

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

OCTOBER 1978 • \$2.00

THE BEST OF THE WEST: PAC 10 COEDS PART II

Leon Spinks:
The Troubled
Champ

How to Play
The Inner
Game of Sex
(and Win)

Cheryl Tiegs
Answers 20
Impertinent
Questions

O.O.O.E.E.E!
A HIT
INTERVIEW
WITH
COUNTRY
QUEEN
DOLLY
PARTON





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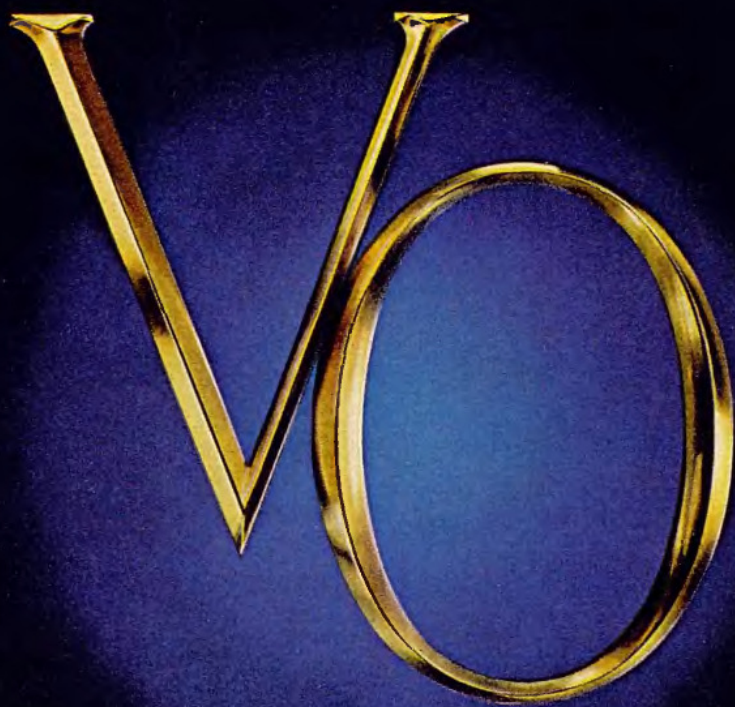
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PLAYBILL

FIND YOURSELF a nice comfortable high-backed easy chair, away from the windows; tamp a little cavendish into your bowl and pour yourself a snifter of brandy. You'll want to feel snug—and safe—when you read **William Hjortsberg's** *Falling Angel*, a murder mystery with a twist of voodoo—plus an ending that'll have you glancing over your shoulder for days. Our story is a condensation of the novel that will soon be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, and it's illustrated in the best tradition of the dime novel by **Ron Villani**. There are two parts, the second to be presented next month. You'll need the time to get your blood running again.

We should also warn you that this issue contains perishable goods that should be consumed immediately. To wit, **Phil Berger's** account of the life and perilous times of *Spinks*, the current heavyweight boxing champion as we went to press. The mercurial Leon was due to defend his title against former champ Muhammad Ali about the time you read this, provided, writes Berger, he didn't self-destruct first.

If you think *Spinks* plays a rough game, consider *The Inner Game of Sex*, one we all play—handicapped by guilt, fear and misinformation. **Robert Shea**, former *PLAYBOY* editor and co-author (along with Robert Anton Wilson) of the sci-fi trilogy *Illuminatus!*, gives you tips on winning while keeping your sanity intact.

John Knight, heir apparent to the Knight-Ridder publishing empire, seemed to be a winner. But it took his violent death to reveal just what game he was playing. The tragic story of his double life, in the gay and straight worlds, will be found in *Kings Don't Mean a Thing*, an adaptation from *Kings Don't Mean a Thing/The John Knight Murder Case*, by **Arthur Bell**, to be published by William Morrow. **Vincent Topazio** illustrates the skeleton in Knight's closet.

Last October, **Lawrence Grobel** conducted our cover-story interview with Barbra Streisand. Exactly one year later, Grobel drew the assignment for our interview with **Dolly Parton**, who, we're sure you've noticed, is on this month's cover. His luck can't last.

An equally fortunate man is **John Hughes**, who compiled the premier edition of our new feature *20 Questions*. The subject of the first mini-interview is **Cheryl Tiegs**, supermodel, TV personality and longtime friend of John's, who says, "I knew her when she was making only \$1000 a day." You've come a long way, John.

Speaking of longtime friends, we haven't heard from **Arnold Roth** for a while. Ah, but this month he's back—with another installment of his illustrated *History of Sex*. He's up to Part VIII and still going strong. We didn't know sex was that old, or that funny!

We do know that **Donald Chaikin** isn't playing with a full deck. His *Wheels for the Man Who Thinks Big* may be tongue in cheek, but then again, it may not be. Let your wallet decide.

If you've got any bread left after taking Chaikin's advice, you might want to pick up some new duds. *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, ably crystal-balled by Fashion Editor **David Platt**, is filled with suggestions for filling out your cold-weather wardrobe.

For the inner you, we profile potables from the Caribbean in *The Dark Side of Rum*. **Emanuel Greenberg** gives you the low-down on a few concoctions that'll have you running up the Jolly Roger at your next fun fest. (**Gary Cooley** is the illustrator.)

In the there's-more-where-that-came-from department, we present the second part of our paean to the *Girls of the Pac 10*. Talk about an embarrassment of riches! And then there's the magnificent **Marcy Hanson**, our October Playmate. What more can we say? It's a heavy package. Go to it!



GROBEL, PARTON



HJORTSBERG



VILLANI



BELL



TOPAZIO



CHAIKIN



SHEA



BERGER



HUGHES



PLATT



COOLEY



ROTH

PLAYBOY®

vol. 25, no. 10—october, 1978

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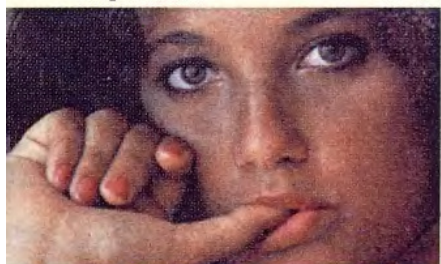
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Lookin' better than a body has a right to, Dolly Parton, whose down-to-earth interview starts on page 81, was photographed by Harry Langdon in a variation on the Bunny costume she designed herself. How's that for multitasking?

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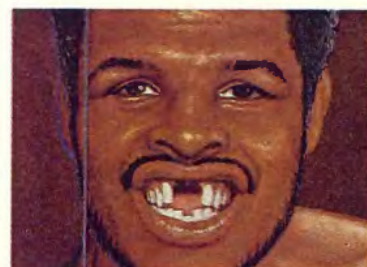
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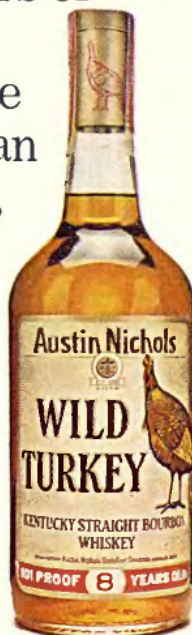


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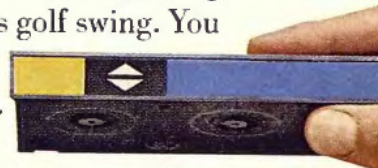
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



TENNIS, ANYONE? STARS PLAY AT MANSION WEST

Once again, the grounds of Playboy Mansion West were the scene of the annual tennis tournament benefiting the John Tracy Clinic, and celebrities turned out by the score—both to play and to watch the sometimes heated competition. At left, shutters click as host Hugh M. Hefner welcomes America's reigning sex symbol, model-video personality Cheryl Tiegs (see 20 Questions, page 176). Cheryl, it turned out, also showed a winning personality on the courts.



Above, actor Dennis (Felony Squad) Cole and his lady, Jaclyn (Charlie's Angels) Smith, observe the goings-on at the tournament; below, Hefner greets tennis pro Alex Olmedo, a Tracy regular, as ace Jimmy Connors and our June Playmate, Gail Stanton, in from Memphis, look on.



Actor/comic/educator/TV pitchman Bill Cosby turns his back on the world-ranked tennis player Ilie Nastase—to a purpose, as Nasty signs an autograph for one of the many fans present at the Tracy Clinic meet. (For court star Cos in a different role, see page 16.)



CLUTCH PLAYERS HONORED

Winners of our Cash-on-the-Line, Clutch-Player All-Star Poll (PLAYBOY, June) have been getting an extra treat: personal presentations by Playmates. Well, some of them have. That is not Cesar Cedeño of the Houston Astros with Playmate Debra Jo Fondren at left. Cedeño, named center fielder of our Clutch All-Star team, came in second best in an altercation with the dugout roof the day Debra showed up. So manager Bill Virdon did the honors. Luckier were Twin Rod Carew and Royal George Brett, who *did* get to meet Miss June 1978, Gail Stanton (right).



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

PLAYMATE UPDATE: CLAUDIA JENNINGS STARS IN "DEATHSPORT"

Our November 1969 Playmate (and 1970 Playmate of the Year), Claudia Jennings (far right), stars opposite David Carradine in Roger Corman's futuristic thriller, *Deathsport* (right). It's set in the year 3000, when capital punishment has been abolished—only to be replaced by mortal combat in the arena, a sentence meted out to certain criminals. Sounds like *Demetrius and the Gladiators Meet the 31st Century*, but Claudia, obviously, is gorgeous whether past, present or future.



BIG ROLE FOR SONDRA

July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore, who has a small role in Universal's *Skateboard*, gets her first major film break opposite Christopher Mitchum (above) in Avco Embassy's *Stingray*, in which she plays a resourceful hitchhiker.

MONKEY BIZ

You'll be able to see our April centerfold girl, Pamela Jean Bryant, in a made-for-television movie on the NBC-TV network this fall. The Universal production is titled *BJ and the Bear*, and Pam appears along with Greg Evigan and Sam the Chimp. That's Pam, Greg and Sam at right, taking advantage of a moment's break in the shooting schedule on the Universal lot. Sam's smiling because he'd never met a Playmate.



AH, TO BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Texas, after all, is a pretty big place, so our newly chosen Playmate of the Year, Debra Jo Fondren, who hails from there, had not one but two press-luncheon announcement parties: one in Houston and one in Dallas. At left, Debra checks out a T-shirt presented by Tom Sasser of station KLIF, Dallas; above, she talks with KRIV-TV's talk-show host Harold Gunn and actor Michael (FM) Brandon about the Houston gala.

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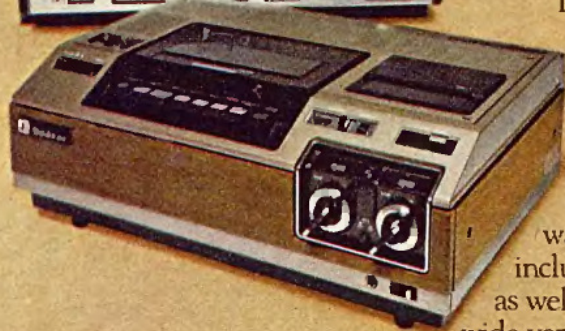
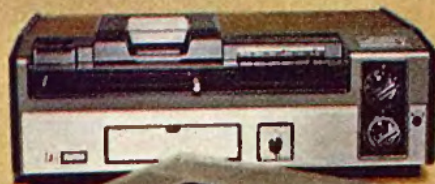
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HAPPY TENTH BIRTHDAY TO LAKE GENEVA RESORT

Seems like only yesterday that Playboy's Resort & Country Club at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, opened its doors—with a surprise appearance by Bill Cosby at an employees-only preview followed by a gala charity benefit. Actually, it was ten years ago, and Cos returned to emcee the happy-birthday celebration; that's Grant Robbin, one of the featured entertainers on the program, with him at right. The staff at the Playboy resort, which has just been given *Mobil Travel Guide's* prestigious four-star rating, pulled out all stops to entertain its VIP guests at the anniversary bash. Included, besides the star-studded show in the Entertainment Center, were dinners, receptions and pinball and backgammon tournaments.



For a private cocktail party and buffet dinner, the resort's Cabaret was transformed into a tropical fantasy complete with flowering plants, ice sculptures, goldfish swimming in pools and seemingly endless, mouth-watering displays of food such as the one being served above. Below, the sentimental hit of the anniversary show: Jazz pianist Eubie Blake, 95 years young, does his thing.



At the grand finale, a bevy of Bunnies joins the Velvet Fog himself, singer Mel Tormé, onstage in the Entertainment Center. Proceeds of the show went to the Variety Club of Wisconsin's Children's Charities, the Lake Geneva Y.M.C.A. and the Black United Fund.



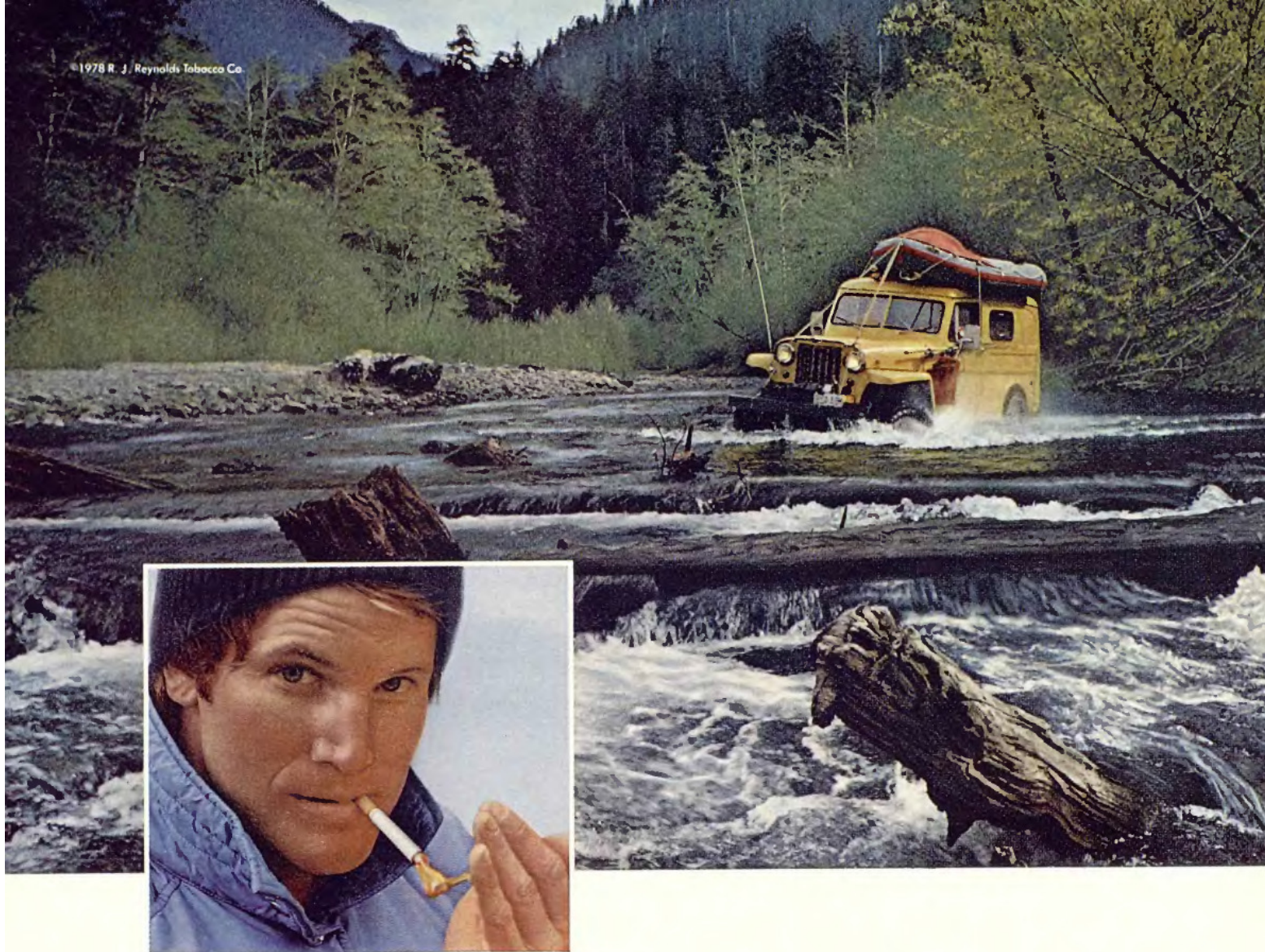
Featured entertainer in the Cabaret at Lake Geneva at the time of the birthday party was singer James Darren (below), who did a one-man show Friday night, as well as Saturday's stage spectacular.



HEFNER BOOSTS BROWN

While everybody else was celebrating at Lake Geneva, Hef was playing host at a fund raiser for California governor Jerry Brown's re-election campaign. Above, Brown, with Hefner at his side, addresses the guests; at left, part of the crowd on the sprawling Mansion West grounds.





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MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



WE FOIL A BURGLARY

A would-be burglar at the home of Hank Ingram in Norwich, Connecticut, might have escaped with his loot but for us. Ingram (above) returned to find a pile of loot on his bed and a copy of *PLAYBOY* on the floor by a closet. He sized up the situation and locked the intruder in the closet until the cops arrived. Case closed.



COVER GIRL INTERVIEWED

Our July cover girl, Pamela Sue Martin, former star of the *Nancy Drew* video series, talks with guest host Hugh Downs, who was substituting for regular David Hartman on ABC-TV's *Good Morning, America*. Waking up to Pamela is a treat.

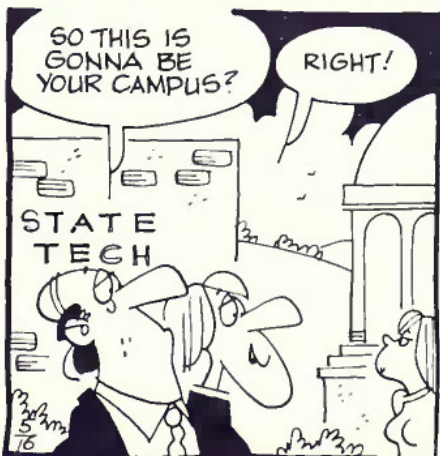
BRIDE-EYED & BUSHY-TAILED

When Bunny Valarie Henderson became Mrs. Jeffrey Gaynor at the Playboy Resort & Country Club at Great Gorge, she wore a white Bunny costume.



RECEPTION, SMOKER, CARTOON IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Margaret Standish, Executive Director of the Playboy Foundation, was honored at a reception given by the Midwest Women's Center at the Artemisia Gallery, a showplace for women's art in Chicago. The gallery's Lucia Beier presented her with a wall hanging by Phyllis MacDonald (left). Above, fun at the Cornell Smoker, sponsored annually by Cornell University's School of Hotel Administration in conjunction with the National Restaurant Association convention and held this year at Chicago's Playboy Towers. Below: Was *Motley's Crew's* creator following our *Girls of the Pac 10* recruiters?



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COLBY OF THE CIA

Your July interview with former director of CIA William Colby is simply your best CIA story yet. It is encouraging to know that there are people such as Colby who can talk with as much knowledge of CIA operations and activities as did the likes of Snepp and Agee, but without naming names, details and locations of people still involved in those important intelligence operations. Snepp and Agee are no different from people such as Benedict Arnold, Lord Haw-Haw or Vidkun Quisling. Surely, they are entitled to no less an illustrious fate.

Peter Lebowitz
Elmhurst, New York

Let me be one of the first to congratulate Laurence Gonzales on his penetrating interview with William Colby. Gonzales' broad and persistent questioning brought focus to several points that I'm sure many thinking people have wondered (and perhaps worried) about for years.

Jesse R. Bailey
Chino, California

The Colby interview is a real doozy. Colby, when questioned, assumes the mental stance of a fuzzy-thinking, confused dullard. But be not deceived. I suspect that behind the façade of vapidly hides a calculatingly clever fellow—one who has brought vagueness in speech to a high art. Colby has given us an absolute demonstration of the difficult discipline of speaking while saying nothing.

Norbert S. Agdan
Detroit, Michigan

Since the Russian Communists do not believe in any god, I am sure they face the West each night, kneel down and say thanks for the excellent work being done in their behalf by the likes of Laurence Gonzales, Asa Baber, all liberal columnists, Jack Anderson and all our

liberal Democrats, both inside and outside Congress. They have made our once-good CIA the laughingstock of the K.G.B. and the world. In competing with our enemies, anyone who preaches against covert actions, illegal wire taps, etc., has to have his head in the sand and soon will get his tail blown off by our enemies.

Robert Gillmor
Fredericksburg, Virginia

I have just finished reading the *Playboy Interview* with Colby and personally feel that it justifies the price of my two-year subscription! My compliments to Gonzales for quite an insight into one of the nation's most intriguing characters.

IS/3 Ian M. Satchell
U. S. Navy
San Francisco, California

SAGAN AS SAGE

Concerning Carl Sagan's article in your July issue titled *Astral Projection and the Horse That Could Count*, Sagan has many valid points on many topics. However, Sagan, an astronomer, is not an expert on extraterrestrial life or UFOs. He says the Dogon tribe could not have come from the Dog Star, Sirius. Its legends, he says, must have come from contact with Europeans who used the telescope or with those who had read about it and stopped by for a visit with the tribe. What nonsense! Where is Sagan's scientific or historical proof for his statement?

Lawrence Fenwick
Canadian UFO Research Network
Willowdale, Ontario

I read with interest Carl Sagan's article *Astral Projection and the Horse That Could Count*. While I am in full accord with the necessity to combat pseudo science, I object to the unscientific process of mixing "apples, oranges

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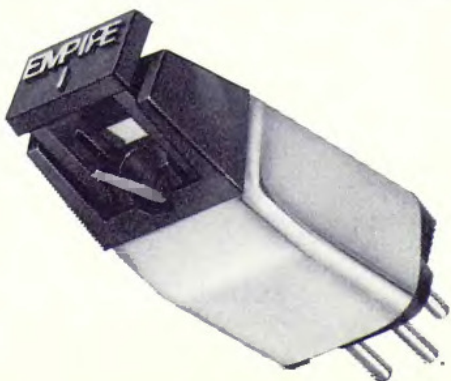
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and cows in one pot." Specifically, I object to a scientist of Dr. Sagan's acumen who continues to confuse the UFO phenomenon with one single theory of its origin; namely, that UFOs are extraterrestrial spacecraft. On the basis of my long experience in the study of the problem, I think it quite unlikely that such a complex phenomenon will reduce to one single, simple solution. It is incumbent on us as scientists to be intimately familiar with the properties of such an enigma; we should study the phenomenon and not just one single interpretation. We do know that UFO reports exist, that they come from all parts of the world and that many are made by highly responsible people. But *that* is the phenomenon. Why it exists should be the basis of our study.

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, Director
Center for UFO Studies
Evanston, Illinois

It is, as always, a pleasure for me to immerse myself in Carl Sagan's calm intelligence and good-natured rationality. His recent article will undoubtedly rouse the indignation of those who do not value rationality or, perhaps, have never heard of it. Fortunately, the law deprives them of the only argument they have ever been able to use effectively—the thumbscrew and the rack—so Carl is safe.

Isaac Asimov
New York, New York

Dr. Carl Sagan is certainly correct in his assertion that the best antidote for pseudo science is science, but the judgment as to what constitutes false and real science can only emerge from serious and responsible inquiry that begins with skepticism rather than dogmatic denials. Sagan's well-balanced views are, unfortunately, too rarely shared by his fellow scientists, who would prefer to expel maverick claims as false without proper assessment of the evidence. Although the claimants for paranormal events include charlatans and fools, it is a gross error to lump all dealing with such phenomena into a common camp, label them pseudo scientists and irrational and use the authority of current scientific views to block further inquiry.

Marcello Truzzi, Editor
Zetetic Scholar
Ypsilanti, Michigan

I'll bring in a piece of a UFO if Carl Sagan and NASA will bring in a piece of a black hole.

Patrick Grace
Americus, Georgia

FONDA FACE-OFF

Who is Jim Harwood (*Saint Jane* and *the Hollywood Dragon*, *PLAYBOY*, July)? And for what possible reason has *PLAYBOY* seen fit to publish his not-so-fit

character slashing? The fact that Jane Fonda actually allowed such a shallow, terminally cynical "reporter" to sit in the same trailer with her, much less converse calmly with him, is proof positive that canonization is the very least she deserves. The good Samaritan himself would surely have balked at such a task.

Rikk David
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Jane Fonda couldn't act her way out of a *disco* movie. I'm sick of hearing about her as an actress, her "comeback," but most of all, about her leftist politics and how she was "right" about the war. You might be fooling them in Hollywood, Jane, but the rest of us see you as a cliché straight out of a rich-debutante-falls-in-love-with-poor-but-honest-laborer film of the Thirties. Grow up, Jane. Quit hiding your Mercedes.

John Ryan
Champaign, Illinois

EVANGELICAL EVERTS

I'm delighted that *Playboy's Roving Eye* focuses on Kellie Everts in the July issue. I've followed Kellie's career as pictorialized in *PLAYBOY's* pages through the years—from her Miss Nude Universe crowning (February 1968) to her incomparable way of *Humping Iron* (May 1977) to her evangelical ecstacy last July—and have come to the conclusion that she possesses the most anatomically perfect, God-given female form in America today. Kellie's conversion from the sect of One World Light and rebirth as a Stripper for Christ may turn the whole country on to religion! I hope Kellie is reincarnated in *PLAYBOY* often.

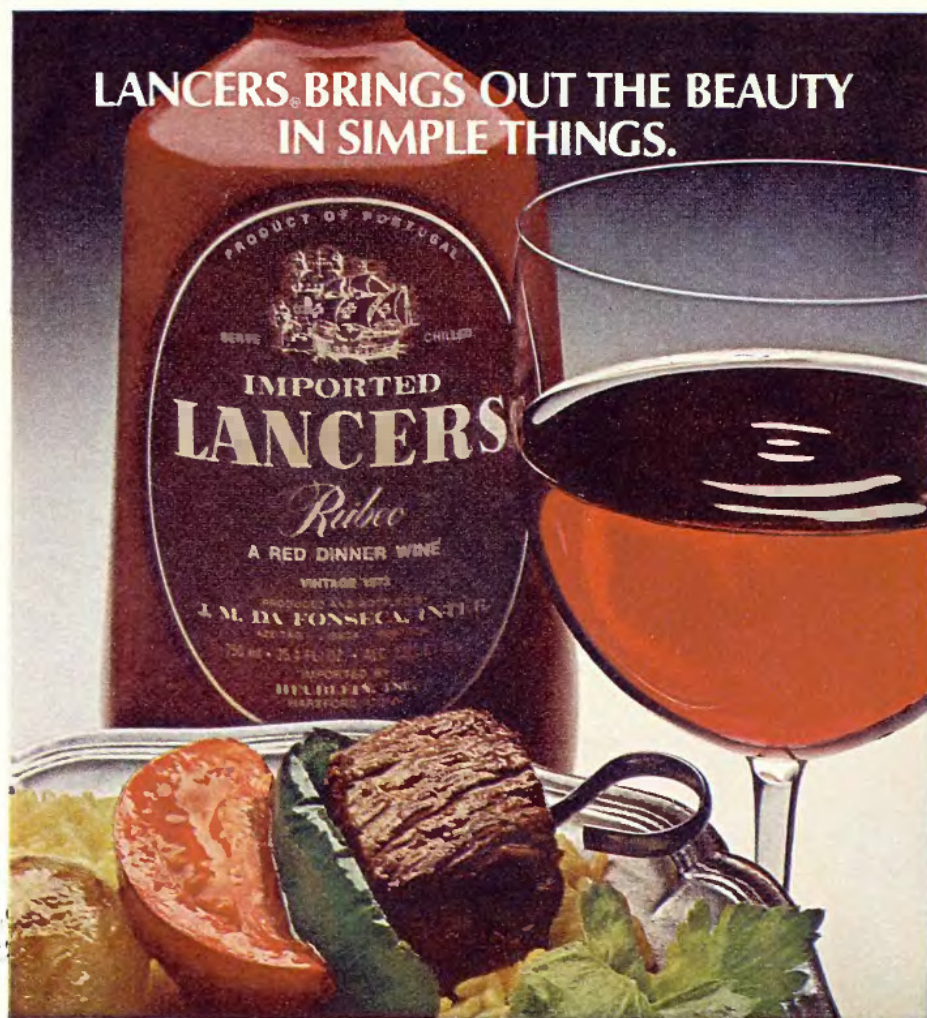
William R. Jenkins III
Greenwich, Connecticut

Following her appearance in the July issue, Kellie wrote:

"Tomorrow I am going to Washington, D.C., to strip and to preach. The place



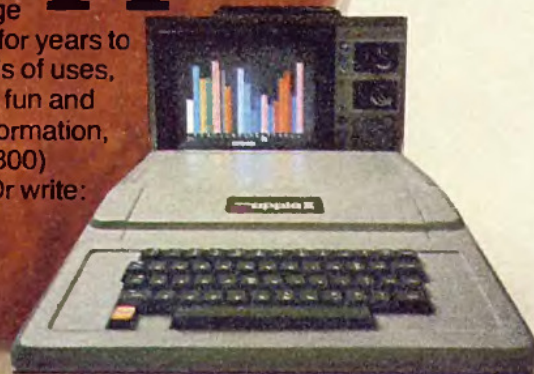
where I will dance is the Plaza Burlesque Theater; the place where I will preach is Lafayette Square, across from the White House. We have hundreds of free rosaries and prayer books to give out. My theme will be that we must call to mind the words of the Blessed Virgin at Fatima—that she told us to pray the Rosary for the conversion of Russia—or else. If Russia is not converted, there



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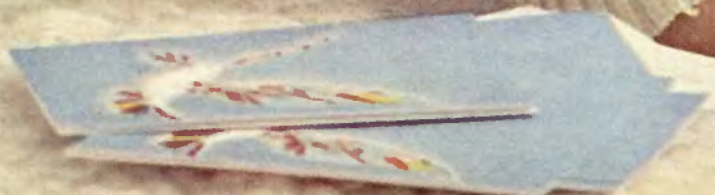
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*Nicki
Thomas*



may be a nuclear war. My girlfriend in Washington called the Soviet embassy and invited them to come to a little press party we are having. They said they would 'take it under consideration' (haha). Who knows—miracles do happen."

NEIMAN ADDENDA

The LeRoy Neiman portfolio in the July issue of *PLAYBOY*, which mentions the electronic palette, neglects to include the New York Institute of Technology as part of a triumvirate. The piece credits only CBS and Ampex while omitting the important factor that the prototype system and all the subsequent computer software were developed at the college and made available to CBS and Ampex. An elaborate computer-graphics division exists on campus that is the intellectual mechanism behind this program. The original software and hardware installations were entirely developed by NYIT scientists Drs. Edwin Catmull and Alyn Ray Smith at the computer-graphics center on the Old Westbury campus. The electronic-palette system as it was released was a joint effort by CBS, Ampex and the New York Institute of Technology.

Chris Capone, Director of
Public Relations
New York Institute of Technology
Old Westbury, New York

Excluding the fact that LeRoy Neiman is an excellent artist, he should go back to school and review his Roman numerals. The number 14 in Roman numerals is XIV, not IVX (see the foldout). Perhaps he was using his artistic freedom, but for us perennial students, he makes it very confusing.

Jeremy J. Krantz
West Nyack, New York

TRUE GRIT

I thought *Galahad* (*PLAYBOY*, July) was truly funky! The author, Walter L. Lowe, Jr., might have occasional illusions that he, too, is among the greatest . . . fiction writers, that is. His story has the grit of truth to it and the ethnic style is captured in all its earthy splendor.

Benjamin Panky
Lucasville, Ohio

WHEN IT RAINS. . .

Congratulations, Miss July, Karen Elaine Morton, is by far the most beautiful Playmate I have ever seen.

Rusty Key
Lockhart, Texas

Having recently returned from temporary duty in Ireland, I was extremely happy to find the July *PLAYBOY* waiting for me in my mailbox. Thumbing through the pages, I found that Karen Elaine Morton really warmed my chilled

bones! Keep up the good work!

Scott Goodrich
Homestead AFB, Florida
Will do, Scott. This shot should warm



you even in your new "homestead."

Karen Morton is fabulous! If she doesn't get to be Playmate of the Year, something's wrong. I wish I had been receiving *PLAYBOY* in 1970, so I could have seen Karen's cousin Elaine. Would you reprint a picture of Elaine from her Playmate pictorial?

Don Fritz
Jackson, Mississippi

Glad to, Don. When we said Ma Vern had good genes, we weren't kidding. Just



take a look at cousin Elaine's chromosomes. The Morton family is the best excuse we've seen for cloning.

THE REAL PAMELA

Thank you for the pictorial of Pamela Sue Martin (*PLAYBOY*, July). She's a

very sexy lady, but I never really noticed it until I saw Dick Zimmerman's fine photography.

Lee C. Montgomery
Dallas, Texas

Gentlemen, don't you know that magazines such as yours are not supposed to show pictures of girls that are actually sexy? I refer to your photos of the lovely Pamela Sue Martin. Don't you know that such pictures as those can stir up certain emotions that are unchristian (probably un-Moslem and even un-Jewish, too)?

Glenn Rice
Missoula, Montana

As avid readers of your fine magazine, we can easily say that Pamela Sue Martin is the most beautiful woman to grace your pages in a long time.

John D. Harmon
Phillip Z. Wholl
Gainesville, Florida

The pictorial gave me some insight into a woman I've always adored and admired. It was a pleasure getting to know her a little better. The photography by Dick Zimmerman is also excellent. The idea of showing the subject partially clad is stimulating and sexy, yet still leaves something to the imagination. With someone such as Pamela Sue Martin, it gives a pictorial a touch of class.

D. Pierce
San Francisco, California

My compliments to Miss Martin for her decision to dispel her former image. Her beauty, talent and sophistication deserve much more attention. Her choice in magazines is also excellent; no other could have done her justice.

Ward Heinke
Bay Village, Ohio

So far, I have three copies of the July issue. The reason—Pamela Sue Martin.

Ken Poole
Fonthill, Ontario

STRAIGHT MAN

On page 207 of the July issue, in *Playboy Potpourri*, you report on reproductions of the three steel balls that Captain Queeg used in *The Caine Mutiny*. Well, here's what my copy of the book says: "Queeg brought out a couple of bright steel ball bearings. . . . He reached a shaking hand into his trousers and brought out the two steel balls." And during the court-martial, Dr. Bird testified about Queeg's "rolling or rattling of two marbles. . . ." So from where did the extra ball come?

J. Michael Keupp
Pawling, New York

Sorry, Mike. That's just too easy. We're not going to bite.



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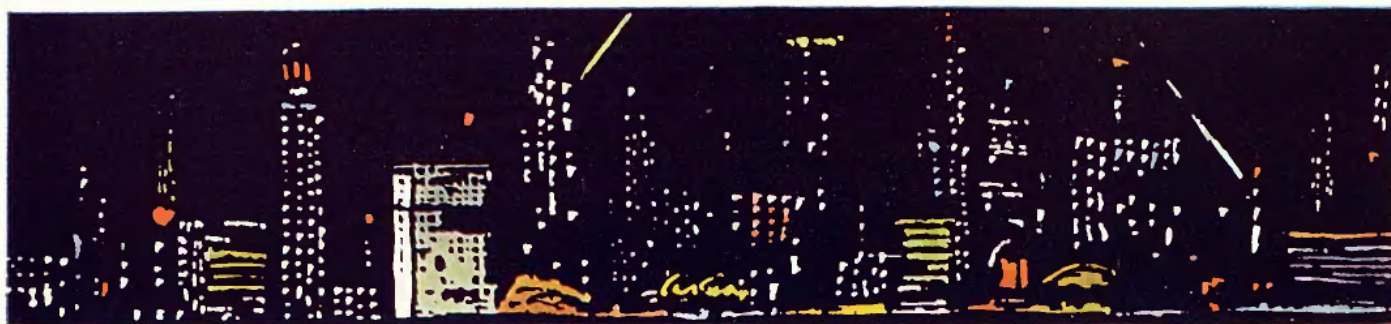
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BUMPER BABBLE

We had noticed them, too, these new-style bumper stickers on which sexual puns are played upon certain occupations. As in, PILOTS KEEP IT UP LONGER OF MINERS DO IT DEEPER. What we had *not* noticed, however, was the extent to which this latest form of bumper babble has grown. Now, thanks to a California correspondent, this oversight has been corrected, and we happily share with you his collection of job-related bumper stickers spotted on West Coast highways:

REPORTERS DO IT DAILY
TENNIS PLAYERS GET GOOD DEPTH ON
THEIR STROKES
TRUCKERS CARRY BIG LOADS
WAITERS SERVE IT PIPING HOT
GOLFERS SWING A STIFF SHAFT
TEACHERS DO IT WITH CLASS
BAKERS HAVE HOT BUNS
ACTORS DO IT ON CUE
CAR SALESMEN ARE OVERUSED
SERVANTS ENTER IN THE REAR
MAILMEN DO IT WITH ZIP
POLITICIANS DO IT CROOKED
WATCHMAKERS DO IT FOR HOURS
REAL-ESTATE SALESMEN KNOW ALL THE
PRIME SPOTS
MUSICIANS USE THE RHYTHM METHOD
TAILORS FIT JUST RIGHT
EXECUTIVES HAVE LARGE STAFFS
LIBRARIANS MAKE NOVEL LOVERS

If our correspondent overlooked any, please do let us know.

CROCKED COOKERY

We quote verbatim the first two paragraphs of a recent press release from Random House publishers:

Random House announced today that one of the recipes in *Woman's Day Crochery Cuisine* by Sylvia Vaughn Thompson could cause a serious explosion.

The recipe is for Silky Caramel Slices and appears on pages 230 and 231 of the Random House edition.

If the recipe is followed, the condensed-milk can could explode and shatter the lid and liner of the crochery cooker. Random House urges that the recipe be obliterated with crayon or black ink marker. It will be omitted from the book in any future reprints.

If there are any cooks left around to buy them.

EST AS IN PEST

We used to think est (Erhard Seminars Training) was just another goofy but essentially harmless California cult/therapy/philosophy/whatever, most easily remembered as the one that doesn't let you go to the bathroom. Lately, though, we've noticed that est has taken its lumps from some high-powered detractors.

Semi-Tough, a movie ostensibly about football, devoted most of its footage to

satirizing an estlike outfit called BEAT. A National Institute of Mental Health study declared that est "simply scares [trainees] badly and impresses them with inscrutable Eastern philosophy that cannot be analyzed by them, considering their state during training." *Science News* concluded that "among the tangible results now is a moderate cult of about 100,000 est graduates who approach life through est maxims and communicate largely in est jargon."

We found est's fiercest opposition, meanwhile, right in est's back yard, San Francisco, where an organization called nest (i.e., not est) is rapidly gaining momentum. "Est attracts lost souls who were thrown out of the nest too soon," nest chairperson Stuart Stein ("the name I was born with") told us. "We invite them to climb back in. But anyone who's suspicious of somebody selling advice might as well belong."

"Est says, 'What is is.' Very heavy. For years, Popeye the Sailor man has been saying, 'I yam what I yam and tha's all I yam.' To us, est is merely psychological canned spinach for the weak of mind and spirit. Est teaches people to get 'it.' Nest says that they have too much of it now. They need to get rid of it, give it away, or at least exchange theirs for somebody else's."

"By harnessing anti-est feeling, nest is becoming a powerful element in California politics. All the candidates welcome our support: We shout like proliferers, push like Iranian students, dress like gays and beam like Moonies."

MORE ON SEX

A 72-hour orgasm? We traced rumors of a woman capable of this astounding accomplishment to More University, a San Francisco-area commune that has been investigating and teaching sex techniques for more than ten years. We stopped by one of its Oakland houses one recent evening to eat an artichoke and find out more about More from



Carol Bussey, university registrar and professor of Basic Sensuality.

"We believe that everyone is a sensual being and that everyone comes equipped with the right tool kit," Bussey told us. "Unless your cock is less than half an inch, you can satisfy any female. Frigidity is a myth. Impotency is a myth. For nine years, we've been experimenting with how much sex a woman could consume. We got to one woman having a 72-hour orgasm and still saying, 'More, more, more.' Everyone's first reaction is to ask, 'Isn't that exhausting?' It's not. It's another myth that sex is tiring. If you're doing it right, sex is not tiring."

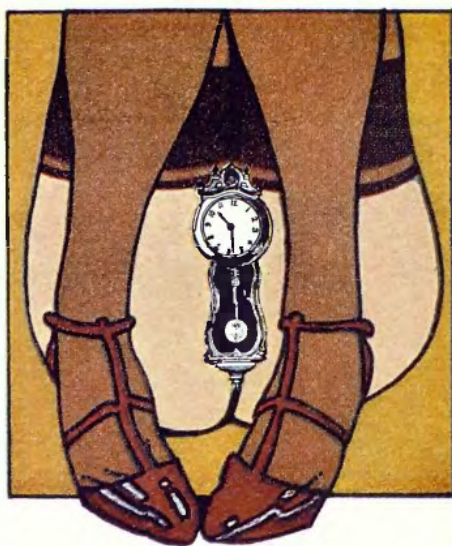
We wondered how the 72-hour lady managed to sustain herself for three straight days. "Let's use three hours rather than 72," said Bussey. "Seventy-two sounds too dramatic. The truth is, we have eight women who can come for three hours on command. It is measurable. It is repeatable. That's as scientific as we can get it. Three hours we can do any time. And every Saturday, we put on a show where a man gets a woman off manually for an hour."

"You really have to take our courses to understand how they do it. Women can have these experiences only if they enjoy their whole lives. Men are conditioned to get off any way they can. With women, orgasms are harder to come by, so to speak. From what I've seen—and I personally don't believe an orgasm until I see it—women have to go through a mental as well as a physical process to find a universe that is right enough to get off in."

"The only thing men need for more sex is appetite. Physiologically, we can verify that semen is produced every 20 minutes. There is no correlation between semen production and hard-ons. A man can come with a hard cock or a soft cock. He can have a hard cock without semen or a hard cock with semen. It all depends on how turned on the woman is. If she wants it, she can get it."

"Men are like hot sports cars: They want someone to red-line them, to take them farther than they'll take themselves, because where they take themselves is really dull. Our men weren't stupid. Once they found out the truth—that women want sex before they want a fur coat or a house in suburbia—they put all their attention on sex. Other men are taught that if they give their women enough material goods, they'll be happy. They're not and they don't understand why; women aren't allowed to tell the truth about their bodies."

"More was started by Victor Baranco, who had made a million dollars twice, had a wife, two kids—all society's terms for success at his beck and call—and it wasn't making him happy. He decided to form a society within society that was



pro-pro-pro-American and people did only what they wanted to do. He started teaching and organizing communes. We now have 21 acres in Lafayette, California, and two houses in Oakland. We have between 150 and 200 resident members; we have the best sex information in the world and we have just applied to be a university.

"Victor handed us the blueprint for what society will be like in the year 2000. We're going in the same direction as everyone else, but we're grabbing on to it faster. We have jealousy handled. We have the 72-hour orgasm handled. We have sex handled. We have the how-to-have-children-and-still-be-happy problem handled. Our only problem is that we don't have time to write about this stuff, because we're doing it so fast."

Whew!

CHECKING IN

Scott Cohen interviewed Nudie, designer to the rhinestone-cowboy stars of showbiz, at the latter's offices in Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: Have cowboy styles changed over the years?

NUDIE: If Tom Mix got outa his grave

and seen what we're makin', he would go back into his grave. It's too flashy. Too loud. When we first got into the business, we were just making cowboy clothes with piping, and finally we got into where it was a little different and the boys began to like it. Now it's outa sight, you know.

PLAYBOY: Was Hank Williams buried in a Nudie suit?

NUDIE: Yes, he was. Now we do all his kid's stuff.

PLAYBOY: How much are your suits?

NUDIE: We start at \$475 and go up.

PLAYBOY: What was the most expensive suit you ever made?

NUDIE: Elvis Presley's gold-lamé suit cost \$10,000.

PLAYBOY: What was your profit?

NUDIE: \$9500.

SPACE CYCLE

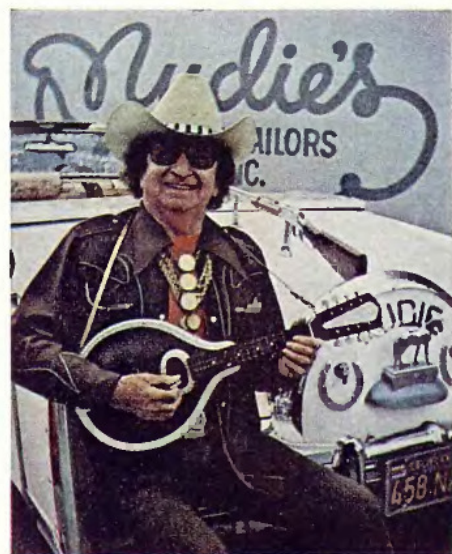
Last February, Robert Truax, the man whose Skycycle sent Evel Knievel into the Snake River Canyon, rolled a new bird out of his Saratoga, California, workshop. The craft, dubbed Volksrocket X-3, is the centerpiece of Operation Private Enterprise, a million-dollar attempt to send the world's first private astronaut on a no-frills suborbital space flight by mid-1980.

The 25-foot, one-and-a-half-ton Volksrocket was assembled from a menagerie of surplus guided-missile components at a cost of \$75,000. Its four Atlas vernier engines develop 4000 pounds' thrust on a diet of kerosene and liquid oxygen, enabling the rocket to loft a 190-pound payload to an altitude of 54 miles and attain speeds in excess of 2500 mph. A Spartan "astronaut compartment" in the vehicle's nose has been fitted with a form-fitting seat, a small aircraft-type oxygen system and three large viewports. An autopilot system will keep the craft on its preprogrammed trajectory.

Truax's astronaut will have a panic lever at his finger tips to separate the capsule from the booster section of the vehicle, should his courage or a critical component fail. A two-stage parachute system will slow the Space Cycle to a survivable splashdown speed after re-entry.

This past summer, the craft underwent static engine tests at Reaction Research Institute test facilities near Sacramento, California. After calibrating the vehicle's engines, Truax will next attempt an unmanned test flight to study flight dynamics and guidance-system performance.

When asked about acquiring an airworthiness certificate for the craft (required by the FAA for all passenger-carrying aircraft operating in the U.S.), Truax laughed and said, "There probably isn't anyone at the FAA knowledgeable enough to inspect the thing."





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Remaking *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* as an updated romantic fantasy called *Heaven Can Wait* sounded like a terrible idea when the announcement came out, but maybe Warren Beatty knows something the rest of us don't. He engineered *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Shampoo* into being, which helped put him where he is today—and he's way up there. Beatty's career should climb into even higher orbit with *Heaven Can Wait*. He produced it, stars in it, codirected it (with Buck Henry), helped write it (with Elaine May, no less). Who did what, exactly, would be tough to determine, but they must have been doing something right to produce a supernatural love story as bright, witty and engaging as any movie to appear so far in 1978. Some changes have been made—and mostly for the better, if memory serves—in the 1941 hit that starred Robert Montgomery as a prize fighter who dies before his scheduled time and is sent back to earth, only to discover that his remains have been cremated. With the help of Claude Rains (as Mr. Jordan, a celestial major-domo), Montgomery had to shop around for another body in which to spend the 50 years still owed him. Essentially the same plot serves for Beatty, who's now star quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams instead of a boxer. When he finds himself en route to heaven or wherever—confronted by James Mason, as a Mr. Jordan second to none, and Buck Henry, as an embarrassed Escort who has goofed on his timing—he is deeply indignant. "Cremated?" he protests. "Well, I'm starting against Dallas on Sunday!" The deceased but undead athlete, Joe Pendleton, ultimately chooses a temporary abode in the body of a conservative industrial tycoon who's about to be murdered by his conniving wife (Dyan Cannon) and his male private secretary (Charles Grodin). Subsequent events are both hilarious and timely, and Beatty delivers the warmest, most varied performance of his life. Julie Christie is a knockout as a militant English girl who captivates Farnsworth the industrialist when she demands that his company abandon plans to build a refinery that would destroy her native village. Mason, Henry, Cannon, Grodin, Jack Warden and Vincent Gardenia all contribute generously to a movie that bounces along with a very relaxed, old-fashioned air. *Heaven Can Wait* is alive and well and may give sophisticated comedy a fresh start.

• All those lurid, colorful characters and some of those big memorable scenes from *Casablanca* are spoofed in Neil Simon's *The Cheap Detective* (he never tips taxi drivers), which does double duty as



Beatty in *Heaven Can Wait*.

A beatific Beatty,
a chintzy *Cheap Detective*
and some *Greasy* kid stuff.



Channing, Coco and Falk in *Detective*.

a roughshod parody of every private-eye melodrama in the archives. Simon could easily have knocked off this one during a long weekend in Malibu. The humor of the piece is hardly top-drawer: Woody Allen did it better in *Play It Again, Sam*, yet *Cheap Detective* is at least twice as funny as Simon's *Murder by Death*, which left me with a frozen smile at best. Peter Falk, with his Humphrey Bogart imitation revved up in the title role, sleuths around "a fictional city named San Francisco, 7000 miles from Casablanca." He scours the underworld, tangling with "the good crime we came to know and love in a time when the world was innocent." The time is World War Two, and Falk's private eye seems destined to hear hair-raising sexual exploits from every dame he meets. Ann-Margret, Madeline Kahn, Eileen Brennan, Stockard Channing, Marsha Mason

and Louise Fletcher are the principal damsels in distress, with such funnymen and straight men as James Coco, Sid Caesar, Nicol Williamson and John Houseman providing distress in several flattering shades. Funniest bit is Falk's encounter with Caesar and Ann-Margret, as a suspicious couple named Ezra and Jezebel Dezure, though there are choice bits throughout. Director of photography John A. Alonzo has his own thing going, with a brilliant visual parody of the period, and Dave Grusin's music incorporates a lushly romantic orchestration of an oldy called *Jeepers Creepers*, an apt substitute for *As Time Goes By* when Falk and Fletcher go into their Bogey-Bergman routines. Every murder victim, apparently subject to instant *rigor mortis*, dies standing up. There's no reason for any of this. *Cheap Detective* will fade faster than your suntan but brightens up the silly season, just the same.

• There is no chance that *Grease* will slow down the John Travolta band wagon. While Travolta has charisma to burn, he also needs all the star power he can muster to rise above the general mediocrity of this flat filmization of Broadway's phenomenal hit musical, its original energy dissipated by fledgling director Randal Kleiser. *Grease* is overdone, chaotically photographed, poorly paced and often downright dull for any moviegoer over the age of 15. To share the burden with Travolta, his co-star Olivia Newton-John and Stockard Channing demonstrate their versatility and ooze talent from every pore—though both ladies look somewhat over the hill to be playing high school chicklets back in the Fifties. Sha-Na-Na appears as a vintage rock group called Johnny Casino and the Gamblers, with Frankie Avalon cast as Teen Angel, who sings the showstopping *Beauty School Dropout* to Didi Conn (one of the shrillest new comedienettes, best known for last year's sleeper *You Light Up My Life*, though her singing was dubbed). Still running on Broadway, *Grease* on film ain't got rhythm, ain't got roots and raises sticky questions as to why a bunch of high school kids who started out as Chicagoans in the play but seem to have been transported to Los Angeles in the film should speak with Noo Yawk accents and generally behave like the Lords of Flatbush. Without Travolta as an anticoagulant, *Grease* would be Fifties nostalgia with the consistency of pure glop.

• While *Grease* covers the Fifties, looking back at the tumultuous Sixties is the "in" thing for youth movies. Much of the brainless pap that's churned out



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nowadays makes me feel that no one over the age of 20 should be allowed into the theater unless accompanied by an adolescent. Writer-director John Milius' *Big Wednesday*, a solemn hymn to his own youth as part of the California surfing scene, offers an entirely different kind of problem. Anything but frivolous, the movie is nonetheless a total wipe-out except for 15 or so minutes of first-rate surf footage with stars Jan-Michael Vincent, William Katt and Gary Busey on the boards, plus fleeting glimpses of such contemporary surf kings as Gerry Lopez. The rest of it, a collaboration between Milius (a *Wunderkind* screenwriter who turned to directing in *Dillinger* and *The Wind and the Lion*) and co-author Dennis Aaberg, follows three close friends through a decade of growing up. While Vietnam and race riots rage around them, they get married, get jobs, go to war or dodge the draft, and reunite periodically to dream their boyish dreams of an awesome Big Wave. It always seems to come on a Wednesday, according to a surf bum and semimystic named Bear (Sam Melville) who plays guru to the threesome. Nothing works when Milius gets more than an inch away from the water, because he studies the social and psychological aspects of surfing with such heavy reverence that you'd think these ne'er-do-well sun gods were members of an obscure Tibetan religious order. They are pranksters without humor, dropouts so shallow that you don't much care how or whether or not they drop in again. When they meet as if by instinct on the historic Big Wednesday, having lost track of one another for several years, they carry their boards down to the sea without so much as a hello—in a moment that's plainly meant to be cosmic but comes off affected and artsy. All three male stars are personable enough to delight their fan clubs, though everyone else is likely to nod off between waves. To catch Busey's act in depth, see *The Buddy Holly Story*.

Moving right along from sociology on a surfboard to unabashed slapstick, *National Lampoon's Animal House* takes the blue ribbon. Never mind the fine points: There are no fine points, exactly, in this bawdy broadside spoof directed by John Landis as if higher education were synonymous with low comedy. One of the film's three authors is Dartmouth graduate Chris Miller, who must have contributed some of the raunchier details about fraternity life back in 1962 (valuable research for his collaborators, ex-PLAYBOY staffer Harold Ramis and Douglas Kenney, in case they had foolishly frittered away their school days mastering liberal arts). The Delta pledges and upperclassmen in *Animal House* all seem to be majoring in pills, pot, brawls and sex. Tim Matheson, Thomas Hulce and James Daughton lead



Fun & games in *Animal House*.

Belushi rescues an uneven *Animal House*, while Busey shines as Buddy Holly.



Busey as Buddy Holly.

the revels, and are often riotous, though *numero uno* as a scene stealer is *Saturday Night Live's* irrepressible John Belushi. Whether he's climbing a ladder to peek at topless coeds or bemoaning his expulsion for achieving an unprecedented grade point average of 0.0 ("Seven years of college down the drain!"). Belushi is consistently hilarious in an irreverent, wobbly, semiliterate, intentionally sophomoric farce that might have been concocted during a panty raid or a drunken homecoming weekend. It ain't what you'd call comedy *cum laude*, but *Animal House* is sure to become required viewing for multitudes of *Lampoon* lunatics and friends of John Belushi.

Two kilos of hashish figure importantly in *Midnight Express*, a harrowing dramatization of the real-life nightmare endured by Billy Hayes, a Babylon, Long Island, student who was sentenced to long-term imprisonment in a Turkish jail for trying to smuggle hash out of

Istanbul. The time was 1970, when the U.S. and Turkey were crossing diplomatic swords over Cyprus—a political nuance beyond the ken of Hayes, who simply planned to board an airplane with some dope strapped to his body so he could sell it to friends back home. After his escape some six years later (the title is prison jargon for a break-out), Hayes and William Hoffer wrote a blow-by-blow account of the abuses he had suffered—brutal beatings, homosexual assaults, mental and physical torture that would kill any man, or turn him into a beast bent on survival. Oliver Stone's screenplay, masterfully directed by Alan Parker (whose *Bugsy Malone* was a featherweight take-off on gangster epics, with kids playing all the parts), captures the full horror of it in a movie that's short on entertainment values—harsh and unrelentingly realistic throughout—but admirable as an ode to stubborn human indomitability against apparently hopeless odds.

When *Midnight Express* had its world premiere at the Cannes festival, there were quibbles in some quarters about the movie's "racism" in depicting Hayes's Turkish jailers as cruel one-dimensional demons (he does, in fact, publicly denounce them as "pigs" in a nation that deplores eating pork). However, it doesn't whitewash the inequities of our own prison system to dramatize the injustice done to a young American whose punishment was far more heinous than his sappy juvenile crime. Such cases are common—just ask any pot smoker who has ever been clapped into a grisly Mexican jail for possessing a couple of joints. In the role of Hayes, clean-cut Brad Davis (a newcomer in the James Dean tradition, with prestigious TV credits from *Sybil* and *Roots*) makes his first feature film a strong bid for instant stardom—straightforward and credible over a wide range of emotionally charged scenes, as when he runs amuck and mutilates a vicious guard by biting off his tongue, or when his girlfriend (Irene Miracle) arrives from the States for a visit and he tearfully masturbates while she presses her breasts against a plate-glass dividing wall. Randy Quaid, John Hurt and Paul Smith lend dynamic support in an abrasive, disquieting movie, further enhanced by Giorgio Moroder's unique musical score, which sneaks up on you like a coronary seizure. Easy it ain't, but *Midnight Express* is not to be missed.

As musical biographies go, *The Buddy Holly Story* is a toe-tapping wonder, rich and rhythmic and as American as apple pie in tribute to the short happy life of Holly—an early rock-'n'-roller who died in a plane crash in 1959 at the age of 22. Some 45 hit songs, many of them still revived regularly, were Holly's legacy, though his professional career lasted

scarcely three years. This down-home genius from Lubbock, Texas, seems a deeply nostalgic figure now, when rock stars tend to be identified with drugs and groupies. Holly loved one girl (his widow, Maria Elena, charmingly played by Maria Richwine) and was an exemplary young man, according to this authorized bio, which avoids sentimental slosh to concentrate on musical evolution and character development. In the title role, Gary Busey does his own singing as mover and shaker of Buddy Holly and the Crickets—with Don Stroud and Charles Martin Smith showing equal musicianship and all-round talent as the drummer and the bass man of a trio that broke the color barrier and became the first white group to play Harlem's Apollo Theater. They were so damned good, everyone expected them to be black. Busey's performance looks so simple and unassuming on the surface, the skill of it scarcely shows—and that's talent. *The Buddy Holly Story* exudes good vibes and gets under your skin—under mine, at any rate—because director Steve Rash, in his feature-film debut, is quite clearly performing a labor of love, not just cranking out a flashy commercial showpiece.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Gary Busey, an eight-year veteran of TV and movies, suddenly finds himself one

of the hottest young actors in Hollywood. Major—and startlingly different—roles in the films "Straight Time," "Big Wednesday" and, especially, "The Buddy Holly Story," in which Busey single-handedly lights up the screen as the horn-rimmed rock-'n'-roller from Texas, have opened up a world of options for the personable, energetic 34-year-old. Busey, who did his own vocals and guitar playing for "Holly," is as at home at a rock concert as he is on a movie set. As a drummer, he has toured with Leon Russell and Willie Nelson; and a gold record of Leon's "Will o' the Wisp" album hangs on the wall of his home near Los Angeles, where writer Tom Nolan caught up with him recently.

PLAYBOY: Where are you from, Gary?

BUSEY: Goose Creek, Texas, is where I was born. Goose Creek, Texas, on Black Duck Bay, where the mosquitoes are so big they wear khaki pants and rope suspenders; where the roaches march in formation. I grew up in Tulsa. Middle-class Oklahoma in the Fifties; what an uptight time that was. I spent most of my time shining the lockers, man, stayin' out of the way of the big guys. They used to have crowbar fights. The first thought that went through my mind when the bell rang was, God, I hope I make it home without gettin' depantsed,

or beat up, or havin' paint thrown on me.

PLAYBOY: When did you get out of there? BUSEY: In 1962. I went to college up North, in Kansas, to play football. Got a dramatic scholarship after my knees played out. I was playin' drums in a band, too. We'd make \$300 a weekend, at Oklahoma State University, then we'd come out here to L.A. in the summertime. Our first night here in 1966, we played a place in Canoga Park: the Canoga à Go Go. It boasted of havin' the longest bar in the San Fernando Valley. Behind the bar was a lady of about 40, with platinum hair and a balcony that would have made Carol Doda close her eyes. Rhinestone pasties that looked like hubcaps. She'd dance to hits from the jukebox durin' our breaks. The clientele there were mostly your fillin'-station guys, lumberyard guys, mechanics, bikers an' such. Our first night, our first set, about 20 people settin' right in front, we're playin' *Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White*, by The Standells, and, for no apparent reason, all at once everybody starts fightin'. The ol' girl behind the bar, she's dryin' herself off with a big beach towel, she hollers at us, "Keep on playin'!" Two guys who look like they're from the University of Mars move in, dust everybody off, and pretty soon there's not a soul in the place; every-

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body's outside, beatin' the pulp out of each other. We played four hours and got paid 50 bucks. My first taste of show-biz in the big town.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into acting?

BUSEY: I moved out here permanently in '68, and I met a guy named James Best, who taught me how to work in front of a camera. I'd majored in theatrical art at school, but he told me you can't teach acting. You can teach history of the theater, but you can't tell a person how to feel. Jimmy taught you to have your technical chops down, to hit your marks and find your key light, to know where the frame line is. Jimmy Best Boot Camp is what I used to call it. He'd never pat you on the back. He'd get in your hip pocket and just chew you up until you learned. I'd get so frustrated I'd be in tears, four o'clock in the morning and he'd be right there with me, pumpin' me. He told me I didn't have to act. "All you have to do is say the words. Let the wardrobe, the hair, the make-up, the script, the cameraman, the director point you and steer you. Be unconscious of yourself. You're just a vehicle. Open yourself up." He taught me from the heart. I couldn't even afford to pay the guy. My wife, Judy, was workin' to support us while I learned all about this Panavision stuff. Then I got my first TV job in 1970, on *The High Chaparral*: hitting somebody in the

face with a stick while they was sleepin'.

PLAYBOY: But you got more challenging things to do after that, didn't you?

BUSEY: Yeah, we did two and a half years of some pretty extensive stuff before I hung up my TV shoes to go and play drums with Leon Russell for a while. I got to do some wonderful TV movies, including *The Law* and *The Execution of Private Slovik*. I did a unique series, *The Texas Wheelers*. I got to be the last guy to die on *Gunsmoke*. I worked with Bobby Blake and Strother Martin and MacKenzie Phillips in a *Baretta*. It's all who you meet and what you can take. If you make yourself desperate and vulnerable when you work, your communication lines seem to be much more open.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "desperate and vulnerable"?

BUSEY: You know how you feel when the adrenaline's runnin' through your body? Just before the kickoff. Just before the gun that starts the race. Just before the curtain goes up, before they say, "Action!" To have that adrenaline all the time, running through you so you can tap it. How do you get that? You're desperate, you're afraid, you're on edge. You're performing, whether it's saving somebody's life or acting a scene.

PLAYBOY: How does that apply to your recent movies?

BUSEY: Playing a junkie in *Straight Time*. I stayed depressed *all* the time. It was hard to keep myself in that place. I stayed clear away from all physical activity. Ate a lot of bad food. No sunshine. Weighed almost 250 pounds. The scene in that movie where I got killed, that was done on my 33rd birthday, and it was the hardest working day of my life. I've never been pumped so hard by another actor offcamera as I was by Dustin Hoffman. He had me to the point of hysteria. He just kept makin' small circles around me, sayin', "Sit on it! Sit on it! Don't let it out!" Between takes, I couldn't stop sobbing. . . . I like to work on that edge of emotional chaos. It's like working with nitroglycerin. That's the substance I work with; that's my clay.

Then I went into *Big Wednesday*. I lost 35 pounds. My waist went from 37 to 31. I've been an athlete all my life, but in three months' work with Vince Gironda at Vince's Gym in North Hollywood, I learned more about nutrition and athletic training than I'd ever dreamed of. Then, learning how to surf! Jan-Michael Vincent and I spent three weeks living with Gerry Lopez—in my opinion, the finest surfer in the world. He lives on the side of a crater on Maui. Surf Camp, Jan and I called it. We slept on the floor, with no heat. Gerry woke us

every morning to observe the sunrise. Then he would grind coffee beans. We'd have coffee and then go out to the most difficult spot he could find. My first day of surfing—in my life!—was on Honolulu Bay. The waves were breakin' at eight feet and they were movin' like locomotives. *What am I doin' here?* I've never been so scared in my life, layin' on a board out in that water. I had the crash course! But with the best guys in the world.

OK, that was *Big Wednesday*: For that, I had short blond hair and was built like a stallion. I go right into *The Buddy Holly Story* off the maximum-definition diet, cut out the protein, go to low carbohydrates, smooth out the body, 'cause Holly didn't have any muscular situation goin' on. Lost more weight, down to about 160. They cut my hair real close, gave me three permanents and dye jobs, curled it every day. Glasses. By that time, I didn't know who the fuck I was when I looked in the mirror. But that was good! 'Cause it put me farther away from myself. Gary Busey was nowhere around, which made me even more desperate and vulnerable. Our friends out in Tulsa, in Goose Creek, in Kansas City and Dubuque—when they see a guy up on that screen who's not lip-syncing, who's really playing and singing live and is scared to death, they're seeing something that's beyond acting. It's like watching an animal or a baby, and the audience knows subconsciously that that animal is not goin' by any script; it may do anything! There's an excitement goin' on, an unknown aspect. I like to have that aspect when I'm working. The movie was done on a shoestring, so the rock-'n'-roll clause was in effect, which means the clock doesn't stop. You don't go to bed. I was totally, completely Buddy Holly, all the time. But it took another two movies, their drive and intensity, to get me to that level.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about all the attention you're getting now?

BUSEY: It's hard to have any feeling. All these fantasies you've had are starting to . . . manifest themselves in the physical world. And, uh, all I can say is: *Wow!* Dublya, oh, dublya! Whoever invented that word knew what he was talkin' about. It's like being in the eye of a hurricane. It's like lightning striking. To be going along for eight years and then, all of a sudden, have *this* happen. I just realized a couple of days ago, I'm not in control of anything. I didn't plan any of this. I think one of the rules of show business is that there *are* no rules. It's like rock 'n' roll. It's a real high point now and, at the same time, it's a low point, 'cause you think, *Now* what? But I like both those feelings. I like living on the edge. That's about all there is to it: to live out on the edge.

Piracy, or stealing from the classics to inject some quality into the standardized hump and grind of hard-core films, has become S.O.P. for porno peddlers. Writer-producer-director Kenneth Schwartz openly acknowledges that *Fiona on Fire* owes a lot to *Laura*, the glossy 1944 thriller with Gene Tierney as the mysterious beauty, supposedly murdered, who nevertheless exuded such allure that detective Dana Andrews fell hopelessly in love with her. *Fiona* has pretty much the same plot: a missing girl; a smitten detective (Sam Dean standing in for Andrews); a woman's dead body, face blown away; mistaken identity. What's been added, of course, is graphic sex. *Fiona* in flashbacks, with some of her closest associates caught from time to time *flagrante delicto*. As such things go, it's a superior job of plagiarizing a time-tested story, erotic and provocative.

The weak link is *Fiona* herself, played by former Playboy Bunny Amber Hunt (see *The New Girls of Porn* in our July 1977 issue), who happens to be dead wrong for the part. Amber is feisty, shapely and sexy in the manner of a precocious baby sitter who just might make out with the man of the house. But haunting mystery is not her bag, which diminishes *Fiona on Fire* so drastically that Schwartz might have been wiser to call it *I Dreamed I Was a Teenaged "Laura."*

Some paintings come to life in the back room of a sex shop that features a resident sorceress (Serena BlaqueLord, also one of PLAYBOY's 1977 *New Girls of*

X-RATED



Fiona: Laura, with sex.

Fiona on Fire apes *Laura*; *Hot Cookies* boasts a Sylvester Stallone double.



Pseudo Sly in *Hot Cookies*.

Porn) and turns out to be a kind of penis flytrap for curious customers. Why this collage of erotic fantasies is titled *Hot Cookies* is anybody's guess, though the girls are yummier than usual and there are choice, tartly seasoned bits spilling from a pornocopia of familiar blue-movie notions. A couple of improper Victorian misses do their usual thing; an artist gets lucky at the beach with a sun-baked Danish dish. More interesting is a *Rocky* rip-off dominated by an ersatz Italian stallion who looks strikingly like Sylvester Stallone, though his gym workouts tend to emphasize muscle tone below the belt. Best of show, again, is Abigail Clayton (also in *New Girls of Porn*) as a slumming socialite who cruises around in a limo—picking up and discarding men as if she were trying on hats. *Hard hats.*

To establish the tone of *Little Girls Blue*, a rigid pristine penis looms upon the screen like that monolithic slab from 2001. Phallus worship, it turns out, is the most popular subject with students at a boarding school for nubile girls. Tamara Morgan and K. C. Winters, as Kathy and Misty, are the belles of the balling in this smooth West Coast quickie directed by Joanna Williams, a lady obviously well acquainted with the curriculum. Coach Fowler (Ken Cotton) and biology teacher Mr. Barrett (Paul Thomas, who portrayed a saint in the film version of *Jesus Christ Superstar*) are the girls' chief sex objects, either in fact or in fantasy. We give *Little Girls* a passing grade. —B.W.

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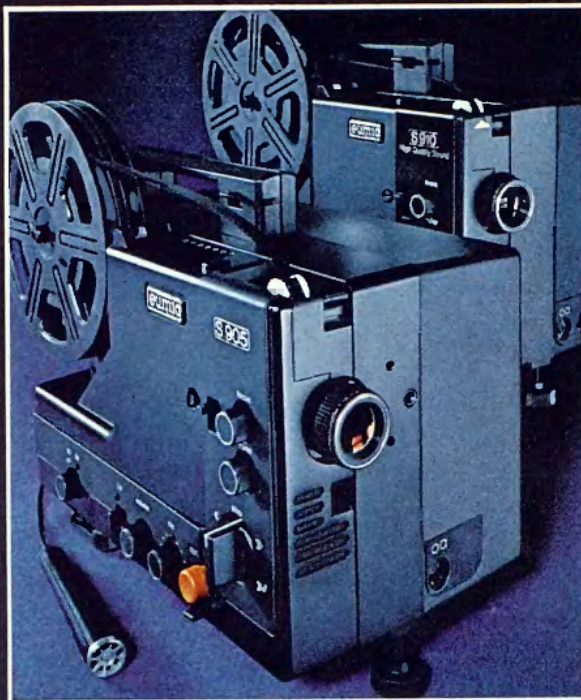
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TELEVISION

Previews: The new TV season will see the launching of 21 weekly series entries when the annual network battle for prime-time supremacy begins on Monday, September 11. Scheduled are comedy and variety shows, miniseries, televised novels and the usual choice of English imports in Public Broadcasting's classy cultural ghetto.

ABC Television has such a host of returning hits that only five new series are slated to scare hell out of the opposition. *Battle Star: Galactica* will star Lorne Greene as commander of a space ship that's a long way from *Bonanza*, with high hopes of becoming the TV equivalent of *Star Wars*. There's also an unearthly touch of comedy afoot in *Mork & Mindy*, with Robin Williams as a visitor from the planet Ork, enjoying close encounters with Pam Dawber, a wholly terrestrial charmer named Mindy. *Taxi* and *Vega\$* will explore, respectively, the world of New York cabbies and America's gambling capital, where a tough private eye (played by Bob Ulrich) takes on all kinds of trouble with tongue in cheek. So what else is new? ABC's *Apple Pie* features Rue McClanahan (Maude's neighbor) as a lady who hires a family of eccentrics to cheer her up during the Depression and maybe keep up with *The Waltons* of CBS.

The NBC roster is subject to last-minute changes under the watchful eye of new president and programing genius Fred Silverman, after his defection from ABC-TV. Likely to survive is another Vegas-based series, *Who's Watching the Kids?*, about a couple of local ladies and their young kin. If that gamble doesn't pay off, NBC-TV has at least seven other contenders, including *Lifeline*, a daring prime-time documentary series about the private and professional lives of doctors, with real medicine men playing themselves; *The Waverly Wonders*, starring Broadway Joe Namath as a high school basketball coach plagued by a hopeless team and an irresistible principal (Gwynne Gilford); *Sword of Justice*, with Dick Darr as an ex-con who assumes a double life—as a "Tennis, anyone?" gadabout by day, a modern Zorro righting wrongs by night; *W.E.B.* will try to go *Network* one better with its portrait of a dynamic lady TV executive (Pamela Bellwood), presumably the crusty but benign chief of special-events programing; *Grandpa Goes to Washington* stars veteran character actor Jack Albertson as a retired codger getting into politics; *Capra* brings us newcomer Vincent Baggetta as an anti-establishment lawyer; and *Dick Clark's Live Wednesday* promises to be unpredictable but is probably exactly what you think it is. An upcoming



Bates in *Casterbridge*.

Attack of the Giant Miniseries: new *Roots*, Michener's *Centennial* and Alan Bates in PBS' *The Mayor of Casterbridge*.

series called *Coastocoast*—with Linda Watkins and Melanie Griffith as naughty stewardesses aboard a transcontinental jetliner—has reportedly been shelved by Silverman, at least until midseason.

Still aloft at CBS, the airborne *Flying High* will have three sweet young things (Pat Klous, Connie Sellecca and Kathryn Witt) in fetching uniforms for similar in-flight fun and games. The boys at CBS will also mine their own back yards with a couple of TV news researchers, Priscilla Barnes and Debra Clinger, in *The American Girls*. Although there's no way of knowing who was first in this game of pilfered TV packages, CBS has still another crusading lawyer who earned his law degree behind bars; it's called *Kaz* and Ron Liebman has the title role. Evidently cribbed from old and fairly recent movies are *The Paper Chase*, with John Houseman as a crusty, not-so-benign law professor making life hell for his students; *Just the Beginning*, co-starring McLean Stevenson and Priscilla Lopez as Father Cleary and Sister Agnes, getting laughs in the name of God in an inner-city storefront mission. Had enough? There's more inside stuff to come from *WKRP in Cincinnati*, designed to harvest antic hay from what happens when a down-at-the-heels radio station switches to a rock-'n'-roll format. Mary Tyler Moore also tries a new format in *Mary*, a standard variety hour; then

there's CBS' hopeful eighth wonder, *People*, featuring hostess Phyllis George with a TV magazine full of glamor and gossip.

A glance ahead at the big dramatic specials in store for the 1978-1979 season appears to give ABC a slight edge, with *Roots: The Next Generations* imminent as a 14-hour sequel to Alex Haley's historic blockbuster, and *Ike*, a six-hour drama about General Dwight Eisenhower's war years, with Robert Duvall starred opposite Lee Remick (who does not play Mamie). Dennis Weaver, Angie Dickinson, Robert Wagner, Lesley Ann Warren and World War Two figure prominently in *Pearl*, another six-hour ABC epic set against the explosive backdrop of Pearl Harbor around December 7, 1941. Those who prefer gilded trash to apocalyptic upheavals can just watch for *The Users*, a two-hour ABC-TV movie adapted from Joyce Haber's junky Hollywood novel, with Jaclyn Smith, Tony Curtis, Joan Fontaine, Michelle Phillips and George Hamilton impersonating the power elite in Tinseltown. NBC's major effort for 1978-1979, of course, will be its 25-hour adaptation of *Centennial*, the monumental James Michener novel that covers cons in the life of a Colorado town, with a galaxy of players headed by Richard Chamberlain, Raymond Burr, Barbara Carrera, Sally Kellerman and Chief Dan George. Other major miniseries in the works at NBC-TV are *Beggar Man, Thief* (a sequel to Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man, Poor Man*); *Backstairs at the White House* (eight hours of revelations about our First Families from Taft through Eisenhower); *A Woman Called Moses* (Cicely Tyson in a biography of Harriet Tubman); plus lengthy novels on TV from Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*, James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* and James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*. You can't say they're not trying.

As usual, the bulk of material available for prescreening and review comes from PBS. Top of the new season's highlights appears to be *Masterpiece Theatre's* seven-part series *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. Alan Bates, a brilliant actor currently brightening up movie marquees as the favorite mate of *An Unmarried Woman*, plays the title role in this literate, gorgeously filmed adaptation of a Thomas Hardy perennial. Bates's bristling Mayor is a man whose fate is sealed forever by a cruel and senseless transgression during his youth—when he drunkenly auctions off his wife and infant daughter at a county fair. The bargain sticks, the wages of sin are bitter

and Bates creates a fascinating portrait of a man whose entire life seems to be an act of slow suicide. To watch *Casterbridge* is like curling up by the fire, week after week, with a long-neglected book.

Filmed in France and England, *Marie Curie* stars Jane Lapotaire with a superior English cast in a tasteful five-hour biographical epic about the world's most celebrated woman scientist, discoverer of radium and recipient of two Nobel Prizes. What we *didn't* know from early exposure to Greer Garson's formula Hollywood bio of 1943, *Madame Curie*, was that the same Polish-born Frenchwoman figured in a couple of scandalous love affairs and was a stubborn, unorthodox feminist who refused to the end to admit that radioactivity might be dangerous to one's health (though it probably killed her). Sharp personal insights, plus popular science deftly disguised as history, make *Marie Curie* credible and dramatically potent in an unassuming way.

Coproduced by BBC television and Time-Life Video under a grant from Xerox, *The Long Search* features Ronald Eyre—a British playwright-director who appears to be play-acting the kind of host role usually assigned to Kenneth Clark or Alistair Cooke—in a cursory but unbiased study of world religions. Jesus freaks get short shrift, but Eyre's *Search* seldom lags during its 13 episodes, from the opening show, *Protestant Spirit U.S.A.*, which studies born-again Baptists and Methodists in Indianapolis, to *Zulu Zion*, on the South African leg of a 150,000-mile odyssey that covers London, Kyoto, Rome and Banares without once swallowing dogma or arriving at any comforting conclusions.

Two Chicago movie critics—Roger Ebert of the *Sun-Times* and Gene Siskel of the *Tribune*—are going national with their PBS program *Sneak Previews*, which, when it started a couple of years ago as a local show on the Windy City's WTTW, was called *Opening Soon at a Theater Near You*. (The title was dumped when it was found to be too wordy for most TV-listing publications.) Ebert, the country's only Pulitzer Prize-winning movie critic, and Siskel will hold forth every two weeks on current film fare, including, on occasion, TV-movie releases, showing film clips from each. The two have the most fun, to all appearances, with their "Dog of the Week" selections, those pictures they individually find the worst bets (sample past picks: *Master of the Flying Guillotine*, *Gray Lady Down*). It's all done in a lively, bantering style—and at the end of the half hour, you've learned a lot about what's going to be showing at your local Bijou.

DINING & DRINKING

Good evening; I'm Carol and your waiter will be Rasputin," was the cowgirl's opening line at *Molly Murphy's House of Fine Repute*, a funky Oklahoma City restaurant (1100 South Meridian) where an all-star cast of costumed waiters and waitresses dishes out theatrics along with beef and seafood specialties. In a city that named its airport after Will Rogers, you expect a certain amount of levity, but when your dinner is served by a white-robed, bearded man with one blackened eye, a dagger tucked in his sash and an evil leer second

only to the one Lionel Barrymore wore in his MGM portrayal of the mad monk, you don't laugh.

Rasputin is not the only recognizable character—real or imaginary—to wait on tables at Molly Murphy's; Blacula, Charlie Chan, Mr. Spock (the *Star Trek* Spock), General Custer, Hot Lips Houlihan, Wee Willie Winkie, Abe Lincoln, Henry Morton Stanley (searching for Dr. Livingstone, we presume) and Batman wander by; and you can sense that there are more costumed loonies lurking about, just waiting to pop up when you least expect them.

Shortly after Rasputin took our order, an altercation developed between him and Blacula over something Rasputin had said. (The way we heard it, the mad monk called the count a "sorry sucker.") Blacula responded by drawing a four-foot sword. Rasputin just happened to have a similar weapon tucked under his robe and off they went in a flurry of tinkling Russian bells and flowing red-lined cape, dueling among the customers' tables. For the denouement, the pair suddenly wheeled and pointed their swords at an unlucky patron.

Not only does Molly Murphy's seem like a madhouse inside, but its exterior, a patchwork of rough-cut wooden shingles and Byzantine stained-glass windows topped by a crownlike dome, gives the restaurant the appearance of a Russian Orthodox church that mated with a ranch house.



There's a restaurant in Oklahoma City where your waiter is Rasputin—or C-3PO.

Oh, yes, the food: Molly Murphy's basically prime-rib-and-seafood menu (it's unrolled on a large scroll) is not comprised of the stuff that culinary dreams are made on, but the offerings are good and tasty—and who can be thinking seriously about food in a joint like this?

Owner Bob Tayar spent over \$1,000,000 on the building and furnishings; the motif changes every 12 feet. One table is totally enclosed in a bamboo hut. Diners can sit inside a wishing well or against the stone-wall backdrop of an

English castle. If you dig behind-the-scenes tours of movie studios, you'll love Molly Murphy's.

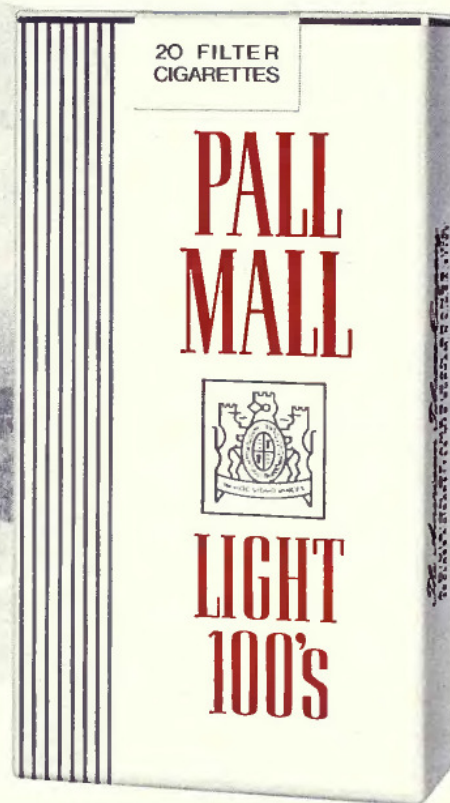
Then there's the salad car, a shiny red Jaguar XKE parked in the middle of the dining room. Fitted into the hood and trunk are buckets of soup, salad and accompaniments; the attendant is a pit mechanic dressed in a blue racing suit.

As if all this isn't enough, Molly Murphy's also offers a Bacchus Feast to parties of four or more at \$9.95 each. The meal, according to Tayar, is "damn near like an orgy." A feast for four features a 36-ounce sirloin and a whole chicken surrounded by baked onions, tomatoes, bell peppers, carrots, mushrooms, boiled potatoes and heaping mounds of fruits of the season—all toted on a huge platter to your table by a conga line of singing waiters and waitresses.

Buoyed by Molly Murphy's success in Oklahoma City, Tayar has recently opened a second one in Tulsa and there are plans for others in Denver and Dallas. We've also learned that the *Star Wars* craze has hit Molly Murphy's: Rasputin, on alternate days, becomes Darth Vader; and another waiter is building a C-3PO body.

Molly Murphy's is open for dinner only, from 5 P.M. to 11 P.M., Sunday through Thursday, and from 5 P.M. to midnight on Friday and Saturday. The adjoining disco is open until 2 A.M. nightly. Most major credit cards are accepted, but reservations are not taken.

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MUSIC

As anybody who has the slightest interest in jazz knows, there are no flies on reed man Phil Woods. A superb studio- and sideman, Woods is currently the leader of a group that continues to make its presence felt on the music scene.

The Phil Woods Quintet / Song for Sisyphus (Century) is a direct-to-disc recording that burnishes an already brilliant sound. The alto and soprano work of Woods provides a steady stream of surprises; one should never take his line of attack for granted. The title tune, composed by Woods, is a moody thing, reflecting, perhaps, the uphill struggle to make it in the jazz biz on his own terms. Along with pianist Mike Melillo, guitarist Harry Leahey, bassist Steve Gilmore and drummer Bill Goodwin, Woods has gone a long way toward proving that it can be done. What you need is talent to spare. The rest of the session encompasses everything from Irving Berlin to Django Reinhardt to Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. Woods & Co. do them all proud.

Andy Gibb's first album, *Flowing Rivers*, showed, as they say, promise; with his monstrously popular second album, *Shadow Dancing* (RSO), he delivers on that promise. Once you get past the "youngest Bee Gee" hype, it gets down to how often you can listen to the album without getting tired of it and how many tracks impel you to move the needle on to the next tune. Answers to the above, in order, are: hours and hours, and maybe one. What's most remarkable is that the most listenable side is side two, for which Andy wrote all the material. RSO must not have as much faith in little (20-year-old) Andy as it has in the gargantuan talent of his older brother Barry, because it has promoted *Shadow Dancing*, the lead single, *Why, an Everlasting Love* (the only boring song on the album) and *(Our Love) Don't Throw It All Away* as hit singles, all written or co-written by Barry. But the songs that make us want to get up and spank are *One More Look at the Night*, *I Go for You* and *Good Feeling*, all by Andy, on side two. There must be something in the Gibb genes that makes all their music sound like a sound track of a disco movie: One could have used *Shadow Dancing* behind *Saturday Night Fever* and matched the Bee Gees sound track (except for the incredibly brilliant *Night Fever*) for instant likability. In fact, it is surprising that Robert Stigwood didn't create a movie for Andy Gibb's latest. If we were Andy, we'd be insulted.

After a number of fine early albums and productive years in Canada, Jesse Winchester finally toured the U.S. to



Phil Woods's *Sisyphus*.

The Phil Woods Quintet serves up a musical feast; baby Bee Gee Andy Gibb delivers an impressive *Shadow Dancing*.

promote last year's *Nothing but a Breeze*. His excellent new album, *A Touch on the Rainy Side* (Bearsville), is in great part a reaction to the rigors of concert touring. Producer Norbert Putnam did his homework: Winchester's most appealing traits from previous work (unregretful homesickness, strong imagery, cautious optimism) are emphasized and the tunes match well the talents of the Nashville session men. The early Seventies mood that created *Mississippi, You're on My Mind* is retapped for *Wintry Feeling*—this time about Montreal. *A Showman's Life* claims dismay with the life on the one-nighter trail. "The wear and tear/ On an old honky-tonker's heart." Lyrics are tight as ever; and Jesse's confident vocals are complemented nicely by studio drummers Ken Buttrey and Larrie Londin and by David Briggs's piano. With Winchester's road songs, laments, kicker Gospel and romance (the short Roger C. Williams sax solo on *Little Glass of Wine* guarantees goose bumps), this album is a perfect boost to a career already on a pleasant and strong upswing.

On the cover of *The Man—Machine* (Capitol), Kraftwerk's latest record, are four men in a row, their expressionless faces in three-quarter profile. The four wear identical black ties and bright crimson shirts—the red artificially heightened in printing to match the bright lipstick they all wear. Inside, the sleeve is decorated with two more pictures of the

same men in the same pose and the same clothes and the same lack of expression. All alike. No, wait! This guy's wearing a belt and this one isn't. How about that? Their music matches the pictures: all electronic, artificial. Phrases are repeated and repeated until the tiniest variation is like an explosion. The "lyric" of *Metropolis* consists of the title repeated over and over and over. This is music to initial routing slips by.

Mediocrity in pop music has achieved heights that just wouldn't have been possible even ten years ago. This essentially gloomy reflection has been inspired by two albums—John Wesley Ryles's *Shine on Me* (ABC) and *The Farm* (Capitol), by Mel McDaniel. There is no particular reason to single out these two from the general run of new releases, but then, it is part of the nature of mediocrity not to stand out from the usual. Both of these young men are country singers with pleasant voices and a reasonable degree of competence. Given a really catchy song, either one could have a hit. Neither of these records has any material that good, but both show what a good producer and a good group of backup musicians can do for a singer. Today's recording technology gives every voice depth and resonance. Maybe the time is ripe for a new business: vanity recording. A good engineer with a 96-track computerized studio could make any shower-stall singer with a big ego and a few bucks sound like . . . well, who's your fantasy favorite? Mick Jagger? Merle Haggard? Luciano Pavarotti? Step right up.

SHORT CUTS

The Rolling Stones / Some Girls (Rolling Stones Records): The most extreme Stones fanatic we know is a guy who has spent his life in poverty, working various menial day jobs, so that at night he could front some miserable bar band and imitate Mick Jagger. He can sing other styles, but he has missed fame and fortune because he refuses to do it any other way—he *wants to be Mick*. He bought *Some Girls* the instant it came out; took it home and put it on the turntable; played through both sides without interruption, to the very last note; lifted the album carefully from the turntable—and Frisbeed it into a thousand shards of vinyl against the wall across from him. We didn't do quite that—finding the old fire in at least one cut, *Respectable*—but, truth be told, afterward we *did* spell relief D-E-C-E-M-B-E-R'S C-H-I-L-D-R-E-N.

Iggy Pop / TV Eye (RCA): A live album from the original punk that captures all of his raw power to irritate.

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Don Ricci had always been shy with girls. That's probably why he spent so many lonely nights home alone.

Don is still shy with girls — but that doesn't matter anymore. Now he's meeting enough beautiful girls (in spite of his shyness) to keep him happy for a long, long time to come.

For example — in just one week out of last month, Don met six girls. Out of the six, he ended up dating five. And out of those five, he ended up sleeping with three. (Pretty darn good for a man who's half scared to death of girls!)

Sound crazy?

Maybe so. But give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to do the same. Give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to meet enough beautiful girls to last you a lifetime.

What's more — we're so sure that you will meet girls our Shy Man's Way that we're going to give you a rather "dare-devil" type of guarantee.

And here it is:

Try out our material for a full year. That will give you plenty of chance to decide whether or not it's worth the \$9.95 we're going to ask you to send us.

Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you the rest of your normal lifetime, return the material. We'll send you back the \$9.95 you paid for our material — *plus* — we'll send along an additional five dollars *out of our own pocket*.

Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

Okay — now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary — to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to — for whatever reason.)

On the average — he ends up sleeping with three new girls a month (every month).

In a six month period, nine different girls asked him to marry them. (He turned them all down. He claims he'd be an idiot to get married now.)

He's always getting presents from girls. Shirts, sweaters, home-made food. (He refuses most of them).

He never has to worry about seducing girls. If one doesn't want to sleep with him, he simply moves on to another. There's always plenty to choose from.

And we'll show you *exactly* how he does it — the Shy Man's Way.

It doesn't require "good looks." Don looks like any other average guy.

It doesn't require a "good personality." Being bashful or feeling uneasy with girls means absolutely nothing when you use our material.

It doesn't require "money." Our material works just as good for the poor as it does for the rich.



It doesn't require "youth." We personally know a 55 year old gentleman who's getting all the girls he wants ... doing only what we taught him.

What *does* it require?

Desire. Enough to take a chance. Enough to go ahead and send for our material. Enough to put our principles into *action* once you receive them.

If you do just that much — no more, no less — the results *will* be hard to believe.

Remember — we guarantee it.

Remember also — that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls *in spite of it* that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is — by far — also the *easiest* way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

We're not asking you to "believe" us. Just give it a try.

If we're wrong, you'll get your money back *plus* an additional five dollars from us. If we're right, you'll soon have enough girls to last you the next 50 years. Either way, you come up a winner!

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New York, N.Y. 10022

I don't know if you're crazy or not, but you can count me in for sure. Send me the Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls. Here's my \$9.95.

I will try out your material for a year, then if I haven't met enough girls to last me a lifetime, I may return it for your special refund. If I do return your material, you will send me back my \$9.95 *plus* an additional five dollars *out of your own pocket*.

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photo-story book *California Hot Tubbing* (Uniplan Publishing, reg. \$2.95). P.O. Box E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406 (805) 544-9300.

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BOOKS

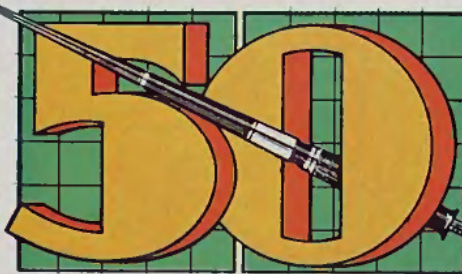
Previews: What is there to look forward to on the fall book list? Plenty! Nonfiction books run the gamut from the very serious *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice* (Random House), subtitled "Criminals, Police, Courts and Prisons in America," by Charles E. Silberman; through the witty *Auto Ads* (David Obst/Random House), pictured here, by Jane & Michael Stern, a fascinating survey of 75 years of car advertising; to the sublime *Brother Billy* (Harper & Row), by Ruth Carter Stapleton, the very last word—maybe—on the First Brother. And, of course, there is lots in between: *By Myself* (Knopf), by Lauren Bacall, a "star" bio actually written by the star; *James Jones: A Personal Memoir* (Doubleday), by his friend Willie Morris; Carl Sagan and numerous associates put together *Murmurs of Earth: The Voyager Interstellar Record* (Random House), the story of the attempt to communicate with possible extraterrestrials by placing a record aboard the Voyager spacecraft; *A Dangerous Place* (Little, Brown), by Daniel P. Moynihan, about the seven months the Senator served as U. S. Ambassador to the UN; and a completely new *People's Almanac #2* (Morrow), by David Wallechinsky and Irving Wallace, everyone's favorite pop encyclopedists. Fiction fares well, too: *The Coup* (Knopf), a new John Updike novel, concerns the rise and fall of an imaginary African kingdom; Larry McMurtry's latest, *Somebody's Darling* (Simon & Schuster), is about the Western frontier—Hollywood; more horror is due from Stephen King, the author of *Salem's Lot* and *The Shining*, in *The Stand* (Doubleday); *Herr Nightingale and the Satin Woman* (Knopf), by William Kotzwinkle, is a sassy love story illustrated by Joe Servello with Thirties pulp-romance drawings; and a new one from Patrick Anderson (who gave us *The President's Mistress*), called *White House* (Simon & Schuster), convinces us that the Washington novel is alive and well. From here, all of the above look like good reading.

Let the reader beware: This is a biased review. Many of the studies in *Irwin Shaw Short Stories: Five Decades* (Dela-corte) first appeared in the pages of *PLAYBOY*. We liked them enough to buy them and run them; upon rereading them in the context of Shaw's lifework, we appreciate them even more. Shaw is a master storyteller and this magazine cherishes the moments he has chosen to sit at our fire. He leads off his collection with *The Eighty-Yard Run*—a story that *PLAYBOY* published in May 1955. It concerns an aging football player who returns one night to a stadium to relive the glory of the title run, an event 15 years in the past. The rite of passage is



Coming up: *Auto Ads*.

Ron Nessen doesn't tell all;
the best of Irwin Shaw
and a Robert Redford debut.



Fifty years of Shaw.

witnessed by a young couple making out on the side lines. A nice touch, perhaps Shaw's way of telling the audience that discovered him through the television production of *Rich Man, Poor Man* that he has been around for a long time, that he has played the field of words and scored, that he can still make that run without breathing hard.

We have to say we had mixed feelings about the impending publication of Ron Nessen's *It Sure Looks Different from the Inside* (Playboy Press). On the one hand, we had published a portion of the book (though in somewhat different form); on the other hand, it might be just another show-and-tell Government insider gossiping between hard covers. In fact, it is a surprisingly intimate set piece on America's only modern accidental President, as seen by a loyal but honest staffer, his own press secretary.

In a way, the book is most revealing by default. For Nessen is loyal enough to defend Gerald Ford even when the defense doesn't sit very well. For example, in a chapter called "Saturday Night Live," Nessen sets out to demonstrate that Ford's internationally famous clumsiness was merely something the press manufactured out of a couple of random

incidents. Ford falls on his ass in Salzburg and Nessen says it was "poor planning by Spanish officials." Sort of like blaming Vietnam on "poor planning by French officials." It's because of this touching effort to set history straight that the book is honestly funny, as Ford goes from trying to kill himself to having other people attempt it for him to his latest trick of trying to kill people with golf balls. Chevy Chase couldn't have done it better.

It sounded like an intriguing premise—the CIA, the Mob, a United States Senator, an erotic-arts dealer and a porn king all competing to get their hands on a rumored pornographic film of Hitler's last days in the bunker—the ultimate X-rater, Adolf cavorting naked while the Russians are shelling Berlin. But despite the nifty premise, Don DeLillo's new novel, *Running Dog* (Knopf), is a bore, full of loose ends, convoluted dialog, unconvincing characterizations and dull, unsuspenseful plotting. Worse yet—and all too predictably—the film turns out to be a washout, just another one of Eva Braun's corny home movies.

The Outlaw Trail (Grosset & Dunlap), by Robert Redford—yes, it's *the RR*—is an account of a trip he and several others took along much of the legendary trail that stretches from Montana to the Mexican border and was the main rugged highway for every bandit, grifter and scoundrel worthy of a WANTED poster. Much of it—at the moment, anyway—remains wilderness, some of the toughest and emptiest (and most beautiful) in the country; sections of the trail in Utah now snake through national parks.

What could have been an exercise in pure ego (who *wouldn't* publish a book with RR's by-line?) and/or nostalgia is better than that. Jonathan Blair's fine photographs throughout don't hurt a bit, and a good hard point emerges among all the outlaw anecdotes: The dread BLM (Bureau of Land Management) is rightly regarded as a chief villain in these parts, insensitive to the value of preserving *anything* from our frontier past, being fonder instead of setting fire to century-old cabins and drowning whole ghost towns so that turkeys in power boats can go zooming and foaming over them.

Good for Redford. He won't scare many writers out of business, but his name will get the word out. Ed Abbey, a member of the group that went along on the trip, has for some time been writing about this second rape of the West with beauty, humor and blue burning rage. So after this one, try his *Desert Solitaire* and *The Monkey-Wrench Gang*.

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolf Schmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolf Schmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



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Genuine Vodka

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Orion Pictures (the independent movie company formed by ex-UA execs) is prepping *Heart Beat*, set to star **Nick Nolte**, **Sissy Spacek** and **John Heard**—it's a love story involving Beat Generation characters **Jack Kerouac**, **Neal Cassady** and **Carolyn Cassady**. Spacek has also been tagged to play **Loretta Lynn** in the singer's biopic *Coal Miner's Daughter*. . . . **Frank Zappa** will be one of the first hosts of *Saturday Night Live* this



Spacek

Nolte

season. Rumor has it that there'll be some changes in the *Weekend Update* format. . . . **F. Lee Bailey** has written a first novel, *Secrets*, set for December publication. It's about a veteran lawyer arrested for murder. . . . English actress **Nicola Pagett** (she played Anna Karenina in the PBS series) is being considered for the title role in *The Vivien Leigh Story*. If she lands that role, she's a cinch to get the **Scarlett O'Hara** part in MGM's sequel to *Gone with the Wind*. . . . The first installment of **Pete Hamill's** Sam Briscoe series, *Dirty Laundry*, will hit the bookstore racks this month. The series involves a former newspaper columnist turned free-lance writer who unwittingly gets himself involved in some Raymond Chandlerlike dilemmas and turns into a private dick. . . . The latest rage in Hollywood seems to be Dracula pix. **Frank Langella**, who played Drac on Broadway, will star in Universal's film of the play. **George Hamilton** will star in *Love at First Bite*, a comedic treatment with Hamilton in the lead sans fangs. **Ken Russell** is also prepping a Dracula flick and Paramount is developing one based on **Anne Rice's** best seller, *Interview with the Vampire*. . . . Director **Jeannot Szwarc** says he's looking for "a nice little love story" to direct after the rigors of *Jaws 2*. Sounds familiar—**Steven Spielberg** said the same thing after completing the original *Jaws* and wound up with *Close Encounters*.

STORMY WEATHER: Since there wasn't a single hotel in all of Bora Bora that could reserve enough rooms to accommodate the entire crew of *The Hurricane* for five months of filming,

producer **Dino De Laurentiis** built his own \$3,500,000 hotel, which will become a new resort for the island once the on-location shooting is completed. Because of scarce facilities in the remote location, De Laurentiis also had to buy his own freighter, 20 jeeps, two trucks and an amphibious craft, all part of a \$15,000,000 budget for the remake of the **John Ford** classic, now starring **Jason Robards**, **Mia Farrow**, **Max Von Sydow**, **Trevor Howard** and **Timothy Bottoms**.

HEADLINER: Holt, Rinehart & Winston is keeping **Michael Drosnin's** book *Citizen Hughes* under tight wraps until publication in January. The book, subtitled "In His Own Words—How Howard Hughes Tried to Buy America," reportedly contains never-before-published private papers, what amounts to a diary kept by Hughes during the height of his wealth and power. "This book," say the publishers, "is, in essence, his autobiography. More than that, it's a startling record of the secret history of our times," with a cast that includes **Richard Nixon**, **L.B.J.**, **Hubert Humphrey** and the **Kennedys**. Hughes experts speculate that Drosnin may have gotten hold of the mysterious **Romaine Street Documents** that were stolen from the Hughes organization in 1974. Among those papers was a document that reportedly revealed the real purpose of the **Glomar expedition**.

A STAR IS BORN: Shooting will begin soon on NBC's *Freedom Road*, starring none other than **The Champ** himself, **Muhammad Ali**, in the role of **Gideon**



Ali

Jackson, the ex-slave who returns to the South after the Civil War, locks horns with the Klan and eventually becomes a U.S. Senator. "I've been offered hundreds of parts," says Ali, "but this one is history. This is me. This is what I am in real life. If I had lived in those days, I would have been Gideon Jackson. People often ask, 'Can he act?' I've been acting ever since I've been boxing. Every-

thing I do is an act, and people believed it. They said they wanted somebody to play a bad nigger . . . well, I am a baaaaad nigger."

DAYS OF WINE AND MOSES: "Richard Dreyfuss and I have known each other since the sixth grade and we've been talking about doing a movie project together for the past 20 years," says **Carl Borack**, whose childhood fantasy has become a reality with *The Big Fix*, the film he just coproduced with Dreyfuss. Due out in mid-October, *Fix* is the story of **Moses Wine**, an ex-Berkeley activist turned private eye. Will *The Big Fix* signal the beginning of a whole new image for Dreyfuss—that of a romantic leading man? "Richard really looks great in this picture," says Borack. "He's wry, charming, witty—and attractive. In fact,



Dreyfuss



Clayburgh

he resembles the young **Paul Newman** in many ways—he dropped 30 pounds for this role." Shortly before shooting was to commence, Dreyfuss broke his wrist in an accident. "Rather than delay shooting," says Borack, "we wrote the broken wrist into the script and it became one of the more amusing aspects of the film." *Fix* co-stars **Susan Anspach** as Wine's old Berkeley girlfriend.

INCEST, ITALIAN STYLE: The plot of **Bernardo Bertolucci's** new film, *La Luna*, is so top secret Bernardo has instructed his leading lady, **Jill Clayburgh**, not to breathe a word of it to anyone, and his own PR people are using the stock line that "it's such a delicate, fragile story that you cannot describe it adequately." Smelling controversy, we got a source close to Bertolucci to spill the beans. "It's about incest," says our source. "There's an angle in the film concerning incest between the mother and the son." (Clayburgh plays an opera singer who goes to Italy with her teen-aged son after her husband's death.) Bertolucci supposedly offered the Clayburgh role to **Liv Ullmann** first, but "prior commitments" prevented Liv from accepting. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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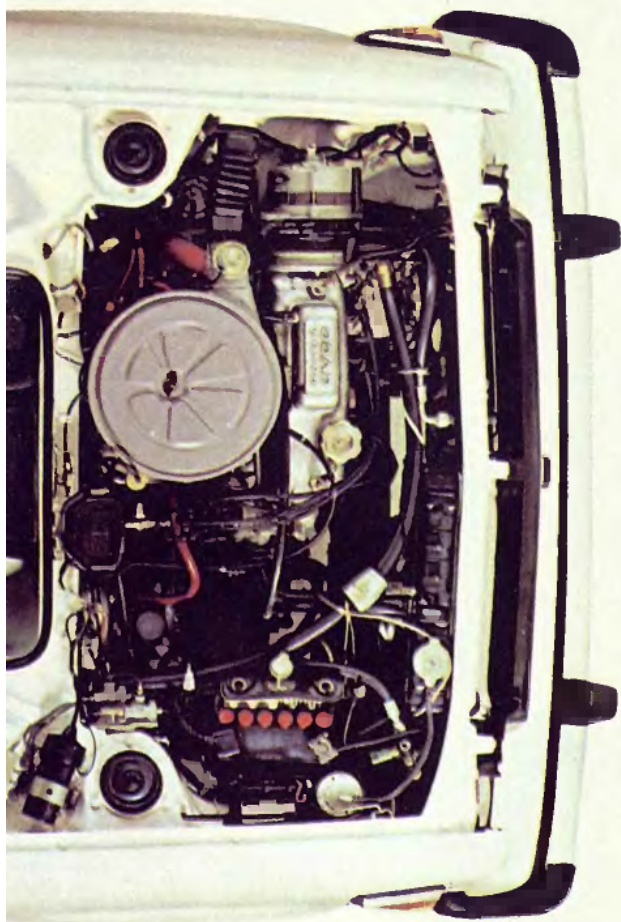
lengthwise, the engine doesn't interfere with front-seat legroom. Instead, it is neatly tucked away up front, out of everybody's way.

Of course, the engine in our Civic CVCC 4-speed Hatchback is sitting pretty when it comes to fuel economy. This model got 42 mpg for highway driving, 36 mpg city, according to EPA estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. Mileage estimates are lower for California and high altitude cars.

Getting back to roominess. We gave the Civic additional space by giving it front-wheel drive. This means there is no drive-shaft to the rear wheels, so the hump running through the passenger compartment is reduced.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I met another couple and after only three visits, we were playing strip checkers. When we were all naked, we changed partners and started making out like newlyweds right in front of each other. I was really getting it on with the other girl and I looked over at my wife and her partner and it looked like they hadn't lost any time, either. I asked the other girl if she would like to go to the bedroom and she answered yes. To my surprise, her husband entered the bedroom after we had been balling about five minutes and blew his stack. My wife and I got dressed and left, knowing that we would never see them again. Two days later, they came over to our house and we sat around drinking all afternoon. All four of us just sat there like bumps on a log, making conversation. The subject of what happened that night hasn't come up again. It was the first time my wife and I ever did anything like that so we don't know why the other couple still sees us. Do they want to start the relationship again? How can we bring this out into the open? We're not sure what they want.—B. R., Lake Jackson, Texas.

It sounds like they aren't sure what they want, either. Maybe it was their first time and they want to kiss and make out. Invite them over to talk about it. Maybe it would work out if you took it a bit slower. Try strip chess. Or blindman's buff. What he can't see won't bother him.

On the advice of a friend, I recently purchased a super amplifier that puts out about 200 watts. I think I could have saved some money, because a quarter turn of my volume knob gives me enough juice to rattle the windows. Is all that power necessary?—R. T., Detroit, Michigan.

Probably not, unless you're a glazier. What you've got, though, is a pretty good hedge against distortion, the nemesis of the low-powered amp. The relationship of volume to power output, you see, is based on a factor of ten. In other words, doubling the volume will not draw twice as much power from your amp, it will draw ten times the power. If your amp is putting out five watts to reproduce a violin solo and the violinist hits a note twice as loud as the ones before, your amp will have to put out 50 watts to reproduce it. Otherwise, you will get distortion that can rattle more than your windows.

Help! I have tried everything and you're my last hope. I am very open to any kind of sex and have always enjoyed experimentation. I recently married (my



husband and I had lived together for several months). Now, here's the shock. After one week of marriage, he informed me that he can't stand to go down on me, or any other woman, for that matter. He claims that the "fishy" smell of the vagina is distasteful. I've tried douching, but then he says that the smell is soapy. What do you suggest? My husband doesn't bother to get into any kind of foreplay. He just lies back and expects me to kiss and lick him from head to toe, front to back. Then he's ready to go and I'm as dry as a bone. Even my imagination doesn't help anymore. He seems to think it's my problem, that I'm just oversexed.—Mrs. D. H., Chicago, Illinois.

First: Visit your gynecologist. The most common cause of vaginal odor is a bacterial infection. The characteristic fishy smell is symptomatic of a Hemophilus vaginalis infection. A vaginal smear will indicate the presence of the bacteria. Treatment consists of both you and your partner taking antibiotics. (Both partners need treatment to prevent a ping-pong reinfection pattern.) In addition, you may use a sulfa cream for a few days. However, it sounds to us as though this problem is in your husband's head, not yours. If the doctor gives you a clean bill, you're going to have to tackle the problem of communication with a reluctant spouse. There is nothing distasteful about a natural woman in good health.

I use my favorite pair of athletic shoes for tennis and jogging in the summer

and for racquetball in the winter. My tennis partner says I'll ruin my feet using the same shoes for each activity, but I can't afford to buy three different pairs. Does it really make a difference what shoes I wear as long as my feet don't complain?—M. A., Chicago, Illinois.

The current bumper crop of athletic shoes is the result of necessity as well as greed. Different sports put different kinds of strains on your feet. Running shoes, for example, help absorb the shock of jogging as well as provide support for your feet. (That shock has been estimated at about 600 tons per foot over a ten-mile course.) They are also constructed for forward movement, whereas tennis shoes must allow lateral maneuverability, too. Playing or running surfaces must also be taken into account. The hardwood floor of a racquetball court dictates a suction-cup type of sole, while clay tennis courts call for a line pattern for traction. On grass and dirt, a waffle-tread sole works best for jogging. The fact that your feet don't complain is no reason for handicapping yourself with improper footwear. And the amount of money you spend for the proper shoes will certainly be offset by better performance. Your feet won't fail you now or later.

I have known a certain woman very well for 25 years. She is in what you would call the upper middle class and is financially well off. She is attractive and has an absolutely beautiful body. Also, I guess you could say she is a nymphomaniac and definitely an exhibitionist. The following is just a fraction of some of the capers that I have seen myself. She will perform any sex act known with anyone who will get together with her. She will have intercourse while others watch her. At a cabin party in the mountains, she got up on top of a table and did a striptease in front of nine men, taking off everything except a black garter belt, nylon stockings and her high-heel pumps. Then she spent the weekend having repeated sex with every one of us. Between Friday night and Sunday afternoon, she screwed the nine of us 37 times, and then on Sunday she teased and made fun of us because we couldn't go anymore. I called her once when a friend was passing through town and she went over to the motel where he was staying and spent the night with him. She has sucked men off in front of others and she always swallows the semen. One night at a bar, a total stranger sitting next to her started making passes and she turned to him and asked him point-blank if he wanted to have sex. They got up and walked

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end."

—Robert Service

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outside and got in the back seat of his car. It was parked under the lights and we could see through the window as she slid down her panties and lay down. We could see her high heels locked up around this fellow's back. After they finished, they came back in and he was carrying her black panties and we all cheered. Over the years, I estimate that well over 1000 men have had sex with her. My question is, How long will this tremendous sex drive continue? She is now almost 50 years old, though her body would pass for that of a woman of 30. She keeps it in perfect condition. I have told another very close friend who is also concerned that as she gets older, her sex drive will wane. Please tell me how much longer her exhibitionism and uncontrollable sex drive will continue.—R. H., Detroit, Michigan.

Shades of Granny. Our guess is that the lady and her sex drive will outlive the bunch of you. To reverse an old saying, sex is 99 percent inspiration and one percent perspiration: There are some physiological changes with age, but the desire and ability to make love are essentially the products of a dirty mind. And dirty minds only get better with age.

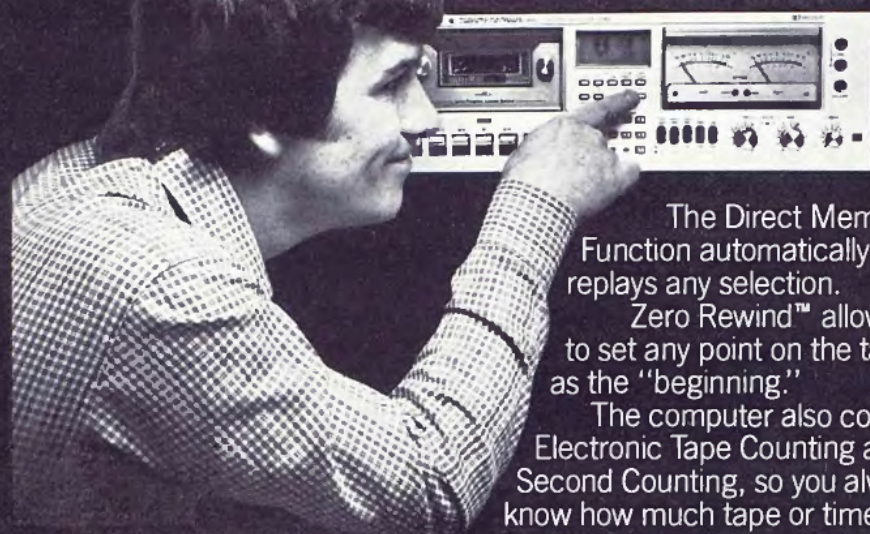
I enjoy eating food spiced with marijuana. It gives me a much deeper and longer high than smoking joints. But the grass is not particularly appetizing, especially when added to my morning eggs. Is it possible to boil the grass and then add the water to the food? I don't like green eggs.—M. B., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

You'd probably be better off feeding the grass to your chickens and trying to get stoned by eating them. THC, the active ingredient in marijuana, is not water soluble. The best you can hope for is a limp suspension. It is soluble, however, in grain alcohol, butter, vegetable oil and animal fats. Next time, try grass in your chicken soup.

Heads or tails? After several months of making love to my girlfriend, I've reached an impasse. I prefer to make love in the missionary position. She prefers to make love in the female-superior position. She claims that the missionary is a male-chauvinist invention. I claim the female-superior position is a woman's lib rhetorical device. We are curious. What is the most popular position? My girlfriend says that the missionary position is practiced only in America. I can't believe that. Do other cultures do it differently?—E. G., Boston, Massachusetts.

Yes. For years, the missionary position was America's chief export. It may be responsible for the trade deficit. In Kinsey's day, the missionary position was the only position used by 70 percent of the couples surveyed. Nowadays, the female superior is pulling its own weight, at least in America. But neither position

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is world-wide. According to psychologist Frank Beach, face-to-face lovemaking is found in every culture, but most frequently it takes this form: "The woman lies on her back while the man squats or kneels between her legs, which are placed around his thighs. In the course of copulation, he may draw the woman close to him and she may lock her legs behind his back." In short, it's like the missionary position, only the man is praying to a different god.

I wax my car frequently, maintaining a high gloss. But my brother—a car mechanic—says I should also use a car polish. What's the difference and should I use both?—N. P., St. Louis, Missouri.

We assume your brother didn't offer to help with either, so we understand the problem. The fact is, the two products are for different purposes. Your car's paint contains oils that evaporate. A car polish will replace those oils. On the other hand, if you have no problem with excessive evaporation (if your car looks dusty, you've got a problem), all you really need is a car wax to form an airtight seal to prevent evaporation. With your maintenance schedule, it sounds like all you need is wax for your car and perhaps a six-pack for your own body.

Because I travel often in foreign countries, I'm very much aware of the changing currency situation with regard to the American dollar. I never really know how much of a foreign currency I'm going to get in an exchange and I'm often charged as much as 30 percent. Furthermore, many foreigners—hoteliers, taxi drivers, restaurateurs, et al.—prefer their own currency. Is there a way out of this mess?—R. K., New York, New York.

Gold and diamonds are acceptable currency almost anywhere. Unfortunately, gold tends to be a little heavy in the average unreinforced pocket and diamonds tend to light up the eyes of cat burglars. Luckily, Deak-Perera, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, with 58 offices world-wide, has set up a Travelers Currency Exchange. For your personal check, money order (or Visa or Master Charge credit number) in the amount of \$50 or more, it will send you the currency of your choice for about a \$2.50 fee. It will also send along a booklet describing the currency, tipping customs, metric conversions and clothing sizes. Using its service will probably not save you much in the actual transaction, but it will save you time and hassles on the road looking for a bank or a currency exchange. Plus, you are assured of getting the highest possible market value of your greenbacks at the time of your purchase.

My wife and I are planning to have a child in the near future. We've been doing some reading and are somewhat

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While Basic Blank is primarily for speech recording, Better Blank is primarily for music. (Its technical name is Hi Fidelity, one of the few technical names to explain anything.)

Better Blank is sensitive to a wide dynamic range—which means the lows and the highs. It's particularly valid in the bass register—and it won't hurt too much at the cash register.

Better Blank is not Ultimate Blank, but you can still use it in a living room, concert hall, or off a record.

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If you want to sound knowledgeable, call it Chromium Dioxide. A thin coating of that substance makes this tape loyal and faithful in the high frequency range.

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Basic Blank.



Better Blank.



Beautiful Music Blank.



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worried. For example, we've read that women who drink have a greater chance of giving birth to an abnormal baby. Apparently, the problem is so severe, the Government is trying to force alcoholic-beverage companies into placing a warning label on bottles. Can you tell us more about this problem?—L. W., Miami, Florida.

Unless your wife has been drinking a pint of 80 proof a day and is already pregnant, you probably have nothing to worry about. In 1973, a team of doctors headed by K. L. Jones identified the Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. Children who were born to women who were heavy drinkers (150 grams of ethanol per day) displayed certain characteristics (facial abnormalities, deformed limbs, heart problems, stunted growth and delayed development). The study was not conclusive: Thomas D. Turner, dean emeritus of the Johns Hopkins University school of medicine, pointed out that other potentially damaging factors such as malnutrition, heavy smoking, drug usage and the age of the mother had not been taken into account. Also, the same symptoms have been found in the children of women who were teetotalers. The scientific community seems to be divided on the question of the effect of light or moderate dosages of alcohol. Studies have been done that indicate there is no significant difference between rare drinkers and moderate drinkers on the outcome of pregnancy. Dr. Ernest P. Noble and the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism do "not endorse an abstinence policy for pregnant women because there is not clear-cut scientific data to support such conclusions. . . . In fact, major studies throughout this country and other international studies have indicated that small quantities of alcohol ingested daily are actually beneficial to the human system." The movement by Government to put warning labels on alcoholic beverages seems to be an overreaction to slight evidence. However, the more we learn about pregnancy, the more we discover that everything seems to have some effect on the fetus, especially in its first weeks. It pays to plan ahead. A family should go into training for the big event. Consult your doctor for a complete list of forbidden fruits, recommended diets, etc., and then follow his advice.

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

Have you ever seen mud wrestling? Two nearly naked women grapple with each other in an ooze-filled ring, attempting to pin each other down. One dame locks her thighs around the other's head. Breaking loose from this face-smothering hold, her opponent quickly retaliates. Her powerful arms grab her opponent's nude torso in a breast-crushing bear hug. As the two battling babes slip and slide through the sludge, the men in the audience hoot and holler, caught up in a horny full-fledged frenzy. Howard Cosell swallows his microphone. For sure, mud wrestling was designed with one purpose in mind: to exploit to the utmost the kinky sexuality of the event.

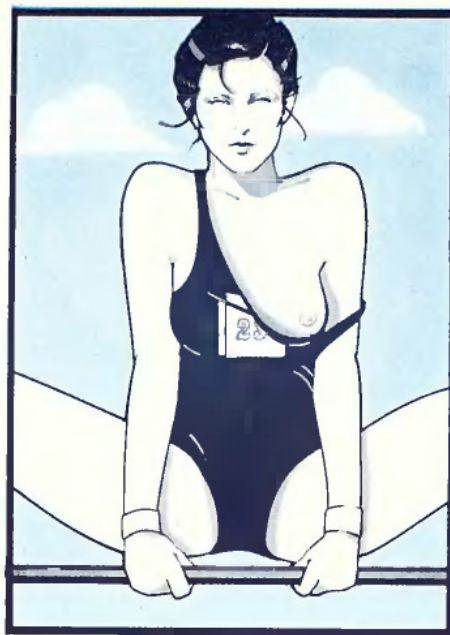
What about the underlying eroticism in all those other sports, the ones most people play or watch? Isn't titillation part of their basic popularity? We decided to find out. We asked 100 men and 100 women if they found spectator sports arousing. In our usual double reverse, we asked them to guess which spectator sport the opposite sex would choose as an aphrodisiac. On your marks. Go.

Q: MEN, WHICH SPECTATOR SPORT IS THE MOST AROUSING FOR WOMEN?

Thirty-five percent of the men said watching football would turn most women on: "Women get horny when my friends and I play football. They dig seeing us tackle one another. When we become aggressive, they get turned on. And instead of going after the ball, Sandy, my girl, always tells me she fantasizes that our whole team goes after her, strips her naked and passes her from one stud to the next, doing whatever we want, sending her into a gang-bang stupor. Maybe we could turn her fantasy into a beer commercial."

Twenty percent of the men stated that females found tennis jocks irresistible: "Females get an erotic thrill looking at the men in a tennis match, who are always so cocksure. Arrogant Jimmy Connors has set more than one dame I know on fire. They really like the challenge of taking on a skillful dude like that—getting him to show the same kind of finesse in bed with his cock as he does on the court with his racket."

Thirteen percent of the men suspected that track and field was titillating to women: "Now that the ladies love to jog, they've gotten into eying guys who



Q:

THE SPORTING LIFE

run. The shorts, the pouring sweat, the strained face—all trigger an erotic hot flash. Once while running in the park, I was picked up by a cute bike rider. She said she admired my stamina, so I took her into the tall grass and did a few laps."

Ten percent of the men said they thought ladies got excited by boxing: "When most women get a load of two powerful fighters trying to kill each other in the ring, they feel a very primitive rush. Thinking about screwing that intense kind of body, wondering about the massive prong that must accompany those muscles can be an overpowering sensation."

Six percent of the men said skiing provided the sensuous thrill: "Broads are suckers for the tanned, self-assured heartbreakers on ski slopes. A skier's every move is sensuous—the carved turns, the weighting and unweighting. It's the only sport that's close to sex—a woman can imagine the skier swooping down her trails. The rhythm is the same."

The rest of the sample thought women were turned on by basketball (five percent), swimming (four percent), body building (two percent), ice hockey (two

percent), gymnastics (two percent) and sports-car racing (one percent).

Q: WOMEN, WHICH SPECTATOR SPORT IS THE MOST AROUSING?

Twenty-eight percent of the women said watching a football jock in action turned them on: "This sounds weird, I know. But I dig watching football. That *macho* strutting posture gives me goose bumps. Although the athlete's body is covered from head to toe with gear and clothes, his pants are so tight, they look like they're painted on, showing all those well-developed bulges, not to mention his snug little ass. It makes my juices flow."

Sixteen percent of the women stated that a male tennis player was irresistible: "As a hard-to-get 16-year-old virgin, I once agreed to a strip-poker tennis match with Andy, my high school boyfriend. We met very early in the morning at the secluded country-club courts. So even was our ability that for two sets, only a few garments went back and forth. Andy got fierce in the third—I ended up stark-naked. I was so horny from the excitement that I finally let him deflower me right there on the clay. Ever since then, all I can think of whenever I look at men playing tennis is fucking."

Twelve percent of the women reported that guys playing basketball were titillating: "Maybe to Woody Allen they look like overactive thyroids jumping around in undershorts, but to me, those lanky basketball players are an erotic delight. Their revealing outfits show off some great bodies, well trained and ready to screw."

Ten percent of the women said they got excited by boxers: "Just thinking about a champion like Muhammad Ali working out makes me hot between the legs. Thanks to him, prize fighting has become my favorite sport. I know it's a wild extension of my S/M fantasies, but I sure get a bang seeing implacable brutes pummel each other."

Eight percent of the women said a man swimming provided a sensuous thrill: "Diving and swimming are my turn-on. I can't keep my eyes off my lover when he's standing on that board, his prick tucked tightly into a superbrief suit. I adore his slim hips and the way he tightens his ass, springing into action at the perfect moment. I think there's

something about that kind of control that reminds me of his performance in bed. He knows just how to hold back until I'm so hot and horny I beg him to come."

Eight percent preferred watching the male track athlete work out: "There's something about a runner, body sweating, clothes clinging, that's close to what a man looks like during lovemaking. His heart is pounding, there's a slight flush to his face, he's healthy and very much an animal. I know that if I touch him, all that blood will rush to his erection. We'll start making love at the point most lovemaking leaves off."

The rest of the sample was turned on by hockey (six percent), baseball (four percent), lacrosse (four percent), skiing (two percent) and gymnastics (two percent).

Q: WOMEN, WHICH SPECTATOR SPORT IS THE MOST AROUSING FOR MEN?

Twenty-eight percent of the women said watching a female gymnast would turn most guys on: "Almost all the chaps I know get hard-ons watching those graceful Lolitalike creatures straddling the bars, flying through the air, landing in luscious splits. Those tiny-titted nymphs have the power to fog men's minds. My boyfriend would love to see a private performance in the nude."

Twenty-one percent of the women stated that men found gals who swam irresistible: "I know a lot of fellas who wish they were lifeguards. Sitting up in that tall chair, binoculars to their eyes, they spy at us in our bikinis, frolicking in the ocean—our asses, breasts, pubes barely covered. One lifeguard I knew told me he used to fantasize a special kind of rescue. He'd jump in and drag some honey from the deep and—talk about artificial respiration—he'd put his tongue in her mouth and his cock in her cunt and make her come alive."

Twenty percent of the women reported the track-and-field stars titillated men: "No dude can resist staring at a barely clad sweat-soaked woman running laps. If she can push her sinewy frame for miles on the track, imagine her endurance in his bed, trying to prove herself in a marathon fuck fest."

Nineteen percent of the women said they thought guys got excited by a lady playing tennis: "Men love the paradox of those innocent-looking darlings, dressed in their virginal white mini-skirts, playing such a powerful sport. All that slamming of balls sets their own sexual aggression on edge. They'd like to challenge all that feminine combativeness and prove it'd be no match for them between the sheets."

The rest of the sample thought men were turned on by skiing (four percent), ice skating (three percent), women's bas-

ketball (three percent) and volleyball (two percent).

Q: MEN, WHICH SPECTATOR SPORT IS THE MOST AROUSING?

Twenty-five percent of the men said seeing a female run turned them on: "When a chick runs in her pubic-tease jogging shorts and skimpy nipple-revealing tank top, I really go wild. The muscles are always tight and firm as she pushes hard to make her laps. Afterward, she shimmers in a sexy sweat and I imagine giving her a rubdown. My fingers would gradually get her tingling all over and my cock would merge with the sweat."

Twenty-four percent of the men stated the gymnast was irresistible: "Luscious schoolgirls wearing those skintight revealing leotards, somersaulting about, spreading their legs, while doing perfect maneuvers, affect me like a porno loop. I dream about me and those beautiful brats performing perverse tricks—like when she's in a full backbend curve, she'd suck my throbbing cock while I licked her chaste little twat."

Eighteen percent of the men reported that tennis was titillating: "A girl prancing on the court dressed in frilly sexy whites gets me very horny. It's inspiring how she keeps her eyes riveted on the ball, then whacks it with incredible strength. I would love to have her focus that hard on another set of balls."

Ten percent of the men said they got excited by girls who swam: "A sleek suit on a shapely water nymph doing flip turns makes my dick as stiff as a diving board. As I gaze, it's easy to dream up strokes she could use on me."

Eight percent of the men said ice skating provided a sexual thrill: "Peggy Fleming once made me come just observing her leap and twirl. Ever since then, ice skating has led me to think of sensuous young ladies deftly tempting me to join them out on the frozen rink. We remove our clothes and dance. My hot penis would melt her cool reserve. I'd get her juices flowing, enter her and climax in a torrid dizzy spin."

The rest of the men reported a variety of athletic turn-ons. Four percent preferred watching a woman act rough and tough in a rousing combative roller derby, while another four percent were sent into a sexual vibration by the feminine skier who cut a gorgeous figure through the snow.

Three percent cited softball, with females sliding into bases and diving for the ball, as the highest turn-on. Two percent said a girl surfer, standing up on the board in a teeny-tiny bikini, her undulating body riding out a wave, was the sure-fire arouser; while another two percent said that basketball—with women closely

guarding one another, maneuvering lay-ups in sweat-drenched uniforms—got them off.

Summary: A significant theme running through the majority of responses was the X-rated appeal in the lack or tightness of clothes. Seeing the revealing details of a well-honed body stretched to its limits trips many a spectator's fantasy trigger and makes it easy to imagine how that particular athlete would perform nude in bed.

With men, the provocative reasons behind their leading preferences are varied. In track and swimming, it is the vision of the solitary woman, sleek and sensuous, trying to go beyond herself—the love-liness of the long-distance fucker. When guys choose gymnasts as their turn-on favorites, which 24 percent did, the obvious source of the thrill is the exquisite agility of the fillylike pubescent.

However, male gymnasts curried no such favor with the women in our survey. Only two percent of them reported an erogenous tingle observing those graceful, slim-physiued acrobats. Evidently, ladies get off when a male athlete performs like a racing car—body lines are enhanced when there is real power under the hood. For females, their main choices were football, tennis, basketball and boxing. Aggressive play is the tantalizing common denominator.

When we asked everyone to figure out how the opposite sex would answer our question, both sides guessed fairly accurately, except that women overestimated the number of guys who got hot looking at a girl swim. And men missed the mark by underestimating basketball as a feminine visual aphrodisiac.

It's clear that as the amount of leisure time increases, both sports and sex will continue to flourish. Perhaps if morality keeps changing at the same rapid pace, not only will the Olympics go back to games played in the nude but fucking will be the main event. However, until then, those unsung champions of sex will have to get their gold medals in bed.

An invitation to readers: So much for the wide and sexy world of sports. Now it's time to turn to pursuits of the mind. Over the past few years, sexual acts that were once forbidden have become commonplace. Masturbation, once a sign of mental illness, is now practiced by nearly everyone. More and more people are paying lip service to oral sex. And recent sex surveys indicate an increasing number of couples willing to experiment with that most taboo of techniques—anal sex. What's next? Is there a sexual taboo that you would like to see fall? What forbidden areas do you think the opposite sex would like to explore? Let your imaginations roam. Nothing you say will be held against you. Send your responses to The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

—HOWARD SMITH

SEX POLL FEEDBACK

our readers respond to sex polls past

SEX AND CINEMA

Thanks for conducting a *Sex Poll* on erotic movies (*Invitation to Readers*, June 1978). You have to wonder who the film makers think their audience is.

Take your typical porn movie. Lots of fucking and sucking. The obligatory cum shots, with the man pulling his cock out of her cunt and spurting onto her tummy. How unrealistic!

On the other hand, occasionally there are glimpses of real turn-ons. Georgina Spelvin is an example, particularly in her classic *The Devil in Miss Jones*. It was obvious to all of us watching that film that Georgina was thoroughly enjoying her sexual escapades, that she was flooding all her senses and thrilling to everything happening to her. While she was being fucked silly during her first session, she was sucking wildly on a rubber stimulator. Later, she and another girl were almost fighting to see who got the most licks on an erect cock and who got most of the semen that resulted from their stimulation. The point is that the obvious enjoyment of sex by the participants, in an environment that is realistic in terms of our common experiences with sex, is the key to turning on the male.

The common themes in current porn films are oral sex, lesbian sex, female masturbation and straight fucking, with numerous cum shots in which the ejaculation is shown—presumably, to prove to us viewers that it really happened. I would propose a new concept, one in which the female is totally entranced by her reaction to all her senses—sight, touch, hearing, taste and smell—as she engages in sexual activity, and is particularly turned on by semen and vaginal lubrication. The real turn-on for me is when I see the people in the film turning on, and I relate to that.

There are numerous variations on this concept, but here is a typical example: The film opens with a single woman, who is fully dressed, beautiful and has a voluptuous body; she becomes sexually aroused by some visual stimulus. She slowly and luxuriously begins to caress her body, with the camera catching all of the action and particularly her face. She pulls up her dress and runs her fingers up her thighs to her crotch; then she pulls her panties aside to rub her fingers in the slippery wetness of her cunt. She then brings those fingers up to her nose and breathes heavily and moans and talks softly to herself about how good



her cunt juices smell. She repeats those actions while caressing her breasts with the other hand; she exposes a nipple and covers it with some of her cunt juice. She slowly brings her face and breast together, inhaling the lovely aroma, and then, sticking out her tongue, tastes and tickles her nipple, which becomes erect. She continues her slow masturbation, now concentrating on stimulating her anus; she runs her fingers around it, then allows a finger to touch and slightly penetrate the opening. Again, she explores the erotic smell of herself, this time of her anus, and inhales deeply. The session climaxes as she masturbates her clitoris to orgasm, while at the same time stimulating alternately her nipples and her anus. The whole point is that she is thoroughly enjoying herself, and her total enjoyment is obvious to me as a viewer.—B. J., Virginia Beach, Virginia.

I get turned on by a porno movie when it features a big-breasted woman with two or three men. Race is not important. I really appreciate seeing one man inserted anally, one orally and one vaginally. Throw a little mild bondage into this situation and you have a helpless, not scared woman with three men slowly caressing and penetrating every part of her body. What turns me off are 15-minute blow jobs. Snore! But nothing turns me off as much as a film

climaxing with sperm flying in all directions and dripping down a woman's face. I would imagine men liked 15-minute blow jobs. One man and multiple women and sperm in the face. Yecch.—Miss A. H., New York, New York.

PICKUP SHTICKS

I'm writing in response to the questions posed in the May *Sex Poll*. The best line I have ever used to pick up a lady was a straightforward "How'd you like your belly button tickled from the inside?" However, I find that a catchy line isn't what I take into consideration when it comes to being picked up. It's more what the lady has to offer. It doesn't really matter how she says it, just whether or not she lets me know if she wants me.—L. L., Chicago, Illinois.

SEXUAL LANDMARKS

I am writing this letter in response to the question in the April *Playboy Sex Poll* "What was the most important sexual landmark in your life?" I would have to say it was three years ago, when I was roughnecking in West Texas. I met these two girls from Quebec, who were touring the U. S. My friend Jeff and I paired off with these chicks later that night. Up until that time, I thought sex was just get it in, bang, bang, get a nut and roll off. So later that night, when I mounted Estelle, I couldn't get it in, her cunt was just too tight and dry. I had never hit a roadblock of this type and didn't know what to do. She just smiled, took my hand and showed me how to stimulate a woman by gently massaging the clitoris. That was the beginning of three days of ecstasy, experimenting with different positions and oral sex. I was sorry to see her go, but she had changed my way of copulation.—A. C., Mansfield, Ohio.

I was bent in an oral direction very early in my sexual career. The landmark of my life (sexual or otherwise) had to be the first time I went down on a lady. Silky thighs, pubic hair, softly yielding nether lips parted to reveal an erect little clitoris. And best of all, that delicious fragrance. My greatest joy is to take an early-morning muff dive with my favorite lady and then be careful not to touch my mustache when I am washing for work, so that her sweet perfume stays with me for the rest of the day.—T. L., Maryville, Missouri.



The "Lost Dutchman" gold mine. Legend says it's near the place where we hid a case of C.C.



We heard tales of hidden gold in the mountains east of Phoenix. They tell how miners who discovered it were mysteriously massacred. How an old prospector, "The Dutchman," rediscovered it. And how he, too, took its secret to the grave.

We searched the same canyons the Dutchman had followed.

These mountains seemed a natural place to hide a case of Canadian Club. So we found a wrangler, and with our

C.C. tied on a surefooted mule, we set out. We would seek a hiding place among the sites of the Dutchman's legend ... and perhaps his lost gold mine too. His last words were about a needle-like rock near his mine. So we kept such a rock in sight as we followed narrow canyons. It's been a spell since adventurers here have met up with gold-crazed

outlaws. Still, our wrangler's revolver was comforting as shadows deepened.

A campfire, cowboy beans and C.C. with mountain stream water.

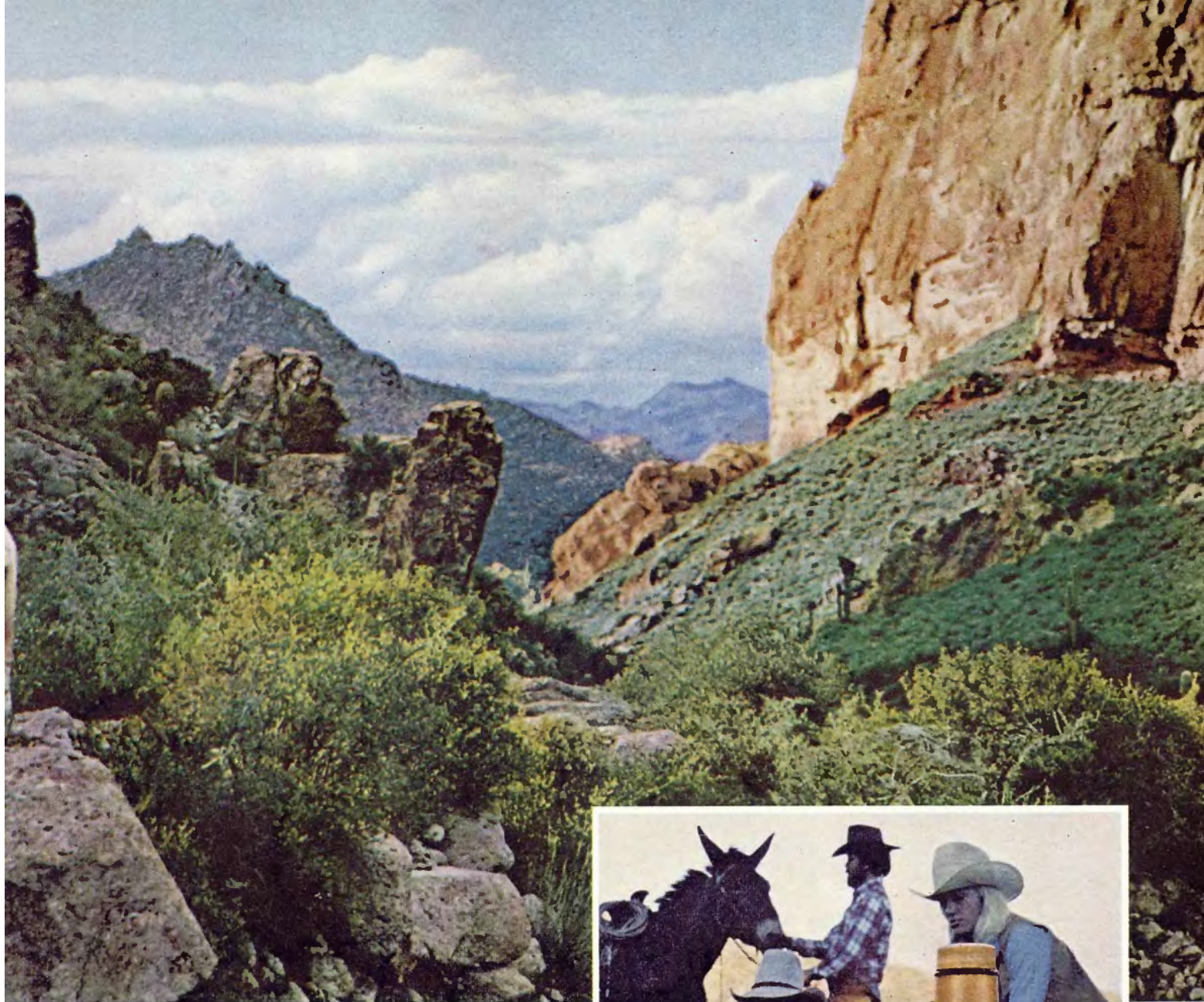
With dark, we pitched camp below the needle-rock, put our chow on the fire, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. and icy clear stream water. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in

sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

Seek the rock pictured here (warning: it won't look this way from the trail)





and ride directly toward it. Follow a rocky trail that's really more stream bed in places, past a lone cactus that grows from a high rock outcropping, to the end. Near here we made camp again 'neath a small tree where the distant needle-rock can again be seen. Within sight of our fire, we buried our full case of Canadian Club.

We wish you better luck in your search for the buried case of Canadian Club than those who've sought the Dutchman's gold. But be warned: this rugged country is unforgiving.

So if the trail seems too rigorous, you can strike it rich at any bar or package store. Just say, "C.C., please."

Beginning Sept. 4, get more clues by calling 800-221-4686. In N.Y. call 800-522-7517.

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



*"What's the name
of that
pipe tobacco
he's wearing?"*

*"Maybe I
should smoke
a pipe..."*

*"I wish my man
would wear
his pipe tobacco."*

*"Is it his charm
or the
pipe tobacco
he's wearing?"*

*"Ooh, I'm in love
with that
pipe tobacco
he's wearing!"*

*"I wonder
if he's married..."*

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New Argosy Black is
a superior blend of selected
dark tobaccos.

New Argosy Black Gold
combines choice dark, burley
and bright leaf tobaccos.

Whichever one you smoke
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taste. With an aroma
so pleasing, so distinctive,
people around you will
think of it as part of you.

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The pipe tobacco that wears well.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

URINALS FOR WOMEN?!

Wisconsin has had a proud tradition as a leader in liberal legislation, being the first state to adopt Workmen's Compensation, among other things. While Wisconsin has approved the E.R.A., one wonders if it is necessary. I just ran across the following administrative rule that provides urinals for women:

H 62.08(11) Urinals

URINALS (a) *Women.* Urinals for women may be installed as an auxiliary or supplementary fixture. This type fixture is not to be used as a substitute for water closets. In all cases, the minimum number of water closets required shall be provided.

1. Enclosure. The urinal shall be enclosed with a standard-size water-closet compartment and door to insure privacy in use. An instruction card explaining how to use the fixture shall be posted in each such compartment.

Charles G. Center
Attorney at Law
Madison, Wisconsin

Alas, since you wrote to us, some humorless turkey persuaded state officials to scrap this enlightened piece of legislation.

NEXT QUESTION

Please advise if the swallowing of sperm can cause plaque to form on teeth. Kindly do not print my name.

(Name withheld by request)
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

We can't persuade the Playboy Advisor that you're not putting us on and the most he'll say is that you should have no problems if you brush after eating and watch those between-meal snacks.

MEET THE REAL DICK TRACY

There's a funny story circulating in the local legal community that might be of some interest to your readers. It seems that one of our gallant law-enforcement officers made a collar on a suspected prostitute after she had allegedly started giving him a blow job in a heart-shaped bathtub known as a "love tub." During questioning at a preliminary hearing, the detective testified that though the act took place in three feet of water, the girl never got her face or her hair wet.

You can probably imagine the fun the defense attorney had with this, but just in case you can't, I've enclosed a copy of the motion the lawyer filed asking that the officer "submit to a physical

examination by a physician or a surveyor who can certify to the jury that the length of the officer's penis is . . . presumptively short of three and one half feet."

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

FUN-LOVING FIREMEN

This letter is in regard to your response to the woman who comments on the sexuality of firemen in the June *Playboy Forum*. Your naïve comment is, "Our

*"If there were
a true sexual revolution,
prostitutes wouldn't
be in business."*

gallant fire fighters as new national sex symbols—we'll have to think about that one." Boy, who just threw you guys off the turnip truck? Firemen are not the new national sex symbols, they are the national sex symbols!

I've been around for only 23 years, but ever since I developed an interest in men, firemen have been tops on my list. All my women friends and I agree that if there is one profession with the most attractive males, it has to be that of

fireman. I imagine that if you polled your women readers, you would find that a great deal of them shared this view.

Patti Fortunati
San Francisco, California

As you found out, we firemen are a bunch of carefree, fun-loving, sex-crazed, horny creatures out to get what we can before the "big one" gets us. But an image as sex symbols we don't need. After all, who would you want giving first aid to your daughter at three in the morning—a sex maniac who hasn't had a woman for several hours or one of America's heroes?

We have an image to protect and we keep a low profile, because why ruin a good thing? And we are good. But chauvinists? Really, now!

Kerry A. Buck, Fireman
Palm Springs, California

RETURN OF THE MINUTEMEN!

I am writing this letter to express my dissatisfaction and that of my associates over the lesbian pictorials that you have put in your magazine. If you are trying to be liberal and freethinking, then you should have the guts to put in just as many male-homosexual pictorials. Let me state now that I am not a homosexual and that a true heterosexual male does not want to sit by and watch women waste themselves on other women. He would rather service those women himself. There is something wrong with a man who likes to watch women have sex with each other. The American woman is screwed up enough as it is. If there were a true sexual revolution, as you and the rest of the media like to claim, prostitutes wouldn't be in business. Contrary to all of the feminist raving, women just don't like sex as much as men do. I am talking about plain straight animal sex and no bull-shit games. Any man can satisfy a woman. The problem is getting them to let you. Women are responsible for most of the barriers keeping men and women from getting together to fuck. The majority of the men in America would fuck a different woman every week if they could. Women have the opportunity to do this with men, but they don't want to.

Prostitution should be legalized all over America and no man should be denied a woman at least once a month, regardless of his economic and social



status and misfortunes such as imprisonment and physical deformities. It fills me with rage to think of all the lonely and dejected disabled veterans in and out of hospitals. The Government should provide them with the finest courtesans if the American women can't find time off from all the phony "groupie" causes they espouse. There should also be male bordellos for women. The streets of America are going to "run red with blood" in the future. Men and women should be getting together now as much as they can.

Lt. Bert Diedrich

Minutemen

Los Angeles, California

We always thought minutemen were fellows afflicted with premature ejaculation. And before our women readers start raising hell about the above letter, read the one that follows.

PACKING IT IN

I read with some amusement the letter in the April *Playboy Forum* on the subject of penis size from the woman in San Jose and with even more amusement your reply that no letter you had ever received "dealt with this subject so reasonably from a woman's point of view." You choose to ignore the basic hypocrisy of your magazine; i.e., that the size of a woman's breasts is a turn-on and the size of a man's cock isn't a determining factor in sexual enjoyment. This is absolute nonsense.

When I was still in my teens and quite inexperienced in sex, I married a "shrimpie" whose fully extended penis was not more than five inches. I am not an Amazon, by any means (I stand only 5'4" and weigh 118 pounds), and my husband was of average build and height. I stupidly believed that all men were about the same size and the reason he wasn't getting me off was some failing on my part. A few months into the marriage, I had my first affair with a guy with an extended penis that I have come to conclude is average length, about seven inches. Those two inches made a world of difference for me and from that moment on, seven inches was the minimum length I'd accept.

Since divorcing, I have had a number of affairs, but only with men whom I've checked out beforehand. Why waste time, after all, with a man who may be very nice, handsome and very experienced in sex but who doesn't have the heavy-duty equipment I require? I want a big cock in me, the bigger the better, and I've discovered that, generally speaking, the larger the man, the bigger his dick. I look at his hands first; bigger fingers denote a bigger penis, in many cases. And before I let him get me into bed, I very discreetly arouse him to check out what's downstairs. If he isn't all there, he doesn't score. As I say, I

FORUM NEWSFRONT

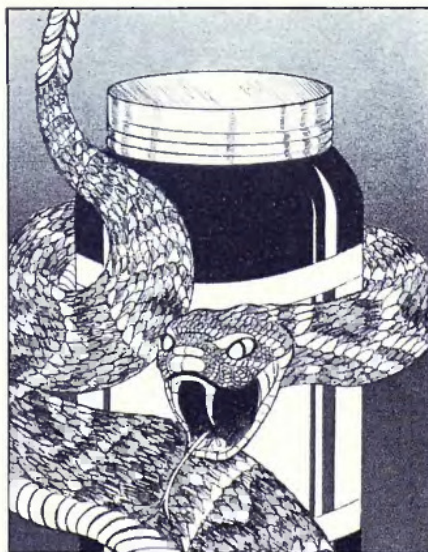
what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

JUSTICE ALMOST PREVAILS

CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO—A mistrial was declared in the unusual case of a 23-year-old woman charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor—a 15-year-old youth with whom she allegedly had sexual relations. The defendant's original indictment had been thrown out earlier by an appellate court that ruled that sex may have contributed to the boy's education but not to his delinquency. That decision was later reversed by the state supreme court. An informal poll of the trial jury indicated the vote had been 11 to 1 for acquittal.

SNAKES AND THE LAW

AUSTIN—The Texas Supreme Court has agreed with the state appeals court that agreed with a trial judge who had disagreed with a jury by refusing to grant \$20,000 damages to a snakebite victim. The plaintiff had been struck by a rattler while reaching for a jar of jelly in a Del Rio store. Testimony had suggested that the snake had slithered in through an open back door in pursuit of a mouse and the jury had held



the store liable. But the judges all decided that a storekeeper's duty to protect customers from such creatures does not begin until he knows of their presence.

PROMISE ENFORCED

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT—A superior-court judge has held that a man who married a woman knowing she was pregnant by another man and who

promised to act as the child's father may not later deny paternity to avoid paying child support. The case arose when the couple divorced after two years and the ex-husband objected to supporting the child on the ground that it was "not an issue of the marriage." The judge decided that the marriage had been contingent on the husband's promise to claim the child as his own and that that was a binding agreement.

POT PENALTY

SHELTON, WASHINGTON—After a 24-year-old man pleaded guilty to possessing more than 40 grams of marijuana—in the form of 13 plants confiscated from his farm—a county judge decided not to invoke the state's maximum penalty of up to five years in prison. Instead, he ordered the man to appear at the courthouse for the next four Sundays and do 20 laps around the building pushing a wheelbarrow filled with dirt, one pot plant and, at the defendant's request, a small sign: DECRIMINALIZE MARIJUANA. Commented the judge, "You can believe what you want, but you have to obey the law. . . . He can have the damn sign on it if he wants."

YANKEE, STAY HOME

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has asked U. S. citizens to stay out of Mexico and not to buy Mexican fruits, vegetables and meats as a protest against the country's continuing use of the potentially dangerous herbicide paraquat on marijuana fields. NORML national director Keith Stroup said that although this action would hardly bring Mexico "to its knees," it's an important protest and would call attention to the fact that Mexican authorities are showing even less concern than the U. S. Government over the possible harm caused by crop-eradication programs.

NO FLUSHING THE STASH

FAYETTEVILLE, GEORGIA—Police assisted school officials in raiding a high school for drugs—after first turning off the water to prevent students from flushing any evidence. Pot-sniffing dogs were used to check among the 1700 students, their lockers and other possible hiding places. Police chief Charles Gilbert said officers found mostly joints, many of them tossed out of windows.

"We didn't use any Gestapo tactics," he said, "but I think we did leave a psychological effect on the students."

FUGITIVE WITH A FLAIR

KANSAS CITY—Federal authorities are trying to add up the debts incurred by a prisoner who seems to have pulled off one of the most stylish prison breaks on record. After stealing a pickup truck



from the motor pool of the Leavenworth Federal prison honor farm, the 31-year-old escapee rented a limousine complete with chauffeur to drive him to Tulsa and there rented a suite of rooms at a motel. He arranged to have these charged to his limo bill before moving to a second motel, where he had his bill charged to the first, all the while posing as an entertainment impresario setting up a reception for a country singer. Keeping one step ahead of the FBI, he checked out, rented a twin-engined aircraft and hired a pilot to fly him to Dallas, where the Feds were waiting. The fugitive had been serving five years for auto theft and was nearly eligible for parole.

BOOBS ON THE TUBE

BONITA SPRINGS, FLORIDA—Local television viewers expecting to see an old Lloyd Bridges thriller called "Daring Game" were surprised instead to witness half an hour of naked women frolicking in a hayloft and shouting obscenities. The station manager blamed the incident on a mix-up by the film distributor.

POWER TO THE PROSECUTOR

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has increased the plea-bargaining power of criminal prosecutors by ruling that they may threaten a defendant with a more serious indictment if he refuses to plead guilty to an initial

charge and demands a trial. The five-to-four decision came in the case of a Kentucky man who received a life sentence after he refused to plead guilty to forging an \$88 check and accept a five-year sentence. Two previous felony convictions made the defendant subject to indictment as a habitual offender. Writing for the majority, Justice Potter Stewart maintained that "in the 'give-and-take' of plea bargaining, there is no such element of punishment or retaliation as long as the accused is free to accept or reject the prosecution's offer." In dissent, Justice Harry A. Blackmun said the ruling condoned "prosecutorial vindictiveness."

MORE POLICE POWER

A number of state and national legislators are drafting bills designed to prevent police from routinely searching newspaper or magazine offices for evidence in criminal cases, as recently authorized by the U. S. Supreme Court. Ruling in a California case, the Court held that police do not have to issue subpoenas to examine journalistic files and records but can obtain search warrants and seize the materials in raids. A spokesman for the U. S. Department of Justice quickly announced that its agents would not alter their practices but would continue to seek such evidence by means of subpoenas before resorting to search warrants. The case, stemming from a police search of the offices of the Stanford University student newspaper in 1971, was supported by the Playboy Foundation during its appeal.

LOVE YOUR LOCAL POLICE

TAMPA, FLORIDA—A 27-year-old woman was sentenced to five days in jail for calling the local police department to say "I love you." Officers said she called 19 times during one eight-hour period, including eight times in one hour, tying up the police emergency line.

GAYS AT THE BAR

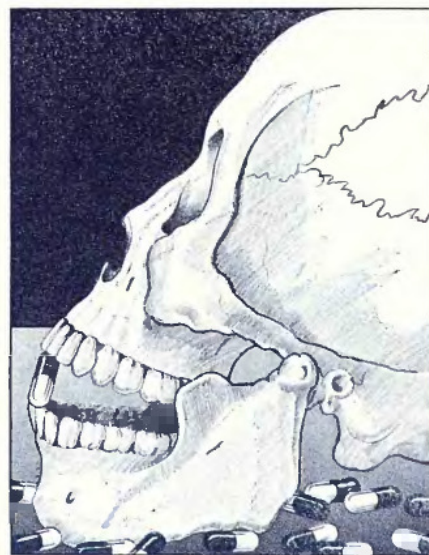
MIAMI—In a six-to-one decision, the Supreme Court of Florida has ruled that homosexuality does not preclude acceptance by the state bar. In a suit brought by the American Civil Liberties Union of Southern Florida, the court held that sexual preference does not in itself constitute a failure to meet the "good moral character" standards for practicing law in the state. The decision specified that any disciplining of members because of personal moral standards should take place only when there was a "substantial connection" between private behavior and the ability to carry out professional responsibilities.

ASSAULT WITH A GREASY WEAPON

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK—A 26-year-old man has been arrested for "harassment" of a police officer with French-fried potatoes. The officer said that when he stopped in an all-night diner to use the telephone, a catsup-soaked French fry smacked into the wall next to him. He then warned a customer to cease fire, but instead, the man used his fork as a catapult to score a messy hit on the officer's uniform. According to the police report, "the subject was arrested while reloading."

SUICIDE BY DRUGS

ATLANTA—A nationwide analysis of 3000 psychoactive drug-associated deaths suggests that many of those recorded as accidental overdoses are, in fact, suicides. The study, conducted in nine cities by the University of California at Irvine under a contract with the National Institute on Drug Abuse, concluded that "a reasonable estimate of the percentage of suicides among all drug-involved deaths in these cities



ranged from 35 to 45 percent," but an absence of evidence led authorities often to list such deaths as accidents.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE?

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—A Gallup Poll has found Americans to have quite a propensity for believing in supernatural and paranormal phenomena. For those believing in UFOs, the figure was 57 percent; angels, 54 percent; ESP, 51 percent; devils, 39 percent; precognition, 37 percent; déjà vu, 30 percent; astrology, 29 percent; ghosts, 11 percent; and witches, 10 percent. The Loch Ness Monster and Bigfoot ran neck and neck at 13 percent each. The results were based on in-person interviews with 1553 adults in 300 communities across the country.

Look at it this way:
Your TV can tape shows when you're not home,
guard the house, and bark like a dog.
And you're still drinking ordinary scotch?



Pinch 12 year old Scotch

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don't waste time with shrimp meat.

I'm sure you'll find that most women feel as I do (though they won't admit it, so as not to damage the fragile psychologies of their mates)—that bigger is better, all other things being equal. That's why vibrators *start* at eight inches. But don't get me wrong—it's a hot, hard, long fat cock I want. Perceptiveness and appreciation of other people's feelings is bullshit. When you come right down to it, guys, a big rack of meat is all you need. The rest will take care of itself.

(Name withheld by request)
Orange County, New York

THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND

That does it! Until now, we tris have been content to stay in our closets, but that idiot's letter, "Trisexuals Come Out" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), threatens our very identity. The situation was made even worse by your Copy Editor's memo gratuitously presuming to lay down a set of "sexuality" definitions. Since definitions serve the purpose of precision in communication, sloppy definitions cannot be tolerated.

For future reference and in the interests of accuracy in sexual education, please advise your Copy Editor of the correct definition: "A trisexual is a person who loves tricycles and *only* tricycles (usually three times at a sitting)."

R. Beier, President
Intragalaxy Trisexuals United
Sausalito, California

FETICIDE

The anti-abortionists contend that a fetus has a right to life supported by all the laws of this nation, and thus abortion is nothing less than murder. Going a step further, it would only seem logical to investigate any other cause of fetal death. For instance, if a woman had a miscarriage through her own negligence, she would be charged with murder, or at least manslaughter. Doesn't that make sense?

Peter Wilens
Detroit, Michigan

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

A friend of mine fractured a vertebra in a car accident and experienced terrible pain, which the hospital treated with the usual narcotics and other drugs. When he was able to sit in a wheelchair, I and other friends would take him out onto the hospital balcony for visits and also for a few tokes of grass. To everyone's surprise, the marijuana seemed to considerably reduce his need for other painkillers, apparently by helping him relax. To our further surprise, we discovered that other patients in the broken-bone department were using the balcony for the same purpose—and that most of the nurses and even some of the

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Send in your Gift Coupon today. There's no purchase obligation.

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If not delighted I'll just return everything within 10 days and get my dollar back. But if I decide to keep this introductory shipment, you may then send me on approval new sets of Sports Cards as they become available one set each the next two months and three sets per month thereafter. For the new sets I decide to keep, I need pay only the low subscribers price of \$1.98 per set of 24 cards (plus P&H).

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Forum Library

NEW CREDIT RIGHTS FOR WOMEN: Passage of the Equal Credit Opportunity Act in 1975 was one thing; how to exercise one's rights under that law is quite another. This 73-page manual covers just about every aspect of the subject—the different kinds of credit, how to obtain it, remedies for discrimination, even what to do about defective products, fine-print surprises and strong-arm bill collectors. Send \$2.75 (plus ten cents to cover state tax in Illinois) to Consumer Credit Project, Inc., 261 Kimberly, Barrington, Illinois 60010.

LEGAL CHALLENGES TO THE MARIJUANA LAWS: Here's a handy bibliography for attorneys and anyone else doing legal research on pot and pot laws. It's a practical reference manual and guide to cases that have challenged the constitutionality of various drug statutes or raised the issues of marijuana identification, search-and-seizure, entrapment, sentencing and the defense of medical necessity. Available for ten dollars from the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, 2317 M Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

THE PRISONER'S YELLOW PAGES: For those on the inside looking out, or getting out with no place to go, here's a 37-page state-by-state directory of agencies, organizations, halfway houses, law libraries and legal-aid groups offering assistance to both cons and ex-cons who need a helping hand. The Playboy Foundation provided the initial printing and these copies are free to prisoners while the supply lasts. Others should enclose a donation to help keep the project going. Write to Universal Press, Box 5570, Los Angeles, California 90055.

HELP FOR THE PROSTATE: Prostate problems terrify and mystify so many people that C.S.I.E. has now put out a pamphlet on the subject. Just send a stamped, self-addressed, business-size envelope and 25 cents to the Committee for Sexual Information and Education, 1 Palomar Arcade Number 107, Santa Cruz, California 95060, and ask for booklet B34.

A WHISTLEBLOWER'S GUIDE TO THE FEDERAL BUREAUCRACY: Or how to be a thorn in the Government's side and keep those suckers honest. What we have here is a lively little 39-page booklet aimed primarily at persons either employed by the Government or working with it who become aware of improper agency practices but don't know how to go about exposing or correcting them. It's billed as "a mapping of rules, regulations and common-sense strategizing for the scientists, accountants, clerks and others who

play the bureaucracy's most dangerous game: whistleblowing." The Playboy Foundation subsidized the printing, and for three dollars, you can obtain a copy from the Government Accountability Project, Institute for Policy Studies, 1901 Que Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

YOUR LEGAL RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES: This 25-page "Guide for Public School Students" spells out for students and parents their legal rights—and obligations—concerning examination of school records, expulsion, the exercise of free speech, and so forth, as protected by various laws or established through court decisions. It's available free from our very own Government. Just send a postcard to the Consumer Information Center, Department 652F, Pueblo, Colorado 81009, and ask for it by title.

YOUR LEGAL RIGHTS & RESPONSIBILITIES



A GUIDE FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL STUDENTS

THE RIGHTS OF VETERANS: This is the latest in a series of full-size paperbacks on legal rights produced by the American Civil Liberties Union and marketed by Avon Books. The format is basically question-and-answer—everything from A.W.O.L. problems to military records and discharge upgrades, in 269 pages that reveal the little-known procedures of the Veterans Administration—including a directory of veterans' organizations and counseling services. Earlier books in the series describe the rights of mental patients, aliens, students, gay people, hospital patients, criminal suspects, teachers, women and other downtrodden types. To order the veterans' book, send two dollars to the A.C.L.U. Literature Department, 22 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016, and ask for it by title.

doctors not only were aware of this but made a point of ignoring it.

I would expect that by now researchers would have found out if pot has any direct pain-killing properties. I would also expect that it doesn't. But from what I saw, I think it's quite likely it has some secondary medical uses in this area by relieving tension, improving morale and making an injured person feel better emotionally. The hospital personnel seem to have discovered this in "field testing," because they were certainly not opposed to this form of treatment.

(Name and address withheld by request)

LICENSE-PLATE B.S.

In response to the letter on personalized license-plate "in"-manship and one-upmanship in the July *Playboy Forum*, I have only the following to offer: BFD—Big Fucking Deal!

Richard Hayhoe
San Francisco, California

VOTER GUARANTEE

If a business or an individual advertises a product or a service and enters into a contract to furnish same, the terms of that contract can be enforced under a multitude of laws and regulations. Likewise, a political candidate enters into a contractual agreement of sorts when he issues promises to the public in return for votes and tax dollars to implement those promises. So why can we not hold a political candidate or an officeholder accountable in the same ways as through truth-in-lending, truth-in-advertising and performance-warranty laws? If there are services unrendered and promises unfulfilled, the voters, without waiting for an official's term to expire, should be able to establish breach of contract and replace him.

Rod J. Oancea
Chicago, Illinois

LOTS OF LAUGHS

Elizabeth McNeill's bondage experience (*Nine and a Half Weeks*, PLAYBOY, April) reminds me of my own, though my role was the reverse of hers. My college roommate, Dee, took me and a girlfriend, Linda, home one weekend while her folks were away. Her brother Terry was there and the four of us had a beer blast that eventually led to a game of strip poker. Since a sister and brother were present, we agreed to undress only as far as our underwear, any additional losses to be paid by submitting to whatever suitable penalty was decided on by the winners. We were all down to the limit when Terry lost the final hand.

After some debate, we decided his punishment: He would be tickle-tortured for an hour. Since he was so much stronger than we were, it was further decreed that he be tied up during his

penalty session. We spread-eagled him on his parents' double bed, using panty hose supplied by his sister. As the tickling began, Terry developed an erection that was extremely conspicuous, because all he had on were his boxer shorts. Dee became embarrassed and wanted us to untie him and go to bed, but Linda and I were very turned on by that time, so we refused. Dee went to bed herself, leaving her brother at our mercy.

We were getting sillier and sillier, and finally Linda spotted a bottle of lotion. We decided to massage Terry with the lotion, tickling him at the same time. Inevitably, I suppose, we decided that his shorts were in our way. Linda took a pair of scissors and cut them off, despite Terry's struggles and protests. I was very aroused by that time and I was dying with anticipation as she massaged closer and closer to his erect penis. At long last, she soaked her hand in lotion, grasped his hard penis and slowly began pumping it up and down. In just a minute, Terry threw his head back and ejaculated. I had never watched a man come before and I was amazed at the force and volume of the fluid that squirted out.

Then Terry wanted to be let loose, but I begged Linda to keep him tied. I took over massaging him, and when his erection returned, I brought him to another orgasm. After we cleaned him up, we all fell asleep. Sometime during the night, I woke up and began playing with Terry again, while Linda slept soundly beside us. He was still tied, of course, so I teased him for about an hour before masturbating him to another ejaculation.

I have never had such an exciting time since and I long for the opportunity to again tie a man up and play with him to my heart's content. That is my number-one fantasy, the memory of that night. Someday I hope to have the courage to ask one of my male friends to submit to letting my dream come true.

(Name withheld by request)
Waterbury, Connecticut

We don't know whether to envy Terry or to sympathize with him. Probably the former, since he didn't file charges.

ANOTHER VIEW

I certainly don't agree with the fanatics who want to persecute "queers." In many ways, homosexuals are easier to deal with than the average horny male who, when he finds himself face to face with a female in a social situation, turns into a leering, slavering, pawing, dirty-joke-telling stud, especially if he's had a drink or two. I hate those bastards, because they always make me feel like a little piece of grocery-store meat too stupid to understand what's going on. I know some women who prefer homosexuals as social companions because they treat them as just other human beings. Women

who go out of their way to hate queers must be the same ones who get some kind of kinky pleasure out of being pawed, insulted and demeaned by *macho* types, whom they either accept sexually, in a very sick kind of exchange that gratifies their masochistic needs, or sadistically reject when the poor bastards are just about ready to come in their pants.

I have some friends who are terribly flattered by such piggish attention but who don't want the intimacy of sex. Those same women are the only ones I know who hate homosexuals, and I think it's because homos aren't constantly trying to get them into bed, which can either please a woman or hurt her feelings.

(Name withheld by request)
Toledo, Ohio

GOOD B.S.

The following comes to us from an associate professor of English who wishes—nay, begs—to remain anonymous. He explained that he already has enough trouble getting his students to take him seriously.

Over the years that I've been reading *PLAYBOY*, I have regularly noted the reckless usage of the terms bullsh*t, horseshit, and so on, by writers of articles as well as by readers in *The Playboy Forum*. And I am surprised that a magazine as well edited as yours has made no apparent effort to define and standardize these pejorative variations on the word shit for the benefit of scholars, abecedarians, etymologists and others of us intellectual compulsives who strive to reduce or eliminate semantic confusion.

Presuming that *PLAYBOY*, like most publications, has a stylebook and also a style policy and is conscious of the process by which vulgar and vernacular expressions gradually wend their way into the language through popular usage and, eventually, into dictionaries, I would like to offer what little assistance I can in helping you good people sort out all this shit, so to speak.

Ignoring fly shit, flea shit, elephant shit and other sophomoric efforts to elaborate on the fundamental shit concept, let me suggest the defining of only three basic shit categories that include what I consider the principal follies that our fellow countrymen are attempting to describe.

Bullshit: Crap that deceives nobody and is enjoyed by everybody;

Chickenshit: Petty crap dumped on subordinates by persons in positions of authority;

Horseshit: Bad bullshit, as disseminated by governments, corporate managements, politicians and other congenital liars dedicated to deceiving or misleading the public.

The above, we've decided, is a classic example of good bullshit.

ANOTHER BRIGHT IDEA

In deference to those who, like Anita Bryant, fear the influence of homosexuals upon children, I have been suggesting for the past year that one suppertime newscast per week be pre-empted by a film of heterosexual intercourse between two popular stars such as Farrah Fawcett-Majors and Lee Majors. By emphasizing the loving, caring, married status of the performers, by limiting their activities to the missionary position and by using no visible contraceptive devices, my proposal would provide—in a context that should be morally and legally acceptable to all—proper heterosexual role models whom children can learn to emulate in marriage. It would also give suppertime viewers a welcome respite from the steady diet of crime and sin that predominates most newscasts.

Carmon Meswarb
Las Vegas, Nevada

BY THE NUMBERS

Through your magazine and various other news media, I have heard of many attempts by Christians to limit civil liberties. Here are some examples:

1. Anita Bryant, using quotations from her Bible, is crusading to remove laws that prevent discrimination against homosexuals.

2. Catholics are campaigning to enact into law religiously based anti-abortion commitments.

3. Christian organizations are promoting censorship of so-called pornography in books and films.

4. A born-again Christian publisher in California is accepting advertisements in his publication only if they contain some Christian phrase or symbol.

5. Parents who are predominantly Christian are kidnaping adult offspring (with little interference from legal authorities) and attempting to deprogram them of belief in unconventional religions.

It seems from these examples that Christians are attempting to force their beliefs on everyone and that, in the process, they are causing the persecution of some minorities. Also, these acts do not seem like acts of love and charity from a religion that stresses these virtues.

Don L'Heureux
Regina, Saskatchewan

TRUE, AFTER ALL!

The episode described in the May *Playboy Forum* in which a suspected criminal was hooked up to a "lie detector" comprised of a kitchen colander, battery-jump cables and a photocopy machine, copying the words "He's lying," was not a hoax. That "hoax" was perpetrated on one of our clients, an impoverished illiterate "graduate" of a third-grade class in Puerto Rico who was accused of arson. Rendering a disposition favorable to the defendant, the

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judge stated to the attorneys trying the case, "I hope this doesn't mean that the public defenders condone arson."

Richard R. Fink
Chief Public Defender
Doylestown, Pennsylvania

Thanks. The errors in the original wire-service report made the incident impossible to verify, so we reported it as a good story but possibly a hoax—because the police officials we queried (in the wrong town) only laughed and said that their detectives were not imaginative enough to try such a scam. They all loved the story. We're only slightly disappointed to learn that it actually happened and is not a modern variation of a folk tale.

CLARIFICATION

The special report "Pot Laws in Other Lands" published in the March *Playboy Forum* incorrectly states in a chart that the only penalty for private possession of marijuana in Ecuador is possible placement in a rehabilitation program. U. S. citizens in Ecuador, in fact, run the risk of arrest, detention during the investigation and trial, considerable medical and legal expenses and long-term imprisonment.

J. Anthony Allitto
Country Officer for Ecuador
Department of State
Washington, D.C.

Since the chart we published was based on information compiled by the State Department, we checked into this and offer the following amplification from Edwin G. Corr, U. S. Chargé d'Affaires in Quito: "I believe that the office in the State Department that supplied the original information condensed it a bit too much. . . . Although it is true that users are treated as sick persons and not as criminals, the 'treatment' and the legal release therefrom can often take many months with extremely high financial costs of subsistence and legal fees to the individual." So there you have it, folks: Here you're a criminal, there you're a patient; but either way, you're locked up.

COURAGE OF CONVICTIONS

In the letter titled "Pot Talk" (*The Playboy Forum*, May), a police officer says, "Existing pot laws may be bad, but they cannot be changed by individuals flouting them." Oh, but how wrong he is! That is precisely how they are changed. That is how all oppressive laws have always been changed throughout history, the Prohibition years being a striking example. Our corrupt marijuana laws are right now being altered and weakened for that very reason. It starts with individuals who are not afraid to flaunt their lifestyles in public.

Flaunting a bag of marijuana, if enough of us did it, would have the same effect on society as flaunting a Star of David in Denmark did during the last

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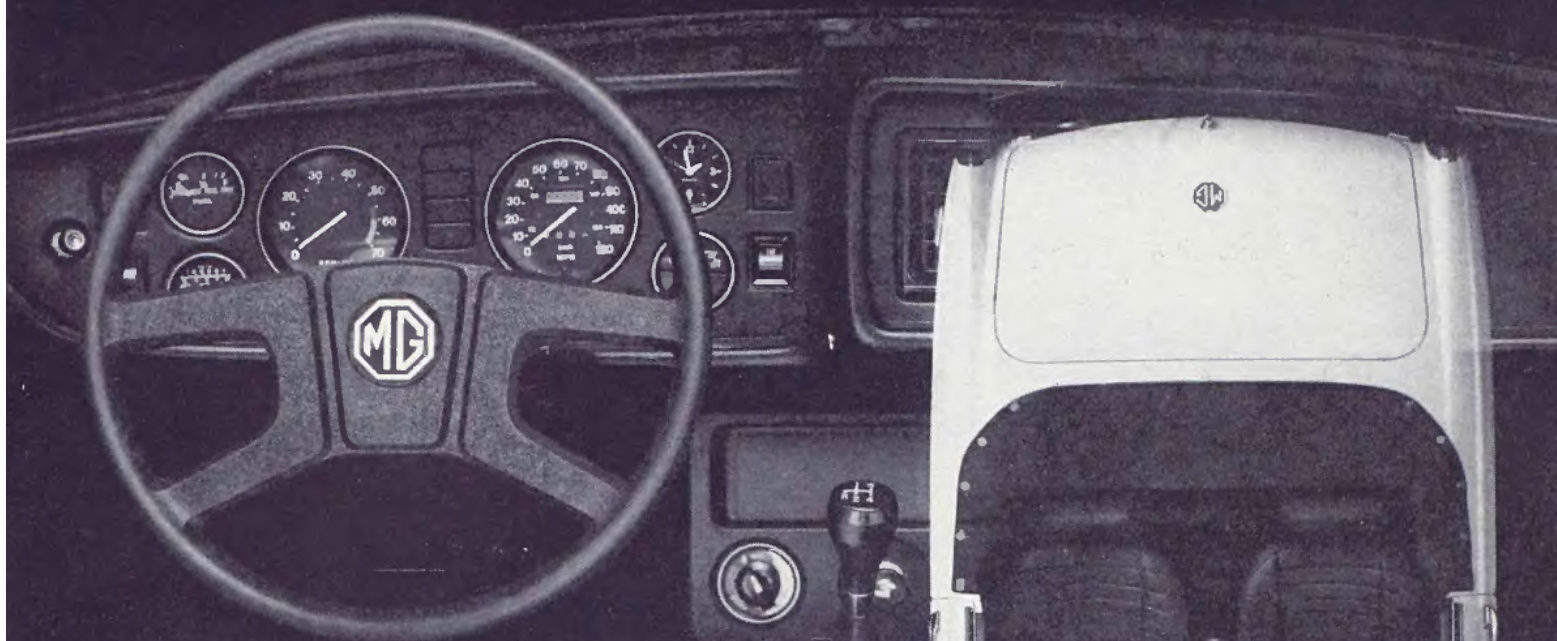
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world war, when the Nazis ordered all Jews to so identify themselves. It starts with individuals. In Denmark, it started with the king.

John Harmon Walker
Lemon Grove, California

CURE OR KILL

I thought the *Chicago Sun-Times* had a particularly apt remark in an editorial it ran opposing the U. S. Government's mad policy of helping the Mexicans poison marijuana with paraquat. It concluded its remarks by saying: "Discouraging the use of marijuana is one thing; poisoning the supply is another. Consider the analogy: If 'revenooers' find a moonshine still, do they secretly add cyanide to its product?"

The sad thing is, I'm sure that some fanatics would do just that.

James Simmons
Chicago, Illinois

Fanatics have already done just that, or something very close. During Prohibition, the Government set up an elaborate "denaturing" system for adding poisons to the alcohol that could be manufactured legally for medical and industrial purposes; and the fact that thousands of people died, went blind or otherwise were severely harmed by unknowingly consuming illegal booze made from that poisonous alcohol didn't worry the prohibitionists a bit. The drinkers were merely being punished for their sins. Just as the early Christians righteously burned and tortured heretics, the U. S. Government has a pretty good record of destroying people in order to save them from themselves.

ACCIDENTS DO HAPPEN

I have always enjoyed the comments of readers expressing their opinions in *The Playboy Forum*, but when I came upon Ronald C. Thomas, Jr.'s idea (July) concerning certified speeders, I couldn't help wondering if the only reason you decided to publish such an item was to give your public a good laugh.

I think someone should sit Mr. Thomas down and explain to him that accidents happen to the best of drivers, whether qualified, certified or not. Allowing such a person to drive at a higher rate of speed would only make the effects of an accident more devastating.

Bernie D. Davenport
Louisville, Kentucky

We have to admit that we published Thomas' letter mostly for its amusement value.

DISCRIMINATION AD INFINITUM

I got a chuckle out of the letter from the conservationist who decided he was getting carried away when he felt a pang of remorse at the news that some kind of smallpox bug had been eradicated from the planet (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Stuck on my wall is a small clipping.



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We think that you'll not only hear how incredible music can sound on good hi fi components in general, but that you'll also hear why Pioneer components, in particular, have become number one today with people who care about music.

And isn't that why you want to buy high fidelity equipment in the first place? Because you care about music?

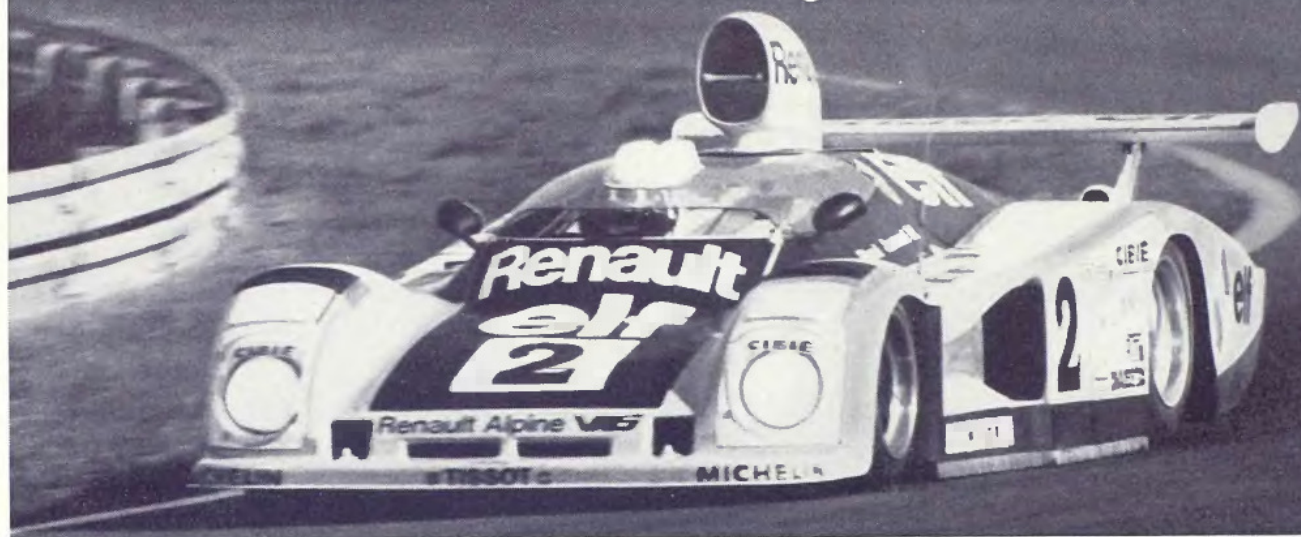


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Le Car by Renault

courtesy of my girlfriend, reporting that the Humane Society of the United States is concerned over "speciesism" creeping into the debate over animal rights. Seems that some groups consider primates, dolphins, et al., a higher order of creature and more deserving of protection than worms, frogs or laboratory rats. Another faction labels this elitism and discrimination and contends that since all animals have a unique role in the ecosystem, all should be protected equally. Where will it all end?

Joseph Johnson
Los Angeles, California

Who knows? We have a geologist friend who, as a mountain climber, sneers at speleologists because he considers igneous rock superior to sedimentary.

MORALITY LAWS

Just reading your report on the Jim Hill case scared the living hell out of me (*Playboy Casebook*, May). I travel constantly and my first stop each evening is at the motel or hotel bar, to see if there's a friendly lady around. I've spent many nights with some fine women and not a few very weird ones and Hill's situation tells me that I've been very lucky.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

DEATH BUFF

Dear Name Withheld By Request, who is presently serving time in the Atlanta penitentiary and doesn't think anyone who has met his former cellmate the remorseful murderer could pull the switch on him (*The Playboy Forum*, July).

Hell, man, I'll come down and pull it any old time, if they'll just pay my plane fare and give me all the gold and silver that melts out of a killer's mouth.

(Name withheld by request)
Shawnee Mission, Kansas

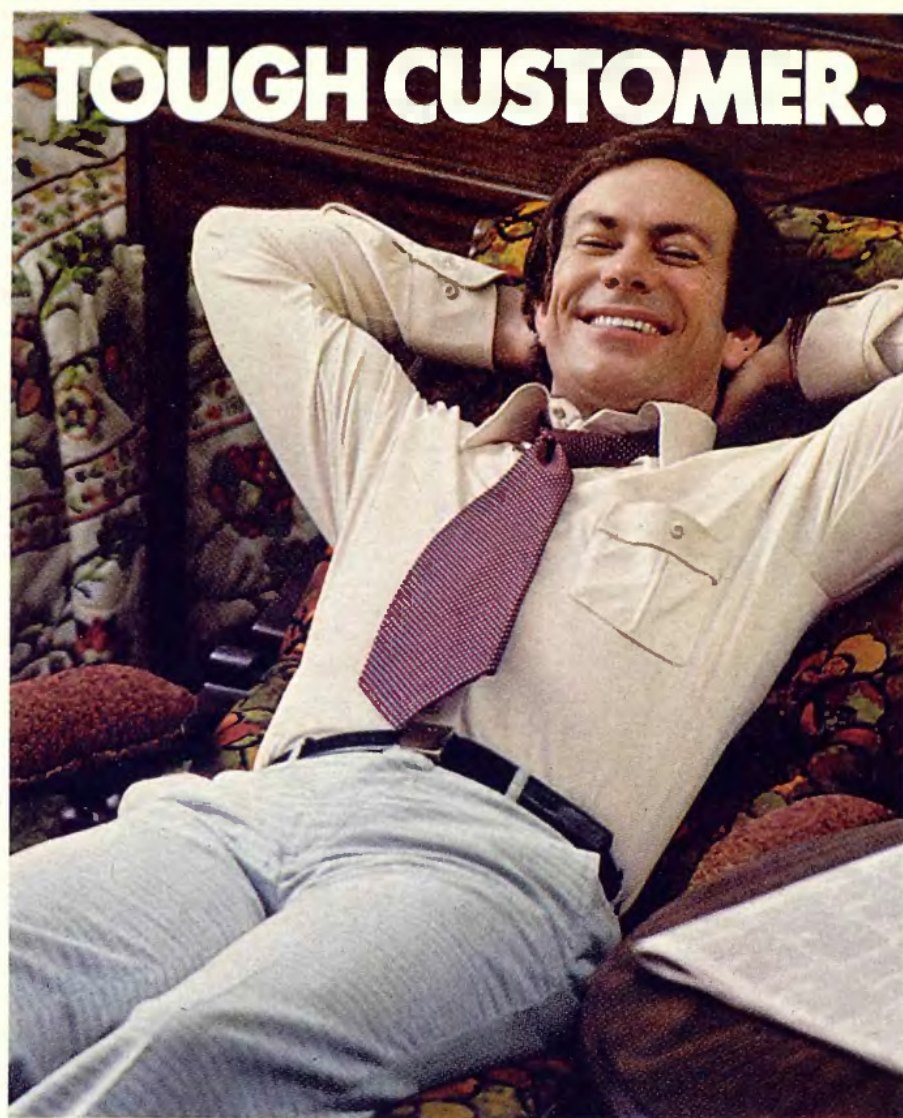
That's what we like about the death penalty; it brings out the best in people.

IN MEMORIAM

I regret to advise that one of our guards here at the Oregon State Pen was caught giving head to one of the inmates and has been relieved of his duties. In behalf of myself and my fellow prisoners, I would like to express our regret that this has occurred. He was one of our friendliest guards and we'll all miss him very much.

Ali Oop
Salem, Oregon

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DOLLY PARTON

a candid conversation with the curvaceous queen of country music

Two days before the Palomino club in Los Angeles sponsored its first Dolly Parton Look-Alike Contest, Dolly Parton was wondering whether or not she should attend. She'd been to some others in different parts of the country and she'd been mostly disappointed. In Los Angeles, however, it might be different. But she knew if she attended, she would also enter. And she was wondering if there was any chance she might lose. "Wouldn't that be hysterical?" she said. "But I doubt if I would. I mean, I look too much like her."

The contest was on a Wednesday night. Dolly was rehearsing for a TV special and wasn't sure if she'd be through in time to run over with a friend to the North Hollywood club. On Thursday, she'd been invited to her friend Emmylou Harris' house. Emmylou said there were some people she wanted Dolly to meet. Although her schedule was as tight as her clothes, Dolly accepted without hesitation.

There was much talk in Los Angeles about the top-secret album Dolly and Emmylou and Linda Ronstadt were working on. They'd been meeting and recording in full-day sessions that had been closed to the press. But there had been managerial problems as well as

scheduling conflicts and the album was still an on/off project.

Ronstadt and Harris had wanted to meet Parton after having recorded some of her songs. When the three met, they hit it off immediately and have become friends. Parton was concerned that Harris and Ronstadt might put her down for the way she looks—for her gaudy rhinestone outfits, the blonde teased wigs, the five-inch heels, the heavy make-up. She was afraid that Johnny Carson and Barbara Walters would put her down for the same thing. But they didn't—and few others have. People apparently see beyond the ostentatious appearance. "I don't think it takes people long to know I'm not ignorant," she says.

But Parton felt that without her props, it would have taken her longer to attract a broad audience, so, not one for waiting, she did what she could to promote herself. In so doing, she became the exaggeration that Bette Midler is trying to be and that Mae West was. Parton is the incarnation of West in certain ways: She doesn't show much, but she hints at a lot; she pokes fun at herself and makes a fortune at the jokes; she knows what she wants and she won't let anything interfere with her becoming as big a star as she can possibly become.

Parton has come a long way from her Tennessee mountain home; she was born in a Locust Ridge "holler" in Sevier County in the Smoky Mountain foothills on January 19, 1946. The fourth of 12 children, she was the first in her family to finish high school, the first to become famous. "I never had a doubt I would make it," she reasons, "because refusing to think I couldn't make it is the reason I could."

For Parton, making it meant getting out of the backwoods and into the limelight. Her rise was rapid: She began writing songs at seven, recording them and singing on the Cas Walker radio and television show at ten, making her first appearance at the Grand Ole Opry at 12.

The day after she graduated from high school, she left with her uncle, Bill Owens, for Nashville to become a star. That same day she met, and within two years married, an asphalt worker named Carl Dean. Dean is a publicity-shy, earthy man who is as independent as Dolly and the two seem to have a solid, often at-a-distance relationship. She's on the road most of the year and he's at home working their land.

When country singer Norma Jean, who sang with Porter Wagoner on the road and on his syndicated TV show,



"I just like to feel things next to me. Even before I had a figure, I liked my clothes snug and tight. People would always kid me in school about my little butt and my little blue jeans."



"I think there is due a person like Elvis, a female, which there has never been. A person with magnetism and charisma to draw people to her. And your next question: Do I think it is me?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARRY LANGDON

"I learned about the facts of life in the barn. We had uncles and cousins that were maybe two or three years older than us that knew a lot of stuff. . . . And soon as we got a chance, we'd try it."

decided to quit and get married in 1967, Wagoner asked Dolly if she'd like to join his show. Overnight, her salary rose from next to nothing to \$60,000 a year and, at 21, she had achieved one of her goals: a broad and popular audience.

Although she and Wagoner became hugely successful and their duo albums sold well, she became restless and made a decision to go out on the road with members of her family. It proved to be almost disastrous. She and her Travelin' Family Band went from state fair to rodeo to high school gymnasium amateurishly managed and poorly booked. Making her most painful decision to date, she told her family it wasn't working out and took time off to put together a more professional band. She also hired a Los Angeles-based manager and public-relations firm, who saw enormous potential in this energetic and prolific woman.

By then, she was ready to "cross over" into the pop/rock world. Her albums were popular in Japan, France, Australia and England (where she was twice named Female Vocalist of the Year) and she coproduced her own album, "New Harvest." She followed that with her "new sound": "Here You Come Again," which recently went platinum, more than quadrupled the sales of many of her earlier albums.

With 20th Century-Fox offering her a three-movie deal, publishers bidding for the novel she's writing, her autobiography in the works, TV network executives trying to line her up for specials and record albums starting to sell in the millions, **PLAYBOY** decided to send freelance writer **Lawrence Grobel** to talk with Dolly and see how it all happened and how it has affected her.

Grobel, who previously interviewed Henry Winkler and Barbra Streisand for **PLAYBOY**, began the interview in Los Angeles and then joined Dolly at the beginning of her six-month nationwide road tour. His report:

"I've met busy people before, but in Dolly's case, her scheduling is extreme. Her energy matches her ambition, which is limitless. If she's not writing or recording her own songs, she's recording with Linda and Emmylou, rehearsing with her band, taping a TV show, throwing a wedding for her younger sister, giving a concert for ABC-radio executives in Las Vegas or touring.

"I managed to pin her down for five hours in an apartment she rents in Los Angeles. The first thing I noticed was how sparse it was; nothing plush or comfortable, no indication that a star lived there, obviously a place used for little more than sleeping. The only bit of eccentricity was a small, low, round trampoline, which she said she used after giving up on jumping rope, 'for a couple of good reasons.'

"Dolly wasn't born with a voice like Streisand's, but what she has is an enor-

mously infectious personality. To meet her is to immediately like her. Although she appears larger than life, she is actually a compact woman—dazzling in appearance; but if you took away the wig and the Frederick's of Hollywood five-inch heels, she'd stand just five feet tall. Of course, her height isn't the first thing one notices upon meeting her. As she herself kids onstage, 'I know that you-all brought your binoculars to see me; but what you didn't realize is you don't need binoculars.'

"The next time I saw Dolly was in Winchester, Virginia, where she was scheduled to appear at the Apple Blossom Festival. By then, it was as if we were old and trusting friends and I soon discovered that she was the least hung-up celebrity I've ever been with. She was open, honest and only rarely asked to go off the record; and even then, it was on matters such as being unsatisfied with a particular dress designer or not wanting to dwell too much on godly topics. When it came to her personal life, her dreams, her ambitions, she never hesitated.

"One little girl who had written to Dolly came to visit her after a show. Dolly was in a nightdress and greeted the child as her father took Polaroid pictures. But the picture I'll always remember was of the father telling his wife to take a shot of him behind Dolly. He had this crazy gleam in his eyes, his tongue popped out of his mouth and I was sure he was going to cop a feel. But he restrained himself, as most people do around her. Because she is so open and unparanoid, she manages to tame the wildest instincts of men.

"Our last night together stretched out until morning. We talked from ten P.M. until five A.M., exchanging stories and not in the least bit tired. By the time we hugged goodbye, I was saddened that we were talked out. Our talk is what follows . . . though it does take a while to get over Dolly's appearance."

PLAYBOY: Hello, Dolly.

PARTON: Hi. I'll save you the trouble of asking: Why do I choose to look so outrageous?

PLAYBOY: Is that the first question interviewers usually ask you?

PARTON: That's what we usually end up talking about.

PLAYBOY: Actually, that was going to be our second question. We were going to start with the **PLAYBOY** cover. It's pretty eye-catching. Was it fun?

PARTON: I was afraid at first, when we talked about it. I didn't want to be naked or something on the front of a magazine unless everybody knew it was a joke. I mean, I wouldn't want to be naked even then. It might not offend me, but I was afraid maybe a lot of my country fans and some of the people who love me who are of a religious nature might not understand.

People will make jokes and things, not because of my beauty but just because of that physical thing that's built around my boobs. I didn't know if I wanted to be put in a category of where I was flaunting something I had never flaunted before. Then I thought, It isn't something I should be ashamed of. **PLAYBOY**'s a real classy magazine. And I mean, who else but Dolly Parton should be on the cover of **PLAYBOY**? If you wanted an outrageous person to be an outrageous magazine cover, who else? I just hope people will take it in the spirit in which I did it—you know, something cute and off-the-wall for me.

PLAYBOY: OK. Now, why do you choose to look so outrageous?

PARTON: People have thought I'd be a lot farther along in this business if I dressed more stylish and didn't wear all this gaudy getup. Record companies have tried to change me. I just refused. If I am going to look like this, I must have had a reason. It's this: If I can't make it on my talent, then I don't want to do it. I have to look the way I choose to look, and this is what I've chose. It makes me different a little bit, and ain't that what we all want to do: be a little different?

It's fun for me. It's like a little kid playing with her paints and colors. I like to sit and tease my hair. If there's something new on the market in make-up, I like to try it. You've got to have a gimmick. You've got to have something that will catch the eye and hold the attention of the public. But the funny thing is, no matter how much I try new stuff, I wind up looking just the same.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll become a fashion trend setter? Isn't there already a Dolly Parton look?

PARTON: [Laughing] Can you imagine anybody wanting to look this way for real? When people first get to know me, they say, "Why do you wear all of this?" Then, after a week of knowing me, they totally understand. They know it's just a bunch of baloney. But why not? Life's boring enough, it makes you try to spice it up. I guess I just throw on a little too much spice.

PLAYBOY: Why are there so many Dolly Parton look-alike contests?

PARTON: Because they're fun. Who would be better to impersonate than Dolly Parton? All you gotta do is get a big blonde wig, make-up, and if you're pretty well proportioned . . . or you can even fake it. The best parts of Dolly Parton look-alike contests are guys dressed up like girls. It's so easy to do me.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met any of the winners?

PARTON: I sure have. They were the biggest bunch of pigs I ever saw, most of them. I thought to myself, Is that how people think I look? I thought, Oh, Lord, some of them were in worse shape



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than I even thought I was. I've only seen two that would even be classified as a human being.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think they've ever been able to imitate the real, sexy you?

PARTON: Listen, I never thought of myself as being a sex symbol. It never crossed my mind that anybody might think I was sexy.

PLAYBOY: But surely, after all the media exposure you've received, you have to be conscious of what people say and think about you.

PARTON: I didn't say what you-all thought. I said that it never once crossed my mind, even now. I still can't get it through my head that people think I'm supposed to be sexy or somethin'. I don't want that responsibility. I don't want to have to keep up an image like that. I don't want to have to be like a beautiful woman, like a Raquel Welch—which is no trouble, I never would anyway. I'm just sayin' I wouldn't want people to look at me and if I gained ten pounds, they'd say, "Oh, God, she's ruined her looks." I'm made up of many things. I'm very complex. I have much more depth than just my looks, which to me are not all that hot, anyway. I've always looked a certain way and had an image. I like the big hairdo, the gaudy clothes. There's not much sexy about that. Men are not usually turned on by artificial looks and I've always been like that.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, why do you suppose there's such a huge cosmetic industry in this country?

PARTON: I'm talking about my kind—the big wigs, the total artificial look. I don't try to dress in style or to be really classy. I've got my work to do and I like to look good, but I don't try to keep an image other than just this gimmick appearance that I have. If I was trying to really impress men or be totally sexy, then I would dress differently.

PLAYBOY: How would you look?

PARTON: I would wear low-cut things. Try to keep my weight down. Try to really work on my body. I would find a new, softer, sexier hair style—it would be my own hair, some way. But why bother? I'm already married and he don't mind how I look. He likes me gaudy or ungaudy.

PLAYBOY: When were you first attracted to gaudiness?

PARTON: I was always fascinated with make-up. We didn't have any when I grew up. We weren't allowed to wear it. But we used to have this medicine, what you call Merthiolate, that's what I would put on my lips as a little kid. I'd paint my lips and there was nothin' Daddy could do. He couldn't rub it off. He would say, "Get that lipstick off you!" And I'd say, "It won't come off, it's my natural coloring, Daddy." Then he'd say, "Bull." When we wanted eyebrows, we'd get burned matches and

make little eyebrows. When I was a sophomore in high school, the teased hair came into style and I started doing that, and ever since, I've done it. And I wore my skirts so tight I could hardly wiggle in them. I liked tight sweaters. I just like tight clothes, I always did.

I just like to feel things next to me, I guess. Even before I had a figure, I liked my clothes snug and tight. People would always kid me in school about my little butt and my little blue jeans or whatever. Momma, she always understood stuff like that. She'd say, "Don't get them so tight you can't move in them, where they cut your wind off." But she'd seam them up and if they weren't quite tight enough, I'd say, "Won't you fix them a little right in here?" And she would. See, she was a daughter of a preacher and when she was a child, they wouldn't let her wear any make-up. They all had long hair then and she wanted her hair cut. The very day that her and Daddy got married, she cut her hair off and she kept it short ever since. She said, "I swore then that when I had kids, I would not

*"People will always talk
and make jokes about my
bosoms. . . . But why dwell
on that? Why don't they look
underneath the breasts, at
the heart?"*

make 'em do things that they were uneasy with."

PLAYBOY: What did your father think of your tight clothes?

PARTON: Daddy didn't like us to wear real tight clothes back at the start. He was more strict with us, he just didn't understand how to be a father. A father of girls, especially. He just didn't want us to date. He trusted us, but he didn't trust the guys we was goin' with.

PLAYBOY: You must have looked more mature than a lot of your classmates when you were a girl.

PARTON: Well, I looked more mature, I was more mature. I used my mind in different ways. I developed my mind by writing and thinking deep and planning and dreaming. I thought serious. I looked as old as the teachers. When I was in high school, I looked like I was 25 years old.

PLAYBOY: Was the fact that you were physically more developed than the other girls a problem for you? Were you teased much?

PARTON: It was always a problem, to a degree. But I had a real open personality. I don't think I was teased openly; it

was more what people were sayin' behind my back: "No, they're not real, she's got Kleenex in there."

PLAYBOY: Did that bother you?

PARTON: It was kind of embarrassing, but it must not have bothered me too much. I'm a real obvious person; all the things you see are obvious. But my body is not really as extreme as people make it out to be. I am just a small, tiny, little person, five feet tall, with a small frame. I have plenty, but it's not like what people say: "Oh, gosh, she must be 45 inches." I'm not nowhere near it, you know.

PLAYBOY: Why have you always refused to disclose your measurements?

PARTON: There's just no point. I'm not sayin' it's not there. A lot of people claim, "I remember when you wasn't that big." And I say, "Yeah, but you remember when I wasn't this fat, too." I'm not that well endowed. I'm not as huge as people make me out as being. I really ain't. I mean, if you look real good . . . I've got plenty, but I know a lot of people that are so big it's unhealthy, it hurts their back. I am so extreme, if I didn't have some, I would sure have made some. But from the time I was just a young girl, they've been there.

Some book said I had my bust lifted at Vanderbilt Hospital. Well, I never even been doctored at Vanderbilt Hospital. People will always talk and make jokes about my bosoms. When somebody says that this doctor claims he did it, I always say that plastic surgeons are all alike, they're always making mountains out of molehills. But, no, I didn't go to Vanderbilt Hospital. And if I had had something done, it would be a very private thing to me and it would be one of my secrets. But a lot of people that know me would know the difference. We won't say which-a-way that goes. So we will just leave the people wondering. But why dwell on that? Why don't they look underneath the breasts, at the heart?

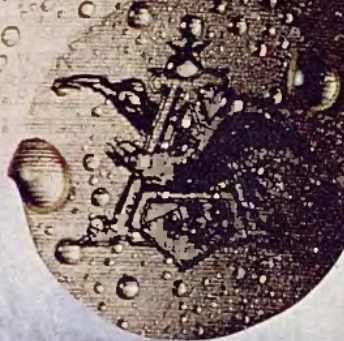
PLAYBOY: All right. How would you describe yourself to someone who had never seen or heard you?

PARTON: Well, I would start by saying that I pride myself on being a fair and honest person. I am free and open enough to be able to try new things. I'm outrageous. I feel like I have a lot of depth that only the people closest to me really see. I'm compulsive and very ambitious. I'm playful. I'm joyful. I'm mischievous. Serious when I mean to be serious. I can be strong when I need to be and weak when I want to be. I can tell you where to put it if I don't like where you got it. I'm not a very moody person. I don't fall into great states of depression. Very sentimental and highly emotional. I'm a baby when it comes to bein' a baby. I like to be spoiled and petted. I get touched real easy. I'm curious, I have to know everything that goes on. I'm not a brilliant person, but

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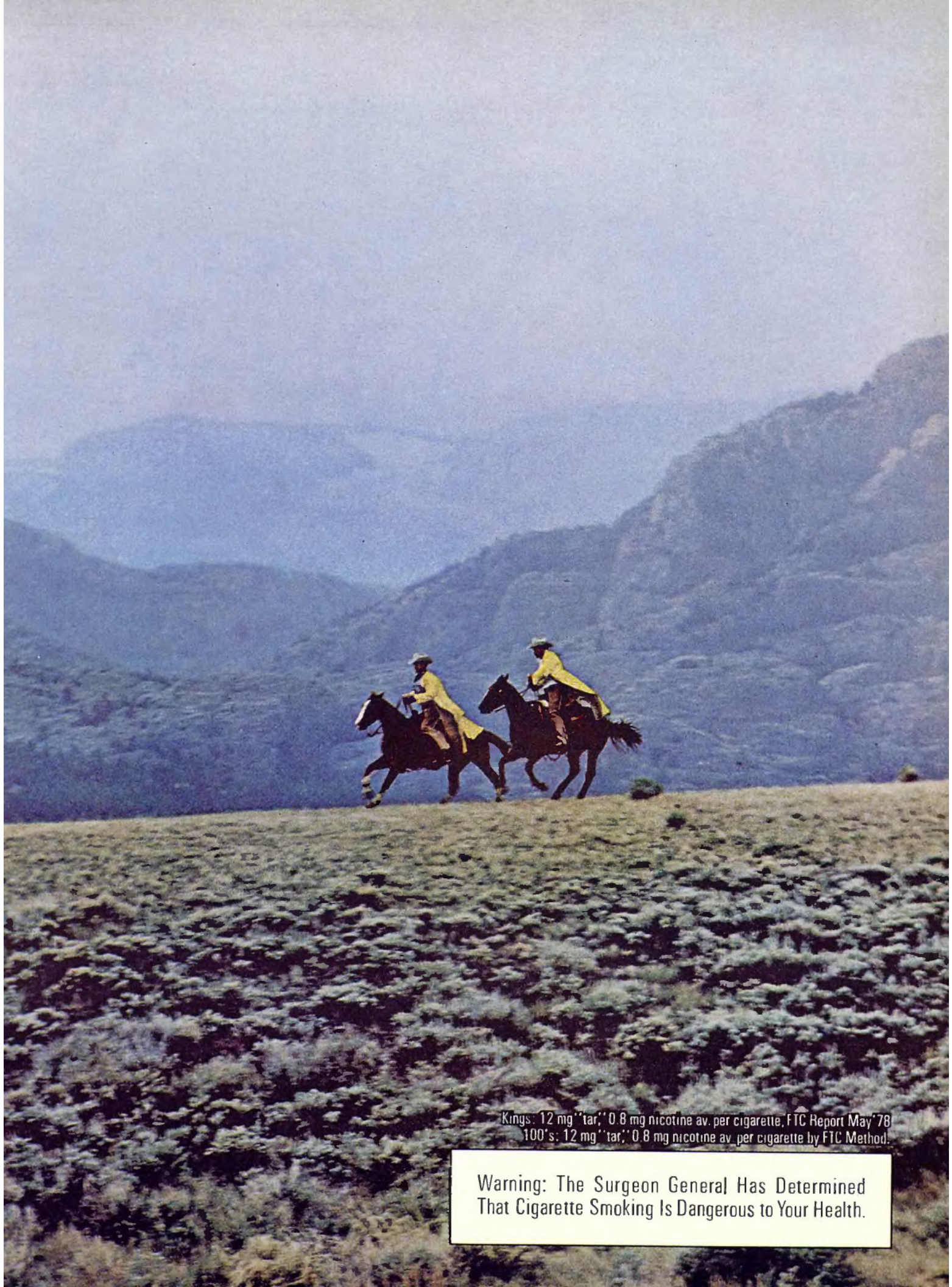
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I have a lot of guts. I just don't have a fear of life. I love life, so why should I fear somethin' I love? And why should I not reach out to the things that I know I can touch? I'm strong-willed. I can think like a workingman because I know what a workingman goes through. I'm a person you could sit down with even if you were a total stranger and tell me the thing you thought was the most horrible thing and I would understand it. And I wouldn't tell. I'm a good friend. I'm loyal and devoted to the things that I believe in. . . . I'm full of shit!

PLAYBOY: That's quite a description. Now, how would you assess your talent?

PARTON: I like to be appreciated as a writer and, if not a great singer, at least a stylist and an original, creative person.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel you're that good a singer?

PARTON: I don't think so. My manager just hates me to say that, because he says it's not true. I don't have a great voice. I have a *different* voice and I can do things with it that a lot of people can't. But it's so delicate in other ways, there's no way I can do some of the things other singers can.

I just love to sing. It is joyful, it's something I can scream, it's a release for me. I used to have a lot of vibrato in my voice. It could almost be real irritating to a lot of people's ears. It was a natural thing for me, but some people say, "You sound like you been eating billy goat." Bah, bah. I guess I overdone it, so I tried to learn at takin' some of the vibrato out. I would like to improve my voice to be able to hit better notes. My notes are not always true. But my heart is always true. And the emotion I put in is always true.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to yourself often?

PARTON: No, never. Unless I'm in the studio tryin' to decide what goes in the album. I'm not necessarily a fan of my own. I'm not one of my favorite singers.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that your husband doesn't like your singing?

PARTON: He didn't used to, but he's become a real big fan of mine now. I played this new album, *Heartbreaker*, and he really liked it.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean a lot to you?

PARTON: It means more than anybody could ever know.

PLAYBOY: You and Carl have been married 12 years and no one's ever seen a picture of the two of you together. Why the mystery?

PARTON: He just don't have *any* desire to be in show business. He don't want to have his picture in the paper. He don't want to go out to the supermarket and have people say, "That's Dolly Parton's husband." There's been a lot of distorted press about how I only see him six weeks a year, which is not true. It's true that last year I was only at home about six weeks, but he joined me on the road a lot.

PLAYBOY: Is he as shy and bashful as the press makes him out to be?

PARTON: No. He's just the funniest, wisest guy in the world. He's really bright. He's not backward at all. I just really wish that people would let him be. He's a home-lovin' person. He works outside, he's got his tractor and his grader, he keeps our farm in order. He wouldn't have to work no more, because I'm making good money now, but he gets up every morning at daylight. If he ain't workin' on our place, he'll take a few jobs, like grading somebody's driveway or cleaning off somebody's property, to pick up a couple of hundred bucks. He likes his own money to horse-trade with.

PLAYBOY: Do people say anything to him about Dolly Parton's husband grading their driveway?

PARTON: Oh, sure; he don't give a shit. He don't go up and say, "Hey, I'm Dolly Parton's husband, can I grade your drive?" If somebody knows it, he don't make a big thing of it; he'll play it down, he'll say, "Well, I ain't in show business, I got to work, now what can I do for you?" Or he'll say, "Hell, *she*

*"I used to have a lot
of vibrato in my voice.
It was a natural thing
for me, but some people
say, 'You sound like you
been eating billy goat.'"*

ain't makin' no money." He's a man with a lot of pride; even though my money is his money, his money is mine.

PLAYBOY: What is it about him that attracted you?

PARTON: His honesty. His decency. His earthiness. I like the way he loves me. His understanding of me and the things I do. The way he lets me be free. And lets me be me. He don't try to choke me and demand anything from me.

PLAYBOY: Does he ever give you advice about your career?

PARTON: He never interferes with me businesswise. That's why I hire managers. Carl and I only talk about our own things. We talk about what we're gonna do with the house, the farm. Or he wants me to see a truck he's rebuilt. He's like my little boy. But he's like my daddy, like a brother. And I'm all those things to him. I call Carl Daddy.

PLAYBOY: What does Carl call you?

PARTON: When he's talking to other people, he says "the old lady" or "she." Or "crazy woman." He never says Dolly, never. And if he does, it hurts my feelin's so bad—ain't that crazy? If I say

Carl, he won't even react. He hates me to call him Carl. He'll say, "Call me son of a bitch, call me anythin', but don't call me Carl." That's what everybody calls him, so it's not personal enough.

PLAYBOY: Is he a jealous person?

PARTON: Not a bit.

PLAYBOY: Are you?

PARTON: I'm not, either.

PLAYBOY: Would it matter if he were seeing someone else while you were away?

PARTON: He's not.

PLAYBOY: If he were, would you want to know?

PARTON: No, I wouldn't want to know and he wouldn't want to tell me. But if he did, it wouldn't be like the end of the world for me. I would just say it was as much my fault as his. I would probably cry and pout for a day for the attention of it, and then it would be over. To me, life is life and people is people. You cannot control every emotion that you have.

PLAYBOY: How would he feel if you had an affair?

PARTON: The same way. He wouldn't want to know. I think I would keep it from him. He would be more apt to tell than me. He knows I ain't goin' nowhere. No matter who I met or what kind of an affair I might ever have, ain't nobody in this world could take Carl's place. There ain't no way in this world I'd ever lose this man.

PLAYBOY: Someone on the road as much as you are could sleep around a lot—

PARTON: How do you know I don't?

PLAYBOY: Because you speak so freely and guiltlessly about your relationship with Carl. You'd have to really be a good actress to cover up a lot of affairs.

PARTON: Oh, I *am*. I guess men think they can get away with it or somethin'. That all depends on the person. I just feel what's fair for the goose is fair for the gander. Whether I do or whether I don't is my concern. If I was ever weak enough to do something like that, it would never involve him, he would never know it, he would never feel any effects from it. Those are very personal questions and I'm a very private person, but I'm just like you—you don't always tell everything, do you? Let's put it this way: If I wanted to do it, I would; if I should do it, it would affect nobody but me and the person involved. Maybe it would be somethin' that would even make me be a happier person.

PLAYBOY: But couldn't it also lead to complications in your life?

PARTON: Well, kiss me, we'll see.

PLAYBOY: This is what's known as an awkward pause.

PARTON: There are a few people that I have been attracted to real strong, but I avoid that. There is no way in heaven's name that I could ever leave Carl, so why should I put myself and another person through that kind of torment?

PLAYBOY: It sounds like marriage at a

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distance can be healthy.

PARTON: It is. We're so used to the lifestyle, if I'm home two or three weeks, I want to get to work and he wants to get back to work, so he's just as anxious to see me go as I am to leave. It probably don't make much sense, but it makes sense to us.

PLAYBOY: When you are home, do you entertain much?

PARTON: When I'm home, we don't like people at the house other than our family and our own friends. We don't want fans comin' in our yard. And there's no artist in the business that is any more devoted and loves their fans more than me. I've always tried to belong to the public when I'm out there, and I've always tried to be honest enough with them to say, "I don't want you to come up to the house unless you've been invited, because I may be up there half-naked." I shouldn't have said that; they'll probably be comin' up to take pictures now. That's why we bought a piece of property where we could have the privacy to get out in the yard in shorts or looking tacky.

PLAYBOY: How tacky?

PARTON: Tacky-tacky . . . no make-up, looking like anybody.

PLAYBOY: Is privacy a problem?

PARTON: We do have fans that jump the fence. That's not a very polite thing to do, but I don't get bent out of shape over it. I just figure if it's that important to somebody, least you can do is try to be nice.

PLAYBOY: When you're performing, are your fans rowdy?

PARTON: It is getting so now the crowds are getting wilder and there are a lot of younger people and a lot of pushing and shoving. Some people get overexcited. They can run over a kid and bust his brains out or something without meaning to. It is kind of frightening. But they are the most devoted fans, standing there, rain or snow, freezing to death. It is amazing.

PLAYBOY: Are audiences different in different parts of the country?

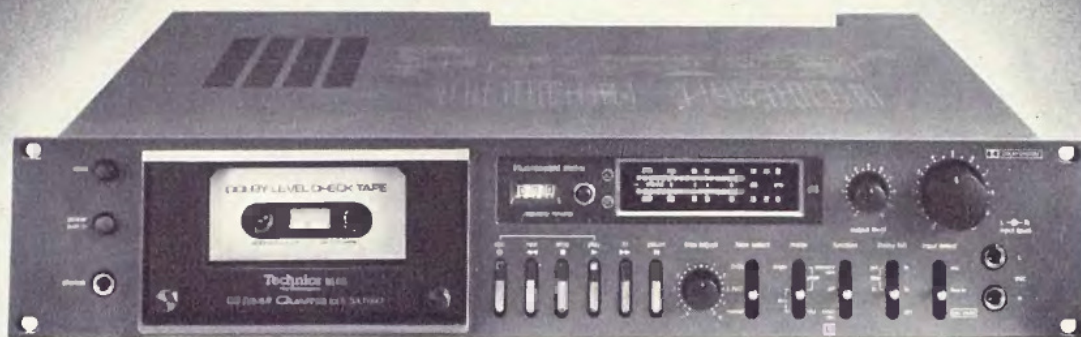
PARTON: It's pretty much the same in every part of the country, except Texas. Texas audiences are the loudest and most responsive. They are just fun-lovin' people all the time. Texans are in a world of their own. It's a great place for music.

PLAYBOY: What about fan mail? Do you ever get any letters that might be considered strange?

PARTON: I used to get letters from a man who was in a mental institution. He was a big fan but just distorted. It was more perverted than anything else. I kept those. I get a lot of mail from prisoners and usually they are very nice letters. Sometimes they get a little horny.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any difficulties getting your fans to accept your new image? Are there diehard country-music

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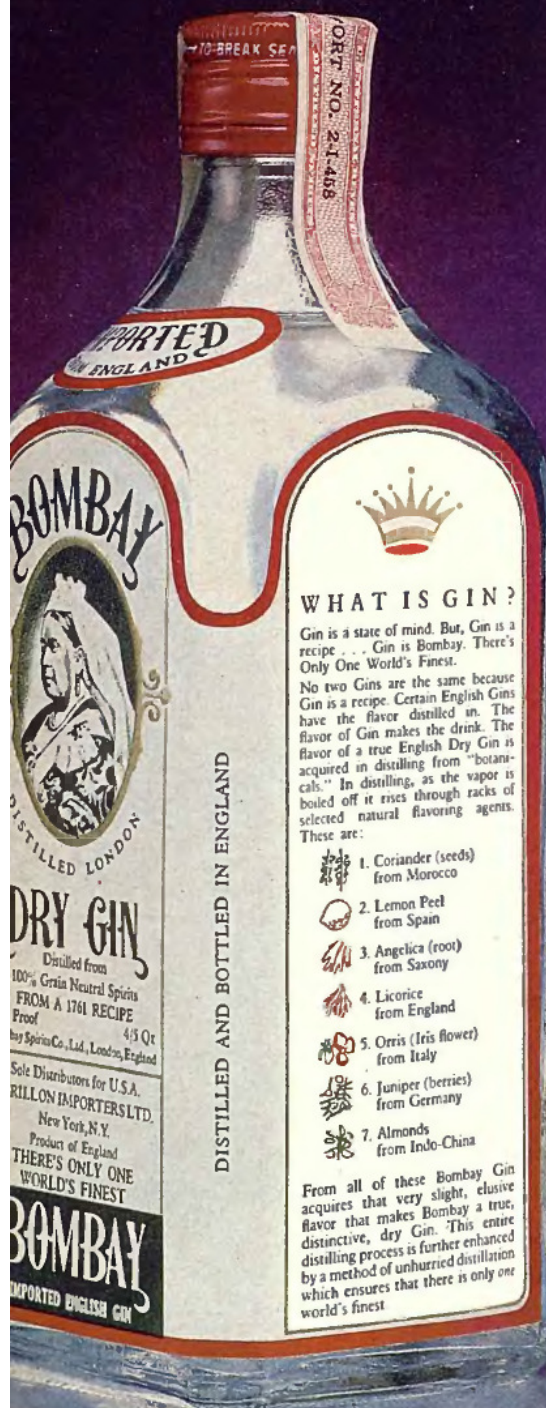
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buffs who can't accept your crossing over into the pop/rock field?

PARTON: We had some of that when I started, when I first got the bigger band and started doin' more rocky things. Some people hollered, "Do your country, we don't need your rock 'n' roll." I don't do rock 'n' roll. I knew what I was tryin' to do and I didn't have time to try to explain it to them.

I have not changed because of success, and I never will. The only thing success does to you, like Barbra Streisand said in her *Playboy* Interview, it just don't allow you to be alone anymore. Everybody is tryin' to get to you. It just gets to the point where people demand so much from you you just can't give it and you have to take all kinds of hurts and insults. It bothers you. Of all things, for somebody to say that I've changed, that just burns me up.

PLAYBOY: But your music has changed to some degree. Didn't you say that your *Here You Come Again* album is slicker than you wanted it to sound?

PARTON: Well, you see, that was the first thing that I did after I made the change and it was not exactly what I had in mind. But it proved to be the smartest thing. I knew *Here You Come Again* would be a hit song, but I don't know if I should be identified with it, because it's so smooth and pop-sounding. That's such a good song a monkey could have made it a hit. Well, you're looking at a million-dollar monkey.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that in order to reach a larger audience you have to sweeten or smooth out your sound?

PARTON: Yeah, here and there. I was kind of afraid that people would think, Boy, this is too drastic. I just didn't want the country people to think that I totally left them. That was *such* a polished pop sound! But it was the biggest country record I ever had, as well.

PLAYBOY: Are you close to most of your band members?

PARTON: I'm close to all the people in my band. I'm not above them just because I am the star. They are not side-men to me. We are all musicians making a living for each other. The way we travel, I couldn't work with a bunch of loonies, a bunch of squirrels. I don't mind drugs, I don't mind drinkin' in my group as long as it don't interfere with my show. We're together 24 hours a day, but that one hour onstage is mine. That's what I pay for. I don't care what you do after the show, I don't care what you do until four or five hours before the show. As long as everybody is straight, so if I want communication when we're onstage, I have it.

PLAYBOY: And you feel you're close to that now?

PARTON: My group is pretty clean. See, I live with the band. I travel with 'em, I don't like to separate myself from my group. In summertime, we take our bar-

becue grill and travel by bus. We only fly when we have to. Rather than stopping at a truck stop or a restaurant, we get a volleyball net out, we stop along the side of the road and have a picnic. I cook, there's another girl in my group, we have a real good time. We have water fights, cake fights, food fights . . . like brats. It's like a family. When the day comes when I can't enjoy it or there's no fun doin' it, there's lots of things that I can find joy in, and I would.

PLAYBOY: You once toured with members of your own family. What happened to your Travelin' Family Band?

PARTON: There was a lot of hurt caused by some press. They made it sound like I had fired my family. I did not fire my family. I had brothers and sisters and cousins in my group and I was really havin' to go through things I shouldn't have—poor lighting, poor sound, poor management, poor everything. I just decided I was goin' to quit for a few days, just stop everything and do some thinkin'. Because I won't let somethin' run me to a psychiatrist or to a doctor; I can take care of my own things, me and the Lord can talk it over. I was brought up religious and even if I'm not a fanatic, I have a communication with God, which helps me like a psychiatrist might help somebody else.

PLAYBOY: Were either of your parents musically talented?

PARTON: All of my momma's people were singers, writers, musicians. And a lot of my daddy's people were really involved in music. But it was just around home and in church; nobody had ever done anything as far as making any money with it. I was the first one that ever became popular doin' it, but there's a lot of 'em a lot more talented than me. I just had this grit and all these dreams and plans.

PLAYBOY: Do you resemble your mother?

PARTON: I look like her and my daddy, too. Daddy's people are fair and blond and blue-eyed. My momma's people have a lot of Indian blood, so they're dark, with high cheekbones and real dark hair. I have Momma's features: Momma's smile, dimples; but I have Daddy's nose. I got Daddy's pride and determination and I got Momma's personality. My momma's people and my daddy's people grew up as good friends, that's how they met, so there's a lot of marriages between the Partons and the Owenses. In the mountains, there's not that many people, so most people are related on one side or the other, and then they marry in, which makes you all kinfolks. I have double first cousins, first second cousins, stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: What is a double first cousin?

PARTON: Let me see if I can explain it. My mother's mother's sister married my daddy's brother. So their kids are my first—second?—cousins. It sounds like I'm my own grandpa, don't it? Anyway,

you can figure it out later. However it is, we got some double first cousins and first second cousins. That kind of thing. Who can tell about mountain people?

PLAYBOY: Did you go to school with all your relatives?

PARTON: We lived in the mountains and there were very few people lived where we did, way back in the holler; our closest neighbors were a long ways off. We walked a long way to school, a one-woman school that had the first through the eighth grade. Only like 10 or 15 people in the whole school and one teacher. The grades were in rows: There might be two kids in the first grade, three in the second, one in the third . . . and so the teacher would just take a chair and sit in the aisle and the other kids had to study. I was the first one in our family that went to high school. My daddy didn't particularly want me to go to school, my momma didn't care. In the mountains, schoolin' is not that important.

PLAYBOY: How did you know it was important?

PARTON: I wanted to finish high school just so I could say I did, because I knew I'd learn things there that I would probably need to know, because I had already decided I was going out into the world. I was the most popular girl in school but in the wrong way. I wore tight clothes and told dirty jokes.

I never failed a subject, but I was never a good student. I never studied, I just used my own common sense to get by. I wanted to take band so I could bring my grades up. I didn't want to play horn or anything I had to really learn, so I asked if I could play the drums. I never did learn to read a note of music. I got like 98 in band, which brought up my other grades at the end of the semester. But I didn't play well. I didn't know what I was doin'.

PLAYBOY: Did you like school?

PARTON: I hated it. Even to this day, when I see a school bus, it's just depressing to me. I think, Those poor little kids having to sit there in the summer days, staring out the window. It's hot and sweaty in the schoolroom. It reminds me of every feelin' and every emotion that I had in school. I'd hate to have to make my own kids go to school. I know that sounds terrible. A lot of people will say, "What a dumb person." I hated school every day I went, but it was better than stayin' home every day. Momma was sick a lot; we had some real hard times.

PLAYBOY: What were those hard times like?

PARTON: Momma had kids all the time—she had one on her and one in her. She was always pregnant, and the time she wasn't pregnant, she was just really run-down sick, and back then, you didn't have doctors that much. Momma took spinal meningitis once. The doctor said



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there was no way she could live, only one person in a thousand did live, and if she did live, she'd be crippled up. He told Daddy and my grandma she wouldn't live through the night. So they had church that night and they prayed all night. They packed Momma in ice, her fever was way past where it would do brain damage, and the next mornin', when the doctor came in, Momma was sittin' up in bed, kickin' her foot—Momma always kicked her foot, like I do, it's a rhythm thing. The doctor came in and she said, "I've been healed." And he said, "You sure have been healed, there's been a miracle happened here." They never could explain it. The only thing it did to Momma, it left her deaf in one ear, which just made her talk louder.

PLAYBOY: How old were you at that time?

PARTON: Eleven, twelve.

PLAYBOY: Were there other illnesses at home?

PARTON: One time, Momma had a miscarriage. It was really scary. We were all little. She started having this miscarriage . . . and she would always read the Bible; she'd be in bed and sing sacred songs—that was real depressing. We always knew when Momma was bad sick, she would do that. It was during school, my first year. The way we got to school was we walked to this green barn. The man who owned that property had some bulls and they were mean. We had to walk along the fence row to get to school, and if the bulls would start out for us, we'd just roll under the fence. Anyway, Momma was at home with the two younger kids, they were just, like, two and three years old. Momma knew she was gonna die if somebody didn't do somethin' for her. So she told my little brother and sister what they had to do: "Now, you get your stick and go to the schoolhouse and get the kids, because Momma's sick. You take the stick and walk along the fence and if the bulls start after you, just roll under the fence or just hit 'em with the stick." Here was these little kids, it was really sad. It was a long way, even for us. And these two little kids must have took forever. We were in the middle of class and these two little kids . . . it was just so sad, there's a lot of things that almost make you cry. My little brother stuttered a lot and he couldn't talk good. The other kid couldn't even talk at all yet. But my older sister, Willadene, knew what was up when she saw them there. She jumped up and grabbed the rest of us and said, "Let's go, Momma's sick." So we just all ran home. My two older brothers had to run and find somebody to help us. At the time, we had some neighbors that didn't like us. We'd had a feud—it was kinda like the Hatfields and the McCoys. But they were good that time; it was just God's will, I guess.

PLAYBOY: What was the feud about?

PARTON: These people that lived near us, they had big kids and they were just mean. In the country, you're just born mean. They would whip us every day as we walked to school, hit us with rocks. Daddy made us another path through the woods where we could go to school and avoid 'em. They got to where they would meet us on the trail and still beat us up. Well, Daddy just got tired of it. He just went to the people and told them, "I'm gonna kill somebody if your kids don't stop beatin' my kids up." It started from that and then it got all the older people involved. My daddy and brothers got in a fight with these people and Daddy whupped about five grown people in that one family. So it was a real bad thing, we couldn't go by their house—they had dogs and they'd let them loose on us if we had to walk that way. But when Momma was near dyin', we just had nowhere else to go, which goes to show you there is good in everybody. These two women came and they ran out to the main road, which was a long, long way, and they had to track

"I hated school. Even to this day, when I see a school bus, it's just depressing to me. I think, Those poor little kids."

Daddy down. Daddy was workin' at a sawmill somewhere.

PLAYBOY: And then what happened?

PARTON: There was only two funeral homes in Sevierville, which was the nearest town to us. The funeral home that we didn't even belong to, they come to get Momma. It was just a bloody mess. We didn't have sheets on our beds; Momma would always just sew up rags. I remember seeing these people coming in these white jackets and this stretcher with these snow-white sheets, and you could see it a mile away. We just ran behind the house, cryin' and prayin' that Momma wouldn't die.

PLAYBOY: Did you understand death then?

PARTON: We understood that it was final. When Momma had spinal meningitis, she was pregnant and all the effects went to the baby she was carrying. When it was born, it only lived nine hours. It was the first time I'd ever seen my daddy cry.

We always looked forward to the babies born. A lot of people thought we were crazy. Even our relatives. I remember when my little brother died, I heard somebody say at the funeral home, and it stuck with me forever, "It's a blessing the little thing died." As if we didn't

need any more kids. I thought, What a cruel thing to say, because we waited for each baby. It was like a joy. And there were so many of us Momma would say, "Now, this one's gonna be yours." And we kinda took care of it; it was like a new baby doll. With Momma being at the hospital and Daddy having to be with her a lot, we were by ourselves and it was just a real hard, depressed time.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man is your father?

PARTON: Daddy never had an education, but he is the smartest man I ever knew. There was never a time when Daddy didn't know what to do. My daddy used to make moonshine when he and Momma were first married. He got out of it because Momma didn't like it, but that's just the way of life in the country. That's revenue money. If somebody's gonna drink it, somebody's got to sell it.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever drink it?

PARTON: No, I never did drink moonshine. I tasted it. It tasted terrible. It's not a really good drink. I mean, you'd have to want it real bad to drink that stuff.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents discipline you a lot?

PARTON: Momma was so lenient, she just practically grew up with us. He was strict, he kept us in line. If he was mad, he whipped us with his belt. He didn't beat us, but he'd whip us hard. We'd have to go get a switch and they were pretty good-sized ones. I don't remember ever getting whupped with a board; I remember getting whupped with a stick of stove wood once.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a lot of childhood fantasies?

PARTON: We didn't have television and we didn't have radio. We didn't have electricity. Every now and then, if we could afford a battery—we had a battery radio—we'd listen to *The Grand Ole Opry* and *The Lone Ranger* maybe once or twice a week.

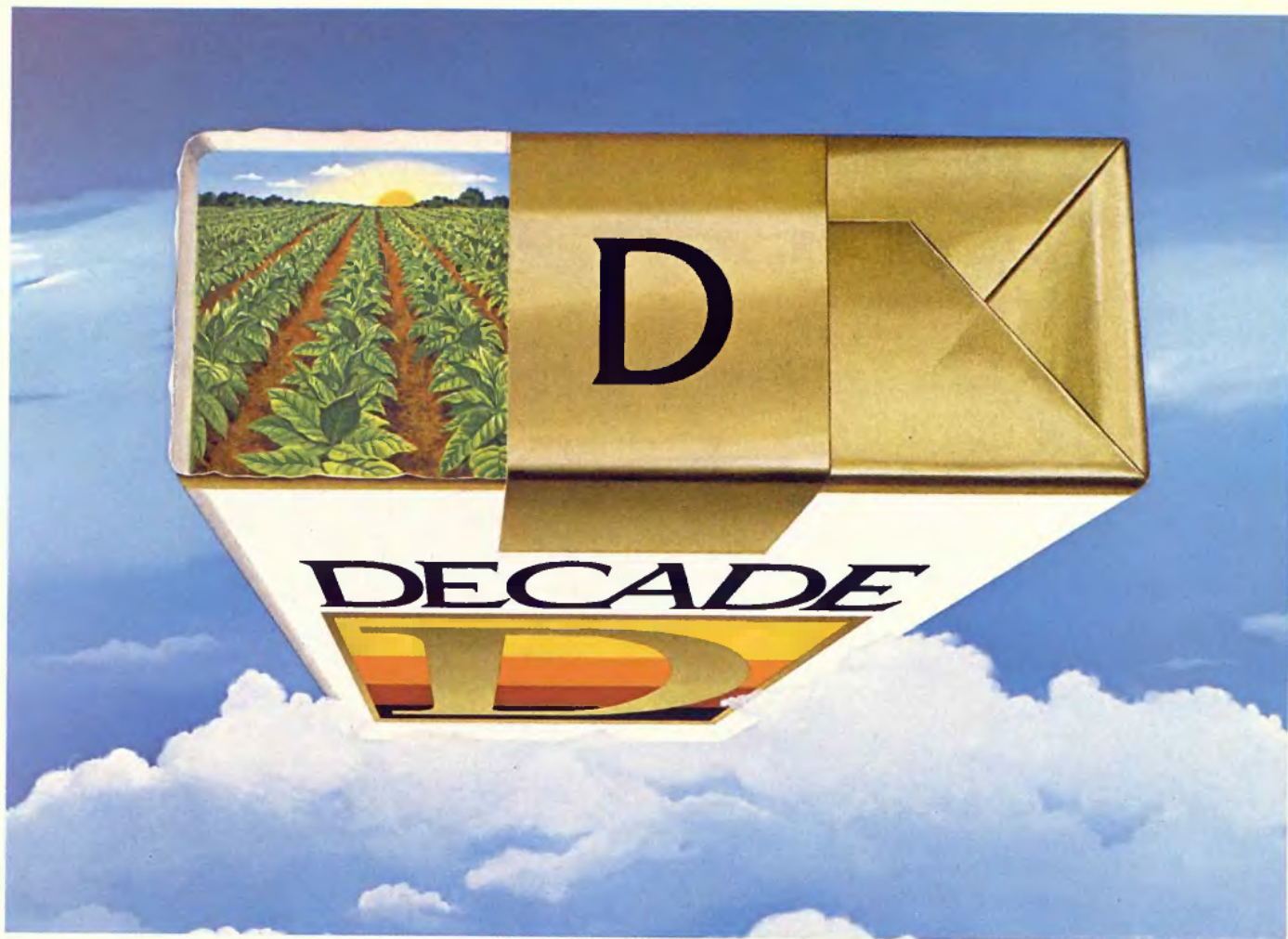
But we'd see catalogs—the wishbook, Momma called it. Made you wish you had things you didn't have. I wanted fancy clothes, I wanted jewelry, I wanted to be pretty.

We related to the Bible a lot, lots of stories we played out were from the Bible. We were Disciples and we would paint on our feet these sandals, and then we found these staffs and we just roamed those hills as shepherds. We played out Jacob and Joseph and the coat of many colors. I wrote a song once . . . my favorite story was the coat of many colors.

So that was kind of a fantasy we lived in. We didn't have books to read, except at school, and we tried not to read those.

PLAYBOY: Did you see magazines or newspapers at all?

PARTON: We'd hear about war stories and about famous people, movie stars. Sometimes my aunt in Knoxville would bring newspapers up, which we used for



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toilet paper. But before we used it, we'd look at the pictures. And we'd hear about people who would get rich and you'd have all the food you wanted to eat and fancy clothes and houses. In our minds, there was so many of us, anybody that had a clean house was rich.

PLAYBOY: When did you first use a flush toilet?

PARTON: My aunt in Knoxville had a toilet in the bathroom and we were so fascinated. We were afraid to use it. I just thought it was goin' to suck us right down. She also had the first television we ever saw.

PLAYBOY: What about bathing?

PARTON: Funny, I was just thinkin' how nobody has ever asked me about how we bathed or how we . . . you know, because we didn't have. . .

PLAYBOY: Toilets and facilities?

PARTON: Yes. We made our own soap and in the summertime, we'd go to the river. That was like a big bath. And we'd all go in swimming and we'd wash our hair, wash each other's hair. Soap was just flowin' down the river and we were so dirty we left a ring around the Little Pigeon River.

PLAYBOY: What did you do in the winter?

PARTON: In the wintertime, we just had a pan of water and we'd wash down as far as possible, and we'd wash up as far as possible. Then, when somebody'd clear the room, we'd wash possible.

PLAYBOY: How often did you bathe in the winter?

PARTON: I had to take a bath every night to be clean, 'cause the kids peed on me every night and we all slept three or four in a bed. As soon as I'd go to bed, the kids would wet on me. That was the only warm thing we knew in the wintertime. That was our most pleasure—to get peed on. If you could just not fan the cover. If you kept the air out from under the cover, the pee didn't get so cold. When you started fanning that cover, then it got bad, cold. Lord, it was as cold in the room where we slept as it was outside. We'd bundle up to go to bed.

PLAYBOY: When you bathed in the river, was it in the nude?

PARTON: We were real modest as kids. The boys would go swimmin' naked and the girls, sometimes we would, but we didn't go naked swimmin' together. As soon as you started sproutin' at all, you put on a shirt and you didn't take it off. I never did see Momma and Daddy naked. I'm glad I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents teach you the facts of life or did you learn them in school?

PARTON: It's somethin' I learned in the barn. [Laughs] I probably shouldn't say this, but it's just the truth: We were always just findin' out things on our own. We had uncles and cousins that were maybe two or three years older than us that knew a lot of stuff. When they

would come to visit us, they'd teach us all kinds of meanness or tell us about this or that. And soon as we got a chance, we'd try it.

PLAYBOY: Are we talking about sexual things?

PARTON: Now, what were you talkin' about?

PLAYBOY: Just making sure.

PARTON: We were real curious. A lot of people won't admit it, but I just always had an open mind about sex. We all did. It was not a vulgar thing. We didn't know what we were doin', we just knew we weren't supposed to let Momma and Daddy know it. You never imagine your parents ever—

PLAYBOY: With 12 kids, they obviously did.

PARTON: Yeah. A lot of people say, "Well, how in the world could you live in a house with 12 kids and never hear things?" I don't know how they did it or where, but we never did know nothin' about it. But they *must* have done it.

PLAYBOY: So your mother never explained where all you kids came from?

PARTON: Momma always told us early that God was responsible for people havin' babies. I don't even know how I learned it. I learned real early. I think I probably knew it before Momma did. [Laughs] She learned when she was about 15 and I don't think she knew what was goin' on until she done had four kids. I was just so open-minded that I found out. If somebody wouldn't tell me, I'd ask the first person I thought I could ask.

PLAYBOY: What were the kinds of things you were asking? Where it comes from? Does it feel good? Does it hurt?

PARTON: Yeah. We just never did have a bunch of hang-ups. Momma never said, "Oh, don't do this, you'll go to hell." She didn't say *do* it, either. She didn't say. Daddy would have probably blistered our rear ends if he'd caught us foolin' around. We would just play doctor and nurse, just explore and experiment.

PLAYBOY: What about those guys who used to beat you all up—your neighbors—did they ever sexually abuse any of you?

PARTON: No. That's why they beat us up—because we wouldn't do anything. [Laughs] We didn't want to do it with them. I mean, we *were* choosy! But we never got sexually jumped or anything by them.

PLAYBOY: What was your first sexual experience like?

PARTON: I always loved sex. I never had a bad experience with it. I was just very emotional. I felt that I could show my emotion just like I show my emotion with words. If I felt I wanted to share an emotion, then I did. To me, sex was not dirty. It was somethin' very intimate and very real. I don't ever remember

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bein' afraid of it. I wasn't afraid the first time I tried it.

PLAYBOY: How old were you the first time?

PARTON: Now, I can't tell you that, because that would probably be real perverted. As little kids, we were *always* experimenting.

PLAYBOY: Well, you seem to have had a healthy childhood. Did you share your dreams of being a star with your parents?

PARTON: Yeah. I started writing songs before I went to school. Momma always wrote down stuff that I'd make up. I just had a gift of writing. I'd hear my people talk about relatives' bein' killed and I would make up all these heartbreakin' songs about it. They'd forget they'd talked about it and they couldn't imagine where I would come up with all these ideas. I just knew how to put it into story form. And Momma would write them down.

PLAYBOY: When did you start singing on the radio?

PARTON: I had an uncle that told me there was this radio show in Knoxville and that sometime he might take me down there and I might get to be on it. I wanted to do that. So, when I was ten years old, I sung on the radio. And they all liked me real good, so they wanted me to work in the summer months. They said they'd pay me \$20 a week. My aunt in Knoxville said she would take me up

to the radio stations and the TV shows if Momma and Daddy would let me stay, and she did. I worked there in the summers until I was 18. I went from \$20 a week to \$60 when I left.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of songs were you singing?

PARTON: I sung country music, some songs I wrote. I was singing by myself and playing the guitar. But I guess it was because I was a little kid they were sayin' people liked it. I wasn't that good.

PLAYBOY: Were any of your songs recorded then?

PARTON: I made my first record when I was around 11.

PLAYBOY: And when did you make your first appearance at the Opry?

PARTON: I was just a kid, 12 or 13. My uncle told the man at *The Grand Ole Opry* that I wanted to be on. The man said, "You can't be on *The Grand Ole Opry*, you are not in the union." And I said, "What is a union?" I didn't know if it was a costume or a room to practice or what. I kept tellin' everybody. I said I'll just sing one song. Most of the artists at the Opry at that time had two spots. Nobody would let me sing and I walked up to Jimmy C. Newman, who was goin' to sing next, and told him I wanted to be on. He told Johnny Cash that I was goin' to sing. And so Johnny Cash brought me out and I sung and I just tore the house down. I had to sing it

over and over and over. I thought I was a star. That was my first time.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel?

PARTON: I was kind of scared, but I was excited, because I knew Daddy and Momma were listenin' on the radio. I didn't grasp all what it meant, but I knew I had to be on *The Grand Ole Opry*, that is all there was.

PLAYBOY: Were you always encouraged to be whatever you wanted to be?

PARTON: Where I came from, people *never* dreamed of venturing out. They just lived and died there. Grew up with families and a few of them went to Detroit and Ohio to work in the graveyards and the car factories. But I'm talkin' about venturing out into areas that we didn't understand. To me, a little kid coming from where I did and having that ambition and sayin' I wanted to be a star, people would say "Well, it's good to daydream, but don't get carried away." People would say you can't do this or you can't become this. Well, if you don't think you will do it, nobody else will think it.

I've got more confidence than I do talent, I think. I think confidence is the main achiever of success, I really do. Just believin' you can do it. You can imagine it to the point where it can become reality. When I made my change to do what I'm doin' now to appeal to a broader audience, people said, "You

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can't do that, because you are goin' to wreck your whole career; you are goin' to lose your country fans and you're not goin' to win the others, and then you're goin' to have nothin'. You just better *think* about that, girl." That didn't matter to me, because I knew I had to do it and I knew I *could* do it.

PLAYBOY: What other kinds of things could you do as an entertainer?

PARTON: I don't think there's anything I can't do. Under the right conditions, I could just about do anything. Even a Broadway play, if it was a mountain musical where I didn't have to be a Streisand-type singer or have a beautiful trained voice. If it was somethin' written just for me, I think I could do anything. Most people don't have that kind of confidence in themselves.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen many Broadway plays?

PARTON: I've never seen a Broadway play . . . I've never been to an opera . . . I've never seen a live stage performance. I guess I'm not very classy.

PLAYBOY: But you *have* been to the movies and you may be doing three films.

PARTON: I never wanted to be in the movies. I have never done any acting at all, never thought I'd be particularly good at it. But the people at 20th Century-Fox really feel like I can be, or that I am, a natural actress. When they approached me, all I said was, "I don't

know if I can or can't, but if you think I can and you want to take that chance, I'll take it with you." It's as simple as that. Can you imagine me bein' an actress? But a lot of people are interested. Sandy Gallin, my manager, is making a hellacious deal, but no one knows if I can do it at all.

PLAYBOY: Are you planning on taking any acting lessons?

PARTON: No. They're just goin' to find a script where I can play my true personality, rather than tryin' to play like some girl from Australia. It's goin' to have to be Dolly Parton without bein' Dolly Parton. I'm goin' to write my own story, but it's not time yet. There's so much to my life that I can write a series of things, if I want. I can take a subject and make a full-length movie, if I want to do that.

PLAYBOY: Have you any properties in mind?

PARTON: No. I've been asked to do the Mae West story. I don't know that much about Mae West. A lot of people have often compared me to her . . . not our looks or not just the way we seem to be built or anything, but our attitudes, you know. We were both creative and we knew what we wanted and we pretty much rolled into the things we did. And they say she pretty much wrote everything she'd done. I've never seen her. Also, somebody felt I should do the Marilyn Monroe story. I don't think I

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want to play somebody else. I think I'm a character myself—for me to try to play somebody else's character would not be as wise as for me to create one of my own.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any directors you might go to?

PARTON: To be honest, I never thought about bein' in the movies enough to get that far along with that. I'm not really that involved in who does what. I don't really know who the directors or producers are. They say that if you've got the right director, that anybody can act. It's all kind of new, this movie thing. I've met a few people, but I can't remember their names.

PLAYBOY: How about screenwriters, say someone like Neil Simon?

PARTON: That is who I wish would write somethin' for me. I saw *The Goodbye Girl* and that's the type of thing that I see myself in. It's got depth, it's a comedy, it's got love . . . it just reminded me of the way I would react under the same conditions. You know, crazy and stupid, tryin' to make the best out of a bad situation. I'm even goin' to call my manager; it's probably farfetched. . . . Neil Simon may not even have an interest in me, period. But I can see myself doin' the type of things he writes.

PLAYBOY: What about Woody Allen?

PARTON: I love Woody Allen. I think he's sexy. He is so cute that he is sexy. I

go with the depth and that turns me on sexually.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be in a Woody Allen movie?

PARTON: Yes, if he'd be in it with me. I loved *Annie Hall* and I loved *The Goodybye Girl*, and for the same reasons, because they were both very realistic—funny, serious, even the bad times were good. Maybe we'll team Woody and Neil up and they can do somethin' *really* great.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any favorite movies?

PARTON: My favorite movie of all times is *Doctor Zhivago*. I've always liked movies with lots of production in them, especially things that were true, like *The Ten Commandments*.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a porno movie?

PARTON: Yes, I have. Once, this secretary that worked in one of our offices, her husband had a print of a real awful one. I'd never seen anything up until that time. I always wanted to, but I didn't want anybody to know I was doin' it. She brought it to work and she brought the projector. When everybody left for lunch, she said, "Why don't we all watch?" Because none of us had ever seen one. We got to watchin' that thing and we got so embarrassed with each other. It, of course, moved you, but it was real embarrassing. And it got real gross, too.

Another time, I saw one in a public place. My girlfriend and me went to New York. This was a long time ago, I was about 21, and I wasn't that recognized. We had always wanted to see a *real* one. We thought it would be somethin' dirty enough to enjoy. We tried to sneak in when nobody would see. There is somethin' real shameful about goin' there, but we dared each other to do it, so we went. It had an awful smell in that theater.

PLAYBOY: Where was it?

PARTON: I don't know; it was down in one of them slum areas. We just got a cab, it was a Friday night, and this terrible thing happened. We sat at the very back, in case there were some maniacs in there. It was mostly men, a couple of women alone, no couples. Me and my girlfriend was sittin' in the back, so we were goin' to make a quick exit if we needed to, and then this movie came on. It looked OK for a few minutes, and all of a sudden, it got into the most gross things. I didn't know how to react and she didn't, either. We were embarrassed in front of each other, we didn't know whether to look or not. We were so curious we couldn't keep from lookin'. I didn't know how to react with her. If I had Carl there or somethin', we might have got down to business. So we ran out and we started runnin', so nobody would know where we came from. At

that time, we didn't know that prostitutes ran in pairs in New York City for protection. And there is no way in the world that you can catch a cab on a Friday night in New York City. We didn't know that.

All of a sudden, these men started approachin' us on the street. They thought we were up for sale. You can imagine how ridiculous I looked. I would look like a streetwalker if you didn't know this was an image. I would look like a total whore, I suppose. I'm sure we looked just like what they thought we were. But I had a gun. I never traveled without a gun, still don't. I always carry a gun.

PLAYBOY: What kind?

PARTON: A .38 pistol. I have a permit for it in Nashville. I just carry it for protection. I feel safer when I've got it. I just don't like the idea of knowin' I'm totally helpless. I'm always scared in a big city and New York was totally foreign to us. Anyhow, these men would approach us and I'd say we're from out of town. We didn't understand why they were after us. I said we were waitin' on a

"I always carry a gun. A .38 pistol. I have a permit for it in Nashville. . . . I just don't like the idea of knowin' I'm totally helpless."

cab and weren't interested, but thanks for the compliment. [Laughing]

I was doin' all the talkin', because my girlfriend always knew I'd get us out of any situation, and she started laughin' at me. That made me mad, because I was so scared! This one man came at me and he was really pullin' at me, he was tryin' to handle me, just maul me, the whole works. I told him, "Just get away and don't bother me anymore." He kept sayin', "Oh, come on, honey, I know you want it." He was offerin' us money and I said, "Look, I don't know what it is, we are *not* interested, we are *not* on the make, we are tryin' to get home, don't you understand that?" There I was, with my big Southern accent and my big wig. He just thought if he bargained long enough that I'd give in. He kept pullin' at me and I was getting furious and I was cussin' him, and I don't cuss that much. I was sayin', "You son of a bitch, you dirty bastard!" Just things like that is not like me at all, but I was *terrified*, and I was mad, too, because I can't stand people who pull at me unless I want to be pulled at. And my girlfriend was against the wall, dyin' laughing. We

could have both been raped or killed, but she was gettin' such a kick, because she'd never seen this side of me before. I got furious at her and I told her, I said, "Boy, you just better stop laughing or I'm gonna beat the shit out of you, too!" And I got my gun out of my pocketbook. I told the man, "If you put your hands on me one more time, I swear to God that I will shoot you." And I *would* have. I wouldn't have shot him in the stomach or nothin', I would have shot his feet off or shot at the ground. My girlfriend was just hollerin', laughin' and, boy, I told her when we got rid of him, "If you ever do that to me again, I swear to you I may not whup your ass, but I'll be caught dead tryin'." [Laughing] She never did quit laughin', she just thought that was the funniest thing she'd ever seen. We headed out to a porno movie and it wound up bein' a comedy.

PLAYBOY: Was that your first time in New York?

PARTON: It was, and for years I thought I hated New York City for that very reason. Since then, it has become one of my very favorite cities; I go back all the time, there's great people there. It's just that then I didn't understand them and they *sure* didn't understand me.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've had your say about New York, let's try Los Angeles. You've been spending a lot of time out there lately. Do you like it there?

PARTON: It's beautiful and it's exciting. I really enjoy it for a week. After that, I go L.A. crazy. I just got to get out of there, it's so crazy and wild, especially the places I have to be and the people I have to be around when I'm out there; most of them are so spaced out or just involved in all sorts of weird things, even the people you work with, especially show people. I just have to get away from them. I get homesick. The country in me says, "What in the world are you doin' walkin' on concrete when you could be rollin' in the grass?"

PLAYBOY: Let's get to the country in you. Do you get insulted when people put down country music?

PARTON: Terribly insulted. Saying somethin' about country music is like saying somethin' about a brother or sister or my momma and daddy. Because it has made me a livin', it is somethin' I love and appreciate. I know what it stands for, I know what it is. It is a music to be respected.

PLAYBOY: What is it about country music that attracts people?

PARTON: It's the simplicity of it, it is everyday stories about everyday people. It deals with human emotions, human relationships; it is love and heartbreak and fun things and honky-tonk . . . the way that the truck drivers and the average middle-class American lives.

Then, too, country music through television and radio started getting broader. When country started gettin' on TV,



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people realized that we are not just hill-billies and hicks, toe jam and bare feet—we only go barefooted 'cause we want to, not 'cause we can't do no better. To me, it's the greatest music because it does deal with life, with people, and it deals with simple sounds. If it is done right, it is the best music there is.

PLAYBOY: What would you say is the difference between country singing and pop or rock singing?

PARTON: There is a certain quality, a certain purity in country voices. They sound plainer, country, more blunt. They don't do a lot of screams and squalls.

PLAYBOY: Are you more prolific as a songwriter than most?

PARTON: Yes. It's just a natural gift. I like to write and I write all the time. I've written less in the last year and a half, but even at that, I've written more than most writers do. It's just so easy. I've got hundreds and hundreds of songs, thousands, actually. I've had a few hundred published and recorded. The good thing about it is this: I've been writin' all these years, if I never wrote another song, I've got it made. People are goin' back now and gettin' songs of mine and recordin' them, things I did on albums years ago. Of course, I still will write. It's like most people will sit down and smoke a pipe, I just sit down and pick up a piece of paper. . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you write in longhand?

PARTON: Yeah, I scribble; nobody can read it but me, hardly. I write on torn paper, Kleenex boxes, napkins. I wrote *Coat of Many Colors* on the bus. It's my most famous song. I was with Porter and he had some clothes cleaned and I took the tickets off of his cleanin' bags and wrote the song on them. After the song became a hit, he had the tickets framed.

PLAYBOY: What's the biggest song that you've had recorded?

PARTON: *Jolene* was the biggest hit I've had. It was also recorded by Olivia Newton-John. I also had a song called *I Will Always Love You*, which Linda Ronstadt recorded. I've had tons of songs and albums recorded by other people. But I've yet to have that big, smash, 1,000,000-selling song of my own. I've had lots of number-one songs, but when you get involved in how much they sell, it's rare to get a 1,000,000 seller.

PLAYBOY: Is most of what you write autobiographical?

PARTON: Everything I write is not about me. You have to be able to relate to the things you write about, but you don't have to live them personally.

PLAYBOY: One of your songs, *Bargain Store*, in which you compare your body to used merchandise, was banned by some radio stations. Were you surprised?

PARTON: I was in total shock, 'cause I never meant nothin' dirty in that song. In *It's All Wrong, but It's All Right*, I really did. I meant for it to be what it

was. You know, what people call makin' love to somebody you're not married to. With lyrics like, "Hello, are you free tonight?/I like your looks, I love your smile;/could I use you for a while?" Just how plain can I be? But I thought the times would laugh at that. But there was some question about it. Even in this day and time, when you can say everything, country music is a little bit more delicate and I respect that.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel when you're performing your songs onstage?

PARTON: I just get *real* excited onstage, because I love to sing and perform. It takes me about three hours to come down. Your openin' tune is usually the one you get off on if you're goin' to get off. Sometimes I get so excited over a certain moment onstage, I could just swear that it's the same thing as sex. . . . Music is the closest thing to it to me.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any ideas about how you might change the kinds of shows you perform now?

PARTON: I would want to be more bizarre as time goes on. I would like to have a screen behind me onstage when I

*"Saying somethin' about
country music is like saying
somethin' about a brother or
sister or my momma and
daddy. . . . It is a music
to be respected."*

do the songs and tell the stories of the mountains.

I'm havin' some people even now begin to film things from the mountains, like the tobacco-spittin' contest, the greased-hog contest and the horse-turd-throwin' contest that they have in Kentucky every year. That's a real occasion, the Annual Kentucky Horse Turd Throwin' Contest. Can you imagine gettin' crowned Horse Turd Queen of the day? They probably make a crown out of horse turds. I'm not tryin' to be dirty, I swear that's what they call it. An audience would love to see that, because they've never seen it. I'd like to have that onstage, narrate the happenings, and then have the music. I just have a lot of crazy, wild ideas and some of these days I'm gonna get them all together and hope somebody don't steal them. And if you do, you're a sorry son of a bitch!

PLAYBOY: Where do you see your career at the moment?

PARTON: Most people say in this business the life span of a career is five years from the time you really get hot to the time you start getting colder, like an Elton John. Maybe I shouldn't call names.

That's just what I heard, that you don't expect to really be the hottest except for maybe five years, and with a TV show, it's usually a three-to-five-year thing, and then you cool off, people have seen what you do. I think maybe I am right now starting in my first year of from one to five. That's what I'd like to think.

PLAYBOY: Since we're on the subject of names, let's get your opinion of some of your contemporaries. We'll start with the woman you think is the true queen of country music, Kitty Wells.

PARTON: She was the first extremely popular female country singer. She was like a pioneer for all the rest of us. She sold all kinds of records to soldiers and jukeboxes and honky-tonks. She is such a natural, pure and authentic singer. She sings from the heart and she don't worry about what the noise is goin' to sound like.

PLAYBOY: Johnny Cash?

PARTON: Johnny is dramatic. I don't think Johnny is a good singer, but I think he is one of those people that is so believable that people can relate to it. He's got a way of deliverin'; you just know that it had to happen if Johnny said so.

PLAYBOY: Loretta Lynn?

PARTON: Sings with a lot of human emotion and country emotion, a lot of purity and honesty in her voice. Similar to Johnny Cash's—not the greatest voice I've ever heard, but it's believable.

PLAYBOY: Her sister, Crystal Gayle?

PARTON: A beautiful voice. Crystal clear, if you'll pardon the expression.

PLAYBOY: Tanya Tucker?

PARTON: If she ever gets with the right producer and the right label and gets the right manager, I think she can really be great, especially as a rock-'n'-roll singer. Her voice is so powerful, like a Janis Joplin or a Linda Ronstadt. . . . She could really be a huge artist, because she is great on the stage.

PLAYBOY: Janis Joplin?

PARTON: Her voice was like mine, you either liked it or you didn't. I never particularly cared for it. It was different. But I do appreciate what she left behind in the world of music.

PLAYBOY: Linda Ronstadt?

PARTON: She is one of the greatest female voices I ever heard.

PLAYBOY: Emmylou Harris?

PARTON: I love Emmy's voice, it's so delicate and so pure.

PLAYBOY: What's happening with the album the three of you are doing? The release date keeps being postponed. Is it finished?

PARTON: We've done several tracks, but we haven't decided whether or not to do more acoustic things or do some rock things. Any time you get three people, with three different labels and three different managers, there's always complications. But it's somethin' we've always wanted to do. We have talked about it

for years. We are friends; there's a mutual respect and admiration among the three of us. If it was a matter of business, it would have been a rush release. We want it to be free and happy, a labor of love. There is a possibility it will never reach the market. I personally feel it would be a shame and a waste of talent if business and personal problems prevented it from being released.

PLAYBOY: How did you get to know Linda and Emmylou?

PARTON: Through my music. They were fans of mine. I had heard that they wanted to meet me, and so we made it a point to do that, and then we became friends. I met Emmy first, when she came to Nashville. She had recorded *Coat of Many Colors*. When I came back to L.A., she invited me to her house. Linda was invited over to supper that night and that's how we met.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet Elvis?

PARTON: No, I never did. But I always felt that we were kin. I feel like I know exactly how he was. Every time he'd come in town, even if I was home, I just wouldn't go, somethin' always kept me from goin'. There were other people I liked to hear sing better, but there was nobody that I ever related to more.

PLAYBOY: What was it about him you related to?

PARTON: He was very loving, very emotional, very sensitive, very giving, very humble, thankful, grateful. I always felt that he was totally in awe of his own success and he didn't quite understand why he had been so chosen and why he was such an idol. How he felt about God and religion was always somethin' I related to a lot, because I know he was brought up with his mother in the Assembly of God. It was a real free-spirited, shoutin' church. I watched and heard how he reacted to Gospel music and how he loved that the best of all and how he almost seemed to feel he had a callin' to do somethin' different and maybe more spiritual than what he actually was doin', but you know, he never got a chance to try. He touched people's lives in a lot of ways. He was the sex symbol of the world and when he started gainin' weight and gettin' fat, he lost a lot of his glamor to a lot of people. I always thought his manager was brilliant, as well. They built that mystery up about him. When he started losin' his glamor and doin' those concerts, he became more ordinary. That's when they started publishing all the things about him. Then people realized that he was not a god of any sort, but he was just an extraordinary human bein'. I think if he hadn't died when he did, within the next five years he wouldn't have been a hero at all, because he was talked about too much . . . seen too much. That's how cruel the public can be.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that there will be another Elvis, or someone of his

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stature, to come along?

PARTON: I don't think it will be soon, I don't think it will be anythin' you and me will ever see.

PLAYBOY: What about a female Elvis?

PARTON: That is possible. I think there is due a person, a female, which there has never been. A person of that type, with that great magnetism and that great mysterious thing, that great love, that charisma and magic to draw people to her, that can help people in many ways just through her music. Yes, I think that a female is due, I do. And your next question: Do I think it is me?

PLAYBOY: You're the one smiling.

PARTON: Well, let me say, I would never be an Elvis, and I would never want to be Elvis. But I would like to be a person truly loved enough to be able to have that much of an impact on people as far as bein' able to guide them or help them or let them see that you're caring.

PLAYBOY: Your mother has said that she always expected you to lead people to the Lord. Do you think that someday that might happen—besides just singing, you might start preaching?

PARTON: Yes, I think that is definitely possible. My mother and many people have always said that they saw the love of God in me. I expect that someday, in some way, before I die, I'll have done some good for God, who I think has done all the good in me that's ever been done. I think that people for years have passed God right up, looked right past Him, thinkin' that He was some great monster in the sky and that you had to live with these horrible guilt feelin's and you had to crawl under a bed if you'd done somethin' wrong. I have a totally different concept of God. I'm God-fearin', but I'm not afraid of God. The way I look at God is, I think He means somethin' different to everybody. We are all God's children, if we just clear a way for Him to work through us. You don't have to be standin' in a church house to reach people to change their lives to do good. I don't want to get so involved in this that people think, Oh, another country-music fanatic, because I'm not a fanatic, never was. If I need to make a decision or somethin', I just talk out loud to God. I joke with God. He don't ever say nothin' back.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to church?

PARTON: No, not anymore. Carl and I are probably afraid we'll become total Christians and then we'll . . . I don't know. I always want to go home when they're havin' a revival, though. Someday, when I can have some time off, I want to go back to the house and stay home for a couple of months, spend the summer, work the fields and go to the orchards, can apples and peaches—do stuff like I used to. And if they're havin' a revival, I'll go. I'll get up and sing, too.

PLAYBOY: You first became nationally prominent as part of a team with Porter

Wagoner. Tell us about your relationship with him.

PARTON: Porter has been one of the greatest and most popular country artists of all times. I can never take the credit away from Porter for givin' me a big break. I learned a lot from him. He inspired me and I inspired him. We were good for each other in many ways and just a disaster for each other in a lot of ways. I'll always love him in my own way.

PLAYBOY: In what ways did your working together become a disaster?

PARTON: We just got to where we argued and quarreled about personal things. Things we had no business quarreling and arguing about. It was beginning to tarnish a really good relationship. We didn't get along very well, but no more his fault than mine. We were just a lot alike. Both ambitious. I wanted to do things my way and he wanted to do things his way.

PLAYBOY: He has said that for two years he devoted 95 percent of his time to you and then he didn't hear from you for a year. He sounds bitter.

PARTON: I'm sure he is bitter at this

*"I'm havin' some people
begin to film things from
the mountains, like the
tobacca-spittin' contest
and the horse-turd-throwin'
contest that they have in
Kentucky every year."*

particular point. He is so strongheaded and bullheaded, he won't accept things sometimes the way they are. I won't, either, sometimes. We're kind of involved in some legal things. I'm tryin' to buy my part of the catalog back, where I'll have all my songs back together. Someday I hope we can be friends. We are not enemies. We just don't ever see each other.

PLAYBOY: How much money was Porter paying you?

PARTON: The years I was with Porter, I worked for \$300 a night, which is another reason I needed to get out on my own; I needed to make more money.

PLAYBOY: That was how much a year?

PARTON: Sixty thousand dollars a year. I started from no money at all and that sounded like a lot of money to me. And it was. But why should I work for hundreds and thousands when I can work for hundreds of thousands?

PLAYBOY: How much a night did you make when you worked on your own, after leaving Porter?

PARTON: When I went out on my own, I was working for \$2500, then it got up to \$3000, and now I have no idea. It is way up in the thousands.

PLAYBOY: Is it around \$30,000?

PARTON: I don't know exactly how much I make; I would say anywhere from \$15,000 up a night now. I know I got \$30,000 for some shows I've done recently. And I was offered \$50,000 to do a special show, but for some reason, I didn't do it. That's the most I've been offered at this point, I think.

PLAYBOY: How many businesses do you own?

PARTON: Quite a few. I own three publishing companies. I'm startin' a production company. I own quite a bit of property. I have the Dolly doll, for which we own the company. We have program books, colorin' books, souvenir things of that type. I have lots of investments, lots of tax shelters. I've got some good smart business people now. I have some really wild dreams and plans. I really love to hear crazy ideas. I'm goin' to have a line of wigs. I think that would be a perfect business for me.

PLAYBOY: We've been meaning to ask about your wigs. Are they real hair or synthetic?

PARTON: Synthetic. They never lose their curl.

PLAYBOY: Loretta Lynn has said that while most singers aren't particular in the dressing room, you always go behind a little curtain to dress. She says nobody has ever seen you without a wig on.

PARTON: Loretta has seen my own hair. I think she forgot or just wanted to make a bigger thing than it was. Maybe she just didn't recognize it as bein' my own hair. My own hair is blonde. I keep it blonde. I'll eventually wear my own hair again, once I become so successful that people know you can become successful by lookin' and bein' any way you want to if you've got enough ambition and talent. A lot of people have approached me in a way that sounded like I was supposed to dress and undress in front of other people. I happen to be a very modest person and I just won't dress in front of people. I don't know why they would want to look, anyway. Out of curiosity, I guess. What other people do does not bother me at all. I only wish that what I do wouldn't bother them.

PLAYBOY: Let's wind this up by asking you some random questions. If you could go back in time and be someone else for a while, who would you like to be?

PARTON: That's not a random question, that's a great question! I've never thought about that in my life. . . . I think, maybe, Will Rogers. He reminds me of my own people and of myself.

PLAYBOY: What if you could invite any five people from history to a dinner party—whom would you choose?

PARTON: Will Rogers would be my main guest. Beethoven. Bob Hope. Strother



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Martin. Festus, from *Gunsmoke*.

PLAYBOY: What would you serve them?

PARTON: Fried potatoes and green beans, country-style creamed corn, corn bread and biscuits, pinto beans and turnip greens, meat loaf, I'd probably make up a vanilla pudding. I'd have to fix Beethoven a chef's salad. I don't think he'd want all that grease.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite food?

PARTON: Potatoes. I'm a starch freak. I'm a junk-food person, too. I like pizza, potato chips, Fritos. My main weakness is overeating. Now it's beginning to dawn on me that I have a weight problem and I have to learn to control it some way. I am getting approached for so many things, for movies, for the **PLAYBOY** cover. So I'm on a diet.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you once on a liquid-protein diet, which lately has been proved to be dangerous?

PARTON: I did that and I lost 23 pounds. Fat persons don't care if they die tryin' to get it off. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Are you attracted to thin or to muscular men?

PARTON: I've always been more attracted to real slender men. My husband is skinny as a rail, and tall. They say that you usually will be attracted to the opposite of yourself.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to design clothes for you?

PARTON: It's not hard, 'cause all you got to do is make up the gaudiest thing you can make. Just pile as much stuff that don't belong on it as you can and I'll like it.

PLAYBOY: How many rooms of clothing do you have?

PARTON: I've got clothes in the closets of every room in my house—23 rooms. One whole wing of my house is filled with costumes and casual clothes.

PLAYBOY: And you sometimes shop at Frederick's of Hollywood?

PARTON: I buy my shoes there; it's the only place I can find shoes high enough and sexy enough to suit me. I buy thousands of dollars of shoes every year. I can't wear their clothes, because I can't buy clothes off a rack.

PLAYBOY: Do you support the Equal Rights Amendment?

PARTON: Equal rights? I love everybody....

PLAYBOY: We mean equal rights for women.

PARTON: I can't keep up with it.

PLAYBOY: Do you read any books on the women's movement?

PARTON: Never have. I know so little about it they'd probably be ashamed that I was a woman. Everybody should be free: If you don't want to stay home, get out and do somethin'; if you want to stay home, stay home and be happy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have favorite books or authors?

PARTON: I don't read that much. I probably should be ashamed to say that. I

read mostly articles and things I'm interested in. I always liked Agatha Christie, but I never did read all that many of her things. I like books like *The Magic of Believing*. Positive-thinking books, self-improvement books. Long before I knew there were books about that stuff, that was my philosophy of life.

PLAYBOY: What about politics?

PARTON: I hate to say this and people probably think I'm real dumb to do it, but I am so involved in my work and my music I don't even know what's goin' on in the world. I don't even know who the Vice-President is. Well, I do know... but as far as gettin' politically involved, it's like bein' denominations. If you're a Democrat, the Republicans hate you; if you're a member of one church, then the other ones hate you. Every denomination thinks they're the only ones gettin' to heaven and they feel sorry for the other denominations. I think we can all get there if we work right.

PLAYBOY: Moving right along... has sex changed for you over the years?

PARTON: Sex? Yes, it gets better. The reason it gets better is because you get more

*"I never met Elvis. I always
felt that we were kin. I
feel like I know exactly
how he was.... He touched
people's lives in a lot
of ways."*

mature, you're more relaxed, you experience more things until you become more comfortable with them, and then you feel also comfortable to experience new things, totally new and different things. It takes you a while to trust somebody enough to be able to tell your fantasies.

PLAYBOY: How strong are your fantasies?

PARTON: Pretty strong. But I think all creative people and highly emotional people have strong fantasies.

PLAYBOY: What are some of yours?

PARTON: I'm not tellin' you all that stuff.... Get over here and I'll show you. [Laughs] Are you perverted?

PLAYBOY: Why? Are you sexually aggressive?

PARTON: I'm very aggressive. I don't mind bein' the aggressor if it comes to somethin' I need or want.

PLAYBOY: Do you like dangerous sex?

PARTON: Nothin' better than sex when you think you have to sneak it.

PLAYBOY: Now for the big question: Do you sleep in the nude?

PARTON: It has just been the last couple of years that I've really started sleepin' naked. Sometimes I sleep naked with Carl and sometimes I don't. If I'm up

writin' and I have on a robe, I'll write until I fall asleep and crawl into bed. If we go to bed together, I usually go naked. But I have to have a cover on me, summer or winter. I can't stand just a sheet.

PLAYBOY: How would someone who had written something get a song to you?

PARTON: Do you mean to tell me that we've spent all these days and hours and went through all this horseshit just so you could pitch me a song?

PLAYBOY: You're a funny lady. Is it true you used to flirt with local disc jockeys when you'd appear in various towns?

PARTON: Either my life is a total flirt or I'm not a flirt. I just go in with open arms and open heart. I'm just using my personality. But the only ones I ever flirted with were the ones I was attracted to. Can't say I never flirted with one, but I never flirted with one to get my record played.

PLAYBOY: And what about all the erotica you used to write as a teenager? You claimed you were very horny.

PARTON: All teenagers are horny, some just keep it hid better than others. I'm writin' a story even now; it's pretty hot and heavy. It's got a lot of sex and love and violence and religion, all the human elements.

PLAYBOY: Will you shock a lot of people?

PARTON: Yeah; that's why I ain't puttin' them out today or the day after tomorrow. When I decide to publish some of my books, I'm goin' to write in the front that those who think they might be offended, don't read them. Then, if you are offended, don't blame me, because now I'm not just a singer but also a writer; and as a writer, I have to have freedom of total expression.

PLAYBOY: Would you use a pseudonym?

PARTON: I want to do everythin' under my own name, 'cause when I go down in history, I want to go down good and solid.

PLAYBOY: They could put that on your tombstone: Good and solid.

PARTON: I don't want a tombstone. I want to live forever. They say a dreamer lives forever.... I want to be more than just an ordinary star. I want to be a famous writer, a famous singer, a famous entertainer; I want to be a movie writer; I want to do music movies, do children's stories; I want to be somebody important in time; I want to be somebody that left somethin' good behind for somebody else to enjoy.

Everybody wants to be successful at whatever their inner dream is. I'm not near with what I want to do, with what I want to accomplish. When I feel like I have accomplished the things that I want to accomplish, then maybe I will personally think of myself as a superstar. I want to be somebody that extremely shines. A star shines, of course, but I want to be really radiant.





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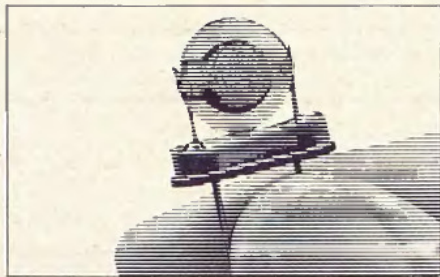
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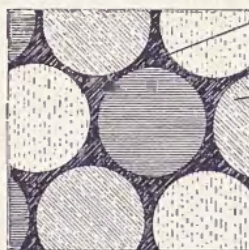
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A black matrix on the tube helps absorb reflected room light.

ColorTrak also has specially tinted phosphors that absorb additional room light to reduce glaring reflections.

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A superb color picture, automatically.

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But all the features and technical advancements really come down to this: RCA wants you to see the right color. On every program. On every channel. Every time you turn on your set. That's why RCA developed ColorTrak. And that's what the 1979 ColorTrak System is all about.

For the complete line of ColorTrak models, write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 27-212G, 600 North Sherman Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. 46201.



RCA is making television better and better.

All the technical advancements come down to this:

Getting the color right, automatically. That's what the 1979 ColorTrak is all about.



IT WAS FRIDAY the 13th and yesterday's snowstorm lingered in the streets like a leftover curse. The slush outside was ankle-deep. Across Seventh Avenue, a treadmill parade of light-bulb headlines marched end-

lessly around Times Tower's terra-cotta façade.

"HAWAII IS VOTED INTO UNION AS 50TH STATE: HOUSE GRANTS FINAL APPROVAL, 323 TO 89; EISENHOWER'S SIGNATURE OF BILL ASSURED." . . . Hawaii, sweet land of pineapples and Haleloke; ukuleles strumming, sunshine and surf, grass skirts swaying in the tropical breeze.

I spun my chair around and stared out at Times Square. My office was two flights up, in a line with Olga's Electrolysis, Teardrop Imports, Inc., and Ira Kipnis, C.P.A. Eight-inch gold letters gave me the edge over the others: CROSSROADS DETECTIVE AGENCY, a name I had bought along with the business from Ernie Cavallero, who took me on as his legman back when I first hit the city during the war.

I was about to go out for coffee when the phone rang. "Mr. Harry Angel?" a distant secretary trilled. "Herman Winesap of McIntosh, Winesap and Spy calling."

I grunted something pleasant and she put me on hold.

Herman Winesap's voice was as slick as the greasy kid stuff hair-oil companies like to warn you about. He introduced himself as an attorney.

"The reason I called, Mr. Angel, was to ascertain whether your services were at present available for contract."

"Would this be for your firm?"

"No. I'm speaking in behalf of one of our clients. Are you available for employment?"

"Depends on the job. You'll have to give me some details."

"My client would prefer to discuss them with you in person. He has suggested that you have lunch with him today. One o'clock sharp at the Top of the Six's."

"Maybe you'd like to give me the name of this client, or do I just look for some guy wearing a red carnation?"

"Have you a pencil handy? I'll spell it for you."

I wrote the name Louis Cyphre on my desk pad and asked how to pronounce it.

Herman Winesap did a swell job, rolling his Rs like a Berlitz instructor. I asked if the client was a foreigner.

"Mr. Cyphre carries a French passport. I am not certain of his exact nationality. Any questions you might have, no doubt, he'll be happy to answer at lunch. May I tell him to expect you?"

FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

is harry angel, private eye, tough enough to solve the most diabolical murder mystery in years?

"I'll be there, one o'clock sharp."

Attorney Herman Winesap made some final unctuous remarks before signing off. I hung up and lit one of my Christmas Montecristos in celebration.

Six sixty-six Fifth Avenue was an unhappy marriage of the International Style and our own home-grown tail-fin technology. I took an express elevator to the top floor, got a number from the hatcheck girl and followed the maitre de back through a polite murmuring of executives to a small table by a window. Seated there in a custom-made blue pinstripe suit with a blood-red rosebud in his lapel was a man who might have been anywhere between 45 and 60. His hair was black and full, combed straight back on a high forehead, yet his square-cut goatee and pointed mustache were white as ermine. A tiny, inverted, five-pointed golden star gleamed on his maroon silk necktie. "I'm Harry Angel," I said, as the maitre de pulled out my chair. "A lawyer named Winesap said there was something you wanted to speak to me about."

"I like a man who's prompt," he said. "Drink?"

I ordered a double manhattan, straight up; Cyphre tapped his glass with a manicured finger and said he'd have one more of the same. It was easy to imagine those pampered hands gripping a whip. Nero must have had such hands. And Jack the Ripper. They were the hands of emperors and assassins. Languid, yet lethal, the cruel, tapered fingers perfect instruments of evil.

Cyphre withdrew a gold-and-leather cigar case from his inside breast pocket, opened it and selected a slender, greenish panatela. "Care for a smoke?" I declined the proffered case and watched Cyphre trim the end of his cigar with a silver penknife.

"Do you by any chance remember the name Johnny Favorite?" he asked, warming the panatela's slim length in the flame of his butane lighter.

I thought it over. "Wasn't he a crooner with a swing band back before the war?"

"That's the man. An overnight sensation, as the press agents like to say. Sang with the Spider Simpson orchestra in 1940."

"Johnny Favorite's before my time. In 1940, I was just out of high school, a rookie cop in Madison, Wisconsin."

Cyphre's features were shrouded in blue smoke as he puffed his cigar. It smelled like excellent tobacco and I regretted not taking one when I had the chance. "This is a city of outsiders," he said. "I'm one myself."

FALLING ANGEL

PART I

GRIPPING MYSTERY!
THRILLS AND CHILLS!
VOODOO AND MURDER!

fiction
By
**WILLIAM
HJORTSBERG**





I tailed them through the shifting shadows to a completely hidden dark ravine. Men and women moaned as they fondled each other, thrusting their pelvises in a morbid parody of ecstatic sex.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"Let us say I'm a traveler."

"Fine with me. Why did you ask about Johnny Favorite?"

The waiter set our drinks on the table with less intrusion than a passing shadow.

"A pleasant voice, all things considered." Cyphre raised his glass to eye level in a silent European toast. "I took Johnny under my wing when he was getting started. He was a brash, skinny kid from the Bronx. Mother and father both dead. His real name wasn't Favorite, it was Jonathan Liebling. He changed it for professional reasons. Do you know what happened to him?"

I said I had no idea whatsoever.

"He was drafted in January 'Forty-three. Because of his professional talents, he was assigned to the Special Entertainment Services Branch and in March he joined a troop show in Tunisia. I'm not certain of the exact details; there was an air raid one afternoon during a performance. The *Luftwaffe* strafed the bandstand. Most of the troupe was killed. Johnny, through some quirk of fortune, escaped with facial and head injuries. *Escaped* is the wrong word. He was never the same again. I can't be very precise about his condition. Some form of shell shock, I suppose."

I said I knew something about shell shock myself.

"Really? Were you in the war, Mr. Angel?"

"For a few months right at the start. I was one of the lucky ones."

"Well, Johnny Favorite was not. He was shipped home, a total vegetable."

"That's too bad," I said, "but where do I fit in? What, exactly, do you want me to do?"

Cyphre stubbed out his cigar in the ashtray and toyed with the age-yellowed ivory holder. "Be patient with me, Mr. Angel. I'm getting to the point, however circuitously. I gave Johnny some help at the start of his career. I was never his agent, but I was able to use my influence in his behalf. In recognition of my assistance, which was considerable, we had a contract. Certain collateral was involved. This was to be forfeited in the event of his death. I'm sorry that I can't be more explicit, but the terms of our agreement specified that the details remain confidential.

"In any event, Johnny's case was hopeless. He was sent to a veterans' hospital in New Hampshire, one of the unfortunate discards of war. But Johnny had friends and money, a good deal of money. Some of this money was invested, with Johnny's agent having power of attorney."

"The plot begins to grow complicated," I said.

"Indeed it does, Mr. Angel." Cyphre tapped his ivory cigar holder absently against the rim of his empty glass, making the crystal chime like distant bells. "Friends of Johnny's had him transferred to a private hospital on the Hudson."

"Do you know the names of these friends?"

"No. I hope you won't consider me entirely mercenary when I tell you that my continuing interest in Jonathan Liebling concerns only our contractual arrangement. All that matters is whether he is alive or dead. Once or twice each year, my attorneys contact the hospital and obtain from them a notarized affidavit stating he is, indeed, still among the living. This situation remained unchanged until last weekend."

"What happened then?"

"Something very curious. Johnny's hospital is outside Poughkeepsie. I was in that vicinity on business and decided to pay my old acquaintance a visit. At the hospital, I was told visiting hours were on weekday afternoons only. I insisted, and the doctor in charge made an appearance. He informed me that Johnny was undergoing special therapy and could not be disturbed until the following Monday."

I said, "Sounds like you were getting the run-around."

"Indeed. There was something about the fellow's manner I didn't like." Cyphre slipped his cigar holder into his vest pocket. "I stayed over until Monday and returned to the hospital, during visiting hours. I never saw the doctor again, but when I gave Johnny's name, the girl at the reception desk asked if I was a relative. Naturally, I said no. She said only family members were permitted to visit with the patients."

"No mention of this the previous time around?"

"Not a word. I'm afraid I made something of a scene. That was a mistake. The receptionist threatened to call the police unless I left immediately."

"What did you do?"

"I left. It's a private hospital. I didn't want any trouble. That's why I'm engaging your services."

"You want me to go up there and check it out for you?"

"Exactly." Cyphre turned his palms upward like a man showing he had nothing to hide. "First, I need to know if Johnny Favorite is still alive. If he is, I'd like to know where."

I reached inside my jacket and got out a small leather-bound notebook and a mechanical pencil. "Sounds simple enough. What's the name and address of the hospital?"

"The Emma Dodd Harvest Memorial Clinic; it's located east of the city on Pleasant Valley Road."

I wrote it down and asked the name of the doctor who had given Cyphre the run-around.

"Fowler. I believe the first name was either Albert or Alfred."

I made a note of it. "Is Favorite registered under his actual name?"

"Yes. Jonathan Liebling."

"That should do it." I put the notebook back and got to my feet. "How can I get in touch with you?"

"Through my attorney would be best." Cyphre smoothed his mustache with the tip of his forefinger. "But you're not leaving? I thought we were having lunch."

"Hate to miss a free meal, but if I get started right away, I can make it up to Poughkeepsie before quitting time."

My six-year-old Chevy was parked in the Hippodrome Garage on 44th, near Sixth Avenue. By two o'clock, I was heading north up the West Side Highway. I reached the outskirts of Poughkeepsie a little after three and found Pleasant Valley Road without spotting a single Vassar girl. Five miles out of town, I came to a walled estate with large bronze letters in the brickwork: EMMA DODD HARVEST MEMORIAL CLINIC. I turned off onto a graveled drive and meandered through dense hemlock, emerging in front of a six-story red-brick Georgian building that looked more like a college dormitory than a hospital.

Inside, the place was all hospital, walls a pale, institutional green and the gray linoleum floor clean enough to operate on. A glass-topped admissions desk was built into a recessed alcove along one wall. Straight ahead, I could see a gleaming corridor where a white-clad orderly pushing an empty wheelchair turned a corner and disappeared from view.

The girl behind the admissions desk was young and homely. She wore a small black name tag that said,



I found her spread out across a table, her chest split by a ragged incision. The wound brimmed with blood and red rivulets ran down between her tiny, pale breasts.

R. FLEECE. "May I help you?" Miss Fleece had a voice as sweet as angel's breath. Fluorescent light glinted on her thick, rimless glasses.

"I certainly hope so," I said. "My name is Andrew Conroy; I do field work for the National Institutes of Health." I set my black calfskin attaché case on the glass-topped desk and showed her some fake I.D. in an extra wallet I carry as a dummy.

Miss Fleece regarded me suspiciously, her dim, watery eyes wavering behind the thick lenses like tropical fish in an aquarium. "Is there anyone in particular you'd like to see, Mr. Conroy?" she asked, experimenting with a weak smile.

"Perhaps you'll know the answer to that." I slipped my dummy wallet back inside my jacket. "The institute is conducting a survey of incurable trauma cases, gathering information about surviving victims in private hospitals. I understand you have a patient here fitting that description."

"What is the patient's name, please?"

"Jonathan Liebling. Any information you can provide will be kept strictly confidential."

"One moment, please." The homely receptionist with the heavenly voice retreated into the inner office. She returned carrying an open manila folder and slid it across the glass top in front of me. "We did have such a patient at one time, but he was transferred to the VA hospital up in Albany years ago. These are his records."

The transfer was duly recorded on the form and, beside it, the date, 5/12/45. I got out my notebook and went through the motions of jotting down a few statistics. "Who was the physician attending this case?"

She reached over and turned the folder so she could read it. "It was Dr. Fowler." She tapped the name with her forefinger.

"He still work here in the hospital?"

"Why, of course. He's on duty right now. Would you like to speak with him?"

"If it's no trouble."

She made another attempt at a smile. "I'll call and see if he's free." She stepped to the switchboard and spoke quietly into a small microphone. Her amplified voice echoed down a distant corridor: "Dr. Fowler to the reception desk, please . . . Dr. Fowler to the reception desk."

Dr. Fowler appeared as if out of nowhere, cat-silent on his crepe-soled shoes. He wore a rumpled brown herringbone suit several sizes too large. I guessed him to be somewhere near 70.

Miss Fleece introduced me as Mr. Conroy and I fed him the line about the NIH, adding, "If there's anything you can tell me regarding Jonathan Liebling, I'd appreciate it very much."

Dr. Fowler picked up the manila folder. It might have been palsy that made his fingers tremble, but I had my doubts.

"So long ago," he said. "He was an entertainer before the war. Sad case. There was no physical evidence of neural damage, yet he didn't respond to treatment. There seemed no point in keeping him here, so we transferred him to Albany. He was a veteran and entitled to a bed for the rest of his life."

"Well, doctor, I won't take up any more of your time."

"That's quite all right. Sorry I couldn't be more help."

"Not at all; you've been very helpful." And he had. One look at his eyes told the whole story.

I drove back into Poughkeepsie, stopping at the first bar and grill I came across. First, I called the VA hospital in Albany and they confirmed what I already knew: There never was a transfer patient named Jonathan Liebling. Not in 1945; not any time. Next, I looked up Dr. Fowler and wrote the address and phone number in my notebook.

South Kittridge was a pleasant, tree-lined street not many blocks from the campus. The doctor's house was a carpenter Gothic Victorian with elaborate scrollwork hanging under the eaves like lace on an old lady's collar. Tall lilac hedges screened the yard on either side from the neighboring houses.

The front door framed a beveled-glass oval, allowing a glimpse of a dim, wainscoted hall and a set of carpeted steps leading up to the second floor. I rang the bell twice and waited. No one came. I rang again and tried the door. It was locked. The lock was at least 40 years old and I had nothing to fit it.

I went along the side veranda trying each window without success. Around back, there was a lean-to cellar door. It was padlocked. I got a jimmy out of my attaché case and pried off the hasp.

The steps were dark, festooned with cobwebs. A coal furnace crouched in the center of the cellar like a pagan idol. I found the stairs and started up.

The door at the top was unlocked and I stepped into a kitchen that would have been a modern miracle during the Hoover Administration. There was a gas range with tall curving legs and a refrigerator whose circular motor perched on top like a hatbox. I left my case on the oilcloth-covered kitchen table and cased the rest of the house.

The dining room and front parlor looked never used. Dust powdered dark, ponderous furniture. Upstairs were three bedrooms. The closets in two were empty. The smallest, with a single iron bed and plain oak dresser, was where Dr. Fowler lived.

I had a look through his dresser, not

finding anything other than shirts, handkerchiefs and cotton underwear. Several musty woolen suits hung in the closet. I felt the pockets and didn't turn up a thing. In his bedside table, lying next to a small leather-bound Bible, was a .455-caliber Webley Mark 5 revolver. That was the sidearm issued to British officers in World War One. Bibles were optional. I checked the break-front action, but the Webley wasn't loaded.

In the bathroom, I got lucky. A sterilizer was steaming on the washstand. Inside, I found a half-dozen needles and three syringes. The medicine cabinet yielded nothing. I examined several vials containing prescription capsules. None was narcotic.

I knew it had to be somewhere, so I went back downstairs and had a look in the old-fashioned fridge. It was on the same shelf with the milk and eggs. Morphine; at least 20 50-c.c. bottles at rough count. Enough to keep a dozen junkies stoned for a month.

It grew dark outside by degrees, the bare trees in the front yard becoming silhouettes against a cobalt sky before merging into blackness. A few minutes before seven, the headlights of an automobile turned into the driveway. I listened for the doctor's footsteps on the porch but didn't hear a thing until his key turned in the lock. He hung his overcoat on the banister and shuffled toward the kitchen. When he turned on the lights, I started back through the dining room.

He had the refrigerator door open and was bent over, poking around inside. "About time for your evening fix?" I said.

He spun around, clutching a milk carton to his shirt front with both hands. "How did you get in here?"

"Through the mail slot. Why don't you sit down and drink your milk and we'll have a nice long talk."

"You're not with NIH. Who are you?"

"The name is Angel. I'm a private investigator from the city." I pulled out one of the kitchen chairs and he sat down wearily, holding the milk as if it were all he had left in the world.

"Breaking and entering is a serious crime," he said. "You'd lose your license if I were to call the police."

I turned a chair around across the table from him and straddled it. "We both know you're not calling the law. Too embarrassing if they found the opium den in the icebox."

"I'm a medical man. It's perfectly within my rights to store pharmaceuticals at home."

"Come off it, doc; I saw your works

(continued on page 178)



Buck Brown

"Your father and I would like to have a serious talk with you . . . if your pimp will excuse us for a few minutes."



A native New Jerseyite, Denise Creedon is moving west by stages. First she spent a couple of years in Austin, attending the University of Texas; then, in 1972, she went to California on vacation—and stayed there, settling down in the town of Agoura, where she designs custom wall decors. But whenever she gets a chance, she heads even farther into the setting sun—to Hawaii, where she frolics with her friends the dolphins. It all began when Denise, who has a master diver's certificate, started studying to earn scuba instructor's credentials. She met some people who were interested in saving whales; they all started making a film and—well, we'll let Denise tell about it in her own words.

THERE ARE PEOPLE who believe that dolphins are our equivalent in the ocean. Such scientists as Dr. John Lilly believe that the cetaceans—dolphins and their cousins the whales—have evolved parallel to us, with large, complex brains that contain an intelligence comparable to our own but of a very alien nature. After all, dolphins having evolved separately in such different elements for 50,000,000 years, one wouldn't expect them to have minds similar to ours.

My first contact with dolphins was back in 1976, during the early days of the filming of the still-unreleased movie *FLO*, a wildlife fantasy about the plight of the humpback whale. Sculptor/film maker John Perry and I were in Hawaii filming whales when John persuaded some local fishermen to lead us to the dolphins. These fishermen depend on the dolphin to lead them to schools of tuna. Fishing in

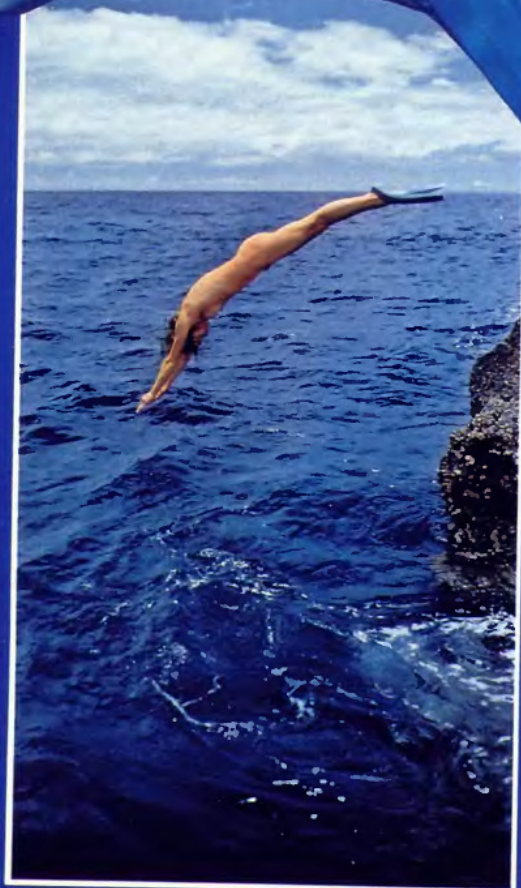
GIRL ON A DOLPHIN

*some of denise creedon's
best friends are cetaceans*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND JIM HUDNALL

Denise Creedon, 24, lives in Agoura, California, but her home is in the ocean. She and sculptor-film maker John Perry have just finished post-production work on their film *FLO*, a wildlife fantasy dramatizing the plight of the humpback whale. Denise says that as things now stand, it's likely that *FLO* will appear as a two-part TV series this fall or winter. Denise plays a supporting role in *FLO* (the stars are whales and dolphins) and also narrates it along with Perry. Opposite and right, she catches a little relaxation time on shore.



"There's a lava-rock island quite far out in the ocean," Denise says, "where there are deep, clear tide pools you can dive into and see all kinds of marine life brought in by the high tide and trapped when the tide goes out." It's off this island that Denise executes the perfect dive at left. "Dolphins pass by the island all the time," she says; "we wait till they show up, watch the direction they're going, then hop in the boat and follow them."



Denise gets undressed (left) in preparation for a dive, as underwater photographer Jim Hudnall—according to Denise, one of the first men to photograph free dolphins swimming with people—checks his equipment. In a moment of relaxed sun-bathing at the end of a hard day's diving, Denise sits in the bow (far right) and watches dolphins riding the waves in front of the boat. Dolphins are air breathers who, according to Denise, can stay under for as long as ten minutes before coming up for a breath.

the traditional way with rod and line, they catch the fish but do not harm the dolphins, unlike the modern purse seiners, who use nets to catch the fish and drown so many dolphins—who, like us, are air breathers—in the process.

I was spellbound as we entered the water and found ourselves surrounded by dolphins. For the first time, in the 100-foot visibility of the clear Pacific, I became fully conscious of their three-dimensional freedom. Only birds in flight experience the same freedom of movement. But dolphins have an advantage: In water, they are so buoyant they're virtually weightless and can suspend themselves effortlessly in hydrospace.

Accompanying us was our underwater photographer, Jim Hudnall, who is deeply involved in establishing a sanctuary in the Hawaiian Islands for the few remaining humpback whales. The films he shot were among the first ever taken of free dolphins swimming with people.

Reluctantly leaving the dolphins, we returned to the mainland to start a publicity campaign with FLO, our 100-foot-long hot-air balloon, shaped like a humpback whale, which we conceived of to draw attention to the plight of the whales and the dolphins.

I eagerly returned to Hawaii the following summer, 1977, to re-establish contact with the dolphins. We were delighted to find the same ones—even to recognize individuals from the previous year. This time, we experimented with various forms of underwater communication. We tried underwater bells, flutes and harmonicas, which seemed to emit sounds close





Under water, Denise follows a friendly school of dolphins. Usually, Denise says, she swims nude—and without a tank: "I can move my body up and down like a dolphin without one and, besides, the tank's bubbles make them nervous. They also seem to be agitated when you reach out to them from the side—as though they are made uncomfortable by beings with extremities. Divers who appear streamlined in the water get along with them better." Which doubtless explains why shapely Denise is a dolphin's best friend.





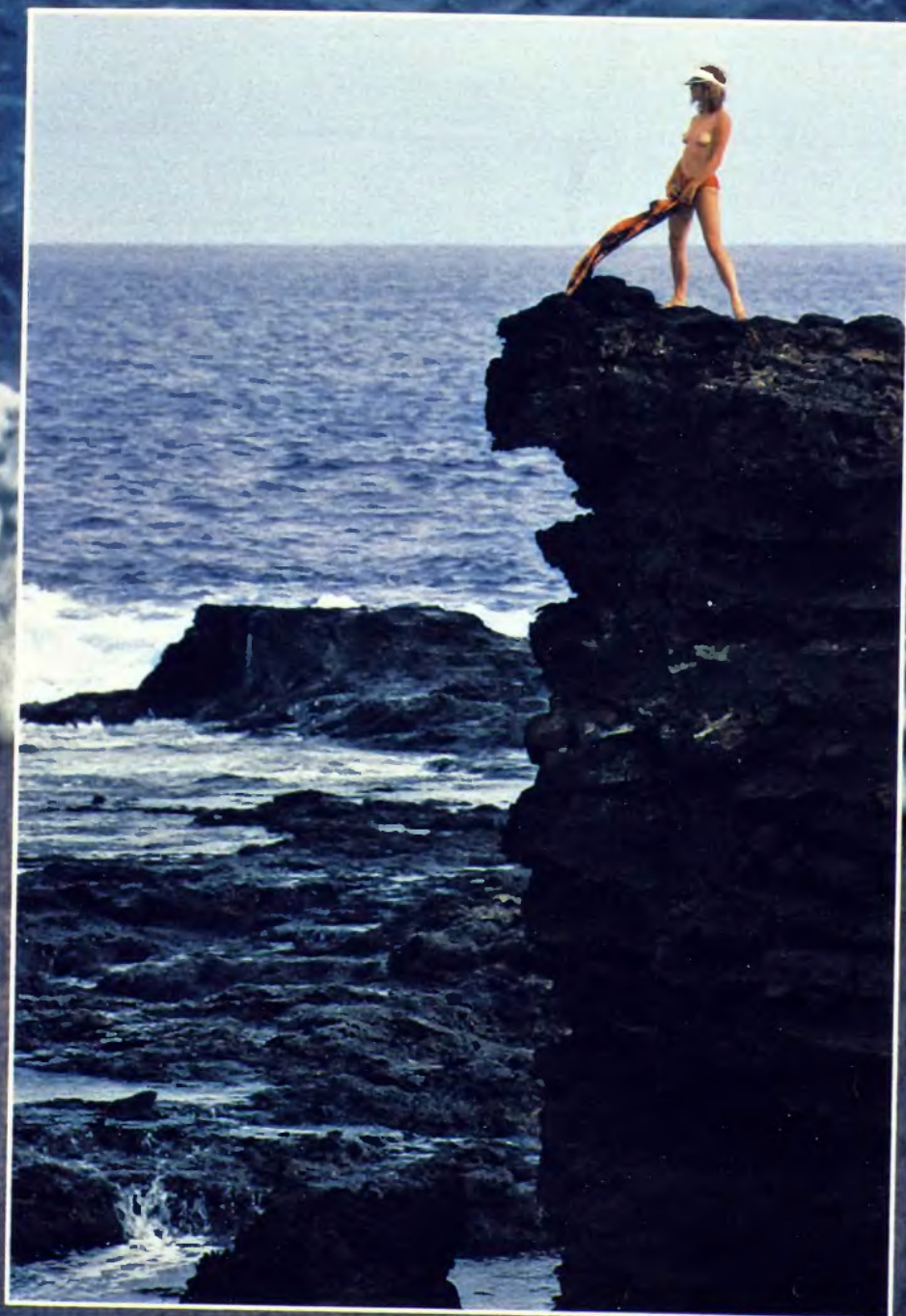
to the high-frequency squeaks and whistles with which dolphins communicate. We also showed them underwater kites made of shimmering Mylar, but our most extravagant gesture involved playing a grand piano to them from the deck of the schooner *Sea Runner*, through an underwater speaker. Singer/songwriter Jon Buckley even came over to try out a new number, *Love Swim*, on the dolphins.

To be truthful, all these activities seemed to entertain us more than they did the dolphins. Certainly, they were curious and would come over to check out our latest antics, but their curiosity was soon satisfied and they would drift off to their own pleasures.

We spent endless days swimming and playing with them, observing their activities and social interaction. I fell in love with the easy grace of their existence. Dolphins are the ultimate hedonists. They seem to spend little time hunting fish. When they do hunt, they are so organized and swift that it is soon over, leaving them a great deal of time for play and sexual activity.

During that time of first real contact, I often wondered how the dolphins must have reacted to the unprecedented human attention. Gradually, I developed the impression that if communication were possible, it would happen on a different level. Watching them closely and seeing how coordinated their movements were underwater reminded me of the sort of communion that exists between good lovers or longtime dance partners. (concluded on page 223)





At the top of the opposite page, a school of dolphins surfaces for air. "Dolphins are far older than man," Denise claims, "and they have learned to live in harmony. They have no birth-control problems, either, because the females are fertile only once a year. I think dolphin research is one of the things most worth doing today, because we can learn so much from them."

At left, Denise sits on a deserted beach, watching her dolphin friends. Then she says farewell to the sea for the day and hammocks down for a much-needed rest. Meanwhile, her favorite cetacean, Notchback, has to content itself with an ocean devoid of Denise.





personality **BY PHIL BERGER**

SPINKS

*if the new heavyweight champ keeps his title, it won't
be because he and the people who are pulling the strings
haven't done their damndest to lose it*

NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 8, 1978: Leon Spinks was foot-loose again.

It was not on The Leon Spinks Calendar, the increasingly speculative chart of the new heavyweight champion's day-to-day appearances that his lawyers had plotted for him, but Spinks was gone.

Bulletins followed. Spinks, it was reliably reported, was in the Jacksonville, North Carolina, area, his precise whereabouts unknown. There was a woman involved.

Spinks's flight presented a problem. An agreement had just been reached in the negotiations with a group of New Orleans financiers. The Spinks-Ali rematch was set for September 15 in the Superdome. The problem was that Top Rank chairman Bob Arum did not want rival promoter Don King to steal his thunder.

King had scheduled a press conference in Las Vegas for that Wednesday, April 12, to announce his World Boxing Council title fight between Larry Holmes and Ken Norton. Arum wanted to stage his press conference the day before. That required Leon Spinks, Jr., to be there. The phone lines hummed.

On Monday, April tenth, the day before Arum's press conference, there was no change. Nobody had a fix on Spinks. With time running out, Arum made an unusual move. He asked Butch Lewis, Spinks's Svengali during the climb to the championship, who had re-

cently been exiled from the Spinks camp for leaning on the champ a little too heavily, to send for Leon.

Dispatched to Jacksonville, Lewis located Spinks and transported him to New Orleans, apparently persuading him en route to let bygones be bygones.

On April 11, 20 minutes before the scheduled start of Arum's press conference, a Top Rank official discovered that room 1543 of the New Orleans Hilton was empty.

Since that was Spinks's room and since Spinks's wayfaring was by then a pattern, there was cause for alarm. But Leon, it turned out, was only tardy. An hour late, he finally arrived. As Leon entered, Muhammad Ali ducked under the table at which he was sitting, in a comic show of fear. Lured back out, he remarked on Spinks's tardiness.

"I'm important now, brother," Spinks rasped, his bloodshot eyes twinkling.

Ali inspected the champion's brown suit and the smartly knotted tie, turned to Lewis and said, "You done fixed his tie and everything, ain't you?" Then to Spinks, he said, "You used to be quiet and didn't dress up." Ali's voice took on an exaggerated tremolo, "You . . . done . . . chaaanged, man."

"You gave me my gusto, brother," Spinks quipped.

The crowd roared.

"You don't act the same no more," said Ali, pretending to be perplexed. "You used to be early. Now you

late. Making everybody wait."

"Well, that the way it supposed to be. You got to let the smell come before you come."

"You crazy," Ali told him. "I ain't going to fight you."

In New Orleans, Ali adapted his wit to Spinks's rough-edged humor. The mood was cordial. The Ali ego did not rankle Spinks as it had some of his other opponents. Leon liked him. (After he'd beaten Muhammad, Spinks went to Ali's dressing room, kissed him on the cheek and said, "Good fight.") Ali, in turn, was not bent on unnerving Spinks. His reference to Spinks as crazy was meant as praise. He had not been able to psych Spinks during their Las Vegas title fight, a fact that colored the comic material Ali fashioned from his defeat. At one point during the New Orleans press conference, he interrupted Leon, saying, "I'll do the talking now"—a smile on his lips.

"Now, wait a minute. Shut up," Spinks said, acting cross.

"You tell me to shut up?" Ali shook his head and looked out at the audience with an aggrieved expression. "I got to take all this?"

"That's right," Spinks told him. "I'm champ now."

"Yassa, boss."

It was perfect timing that had Leon writhing in laughter, his curled tongue poking through his teeth. He reached for the microphone and said, "Ali is a wonderful person. He's a beautiful man. I love him. I love him with all my heart. Plus, he give me respect . . . can't get that nowhere."

If Spinks was feeling that he couldn't get any respect except from Ali, he was probably just reflecting on some of the events that had taken place in the past few months.

Within six weeks of defeating Muhammad Ali, Spinks had been sued by a motel for unpaid bills; had been sued for back rent by his landlord in Philadelphia; had been arrested and then photographed in handcuffs for driving the wrong way on a one-way street and for operating a motor vehicle without a license in his home town of St. Louis; and had been discarded as heavyweight champion by the World Boxing Council in favor of the number-one challenger, Ken Norton. By then, the reeling Spinks could only say, "I haven't done anything for anyone to take my belt. I ain't disrespect no one."

And as if to add insult to injury, a look-alike of the new champion had turned up in Philadelphia. The dead ringer was, in Leon's term, "imposturing" him—signing autographs in public and encouraging local merchants to lavish complimentary goods on him.

For a couple of weeks, the man sampled the high times that Spinks calls his gusto. Then he prudently faded away.

The man may have known something. For by then, the pleasure of being the real Leon Spinks, Jr., was paling.

Nowhere was the pleasure more diminished than in Spinks's dealings with Butch Lewis of Top Rank, Inc., the champion's exclusive promoter. On the morning of March second—two weeks after he beat Ali—Spinks arrived at Top Rank's New York office to confer with Lewis, who had told him there was business to discuss at ten sharp.

When Spink's arrived, the Top Rank office was undergoing a paint job, which left its quarters cramped for seating space. Leon settled himself on top of a packing crate and waited for Lewis to appear. He was still waiting by early afternoon, when a Top Rank aide wondered if Spinks were hungry. Leon conceded he was and let the man buy him a ham and cheese on white.

Lewis appeared shortly afterward, saying he'd been trying to track down Spinks's accountant. That Spinks had been waiting half the day did not appear to trouble Butch. It disturbed the champion, though, who was beginning to reassess Lewis' role in his life.

Throughout Spinks's brief but tumultuous pro career, Lewis had been in the midst of the struggle for control over Spinks. The earliest infighting had involved Lewis and Millard "Mitt" Barnes, a white Teamsters organizer from St. Louis who was Spinks's manager of record. Although Barnes would retain his 30 percent managerial cut of Spinks's purses, he quickly lost the influence he'd had when Leon was an amateur and Barnes was his benefactor, investing time and money in Spinks's boxing future.

It was through Lewis that Barnes first learned that his past contributions (according to Mitt, he gave Spinks more spending money than strictly permitted by Olympic regulations) had been devalued. After Spinks's first pro fight, Lewis told Barnes that Leon's wife, Nova, was consulting with attorneys about canceling Mitt's contract as manager—*she* wanted to be the manager.

Barnes began to feel a chill in Leon's attitude toward him.

Spinks's disaffection for Barnes apparently was not so deep-rooted that he had qualms about asking him for more money. On August 8, 1977, shortly after Leon suffered an eye injury in training, he phoned Mitt for \$500. According to his Western Union receipt, Barnes wired the money at 4:35 P.M. that day. An hour later, Spinks phoned back and asked for \$1500 more.

"I just wired you the \$500," Barnes told him. "I got to come to Philadelphia—we've got a few things to dis-

cuss. So I'll just bring the \$1500 with me." When Barnes went to Philadelphia, Spinks had already received the \$500 and split.

In Barnes's place, Lewis had taken charge of Spinks, involving himself in every facet of Leon's career, even tracking the fighter down when he went A.W.O.L. from training.

Lewis, a 31-year-old former car salesman who had become a vice-president of Top Rank, had the animated style of his former calling and an inclination for the ornate gesture. In the Manhattan phone directory, he was listed as "Lewis, P. A.," the initials referring to the nickname he'd taken for himself—Park Avenue Butch—an allusion to Top Rank's prestigious address.

It was a flair that Barnes, a slow-moving, plain-talking man, distrusted. He suspected Lewis of promoting himself with Spinks at his expense. After several "incidents" with Lewis, Barnes began to think of consulting an attorney for the problems he anticipated.

Spinks's trainer Sam Solomon had a wary eye on Lewis, too; he did not take to Butch's idea of bringing in another trainer, George Benton, to assist him.

Solomon, a short, rotund man, 63 years of age, had fought in tent shows and social clubs as a semipro boxer, and also had been a catcher in Negro baseball. Solomon is usually an affable individual, but on this occasion he became angry at having his authority as trainer undercut. Lewis thought it was a justifiable move.

"Solomon did a good job," Lewis recalled, "of being with Leon and his brother Michael. [Michael Spinks had turned pro with Top Rank in February 1977.] He'd pick 'em up all the time, get them to the gym. I'd tell him they needed this or that—and he'd get it done. Never a problem. And it wasn't until early summer that I started to see that they really weren't progressing. Sam was just great for my overseer, but he wasn't great in training them. In fact, Mike and Leon were complaining that he wasn't teaching 'em anything."

"What happened is that one day in the gym, Leon went over to George Benton, who worked in Joe Frazier's gym. He saw George showing fighters things that he thought he should know. He went to Benton and asked him, 'Man, would you show me how to do that?' Later, Leon called me and asked, 'Can't we get Benton to work with us?'"

Benton was a former middleweight contender who was training Frazier's stable of fighters, which included Frazier's own son Marvis, a promising amateur. As a fighter, Benton had been a clever operator, with a knack for avoiding punches. A classic stylist.

"George himself came to me," said
(continued on page 132)



WRIST ACTION

nine smart ways to look well armed



An ultrathin quartz-crystal calendar watch in 14-kt. gold, from Trabert & Hoeffler Jewels, \$690; and a small-link 14-kt.-gold bracelet, by Goldbar, \$200.



This rectangular 10-kt.-gold quartz watch with a mineral crystal and a lizard strap, by Omega, \$450, is teamed up with a 14-kt.-gold link bracelet, by Goldbar, \$50.



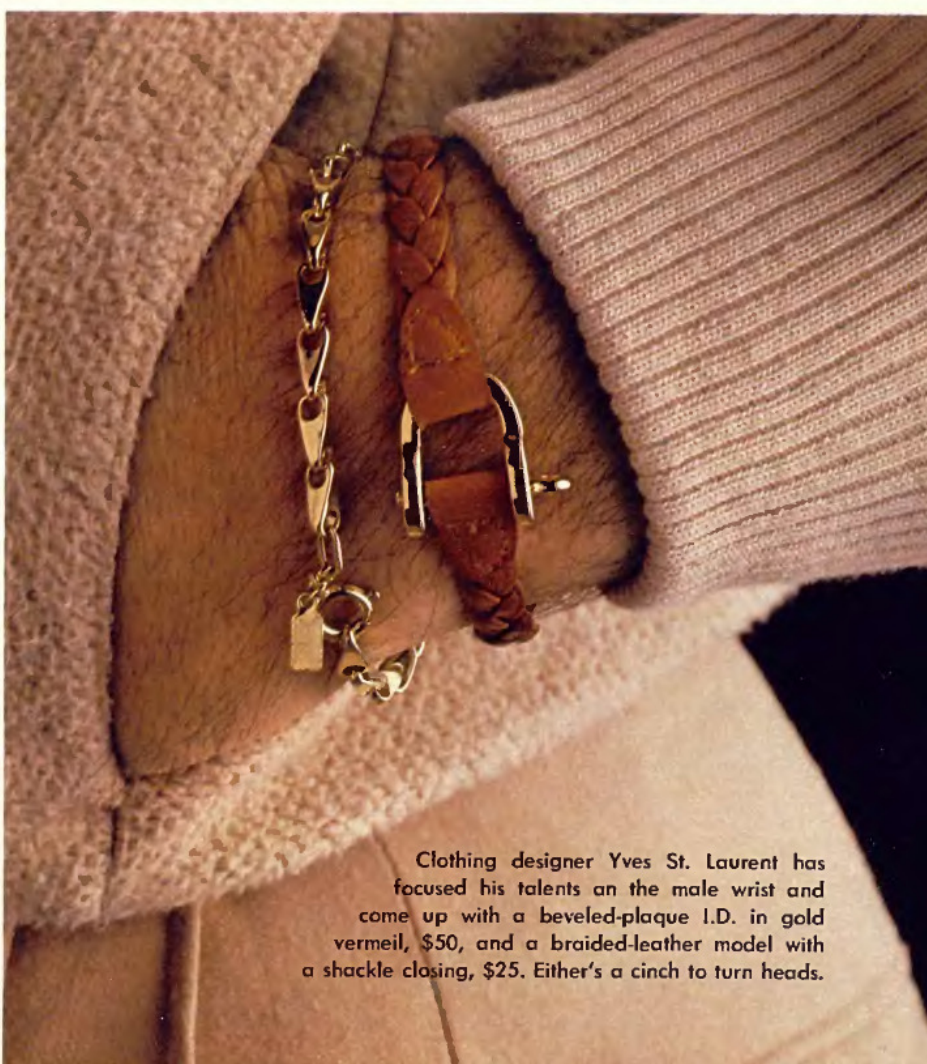


Aldo Cipullo-designed 18-kt.-gold English wrench bracelet, from Trabert & Hoeffler Jewels, \$750; and a 17-jewel Baume & Mercier octagonal 18-kt.-gold watch with a sapphire crown and a matching 18-kt.-yellow-and-white-gold band, from Fred Jaillier, \$2100.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA



A pair of pigskin driving gloves, by Gates-Mills, \$23, are worn with a Movado chronograph with day, date, month and stop-watch features, from Trabert & Hoeffler Jewels, \$4000.



Clothing designer Yves St. Laurent has focused his talents on the male wrist and come up with a beveled-plaque I.D. in gold vermeil, \$50, and a braided-leather model with a shackle closing, \$25. Either's a cinch to turn heads.

SPINKS

(continued from page 128)

"The worst of it was Spinks's concern that he was being manipulated against his better interests."

Lewis, "and said, 'Look, man, I don't want to start no trouble. I want you to know your fighter came over to me and asked me to show him a couple of tricks he saw me showing to some other fighters. I don't want to start no problems.' See, Solomon noticed what was going on . . . and got a little pissed."

To avoid problems, Lewis held back on hiring Benton for the time being.

By September 1977, the in-house politics occupied too much of Leon's attention. There were Barnes's calls to re-establish old ties and the warnings from others to ignore him. There was Solomon's resentment to balance against the advanced techniques that Benton probably could provide. There was hard-sell Lewis, pulling and tugging and telling Spinks so many things that it was hard to keep them all straight. In the ghetto of St. Louis, Spinks hadn't had to worry about receipts for documenting expenses or about being on time.

The worst of it was Spinks's gnawing concern that he was being manipulated against his better interests. Two other Olympic boxing gold medalists, Howard Davis and Sugar Ray Leonard, had landed exorbitant guaranteed-income deals with the TV networks. By contrast, Top Rank's guarantee to Spinks of only \$30,000 for eight bouts was a pittance.

If those elements were not sufficient to cloud Spinks's thoughts, Arum provided another twist. Although Spinks had fought only five professional fights (all won by knockouts), Arum signed him to box Ali for the heavyweight championship.

The original plan called for Spinks to qualify for the title fight—he was required to defeat at least one ranking boxer, against Alfio Righetti of Italy, on September 13. Spinks's eye injury caused the fight to be rescheduled for November 18. As a tune-up for that bout, Top Rank matched Spinks against a journeyman heavyweight named Scott LeDoux in October.

The LeDoux bout was what prompted me to begin looking into the Spinks story. It was not the fight telecast from Las Vegas or the news accounts that piqued my interest. It was what a deep-throat source I'll name Whisper reported. Whisper is a nondescript individual, given to the sort of tinted glasses Spinks himself wears. On Leon, it is for effect, a kind of flair. For Whisper, it deepens his

seedy anonymity, his gray slouch of a figure. He is a boxing aficionado, though, with a computerlike memory for names, dates and the curious facts of the sweet science. He is also privy to all the intrigues and bent turns of the game.

"The thing about the LeDoux fight," Whisper said, "was what occurred outside the ring, not inside it. There was a craziness at ringside in the Spinks camp, particularly with this Butch Lewis fellow."

"Lewis sat down in the press row . . . maybe 20 feet from LeDoux's corner . . . middle of the ring. Into the ring comes Michael Spinks to fight in a prelim. And Butch stands up in the press row . . . on the floor . . . Michael is in completely the opposite corner . . . and Butch hollers, 'Hey, Sliiiiim'—Slim—that's his nickname for him. The kid turns around. Butch hollers, 'Give me fiiiive.' The kid dutifully walks across the ring and . . . you know that give-me-five thing. Two gloves, palms down. And Butch gets his jollies. Same thing with Leon when he comes into the ring. 'Give me fiiiive, big man.'"

"Then the LeDoux fight starts. And LeDoux, of course, pulled every trick in the book—the elbows, the thumb in the eye, the head butts. Meantime, though, he's managing to bang home some legitimate punches, too."

"OK. Leon was under a little pressure. And here's where Lewis began shouting instructions from press row. I couldn't believe my eyes: Leon would turn toward this guy for advice instead of to his corner!"

"Butch's screaming and ranting led a couple of people to start heckling him. And he's done this before . . . at other fights, I've been told. 'You got faith in that white man up there? Bet \$500!'"

"The morning of the fight, I'd run into Joe Daszkiewicz, the trainer of LeDoux. He tells me, 'Whisper, you should have heard what went on yesterday. LeDoux is staying on the same floor as Leon. We're going past the door to his room, we hear Butch Lewis inside, carrying on. Trying to psych Leon. 'If you don't win the fight, you're going back to the ghetto. You've got to win or you're through.' Really laid it on!'"

"Toward the end of the fight, Leon is dragging. It's his first ten-rounder. The word was that he'd been partying pretty good a few weeks before. At this point, it's a close fight. The shot at Ali is on the line. All of Spinks's people are going

crazy. And here comes Lewis, running up to the ring ropes and yelling at Leon: 'Remember the ghetto! Remember the ghetto!' Really weird stuff, but I'll give him this: Maybe it helped. Because Leon sparked up at the end."

"The fight ended in a draw. Afterward, Johnny Mag, of the Nevada Athletic Commission wrote Top Rank a letter of reprimand . . . that this will not be countenanced anymore . . . that Butch Lewis is to be kept out of press row. All that sort of stuff. A very stiff letter."

The unsettling atmosphere continued for the Righetti fight. Benton was in camp. Sensing Solomon's antagonism, though, he bowed out after Spinks beat the Italian, telling Lewis he wanted to avoid further hard feelings. Lewis, though, felt that George's expertise could help against Ali. He kept after Benton and eventually persuaded him to work with Spinks. It produced a triangular training approach that involved Benton, Spinks and Lewis' brother, Nelson Brison, who was an assistant trainer of Spinks.

"George," said Lewis, "would phone Nelson and tell him things that he should be showing Leon. And Nelson would then repeat to Spinks what George had told him. This is how it was done! OK? This is how fucked up it was. And then, as the championship fight approached, I said, 'Look, George, we coming down to the wire. I need you down here . . . if nothing else, to work the last week or so. To do whatever you can do. And if you have to do it, continue doing it through Nelson. 'Cause we can't afford to have any confrontations at this point.'"

In Las Vegas for the title fight, Benton had to continue to funnel his ideas through Brison. He showed him tactics for defending Ali and explained a strategy he had. The key to the Benton strategy was for Spinks to pound away at Ali's left shoulder during the fight and tire the muscles that controlled Muhammad's jab, a weapon that had been crucial to Ali late in past fights. Benton also found a way to exploit Ali's energy-saving rope-a-dope tactic: When Muhammad covered up, bang away at the shoulder. When he opened up, throw the uppercut through his gloves to the chin.

"Then," said Benton, "the few times I'd see Leon alone, I never talked loud to him. Always talked soft to him. You can take a person who's excitable and talk him down by your tone of voice. I'd tell him, 'You're going to be champ. All you got to do is do the right things. Small things. Goddamn it, you'll be riding around in a Rolls-Royce. I can see you with the pretty clothes on.' And

(continued on page 210)



drink

By EMANUEL
GREENBERG

THE DARK SIDE OF RUM

*mahogany-hued concoctions
abundantly laced with yo, ho, ho*

RUM IS THE MOST misunderstood, and perhaps the most ubiquitous, of alcoholic beverages. There are rums from Australia, Barbados, Brazil, Cuba, Haiti, Hawaii, Java and on down the alphabet, including every dinky sugar-cane island in your Rand McNally. And each member of this far-flung family of spirits is different from the others to some degree. Rums range in intensity from white and virtually tasteless to rich, pungent and mahogany-hued. Recently, Statesiders

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have latched on to the charms of the blond Puerto Rican and Virgin Island distillates. But we seem to be missing the boat on the lusty, sonorous yo-ho-ho rums—the stuff that spurred Paul Revere on his wild jaunt and fired the blood of Blackbeard and his pack of malcontents. And that's a mistake!

While not as mixable as the vodka-like white rums, these full-throated creations are both versatile and warming, as the schuss and sitzmark crowd is beginning to discover. Dark rums are a mainstay of holiday bowls and nogs and *de rigueur* in a planter's punch, zombie and toddy. In England, dark rums are drunk like whisky, with a splash of water or soda or—in enlightened circles—over ice, with a twist. Aged liqueur rums, rather scarce in the United States, can be taken in snifters after dinner—or contemplatively, before a blazing fire.

Since all rums are distilled from sugarcane juice, molasses or some cane product, what accounts for the vast differences in style and character? A number of factors: climate, soil, water, yeast and the form of sugar used, but primarily, the distillation process. Myers's Jamaica, the prototypal dark rum, is made in pot stills—the distillate running off at a relatively low 140–160 proof. This is reminiscent of the methods used to intensify the flavor and aroma of cognac and Scotch malt whiskies. Other procedures contributing to the heady quality of Jamaica rums are the addition of dunder (residue from the still) to the mash and the reliance on spontaneous fermentation of wild yeast. The last is not quite as chancy as it sounds, since cane stalks (which are natural carriers of yeasts that ferment sugar) are added to the open vats to get things going. Dark rums also require more aging; Jamaicas rest five to eight years in seasoned cooperage—a euphemism for old casks. Incidentally, there's no cause-effect relationship between color and pungency, though distillers usually darken their heavier offerings with caramel.

Here's a taste guide to the darker rums, based on place of origin. Bear in mind that there are bound to be variations within groups from brand to brand.

Jamaica: Mellow, full-bodied, opulent; richly aromatic, with fruity notes. (A lighter golden and a clear-white rum are also made in Jamaica.)

Demerara (from Guiana): Heavy-bodied, deep color, aggressive flavor, but not as fragrant as Jamaica; burnt or smoky undertone. Often bottled at high proofs—up to 151 proof.

Martinique: Rich, dark, pronounced rum flavor—in the heavier middle range. Popular in France.

New England: Quite full in flavor, with a fairly heavy body. It's seldom produced today, and a lot of that goes for flavoring.

Haiti: Middle range but with a lovely, buoyant quality; spicy, scent of cloves. The best has a brandylike quality.

Puerto Rico: This island is known for its light or white rums, but it does produce mellow, aged *añejos* and a number of 151-proof brands.

Trinidad-Barbados: In the lighter middle range—between Martinique and light Puerto Rican rums.

Batavia Arak: Clear, light but exceedingly fragrant. Seldom seen in these parts.

London Dock Rum: Simply Jamaica and other West Indian rums that have been aged in warehouses along the banks of the Thames and blended in England.

Because of its rare aromatic qualities, dark rum stars in the kitchen as well as the bar. You'll find the half bottle a useful addition to your seasoning shelf—for brightening fruits, sauces, pastries, roasts . . . and, at judicious intervals, the chef!

RUM MANHATTAN

Also known as the Cuban manhattan, this aromatic potion has recently surfaced at smarter boîtes around town.

2 ozs. dark rum
½ oz. red (sweet) vermouth
2 dashes Angostura bitters
Lemon twist
Maraschino cherry

Pour rum, vermouth and bitters into mixing glass over cracked ice. Stir. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Wipe rim of glass with outside of lemon twist; add to glass with cherry.

PLANTER'S PUNCH

Early recipes call for 1 of sour, 2 of sweet, 3 of strong, 4 of weak. Our proportions are more to the modern taste, even if they don't rhyme.

1 oz. Jamaica rum
1 oz. Haitian or Trinidad rum
Juice of ½ lime
Dash bitters

1 teaspoon grenadine
2 teaspoons curaçao
Club soda, chilled

Cherry, orange slice, pineapple stick

Shake rums, lime juice, bitters, grenadine and curaçao briskly. Strain into tall glass filled with ice. Add light splash soda; stir once. Decorate with fruit; serve.

DEMERARA DREAM

1½ ozs. Demerara 151-proof rum
½ oz. fresh lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar
2 dashes bitters

1 tablespoon orgeat or Falernum
Ground nutmeg

Shake all ingredients except nutmeg briskly with cracked ice. Strain into goblet over fresh ice. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

KINGSTON SPECIAL

1 oz. Jamaica rum
1 oz. medium rum

1 oz. banana liqueur
1 oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar
1 oz. cream
Club soda, chilled
Banana chunk

Shake all ingredients except soda and banana briskly with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice in tall glass. Add splash soda, or to taste. Stir once. Fix banana on side of glass.

BLUE MOUNTAIN FROST

Chocolate ice cream, softened
1½ ozs. Jamaica rum
Pinch allspice
Cold black coffee, sweetened to taste

Place scoop ice cream in tall glass. Pour in rum and mix with long-handled spoon. Sprinkle with allspice. Pour in coffee, about ⅔ full; stir. Add another scoop ice cream and top with coffee to fill glass. Serve with straws and spoon.

LIME CAY

1½ ozs. dark rum
½ oz. 151-proof rum
Juice of ½ lime
1 teaspoon grenadine
1 oz. canned cream of coconut
⅓ cup crushed ice
Lime slice, pineapple chunk, mandarin-orange segment

Place all ingredients except fruit in chilled blender container. Buzz 15–20 seconds and pour unstrained into ceramic coconut shell. Thread fruit on bamboo skewer and lay across top of coconut.

AQUAMARINE

1 oz. dark rum
½ oz. blue curaçao
½ oz. apricot liqueur
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Tonic water, chilled

Shake rum, liqueurs and lemon juice briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Top lightly with tonic. Stir once and serve.

RUMBLAST

2 ozs. dark rum
½ oz. Campari
2 ozs. pineapple juice
1 oz. mango nectar
½ oz. grenadine
½ tablespoon lime juice
2 teaspoons cream
Mint sprig

Half fill Collins glass with cracked ice. Shake all ingredients except garnish with ice. Strain into tall glass over ice cubes. Decorate with mint; serve with straws.

Exploring the sensory properties of the various rum types with a bosom companion can be a pleasant and rewarding experience. It's a great way to get acquainted with the body of rums . . . and, incidentally, with your companion.





*"You seem to have changed, Laura.
Are you encouraging another artist?"*

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MARIO CASILLI



*playmate marcy hanson's
acting career is shifting
into high gear and her
social life is keeping pace*

ROLLIN' ALONG



IT HAPPENS all the time. You can't walk anywhere with Marcy Hanson without being stopped by one of her fans. This one happened to be a young girl of about nine. She sidled up to Marcy and gave her a big hi, followed by a Charo-style cuchi-cuchi bump and grind that got embarrassed halfway through and ended up a blush. A combination of audacious sensuality and cowgirl innocence, Honey Bee Novak—in miniature—rolls again.

For those of you who are blind or who were out of the country last spring, Honey Bee Novak is, or was, the very sexy, very spaced-out coheroine of *Rollergirls*, an NBC miniseries that captured the hearts, minds and private parts of a large segment of America. What the Fonz was, or is, to teenage boys, Honey Bee was to young girls. Hey-yyyyy. How did Marcy become Honey Bee or, for that matter, our Miss October? It almost didn't happen. "You

"There's a clause in my TV contract that says I can't do nudes. How can anyone object if I open my blouse? Even my mother doesn't mind."





should have seen my contract. There was a morality clause [thank you, Marilyn Chambers] that said 'if you'd done nudity, you were unfit for television. It was ridiculous. They wanted me to be ashamed of my body. Every day on *Rollergirls*, the guy from standards and practices would pass the word to the producer, who would tell the director, who would tell the costume lady to hide my body. 'Put Band-Aids on her nipples. Make her wear a bra and a body stocking. Then a jersey.' There was no way I was going to go out like that. Those Band-Aids hurt. Between scenes, I would sneak offstage, take off the Band-Aids, bra and body stocking. Nobody noticed."

We wouldn't say that. Journalists saw Marcy as the symbol of television's preoccupation with cleavage. Her personal life was as publicized as her professional life (Joe Namath and Rod Stewart had been dating her). Marcy gave good press. When a Chicago reporter interviewed her,



138 "The first time I go to bed with a man, I like to wear a silk shirt, one of his. You have to make the loving special. Sometimes I'll dress up in a garter belt and stockings, or lace. We'll spend the evening dancing."



"What's the most outrageous thing I've ever done sexually? I can't tell you that. Not for print. Oh, wait. How about the most outrageous thing I've done with one person?"







he asked, "Do you jiggle?"

Marcy replied, "No, I'm not old enough to jiggle."

Marcy tried to keep work and play separate. "I didn't want to get press just because I was in bed with someone. I wanted recognition for my own talents. I wanted to be Marcy Hanson, actress, not Marcy Hanson, girlfriend."

The last episode of *Rollergirls* was a crisis for Marcy. For a week, she had worked on adding dimension to Honey Bee. On the day of the taping, a network executive said the comedy format had no room for emotion. "Take her back to Disneyland."

"I broke down. I called my preacher back in Texas, just to get through that day. I vowed never again to let someone else choose for me, to ask me to be less than my best. From now on, I choose for myself." Shame to the man who put Band-Aids on this girl's spirit.



"Sometimes I think sex is my favorite form of sport. To quote a friend, it's the great indoors. I love it. A man would be a fool to put me in the kitchen. I'm at my best playing, sharing, being a companion."

TV Tunes In Sex as Crime Fades

By ROBERT LINDSEY

[illegible]

And, in a spirit of true solidarity, the "Bulldogs," "California Grrr" and "Bulldog Grrr" are all of the first three will be written with 50 not wear brasserie.

Tel Aviv, which is perhaps the only major industrial town in American thought, is in the process of pulling back some of its main infrastructure in dealing with ethnic matters. And the industry is preparing for what I expect would become a bitter debate over the issue.

Turned a Response in Changes
The historians say they are merely responding to changing American values and morals. They say the popularity of shows aimed at the 16 to 24 age group with identifiable visual icons and characters such as *Thelma & Louise* and *Baywatch* reflect new ideas.

In response, some industry trade associations have expressed concern that many of the values projected in such shows reflect the thinking of only a minority of Americans and protest that a large part of such programs could in fact shift the values. They contend that much of the new wave of permissive programming is a leftward manipulation of mainstream attitudes that would produce opposing results of human values.

It's offensive sophomoric sex, they tell students in a place of a good school, they put in teacher plant we add in junior high school, who get together and try to be shocking and tell sex, cars in the night.

A Bug Pulled Out
When you look at ideas," she adds, "the hundreds of programs and the all happen to feature women with big names. You know there's a trend. And when a trend starts, it's like a wave that pushes over the 'What's really unfortunate is that the women's movement has been trying to get good, responsible, women's projects, and all of a sudden they pull the rug out and you're stuck with shows that have to hide women, shamelessly hide."

The plots for at least a dozen proposed series in which attractive women often placed in situations where they wear bathing suits or other sexually connotive, are in production now. Most industry leaders attribute the pattern to the success of "Charlie's Angels," an ABC series featuring three female detectives.

One thing we trend here at a recent industry meeting, one television producer Gary Marshall said "It used to be that when the set jiggled you

Standards Have Been Relaxed

the FCC's standards and analysts cite several factors for the network's recent relaxation of previous standards regarding racial themes on airtime.

“The ratings race and efforts to enjoy the arrival of shows such as *Thelma Houston*, *“Love Boat”* and *Charlie’s Angels*.”

F.A. [The Federal Court Decision ruled on an extraordinary level the network’s

4 The success of reform groups in India, however, is evidence that has appraised the world for one material

Marcy Hanson is one of the "Waller girls," which starts a limited preview series on NBC April 13.

Laet and Silberman

ruined in the 14-to-18 age group, a prime target of advertisers. He turned on his shoes like Charles Chaplin. Previously, women in the group have tended to be put off by programs with heavy women as principal characters.

though he speculates that a program featuring strong, seductive women might have touched a chord related to the women's movement. Since 1973, this is one of the reasons for the fast-growing crop.

Physically Attractive

"I think the fact that these women are attractive is part of a trend," says Jerry Genzly, ABC's West Coast vice president for programming, m.d.

Several years ago, he continued, women weren't so sexy. "I think it's

characters like William Cleveland, the curly detective in "Laramie." Now I think there is a period when people relate to a slightly larger than life characters who are physically attractive, he said.

"Like anything, sexuality on television can be misused—like a cigarette, more so. I don't think anyone would put on the air so far has exceeded."

"What may be appealing to our section of the people may turn off another

Second, officials emphasized decisions that their decisions to pursue more rapid treatment of various diseases merely reflected changing values.

sburah Pitts



At left, Marcy splashes with July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore. Above, Marcy's with former best friend Rod Stewart at her 25th birthday bash. "We were trying to look sexy; Rod cheated."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Nancy Hanson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Marcy Hanson

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 117 SIGN: Capricorn

BIRTH DATE: Dec. 22 BIRTHPLACE: Galveston, Texas

GOALS: I'd love to do a film, become a movie star,
own a home, with a dog in the back yard,
find a good man and work forever

TURN-ONS: sharing new discoveries with friends,
ice cream, creative people and baby oil

TURN-OFFS: pessimistic people, Smog
dishonesty

GREAT ESCAPES: All Disney films, music, Maui,
Self and Champagne

FAVORITE AGE: Europe 1865 to 1890. Romantic, beautiful era.
If there are past lives, I'm sure this was mine;
attracted to the art, clothes and the finery

IDEAL MAN: Game for adventure, great sense of humor,
fairly aggressive and...
able to "take care of business"

AGE 5



Mama's little
Angel



The real me
age 8



My "Rollergirls"
hairdo

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Please, I'd like a leave of absence," the about-to-become-obviously-pregnant airline stewardess told her supervisor.

"Why?" she was asked.

"It's because I've had—well—a sort of accident," answered the girl.

"What was the cause of this accident?" pursued the supervisor. "Was it job related?"

"In a manner of speaking," sighed the stewardess. "You might put the cause down as 'pilot error.'"



When Neanderthal man lumbered home from the hunt, he was less than fully erect, according to anthropologists. That figures, of course, considering how ugly Neanderthal woman was.

Teenaged partygoers report that the new version of an old Halloween pastime is something called bobbing for cherries.

*Since the girl couldn't type, she was fired,
Then explained how she'd come to be hired:
"The executive's dong
Being four inches long,
I thought shorthand alone was required."*

The man who had risen from poverty to fame and fortune looked thoughtful as his naked wife began to simmer sexually.

"You know, dear," he mused, "at times, I almost miss the old days, when I used to revel in foreplay—instead of leaving this sort of thing to the butler."

It was at a homecoming dance that the handsome but painfully shy young man approached the popular sexpot and mumbled, "Gee, I don't mean to be fresh, but if you, you know, danced with me, it would be quite a feather in my cap."

"Let's split and go to a motel," twinkled the girl, "and I'll make you an Indian chief!"

With the changes in sexual mores, people are no longer intent upon keeping up with the Joneses. Given group sex and spouse swapping, now they're more interested in going down with the Joneses.

It was one of those classic confrontations in a neighborhood bar. "In my book," growled the old-line ship's radio operator to the abrasive young feminist, "a woman is still basically two dots and a dash."

But, my dear, this person is suffering the agonies of acute nymphomania," the psychiatrist explained when his wife happened to walk in and find him on the couch with a shapely young thing. "I was simply trying to alleviate her pain by administering a temporary anesthetic."

*No longer a virgin, Miss Wise
Arranged for a marriage disguise:
It was surgical art
That refurbished her part
By constructing a tissue of lies.*

On her," exulted the girl watcher to his equally interested buddy, "the end justifies the jeans!"

Two housewives were discussing the TV special production of *The Godfather*. "It must be a terrible thing, Bertha," remarked one of them, "to wake up with a horse's head in your bed."

"I should be so lucky," sneered Bertha. "With my Harry, it's a horse's ass."



Edy Reiman

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *massage-parlor girl* as a peter maid.

During a medical examination, the physician asked his female patient about some marked abrasions on her knees and forearms. "Those are rug burns," the woman explained with some embarrassment, "from . . . well . . . from engaging in intercourse dog fashion."

"But surely you know other positions," chided the medical man.

"Of course I do, doctor," replied the woman, "but my Doberman doesn't."

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.



"Run out and get me a pizza during half-time activities."

THE INNER GAME OF SEX

article

By ROBERT SHEA

zen and the art of foreplay—a look at the mental attitudes that lead to good, bad and incredible lovemaking

Americans do not enjoy sex totally. We are a driven people. There is a post-New Testament God keeping score on our bedroom games, and the newest version of the Protestant ethic is, "Thou shalt pursue a full, active, regular, frequent, satisfying, varied, exciting, healthy, normal sex life." We have had our sexual revolution, but we are still governed by the style, if not the rules, of Puritans and Victorians; we are compulsive, anxiety-ridden, competitive, relentlessly self-improving, perpetually self-critical. The morality has changed but not the habit of moralizing. Sex, of all human activities, should be the one we enjoy most freely, yet it is one of the most ruled and regulated. The old regulations made people feel guilty; the new ones make them feel inadequate.

Is there an antidote to the American way of sex? Perhaps. Japan is admirably free of sexual hang-ups. One reason for this is the pervading influence of Zen in Japanese life. Now Zen has be-





come popular in America. We've had Zen in archery, drawing, flower arrangement, judo, karate, aikido, motorcycle maintenance, tennis, skiing and creative management. With all this, there should be a Zen approach to sex.

There is. People have been putting Zen into their love-making for ages. The word Zen means meditation, and meditation means turning off the verbalizing mind and letting what is be. So the essence of Zen in sex is to function naturally and pleasantly without bugging ourselves.

Anything and everything we do can be a means of meditating, of doing Zen. Timothy Gallwey's *The Inner Game of Tennis* has applied this idea to Western sports, turning tennis into an opportunity to meditate. We will enjoy tennis more, he says, if we will do four things: Abandon self-criticism; rely on spontaneous learning processes; concentrate on here and now; shift our goal from outward success to inner growth.

These four principles can just as well be applied to sex. The first rule of the inner game, and maybe the most difficult for anyone raised in this culture, is to give up the habit of judging ourselves and everything we do in terms of positive or negative—good or bad, right or wrong, success or failure. We all know that in any skill when we are self-critical, we become awkward, stumble and fall, lose touch with the sources of inspiration. It's as if we had two selves that might be called the player and the spectator. The player is pure action; it does not think in words and it needs to concentrate. The spectator observes and intellectualizes. When the spectator gets out of hand, starts hollering out criticisms from the side lines, giving unnecessary advice, trying to control the player's actions, calling attention to the score, the player develops two left feet. If the spectator starts acting up like that at a sexual performance, it will spoil that performance.

For instance, a man may find

that when he is making love, especially to a woman he doesn't know well, he seems to be two people. One of them is in bed doing things to and with a lover. We might call this person the Player. Pure action. In contrast, the second self, the Spectator, is standing back, criticizing, like a director at a pornographic movie—a very anxious director, who says things such as, "You've played with that nipple long enough, idiot. Go on to the other one, quick." Or, "She doesn't like the way you're stroking her. Too mechanical. She's losing interest. Think of something else to do."

Whenever you have to make a move—strike up a conversation, make a romantic gesture, display your expertise in bed—the Spectator feels somewhat nervous. Whenever your self-esteem depends on the outcome of some effort, there is stage fright. That terrible paralysis. That pounding of the heart, trembling and clamminess of the hands, draining hollow in the stomach. The mind goes blank, speech and gesture turn to wood. You feel terrified of making a fool of yourself. It strikes when you are in bed with someone you badly want to impress. It can ruin an experience. Liberating yourself from stage fright is what Zen is all about.

You are so in the habit of labeling everything either good or bad that it's hard to imagine any other way of thinking. There is another way, though: being completely aware without judging. Stop classifying what you see as good or bad and simply look at the facts as they are. *I am a camera.* For example, if a woman doesn't have an orgasm when a man makes love to her, he doesn't have to blame himself or her, or treat the incident as a calamity. He can simply note the fact, recognizing that the explanation for it is not yet known.

Millions of American women worry about their breast measurements. Millions of American men worry about their penis size. Such concerns only measure the national insanity. If a man's erect penis is four inches long, he needn't say, "My penis is four inches long and that's a disaster." Nor should he try to use positive thinking and say, "My penis is four inches long and that's marvelous." That would be just as much a distortion of reality. He just says, "My penis is four inches long." Period. Or maybe, "So what?" Scientific fact. No praise, no blame.

Americans are obsessed with numbers. Poor Alfred Kinsey. He wanted to free us from guilt. He wrote that there was so much variation in our levels of sexual activity (he found one man who regularly had 30 orgasms a week and another who'd had only one in 30 years) that we should stop using words such as normal and abnormal, much less good and bad.

Everyone has ignored that statement and remembers only that Kinsey counted everything that could be counted. And Kinsey's statistics have given us a new way to feel guilty. Four orgasms a week is above average, therefore good. One a week is below average, therefore bad. How many of you keep count of how often you get laid? Hands, please. Quite a few, we see. How many of you try to count the number of orgasms your women have per night? Still a great many. How many worry when either number falls below a certain level? That's what we suspected.

But if we don't criticize our performance, how are we ever going to improve? How do we learn anything? Most of us think we are taught the right way to do things by hearing a lecture or reading a book. Then we practice while observing our performance carefully for mistakes. If the mistakes are too numerous or seem insurmountable, we go to a teacher, coach or therapist. Or we read a dozen more how-to-do-it books.

The instructions in *The Joy of Sex* are so detailed and complicated that any couple who wanted to follow them would have to have crucial passages printed on the sheets or lettered on the bedroom ceiling. And a man would need the coordination, reflexes, strength and endurance of an astronaut to make ideal love. But also like an astronaut, he would always be working from a check list.

It is possible to improve a skill without consciously trying. In fact, it seems to be the better way. When you are trying to do something, the Spectator frequently talks too much, filling your mind with confusing instructions that are hard to follow. When the Player takes over, however, it will sometimes perform virtual miracles, moves that are brilliant and instantaneous and could be achieved only through inspiration. You've had moments when you were on or hot and did something memorable, a clever conversational comeback, a skilled bit of driving that got you through an emergency or an inspired move in lovemaking that sent your partner to a new height of ecstasy. Left to do its thing without a lot of nervous chatter from the Spectator, the Player will find ways to grow and improve that surprise you. For instance, you might suddenly and spontaneously introduce a new kind of sex-play in a relationship. The first time a man goes down on a woman, he may not know (unless she asked for it) how she will take it. She might see him as a nasty pervert or—much more likely—she might love him all the more. Sometimes a woman will react both ways at once. After all, she has a Spectator and a Player on her side of the net, too.

There are two aids to learning with a quiet mind. One is the use of mental

pictures instead of words. If people watch good golfers or tennis players in action, or movies of them, their own game improves afterward. If you want to be better in bed, you should read pornography, which provides images rather than instruction, and go to sex movies. Pornographic movies are being exhibited with sound, color and wide screen in most of our big cities these days. Sex therapists have also recognized the value of visual images. Couples now spend weekends sprawled on cushions and watching both pornographic films and movies made especially for sex education.

The other way to learn is through practice. From the strange point of view prevalent in this culture since at least the fall of Rome, getting lots of practice in games, the arts or business is praised as diligence, but getting lots of practice in sex is denounced as promiscuity. In sex, as in most things, the more you do it, the better you get at it. Some people think it intensifies the pleasure of sex to save it for special occasions. Not necessarily. Sexual malfunctions are more likely to arise in people who enjoy sex only rarely. Nor is there any reason to fear running out of steam. Most of us have a lot more sexual energy than we usually use.

To keep the Spectator quiet and the Player practicing, you have to concentrate, which means keeping the mind in the here and now. Gallwey writes, "Concentration is the supreme art, because no art can be achieved without it, while with it anything can be achieved." He suggests that tennis players concentrate on the seams of the ball as it flies back and forth. You might try concentrating on your lady's navel.

Sex in the Western world is like an O. Henry story; the whole point is in the outcome. India developed tantric yoga, the use of sex as a means of meditation, in which the last thing anybody wants to do is get it over with. In his book on tantric yoga, Philip Rawson writes, "Indian eroticism always focused on the inner state of erotic possession." The ideal of lovemaking "is a protracted ecstasy of mind and body, whose fires are continually blown by prolonged engagement and stimulation of the sexual organs, not mutual relief."

Keeping the mind in the present means not worrying about how things will eventually turn out. A future-oriented man can be greatly troubled if he sees a good-looking woman on the street. There he is at five minutes to nine on Monday morning and all he can do is look. He sours the pleasure of looking by not being satisfied. It's no good, he thinks, unless he can have more. Or he is having dinner with a lady and finds

(concluded on page 276)

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST



ALL LUGGAGE FROM T. ANTHONY

daring nonchalance, tough-minded individualism and a sense of the classic will form the approach to menswear in the months ahead

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

THE PHRASE attitude dressing really sums up the current men's fashion mood. Wear suspenders over a suede shirt with a skinny tie and your collar open; or wing it (the collar, that is) with a suit or sportswear that reflects how you feel that day. With each succeeding season, the essence of dressing for this decade comes into sharper focus, and no more so than now. The current mood results from the melding of many elements, including a new appreciation for classicism (particularly, fine British fabrics), a virtual elimination of the "rules of dress" as we once knew them, a sophisticated sense of eclecticism and the confidence to put it all together and develop your own look.

Specific fashion trends on the rise include narrow ties and small shirt collars; narrower jacket lapels, softer shoulders and a less defined silhouette; and a great deal of layering. This last works best when the layers are juxtaposed with different textures, colors and fabrics, so that the total effect is one of unstudied insouciance. Fashion today? It's a surprise party. And you're all invited.

Above: A hot tip pays off—and so does the fact that he's wearing a ventless herringbone jacket with narrow lapels, \$300, worn with a wool knit V-neck sweater, \$65, polished-cotton shirt with a medium-spread collar, \$80, single-pleated corduroy socks,

\$115, and a narrow corduroy necktie, \$13, all by Browns of London. The broad-brimmed wool felt hat he's flipping is by Larry Kane, about \$25. (His lady in waiting's suit and hat by Bill Kaiserman for Rael; her fur by DeCor Furs New York.)



Above left: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all? He'd know if he could tear himself away from admiring his four-button wool tweed suit, by Don Sayres for After Six, \$230; wing-collared shirt with four-button placket front, from Country Roads by Robert Stock, about \$27.50; and a wool plaid tie, by Berkley Cravats, about \$9. (His companion has almost slipped out of a bra and panties by Shuba, plus shoes from Maud Frizon.) Above right: Is baby ready for her bedtime story? Once upon a time, there was a nice man in a lamb-suede shirt, about \$265,

worn with matching double-pleated slacks featuring side buckles and wide tapered legs, \$275, both by Pierre Cardin Relax; plus an iridescent silk tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$18.50; and knit suspenders, from Country Roads by Robert Stock, \$5. (Her nightie by Fernando Sanchez.) Right: Tea for two and two for who knows what when he's wearing a shawl-collared sleeveless tweed cardigan, \$200, over a ribbed-trim turtleneck, \$150, both by Jean-Baptiste Caumont; and tapered-leg wool tweed slacks, by Aldo Valentini, \$110. (Her suit and blouse by Gianni Versace.)

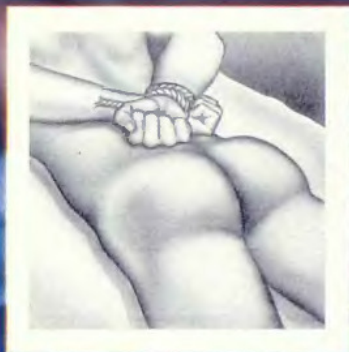




Above: Ah, the good life! Champagne, caviar and, best of all, a silk/wool tweed patterned pullover sweater with side-buttoned stand-up neck and ribbed cuffs and waist, about \$80, worn with a silk/cotton patterned shirt with rounded tab collar, about \$65, and wool tweed slacks, about \$110, all by Alan Rosanes for Dakota. (His lady's dress by Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant; her shoes from Maud Frizon.)

Right: Parting is such sweet sorrow—especially when she's getting turned on to your shawl-collared wool tweed pullover, \$135, wool tweed vest, \$45, wing-collared flannel shirt, \$45, and solid tie, \$18.50, all by Alexander Julian; plus a pair of wool twill slacks with an extension waistband and double-pleated front, from Trousers by Barry, about \$90. (Her night-shirt by Fernando Sanchez; jewelry from Gindi.)







*it took
the bizarre death
of publishing heir
john knight
to open his
closet door*

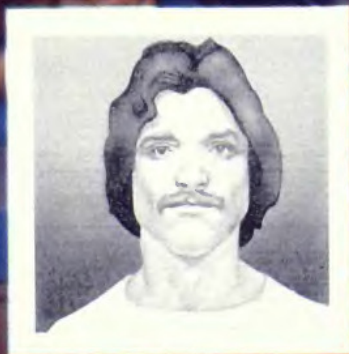
article **BY ARTHUR BELL**



KINGS DON'T MEAN A THING

FLASHBACK, three months. A man parks his car on 21st Street near the Dorchester and waddles toward Spruce—woozy, been drinking since noon. He is humming *Brazil*. It is always *Brazil*. Not the Aurora Miranda *Brazil* but the Ritchie Brothers'. "We stood beneath an amber mo-o-on."

As usual near midnight, the activity has just begun on this Philadelphia street. The man warily surveys the new



Artist Vincent Topazio combines the actual and the symbolic in his rendering of the people, events and artifacts involved in the murder of publishing heir John Knight. The inset pictures of Knight (at upper left) and his assailants (bottom, left to right), Steven Maleno, Felix Melendez (killed by his accomplices) and Salvatore Soli, were done from photos that appeared in Philadelphia newspapers after Knight's death. For the rest, Topazio had to rely on written accounts of the crime and his own imagination.

autumn crop. Tank tops of summer have been replaced with checkered shirts and work boots. Young men decked out as construction workers who have never seen a crane. It used to be glitter. Glitter and be gay. Now it's swagger and be butch. Beneath that pierced ear, behind that strut lies the soul of a hairdresser, he thinks. These are not his kind of men. None of this is him.

He is different. Swings both ways. Certainly, absolutely, not one of them. Dabbling in perversity, playing ticktacktoe in the nether world is one thing. Being like them is something he would never admit to himself.

"Are you all right?" asks a Paul Bunyan dress-alike.

John Knight opens his eyes. He nods his head. The inquisitor stands close, puts his arm to Knight's elbow but is shrugged away.

"I'm OK," he answers.

"Just being friendly," says the stranger.

"I'm all right. Just need another drink."

Down Spruce. More of them. A parade. Who are they? Where do they come from? Near the Warwick Hotel, he cuts off a side street and enters the 247 Bar. Cowboys, leathersmen, telephone repairmen, ditchdiggers—only by night. By day, copywriters, space salesmen, bookkeepers, shoe clerks. He stays for a double, then splits.

At 15th and Spruce, lined up like cloned derivations of Joan Blondell in a Busby Berkeley production number, are several boys, some of them pretty, if you can see through the acne. They are the youths of the evening and the Warner brothers would turn over in their graves.

He eyes the chorus line. He says hello to one of the kids with whom he had once tricked. The kid breaks from his frozen-pose position, smiles, his teeth in need of a good orthodontist.

"What's up?" the kid asks.

"I'm horny as hell," Knight replies.

The kid stares at Knight's lower lip and suggests they go somewhere. Knight rejects the idea.

"I've got a friend," says the kid. "Someone new to the street. I can fix you up with him, and if it works, you pay me thirty dollars. Pay nothing to him. If it doesn't, pay me ten dollars. No hassle."

"Sounds good."

Slowly, the two men walk the four blocks, past the Allegro, where the established Philadelphia homosexual carouses, past Roscoe's, where the liberated homosexual adjourns after his gay-activist meeting. They stop at the Hasty-Tasty Deli. Signs on the window announce a gay dance, a dog lost, a roommate wanted. Inside, the cashier and the grocery clerk talk in "get you, honey" lingo.

The customers are friendly and the place is brightly lighted. People actually can see what they're eating—and each other.

The kid sees his friend at the rear table.

"Felix," he says, "this is John."

Felix offers his hand. It is a long hand and he drops it into John's the way a haberdasher would slip a tie into a gift box.

John sits down. He asks Felix if he'd like another coffee. He orders three.

Felix is quiet, the kid chatty, John sulky.

Felix whispers, "Is this guy drunk?"

The kid replies, "No, he's high; he's usually that way." He turns to John. "Do you like Felix?"

John nods.

"So it's a deal?"

"It's a deal. Here."

John pulls a couple of 20s from his pocket and asks the kid to take care of all the negotiations and keep the change.

Five minutes later, a sullen Felix Melendez and an impatient John Knight leave Hasty-Tasty for Knight's \$1050-a-month apartment in the Dorchester on Rittenhouse Square.

If we are to believe what Melendez later told the kid, "Nothing happened. We smoked a joint, then that guy John fell asleep. I stayed the night and he cooked me breakfast."

•

Early on the morning of December 11, 1975, the telephone rings at the house where I'm staying in Provincetown. I've asked my New York answering service to be cautious about routing the Provincetown number, to give it out only in case of emergency.

The call is from Tom Morgan, editor of *The Village Voice*. No apologies, no how-are-yous. Straightaway, he asks, "Have you been following this John Knight business?" I don't know what he's talking about. After all, I'm on vacation, enjoying the off-season quiet of P'town, walking the sandy beaches, retiring early, and who the hell is John Knight? I tell Morgan that I haven't seen a paper or heard a radio since leaving New York.

"Never mind," he says. "In a nutshell, the heir to the largest newspaper chain in the country got himself killed on Sunday. It looks like a homosexual thing, perhaps a ritualistic killing. It's got all the earmarks of a great story: money, power, the works. They haven't caught the killer yet. Can you get your ass on a plane to Philadelphia and check it out?"

I hem and haw. On vacation. Away from my regular beat: the *Voice* column, the murder stories, coverage of the gay-lib scene. Don't know a thing about John Knight. Don't know Philadelphia. But Morgan is a con man with an irresistible

manner. Flattery works on writers. And this writer doesn't ordinarily ponder whether that flattery is false or sincere.

Two hours later, I'm on one of those six-passenger shuttle jobs, flying south of the Provincetown sunset, and by nine P.M., I'm in the City of Brotherly Love, where the streets are painted red, white and blue in preparation for the Bicentennial; and the closest thing to beach and sand is a poster at the Eastern Airlines terminal advertising a winter vacation in Miami.

Philadelphia. Former home of Princess Grace. Site of the Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart comedy. Mayor Frank Rizzo. The Philadelphia Flyers. The Liberty Bell. Marian Anderson and Joseph Kallinger. The town that rolls up its lawns at six P.M. and closes shop on Sundays.

I check into the Warwick, a sedate hostelry two blocks from the Dorchester apartment where Knight lived and died. Room service brings up a Jack Daniel's, a ham and cheese on rye, plus the latest *Inquirer*, *Bulletin* and *News*. As expected, Knight's demise is emblazoned on the front pages. Each of the dailies has an exclusive story. The *News*, where he worked as an editor, plays up the "regular Joe" angle. Paul Janensch, Knight's managing editor, is quoted as saying, "He loved the newspaper business and all aspects of it. . . . He was a hard-working guy who took instructions well."

Murder victims are usually painted as saints and one reads the gushy post-mortem prose with a certain amount of cynicism. Yet there seems to be a holding back in the copy, as if the papers are trying to soft-pedal Knight's homosexuality, as if they don't want to deal with it unless they are forced to, as if it isn't kosher to bring someone out of the closet after death, especially if that someone happens to be a budding Citizen Kane. But between the lines are hints that Knight's gayness was the key to his murder. Allusions to a "secret life," a search through Philadelphia's underground for possible suspects, run through the reports. There are also rumors about diaries detailing his sizzling sex life.

Having digested the papers, I leave the hotel, hail a cab and journey to police headquarters.

Christmas is just around the corner. At Homicide, holiday tackiness covers the walls. A blue Christmas tree with silver bulbs, silver tinsel and angel's hair stands next to an American flag, and next to that stands Chief Inspector Joseph Golden, in charge of detectives on the Knight case. My timing is perfect. Golden is just about to announce the identity of the Knight killers at a press conference. I'm

(continued on page 196)



"Hazim, couldn't we spend a few days
in Baghdad without your mother?"

Dedim



Girls the Pac 10

Part II

*coeds from five more far west schools
confirm that horace greeley gave good advice*

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T been paying attention, last month we brought you ten pages of coeds from five schools in the N.C.A.A.'s far-Western Pac 10 Conference. This month we bring you ten more pages of coeds from the remaining five Pac 10 schools—the University of Southern California, Stanford University, the University of Arizona, Oregon State University and Washington State University. As we said last month—and pay attention this time, *(text continued on page 272)*

The three T-shirted USC coeds are (from left to right) Suzanne Birket ("My hobbies are tennis, baseball, dancing and acting"), Kirsten Reed (a journalism major who pilots gliders in her spare time) and Wanelle Fitch ("I like tall, muscular, strong men"). University of Arizona sophomore Helen Hestenes (right) is a psych major and a member of the university's French Club, Movie Review Board and Ciné Club.





USC's Julie Lynch (right), an art major, is entering her sophomore year with a solid 3.6 grade point average. A poli-sci major at Stanford, Renée Masi (far right) has lived in Italy and England most of her life and hopes to get a job in Washington, D.C., after graduation.



A native of Pennsylvania, University of Arizona coed Paulette Spirit (left) intends to start her own business someday. An animal-science major at Washington State, Beth Funner (below) is planning on putting her education to good use; she intends to raise top-quality horses professionally. Beth's hobbies, besides horses, are skiing, driving exotic cars and playing pocket billiards.





A psych major at the University of Arizona, Lindy Edwards (above left) participates in three aquatic sports—swimming, water polo and synchronized swimming—and hopes to enter the A.A.U. national competition in swimming someday. Says USC sophomore Marilee Buster (above right), "My best subject is sociology and my worst is math." Marilee would like to get into the public-relations field after college. Another psych major, Oregon State University coed Sarah Henry (below) likes to water-ski and play pinball and racquetball in her off hours.





"Eventually, I'd like a career in broadcasting or in the music industry," says USC senior Nancy Amons (left). A broadcast-journalism major with an incredible 3.8 G.P.A., Nancy is on the staff of the school newspaper, *The Daily Trojan*. Another super-ambitious miss is University of Arizona's Erica Edwards (below), a marketing major whose goal is to be a corporate executive. When it comes to socializing, "I prefer intelligent, ambitious, perceptive men," Erica informs us.





"I'm a bat girl for our varsity baseball team," says USC soph Lisa Lewis (left), who wants to go to grad school and eventually get into the fashion business. Part-time model Victoria Cooke (bottom left) enjoys camping, running and water-skiing when she's not attending classes at the University of Arizona.





"I'd love to be on astronaut," says Washington State coed Martha Thomsen (left), whose hobbies include body surfing, drawing, painting, basketball and softball. A German-language major at Stanford, Laurel Haniman (below) speaks French, Spanish and German fluently and aims for a career that involves "lots of travel."





A tight end on Stanford's intramural football team (female squad), Denise Bradley (above left) wants to become a marketing specialist or a corporation lawyer. Donna Marie Borrington (below), a member of the interdorm volleyball team, is a senior at the University of Arizona.

Oregon State's Karen Blessing (above) is a business-administration major. Voted Best Dressed (and, she claims, Best Undressed) by her class, Toni Turner (right) majors in broadcasting at Washington State and has done news commentary for a Spokane TV station.







"All right, who slipped me the rubber knife?"

from *Certain Tragical Discourses*,
by Matteo Bandello, 1567

IN BYGONE DAYS, there was an entrancing lady in Naples called Zilya. Because she was half Saracen, she was arrogant and cruel and because she was half *napoletana*, she was clever and lovely beyond compare—or at least that was the way those who knew her explained it.

The beauty first and next the cruelty struck many young men, but the worst wounded was a gallant named Virley, a man of wit and talent who cut such a fine figure, such a *bella figura*, that he might have stocked a whole harem with the ladies who sighed at the sight of him. Zilya only laughed in his face.

She was no woman to offer her golden maidenhood to any man. In fact, it was gold only that made her feel warm with passion. She had inherited a mercer's business from her father and had made it more prosperous. When she ran her fingers through the gold coins in her counting room, she felt a fire in her loins.

Still Virley persisted. Zilya would permit him to call at her house, where she always received him charmingly dressed—and abundantly dressed, but always with one tantalizing oversight. One day it would be just a glint of white bosom beneath some carelessly arranged lace; another, it would be the silk gown that apparently clung to the curve of her thigh with nothing between. And Virley breathed in the false hope.

Surely, he thought, there was a subtle promise in the way she moved, an enticement in the way she turned her back, drawing the skirt tight so that it clung like the skin of grapes to those fine globes beneath her waist. And Virley would go on with his anxious wooing.

In the end, Zilya wearied of the game. "Sir," she said, "you are like a rain cloud. You burden the air with your pleas, but I am mine own woman. Go away and darken some other room."

Hopeless still with hope, the gallant replied, "If I do so, will you at least give me a parting kiss for my love and my pains past?"

Zilya laughed the laugh of a Saracen captain before he puts his knife to his prisoner's throat. "Agreed," she said, "but you must give a forfeit if you truly love me, a promise to do what I say."

"Yes!" said Virley in his folly and, taking her in his arms, he put his warm lips to her cool ones, thinking that he could breathe life into this beautiful statue, then told her that *his* life had begun again.

She pulled away and yawned. "How my ears ache!" she said. "How you have made them ache all these months. So, to ease the listening of other women, I tell



you for forfeit that you must now remain totally silent for seven years."

Virley was struck doubly dumb. He boiled with anger. But he was a man of honor, and so he simply withdrew from her presence, nodding assent, and went home to arrange his affairs.

He sought out a clever servant named Pietro, who could speak French, and, with him, took ship for France. There, posing as a man who had been wounded in battle with the Turk and had lost his power of speech, he took service with the king. For seven long years, with courage in the field and wisdom in the council—where he would write out his opinion for Pietro to translate—he distinguished himself in the affairs of the crown. The French king grew to depend on him, grew fond of him, pitied him. Finally, he decided to proclaim to all of Europe a reward of 10,000 livres to any doctor or healer who could cure his good captain and restore his voice. So many charlatans then flocked to Saint-Denis that the king added a codicil—those who failed to cure within 15 days must pay with their lives.

Virley made certain that the news of the reward was published in Naples. When Zilya heard of it and heard his name, she knew that God had put 10,000 livres into her hands.

When she appeared at the French court, she demanded to be closeted alone with the patient to effect his cure. They stood gazing at each other for a space and Zilya contrived to have tears glisten in her eyes. She had never looked more beautiful. In a voice filled with

emotion—for the thought of 10,000 livres is a moving one—she exclaimed that she had suffered from her cruelty as much as he and that she now released him from his promise.

But Virley spoke not a word.

She began to feel a cold fear. It was no longer her maidenhead at stake but her very head. She reached down slowly and unlaced her bodice and her breasts, ripe as apples, appeared to view.

Virley did not move or make a sound.

Desperately, she slipped off her gown and stood naked before him, all the treasures of curve and cranny she had hoarded till then laid bare.

Presently, the king and his men in the corridor outside heard a voice cry out. Then they heard moans, of passion it seemed; but when they went to the door, the one voice was that of a woman.

Just at midnight on the 15th day, Zilya was taken away to prison. Just after midnight, Virley spoke in a voice grating and creaky from disuse and told his strange tale.

The king gave a robust laugh. "Why, here is a vengeance, indeed!" he said. "Since she has cured you, I grant her the reward. But since she failed to accomplish that within the given time, her life is still forfeit. And since I trust you, I give that life over into your hands. Take her home to Naples; keep her out of the counting room; and, as for your future conversation, I advise that you make her moan prettily at least seven times a week—one moan for each year of your silence."

—Retold by Kenneth Marcuse



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20 QUESTIONS: CHERYL TIEGS

America's hottest model and latest sex symbol turns out to be as quotable as she is beautiful

The following short interview was conducted by frequent PLAYBOY contributor John Hughes, who has known Cheryl Tiegs for three years. He reports: "We talked in the morning in her suite at New York's Sherry-Netherland. Cheryl had just showered and was fresh, bright and scrubbed. She sat hunched over, with her elbows on her knees, gestured frequently with her hands, smiled a great deal and answered most of my questions quickly and impulsively. I found her to be a warm, intelligent woman who is so beautiful that I'm sure she could stop an elephant's heart at 30 paces."

1. PLAYBOY: On a scale of one to ten, how would you rate your looks?

TIEGS: Compared with everybody else in the world, I'd have to say ten. People would kill me if I said an eight or a six or a two. By my own standards—oh, eight or nine. My ears stick out, but I hide that.

2. PLAYBOY: If it were 1943, would you want your likeness on the nose of a B-17?

TIEGS: Yes, yes. Because it would have given them something to dream of. And I like my image and so, therefore, I would like for them to dream of me. Part of my popularity is that I'm a real person, and I really don't have a cold exterior, I have a warmth. So I think that people want an image to look up to that is real, that is not untouchable.

3. PLAYBOY: There's an old myth that beautiful girls have ugly girls for best friends. Do you?

TIEGS: No, I have beautiful best friends. One is a model, one's in the fashion business. I like beauty, but beauty doesn't have to be physical beauty. I don't just have pretty girls as friends, but I don't have ugly people as friends.

4. PLAYBOY: What was your first modeling job?

TIEGS: I tried out for little beauty pageants and never won. My best friend, who was prettier and more charming than I, was always winning.

5. PLAYBOY: Do you wear protective gear when you perform hazardous household chores?

TIEGS: I've never done a household chore in my life.

6. PLAYBOY: Do you own a Cheryl Tiegs doll?

TIEGS: So many people have told me that I should have one made, but I haven't pursued it. I don't know if I want that. It's very dehumanizing to be a doll. And

I think that I've just spent the last 14 years being a mannequin, so I don't want that image anymore.

7. PLAYBOY: Was there some pivotal decision that you made that really boosted your career to the top?

TIEGS: When I decided to do a poster. All my fan letters were from boys in high school and college asking for posters. So it was my idea, but I was discouraged by an agent who said I'd only get ten percent, etc., etc. So I forgot about it for a couple of weeks and I thought, Well, I'm going to do it anyway. So I did it.

8. PLAYBOY: In the *Time* cover story, you appeared in a see-through fish-net bathing suit. Did you know it was see-through beforehand?

TIEGS: No, because I tried it on in the dressing room and when it's dry, you can't see through it. I've taken many a picture in fish net before and you can't see through it. We were in the Amazon and there was no way that I was going to go into the water with the crocodiles and piranhas. So I thought, OK, I'll wear the suit. Well, it was sunset and the light was so bad and the photographer said, "Please go in," and I had never seen a suit wet before and then it was published and you could see through it. There's no excuse. I'm not trying to say, "Oh, my God, I didn't know that you could see through it." To me, it wasn't that bad, but they got a lot of letters from it. Americans are such puritans. Nudity is not that bad, and it wasn't nude and there was nothing provocative about it. Even if I had known that you could see through it, maybe I would have done it anyway.

9. PLAYBOY: Your image is that of the all-American girl. Are you happy about it?

TIEGS: Yeah. I happen to be a lover of America. I did this cheerleading special, I was one of the judges, and all of a sudden, I had tears in my eyes and I was beaming. I mean, these beautiful kids did their cheerleading and it was just so all-American—they were so clean-cut and so beautiful. And I thought, If you did that in some foreign country, it just wouldn't be the same. I really like America. America is very healthy. The all-American image? Yeah, I like it.

10. PLAYBOY: Would you like to sing at the White House?

TIEGS: Nobody's invited me. I can't sing or dance.

11. PLAYBOY: For whom did you vote in

the last two Presidential elections?

TIEGS: I voted for Carter the last time and I was out of the country before that.

12. PLAYBOY: Who were your childhood heroes?

TIEGS: I liked Pat Boone. He was so clean-cut and all-American. Everybody else was crazy about Elvis Presley.

13. PLAYBOY: You weren't an Elvis fan?

TIEGS: Not as much. At that time, Elvis was the bad guy and Pat Boone was the good guy. You know, black and white. I had a crush on Pat Boone.

14. PLAYBOY: Were you ever a brownie?

TIEGS: Yes, a brownie, then a girl scout.

15. PLAYBOY: Were you a good brownie and a good girl scout?

TIEGS: Oh, of course. I was always a good girl. Not always, but... Yes, I was. I was very shy, but I was always very popular. I was always the tallest girl in the class and that made me very shy. I would slump down a little bit. But I was never an ugly duckling. I was never really ugly and suddenly blossomed. I was always sort of pretty. Although I always wanted to be five feet, one.

16. PLAYBOY: Has any man ever stood you up or dumped you?

TIEGS: There was one boy in college I was crazy about, but he wasn't so interested in me. We dated and we saw each other, but I never really snagged him. But other than that, it's a pretty good record.

17. PLAYBOY: Did you go to your high school prom?

TIEGS: Everybody always went to two or three proms in high school. I only went the last year. I wasn't invited the other years. I went the last year and I was prom princess and my best friend got prom queen.

18. PLAYBOY: Do you throw things when you get mad?

TIEGS: If I'm really angry at my husband, I'll hit him in the arm or something like that. I don't throw things at walls. I'll throw a pillow at him or something. I'm always controlled. I wouldn't throw a tennis racket at him or a knife or anything like that. But I get angry enough that I hit things.

19. PLAYBOY: Are you always as graceful as you appear to be?

TIEGS: I spill everything. Every time I eat, whatever I eat, I spill.

20. PLAYBOY: One last question: Will you marry me?

TIEGS: No.

FALLING ANGEL

(continued from page 118)

"I took a bottle of morphine off the top shelf to bait the hook and started upstairs."

cooking in the bathroom. How long have you been hooked?"

"I'm not . . . an addict!" Dr. Fowler sagged within the folds of his oversized suit. He seemed to be shrinking before my eyes. "What do you want with me?" He propped his head in his hands.

"Same thing I was after back at the hospital," I said. "Information about Jonathan Liebling."

"I've told you everything I know."

"Doc, let's not kid around. Liebling was never transferred to any VA hospital. I know because I called Albany myself and checked it. Not smart making up a story as thin as that."

Dr. Fowler groaned. "I knew it was all over when he finally had a visitor. In almost 15 years, there were never any visitors, not one."

"Sounds like a popular guy," I said. "Where is he now?"

"I don't know," Dr. Fowler pulled himself upright. It seemed to take all he had in him to get the job done. "I haven't seen him since he was my patient during the war."

"He must have gone someplace, doctor."

"I have no idea where. Some people came one night long ago. He got into a car with them and drove away. I never saw him again."

"Into a car? I thought he was supposed to be a vegetable."

The doctor rubbed his eyes and blinked. "When he first came to us, he was in a coma. But he responded well to treatment and within a month was up and around. We used to play table tennis in the afternoons."

"Then he was normal when he left?"

"Normal? Hateful word, normal." Dr. Fowler's nervous, drumming fingers clenched into fists on the faded oilcloth. On his left hand, he wore a gold signet ring engraved with a five-pointed star. "To answer your question, Liebling was not the same as you or me. After recovering his senses, he continued to suffer from acute amnesia."

"You mean he had no memory?"

"None whatsoever. Not even his name meant anything to him. I said he left with friends; I have only their word for it about that. Jonathan Liebling didn't recognize them. They were strangers to him."

"Tell me more about these friends. Who were they? What were their names?"

The doctor pressed his trembling

fingers to his temples. "It's been so long. Years and years. I've done my best to forget it."

"Don't you go pleading amnesia on me, doc."

"There were two of them," he said, speaking very slowly, the words dragged out of the distance and filtered through layers of regret. "A man and a woman. I can't tell you anything about the woman; it was dark and she stayed in the car. I'd never seen her before. The man was the one who made all the arrangements."

"What was his name?"

"He said it was Edward Kelley."

I made a note in my little black book. "What about the arrangements you mentioned? What was the deal there?"

"Money." The doctor spat the word out as if it were a piece of rotten meat. "Isn't every man supposed to have his price?"

"How much money?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"What did Kelley want for the money?"

"What you probably already suspect; discharge Jonathan Liebling without keeping a record. Destroy any evidence of his recovery. Most important, I was to maintain the pretense that he was still a patient at Emma Harvest Memorial."

"Which is just what you did."

"It wasn't very difficult. Aside from Kelley, he never had any visitors."

"What about the hospital? Didn't the administration suspect it was missing a patient?"

"Why should they? I kept his charts up to date, week by week; and every month a check came from Liebling's trust fund to cover his expenses. As long as the bills are paid, no one is going to ask too many questions. After a while, all I had to do was fill out a legal affidavit that arrived every six months from a law firm in New York."

"McIntosh, Winesap and Spy?"

"That's the one." Dr. Fowler raised his haunted eyes from the tabletop and met my gaze.

"Tell me about Jonathan Liebling."

"What do you want to know?"

"Anything at all; little things, habits, hobbies, how he liked his eggs. What color were his eyes?"

"I can't remember."

"Give me what you can. Start with a physical description."

"I have no idea what he looked like."

"Don't crap around with me, doc."

"I'm telling the truth. Young Liebling

came to us following intensive facial restoration."

"Plastic surgery?"

"Yes. His head was swathed in bandages for his entire stay. I wasn't the one who changed the dressings and so had no opportunity to see his face."

I stood up and leaned against the table. "Give me what you can about Edward Kelley."

"It's been a long time," the doctor said, "and people change."

"Having another amnesia attack?"

"It's been more than fifteen years. What do you expect?"

"Doc, you're stalling me." I reached down and took hold of the knot in his necktie. When I lifted, he came up to meet me as easily as an empty husk. "Save yourself some trouble. Don't make me squeeze the truth out of you."

"I've told you all I can."

"Why are you shielding Kelley?"

"I'm not. I hardly knew him. I—"

"If you weren't such an old fart, I'd bust you up like a soda cracker." I jerked the knot in his tie a touch tighter. "Why wear myself out when there's an easier way?" Dr. Fowler's bloodshot eyes broadcast his fear. "You're in a cold sweat, aren't you, doc? Can't wait to main-line the junk in your fridge?"

"Everyone needs something to help him forget," he whispered.

"I don't want you to forget. I want you to remember." I took him by his arm and steered him from the kitchen. "That's why we're going upstairs to your room, where you can think things over while I go out and grab a bite to eat."

"What do you want to know? Kelley had dark hair and one of those thin mustaches Clark Gable made popular."

"Not good enough, doc." I bullied him up the stairs by the collar of his tweed jacket. "A couple hours' cold turkey should refresh your memory." I pushed him through the narrow door of his Spartan room and he fell forward onto the bed. "You think it over, doc."

"Had perfect teeth. The most engaging smile. Please don't go."

I closed the door behind me and turned the long-handled key in the lock.

It was after midnight when I got back to Dr. Fowler's place. I let myself in the front door and walked back through the dark hall to the kitchen. The refrigerator purred in the shadows. I took a bottle of morphine off the top shelf to bait the hook and started upstairs. The bedroom door was locked tight.

"Be right with you, doc," I called, fumbling in my pockets for the key. "I brought you a little taste."

I turned the key and opened the door. Dr. Albert Fowler didn't say a word. He was propped against the pillows, still

THIS FISHER SYSTEM LETS YOU CREATE YOUR OWN MUSICAL PRODUCTION.

Once you've created your sound with this advanced design, high fidelity audio component system, you probably won't be able to live with any other.

Sound the way you like.

The new Fisher RS2004 receiver makes it happen. With it, you're not limited to simple bass and treble controls like conventional receivers. Instead, you operate the receiver to create sound tailored to your taste . . . by operating its sophisticated built-in graphic equalizer.

By boosting or cutting each of the five equalizer controls, you can transform ho-hum sound into the most exciting you've ever heard. Sound tailored to your ears. Sound the way you like it.

Want to really feel the drums on a disco record? Just push up the 50Hz (low bass) slider for the effect you want — without disturbing the tonal color of voices or other instruments. Want to bring the vocalist "up front?" Add a little 1 kHz (midrange) boost. And so on. In a few seconds, you can make such a dramatic improvement in the sound of your music that you'll probably never be satisfied with the sound of any other receiver.

Of course, the RS2004 has plenty of power and low distortion: 45 watts min. RMS per channel at 8 ohms, 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

The first practical way to record.

This system's new Fisher CR4025 cassette deck with Dolby is probably as important an advance in tape recording as the cassette itself was. This is the only high fidelity deck with wireless remote electronic editing.

Now you can really enjoy creating your own music library from FM broadcasts or record albums. The editing is done while recording . . . without jumping up every few minutes to eliminate commercials or to skip an unwanted album track. A remote control transmitter instantly stops and starts the tape from up to 20 feet away as you relax and listen.

And to top off this great sound system is the Fisher Studio Standard MT6115 turntable

with automatic arm return and magnetic cartridge. Plus a pair of famous Fisher Studio Standard ST430 speakers. Each 25½" high cabinet has a powerful 10" woofer, an 8" passive radiator for deeper bass, a 3" midrange driver, and a 2" tweeter.

You can enjoy the superb sound of the ACS1735 for about \$900*. Hear it (and other Fisher systems from \$300*) at selected audio dealers or the audio department of your favorite department store. For nearest dealer, call toll-free in continental U.S.: 1-800-528-6050 ext. 871 (in Arizona, 1-955-9710, ext. 871).

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New guide to buying high fidelity equipment. Send \$2 for Fisher Handbook, with name and address to Fisher Corp., 21314 Lassen St., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.



The first name in high fidelity.



wearing the brown herringbone suit. The framed photograph of a woman was clutched to his chest in his left hand. In his right, he held the Webley Mark 5. He was shot through the right eye. Thickened blood welled in the wound like ruby tears. Concussion drove the other eye halfway out of its socket, giving him the goggling stare of a tropical fish.

I touched the back of his hand. It was cold as something hanging in a butcher-shop window. Before I touched anything else, I opened my attaché case and put on a pair of latex surgeon's gloves I took from the snap-front pocket inside the lid.

The door was locked and I had the key in my pocket. Suicide was the only logical explanation. "And if thine eye offend thee," I muttered, trying to put my finger on what was out of place.

I picked the leather-bound Bible off the bedside table and an open box of cartridges tumbled out onto the rug. The book was hollow inside, a dummy. I was the dummy for not finding the bullets earlier. I picked them off the floor, groping under the bed for strays, and put them back inside the empty Bible.

I went over the room with my handkerchief, wiping everything I had touched during my initial search. The Poughkeepsie police wouldn't exactly be charmed by the idea of an out-of-town private eye bullying one of their prominent citizens into suicide. I told myself if it was suicide, they wouldn't look for prints and kept on wiping.

The drive back to the city provided plenty of time for thought. I didn't like the idea that I had hounded an old man to his death. It was a bad mistake locking him up with a gun like that. Bad for me, because the doc had a lot more to tell.

I tried to fix the scene in my mind like a photo. Dr. Fowler stretched on the bed with a hole in his eye and his brains spread across the counterpane. The framed photograph from up on the bureau was locked in the doctor's cooling grip. His finger rested on the revolver's trigger.

No matter how many times I went over the scene, there was something missing, a piece gone out of the puzzle. But which piece? And where did it fit? I had nothing to go on but my instincts. A nagging hunch that wouldn't let go. I was sure Dr. Albert Fowler's death was not suicide. It was murder.

Monday morning was fair and cold. It was a little after ten when I unlocked the inner-office door. The usual bad news across the street: "NEW IRAQ ATTACK ON SYRIA ALLEGED . . . GUARD WOUNDED IN BORDER INCURSION BY BAND OF 30 . . ." I phoned Herman Winesap's Wall Street law firm and the machine-tooled secretary put me straight through.

"And what might I do for you today, Mr. Angel?" the attorney asked, his voice smooth as a well-oiled hinge.

"I tried calling you over the weekend, but the maid said you were out at Sag Harbor."

"I keep a place there where I can relax. No phone. Has something important come up?"

"That information would be for Mr. Cyphre. I couldn't find him in the phone book, either."

"Your timing is perfect. Mr. Cyphre is sitting across from me this very moment. I'll put him on."

There was the muffled sound of someone speaking with his hand over the receiver and then I heard Cyphre's polished accent purring on the other end. "So good of you to call, sir," he said. "I'm anxious to know what you found out."

I told him most of what I'd learned in Poughkeepsie, leaving out the death of Dr. Fowler. When I finished, I heard only heavy breathing on the other end.

"I want you to find him," Cyphre said. "I don't care how long it takes or how much it costs, I want that man found."

"That's a pretty tall order, Mr. Cyphre. Fifteen years is a long time. The trail is bound to be cold as ice. Your best bet would be the Missing Persons Bureau."

"No police. This is a private matter. I don't want a lot of nosy civil servants." Cyphre's voice was acid with patrician scorn.

"They've got the manpower for the job," I said. "Favorite could be anywhere in the country or abroad. I'm just one man on my own. I can't be expected to accomplish the same results as an organization with an international information network."

The acid in Cyphre's voice grew more corrosive. "What it boils down to, Mr. Angel, is simply this: Do you want the job or not? If you are not interested, I will engage someone else."

"Oh, I'm interested, all right, Mr. Cyphre, but it wouldn't be fair to you as my client if I underestimated the difficulty of the project." Why did Cyphre make me feel like a child?

"What I want you to do is get started right away. I'll leave the approach up to you. Do whatever you think best. The key to the whole operation, however, must remain discretion."

"I can be discreet as a father-confessor when I try," I said.

"I'm sure you can, Mr. Angel. I'm instructing my attorney to make you out a check for five hundred dollars in advance."

I said that \$500 would certainly take care of things and we hung up. The urge to crack the office bottle for a self-congratulatory toast was never stronger, but drinking before lunch was bad luck.

I started by calling Walt Rigler, a reporter I knew over at the *Times*. "What can you tell me about Johnny Favorite?" I asked, after the prerequisite snappy patter.

"Johnny Favorite? You must be kidding. Why don't you ask me the names of the other guys who sang with Bing Crosby in the Rhythm Boys?"

"Seriously, can you dig anything up on him?"

"I'm sure the morgue has a file. Give me five or ten minutes and I'll have the stuff ready for you."

"Thanks, buddy. I knew I could count on you."

He grunted goodbye and we hung up. I finished my cigar while sorting the morning mail, mostly bills and circulars, and closed up the office. The *Times* Building on 43rd Street was just around the corner. I took the elevator to the newsroom on the third floor and gave Walt's name to the old man at the reception desk. He appeared from the back in shirt sleeves with his necktie loosened, like a reporter in the movies.

We shook hands and he led me into the newsroom, where a hundred typewriters filled the cigarette haze with their staccato rhythms. I followed him through the clatter to his desk in the middle of the room. A fat manila folder sat in the top wire basket of the desk tray. I picked it up and glanced at the yellowed clippings inside. "OK if I hang on to some of this stuff?" I asked.

"House rules say no. But I'm going out to lunch. Try not to lose anything and my conscience'll be clean."

Most of the old clippings were not from the *Times* but from other New York dailies and a selection of national magazines. Favorite was an abandoned child. A cop found him in a cardboard box with only his name and "June 2, 1920," the date of his birth, pinned in a note to his receiving blanket. He was raised in an orphanage in the Bronx and was on his own at 16. He was "discovered" by Spider Simpson in 1938 and soon was headlining with a 15-piece orchestra.

I sorted through the material, making a small pile of the stuff I wanted to keep. Two photos, one a studio glossy of Favorite in a tuxedo, his hair pomaded into a frozen black wave. The agent's name and address were rubber-stamped on the back: WARREN WAGNER, THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIVE, 1619 BROADWAY (THE BRILL BUILDING). WYNDHAM 9-3500.

The other glossy showed the Spider Simpson orchestra in 1940. Johnny stood to one side, with his hands folded like a choirboy. The names of all the sidemen were written in beside them on the print.

I borrowed three other items. The first
(continued on page 188)

WHEELS FOR THE MAN WHO THINKS BIG

what with everything in detroit being down-sized, a guy is going to have to look elsewhere for transportation in the grand manner

*modern
living*

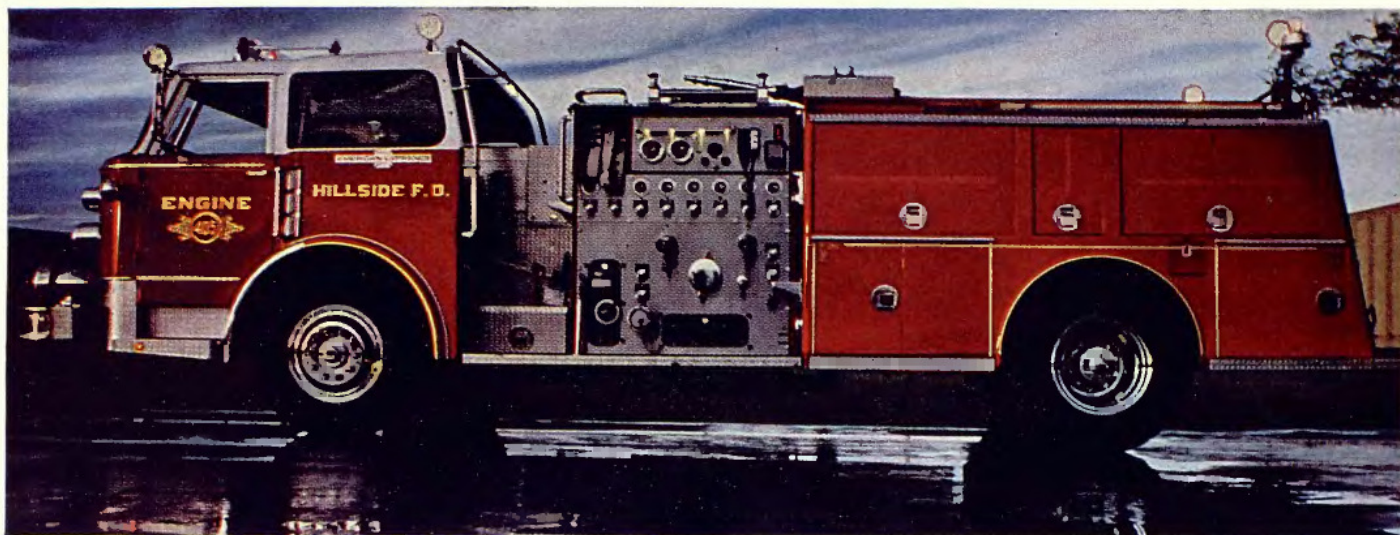
**By DONALD
CHAIKIN**



Climb aboard a 10'-high Peterbilt cab-over-engine ten-wheeler and you know you're king of the road. At stop lights, lean out and leer at the serfs. Who's gonna argue? Price: \$40,000.

A LAMBORGHINI MIURA? Here? In God's country? No way. No self-respecting man of the world, man of women, man with *real* hair on his balls would call on a ladyfriend in *that* roller skate.

Alfa Veloce Spiders, Porsche Targas, Ferrari GTs and Aston Martin DB-8s are all fine for teenagers, fine for cutting teeth on—nice playthings until a man has matured enough to take his rightful place in the world. When he has made it up the ladder



Above: Heads will turn when you pull up to the party in your fire-engine-red, 25,000-pound American LaFrance pumper that can deliver up to 1500 gallons of your favorite liquid refreshment *per minute* forced through a three-inch hose. The price is a bell ringer, too: \$75,000. Opposite, top: Sixty-four thousand big ones will get you what many feel is the ultimote road machine—on Autocar dump truck that's just right for getting your ashes hauled. Or, if cement is your bog, there's always the Crane Carrier Company's U.S. Special model at right, with its sexy one-mon cab. Many consider it the ultimote martini mixer for those who like them shoken, not stirred. Only about \$75,000. Cheap!

and gained the security and respect that come with success, he should take that big step upward and climb into the perfect personal vehicle for today's man. He should not aspire to an exotic foreign machine whose power will first be emasculated by the Federal emission standards and then castrated by the gasoline situation. No, he should look for a domestic name—such as Kenworth, or Diamond Reo, or White Freightliner or Peterbilt. *The* personal vehicle for today's man in today's world.

How many of us, tooling along the freeway in a more mundane machine, have been blasted off the road by a tractor trailer tearing by with earth-shaking ferocity? Think of how those same tractors would perform without the burden of a trailer—or two—in tow. A diesel tractor without the trailer—the ultimate driving experience. Imagine the thrill testing your driving skill to the utmost, taking your Peterbilt along the Pacific Coast





Highway or through the Vermont hills. Envision the superb handling, with *ten* wheels on the road, and the taut suspension, including a front axle rated at 12,000 pounds, all in that neat, short wheelbase. Imagine—13 forward gears and two reverses in that crisp Fuller gearbox. Why, you'd be able to teach Nuvolari a few things.

Why settle for a small, finicky, dual-overhead-cam engine, with its moody Weber carburetors, when you can get a turbocharged Caterpillar diesel with a displacement of almost 1100 cubic inches, weighs only a bit more than 3000 pounds, puts out 450 horsepower and twists out more than 1350 foot-pounds of torque? Torque, as you know, is what makes things move—and it will move your 15,000-pound Pete along fast enough to get a ticket anyplace you take it. Of course, you may not want the Cat 3408PTCA in your Pete; you may choose a Cummins engine, also turbocharged for more power and less noise from those gleaming, solidly erect exhaust pipes. Or you may opt for the newest, the Detroit Diesel 8V-92T. That's a V8 diesel engine with *each* cylinder displacing 92 cubic inches to give you 430 horsepower and enough torque to blow your mind.

As your selection of engines is myriad, so is your choice of practically everything else that goes into your custom-built Peterbilt. For you, along with Pete's engineers, decide which engine you want, what size, which slick-shifting gearbox, how many gears, whether you want two or three axles (the extra tolls are well worth it for that extra set of wheels), which drive ratios you'll be happiest with to get the most satisfactory performance from the rest of the drive line—whether climbing the Rockies, cruising along the interstates or tooling around town. And you'll find power steering worth it for parking downtown. Then you decide what appointments you want in that distinctive, taut aluminum body, painted any one of Peterbilt's more than three dozen color combinations or, if you prefer, painted in a design of your own, in any colors you choose, to personalize the vehicle and label it you. In the interior of that eight-foot-wide cab, you'll find it well worth the extra \$240 or so for an air-cushioned driver's seat, a seat that makes certain that the big steering wheel will never get in your way, no matter what position you happen to find yourself in. And it should never get in your way—not with a \$1040 air-conditioned master bedroom right behind the seat. It is imperative in this vehicle to have a twin-sized bed, with piped-in stereo music, climate-controlled temperature and insulated, cushioned walls (a perfect place to hang your original Mucha poster). All this goes wherever you do to comfort you on those long nights out.

In addition to the driving excitement that comes with owning a big purple Pete is the just as real, and just as powerful, *static* excitement. There you are, sitting at a stop light, ten feet above the road with a maze of switches and gauges in front of you, around you and even above your head, gauges and controls for things that lesser men don't even know exist, let alone are necessary for the better automotive life. Air pressure? Most men think that has to do only with tires. Front and rear drive-line temperature? (What the hell is that?) Sitting at an intersection on those three-foot-tall tires, with, of course, aluminum wheels, and feeling the power surging beneath you—literally—since you are actually sitting on top of the engine, you can see over the roofs of the other vehicles to calmly survey the traffic situation and, always, enjoy the view, while all the other drivers can see, in total frustration, is your chrome bumper, level with their windshields.

And so, as you and a ladyfriend roll off, long into the night, perhaps two states away, to catch *The Maltese Falcon* at a drive-in where you are certain to be the center of attraction, you know you won't have to worry about running out of gas, not with two chromed 100-gallon saddle tanks full of cheaper, plentiful diesel fuel tucked under the cab. You know you won't have to ruin every Friday night waiting in line to fill up. No, you'll be out on the road enjoying life. And what a way to enjoy it, indeed. Watching a movie through that distortion-free, full-cab-width, unique four-piece windshield—no squinting and nobody's roof in your way—and you can even watch from bed.

There is nothing to match this distinctive, luxurious and yet so sporty Peterbilt cab-over as the perfectly individualized personal vehicle for today's man and his companion. You'll find it well worth its over \$40,000 price and six-month wait to have it built just for you. But, alas, what do you do when there are more than just the two of you? The intimate tractor trailer will not suffice. Then you must turn to one of your other vehicles—say, your fire engine.

What better way for the superb host to take a group of friends for an old-fashioned picnic than in—and on—an American La France pumper? You can not only carry *all* your friends, food and other picnic diversions but you can also carry *and* deliver all the liquid refreshment anyone could desire. Think of it: a beautiful Sunday in late August, a sunny and warm morning that promises to be not *too* hot—what a day for a picnic! The only drawback is that almost everybody else in town has the same idea and those who haven't are on their way to the beach. The roads are jammed past capacity. You, however, will be a model of

virtue in your single vehicle, conserving gallons of fuel, *and* you will be rewarded for your unselfishness. You can beat all that traffic by riding right down the fire lane. Why, you have only to ring the bell at intersections, and if your town has the Opticom emergency-traffic-control system, you won't even have to do that; you'll be able to change all your traffic lights to green as you approach them. You'll be out of town and out of traffic in no time. And if the unforeseen happened, you could have your picnic right there on the truck. By removing the 1500 feet of hose, you would reveal more than enough room for a party. Of course, if you order a portable, light-giving gasoline-powered generator and accompanying spotlights, you can have that party well into the night. And when the picnic is over, no matter where you have it, Smokey the Bear will not have any complaint with the way you leave the area, despite the size of the bonfire.

In 1832, when John F. Rogers started his fire-extinguisher company in New York, he could not have imagined that almost 150 years later his company would be turning out the epitome of elegant yet practical fun vehicles—the American La France. The Century Series pumper, powered by the venerable Detroit Diesel six-cylinder diesel, offers such indispensable features as a stainless-steel 500-gallon booster tank that is warranted for five years, in this day of ever-shortening and limited automotive warranties. The cab and pumper sections of this truck are flex-jointed for improved roadability and handling. And in the luxurious cab, there is indirect heat to keep you warm and comfortable in the most adverse weather, as well as five separate seats, each one having a fine view of the road through optional electric windows. Offered, of course, are optional armrests, along with your own gold-leaf decal designs and paint job. After all, you'll want the sharpest \$75,000 rig on the block, with a stainless-steel bumper and double chrome towing hooks, along with that highly practical and yet so elegantly designed oversized lighted chrome pump-gauge panel on the side of the truck—a panel that conveniently swings out of the way for servicing the double impeller pump, capable of delivering 1500 gallons of whatever liquid you may be serving, per minute, forcing it through three-inch hose, to make sure everyone gets his share. Of course, the diamond plate decks are all aluminum to end the perennial painting problem. And the siren, air horns and bell are all chromed, so you won't worry about corrosion, no matter how wet it gets.

And, wet or dry, your fire engine always looks right. After all, how can it miss, with all that stainless steel and
(concluded on page 270)



**Of course you can live without Chivas Regal.
The question is, how well?**

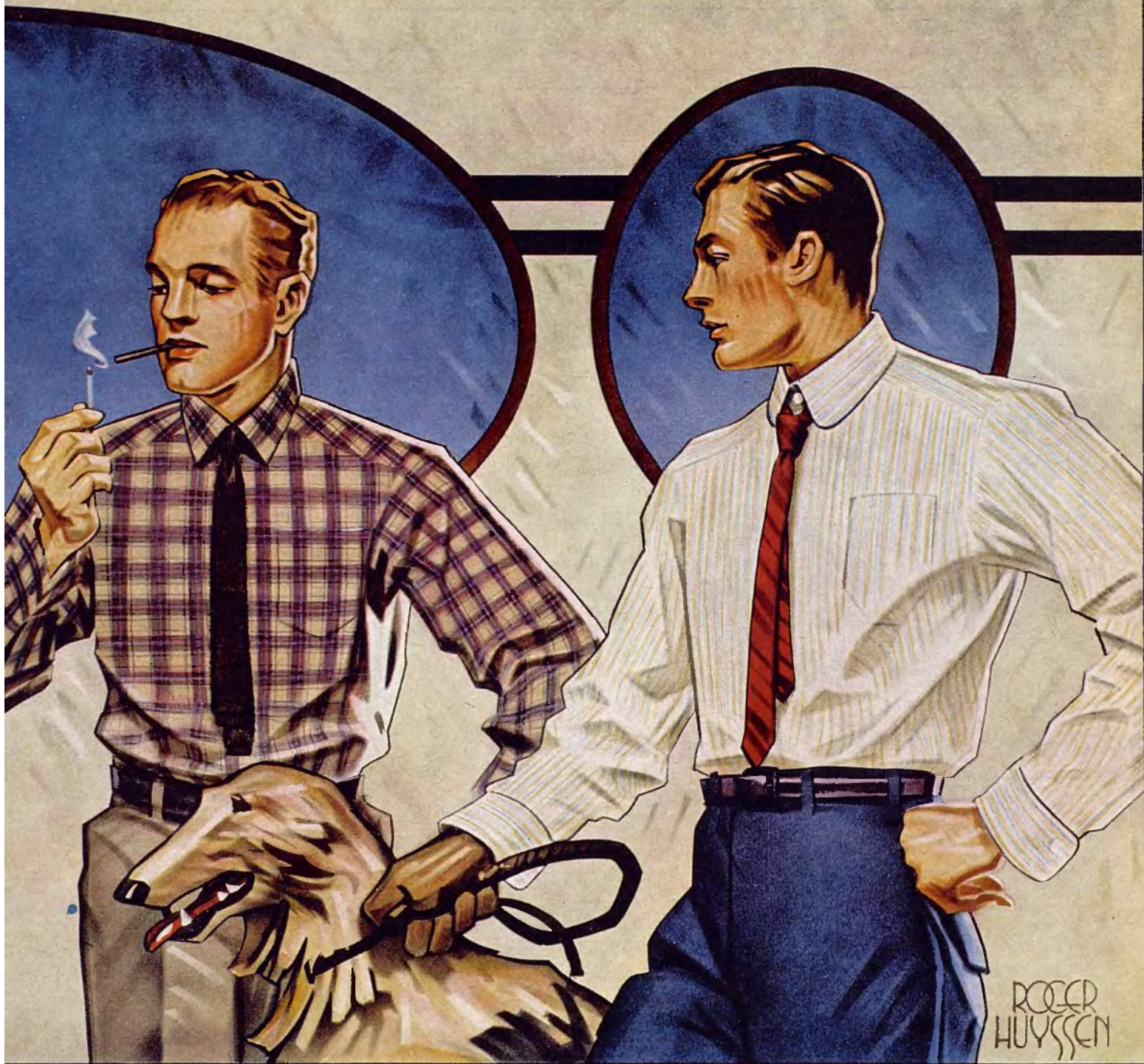
CHIVAS REGAL • 12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Green textured cotton/royon shirt with spread button-down collar and barrel cuffs, by New Man, \$40, goes with a loosely knotted narrow tie, from Barney's All-American Sportswear, \$8. Haven't we heard that song before?

It used to be that wing-collar shirts were worn only when you stepped out in soup-and-fish. Here, wings have been added to a pinstripe shirt, from Pierre Cordin for Eagle Shirtmakers, \$25. Under them is a tweed tie, from Resilio, \$12.50.



shirts with wing, round and buttondown collars worn with narrow ties? who said you can't go home again?

If you're the shy, retiring type, forget about this multi-color windowpane-plaid cotton/polyester shirt featuring a medium-spread collar and barrel cuffs, \$18.50, that's shown with a silk tie, \$18.50, both from Chaps by Ralph Lauren.

To round out your wardrobe, we suggest you try this variable-striped polished-cotton shirt that has a small curved collar and barrel cuffs, by Hathaway, \$28.50; worn with a casually knotted narrow silk tie, by Vicky Davis, about \$9.

FALLING ANGEL

(continued from page 180)

"The receptionist had large breasts and slim hips. Her hair was on the brassy side of platinum."

was a photo from *Life*. It was taken at Dickie Wells's bar in Harlem and showed Johnny leaning against a baby grand, singing along with a Negro piano player named Edison "Toots" Sweet. There was a piece from *Downbeat* claiming the singer went out to Coney Island once a week whenever he was in town and had his palm read by a gypsy fortuneteller named Madam Zora.

The last item was a squib in Walter Winchell's column dated 11/20/42 announcing that Johnny Favorite was breaking off his two-year engagement to Margaret Krusemark, daughter of Ethan Krusemark, the shipping millionaire.

I shuffled all of this stuff together, got a manila envelope out of the bottom drawer and stuffed it inside. Then, on a hunch, I dug out the glossy of Favorite and called the number in the Brill Building stamped on the back.

"Warren Wagner Associates," answered a perky female voice.

I gave her my name and made an appointment to see Mr. Wagner at noon.

The Brill Building was at 49th and Broadway. Walking up from 43rd, I tried to remember how the square looked the night I saw it for the first time. So much had changed. It was New Year's Eve of '43. An entire year of my life had vanished. I was fresh out of an Army hospital with a brand-new face and nothing but loose change in my pockets. Someone had lifted my wallet earlier in the evening, taking all I owned: driver's license, discharge papers, dog tags, the works. Caught up in the vast crowd and surrounded by the electric pyrotechnics of the spectaculars, I felt my past sloughing away like a shed snakeskin. I had no identification, no money, no place to live, and knew only that I was heading downtown. That was when I saw the lights in the Crossroads office and played a hunch that led me to Ernie Cavallero and a job I've never left.

Outside the Brill Building, a tramp in a tattered Army greatcoat paced back and forth, muttering, "Scumbag, scumbag," to all who entered. I checked the directory and located Warren Wagner Associates, surrounded by dozens of song pluggers, prize-fight promoters and fly-by-night music publishers. A creaking elevator took me to the eighth floor. The receptionist was knitting when I opened the office door. "You Mr. Angel?" she asked, forming her words around a wad of gum.

I said that I was and got a card out of my dummy wallet. It had my name on it but said I was a representative of the Occidental Life and Casualty Corp. The receptionist pincer the card between fingernails as green and glossy as beetle wings. She had large breasts and slim hips and emphasized them with a pink angora sweater and a tight black skirt. Her hair was on the brassy side of platinum. "Mr. Wagner will see you right away," she said.

I said thanks and went in. The inner office was half the size of the cubbyhole outside. A cigarette-scarred wooden desk took up most of the floor space. Behind it, a young man in shirt sleeves was shaving with an electric razor. "Five minutes," he said, holding up his hand, palm outward so I could count his fingers.

I sat my attaché case on the worn green rug and stared at the kid as he finished shaving. He had curly, rust-colored hair and freckles. Beneath his horn-rimmed glasses, he couldn't have been much more than 24 or 25.

"Mr. Wagner?" I asked when he switched off the razor.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Warren Wagner?"

"That's right."

"Surely you're not the same man who was Johnny Favorite's agent?"

"You're thinking about Dad. I'm Warren, Junior."

"Then it's your father I'd like to speak to."

"You're out of luck. He's been dead four years."

"I see."

"What's this all about?" Warren, Jr., leaned back in his leatherette chair and clasped his hands behind his head.

"Jonathan Liebling is named a beneficiary in a policy owned by one of our customers. This office was given as his address."

Warren Wagner, Jr., started to laugh. "That's terrific," he snorted. "Really terrific. Johnny Favorite, the missing heir."

"Quite frankly, I fail to see the humor in all this."

"Yeah? Well, lemme draw you a picture. Johnny Favorite is flat on his back in a nut hatch. He's been a turnip for nearly twenty years."

"Say, that's a wonderful joke. Know any other good ones?"

"You don't understand," he said, taking off his glasses and wiping his eyes. "Johnny Favorite was Dad's big score. He sank every penny he had in the world

into buying his contract from Spider Simpson. Then, just as he was riding high, Favorite got drafted. The Army sends a million-dollar property to North Africa and ships home a sack of potatoes."

I stood up. "Can you give me the name and address of the hospital where Favorite is a patient?"

"Ask my secretary. She must have it tucked away someplace."

I rode the Seventh Avenue IRT one stop to Times Square to save shoe leather. After struggling out of my overcoat, I sat down behind my desk and took a look at the photos and clippings I'd been lugging around. I stared at Johnny Favorite's smarmy smile until I could no longer stomach it. Where do you search for a guy who was never there to begin with?

The Winchell column was as brittle with age as the Dead Sea Scrolls. I reread the item about the end of Favorite's engagement and dialed Walt Rigler's number over at the *Times*.

"Lo, Walt," I said. "It's me again. I need to know some stuff about Ethan Krusemark."

"The big-shot shipowner?"

"The very same. I'd like whatever you've got on him, plus his address. I'm especially interested in his daughter's broken engagement to Johnny Favorite back in the early Forties."

"Johnny Favorite again. He seems to be the man of the hour."

"He's the star of the show. Can you help me out?"

"I'll check with the Woman's News," he said. "They cover society and all its dirty doings. Call you back in a couple minutes."

After Walt hung up, I dialed Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians. After a bit of searching, they were able to provide me with Cornelius "Spider" Simpson's address and phone number in Los Angeles. All they had on Edison Sweet was his agent's number, but I was in luck. Toots was currently playing uptown at the Red Rooster on 138th Street. Next, I tried Spider Simpson in L.A. but connected with the maid. She was Mexican. I managed to leave my name and office number, along with the general impression that it was a matter of importance.

I hung up and the phone rang before I lifted my hand. It was Walt Rigler. "Here's the poop," he said. "Krusemark's very top-drawer now; charity balls, social register, all that sort of thing. Has an office in the Chrysler Building. His residence is number two Sutton Place; phone number's in the book. You got that?"

I said it was all down in black and white, and he went on. "OK. Krusemark wasn't always so upper crust. He worked

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as a merchant seaman in the early Twenties and it's rumored he made his first money smuggling bootleg hooch. He started putting his own fleet together during the Depression, all Panama registry, of course."

"What about his daughter?" I asked.

"Margaret Krusemark; born 1922; father and mother divorced in 1926. The mother committed suicide later that same year. Margaret met Favorite at a college prom. He was singing with the band. Their engagement was the society scandal of 1941. Seems that he was the one who broke things off, though no one knows why anymore. The girl was generally regarded as something of a crackpot, so maybe that was the reason."

"What sort of crackpot?"

"The kind with visions. She used to tell fortunes at parties. People thought it was cute for a while, but it got too rich for their blue blood when she started casting spells."

"Is this on the level?"

"Absolutely. She was known as the Witch of Wellesley."

"Where is she now?"

"No one I talked to seemed to know. Society editor says she doesn't live with her father and she's not the type who gets invited to the Peacock Ball at the Waldorf, so we haven't got anything on her over here. The last mention she got in the *Times* was on her departure for Europe ten years ago. She may still be there."

"Walt, you've been a big help. I'd start reading the *Times* if they ran comic strips."

I got the phone book out of the desk and ran my finger down a page in the K section. There was a listing for a Krusemark, Ethan, and a Krusemark Maritime, Inc., as well as a Krusemark, M., Astrological Consultations. This one seemed worth a try. The address was 881 Seventh Avenue. I dialed the number and let it ring. A woman answered.

"I got your name through a friend," I said. "Personally, I don't put much stock in the stars, but my fiancée is a true believer. I thought I'd surprise her and have both our horoscopes done."

"My desk calendar is completely clean for the afternoon," she said, "so whatever is convenient for you."

"How about right away? Say in half an hour?"

"That would be wonderful."

I gave her my name. She thought my name was wonderful, too, and told me her apartment was in Carnegie Hall. I said I knew where to find it and hung up.

•

I took the uptown BMT to 57th Street and climbed the exit stairs that let me out on the corner by the Nedick's near

Carnegie Hall. A bum shuffled up and tapped me for a dime as I headed for the studio entrance.

The lobby of the Carnegie Hall Studios was small and barren of decoration. I got in the elevator and gave M. Krusemark's name to an ancient operator who resembled a Balkan army pensioner in his ill-fitting uniform. He looked at my shoes and said nothing. After a moment, he shoved the metal gate closed and we started up.

M. Krusemark's name was painted on her door in gold letters and, beneath it, an odd symbol that looked like the letter M with an upturned arrow as a tail. I rang the bell and waited. High-heeled footsteps tapped on the floor.

"Yes?" asked a voice inside.

"I'm Harry Angel," I said. "I called earlier about an appointment."

"Why, of course. Just a minute, please." I heard the chain sliding free and the door opened. "Do come in," she said, standing aside for me to enter.

She was dressed all in black, like a weekend bohemian in a Village coffeehouse. Her cat-green eyes burned at me from out of a pale, angular face. Walt Rigler had indicated she was about 36 or 37 years old, but without any make-up, she looked much older. Her only ornament was a gold medallion hanging from her neck on a simple chain. It was an upside-down five-pointed star.

Neither of us said a word and I found myself staring at the dangling medallion. A five-pointed star was engraved on the ring that Dr. Albert Fowler was no longer wearing when I found his body locked in the upstairs bedroom. Here was the missing piece in the puzzle.

The revelation hit me like an ice-water enema, raising the hackles along the back of my neck. What had happened to the doctor's ring? It might have been in his pocket; I didn't go through his clothes; but why would he take it off before blowing his brains out? And if he didn't remove it, who did?

I felt the woman's fox-fire eyes focused on me. "You must be Miss Krusemark," I said to break the silence.

"I am," she answered without smiling.

"I saw your name on the door but didn't recognize the symbol."

"My sign," she said, closing and relocking the door. "I'm a Scorpio." She stared at me for a long moment, as if my eyes were peepholes revealing some interior scene. "And you?"

"Me?"

"What's your sign?"

"I don't really know," I said. "Astrology's not one of my strong points."

"When were you born?"

"June second, 1920." I gave her Johnny Favorite's birth date just to try her out, and for a split second I thought I

caught a faraway flicker in her intense, emotionless stare.

"Gemini," she said. "The twins. Curious; I once knew a boy born the very same day."

"Really? Who was that?"

"It doesn't matter," she said. "It was a long, long time ago. How rude of me to keep you standing here in the hall. Please come in and have a seat."

I followed her out of the murky hall into a spacious, high-ceilinged studio living room. There were ferns of all descriptions and palms towering to the ceiling. Greenery dangled from hanging planters. Miniature rain forests steamed within enclosed glass terrariums.

"Beautiful room," I said, as she took my overcoat and folded it over the back of a couch.

"Yes, it's wonderful, isn't it? I've been very happy here." She was interrupted by a sharp whistling in the distance. "Would you like some tea?" she asked. "I just put the kettle on when you arrived."

"Only if it's no trouble."

"No trouble at all. The water's already boiling." She gave me a wan half-smile and hurried off to deal with the insistent whistling. I took a closer look around.

Exotic knickknacks crowded every available surface. Temple flutes and prayer wheels, Hopi fetishes and papier-mâché avatars of Vishnu ascending out of the mouths of fishes and turtles. An obsidian Aztec dagger carved in the shape of a bird glittered on a bookshelf. I scanned the haphazard volumes and spotted the *I Ching*, a copy of *Oaspe* and several of the Evan-Wentz Tibetan series.

When M. Krusemark returned carrying a silver tray and tea set, I was standing by a window thinking about Dr. Fowler's missing ring. She placed the service on a low table.

I joined her on the couch. "That's a familiar face." I nodded at an oil portrait of an aging pirate in a tuxedo.

"My father, Ethan Krusemark." Tea swirled into translucent china cups.

There was the hint of a roguish smile on the determined lips, a glint of ruthlessness and cunning in eyes as green as his daughter's. "He's the shipbuilder, isn't he? I've seen his picture in *Forbes*."

"He hated the painting. Said it was like having a mirror that got stuck. Cream or lemon?"

"I'll take it straight, thanks."

She handed me the cup. "It was done last year. I think it's a wonderful likeness. Would you believe he's over sixty? He always looked ten years younger than his age. His sun is in trine with Jupiter, a very favorable aspect."

I let the mumbo jumbo pass and said that he looked like a swashbuckling

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captain in the pirate movies I'd seen as a kid.

"Very true. When I was in college, all the girls in the dorm thought he was Clark Gable."

I sipped my tea. It tasted like fermenting peaches. "My brother knew a girl named Krusemark when he was at Princeton," I said. "She went to Wellesley and told him his fortune at a prom."

"That would have been my sister, Margaret," she said. "I'm Millicent. We're twins. She's the black witch in the family; I'm the white one."

I felt like a man waking from a dream of riches, his golden treasure melting like mist between his fingers. "Does your sister live here in New York?" I asked, keeping up the banter. I already knew the answer.

"God, no. Maggie moved to Paris over ten years ago. Haven't seen her in an age. What's your brother's name?"

The entire charade hung limply over me like the skin of a deflated balloon. "Jack," I said.

"I don't remember Maggie ever mentioning a Jack. Of course, there were so many young men in her life in those days. I need for you to answer some questions." She reached for a leather pad-and-pencil set on the table. "So I can do your chart."

"Fire away."

"You were born on June second, 1920," she said. "There's quite a bit I know about you from that fact alone."

"Tell me all about myself."

Millicent Krusemark fixed me with her feline stare. "I know that you're a natural actor," she said. "Playing roles comes easily. Although you are deeply concerned with discovering the truth, lies flow from your lips without hesitation."

"Pretty good. Go on."

"Cruelty comes easily to you, yet you find it inconceivable that you are so gifted at hurting others. On one hand, you are methodical and tenacious, but by contrast, you place great stock in intuition." She smiled. "When it comes to women, you prefer them young and dark."

"A-plus," I said. "You were right on the money." And she was. She had it down pat. Only one problem: wrong birthday; she was telling my fortune with Johnny Favorite's vital statistics. "Do you know where I can meet some dark young women?"

"I'll be able to tell a great deal more once I have what I need." The white witch scribbled on her note pad. "I can't guarantee the girl of your dreams, but I can be more specific. Here, I'm jotting down star positions for your chart. Not yours, really, that boy I mentioned. Your horoscopes are undoubtedly similar."

"I'm game."

Millicent Krusemark frowned, studying her notes. "This is a period of great danger. You have been involved in a death quite recently, within a week at least. The medical profession is involved. Unfavorable aspects are very strong. Beware of strangers."

I stared at this odd woman in black and felt invisible fear tentacles encircle my heart. How did she know so much? "What's that ornament around your neck?"

"This?" The woman's hand paused at her throat like a bird resting in flight. "Just a pentacle. Brings good luck."

Dr. Fowler's pentacle didn't bring him much luck, but then, he wasn't wearing it when he died. Or did someone take the ring after killing the old man?

"I need additional information," Millicent Krusemark said, her filigreed gold pencil poised like a dart. "When and where was your fiancée born? I need to determine longitude and latitude."

I ad-libbed some phony dates and places and made the ritual gesture of glancing at my wrist watch before placing my cup on the table. We rose together, as if on a lift. "Thanks for the tea."

•

I dug out a cigarette on the way down in the elevator and lit it as soon as I hit the street. The March wind felt cleansing. I walked slowly down Seventh, trying to make sense out of the nameless fear that had seized me back in the astrologer's bosky apartment. I knew it had to be a con, verbal sleight of hand, like encyclopedia salesmanship. "Beware of strangers." That was the sort of bullshit you got for a penny along with your weight. She had suckered me with her oracle's voice and hypnotic eyes.

I took the rest of the afternoon off, relaxing at a double feature, and then headed to Gallagher's and the best steak in town. I finished my cigar and second cup of coffee about nine, paid my check and caught a cab on Broadway for the eight blocks down to my garage. It was time to go uptown and hear some music.

Crossing 125th Street, everything was bright as Broadway. Farther along, Small's Paradise and Count Basie's place seemed alive and well. I found a parking spot across Seventh Avenue from the Red Rooster and crossed on the green.

The Red Rooster was plush and dark. The tables around the bandstand were crowded with uptown celebrities, big spenders with their bare-armed ladies glittering beside them in a rainbow display of sequined, strapless evening gowns.

I found a stool at the bar and ordered a snifter of Remy Martin. Edison Sweet's trio was on deck, but from where I was sitting, I saw only the piano player's

back as he hunched over the keyboard. Bass and electric guitar were the other instruments.

The band was playing a blues, the guitar darting in and out of the melody like a hummingbird. The piano throbbed and thundered. Above the moody, shifting bass rhythms, Toots traced an intricate lament, and when he sang, his voice was bittersweet with suffering:

*"I got them voodoo blues,
Them evil hoo-doo blues.
Petro Loa won't leave me alone;
Every night I hear the zombies
moan.
Lord, I got them mean ol' voodoo
blues."*

When the set ended, I told the bartender I wanted to buy the group a drink. He filled their orders and nodded in my direction.

The two sidemen picked up their drinks, shot me a glance and moved off into the crowd. Toots Sweet took a stool at the end of the bar. I collected my glass and made my way over to him.

"Just wanted to say thanks," I said, climbing onto the next stool. "You're an artist, Mr. Sweet."

"Call me Toots, son. I don't bite."

"Toots it is, then."

Toots Sweet had a face as broad and dark and wrinkled as a slab of cured tobacco. His thick hair was the color of cigar ash. He filled a shiny blue-serge suit to the bursting point, yet the feet encased in two-tone black-and-white pumps were as small and delicate as a woman's.

"I liked the blues you played at the end," I said.

"Wrote that one day in Houston, years ago, on the back of a cocktail napkin." He laughed. The sudden whiteness of his smile split his dark face like the end of a lunar eclipse. One of his front teeth was capped in gold. The white enamel underneath gleamed through a cutout shaped like an inverted five-pointed star. It was something you noticed right away.

"That your home town?"

"Houston? Lord, no, I was just visiting."

"Where're you from?"

"Me? Why, I'm a New Orleans boy, born and bred. You're lookin' at an anthropologist's dee-light. I played in Storyville cribs 'fore I was fo-teen. I knew all that gang, Bunk and Jelly and Satchelmouth. I went up 'de ribber' to Chicago. Haw, haw, haw." Toots roared and slapped his big knees. The rings on his stubby fingers flashed in the dim light.

"You're putting me on," I said.

"Maybe just a little bit, son. Maybe just a little bit."

(continued on page 246)

Hungarian-born Stephen Vizinczey's novel *In Praise of Older Women*, which sold some 3,000,000 copies world-wide, is a sexual odyssey involving over a dozen women. The movie version can handle only seven, the last of whom is Helen Shaver (at right), playing a newly liberated housewife whom Andras, the film's protagonist, meets in 1959 after having emigrated from Hungary to Canada, where he has become a philosophy professor—not to mention a highly accomplished seducer.

OBSERVING "OLDER WOMEN"

*from canada, a country
that usually exports hockey
players, comes a new film
that promises a very lovely—
and very warm—autumn*

Tom Berenger, Hollywood's new golden boy, plays Andras—who begins his career as a womanizer under the tutelage of a knowledgeable lover, Maya—played by Karen Black (center right). That all happens during Andras' student days in pre-revolutionary Budapest; some years later, Andras meets a frigid French journalist, Alexandra Stewart (right), with whom he goes from tubbery to toe kissing. Berenger's most recent role was as Diane Keaton's murderer in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*.



COPRODUCER Robert Lantos and director George Kaczender hope that their film, *In Praise of Older Women*, after its September world premiere in Toronto, will be the break-through work that finally puts Canadian movies on the map—with a boost from its magnetic male star, Tom

Berenger. "For too many people," Lantos observes, "Canadianism is identified with boredom." *Older Women* boasts a number of realistic love scenes, but Lantos feels he won't have censorship problems—except maybe in Ontario. "After all, *Pretty Baby* was banned there."



Top: Shover (in Berenger's embrace) is only 27—but manages to be convincing in her role as a once-shy matron turned seasoned swinger. "Helen and Tam hit it off at once," says director George Kaczender. "She did a dynamite screen test—it was absolutely electrifying."

French film buffs know Canadian-born Alexandra Stewart (photographed at right exclusively for *PLAYBOY*) as a gifted, aristocratic beauty who appeared in François Truffaut's *Day for Night* and was once director Louis Malle's lady. Above, she's abed with the seemingly tireless Andras.





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KINGS

(continued from page 160)

"In South Philadelphia, homosexuality means drag queens."

ushered into a room where perhaps a dozen reporters wait at the ready. Golden solemnly nods at the group and places himself behind a desk. A potted poinsettia droops directly over his head. He looks like a bruised angel with a scarlet halo.

A fellow officer begins the conference by passing photographs of the three suspects to each of the newsmen. "Just a few minutes ago," Golden says, "we obtained warrants charging each of these persons with murder, three counts of robbery, attempted murder, aggravated assault and criminal conspiracy. The warrants are based on evidence obtained during the police investigation." Golden describes each of the suspects. His information is sparse:

Felix Melendez, aged 20, 5'9", 135 pounds, slender build, green eyes, shoulder-length hair, light complexion, birthmark on the outer right thigh and scar on abdomen.

Salvatore Soli, aged 37, 5'4", 128 pounds, slender build, brown eyes, dark brown hair, mustache, dark complexion, track marks on both arms, tattoos on right forearm of two hearts and a dove and the words MOM AND DAD. Tattoos on the left upper arm of a cross, a heart and a rose.

Steven Maleno, aged 25, 5'9", slender, muscular, dark hair, olive complexion, track marks, married.

Golden maintains that robbery was the motive in the case. He doesn't comment on whether or not the men are involved in drug traffic or had homosexual involvements. Nor does he talk about a relationship between any of the men and Knight. "All three are dangerous," he admits. "All three come from South Philadelphia."

Even with my fragmentary knowledge of the city, that last reference to South Philly says something about the suspects. Mayor Rizzo hails from South Philly. He's the former cop, the big hero and the idol of the community, the local boy who made good. They love it when he returns in a limousine and waves to them. Family honor is big there, too. People protect their relatives. Call someone's sister a whore and you'll find your head bashed in. No big deal is made of the Mafia. It supports the community. Better the Mafia than the liberal politicians is the feeling.

Homosexuality in South Philadelphia

means drag queens. They're spottable. They wear their gayness on the outside and they're accepted as freaks of nature. The toughs protect them. They banter with them. "Hey, sweetie, who's your date for tonight? Wanna give me a blow job?"

"It's not big enough, honey, I want a real man."

A man who is homosexual but dresses like everyone else and passes is a threat. If a member of a South Philadelphia gang is suddenly discovered hanging out with a homosexual for reasons other than hustling, procuring or beating the day-lights out of him, his contemporaries most likely rough him up and banish him forever from the paternal breast. Naturally, the Church doesn't like fairies. They're an abomination. It's right there in the Bible. Check *Leviticus*. In South Philadelphia, *machismo* is all.

It is late. It's been a long day. It is as if Provincetown has never happened. I return to the Warwick and sleep.

The murder had taken place Sunday morning, December 7, 1975. The evening had started innocently enough with a dinner party at La Truffe, which Knight himself had hosted. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Janensch and Dr. and Mrs. John McKinnon.

If there was a purpose to the occasion, it was to celebrate the McKinnons' visit to Philadelphia. McKinnon and Knight had been roommates at Harvard in the late Sixties and had kept in touch through the years. In fact, Knight was best man at the McKinnons' wedding, but the McKinnons had not visited Knight since he moved to Philadelphia more than a year before. They had planned to stay the weekend as his house guests, to be shown around the city by him, to generally have a whiz-bang time.

Earlier that day, they had checked into Knight's apartment, rested, seen a bit of the town, had a couple of cocktails, then ambled off to La Truffe. Dinner consisted of four pheasants, which Knight had shot in South Dakota a couple of months before and which the restaurant had prepared especially for him and his guests.

As usual, there was plenty to drink, and Knight played the debonair host as he suggested the best Scotch before dinner, rare wines with each course and cordials to climax the gourmet meal. Conversation was light, sometimes sparkling; no one got drunk; giddy, perhaps, but in full control.

At 12:20 A.M., the Janenschs said good night, leaving Knight and the McKinnons free to return to his apartment.

Once home, Dr. McKinnon and Knight drank brandy and reminisced about the old days—and Rosemary McKinnon dozed off on her husband's lap.

Shortly after one A.M., the phone rang. Knight answered, spoke to the caller softly but with more than a hint of annoyance in his voice. The doctor overheard part of the conversation. He heard Knight say, "I can't see you tonight. I've got house guests."

When Knight hung up the phone, he explained casually to McKinnon that the call was from a procurer who set him up with girls. It was an explanation that needn't have been made, and one that embarrassed the rather proper doctor.

About three A.M., the phone rang again. Knight was more abrupt with the caller this time. After hanging up, he suggested that the McKinnons retire to the guest room.

McKinnon speculated that Knight might be having a girl come by. He and his wife bade their chum good night—both men were quite smashed by then—and shuffled off to bed.

At four A.M., the doorbell rang. Knight answered: It was the phone caller. Knight explained he couldn't let him in, but the caller made a ruckus in the hallway, pleading, "I love you, John. I must see you."

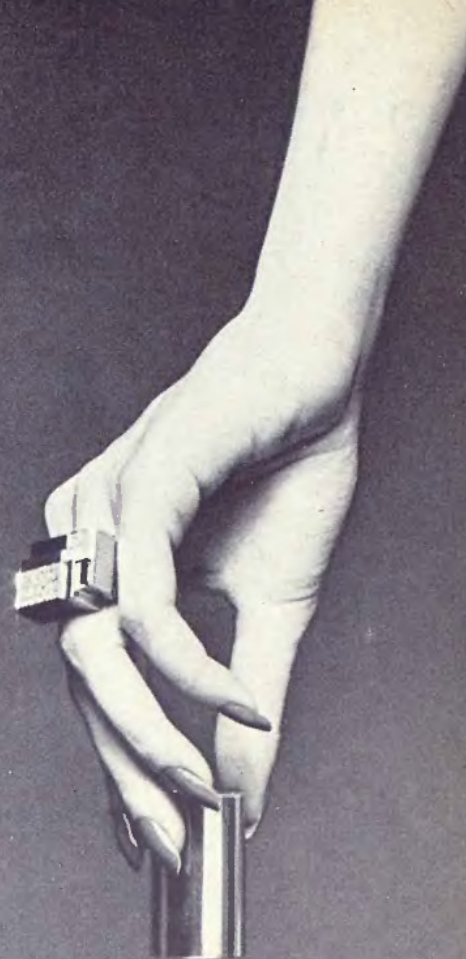
Eventually, Knight opened the door. The man pushed past him. The man was Felix Melendez, accompanied by Steven Maleno and Salvatore Soli.

They forced Knight to his bedroom. Even with his paunch, Knight was as strong as an ox and didn't give in easily. Still, he was tipsy. His targets were not easily discernible. They overpowered him. One of them knocked his head against a Ming vase. Once he was down, they used belts and ropes and socks to tie his legs together and bind his hands behind his back. They gagged his mouth with his best silk neckties.

Then they ransacked the apartment. In the guest room, they discovered the McKinnons. Rosemary McKinnon was ordered naked from the bed. The doctor was unbudgeable. Too many drinks—he was out like a light. The men did not force him to awaken. Instead, Soli made Mrs. McKinnon walk through the apartment, open desk drawers and assist him in the search for valuables. She remembers that Soli had a hand gun and that Melendez roamed the apartment with a harpoon gun and a scuba-diving knife. When she and Soli reached Knight's bedroom, she saw her host lying face down in the corner. He was not moving.

Ninety minutes into the chaos, the doorbell rang. It was the Dorchester's night attendant, who had come to report that a neighbor was complaining that she couldn't sleep due to the noise. Melendez told the attendant that he was Knight's brother-in-law and that the two were practicing karate. The attendant

(continued on page 221)

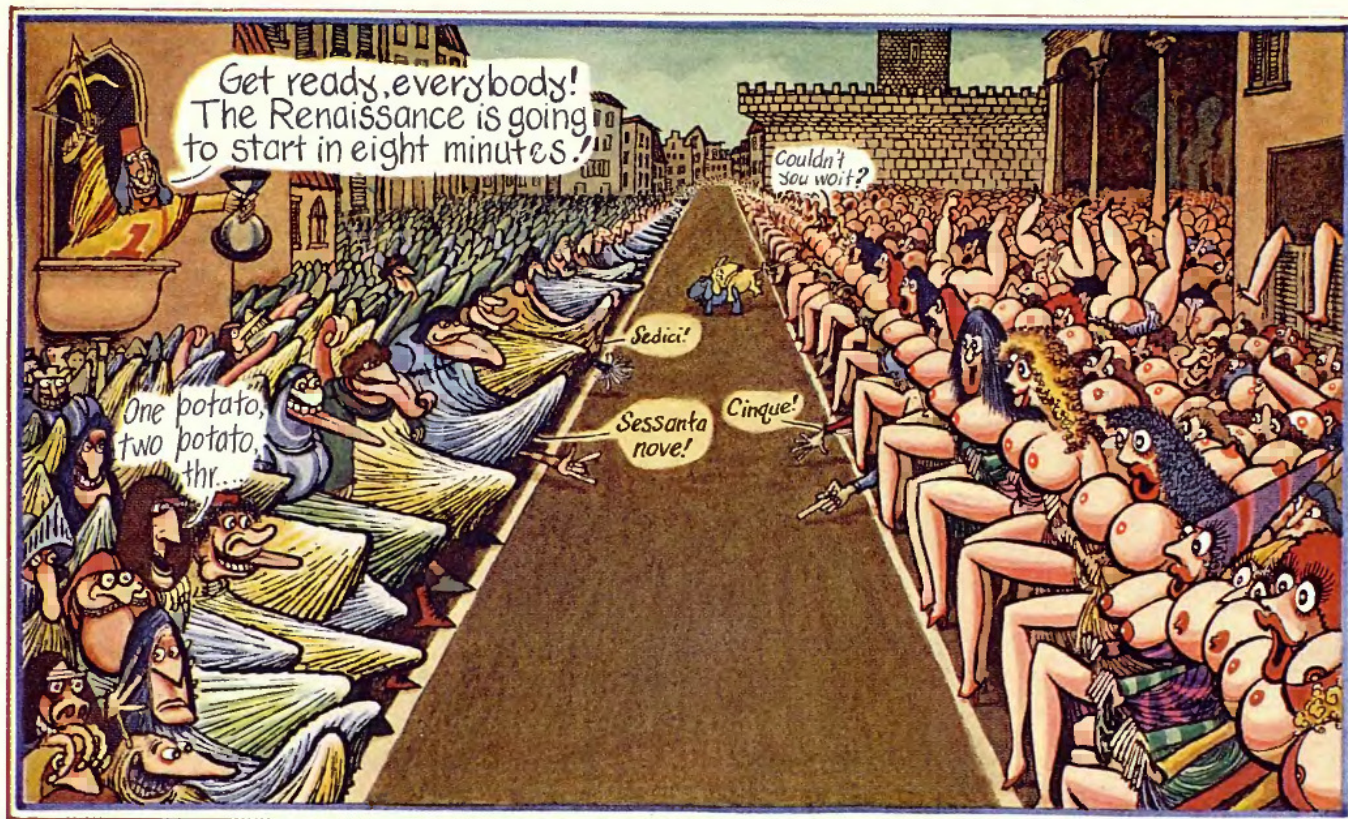


Mmmmm Monsieur!



A handsomely mounted HISTORY of SEW by ARNOLD ROTH PART 8 SEX

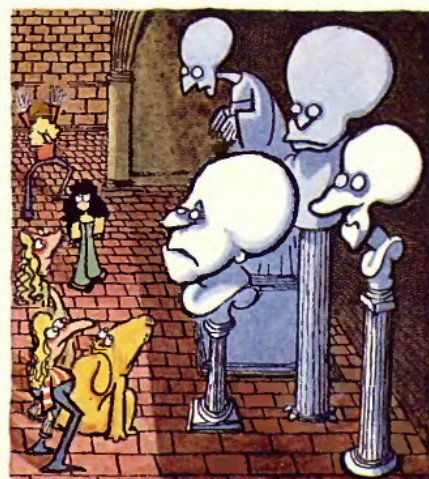
Florence—no, not that Florence; Florence, Italy—in the 15th Century.



Savonarola tried to set
the Renaissance back at least half an hour.

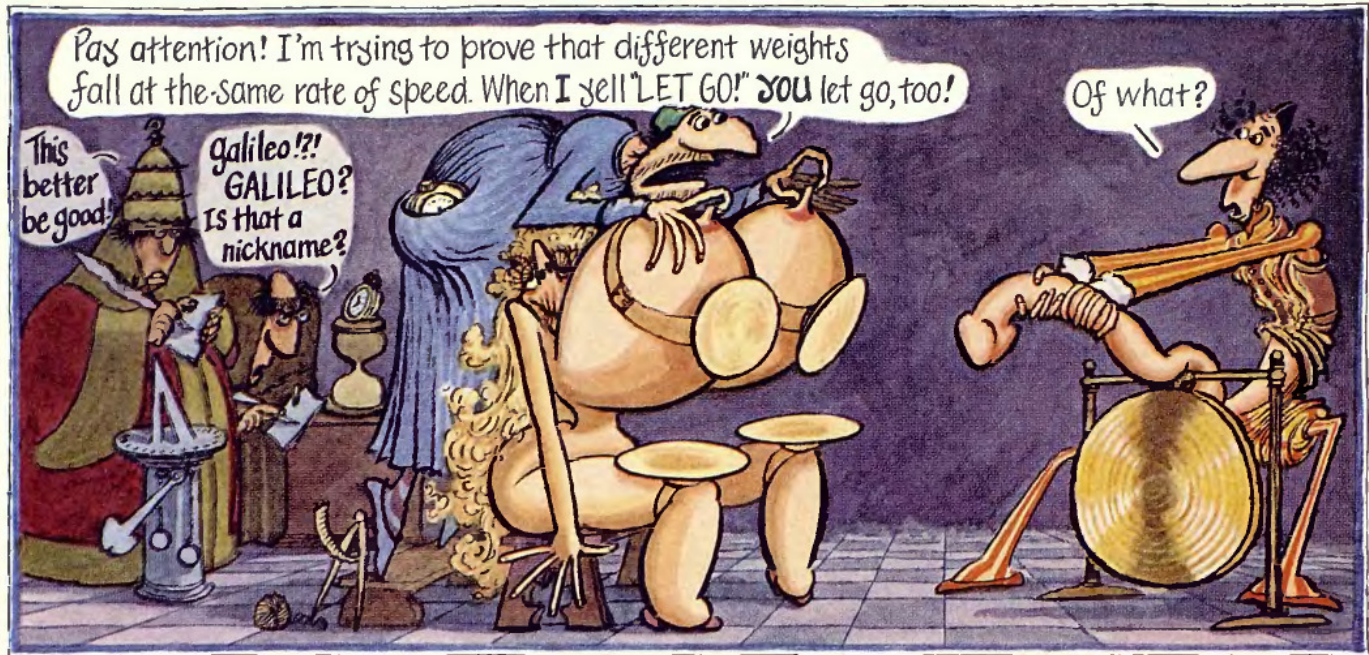


For a while, it worked.

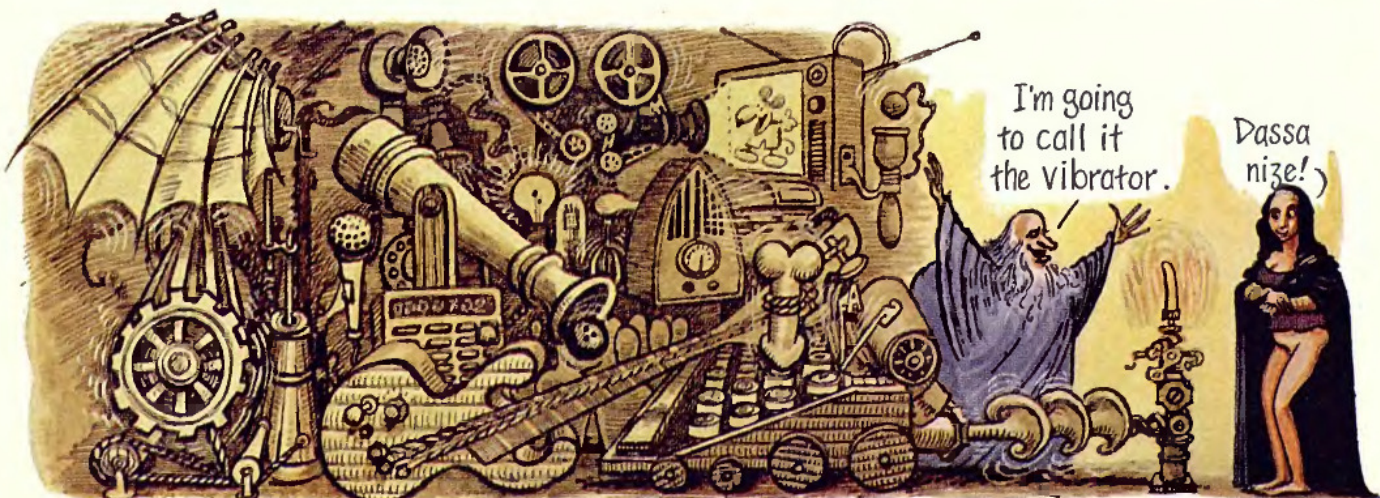


RENAISSANCE ALL-STARS IN ACTION

Galileo



Leonardo da Vinci





Michelangelo paints a ceiling.



EVERY DAY IN THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF AN EVERYDAY RENAISSANCE MAN

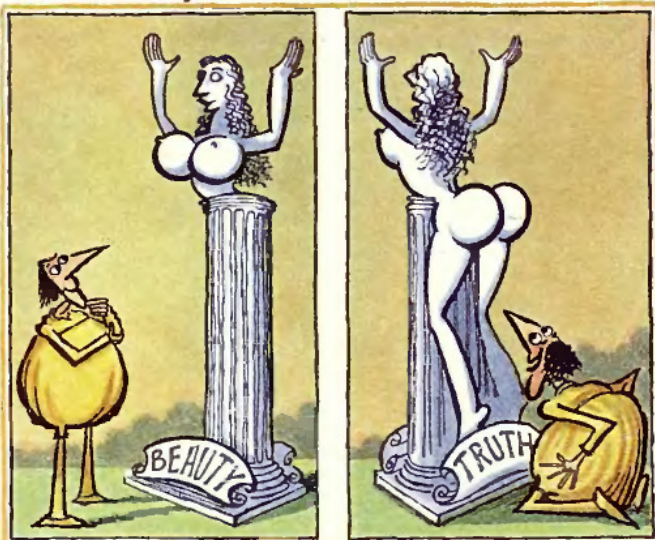
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The desire
for exploration
and discovery
comes to Columbus.



To be continued.

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN MIDNIGHT MARTINI.

A man in a tuxedo and a woman in a black dress are elegantly dressed, holding martini glasses. The man stands behind the woman, his hand resting on her shoulder. In the foreground, a bottle of Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, a small bowl of olives, and a glass bowl of ice are visible.

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MAN & WORK

HOW I GOT MY RAISE

The ill effects of inflation have prompted us to poll some of our better-heeled colleagues in hopes of picking up a few pointers on plumping up the pay check. Here-with the results:

Good, hard work, we discovered, is one of the roughest routes to higher wages. It seems that unless you've got a union to beat brows for you, or you work for a company with mandated salary-review periods, the Horatio Alger road to riches can be bumpy, indeed. Perseverance and loyalty are fine for keeping your job, but they seldom seem to inspire much in the way of outpourings of cash.

Poverty pleas turned out to be effective for some, disastrous for others. The typical poor-boy ploys—ostentatious eating of brown-bag lunches at the desk, wearing the same seedy suit day after day, elaborate litanies to the boss of marriage plans (if single), baby plans (if married) and alimony payments (if divorced)—sometimes backfire. Those who did best with the peanut-butter-and-jelly displays tended to be the younger, fair-haired fellows. "When I see a kid who looks like he's hurting," one calculating employer confided, "my temptation is to give him enough of a raise to shape up. But when an older guy starts coming in looking like Columbo, all I really want to do is can the bum."

Threats to quit appeared to be far and away the most effective way of loosening the pay-check purse strings. But there's a catch: No one likes to be bullied, and employees who went to their bosses with inflexible up-or-out ultimatums found themselves out as often as up. Worse, some had the gruesome experience of getting the raise they demanded only to find a pink slip in with their heavy new salary check a few months later. Their bosses had taken their direct demand for higher pay as a cue to start searching for a replacement.

The lesson, then, is to avoid an either-or scenario. Most important, don't give your boss a problem, give him a solution. Try to assume that he really wants to give you more money and suggest ways he can do so without causing more waves than he can handle. For example, if there is a moratorium on wage increases in your company, suggest, instead, that he give you a merit bonus, that he increase your expense allowance, that he give you an extra three weeks' paid vacation.

If that doesn't work, play on your employer's separation anxiety with subtle suggestions of impending departure: sudden sartorial splendor coupled with slightly prolonged lunch hours, frequent "dentist appointments." Anything that hints of job interviews will do. One boss told us that nothing can start him negotiating faster than

the sight of a bald employee suddenly sporting a rug or a bearded bohemian type parading around the office spruced up like a Moonie on a mission.

How did you get *your* raise? If you have a great story about your success, write it down concisely and mail it to Man & Work, PLAYBOY, 747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

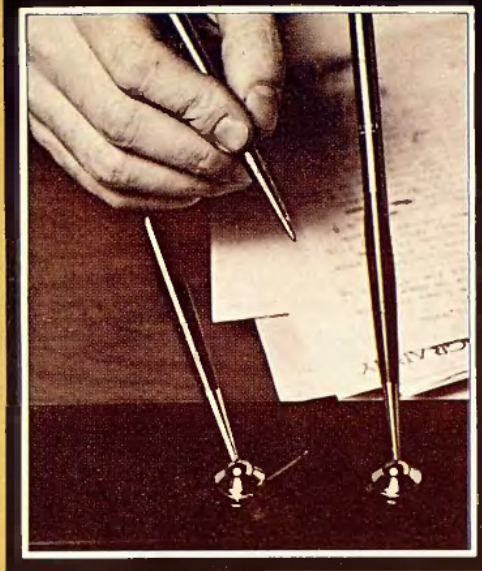
OFFICE FREEBIES

Ever use the company phone to place a cross-country call to that sizzling stewie from last week's flight? Ever photocopy your résumé at company expense? Your novel? It probably doesn't strike you as stealing, exactly, but you know it's not the sort of conduct they award merit badges for, either. And it sure adds up. The American Management Associations, which try to keep track of people who give business the business, estimate that the recent annual cost of pilfering in this country was between nine billion and 14 billion dollars—quite a pile of paper clips out the door.

The fact is that times have changed and, with them, people's definition of a rip-off. "Today if you say to someone, 'You're stealing,'" remarks A.M.A. president James Hayes, "you're liable to get the reply, 'Oh, no, this is adjusted compensation.' In other words, I don't earn enough money, therefore I have to take things to equate what I think I'm worth."

But feelings of overexploitation and undercompensation are only part of the problem. Apparently, workers can get the itch to snitch whenever ethical standards in the community or corporation are low. Susan Costello, who coordinates the A.M.A.'s Crimes Against Business project, believes that the moral climate of a company comes from the top. If the bigwigs are putting their darling daughters' Sweet 16 bashes on the expense account and jetting off for weekends in Puerto Vallarta on the company plane, the underlings somehow lose their qualms about stuffing the old briefcase with a stapler.

So where does management draw the line between friendly freebies and outright larceny? "I don't think business really worries too much about paper clips and pencils," Costello concedes. The general rule of thumb seems to be that your boss isn't going to miss a few of the things that come into the office supply room in gross amounts. A couple of manila folders, some Scotch tape and so forth aren't likely to set off an internal audit, whereas a missing electric pencil sharpener might. However, some companies are more strict than others, and you just might be putting your job on the line for a couple of ballpoints.



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THE GOOD LIFE DOWN JAMAICA WAY

Sometime back in the forgotten Sixties, it was decreed that Americans should no longer travel to Jamaica, especially if they were white. *La revolución* had come to the black Caribbean and you can bet your blue eyes you weren't wanted.

Well, the whole fracas was probably exaggerated in the first place; we *know* it's a chimera now. I, being white, went to Jamaica recently and felt a lot more comfortable than on a few American streets I could name. My lady and I were wiped out by the scenery, the water and the prices: Jamaica represents the best tropical getaway in the world within a modest American budget. Why hadn't someone told us sooner?

PARADISE REVISITED

Of the Greater Antilles, or largest islands of the Caribbean, Jamaica clearly has the most to offer. (The Lesser Antilles are splendid, but air fares to the far islands are much higher.) Hispaniola—Haiti and the Dominican Republic—have true decadent appeal, but the grinding poverty there can ruin your vacation. Cuba is nice for austere comrades; a *PLAYBOY* editor visiting the place last winter reported only one warm shower in four days. The U.S. Virgin Islands are a long jump from Miami (about \$180 round trip), full of Americans and rather overcommercialized, unless you can afford the expensive serenity of the Caneel Bay Plantation on St. John's at \$75 per person per day.

Jamaica is a short hop over Cuba (\$112 round trip from Miami), blessed with blue-tinged mountains, lush rain forests, coffee plantations, flat beaches, picture-postcard bays, deep diving grottoes, coral cliffs, near perfect year-round weather and the historical remnants of a colonial lifestyle. It is so uncrowded that you can create a private beach every few hundred yards by tooling around the undulating coast line in a rented car (about \$130 per week) or on a Honda 360 (only \$80 per week, but not for the fainthearted). And, unless you get into the deepest bush where they speak only a semi-English patois, there is no language barrier.

ON THE BEACH

For \$310 per week, you can have a private villa overlooking a hillside golf course on what is called the Ironshore Plantation (once covered with sugar cane) just outside Montego Bay. Our villa included a private 36-foot swimming pool on a patio with a panoramic Caribbean view, four bedrooms (with private bath) opening onto the pool deck and a large living/dining room with rotating fans hanging from a cathedral ceiling. The kitchen

came staffed with a cook/maid, but we had to buy groceries from a small, high-priced store. Also included in the fee was Sylvester, a young Jamaican with a gleaming smile, who was live-in watchman, gardener and house philosopher. We tipped the staff \$20 each at week's end. (Incidentally, \$310 is the *minimum* villa fee for two bedrooms—we could have had two more people, at no extra cost, but we were there to get away from the crowds.)

Our only other company was the occasional braying donkey and foraging goats passing on a trail nearby. Our balustraded patio rose high above the receding hillside, so we enjoyed total privacy swathed in utter tranquillity. We told the cook/maid to stay home until noon, so we could fall out of bed into the pool wearing nothing at all for half the day. Perfect depressurization.

GOING CHEAP

If the Ironshore villas sound too uptownish, you should motor 65 miles west of Mo Bay to the rustic simplicity of Negril, which has thatched-roof A-frames nestled on cliffs at the end of the cleanest, straightest beach on the island. Its splendid isolation has made Negril the freak's hideaway of the Caribbean—ganja and Bob Marley hang in the air. Negril also has the island's—and maybe the world's—finest sunsets, complete with bamboo chairs and piña coladas facing west. At Rick's Café, you order a rum punch at the outdoor bar within sight of Negril Lighthouse, then walk ten feet to the cliff's edge and join daredevil Jamaican boys in cutoffs plunging down 40 feet into the pristine, coral-fringed grotto below—a poor man's Acapulco. The Rock House, a clutch of Tahiti-style reed huts perched on coral outcroppings connected by small wooden bridges, offers bunk beds, open-air plumbing and kitchenettes at \$35 per night.

These are low-season prices (April–November). The weather during Jamaica's high season remains exactly the same (sunny, breezy, occasional showers), but there are a lot more tourists.

The good part of Jamaica's outdated bad rep is the lack of competition for facilities. We took tennis lessons from a local pro at the Holiday Inn for seven dollars *per hour*, then played free there for the rest of the week. Golf and sailing cost a bit more, as do some of the breathtakingly romantic but expensive outdoor restaurants. We preferred the semi-native spots along the coast road. In one spot, we were served on an outdoor terrace with an enormous vine-covered tree growing up the middle. At midafternoon, we had the ocean and the wind to ourselves. Specialties of the house: bluefish and stewed goat. What are you waiting for?

—PETER ROSS RANGE

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To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Tonight, try the Rose's Gimlet. It's made with elegance. To make you feel elegant whenever you have it.



FINDING THE RIGHT HEALTH CLUB



Health clubs are serious business. Flamboyant, hyped up at times, but serious. Too many people join them on a whim and never return to use them. Before doing your bit for national fitness, resolve these questions in your mind: Do you really want to devote three days a week to working out in a gym? Do you really have the time to do it, all good intentions aside? If both answers are yes, the first person to talk to is your doctor. Because of our national eating, drinking and drug-taking habits, and because the heart-attack danger zone is now at the age of 35, anyone embarking on a strenuous fitness program should have a complete medical checkup and consider a heart stress test to show how much physical exertion he can handle.

SIGN-IN FEES

Membership fees for health clubs vary widely. For example, the Profile Fitness Center for Men, New York City's foremost spa, asks \$269 for one year, \$369 for two. It has generous gym space and equipment, with pleasing decor and such luxuries as a whirlpool and a masseur. The Beverly Hills Health Club in California, a large, superlavish establishment, offers everything from free gym shorts to facilities for nude sun-bathing. Its fees are \$300 for one year, \$450 for two. (You'll find that membership fees usually decrease in proportion to the number of years for which you sign up.) The Body Center (Los Angeles and San Francisco), a smart, compact, two-floor Nautilus-equipped gym, asks \$275 for 12 months, \$375 for 18 months.

Membership fees buy full use of a club's facilities, but you should check them out carefully before signing any contracts. A few years ago, some unscrupulous promoters made news by selling membership contracts for clubs that didn't open on schedule, or that did not have the facilities promised. Worse, members had no legal recourse, since their contracts had been turned over to other corporations.

In 1975, the Federal Trade Commission set up guidelines for clubs that may become national law. These protective recommendations have already been voluntarily adopted by many establishments. Some of the benefits from the FTC guidelines include the right of members to resell unused time on their contracts, if they decide to quit, and prorated refund of the balance of the membership fee, if a member can't use the club for serious medical reasons. In addition, many clubs have reciprocal agreements with spas in other towns, so members on the move can transfer their contracts or use those facilities when visiting. And many clubs now allow you to freeze your membership when you go on vacation or are unable

to use the gym because of short-term illness. In New York City, the Department of Consumer Affairs has set its own rules and health clubs there are required to abide by them. In general, health-club memberships are safe investments, though in some parts of the country, questionable practices continue.

CHECK LIST

Make sure, too, that the club you're thinking of joining has a schedule that will accommodate your own. Some spas split weeks, with men and women on alternate days. Other clubs open at dawn, so you can work out before going to the office. If your schedule is unpredictable, you'll want a gym you can use at your convenience. If you must cancel workouts frequently because of schedule limitations, you'll find your program falling apart and your interest in the gym deteriorating.

Resident gym instructors should be knowledgeable enough or have enough formal training to enable them to set up a conditioning program suited to your goals and abilities. They should also be available for consultation, advice and moral support.

That psychological support is essential to a successful program, especially if you don't have a workout buddy or are not strongly self-motivated to exercise. Fitness studies indicate that a positive psychological attitude is almost as important to shaping up as physical exercise. If you approach the gym reluctantly, hating the whole thing, you can actually hinder the muscle-building process.

OTHER TIPS

Most gyms provide the expected weights and equipment to develop the outer man. Many places now also feature Nautilus or Universal body-building machines, which are designed to shape you up scientifically and to take the guesswork out of weight training. While they'll really build up your bod rapidly, you must use them under supervision at the start or risk spending the rest of your life walking like Quasimodo.

Lockers should be provided on a daily basis. Many gyms make available permanent lockers as well, so you can store your gear on the premises.

Whatever facilities your health club provides, the focus will probably be on weight lifting. Despite their cosmetic effect, weights alone do not constitute a healthy fitness regimen. You must combine weight lifting with swimming, cycling, running or some other aerobic exercise for your heart and lungs. But that's enough talking; it's time you got busy building up your body. Let's hear it for physical fitness!

—GEORGE MAZZEI

In our family business there's three things you don't mind spending your money on. Copper tubing. Fast cars. And a fine pair of warm, dry boots. And that third one is just as important as the first two. When you're crouching down in some gully with your feet in ice-cold ditch water, never moving a muscle for hours, whilst them

damn Treasury agents snoop around with their dogs barking and sniffing, well, that's the time you're glad you didn't cut corners on your boots. These boots we bought are fine boots, well made, need no breaking in. But to us, that don't mean so much compared to the way they're waterproof and warm.



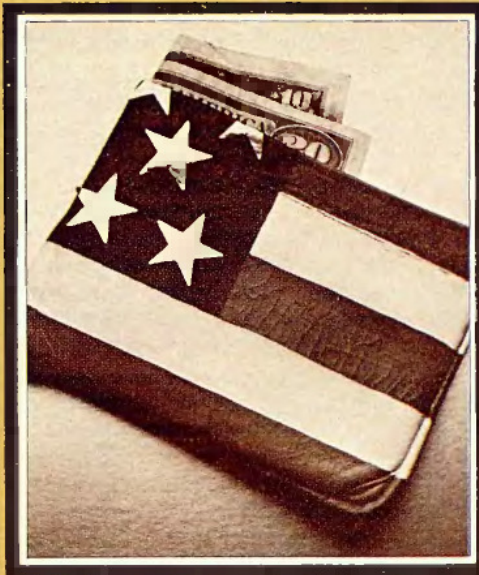
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HOW TO GET A GOVERNMENT GRANT



In the past six years, I have written applications for Government and private-foundation grants totaling over \$12,000,000. These grants have been awarded in education, health care, energy development, manpower and employment, counseling, fine arts, law enforcement and a wide variety of other areas. The fact is, the Federal Government each year gives away over 20 billion dollars for an incredible diversity of projects, large and small. The smallest grant I obtained was for \$6000 (it went to a teacher who wanted to try out a new curricular approach); my largest was for \$1,200,000 (for a physician to build a new clinic in an isolated rural area). As a professional grant writer, I wrote those projects for others, but there is no reason why you cannot do the same for yourself.

First, you must understand that it is not really you who gets the money. You must have (or create) a legitimate nonprofit corporation for the purpose of doing some social good. The legal steps involved in the corporate birth process are not terribly complex and any attorney can assist you. Somewhat more difficult is obtaining the blessing of the IRS, which must be convinced that you do intend to help others rather than just fill your wallet.

GETTING THE FACTS

Next comes research. Your nonprofit organization, of course, is dedicated to doing good works within your own area of expertise. Now you need to find out what the Government is funding. Your local library has a copy of the *Catalogue of Federal Domestic Assistance*. It lists Government programs and tells each program's purpose, how much money is available and what the range of grant awards is. Once you have selected the program you're interested in, ask to see the *Federal Register*. There you will find specific rules and regulations, indication of funding cycles, application deadlines and program priorities. You will also find that the *Register* is difficult to read without practice. Don't despair. Your purpose is to sufficiently familiarize yourself with the program's jargon before you talk to a Government bureaucrat.

The final part of the research effort is to call the Government agency administering the program in your region. Ask to speak to the program officer for the project in question and request that you be sent an application packet and information on the selection criteria for the program. While you have that person on the phone, take the opportunity to generally discuss the program's past, present and future. Get as much information as possible. And remember: Government bureaucrats are not the enemy; they are usually happy to help and are anxious to

find competent people to operate their programs.

PUTTING IT TOGETHER

That was easy. Now comes the hard part. Assuming you still want a grant, you must submit a program proposal. Here are a few tips on proposal writing to increase your chances of success: First, know what the Government wants. Read the selection criteria, where it gives point values for different program components; design your program to conform to the priorities the agency has declared are important to it. Make your document easy to read and understand. Include a table of contents, a summary at the beginning, a set of clearly defined program goals and a well-written explanation of how you are going to spend the money. Have the document professionally typed, attractively bound and carefully reproduced.

Make sure your budget is realistic. Write yourself in (program director, consultant, whatever is appropriate) for an amount of money that is fair and is based on commonly accepted professional fees. Don't claim you can produce miracles on ridiculously low budgets: The reviewer will know better and reject your proposal. Don't spend lavishly, either. Promise a good program value.

Pay particular attention to working relationships you may have with others that are a special resource of your organization. Never point out your faults, and if your new corporation has never done anything before, emphasize your personal expertise and the experience of those with whom you will be working.

GETTING HELP

I believe that most people are capable of putting together a good proposal and getting it funded. If, however, you feel you need help, there are consulting firms available similar to the one I work for—and can't resist plugging: The Association of University Guidance and Educational Resources, 1125 North Garfield, Pocatello, Idaho 83201. Our fees are fairly typical: one and one half to two percent of the total project budget, plus expenses. We also publish a manual to help fledgling grant writers (*Dear Uncle: Please Send Money*). Other firms can be located through your local university. Call the college specializing in your area of expertise and ask for a reference.

The amount of money the Government gives away has risen consistently over the past 20 years; and it doesn't seem to matter who is in office or what the state of the economy is. So if you think you've got something to sell, call on Uncle Sam.

DR. KARL BORDEN



"Leon was incorporated in Delaware, so he could enjoy that state's liberal corporate advantages."

right behind that, I'd say something that would pertain to boxing."

But the dominant figure in training camp for the Ali fight was, of course, Lewis. He used his position like a gong: He was loud and insistent and sometimes got on people's nerves.

A sparring partner of Spinks quit camp after telling Lewis that he ought to learn to respect people. Eventually, Solomon, whom Lewis berated in public on more than one occasion, got to feeling similarly. One night, he told Lewis, "You acting like you want to fight, nigger. Treating people like they're nothing. I'm not afraid of you. I may be an old man. But I'll punch you right in the mouth." A similar threat was made by Top Rank PR man Chet Cummings when Lewis kicked at his hotel door to get his attention.

After Spinks won the heavyweight crown, Lewis was not overly modest about his role in the title coup. "What you all taking Bob Arum's picture for?" he'd ask photographers. "What you all doing that for? I'm the guy that brought Leon Spinks in." In Top Rank's office, Lewis continued to berate aides, sometimes in front of Spinks. And he could be just as pushy with the champion himself.

On the evening of March second, Lewis told Spinks he wanted him to attend the Mike Rossman vs. Alvaro "Yaqui" Lopez light-heavyweight fight at Madison Square Garden. This followed Leon's nearly daylong wait for Lewis in Top Rank's office. When Spinks declined to see the fight, Lewis insisted. He said that as champion, Leon owed his public such appearances. Later, Spinks would complain about being badgered yet one more time. On that night, however, what made it more galling was that, with Nova back home, Leon had been looking forward to spending the evening with a lady he'd flown up from North Carolina. That was *personal* turf. And it made it one push too many.

By then, he'd suffered Lewis' dervish style too long. One sticky situation after another. Never a moment's peace. Now, as heavyweight king, he thought he'd earned the right to an orderly reign. And if his old mahatma, Lewis, was not built for that, then Spinks was prepared to go elsewhere.

The morning after the Rossman-Lopez match, Leon met with a 49-year-old former Wayne County, Michigan, circuit-court judge named Edward F. Bell. Bell, a tall, thin man of dignified mien, was now a practicing attorney in Detroit.

Spinks told Bell that his affairs were chaotic and needed changing.

Bell impressed Spinks. The attorney had a cool, understated manner that contrasted sharply with the klaxon style of Lewis.

Indeed, later on the same day that Spinks met with Bell, Lewis again showed the champ surprising contempt—and disrespect. Fearing he'd miss an airplane flight, Butch hurried into a limousine on Park Avenue that had been hired for Leon's use. "Grab yourself a cab," Lewis told Spinks, as he commandeered the limousine and sped to the airport.

A few days later, in Detroit, Spinks announced that Bell now represented him. With Bell, he hoped, would come a semblance of order.

March 30, 1978: In suite 840 of Detroit's Buhl Building, where the law firm of Bell and Hudson maintains its office, the Spinks watch was on its third day.

Spinks's attorneys, Bell and Bell's colleague Lester Hudson, had sent a former Detroit police officer, who also tracked down bail jumpers, out to St. Louis to find the heavyweight champion.

The ex-cop, who had just hired on as a Spinks bodyguard, had left Detroit, saying, "If the motherfucker is there, I'll find him."

Bell and Hudson hoped so. They had Arum on the phone daily, talking to him about a deal with a group of Africans (who were later replaced by the New Orleans people) on the Spinks-Ali rematch. The negotiations soon would require their flying to New York in the company of Spinks.

Bell and Hudson were not the only people who wanted Spinks in Detroit. Richard J. Smit did, too. Smit was a car salesman who had driven up three days before from the Johnny Kool Oldsmobile agency in Indianapolis, Indiana, in a 1977 custom-built white Lincoln Continental limousine that he meant to sell to Spinks for \$35,000—\$5000 down, a ten-month lease and a final "balloon" pay-out.

The vehicle went with the new image that Bell and Hudson were insisting soon would fit their client Spinks as snugly as the three size-42 tailor-made suits that had been hand-delivered three days earlier by a clothier from across the border in Windsor, Ontario.

For those three days, Bell and Hudson had been talking persuasively into my tape recorder of the mechanisms that they had set up to ensure that Spinks's

career would run smoothly and that he would rise up as a Palookaville do-gooder, a shining example to the youth of America. It was the image Leon talked up, too: "He'p the kids, gotta he'p the kids," he'd say—an ambition that somehow always was being waylaid.

The mechanisms were supposed to change that. Like G.M. and Howard Hughes, Leon was now incorporated in Delaware, so he could enjoy that state's liberal corporate advantages. Spinks Jr. Organization Inc.: At that date, Spinks was its only officer. The setup provided him tax relief, as well as a sense of his own future. He had, it turned out, taken to carrying an attaché case, prompting a gag:

Q.: What's that you got in your hand?
SPINKS: That my office.

In fact, though, a real office, carpeted and with a view of Detroit's Congress Street, had been cleared for Spinks in suite 840.

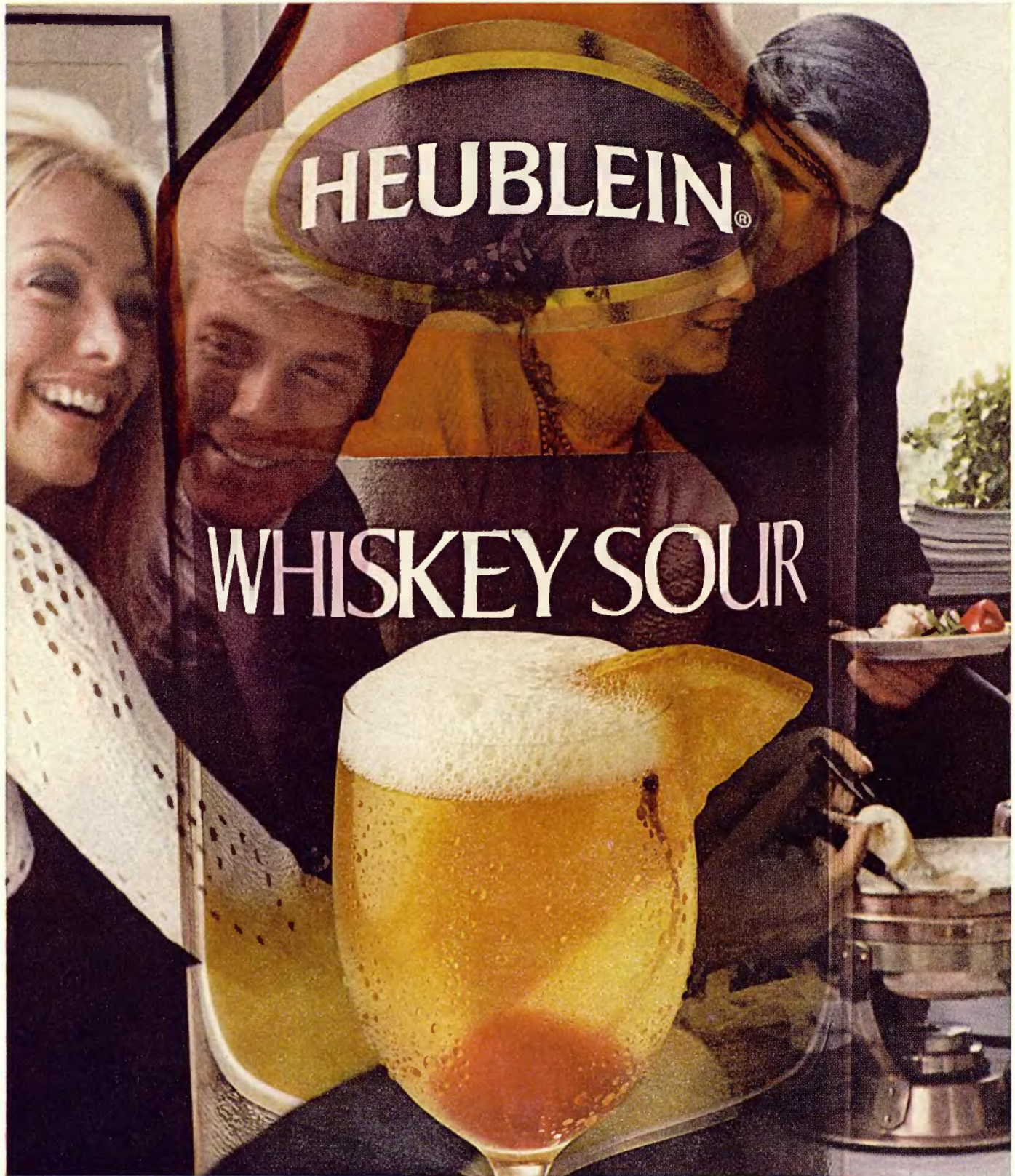
Downstairs, in the National Bank of Detroit, an account for Spinks was set up. What remained of his cash was transferred from New York banks. Temporary checks were issued. Spinks's taxes were brought up to date. In 1977, his first year as a professional boxer, he had twice missed making quarterly tax payments on his fight earnings. When Top Rank sent him to a New York accounting firm, Leon showed up with a shopping bag full of cash receipts. But Spinks was now supposed to be catching on to fiscal complexities. When Bell and Hudson's tax specialist had asked the high school dropout if he understood why he had to document expenses more carefully, Spinks had answered, "You're talking 'bout my business partner [Uncle Sam] . . . looking over my shoulder . . . comin' in, saying, 'I'm not gonna let you get away with this.'"

Arrangements were made for Spinks to pursue a general-education degree. To improve his speech, he'd bought a tape recorder ("Not a little bitty box," he'd say, "a big box . . . made by Pioneer . . . that I know I can get the whole sound of my voice into it"), so that he could hear himself and learn from it. And then there was The Leon Spinks Calendar.

On white cardboard the size of fight posters, Spinks's monthly itinerary was recorded on The Leon Spinks Calendar. In Bell's office, and Hudson's, a calendar was prominently displayed. At a glance, either lawyer knew what the champ was doing.

Spinks's future engagements were marked in red and black inks—red for tentative and black for solidly booked dates. In the month ahead, Spinks was to receive the *Ring* magazine championship belt (4/4) in New York, lay over a night at the Hilton and travel to Philadelphia, where he would be honored by

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WITH MEMORIES OF
GOOD TIMES WITH GOOD FRIENDS.**



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"Let me put it this way . . . some of us have it and some of us don't. Unfortunately, sir. . ."

the city of Philadelphia and would tape *The Mike Douglas Show* (4/6). Then:

April 10-15 Miami, Fla. training
 April 16-22 Carribean [sic] exhibition tour
 April 23-29 Carribean [sic] exhibition tour

It was an impressive-looking document, except for one thing: its efficacy. Leon Spinks, who had only to catch a plane to Detroit, hadn't been up to it for three days running, a fact that jibed less with the blue-skies future that Bell and Hudson foresaw for Spinks than with events of the past weeks.

Then there was the information from my Spinks source, Whisper, that had the jagged feel of self-destruct:

"Leon is still Leon. That's the amazing thing. Still irresponsible. Wants to do exactly what he wants to do. He's got... something a little loose there, I think."

"Like, he doesn't have a driver's license and yet he continues to drive. A couple of days after he was arrested for driving without a license, he drove a guy I know to the airport. Like, it didn't faze him at all. With Leon, these things just happen. Very spontaneously. And he goes with it."

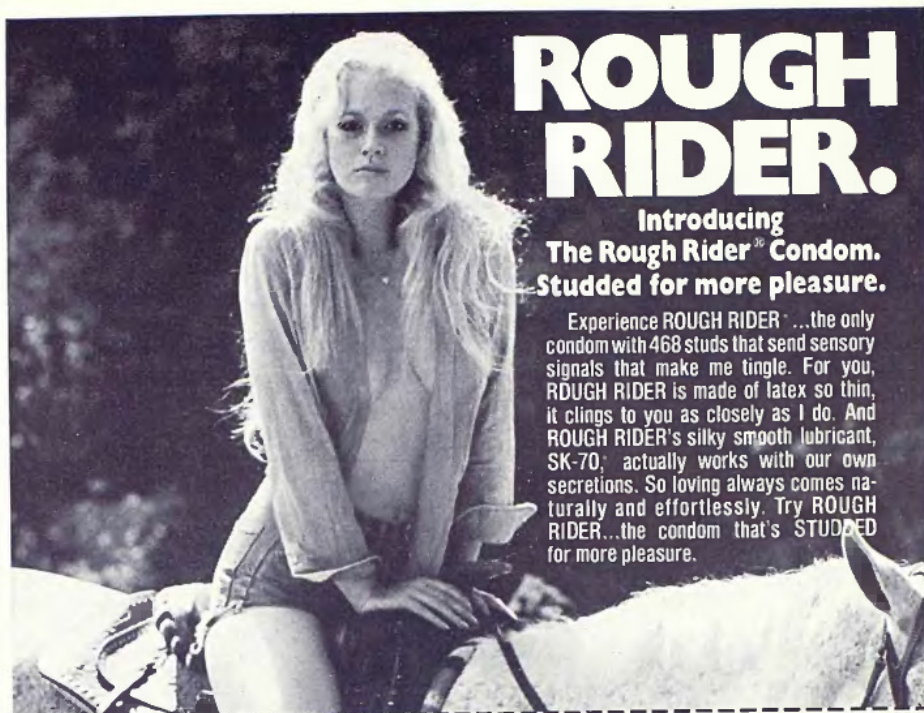
"Then last week, his bodyguard was expecting his wife to fly in to St. Louis from Des Moines. Since the wife was staying with Nova, Leon says there's a possibility that Nova might be on the same flight. If Nova's on the plane, Spinks says, the guy is to call up. It's like a little game with Nova and Leon. OK? Leon flies out of town. She follows him. She never sees him. Leon flies out of town again. She follows him. Like Marlene Dietrich in 'Morocco.'"

"Sure enough, Nova's on the plane. The guy calls up to find out what to do. The problem here is that Spinks has a broad staying with him. So? What's the answer? Take the broad and stash her in another hotel? No. Too easy. They put Nova in the room Leon had stayed in. And Leon gets another suite, two flights up. Same hotel. Nova thinks he's not even in the building. The way it went, Nova's downstairs. The girlfriend is upstairs. And the news guy is trying to get Leon to sit still for an interview."

"Spinks, my friend, is going to drive you crazy."

That same afternoon, waiting in Bell and Hudson's office with car salesman Smit and others, I wondered if I would go crazy, as Whisper had prophesied. What I did know for sure was that I had a bad case of the fidgets. Three days of waiting to talk with the heavyweight champion.

The hoped-for vision of order was clearly down the tubes. Where was the artful dodger? Late that afternoon, a *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* reporter heard that Spinks was signing autographs in the



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ghetto and phoned Leon's bodyguard with the address. At that point, Nova and the bodyguard slipped away from the ex-cop from Detroit and went looking for Leon.

Spinks was where he was said to be. The bodyguard saw the silver Chrysler New Yorker that Leon drove when he was in St. Louis and told Nova that he'd retrieve Leon. Instead, he told Spinks, "Your wife is here, man," which gave Spinks and his St. Louis woman the chance to drive away. Back at the hotel, Nova knocked on the door of the ex-cop's room and told him that the bodyguard had screwed up.

At the time this was occurring, Smit was emerging from attorney Hudson's office in Detroit to say, "They're contacting a guy with the St. Louis police who knows Spinks. To see if he can dig him up. The word is: Be discreet."

A smile flickered across Smit's lips. Each screwy twist of waiting for Leon was a perverse entertainment for him. But that was ending. Smit left Detroit that afternoon, regretting he hadn't had a chance to try his pitch on the heavy-weight champion.

"Cause I know Spinks is a buyer," Smit said. "All I got to do is stick his ass in the seat. Boom! Thirty-five Gs. Cashier's check, if you please. All I need is five minutes."

On the chance that Spinks would slip into Detroit in the near future, Smit left the limousine with a relative of a fellow employee and made arrangements to have it driven back to Indianapolis if it turned out that Leon was on a sabbatical.

As for me, I thought of catching a flight to St. Louis but had the paranoid vision of Spinks's plane passing mine in the night, with Leon flashing me a demonic jack-o'-lantern grin.

I took an evening flight to New York.

On his own, Spinks flew to Detroit the next day.

He hadn't much to say, except about the limousine. On that item, he did not appear to need Smit. Never mind the informed spiel on gear ratios or rear-axle options. Spinks saw the white Lincoln Continental limousine with the gold striping. He saw the AM/FM stereo cassette player, the small-screen color TV, the digital clock, the bar, the sun roof, the phones for in-car communications and the two back rows of facing seats in crushed velour. He saw all that and knew what he knew. As Leon put it:

"That my motherfucking car. I'm buying."

From St. Louis, Nova phoned Detroit later that day.

"You tell Leon," she said, "that I'm going to sue him for divorce. I'm going to take all his money. And you tell him



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"IT'S A SONY."

if he wants to discuss it, I'm going to my parents in Des Moines."

As she hung up, though, Nova, a woman of more than 200 pounds, winked at the photographer from the *Post-Dispatch* and said, "I'm going right to Detroit. Just said that about Des Moines to throw him off my tracks."

When Spinks won the championship, the press wrote traditional copy about the ghetto fighter's transcending deprivation. A few unkind reporters carped about the slurred speech and fractured syntax and the dearth of feeling the new champion had for the press. Ali backlash, so to speak. But by and large, Spinks was warmly depicted.

The fact was, though, he was not O.J. black, not the establishment's kind of colored. He had the discomforting sound of the back-alley, muscatel-swiggung black man, and a hard-edged look to go with it. So when incidents began to occur, the press was not disposed to go easy on him.

That did not surprise Spinks. From the start, he'd met resistance as champion. In some quarters, he was still regarded as a man whose triumph over Ali was a freak of timing, a fortuitous conjunction of fate and Muhammad's middle age. In dreams before the title match, Spinks had conjured up the image of his arms raised in triumph, but he never imagined the thorny times that would follow.

"Like, I remember," he said later,

when we finally connected, "the first time I went back to St. Louis after I won the championship. I was in a club. I was supposed to meet the manager of the place. I was waiting there when a guy ran up to me, point a finger in my face, say, 'You ain't shiiiit. You ain't nothing.' And, like, I almost went at him. You understand? 'Cause somebody say that . . . that's just like saying, 'Let's get it on, let's fight.' I got a heating sensation in my body. A burning sensation in my chest and neck. Like what I used to get when I'm out on the street. But I thought, No, man, that ain't you. Look at you now. I mean, even though he's hollering about how much he hates you . . . and whatever . . . a lot of people around here do love you. Like the people in the club—they said to the guy, 'Who in the hell is you, nigger, to come to our champ like that?'"

The encounter in St. Louis was the first of several instances in which strangers accosted Spinks and bad-mouthed him to his face. His correspondence contained a percentage of hate mail, too, mostly provoked, it seemed, by his victory over Ali, of whom he was genuinely fond. "What a joyful man Ali is," Spinks had said before the fight.

Compared with Ali, Spinks lacked the easy grace in public. At times, he could be a sunny soul, breaking into a grin that looked nearly equine in the close-ups that photographers snapped. At other times, he was perplexed by the people

he encountered, particularly those who stared dead in his face without speaking. For those cases, Spinks had acquired a line—"What's wrong with you, you ill or something?"—that had proved helpful. "When I say it, then everybody start laughing. Whatever." Whatever. It was not easy being the heavyweight champion.

For Spinks, the problem was compounded by a lack of education that had been exploited before. Barnes said that when Spinks joined the Marines, he was under the impression that it was for a two-year hitch rather than the four-year term stated in his papers.

Once, to clarify whether or not Spinks's brother Evan had an S at the end of his name, I asked Leon to spell it. He took two faltering stabs at the spelling and gave up with an exclamation of "Oh, wow!"

Spinks's ingenuousness invited an atmosphere of conniving and intrigue and produced the internal confusion that was built into the heavyweight champion's operation. Even friends tried to take advantage.

"Some of them," Spinks said later, "try to hit me up for money. I tell 'em, 'Well, I fought hard and I worked hard to get where I got. Don't take away my gusto, 'cause you ain't got none. All you got to do is to make it for yourself and then you have some gusto. And then you ain't gotta ask nobody for anything.'"

Spinks is a creature of contradictory pieces, eluding easy labels. Although he hasn't the glibness of Ali—his sentences often lurch and sputter—he sometimes strikes a rough poetic note with his words. "I broke out in a thousand tears," or "Nobody really finds hisself, 'cause if he finds hisself, he knows the future." Similarly, though he takes his image with what sometimes seems undue sobriety ("I don't want nobody to see me just like a Tom, Dick and Harry. I want to always keep an image as a nice neat man"), he reacted with boyish hilarity when TV had a laugh at his expense.

"What's that man," he asked, "that tells jokes . . . on *The Gong Show* . . . has a bag on his face? Yeah. Unknown Comic. He made a joke on me one night. Said, 'I'm going to do an image of Leon Spinks.' Turns around, took the first bag off, put another bag on his face. Had the whole front of the bag black, with two teeth missing. And he turned back around, changed his face mask back, said, 'You didn't know I was two-faced, either, did you?' That gassed me, man. I die laughing. I went in and holler out to my wife. Said, 'This fool is doing an image of me.'"

One moment Spinks would yank a cork from a bottle of champagne with his teeth. The next, he'd clutch a pillow to his chest or suck his thumb as he sat for an interview. The word man-child has been applied to him. Even Nova has



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been quoted as using it. It is a good word, evoking the contradictory forces within Spinks that make him difficult to pin down.

The odd angles at which Spinks sometimes carries his hands—reminiscent at times of the singer Joe Cocker—are part of a repertoire of body quirks signaling his moods. A bounce to his step indicates that he is in good humor. At those times, his erect carriage has a dancer's lithe quality. In foul moods, he draws in his neck and cocks his head to the side, which has an ominous effect.

But he can be sweetly attentive, too. "You know what I like?" he asked. "Meeting the mommas. All the mommas are big and fat. They get excited when they see me. They be grabbing on me"—Spinks twists his shoulders from side to side in recollection—"la de la, la de la la la."

Flying to Detroit from Boston, Leon met a little girl, about seven years of age, who had had a series of operations on her throat that left her unable to speak at the time of the flight. "Her parents," Spinks said, "had just picked her up from the hospital. And her birthday were coming up. So I sung *Happy Birthday* to her. Yeah, I sung it to her. And I gave her my autograph. And then we sit back there and . . . we writing notes. We was talking to each other . . . through notes. We just talked about anything and everything. Anything that she asked me about, I would tell her. She asked about boxing. She asked how a guy could get hit on the face like that. I said, 'Well, baby, it's all in the job.'"

Spinks is a visceral person who is not afraid to express himself. To the anonymous benefactor who'd flown his mother to the Montreal Olympics, Leon said, "You know, it's the nicest thing that's ever happened to us. We just love you for it." When confronted by LeDoux's dirty tactics, Spinks had asked in the ring, "Why you cheat?" a remark that had struck LeDoux by its ingenuous inflections.

The most striking instance of man-child expressiveness occurred the night Spinks talked to me of his ghetto upbringing, the anguish and humiliation of which apparently were vividly felt. At one point, as he paced his room in the Las Vegas Hilton, growing more agitated, he stopped and, with a stricken expression, said, "Get me out of here, get me out of St. Louis," which really only meant he wanted to change the subject.

Spinks has what seems an obsessive tie to his past. His very speech reflects it. His words do not falter or get jammed up at the beginning of sentences when the subject is ghetto travail. It's as though he's had the same thoughts many times before. "I was the type of person who was quiet," Spinks said. "People could do different things to me and I'd come by

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and make my momma think everything was all right. I would lock everything inside myself. Because the hurt I felt, I always kept it to myself. I never did try to explain to people what hurt I had went through."

His father is at the core of his pained memories. Leon, Sr., separated from the family when the boy was young. What contacts Spinks had with him afterward were mostly disappointing—he remembers being ridiculed and whupped—and filled him with a desire "to be the man my daddy wasn't."

There is a darker side to Spinks that possession of the heavyweight title seemed to provoke. Whisper had a story in that regard:

"I knew George Foreman before he knocked out Joe Frazier. A real gung-ho nice kind of kid. Now, the morning after he knocked out Joe Frazier, he walked in to the press conference . . . and like this: 'Hey, get the hell off that couch, man. . . . You, I don't want you sitting there.' He's rearranging the room. How to sit. How to take pictures. And you know who did the same thing the day after he won? I swear. Leon Spinks. 'Get off the couch,' he told news guys. He's barking commands as to who sits where. 'Clear that couch. Get out of the way.' Uncanny. Absolutely uncanny. Almost to the T."

The title conferred an elaborate celebrity of a peculiarly American kind, with its mix of grand and tawdry attentions—headlines and hotel suites and the *National Enquirer* asking Leon to by-line "WHY I LOVE AMERICA."

Being the heavyweight champion mattered. People simply did not worry about the "image" of champions in other weight divisions. The almighty shazam belonged to the heavyweight king. And with it went the recognition, concern and gaudy fanfares inherent. Snubbed at the door of Manhattan's chic Studio 54 when he was a challenger, Spinks was "olee olee in free" as the champion.

For Spinks, though, some measure of his newly acquired fame was the motion and commotion he could trigger. Bodies snapped to. That could be exhilarating for a young man whose background was filled with mockery and rejection. Spinks's whirlwind days, especially the ones he lived when he bolted, had people dashing about, worrying and wondering about him. That might appear selfish from close up. By the long view, though, it was a pay-back on a hard, cold past. As Spinks once said, "See, my dad said I'd amount to nothing. He would tell people that. And it hurt me to hear him say it. It stayed in my mind. Why'd he say that? What for? Call me a fool out of the blue. Not to my face but to people who'd tell it to me. And that became my thing—to be somebody."

Underlying all contradictions, it some-

times seemed, was a mad pleasure in the inappropriate moment, the attraction to which brought unanticipated twists: Spinks would experience seizures of laughter in the midst of a sober account of one of his St. Louis driving busts or while he analyzed his impromptu disappearances. They were great gurgling sounds—laughter shot through with an unhinged quality.

At those times, the phrase "inappropriate response" had flashed in my mind like the TILT light on a pinball machine, the laughter suggesting a self-destructive impulse of the kind that made tragic heroes.

Was Spinks's gusto just a bit bent? "He's got . . . something a little loose there, I think," Whisper had said of him. The words applied, though, to the whole shebang—the Spinks High Times and Soul Aplenty Caravan. It was a hard scene to get a fix on. There was the continuing sense of the whole works' being slightly out of whack, bent in a way no orderly vision could possibly straighten.

•
WELCOME LEON SPINKS
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION
OF THE WORLD,

read the marquee outside the DiLido Hotel in Miami Beach. It was April 11, the day of the news conference with Ali. I had accompanied Spinks from New Orleans to Miami.

Situated on the ocean, with its front entrance on Collins Avenue, the DiLido is a high-rise hotel with a spacious L-shaped lobby and walls covered with pastel murals of boats and trees and monkeys and birds. The aura is art-deco dalt—a movie set out of a Thirties comedy. It appeared to possess the right cock-eyed charm for the Spinks entourage. The mood was high on arrival.

During the press conference in New Orleans, Leon had had this exchange:

NEWSMAN: At the airport, you said you'd have something to say after you signed the contract. What do you have to say now?

SPINKS: Santa Claus.

He growled the words with a loving Sachmo sound, grinning as he did. Santa Claus: shorthand that meant the getting had been good—Spinks's signature assured that millions of dollars would be made. The pleasure remained. At the airport in Miami, when a TV sportscaster asked Spinks to describe how it felt to whip Ali, he smiled and did a soft-shoe routine, at the finish of which he extended his hand and said, "Like that."

Later, in Miami Beach, he walked Lincoln Road Mall, where he signed autographs, mugged for cameras, kissed women and shopped.

"How much those shoes?" he asked,

pointing to a pair of size-12 Pierre Cardin loafers.

"Not too much," the salesman said.

"Then I'll take them."

From a thick wad of currency, Leon peeled off a \$100 bill for the salesman.

"And what are these?" Spinks asked.

"Money clips."

"Will they hold a lot of money?"

"Yes, Mr. Spinks."

"OK. Gimme one."

Spinks tried to insert his roll of bills, but it was too thick to fit inside the clip.

Spinks spent a sunny day in Miami Beach, grinning, dancing across streets, quipping to young women ("Whaddaya say, momma?"). That night, Spinks, a welterweight named Roger Stafford and I stood by a low stone wall at the end of Lincoln Road, watching the ocean break against the shore just below. Spinks was in a form-fitting maroon shirt and cream-colored slacks. He and Stafford were drinking California pink champagne. A gentle breeze blew.

"It gonna be good to hit some mother-fucker again," said Spinks, putting his glass on the wall and inhaling a smoke.

"Yeahhhhh, I know," said Stafford, setting his drink down, too.

Spinks struck a fighting pose, bent at the knees, and let his hands go.

"Whap! Whap!" Stafford said, as he watched. Then Stafford was moving punches through the air, emitting small grunting sounds as he did. "That's the way I did it to that dude," he said, referring to a preliminary bout he'd fought that weekend on national TV. "All over the motherfucker."

"Yeahhhhh," said Spinks.

"I whupped that dude good——"

"Hey. My man," Spinks interrupted, addressing me. "Hey, you ain't gonna put in the ar-ticle that I *smoke*, is you?"

"Heyyyy," I said, with an elaborate shrug that was not quite an answer.

"'Count of my image," Spinks said.

Spinks thought about it and then forgot about it and began to move sinuously, reducing his shadow punches to a stoned dance.

"Women," said Stafford. "Got to get women."

"Women," answered Spinks.

"Got to."

"Sweet nothings?" I asked.

"No. Lies," said Stafford. "Tell 'em lies."

"Liieeees," crooned Spinks, his body rocking as he grinned. "Tell 'em liieeees."

Stafford swayed in answer. "Liieeees."

"Tell 'em liieeees."

They doubled over in laughter, Spinks making plashing sounds with his mouth.

"Liieeees."

"Tell 'em liieeees."

Minutes later, Spinks was gliding through the DiLido lobby, still sipping champagne, when a team of women bowlers from Terre Haute, Indiana, recognized him. Out came the cameras.

Spinks obliged by posing for snapshots, drinking champagne refills as he did.

"Get outa my pitcher," a pretty young black woman said. "Just me 'n' the man."

A bowler in pin curlers arrived. "We was dressed for bed and they come up and said Leon Spinks."

"Leon," a heavy-set woman said, "let me show you a picture of my grandchildren. They triplets."

"Where's the champagne?" another bowler wondered.

"It's on me," Spinks said, moving toward the hotel restaurant, waving his arm when the women hesitated. "Come on, ladies."

Soon after, the Spinks caravan was on the move. Up the road it went to Place Pigalle, a Miami Beach club whose all-girl revue and X-rated comedienne, Pearl Williams, were the attractions. Tuesdays, though, Williams was off. So, for this night, the strippers would do.

The Leon Spinks Calendar had called for Spinks to spend this second week in April training for his Caribbean tour. But the good times would roll instead. The sun was coming up when the heavyweight champ made it back to the DiLido.

A few days later, there was another incident that still lives in my mind. Spinks was standing in the DiLido penthouse number one, his \$100-a-day lodgings, idling for a moment before plunging into another day. The sun streamed through a space in the drapes. His step had a loose, easy swing. Then suddenly he was holding up the index finger of each hand and, with a rhumbalike motion of the hips, he began to move, chanting in a comically falsetto voice, "Penthouse number one, penthouse number one"—and smiling. The style was Carmen Miranda's, but the pleasure was all Spinks's. Penthouse number one: top of the world, momma.

But with Spinks, the pleasure of being up there was never far removed from the trick impulses that could bring him down. And as the week progressed in Miami Beach, there were troubling notes. Complications caused the Caribbean tour to be pushed back a week, creating a gap in The Spinks Calendar that left Leon susceptible to demon whispers. A call from Lewis also augured problems. As he hung up, Spinks muttered, "One thing after another. Shit. Shit. Shit."

And a few days later, as Nova arrived in Miami Beach, Leon was on the run again, headed for St. Louis. There were problems there with Barnes. Barnes had agreed to take less than his customary 30 percent of the purse for the Spinks-Ali rematch, but he had grievances that could threaten the bout.

Lewis was to meet Spinks in St. Louis. Before Lewis left, he phoned the DiLido to check on Spinks's whereabouts. In

penthouse number one, Nova picked up the phone, heard Lewis' voice and hung up. She figured he was to blame for Spinks's latest abrupt departure.

Lewis found Spinks and told him that a meeting in New York was planned to straighten out details of the Spinks-Ali rematch. The various interests—Barnes, Bell, Arum—would be there. Spinks agreed to the trip but kept delaying.

On Wednesday, April 19, Lewis urged him to leave St. Louis. Spinks seemed inclined to but asked, "Can I take my baby with me to New York?"—a reference to his St. Louis woman. Lewis told him he could do what he wanted—just be on the flight to New York. Spinks's woman said she had to get her clothes. Lewis waited at the airport. When Spinks did not appear, he gave up and flew back to New York. That was on Thursday.

On Friday, April 21, he heard on the radio that Spinks was busted again.

"Has been released on a \$3700 bond. Spinks was taken into custody on charges involving suspected drug violations . . . and failure to produce a driver's license. He was booked on suspicion of two counts of violating the Missouri controlled-substance law by possession of marijuana and cocaine. Police say warrants will be sought later today. Arrested

with Spinks was a 26-year-old woman companion."

A later report stated that torn \$10, \$20 and \$50 bills were found in the trunk of Spinks's car.

With the heavyweight champion involved, guilty or innocent hardly mattered. Wheels would turn, deals could be made. In fact, the drug charges were later dropped. But . . .

Whisper called the next day.

"Battling Siki," he said.

"Who?"

"Battling Siki, my friend. Real name Louis Phal. A Senegalese Negro. Won the light-heavyweight championship in 1922. Knocked out Georges Carpentier in six rounds. Paris, France. Siki was called the Singular Senegalese. And he came here a raw fucking African. We're going back over 50 years. Loved his wine, women and song. And belting guys in the chops. And wearing the grass-skirt-and-top-hat kind of thing. He's buried here in New York. Out in Flushing, Long Island. A couple of years ago, a boxers' association put a tombstone up. . . . Died in a fucking bar brawl in New York City. December 15, anno Domini 1925. Look it up."

And he clicked off.



"My God! My wife! My clone!"

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DOLPHIN GIRL

(continued from page 124)

"My feelings must have projected to the dolphins. Suddenly, they were all around the boat."

The whole school seemed to be in harmony, while smaller groups seemed to establish an even closer empathy. It made me begin to believe in telepathy among dolphins. Since water is nearly 1000 times as dense as air, perhaps some vibrations—too thin for air to carry—can be transmitted through water.

So I started just swimming along with them, hoping they would come to accept me and reveal some of their secrets. I was rewarded by being admitted to the center of the herd; I was literally in a cloud of dolphins. One seemed particularly friendly; I named him Notchback and concentrated my attention on him. We had several long swims, swimming in unison and surfacing for air together.

It was during that summer that I met Steve Sipman and Ken LaVasseur, who had just released two dolphins, Puka and Kea, from a research establishment. Steve and Ken had been assistant researchers for two years, living within 15 feet of the dolphins. Puka and Kea, who had been the subjects of research experiments for as much as 13 years, were kept in separate tanks in isolation from each other and their kind. Steve and Ken were so in tune with these dolphins that they knew they were depressed and suffering, so under the veil of night, they carefully returned them to the ocean.

Ironically, Steve and Ken exchanged their freedom for the freedom of the dolphins; they were given six-month prison sentences for grand theft. But, as Steve told me, "It was worth it; nothing they can do to us would be as bad as what was coming down on those dolphins. I would do it again."

That convinced me more than ever of the need to demonstrate the possibility of working with dolphins in the open ocean. The efforts of many researchers with captive dolphins have undeniably laid a valuable foundation for their study, but I personally can see no justification for continuing to keep them in captivity for research purposes. Whether dolphins are as "intelligent" as we are has not been proved, but my experience convinces me that they are superior animals worthy of special respect and that anyone wishing to study them should do so in their own environment.

Last spring, I returned for the third time to the dolphins' domain. It took us many days under the hot sun to re-establish contact. They seemed withdrawn, elusive. Our activities during the

previous years had drawn attention to their presence and accessibility, and many other people had been visiting them. Deep down, I was worried that they would not accept me this time. My feelings must have projected to the dolphins. Suddenly, they were there, all around the boat, as if inviting me in. I slipped into the clear, cool water with a rush of anticipation and immediately began to recognize old friends. There was a newborn baby in the group, no more than three feet long, swimming close to its mother, like a shadow. I noticed a pure-white adult dolphin I had

never seen before, which made me wonder how their tribes intermix. Then I saw Notchback. I was surprised at how glad I felt to see him again. As before, he nearly always stayed close to me and I concentrated my attention on him.

As we got closer than ever before, I was startled to realize how large he really was. He was about eight feet long and I suppose would weigh about 300 pounds. Being that close, I could see the muscles rippling and flexing beneath his tight silvery skin. His body markings, shades of gray and silver, were beautiful, and his dark sensitive eyes watched continuously. We were so close that I could feel the currents created by his undulating movements. Finally, he was within arm's length and I experienced a sensation I'll never forget. As I reached out, I felt him quiver at my touch.



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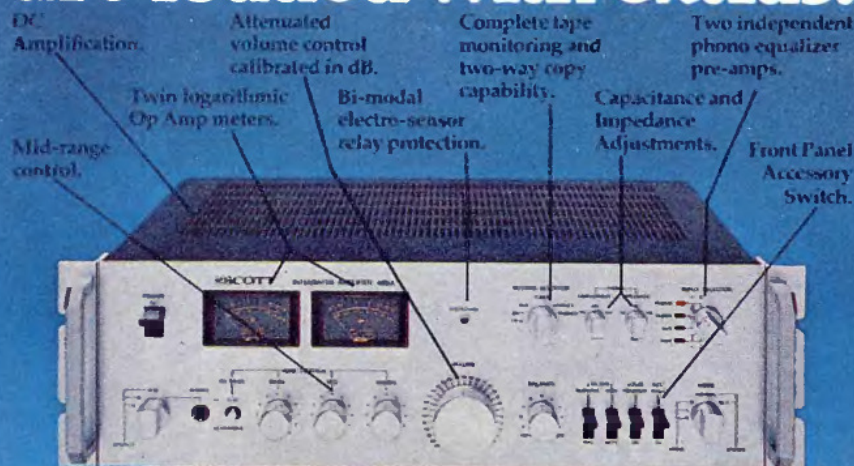
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KINGS

(continued from page 197)

suggested that they practice during the day.

The call frightened Maleno and Soli and they decided to flee with the goods they had collected. They tied up Mrs. McKinnon and placed her under a living-room sofa. Melendez was left in the apartment. He was extremely nervous, pacing, muttering to himself. Each time he saw Mrs. McKinnon in her prone position, he danced an imperfect gavotte, wheeling and turning, unsure of the next step to take. Finally, Mrs. McKinnon persuaded him to untie her. As soon as he did, she ran to the guest room, grabbed one of her host's hunting rifles, woke her husband, gave the rifle to him and hurriedly but lucidly explained what had happened. The explanation was more sobering than 40 cups of black coffee. The doctor rushed into Knight's bedroom. Knight seemed to be dead. The doctor gave him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. As he leaned back from his efforts, he saw Melendez standing on Knight's bed. "I didn't do it, I didn't do it," Melendez screamed. He was holding the gun and the knife. McKinnon wrestled with him, but Melendez eased his way out of the doctor's strangle hold and fled the apartment.

Meanwhile, Rosemary McKinnon, now discreetly covered by a robe, had escaped to the outside hallway, where she waited for an elevator to take her to the main lobby and safety. Just as the elevator stopped, Melendez leaped into the car with her. They tussled. He nicked her under the breast with the knife. At the third floor, the elevator came to a halt and Mrs. McKinnon ran out and down the fire escape. By the time the police arrived, Melendez had vanished.

The phone call that gets me out of bed on Friday, December 12, comes from Dennis Rubini, who teaches a course in alternative lifestyles at a Philadelphia university. Rubini has been president of Philadelphia's Gay Activist Alliance and is active in a sadomasochistic "consciousness-raising" group. He asks if I have seen the morning papers. One of the suspects, he reports, has surrendered. He doesn't know which one.

"I hope the cops will stop hassling us now," Rubini grumbles—us meaning the homosexual population of Philadelphia.

He goes on to complain that he himself was picked up by the police because he resembled a sketch of one of the wanted men.

"They took me to Homicide. One of the detectives noticed a bulge in my pocket and thought it might be a gun. Instead, he found a copy of Larry Townsend's *The Leatherman's Handbook*, a



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manual on sadism and masochism. The officer said, 'Oh, my daughter's interested in leather handiwork, too,' and handed the book back to me.

"Then the cops fingerprinted me, photographed me and subjected me to a polygraph test. They wanted to know if I had ever engaged in 'abnormal sex.'

"I asked them what they meant by abnormal sex. I said, 'My definition of abnormal or society's definition?' They were stumped. They let it fly. Anyway, I passed the polygraph and they very politely thanked me for my time and trouble."

The man who surrendered was Steven Maleno. The night before (after Inspector Golden released the suspect's name to the press), Maleno telephoned police. Shortly after, he met a team of detectives in Center City and was taken to Homicide. Later, his wife appeared. She said she had been separated from the trigger-tempered Maleno for the past several months. She tried to see him at Homicide but was told she couldn't. She told reporters that her husband was an unemployed sheet-metal worker.

At the arraignment room of police headquarters, a cop warns a United Press photographer that he is not to take photos inside the courtroom. Nevertheless, the photographer hunches near an elevator, four yards away from a gate that separates free men from confined. I stand near the photographer, hoping to get a glimpse of Maleno as he enters the courtroom.

After a short wait, the elevator door opens. Flashes pop, momentarily blinding the accused. He squints, lowers his eyes to the floor. Two burly officers guard him—bookends on each side. A reporter, who obviously has seen *The Front Page* too many times, gets close and blurts, "Did you kill John Knight?" Maleno and bookends keep moving.

In the courtroom, the judge asks Maleno if he has an attorney, then tells the prisoner that he will be held without bail.

Maleno looks as if he's been hit by a bulldozer. He is clad in a raincoat that's been through hurricanes. Tan slacks in need of pressing peek out from the bottom of the coat. The unshaven face of a street-wise punk sticks out from the top.

"Sign this document," says the judge.

"I can't," snaps Maleno, eying his handcuffs.

An officer removes the manacles and Maleno signs the paper. On his way out, the full press brigade follows and flashbulbs snap as if the queen mother were visiting town. But this time Maleno stares straight ahead.

"Who killed John Knight?" asks the Hildy Johnson type.

"Go fuck yourself," spits Maleno as the



"Don't be a stranger, now that you know the way!"



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elevator door slams in the reporter's face.

Outside the arraignment room, with Maleno's invective still hanging in the air, word filters out to the press that Melendez, too, is dead. His bullet-ridden body has been found near the site of a boy-scout reservation in Camden.

Melendez and Knight: the hustler and the heir. The day before, I hadn't heard of either of them, much less of the McKinnons, Maleno and Soli. Suddenly, I find the Knight case the focal point of my life.

That evening, I check the four-star specials at the Warwick's newsstand. Melendez' face is splattered all over the pages. "KNIGHT SUSPECT SHOT TO DEATH: BODY FOUND IN JERSEY." For some strange reason, an old song recorded by Lee Wiley rings through my head:

*Love laughs at a king,
Kings don't mean a thing,
On the street of dreams.*

Monday, December 15. The *Philadelphia News* and *Inquirer* building is within walking distance of City Hall, my geographical point of reference in the city of brotherly turmoil. On the editorial floor of the *News*, a police radio blares and ten phones ring at once. "There's no one in the sports department," grumbles a reporter to one of the phone receivers. Then she yells, "Who are you waiting for?"

"Paul Janensch," I answer.

"In there." She points to an office.

Janensch is in his mid-30s. He looks like he loves the great indoors: That gray-pink pallor that comes from too much time spent under fluorescent lighting is a color common to editors. Horn-rimmed glasses are perched on the bridge of his nose. He leans back in his swivel chair, hands behind his head, and snaps that he has already said probably all there is to say about his last supper with Knight at La Truffe. "Have you read our coverage?"

I answer, "Every last word of it."

"Well, then, anything I tell you is redundant. The meal was one of the most pleasant I've had in a long time. It lasted four hours. John selected the wines. The wine tab alone came to a hundred and fourteen dollars. The McKinnons were good company."

Did Janensch have any idea of Knight's sexual orientation?

"You mean did I suspect that John was gay? No, I didn't. There was never a thought in my mind about John's being homosexual—that night or ever. I've worked closely with him. On two occasions, I had bumped into him socially—each time with a different woman. I always saw him with people from the straight world. Everybody who knew John thought he was totally straight. We were utterly amazed at these revelations."

All along, Knight kept a low profile at

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It's fair to say Mr. Lyssy is happy with that old Volvo of his. But that's an old Volvo. What about people who buy *new* Volvos?

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Smilby

"Respect you? If you really want to know, Miss Saxby, I respect you a hell of a lot more than I did before."

the *News*. Had Janensch been unaware of the family connection, he suspects he'd still have spotted money. Not that Knight was throwing it around—he wasn't ostentatious—but often the working rich are twice as conscientious as the working middle class. They have to prove that they deserve their jobs in spite of their inherited status.

"John often worked fourteen-hour shifts. If a big story came his way, he kept his cool. He could handle it."

His nose for news, in Janensch's opinion, could eventually have made him the bona fide successor to Granddad Knight (John's father had died in World War Two combat two weeks before his son's birth) *despite* nepotism. Like the old man, John's views didn't particularly follow a straight line. He was for abortion, but also for capital punishment. He was against the Vietnam war but conservative on fiscal matters. As far as the gay issue is concerned, journalistically, he kept away from it. "The paper has not come out against gay rights," says Janensch, "but we have an active invisible gay life here in Philadelphia, one that is not especially kinky. And we are sympathetic to the demands of these gay groups. We offer them maximum opportunity to tell their side of the story."

"This gay-movement stuff wasn't John's territory to cover. It wasn't an issue. However, I think if John's grandfather discovered his tendencies, he'd certainly be upset, but I doubt if he'd do anything drastic. He'd probably want to help John and send him to a psychoanalyst."

I leave Janensch's office wondering why I didn't tell him I'm gay. Why shouldn't he know it? Or is what I do in bed irrelevant in matters outside? Perhaps a homosexual's skin should be a different color. Lavender for immediate identification. Would it have changed matters any had Janensch and his co-workers known about Knight? Does the sound of money in conjunction with clout and power negate one's sexual orientation? Do intelligence, a low profile and playing it cool make one acceptable? What if Knight were lavender? Knight's life—and death—is getting to me.

That afternoon, I meet Jim Kennedy at the Hasty-Tasty. Kennedy calls himself "a gay street priest who ministers to hustlers." His ministry is in the Northern Liberty area, where he lives with five young men on a \$2000 grant from the city drug program.

Kennedy knew Melendez slightly. Sometimes he'd bump into him and Knight eating breakfast at the Hasty-Tasty, "but to say I knew Felix real well would be a lie. Everybody's saying that: It's like right after Martin Luther King's assassination, everyone swore he knew King."

Nevertheless, Kennedy has theories. He maintains that you must understand

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about class differences in order to understand the phenomenon of hustlers. The majority are working class. They come from broken homes and their feelings have been brutalized.

"Felix was typical of the gang that works the street. He came from a Pentecostal background and the church is anti-gay. Felix had a multiple number of oppressions working against him: religion, sexual orientation, class and his Puerto Rican minority status."

Oppression makes curious bedfellows, and it seemed only logical that fate would bring Melendez together with Knight.

Knight sought out the street kid, the outcast, the sexual heathen, the earth child whose universe was entirely different from his. With Knight, sex was always a matter of cultural collision. "Diametrically opposed" was a figure of speech that could elicit a hard-on. He could never sever the umbilical cord that bound him to a patriarchal society. Cut it and there was the possibility of Grandpa's cutting him off. To go visibly against it would be to go against everything he was ever taught in all those fancy schools. For Knight to accept what he was meant that he might not be accepted by the hierarchy who expected greatness of him. Greatness meant strength. Strength meant masculinity. Masculinity meant heterosexuality. Heterosexuality meant façade. Maintain façade for the world to see. Cheat in the dark abyss of the soul. Cheat in a dimly lighted back yard.

Of course, there's no telling what might have been had Knight played in another yard. Impossible to surmise whether he'd meet his heart's desire on the Main Line or if he'd find a Felix Melendez on Society Hill.

The truth is, when you're rich and bothered and restless, a hustler is easier to cope with than a sit-down dinner for six. And with the help of a few select gay publications, anyone can dial a whore.

Hustlers who advertise in *The Advocate* (the largest gay publication in the country) are like visiting nurses. Many are college kids who need the bucks to get them through school. Others are actors and dancers who can't hold steady jobs because they need time for auditions. Still others are lazy and find whoring a way to pay the rent. And there are others with great bodies who love sex, perform well and figure they might as well cash in on their hobby. They sit at home, wait for the phone to ring and charge the going rate. Most male models are gay and claim to be "versatile." Modeling is a way of meeting interesting men they wouldn't ordinarily meet. A good model is not bothered by the age, weight, height or kinky demands of his client. He is honest: a veritable boy scout.

The street hustler has a tougher time of it. There's no telephone, no way of screening the crazies, no way of spotting Lily Law in plain clothes. The pay is bad. A kid can freeze his ass off on a winter night and go home with ten dollars for a blow job. Generally, street hustlers are sexually passive. And they're

younger than the house models. Pill popping and heroin are part of the scene.

Melendez was the classic street hustler, Knight the classic John. Though opposites on the socioeconomic scale, they shared the same patriarchal burden. And little by little, Felix had fallen in love with his John.

Through the years, stories have been written comparing the elder Knight to Joseph Kennedy. Although tragedy followed Knight all his life the way tire tracks follow a Cadillac down a muddy road, durability is his middle name. Still, he carries an eraser in his head and can obliterate the past at will. But first he has to know it all.

Knight has just returned to his office at the *Akron Beacon Journal*—the first newspaper in his chain and still his home base—and getting through to him on the phone is easy. A secretary answers and suggests that I tell her what the call is about. "He's busy now," she says. "I'll tell him."

An hour later, Knight phones back. His opening words are, "I'm gun-shy."

"I've talked to *Newsweek* and *Time* and have been misquoted," he continues. "To discuss my relationship with my grandson is still painful."

Nevertheless, he states that young John was an excellent newsman. "No doubt about that." And that he knows his grandson was liked both personally and professionally. Had he lived, his career would have been a brilliant one.

"We had a close relationship, John and I—a close and warm relationship. We understood each other and were on the best of terms. There were no differences. Never any differences. And I have no self-recrimination about any of what has happened."

"After John's death, I spent three days in solitary at Massachusetts General Hospital, thinking over every aspect of his life as it applied to me. There is nothing that I would have done differently. No changes I'd have made."

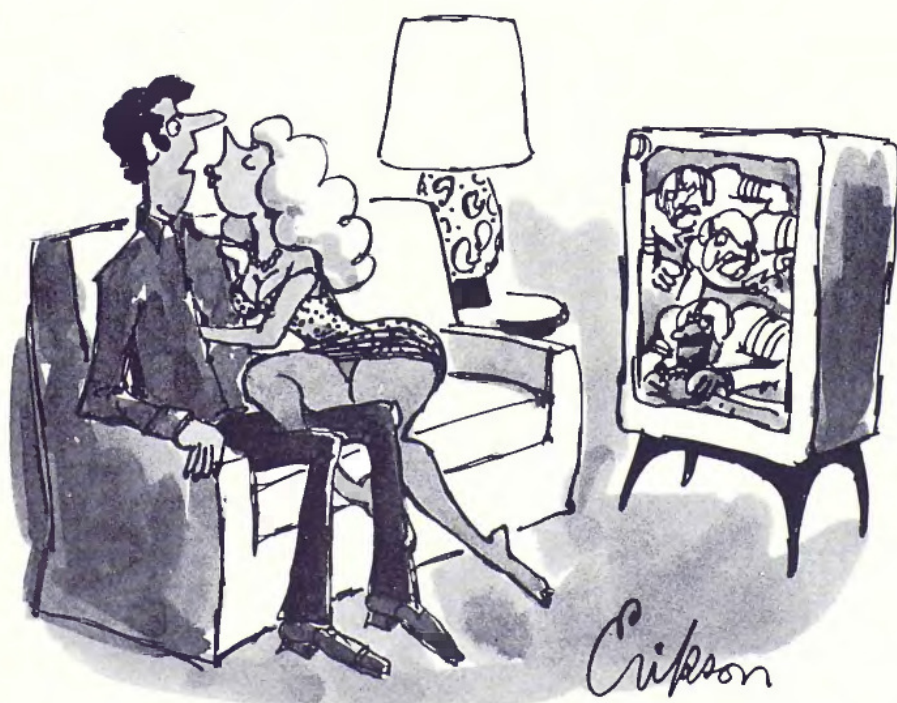
I ask if he'll see me, if only to reminisce about his grandson's life, as opposed to the circumstances surrounding his death.

"Reviewing our relationship would be very painful," he repeats. "I'm afraid not."

In the late spring of 1976, I phone him again. But once again, he refuses to be interviewed at any length.

"Let me just reiterate that stories about my late grandson's wealth are greatly exaggerated. Officially, he was not the heir. That had been reported erroneously. John held some stock, which I gave to him, but we're a corporation and a man has to earn his own way in the business."

Despite Grandpa's protest, unofficially there was never any doubt that John was the heir or that he was being groomed



"Beverly, I thought we agreed there would be none of that except during commercials and official time outs!"



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as the next Citizen Knight. Had his abilities swayed toward the business end of journalism, he'd have been shipped off to Miami, because *The Miami Herald* is the best school for learning the corporate aspects of journalism. Since signs of printer's ink had flowed through his veins, the master plan had been to send young John to Detroit after his graduation from Harvard. There, the corporation could find out if he was a good reporter. At *The Detroit Free Press*, he'd have to produce. He could also learn the ropes, from paper routing to advertising. Once schooled, he would be transferred to Philadelphia, where the two Knight-Ridder papers are the best training grounds for an executive editor or would-be publisher.

Acquaintances who knew both Johns claim that the family ties were extraordinarily strong. Grandfather Knight took the role of father almost from the moment John was born, leaving his mother a sort of subordinate figure who went along with decisions regarding the master plan. Grandfather was responsible for sending John away from home to school when he was moderately young, for putting a bug in his ear about Oxford and Harvard.

A pessimist would think that the burden of tradition would drive a kid up a wall, but John III adored, coddled and feared his grandfather. "He genuflected each time he talked about the old man," says a newspaper chum, "but I think he had a deep penetrating anger and hate toward him. He was desperately afraid of his grandfather. He was afraid of doing wrong, afraid of his wrath and displeasure." Patricide was the name of the game. Or, to be exact, grandpatricide.

Ironically, most people who know the elder Knight claim he would not have been vindictive had John confessed his homosexual feelings. If young John had a reasonable adult relationship with another man, it's unlikely that Grandfather would have hit the ceiling. But John was fucking with street kids. Boy or girl kids, the situation was a flammable one. Too much was at stake. A scandal of the chicken-hawk sort could affect the corporation and John III's future role in the empire. No way would Granddad approve.

December 14. They've seized Salvatore Soli in Miami. I think if I were Soli, I'd have fled to Miami, too. The weather is chilly in Philly. Frigid. I read Soli's story and decide to call my parents at their condominium near Palm Beach. They beg me to visit them, get a little sunburn, swim in the pool. They want to know what I'm up to. I ask if there has been anything about Soli's capture in the Florida papers. My father tells me he's heard about the *tsimmes*. He suggests that I move from my dump in Manhattan. If I can't afford the rent in a good

high-rise, he'll help me out.

Parents, commitments, obligations, umbilical cords that are tough to sever even after the grown son leaves home. Do orphans and bastards have it easier?

Soli, with all of his philandering, with his arrest record and track marks, was still closer to his mother than Camden is to Philly. Momma Soli would hear from her son every day, no matter where he was. He hadn't called since the Knight murder. What could be more natural than for Antoinette Soli to go on television and plead, "Salvi, please come home or get in touch with me. Let me know you're all right. You may be dead like that boy Felix Melendez."

Through the magic of the media, Mrs. Soli reminds her son that she is critically ill, having suffered a massive heart attack less than a year before. "The operation was unsuccessful," she weeps. "They don't expect me to live more than a year."

At Chock Full o' Nuts, where I wait for a friend to meet me, Mrs. Soli's anguished face leaps out from the pages of the *News*. A hooker on the next stool reads the article with relish.

"He should be in a mental institution," she says to the counterwoman. "The aggravation he's giving his poor mother."

She puts down her *News*. "I wonder if they're giving a reward," she says to no

one in particular. She orders another coffee. "Light."

Two of her cohorts enter the place. One is a Katy Jurado look-alike who glances at Soli's picture.

"He looks familiar. Cute," she says.

"Just caught," says the first hooker. "I think they're giving a reward."

"Forget the reward. I'd do it with him for nothing. Wouldn't you?" She looks at me.

"No," I answer. "Not for nothing." I make a mental note to check the mirror to see if my skin has turned lavender.

As it happened, there was no reward. Soli was turned in by a woman in Miami he had taken up with—an 18-year-old blonde "burlesque dancer" who rattled to protect herself. By the time the whole story of Soli's and Maleno's actions after the murder finally was pieced together from trials, news accounts and personal interviews, it read like a James M. Cain novel. What started out as a simple rip-off ended up as a sordid melodrama starring smalltime characters in an out-of-control plot. The melodrama also featured the murder of Felix Melendez.

After fleeing Knight's apartment, Soli and Maleno checked into a motel in New Jersey. They summoned Melendez, demanding to know why he had run amuck in Knight's apartment.

"Why did you kill John Knight? Why

the Christ did you kill him?" Sal shrieked. "I ought to kill you now. Did you stab that McKinnon broad, too? You did, didn't you? What the fuck happened?"

Felix was panic-stricken. He had just told Sal that he knew nothing. He had tried to act cool, but he was like a school-boy caught by his teacher in a lie. The way out was to 'less up.

"She tried to escape," Felix explained. "I was leaving John's apartment and she was in the hall, hollering. She grabbed me. I stabbed her. I was scared."

"Don't tell us lies," screamed Maleno. "What happened? Why did you stab that woman?"

Felix rasped, "I'm telling the truth. I stabbed her in the elevator and cut her hand. It wasn't like I was trying to kill her. I was scared. That's the truth."

Steve and Sal continued to interrogate. They battered Felix with queries and accusations and refused to accept any of his answers. Crazy with anger, Steve then took a butcher knife and sliced Felix' head. Blood gushed. It trickled down his face, onto his coat, onto the couch. But Felix held in the pain, fearing that the slightest provocation would start Maleno off again.

Finally, Sal and Steve shut themselves into the kitchenette area. "What are we going to do about Felix?" demanded

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Steve. "We can't trust him. He knows too much. What should we do? Leave the country? Leave the state? Keep running?"

The men decided that the logical move would be to flee. But first they watched the 11-P.M. television newscast. Though not named, Soli, Melendez and Maleno were described, down to the track marks on Soli's arm, courtesy of Rosemary McKinnon's amazing memory. It was another twinge of pain in the ongoing nightmare for all of them.

Toward midnight, they left the motel. After a couple of hours of driving, they reached a deserted area near Camden. Eventually, they stopped at a dead end. Steve said, "We've got to bury this shit," and he and Felix got out of the car. They headed toward a wooded area. Steve carried a bag containing coats, dungarees, shirts and shoes that they had worn when they ripped off Knight's apartment, as well as blood-soaked towels from Felix' head wound. Both Steve and Felix started digging a hole in which to dispose of the stuff. But Steve started again. "Why did you kill that man?"

He pulled a gun from the waist of his pants. And fired point-blank at Felix' face. Felix fell. Leaning over him, Steve fired two more shots.

Hurriedly, he took the bag with the garments and returned to the car. Less than a mile away, he dumped the clothing into a suburban garbage can. Then he dismantled the gun and, piece by piece, tossed it out the car window. Particles of the weapon became part of the New Jersey landscape.

Fearing that he'd become part of the landscape himself, Soli decided to split from Maleno. Maleno returned to Philadelphia. Three days later, he surrendered. Soli drove to Miami. He dyed his hair strawberry blond, cut off his mustache and took up with a blonde bombshell. The bombshell turned him in.

"Women? Sure. He dated a few, but no one heavily. Many of his dates worked at the paper."

The speaker is Ladd Neuman, Knight's editor at *The Detroit Free Press*. He's talking about the straight side of Knight's sex life.

"Did they come back the morning after and discuss John's prowess?" I ask.

"No," replies Neuman. "He dated them like friends, which is to say that he'd take them out to a show and that's it. John's women were two types: the *Detroit Free Press* kind, who were safe acquaintances, and the women he didn't know and would screw around with. Those he called foxes or foxy chicks. He'd brag about how great they were. 'She had a hell of a body' or 'She was good in bed.'"

Did John ever say what he did in bed? Neuman's face grows pensive, as if he's trying to reconstruct a scene that happened a million or so years ago. Finally,

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he lights on the scene and remarks that John was never specific as to whether his taste ran to oral or anal or self-abuse or S/M or fetishism or whatever, but there was a woman who worked in the mayor's office, who once said something.

"This was a real likable girl," recalls Neuman. "She was a free-spirited woman who was nicknamed Miss Zipper because of a zipper dress she had that came off easily. When I knew her, she was making it with someone at the bureau and driving him out of his mind. She'd talk very freely about her sex life, too. Well, one day she came in and said she was 'freaked out.' I asked why. 'Well,' she said, 'I made it with John last night.' And I said, 'You did? What about your other friend?' She answered, 'Actually, John's a better fuck than my other friend.' I then asked if she was going back for more. 'No,' she said, 'because I sort of felt like one of his possessions. I got freaked out by being shown everything in his apartment, from his stereo to his etchings.'

"Because of that kind of feedback, I never suspected John had a homosexual street life. I just thought he was kind of stuck on himself. I assumed he wasn't letting women get close to him because of his money, but I remember thinking that it's still odd. Why didn't he ever have a good, heavy, long-term romance going? What the hell was he afraid of? Was he hurt in the past? Every now and then, he'd mention some girl in London whom he claimed he was pining for. That girl, he said, had gotten herself married to someone else.

"Now, if you sit and talk with some of the *Free Press* reporters, they'll tell you, 'I thought maybe John was gay because he dressed too macho or something like that. Shit. I knew John better than anybody in Detroit, and I didn't know his secret. In fact, the one or two times that I had any reason to suspect anything, I kicked those reasons off because John was coming on so strong with the foxy-chick rap. He'd constantly barrage me in a kind of locker-room way about the newest girl in town.

"One night, we went to what was Detroit's rowdiest, raunchiest topless go-go joint, the Goldiggers Lounge. We drank ourselves blind and closed the place. John kept trying to put the make on one of the waitresses. She wouldn't go along with it. So we finally left the bar, and John spotted this same waitress outside and took off after her. I figured he was going to get himself in trouble, because you don't run up to someone in the street in Detroit at two-thirty in the morning, no matter who you are.

"John talked to her like a Dutch uncle. She was really dynamite—not too bright—and the next thing I knew, she was walking back to John's car. Later, I asked him how he finally managed, after



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having failed to entice the waitress in the bar. He said he told her he had a great record collection and a terrific stereo."

Knight's secret diaries have been held by the police since his murder and my chances of learning what's in them have been slim until I make the right connection.

The detective suggests that I stay away from headquarters. He asks where I'm calling from. I tell him I'm at a phone booth near the Troc Burlesque Theater. I also tell him who my contact is. He says he's been waiting for my call. I know this is as close as I'm going to get to Knight's diaries.

An hour later, he pulls up and beckons me into his car. Cramped in the back seat is a dog of unspecified breed, probably a bastard relative of the family that carries whiskey to lost skiers in the Alps. The animal is either on Valium or three steps from death. It hardly moves. The detective calls it Ruth. Definitely not watchdog material.

Ruth and I have something in common: Neither of us stirs as the detective drives us to an area of Philadelphia completely alien to me. He pulls to a stop, pats Ruth's head and says, "We won't be long, girl." The detective and I enter a restaurant decorated in early Sigmund Romberg. We take a corner booth.

"Let's talk about the diaries," I say.

"Let's look at the menu first," he says.

We order Scotch straight and settle for *Wiener schnitzel*. The drink takes a long time in coming.

"What, specifically, do you want to know?"

"Everything. Were the entries daily?"

"Daily for maybe a one- or two-week period. Then Knight would stop for three. Then there'd be Saturday, Sunday, Monday—that kind of thing. Some of the entries were short. Like, 'Start working more.' 'Start straightening things out.' Most of them were about feelings. He'd write about sex, reacting positively to a good sexual encounter with a woman. That would make him happy. But then he'd write about a homosexual experience and he'd write with obviously more..."

"Soul-searching?" I offer.

"No. Not soul-searching. If he had a really terrific homosexual experience, he'd describe it in much more glowing kinds of enjoyment terms. The description of heterosexual relationships that were successful, I guess, made him proud, or bootstrapped him into a sense of 'I'm on the right road now.' And yet the homosexual experiences were more fulfilling to him from the standpoint of emotions."

"Were they strictly blow jobs, pardon the expression?"

The detective laughs. "The expression is pardoned," he says. "In polite circles, we call it *fellatio*. No. Not strictly blow

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jobs at all, though blow jobs seemed to be, according to Knight's entries, the most titillating experience of all."

"Done to him?"

"No. That he did."

"Fascinating."

"Yeah. Fellatio that he did."

"Did Knight discuss his homosexuality at length in the diaries?"

"He talked about homosexual experiences and how euphoric he had been in a particular homosexual encounter, but he wouldn't say that homosexuality itself was terrific. It was a disease that one overcame, rather than accept as part of one's make-up. I know for people like you it's fine, but for this poor guy, it was death. It is fine with you, isn't it?"

"It's fine with me."

"When he was drunk, he'd often go out to Rittenhouse Square or Spruce Street and pick up some kid. He'd wake up the next morning and give the guy a hundred dollars and tell him to get lost. Melendez was never fully accepting of that from the start. He didn't like the idea of being rejected that way. Melendez tried to make contact with him. Basically, John didn't want to have anything to do with him. In his sober or lucid moments, John was ashamed of Melendez. That offended the kid. I'm not saying that that motivated Melendez to intentionally go out and get Knight. But if you accept the proposition that

Melendez killed Knight, it explains the rage that would instill in Melendez the urge to kill."

"You were in Knight's apartment. You worked on the case," I say. "Since they won't be bringing it up in court, can you tell me exactly what was found in Knight's foot locker?"

"About three hundred dollars' worth of pornographic books and commercial movies, the eight-millimeter variety. None of it was homemade, in the sense that it was filmed by Knight. It was the stuff you buy in pornographic shops. A lot of hard-core pornographic books, most of them homosexual. Somewhat ironically, some old childhood books. The kind of books that a kid has when he's ten. And the diaries."

"Any toys?"

"Some were found, but not in the foot locker. They were found in suitcases piled up next to the door. It looked like somebody intended to haul the sex toys out of there as part of the loot. In one of the suitcases was a couple of double-ended dildos. No leather or whips or handcuffs or cat-o-nine-tails."

"Different people take different views about Knight's apartment. I maintain that you could visit his place and never know that it was the home of a homosexual. Maybe I'm not sophisticated enough to know."

"Get off it. You're too sophisticated."

"Thanks. Other people have said you could tell it was a homosexual's quarters from the artwork. There was a Japanese print in one of the bathrooms—an explicit sexual scene. Some detectives concluded, from the painting, that the guy liked men. I remember going through the apartment with a couple of cops and they were examining the ceiling very closely to check if there had ever been a mirror on it. It tickled the hell out of me. Totally unrealistic. Sure, there were mirrors in the gymnasium where he worked out—but what does that tell? One of our men thought he might have another pad somewhere. A 'trick' apartment. No such thing."

"Knight's apartment got a good thorough overhaul. After sifting through his possessions, I realized that there was no damn underwear, anywhere. I said, 'Wait a minute. This is not real.' Then we found out that most of Knight's stuff was at the laundry."

"He did wear underwear?"

"Yeah." He grins. "Doesn't everybody? Do you?"

I don't answer. "Do you?"

He doesn't answer, either, but I can see he does.

Knight's last rites took place at the Striffler-Hamby Mortuary in Columbus, Georgia, his home town. Columbus'

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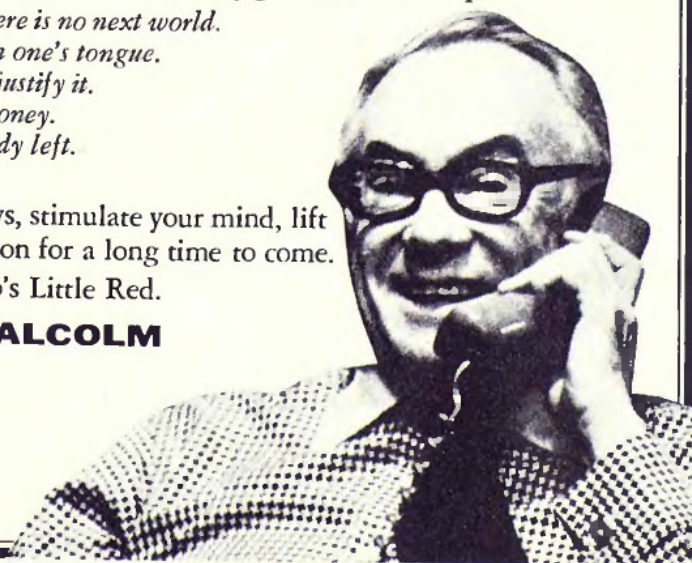
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native son was eulogized as a "young man blessed by birth, circumstances and family. A young man with God-given gifts." The minister explained that "there is a sense of unreality, that this man's passing is a bad dream. But it is reality. And our first thought is, Why? I can't answer. I can only comfort."

In the vestibule, police made copies of the 500 or so signatures in the chapel guest book. After the service, mourners went by car to Parkhill Cemetery nearby. Knight's grandfather remained in his automobile. His widowed mother, Dorothy, stood silently as the coffin was lowered. A local television-news team filmed the rites from a hilly point overlooking the gravesite. A wire-service photographer moved among the mourners below.

In Philadelphia, plans are made to bury Melendez. Three days after Knight is laid to rest, a service is held for Felix at the Pullo Funeral Home in South Philadelphia.

The crowd there is small. No TV cameras, no media monitors visible outside the parlor, despite the fact that this is the most publicized murder case in Philadelphia history. I nod solemnly at the pomaded mortician's aide at the door. He gestures for me to sign the guest book. I don't—instead, I find a seat near the back of the parlor.

The mourners are mostly young girls in miniskirts, craggy-faced mommas, babies and teenage boys with long eyelashes and Philadelphia Flyers jackets. They occupy 20 rows of bridge chairs, which come to a halt a yard from the casket.

Sobbing everywhere. A young girl whimpers and a baby cries and another girl cries and another. Who are they? Friends of Felix?

They make me feel out of place and I am out of place, conspicuous to myself because I shouldn't be here; somewhat guilt-ridden because I am here. Interesting that I should feel this way among Melendez' acquaintances. Interesting that I can move comfortably, snug in the fact that I'm doing my professional duty, among Knight's peers.

I notice a plainclothesman from police headquarters. He notices me, too, but he averts his eyes from mine. Another intruder. Thank the Lord.

The place soon fills to capacity. From where I sit, it's difficult to see Melendez' death face in the open coffin. There is a line of 15 people waiting to get a view. One of the viewers is a repeater. I get in line.

Moving to the coffin is a slow process. Once there, the procedure is to look at the body for as long as you want, then get back to your seat or leave the parlor. Most of the viewers sneak a quick glance.

One viewer gazes and prays for what seems an hour. The line in back of me is long.

My turn. The coffin is pushed up with white satin. Melendez clad in a tan summer suit. Long and lanky. Tie tied in a tight Windsor knot. Hands folded across his chest. Hair slicked back. The cosmetician has done a remarkable job of hiding whatever damage the bullet wounds had done to his countenance. Felix looks like a waxwork of Rudolph Valentino. He sports a half-smile. Or is it a silent snicker?

Enough. My eyes shift to his shoes. Cheap, with those tiny ventilation air holes. Heels in A-1 condition. Big feet. No sign of socks.

Below his feet rests a pretty heart-shaped bouquet of white gladioli. Tied to the bouquet is a card. The card reads, DADDY. That's all. DADDY.

The gladioli and the DADDY card are buried with Felix.

Steve Maleno pleaded guilty to the murders of John Knight and Felix Melendez. Salvatore Soli pleaded innocent to both murders, stood trial in Philadelphia and Camden and was found guilty of first-degree murder on both counts. Both Soli and Maleno are serving life sentences.

INTRO DINERS DO



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FALLING ANGEL

(continued from page 192)

"She stiffened. It was as if someone touched the back of her neck with an ice cube."

I grinned and sniffed my drink. "Must be swell having so many memories."

"You writin' a book, son? I can spot me a book writer quick as a fox recognizes a hen."

"You're close, old fox. I'm working on a piece for *Look* magazine."

"A story 'bout Toots in *Look*? Right in there with Doris Day! Haw!"

"Well, I won't put you on, Toots. The story's going to be about Johnny Favorite."

"Who?"

"A crooner. Used to sing with Spider Simpson's swing band back in the early Forties."

"Yeah. I remember Spider. He played the drums like two jackhammers fuckin'."

"What do you remember about Johnny Favorite?" I asked. "I heard you were pretty good pals."

"Son, he made a record of one of my songs way back when and I thank him for all the long-gone royalty checks, but he sure didn't come uptown to see me."

"Who did he come uptown to see?"

Toots Sweet ducked his eyes in mock coyishness. "You gettin' me to tell tales out of school, son."

"What does it matter after all these years?" I said. "I gather he was seeing a lady."

"She was every inch a lady, to be sure."

"Tell me her name."

"It ain't no secret. Anyone who was around 'fo' the war knows Evangeline Proudfoot was makin' the scene with Johnny Favorite."

"None of the downtown press seemed to know."

"Son, if you was crossin' the line in them days, it wasn't something you wanted to brag about."

"Who was Evangeline Proudfoot?"

Toots smiled. "A beautiful, strong West Indian woman," he said. "She was ten, fifteen years older than Johnny, but still such a fox that he was the one looked the fool."

"Know where I could get in touch with her?"

"Ain't seen Evangeline in years. She got ill. Store's still there, so maybe she is, too."

"What sort of store was that?" I did my best to keep any trace of cop out of my question.

"Evangeline had an herb shop over on Lenox. Stayed open till midnight every day 'cept Sunday." Toots gave me a theatrical wink. "Time to play some mo'.

You gonna stick around for another set, son?"

"I'll be back," I said.

Proudfoot Pharmaceuticals was located on the northwest corner of Lenox Avenue and 123rd Street. The name hung in the window in six-inch blue-neon script. I parked half a block down and looked the place over. Fluorescent lights hung from a pressed-tin ceiling; old-fashioned glass-fronted wooden shelves ran along the far wall. The swinging of a clock pendulum seemed the only activity.

I went inside. A smell of burning incense stung the air. Bells tinkled above my head as I shut the door. On a revolving metal stand near the entrance, a collection of "dream books" and pamphlets addressing the various problems of love competed for the customer's attention in gaudy Multilith jackets. I was examining the perfumed, colored candles guaranteed to bring good fortune with continued use when a lovely mocha-skinned girl came in from the back room and stood behind the counter. She wore a white smock over her dress and looked about 19 or 20. "May I help you?" she asked. Just beneath her carefully modulated diction lingered the melodic calypso lilt of the Caribbean.

"Is Miss Proudfoot on the premises?"

"I'm Miss Proudfoot," she said.

"Miss Evangeline Proudfoot?"

"I'm Epiphany. Evangeline was my mother."

"You say was?"

"Momma died last year."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"She'd been sick for a long time, flat on her back for years. It was best."

"She left you a lovely name, Epiphany," I said. "It fits you."

Beneath her coffee-and-milk complexion, she flushed slightly. "She left me a good deal more than that. This store's been making a profit for forty years. Did you do business with Momma?"

"No, we never met. I was hoping she might answer some questions for me."

Epiphany Proudfoot's topaz eyes darkened. "What're you, some kind of cop?"

I smiled, the *Look* alibi engraved on my silver tongue, but I figured she was too smart to buy it, so I said, "Private license. I can show you a photostat."

"Never mind your dime-store photostat. Why did you want to talk to Momma?"

"I'm looking for a man named Johnny Favorite."

She stiffened. It was as if someone touched the back of her neck with an ice

cube. "He's dead," she said.

"No, he's not, although most people seem to think so."

"Far as I'm concerned, he's dead."

"Did you know him?"

"We never met."

"Edison Sweet said he was a friend of your mother's."

"That was before I was born," she said.

"Did your mother ever talk to you about him?"

"Surely, Mr. . . . whoever you are, you don't expect me to betray my momma's confidences. I clearly see you are not a gentleman."

I let that one pass. "Perhaps you can tell me if you or your mother ever saw Johnny Favorite in, say, the last fifteen years or so."

"I told you we never met, and I was always introduced to *all* Momma's friends."

I got out my wallet, the one I carry cash in, and gave her my Crossroads card. "OK," I said, "it was a long shot, anyway. That's my office number on the bottom. I wish you'd call me if you think of anything or hear of anybody having seen Johnny Favorite."

She smiled, but there was no warmth in it. "What're you after him for?"

"I'm not 'after' him; I just want to know where he is."

She stuck my card in the glass of the ornate brass cash register. "And what if he's dead?"

"I get paid either way."

It was almost a real laugh this time. "I hope you find him six feet under," she said.

By the time I got back to the Red Rooster, I'd missed an entire set and Toots was sitting on the same stool at the bar. A glass of champagne fizzed at his elbow. I lit a cigarette as I edged through the crowd. "Find out what you were after?" Toots asked without interest.

"Evangeline Proudfoot is dead."

"Dead? Now, that is a for-certain shame. She was one fine lady."

"You seem to have known her pretty well. What more can you tell me about her affair with Johnny Favorite?"

Toots Sweet lumbered to his tiny feet. "I can't tell you nothin', son. I'm too big to go around hiding under beds. 'Sides, it's time fo' me to go back to work."

He flashed his star-studded grin and started for the bandstand. I tagged along like an eager newshound. "I'm in no hurry. I can listen to you play all night."

"Just sit out the set, son." Toots lifted the curved lid of the baby grand. A chicken foot lay on the keyboard. He slammed the lid shut. "Stop hangin' over my shoulder!" he growled. "I got to play now."

"What was that?"

"That was nothin'. Never you mind that."

But it was not nothing. It was the foot

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of a chicken, spanning an octave from the sharp yellow claw on the lizardlike toe to where it was cut off above the joint and bleeding.

"What's going on, Toots?"

Toots hissed. "Nothin's going on you got to know about. Now, I ain't talking to you no mo'. Not after the set. Not never!"

"Who's after you, Toots?"

"You git outa here."

"What does Johnny Favorite have to do with it?"

Toots spoke very slowly, ignoring the bass player who appeared at his shoulder. "If you don't get the hell out of here, an' I mean clean out onto the sidewalk, yo' gonna wish yo' lily-white ass never was born."

I met the bass player's implacable gaze and glanced around. There was a full house. I knew how Custer must have felt upon the hilltop at Little Bighorn.

"All I got to do," Toots said, "is say the word."

"You don't need to send a telegram, Toots." I dropped my butt onto the dance floor, ground it under my heel and left.

My car was parked in the same spot across Seventh and I headed for it when the light changed. I got in behind the wheel, lit another cigarette and settled down to wait.

Toots came out of the club about five minutes before closing time. A passing cab squealed to a stop at his shrill, two-fingered whistle. I switched on the ignition and tailed the cab to 152nd Street, where it stopped in front of one of the Harlem River Houses and waited out front with the door open and the roof light off. Toots was just running upstairs. I turned my headlights off and double-parked where I could watch the cab. He was back in minutes. He carried a red-plaid canvas bowling-ball bag.

The cab took a left at Macomb's Place and continued downtown on Eighth Avenue. I stayed three blocks back and kept it in sight all the way to Frederick Douglass Circle, where it swung east on 110th and followed the northern wall of Central Park. I parked around the corner on St. Nicholas in time to see the cab drive off and the retreating form of Toots Sweet, a shadow sliding into the shadow world of the dark and silent park.

He kept to the path bordering the western rim of Harlem Meer. I stayed off to one side in the shadows, but Toots never looked back. He hurried along toward the Loch, the most remote section of Central Park. The path wound into a deep ravine crowded with trees and shrubs and completely cut off from the city. It was dark there and very still. For a moment, I thought I had lost Toots. Then I heard the drums.

I edged through the trees until I reached the cover of a large rock. Four

white candles flickered on saucers set on the ground. I counted 15 people standing in the dim light. There were three drummers, each playing an instrument of a different size.

A girl wearing a white dress and turban inscribed convoluted designs on the ground between the candles. She used handfuls of flour like a Hopi sand painter, tracing the swirling figures around a circular hole dug into the packed earth. She turned and her face was illuminated by candle flame. It was Epiphany Proudfoot.

The onlookers swayed from side to side, chanting and clapping in time with the drumming. Several men shook gourd rattles. I watched Toots Sweet wield his maracas like Xavier Cugat fronting a rumba band.

Epiphany was barefoot in spite of the cold, twirling handfuls of Pillsbury's Best onto the ground. When the design was finished, she jumped back, reaching her ghost-white hands above her head like a cheerleader of doom. Her spastic shimmy soon had the whole crowd dancing.

Shadows shifted grotesquely in the uneven candlelight. The demonic heartbeat of the drums caught the dancers in its throbbing spell. Their eyes rolled back in their heads; spittle frothed on the chanting lips. Men and women rubbed together and moaned, pelvises thrusting in an ecstatic approximation of sex. The

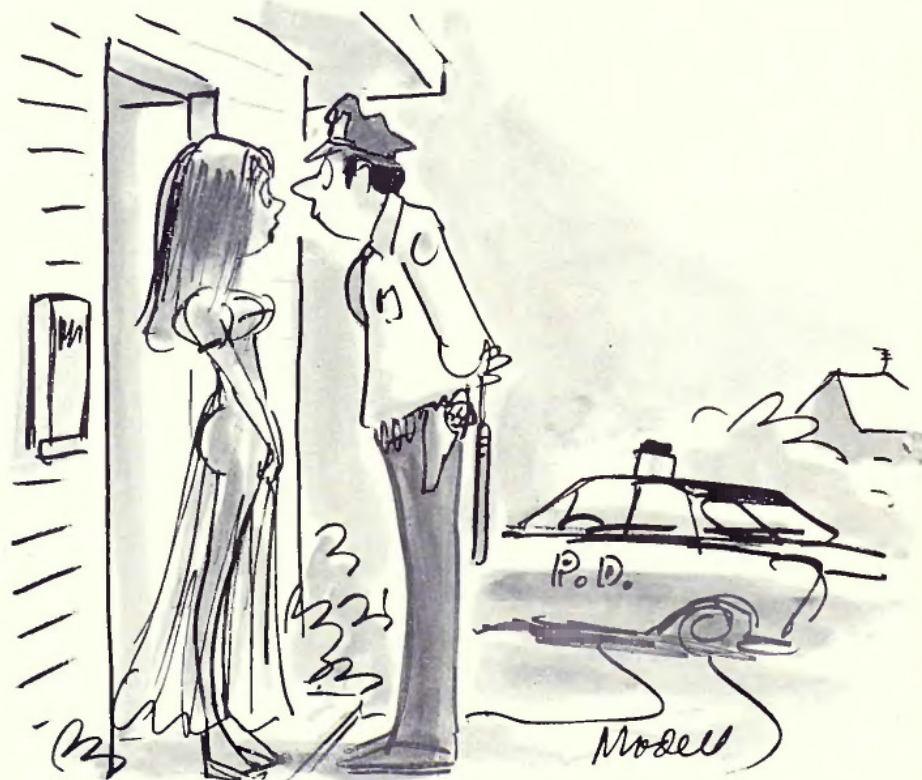
whites of their eyes gleamed like opals in their sweating faces.

Epiphany's white dress clung to her wet, young body. She reached into a wicker basket, removing a leg-bound rooster. The bird held up his head proudly, his blood-red comb vivid in the candlelight. Epiphany rubbed the white plumage against her breasts as she danced. Weaving among the crowd, she caressed each of the others in turn. A piercing cockcrow silenced the drums.

Gliding gracefully, Epiphany bent to the circular pit and cut the rooster's jugular with a deft turn of a razor. Blood spouted into the dark hole. The rooster's defiant crow became a gargling scream. Its wings thrashed wildly as it died. The dancers moaned. One by one, they swayed forward and dropped offerings into the pit. Scatterings of coins, handfuls of dried corn, assorted cookies, candies and fruit. A woman poured a bottle of Coca-Cola over the dead chicken.

Afterward, Epiphany took the limp bird and hung it, upside down, from the branches of a nearby tree. Things began to break up about then. The congregation slipped off into the darkness without a word of farewell. Toots, Epiphany and two or three others walked back along the path toward Harlem Meer.

I tailed them through the shadows, skirting the path and keeping out of sight among the trees. By the Meer, the



"Goodness! I didn't know that—
I thought it was just drinking while on duty
you weren't supposed to do."

path divided. Toots headed toward the Seventh Avenue exit. I planned on beating him home.

I scaled the rough stone wall and ran for the Chevy. The streets were nearly empty and I sped uptown without missing a light.

I parked near the corner of Macomb's Place and walked the rest of the way through the Harlem River Houses development. I found the entrance to Toots's building on 152nd and looked for his apartment number on the row of brass mailboxes set into the brick wall.

The front door was no problem. I got it open with my penknife blade in less than a minute. Toots lived on the third floor. I climbed the stairs and checked out his lock. There was nothing I could do without my attaché case, so I sat on the steps leading up and waited.

•

I didn't have to wait long. I heard him puffing up the stairs and stubbed my butt out against the bottom of my shoe. When he had the door open, I made my move. I caught him from behind, grabbing his coat collar and shoving him forward into the apartment. He stumbled to his knees. I switched on the ceiling light and closed the door behind me.

Toots huffed to his feet, panting like an animal at bay. His right hand plunged into his coat pocket and came out holding a straight razor. I shifted my weight. "I don't want to hurt you, old man."

He lumbered forward, waving the razor. I caught his arm with my left hand and stepped in close, bringing my knee up hard. Toots sagged and sat down with a soft grunt. I twisted his wrist and he dropped the razor onto the carpet. I kicked it against the wall.

"Dumb, Toots." I picked up the razor, folded it and put it into my pocket.

Toots sat, holding his belly with both hands. "What you want with me?" he moaned. "You're no writer."

"Getting smarter. So save the bullshit and tell me what you know about Johnny Favorite."

"I'm hurt. I feel all busted up inside."

"Listen, Toots," I said. "I saw your little shindig in the park. Epiphany Proudfoot's number with the chicken. What was going on?"

"Obeah," he groaned. "Voodoo. Not every black man is a Baptist."

"What about the Proudfoot girl? How does she fit in?"

"She's a mambo, like her mother was before her. Been comin' to humfo meet-in's since she was ten. Took over as priestess at thirteen."

"That when Evangeline Proudfoot got sick?"

"Yeah. Somethin' like that."

I offered Toots a smoke, but he shook his head. I lit one myself and asked, "Was Johnny Favorite into voodoo?"

"He was runnin' round with the mambo, wasn't he?"

"Did he go to meetings?"

"Course he did. Lots of 'em. He was a *huns-i-bosal*."

"A what?"

"He'd been initiated but not baptized."

"When was the last time you saw Johnny Favorite at one of your chicken snuffings?"

"I tol' you, I ain't seen him since 'fo' the war."

"What about the chicken foot? The one in the piano?"

"Means I talk too much."

"About Johnny Favorite?"

"'Bout things in general."

"Not good enough, Toots." I blew a little smoke in his face. "Ever try to play piano with your hand in a cast?"

Toots started to rise, but sagged back, grimacing. "You wouldn't do that."

"I'll do what I have to, Toots."

There was considerable fear in the old piano player's eyes. I cracked the knuckles in my right hand for emphasis. "Ask me anything you want," he said. "I been telling you the truth right along."

"You haven't seen Johnny Favorite in the last fifteen years?"

"No."

"What about Evangeline Proudfoot? She ever mention seeing him?"

"Not where I could hear it. Far as she was concerned, Johnny Favorite was dead and buried."

"Toots, I'll take a chance and believe you. How come you wear a star on your tooth like that?"

Toots grimaced. The cutout star glinted in the overhead light. "That's so folks be sure I'm a nigger. Wouldn't want 'em to make any mistakes."

"Why is it upside down?"

"Look nicer that way."

I placed one of my Crossroads cards on top of the TV. "I'm leaving a card with my number on it. If you hear anything, give me a call."

"Yeah, I ain't got enough troubles already I got to start phonin' up mo'."

"You never know. You might need some help next time you get a special-delivery chicken foot."

Outside, dawn smudged the night sky like rouge on a chorus girl's cheek. Walking to the car, I dropped Toots's pearl-handled razor into a garbage can.

•

The sun was shining when I finally hit the sack, but I managed to sleep until almost noon in spite of bad dreams. I was haunted by nightmares more vivid than any *Late Show* horror feature. Voodoo drums throbbed as Epiphany Proudfoot cut the rooster's throat. The dancers swayed and moaned, only this time the bleeding didn't stop. A crimson fountain gushed from the thrashing bird, soaking everything like a tropical rain, dancers all drowning in a lake of blood. I watched Epiphany go under and ran from my hiding place, gore splashing at

my heels. I woke up screaming.

A hot shower settled my nerves. I was shaved, dressed and driving uptown inside of 20 minutes. I dropped the Chevy off at my garage and walked to the out-of-town newsstand next to Times Tower. Dr. Albert Fowler's picture was on the front page of Monday's *Poughkeepsie New Yorker*. "NOTED DOCTOR FOUND DEAD," said the headline. I read all about it over breakfast at the Whelan's drugstore in the corner of the Paramount Building.

Up in the office, I considered my options. I had planned on driving out to Coney Island to try to locate Madam Zora, Johnny Favorite's gypsy fortune-teller, but decided to play a long shot and go back up to Harlem first. There was a lot Epiphany Proudfoot hadn't told me last night.

I got my attaché case out of the office safe and was buttoning my overcoat when the phone rang. It was long distance, person-to-person collect from Cornelius Simpson. I told the operator I would accept the charges.

"I'd like to ask you some questions about Johnny Favorite," I said.

"What kind of questions?"

"Have you seen him at all in the past fifteen years, for starters?"

"Last time I saw Johnny was the day after Pearl Harbor. What's this all about, anyway?"

"I'm doing a story for *Look* on forgotten vocalists of the Forties. Johnny Favorite is at the top of the list."

"Not my list, brother."

"That's fine," I said. "If I spoke to just his fans, I wouldn't get a very interesting story."

"The only fans Johnny had were strangers."

"What can you tell me about his affair with a West Indian woman named Evangeline Proudfoot?"

"Not a damn thing. This is the first I've heard of it."

"Did you know he was involved in voodoo?"

"Sticking pins in dolls? Well, it figures; Johnny was a weirdo. He was always into something strange."

"Such as what?"

"Oh, let's see; one time, I saw him catching pigeons up on the roof of our hotel. I thought maybe he didn't like the chow in the place, but later, I dropped by his room, and there he was, poking through the guts with a pencil."

"What was that all about?"

"That's what I asked him. He told me some fancy word I can't remember. Said he was predicting the future like the priests in ancient Rome used to do."

"Sounds like that ol' black magic had him in its spell," I said.

Spider Simpson laughed. "You said it, brother. If it wasn't pigeon guts, it was some other damn thing, tea leaves, palm readers, yoga. He carried a skull in his suitcase."

"A human skull?"

"Once upon a time, it was human. He said it came from the grave of a man who murdered ten people. Claimed it gave him power."

"Sounds like he was putting you on," I said.

"Could be. He used to sit and stare at it for hours before a performance. If that was a put-on, it was a damn good one."

"Did you know Margaret Krusemark?" I asked.

"Margaret who?"

"Johnny Favorite's fiancée."

"Oh, yeah, the debutante society girl. I met her a few times. What about her?"

"What was she like?"

"Very pretty. Didn't talk much. You know the type, lots of eye contact but no conversation."

"I heard somewhere she was a fortune-teller."

"That may be. She never told me mine."

"Why did they break up?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Can you give me the names of any of Johnny Favorite's old friends? People who might be able to help me out with the story."

"Brother, aside from bonehead in the suitcase, Johnny didn't have a friend on earth."

"What about Edward Kelley?"

"Never heard of him," Simpson said.

"I knew a piano player named Kelly in K.C., but that was years before I ran into Johnny."

"Well, thanks for the information," I said. "You've been a big help."

"Any time."

We both hung up.

I dodged chuckholes on the West Side Highway up to 125th and drove east along Harlem's Rialto, past the Hotel Theresa and the Apollo Theater, over to Lenox Avenue. The neon sign was dark in the window of Proudfoot Pharmaceuticals. A long green shade reached all the way down behind the front door and a cardboard sign said CLOSED TODAY.

I found a wall phone in a luncheonette in the next block. There was no listing for Epiphany Proudfoot. I tried the store but got no answer. Thumbing through the directory, I located Edison Sweet's number. I dialed the first four digits and hung up, deciding a surprise visit would be more effective. Ten minutes later, I was parked on 152nd Street across from his building.

I climbed the stairs to the third floor. There was no one on the landing, and when I bent to check the make of the lock, I found that the door was not quite shut. I pushed it all the way open with my foot. A vivid red splash stained the opposite wall like a Rorschach-test blot. It might have been paint, but it wasn't.

I closed the door behind me, leaning



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my back against it until the lock caught.

The room was a mess, furniture thrown about haphazardly on a carpet waved with wrinkles. A shelf of flowerpots lay overturned in the corner. The curtain rod was bent in a V and the drapes sagged like the stockings of a hooker on a week-long drunk. Amid the wreckage, the TV stood intact. The set was on and a soap-opera nurse discussed adultery with an attentive intern.

I was careful not to touch anything as I stepped over the upended furniture. Beyond the babbling TV, a short, dark hall led to a closed door. I got my latex surgeon's gloves out of the attaché case and rolled them onto my hands before turning the knob. One look in the bedroom made me want a drink badly.

Toots Sweet lay on his back on the narrow bed, his hands and feet bound to the posts with lengths of cotton clothesline. He would never get any deader. A crumpled, blood-soaked flannel bathrobe draped his potbelly. Beneath his black body, the sheets were stiff with blood.

Toots's open, bulging eyes were yellowed, like antique ivory cue balls, and stuffed into his gaping mouth was something resembling a fat, severed hunk of *Bratwurst*. Death by asphyxiation. I knew that without waiting for the autopsy.

I took a closer look at what protruded from his swollen lips and suddenly one drink wasn't going to be enough. Toots had choked to death on his own genitalia. Outside, in the courtyard three flights down, I heard the happy laughter of children.

On the wall above the bed, a number of childlike drawings had been daubed in Toots's blood: stars, spirals, long zigzag lines representing snakes. The stars, three of them, were five-pointed and upside down. Falling stars were getting to be a habit.

I said goodbye to Edison Sweet and closed the bedroom door on the sightless stare of his bulging eyes. My tongue felt heavy and dry in my mouth when I thought of what was stuffed in his. I wanted to check out the living room before I left, but there was too much dirt strewn about and I was afraid of leaving heelprints.

At the front door, I squinted through the peephole before letting myself out. I left the door open a crack, just the way I'd found it, and peeled off my rubber gloves, shutting them inside the calfskin case. I paused at the top of the landing and listened to the silence below. I made it down the stairs without being seen. When I left the building, the only ones around were a group of small children playing hopscotch in the courtyard.

Three straight shots settled my nerves. It was a quiet neighborhood bar and I sat with my back to the TV and thought things over. Now I had two dead men on my hands. They had both known Johnny

Favorite and worn five-pointed stars. The stars maybe were a coincidence; it's a common design. And maybe it was just by chance that a junkie doctor and a blues piano player both knew Johnny Favorite. Maybe. But deep down in my gut, I had a feeling that it was tied in to something bigger. Something enormous. I scooped my change off the damp bartop and went back to work for Louis Cyphre.

The drive out to Coney Island was a pleasant distraction. I rolled down my window on the Shore Parkway and breathed the cold sea air blowing in through the Narrows. By the time I reached Cropsey Avenue, the smell of blood was gone from my nostrils.

I parked beside a boarded-up bumper-car ride. Coney Island in the off season had the look and feel of a ghost town. The skeletal tracks of the roller coasters rose above me like metal-and-timber spiderwebs, but the screams were missing and the wind moaned through the struts, lonesome as a train whistle.

Nathan's Famous was open for business as always, and I stopped for a hot dog and a cardboard cup of beer under the boldly lettered billboard façade. The counterwoman looked like he'd been around since the days of Luna Park, and I asked if he'd ever heard of a fortuneteller named Madam Zora.

"Madam who?"

"Zora. She was a big attraction here back in the Forties."

"Was she a skinny broad? Dark hair?"

"You tell me. A crooner named Johnny Favorite used to come see her a lot."

"That's the dame. Folded her mitt camp during the war. Ain't never been back."

"What do you remember about her?"

"Not a thing, bud." He smiled, showing me four missing teeth. "Know who might be able to help you out?"

"No, who?"

"Old Paul Boltz. He used to be her shill back then. He's still around."

"Where can I find him?"

"Over at Steeplechase. He's the watchdog there now."

I said thanks and wandered off, sipping beer.

Steeplechase Park spanned 25 acres. The Parachute Jump, a hand-me-down from the '39 World's Fair, towered above the factory-sized, glass-walled pavilion like the framework of a 200-foot umbrella. A sign out front said, THE FUNNY PLACE, above the leering, painted face of founder George C. Tilyou. Steeplechase was as funny this time of year as a joke without a punch line, and I looked up at the grinning Mr. Tilyou and wondered what there was to laugh about.

I found a man-sized hole in the chain-link fence and pounded on the salt-encrusted glass near the locked front entrance. The noise echoed through the

empty amusement park like a dozen poltergeists on a ghostly spree.

Turning a corner, I came face to face with a Colt's Police Positive .38 Special. Holding the .38 without a tremor was an old party in a brown-and-tan uniform. A pair of pig-squint eyes sized me up above a nose shaped like a ball-peen hammer. "Freeze!" he said. His voice seemed to come from under water. I froze.

"You must be Mr. Boltz," I said. "Paul Boltz?"

"Never mind who I am. Who the fuck are you?"

"My name is Angel. I'm a private detective. I need to talk to you about a case I'm working on."

"Show me something to prove it."

When I started for my wallet, Boltz jabbed his .38 emphatically at my belt buckle. "Left hand," he snarled.

I shifted the attaché case to my right hand and got out my wallet with my left.

"Drop it and take two steps back."

Boltz stooped and picked it up. His Police Positive stayed trained on my belly button. "This here honorary buzzer don't mean shit to me," he said. "I got a piece of tin at home just like it."

"I didn't claim that was valid; just look at the photostat."

The pig-eyed watchman flipped through the cardholders in my wallet without comment. I thought of rushing him then but let it rest. "OK, so you're a private dick," he said. "What do you want with me?"

"You Paul Boltz?"

"What if I am?" He tossed my wallet onto the deck at my feet.

I stooped and picked it up with my left hand. "Look, it's been a hard day. Put the gun away. I need your help. Can't you tell when a guy is asking for a favor?"

He looked at the revolver for a moment, as if considering having it for supper. Then he shrugged and slipped it back into his holster, pointedly leaving the flap unbuttoned. "I'm Boltz," he admitted. "Let's hear your spiel."

"Is there someplace we can get out of all this wind?"

Boltz motioned his misshapen head, indicating I was to lead the way. He followed a half pace behind and we went down a short flight of steps to a door marked NO ENTRY. "In here," he said. "It's open."

Our footsteps boomed like cannon shots in the empty building. The place was large enough to contain a couple of airplane hangars. We paused in front of a row of fun-house mirrors, the distorted images making freaks of us both. "OK, shamus," Boltz said. "Give with your pitch."

I said, "I'm looking for a gypsy fortuneteller named Madam Zora. I understand you used to work for her back in the Forties."

Boltz's phlegm-thickened laughter rose

'I know why I smoke'

"There's only one reason I ever smoked. Good taste.

"So when I switched to low tar, I wasn't about to give that up. If you don't smoke for taste what else is there?

"But there was all that talk about tar.

"Unfortunately, most low tar cigarettes tasted like nothing. Then I tried Vantage.

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to the light-bulb-studded girders overhead like the barking of a trained seal. "Bub," he chortled, "you ain't gonna get to first base the way you're headed."

"Why not?"

"Why not? I'll tell you why not. First off, she ain't no gypsy, that's why not."

"Tell me about it."

"OK, dick, I'll give it to you straight. She weren't no gypsy and her name wasn't Zora. I happen to know she was a Park Avenue debutante."

It took a while to get my tongue back in gear. "Did you know her real name?"

"Whadya take me for, a gazoonie? I knew all about her. Her name was Maggie Krusemark. Her father owned more boats than the British navy."

My elongated reflection stretched like Plastic Man across the wavy surface of the trick mirror. "When did you see her last?" the rubber lips asked.

"Spring of 'Forty-two. One day, she pulled a fade. Left me holding the crystal ball, you might say."

"Did you ever see her with a singer named Johnny Favorite?"

"Sure, lots of times. She was stuck on him."

"Did she ever say anything about him that you can remember?"

"Power."

"What?"

"She said he had power."

"And that's all?"

"Look. I never paid much attention. To me, it was just a carny hustle. I didn't take it serious." Boltz cleared his throat and swallowed. "It was different with her. She was a believer."

"What about Favorite?" I asked.

"He was a believer, too. You could see it in his eyes."

"Have you ever seen him again?"

"Never. Maybe he flew off to the moon on his broomstick."

"Did she ever mention a Negro piano player named Toots Sweet?"

"Nope."

"Can you think of anything else?"

Boltz spit on the floor between his feet. "Why should I? Them days are dead and buried."

There wasn't much else to talk about. Boltz walked me back outside and unlocked the gate. I hesitated before giving him one of my Crossroads cards and asked him to call if anything came up. He didn't say he would, but he didn't tear up my card, either.

•
Toots Sweet made page three of the *Daily News*. I read the morning paper on the uptown IRT, having left the Chevy in a parking lot around the corner from the Chelsea. My first stop was the public library, where, after several misdirections, I asked the right question and came up with a current Paris telephone directory. There was a listing for an M. Krusemark on the Rue Notre-Dames-des-

Champs. I wrote it down in my notebook.

It was nearly noon by the time I unlocked the inner door to my office. I sorted the mail, finding a \$500 check from the firm of McIntosh, Winesap and Spy. All the rest was junk I filed in the wastebasket before phoning my answering service. There were no messages, although a woman who refused to leave a name or number had called three times that morning.

Next, I tried to reach Margaret Krusemark in Paris, but the overseas operator could get no answer after 20 minutes of trying. I was struggling back into my overcoat when the phone rang. I grabbed it on the third ring. It was Epiphany Proudfoot. She sounded out of breath. "I've got to see you right away," she said.

"What about?"

"I don't want to talk on the phone."

I said, "Take your time. I'm going out for something to eat and will meet you back in my office at one-fifteen."

She hung up without saying goodbye.

Before leaving, I locked Winesap's check in the office safe. I was kneeling there when I heard the doorstop's pneumatic wheeze in the outer room. When someone barges in without knocking, it's either a cop or trouble. Sometimes both in the same package.

This time it was a plainclothes dick wearing a wrinkled gray gabardine raincoat unbuttoned over a brown mohair pipe-rack special with cuffs sufficiently shy of his perforated brogans to provide a sneak preview of his white athletic socks.

"You Angel?" he barked.

"That's right."

"I'm Detective Lieutenant Sterne. This is my partner, Sergeant Deimos."

He nodded at the open partition door, where a barrel-chested man dressed like a longshoreman stood scowling.

"What can I do for you gentlemen?" I said.

"Answer a couple questions." Sterne was tall and lantern-jawed, with a nose like the prow of an icebreaker. When he spoke, his lips scarcely moved.

"Be glad to. I was just heading for a bite to eat. Care to join me?"

"We can talk better here," Sterne said. His partner closed the door.

"Suits me." I walked around in back of my desk.

"Where were you yesterday morning around eleven?"

"At home. Asleep."

"Sure is great being self-employed," Sterne cracked out of the side of his mouth to Deimos. The sergeant just grunted. "Why is it you're snoozing when the rest of the world is at work, Angel?"

"I was working late the night before."

"Where might that have been?"

"Up in Harlem. What's this all about, Lieutenant?"

Sterne got something out of his rain-

coat pocket and held it up for me to see. "Recognize this?"

I nodded. "One of my business cards."

"Maybe you'd like to explain how come it was found in the apartment of a murder victim."

"Toots Sweet?"

"Tell me about it." Sterne sat on the corner of my desk and tipped his gray hat back on his forehead.

"OK. What I've got going is a missing persons' operation. The party in question took a walk more than a dozen years ago. One of my few leads was an old photo of the guy posing with Toots Sweet. I went uptown last night to ask Toots if he could help me out. He played cagey at first when I talked to him at the Red Rooster, so I tailed him down to the park after closing time. He went to some kind of voodoo ceremony over by the Meer. They shuffled around and killed a chicken. I felt like a tourist."

"Who all is 'they'?" asked Sterne.

"About fifteen men and women, colored. I'd never seen any of them before except Toots."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. Toots left the park alone. I tailed him home and got him to talk straight. He said he hadn't seen the guy I was looking for since the picture was taken. I gave him my card and said to call me if he thought of anything."

Sterne looked at his thick fingernails with disinterest. "What did you use to get him to talk?"

"Psychology," I said.

Sterne raised his eyebrows and regarded me with the same disinterest he lavished on his fingernails. "So who is the famous party in question? The one who walked?"

"I can't give out that information without the consent of my client."

"Bullshit, Angel. You won't do your client any good downtown, and that's just where I'll take you if you clam up on me."

"Why be disagreeable, Lieutenant? I'm working for a lawyer named Winesap. That entitles me to the same right to privacy as him. If you pulled me in, I'd be out within the hour. Save the city carfare."

"What's this lawyer's number?"

I wrote it out on the desk pad along with his full name, tore the sheet loose and handed it to Sterne. "I told you all I know. From what I read in the paper, it sounds like some of Toots's chicken-snuffing fellow parishioners put him away. If you make a pinch, I'll be happy to look him over in the line-up."

"That's white of you, Angel," Sterne sneered.

"Any further questions, Lieutenant?" I asked.

Sterne turned his dead cop's gaze on me again. You could tell from his eyes that he never smiled. Not even during a third-degree session. He was just doing



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his job. "None. You and your 'right to privacy' can go eat lunch now."

We all wedged into the tiny elevator together and rode down without saying a word.

Gough's Chop House was across 43rd Street from the Times Building. The place was packed, but I squeezed into a corner by the bar and ordered roast beef on rye. Walt Rigler spotted me on his way out. "What's up, Harry?" he shouted over the din of newspaper shoptalk.

"Very little. Thanks for letting me raid the morgue. I owe you one."

"Forget it. How goes your little mystery? Digging up any good dirt?"

"More than I can handle. Thought I had a strong lead yesterday. Went to see Krusemark's fortunetelling daughter, but I picked the wrong one."

"What do you mean, the wrong one?"

"They're twins; Maggie and Millic, the supernatural Krusemark girls."

Walt rubbed the back of his neck and frowned. "Someone's pulling your leg, pal. Margaret Krusemark's an only child."

"You sure of that?"

"'Course I'm sure. I just checked it out for you yesterday. Krusemark had a daughter by his wife. Just one, Harry. The *Times* doesn't make mistakes in the vital-statistics department."

"I should have known she was playing me for a sucker. It was too pat."

"Slow down, pal, you're way ahead of me."

"Sorry, Walt. Just thinking out loud."

My watch says five after one; is that right?"

"Close enough."

I stood up, leaving my change on the bar. "Got to run."

"Don't let me stop you." Walt Rigler grinned his lopsided grin.

Epiphany Proudfoot was waiting in the outer room of my office when I got there minutes later. She was wearing a tartan-plaid kilt and a blue cashmere sweater and looked like a coed.

"Sorry I'm late," I said.

"Don't be. I was early." She tossed aside a well-thumbed back issue of *Sports Illustrated* and uncrossed her legs. On her, even the secondhand Naugahyde chair looked good.

I unlocked the door in the pebbled-glass partition and held it open. "Why did you want to see me?"

She stood by the window with the eight-inch gold letters, staring down at the street. "Who's paying you to look for Johnny Favorite?"

"I can't tell you that. One of the things my services include is discretion. Won't you sit down?"

I took her coat and hung it next to mine as she settled gracefully into the padded-leather chair across from my desk. It was the only comfortable seat in the place. "You still haven't answered my question," I said, leaning back in my swivel chair. "Why are you here?"

"Edison Sweet has been murdered."

"Uh-huh. I read the papers. But you shouldn't be too surprised: You set him up."

She clenched her handbag on her lap. "You must be out of your mind."

"Maybe. But I'm not dumb. You were the only one who knew I was talking to Toots. You had to be the one who tipped off the boys that sent him the chicken foot."

"You've got it all wrong."

"Have I?"

"There was no one else. After you left the store, I called my nephew. He lives around the corner from the Red Rooster. He hid the claw in the piano. Toots was a blabbermouth. He needed reminding to keep his trap shut."

"You did a good job. It's shut for keeps now."

"Do you think I'd be coming to see you if I had anything to do with that?"

"I'd say you were a capable girl, Epiphany. Your performance in the park was quite convincing."

"You have no right to spy on me," she said, not meeting my gaze.

"The Parks Department and the Humane Society would disagree. Quite a gruesome little religion."

Epiphany's glance was black with fury. "There never was an Obeah Holy War, or an Obeah Inquisition!"

"Yeah, sure; you've got to kill the chicken to make the soup, right?" I lit a cigarette and blew a plume of smoke at the ceiling. "But it's not dead chickens that worry me; it's dead piano players."

"Don't you think I'm worried?" Epiphany was a tall drink of water, as they say uptown, and it was easy to imagine quenching my thirst on her tawny flesh. "You come around looking for Johnny Favorite and the next day a man gets killed. That's not just a coincidence."

"What is it, then?"

"Toots Sweet's death didn't have anything to do with obeah."

"How do you know that?"

"Did you see the pictures in the papers?"

I nodded.

"Then you know they're calling those bloody scribbles on the wall voodoo symbols."

Another silent nod.

"Well, the cops don't know any more about voodoo than they do about peas and rice! Those marks were supposed to look like *vèvé*, but it just isn't so."

"What's *vèvé*?"

"Magic signs. All that bloody trash's got as much to do with the real thing as Santa Claus has to do with Jesus."

I stubbed out my butt in a Stork Club ashtray left over from a long-dead love affair. "You say the marks are phony?"

"Not phony so much as, well, wrong. Like someone describing a baseball game and calling a home run a touchdown."

I folded the copy of the *News* to page three and pointed to the snakelike zig-zags, spirals and broken crosses in the



"How do you expect me to be popular with girls when all the other guys can afford pastel condoms and I have to use plastic wrap?"



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"So! You weren't just laying pipe in Alaska!"

photo. "Are you saying these look like voodoo drawings but they're used incorrectly?"

"That's right. See that serpent swallowing its own tail? That's Damballa, sure enough *vêvé*. But no initiate would ever draw it right next to Babako like that."

"So whoever drew those pictures at least knew enough about voodoo to know what Damballa or Babako looked like in the first place."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you all along," she said. "Did you know that Johnny Favorite was once upon a time mixed up with obeah?"

"I know he was a *hunsì-bosal*."

"Toots really did have a big mouth. What else do you know?"

"Only that Johnny Favorite was running around with your mother at the time."

Epiphany made a face like tasting something sour. "It's true." She shook her head as if to deny it. "Johnny Favorite was my father."

I sat very still, gripping the arms of my chair as her revelation washed over me like a giant wave. "Who all knows about this?"

"No one, 'cept you and me and Momma, and she's dead."

"What about Johnny Favorite?"

"Momma never told him. He was away in the Army long before I was a year old."

"How come you're opening up to me now?"

"I'm scared. There's something about Toots's death that has to do with me. I can feel it deep down in my bones."

"And you think Johnny Favorite is mixed up in it somehow?"

"I don't know what to think. You're supposed to do the thinking."

"If you're holding out on me, now would be the time to tell."

Epiphany stared at her folded hands. "There's nothing more to tell." She stood up then, very brisk and efficient. "I must be going. I'm sure you have work to do."

"I'm doing it right now," I said, getting to my feet.

She collected her coat from the rack. "I trust you meant that stuff earlier, you know, about discretion."

"Everything you told me is strictly confidential."

"I hope so." She smiled then. It was a genuine smile and not designed to get results. "Somehow, against all my better judgment, I trust you."

I stood at the corner of my desk, not moving until I heard the door to the outer room close behind her. In three steps, I grabbed my attaché case, wrestled my coat off the rack and locked the office.

I waited with my ear to the outer door, listening for the self-service elevator opening and closing before I left. The hallway was empty. I sprinted for the fire

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stairs and took the steps three at a time on my way down.

I beat the elevator by 15 seconds and waited inside the stair well. Epiphany walked past me out onto the street. I was right behind, following her around the corner and down into the subway.

She caught the uptown IRT local. I got on the next car in line. Two stops later, she got off at Columbus Circle. She walked east along Central Park South and turned downtown at Seventh Avenue. I watched her studying the entrance numbers as she hurried by the Athletic Club and the sculpture-encrusted Alwyn Court Apartments. She slowed her pace along the side of Carnegie Hall. I saw her pause at the far end of the block and go inside the building. I already knew the address: 881 Seventh. It was where Margaret Krusemark lived.

I walked along the deserted hallway to the door wearing the brand of Scorpio. I unsnapped my attaché case on the threadbare carpet. A bunch of dummy forms and papers in the accordion file on top made it look official, but underneath a false bottom, I kept the tools of the trade. A layer of polyurethane foam held a set of case-hardened burglar's tools, a contact mike and miniaturized tape recorder, ten-power Lietz binoculars, a Minox camera with a stand for photographing documents, a collection of skeleton keys that cost me \$500, nickel-steel handcuffs and a loaded .38 Special Smith & Wesson Centennial with an Airweight alloy frame.

I got out the contact mike and plugged in the earphone. It was a nice piece of equipment. When I held the mike to the surface of the door, I heard everything that went on inside the apartment. I heard Margaret Krusemark say, "We were not the best of friends, but I had a great respect for your mother." Epiphany's mumbled reply was inaudible. The astrologer went on, "I saw quite a good deal of her before you were born. She was a woman of power. Our relationship was a peculiar one, I don't deny it. I should hope that you are sufficiently sophisticated not to be swayed by bourgeois convention. Your mother certainly never was."

"What could be more bourgeois than a *ménage à trois*?"

"It was not a *ménage à trois*! What do you think we were involved in, some hideous little sex club?"

"I'm sure I have not the faintest idea what you were involved in. Momma never mentioned you to me at all."

"Why should she? As far as she was concerned, Jonathan was dead and buried. He was all that linked us."

"But he's not dead."

"Has someone been around asking questions about Jonathan?"

(continued on page 263)

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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



CREATURE FEATURE

With everyone flocking to see flicks about extraterrestrial life, we thought this Halloween you might like to terrorize people by dressing as something that came from out of the sky. Bill Nelson and Kirk Brady, two artists working out of 1402 Wilmington Avenue, Richmond, Virginia 23227, have created an 18" high, full-head Ultimate Alien mask that's available in two colors, galactic green or Martian cream, for \$55, postpaid. The masks, of heavy latex, have shoulders, chest and back plates. Spaced out!

IT'S IN THE BAG

Inflation being what it is, even biggies in the business world are beginning to brown-bag it to work. To help distinguish the boss from his employees, Britches of Georgetown (1247 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20007) is selling a vinyl-lined soft-grain leather executive lunch bag for \$19.75, postpaid, that looks just like paper but smells and feels like a saddle. What's for lunch, J.B.? Cowhide on white with mayo?



ALL THAT JAZZ

Live jazz is returning to the airwaves on National Public Radio stations across the country and the music that is being broadcast is as fine as any you might have heard back in the Forties. For a complete list of jazz tapings, times and the NPR station in your area, write to Jazz Alive!, National Public Radio, 2025 M Street N.W., Washington, D.C., 20036. During October, you'll hear Art Blakey at San Francisco's Keystone Korner and Tito Puente's Latin Big Band sounds. All right!

CHARMING BILLY

You've tasted Billy Carter's namesake brew and brayed at his redneck jokes; now, for \$2, you can become a lifetime member of his club, the Plains Country Club, P.O. Box 352, Plains, Georgia 31780, home of the Good Ole Boys Room, where anybody who's anybody in Plains gathers to eat barbecue, drink beer, shoot pool and swap Jimmy C. stories. The club is located two miles west of Plains on U. S. 280. No, it doesn't have a golf course.





BRAINBUSTER II

MasterMind is a devilishly tricky game in which one code breaker tries to crack his opponent's secret code. The original MasterMind—which is still available at most stores—called for two players; now Invicta, MasterMind's manufacturer, is introducing an electronic version of the game that will sell at Sears stores for about \$20. Electronic MasterMind may also be played solitaire; the machine picks the code and you, old sleuth, get ten tries to break it. If you fail, of course, the machine never tells.



SONG OF INJAH

If you weep at the death of Gunga Din and like your sundowner served by a native girl with a ruby in her nose, you'll undoubtedly dig a book just out from St. Martin's Press called *Raj: A Scrapbook of British India 1877-1947*, by Charles Allen. Old prints of pigsticking contests, photos of polo played at Dacca in 1904, ancient ads for sola helmets and pugarees—by gad, men, it's all down there in bloody black and white. Look for *Raj* at your bookstore; it's curl-up material for a cold winter night.

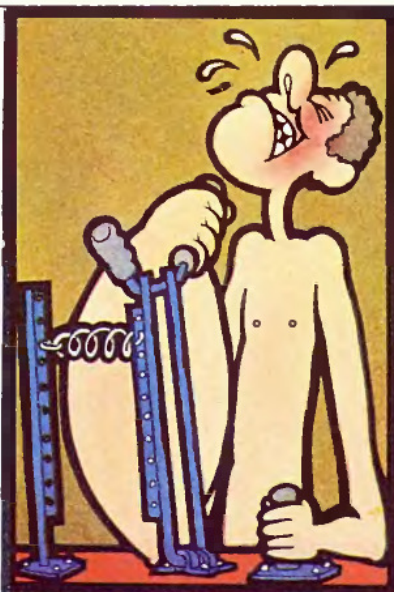
AS THE WORM TURNS

Press the button on a can of Instant Worm, a new aerosol fish bait from Chem-Source, Inc. (P.O. Box 597, Suffern, New York 10901), and out snakes a wormlike bait that's ready for the hook in about 15 minutes. Instant Worm sells for \$4.95 per can, postpaid, and comes in three colors and flavors; red is shellfish, gold is bacon and worm-colored is cheese. You don't fish? Just drop a few wigglers down your best girl's dress.



CALL TO ARMS

Every year, it seems, *Wide World of Sports* covers the national arm-wrestling championship, where macho types hold hands in mortal combat. If you'd like to train for this sport—or just build up your biceps and triceps—there's a mechanical opponent waiting for you: the Armbuster, a rugged machine that competes with both righties and southpaws and can be adjusted to 49 different tensions. Order it from Armbuster Co., P.O. Box 276, Perry, New York 14530, for \$72.95, postpaid, and feel your puny bod swell with pride.



READING MATTER FOR THE ROAD

Although the cover of each issue of *Mother Trucker News*, a hip monthly tabloid that covers the whole 18-wheeler scene from the latest rigs to record and movie reviews, says it's "For Professional Drivers," we have a sneaking hunch that there are a lot of arm-chair gear jammers out there who dig it, too. For a year's subscription, just send \$7.50 to *Mother Trucker News*, P.O. Box 6391, San Bernardino, California 92412. Read it the next time you come in from beaver patrol.

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Damn good
scotch.”**



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"I tucked the folded 50 into his shirt pocket. 'You and Ulysses Simpson Grant go have a party.'"

"Yes."

"What did he look like?"

"Just a man. Ordinary."

"Was he on the heavy side? Slovenly? By that I mean a sloppy dresser, wrinkled blue suit and shoes that need a shine; closely cropped hair starting to go gray?"

Epiphany said, "Kind blue eyes. You notice them first."

"Did he say his name was Angel?" Margaret Krusemark's voice betrayed a strident urgency.

"Yes. Harry Angel."

"What did he want?"

"He's looking for Johnny Favorite."

"Why?"

"He didn't tell me why. He's a detective."

"A policeman?"

"No, a private detective. What is this all about?"

There was a faint clinking of china and then Margaret Krusemark said, "I'm not exactly sure. He was here, pretending to be a client. I know this is going to seem very rude, but I must ask you to leave now. I have to go out myself. It's urgent, I'm afraid."

"Do you think we're in danger?" Epiphany's voice broke on that final word.

"I don't know what to think. If Jonathan's back, anything could happen."

"There was a man killed in Harlem yesterday," Epiphany blurted. "A friend of mine. He knew Momma and Johnny, too. Mr. Angel had been asking him questions."

A chair scraped against the parquet floor. "I've got to go now," Margaret Krusemark said. "Come, I'll get your coat and we'll ride down together."

There was the sound of approaching footsteps. I pulled the contact mike from the door and sprinted the length of the long hallway like a wide receiver in the clear. I hung on to the banister for balance and took the fire stairs four and five steps at a time.

I ran down all the way to the empty lobby. Gasping, I paused to check the indicators over the elevators. The one on the left was going up, its partner coming down. Either way, they would be there in a moment.

I ran across Seventh Avenue without paying heed to the traffic. On the other side, I loitered near the entrance to the Osborn Apartments, wheezing like an emphysema victim.

Epiphany and the Krusemark woman came out of the building together and

walked half a block uptown to 57th Street. I strolled along the other side of the avenue, keeping abreast of them. When the light changed, Epiphany started across in my direction. Margaret Krusemark waved frantically at passing taxis. A new Checker cab approached with its roof light on and I flagged it down, climbing inside before Epiphany had me spotted.

"Where to, mister?" a round-faced driver asked as he dropped the flag.

"Like to make a deuce above what it says on the meter?"

"Whatcha got in mind?"

"Tail job. Pull over for a minute in front of the Russian Tea Room." He did as I asked and turned around in his seat to check me out. I gave him a glimpse of the honorary button pinned to my wallet and said, "See the dame in the tweed coat getting into the hack in front of Carnegie Hall? Don't lose her."

"A piece of cake."

The other cab made an abrupt U turn on 57th. We stayed half a block behind as they turned downtown on Seventh and tailed them across town to the Chrysler Building. I paid my driver and started across Lexington Avenue. Margaret Krusemark was nowhere in sight. It didn't matter. I knew where she was headed. Passing through the revolving doors, I checked the directory in the angular marble-and-chromium lobby. Krusemark Maritime, Inc., was on the 45th floor.

I stepped off the elevator and spotted a window washer on his way to work. He was bald and middle-aged, with the retread nose of a retired boxer. He ambled down the gleaming corridor whistling last summer's big hit, *Volare*, a half tone flat. He wore dirty green coveralls and his safety harness dangled like a pair of unfastened suspenders.

"Got a minute, buddy?" I called, and he paused mid-note and regarded me with lips still pursed, as if waiting for a kiss. "Bet you can't tell me whose picture is on a fifty-dollar bill."

"OK, wise guy; it's Thomas Jefferson."

"You're wrong."

"So? Big deal. What's this all about?"

I got out my wallet and removed the folded half-century note I carry for emergencies and occasional bribes and held it up so he could see the denomination. "I thought maybe you'd like to find out who the lucky President was."

The window washer cleared his throat and blinked. "Are you off your rocker or something?"

"Rent me your outfit for an hour and take a walk. Go downstairs and buy yourself a beer."

He rubbed the top of his head, although it needed no further polishing. "You are some kinda nut, ain'tcha?" There was a hint of real admiration in his voice.

"What difference does it make? All I want is to rent your rig, no questions asked. You make half a yard for sitting on your duff for an hour. How can you beat that?"

"OK. You got a deal, buddy. Long as you're giving it away, I'm a guy who'll take it."

The window washer jerked his head for me to follow and led me back down the corridor to the custodial closet. "Leave all my gear in here when you're done with it," he said, unstrapping his safety harness and peeling off the dirty coveralls.

I hung my overcoat and suit jacket on top of a mop handle and pulled on the coveralls. They were stiff and smelled faintly of ammonia, like pajamas after an orgy.

I had the window washer show me how to use the safety harness. It seemed quite simple. "You ain't planning on going outside, are you?" he asked.

"You kidding? I just want to play a gag on a ladyfriend. She's a receptionist on this floor."

"Fine with me," the window washer said. "Just leave the stuff in the closet."

I tucked the folded 50 into his shirt pocket. "You and Ulysses Simpson Grant go have a party." He sauntered off whistling.

I removed my .38 before stashing the attaché case under the concrete sink. I slipped the little five-shot into my coveralls and transferred the contact mike to the other pocket. Bucket and brush in hand, I strolled down the corridor toward the impressive bronze-and-glass entrance of Krusemark Maritime, Inc.

The receptionist looked right through me as I crossed the carpeted lobby between glass-cased tanker models and clipper-ship prints. Beyond was a long hallway with offices opening off either side. I ambled along, swinging my bucket. At the end of the hall was a large room where a pert blonde sliced envelopes behind an L-shaped desk. Off to one side was a polished-mahogany door. At eye level, raised bronze letters said, ETHAN KRUSEMARK.

The blonde glanced up and smiled, the stack of mail beside her a foot high. My hopes of being alone with the contact mike went right out the window, an image I would soon regret.

The blonde ignored me, busy with her simple task. Clipping the bucket to my belt harness, I pulled open a window



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and closed my eyes. My teeth were chattering, but it wasn't from the rush of cold air.

I sat backward on the sill and hooked one strap of the safety harness to the outside casing. There was only the thickness of glass separating me from the blonde inside, but she might as well have been a million miles away. I switched hands and clipped in the other strap.

There was barely room for my toes on the narrow ledge. I pushed down the window and the comforting sound of the teletypes inside was lost in the gusty wind. I told myself not to look down. That was the first place I looked.

The shadowed canyon of 42nd Street yawned beneath me, pedestrians and traffic reduced to ant specks and crawling metallic beetles. I felt like a mountain climber on an incredible first ascent. Several floors above, radiator-cap gargoyles jutted from the corners of the skyscraper and, beyond them, the building's stainless-steel spire tapered into the sunlight, shining like the ice-clad summit of an unconquered peak.

It was time to make my move. I unclipped the right-hand harness strap, attaching it to the same fastening that held the other. Then I unclipped the inner strap and reached across to the casing on the next window over and clipped into the fastener there.

Secured to both windows, I stepped across with my left foot. I looked into the office of Ethan Krusemark as I fastened the left-hand safety strap to the opposite casing of his window. His desk was a vast, oval slab of Pentelic marble, bare except for an executive six-button telephone and a patined bronze statuette of Neptune waving his trident above the waves.

Krusemark and his daughter sat on a long beige couch set against the far wall. He looked like his portrait: a ruddy-faced, aging pirate crowned with a mass of well-combed silver hair. To my way of thinking, the resemblance was more Daddy Warbucks than Clark Gable. Margaret Krusemark still wore the upside-down gold pentacle. Occasionally, one of them looked straight at me. I brushed soapy water onto the glass in front of my face.

I got the contact mike out of my coveralls and plugged in the earphone. Wrapping the instrument in a large rag, I pressed it to the glass and pretended to wipe the window. Their voices sounded so clear and sharp, I could easily have been sitting next to them on the couch.

Krusemark was speaking: "You're sure he's a detective?"

"Evangeline Proudfoot's daughter said he was. He knows enough to have gotten to her."

"What about the doctor in Poughkeepsie?"

"He's dead. Suicide. I called the clinic.

It happened earlier this week."

"Then we'll never know if the detective spoke with him or not."

"I don't like it, Father. Not after all these years. Angel knows too much already. Why not get rid of him?"

"This town is crawling with two-bit private eyes. It's not Angel we need to worry about but the man who hired him."

Margaret Krusemark gripped her father's hand in both of hers. "Angel will be back. For the horoscope."

"Good. Play him along. You're a clever girl. Slip a drop of something in his tea. We must know the name of his client. We can't let Angel die until we find out who he's working for." Krusemark stood up. "I have several important meetings coming up this afternoon, Meg. Call me as soon as you hear from the detective. I picked up the art of persuasion in the Orient. We'll see if I've lost my touch."

"Thank you, Father."

"Come, I'll walk you out. What are your plans for the rest of the day?"

"I thought I might go over to Saks and do some shopping. After that—" The rest of it was lost as the heavy mahogany door closed behind them.

I stuffed the rag-wrapped contact mike into my coveralls and opened the window. I unclipped the safety harness and swung my trembling legs inside the relative safety of Krusemark's office. The risk had paid off; playing window washer was a picnic compared with finding out about Krusemark's Oriental artistry firsthand.

I shut the window and glanced around. As much as I wanted to do some snooping, I knew there wasn't time.

On my way out, I blew a loud kiss at the receptionist. The face she made suggested a mouthful of caterpillar guts, but two salesmen cooling their heels in matching Barcelona chairs thought it was real cute.

I did a quick-change number in the broom closet and left the coveralls and safety harness crammed into the dented bucket. There was no sign of Margaret Krusemark out on the street. She had mentioned going to Saks and I figured she'd caught a cab. Deciding to give her time to change her mind, I cut across Lexington to Grand Central.

I detoured down the ramp to the Oyster Bar and ordered a dozen blue points on the half shell. Twenty minutes later, I pushed my plate back and headed for a pay phone. I dialed Margaret Krusemark's number and let it ring ten times before hanging up. She was safe at Saks.

The shuttle train hauled my mollusk-stuffed carcass over to Times Square, where I caught an uptown BMT local to 57th Street. I called Margaret Krusemark's apartment from the phone booth on the corner and again got no answer. The lobby was empty. I went straight to



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the fire stairs. There was no percentage in being recognized by elevator operators.

When I got to Margaret Krusemark's door, I was breathing hard and my heart hammered like a metronome in presto. The hallway was deserted. I opened my attaché case and pulled on the rubber surgeon's gloves. The lock was a standard make and the third skeleton key I tried did the trick. I stepped inside and closed the door behind me. The smell of ether was overpowering. It hung in the air, volatile and aromatic, bringing back memories of the ward. I got my .38 out of my overcoat and edged along the wall of the shadowed foyer.

Margaret Krusemark hadn't gone shopping, after all. She was lying on her back in the sunlit living room, spread out across the low coffee table under all those potted palms. The couch was pushed over against the wall, so that she was all alone in the center of the rug like a figure on an altar.

Her peasant blouse was torn open and her tiny breasts were pale and not at all unpleasant to look at except for the ragged incision that split her chest from a point below the diaphragm to midway up her sternum. The wound brimmed with blood and red rivulets ran down across her ribs and puddled on the tabletop.

I put my gun away and touched my finger tips to the side of her throat. Through the thin latex, I could feel she was still warm. Her features were composed, almost as if she were only sleeping, and something very much like a smile lingered on her lips.

I found the murder weapon under the coffee table. An Aztec sacrificial knife from Margaret Krusemark's own collection, the bright obsidian blade dulled with drying blood. I didn't touch it. There was no sign of any struggle. A wrinkled prayer rug near the entrance showed where she'd been dragged into the living room. Carefully, almost lovingly, the killer had lifted her onto the table and moved the furniture back so there'd be lots of space to work in.

Over by the tall window, between a philodendron and a delphinium, I made one small discovery. Resting in the basin of a tall bronze Hellenic tripod was a glistening lump of blood-soaked muscle about the size of a misshapen tennis ball. It looked like something the dog might have dragged in and I stared at it a long time before I knew what it was. Valentine's Day would no longer seem the same. It was Margaret Krusemark's heart.

After a bit of poking around, I found an ether-saturated rag in a woven wicker wastebasket in the foyer. I left it there for the homicide boys to play with. Let them take it downtown with the dead meat and run it through the lab. There'd be reports to file in triplicate. That was their job, not mine.

In the bedroom, the bed was unmade,



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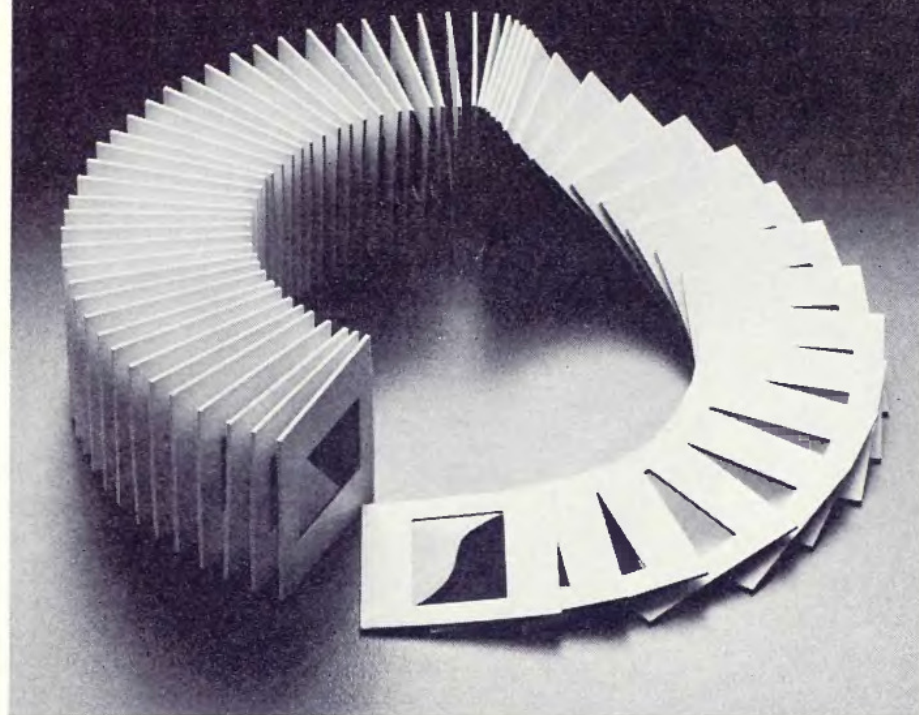
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There are also extras to see and hear. Like handsome projector styling, quiet operation, and an exclusive preview/edit window that shows every slide before projection.

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SLIDE CUBE SYSTEM II

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rumpled sheets stained with sex. The witch was not without her warlocks. In a small adjoining bathroom, I found the plastic case to her diaphragm. It was empty. If she got laid this morning, she must still be wearing it. The boys from downtown would find that, too.

Margaret Krusemark's medicine cabinet overflowed. Aspirin, tooth powder, milk of magnesia and small vials of prescription drugs competed for space with jars of foul-smelling powders marked by obscure alchemical symbols.

A yellow skull grinned up at me from the top of a Kleenex box. There was a mortar and pestle on the counter next to the Tampax. A double-edged dagger, a copy of *Vogue*, a hairbrush and four fat, black candles crowded the lid of the toilet tank.

There was a small alcove off the bedroom where she did her work. A filing cabinet crammed with customers' horoscopes meant nothing to me. I looked under the Fs for Favorite and the Ls for Liebling without success. There was a small row of reference texts and a globe. The books were propped against a sealed alabaster casket about the size of a cigar box. Carved on the lid was a three-headed snake.

As I searched among the disordered papers on the desktop, a small printed card edged in black caught my attention. The symbol of an inverted five-pointed star inscribed within a circle was printed at the top. Below the talisman, it said *MISSA NIGER* in ornate caps. The text was also in Latin. At the bottom were the numerals *III. XXII. MCMLIX*. It was a date. Palm Sunday, four days away. I slipped the card inside my attaché case.

Most of the other papers on the desk were horoscopes in progress. I glanced at them without interest and found one with my name written on the top. Wouldn't Lieutenant Sterne like to get his hands on that? I should have set fire to it, or flushed it down the toilet, but, instead, like a dummy, I tucked it into my attaché case.

Finding the horoscope made me think to check Margaret Krusemark's desk calendar. There I was on Monday, the 16th: "H. Angel, 1:30 p.m." I ripped the page free and put it with the other stuff in my case. Today's page on the desk calendar showed an appointment for 5:30. My watch was a few minutes fast, but 20 after was close enough.

On the way out, I left the apartment door slightly ajar. Someone else could find the body and call the police. I wanted no part of this mess. Fat chance! I was in it up to my neck.

The concluding installment of this excerpt from William Hjortsberg's forthcoming novel "Falling Angel" will appear in our November issue.



WHY OUR OIL SHOULD BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON ALL SMALLER CARS.

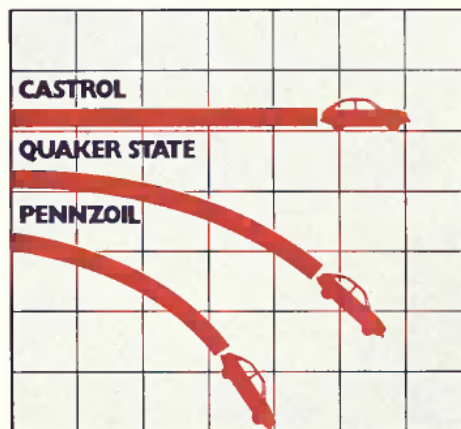
Smaller cars demand even more of a motor oil than big cars do. Their 4 and 6 cylinder engines run at considerably higher revs throughout their entire performance range. So there's more heat and friction in the engine.

All this can cause extra wear, tear, and 'shear' (thinning out of the oil)—what engineers refer to as "viscosity breakdown." As the viscosity of the oil breaks down it loses more and more of its ability to protect a smaller car's engine from its own self-destructive tendencies.

That's why Castrol is so essential for smaller cars.

Unlike ordinary oils Castrol doesn't break down. After an incredible expenditure of time and money Castrol engineers developed a unique motor oil formulation using a special viscosity modifier that prevents Castrol from thinning out under intense heats and pressures.

Then they added additives and detergents that keep sludge from forming as the oil cools down. Additives that give



To prove that Castrol is better suited for smaller, hotter, higher-revving engines we tested Castrol against Quaker State and Pennzoil. As the graph above plainly shows, only Castrol didn't break down.

Castrol the strength it needs to keep cleaning and lubricating the narrow passages in smaller engines. (And if Castrol can do all this for smaller engines, imagine what it can do for bigger, less demanding ones.)

To prove how good our oil really is, we tested Castrol against the two leading brands: Quaker State and Pennzoil.

The test was conducted in a laboratory by an independent testing firm. Each one of the oils was an SAE 10W-40. After the equivalent of roughly 2,000 miles they found that while Quaker State and Pennzoil had both shown significant breakdown, Castrol hadn't broken down at all.

So while there are lots of oils to choose from, only one should be standard equipment on smaller cars. Castrol—the oil that doesn't break down.

After all, if your motor oil breaks down, who knows what could break down next?



Castrol
THE OIL ENGINEERED FOR SMALLER CARS.

BIG WHEELS

(continued from page 184)

"As good as your La France looks going formal at night, it performs chores during the day."

chrome glistening beneath those gold decals and the red paint? With those blazing looks and elegant features, your La France will be just as comfortable going formal. When you have this beauty in your stable, it will be on the go often, formal and informal, for you'll have to be prepared to be the chauffeur for large theater parties and other get-togethers. But chauffeuring will be a pleasure as you move that 25,000-pound, almost-30-foot-long truck through town; for, despite its size, it has a turning radius of a mere 25 feet, with the 265-hp diesel meeting all your power demands, driving or pumping (as it must, to be approved by the strict Underwriters' Laboratories. How many people can claim to have a vehicle that is U.L. approved?). Yes, you and your friends will be quite the envious sight as you drive through town—gowns and tails blowing in the breeze—and head for the opening of the opera season.

As good as your La France looks going formal at night, it performs chores during the day, such as filling the pool in a hurry or helping you wash itself, as well as the rest of your stable or even your house. It will feel right at home, too, when you perform certain civic duties, such as fetching errant kites and kittens from trees. But such tasks cleave easily to the successful, respected man.

A solid and concerned citizen of the community should also have a vehicle

that caters to *that* aspect of him and, at the same time, is useful around the grounds. When the frost thaws and the scars of the long winter are visible, you may feel the need for a little landscaping or home improvement. What could be better for you than an Autocar dump truck or a Crane Carrier Company cement mixer or, if you're not too strapped for money, both? (It would be well worth the little more than \$100,000 to get the two.) The regal Autocar, with its classic hood and angular three-piece fenders, would elegantly grace anyone's garage. In addition to being useful for porting a new collection of bonsai trees and topsoil for the front yard, or perhaps fresh clay for the tennis courts, that massive Autocar dump truck, with its just-won't-quit work-horse Cummins engine, has multiple uses for the sharp-thinking man. It can certainly be handy for carting away the trash after a party or even for taking home a few guests who have spent a little too much time at your La France pumper. And with its towering ground clearance and low gearing, you'll have no trouble driving everybody downtown after a two-foot snowfall.

The C.C.C. cement mixer, distinctive with its utilitarian offset one-man cab, also never runs out of worth. What with pouring concrete for the new pool or redoing the driveway or patio, it won't even be breathing hard. And think of

how easily it can mix up a batch of cocktails, either to serve on the spot or be pumped from the La France; or you can save time and mix them on your way to a BYOB party. For a quiet, relaxing night at home, what better way to be lulled to sleep than by its soothing, rhythmic rumble?

To round out your stable of highly personal vehicles, you will need a small knockabout everyday vehicle for running downtown or stopping at your tobacconist's. After all, when the weather between you and the shopping center gets a little sloppy and the craving for an enchilada comes upon you, there's no sense getting muck all over the aluminum wheels of your cab-over and it's foolish to haul the dump truck across town for a bottle of cognac. A knockabout is therefore a necessity. Especially one that can carry not only you and your purchases but also a friend or two and theirs. And what more perfect balance between practicality and luxury could one hope for than a Cadillac station wagon?

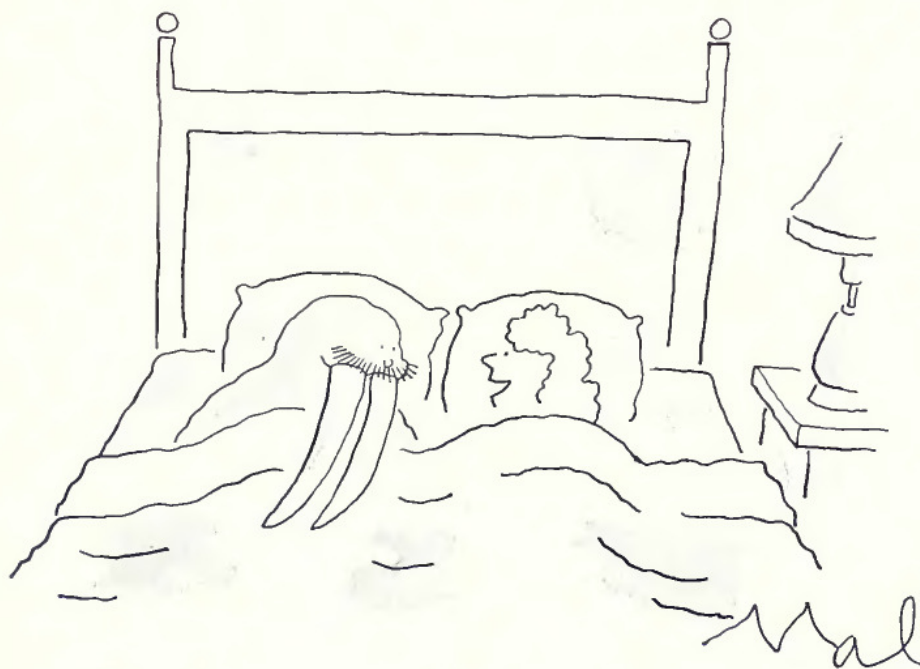
Few people realize that America's most noted auto maker has, in addition to its traditional line of personal cars, a station wagon that bears all the elegant features of its brothers yet has a tremendous, sumptuously luxurious cargo area that can easily carry another passenger. You should definitely order from a local supplier a special rear passenger container (they come in an infinite selection of styles and colors, ranging from Spartan pine to brass-handled, satin-cushioned, double-doored solid-mahogany models) to neatly fit into the rear of your Cadillac.

Despite being a knockabout and light-cargo-carrying vehicle, this wagon, which comes in basic black, features all the appointments (including rear-window curtains) and technologically advanced features that have made the Cadillac name synonymous with fine motoring. Foremost of these is the extremely quiet, almost tomblike silence of the ride that can best be filled with your favorite organ recitals or Gregorian chants played on Cadillac's superior tape deck.

This is the vehicle for those restful, solitary afternoon drives in the rain. And when you decide you no longer want to be alone, all you need do is turn on your headlights. Suddenly, you will have a following.

The Cadillac station wagon has the kind of strength and durability to last you a lifetime and a week. After all, you must remember, a hearse—as the brochures insist on calling it—is everyone's most favored last vehicle.

With this collection of diversified yet highly striking and practical vehicles, each one bearing the stamp of a well-to-do, successful man, you should be fully equipped to handle all situations—automotively, at least.



"Frankly, I didn't know what a real orgasm was until I discovered tusks!"

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**Not a Scotch in the world can run
with the White Horse.**



**White Horse Scotch. A difference you can taste.
Bottled in Scotland. Enjoyed in 171 countries.**



"The Mall in the center of the Arizona campus draws scantily clad undergrads all year long."

bozo—we decided to divide this pictorial into two installments, because there were just too many lovely ladies to feature adequately in one issue—20 is about all anybody can be expected to handle in one sitting.

Anyhow, in case all this motivates you to abandon colder climes, pack a bag, rent a Conestoga and head for the Santa Fe Trail or the Oregon Trail to further your education, so to speak, here's the poop on the five colleges:

- The University of Southern California (Los Angeles): During the first few weeks at USC, each entering freshman is usually asked whether he/she has bought a daily Trojan. "Daily, huh?" the frosh inevitably asks, assaying the reasons for needing protection that often. Turns out *Daily Trojan* is the name of the campus newspaper. Great little joke, huh? As a matter of fact, members of USC's athletic

teams are called Trojans, too, but that's a horse of another color. What can you expect from a school that schedules virtually no classes on Friday? As a result of this three-day-weekend situation, Thursday night is bust-out eve for USC undergrads. If they aren't joining their UCLA brethren in Westwood, you'll probably find them closer to home, usually at The 901 Club (two pinball machines and lots of suds). The well-trodden Thursday-night path will lead you to Tommy's on Beverly Boulevard for a Tommyburger—that's with chili (it beats swallowing goldfish). For surf and sun, the USC crowd generally heads for the beach at Santa Monica. While the student population is roughly three men to every woman, don't despair—that figure includes the largely male medical-school enrollment, which isn't even on the same campus. Students

live in university residence halls, in private apartments or in university-owned apartments in the Student Community.

- Stanford University (Palo Alto, California): Stanford has one of the most beautiful campuses in the country. Its on-campus woods and greenswards are surpassed only by its bikini-clad coeds, who gather around Lake Lagunitas to sail and sun-bathe. (Take your binoculars, fellas.) In recent years, California's drought has drained the lake, but last spring the water returned in time for the annual Aqua Follies Festival, a water-sports extravaganza that turned out to be a treat for campus photographers majoring in anatomy. The most popular bar is The Oasis (known as The O), in nearby Menlo Park. Another informal beer bar is The Dutch Goose, also in Menlo Park. For a more genteel, biz-student atmo, try The British Bankers Club—for future bank presidents only. For those with a taste for the rustic and a sense of history, The Alpine Beer Garden is one of the oldest hangouts. It used to be called Rizzotti's and, for that reason, is still known as Zot's. Zot's is off in the country a way; sometimes horses are tethered out front. Stanford's current student population is 41 percent female, but we hear that percentage is rising. Most of the female undergrads live in dorms, most of which are coed. Weekend getaways take Stanfordites to Squaw Valley, Yosemite National Park, Reno and San Francisco. The two biggest on-campus activities seem to be Frisbee tossing and going to the flicks—there are lots of theaters and film-society offerings.

- The University of Arizona (Tucson): With Tucson's sunny desert climate, it's no marvel that the University of Arizona excels in astronomy and environmental research. Its proximity to the Indian ruins of the Hohokam, Mogollon and Anasazi cultures has contributed to its excellent anthropology department. The sunny clime has also created a modern subculture of sun worshipers worthy of study; the Mall in the center of the campus draws scantily clad undergrads all year long. Rituals, beyond basic sun-bathing, include the Ancient Rite of the Frisbee and guitar playing, not to mention elementary pair bonding. The student population is about half male, half female (we don't mean androgynous) and is scattered among university dorms, frats, sororities and apartments. Students are generally very outdoors oriented and frequently drive to Sabino Canyon, which is about 15 miles northeast of campus, if they are not swimming in one of the three university pools. We're not sure what it means, but one of the most crowded campus bars is Dooley's, formerly a Baptist church. It's the staid, Victorian-looking chapel at the corner of University and Euclid—you can't miss



"We'll cash in on the current sci-fi craze! You'll get gang-banged by a bunch of Martians!"

100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

**"There's only
one reason to smoke,
and the reason is taste.
That's why
I smoke Winston."**



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

King.

100's.

THE DREAM COMPONENTS



A tape deck that thinks, a turntable steady as a rock, a receiver that protects itself, and more.

In your dream you hear beautiful music coming from a high fidelity system. All the components have the same name on them.

Impossible? Only if you believe there's one "best" maker for each type of component. Once, perhaps. But today no one has a monopoly on technological excellence. You'll find the Optonica® name on entire systems of the world's most advanced components, with innovations—our own

new circuits and features—you might expect to find only in a dream.

In a dream you might own the amazing Optonica cassette deck that contains a small computer. You can program it to control endless recording and playback functions. It would be a fantastic deck even without its own computer.

In the same dream you could have the Optonica turntable with a beautiful base that looks and feels

just like granite. It is, in fact, mikage granite, which will transmit exactly the correct amount of vibration to the tone arm: none.

You might furnish your dream with a new Optonica receiver or separates, the only ones in the world built with aircheck calibration, Opto-lock tuning, triple power supply designs, and three protection circuits.

Now the same source also produces some of the most accurate speaker systems in

history. Optonica CP-5151's incorporate a unique new tweeter. It weighs just about 1/50th as much as a comparable "dome"-type tweeter, and its sound is incomparable.

Listen to a system with one name: a dream system, only at an Optonica dealer.

OPTONICA

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it. Other favorite watering holes are Gentle Ben's and The Bum Steer.

• Oregon State University (Corvallis): Officials of Oregon State like to call their school "the friendly and scholarly campus." The local icon of friendliness is the mattress that is suspended from the ceiling of Mother's Mattress Factory, a favorite undergrad tippling spot. Other hangouts are the Oregon Museum Pub and Wes's Lounge, a *disco*. To be a success with the college crowd, a bar has to have a Foosball game. Aside from bar-hopping, the most popular after-class pastime involves Oregon State's Experimental College Program, a loose amalgam of noncredit, tuition-free lifestyle courses including belly dancing, yoga, dog obedience, the fine art of wine and your basic North Woods arts and crafts. The student population numbers almost 14,000 undergrads, 40 percent female. The Willamette River, on the east side of the campus, brings young romancers together for boating and sparking, not necessarily in that order. The campus has a feeling of isolation and, because of that, students have a sense of mutual reliance. They also leave town a lot—a trip to the beach at Newport (one hour away) is frequently followed by clam chowder at Mo's, background for one of the scenes in the Henry Fonda-Paul Newman movie *Sometime a Great Notion*. Winter calls for skiing in the Cascade Range—Hoodoo Bowl or Mount Bachelor.

• Washington State University (Pullman): Some students at WSU claim that their school is the number-one per-capita drinking school in the nation. We haven't seen the alleged study, but we've heard that WSU students are inclined to make frequent excursions down to Boyer Park on the Snake River with kegs of beer. Certainly, social life seems to revolve around the suds. Most of the public imbibing takes place in Moscow, Idaho, eight miles away, where the drinking age is 19. In Moscow, the place to be Saturday night is Rathskellers Inn—it's got a live band and a dance floor and is usually packed to the rafters after ten p.m. For those over 21, closer-to-campus high spots include Rico's Smokehouse, The Cougar Cottage (a frat hangout) and The Ram, good for beer, dinner and watching its projection TV. Most students (WSU is 43 percent female) live in dorms, but there is a big push to get off campus into apartments. For a number of years, students at WSU have observed a rite called National Outdoor Intercourse Day (May eighth). Sleeping bags turn up almost everywhere on campus and resounding through the hills is the pagan chant:

*"Hooray, hooray for the eighth of
May
National Outdoor Intercourse Day!"*



The year-round dark beer.

Glass after glass—there is only one dark beer that gives you this consistently wholehearted character and great taste, any and every time. It's Heineken Special Dark Beer. Brewed and bottled in Holland. Heineken tastes tremendous. No wonder it's America's #1 imported beer. Exclusive U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., N.Y., N.Y.

INNER GAME OF SEX (continued from page 152)

"We'll just be lying there after the first time, and all of a sudden, I'll be ready again."

himself worrying about whether or not he'll be able to get her into bed in an hour or two. What he should do is bring his thoughts gently back to the food and the wine and the conversation of here and now. If he doesn't keep his mind on now, there may not be anything happening later.

A friend had an experience that illustrates the rewards of being unconcerned about the future. In his early 20s, he'd had only four bed partners in his life and he had learned that, except on rare occasions, he was capable, at most, of two orgasms a night. Then he started an affair with a woman who, for most of her married life, had had sex about once a month. She thought anything her partner might do would be prodigious. The man didn't care whether or not he impressed her in bed.

He found himself making love with his friend three times a night just about every time they went to bed. His low-key attitude relieved him of the pressure to perform, and that put him in touch with feelings he hadn't been aware of. He never planned or even expected his improved performance. It simply happened, like inspiration. "We'll just be lying there after the first time," he told me, "maybe talking or just petting a little bit. And all of a sudden, I'll be ready again. And even then, I'm not sure I'm going to come. But I always do. Again and again."

Masters and Johnson call our habit of focusing on climax the "end-point release orientation." As an antidote, they recommend "sensate focus." You should direct your awareness toward the pleasant sensations you're experiencing now, without having a goal in mind. Sensate focus has cured impotent men and non-orgasmic women. Told by the therapist to let the partner stroke and massage him or her—not touching the genitals and not trying to have sex—many a man, no longer wondering whether he will or won't get a hard-on, and many a woman, no longer anxious about whether or not she will come, finds new life in a body that hasn't felt anything in years. The chill becomes a tingle again. It's almost as good as high school back in the greasy Fifties, when the height of a Saturday night's pleasure was to spend hours necking in a parked car till our lips were lacerated and swollen. Those were inhibited times, but concentrated. One squeeze of a breast, one finger-tip contact with a nipple under a partly unbuttoned blouse was emotional capital that could

be invested in a week of fantasies. Screwing was out of the question. We were thus spared the blight of goal-oriented sex. There were some men, Masters and Johnson have observed, who did their sexual basic training in whorehouses, where the ladies were always telling them to hurry it up. If they took the lesson too much to heart, they became premature ejaculators, another malfunction arising from worrying about what's going to happen instead of appreciating what is happening.

A man who tries to retard his orgasm is thinking too much about the future. Holding back, by doing mental arithmetic, thinking about business worries or simply stopping all movement when orgasm feels near, has long been considered the height of male sexual sophistication. But sometimes the result isn't as satisfying to either party as it is supposed to be. Going with the flow often works better; sometimes the man's vigorous, uninhibited thrusting will bring on the woman's orgasm. Sometimes he will have a second or third erection and will take longer to reach his second or third orgasm, thereby greatly extending his partner's pleasure. Nature has a way of taking care of us when we don't try to fool her.

Playing this kind of inner game in which the obstacles to be overcome are one's own mental states, Gallwey explains, "frees the player from the fruits of victory; he becomes devoted only to the goal of self-knowledge, to the exploration of his true nature as it reveals itself on level after level." In the Orient, the idea of sex as a means of self-awareness is not as strange as it might seem in our own culture, in which sex is often seen as a manifestation of our animal side, which is thought to be lower than our mental side—as if the mind were not as much a product of animal evolution as the hand or the stomach. One of the sacred stories of India tells how the god Krishna made love to 16,000 girls in one night. Hindu and Buddhist holy pictures frequently show the gods and goddesses in sexual union.

Janwillem van de Wetering, a Dutchman who went to Japan to study Zen, tells of a Zen monk called Bobo Roshi—a title that translates literally as Master Fuck. Unable to achieve *satori* after years of meditating on his *koan*, he climbed over a wall of his monastery and wandered through the streets of Kyoto. A prostitute in the Willow Quarter took

him in. Having lived as a monk for so long, he didn't realize what was happening till she started to undress him:

Then she took him to her bath, that's the custom here. Your shoulders are massaged and you are dried with a clean towel and they talk to you. Slowly you become very excited and when she feels you are ready, she takes you to the bedroom. He must have been quite excited after so many years of abstaining. At the moment he went into her, he solved his *koan*. He had an enormous *satori*, one of those very rare *satoris* which are described in our books, not a little understanding which can be deepened later but the lot at once, an explosion which tears you to pieces and you think the world has come to an end, that you can fill the emptiness of the universe in every possible sphere. When he left the woman, he was a master.

Sex for the sake of illumination may make it sound like a sort of spiritual masturbation. Actually, the view of sex we're exploring makes it impossible to be self-centered. The stage fright that spoils sex comes from too much concern about one's own standing in the game. With the Zen approach, you stop asking "How am I doing?" And when a man stops seeing his lover as his judge or competitor, he can enjoy sex all out. That will make him a better lover, because a person who thoroughly enjoys doing something is good at it. He is free of the feeling that he has to control or impress his partner; he is playing *with* her, not against or upon her.

We already have the capacity to enjoy sex fully right now. We don't need any improvement; we need only to get out of our own way. Toward the end of *The Inner Game of Tennis*, Gallwey explains that the book should not be taken as a manual for self-improvement: "Admittedly, much of this book may seem to read that way, but speaking as a man who was once a compulsive self-improver, I want to make it clear that the last thing I wish to do is encourage any notion that you should be any different from what you are right now." From this point of view, we are already perfect just as we are. If sex seems to lack something, the solution is not to try harder but to remove whatever is blocking it. Many people complain that their sexual experiences seem unreal to them. They've pushed their thinking, worrying Spectator between themselves and the wordless, thoughtless realm of the Player. That is sad, because sex should be enjoyed in all its here-and-now glory, fun, playfulness and profundity. A change in attitude can help restore delight.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

THE WORD IS OUT IN TINSELTOWN. SPECIAL EFFECTS IS THE NAME OF THE GAME. ACTING IS OUT. SCIENCE FICTION... SPACE THINGIES... ARE IN. THE NEXT ACADEMY AWARD WILL PROBABLY GO TO A ROBOT!... SO HERE'S ANNIE IN A HOLLYWOOD SPECIAL-EFFECTS DEPARTMENT, BEING ACCOSTED BY A MECHANICAL MAN. OR IS IT A MECHANICAL WOMAN? ...AH, WELL, EITHER WAY—



HELLO, I'M JUST A ROBOT.

PROP DEPT
ROBOTS

DO NOT BE AFRAID. IT IS JUST A ROBOT—

—TOOT!

IS MISTER PORTNOY HERE? HE'S WRITING FOR "SPACE WARS II" AND ASKED ME TO MEET HIM HERE.

DO NOT BE AFRAID. IT IS JUST A ROBOT.

BETTER BELIEVE IT!

HONK!

\$5,999,999.95

THE JOKE'S ON YOU, BABES! I'M REAL. HE'S THE ROBOT. BUILT FOR THE BILLION-DOLLAR-MAN SHOW... A ONE-MILLION-DOLLAR FACE, A THREE-MILLION-DOLLAR HEART AND A FIVE-MILLION-DOLLAR SCHLONG.

LOOK! REMEMBER KAK-E DOO-T FROM "SPACE WARS"? THESE ARE ALL THE SAME KAK-E DOO-T... ONE FOR TALKING, ONE FOR WALKING... THEY STUFF STAN THE MIDGET INSIDE—

—AND STILL A THIRD ONE FOR KICKING AROUND.

KICK!

UH, OH! 'SCUSE ME, STANLEY!

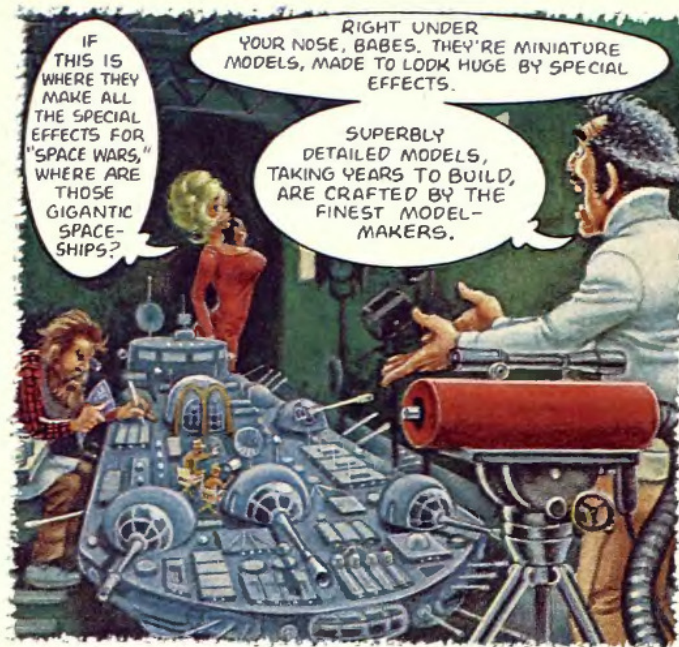
PORTNOY! I MUST GET BACK TO MY AGENT, SOLLY, IN MAKE-UP. THEY'RE TRYING A SPECTACULAR "SPACE WARS II" COS-TUME ON ME.

G*!!



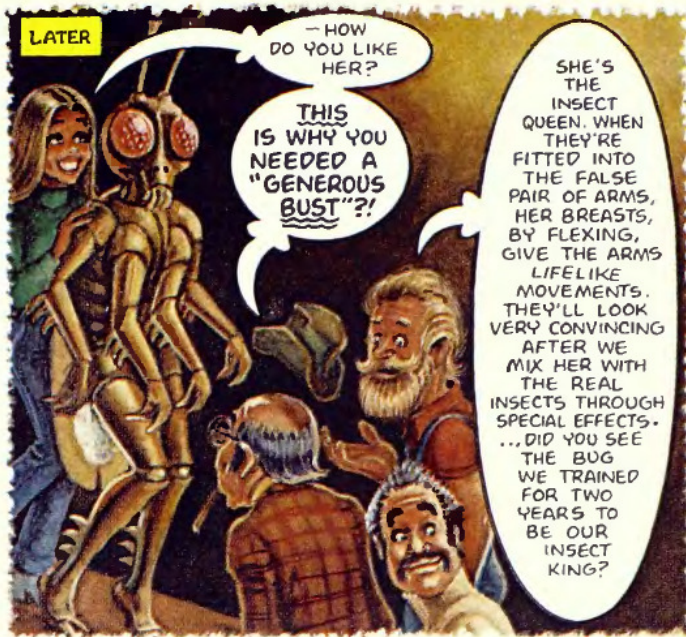
QUACK!





LET ME SHOW YOU A SPECIAL EFFECT IN THE NEXT STUDIO THAT'LL BLOW YOUR MIND... THEY'RE DOING IT FOR "GROSS ENCOUNTERS," THE FIRST HIGH-BUDGET, X-RATED SCI-FI FILM.







Lucky Americans. You pay less to go first class.

Here in Athens, Passport costs as much as other premium scotches. In fact, it's expensive everywhere but in America. We use Scotland's most expensive

whiskies, but bottle Passport in the U.S.—and pass on the tax and shipping savings to you. So to lucky Americans, this superb scotch only *tastes* expensive.

Passport Scotch

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

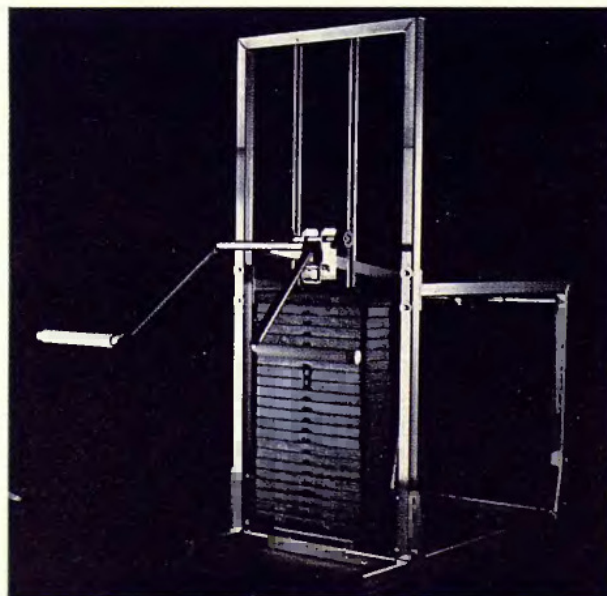
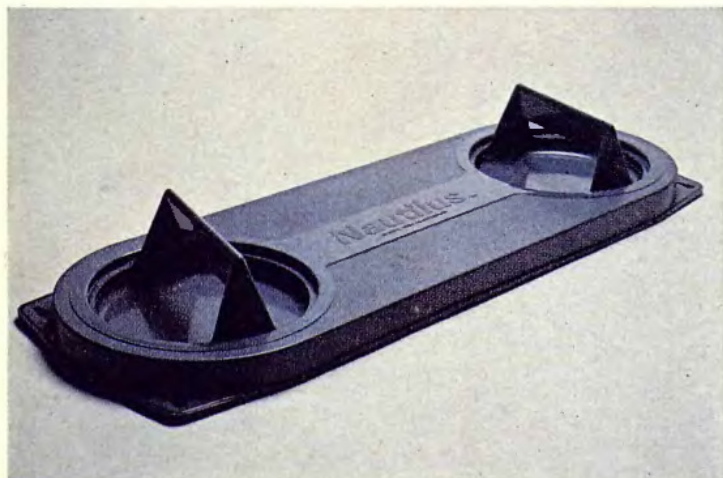
GEAR

BODYWORK

Have you heard the old joke about the muscular guy at the beach who was showing off his build by lifting a girl with each arm? A 97-pound weakling delivers the punch line, "Did you see the dolls on that boob?" Nobody is laughing these days at men with good bods: Being in shape gives them more self-confidence; and when they're in bed—well, what girl was ever turned on by a paunch? Shaping up, however, requires effort. But the good news is that there are some contraptions available to help make the procedure relatively painless. Press on, Arnold!



Above: Dynavit Computer Exerciser that's distributed by Haden is designed to be programmed with info about your age, sex and weight; it will then calculate the amount of exercise you need and monitor your pulse rate as you pedal, from Neiman-Marcus, \$2000.



Above: Wall-mounted SportsMate Rotary Exerciser that's a great tennis conditioner, by Nautilus Sports/Medical Industries, \$29.95. Right: Universal Centurion II/DVR Chest Press provides up to 390 pounds of lifting resistance, from Swartz, \$995, including a bench and instructions.

FASHION

SERVED UP WITH STYLE

Twenty-three-year-old tennis pro Vitas Gerulaitis can play in just about any clothes he wants—thank you very much—and still beat the pants off most opponents. What he wears here are fresh from the drawing board of a bright new British talent, Paul Smith. The styles combine classic British fabrics and patterns with *au courant* tailoring. The layered look, you'll notice, also continues to score big points. Game, set, match.

—DAVID PLATT



BRUCE LAURANCE

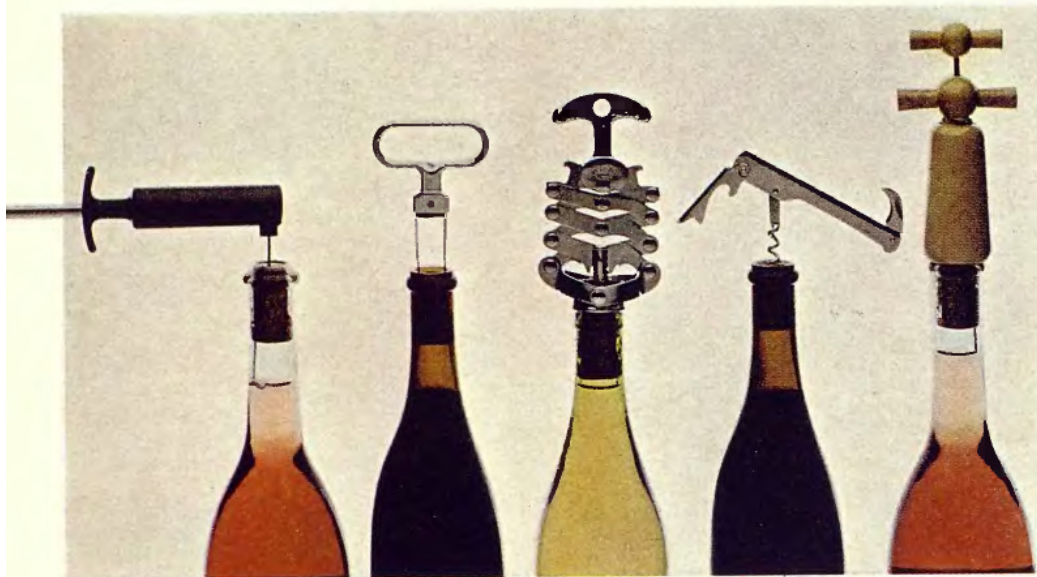
Above: Gerulaitis comes on looking smashing in two Paul Smith outfits. The one featured in the inset photo includes a wool/polyester flannel jacket with a shawl collar, \$180, a nubby rayon pullover shirt, \$54, wool double-pleated slacks, \$80, and a canvas belt, \$8. The other is a double-breasted wool herringbone suit, \$270, worn over a knit cardigan, \$54, matching vest, \$42, check-plaid flannel shirt, \$50, and iridescent wool knit tie, \$8.

HABITAT

REAL CORKERS!

How you choose to separate a cork from a wine bottle is a matter of personal aesthetics. Some oenophiles prefer the simple approach: a single-lever corkscrew that lifts the cork (you hope) in one swift motion. Others opt for something more elaborate: the professional

barman's cork puller, perhaps, that clamps to a table and can pull the corks from a case of wine faster than you can say André Simon. The Corky is a fun gadget that pumps air into a bottle, eventually popping the cork. But enough. With all these bottles open, who'd like a drink? —HOLLIS WAYNE



Far left to right: Corky is an easy-to-clean hypodermic instrument that doesn't damage cork or wine, from Bloomingdale's, \$8, with needle cover.

The Gitano corkscrew (a.k.a. thieving butler) features two blades that slip around cork, leaving it undamaged, from Bazaar De La Cuisine, \$2.95.

France's zigzag corkscrew is the lazy man's model; its curious design provides excellent leverage to lift the cork easily, from La Cuisiniere, \$7.50.

The single-lever corkscrew is a favorite of sommeliers; this model has a small knife to cut foil. It folds for storage, from Bazaar De La Cuisine, \$2.95.

The boxwood (also known as the counter screw) is, indeed, wood; one lever screws into the cork, the other lifts it, from La Cuisiniere, \$6.50.

Below left: This contraption is called a champagne lever and once it's clamped to a bottle of bubbly, there's no more effervescent pop or dented ceilings, from Bazaar De La Cuisine, \$4.50. Below right: Champagne pliers, from La Cuisiniere, \$12.50.



MICHAEL WAYNE



Above: The barman's corkscrew is a heavy-duty professional tool that fastens to a countertop or table and then stands ready to lend a helping hand when it's party time and you've a number of bottles to open, from The Professional Kitchen, \$62.95.

Bunny, Bunny, Where Have You Been? I've Been to Epsom to Visit the Queen!

On the left, we have QUEEN ELIZABETH, dressed in a yellow suit and matching hat, arriving at Epsom Downs for Derby day; she's there to watch one of her thoroughbreds run in England's biggest race. On the right, in a scarlet Bunny costume with white ears and tail, we have LOUISE PALMER, a 24-year-old thoroughbred, there to promote Playboy's British bookmaking operations. "I had this huge white daisy in my hand," said Louise, explaining how she crossed paths with Liz. "We were allowed to stay on the same side of the railing as the queen, and so I handed the daisy to her. She looked a bit surprised, but she smiled and said, 'Thank you.' She was lovely." Twenty-four hours later, Louise was something of a national celebrity. One interviewer titled his piece, "The Face in Front of Those Legs." But, as you can see from our off-track photo, Louise is lovely all over. Oh, yes: Liz's horse finished out of the money. Bad show.

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BRIAN HENNESSEY

EASY ST



On the Road Again

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN was locked in the studio for 11 months putting down tracks for the long-awaited *Darkness on the Edge of Town*. Now he's out on parole, with the semilegendary E Street band, touring far and wide and forever. There's no stopping or standing on Easy Street.

She's Only a Bird
in a Gilda Cage

What you see here is a high-level political-campaign strategy session between New Jersey senatorial candidate BILL BRADLEY and his consumer-policy advisor, ROSEANN ROSE-ANNADANNA. Miss Roseannadanna, nationally known for her consumer reports on *NBC's Saturday Night Live*, is considered to be one of the key aides to the young Democrat, nationally known as a former forward with the New York Knicks. If Bradley wins in November against his equally young and untested Republican opponent, Jeffrey Bell, there are unconfirmed reports that he will nominate Miss Roseannadanna for the post of Secretary of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Coneheads.



CHUCK PULIN

Street Fighter

No, this is not a rubble-strewn street scene from some old World War Two picture. This is New York restaurateur ELAINE KAUFMAN defending her Manhattan saloon, Elaine's, from a determined assault by prying paparazzo RON GALELLA. While the social butterflies are known to flit around Elaine's with nocturnal regularity, on this particular night the place was dizzy with celebrity monarchs: Woody Allen, Cheryl Tiegs, Richard Dreyfuss. This being Galella's photographic métier, he staked out the street. That did not set well with Elaine, who likes to protect her clients. You don't have to be a lip reader to understand the gist of Elaine's feelings on the matter. Who took the photo? Galella, of course.



Die Sexte Dimension or Is This Any Way to Run a Playboy Pad?

We have to keep a close eye on the foreign editions of *PLAYBOY*. Things are always getting lost in translation. When we first saw these pictures in the August issue of the German *PLAYBOY*, we wondered if our friends across the sea had somehow gotten the notion of the Playboy Pad mixed up with *A Layman's Guide to Surrealism*. We hired an interpreter, who discovered that the feature was called *Die Sexte Dimension*. Photographer Gerhard Vormwald had created these crazy rooms for his own amusement. The caption to one of the pictures made everything clear: "The fallen angel dials the secret number. 'Hello, I can procure for you an apocalypse wrapped in silver or in blue. Are you interested?' The person on the other side breathes deep and heavy. Connections have been established. 'When can we see each other?' 'Tonight or never,' is the answer. 'Where are you?' 'Behind the brightest star in seventh heaven.' The wire grows hot and there is a white noise in the receiver. 'I'll be there,' she screams and ascends. The fiery rod seems to know the way. She discounts her sister's dire warning." Or another: "To record those wet dreams, photographer Gerhard Vormwald built a shower cabin in his Munich studio, suspended the girl from the handles and poured the water over her with a sprinkler can. All he did then was to turn the photo for 90 degrees. Simple, wasn't it?" As we said. We have to keep an eye on our foreign editions.





WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?

We finally have an answer to Jimmy Buffett's musical question. Psychologists Gary Farkas and Ray Rosen at the University of Hawaii have confirmed that too much booze can retard sexual performance. The researchers gave 16 college men various drinks equivalent to zero, one, two or three cocktails mixed with one ounce each of 100-proof liquor. Then the men viewed porno movies while the researchers monitored their heartbeats with polygraphs and their erections with a form of peter meter. The turned-on collegians experienced a nine-millimeter increase in the diameter of their penises with no alcohol, an average of ten millimeters' increase with one drink. Let's hear it for one for the road. However, before you get your spirits up, read this: With three drinks, the erections shrank to an average of just under seven and a half millimeters.

ROLL YOUR OWN

While American condoms may be top quality, their film and foil packets have befuddled bedroom eyes for years. It's sometimes a struggle to maintain any *élan*, not to mention an erection, without ripping the condom



GARRICK MADISON

itself. But now the Swedes (perhaps because of their long, dark winter) have introduced "consumer friendly" packaging. The condoms are packed in easy-to-open, transparent film without the little paper oval commonly found on American condoms. By opening it with the transparent side away from himself, the user is assured the condom will be in the right position to roll on. In the same mode, Swedish manufacturers have introduced such friendly graphic motifs as flowers and bees and the pictured tobacco pouch. So when you see a Swedish gentleman gingerly tapping that tobacco pouch against his

pipe while eying the Nordic blonde nearby, better check that tobacco pouch again.

BROWN SUGAR

We've always been partial to chocolate bunnies, but we'll have to admit that the Edible Sculpture Contest at The



KATHY FISKE

Art Institute of Chicago educated our palate. Sculptor chefs concocted everything from hamburger people to chocolate apples and breasts. Our favorite, pictured here amid tropical fruit à la Gauguin, is a 100-pound milk-chocolate nude mold. The artist, Brian Garrick, fashioned a cast from the real Vicki Haines of *PLAYBOY*'s Art Department. If you think you could develop an appetite for this sort of thing, sorry—the entire exhibit was consumed after the show by participants and visitors. Haines reports that her 75-cents-per-pound likeness was eaten in five minutes, which raised certain questions we thought we'd better not ask.

LESS IS MORE

America's plastic surgeons have bad news for breast men. The hot subject at this year's meeting of the American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery was the growing number of requests for breast reduction. Surgeons ascribe the new taste for tiny tits to a number of things, including the no-bra look, skinny fashion models and the women's movement. One surgeon allowed that perhaps small breasts are beginning to turn men on.

WHIFF-HOLDING EVIDENCE

The question of whether or not a rape victim should resist has never been resolved. Now there's a form of passive resistance that makes sense, er, a scent. Canadian Paul LeBlond has invented an antirape device consisting

of a small capsule filled with synthetic skunk odor. The capsule, called Rapel, is broken easily in one hand by the user, who will be surrounded immediately by a strong skunk odor, it's hoped deterring the assailant, who won't be too hard to sniff out later.

NEW HOPE FOR HERPES

The good word is: bioflavonoids. A team of Navy dentists at the National Naval Center in Bethesda, Maryland, have revealed that patients suffering from Herpes Simplex I, the oral type, respond rapidly to treatments with a water-soluble bioflavonoid-ascorbic-acid complex. Lesions on the lips healed completely within four days when treated with the supplement, as opposed to the ten days it took a control group to heal. The study did not test the potion on Herpes Simplex II, the



GARRICK MADISON

Speaking of V.D., here's something for the person who has everything. A Case of Clap from Et Tu Enterprises. You can get it anywhere. And, as we know so well, it's the gift that keeps on giving.

genital variation, but some experts think there may be hope in that area. Beutlich, Inc., the producer of a bioflavonoid-ascorbic-acid tablet called Peridin-C (which is available over the counter), has been approached to test it on the genital virus, but no work has been done to date.

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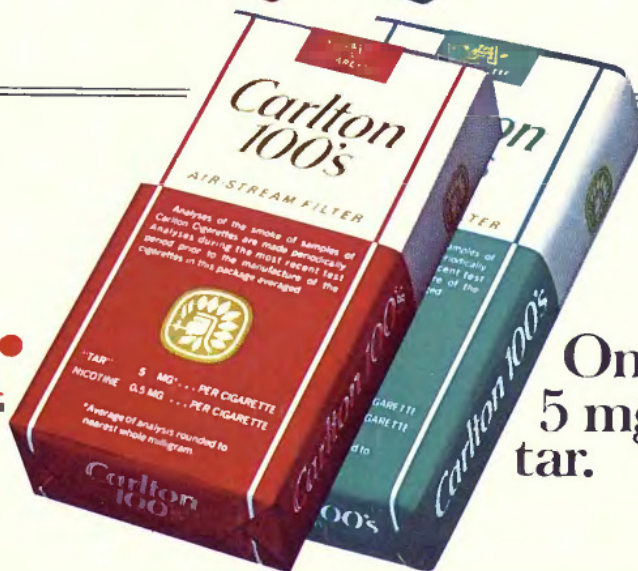
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