PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JANUARY 1978 • $2.25
HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
15-PAGE PLAYMATE REVIEW– OUR BIGGEST, BEST YET
GREAT MOMENTS IN SEX '77
MEL BROOKS' NEW CRAZY MOVIE
FELLINI, PECKINPAH, VADIM AND ANTONIONI PICTURE THEIR EROTIC VISIONS
YOUR OWN TEAR-OUT HOLLYWOOD BOARD GAME
DAN GREENBURG RETURNS TO SEX HEAVEN
FICTION BY IRWIN SHAW AND ERICH SEGAL
UFO'S: PLAYBOY PANELISTS SEPARATE FACT FROM FANTASY
SHEL SILVERSTEIN'S BIG SMOKE-OFF

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PLAYBILL

WE'RE CELEBRATING our 24th anniversary this month and, during those two dozen years, we like to feel, we've developed some special relationships: first of all, of course, with you, our readers, but also with several contributors who have become almost like members of the family. **Irwin Shaw,** for example, has been with PLAYBOY for 23 of those 24 years. Portions of his wildly successful *Rich Man, Poor Man* first appeared in PLAYBOY in 1970 and we carried two installments from his sequel, *Beggarman, Thief,* this past September and October. So we're especially pleased to be able to bring you this month our 15th Shaw selection, *Full Many a Flower*: a funny yarn about how a rich gypsy turns a bunch of gridiron castoffs into champs. This is the first short story Shaw, who describes himself as "an old (very old) quarterback," has written in several years. Football, which he says he regards as "a brutal, degrading and marvelous sport," has been the subject of several of his tales, including the first we ever published, *The Eighty-Yard Run,* back in May of 1955.

Another best-selling author is making his first PLAYBOY appearance this month. **Erich Segal,** the Dartmouth classics professor whose *Love Story* has sold more than 11,000,000 copies in the U. S. (plus lots more in 33 foreign translations), brings us *Doctor Fastest,* a new twist on the sell-your-soul-to-the-Devil theme. To understand *Doctor Fastest,* which may become a TV movie, it helps to realize that Segal considers himself "the world's best-known mediocre athlete." He has competed in more than 40 marathons—he actually won one in Washington, D.C., in 1963—and still runs 15 kilometers daily.

Back in May 1965, French philosopher **Jean-Paul Sartre** admitted in his *Playboy Interview* that he preferred the company of women to that of men. Sartre expounded on that motif recently for **Catherine Chaine,** whose report in the leading liberal newsweekly, *Le Nouvel Observateur,* caused such a stir that we've translated it for you as *A Conversation About Sex and Women with Jean-Paul Sartre.*

Mel Brooks is one of only three persons ever to be *Playboy Interview* subjects twice. (For trivia fans, the other two were Muhammad Ali and the late Jimmy Hoffa.) You first sampled Brooks's zany *Young Frankenstein* in these pages; this month, we whet your appetite for his newest film, *High Anxiety*—a spoof on Alfred Hitchcock movies—written with **Ron Clark, Rudy De Luca** and **Barry Levinson** and recently published in novel form by Ace Books.

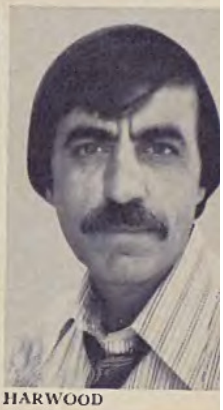
Speaking of movies, do we have a package for you! Start with **Jim Harwood**'s *Hollywood Goes Big-Budget Bananas,* the story (illustrated by **Peter Green**) of, among other things, how studios can actually make money on turkeys; move right along to **Pennfield Jensen**'s special take-out on the special-effects wizards, *So That's How They Do It!*; then plunge into *The Hollywood Hustle,* a challenging board game developed over a six-month period by Associate Editor **John Blumenthal,** drawing upon the expertise of Harwood and Jensen. Artist **John Van Hamersveld** designed the game board; Assistant Art Director **Skip Williamson** supervised the look of the whole package. Jensen tells us he got the idea for his special-effects piece while watching the simulated explosion of one of Idi Amin's jet planes for Irvin Kershner's NBC *Big Event* movie, *Raid on Entebbe,* for which Jensen was assistant to the director. Now, he says, his goal is to write a screenplay about the last voyage of Captain Cook, to be directed by Kershner and to star Carrie Snodgress as the famous seaman's wife. Harwood tried and subsequently eschewed careers as a Methodist preacher, a *Wall Street Journal* correspondent, a TV newsman and an authority on soul food ("to market my soul-food cookbook, the publishers had to identify me as a black history professor, though I was neither black nor a professor") before becoming a *Variety* correspondent in Hollywood. He also wrote our sidebar piece, *The*

SHAW

BROOKS

SEGAL

CHAINE


HARWOOD

JENSEN

GREEN

VAN HAMERSVELD

WILLIAMSON, BLUMENTHAL

CADY

HALEY

SILVERSTEIN

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UTTERBACK

WAX

BEAUDET, NOLAN, MC NEESE, SUSKI

NEWTON

WICKER, HOLLAND

Making of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," about Steven Spielberg's new UFO movie. "I thought I saw a UFO the other night," Harwood reported, "but it turned out to be a helicopter."

People who have seen UFOs, people who want to study them and people who deny that they exist get their innings in another January package: a *Playboy Panel* on unidentified flying objects; *All Aboard!*, the stories of three persons who claim to have been taken aboard flying saucers; and a spread of UFO pictures. Contributing Editor **Murray Fisher** conducted many of the discussions before he got too busy with other things—notably, helping Alex Haley whip *Roots* into shape—but the compilation of the whole thing ended up in the lap of **Barbara Cady,** who, effective with this month's issue, is the new editor in chief of *Playgirl* magazine. Cady (who conducted our John Dean and Norman Lear interviews) had a big assist from free-lance writer **Donald Carroll;** material for the package—including some surprising quotes from famous people—was dug up by Research Editor **Kate Nolan** and the results were fine-tuned by Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese.**

Partial blame for what you find in our second annual *Year in Sex* retrospective can also be placed upon Nolan and McNeese, who were its researcher and writer/editor, respectively. Joining in the madness were Associate Art Director **Chet Suski** and Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet.**

A moment ago, we mentioned **Alex Haley.** As regular readers know, Alex did most of his early magazine writing for us. For those who didn't know, we present herewith some samples from *Alex Haley's Candid Conversations.* We caught up with Alex in Washington, D.C., where he'd just served as President Jimmy Carter's alibi for being late to the annual dinner of the Congressional Black Caucus. Carter's explanation: He'd met Alex coming into the dining room and had made the mistake of asking him how his family was. "We did talk about family," says Haley, "and about Sunday school. And the President commented that [within the] last year we had both gotten famous enough to be interviewed by PLAYBOY." During the ten months that followed *Roots'* publication and precedent-shattering TV presentation, Alex told us, "I spent only 22 nights in my own bed." Due on ABC-TV this month is a documentary on how the book got put together and what has happened to it—and to Haley—since, called *Roots One Year Later;* Alex is also working on *Roots II, the Second Hundred Years,* scheduled for telecasting sometime during 1979.

My, How Time Flies Department: **Shel Silverstein** made his first appearance in PLAYBOY in 1956. This month, he's written and illustrated *The Smoke Off,* a tone poem about a great pot-puffing contest in Yankee Stadium.

Dan Greenburg returns to the scene of his flashy orgasms, Sandstone, in *Take My Wife—Please!* illustrated by **Bill Utterback** (PLAYBOY, class of '68), whose work also adorns **Judith Wax's** *That Was the Year That Was.* Dan's finishing a novel, *The Hyena.* It's about a psychotic sex killer and, to make his research more authentic, he rides with New York homicide cops. "I now sleep with the lights on," says he.

For the past ten years, **Brad Holland** has been illustrating our *Ribald Classics.* Recently, his book of political drawings, *Human Scandals* (published by Thomas Y. Crowell), came out to critical acclaim. We reproduce a few of the drawings in *A Terrible Beauty,* together with introductory commentary by **Tom Wicker,** a columnist for *The New York Times.* (Wicker has a book in work, too: *On Press,* about his experiences in 28 years as a journalist, is due next month from Viking.)

There's a lot more in store as you open this issue, of course. We've expanded our annual awards to include art and photography (by the way, an outstanding example of the latter is offered by famous fashion lensman **Helmut Newton,** who shot *Tomorrow's Turn-Ons*), and we've added some what-have-they-been-up-to-lately? photos to *Playboy's Playmate Review.* And eight famed film directors (among them: Sam Peckinpah and Federico Fellini) realize their erotic fantasies in pictorial form. All in all, a happy anniversary issue.

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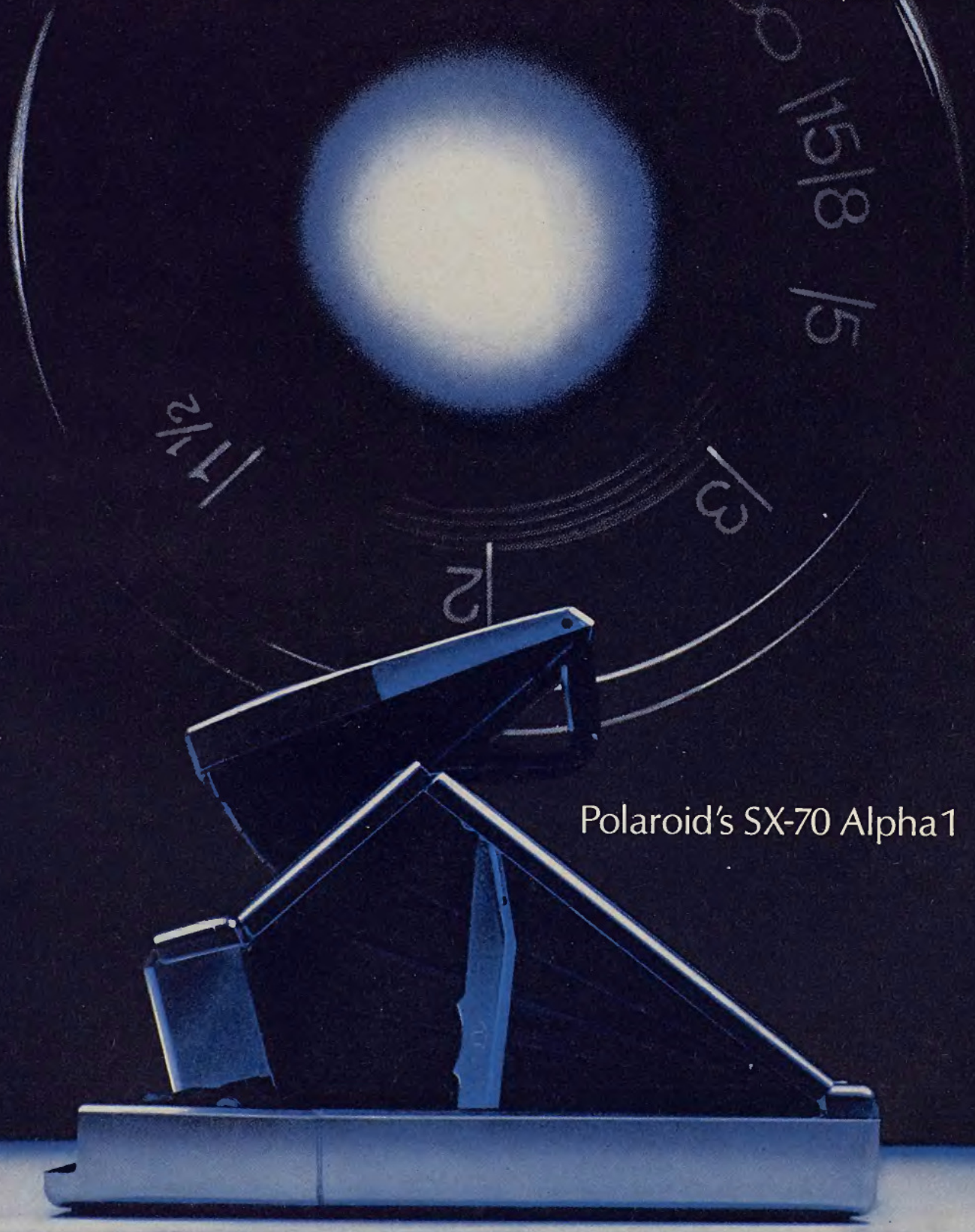

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PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

Once again, Senior Art Director Tom Staebler is the guiding force behind our cover. Staebler, who photographed the cover himself, says, "I wanted to capture the feeling of a New Year's Eve party winding down to an intimate finale." The about-to-be-undressed lady is last November's Playmate, Rita Lee, and the unseen possessor of the deft hand is our Modern Living Editor, Tom Owen. Now *that's* modern living.

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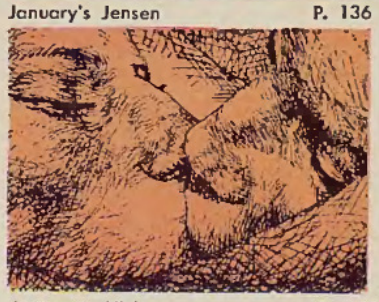

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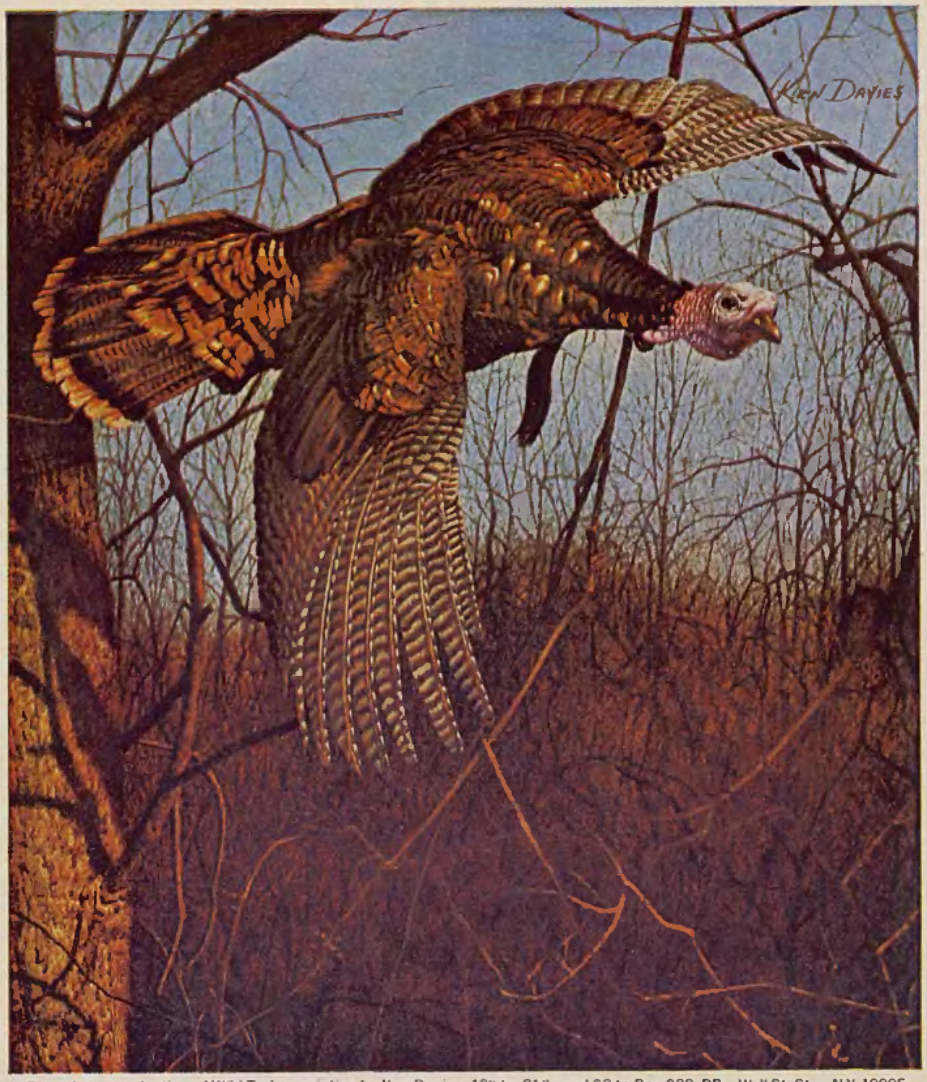

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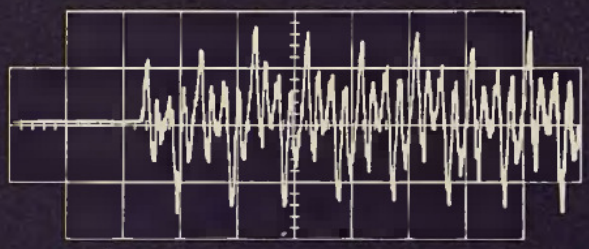

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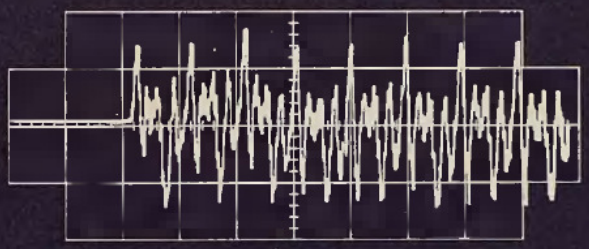

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It's hard to tell the difference. And that's our point. Technics Linear Phase Speaker Systems are the first speaker systems with not only a wide frequency response but also flat amplitude and complete linearity. And that makes them the first speaker systems capable of reproducing a musical waveform that's virtually a mirror image of the original.

How did we do it? First by conducting exhaustive amplitude and phase studies in acoustically perfect chambers. Then by developing a unique new phase-controlled crossover network that not only compensates for the time delays caused by different frequencies but simultaneously corrects any acoustic differences in the drivers. And finally by staggering each driver unit for the optimum acoustic position.

Technics Linear Phase SB-7000A, SB-6000A and SB-5000A. For music that sounds as it was originally played.

Technics *Professional Series*
by Panasonic

THE NEW 510. BEST ALL-AROUND DATSUN YET.

BIGGER THAN THE SMALL CARS. SMALLER THAN THE BIG CARS.

A whole new class of economy car. We drove our engineers to the limits. We demanded a car whose performance, room and ride were bigger than the small cars.' A car whose price and handling were smaller than the big cars.' We demanded a lot. And we got it.

The new 510 is big where you need it. In leg room, hip room, family room. Datsun engineers even extended the front seat track for extra stretch-out room.

The new 510 is small where it counts. On the outside, which means it can slip into the snuggest of parking spaces. New light-touch steering helps make it easy.

A. 5-Door Wagon.
B. 3-Door Hatchback.
C. 4-Door Sedan.
D. 2-Door Sedan.

Levers, switches, gauges galore. The new 510 abounds in conveniences you won't find in every economy car. Stalks mounted on the steering column control lights, turn signals, wipers and washer. A multi-level air-flow system cools you all over and, wonder of wonders, defrosts and defogs even the side windows. An electric defroster helps keep the rear window clear.

Built to endure. Every new 510 hitches an all-steel, all-welded unibody to a 2-liter overhead cam power plant we've raced to test endurance, and which won to prove it. A MacPherson strut front suspension helps iron out road wrinkles. And beefed-up insulation helps keep the noisy outside outside. Just like the big cars.

First and foremost, it's a Datsun. The new 510 is Datsun ingenuity at its best. A car that's big where you want it big, and small where you want it small. A whole new class of economy car, in Wagon, 2- and 4-Door Sedans and a Hatch-back that got 35 mpg highway, 25 mpg city. These are 1978 EPA estimates based on standard manual transmission. Your mileage may differ, depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment. California/high-altitude mileage lower.

The new 510. It's Datsun, dedicated to perfection; driven to excellence. Drive the new 510 for yourself. You'll find it's not only the best all-around Datsun yet. It just may be the best all-around economy car yet.

NOBODY DEMANDS MORE FROM A DATSUN THAN DATSUN.

DATSUN. WE ARE DRIVEN.

"You're perfect, 510!"

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

PLAYMATES JOIN STARSKY & HUTCH

Who's that shooting the breeze with David Soul? January 1976 Playmate Daina House, that's who. Daina and Patti McGuire appeared in the first *Starsky & Hutch* episode of the season, a two-hour special: "Starsky & Hutch on Playboy Island." At right, Daina greets Hutch at a posh hotel.

PATTI MC GUIRE UP IN THE AIR OVER ACAPULCO

Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire, visiting Mexico on behalf of our Latin-American edition *Caballero: Con lo Mejor de Playboy*, takes time out to parachute in Acapulco (above). While there, she presented awards to the winners of a Federación Mexicana de Vela yacht race; in Mexico City, she appeared at a press party as well as on several television shows.

HEF AND SONDRA DO A TURN

Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner enjoys a dance with July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore (above) during a *disco* party Hef tossed for a star-studded group of friends at the Playboy Mansion West not long ago.

GATEFOLD GIRLS BACK ROSEY

Actor/grid great Roosevelt Grier and friends (from left) Hope Olson, Miss October 1976; Denise Michele, Miss April 1976; and Ann Pennington, Miss March 1976, add a bit of brightness to the lives of inmates at the Terminal Island prison facility near L.A.

STARS COMPETE AT BENEFIT TENNIS TOURNEY

Participants in the 31st Annual Tennis and Crumpet Tournament for the benefit of the John Tracy Clinic, held on the grounds of Playboy Mansion West, included celebrities (from left) Desi Arnaz, Jr., actresses Donna Mills and Elke Sommer, pro Alex Olmedo.

The high cost of giving.

The gift of Boodles. A martini lover will appreciate it. Because it is the ultra-refined British gin produced from the world's costliest methods. Imported in glass from England and specially gift packaged for the holidays. After all, isn't it worth a bit more to give someone you appreciate what they will appreciate most.

Boodles. The world's costliest British gin.

94.4 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

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Every lens is designed to block out more of bright winter light than ordinary lenses.

In addition, all The Snowmen and The Snowbirds have polarized lenses to cut out up to 99% of horizontal reflected glare.

So you can see what people wearing ordinary sunglasses are missing.

The Snowmen and The Snowbirds by Cool-Ray, from $5 to $10.

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See what you're missing with Cool-Ray polarized sunglasses.

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STREISAND SPEAKS OUT

I was really happy to read the October *Playboy Interview* with Barbra Streisand. I have been a fan and an admirer of hers for about seven years now. In that time, I have seen, heard and read a lot of harsh, unfair criticism on Barbra and I was glad that in your interview she confronted these attacks logically and intelligently. It finally gave the public a chance to find out what an intelligent and beautiful person she really is. Way to go, Barbra, Lawrence Grobel and PLAYBOY!

Don McKee
Toronto, Ontario

Barbra Streisand has spoken out and, for the first time, I'm not clouded with doubt. I honestly believe what I've read. To Barbra, I say, forget about the wailing critics who seem to know it all. Your public of millions still loves you.

Chuck Whiting
Mobile, Alabama

After carefully studying the cover of your October issue and reading the interview with Barbra Streisand, I am convinced that she is not only an excellent actress and a terrific singer but a very beautiful lady as well.

Frank Miller, Jr.
East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

Barbra's interview is the best I've ever read with her and the most enlightening. The cover photograph ain't bad, either!

Sam Veta
Encino, California

I'm sure many of us have things we've wanted to do all our lives, things we've dreamed about. Barbra doesn't dream—she does them. What a super lady!

Debbie Dusenberry
Kansas City, Kansas

Her comments on conceit and ego tell it like it is. More people need to believe in themselves, and, yes, without feeling guilty!

Linda H. Ward
Nags Head, North Carolina

Not only have you published one of your sexiest covers ever but you have also published the best thing I've read on Streisand in eons!

Fred Abels
Centerline, Michigan

It shows us a very human and vulnerable side of her that we haven't seen before.

Danny Richie
Charlotte, North Carolina

You have let the lady reveal herself as a human being, a feat uncommon in journalism. Thank you.

Karen Schwehn
Golden, Colorado

Your cover on the October issue surprised me. But that's not all: Barbra Streisand has an outstanding pair of legs. They're just gorgeous.

R. Solms
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Barbra is working on herself, understanding her existence, trying to become a better person, and I admire and respect those qualities.

Les Whitehorne
Virginia Beach, Virginia

I'd be very interested to know how Barbra herself feels about the interview.

Peter Allison
Los Angeles, California

Interviewer Larry Grobel writes:

Just to set the record a few degrees straighter regarding two items that Barbra has called me on: The introduction states that "A Star Is Born" grossed about $30,000,000 world-wide. That should be the film-rental figure. The actual gross is

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close to three times that. Second, a quote that I culled from past clippings said that, to her, Brooklyn was "boredom, baseball and bad breath." She told me that that apparent misquote had been "following me like a bad scent and, in trying to set every record straight, you missed that one." She also said that she was delighted with the interview and felt she had at last been treated fairly.

JOY OF HOOKING

John Bowers' article *Ladies of Joy* (PLAYBOY, October) is one of the best and certainly the most honest I have seen on this topic. Bowers must have really done his homework.

Daniel F. Butler
Hollomon AFB, New Mexico

With regard to your *Ladies of Joy* pictorial, I must say that I have never seen a better-looking gal in your magazine than Linda Ching. Even though it took only the one picture for me to fall in love with her body, I would still enjoy seeing more of her.

Tom Blackstone
Downey, California

I'd just like to congratulate John Bowers on his magnificent article *Ladies of Joy*, which, in my opinion, is one of the best I've ever read. Why don't you have Bianca (pages 164–165) do a pictorial?

Virgil Copenhagen
Whittier, California

First, may I thank you for your high appraisal of my professional skills in "cosmetic dentistry"? However, lest anyone misconstrue your excellent article, I would like to clarify one significant point. Although I do treat a large number of "working girls," my practice is comprised primarily of patients in show business and the professions.

Arthur Zuckerman, D.D.S.
New York, New York

IN ZEUS WE TRUST

About your article on Madalyn Murray O'Hair and her American Atheist Association Convention (*Playboy After Hours*, October): I am very curious to know why this very outspoken atheist would exclaim "Oh, my God!" in a moment of fear. Perhaps I am wrong, but I thought atheism was the firm belief that there is no God.

Linda Brown
Grand Prairie, Texas

I enjoyed the article about the American Atheist Association and I think they are probably among the straightest people this country possesses.

Charles D. Abel
Oxford, Wisconsin

To set the record straight, my message to Ruth Carter Stapleton was "Fuck off"—*not* "Go fuck yourself." I never say the latter to women, because of the difficulties attendant thereto. For the rest, I'll accept Anson Mount's poetic license with the facts.

Madalyn Murray O'Hair
Austin, Texas

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

I am a commercial photographer in Tampa, Florida. I believe I have come up with a concept that has potential for use in your publication. You see, I have a pet bunny. No, not the beauty you see nibbling away in the enclosed photo but one of the fuzzy, four-legged species. As I was feeding him his daily repast one morning, I noticed that the carrot had the shape of a rabbit's head. As one of the many photographers who would like to do an assignment for PLAYBOY, I would appreciate your considering my work.

Terry Drymon
Tampa, Florida

Consider it considered, Terry. Even though we can't use unsolicited ideas, we liked it enough to comp up a cover using

your picture. For more good things from the garden, see our "Produce Department" on page 19.

POLLING THE PEOPLE

I found *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About American Public Opinion (But Only* PLAYBOY *Would Ask)* (PLAYBOY, September) quite interesting. As an engineer in the aerospace industry, I am greatly disturbed by the response to the question about the certainty of the moon landings. Had the Congress not cut the program's budget, we would have done them a few more times. The fact that one in four persons has at least some shred of doubt is truly an indictment of the relationship of the scientific community to the public at large.

William Hanna
West Covina, California

It was surprising to note the difference in percentages between those who claimed to believe in the Biblical God and those who claimed to believe in the Biblical Devil. I was under the impression that they came as a package deal—you couldn't have one without the other.

Craig A. Henry
Arlington, Texas

WINDER'S A WINNER

After viewing the October Playmate, Kristine Winder, we would like to extend to her an invitation to *our* dance.

Ray McCarroll
Mark DeMatteo
Long Beach, California

She is beautiful. One of the best I've seen in months. British Columbians, I envy you.

J. E. Getts
Lansing, Michigan

You have a real winner in Kristine Winder.

Josh Schneider
Reno, Nevada

Kristine Winder is, without a doubt, the sexiest Playmate since Patti McGuire. Good show! But whose? Who was the photographer?

Scott Stanford
Littleton, Colorado

Actually, it took four of our best lensmen to do justice to Kristine. Arny Freytag, Ken Honey and Ken Marcus contributed the basics and Mario Casilli provided the gatefold shot.

I was just wondering how you could have a picture of Miss Winder, bottom right, page 141, at the age of 18 if, by the birth date above, she was born on 10/15/55, which made her about to turn 17. I think someone needs to go back to elementary school.

Traynor Hurlburt
Whittier, California

Agreed. And here's your first problem: If you have 77 apples and give 55 away, how many days will pass before the doctor comes?

MASKED MARVELS

Your *Having a Masked Ball* pictorial in the October issue is the best photo story of the year in yours or any other magazine. I spotted Lillian, Patricia and Julia right off, without even needing the clues. I wish we could have seen more of Miss McClain's charms. I know it was special for Halloween, but why not have a guess-who quiz every issue?

Gary Mugford
Bramalea, Ontario

You tried to picture my fantasy but missed completely. I'm a motorcycle buff, so I guess the chick on pages 120–121 is supposed to tickle my fantasy. But there is a large and growing group of cycle enthusiasts who dress civilly and act respectfully toward law and order. I do have a fantasy

Le Car of the Year

Introducing the '78 version of the car that doubled sales in '77

The small car of the future is here today. We've combined innovative design and engineering with exceptional comfort, performance and economy to create a totally new kind of car.

Detroit's idea of a small car vs. Le Car's idea of a small car.

Le Car is not a big car scaled down to be a small car. We didn't leave features off, we added features on. The result is a car with a solid, well-made feel. An exciting, responsive car that is fun to drive.

Le Car comes with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard. Chevette, Rabbit and Honda Civic don't.

Front-wheel drive gives Le Car better traction and stability. What it doesn't give you is a drive shaft tunnel. So that bulge in the middle of the car is gone forever, and four adults can ride in what may be the most comfortable seats this side of a luxury sedan.

While you won't have to race Le Car around a track to appreciate its incredible handling and cornering, others have. During the first 6 months of 1977 Le Car has amassed a total of 57 first, second and third place finishes in 52 SCCA races.

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Le Car's ride is remarkably smooth, even on the roughest roads. One reason for this is a longer wheelbase than any other car in its class. The wheels have been placed at the extreme corners of the car farther away from the passengers.

Another nice touch: the rear seats fold down to give you 96% more luggage space than Civic and 21% more than Chevette. Outside, we've added the biggest sun roof (optional) on any small car. We call it a "fun roof."

Le Car gives you 41 MPG, highway, 26 MPG, city according to 1978 EPA figures. *Remember: These 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.

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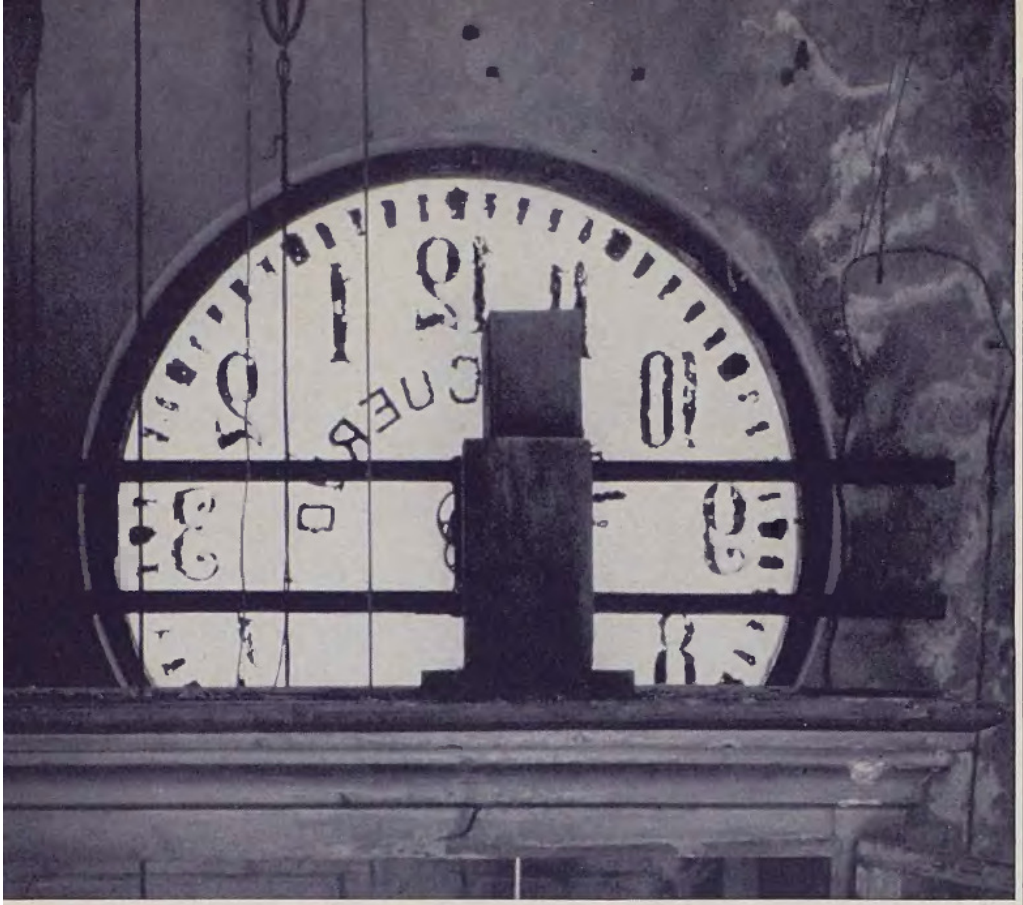

Time stands still at our distillery where we still make Cuervo Gold by hand.

For centuries we've wound our clock by hand. And for centuries we've made Cuervo Gold by hand.

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dream girl who is related to what you picture, but the relationship is as Hell's Angels compared with the modern cycle buff. I've dreamed of a real classy babe dressed in a leather cycle outfit (not the S/M costume that you show). In case you don't dig the bike scene, a tall, curvaceous, well-developed chick togged out in a sleek black-leather shirt, glistening, ass-hugging leather Levis and knee boots is a scene to behold.

Don Parker
Silver Springs, Maryland

Sorry we went so far afield on your fantasy, Don. How high would you like the heels on those knee boots?

The costumes on the Playmates are fantastic. Did each girl do her own?

C. Califano
Chicago, Illinois

All of the costumes are the handiwork of designer Ron Talsky, shown here

(center right) with photographer Phillip Dixon (hand upraised) in a postsession portrait with his creations.

APOCALYPSE NEVER

I read with interest your *On the Scene* section in the September issue. While I appreciate your recognition of me, I was very disturbed by your comments on my movie work. I did not advise the producers of *A Star Is Born* to release it as a love story or the makers of *Apocalypse Now* that Americans don't want to see or hear anything more about Vietnam. In fact, our survey conclusions on Vietnam were to the contrary.

Patrick H. Caddell, President
Cambridge Survey Research
Cambridge, Massachusetts

ENEMIES REVEALED

Bravo to *The Playboy Enemies List* (PLAYBOY, October)—a delightfully enlightening article on those dangerous to society's health!

Joni E. Miers
Detroit, Michigan

I may, indeed, as you put it, have "a great following among those who believe that censorship is a cornerstone of civilization" or, for that matter, among green-eyed blondes. But I have never been in favor of censorship (prior restraint). I

do favor laws prescribing sanctions for public display of pornography.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, New York

I must profess to be out of step with you; I don't like queers! I definitely feel that society has a right to protect its young from perverts, rapists and child abusers. Incidentally, before you reach the erroneous conclusion that this writer is just a redneck who has never seen a queer, a rapist or a child abuser, I have successfully defended individuals criminally accused in each of these areas.

R. D. Reading
Attorney at Law
Wabash, Indiana

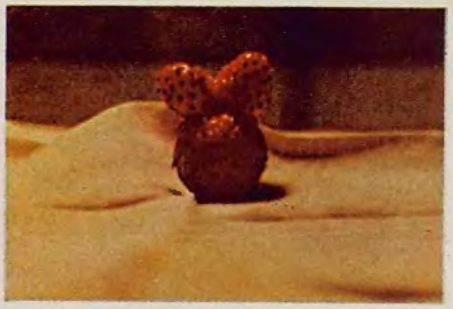
CRYING UNCLE

In the article *It's So Easy, It's a Crime* in the October PLAYBOY, Hank Whittemore misses the greatest counterfeiter of them all, the U.S. Government, which during the past year increased the supply of currency by seven billion dollars!

Layne La Baume
Salt Lake City, Utah

PRODUCE DEPARTMENT

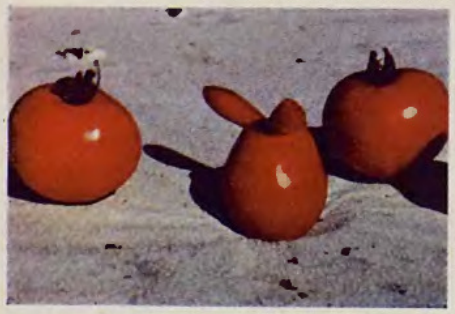
A few weeks ago, while my wife was picking strawberries in our garden, she



came upon an unusual specimen. Enclosed is a picture I took of her discovery.

Ronald P. Savidge
Mechanical, Pennsylvania

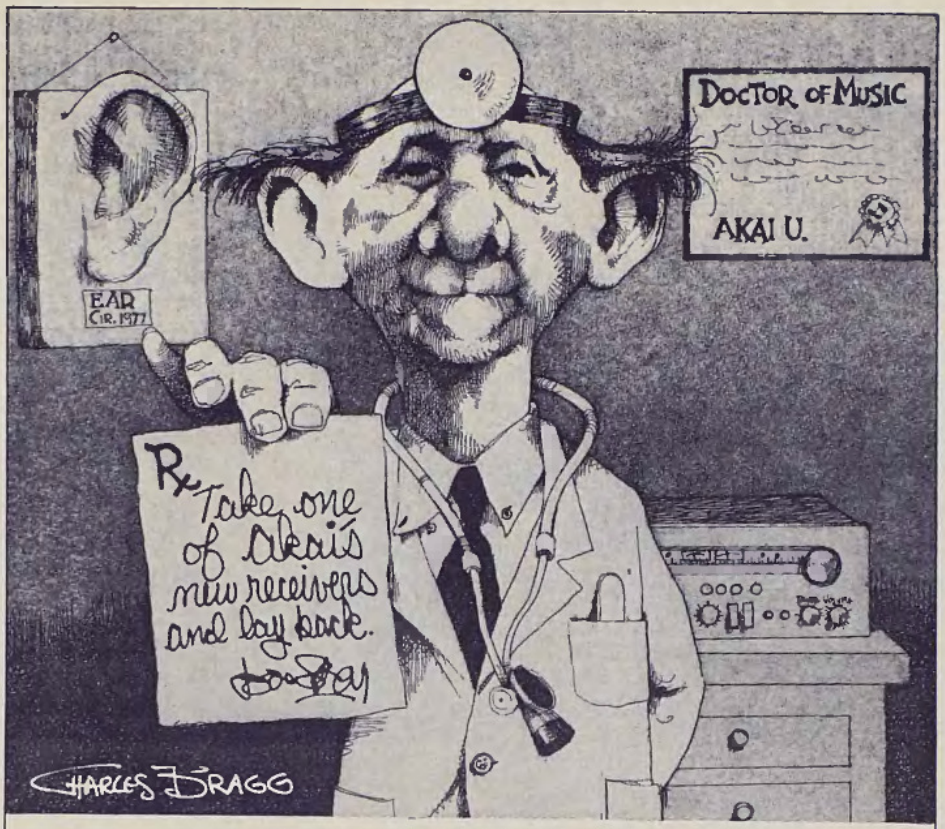
Here is a picture of a PLAYBOY tomato



grown in the Toledo area.

Joe Pauken
Maumee, Ohio

Thanks, gentlemen. Those are great examples of what our resident botanist considers forerunners in the evolution of fruit. Soon, ears on fruit will be as commonplace as ears of corn, heads of cabbage and eyes on potatoes. We'll try to keep you up to date.



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Model	Watts/ RMS	OHMS	Power Band Width	Total Harmonic Distortion
AA-1115	15	8	40-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.5%
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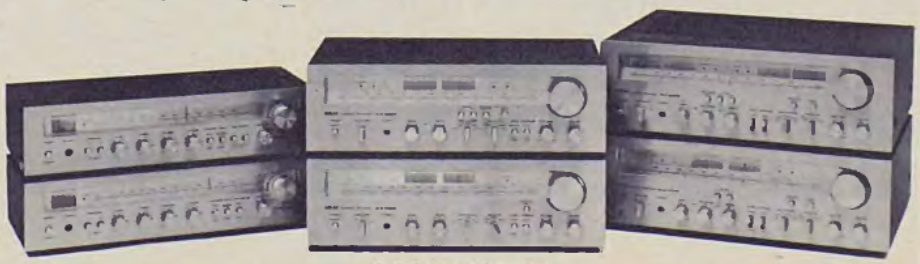
AA-1135	35	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.2%
AA-1150	50	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.1%
AA-1175	75	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.08%
AA-1200	120	8	20-20,000 Hz	no more than 0.08%

AKAI



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11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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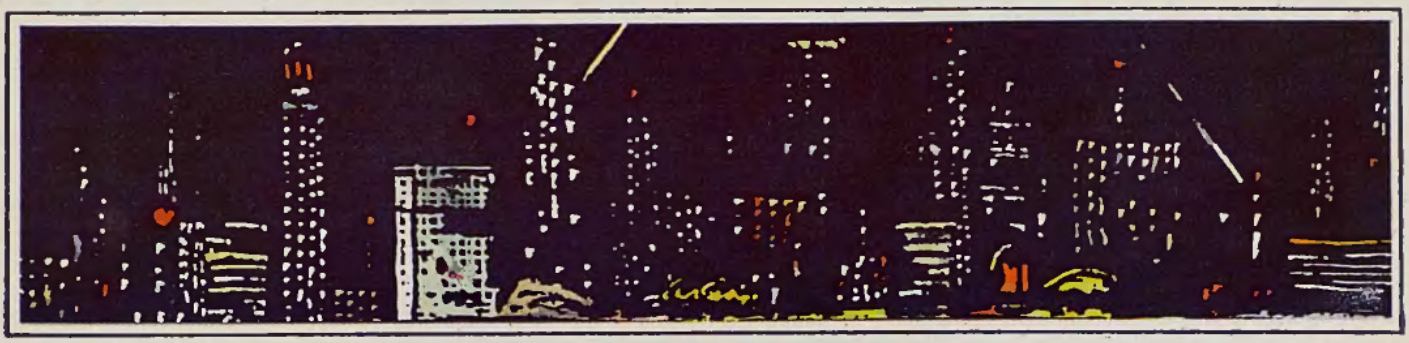
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



You deserve a lay today: At a recent convention of McDonald's executives in Washington, D. C., a six-A.M. wake-up service was provided by bikinied models who sallied into the conventioneers' rooms and trilled: "Good morning. McDonald's does it all for you." Just so the hamburger honchos didn't get any funny ideas, each young lovely was accompanied by a hefty male security guard.

•

San Francisco columnist Herb Caen writes that there are some strange things happening across the bay in Oakland. Recently, four fire fighters were dispatched to a woman's home, where a small fire blazed out of control. While three of the firemen extinguished the flames, the fourth sauntered over to the lady's piano, sat down and began to play Bach.

•

Season's prick. *The Philippines Daily Express* reported that shipments of illegally imported game fowl were being auctioned off at 6000 Philippine pesos, or $800 apiece. The headline over the article read: "HOT COCKS FOR SALE."

•

This is no koje! An advertisement for the new *Instant Spelling Dictionary* appearing in the *Chicago Tribune* concluded with these instructions for obtaining the book: "Simply send your check or money order to: *Seplling Dictionary.*"

•

From a weekly television guide put out by the Armed Forces TV service in Alaska, this intriguing listing: "Thursday, 8:05: *Star Trek*. Spock has the mating urge and attacks Captain Kirk."

•

Corpses in some Norfolk, England, churchyards are not supposed to just lie around gathering moss all day. *Casket & Sunnyside* magazine reports that one parish publication admonished its readers: "The maintenance of the churchyard is becoming increasingly costly. It would be of great assistance if parishioners would do their best to tend their own graves."

•

Pollster George Gallup gets answers you wouldn't believe. When one of his interviewers asked the question "What do you think of cyclamates?" a woman earnestly replied, "I think if two cyclamates live together, they should get married."

•

Perhaps the druggist is trying to keep half a doctor away? When a lady from Monterey, California, picked up a prescription for a vaginal cream from her local pharmacy, she found typed on the label these instructions for use: ½ APPLE INTO VAGINA AT BEDTIME.

In response to growing concern over hijackings, one enterprising airline hired separately, as special security guards, two psychiatrists who were instructed to arrest anyone displaying signs of "mental instability." According to the *Police Journal*, a trade magazine for cops, within minutes after being stationed at their posts to look for suspects, one of the psychiatrists zealously arrested . . . the other psychiatrist.

•

An ad in the help-wanted section of Colorado's *Denver Post* read: "TRUCK DRIVERS Long Haul Operation. Must be at least 23 years old and have road experience with swinging meat."

•

In its testimony to the Commission on Federal Paperwork, the American Bankers Association kept its statement on cutting down on paperwork to a single sheet of paper—then used two pages to brag about it in a publicity release.

•

A new ordinance to facilitate the arrest and conviction of prostitutes was the subject of a *Kansas City Times* article in which a member of a volunteer watchdog group assisting police in their war on prostitution was quoted as commenting: "I don't think they'll go off half-cocked in applying this."

•

Here's one for the books. Police in Grawn, Michigan, were faced with an interesting legal problem: With what do you charge a man who is caught eating a patrol car in the nude? It all started when two local deputies spotted a nude man standing outside a gas station. When they attempted to question him, he attacked their car and tried to consume the plastic casing around its radar unit. On the way to the police station, he is said to have begun eating the upholstery in the squad car's back seat. In his subsequent trial, the defendant claimed he had suffered an asthma attack

while taking a shower (hence the nudity) and had rushed out onto the street in an attempt to get himself arrested, so police would get him treated for his asthma. The judge bought the excuse and gave him a small fine.

•

Fractured English Department: Some rather unusual translations of the English language spotted around Bangkok, Thailand, include one in a downtown store advertisement: VISIT OUR BARGAIN BASEMENT—ONE FLIGHT UP! Then, if the heat's got you down, you can cool off at THE SHADIEST COCKTAIL BAR IN BANGKOK. But the most bizarre sign has to be this one posted outside the Temple of the Reclining Buddha: IT IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER A WOMAN EVEN A FOREIGNER IF DRESSED AS A MAN.

•

Crime has gotten so bad in Detroit these days that police patrolling downtown areas have begun taking drastic steps—they now dress in turn-of-the-century uniforms. Explains Mayor Coleman Young's press secretary, "The uniforms will make the police look friendlier and more approachable."

•

I dreamt I won the derby in my Maidenform Bra. . . . A horse named Summertime Promise unabashedly sports padding from a woman's brassiere. Seems the five-year-old thoroughbred mare runs too hard and needs the cushioning effect of a pair of falsies—on her hind ankles, that is.

•

Dillard's, a department store in El Paso, Texas, advertised a spectacular record clearance sale in *The El Paso Times* with the announcement that "We've expanded everything but our priks!"

•

OK, guys, one, two, three . . . AAAHHHHH. The headline over an article in the *Pacific Daily News* about the Army's plans to move tons of nerve gas read: "ARMY PLANS TO PASS GAS."

•

A San Diego man who was cited by a U. S. Forest Ranger for disorderly conduct for being nude at the Lava Beds National Monument and fined $150 by a U. S. magistrate took his case to court and won not only his money back but a limerick as well. U. S. District Judge Thomas MacBride ruled that the defendant, David Irving, didn't deserve such a harsh penalty for basking nude in the sunshine. Ordering Irving's money returned, the judge recited:

"There once was a defendant named Irving,
Who found his conviction unnerving,
But with a record that's bare,
It's impossible to declare
Whether Irving's appeal is deserving."

NARC, NARC

Remember the old knock, knock jokes? Well, Senior Editor William J. Helmer has invented what you might call an updated version of those ancient pearls of wit; to wit, the narc, narc joke. Helmer claims he's an ardent student of humor. We suspect his brains have been fried by his arduous duties as leader of the Playboy Defense Team, the outfit that investigates drug cases for our "Playboy Casebook" feature. You be the judge.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Police.
Police who?
Police come along quietly.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Obscene.
Obscene who?
Obscene nobody what meets dat description.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Theodore.
Theodore who?
Theodore wasn't locked, but we kicked it in anyway.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Buster.
Buster, who?
Buster down, men, before they flush the stash.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Pusher.
Pusher who?
Pusher hands behind your head and face the wall.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Dishes.
Dishes who?
Dishes da police; come out wid yer hands up.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Oscar.
Oscar who?
Oscar where she scored the stuff and book her for possession.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Urine.
Urine who?
Urine a heap o' trouble, boy.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Wanda.
Wanda who?
Wanda make it easier on yourself, kid?

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Saul.
Saul who?
Saul over for you, asshole, unless you decide to cooperate.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Avon.
Avon who?
Avon to see my lawyer.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Hobbit.
Hobbit who?
Hobbit we make a deal, punk?

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Jess.
Jess who?
Jess keep those hands where I can see them and don't move.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Ahab.
Ahab who?
Ahab a warrant for your arrest.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Hugo and Olga.
Hugo and Olga who?
Hugo to the front door and Olga round to the back.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Boo.
Boo who?
Don't cry, kid, we're going to give you a real break—if you'll inform.

Narc, narc.
Who's there?
Irish.
Irish who?
Irish you weren't a narc, narc!

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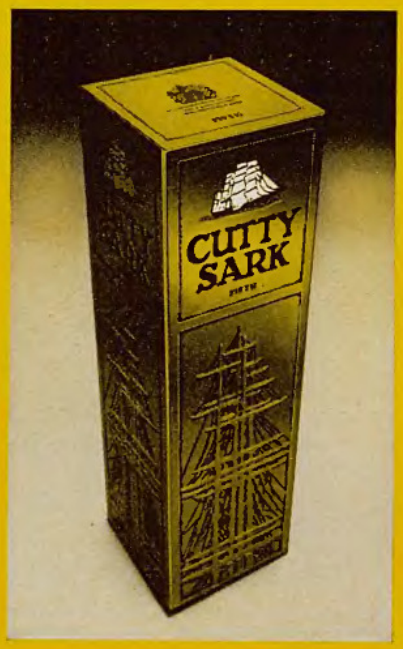

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PRICES GOING UP NEXT MONTH

7NN1

The dark unspoken wish is that The Rolling Stones are at last over the hill, after all those years of being so much hipper, heavier, *richer* than we mere mortals who have been their fans and hungered to be them instead. We've secretly hoped that they, too, finally have proved mere mortal flesh—like their only peers, the Beatles, who in separation have become international comedians who amuse instead of awe us, the way Elvis did before he so rudely interrupted our laughter. And so, like Shakespearean soothsayers picking over steaming rabbit entrails, we look for signs. Of decay, entropy. Brian's death. Mick Taylor's departure. The real Mick in *People* magazine, Jumping Jack Flash turned J. J. Flash, ugly rocking punk larva transformed into *chichi* social butterfly. Bianca, period. And the best bad sign of all: Keith Richard's Canadian heroin bust.

We are sorry, then, to report that ***Love You Live*** (Rolling Stones) shows little indication that The Rolling Stones are ready to roll over and grow moss on their bellies. It's a two-LP set and, like most such, could be half as long without suffering much; but it should be added that even the worst clinker here (a tossup among *Hot Stuff*, *Tumbling Dice* and *You Can't Always Get What You Want*) is better rock 'n' roll than the mindless metal churning inside most new rock albums. The 18 tunes are practically a history of the Stones, with a special tip of Charlie's top hat to their roots—Chuck Berry and da bloooose. On *Star Star*, you can hear the dirty Chuck Berry even more clearly than on the original—in fact, the song starts like pure and simple old chugging Chuck and grows before your very ears, evolving upward to vintage Rolling Stones, smooth time-lapse photography for the ears. The so-called El Mocambo Side, mostly blues and Chuck, bats about .500. On *Mannish Boy*, the Muddy Waters–Bo Diddley classic, Mick proves he ain't Muddy and that the Stones ain't groceries; and *Crackin' Up* is a thoroughly forgettable Latin ditty. But on *Little Red Rooster* and *Around and Around*, everybody's as loose and lowdown as you'd want.

It's side four that proves the Stones are still World Champeens. First time around, on a hit studio single of a few years ago, *It's Only Rock 'n' Roll* seemed just a little . . . soggy. Here it's the anthem it was meant to be, hot as they come, the Stones turned up to *ten* and beyond. Somebody bring out "It alone is worth the price of the album" from the cliché closet, because it is. *Brown Sugar* begins by sending those elusive old *chills* right through the jaded old bones and goes from there, another tune done up much finer than it was in the studio. The

Still superlative Stones.

The Rolling Stones, live; Charles Mingus, powerful as always.

Overwhelmingly Mingus.

Stones don't give an inch; it's like climbing a stairway of energy—next is *Jumping Jack Flash*. This is the third time *J. J.* has been recorded and it, too, is hotter than ever. So good, in fact, that everybody peaks at the end, even though the Stones launch right into seven or eight more minutes of *Sympathy for the Devil*—in which Ron Wood demonstrates again, as he does on *You Can't Always Get What You Want*, that he's no technical match for his predecessors. But it *is Sympathy for the Devil*, and you can't stop its momentum, like an electric tidal wave. In terms of over-all quality, *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out!*, the Stones' previous live album, is superior—so good, in fact, it continues to have our vote as one of the best two or three live rock albums ever released—but there are moments on *Love You Live* that climb even higher. Maybe they'll lose it next year.

•

Was there ever as big a man in jazz as Charles Mingus? That doesn't mean his physical presence, which is formidable enough to cow his bass into submission, though that *does* contribute in a way to his "presence," the fact that a Mingus session or concert is overwhelmingly, overpoweringly *Mingus*. He has obviously been imbued with "the force" and he's turned it up to full volume for ***Three or Four Shades of Blues*** (Atlantic). The title tune runs a tad over 12 minutes and there isn't a ho-hum anywhere as Mingus gets back to roots. Helping him out are such fine musicians as pianists Bob Neloms and Jimmy Rowles, guitarists Larry Coryell, Philip Catherine and John Scofield, sax men George Coleman and Ricky Ford, trumpeter Jack Walrath and drummer Dannie Richmond. There are personnel changes on the session, but the quality remains superlative throughout—altoist Sonny Fortune joins the troops on *Nobody Knows* and is first-rate, as is bassist Ron Carter. When you have Carter and Mingus on the same track, you just *know* you're in fast company.

•

Reviewing a Linda Ronstadt album is not unlike writing ad copy for the Holiday Inn: The only surprise is that there are no surprises. ***Simple Dreams*** (Asylum) follows the formula concocted by producer Peter Asher almost five years ago—a dash of country, a dash of J. D. Souther, a dash of old-time rock 'n' roll. The band sounds the same, even without Andrew Gold, and still is as good as you can get. The production is the same (though this time out, Ronstadt's voice seems to be mixed above the instruments. In the past, there was a more luxuriant blend. But maybe our stereo's on the fritz). The only thing left for a reviewer to comment on is the selection of songs. The duet with Dolly Parton on *I Never Will Marry* will break your heart. (Say it isn't so, Linda!) The inclusion of Roy Orbison and Joe Melson's *Blue Bayou* and the Mexican-flavored Warren Zevon tune *Carmelita* suggests that Ronstadt is trying to follow in Jimmy Buffett's country-and-ocean wake. Her update of The Rolling Stones' *Tumbling Dice* leaves a lot to be desired: to be exact, Mick Jagger. Ronstadt can't carry the hard edge that song requires—nor, for that matter, the irony on which

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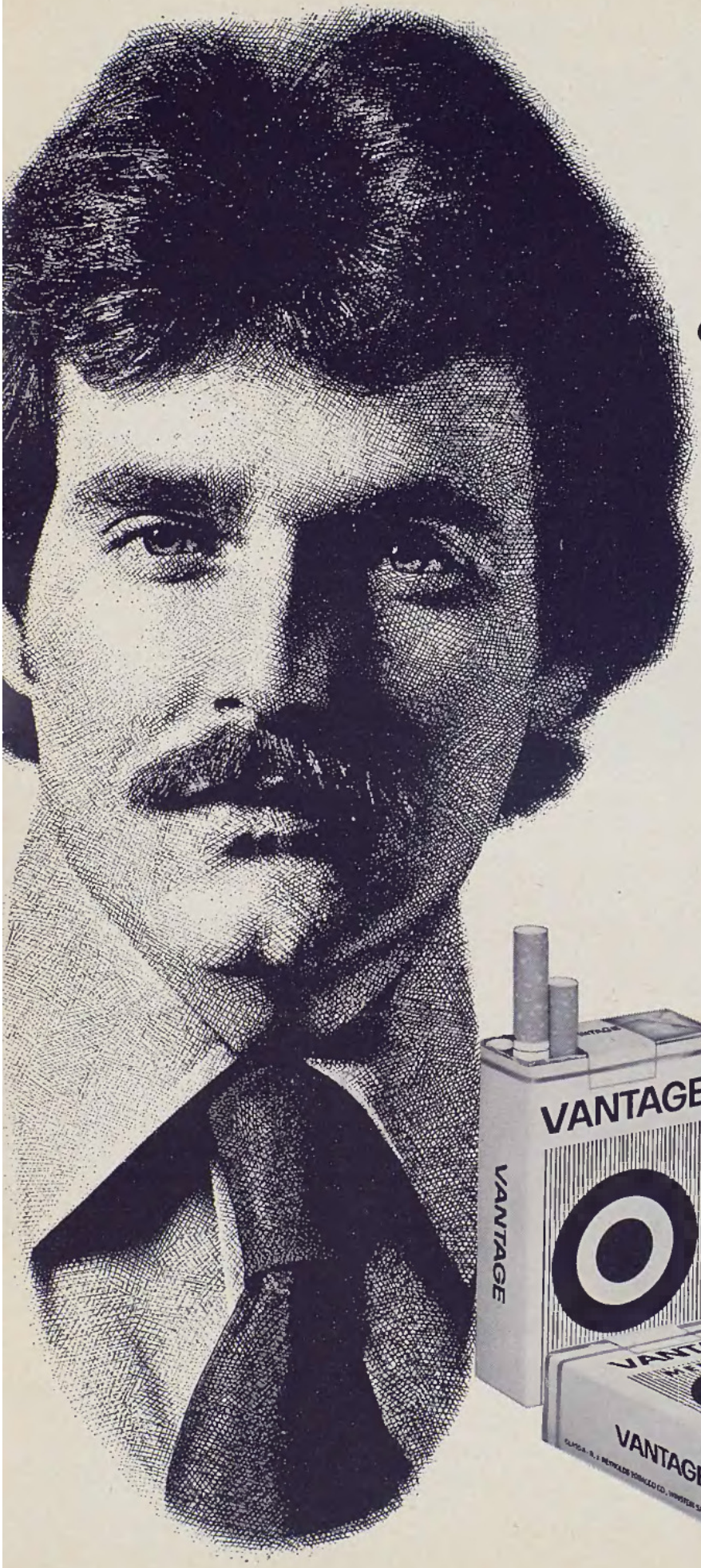

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Rick Lawrence
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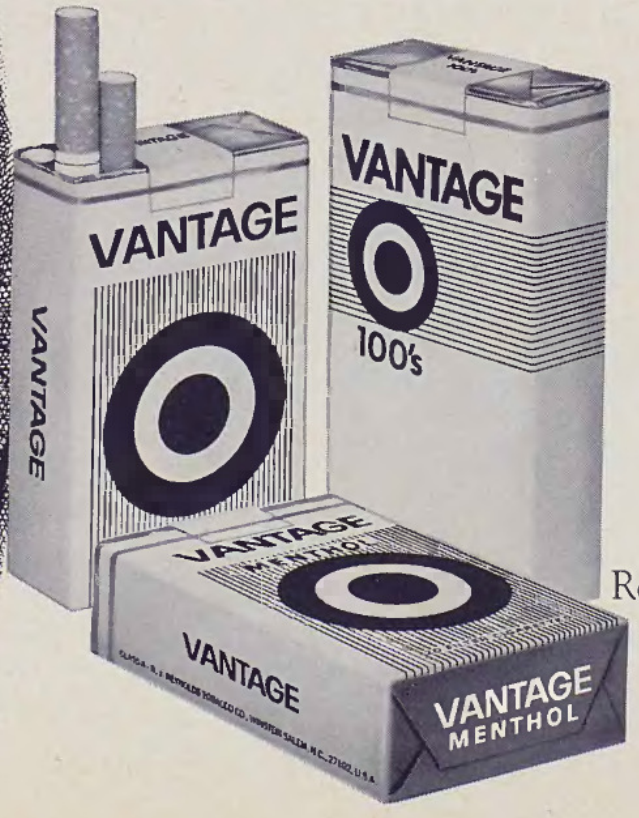

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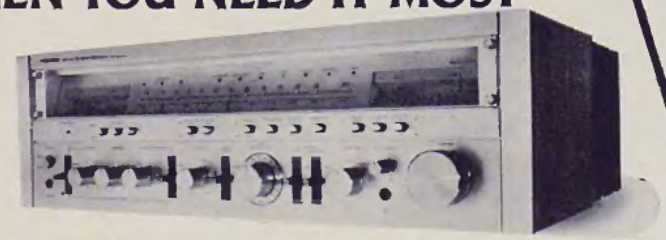

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Carmelita and another Zevon song, *Poor Poor Pitiful Me*, depend. Still, we'd pay to hear Ronstadt sing *Jingle Bells*.

•

Rough Mix (MCA) draws its chief inspiration from members of two of Britain's most important rock bands: Pete Townshend, composer/writer, guitarist and guiding light of The Who; Ronnie Lane, former bass player and writer with Faces. Except for the obvious contrast in styles that's inevitable when two such powerful rock-'n'-roll giants work together, there is very little that's rough about this album. Both men provide instrumental work on various guitars, banjos, ukes, etc., that is both musical and imaginative. They are backed by all-star sidemen, including Eric Clapton, whose guitar and dobro are featured on four of the nine cuts. The material, all but one by Townshend and Lane, is very strong—especially one of Lane's numbers, *Annie*, a song that's about as tender and lyrical a beauty as you're likely to hear on any pop album today.

•

We wish Michael Henderson would start looking a bit older, so that when we see him onstage it would be easier to believe that he's played with so many people and that he's as talented as he is. Where would this shy kid, seemingly almost deferential next to veteran saxophonist Eli Fontaine, pick up such a startling array of voices? When, exactly, does he sit down to write things like ***Goin' Places*** (Buddah)—which is—or *At the Concert*, a seven-minute, 16-second tone poem in which the concert itself (economically evoked by a few muted-trumpet licks, over the haunting vamp changes laid down by a percussion-set organ) is a metaphor, emblematic of the rebuilding job that the singer wants to do on a particular relationship? It appears to cross the song gratuitously, at right angles, but in the mysterious supralanguage made only by sound and sense *in* concert, it's totally convincing.

•

In the City (Polydor) is from The Jam, one of the British New Wave (a.k.a. punk) rock bands—but with a difference . . . ah . . . make that with several differences. Its members wear neat suits reminiscent of the Sixties Mod scene . . . they espouse traditional values of queen and country . . . and, according to *Melody Maker*, they still live at home with the p and m. Interestingly enough, they incorporate the standard punk scatology, despite all those Pat Boone virtues. They really say "shit," not "doodoo." Their sound—simple and often simplistic—is strongly inspired by the early Who. Not a bad model, that. But their efforts fall short of the mark. The best cut on the record is Larry Williams' *Slow Down*, an early Beatles number, but the original songs have a dismal sameness: They're all upbeat chants with little recognizable

melody. All this energy and anger make a potent artistic force and are in the best rock-'n'-roll tradition. But neither the material nor the execution quite makes it.

•

In the current profusion of saxophone albums by fading or would-be stars trying to grab the bottom rung of the great flying *disco* ladder, it's refreshing to hear the immaculate energy of Ray Pizzi's **Conception** (Pablo). A few moments of the hard-rocking title tune are enough to let on that Pizzi has a polished technique, a sure footing in the canyons of harmony and a tone that's entirely his own. Further exploration—through the bassoon-patrolled shallows of *Willow Creek*, the fractured nine-eight canebrakes of *The Missing Link*, the serenely fluted tufts of *Rhapsodie* and the breakneck bebop traffic of *Digitations*—reveals a mature and versatile artist whose eagerness to let the world know how good he is is well balanced by an ironic sense of musical humor that keeps bubbling up between the ornate lines and the anguished crescendos.

•

Ram Jam (Epic) had been together about 30 seconds—well, maybe a couple of weeks—before cutting this album. The PR releases aren't admitting it, but the band was concocted around lead guitarist Bill Bartlett after his slashing, hard-rock reworking of *Black Betty*, an old Leadbelly tune, proved to be a hot single that just kept getting hotter out there in the AM sticks. *Black Betty* blam-duh-lammed like a stake straight into the hearts of the same audience that drools and quakes over Kiss; and the Ram Jam album tries to keep on pounding. None of the other tunes is up there with *Black Betty*, but you do get Bartlett playing a shitload of guitar, and there's a shred-metal update of *Be-Bop-a-Lula*, the old Gene Vincent chiller, that will wake you right up. On the next album, Ram Jam could do worse than look around for some more corpses from the vault and zap them alive for the Kiss generation. For instance, Chuck Berry's *School Days*, the encore to Ram Jam's live act (which is, incidentally, better than the album).

•

This is what happens: The prince, despondent because he's ignored by his beloved princess, throws a cloak over his wooden staff, cuts off his hair and puts that and his crown on the staff. He then waves the whole business at her. She finally begins to play with this phallic item, which, now enchanted, comes to life. The fairy, after enchanting the staff, does a number on the flowers of the wood, which are abruptly transformed into the prince's crown, hair and mantle. Now the princess does show some interest in the real prince, but he isn't having any. So she casts off her cloak, cuts off *her* hair and falls to her knees before the prince, who at last takes her in his arms as the curtain falls. That's a crude

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outline of the story of Béla Bartók's ballet ***The Wooden Prince*** (Columbia), whose Freudian follies constitute maybe the most absurd libretto ever cooked up for a ballet. But Bartók's music is superb and is here superbly played by Pierre Boulez and the New York Philharmonic. This disc is particularly welcome because *The Wooden Prince* is probably the least known of Bartók's orchestral compositions. But it's an exciting, impressionistic and vital score—with suggestions of Strauss, Debussy and Liszt but with Bartók's characteristic Hungarian folk melodies and clashing harmonies predominating. Premiered in 1917, the year before *Bluebeard's Castle*, Bartók's one-act opera (which has also received a fine new recording by Boulez), *The Wooden Prince* somehow did turn on the audience. Musically, it's still very much worth hearing. A ballet production might be something else again.

•

We always figured that Barry White had to have a perfect tune in him somewhere. After all, you don't get to command your own philharmonic orchestra for nothing; and if d.j.s say you have a black belt in recording, there has to be a reason. Well, we waited through the interminable romantic raps and *disco* sound tunnels of several earlier albums—always admiring, of course, the expertise of the string arrangements (it often sounded as if the rhythm section had been grafted onto the violins, rather than the other way around); and, finally, on ***Barry White Sings for Someone You Love*** (20th Century), we get that perfect cut. It's called *It's Ecstasy When You Lay Down Next to Me*, it's by a couple of people named Pigford and Paris, it's the seven-minute gem of an otherwise pleasing album and it spreads more than a little of the commodity it purports to describe.

SHORT CUTS

Topaz (Columbia): Mysteriously, talented former Dylan bass player Rob Stoner moves from Rolling Thunder to Crashing Bore. Maybe next time.

Cher / Cherished (Warner Bros.): No matter what Gregg says, and despite the cosmetic surgery and this album, we still love you, Cher.

Point Blank / Second Season (Arista): Southern cooking the Colonel never dreamed of. Now, if they'll settle down into a sound of their own. . . . Hot damn!

Airto / I'm Fine, How Are You? (Warner Bros.): A sprightly mix of Brazilian rhythms with the timbres of North America.

Ike White / Changin' Times (L.A. International): Rock/soul songs and instrumentals that are mercifully uncluttered.

Keni Burke (Dark Horse): Articulate soul tunes that are heavily arranged but light on their feet. Easy to like, they're also hard to remember.

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HOLIDAY RECORD RACK

Best gift bets this season for the rockers in your life are live albums. Because they're riskproof plums in an increasingly chickenshit business—cheap to produce, full of proven hits, safe, safe, safe—there are a slew of them around. In spite of the motives surrounding them, though, they're often better than their lavish studio counterparts. In the place of technically flawless studio performances that are often as cold as they are perfect, you get actual sweating human beings performing actual sweating music, just the way it was before the androids and Texas Instruments took over. Most are double albums that re-create the stage act, Polaroid replays for everyone who went to the concerts. Among the souvenirs: For fans of what our writer friend Craig Vetter calls "whimper rock," there are the harmonic brothers Gibb with ***Here at Last . . . Bee Gees Live*** (RSO); and those lyrical, symphonic boys whose records have been the sound track for countless thousands of collegiate seductions, ***The Moody Blues / Caught Live + 5*** (London). For *true* whimperers, of course—early teenage girls and those who weep at the end of *Donnie & Marie*—***Barry Manilow / Live*** (Arista) is a must. He writes the songs, you know. From a distant corner of the space/funk galaxy, touching down briefly for a gig on Earth, comes ***Parliament Live / P. Funk Earth Tour*** (Casablanca), straight from headlining at the bar in *Star Wars*. Other notable lives are ***Marvin Gaye Live at the London Palladium*** (Tamla), ***Pure Prairie League / Live, Takin' the Stage*** (RCA), ***Status Quo / "Live"*** (Capitol) and Paul McCartney's ***Wings over America*** (Capitol). For Paulie in an earlier incarnation, to please your Sixties friends, try ***The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl*** (Capitol)—there's more cheer inside than in a gallon of acid-test punch. Folkies from then and now will appreciate ***Judy Collins / So Early in the Spring—The First 15 Years*** (Elektra), from beautiful blue eyes herself. Your 35ish friend, who never got over the Fifties and is always dragging out his moldy oldie 45s when he gets stoned, will go ape over ***The Roots of Rock 'n' Roll*** (Savoy), full of the nonobvious—The Ravens, Nappy Brown, Big Maybelle, et al. And country fans who wonder with Waylon Jennings if Hank would'a done it this-a way can find out firsthand on ***Hank Williams, Sr. / 24 Greatest Hits Vol. 2*** (MGM), some lesser Hank that still shines brighter than most sequined stars in Nashville.

Jazz buffs needn't worry about being left out in the Christmas cold. Not with albums such as ***The Great Concert of Cecil Taylor*** (Prestige) on hand. The concert was recorded in Paris in 1969 and has Taylor working with sax men Sam Rivers and Jimmy Lyons and drummer Andrew Cyrille, and, as usual, he requires a lot of attention, but you'll be repaid tenfold. A kindred spirit to Taylor is reed man Anthony Braxton. ***The Montreux/Berlin Concerts*** (Arista) is not for the faint of heart but it offers great rewards. Braxton is a prime candidate for John Coltrane's avant-garde mantle. Coltrane himself is available through the good offices of impresario Norman Granz, who recorded his 1962 European concerts, a large slice of which is presented on ***Afro Blue Impressions*** (Pablo Live). Trane had with him the marvelous pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Jimmy Garrison and nonpareil drummer Elvin Jones.

"Serious"-music devotees needn't feel slighted. To wit: Richard Wagner's ***The Flying Dutchman*** (London), given a pyrotechnical performance by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus and singers Norman Bailey, Janis Martin, René Kollo and Martti Talvela, under the baton of the illustrious Sir Georg Solti.

For the adventurous, there's Arnold Schönberg's ***Five String Quartets*** (Columbia) performed by that quintessential chamber group, The Juilliard Quartet (the voice of soprano Benita Valente is heard on *Quartet Number Two*). The quartets provide dramatic evidence of the composer's quantum forward leaps in his musical explorations—spanning, as they do, nearly 40 years. A fascinating assemblage.

Particularly apropos this Christmas season is the latest offering in conductor Colin Davis' Berlioz cycle, ***L'Enfance du Christ*** (Philips), with the London Symphony Orchestra, the John Alldis Choir, singers Janet Baker, Eric Tappy, Thomas Allen and Jules Bastin.

An album for all seasons is Tchaikovsky's ***Six Symphonies and "Manfred"*** (Angel), played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under master cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, who, like the late Pablo Casals, is equally at home on the podium. A grand undertaking, grandly executed.

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BOOKS

Carlos Castaneda is famous for his books about Don Juan, a Yaqui Indian sorcerer with amazing powers and a wild sense of humor who has taken Castaneda under his wing. The thing about these books is they always lead to a discussion of whether or not Don Juan is a fictitious character. The answer to this question, as Don Juan might say, is yes, he is definitely one or the other. At this point, the question is academic, since the author has eliminated Don Juan from the scene. In Castaneda's new book, ***The Second Ring of Power*** (Simon & Schuster), Don Juan has gone to another world with his sidekick Genaro, only to be replaced by a whole cast of wacky characters—all sorcerers—who play tricks on poor Carlos.

The most interesting development is the introduction of women into this world of men and magic. Attractive, horny women, no less, all of whom are sorcerers' apprentices. In an encounter with one, Doña Soledad, he resorts to crypto-porn: "She stood up abruptly and dropped her skirt to the ground. 'This is what I mean!' she yelled, caressing her pubic area." After playing musical witches with a troop of occult cuties known as *las hermanitas* (the little sisters), Carlos encounters the queen bee, La Gorda, once so fat she was known as Two Hundred and Twenty Buttocks, now a Latin knockout who seems to be even kinkier than Doña Soledad.

"'Piss in your hands,' La Gorda whispered through clenched teeth. . . . She must have realized I did not know what she wanted, for she squatted again and showed that she was urinating in her hands. I stared at her dumfounded as she made her urine fly like reddish sparks."

Who's to judge? All this clearly has some mystical, redeeming value. The water sport, for example, is a way to keep from being wasted by some bad-sounding creatures known as the Allies. By the way, *The Second Ring* is a great read. But, whew! If this stuff isn't true, Carlos had better look deeply into his soul and ask: Are you all right in there?

•

Nicholas Meyer, the author of those Sherlock-come-lately novels *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* and *The West End Horror*, has turned his talent to a different genre—the horticultural adventure story. Not exactly a crowded field. ***Black Orchid*** (Dial), co-authored by Barry Jay Kaplan, concerns the attempt by the Royal Geographic Society of Great Britain to break the South American rubber monopoly. Agent Harry Kincaid is sent up the Amazon to the fabulously wealthy city of Manaus to steal thousands of tiny rubber-tree seedlings. Oops, there goes another one. The early chapters, which set the atmosphere of an empire built on slave labor, are best. The last half of the book could be a sort of *Amazon Queen*: Kincaid makes off with the daughter of one of the rubber barons in a 1000-mile chase that is just a bit too pat. Still, it's good fun.

From Castaneda, a witches' brew.

The latest from Carlos Castaneda, Nicholas Meyer, Pete Hamill and, uh, Harold Robbins.

•

If you loved the film *Rocky*, you're going to admire ***Flesh and Blood*** (Random House), journalist Pete Hamill's novel about an Irish punk, Bobby Fallon, who rises from the steamy streets of Brooklyn to challenge the biggest, baddest black fighter in the country. It's a typically romantic story: Bobby and his mother, Kate, have been abandoned by Jack Fallon, a handsome but unreliable son of a bitch who disappears early in Bobby's life; Bobby and friend Kirk are arrested and thrown into the clink for hitting a cop; and, while behind bars, Kirk gets turned on to the Black Muslims and Bobby learns to box. Back in the city, Bobby latches on to tough, eccentric trainer Gus Caputo (another perfect role for Burgess Meredith), who teaches him to be good in the ring.

Though the novel is predictable, it contains some psychological twists that make it slightly different from—and better than—the average fight saga. *Flesh and Blood*, it turns out, refers to Bobby's incestuous relationship with Kate and, in turn, his love/hate relationship with his father. When Bobby meets his pa at the end of the book, it's not the reunion he had hoped for. Hamill's technique is hard-hitting—he switches between the voice of Bobby, telling his own story in simple declarative sentences, and that of a narrator who has the staccato, persistent delivery of an accuser. The style works; it gives the novel a gutsy, immediate tone. We have only one quibble with this very readable story, and that is that Hamill's treatment of its Freudian overtones is a bit heavy-handed. Effective, though.

•

You might call Harold Robbins' new novel, ***Dreams Die First*** (Simon & Schuster), a *roman à clef*. Better yet, you might call it a mobile trash compactor. It concerns one Gareth Brendan, a bisexual Viet vet, who starts a slick, dirtier-than-ever girlie magazine with Mob backing, gets busted on an obscenity charge, sells out his first issue and goes on to build a publishing/casino/lifestyle empire, only to discover (surprise!) that said Mob has been using his operation as a front for a multimillion-dollar dope-smuggling racket. Rumor has it that Robbins researched the book by observing several real men's-magazine publishers, which only goes to prove that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

•

John Hammond's autobiography (written with Irving Townsend), ***On Record*** (Summit), is an important memoir, in many ways less about him than about the music business he's loved and served for 50 years. Hammond's career nearly spans it all. He discovered Billie Holiday, singing in a Harlem speak-easy; the not-yet-titled Count Basie; guitar legend Charlie Christian, 19 years old, in a café in Oklahoma City, "wearing a purple shirt and bright-yellow shoes." About 1960, Hammond did it again with Aretha Franklin and a scraggly little kid too young to vote, name of Bob Dylan, or so he said. In 1973, it was Bruce Springsteen. Over those years, Hammond has recorded everyone else worth getting near a mike—and many who weren't, as he readily admits. But more interesting than the gossip and music-biz history is the point of view that brought it about. Hammond was born into *très* fancy Vanderbilt money, at a time when separate but equal represented *the* most advanced thinking on racial relations among even the most liberal of the upper classes. Hammond never bought it; by the age of 17, he was already hanging around jazz clubs—which is to say black clubs—listening to groups he liked. And he has persistently pounded on the color line wherever it

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has crossed his life, often in the interests of the music and the musicians he's been so devoted to. He was an early union man, wrote columns for radical papers and magazines, covered the Scottsboro case for *The Nation*, presented the first all-black musical on Broadway and generally has terrific credentials as a lefty of long standing. So it is not speaking as an old curmudgeon fat cat that toward the end he sadly—and, by our lights, with considerable accuracy—bemoans the present state of the record industry: "Things are getting out of hand. Too much rides on the success or failure of a record, on guessing the future of a singer or a song. Too many voices have too much say about too many artistic decisions. And fear is making musical impulses more cautious than they should be." Get back.

•

Arnold: The Education of a Bodybuilder (Simon & Schuster) might have been subtitled "Pumping Ego, or, the Power of Positive Thinking and Three Hundred Bench Presses a Day." Arnold Schwarzenegger tells his story to Douglas Kent Hall—how as a child in the Alps he saw a film called *Hercules and the Vampires*, admired the rugged Reg Park and set out to build and chisel his body into the Austrian Oak. (For those of you who haven't opened a magazine or gone to the movies in three years—Schwarzenegger is *the* body. Mr. Universe, Mr. Olympia, the *Pumping Iron* star of stage, screen and book.) After reading the first part of *Arnold*, which is mainly philosophical, you are primed to try some of the workout programs suggested in part two—where you learn, among other things, that sit-ups build the upper abdominal muscles, while tucking your legs up to your chest in the supine position slims the fat from your lower abdominals.

•

Sylvester Stallone, star of stage, screen and poster, has written a novel, of sorts. ***Paradise Alley*** (Putnam) is a *Rocky* rip-off—the story of three brothers who grow up in the title neighborhood. The hero is Victor, a beefy iceman who tries to make it as a club fighter. (Sound familiar?) His girlfriend is named Rose ("To her, life was simple. She did not want wealth, or sex with blond men, or long legs."). His two brothers, Lenny and Cosmo, are, respectively, a crippled war veteran and a local hustler. Cosmo has a thing for Lenny's ex-girlfriend, Kathy, and on one occasion hits on her shortly after a pigeon has shat on his shoulder. A sample of the dialog: "You got a lotta style for a guy with pigeon crap on his shoulder." "That ain't real crap, I had it sewn on." The punch-drunk prose has a certain spaced-out charm akin to the writing of Richard Brautigan. Harmless. A hit with the *Ladies' Home Journal* crowd. All things considered, save your money for a date. Take her to a movie. Maybe she'll put out later in the evening.

HOLIDAY BOOK BAG

'Tis the season again and we send you holiday greetings with our annual gift-book ideas—beginning with two novels PLAYBOY previewed for you during the past year: John le Carré's ***The Honourable Schoolboy*** (Knopf) and ***Beggarman, Thief*** (Delacorte), Irwin Shaw's sequel to *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Both will make fine holiday reading. We strongly suggest two other novels: ***Song of Solomon*** (Knopf), by Toni Morrison, a beautifully written story of a black American family's search for roots, and ***In the Flesh*** (Morrow), a witty, sparse novel about marriage, by Hilma Wolitzer. Mystery readers will take pleasure in ***The Private Lives of Private Eyes and Spies, Crime Fighters, and Other Good Guys*** (Grosset & Dunlap), by Otto Penzler—in-depth profiles of 25 great fictional detectives from Lew Archer to Mr. Moto.

Two unusual recipe books for gift giving are ***Fearless Cooking for Men*** (Mason/Charter), by Michele Evans, everything you always wanted to make but were afraid to try, and ***The Picnic Gourmet*** (Random House), by Joan Hemingway and Connie Maricich, which includes ten special picnics, plus additional recipes for soups, salads, desserts—the works. With good food, one must have good wine, and we suggest the ***World Wine Almanac & Wine Atlas*** (International Wine Society), by Grace Treber, a practical guide for people who entertain (even on a limited budget) and a unique reference to more than 10,000 perfect wine-food combinations. ***The Fireside Book of Wine*** (Simon & Schuster), edited by Alexis Bespaloff, is a charming idea: pieces by some of the world's greatest wine lovers, including Chekhov on champagne, Hemingway on buying a wine flask, T. S. Eliot on sherry—you get the picture.

For the auto buffs, we offer both tradition and humor. The former is represented by ***The Automobile in America*** (American Heritage), by Stephen W. Sears, and the latter by ***Van People: The Great American Rainbow Boogie*** (Crowell), by Douglas Kent Hall. And for the dreamers, those people who wish they could climb every mountain, we suggest ***Great Ascents: A Narrative History of Mountaineering*** (Viking), by Eric Newby.

Harry N. Abrams, Inc., has two beautiful coffee-table books for the holidays. One, for Tolkien fans everywhere, is the first fully illustrated deluxe edition of ***The Hobbit:*** 300 pictures, 200 of them in color. The other, ***Television: The First Fifty Years,*** by Jeff Greenfield, is a *must* for TV fanatics who want to read about what they watch.

We also recommend a very special photography book, ***After Ninety*** (University of Washington Press), by Imogen Cunningham. Cunningham, who was 93 when she died in 1976, viewed these photographic studies of old people as a confrontation with life. Another photo book of special merit is ***Man Ray: The Rigour of Imagination*** (Rizzoli), by Arturo Schwarz. This book, with an appendix by Henry Miller titled *Recollections of Man Ray in Hollywood*, covers the career of a painter, photographer, writer and film maker who left his distinctive mark on 20th Century culture. Man Ray actively collaborated with Schwarz on this study right up to the time of his death in 1977.

The Goodfellow Catalog of Wonderful Things (Berkley Windhover) is an unusual craft book—and an ideal one from which to shop at home, since it tells you how to order directly from the craftspeople who make the items featured, all of which are handmade.

How about something slightly off the beaten track? Something that could enhance your regular, one-on-one lovemaking, as well as a friendly little *ménage à trois*? Now we've got your attention, right? ***The Joy of Lesbian Sex*** (Crown), by Dr. Emily L. Sisley and Bertha Harris, is a nicely illustrated, liberated, affectionate look at love and lovemaking between women. It has a lot to say to men as well, because of its insights into the female psyche.

Finally, it seems appropriate, now that men are being treated as sex objects, that famous photographer Francesco Scavullo would do a book about them. In ***Scavullo on Men*** (Random House), written with Bob Colacello and Sean Byrnes, he photographs and interviews quite an assortment of men, from Arthur Ashe to Bill Buckley, from Bruce Jenner to Mick Jagger, asking them everything from where they wear their cologne (Jagger dabs a little on his groin) to how they feel about fame, sex, death and their own attractiveness. Who has come a long way, baby? Happy holidays!

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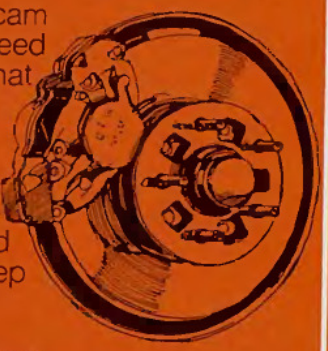

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Bringing a big best seller to the screen is a ticklish job, a problem of how to get between the lines without blowing the book to bits—or becoming so sheepishly reverent that the movie is embalmed at birth. Writer-director Richard Brooks exercises a strong, sure hand with Judith Rossner's ***Looking for Mr. Goodbar,*** reshaping it into a contemporary and warmly compassionate story of loneliness, one-night stands and a doomed young woman's lust for a better life. On the printed page, *Mr. Goodbar*'s lame schoolteacher heroine, hopping from bed to bed and getting high with men she picks up in singles bars, is finally murdered as the almost inevitable conclusion of a self-destructive downhill trip. Under Brooks's direction, Miss Rossner's depressing tale looks unnervingly average, as if it might happen to any nice working girl who loses her virginity rather late because of her rigid Roman Catholic upbringing, who is disillusioned by a married man, then tries to rid herself of hang-ups by sleeping around, experimenting with grass and coke, fighting to preserve her independence in a sexually liberated modern society where a home and husband are no longer the *sine qua non* of feminine fulfillment. Theresa's search is a positive one, erratic, maybe, but conducted with a kind of frail, stubborn dignity.

Perhaps the wisest choice Brooks made was to pick Diane Keaton for the role that dozens of Hollywood actresses (Barbra Streisand, Sally Field, you name 'em) might have given their perfectly capped teeth to play. By all reports, Keaton wasn't entirely sure she wanted the part. As Woody Allen's perennial co-star and *The Godfather*'s proper WASPish daughter-in-law, even semiexplicit sex was not her thing. Yet sex is everything in *Mr. Goodbar*, as she changes from a vulnerable, reticent student having an affair with an arrogant young prof (played by Alan Feinstein, who tells her, "I just can't stand a woman's company right after I fuck her") to an easy lay who bursts out laughing when a quiet, marriage-minded suitor (William Atherton) produces a condom. Seldom off the screen, Diane reveals new emotional depths while enhancing the film with her characteristic ease and spontaneity. Brooks took out Theresa's limp, thank God, though she bears both physical and emotional scars from a childhood bout with scoliosis and spends her days teaching deaf-mute children. She also fights the stern Catholic dogma mouthed by her father (a first-rate performance by Richard Kiley), yet remains close to her beautiful, favored sister (Tuesday Weld). Terrific as always, Tuesday plays the fair Katherine as a daddy's girl, a former stewardess who is actually a screwed-up, screwed-over swinger with a natural talent for muddling through. In addition to its virtues as a vibrant slice of life in the city, *Mr. Goodbar* provides a showcase for several smashing young actors who come on like stars of tomorrow and make it possible to believe that any one of the studs who make it with Theresa might be capable of murder. Atherton, who did a fine job in *The Day of the Locust*, is even better here. Equally memorable are Tom Berenger, looking like a latter-day Paul Newman as Gary (the gay trick) and Richard Gere, in an electric performance as the violent Tony. Brooks stumbles only here and there with redundant symbolism—a gang of New Year's Eve rioters in a hearse, for example, is not really needed as a hint of the horror to come. But when the climax comes, it is riveting. *Mr. Goodbar*, after *Annie Hall*, strengthens Keaton's position as a double-threat actress—starred in the year's funniest movie, with this dramatic blockbuster for an encore.

Keaton, Gere: terrific in *Goodbar*.

Another triumph for Diane Keaton; Burt and Kris team up in a curiously flat film.

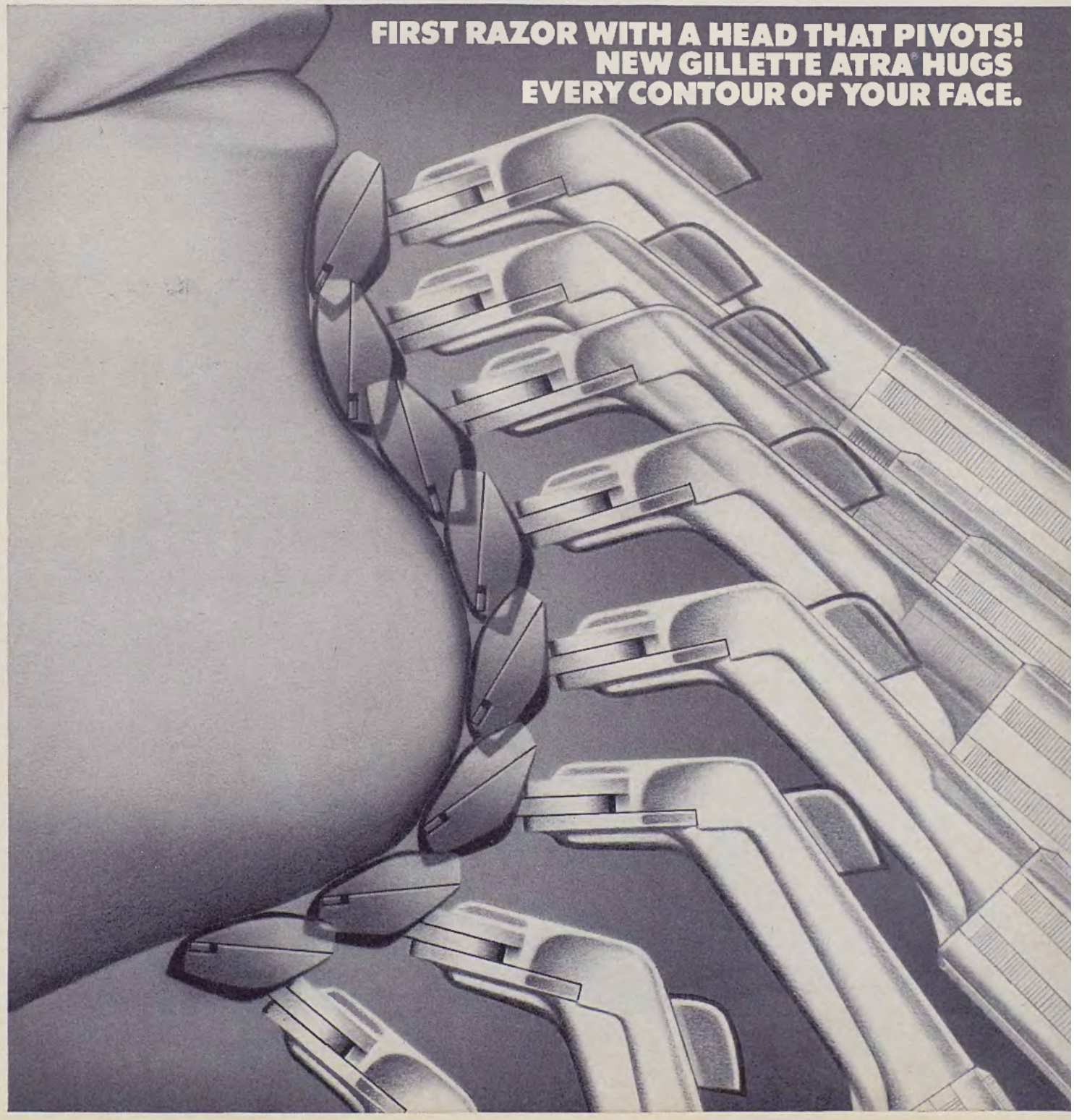
Burt and friends on the side lines.

Kris and Jill off the field.

•

Billy Clyde Puckett and Shake Tiller, the heroes of Dan Jenkins' comic pro-football novel *Semi-Tough*, need no introduction (the book was excerpted in PLAYBOY back in 1972), nor do Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson, who portray B.C. and Shake in director Michael (*The Bad News Bears*) Ritchie's movie version. Weighed against an on-the-scene report by Mark Goodman in the December PLAYBOY, ***Semi-Tough*** seems to have been a lot more fun in the making than it is in the viewing. Burt and Kris project their patented superstar images of rowdy virility while tossing off some of Jenkins' one-liners, wisely retained in the adaptation by Walter Bernstein (who wrote *The Front*). They josh about their fondness for "fuckin' and football" and insist they dig the game because it gives them a chance "to take showers with niggers," yet they never let you forget that they are movie stars simply kidding around as the memorable superjocks of Jenkins' fiction. Onscreen, *Semi-Tough* emerges as a lightweight romantic triangle, essentially a drawing-room comedy written in locker-room language. Football plays a distinctly secondary role, and the movie also loses yardage with Jill Clayburgh—curiously unstimulating in her key role as Barbara Jane Bookman, the team owner's wayward daughter who curses like a fullback, shares quarters with B.C. and Shake and can't decide which of the two she'd prefer to (A) screw and (B) pick as her third husband. Her indulgent daddy, Big Ed, is outrageously overplayed by Robert Preston, perhaps because getting attention and holding it calls for lots of tricky passes in a comic free-for-all dominated

GILLETTE IN THE IMPOSS



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by Reynolds, Kristofferson, real sportswriters, real ball players and Bert Convy as the phony chief of a mind-control movement called BEAT.

•

Throwing a bone to the so-called youth market, producer Walter Shenson gives 'em ***The Chicken Chronicles***—meager movie fare from the man who produced the Beatles' epics, *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*, more than a decade ago. Comedian Phil Silvers guest-stars as the proprietor of a chicken take-out joint in a town that bears a striking resemblance to Beverly Hills. We're back in the Sixties, see, and everything chronicled in *Chronicles* actually happened, according to neophyte screenwriter Paul Diamond, the 24-year-old son of veteran writer I. A. L. Diamond, who collaborated with director Billy Wilder on countless hit comedies. The younger Diamond has a

Chicken Chronicles: necks, mostly.

long way to go to catch up with his dad, though his acknowledged autobiography does reflect some of the cultural shock of Growing Up in Hollywood. Movie newcomer Steven Guttenberg, as the hero, expends enormous energy trying to get laid, like his teenaged peers from coast to coast from time immemorial. But he also lives in a sprawling mansion, communicates with his parents from room to room exclusively via closed-circuit TV and works part time selling fried chicken to go. While the script is too thin, the gags too broad and the direction (by Francis Simon) merely adequate, *Chronicles* does have the simple-minded appeal of intramural groping at a graduation dance—with Meridith Baer and Lisa Reeves as two of the most elusive targets.

•

The Man Who Loved Women, director François Truffaut's featherweight French comedy, concerns Bertrand Morane (Charles Denner), mad for gams, whose obsession with the opposite sex appears to be Truffaut's own public tribute to girls in their summer dresses, girls with

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well-turned ankles, girls he has yearned to meet. "Why are all these strange women more attractive than those I *know*?" muses his hero, echoing a question that would undoubtedly seem trivial and tiresome if any other director dared to build an entire movie around it. Truffaut dares, and drums up a charming case in defense of a compulsive male chauvinist—calling in Leslie Caron as a bruised witness for the prosecution, with beautiful Brigitte Fossey (a busy French actress, seldom seen here since she was the child star of René Clement's classic *Forbidden Games* in 1951) as a book editor who edits his racy memoirs and sorely tempts Morane to turn over a new leaf. Sure, he's a no-account bastard, yet ladies find him irresistible and turn out in droves to mourn his untimely death in the line of duty—chasing still another skirt. Rank *The Man*, along with *Day for Night*, as another comic coup for Truffaut.

•

Black militants who argue that black superstars should choose meaningful films about their black heritage or their black brothers can ferret out some social significance as well as a few chuckles in ***A Piece of the Action.*** Sidney Poitier, doubling as director and co-star—with Bill Cosby—in the third of a comedy series that began in 1974 with *Uptown Saturday Night*, has latched onto a sure-fire formula for hauling in millions and issuing statements at the same time. It's easy to criticize Poitier's crass commercial success when he seemed well on his way, just a few years ago, to becoming the first serious black actor to achieve real stardom in American films, though Poitier might argue that good scripts are hard to find for a 50ish actor, even when he looks as good as he did two decades ago. *A Piece of the Action* brings back Sidney and Bill as a pair of affluent con men, blackmailed by a retired detective (James Earl Jones) who has the goods on them to do time, in effect, by volunteering their services to a community center where rebellious ghetto kids are supposed to be recycled into useful citizens. Two stylish crooks equipped with fancy cars, folding money and a couple of foxy ladies (Tracy Reed and Denise Nicholas) are the men least likely to teach youngsters how to earn an honest dollar. You won't be surprised to learn that everything turns out just fine while Poitier and Cosby pour on the old charisma. Message, hell . . . they're a contemporary Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid coated in smooth, creamy chocolate. And why not, as long as it's passable entertainment and the paying public has a taste for it?

•

Sprung from TV's *Happy Days* for a post-Vietnam drama titled ***Heroes,*** Henry Winkler is saddled with an implausible script, impossible direction and dialog that ranges from cutesy to maudlin. Winkler plays a shell-shocked 'Nam veteran who has been in and out of hospitals for several years and dreams of starting a worm farm (that's what he calls it . . . and carries a box full of worms everywhere) with several guys he was with in the Army. Although there has apparently been no communication among them in all that time—they are either dropouts or dead, in fact—he sets out across the country to find his old buddies and meets a girl (Sally Field) who's riding a bus to Kansas City just four days prior to her wedding back in New York, because

Field, Winkler can't save *Heroes.*

she has to think things through. Each of them suffers an emotional crisis. Hers is to call New York and cancel. His is . . . well, Facing Reality. "You don't need anybody but *you* . . . and you have *me*. And I'm right here and right *now*," sobs Sally. True love cures him on the spot. But there is an earlier love scene, much worse, that plays as if some mischievous elf had written it to embarrass Winkler and Field—two estimable actors, ordinarily—by hyping the big moment when the Fonz meets the Flying Nun.

FILM CLIPS

The Garden: Hollywood's own Melanie Griffith (daughter of Tippi Hedren), in an imaginative Israeli film by Victor Nord, plays a mute waif who is mistaken for an angel by a stubborn old fruitgrower (Shai K. Ophir). After rescuing her from rapist thugs, he persuades himself that God has sent him a virgin as a sign not to let real-estate speculators gobble up his garden in the heart of Jerusalem. The old man's practical son sees her nude and responds more realistically.

Padre, Padrone (*My Father, My Master*): Winner of the Golden Palm as best film at the 1977 Cannes festival, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani's austere drama about a Sardinian shepherd boy who remains illiterate until the age of 20—when he goes into the army, learns to read and discovers there's more to the world than just staying alive and screwing sheep—is a classic study of father-son conflicts. Originally produced for Italian TV, with a flawless performance by Saverio Marconi as the young shepherd who refuses to follow in his tyrannical father's footsteps, this bleakly beautiful epic has poetry, power and passion.

—ALL REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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The prime requisite of any hetero hard-core sex film is the irresistible face and figure of a girl who fleshes out a man's wildest fantasies. Once again, Annette Haven fills the bill and then some in her stellar role as ***V—The Hot One,*** another playback of the bored, whoring-housewife story lifted from *Belle de Jour*. The difference here is Haven's potent screen presence. She is beautiful, seductive, womanly. She walks sexy, talks sexy and her silky sensuality has never been projected so well. Writer-director Robert McCallum launches *V* with a touch of cinematic sophistication—a mutual-masturbation sequence between Annette and a naked male neighbor, barely visible at the window of a high-rise some distance away—and studies the lady's subsequent erotic exploits at compellingly close range. She slips out of the house at night for an encounter with two strangers at a porno moviehouse, lures a young sailor into a parked van, then becomes the star attraction on the day shift (11 A.M.–3 P.M.) in a sumptuous brothel. "I don't think if I live to be a hundred, I'll ever understand a woman," says her befuddled husband (John Leslie), sensing something amiss. Annette smiles enigmatically. "*Now* you've got it," she tells him, coolly summing up *V*'s appeal as an X film that combines concentrated horniness with a fillip of feminine mystery.

•

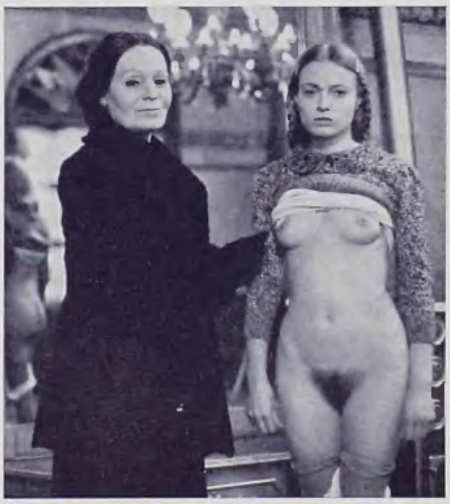
To itemize all the violent and repulsive excesses of ***Salo, 120 Days of Sodom*** would require a stronger stomach and steadier nerves than you'll find in this critic's chair—where there was considerable squirming throughout the New York Film Festival's U. S. premiere showing this past fall of the last film by Pier Paolo Pasolini. Completed in Italy in 1975, shortly before Pasolini was murdered in the course of a homosexual pickup, *Salo* is absolutely serious but ultimately empty, a sad farewell performance by a brilliant, erratic film maker. By the time of his death, Pasolini's leftist political sympathies and his private sexual hang-ups had become so hopelessly tangled that he could no longer separate the message from the sadomasochistic self-indulgence. Ardent defenders of the director may blather about an "examination of the relationship between fascism and sadism," noting that Salo was an Italian village ruled briefly by a repressive fascist regime back in 1943. Linking this historical footnote to the Marquis de Sade's classic, *120 Days of Sodom*, Pasolini spins out a horrendous, orgiastic nightmare starring four perverted, middle-aged, power-mad closet queens who imprison 18 teenagers of both sexes from good families in a huge villa—where they are tortured, sodomized, forced to eat shit by the spoonful and subjected to every imaginable form of degradation. Most of the victims are ultimately killed—after having their tongues torn out, eyes gouged, breasts burned, genitalia mutilated—while their smiling captors take turns watching. Some of the connective scenes, particularly those in which several evil harlots entertain the group with details of their early sexual exploits as if they were telling children's fairy tales, are stylish and hypnotic in effect, obviously filmed by a demonic genius. It's a bit like staging *The Blue Bird* at Dachau. The real test of endurance is a wedding-breakfast sequence, where a wrinkly old sodomist and a teenaged boy in a bridal gown are feted by the entire company with heaping portions of human excrement on fine silver plates. *Salo* should not be censored any more than pure pornography should be censored. Which by no means indicates that it ought to be *seen*. You'd better think twice about a shocker when *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein, hardly the most fastidious taste maker around, walks out of a preview, pale and shaken, muttering, "*Jesus*, that was too fuckin' much for me. Where do we go from here?"

•

Oral sex photographed under water. Straight humping by the fireside. Cunnilingus by candlelight. Such are the romantic high spots of ***Felicia,*** made in France by writer-producer-director Max Pecas, a prolific pornographer who approaches hard-core with a soft-sell style and considerable savoir-faire, and smoothly dubbed into English. *Felicia*'s title role is played by Beatrice Harnois as a minxish 16-year-old who arrives from Australia to spend the long, hot summer in France with a young married couple, Paul and Gabrielle. They are an attractive, ardent pair whose sex life seems perfect but gets better, believe it or not, when their precocious house guest from down under conquers her initial shyness and bad temper to join them in a threesome. Don't shake the bedclothes searching for other threads of plot. Beautiful people balling in beautiful settings is the whole point of *Felicia*, and the movie's stellar centerpiece happens to be blonde, American-born Mary Mendum, who has acted on Broadway (as the wife in *Lenny*) and was featured, along with Annette Haven, as one of the more enticing *New Girls of Porno* in PLAYBOY's July 1977 pictorial. Here, Mary plays hostess (opposite Jean Roche, as husband Paul) with a well-bred air that makes sexuality look *très chic*. —B.W.

V, for Haven's sake.

Cheers for *V* and *Felicia*; as for *Salo*, barf.



Pasolini's *Salo*: Yecch.

Mendum: felicitous in *Felicia*.

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Match-needle or electronic auto-exposure? Minolta makes both kinds, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

A match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta's match-needle models, the SR-T 200, the SR-T 201 and the SR-T 202, differ in price, according to their operating features.

Minolta's electronic automatic models are the professional XK, the deluxe XE-7 and the economical XE-5. In these cameras, shutter speeds are controlled electronically with unprecedented precision. Even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta electronic SLR's, you get a wide choice of features, including interchangeable viewfinders and focusing screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second, and multiple-exposure capability.

How much information should the viewfinder display? The more information in the viewfinder, the more you know about the technical details of how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save some more money by getting a simpler model.

Minolta XE-7 viewfinder

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Advance the film wind lever. If a new camera has a "grainy" feeling, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

How about noise? Close machine tolerances and careful damping of moving parts in Minolta cameras give you a noticeably smoother, more solid response when you push the shutter button. And Minolta's automatic SLR's have a newly designed electronic shutter that's a joy to hear because you almost can't hear it.

The lens system. You need a choice of lenses broad enough to meet your present and future needs. Minolta offers almost 40. From a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto.

Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

How easy is it to change lenses? You shouldn't miss any shots while changing lenses. So Minolta has developed a patented bayonet mount that locks on in less than a quarter turn, instead of the three or more turns required by a screw mount.

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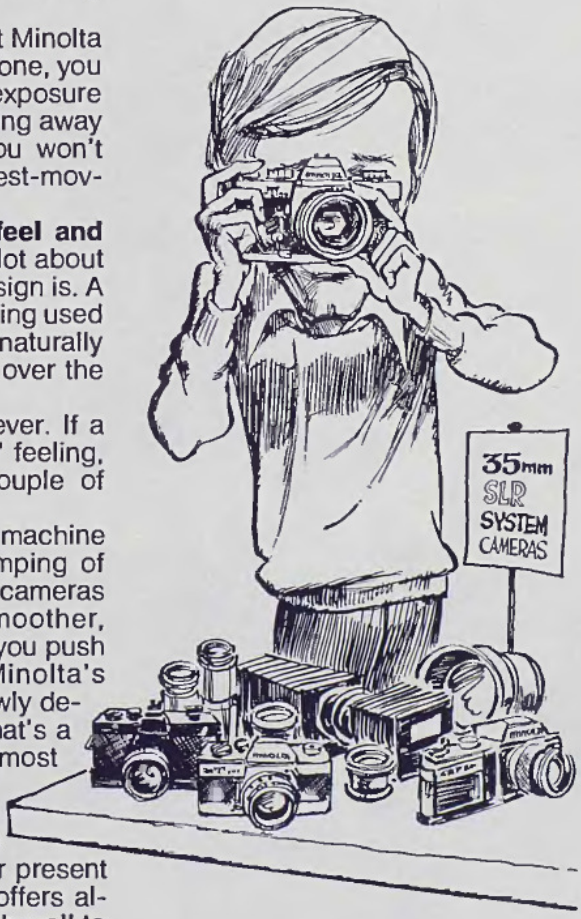


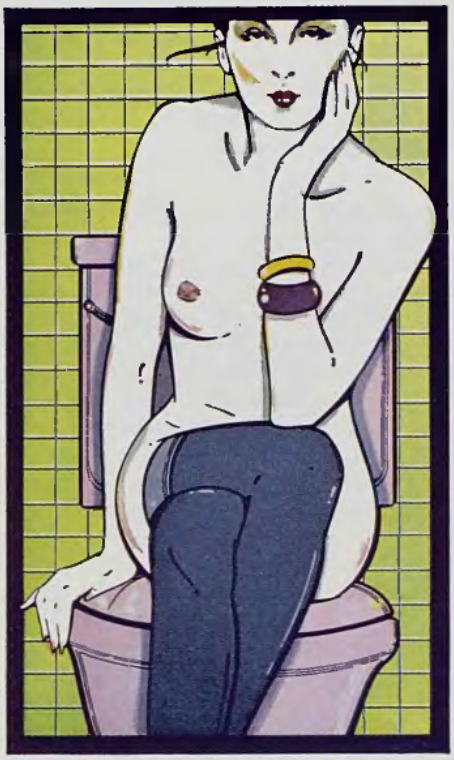
Cameras have reputations. Check them out. By all means, ask your friends about Minolta. Since it's the largest-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

If you'd like more information about Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a devout heterosexual male of 20 years. I recently went to bed with a woman and a mutual male friend. Picture the three of us on a king-size bed, smoking herbs and drinking the toxic juices of fine grapes. Time progressed until my friend and I started to take turns rubbing and kissing the woman. The movements advanced to fast-ass foreplay and the removal of all garments. Well, after another joint, my true-blue color surfaced and I started to mount this luscious lass. I did not concern myself with our male friend, figuring he would wait his turn for climax. But, instead, he did the most unusual thing: He started sucking and licking the woman's toes. Yes, I will repeat that—toes. My female friend at first laughed, because it tickled. She started to kick at him to get him to stop. But because I had already penetrated those furry lips, she could not put up much of a fight. So our friend and I talked her into trying to enjoy it. To this day, I have never seen a woman enjoy herself so. Her vagina pulled and tugged on me—more than I do to myself when I masturbate. The more he sucked the girl's toes, the more she moaned and fought. Then she started clawing with those god-awful nails. My friend told me later that her toes curled up toward her head when she climaxed. I managed to climax twice without pulling out. The girl said she had a multiple orgasm and, believe it or not, our friend came all over the bed just from the excitement. What do you make of that? Is toe sucking an accepted technique?—N. L., San Francisco, California.

Is that what John Lennon meant by the phrase toe-jam football? After the big three (mouth, hands, genitals), your toes are probably your most sexually talented organ. They are responsive (as your girlfriend discovered) and they can also be aggressive. (Next time you're eating in a fancy restaurant, slip off a shoe and extend your leg under the table for an intimate caress of your date. Maybe she'll think it's not your toe.) The toes are directly connected to the sexual nervous system—when a person has an orgasm, his or her toes will involuntarily curl. It's possible to reverse the process: Play one end against the middle. It's fun in groups or as one-on-one foreplay.



Do quick-energy foods work? I am an avid skier who hits the slopes every weekend. My skiing partner always takes along a backpack filled with Chunkies and assorted organic concoctions—gorp, Granola, etc. At various times during the day, he will pop one of those high-calorie snacks into his mouth, wash it down with Gatorade (he keeps that in a goatskin flask)—all in the name of quick energy. It's my impression that unless he snorted the stuff or injected it into a vein, whatever calories he takes in must go through his digestive tract, and that takes days. Am I right?—M. P., Stowe, Vermont.

Yes. We would hold suspect anyone who kept Gatorade in a goatskin flask. Your friend is incorrect. His quick-energy theory is the reason he has to drink something. (Sugar-loaded foods dehydrate your body.) The energy you use in any sport comes from fats and proteins—the end results of food you digested up to two weeks earlier. The only caloric content we've encountered that immediately influences our skiing comes from the martini trees at Taos, New Mexico.

What type of birth-control devices were used in earlier times? I am particularly interested in the saloon houses of the old West. Am I wrong, or did cowboys end up using old socks as makeshift condoms?—W. J., Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.

You have your historical periods mixed up. Weren't you paying attention in school or, better yet, in the schoolyard? We thought everyone had heard the refrain: "In days of old, when knights were bold/And rubbers weren't invented/They tied a sock around their cocks/And babies were prevented." Cowboys had access to condoms and used them, if not for birth control, then as a V.D. preventive. The saloon girls of the wild West were a sophisticated lot. They were known to try douching, withdrawal and the use of a sponge as a primitive diaphragm. Douching supposedly was introduced to the American public in 1832 by Dr. Charles Knowlton in a work called "Fruits of Philosophy" (no jokes). The book sold thousands of copies and for the next 100 years or so, douching ranked right behind the condom and withdrawal (or coitus interruptus*—as in "You better git, cowboy, I hear the sheriff coming"). None of those methods is particularly effective—which is why there are so many little cowpokes.*

I like to keep a variety of good liquor around the house, but I have trouble in selecting a good vodka. The books that I have read state that vodka is produced by distilling fermented grains, that it is made from pure ethanol mixed with water and that the only differences between cheap and expensive vodka are the bottle, the label and the price. Is that true?—E. M., Los Angeles, California.

Never let a Russian hear you say that. You could destroy what's left of détente. You are right, up to a point. Vodka can be made from almost anything: corn, wheat, potatoes, sugar beets. These are fermented and vodka is distilled out at 190 proof. The alcohol is then filtered, usually through activated charcoal, to remove congeners, those little impurities that cause morning-after pain. (The number of times the vodka is filtered does affect price and quality.) But in order to cut the vodka to the required 80 to 100 proof, up to 55 percent water must be added—and therein lies the difference. Domestic producers frequently use purified or distilled water, whereas many imported-vodka producers do not. For instance, a popular Russian brand uses water from the River Neva, which flows from glacial Lake Ladoga near Leningrad. It is said to be the smoothest water for the purpose, but it does impart flavor to the vodka. Whether or not the flavor is better is a matter of individual taste. Higher prices do not reflect quality as much as the import duties and taxes charged to bring the flavor of the River Neva to your local package store. We're waiting for a vodka to be made from the waters of the Cuyahoga (the Cleveland river that burst into flame a few years back). That would be real firewater.

On occasion, I've heard men claim that they can tell a woman's sexual morality by the condition of her vagina. A loose woman is loose inside. This bit of information came up in a rather embarrassing situation: Noting how relaxed I was during a lovemaking session, one of my boyfriends accused me of having been as busy as a beaver—he said the more a woman

makes love, the more worn out the muscles. Frequency equals flaccidity. Personally, I think he was trying to shift the anxiety about his own size to me. Is there any truth to that speculation?—Miss S. K., St. Louis, Missouri.

Nope. Intercourse will not permanently increase the size of the vagina, nor will it wear out the muscles. If anything, an increase in the frequency of lovemaking will tend to tone those muscles, which contract involuntarily at the moment of orgasm. (Every workout should be so nice.) The only statistics we have on frequency relate the number of times a woman makes love to her satisfaction with lovemaking: A recent study found that the more a woman tends to get it on, the more she likes sex; and vice versa. If the loose lips of tactless and misinformed lovers are causing your relationships to sink, you might want to take control of the situation. It is possible to tone the muscles through a set of calisthenics known as Kegel exercises. Essentially, they involve contractions of the muscles used to urinate. For more details, contact your gynecologist.

A few months ago, you answered a letter from a guy who wanted to know how to keep his water pipe clean. Also, his bong. You advised him to soak it for 24 hours in ethyl alcohol. That's fine for glass bongs and pipes, but it's the pits for plastic. The alcohol eats away the plastic and may wreak havoc with rubber fittings. Perhaps you can try again and come up with something for those of us who have plastic bongs.—R. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Excu-u-u-use us! The researcher who prepared our original answer ran into a problem. Before he could find out what would clean a bong, he had to get one dirty. By the time he had done that, he was far from being his usual objective self. It is true that ethyl alcohol will eat acrylics for lunch, but there is a cure-all cleaner. We refer to those little effervescent tablets sold to clean dentures. Drop one or two of the little fizzies into your bong at night. If you wear false teeth, you can drop those in, too. It will work wonders, without damage to plastic or rubber. Of course, your pharmacist may give you a funny look when you place your order, but you can always fake him out by ordering a gross of condoms at the same time.

I would like to offer a suggestion to Miss A. H. in Seattle (*The Playboy Advisor*, September) and to everyone else who has experienced the unpleasant taste of contraceptive jellies currently available. Because I don't enjoy the taste, I usually have oral sex before my partner inserts her diaphragm. We make insertion of the diaphragm part of our lovemaking. The sex is better and much more intimate than if she were to slip off to the bathroom by herself. Also, we like to have oral sex without intercourse (and subsequent birth-control hassles) once in a while.—E. B., Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

We like your attitude: You've got a good head on your shoulders. Other readers wrote to offer solutions to the problem of contraceptive-jelly aftertaste. A number recommended Koromex II by Holland-Rantos—claiming that it has a neutral taste or, better yet, for some palates, a slight raspberry flavor. The perfect thing for toast or biscuits.

I've got a question that most sports-car drivers would like to have answered. There are several synthetic oils on the market. Their producers claim they give better lubrication and that gas performance is improved. However, I've heard frightening tales of high-performance engines' being damaged or suffering serious wear from their use. Can they be used in some of the more expensive imports? I've experienced higher gas performance and a cooler running temperature, but did I hurt my engine?—A. E., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Just like natural oils, synthetics have varying characteristics. Most nationally advertised brands were developed for passenger cars and their attendant uses, not racing machines. However, synthetic oils are widely used in jet-aircraft engines and have been tested in cars to temperature extremes of −55 degrees Fahrenheit and 580 degrees Fahrenheit with no breakdown of the oil. Track testing is now going on in Europe. Your own car's specs and careful monitoring by your mechanic should answer the question for you.

Recently, I purchased a stereo system known for its accuracy of reproduction and I have found that that includes flaws on brand-new records. I have returned so many records, about one third, that my local record store has suggested that I am being too critical. It claims a return rate of about five percent. Does everyone with accurate stereo equipment have the same problem? What can be done about it?—M. E., New York, New York.

We assume you're referring to current record quality, not current musical quality, about which nothing can be done. The answer, of course, is to do just what you've been doing: Return the records. It is not unusual in mass production to have an entire lot with the same warps, clicks and pops. First determine if it is, in fact, the record that's at fault by cleaning all new discs before playing them. The mere act of removing a record from its sleeve can cause pulp from the sleeve itself or microscopic particles to work their way into the grooves through static-electricity build-up. If the record is flawed, return it and, if possible, have the salesmen play it for themselves on their equipment, if it's as good as yours. (Remember the good old days when you could take 45s into isolation booths to test them?) Or simply get your money back and buy the record elsewhere. Chances are the flaws won't appear in every lot. Not everyone is as critical as you, but that's no reason to back down. We were at a Kiss concert and overheard two teeny-boppers arguing about whether or not their heroes had changed a certain passage. Said one, "On my record at home, they get to that line and there's this real neat screetchcrk. They left that out."

There is one very basic sexual activity that I have never tried. When a man says he wants me to sit on his face, I have always hesitated and steered the activity to more familiar ground. Why? I have never understood the actual position of the man and the woman. Please explain the delicate details of this maneuver.—Miss N. J., Dallas, Texas.

If only we could make house calls. Oh, well, here goes: Chances are if a man asks, he knows what he is asking for and will be perfectly willing to lend a helping hand. Perhaps you should take a gander at Gershon Legman's classic work "Oragenitalism," in which he reveals the following: "All the motions of her hips and torso that the woman can use in coital postures where she lies, kneels, stands or squats over the man can also be used when she is in the same position over the man for cunnilingus or the 69. In particular, the woman can use—and should make a real effort to try to learn, and learn well—the superb pelvic motion or mysterious gyration . . . La Diligence De Lyon (The Lyons Stagecoach) . . . a rapid and continuous forward and backward rolling motion of the kneeling woman's hips, similar to that known in horseback riding under the name of posting or 'broncobusting,' where the rider's body sinks and rises rhythmically forward and backward to match the motions of the galloping or bucking horse." Yee-hah. The simplest way to begin: Your partner should assume a reclining position. You should place your knees on either side of his head, just above his shoulders. You may choose to face his feet, as in the soixante-neuf *position, or reverse direction. The latter allows better contact between the clitoris and the tongue. You support most of your weight with your thighs and arms. Raise and lower yourself as the spirit moves you.*

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

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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Every American man should have three women in his life—a French lover, an Italian wife and a Scandinavian for everything else. Mention this homily to a friend and you'll probably get strong disagreement. He might prefer a Spanish lover, a German wife and an Oriental for everything else. When it comes to exotic affairs, what's one man's *détente* is another man's dalliance.

You might lust after a certain ethnic beauty because she is different from you—the old "opposites attract" syndrome. Or you might be titillated because in literature, films and art, that particular type of charmer has been cloaked in an erotic air of mystery. (Of course, if you hate films with subtitles, you may fantasize only about the girl next door.) If you are an adventurer who once had a fabulous affair in some distant country, the memory may have turned into an obsession that you want to relive with anyone who looks like your lost love. So powerful is the urge for cross-cultural consummation that even diehard patriots who sleep every night under a red, white and blue quilt must admit that they have, at least once, had some seductive non-American goddess undulate tantalizingly through their dreamscape.

Is there one specific foreign femme fatale with whom most American males want to establish relations? We asked 100 men that question. We explained that their answer could be based on a fantasy or on an actual experience. We asked 100 women the same question: what kind of import they most wanted to go to bed with. Finally, we asked both groups what they thought the opposite sex would prefer. Here are their answers.

Q:

WHAT TYPE OF FOREIGN WOMEN DO YOU THINK MEN PREFER AS LOVERS?

(Asked of 100 women)

Thirty-four percent of the women with whom we talked thought that men wanted Orientals: "No matter how liberated men say they have become, when it comes to bed, they want a sexual slave. Which is why they all find Japanese girls such a turn-on. They know those girls have been trained to wait on men."

Twenty percent of the women believed that most males favored Frenchwomen: "The combination of tremendous aggression yet sinuous passion seems to be the turn-on for the men I know. They seem intrigued with the image of all those French sex kittens playing hard to get, and then giving in totally once they're gotten. Also, Parisian women are reputed to give the best head in Europe."

Fourteen percent of the women guessed that men preferred Scandinavians: "Scandinavian women have a world-wide reputation for free love, free sex and no regrets. Of course, guys want a piece of that kind of ass."

Nine percent of the women felt that men were intrigued by the Spanish: "Many a guy has told me about his fascination with Spanish women in these terms: fingernails on the back, many male lovers in the wings and great screamers when they come—flamenco lovemaking."

Six percent of the women supposed that men wanted affairs with Italians: "It's from seeing all those Fellini and Wertmuller films. The women are so ripe with sensuality. I think men just want to bury their faces in the Italian tradition of huge, pillowy breasts and their cocks in those full, sucky red lips."

Six percent of the women were sure that men desired Latin-American girls: "Guys have told me that there's a curious combination about Latin-American girls that arouses them—fiery in bed, yet trained to be submissive, so a man can have two kinds of fun, take command and yet not be bored."

The rest of the sample thought men favored other nationalities, including English, Africans and Polynesians: "Island women have a tropical lushness about them that men want to explore. All the torrid fantasies of the islands are connected with hot passion, just by the sway of a hula dancer's hips. A guy believes she'll move just like that underneath him in bed."

Q:

WHAT TYPE OF FOREIGN WOMAN WOULD YOU PREFER AS A LOVER?

(Asked of 100 men)

Twenty-nine percent of the men said they most wanted an affair with an Oriental: "Because I like having my back walked on, my prick sucked reverently and my body treated like a holy object."

Twenty-two percent of the men preferred Scandinavians: "I like to be conquered and dominated in bed. Those aggressive Swedish women must be sex-starved, because they love to take charge of my body and suck me into oblivion."

Fourteen percent of the men felt that Englishwomen were the most erotic: "Best thing about the British girls is their proper training. They are all taught to keep a stiff upper lip, which feels fantastic when they're sucking my cock." "Once I had an English girlfriend and she was gorgeous, with long, long legs, freckles and hardly any hair on her pussy. That really turned me on and, in spite of fine breeding, was she ever kinky! Maybe they're all like that."

Ten percent of the men wanted French

lovers: "*Parisiennes* are the only women left who believe in romance. Showing a guy how beautifully they fuck is very important to them, because they think of it as upholding the honor and traditions of France itself."

Eight percent of the men found Spanish ladies most exciting: "It's intriguing the way Spanish women are sexually hypocritical. In public, they're so demure, so chaste. But the ones I've seduced become growling, biting, writhing wildcats who can't get enough of my body."

The rest of the men cited a variety of nationalities, including Italians, Germans, South Americans, Irish and Israelis: "Israeli women are extremely aggressive. They'll walk right up to a man and offer themselves sexually if they like him. I enjoy being approached like that—it makes me feel so potent."

Q:

WHAT TYPE OF FOREIGN MEN DO YOU THINK WOMEN PREFER AS LOVERS?
(Asked of 100 men)

Thirty-three percent of the men thought that women wanted Frenchmen: "I've heard that French guys have a special technique of treating every inch of a woman's body as if it were a cunt—extremely erotic."

Twenty-one percent of the men guessed that women preferred Italians: "Italian men come on superseductive. It's all crap, of course, but American women eat it up every time. They also want to be sexually submissive to a man as long as he 'knows' what he's doing, and Italians certainly pretend that they do."

Ten percent of the men were sure that girls desired Latin Americans: "Many women I know fantasize that the hot little guys in *disco* duds are part of the great-lover tradition. Those guys have a rhythm that seems to say, 'When you're my woman, you will be oblivious to everything but my incredible body.' "

Seven percent of the men felt that most women wanted a British affair: "Most women want to crack that wall of reserve. American females are sure that if *they* were given the chance, they would be the ones to light the fire under the cool English exterior."

The rest of the sample guessed that women craved Scandinavians, Africans, Polynesians and Greeks: "The reason so many American women are hung up on Greek men is that getting fucked in the ass is still pretty taboo in the U. S. and our chicks think a Greek will force them to go further than they've ever dared."

Q:

WHAT TYPE OF FOREIGN MAN WOULD YOU PREFER AS A LOVER?
(Asked of 100 women)

Twenty-two percent of the women said they most wanted an affair with an Italian: "All Italian guys are terrific lovers, because they can see women only as virgins or whores. I tell them I am a virgin and they fuck me like a whore."

Fifteen percent of the women desired the British: "Give me an Englishman any time. Dressed, they're so proper and conservative. Undress him and he's all kinky and weird."

Fourteen percent of the women preferred Frenchmen: "They have such sexual savoir-faire and like to prove it to me by doing exotic things while fucking. One guy poured the most expensive wine all over my breasts and cunt and got drunk licking it off. American men are never that inventive. Or else they use cheap stuff."

Seven percent said that Latin Americans were their favorites: "Latin Americans are not actually more competent in bed than North American fellows, but the whole experience is more thrilling. They tell me how they've never been so in love before, how they'll never forget me and how they want to spend their life with me. Corny as it is, it gets me pretty hot."

Seven percent of the women wanted a German lover: "There's always a delicious shiver of fear present when I'm having an affair with a German stud, and I've already fucked three. They were all huge, tall, with icy blue eyes that seemed to threaten as they caressed me."

Five percent of the women desired Orientals: "I think of that provocative eye slant, the sleek black hair and that fascinating skin color that looks so different lying nude against my white flesh."

Five percent were turned on to Scandinavians: "I guess I'm excited by the moody, craggy-featured types I've seen in Bergman films. They're so serious. I feel they'd take fucking very seriously, too."

The rest of the women cited an assortment of nationalities, including Africans, Greeks, Hungarians, Irishmen and aliens from outer space: "My favorite type of foreigner would be an alien. I'm a *Star Trek* freak, so I'd love to ball a Vulcan like Mr. Spock. I'd use his pointed ears in a really kinky way."

Summary: It is said that when an American woman has an affair with a stranger, she goes into ecstasy, while an American male goes into detail. We found that members of both sexes went into ecstasy *and* great detail. Evidently, there is a foreign lover living secretly inside the Yankee libido, just longing for an entry visa. Unfortunately, there is an immigration quota based on jealousy. When we asked men and women what they guessed the opposite sex would prefer, the answers were snide, insinuating and insulting. The women showed hostility toward the types they thought would turn on American men: the men tried to deflate the myth of the Continental competition. Apparently, when it comes to international affairs of a bedroom nature, most of us are just not interested in diplomacy.

The reasons men gave for the attractiveness of foreign affairs were often paradoxical: For a large number of males, the most attractive thing foreign women had to offer was submissiveness. (Docile obedience was cited as a sensuous quality of Oriental women.) And yet almost as large a number of men desired the opposite quality—they thought foreign women really knew how to let go (cf. the number of men who liked the lusty, viking aggressiveness of Scandinavians).

Oddly, both Oriental and Scandinavian fellows faired poorly with the women we polled. It seems that women are attracted to the suave, debonair, commanding image of the Frenchman or the Italian. In spite of feminist propaganda, the women in our poll seemed attracted to Italians because of their much-touted *macho* appeal. Those who expressed this attraction also seemed embarrassed by it and took pains to explain that beyond their own dedication to feminist principles, on a gut level, they found the strong Italian style just too irresistible.

An invitation to readers: The *Sex Poll* is based on the in-the-street responses of 100 men and 100 women. Everyone knows that the streets are so filled with perverts and criminals that they aren't safe to walk down. We've begun to wonder if the people we've been interviewing on these pages are weird, or just heavily armed. We want to know how you, the reader, would react to such inquiries. We are currently preparing a survey on sexual living arrangements. "If you had your way, would you live in a harem? A *ménage à trois*? Alone? Would you keep your mistress in the apartment across the street? Would you try a group marriage under one roof?" That's half of the question; the other: "What do you think the opposite sex would prefer?" Send your answers to The Playboy Sex Poll, PLAYBOY, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Let yourself go; your erotic architecture can be based on experience (what's worked for you in the past) or fantasy (what you dream about on the way home). —HOWARD SMITH

THE SELF-SUFFICIENT PORSCHE

By the looks of it, and by the way it handles, you would expect the Porsche 924 to be high-strung and demanding. But it turns out to be one of the most practical of all sports cars.

Goes 500 highway miles on a single tankful.

The 924 is designed to cope with the energy crisis. It gets a surprising 31 miles per gallon on the highway ('77 EPA-estimated) and 17 mpg in the city, with standard transmission. Your actual mileage may vary according to where and how you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Has a carrying capacity of 18 cubic feet.

Thanks to pneumatic assists, the rear window/hatch lifts up effortlessly, providing quick access to your belongings. For maximum space—an amazing 18 cubic feet—the rear deck folds down. And for privacy, there is a built-in cover that conceals your luggage.

Handles with ease.

The 924 belongs to a new generation of Porsches that uses the transaxle system. With the engine in front and transaxle in the rear, weight is almost perfectly balanced; handling is something you have to experience to believe.

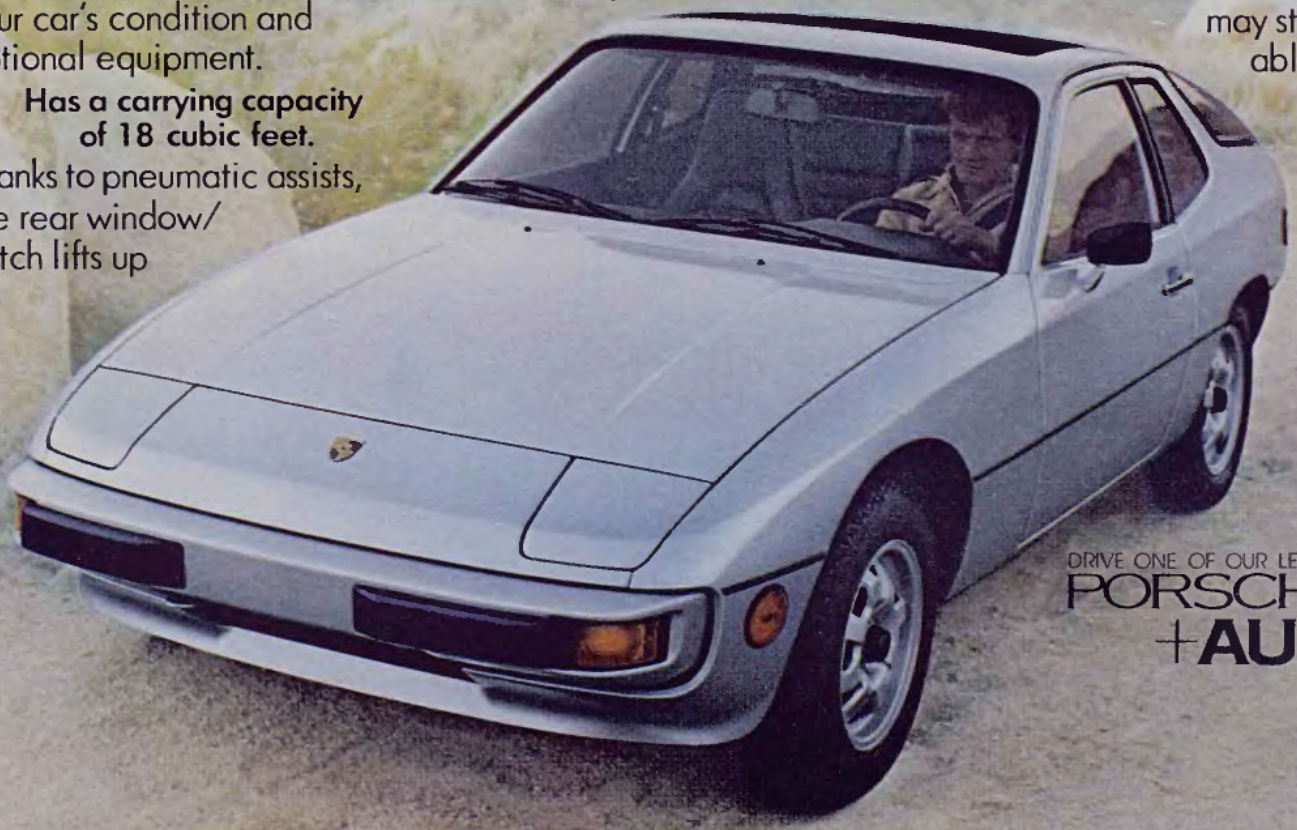
Shifts for itself, if you wish.

In recognition of traffic conditions today, and acknowledging those who prefer not to shift, this is the first Porsche ever to have a fully automatic transmission as optional equipment.

Costs less than you think to own and care for.

The 924 costs under $11,000.* And the engine was designed to make parts accessible and servicing easy, keeping repair bills to a minimum.

So, if you have to ask what it costs to own a Porsche, you may still be able to afford one.



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THE 1978 PORSCHE 924

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Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne

Accessories courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SWEET MYSTERY OF SEX

At the antiquated age of 25, I am disappointed in PLAYBOY. Your publication is symptomatic of a general pathological preoccupation with mere sensuality.

There are those who see man as reducible to what is merely quantifiable and emotional, and there are those who see him as more than he can ever know. For those who accept the mystery, it is inconceivable to be content with sex unless it takes place with a partner with whom there is communication and shared responsibility. As to those who don't accept the mystery, sexual contentment will forever elude them.

Raymond S. Kraft
Calistoga, California

Nice sentiments, but who says that sexual abstinence ever taught anyone how to love? In fact, celibacy is a dangerous practice that can lead to self-abuse and the unsightly growth of hair in the palm of the hand.

FIRST-PERSON SENSUAL

I've recently invented a way to use bedroom lighting to enhance lovemaking. One trick is to place a high-intensity lamp across the room, so that our shadows are thrown against the wall. When we're in the missionary position, my huge shadow makes me look like King Kong, and the ensuing orgasm seems larger than life, as well.

(Name withheld by request)
Edwardsville, Illinois

SIMONSON SAYS

In his letter in the October *Playboy Forum*, about the story of Adam and Eve, Jeff Simonson begins a paragraph with the words "My own contention." He has admitted something few Christians ever do, that religion is a matter of personal taste. His picturing of the forbidden fruit as representing the use of sex for pleasure only is interesting, but the Bible states that the fruit was "knowledge of good and evil"—nothing about sex or pleasure. Simonson also states, "Man has an animal side in his make-up, a crudeness that should not be there." Is he suggesting that the Creator made a mistake?

Michael Foster Rivero
West Covina, California

The story of the Garden of Eden states clearly that the knowledge of good and evil—morality—is the cause of human suffering and that morality begins with sexual shame (the fig leaves). We think that without morality we would run wild, but, actually, the fears and hatreds arising from our ideas of good and evil lie at the root of our murders and suicides, wars and persecutions.

J. Green
New York, New York

Simonson ends his letter with the statement that "the curse of the forbidden fruit is a life of doing only what is pleasurable." What on earth is wrong with a life of pleasure? Is it better to live a life of agony?

Ernest Beuchel
Los Angeles, California

"Without morality, we would run wild."

Simonson claims that it is animalistic to use sex only for enjoyment. But it is humans who have learned to use sex for enjoyment; for animals, it is short, nasty and brutish.

R. Wilson
Omaha, Nebraska

BELIEFS OF ATHEISTS

Thomas Helms hits the nail on the head in the September *Playboy Forum*

when he complains about discrimination against atheists. When it comes to matters of this country's legal rituals, national holidays and other traditions, the beliefs of atheists are ignored. Interestingly enough, this was not so much the case in our country's early days. The motto IN GOD WE TRUST did not appear on U. S. coins until 1864 and the phrase "under God" was added to the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag in 1954, 62 years after the pledge was written. It seems that the earlier creators of our nation's trademarks were not so concerned about recognizing a deity as they were about signifying the country itself. It should be that way today.

Jerry Petersen
Port Clinton, Ohio

GAY RIGHTS AND WRONGS

In commenting on the Dade County anti-gay-rights vote, PLAYBOY states, "The gays were not the only losers: Christianity lost, by being made to seem the religion of ignorant hatemongers" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). This is nothing new. Christianity has all too often been involved in hatemongering, from the wholesale slaughter of Jews during the Crusades through the torture and execution of heretics during the Inquisition down to the witch burnings of the 16th and 17th centuries. Historians have pointed out that centuries of anti-Jewish church teachings helped set the stage for the Nazi murder of 6,000,000 Jews during World War Two. Bryant's brand of cruelty is 2000 years old.

Roger Weiss
Denver, Colorado

I oppose laws regulating the private sexual conduct of consenting adults, but I also oppose antidiscrimination laws such as the Dade County ordinance. Discreet homosexuals rarely suffer from discrimination, because employers and apartment managers can't tell they are homosexual. What homosexuals generally lack, and seek to gain through legislation, is the freedom to flaunt their homosexuality with impunity. But other people who dress or behave unconventionally do not enjoy this privilege, because it is no violation of anyone's rights if individuals (including employers and businessmen) react negatively to such dress or behavior.

Should any group of people who feel insufficiently accepted by society be able to use the coercive power of government to force others to accept them?

The supporters of gay-rights legislation

are calling on the coercive power of the state to force individual Americans to act contrary to their values and beliefs. Despite some rhetorical excesses by Anita Bryant and her forces, we owe them gratitude. They struck down an unwarranted Government intrusion into the affairs of its citizens and thereby struck a blow for individual rights.

Arthur Frank
West Lafayette, Indiana

While individual liberty should include the freedom to be a bigot in one's private life, bigots are losing their freedom by abusing it. If they would only be a little more discreet about their bigotry and stop flaunting it in public and persecuting people, there'd be no need for those obnoxious antidiscrimination laws.

FLASHES OF ENLIGHTENMENT

I take issue with the gentleman from Amelia, Ohio, whose letter in the October *Playboy Forum* accuses *Hustler* and similar publications of encouraging sex crimes and quotes a letter to the editor of *The Cincinnati Inquirer* about a nine-year-old girl who was approached by a flasher and became hysterical and remained emotionally disturbed for some time afterward. How could the child's parents be so shortsighted as to raise their daughter in such a way that she would suffer so much because of something that did her no actual harm and which is, unfortunately, a fairly common occurrence? The parents are off base in blaming pornography. The blame should be laid, first, to the offender's sexual maladjustment and society's failure to make treatment available and, second, to their daughter's lack of practical knowledge and sex education.

When my daughter was nine, she was approached by a flasher and was able to get the man's license number. The police traced him and eventually he was required to have outpatient psychiatric treatment. At school, she talked freely about the experience. A number of children came to her and confessed they, too, had been approached or molested but had not told their parents for fear they would be punished or considered bad girls. They were all very disturbed by the incidents.

A healthy, properly instructed child does not go into hysterics over the sight of a penis or the manipulation of it by a flasher, nor over his lewd words and invitations.

Bess W. Metcalf
Miami, Florida

Recently, my daughter, who is seven, was approached by a flasher. I am glad that I had previously been frank in answering her questions about sex. She asked me whether the flasher wanted to make love with somebody and whether that was the reason he had his penis

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

JACK THE SNIPPER

LONDON—*Police have finally apprehended a man they believe to be the "phantom slasher," accused of using a pair of scissors to snip through the*

back of the skirts of at least 16 women subway passengers. The 23-year-old suspect was caught, scissors in hand, pursuing one of his victims up a subway escalator.

RIGHTS VS. WRONGS

CHICAGO—*Reacting to the campaigns of antihomosexual groups, members of the American Sociological Association, at an annual conference held in Chicago, have passed and sent to their executive council a resolution condemning the efforts of such groups to use social-scientific research in their antihomosexual propaganda. Organizations such as Anita Bryant's Save Our Children, Inc., are accused of falsifying and distorting research to promote their efforts to deprive homosexuals of basic civil rights.*

BULLSHIRT

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS—*With some reluctance, a local prosecutor has decided not to press charges of disorderly conduct against a University of Arkansas student arrested for publicly wearing a T-shirt with the word* BULLSHIT *on it. After the arrest, the prosecutor said, "I definitely feel like it was a crime" and that he didn't want any "wild hippie wearing anything in public out in the street and having to explain the significance" to his six-year-old daughter. But after researching the law, the prosecutor dropped charges and released the student in return for his signing a waiver that he wouldn't sue for false arrest.*

KIDDIE PORN LAW

ALBANY, NEW YORK—*Reacting to the "kiddie porn" peril that has made headlines during the past year, New York State has enacted a law making the use of children in pornography a crime punishable by up to 17 years in prison. The new law applies to parents who let their children be used in pornography, to film producers and others who produce the material and to those who sell it.*

THEOLOGICAL LOOPHOLE

VATICAN CITY—*The Vatican has decided that the Roman Catholic prohibition against marriage for men who are impotent or otherwise incapable of sexual intercourse does not necessarily apply to men who have undergone vasectomies. Without repealing the prohibition, Church authorities found that vasectomized men might be exempted because the operation is sometimes performed for medical reasons apart from birth control. The Church still condemns vasectomy as a means of contraception and until now refused to recognize marriages of men who have been surgically sterilized or who are "incapable of ejaculating semen."*

ABORTION RESTRICTIONS

Poor women have been able to get free elective abortions in less than half of the states since the U. S. Supreme Court ruled that state legislatures may refuse to permit the use of tax money for such abortions. According to pro-choice groups, many of the states that still permit Medicaid abortions either place restrictions on eligibility or have few hospitals that will perform the operation.

DEATH ON THE TUBE

NEW ORLEANS—*A U. S. district-court decision in Texas upholding the right of television news cameras to film executions has been reversed by a Federal appeals court. The court noted that Texas ended public executions in 1920 and held that the "Constitution does not . . . require government to accord the press special access to information*

not shared by members of the public generally."

BRITISH DECRIM

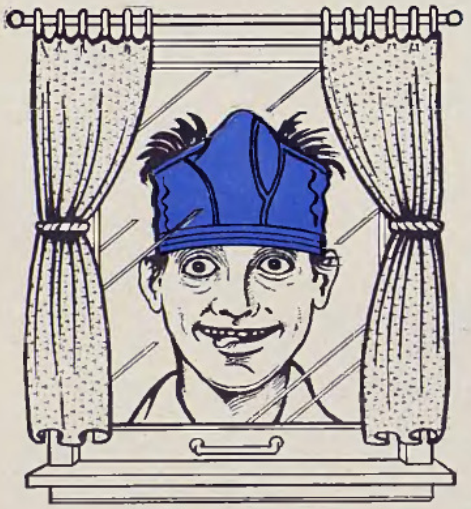
LONDON—*After several years of study, the British government has reduced penalties for first-time marijuana users. Parliament has eliminated jail sentences for minor pot offenses by persons with no prior convictions.*

HAZARDS OF POLICEWORK

MILWAUKEE—*A Milwaukee County judge has dismissed sexual-assault charges against a 23-year-old man accused of kissing and grabbing the breast of an undercover policewoman posing as a prostitute. The judge ruled that by posing as a hooker, the officer gave implied consent to such sexual advances. The district attorney called the dismissal "absolutely outrageous" and said he would appeal.*

FLEET-FOOTED FLASHER

TUCSON, ARIZONA—*An elusive exhibitionist continues to menace the citizens of Tucson, to the increasing frustration of city police. The man makes his*



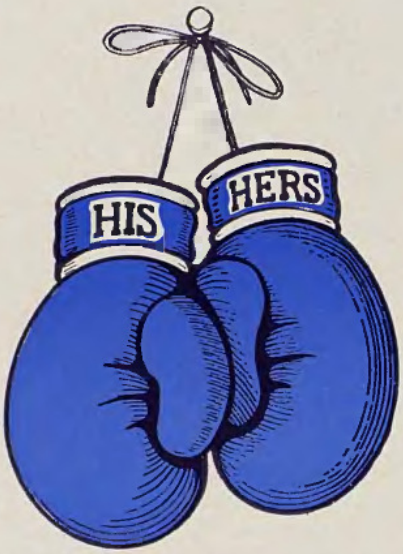
surprise appearances outside living-room windows wearing only a pair of shorts—on his head. So far, he has managed to outrun all pursuers.

RAPE VICTIMS HAVE RIGHTS, TOO

CHICAGO—*Testifying in court can be such a traumatic experience for a rape victim that a judge may clear the courtroom of spectators to protect the victim's dignity, a Federal appeals court has ruled. Two convicted rapists attempted to have their convictions thrown out on the ground that by clearing the courtroom the trial judge had violated their constitutional right to a public trial under the Sixth Amendment. The three-judge Federal panel ruled otherwise: that the defendants' right to have "ordinary spectators present is not an absolute right" and that the trial judge's action was "both justifiable and proper."*

BEATING SENSE INTO WIVES

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE—*The New Hampshire Commission on the Status of Women has decided that the women's liberation movement is at least partly to blame for such social problems as wife beating and child abuse. Commissioner Gloria Belzil said that some beatings probably occur because "those women libbers irritated the hell out of*



their husbands." Another, Frances Drown, added, "The major theme of the feminist movement is do your own thing. That's why it might be a seed to child abuse and other things." The commission's members, appointed by arch-conservative New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson, also warned that any program to help battered wives by providing them with shelter would be an "invasion of privacy."

Elsewhere:

• Illinois Governor James R. Thompson has signed legislation permitting either husbands or wives who are beaten by their spouses to seek court orders to keep their attackers out of the house even when there is no divorce proceeding.

• California Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., has signed legislation expanding the state's wife-beating law to include husbands and also unmarried men and women living together.

• A study funded by the National Institute of Mental Health finds that more wives than husbands attack their spouses physically in domestic arguments but that men, when they do attack, tend to do more damage. However, fatal attacks are about equal for both sexes.

out. I told her that was what he did instead of making love. She burst into laughter and said, "That means he's a *pervert*."

(Name withheld by request)
Kirkland, Washington

My seven-year-old daughter was molested and raped by a neighbor. She had horrible nightmares for some time afterward. When the man's house was searched, the police found no evidence of any pornographic material of any kind. He never read such "trash," as he put it. He was just a sick person, as are all sex offenders.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

BANNING BAD TASTE

After reading the letters in the August *Playboy Forum* about the Larry Flynt case, I feel an important issue is being skirted, that of taste. The reason pro-censorship organizations exist is to define and preserve the limits of good taste. PLAYBOY is a tasteful magazine because it shows admiration for the beauty of the female body, whereas *Hustler* is tasteless because it belittles the human body and its functions. I believe this is the real issue. People who approve of the Flynt prosecution do so because they question his right to degrade the human body and sex, not because they question his right to publish.

E. Farley
Boston, Massachusetts

We doubt that most people who swallow the procensorship line are capable of distinguishing between Hustler *and* PLAYBOY, *though they probably find* Hustler *easier to read. As for good taste, it is one of the most slippery concepts in the lexicon of literary and artistic criticism. It is true that most of us can, most of the time, recognize works that are in bad taste, but it is also true that nearly every important new development in the arts in all civilizations throughout recorded history has been initially condemned as being in bad taste. Doubtless the first Cro-Magnon artist caught flack from tribal elders for merely daring to draw on the walls of his cave. We suggest that the best basis for censorship is no basis and, thus, no censorship at all.*

PORNATHON

Missouri has a new reason to be nicknamed the "Show Me" state. As if to prove that Missourians are more dedicated than most of us to the principle that seeing is believing, a jury of 12 people in St. Louis was required last July to view each and every one of 348 movies, 695 magazines, 100 simulated rubber sex aids and nine books seized by police in a raid on a local warehouse.

What an epic story! Never before in the history of porn have so few seen so much in such a short time. I doubt that

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even the researchers for the Government's big pornography study [Commission on Obscenity and Pornography] subjected people to heavier doses of porn. There was even multiscreen viewing of blue movies, just as is done in sex-therapy workshops.

Now, what is all of this in aid of? What have the taxpayers got for the public bucks that went into that smut extravaganza, besides a few titters from the articles about it in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*? Mainly, we got a demonstration of how absurd obscenity laws are. The crime in pornography is that people are subjected to degrading, revolting and immoral movies, magazines, books and what not. So in order to prove the crime has occurred, the same crime must be committed, hundreds of times, against a jury. It is as if to prove murder, it were necessary that each member of the jury in a murder trial be taken out and shot.

One great benefit might come from this trial, though. I would suggest that some research institute or public agency take those 12 people under its wing and do a series of follow-up studies on what becomes of them over the years. If the majority of them do not, after this incredible bath of smut, turn into gibbering sex maniacs, perhaps we could at last dispense with silly prosecutions of this kind.

James Harris
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

INSECURE MALES

Where are all the liberated men? More beautiful beginnings reach an abrupt termination when men find out that I bought and renovated my own house at the age of 19 or got top marks in calculus. I've seen perfectly normal young men reduced to jellyfish at the sight of a *Ms.* magazine on the coffee table. I have met a few gentlemen who are secure enough in themselves to appreciate an intelligent, ambitious woman whose interests lie in the fields of finance and construction, but they're few and far between and frequently some female airline pilot or lady editor has beaten me to them.

I hope these changing times will produce not only stronger women but also men who are proud to walk beside them.

(Name withheld by request)
San Luis Obispo, California

LOOKING AT THE RECORD

In response to my letter in the June 1977 *Playboy Forum*, Karin Bass states, "For McKenna, a man with a history of criminal aggression, to feel outrage that a woman's history is not also taken into account is ridiculous" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Actually, my position is that if the court is going to suppress the history of a witness who alleges that she is a victim of a rape, then it should afford the defendant that same protection. In my particular trial, my criminal history was not admitted into evidence.

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

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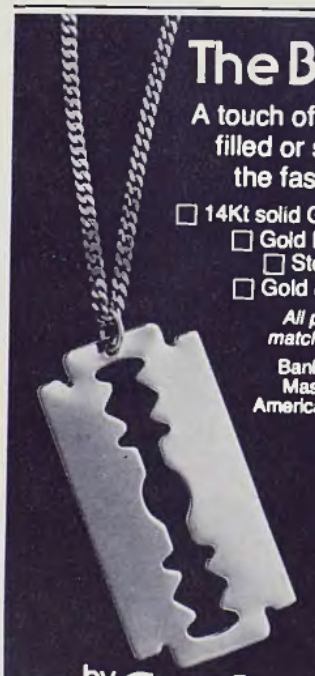

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The fact that I did not take the witness stand in my own behalf prevented the prosecution from introducing my criminal history. The ruling of the judge that my record could be introduced if I took the stand effectively barred me from testifying in my own behalf. The jury would have assumed that since I had an aggressive criminal record, I must be aggressive by nature and thus guilty of rape. When there is a law that protects the history of one party in a criminal trial and not that of the other party, then the trial and the conviction are unfair.

Had I been permitted to testify in my own behalf under the same immunity from questions about my past as the complaining witness enjoyed, I do not believe I would be in prison writing this letter.

Richard T. McKenna
Canon City, Colorado

THE SUPREME COURT AND SPANKING

In the September *Playboy Forum*, S. Hoffman writes, "I am horrified by the Supreme Court decision that legalized child abuse by teachers." I, too, would be horrified, had the Supreme Court actually made such a decision. What the Court held was that the Eighth Amendment (prohibiting cruel and unusual punishment) applies to persons convicted of a crime but not to persons disciplined in public schools. This means there is no *constitutional* remedy in paddling cases. However, state laws exist under which adequate relief is available to the victim. Responsible officials could be sued for damages in civil assault or civil battery actions. In appropriate instances, criminal complaints for assault, battery or mayhem could be pursued.

While I have not been thrilled by the Nixon/Burger Court, in all fairness, it cannot be faulted on this one.

Paul Farr
Attorney at Law
Murray, Utah

When words, pleas and threats fail, teachers should have recourse to the paddle, with supervision. As a teacher, I can honestly say I love my students, which I let them know, but I also tell them that I don't love some of the things they do. I have each child only one hour a day and nothing is sadder than when my time and theirs is wasted by my having to deal primarily with one hostile, undisciplined child.

Gretchen Welch Buchanan
Phoenix, Arizona

THE ULTIMATE DETERRENT

In most cases, I feel PLAYBOY's comments on readers' letters to *The Playboy Forum* are well thought out. However, something must have slipped a cog when you said in reply to R. Ploetz's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, August) that "there's no evidence that capital punishment benefits anyone."

Parole turns most convicted murderers loose on society sooner or later. Estimates of recidivism run from 50 to 80 percent. Whether or not capital punishment deters others from committing the same crime (and this has not been effectively proved either way), it does prevent the previously convicted murderer from repeating the same crime.

H. C. Holland
Santa Monica, California

You're jumping to conclusions when you assume that the recidivism rate for homicides is as high as the recidivism rate in general. Actually, most criminologists and law-enforcement people agree that the single best risk for parole is a person convicted of murder. The overwhelming majority of homicides are crimes of passion committed against friends or family; they are lapses from the killer's normal way of life. Property crimes tend to involve the criminal in a lifestyle from which it is difficult to escape. Furthermore, the recidivism rate itself is debatable. According to a 1976 Federally funded study of 100,000 prisoners, the recidivism rate for crimes of all types is 23 percent and appears to be declining. A handful of widely publicized murders may give a contrary impression, but most killers kill once and regret it for the rest of their lives.

MEDICAID ABORTIONS

From what dark hole did William J. Helmer (*Human Rights vs. Fetal Rights, The Playboy Forum*, October) spawn? His opinion is worth no more than that of a rabbit. If women must satisfy their thirst for sex, then they must be ready to pay the consequences. Why should I pay for their pleasures every time they decide to have an abortion?

Let's be glad we have a country like ours that has people who care about the future. For without babies, there would be no future.

Joseph E. Caro
Bronx, New York

It is argued that we taxpayers should finance abortions for indigent women because carnality should not be the privilege of only the well-heeled woman. Using the same logic, I propose that Congress appropriate funds to provide poor men with mistresses.

Leon A. Doughty
Falls Church, Virginia

Since Helmer's main concern is money, let's talk money. He says Medicaid abortions would save taxpayers $500,000,000 a year. Since we're saving money, how about terminating a few other pregnancies and getting rid of retarded people, handicapped people and people in prisons? I'll bet they're costing the taxpayers a bundle, too.

Michael Willems
Fayetteville, Arkansas

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Playboy Casebook

UPDATE: TOM MISTROT FREE

the texas parole board proves it has a heart

Tom Mistrot has been given another chance. The Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles has voted two to one against revoking his parole for having taken some furniture out of an abandoned building, for which he and his girlfriend were charged with felony daytime burglary. He pleaded guilty in county court and received ten years' probation, plus a $1500 fine; his girlfriend pleaded guilty to a reduced charge and received a one-year probated sentence.

For most people, pilfering some apparently abandoned furniture would have been no big crime, but for Mistrot, an ex-con, it nearly meant a one-way ticket back to the state penitentiary. In fact, it did cost him some 40 days there while waiting for the parole board to rule.

Mistrot's was the first case handled by what is now *Playboy Casebook* and the Playboy Defense Team. That was in 1974 and 1975, when Mistrot had already served nearly eight years of a life sentence for two coin-machine burglaries and a minor marijuana offense. At the time, those crimes were felonies under state law and, partly because his third offense occurred in Dallas in 1968 and involved marijuana, he was sentenced to life as a habitual criminal.

Dallas has since grown more tolerant of long-haired young people, and the Texas legislature in 1973 reduced these offenses to misdemeanors, but Mistrot remained in prison. PLAYBOY intervened, arguing that such punishment hardly fit the crimes (as the legislature had already acknowledged) and that Mistrot, as an orphan raised mainly in state institutions, with speech problems resulting from childhood polio, had enough social handicaps to provide a few mitigating circumstances.

After almost two years of negotiations with state officials, Mistrot's sentence was commuted to 25 years and he was released on parole in the South Texas city of Victoria. There he was doing well enough, working hard and taking care of a girlfriend with three children whom he treated as his own, until arrested for taking furniture from a weed-overgrown shack. He was arrested because he talked to neighbors, introducing himself by name, by way of making sure the shack was abandoned. As his attorney, Stephen S. Ross, later put it, "Tom may have been guilty of bad judgment, but his real crime was being an ex-con."

Neither the local district attorney nor Mistrot's parole officer seemed inclined toward leniency when interviewed by PLAYBOY in Victoria. Parole-revocation proceedings had already been started and the D.A. refused to reduce the felony charge to misdemeanor trespass, as is often done in such cases. But both officers, who could have sealed Mistrot's fate had they wanted to, left the decision to the parole board, and the fact that he received a probated sentence apparently persuaded the board that he wasn't considered a great threat to the community.

One person who came quickly to Mistrot's assistance—and provided a good deal of it—was the Reverend Donald Blavier of the Trinity Episcopal Church, whom PLAYBOY contacted by means of a blind phone call seeking someone to help Mistrot look after his girlfriend and her children while he was locked up. Father Blavier not only made arrangements for the family's care but also interceded with the parole board on Mistrot's behalf and meanwhile found new jobs for both him and his girlfriend.

Representing Mistrot at the parole-board hearing was Huntsville attorney Donald Kraemer, both a former prosecutor and a former state-prison-inmates' attorney who, by coincidence, had tried to help Mistrot in his earlier efforts to have his life sentence reduced. Kraemer noted Mistrot's otherwise good record in the community and the pettiness of the offense, which is commonly committed in rural areas and rarely prosecuted. Kraemer's services were secured through William C. LaRowe, project director for the Texas State Bar's inmate-assistance programs, one of which includes finding attorneys to represent former inmates before the parole board. One board member who voted in Mistrot's favor had studied his case as a life prisoner and had originally helped secure his release.

Parole boards have no easy job trying to determine which prisoners are capable of functioning outside an institutional environment. Luckily for Mistrot, the Texas board has given him the benefit of the doubt. All he must do now is make no mistakes for another ten years and he's virtually a free man—except for his criminal record.

Bravo, William J. Helmer! I am a counselor for boys labeled juvenile delinquents or emotionally disturbed. Ninety percent of the children I've dealt with over the years have been from welfare families. The cost of caring for each of them is $1000 a month, which includes basic support, medical care and legal expenses. Most of these children end up spending part to most of their adult lives on tax-supported programs from food stamps to jail. Being a taxpayer, I wholly support publicly funded abortions.

(Name withheld by request)
Potter Valley, California

CHURCHLY INTERVENTION

It has been said that anti-Catholicism is the anti-Semitism of the intellectuals. This form of bigotry is certainly on display in William J. Helmer's pro-abortion essay *Human Rights vs. Fetal Rights* (*The Playboy Forum*, October). He writes, "The problem is the Roman Catholic Church hierarchy, masquerading as a nonsectarian Right-to-Life movement with the help of a few Protestant fundamentalists."

It happens that the position of the Roman Catholic Church and the moral views of many Americans of many denominations coincide on this point. The Right-to-Life movement is open to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. To attempt to discredit it by linking it with the Catholic Church is not only an appeal to prejudice but also totally without foundation in fact.

A. Jones
Los Angeles, California

Helmer doesn't mind being called a bigot, but the word intellectual makes him reach for his revolver. His observation was not in any sense aimed at Catholics, the majority of whom, as he points out, "reject the notion that abortion should be illegal." What is objectionable is the way certain officials of the Church have inspired and fueled the anti-abortion movement while pretending that the Right-to-Life organizations represent some great ground swell of grass-roots opinion. Between January 1976 and March 1977, one such organization, the National Committee for a Human Life Amendment, raised $906,404 in contributions. Of this amount, $459,403 came from 120 Catholic dioceses and archdioceses around the country that contributed $500 or more. That's quite a bit of money being laid out to make the U. S. Constitution conform to the Catholic position on abortion.

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GIFT WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA COST.

PLAYBOY PANEL: UFOs

an earthly debate between believers and skeptics on flying saucers, extraterrestrial visitors and things that go flash in the night

Well before the current excitement in movies and elsewhere over UFOs—unidentified flying objects—we decided to publish a panel discussion on the subject. Over a year ago, Contributing Editor **Murray Fisher** *assembled the distinguished participants while journalists* **Barbara Cady** *and* **Donald Carroll** *tackled the logistics of getting the scientists to reply to one another. It's taken us—and them—that long to put the panel together. On the following pages are a roundup of the most interesting and widely believed accounts of encounters with extraterrestrials ("All Aboard!") and a collection of photographs and sketches ("Is It a Bird? . . .") purporting to be documentary evidence. The background of each panelist follows.*

JAMES A. HARDER is director of research for the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO). A professor of hydraulics at the University of California at Berkeley, he began to take UFOs seriously in 1960, when he investigated a sighting by several law-enforcement officers in California. A certified hypnotist, Harder has used hypnotism to investigate many so-called UFO abduction cases, including the highly publicized 1973 Pascagoula, Mississippi, incident, in which a pair of shipyard workers claimed one of them had been taken aboard a spacecraft by robotlike creatures (see *All Aboard!*, "Charles Hickson," page 72). Harder's investigations have led him to conclude that UFOs are extraterrestrial in nature.

J. ALLEN HYNEK is a professor and former chairman of the department of astronomy at Northwestern University. He is best known for his book *The UFO Experience, a Scientific Inquiry*, in which he coined the title of Stephen Spielberg's new UFO movie, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Hynek served as technical consultant on the film and also plays the role of a scientist who ultimately confronts extraterrestrial humanoids. A vocal proponent for the scientific study of UFOs, Hynek established and is the director of the Center for UFO Studies in Evanston, Illinois, which serves as a clearinghouse for UFO reports. He is now at work on an analysis of the recently declassified Air Force Project Blue Book files.

PHILIP J. KLASS is the senior avionics editor of *Aviation Week & Space Technology* magazine. He has published two books, *UFO's Identified* and *UFO's Explained*, which attempt to provide earthly explanations for UFOs. In 1966, Klass publicly offered $10,000 to anyone who could prove the existence of a UFO; no one has yet collected on his offer. Klass holds a degree in electrical engineering and was named a fellow in the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers in recognition of his technical writings.

FRANK B. SALISBURY is a professor of plant physiology at Utah State University. While a graduate student at the California Institute of Technology, he wrote a term paper on the possibilities of life on Mars. The correspondence generated by that paper, an expanded version of which was later published in *Science* magazine, sparked his interest in the UFO phenomenon. Salisbury has written a book, *The Utah UFO Display*, a bulky collection of interviews with witnesses of 80 thoroughly investigated cases in his home state.

R. LEO SPRINKLE, a professor of counseling services and director of the Division of Counseling and Testing at the University of Wyoming, suggests that there may be a relationship between UFOs and psychological processes. His UFO research is directed toward an integration of the physical, biological, psychological and spiritual sciences. Noting that UFO witnesses are earnestly convinced of the reality of their experiences, Sprinkle has conducted extensive psychological tests on them with the hope that psychological patterns may be deciphered.

ERNEST H. TAVES, M.D., is co-author, with the late Donald Menzel, the distinguished Harvard astronomer, of *The UFO Enigma*. In addition to a doctorate in medicine from New York University, Taves holds a doctorate in experimental psychology from Columbia University. After practicing psychoanalysis in New York and Cambridge, Taves phased out his medical practice to concentrate on his writing, which includes a short story, *The Fire Fighters*, published in PLAYBOY (August 1969). As a psychoanalyst, he is interested in determining why "otherwise normal people" believe in UFOs.

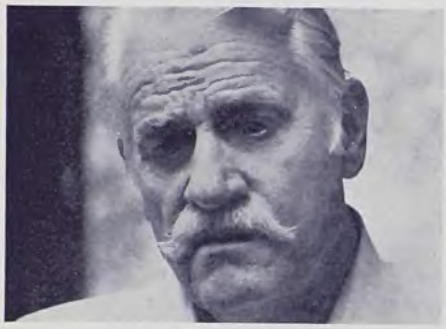
JACQUES VALLEE was first attracted to studying UFOs in 1961, when the scientific community as a whole was debunking reported sightings as natural phenomena or man-made objects. While working at a

KLASS: *If there are so many hundreds of cases of UFO landings—or several million, as some believers suggest—why haven't they left behind the tiniest trace of their presence, apart from "evidence" that could have been created by any sixth grader?*

HYNEK: *For years, it was my job to help the Air Force identify reported UFO sightings, and I admit that at first I was a complete debunker. But no longer. After years of studying the phenomenon, I'm convinced it's real. I'm now sure there's honest, scientific pay dirt ahead.*

SPRINKLE: *I'm very sympathetic toward the idea that UFOs may be psychic projections, that they're either materialized images that spring from our collective unconscious or some type of phenomenon such as mass hallucination, autohypnosis, delusion or illusion.*

VALLEE: *We have a wonderful opportunity now to unite various fields of study. But we can never properly investigate UFOs so long as academia leaves the field to crackpots and religious fanatics.*



TAVES: *Dr. Vallee has put his finger on the crux of it. The UFO field has, indeed, become the property of crackpots and religious fanatics; this discussion has proved that point conclusively.*

SALISBURY: *UFOs have been seen by too many people—millions of ordinary, levelheaded citizens, not crackpots or pranksters—to continue ridiculing either the phenomenon or those who witness it.*

HARDER: *Movies of a UFO were taken by astronaut James McDivitt. Yet his evidence, as far as we know, was never taken seriously by any Government agency and is dismissed by professional skeptics.*

French observatory, Vallee claims to have witnessed unexplained phenomena on several occasions, only to have tapes erased by the astronomer in charge of the project. An information scientist with a master's degree in astrophysics and a Ph.D. in computer sciences, Vallee has written five books on UFOs, the most recent of which, *The Invisible College*, argues that scientific data alone will not supply an answer to the UFO question. Vallee is now at work on a new book concerning the social impact that might be exerted by a belief in extraterrestrial life.

PLAYBOY: A 1974 Gallup poll revealed that 15,000,000 Americans claim to have seen UFOs and that 54 percent of the people surveyed believe UFOs are real. Do you?

KLASS: If you mean do I believe that there are extraterrestrial spaceships in our skies that sometimes abduct innocent citizens, my answer is that I find it easier to believe in the tooth fairy. If you mean do I believe that people sometimes see things that they find hard to explain, then I would answer yes.

SPRINKLE: Your question reminds me of the story of the Irishwoman who was asked if she believed in fairies. "No," she replied, "but they're there." It's the same with UFOs. Whatever they are, they're definitely there.

KLASS: And perhaps they're being piloted by leprechauns?

SALISBURY: Look, if we want to be scientific about this question, then we should divorce it from the question of belief or disbelief. It's a matter of seeking *information*, so we can more closely approach the truth. And, we simply don't have enough of it yet even to be sure if UFOs are some kind of aircraft, let alone who—if anyone—may be piloting them. But they have been seen by too many people now—millions of ordinary, levelheaded citizens, not crackpots or pranksters—to continue ridiculing either the phenomenon or those who witness it.

HYNEK: At present, we're getting, on the average, reports of about 100 sightings a night. That's around 36,500 a year. And the number is increasing all over the world. Of course, it's important to point out that a great majority of these initial reports turn out to be of IFOs—*identified* flying objects—but not *all* of them, by any means. And that is the crux of the issue. Moreover, wherever the reports come from—Japan, Brazil, Fiji, France, Australia, China—they're basically similar. That's one of the most interesting and significant aspects of the whole UFO phenomenon. It's a point that most Americans seem to have missed—that UFO sightings in this country are only a fraction of the total.

VALLEE: And there may be many more UFOs in our skies than are ever seen. Most UFOs are seen at night, when there are fewer potential observers. On the basis of my own analysis of computer files on thousands of UFO cases, I would estimate that as many as 3,000,000 UFO *landings* may have occurred in the past 25 years—if you assume, as I do, that the vast majority of sightings go unreported.

TAVES: Sightings, perhaps; landings, nonsense. Before we can talk about landings, we must first establish the presence of a vehicle, and I maintain that that has not been done. No evidence of the landing of such a vehicle has ever been left behind. If there have been 3,000,000 landings in the past 25 years, as Dr. Vallee suggests, how is it that there has been *no* instance of *one* disabled spacecraft that landed and was, for whatever reason, unable to lift off? If you were the project director charged with the responsibility to carry out a program including 3,000,000 undetected landings, you would insist that such an accomplishment would be impossible. And so do I.

HYNEK: Hold on! Who's talking about "spacecraft"? The predominant error of skeptics is that they equate UFOs with nuts-and-bolts technology. What we should be talking about is an *unknown* phenomenon.

HARDER: And Dr. Taves, you'd be speaking more accurately if you said that there is no evidence of UFO landings known to you. The Center for UFO Studies has published a catalog by Ted Phillips of over 900 landing-trace cases. As to "undetected," I believe Dr. Vallee said unreported; a recent national survey by Opinion Research Corporation indicated that only 13 percent of persons who sight UFOs actually report them. And no wonder, when you consider the reaction people get when they tell somebody that as they were driving home at two in the morning they spotted a large, glowing disk hovering over the road ahead and that the disk was spinning, had red and green blinking lights and after a few seconds took off at amazing speed and suddenly vanished into thin air. And that's a fairly common account of a typical sighting. Suppose people had also thought they observed creatures emerging from the strange craft or that they had even been taken aboard. How anxious do you think they would be to talk about their experience?

SPRINKLE: And even if they weren't frightened, to whom would they talk? Some government authority? Any agency that receives a report like that is going to be embarrassed by it, for the simple bureaucratic reason that it has no way of handling it. So, naturally, local authorities look for the easiest, most rational explanation—for instance, that people must have seen Venus or a meteor—that will save them the trouble of really investigating it.

KLASS: But after rigorous investigation,

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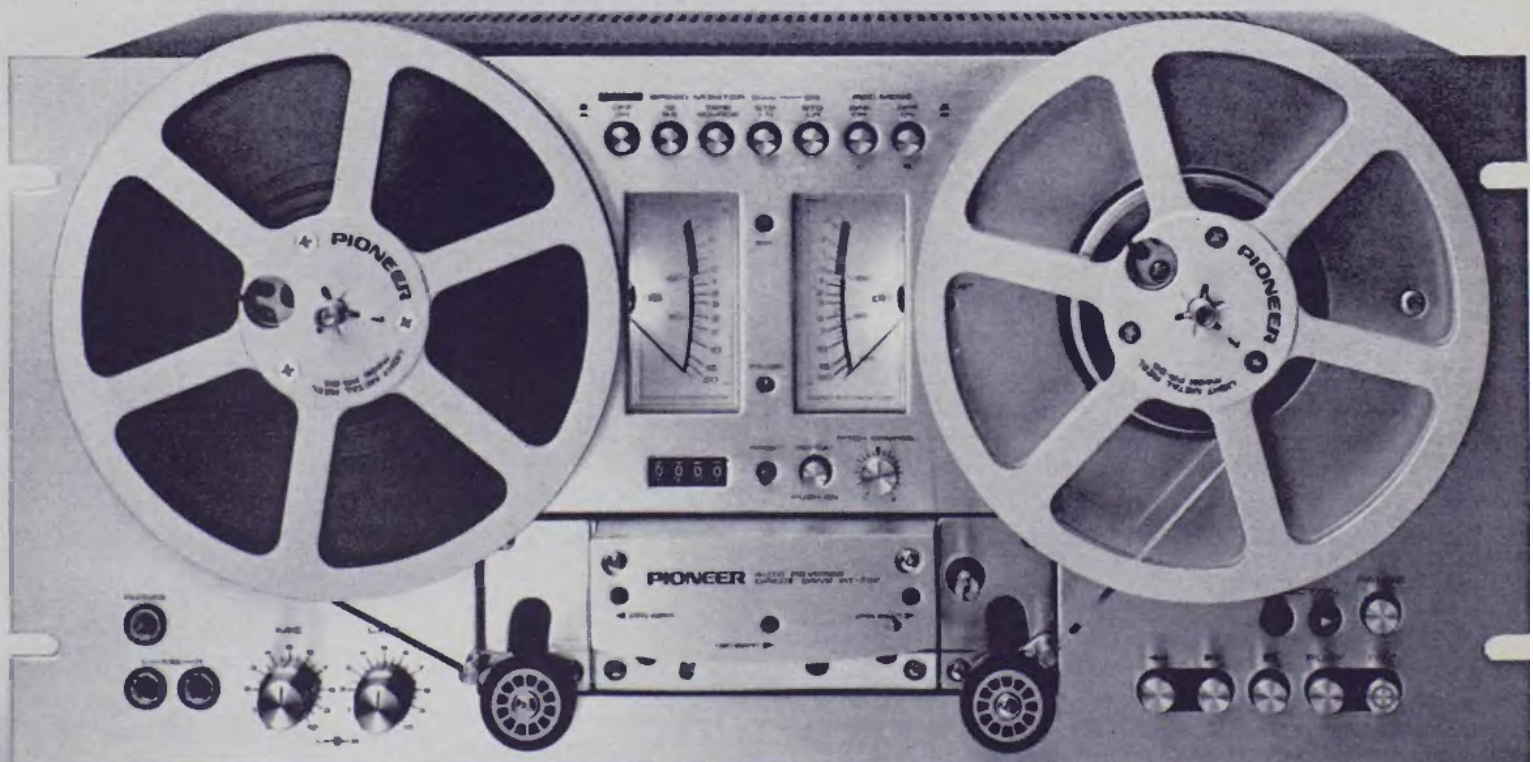


THE RT 707.

that's invariably what UFO reports turn out to be: misidentification of natural or man-made phenomena, or outright tall tales.

HYNEK: "Invariably"? I think that's just another assumption you're making.

TAVES: I profoundly regret that my friend, colleague and co-author, the late Donald Menzel, cannot participate in this symposium. You are, of course, familiar with his views about UFOs, views that he and I shared. I shall do my best here to speak for him. He often said that UFOs are all around us, by day and by night—apparitions in the sky, just waiting to be seen. The observant person sees them and sometimes he identifies them for what they really are: planets, stars' reflections, mirages, meteorological optical effects, the aurora borealis, shooting stars, planes, balloons, wind-borne bits of shiny paper, flying tumbleweeds, ball lightning, St. Elmo's fire, clouds, the moon partially obscured by mist, burning oil wells, satellite re-entries, parachute spiders, rocket tests, searchlight reflections, birds, clouds of insects, kites, contrails, blimps, bubbles, airborne flares, fireflies, luminous birds, fireworks, eye defects, dandelion seeds, dust devils, and so on and so on. With so many possible stimuli, one isn't surprised at the large numbers of sightings: 100 a night on a world-wide basis is incredibly small.

SALISBURY: I'm in 98 percent agreement with you. Probably, 98 percent of UFOs do turn out to be IFOs and, indeed, many of these objects aren't even flying—like the planet Venus, which is probably the all-time-champion natural-type UFO. I myself was almost taken in by Venus once. Mr. Klass and Dr. Taves are probably dead right in saying that the overwhelming majority of UFOs can be explained in terms of natural phenomena. But the overwhelming majority isn't *all*. There's still a residue of at least two percent for which there is no apparent scientific explanation. Now, when you're talking about numbers of sightings that reach into the millions, that two percent represents a rather awesome collection of unexplainable events.

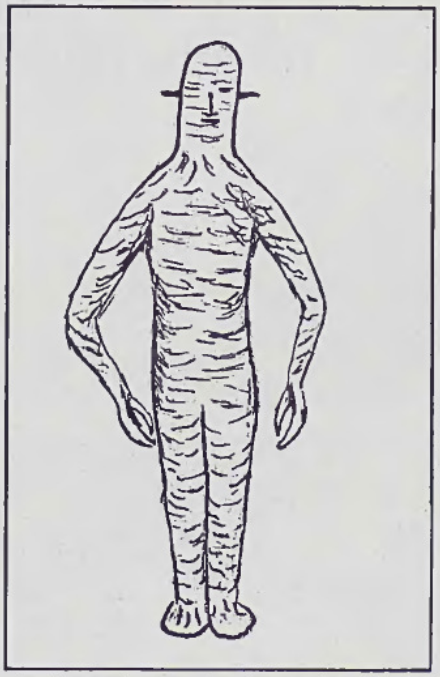
TAVES: Events unexplainable to whom? To the Air Force investigators, a group of young, inexperienced officers who were working for Project Blue Book—a definitive attempt to compile data on reported sightings—and who had no scientific background for evaluating such reports? It wasn't their fault; they were assigned to the project through the Bureau of Personnel, which had no idea what qualifications were necessary for conducting such investigations. Several of those young officers came to believe that some reports from pilots showed that UFOs, because of a reported ability to dodge and evade, exhibited evidence of intelligent control. In 1952, Dr. Menzel accepted

IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE? IS IT A BUG-EYED MONSTER?

artists' renderings of aliens, plus a sampling of purported ufo photos. we know one's a fake; as for the others, the jury's still out

This drawing by Michael Rogers represents the kind of alien creature allegedly encountered by his co-worker Travis Walton (see his story in *All Aboard!*, page 249).

From Chicago Historical Society files, this April 12, 1897, newspaper engraving lobeled AIR SHIP AS PHOTOGRAPHED OVER ROGERS PARK SUNDAY MORNING BY WALTER M'CANN.



Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker (see *All Aboard!*, page 72) described the spacemen they met in 1973 to shipyard superintendent Jim Flynt, who executed this drawing.

Falkville, Alabama, police chief Jeff Greenhaw shot this oddly similar photograph of an apparition he said was standing in the middle of a highway in 1973.

A Los Angeles County Highway Department employee, Rex Heflin, photographed this object with his Polaroid camera near Santa Ana, Califarnia, on August 3, 1965.

A Caracas engineer confessed to doctoring this purported 1965 saucer photo from Venezuela. He placed a picture of a buttan over one of an airplane and reshot them.

Billy Anderson, a 13-year-old De Land, Florida, junior high school student, fell down the back steps of his home in his eagerness to photograph this UFO, which he said made a buzzing sound while it circled his home at nine A.M. one day in August 1969.

Picture taken by Augusto Arranda in the Peruvian mountains in 1967; Aerial Phenomena Research Organization officials say it's unlikely it could have been faked.

Photograph of an unidentified flying object seen in Denmark. UFO expert Dr. J. Allen Hynek's office says the date, origin and reliability of this photo are unconfirmed.

the invitation of Major General J. A. Samford and Colonel John O'Mara to explain some of his views. Lieutenant, later Captain, E. J. Ruppelt, then in charge of the project, and his staff were not too happy with Dr. Menzel's demonstration that natural phenomena could explain a number of unknown sightings.

HARDER: I have to butt in here and correct you. Project chiefs were not assigned by Air Force Personnel except *pro forma*; Ruppelt was assigned by Lieutenant Colonel Nathan Rosengarten, chief of the Aircraft and Missiles Branch. And Blue Book chief officers were not typically young or inexperienced; for example, Colonel Robert Friend, Blue Book chief from 1958 to 1963, studied physics and astronomy at the graduate level and Colonel Hector Quintanilla, chief from 1963 to 1969, had a bachelor's degree in physics.

TAVES: Well, Dr. Menzel was surprised at their ignorance of meteorological optics. He told me how, to make his point, he had to start with a familiar spectacle of nature, the rainbow. Rainbows are centered in the eye of the observer; as the observer moves, so does the rainbow. A person ignorant of the true nature of a rainbow, trying to capture it, will find that the rainbow moves away from him. The effect is even more startling if the observer is flying an airplane. The way the rainbow seems to elude his every maneuver might lead him to think that it is intelligently controlled.

Now, Dr. Menzel never suggested that UFOs are rainbows, but he did point out how ice crystals in the air—common constituents of ordinary cirrus clouds—can, like raindrops, produce a variety of apparitions, one of which is the sundog. These are bright spots of light, appearing on either side of the sun at an angle of about 22 degrees, best seen when the sun is low in the sky. Viewed from an airplane, a sundog can be spectacular. A pilot, attempting to intercept it, experiences the same effect as the pilot trying to intercept a rainbow. He simply cannot do it. The bright patch of light, taking apparent evasive action, cannot be intercepted, and if the plane suddenly runs out of the area of ice crystals, as sometimes happens, the mock sun shrinks and vanishes into the distance, as if it had put on a tremendous burst of speed.

In short, we believe that in every case where data are adequate, a normal, rational explanation is available and we examine these in our recently published book, *The UFO Enigma*.

HARDER: As for the notion that adequate data can provide "rational" explanations, Dr. Taves, the Battelle Memorial Institute exploded *that* myth long ago in a massive, scientifically oriented study it did under contract with the Air Force. Based on 2199 UFO reports, its analysis

showed that the more reliable the report and the better the sighting conditions, the more likely the evaluation was to be "unknown." In its "excellent" reliability category, 33 percent were unknowns.

HYNEK: I'd like to talk about my experience with the Air Force's investigation of UFOs. For years, it was my job to help the Air Force, as part of its Project Blue Book, identify reported UFO sightings, and I admit that at first my avowed purpose was to try to explain every sighting in terms of natural phenomena. Although, as a scientist, I was supposed to be neutral, I was, in fact, a complete debunker. To be perfectly frank, I was trying to pull Air Force chestnuts out of the fire. It wasn't that the Government denied UFOs exist. It couldn't do that—not with so many cases reported by reliable sources. The official attitude was that since UFOs didn't seem to represent any threat to national security, it didn't really matter *what* they were. They were simply not to be taken seriously. And I shared that attitude for a while—but no longer. After years of studying the phenomenon, I'm convinced that it's real. I don't pretend to know where the road leads, but I'm now sure that there's honest, scientific pay dirt at the end of it.

TAVES: But Dr. Menzel studied thousands of cases in the Air Force files and found no evidence whatever of "scientific pay dirt." As you recall, Dr. Hynek, you even sent him a number of cases you were unable to solve. He found satisfactory solutions to each and every one, and they were taken off the unknown list in the Air Force files. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to distinguish the majority of these two percent unknowns from the 98 percent of the solved cases except a general lack of some major physical detail, such as the exact time of day.

HARDER: What crap! The Battelle study I talked about earlier showed statistically that the unknowns in its study *were* different from the identified in terms of color, shape, duration, number, brightness and speed. The chance that the difference was due to random variation was one in ten, followed by 29 zeros.

SALISBURY: And Dr. Menzel may have explained each and every sighting to *his* satisfaction—and perhaps even to the satisfaction of the Air Force—but to many others, he seemed to have arrived at those explanations by ignoring many key facts.

PLAYBOY: But you, Dr. Hynek, remain convinced there is pay dirt ahead. Is that because of the quality or the quantity of the evidence you've seen?

HYNEK: Both. Because of the attention devoted to UFOs in the media, people are becoming more aware that the phenomenon is world wide. And the quality of the reports has certainly increased since my Air Force days. Consequently, people

ALL ABOARD!

first-person accounts of three people who claim to have been kidnaped by extraterrestrials and taken aboard a spacecraft

CHARLES HICKSON

It was October 11, 1973. Calvin Parker and I had gotten off from work at 3:30, and by the time I had dinner and got my fishing tackle together, I guess we must have got on the Pascagoula River a little after five o'clock. It had become dusk by then and we were sitting on a small pier on the bank, fishing out into the river, when this noise—a hissing or zippinglike sound—attracted my attention. It was just like air or maybe steam escaping from a pipe. Anyway, I turned around, and as I turned, I saw these two blue lights. When I saw them, well, the sound seemed to go away. They were real close together and they was either flashing or pulsating not over 30 to 40 yards behind us. Almost as big as a car headlight and real bright.

You could make out real good it was some kind of a craft, you know, and at that point, well, it really startled me. I still can't be sure how big it was, because of the angle I was looking at it from; I couldn't see all the way around it. But it appeared to be 20 or 30 foot long, maybe eight or ten foot high.

Then in front of where the lights were, there was portholes or windows. Two was all I seen, but it could have been more. And after, when the noise stopped, these two lights went out. At that point, I suppose, it was a foot and a half or two off the ground. Anyway, when I was beginning to get a little scared, it seemed like an opening just appeared in the craft; it didn't open like a door. I could get the best view of the craft then, because the light—between a white and a yellow one—was glowing from the inside.

And I could really tell then that the craft wasn't on the ground. It was perfectly still, but then these three things appeared in that doorway. They were standing erect and just seemed to glide out the door right toward us. You could tell they had legs, you know, but their legs never moved apart and their arms were down at their sides. Some of these things I can't be positive about, because, to be frank, I was quite frightened at that time. And Calvin was almost scared to death. But when they came out, it just seemed like all of a sudden they were on us. Two of them came for me, one for Calvin. One of them took hold of one of my arms and one took hold of the other, and at that point I felt pain instantly, a sharp sting, you might say.

I got a pretty good look at them. I would say they were about five or five-four, and they didn't have a head that resembled a human head. It seemed to come directly down to the shoulders, without a neck. And they were very wrinkled, with deep lines running horizontal across their arms, their face—all over. I'm not sure at all it was skin, but it reminded me of elephant skin, grayish and roughlike. I can't recall exactly what they looked like, because they were very wrinkled, but they did have something where a nose would be on a face and it came out to a point. One of these beings made some kind of a noise, like a little buzzing sound, but the other I didn't hear at all. Their hands were similar to claws or mittens.

I might add at this time that I thought about it a heck of a lot since then and—of course, I have no way of being sure—I believe now they were robots. I didn't see the legs or neck move, and when they turned, they seemed to move mechanically. I believe from the bottom of my heart that the one that was making the buzzing sound was being controlled from another ship. It appeared that they were more or less programmed to do something and they just simply done it.

Anyway, I just seemed to move up off the ground to about the height that they were and I noticed that Calvin, at that time, he just went limp. Then we seemed to glide back toward the ship, and when we started through the doorway, the light was almost blinding. We don't know for sure whether Calvin was taken in or not and I don't recall seeing him carried aboard. He'd passed out.

Inside the room, it seemed to be round. I didn't see any light fixtures—the light just seemed to glow from the walls. When they stopped—we seemed to be just suspended there, you know—this thing seemed to come out from the wall. It

CHARLES HICKSON

BETTY HILL

TRAVIS WALTON

wasn't perfectly round but was blunted in the front end and seemed to taper back maybe like a football. The end that was focused toward me was something similar to the lens of a camera and was either a different type of material or a different color than the rest of it. I have never seen anything like it before in my life; the color would be between a silver and white. Anyway, it moved up real close to my face and it remained there for a few seconds. Then it seemed to move down and go under me.

I didn't have any physical feelings at all. I guess by this time, I don't know, I could have been hysterical. I probably said, "What in the world are you going to do with me?" but—I know this is going to sound strange—I couldn't *hear* myself saying it. I might have just been screaming in my head, I don't know.

Finally, the thing came back up to about the same point where it originally came out from the wall and then seemed to go directly back in the wall and disappear in that glow of light. I could see then that these things had released me and I was suspended there. I couldn't move or do anything. And that is when I almost passed out.

Finally, they came back and we seemed to turn and glide back out the door. They carried me back almost to the spot they picked me up from, and that's the first time I saw Calvin. He was facing the river with his arms held out and he was like a statue. They seemed to ease me back to the ground and when my feet touched the ground, I felt it. That was the first feelings I had since I went in there. I don't know whether it was from fear or what, but my legs give way and I fell down to the ground. I started trying to crawl toward Calvin, but before I got to him, I heard the little zipping sound again. And when I turned around, the opening had closed and the blue lights was flashing again and just almost in an instant that thing was gone. It left so fast I don't know whether it just disappeared or what.

I had to slap Calvin two or three times and shake him. He was almost in shock. It took a few minutes before it began to register on him that it was me. He was screaming and hollering and was still scared. He was just all to pieces, you know, but I finally got him to where I could talk to him, and I kept assuring him that I had seen the craft leave. But we didn't know what to *do*. I said, "Listen, Calvin, let's just keep it to ourselves. Let's don't tell anybody, because ain't nobody going to believe this."

BETTY HILL

In September 1961, my husband, Barney, and I decided very suddenly to go on a vacation. It was around the Lancaster, New Hampshire, area that I suddenly saw what I thought was a very large new star in the sky—beside the moon just about where Jupiter is. There was no traffic and the moon was so bright we could almost see with our headlights turned off.

Well, it kept getting bigger and bigger and, as it came in, we realized it was too big for a star. Then it changed course and started to go across the face of the moon; it was at this point Barney and I were sure it was a satellite. But when we got out of the car and looked at it with binoculars, I realized right at that moment that this was something I had never seen before. It had all kinds of flashing lights around it and was sort of oblong.

We started driving again and Barney kept telling me, "Look out the window and see what it's doing." So I'm watching this thing coming in toward us, jumping all over the sky and making right-angle turns in a step-by-step pattern. As it came closer, I could see that it had a blinking effect and it was rapidly spinning. Then it came out over the highway and stopped maybe ten stories high in mid-air. I could see the double row of windows and the red light on each side.

Barney stopped the car, got out, and as he stepped away from the car, this object shifted out over the field next to the driver's side. I stayed in the car and Barney started walking across the field toward it, looking up at it through the binoculars. He told me the next day that he could see figures standing in the window, looking down at him, and that he was getting the message not to move, that no harm was going to come to him. Apparently, this is when they were beginning to get him under control somehow. And this is when he yelled to me, "We're going to be captured."

Barney ran back to the car and we went speeding off down the highway about 50 or 60 miles an hour. And he was yelling at me to look out the window. "It's right over us," he said. I put my head out, but I didn't see anything. Later, under hypnosis, I realized that I was actually looking up at the dark bottom of the craft, which was about 60 feet across. When I pulled my head in and put the window up, both of us heard a beeping sound, like something electrical, and the car vibrated.

All the way home, there was almost no conversation between us. We were in sort of a posthypnotic state, only we didn't know it at the time. But once I did say to Barney, "Do you believe in flying saucers?" And he said, "Don't be ridiculous." And then we heard the beeping sound again. "They're on their way," I said. "I don't know where they're going, but they're saying goodbye."

We weren't going to tell anyone, but I started having dreams about it and was convinced that what we saw was an alien spacecraft, that we might have been exposed to some physical danger. But every time I tried to talk about it, Barney would become angry and say, "Let's forget it. If people find out, they're going to think we're crazy."

Then two scientists came to visit us and, after going over our trip step by step, they began to realize that the trip had taken us much longer than it should have and suggested that we should go to a psychiatrist who used hypnosis. We eventually started hypnosis in January 1964, after Barney developed an ulcer.

The doctor hypnotized us individually and caused us both to have amnesia, so we couldn't *(continued on page 249)*

Merry Smoothness.

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are becoming less reluctant to come forward and report their experiences.

SPRINKLE: And as more private investigative agencies have been formed that take these reports seriously, we're getting more precise data, because more and more of these stories are coming from expert witnesses—by which I mean policemen, airline pilots, radar operators, astronauts—people professionally trained to be reliable observers.

KLASS: Just because a person is an airline pilot doesn't mean that his powers of observation are infallible. My book *UFO's Explained* contains numerous cases in which experienced civil and military pilots reported seeing a UFO that later turned out to be a meteor or some other natural phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

KLASS: OK, how about the Coyne helicopter case of October 18, 1973? That's the one that a blue-ribbon panel chose as the best UFO case of that year. Captain Lawrence Coyne and his four-man crew, flying an Army helicopter near Mansfield, Ohio, spotted a bright-red, glowing object moving toward them rapidly from the east. The pilot began to take evasive action to avoid a mid-air collision, but the fiery object kept coming at them. As the object passed overhead, the cockpit was brightly illuminated for perhaps a couple of seconds, prompting the crew to decide later that the object had hovered over them briefly before heading west and disappearing. There were other seemingly mysterious details, as well: The radio went dead for several minutes and after the incident, the pilot found the helicopter in a climb, whereas before he had been descending to avoid the bright object. After a rigorous investigation lasting many weeks, in which I talked to the flight crew, to other experienced pilots who had flown that same helicopter, to representatives of the company that made the helicopter, to the engineer who designed its radio and to others, the incident turned out to have a prosaic explanation. The object itself almost certainly was a meteor fireball from the Orionid meteor shower that occurs in mid to late October. It begins about 11 each night—the time at which the glowing object was seen.

HYNEK: There you have a perfect example of Mr. Klass's unwillingness to consider the evidence except insofar as it can be twisted to fit his preconception that the witnesses *must* have been mistaken. I admit his hypothesis sounds plausible at first; but when you think about it for a moment, meteors simply do not behave in the way reported by Captain Coyne and his crew. Further, the Orionids are very short-duration, rapid streaks of light, the typical "shooting star" such as can be seen any night. These are obviously not fireballs. Very bright meteors are much rarer, appear suddenly, follow a gently curving but basically horizontal

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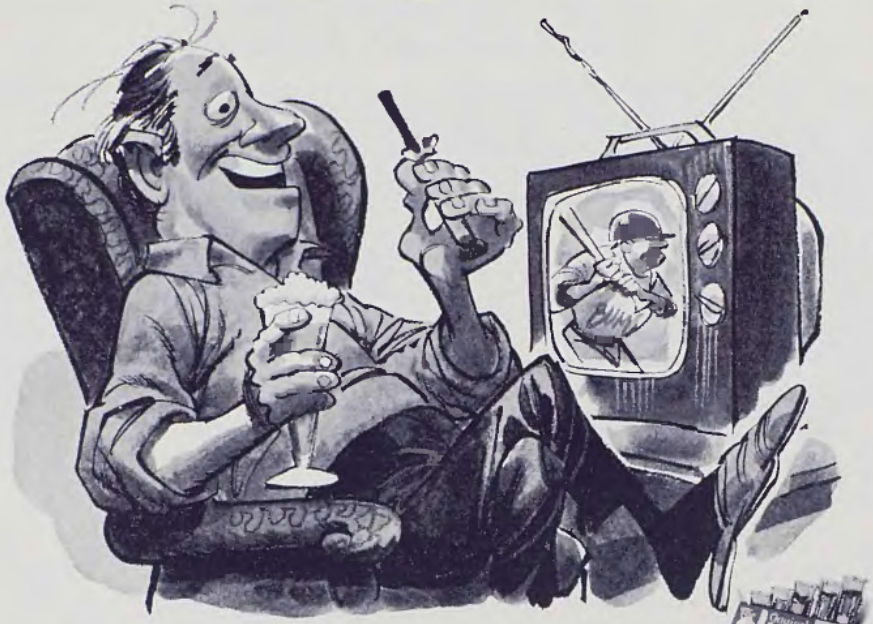

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trajectory, then disappear within seconds. They do *not* pace an aircraft and then turn toward it, as Captain Coyne reported. And they do not look like gray, metallic cylinders with a bright light coming from only one end, as he also reported. Nor do they remain visible for several minutes, as this object did. Finally, a fireball is seen across thousands of square miles and is widely reported by hundreds of people. Not one person reported seeing a fireball that night. So I'm afraid that Mr. Klass's theory that the helicopter crew saw an Orionid meteor is simply untenable. Further, the total duration of the Coyne sighting was nearly five minutes and more recent investigation has revealed a group of five witnesses on the ground to the Coyne encounter.

KLASS: Many meteors are as brief as you say, but some are long-lived, like one that flashed over the Rocky Mountains on August 10, 1972. One tourist managed to take 26 seconds of home movies, indicating that it lasted for at least half a minute. And as for the claim that the Coyne UFO could not have been a fireball because there were no other eyewitness reports, this is denied by an incident that occurred two nights later, several hundred miles to the east, near Pittsburgh. This fireball flashed through the sky at nine P.M., two hours earlier than the Coyne incident, when there should have been many more potential observers. Yet there was only a single reported sighting, from a United Air Lines flight crew.

VALLEE: In other cases, however, there is the testimony of astronauts Cooper, Cernan, Young, Carpenter, McDivitt—they've all reported seeing UFOs. In fact, I have a letter from John Glenn in which he says that, while he personally has not witnessed such a phenomenon, "I've heard too many reports from my colleagues and people I respect to say that there's nothing to it." That seems to me the sort of intelligent, open, objective attitude we should take toward eyewitness testimony.

KLASS: If you mean that our astronauts have briefly seen man-made earth satellites pass overhead without being able to identify which they were, or if you mean they have seen space debris that they could not positively identify, then you're correct. But if you are saying that any of our astronauts has seen the traditional saucer-shaped flying saucers, then you're dead wrong.

TAVES: None of these sightings has stood up to critical examination. The McDivitt sighting, for example, as persuasively demonstrated by computer analyst James Oberg, was his own Titan booster stage. It should be noted that, at the time, McDivitt was suffering from eye irritation because of an accidental urine spill into the cabin atmosphere. It should also be said that on another occasion during the same mission he had demonstrably failed to recognize his own booster at a distance of less than ten miles. The Gemini 7 photograph of

two strange hexagonal glowing objects is another photographic hoax—not, of course, perpetrated by the Gemini crew or by NASA but by a wily opportunist after the event. The UFO that Pete Conrad photographed was Proton 3, a Russian cosmic-ray laboratory. And so on.

HARDER: Dr. Taves has not mentioned that McDivitt took 72 frames of 16mm footage, at about eight frames per second, using a camera not usually subject to eye irritation. The UFO subtended an angle at the least dimension of three degrees, or six times the apparent angular size of the full moon—which eliminates the possibility of its being a spectacular reflection of the sun off some bolt. Furthermore, there is a long bluish flamelike flare coming from the UFO that is in good focus. The object itself shows on my copy of the film to be an orangish oval, about three by five degrees in apparent size; the Titan booster stage would have had to be within 100 yards of Gemini 4 to have appeared that big. McDivitt does not think the film footage is of what he saw, but that raises other issues as to whether the NASA photo lab was grossly incompetent, perpetrated its own hoax, or that the UFO influenced McDivitt's perceptions. But eye irritation? Nonsense.

And a careful analysis by Brad Sparks, of APRO's research division, showed conclusively that Proton 3 was 3000 to 4000 miles away in an opposite direction and below the earth's horizon from the position of Gemini 11.

HYNEK: Let's talk about *multiple*-eyewitness testimony. In a majority of cases, we have reports not from a lone observer but from two or more witnesses. So either people are seeing what they say they're seeing or there is an epidemic of hoaxes and mass hallucinations. The trouble with the latter explanation is that both hoaxers and hallucinators would have trouble filling in, under questioning, the remarkably similar details that multiple witnesses have supplied on so many occasions.

KLASS: But you yourself have often admitted that the majority of UFO reports—80 percent is the figure you usually cite, not the 98 percent Dr. Vallee talks about—are explainable as misidentifications or hoaxes. If so many honest, intelligent people, including multiple witnesses, can be fooled, then everyone is potentially vulnerable if he sees something unusual, or under unusual circumstances, especially at night.

VALLEE: *I* never talk about 98 percent, Mr. Klass. The percentage of true UFOs in the data I have examined—French cases as well as U. S. cases—has been closer to 75 percent.

PLAYBOY: But how *do* you account for "flaps"—occasions when many UFOs are spotted by many people over a given area for a period of several days or weeks?

KLASS: Easy. It's what I call the echo effect, and it's largely generated by the media. This is how it works. Let's say an interesting UFO sighting gets into the Cedar Rapids newspaper. The effect of that story spreads like that of a rock dropped into a pool. Pretty soon the city desk is deluged with UFO reports, and when those stories are picked up by papers in neighboring cities, Davenport and Des Moines residents start watching the night skies for *their* UFOs. And, of course, seeing them.

VALLEE: And in the majority of cases, they will be seeing Venus or a meteor or a skyhook balloon. Of course, the media's sensationalizing of UFO reports increases the public's receptivity to sightings. In the great wave of 1954 in France, for example, all classes of people saw UFOs, local panics erupted and reporters roamed the land, hoping to get a photograph of much-touted extraterrestrials with bulbous eyes who wore diving suits. But media influence can explain only very localized flaps. It cannot account for world-wide flaps, like the ones in 1946, 1954 or 1956, to name just a few.

PLAYBOY: In any event, how could media influence explain one of the biggest UFO flaps in history, which occurred in 1897—not only before the invention of the airplane but also before there was any

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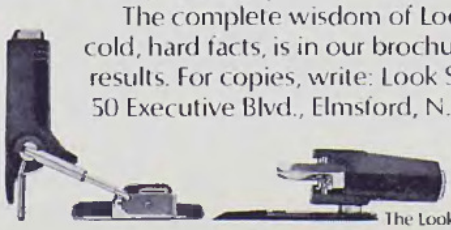

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rapid way to relay information over great distances, particularly into remote and rural areas? Thousands of witnesses reported seeing the same cigar-shaped airships flying all over the Midwestern U. S. and other locations, such as San Francisco. And a number of them were observed simultaneously by several thousand people.

KLASS: There were numerous reports, but the inspiration for them was a popular book by Jules Verne, *Master of the World*, which told of a mad inventor and his giant airship that could fly around the world. An English edition was published in 1887 and became very popular in the U. S. in the early 1890s.

SALISBURY: No one would argue that the media do not stimulate UFO reports from the public. And certainly there is always a high level of "noise"—reports of Venus and the like—compared with the possible "signal" in any UFO flap. But some of the 1897 accounts were backed by affidavits from the neighbors and associates of the witnesses.

PLAYBOY: Is there a consistent pattern in the descriptions of UFO sightings?

HYNEK: I know of one researcher, Dr. David Saunders of Princeton University, who has collected and computerized over 60,000 UFO reports from all over the world, and it's truly astonishing to see how closely they coincide with one another.

KLASS: In reality, there actually is a wide variation in reported UFO shapes and sites. Another researcher, Dr. Roger N. Shepard of Stanford University, published a paper showing more than 60 different UFO configurations. If UFOs were spaceships built by a very advanced extraterrestrial civilization, it is strange that they have not yet discovered the technical and economic benefits of standardized designs.

HYNEK: *I'm* not talking about spaceships, but even if I were, the fact is—as one who purports to be knowledgeable on the subject ought to know—that the overwhelming majority of cases, perhaps 90 percent, are remarkably alike in almost every regard.

TAVES: It is not surprising that many UFO sightings follow a consistent pattern if they are occasioned, as I believe they are, by a relatively small number of normal astronomical, physical and psychological phenomena.

VALLEE: I wouldn't say that on the basis of my computer file I can draw any definitive conclusions about *what* they are, but the data do reveal distinct patterns, remarkably consistent similarities in appearance and behavior.

TAVES: I don't think too much of these computer analyses. Those who employ computers for legitimate scientific studies have a descriptive phrase that would apply here: garbage in, garbage out.

PLAYBOY: Let's try to keep this discussion on a constructive basis. Does the term flying saucer accurately describe the majority of UFOs?

HYNEK: It pretty well describes one of the categories of UFOs: the daylight disk. A typical report would describe two dinner plates, placed face to face on top of each other, forming a circular, or almost circular, disk usually about 25 to 40 feet in diameter. Generally, they are yellowish, white or silver and have the appearance of a solid metallic object.

SALISBURY: A 12-year-old boy who sighted a UFO gave me one of the best descriptions of its surface I've ever heard. He said it was the color of a car bumper.

HYNEK: One professional sculptor referred to his UFO as "a silvery hamburger sandwich." In these kinds of cases, a central rim of the craft protrudes beyond the juncture of the two inverted ovals.

VALLEE: Large and seemingly metallic cylinders have also been observed flying at high altitudes. This type of phenomenon is usually associated with a diffuse cloud or an atmospheric disturbance of some sort. People have speculated that they might conceivably be "mother ships" containing a number of the smaller disk-shaped craft. Another speculation is that they are actually *stacks* of objects that, when viewed from the side at a great distance, give the illusion of a single cylinder. Aimé Michel, a respected French investigator, first recognized this class of UFOs while studying the famous wave of French sightings in 1954. But the most detailed description we have of this type of UFO in the U. S. comes from four members of a family who went on a picnic in New York State on April 11, 1964. They reported observing a dark, tubular object in the sky for about 45 minutes. Using binoculars, they said, they watched the object assume a vertical position, emit what appeared to be smoke and, giving off a flash of light, streak off sideways at a very high speed. After retracing its trajectory, the object then proceeded to split into many smaller objects. This obviously doesn't fit into the much more common disk category, but sightings of this type are too numerous, I think, to be totally discounted.

"I've seen a UFO myself."
—JIMMY CARTER

PLAYBOY: Does the disk type seem to be capable of the same kind of maneuvers as the cylinders?

HYNEK: Unlike the cigar shapes, the disks often seem to rotate in some manner. And from all over the world, disks are described as making the same sorts of movements: hovering motionless a few feet above the ground; rocking gently back and forth, usually in descent, in a falling-leaf motion; taking off with tremendous acceleration, as though the inertial properties of matter had been abrogated; and maneuvering in sharp-angled zigzags of which our jets are totally incapable and that no human pilot could survive.

SPRINKLE: There are also common patterns of disappearance in disk sightings. If the object is on the ground, it first starts spinning, lifts off, comes to a height of about 60 feet, and then stops. One of two things happens next. Either the craft speeds up and eventually disappears into the distance or it seems simply to vanish on the spot.

HARDER: These UFO vanishing acts add an element of absurdity that makes the case for their existence seem more difficult to prove. But there's a plausible explanation, I think. Reliable witnesses who have observed UFOs from a distance of several miles, for example, have estimated their acceleration to be at 100 times that of gravity and their speeds to be on the order of 10,000 miles an hour—several times that of a high-powered-rifle bullet. Now, were a witness to observe that type of movement at close range, he could easily persuade himself that the object had literally disappeared, especially since these "dematerializations" are usually unaccompanied by any sound.

TAVES: Does anyone seriously believe that he can estimate whether something is moving at twice or several times the speed of a rifle bullet? Furthermore, you cannot estimate the size of an object if you don't know its distance and you can't estimate its distance if you don't know its size—all of which makes estimates of *speed* simply guesswork.

PLAYBOY: Are all UFOs soundless?

SALISBURY: Not always. We get reports of everything from high-pitched whistling sounds to deep, greatly amplified droning whines, but I'd still have to say that, statistically, the most common sound is no sound.

HYNEK: Lift-off and acceleration are probably more often accompanied by unusual light displays than by sounds. Occasionally, the light of the craft—or the lights on it—changes from red to blue or vice versa. Exhausts and acrid-smelling mists in the wake of a departing UFO aren't uncommon, either.

VALLEE: Witnesses are often more impressed by the light associated with a UFO than by the object itself, by the craft as a piece of technology. That has very interesting implications, because the brain's response to strong pulsating light is quite complex.

TAVES: Craft? The use of that word seems to me to show the bias of Drs. Hynek and Vallee. The existence of just one such craft is yet to be established.

VALLEE: Whatever they are—call them objects—witnesses describe them as emitting a bright light. They say things like, "It lit up the whole countryside." In one

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report, a man said a UFO had illuminated the entire Red River Valley. In another case, a witness who reported seeing a UFO fly directly overhead told me the underside of the object shone with an absolutely blinding orange light, like a window opening in a star.

SALISBURY: In six out of the nearly 90 cases I investigated in the Uinta Basin of Utah for a book I wrote a few years ago, a strange light was reported beaming down from the UFO. In one instance, some children and adults said they saw a huge UFO—bigger than the house it was hovering over—with a bright-red beam pointed downward out of the bottom. Only occasionally, as it swept around, would it touch the ground, lighting it up brilliantly where it hit. In another case, witnesses reported that the beam appeared to be interrupted in the middle, as though it went out so far, stopped and then a little farther along picked up again. Now, our physics books just don't have an index listing for beams that are discontinuous or that go only so far from a light source.

PLAYBOY: There have also been many reports of objects that seemed to be *entirely* luminous, haven't there?

HYNEK: Yes. On July 19, 1952, for example, a spate of fiery balls over the nation's capital caused a spasm of extremely tense military activity. Just about midnight, a series of simultaneous visual and radar sightings of UFOs at Washington National Airport and Andrews Air Force Base caused the Air Force to scramble jet interceptors.

SALISBURY: But the F-94s ended up playing a sophisticated game of aerial tag. They'd chase the UFOs at incredible speeds, only to have them peel off and accelerate out of range. As soon as the jets would give up and land, the UFOs would zoom back into the area and the planes would have to go up again. This game went on until 5:30 in the morning. And the next weekend, the same type of sightings occurred around Washington and, indeed, all over the country.

KLASS: The Civil Aeronautics Administration, whose radar controllers were principally involved, conducted a rigorous scientific investigation and issued a report ten months later. The CAA study showed that spurious radar blips—called angels by radar engineers who are familiar with the problem—had been observed previously on the same Washington radar and on similar radar in other cities during warm, humid weather, especially during conditions of temperature inversion. Just such weather conditions existed in Washington on the night of this flap. The reason angels produced a UFO scare in July 1952 can be traced to the rash of feature stories in the news media, including *Look* and *Life* magazines, that spring and summer, hinting

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that we might have extraterrestrial visitors. The CAA investigation showed that the UFO blips moved in the direction of the prevailing wind, at twice the wind speed, as would be expected if they were angels caused by temperature-inversion reflections.

HYNEK: The only trouble with your theory is that the temperature inversion for that night was 1.25 degrees, according to the Project Blue Book files. On other nights, the inversion was greater, but no flap resulted.

VALLEE: Another problem with your explanation, Mr. Klass, is that the UFOs over Washington were sighted visually both from the ground and from pursuing jets, as well as tracked on radar—simultaneously. And, at times, they were estimated to be traveling at about 7000 mph, which, if they were moving at twice the speed of wind, as you say, would make the prevailing winds approximately 3500 miles an hour.

KLASS: When you make wild claims like that, Dr. Vallee, it is clear that you have never taken the time to study the CAA report on this incident. I will be happy to lend you my copy, if you will agree to read it.

VALLEE: I think we would *all* agree that atmospheric conditions like temperature inversion probably account for *most* UFO sightings by radar, but we have to keep an open mind about radar sightings that cannot be explained in terms of natural or man-made causes. I can think of at least half a dozen unexplained radar cases in this country alone that are even stronger than the 1952 flap in Washington. Now, that may not seem like a lot, but just one unexplained case deserves serious, unbiased investigation. And how do you account for a case like the one at Torino, Italy, in 1973? A UFO was not only tracked by radar for about 40 miles but also seen by several airline crews and by the traffic controllers at Torino Airport, who directed an airplane not to land while this glowing, egg-shaped object was hovering near a runway.

TAVES: Simultaneous visual and radar sightings have no value, especially when temperature inversions are present, because it is impossible to establish the identity of the two images. An optical sighting establishes the direction and apparent elevation of an object above the horizon. It tells us nothing of its distance. A radar sighting tells how far the pulse has traveled and the direction of the last object that reflected it; but when a temperature inversion is present, as meteorological observers have reported it was, a pulse can suffer several reflections before returning to the observer. This famous case is wrapped up and completely explained. The fact that believers keep dragging it up shows how desperate they are for evidence and how ineffectively they evaluate the available data.

HYNEK: If this "famous case" you're talking about is Torino, it has certainly not been completely wrapped up. And neither has the Washington case!

HARDER: But there was the even more celebrated Lakenheath case in England in August 1956. On that occasion, a UFO was spotted and tracked *simultaneously* by two separate air-traffic-control radar installations about 40 miles apart. Not only that but after *visual sightings confirmed the radar observations*, an R.A.F. night fighter went up and intercepted the UFO. At a range of half a mile, the pilot radioed that he had his radar-controlled guns "locked" on the craft. In other words, *three* radar systems were tracking the UFO. Moreover, the pilot reported that for several seconds he had the object in view, as well as having a *radar gunlock on it*—and then it suddenly began to take evasive action, circling around behind his plane and following it. The episode is too involved to go into at any length here, but suffice it to say that the U.S. Air Force officer who investigated the incident concluded that "the fact that three radar sets picked up the target simultaneously is certainly conclusive that a target or object was in the air."

> "I've been flying now for 44 years and I'm the last guy that's going to say I don't believe they're up there. I've never seen one, but when Air Force pilots, Navy pilots, airline pilots tell me they saw something come up on their wing that wasn't an airplane, I have to believe them."
>
> —U.S. SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER

KLASS: If the facts of this case were as Harder describes them, and as they are so often described in UFO books and articles, I, too, would find it mysterious. But after spending many months investigating this case to determine the facts, I've found that the mystery evaporates. My investigation included a detailed study of the original U.S.A.F. reports made shortly after the incident, a careful study of the instruction books for all of the radars involved, talks with engineers who designed and serviced the radars and with a British radar expert who knows the area where the incidents occurred and who told me that it is very prone to radar angels. The incidents did not occur simultaneously at two air bases, as Harder claims. One incident occurred before ten P.M. on August 13, 1956, while the other *occurred more than two hours later*, shortly after midnight, August 14.

HARDER: There are discrepancies in the various reports of the confusing events of that night. But the night-watch supervisor at Lakenheath, Forrest Perkins, said in a letter to Gordon Thayer in 1975 that there was a small delay before they saw any targets after they'd been asked to look out for them—but certainly not two hours!

KLASS: You fail to mention that two jet fighter pilots were sent to investigate the first radar-UFO incident, spent 45 minutes searching and found nothing—except a flashing lighthouse beacon and a bright planet Mars that explained some of the visual sightings. As for the report that an R.A.F. jet pilot achieved "radar gunlock" on the UFO, my investigation revealed that the airplane's AN/APS-57 radar was not designed to lock onto or track any target.

HYNEK: I must point out that, in contradiction to what you say, Mr. Klass, there were more than two sightings that night. Several incidents occurred during a four-and-a-half-hour period.

PLAYBOY: The most dramatic evidence for the existence of UFOs is in the form of photographs and motion-picture film. How many pictures are there of UFOs and how convincing are they?

HYNEK: There must be hundreds—but none of them is really convincing. The problem is that the people who take the photographs are caught unprepared and take pictures of objects in motion, at a distance. So they are naturally blurred.

VALLEE: In fact, the clearer the photograph, the greater the likelihood that it's a fake. I would even go so far as to say that among all the pictures I've seen, probably fewer than ten could be genuine.

SALISBURY: And they are considered possibly genuine because of the stories that go with them, rather than because of the photos themselves. Any photo can be faked.

KLASS: And most UFO photos are fakes or are accidental flukes that result from internal lens reflections or a flaw in the film. During the past 30 years, more than 50 *billion* still photos have been taken in the U.S., many focusing on events as rare and unexpected as a President's assassination, a meteor fireball or an aircraft accident. Yet we do not have, as far as I know, a single photograph that anyone on this panel is willing to say definitely represents an extraterrestrial craft. Nor do we have any movies, which I would consider much more convincing, because they're much harder to fake.

HYNEK: There goes Mr. Klass again with his extraterrestrial fixation. We are dealing here with a phenomenon whose origin we do *not* know. But movies of UFOs *have* been taken.

HARDER: Right. Motion pictures of a UFO were taken, for example, by McDivitt during the sighting we've already discussed. Yet his evidence, as far as we

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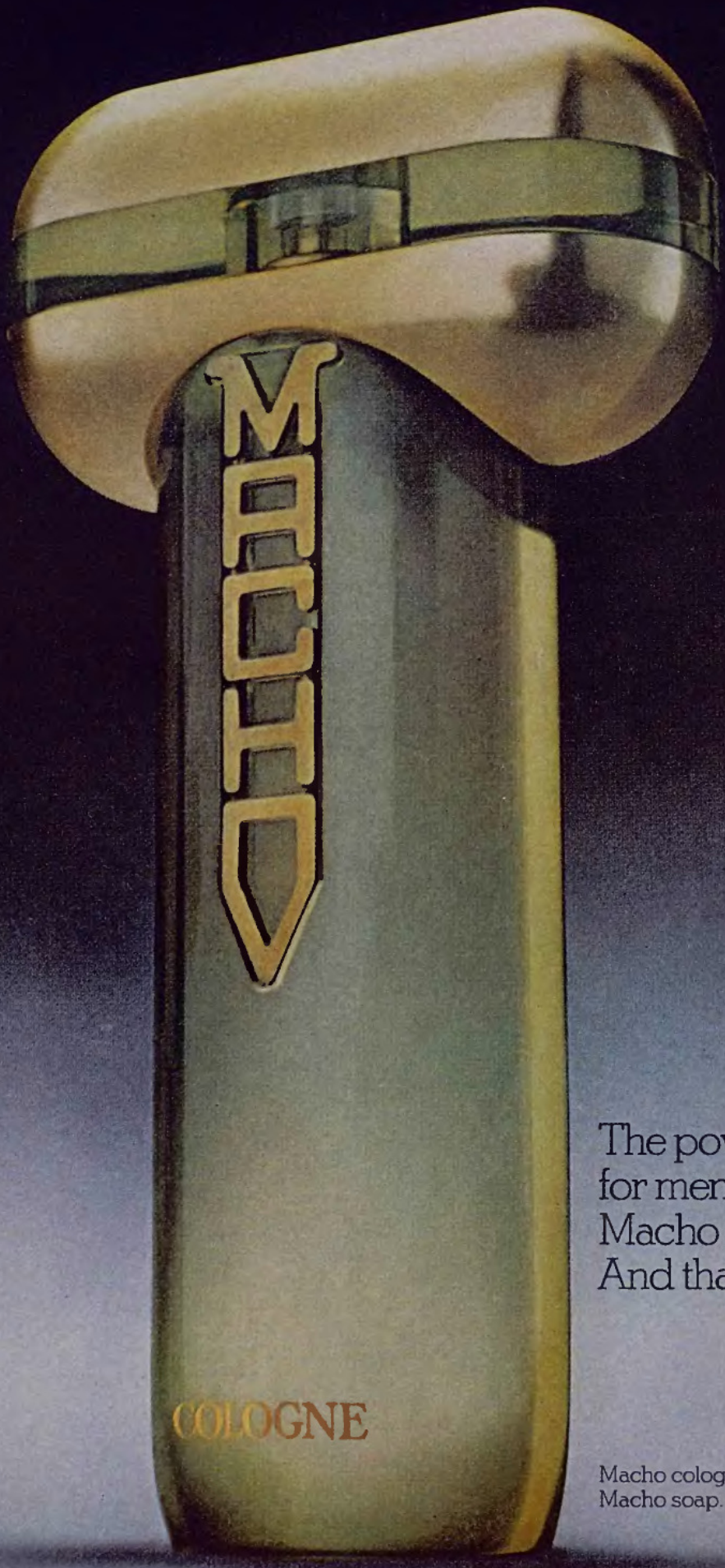

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know, was never taken seriously by any Government agency and today is dismissed by the professional skeptics.

PLAYBOY: Didn't NASA take McDivitt's report seriously?

HARDER: There's certainly no public evidence that it did. I believe that on a print NASA released of some of the motion-picture frames, the object was described as a sun flare. On another frame, it was called an unknown spacecraft.

KLASS: Well, McDivitt and Oberg, a computer analyst now working for NASA who investigated the so-called sighting, now agree that the glowing "UFO" was simply sunlight reflecting off a nearby spacecraft bolt onto the dirty window. Oberg's investigation has yielded prosaic explanations for other reports of astronaut sightings.

HARDER: All I can say is that it must have been a very special bolt to reflect a ten-times-enlarged image of the sun and to produce a blue flamelike flare to one side at the same time, as shown in the motion pictures. That sort of "explanation" really shows how bankrupt the critics' arguments can get.

HYNEK: Recently, I examined all the purported astronaut photos of UFOs at the Manned Spacecraft Center and, I must say, *I* wasn't impressed. Many could have been space junk; they didn't fit the classic flying-saucer patterns.

PLAYBOY: Has any physical evidence been found on Earth that might confirm the existence of UFOs?

VALLEE: Nothing to confirm it but much to suggest a high degree of probability. In case after case, when a UFO has been sighted, investigators will go to the spot and find that the grass has been flattened into a whorled ring or that branches, shrubs and bushes have been crushed, or that the ground has been scorched, or that tripod imprints have been left in the earth—or all of the above. So that in many of these cases, we know there was something physical, something material there.

KLASS: Human beings, for example. There is nothing—I repeat, nothing—that anyone has ever found in the way of physical evidence that couldn't have been either man-made or produced by natural causes. Show me one artifact, just one, that the National Academy of Sciences is willing to endorse as something that couldn't have been made on Earth and I'll happily refund the full purchase price of my last book to everyone who bought a copy. If there are so many hundreds of cases of UFO landings—or several million, as Dr. Vallee suggests—why haven't they left behind the tiniest trace of their presence, apart from "evidence" that could have been created by any sixth grader? Human beings in general and Americans in particular are great souvenir collectors. Yet of all the dozens of people who claim to have been aboard a flying saucer, not one has bothered to pick up the equivalent of a paper clip or an ashtray or a book of matches.

TAVES: Yes, why has not one contactee been given some material object or artifact that could not be terrestrial? That would prove it once and for all.

HARDER: Ha! From your naïve expectation, you'd think that an abducted human was at a Sunday-school picnic. Several of the abductees *did* try to take evidence with them but were prevented.

PLAYBOY: Such things as scorched earth, broken branches, tripodlike indentations and whorled rings of grass *could* all be the result of either fakery or natural causes. In the absence of artifacts and convincing photographs or films, do UFOs leave behind any other tangible evidence of their existence?

> "I think we owe it to the people to establish credibility regarding UFOs and to produce the greatest possible enlightenment on this subject." —GERALD FORD

SPRINKLE: Nothing conclusive, but there are numerous reports of car engines' dying, headlights' going out and radios' going dead during UFO sightings.

TAVES: A plane flying overhead often produces radio interference. So do power lines, transformers, metallic buildings and many other things.

KLASS: It's not really news that cars stall, or that radios stop working, or that lights go out. It would be significant only if all of those things happened *every time* a person reported seeing a UFO.

HYNEK: Do we have people killed every time there is lightning and thunder? Yet this is the same phenomenon. It certainly isn't news that cars stall, but what is the probability of a car's stalling *only* when a UFO approaches and then curing itself as soon as the UFO departs? Pretty small, I'd say. And what about instances in which separate witnesses report exactly the same effects from a single UFO? One case that comes to mind is the one in Levelland, Texas, in 1957, in which seven motorists, in different places at different times on the same night, reported that their cars died and their headlights went out when a UFO appeared. Moreover, all the descriptions of the craft were identical. That could hardly have been just a series of coincidences. Two cars, maybe, but not seven.

VALLEE: Speaking of unlikely coincidences, there have been a number of cases in which both headlights of a car have burst out simultaneously in the presence of UFOs and both bulbs had to be replaced.

PLAYBOY: We've read that many witnesses to UFOs experience severe emotional disturbances. Is that common?

SPRINKLE: Yes. Extreme upset, bordering on hysteria, is not uncommon among people who have had encounters with UFOs. In fact, as a general rule, the closer the encounter, the greater the psychological impact on the observer.

HYNEK: The experience is often so traumatic that it's blocked from the conscious mind and can be retrieved only by regressive hypnosis.

SPRINKLE: Some even report the development of psychic powers after the experience—telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and so forth.

PLAYBOY: Are UFOs ever reported to have physiological as well as psychological effects on those who observe them?

SPRINKLE: Indeed they are. Typically, people who report having been close to UFOs tell of experiencing a burning sensation around the eyes, often accompanied by dizziness, nausea, skin irritation and sometimes temporary blindness. Carl Higdon, who had a UFO contact while hunting in the mountains south of Rawlins, Wyoming, on October 25, 1974, has since then had several clairvoyant experiences that he believes are associated with his UFO sighting. For example, he occasionally has a strange sensation in a shoulder that was injured during his UFO experience and whenever he does, either he or a member of his family will go outside and there will be a nocturnal light hovering in the sky nearby.

HYNEK: Sleeplessness is a symptom we encounter fairly often, and that's understandable enough. But in my experience, the opposite occurs more frequently—a tremendous sleepiness. I've had cases in which people who claim to have seen UFOs suddenly start sleeping 16 hours a day for weeks or months after the incident.

SPRINKLE: There are even cases of radiation poisoning from contact with UFOs, certified cases of radiation burns in which the cause could not be identified—but these are fairly rare.

HYNEK: There was the man from Winnipeg, for example, who said he saw a UFO land and went up and touched it. He had severe burns on his body, and his shirt was completely burned through. Now, the weird thing about this is that the burns would disappear and then reappear every two weeks or so. After seeking help from several doctors, he finally went to the Mayo Clinic. But they couldn't find any medical explanation for the burns. Weirder still, the Mayo Clinic now denies that the man was ever treated there, though he has all the signed receipts for the treatment he received. I

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TAVES: The case of the man from Winnipeg is a tired old hoax. When the incident was investigated by Roy Craig for the Colorado Project, the man's story was found to be riddled with inconsistencies and incongruities. The burns on the abdomen were not serious, according to the Condon report, but superficial and probably self-inflicted. The recurrences of the burns were most likely caused by insect bites. Seeking help after the sighting, the man from Winnipeg was judged by a Royal Mounted Police constable to be drunk. Later, he was entirely unable to lead Craig to the sight of the occurrence, though they spent hours searching for it. The Condon report lists the case as unexplained, but we see it as a hoax.

HYNEK: Well, I also investigated this case by going to Winnipeg myself, and I cannot agree that it was a hoax.

HARDER: We haven't yet discussed the case of Patrolman Herbert Schirmer, who claimed to have been aboard a spaceship—and paid the price for it with his health and his job.

PLAYBOY: What was Schirmer's story?

SPRINKLE: About 2:30 in the morning on December 3, 1967, Schirmer was patrolling the outskirts of Ashland, Nebraska, when, he says, he saw in front of him a large object with a row of flickering lights. When he switched on his high beam, the object took off and disappeared into the night sky. He reported the incident in his logbook but thought little more about it until one of the Government committees investigating UFOs noticed that there were 20 minutes missing from Schirmer's police report. He was subsequently put through time-regression hypnosis, which revealed that he had apparently repressed the memory of what seemed to be an encounter with the UFO and its occupants. This revelation was so upsetting and distracting to Schirmer that, despite the fact that he had been promoted from patrolman to police chief of Ashland, he resigned his job. Under further hypnosis, he said that the strange craft had actually landed and that the occupants had emerged, paralyzed him with a metallic device they applied to his neck and taken him aboard. He described them as less than five feet tall, wearing silver-gray uniforms and helmets with an antenna protruding from the left side. In broken English, they explained to him how the spacecraft worked—they said it operated on the principle of "reversible electromagnetism"—and they showed him all of its instrumentation, including a "vision screen" with apparently live images from outer space. Finally, before releasing him, they gave him a demonstration of the way they extracted electricity

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from a nearby power line, which they said was the purpose of their landing.

HYNEK: The most celebrated contact case of them all, of course, is that of Barney and Betty Hill, whose experience was recorded in a book—*Incident at Exeter*—and later dramatized on television.

PLAYBOY: As a matter of fact, Mrs. Hill has told us her story; in abbreviated form, it appears on page 73.

HYNEK: I was privileged to be present at a hypnotic session with Dr. Benjamin Simon, a Boston psychiatrist, and the Hills, and was allowed to question them. I was overwhelmed both by their sincerity and by the obvious intensity of the emotions they felt in recalling the experience.

HARDER: Not surprisingly, abductees all tend to be profoundly affected emotionally by their experience.

PLAYBOY: Could it be that they were emotionally unstable to begin with?

HARDER: Of course it's possible, but I think it would be foolish—and unscientific—to dismiss every reported abduction as the ravings of a nut case. I have personally investigated a dozen abduction cases, involving 20 adults, and although most live in rural areas, five are college graduates—a somewhat higher percentage than you would expect in rural communities—and one is a Ph.D. Several of the others are very intelligent, while one is probably mentally retarded; most are happy and well-adjusted, while one is suicidal from time to time; and one worked in a massage parlor. None of which proves anything, except that you will have to find grounds other than the abductees' sanity if you're going to discredit their stories.

KLASS: Nobody said that they're *all* crazy, or even that mental disorders have played a particularly large part in stories of UFO abductions. But in the case of the Hills, Dr. Simon, who is very skilled at sorting fact from fantasy when treating his patients, does not believe the alleged abduction really occurred, and with good reason. He found that the few details Barney could give about the abduction were those he had acquired in hearing Betty repeatedly tell of her dreams in talking to friends and to UFO investigators.

HYNEK: In John Fuller's book *Interrupted Journey*, Dr. Simon provisionally allowed for the possibility that the Hills were telling a true story. His opinion, as you say, has since changed; he now believes Betty had a series of dreams that she impressed on her husband. Here we must separate the opinions of Dr. Simon from the evidence that he himself put together: Under hypnosis, Barney actually remembered many details that paralleled what Betty remembered. Furthermore, he remembered them *first*.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting, Mr. Klass, that even if those who claim to have been abducted aren't mentally disturbed, they are at least honestly deluded?

KLASS: I think there are many motivations behind those who claim to have been abducted by UFOs, but it is clear to me that these stories are the result of widespread publicity accorded to other accounts of this type. For example, when I learned that NBC was going to do a two-hour TV special on the Hill case, I wrote an article, which nobody would publish, predicting that the program would spawn a number of new stories of abductions. Sure enough, three weeks after the telecast, a young man named Travis Walton, of Snowflake, Arizona, and six friends claimed that Walton had been zapped by a UFO and had been carried off.

> "Flying saucers are real. Too many good men have seen them who don't have hallucinations."
>
> —CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER, *World War One flying ace and former chairman of the board, Eastern Airlines*

PLAYBOY: We've interviewed Walton, too. His story is on page 249.

KLASS: He may not have mentioned that, by a curious coincidence, he had always wanted to ride on a UFO. He and his older brother Duane had made a pact that if either ever saw a UFO, he would try to get aboard and would then try to convince the crew to go and pick up the other brother so he could share the experience.

HARDER: You fail to mention that you, as well as I, talked with the Arizona Public Safety polygraph operator, who very plainly said—and wrote in his report—that if there had been a hoax, five of the crew had no knowledge of it. The results for the sixth, by the way, were inconclusive. When asked if the story they had told about Travis Walton and the UFO were true, they said yes, and the polygraph operator concluded they were telling the truth.

What we see Mr. Klass doing is examining the motivations of the witnesses instead of examining the evidence. There may be a lot of loonies who think they have been on board a UFO—and I've met some—but Travis Walton is not one.

TAVES: I believe the real problem is that you, Dr. Harder, and the other believers on this panel have failed to examine the evidence critically. As far as I can make out, your views are simply a belief in UFOs, which is a poor substitute for scientific study.

SALISBURY: So now you are assessing *our* motives, as well as those of UFO witnesses, Dr. Taves? The game is getting rough! *Your* definition of the scientific method, which allows one to ignore important points and make unfounded assumptions, doesn't coincide with mine! Our examination of the Travis Walton evidence has been as critical as yours. Could it be you have a blind disbelief?

SPRINKLE: Most people regard as a kook anyone who says he has seen UFOs more than once. Well, if they're right, I must be a kook, because I've had more than one UFO sighting myself. I distrust any approach that automatically assumes stupidity or culpability on the part of UFO observers.

HYNEK: When I first got involved in this field, I was particularly skeptical of people who said they had seen UFOs on several occasions and totally incredulous about those who claimed to have been taken aboard one. But I've had to change my mind. I no longer dismiss any case as too absurd to be investigated. One naturally does give more credence to stories where the witness' credibility is not in doubt.

PLAYBOY: Don't even trained observers have a tendency—conscious or unconscious—to embellish a story in the retelling?

HARDER: One safeguard against that is hypnosis. Under hypnosis, if a subject is cooperative, his original sense impressions can be brought to the surface out of his unconscious. Contrary to some notions, it is impossible to lie under hypnosis, and it may be very difficult sometimes to distinguish what a person remembers under hypnosis from a dream or a hallucination, for either can be recalled with the same vividness as a real experience. But a good investigator checks details against independent data and evidence gathered from other places.

PLAYBOY: Is there such a thing as a typical witness? That is to say, do UFO observers fall into the same categories that their stories do?

HYNEK: Not really. The typical UFO sighter is the typical citizen. The great majority of reports come from normal, respectable people who have been going about their daily affairs in the ordinary way when suddenly they're confronted with this extraordinary phenomenon.

VALLEE: I think it's fair to say that there are two broad types, or categories, of UFO observers. The first, which is by far the larger category, includes ordinary citizens who suddenly see something

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unusual. The second and much smaller group is made up of those who see UFOs all the time—the repeaters, the people who, if only in their own minds, seem to have made some kind of pact with UFOs. They are analogous to the witches of the Middle Ages.

SPRINKLE: A couple of sociologists have tried to show that UFO sightings tend to be reported mostly by those in the second group, people on the fringe of society; but my own studies don't support this. My feeling is that people who have the courage to report seeing phenomena that don't fit into our traditional way of explaining things are automatically classified as being on the fringe. But in my studies—and I've spent eight years studying these so-called fringe people, including the Hills and Herb Schirmer—they are almost all credible persons telling incredible stories.

KLASS: You are much too credulous. Give me a list of incredible stories—any five—on which the UFO movement is prepared to stand or fall. Then let's dissect them one at a time and settle this thing once and for all. I'll make it even easier. Show me just *one* case where there is undeniable evidence that this planet has been visited, however briefly, by creatures or things extraterrestrial in origin, and we can adjourn this panel.

SALISBURY: I don't think there *is* such a case. I have yet to see one I thought was absolutely convincing. But that's beside the point. The point is not to prove or disprove any single case—or five cases—but to find out what we can learn from the *aggregate* patterns revealed by the thousands of cases on record.

SPRINKLE: Exactly. Why can't we just proceed on the hypothesis that people are telling the truth as they perceive it? Is it really necessary, or productive, to spend so much time worrying about the credibility of individual witnesses among so many millions? Let's investigate their stories, not them.

PLAYBOY: Relying largely on eyewitness testimony, haven't several Government-sponsored scientific investigations investigated the phenomenon and concluded that there's nothing to it?

VALLEE: Unfortunately, until very recently, the scientific community's derisive attitude toward UFOs has made *any* kind of methodical investigation of the phenomenon almost impossible. Not only has the establishment treated the data with open scorn, it has in many instances actually destroyed it! As a matter of fact, it was this hostile attitude that initially got me interested in UFOs. I thought that if people were taking so much trouble to

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avoid them or explain them away, then there must be something to them.

HYNEK: To me, it's astounding that so little real scientific work has been done on the UFO phenomenon. For instance, of the thousands of bright lights that have been reported, we don't have one single spectrogram of such lights to let us know whether the spectrum is thermal or nonthermal, whether it's an emission-line spectrum or what. One of the great mysteries, in addition to the UFOs themselves, is the tremendous Governmental indifference with which the subject has been treated. No real money or effort has been spent for an honest, official scientific investigation. Look at the Government's most celebrated effort: Project Blue Book, ballyhooed by the Air Force as a full-fledged, top-priority operation. It was no such thing. The staff, in a sense, was a joke. In terms of scientific training and numbers, I would have to agree this time with Dr. Taves, it was highly inadequate to the task. Usually, Blue Book had no more than a captain heading it and sometimes only a lieutenant. Now, you just don't get results in the military when you're that low on the totem pole of priorities. And the methods used by the project to collect and organize data were positively archaic. The files were kept only chronologically, with no cross-referencing whatever, and whenever I suggested that the data filing be computerized, I was told that it was too expensive. And that is the crack operation that the general public believes looked adequately into the UFO phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: Was Project Blue Book deliberately botched?

HYNEK: I don't think there was any conspiracy involved, but it's wrong to let the public believe there's been a serious, unbiased inquiry into the matter when there hasn't been. Now, we can make several hypotheses about our Government's nonaction. The first is that our officials know everything behind the UFO phenomenon and they aren't talking. The second is that they know there's something up there, but they don't know what it is; they're stumped. And the third is that they're telling the truth and there's nothing there.

PLAYBOY: What's your supposition?

HYNEK: It can't be the first or the third hypothesis, because I know for a fact they haven't even tried to find out, and the recently published files of the project will bear me out. That's why we have to get a national research institute going, something along the lines of the Mayo Clinic—a research institute funded by grants with no strings attached. Whenever a sighting is reported, such an institute would have the authority and the personnel to go in and cordon off the area, take soil samples for chemical analysis, interview witnesses, coordinate the efforts of scientists from various disciplines, and so forth.

KLASS: The University of Colorado did exactly as you suggest: dispatched teams of scientists to the scenes of reported UFO sightings to make prompt investigations. And in every such case, there was no outstanding payoff, except to turn up more prosaic explanations. Not a single artifact of extraterrestrial origin was ever found.

HYNEK: Once again, that pet theory. It doesn't solve the UFO mystery to say that in the few cases the Condon committee looked into, no *extraterrestrial* evidence was found. An institute such as I suggest should also be concerned with the investigation of past cases, including those skimmed over in the Colorado investigation, so that we can better discern and understand the patterns that emerge in UFO reports. At the Center for UFO Studies, we have a computerized data bank of some 75,000 cases, and there are hundreds of potential dissertation projects on the subject that are lying fallow. All of this wealth of material should be submitted to careful scientific study. But, again, it takes money.

"I, too, am interested in these aerial phenomena. Some people tend to discount UFOs, but I feel that any such unknown objects bear investigation."

—U. S. SENATOR BIRCH BAYH

HARDER: Not all that much money, though, when you consider the possible dividends. We're not proposing yet another study about the effects of marijuana on rats. We're talking about the possibility that our planet has been visited by intelligent beings from other parts of the universe, and if that's the case, it would be the greatest news in human history. Now, if there's even a two percent chance that it's true, then it seems worth it to spend a few million to find out *if* it's true.

KLASS: Again I must disagree. We have far more pressing problems on which we should be spending money—energy problems, environmental problems, social problems, and so on. Those are the things that deserve the money—and the publicity. Now, from a strictly selfish point of view, I'd be happy to see UFO research get a lot of funding and a lot of publicity. It would be like getting a lifetime annuity, in terms of royalties on my books. But from the standpoint of real, national priorities, I think it would be ludicrous to spend public money on such a project.

VALLEE: Many people thought the same thing when Louis Pasteur said he thought that diseases were being transmitted by creatures too small to be seen. It sounded ludicrous at the time, and Pasteur himself admitted that it was just a hypothesis. He had never actually seen such creatures—and he died without ever seeing a virus. But there are a lot of people who owe their lives to the fact that he thought they existed and was willing to spend his life researching the possibility.

PLAYBOY: If you side with the argument that UFOs are physically real, what are they? Spaceships?

HYNEK: That's certainly the most popular explanation of the phenomenon—but this theory is rapidly losing ground among researchers, if only because of the tremendous number of sightings themselves. I'd be happier if there were only one sighting every 100 years instead of hundreds *every* year. The distances are far too astronomical for there to be that many extraterrestrial spacecraft visiting the Earth.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the fact that UFOs reportedly perform technological feats beyond anything devised on Earth support the argument that they are extraterrestrial in origin?

SALISBURY: Definitely. And that argument is a strong one, once you're willing to admit the very strong probability that we're not alone in space and that the universe may well be teeming with life more advanced than any we know.

HYNEK: I personally believe it is and that we're like natives of a remote region of the Yukon who are totally unaware of the intricate civilization lying far to the south of us. Unfortunately, the possible existence of intelligent life elsewhere doesn't provide a convenient solution to the UFO problem.

KLASS: It certainly doesn't. On the assumption that there isn't intelligent life elsewhere in our own solar system, and I'm confident that there isn't, it would require nearly 100 years for inhabitants of the nearest star system to ours that *could* have life, Alpha Centauri, to make a round trip to Earth—*if* their spacecraft could fly at 70,000,000 mph. And this is based on the optimistic assumption that there *is* a planet in orbit around Alpha Centauri, that there *is* intelligent life on it and that it's so advanced technologically it can build spaceships capable of flying at that speed. So even if there *is* intelligent life relatively near to us, and if such creatures live to be 200 or even

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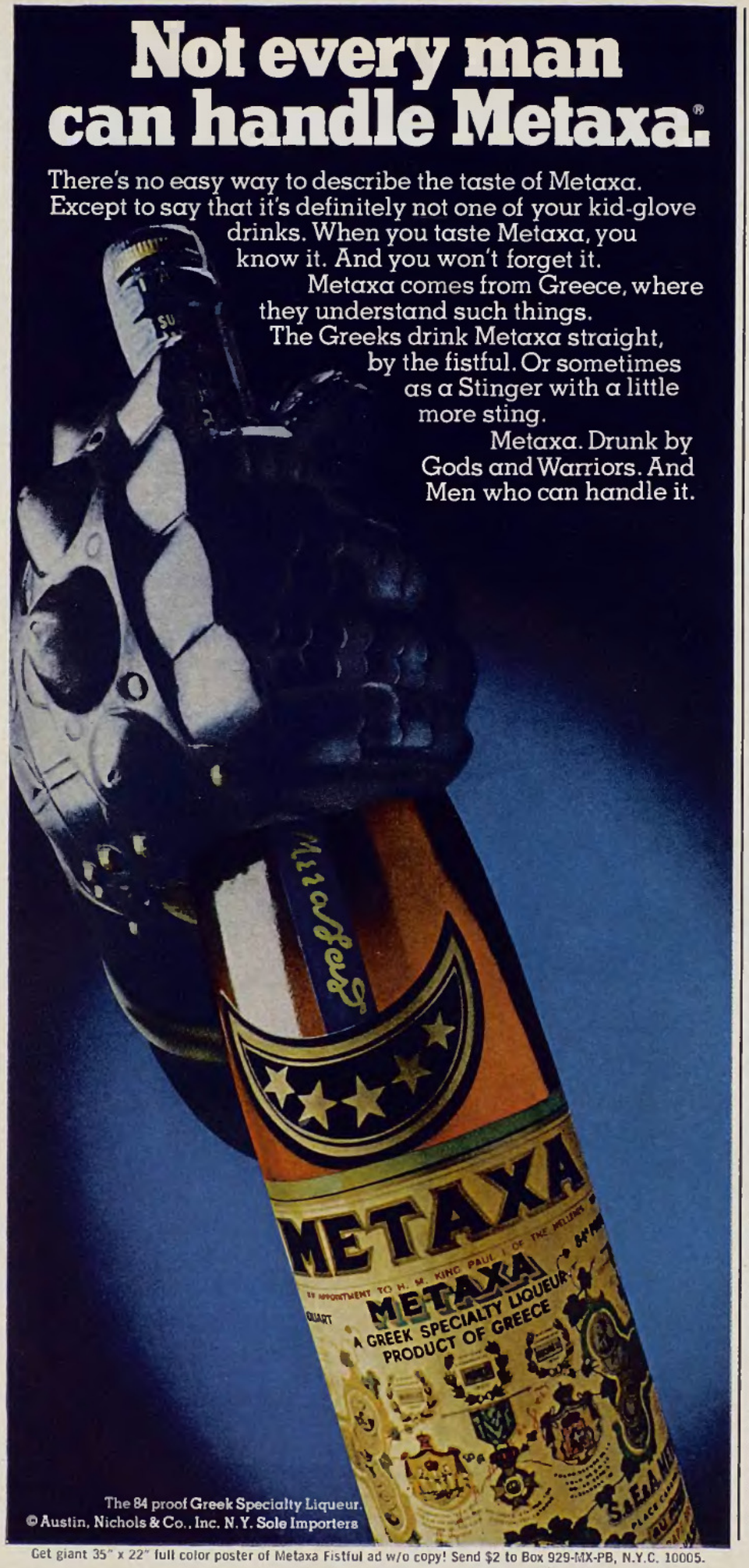

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PLAYBOY: But suppose they were able to make the trip in less time.

KLASS: It would be really straining credibility to assume that they could. All of our physics—and this is not to say that we know everything—uses measurements based on the assumption that the speed of light is not only unsurpassable but unapproachable for objects having substantial mass.

HYNEK: Well, you said it yourself: We don't know everything. It's not unthinkable to ascribe to such civilizations knowledge of the physical as well as the psychic universe that we're completely unaware of. When you consider that the human race in the past century or so has gone from Conestoga wagons to the 747, and in just 70 years from Kitty Hawk to the moon, it's very possible that civilizations millions of years older than ours might just know a little more than we do. That's the frustrating thing about UFOs—facing the fact that the phenomenon may be completely beyond our ken at present.

SALISBURY: Still, the only evidence we have that would causally link UFOs with extraterrestrial intelligence is proof by default; no one seems to be able to think of any other way to account for the superior technology of UFOs.

VALLEE: The main reason for the popularity of the extraterrestrial hypothesis is that it responds to our deep longing as a species to meet more advanced beings, our hope that there are forms of life in the universe that have transcended the problems we currently have here on Earth—such as war, poverty and disease. Witness reports consistently bear out some kind of psychic connection between UFO sightings and certain strong unconscious needs and beliefs.

TAVES: It is certainly true that many people share a need to *believe*—in the existence of superior beings, in astrology, in ESP, in extraterrestrial spacecraft, whatever. The reasons for this need are too complex to go into here, but there's nothing new about it: Witness religion.

VALLEE: For me, one of the biggest problems with the extraterrestrial explanation is the fact that it fails to explain why there are often beings like us described as the occupants of UFOs. In several cases, witnesses reported small creatures wearing some sort of diving suit and *normal humans* working with them. In other cases, small creatures with human features have been described as breathing our air without special respiratory equipment. Witnesses even reported that they could see emotional reactions on their faces. Well, if we were visited by another race from a distant planet, it is unlikely that they would be humanoid in shape and even more unlikely that one could read their emotions. I'm not saying that UFOs are definitely not of extraterrestrial

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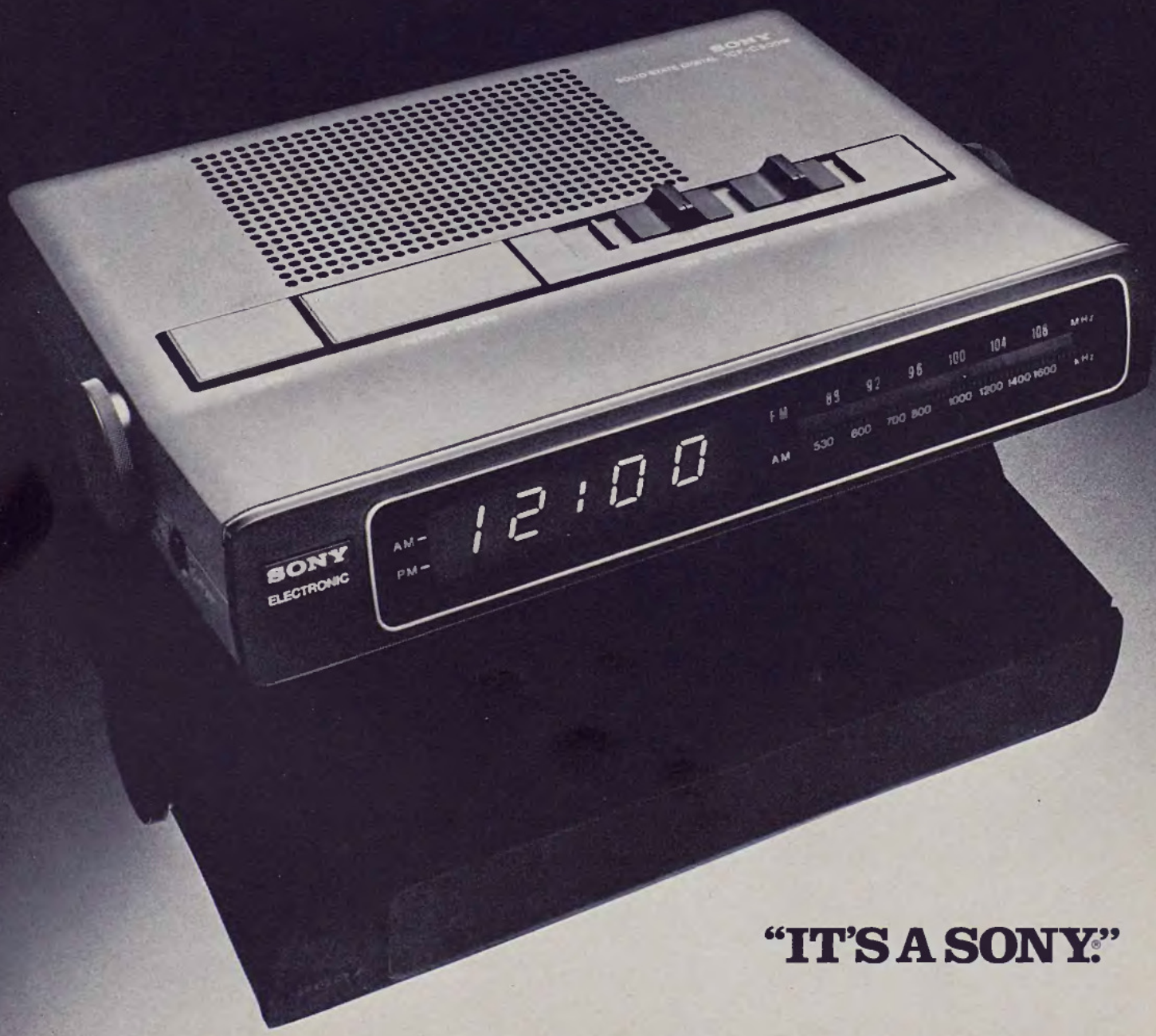

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origin, but the theory as formulated right now doesn't explain the sightings any better than a number of other theories.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

HARDER: The view, for example, that flying saucers are technological devices of earth-bound aliens who may live under the ocean floor, within mountain ranges or in the polar regions, etc. Absurd as it sounds, whatever evidence there is to support this theory ought to be investigated. Or that the UFOs are holographic in nature, projections of sounds and images across distances into an individual's awareness. If this is possible—and current technology suggests it might be—lack of physical evidence for UFOs would therefore be understandable. There's also the theory that time travelers from the past or future are visiting us in our present.

SPRINKLE: Personally, I'm very sympathetic toward the idea that UFOs may be psychic projections, that they're either materialized images that spring from our collective unconscious—something Carl Jung came very close to suggesting in his discussion of UFOs as psychological archetypes—or some type of phenomenon such as mass hallucination, autohypnosis, delusion or illusion. I've also considered, as have some of my colleagues here, that UFOs are advance technological displays by intelligent beings who are able to manipulate their space and time field in such a way that energy and matter can be interchanged.

KLASS: I find it difficult to understand how Betty Hill, Travis Walton and the other "UFO abductees" could be taken aboard a holographic image or a psychic projection for physical examinations, if their stories were true.

HYNEK: Just as it would have been difficult for Newton to understand a miniature hand-held computer!

HARDER: What I think we're observing is a very high degree of technology that is capable of systematically exploiting the basis of what we call telepathy and clairvoyance. We are just bumbling beginners at learning how to harness certain natural phenomena they may have been using for many thousands of years.

VALLEE: It just may be that we are being confronted with a technology capable of manipulating the reality of people who get close to it. If so, are we being manipulated simply because we're being visited by beings capable of it or because we are being *conditioned?* I tend to think it's the latter.

PLAYBOY: But what would be the point of that manipulation?

SPRINKLE: To condition us to a greater cosmic consciousness, to lift human understanding from a mechanistic and atomistic view of the world into a more holistic and universal awareness.

SALISBURY: We're not saying that's necessarily what *is* happening, but it's a possible explanation. Of course, there are other explanations as well. It could well be that UFO occupants are simply tourists on holiday, or they may be scouts on a reconnaissance mission, or they may be scientists who are studying us.

KLASS: Perhaps I might suggest the possibility that UFOs are really the ghosts of dead military pilots. Pilots are famed for their love of playing practical jokes. And I suppose one ought also to consider pixies and leprechauns, at least for UFOs reported in the vicinity of Ireland.

SALISBURY: Those explanations may seem farfetched, but, in fact, they're a lot more logical than simply denying that these beings exist. We have a lot of evidence, witnesses' testimony at least, to indicate that UFO occupants are real in an objective sense. If so, they must be intelligent beings and they must have a reason for visiting us. My first reaction is to assume that they are explorers of some kind, but that doesn't account for their curious behavior. So I've come gradually to the conclusion that they must be trying to manipulate or condition us. Look at it this way: If they are sophisticated enough to travel here from another solar system, or perhaps from future time, then they are certainly sophisticated enough to be aware of the impact they're having on our collective consciousness.

"I saw one the other night, so help me. . . . It was a vertical beam of light, amber colored, and we watched it for about 35 minutes. It couldn't have been a reflection. It would fade out and get bright. . . . It was not a bird, it didn't wear a cape and I really don't know what it was."

—JOHN J. GILLIGAN, *former governor of Ohio*

VALLEE: Not to mention our collective *unconscious,* rather in the same way that sylphs, elves, fairies, demons and other mythological figures have remained an integral part of human folklore despite the best efforts of science and religion to debunk them. What I'm suggesting is that maybe the "wee folk" of legend are themselves not entirely mythological; maybe they, too, have some basis in reality. Maybe we *should* believe in fairies, as Mr. Klass suggests.

SPRINKLE: That's an excellent point. I've often been struck by the similarities between the legends of fairies and angels and demons on the one hand and the descriptions of UFO phenomena on the other. Perhaps the wee folk are UFO occupants who have wittily used "magic shows" to subtly alter our belief systems. Who knows?

VALLEE: If the purpose of UFO activity is to open us up collectively to a cosmic perspective, to encourage us to start considering ourselves as beings who exist in space, then they have succeeded admirably. If people weren't becoming more curious about the meaning of UFOs, we wouldn't be having this discussion.

KLASS: We can agree that if extraterrestrials exist and ever visit our Earth, certainly their civilization and technology will be considerably more advanced than our own. If and when they come, I am sure they will have a well-thought-out strategy. If that strategy is to observe us secretly, they can do so using photo-reconnaissance satellites, much as we and the Russians monitor each other's military facilities, without the man in the street's even being aware that these spy satellites are 100 miles overhead. If, on the other hand, their strategy, at some point, is to make their presence known to us, I am confident that they will do so with the grace and elegance born of a very advanced society. I am confident they will not hop around kidnaping innocent citizens for physical examinations, that they will not play tag with airplanes or frighten children and housewives—at least not over a period of more than 30 years. And no matter what their strategy, and no matter how good their technology, someday one of their spacecraft will crash, leaving behind extraterrestrial artifacts.

HYNEK: Let's not be anthropomorphic. What you're forgetting is that their motivations don't have to fit our ideas. As any contact with them will be solely at their discretion, all we can do is speculate. And conduct research. We have to take an interdisciplinary approach, because this phenomenon involves more than just astronomy or physics or chemistry; it involves psychology, anthropology, sociology and medicine as well.

VALLEE: We have a wonderful opportunity now, as perhaps we never had before, to unite various fields of study. But we will never be able to explain—or even properly investigate—UFOs so long as academia leaves the field to crackpots and religious fanatics. The longer the scientific community continues to react to the subject with puzzled embarrassment, the longer the bureaucracy continues to suppress reports and to deny that UFOs exist, the greater the likelihood that the phenomenon will lead to new kinds of religious mass movements, because it appeals to a deep need we have for mystery, for irrational belief. I would be saddened if that happened, but great religious movements have been spawned by much less impressive phenomena.

TAVES: Dr. Vallee has put his finger on the crux of the matter. The UFO field

has, indeed, become the property of crackpots and religious fanatics; this discussion has proved that point conclusively, but his statement that the Government is suppressing UFO reports is an outright lie. And if the scientific community fails to exhibit interest in UFOs, it is only because the scientists see nothing positive to study in the field.

SALISBURY: Well, I'm worried about the religious implications of UFOs not because I'm a scientist but because I'm *religious*. I've got to the stage where the implications of the phenomenon are more important to me than the scientific question as to what accounts for the phenomenon. When I'm doing experiments in my lab, it's possible, even necessary, for me to put my religious convictions and my scientific philosophy in different pockets, as it were. I can't do that where UFOs are concerned. I have to ask myself whether it's possible that spacecraft from other planets are operating in God's universe and doing the bizarre things that have been reported. The Scriptures, which I accept as the word of God, talk about a time when Christ will return in the clouds of heaven as a prelude to his reign of over 1000 years of earthly peace. Could the UFOs be forerunners of this new millennium? Or are they emissaries from other areas of God's kingdom? We Mormons have a strong theological foundation for believing that there are other worlds in the universe populated by God's children. I don't want to sound like an Old Testament prophet, but UFOs could also be manifestations of the forces of *evil*. The Scriptures are full of prophecies that evil would abound in the last days before Christ's return, and obviously any display that tended to lead the observer away from God, or toward a false god, would serve the ends of the forces of evil. I don't know the answer, but I would certainly like to understand UFOs theologically as well as scientifically.

TAVES: Dr. Salisbury, you have every right to your own religious beliefs, but your attempt to connect the Second Coming of Christ, God and the Devil with UFOs does not sound very convincing.

SALISBURY: That's understandable, because I'm not trying to convince anyone. I'm certainly not *convinced* myself. I'm only sharing some ideas that have been troubling me—and others—in recent years. It's too bad that we haven't time to examine them in more detail.

VALLEE: And there's nothing wrong with speculating on the meaning of UFOs in the context of one's personal beliefs. What is wrong is that our current scientific structures keep the best-educated and best-informed people from having access to information about UFOs. There's something wrong when people you meet on the street know far more about this fascinating scientific phenomenon than the Ph.D.s you meet on campus. And I

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dare say the reason for that is that the establishment listens to people like Mr. Klass, people who for one reason or another have a desperate need to debunk UFOs, to prove that they don't exist.

KLASS: Don't forget that I am a senior editor of a magazine that has carried more articles on legitimate space travel and space technology than perhaps any other in the world. It would be risky for me to debunk any UFO case that might later turn out to be the greatest space story of all time. I would like to find one credible case of all those you allude to, one that I could in good conscience submit for publication and for which I could honestly say, "I am unable to find any plausible earthly explanation." But after 11 years of investigation, I have yet to find one such case. And I think it's only fair that the burden of proof should be on those who claim that UFOs, in the sense of extraterrestrial—or interdimensional—spacecraft, are flying in our skies. I can't investigate every single case. All I can do is say, "Give me your most impressive cases and I'll investigate them." That seems fair. But once I've explained them, you come up with more and say, "But you haven't explained these."

VALLEE: In a way, I sympathize. Although we are on opposite sides of the issue, I'm equally frustrated by the closed-mindedness that surrounds UFOs. I would say, however, that the problem is with those who take a too-narrow, "rationalistic" approach. Science is only one way to acquire knowledge. It's a very efficient way and it's worked well for us during the past 200 years, but it's based on a fixed attitude toward reality. There are other ways of acquiring knowledge that worked for a long time before science came on the scene. In medicine, for example, we are just now learning a great deal from cultures who knew nothing about ultraviolet rays and gamma rays but knew a lot about the relationship of man to his environment and the relationship of man's consciousness to his body. Similarly, ways of acquiring knowledge will be discovered that are beyond the *current* structures of science, as Mr. Klass understands them.

Moreover, who are we to say that we can objectively and scientifically observe the UFO phenomenon and then pass judgment on it in the same way we study galaxies or chemical reactions? It's simply not possible. The observer and the analyst are *part* of the phenomenon. With UFOs, as with other new and controversial areas of science, such as quantum mechanics and parapsychology, we have to reconsider the whole concept of the observer as someone outside the situation looking at it from an external reference point. In the end, we may find ourselves living in a reality that we have not yet even imagined.

(concluded on page 128)

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Gin Screwdriver: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. orange juice. Stir in highball glass over ice cubes.

Gin Bloody Mary: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ⅓ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.

Gimlet: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. sweetened lime juice. Stir well over ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

Gibson: 2½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, dash of dry vermouth over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Stir well and add several pearl onions.

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Pall Mall: 1 oz. each Gordon's Gin, dry vermouth, creme de menthe. Add dash of bitters. Stir well over ice cubes. Strain into old-fashioned glass.

Perfect: 1 oz. each Gordon's Gin, dry vermouth, sweet vermouth. Stir well over ice cubes. Strain into cocktail glass.

Highball: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin in highball glass filled with ice cubes. Add long sliver of lemon peel. Fill with ginger ale. Stir.

†Based on 1977 EPA Gas Mileage Guide. 1978 data not available at press time.
*1977 Mercedes Benz accelerotion (0-50 mph) from Car and Driver, March 1977. Comparison based on std. equipment cars. © Volkswagen of America.

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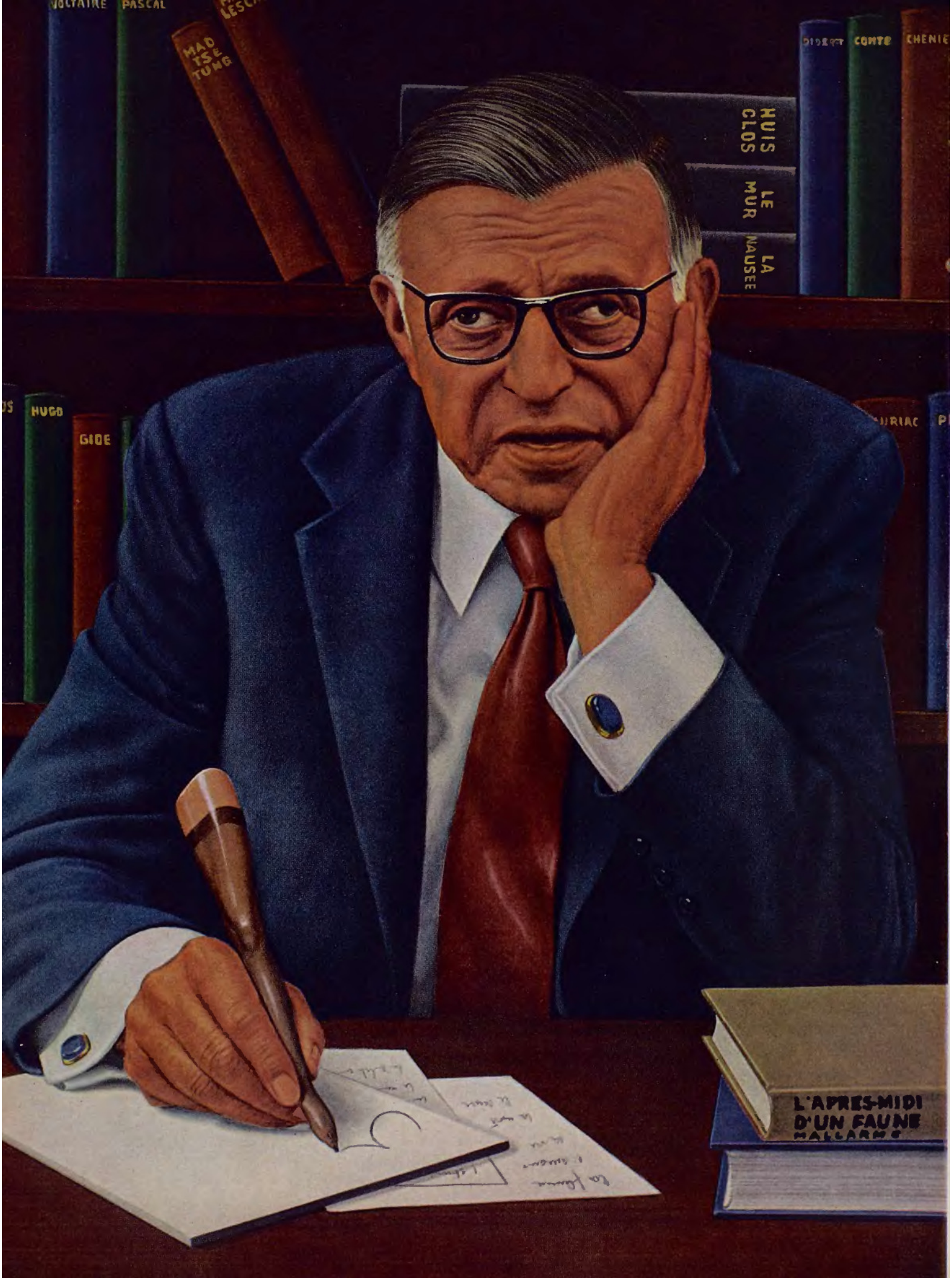
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A CONVERSATION ABOUT SEX AND WOMEN WITH JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

interview conducted by CATHERINE CHAINE

reassuring words from france's foremost philosopher: "even when i think about subjects not directly related to women, i am still thinking about women"

CHAINE: Most people generally feel they should discuss philosophy, literature or politics with you. I would like, however, to talk with you about women, about the role they have played and still play in your life. All things considered, it is my impression that you are very much a ladies' man.

SARTRE: That's true; I've always been very fond of women. They have always been at the center of my thoughts. Without any doubt, it is women I have thought the most about, as a child, as an adult and as an old man. Even when I think about subjects that are not directly related to women, I am still thinking about women.

CHAINE: Why?

SARTRE: Because my family was made up mostly of women: my mother, my grandmother and their women friends. There was just one man, my grandfather. As a child, I imagined that I would someday be like him, surrounded by women. For me, women were always the stuff of dreams.

I can recall playing under the bandstand in a park at Vichy and on the beach at Arcachon. I recall, too, a little girl who suffered from tuberculosis and who passed the days on a reclining chair in her garden. I used to spend hours at her side. From nine to 16, I lived in La Rochelle and I had very little in the way of relationships with girls, but since the age of 16, when I returned to Paris, I've seen a great many women, and they've become truly important to me, important in my everyday life. So I can say that women have occupied a very large place in my life from the time that I was four or five years old—perhaps even earlier.

CHAINE: Surrounded as you were by the women of your family and by the little girls you knew, were you brought up as a male chauvinist?

SARTRE: As a child, certainly, I was a male chauvinist, because I envisioned that those little girls and the women friends whom I would later have would always be organized around me, be connected with me. Thus, I looked upon them as my inferiors and, as for myself, I was the superior. I didn't *think* of it that way, but, in any case, that's the way it *was*. Nevertheless, I regarded them as equals——

CHAINE: Sort of a liberal male-chauvinist pig, then.

SARTRE: Well, yes . . . the idea of seduction. I'd come upon it in books and it had appealed to me from the age of six. The man seduced the woman—which, for me, meant seducing a six-year-old girl. That idea, which was contrived and a bit elaborate, was making the rounds when I was five years old. A man would come into a woman's life and, by his imposing appearance, by the words he spoke to her or by the way in which he dealt with her, he would obtain her womanly favors. That seemed to be the very model of the male-chauvinist approach . . . although, in the same period, the counterpart thereof—the femme fatale—also existed. The seducer and the

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

femme fatale belonged to the pre-1914 myths. I accepted that idea of seduction. I very willingly agreed to play my role, even though it presupposed certain qualities that I did not have. Good looks, for example, which I believed myself to possess before my hair was cut short but which I later knew I didn't have. And so I was a male chauvinist; but once I had seduced the woman—without any idea of how I'd done it—there came a certain moment when she said, "I am seduced." Well, then, at that moment, there was equality.

CHAINE: How?

SARTRE: You know, being a male chauvinist isn't as simple as people think it is. It isn't a continuous bearing of superiority. It's a superiority that bursts forth just now and then. The seduced woman and I would go out and sit on a bench in the moonlight, on a very lovely night, and we would talk at great length. That's the way I saw it. This idea of seduction disappeared, to be sure, as soon as I'd acquired a bit of good sense, but it brought me around to women. At the same time, another idea took hold of me: that once a relationship had been formed, it ought to be one of equals. Indeed, it was a question of overcoming a woman in almost the same way that one overcame a wild animal, but by wiles, smiles and ingenuity; to force her out of the wild state into one of equality with man. It was as if I had tamed a tigress that, once tamed, became my equal.

That is how I looked upon relationships with women, as long as I didn't know very much about what a woman really was or about how she differed from a man. I realized that women were probably different from a psychological standpoint, but at the age of ten, it was hard enough for me to imagine their bodies, and I could not imagine anything but what I myself was. It was only later, at 11, 12 or 13, that I began to visualize their peculiar features, and I wasn't really fully informed until I was 15 or 16.

CHAINE: You often say women. You speak of them in the plural. Either as a child or as an adolescent, didn't you imagine one who would become "the" woman of your life?

SARTRE: No, because from the very start, I was a polygamist. I always thought that my sex life would be multiple. There, too, I was a male chauvinist: I never imagined a girl who would become the only girl of my life.

CHAINE: Why?

SARTRE: No doubt it was due to the male-chauvinist upbringing that I received, to the male-chauvinist atmosphere that surrounded me. My grandfather had a most peculiar life. He got along very well with my grandmother, but for a long time he had not had sexual relations with her, because she detested them and pretended to be sick. So he used to have relations with the older students in his German class.

CHAINE: What did you think women would be able to do for you?

SARTRE: What I have always looked for in a woman is an equal, but an equal who could provide me with the emotional, the sentimental. Tenderness and love, as I imagined them, meant two people clasping each other and kissing. That's what it was and I couldn't enjoy it with boys because they were too coarse. Relations with boys meant a friendly exchange of fists, and nothing else. No tenderness. What I found among little girls was the sentiment and intimacy that I'd been given from the very start in my family, by my mother, my grandmother and their women friends. This sentimentality that blossomed forth with the girls was, for me, the essential factor in sex.

Also, as an adolescent, I imagined that I was protecting the woman with whom I strolled in the moonlight against the loathsome designs of other men. But, little by little, the idea of protection disappeared. At the age of 20, it was gone. There was no longer any connection between the idea of strolling in the moonlight and the idea of protecting the person with whom I was strolling. Besides, it was less a matter of strolling in the moonlight than of what goes on between all men and all women.

CHAINE: Apart from those ideas about women, what was happening in your everyday life as an adolescent?

SARTRE: Nothing very important or very vivid. When I was 13 or 14, in high school in La Rochelle, those boys who were worth their salt had what were called *poules*. That expression wasn't polite or pleasant, but it was much used and meant that you went out with a young female friend from the girls' high school or elsewhere.

CHAINE: What did going out mean?

SARTRE: Nothing very much. I suppose there was a bit of kissing in secluded places, but it didn't go very far. And we would talk about it very guardedly and with deep silences that caused the relationships to seem much more important than they really were. I recall that at the age of 11, I quaintly began my life at the high school in La Rochelle by claiming that I had a mistress and that we used to go to hotels together.

CHAINE: Did anyone believe you?

SARTRE: No, of course, the others didn't believe me, and they made fun of me. After that, I claimed that I was having relations with Lisette, the daughter of a shipowner. Obviously, there was no truth in it. She was a very pretty little girl, and it is certainly true that I would have liked to. . . . Well, some of my schoolmates pretended to set up a date for me. I went there and found two groups—a group of schoolmates who were pushing me to speak to her and a group of boys who were with the girl and who looked forward to the joke. She, too, was probably in on it and a bit irritated. She called me a swollen-headed guttersnipe. Then she took off on her bicycle and I ran after her. That's how things stood between us. Obviously, I behaved ridiculously and it infuriated me for a long time.

CHAINE: Were you ever a handsome boy?

SARTRE: As a child, my hair was blond and, I think, quite attractive; it reached down to my shoulders and it must have given a false impression. Let's say that if my face was ugly but my hair was beautiful, then my face appeared less ugly than it really was. One day my grandfather, without consulting his womenfolk—which is to say, his wife and his daughter—made up his mind to have my hair cut. Whatever must have gotten into him? I don't know. In any case, he thought that a boy ought to have short hair. So he took me to the barber; we returned a half hour later and there was the result. Everybody looked at this face with consternation. Naturally, my mother and my grandmother let out shrieks of horror and declared that I looked vile. And, as a matter of fact, I still have a photo of myself at just about that age: I *was* ugly. It was like a flash of lightning. I began to understand that what my locks had adorned was not very pretty.

And then I remained at peace with myself until the age of ten or ten and a half. But, starting with La Rochelle, things became unpleasant. The incident of Lisette turned out badly, in part, on account of my ugliness. My classmates, who knew me and felt that I was ugly, made of that meeting a kind of mockery of my ugliness. So it stuck, it became a part of me.

CHAINE: Was it very painful?

SARTRE: Painful, yes. But not for long.

CHAINE: Did you think that your ugliness was a handicap against seducing girls?

SARTRE: No, not really. Perhaps because I imagined relationships with girls as being lengthy conversations on a beach in the moonlight. Whether one is handsome or ugly is of no great importance when one is engaged in conversation.

CHAINE: When were you in love for the first time?

SARTRE: I was 16 years old. It was Paris, in 1921. She was the daughter of the high school janitor.

CHAINE: Was that typical of that time?

SARTRE: Ah, well, that depended on the personalities involved. Some went all the way, no doubt. But it was still rather rare. In the final analysis, perhaps a third or only a quarter of the students were no longer virgins in their senior year. We were more innocent than nowadays. Almost like children.

CHAINE: You were raised in a rather strict

(continued on page 116)

"What other energy-conservation ideas have you got for 1978?"

FRANCO PINNA / FEDERICO FELLINI

FILM DIRECTORS' EROTIC FANTASIES

EIGHT OF THE WORLD'S GREAT FILM MAKERS PORTRAY THEIR SEXUAL VISIONS FOR PLAYBOY

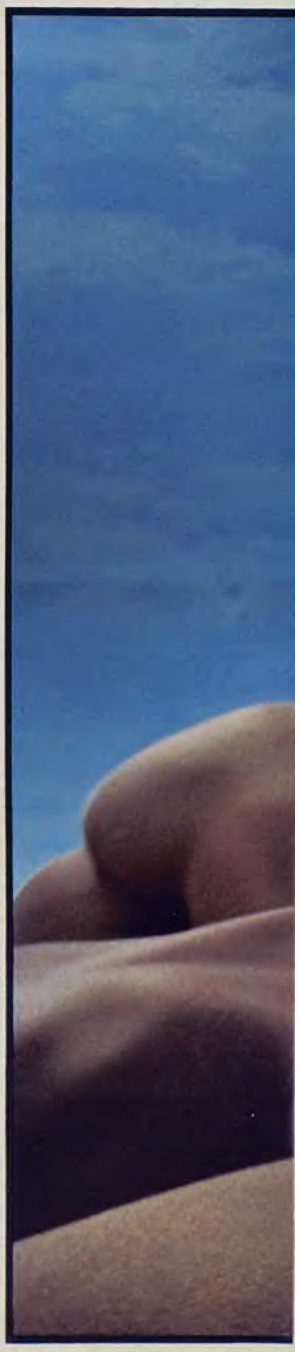
UNFORTUNATELY, due to film censorship and other restrictions, many of the world's foremost directors rarely get the opportunity to express their own erotic fantasies on celluloid. So we approached some of the master film makers with the notion of shooting for us what they can't or simply haven't put on film. The directors involved supervised the shootings much as they would a film, and two—Gordon Parks and Jerry Schatzberg—did their own photography as well. As you'll see, the results are all fairly characteristic of each director's particular cinematic style.

FEDERICO FELLINI—*La Dolce Vita*, *8½*, *Casanova*: When asked to comment on his fantasy photo, Fellini quipped, "Why do you need a comment? The picture speaks for itself." But, in conversations with PLAYBOY's film critic, Bruce Williamson, Fellini explained that he simply found amusing the idea of two little priests (played by Alvaro Vitali and Luigi Leone) flying a kite at the shore and discovering a voluptuous goddess (Renata Schmidt) at the other end of the line. Fellini added that he wasn't sure what it all meant.

SYGMA

MAUREEN LAMBRAY / LOUIS MALLE

LOUIS MALLE—*Murmur of the Heart, Lacombe, Lucien*: "When PLAYBOY requested a photo that would express my personal vision of eroticism, I sent a shot of my two-year-old daughter, Justine, naked. This led to the photos above, of Brooke Shields, whom I cast in the title role of my new film, *Pretty Baby*, in which she plays the daughter of a prostitute trained to follow her mother's path. *Pretty Baby* does not deal with hasty conclusions about the much-in-the-news topic of child prostitution. Rather, it is a look at the chaotic world of adults seen through the eyes of a young girl."



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MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI—*L'Avventura, Blow-Up*: "When I was asked for an erotic fantasy, strangely, I kept mentally fondling the idea of mountains. I say strangely because nature is dramatic or pleasant or idyllic, not erotic. But I was thinking of a landscape in human form, mountains or dunes that *might* be erotic. I have put much love and rapture into shaping these images. It is difficult to imagine anything erotic that is somehow not related to the body of a woman. Yet even in this landscape, there is a touch of enigma."

GIDEON BACHMANN / SYGMA

ROBERTO RUSSO / MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI

JACQUES GIROFOLO / ROGER VADIM

JERRY SCHATZBERG—*The Panic in Needle Park, Scarecrow*: "I've worked with women all of my career—first as a fashion photographer, then as a film maker—and I've always fantasized that a woman is really more than one individual, that each woman is really a combination of different women. Fellini expressed this idea in *8½* and I did to a certain extent in my first film."

SIMONPIETRI / SYGMA

ROGER VADIM—*And God Created Woman, Pretty Maids All in a Row*: "When I was 11, I took lessons in classical ballet. At the time, I was in love with two sisters—one blonde, one dark. I had written for them the theme of a ballet that we'd rehearsed at home. One day, my dog tore off the tutu of the brunette, but she continued to dance, nevertheless. It was one of the first erotic emotions of my life."

ABBOT GENSER

SAM PECKINPAH—*The Wild Bunch, Straw Dogs*: "Ah, the Dragon Lady! I was a Marine at 17 in Canton, China, walking down a dim, dirty alley, when I passed a striking, exotic Oriental beauty dressed in Western clothes. Her perfume caressed me for 50 yards, blotting out the stink of the street. Later, I saw her enter the quarters of my colonel. Lying on my bunk, I dreamed she slipped into my room, undressed herself and me. Years later, the aroma is still fresh."

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CARROLL SEGHERS II / SAM PECKINPAH

GORDON PARKS

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GORDON PARKS—*The Learning Tree, Shaft*: "I was only ten then, but I remember the cyclone twisting violently over the Kansas plains. Big Mabel had found me in the fields, hurt and terrified. She carried me back to the safety of my father's slaughterhouse, calmed me, undressed me and tended my wounds. To warm me, she pulled me hard against her naked body and soon her warmth brought a hardness to my groin—a hardness I had never felt before. She felt it, too, rolled over on her back and pulled me on top of her. And though the storm blew on, it was not long before I completely forgot the blowing. This photo is a fantasy of that remembrance."

RICHARD BROOKS—*In Cold Blood, Looking for Mr. Goodbar*: "Sex during a crisis heightens intellectual and tactile sexuality rarely experienced under normal conditions. The urgency of the situation motivates the need for immediate intimacy. The chemistry, without words, must say, 'Now!' My fantasy girl, in this situation, is always partially clothed. Her eyes are taunting—an air of mystery—we care not for names or personal history. Her desire stems from a necessity for selfish pleasure. This fantasy of mine arose while I was working on the script of *Key Largo*, when a hurricane struck the Florida Keys."

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RICHARD FEGLEY / RICHARD BROOKS

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

(continued from page 104)

"I was somewhat boorish in thinking that I could easily start relationships with any attractive woman."

environment. Did you feel guilty?

SARTRE: Oh, no, not at all, not guilty about anything. I had put matters right with my family, I already had my freedom.

CHAINE: Had you already cast off taboos of that kind?

SARTRE: Of that kind, yes. Right away.

CHAINE: How did you manage that?

SARTRE: By reading, first of all. Trashy stuff, for the most part. The books came down hard on relations with women, but, as I saw it, that was just hypocrisy. I believed that real relations with women had to be complete sexual relationships and that everything I read was just novelistic sham.

CHAINE: But what about your strict upbringing?

SARTRE: Not all that strict, because I was a boy, after all—but still quite strict.

CHAINE: So you could make love to the high school janitor's daughter without feeling guilty?

SARTRE: Yes; and, in fact, I went all the way only during the following year, with the girls we would meet in the Luxembourg Gardens.

CHAINE: Getting back to the idea of marriage: Even as an adolescent, did you really never think of getting married like everybody else?

SARTRE: You know, the idea of marriage has never plagued me. Still, I got engaged in earnest when I was 23. I had met a girl who was the cousin of one of my friends from the university. It was in Usson-en-Forez, where I'd gone to spend a few days of vacation with that friend, and there I fell in love. In love: That's saying a great deal, but the girl in question, who was from Lyons, really took my fancy. I think she was in need of passion, and that's what caused her to exaggerate her feelings for me.

As for her parents, they looked at the financial side of it. What was I? A student at the state university? I wouldn't be worth marrying until after I'd passed my state boards, two years later. Since they wanted to find out more, they had me tailed by a private detective who told them that at school I'd been heard to speak about my fiancée in unpleasant and even vulgar terms. It was altogether untrue; but they repeated it to my fiancée and she took it very badly. I then wrote to her, telling her not to pay any attention to all that and that, in any case, we were still engaged.

And then I crammed for the state boards. When, in spite of everything, I sent my family to ask for her hand, her parents absolutely refused. It left me in a strange mood, a mood of real anger.

CHAINE: You were angry?

SARTRE: Yes. And, most of all, I thought that it would be upsetting to her. I returned to Usson and went over in my mind what had happened; and I remember that I went alone into a meadow with a bottle and there I drank . . . I even cried. I also cried because I had drunk, but that was OK. I don't want to say that I did it on purpose, but I was content to pay my dues with those few tears. I was comforted. I'm not sure that I acted quite correctly in that whole episode. . . .

CHAINE: It was around then that Simone de Beauvoir must have seen you for the first time in the corridors of the Sorbonne. She describes you as having been conceited, very badly dressed and quite dirty. Was there something intentional about your unkempt appearance?

SARTRE: Yes. And I was not the only one to be so "unkempt." It was also the case with Paul Nizan, René Maheu and some others. But then again, Nizan and Maheu exuded a certain elegance, because their amorous experience was more extensive than my own. Theirs was, for the most part, the uncleanliness of the morning. The custom was to get up and wash oneself just a bit.

CHAINE: Your male friends had more extensive love lives?

SARTRE: Yes, because they had girls in Paris, whereas I was having only one affair in Toulouse with the daughter of a pharmacist.

CHAINE: In another interview, you said that during that period you envisioned your private life as a sequence of amenities: women, good meals, travel, etc. Somewhat one-dimensional, in other words.

SARTRE: It was a mixture. I was somewhat boorish in thinking that I could easily start relationships with *any* attractive woman. I looked at things that way for a long time. At the same time, however, I wanted to have deep relationships with women. Sex was not the predominant factor. It served to attract, but the main thing was the tenderness that changed into something very profound—something that was not always bound to the sex life and that at that moment caused each of us to be himself at the very depths of himself. That which each of us had that was beyond compare—because it was that which made him himself and not another.

CHAINE: How did your meeting with Simone de Beauvoir take place? Were you immediately aware of how important she would become to you?

SARTRE: Not immediately. Our relationship began in a strange way. I used to see her during classes at the Sorbonne. I liked her. I found her appealing. Good-looking but poorly dressed. I did not speak to her. Her closest friend was Maheu. One day he said to me, "Why don't you get to know each other?" I replied, "Why not? Make a date for me." That's how it came about. I invited her to a pastry shop on the Rue de Mèdicis. But wouldn't you know it? Maheu was playing a trick on me. Simone de Beauvoir was supposed to send her younger sister to the meeting. And I had to spend the evening with her sister—whom I didn't find appealing. Later, I got to like her, after she'd become a friend, but then I was furious.

Finally, two or three days later, Simone de Beauvoir and I did meet each other. Along with Maheu, Nizan and Raymond Aron, we decided to prepare for the state boards together. We would spend two or three hours with our friends, studying a Greek text or a problem of philosophy, and afterward, Simone de Beauvoir and I would leave them and go for a walk through Paris. We were always together.

CHAINE: Did the relationship become intimate right away?

SARTRE: The actual intimate relationship came later, in November, although we had known each other since the beginning of July. But, in fact, there was no problem.

CHAINE: De Beauvoir, in her memoirs, suggests that your feelings were reciprocated right away.

SARTRE: Yes, right away, I think. We got to know each other better during the summer vacation. One day, I was sitting next to her on the grass. I don't think we were very close to each other, but then her father and mother appeared—very much taken aback. I assured them of the sincerity of my feelings, but that didn't sit very well. I don't think that her father told me to leave. In any case, I stayed. I must have stayed five days and I left on the day of my choice.

CHAINE: And eventually it became a contract for life?

SARTRE: Yes.

CHAINE: Wasn't that distressing to you? You have said that the transition to adulthood was very difficult for you. Didn't that commitment make it even more difficult?

SARTRE: No, not really. What distressed me was the social life of a university town in the countryside, which was new to

"Hap-py new year!"

me: my colleagues, their wives, the headmaster. It struck me as awful.

CHAINE: "We never became estranged from each other, never did one of us appeal in vain to the other." That is De Beauvoir writing in *The Coming of Age*. Haven't you ever resented that as a restriction?

SARTRE: Oh, no, never! I never resented my relationship with Simone de Beauvoir as being restrictive. Not from any point of view. We were able to do absolutely anything for each other: It was always spontaneous. And particularly since, as you are aware, almost from the start we contemplated the possibility of relationships with others.

CHAINE: That pact that you made with each other—not to dissemble, not to lie, not to have secrets—did you hold to it?

SARTRE: Yes, all the way. Now and then, it amuses Simone de Beauvoir to say that I've failed to tell her something, that I've hidden some detail from her. But it's not true.

CHAINE: Have you never hidden anything from her?

SARTRE: Never.

CHAINE: Is that important?

SARTRE: Oh, yes, it's very important not to hide anything. Even at that, I am readily tempted to hide things from people, to be a little bit deceptive. But never with her.

CHAINE: Why this truthfulness at any cost?

SARTRE: Because our relationship seemed to me to be of greater value, in essence, than the relationships that I had with other men and with other women during the same period. All right; I was a male chauvinist; but when I met Simone de Beauvoir, I felt I had found the best relationship that I could ever have with anyone. The most complete relationship. I'm not talking about sex or about intimacy, but rather about conversations on the vital decisions in our life. Indeed, a relationship of such completeness made for a profound equality between us. We could not conceive of ourselves as being otherwise. I had found a woman who was the equal of what I was as a man—and it was that, I believe, that rescued me from out-and-out male chauvinism. The woman had assumed her true place.

CHAINE: Would you have been able to have such a complete relationship with a woman who was a sculptress or a physician, who had never studied philosophy?

SARTRE: I am utterly unable to tell you that. What I can tell you, though, is that I have never talked about philosophy with the women who've had relationships with me. But I've *always* spoken to Simone de Beauvoir about my philosophy. When I was performing my military service, for example, she used to visit me on Saturdays and Sundays in Tours, and I would tell her that during the week I had had this or that idea, or that I'd thought about such and such. It was a way of refining my ideas. With my friends, such as Maheu and Nizan, I would talk a little about my "theories," as I said, but that was a luxury. It was something that I would allow myself to do in the course of an evening get-together, where we were especially at ease. In fact, I have never really talked about my theories with anyone but her.

CHAINE: So the two of you decided from the very start that your love affair was a necessary one but that each of you would have other affairs.

SARTRE: I no longer remember those conversations very well, but I know that Simone de Beauvoir agreed to that, as being valid for her, too. She realized that it was best for her to have relationships with several men, and she didn't want her relationship with me to prevent her from having them. And, thus, her idea of relationships with others was in the plural—or, rather, pluralistic. She did not think that a sex life ought to be defined solely by a relationship with just one man.

CHAINE: Why are other love affairs indispensable?

SARTRE: For the very reason that one has other friendships and other relationships with people! There is no reason for the existence of this particular "first principle," which obviously has its origins in marriage and the Church. Actually, the sexual relationship is not linked to any specific form of social organization. Some new relationships came into being with Simone de Beauvoir, but it was always taken for granted that men should have relationships with more than one woman. Consequently, I believed in both the primary and the transitory relationships at the same time. It was quite difficult, but, despite that, I have had them both. For the most part, my relations with Simone de Beauvoir have been essential relations—and they still are—and, as for my relations with other women, they were on a secondary level.

CHAINE: And the other women didn't mind being secondary?

SARTRE: On the whole, they did. They weren't very happy about it. I didn't pretend. I would tell the woman whom I was starting to date: There's this woman named Simone de Beauvoir who's the end-all of my life. They just had to put up with it.

CHAINE: Weren't there also some women who regarded *you* as a secondary love?

SARTRE: That didn't happen to me during the period we're talking about. And if it happened to me later, I wasn't told so. I wouldn't have liked it at all.

CHAINE: Did that need for diversity strike you as natural?

SARTRE: Yes, but at the same time, I had acquired the idea—a new one—that I had one essential relationship and that it was the one with Simone de Beauvoir.

CHAINE: Essential but *not* sufficient?

SARTRE: It was sufficient in practically every way.

CHAINE: So why the other women?

SARTRE: Probably because the physical relationship per se involves more than one woman or more than one man. It is a relationship that is not clearly defined. You have a sexual relationship. Fine. But with whom? With one person or with 15? Nothing is said about that in the sexual relationship per se.

And then, too, because, as I have told you, I thought that between a man and a woman, as soon as their relationship is somewhat complete, depth is achieved. Whoever the man may be and whoever the woman. And, consequently, the very deep—no, the unique—relationship that joined me to Simone de Beauvoir was the best and the loftiest relationship, but it didn't prevent me from being able to have a deep relationship with any other woman. And that presupposed, moreover, that I would adapt myself to the social or intellectual level of the woman whom I was seeing. If that woman happened to be not very highly developed in her intelligence, but if the relationship between us was a deep one, then I myself, on that occasion, would not emphasize *my* intelligence.

I would not try to outflank culturally a person who might have been a bit less intelligent than I. Because she would bring something that then became part of my world. That is the nature of the relationship that I have had with women—one in depth that now and then comes to create what is almost an individual entity—an *us* that is not two *yous* but that is truly an *us*. That *us* is something that I have had all my life with Simone de Beauvoir and at certain times during which I was, in actual fact, deeply linked to other women.

Outside of a relationship of this nature, we succumb to trickery and to contrivance—the very stuff out of which all the novels and stage plays are stamped, and I have always regarded that behavior as dreadful.

CHAINE: In practice, was the freedom in your relationship as easy for De Beauvoir as it was for you? In her memoirs, she says that when you were seeing "M" in the United States, she was "terrified." She wondered whether the two of you might become strangers to each other.

SARTRE: I believe there was a misunderstanding between us at that time. Here's how it happened: The woman whom she refers to as M had come to spend several months in France. During that time, Simone de Beauvoir had gone to America, to Chicago, where she met Nelson Algren. Upon her return, the two of us

(continued on page 124)

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies

1 Texas Instruments' Dataclip calculator is about as thin as a pencil, as long as a six-inch ruler and it can operate up to 1000 hours on a set of batteries; Dataclip's results are displayed in an eight-digit readout, $34.95.

2 For those who've been cleaned at backgammon more times than they care to admit, there's a 2⅜" doubling cube made from 6.5 ounces of delightful-smelling French milled soap, gift-boxed, by Soapreme Products, $6.

3 The Black-Frame Starr 24K attaché case that has a harness-leather cover features a pair of flying latches that open simultaneously when the digital lock and release is activated, by Ventura Travelware, $175.

4 Clarion's audio equalizer booster can be hooked to any mobile sound system from auto AM/FM to a marine radio; the unit allows you to custom-tailor your favorite sounds by fine-tuning five octave ranges, $119.95.

5 Remy Martin's Louis XIII cognac is a blend of some very old grande fines that comes in a Baccarat decanter that's a replica of one used during the reign of Louis XIII; the hand-blown bottle holds ⅘ quart, about $160.

6 This Electric Drip Coffee Maker delivers up to eight cups of coffee (or tea) into an insulated Thermos; after delivery, the machine can be turned off and the Thermos will keep the coffee/tea hot for hours, by Krups, $60.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

THE ELEVENTH HOUR SANTA

7 These modern pieces of eight from Tiffany's can be purchased in amounts from $25 to $1000 and redeemed at any Tiffany store for merchandise of one's choice. Bonus: Pieces come in a handsome drawstring pouch.

8 Chinon's Pacific 12 SMR Super-8 sound movie camera features four filming speeds, a built-in intervalometer, a 12–1 macro zoom and automatic lap dissolve in which the sound also dissolves with the scene, $800.

9 For those who don't know how to read one, a binary timepiece is just a bunch of random blinking lights; for those who do, it's a handsome, highly accurate clock that's also a hip conversation piece, by MIV, $79.95.

10 Various TV game programs, including Indy 500, Blackjack, Video Olympics and Street Racer, $19.95 each, all plug into the Atari Video Computer System console, $189.95, including a wild Combat game.

11 When nought but the best will do (and is there any other way to fly?), make that squeaker last-minute gift a handsomely styled 14-kt. gold bracelet, by Goldbar Manufacturing, $170. Better yet, give it to yourself.

12 The Bearcat 210 Automatic Scanning Radio enables you to choose the ten frequencies you want to scan and enter them on the keyboard; a decimal readout then tells you what's been tuned in, by Electra, $349.95.

13 Mr. Thin is an 11-transistor AM/FM pocket radio that's 5½ inches long and only ⅝ of an inch thick; controls are conveniently located on its top and there's a jack for silent listening, by Panasonic, $49.95.

13

14

14 Assorted Sigma camera lenses include (left to right) 39–80mm f/3.5 minizoom, $253; 300mm f/5.6 Pantel, $186; 24mm f/2.8 wide-angle (front), $218; and 200mm f/3.5 minitelephoto, $168, all from EPOI.

15

15 Available in a limited edition, each marbleized opaline quorter-ounce bottle of 1000 de Jean Patou perfume is hand-numbered in France and then packaged in a silk-lined velvet case, by Jean Patou, $70.

16

16 For those who like ice served elegantly and easily, there's an 8½" square ice bucket (it also doubles as a wine cooler or caviar server) of acrylic that holds three quarts of cubes, from Neiman-Marcus, $400.

17 Lumilon II lamp that stands 22" high and is 14" in diameter has a rugged, washable polypropylene shade; an inner refractor and louvered top assure that the user will have excellent light, by Lightolier, $29.50.

17

18

18 Meriton's AM/FM Clock Radio tells the time in illuminoted digital numbers; front-mounted speaker awakens you to music or alarm and a timer turns the radio off at intervals of up to three hours, $39.95.

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By JUDITH WAX**

They called the man a tyrant,
Which put him in a snit—
But does he *really* kill dissenters?
Perhaps an Idi bit.

Liz Taylor's stint as farm-based wife
Is very apt to last.
(She sowed for country life by
Reaping carats in the past.)

Ms. Majors' looks were all the rage;
What actress could outshine her?
And every prepubescent girl
Turned Farrah Fawcett minor.

When Andrew Young kept speaking out,
He wore some tempers thin. Those
People screamed, "Get different work!"
(But Andy won't wash windows.)

Although *The Deep* got critics' barbs,
Miss Bisset made it clear
That she, at least, deserved a prize:
Wet T-Shirt of the Year.

Lee Marvin had no missus,
A point the court found moot,
For he who once shared bed and board
Must also share the loot.

Though Mr. Nixon was on ice
And Watergate exhausted him,
He warmed things over (for a price)
When NBC de-Frosted him.

Miss Bryant sang the *Battle Hymn*
And led her troops through Dade.
Some folks were so inspired that
They switched to lemonade.

With Seaver as their good right arm,
The Mets' fans slept in beds
Secure, until that nightmare day
They started seeing Reds.

The woes of Trudeaus re their marital strife
Were given such ample disclosure
That when Margaret launched on her photo career,
She'd already had overexposure.

A soul once on ice reappeared on the scene
With a message quite new and ethereal.
Perhaps Eldridge Cleaver had now seen the light
(Or maybe Chuck Colson's material).

When Billy hit the lecture route,
Poor Jimmy got no kickback.
Our leader's pay is peanuts
Next to William "Jennings" Six-Pack.

When Mr. Stallone hung in till the end,
His nose, though a bruised, bloody mess,
Survived the travail and went on to inhale
The fragrant sweat smell of success.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry newsmakers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '77

Did prison life his muse deter?
Did Ehrlichman write on again?
It all depends if, when in stir,
The pen was mightier than the pen.

When Mary, Ted and Mr. Grant
Went off the air at last,
The tellies of our nation
Wore antennas at half-mast.

When Barbra did *A Star Is Born*,
Her love scenes scorched the air.
But Kris can kiss his lips off;
It's Jon Peters curls her hair.

Amy Carter's how-to tip
Was this year's biggest winner:
Grab a book and lose yourself
To miss a boring dinner.

TV's greatest greaser
Turned the loveliest of swans.
Was ever there a Romeo
Like Wherefore Art Thou, Fonz?

When God made Schwarzenegger's bod,
He must have cracked the mold.
And since there's just one Arnold,
The guy is Pumping Gold.

Folks copied Alex Haley's feat,
And lost in their euphoria
Were those who, claiming blood of kings,
Had roots in old Peoria.

When Parton broke from Wagoner,
It split the warbling pair.
She still gets double billing, though,
It's Dolly and Her Hair.

The queen to Northern Ireland went;
Her subjects were elated.
Except for those of different bent
Who wound up Ulsterated.

King Tut showed off from state to state
A most resplendent carcass
Whose treasure nearly cost as much
As gifts from Neiman-Marcus.

The Fords are writing memoirs;
No doubt the time is ripe.
But cynics warn, "Don't hold your breath;
Jer can't chew gum and type."

Cornelia tapped the phone, folks said,
Because she thought her mate
Was piling up a file on *her*
(Just call it Wallacegate).

The fans booed at Connors, who skipped the awards,
They branded him worst tennis sinner.
He *should* have stayed home from his Wimbledon match
And avoided the Bjorn-again winner.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

(continued from page 118)

"I see a woman in a restaurant or a café and I like her because of her face and body, of what she says."

met in Copenhagen, where we spent a fortnight. Then we traveled together to the vicinity of Fontainebleau. This double changing of partners—with her going with Nelson Algren and me with M—produced a strain in our relationship. But it was just a misunderstanding.

CHAINE: The fact remains that De Beauvoir was afraid, but you were not.

SARTRE: I wasn't afraid, because I recognized as valid everything that she had told me. But she did misunderstand what I had told her. One evening, she asked me, "What does M mean to you? Is she very important?" And, as a matter of fact, she *was* very important at that time. I replied, "She means a great deal, but isn't it a fact that I am with you?" This response—which, I must admit, wasn't very nice—was, nevertheless, intended as affectionate. It was intended to mean: What is true, what is deep, is the relationship between us two.

CHAINE: That wasn't very clear.

SARTRE: No, but it was completely sincere. She didn't understand that. She found my reply ambiguous and, for some days—oh, for a very short time, perhaps a month—she continued to be downcast. As far as I know, it was the only time that we ever had a quarrel.

CHAINE: Was M less "secondary" than the other women?

SARTRE: Obviously, it had started out as something more—how should I say . . . ? It's because it was in America. Because it was in New York. Ordinarily, you must realize, the women whom I saw were of the same air and soil as Simone de Beauvoir. There was nothing "exotic" about them. But when I went to New York, it was a place where Simone de Beauvoir had never been. A place of which she knew absolutely nothing. And it was there that I experienced a rebirth of sorts. It created in me, as it were, a parallel life. And then, only naturally, this impression was reinforced each time that I was in America and saw M. In France, it was nothing at all like that: There I saw things in their proper light, including the absolute superiority of Simone de Beauvoir.

CHAINE: And when De Beauvoir was seeing Algren, were you ever jealous?

SARTRE: Never. On the contrary, my heart was with her.

CHAINE: Is jealousy a feeling you have never known?

SARTRE: In general, yes.

CHAINE: And in particular?

SARTRE: Oh, on occasion, I've experienced a bit of jealousy. Not, however, on account of Simone de Beauvoir. Rather, it would manifest itself as a secondary feeling, which I could allow myself with other women. But with Simone de Beauvoir, I believed our relationship to be such that even an amorous adventure with a man like Nelson Algren did not concern me. It didn't deprive me of anything—which must sound very conceited.

CHAINE: Do you think that your relationship with her could be duplicated by other couples? What are the requisites for success?

SARTRE: First of all, a certain similarity of cultures between the man and the woman. If one of them has a culture that is superior to that of the other, he can draw his inspiration from that culture in order to justify the structure of the relationship, but the other person will not understand him. It is necessary to view the world in the same way.

The second requisite is to realize that the relationship that you have with the other person is superior to those relationships that you might have with all other persons. This type of relationship did not correspond to my original idea: I had been fond of imagining a succession of women, each of them representing everything for me at a given time. Such were the qualities of Simone de Beauvoir that caused her to take up the place that she enjoys in my life and that no other person could occupy. But, all the same, I've held on to something from former days with those contingent loves, which could be strong but which, in any case, could never be comparable. In no way. That did not become apparent in a week but, rather, in three or four years: We understood then what we meant to each other.

CHAINE: Are you sure that there could not have been two or three essential loves?

SARTRE: There could have been only one. In the sense that there could not have been two Simone de Beauvoirs. Moreover, I would have gained little from it. I would have been split up. I would no longer have understood. If you give everything to a second person, those two persons will not receive it in the same way and you will be continually in contradiction with yourself.

CHAINE: What is the advantage of the sort of permanence you've had with De Beauvoir?

SARTRE: It's a tremendous advantage, because a couple—at a certain time in their lives—have a certain vision of things, of the events and the people around them. Ten years later, so many things have changed. That means simply that you have changed. If you have changed alone, haphazardly, you will have a new way of seeing things that will be different from the old way, but that's all. However, if you live with another person, you will be able to try to decide mutually just what has changed: how you used to see things, how—ten years earlier—this or that friend, acquaintance, adventure or occurrence used to be. You will be able to put things in order, to revitalize them somewhat, to spruce up what had been in disarray—all of which is possible only with another person. And it is necessary that that person have a sexual relationship with you, since there will be some things that are sexual and other things that will be connected to the sexual, though not sexual in themselves. It is thus necessary to be able to find that unity of ideas that enables us—Simone de Beauvoir and I—to understand each other when we've barely opened our mouths.

CHAINE: Have you ever been spurned?

SARTRE: Not more than once. You know, relationships between men and women are so complicated. . . . The fact of being accepted at the outset is only the beginning. There are a lot of other acceptances or refusals later on that are more important.

CHAINE: What attracts you at first in a woman?

SARTRE: Her appearance and her charm. I see a woman in a restaurant or a café and I like her because of her face and her body, because of what she says, the prospects that open up. She says, "I would like to do this, I would like to do that," and I think that if I knew her, it would be fun to do it with her. You see, nothing extraordinary or very special.

CHAINE: But all the women with whom you've been associated have been quite pretty.

SARTRE: Well, I admit it. I think that for sexual relations to have a real meaning, in the majority of cases, the woman must have something that attracts the man physically. Call it pretty, if you like; it can be something else. There are women who aren't pretty but who have charm. That's hardly a feminist answer I've just given you, but, unfortunately, it's a fact. So then, what happens to the other women, to those who don't attract? Well, I don't have an answer, but the problem should not be ignored. I think feminists tend to ignore that question somewhat.

CHAINE: Since you've said you think of yourself as rather ugly, do you think it's less awkward for a man than for a woman to lack good looks?

(concluded on page 239)

TOMORROW'S TURN-ONS

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

top designers create look-ahead looks especially for playboy

THE SPIRITED ATTIRE featured in this year's Creative Menswear Collection reflects the basic premise that men's fashion designers see the immediate future as one in which a look of easy, casual comfort will dominate male styles. Individual items of clothing will still be the key, but there will be less emphasis on flamboyance for its own sake. You can go from the pure nonchalance of Charles Suppon to the exciting inventiveness of Pierre Cardin and Carlo Palazzi, from the crispness of Ben Kahn to the attractiveness of Browns of London . . . without giving up the pleasure of easy clothes.

Right: Carlo Palazzi designs a clear-vinyl overjacket trimmed in wool flannel that covers a puffy knit woolen sweater/jacket, plus wool flannel slacks that have been gathered at mid-calf and tucked into rib-knit wool leggings.

Far left: Charles Suppon sees tomorrow's man toking his eose in o naturol-raw-silk sweater/shirt with matching cargo ponts that have tabbed ankle closures—plus o pair of lightweight suede shoes.

Above: Tweed was never mare boss than in this Pierre Cardin–creoted two-piece suit featuring o zippered jacket with long knitted cuffs and motching knickers, worn with Argyle socks and o turtleneck sweater.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELMUT NEWTON / PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Far right: Ben Kahn digs the look and feel of fur as exemplified in his choice of a leather-trimmed otter jacket worn over a zippered-front mink sweater, plus corduroy slacks tucked into boots.

Left: Browns of London offers a layered look that includes a tweed jacket worn over a silk shirt, a sweater vest and a corduroy vest that matches the slacks—all plus a tie, scarf, hat and shoes. (Gloves by Gates.)

PLAYBOY PANEL: UFOs *(continued from page 98)*

HYNEK: I most emphatically agree. Niels Bohr, the father of atomic physics, once said, "There is no hope of advance in science without a paradox." It's the things that *don't* fit into our present picture of reality that point to new departures, to new knowledge of ourselves and of the fabulously exciting universe in which we live. To think that our present-day science provides the major answers to reality is the worst form of temporal provincialism. We must never forget that there will be a 21st Century and a 30th Century science. Perhaps the UFO phenomenon is the harbinger of changes in our scientific outlook.

HARDER: And perhaps not. We are not handling well the technical knowledge we already have. Providing us with more might be viewed by UFO intelligences with the same enthusiasm as providing chimpanzees with submachine guns.

KLASS: As you know, I contend UFOs *can* be explained by contemporary scientific methods. And I propose a fast, inexpensive approach to the issue. Let us ask the respected National Academy of Sciences to appoint a committee consisting of its most competent scientists to determine if there is a real scientific problem, or only a pseudo problem generated by credulous investigators with an unconscious desire to believe in UFOs.

During the past several years, some of you were asked to select the best, the most unexplainable UFO case from the hundreds of UFO reports during the year. You selected the Coyne helicopter incident, the Travis Walton "abduction" case and the Delphos, Kansas, "landing" case. Each has been awarded a sizable prize as the best case of the year. This committee from the National Academy would sit in judgment, using these three best cases you have already selected. You could present the facts as you saw them and I would present the results of my investigation. Each side would be free to challenge the other.

Then the committee would vote: Are these cases explainable in prosaic terms, using today's physics? Or can they be explained only in terms of extraterrestrial spaceships or other even more exotic phenomena? If the committee decided that even one of these three prize-winning cases could not be satisfactorily explained in prosaic terms, that would provide the ammunition you seek to justify a major Government-funded UFO investigation—and I would agree to withdraw from the field of UFOlogy and endorse a new major investigation.

If, however, the committee decided that all three of these prize-winning cases were explainable in prosaic terms, then you would agree to withdraw your call for a new UFO investigation. That is my proposal.

SALISBURY: That's interesting! You propose to "settle" the UFO question by debate and appeal to authority, much as the medieval bishops and doctors settled theological questions. But that approach has gotten us nowhere during the past three decades. You and Dr. Menzel and others have been "explaining" UFO cases in the manner, I suppose, that you would expect the Academy of Sciences committee to follow: If you can concoct any scenario that seems to agree with some of the selected facts, you call the case "explained." *Or*, if you can unearth any motive for a hoax, you immediately seem to know that a hoax has been perpetrated. But where has this gotten us? We're *still* debating!

> "It is well known that ever since the first flying saucer was reported in June 1947, the Air Force has officially said that there is no proof that such a thing as an interplanetary spaceship exists. But what is not well known is that this conclusion is far from being unanimous among the military and their scientific advisors because of one word, *proof*; so the UFO investigations continue. . . . What constitutes proof? Does a UFO have to land at the River Entrance to the Pentagon, near the Joint Chiefs of Staff's offices?"
>
> —CAPTAIN EDWARD J. RUPPELT, *first director of Project Blue Book, the Air Force's 1951–1969 UFO-investigation program*

I have appreciated your careful investigations, and you've often illuminated some important evidence. But I have ignored your conclusions, because they are *not* directly implied by the evidence.

SPRINKLE: Mr. Klass's proposal, I think, seems to assume that the trial of protagonist versus antagonist is the best method for determining the truth about UFO reports. However, in my opinion, the history of UFO investigation indicates that the experience, rather than the evidence, is the significant effect of the UFO phenomenon. I believe that UFO investigation should be conducted so that the UFO *experience*—the change in the world view of the UFO observer—becomes the focus. Investigation should be continued into the physical, biological, psychosocial and spiritual aspects of the UFO phenomenon.

HYNEK: And into its frequency, its worldwide occurrence and the quality of the witnesses. I would agree that a NAS committee to determine the validity of a phenomenon—*not* of a particular theory—would be fine. But a study of a few individual cases tells us very little about the scope of the entire phenomenon.

VALLEE: Personally, I would *not* be in favor of letting the subject be decided by the same people who have been responsible for discouraging scientific study in this area in the past. I'm also against pumping large sums of money for UFO research *into* a single organization, as Dr. Hynek and others have publicly proposed. I don't think we need another NASA or a central institution. Instead, I'd like to see the same research-funding process that's currently used in traditional disciplines—like computer science or astronomy—applied to UFO investigation. Any scientist in the country who thinks he has a good idea should be able to submit a research proposal on a competitive basis to organizations such as the National Science Foundation, NASA or one of the energy-research agencies without fear of bias—or ridicule. Skeptics like Dr. Taves or Mr. Klass should be able to receive funding from such organizations as well as anyone else. But to turn the UFO question over to the National Academy of Sciences—or any other single group of scientists—is folly. How can a few scientists—no matter how eminent—solve in a few days a problem that has puzzled hundreds of experts for 30 years?

When we were children and something frightened us in the darkness outside, we would rush back to our parents to seek reassurance. Many adults have never outgrown that childhood attitude and they keep looking for someone in authority to tell them what to do. They want to believe that the Government knows everything, that the National Academy of Sciences knows everything. The UFO question awakens this kind of fear in people—even scientists. Well, it's tempting to turn the whole problem over to some father figure; unfortunately, it won't work. Whether we like it or not, the only way to study this thing is to face it ourselves, even if by doing so we learn that the world outside has more darkness and mystery than we first imagined.

TAKE
MY
WIFE–

—PLEASE!

on a final visit to free-loving sandstone, dan gets jealous when another guy's wife is unfaithful to him

article **By DAN GREENBURG** *The story so far: In the April 1977 issue, Dan Greenburg wrote about his weekend visit to Sandstone, the idyllic mountaintop retreat in Topanga, California, just north of Los Angeles, where few, if any, clothes are worn and where it is thought a fine thing to have one close Primary sexual relationship and several Secondary ones anywhere on the premises.*

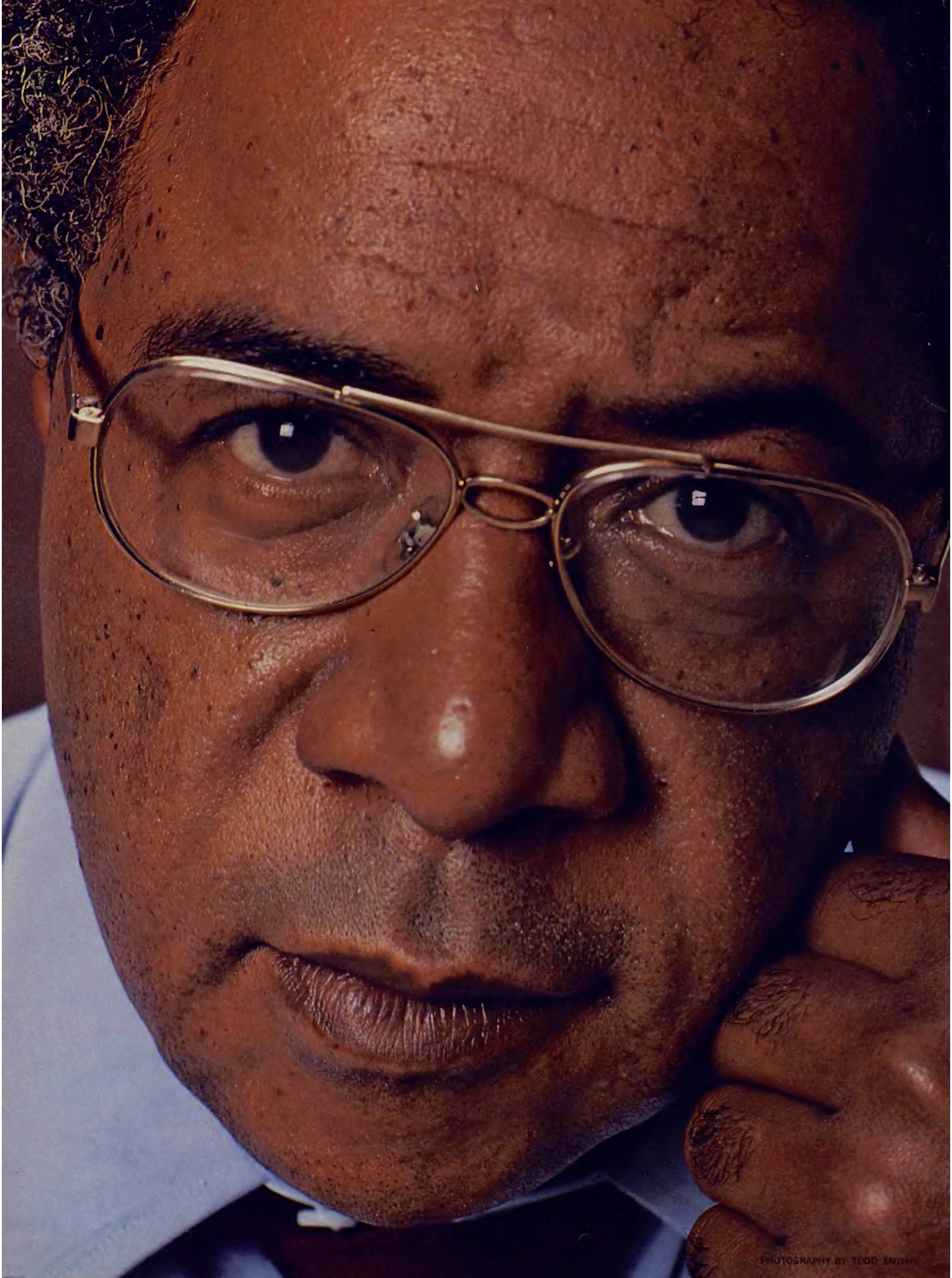
Greenburg took part in an all-day sensitivity-training workshop in which members of all sexes got to fondle one another and feel OK about it, and later on, he had a few one-on-one romantic interludes. He was sad to leave, wondered why he hadn't gotten into any group-sex situations in the coyly named Ballroom, wondered even more how he would have felt if he'd

brought along a close Primary relotionship and had to deal with jealousy and, mainly, he wished thot he could return before very long.

Some months later, Greenburg got his wish. PLAYBOY *heard rumors that Sandstone was closing and sent him skying back to the West Coast to cover what many felt might be the end of an era. Here, then, is his story, as he lived it and wrote it.*

I'D MET DIANNE on the last doy of my previous visit to Sandstone. I'd been lying out on the sun deck of the main building with a number of people, admiring the view of the valley below us and generally resting up from the amorous fun of the previous night, when I first saw her—an (continued on page 225)

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK


PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH

ALEX HALEY'S CANDID CONVERSATIONS

once upon a time, before there was "roots," alex haley was the first playboy interviewer; here, with a new introduction by the writer, are excerpts from his playboy interviews with some of america's most significant personalities during the sixties

It's difficult not to wax nostalgic in reminiscing about the *Playboy Interviews* I have conducted. There was my—and the magazine's—first, Miles Davis. A struggling writer, desperate to break into PLAYBOY, I tried in vain to get an appointment with him. The prince of jazz trumpeters deeply mistrusted writers and simply refused to see me. I found out that he trained regularly in a Harlem gymnasium, so I bought myself some gym gear and enrolled. One afternoon, Miles spotted me from the boxing ring and, needing a sparring partner, asked me to join him. Afterward, in the informality of the locker room, we began to talk and the interview became a reality. Miles always did say about my prowess in the ring that I had taught him a great deal about clinching.

In the years that followed, I also interviewed Johnny Carson, Melvin Belli, Sammy Davis Jr. and Jim Brown (none excerpted here), but for my most sheerly exciting interview, I'd have to nominate the one with Nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell. As is explained in the introduction to the excerpt on page 260, when we asked for the interview, his only concern was whether or not I was a Jew—he never suspected I would be black. Once we met, and he unapologetically explained that he called "our kind" niggers. I replied, "I've been called 'nigger' many times. Commander, but this is the first time I'm being *paid* for it."

In 1964, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s schedule was so hectic that I made three trips to his Atlanta headquarters, waiting for days at a time without being able to talk to him. On my fourth trip, I was ready to give up when his secretary suggested I show up at a barbecue supper being sponsored by the men's club of Dr. King's church. I spotted Dr. King ambling about, eating from a paper plate, greeting people. When he got to me, he learned that I was the one who had failed to meet him so many times. He laughed and said, "Look, I've gone without sleep before. Come over to my office and we'll talk." We did just that—far into the night, until he simply nodded off at his desk from exhaustion. Feeling pity for him, I awakened him gently and left—with an extensive interview on tape.

Techniques of the trade? One device that worked for me was to bone up on my subjects far back into their childhood. I discovered that casually mentioning something they themselves had forgotten would surprise them and would immediately start them reminiscing. Malcolm X had refused to talk to me about anything but the Nation of Islam, but, once, when I asked about his mother, he stopped and looked curiously at me. When he spoke next, his voice had changed: "It's funny you should ask; I can remember *everything* about her. . . ." From that night on, Malcolm X answered every question I put to him, and it was this relationship that led to our collaboration on *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. The manuscript was finished only two weeks before his assassination.

That fate befell three of my *Playboy Interview* subjects, in fact: Rockwell, Dr. King and Malcolm X all fell to assassins' bullets. It may seem a bit morbid, but I remember that when word got around as to what eventually happened to certain of my subjects, it became difficult for me to line up new interviews.

—ALEX HALEY, 1977

MILES DAVIS

Fifteen years ago, in the September 1962 issue, the first "Playboy Interview" appeared. Free-lance writer Alex Haley was assigned to do a profile of jazz great Miles Davis; but when the tapes of his interview were transcribed, Haley and the editors decided to publish them in question-and-answer form. It was not necessarily a new idea, but the thoroughness of the interview and its unique layout and design made it something special. Haley was thus the first PLAYBOY *interviewer and the only one to have become himself the subject of an interview, when "Roots" was published 14 years later.*

HALEY: Linked with your musical renown is your reputation for bad temper and rudeness to your audiences. Would you comment?

DAVIS: Why is it that people just have to have so much to say about me? It bugs me because I'm not that important. Some critic that didn't have nothing else to do started this crap about I don't announce numbers, I don't look at the

MILES DAVIS, 1962: *Look, man, all I am is a trumpet player. I only can do one thing—play my horn. I ain't no entertainer, and I ain't trying to be one.*

MALCOLM X, 1963: *Allah is going to wake up all black men to see the white man as he really is. The time is near when the white man will be finished.*

CASSIUS CLAY, 1964: *I'm going to tell you the truth—you asked me. It ain't never been another fighter like me. Ain't never been no nothing like me.*

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., 1965: *I feel that my cause is so right, so moral, that if I should lose my life, in some way it would aid the cause.*

GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL, 1966: *It's nothing personal, but I want you to understand that I don't mix with your kind, and we call your race "niggers."*

audience, I don't bow or talk to people, I walk off the stage, and all that.

Look, man, all I am is a trumpet player. I only can do one thing—play my horn—and that's what's at the bottom of the whole mess. I ain't no entertainer, and ain't trying to be one. I am one thing, a musician. Most of what's said about me is lies in the first place. Everything I do, I got a reason.

And they bitch that I won't talk to people when we go off after a set. That's a damn lie. I talk plenty of times if everything's going like it ought to and I feel right. But if I got my mind on something about my band or something else, well, hell, no, I don't want to talk. When I'm working I'm concentrating. I bet you if I was a doctor sewing on some son of a bitch's heart, they wouldn't want me to talk. A lot of people I meet now make me sick.

And I'm mad every time I run into the Jim Crow scene, I don't care what form it takes. You can't hardly play anywhere you don't run into some of these cats full of prejudice. I don't know how many I've told, "Look, you want me to talk to you and you're prejudiced against me and all that. Why'n't you go on back where you're sitting and be prejudiced by yourself and leave me alone?" I have enough problems without trying to make them feel better. Then they go off and join the rest saying I'm such a big bastard.

Even in jazz—you look at the white bandleaders—if they don't want anybody messing with them when they are working, you don't hear anybody squawking. It's just if a Negro is involved that there's something wrong with him. My troubles started when I learned to play the trumpet and hadn't learned to dance.

HALEY: Generally speaking, what are your feelings with regard to race?

DAVIS: I hate to talk about what I think of the mess because my friends are all colors. When I say that some of my best friends are white, I sure ain't lying. The only white people I don't like are the prejudiced white people. Those the shoe don't fit, well, they don't wear it. I don't like the white people that show me they can't understand that not just the Negroes, but the Chinese and Puerto Ricans and any other races that ain't white should be given dignity and respect like everybody else.

But let me straighten you—I ain't saying I think all Negroes are the salt of the earth. It's plenty of Negroes I can't stand, too. Especially those that act like they think white people want them to. They bug me worse than Uncle Toms.

HALEY: Did you grow up with any white boys?

DAVIS: I didn't grow up with any, not as friends, to speak of. But I went to school with some. In high school, I was the best in the music class on the trumpet. I knew it and all the rest knew it—but all the contest first prizes went to the boys with blue eyes. It made me so mad I made up my mind to outdo anybody white on my horn. If I hadn't met that prejudice, I probably wouldn't have had as much drive in my work. I have thought about that a lot. I have thought that prejudice and curiosity have been responsible for what I have done in music.

HALEY: What was the role of the curiosity?

DAVIS: I mean I always had a curiosity about trying new things in music. A new sound, another way to do something—things like that. But man, look, you know one of the biggest things that needs straightening up? The whole communication system of this country! Take the movies and TV. How many times do you see anybody in the films but white people? You don't dig? Look, the next movie or TV you see, you count how many Negroes or any other race but white that you see. But you walk around in any city, you see the other races—I mean, in life they are part of the scene. But in the films supposed to represent this country, they ain't there. You won't hardly even see any in the street crowd scenes—because the studios didn't bother to hire any as extras.

This black-white business is ticklish to try to explain. You don't want to see Negroes every time you click on your set. That would be just as bad as now when you don't see nobody but white people. But if movies and TV are supposed to reflect this country, and this country's supposed to be democratic, then why don't they do it? Let's see all kinds of people dancing and acting. I see all kinds of kids downtown at the schools of dancing and acting, but from what I see in the movies and TV, it's just the white ones that are getting any work.

I tell you why I feel so strong about the communication system. I never have forgotten one time in Europe this nice old man told me how in World War Two, the Europeans didn't know what to make of Negro troops. They had their picture of this country from our magazines and movies, and with a very few exceptions like Pops Armstrong and Joe Louis and Jesse Owens, they didn't know about any Negroes except servants and laborers.

Look, not long ago this big magazine had this Southern truck driver saying he'd carry sandwiches if they let Negroes eat in them Maryland highway restaurants. But where he wants to eat ain't my point—I'm talking about what he said. He said, "You give them a finger, they take an arm" and a lot more. You dig? When it comes to human rights, these prejudiced white people keep on acting like they own the damn franchise! And, man, with the world in the mess it's in now, we trying to influence on our side all them Africans and Arabs and Indians and Chinese. . . . You know two thirds of the people in the world ain't white? They see all this crap with Negroes and supposed to feel white people really think any different about them? Man, somebody better get straight!

HALEY: In your field, music, don't some Negro jazzmen discriminate against white musicians?

DAVIS: Crow Jim is what they call that. Yeah. It's a lot of the Negro musicians mad because most of the best-paying jobs go to the white musicians playing what the Negroes created. But I don't go for this, because I think prejudice one way is just as bad as the other way. I wouldn't have no other arranger but Gil Evans—we couldn't be much closer if he was my brother. And I remember one time when I hired Lee Konitz, some colored cats bitched a lot about me hiring an ofay in my band when Negroes didn't have work. I said if a cat could play like Lee, I would hire him, I didn't give a damn if he was green and had red breath.

HALEY: Are there any particular places or clubs that you don't like to play?

DAVIS: I told you I ain't going to play nowhere in the South that Negroes *can't* come. But I ain't going to play nowhere in the North that Negroes *don't* come. It's one of two reasons they won't, either because they know they ain't wanted or because they don't like the joint's regular run of music. Negroes ain't got as much money to throw away in night clubs as white people. So a club that Negroes patronize, you can figure that everybody that goes there comes expecting to hear good music.

HALEY: Would it please you if the image of you changed, that people quit regarding you as a tough guy?

DAVIS: Well, nobody wants to be always accused of something he ain't done. But people that want to think that, it's their worry, it ain't mine. I'm like I am, and I ain't planning to change. I ain't scared of nothing or nobody, I already been through too much. I ought to be dead from just what I went through when I was on dope. I ain't going around anywhere trying to be tough and a racist. I just say what I think, and that bugs people, especially a lot of white people. When they look in my eyes and don't see no fear, they know it's a draw.

HALEY: Have you always been so sensitive about being a Negro?

DAVIS: About the first thing I can remember as a little boy was a white man running me down a street hollering "Nigger! Nigger!" My father went hunting him

(continued on page 250)

"It just doesn't seem like Christmas without snow!"

YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES

debra jensen was camera shy until she took off her clothes and the shutter started clicking

"I'VE HAD A BAD WEEK," says Debra Jensen, removing the screen from the window of her apartment. "I've lost two sets of house keys and last night I lost the master key that I got from the manager." The window is slid open, a louvered shutter pushed aside, and suddenly you are watching the definitive pair of French jeans disappear through the narrow opening. You feign cardiac arrest. This is the Big One. "Come on, you've seen French jeans before," says the fresh Miss January. A few minutes later, you are seated at the kitchen table, on either side of two glasses of California white, studying the layouts for the January gatefold, listening to a life story. "I had your basic Orange County, Southern California, childhood. Cars with jacked-up rear ends, the works. A part-time job scooping ice cream at a Baskin-Robbins. At night, I would hang out with the Our Gang

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

"How did this happen? One day I needed 50 cents for gas to get home. I stopped a guy outside the Playboy building. He got down on his knees, kissed my feet and said, 'I will give you 50 cents if you'll agree to be the January Playmate.' It was an offer so crazy I couldn't refuse. So here I am."

Debra discusses picture ideas with photographer Phillip Dixon and Playmate Lynnda Kimball, who works as a PLAYBOY *stylist.*

"At first, I was very shy. I kept blushing and hiding my face behind my hands. I couldn't imagine why anyone would want to take my picture. But the photographer kept teasing me and after a while, I started to have a little fun."

"You've got to realize that I just turned 19. I didn't look like this a year ago. My body is as new to me as it is to you. I showed some of these pictures to my brother; he couldn't believe his eyes. To him, I'm still a skinny kid."

Van Club. Go to rallies, caravans with my boyfriend. Spend the night in the parking lot of Bob's Big Boy. Come home to find your family waiting on the front lawn. When we broke up, I bought every sad song in the record store. There were a lot of sad songs around then." Debra goes to a box of 45s and sorts through the titles. A song for the first kiss. A song for . . . well, a song for everything. "Now I'm leading my own life. I have an apartment of my own, a place to come home to. This is a time for having adventures, for having flings. I'm an unlicensed flier. Every weekend, my girlfriend, Linda from upstairs, and I go over to Westwood Village and hang out. We get a little crazy. See a movie. Eat at the Taco Bell. Play pinball. Walk around the gallery. Run, skip. Every week, the same guys try to pick us up. There's this one dude in an Excalibur who's notorious for making it with girls under 18. Last weekend, he came up to

"I like to jog, to play tennis, so I thought the story might show me as an athletic girl. Instead, PLAYBOY *let me act out a fantasy I'd always had—to be a high-fashion model, to be glamorous. It was truly delightful."*

"The bedroom has always been a very private place, a very sexy place for me. For anybody. I like the pictures we shot there. It felt natural. Quiet."

"I don't want to tell what I'm like in bed. That's for friends only. I have a high ethic: I make love when I care to give, not to receive."

me and said, 'You're gorgeous.' I pointed to Linda from upstairs and said, 'Would you please leave me alone? This is my wife.' Mostly, we browse through the shops. I collect stuffed animals. T-shirts. I play tennis and really admire Jimmy Connors. So I went into a T-shirt shop and asked if they had an iron-on of Jimmy Connors. The lady looked at me strangely, said, 'Yes, but you're the first person who ever asked for one.' So now I have a one-of-a-kind Jimmy Connors shirt." The iron-on totally fills the top, which is the size of a wrist sweatband. Connors never had it so good. The telephone rings. Debra answers it, disguising her voice. For an instant, she sounds like an 80-year-old Hungarian. But the caller, it turns out, is someone she wants to talk to. She converses animatedly, then returns to the table. "Working with PLAYBOY really changed my life. Phillip Dixon is a darling. He taught me how to be comfortable with myself. When someone takes 3000 shots of your legs, you begin to believe that you have nice legs, that you could actually model. I'm hoping someone will call." Looking from her portfolio to her French jeans, you know someone will.

MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Debra Jensen

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Debra Jensen

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5-8 WEIGHT: 120 SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3-12-58 BIRTHPLACE: Orange County, CA

GOALS: I haven't any goal at this time, other than being happy and living day by day

TURN-ONS: I'm turned on by physically fit and athletically talented men. And those who take advantage of their talent and capabilities to the fullest

TURN-OFFS: Car Insurance, Rude people

FAVORITE SONGS: Hello, It's Me! Wildfire

FAVORITE MOVIES: Scarecrow, Chinatown

FAVORITE BOOKS: Boxcar Children, The Good Earth

SECRET DREAMS: I'm crazy about trains. I want to go across Canada on a train. I would like to live in a converted boxcar on a siding. Hop a freight and see how far I go before I get caught!

age 5
posing for mom

age 7
before dance show

age 17
High School

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Sex is the best investment in the world!" maintained the young stockbroker after downing his third martini.

"I dispute that," insisted his drinking companion, "because I've never come out of it with as much as I've put in."

Despite the fact that she was superbly built, the girl was turned down for a massage-parlor job. It seems that she had a face that would stop a cock.

"Let's go, Jimmy," said the teenager to her date at the drive-in movie. "This is where we came."

A stuffy Japanese diplomat was called back to Tokyo from the United Nations for detailed consultation. When he returned to New York after a lengthy absence, the catty wife of a colleague informed him that his attractive young wife had been frequenting the local jazz scene and had, in fact, become personally quite friendly with some of the performers. "Yoshiko," the diplomat asked sternly that evening, "have you been diluting your cultural heritage by consorting with black and Jewish popular musicians?"

"Isoroku," answered his wife with dignity, "whatever possessed you to ask me such a *meshuga*, jive-ass question?"

Terpsichorean callgirl Yvonne,
Who would dance to turn customers on,
Disabled her back
While balling the jack,
Which prevented her balling the John.

We refuse to believe that rugged Canadian girls are using hockey pucks instead of tampons because they generally last for three periods.

The blind daters had really hit it off and at the end of the evening, as they were beginning to undress each other in his apartment, the fellow said, "Before we go any further, Charmaine, tell me—do you have any special fetishes that I should take into account in bed?"

"As a matter of fact," smiled the girl, "I do happen to have a foot fetish—but I suppose I'd settle for maybe seven or eight inches."

Perched on the 50th-floor ledge of the skyscraper, a would-be leaper flirted with taking off. "Don't do it!" urged a police stalwart. "Think of your mother!"

"Why should I think of my mother?" retorted the man.

"Then think of your wife!" insisted a gentle, fatherly priest.

"Why should I think of my wife?" was the flakily shouted reply.

"Then think of Raquel Welch!" yelled a hard-bitten reporter in attendance.

"Why should I think of Raquel Welch?" screamed the man.

"Never mind!" chorused the cop, the priest and the reporter. "Go ahead and jump, you fag!"

"That young gynecologist I like recently gave me a rabbit test," said the girl, "in the back seat of his new Volkswagen."

A gourmet on the fly named McGrew
Tried to score on each airline he flew.
Alas, though, Aer Lingus
Foiled taste buds and dingus. . . .
'Twas the fault of a cold Irish stew!

When the formidable matron walked in on her husband performing oral sex on their new maid, she simply said, with great self-control, "What's going on here?" and the guilty pair froze in alarm into immobility.

"Come, now, Henry, answer me," the woman continued after some moments of uncomfortable silence. "What's the matter—pussy got your tongue?"

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.*

"Actually, I am a cop. I sense there are some illegal aliens here tonight."

A TERRIBLE BEAUTY

stunning perceptions of the human condition

DRAWINGS BY BRAD HOLLAND
COMMENTARY BY TOM WICKER

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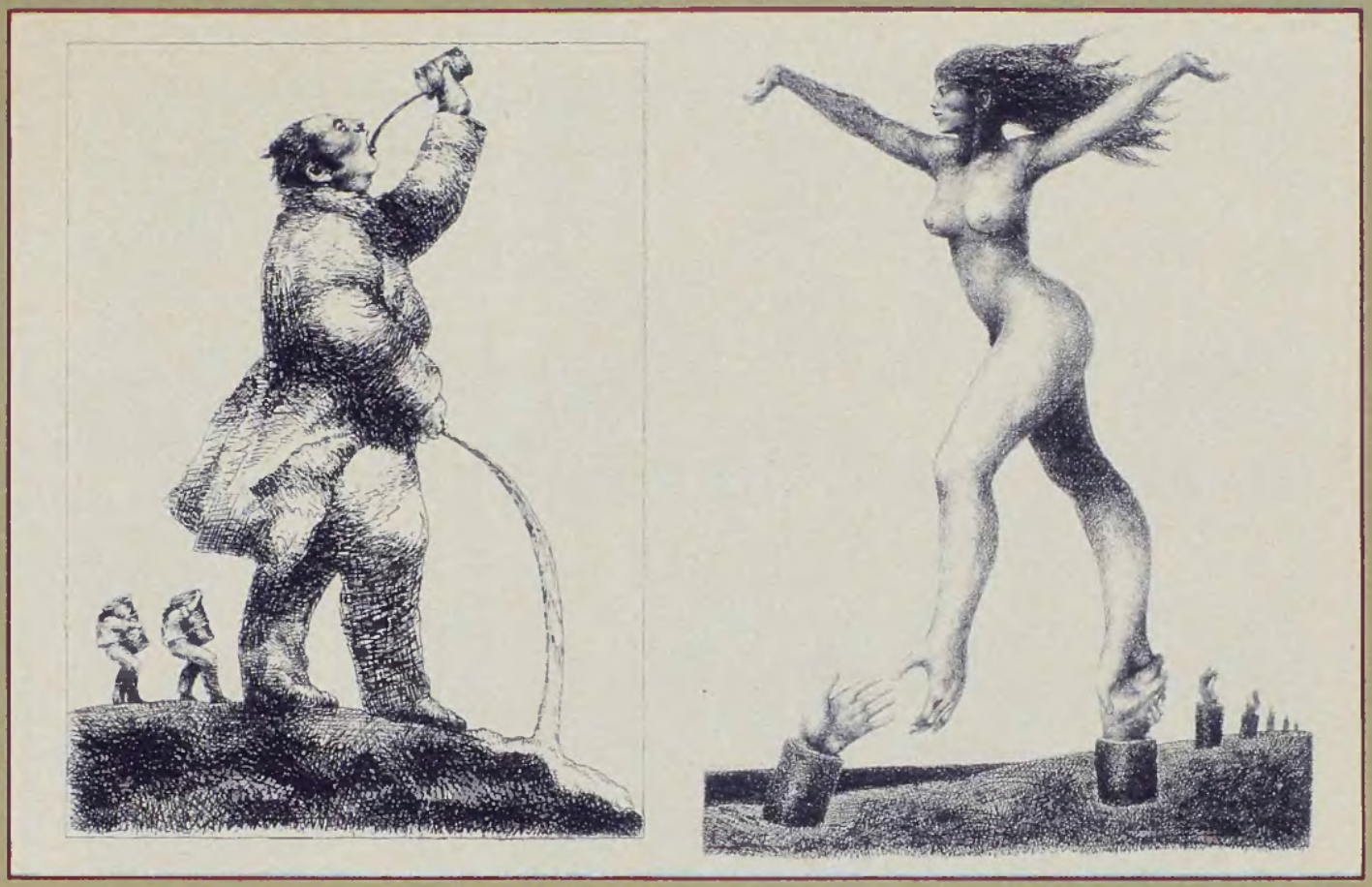
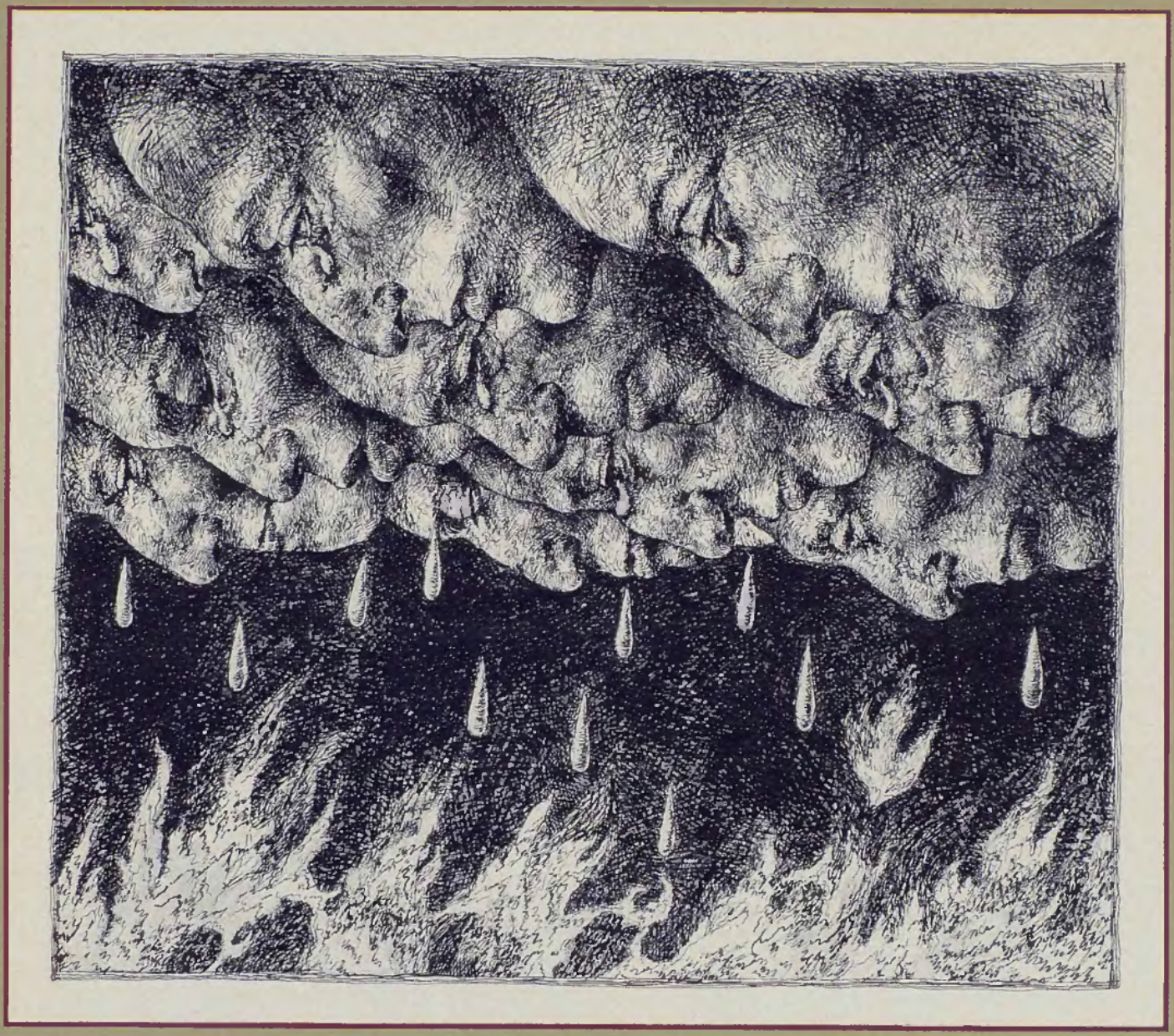


WHEN BRAD HOLLAND titled his new book *Human Scandals*, he gave us an important aid to understanding it—which is not as easy as understanding, say, the work of his boyhood idol, Norman Rockwell.

What is a human scandal, anyway? Obviously, in one sense, it's something like Teapot Dome, or Wayne Hays's payroll, or—most famous in recent years—Watergate. Taken in that sense, *Human Scandals* is frequently a savagely pointed collection of political drawings, some of them funny enough but all rising well above the usual editorial-page notion of a political cartoon.

But human scandals are more than political or financial chicanery, and *Human Scandals*, from its first pages, rises to another and less obvious level, one with greater ideological content, at which Holland is commenting with explosive effect on what I'd call the social condition, the contemporary plight of humanity.

Nor is Holland merely ideological, any more than human scandals are merely economic. In fact, you may begin to doubt that Holland *is* ideological, despite his uninhibited political statements. For me, at least, his best work is on another level having to do with the *human* condition—the things mankind does to itself, or suffers from fate, or endures without understanding or even



hope, but with the obstinate tenacity that is its glory.

Many of these drawings are set against snatches of prose—news accounts, quotes from books, etc.—to make a point. There is, for example, an Associated Press dispatch describing the vigil of a group in Arkansas that became convinced the world was about to come to an end. Holland's drawing accompanying this is a masterwork: the group huddled in a sort of trench, one sheltering a baby, vaguely simian faces turned toward a sky as blank and indifferent as a sheet of glass, a single cast-aside shovel suggesting—to me, anyway—the futility of technology against fate. Something in the relation of the figures to the earth, to the ages, in the dumb, hopeless nobility of the wait itself—when seen in this way, is the human condition different in any ideology?

But I don't want to suggest that Holland's work can be neatly divided into political, ideological and human concerns. He is not that predictable, not always that understandable. Some of these drawings—say, "Northern Lights"—suggest that he is a powerful artist of the erotic (and he has done numerous drawings for the PLAYBOY *Ribald Classic* series). "Psychiatry," for example, is a gem of phallic symbolism as well as a savage comment on the nature of man, with a lower-case m. "Junk" presents the ravaged face and insatiable appetite of addiction more graphically even than the actual tracks of the needle on the flesh.

By comparison, some other drawings seem merely clever—for example, a pair of cats out walking a mouse. But maybe I just missed the point. In any case, all the drawings, brooding and somber, rarely fail to affect, sometimes stunningly; the shock of recognition rises from page to page. The figures are powerful, sometimes fantastic, occasionally nightmarish. The vision is dark. Yet I find Holland's work strangely affirmative, compassionate; in its own way, loving. Those figures huddled in the trench, waiting for the end, are not merely doomed, nor are they duped; they know, and so does Brad Holland, that enduring the human condition, living on against the certainty of death, is to transcend both.

food and drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

NOT EVERY WINE that bubbles is champagne, of course. Sparkling wines are produced in virtually all grape-growing countries, and many are excellent, but none quite compare with the effervescent from Champagne, the French district that lends its name to the beverage. There are, understandably, variations in quality and style even *among* French champagnes. Most of us are familiar with the two leading categories: nonvintage champagne, a blend of several different years, and vintage champagne, the product of a single good year. Less common, certainly less available, are the special bottlings, informally dubbed prestige *cuvées*. Although about 20 come into the country, the one that's generally most recognized is the fabled Dom Pérignon—the prototype prestige *cuvée*.

Champagne producers push the nonvintage bubblies for marketing reasons; they're in heaviest supply, but anyone whose proboscis and palate are in working order will discern the difference with a sniff and a *(concluded on page 232)*

Champagne

IF LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE, THEN THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH MUST SURELY BE THOSE TWO BIG C'S

and Caviar

THINGS ARE SELDOM what they seem/ Skim milk masquerades as cream" . . . and many varieties of fish eggs pass as caviar; but the authentic black pearls come only from sturgeon. The rest is roe. The Caspian, a vast inland sea greater than all the Great Lakes combined, is virtually the only commercial source of caviar, and the eggs are drawn from three species. In order of size, they are the Beluga, a leviathan that can weigh up to a ton, the Osetra, a lusty 250-pounder, and the diminutive Sevruga, scaling a mere 50 pounds. Sturgeon roe, incidentally, doesn't become caviar until it's been processed, a matter of ten minutes. The eggs are gingerly removed from the fish, separated from the membrane and classified. The top of the litter is graded number one; and, after straining, the eggs are lightly salted. That's the whole *shmear*, but it's crucial. Caviar is extremely delicate and perishable—and the judgment and dexterity of the handler are everything.

The precious pearls are shipped in two-kilo tins, under constant refrigeration. Condition is considered so critical that *(continued on page 233)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

HOLLYWOOD GOES BIG-BUDGET BANANAS

article
By JIM HARWOOD

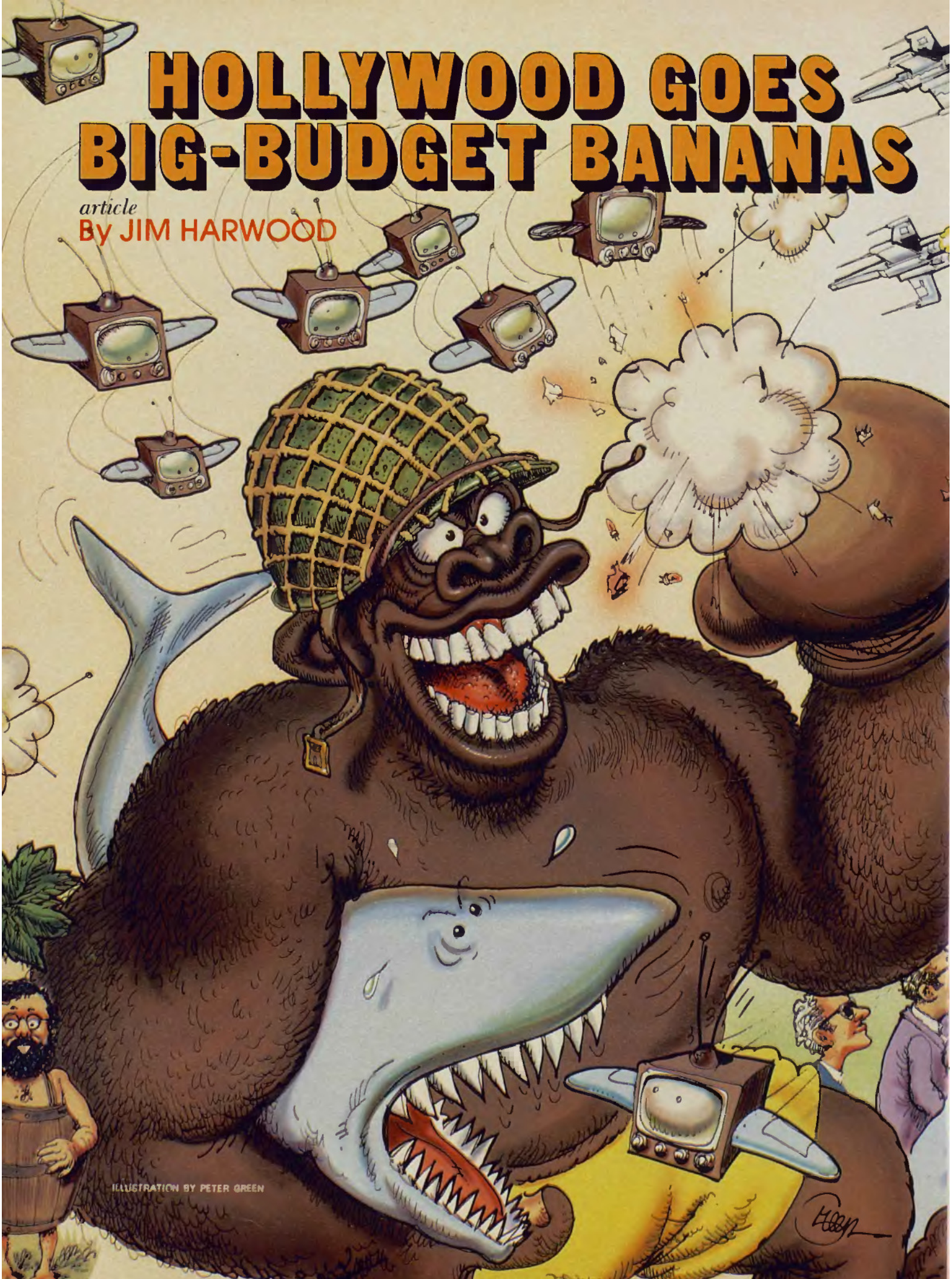


ILLUSTRATION BY PETER GREEN

how the studios' love affair with the multimillion-dollar movie is putting your neighborhood bijou on the endangered-species list

Young Chicago film critic to Joseph E. Levine, producer of "A Bridge Too Far": "Why do you waste $26,000,000 on a film like that when you could make 26 artistic films for $1,000,000 each—like 'Rocky'?"

Joseph E. Levine to young Chicago film critic: "Why don't you shit in your hat and pull it over your ears? 'Rocky' was a freak."

OBVIOUSLY, 26 low-budget runaway hits like *Rocky* could solve just about everybody's complaints with the motion-picture business.

With 26 cheap hits, theaters might at least make enough money to patch their screens and fix the busted seats. For film fans, the lines wouldn't be so long, ticket prices would go down and they would get a steady supply of new titles all year, instead *(continued on page 190)*

THE MAKING OF "CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND"

or, how big-budget movies become big-budget movies

In many ways, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is a classic example of how big-budget pictures become big-budget pictures, often to the great surprise of everyone involved.

In 1973, in adjoining studios on the Universal lot, Steven Spielberg was directing his first feature, *Sugarland Express*, and Julia and Michael Phillips were coproducing (with Tony Bill) *The Sting*, their second try following a flop, *Steelyard Blues*. With no hits behind them at that point, the Phillipses and Spielberg began discussing the possibility of a movie "about UFOs and Watergate," dealing with an Air Force officer frustrated at cover-ups of sightings in the sky.

So they took the idea to Columbia's newly installed president, David Begelman, who asked the obvious question first: What was this picture about UFOs going to cost?

"Steve blurted out $2,700,000," Michael remembers. "But it was meaningless. There wasn't even a script. But it was a figure that came back to haunt us many times over the years."

Columbia agreed to finance a script and a couple of writers went to work on Spielberg's idea while he set about preparing *Jaws* and the Phillipses finished releasing *The Sting*. Pause now for a couple of years until the three principals are rich and successful from those two enormous hits—a slight change that caused a quantum leap in *(continued on page 272)*

To create the effect of the Red Sea parting in De Mille's classic *The Ten Commandments* (left), reverse photography, mirrors, mattework (the effects technique of combining one element of film with another) and 360,000 gallons of water were used. Although to this day no one has revealed the precise technical details of how the effect was done, it is known that the water was released from a giant tank (insert). The footage was speeded up and later reversed to give the impression of the ocean parting, then run forward again to engulf the Pharaoh's army. Everything else was matted in.

In a scene from *Royal Wedding*, Fred Astaire appears to dance up the wall, across the ceiling and down the other wall (above). Everything was nailed down or glued and the set was turned on an axle. A similar technique was used in *2001* (right) when Gary Lockwood lopes through the centrifuge of the space probe—he is actually running in place while the set revolves.

Though it may have set a record for shrieks, gasps and averted eyes, this grisly scene from Irvin Kershner's *The Return of a Man Called Horse* (right) wasn't painful at all. The bone blades that so realistically appear to pierce Richard Harris' flesh during the Sun Vow ceremony are, in fact, passing through a Plasticine breastplate equipped with nylon hooks to hold his weight as, leaning back and stretching his "skin" to its utmost, he blows his pain through an eagle-bone whistle.

To get the effect of a dust storm approaching a Thirties town in *Bound for Glory*, a film crew first photographed the town of Isleton, California, as it appears today (above left). Later, Al Whitlock projected the photo onto a pane of glass and, painting over the photograph onto the glass, removed the river, the gas station and other elements and added a new set of scenery (above right). In the finished shot (below), the painting/photograph is the backdrop and the dust-storm effect was created by photographing several counterrotating disks on which spray-painted cotton had been glued.

Supersophisticated mattework and miniatures account for most of the special effects in *Star Wars*, but the effect of Luke Skywalker's Land Speeder (below right) scooting over the plains of Tatooine (on air cushions, one presumes) was done with mirrors and cranes. In some shots, the Land Speeder is nothing more than an actual car with the wheels covered by mirrors that reflect the land beneath them. A rotating crane with an arm attached to the offcamera side of the car was used for close-ups.

More special effects on page 277.

SO THAT'S HOW THEY DO IT!

hollywood's magicians,
the special-effects men,
show you the way
they make the hindenburg
explode, the goodyear blimp
crash and an actor's brains
splatter.
now aren't you glad you asked?

article
By PENNFIELD JENSEN

• Bruce Dern charms an airport guard into believing that an antipersonnel bomb is a newfangled kind of camera. While the guard poses in front of it, Dern goes outside and detonates the bomb. In a flash, we watch as the man's face is ripped apart by thousands of tiny steel darts (*Black Sunday*).

• Forced *mano-à*-diode against crazy Hal 9000, Keir Dullea blows the explosive bolts on the hatch of the "space pod" and is blasted into the space capsule, bouncing back and forth like a ping-pong ball (*2001: A Space Odyssey*).

• With R2-D2 as his astrodroid, Luke Skywalker arcs his X-wing fighter into the alloy trench of the Death Star as Darth Vader in his T.I.E. fighter swoops in from behind for the kill, lasers blazing. Bolts of energy ricochet up and down the walls, one frazzling R2-D2, as Luke watches his target zooming up on the computerized view finder (*Star Wars*).

Ah, cinema! We sit there helpless captives as, tempest tossed, our disbelief is set adrift on the sea of Hollywood special effects. And they're stunning things, the primary mysteries of film, the basic gimcrackery on which the entire industry is founded and which, no matter how good or how bad the rest of the movie may be, bring *(continued on page 275)*

a board game in which you are a producer putting together a big-budget movie

HOW TO PLAY THE HOLLYWOOD HUSTLE

PREPARATIONS

(Read "Instructions on Assembling Game" [opposite page] before proceeding.)

To play, you will need one DIE, a TOKEN (we suggest coins) for each player (two to four can play, four is ideal) and $2,000,000 per player in investment capital. Since each player assumes the role of a Hollywood producer and since producers deal in huge sums of imaginary capital, no actual play money is required—each player acts as his own accountant and keeps a tally of his financial status. Give each player a pen and some paper and instruct him to put the figure $2,000,000 at the top. As you gain or lose money, add or subtract the amounts on the paper. *Each player's finances must be open to the other players at all times.*

Sort out the OPTION/CONTRACT cards (directors, actors, scripts) by symbol (yellow megaphones are directors, red stars are actors, blue books are scripts). One player acts as AGENT (this is like the banker in Monopoly) and distributes the cards as they are bought. As you can see, they correspond to OPTION/CONTRACT squares on the board. One side of each card is the OPTION, the other is the CONTRACT. Lay them aside, *option side up.*

Shuffle the VARIETY REPORTS cards and stack them on the specified space on the board beside the game track.

OBJECT OF THE GAME

You are all Hollywood producers, trying to put together a big-budget movie package in time for the Christmas season, so the object of the game is to be the first producer to own FIVE CONTRACTS. To win, you'll need to own contracts of ONE DIRECTOR, ONE SCREEN PROPERTY (script or best seller) and THREE ACTORS (any combination of actors and/or actresses). Or one megaphone, one blue book and three stars. *You must own the contracts on all five properties to win.*

PLAYING THE GAME

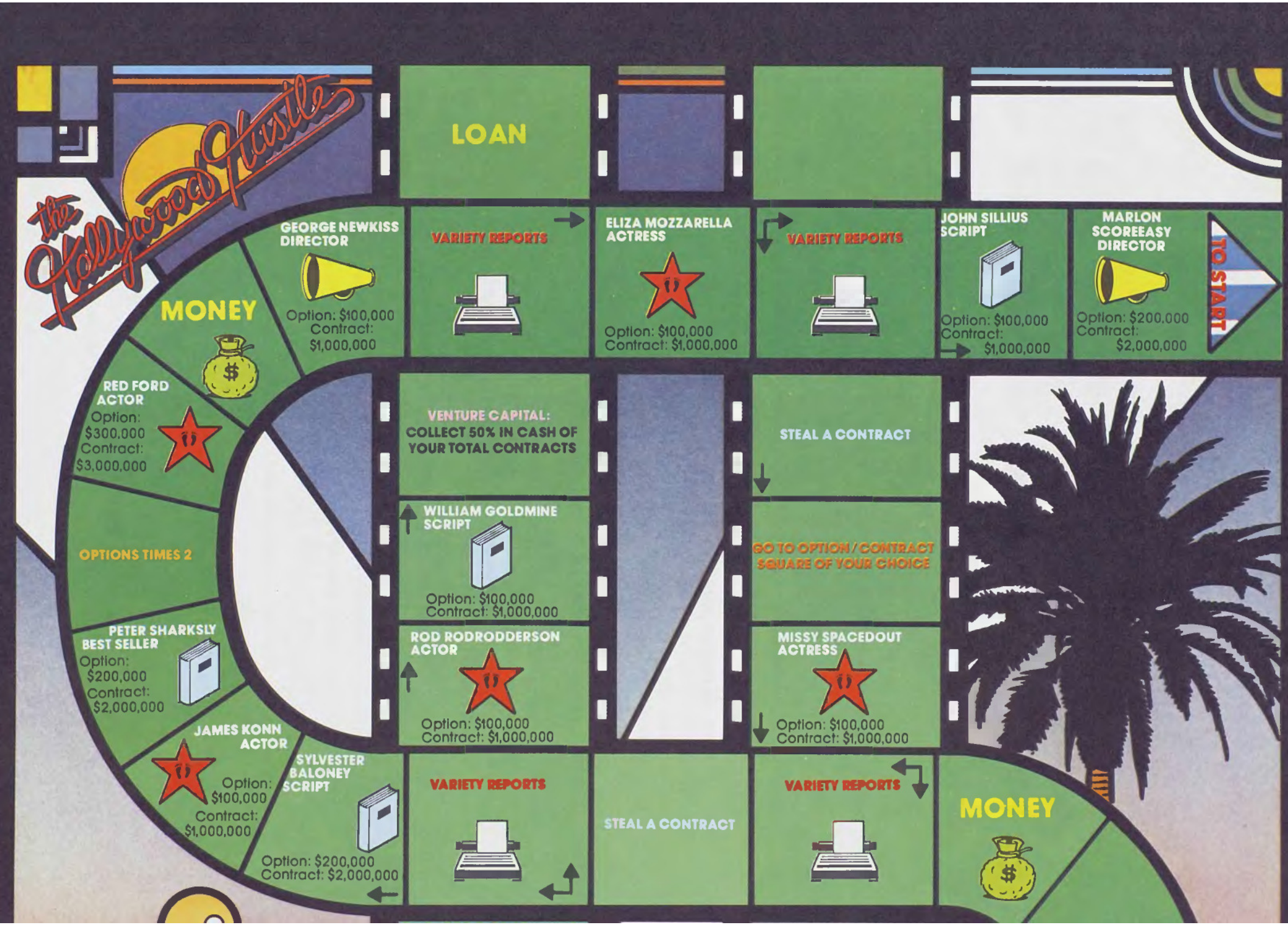
To start, each player rolls one die and the highest roller goes first. All tokens start at START square. *Roll only one die to move.* Follow the arrows. If you come to the end of the S, just return to start and continue along.

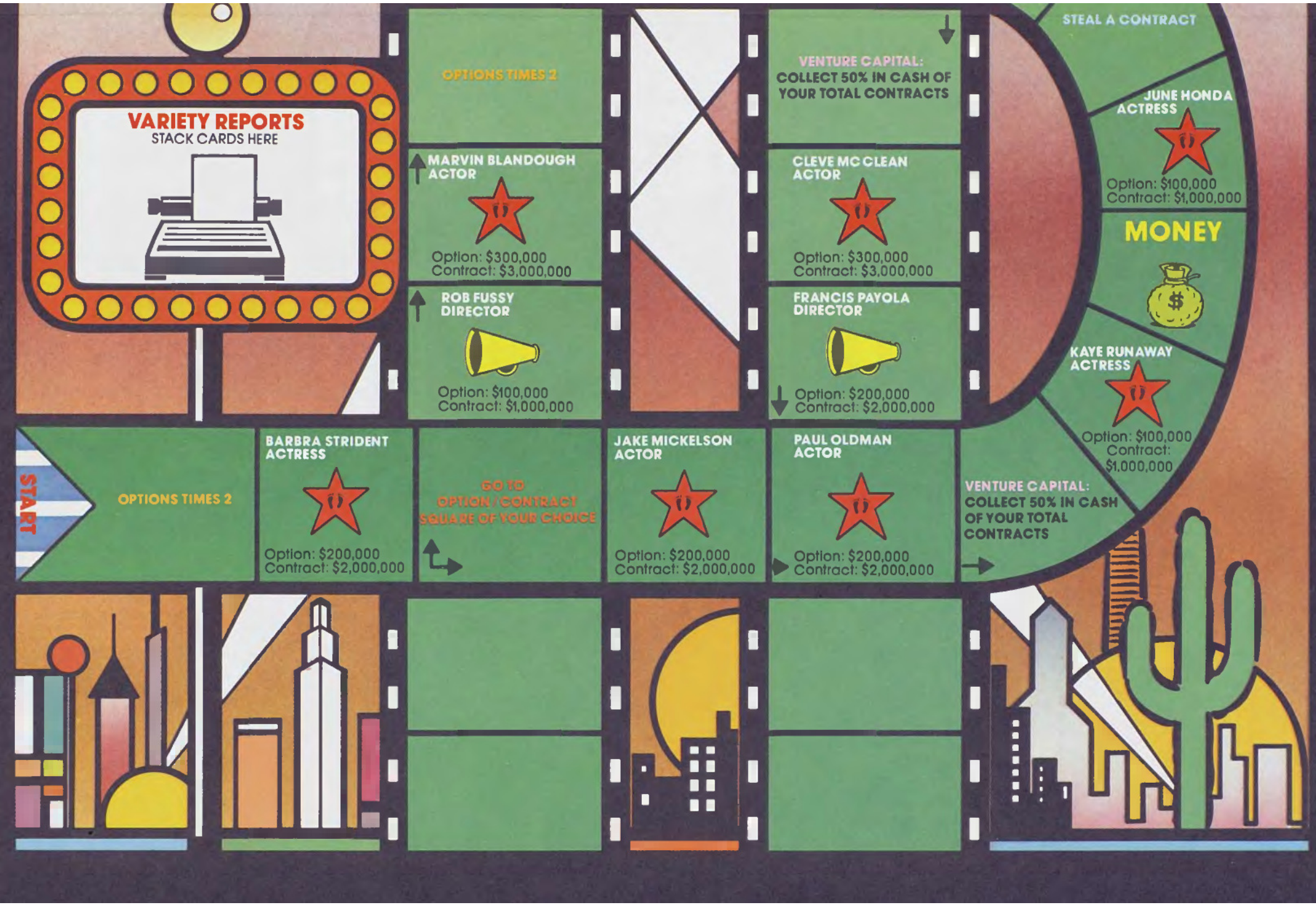
Buying options and contracts: If you land on an Option/Contract square, you may buy either the option or the contract outright. (Prices are printed on both cards and squares.) If you land on an Option/Contract square and *do not* wish to buy either the option or the contract, one of the other players may buy it. (If more than one player wants to buy it, they must bid and highest bid wins.) In either case, remember, options are cheaper than contracts; and since you're starting with only $2,000,000, it's wiser to buy as many options as possible and then "exercise your options" (turn them into contracts) later, when you can afford it. When you buy an option, simply deduct the price from your tally and take the corresponding Option/Contract card, which you display *option side up,* so the other players can tell what you own at all times. If you wish to buy the contract right away, just deduct the contract price from your tally and display the card *contract side up.*

Exercising your options: If you own an option, you may exercise that option at any time when it is your turn (before rolling die), but you may *exercise only one option per turn.* For example, if you have held an option on Red Ford for several turns and you have amassed a lot of money, you say, "I want to buy Ford's contract." Ford's option price was $300,000 and his contract price is $3,000,000; so, since you've already paid the option price, his contract will cost you $2,700,000 ($3,000,000 less $300,000). Subtract that amount from your tally and turn your Ford card *contract side up.* But remember, *you may do this only once per turn.*

(concluded on page 169)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN VAN HAMERSVELO


the Hollywood Hustle
LOAN
GEORGE NEWKISS
DIRECTOR
Option: $100,000
Contract:
$1,000,000
VARIETY REPORTS
ELIZA MOZZARELLA
ACTRESS
Option: $100,000
Contract: $1,000,000
VARIETY REPORTS
JOHN SILLIUS
SCRIPT
Option: $100,000
Contract:
$1,000,000
MARLON
SCOREEASY
DIRECTOR
Option: $200,000
Contract:
$2,000,000
TO START
MONEY
RED FORD
ACTOR
Option:
$300,000
Contract:
$3,000,000
VENTURE CAPITAL:
COLLECT 50% IN CASH OF
YOUR TOTAL CONTRACTS
STEAL A CONTRACT
WILLIAM GOLDMINE
SCRIPT
Option: $100,000
Contract: $1,000,000
GO TO OPTION / CONTRACT
SQUARE OF YOUR CHOICE
OPTIONS TIMES 2
PETER SHARKSLY
BEST SELLER
Option:
$200,000
Contract:
$2,000,000
ROD RODRODDERSON
ACTOR
Option: $100,000
Contract: $1,000,000
MISSY SPACEDOUT
ACTRESS
Option: $100,000
Contract: $1,000,000
JAMES KONN
ACTOR
Option:
$100,000
Contract:
$1,000,000
SYLVESTER
BALONEY
SCRIPT
Option: $200,000
Contract: $2,000,000
VARIETY REPORTS
STEAL A CONTRACT
VARIETY REPORTS
MONEY


VARIETY REPORTS
STACK CARDS HERE
OPTIONS TIMES 2
MARVIN BLANDOUGH
ACTOR
Option: $300,000
Contract: $3,000,000
ROB FUSSY
DIRECTOR
Option: $100,000
Contract: $1,000,000
VENTURE CAPITAL:
COLLECT 50% IN CASH OF
YOUR TOTAL CONTRACTS
CLEVE MC CLEAN
ACTOR
Option: $300,000
Contract: $3,000,000
FRANCIS PAYOLA
DIRECTOR
Option: $200,000
Contract: $2,000,000
STEAL A CONTRACT
JUNE HONDA
ACTRESS
Option: $100,000
Contract: $1,000,000
MONEY
KAYE RUNAWAY
ACTRESS
Option: $100,000
Contract:
$1,000,000
START
OPTIONS TIMES 2
BARBRA STRIDENT
ACTRESS
Option: $200,000
Contract: $2,000,000
GO TO
OPTION / CONTRACT
SQUARE OF YOUR CHOICE
JAKE MICKELSON
ACTOR
Option: $200,000
Contract: $2,000,000
PAUL OLDMAN
ACTOR
Option: $200,000
Contract: $2,000,000
VENTURE CAPITAL:
COLLECT 50% IN CASH
OF YOUR TOTAL
CONTRACTS

ROD RODRODDERSON

ACTOR

Option: $100,000

WILLIAM GOLDMINE

SCRIPT

Option: $100,000

MARLON SCOREEASY

DIRECTOR

Option: $200,000

MISSY SPACEDOUT

ACTRESS

Option: $100,000

GEORGE NEWKISS

DIRECTOR

Option: $100,000

JAMES KONN

ACTOR

Option: $100,000

RED FORD

ACTOR

Option: $300,000

ROB FUSSY

DIRECTOR

Option: $100,000

ELIZA MOZZARELLA

ACTRESS

Option: $100,000

PETER SHARKSLY

BEST SELLER

Option: $200,000

JOHN SILLIUS

SCRIPT

Option: $100,000

BARBRA STRIDENT

ACTRESS

Option: $200,000

JAKE MICKELSON

ACTOR

Option: $200,000

SYLVESTER BALONEY

SCRIPT

Option: $200,000

FRANCIS PAYOLA

DIRECTOR

Option: $200,000

PAUL OLDMAN

ACTOR

Option: $200,000

KAYE RUNAWAY

ACTRESS

Option: $100,000

MARVIN BLANDOUGH

ACTOR

Option: $300,000

CLEVE MC CLEAN

ACTOR

Option: $300,000

JUNE HONDA

ACTRESS

Option: $100,000

MISSY SPACEDOUT
ACTRESS

$1,000,000

MARLON SCOREEASY
DIRECTOR

$2,000,000

WILLIAM GOLDMINE
SCRIPT

$1,000,000

ROD RODRODDERSON
ACTOR

$1,000,000

ROB FUSSY
DIRECTOR

$1,000,000

RED FORD
ACTOR

$3,000,000

JAMES KONN
ACTOR

$1,000,000

GEORGE NEWKISS
DIRECTOR

$1,000,000

BARBRA STRIDENT
ACTRESS

$2,000,000

JOHN SILLIUS
SCRIPT

$1,000,000

PETER SHARKSLY
BEST SELLER

$2,000,000

ELIZA MOZZARELLA
ACTRESS

$1,000,000

PAUL OLDMAN
ACTOR

$2,000,000

FRANCIS PAYOLA
DIRECTOR

$2,000,000

SYLVESTER BALONEY
SCRIPT

$2,000,000

JAKE MICKELSON
ACTOR

$2,000,000

JUNE HONDA
ACTRESS

$1,000,000

CLEVE MC CLEAN
ACTOR

$3,000,000

MARVIN BLANDOUGH
ACTOR

$3,000,000

KAYE RUNAWAY
ACTRESS

$1,000,000

the Hollywood Hustle

The components of The Hollywood Hustle board game are on this three-page foldout, on the preceding page and on the following page. The foldout contains the actual playing track (in the shape of a dollar sign) and a set of playing cards called OPTION/CONTRACT cards. The following page contains another set of playing cards called VARIETY REPORTS cards. The instructions on how to play the game are on the page at left and there's a short piece on strategy on the back of the playing board.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING GAME

1. With a razor blade or scissors, separate the foldout page in its entirety from the binding of the magazine.

2. With scissors, cut along dotted line that separates the sheet of Option/Contract cards from playing board. (Note: The Option/Contract cards are all printed on one sheet of paper—they have stars, megaphones or books on both sides and they correspond to certain squares on the board.)

3. Cut out the individual Option/Contract cards and set them aside.

4. With a razor blade or scissors, separate the sheet of Variety Reports cards from the binding of the magazine.

5. Glue the entire sheet of Variety Reports cards to a piece of thin cardboard (put glue on side that says "Variety Reports"). After glue is dry, cut out the individual cards along dotted lines and write VARIETY REPORTS with pen or felt marker on cardboard side.

6. Familiarize yourself with the squares on the board.

7. Carefully read directions printed on page preceding foldout.

8. Once you've familiarized yourself with the directions and the game board itself, read the page of strategy printed on back of board.

9. You're ready to play The Hollywood Hustle. Keep instructions handy for easy reference.

The Hollywood Hustle

STRATEGY

In The Hollywood Hustle, as in Hollywood itself, money begets money. Players who pay big bucks for contracts and options get big bucks in return. Although it may seem foolish to spend your capital on expensive properties at the outset, you'll see later on in the game that paying big pays off.

How will big money spent yield big-money rewards? First of all, let's say Player A holds options on three properties that cost him $100,000 each—his total option worth is $300,000. If Player A lands on an OPTIONS TIMES 2 square, he collects only $600,000. On the other hand, if Player B has bought three options at $300,000 each, his total option worth is $900,000 and if he lands on Options Times 2, he collects $1,800,000. Similarly, players with high-priced contracts who land on VENTURE CAPITAL squares will get bigger rewards than those who were frugal.

Moreover, high-priced contracts are safer buys, because other players have to risk more to steal them. A player who tries to STEAL A CONTRACT has to gamble. If he wins the gamble, he gets the contract in question for free, but if he loses, he has to pay the contract owner a penalty equivalent to the price of the contract in question. In other words, to steal a $3,000,000 contract, the stealer has to have at least $3,000,000 to risk in case he loses the challenge; whereas to steal a $1,000,000 contract, he won't be risking nearly so much.

So, in effect, the big-money contracts and options are more desirable.

Gathering capital is not difficult, though it may seem so at first. The majority of VARIETY REPORTS cards will yield windfalls of considerable amounts. MONEY squares yield smaller amounts, and Options Times 2 squares and Venture Capital squares will increase your financial lot considerably.

Throughout the game, it's essential that players keep track of one another's finances and holdings. If a player looks like he's about to exercise his last option into a contract and win the game, the other players should be aware of his status and do everything within their power to prevent him from winning. This is where the Steal a Contract ploy comes in; of all the strategies in the game, Steal a Contract is the most effective for preventing a player from winning and for changing the tide of the game. Make sure you understand the rules for stealing a contract.

If the steal tactic fails, another strategy is forcing a player to exercise an option. This can be used as a delaying tactic and for depleting a player's funds at a critical time. If Player A has purchased four contracts and holds an expensive option but does not have sufficient capital to exercise it, a competing player with sizable capital can attempt to take it away from Player A by landing on Player A's property square and forcing him to exercise it. (See directions on Forcing a Player to Exercise an Option.) If done successfully (i.e., if Player A loses the property because he can't afford to exercise), Player A will have encountered a major setback—he will have to search for another open property to win, a crucial delay that could change the tide. (Note: Both of the above strategies may be used any time throughout the game—they are simply more potent when utilized at critical points.)

When starting play, it's wise to accumulate as many options as you need, with a few extras to be safe, and then, when you've accumulated a sizable bank roll, to exercise those options quickly, before anyone can steal them. The longer you own a contract, the more likely the chance of having it stolen.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Your last film, the haunting story of a transvestite longshoreman, is a big, big grosser. Faith in you is high, so backers fork over $2,000,000. Add that amount to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Your last film, a big-budget shocker about terrorists who take over a bus station, is a huge grosser. Studio execs kowtow to the tune of $2,000,000. Add that amount to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

A gossip columnist reports that the star of your last film has some odd sexual habits. Suddenly, your last film is a success and the studios come running. Add $2,000,000 to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

A studio exec sees your awful ten-year-old sci-fi flick on the *Late Show* and offers $2,000,000 for your current project if you'll follow it with a remake. Add $2,000,000 to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Your special-effects man decides to use miniatures of the giant man-eating hamster in your film rather than a 25-foot model, saving you $1,000,000. Add that amount to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Time and *Newsweek* do simultaneous cover stories on you, which puts you ahead publicity-wise. Collect a tribute of $500,000 from each player and add the total to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Move directly to the nearest STEAL A CONTRACT square. Or hold on to this card and use it to move to nearest STEAL A CONTRACT square at any point in the game when it is your turn.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Move directly to the nearest STEAL A CONTRACT square. Or hold on to this card and use it to move to nearest STEAL A CONTRACT square at any point in the game when it is your turn.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

A backer meets you halfway by giving you half the amount you paid for each contract you own. Add up the prices of your contracts and award yourself half their total.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Your autobiography, *A Producer Is Born*, comes out and bombs. Investors get shaky. Lose two turns.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

It's time to renew your options. Deduct from your tally $100,000 for each unexercised option you currently own.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

A big German distributor likes your project because there aren't any Nazis in it. He gives you $1,000,000. Add that amount to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

An Arab oil sheik offers you $1,000,000 to introduce him to your leading lady. If you don't have one, buy an option or a contract on a female star within two moves or lose the offer.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Your last production, *The Destruction of the Universe II*, is a box-office smash. Investors contribute $2,000,000 to your new project. Add that amount to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Move directly to the nearest STEAL A CONTRACT square. Or hold on to this card and use it to move to nearest STEAL A CONTRACT square at any point in the game when it is your turn.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Move directly to the nearest STEAL A CONTRACT square. Or hold on to this card and use it to move to nearest STEAL A CONTRACT square at any point in the game when it is your turn.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

Your re-enactment of the Hundred Years' War looks like it's going to take longer than you'd anticipated, increasing your budget by $500,000. Deduct that amount from your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

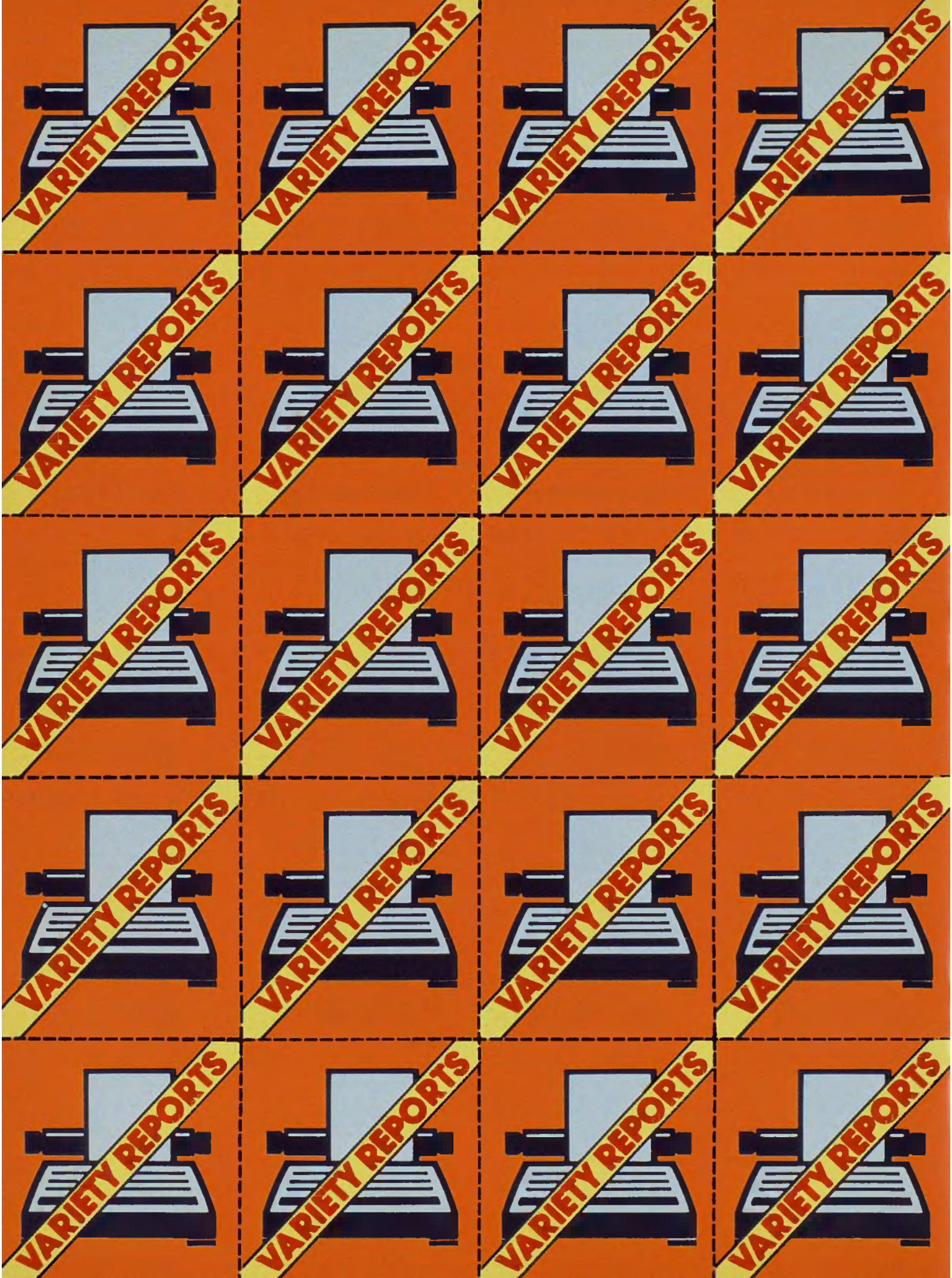
A star-struck Greek distributor likes the look of your project and gives you $1,000,000 for each $300,000 *option* you own and $2,000,000 for each $3,000,000 *contract* you own.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

PLAYBOY does a candid interview with you that causes one divorce, three lawsuits and two nervous breakdowns. The publicity gets you $1,000,000 in backing. Add it to your tally.

DATE LINE: SHOWBIZ

A Japanese distributor is "velly, velly" excited about your project and gives you $1,000,000 for each $300,000 *option* you own and $2,000,000 for each $3,000,000 *contract* you own.


VARIETY REPORTS

HOW TO PLAY THE HOLLYWOOD HUSTLE

(continued from page 160)

Selling properties: You may buy as many options or contracts as you want. If you have a surplus and are in need of money, when it is your turn, you may auction off any excess options or contracts you own. Sell to the highest bidder. You may not sell any options or contracts back to the agent.

Loans: If you desperately need money, you can, on your turn, go directly to LOAN square. Each turn you forfeit to remain on Loan square you get $100,000. You may stay there as long as you want. If you have no money and are in debt to another player and if you can't get rid of any options or contracts, *you must* go to Loan square on your next turn and stay there until you have paid your debt. *But, while you are on Loan square, all your options and contracts are thrown in jeopardy.* This means that, during your stay on Loan square, if another player lands on one of your options, he may buy the contract on that option for half the contract list price and all that money goes to the agent. If another player lands on a contract you own, he may buy the contract for *half* price also but the amount goes to *you*. When you are ready to leave Loan square, wait till your turn, move your token directly to start and roll die.

Forcing a player to exercise an option: If you land on an Option/Contract square on which another player owns only the *option*, you may force him to exercise his option. To do this, you must have enough money to pay the contract price on the property in question, because you will have to buy the contract if the player you are attempting to force cannot or refuses to exercise his option. Here's how this play works: Let's say you have $4,000,000 and you need a star contract desperately. You land on Missy Spacedout square and discover that Player B owns the option on Missy Spacedout. You say, "I'm forcing Player B to exercise his option on Missy Spacedout." If player B has enough money and wants Missy Spacedout's contract, he can exercise the option, but he must do it right away. But, if Player B does not have sufficient capital to do this or simply doesn't want to, you *must* buy the contract on Missy Spacedout, subtracting the entire contract price from your tally and Player B returning the option price to his tally. The *force* is used by players who may need a contract when there is none available and also as a tool to deplete other player's finances.

There are no penalties for landing on an Option/Contract square held by another player. However, *if you land on an Option/Contract square and you already own that option or contract, you may take another turn.*

GUIDE TO SQUARES

VARIETY REPORTS: If you land here, pick a Variety Reports card, read it aloud and follow its instruction, then put it back at the bottom of the deck, unless otherwise instructed.

MONEY: Roll die again and multiply roll by $100,000. Add that amount to your finances.

GO TO OPTION/CONTRACT SQUARE OF YOUR CHOICE: Move in any direction to any Option/Contract square.

OPTIONS TIMES 2: Add up the price of your options (do not count options if you own the contracts) and multiply the sum by two. Add the amount to your finances.

VENTURE CAPITAL: Add up the prices of all the contracts you own, divide by two and add that amount to your finances.

STEAL A CONTRACT: When you land here, you *may* attempt to steal a contract owned by another player. First, choose a contract that you need held by another player. Let's say you want Red Ford. You say, "I wish to challenge Player B for his Red Ford contract." Player B must throw the contract into the center of the board. First you, the challenger, roll the die, then Player B rolls. If you, the challenger, roll higher, you get Player B's contract for *free*. However, if Player B rolls higher, he keeps the contract and gets a penalty payment from you equivalent to the price of the contract in question—$3,000,000 in this case. (This is an optional play and is best used to stop a player from winning if he appears to be on the verge of completing his five-contract requirement.)

FULL MANY A FLOWER

fiction

By IRWIN SHAW

the author of "rich man, poor man" dreams of how to win the super-super bowl: one crazy gypsy millionaire and a team that's all suicide squad

YOU HAVE NO DOUBT heard of me. My name is Carlos Romanovici. I am a gypsy, suffering from a deep psychic wound and unutterably rich.

Among my other credentials is the fact that I am the first and only gypsy to be admitted to the Maidstone Club in Easthampton, Long Island. I am married and have four children. All daughters and all Episcopalians. I believe I am the only gypsy to have played three full seasons as a defensive tackle for a major American university. I am a graduate of the Harvard School of Business, a teaching establishment that led me to ignore all accepted theories of economics, currency, finance and management; to fear experts in whatever field and to reject informed statistical advice. As a result of my skeptical years in Cambridge, I own, to all intents *(continued on page 174)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

The Smoke Off

In the laid-back California town of sunny San Rafael
Lived a girl named Pearley Sweetcake, you prob'ly knew her well
She'd been stoned fifteen of her eighteen years and the story was widely told
That she could smoke 'em faster than anyone could roll
Her legend finally reached New York, that Grove Street walk-up flat
Where dwelt The Calistoga Kid, a beatnik from the past
With long browned lightnin' fingers he takes a cultured toke
And says, "Hell, I can roll 'em faster, Jim, than any chick can smoke!"

So a note gets sent to San Rafael, "For the Championship of the World
The Kid demands a smoke off!" "Well, bring him on," says Pearl,
"I'll grind his fingers off his hands, he'll roll until he drops!"
Says Calistog, "I'll smoke that twist till she blows up and pops!"
So they rent out Yankee Stadium and the word is quickly spread
Come one, come all, who walk or crawl, price—just two lids a head
And from every town and hamlet, over land and sea they speed
The world's greatest dopers, with the world's greatest weed
Hashishers from Morocco, hemp smokers from Peru
And the Shamnicks from Bagun who puff the deadly Pugaroo
And those who call it Light of Life and those who call it boo.

See the dealers and their ladies wearing turquoise, lace and leather
See the narcos and the closet smokers puffin' all together
From the teenies who smoke legal to the ones who've done some time
To the old man who smoked "reefer" back before it was a crime
And the grand old house that Ruth built is filled with smoke and cries
Of fifty thousand screaming heads all stoned out of their minds
And they play the national anthem and the crowd lets out a roar
As the spotlight hits The Kid and Pearl, ready for their smokin' war
At a table piled up high with grass, as high as a mountain peak
Just tops and buds of the rarest flowers, not one stem, branch or seed.

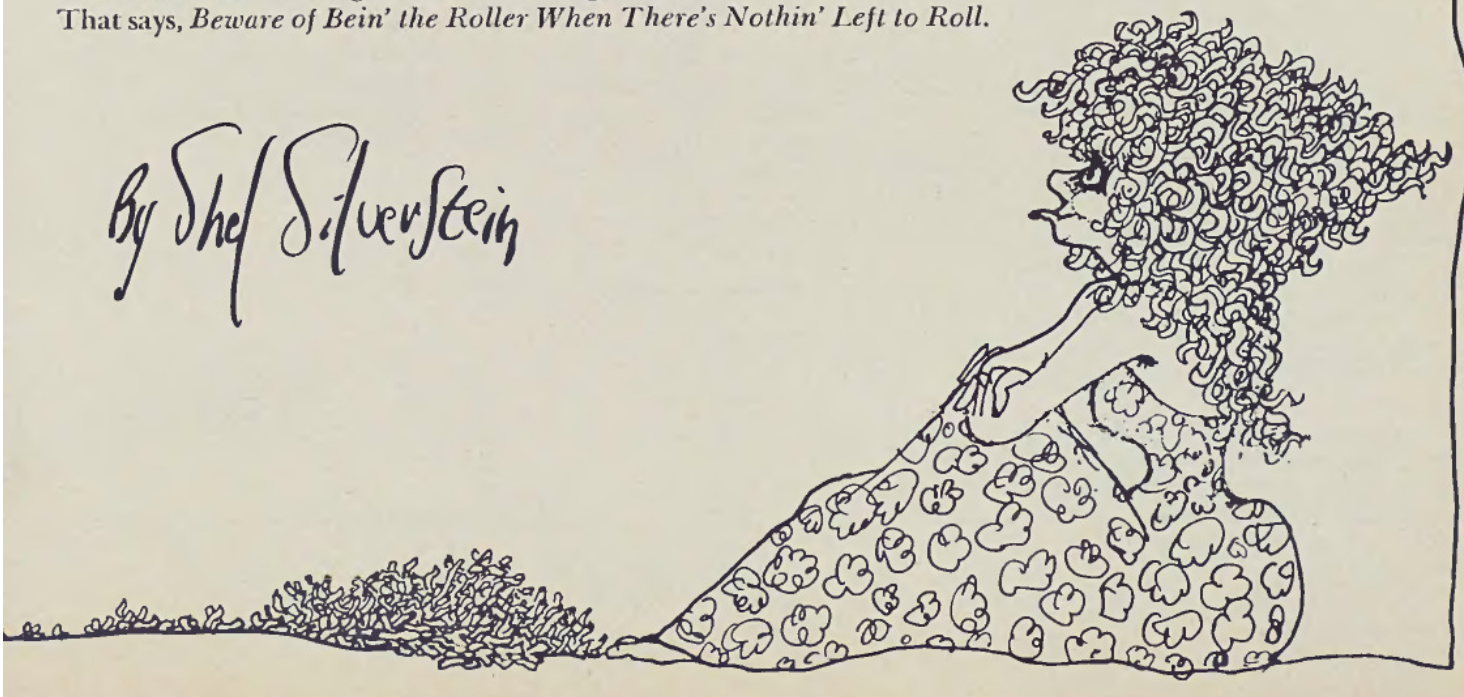
Maui Wowie, Panama Red and Acapulco Gold
Kif from East Afghanistan and rare Alaskan Cold
Sticks from Thailand, Ganja from the Islands, Bangkok's Bloomin' Best
And some of that wet imported shit that capsized off Key West
Oaxacan tops and Kenya Bhang and Riviera Fleurs

And that rare Manhattan Silver that grows down in the New York sewers
And there's bubblin' ice-cold lemonade and sweet grapes by the bunches
There's Hershey's bars and Oreos, 'case anybody gets the munchies
And The Calistoga Kid he sneers, and Pearley she just grins
And the drums roll low and the crowd yells, "GO!" and the world's first Smoke Off begins.

Kid flicks his magic fingers once and ZAP! that first joint's rolled
Pearl takes one drag with her mighty lungs and WOOSH! that roach is cold
Then The Kid he rolls his Super Bomb that'd paralyze a moose
And Pearley takes one super hit and SLURP! that bomb's defused
Then he rolls three in just ten seconds and she smokes 'em up in nine
And everyone sits back and says, "This just might take some time."
See the blur of flyin' fingers, see the red coal burnin' bright
As the night turns into mornin' and the mornin' fades to night
And the autumn turns to summer and a whole damn year is gone
But the two still sit on that roach-filled stage, smokin' and rollin' on
With tremblin' hands he rolls his jays with fingers blue and stiff
She coughs and stares with bloodshot gaze, and puffs through blistered lips
And as she reaches out her hand for another stick of gold
The Kid he gasps, "Goddamn it, bitch, there's nothin' left to roll!"
"Nothin' left to roll?" screams Pearl. "Is this some twisted joke?"
"I didn't come here to fuck around, man, I come here to SMOKE!"
And she reaches 'cross the table and she grabs his bony sleeves
And she crumbles his body between her hands like dried and brittle leaves
Flickin' out his teeth and bones like useless stems and seeds
Then she rolls him in a Zig Zag and lights him like a roach
And the fastest man with the fastest hands goes up in a puff of smoke.

In the laid-back California town of sunny San Rafael
Lives a girl named Pearley Sweetcake, you prob'ly know her well
She's been stoned twenty-one of her twenty-four years, and the story's widely told
How she still can smoke them faster than anyone can roll
While off in New York City, on a street that has no name
There's the hands of The Calistoga Kid in the Viper Hall of Fame
And underneath his fingers there's a little golden scroll
That says, *Beware of Bein' the Roller When There's Nothin' Left to Roll.*

By Shel Silverstein



FULL MANY A FLOWER

(continued from page 171)

"Surely, I thought, a team that could go all the way could have been formed without computers."

and purposes, the entire state of Vermont, am the president and controlling stockholder of a large chain of television and gasoline stations, among other holdings too numerous to mention, and am, as I repeat, unutterably rich.

About Vermont. By playing hunches and ignoring trends, I had already done remarkably well in the stock and commodities markets when a geologist friend of mine, who was no longer in a state of grace with his peers because he had to be put away in a mental clinic for years at a time, came to me with a map of North America that he had drawn himself on which he had traced lines that suggested to him that Vermont had been linked since paleolithic times by profound tropical forests and marshes with the newly discovered oil fields in Alaska. Vermont, known until recently as fit only for the habitation of inbred Puritans and exiled French Canadians, as a stony waste hostile to agriculture and inimical, because of its uncertain climate, even to skiers, concealed under its rock-strewn fields, said my geologist friend in his daft way, a vast pool of high-grade petroleum.

His insistence upon this so-called discovery of his was received by the officers of the oil companies to whom he divulged it in much the same manner as the account of Saint Joan's visions was received by her judges in Rouen and contributed, I'm afraid, to the geologist's later visits to the mental clinic. Unfortunately, although later events proved that he was saner than any of the vice-presidents he harangued at Shell or Exxon, the strain of the struggle against educated disbelief overcame him once and for all and he is at present weaving baskets under guard in Connecticut. At my expense.

Knowing nothing about the oil business and open to all seminal ideas as a bonus of my straightforward unorthodoxy, I listened carefully to the poor man and studied his map. Since no one had ever suggested that anybody could extract any wealth from the state of Vermont except by such marginally lucrative enterprises as tapping maple trees, quarrying for marble, building ski lifts or renting rooms to travelers on the way to Montreal, leases for the right to drill for oil cost no more, as my wife jokingly put it, than the price of a meal at La Grenouille, a French restaurant in New York that she favors.

Now the inconspicuous squat pumps that cap the wells of my company can be seen dotting the landscape from Manchester and Pawlet in the south to Burlington and Winooski in the north, nodding like steel hens pecking in a barnyard, bringing enough oil to the surface each day to give pause to any Arab potentate.

Wealth to the very rich becomes a toy, an adult version of building blocks, Erector sets and miniature electric trains, a diversion to fill the hours of the day, a game of one old cat for idle boys on a vacant lot. My own diversions are limited. I do not drink or smoke, I am bored by travel, repelled by art galleries, safaris, philanthropy and the competition for political office, the ordinary playthings of men who do not have to worry where their next dividend is coming from. Athletics, except for football, are of no interest to me, and I am well past the age when stopping a fullback at the line of scrimmage could be considered a possible form of amusement. I am happily married and would not stoop to running after women. But I am not built merely to sit back and watch money roll in. Since my wound, and conscious of my racial heritage, my pleasure has always been to demonstrate to the world that I am right and it is wrong and it remains so to this moment. In my heart, I knew that there were other Vermonts to conquer. One day, I was sure, in a random overheard phrase, a fragment of a dream, what I was searching for would be revealed to me.

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Now to the wound to which I referred earlier.

In my last year at the university, I had an excellent season on the football field. I attracted national attention by gathering in a forward pass that had been tipped as it left the hand of the opposing quarterback and running with the ball for 70 yards for a touchdown. I was mentioned for all-American in several polls and almost automatically picked as the 14th draft choice by a National Football League team whose name I do not wish to divulge, as I have no desire to embarrass men who are still making a living from the game by holding them up to possible ridicule. In short, I reported to the team's training camp along with over 100 other players, confidently prepared for a career of autumn Sundays full of glory and terror in the stadiums of the country. After one week, in which I knew that I had performed with honor and occasional spurts of brilliance and had clearly, I thought, outshone all the other candidates for the defensive-line positions, I, along with some 30 other aspirants, was cut from the squad and sent home and later—luckily, in my case—to the Harvard School of Business. Though things in the long run turned out well, I have never gotten over the damage to my self-esteem, which was compounded some years later when I met an assistant coach under other circumstances (he was looking for a job in one of my companies) and I questioned him about my summary dismissal. "Well, you know," he said, "by league rules we can only finally carry 43 men and we had to cut *somewhere*. When your name came up at the meeting, the coach said, 'Isn't he a gypsy? I have enough trouble as it is. What the hell do I need a gypsy for?' "

I gave the man the job he was looking for (he turned out to be absolutely incompetent and is still working for me at $43,000 a year, a figure whose significance I am sure he has never wondered at) and went back to old newspapers and game programs and studied the records of all the players who had been cut on the same day as myself and then the records of the players who had been cut in similar depletions from the other teams in the league. Almost invariably, I discovered that they had been stars in high school and college, had been the captains of their teams, had been cheered by hundreds of thousands of spectators, had trophy rooms lined with game footballs given to them by grateful teammates for outstanding performances, yards gained, tackles made, crucial blocks thrown. Surely, I thought, a team that could go all the way, to use the language of the sports page, could have been formed without the benefit of computers, reports and the cold-blooded estimates of dozens of assistant coaches from any 43 of the men who had desolately packed their bags and departed from their locker rooms on the same day as myself.

My new Vermont slowly began to take shape within my head.

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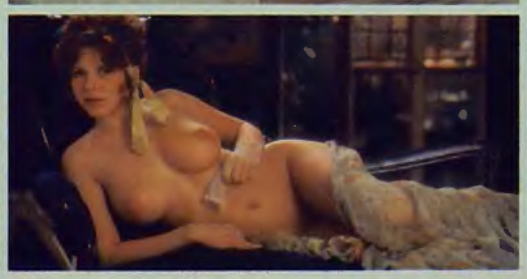
At first, I thought of buying a franchise to test my theory. I found that it would not be difficult. My millions and the possession of a nationwide television network, it was intimated to me, would make me most welcome to join the fraternity of club owners. But after consideration, I decided that putting together a single team of 43 players chosen from one season's culls would prove nothing or almost nothing. Even the most obstinate of the believers in the present system could admit that by the law of averages, a mere handful of deserving athletes had for one reason or another been passed over in the early days of

(continued on page 217)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

SEEMS LIKE only yesterday—actually it was February—when we gave you our very first *Playmate Preview*. Of those 15 candidates, five were finally chosen for last year's eye-filling dozen. For the geographic trivia freaks among you, there were five from California, one New York transplant from California, one Minnesota native, one Chicago beauty, two Texans and (this could be the start of something big) two lovelies from our neighbor to the north. All in all, it was a splendid potpourri of Playmates. They represented a wide range of interests, attitudes and physical characteristics, a veritable cross section of contemporary womanhood. Naturally, we each have our favorites, but here, *en reprise*, is the whole crop from last year's bumper harvest of gatefold beauties.



Miss January

January's *Sunshine Kid*, Susan Lynn Kiger, has barely had a moment to herself since her gatefold appearance. Constant travel on the PLAYBOY promotion circuit has taken her to "every small town in the country," plus a side trip to Red Deer, Canada, where, she tells us, the temperature sometimes gets as high as zero. Susan says she plans to do a lot of modeling when and if she ever gets back home.

Miss June

After a quick tour of England and Spain, June Playmate Virve Reid returned home to Canada, where she spent the summer blowing minds on Vancouver's nude beach. Right now, she's perfectly content with her life north of the border. But come springtime, she expects to head for the States, where, with training in mime and acting, she wants to do some filmwork and, she hopes, host a TV show.

Miss November

Our Minnesota beauty, Rita Lee, has artistic ambitions. On the one hand, she's about to start studies at a barber school to pick up her hair-styling credentials. That, she feels, will earn her enougn to finance studies in her first love, fashion illustration. Obviously, Rita's problems don't include a lack of marketable talent. She's already adept at curling hair and drawing raves.

Miss May

Los Angeles–born Sheila Mullen had just returned from 11 days of camping in Yellowstone Park and was leaving for Las Vegas when we talked with her. When she comes back, she says, she'll bear down on her acting lessons in preparation for a role in *Sitting Pretty*, a new movie that has just gone into production. Catch her in it. If she acts like she looks, she'll be a superstar.

Miss April

Lisa Sohm has a new home at 30,000 feet; at least that's where she spends most of her time. In the past year, she's hit Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Brazil, England for Wimbledon and back to New York for Forest Hills. Perpetual motion agrees with her. "I can't complain a bit," she says, "though I'd like to spend more time in New York, modeling." That'll have to wait; late this month, Lisa leaves for Africa.

Miss March

Nicki Thomas, if you can believe it, was once insecure. She credits her appearance in PLAYBOY with dispelling that notion: "If you're one of the 12 selected, there's no way you can be insecure." With that under her belt, Nicki has taken off on her modeling career. She's done a carload of promotions for PLAYBOY, reducing her exercise schedule to a few minutes per day. But, apparently, that's enough.

Miss August

Julia Lyndon picked up points with our readers for being a "beauty with brains." Still a free spirit, with independent ideas, Julia keeps her private life to herself, but rumor has it that she is "romantically involved." That news will no doubt disappoint those of us who were hoping she'd stay available. On the plus side, though, her phone is still busy. So there's still a chance.

Miss December

December Playmate Ashley Cox is hard at work on her modeling composite, but that's just part of the groundwork she must lay for her career as actress and model. Acting lessons and diction coaching (to erase the honeysuckle from her voice) take up the rest of her time. And when it's all put together, "I'll be ready for anything they throw at me." Frankly, we thought she was super before.

Miss February

Our February Playmate, Star Stowe, is still looking for the right man. "I'm a modern-day Cinderella waiting for a prince in a silver limousine." But this Cinderella is no scullery maid. She's contemplating a business course at L.A. City College—while decorating a new apartment with her own needlepoint. Rock 'n' roll is still her first love, but she aspires "to be a perfect lady." She's got a good start.

Miss September

Debra Jo Fondren cut her hair. But don't panic. Where it once reached her knees, it now just grazes mid-thigh. Reports Debra, "The guy who cut it was more scared than I was—and I passed out in the chair!" That trauma is history now and Debra is putting the finishing touches on a new town house that will contain a photography studio. Object: "I want to shoot a Playmate for PLAYBOY myself."

Miss October

Our October terpsichorean Kristine Winder has an ace up her sleeve. As it turns out, she has a secret desire to be a writer. "I still love to dance and I'm a pretty good singer, but I think writing is really where I'm headed." To find out, Kristine is taking some English literature and creative-writing courses "for background." The next time you see Kristine, it just may be in our *Playbill*. We'll keep you posted.

Miss July

Sondra Theodore's acting career is in full swing. That's no surprise to us, but it may be to those who remember her as a Sunday-school teacher in San Bernardino. If you watched *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*, you probably caught Sondra. You might also have seen her in the movie *Skateboard* or in our own *Playboy's Playmate Party* on ABC-TV. You've come a long way, Baby Blue.

PLAYMATES' PROGRESS

Below: Promotional travels, television-game-show appearances and two PLAYBOY covers have made 1977 a very full year for January Playmate Susan Kiger.

Right: Playmate Sondra Theodore gets a boost from co-star Les Lannom on the set of their new film, *Stingray*, scheduled for release sometime this winter.

Above: Goodwill ambassador Lisa Sohm talks to a gathering of TV-news reporters in Rio de Janeiro. The occasion was a very special one, the second-anniversary celebration of *Homem*, Brazilian edition of PLAYBOY.

Above: November's Rita Lee, a North country girl, shown here with lensman Richard Fegley, recently went south to Mexico on holiday, where she, somewhat unceremoniously, nose-dived off her horse.

October Playmate Kristine Winder (left) unwinds with friend, Beau, before she begins classes at Simon Fraser University near Vancouver. Her next project is to learn to spin wool so she can weave fabrics and make her own clothing. Afterward, it's guitar lessons for this multitalented girl who understandably says, "I never have time to spare, I'm very busy."

"I've grown up a lot," says Star Stowe (right) after moving into a new apartment, "looking for independence." But she still enjoys the rock-'n'-roll scene. "I really like the energy level of the people in the rock business." Naturally, her current steady is a musician. When she's not with him or working, Star lowers her energy level by doing needlepoint or buying records.

Below: Our August equestrienne, Julia Lyndon, did a return engagement last October as one of the cryptically costumed Playmates in our pictorial titled *Having a Masked Ball*. Our readers weren't fooled for a minute.

Below: Playmate Sheila Mullen doffed her Bunny ears for the last time, leaving the hutch to devote more time to her career as an aspiring actress and a model.

On a promotional tour for PLAYBOY, Debra Jo Fondren (above), Miss September, found herself in the middle of a New Orleans funeral marching band. And she loved it. Said the *Belle of Beaumont*, "If you've got to go, *that's* the way."

Below: Nicki Thomas, not only shapely but also in shape, managed to wow the listeners on a local radio station without benefit of video on a recent PLAYBOY promotional tour. But then, they got an eyeful in March.

Virve Reid (above), one of the year's two imports from north of the border, was overwhelmed by photographers at Heathrow airport on a recent London trip.

Ashley Cox (above), who graced December's gatefold, tries to remain composed in the muscular grip of bodybuilder turned actor Arnold Schwarzenegger during a recent shooting for a PLAYBOY pictorial. Arnold was obviously pleased.

BIG-BUDGET BANANAS

(continued from page 157)

"Within a few years, major films will be down to a handful. The neighborhood theater will be extinct."

of one cluster of big-budget extravaganzas every six months, reversing a trend toward fewer and fewer pictures—a trend that's fast killing off starving theaters on every corner.

But *Rocky was* a freak. What's more, it was a freak among more than 300 low-budget pictures made every year, most of which never get to your city or your neighborhood theater. One of Hollywood's enduring mysteries is just what does happen to those little films. There is no question that they are made, because the Motion Picture Association of America officially rates each one of them. But theatrical play-off is largely limited to the 80 major releases a year from the studios, plus a score of larger independent releases. Those 80 major pictures, incidentally, compare with about 500 a year in Hollywood's heyday.

Bluntly put, most of those little films, with an average cost of $300,000, weren't worth seeing and that's why they went nowhere. Yet people consistently question why more small pictures aren't made these days—and they will no doubt be asking long after they wake up to the fundamental changes taking place in the film industry.

Though many small independent operators still try to guide their fragile little butterflies through the hurricane, Hollywood has given up on the small picture. Significantly, every low-budget hit of recent years—*Rocky*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *American Graffiti*—was repeatedly rejected by many people before somebody agreed to go ahead. Hollywood's excitement rose only after they were finished.

The primary economic philosophy of Hollywood these days can easily be personalized: Thinking back, before you ever saw *Rocky* or talked with anyone who had seen it, were you very interested in buying a ticket to see a boxing picture with an unknown star? On the other hand, how many of the recent big-budget pictures—with their name stars and presold, highly publicized themes—were you at least curious about?

Just like you, theater owners aren't too interested in pictures they know nothing about. Unlike you, they will have to put their money down before the picture is finished and before anybody, except those selling it, has even seen an incomplete portion. Commonly, they will have to pay $100,000 and more, sight unseen, for every theater in which they run a big-budget picture. At three dollars to four dollars a head, that means that you and about 25,000 of your friends must march through the turnstile before the theater can hope to break even. A perilous formula for theaters that, however, works quite well for those who produce pictures.

BIG BUDGETS EQUAL LOW RISKS

Consequently, the big-budget film with proven ingredients is less a gamble, mainly because theaters are so starved for potential-hit pictures that they will pay enormous front money for anything that smells remotely successful. Offerings like *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Apocalypse Now* have been banking money for months from theaters buying blind. If the smell turns sour, it will be the theaters that take a beating, not the producer.

Within a few years, the number of major films per year will be down to a handful. Like the legit stage, these will each be a special event at a large theater, probably carrying a price tag of $10 to $15 a ticket. At the other extreme, also like legit, there will still be a remnant of small film houses, playing old favorites and low-budget, semipro creations.

Between those two extremes, however, there will be nothing to buy a ticket for. The neighborhood-theater business as we know it today will be extinct. The small- and moderate-budget film will continue its detour to the small screen—especially various forms of pay television.

Supported by surveys showing that the broad audience doesn't really prefer the big screen over the small, Hollywood is simply biding time until pay TV can be hooked up nationally, maybe even worldwide. In the meantime, studio accountants and tax specialists can lay off the risks in big budgets, while production executives deal for the best box-office ingredients and the sales staff beats up the beleaguered theater owners.

THREE DECISIONS

Rising from the ruins of the Sixties, the studios arrived at three basic conclusions: First, there was no future in making trendy little films trying to capture public favor; *Easy Rider* had become one of the most expensive pictures Hollywood ever made by spawning scores of disastrous low-budget imitations such as *The Last Movie*, *The Strawberry Statement* and *Zabriskie Point*.

Second, $10,000,000 invested in one film, combining familiar elements with the technological whiz-bangery at which Hollywood excels, is better than $1,000,000 invested in each of ten films of outstanding artistry. No matter how good, a typical low-budget picture will lack the technical sheen audiences now demand, and it won't have the presold advantage of name stars and a best-selling literary title.

Third, those who make movies recognized early that theaters were hopelessly antiquated, relying on an increasingly clumsy distribution system. From a finished negative, hundreds of prints must be struck and physically hauled from theater to theater, often damaged in the process, and usually shown on some creaky projector that should have been replaced years ago.

In contrast, television requires only one print that can be beamed into millions of homes at once. Better yet, in pay TV, it can be beamed in for a specific price, generating millions in revenues in one night. Technologically, various ways now exist to accomplish this and cable systems are growing rapidly, but there are still problems to solve in collecting the cash for specific films. In the meantime, however, studios believed there were dollars to be made out in the theaters among the ripped seats and torn screens.

Judging from the phenomenal grosses of recent years—topped by *Star Wars* last summer—those have proved to be fairly good decisions. The only real error was in underestimating just how profitable a $10,000,000 movie can be. For all its fiscal cool, MCA-Universal was absolutely astounded that *Jaws* might glean $200,000,000. A week before it opened, in fact, its producers, Richard Zanuck and David Brown, were still trying to tom-tom word that it wasn't going to be the turkey the town was expecting. Twentieth was just as shocked at *Star Wars* triumph.

Before *Jaws*, there had been hints of a film audience of some respectable size. *The Exorcist*, *The Godfather* and *The Sting* had all flirted with grosses of $100,000,000. But $200,000,000? *Jaws* bit into an audience thought to be long lost, proving that the right blend of escapist entertainment could lure people back who hadn't been inside a theater in years.

Because *Jaws* had been a troubled production from the beginning, with costs mounting from technical problems with the mechanical shark, its success made it easier for other producers and directors to argue persuasively for a little more mooey and a little more faith in their expensive projects. Moreover, studio executives throughout the town perceived

(continued on page 266)

"Little girls grow up, you know."

DOCTOR FASTEST

fiction

BY ERICH SEGAL

in which howard cosell and the devil's north american agent give a marathon race a helping hand—from the author of "Love Story" and "Oliver's Story"

JOHN FAST. His every move in life belied his name. "Seems not as quick as other children," wrote his kindergarten teacher. "Slow at grasping concepts" is inscribed upon his Newton, Massachusetts, high school record.

Still, after graduation, John was hired by the U. S. Postal Service. As a sorter. In the intervening years, he stayed a sorter. Which says less about the U. S. Postal Service than it does about John Fast.

Along the line, after a lengthy courtship and a long engagement, John Fast married fellow sorter Millie Lowe. They had two children, Sara and Cornelius. Meanwhile, Millie was promoted several times. She's now a third assistant postal

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

supervisor, with a desk in downtown Boston. John plodded on in Newton. And remained a sorter.

More than just inherent slowness had kept John from advancement. For he always wasted too much time on *reading* what he sorted. Not the letters (John was not a Watergater), just the magazines. Particularly ones about athletics. Most of all, the ones that dealt with track.

He jogged each day. Just for the fun of it. Three miles in roughly 27 minutes. And as he ran, he'd daydream about what he'd read that day. For instance, when Frank Shorter won the Fukuoka Marathon, John imagined it was *he* who'd won. (In 2:11.) And how the Japanese would honor him. He'd even hear the speeches, though—because they were in Japanese—he merely could pick out reiterations of his name: John Fast.

The more he read, the more he grew depressed.

"I wish I had been great," he said one day to Millie over breakfast.

"Everybody does. The *Reader's Digest* says that means you're nearing menopause."

"I don't wish I was great," said young Cornelius. "My teacher says the most important thing in life is people should be happy."

"That's just it, Cornelius," John retorted, "I just can't be happy till I'm great."

"Don't hold your breath," said Millie. Kindly. For she loved him very much. And yet, herself a senior officer, she knew already of projected plans for John—that did not include a rise from sorting. By 1984, swift new machines would take his place. And he'd be put in stamps. Thus, all she added at this moment was, "I've made your favorite Boston cream pie, John."

In the interim, John read the magazines and dreamed. The Boston Marathon passed half a mile from where he worked. And so he watched Bill Rodgers on his way to victory and a new course record (2:09.55). The mayor—on TV—then placed a wreath on Billy's head. The people all hurrahed.

In England, Davey Bedford ran 10,000 meters in a record 27:30. (John took that much time to run exactly *half* that distance!)

Yes, as the publications he pored over testified, runners everywhere were gaining glory, rising from the mediocrity of ordinary life and getting photographed and cheered.

He wondered if his wife was right. Was he already doomed to anonymity?

•

In any case, while brooding (i.e., reading and not sorting), he then came across an ad in *Runner's World*:

YOU TOO CAN *WIN*!!!

Write P. O. Box 99, Memphis, Tenn.
All inquiries confidential.

He wrote that very day. That very week he got an answer: "Let's have lunch on Monday. Pick you up at noon." The note was signed by "Toffy Tofales, the Memphis Mastermind." The letterhead was starkly simple, bearing just the message: YOU TOO CAN WIN!!!

"You too can win, John."

These were the very first words spoken by the gnomelike stranger as they sat down in a booth at Franny's Luncheonette. Toffy ordered B.L.T.s for both of them. And turned to John and said:

"What would you like to win at?"

"Um—anything," said John, "gin rummy, bridge, the Massachusetts lottery. . . ."

The visitor then smiled. "What about the Boston Marathon?" he said.

"The what?"

"You've heard of it?"

"I've dreamed of it! I've even dreamed of running just to try to go the distance. But I'm much too slow to even make the qualifying time you need to enter."

"You could *win*," repeated Toffy Tofales of Memphis. And his tone of voice, both confident and icy, sort of disconcerted John.

"What's the secret, mister? Pills? You pushing dope or something?"

Tofales just smiled. "I'm a businessman," he answered. "I'll give you something if you give me something. Simple, clean and legal. If you're genuinely interested, I'll guarantee you'll win the Boston Marathon."

A silence. John reflected. Then at last he spoke.

"What time?" said John. His hopes had suddenly been roused from hibernation.

The gnome now smiled again.

"Is 2:11 fast enough?" asked Tofales.

"Billy Rodgers' record's 2:09.55," said John, a trifle wistfully.

"You want the record, too, eh, John?"

"Um . . ." he answered. And he hoped he wasn't blushing.

"That's OK," said Tofales. "How quickly do you want to win?"

John thought a minute. What the heck, the whole thing isn't possible, so why not ask? "How about a new world's record?"

"Sure," said Tofales quite affably. "In marathons they're unofficial, but——"

"Oh, that's OK," said John, although the tinge of disappointment he betrayed was proof that he still thirsted for some great *official* spot in running history.

"Then, of course," said Tofales, "we possibly could find a warm-up race in which you'd break Dave Bedford's record for ten thousand meters."

"What? For real? Me break 27:30? What's the secret? I mean—what's the catch?"

"Nothing, John. It's just a simple, clear-cut business deal. I'll give you what you want, you'll give me what I want."

"I want," said John, "to win the Boston Marathon in . . . 2:06—no, make it 2:05. And run ten thousand meters under . . . twenty-seven minutes."

"Agreed," said Tofales.

That's it? He didn't bargain, balk or hesitate? Or say it might be difficult? For, after all, it was impossible.

"What do you want from me?" asked John.

The stranger looked at him and said: "Your soul."

John dropped his B.L.T.

"You're the Devil, aren't you?" he gasped, his heart now pattering in panic.

"No, stay loose, John. I just handle North America for him."

"Why do you want *my* soul?" said John.

"Because you want to win so badly, and we figure you'd be willing to trade off."

"No," said John, "I have a wife and kids."

"They would be well provided for."

"But——"

"And," continued Tofales, "you'd be a hero. They would all be proud. As things are now, you're doomed to obsolescence as a sorter. Soon a machine will take your place."

"How do you know?"

"Believe me, John, the Devil reads *The Wall Street Journal* every day."

"Oh," he said.

This changed the picture greatly. Here he was, now fated for still further ignominy, soon to be consigned to more obscure obscurity. And at the same time, he was being offered . . . glory. Earthly crowns. To drink profoundly from the well of greatness.

This was not an everyday occurrence.

Still, he had to have a few more details.

"How," he asked nervously, "how do I . . . die?"

"You come with me," said Tofales. "I hand you over to the Prince of Hell."

"In Memphis?"

"Hell is not in Memphis, John. Memphis is a lovely city."

"Where, then?"

"In California."

"Really?"

John had never seen the Coast.

"The Devil operates out of a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel."

"So hell's in Hollywood?" said John.

"I didn't say that. But it's in the near vicinity."

"Say—can you tell me what it's like?" asked John.

"Come on, we haven't even made a deal."

"We have! I mean, we will. I mean——"

Negotiations clearly had concluded. From his pocket, Toffy Tofales withdrew

(continued on page 235)

MEL BROOKS IN

"HIGH ANXIETY"

excerpts from the screenplay by

Mel Brooks, Ron Clark, Rudy DeLuca and Barry Levinson

a spine-chilling, rib-tickling tribute to the hitchcock thriller by the same loony who wreaked havoc on westerns, frankenstein and silent flicks

DR. ROBERT THORNDYKE *(Mel Brooks), an eminent psychiatrist, himself afflicted with High Anxiety (a sort of chronic cinematic panic), has just taken over as head of the Psychoneurotic Institute for the Very, Very Nervous. He has met his staff, which includes* DR. MONTAGUE *(Harvey Korman), and doesn't suspect that something unusual is going on at the institute.* DR. MONTAGUE, *for instance, seems extremely interested in making sure the rich patients stay at the institute. We* FADE IN *as* DR. THORNDYKE *is seated at his desk, studying case histories. The intercom buzzes.*

THORNDYKE *(into intercom)*: Yes?

FEMALE VOICE *(over intercom, very nasal)*: Dr. Montague is here to see you.

THORNDYKE: Take your hand away from your nose and say that again.

FEMALE VOICE *(less nasal)*: Dr. Montague is here to see you.

THORNDYKE: Send him in.

MONTAGUE *enters briskly.*

MONTAGUE: I'm so sorry I'm late. It took a little longer than I had anticipated to complete my rounds this morning.

THORNDYKE: Please have a seat. Montague, I'm a little disturbed.

MONTAGUE: Yes, Dr. Thorndyke?

THORNDYKE: I've been studying some of these case histories and every so often I come across a patient who seems to be functioning in a rational and normal manner. Zachary Cartwright the Third, for instance. His family is paying the institute $12,000 a month. According to his files, he should have been discharged months ago.

MONTAGUE *(indicating folders on desk)*: Oh, these . . . case histories are really so sketchy. They hardly draw a true picture of the patient's psychosis. Cartwright is a perfect example. One moment he is perfectly rational and lucid and the next he's a living loony tune.

THORNDYKE: Cartwright is just outside. Would you mind if we examined him together?

MONTAGUE: Mind? (*He picks up a pencil from* THORNDYKE*'s desk and puts the eraser end in his mouth. He plays with the pencil as if it were a cigarette as he speaks.*) Why should I mind? After all, you're in charge here. You can examine anyone you want. (*The pencil suddenly breaks in half.*)

THORNDYKE (*into intercom*): Nurse, please send in Mr. Cartwright.

ZACHARY CARTWRIGHT *enters the office. He is a skinny, timid little man in his*

late 50s, dressed in pajamas, robe and slippers. On his robe, over the pocket, are the initials of the institute: P.I.V.V.N.

THORNDYKE: Mr. Cartwright, have a seat. Of course, you know Dr. Montague.

CARTWRIGHT (*fearfully*): Hello, Dr. Montague.

MONTAGUE (*hard*): Hello, Zack!

THORNDYKE: Tell me, Mr. Cartwright, do you know why you're here at the institute?

CARTWRIGHT: Yes, I was brought in two years ago. I was suffering from nervous exhaustion. I used to get sharp pains in my neck and dreamt about werewolves.

THORNDYKE: And in the two years you've been here, do you feel you've made any progress?

CARTWRIGHT: I never get those pains anymore and it's been six months since I had a dream about a werewolf.

THORNDYKE: Do you feel if you were returned to the community you could function in a happy and normal manner?

CARTWRIGHT: I think so. I feel pretty good.

THORNDYKE (*writing*): I see.

During the above exchange, MONTAGUE *walks around the room, picks up a rubber band off the desk and puts a paper clip in it. Suddenly, when he's sure no one is looking, he shoots the paper clip into* CARTWRIGHT*'s neck.*

CARTWRIGHT (*grabbing his neck*): Aaauuuggghhh!!!

THORNDYKE: What's the matter?

CARTWRIGHT: I don't know. The pain just came back.

MONTAGUE (*to* THORNDYKE *behind cupped hand*): You see how unpredictable he is?

THORNDYKE: Maybe he's under some tension. (*To* CARTWRIGHT) Now, Mr. Cartwright, I really want you to relax.

CARTWRIGHT: I'll try. I'll try.

THORNDYKE: You mean you haven't had this pain for a long time and suddenly it's recurred for no apparent reason?

CARTWRIGHT: I don't know what it is.

THORNDYKE *makes some notes in the folder in front of him.*

THORNDYKE (*writing*): That's interesting.

CARTWRIGHT: The pain's going away now.

MONTAGUE *again loads his rubber band with a paper clip.*

CARTWRIGHT: I feel perfectly——

MONTAGUE *fires the paper clip into* CARTWRIGHT*'s neck.*

CARTWRIGHT (*grabbing his neck*): Aaauuuggghhh!!! Aaauuuggghhh!!!

THORNDYKE (*jumps to his feet*): What is it? Is it that same pain?

THORNDYKE *goes around the desk and approaches* CARTWRIGHT.

CARTWRIGHT: Yes! Yes! Yes!

THORNDYKE: Here, let me have a look.

MONTAGUE *quickly positions himself behind* THORNDYKE. *He takes out a werewolf mask from inside his jacket and quickly pulls it over his face.* CARTWRIGHT *looks up and sees the werewolf. He screams out loud and backs away, crawling alongside the couch.*

CARTWRIGHT: *No! No! Go away! Go away!*

THORNDYKE: It's all right, Cartwright. I just want to help.

CARTWRIGHT *screams and continues to crawl backward in terror. Two* ORDERLIES, *who have obviously heard the commotion, come in. They help* CARTWRIGHT *to his feet.* MONTAGUE *quickly removes his mask and puts it back into his jacket.*

THORNDYKE (*to* ORDERLIES): Take him back to his room. Give him a sedative and nail some wolfbane over his window.

•

At the urging of his colleagues, THORNDYKE *leaves the institute to attend a convention of psychiatrists in San Francisco. We take up the script where he has just finished giving a speech to the assembled shrinks and a* DOCTOR *in the audience stands to ask a question.*

DOCTOR NUMBER ONE: Dr. Thorndyke, you mentioned in your address that penis envy should be deemed an antiquated psychiatric concept. Could you expand on that?

THORNDYKE: Let's remember that the term penis envy was created in a predominantly male atmosphere of——.

A DOCTOR *and two young* GIRLS, *ten and twelve, enter the hall and take seats in the front row.*

DOCTOR NUMBER TWO (*quietly to* THORNDYKE): I'm sorry I'm late. Forgive me for bringing the kids. I couldn't find a sitter.

THORNDYKE (*resuming*): As I was saying, in a world of predominantly male-oriented psychology, it was only natural to arrive at the term pee——(*looks at the two young* GIRLS) peepee envy.

DOCTOR NUMBER ONE: Are you saying that there is absolutely no validity to . . . (*aware of the* GIRLS) . . . peepee envy?

THORNDYKE: It has no more validity than if we said a man envied a woman's (*indicates breasts, looks at* GIRLS) balloons.

Another DOCTOR *rises.*

DOCTOR NUMBER THREE: Dr. Thorndyke, do you feel that the trauma of toilet training has a bearing on future sexuality of the adolescent?

THORNDYKE: Toilet training is a vast area. Are we talking about number one or cocky-doody?

DOCTOR NUMBER THREE: All right, for argument's sake, let's say cocky-doody.

THORNDYKE: Cocky-doody, good. In my professional opinion, I would have to say that going potty has very little to do with future sexual development. Let me backtrack for a second. The female erogenous zone——

DOCTOR NUMBER ONE (*interrupting*): You mean the balloons?

THORNDYKE: No, no, no. Lower. Lower. Much lower. Where the babies come out. The wo—— The woowoo.

DOCTOR NUMBER ONE: The woowoo?

THORNDYKE: Yes! The woowoo! One of the most important feminine organs known to man!

The audience applauds wildly. CUT TO *the two little* GIRLS, *who look at each other as if to say, "Can you believe these people?"*

•

THORNDYKE *is in deep trouble. Accused of a crime he did not commit, his anxiety is higher than ever. He is trying to keep out of sight and sits inconspicuously on a park bench, reading a paper. We hear the sound of a bird flapping its wings as it prepares to land.* THORNDYKE *looks behind him and sees a big black crow landing ominously on the top spar of a jungle gym.*

He goes back to reading his paper. There are the sounds of more flapping and fluttering. When he looks around again, he sees some pigeons and seagulls that have joined the crow. THORNDYKE

resumes reading as the sounds of chirping grow louder.

Perched on a nearby telephone wire are dozens of small birds—sparrows, starlings, larks, etc. For the first time, THORNDYKE *becomes aware of the birds. He looks around apprehensively and glances at his watch. Clucking and cooing sounds build in volume and begin to sound distinctly menacing. The jungle gym is now filled with hundreds of birds. Two of them take off.*

THORNDYKE *tries to assume a casual attitude. Suddenly, there is the sound of a large "plop!"—a soft, white bird dropping falls onto his left shoulder. He looks at it. It is followed by another "plop!" on his right shoulder. The plops continue as he begins to edge warily away from the bench. When a plop lands on his head, he begins to trot.*

Thousands of birds fly off at once and begin pursuing him as he breaks into a run. The last we see of poor THORNDYKE *is his back, as he runs off into the distance, pursued by a skyful of screaming, crapping birds.*

•

A hired KILLER *on his heels,* THORNDYKE *frantically rushes to a phone booth to call* VICTORIA BRISBANE *(Madeline Kahn), daughter of the industrialist* ARTHUR BRISBANE, *who is being held against his will at the institute.* THORNDYKE *has just dialed*

VICTORIA*'s number when there is an explosion of glass as the* KILLER*'s leather-gloved fist comes crashing into the phone booth. The gloved hand grabs the receiver from* THORNDYKE *and wraps the telephone cord around his neck.*

VICTORIA (*over the phone*): Hello?

CUT TO VICTORIA *seated on her bed in her hotel room.*

VICTORIA: Hello?

We hear the sound of heavy breathing emanating from her receiver.

VICTORIA (*into phone*): Listen, fella. I don't go for this kind of thing.

CUT BACK TO *phone booth.* THORNDYKE *manages to get one hand under the wire as he struggles for his life. He continues to fight for breath.*

CUT TO VICTORIA*'s room.*

VICTORIA (*into phone*): Listen, maybe other girls get turned on with these kinky phone calls, but I couldn't care less. How did you get my number? Did you see me in the lobby? Listen, mister, I'm not going to listen to any more of this. I've had just about enough! . . . What are you wearing?

CUT BACK TO *phone booth.* THORNDYKE *is still struggling.*

THORNDYKE: Jeeeee. . . . Jeeee.

VICTORIA: Jeans? You're wearing jeans? I bet they're tight.

THORNDYKE *is losing the battle. His breathing gets weaker.*

CUT TO VICTORIA*'s room.*

VICTORIA (*into phone*): Hello? Hello? (*annoyed*) I can't hear you. You're starting to fade.

CUT TO *phone booth again. The* KILLER *continues to tighten telephone wire around* THORNDYKE*'s neck.* THORNDYKE, *with his last bit of strength, reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out his handkerchief, drapes it over his hand. His handkerchief-covered hand reaches back and searches for a piece of triangular-shaped glass hanging in the broken phone-booth pane. He yanks the glass loose, brings it over his head and plunges it into the* KILLER*'s back. The* KILLER *releases his grip and gasps, then continues*

gasping more rapidly until he expires in a death-rattling climax and falls down dead. VICTORIA, *in her room, has heard all this.*

VICTORIA (*into phone*): You animal.

the czar's cadets at peterhof

by Mikhail Lermontov (1814–1841) Ribald Classic

At times it still beguiles my mind,
Our Peterhof[1] Infirmitory—
Which more than one of us is sorry,
I dare say, to have left behind.
There roosted, one flight up, a little
Old lady, wrinkled, whiskered, brittle,
With one groom; she was all but blind.
That's where my anecdote is set,
But she's not in the story . . . yet.
It was her Polish waiting girl
Who, bold-eyed, crisp of tongue and curl,
Inflamed each gawky, grubby, muddled,
By turns hung over and befuddled,
Loudmouthed and terrified cadet.

Marysia's works and trim, at that,
Were lavishly worth looking at:
Bows, rigging, tumble home and sweep
Were sweet enough to haunt your sleep,
Stir up the sluggish blood at sight,
Flesh out the thoughts on which we thrive,
Touch tender spots, as if alive,
And drench your dreams,
five times a night. . . .

Once, after dreary duty missions
And sundry pints drunk end to end,
Prince B.,[2] who savored competitions,
Proposed a wager to his friend.
"I'll bet champagne, Lafá [and claim it!]:
I'll drill and thread that Polish wench
This very night!" "With your
limp wrench?"
"Nah . . . yours! A magnum? Eh?"
"You name it."

With this, they part. The sunbeams fade.
Dusk falls but does not deepen wholly.
There, like a freshly furloughed shade,
Assailed by qualms about his talent
To play the lady-killing gallant,
The prince most gingerly and slowly
Lets go the downstairs newel post
And sets one foot, then . . .
shshshsh . . . the pair
Upon the dark and creaky stair
That seems to tilt as well as coast.
The board—his Adam's apple shuttles—
Squeaks like a hundred djins in bottles
Uncorked at once; while any sound
Might rouse the place and he be found.

Then Polish dreams resurge and . . . whew!
His Khuj Yebveyevich[3] does, too!
(Who's lately had his downs and ups.)
He guggles down two shots of schnapps,
Then drops his clothes—
shirts, breeches, pants—
And spurs himself: "Hard on! Advance!"
("Don't make that noise! Down
on all fours!"
Friend Shubin[4] warns him
from outdoors.)

The prince, his courage primed anew,
Creeps up those stairs and never flinches;
He lifts a latch and blunders through,
Khuj Y. preceding him by inches.

He's in some room, all musty, shady,
Lit by a single flyblown globe;
An armchair holds the blear old lady,
Wrapped loosely in her quilted robe.
Her specs are off, her sight near zero,
Her seedy mobcap makes a screen;
"That's her!" thinks our
aroused young hero.
"Pluck up your prick!
[God's balls, I mean.]
Prick up your pluck, and do or die!"
Three steps, a lunge; he starts to fiddle
Deep in that unaccustomed middle,
Then (quite laboriously) sheathes
Poor Khuj Yebveyevich
home and breathes:
"Ah . . . got you, eh? This may seem rude,
But it's no use to raise a cry,
So here . . . you mustn't think
me lewd. . . ."
"Marysia!! Andy!! Eeeks . . . !
Oh, my . . . !
I think . . . I know!! I'm
being 'screwed'!!"

Lit by a sputtering tallow taper,
Andrey was slouching down the stairs
When thumps as of a drunken caper
And cries of wonder or despair
Came from his lady's room. In fright
He knocked, burst in. The feeble light
Fell on as whimsical a sight
As he had witnessed in his puff:
Hindquarters—skinny, pimply, rough—
Heaved in the musty gloom before him
Like gibbous moons on darkling heath;
Gasps, as of mixed emotions, bore him
Intelligence of life beneath.
Andriushka crossed himself and darted
His taper to the ghostly site;
The flame and dribbling grease imparted
Brisk motion to the satellite
And drew from the besotted petter
Some terms he hardly knew he knew;
Andriushka went him many better,
Picked up an oaken stick and drew
Some ridges on the lunar globe
As yet untraced by telescope.
Whacks splatter on the prostrate figure
As thick and fast as summer hail;
Andrey insults his birth with vigor,
He shouts for help, to no avail.
"Lout! I'm a prince, I'll have you know!
Hands off His Majesty's cadet!"
"Arrgh . . ." sneers Andrey,
"you Devil's brat!
I seen no princes have no go
At dry old maiden ladies yet."

Blows fly, much mother language flashes,
The ceiling's chipped, the windows ring,
A brace of vases spins and crashes,
The armchair hits the wall and smashes,
Loud ruin swallows everything.
The prince crawls off across the rubble,
A door . . . ajar . . . surcease from trouble?
And through this door, in hot pursuit,
Club raised and candlestick bent double,
Andriushka helps him with his boot.
Surprise and dark suspend new battles:
Drafts whistle through a windowpane;
Andrey has lost the scent and rattles
His cudgel down the walls in vain.
Not quite in vain, though: As it flounders
Along the floor boards, it encounters
Another, shorter (not by much),
Which offers signs to Andy's touch
Of having been quite lately nesting
In some slick scabbard. Interesting?!
A light! His popping eye perceives
A sheath as bare and pink as Eve's
At that glad hour ere, choked in leaves,
It trailed its mate from paradise,
The day the Lord invented vice.

And next . . . Marysia stood and hovered
In that shy Medicean pose
Which would (sweet, hopeless task!)
enclose
What was so deeply warmed and covered
By our young Mars before he rose. . . .

Lafá, still noticeably fruitful,
Strides from his nook like vengeful doom
And deals the groom a rapid snootful
Which sends him reeling from the room.
"Friends, musketeers! Peace for
the wedding!
Cadets, sheathe swords!" He hauls
the prince
From underneath some tangled bedding,
His refuge through these last events.
The scabbard finds a limp new saber,
But soon it proves a perfect fit,
And love's so-soon-redoubled labor
Makes child's (no, maiden's) play of it.
Blithe, though a mass of throbbing
bruises,
The prince, back in his pants again,
Drowns insult, and the face he loses,
In friend Lafá's just-won champagne.

There's no way back. . . .
But thank you, neighbors,
For joining me on this one trip
To where fine wines and eager sabers
Were sipped and dipped in comradeship.

---

[1]The site of the Imperial palace on the Finnish Gulf and of the nearby military academy from which the poet graduated in 1834.

[2]Prince Alexander Ivanovich Baryátinsky, a cadet one class above the poet's at Peterhof Academy; later a field marshal, after distinguished service as army commander and viceroy of the Caucasus in the Crimean War.

[3]An expressive personification (resembling, but more graphic than, the English Peter or John Thomas) of the male member.

[4]Mikhail Nikolaevich Shubin, a friend of the poet's.

—Freely translated by Walter Arndt

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

THE YEAR IN SEX

back by popular demand: a look at the advances—and the setbacks—of the sexual revolution during the twelve months past

LET'S FACE IT—it was a weird year. Only 12 months ago, we were treated to the comparative frivolity of Liz Ray's earning her Congressional salary on her back. In 1977, what did we get? Child pornography. Anita Bryant in a one-woman crusade against gay rights. Roman Polanski getting busted for what he did with a 13-year-old. Larry Flynt sentenced to seven to 25 years for foisting his bad taste on the public—a caper that was somehow interpreted by the judicial system of Ohio as engaging in organized crime. Surely, you say, there was a lighter side to sex in '77? Well, yes, there was Buck Henry, as Lindy, seemingly jerking himself off, ah, course over the Atlantic on NBC's *Saturday Night*. And the T-shirts that blared messages seldom before seen off latrine walls. And, lest we forget, the cocksmanship ratings published by coeds Roxanne Ritchie and Susan Gilbert in a Massachusetts Institute of Technology student newspaper commenting—by name—on the abilities of 36 not necessarily big men on campus with whom they'd slept. Surprisingly enough, sex surged forward in an area in which it had long been suppressed—that of organized religion. David Brandt Berg—the founder of a sect called the Children of God, who styles himself "Moses David"—recruited a bevy of good-looking chicks to be Happy Hookers for Jesus. (Don't ask us for their addresses; the whole gang has disappeared—rumor has it to Libya.) Meanwhile, the Vatican found it necessary to silence a homosexual Jesuit who dared write a book and Episcopal Church authorities got all kinds of flak for ordaining a lesbian. Most embarrassing of all was the case of the Episcopal clergyman in Tennessee who ran a rehabilitation farm for boys—and was convicted of using his charges as models for homosexual porn. Next year has just got to be better.

Katy Holiday, winner of the Farrah Fawcett-Majors look-alike contest at Ponderosa Sun Club in Indiana, is congratulated by emcee Gene Burton (above). Meanwhile, male sex symbol Sylvester Stallone (below right, in a poster pose that for a time outsold Farrah's) admitted he'd once been in a nude film—but not the one below left, the *Rocky* take-off *Hot Cookies*.

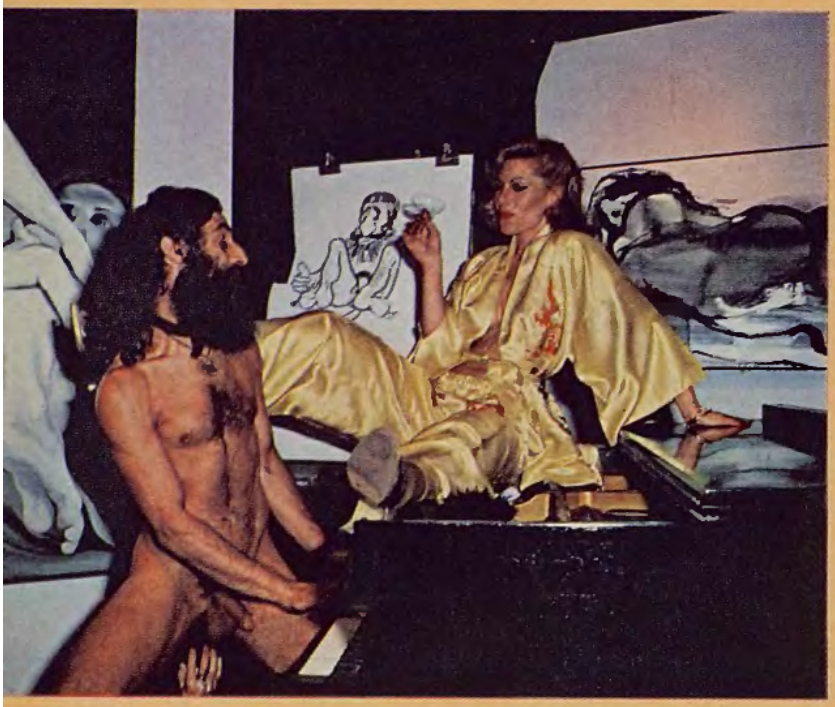
SEX SYMBOLS

Here it is, the poster that sold millions. One PLAYBOY reader, Jeff Kimelman of Philadelphia, wrote in to tell us the whole thing is subliminal; look, he says, for the word S-E-X spelled out in Farrah Fawcett-Majors' curly tresses. (No, we're not offering prizes.)

Cashing in on the Farrah phenomenon, a young actress in the porn film *Dutch Treat* (above) bills herself as Carrah Major-Minor. Meanwhile, back on the tube, Cheryl Ladd (below) became Charlie's newest Angel when Farrah balked at staying in the series.

Posters are the pinups of the Seventies, and here's a representative selection (clockwise from top left): Actresses Angie Dickinson and Karen Black (in a pose that poster entrepreneur Ted Trikilis of Pro Arts Incorporated says proved too hot for some of his distributors); singer/actress/Muriel Cigar spokesperson Susan Anton; actress Stefanie Powers and the ever-popular Edy Williams, who parlayed PLAYBOY photo by ex-husband Russ Meyer into a poster. Edy also made 1977 news by going topless at the Cannes Festival.

SEXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES



A little nude music by a pianist known as Sweet Pie enlivened opening-night festivities for the Robert Schafer Gallery, a new outlet for erotica in New York City's Soho district (above). At left, a photo by Charles Gatewood from "Rated X," a special exhibit at the Marjorie Neikrug Galleries in Manhattan. Less fortunate in having her artistic endeavors displayed was Joani Campbell of Akron, Ohio (below). Joani has a 1976 Dodge street van that she has painted with multicolored nudes inspired by PLAYBOY. But when she tried to enter it in a custom-van show at Akron's Chapel Hill Mall, a shopping-center official banned it from the exhibition—on the ground that the vehicle was obscene.

News from the world of sports: Bodybuilder Arnold Schwarzenegger, the Mr. Olympia star of *Pumping Iron*, wows the ladies on the beach at Cannes (left). Refusing to be beached at San Diego, shortstop Susan Craig (right), a Navy wife, kept right on playing for the Sea Bats softball team all the way through the ninth month of her third pregnancy. Mud-wrestling Schoolgirls, a topless night-club act (below), is featured in the movie *Jabberwalk*, a sort of American *Mondo Cane* documentary.

For a bit of lively night life, visit the Mitchell brothers' UltraRoom in San Francisco (above), where the action is viewed through two-way mirrors in private booths. In Los Angeles' art-gallery row along La Cienega Boulevard, the David Stuart Galleries featured Robert Blue's "Homage to Betty Page" exhibit, a tribute to Fifties model Betty Page, who was, among other things, our January 1955 Playmate (left). And to prove times have really changed, topless cellist Charlotte Moorman, whose act was busted at the Cinemathèque in 1967, did it again in 1977—on the stage of Carnegie Hall (below). In the world of dance, the all-male Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, whose version of *Swan Lake* is shown below left, made it onto network TV.

Famed San Francisco tattooist Ed Hardy plies his needle on Karen Ryan of Chicago at the International Tattoo Artists Association convention in Reno (below left); belly dancer entertains patron during trim at Applegate's hair-styling salon in Tucson, Arizona (below right).

SEX FOR SALE

Gadgetry of the year: A Dick Ring-Toss game (below), a boxful of vibrators called the "Doc" Johnson Sensual Encounter Set (top right) and—we suppose it had to happen—the Pet Cock (bottom right).

Whether or not you wear your heart on your sleeve, you can certainly wear a message on your chest. The X-rated T-shirt came into its own in 1977; above are some of the more publishable sentiments offered.

Above, jig-sawed lovers; below, Julie Newmar models her newly patented brand of panty hose, designed to round out the derrière.

Partygoers literally let it all hang out at the annual Hookers' Ball in San Francisco, a benefit for COYOTE, the prostitutes' rights organization (above), the success of which led the ladies to sponsor another shindig in New York. Below left, Uncle Sherman, the flasher doll, was joined by Aunt Sophie and a peekaboo T-shirt. Below center, joint smokers you can really get off on; and, below right, for those who like milk from its natural container, a genuine jug-shaped jug.

HOT OFF THE SCREENS

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MILKY WAY PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Too steamy for family hour, said CBS of Susan Anton's Muriel Cigar commercial (above). Less prudishly, *Men's Wear* ran the ad below. Question: Where's the guy's right hand?

Flasher window display in the Riding High–Vittorio Ricci clothes boutique in Westhampton Beach, Long Island, caused a local furor—and brought a lot of traffic into the store.

Vidiosyncrasies of the Year: The apparent emasculation of Richard Pryor, scissored by NBC (left); Buck Henry as a purportedly meat-beating Lindy on *Saturday Night* (above); George Urban, star of cable TV's *The Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence* (below left); and the cast of ABC-TV's controversial *Soap*, saga of impotence, adultery and transvestism (below right).

At the Adult Film Association of America's First Annual Erotica Awards show, *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* (with Jamie Gillis and Constance Money, below) captured Best Picture honors. Left: Singer/actress Carol Connors, distributors Arnold Himmelstein and Charles Bartos with special *Deep Throat* award.

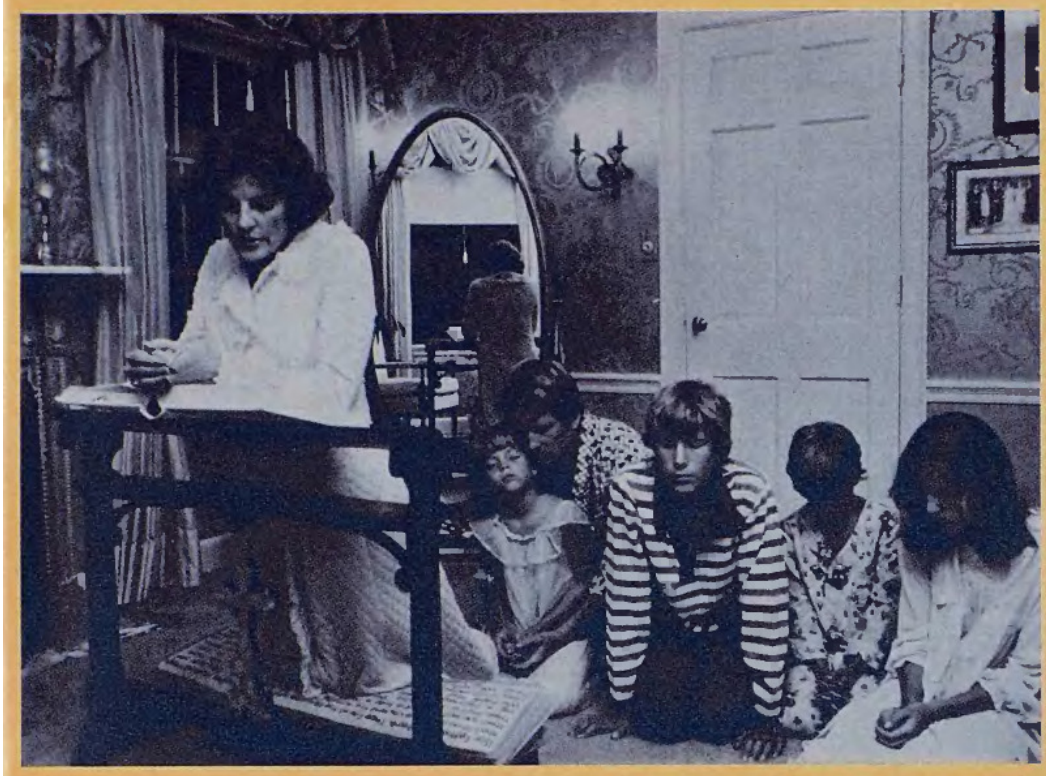
NEWSMAKERS

Ups and downs for gays: Crown Publishers, who gave us *The Joy of Sex*, brought out two similar volumes (top); Jesuit priest John J. McNeill, author of *The Church and the Homosexual* (above left), was officially silenced by the Vatican; lesbian Ellen Marie Barrett (above center) was ordained an Episcopal priest; 100,000 turned out for a Gay Freedom parade in San Francisco; and *New York* magazine did a cover story on gay clout.

Actress Maria Schneider (below) made news by stripping and offering herself to a diner at the San Roc on Spain's Costa Brava.

Disorder in the courts: Director Roman Polanski (above) pleaded guilty to charges involving a 13-year-old girl; Wisconsin judge Archie Simonson (below left) was recalled after saying, in effect, that women ask for rape; and Ohio go-go dancer Jeramiah Shastid (below right) forfeited bond on a disorderly-conduct charge for allegedly biting an overly aggressive female spectator on the ass.

The joke that wasn't bleeped: Lauren Hutton (below), angered at a Boston television interviewer's questions about her success secrets, explained it all: "I fucked around."



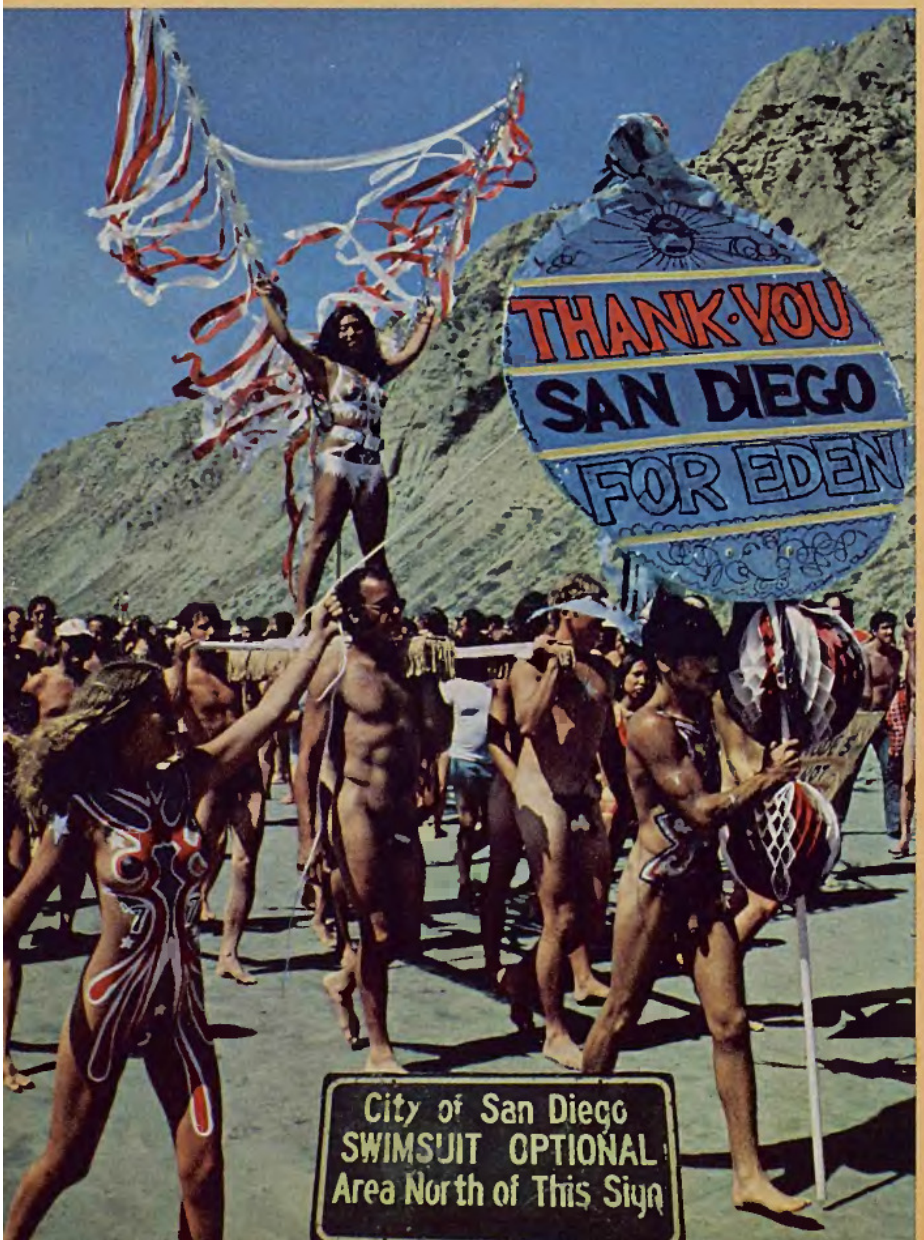
"I don't hate homosexuals, I pray for them," claims Anita Bryant, anti–gay rights crusader (above, with husband, Bob Green, children, Barbara, Bobby, Billy and Gloria). At right, a Chicago Gay Pride parade spoof of Anita (who was second runner-up in the 1958 Miss America contest) by Horses, Incorporated, performers Toni D'Anca, Joy Lieberman and Dary Dura.

Where are they now? Linda (*Deep Throat*) Lovelace (inset) is at home on the range in Nevada with husband, Larry Marchiano, toddler son, Dominick, and six-year-old stepson, Larry, Jr. (below). Liz Ray (right), who made a dinner-theater appearance in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, hopes to head for Hollywood—but negotiations on a film of her book, *The Washington Fringe Benefit*, have bogged down. Miss Vicki (bottom right), Tiny Tim's erstwhile bride, is making ends meet for herself and Tulip by hoofing it as a go-go dancer in New Jersey.

SKIN GAMES

Deep in the heart of Texas, Austin apartment-house operators opened 78-unit New Manor Apartments, their second clothes-optional complex (above). San Diego sun bathers staged "the world's biggest beach party," July fourth at Black's Beach (below); its swimsuit-optional status was put on the municipal ballot in September and the electorate nixed nude beaches.

What with all the fuss over Jackie Bisset's wet shirt in *The Deep* (above right), it's not surprising that wet-T-shirt contests sprang up around the country. A weekly one at Mother's, a Chicago singles bar, often ends up topless (above left); somewhat more decorum is observed by entrants in an after-game competition sponsored by the Atlanta Braves baseball club (below).



Below, a little bodywork displayed by participants in an event aptly yclept "Nudes-A-Poppin'," which took place at the Ponderosa Sun Club, Roselawn, Indiana.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD KLEIN

It's often been said that a little clothing is more erotic than none at all; hence, the appeal of the striptease. It must be true, since the promoters at Ponderosa deemed it necessary to enliven one of their nudist weekends late in July with a specialty act presented by Turk Johnson and Katy Holiday (right). Take it off!

Richard Bacon, Mr. Nude Galaxy, poses with Mrs. Richard Megna, Miss Nude Massachusetts, at Mr. and Mrs. Nude America contest (above); celebrity judge Marilyn Chambers with Naked City boss Dick Drost (below); Tracy Pete, Miss Nude World contestant, with robot friend Arok (right).

12
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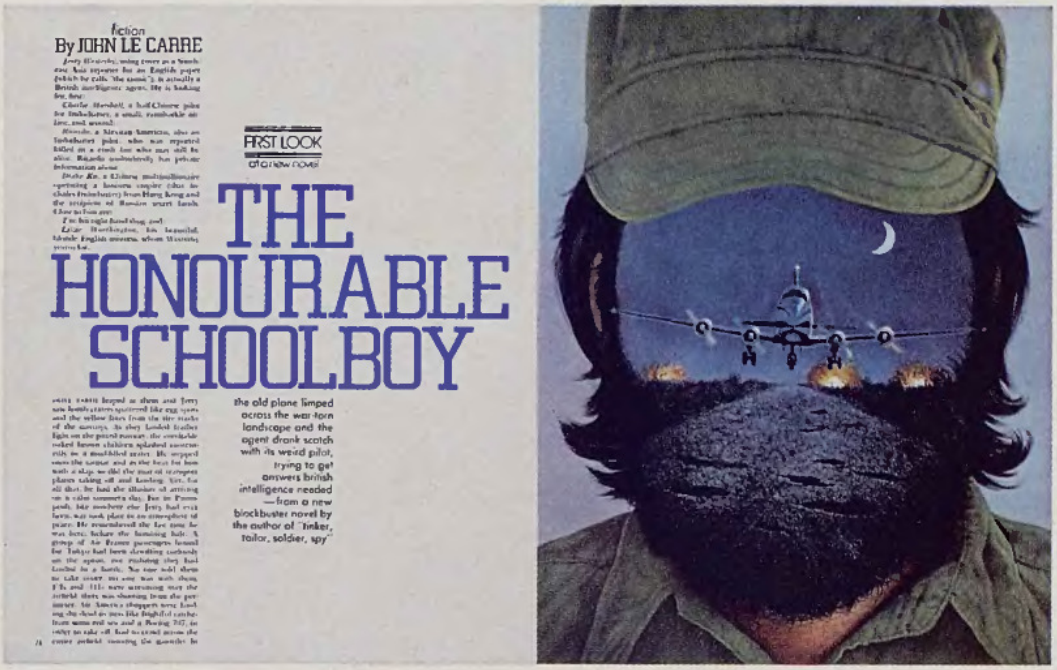
PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL AWARDS

announcing the prize-winning authors, artists and photographers whose contributions were judged by our staff to be the past year's most outstanding

WRITING

Best Major Work: Fiction



JOHN LE CARRE spent two years in Southeast Asia researching his latest spy thriller, *The Honourable Schoolboy*. Our prize-winning August excerpt follows Le Carré's British spy-hero through a wobbly flight in a dope-smuggling cargo plane to on opium den during the last days of the Lon Nol regime in Cambodia. (Our hord-pressed Copy Deportment voted its own award to Le Carré, for the best-researched, best-prepared manuscript ever submitted to PLAYBOY.) Runner-up is **Irwin Shaw** for our September-October excerpt of *Beggarman, Thief*, his sequel to the blockbuster *Rich Man, Poor Man*.

Best Short Story

PAUL THEROUX wins the first of two owards this yeor, a PLAYBOY first of firsts, so to speok. His *Adulterer's Luck* (July) is a subtly chilling tole about on Englishmon who tokes in a wildly beautiful Maloy girl, only to discover thot she is from a leper colony. **Jorge Luis Borges** is runner-up with *The Other* (Moy), a mysticol twist of the *déjà vu* theme.

Best New Contributor: Fiction

JUDITH JOHNSON SHERWIN's *Voyages of a Mile-High Fille de Joie* (April) is o delightful feminine retelling of Swift's story of Glumdolclitch and Lemuel Gulliver from Glumdalclitch's point of view. **Philip José Farmer** tokes second with *The Henry Miller Dawn Patrol* (December), his madcap tole of o horny old fighter pilot's sexuol sorties in an old folks' home.

ALTHOUGH IT IS COMMONLY HELD that writers and artists require intense starvation to fully develop their respective crafts, we don't subscribe to that theory at all. Which is the why and wherefore behind PLAYBOY's Annual Awards; we feed their muses hard cash in the belief that first-rate creativity should be rewarded with something more than bravos. The award-winning writers in each category will receive $1000 and each runner-up, $500. The winning illustrators will each receive $1000 and the runner-up, $500. The photography awards will be in four categories: $1000 for the best pictorial essay, $1000 for the best Playmate shooting, $500 for the best service feature and $250 for the best black-and-white photograph. And all get the silver medallion pictured here as a remembrance after the money's been spent. Staff members of all three departments had their say on the entries. The voting, admittedly, was accompanied by a great gnashing of teeth, but in the end we came up with the winners. Our congratulations to all.

Best Nonfiction

ASA BABER takes first prize far his paverty-defying leap into the commodities market, from which he returned to pen *Yau've Really Got to Be an Animal* (July) and warn us that dawn in the pits, it's dag eat dog and only the chickens survive. **Peter S. Greenberg** takes second with *Good Night, Sweet Prinze* (June), an account of the life and death af Freddie Prinze.

Best Essay

D. KEITH MANO, everybody's favorite shart persan, comes up seven feet tall with *Racky Mauntain Hype* (March), his cynical cauterizatian af the Calarada Rockies culture, hitherta universally advertised as the best alternative ta aur natianal insanity. **Paul Theroux** takes his second award, this time as runner-up, with his evacative *Bewitched by Older Wamen* (May).

Best Humor

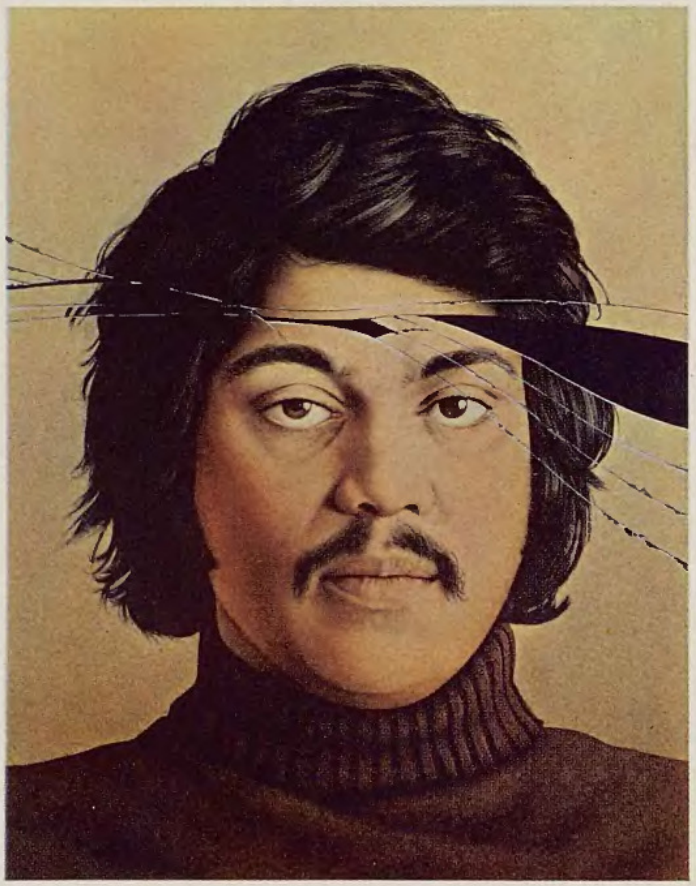
MARSHALL BRICKMAN, who praved forever that he's a funny man by co-autharing the script of the mavie *Annie Hall* with Waody Allen, wins with *The Book of Coasts* (February), in which the matter of which coast is culturally supreme is resolved scripturally. **Art Buchwald**'s *Down the Seine and Up the Potamac* and **Jay Cronley**'s *Camping Out* (both September) tie far second.

Best New Contributor: Nonfiction

ROY BLOUNT JR. is our first pick far *Chairman Billy*, a beer-saaked gaad-ole-boy profile af our President's irascible, shaat-from-the-mauth brather (November). **Clifford Irving,** af Howard Hughes haax fame, takes secand far *Jailing* (November), his biographical recaunting af his experiences in the slam. Needless ta say, it was a far cry fram the pleasures af the isle of Ibiza.

ILLUSTRATION

Best Nonfiction Illustration



ALAN MAGEE was almost reluctant to accept the assignment of illustrating June's *Good Night, Sweet Prinze*, because, he says, "I thought it had the potential of being vulgar." But much of the 30-year-old Maine resident's work has "a lonely, tragic quality," so he undertook the task. The resulting arrestingly stark water color, his first illustration for PLAYBOY, was judged a winner.

Runner-up: Best Nonfiction Illustration

CHARLES BRAGG, honored for his illustration of Asa Baber's *You've Really Got to Be an Animal* (July), is widely known throughout the country as a satirical painter. His work has appeared in such disparate places as the racks of greeting-card stores and the walls of Moscow's Pushkin Fine Arts Museum. His depiction here of the horrors of competition at the commodities market has just the right bite.

Best Fiction Illustration

KATHY CALDERWOOD is a fine artist whose work has frequently been exhibited throughout the United States. Recently, she decided to re-enter the commercial-illustration field after a four-year layoff. Her illustration for Paul Theroux's *Adulterer's Luck* (July) is an acrylic painting that Art Director Arthur Paul says has "a tremendous sense of design and craftsmanship."

Special Award

BRAD HOLLAND has been illustrating our *Ribald Classics* for a decade. His work has won many awards for PLAYBOY and many of his best *Ribald* illustrations are permanent pieces in PLAYBOY's touring art show, "Beyond Illustration." His political art appears regularly on the "Op-Ed" page of *The New York Times*.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Best Pictorial Essay

POMPEO POSAR wins for his delicious exposition of Patti McGuire, our C.B. Playmate of the Year, in last June's issue. We've received truckloads of appreciative letters on the Pompeo-Patti pictorial, compared with merely bushels of mail about previous Playmate of the Year spreads. Of Posar's photography, Photo Editor Gary Cole says, "It's always relaxed, frank and sexy."

Best Playmate Pictorial

ROBERT SCOTT HOOPER's award is noteworthy because his portraiture of Debra Jo Fondren (September) was his first Playmate shooting, though he photographed the now-famous pictorial *Sex and the Automobile* that ran in May 1973. Bob composed Debra's gatefold in his back yard, erecting a screen so that his neighbors couldn't see in. Eat your hearts out, neighbors.

Best Service Pictorial

Best Black-and-White Photograph

MARIO CASILLI captured the zany atmosphere created by mimes Shields and Yarnell as they become literally smashed by an assortment of alcoholic desserts pictured in our December issue. Casilli did the offbeat shooting in his Altadena, California, studio—which was once the public library. Mario also shot our precedent-shattering Barbra Streisand cover in October.

NORMAN SEEFF snapped this unusual shot of John Travolta for the February *On the Scene*. Photography Editor Gary Cole says of Seeff, "Norman deals with the famous in a unique way. He's a true celebrity photographer, as close to the photographer in the movie *Blow-Up* as you can get. He has this fantastic ability to bring out his subjects as you never saw them before."

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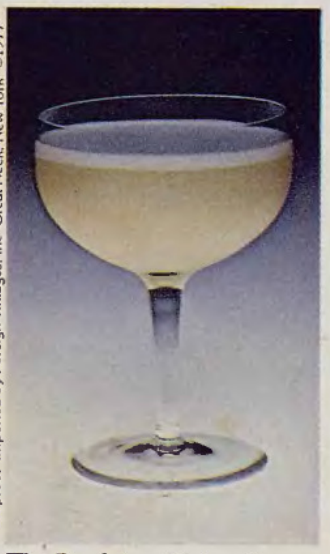
But a word of caution. There is only one Amaretto di Saronno. Remember this. Because if it is not Amaretto di Saronno that you drink, it may not be love after all.



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The Bambino. Mix 1 oz. Amaretto di Saronno. 1 oz. Sweet Cream. 1 oz. Vodka. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain and serve in champagne glass. For free drink and food recipe booklets, write: Foreign Vintages, Inc., 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021.

Amaretto di Saronno. Originale.

From the Village of Love.

 (continued from page 174)

"Another innovation that met with instant acclaim was the elimination of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

practice sessions. Even if the team I chose went on to win the Super Bowl in its first year, I might be at best praised for my acumen as an architect of victory, which would leave matters more or less where they stood before and bring the bitter taste of ashes to my mouth. I did not wish to be congratulated for gypsy luck or gypsy guile—what I wanted was a gigantic demonstration that the entire system of choice in the modern world was founded on illusion and the frivolity and towering egos of theory-bound gurus and false messiahs in all theaters of endeavor. The reputation of the *class* of men who had dismissed me and scores of other players after one week on a hot practice field would have to be shattered and the mindless belief in their powers held by their countless followers dissolved into dust.

I would have to create not one team but a confederation of teams, a league of rejects who would play a full, scheduled season of games, under the pitiless eye of the television camera and in the full glare of publicity, to choose a winner among them that could then challenge, successfully, the victor in the pompously named Super Bowl.

In the middle of the summer, when the dejected athletes were beginning to stream back to their homes from the training camps, I had my staff prepare lists of positions, addresses, phone numbers. All this was done quietly, without fanfare. Equally quietly, I made the round of cities that had what I considered suitable or at least tolerable stadiums. The major cities were, of course, already taken, but if Tampa could support a major-league football team, what forbade Tallahassee, Toledo, Trenton from also enjoying the pleasures of first-class sport? Out of decent respect for luck, I included Montpelier, the capital of Vermont, among my choices. My guarantees were in cash, the advantages of my having a television network at my disposal were mentioned, old favors were invoked. When necessary, politicians were bribed. In every case, I signed firm contracts for five-year leases. Actually, no risk was involved. From the point of view of my complicated relations with the Internal Revenue Service, a loss of venture capital over that period would prove more profitable than not.

The same reckoning applied to the contracts I offered the players. As I had anticipated, almost every one of them responded eagerly to my explanatory telegrams. They felt, as I knew they would, as *I* had on that fateful day when I was turned away, that they had been denied their fair chance at fame and fortune and were ready to jump at this unexpected second opportunity to prove themselves. There was to be no bargaining for terms—each man was to be offered the same sum, $30,000 a year for two years, with a no-cut clause and a no-limit insurance policy in case of injury.

The selected players themselves, their names taken at random out of a hat, were to elect their own head coaches, assistant coaches, club managers and staff. I promised in no way to interfere with the running of any of the clubs after the offensive and defensive 11s, the special teams and the taxi squads had been picked by lot in my office and assigned, again by lot, to the various cities with which I had contracted.

Many of the replies I received to my telegrams to the players I had rescued from lifelong obscurity were embarrassing in their expression of gratitude. One letter from a player who had probably majored in English literature contained a quotation from the works of Thomas Gray:

> *Full many a gem of purest ray serene*
> *The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:*
> *Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,*
> *And waste its sweetness on the desert air.*

"Dear Mr. Romanovici," the scholar-athlete wrote, "I guarantee I will not blush unseen. Thanks to you."

I welcomed him among the chosen in a letter written in my own hand.

Naturally, my activities did not go long unnoticed. Howls of pain rose from the owners of the established clubs, suits were filed in the courts—to no avail—the newspapers, those guardians of the public welfare, poured abuse on my head, as I had expected. One eminent syndicated sports columnist, who also was in much demand as a commentator for special events such as the Olympics and championship prize fights, reached a new low in competitive prose by writing, "The gypsy has raided the henhouse." He was a peculiarly distasteful man, but I hired him at twice his yearly income to serve as chief commentator at the games of the new league. His attitude suffered a not surprising sea change in his new position and the authority of his famous voice made instant stars out of a good many of the players in my employ.

I refused to compete head on with the National Football League. Our games were played on Wednesday and Friday evenings, when the viewing public had recovered from the weekend satiety with the sport. At first, I refused all advertising sponsors, contenting myself with a modest announcement before the start of play at each half that the spectacle was being presented (tax-free for me) on behalf of one or another of my national companies. Because of this, I did away with the endless time outs and tasteless promotions of beer, razor blades, laxatives and armpit protection that made the viewer pay a high negative emotional price for his pleasure. This simple improvement met such a huge response with the public that before the first season was half over, I was besieged with offers from advertisers for the same minimum, low-key and now demonstrably effective exposure.

Another innovation that met with instant acclaim was the elimination of the singing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* before the start of each game. I had never seen the connection between watching an exercise in professional brutality and patriotism and the polls I had taken among the spectators on the spot and the television audience in their homes confirmed my belief that the usual roar that arose as the anthem came to its last notes was not a demonstration of allegiance to the nation but a sign of relief that the game was finally going to begin.

Indulging myself in a long-standing prejudice, I forbade the marching and foolish tootling of high school bands between halves. If my clients liked parades and martial music, they could join the Army. Instead, I picked rock combinations at random, merely by placing small advertisements in the specialized journals devoted to what has always seemed to me to be mindless noisemaking, but which I recognized as a part of our current culture, and had the groups that flocked to my office perform when the athletes were off the field. The change was greeted with screams of joy, especially among the younger element, as the pathetically underpaid musicians in outlandish costumes who answered my invitation blared away under the lights in the autumn evenings.

I even went so far as to improve the quality of the frankfurters and rolls to be hawked in the stands and the high percentage of sales per spectator was satisfactory evidence to me that the national palate had not been permanently ruined by the years of munching on plaster-of-Paris rolls and the sweepings of the abattoirs of America.

With all this, the experiment would have been a failure if the play itself had not been up to standard. By constant exposure, the public had become a body of sophisticated critics and they responded gratifyingly to the reckless ferocity shown by the athletes who had nothing to lose

and everything to gain by giving their utmost efforts at every moment of the game. Professional football has been compared all too often to the gladiatorial combats of Rome, but here, at last, the simile almost achieved the status of actual fact rather than remaining another example of rhetoric born in the feverish minds of bemused journalists.

In short, in the first season, the Players' League, as I named it, turned out to be a huge success, but I made no claims and carefully refrained from issuing any challenges to the older league.

But the next year, when one of the less successful teams in the new confederation happened to be conducting preseason practice in the same area in which one of the N.F.L. teams was preparing for the upcoming campaign, I innocently suggested to the owner of the club, who was a friend of mine and owed me a favor, that it might be useful to stage an informal scrimmage between the two teams. With no spectators or newspapermen present, of course. My friend did not leap at the opportunity and was not encouraged by the reactions of the other owners when the idea was presented to them. I reminded him, gently, of the favor he owed me, which was no less than keeping him out of Federal prison for at least three years, and he consented, with the worst grace possible.

The scrimmage was duly held, with ambulances coming and going. No scores were kept and no official word was vouchsafed to the newspapers, but the rumors were delightful. Two weeks later, my friend called me to say, bitterly, that it would have been better for him if he had spent the three years in prison.

Confident now of the future (wrongly, as it developed), I suggested no further relations between the leagues and through the season allowed the sportswriters to do their work. By December, the clamor for the meeting between the two champions was irresistible. I pretended to be loath to risk my inexperienced young men against the triumphant veterans of the N.F.L., and the clamor swelled into an uproar. There was even a speech on the subject on the floor of the Senate in which the doctrine of free enterprise was invoked and fair competition under the democratic rules of the game was mentioned. My hesitation paid off in my dealings with the N.F.L. and was reflected in certain concessions that were finally included in the contract, chiefly concerned with the percentages assigned to the two parties involved. But try as I would, I could not persuade the opposing lawyers to agree to the sale of the improved frankfurters and rolls I preferred. I am not a stubborn man and at the end gave in gracefully on this point.

We were lucky, or so it seemed at the time, that the race in our league was undecided until the last Sunday in December, which kept the attention of the public, especially the bettors among them, riveted to our games, while the championship in the N.F.L. had become a foregone conclusion early in October, with the Dallas team monotonously running up lopsided scores against all opposition and finishing the season undefeated, with the absurd combined total of 620 points gained to 34 points scored against them. At their own Super Bowl, they won 56 to 17 and there were empty seats in the stands.

By a happy coincidence (for me), Montpelier was the victor in our league and grimly went about its preparations for the test ahead of it.

•

The Sunday of the big game dawned clear and balmy. The Las Vegas line indicated a Dallas victory by 24 points. I had avoided Texas almost successfully during my career and was not prepared for the delirium, inflamed by drink, with which the natives of the Panhandle celebrated, well in advance, the massacre of the invaders from the North. One would have thought that Davy Crockett, smiling and in perfect health, had strode forth from the Alamo on Saturday evening.

The stadium was a bedlam of sound, even before the game and the warming-up period of the two teams and during the marching of the massed high school bands, a ceremony I had been unable to prohibit.

We won the toss and Montpelier received the kickoff. I was sitting with my wife in one of the ornate boxes, high above the field, in which a family could live comfortably for months. At the beginning, I watched with composure as Montpelier ground out yardage and advanced steadily toward the Dallas goal. But even as the crowd groaned with each new first down, I began to feel uneasy. There was something methodical, craftily planned in the manner in which the Dallas defense yielded territory. It seemed to me, if not to the other spectators, that they were *permitting* Montpelier to gain, allowing plays to form and surge forward so as to be able to study, with disturbing serenity, the separate moves that constituted the Montpelier offense. Even before Montpelier scored within the first six minutes, I suspected ambush.

By the middle of the second quarter, my suspicions proved to have been all too well justified. After the first score, Montpelier hadn't managed another first down. The Dallas defense was subtly rearranged and handled our best runners and pass receivers with ridiculous ease. Meanwhile, the Dallas offense moved the ball smoothly through huge gaps in the Montpelier line and their receivers were more often than not completely in the open for long receptions, short receptions and bruising and ground-devouring screen plays.

By that time, I was down on the field, on the bench, which now resembled an encampment of soldiery in full retreat, all hope gone, waiting only for the final blow that would sweep them all from the face of the earth. The coach, Bo McGill, who had led a Kansas high school team to a state championship, seemed to have fallen into a numb reverie as the score mounted against us, and even our spotters in their booth above the stands had drifted into dejected silence.

The crowd, wild at the beginning, was now delirious and amused itself by cheering us when we managed to gain inches on a play or when our quarterback, exceptionally, managed to get a pass off without being knocked off his feet, even if the pass harmlessly dribbled a few yards into territory where not a single Montpelier jersey could be seen.

On the bench, all thought seemed to have come to a complete and dreadful halt, as though every mind in what had been a group of intelligent and resourceful men had been subjected to a new and much improved industrial deep-freezing process. Needless to say, *my* mind was racing. In the heat of the moment, I felt, melodramatically, that everything I believed in, everything I had accomplished was faced with failure and doomed forever to mockery.

At the half, we were behind 27 to 7 and all indications pointed to a final score for Dallas of between 50 and 60 points. As we walked off the field to the accompaniment of loud, ironic applause, I had finished my calculations. I had figured out, or imagined I had figured out, why the disaster had overcome us. A team that had started out as inspired amateurs had through the trials of two seasons turned into experienced professionals. In other words, experts. Predictable, playing just the sort of game that Dallas had feasted on since August. The Dallas team was composed of experts, too, but superexperts, with long years of experience behind them. If we were to have any chance against them, we would have to play unpredictably, inexpertly, at random, ignoring completely the percentages and statistics that by now were burned into McGill's consciousness as they were into the consciousness of every other professional coach.

The poor man was near tears as we reached the locker room, which resembled a forward medical station during the battle in the Ardennes rather than a football locker room. "Mr. Romanovici," McGill said brokenly, as he pulled me aside to a corner of the room, "I hereby tender my resignation. I would like to remain indoors for the second half. Give out any story you wish—tell the papers I've had a heart attack or that I slipped and broke my leg—anything. . . ."

"Nonsense, man," I said, putting a soothing hand on his arm. "You'll do

nothing of the kind. You'll go out on the field with the team and you'll look cunning and confident. You may even smile if you catch a camera pointed in your direction."

"Smile, man," McGill said. "I'm not going to smile again for the rest of my life. What is there to smile at?"

"We're going to change our tactics," I said.

"Change tactics!" McGill was spluttering now. "What do you think I've been doing? I've tried every trick in the book."

"In the book," I said. "There's the trouble. You're now going to throw out the book."

"What do you propose?" McGill asked, with just the merest hint of curiosity.

"First of all, we are now going to encourage the boys to block and tackle." After our first touchdown, the power and deception of Dallas had thoroughly intimidated the Montpelier team and the blocking and tackling had gone from being tentative in the first quarter to a demonstration of the gentlest courtesy in the second.

"Block and tackle," McGill groaned. "How do you expect to arrange that?"

"In a minute, I'm going to ask for silence in the locker room," I said, "and I'm going to make a little speech."

McGill hit his head in despair. "Mr. Romanovici," he said, "these men are professionals. This isn't a high school team that you fire up with a pep talk between halves. You could read them a new Sermon on the Mount and they'd still lose by forty points."

"Listen to my speech," I said and climbed onto a rubbing table and called for quiet. The room had not been noisy. There had been only a small whispering, like the fall of rain on a newly dug grave, until now, and that stopped abruptly at the sound of my voice. "Gentlemen," I said loudly, "there is no need to dwell on our performance in the first half."

A small sigh, like a vagrant wind, swept the room.

"We are now going to forget it and get on with the business of winning a ball game." As I said this, two of the players sat down on the floor and turned their faces to the wall. "We are going to be a different team in this half. For one thing, as of this moment, there are no regulars on this squad. We are going to put in the suicide squad and they are going to stay in there, on both offense and defense, as long as it seems wise."

"Mr. Romanovici," McGill wailed, "they never even ran the ball once in practice all season."

"I understand," I said. "But they all have their playbooks, which I believe they are charged with memorizing."

"Memorize," McGill said. "You don't beat Dallas out of memory."

"I don't like to bring it up, Coach," I said, "but we don't seem to be beating Dallas with the team that's been running the ball ever since August, do we?" I turned back to the men. "In going over our roster," I went on, "I see that most of you at one time or another in your careers in high school and college have played various positions. We have twelve ex-fullbacks on the club, who now back up the line or fill in at guard or go down under punts. In this half, you may very well find yourselves carrying the ball three times in a row. Let me ask you gentlemen a question. How many of you have ever thrown a forward pass in a game? A show of hands, please."

Ten hands went up.

"Some of you or maybe even all of you," I said, "may be called on, when the occasion seems propitious, to throw a pass or pretend to throw a pass and run with the ball when that seems advisable to you. Any member of the team may also discover that he is playing a position, on either the defense or the offense, that he has never played before. For the next thirty minutes out on that field, there are no set offensive and defensive units. There are forty-three football players and that is all."

"I am going back to Kansas," McGill said, "by the first plane." But he said it in a whisper, for my ears only.

"There is an excellent play by a distinguished Italian author, unfortunately now dead," I went on. "The title of the play, translated into English, is *Tonight We Improvise*. The writer of the play, if my memory is correct, won the Nobel Prize. I am asking you to take heart from his title and do as much this afternoon to win a mere football game."

Here and there on several faces I could see a fugitive gleam of hope, but the general mood was still one of abject surrender. So far, McGill's warning that professional athletes could not be moved by locker-room appeals was an accurate appraisal of the situation. "One more detail," I said, holding up my hand as some of the athletes, looking like men on the way to their own execution, prepared to leave the room. "If you win today," I said flatly, without emotion, "each member of this club, including coaches and trainers, will have his winning share doubled by me."

The men who were moving toward the door stopped dead in their tracks. "What's more," I said, "again, if you win, each and every player, coach and

"That isn't just another jive Christmas list, Charley—it's nonnegotiable."

trainer in our confederation, the men you will be facing for the rest of your careers, will receive a bonus of ten thousand dollars." I did not feel I had to add that what they would be faced with in the following seasons would be either lifelong gratitude or murderous fury.

A curious sound could now be heard in one corner of the room, like the growling of wild animals some distance off. The growling grew to a roar, frightening and inhuman, and filled the locker room, and the athletes were jostling one another in their eagerness to race out onto the field.

McGill helped me down from the rubbing table. His face was white. "Shades of Knute Rockne," he said. "One for the Gipper. Two for the bank. Permit me to shake your hand, man."

We shook hands gravely and went out, walking slowly and in a dignified manner, to the bench.

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On the kickoff, the team swept down the field like an assault of dervishes inflamed by visions of heaven, impervious to wounds or death. The kicker, who had not made a tackle since his sophomore year in high school, brought the runner down on Dallas' 21-yard line. He hit the man so hard that the ball spurted out of the melee and was scooped up by a lumbering tackle who fled across the goal line with the speed of an Olympic 100-yard-dash man. The kick for the point was good and the score after just a few seconds of the half was now Dallas 27, Montpelier 14.

From then on, the ambulances came and went. The ferocity of play was so great that I told myself that if I were in a position of political power, I would abolish football except in prisons and commando camps.

"It's like nothing anybody has ever seen before," McGill kept whispering hoarsely beside me, as safety men dropped quarterbacks behind the line of scrimmage, ends threw passes, tackles drifted, guards changed positions with halfbacks and plunged for first downs or ran lonely weird pass patterns into the end zone. Our kicker, because of his new enthusiasm for going down under his own kicks, was hurt, but a substitute center fell back and *drop-kicked* a crucial field goal from 33 yards out. Barefooted. Blockers appeared in places that reason told they could never reach, tackles split wedges like walnuts, men whose names had hardly ever made the line-ups called signals, ran away from their interference, instead of behind it, and galloped toward the Dallas goal, broken plays were the rule rather than the exception as the heat of battle made men forget their playbooks entirely and scramble savagely through pile-ups. I had the firm impression that none of our players knew what he was going to do or actually did on either the offense or the defense and the spotters were screaming helplessly over the telephone lines to the bench.

With all order gone and confusion rampant, Dallas began to disintegrate. Since our men usually had no notion of where they were going, there was no way in which Dallas, a highly trained, logical group of athletes, could foresee any development, and the poor Dallas fullback was heard to say, as he was thrown out of bounds by four tacklers, "Why the fuck don't you guys play football?"

Still, with only seconds remaining in the game, Dallas led 34 to 30. On the side lines, McGill stood with his back to the field, staring desolately up to heaven. The ball was on the Dallas 30-yard line, but even if we had had a place kicker we could depend upon, three points would still leave us on the short end of the score. We used our last time out and the last substitutes trotted onto the field, one of them with instructions from me to call for an end-around play. A halfback who had been out of the line-up for the last four games with a concussion of the brain started toward the bench, moving in a peculiar manner. Suddenly, I realized that he thought he had been pulled from the game and was heading for the bench, which would have left us with only ten men on the field, making whatever play we ran invalid. I shouted at him to stand still and he came to a halt two feet from the side line, a puzzled look on his face.

The ball was snapped, the quarterback scampered to his rear and turned to hand the ball off to the right end. Just as the end reached the quarterback, he and the quarterback were hit simultaneously by the *left* end, who, he told me later, had thought he had been designated to run the play. The three men dropped to the ground as though they had been felled by sledge hammers and the ball spurted out of the melee and back to the 50-yard line, with what seemed like dozens of players racing for it and bodies dropping on all sides.

Our left guard, who had thought it was a pass play and had come back to protect the quarterback, managed to grab the ball and run backward. Meanwhile, the halfback who had thought he had been removed from the game was walking pensively, all alone, his head down, toward the Dallas goal.

"Throw it! Throw it!" I yelled.

Surrounded by Dallas players, his eyes blank with fear, the guard, who in eight years of football had never thrown a single pass, leaped above the menacing hands all around him and threw a wobbly, end-over-end high pass that moved so slowly you could count the lace holes on the ball. The halfback, walking all alone toward the Dallas goal, turned, as though he had just remembered he had left something behind him, and was hit in the chest by the ball. It bounced off him and above his head. He put his hands up as it came down and he had it. He was only ten feet from the goal line and he limped across it, put the ball down in the end zone and dropped on it.

Final score, Montpelier 36, Dallas 34. The silence of the crowd was funereal as our players ran hysterically off the field. McGill was so exhausted he had to be carried to the locker room by two trainers.

•

The official celebration of our victory came in March, after the checks had been mailed out to all the teams in the confederation. I hired the large ballroom in the Waldorf Astoria for a banquet for over 2000 of my guests, who included all the personnel of the eight clubs and whatever family and lovers of either sex they wished to invite.

I made the only speech. I thanked them one and all, announced that I was retiring, because of reasons of health, from all connection with the sport, though I would, of course, keep a strong sentimental attachment to those once-scorned athletes who had needed only a fair second chance to show their worth. Bo McGill would succeed me as president of the confederation. I didn't say so, but I feared that another game on the bench would endanger his life. In farewell, I announced that I was turning over the ownership of the teams to the men themselves, though naturally I would expect to be paid back through the years for my original investment. I did not bring up my strongly held belief that wanton charity is counterproductive. The announcement gave rise to a wild demonstration, in which 1000 glasses were broken and half that number of chairs were destroyed in various ways. The next day, the newspapers hailed my gesture as a landmark in creative capitalism.

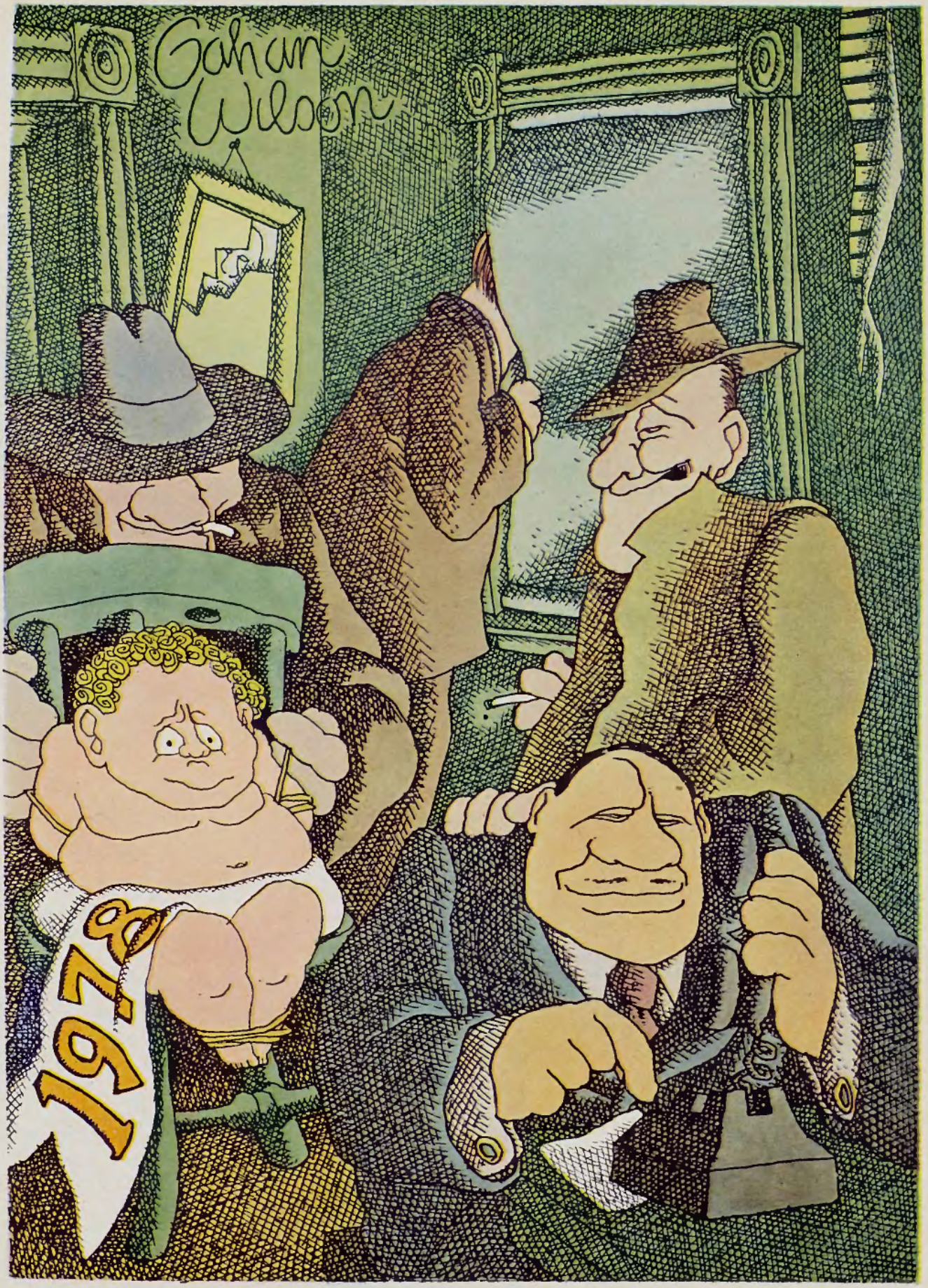
I left the Waldorf before the celebration reached its peak and later, without hesitation, paid the quite impressive bill for damage done to the premises.

•

On my next visit to my poor demented friend, the geologist, in the clinic in Connecticut, I explained to him over a bottle of Jack Daniel's, his one remaining interest in the world outside the walls, something of what had happened. As he drank, he nodded politely, but I could see his mind, such as it was, was on other things. "There's a fellow here," he said, "I believe he's something of a chemist, worked for Dupont, the rumor goes, who claims he's discovered a new process—I think it's a cheap way of producing hydrogen for fuel. Dupont laughed at him. I told him about you and Vermont and he said he'd like to meet you. Should I call him in?"

"By all means," I said.

Since then, I have visited the clinic 20 times in two months.



"I really got to hand it to you, Danny!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

THIN TO WIN

Even Ralph Nader can't complain about the Diet Fork, because it's one product that works because it's not supposed to. For $8, postpaid (sent to Things Unlimited, P.O. Box 415, Streetsboro, Ohio 44240), you'll get back a silver-plated utensil that won't spear a sweetmeat or pick up pie. Even cottage cheese falls through its curlicued tines. And after all those pounds have been pared, the fork can be recycled into a bracelet for your tiny wrist.

COME FLY WITH ME

All you aging fly boys and junior birdmen with a five-spot to spare should send it to Jon Wm. Aldrich at P.O. Box 2123, Newport Beach, California 92663. You'll get back a huge list of such vintage World War One and Two aviation goodies as a genuine-leather flight jacket for $125 and leather helmets that come in at about $25 to $35. And every 60 days or so for the next year, Aldrich will automatically send more flack on his latest discoveries in order to keep 'em buyin'.

IT CAME OUT OF THE SKY

For the first time, the big boys in Washington, D.C., are releasing films of unidentified flying objects and cassette-recorded interviews with people who witnessed something odd. The prices of films range from $5.75 to $271, with cassettes going for from $6.20 to $18.40. Order the complete lists and take your pick by writing to the National Archives, Motion Picture and Sound Recording Branch, Room 20-E, Eighth and Pennsylvania NW, Washington, D.C. 20408. Then you can decide if seeing is believing.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

If you'd like to see your likeness or that of someone you love or hate caricatured in either painted terra cotta or bronze, contact a laid-back young sculptor named Joel Hurst at 1714 N. High Street, Columbus, Ohio 43201. Hurst works from photos; all he needs are close-up frontal and profile (both sides) shots, plus info about a person's hobby or occupation. And his prices are laughably reasonable: $125 for a hand-colored 10" terra-cotta likeness and $300 for one of solid bronze.

ROLLING STOCK

Mr. Whipple might not approve of your squeezing a roll of horoscope toilet paper, but once he gets his hands on a few sheets, he won't be able to resist reading it. Three double packs are available for $13, postpaid, from Oh Dawn!, Inc., 60 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019. Leos are majestic, Cancers are home-loving and Virgos are thrifty. At over two dollars a roll, not too many Virgos are going to be pulling for this product.

RICH LATHER

To commemorate 200 years of lathering up royal chins, Kent of London is producing a $750 sterling-silver shaving brush (with silver stand) that's comprised of God knows how many natural badger hairs, each of which has been sorted and shaped by hand. It's available on special order from Alfred Dunhill, Ltd., 620 Fifth Avenue, in Manhattan. And if $750 is a bit steep, Kent makes a smaller size that goes for a mere $500.

GETTING UNDER SAIL

Frankly, we can't think of a nicer way to escape the mid-winter doldrums than to sign aboard one of Offshore Sailing School's week-long Learn to Sail courses that are based out of Sarasota and Captiva Island, Florida, or Tortola in the British Virgins. A week's tuition is $199 ($249 in Tortola), not including room, board or air fare, arranged through Offshore at 820 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017. At the end of the week, you'll be able to handle a Soling Class sailboat with the best of them. Where next, Captain—Bora Bora or Tahiti?

PROOF PROOF

For all those who occasionally drink and then drive, Universe Affiliated International, 609 North Union Avenue, Hillside, New Jersey 07205, is marketing for $42.75, postpaid, a pocket-sized device called a Breath-Alyzer that indicates just how much alcohol you have on your breath and the number of hours it will take to dissipate it. To get a reading, just breathe on your Breath-Alyzer and see where the needle stops. The green zone indicates you're slightly intoxicated, the yellow means you're fairly well zonked and if you're in the red, buddy boy, make that one for the road a cup of *very* black coffee.

FAIRY STORY

Wave a pair of Magic Herbal Wands over your secretary's head at work and you'll probably get nothing but dirty looks. Follow the wands' directions in your bedroom, however, and neither of you will make it to the office for a week. Magic Herbal Wands cost $15 a pair sent to The Fantasy Factory, 186 West Fourth Street, New York, New York 10014, and for that kind of bread, you *know* they're filled with the stuff that erotic dreams are made of, including snakeroot for stimulation, fennel for lust and Veronica for fidelity. We'll take two wands to go. Double the fennel and hold the Veronica, please.

AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF © 1977 CALVERT DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY
GIFT PACKAGE AVAILABLE IN MOST STATES

Soft Whiskey gives them something extra. Inside...

and out.

The extra on the outside is a swing-open panel showing 8 super drinks they can serve. Soft Whiskey for the holidays: just a little extra thoughtfulness from you!

"'The energy level was on full blast—a voyeur's wet dream. I had never seen so many group scenes.'"

extraordinary-looking girl with a pretty, slightly Oriental face, long dark hair and bangs and a fine slim body being tragically wasted by not being caressed.

She was speaking to a young, swarthy, soft-spoken man who turned out to be her husband and she kept looking in my direction. From the snatches of conversation that floated my way, I soon realized she was speaking about me and about a number of things I had written.

I had a choice: Either keep leaning farther and farther forward to hear what she was saying, risking falling off the sun deck and down the mountain, or else be blunt about trying to catch what she was saying. I chose bluntness.

I got up, strode over to them and said, with what I hoped was merry nonchalance: "Go on talking, pretend I'm not here." Instead of laughing, they obeyed my instructions: They went on talking and pretended I wasn't there, but they stopped talking about *me*. I stood there a while longer, feeling like a complete schmuck, then walked away. Later I saw Dianne alone, reading tarot cards. I asked her to read them for me and she did—incredibly shyly, eyes averted from mine. Despite her shyness, I definitely felt she was intrigued with me, but she and her husband had to leave in a little while to attend a party down the mountain. They planned to return to Sandstone later that night. She hoped I'd still be there.

At Sandstone, the presence of hubbies is not the deterrent to having carnal knowledge of Jewish writers that it is in most other places, so I stuck around till almost midnight before I finally gave up and left.

Not long after my return to New York, I got a letter from Dianne that had been forwarded from the PLAYBOY offices in Chicago. The letter said she had gone back to Sandstone very late that night and was disappointed not to find me. I kicked myself for not having waited another hour, at least. The letter went on to say that she was shy in general but was particularly shy with me because she knew something of me through my writing and because I seemed to see right through her.

"I play shadow a lot," she continued, "though at Sandstone I'm opening up, socially and sexually. I've learned to trust more people and have found people truly worthy of trust there. When I first started going, I couldn't believe that I could be open, nude, sensual, sexual, and still be able to be selective and say no and have it be accepted graciously. I'm trying to learn to be a little more sexually aggressive when I'm turned on. I try to hide it if I'm sexually attracted to someone. I think I'll put them off.

"I'd like to see you again," she concluded. "I go up to Sandstone about once a month with Bill—my best friend, lover, gadfly, partner in crime, husband. We live in the San Francisco Bay area. I work as a computer technician full time and as a craftswoman and designer (macramé wall hangings and jewelry lately) part time. Bill is a communications engineer. I've never identified with being a groupie. But I definitely feel something I haven't felt before."

I kicked myself a lot more for not sticking around that night, had a few fast fantasies and wrote to her, saying how sorry I was to have missed her and that I hoped to see her if and when I ever returned to Sandstone.

Her second letter was a bit more specific:

"I had some light fantasies about you," she said. "You have such sweet kisses in my fantasies—butterfly soft and with much warmth. I fantasize we are in a Japanese hot tub and we are embracing. From time to time, we pass a tiny ice cube over our bodies—it must be a fantasy; the ice cube rarely melts. The sensation of tiny cold with so much hot water is so exciting. . . . I agree to be tied with something soft but firm on my wrists. Then you tease, lick, kiss me all over until I cry for mercy."

I spent a lot of time having Japanese fantasies about hot tubs, tiny ice cubes, teasing, licking, cries for mercy. My work was beginning to suffer. Dianne's next letter went into great detail about her most recent visit to Sandstone:

"The energy level was on full blast—a voyeur's wet dream. I had never seen so many group scenes. One man was playing a woman like a cello and she was making heavenly music. I watched one woman take one after another of a line of men. Two women were acting out their fantasies of having many men in one evening. I have never made love with so many people as I did that weekend. I was superaroused."

I spent a goodly amount of time fantasizing about women being played like cellos and taking on entire regiments of men, all of them me. Shortly after Halloween, Dianne wrote to tell me how she and Bill had had temporary caps in the shape of fangs made for them by their freaky dentist and had gone to Sandstone that weekend in costume:

"You would not believe how turned on people were to me," she said. "First they would kiss me and tongue my teeth. Before long, they would try to suck them out of my mouth. A couple of kinkier folks wanted me to go down on them with fangs on—I was very careful and only lightly touched my teeth to them. They came instantly."

My fantasies were so cluttered by then with hot tubs, tiny ice cubes, women being played like cellos and fangs that I could scarcely move around in them. Yet another letter from Dianne—this one signed Puss-puss—defined where this allegedly shy young woman was at about sex:

"I really like sex—alone, with someone else or in groups. I like women and I like men, but I don't like everybody. Usually, the only people I fuck with are my friends—people I know and trust. Have no fear—I like you. And even though you are probably as crazy as I am or crazier, I trust you."

I hungered to frolic crazily with Dianne, with or without fangs, ice cubes or cellos, at Sandstone or anywhere on earth, but I still doubted it would ever happen.

Then PLAYBOY called to say Sandstone might be closing and to ask if I wanted to go back and find out why. I phoned Dianne and told her I hoped she'd meet me there. Perhaps, had it not been Christmas weekend, she might have gone to Sandstone alone and we might have had a reasonably ordinary affair. Since it *was* Christmas, she and Bill went down together and a quite different sort of experience ensued. But I suspect you will be able to see that as we go along.

It developed that Sandstone was not going to be open for business on Christmas Eve, when I was scheduled to arrive in Los Angeles, but it would reopen at noon on Christmas Day. Dianne and Bill arranged to meet me at the Los Angeles airport at 7:45 on Christmas Eve, along with a girlfriend of theirs whom I shall call Anna, and we four would have dinner and fritter away the night together in some fashion before going up to Sandstone on the following afternoon. It wasn't crystal-clear to me precisely what my role was to be in all of this.

"Listen," I said to Dianne on the phone, "is Anna supposed to be my date, or what?"

"We all are," Dianne replied. Ominously, I felt at the time.

•

I step off the plane in L.A. at 7:45 P.M. on Christmas Eve and Dianne is waiting for me at the gate. She is taller than I remembered—about six feet in her boots—and when we kiss hello, it is strange, because, though we have become outrageously intimate in letters, we have not done more than speak shyly in the flesh.

Bill and Anna are waiting for us inside

the terminal. We are all nervous, the more so because nobody will admit it, and we make lots of self-conscious jokes while waiting for my baggage to arrive and then later, while dining in a seafood restaurant on the ocean, all done up with Christmas decor and seeming as out of place as Christmas decor always seems to me in tropical climes. Nothing particularly sexual is said during dinner and I am utterly baffled about what the *segue* is going to be into whatever it is that we are supposed to be doing afterward.

What we do afterward is to drive to Anna's house, to matter-of-factly have Anna convert the convertible sofa in the living room into a bed and then say good night to her and watch her disappear into her bedroom with Bill. Dianne and I get into bed and, self-consciously at first, make love till four A.M. L.A. time, which is seven A.M. *my* time, and I do as well as it is possible for me to do knowing that Dianne's husband is in the next room, listening to her orgasmic screaming, which is at first not so hot and then, after a while, a good deal better.

The next morning, we get up to the discovery that there is no food for breakfast and that during my flight from New York, my flask of liquor has broken inside my suitcase and saturated my socks and underwear with vodka.

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We are driving up to Sandstone on Christmas Day, Dianne and Bill and I. Anna has not accompanied us, as she has to pack for a trip to Tahiti, but I needn't worry—I called Sandstone and a friend there has arranged a "biological balance" for me—which does not mean a 150-pound frog to play teeter-totter with me but, rather, a mate of the opposite sex, which is required of everyone who expects to be admitted to the grounds.

It occurs to me to say to Dianne and Bill that it is a shame that, since Sandstone may be closing this week and this may be my last visit, I will never have the experience of being there with a Primary and of working through my jealousy when she makes it with another guy. I don't know why I have said this. Having a woman of mine make it with another guy and working through my jealousy about it are right up there on my list of things to do after going sky diving with a pillowcase.

"Yeah," says Bill, "it's too bad you're going to miss that experience."

"Yeah," I say, and then add with a chuckle: "Unless, of course, I develop a Primary relationship this *weekend*."

We drive up the frightening but picturesque roads that lead through the mountains to Sandstone and arrive there just before dusk. The place is just as I'd remembered it—the large main building built around the goldfish pond, the fountain in the pond still the noisiest thing on the grounds. The views of the mountains all around us and of the ocean in the distance are still spectacular. I spot several people I'd met on my earlier visit and feel very much at home.

It is certainly not warm out, but Dianne and Bill invite me into the outdoor Jacuzzi and, throwing caution and my clothing to the winds, I slip out of the chilly late-afternoon December air and into the hot waters of the Jacuzzi. Here is who is in the Jacuzzi with me: Dianne, Bill, Annette—whom I'd spent some time with on my last visit; a blonde girl who is introduced as Lee from Philadelphia; a sweet, outgoing guy named Conan, who is a surfer, and Angela, his Primary. Conan is exactly what you would expect a Southern California surfer to look like: long blond hair, incredibly muscular body, sensational tan. Before Conan took the name Conan from a comic-book hero, word is that he was a brilliant medical student. Then, goes the story, he did a lot of acid, it messed up his head and he gave up medicine to become a surfer. I have never asked Conan if all this is true—it's a perfect story and if it's made up, I don't want to know about it.

Conan's girlfriend, Angela, is bouncy and funny in a Louise Lasser kind of way. When she hears I'm up here to do a story about Sandstone's rumored closing, she pretends to pout—she was going to write one, too, she says, and if she tells me her title, I must promise not to steal it.

"What's your title?" I say.

"*Sandstone Goes Down for the Third Time*," she says.

The view from the outdoor Jacuzzi is of the mountains and, way down in the distance, of the Pacific. The sun begins to set, periodically looking over its shoulder to see if we're picking up on the exquisite shades of orange and pink and purple it is cooking up in the process. We are. Dianne puts her arms around me and, though hubby Bill is scarcely an arm's length away, we begin to hug and kiss. I have had nothing to drink or to smoke, but I am feeling high and a little dizzy.

By and by, Bill and Annette and Conan and Angela and Lee from Philadelphia slip out of the Jacuzzi and go inside. Dianne and I remain in the water and, as the sky turns to a very deep purple, we continue to kiss and hug. Where last night's lovemaking with Dianne was new and exciting and passionate, what is happening now is soft and gentle and unbearably sweet.

We finally get out of the water to go inside, only to linger on the deck to do more nuzzling and fondling and kissing and hugging. There is something going on here that is a wee bit more than raw sex and it seems to have been sneaking up on us for several hours and, what with the presence of Bill and the context of Sandstone and everything else, the Lord only knows what would be appropriate for me to feel about the whole thing.

We go inside and sit down on one of the couches opposite the fireplace in the huge open beam-ceilinged living room. Dianne disappears and comes back wearing jokey black stockings and a black garter belt and spiked heels. We sit and talk awhile, feeling very mellow about each other, and then someone tells Dianne that Conan is looking for her downstairs, that he wants to practice the belly-dancing act I've heard they are preparing. Dianne goes downstairs and is gone for well over half an hour. At length, I get up and ask a young lady who's just come upstairs if she has seen Dianne.

"Oh, yeah," she says. "I've seen her, all right. Five of us have been watching her and Conan making it for the last half hour. When they were done, we all applauded—it was an incredible show."

At first I am unable to deal with the feeling that spreads over me, because it doesn't seem like anything I owned or needed or expected to be buying, especially now, especially here in this very special context. What the feeling is is jealousy. And loss. And sadness. And anger. And betrayal. And rage. And, mainly, jealousy. And it all seems highly unlikely and highly inappropriate, and yet there it is. What I am feeling is ridiculous. Listen, I tell myself, if you can put what you are feeling into a sentence, you will see how foolish this is and you will stop it. I put it into a sentence. The sentence is this: BILL'S WIFE IS BEING UNFAITHFUL TO ME. It is funny. It does not make me laugh.

I sit down on the couch again and wish they allowed liquor up here and consider going out to the car and opening my suitcase and sucking on my socks to get the last bit of vodka out of them, and I try to make some sense out of all this. Well, I tell myself, you *did* say that you were sorry to be missing out on the experience of jealousy, and now here it is, we had some left after all, it was way in the back, behind the other merchandise, you're lucky to find any, there's been such a run on it lately, such a demand, but congratulations and wear it in the best of health.

Well, I say, now that I have reasoned the situation out, now that I know it is inappropriate to be jealous in this context, now that I have evaluated the thing as a mature adult, I will be able to act as a mature adult and function in a manner that is appropriate to the situation and to my being a mature adult. What I will do is I will ignore Dianne the rest of the weekend and I will make a big thing out of making love to all the other attractive women in the place whenever she's around and not to her,

and that is the mature, adult thing that I have decided to do.

Dianne comes back into the room, still wearing her stockings and garter belt and heels, which I no longer find either amusing or attractive, and sits down beside me on the sofa and puts her arms around me and nuzzles my neck.

"I have something to tell you," she says. "I was just downstairs with Conan. We made love. I didn't know what he had in mind when he called me down there—I thought he wanted to practice our belly-dancing act. But then he wanted to make it and I wasn't going to, and then I just sort of gave into it. I don't know why I'm even telling you this, but, for some really crazy reason, I feel like I was unfaithful to you. Isn't that crazy?"

I turn around to look at her and she puts her arms around me and I feel a rush of warmth and I tell her how I had planned to ignore her the rest of the weekend and blatantly make it with other girls in her presence. She smiles and I decide that she is really a fairly terrific woman, after all. But I am still sticking to my plan.

There is a marvelous gourmet-type dinner, which Dianne and I and Bill eat seated on the couch. While we eat, I ask Bill if he ever feels jealous.

"Never," he says. "Well, mostly never. I mean, jealousy implies ownership, and you can't own anybody. Sometimes, though, there is a time thing. Like, if Dianne is with a lover of hers back home and she is supposed to come back that night and she doesn't, or if there is a special occasion, a special holiday, like Christmas, and if I have planned to be with her then and she has made other plans, well, like, *then* I might feel a little bad, yeah. But, otherwise, I love her enough to want her to be happy and do whatever it is that turns her on."

I tend to believe that is how Bill really thinks. I have heard other people at Sandstone say the same thing—almost the same words, in fact. This means either that they are like-minded or that they are repeating it by rote in hopes that they will convince themselves they really feel it. I suspect that most of them really feel it. I suspect they are made of sterner stuff than I am.

At the conclusion of dinner, a young lady who has had her name legally changed to Sky and who has a brown dog up at Sandstone by the name of Brown Dog and who is wearing only a white-rabbit-fur vest, lies down on the living-room carpet not far from the Christmas tree and two or three close friends begin to fondle her in a leisurely manner. Dianne turns to me and takes my hand and stands up.

"Come on," she says. "Sky looks like she needs some help."

We go over and sit down next to Sky on the carpet. I do not know Sky, but I decide that this may not be a relevant consideration. I begin to fondle her along with the others: first her face, and then her breasts, and then on down into the bush, where—surprise, surprise—I find two other hands already busily at work.

Paul Paige, the *Gestalt* therapist and marriage counselor and ex-Marine who up till now has been Sandstone's director, looks benevolently in our direction.

"The record for the number of people on the water bed down in the Playroom is nine," he says. "Who thinks we can break it?"

Not knowing or caring whether he means breaking the record or the water bed itself, Sky and friends of Sky get up and amble downstairs to the Playroom and onto the water bed in question and we count ourselves. There are 11 of us on the bed in the vast dimly lit room lined with king-sized mattresses, and we quickly get down to business.

I have been on the old Queen Elizabeth in a hurricane in the Atlantic Ocean and on the S.S. Jerusalem and the S.S. Negbah in storms on the Mediterranean Sea in which there was a definite feeling that we were going to capsize, but I would like to tell you that tonight, on this water bed with 11 people humping to different drummers on different sections of the water, I am having a far rockier experience.

At some point in the proceedings, it seems to me I see a familiar face—the blonde girl whom I met in the Jacuzzi, Lee from Philadelphia, who I've just been told is my official biological balance tonight. I reach out to kiss her and say, "I believe you're my date tonight."

"Oh, no," she says, "I don't think so."

"Aren't you Lee from Philadelphia?" I say, cradling her in my arms.

"No," she says, "my name is Norma."

"Well, Norma, what the hell," I say, and begin foreplay with her, anyhow.

Norma and I get into it as heavily as if she were my date and before long various members of the Water Bed Eleven

"This year I've resolved to listen, or at least stay awake."

begin to disperse and all that is left at the line of scrimmage is the bodies of Norma, Dianne and this reporter. We continue for a time in a spirited fashion, and then we finish and Dianne drifts upstairs and Norma and I continue awhile alone.

At a certain point, the building begins shaking. Norma and I stop what we are doing and look nervously upward. We are not that far from the San Andreas Fault, and the tremor we have just felt is maybe nine on the Richter scale, but what it finally turns out to be is not an earthquake, after all, but the people upstairs, who are fucking so hard that they have, in true Hemingway fashion, made the earth move.

I duck into the least open of the doorless bathrooms for an impromptu try at a private poop—Sandstone feels as strongly about openness in toilet as openness in sex—and am no sooner settled than in walks Sky, who smiles at me and asks if she can use the shower. I say sure and she gets into the shower. Although I am relentlessly sentimental about poops in private, I am almost able to rationalize that I am alone until Sky, in her shower, begins to chant a succession of sustained Omlike notes. I hastily finish up and high-tail it out of there.

When I go back up to the living room, I see the *real* Lee from Philadelphia and note that she and the *false* Lee from Philadelphia look alike not even remotely, and it is very male-chauvinist-piggy of me to have made the mistake. The real Lee from Philadelphia turns out to be a very amusing person—most people here at Sandstone are unusually bright and most have nice senses of humor—and we sit down on the carpet and are soon joined by Dianne and Bill.

I am sitting on the carpet, wearing my Jockey shorts, with my head on Dianne's breasts, joking with Bill and Lee and Dianne. Dianne has changed out of her stockings and garter belt and heels and into high black-leather boots with four-inch heels and a heavy leather butch belt. Her legs are bent at the knees and her knees are spread, so that my view through them is as through a giant Winston Churchill V-for-victory sign. All at once, there appears before me and Dianne the head of a young man we haven't noticed before, framed in the V of Dianne's knees. He peers in at us and says to Dianne as follows:

"Excuse me, do you mind?"

"Do I mind what?" says Dianne.

"Do you mind?" is the sort of thing one might say to indicate that one wishes to play through on a golf course or in a supermarket or to suggest that the person in the row ahead of one at the theater should remove her hat, but the young man peering in at us through Dianne's knees is using it to indicate that he wishes to perform cunnilingus on her.

I find the query altogether unsettling: "Do you mind?" raises the question of whether or not one would mind what should be not minded but *relished*. ("*Excusez-moi, mademoiselle,* ze chef has prepared for you ze breast of oriole stuffed wiz chestnuts in ze sauce of flaming Grand Marnier—*do you mind?*") It demeans not only the asker but the askee, the implication being not only that the cunnilinguist is inept but that his client is so undiscriminating that she probably *wouldn't* mind.

The young man repeats his question. Dianne, acting, perhaps, out of politeness, perhaps out of inertia, indicates that she doesn't particularly mind and the young man buries his face busily in her groin. Perhaps he really *is* inept, or perhaps Dianne is either not in the mood or simply rude, or both, but no further notice is taken of the guy for the next ten minutes or so by either Dianne or her husband or Lee or me. Dianne continues to joke with us as before, apparently oblivious to the industrious slurping being perpetrated at the bottom of the V. At length, having been totally unapplauded for his performance, the hapless performer stands up to even further lack of ovation and skulks away.

I am to see similar episodes involving other inept performers in further situations this weekend and I am to hear this selfsame piteous phrase, "Do you mind?" from all of them. They hang around at the fringes of somebody else's feast, like the jackals I've seen watching lions feed in Kenya, waiting for the scraps of a meal they didn't feel entitled to be invited to initially. I suspect that jackals are no more relished at Sandstone than they are in Kenya.

After the jackal departs, Dianne pulls off my undershorts and Lee tosses them across the living room to a girl named Nancy—a perky psychology student from Antioch who is doing field research working at Sandstone as a cook—who first plays catch with them, then puts them around her neck, and that is the last I see of them all night. I have begun to nibble on Lee, as much to please her as to displease Dianne. (What, you thought all this healthy sexual activity had cured me of my baby rage at Dianne for fucking Conan?)

After a suitable period of nibbling, Lee suggests that we and Dianne and Bill go downstairs, where we proceed to spend the next hour or two taking turns massaging and being massaged, being worked on with scented oils, getting as slippery as hunks of raw calves' liver in pans of pure Wesson Oil. Lee decides it is time to go back to Philadelphia and leaves. Bill and I remark on what a nice girl she was.

"I particularly enjoyed that threesome we had with her on the water bed," says Dianne.

"We didn't *have* that threesome with Lee on the water bed," I say, amazed that Dianne may be a bigger male-chauvinist pig than even I. "We had that threesome with *Norma*."

There is a definite air of abandon and excess here this weekend that is different from what I felt on my previous visit. I chalk it up to the last-fling mood of the members due to the seemingly impending closing.

Why *is* Sandstone closing—assuming it is? If it is, the reason has to do with the following, depending on whom you get your information from: The word is that the owner-investor board of directors feels that Sandstone isn't bringing in enough on its investment. One way to bring in more money is to make Sandstone more commercial, expand the facilities, add more buildings, make it two or three times its present size, make it into what many of the members contemptuously call a sexual Disneyland.

Most members of Sandstone feel that what they are a part of is a human-potential-movement growth-and-development center that only incidentally includes sexual activities. ("Do you realize," at least three members say to me at different points throughout the weekend, "that some people come up here to get *laid*?" "You're *kidding* me," I reply.)

At any rate, the members feel that their image in Los Angeles is that of a fuck farm now and they have already begun to attract an unsavory element: On a recent weekend, a male guest got so upset by the fact that his girlfriend was interested in making it with other men that he punched her out in the bathroom. The members feel that to expand the facilities and the membership as the investors intend would be to kill off whatever sense of intimacy and family still remains. It is hard to argue with this view.

The original Sandstone ranch at this writing is up for sale for about $650,000. The members tried to see if they could get together enough to buy the place and chipped in between $500 and $2500 per couple. This would have enabled them to borrow $200,000, which wasn't enough, so the latest development is that the members have bought a new property in Chatsworth, California, which opened in August 1977 under the name Sandstone III Club.

An attractive black-haired woman named Morgan, who tells me she is a fellow writer and does mainly sonnets, has been living at Sandstone for several weeks now and would like to see the place become a health and healing center more than a sex center.

"Look," says Morgan, "in the human-potential movement, sex is out now, anyway. Everyone's bored with it. And Sandstone isn't taken seriously down the hill anymore. People just want to come

"In here, everyone, we're Caroling!"

up here to swap wives. The other day, I saw somebody I didn't know in the living room in a bathrobe and I thought, What the hell is that stranger doing in a bathrobe in *my living room?*"

Morgan sighs.

"This place is not the real world, you know. After I'd been here for two weeks, I took my first trip down the hill to a restaurant and it felt so strange—I couldn't figure out at first why none of the people in the restaurant were naked."

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Saturday night's activities end about 3:30 A.M. on Sunday. Bill and I sleep on opposite sides of Dianne, cuddled up in the cozy compartment in the Ballroom called the Cave.

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Early Sunday morning, I am awakened by somebody giving me a quick peck on the lips and racing off. All I see as I open my bleary eyes and try to focus is the blurred shape of a fast-disappearing female with short dark hair—the Phantom Kisser.

Sunday is traditionally a quiet day at Sandstone, everyone resting up, nursing sexual hangovers from the excesses of the night before. Dianne and Bill and I help ourselves to the unbelievably good cheese-and-mushroom omelets dished up by Joe the cook, who is not only a cook, he tells us, but a performer who has recently auditioned for something on TV called *The Gong Show*, wherein amateurs proceed to do their acts onstage until a panel of celebrities feels they are so awful that they sound a gong to make them stop.

"The act I auditioned," says Joe, "starts off with me dressed in a breakaway tux, singing, doing an impression of Louis Armstrong. Then I rip off the breakaway tux and I'm in my leisure suit, and I begin singing in my regular voice. They never called me back after my audition, but I think I know why. My act was too professional for them."

We carry plates of Joe's fantastic professional food out onto the sun deck. As I pass Paul Paige, wearing only a shirt, he asks if I have managed to locate my missing undershorts. I say I haven't. He roars with laughter. Pointing at my nakedness, he quips, "I see you're letting it all hang out now."

Breakfast on the sun deck is quite pleasant till the sun slips behind a cloud bank, and then it gets very chilly. Dianne and Bill and I decide that a swim in the heated indoor pool might be just the ticket for a chilly Sunday afternoon. We make our way to the pool house, which is deserted and still, and slide into the body-temperature water and paddle about.

I am feeling sweet things about Dianne, having cuddled with her all night and forgiven her finally for her unfaithfulness, but caressing her in front of Bill is still giving me pause. It is true that Bill has given me tacit permission to do whatever I please with her, has implicitly said, like some literal Henny Youngman, "Take my wife—please," and yet. . . . And yet what? And yet in some sections of our culture, not more than, oh, I don't know, 99 44/100 percent of them, making love to another man's wife, especially in his presence, is thought to be, well, rather poor form.

There is, of course, also the possibility, no matter how remote, that Bill will suddenly have a momentary attack of amnesia, forget that he is at Sandstone, where alternate-side-of-the-street parking regulations are suspended on wives and he will become vexed enough with me to crush my skull into Kitty Litter.

To openly romance Bill's wife in front of Bill is also to evoke those ancient demons from baby years when there was only one woman in the world and her name was Mommy, and though you and Mom had this terrific naughty, delicious thing going on, there was a definite realization that she was still lavaliered to that 12-foot deep-voiced, scratchy-faced tower of terror called Daddy and that he was not likely to be thrilled at finding himself aced out of Mom's affections by any three-year-old cuckolder of a kid.

Hi, Bill, howya doin', buddy? I half-paddle, half-pull myself and Dianne over to where Bill is resting against the side of the pool and place one friendly, reassuring hand on his hairy chest—howya doin', guy?, whattayasay there, pal?—as with the other arm I encircle Dianne's shoulders and begin to nibble wetly around the base of her neck and hair. The hand on Bill is to show him it's OK, he's part of it, no cuckolding going on *here*, for God's sake—a sort of lightning rod to draw off any sudden dangerous flashes of energy, should they strike. It is strange, grounding myself on the husband while energizing the wife. Very eerie. Very exciting. Not only to break taboos but to slice them open and probe their hot and pulsing insides while they're still alive and wiggling.

Determined to make Bill feel even more a part of the proceedings, I place Dianne's warm, wet body between us in the water and put both hands on Bill's shoulders, hugging her between us like a piece of lunch meat—a Dianne sandwich. The exercise continues to be alternately arousing and deflating and we continue disporting ourselves thus for an indeterminate length of time, watches being among the many things we have left behind with our clothes and our traditional moral codes.

When the tips of our fingers have puckered into little white raisins, we leave the pool and pop into the sauna, where, once again, I marvel at the willingness of people to go into hot, tiny, airless spaces without even being led there at gunpoint, and then we return to the main-building living room.

On the stereo is a weird German album they were playing last night, a strange combination of electronic sounds approximating cars whizzing past on the highway, accompanied by a German vocal group singing what sounds like "Fun, fun, fun on ze autobahn."

On the couches and in the chairs, people chat or read or merely doze. Behind one of the couches are two huge poufs filled with shredded polyurethane foam. Dianne and Bill and I sink down onto the poufs and relax. Soon Bill and I find ourselves caressing Dianne alternately and then together. And soon, while I continue to caress her, he begins making love to her. I am feeling very weird, indeed. In the background, the surrealistic German electronic cars are whizzing past us on the highway and the vocal group is chanting, "Fun, fun, fun on ze autobahn," and Bill is humping this woman whom I no longer seem to be able to identify, and pretty soon the entire image blurs and it's a little difficult to see. . . .

Oh, yes, just take a look through the binoculars here: There you are, that group right over there, very unusual to find this particular species these days, but that's the female there with the longer hair, you see, and the one with the mane and the horns there is her mate, and that other fellow is the, well, temporary lover, I suppose you'd call him. Now the mate is servicing her, and now it looks like, oh, good, you're going to get a chance to see this, it's the *lover* now who's taken over and is servicing her. Odd, isn't it? but her mate seems to be aware of what the other one is doing, and yet he isn't the least bit. . . . Normally, of course, there'd be a frightful row, usually resulting in a fight to the death, but, for some reason, this particular species appears to accept it. Rare breed, actually, found chiefly in this particular range of mountains. Dying out, though, it seems. Shouldn't wonder, actually. . . .

At some point in the afternoon, Anna arrives to take Dianne and Bill back down the mountain and out to the airport for their flight home. I feel a great sadness beginning as Bill goes to pack and Dianne and I go downstairs to take a farewell shower together.

In the shower, with the steam enclosing us in a surreal fog and the needles of hot water stinging our backs and rumps, Dianne and I hold each other closely for perhaps the last time.

"It's silly," I say, "but, for some reason, I felt this weekend that it was you and I who were the couple and not you and Bill."

"I know," she says. "When we were making love in the living room and Bill got in between us, I thought suddenly, Who's *that?*"

We have been in the shower a long time, longer than people are supposed to

be in showers. Anna and Bill appear, clothed and packed and irritated that Dianne is still not dressed. I feel guilty, Dianne feels harassed. Shooing them away, Dianne begins to dress. I tell her I felt they were the mommy and the daddy, coming to scold us for tarrying. Dianne says she felt it was *we* who were the mommy and the daddy and they were the restless children we sent out to play. All in all, I find her fantasy the healthier one.

At length, we are dressed. I walk out to the parking lot with them, hug and kiss Anna and Bill and Dianne goodbye, but they are, to all intents and purposes, already gone and so am I, the business of formal leave-taking not being the strong suit of anybody present. I wave goodbye to their car as it starts down the mountain in the gathering gloom and I climb back up to the main house, suddenly feeling the effect of a weekend of almost continuous lovemaking and a total of about 20 minutes' sleep.

Within the hour, darkness has descended and all guests but me have departed, leaving Sandstone in the hands of a skeleton crew of a half dozen of its staff and friends. Nancy the cook is there, and Joe the cook, and Conan and Angela, and Sky in her white-rabbit-fur vest. We eat a small, sedate dinner in the living room and I try to articulate to them the strangeness I am feeling. It is old stuff to these seasoned veterans, of course, they have heard it all before, but still they are patient and gentle. Nancy produces my Jockey shorts and reveals she hid them last night at Paul Paige's suggestion, his feeling being that I would have a freer time here without them (it apparently never occurred to him that I might own more than the one pair). Sky reveals to me that she was the Phantom Kisser who awakened me so sweetly early this morning.

Somewhere the strange German electronic album is still playing: "Fun, fun, fun on ze autobahn," with the electronic cars whizzing past. I gaze at the huge foam-filled pouf where we'd spent much of the afternoon and I feel very empty. That night, I curl up and sleep alone in the Cave.

The following morning, I awake to badness. War has broken out inside my body: The stomach is having a food fight and thinking of settling it by heaving everything up through the throat. The musculature has decided to recall all the muscles and is in the process of yanking them in and rolling them into a ball, except that they won't come loose and a bunch of them are snagged around my forehead and neck so tightly I can hardly see.

Outside, it is raining hard enough to restrict visibility to about six inches. It looks like the second Deluge and anybody with any sense is scrambling around for an ark.

What has happened? Are my physical agony and the outside weather due to normal physical and meteorological causes, or is all of this somehow related to psychological and/or divine retribution for wholesale breakage of socioreligious taboos?

Somehow, I succeed in getting my things and my body out to my rented car and make it all the way down the treacherous, nearly washed-out mountain roads and down the freeway to the airport and all the way home on the plane to New York without further mishap before God has decided to pull something cute on me, like a little Jonah-in-the-whale number in the 747.

A few days later, a letter arrives from Dianne. She says she misses me and fears that the weekend might have messed up my head. (Like the acid did with Conan? Can you see me as a New York equivalent of Conan, water-skiing through the sewage in the Hudson, towed by a garbage barge?)

"You may feel some changes in your attitude about your daily routines, your friends, your relationships," Dianne's letter continues. "Reflect on all you've experienced, but be aware that your sociological clock has been greatly accelerated and your capacity for change has expanded and is speeded up. And, most important—that the people around you have not adjusted to the speeding yet. It will take a while for you to assimilate it all, but it will take longer for other people in your life to accept these changes in you." Dianne stops being a cosmic fortune cookie for a moment and adds, "Wouldn't I make a dandy guru?"

You're right, Dianne, my sociological clock *has* speeded up. Or slowed down. Or something. And my attitude about my daily routines and friends and relationships *isn't* what it was before. I haven't yet been able to find the strange German album with the electronic cars on it in New York and none of my ladyfriends have husbands to bring on dates with them, but once or twice, while making love, I've tried humming "Fun, fun, fun on ze autobahn." Somehow, it's not the same.

"I'm not a little boy. I'm a very horny midget."

Champagne

(continued from page 155)

"Luxury never comes cheap. However, there's much to be said for a champagne gala to see the new year in."

taste. This is not to denigrate the N.V.s. They're light, crisp, balanced and remarkably uniform within a brand; but for that exuberant top-of-the-holiday feeling, there's nothing like a flute of Dom Pérignon, Grand Siècle, Fleur de France, Comtes de Champagne or one of the other *têtes de cuvées*. They are to the N.V.s as Valerie Perrine is to Mia Farrow—rounder, softer, with a sensuous, almost decadent richness that fans latent, lewd longings. Even the *blanc de blancs* are relatively full-bodied in this category.

Such singularity is not happenstance. Prestige bottlings are made largely from 100-percent-rated vineyards, the top of the crop, and first pressings only—whereas three are permitted. Being bigger wines, they need more time to develop and are therefore aged longer—six to eight years. Finally, they are generally of vintage years, though there are exceptions. With that kind of pedigree, they're bound to be costly and prestige bottlings carry double to triple the price tag of standard nonvintage champagnes. Luxury never comes cheap. However, there's much to be said for a champagne gala to see the new year in. Serving champagne exclusively is simpler than a "What's your pleasure?" affair. It cuts down on the shopping for liquor and mixers, the glassware assortment, bartending and other naggy chores—and you can bet your Baccarat that no one will complain. Just make sure you have enough; for a holiday fete, that would be about a bottle per person.

Handling is the same whether you pour a prestige *cuvée* or an American champagne. If the wine is tranquil and cold, service is no problem. Delivery should be three or four days before the grand opening, so the wine can regain its composure. Chill it to 45 degrees Fahrenheit, or a little below, but don't ice the glasses. As the temperature comes up, the subtle champagne flavors and scents follow suit. To open, carefully remove the wire hood, grasp the cork firmly with one hand and *twist the bottle* slowly with the other, turning in one direction and holding the bottle at a 45-degree angle. Let the internal pressure ease the cork out "not with a bang but a whimper." A loud pop is fun, but it's usually followed by a gush of foaming wine, which is a sad sight.

A tulip champagne is the preferred glass, but an all-purpose wineglass is more than adequate. Glassware should be completely dry and free of any detergent. You can pour as with any wine bottle or follow the lead of better-trained sommeliers: Put your thumb in the dimple at the bottom of the bottle, palm up. The heavy end of the bottle will be resting on your open hand, with the neck pouring away from you. To fill the glass, you just raise or lower your fingers, controlling the angle of the bottle. It's easy; a few minutes' practice with a corked bottle and you'll get the hang of it. Pouring is done in two steps. Pour once and let the foam subside. Pour again, filling the glass half to two thirds, never more. Mixed champagne drinks are fine, if you like them, but not with prestige *cuvées*, please. An American sparkler or a French *mousseux* such as Kriter is actually better for that purpose—and a hell of a lot cheaper.

This year, let it be champagne, and let it be the best . . . a *tête de cuvée*! A list of prestige *cuvées* shipped to these shores is given below. As always with wine, prices are approximate, varying from state to state and sometimes from store to store. Where there are two vintages of the same label available, it's a good idea to choose the more recent one.

PRESTIGE CUVEES DISTRIBUTED NATIONALLY

Charles VII, Canard-Duchene (nonvintage): Special bottle with a distinctive bell shape, $21.

Comtes de Champagne, Taittinger (1969/1970): *Two* prestige *cuvées*, a *blanc de blancs* and a fragrant rosé, made of all Pinot Noir grapes. Both come in a special bottle modeled after an 18th Century hand-blown vessel, $25.

Dom Pérignon, Moët & Chandon (1970/1971): Special bottle—replica of original classic champagne bottle, presumably used by Dom Pérignon himself—$29. Also available this year, but in limited supply, is Moët's Silver Jubilee *Cuvée*, $13.

Fleur de France, Perrier-Jouët (1971): Each bottle features a hand-enameled *art nouveau* design, $25. (Also, jeroboams in limited quantity.)

Florens-Louis, Piper-Heidsieck (1971): A *blanc de blancs* in a special modified bell-shaped bottle, $25.

Grand Siècle, Veuve Laurent-Perrier (1970): This comes in a replica of the container that once graced the table of Louis XIV, $25.

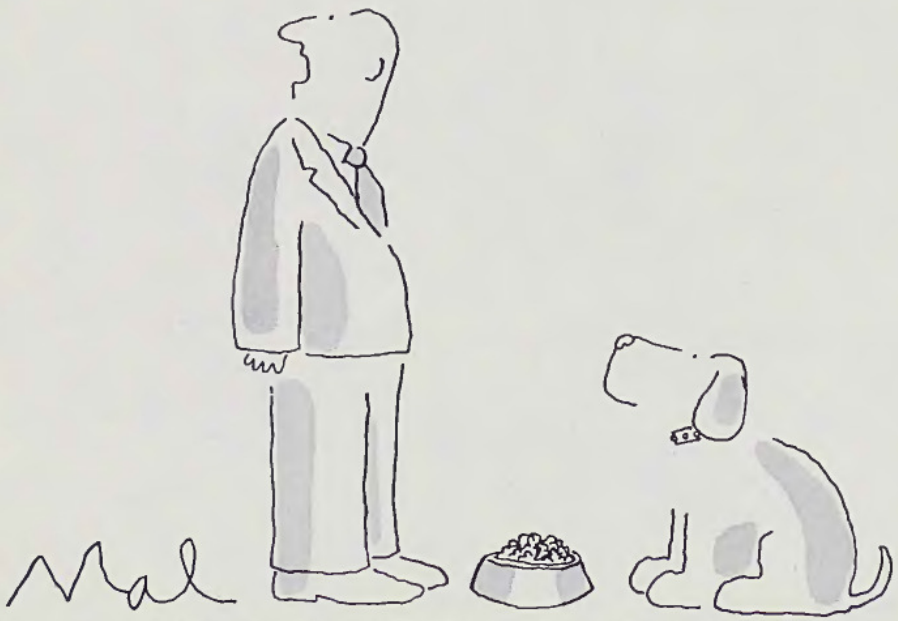
"R. D." Bollinger (1966/1969): No special bottle, but the label notes date of disgorgement, $19.

René Lalou, Mumm (1969): Available in a gracefully fluted, attractive bottle, $19.

PRESTIGE CUVEES IN LIMITED DISTRIBUTION

Blanc de Chardonnay, Pol-Roger
Certificate, Charbaut
Cristal, Louis Roederer
William Deutz, Deutz & Geldermann
Diamant Bleu, Heidsieck Monopole
Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs, Ruinart Père et Fils
La Grande Dame, Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin
Prince de Venoge, de Venoge
Red Label, Lanson Père et Fils

So this year-end, give yourself and your guests the best . . . and that includes the prestige *cuvée* champagnes.



"Margaret, he would like a glass of burgundy with his Alpo."

Caviar

(continued from page 155)

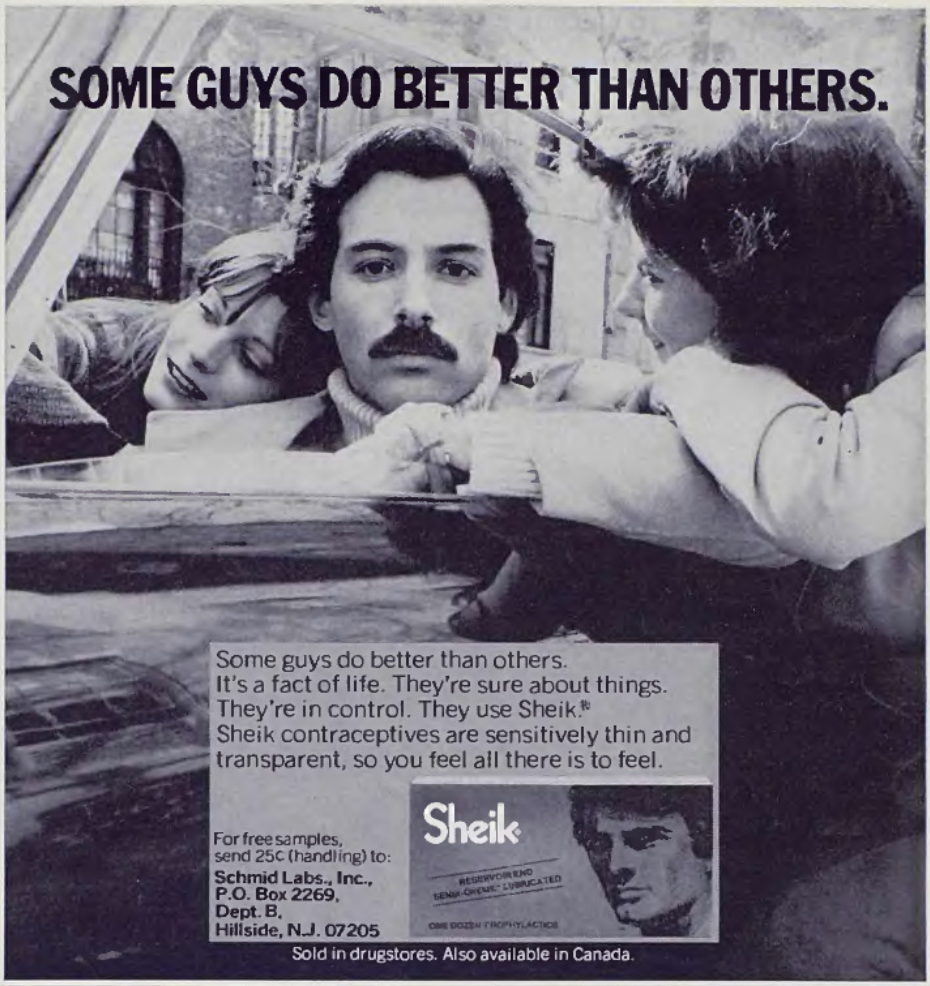
Romanoff, by far the largest American dealer, keeps full-time employees at the various fishing stations and warehouses, and a Romanoff man rides shotgun along the entire shipping route, to see that temperatures stay between 28 and 32 degrees Fahrenheit. Below 28 degrees, the caviar will freeze, leaving a milky, turbid mass. Held above 32 degrees for any length of time, it will start to decline. (Lesser grades are given more salt and are eventually pasteurized and vacuum packed to extend their shelf life.)

Fresh is best, no question. The items to check on a label when shopping for fresh caviar are species of sturgeon, where packed and the words fresh and malossol. This last is Russian for lightly salted. It is *not*, as some suppose, a mark of quality, or even an indication that the caviar is freshly packed, though it usually is. Color is never added to sturgeon caviar. Any such reference on a label means the eggs are from fish other than sturgeon.

Caviar buffs crave Beluga because the individual grain is larger and therefore considered better. They prefer the lighter, slate-gray eggs for the same reason. This drives the price up; a 14-ounce tin will set you back about $170 and this fact also drives true caviar connoisseurs up the wall. Arnold H. Hansen-Sturm, Romanoff's president and the fifth generation of his family to head the company, states categorically that size and hue are no guides to quality. "There are too many variables, starting with the health of the fish, where it was caught and, particularly, care and handling all along the way to the consumer. Of course, the Beluga grain is bigger as the fish is bigger." Size and shade of the berries, a trade term for the eggs, are cosmetic, Hansen-Sturm insists, with little relation to taste. He does concede one point: Berries that are *large for the species*, from mature stock, may be better, "other things being equal."

Cruise ships and airlines are the biggest customers for fresh caviar and they use Sevruga, the smallest grain. It runs about $90 for a 14-ounce tin and it's damn good—delicate and a little sweeter than the Beluga.

Osetra, the third commercial species, costs about $115 for a 14-ounce tin. When the berries are deeply colored and mature, it can pass as Beluga. On rare occasions, the Osetra turns up a light-brown roe with glints of orange and yellow, the fabled golden caviar. It was strictly reserved for the czar's inner circle, before soreheads like Vladimir Ilich Lenin rearranged the priorities. Having sampled golden caviar at a recent tasting, we can report that its exalted reputation is deserved. But there's no need to apologize for the standard fresh Osetra, which may well be the caviar



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of the future. Beluga is an endangered species today, due to overfishing, industrialization and pollution, the same blight that destroyed our own thriving caviar industry around the turn of the century. The Russians have several breeding experiments going, hoping to replenish the supply of sturgeon, and periodically they issue bulletins about their synthetic caviar, alleged to be quite popular. If they move to market it here, Romanoff will be out with its own simulated product within six months, but it hopes the day never comes.

It's axiomatic that there are no bargains in caviar. Prices always vary a bit, from outlet to outlet, but with condition of such consequence, it's foolhardy to discount-shop fresh caviar. However, there is one variety that offers a smashing value, the pressed, *paiusnaya* in Russian, and smashing is the word. It's made primarily from broken eggs and is usually a blend of any of the three species. Pressed caviar is a marmalady mixture taking about 35 percent more eggs than the whole grain, ounce for ounce; therefore, it can stretch further. Balancing quality and price, top-grade fresh-pressed caviar is hard to beat. But it's the intense, zesty caviar flavor that *aficionados* prize. They dismiss Beluga fanciers as dilettantes and poseurs, the kind of people who drive Rolls-Royces rather than Bentleys. Fresh Beluga costs about $25 a serving in exclusive restaurants, and the diminutive one-ounce portions come with an array of garnitures: Chopped egg white, sieved yolk, minced onion, lemon wedges, chopped parsley and buckwheat blini or toast points are standard. The Palace, Switzerland's *haute* hostelry, accepts responsibility for introducing caviar and sour cream as a topping for baked potato. In the realm of conspicuous consumption, swigging Château Lafite '61 to wash down hot dogs, kraut and mustard is the only thing to equal it. At the other extreme, Escoffier denounced the use of onions with fresh caviar. "A worse practice could not be imagined. Fresh caviar, the flavor of which is perfect, does not need any supplementary condiment." The late, lamented Henri Soulé, panjandrum of Le Pavillon, relented to the extent of permitting an intimation of pepper and perhaps a nip of lemon juice. Jerry Berns, of New York's "21" Club, concurs. "We present all the usual accompaniments but urge our customers to have the delicate eggs *au naturel*."

Nevertheless, there are several acceptable combinations with fine caviar; notably, The Four Seasons' Imperial open sandwich. Spread a two-and-one-half-inch round of thin black bread very lightly with sweet butter. Cover with a layer of raw scraped beef or well-trimmed ground round, seasoned with black pepper and minced onion—almost a tartare. Top with an equal layer of caviar. Serve with lemon wedges, chopped parsley and a pepper mill. Café Europa's version of the Imperial is somewhat similar, but the topping is half red salmon roe, half black caviar. *Rouge et Noir!* A Russian classic calls for caviar slathered on dry toast and sprinkled with minced roast breast of pheasant. Chilled small oysters are sometimes dabbed with caviar, and the pearls may also be served in the cups of stemmed button mushrooms. Both are self-contained canapés, requiring nothing more than a wedge of lemon.

And what is the president of Romanoff's favorite way with the exquisite berries? "Eat with a spoon, right from the jar," advises Hansen-Sturm, without missing a beat. Failing that, he'll take the whole grain on lightly toasted egg bread, and fresh *paiusnaya* on thinly sliced dark pumpernickel or whole-grain rye and a touch of lemon juice. No onions, please. Caviar should be presented in the original container, if feasible, sunk in a bed of finely crushed ice. It can, of course, be transferred to handsome crystal or porcelain serving dishes and similarly iced.

Purists hold, with some merit, that caviar should be paired with ice-cold vodka, but nothing has the symbolism—or the sheer sybaritic splendor—of caviar and champagne!

"She's fat, with stringy brown hair and an irritable whine. The only reason I'm bothering is she has the car keys."

DOCTOR FASTEST

(continued from page 194)

"Tofales was present, naturally. Dressed as a priest. Taking movies 'for the junior high boys.'"

a contract. Then he opened a catsup bottle, smeared some near the signature and gave the document to John.

"You don't need blood?"

"The Hollywood equivalent is catsup, John. Now with your index finger, sign where you see——"

"No," said John.

"What's wrong?"

"I have to read it first. I have to, Mr. Tofales."

"Of course. Please take your time."

John studied it with care. Amazing! For not only was it typed with his full name but it also indicated with precision in what time he'd win the Boston Marathon (2:04.59!) and his future record at 10,000 meters (24:33!). And, of course, the price:

> *In exchange for the aforementioned achievements, and immediately upon their fulfillment, I, John Fast, hereby promise to transfer my soul unto the Devil. As well as all publishing, mechanical and film rights to my story.*

"What's left for my family?" said John.

"Your wife will get a fortune from personal appearances."

John nodded, speechless.

"Will she miss me?"

Tofales was diplomatic. "She'll be very busy with the children."

"Will they miss me?"

"Yes."

And thus assured, John Fast then signed his soul away.

•

The uniform was white. The warm-up suit was white. The shoes were white on white. There was no indication of their provenance except a tiny label: DESIGNED IN HELL. DISTRIBUTED BY JACQUES OF BROOKLYN.

They practiced in the nearby armory, which John had always thought an empty shell, closed after World War Two. But Toffy knew of an open door. And somehow in the middle of the rubble had set up an oval track. Two hundred yards around. Tartan surface, so it seemed to John.

There was also a loud-speaker system.

And an electric scoreboard with a timer (digital, in lights).

"Um, how, exactly, do we start? I've just been doing three miles——"

"That's irrelevant. All we need is to rehearse."

"Rehearse?"

"Your winning."

"Huh?"

"Today," said Tofales, "you'll just run single laps and break the tape. And practice smiling. Then we'll work on gestures."

"How about a V for victory?" suggested John.

His mentor nodded with approval.

"Just like Richard Nixon," said the Devil's representative.

"I'm a Democrat," said John.

"Like Winston Churchill, then."

"OK."

•

As days went by, they practiced breaking tape. Then smiling. Making Vs like Churchill, waving to the fans.

One evening Tofales slipped on a wig, turned up the lights red-hot and said:

"Now pretend I'm Barbara Walters. Let's rehearse your interview."

•

John never told his wife a thing. (Toffy was severe in this regard.)

Yet Millie noticed that his mood was up. She also noticed that his sweat suit sort of flashed. And Johnny wouldn't let her touch it.

"It isn't dirty yet," he'd say. "It's new material that never needs a wash."

And Millie said, "OK." Because she loved him very much.

•

Debut!

The first meet was the Massachusetts A.A.U. Cross-Country championship. John casually suggested that the family spend Sunday out in Franklin Park. The kids were overjoyed; a powdered-sugar snow was on the ground.

"Hey, look—some guys are gonna race. What wouldja say if I jumped in?"

"You'd look ridiculous," said Millie. But with kindness. For she loved him very much.

"Besides——"

And then she noticed underneath his parka he already had on his sweat suit, whiter than snow. And was wearing track shoes, whiter still.

Six miles. With sloping hills. He won in 27:12.

Tofales was present, naturally. Dressed as a priest. Taking movies "for the junior high boys."

Next day at the armory, they ran the films of John's performance.

"Smile's OK," said Tofales, "I think Vs could use a bit of work." And on they practiced.

His children were delighted. Kids in school had seen their father's picture in the papers. John was proud that they were proud. It sure seemed worth . . . the effort.

At the Postal Service, word came down to give John Fast time off for practice. Millie saw the telex. It had come from Washington.

Actually, she'd never been too much for sports and so she didn't know quite how to take it.

"John's been jogging ever since we've known each other," Millie told *The Boston Globe*, for lack of other comment.

"Tell her not to call it *jogging*," Tofales irately said to John the next afternoon.

"It doesn't matter and I wouldn't hurt her feelings," John replied.

"It *does*," insisted Tofales.

"She'll soon see, anyway," said John, and stooped to lace his track shoes.

True enough, when local Boston merchants raised the cash to pay their transportation to the *nationals*, his wife had caught the bug. Oh, my, she'd never left New England in her life.

Chicago! Cold as. . . .

Millie stomped her booted feet to keep from freezing.

Runners to the marks (almost 1000)!

"'Haute cuisine.' Oh, what a sweet talker you are, Mr. Edwards."

Many of them John could recognize from years of reading. He was taking off his sweats as Toff approached, today dressed as a bearded rabbi.

"That's Frank Shorter," John said with a tinge of awe. His words puffed out into the winter air. "Frank looks in shape. The papers say——"

"Dun't vorry," Rabbi Toff replied, "stay looze and dun't beliff de joinalists." He stroked his beard and, with John's sweats across his shoulders, shuffled off.

As the readers of *Sports Illustrated* should recall, the issue of November 30 contained a photo (on page 12) of John Fast winning. Shorter, badly out of focus, was at least 100 yards behind. The caption read, "Too Fast for Frank." The newsmen really grooved on Fast's name.

And now the invitations to the indoor meets began to inundate the quiet Newton street where John and Millie lived.

Word came down again: Give John time off to travel.

First Philadelphia, the famous Wanamaker Mile. A new meet record: 3:57.2.

Tofales refused to let John talk to local television.

"We'll hold out for Cosell," he whispered. "He's the Devil's favorite."

Word quickly reached the offices of ABC. (Toffy called Roone Arledge and, by babbling like an idiot, convinced him he was someone from the A.A.U.)

"This guy might be big," said Roone. "Let's get an 'Up Close' on him, just in case he happens."

TV crews were sent to Boston. Tofales, expecting that Cosell might ask about John's "secret," had prepared a piscatorial reply.

"Fish," said John to Howard.

"Fish?"

"That's it. I think my turning point came when I got eating heavy on the fish. In fact, Mr. Cosell, I'd say I owe it all to fish. And to my wife, of course."

"*Well*," said Cosell, while signaling the camera to come close on his own famous face, "John says it's *fish*, I'd say it's *talent*. But who *knows*? There's only *one* thing we can say with *certitude*. John Fast is getting *faster*. Very soon, indeed, the world will call him 'Dr. *Fastest*'."

Next weekend at the Garden in New York, John ran a memorable two mile. His splits were 4:06 and 4:05.5: Total time, 8:11.5, a new world's record.

John became a household word.

Mothers now made children clean their plates, invoking this new hero's name ("Eat your fish and you'll be great like Dr. Fastest!").

Even Millie started cooking seafood every night.

"Again?" groaned John.

"But on the television, dear——"

"But that was for my *image*, hon. Let's call up for a pizza, huh?"

•

He suddenly got rich. Race promoters offered him enormous sums to grace their meets with his participation. In a single month, he won eight races—and $10,000. Which, no fool, he stored inside the freezer.

("If you put it in the bank, the IRS will trace you," Toffy Tofales advised.)

It now was March, and Dr. Fastest owned three indoor records: mile (3:52 = $3000); two mile (8:11.5 = $2500); and three mile (12:12 = $1200). Still, not one of these—however gratifying—was related to the legal contract that had promised him the record at 10,000 meters. And the Boston Marathon. Subsequent to which. . . .

Well, let us not think tragic thoughts just yet.

Where to run 10,000 meters in the month of March? They'd better find a race. For April, what the poet called the cruelest month, was almost nigh. There'd be no racing right before the marathon. Fortunately, Florida exists. And had 10,000 meters on its end-of-winter relays program.

Millie, John and the kids flew into Gainesville three days early. Wonderful when you're a star. There are suddenly expenses for the family and even carfare for your dog or cat.

As it was spring vacation, all the college teams were there. And were they anxious to watch John work out! Thus, Tofales composed a whole scenario (which naturally excluded practice smiles and Vs for victory).

Witnesses will not too easily forget his pair of workouts in the Sunshine State. Six times a mile in 4:04 (440 jog to rest up in between). The morning of the race, a little speed for sharpening: three quarter-miles in 46.4; 46.2; 46 flat. Athletes gasped. Some even drooled. Still others thought of giving up the sport.

Naturally, Tofales was supervising. He was hanging by the track.

Dressed as an orange.

•

Even though it was a star-studded field, it seemed a foregone conclusion that John would win. His rivals even thought so. Shorter said as much, and Lasse Viren spent an hour trying to convince him to wear Nike track shoes. Las Vegas odds were 14–1 that John would take the record and 2–1 that ABC would win the time slot.

Then the gun!

John ran the first lap in exactly 60 seconds.

And continued at that pace.

In point of fact, he ran every one of the *two dozen* laps in 60 seconds.

And then kicked.

Thus, after *six* consecutive four-minute miles, he sprinted and broke the tape in a world-shattering, mind-boggling 24:33!

The fans all rose to offer him a well-deserved ovation.

John Fast smiled.

He raised his hands in perfect Vs.

He ran a victory lap. Also 60 seconds flat.

In a quiet corner sat the Memphis Mastermind. Dressed today like an accountant. In his pocket ledger, the smirking Tofales now wrote: *Half of deal complete*. Lucifer would doubtless telegraph congratulations—even flowers—to his motel room.

"What's next, John?" inquired Cosell at trackside. "What new *mountains* will you try to *con*quer?"

John Fast puffed a bit ("Pretend you're out of breath," he'd been instructed).

"Well . . . I think . . . the Boston Marathon."

Cosell looked straight into the camera. To tell it to the world the way it was.

"Twenty-six excruciating miles! And—let us not for*get*—385 *yards*! That's living *hell*!"

"Yes, Howard!!"

Cosell was wiser than he knew.

•

Roone Arledge woke his network boss, who was in bed.

"What, Roone?" he growled. "I'm very busy."

"Boss, I want us to go live—with twenty cameras—on the Boston Marathon."

"Rooner—are you *crazy*? We have soaps on weekday afternoons. Your cockamamie joggers' festival could lose our bread and butter! No, forget——"

"But, boss, I've got the latest numbers. Listen to what John Fast does with the women nineteen to forty-nine. Sunday's share was eighty-one!"

"No shit, Big Redhead. Really? Truly?"

"Yes, boss, no prevarication. And we'd have them *all* for almost three hours with John in the marathon on live."

"Sounds awesome, Roonie-baby. Take the ball and run!"

•

Up in Boston, strange new tension filled the air. Especially the quiet Newton street where John and Millie lived. And most of all within the heart of Dr. Fastest.

He was ultrafamous now. Even dogs barked lovingly in admiration as he strolled the street (he'd wanted to be by himself, to think). And owners of the dogs would say things like "Hi, John," "God bless," "Good luck." And once or twice, "Could you spare me twenty bucks till payday?"

But what he wanted most of all was just to spend time with his family. Curious, that's what he'd always done before charisma struck.

Moreover, as the final race day neared, John sensed within himself an ever-growing longing not to die.

But how to beat the Devil? It was signed and sealed.

Clearly, he could not consult a lawyer.

No, there was no loophole, anyway. There was no escape.

His greatest pain was that he had to

keep it all from Millie. And, putting it quite bluntly, he began to get cold feet.

He wasn't really ready . . . to depart this life.

"Ah, but you have to be," said Toffy. "After all, a deal's a deal and we are honorable people. Anyway, we're flying out that evening, when the stories are all filed. First-class to the Coast. Do you want me to find out what the movie is?"

"No," said John.

•

The night before the race. The children, tuckered out, were all tucked in. John could not sleep. Millie, sensing something, woke to find her husband not in bed.

He was standing in the trophy-laden living room. Staring out the window at the stars.

"John, what's wrong?"

"Nothing. I just couldn't sleep," he answered, without turning.

"But you've never had these nerves before," she said. "I mean, it's just another race." She paused. "Isn't it?"

"I guess."

"What's wrong, then, John?"

John Fast turned and faced his wife. His eyes were filled with tears.

"I'm gonna die," he said.

She took him in her arms to comfort him.

"Oh, John, it's just the Boston Marathon. You'll be all right."

He couldn't tell her more.

She took him by the hand back to the bedroom. He slept fitfully. And now and then he sobbed.

Alarm clock! Race day! Time to drive to Hopkinton to start the race.

The local ABC affiliate supplied a limousine and driver. And Cosell himself, for whom no local substitute exists.

"Johnny, this is *it*. This is the *big* one, John, the longest and most *gruel*ing test a human *being* can subject his *body* to."

"Yes, Howard."

"How do you *feel*, Big John?"

"Um——"

"Frankly, you look absolutely scared to death."

(This brilliant line had been supplied to Howard by the major writer hired by the network for the big occasion.)

John, in trepidation, not to mention mortal fear, was longing to say something to the TV fans.

"It's . . . um . . . Howard . . . my last race."

Cosell reacted with appropriate astonishment.

"What's that, John? The legendary Dr. Fastest won't be representing the *U-nited States* at the *O-lympic games*?"

"Yes, Howard. I mean . . . no."

"This is *ab-so-lutely* as-*tonishing*! At the *height*, the very *pin*nacle of his *career*, John Fast is hanging up his track shoes! *Why*, Big Johnny? Tell your people *why*!"

Howard pushed the mike near John

JANUARY is the hardest time of year for making charcoal to mellow the taste of Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.

Just to begin, you need a hot cup of coffee and a good wool shirt. Then, you have to go out and chop these big maple logs into four-foot strips. Stack them in ricks. And burn them into the special charcoal that is used for mellowing Jack Daniel's. It's rugged work in the cold of January. But it accounts for a smooth whiskey, no matter when you sip it.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Fast's mouth, Death Valley parched.

"Because . . ." he started.

John was desperate. Does God exist? If so, would He be tuning in to ABC? He longed to ask Cosell: "Does the Almighty watch the tube?"

"Howard—uh—do you believe in God?"

"John—*what* a *ques*tion! *All* of us at ABC believe in God." (And inwardly he thought: We call Him Nielsen.)

"Well . . . then . . . you'll understand if I say . . . God is more important than . . . a victory in track?"

His heart was praying: Lord, be tuning in and pity me!

•

The Hopkinton gymnasium would make a sardine can seem spacious by comparison. It buzzed with several thousand runners, chatting, stretching, telling lies about their training. Wintergreen was wafting in the air.

Snakelike lines of athletes waited to pick up their numbers. Other queues were waiting for the doctors to examine them. (A marathon can kill if you're unfit, as we all know.)

Clad in whitest white (it really shone today), John entered. Suddenly, the hum became a hush. All eyes were on him. Not a sound except the click-click-clicking and the whir of cameras. Although John walked within a swarm of journalists, he ached with loneliness. He'd left his family outside (to get his number and return as soon as possible). There were so many things he longed to say to them.

His eyes were glazed. He didn't want to look at anything. Indeed, he didn't want to see damn Toffy Tofales of Memphis anywhere.

Yet there he was! Disguised as——

Not disguised!

He was himself. He was—let's say it—Mephistopheles. In all his awesome awesomeness.

Clad in a black Adidas track suit.

And black track shoes, which had even blacker stripes on them.

And wearing on his head—to hide we all know what—a stocking cap. Of black.

"I'll be with you today," said Mephistopheles.

John Fast wondered: Hasn't anybody noticed this most terrifying creature?

"All the way, John. Every step. We'll finish at the finish line together."

John shuddered at the sound of "finish." Anger mixed with fright.

"You don't trust me, do you, Mephistopheles?"

"I don't trust any human being, Fasto."

Fasto? Where was all the previous respect? The camaraderie? The friendliness?

"Drop dead," said John to Mephistopheles, who laughed at the absurdity.

It suddenly occurred to John he hadn't kissed his wife and kids goodbye. He thought he'd be right back. But now this demon wouldn't let him move. He was immobilized by some infernal chains.

Oh, Lord, why did I sin in wanting so to win the Boston Marathon?

John was on line. His turn was coming soon. Officials sat behind a table. You would state your name, they'd find it on the list and call your number to a second clerk, who'd fish it out and hand it to you.

Overseeing all was race director old Jock Semple, legend in and of himself. Scottish Jock, the great defender of the rules. As much an object of both awe and fear as Lucifer himself. (To whom, throughout the years, he had been now and then compared.)

A Harvard athlete stood before John in the line. He spoke his name.

"Pete Reider."

And the clerk called, "Reider, number 809."

The second clerk gave Pete his number and he moved away.

Now John's turn came.

"John Fast," he said.

"Hi, Johnny," smiled the clerk, then called, "John Fast."

"No number," said the second clerk.

No what?

"What's Johnny's number?" asked the first clerk once again.

"Zero. He's not on my list at all."

"But that's *impos*sible," an icy voice hissed, "I sent the entry in myself."

It was Mephistopheles ventriloquizing through the body of the death-doomed hero.

"Ain't got no number for no Johnny," said the second clerk apologetically.

John felt a steely grip around his upper arm.

"What trick is *this*, John Fast? What trick?"

The lights, of course, were on John now, the cameras live, anticipating the great pin-on-number ceremony. Jim McKay was posed to commentate.

"No trick," John whispered. "I don't understand."

"Jock Semple!" the officials called in unison.

The mighty Scotsman trotted over.

"Yass?"

"We have no number for John Fast."

"'Course not, ya bloody foools," Jock burred.

"How come?" asked John, his head vertiginous.

"Yer entry cunna be accepted, Jun," said Jock. "'M sorry, lad."

What? said a million voices in the bowels of hell.

"What?" said Mephistopheles through Johnny Fast.

"A rule's a rule," Jock Semple said. "Ya shoulda read the blooody entry form. It says a rooner hasta *qualify*. He must've roon a marathun *officially* in under three hours."

Universal consternation. Cosmic chaos.

Jim McKay was in there quickly with the microphone.

"But, Jock," said Jim, "this man holds every record in the world, from one mile through ten thousand meters!"

"I read the blooody papers, Jim," said Jock. "*You* oughta read *my* blooody entry form. The man has never roon a marathun. An' we got standards here in Boston."

Jock now turned his back to the camera and went off. He had no patience with McKay, the network or with anything except *official* runners. He would not care a whit to learn that Arledge now was shrieking to McKay (by earphone) to get Fast into that race—or they would both be up a creek.

Jim sprinted after Jock.

John Fast watched this drama speechless. And unable to decide if it was God or Lucifer (or slight insanity) who made Jock Semple move in wondrous ways.

But Mephistopheles was clearly panicked. He was now muttering, "Oh, no, no, no, no, no."

McKay had collared Jock. Although all the press now clustered to shout questions and some expletives, they let Jim be their spokesman.

"Now, Jock," said Jim insistently, "let's say—with all due reverence—that today was Judgment Day and the Messiah came here first to join the race. Would you deny a number to the Savior?"

"Absolutely not," said Jock. Then quickly added, "If he met the qualifying time."

Indeed, Jock Semple is an honorable man. And before he walked away to speak to runners from the L.A. Striders on the course's topography, he said to all the journalists collectively:

"Now go to hell."

Back across the gym, John Fast could hear the words of Jock.

And suddenly the adamantine grip around his arm no longer was.

For Mephistopheles had gone. . . .

•

In a minute, John was outside with the wife and kids.

Millie never asked him what had happened. For she loved him far too much.

"Are you disappointed, John?" a journalist inquired.

"No," said John, disguising his euphoria (the remnant of his drama training with the Memphis Mastermind).

"What are you gonna do?"

"Well, first, I'll take my family for breakfast. . . ."

"And then after that?"

"Do what I always do the day they run the marathon."

"Which is?"

"Watch the race"—he paused—"and maybe dream that I was running."

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE *(continued from page 124)*

"I always love what a woman says, what she does. Even if she is very unpleasant, I don't care."

SARTRE: I don't think it's very important. I mean, of course, if you have an eye in the middle of your mouth, it's a little troublesome. But being ugly, even outstandingly so—you said I think of myself as rather ugly; you're very kind. I find myself *very* ugly. Well, even outstanding ugliness is not awkward.

CHAINE: Your circle of friends is almost exclusively made up of women. Why do you prefer their company?

SARTRE: Because I always love what a woman says, what she does. Even if she is very unpleasant and says stupid things, I don't care.

CHAINE: Why?

SARTRE: I love their sensitivity, their way of being. I love the profoundness of their conversation. They take things as they should, without any relationship to a profession or to a job. Of course, women who earn their living are a little influenced by their profession. But, even so, one always has the impression they see the outside world in a new way. A woman always sees things and people better. She notices right away a certain manner, a certain gesture that characterizes someone, that reveals something about him; and she's capable of expressing it. You would never have that in a conversation with a man.

CHAINE: Women understand people better?

SARTRE: Much better. Listen to a father and a mother speak about their child; the mother will speak about him much better than the father. It is also true of a woman's insights into her husband or her lover. What she says about him is much more delicate, more psychologically true than what a man will say about his wife or his mistress.

CHAINE: You have said that you felt "a kind of woman in you." Is that because you, too, have that sense of understanding?

SARTRE: I think so. Not only am I comfortable with women but women are comfortable with me. I have to say it, since they say it. They like to spend time with me.

CHAINE: Because of your sensitivity?

SARTRE: Probably.

CHAINE: What role has your fame played in your relationship with women?

SARTRE: It is responsible for starting the relationships. That seems certain to me. Afterward, I try to change that abstract reputation to something more personal and specific, so that eventually the notion of my fame disappears.

CHAINE: Do you feel responsible for the women with whom you become involved?

SARTRE: Perhaps it's a leftover from *machismo*, but I have always felt a great responsibility toward the women with whom I've been involved. Responsibility in the emotional dealings, naturally, but also responsibility for their life in general; for their careers, for their finances. If I can help a woman, I help her. And I know these days it isn't looked well upon—especially to give a woman money. But I want a woman to have moments of profoundness that are also mine: for her to be completely mine and me completely hers. So, if I can help her on a level other than the emotional one, if I can help her earn her living by finding her an interesting occupation, or if I give her money because she doesn't have any, then I love to do it. For me, that is not "keeping" her. It's helping in the development of someone who is not totally what she should be.

Often, I love it when a woman feels that, at least for a while, she owes *everything* to her relationship with me. That's extreme, I know. I should not be that way. I realize it's *machismo*. One has to make his time and his money available to the woman one loves. But the money one gives her shouldn't prevent her from earning money herself.

CHAINE: Knowing the importance of women in your life, going without them must seem one of the worst prospects for you.

SARTRE: Absolutely. The year I fought in the war and the following year, when I was a prisoner, were unpleasant. I had been involved with women—with Simone de Beauvoir and with others. At first, I was able to maintain the relationships through letters. But afterward, when I was a prisoner and the letters were no longer getting through, I had to count on their patience, their affection. I was certainly counting on the affection of Simone de Beauvoir, but the others, for a lot of reasons, I couldn't be sure of. And I was rather worried about that. Certainly more than many other men who were in the same situation as I.

CHAINE: Would you say it was the tenderness that you missed the most?

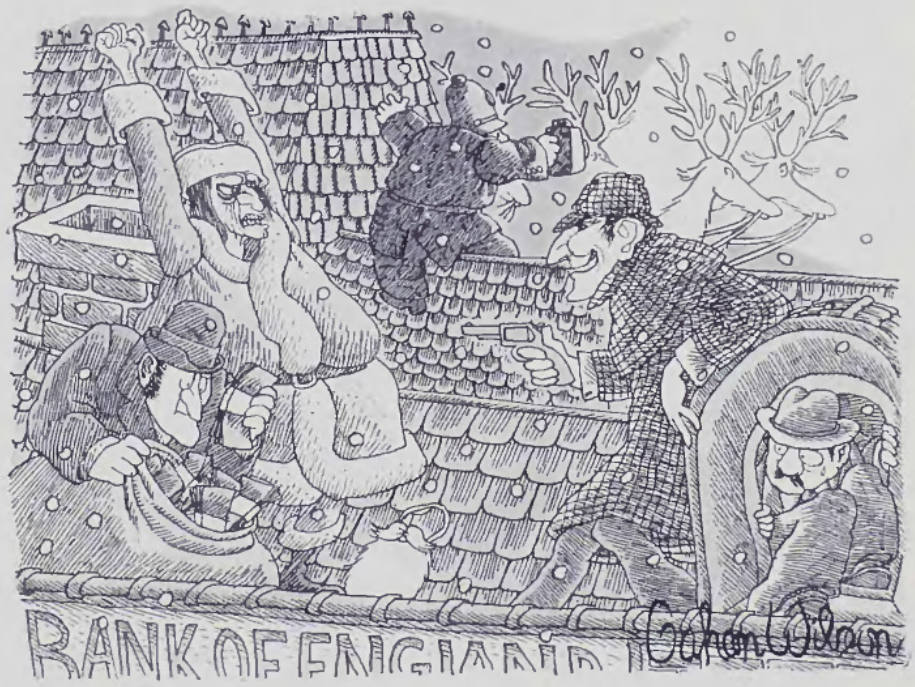
SARTRE: Yes. If I did not put much of it in my novels, it's probably because it was too much *mine* for me to want to dash it on paper.

CHAINE: If you were 20 years old today, would you want to live the same life?

SARTRE: Why not? Yes, I think so. I certainly wouldn't abandon Simone de Beauvoir. That would be the most important thing.

CHAINE: Have women made you happy?

SARTRE: Above all else, they have brought me happiness. Women have rarely imposed unhappiness on me. . . . Sometimes, when things don't work out. But in general, they have brought me happiness.



"My congratulations, Professor Moriarty, on a diabolically clever scheme!"

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Marinate a pearl onion, an olive and a button mushroom in vermouth. Make it into a Kebab and put it in your martini, made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, the real secret behind the perfect martini.

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RENTING WHEELS

KNOW BEFORE YOU GO

Despite what a certain swivel-hipped running back may tell you on television, the real superstar in rent-a-car is the traveling businessman. He accounts for 85 percent of all car rentals and the Big Four companies—Hertz, Avis, Budget and National—are almost totally geared to please him. But what if you are in the other 15 percent? If you want a car for a weekend or a vacation, there are some steps you can take to smooth out the process, save money and ensure good service.

Although there's no guarantee you'll get the car you ask for (you may be offered a bigger car—at a higher rate—when the one you've reserved "hasn't been returned yet"), try to plan your trip before you get to the rental counter. If you intend to haul three or more people in comfort, a full-size car or a station wagon will cost at least four dollars per day more than a subcompact Pinto or Vega. If price is no object, you can go in style and rent a Lincoln or a Cadillac in most big cities, for up to $32 per day. Station wagons and vans are generally available for $20 to $30 per day and you can even rent four-wheel-drive vehicles such as Blazers and Broncos in cities near wilderness areas.

As for special equipment, companies offer everything from ski racks and snow tires to children's seats and luggage carriers. Avis will even rent you a set of golf clubs in Florida, but forget convertibles or tape decks. AM radio is standard issue (FM stereo comes in luxury cars only), so we'd advise packing your own tape player to avoid Top 40 brain damage.

HEAVY TRAFFIC—LIGHT TARIFFS

Rates are lower wherever there is heavy competition. Florida has the heaviest and the going rate there is $13.95 per day or $79 per week, with unlimited mileage for a subcompact. California and Las Vegas follow close behind. Despite the fact that 75 percent of all rentals take place at airports (or perhaps because of it), prices tend to be higher there than in town, even within the same company. Mileage charges range from six to eight cents per mile higher at LaGuardia and Kennedy airports than in Manhattan, to cite just one example.

Once you've checked around for the best deal, try to make your reservation as far in advance as possible, since popular vacation areas are often heavily booked. New York is a bull market for weekend rentals and four weeks' advance planning is not unreasonable. If an agency does bump you because of overbooking, its policy is to offer you the first available car at no extra charge, so make sure the desk clerk knows that.

Finally, the minimum age for renting varies from 18 to 25. Checking it out beforehand could save embarrassment and maybe your trip.

COUNTER POINTS

It helps to be in plastics when you get to the rental counter. Credit cards

prove that you can be trusted with $6000 worth of Motor City iron and, without one, you will have to come up with a deposit, usually equal to the total estimated rental fee. Also, it's a good idea to take the collision-damage waiver that's offered. Without it (it costs about two dollars per day), you will be responsible for the first $250 in damages, should you have an accident. It costs nothing at all to check the car over for damage so you won't be stuck with a bill when you return or to ask what to do if the car breaks down. An ounce of prevention. . . .

If you plan to cover a lot of territory, look for a rate that allows unlimited free mileage. Some companies offer to refigure your bill when you return the car and charge the lowest possible rate, but be certain you have that option *before* you rent.

Drop-off charges can also be tricky. They range from nothing to over $200 for some places in Alaska, and only Hertz, Avis and National offer drop-offs on a near-nationwide basis. Even so, subcompacts often can't be left somewhere else. Each company has a list of key cities where drop-offs are permitted and you should ask to see it. In California and Florida, many firms offer drop-offs and in most cases, there is no charge for the service, but elsewhere the standard fee is $15 to $25.

Many rental outlets, especially those of smaller companies, are run by independent franchise holders or licensees who may have considerable leeway in setting prices for rentals, drop-offs and insurance. Their prices may be lower, especially outside large cities, but they must get their own cars back as quickly as possible, so drop-offs often aren't available or cost a bundle.

CHARGES NEAR AND FAR

When we were planning a ten-day California vacation, we called three airlines that offer fly/drive vacation packages (you purchase air fare, hotel—usually two nights' minimum—and rental car for one lump sum). The packages turned out to cost considerably less than the sum of their parts. The car-rental portions offered by American, United and TWA were anywhere from $15 to $90 less than rentals offered by the car companies themselves.

When we tried to rent locally in Chicago for a weekend, we found that the local companies offered a poorer deal than Hertz, Budget or Avis, all of which charged $15 per day, with unlimited mileage. The exception was Thrifty, which offered a bargain $10.95 per day, with 50 free miles, ideal for someone staying close to home. Jerry Seagriff, of the National Passenger Traffic Association, pointed out that the lower weekend rates offered by the large companies often are the result of having large fleets sitting unused on those days when businessmen aren't on the road. "Unlike the airlines, car-rental outfits will settle for whatever they can get to keep their volume high," he says. "Small companies usually can't match their lower weekend specials." While these examples may not hold true everywhere, they should be a fair indication of what to expect.—TOM PASSAVANT

INTRODUCING MAGNUM XE. AN EXCITING NEW CAR-NAPPER FROM DODGE.

You're looking at a magic means of transportation. The brand-new Dodge Magnum XE.

As much a statement of philosophy as it is a fine motor car, it is crafted in the belief that there is still room for luxury and impeccable road manners to live side by side.

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Then there is all the electronic wizardry. Like headlights with clear, retractable shields. An optional electronic digital clock with no moving parts. An optional 40-channel CB transceiver integrated into an AM/FM stereo radio (even the antenna is automatically power-operated).

The new Magnum XE. A remarkable automobile that beautifully combines the attributes of a touring car with those of a luxury car. A car that is adventurous without being extravagant.

It is a car that must be driven to be appreciated. And you can do that at your Dodge Dealer's.

*White sidewall tires shown are extra cost.

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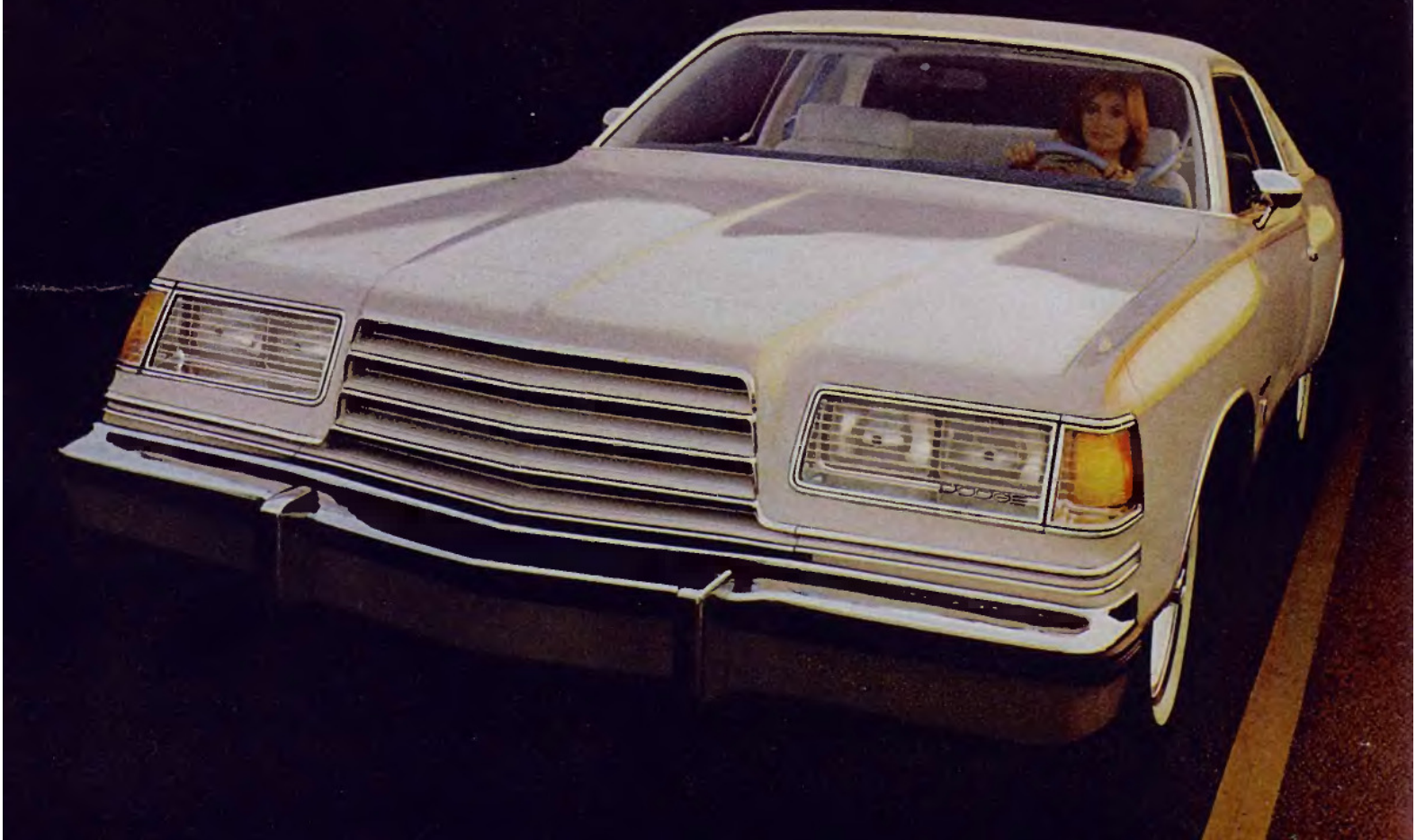


TEN GROOMING GOOFS

The days of snide remarks about guys' taking extra care to look their best are over. With Joe Namath hawking men's moisturizers, good grooming is rightfully moving toward the more serious aspects of self-presentation. Yet, while we are willing to try harder, we sometimes run far afield. Here are ten of the most prevalent grooming errors.

1. *Most men don't really look at themselves.* Sure, we stand before the mirror when we shave or comb our hair; but we seldom take the extra seconds to check out our face feature by feature. If we did, we'd see minor distractions such as hairy ear lobes and noses with bristles, and we might also notice that the downward slope of too-full and too-long sideburns isn't a sign of virility but only a distortion of the face's focus. We've got to look at ourselves critically and decide what's working and what isn't. The idea is to keep the entire face in balance.

2. *Men are too easily influenced.* What is the right hair or beard/mustache style? Not necessarily the ones your barber or your woman recommends. Outsiders usually offer advice prompted by their own tastes or whims. But it's *your* face. You shouldn't be concerned with what is fashionably "in." Hair lengths and styles (both on the head and on the face) should relate to your features, not to fads. Often they will involve some attempts at compensation—brushing hair off a low forehead, for example, or letting it graze protruding ears, or growing a mustache to offset a prominent nose.

3. *Timid groomers secretly use their women's products.* This phenomenon is based on the mistaken notion that doing something, anything, is better than doing nothing, even though a guy's skin and hair conditions may be the opposite of his woman's. It's better to do nothing than to do something wrong. Oily skin needs lots more soap and water than dry skin, and certain women's heavy night creams are seldom, if ever, right for men.

4. *Too many men treat shaving as a morning sprint.* To save face, it's imperative to take the time to prepare it for the morning ritual. With electric shavers, that means thoroughly washing the face, drying it, then applying a pre-electric-shave lotion to stiffen the beard. Conversely, when shaving with a blade, you should splash the face lavishly with hot water for two minutes to soften the beard, add a thin film of moisturizer to the wet face to promote blade glide, apply the shaving foam, wait another two minutes, then begin. True, this procedure adds an extra five minutes. So what? The shave will be gentler on the skin, which will be healthier and will look better. No woman finds a prickly shaving rash appealing.

5. *The after-shave rut.* Traditional after-shave lotions concentrate on "waking up" the shaver, even though they do have some healing ingredients as well as the bracing alcohol. Far more soothing,

while also containing healing agents, are after-shave moisturizers, variously called balms, conditioners, etc. These opaque lotions are less drying—and slapping—to the skin than conventional products.

6. *Lots of men are afraid of moisturizers.* Some fellows fear there are effeminate connotations to moisturizers. Bull. Wrinkles don't make a face look more masculine; they make it look older. The top layer of our skin is dead. It produces no moisture, which must be supplied from deeper within. Keeping the moisture from evaporating is a thin barrier of oil secretions. But whenever you wash your face, you remove this evaporation inhibitor. Then moisture loss ensues. Eventually, the skin may appear scaly and will be more susceptible to wrinkling. After washing the face, splash handfuls of water onto it, palm dry and then add a bit of moisturizer over the entire face. Those with oily skin should make certain the products are extremely light and water-based. You don't need a half-inch layer: The moisturizer should be invisible, but it will still lock in the replenished water. Blot away any excess moisturizer with a tissue.

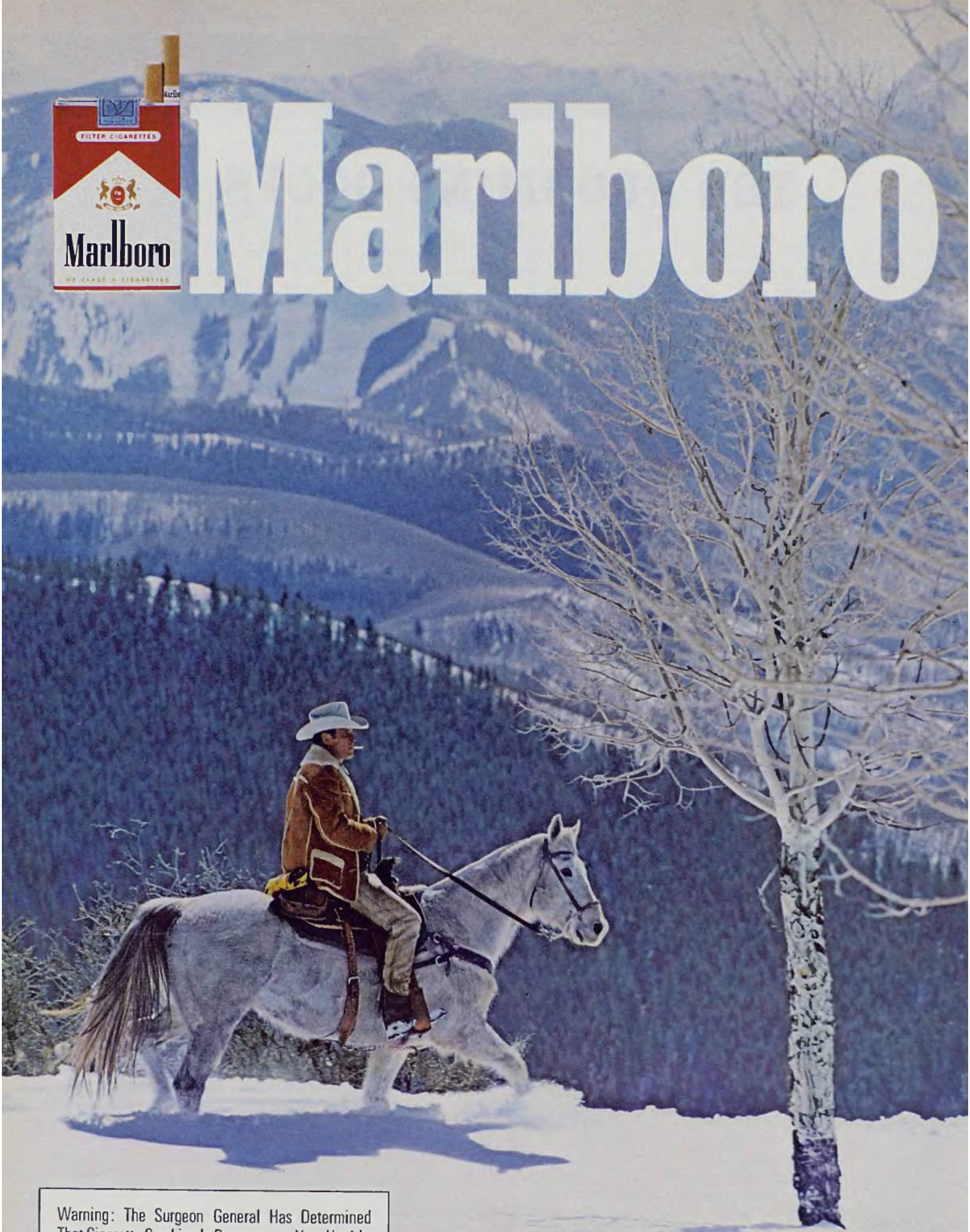
7. *The hands-off-hands policy.* When you wash your hands, you likewise remove the moisture shield. And most women don't get a large charge out of being caressed by calluses. Like it or not, you should use a hand lotion.

8. *Men are too gullible about shampooing.* So what if the label says shampoo, rinse, shampoo again? That's a sure way to increase shampoo consumption. However, doing so is usually unnecessary, since, except under extraordinary circumstances, hair should never be so dirty as to require double-step cleansing. Similarly, hair should be shampooed whenever it gets dirty. In polluted cities, that almost always means daily, especially for guys whose hair tends to become greasy. Of course, sometimes after arduous physical exertion, sweat will attract airborne debris. If the shampoo doesn't lather as much as normally, then rinse and start again. Unfortunately, finding the right shampoo isn't easy, and even once you have, you've got to keep looking for one more, because alternating between two shampoos every several days is the best way to keep hair looking good, since it builds up a natural resistance to any product used day in, day out.

9. *After shampooing, men fumble.* Rinsing the hair properly after washing is as important as shampooing, because residual shampoo can dry the hair and make it appear lackluster. In the extreme, leftover shampoo can clog hair pores, leading to unhealthy scalp and hair conditions. So rinse, then rinse again. Guys who don't sometimes think that they have dandruff, when the truth is that the scales are unrinsed shampoo deposits. And never use bar soap as a shampoo; it's even harder to rinse adequately. If you're shampooing daily, you may have to use a hair conditioner or dressing from time to time.

10. *Some guys can't escape the mirrors.* Although the first nine errors are of neglect, you can go overboard. "Perfection" is a drag. Healthy vanity is fine, but it can easily cross over into egotism. If you're wearing a sweat shirt but look as if you belong in a smoking jacket, you're trying too hard.

—CHARLES HIX



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

17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

BACHELOR'S GUIDE TO GREENERY

The late-Sixties honeymoon with greenery is over. We brought lots of palms, Ficuses, bromeliads, ferns into our four-walled environments, and when the clock struck midnight some time later, they turned from Cinderellalike trees to ugly sisters with black spots, insects, yellow leaves. Now you're stuck with a stack of clay pots, decorative baskets, dead dirt and half-empty cans of bug spray. If you're lucky, you've got a survivor or two.

But don't blame yourself too much. When the green revolution was in full force, everyone felt compelled to embrace Jungle Chic. Plant stores opened, many of them fly-by-night places that would transport tropical plants to arctic regions without bothering to acclimatize them before selling. Oftentimes, you got conflicting advice. "Keep dry," one source would say about your rubber plant, while another would counter with, "Keep evenly moist."

To make your black thumb tend toward the green, we've gathered a list of practically indestructible house plants, so that you can still enjoy leafy green things without a lot of work. Most of these need to be watered only once a week (the succulents and cacti need even less); none needs special soil, tricky light or misting. All would appreciate fertilizer once a month and it helps immeasurably to look them over carefully once in a while to check for insects.

African violets: Believe it or not, these fussy-looking little-old-lady plants are easy to raise, especially if you don't care whether they bloom or not. Keep in a north window and water once a week.

Aloe: Of all the succulents, aloe is the easiest; it grows quickly, propagates at will and if you get burned, snip a leaf and apply to the damage. Aloes can withstand nonwatering lapses, because the fat leaves retain moisture.

Begonias: All varieties are hardy, need moderate light and water twice a week. Plus, if you're lucky, you'll get blooms once a year.

Cacti: Perfect easy-care plants, these incredibly resilient creatures come in myriad sizes, styles, colors. They need water perhaps once a month—the larger ones even less. Cacti are generally resistant to insects (who could love all those thorns?) and since they don't grow very fast, you don't have to worry about pruning. Just give them as much light as possible—then ignore.

Chinese evergreen: For some reason, this is not often found in plant stores. It is a surprisingly easy grower—put in a north window, water weekly and it will develop graceful deep-green leaves. Don't be surprised if it goes into hibernation during the winter.

Coleus: Perfect for the beginning greenhouse, because it grows fast—much faster than anything other than weeds—is colorful, propagates easily (new roots within days). Only thing is, it needs lots of water and light, can quickly outgrow its pot and often requires cutting back.

Dieffenbachia: A veritable speed freak, this can easily assume a height of six feet. It likes light but will cooperate with even a minimum of exposure.

Dracaena: Of all the dracaenas, *warnecki* is the one with the cast-iron disposition. A lustrously striped beauty, it thrives on negligence. Any light; water every seven to 12 days.

Ivies: Swedish is hardier than English. English ivy, though its dark leaves are appealing, is a favorite dish of spider mites, which can destroy a roomful of plants in a month. Also great is grape ivy, which hangs nicely, doesn't grow as fast and leggy as Swedish and requires no special light conditions.

Kalanchoe: If you can track one of these down in a plant store, get it. A succulent, it is an unusual plant in that it's such a persistent survivor.

Nephthytis: Related to philodendron, this grower has light-green leaves. The only problem is that it grows so fast that you have to discipline it—stake and tie—after a few months.

Philodendron: Everyone starts greenthumbing with a philo. It's an old reliable standby, but, frankly, it's passé. Hitch on to one of the others we suggest.

Pothos: This is philodendron's first cousin but more interesting, in that its leaves are variegated. It grows quite viny and long; it will soon occupy a whole corner of a room if you're too kind to it.

Sansevieria: You've seen these in doctors' and dentists' offices everywhere—variegated, long, tonguelike leaves. They don't mind tight pots, bad light, dust, cats or even not being watered for two weeks. Abuse it and it'll love you.

Spider plant: An altogether pleasant creature with either all-green or green-and-white-striped leaves, this gets its name from its unique method of propagation—runners are sent out, drop and little spiderlike babies develop. No special light necessary; water it every seven to ten days or when it wilts. This is a good thing to have if your friends are always cadging cuttings: Simply snip the umbilical cord and root.

Wandering Jew: This is a superfast grower that tends to be unruly and run amuck. Trim it if the spirit moves you.

When you walk into a plant store, unless you want instant death and destruction, don't ask for any of the following, which are only for experienced thumbs.

Aralia: Beautiful but touchy; periodically, it drops 20 to 50 percent of its leaves.

Croton: A colorful charmer, but it's a favorite feast for various insects.

Ficus: All the Ficuses are fickle; they have a tendency to do a leaf striptease periodically and the rubber plant is schizzy in that it'll grow beautifully for some but die instantly for others.

Jade: This seems the most difficult succulent; overwatering is the most common problem.

Palms: These grow slowly, are recalcitrant and yearn for tropical humidity.

Schefflera: This popular, grossly overrated plant is the main attraction for spider mites, scale, mealy bugs.

Finally, if you follow all our suggestions and still fail, how about switching to turtles? They're green, are hardy (they live up to 50 years), don't need special light or misting. And they move.

—VICTORIA CHEN HAIDER

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THIS TIME OF YEAR IT'S ESPECIALLY
NATURAL TO TURN TO RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.

WHEN DO YOU NEED A LAWYER?

POINT OF LAW

Rule one: Whenever you are about to rely on what you *think* is the law, you need the advice of an attorney. You can't possibly know all the legal implications involved in any given circumstance and no attorney can, either, but he knows enough to go to those thousands of reference works and pick and choose until he can tell you what you need to know.

Any arrangement involving an amount of money that is important to you should be in writing. If someone wants to remodel your house or get you involved in any business undertaking, or wants you to rely upon his oral representations, consult an attorney. Don't buy a car on credit, lease an apartment or sign an employment contract or any other written agreement without spending the few dollars required to know what it really means and how it can be changed to reflect what you want. Every attorney knows someone who has paid over 20 percent annual interest on his automobile loan, had to pay for apartment damage that was not caused by him or been forced to move to another city to find work because of some provision in a contract he did not fully understand when he signed.

THE LEGAL-LANGUAGE MAZE

I did not fully understand what I signed. How often have attorneys heard this plaintive refrain after the fact. The trouble is that lawyers write contracts that should be read only by other lawyers. Here's a term common in most business-premises' leases and sophisticated apartment leases: "The lessee shall be responsible for all waste and/or damage to the premises during the term of the lease." Do you think that means you can't leave trash on the floor or put holes in the wall? Here's what the landlord's attorney *knows* it means: If you let the building deteriorate—that's waste. If you spend $10,000,000 improving it—that's waste, too. The premises must be returned to the landlord in the *exact* previous condition. You have the choice of paying the landlord to restore the premises or going to the trouble of doing it yourself. The damage clause means that if at the time you take possession of the premises you do not specify in writing any and all imperfections in the place, then you can be responsible for the cost of making the premises like new. Your attorney would insist on extensive photographs witnessed and dated and a list of all defects before you took possession.

Those are just a couple of the dangers of signing just one kind of written contract. Here's another example: the release. You're driving. A car hits your vehicle, which in turn crashes into a school bus. An insurance adjuster for the company representing the first driver comes to you in the hospital, says that no one else was hurt in the accident and that his company will pay all of your medical and car-repair bills, will reimburse

you for your loss of earnings and give you $8000 to boot, if you will sign, releasing them from further liability. Sound good? Never sign a release in an accident case if you haven't consulted your attorney. If the school sues you for damage to the bus, the release means that you can't collect anything from the guy who really caused the damage. And what if one of the kids on the bus later decides to sue just you? Automobile insurance requires that your insurer provide your legal defense. But if you do anything that hampers its efforts in any way, such as signing that release that prevents your claiming that the other driver is responsible, then the policy gives the insurer the right not to defend you and terminate its liability to pay any judgment the school or the children may win against you in court.

HOLD THAT PEN!

It's clear, then, that you should never sign any contract your attorney hasn't looked at. For instance, because you were involved in an accident, your insurance company will probably raise your premium rates. Shouldn't the driver who caused the accident have to compensate you for that extra money you have to spend? Your attorney would think of that. Would you?

HIDDEN ANGLES

There are so many angles. Your lawyer will not let you rely on oral representations in any transaction. They are not only hard to prove, they are often considered mere opinions and not legally binding. There *are* times when the oral statement is correct and binding *but* contains angles only an attorney would think of on its face. There's a TV commercial for a land-sales company offering beautiful inexpensive land fronting on a river. Of course, the law says you can't do anything to pollute the river, such as build a factory, but the parcels are large enough for a cabin or a mobile home. Note the language. It doesn't say you *can build* a cabin or *put* a mobile home on the property. Yes, you can own the land, but think about this: Clearing it would cause erosion; i.e., pollution. You can't fish and bury the entrails, burn your garbage, put in a septic tank, wash with any kind of soap or detergent, fertilize any lawn or garden. No wonder that beautiful land is so cheap. But any lawyer can point out these pitfalls to you.

Before you invest dollars that are important to you, invest a few dollars for legal advice. Have you been told that you should lease a car because it's cheaper than buying one, since the payments can be written off on your income-tax return? Maybe. Have you read the tax laws, IRS regulations and all the court cases on the point? Let your attorney tell you whether or not you can deduct the payments and let him read the lease agreement. If you don't, you may incur the expense without any deductions, pay a huge balloon payment when you turn in the car and pay for repairs you didn't know were needed.

Man is distinguished from other animals by the complexity of his tools. An attorney is a very complicated tool whose training should be used before you become involved in any financial or contractual situation.

—EMMA STEVENS AND STEPHEN HOLMES

"I always wondered what those straps were for."

"But when I looked past the edge, I saw three aliens standing over me. They were about five feet tall."

discuss what we'd said. This is when we relived the whole experience. We were actually right on board the craft. Later, he played back the tapes of our sessions for us and we learned that we'd left the highway and gone up this small road where there were a group of men. They were short and grotesque and different, but I couldn't say how. I wasn't frightened, but when the car motor died and they came up to the car—three were at my door—I panicked. One of them put his hand in front of my eyes and I went completely under. I felt like I was asleep and I didn't want to be. Finally, I woke myself up and we were surrounded by these men. They were more or less guiding me—one at each arm—and sort of dragging Barney along. I yelled, "Barney, wake up!" And one of them next to me said—in a human voice, like somebody speaking English with difficulty—"Is his name Barney?" And I said, "It's none of your business."

And then I saw the craft. The moon was shining on it and I could tell it was silver metal, like aluminum or stainless steel. It seemed to be sitting on the ground, and after we walked up to it, we went up on this rim and walked through this open space—a door—in the side of the craft. I went into the first room and Barney went into the second. The room looked like a piece of pie with the point cut off and there was a blue-white light just shining through all the walls. At first, I didn't want to look at the creatures, but after a while, I noticed that their eyes were very dark black and extremely frightening to me. I got the same feeling as though I were looking at snake eyes. They didn't have any ears and their skin had a grayish tone to it. I had the impression they were human—or humanoid—and were what we would consider middle-aged.

They sat me on a stool and examined my eyes, ears, nose, throat and hair. The examiner looked at my skin through a big microscope and he got very excited. He was jumping up and down and he called the leader over. Then they put me on the table and checked my nervous system by touching these wires all over my body with something like a brain-wave machine. They told me that's what they were doing. Then he reached for this needlelike instrument that he inserted in my navel. I said, "No, no, it'll hurt." I was moaning and they both looked astonished. When he put his hand over my eyes and the pain went away, I began to realize that they didn't deliberately hurt me. He told me it was a pregnancy test.

When the examiner went into Barney's room, I said to the leader, "When I get home, nobody is going to believe me, so I need something to prove this actually happened." "What do you want?" he said. I looked around and there was a book with columns of symbols that went up and down and said, "I'll take the book." And he said, "Fine, you may have it." Then the examiner came back in with Barney's dentures in his hands and started tapping my teeth. I explained to him that we lose our teeth from accidents, disease, wrong diet and old age. Then he said, "What's old age?" I couldn't get across to him we're supposed to live about 100 years, but most of us don't.

And then I said to him, "Where are you from?" That's when he opened up the wall and showed me the star map. The heavy lines, he explained, led to places they went all the time and the lighter solid lines were places they went to occasionally. The broken lines were expeditions.

As we were leaving, I was feeling very, very happy, but then I heard the crew members all mumbling and humming, like they were having an argument. The leader went back to the crew members and then came back to me and took the book. "It has been decided that you're going to forget the whole thing." I was so angry and I was crying and saying, "Well, I'll never forget!" And then I said, "I wasn't able to answer all your questions, so why don't you come back and I'll make arrangements for you to meet those who can?" "I don't know, it's not my decision to make," he said. So I asked, "Well, if you're going to come back, how will I know where to meet you?" And he said, "Don't worry, we always find those we want."

TRAVIS WALTON

We were working on a brush-thinning contract—me and six other guys—on the Mogollon Rim about ten miles south of Heber, Arizona. It was November 5, 1975. We'd finished a day's work and were getting ready to leave. It was starting to get dark, so we put the chain saws in the truck. We were going down this dirt road out of there and we saw this light coming through the thicket ahead of us. When I first saw it, I thought it was a sunset shining over the top of the hill, but when we got around the thicket to where we could see, we saw this object hovering. Everybody started yelling at the same time and we stopped the truck. The object was 20 feet in diameter and shaped like two fry pans, lip to lip. It was about 30 yards away and about 15 feet off the ground and was kinda glowing—a soft golden glow that lit up the whole area. And it had darker bands on it. The glowing panellike areas weren't like windows, because you couldn't see into it. It was like glowing metal; you could feel the heat.

I jumped out of the truck and walked up for a closer look. Just as I got up to it, it started to make a sound like a motor starting up. Kind of a high-pitched sound with rumble to it, like a top when it slows down or starts up. I started to move when it made this sound. I was crouching when I heard it—and when I stood up, everything just went black, kind of like an electric shock.

[*Walton's companions that day agree that a flash of light from the saucer hit Walton at mid-chest and that he was thrown into the air and landed ten feet away. The men became hysterical and began to flee. They saw the saucer lift off and disappear over the horizon. When they returned a short while later, Walton was nowhere to be found.*]

When I regained consciousness, I was laying on my back on a metal table and I was in a lot of pain. I just lay there trying to let my thoughts clear. I looked down and felt something on my chest. It was about three or four inches thick, of a kind of grayish plastic-looking metal, and it kinda fit the shape of my chest. My shirt was pushed up and I had my coat on; I wondered why they didn't take my coat off, 'cause it was hot in there. I thought I was in a hospital.

But when I looked past the edge of this thing, I saw those three aliens standing over me. They weren't human. They were about five feet tall, had no hair on their heads, small features and great big brown oval eyes. Their skin color was chalky white and they had five fingers but no nails. And they had a real small mouth, but they never opened it or talked or anything to me. They were wearing some kinda real loose-fitting brownish-orange coverall thing—no collar, came up to the neck and gathered at the sleeve.

I jumped up and knocked the thing on my chest onto the floor. I just freaked out. I struck at the one that was on my right and jumped over into the corner. I started yellin' things at 'em, but they didn't try to attack me. I was really hysterical and they just left the room real quick. I was afraid they'd come back, so I left there. This room had one door in it to the outside and there was a dimly lit hallway; they'd gone down to the right, so I went to the left.

I went into this round room. In the middle, there was a metal chair that had about 25 colored buttons on the right arm and a molded-looking lever on the left side. It was on a pedestal, like the table. The room was kinda dimly lit, too,

and you could see, like, the stars on the walls, but the stars didn't seem to twinkle. It sounds ridiculous, but it seemed like you could see through the walls. They were flat, but they kinda curved up, and the room had a curved dome. You could see stars on the floor, too.

I sat down in the chair and when I moved the lever, the stars revolved. There was a little green screen there, too, and when I pressed a button, little segments of straight black lines appeared on it. I just did one or two buttons, 'cause I was kinda scared to be messin' with that.

I heard a sound then, I think, and when I turned around, a man—a human—came in the door. You see, there was two distinct types: the first type that was alien—five feet tall, brown uniforms—and the second type, normal humans that could pass in a crowd. The man was about my height—six feet—and was big, muscular and healthy-looking. He was kind of young but mature, with sort of brownish-blond hair. He had a tight-fitting bright-blue uniform and a helmet—just a clear bubble—and I got the impression he was wearing something black on his feet.

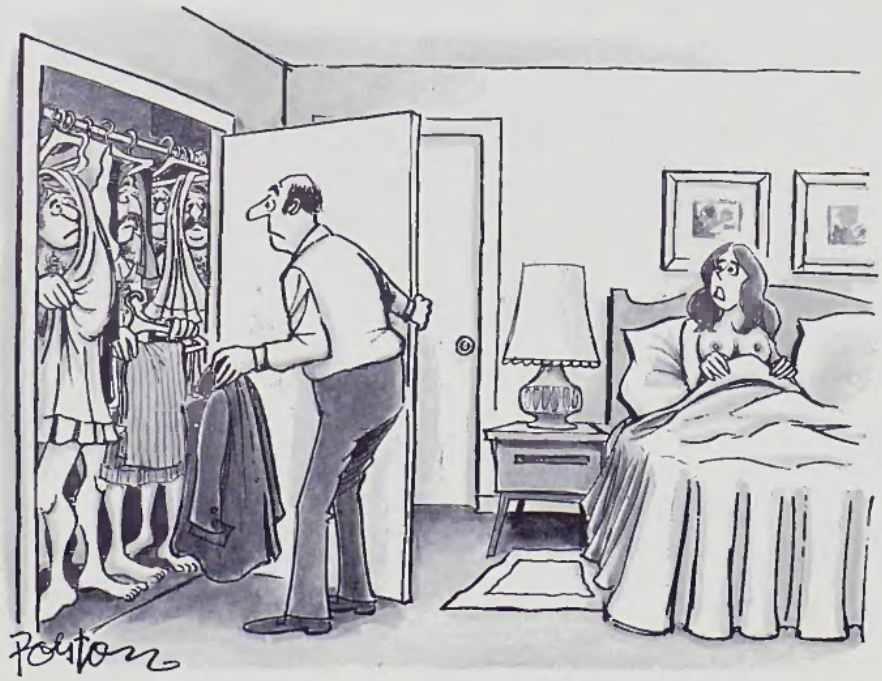
I went up to him and started yelling questions at him, like, "Are you from Earth?" That kind of stuff. He gestured for me to come toward him and I just ran up there, you know, thinking, Here's an Earthling. He just smiled, took me by the arm and we went out through the door to the right and into a small narrow room. It must have been air-locked, because we stayed in there for a minute and then went out.

This craft we came out of seemed to be parked inside a huge building, a hangar-like structure with a high, curved roof. The structure was sectioned in panels and some of them were lighted. The two or three other craft that were parked in there were different from the one I came out of—still saucer-shaped but really smooth and brightly chromed lookin'. The one I came out of was sitting flat on the floor and those chrome things—I didn't see any legs on them—had a rounded bottom, so I don't see how they sat there.

Anyway, we walked out onto this ramp into a room that had doors like elevators, and when we went in there, there was three other people like him, a woman and two men. They all looked like they were members of the same family.

They set me down in the chair and the one with the helmet—the others didn't wear any—walked on out through the door on the other side. I started to talk to them, but they didn't answer me. They just seemed kind of tolerant and didn't have any bad intentions. A man and a woman came over and led me to the table and laid me down on it. I don't know why I cooperated, because they weren't answering any of my questions. Then they put this clear soft metallic plastic mask with a black ball about two inches in diameter on it over my face. And I just went out.

The next thing I knew, I was laying on the road out there outside of Heber. I looked up and I saw this light go out—I think it could probably have been a hatch closing or something. And then this craft just went straight up, really fast. I don't see how something could move through the air like that and not make a sound—like breaking the sound barrier or something. It just went straight up and right out of sight.



"See, I told you we needed a larger closet."

ALEX HALEY

(continued from page 134)

"I got everything a man could want—if it wasn't for this prejudice crap."

with a shotgun. Being sensitive and having race pride has been in my family since slave days. The slave Davises played classical string music on the plantations.

HALEY: You're said to be one of the financially best-off popular musicians. Is this correct?

DAVIS: Well, I don't have any access to other musicians' bankbooks. But I never have been what you would call poor.

Now I got a pretty good portfolio of stock investments, and I got this house—it's worth into six figures, including everything in it. My four kids are coming up fine. When the boys get in from school, I want you to see them working out on the bags in our gym downstairs. I keep myself in shape and teach the kids how to box. They can handle themselves. Ain't nothing better that a father can pass along.

Then I got my music, I got Frances, and my Ferrari—and our friends. I got everything a man could want—if it just wasn't for this prejudice crap. It ain't that I'm mad at white people, I just see what I see and I know what's happening. I am going to speak my mind about anything that drags me about this Jim Crow scene. This whole prejudice mess is something you would feel so good if it could just be got rid of, like a big sore eating inside of your belly.

MALCOLM X

In May 1963, the publication in a mass-circulation magazine of an extended interview with a radical religious leader who professed to hate whites was considered extraordinary. Haley interviewed Malcolm X at a secluded table in a Harlem restaurant owned by the Muslims. He remembers that, except for moments of impassioned execration of all whites, Malcolm X spoke "in the impersonal tones of a self-assured corporation executive." The tapes of this interview formed the basis of the book Haley later wrote in collaboration with the Muslim leader: "The Autobiography of Malcolm X."

HALEY: What is the ambition of the Black Muslims?

MALCOLM X: Freedom, justice and equality are our principal ambitions. And to faithfully serve and follow the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is the guiding goal of every Muslim. Mr. Muhammad teaches us the knowledge of our own selves, and of our own people. He cleans us up—morally, mentally and spiritually—and

he reforms us of the vices that have blinded us here in the Western society. He stops black men from getting drunk, stops their dope addiction if they had it, stops nicotine, gambling, stealing, lying, cheating, fornication, adultery, prostitution, juvenile delinquency. I think of this whenever somebody talks about someone investigating us. Why investigate the Honorable Elijah Muhammad? They should subsidize him. He's cleaning up the mess that white men have made.

The brainwashed black man can never learn to stand on his own two feet until he is on his own. We must learn to become our own producers, manufacturers and traders; we must have industry of our own, to employ our own. The white man resists this because he wants to keep the black man under his thumb and jurisdiction in white society. He wants to keep the black man always dependent and begging—for jobs, food, clothes, shelter, education. The white man doesn't want to lose somebody to be supreme over. He wants to keep the black man where he can be watched and retarded. Mr. Muhammad teaches that as soon as we separate from the white man, we will learn that we can do without the white man just as he can do without us. The white man knows that once black men get off to themselves and learn they can do for themselves, the black man's full potential will explode and he will *surpass* the white man.

Sir, I'm going to tell you a secret: The black man is a whole lot smarter than white people think he is. The black man has survived in this country by fooling the white man. He's been dancing and grinning and white men never guessed what he was thinking. Now you'll hear the bourgeois Negroes pretending to be alienated, but they're just making the white man *think* they don't go for what Mr. Muhammad is saying. This Negro that will tell you he's so against us, he's just protecting the crumbs he gets from the white man's table. This kind of Negro is so busy trying to be *like* the white man that he doesn't know what the real masses of his own people are thinking. A fine car and house and clothes and liquor have made a lot think themselves different from their poor black brothers. But Mr. Muhammad says that Allah is going to wake up all black men to see the white man as he really is, and see what Christianity has done to them. The time is near when the white man will be finished. The signs are all around us.

HALEY: You refer to whites as the guilty and the enemy; you predict divine retribution against them; and you preach absolute separation from the white community. Do not these views substantiate that your movement is predicated on race hatred?

MALCOLM X: The black masses for the first time are understanding that it's not a case of being anti-white or anti-Christian, but it's a case of seeing the true nature of the white man. We're anti-evil, anti-oppression, anti-lynching. You can't be anti- those things unless you're also anti- the oppressor and the lyncher. You can't be anti-slavery and pro-slavemaster; you can't be anti-crime and pro-criminal. In fact, Mr. Muhammad teaches that if the present generation of *whites* would study their own race in the light of their true history, they would be anti-white themselves.

HALEY: Are you?

MALCOLM X: What I want to know is how the white man, with the blood of black people dripping off his fingers, can have the audacity to be asking black people do they hate him. That takes a lot of nerve.

HALEY: Do you admire and respect any other American Negro leaders—Martin Luther King, for example?

MALCOLM X: I am a Muslim, sir. Muslims can see only one leader who has the qualifications necessary to unite all elements of black people in America. This is the Honorable Elijah Muhammad.

HALEY: B'nai B'rith has accused you of being not only anti-Christian but anti-Semitic. Do you consider this true?

MALCOLM X: Anybody that gives even a just criticism of the Jew is instantly labeled anti-Semite. The Jew cries louder than anybody else if anybody criticizes him. You can tell the truth about any minority in America, but make a true observation about the Jew, and if it doesn't pat him on the back, then he uses his grip on the news media to label you anti-Semite. Let me say just a word about the Jew and the black man. The Jew is always anxious to *advise* the black man. But they never advise him how to solve his problem the way the Jews solved their problem. The Jew never went sitting-in and crawling-in and sliding-in and freedom-riding, like he teaches and helps Negroes to do. The Jews stood up, and stood together, and they used their ultimate power, the economic weapon. That's exactly what the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is trying to teach black men to do. The Jews pooled their money and *bought* the hotels that barred them. They bought Atlantic City and Miami Beach and anything else they wanted. Who owns Hollywood? Who runs the garment industry, the largest industry in New York City? But the Jew that's advising the Negro joins the NAACP, CORE, the Urban League and others. With money donations, the Jew gains control, then he sends the black man doing all this wading-in, boring-in, even burying-in—everything but buying-in. Never shows him how to set up factories and hotels. Never advises him how to own what he wants. No, when there's something worth owning, the Jew's got it.

HALEY: Is there any white man on earth whom you would concede to have the Negro's welfare genuinely at heart?

MALCOLM X: I say, sir, that you can never make an intelligent judgment without evidence. If any man will study the entire history of the relationship between the white man and the black man, no evidence will be found that justifies any confidence or faith that the black man might have in the white man today.

HALEY: Then you consider it impossible for the white man to be anything but an exploiter and a hypocrite in his relations with the Negro?

MALCOLM X: Is it wrong to attribute a predisposition to wheat before it comes up out of the ground? Wheat's characteristics and nature make it wheat. It differs from barley because of its nature. Wheat perpetuates its own characteristics just as the white race does. White people are born devils by nature.

HALEY: You say that white men are devils by nature. Was Christ a devil?

MALCOLM X: Christ wasn't white. Christ was a black man.

HALEY: On what Scripture do you base this assertion?

MALCOLM X: Sir, Billy Graham has made the same statement in public. Why not ask *him* what Scripture he found it in? When Pope Pius XII died, *Life* magazine carried a picture of him in his private study kneeling before a black Christ.

HALEY: Those are hardly quotations from Scripture. Was he not reviled as "King of the Jews"—a people the Black Muslims attack?

MALCOLM X: Only the poor, brainwashed American Negro has been made to believe that Christ was white, to maneuver him into worshiping the white man. After becoming a Muslim in prison, I read almost everything I could put my hands on in the prison library. I began to think back on everything I had read and especially with the histories, I realized that nearly all of them read by the general public have been made into white histories. I found out that the history-whitening process either had left out great things that black men had done or some of the great black men had gotten whitened.

HALEY: Would you list a few of these men?

MALCOLM X: Well, Hannibal, the most successful general that ever lived, was a black man. So was Beethoven; Beethoven's father was one of the blackamoors that hired themselves out in Europe as professional soldiers. Haydn, Beethoven's teacher, was of African descent. Columbus, the discoverer of America, was a half-black man.

HALEY: Since your classification of black peoples apparently includes the light-skinned Oriental, Middle Eastern and possibly even Latin races as well as the darker Indian and Negroid strains, just how do you decide how light-skinned it's permissible to be before being

What every stubble bum should know.

The closer you cut your stubble, the longer it takes to grow back. The longer it takes to grow back, the less likely you will look like a stubble bum before you have to shave again. Which brings us to Mennen Skin Bracer® Pre-Electric Shave Lotion. It tightens your face, conditions your stubble so you can shave extra close. It even helps lubricate your razor head, and it's got that clean Skin Bracer fragrance. Congratulations. You are soon to join the ranks of the ex-stubble bum.

condemned as white? And if Caucasian whites are devils by nature, do you classify people by degrees of devilishness according to the lightness of their skin?

MALCOLM X: I don't worry about these little technicalities. But I know that white society has always considered that one drop of black blood makes you black. To me, if one drop can do this, it only shows the power of one drop of black blood. And I know another thing—that Negroes who used to be light enough to pass for white have seen the handwriting on the wall and are beginning to come back and identify with their own kind. And white people who also are seeing the pendulum of time catching up with them are now trying to join with blacks, or even find traces of black blood in their own veins, hoping that it will save them from the catastrophe they see ahead. Thoughtful white people *know* they are inferior to black people.

HALEY: If all whites are devilish by nature, as you have alleged, and if black and white are essentially opposite, as you have just stated, do you view all black men—with the exception of their non-Muslim leaders—as fundamentally angelic?

MALCOLM X: No, there is plenty wrong with Negroes. They have no society. They're robots, automatons. No minds of their own. I hate to say that about us, but it's the truth. They are a black body with a white brain. Like the monster in *Frankenstein*. The top part is your bourgeois Negro. He's your integrator. He's not interested in his poor black brothers. He's usually so deep in debt from trying to copy the white man's social habits that he doesn't have time to worry about nothing else. They buy the most expensive clothes and cars and eat the cheapest food. They act more like the white man than the white man does himself. These are the ones that hide their sympathy for Mr. Muhammad's teachings. It conflicts with the sources from which they get their white-man's crumbs. This class to us are the fence-sitters. They have one eye on the white man and the other eye on the Muslims. They'll jump whichever way they see the wind blowing. Then there's the middle class of the Negro masses, the ones not in the ghetto, who realize that life is a struggle, who are conscious of all the injustices being done and of the constant state of insecurity in which they live. They're ready to take some stand against everything that's against them. Now, when this group hears Mr. Muhammad's teachings, they are the ones who come forth faster and identify themselves, and take immediate steps toward trying to bring into existence what Mr. Muhammad advocates. At the bottom of the social heap is the black man in the big-city ghetto. He lives night and day with the rats and cockroaches and drowns himself with alcohol and anesthetizes himself with dope, to try and forget where and what he is. That Negro has given up all hope. He's the hardest one for us to reach, because he's the deepest in the mud. But when you get him, you've got the best kind of Muslim. Because he makes the most drastic change. He's the most fearless. He will stand the longest. He has nothing to lose, even his life, because he didn't have that in the first place. I look upon myself, sir, as a prime example of this category—and as graphic an example as you could find of the salvation of the black man.

HALEY: Could you give us a brief review of the early life that led to your own "salvation"?

MALCOLM X: The first time I heard the Honorable Elijah Muhammad's statement "The white man is the devil," it just clicked. I am a good example of why Islam is spreading so rapidly across the land. I was nothing but another convict, a semi-illiterate criminal. Mr. Muhammad's teachings were able to reach into prison, which is the level where people are considered to have fallen as low as they can go. His teachings brought me from behind prison walls and placed me on the podiums of some of the leading colleges and universities in the country. I often think, sir, that in 1946, I was sentenced to eight to ten years in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a common thief who had never passed the eighth grade. And the next time I went back to Cambridge was in March 1961, as a guest speaker at the Harvard Law School Forum. This is the best example of Mr. Muhammad's ability to take nothing and make something, to take nobody and make somebody.

HALEY: How do you feel about Negro civil and human rights in South Africa, where the doctrine of apartheid is enforced by the government of Prime Minister Verwoerd?

MALCOLM X: They don't stand for anything different in South Africa than America stands for. The only difference is over there they *preach* as well as practice apartheid. America preaches freedom and practices slavery. America preaches integration and practices segregation. Verwoerd is an honest white man. So are the Barnetts, Faubuses, Eastlands and Rockwells. They want to keep all white people white. And we want to keep all black people black. As between the racists and the integrationists, I highly prefer the racists. I'd rather walk among rattlesnakes, whose constant rattle warns me where they are, than among those Northern snakes who grin and make you forget you're still in a snake pit. Any white man is against blacks. The entire American economy is based on white supremacy. Even the religious philosophy is, in essence, white supremacy. A white Jesus. A white Virgin. White angels. White everything. But a black Devil, of

course. The "Uncle Sam" political foundation is based on white supremacy, relegating nonwhites to second-class citizenship. It goes without saying that the social philosophy is strictly white supremacist. And the educational system perpetuates white supremacy.

HALEY: Are you contradicting yourself by denouncing white supremacy while praising its practitioners, since you admit that you share their goal of separation?

MALCOLM X: The fact that I prefer the candor of the Southern segregationist to the hypocrisy of the Northern integrationist doesn't alter the basic immorality of white supremacy. A devil is still a devil whether he wears a bed sheet or a Brooks Brothers suit. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad teaches separation simply because any forcible attempt to integrate America completely would result in another Civil War, a catastrophic explosion among whites which would destroy America—and still not solve the problem. But Mr. Muhammad's solution of separate black and white would solve the problem neatly for both the white and black man, and America would be saved. Then the whole world would give Uncle Sam credit for being something other than a hypocrite.

HALEY: Despite the fact that the goal of racial equality is not yet realized, many sociologists—and many Negro commentators—agree that no minority group on earth has made as much social, civil and economic progress as the American Negro in the past 100 years. What is your reaction to this view?

MALCOLM X: Sir, I hear that everywhere almost exactly as you state it. This is one of the biggest myths that the American black man himself believes in. Every immigrant ethnic group that has come to this country is now a genuinely first-class citizen group—every one of them but the black man, who was here when they came. While everybody else is sharing the fruit, the black man is just now starting to be thrown some seeds. You talk about the progress of the Negro—I'll tell you, mister, it's just because the Negro has been in America while *America* has gone forward that the Negro appears to have gone forward.

HALEY: Is there anything then, in your opinion, that could be done—by either whites or blacks—to expedite the social and economic progress of the Negro in America?

MALCOLM X: First of all, the white man must finally realize that *he's* the one who has committed the crimes that have produced the miserable condition that our people are in. He can't hide this guilt by reviling us today because we answer his criminal acts—past and present—with extreme and uncompromising resentment. He cannot hide his guilt by accusing us, his victims, of being racists, extremists and black supremacists. The white man must realize that the sins of the fathers are about to be visited upon the heads of the children who have continued those sins, only in more sophisticated ways. Mr. Elijah Muhammad is warning this generation of white people that they, too, are also facing a time of harvest in which they will have to pay for the crime committed when their grandfathers made slaves out of us.

But there *is* something the white man can do to avert this fate. He must atone—and this can only be done by allowing black men, those who choose, to leave this land of bondage and go to a land of our own. But if he doesn't want a mass movement of our people away from this house of bondage, then he should separate this country. He should give us several states here on American soil, where those of us who wish to can go and set up our own government, our own economic system, our own civilization. Since we have given over 300 years of our slave labor to the white man's America, helped to build it up for him, it's only right that white America should give us everything *we* need in finance and materials for the next 25 years, until our own nation is able to stand on its feet. Then, if the Western Hemisphere is attacked by outside enemies, we would have both the capability and the motivation to join in defending the hemisphere, in which we would then have a sovereign stake.

The Honorable Elijah Muhammad says that the black man has served under the rule of all the other peoples of the earth at one time or another in the past. He teaches that it is now God's intention to put the black man back at the top of civilization, where he was in the beginning—before Adam, the white man, was created. The world since Adam has been white—and corrupt. The world of tomorrow will be black—and righteous. In the white world there has been nothing but slavery, suffering, death and colonialism. In the black world of tomorrow, there will be *true* freedom, justice and equality for all. And that day is coming—sooner than you think.

HALEY: If Muslims ultimately gain control as you predict, do you plan to bestow "*true* freedom" on white people?

MALCOLM X: It's not a case of what would we do, it's a case of what would God do with whites. What does a judge do with the guilty? Either the guilty atone or God executes judgment.

CASSIUS CLAY

PLAYBOY *published two interviews with the heavyweight champion of the world: one in October 1964, when most of the press still referred to him as Cassius Clay, and the other in November 1975. Haley*

conducted the first one and reported at the time (using the editorial we):

"We approached the mercurial Muslim with our request for a searching interview about his fame, his heavyweight crown and his faith. Readily consenting, he invited us to join him on his peripatetic social rounds of New York's Harlem, where he rents a three-room suite at the Hotel Theresa (in which another celebrated guest, Fidel Castro, hung his hat and plucked his chickens during a memorable visit to the UN).

"For the next two weeks, we walked with him on brisk morning constitutionals, ate with him at immaculate Muslim restaurants (no pork served), sat with him during his daily shoeshine, rode with him in his chauffeured, air-conditioned Cadillac limousine on leisurely drives through Harlem. We interjected our questions as the opportunities presented themselves—between waves and shouts exchanged by the champion and ogling pedestrians, and usually over the din of the limousine's dashboard phonograph, blaring Clay's recording of 'I Am the Greatest.' We began the conversation on our own blaring note."

HALEY: Are you really the loudmouthed exhibitionist you seem to be, or is it all for the sake of publicity?

CLAY: I been attracting attention ever since I been able to walk and talk. When I was just a little boy in school, I caught on to how nearly everybody likes to watch somebody that acts different. Like, I wouldn't ride the school bus, I would *run* to school alongside it, and all the kids would be waving and hollering at me and calling me nuts. It made me somebody special. Or at recess time, I'd start a fight with somebody to draw a crowd. I always liked drawing crowds. When I started fighting serious, I found out that grown people, the fight fans, acted just like those school kids. Almost from my first fights, I'd bigmouth to anybody who would listen about what I was going to do to whoever I was going to fight, and people would go out of their way to come and see, hoping I would get beat.

HALEY: How did your first fight come about?

CLAY: Well, on my 12th birthday, I got a new bicycle as a present from my folks, and I rode it to a fair that was being held at the Columbia Gymnasium, and when I come out, my bike was gone. I was so mad I was crying, and a policeman, Joe Martin, come up and I told him I was going to whip whoever took my bike. He said I ought to take some boxing lessons to learn how to whip the thief better, and I did. That's when I started fighting. Six weeks later, I won my first fight over another boy 12 years old, a white boy. And in a year I was fighting on TV. Joe Martin advised me against trying to just fight my way up in clubs and preliminaries, which could take years and maybe get me all beat up. He said I ought to try the Olympics, and if I won, that would give me automatically a number-ten pro rating. And that's just what I did.

HALEY: At what point in your career did you first put your yelling technique into practice?

CLAY: Right after I had won the Olympic Gold Medal. One day, back home in Louisville, I was riding on a bus. I was reading a paper about Patterson and Ingemar Johansson. I didn't have no doubt I could beat either one of them, if I had a chance to fight them. But Machen, Folley, Jones and all of them other bums were standing in the way, and I decided I wasn't just about to stand around like them. I'd won the Olympic title, that was all in the papers, but hadn't nobody really heard of me, though, and they never would as long as I just sat thinking about it. Right there on that bus is where I figured I'd just open up my big mouth and start people listening and paying attention to me. Not just talking, but really screaming, and acting like some kind of a nut. I didn't want nobody thinking nothing except that I was a joke. And when it come to Liston, they was all saying it was the end of the line for me. I might even get killed in there; he was going to put his big fist in my big mouth so far they was going to have to get doctors to pull it out, stuff like that. You couldn't read nothing else. That's how come, later on, I made them reporters tell me I was the greatest. They had been so busy looking at Liston's record with Patterson that didn't nobody stop to think about how it was making Liston just about a setup for me. People can't stand a blowhard, but they'll always listen to him. Even people in Europe and Africa and Asia was hearing my big mouth. I didn't miss no radio or television show or newspaper I could get in. And in between them, on the street, I'd walk up to people and they'd tell one another about what "that crazy Cassius Clay" said. And then, on top of this, what the public didn't know was that every chance I got, I was needling Liston *direct*. I had bought this used 30-passenger bus, a 1953 Flexible—you know, the kind you see around airports. We had painted it red and white with WORLD'S MOST COLORFUL FIGHTER across the top. Then I had LISTON MUST GO IN EIGHT painted across the side right after Liston took the title. We had been driving around Los Angeles, and up and down the freeways in the bus, blowing the horn, *"Oink! Oink! Oink!"* drawing people's attention to me. When I say I'm colorful, I believe in *being* colorful. Anyway, this time, when we started out for New York, we decided it would be a good time to pay Liston a visit at his new house.

We had the address from the newspapers, and we pulled up in his front yard in the bus about three o'clock in the morning and started blowing: *"Oink! Oink! Oink! Oink!"* In other houses, lights went on and windows went up. You know how them white people felt about that black man just moved in there anyway, and we sure wasn't helping it none. People was hollering things, and we got out with the headlights blazing and went up to Liston's door, just about as Liston got there. He had on nylon shorty pajamas. And he was mad. He first recognized Howard Bingham, the photographer, whom he had seen in Los Angeles. "What you want, black mother?" he said to Howard. I was standing right behind Howard, flinging my cane back and forth in the headlights, hollering loud enough for everybody in a mile to hear me, "Come on out of there! I'm going to whip you right now! Come on out of there and protect your home! If you don't come out of that door, I'm going to break it down!"

You know that look of Liston's you hear so much about? Well, he sure had it on standing in that door that night. Man, he was tore up! He didn't know what to do. He wanted to come out there after me, but he was already in enough troubles with the police and everything. And you know, if a man figures you're crazy, he'll think twice before he acts, because he figures you're liable to do *anything*. But before he could make up his mind, the police came rushing in with all their sirens going, and they broke it up, telling us we would be arrested for disturbing the peace if we didn't get out of there. So we left. I made up my mind right then that by the time we got to Miami in training, I was going to have him so mad that he would forget everything he knew about fighting, just trying to kill me.

HALEY: Then the fight went about as you had planned?

CLAY: Almost. He came in there at 220 pounds, and untrained to go more than two rounds, and as old as he is—too old—against a kid, and I didn't have an ounce of fat on me. And he didn't have *no* respect for me as a fighter. He was figuring on killing me inside of two rounds. He was a perfect setup. If you remember, I didn't throw many punches, but when I did, they made their mark. I have vicious combinations, and just like I had planned, I hurt his body and I closed his eyes.

HALEY: What is your feeling about the fact that your purse was withheld after the fight?

CLAY: I don't understand it. I'm not involved in any tax problems. How can they justify holding up my money? But let me tell you something: I got bigger

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things on my mind than that. I got Islam on my mind.

HALEY: Speaking of Islam, the National Boxing Association announced that it was considering the revocation of your heavyweight title because of your membership in the Black Muslims, which you announced just after the fight. Have you heard any official word on their decision?

CLAY: It just fizzled out. But until it did, the N.B.A. was going to condemn me, try me, sentence me and execute me, all by themselves. Ain't this country supposed to be where every man can have the religion he wants, even *no* religion if that's what he wants? It ain't a court in America that would take a man's job, or his title, because of his religious convictions. The Constitution forbids Congress from making any laws involving a man's religion. But the N.B.A. would take it on itself to take away my title—for what? What have I done to hurt boxing? I've *helped* boxing. But the N.B.A. don't have no power no way. They can't stop nobody from fighting. And even if they could, it wouldn't matter, because I don't put that much value on no heavyweight crown anyway. Time was when I did, but that was before I found the religious convictions that I have. When I started getting attacked so bad because I am a Muslim, I had to decide, if it would come to me having to give up one or the other, what was most important to me, my religion or my fighting. I made up my mind that I could give up fighting and never look back. Because it's a whole pile of other ways I could make a living. Me being the world heavyweight champion feels very small and cheap to me when I put that alongside of how millions of my poor black brothers and sisters are having to struggle just to get their human rights here in America.

HALEY: What or who made you decide to join the Muslims?

CLAY: Nobody or nothing *made* me decide. I make up my mind for myself. In 1960, this Muslim minister came to me and he asked me wouldn't I like to come to his mosque and hear about the history of my forefathers. I never had heard no black man talking about no forefathers, except that they were slaves, so I went to a meeting. And this minister started teaching, and the things he said really shook me up. Things like that we 20,000,000 black people in America didn't know our true identities, or even our true family names. And we were the direct descendants of black men and women stolen from a rich black continent and brought here and stripped of all knowledge of themselves and taught to hate themselves and their kind. And that's how us so-called Negroes had come to be the only race among mankind that loved its enemies. Now, I'm the kind that catches on quick. I said to myself, listen here, this man's *saying* something! I hope don't nobody never hit me in the ring hard as it did when that brother minister said the Chinese are named after China, Russians after Russia, Cubans after Cuba, Italians after Italy, the English after England, and clear on down the line everybody was named for somewhere he could call home, except us. He said, "What country are we so-called Negroes named for? *No* country! We are just a lost race." Well, *boom*! That really shook me up. I remember right in our house back in Louisville, all the pictures on the walls were white people. Nothing about us black people. A picture of a white Jesus Christ. Now, what painter ever *saw* Jesus? So who says Jesus was white? And all my life, I had been seeing the black man getting his head whipped by the white man, and stuck in the white man's jails, and things like that. And myself, I had to admit that up to then, I had always hated being black, just like other Negroes, hating our kind, instead of loving one another. The more I saw and thought, the more the truth made sense to me. Whatever I'm for, I always have believed in talking it up, and the first thing you know, I was in Muslim meetings calling out just like the rest, "Right, brother! Tell it, brother! Keep it coming!" And today my religion is Islam, and I'm proud of it.

HALEY: How has it changed your life?

CLAY: In every way. It's pulled me up and cleaned me up as a human being. Before I became a Muslim, I used to drink. Yes, I did. The truth is the truth. And after I had fought and beat somebody, I didn't hardly go nowhere without two big, pretty women beside me. But my change is one of the things that will mark me as a great man in history. When you can live righteous in the hell of North America—when a man can control his life, his physical needs, his lower self, he elevates himself. The downfall of so many great men is that they haven't been able to control their appetite for women.

HALEY: But you have?

CLAY: We Muslims don't touch a woman unless we're married to her.

HALEY: Don't you feel that whites have some reason for concern that the heavyweight champion belongs to an organization that is alleged to teach hatred of whites?

CLAY: Look, the black man that's trying to integrate, he's getting beat up and bombed and shot. But the black man that says he don't want to integrate, he gets called a "hate teacher."

I think that all of this "integration" started backfiring when it put the white man on the spot. It ain't going to go on much further. I think that the black man needs to get together with his own kind. He needs to say, "Let's don't go where we're not wanted." You take Sonny Liston. He was the champion of the world, and that's supposed to include America. But when he tried to buy a house in a segregated neighborhood in Miami, he was turned down. The white people don't want integration. I don't believe in forcing it and the Muslims don't either.

The fact is that my being a Muslim moved me from the sports pages to the

"I would like to have a few words with you, Napoleon."

front pages. Twenty-four hours a day I get offers—to tour somewhere overseas, to visit colleges, to make speeches. Places like Harvard and Tuskegee, television shows, interviews, recordings. I get letters from all over. They are addressed to me in ways like "The Greatest Boxer in the World, U. S. A." and they come straight to me wherever they're mailed from. People want to write books about me. And I ought to have stock in Western Union and cable companies, I get so many of them. I'm trying to show you how I been elevated from the normal stature of fighters to being a world figure, a leader, a statesman.

HALEY: Statesman?

CLAY: That's what I said. Listen, after I beat Liston, some African diplomats invited me to the United Nations. And because I'm a Muslim, I was welcomed like a king on my tour of Africa and the Middle East. I'm the first world champion that ever toured the world that he is champion of.

HALEY: Are you the greatest now fighting, or the greatest in boxing history?

CLAY: Now, a whole lot of people ain't going to like this. But I'm going to tell you the truth—you asked me. It's too many great old champions to go listing them one by one. But ain't no need to. I think that Joe Louis, in his prime, could have whipped them all—I mean anyone you want to name. And I would have beat Louis. Now, look—people don't like to face the facts. All they can think about is Joe Louis' punch. Well, he did have a deadly punch, just like Liston has a deadly punch. But if Louis didn't hit nothing but air, like Liston didn't with me, then we got to look at other things. Even if Louis did hit me a few times, remember they all said Liston was a tougher one-punch man than even Joe Louis. And I took some of Liston's best shots. Remember that. Then, too, I'm taller than Louis. But I tell you what would decide the fight: I'm *faster* than Louis was. No, Louis and none of the rest of them couldn't whip me. Look—it ain't *never* been another fighter like me. Ain't never been no *nothing* like me.

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

In January 1965, we published Haley's interview with the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., shortly after King received the Nobel Peace Prize. Back in those days, we still weren't identifying the interviewer by name, so Haley reported anonymously:

"So heavy were Martin Luther King, Jr.'s commitments when we called him last summer for an interview that two months elapsed before he was able to accept our request for an appointment. We kept it—only to spend a week in Atlanta waiting in vain for him to find a moment for more than an apology and a hurried handshake. . . . King was finally able to sandwich in a series of hour and half-hour conversations with us among the other demands of a grueling week. The resultant interview is the longest he has ever granted to any publication.

"Though he spoke with heartfelt and often eloquent sincerity, his tone was one of businesslike detachment. And his mood, except for one or two flickering smiles of irony, was gravely serious."

HALEY: As one who grew up in the economically comfortable, socially insulated environment of a middle-income home in Atlanta, can you recall when it was that you yourself first became painfully and personally aware of racial prejudice?

KING: Very clearly. When I was 14, I had traveled from Atlanta to Dublin, Georgia, with a dear teacher of mine, Mrs. Bradley; she's dead now. I had participated there in an oratorical contest sponsored by the Negro Elks. It turned out to be a memorable day, for I had succeeded in winning the contest. My subject, I recall, ironically enough, was "The Negro and the Constitution." Anyway, that night, Mrs. Bradley and I were on a bus returning to Atlanta, and at a small town along the way, some white passengers boarded the bus, and the white driver ordered us to get up and give the whites our seats. We didn't move quickly enough to suit him, so he began cursing us, calling us "black sons of bitches." I intended to stay right in that seat, but Mrs. Bradley finally urged me up, saying we had to obey the law. And so we stood up in the aisle for the 90 miles to Atlanta. That night will never leave my memory. It was the angriest I have ever been in my life.

HALEY: Wasn't it another such incident on a bus, years later, that thrust you into your present role as a civil rights leader?

KING: Yes, it was—in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1955. E. D. Nixon, a Pullman porter long identified with the NAACP, telephoned me late one night to tell me that Mrs. Rosa Parks had been arrested around 7:30 that evening when a bus driver demanded that she give up her seat, and she refused—because her feet hurt. Nixon had already bonded Mrs. Parks out of prison. He said, "It's time this stops; we ought to boycott the buses." I agreed and said, "Now." The next night we called a meeting of Negro community leaders to discuss it, and on Saturday and Sunday we appealed to the Negro community, with leaflets and from the pulpits, to boycott the buses on Monday. We had in mind a one-day boycott, and we were banking on 60 percent success. But the boycott saw instantaneous 99 percent success. We were so pleasantly surprised and impressed that we continued, and for the next 381 days the boycott of Montgomery's buses by Negroes was 99$\frac{9}{10}$ percent successful.

HALEY: Can you recall any mistakes you've made in leading the movement?

KING: Well, the most pervasive mistake I have made was in believing that because our cause was just, we could be sure that the white ministers of the South, once their Christian consciences were challenged, would rise to our aid. I felt that white ministers would take our cause to the white power structure. I ended up, of course, chastened and disillusioned. As our movement unfolded, and direct appeals were made to white ministers, most folded their hands—and some even took stands *against* us.

Let me hasten to say there are some outstanding exceptions. As one whose Christian roots go back through three generations of ministers—my father, grandfather and great-grandfather—I will remain true to the church as long as I live. But the laxity of the white church collectively has caused me to weep tears of love. There cannot be deep disappointment without deep love. Time and again in my travels, as I have seen the outward beauty of white churches, I have had to ask myself, "What kind of people worship there? Who is their God? Is their God the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and is their Savior the Savior who hung on the cross at Golgotha? Where were their voices when a black race took upon itself the cross of protest against man's injustice to man? Where were their voices when defiance and hatred were called for by white men who sat in these very churches?"

I shall never forget the grief and bitterness I felt on that terrible September morning when a bomb blew out the lives of those four little, innocent girls sitting in their Sunday-school class in the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham. I think of how a woman cried out, crunching through broken glass, "My God, we're not even safe in church!" I think of how that explosion blew the face of Jesus Christ from a stained-glass window. It was symbolic of how sin and evil had blotted out the life of Christ. I can remember thinking that if men were this bestial, was it all worth it? Was there any hope? Was there any way out?

HALEY: Do you still feel this way?

KING: No, time has healed the wounds—and buoyed me with the inspiration of another moment which I shall never forget: when I saw with my own eyes over 3000 young Negro boys and girls, totally unarmed, leave Birmingham's 16th Street Baptist Church to march to a prayer meeting—ready to pit nothing

but the power of their bodies and souls against Bull Connor's police dogs, clubs and fire hoses. When they refused Connor's bellowed order to turn back, he whirled and shouted to his men to turn on the hoses. It was one of the most fantastic events of the Birmingham story that these Negroes, many of them on their knees, stared, unafraid and unmoving, at Connor's men with the hose nozzles in their hands. Then, slowly the Negroes stood up and advanced, and Connor's men fell back as though hypnotized, as the Negroes marched on past to hold their prayer meeting. I saw there, I felt there, for the first time, the pride and the *power* of nonviolence.

HALEY: Your detractors in the Negro community often refer to you snidely as "De Lawd" and "Booker T. King." What's your reaction to this sort of Uncle Tom label?

KING: I hear some of those names, but my reaction to them is never emotional. I don't think you can be in public life without being called bad names. As Lincoln said, "If I answered all criticism, I'd have time for nothing else." But with regard to both of the names you mentioned, I've always tried to be what I call militantly nonviolent. I don't believe that anyone could seriously accuse me of not being totally committed to the breakdown of segregation.

HALEY: What do you mean by "militantly nonviolent"?

KING: I mean to say that a strong man must be militant as well as moderate. He must be a realist as well as an idealist. If I am to merit the trust invested in me by some of my race, I must be both of these things. This is why nonviolence is a powerful as well as a *just* weapon. If you confront a man who has long been cruelly misusing you, and say, "Punish me, if you will; I do not deserve it, but I will accept it, so that the world will know I am right and you are wrong," then you wield a powerful and a just weapon. This man, your oppressor, is automatically morally defeated, and if he has any conscience, he is ashamed. Wherever this weapon is used in a manner that stirs a community's, or a nation's, anguished conscience, then the pressure of public opinion becomes an ally in your just cause.

We should not forget that, although nonviolent direct action did not originate in America, it found a natural home where it has been a revered tradition to rebel against injustice. This great weapon, which we first tried out in Montgomery during the bus boycott, has been further developed throughout the South over the past decade, until by today it has become instrumental in the greatest mass-action crusade for freedom that has occurred in America since the Revolutionary War.

HALEY: Your dissatisfaction with the Civil Rights Act reflects that of most other Negro spokesmen. According to recent polls, however, many whites resent this attitude, calling the Negro "ungrateful" and "unrealistic" to press his demands for more.

KING: This is a litany to those of us in this field. "What more will the Negro want?" "What will it take to make these demonstrations end?" Well, I would like to reply with another rhetorical question: Why do white people seem to find it so difficult to understand that the Negro is sick and tired of having reluctantly parceled out to him those rights and privileges which all others receive upon birth or entry in America? I never cease to wonder at the amazing presumption of much of white society, assuming that they have the right to bargain with the Negro for his freedom. This continued arrogant ladling out of pieces of the rights of citizenship has begun to generate a *fury* in the Negro. Even so, he is not pressing for revenge, or for conquest, or to gain spoils, or to enslave, or even to marry the sisters of those who have injured him. What the Negro wants—and will not stop until he gets—is absolute and unqualified freedom and equality here in this land of his birth, and not in Africa or in some imaginary state. The Negro no longer will be tolerant of anything less than his due right and heritage. He is pursuing only that which he knows is honorably his. He knows that he is right.

Few white people, even today, will face the clear fact that the very future and destiny of this country are tied up in what answer will be given to the Negro. And that answer must be given soon.

HALEY: Relatively few dispute the justness of the struggle to eradicate racial injustice, but many whites feel that the Negro should be more patient, that only the passage of time—perhaps generations—will bring about the sweeping changes he demands in traditional attitudes and customs. Do you think this is true?

KING: No, I do not. I feel that the time

"On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder! On, Casanova!"

is always right to do what is right. Where progress for the Negro in America is concerned, there is a tragic misconception of time among whites. They seem to cherish a strange, irrational notion that something in the very flow of time will cure all ills. In truth, time itself is only neutral. Increasingly, I feel that time has been used destructively by people of ill will much more than it has been used *con*structively by those of *good* will.

If I were to select a timetable for the equalization of human rights, it would be the *intent* of the "all deliberate speed" specified in the historic 1954 Supreme Court decision. But what has happened? A Supreme Court decision was met, and balked, with utter defiance. Ten years later, in most areas of the South, less than one percent of the Negro children have been integrated in schools, and in some of the deepest South, not even one tenth of one percent. Approximately 25 percent of employable Negro youth, for another example, are presently unemployed. Though many would prefer not to, we must face the fact that progress for the Negro—to which white "moderates" like to point in justifying gradualism—has been relatively insignificant, particularly in terms of the Negro masses. What little progress has been made—and that includes the Civil Rights Act—has applied primarily to the middle-class Negro. Among the masses, especially in the Northern ghettos, the situation remains about the same, and for some it is worse.

HALEY: Haven't both the White Citizens' Council and the Ku Klux Klan been implicated in connection with plots against your life?

KING: It's difficult to trace the authorship of these death threats. I seldom go through a day without one. Some are telephoned anonymously to my office; others are sent—unsigned, of course—through the mails. Drew Pearson wrote not long ago about one group of unknown affiliation that was committed to assassinate not only me but also Chief Justice Warren and President Johnson. And not long ago, when I was about to visit in Mississippi, I received some very urgent calls from Negro leaders in Mobile, who had been told by a very reliable source that a sort of guerrilla group led by a retired major was plotting to take my life during the visit. I was strongly urged to cancel the trip, but when I thought about it, I decided that I had no alternative but to go on into Mississippi.

HALEY: Why?

KING: Because I have a job to do. If I were constantly worried about death, I couldn't function. After a while, if your life is more or less constantly in peril, you come to a point where you accept the possibility philosophically. I must face the fact, as all others in positions of leadership must do, that America today is an extremely sick nation, and that something could well happen to me at any time. I feel, though, that my cause is so right, so moral, that if I should lose my life, in some way it would aid the cause.

HALEY: Do you feel you have the right to pass judgment on and defy the law—nonviolently or otherwise?

KING: Yes—morally, if not legally. For there are two kinds of laws: man's and God's. A man-made code that squares with the moral law, or the law of God, is a just law. But a man-made code that is inharmonious with the moral law is an unjust law. And an unjust law, as Saint Augustine said, is no law at all. Thus, a law that is unjust is morally null and void, and must be defied until it is legally null and void as well. Let us not forget, in the memories of 6,000,000 who died, that everything Adolf Hitler did in Germany was "legal," and that everything the Freedom Fighters in Hungary did was "illegal." In spite of that, I am sure that I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers if I had lived in Germany during Hitler's reign, as some Christian priests and ministers did do, often at the cost of their lives. And if I lived now in a Communist country where principles dear to the Christian's faith are suppressed, I know that I would openly advocate defiance of that country's anti-religious laws—again, just as some Christian priests and ministers are doing today behind the Iron Curtain. Right here in America today there are white ministers, priests and rabbis who have shed blood in the support of our struggle against a web of human injustice, much of which is supported by immoral man-made laws.

HALEY: If it's morally right for supporters of civil rights to violate segregation laws which they consider unjust, why is it wrong for segregationists to resist the enforcement of integration laws which *they* consider unjust?

KING: Because segregation, as even the segregationists know in their hearts, is morally wrong and sinful. If it weren't, the white South would not be haunted as it is by a deep sense of guilt for what it has done to the Negro—guilt for patronizing him, degrading him, brutalizing him, depersonalizing him, thingifying him; guilt for lying to itself. This is the source of the schizophrenia that the South will suffer until it goes through its crisis of conscience.

HALEY: Is this crisis imminent?

KING: It may not come next week or next year, but it is certainly more imminent in the South than in the North. If the South is honest with itself, it may well outdistance the North in the improvement of race relations.

HALEY: Why?

KING: Well, the Northern white, having had little actual contact with the Negro, is devoted to an abstract principle of cordial interracial relations. The North has long considered, in a theoretical way, that it supported brotherhood and the equality of man, but the truth is that deep prejudices and discriminations exist in hidden and subtle and covert disguises. The South's prejudice and discrimination, on the other hand, has been applied against the Negro in obvious, open, overt and glaring forms—which make the problem easier to get at. The Southern white man has the advantage of far more actual contact with Negroes than the Northerner. A major problem is that this contact has been paternalistic and poisoned by the myth of racial superiority.

HALEY: Many Southern whites, supported by the "research" of several Southern anthropologists, vow that white racial superiority—and Negro inferiority—are biological facts.

KING: You may remember that during the rise of Nazi Germany, a rash of books by respected German scientists appeared, supporting the master-race theory. This utterly ignorant fallacy has been so thoroughly refuted by the social scientists, as well as by medical science, that any individual who goes on believing it is standing in an absolutely misguided and diminishing circle. The American Anthropological Association has unanimously adopted a resolution repudiating statements that Negroes are biologically, in innate mental ability or in any other way, inferior to whites. The collective weight and authority of world scientists are embodied in a UNESCO report on races which flatly refutes the theory of innate superiority among *any* ethnic group. And as far as Negro "blood" is concerned, medical science finds the same four blood types in all race groups. The Negro revolution is a genuine revolution, born from the same womb that produces all massive social upheavals—the womb of intolerable conditions and unendurable situations.

HALEY: Is it destined to be a violent revolution?

KING: God willing, no. But white Americans must be made to understand the basic motives underlying Negro demonstrations. Many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations are boiling inside the Negro, and he must release them. It is not a threat but a fact of history that if an oppressed people's pent-up emotions are not nonviolently released, they will be violently released. So let the Negro march. Let him make pilgrimages to city hall. Let him go on freedom rides. And above all, make an effort to understand why he must do this. For if his frustration and despair are allowed to continue piling up, millions of Negroes will seek solace and security in

"Looks like wifey can't relate to the leather panty hose."

black-nationalist ideologies. And this, inevitably, would lead to a frightening racial nightmare.

HALEY: If a nationwide program of preferential employment for Negroes were to be adopted, how would you propose to assuage the resentment of whites who already feel that their jobs are being jeopardized by the influx of Negroes resulting from desegregation?

KING: We must develop a Federal program of public works, retraining and jobs for all—so that none, white or black, will have cause to feel threatened. At the present time, thousands of jobs a week are disappearing in the wake of automation and other production efficiency techniques. Black and white, we will *all* be harmed unless something grand and imaginative is done. The unemployed, poverty-stricken white man must be made to realize that he is in the very same boat with the Negro. Together, they could exert massive pressure on the Government to get jobs for all. Together, they could form a grand alliance. Together, they could merge all people for the good of all.

HALEY: If Negroes are also granted preferential treatment in housing, as you propose, how would you allay the alarm with which many white homeowners, fearing property devaluation, greet the arrival of Negroes in hitherto all-white neighborhoods?

KING: We must expunge from our society the myths and half-truths that engender such groundless fears as these. In the first place, there is no truth to the myth that Negroes depreciate property. The fact is that most Negroes are kept out of residential neighborhoods so long that when one of us is finally sold a home, it's *already* depreciated. In the second place, we must dispel the negative and harmful atmosphere that has been created by avaricious and unprincipled realtors who engage in "blockbusting." If we had in America really serious efforts to break down discrimination in housing, and at the same time a concerted program of Government aid to improve housing for Negroes, I think that many white people would be surprised at how many Negroes would choose to live among themselves, exactly as Poles and Jews and other ethnic groups do.

HALEY: If you could send someone—anyone—to that proverbial desert island, who would it be?

KING: Let me see, I guess I wouldn't mind seeing Mr. Goldwater dispatched to a desert island. I hope they'd *feed* him and everything, of course. I *am* nonviolent, you know. Politically, though, he's already on a desert island, so it may be unnecessary to send him there.

HALEY: We take it you weren't overly distressed by his defeat in the Presidential race.

KING: Until that defeat, Goldwater was the most dangerous man in America. He talked soft and nice, but he gave aid and comfort to the most vicious racists and the most extreme rightists in America. He gave respectability to views totally alien to the democratic process. Had he won, he would have led us down a fantastic path that would have totally destroyed America as we know it.

HALEY: You became, in October of last year, the youngest man ever to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. What was your reaction to the news?

KING: It made me feel very humble, indeed. But I would like to think that the award is not a personal tribute, but a tribute to the entire freedom movement, and to the gallant people of both races who surround me in the drive for civil rights which will make the American dream a reality. I think that this internationally known award will call even more attention to our struggle, gain even greater sympathy and understanding for our cause, from people all over the world. I like to think that the award recognizes symbolically the gallantry, the courage and the amazing discipline of the Negro in America, for these things are to his eternal credit. Though we have had riots, the bloodshed that we would have known without the discipline of nonviolence would have been truly frightening. I know that many whites feel the civil rights movement is getting out of hand; this may reassure them. It may let them see that basically this is a disciplined struggle, let them appreciate the *meaning* of our struggle, let them see that a great struggle for human freedom can occur within the framework of a democratic society.

HALEY: Do you intend to dedicate the rest of your life, then, to the Negro cause?

KING: If need be, yes. But I dream of the day when the demands presently cast upon me will be greatly diminished. I would say that in the next five years, though, I can't hope for much letup—either in the South or in the North. After that time, it is my hope that things will taper off a bit.

HALEY: In the meanwhile, you are now the universally acknowledged leader of the American civil rights movement, and chief spokesman for the nation's 20,000,000 Negroes. Are there ever moments when you feel awed by this burden of responsibility, or inadequate to its demands?

KING: One cannot be in my position, looked to by some for guidance, without being constantly reminded of the awesomeness of its responsibility.

I subject myself to self-purification and to endless self-analysis; I question and soul-search constantly into myself to be as certain as I can that I am fulfilling the true meaning of my work, that I am maintaining my sense of purpose, that I am holding fast to my ideals, that I am guiding my people in the right direction. But whatever my doubts, however heavy the burden, I feel that I must accept the task of helping to make this nation and this world a better place to live in—for *all* men, black and white alike.

I never will forget a moment in Birmingham when a white policeman accosted a little Negro girl, seven or eight years old, who was walking in a demonstration with her mother. "What do you want?" the policeman asked her gruffly, and the little girl looked him straight in the eye and answered, "Fee-dom." She couldn't even pronounce it, but she knew. It was beautiful! Many times when I have been in sorely trying situations, the memory of that little one has come into my mind, and has buoyed me.

GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

By April 1966, we were identifying the interviewer in the introductions to the "Playboy Interview," and that month it was especially right that we did so: Haley's report of his encounter with the fanatical Führer *of the American Nazi Party, George Lincoln Rockwell, deserves a lengthy excerpt by itself. (Incidentally, for reasons that will be obvious, it was the only time a* PLAYBOY *interviewer referred to himself in the first person within the interview.)*

"I called Rockwell at his Arlington, Virginia, headquarters and relayed PLAYBOY*'s request for an exclusive interview. After assuring himself that I wasn't Jewish, he guardedly agreed. I didn't tell him I was a Negro. Five days later, as my taxi pulled up in front of Rockwell's International Headquarters, a nine-room white frame house in Arlington, I noticed a billboard-sized sign on the roof reading:* WHITE MAN FIGHT—SMASH THE BLACK REVOLUTION! *I couldn't help wondering what kind of welcome I'd receive when they got a look at my non-Aryan complexion. I didn't have long to wait; the khaki-clad duty guard at the door stiffened as I stepped out of the cab and up the front stairs. When I identified myself, he ushered me uncertainly inside and told me to wait nearby in what he called 'the shrine room,' a small, black-walled chamber dimly lit by flickering red candles and adorned with American and Nazi flags, adjoining portraits of Adolf Hitler and George Washington, and a slightly larger, rather idealized painting of Rockwell himself—a self-portrait. On the table beside my chair sat a crudely bound and printed copy of Rockwell's self-published autobiography, 'This Time the World'; I was leafing through it when a pair of uniformed 'storm troopers' loomed suddenly in the doorway, gave the Nazi salute and informed me coolly that Commander Rockwell had ordered them to take me*

in one of the party staff cars to his nearby personal headquarters.

"Fifteen minutes later, with me and my tape recorder in the back and my two chaperones in the front, the car turned into a narrow, tree-lined road, slowed down as it passed a NO TRESPASSING *sign (stamped with a skull and crossbones) and a leashed Doberman watchdog, and finally pulled up in front of a white, 16-room farmhouse emblazoned at floor- and second-story levels with four-foot-high red swastikas. About a dozen Nazis stared icily as the guards walked me past them and up the stairs to Rockwell's door, where a side-armed storm trooper frisked me expertly from head to toe. Within arm's reach, I noticed, was a wooden rack holding short combat lengths of sawed-off iron pipe. Finding me 'clean,' the guard ceremoniously opened the door, stepped inside, saluted, said,* 'Sieg heil!'*—echoed brusquely from within—then stood aside and nodded permission for me to come ahead. I did.*

"As if for dramatic effect, Rockwell was standing across the room, corncob pipe in hand, beneath a portrait of Adolf Hitler. Warned about my Negritude, he registered no surprise nor did he smile, speak or offer to shake hands. Instead, after surveying me up and down for a long moment, he motioned me peremptorily to a seat, then sat down himself in a nearby easy chair and watched silently while I set up my tape machine. Rockwell already had one of his own, I noticed, spinning on a nearby table. Then, with the burly guard standing at attention about halfway between us, he took out a pearl-handled revolver, placed it pointedly on the arm of his chair, sat back and spoke for the first time: 'I'm ready if you are.' Without any further pleasantries, I turned on my machine."

HALEY: Before we begin, Commander, I wonder if you'd mind telling me why you're keeping that pistol there at your elbow, and this armed bodyguard between us.

ROCKWELL: Just a precaution. You may not be aware of the fact that I have received literally thousands of threats against my life. Most of them are from cranks, but some of them *haven't* been; there are bullet holes all over the outside of this building. Just last week, two gallon jugs of flaming gasoline were flung against the house right under my window. I keep this gun within reach and a guard beside me during interviews because I've been attacked too many times to take any chances.

Just so we both know where we stand, I'd like to make something else crystal clear before we begin. I'm going to be honest and direct with you. You're here in your professional capacity; I'm here in *my* professional capacity. While here, you'll be treated well—but I see you're a black interviewer. It's nothing personal, but I want you to understand that I don't mix with your kind, and we call your race "niggers."

HALEY: I've been called "nigger" many times, Commander, but this is the first time I'm being *paid* for it. So you go right ahead. What have you got against us "niggers"?

ROCKWELL: I've got nothing against you. I just think you people would be happier back in Africa where you came from. When the Pilgrims got pushed around in Europe, they didn't have any sit-ins or crawl-ins; they got out and went to a wilderness and built a great civilization.

HALEY: It was built with the help of Negroes.

ROCKWELL: Help or no, the white people in America simply aren't going to allow you to mix totally with them, whether you like it or not.

HALEY: The purpose of the civil rights movement is equality of rights and opportunity, Commander—not miscegenation, as you seem to be implying.

ROCKWELL: Equality may be the *stated* purpose, but race mixing is what it boils down to in practice; and the harder you people push for that, the madder white people are going to get.

HALEY: Do you think you're entitled to speak for white people?

ROCKWELL: Malcolm X said the same thing I'm saying.

HALEY: He certainly was in no position to speak for white people.

ROCKWELL: Well, I think I *am* speaking for the majority of whites when I say that race mixing just isn't going to work. I think, therefore, that we should take the billions of dollars now being wasted on foreign aid to Communist countries which hate us and give that money to our own niggers to build their own civilized nation in Africa.

HALEY: Apart from the fact that Africa is already spoken for territorially by sovereign nations, all but a few of the

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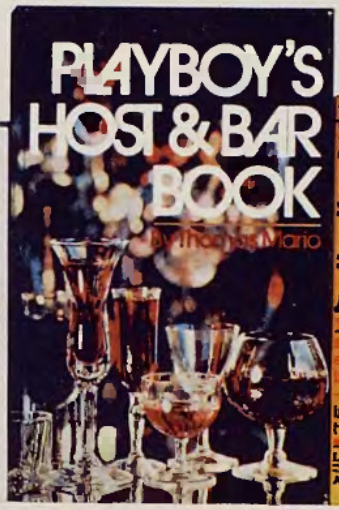

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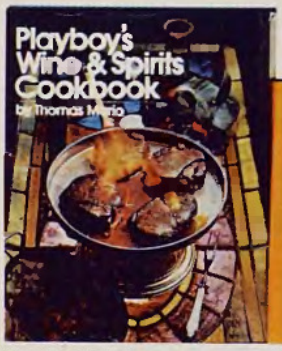

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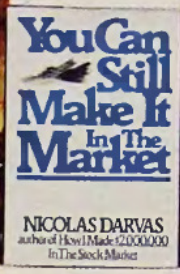

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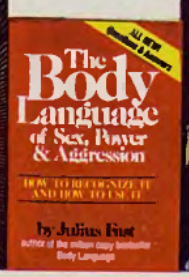

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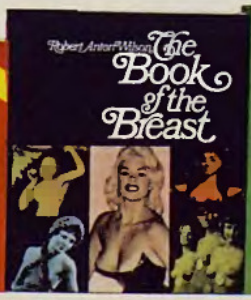

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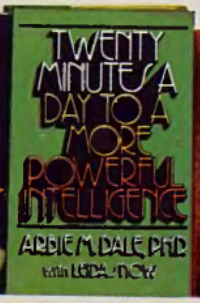

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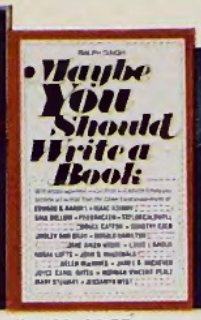

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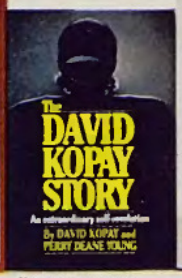

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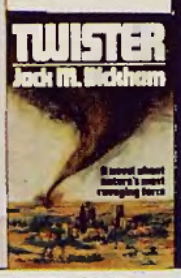

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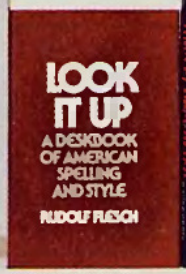

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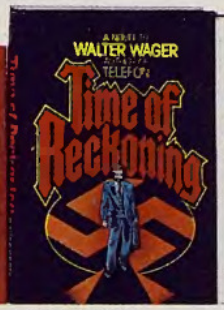

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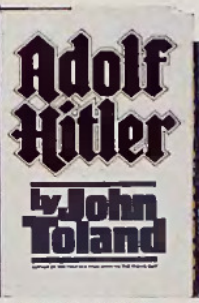

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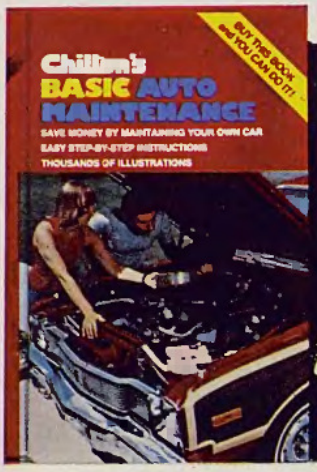

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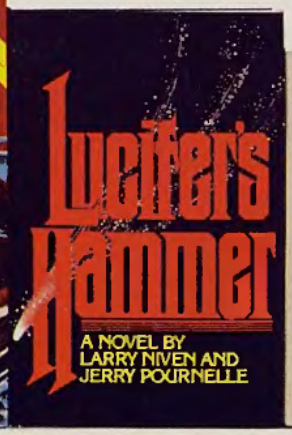

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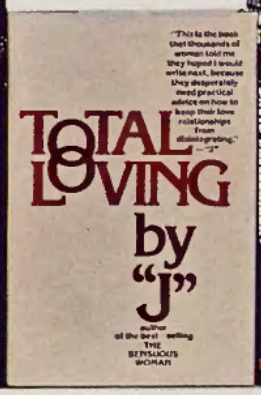

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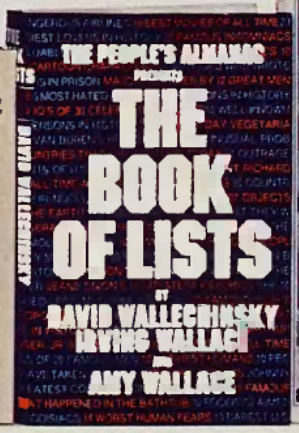

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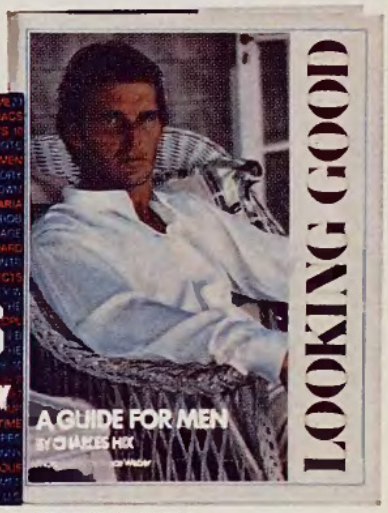

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G 01

20,000,000 Negroes in this country are native-born Americans who have just as much right to remain here as you do, Commander.

ROCKWELL: That's not my point. The mass of average niggers simply don't "fit" in modern American society. A leopard doesn't change his spots just because you bring him in from the jungle and try to housebreak him and turn him into a pet. He may learn to sheathe his claws in order to beg a few scraps off the dinner table, and you may teach him to be a beast of burden, but it doesn't pay to forget that he'll always be what he was born: a wild animal.

HALEY: We're talking about human beings, not animals.

ROCKWELL: We're talking about niggers—and there's no doubt in my mind that they're basically animalistic.

HALEY: In what way?

ROCKWELL: Spiritually. Our white kids are being perverted, like Pavlov's dogs, by conditioned-reflex training. For instance, every time a white kid is getting a piece of ass, the car radio is blaring nigger bebop. Under such powerful stimuli, it's not long before a kid begins unconsciously to connect these savage sounds with intense pleasure and thus transfers his natural pleasurable reactions in sex to an unnatural love of the chaotic and animalistic nigger music, which destroys a love of order and real beauty among our kids. This is how you niggers corrupt our white kids—without even laying a dirty hand on them. Not that you wouldn't like to.

HALEY: It's sometimes the other way around, Commander.

ROCKWELL: Well, I'll have to admit one great failing of my own people: The white man is getting too soft. The niggers are forced to do hard manual labor, and as a result, most nigger bucks are healthy animals—rugged and tough, the way nature intended a male to be. When you take a look at how the average, bourgeois white man spends his time, though—hunched over a desk, going to the ballet, riding around on his electric lawn mower or squatting on his fur-lined toilet seat—you can't help but observe how soft and squishy a lot of white men allow themselves to become; especially some of the skinny, pasty-faced white peace creeps with their long hair, their fairy-looking clothes and the big yellow stripe up their spineless back. What normal woman would want one of *these* cruds? Unfortunately, some of our white women, especially in the crazy leftist environment on our college campuses, get carried away by Jewish propaganda into betraying their own instincts by choosing a healthy black buck instead of one of these skinny, pansified white peace creeps who swarm on our college campuses.

HALEY: Are you implying that the Negro male is sexually superior to the white man?

ROCKWELL: Certainly not. The average white workingman, the vast majority of white men, are just as tough and ballsy as any nigger who ever lived. It's the white *intellectuals* who have allowed themselves to be degenerate physically, mentally and especially spiritually, until I am forced to admit that a healthy nigger garbage man is certainly superior physically and sexually to a pasty-faced skinny white peace creep.

HALEY: Do you consider Negroes superior to white men in any other way?

ROCKWELL: On the contrary—I consider them *inferior* to the white man in *every* other way.

HALEY: That's a fairly sweeping generalization. Can you document it?

ROCKWELL: The fact is that any contribution of the niggers has been almost entirely manual and menial. *Horses* could have done most of it, or well-trained monkeys from the same trees *they* were flushed out of back in Africa. They've picked up a few more tricks since then—but only what they've learned from the white man. The fact is that the average nigger is not as intelligent as the average white man.

HALEY: There's no genetic or anthropological evidence to substantiate that.

ROCKWELL: I know you're going to say you can show me thousands of intelligent niggers and stupid white men. I'm well aware that there are exceptions on both sides. All I'm saying is that the *average* of your people is below the *average* of my people; and the pure-black ones are even *further* below us. I have living evidence of this sitting right in front of me.

HALEY: If you mean me, I'm far from pure black—as you can see.

ROCKWELL: That's just it: You're an intelligent person; I enjoy talking to you. But, you're not pure black like your ancestors in the Congo. Now, this may insult you, but we're not here to throw pansies at each other: There *had* to be some white people in your background somewhere, or you wouldn't be brown instead of black. Right?

HALEY: Right.

ROCKWELL: Well, I'm saying that your intelligence comes from the blood of my people. Whenever they trot out some smart nigger and say, "See? Look how brilliant niggers are," what they usually show you is a part-*white* man with some nigger blood in him. This doesn't prove that niggers are great. On the contrary; it proves that white blood can make a part-nigger more intelligent.

HALEY: I understand you consider Jews inferior, too. How?

ROCKWELL: Spiritually. Jews *talk* a lot about God. But actually, their god, just like Marx said, is money. Cash! This is where the Jews fail—in their lack of idealism. Most of them are strictly materialists at heart. Wherever the Jews have gone, they've moved into a friendly, unsuspecting country and promptly started to glut on its people and resources. They think they're engaging in business, but actually what they're doing is eating the country up alive. And when people begin to resent their viciousness and greed, and either kick the Jews out or kill them, they always scream "Persecution!" That's not persecution. It's self-defense.

HALEY: Are you implying that Hitler was justified in exterminating 6,000,000 European Jews?

ROCKWELL: I emphatically deny that there is any valid proof that innocent Jews were systematically murdered by the Nazis. The photographs you've seen that have been passed off as pictures of dead Jews have been identified as pictures of the corpses of German civilians—mostly women and children and refugees—who were killed in the one-night Allied bombing of Dresden, which slaughtered 350,000 innocent people.

I have conclusive evidence to *prove* that some of these "documentary" photographs are frauds, pure and simple. In a magazine published by the Jews and sold all over America, they show a bottle supposedly containing soap made by the Germans out of the poor, dead, gassed Jews.

HALEY: What evidence do you have for claiming that it's fraudulent?

ROCKWELL: Common sense. That soap could have been made out of *anything*; it could have been melted down from a dozen bars of Lifebuoy.

HALEY: If you had carte-blanche power to do so as the Chief Executive, would you create a dictatorship along the lines of Hitler's?

ROCKWELL: No, I'd reinstitute the American Constitutional Republic the way it was set up by our *authoritarian* forefathers—who were, in essence, nothing more than National Socialists just like me.

HALEY: In no way did the founding fathers attempt to abridge the democratic right to "liberty and justice for all." How can you call them Nazis?

ROCKWELL: In the first place, I don't believe in democracy. In the second place, neither did our white forefathers. I believe, as they did, in a republic—an authoritarian republic with a limited electorate—just like the one the writers of our Constitution meant this country to be. When these white Christian patriots sat down to write the Declaration of Independence, there were no black citizens for them to worry about. In those days, all the niggers were slaves; but today, thanks to several misguided amendments, our Constitution provides even the blackest of savages with the same rights as his former white masters.

HALEY: Then you advocate the disenfranchisement of Negroes?

ROCKWELL: And the revocation of their citizenship.

HALEY: And the restoration of slavery?

ROCKWELL: No, we have machines to do their work now. I would simply revoke their citizenship and then offer them the alternatives of either returning to Africa with our generous help and assistance in establishing a modern industrial nation, or being relocated on reservations like the Indians were when they became a problem to the survival of the white people. This will apply to *you*, too, by the way. Nothing personal, you understand; I *like* you, personally; but I can't make any exceptions.

HALEY: Of course not. What would you do with America's 6,000,000 Jews?

ROCKWELL: I think the Jews can be dealt with individually rather than as a group—like the niggers must be because of their race. As I said earlier, I think all Jews—in fact, all those connected in any way with treason, whether Jews or not—should be investigated and their cases put before grand juries; if they're indicted, they should then be tried, and if convicted, they should be killed.

HALEY: Having disposed of Jews and Negroes, would that complete your list of those slotted for removal?

ROCKWELL: Not quite. I'd also purge the queers. I despise them worst of all. They're one of the ugliest problems of our society, and they must be removed—I don't know if with gas, or what, just so they don't poison society.

HALEY: Have you considered the possibility that you might be killed?

ROCKWELL: I've not only considered it; I expect it. And I'm ready for it. Being prepared to die is one of the great secrets of living. I know I'm going to go—probably in some violent manner; the only question is when and how. But I don't think that's going to happen to me until I complete my mission. I know this is irrational, but I believe that I was placed here for a purpose and I think God has something to do with it: Our country needs a leader. So I think I'll be spared. As Rommel said, "Stand next to me; I'm bulletproof."

HALEY: Do you think you're bulletproof, too?

ROCKWELL: Not literally, of course, but I firmly believe that the more arrogant and defiant you are of danger, the safer you are from harm. I think that's the reason I've survived so many times when people have shot at me. If you're fearless enough, it implants a certain psychology in the guy that's trying to shoot at you. It's almost as if he could *smell* your fearlessness, the way an animal smells fear. But the effect is the opposite: Instead of being emboldened to attack, he's so unsettled that his hand shakes when he goes to pull the trigger; and this makes it almost impossible for him to hit you.

HALEY: We read a newspaper interview a few years ago in which you claimed you were being "gagged and slandered by the Jewish press," sabotaged by a nationwide journalistic conspiracy in your fight to put your case before the nation.

ROCKWELL: You think I'm being paranoid, is that it?

HALEY: Some people might.

ROCKWELL: The Jew blackout on us is as real as a hand over my mouth. They know we're too poor to buy air time or advertising space, so they ban our publications from all channels of distribution, and they refuse to report our activities in the daily press. I could run naked across the White House lawn and they wouldn't report it. I'm being facetious. But I'm dead serious when I say that the only kind of free speech left in this country is that speech that doesn't criticize the Jews. If you criticize the Jews, you're either smeared or silenced. The Jews are *never* going to let me reach the people with my message in the American press; they can't afford to.

HALEY: How do you reconcile that statement with the fact that you're being interviewed at this moment for a national magazine?

ROCKWELL: I've been interviewed, taped and photographed thousands of times for just such presentations as these, but they never appear. The fact that you come here and get this interview doesn't prove that you'll print it, or that if you do, you'll print it straight. After the editors read over the transcript, they'll decide it's too hot to handle, and they'll chicken out rather than risk getting bombed by the Jews and the niggers when it comes out.

HALEY: We'll take our chances, Commander—if you will.

ROCKWELL: I'll take *any* chances to get my message read. But it's never going to happen. We've been kept out of the news too many times before. I'll bet you $100 this whole thing has been nothing but a waste of my time, because it's never going to reach the people who read your magazine.

"I heard this was a gay bar, but everyone seems so glum."

BIG-BUDGET BANANAS (continued from page 190)

"The results were onscreen all summer, the greatest concentration of big-budget pictures in history."

that any picture beating *Jaws* would supply enough profits to sustain their operations for years. So they heeded the creators' requests, loosening the budgets for one more side stop in Borneo. To hell with Academy Awards; let's win one for Wall Street.

The results were onscreen all summer, the greatest concentration of big-budget pictures in the history of the film business: *A Bridge Too Far* at $26,000,000, *Sorcerer* at $20,000,000, *The Deep* at $15,000,000, *Exorcist II* at $12,000,000, plus several in the $9,000,000 to $10,000,000 category, such as *Star Wars*, *New York, New York*, *Rollercoaster*, *MacArthur* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Within just a few weeks, Hollywood released over $150,000,000 in films.

The survivors stayed the summer and now another crush of big films is hitting the market, paced by the $18,000,000 *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, with the $25,000,000 *Apocalypse Now* and the $30,000,000 *Superman* bounding just over the horizon.

THE MONEY GAME

From concept to screen, there are four basic economic plateaus of film making: raising the money (finance), shooting the picture within a reasonable cost (production), selling it to theaters (distribution) and reselling it to the public (exhibition). In the old days of dominant studios that also owned theater chains, dollars flowed in one long fluid motion, with box office from previous films generally paying to produce new ones. Producers, directors, actors, ushers and cashiers were all just salaried hired hands who kept the dollars moving.

Today, everyone is a private entrepreneur and the key individual on the business side of film making is the independent producer, who puts all the financial and creative ingredients together. Unless he takes a renegade route, he's likely to deal ultimately with one of the Big Six distributors: Columbia, Paramount, 20th Century-Fox, United Artists, Universal and Warner Bros.

Popular imaginations to the contrary, studio executives and producers do not usually gather around a table and decide the time has come to spend $20,000,000. Though few possess Ph.D.s in economics, most have mastered the fundamental advantage of buying low and selling high. They, too, attend the Hollywood cocktail parties where everyone marvels at the simplicity of making *Rocky* or *American Graffiti* for a couple of million and selling it for 50 times that. Back at the office, however, they rarely recognize a *Rocky* in the works. In general, executive careers are not made by pushing small projects by unknown film makers. There will be time to seize credit for that later if the film is a winner. Right now, though, the v.p. is looking for various multimillion-dollar chunks to buy this best seller, get that top writer, drop a director who wants $8,000,000 to star his girlfriend in a surrealistic adaptation of a Ukrainian short story and lure Barbra Streisand to a dinner party so the chairman of the board from New York will be assured his v.p. knows one movie star personally.

In the big leagues, most typically, the producer takes an idea to a major studio, which underwrites the production from the start. Leaving itself various places to pull the plug, the studio will first pay for a script, some preproduction artwork and location scouting and, finally, will give the green light for casting and production. In the old days of booming production, studios often moved too frantically and had to shelve a lot of lousy films after they were finished. That rarely happens anymore; studios commission many more pictures than are shot. But once before the cameras, a studio picture is usually completed and released.

All of the majors function as both producers and distributors, meaning they become deeply involved usually in the financing, production and sale of the producer's film. And the producer can rest assured he will pay nicely for the studio's service in each area. When the first dollars start rolling back from theaters, the distributor takes 30 percent to 40 percent off the top as his fee. Next, he deducts all costs of prints, advertising, interest and other expenses. His third cut comes in taking whatever percentage was

"And then, at the commune one day, it suddenly hit me! How could I renounce luxurious material possessions until I went out and acquired a few?"

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agreed on in the financing arrangement. (If the picture was also shot on the studio lot, the landlord will also take 15 percent to 25 percent of the budget for that service.)

What's left is the producer's share, though he still probably owes additional sums to others he's let in on the deal. If anything is left after that, he can make a deposit to his own bank account. Don't shed tears too quickly for producers, however. Usually, somewhere in the production budget is a six-figure producer's fee that most working stiffs could live nicely on for a long time. The producer will bank that fee even if the picture flops.

To raise the money it needs to operate, the studio has three main sources: box office, banks and private partners. In 1975, when Columbia was raising scratch for *Close Encounters*, films were still enjoying a newly popular status as tax shelters. But Congress was wise to the scam and it seemed quite clear that that would be the last year for enjoying its benefits, creating a year-end rush to get pictures started.

Columbia also drew down the usual bank loans and found a partner overseas in EMI Films, the big English showbiz conglomerate, plus Time, Inc., on these shores. With production money thus assured, Columbia waited until the film was nearly in the can before offering it to theaters.

While Steven Spielberg was still busy cutting the film, Columbia sent its first notice to theaters that it was up for sale. The previous record price for a blind bid was the $125,000 per theater Paramount got for *King Kong* last Christmas. Columbia was so confident it could top that that it didn't even name a figure in some of its early letters, surmising correctly that competition among the chains would drive the price higher. Within two weeks of the letters, Columbia was assured that its entire investment in the picture had been recouped. The risk thus shifted to the theaters.

COPPOLA'S ERRATIC COURSE

To finance *Apocalypse Now*, Francis Ford Coppola went an entirely different route, peddling the unfilmed picture to distributors around the world. This is not easy to do unless your sales kit contains a lot of names easily recognized in foreign tongues. Coppola's own rep was a good start and in the conversations abroad, many other favorite names were easily bandied about, such as McQueen and Brando and Pacino. Before long, Coppola had $25,000,000 in hand to make the picture, including $7,000,000 from United Artists for the right to distribute it in the U. S. and Canada. That is not borrowed money. For the price, the distributors have assumed the risk, which they'll pass along to the theaters. If the film does not do business at the box office, all that's hurt is Coppola's ego.

Back home from the overseas sales trip, Coppola found that some of his well-known superstar friends were not nearly so willing to spend several months in the jungle as he had led his foreign customers to believe. McQueen wanted $3,000,000 for three weeks' work, a sum Coppola thought outrageous compared with the $1,000,000 he was paying himself to direct. Of all the big bankables, only the Godfather himself, who owed his comeback to Coppola, could be persuaded and Brando signed on for $200,000 a week.

Faced with those rejections, Coppola had no choice but to return abroad with various translations of "Gee, fellows . . ." and give back several million dollars raised on the promise of names he couldn't get. But with himself and Brando, he still emerged with $7,000,000 in foreign funds, plus U.A.'s $7,000,000. Enough, it would seem, to make the film he had in mind.

Once in the Philippines, however, Coppola kept changing that mind as he wrote and rewrote the script, a loose adaptation of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. So loose, in fact, that Coppola has the only clear idea—at least he'd better have—of what takes place in the Vietnam jungle as Martin Sheen pursues the maddened Brando.

Before long, the dispatches from the combat zone were as horrifying as the war itself. Not really, but the analogies between the film and the original debacle have been impossible to resist. None of the initial strategies worked; the elements—including a typhoon—rendered U. S. film-making technology useless; General Coppola was driving forward with no objective the troops understood; casualties—including a heart attack by Sheen—were mounting; and costs were unbelievably out of hand.

At $100,000 a day, plus the cost of pasta flown in from Italy and the additional thievery of the locals, Coppola ran through his initial $14,000,000 in a hurry. And a film out of money is a pitiful sight, indeed. Though usually with much smaller, nonstudio ventures, this tragedy strikes several times a year in Hollywood. The cameras stop, the stars wander hollow-eyed through the countryside and scores of suddenly unemployed crew and staffers are on the phone, trying to retrieve the job they turned down for this one, while the producer assures columnists the shutdown is only temporary.

But Coppola is nothing if not resourceful. He's also rich. Rich enough to take the ultimate gamble, the one that every producer insists should be avoided at all costs: He is using his own money to finish the film. Coppola pawned everything he owns to U.A., which lent him another $10,000,000. U.A.'s ticket covers Coppola's San Francisco house, his business

holdings and fertile acreage in California's wine country.

JOE LEVINE—THE OLD PRO

Though Coppola may well survive this travail, his first venture into international film finance looks clumsy alongside the masters such as Joseph E. Levine, who had his $26,000,000 *A Bridge Too Far* sold for $27,000,000 before it opened. With 493 films to his credit—including respected little "art" films and multimillion-dollar blockbusters—nobody understands international film finance better than Levine.

Levine also had superstars imposed upon his project, but, unlike Coppola, he nabbed most of the big names: Robert Redford (at $2,000,000), James Caan and Ryan O'Neal ($1,000,000), Laurence Olivier, Sean Connery, et al. But not McQueen, who held out for his million a week, plus percentages.

"When I started out, the picture was going to cost $20,000,000. But I hadn't counted on getting that cast," Levine explains. "In dealing with distributors, the first thing they wanted to know was, 'Who's in it? Can't you get Redford? If you get Redford, I'll give you this much more.' "

Using his own money for seed, Levine launched the film, waiting two thirds through photography before pinning down the distribution deals. "At that time, when the entire bank roll is committed, you do get a little nervous on the way to the bathroom at night." Levine took a lot of heat from the industry, angry at the superstar salaries he paid, complaining that bit players would soon be demanding six-figure salaries. But Levine has no apologies.

"The actors didn't get any percentages—that's why I had to give 'em all that money. I looked like a schmuck, but I wasn't. I couldn't give 14 guys a percentage. There wouldn't be any left for me."

When Levine was ready to fish for distributors, he took a splashy ad in the trade papers and the *International Herald Tribune*. "I announce the picture and let them come to me. I never go hat in hand and wait for them. The major companies can be tough bastards if they've got you by the balls. You've got to get them by the fucking balls and remain in control."

Though proud of the artistry and sheer logistical triumph of *Bridge*, Levine nonetheless takes no sentimental attitudes toward world sales. Before the film's opening, he calculated the probable attractions in a film dealing with a stunning Allied defeat: "I don't know how it will do in the U. S., which swept the whole event under the rug. But the Japanese will love it because they like to see white guys kill each other. The Germans will love it because they won the battle. And the English will like it because they

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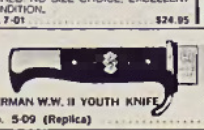

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love to celebrate defeats."

United Artists coughed up $15,000,000 for *Bridge* and the Japanese paid nearly $4,000,000, with the remainder raised around the world. For its $15,000,000, U.A. was assured of keeping the first $22,000,000 coming into the till before having to split any revenues with Levine. That's a lot of money to wait for, which is why Levine likes to get his profit out front.

Clearly, as all of these case histories demonstrate, nearly everybody connected with films these days is buying those qualities that only big dollars can deliver. Levine, who produced one of the sleeper hits of all times in *The Graduate*, puts it plainly: "There's no way I could sell *The Graduate* in today's world market. A little picture about American social customs, starring nobodies. Who'd buy it?"

If Levine can turn a profit before a picture opens, so can others. Or at least they can cushion the risks substantially. Even a total turkey like *Lucky Lady*, which cost $12,000,000, will easily earn its money back for 20th. Though the filmgoing audience largely hated *Lady*, that isn't all-important to the fate of a picture. But how can that be? In our land of supply and demand, there must be winners and losers. And there are. Yes, there are, indeed.

HOW TO LOSE WITH WINNERS

Scenario: It's summer along busy Hollywood Boulevard—one of the nation's greatest concentrations of first-run film houses—and let's pretend you own the Pacific Theater. Knowing that *The Exorcist* has grossed more than $100,000,000 since 1973, you fret but finally come up with the $100,000 that Warner Bros. wants in front money for the sequel, *Exorcist II*, which isn't ready for you to see. Though that's a sum you will never get back if nobody shows up at the turnstile, it seems a reasonable risk. Except no one tells you that both the producer and the director of *Exorcist II* disliked the popular original and are determined to make a totally different picture. They do. And your customers are tossing popcorn boxes at the screen and coming out urging those in line to get their money back before it's too late. By the third week, your box office is off 80 percent.

Down the street, your competitor at the Chinese is in an equal panic, even though he has the season's hit, *Star Wars*, which he bought relatively cheaply for about $35,000 because 20th Century-Fox didn't know beforehand how good it was. Unfortunately, he didn't know it was going to be a blockbuster, either, and booked it only as a four-week buffer between *Black Sunday*, a previous turkey he lost money on, and *Sorcerer*, a film he also has a lot of dough riding on. So your competitor shifts *Star Wars* to a smaller theater, making room for *Sorcerer* at the Chinese, where business falls by half.

So you and the competitor sit at the local bar and compare notes. By careful planning, you have sunk the kid's college fund in one big disaster and he has managed to finesse the summer's only breakaway hit as a short filler between two disasters. With each of the films involved, of course, the distributors have your money and they aren't even around to tip the waitress.

That's why theaters throughout the world are going broke. If you want to make a film these days, you have at least two or three options on how it might be shown to the public. But if you own a theater, there is not much to do with it except screen pictures. And when panic strikes in Needle Park, nobody wants a long discourse on what happened to the supply. They will kill for a fix. Themselves, if necessary.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THEATERS

Theatrical exhibition is one of the last laissez-faire market places in America. Though watched constantly by a special office in the Justice Department's antitrust division, enforcement is feeble and power plays, secret alliances and open economic warfare are commonplace. Congress never interferes, because lawmakers' interest in the theater business is almost solely limited to pornography, which is all they get complaints about. Any other kind of lobbying is met by an equal and opposite reaction from another theater interest, ending in stalemate.

The balance of power has shifted back and forth since the first nickelodeon owners went into production to supply their own screens with pictures. That evolved into the great pretelevision era of Old Hollywood, when the major studios owned or directly controlled vast circuits of theaters, supplied by an endless flow of fresh pictures, tailored to cover the entire audience spectrum.

When the trust became overbearing, the Government stepped in and severed production and distribution from exhibition. Producers and distributors could link up in many ways or even be one and the same. But once a film was finished, it had to be sold at arm's length to theaters owned by someone else. That might have been a good move, but we will never know. Just as the separation was accomplished, television arrived to start theaters on the long slide.

After a difficult adjustment, producers and studios have prospered well in TV. But theaters were closing by the thousands in the Fifties, until the baby boom brought a new audience in the following decade and a chance to show subject matter that offered an alternative to the home screen. Drive-ins and suburban theaters boomed, with more and more opening as multiscreened operations in one location. Now free of studio muscle, however, theaters found themselves under a new blackjack held by shopping-center developers. And the message was familiar: The old studios used to say, "If you want this good picture, you'll have to buy five dogs to get it." The realtors told them, "If you want this location in a good shopping center, you'll have to build five theaters in locations not so good."

The result was an explosion to about 16,000 screens now out there waiting for the majors to release fewer than 100 prime pictures a year, of which only a handful have a presold smell of success.

Through the years, producers and distributors had complained bitterly that much of that expansion was financed with their money. Many theater circuits were notoriously slow in forking over the distributor's share of the box office. They also had no guilt about wriggling out of the terms of their commitments when they thought the film was less than successful. And some were known to underreport a dollar or two just for good measure. When distributors would run spot checks on theaters, they would often come up with fascinating statistics. Like one drive-in whose tally showed that each car on the lot that night could have had only .9 occupants.

This still happens all the time to small film makers trying to distribute their films themselves. It's a general rule of the business that the only sure way to collect money off your first film is to have a second hit right behind it. If the exhibitor fears he may not get the second picture, he will be more honest about the first.

REVENGE

On the small picture, slow pay and other chicanery are still a problem. But when it comes to the big picture, with all the suspected ingredients for a runaway hit, the distributors take their gleeful revenge for all the old wounds inflicted by exhibitors. And that's almost enough in itself to make the big-budget picture popular in Hollywood these days.

Though there are several instruments of torture, the previously mentioned blind bid and the nonrefundable guarantee have become the favorites. But the guarantee is just the first taste of the lash. Next comes the minimum run, which establishes how long the theater must keep the picture on the screen—even if the house is empty. *King Kong* asked for ten weeks; Columbia stretched it to a record 12 for *Close Encounters*—three whole months.

The actual box-office take is split on a complicated formula, also heavily favoring the distributor. First dollars go to pay the basic weekly operating cost of the theater; otherwise, they would all be broke by now. Of the next dollars, 90 percent goes to the distributor and 10

"See what little girls get who don't talk to the press about their Senators."

percent is kept by the theater. Of course, the distributor doesn't actually take any more cash until his share exceeds the guarantee already paid him. There are also additional percentage splits called for in the bid agreement, with the distributor gradually taking less the longer the picture runs.

Friendship doesn't count. Last January, one of U.A.'s oldest and dearest customers, the Kerasotes chain in the Midwest, submitted a winning bid for *A Bridge Too Far*, agreeing to pay $200,000 to open the film in its area, with the cash due upon opening five months later, when the first prints would be available for viewing. After signing the deal, however, circuit head George Kerasotes got to see the film in May because he sits on the board that handles rating appeals. Apparently not thrilled with what he saw, he quickly notified U.A. that $100,000 would be a fairer price.

Crying welsher, U.A. told Kerasotes he wouldn't get *Bridge* at all and began pulling its other films, such as *Rocky*, out of Kerasotes theaters. U.A., of course, counted on—and got—immediate invitations to the dance from Kerasotes' competitors. Seeing that his brethren theater owners were preparing him for the pot, Kerasotes caved in and came up with the 200 grand he had originally bid.

That is precisely why Levine and other movie moneymen believe the big dollars for superstars, successful directors and

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"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS"

(continued from page 157)

Columbia's enchantment with *Encounters*.

By now, Spielberg had tossed out two scripts by others and had written one himself, radically changing the story line, with an emphasis on an average guy's encounter with UFOs, whose presence onscreen would require special effects never tried before. With the addition of those special effects, *Encounters* started shaping up as a very expensive undertaking.

"But from Columbia's viewpoint, the risks were now different," Michael believes. "If *Jaws* had not been such a success, it's really doubtful that Columbia would have gone very high on *Encounters*. It would not have made sense. But the faith in Steven and us by then was running pretty deep."

Still, it looked like the picture might be too expensive to make. It didn't have a typhoon or a big ape that wouldn't walk, but the concept was growing. Technology costs, and it had a lot of ingredients that had never been tried before. Also, Columbia was not on sound financial footing two years ago. They would have problems getting the money. Begelman would have to persuade the people at the parent company and they would have to persuade the bankers.

"Fortunately," Michael continues, "the definition of an expensive film suddenly changed rapidly in Hollywood. Every studio was working on $8,000,000 and $10,000,000 films. Besides, I think Columbia always believed this could be their biggest film of all time. It could solve their financial problems in one fell swoop. It would be a big gamble but the best place to put their money. Better than spreading the same amount over three pictures of limited appeal."

Begelman was well aware of the gossip. "The rumormongers and knockers were everywhere," he says. "Warren Beatty got a lot of the same talk when he came here with *Shampoo*. But Steven, Michael and Julia recognized I had a lot of faith in their film, even when the costs started going up. Sometimes, I gulped and gulped again at the budget, but I finally said, 'Let's make this picture.' Columbia needed a hit and I always felt *Encounters* could be the one to test the world record."

HAILING A "TAXI"

Ironically, though, the studio had made another decision in 1973 that was to be a boon two years later, when more money was needed for *Close Encounters*. In a highly offhand manner, Columbia bought another Phillips project at the same time, a distasteful tale about a crazy New York taxi driver.

Released just before *Close Encounters* started rolling in 1976, *Taxi Driver* pulled in more than $12,000,000 to Columbia's coffers, relieving the company's cash squeeze, which had already been eased considerably the year before by hits such as *Funny Lady*, *Shampoo* and *Tommy*. Most importantly, *Taxi Driver* was another psychological victory for Phillips, making it almost rude for Columbia to quibble about a few more millions for *Close Encounters*.

With Michael embroiled in *Taxi*, the full weight of pushing *Encounters* fell upon, by then, ex-wife Julia, who gets everybody's credit for keeping the project rolling over the mounting production estimates. Through seven drafts of the script, she quarreled with the front office over money. "That first $2,700,000 budget was a figure in search of a story," she notes. Then it went to $4,100,000, to $4,400,000, to $5,500,000, where the studio wanted her to accept a green light to go. At $6,700,000, she was in New York, when she got an emergency call to come back because the computer had coughed out a $9,000,000 total. Hurrying back, she pushed it down to $7,000,000, but it was back up to $9,000,000 in a week.

"All budgets are fantasyland," Julia complains. "One week before shooting, the studio was still trying to get us to cut a week out. But you always keep in mind that the money is finite. God forbid that it should run out and force you into one week of dubbing. This was particularly intense because of Columbia's cash-flow problems. I've continually had to go back for more money and each time it gets harder and harder.

"You know what finally settled the debate? We had found the location in Mobile where we would need 5000 yards of black velvet for the set. And if we didn't order the fucking black velvet by that day, it couldn't be ready. And that's the day we got the green light, at a budget of $11,900,000."

FINALLY, IT STARTS

On May 14, 1976, Spielberg and 113 others boarded a chartered jet out of L.A. International Airport, bound for Gillette, Wyoming, where he would establish Richard Dreyfuss and his costars as plain folk encountering UFOs. Though much of the action takes place in the Wyoming wilds, Spielberg had no intention of actually shooting the entire picture on location. After his weather-beaten bouts with *Jaws*, he insisted on a controlled environment, where his expensive equipment—and he—could be sheltered.

But there are no Hollywood sound stages big enough to re-create an entire Wyoming countryside where spaceships can flit about. After a long search, Spielberg found a hangar in Mobile, Alabama, that was six times bigger than any existing stage.

That was where he would duplicate the landscape. While he shot the necessary relative scenes in the real Wyoming, construction crews rushed to finish the mammoth set, using ten miles of lumber, three miles of steel scaffolding, two miles of steel cable and enough concrete to build the Washington Monument. In film making, these are the millions of dollars that are never fully committed until the picture is a sure thing. Consequently, no matter how carefully budgeted, big pictures are usually behind schedule from the day they start, with directors trying to get the easy shots out of the way somewhere while the sets and the hard technology get into place. Like an airline captain who runs short of fuel between San Francisco and Honolulu, it's considered bad form for a director to run out of scenes to shoot, with fixed costs continuing at $50,000 a day.

For Spielberg, the move from Wyoming to Mobile was a flashback. "One of the cost tragedies in *Close Encounters* was that when it came time to move onto the big set, the set wasn't ready for us," he says. "I blew my cover because we were all guaranteed that the set would be ready on a certain July date. When it came time to move onto the big set, we

best sellers are a solid investment. That's the money that seems to come back the quickest from theater owners bidding on the familiar. Who's going to advance $100,000 per theater on Stallone before *Rocky*? And when they don't, those *Rocky* millions can be hard to collect after the picture opens.

Witness the trouble 20th has had with *Star Wars*, another sleeper that couldn't be presold for heavy up-front money because its drawing power wasn't immediately apparent. When the lines started forming, the theaters got their little bits of front money back in about 14 minutes. By the end of the first week, they were sitting on a mountain of dollars rightfully belonging to 20th. That is the point at which 20th began hearing of all the money theaters lost on *Lucky Lady* and wouldn't it be fair to let them hold on to a slightly bigger chunk of *Star Wars* as compensation? In Hollywood, there is many a producer who complains of the profits lost to him in paying the price for somebody else's previous flop.

At any rate, there aren't enough *Star Wars* to go around. Many of the major circuits are operating at heavy losses, avoiding bankruptcy by pushing popcorn and candy prices to exorbitant levels. At least three chains went under in the past year and, in city after city, theaters are closing for good or shutting down for long stretches between the holiday release periods. Just as examples, Wilkes-Barre,

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were left looking for inserts for two weeks."

HUNG UP IN A HANGAR

Like the ocean off Martha's Vineyard, Spielberg's Alabama hangar proved to have its own temperament, with rain clouds forming 120 feet in the air, drizzling down on those below, choking in the humidity. The director bought $150,000 worth of new air-conditioning gear but never got the temperature below 90 degrees.

Though the set was heavily guarded to keep the plot a secret, it's doubtful that anyone sneaking through would have stolen any clear idea of what was going on. Much of the time, the cast was co-starring with great stretches of nothing. "A lot of it was reacting to things that weren't there yet," Spielberg explains, noting that it would be many months before the special effects were laid in and he himself knew what the film looked like.

To give the cast more to react to, Spielberg and effects specialist Doug (*2001*) Trumbull spent about a week and $200,000 trying a 70mm front-projection system for the first time. (One of the earliest special effects in film making, of course, is rear-screen projection, the showing of one film on a screen behind the actors in the one being shot—for example, the trees rolling by behind the actors in a stationary car. Often, it looks faked. Front projection is a much more advanced and difficult way to introduce prefilmed action into the scene so that it interplays realistically with the performance.)

"We were going to shoot all of the effects of people in groups watching the events unfold. It had never been done before," Spielberg explains. "Kubrick could use an 8 x 10 still projector on all of his front-projection shots in *2001*; those were stills, not movies. We wanted to have movies, just as clear, sharp and lifelike as *2001*, but it just didn't work out that way. That's an example of the money you lose when things you thought would work don't work."

More often, though, dollars fly in less dramatic directions. Spielberg says, "The increases sort of creep up on you. You wake up in the morning and find out that the scaffolding that cost $150,000 has to be rebuilt because it doesn't meet with the approval of the Alabama building code. Then somebody taps you on your other shoulder, and you discover the weather has blown down the set and you have to rebuild. Then you discover that the 100 extras look like 25 extras on a set as big as the Super Bowl."

Sometimes, however, the dollar god is kind—at least if he has an exchange rate in frozen Indian rupees. Much earlier, when Spielberg was still at the typewriter, he randomly picked Bombay as the exotic site for a mystical sequence. Whether he would ever get there, however, became a point of constant negotiation.

"Bombay was always the big threat—the big stick," Spielberg recalls. " 'If you want to go to Bombay, finish by the 15th.' 'If you want to go to Bombay, finish by the 21st,' finish by July or something. That was always the big threat hanging over our heads, and I thought Bombay was essential to the storytelling because it provided a major clue to some of the mystery.

"Fortunately and surprisingly, Bombay was the least expensive facet. Columbia had blocked, frozen rupees there that in American dollars—including air fare for four people from this country and air fare for another three from Europe, two days' shooting and four days of preparation with 3000 extras—cost only 50 grand, that's all."

HAULING DIRT TO THE DESERT

By comparison, the last two days' shooting cost twice as much on the El Mirage Desert, an hour's drive from Hollywood. For those connected with the picture, it is more literally an hour's *ride* with a Teamster driver. Under the town's rigid work rules—some call it a featherbedding system designed to create unneeded jobs—nobody involved in filming is allowed to wheel himself to location, no matter how much more convenient that might be. Many times, this convention is breached in the confusion of urban lensing. But not this day—when the watchful Teamsters can see you coming for miles across the horizon. And that's all part of the budget, too.

Though last on the sked, the work on the desert would be the opening scene, in which François Truffaut, playing an international investigator of strange events, arrives at a remote point in Mexico where five old Grumman Hellcats have mysteriously appeared overnight, parked in a strange pattern near a shack and a mountain of rusted cars. Before the director arrived, the shack was constructed, the cars collected and stacked and the five rare planes flown in from Texas, Idaho and Utah at an hourly rental rate, in the air or on the ground.

Sometime in the innocent previous months, Spielberg the writer had scribbled, "It is a windy, dusty day. . . ." Now, Spielberg the director moves wearily among the planes, his familiar black baseball cap and blue windbreaker caked with the pyrolite sand hauled by the ton from Los Angeles.

Looming over the set are two enormous blowers, literally aircraft engines themselves, their propellers hurling the sand tossed into them by the shovelful. The director is rapidly losing his voice trying to be heard over the roar, and Truffaut and the score of supporting players and extras are accumulating more doses of dirt than pleasant temperament can stand. This is Truffaut's first picture for another director and, while friendly and sympathetic toward his young boss, the Frenchman is fast learning it's not always fun to stand exactly where you're told to or wait again for another take while the planes are wiped free of the dust from the last try that failed because one of several hundred possible errors occurred.

Since he's the one who calls for action, Spielberg should be the first ready each time for the next shower of sand. More often than not, however, he forgets to put on the face mask that protects each member of the crew. (Another labor regulation but sensible, under the circumstances.) When he finally wraps the scene, Spielberg's next location will be a doctor's office, where his lungs, throat and ears are cleared so he'll still be around to edit the picture.

Only miles from El Mirage, on a shady hillside in Beverly Hills, there's a lovely large home that Spielberg just bought, with a cool, crystal-clean pool that he's never had time to splash in.

—JIM HARWOOD

Pennsylvania, had four downtown theaters at the start of 1977; today it has one. Toledo, Ohio, closed its last remaining downtown theater last May. With urban spread, drive-ins are closing because they can more profitably be converted into shopping centers. The few attempts by theaters to underwrite their own productions have generally been disastrous, adding to their financial problems. Their cash squeeze has aggravated the growing indifference that many theaters were already showing their customers. Ramshackle theaters, with poor sound and projection, are common; customer complaints are ignored and rowdiness is often excused as part of the "group experience" of movie attendance.

Consequently, despite the bulges by the big hits, regular movie attendance slides on down. From a peak of 4.4 billion tickets sold in 1942, attendance dropped to 3 billion in 1950, 1.3 billion in 1960 and 920,000,000 in 1970. The supersmashes of 1974 and 1975 briefly edged ticket sales back over a billion, but they're heading down again, registering 960,000,000 sold last year.

THE FUTURE

If every theater in the country should close tomorrow, however, Hollywood would suffer but survive. Television is already the town's dominant industry and the money spent on expensive films pales by comparison with the sums committed to TV production. Though economically and psychologically the three commercial networks dominate TV, technically it's no big deal to link many independent stations via satellite for one evening or more of "fourth network" programing like the Nixon-Frost interviews. In addition to their regular network programing, 1977 saw studios such as Universal and Paramount leap into the fourth-network concept with a line-up of original material for such satellite link-ups of independent stations. Technically, these satellite setups are only a half step away from the producers' dream: pay television on a global scale. How simple life will be when they can strike just one print of a film and beam it into millions of homes at once.

"I could put *Bridge* on and make $50,000,000 in one night," Levine asserts. "Sure, I like to see my picture shown on a big screen, in the best possible environment. But a week after it's released, it's out of my hands, anyway. The people don't give a shit. Most would as soon see it at home as in one of those toilets where the projectionist is screwing an usherette, while the picture runs off the screen onto the wall."

A secret Gallup Poll recently commissioned by the Motion Picture Association of America found that a "preference for a theater for most movies is not heavy. A majority either prefer TV or feel there is no difference." What's more, the survey found that today's most loyal theatergoers will be the best customers for films on pay TV and video players that allow them to record their favorite films.

So much for the mystique of moviegoing. It's definitely there, but the experts feel it can be inspired only sporadically. In reality, that will mean event pictures screened in theaters with the most modern facilities. And the moviegoer will pay extra for the experience, just as the legit-theater buff has grown accustomed to $15 seats for top presentations.

For now, there is no satellite linkage of pay TV. But cable television, the first serious form of pay TV, is now firmly rooted in about 6000 American communities. Their pay-TV subscribers merely pay a flat fee that covers all the films supplied to them. In turn, the cable operators buy the films from established distributors and the money flows from there back through the usual channels. As yet, nobody has devised a sensible system for charging a specific price for a specific film. But that's a minor technical lag that's sure to be solved when enough homes are linked up to make a solution economically necessary. Some sort of meter and a satellite tuner are two obvious possibilities.

Practically nonexistent a decade ago, cable is spreading fast, hampered only by the high cost of laying wire. This drawback will either diminish or be eliminated by satellite or telephone hookups. The other major roadblocks have been Federal Communications Commission restrictions on cable, encouraged by networks fearful of pay TV's potential competition. But a recent Federal Appeals Court ruling knocked down many of the FCC barriers, freeing cable to grow even faster.

Hollywood is ready for the boom. When commercial TV first arrived in the Fifties, the studios paused too long and were locked out of the gravy by the networks. With only three TV markets for their films, producers haven't gotten top dollar. They have, in fact, gotten bottom dollar and they are determined not to repeat that mistake by missing out on pay TV.

The rush is on. Warner Communications owns a cable outlet; United Artists and 20th have joined forces in Hollywood Home Theaters to operate and program cable systems; Universal is heavily into fourth-network production and video discs. Paramount recently acquired the Hughes TV Network, not a cable system but nonetheless a prime foundation for satellite linkage, and is committing millions to first-run programing, including films.

Where it once spoke softly of pay TV for fear of antagonizing a counterdrive from theaters, Hollywood is now rallying around cable in anticipation of a much stronger assault from free TV. The arguments are subtle but significant, such as a U.A. executive's recent testimony to Congress that cable should not be looked upon as a more expensive form of television but as a *cheaper* form of movies. And hearts stopped in theaters across the land.

FACING THE INEVITABLE

Theater owners themselves are starting to face the inevitable. "Frankly, the immediate future doesn't look bright for movie exhibitors," concedes Marvin Goldman, a savvy Washington, D.C., exhibitor who is also president of the National Association of Theater Owners. "Cable television, large-screen television, video cassettes and discs—pose a serious threat to theaters. Nevertheless, I am convinced movie theaters will survive in the long run. They will be different in design and programing. They will offer sophisticated 3-D presentations or holographic projection systems. Most important, they will provide the unique opportunity for the shared pleasure of a night at the movies."

The old Bijou on the corner will never be the same again. Picking up a newspaper a few decades from now, the average moviegoer may well choose from screen hits such as these:

Star Scars: Handsome leading man allows himself to be mutilated onscreen, a one-day acting job for which he is paid $10,000,000. But plastic surgery will have him whole again in plenty of time for his next film, since he does only one picture every eight years.

The Snore of the Crowd: Giant animals and enraged natives threaten average American citizen, thrown into their midst on a mysterious island. For $25, each patron gets to play the leading role, through sleep-induction connections at every seat. The less adventurous may switch to a second feature in which they can make love to the screen idol most desired.

Airport '99: Wide-bodied 787 crashes into crowded theater, projected there by holography to the thunder of Sensurround. In their film comeback, graying, distinguished Robert Redford helps plump Tatum O'Neal find an aisle to escape through just before the chandelier collapses on his head. Spilled popcorn will be replaced at half price of four dollars for the giant size.

For those wanting nothing more than a good movie, there are also a couple of revivals of *The Sting* and *The Godfather*, plus a few shoestring underground pictures and foreign imports that couldn't have cost more than $5,000,000 to make.

And that's it. If you don't like it, stay by the fireplace and watch one of the 12 new films being offered this week on your home-entertainment center. Hollywood doesn't care how you choose to spend the evening, because it has you covered every way.

 (continued from page 159)

"Almost all of these marvelous obliterations are the province of one very select group of people."

us to the edge of our seats, to the fine line (and getting finer all the time) between what is real and what is not.

Like Luke Skywalker's Land Speeder in *Star Wars*. He scoots it over the arid plains of Tatooine about two feet off the ground, on air cushions, one presumes. In fact, in most scenes, it's a regular car with the wheels covered by mirrors that reflect the sand beneath them. In the long shots, the shadow of the car is painted on the mirror. In the close-ups, and for starts and stops, the Speeder is being held on the end of a long crane, like a horizontal Ferris wheel, which is why it bobs so realistically on its "cushion" when Luke jumps out. Other effects, of course, are more complex. The "dogfight" between Darth Vader in his T.I.E. fighter and Luke in his X-wing fighter as they hurtle through the alloy trench of the Death Star is a seamless mosaic of over 28 *separate* printing elements blended together through all the optical wizardry of modern film technology. Indeed, some 365 scenes are of this level of complexity—some 10.5 elements, on the average, per individual shot.

The term itself, special effects, was allegedly coined by Louis Witte at the old Fox Film Company in the early Twenties. He did it in order to create a division of labor and to differentiate mechanical effects, which are set up and shot live action, from optical effects, which are added *after* the live-action photography has been completed. By and large, however, it is mechanical effects to which people refer when they say special effects, taking in under that phrase all the beery craziness we associate with pulp video: cars exploding at the first bump in the road, fantastic colossi stomping through cities and more—arrows thwacking into charging cavalry, knives thudding into doors, bullets chunking through walls, windshields, *flesh*—indeed, all the great and wonderful things of this world that are blown up, crunched up, exploded in balls of flame, splashed with acid and otherwise blown away with all the demonic genius and nihilistic enthusiasm Hollywood possesses. And almost all of these marvelous obliterations are the province of one very select group of people: the powder men, the 150 or so members of Local 44 of the Affiliated Property Craftsmen of I.A.T.S.E. who own state- or Federal-issued powder cards and who are responsible for everything in a movie that goes bang.

Like blood hits.

"Blood hits," Terry Frazee explains, "are bullet holes that erupt in blood when the victim is shot. We have spurters, spatterers and seepers. Whatever the director wants." The hit itself consists of a small rectangular brass plate on which is taped an electrically fired powder charge (called a bullet hit). Over this is taped a condom or other thin latex or plastic bag ("I prefer Trojan-Enz," drawls Terry) filled with studio blood—from 3M Company (Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing) or a specially mixed preparation. As many as are wanted are planted on the victim on or under his clothes, the wires fed out through a pants leg or whatever and attached to a "clunker box," which is used by the effects man to fire the charges in whatever order seems most impressive, much the same way a car distributor ignites the sparkplugs in your automobile's engine.

Clunkers are most frequently used to "strafe" machine-gun fire through crowds, buildings, pails of water, crockery—anything that might look good when hit. Dipped in various incendiary materials, detonating caps (called squibs) can simulate electrical shorts, small explosions, shrapnel, almost anything that pops. In that memorable scene where Oddjob is electrocuted when he tries to retrieve his metal derby–Frisbee lodged in the bars of the Bond-electrified fence in *Goldfinger*, most of the bursts and flashes of electrical flame were squibs and flash powder set off through a clunker.

Because a clunker can fire only a few charges at any one time, the squibs are sometimes wired separately. In the attempt on Godfather Al Pacino's life in *Godfather II* where his bedroom in the Lake Tahoe mansion is riddled by hundreds of bullets fired from submachine guns, each hit was individually wired. "In order to make it a continuous scene with no cuts," A. D. Flowers explains, "I used a nail box and wired each squib separately." The nail box is, literally, a long board studded with two rows of partially hammered nails running down its length. Each squib was wired to a nail and—by passing an electrical current down the row of nails—Flowers could fire the hundreds of bullet hits without resorting to any cuts as, for example, had to be done in the famous "dance of death" sequence in *Bonnie and Clyde* where (in order to simulate their deaths beneath a merciless hail of lead by a small army of G men) a few hits would be exploded, then a cut, a few more exploded and cut away again.

Bullet hits are also simulated with large CO_2 guns that look like hand drills with barrels. These fire hazelnut-sized plastic pellets containing fuller's earth (a chalky powder that makes a very satisfactory puff whenever it hits something) and combinations of various other substances that can spark ricochets, explode on contact and even simulate bullets going through glass. In the famous windshield shot, for example, when the driver never seems to get hit, even though the windshield is riddled, the plastic pellet is filled with petroleum jelly and a thin layer of black shoe polish. When the pellet hits the glass, it makes a very realistic smear, just like shattered safety glass, and the shoe polish leaves a perfect, bullet-hole-sized black ring.

Similar trickery gets those great nighttime bursts of flame from the barrels of machine guns and automatic rifles. As Stew Moody, who claims to have killed "at

"Now, isn't that silly? I just had you on the tip of my tongue and I've forgotten your name!"

least 10,000 Indians, cowboys, enemy soldiers and outlaws," demonstrated, a tiny oxyacetylene torch is planted in the mouth of the weapon, hoses fed down a pants leg to a portable tank of gas and a trigger mechanism installed to ignite the flame in realistic bursts.

Arrows can also be shot out of the CO_2 guns. "On *Little Big Man*," Logan Frazee, Terry's father, explains, "we just cut the arrow to size, sharpened it in a pencil sharpener and simply shot the stunt men—who were wearing bulletproof vests. The wood point mushroomed on the vest and stuck very effectively." Generally, however, arrows are "shot" in the age-old way of cutting them to size, attaching them to the victim's clothing on little spring traps (like mousetraps) that pop the arrow up when the shot person gets the cue.

Knives, for example, are "struck" two ways—either by attaching them to piano wire and darting them down it or by having them actually spring out of a small hole in the wall next to the victim's head. In the latter case, a long rectangular box holds the knife with its point clamped in a hardwood block. The block, with the knife sticking out of it, is drawn back like a slingshot on a long elastic. At the director's cue, the effects man releases the elastic and the knife thwacks out through a small hole in the wall over which a flap of cloth has been placed and matched to the color of the wall.

Other effects are not always so simple and the current demand for ultrarealism can create big problems for the powder men. For example, the gruesome scene in *Black Sunday* where Dern blows up the airport guard with an antipersonnel bomb. "It took me three days to rig a model of the man's head," Terry Frazee explains, "implant 50 bullet hits with supersmall blood sacs and cover them with stearic acid. So much time elapsed between the rigging and the ignition that when it was set off for the camera, nothing happened—just a lot of white dust as the plaster chipped out—all the blood had dried. Well, I did it over. This time, the firing device shorted out just before filming! So I did it *again*. It took us three weeks and I don't know how many thousands of dollars to get that effect," he concludes. Madness.

Another contingent that works closely with powder men is the stunt men. Stunts, besides being a minor art form, are also dangerous. To keep himself polished, for example, Everett Creach (who coordinated all of Robert Shaw's stunts in *Black Sunday*) built a 60-foot tower next to his home where, of an afternoon, he and his buddies will quaff a few beers and practice their falls. Stacked cardboard cartons have long been a favorite landing "pad," but—according to Creach—the new air bags are the best. "You hit bottom," he drawls, "but very softly. It's almost a perfect displacement of weight."

But the most heroic incident of self-disregard belongs to veteran stunt man Hal Needham. As one might expect, among the more requested stunts are car crashes, particularly flips—which, of course, must happen on cue. It's not an easy stunt and Needham figured he had a new way to do it—by "cannon." He took a large piece of steel pipe on one end of which he welded a backplate and in the other placed a four-foot section of telephone pole. The whole thing was welded into a hole cut in the floor boards right behind the driver's seat, with the pole facing the ground. "The idea," Needham explains, "was to put some powder in there and fire it on cue, driving the pole into the ground and 'flipping' the car."

To test the device, he and some buddies drove out to the desert with the cannon and four eight-ounce charges of powder. The first test, with a single eight-ounce charge, barely rocked the car. So, for his next run, Needham put the three other charges in, got the car rolling at about 55 mph and fired the cannon. "It must have knocked me out for a second," Needham relates, "because when I came to, it was real quiet and I thought, Shit, it didn't work. Then I realized, Sheee-it! *I'm 30 feet in the air* and this sumbitch is gonna be some sort of crash when it hits!"

Indeed, it broke his back, three ribs and took out his front teeth. "I didn't know *fuck* about powder," Needham admitted. "I didn't know that the amount increases the effect geometrically!"

"All I can say," Logan Frazee dryly commented, "is that's one hell of a way to learn."

Still, men die. Stunt men "buy it" a lot more frequently than others, but in the Sixties, three powder men were killed in an arsenal at MGM, "even though we had less than six pounds of explosives in there," explains Glen Robinson, MGM's prestigious head of effects. Robinson—who received two Oscars last year (for *Logan's Run* and *King Kong*)—estimates that nine men have lost their lives in recent years and that the restrictions and requirements for powder cards have become too light. A problem, he implies, that can be placed at the doorstep of television. "Every show these days seems to have a car blown up or something," he complains. "It used to be cowboys and Indians. Now it's all this detective stuff. It's gotten out of hand. But I guess that's what the producers think they can make money at. And, after all, that's the name of the game."

The notoriously sanguine attitude of the producers and the studios toward human life is reflected in the compounding rooms themselves, the special rooms in which the powder men concoct their explosives. Telephones are heavily insulated, sprinklers are in evidence and, overhead, the impressive spring-held steel-hatched door in the ceiling that "breaks away" like a giant potlid in the event of an explosion. "The breakaway hatches," Paul Wurtzel, head of effects at Fox, explains, "prevent the walls from blowing out sideways and killing other people." Those inside the room, of course, are written off, even though Logan Frazee, Jr. (Logan's other son), can joke: "It's not the explosion that kills you, it's hitting your head on the hatch!"

The giant among powder men, however, is the smallish, soft-spoken Flowers. His gentle nature belies the screen violence for which he is famous, most notably, with his associate, Joe Lombardi, for *Godfather I* and *II*.

"Coppola is unlike any other director I have ever worked with," Flowers explains. "When we were doing *Godfather I*, he came up to me and said, 'A. D., I want to kill a man in a manner never before done in motion pictures.' But, in the same breath, he says, 'You have all the time you want—up to two months—and all the money you want to spend to do it.' Now, in this industry, *nobody* says that. But that's the kind of man he is. If Coppola wants something, he gets it."

The effect was the assassination of Moe Green during the 'big sweep' after Brando's death. Green, you may recall, is lying on his stomach getting a massage when the gunman opens the door. He looks up, puts on his glasses and is about to angrily demand what's going on when he is shot—through the glasses—in the eye. "What I did," Flowers explains, "was rig a specially made pair of glasses with a compressed-air device, candy glass and the blood lining the frame. I won't tell you exactly *how* I did it," he continues, with characteristic caution, "because somebody out there might try it—and it's just about the most dangerous effect somebody could try, working close to somebody's eye like that."

And now Coppola's perfectionism has brought us Vietnam revisited, a movie Flowers is especially proud of. "*Apocalypse* is the biggest movie I have ever worked on," he explains. "For example, Joe [Lombardi] and I blow up a bridge that's over 600 feet long. I used six to eight *miles* of wire just rigging the explosives. It took us a week to set it up, and then the whole thing went off in about five seconds."

To see his work go up in smoke is, of course, a professional ambition. "There is one scene," he relates, "where we simulate the napalming of Kurtz's compound and the destruction of the central building. I got 600 feet of four-inch plastic pipe and filled it with gasoline, then we placed Primacord underneath it for the entire length. Primacord

Rear projection involves projecting a strip of film onto a screen from behind while live action is filmed in front of it. In this classic rear-projection shot from Hitchcock's *The Birds* (left), the screaming children flee the avian onslaught being projected onto the screen behind them. The projector and camera are synchronized; otherwise, you would see the "bars" of the projected frames.

Earthquake, with its seat-rocking Sensurround, was a disastermonger's wet dream: Los Angeles reduced to rubble. One shocker was a "real" building that special-effects man Al Whitlock—in one of his famous matte paintings—transformed to a crumbled ruin (below).

The scene from *2001* (top), in which Keir Dullea seems to zoom into the airlock of the spacecraft, was filmed vertically, the camera pointing straight up from the floor as Dullea was raised and lowered on wires while the camera was undercranked (slowed down). Run at speed, it looks like he is blasted into the spacecraft and bounced around like a ping-pong ball. The blimp in the scene from *Black Sunday* (above) is a five-foot miniature suspended on wires, filmed *in front of* the front-projected live action. The scene was filmed upside down to hide the wires.

Blood hits, like the ones in *Bonnie and Clyde* (inset, right), usually consist of small metal plates on which are taped electrically fired powder charges (bullet hits). Over these are taped condoms filled with blood paint. The plates are usually planted on the victim, under his clothes, the wires fed out through a pant leg and attached to a "clunker box," which is used by the effects man to fire the charges. Dipped in various incendiary materials, detonating caps (squibs) can simulate electrical shorts, small explosions, almost anything that pops. When Oddjob is electrocuted (right) in *Goldfinger*, most of the flashes of electrical flame are squibs and flash powder set off through a clunker box.

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travels 22,000 feet *per second*, which makes it a high explosive. In fact, there's an old joke about a powder man at MGM who used to advise us young guys, 'Boys, you better be damn sure you know what you're doing when you light this stuff, because you'll have one hell of a time stomping it out.' So," he continues, "the plane comes in low and drops the canister of 'napalm' and we set off the Primacord. It starts with a great swoosh at one end, igniting the gasoline as it roars along. It travels the 600 feet instantly. Our military advisor there said it was indistinguishable from the real thing." Madness.

More blood, more blood! Give me the bottle!

—DIRECTOR WILLIAM WYLER
on "Ben Hur"

Although Sam Peckinpah's *Killer Elite* was a box-office bomb, the scene where Robert Duvall blows out Helmut Dantine's brains, then shoots off James Caan's kneecap was something of a personal triumph for make-up artist Jack Petty. "I used gaffer's [electrician's] tape on Dantine. First, I matched his hair and made a hairpiece, which I glued to the top of the tape. Under the tape I placed large sacs of blood and carefully combed the hair back over them. Using monofilament fishing line, which I attached to the tape and ran out through Dantine's shirt, I waited for the cue and then yanked. The lines ripped the tape away from both sides of his head, tore open the blood sacs and pulled the blood against the wall, just as if a bullet had really gone right through his head. It was, I thought, a pretty good effect."

Like most make-up men, Petty is proud of his blood—a charmingly photogenic substance that he concocts out of 3M blood paint, Hershey's chocolate syrup and Karo syrup. "Real blood," he explains, "is too dark. Besides, it draws flies. By changing the coloration slightly, I can match my own blood against the film stock for perfect color tones." His favorite effect, however, was also a scene from *Killer Elite*—in which he shows a man's face opening up with cuts right *after* he goes head first through a plate-glass window. "Sam wanted that delayed effect," Petty recalls, "so I built seven different cuts on the stunt man's face. First, I placed tiny blood sacs on his skin to which I then tied very fine monofilament fishing leaders. Then I covered them over with 'plastic skin,' which I matched to his skin color with make-up. I ran the lines through his hair and down his shirt. When he went through the candy-glass window, I yanked and they all opened up right on cue. Sam paid me the best compliment I have ever received for that effect. 'Someday, Jack,' he said, 'I'm going to stump you.' "

Directors, however, have not always been so pleased with Petty's work—a risk all effects people must face. For example, Petty had his share of problems while working on an early John Frankenheimer movie, *Seconds*, in which John Randolph is reborn as Rock Hudson.

"Originally," Petty claims, "the script called for Hudson to have his head blown off with a shotgun. I filled a model of Hudson's head with five pounds of pigs' brains and blood from a meat market in Vernon. Nobody knew what was inside the model and when they shot it—with a real shotgun and double-O shot—blood and brains and hair were blown all over the place. It took over an hour to clean the room."

Next to blowing up dummies, grossing out directors would seem to be a favorite pastime of production crews. On *Breakout*, for example, one scene showed a man cut up by an airplane propeller. A dummy filled with offal was used for the propeller hit. When the editor, Bud Isaacs, showed the cut film to a crowd that included two directors, the scene looked so real he said, "Too bad, the stunt man got it." One director gasped, "Who was it? Maybe I knew him." Isaacs replied, "Don't worry, he got paid." When the director saw Isaacs smiling, he finally caught on.

There is also the account, probably apocryphal, of how a famous *macho* director blew his breakfast. It was during filming in Mexico. The script called for a macabre scene in which a drawer is opened and we see that it is full of ears, human ears. An enterprising make-up man went to a local morgue, presumably bribed the undertaker and sliced off an ear or two from corpses there. He touched them up slightly with some blood and put them in the drawer along with the plastic ones. When the director went out that morning and asked to be shown the effect, the effects man opened the drawer and revealed the clotted-up, *real* ears, an effect that revolted the director in the extreme.

Murder by make-up, however, is not always bloody. There are a truly great many ways to get wasted, as we know. There is death by various ecological turnabouts, the most popular of which would seem to be death by killer bees. "In *The Savage Bees*," relates make-up artist Maurice D. Stein, "I show a man who is attacked by bees. He leaps into a pond to escape, but the bees swarm around; every time he comes up for air, they attack. I had to show him dying slowly—each time he comes up getting more and more swollen and stung." For the close-ups, Stein carved stingers out of rose thorns and glued live bees to the faces of his actors. "I suffered so many stings myself," he claims, "that my doctor insists that I carry a bee-sting antidote with me at all times, since I've reached my toxin threshold."

Death by killer Bs like *The Savage Bees*

may prove a cinematic epitaph for all of us, but then again, you never know; you may end up owing your life to a bad movie . . . with good effects. Stein and his associates, for example, fabricate glue-on tragedies for training disaster medics and paramedics. They even create complicated simulated wounds for training in medical schools. But the most poignant connection to medicine, perhaps, is the work of the greatest make-up artist of them all, John Chambers, who began his career making dental plates and plastic prosthetic devices (noses, ears, etc.) for war victims and still works as a consultant surgical prosthetic designer for difficult cases.

Known as "the king of appliances," Chambers creates make-up effects that are worn by the actors—Mr. Spock's ears, for example, and the masks in *Planet of the Apes* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau*.

"Appliances" aren't limited to masks. There's the marvelous hump that Vanessa Redgrave wears throughout *The Devils*, and there is the perfectly fleshlike Plasticine breastplate that Richard Harris wears in the Sun Vow sequence of Irvin Kershner's *The Return of a Man Called Horse*. In that scene, a chief pinches Harris' breast with his thumb and forefinger and inserts a bone blade through the "flesh." Later, as a lightning storm signals the answer by the Great Spirit, Harris leans his full weight backward, stretching his pectorals to their fullest point. When the bone blade finally breaks through, the flesh tears and makes perfectly realistic popping sounds.

•

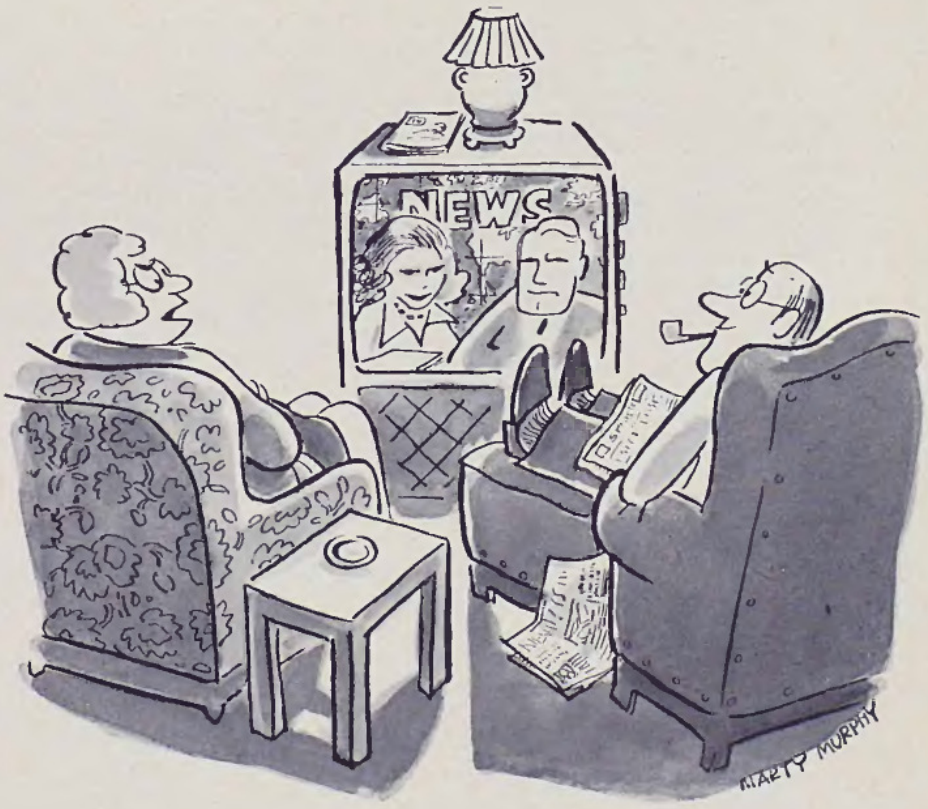
On February 11, 1977, Roger Mudd played a sequence from Hal Ashby's *Bound for Glory* on the CBS *Evening News*. It was a dust storm rolling over a prairie town, which he used to illustrate a discussion of weather trends during the California drought. It wasn't a real dust storm, of course, but a prime example of the mattework of Al Whitlock and his crew at Universal Studios.

To understand mattework, let's suppose a script calls for an aerial shot of a rural Midwest town in the Twenties. Rather than build an entire town on a studio back lot, an expensive undertaking, the film makers decide to use a real town and doctor it up a bit. First, a suitable town is found, let's call it Middleville. A camera is locked into place at a vantage point high above Middleville and some real town footage is taken. The special-effects man then looks over the footage and sees that there are a lot of elements that don't belong in a Twenties rural Midwest town, such as TV aerials, modern gas-station signs, billboards and so on. That's where the mattes come in. Mattes are simply cardboard cutouts placed in front of the lens while the camera is shooting to mask out unwanted elements. A corresponding matte painting (perfectly blended to fill the masked-out areas) is then made, usually on a pane of glass, photographed and inserted into the original footage of Middleville on a special optical printer called a rotoscope. The rotoscope has the special ability of projecting and photographing through the same lens so the image from one frame of film is projected directly onto the second piece of film (in other words, the matte painting is projected and photographed over the real footage of Middleville, creating the effect of a Twenties version of the same town).

There are variations of this technique. In *Bound for Glory*, for example, to create the effect of the dust storm approaching the Thirties prairie town, the Sacramento delta town of Isleton was first photographed from high atop a water tower. Later, back in the studio, this image was projected and traced onto a large pane of glass. Al Whitlock then painted directly on the glass (over the tracing), adding some buildings, changing the landscape and covering all evidence of the intervening four decades. The finished painting, perfectly matching the color and tone of the original photography, became its own matte, the camera acting as an optical printer, with the glass lit from behind and Whitlock's painting masking out unwanted parts. The film was then rewound and, on a second camera pass, the painting was relit—this time from the front—and a finished piece of film was created: a prairie town in the Thirties.

So much for the background. To achieve the actual dust-storm effect, Whitlock photographed three revolving disks (roughly the size of buffer attachments you might add to your electric drill to wax your car) on which he had glued cotton and that he had spray-painted dusty brown and gray. In a separate series of three shootings, he photographed the buffers—one revolving clockwise, the other counterclockwise, etc.—which he then superimposed as a collage directly over the stationary matte painting of the "prairie town." By overexposing the top half and angling the buffers away from the camera to get a sense of depth, Whitlock was able—though it hardly sounds possible—to create the perfect effect: a dust storm ravaging a helpless prairie town.

Whitlock's superlative mattework is all but invisible (which makes public recognition a problem. How can people appreciate his work if they can't see it?). In *The Hindenburg*, for example, a shot of New York City in the Thirties seen from the air was needed. Obviously, it is impossible to build such a set, but Whitlock's matte painting is so good (including the wake of tugboats and other moving objects added by an animation-type process) that most people thought it was some ancient stock footage. The same with the



"Can't you just watch the news without speculating on whether he's getting into her pants?"

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denouement of the great airship where it explodes and burns. Many critics wrote that they presumed it was newsreel footage; it wasn't. It was a composite of matte paintings based on a famous newspaper photograph of the moment of explosion. The men who fall from the airship—their bodies aflame—are actually stunt men falling off a platform in a Universal sound stage. Everything around them was matted out, the sequence rotoscoped, combining the burning men with shots of the blimp and shots of men running on the ground, and the effect achieved: men falling from the Hindenburg seemingly from a great height, as the great blimp explodes, collapses and burns.

To examine one of Whitlock's matte paintings close up is to examine a remarkable kind of impressionistic artwork. He does not paint detail, at least not detail as we might expect. Rather, he paints what the *camera* sees—light bouncing off objects and not the thing itself. Color itself is a function of light and Whitlock's paintings consist of blobs of color, tonal masses and shadows. To be sure, everything is recognizable (and the perspective is perfect) for what it is, but to the human eye, these paintings are obviously exactly that—paintings. On-screen, however, they look real, such as the Tibetan mountaintop monastery in *The Man Who Would Be King* or the Capitol building in *Airport '77*. A classic example of a miniature filmed against a blue screen and superimposed over a matte painting is the shot of the 747 buzzing the Capitol dome. (The blue screen is simply an illuminated blue backdrop against which the desired object is photographed. In the lab, during processing, the blue register is dropped and the result is the object seen against a perfectly clear background.)

The crashing of the Goodyear blimp into the stands of the Super Bowl in *Black Sunday* is another example of the double-exposure abilities of the matte. In that scene, the newscasters look out of the press box and see the nose of the blimp coming right at them. In fact, the actors are "reacting" to an illuminated blue screen in the place where the press-box window would be. The nose of the blimp, shot separately, was later superimposed by the optical printer into the window of clear film that the blue screen created. In the striking sequence in which we actually see the blimp fall into the stands, we are being treated to an excellent display of *process photography* combining front projection and miniatures. A five-foot replica of the blimp was built by the Paramount prop shop and suspended upside down by piano wires in front of a screen on which was front-projected a live-action sequence from the Super Bowl *also* upside down. The process coordinator, Bill Hansard, did that because he was afraid the piano wires would show against the sky if it was filmed right side up. In this case, the blimp was pulled *upward* across the upside-down stands and when the footage was later turned right side up, we had the shot: the blimp coming down into the stands, the wires successfully hidden by the crowd "below."

Upside-down film, reversed film, rear and front projections are common ploys of the trick photographers. In the scene in which Keir Dullea is blasted back into the space capsule in *2001*, for example, the camera was actually placed on the ground pointing upward. Dullea was then *lowered* on piano wires toward the camera, which was running at slow speed. The film was then reversed and played at normal speed for the effect: being blasted *into* the space capsule and bounced around, his own body hiding the wires from view.

Cecil B. De Mille's parting of the Red Sea in *The Ten Commandments* was another use of reversed film—along with numerous matte shots. Created by the late John P. Fulton, as John Brosnan relates in his fine book *Movie Magic*, the effect, which took six months to create, involved building a giant water tank that released 360,000 gallons of water. The footage was reversed to give the effect of the sea being parted and was later run forward to engulf the Pharaoh's army. Everything else—the clouds, the Pharaoh's army and Moses looking on—was matted in.

Front and rear projection are closely related techniques using juxtaposed images and events that have not come within 6000 miles of each other. Rear projection is simply a strip of film projected onto a screen from behind while the live action is filmed in front of it. The most famous of such scenes is the sequence in *Casablanca* in which Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman drive through Paris in his convertible. As they are talking, the background scene casually cuts from one locale to another with no break in the action.

Front projection was first used to admirable effect in *2001*—the bench-mark special-effects film. In the opening sequence, for example, when the Olduvai man fights off the leopard, all of the background scenery was shot in Africa, the set, the people and the animals were shot together on a sound stage. The scenery was projected right over the actors and animals onto a special screen that reflected light directly back at the camera. The projector was aligned on the same optical axis as the camera, so that the actors exactly filled their shadows. The only time, in fact, the front projection is noticeable is when the eyes of the leopard are glowing—the light is reflecting into the camera and because of the retroreflective properties of animals' eyes, they seem to glow (just as they do when picked up in the headlights of your car).

There are other optical effects, of

course, and combinations of all of the previous into areas of technology that are the specialties of only a few highly trained individuals. Besides animation, with which we're all familiar, there's live animation, which uses stop-motion photography, frame-by-frame poses of pliable (usually rubber) miniatures, a technique first used with great success by Willis O'Brien and brought to the screen full-throttle in the first *King Kong*. In that archetypal wet-dream sequence in which Kong peels the clothes from Fay Wray and then sniffs his fingers (a scene the censors removed but which is included in European prints), a combination of effects was used as the director, the late Merian C. Cooper, explained:

> A movie was first taken of [Fay Wray] alone while invisible wires pulled off her clothes. Then the miniature Kong [18 inches high] was placed on a set built on a waist-high platform, about twice the size of a dining-room table, on which miniature trees, ferns and plaster of Paris rocks had been arranged. Back of this, the movie of Fay Wray was projected and Kong's movements made to correspond with it.

Dino de Laurentiis' *King Kong*, which, like the Godzilla epics from Japan, features a couple of guys in rubber suits for some of the shots, runs a poor second to the original. Even the work of Ray Harryhausen, the developer of Dynamation, which carries on the traditions of O'Brien, in the *Sinbad* series (and is best in *Jason and the Argonauts*), is surrounded by such poor acting and worse scripting that it's almost impossible to fully appreciate what he does. The little chess monsters in *Star Wars*, on the contrary, with which Chewbacca and C3PO play, are adroitly animated by Jon Berg and Philip Tippet and to delightful effect.

In fact, it's quite possible that in *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, mattework and all the other complex optical wonderments may have reached their apotheosis. And a great mutual challenge. In the offing, at any rate, is an Academy Awards showdown unlike anything since *Forbidden Planet* went up against De Mille's parting of the Red Sea. Put another way, it's a real-life star war, a do-or-die conflict between George Lucas' Death Star and Steven Spielberg's Mother Ship, the centerpiece special effect of *Close Encounters*.

•

The Mother Ship hangs suspended in the luminous night, a chilling, massive vision of extraterrestrial presence. Through the camera's view finder, it looks about the size of downtown Manhattan, its vaguely mushroomlike shape precisely detailed and radiant with thousands of tiny lights. The hundreds of observation decks, docking bays and

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launching pads radiate from its sides and project downward from its center like the spiny antennae of some great metal sea urchin or jellyfish drifting slowly through the sky.

It's a miniature, of course, like the Death Star of *Star Wars*; but whereas the Death Star was a hardened-foam-base, 1600-square-foot, tabletop layout, the Mother Ship is in actual size barely a yard in diameter—a smallness that belies the wealth of detail that adorns it. Spielberg himself took stints on the micro-drills that made the tens of thousands of tiny holes ten to 25 *thousandths* of an inch wide that were individually capped with minuscule plastic bubbles and illuminated from within by over 1000 neon tubes, all painstakingly bent to fit the various deck shapes and internal contours in order to create an evenly balanced luminosity for the pin-point lights.

The gestation of the Mother Ship began in February 1976, when George Jensen and Spielberg sat down and sketched out some of the special-effects sequences. Douglas Trumbull, who put together the effects for *2001*, and was hired in April, used those sketches to concoct actual story boards (drawings of the action sequences involving flying saucers, "encounters" and the Mother Ship). Several renditions of the Mother Ship were made, including a painting by Ralph McQuarrie (who also drew the remarkable effects duplicated with surprising exactness in *Star Wars*). With the effects carefully charted for later construction, filming and insertion back in the Marina Del Rey studio, the live action was begun in a giant hangar in Mobile, Alabama. It was there, in a sound stage bigger than anything Hollywood could offer (Lucas had already commandeered the big ones in England), full-sized roads were built, meadows created and the giant lights rigged for the required effects.

In the concluding scenes, when the Mother Ship descends and the extraterrestrials actually emerge, they are backlit with extremely bright light to give the effect of light emanating from the Mother Ship. A special model of the underbelly of the Mother Ship was constructed and matted through long exposures to the light effects and live action. Since light has fuzzy edges and shines on everything around it, creating reflections and shadows, it is virtually impossible to matte with cutouts or blue screens. And the secrets behind much of their work are being closely guarded by Trumbull and Spielberg.

And *light* is what differentiates the Mother Ship from the Death Star and, with it, some other differences of extreme technical contrast. "Each frame of film is exposed for 40 seconds," Trumbull explains, "and 80 seconds for the close-ups. The effect is to make the Mother Ship a light *source*. In *Star Wars*, all of the miniatures, the spaceships, fighters and all that, are illuminated from some offscreen light source—one presumes it's the sun or something equivalent. Also, it's a *fantasy*; you immediately sit back and say, 'This is great; I'll believe anything!' We don't have that blessing on *Close Encounters*. In fact, our goal has been *absolute reality*. It's been a real curse!"

When you think of a single sequence of *Star Wars* taking as many as 28 separate elements to create one single shot, the magnitude of additional difficulty with such elements all part of or being influenced by a light source *cum* miniature like the Mother Ship is obviously even greater. Consider this "simple" set of instructions for the dogfight between Darth Vader and Luke that John Dykstra, special-photographic-effects supervisor for *Star Wars*, described recently in *American Cinematographer*:

> The description which optical has for this shot is as follows:
>
> The T.I.E. ship crosses over both sets of lasers, the X-wing, the Planet and the Stars.
>
> The reflection element crosses over the T.I.E. ship.
>
> The "over the X-wing lasers" cross over the X-wing, the Planet and the Stars.
>
> The X-wing crosses over the "under the X-wing lasers," the Planet and the Stars.
>
> The reflection element crosses over the X-wing.
>
> The "under the X-wing lasers" cross over the Planet and the Stars.
>
> The Planet crosses over the Stars.
>
> This description determines the order in which the printing elements must be used.

No sweat, boss.

The clearest telltale of special-effects work in films has always been the fact that the camera is locked down during filming to hold the frame rigid for perfect matte match-ups later by the optical-effects people. (If the camera were not stationary, you would see seams or spaces in places where the matte painting was inserted against the original footage.) So, in the past, it was sometimes easy to spot special-effects work because the camera was still while only the objects—blimps, zeppelins, spacecrafts, etc.—moved. To increase the realism of the effects in *Close Encounters*, a special computerized camera was built (similar to the famous Dykstraflex used in *Star Wars*) that digitally recorded every move the camera made. The new camera's digital recorder works on the same basic principle as the digital recorder of a tape recorder—those little numbers that flitter by as the tape records. Later, if you want to go back to a specific part of the tape—or, in this case, a specific frame of film—you simply refer to the number on the digital recorder. The difference is that with the computerized camera, when you refer back to the number, you get a computerized readout of how much light is exposed, location of objects, relative perspective, parallax and so forth in each frame of film. "That way," says Trumbull, "we could have the camera move during the special-effects shots; we could match every move back in the lab just as if the camera were stationary."

"Even the *experts* won't see 60 percent of the effects in *Close Encounters*," Spielberg comments while lounging between dailies at Future General, "and, in a way, I'm both saddened and delighted by it. On one hand, I believe that special effects, to be perfect, *should* be invisible; but, on the other, it's disappointing that they won't be recognized."

Which points up something about Hollywood that most of us tend to forget—if, in fact, we ever knew it in the first place—and that is that movies are a very young art form, especially special effects; most of the top craftsmen have essentially invented their art. But, of course, they did so for a reason: Some crazy young genius director *wanted* it.

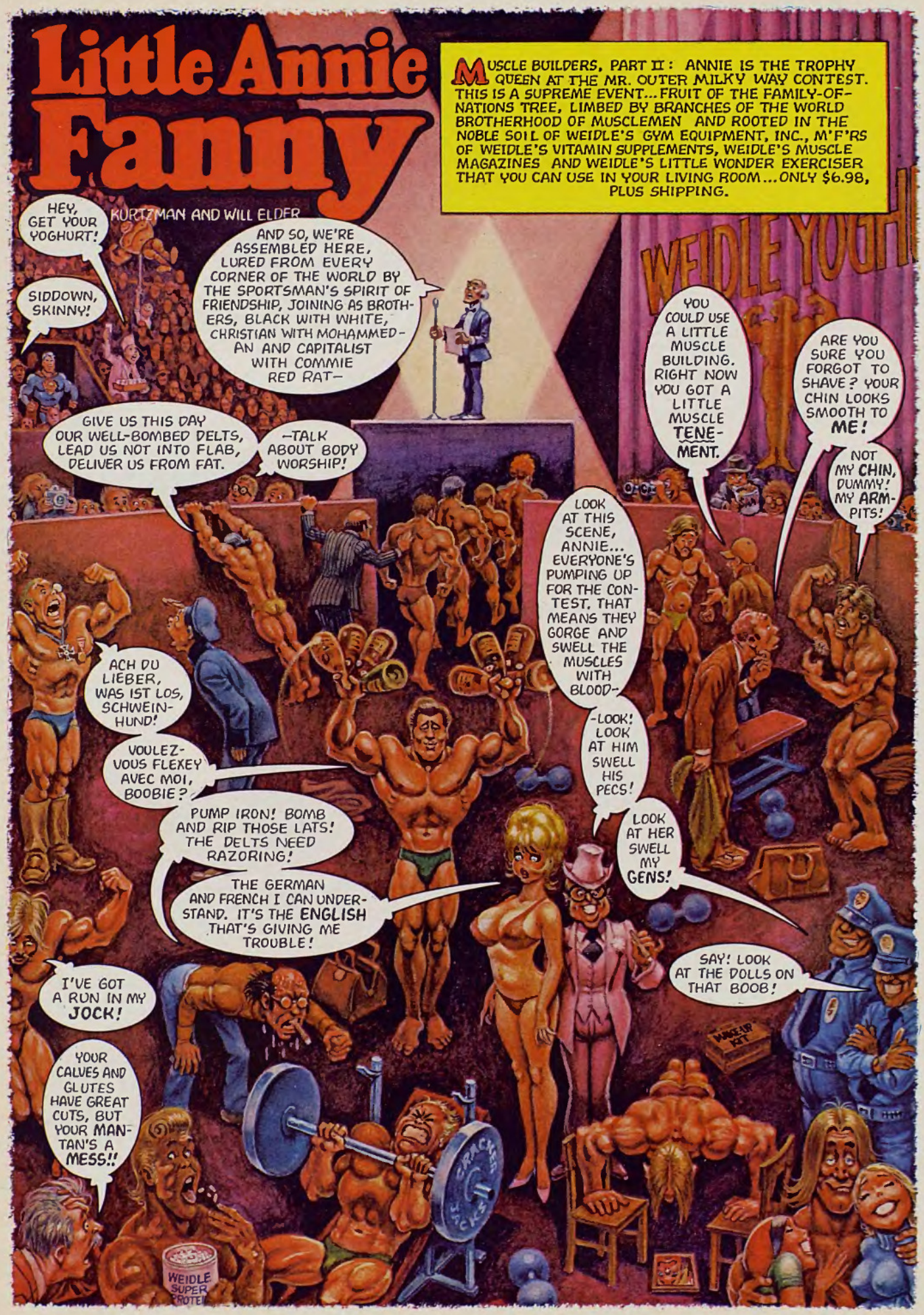
•

The future of American cinema is linked inextricably to the technology that supports it and to the storytelling abilities of the men and women who have the stamina and the *chutzpah* to play with it.

The enemy, as most film makers attest, is television. Not that television is bad per se but that movies are simply not *better* enough to drag people out of the cozy insulation and high-information load television offers. *Star Wars* reverses that process, and so, it's hoped, will *Close Encounters*. At stake is the quality of entertainment itself—that untarnished sense of delight with which the child in us, at any age, can behold even the most tawdry of magic shows and come away feeling rewarded.

Unfortunately, as we grow older, our thresholds for wonder and delight continually expand. We want better and we want more. The pressure is tremendous, and nowhere is it more visible than in special effects. They have entered the realm of high technology and passed through. They're an art form now, complex, sophisticated but still one that speaks to us most purely as children.

"*THX* was my 20-year-old consciousness," Lucas explains. "I used my head as a film maker. *Graffiti* was me at 16, using my heart. This movie was using my hands, at 12." It's a stunning progression and one that—when you consider that *Star Wars* will most probably be, at $200,000,000 *plus*, the biggest money-maker in the history of film—may have tapped cinema's primary secret, her mother lode: a well-told fairy tale that rewards and celebrates us with special effects.


Little Annie Fanny
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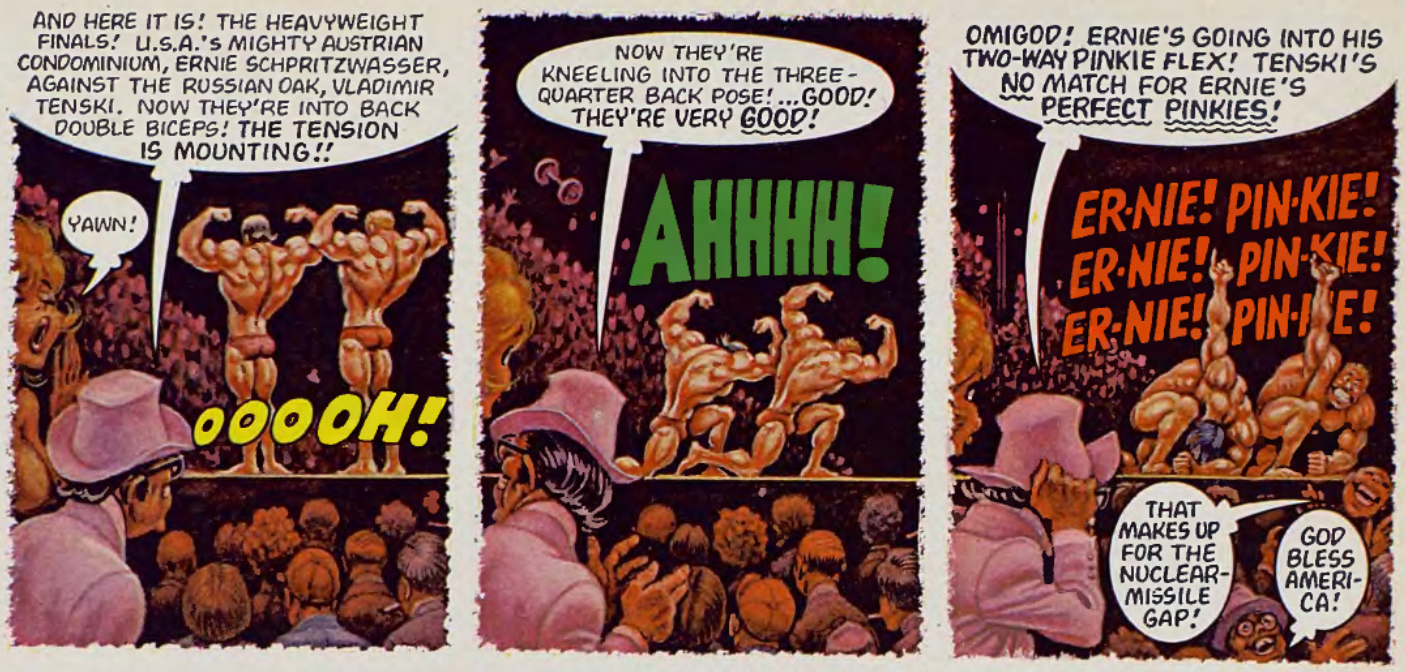
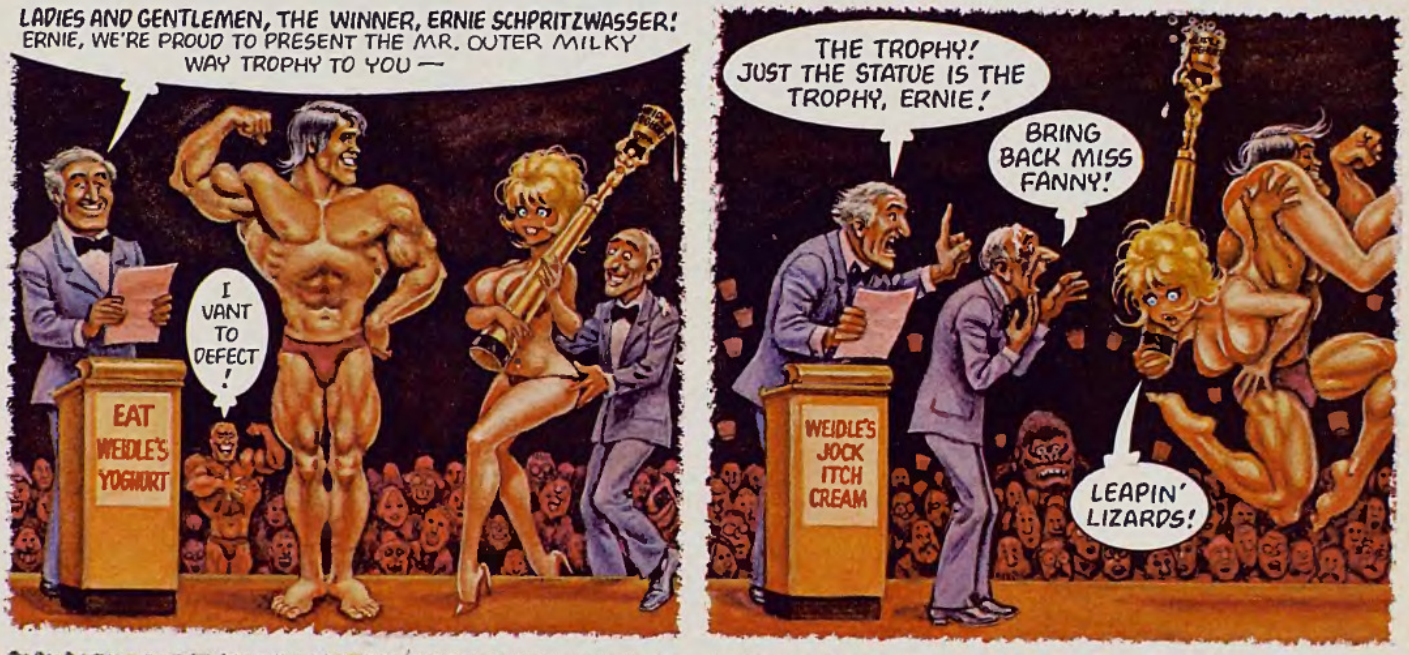
MUSCLE BUILDERS, PART II: ANNIE IS THE TROPHY QUEEN AT THE MR. OUTER MILKY WAY CONTEST. THIS IS A SUPREME EVENT... FRUIT OF THE FAMILY-OF-NATIONS TREE, LIMBED BY BRANCHES OF THE WORLD BROTHERHOOD OF MUSCLEMEN AND ROOTED IN THE NOBLE SOIL OF WEIDLE'S GYM EQUIPMENT, INC., M'F'RS OF WEIDLE'S VITAMIN SUPPLEMENTS, WEIDLE'S MUSCLE MAGAZINES AND WEIDLE'S LITTLE WONDER EXERCISER THAT YOU CAN USE IN YOUR LIVING ROOM... ONLY $6.98, PLUS SHIPPING.
HEY, GET YOUR YOGHURT!
SIDDOWN, SKINNY!
AND SO, WE'RE ASSEMBLED HERE, LURED FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD BY THE SPORTSMAN'S SPIRIT OF FRIENDSHIP, JOINING AS BROTHERS, BLACK WITH WHITE, CHRISTIAN WITH MOHAMMEDAN AND CAPITALIST WITH COMMIE RED RAT—
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR WELL-BOMBED DELTS, LEAD US NOT INTO FLAB, DELIVER US FROM FAT.
—TALK ABOUT BODY WORSHIP!
WEIDLE YOGH
YOU COULD USE A LITTLE MUSCLE BUILDING. RIGHT NOW YOU GOT A LITTLE MUSCLE TENE-MENT.
ARE YOU SURE YOU FORGOT TO SHAVE? YOUR CHIN LOOKS SMOOTH TO ME!
NOT MY CHIN, DUMMY! MY ARM-PITS!
LOOK AT THIS SCENE, ANNIE... EVERYONE'S PUMPING UP FOR THE CONTEST. THAT MEANS THEY GORGE AND SWELL THE MUSCLES WITH BLOOD—
ACH DU LIEBER, WAS IST LOS, SCHWEIN-HUND!
VOULEZ-VOUS FLEXEY AVEC MOI, BOOBIE?
—LOOK! LOOK AT HIM SWELL HIS PECS!
LOOK AT HER SWELL MY GENS!
PUMP IRON! BOMB AND RIP THOSE LATS! THE DELTS NEED RAZORING!
THE GERMAN AND FRENCH I CAN UNDERSTAND. IT'S THE ENGLISH THAT'S GIVING ME TROUBLE!
SAY! LOOK AT THE DOLLS ON THAT BOOB!
I'VE GOT A RUN IN MY JOCK!
YOUR CALVES AND GLUTES HAVE GREAT CUTS, BUT YOUR MAN-TAN'S A MESS!!
MAKE-UP KIT
CRACKER JACKS
WEIDLE SUPER PROTEIN


AND HERE IT IS! THE HEAVYWEIGHT FINALS! U.S.A.'s MIGHTY AUSTRIAN CONDOMINIUM, ERNIE SCHPRITZWASSER, AGAINST THE RUSSIAN OAK, VLADIMIR TENSKI. NOW THEY'RE INTO BACK DOUBLE BICEPS! THE TENSION IS MOUNTING!!
YAWN!
OOOOH!
NOW THEY'RE KNEELING INTO THE THREE-QUARTER BACK POSE! ...GOOD! THEY'RE VERY GOOD!
AHHHH!
OMIGOD! ERNIE'S GOING INTO HIS TWO-WAY PINKIE FLEX! TENSKI'S NO MATCH FOR ERNIE'S PERFECT PINKIES!
ER-NIE! PIN-KIE!
ER-NIE! PIN-KIE!
ER-NIE! PIN-KIE!
THAT MAKES UP FOR THE NUCLEAR-MISSILE GAP!
GOD BLESS AMERI-CA!


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WINNER, ERNIE SCHPRITZWASSER! ERNIE, WE'RE PROUD TO PRESENT THE MR. OUTER MILKY WAY TROPHY TO YOU —
I VANT TO DEFECT!
EAT WEIDLE'S YOGHURT
THE TROPHY! JUST THE STATUE IS THE TROPHY, ERNIE!
BRING BACK MISS FANNY!
WEIDLE'S JOCK ITCH CREAM
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!

NOW, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY, WE ARE ALONE WITH ONLY OUR REFLECTIONS.
JEEPERS! WHICH ONE OF US IS SHE?
YOU LEFT YOUR DOOR OPEN, ERNIE!
I MUST HAVE YOU, ERNIE!
ANY-THING YOU WANT, ERNIE!
CRUSH MY RIBS, ERNIE! ...BUT REMEMBER! I NEVER KISS ON THE FIRST DATE.
ACH! GROUPIES!

QUICK! MR. OUTER MILKY WAY CARRYING A GIRL! WHICH WAY'D HE GO!?
THROUGH THAT SWINGING DOOR TO HIS ETHEREAL CONTINUUM IN HIS OUTER MILKY WAY COSMOS. IT'S NEXT TO THE MEN'S ROOM.
(UGH! UGH!) QUIT PUSHING AND GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU OLD FOOL!
I WOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY TO ZIGGY. HE WAS MR. AMERICA 1924, AND HE'S STILL IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE.
ONE SIDE, JOHNNY. I GOT TA GET OUT THERE AND BOMB MY VARICOSE VEINS.
STAR SUPER
OH, GOD, HOW I LOVE YOUR BODY!
MM...THOSE FANTASTIC LEGS! ...NOT BAD, EITHER.
THROUGH THIS DOOR PASSES THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BODY
ANNIE? IS THAT YOU? SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT WE HAVE RESERVATIONS ON THE LAST FLIGHT OUT TONIGHT—
—WE'LL MISS IT UNLESS YOU GET OUT OF THAT BED RIGHT THIS MINUTE!
I'M NOT IN THAT BED, SOLLY!
I'M READY TO LEAVE. ERNIE LET ME USE HIS BATHROOM TO CHANGE AND FRESHEN UP IN.
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH BICEPS?
WELL, WHO'S IN THE BEDROOM WITH ERNIE? ...ERNIE'S GROUPIES?
MMM! MMM!
MM! MMM!
NO GROUPIES, NO NOTHING! ...IT'S JUST ERNIE AND HIS MIRRORS.
AND, AH, THOSE AB'S! DID YOU EVER IN YOUR LIFE SEE SUCH CUTS?!
...LOVE IT!
IT SEEMS HE'S MORE INTERESTED IN PUMPING IRON THAN YOU, BABY.
END

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GROOMING

HELPING OUT YOUR HAIR

If you're looking for the latest way to dry and style your hair, the answer, my friend, is blowing in the hot wind that emanates from the four powerful hair driers shown here. And if just getting a good blow job isn't enough, keep in mind that all the units are lightweight and relatively compact for travel. Norelco's model, in fact, features a handle that folds away when not in use and one of Conair's comes with an attachment to alter the current for overseas use. Of course, when you're not zapping your bean with some heavy wattage (all the models have two heat settings), you can always pack your drier away in a drawer. We, however, think that it's even hipper to leave your choice out as a modular bathroom sculpture. Another Conair model, as a matter of fact, comes with its own stand for just that purpose.

Clockwise from 12: Conair's Vagabond 1000 is designed for travel; it comes with a voltage-adapter plug and special travel bag, $29. The Promax Compact 1200 features a concentrator attachment that ups the unit's blow power without increasing the heat, by Gillette, $24.99. Conair's other unit, the Pro Baby, puts out 1200 watts of drying power; it can be held or left standing for two-handed styling, $25.49. The Gotcha Gun 1200, by Norelco, features a handle that folds; it also can stand on a table for hands-free styling, $26.95.

RICHARD IZUI

GETTING THE JUMP ON SUMMER

A sun lamp, a glass of wine, a friend in a bikini and the latest in resort sportswear and these two characters, below, are flying down to Rio . . . at least in their dreams. The rest of us, for whom a great escape plan is more of a reality, will be happy to learn there already are several hot-weather holiday collections available. What's more, by shopping now, you'll have a head start on coming fashion trends for spring and summer: loose, easy, natural-toned sportswear. Most important are the big tops to be worn outside a pair of pants, often gathered with a drawstring. Slacks, too, will feature drawstring waists, roomy straight legs and, frequently, pleated fronts. All that's missing is the suntan lotion and—oh, yes—you'll have to supply the lady. —DAVID PLATT

The Maughamesque type at lower left is ready for Port-au-Prince, the Road to Mandalay or wherever in a linen pullover with cotton poplin tab collar, $25, matching linen drawstring slacks featuring a double-pleated front, $25, straw hat, $30, and tinted aviator glasses, $15, all by Gil Truedsson for PMI. His fair-weather friend likes a cotton broadcloth pullover, about $45, worn with matching slacks, about $40, both by Jean-Paul Germain, and a pair of sunglasses, by Bausch & Lomb for In Focus, Ltd., about $30. (Her bikini by Kamali.)

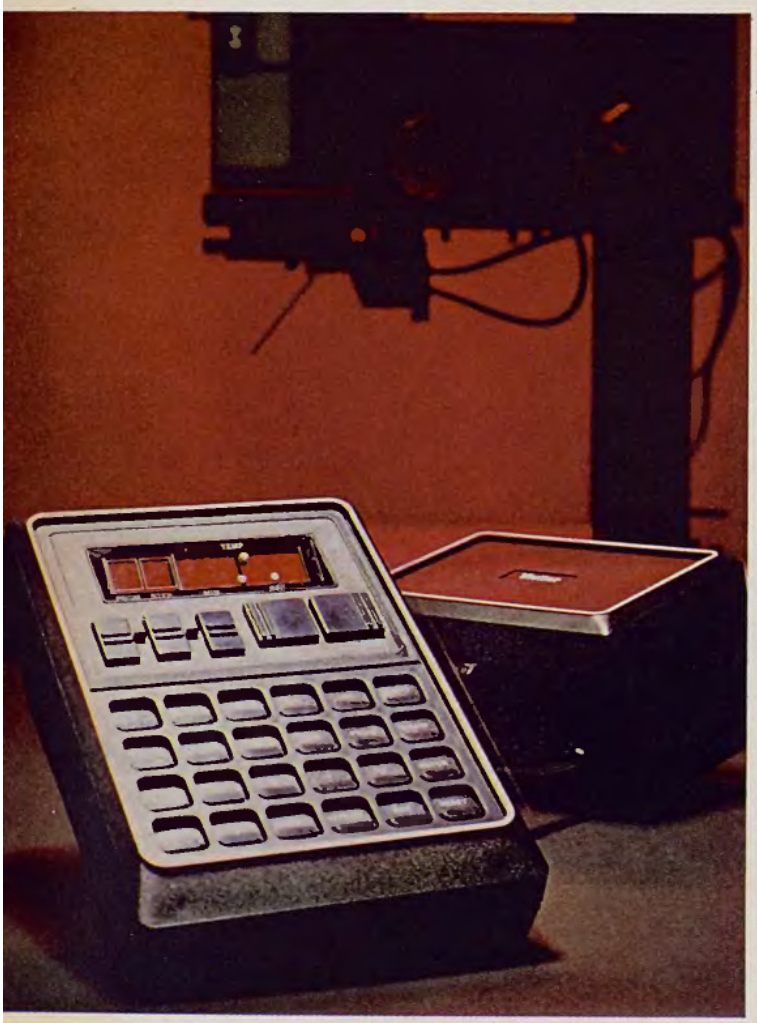
BRUCE LAURANCE

ALL A MATTER OF TIMING

When Dooley Wilson sang, "The fundamental things apply as time goes by," back in 1942, he never imagined that manufacturers 35 years later would be turning out some very hip devices, all with one fundamental goal in mind—the saving of time. One gadget simplifies darkroom photography, another is a watch that's so sophisticated it's almost like having an accountant riding your wrist and the third is a bedside Jeeves that wakes you up to hot tea. Good show!

RICHARD IZUI

Hewlett-Packard's HP-01 multifunction wrist watch, at right, is a six-ounce wizard that not only tells the time via light-emitting diodes but also has an alarm, a timer/stop watch, a date/calendar, plus a calculator with memory all stored in its diminutive stainless-steel case ($650). It's also available in gold-filled case for $750.



The Process Time Commander, above, is designed to simplify darkroom work by allowing the owner to program all processing time requirements into one unit for instant recall via a light-emitting-diode panel, thus eliminating the need for fumbling with a bunch of instruction sheets and guides. It's by Vivitar, $99.95.

Right: Teasmade of Knightsbridge is an automatic teamaker (coffee, too) incorporating an alarm clock and light; 12 minutes before the alarm sounds, your bedside butler goes to work brewing up a fresh cup of eye opener (should your eyes open before the alarm, hit the TEA NOW button for instant service), by BSR, $100.

RON MESAROS

Tabbed for Revival

After Mary Hartman's dad, George, fell into a vat of Rust-Oleum recently, he underwent plastic surgery and came out of it looking just like TAB HUNTER. If that improved George immeasurably, it also did wonders for the career of the movie idol of the Fifties' prepubescents, who now has over 15 episodes of "Forever Fernwood" under his belt. The former golden boy of "Battle Cry" and "Damn Yankees" had spent the past ten years or so playing dinner theaters, where those days as a movie-studio Wunderkind seemed like another lifetime. "Those people out there kept me alive for years," he says candidly, "but I haven't had this much exposure in a long time."

Finder of New Faces

If it hadn't been for PAM DIXON, Henry Winkler might not be where he is today. Several years ago, before Winkler became the famous Fonz, Dixon gave the actor his start in TV. "I was with CBS then and I cast Winkler in a small role on the 'Mary Tyler Moore Show.' He had been hanging around New York for a long time, but I gave him his first job in California." Dixon's own rise was almost as meteoric as Winkler's; she started out in 1968 as secretary to the head of casting at CBS and within a few years became casting director. Two years ago, at the age of 27, she became vice-president of talent at ABC. Are casting directors usually women? "Quite often they are. The job demands a lot of attention to detail; men don't seem to have the temperament for that sort of thing. And men often see the job as a steppingstone to something else and don't stay with it." Dixon sees an exciting trend in TV toward new faces. "We're in the midst of a whole new generation of TV performers. More and more, viewers want fresh new faces, and we're finding them." Given ABC's lock on the ratings, Pam Dixon, at least, is finding them.

MICHAEL BERRY

GARY HEERY

Pitching for Safer Sex

"People are hard to convince, but a most reliable form of contraception can be bought over the counter in any drugstore. The combination of condoms and foam is almost 100 percent effective and not dangerous to either user." This very simple but critically important advice comes from Dr. GIDEON SEAMAN, who, with his wife, journalist BARBARA SEAMAN (she wrote "Free and Female"), has written "Women and the Crisis in Sex Hormones." The Seamans think the bias against "old-fashioned" methods of birth control comes both from doctors who don't like to recommend them because they don't require a prescription and from the American love affair with anything new, regardless of the health hazards. Other alternatives they suggest are sharing the responsibility for hormone consumption and sterilization methods, making the use of simple and safe contraceptive methods part of sex foreplay, finding out exactly when the woman is ovulating ("which is getting much easier to do," notes Mrs. Seaman) and demanding safer and more responsible health care from doctors and pharmaceutical companies. "Suppose," Mrs. Seaman says, "men were told that the things they did to prevent conception might cause cancer of the penis. No man in the world would risk that. No woman should have to risk her health and her life, either." Can't argue with that.

RICHARD HOWARD / CAMERA 5

Eyes Right

"Our philosophy is that money's not the only thing," says DANIEL GOLDBERG, a mellow 30-year-old who, five years ago, along with a fellow optician, Phil Wolman, founded For Eyes, a Philadelphia-based optical company that has gained a national reputation for selling single-vision glasses at the eye-popping price of $29 complete. (Complete includes one's choice of about 400 frames and almost any type of lens: photochromatic, plastic or tinted.) "None of our stuff is come-ons or seconds and we're not owned by a conglomerate," insists Goldberg. "We're just not into ripping people off. If you do good things, good things come back." Good things such as a chain of over 20 stores nationwide, from California to New Jersey, all with the same easy-going philosophy, and evidently more, many more to come. What's For Eyes' secret of success? "We just don't make a lot of money," says Goldberg.

Second Helpings

The list of famous Second City alums is endless—running from Nichols and May and Berman of the Fifties to Ackroyd and Belushi of the Seventies. And they grace every conceivable corner of the entertainment world: stage, screen and TV. Now Bernard Sahlins, the major-domo of the Chicago operation, has had a very smart idea. He is putting Second City itself on TV in 26 shows syndicated to more than 50 stations (check your local listings). The shows (previewed in PLAYBOY last November) are written by the seven performers shown here—John Candy, Joe Flaherty, Eugene Levy, Andrea Martin, Catherine O'Hara, Dave Thomas and Harold Ramis (who put in a stint as a PLAYBOY editor)—and Brian Doyle-Murray and Sheldon Patinkin. "SECOND CITY T.V." has re-created a 24-hour broadcast day of a fictitious television station in a half hour. The cunning S.C.T.V. people have managed to cram in all the regular TV fare—news, sports, soap opera, movies (such as the epic "Ben Hur" done in 14 minutes flat or "Hefty," a take-off of "Rocky") and even travelogs (a tour of historic Armenia)—done as satire. Sahlins says, "Casting about for legitimate targets of television humor, we found nothing funnier than TV itself. The straighter we played it, the funnier it seemed."

GEORGE HUNTER

NOT SALMON

Just because a guy becomes exhausted from a lot of fucking, that doesn't mean that his sperm gets tired, too. His ejaculate may lose a couple of million sperm each time he comes, but the remaining little bastards have the same vitality and natural determination to swim upstream against all odds and find that egg.

What that means is that there's no such thing as the rhythm method for men. Sorry, guys. Dr. Nelson Teague, associate clinical professor of urology at the University of Virginia, explains that one of the things that could temporarily affect the motility of sperm is a systemic illness, such as the flu or some other virus. Then, sperm tend to move much more slowly. But, in general, what determines a man's ability to make a woman pregnant is *both* the number of sperm he has and how active they are. There's no way an individual can measure this outside a lab. The count may vary from week to week, but it's definitely not predictable.

Dr. Teague points out that ejaculating less fluid is not going to make men a safer screw. Sperm have a "life" of their own, independent of the liquid in which they travel—whether it spurts in large or in small amounts.

To commemorate that magical moment when the king of beasts and his mate royally get it on, the F. C. Gaylord Sculpture Studios, P. O. Box 464, Barre, Vermont 05641, are selling for $320, postpaid, this 34" x 20" low-relief bonded-bronze sculpture titled "Regal Union." Hang it over your bed to remind the ladies what a tiger—uh, make that lion—you are.

DO AS I SAY, NOT AS I DO

In spite of what most people think, it is not true that oral love is an equal-opportunity employer. Dr. Robert Athanasiou, a sex therapist at Albany Medical College, New York, told us that from his research, it turned out that the percentages of men who give women cunnilingus are always lower than those of women performing fellatio. Until the past few years, this difference was better understood because a man traditionally had greater control during sex and would be much more likely to demand oral/genital activity from his partner than feel obligated to satisfy her equally. However, even now, when women have started to ask for what they want in bed, men are still performing less oral sex on women than vice versa. This is a consistent finding among college-educated people, who are theoretically the most sexually liberated.

MIRROR IMAGE

There must be some reason why men are not treated more like sex objects. Even guys who have stated that they would enjoy being thought of that way by women complain that the vast majority of females can't see guys in that role. There are several key factors why one gender views the other as a sexual object and the other doesn't. Dr. Robert A. Ravich, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Cornell University Medical School, explains:

Society allows its women to be emotional in public. Men are not supposed to show what they feel. As a result, they are more attracted to watching women than the other way around, because there are more facial expressions to respond to.

Because they're so conscious of how they look in public, women generally use make-up and a much wider range of clothing styles. Therefore, they have a greater visual appeal for men, since there's simply more variety to turn men on.

Women's dress has evolved to show off their obvious sexual signalers—breasts, a rounded ass, a curving shape—while male genitals are normally hidden by clothing.

Traditionally, women are supposed to be demure and unaggressive in public. If they actively looked at and appreciated males, they'd be labeled fast, loose and sexually available.

EDIBLE COMPLEX

Many a girl has learned how to give deep throat by practicing with a banana in the privacy of her kitchen, because bananas are one of the most phallic goodies a woman can put in her mouth. Food that symbolizes the male member has been much talked about ever since Freud.

But little is said about the things to eat that, in the subconscious mind of a man, have a strong female quality. There's that scene from D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love* in which eating a raw fig is sensuously compared to going down on a woman. Well, there's actually a wide assortment of erotically feminine edibles. Dr. R. Vance Fitzgerald, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the Medical College of Ohio at Toledo, points out a number of items:

Cherries have been traditionally associated with virginity—the connection being the bit of blood that occurs when the hymen is broken. Eggs are womanly, since only females lay them. Biting into a sweet, juicy melon has a quality of sumptuousness that is equivalent to a woman's breasts, while other round fruits with seeds—pomegranates, peaches, grapes—give a feeling of ripeness. These raw fruits are also provocative, because although the skin is unyielding, once bitten through, the insides are so very soft and moist. Apples may represent the pert breasts of a young girl because they're firm, well molded, and the center placement of the stem gives the illusion of a nipple. "Even a doughnut could be sexy," concludes the psychiatrist. "It's a sweet rim with a hole in the center."

—HOWARD SMITH

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