secret CIA agent. We briefly considered, but dropped, the idea of having T-shirts made for the staff reading, I AM THE SECRET CIA AGENT.

And we never told reporters about our sick repartee concerning the need for the photographers to use very fast film if they expected to get an unblurred shot of Ford posing with the 1977 Epilepsy Poster Child.

It really was a shame that the White House reporters were so grim during the Ford years, because the public missed many genuinely humorous moments:

- William Miller, the 1964 Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, was not allowed through the White House gates for a meeting with Ford, because the guards didn't know him. Miller at that time was doing a TV commercial for American Express based on the idea that he had to carry his credit card so people would recognize him.

- During a Cabinet Room meeting on trade with Russia, crusty A.F.L.-C.I.O. president George Meany exploded: "They may be Commie sons of bitches, but they are goddamn good capitalists."

- Ford cracked an unintentional pun on the Congressional investigation of Wilbur Mills's relationship with Fanne Foxe. That, the President deadpanned, was a "housekeeping matter."

- When Ford flew to San Juan, the wife of the Puerto Rican governor had a flat tire on the way to join the greeting party at the airport. So she tried to climb a fence to be there on time. But the Secret Service grabbed her and held her like a potential terrorist until she could be identified.

If you still don't believe the Ford White House echoed with laughter, remember: It was the first Administration to lose a Cabinet member because of a joke.

Good ole Earl Butz.

Earl is an incurable joke teller. During a breakfast meeting with reporters a couple of years ago, Butz commented on the Pope's edict against contraception by telling a joke he had recently heard to

the effect that "If you no play-a the game, you no make-a the rules."

Somehow, he rode out the uproar over that one and kept his job in the Cabinet. But after last year's Republican Convention in Kansas City, Earl found himself on an airliner with Pat Boone, professional nice guy, and John Dean, professional snitch.

Why, asked Boone, didn't the Republican Party appeal to more black voters?

Blacks *have* come a long way in politics, Butz replied, since a Chicago alderman told him 30 years ago that the main things some colored people want are loose shoes, tight pussy and a warm place to shit.

Dean, who was playing reporter for *Rolling Stone*, quoted the joke in his article on the Republican Convention, without naming Earl as the source. He attributed the joke to an unidentified member of Ford's Cabinet.

But it wasn't long before Butz was named as the source. Within a few days, the Agriculture Secretary was forced to quit because of his barnyard sense of humor.

•

You could always tell when Ford liked a joke. He has a high, hard, loud laugh you can hear a long way off.

A lot of the laughs came during the grueling Presidential election campaign and were provided by the bearded, irreverent Kennerly. He often slipped in his jokes at the grimmest moments of crisis.

Immediately after Ford escaped the assassination attempt by Sara Jane Moore in San Francisco, Kennerly came up with another of his good-news, bad-news jokes.

Let's put in a phone call to Vice-President Rockefeller, Kennerly suggested to Ford and his staff, all still shaken by the near miss.

"Mr. Vice-President, the good news is that somebody took a shot at the President," Kennerly proposed to say.

"The bad news is that she missed."

One of the wackiest ideas came in the last days of the election campaign, when we had all grown flaky from too little sleep and too much jet lag.

At almost every stop, Ford was led to a group of drum majorettes or local beauty-contest princesses waiting to be hugged and kissed for the cameras.

One member of our entourage proposed that each girl be required to send to the White House a sample of her pubic hair. These hairs, in a rich variety of colors, would then be woven into a handsome needlepoint of the Presidential seal.

Ford's own sense of humor was far more subtle and sophisticated. After the second Presidential debate, he resisted making a public acknowledgment that he misspoke himself on Russia's domina-

tion of eastern Europe. Finally, chief of staff Cheney persuaded him. He went over and over with Ford the wording of a statement correcting his remark in the debate that "eastern Europe is not dominated by Russia."

"Mr. President," asked Cheney, "are you all squared away with what you want to say about eastern Europe?"

"Yeah," the President joked. "I'm going to say Poland is not dominated by the Soviet Union."

Ford devised a humorous little routine he and I used during news interviews.

About five minutes before the interview was scheduled to end, I would cut in and announce, "That's all the time we have. Let's wrap it up."

"Oh, no!" Ford would exclaim. "I'm really enjoying this. Let's let it go on for another five minutes."

The interview would then end right on schedule, with the reporter grateful to the good-guy President for overruling the bad-guy press secretary.

At the end of 1975, it looked as if Congress were going to pass the President's popular 28-billion-dollar tax-cut proposal but ignore the unpopular 28-billion-dollar spending cut coupled to it and leave town for Christmas vacation. Ford was looking for a way to nudge the members into passing both parts of his plan. He decided to apply his sly sense of humor to the problem. So he had the parliamentarians of the House contacted and asked about the rules for calling members back from Christmas vacation, in case they passed the tax cut alone.

"Tell the parliamentarians the President wants them to keep the possibility of a special Christmas session to themselves," the President said with a grin. "That will get the message around faster than Western Union."

Congress got the message, passed a compromise and stayed home for Christmas.

Even the staid Secret Service agents could be funny in the Ford White House.

Once, while visiting a dairy farm in Illinois, Ford got his suit stained with cow dung.

"A cow just shit on the President!" someone exclaimed.

"Why not? Everyone else does," a Secret Service agent shot back.

On another trip, the President's son Jack led a rather active social life. One day, the schedule called for him to lay a wreath at a monument. A Secret Service agent, notified of the event, mumbled, "Well, he's laid everything else on this trip."

During a campaign trip to the South, several staff members played a practical joke on Ford by clipping from a magazine a full-page picture of two men in Ku Klux Klan outfits. We faked an inscription and signatures on the picture:

"All the best from your President Ford Committee Chairmen in southern Alabama, Joe Don Skud and P. D. 'Billy' Cockburn." We sent the "autographed" photo to Ford with a memo reading, "We have finally outflanked Ronald Reagan on the right."

One practical joke played by the White House staff members on the reporters almost backfired and had to be aborted.

On the eve of the election, the White House press corps set up a betting pool to see who could come closest to forecasting the number of electoral votes and states Ford would win. Presidential staff members were invited to participate, at a dollar an entry.

Cheney turned in a fake entry under the name Bob Teeter, Ford's highly respected and usually accurate pollster. "Teeter's" entry predicted Ford would win 36 states and 371 electoral votes.

It didn't take long for news of this optimistic forecast to spread through the White House press corps. Soon the reporters were writing stories that Ford's chief political strategists were so confident of winning the election by a big margin they were betting money on it.

We chickened out and told them it was a fake.

In the last days of the Presidential election campaign, the staff members sometimes unwound aboard Air Force One by concocting fantastic newspaper

accounts of make-believe events. Here's one we wrote:

Air Force F-4 Phantom jets, acting on orders from President Ford, today shot down Jimmy Carter's Presidential campaign plane.

Democrats immediately labeled the attack a "dirty trick."

On election night, NBC's display board showed Carter's states in red and Ford's states in blue. One White House wit proposed that Ford go West and become President of "The United Blue States of America."

Most of this humor, of course, was by insiders, for insiders. The few public laughs in the 1976 campaign capitalized on the supposed foibles of the candidates: Carter's lust and Ford's clumsiness.

Carter's celebrated *Playboy Interview* prompted lines such as the one on a bumper sticker: IN HIS HEART HE KNOWS YOUR WIFE.

The false image of Ford as a klutz probably dates from Lyndon Johnson's ineradicable crack: "Jerry Ford is so dumb he can't walk and chew gum at the same time." (One writer claims aides cleaned up L.B.J.'s original crack: "Jerry Ford is so dumb he can't fart and chew gum at the same time.")

Although Ford is really well coordinated, even athletic, new jokes about his alleged clumsiness circulated almost every day, many of them born the night before in Johnny Carson's monolog.

- Did you hear that Ford bumped his head on the side of his swimming pool? Yeah, the Secret Service tackled the pool and wrestled it to the ground.

- Did you see the cartoon showing Ford skiing backward? Yeah, the caption says his ski instructor is the same guy who's running his campaign.

- Did you hear that Ford's hand is in a bandage? Yeah, he went in to vote and tore his fingernail off when he pulled the curtain closed.

- Did you see the cover of *New York* magazine? Yeah, they've got Ford's picture touched up to look like Bozo the Clown.

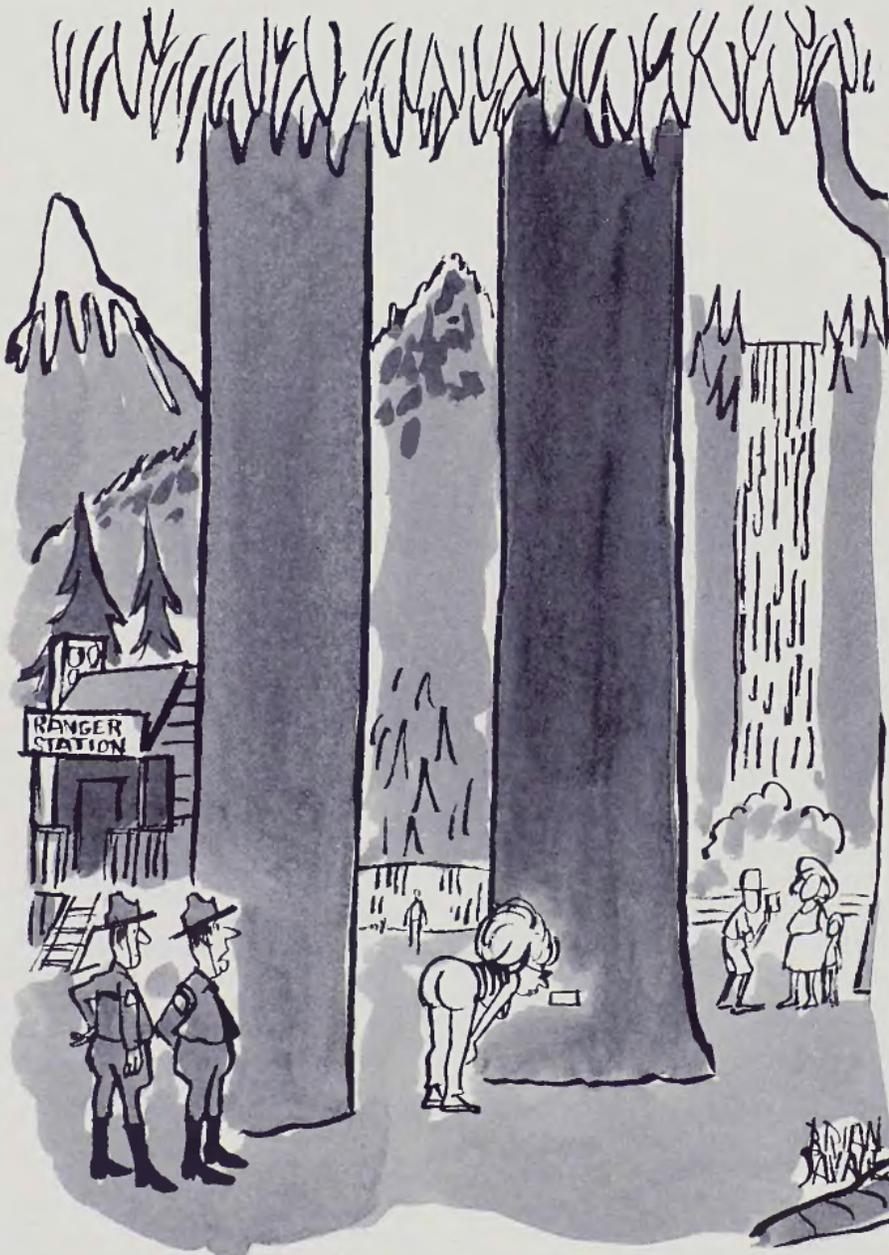
Tom Braden, the political columnist, once quoted a Carson joke: "Ford will not have any trouble getting a job after he leaves the White House. He can always go to work for Timex, strap a wrist watch to his forehead and walk down an airplane ramp."

Braden then declared, "Any President who is being ridiculed like that by comedians is through."

Braden was right.

Ford lost the election at least partly because of jokes about his clumsiness.

And that ain't funny.



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## Dead or Alive? (continued from page 149)

35. Randolph Churchill, son of Winston Churchill
36. Joe Colombo, *mafioso*
37. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, TV personality
38. Darryl F. Zanuck, film producer
39. Alexander Dubcek, former premier of Czechoslovakia
40. Carmen Miranda, dancer
41. Herbert Philbrick, counterspy
42. Primo Carnera, heavyweight boxing champion
43. Raymond Massey, actor
44. Dunninger, mentalist
45. Christian Dior, *couturier*
46. Anthony Eden, British statesman
47. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, singers
48. Meyer Lansky, Syndicate leader
49. General Vo Nguyen Giap, North Vietnamese Defense Minister
50. Sammy Kaye, bandleader
51. Richard Conte, actor
52. Robert Welch, founder of John Birch Society
53. U Thant, former UN secretary general
54. General Creighton Abrams, field commander in South Vietnam
55. Busby Berkeley, film director
56. Harry Golden, humorist
57. Whitney Young, former Urban League director
58. George Raft, actor
59. Harold Macmillan, British statesman
60. Jean Renoir, film director
61. Cliff Arquette, TV personality
62. Mitch Miller, TV personality
63. Randolph Scott, actor
64. Gorgeous George, wrestler
65. Walter Jenkins, L.B.J. aide
66. Fay Wray, actress
67. Cantinflas, Mexican actor
68. Georges Simenon, author
69. Erle Stanley Gardner, author
70. Dr. Irwin Stillman, author of *Dr. Stillman's Quick Weight Loss Diet*
71. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, actor and actress
72. Will and Ariel Durant, historians
73. Pinky Lee, TV personality
74. Howard Johnson, Sr., restaurateur
75. Marc Chagall, artist
76. Buster Crabbe, actor
77. Inger Stevens, actress
78. Conrad Hilton, hotel-chain owner
79. Sammy Davis, Sr., entertainer
80. J. R. R. Tolkien, author
81. Arthur and Katherine Murray, dancing instructors
82. Samuel Beckett, playwright

83. Eugene Ionesco, playwright
84. Esther Williams, actress and swimmer
85. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, dictator's wife
86. Ben Hogan, golfer
87. Dagmar Wilson, TV personality

### ANSWERS

|       |       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. A  | 23. D | 45. D | 67. A |
| 2. A  | 24. A | 46. D | 68. A |
| 3. A  | 25. D | 47. D | 69. D |
| 4. D  | 26. A | 48. A | 70. D |
| 5. A  | 27. D | 49. A | 71. A |
| 6. D  | 28. D | 50. A | 72. A |
| 7. A  | 29. D | 51. D | 73. A |
| 8. A  | 30. A | 52. A | 74. D |
| 9. D  | 31. A | 53. D | 75. A |
| 10. A | 32. A | 54. D | 76. A |
| 11. A | 33. A | 55. D | 77. D |
| 12. A | 34. A | 56. A | 78. A |
| 13. A | 35. D | 57. D | 79. A |
| 14. A | 36. A | 58. A | 80. D |
| 15. A | 37. A | 59. A | 81. A |
| 16. D | 38. A | 60. A | 82. A |
| 17. A | 39. A | 61. D | 83. A |
| 18. D | 40. D | 62. A | 84. A |
| 19. A | 41. A | 63. A | 85. A |
| 20. D | 42. D | 64. D | 86. A |
| 21. D | 43. A | 65. A | 87. A |
| 22. D | 44. D | 66. A |       |



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NEW GIRLS OF PORN

(continued from page 144)

"I've been to bed with men who can never get it up and sometimes found them fantastic. I've also been into S/M."

could never get deeply involved with a man who's making sex films. Quite a few of them are robotized... and miserable in bed. John Leslie, who worked with me in *Mary! Mary!*, I really liked a lot, though his sexual ideas are extreme. The mentality of most male sex professionals about their performance is absurd. I've been to bed with men who can never get it up and sometimes found them fantastic. I've also been into S/M at various times... I did two years of research on the subject when I was going to Mills College in Oakland."

To be an actress is what Constance has always wanted, she says, but the experience has not always lived up to her expectations. "I was really screwed over, I thought, during the months it took to make *Misty Beethoven*, even though the picture turned out pretty well for me. I wasn't charmed by Radley—I am charmed by very few men—and I felt he didn't use my full potential. Making *Mary! Mary!* took just a week and I had a great time, with terrific people... I didn't go away feeling so broken down and degraded."

The odds favor that Constance will be back in films, with or without a new moniker, since her name continues to stir instant enthusiasm everywhere. "Every guy making a movie is looking for a girl like her, but they expect to get a sex-movie centerfold for \$200 a day," says her friend John Leslie, a hard-working actor (*Femmes de Sade, Mary! Mary!, Autobiography of a Flea, A Coming of Angels*).

Can a hard-core performer really cross the tracks separating legitimate showbiz from that nether world of raunch still sneered at—covertly, if not openly—as the wrong side of town? Maybe. Linda Lovelace failed in soft-core and was critically bombarded for doing a play in Las Vegas. Marilyn Chambers, with a new record in release, has emerged as a corporation, selling shares in her future—and her plans to make a nonsex movie have been realized in *Rabid*, a Canadian sci-fi shocker. Andrea True, a veteran New York porn actress, topped the charts last year with a disco hit titled *More, More, More*, which was probably more a fluke than a direct result of her experience as a sex star.

The highly celebrated case of Harry Reems, convicted by a Memphis jury on obscenity-conspiracy charges, may be a better case in point. Partly because he's

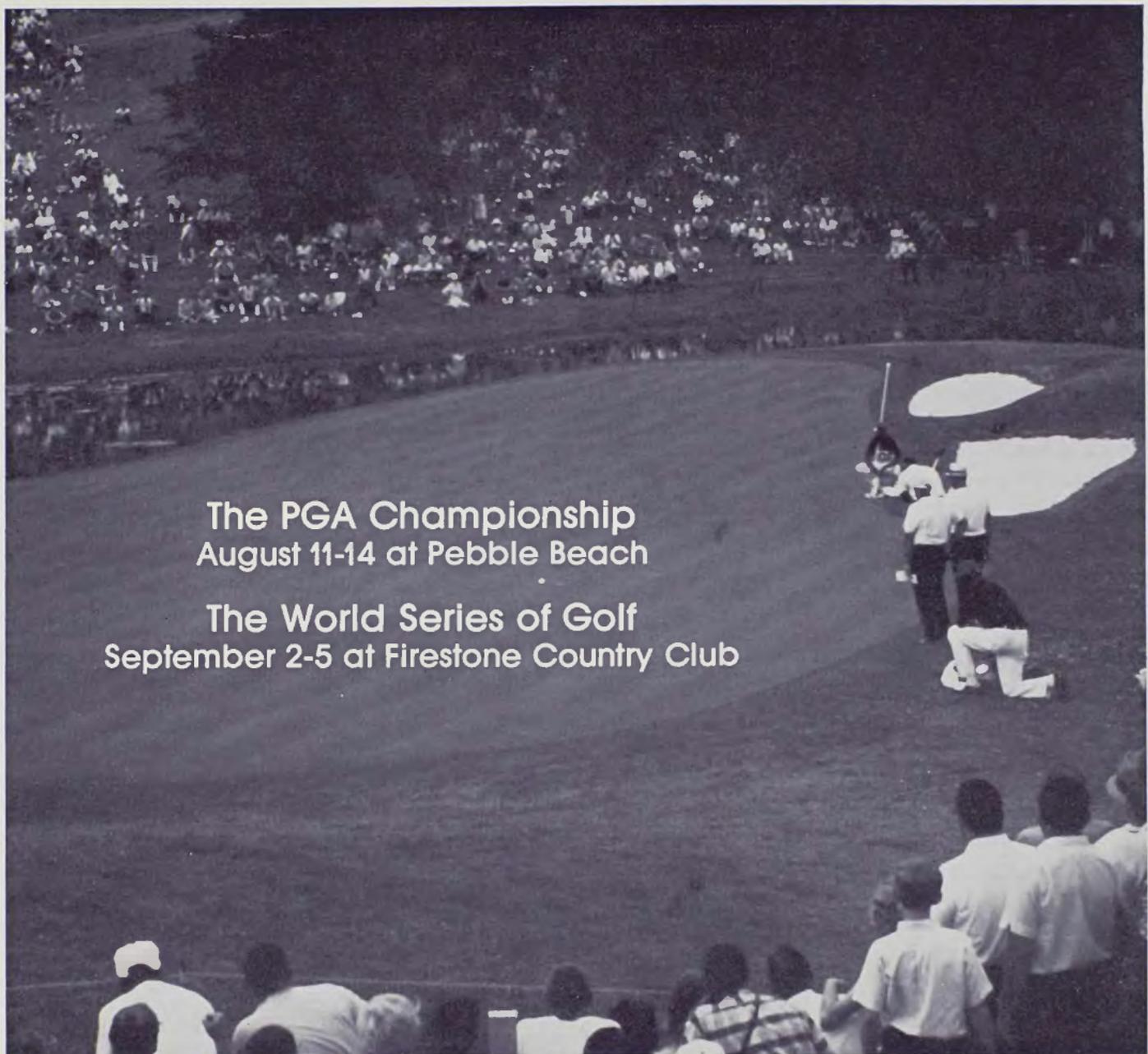
been preoccupied with his legal difficulties, Reems hasn't made a sex film in nearly two years. Now that his legal hassles have subsided—the original Memphis verdict was overturned and the new Assistant U.S. Attorney for the Western District of Tennessee, W. J. Michael Cody, decided not to re prosecute Reems—his next project will probably be Robert Stigwood's screen version of the Broadway hit *Grease*, to start shooting this summer. "It's not that I don't want to do porno again," says Reems. "In many ways, I miss it, being the horny devil I am."

"As an added incentive, porno is proving to be a vehicle for moving on to better things. That's why you find more credible and talented people, without inhibitions, going into films. Back in 1970, I was practically the only person in the business who had a photo, a résumé and some legitimate acting background."

In 1977, the once immutable laws of porno itself are bending a lot. *Emmanuelle* brought a touch of respectability as well as phenomenal profits to the X rating, attracting a broader audience and making an established international star of Dutch-born Sylvia Kristel. Here, such budding starlets as Kris DeBell in *Alice in Wonderland*, Harlee McBride in *Young Lady Chatterley* and Raven De La Croix—whose monumental cleavage adorned *Russ Meyer's UP!*—are living, full-fledged proof that appearing in an X movie need not condemn a girl to languish forever in cinema's sexual ghetto.

There's further proof in the thriving career of Catharine Burgess, unknown until she starred in producer-director Jonas Middleton's *Through the Looking Glass*, another of last year's smash hits in hard-core (playing soft, however, in U.S. and European locations where community standards offer no alternative). A sumptuous blonde who coveted the role of a narcissistic heiress who has intercourse with a fiend from hell (Jamie Gillis), Catharine refused to do explicit sex scenes but got the part, anyway. She didn't realize until five days before the film opened that a stand-in (or lay-in, if you prefer) would provide graphic sexual inserts. "When they told me about it, I cried. Those weren't even my hands in the masturbation sequence!"

Today, Catharine voices no complaints. Her hands, face and figure—nude and clothed—have appeared in straight feature films, TV soap opera,



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commercials, fashion spreads and *Vogue*. "I see no necessity for actual sex on-camera," she says. "If you're cast as a murderer and given a gun, you don't really draw blood, do you? Isn't that what acting is all about?" A trained stage actress who had studied for five years and worked the usual summer-stock, dinner-theater circuit before *Looking Glass* fixed her image, Catharine came to show business from a solid Westchester background and was winning professional ski races while still in her teens.

"I went through a lot of changes because of this movie, with my family and one or two lovers I had at the time," Catharine says. "I was married in the beginning, too, but got rid of him fast . . . he was very uptight about my appearing nude. *Looking Glass* finally turned out to be the best experience of my life. It's been my calling card." Signed with a major talent agency as Catharine Erhardt, the newest and truest of several names (e.g., Catherine Earnshaw, Carey Lacy) she has tried from time to time, she has done a PG film called *Davey*, an R-rated feature titled *Cinderella 2000* ("I have a knack for getting myself involved in perverse fairy tales") and is slated to appear in *Death Farm*, playing a high-fashion model at the mercy of a homicidal maniac.

Mary Mendum, a delectable honey blonde whose name never changes, already has an impressive list of stage and screen credits that many a porn star might envy. She played in *Hair* with companies in New York, L.A. and Chicago. On Broadway, "wearing pasties and a G string for the whole first act," she appeared opposite Cliff Gorman as a replacement for the Honey Bruce role in *Lenny*. Then came movies, including *Groove Tube* and *The Super Cops*. Mary has since become a frequent transatlantic commuter, making 25 soft-core sex films all over Europe and the U.S. Generally paid well above the scale for performers in porno, she has been offered up to \$1500 a day to make hard-core films, but so far, her answer hasn't gone beyond maybe.

Radley Metzger's *The Image* teamed Mary with male model Carl Parker (the *macho* Silva Thins man on TV several seasons ago) in a flashy S/M film that was occasionally shown with hard-core inserts. She also made a European hard-core flick called *Felicia*, yet doggedly clings to her status as an actress who works only soft and is not responsible for the raunchy stuff spliced in afterward. Where one stands on the rather narrow line between what distinguishes hard from soft is often a matter of opinion, however, and Mary readily acknowledges doing an oral-sex sequence with Parker. "It was just hard work but with no come shot, on my knees for two weeks doing take after take. All things being equal, I'd rather do the sex myself than

have them adding inserts. It doesn't bother me morally. It's just a delicate subject professionally. I'd do anything—with a good script and a director I could trust, I'd probably jump out of a moving car if he asked me to. I just wish that Claude Lelouch, for example, would direct a real sex film and put me in it. If it were something like *A Man and a Woman*, I'd jump at the chance. There's a fabulous, unrealized potential in erotic films, and I love the way Lelouch handles women on the screen."

Mary notes an objection raised by nearly every actress already active on the hard-core scene—the sly, contemptuous attitude of film crews and casting people toward female performers in sex movies. "There's not the same stigma applied to men. A guy can go and do an Ultra Brite commercial after making a hard-core film and nobody cares. It's a double standard."

Sweden's Maria Lynn (also known as Marie Forsa) is another daisy-fresh sex star who denies doing hard-core, at least for home consumption, though she has appeared in *Flossie, Justine & Juliette* and *Bel Ami* (the last two co-starring Harry Reems) and subsequently starred in *Molly*, based on Defoe's *Moll Flanders*. Once introduced to the press as "Europe's Linda Lovelace," Maria would prefer to be known as Scandinavia's Julie Christie: "The most beautiful, erotic love scene I ever saw was hers with Donald Sutherland in *Don't Look Now*." Hardly stigmatized among freethinking Swedes for her sex-film work, Maria moved on from sexploitation to stage roles with her country's distinguished Royal Dramatic Theatre and feels the past pinching her only when she travels abroad: "The minute you tell someone you're an actress and Swedish, he says: 'Hello, my name is So-and-so; let's go home and fuck.'"

In England, where sex films are generally softer than plum pudding, Heather Deeley (whose *Diversions* played here this year) is one of the few active hard-core actresses. France's porno boom, blighted by restrictive tax laws in the past year or so, continues to produce an occasional item for export, such as *Pussy Talk* and *Kinky Ladies of Bourbon Street* (known over there as *La Grande Baise*, or *The Big Fuck*), both starring Penelope Lamour. *Kinky Ladies* also starred Dawn Cummings, a leggy and winsome U.S. expatriate who went to Europe for a lark and wound up in swinging Amsterdam, swinging hard. Dawn worked for a couple of hotsy magazines, appeared in two Lasse Braun films, *French Blue* and *Sensations*, then took off for Paris.

"With my boyfriend—who calls himself Bent Weed in movies—I did some real porno scenes in *Spermula*, because the French girls refused. Later, the scenes

were taken out. We're both back in the States now, living a pretty free life, spending the money we earned and just biding our time."

A whole gallery of striking new faces shows up regularly on the porn circuit, many of them worth more than a second look. As always, there are some who do it simply for bread, others in search of a steppingstone, few, if any, because they love making love. In fact, nine out of ten porno actresses look upon filmed sex as pure performance and say that they seldom, if ever, reach orgasm on camera.

"If a guy doesn't turn you on at all, that's acting," says Susan McBain, star of *Odyssey*, Gerard (*Deep Throat*) Damiano's newest picture. Susan also did *Rollerbabies* and has had smaller roles in *Heat Wave*, *A Coming of Angels* and Metzger's as yet unreleased *Maraschino Cherries*.

Susan's meteoric but inevitable rise on the sex scene is attributed by Damiano's ace cinematographer Joao Fernandes (usually credited as Harry Flecks but out of hiding now "because there's nothing to hide, no one to hide from") to an elusive kind of sensuality she projects on-screen: "Susan has a very mellow, attractive, womanly quality, something in her face that just reads on film. She comes through, for me, as much more exciting and seductive than many conventionally gorgeous girls."

Jean Jennings, starred in the Mitchell brothers' droll *Autobiography of a Flea*, is a fetching Florida-bred blonde who created a stir in *Defiance* several seasons ago but seems ambivalent about her perennially promising career as a porno star. "In this field, man, I am the queen, I'm number one," says Jean with emphasis. "But this field is shit, like most of the people behind it . . . and I don't have to tell you who they are." Her veiled reference to Mob influence in pornography is called "a myth" by Joel Scott, at least in its effect on independent film makers, though it's hardly news that there is some gang involvement in distribution, theater operation and mail-order films.

Bad vibes of another nature disturb Jeanine Dalton, a 21-year-old native of Georgia who went to New York to be a country-rock singer and so far has had to settle for dancing in burlesque houses and performing in two hard-core flicks, *Peach Fuzz* and *Sweet Cakes*. Jeanine insists she's through making fuck films: "I don't like doing strange, kinky things . . . with cucumbers, for instance."

Two other performers in *Sweet Cakes*, Brooke and Taylor Young, are identical twins whose incestuous lesbian love scenes briefly became the industry's hottest specialty act. The twins spoiled everyone's fun by abruptly retreating to Florida because one sister (it was impos-

sible to tell which) decided to go back to her job as an airline stewardess.

Tyna Lynn, a psychology major at Morris County College in New Jersey, starred in *Jail Bait* after answering an ad in a trade paper. At 20, Austrian-born Tyna was trained for ballet and took the hard-core gig simply to gain experience. Did it bother her? "Why should it?" asks Tyna. "My boyfriend had mixed feelings and, frankly, I'd rather have been in *A Chorus Line*. But performing in front of one little camera was no sweat. After all, I've toured all over the country in *Giselle* and *The Nutcracker*."

California still appears to be the ideal spot for a girl getting her act together sexually. Especially for a girl like Laurien Dominique (billed as Dorothy Newkirk when she appeared in *3-D Starlets*), who plays the principal role in *Hard Soap*, *Hard Soap*, a hard-core comedy that bears some resemblance to television's phenomenal *Mary Hartman*. Laurien insists she has serious acting aspirations but is currently at ease in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. "I lie around under waterfalls all day or paint surrealistic acrylics on Masonite. And I just came back from the Virgin Islands, swept away by a Texas millionaire who's 28, devilishly handsome, very intelligent . . . and very gay. I always fall in love with gay men and usually end up raping and converting them."

Living a completely different lifestyle is Serena BlaqueLord, a *Oui* pictorial subject and calendar girl, who shares with her man and their baby daughter a ramshackle cabin without heat, hot water or electricity in Northern California, 30 miles from the nearest town. Serena can be seen in *Sweet Cakes*, *Honey Pie* and roughly three dozen other movies.

"Loops, soft-core, hard-core. I can't think of anything I haven't done, or simulated, though I don't like 'sim' stuff, because it's not real," says Serena, verbally tripping out during a visit to L.A. "I'm a total exhibitionist. I had dreams about being a stripper when I was only four years old. Right now, I'm into bloodlines, heredity and babies—trying to get pregnant with my old man's best friend. As an artist—and usually that's how I think of myself—I paint abstract, erotic stuff. I'm a very sexually oriented person, which I blame on my Scorpio rising. That's why I love doing porno. It's the people's art. Not everyone is into grass or rock music, but one way or another, practically anyone can get high on sex."

Right on. That sums up the message from Serena and her lusty sorority—porno's beautiful, outspoken, spirited new women who will, at least by their own accounts, either love it or leave it or change it, and make it grow into something better than ever.



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# ACTING BEASTLY

(continued from page 96)

*“One woman asked: ‘Why don’t you make a blue movie?’ People refuse to take a model turned actress seriously.”*

agent called to say that Tom Laughlin, of *Billy Jack* fame, had seen photographs and wanted to test her for an important role in *The Master Gunfighter*. “Everyone laughed, and one woman asked: ‘Why don’t you make a blue movie?’ People refuse to take a model turned actress seriously.” Which was all it took to propel Barbara onto a plane bound for L.A., instinctively itching to have the last laugh and a good try.

Today, the model-to-movie-queen metamorphosis is complete, or at least rushing right along. After Laughlin’s film, Barbara co-starred with Rock Hudson in *Embryo*, a passable thriller for which she won kudos as a rather bloodthirsty temptress produced in a test tube by a miracle of modern science. Frankenstein, eat your heart out! Her latest and most promising vehicle is *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, a multimillion-dollar film version of the H. G. Wells science-fiction classic, slated for summer release. Burt

Lancaster plays the title role and Michael York is a shipwrecked sailor whom Barbara enchants—but ultimately disappoints by effecting another startling metamorphosis from beauty into . . . well, it wouldn’t be fair to give away the whole plot. “The girl I play is a total mystery,” says Barbara. “Since it’s a period piece, she’s beautifully dressed in the Victorian manner, almost out of place on the island. You don’t know whether she’s Moreau’s mistress, his daughter or what. And she’s holding this marvelous wild, spotted serval, a kind of cat.”

Movie stardom has wrought some dramatic changes in Barbara’s private life. Formerly married to one of Germany’s handsomest male models, from whom she split after a year or so, she has managed to keep the gossip industry abuzz with a series of newsworthy romances. Actor Alex Cord rated high for a while, and they remain good friends (“Alex quit

acting several years ago, moved up into the hills and has written two novels”). A liaison with Hollywood superproducer Robert Evans ended on equally good terms, and they still share the services of a celebrated, Rolls-Royce-driving houseboy named Ruble Ray, who does Evans’ shirts, takes Barbara gifts of vintage champagne and pays annual visits to Brigitte Bardot. (He was formerly employed by the Wrigley family and by Howard Hughes, and only in Beverly Hills do you find a houseboy like *that*.) Although outsiders may tip you that Barbara’s most durable love interest is European nobleman Maximilian von Bismarck, heir to a German dynasty with power and money as rock solid as castles on the Rhine, Barbara stays mum on the subject of Max. “I don’t talk about this,” she demurs graciously, “except to my closest friends.”

Her close friends are few, she notes. “People think I’m very aloof, because I choose carefully. Also, I cherish a sense of mystery, and to open up, I have to trust someone very much. When I’m in love, it’s something else. Always like a tremendous magnet, uncontrollable. I’m not attracted to men often or easily, but once I fall, I fall *flat*, with nothing held back.”

Riddles within riddles are the clues to the Carrera mystique. Born in Nicaragua, shuttled to convent schools and “different people” in different countries after her parents divorced, she went from riches to rags (“what they call genteel poverty, I suppose”) and back again. Along the way, she learned to speak five languages fluently and shrugs with exquisite boredom about published hints that she is actually Puerto Rican. At least one journalist, trying to drum up a feud between Barbara and Bianca Jagger, cited alleged jibes about the Carrera family heritage. “Being asked about this is beginning to bug me a little,” admits Barbara, bemused but ready and willing to display a U. S. passport marked “Birthplace: Nicaragua.” “I’m the first film star from Nicaragua, though I left when I was just a child, and I don’t even *know* Bianca Jagger. In any case, it is not where I come from that’s important. It’s who I am that matters. God, you can see the Indian in me. There are 200 different kinds of Indians in Nicaragua—actually, I call myself a bouillabaisse of bloodlines. I have lived in so many countries and learned practically everything I know by *living*.”

Barbara is a painter, a poetess, a music lover and a part-time philosopher, and seldom at a loss for words. Arranging an initial interview during a quick publicity junket to Manhattan, she swiftly fields a telephone request that there might be a better way to begin than the usual



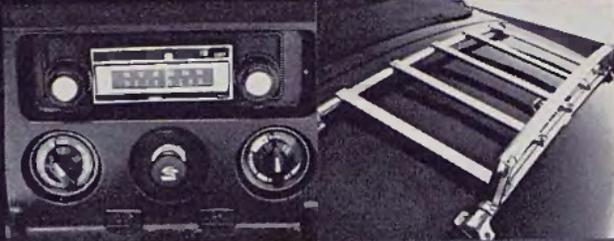
*“But there’s nothing to be jealous of! You’re a mature, intelligent woman! This is just a stupid kid who didn’t even finish high school!”*

MGB ANNOUNCES EXTRA FUN...AT NO EXTRA COST!

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WITH ALL THESE EXTRAS FREE:

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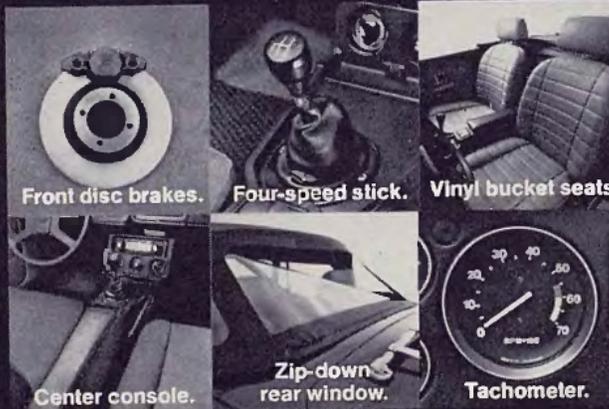
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Now the wide-open sports car's more fun than ever, and a better bargain than ever. Because now, at participating dealers, you get four fabulous extras, free! Plus MGB's legendary sports car performance, with front disc brakes, four speed stick, rack and pinion steering, race-honed suspension and a lively



race-proven 1798 cc engine. All for only \$5,150. (Base P.O.E. sticker price, 1977 models. Transportation, optional equipment and preparation extra. California price higher.) For the name of the MG Dealer nearest you, call these toll-free numbers: (800) 447-4700, or in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.



British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605

Box or menthol:

# Carlton is lowest.

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

## The 10 top selling cigarettes

|                     | tar mg /<br>cigarette | nicotine mg /<br>cigarette |
|---------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| Brand P Non-Filter  | 25                    | 1.6                        |
| Brand C Non-Filter  | 23                    | 1.4                        |
| Brand W             | 19                    | 1.2                        |
| Brand W 100         | 19                    | 1.2                        |
| Brand M             | 18                    | 1.1                        |
| Brand S Menthol     | 18                    | 1.2                        |
| Brand S Menthol 100 | 18                    | 1.2                        |
| Brand BH 100        | 18                    | 1.0                        |
| Brand M Box         | 17                    | 1.0                        |
| Brand K Menthol     | 17                    | 1.4                        |

## Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

|                   | tar mg /<br>cigarette                 | nicotine mg /<br>cigarette   |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Brand P Box       | 15                                    | 0.8                          |
| Brand K Mild      | 14                                    | 0.9                          |
| Brand W Lights    | 13                                    | 0.9                          |
| Brand M Lights    | 13                                    | 0.8                          |
| Brand D           | 13                                    | 0.9                          |
| Brand D Menthol   | 11                                    | 0.8                          |
| Brand V Menthol   | 11                                    | 0.7                          |
| Brand V           | 10                                    | 0.7                          |
| Brand M Menthol   | 8                                     | 0.5                          |
| Brand M           | 8                                     | 0.5                          |
| Carlton Soft Pack | 1                                     | 0.1                          |
| Carlton Menthol   | less than 1                           | 0.1                          |
| Carlton Box       | less than <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> | <sup>0</sup> / <sub>10</sub> |

\*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.  
Menthol-less than 1 mg.  
Box\*-less than 1 mg.

# Less than 1 mg. tar.

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

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.  
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

celebrity game of 20 questions in a hotel suite. "Fine," she replies through an intermediary, "maybe we can just go shopping at Revillon Frères or Van Cleef & Arpels."

Instead, however, she arranges a leisurely lunch in her Regency Hotel suite, with background music from a tape recorder she takes wherever she goes. Mozart and Beethoven are her favorites and, for this occasion, she has programed a Mozart piano concerto, talking through it in a warm, subtly accented voice of velvety richness. She flips through queries about her standard bio and her latest movie but would much rather discuss her dreams. "All my life, I've had a recurrent dream about flying. When I was a child, I had to push myself hard to get going. As I grew older, I was able to rise on my own, unassisted. In the last dream I had, I was way off in the universe—with two bright stars very, very close. My friends tell me that most people go to sleep in order to rest. . . . I go for amusement."

Winged creatures are almost an obsession with her. Butterflies, appropriately enough, intrigue her most. And with urging, she may be persuaded to recite a piece of a poem she wrote:

*Dark, dark my light and darker my desire—*

*My soul is like some heat-maddened summerfly that keeps buzzing at the sill.*

"It's not entirely mine." Barbara tags on with a smile. "I plagiarized a little from Roethke."

Weeks later, in Beverly Hills, Barbara plays hostess at home, looking casually elegant in a loose knitted blue suit and leather boots, surrounded by books, comfortably cushioned rattan chairs and lush greenery—a lemon tree, giant ferns, fuchsia. Just the place for an exotic bird of passage to alight from time to time. A sort of solarium with glass walls, open to the sun, separates the living room from her mirrored bedroom, where Eastern demigods and goddesses assume erotic poses in a huge, colorful tantric painting hung as a headboard directly over the bed. The decor throughout is dominated by her own surrealist portraits in acrylic, most of them featuring a flawless face and figure not unlike Barbara's. "They are all myself," she explains, "because I know my features best." When she showed two of her canvases during a guest shot on the Merv Griffin show, an art dealer got in touch with her and wanted to talk business. "I might give a picture to a friend, but I couldn't sell them," says Barbara. "They're too personal, too much a part of me. And I suppose I'm totally egotistical. What I want—"

Barbara pauses, lips apart, a radiant

Circe who might turn men into swine with one sultry glance, though at the moment, her attention is focused inward. Shrewdly self-aware, clearly ripe to open, at least a crack wider, her book of revelations. What is it that she really wants?

*Superstardom?* "On my own terms, maybe. The trouble with the star system is that everyone tries to be like everyone else who's making it. Even dressing the same way, acting the same way, wearing Army clothes. Trying to prove that they're ordinary, laid back. There's no one I'd wish to emulate. Bette Davis, Hepburn, Stanwyck all had their individual styles . . . yet I'm not influenced by anyone else's achievements or failures. That's a hopeless battle. So far, I've earned less in films than I earned as a model. I've been lucky enough to achieve star billing but not the salary that goes with it. That's going to come. I hope to work with people who value creativity above money. But my life and career are my own."

*Love and marriage, maybe?* "At this point, I don't believe in any sort of permanency. I'm a loner. Marriage is good for those who choose to experience every-

thing with just one person. But I like new things, new people, long-distance friendships. I need changes in the company I keep, as well as changes of scenery. My ideal city would be one made from little bits and pieces of a dozen different places. That should tell you something."

*Total freedom, in other words?* "I want to be a free spirit, though I don't think I'm there yet. We're all so conditioned, inhibited, robbed of the talent for discovering life. I feel a tremendously deep, deep desire to find out all there is to know, every philosophical truth, every truth about myself. I see people struggling to express themselves—women, men, homosexuals, pornographers. They must have reasons. If whatever helps them get where they're going doesn't harm anyone else, that's fine with me."

"I'm confident about my future, because I don't live in it. I live with the here and now. Forever to me means my waking hours."

Any questions? Wait awhile. You'll undoubtedly be hearing more, much more, from Barbara Carrera—a vividly painted butterfly with a stratospheric flight plan.



*"And that, Son, is how babies are made! . . . That will be all, Monique. . . . Edgar. . . ."*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

## OLD PRO KIT

As all you World War One vets clearly remember, General Order 45 specified punishment for and precautions against catching the clap while in Gay Paree. You had to use a Pro Kit, and here it is—a modern, working replica called G.O. 45 that's available from Consolidated Royal Chemical Corp., 657 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago 60610, for \$6, postpaid, for 14. It's sure to be effective, because after reading the directions, you won't be able to get it up.



## COMIC-CON TRAIL

If you've got five days to spare this July and would like to meet some 50 biggies in the popular arts—comics, comic strips, science fiction, animation, films and television—visit the San Diego Comic-Con, which will be running July 20-24 at the El Cortez Hotel. Noted sci-fi writer Robert Heinlein will be there, along with Marvel Comics' Stan Lee, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, who created *Superman*, and—are you ready?—Annie Fanny's daddy, Harvey Kurtzman.



## FLURRY OF ACTIVITY

What's made out of honeycombed pieces of kraft paper, expands from 4" to 28' and can do more tricks than Doug Henning? It's a Flurry, a crazy springlike creation that a company called Plumb Creek, at Box 2555, Station B, Lincoln, Nebraska 68502, is selling for \$7, postpaid. Flurries can be flung to the sky, made to walk downstairs or tied in knots and they keep bouncing back for more. Don't you wish you could grow up to be a Flurry?

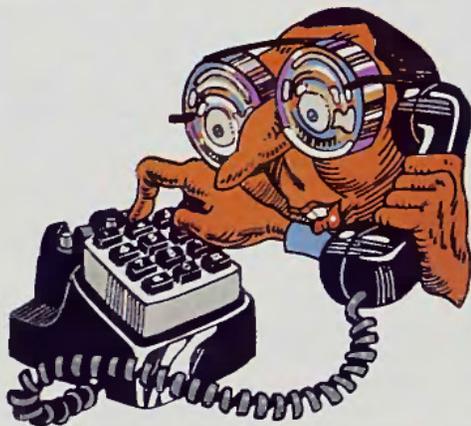


## FOR WALL WATCHERS

Like something to jazz up your pad's dreary walls? North American Graphics (P. O. Box 582, Glendale, California 91209) manufactures mammoth four-color peelable and scrubbable wall murals in a huge variety of styles, sizes and prices. Earthrise, above, measures about 8' x 13' and goes for \$85, postpaid. For more info, send one dollar to Graphics and you'll get back a folder showing what's available, from country skies to a fantastic castle.

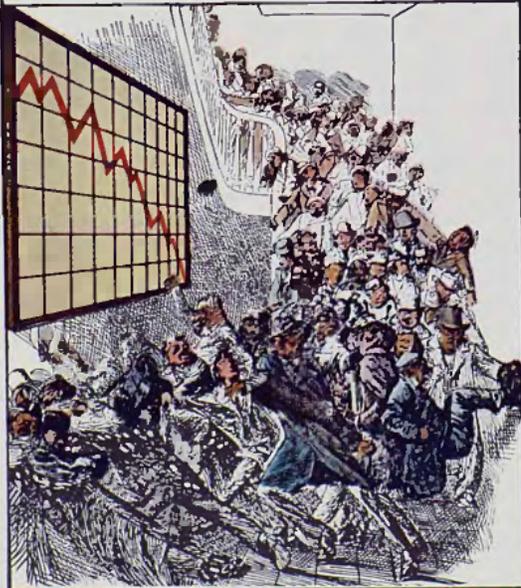
### FEELING BIG

With a net profit last year of 3.83 billion dollars, you'd think Ma Bell would have come up with this, but, no, it took a tiny company called Touchables, at 222 West Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610, to produce, for \$7.95, postpaid, an oversized set of telephone push buttons that attaches to your regular set in about ten seconds. Not only does it help eliminate wrong numbers, it looks neat, too.



### RUFF AND READY

Oh, the times they are a-changing . . . for the worse, some people such as Howard Ruff think. Ruff publishes a bimonthly doomsday newsletter called *The Ruff Times* out of P. O. Box 172, Alamo, California 94507, and after reading his cheerful essays on "Famine and Survival in America" and "The Elements Gone Mad," you'll be ready to head for the hills—or cut your throat. And, to make matters worse, Ruff charges \$85 for a 15-month subscription. *That's bad news!*



### TURNOFF TURN-ONS

When writers Michael and Jane Stern looked down that lonesome road a few years ago for a decent place to eat while researching *Trucker: A Portrait of the Last American Cowboy*, what they saw was enough to make them sick. Fast-food franchises stretched from sea to shining sea—or at least that's what they thought until they wandered onto the byways adjacent to our highways. There they discovered great cafés, tearooms and diners—all within ten miles of a major highway. Now they're sharing their discoveries in a \$3.50 softcover book called *Roadfood*, just published by Penguin. Happy hunting.



### PICTURE ME, UPON YOUR KNEE

For those of you who see yourself as some kind of father figure but don't wish to put up with all the aggravations of parenthood, there's an actor in Fords, New Jersey, named Alan Semok (write to him in care of General Delivery) who supplements his showbiz career by hand-carving a variety of nifty ventriloquist dummies. Prices average \$300-\$400 and up, depending on what you want your alter ego to do—roll his eyes, wink, raise his eyebrows, cry, smoke a cigarette, stick out his tongue, spit, kick. . . . It sounds like you can't tell the dummy from the kid you never had.



### TALENT SCOUTED

You say you've got a little talent under your skin that's just itching to come out? For \$50, MPC Video Industries, 514 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019, will rent you 30 minutes of color-studio time that you can use to produce a ten-minute  $\frac{3}{4}$ " video cassette or a  $\frac{1}{2}$ " Betamax color video recording that will showcase whatever you do best. (MPCS will even supply limited props, scripts, etc., but for \$50, don't expect extensive editing.) Then, with your tape in hand (it's part of the price), you can head for Hollywood to let the world know just what you've got. All aboard for *The Gong Show*. Bonnnnnnggg!



## STRAIGHTS FOLLOW (continued from page 99)

*"Sometimes I feel like a kid lost in a candy parlor," he gloats. 'I love my sex, love my women!'"*

room, a six-foot zeppelin of a woman in a decidedly oversized sun suit minced purposefully toward coupling with a bald-headed black man. On the mats in the darkened gymnasium, where the *disco* music whumped, bodies lay sprawled atop bodies, mounting and straining, reaching, touching, groping, screaming with release and beginning yet again.

Standing by the portable bar, nude as the rest, a stewardess for an east European airline was explaining:

"I love it here. There's a basic honesty about knowing that everyone came to fuck and that you can fuck who you want, when you want, how you want and as often as you want."

By day, it is an ordinary health club, catering to Manhattanites trying to stay in shape. On Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, it is Plato's Retreat—New York's first heterosexual answer to the gay bathhouses.

Moreover, it is part of a trend. On-premise swing clubs, as they are called, are quietly growing in number. Already, there are four such pay-at-the-door orgy parlors in town and they are spreading to the other East Coast cities.

Brothels for the coed kinky set? Hardly. These places are strictly for amateurs. Prostitutes are specifically barred, even as a man's date. No "attendants" or "masseuses" are on duty. To avoid any conflicts or jealousies, only couples—married or otherwise—and single girls are admitted. "We come here to fuck each other," says a regular, "not for a session with a whore."

How do they get away with it? Most of them are operated as nonprofit social clubs, renting their facilities by the evening from otherwise "straight" proprietors. Since their gatherings are nothing more than private parties, they are pretty much in the clear as far as legal problems are concerned.

Yet it's easy to arrange a visit. Those who are interested in Plato's Retreat, for example, need only call for directions to the club's location in the basement of an aging hotel in the Gramercy Park district. The action usually begins at ten P.M. and lasts until five in the morning. Screening is minimal, limited, for the most part, to obvious troublemakers and men without female escorts. Admission is \$20 a couple, which includes the full use of all facilities and drinks for as long as the booze holds out.

The club is divided into four areas: a small reception space, a large swimming-pool room (with adjoining steam and sauna baths), a gymnasium/party room

and a bar. Lockers are available free of charge.

Most people strip off their clothes and immediately head toward the pool for some skinny-dipping with foreplay. The bar is the place for small talk and once-overs before loving.

Nowhere is the connection between *disco* music and sex more obvious than in Plato's party room. Half of the room is a dance floor, with one of those rotating light balls on the ceiling. The walls are fully mirrored. The sound system runs full volume. The rest of the room is spread with exercise mats. The choice between dancing and fucking is literally a matter of footsteps.

It is sex in the open, to be sure, but hardly as free-wheeling as one might suppose. "We don't even like to use the word orgy," says Larry, one of Plato's organizers. (Rule number one among group-sex devotees is that surnames are seldom, if ever, used.) "Orgy implies a smorgasbord. You don't just grab the first woman you see and head for the mats; you've got to get to know her first. If she isn't interested in you, she's got every right to say no."

What happens on the mats is very much a matter of copulatory creativity: Some patrons are into one-to-one encounters, others play couple to couple, still others like the idea of a daisy chain. Sex between women is generally applauded; in this particular spot, sex between men is virtually taboo. On busier Saturday evenings, as many as 100 couples will be on hand.

Apart from their offbeat sexual preferences, many of the people at Plato's are surprisingly ordinary. Overwhelmingly, they are white middle class, own small businesses or hold mid-level-management jobs. They are married and have children and they live in the suburbs. The men have over-the-ear haircuts and wear bright-colored leisure suits; the women tend to worry about their baby sitters.

While Plato's Retreat attracts a fair number of young unmarrieds, the organizers do little to encourage them. "The couples movement," as Steve, Larry's partner, likes to characterize it, "is a married couples movement."

Married couples swing because they are bored with their monogamous sex lives, argues Steve. Swinging is a way to be promiscuous without threatening the traditional marriage contract. "We don't think it's right to go out alone and cheat," he explains. "Group sex is better because it's . . . togetherness!"

It is doubtful if either Steve or Larry

takes much in the way of profits out of the club. "The landlord charges a fat amount of rent, plus a big percentage of the admission fees," reports someone who is close to the situation. "Besides, it takes a lot more than you'd think in expenses to run a place like Plato's. The whole on-premise swing-club phenomenon just couldn't exist if it weren't for a handful of dedicated sex maniacs like Steve and Larry—guys who are able to find enough people willing to pay to support their habits."

Steve is quick to agree: "Sometimes I feel like a kid lost in a candy parlor," he gloats. "I love my sex, love my women!"

So does Leo Peeters. Peeters, one of the few swingers with no compunctions about the public use of his surname, is the operator of what can best be described as the longest-running permanent, floating, on-premise swing parlor in New York. "Everyone in swinging knows who I am," he claims. "People in Los Angeles have my phone number. People in Miami know my name. Even people from Israel have heard of me."

A Belgian expatriate in the business of exporting phonograph records to western Europe, Leo has been on the American orgy scene since 1970. "I went to a nudist camp in New Jersey with a girlfriend," he recalls, "and a couple of swingers seduced us. The idea was wonderful, but the swing parties I began to be invited to were awful. They were poorly managed and the people weren't particularly attractive, so I decided to throw parties of my own."

Unfortunately for straight-minded neighbors, Leo throws his parties in luxury apartment buildings. For a while, he was headquartered in a \$1000-a-month one-bedroom suite in Manhattan's superposh Sovereign apartment tower on East 58th Street near Sutton Place. The boom of his 700-watt *disco* stereo system was deafening. The traffic to his door was overwhelming. Leo didn't last very long.

Until his next eviction notice, Leo will be holding forth in equally impressive digs in a high-rise on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 51st Street. The parties are usually on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights. Admission is \$15 a couple, and it is strictly "couples only."

The crowd that shows up at Leo's tends to be rather flush. Cadillacs and Continentals clog the street on party nights. The door is held open for women in mink. The wall of Leo's entrance hall is decorated with the autographed pictures of celebrities and he delights in talking cryptically about all-night visits by the likes of "an English rock superstar named John," "a very important actor named Richard" or "a famous

(concluded on page 208)

For photographs and a firsthand report from our California expert on public sex, turn to pages 206 and 207.



*"Listen, Harry, I've foreplayed myself into a real mess. . . ."*

# SEX-CALIFORNIA STYLE

THEY CALL IT the UltraRoom, a big room lined with mirrors and black vinyl in which three naked young girls play with themselves and with one another, licking and fingering, moaning about cocks and ass-fucking and come in their mouths, acting out forbidden sexual fantasies of dominance and submission with dildos and whips and paddles and ropes and handcuffs, spreading their glistening pink slots for the spectators watching from behind trick mirrors, each secure in the privacy of a small dark cubicle from which it is possible to see without being seen.

Where are we? Hamburg? Amsterdam? Havana, 1946? No, it's San Francisco today, seven shows daily, admission ten dollars, a presentation of the Mitchell brothers' O'Farrell Theater, the Pentagon of porn, home of *Behind the Green Door* and a host of other erotic documents. The live-sex show has arrived, appropriately packaged in a plastic box, and X-rated films suddenly look obsolete, as California's sexual supermarket merchandises its latest new product.

As in all supermarkets, the emphasis is on youth, slenderness and good grooming displayed to a cruismatic burble of everything's-all-right music leaking out of the ceilings. The decor ranges from suburban comfort to motel plastic to storefront shower curtain, but there's surprisingly little downright sleaze. The bodies are mostly young and healthy, the faces more than pleasant. The girl who answers the phone at Sex Unlimited in Los Angeles speaks better general American than Jane Fonda. The UltraRoom could have been designed by Andy Warhol. The *L.A. Free Press*, featuring "The World's Most Interesting Ads," is so visually clean-cut it makes *The New York Times* look slovenly.

Dozens of swingers' and singles' sex tabloids advertising sex as a major entertainment attraction are sold freely from sidewalk boxes on every busy corner in Southern California. For a "Lesbian Love Act" you can join in, call Nicole & Lois, two "tall, slender, blonde bisexual lesbian lovers" who offer a "Special Holiday Rate" in their current *Free Press* announcement. Or you might prefer the "Live Nude Dirty Show" advertised by Paris House in the *Hollywood Press*—"S2 Discount with This Ad!" Specialists can seek out the House of Dominance: "Bondage, discipline, chains, whips. Five different kinds of enemas. Untrained or trained submissives. Three all-new fully equipped dungeons. All fantasies & fetishes catered to. Master Charge & checks accepted."

Although many—maybe most—of the ads seem too good to be true, they often actually deliver more than they promise. Sure, there are clinkers; witness this classified: "Called an ad before? Got a fatso? Old lady ashamed to tell you her age? Junkie? Well, call us, for two slim young things." People in California tend to be much more handsome than the national average, perhaps because the film industry has drawn so many pretty faces out here over the years. If you go to one of Gene and Charlene's Touch of Class swing parties advertised in many of the tabloids, you are going to meet exactly the "young, attractive, friendly and interesting people" they promise, and some of the girls will be absolute knockouts.

Although not presented as entertainment, swing parties are almost certainly the most widespread form of public sex in California and, probably, the nation. The usual "donation" is \$10 to \$20 a couple, single girls free, single guys welcome only on certain nights, if at all. The show can be more exciting than anything you're likely to see in the hottest X-rated movie. It's like a high school dance, except that instead of the dance floor and dancing, it's five bedrooms and fucking and sucking. The jukebox plays the latest *disco* hits at full volume and there's a buffet that usually consists of white bread, bologna, Kraft cheese and something like canned *ravioli*; but who goes for the food? The main event is a horde of young men and women seething with the urge to merge. You can dive in or simply walk around and watch other people swimming naked in a heated pool, making love throughout the house in unashamed bliss—twosomes, threesomes, moresomes, one room reserved for anything-goes orgies.

Gene and Charlene are the kind of folks you find working at Disneyland—intelligent and good-looking, with much of that well-scrubbed, eager-to-please smile. They *believe* in what they're doing, and not merely because it pays them to do so. It's a lot of work being host to 20 to 30 energetic young couples every week, cleaning ashtrays and lugging laundry. Gene, who has been running swing parties for the past five years, is studying psychology and enjoys working with people. Charlene, stifled sexually for a long time in a bad marriage, thinks swinging is better than cheating. They're both too busy catering to their guests and watching out for trouble spots that can flare up and ruin the mood of a party to swing at their own affairs, but they do so with other couples at more intimate private parties.

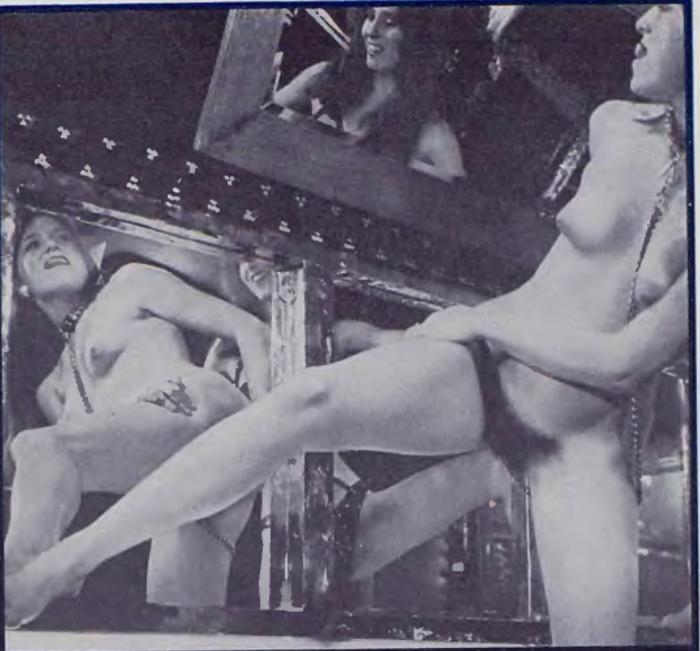
It is awkward to attend a swing party if you're a single guy, and the best parties are reserved for couples only, but if you're confident and personable, you can frequently talk your way into one, as there

are usually a few single girls on hand. Or you can find a swing party date, usually at a "donation" of upwards of \$50, through the *Free Press* classifieds. An introduction service, such as Mike Steele's Agency in West Hollywood, will try to locate a kindred spirit for a "membership fee" of about \$100. One of the many outcall massage numbers can provide a girl at \$35 an hour.

Generally speaking, the more commercial the ad sounds, the more likely it is to produce someone who won't be grossly unsuitable for you. Personals lie more and usually turn out to be some kind of play-for-pay hype, anyway. When all else fails—and it probably won't—try the Yellow Pages under "Massage" or "Escort Service." Be frank about what you're looking for and you may be pleasantly surprised with the results.

The sexual frontier has been explored—now the terrain is open for tourist trade. Couplings that were once considered sacred and/or profane are now fit forms of commercial entertainment and recreation. And you may discover that you have a willing accomplice in your girlfriend or wife. Everyone likes the magic of live acts—and what you see on the town these nights is guaranteed to beat prime-time television. —JULES SIEGEL





James and Artie Mitchell—the wonderful boys who brought us *Behind the Green Door*—have a new gig. Live sex shows at the O'Farrell Theater in San Francisco (where else?). Enter the UltraRoom—a 20' x 30' chamber of delights stocked with chains, dildos and velveteen whips. Perfect for bar mitzvahs and coming-out parties. Patrons pay ten dollars and are escorted to private cubicles from which they watch the goings on through two-way mirrors. The press release announcing the opening claimed, "UltraRoom is looking into the shaving mirror and being confronted by a naked woman. UltraRoom is being present in the girls' locker room at shower time." Ah, decadence. Believe us.



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recording artist with a woman's first name."

The big attraction in his living room is a \$5000 Advent Video Beam 1000, which throws a seven-foot television image onto a specially designed screen. Leo has it hooked up to a home video tape and alternates between replays of the action in his bedroom and conventional porno films. The view from his floor-to-ceiling windows is spectacular. The carpets are ankle-deep. There is little in the way of furniture to interfere with the wall-to-wall fucking that goes on.

Swingers' clubs, like other places, obviously reflect the personalities of the people who run them. Percival's, a swingers' *discothèque* that operated sporadically at 19 West 27th Street, was run by a 28-year-old named Stan, who lives in a \$650-a-month bachelor's triplex filled with expensive house plants. "I like to be in control of situations," said Stan, the swinger. "I like to have people dependent on me. There are things I want and things I *don't* want, and if I have to play Godfather, I'll play Godfather to get them."

Among the many things Stan wants are Jewish American Princesses. "I love fucking JAPpy girls," he said. "The best part is when they finally say, 'OK, I'll suck you—but don't come in my mouth.' So I let them go down on me and 30 seconds later, I say, 'Oh, shit! Did I come? I'm so *so-r-r-r-r-r-y!*'"

Percival's ambience was early *Clockwork Orange*, with guys in Frye boots and puffy shirts open to the navel, and dolls in culottes and headbands, and everyone doing the hustle exactly the way it's *supposed* to be done.

It was part of a seedy office building, then a Polish-American group converted it into a social club. It was a gay after-hours joint when Stan took it over and soon he made it into his own. "My ego was involved in that place," said Stan. "Ninety percent of the swingers in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut have heard of me!"

As you entered, there was a lounge with pillows on the floor for romance and next to it was an electronic game room for meeting people. The dance area featured a quad sound system and alternating disc jockeys. Behind it was a nylon-mesh "cave" strewn with pillows, bathed in lights that pulsed in time to the music.

Most people hung out at the bar area. There weren't any cash registers and no money changed hands: The \$15-per-couple admission fee included drinks. There was a balcony above the bar area, where people watched the action or played.

By midnight, things were happening. The smell of dope was all over the place. People were fucking in the cave. People were fucking on the balcony. People were

fucking in the pillow lounge. It was bisexual, pansexual, everysexual. "I went there to meet other women," said a lady attorney with a prestigious Park Avenue law firm.

"Swans fly with swans and ducks fly with ducks," said Stan. "I ran Percival's for the swans."

Yet, to Stan, Percival's was very much a hobby. "Listen," he said, "my garment company grossed \$3,000,000 last year. I didn't start the club as a business and I didn't try to *run* it as a business."

Since that visit, Stan has sold Percival's. He plans to open another club soon.

If on-premise swing clubs go commercial, it probably will be through the efforts of people like Donald and Jo Jo Hughes.

A graduate of the City College of San Francisco Hotel and Restaurant School, a New York State licensed optician and an ordained minister in the mail-order Church of the Gospel Ministry, Donald is to group sex what Norman Lear is to television comedy. "Everyone has to have a goal in life," says Donald, "and mine is to legitimize swinging."

At the heart of the burgeoning Hughes empire is the Underground Social Club, the largest organized swingers' group in the United States, with 5000 couples on its mailing lists. There are also the *Underground Magazine* for swingers' ads, the Underground, an Erotic Emporium in Greenwich Village for retail sex items, the Underground, a catalog for national mail-order items, the Roman Bacchanals, weekend swinging retreats in the Catskills, the Underground Social Club in a restaurant off Wall Street, the Underground clearing house for swingers' information, a monthly column in *Screw* and a continuing round of talk-show appearances.

And now—inevitably, perhaps—comes the Underground On-Premise Swing Club. When construction is finished, the club will fill 5000 feet of floor space in midtown Manhattan. According to the blueprints, it will include a bar area, a *disco* area with tables, six private swinging rooms and a 50-couple orgy room.

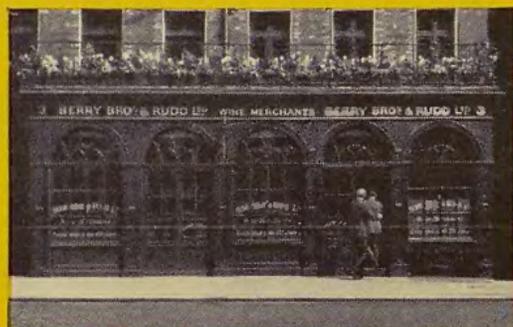
Meanwhile, Alexander Szuklis waits and watches. Szuklis, a lean, hardened health-club professional, is the landlord for Plato's Retreat. "I'm not into swinging as a lifestyle," he avers, "but as a business, it has great possibilities. A few years ago, you could never have gotten away with it. Today you can... and each day it seems to be getting bigger."

"What's the potential? I'm talking about swinging health clubs doing 150 to 200 couples a day, five to six days a week. Obviously, we have to be cautious. We dare not overreach. But now that it's out of the closet, all it will take is organization and money."



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## ADULTERER'S LUCK

(continued from page 92)

*"The gossip, I was sure, was full of malicious envy. She had to be given a chance."*

and hearsay made absentees interesting and gave them a uniqueness that was dispelled only when they showed up.

"Prosser's got his hands full," said Evans one day. "Nina tried to do a bunk last night. Found her sneaking out of the house. Scared rigid, she was. Had to carry her back bodily and lock her in her room."

"Lucky he caught her in time," I said.

"Very lucky, I'd say," Evans laughed loudly. "Imagine old Prosser, who's in bed by midnight—and he sleeps like a bloody log—imagine him catching the girl leaving his house at four in the morning."

"You're sure of the time, are you?"

"Jan heard him. Maybe he was up splashing his boots," said Evans. "But she's pretty, that girl."

I had not heard from Father Lefever. I rang him when Evans left and he apologized for not getting in touch with me. He said he had found out nothing—he had completely forgotten about the girl.

"But now that you've reminded me," he said, "I will get down to business."

I told him to try Batu Pahat.

And yet I began to feel that I was prying. The Prossers seemed happy and Evans' gossip, I was sure, was full of malicious envy. The girl had to be given a chance. If what Evans had said was true—that she had tried to get away—then it was only the fact of the odd numbers, the three of them. I pictured them in their bungalow on the oil-palm estate, playing at being a family, as the children in threes played their games on the club's grounds. And I began to think they had succeeded with the girl in creating one of those outposts of intimacy so rare in the tropics, a happy family. They had left us.

There followed a period of dateless time, the hiatus of the delayed monsoon, hot and lacking any event; only the whine of the locusts, the occasional roar of a timber truck, the sound of the thin breeze rattling the palms, the accumulation on the veranda of dust that was more like sand or silt, bulking against my house. Silence and the meaningless chirp of birds, the scraw of lizards behind the pictures on the wall. I wished that I had, like Rupert Prosser, found a child in a garden at midnight whom I could treat as my pet.

The mood was broken one afternoon by Prosser's voice saying, "Come over

quick. I can't leave the house. Hurry, it's important. Evans is on his way."

"If anyone rings," I told Miss Leong, "I'm at the Prossers'. But I'm not expecting any calls."

Jan and Nina were on the sofa when I arrived. Nina was pale and held her face with the tips of her thin fingers; Jan was comforting her. Nina's face was shining with fear. Rupert was almost purple and before I could speak, he shouted, "They had her in a bag!"

Hearing this, Jan hugged the girl so tightly I thought she'd break. But the girl only drew her arms together, contracting in grief and closing her fingers to hide her face.

Evans' car drew up to the veranda. Rupert paused until he entered the room, then said again, "They had her in a bag!"

"Chinese?" said Evans.

"Three of them," said Rupert. "They must have been watching the house, because as soon as Jan left for her tennis, they stepped in."

"Rupert found them——"

"I had an inkling something was wrong," said Rupert, and he swallowed hard, trying to resume. "I was at the estate stores and had this inkling. As soon as I saw their car, I was on my guard, then three blokes came out of the house struggling with this bag. It shook me. I ran back to the car and got my pistol. They took one look at it and dropped the

bag and drove off. They had parangs, but they're no match for a bullet. I thought it was a break-in—reckoned they had my hi-fi and Jan's jewelry in the bag. When I saw Nina crawling out, you could have knocked me over with a feather."

Evans, with just the trace of a smile, said, "Lucky you came back when you did."

Rupert bent over and tugged his knee socks straight.

"I didn't know you had a gun," I said.

"I was in Nigeria," he said. "I would have shot the bastards, too, but they dropped the bag. I don't want any trouble with the police. You can get a jail sentence for shooting burglars in this bloody country. Burglars! But these were kidnapers."

"Probably political," said Evans.

"Sure," said Rupert. "Communists. They want to hold the estate to ransom."

"That sort of thing doesn't happen around here," I said. "This isn't Kedah. It might have been her relatives. Anyway, she's sixteen. You don't know much about her. She might be married. Her husband——"

Rupert said, "She's not married," and cleared his throat. "Dead scared, she was," and coughed. "I got their license number. But I don't want to go to the police, because they'll start asking a lot of questions about who she is."

"The kidnapers might try again," said Evans.

"I'll shoot them next time," said Rupert hoarsely. "We'll move, get a transfer. But you've got to help me."

"I'd go to the police," I said.

"Don't you understand anything?" said Rupert. "We're keeping her."

Jan said, "We're determined now," and jumped as the telephone jangled.

"That'll be my wife," said Evans.

But it was Miss Leong. Father Lefever had called the consulate. He wanted to see me immediately.

"I'm going over to the mission," I said to Rupert.

"I'll give you a lift," said Evans.

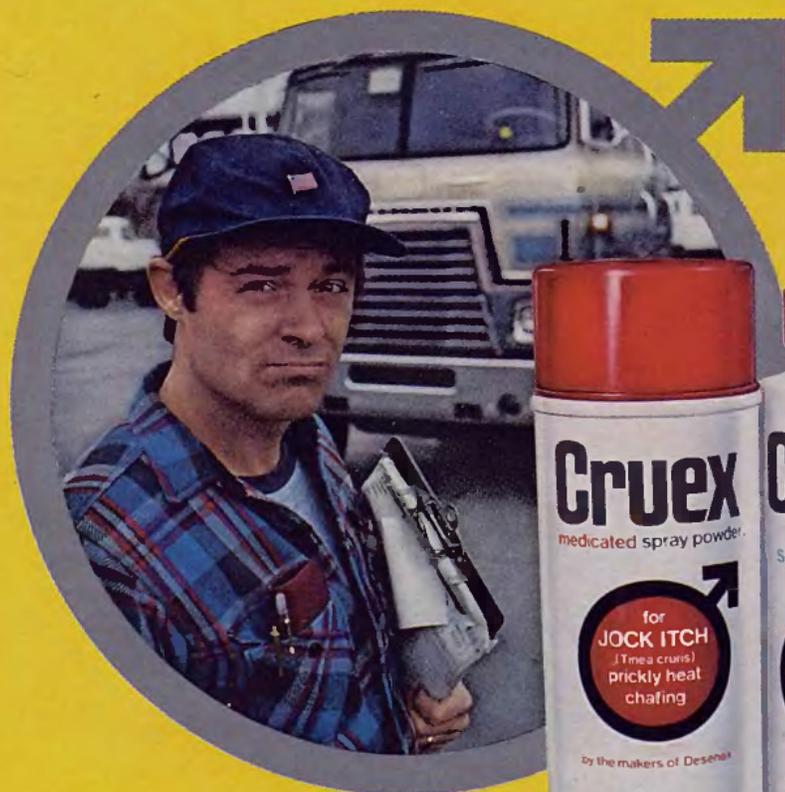
"I was hoping you'd stick around," said Rupert.

"You'll be all right," said Evans, giving Rupert a matey slap on the back.

In the car, Evans said, "He thinks we're stupid. People come here from tin-pot places like Nigeria and they think they have all the answers."

"What are you talking about?"

"He discovered her trying to leave. He discovered some kidnapers. It's rubbish!" said Evans with greater outrage than I thought he was capable of. "He's knocking her off. He's setting the whole thing up. There was no kidnaping attempt. In a few weeks, there'll be another disappearance, but this time it'll be the two of them doing a bunk, mark my



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words. Then you'll hear they're in North Borneo playing housie. Prosser's screwing her, the lucky sod."

At the mission, I thanked him and started to get out of the car. He stopped me with his hand and said, "Who do you believe, him or me?"

"I believe the girl," I said, and saw that frightened face again.

Evans said, "She's not talking."

Across the courtyard, Father Lefever watched from his office doorway and, as I drew nearer, I could see on his cassock—so white at a distance—grease-marks and stains. A French Canadian, he had the grizzled appearance that dedicated missionaries acquire in the tropics; he usually needed a shave, his house-boy cut his hair. His sandals had been clumsily re-sewn, and yet these, like the stains on his cassock, seemed like proof of his sanctity. Eager to talk, he put his arm around me and hurried me inside.

"The girl," he said. "I think I know who she is."

I told him I had just seen her.

"Is she well?"

"She's rather upset."

"I didn't mean that. Is she in good health?"

"Father Lefever, someone tried to kidnap her today."

"Yes," he said, and shook his head. "I was also afraid of that."

"It was pretty serious. Three men came to Prosser's and put her in a sack. Prosser arrived just in time to stop them kidnaping her."

"He saved her life—they meant to kill her." Father Lefever fingered the knots on the rope that was tied around his waist. "It's the Triad," he said. "Probably the Sa Ji—they're the fellows who keep order around here."

Triad: The word was new to me. I told him so.

He said, "A Chinese secret society."

"Then it's not political," I said. "But Prosser doesn't have any money."

"Triads don't kidnap only for money," he said. He showed me the three knots on his rope belt. "It is like a religious order," he said, grasping one thick knot. "This obsesses them. Purity—but their kind of purity. And they punish impurity their own cruel way. A person is taken and put in a sack and drowned. They call it 'death by bath.'"

I saw Evans' point. He had guessed that Rupert had been to bed with her; and he had a good case—the fortuitous finding of the girl about to escape, the visit home in the middle of the day: adulterer's luck. And now I understood Pei-Kway's tattoo.

"I suppose if the Triad thought she was Prosser's mistress, they'd do that. Punishing the adultery."

"I didn't say anything about adultery," said Father Lefever. "They don't want her here, that's all."

"Batu Pahat's not far away."

"She doesn't live in Batu Pahat. Quite a bit off the road, in fact, at our mission hospital. I doubt that you've ever seen it. No one goes there willingly."

"A hospital?"

"A leprosarium," he said.

"She's a leper." I could not conceal my shock.

But Father Lefever was smiling. "You see your reaction? You're as bad as the Triad. It's not the girl but her parents. Both have what we now call Hansen's disease. It's not so much a hospital as a village—very isolated, because people have such a horror of the disease. The girl probably doesn't have it, but what can she do? Her parents want her near them. She ran away six weeks ago. The priests were very reassured to know that she is safe here."

"What happens now?"

"You should tell your friends something of the girl's background. I'll put them in touch with the leprosarium and they can take it from there."

"They'll be horrified."

"Tell them not to worry. Even if she's a carrier, it's only infectious if contact has been extensive. She's merely a house guest—there's no problem."

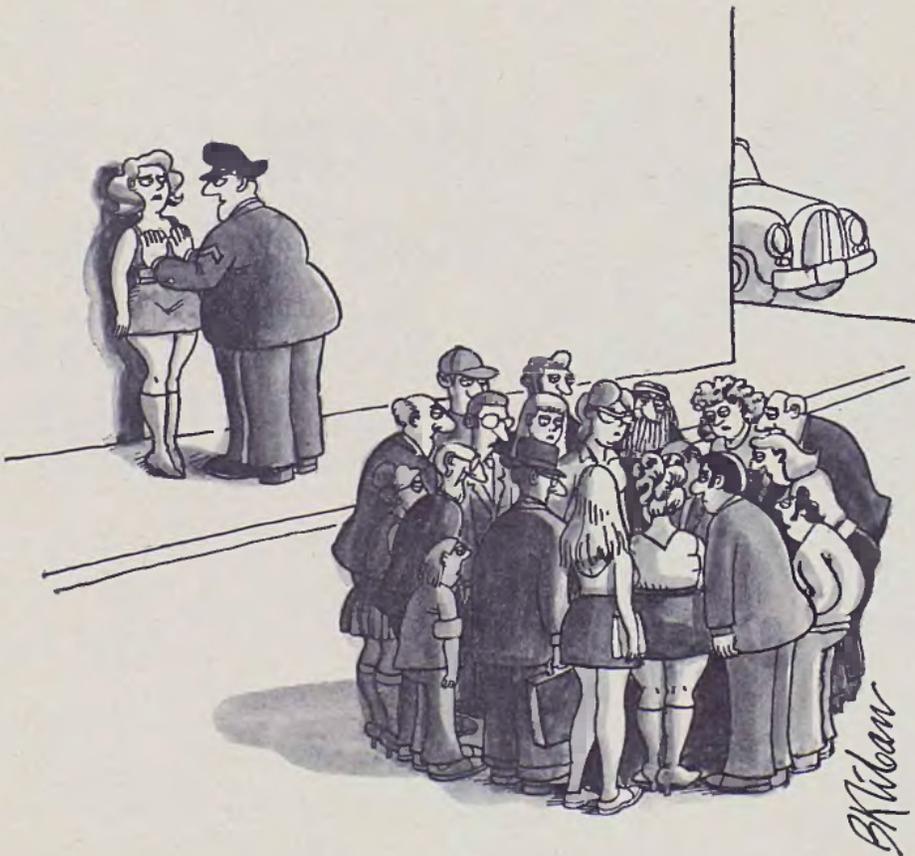
Walking out to the courtyard, Father Lefever said, "They are doing great work at Batu Pahat. Why, do you know that two years ago your Mr. Leopold visited? He was much impressed. He's made a study of the disease."

"I don't know him," I said.

"Yes, you do. Leopold—he and his friend murdered that poor child in Chicago about fifty years ago. It was a celebrated case."

I delivered the news as tactfully as possible and withdrew, wondering what would happen. Although I had said nothing to Evans, he knew all about it within a week—not from Prosser but from Pei-Kway. And Pei-Kway had the news that the girl had been sent back. I never found out what had gone on at the Prossers', among those three people; and the Triad was not charged with attempted murder. The only victim was that wif, who was made a leper, and each time I thought of her, I saw her radiant, captive, in a new dress entering the leper village to join those two ruined people.

Jan stopped coming to the club; Rupert was there every night until the bar closed. One weekend he went down to Batu Pahat. We didn't know whether he was seeing the girl or taking a cure or both. He came back alone and seemed much happier; he talked of his great luck. Evans became fond of saying, "I give that marriage six months."



"Better step back, miss. Give the man some air!"

## BUY AN ISLAND

(continued from page 132)

*"The theory is that virtually every owner will sell if properly enticed."*

Land closes in on three sides of Perots, but whether it feels like an island or not, in Bermuda, income tax is nonexistent, and that's a nice enough escape.

### HOW TO FIND AN ISLAND TO BUY

**The Classifieds:** Check *The Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times* and other major papers; you'll find a surprising number of islands advertised, by location. Regional magazines, such as *Down East* (Maine) and *Marine and Recreation News* (Michigan lakes), occasionally carry island ads, but not frequently—owners usually ignore locals, expecting to sell to carpetbaggers.

**Agents:** In coastal and lake areas, every real-estate man and woman in town will know of any local island offered for sale. What's more, they're often in touch with brokers in nearby cities, so one phone call or visit can set you up with a small network. A few agents specialize in islands (see the box on page 220): Bob Douglas (mostly Nova Scotia), Jerry Sherrard (Canada and the South Pacific), Boehm & Vladi (world-wide, with an emphasis on high-priced parcels). Any such specialist can instantly refer to a list of 100 or 200 available islands. Previews, Inc., with a dozen offices around the country, always has some choice islands on the books. Frederick Wardwell keeps good tabs on the situation in Maine. Demosthenes Pazarlis knows all about Greek islands.

**Searching:** Boehm & Vladi make many of their sales not from their lists but from searches. You tell them what you want, where and at what price; they go nosing around until they find it. The theory is that virtually every owner will sell if properly enticed. For a retainer, Bob Douglas will also go anywhere in the world. "I gladly become a hunter," he says, "for a couple of hundred a day, plus expenses. Of course, my expenses are high—I like to live well." Jerry Sherrard will search by phone and boat, but he, too, often charges a retainer to discourage "tire kicking."

**Word of Mouth:** There's nothing to stop you from staking out a blue area of the map and seeing what you can turn up. "I'd go nosing around in the spring or fall," says a Thousand Islands Chamber of Commerce man. "It's surprising what you can find in the coffee



**Anything else is mock turtle.**

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A black and white photograph of a JVC 3060 portable FM/AM radio-cassette recorder with a built-in TV. The device is shown in front of a black and white photograph of a football game. The recorder has a cassette slot, a speaker, and a small TV screen. The football game shows players in action on a field.

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# JVC

JVC America, Inc., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, New York 11378 212/476-8300.

shops. You just casually ask, "Hey, do you know anybody who might want to sell an island?" and you start listening." Water-side bars and restaurants are the best places to begin. Play it cool—say you want only a modest fishing island, even if you'd like more—or the natives may start getting dollar signs in their eyes. Some energetic types have been known to boat around inviting waters with a map, spy an island they like, ferret out the owner's name from the local tax office (such records are public) and make an offer. More often than not, the owners are found to be holding tight, but now and then someone lets go when approached with cash. If bargains are to be found, that is how to find them.

#### ISLANDS FOR SALE

Among the islands recently available (subject to prior sale):

- Imperial Island, Thousand Islands, New York, one fourth acre with two-bedroom cottage, near shipping lanes, \$98,000. Mary Cox, Rimada Realty, or Mary Brooks Mercier, Streets Realty.

- Protected two and a half acres, British Columbia, in a cove, \$40,000. Also, 3000 acres with coconut plantation and native village, Fiji, \$6,000,000. Jerry Sherrard.

- Tree-covered 12 acres, Nova Scotia, \$28,500. Also, three acres with modern turreted castle, Brittany, France, \$1,500,000. Boehm & Vladi.

- Rhode Island (not *the* Rhode Island), delta region of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, California, 67.5 acres, good hunting and fishing, \$150,000. Also, 1.6 acres, mostly pine, Lake Kishkute-na, southwest Ontario, sparsely inhabited area, large and comfortable lodge, guesthouse, conveniences, \$150,000. Also, three islands in Lake Lucerne, Wisconsin, total 15 acres, with modern, all-electric three-bedroom house and two-bedroom guesthouse, \$170,000. Previews, Inc.

- Birch Island, southwest Nova Scotia, 12 heavily wooded acres one half mile from shore, \$24,000. Bob Douglas.

- A group totaling 2180 acres in a remote part of the Outer Hebrides, Scotland, offers over £45,000 being accepted, or sold by portion. Each island subject to crofting rights and common grazing by sheep from nearby mainland. Knight Frank & Rutley.

- Broad Key, 25 miles south of Miami, Florida, 63 acres, fully furnished five-bedroom house, guesthouse, caretaker's house, dock, boathouse and helicopter landing, first offered at \$2,250,000, reduced to \$1,750,000. George H. Schulte.

#### THINGS TO CHECK

Inspecting an island is like inspecting a house, only more so. Check transportation. Check general weather conditions—typhoons can sure spoil a vacation. Check

accessibility—is the water deep enough to take your boat in even at low tide? Check drinking water. Check power source. Check for flies and rodents. Check for swamp areas. Check for a safe, sheltered anchor spot. Check, if you're the nervous type, location of your nearest neighbor, in case of trouble. Check for squatters who may have established rights to the land by virtue of longtime occupancy. Check taxes. Check government rules.

#### GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE

Bermuda won't allow foreigners to buy anything short of a \$55,000 island, plus a house worth at least \$120,000; Ontario charges non-Canadians a 20 percent transfer tax; Prince Edward Island makes non-residents file for special permission from the provincial government's executive council for virtually all island purchases. Some governments are expert at confusing would-be purchasers: *New York Times* man Israel Shenker, responding to a notice that the Greek government itself was offering hundreds of islands for sale, ran hither and yon in Athens, trying in vain to buy one, and finally concluded, "I'll be forever drowned in red tape but never surrounded by water." And everywhere, but *everywhere*, local governments will dictate sanitation laws and tell you what you can and can't build on your island. In the end, no man is totally free.

#### ADDITIONAL COSTS

An island, once you have it, is surprisingly expensive to equip and keep up if you want any comforts at all. Think of drinking water—a thou for a cistern to collect rain water, at the very least. Think of the boat you'll have to buy and support. Think of a generator, or of cables for electricity and telephone, if you can't do without, at a dollar or more a foot. Think of all those tanks of propane you'll have to float out if you intend to cook over more than wood or charcoal. Think of the fact that building costs and labor of all sorts run higher when everything and everybody has to be *schlepped* by boat. Think, in sum, of Grasso's Law (formulated by Connecticut architect Jack Grasso and applicable to all hideaways): "Whatever you think it will cost, you are wrong. It will cost more."

#### THREE WAYS TO GET AN ISLAND ABSOLUTELY FREE!

*Win One:* That's what Kent Shelby did, back in the late Fifties. His prize in the contest promotion for *The Little Hut*, starring Ava Gardner, was a long-term lease on a small Fiji island, suitably rechristened Ava Ava. A year or two ago, ambitiously trying to develop its tourist industry, the Fiji government

asked for the place back. Nothing doing, said Shelby, adding, "It's everybody's dream to own a South Sea island." At any rate, it beats two weeks in Vegas.

*Inherit One:* Taxes aside, inheriting an island is a pleasant, painless method of acquisition. Recent example: On her father's death, Christina Onassis took over the Aegean island of Skorpios, possibly the world's best publicized private isle. One of the most enviable private islands in America passed to its current owner the same way. Robert David Lion Gardiner is the 16th member of his family to be lord of the manor at Gardiner's Island, a huge wooded estate off the tip of Long Island, New York. The first lord, Lion Gardiner, was a British military engineer who built forts in the colonies under Charles I. When Lion's work was done, the king offered him passage back to England, but Lion wisely returned a message saying that he would much rather have a piece of land. He was deeded, in 1639, a sizable chunk of what is now Suffolk County, including Gardiner's Island.

Today, the island's 3500 acres feature 27 miles of beach, 1250 acres of virgin oak forest, 1000 wild turkeys, a huge collection of ospreys, thousands of pheasants, 600 swans, coveys of quail, hundreds of deer, a pair of bald eagles and lobsters by the dozen. The earliest Gardiners were authorized to try to punish aggressors: they hung four men from a tall oak, which still stands. When they're not at home in Easthampton, Manhattan or Palm Beach, Gardiner and his wife shack up in the island's 38-room brick manor house. "We often go bare-assed swimming at our beach," he reports. Don't get any ideas about sweet-talking him into letting go for any number of millions: Gardiner defeated a move for a Federal take-over a few years back and routinely rebuffs all offers to buy. Waiting in the wings are his nephew and niece. All of which proves the wisdom of choosing one's parents carefully.

*Find One on Your Property:* Mitch Drozdal is an old-time asparagus farmer in Hadley, Massachusetts, on the Connecticut River. Back in 1936, the spring flood sent a huge old tree down-river: it stopped just off Mitch's property and a little sand bar developed around it. Mitch rowed out and planted a few bushes of willow twigs, which grew up in a jiffy and held the land together. He added young poplars and maples and each year a little more land would collect. Mitch's Island began to form right there in the middle of the Connecticut.

He had a lawyer check things out and they decided he owned it, since it grew on land under the river that belongs to shore owners. He now pays about \$35 a year in taxes on it. Mitch's Island today is six acres, going on seven.

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Mitch lets duck hunters, fishing buffs and families camp on his island for free. He figures it's worth it for their patronage at his marina and supply depot. Besides, as he explains, "If I charged 'em, I'd have to run water and have toilets and fill out forms." Mitch seems unconcerned that his growing island is moving downstream in the current a couple of feet every year. Easy come, easy go.

THE STORIES OF TWO MAN-MADE ISLANDS—ONE WITH A HAPPY ENDING, ONE OTHERWISE

It is possible, of course, to build your own island by simply—or not so simply—moving some land into a position in which it is surrounded by water. A man in Ipswich, England, was restoring a mill on the bank of a river. Dredging part of the river, he hit upon a brilliant idea: Mass the stuff together, put some fill on top and make an island. He did and gave it to his daughter as a birthday present. Similarly, a group of wealthy Americans built an island on top of an underwater reef in the South Pacific a few years back, named it Minerva and declared sovereignty, figuring their tax troubles were over for good. When they weren't looking, a force from nearby Tonga invaded and declared Minerva

part of the Tongan nation. So much for that one.

HOW TO LOSE AN ISLAND

It's one thing to lose an island through tax default or through a lousy hand in a high-stakes poker game, but it's quite another to wake up and find your island missing. It happens now and then, courtesy of floods, small quakes and volcanic disturbances.

The Wallichs, in the lumber business in Detroit, had their little family island in Lake St. Clair for something like 70 years. Just 25 miles from downtown, the spot measured 200' x 1000', enough for a couple of decent cottages and a lot of nice weekends. One day, four or five years ago, high waters came. The houses were washed away and the whole island went under and never came up. The lake waters will probably recede sooner or later, leaving at least something of what used to be. But the Wallichs are writing it off as a loss and they're not hunting for another island retreat. Says brother Joseph: "We're through with islands." Can you blame him?

EARN GOOD MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME

If you want income from your island property, just be sure to invest in an island that produces something salable.

About a decade ago, Raymond Burr sank 168,000 of his *Perry Mason* dollars into the island of Naitauba, in the Lau group, east of Fiji. (He bought the place from the German-born widow of a Fijian chief-tain.) For that modest outlay, he got 3000 acres, an assortment of cattle, a working coconut plantation and a small village of natives to keep the place buzzing. Burr's plantation produces top-grade copra, which is shipped to market at Suva, the Fijian capital. Naitauba gives him a place to run between TV shootings and also a nice income. Publisher Malcolm Forbes also has a native-run copra plantation on his Fiji island, Laucala, which is considerably larger than Burr's. For Forbes, Laucala is just another pad on the list (which includes his palace in Tangier and his castle in Normandy), but this one makes money to boot.

WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE SHORT ON CASH

Rent, of course. You don't need a big sum up front and renting is a good way to test the waters, so to speak, to see if you're an island person. In most spots, vacation rentals on private islands are hard to come by. "Rentals around here are almost always grabbed up by word of mouth," says Mary Cox, of Rimada Realty in the Thousand Islands region of New York State. Nonetheless, she usually comes up with a dozen or so summer island rentals, typically going for \$200 a week or thereabouts. "And that's for places where you have to rough it," she warns. Among the plusher rental properties usually available elsewhere in the world:

- Petit Ribaud, two and a half acres with fully equipped house—water, electricity, telephone—at Nice, France. June to September, \$7500. Contact Boehm & Vladi.

- Ilet Pele, a volcanic dot of less than an acre with a well-furnished house for ten, only eight boat minutes from Martinique. The price of \$145 a day, ten days' minimum, includes a sailfish and a French-speaking maid/cook every day but Sunday. Snorkeling, swimming, plenty of lobster. Kids' pool. A boating breadman who drops by with fresh bread. Contact Claire Packman, At Home Abroad.

- Wood Island, two and a half acres in Long Island Sound, off the Connecticut coast. The price of \$5000 for June, July and August covers house and three boats. Contact Boehm & Vladi.

- Fowl Cay, a splashy 50 acres in the Bahamas. Included are boats, boat boy, maid service, fuel for generator. Minimum stay is two weeks, for \$3000 a week in season, \$2500 off. Contact Boehm & Vladi.

Then there's Sheep Island, seven acres in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, a half mile from the mainland. A very rustic old



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| <b>L&amp;M FLAVOR LIGHTS<br/>L&amp;M LONG LIGHTS</b> | <b>YES</b>                               | <b>NO</b>             | <b>NO</b>                       | <b>8 mg.</b>  |
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| MARLBORO LIGHTS                                      | NO                                       | YES                   | YES                             | 13 mg.        |
| WINSTON                                              | NO                                       | NO                    | YES                             | 19 mg.        |
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| VICEROY EXTRA MILDS                                  | NO                                       | YES                   | YES                             | 14 mg.        |
| VANTAGE                                              | NO                                       | NO                    | YES                             | 10 mg.        |
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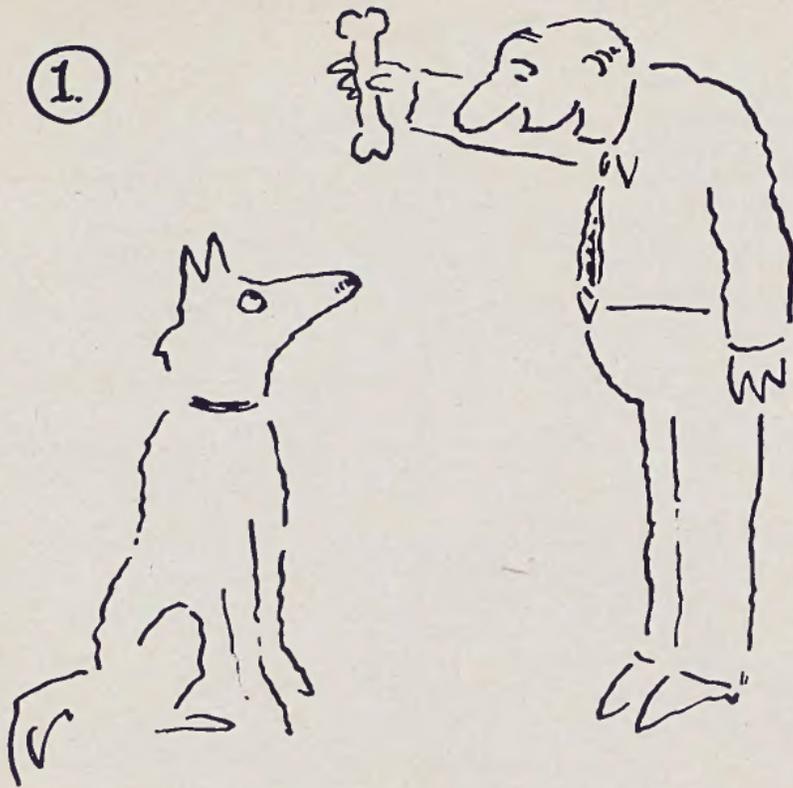
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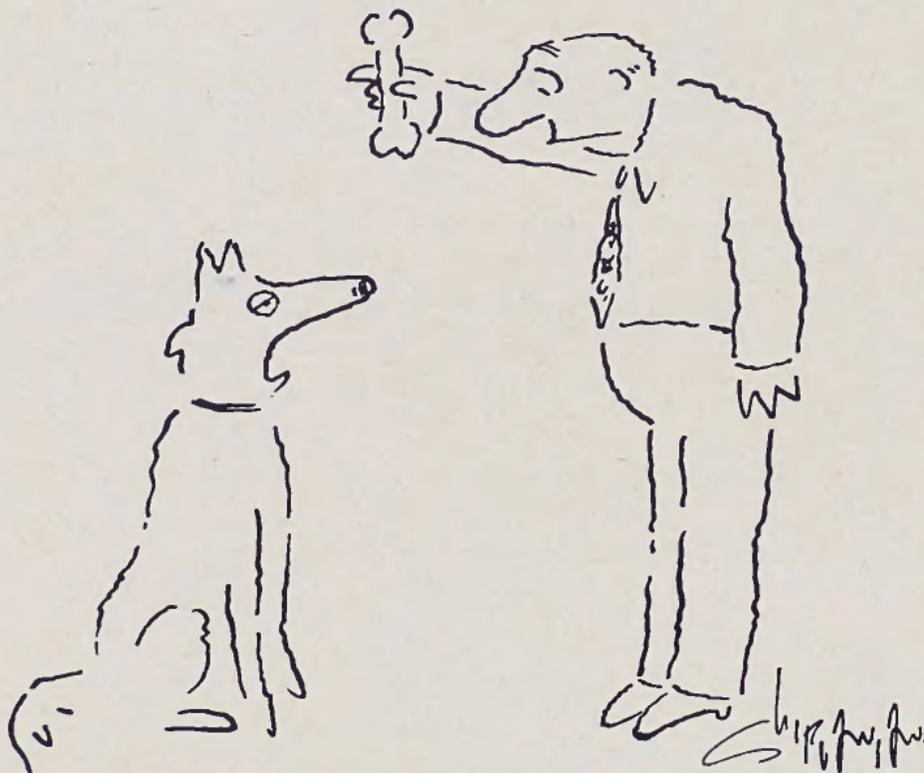
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*"Bondurant is attempting to instruct Howard in the subtleties of what is called a 180-degree, or bootlegger, turn."*

until it shudders to a halt at the edge of the skid area.

"Damn it, that guy will never learn," mumbles Bob Bondurant, headmaster of the Bondurant School of High Performance Driving, located at Sears Point, some miles north of San Francisco, and creator of a course tailored to teach corporate chauffeurs such as Howard how to keep their bosses in the executive suite and out of the homicidal grasp of terrorists, revolutionaries, anarchists, kidnapers, crazies, cranks and perhaps—if the company skipped a dividend—even disgruntled stockholders.

Bondurant is attempting to instruct Howard in the subtleties of what is called a 180-degree, or bootlegger, turn, wherein a well-choreographed application of parking brake and steering input will snap-spin a car, permitting it to reverse direction in a matter of feet. The technique was perfected by Southern bootleg haulers, some of whom could loop a truck loaded with hooch on a one-lane bridge without touching the sides, and is an invaluable tactic for evading a roadblock

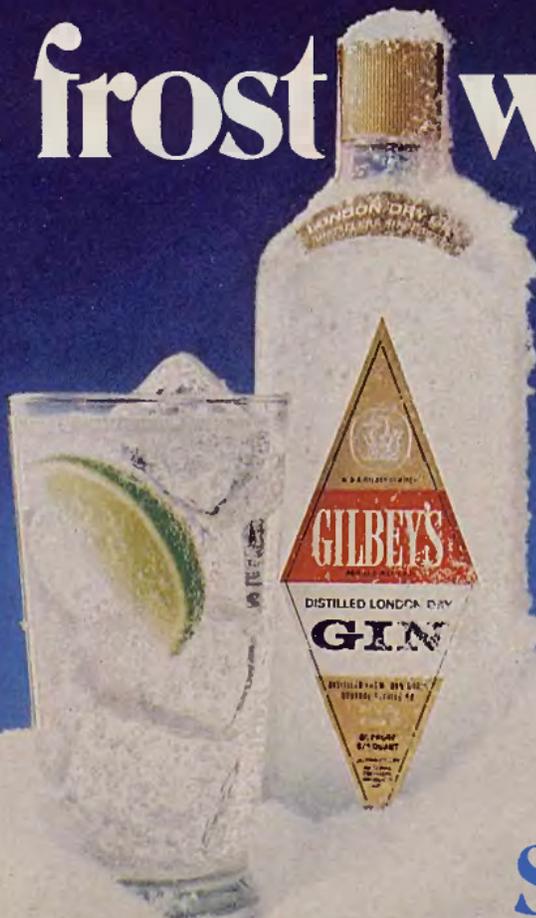
of any type. The 180-degree turn is a critical part of Bondurant's antiterrorist training and is relatively easy to accomplish on the skid pad, where the surface is slippery and the acreage is open. But, like so many of his associates, Howard is having trouble. "It's against their nature, alien to everything they've ever done with an automobile," says Bondurant. "He spent 27 years trying not to spill the boss's coffee and now I'm asking him to drive the hell out of a car, and he just can't handle it. Like most professional chauffeurs, he can't even get used to really cranking the wheel into a corner. And the idea of a skid is almost beyond his comprehension."

Bondurant waves the little Datsun to a halt and strides toward its driver. He is a burly man in his early 40s, with a firm jaw and deep-set dark eyes that energize an otherwise placid face. He walks with a gate-legged uncertainty, the result of a horrendous, end-over-end crash in a 1967 Can-Am sports racing car at Watkins Glen—a shattering wreck that marked his departure from the ranks of America's

best racing drivers and his move toward the proprietorship of the nation's most respected school for fast, expert driving. Legions of top young road-racing drivers hold diplomas from his extended course in competition driving, while such celebrities as Paul Newman, James Garner, John Chancellor, James Coburn, Robert Wagner and Candice Bergen have benefited from Bondurant's special gifts in teaching the art of controlling an automobile on the limit. He is by nature a quiet man who smiles almost reflexively; but he takes the craft of driving seriously and his patience is fleeting in the face of inept students.

Howard climbs out of the Datsun, his shoulders sagging in defeat. His golf cap, bearing his company's logo, shields a gaunt face dominated by watery, wide-angle blue eyes and a lank mouth that seems to droop open in perpetual amazement. Bondurant gestures furiously, pantomiming the entire procedure of the 180-degree spin: one, a sharp turn of the steering wheel in concert with an application of the parking brake that will lock up the rear wheels, sending the car into a snap-spin on its axis; two, release of the brake and return of the steering to straight ahead as the automobile completes its reversal of course. The key to the maneuver is brisk, precise action of the brakes and steering and Howard, like so many of his professional associates,

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appears to have a mental block against such actions in a car.

Bondurant directs the chauffeur into the passenger seat, while he slides behind the wheel of the Datsun. They zoom off down the skid pad, the little engine whining furiously under Bondurant's authoritative, rather irritated throttle foot. Suddenly, the car lashes around in a perfectly executed 180, then rockets onward in the opposite direction. Again it spins. Then again. Now the Datsun is pinwheeling along the pavement, changing direction every 50 yards. The berserk movements continue for a few moments, then the Datsun stops and Howard lurches out. He is bending over, his lean frame convulsing as he retches up the remnants of a lavish Fisherman's Wharf meal from the night before.

Unlike the casual atmosphere of his race-driving classes, a certain air of tension pervades Bondurant's antiterrorist sessions. He smiles grimly while Howard purges his digestive tract, but he is obviously impatient to get on with the teaching. The time is short—four days packed with instruction, both on the racecourse and in detailed blackboard sessions. In contrast with the mildly frivolous purpose of instructing people to drive a racing car quickly, there is a raw, life-and-death aspect to the antiterrorist curriculum. Each year, more and more business and government leaders around the world are involved in abductions and outright attempts on their lives. Over half of those incidents have centered on automobiles, giving rise to Bondurant's course, as well as several rival efforts on the East Coast and at least one in Europe.

Sometimes called offensive driving, antiterrorist tactics advocate the employment of anything up to and including the use of the automobile as a blunt instrument to bash one's way past barricades and human bodies. Bondurant puts it to his students this way: "As long as you're moving, your life is valuable. Once you're stopped, it's worth nothing." By way of emphasis, it is a matter of record that most terrorists consider chauffeurs pawnlike nuisances and kill them before leaving the scene. Obviously, the problem lies in maintaining the movement that Bondurant says is crucial to survival. Evasive moves in a three-ton limousine are not a simple matter, especially for someone like Howard, who drives 40,000 miles a year with the sole intent of concealing from his boss the fact that the automobile is actually moving.

In addition to the hours spent on the skid pad, students are taught how to take corners in racing fashion. This involves choosing the proper "line" or arc and apex that gives the corner the longest possible circumference. Operating on the simple logic that an automobile can run faster in a straight line than when corner-

ing, the object of a racing driver is to "straighten" a turn as much as possible, so that he can maintain the highest possible speed during its negotiation. This demands the use of *all* the road. Chauffeurs are taught to throw traffic legalisms to the wind in crisis situations and drive like racers.

Bondurant stresses seating position and placement of hands on the steering wheel. These two factors are extremely important in maintaining control, and much effort is expended to assure that the student is sitting properly (far enough away from the wheel so that the arms are nearly extended for maximum movement). The hands should be placed in a nine-to-three (as on a clockface) position—again, to provide the greatest possible alacrity in making right- and left-hand turns.

These simple control techniques become vital factors in the negotiation of a fiendishly tight precision-maneuvers course Bondurant has created with rubber pylons. Its navigation, done against the relentless ticking of Bondurant's stop watch, requires constant turning, parallel parking, backing up into tight spaces and cranking the car through the labyrinthine bends. Penalties are accrued for each rubber cone that is knocked over, which encourages precision and smoothness as well as speed. Again, Bondurant stresses the fact that fast driving is possible only when the driver is under complete control. He teaches the easy application of brakes (as opposed to hard, brutal stabs that can lock the wheels and produce skidding), which causes the car to settle easily on its suspension with a minimum of pitching or swaying under deceleration.

To further reinforce smoothness in crisis situations, Bondurant has created a clever accident simulator, using a set of blinking lights and more rubber cones on the track's main straightaway. The bank of three traffic lights is hung above three lanes on the track surface and as the driver approaches at about 35 mph, one of the lights changes to green while the two others flash red. It is up to the driver to guide his car into the safe—or green—lane without knocking aside any of the pylons that line the course. The maneuver teaches novices to make quick decisions while maintaining smooth but decisive control of the automobile.

As the students become increasingly acquainted with speed and the sensations of sliding and drifting through corners at velocities they never imagined possible, they are permitted to run the full Sears Point circuit, a tricky, twisting two-and-a-half-mile road course. Slowly it dawns on them. Big, soft-handling American cars can be driven at astounding rates of speed without extreme danger. Their bodies lean, brakes smoke, suspensions buck and leap, tires moan, hubcaps fly

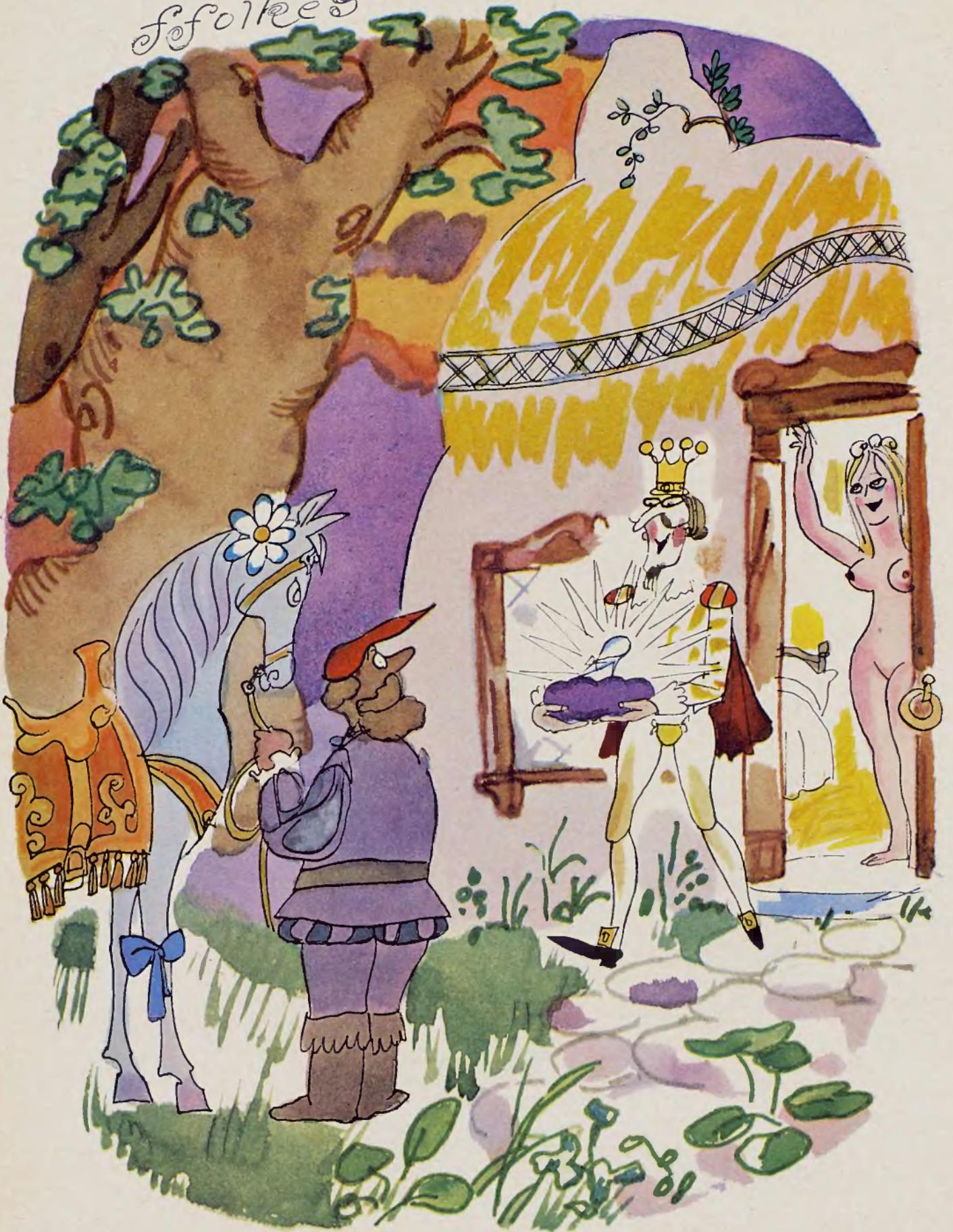
into the weeds, but they stay on the road. They are hardly as tidy or as easy to control as, say, a Mercedes-Benz 450SEL (according to Bondurant, the perfect superlimo for escape-minded executives, thanks to handling that would put many pure sports cars to shame), but they can be driven quickly enough to evade most pursuers. "After all," says Bondurant, "it's unlikely the guy at the wheel of the terrorists' car has had any professional training, so a little edge in skill can make a lot of difference."

Howard has recovered and is back behind the wheel, pressing around a tight slalom course in his rented Chrysler Cordoba. (While some companies supply the company limousines for the training sessions, many chauffeurs appear with other cars. Bondurant has found the Cordoba to be the most durable and nimble of the readily available full-size rental cars and recommends it to students who are unable to bring along the company limousine.) Howard's normal machine is a 6300-pound Cadillac Fleetwood that he operates in the ruck of metropolitan New York traffic, picking up his boss at his New Jersey home each morning, driving him to his Manhattan office, then home again at night. Until he took the course, Howard's schedule was like clockwork, his route rigidly fixed. That will now change. Bondurant recommends fluid driving patterns to prevent the creation of ambushes or roadblocks. Even before arriving at the school, Howard instituted simple preventive procedures. The windows are up, the doors locked and the fuel tank full whenever he has the boss on board. He has associates who carry .38-special revolvers stashed in the glove box, though he travels unarmed.

Armed chauffeurs? Bootleg turns in Caddy limousines to avoid mobs of AK-47-toting terrorists? What sort of melodramatic hokey is this? Who created this bizarre ego trip whereby every stiff whose company provides him with a car and driver now considers himself kidnap bait or assassination fodder? Is Howard really serious as he laboriously tries to accustom himself to the niceties of evasive driving? "I never thought being a chauffeur would come to this," he says grimly. "But this is no joke. My boss has had some pretty alarming things happen to him. His wife received a tape recording from some outfit called the Bicentennial Revolutionary Group, or something, and it outlined what a capitalist rat her husband was. Then there was an explosion in the offices of the big petrochemical company in our building. Yeah, and my boss was one of the 75 executives to receive death-threat letters from Squeaky Fromme. That kind of stuff has got to put you on edge."

A lot of people are on edge. More than 60 major companies have sent drivers and

f-folkies



“Oddly enough, the shoe didn’t fit at all!”

chauffeurs to Bondurant's school and more are signing up each day. Most of the petroleum giants have sent men, as have other major, multinational corporations. U.S. Steel, Alcoa and St. Regis Paper Company have enrolled drivers in the course. Chemical companies, banks and even fast-food chains have been represented, but, like the oil biggies, they desire confidentiality. Even the Government is involved in such training for its drivers, though nothing is known about the program. "I approached the FBI and the CIA about setting up an antiterrorist program for Government drivers," says Bondurant. "They would only say that they had a program of their own. They refused to give any details."

Night has fallen over Sears Point and Howard has eased off into the darkness with his Cordoba to begin his final exam. Bondurant sits behind the wheel of his idling 450SE Mercedes and ponders the situation. "Up to now, the guy just hasn't caught on. As a group, chauffeurs are hard to teach, but generally they make more progress than Howard. The bad thing is, I've got to write a report on

him. But who knows, maybe he'll put it all together tonight."

This is Howard's big chance. The night chase is the bonanza finale of the school and is a solid measurement of how much a student has assimilated during the four days. The object is to escape from Bondurant and his Mercedes, using every driving tactic except outright collision. Howard has been given a five-minute head start, with the opportunity to range over each square foot of the 700-acre property. The chase is over when Bondurant is able to force his quarry off the road long enough for him to leap out of his Mercedes and tag any part of the stopped machine. Once he begins his pursuit, very few drivers last more than five minutes before being run down. Bondurant and his automobile are that effective as hunter-killers in this particular game and, based on his performance up to now, Howard seems doomed to being overwhelmed almost before he begins.

Bondurant checks his watch, then eases the 450SE into gear. He begins to circuit the road course slowly, his eyes probing for the lights of Howard's Cordoba.

"There he is," he says quietly, spotting the vague image of a car's headlights tracking along the pavement about a mile distant. The Mercedes accelerates as if propelled by turbines and suddenly Bondurant is lashing through the corners at incredible speeds, making easy corrections with the steering wheel and throttle and giving occasional gentle applications of the brakes. He is gobbling up the distance between himself and Howard like a cheetah at full stride, and soon the Cordoba's taillights are blossoming a few yards ahead. "Old Howard is making a run for it," says a pleased Bondurant. Seeking a tight line through a sweeping right-hander, Howard opens a space on his left flank, which Bondurant fiercely seizes. He throws the Mercedes through the corner in a hard slide and exits nose to nose with his victim. A burst of speed and he is in front, nosing the Cordoba toward the shoulder of the track. Howard has little choice but to brake and bring his machine to a halt.

But no sooner has he stopped a few yards from the Mercedes that blocks his path than he has poked the gear selector into reverse and punched the throttle. His car leaps backward, then lashes around in a perfectly executed reverse 180-degree turn. Within seconds, he is rushing away into the night. "How 'bout that Howard?" yells Bondurant with delight as he accelerates after him, pressing the Mercedes to its limit. The two machines squirm through a series of ess bends and, owing to Bondurant's expertise and his car's sweet handling, the distance is quickly narrowed again. But Howard is not giving up. As Bondurant draws even, Howard spikes the brakes and flings his car into a ragged but effective 180-degree forward spin. Yes, in the face of real competition, Howard, the E-Z-ride specialist—the man who wouldn't think of jostling his passengers—is bashing around like a refugee from Joie Chitwood's auto thrill show. And he's hanging in there against the best car-and-driver combination he will ever face. If he can do this well against Bondurant, he might have a chance against some jittery, quasi-competent terrorist wheelman.

Finally, it is over. Bondurant has run Howard into a small ditch bordering the track, but Howard has acquitted himself admirably. "Super job, Howard," says Bondurant. "Frankly, I didn't think you had it in you."

His student is pleased but subdued. "I know I didn't do as well as you wanted, but I know I'm leaving here a hell of a lot better driver than I came in," he says quietly.

For himself and his fat-cat boss from New Jersey, the improvement just might mean the difference between life and death.



"For God's sake, Ma!  
A year ago, you were telling me,  
'Get a haircut.'"

# Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro  
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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HABITAT

## THOSE SEMIPRECIOUS BEANS

**A**lthough the current high price of coffee has stirred up a brewhaha, it pays to keep things in perspective; 16th Century Turks considered java such a necessity that failure to provide coffee for one's wife was grounds for divorce. The answer, then, is not to forgo the pleasure of a steaming cup, despite the spiraling costs, but to put your money where your mouth is by investing in the best brewing equipment available. From left to right: Chemex' simple but effective hourglass-shaped vessel makes from two to seven cups, \$9.95. The Braun Aromaster practically does everything but wash the dishes; in nine minutes, it makes from two to eight cups, then

automatically switches on a hot plate to keep the coffee warm (the brewing element switches off automatically)—all for \$80. Melitta's porcelain carafe can be cleaned in the dishwasher; when a brew is ready, the filter top/lid doubles as a serving dispenser, \$19.95, including ten filters. The Waring grinder, with its handsome see-through construction, proves that the notion that it's difficult to make coffee from scratch doesn't amount to a hill of beans; the machine can be set to produce 12 different grinds, \$29.95. Last, you see the Coffee Plus dual system electric drip unit that offers the user two independent means of making coffee or tea, by Krups, \$70. Now to raise the cash for the coffee.



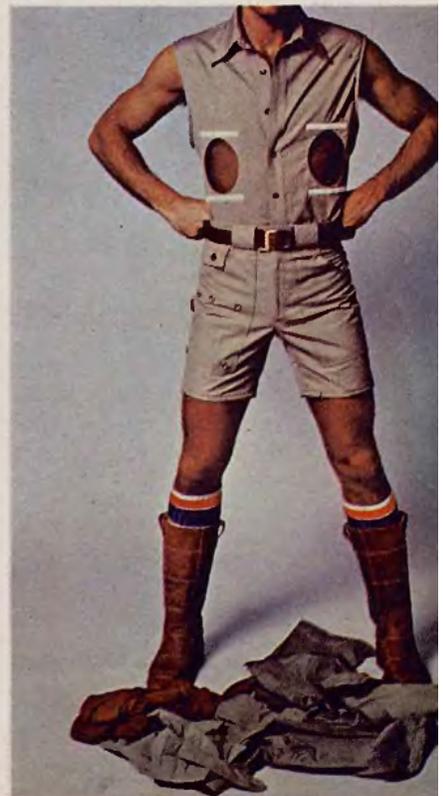
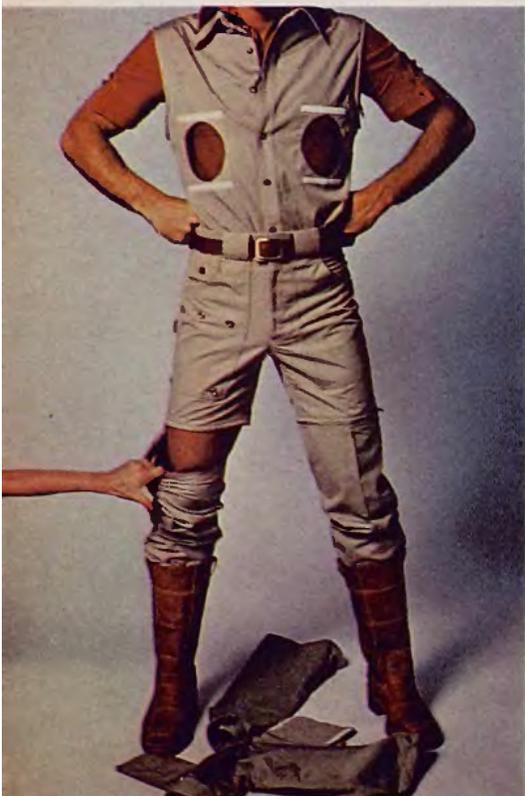
# FASHION

## GOING TO PIECES IN STYLE



You can take it off, take it almost all off, with this crazy new outfit, by Bert Pulitzer, that begins as a military-style silicone-treated cotton shirt, \$150, with matching multipocketed slacks, \$185, and—snap, crackle, zip—ends up a pared-down sleeveless shirt and trim-

fitting shorts. Add a short-sleeved pullover, by Roland, \$25, a cowhide belt, by Paris Accessories for Men, \$9, and a pair of patchwork boots, by Dingo for Acme, \$41.95, and you'll need a swagger stick to keep the fair sex at bay. —DAVID PLATT



# MAKING OUT FIRST LINE OF OFFENSE

*I'm a singles-club mystic, I come on kinda cryptic, I got lines that you would not believe. The girls I surround, I seem to confound, I arrive and it's time to leave.*

In the beginning was the Word. Adam saw Eve, asked, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" and scored. It has never again been that easy, but not for lack of trying. The entire English language may well be the direct result of man's attempt to come up with opening lines.

Of course, there are the strong, silent types, who don't need introductory remarks. They act first and ask questions later. Usually, the first words to pass their lips are, "Did you come?" The rest of us, however, have to make do with raw wit and whatever's there on the tip of the tongue. Theoretically, an opening line should operate as a mating call. A young man could tape his favorite saying to the inside cover of his little black book. Whenever he met a likely prospect, he could whip out the book and read the girl her rights, like a cop reciting the *Miranda* decision: "You have the right to remain silent, but I much prefer girls who make noise."

In the interest of science, and an improved social life, I set out to interview a large number of women to find out what kind of lines caught and held their attention. I discovered that there are three standard topics of conversation in most encounters—a woman's mind, a woman's body and a woman's clothes. Not necessarily in that order. As a rule, it is better to comment on specifics than to generalize. Girls dress for someone. Show that you are an appreciative audience. Perhaps: "Hey, you do your shopping at Sam's Army-Navy, too!" Or: "Can I watch you model all the clothes in your closet?" Or: "I've got a dress just like that at home. Would you like to come over and try it on?"

That last line may sound weird, but it demonstrates a classic approach: the eccentric come-on. At first, your victim believes that your routine is a put-on. When she discovers that you are absolutely serious, she will be so repentant that the rest of the evening is at your command.

The eccentric come-on is a fine way to compliment a woman about her body. Everyone loves an unsolicited endorsement, but a woman does not always react to a statement of the obvious. You might try: "Contrary to the mainstream of American youth, I am not particularly attracted to tits and ass, although if I were, I would surely find yours prime examples. No, I have set my sights higher. Collarbones and sacral dimples turn me on. Would you

be so kind as to show me yours?" Or: "Nice kneecaps."

The eccentric come-on also works well when combined with an attitude of considered indifference. To wit: Astrological signs are one of the great triumphs of democracy. Everyone has a sign, because everyone was born. Having established that you do not date the unborn, you aren't about to refuse someone just because she is a Taurus, right? Wrong. Next time you learn someone's sign, turn pale, announce that you are hopelessly incompatible and walk off. Within ten minutes, the girl will have you up against the cloakroom wall, a knife at your throat and/or two heaving breasts in your face, seeking to prove your theory false.

Other examples: Pretend somebody's following you. Embrace a stranger with the whispered plea—"Kiss me, I'll explain later." After a few minutes, disengage, thank her, but say that it would be better if she didn't get involved. Flee into the night. If she ever sees you again, she will demand to know what it was all about. Tony Perkins used a variant of this technique in *Pretty Poison*, when he passed himself off as a Government agent: "I can say no more." Tuesday Weld fell for it.

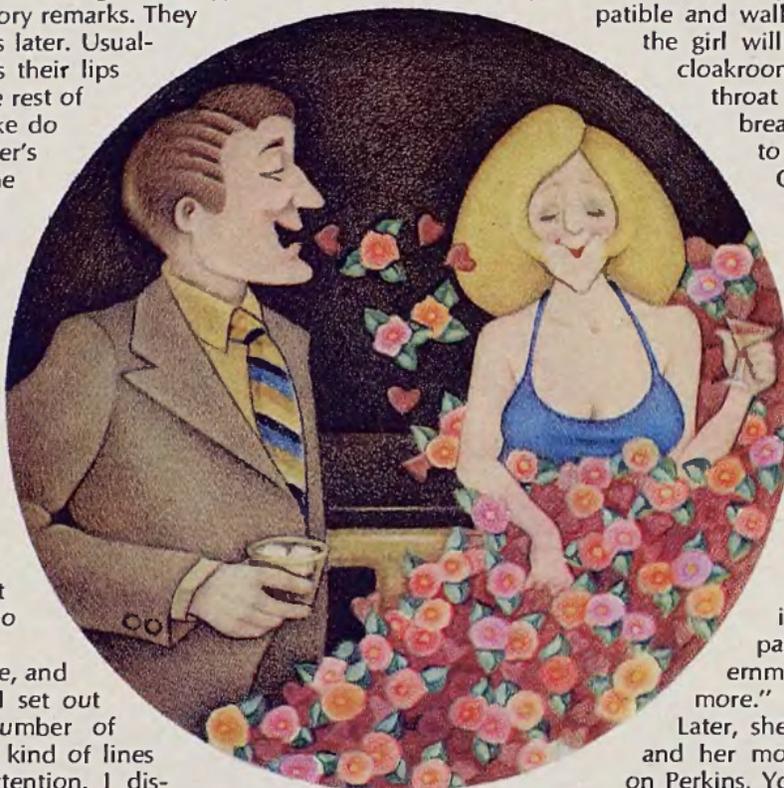
Later, she killed a night watchman and her mother and pinned the rap on Perkins. You win some and you lose some.

If you want to go for the girl's mind, try the random psychological insight. Appear to know something about her that she doesn't know herself. Everyone is a sucker for inside information. If you see a girl standing on the beach at sunset, approach her and ask, "Are you here because you appreciate solitude, or are you here waiting to be discovered by someone who will respect you for your appreciation of solitude?"

You might consider an outright appeal to the female instinct. Throw yourself on her mercy: "It's cold, it's raining, my car is being repaired and I'm broke, but my bed's got a superfirm mattress and my night table's got a gram of coke on it."

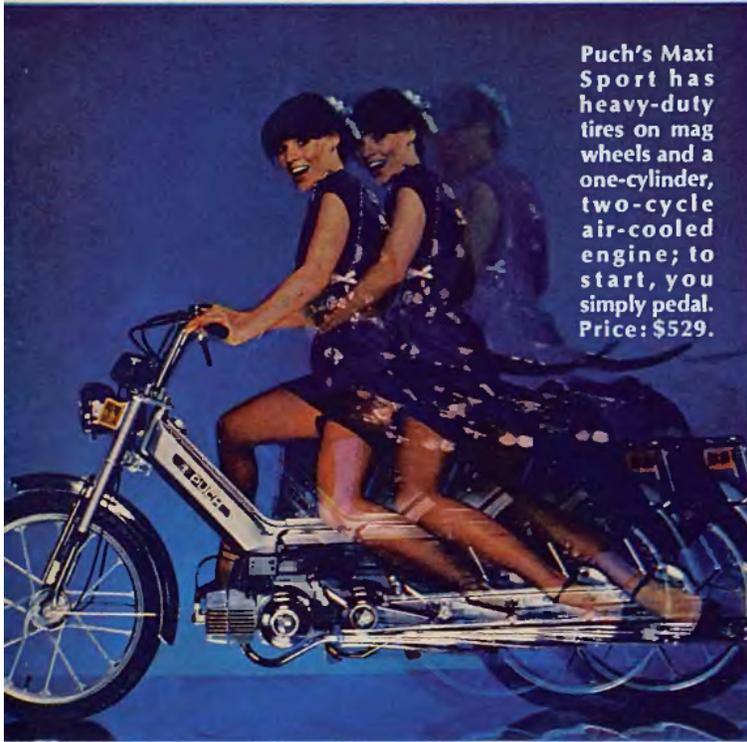
The simple truth of the matter is: Opening lines seldom if ever work. Of all the girls I have talked to, only one had been swept off her feet by an opening line. She lived with the guy for six months. Unfortunately, she couldn't recall exactly what it was he said. And I've only observed one opening line that actually worked. I saw this dude standing outside of a singles bar as a foxy chick approached. "Don't go in there," he warned her. "If you do, some creep's bound to ask, 'What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?' Avoid the hassle. Come home with me now." And she did.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



## WHEELS

# THE MOPED MAKES ITS MOVE



Puch's Maxi Sport has heavy-duty tires on mag wheels and a one-cylinder, two-cycle air-cooled engine; to start, you simply pedal. Price: \$529.



Batavus' HS 50 features a rubber-mounted engine and motorcycle-style handle bars. Top speed is 30 mph. It goes for \$489.

If you're in the market for something to tool around town on at speeds up to 30 mph while getting more than 150 miles to a gallon of gas, consider a moped. Mopeds (the name is a coined word for motorized bicycle) have been used for many years in Europe and the Orient for shopping, commuting to work or just plain joy riding; now they've jumped the big pond and are selling like crazy over here.

And because of their low power and high gas economy, about half the states have enacted legislation that removes mopeds from the motorcycle status, thus helping eliminate many of the hassles that go along with owning a bike. Furthermore, if you can ride a bicycle, you can handle a moped, as most models have automatic transmissions. At 150 miles to a gallon of gas, mopeds soon may be the only way to go.



The Bravo offers a rotary induction-type engine for economy; press a button and it's a pedal bike, by Vespa of America, \$515.



The 50L, by Motobecane America, offers drum brakes and a speedometer, \$459, plus optional luggage baskets, \$29.95, and a big windscreen, about \$35.

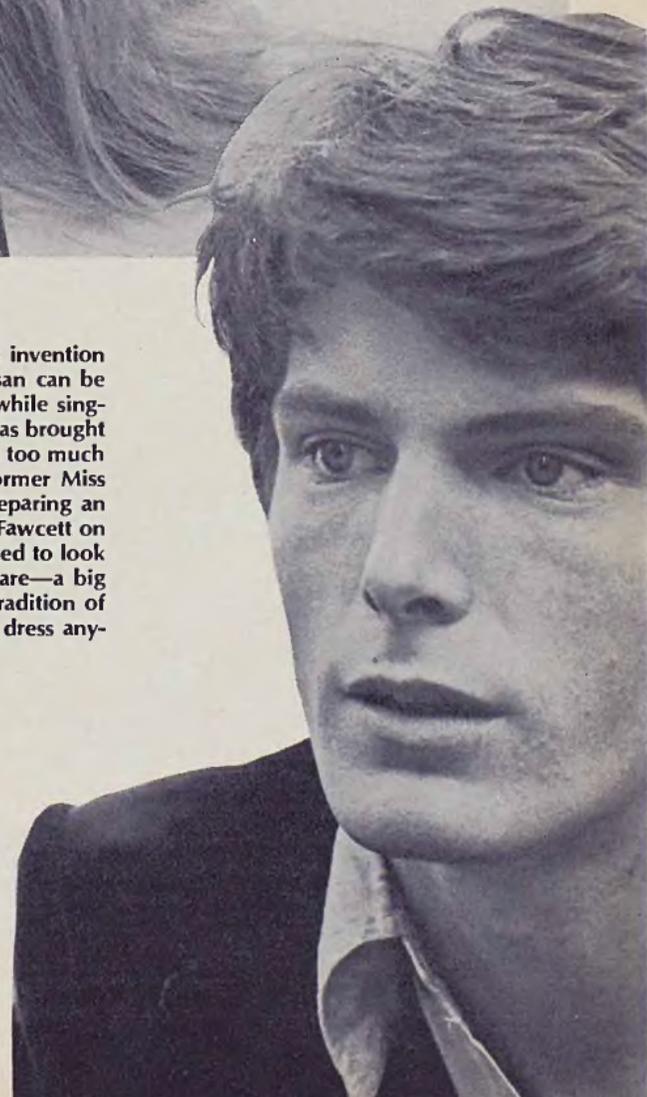


### Where There's Smoke

SUSAN ANTON may be the best thing to have happened to cigars since the invention of matches. Having replaced Edie Adams as the Muriel cigar spokesperson, Susan can be seen willowing around locker rooms and coming on to tennis players—all the while singing, "Muriel lights a flame in me. Where there's Muriel smoke, there's fire." She has brought back the mystique to stogie puffing. CBS, however, thinks she has brought a little too much mystique and won't run the commercials. A leggy beauty, Susan is 5'11", a former Miss California and—sorry, boys—married to personal manager Jack Stein. She's preparing an album and there are rumors about that she is being considered to replace Farrah Fawcett on "Charlie's Angels." Can her hairdo fill the dramatic void left by FF's? "My hair used to look a lot like hers, so I changed it. But I can't change another feature we both share—a big smile." If she makes it to the "Charlie's Angels" show, will she carry on FF's tradition of bralessness on prime time? "Sure, but not because she does it. That's the way I dress anyway. I burned mine when the rest of the libbers did years ago."

### Here Comes the Krypton Kid

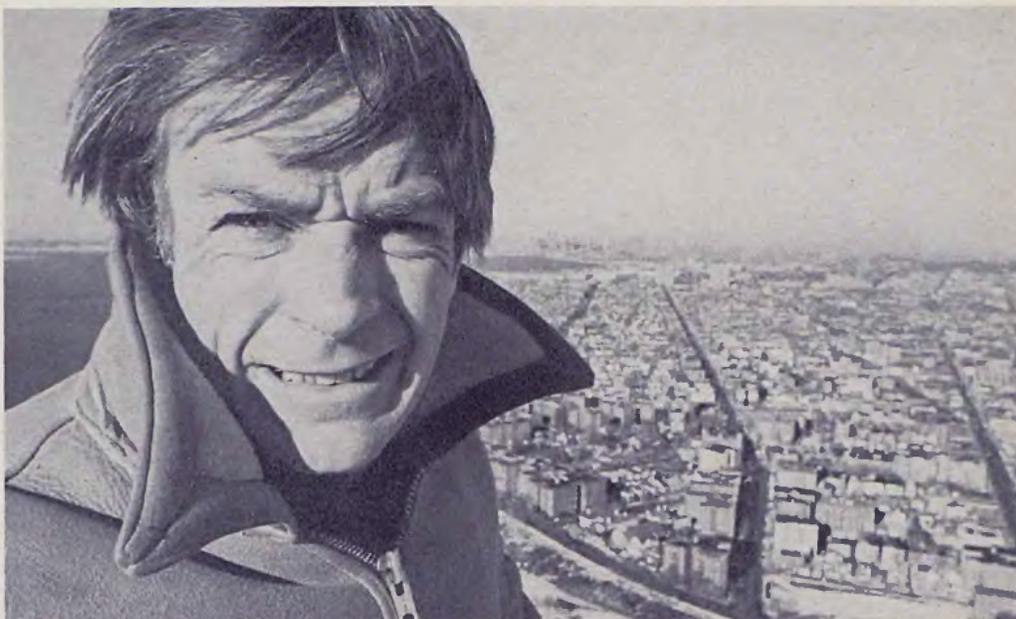
According to the publicity people at Warner Bros., the world will have to wait until the summer of 1978 to find out if CHRISTOPHER REEVE, the new Superman, is a new superstar. But from here, his chances look good. In being chosen for the role of the Man of Steel in the \$25,000,000 production now filming in England, Reeve beat out 200 other guys, including Olympic decathlon champ Bruce Jenner. Reeve, who is 24, used to appear in the TV soaper "Love of Life." Now he will test himself against two established supermen, Marlon Brando and Gene Hackman, his co-stars. Meanwhile, keep checking your local phone booths for mild-mannered reporters.





## Lucky Star

"I've wanted to be an actress since I was a little girl, and I love Fellini's films, so when an astrologer told me she'd never seen so perfect a match as the one between Fellini's planets and mine, I flew to Rome, looking for a role in 'Casanova,' which he was then filming. I called at his office and when I saw him, he looked at me for a long time and said, 'You've come in like an angel. You came when I needed you.' I reported for work three days later." And that's how CARLI BUCHANAN, Akron native, Kent State Ph.D. and New York University psychology professor, became Carli Buchanan, actress. With two more European films under her belt and more roles lined up, "Professor" Buchanan seems to have retired for the time being. "Lola Albright was the last actress from Akron to make it," she says, "and I think it's time for another." Who can argue with the stars?



OWEN FRANKEN/SYGMA

## Winner and New Champ

Director JOHN ("Joe," "Save the Tiger," "Cry Uncle") AVILDSEN, like the hero of his Academy Award-winning movie, "Rocky," is a battler who never worries about the odds. He certainly was not an odds-on favorite to cop this year's Director's Guild of America award and best-direction Oscar—yet he won both and is now heavyweight champion of Hollywood. Actually, Avildsen is an expert at garnering Academy Award nominations ("Save the Tiger" received three, netting Jack Lemmon a best-actor Oscar, and "Rocky" received a total of ten) and he is also a specialist at evoking career-making performances; Peter Boyle, Allen Garfield, Susan Sarandon and, of course, Sylvester Stallone all burst onto the scene in Avildsen-directed films. How does he do it? "I don't honestly know; I'm much too engrossed in the actual making of the film to be aware of potential Oscars. I like to work with actors, writers, cinematographers who don't have well-established reputations; they're more flexible and innovative, more willing to take chances." Avildsen's next project, "Slow Dancing in the Big City," is by Barra Grant, a promising but untested young screenwriter. "It's the first time I'm making a film written by a woman. It's a story of love and courage set in New York City," which should suit Avildsen, a confirmed Manhattanite, just fine.

## Defending Writers' Dollars

For MORTON JANKLOW, corporate financial lawyer turned part-time literary agent, representing authors is much like fighting a war. "I'm an advocate—I take a person's cause and go into battle with it." Because of Janklow's legal finesse and a finely honed instinct for best sellers, the literary side of his law firm's business has been astoundingly successful. Case in point: William Safire's novel "Full Disclosure," to be published this summer, brought the highest paperback price for a first novel, \$1,375,000. How has Janklow's firm conquered New York's tight literary circle in just three short years? "We approached the literary-market arena with a fresh vision—as lawyers. We studied every publisher's contract. I got to know every editor in chief and publisher in the city. And I am a superb negotiator." Right now, most of Janklow's clients are media and political stars—Bernard and Marvin Kalb, Daniel Schorr, John Ehrlichman, Pat Moynihan, Dick Tuck—but word of his big deals is spreading rapidly. "Every lunatic who wants to write a book of poetry is calling me," Janklow laments. He's a big fan of Norman Mailer's: "I'd do anything to get him as a client." Are you there, Norman?



VERNON L. SMITH

## ARE YOU FINISHED YET?

At last! Now you, too, can see where you fit on the scale of erotic evolution. We talked with several animal-behavior specialists and developed the following "score" chart, which shows the approximate length of time various mammals (including us humans) need to have coitus successfully. The results bring a whole new world of meaning to expressions like "Fuck like a mink" or "Are you a man or a mouse?"

- Cats—approximately ten seconds.
- Cattle—several seconds.
- Chimpanzees—10–15 seconds. They have intervaginal thrusting, like us.
- Dogs—they lock genitals, and this can last from 20 minutes to 45 minutes.
- Elephants—30 to 60 seconds, and they can vigorously thrust their penis *without* moving their pelvis!
- Wolves—up to two hours.
- Pigs—can last a couple of hours.
- Minks—they lock and can go up to two hours.
- Humans—two minutes to a half hour. Sorry.
- Mice—ten seconds.
- Porpoises—3.8 seconds.
- Tigers—12.4 seconds.
- Lions—20 seconds to one minute. Some king of beasts.

## CLIMATING

Lives there an American male who hasn't envied the men of the tropics—where we're sure that hot, steamy days lead to even steamier nights? Well, now we can stop feeling jealous, because "There's no evidence that I know of that people who live in warm climates are any more interested in sex than people in Scandinavia," asserts Dr. Lawrence Jackman, director of the human-sexuality program at Albert Einstein College of Medicine. "The fantasy of better sex in a hot climate is nicer than the actuality, because under any extreme temperature conditions, hot or cold, all the body energies decline—and that includes the sex drive. This especially happens when the humidity is high in conjunction with heat. In fact, what triggers libido on a hormonal level is a very open question, which has no definite answers as yet. We do know that sexual responses are linked to important psychological factors that have nothing to do with temperature. For example, people incorrectly assume that Latin men are more libidinous because of the climate; but this really seems to have much more to do with their cultural conditioning toward sex than anything else." Take that, Don Juan.

## CLASS ACT

Female orgasms may *really* become status symbols when this gets around: "It seems that the higher

the economic level, the more women are able to climax," Dr. Seymour Fisher, author of *The Female Orgasm*, told us. He's an expert on the relationship between female sexuality and social background. "This is linked to several factors; two important ones are the level of feeling in the male/female couple and the women's interactions with their fathers." He went on to explain that in lower-class, less-educated families, there tends to be more traditional role playing and, thus, less communication of feelings. When emotions between lovers are not expressed or understood, it becomes harder for a woman to experience orgasm. Also, women from these homes often have had fathers who are on the tough side and therefore tend to subconsciously develop a fear of men.

This phenomenon is different in middle-class, higher-educated homes. "The fathers tend to be more caring and interested. They take a concerned attitude toward their daughters and set standards for them that may help these women feel more relaxed when making love," Dr. Fisher explained. "But the factor that most surprised us was the relationship between the way a woman achieves orgasm and the technique a man uses. It appears that sexual skills are relatively unimportant—what the women really need is a strong level of confidence in their men. When they feel it, the orgasms are easily achieved, as opposed to when the women are nervous or frightened."

## HYPNOTEASE

Latest news from the erotic-dream department indicates that we can't have wet ones. At least not when they're hypnotically suggested. This was discovered in a recent experiment conducted by Dr. Richard O'Brien, trained hypnotist and clinical psychologist at Lycoming College, who attempted to mesmerize three young men into having nocturnal emissions because "we want to find out what sort of things we can do with hypnosis in regards to dreaming." Clever man. Dr. O'Brien told us that "dreams are especially important to study, because many people experience deep anxiety through them. We try to decrease fear responses by giving people pleasant suggestions to sleep on. In this case, our subjects were hypnotized with sexually stimulating images and were told that they would have nocturnal emissions." Why wet dreams? So that the stained sheets would be proof that the experiment worked. Honest. However, O'Brien found that when morning had come, the young men had not. "But this doesn't mean that the experiment itself was a failure," said O'Brien. "We were very surprised to find that each of the subjects reported an exceptionally pleasant sleep—much better than normal. This, in itself, was a very positive sign that our relaxation techniques worked."

—HOWARD SMITH AND  
BRIAN VAN DER HORST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY L.L.T. RHODES / ANIMALS ANIMALS



At 12.4 seconds to orgasm, the male Siberian tiger is short on stamina, and his technique leaves much to be desired. But with his formidable claws and fangs, it's a foolhardy female who'll request extended foreplay.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE DE DIENES

Photographer André de Dienes creates unusual patterns by turning his models into splittin' images of themselves. More views of this reflective theme are in his new book, "Nude Variations," published by Amphoto.



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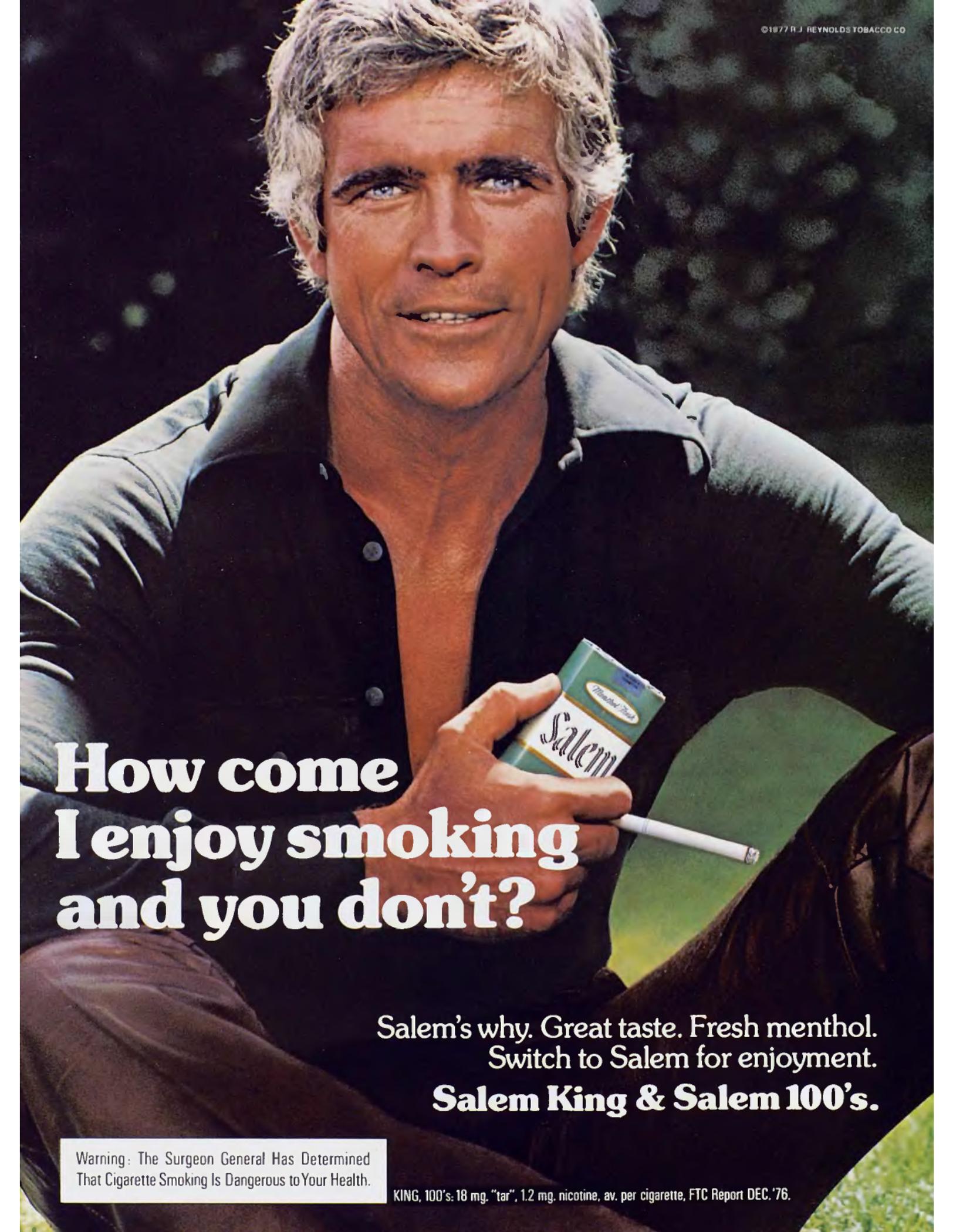
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