PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JUNE 1978 • $2.00
Playmate of the Year
HAIR APPARENT DEBRA JO FONDREN ASSUMES THE THRONE
EXCLUSIVE: BOBBY BAKER'S INSIDE STORY OF CORRUPTION IN WASHINGTON
A RACY INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE BURNS

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PLAYBILL

Bobby Baker started as a Senate page in the early Forties and rose to become the confidant and "fixer" for the men who wielded power in Washington through 1963. He went to jail in 1971 on a variety of charges without revealing where the bodies were buried. He does so this month, in a dramatic excerpt from *Wheeling and Dealing* (illustrated by **Ignacio Gomez**), written with Texas author **Larry L. King** and to be published by W. W. Norton.

Following **Telly Savalas** around, writer **Mark Goodman** discovered in the course of gathering material for *Telly Loves Ya!*, can be expensive. Says he ruefully, "Anybody who'll drop $300 at a Tijuana horse race has really got it bad." That terrific painting of Telly was done by Chicago artist **Herb Davidson.**

This month's *Playboy Interview* subject is one of America's best-loved entertainers, **George Burns.** We dispatched free-lance writer **Arthur Cooper,** former executive editor of *Penthouse*, to talk with Burns about his more than half century in showbiz. Since finishing the Burns conversation, Cooper tells us, he has been busy developing a TV situation comedy—"based fast and loosely on my *Penthouse* experiences." We can hardly wait.

Debra Jo Fondren, our Playmate of the Year, is somebody pretty special, so, we've given her some special photographic treatment at the hands of one of Europe's top fashion lensmen, **Francis Giacobetti**—who directed *Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman*, the second in that series of erotic films. Speaking of erotic adventures, are you *Getting Any?* We sent *Oui* Associate Editor **Sharon O'Hara** on the rounds of the country's singles bars to learn whether girls are more inclined to make beautiful music with lawyers than with accountants. Possibly, but there are other factors to be considered, O'Hara reports in her piece—illustrated by **Kim Whitesides.**

The distinguished author **Isaac Bashevis Singer,** whose *A Party in Miami Beach* leads off our fiction this month, has several other projects in work, including the third segment of his autobiography (the second part, *A Young Man in Search of Love*, was recently published by Doubleday) and (with Eve Friedman) a play, *Teibele and Her Demon*, to be performed at The Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis. Singer's work frequently graces PLAYBOY's pages, but *Hokey Pokey*, our other fiction this month, is the contribution of a newcomer, **Daniel Curley,** who's a professor of English at the University of Illinois.

We threw our heretofore fearless daredevil **Craig Vetter** a real curve this month, sending him to Acapulco for *Pushed to the Edge: Part Five, The Cliff Dive.* Cliff diving makes auto racing, a sport that keeps **Brock Yates** hard at work as a CBS-TV commentator, look positively sedate. For PLAYBOY, Yates has penned *Last of the Ragtops*, a somewhat wistful look at the few remaining convertibles on America's roads.

Some of our best-known sex symbols these days are fashion models, and we feature two of them: **Apollonia Van Ravenstein,** photographed by **Ara Gallant** in *The Dreams of Apollonia*, and **Margaux Hemingway**—star of *Lipstick* and granddaughter of Ernest Hemingway, who made a nostalgic pilgrimage to Cuba on our behalf to jog her memories of life with Grandpapa and write about the experience. While Margaux was in Castroland, she and the latest look in men's resortwear were shot by onetime White House photographer **David Kennerly**—an interesting amalgam, we think you'll agree. Then there's *The Baseball Managers' Cash-on-the-Line, Clutch-Player All-Star Poll*, wherein the skippers of major-league teams tell us the nine guys they'd really like playing on their side when the chips are down and the pennant's at stake; *Moons in June*, a loving backward glance at a clutch of Playmates; and *Southern Exposure*, our computer-programmer Memphis belle and June Playmate, **Gail Stanton.** There's lots more in this issue, of course, but we just ran out of space.

BAKER

KING

GOMEZ

GOODMAN

DAVIDSON

COOPER

GIACOBETTI

O'HARA

WHITESIDES

SINGER

CURLEY

VETTER

YATES

KENNERLY

PLAYBOY

vol. 25, no. 6—june, 1978

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

Managers' Choices P. 128

Professional Scoring P. 152

Bobby Baker P. 110

Top Playmate P. 156

High Dive P. 172

PLAYBILL 3

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY 11

DEAR PLAYBOY 14

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 23

- TELEVISION 28
- MUSIC 32
- BOOKS 38
- MOVIES 42
- EROTICA 50
- ADVENTURES 51
- COMING ATTRACTIONS 52

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 55

PLAYBOY SEX POLL 63
This month's question: Are smart people better lovers?

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 73

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE BURNS—candid conversation 85
In a dialog full of humor and cigar smoke, Hollywood's most popular octogenarian discusses his half century in showbiz, his life with Gracie and the state of his current sex life.

WHEELING AND DEALING—memoir ..... BOBBY BAKER with LARRY L. KING 110
In 1963, "the Bobby Baker scandal" was a household phrase. Bobby did time for his wheeling and dealing in Washington, but now he's back with the dirt on a quorum of big names in government.

THE DREAMS OF APOLLONIA—pictorial 115
A New York fashion model acts out her innermost fantasies just for you.

TELLY LOVES YA!—personality ..... MARK GOODMAN 118
Is it possible to be chunky and bald and a big-time sex symbol? No sweat, baby.

PLAYBOY AND MARGAUX GO TO CUBA 121
Top model–celebrity Margaux Hemingway returns to her grandfather's favorite stamping ground and writes about it. PLAYBOY Fashion Editor David Platt's top choices in resort wear give Castroland a new look. And onetime White House photographer David Kennerly shoots the works for us. It's quite a package.

THE BASEBALL MANAGERS' CASH-ON-THE-LINE, CLUTCH-PLAYER ALL-STAR POLL—sports 128
The major-league managers were asked whom they'd bank on in a must-win game. The answers may surprise you.

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COVER STORY

Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren is combing her golden tresses with 17 ounces of pure silver fashioned into a comb by Alaskan sculptor Josef Princiotta. According to Princiotta—known for, among other achievements, a 30-foot sculpture of a whale and, would you believe?, a set of Howard Hughes commemorative medallions—there are 90 faces in the comb. As photographer Robert Scott Hooper says, "Only the best for Debra."

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE—playboy's playmate of the month **132**
The loveliness of Memphis belle Gail Stanton is enough to bring Yankees and Rebels together in hominy. (Sorry about that.)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor **144**

A PARTY IN MIAMI BEACH—fiction .....ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER **146**
Almost everyone has a story to tell, but a rich man can make sure somebody tells his story for him.

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS—merchandise **149**
With the school year ending and Father's Day just around the corner, we give you a chance to pick your presents early.

GETTING ANY?—article .....SHARON O'HARA **152**
If you are, you're probably a lawyer in Chicago. If you aren't, maybe you ought to change professions.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial **156**
We'll give you a hint: Her blonde hair was once five feet long and she hails from Texas—of course.

HOKEY POKEY—fiction .....DANIEL CURLEY **168**
Sometimes you can talk a good thing to death. Sex, for instance.

PUSHED TO THE EDGE: PART FIVE
THE CLIFF DIVE—article .....CRAIG VETTER **172**
Only a wacko gringo would consider diving off a 130-foot rock face in Acapulco. Now, *that*'s a challenge.

PREMIXED BLESSINGS—drink .....EMANUEL GREENBERG **175**
A review of those already-prepared drinks that allow you to save time and get on with the party.

MOONS IN JUNE—pictorial **177**
A Playmate sampler for those who enjoy a backward glance.

UNDER THE BEARD—ribald classic **181**

LAST OF THE RAGTOPS—modern living .....BROCK YATES **182**
If you've never known the feeling of driving a car with the wind in your face and the sun on your head, you still have a chance to try it. But you'd better hurry; time is running out.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor **186**

PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE **193**
Contact lenses, moving your hi-fi safely, learning to fly and light beer.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI **252**

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE **273**
Coffee for two, a rotary-engined sports car and portable typewriters.

Telly Rates P. 118

Cuba, *¡Sí!* P. 121

June Largess P. 149

Memphis Belle P. 132

Backward Glances P. 177

FISHER, P. 3; BILL FRANTZ, P. 193, 199; ARNY FREYTAG, P. 18; BENNO FRIEDMAN, P. 3; BALDWIN HAMLIN, P. 3; ROBERT SCOTT HOOPER, P. 178; RICHARD HOWARD / CAMERA 5, P. 3; CHRISTIAN MAURY, P. 3; POMPEO POSAR, P. 16, 178, 179, 252-253; SUZE RANDALL, P. 179; SUZANNE SEED, P. 3; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3 (3), 12; RODNEY WILLIAMS, P. 3; BARON WOLMAN, P. 3. P. 121-127, HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY LUCIANO; P. 138, 140-142, VIKING SAUNA; P. 195, ILLUSTRATION BY BOB GOLDSTROM; P. 197, ILLUSTRATION BY KERIG POPE. INSERTS: HEUBLEIN, BETWEEN P. 50-51, 232-233, HEUBLEIN, BETWEEN P. 90-91, 192-193, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL CARD, BETWEEN P. 250-251.

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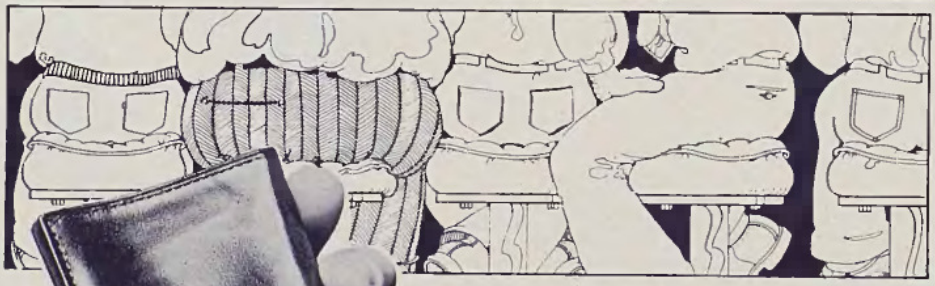

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Evenings that memories are made of...

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WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it's the world's only 35mm SLR with both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the Minolta XD-11, the most advanced camera in the world. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get: multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

What about the lens system?

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today. The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.

The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

What's next?

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.

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Take a look at the down-sized Grand Prix, Monte Carlo and Cutlass. Then take a look at this new size Chrysler LeBaron coupe. If the others seem less than you expected this year, LeBaron presents more than you expected.

You won't find power steering or power front disc brakes standard on Monte Carlo. (You won't find full-size, 15-inch radial tires and wheels, either.)

You won't find a lot of instrument panel gauges standard on Grand Prix. (And Grand Prix's standard transmission is a basic 3-speed manual. Ours has an overdrive.)

You won't find genuine leather seating available on even the most expensive Cutlass. (Surprised?)

25/17** MPG HWY/MPG CITY

Where you'll find all this and much more (along with two more surprises: the mileage shown here, and the price down below) is on the new size Chrysler LeBaron.

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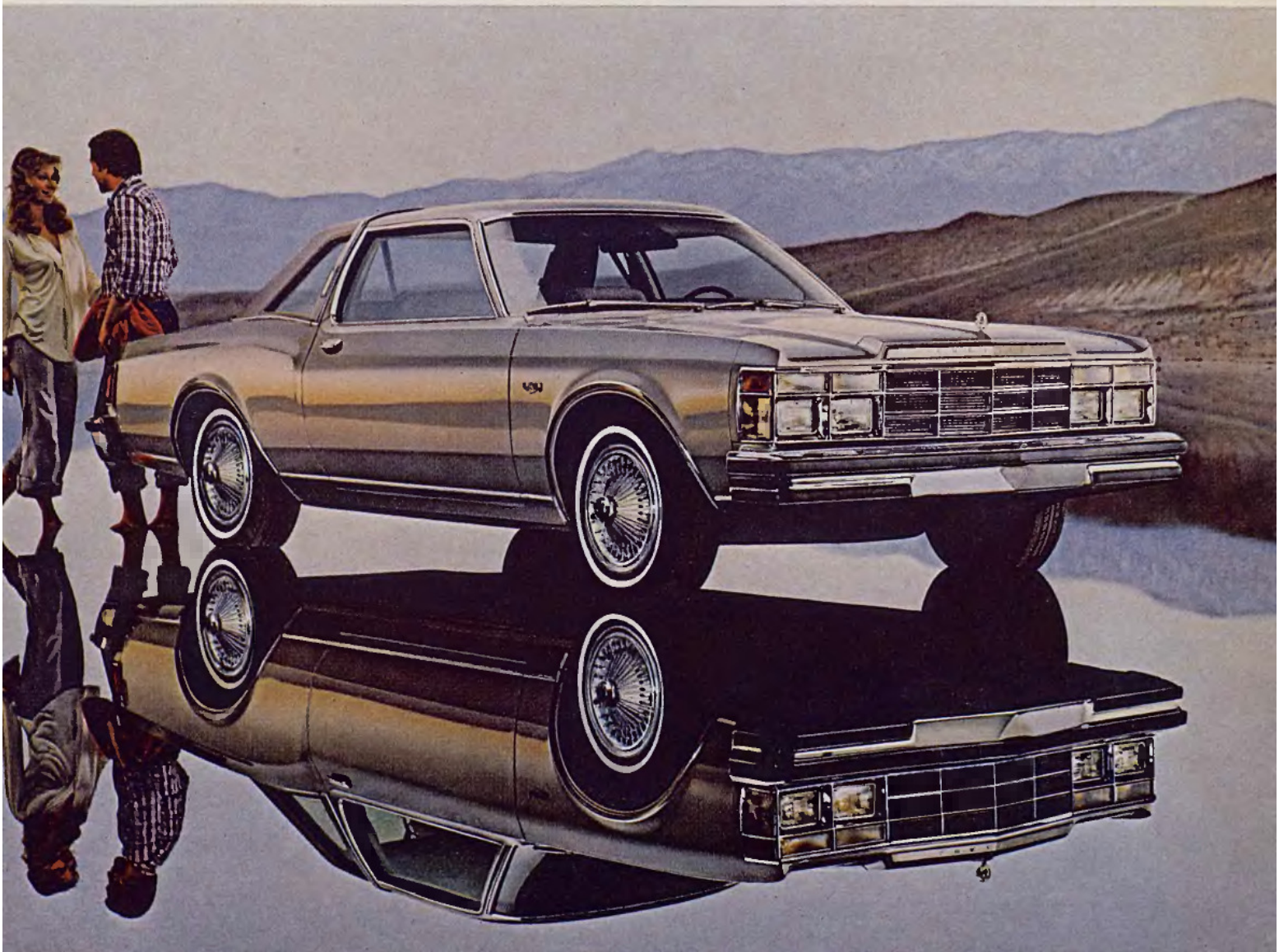

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

WHAT A SWELL PARTY IT WAS

One guest called it "*the* publishing party of the year!" Well, half the year remains, but, no question about it, the party PLAYBOY gave to celebrate the opening of its New York editorial offices was quite a bash. More than 1500 guests from the worlds of showbiz, literature, art, photography, sports, advertising and publishing jammed the superfashionable confines of Studio 54, the Manhattan *disco* where the Beautiful People congregate. Staffing the new offices, at 747 Third Avenue, are Executive Editor G. Barry Golson, Associate Editor John Rezek and Research Editor Tom Passavant.

PLAYBOY Executive Editor G. Barry Golson, who heads the new Manhattan office, greets Erica Jong, the author of *Fear of Flying* and *How to Save Your Own Life*—and the subject of a *Playboy Interview* in September 1975.

PLAYBOY Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer (below left) gets the (index) finger from party guest Al Goldstein, who is the editor-publisher of *Screw*.

Above, actor Jon Voight (left), who co-stars with Jane Fonda in *Coming Home*, in a convivial moment with Jerry Rubin, author of *Growing (Up) at 37*.

Another *Playboy Interview* subject, journalist/talk-show host David Frost (above left), featured in our April 1978 issue, has more to say to Golson—whose duties include, you guessed it, editing interviews.

Photographer Pete Turner (above left), who has been a frequent contributor to PLAYBOY since 1960, talks shop with the magazine's Art Director (and Playboy Enterprises Veep), Arthur Paul, at the Studio 54 gala.

Tennis star Vitas Gerulaitis (at left below), world's sixth-ranking player by U. S. Tennis Association reckoning, enjoys mixed singles.

Author Norman Mailer arrives at the Studio 54 bash with Norris Church (above)—who was about, it appears, to make him a daddy for the eighth time.

PLAYMATE UPDATE

KAREN HAFTER HAS IT COVERED

Playmate Karen Hafter has had nothing but good luck since appearing in our December 1976 centerfold. Now a new *disco* album, *Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood* (Casablanca), by Santa Esmeralda, featuring Leroy Gomez, also double-features Karen. Her back's on the front and her front's on the back, thereby ensuring that this record will be a two-sided hit regardless of what's on the vinyl. Though we hear *it*'s nice, too.

PATTI HAS A PINBALL AND DEBRA SOLVES A WIDE-PART PROBLEM

When 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren appeared on *To Tell the Truth* (right), host Joe Garagiola couldn't help pondering the possibilities of a plusher pate. Above, Bill Murray and Gilda Radner of NBC's *Saturday Night* join 1977 Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire for a day of flipper flipping at the First National Pinball Tournament finals, sponsored by Bally at Chicago's Playboy Towers. Twenty regional winners were finalists in the tourney, which drew 61,504 entrants over a six-month period (see *Playboy After Hours*).

RACQUETBALL FINALS FEATURE NICKI

A peek into the locker room at A.M.F. Voit's Racquetball Classic in Minneapolis reveals trim March 1977 Playmate Nicki Thomas suiting up; she would, you'll agree, make a very distracting opponent. Nicki was on hand to make prize presentations at the event, in which 220 contestants vied for awards and the chance to meet Nicki, who, by the way, looks just as good *on* the court as off.

SONDRA BOOGIES ON "FANTASY ISLAND"

It looked like a scene from one of Randy Newman's nightmares when July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore boogied with actor Herve Villechaize in a recent episode (titled "Mr. Irresistible") of ABC-TV's newest series, *Fantasy Island*. Villechaize's minuscule stature belies his talent, as evidenced by the praise he has received for his recent role in the movie *The One and Only*, starring Henry Winkler. Sondra's talents, of course, have long been evident to PLAYBOY readers. Now she's caught the eye of casting directors, too.

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DYLAN DISSECTED

The March *Playboy Interview* with Bob Dylan is tremendously intriguing. He gives us readers an in-depth study of himself—his feelings, emotions and anxieties. From the interview, Bob seems to be resolving some conflicts within himself. I think his film *Renaldo & Clara* is aimed at doing just that!

J. Patrick Callery
Lawrence, Massachusetts

Your interview with Dylan is a monumental success. It blows away some of the many distortions and myths that surround this great genius.

Kenny Rosaler
New York, New York

Bob Dylan should change his name to Robert Zimmerman, because the Bobs they are achangin'.

Ed Gallagher
Clinton, Arkansas

At long last, the real Dylan emerges, wearing no disguises. Just a superb interview that answers so many questions that a generation has had for so long. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for an astonishingly revealing talk with rock's most reclusive hero.

Thomas Hof
St. Louis, Missouri

Ron Rosenbaum is a hopeless groupie, but I owe him my thanks for the Bob Dylan interview. It took more than ten years for me to admit that I don't know what the hell he's talking about.

David L. Williams
Sacramento, California

Dylan himself was quoted by somebody somewhere as saying that he didn't like giving interviews because anything he had to say could be said in his music. Too bad he didn't stick to those words. And yet he might have fared better if your interviewer hadn't groveled at his feet with that may-I-kiss-your-hand attitude and asked a bunch of silly and inane questions.

Donald Sommerfield
Santa Monica, California

What an annoying outpouring of presumably philosophical garbage! It is to Rosenbaum's credit that he was able to endure days of interviews with such an evasive, indirect and camouflaging person.

Jay Parnes
New York, New York

I've been looking for a concrete reason for the past ten years to put Dylan down; but he's too much like the Bible—you can neither disprove it nor put it down.

Timothy R. Mount
South Plainfield, New Jersey

I have never read a more comprehensive and revealing interview with such a multifaceted personality as Dylan. In terms of depth, Ron Rosenbaum's endeavor is far superior to any of its predecessors, including its PLAYBOY ancestor 12 years ago.

Anthony F. Canora
Ozone Park, New York

COSMIC NEWS

Thanks for the excellent article *What's New in the Universe?* by Richard Rhodes (PLAYBOY, March). Peter Lloyd also deserves recognition for his fine illustration.

Kent Griffith
Lincoln, Nebraska

Just finished reading Richard Rhodes's article. My congratulations to writer and publisher alike! The research was authoritative, the facts were concrete and the ending was magnificent. But it's still

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no exception in a magazine of your caliber.

Daniel Alfred Spatz
Vancouver, Washington

Recently, I got a good refractor telescope and started checking out basic astronomy books at the public library. In Rhodes's article, I learned more about astronomy than I learned in all those books combined. Now I'll be able to go back through those books and read them with much more comprehension. I hope PLAYBOY publishes more articles like this. And I hope Rhodes writes them.

David White
Miami, Florida

What's New in the Universe? is one of the most interesting and well-written articles I've read in a long time. If you continue to publish articles like this, I might just buy a three-year subscription.

Darrel S. Grove
Mt. Prospect, Illinois

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Your March cover, with Playmate Debra Jensen, is stunning. The last time I saw such a perfect pair of legs was on the wonder horse Secretariat.

Steve Meyer
South Roxana, Illinois

That Ferrari that you barely mention is a Ferrari Daytona 365 coupe, one of the fastest, most spine-chilling two-seaters that ever hit the road. Driving that car is a thousand times more exhilarating than the likes of Miss Jensen. How many women can you think of who will deliver that same rush every time you stick your key into them to turn them on? Please, next time, give credit where credit is due.

David Thompson
Middletown, Connecticut

Sorry, David, but when we got the Ferrari pictures back and saw our Debra

sitting there fondling that, uh, shift lever, we just lost our head. Besides, she never overheats.

FANS' RIGHTS

Ralph Nader and Peter Gruenstein have scored a touchdown with their article *Fans: The Sorry Majority* in your March issue. An apathetic patron of professional sports, I was amazed at the profit potential of professional team ownership, and how that potential is abused, and how the Government encourages that abuse. It is sad to realize that the symbol of competitive sports in this country, once an American tradition, has become the dollar sign—an extremely large dollar sign.

Michael Smith
State College, Pennsylvania

Once again, Ralph Nader has shown himself to be an elitist snob with a messiah complex; a completely self-appointed public guardian with little but contempt for the basic intelligence of the American public. So now he wants to save us from sports. And he starts out to get us into the right frame of mind to believe the rest of his baloney by decrying how sports ownership is becoming "corporatized"—the current consumerist-liberal buzz word that is supposed to conjure up visions of all that is wrong with America. It is convenient for Nader to forget that corporations, with all their faults, provide the pay checks and the stock dividends with which most of his supposedly helpless consumers finance their lives.

Rufus F. Jones III
Lewiston, New York

One point in the article did cause me to see red. To learn the extent of government support for professional sports really made my blood boil. I resent being forced to pay for things I don't approve of, and sports and government foolishness are both right at the top of my list. If others enjoy sports, fine. Let them do what they please, but don't saddle me with paying for their fun.

Thomas C. Anderson
Kirksville, Missouri

FREEWHEELING

While enjoying your March feature *Sex on Wheels*, I found an item that you might have overlooked. The couple in the back of the Chevy LUV seems to have attracted a very interested observer; namely, the driver of the blue van. Notice the brake lights appearing in three out of four photos. I thoroughly enjoyed the feature and wished to share this amusing discovery with you.

Wayne Heideman
Rapid City, South Dakota

The Government should thank you for making small cars so attractive. You have done us all a great favor.

Oliver McNichol
Medina, Ohio

Are those folks on page 146 of your March issue actually on the hood of that car? If so, didn't you find a few dents after everybody was "spent"? I shudder when I think of how negligent you're being with that beautiful car. I'm sure the owner would feel the same way. That shot really bothers me, as all I can think of is the car. Well, I have to go. They say it's time for my nap.

Torrey J. Heeb
San Rafael, California

The girl on page 150 in the Bugatti looks vaguely familiar. Any information on her, and preferably a closer look, would be greatly appreciated.

Alan Larson
Decatur, Illinois

Glad to fill you in, Alan. She's April 1977 Playmate Lisa Sohm and, as you can

see, she's taking exception to the driver's claim that he ran out of gas.

KALKI KUDOS

Hats off to the editors of PLAYBOY for publishing Gore Vidal's fine story *Kalki* (March) and reaffirming the magazine's reputation as a showcase for fiction! Hats off to Vidal, too, for his stubborn resistance to that trend in literature toward what he so tellingly christened "plastic fiction."

T. K. Atherton
Chicago, Illinois

VOTES FOR VETTER

More, more, more Craig Vetter and *Pushed to the Edge*! I love him—don't kill him, please.

Deb Tucker
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Vetter is too much! That nature boy can write up a storm. Not taking anything away from his brave feats, he could probably make a trip down to the corner store sound like an epic adventure. And you know, that's not such a bad idea for his next story. Hasn't he risked enough already? Why don't you pay him to write about something not quite so death-defying, like trying to live a "normal" life with a nine-to-five job? Now,

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that would be a challenge to him. Plus, we would be assured of hearing from him again. Thanks for the great series.

Bill Kossen
Central Washington Skydivers Club
Ellensburg, Washington

GROSSED OUT

How could you do this to me? I finally hit the big time and get a letter to the editor published and you spell my name wrong. There it is, right on page 14 of the March issue, for all the world to see; you have me as Peter C. Gross, whereas my name is really Peter C. Goss. No R in Goss! I even bought extra copies to show my friends and all they said was that you guys must have found out about me to call me that.

Peter C. Goss
Red Hook, New York

You have our apologies, Pete. Now you'll just have to go out and buy more copies, heh, heh.

DISARMED ROBBERY

"Keystone Crooks" in the March *Playboy After Hours* reminds me of a story I read a couple of months ago about a man who attempted to rob a liquor store with a double-barreled shotgun. To show the store's owner and customers he meant business, he blasted a warning shot into a display case and another one into the ceiling. A double-barreled shotgun has only two shells and he was chased off the premises by the gun-wielding store owner.

Ken Maluchnik
Lincoln Park, Michigan

CHRISTINA'S CLASS

Congratulations. I think your March Playmate, Christina Smith, is the classiest lady you've had for a while.

Jeff Smith
Gunnison, Colorado

Christina Smith has got to be the best girl I've seen in your magazine.

Anthony Gracia, Jr.
Brownsville, Texas

In my opinion, you have found the world's most beautiful woman in your March Playmate.

Richard Hinds
McLean, Virginia

PLAYBOY, you've done it again! The March centerfold, by Arny Freytag, is outstanding. Design, color, lighting and texture contrast are perfect. As a practicing artist in the Chicagoland area, I appreciate fine art and this is truly a beautiful piece of art.

Lydia Segler
Hinsdale, Illinois

When I first saw Christina Smith, I thought she was one of the most beautiful women ever to grace PLAYBOY, and then I saw the centerfold. It is brilliantly composed by photographer Arny Freytag. The color is perfect. This work of art should hang in a museum with a name like *Variations on Tan and Brown.*

Henry Lalouche
Gastonia, North Carolina

She's the type every man should be on the lookout for; I know I am. She's beyond improvement of any kind.

Charles Wells
Jackson, North Carolina

I must compliment you on your March Playmate, Christina Smith. I hope God didn't break the mold when He made her. She has a super body.

Jon Mark Fulton
Abernathy, Texas

For once, I'd like to see a centerfold who can smile!

Don Schwartz
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

There are smiles and there are smiles, Don. Christina's centerfold smile is a little more subtle than the one shown

here, but we'd be hard pressed to decide which is more enticing. It probably depends on your mood.

THE CAT'S OUT

If you will send me the name of the insensitive, completely nonthinking moron who divulged the fate of Anna in *Masterpiece Theater*'s ten-week dramatization of *Anna Karenina* (*Playboy After Hours*, March), I will be most happy to pay transportation just for the privilege of kicking his/her inconsiderate ass every Sunday for the next ten weeks!

Jess Johnson
Salem, Oregon

While we're on a mean streak, Jess, Cal Coolidge won!

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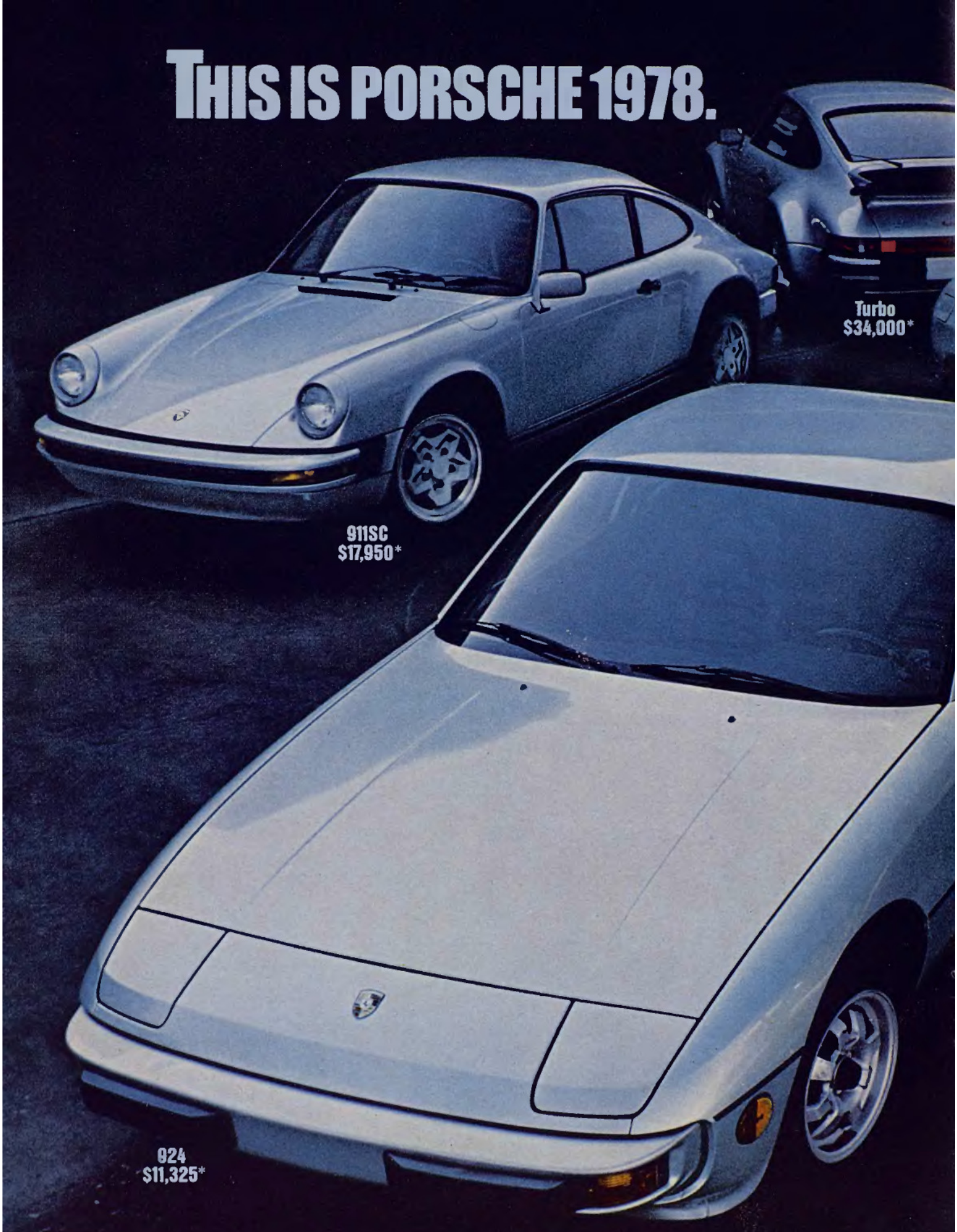

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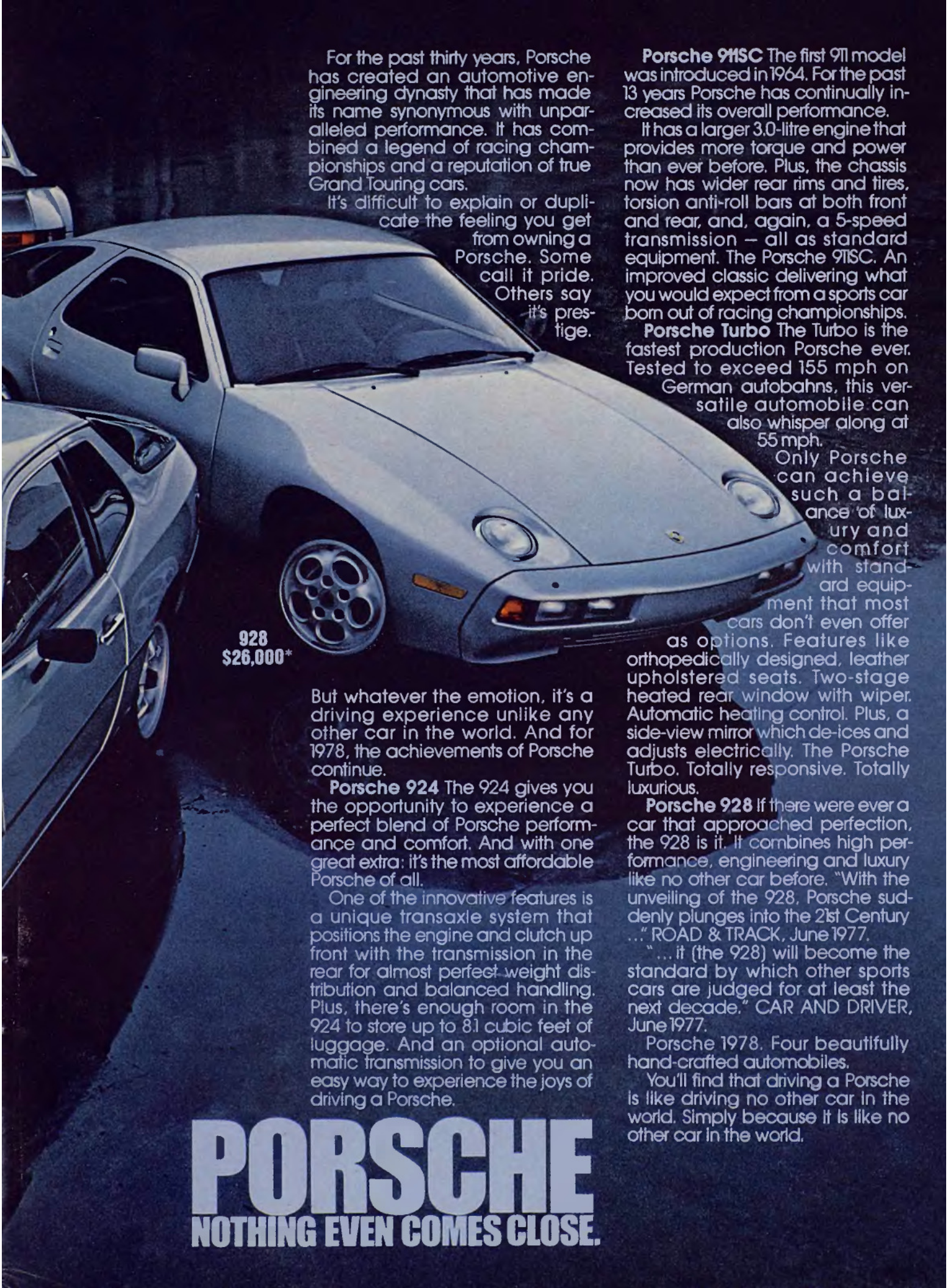

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THE PSYCHOBABBLE MAN

Corporations that devise catchy new words—like Xerox or Coke—can hire a squadron of lawyers to protect and preserve those names, or else risk seeing them—like cellophane and yo-yo—pass into the public domain. But what is an individual to do when he or she devises a catchy new word that is not associated with any material product and that otherwise eludes the parameters of the copyright laws?

Such is the quandary currently faced by R. D. Rosen, a Boston writer who recently published a book on pop psychology titled *Psychobabble*. Now, the word psychobabble is clearly Rosen's invention, first used by him in a book review to describe the rendering of psychological phrases into an empty patter. "In my review, I wrote that we are living in a therapeutic age. The sign in every storefront reads: PSYCHOBABBLE SPOKEN HERE."

Trouble was, Rosen's new word was such a brilliant neologism that it quickly passed into public currency and, ever since publication of his book, Rosen has found himself reading articles on psychobabble in various publications—as if the word had sprung full grown into the culture. *The New York Times Magazine*, for example, ran an article on the pop-psychology phenomenon that, Rosen feels, invoked the term psychobabble like any common everyday noun.

"I feel that I invented an excuse for free-lance journalists to do pieces that they wouldn't have done otherwise," Rosen laments. "I invented a small industry. It's a Frankenstein monster I can't control. I feel as though my child has been adopted without my consent."

Some writers and periodicals, such as *Time* and *Newsweek*, have begun referring to psychobabble as yet another trendy word—a cloying trendiness that the word was originally intended to criticize. Consequently, says Rosen, "false coinage is turning the word psychobabble into part of the lexicon of psychobabblers."

Perhaps the unkindest cut of all, though, was a review of Rosen's book in the Grand Rapids, Michigan, *Press*. The reviewer, in attacking Rosen for being "shallow," advised readers to "wait for a serious analysis of psychobabble," without mentioning that it was author Rosen who was responsible for the word in the first place.

"That's the last word I ever invent," says Rosen.

•

SOMETHING WORTH WAITING FOR: A recent Johns Hopkins University survey of the sexual behavior of women between the ages of 15 and 19 disclosed that these women, on the average, lost their virginity at an age four months younger than did a similar group of women surveyed in 1971. Now, by our reading of these figures, the survey indicates that women tend to begin having sex four months earlier every five years—or a full year earlier every 15 years; furthermore, if we take the age of 17 to be the median of this subject group, our calculations indicate that women will be having sex in infancy sometime around the year 2233.

IN A FLASH

One of our favorite periodicals is *The British Journal of Psychiatry*, and one of the reasons why it is one of our favorite periodicals is that it carries articles such as "Provoked Anxiety as a Treatment of Exhibitionism," by Ivor H. Jones and Dorothy Frei, in the October 1977 number. Jones and Frei begin their little piece like this:

> SUMMARY. A treatment for male genital exposure (exhibitionism) has been given successfully to 15 persons who have previously been resistant to change. The procedure involves the subject undressing before a mixed-sex audience, followed by video-taping and subsequent replay to the patient. During the period of nakedness, the subject describes in detail the events, his expectations and attitudes and those attributed to his victim during exposure.
>
> The success of the treatment appears to depend on the profound anxiety induced. During the phase of greatly increased anxiety, cognitive changes previously resisted seem to be made possible.

What this all means, it turns out, is that these Jones and Frei people (who are Australian, it also turns out) get a known flasher up on a stage in front of a bunch of strangers and have him drop trou; then this guy is supposed to tell the assembled bozos what's going through his mind while he gives them a gander

at the family jewels. Meanwhile, the whole episode is being video-taped, so Mr. Jack Flash will be able later to analyze his swing and follow-through in the privacy of his own home.

It's all very therapeutic, Jones and Frei write, and "effective in reducing drastically the frequency of genital exposure" among the subjects.

Meanwhile, this travel tip for the Australia bound: Keep your overcoat buttoned and your axillae dry.

•

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE JOHN DENVER CHANGE HIS NAME BACK TO DEUTSCHENDORF: The Colorado Bureau of Investigation recently sent out this directive to the state's law-enforcement agencies: "Fortunately, the message we asked you to disregard was not sent. Thus, we ask that you disregard the message we sent asking you to disregard the last message."

THE BATHHOUSE GANG

A West Coast correspondent writes:

San Francisco's infamous Sutro Bath House, a pioneer in the nation's burgeoning public-sex scene [PLAYBOY, July 1977], has moved to a new and plusher location and, in the process, has solved one of the more perplexing institutional problems common to these come-one, come-all passion parlors. The problem: how to tactfully keep lone females and loving couples from becoming immediately inundated with a horde of horny, unattached males.

The solution devised by Sutro owner-manager Bill Jones involves a system of color-coded keys that admit patrons to selected private areas in the spacious, rambling fantasyland at 1015 Folsom. There are three such areas and they are labeled COUPLES ONLY, LADIES ONLY and MEN ONLY.

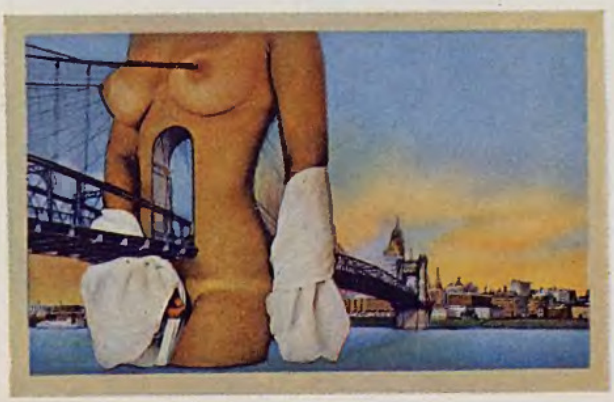
Keys to the couples-only area are given to all lady patrons—even those without dates—so that the women can select their favorite males and retire with them to a chamber where they are guaranteed that the sex is balanced and heterosexual. Meanwhile, male patrons—even those with a date—are not given a couples-only key, and so have to depend upon a lady's favor to gain admittance to that area; not a few guys have seen their dates go off to the bathroom, only to disappear into the inaccessible reaches with another man.

Every Sutro patron gets a key to either the men- or the women-only area, and there the action is strictly homoerotic. Host Jones even gives these keys to conspicuous heterosexuals, just in case they may be curious but too embarrassed to ask for one.

Otherwise, the new Sutro is different from the old Sutro mostly in its attention to promotion. Most nights of the week have been given a promotional designation by Jones, and the result reads like the line-up of bat days and helmet nights at the local ball park: Monday is Party Nite and features live amateur entertainment ("I think of it as a bathhouse *Gong Show*," says Jones); Tuesday is Gay Men's Nite, with cut rates for men; Wednesday is given over to Wednesday Nite Fever, an amateur fashion show that resembles an animated Frederick's of Hollywood catalog; Thursday is Ménage à Trois Nite (cut rates for threesomes); Friday is reserved for tea dancing; and on Sunday, the Sutro hosts musical jam sessions featuring bathhouse regulars.

"Right now, in fact," Jones says, "I could use a good nude tuba player."

AND IF YOU GET STUCK, DON'T CALL THE A.M.A.: Perceptive readers of the Avalon, New Jersey, *Cape May County Herald* were no doubt fascinated to learn recently that "two brides were opened for traffic in upper New Jersey yesterday, guaranteed to stand the largest crowds."



TILT

The First National Pinball Tournament (a.k.a. The Super-Shooter Battle of the Pinball Wizards) was held in Chicago recently, and we could hardly resist attending: The tournament was held next door to our Chicago offices, in the Playboy Towers Hotel, and was hosted by this magazine. The sponsor was the Bally pinball manufacturing company. The reason for our corporate involvement is that pinball happens to be a favorite pastime of one Hugh M. Hefner and of about 99 percent of our editorial staff.

When we arrived at the daylong fete, we found 19 men and one woman attired in official Super-Shooter T-shirts, standing behind a yellow plastic chain barrier and taking turns at eight spanking-new Bally machines—two each of Mata Hari, Black Jack, Bobby Orr Power Play and the ever-popular Eight Ball. Judges attended each machine—keeping score, passing towels to players, wiping off the glass—and a half-dozen Playboy Bunnies, wearing expurgated daytime sweater-and-shorts costumes, ran numbers to the scorer's table.

After the first of three rounds, we spoke with Joe Allen Ross, a lanky Texan who has played pinball for 20 of his 26 years. "My daddy would take me to a bowling alley, drag in a couple of Coke cases for me to stand on and give me a roll of nickels to play all day." Ross thinks that the rising price of pinball—new machines charge a quarter for a three-ball game—outpaces inflation but knows why today's kids can pay to play: "Arcades like Aladdin's Castle, where they held the regionals for this tournament, are located in shopping malls; parents give the kids a couple of bucks to stay out of their way while they shop."

In hopes of sharpening our own game, we consulted oldest finalist Michael Clay Heflin, 32, of Cincinnati, who not only plays pinball machines as obsession but repairs them as profession. "You have to know something about the tilt mechanisms—what they are, where they are," he suggested. "The one that gets most people is a pendulum hanging in a metal ring; when the pendulum touches the ring, the machine tilts. It's almost always located in the left-hand front corner."

In a Celebrity Match preceding the final round, we got to watch Walter Payton narrowly upset Bobby Orr—on Orr's own Power Play machine—before Payton was bumped off by Roger C. Sharpe, pinball maven and author of *Pinball!*. Sharpe's sharpness was particularly impressive for overcoming the biased, off-color commentary

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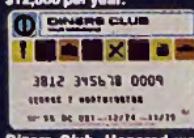

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of *Saturday Night*'s Bill Murray, a flipped-out Celebrity Match also-ran ("Maybe if I disturb you, Walter will have a better chance" and "Let's make Roger play on his knees").

While Jeff Cohen of Peoria, Illinois, an 11-year-old with only two years' experience, was clearly the most popular of the five finalists, it was Ken Lunceford, a 19-year-old employee at Piggly Wiggly in Columbus, Georgia, who played the meanest pinball. Lunceford's first-prize booty included a Datsun 280Z and the Eight Ball machine on which he won.

The tournament ended with the unveiling of the Bally Playboy, a new machine featuring back-glass artwork of a pipe-smoking gent with an uncanny resemblance to Hugh M. Hefner surrounded by some close friends with uncanny resemblances to gorgeous blondes, brunettes and redheads. We came away from our long day of watching other kids' crazy flipper fingers enriched by two contributions to our collection of conventional wisdom: Pinball as spectator sport ranks up there with bridge and bingo; pinball wizards are teenagers with great reflexes and lots of quarters who have learned how not to tilt.

•

YES, BUT WE STILL CAN'T PICTURE MEAN JOE GREENE IN A PEIGNOIR: A sharp-eyed reader spotted a sign in a Salt Lake City, Utah, yard-goods store that read: WE HAVE A GREAT VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL FABRICS IDEALLY SUITED FOR MAKING SWIMSUITS, SKI TOGS, NIGHTGOWNS AND APPAREL FOR OTHER COMPETITIVE SPORTS.

SPUD OF THE MOMENT

We always try to keep up with new trends in the fast-food-franchise business, since this seems to be the central dining experience of our time, even for people whose tastes otherwise run to goose livers and little fungi that pigs root out of the ground. So when we heard about a new operation that featured not burgers or obscure chicken parts but large steamy baked potatoes, our interest, if not our appetite, was aroused; and since one of these spud parlors, as they are called, was located up the road in Milwaukee, and since we didn't have anything on for lunch that day, we decided to drive up and check it out.

This spud parlor's proper name is The Irish Baker and we found it occupying a downtown storefront in the shadow of the Milwaukee Public Library, the Milwaukee Public Museum and the Milwaukee County Courthouse. Many customers—students, city officials, businessmen—were already lined up when we arrived, ordering baked potatoes the size and shape of Nerf footballs, split open and filled with the daily-special toppings: that day they included beef Stroganoff, chop suey, shrimp Creole, *Bratwurst* and pepper steak.

The potatoes and toppings were served up from an open kitchen by co-owners Ken Malone, the Irish Baker himself, and Arlene Koshollek, a non-Irish order taker and cashier. During a lunchtime lull, Malone told us that they had opened their place in early 1977, that business was booming and that the appeal of the spud parlors was that potatoes have fewer calories, more vitamins and are cheaper than such fast foods as hamburgers, *tacos* and pizzas.

So how come Milwaukee was chosen as the pilot city for this latest evolution in American cuisine? "People think of Milwaukee as a backward place," Malone answered, "but in the restaurant business, they say that if you can't make it in Milwaukee, you can't make it anywhere else." Now that he *has* made it in Milwaukee, Malone says that he is opening another place in the city and is putting together a franchise package so that others can open spud parlors around the country.

We wish him well. The baked potato with goulash was terrific.

•

GOODBYE, MOM; FAREWELL, FLAG; SEE YOU AROUND, APPLE PIE: At the recent gala dedication ceremonies for a new ferryboat service in his home state of North Carolina, U.S. Representative Walter Jones came up with a whole new pantheon of American values, when he told the crowd that "it's boy scouts, beauty queens, high school bands and ferries that make this country great."

OFF THE WALL

I HAVE A GIRL IN INDIANA;
SHE LIKES TO PLAY WITH MY BANANA.
SHE CAN SING AND SHE CAN DANCE,
AND SHE HAS WHISKERS IN HER PANTS.

Now, that's an example of what Allen Walker Read calls classy graffiti. And Read should know, given that he wrote the definitive book on the subject—*Classic American Graffiti*. The book, published in 1935, was considered too bawdy by American publishers and Read was forced to have it printed in Paris.

Now that the book has been reissued by the decidedly unstuffy Maledicta Press of Waukesha, Wisconsin, this seemed occasion enough to visit Read, currently professor emeritus of English at New York's Columbia University, at his sunlit apartment overlooking the university library.

"Back in those days, dictionaries did not define fuck or any other so-called obscene words," the balding, soft-spoken academic recalls. "I knew the gap had to be filled. I also knew that a thorough study of English vocabulary had to be based on a large body of quotations, so I turned to the only source available."

That source, of course, was men's-room walls, and during the summer of 1928, Read, aspiring lexicographer and Rhodes scholar, traveled the Western United States and Canada, transcribing what he found (the lines quoted above were found in a tourist camp in Brady, Nebraska). "I was the first," Read says, with a scholar's empirical immodesty. "I was dealing with a verbal tradition—sayings, rhymes, what have you—that had been handed down from generation to generation, as part of an underground folk culture. No one really knows what men's-room graffiti looked like before I came along; there were only chance references in literature and historical works."

Read is now convinced that the Twenties and Thirties were a "golden age of graffiti." This would be back in the good old days, when a trip to a men's room in Yosemite National Park would reveal a gem like:

HICKORY IS THE HARDEST WOOD;
FUCKING DOES A WOMAN GOOD:
IT OPENS HER EYES,
MAKES HER WISE
AND GIVES HER ASS EXERCISE.

On a recent field trip around Manhattan, meanwhile, the best Read could turn up were such timid declarations as I'M A FORMER VIRGIN and antireligious slogans ranging from GOD IS DEAD to HYMAN GLOTZ FOR MESSIAH.

"Washroom graffiti survive today, but the tradition is dying out," Read concludes. "It's been diluted by television and the spread of various ethnic cultures. Graffiti today are less virulent, because Americans don't need that outlet anymore—they can act out their feelings, rather than write about them."

Not that this dearth is anything to be ashamed of, Read is quick to add. After all, one of history's earliest known graffito is this uninspired thought found on the walls of Pompeii: HIC EGO PUELLAS MULTAS FUTUI, or, HERE I HAVE FUCKED MANY GIRLS.

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TELEVISION

Back in 1936, MGM's musical extravaganza *The Great Ziegfeld* won an Academy Award as Best Picture and cost a mere $2,000,000. Columbia Pictures Television must have spent a good deal more making ***Ziegfeld: The Man and His Women,*** a spectacular special of the same length, to be telecast by NBC-TV Sunday, May 14 (8–11 P.M., Eastern time).

"Entertainment is not reality . . . if people wanted the truth, they'd stay at home," says Paul Shenar as Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the role played by William Powell in the original film version. True or false, *Ziegfeld* ought to keep people home in droves, though it's a much tougher, less romanticized biography than any showbiz saga ever dreamed up during the good old days at MGM. In Joanna Lee's script, directed with workmanlike efficiency by Buzz Kulik, the *Women* are the whole show, and their individual testimonials for and against Ziegfeld give the drama its form. Said form is fairly loose, something between a Tom Snyder interview and the old living-history TV series *You Are There*. Overall, it's a splashy piece of pop entertainment that has grit, glamor and girls, girls, girls.

Shenar's performance as the brilliant, unscrupulous master showman is solid, though hardly an incisive portrait of a chronic womanizer who made and lost millions while creating a world-famous sorority of sex symbols. "No woman who became involved with him came out unscarred," declares Barbara Parkins as Anna Held, Ziegfeld's first wife. After making her a legend, he treated her like a leftover. Parkins scintillates, however, in a singing-dancing-suffering role that must fulfill her thwarted ambition to do musical comedy (as expressed by Barbara in *Parkins' Place*, PLAYBOY's pictorial/interview in our May 1976 issue). Samantha Eggar is equally winsome as actress Billie Burke, who loved Ziegfeld and stayed married to him—despite his sexploits—until his death in 1932.

Flo's other major conquests are played by Pamela Peadon as dancing star Marilyn Miller (a twinkly-toed fairy princess onstage, a mean little bitch the minute she got off, according to this dramatization) and Valerie Perrine as Lillian Lorraine, a fabled Ziegfeld beauty who couldn't sing, dance nor act, but who insisted he make her a star. "If the girl can't carry the show, we'll have to design the show to carry the girl," declares Ziegfeld. That's the philosophy that made the Follies what they were, and Valerie's big number—in which she walks tall and smiles a lot through a barrage of airborne bubbles—provides one of the showstopping highlights of *Ziegfeld*. Some two dozen production numbers feature other performers pretending to be Fanny Brice, Eddie Cantor, Nora Bayes, Bert Williams and Will Rogers. Most of them look good enough to satisfy Ziegfeld himself, and that ought to be worth prime time anywhere.

Perrine as Ziegfeld's girl.

A Ziegfeld bio with, natch, girls, girls, girls; brilliant *Norman Conquests*.

•

God only knows what Exxon may be doing behind our backs in regard to oil and the energy crisis, but the corporation certainly saves face by abetting PBS outlets in bringing over Alan Ayckbourn's hilarious trilogy of English comedies, ***The Norman Conquests,*** a three-part presentation in the *Great Performances* series. Jot down the dates—June 14, June 21 and June 28, 9–11 P.M., Eastern time (also check local listings, as usual, for schedule changes)—then cancel any plans that might pre-empt those three Wednesday evenings. Ayckbourn, whose works include *Absurd Person Singular* and *How the Other Half Loves*, has been gradually building an international reputation as a great comic playwright, with separate-but-equal status in the Noel Coward tradition, though no one would have guessed it from the soso production of *Norman Conquests* (starring Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss) that was brought to Broadway in 1976. Now the casting is perfect, the timing impeccable and the TV medium seems exactly the right size for this trio of wry domestic comedies about sex, marriage, manners and the disruptive influence of a romantic, wild-eyed nonconformist named Norman (Tom Conti), who works as an assistant librarian when he isn't busily trying to seduce every woman who crosses his path.

"I'm just magnetic or something. . . . I'm strangely engaging. . . . I'm a three-a-day man," says Norman at various times (as a matter of fact, in separate plays) during a long country weekend with his wife's family. Norman has gone there to sneak off with his sister-in-law Annie (Penelope Wilton) for what she skittishly describes as "a really dirty weekend" in some grim resort town a safe distance away. Their plot is discovered by brother Reg and his wife, Sarah, Norman's wife, Ruth (who finds the rendezvous more ridiculous than immoral), and the local veterinarian, Tom, who is Annie's slow-witted admirer. All three plays cover roughly the same time span, from late Saturday afternoon until Monday morning, and offer the same sextet of characters sorting things out from every conceivable vantage point. In the first play, *Table Manners*, for example, everyone gathers at mealtimes to bicker about Norman and Annie and what's to be done. In the second, *Living Together*, we discover what was being schemed about offstage when people made exits into the parlor in play number one. Play number three, *Round and Round the Garden*, is still another run-through of the action, shot from the exterior, so to speak. If you happen to miss one segment, the others fill the gaps, because Ayckbourn's repetitive triple-threat farce is a kind of filmic showpiece (or what Lawrence Durrell, in literature, called "sliding panels of reality") that moves forward, backward and from side to side with increasing comic effect. How he does it is difficult to describe but often achingly funny to witness. In a uniformly superb cast directed by Herbert Wise, Penelope Keith as Sarah and Fiona Walker as Ruth are consistently brilliant. Conti as Norman is even better than that—his bawdy, eccentric, virtuoso performance must be one for the books and would merit a best-actor prize in any medium. Those allegedly adult soap operas on network TV, which mistake tacky gags and sniggery innuendo for sophisticated humor, are innocuous kid stuff compared with *The Norman Conquests*.

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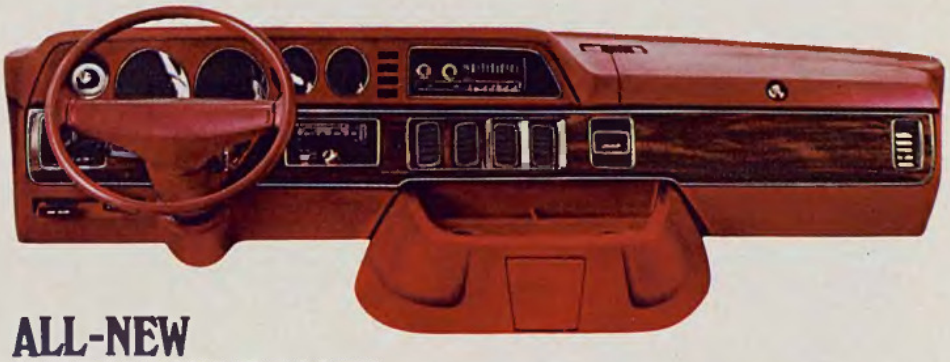

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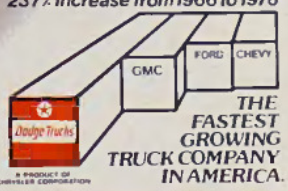

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Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout.

Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

Bonnie and Clyde cut up for a gang member's camera.

It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

We met folks who'd seen them.
Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and buried a case of Canadian Club.

Start at "the end of the trail."
To find that C.C., pack maps, compass and shovel, and start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. (Ask someone in Gibsland, La. where that is.) Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law—and head in the opposite direction, all the way to the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Members of the original Bonnie and Clyde posse.

Look for a warning.
Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

We hope you brought some ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just a foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. When you reach the C.C., raise a glass to Texas Ranger Frank Hamer who cleared these woods of the likes of Bonnie and Clyde. And if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the makings for the toast at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."

Canadian Club

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Jules Massenet's ***Thaïs*** isn't just another naughty French opera, it's a wet dream set to music. Repressed sexuality energizes it; perfumed religiosity adds another sensuous dimension; and it's all set back in the ancient Egypt of Cecil B. De Mille, where anything goes. Athanaël, a desert-dwelling, superchaste monk, journeys to the sinful city of Alexandria in order to preach godliness to Thaïs, a high-priced courtesan/actress/priestess whose example, he's convinced, has helped plunge the town into its present decadent state. Truth to tell, Athanaël himself is gradually succumbing to her magnetic allure; he sees her in his dreams, dancing lewdly. When they meet, their confrontation results in a neat moral reversal: he winning her away from the fleshpots, she breaking down his puritanical defenses. Ultimately, she dies in a convent, her soul borne aloft by angels; he, his soul overwhelmed by physical passion, laments bitterly at her feet.

Recognize the plot? Yep, we're into an earlier version of the Miss Sadie Thompson story—the shady lady who goes straight; the holy man who's blown off his pedestal of rectitude. Silly stuff, but it makes for marvelous, old-timy, fun theater and an excuse to bring out lots of dancing girls. There's an all-night orgy, an invocation to a pagan goddess and a scene on the burning desert; Massenet rises to all these occasions with music of utmost voluptuousness.

Nobody takes *Thaïs* very seriously anymore. It's not a standard repertory opera; arias come and go, often without making much of an impact. But it has many stretches of genuinely stirring musical drama and, given a cast of power-hitting singers, it can still rack up points in the theater. The Metropolitan Opera recently revived it as a vehicle for the remarkable talents of soprano Beverly Sills and baritone Sherrill Milnes, and the company is currently touring with it. The production, we're sorry to report, is tacky, gimmicky and wrongheaded. Though narcissism isn't exactly Thaïs' problem, the Met has her dancing in a hall of mirrors that offer phantasmagoric "living" reflections, à la Dorian Gray, of the morally corrupt "real" Thaïs. We're hoping somebody, early in the Met tour, pilfers the set and installs it in some San Luis Obispo *disco*, where it should serve handsomely. While he's at it, he might also abscond with such other trappings as the floating bed boat with a serpent figurehead—this contraption, which never stops swaying once Thaïs climbs onto it, threatens continually to plummet her into the orchestra pit.

We also question the advisability of having Thaïs dance during the famous *Meditation* number, which Massenet meant merely as an orchestral interlude; this grafted-on choreography seems doubly out of place in an opera that already has a lengthy and delightful ballet sequence—half of which the Met leaves on the cutting-room floor. With these and other blemishes, are there any reasons for seeing this road show? Well, chances are you'll never get a chance to see another. The Met is still our leading showcase for supervoices; Massenet's music, on a warm evening, can have a deliciously aphrodisiac effect; and where else is there a wet dream that lasts over two hours?

Thaïs: operatic wet dream.

The latest waxings from Emmylou Harris and Jimmie Rowles and, for opera buffs, a randy touring *Thaïs*.

Rowles moves into the spotlight.

•

The Peacocks (Columbia) has producer–tenor man Stan Getz generously yielding the spotlight to his pianist friend Jimmie Rowles, to give him the vinyl exposure he deserves after long years of laboring in those jazz nether regions where everybody knows you but the public. The time has certainly come for Rowles to come out from under the bushel. Not that he has the LP all to himself; Getz is on hand much of the way and the rapport between the two is marvelous. Lending support from time to time are those estimable sidemen bassist Buster Williams and drummer Elvin Jones, and one track, *The Chess Players*, has a vocal overdubbing by Jon Hendricks, his wife and daughter and Getz's daughter, which moves right along, folks. Rowles himself does some singing on several tunes. His voice, it must be admitted, is an acquired taste—Ray Charles he ain't. He's more like a male Blossom Dearie, and, come to think of it, what's so bad about that? In any case, it's Rowles's piano playing that's primarily on display, and that you'll know is first-rate as soon as tonearm touches LP.

•

After eight years off the shore line with the beach in sight, Jimmy Buffett's ship came in. To *Margaritaville*, the song that took his last album, *Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes*, beyond platinum. Financial temptation might dictate a follow-up album of *Margaritaville* sound-alikes, but ***A Son of a Son of a Sailor*** (ABC) shows more allegiance to the progression of Buffett's career than to reprint hit singles. The songs—all original but for two Keith Sykes ballads—celebrate the ocean and sailing, being foolish late at night, cheeseburgers, C&W saloons and optimism. It's great Buffett, full of his feelings for humor and Caribbean geography. His voice has improved and the Coral Reefer Band, sparked by Kenny Buttrey's drums and Harry Dailey's bass guitar, is just plain hot. If you live in a cold climate and work a 40-hour week, Buffett makes you wonder why; if you live near the ocean and have a lot of parties, he makes you feel like a hero for doing so. With his hit-single exposure, Jimmy Buffett's going somewhere—not to escape but to check out what's new. He's letting us in on a fine voyage.

•

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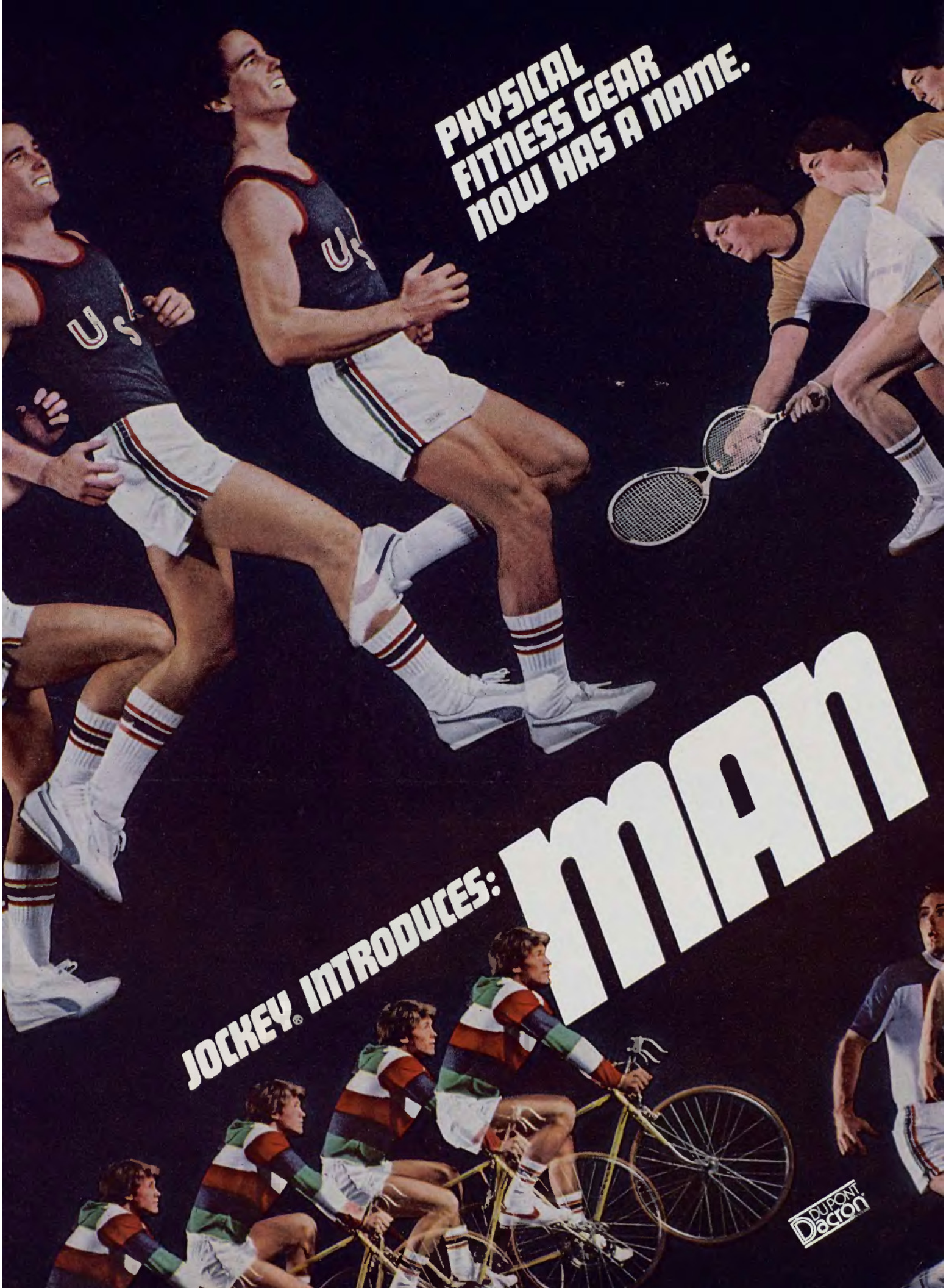
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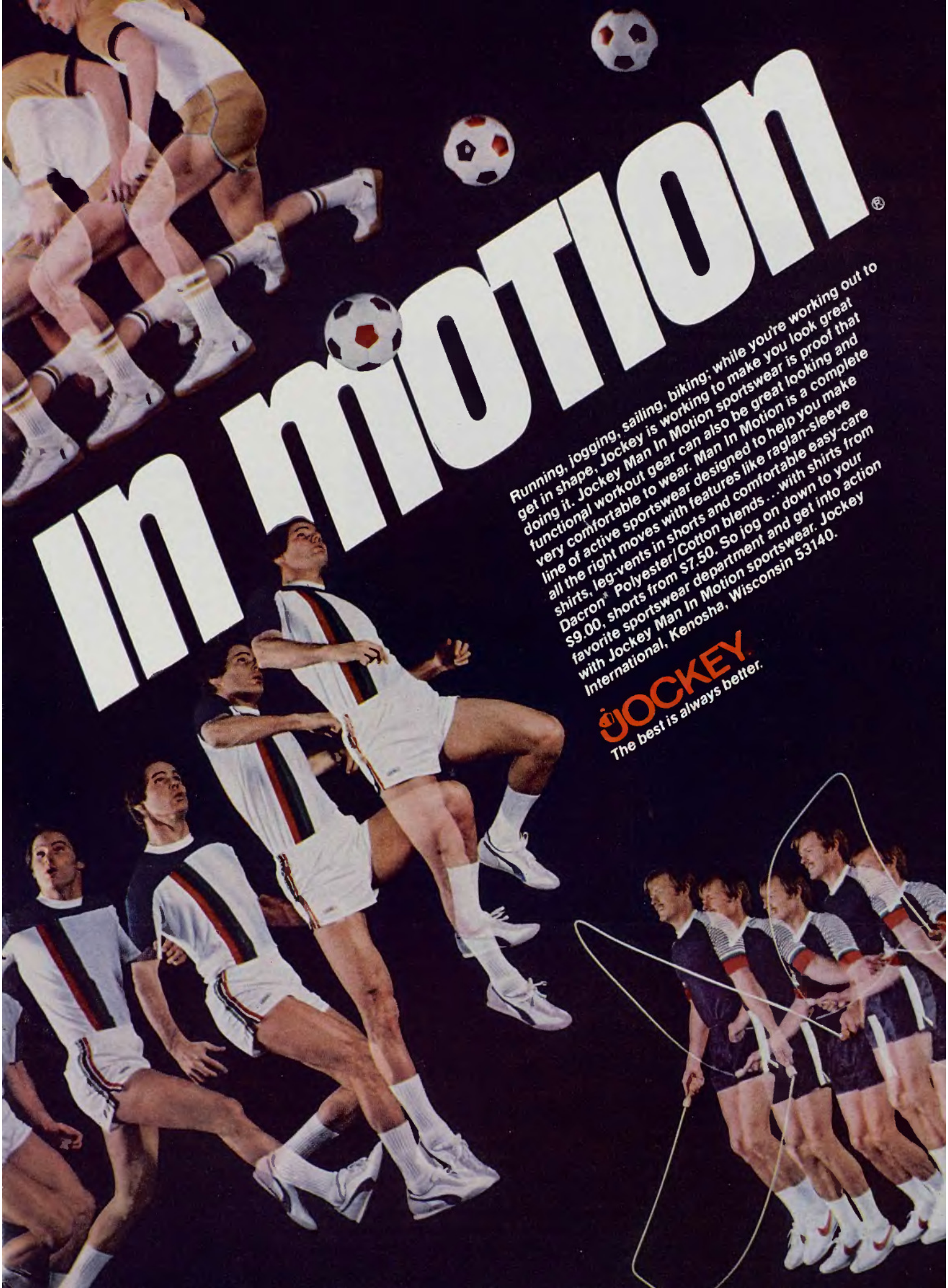
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may have found a new flame, Susanna Clark. Harris' LP, ***Quarter Moon in a Ten Cent Town*** (Warner Bros.), begins with an eerie, haunting tune, *Easy from Now On*, co-authored by Clark, one of the most promising songwriters in the country scene. (She also supplied the cover painting for the album. Maybe next time she'll do the whole thing.) From there the album degenerates into a collection of country clichés. There's a song about homesickness and the comfort afforded by two bottles of wine (somehow we can't picture Harris on skid row). There's another song, *To Daddy*, by Dolly Parton that should hang in needlepoint on your cabin wall; it doesn't seem

Emmylou: pure, passionless.

to belong on a contemporary pop album. The most successful numbers are two musical mystical tours de force by Jesse Winchester. It's nice to hear *Defying Gravity* again, but not all that nice. Harris didn't take any chances on this album, and it shows. Her voice is pure but passionless. The Hot Band is competent but bored. We'll give Harris one more chance. Meanwhile, how about more Clark?

•

Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band (MCA), a new group out of Boston, suggests a distinction between punk and New Wave, not that anyone really needs one. But if you think about punk as true hostile blue-collar noise—hormonal assaults from below on everything above by tough street kids, dropouts who would rather fuck a book than read one, whose futures will dead-end beneath a lube rack or in jail unless they can blast another sort of life out of solid rock with their music—if that's pure theoretical punk, then Willie Alexander and the boys are near-pure New Wave. They look *almost* like punks on the front cover, their faces looming out of sinister darkness; but a second glance reveals squeaky-clean hair and *new* leather jackets, and two of them are wearing striped broadcloth shirts. On the back cover, you find that the album is dedicated to Jack Kerouac. One cut is even called *Kerouac* ("You're on the top of my shelf / Kerouac, up there with nobody else"). Jesus Christ, these people can *read*! They've probably even . . . *gone to college*. Definitely New Wave. The material, all originals except for *You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'*, is shot through with influences, musical allusions, quotes from past rock classics. *Looking Like a Bimbo* has imagist lyrics à la Kerouac and Tom Waits, with a musical quote from Link Wray's *Rumble* as the main guitar line; *Radio Heart* could almost be an outtake from The Velvet Underground's *Loaded* album; and *Rock & Roll '78*, our favorite on the album, is an evocation of Fifties rock using chiefly current styles and sounds, and lyrics such as: "Rock-'n'-roll music made the kids all yell / Jungle music in the bunker / Chuck Berry rings the bell . . . / Cleftones in the hallway gonna jitterbug to class." The album is uneven, and in spots it sounds as if there's something a little rotten in the rhythm section, but this is easily the most interesting and, in its own way, ambitious album by a new group that we've come across in a while.

SHORT CUTS

Garnett Mimms / *Has It All* (Arista): His classic hits—*Cry Baby* and all—had a unique Gospel sound. This is just another *disco* record.

Dee Dee Bridgewater / *Just Family* (Elektra): When your musical family includes Stanley Clarke and an all-star cast of players, it's hard to go wrong.

Darts (United Artists): This tribute to the good ole greasy Fifties could be Sha Na Na without the lamé suits and cheapo clowning, which is to say it sounds more authentic.

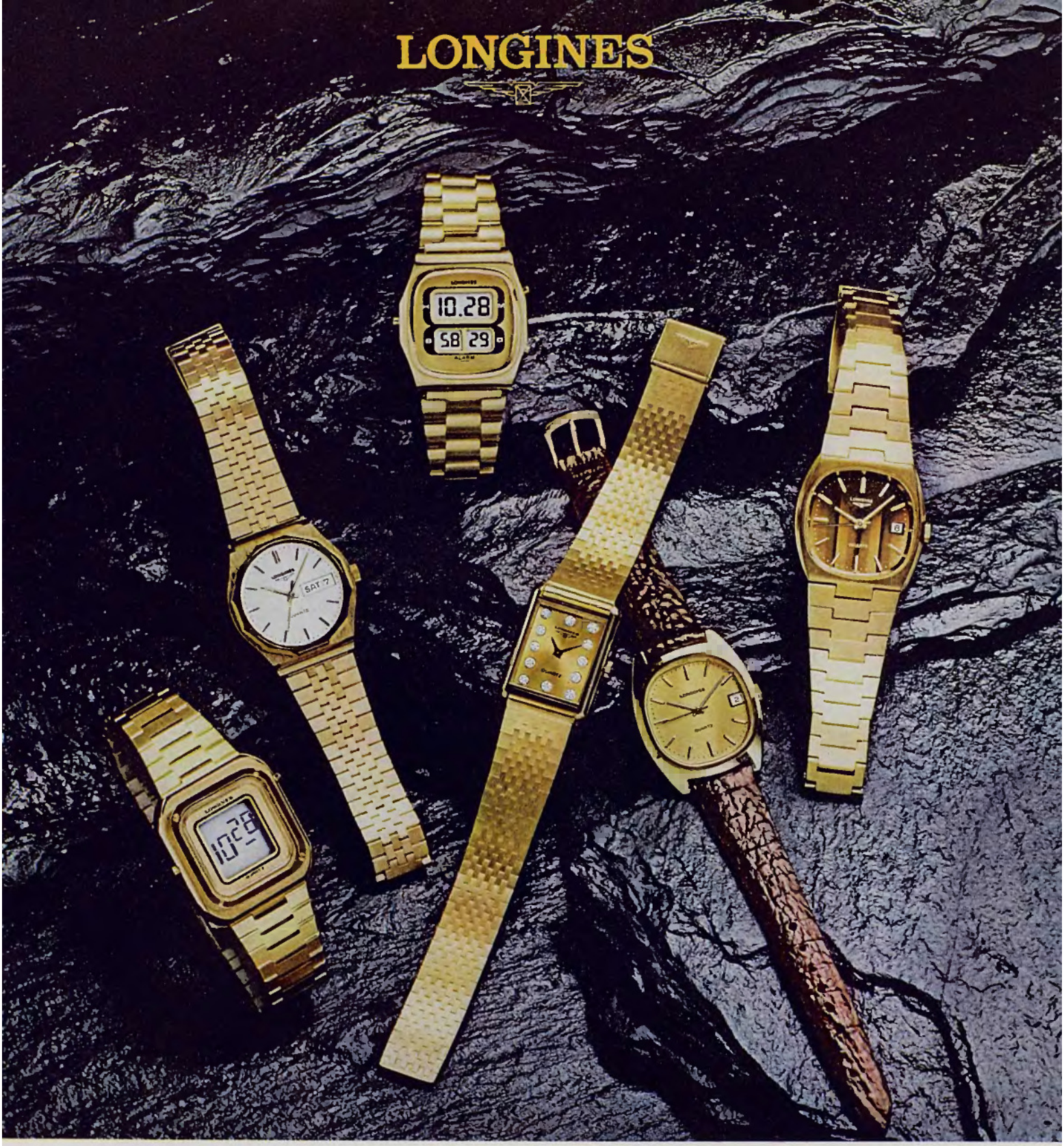
Walter Jackson / *Good to See You* (Chi-Sound): The veteran soul balladeer changes his tempo and sings for the *disco* set; surprise—it's good.

Fenton Robinson / *I Hear Some Blues Downstairs* (Alligator): Well-recorded Chicago blues that float like feathers and cut like knives.

George Benson / *Weekend in L.A.* (Warner Bros.): Four sides' worth of sizzling guitar, with a few rousing vocals, captured live: a definitive performance.

Kongas / *Africanism* (Polydor): Believe it or not, much of this is kick-ass *disco*, drenched in African rhythms. The treatment of the Steve Winwood–Muff Winwood–Spencer Davis classic *Gimme Some Lovin'* will rip you right out of your chair—whether to go *Saturday Night* fevering or to scrub the kitchen floor is up to you.

Alice Cooper / *The Alice Cooper Show* (Warner Bros.): Live nostalgia from the good old days when our rock stars had something significant to say and knew how to say it—while dancing with a giant molar.



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BOOKS

Alayne Yates's book ***Sex Without Shame: Encouraging the Child's Healthy Sexual Development*** (Morrow) couldn't come at a better time. Last year, the Puritan press generated a national burst of pious outrage over child pornography, the abuse of minors at the hands of callous X-rated film makers, pimps and worse. Behind the campaign was the notion that children need to be protected from all forms of sexuality until they reach an age when they can fully appreciate the subtle nuances of guilt and shame that make sex such a bummer for many adults. Yates—a practicing pediatrician and concerned parent—makes a telling point in the first few paragraphs: Children come into the world fully equipped to enjoy sex. Most male babies are born with erections. Female babies lubricate vaginally in the first four to six hours of life. Masturbation culminating in climax may occur as early as the first month of life. Children are sensuous beings (it is no mistake that Cupid—the god of love—is depicted as a child). Yates then builds an impressive and often horrifying case against society—the myriad ways that parents can confuse a child's sense of sexuality. She draws on anthropological studies to show other cultures and other, healthier, styles of parenting. The second half of her book is an intelligent, compassionate plan for child rearing that is a cross between Dr. Spock and *The Joy of Sex*. If enough people read this book, we might actually make the world safe for eroticism.

•

Have you been waiting for a Jimmy Carter book that can really be read, not studied? ***Dasher: The Roots and Rising of Jimmy Carter*** (Summit), by *New York Times* White House correspondent James Wooten, is it: a poetic tracing of Carter's singular emergence from a South that did not know whether to be new or not. Dasher was Carter's Secret Service code name during the 1976 campaign; the candidate allowed that it was "a darn sight better than Peanuts." Wooten and Carter both grew up in the South, overshadowed by George Wallace and Martin Luther King, Jr.; both struggled to professional maturity in the Atlanta crucible; and both now work at the White House, Carter in the Oval Office, Wooten in the press room. We learn from this book many things about Carter's family history—of slave-holding and the three successive generations of Carters, ending with Jimmy's grandfather, who "had killed and been killed over what they considered to be their property—a human being, a merry-go-round and a desk." The book is slightly marred by Wooten's ambivalence toward Carter: he describes the President's smile as "set in a spacious mouth with lips that seemed, like a clown's, to react beyond their actual dimensions." Yet this is clearly the best biography that has come from the surprise of '76.

•

Axel Wintergrin is a postwar German ready to stand up to Stalin. Stalin won't have it, so he leans on the U. S. Dean Acheson and Allen Dulles decide that Wintergrin and his nascent movement must be stopped, even if it comes down to murder. The CIA has just the man for the job: Blackford Oakes, who, on his last assignment, found himself in bed with the queen of England. This isn't exactly the world of John le Carré or of Eric Ambler. Nor, thank God, that of Howard Hunt, either. It is the second novel of Hunt's friend William F. Buckley, Jr., ***Stained Glass*** (Doubleday), and it shows that while Buckley is not a natural novelist, he brings such gifts of wit and energy to the project that it succeeds

Sex Without Shame: never too young.

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almost in spite of its author. The imagined scenes between Acheson and Dulles are richly comic. Harry Truman is sharply drawn. There are three dozen, at least, perfect asides—throwaways, almost. True, the book is a little long on Cold War polemics and some of Buckley's characters seem to lapse into a style of formal debate any time there is a point to be argued. But it never goes on for too long. Buckley wants the reader to enjoy himself even at the author's expense. He even introduces a certain Razzia, "whose mannerisms were widely known, and widely caricatured, because of his depressing ubiquity; he was a syndicated columnist, a television host, an author, editor of his own magazine, and now announced he would also write novels." Ubiquity? Indeed. Depressing? Not yet, Mr. Buckley. Not yet.

•

In the first 16 pages of Robert Ludlum's ***The Holcroft Covenant*** (Richard Marek), protagonist Noel Holcroft, an unassuming American architect, meets with a Swiss banker in a railroad car in Geneva; is promised partial custody of a $780,000,000 Nazi fortune, provided he can get the cooperation of two designated co-executors (an effort that consumes the rest of the book's 542 pages); is handed a threatening message from a group of renegade Third Reich vets; is almost killed by a man who may be an ex-Nazi, a neo-Nazi or an anti-Nazi; and is rescued by another man who is whatever the killer is not, maybe.

So now you have an idea as to why Ludlum's novels (the previous one was *The Chancellor Manuscript*) are so sweepingly popular. He writes what might be called peripatetic fiction—not only because it appeals to travelers (Ludlum paperbacks are as common on airplanes as boarding passes) but because his plots resemble one of those whirlwind tours. His characters are forever boarding planes, renting cars and checking into hotels, while flitting—as here—from Geneva to New York, to Rio, to England.

This quick pace, of course, is one ingredient of Ludlum's appeal; you can always count on reading his novels in five-minute snatches, if you must. Another ingredient is Ludlum's ability to weave bizarre, ornate conspiratorial fantasies that would make Mark Lane blush. Readers susceptible to this appeal will go gaga over Ludlum's latest.

QUICK READ

Charlotte Chandler / Hello, I Must Be Going: Groucho and His Friends (Doubleday): The idea for this book—Groucho on Groucho—grew out of Chandler's *Playboy Interview* with Marx in March 1974. It's the kind of book you can open anywhere, read a few lines and get a few laughs. The best way to remember Groucho is through his own words.

Amy Stryker as the bride.

A Wedding's receiving line.

Compared with conventional film comedy, Robert Altman's ***A Wedding*** is something else. But then, practically any Altman movie is. This time out, the wild man from Westwood took an all-star company, augmented by local talent, to the Armour mansion in Lake Forest, Illinois, and sorted out the bullshit surrounding one of the most cherished American institutions: marriage. Virtually all the action occurs during the wedding ceremony and the reception following at the home of the groom's parents. The groom, Dino (Desi Arnaz, Jr.), takes the bride, Muffin (movie newcomer Amy Stryker, with braces on her teeth), to be his lawful wedded wife, and most of their kith and kin assemble for a horrendous day of booze, sex, drugs and unwelcome family skeletons. Practically none of the invited guests show up, but nevertheless, the reception gets under way. The groom's grandmother (Lillian Gish), a cantankerous matriarch, thoughtlessly dies in her upstairs room before the first champagne is poured. The mother of the groom (played elegantly by Nina Van Pallandt) can't get through the festivities without a fix from her family doctor (Howard Duff) and the bride's mom (a tragicomic tour de force by TV prima donna Carol Burnett) begins negotiating an illicit affair with the groom's uncle (Pat McCormick). Meanwhile, the bride's seemingly retarded but sexually precocious sister (Mia Farrow) reveals that she's pregnant and lays the blame on her new brother-in-law, the hapless groom, who is presently being ogled by a homosexual usher. Heard enough? There's a lot more in this slice-of-life social comedy carved from the heartland of middle America with mercy toward none. *A Wedding* is so outrageous, irreverent, off the wall and shot from the hip that some plain folk out there in the hinterlands are sure to hate it, though Altman addicts—especially those who have grown accustomed to the master's ebullient excesses—ought to have a field day. Dina Merrill, Virginia Vestoff, Paul Dooley, Lauren Hutton, Viveca Lindfors and Vittorio Gassman round out the party, with an especially strong stint by Gassman as F.O.G. (for father of the groom, in the verbal stenography spouted by Geraldine Chaplin as an overbearing wedding coordinator), an Italian immigrant who married money, bought the American Dream and finally discovers that he has sold his soul in the bargain. Beneath its giddy surface, that's what *A Wedding* is really all about—moral devaluation in our consumer society, which conducts its sacred nuptial rites as if marriages were made in a shopping mall.

A wacky *Wedding*, muddled *Fury*, soso *Big Sleep*.

Kirk Douglas, Amy Irving in *Fury*.

•

Two psychic young people (Amy Irving and Andrew Stevens, Stella's son) who communicate telepathically are held hostage in ***The Fury***, a muddled shocker by director Brian DePalma, whose scary *Carrie*—which also featured the gifted Miss Irving, as one of the handful of survivors—was one of the best B movies of the decade. Again in *Fury*, moved by ESP and telekinesis, blood flows copiously and things keep flying apart. So does the plot, which could pass for a glossy sequel titled *Carrie Meets Dr. Strangelove*. Assisted by Carrie Snodgress, Kirk Douglas staunchly plays Mr. Right *vs.* John Cassavetes (wearing black, with his arm in a sling). Charles Durning and Fiona Lewis as wrongdoers on behalf of a secret Government agency that hopes to harness all that mysterious energy to no good end.

•

There are no values worth weighing in ***House Calls***, a harmless farce with Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson oddly coupled—he as a horny, recently widowed surgeon, she as a determined divorcee who insists that he limit his bed-hopping to just one bed. Hers. With a California hospital run by hopeless incompetents (notably, Art Carney as the senile chief of surgery) for a backdrop, director Howard (*Slither*) Zieff manages a few fresh comic flourishes. Matthau and Jackson, of course, are performers hard to beat, yet *House Calls* almost manages to subdue them with a screenplay of dogged mediocrity, obviously straining to match Glenda's *A Touch of Class*. Not even close.

•

French director Louis Malle's first American effort, ***Pretty Baby***, somewhat resembles a foreign import with all the language barriers removed. Exotic as well as erotic (see PLAYBOY's March pictorial essay), it could still anger those presumptuous moralists who have condemned the movie sight unseen. They should open their minds a crack before passing judgment upon a film that is startling, sensuous, tolerant, poetic and far too beautiful to be offensive. True, young Brooke Shields—the most provocative child star in screen history—plays a "trick baby," born and raised in a New Orleans brothel, auctioned off to the highest bidder at the age of 12, shortly before she becomes the mistress, then the bride of an eccentric Storyville photographer (Keith Carradine) who is hooked on whores. Everything about it sounds dangerous, yet *Pretty Baby* works for the most part as a compelling study of decadence in which the child heroine, Violet, seems less a victim than a resilient and incredibly resourceful survivor.

If they'll give an inch, Malle's critics will be disarmed by his good taste and his sympathetic awareness that although adult corruption engulfs Violet, teaching

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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.

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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.)

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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.

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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.

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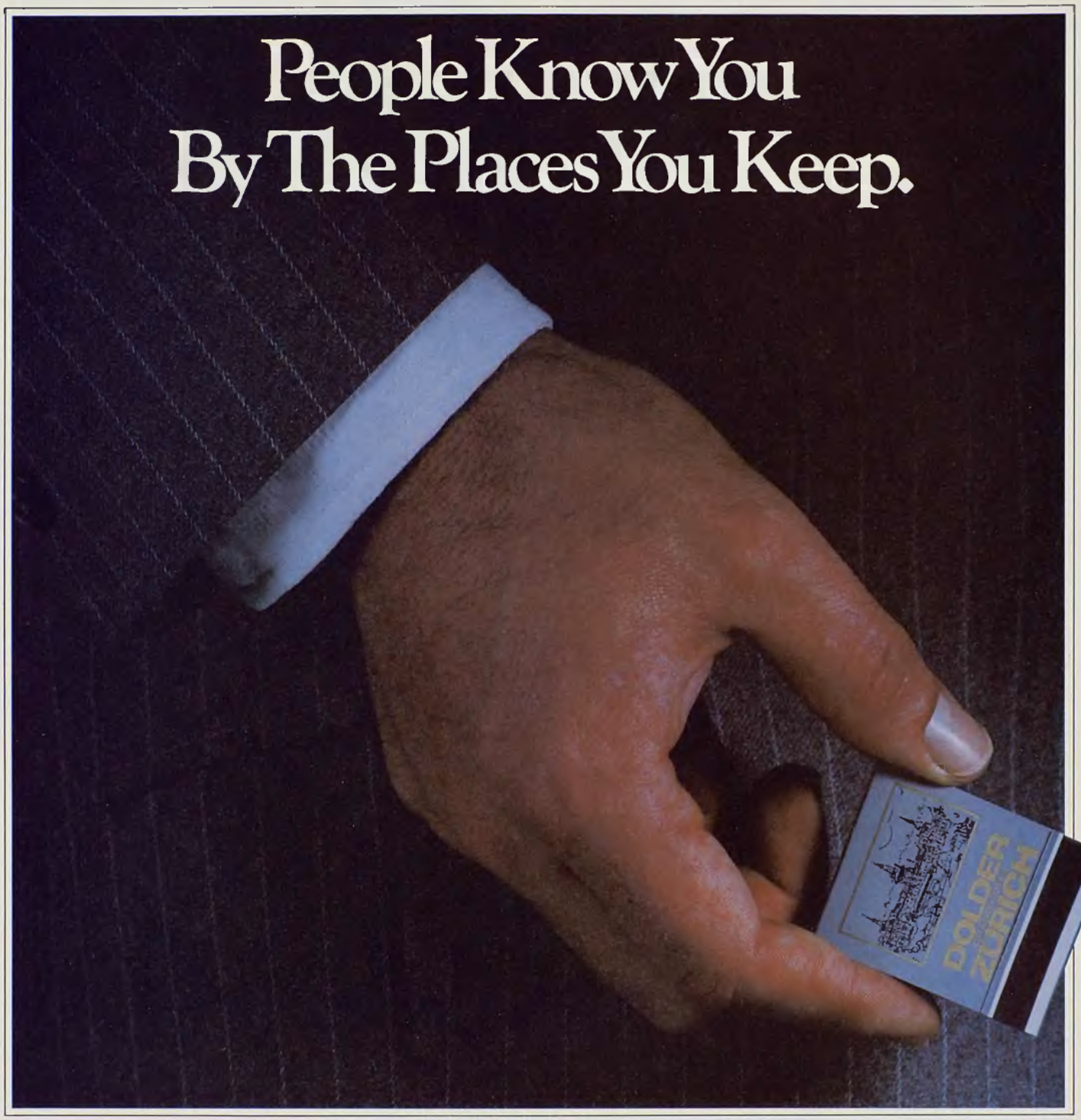

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her too much too soon, it cannot destroy her. Day by day, from morning to night, *Pretty Baby* catches the gaudy color and quality of life in a New Orleans cathouse circa 1916 without patronizing or condemning the lost women and men who traffic in pleasure. The film, a rich period canvas (stunningly shot by Sven Nykvist, whose genius has enhanced many of Ingmar Bergman's masterworks), is Malle's own vintage Americana set to bluesy old tunes and ragtime piano—with a grateful acknowledgment in the screen credits to Jelly Roll Morton. Against this picturesque backdrop, all the faces are either sad, cynical or defiantly uncaring. As the house madam, veteran nightclub entertainer Frances Faye is a limited actress with a powerful personality to take up the slack. As Violet's mother Hattie—a top whore who finds security in marriage to a John from St. Louis and leaves her daughter behind—Susan Sarandon fills a relatively secondary role with the juice of life, making Hattie's irresponsible, even callous behavior seem altogether natural for a well-worn trollop whose chances are few. *Pretty Baby*'s major weakness lies in the treatment of Bellocq the photographer, interpreted by Carradine as a shy, passive observer whose obsession with Violet is never totally believable. Perhaps Carradine's part was underdeveloped in Polly Platt's original screenplay or was purposely played down by Malle and his editors to deflect criticism of a delicate relationship between man and child. Malle counters even this handicap through his sensitive handling of Brooke. He forces us, the audience, to view her as Bellocq does, without prejudice, and to deal with our own responses to a prematurely wise nymphet whose seductive beauty and screen presence may very well disturb the peace.

•

Bogart and Bacall in Raymond Chandler's ***The Big Sleep,*** directed by Howard Hawks in 1946, is one of moviedom's golden oldies. Robert Mitchum, paired with Sarah Miles in British-born director Michael Winner's remake, is the only actor to have two shots at playing private eye Philip Marlowe. Mitchum also starred a couple of years ago in the moderately successful *Farewell, My Lovely*; when Dick Powell did the same story in 1944, it was called *Murder, My Sweet*. The Mitchum-Winner *Big Sleep* proves only that Bogart is a much tougher act to follow than Powell. Besides switching the action to London from L.A., Winner takes a literal approach to the jazzy, wicked melodrama that Hawks treated with biting humor and his own inimitably ballsy style. Miles and Candy Clark play the two flipped-out daughters of General Sternwood (James Stewart) like certifiable nut cases, while Richard Boone, Joan Collins, Edward Fox, Oliver

Mitchum, Miles in *Big Sleep*.

Cybill harvests Caine.

Reed and John Mills bring their own solid conviction to a deeply tangled tale of sex, drugs and blackmail. Solid conviction is OK, though in this case something a shade lighter might have given Chandler a better deal. The one improvement over the black-and-white original is Robert Paynter's elegant color photography, which makes *Sleep* look dreamy even when it tends to bog down.

•

As a crime-syndicate *capo* who has bought a Swiss bank of his very own, Martin Balsam lounges on his Las Vegas patio, waiting for Michael Caine, the crook in charge of the bank. While he waits, Balsam thumbs idly through a sheaf of photographs of a bullet-riddled body in the trunk of a car—much like any businessman checking off his settled accounts. That's typical of the offbeat humor slipped sideways, with little comment, into ***Silver Bears.*** In top form, Caine ("He's no fag, he's just *English*," says Balsam) handles the banking, assisted by the Mobster's son (Jay Leno) and a combination counterfeiter-masseur (Tony Mascia). By the time their nefarious schemes in Switzerland escalate to include ownership of an Iranian silver mine, Caine acquires quite a few adroit accomplices and/or adversaries among a mix-and-match international cast headed by Stephane Audran, David Warner, Louis Jourdan, Tom Smothers and Cybill Shepherd. Some globe-trotting is obligatory for such capers, and this crooks' tour moves from Vegas and Lugano to Marrakesh and London. Peter Stone's facile, sophisticated screenplay states the film's basic premise in a few words: "Next to Big Business, the rackets are just nickels and dimes!" Czech director Ivan Passer (who wrote Milos Forman's *Loves of a Blonde* over there before settling down to work in the West in 1971) finally lets his leprechaun spirit soar, and this may be Passer's breakthrough movie after a number of U. S. flops and near misses. Especially notable are the surprising performances he gets from Smothers, as an idiotic young California bank executive, and from Shepherd, as Tom's thoroughly madcap wife. Shepherd has a field day playing screwloose comedy vis-à-vis Caine, blithely shedding the icy veneer that has become her virtual trademark since *The Heartbreak Kid*. Cybill may pick up some new fans who were skeptics before *Silver Bears*, a completely amoral, blatantly commercial comedy with suspense, sex appeal and style.

•

In ***Operation Thunderbolt,*** an "authorized" dramatization, producer-director Menahem Golan deploys some of Israel's best actors (Yehoram Gaon, Gila Almagor and Assaf Dayan, son of Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan), plus Israeli army and air-force facilities, to re-create the historic Entebbe raid of July 4, 1976—when a daring special unit rescued 103 hostages from a hijacked Air France jet held in Idi Amin's Uganda. Golan's account is factual, powerful, wary of self-congratulation and sizzling with conviction. A mediocre job of moviemaking that nevertheless carries you away by sheer force—heroism *vs.* terrorism on an epic scale that no screenwriter would have dared invent.

•

The emotionally barren lives of famous actresses have been played out, as well as overplayed, in more movies than anyone wants to remember. Best of breed in such superstar sweepstakes is *All About Eve*, of course. ***Opening Night,*** by writer-director John Cassavetes—who also acts in it with his wife, Gena Rowlands—cannot compete with the classics. Still, Gena's smashing finale as a 40ish, neurotic prima donna, falling-down drunk and giving the performance of her life, will be remembered when all the rest of her husband's self-indulgent showbiz drama is forgotten. At least a half-dozen scenes from a play being tried out in New Haven—an obvious turkey titled *The Second Woman*—are performed onstage in front of live audiences. That's part of the drama and certainly a first for which Cassavetes deserves credit as a man with the obstinate courage to try anything once, or maybe countless times. As a writer, he is

far too literal when he has his aging star hallucinate about a pretty teenaged fan, killed in an accident, who becomes the walking, talking embodiment of her own lost youth and innocence. Before the show can go on, the actress has to get rid of her ghosts, see? So she can grow old gracefully and graduate to character parts. Joan Blondell as the already-aged playwright, Cassavetes himself as leading man, Ben Gazzara as the director and Zohra Lampert as his wife appear to be awash in a flood of hasty improvisation, waiting for somebody up there to throw them a line.

•

The outstanding virtue of ***A Little Night Music,*** Stephen Sondheim's musical comedy of manners (inspired by Ingmar Bergman's brilliant original film *Smiles of a Summer Night*), is that every syllable of those witty Sondheim lyrics becomes easy to hear. While listening, though, your eyes may have a hard time of it, because director Harold Prince—a big man on Broadway but obviously a midget in cinema—shoots every number as if he were covering a tennis match at Forest Hills, his camera always on the bounce to follow whichever actor is supposed to carry the ball. *Night Music*'s period costumes and scenery are exquisite, its women are clever and fantastically beautiful, the men who pursue them are as dashing and handsome as hussars—but put them all together, in waltz tempo, and they add up to a stylish, thudding bore with a handful of redeeming features. Lesley-Ann Down and Diana Rigg, to name two, are just about flawless as a couple of betrayed wives who spend a country weekend plotting how to retrieve their husbands from a famous, faded actress named Desiree. Elizabeth Taylor plays the femme fatale well enough, and even manages to talk-sing her way through the show's hit ballad, *Send in the Clowns*. Liz reportedly was aching to snag this role, and, Gawd knows, she ought to be right for it. But being right must seem cold comfort when a movie goes so far wrong.

•

Shortly after her return from Italy, where she'd been filming writer-director Lina Wertmuller's first English-language feature, ***The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain,*** actress Candice Bergen described the experience to this reporter: "It was the hardest thing I've ever done. Grueling would be an apt word. I went over to Rome still sort of hanging on to a vestige of girlhood. I came back a middle-aged woman. Lina's much tougher than any man I ever worked for. She can be very soft and feminine or like a squadron of Israeli commandos, with the energy of ten Green Berets. We'd have barely a half hour for lunch. If I was lucky, I could steal five minutes to pee. Your metabolism speeds up when you work for Lina . . . I didn't even *yawn* for five months."

Alas, poor Candy. The time for yawning has come, with the release of a movie as weighted down with words as its long-winded title. After the U. S. success of *Swept Away* . . . and *Seven Beauties*, the wonder woman of Italian cinema was wooed and won by Warner Bros. What she has given them in exchange for their good American dollars is an overripe lemon. Wertmuller's homegrown star, Giancarlo Giannini, squares off opposite Bergen, he as an Italian journalist, a dedicated Communist, she as a long-stemmed American beauty who used to be a photo journalist. All the inaction occurs during one endless night (full of rain, yeah) in the tenth year of their marriage, with frequent flashbacks to fill in the past, plus a pseudo Greek chorus of friends who appear to be fugitives from a mock Fellini movie. The friends (one of them played by Anne Byrne, Dustin Hoffman's wife) supply a turgid running commentary on every conceivable subject that might put strain on a relationship: politics, sexism,

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women's lib, ecology. Matter of fact, the entire planet appears, on television, to be enduring some dire geological upheavals, and things aren't much better at home. "He doesn't think, he *fucks*," notes a member of the chorus as all gather round the marriage bed. What's wrong is never quite clear, except that she can't find herself as a passive wife and mother and he talks incessantly about his Marxist ideals and "the pipple."

Perhaps the worst aspect of *A Night Full of Rain* is that Wertmuller becomes so tangled up in her own role as a prophetess of doom that she treats her two stars more like message bearers than like flesh-and-blood pipple. Either she lets her camera dwell interminably upon Giannini's eloquent sheep-dog eyes or she feasts upon Bergen's fashionable beauty, always gorgeously backlit as if she were appearing in a TV cosmetics commercial. Giuseppe Rotunno, usually Fellini's cinematographer, tries so many stunning camera angles that the message gets lost in the medium very early. Call it a night full of tedium.

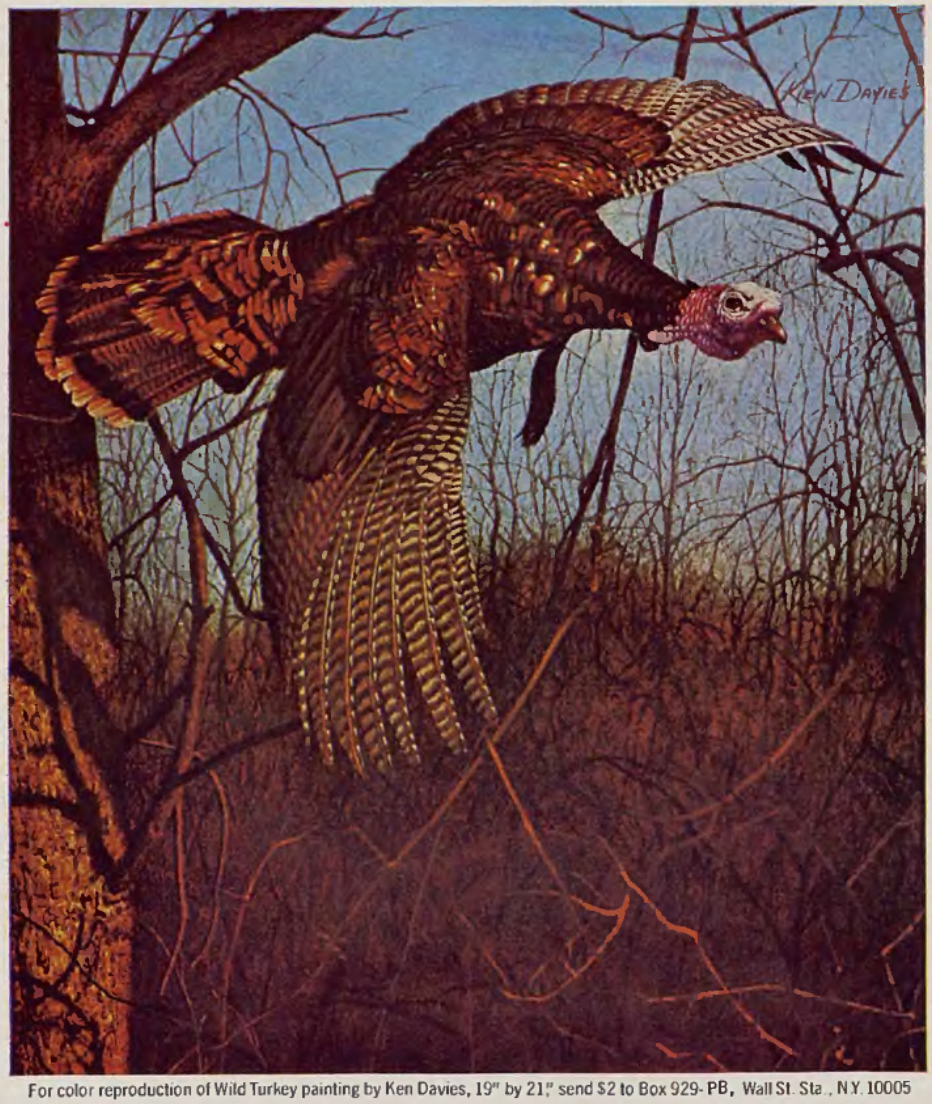
•

The renaissance of interest in foreign films probably dates back to the supersuccess of *Cousin Cousine* in 1976–1977. Now subtitled movies that used to be written off as tax-shelter losses are flooding in—full of high hopes, old and new faces, mature sex appeal and a relatively relaxed pace—from France, Italy, Spain, Sweden and Brazil, with numerous other countries eager to be heard from, or of. ***Blue Country,*** another beguiling French comedy by *Cousin Cousine*'s creator, Jean-Charles Tacchella, has no stars, no plot and a very lackadaisical sense of direction. Beautiful blonde Brigitte Fossey (former child star of that postwar French classic *Forbidden Games*) and Jacques Serres are the loving couple, shacking up as the spirit moves them and consorting with some marvelously amiable eccentrics who live in or near a tiny village in the south of France, where *joie de vivre* must have been invented. If you have a taste for warm, bubbling trifles, *Blue Country* is delectable.

Giannini, Bergen: The headline says it all.

Produced by Ingmar Bergman, ***Summer Paradise*** marks the directorial debut of actress Gunnel Lindblom, star of such Bergman classics as *Winter Light* and *The Silence*. Not surprisingly, Lindblom's initial work is a rather Bergmanesque portrait of a family—four generations deep—on its annual vacation in an idyllic summer home where everyone's delusions are shattered, everyone's selfish materialistic values laid bare. Plenty of serious work went into this. What comes out is humane, perceptive and arctically cool.

Bountiful, exotic Sonia Braga, reportedly known as the Marilyn Monroe of Brazil, is reason enough to see ***Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*** Sonia plays a passionate young widow who grieves for her ne'er-do-well first husband, a gambler and inveterate womanizer, even after she makes a sensible second marriage with a pharmacist. True happiness is hers when the ghost of number one—stark naked and horny as ever—suddenly reappears to rekindle the pleasure of the flesh posthumously. Although the pace of this Brazilian sex comedy is slower than we're used to, it outgrossed *Jaws* in its homeland. That's probably because Sonia



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quickens pulses and because everything is done to hip-swaying South American music while writer-director Bruno Barreto catches the languid, sensuous rhythm of life in Bahia perfectly.

Towering above all the new imports is Italian director Franco Brusati's ***Bread and Chocolate.*** The great early films of De Sica and Rossellini come to mind while watching this unsentimental black comedy about one luckless, impoverished peasant—and there are thousands like him—who travels north to work in Switzerland so that his family can survive. It's no exaggeration to add that Nino Manfredi's performance in the central role has a depth and richness and comic pathos that truly deserve to be called Chaplinesque. Manfredi plays a vulnerable but indomitable "little man" whose resilience is heroic. Everything happens to him, and he keeps coming back for more. He loses job after job, seldom through any fault of his own. Like Chaplin in *City Lights,* whose drunken benefactor never recognizes him when he's sober, Manfredi meets a high-living Italian tycoon who magnanimously hires him as a valet, then plunges into suicidal despair and bankruptcy early the next morning. When he is arrested for pissing in public, Manfredi doesn't quite understand how gravely he has offended the tidy Swiss. "You're Italian," someone observes. And he responds humbly, "Nobody's perfect." Scarcely an accomplished Latin lover, he has a brief affair with a charming unmarried mother (Anna Karina) who laughs at his ineptitude. Manfredi's moments of poignant truth are frequent and unforgettable. He's beautiful, and director Brusati places him within a dramatic framework that is beautiful, too—trapped with his *paesani* like a flock of bright, noisy southern birds who lustily sing out the right songs in the wrong cultural climate.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

Bearded, blond and blue-eyed ***Jon Voight,*** at the age of 39, still looks like a clean-cut all-American dropout in search of a little inspired madness. According to Voight, who hadn't made a movie for nearly four years until his triumphant return opposite Jane Fonda in Hal Ashby's *Coming Home,* that's exactly what he *is* searching for. He appears to have found it as the paraplegic Vietnam veteran who woos and wins a captain's wife in one of 1978's first S.R.O. hits, and he's suddenly hotter than he has been since *Midnight Cowboy* boosted him up the stairway to superstardom in 1969.

Actually, Voight almost didn't get the role of Joe Buck, the would-be male hustler friend to Dustin Hoffman's Ratso

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Rizzo in *Cowboy*. The part had been earmarked for Michael Sarrazin, but contract obligations forced him to give it up. Enter Voight, who says now, "There are very few things I've been *really* desperate to do, and Joe Buck was a role I wanted so badly I couldn't sleep when I thought I had lost it."

Voight almost didn't get the role of the wounded vet in *Coming Home*,

Jon Voight in *Coming Home*.

Jon Voight talks about *Coming Home*—and wrestles with his mom.

either. The movie moguls wanted Al Pacino or Jack Nicholson for that part; Voight was originally signed as Jane's husband, the gung-ho Marine captain (a role eventually assumed by Bruce Dern). "Finally," says Voight, "I went to Hal Ashby and asked him to switch me to the other part. I told him, 'This role should be played by a lover, Hal, and I am a *lover*.'"

He is also a fighter and habitual naysayer who has turned down enough big movies to constitute a whole career. He passed up *Lucky Lady*, though Burt Reynolds wanted him to do it because they had become good buddies while costarring in *Deliverance*. He also nixed *Love Story*: "Nothing about that attracted me at all." Several of the financial failures he did consent to do, however, still stir him to boyish enthusiasm. As a former young militant who befriended the Chicago Seven and used to join Jane Fonda on the platform at antiwar rallies during the hectic Sixties, Voight expresses a special fondness for such box-office flops as *The Revolutionary* and

(continued on page 268)

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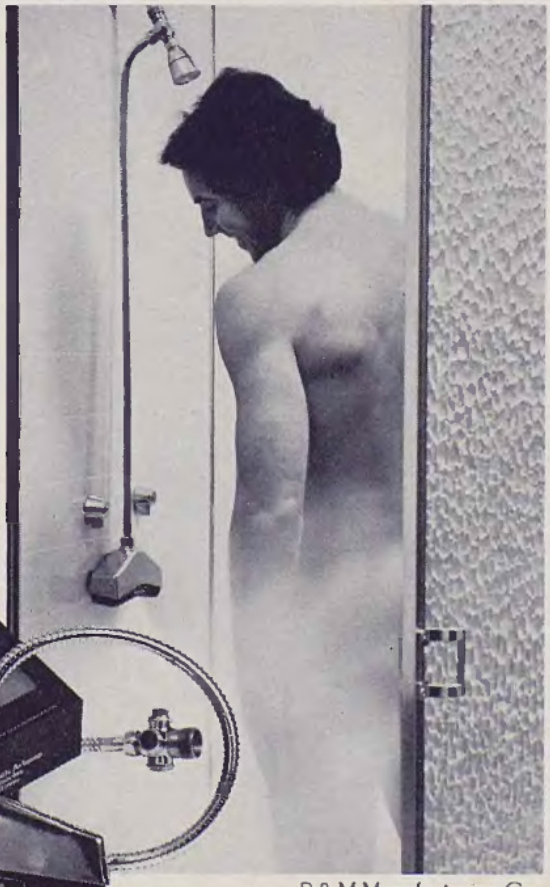

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By 7:30 on Wednesday night, the long, semiresidential street in La Mesa is dark. Only the small shopping center is lit; cars have already filled its inadequate parking lot, spilling over to the busy street in front. The entrance to ***The Classic Cat,*** sandwiched between the deli and the 7-Eleven, is framed with pictures of long-legged, big-breasted girls, but an advertisement is freshly plastered above the pictures: WEDNESDAY NIGHT ONLY. NUDE MALE ENTERTAINMENT.

Except for two lighted stages—one on each side—it's dark inside. Women are standing in the entryway three deep. Male dancers, clad only in bikini briefs, drift among the clientele, serving drinks. One is wearing a flimsy nylon loincloth, pubic hair curling out from the front, buttocks exposed. A large straw cowboy hat tops his shoulder-length hair.

The first dancer is just finishing. He is totally nude and as he dances, swiveling his pelvis, his penis flips back and forth, up and down. The women are screaming catcalls, whistling, leaning from their seats to throw money onto the stage. The Cat's a favorite spot, not only for young singles but also for housewives. "We always have at least one P.T.A. group in the house," the manager told me. "Last week, the president of one of 'em told me she 'loves this fucking place. I can be crude, I can be lewd, and when I go home, I can be a lady.' "

My friends are waiting at the bar. "I don't believe this," Christie whispers.

"I thought I'd be embarrassed, but it's terrific," Joanne adds. "The guys seem like they're having a ball . . . and the women . . . well. . . ." She laughs.

There are no empty seats, so one of the waiters steers us to a booth we can share with two other girls.

"Ever been here before?" I ask one.

She shakes her head. "But I'm sure as hell coming back. I can really get into this after a long day of work."

Three seats closer to the stage become empty and we decide to move for a better view of the dancer with the loincloth.

Grinning, he adjusts the tilt of his cowboy hat, saunters to the front of the stage to the strains of *Tonight's the Night* from the jukebox and starts dancing. He's boyish, naughty. Loosening the fold in the front of his loincloth, he slowly unwraps the two or three feet of nylon. He holds the fabric out in front of him, undulates forward to the very edge of the stage, pumping his pelvis back and forth, and extends the loincloth to a girl in the audience. Screaming, she stands up on her stool and grabs for it. But he is too fast. He grins, raises the nylon just out of reach, pivoting slowly to expose his buttocks, naked but for the strip of green cloth.

It's ladies' night at the Cat and they're all in heat.

He dances toward me, the green loincloth a semitransparent wish in his hands, and squats at eye level with me, teasing, rocking back and forth. Reaching blindly into my purse, I crumple a dollar bill in my palm, lean forward and tuck it into his waistband, near his navel. The women behind me cheer hysterically.

Across from us, a short, slight woman in a black sweater and pants rises unsteadily to her feet. Her hair is crimped unattractively around her face, her too darkly penciled eyebrows making her look older than she probably is—somewhere in her late 40s. Giggling, she trips up the first two steps, beckoning to the dancer, holding out the bills wadded in her fist. He moves toward her, hand outstretched, hips gyrating. The woman brushes his hand away and lunges toward his crotch, trying to get her hand inside. He catches her by the wrist, directs her hand a little higher and lets her fold the money inside. "Thata way, Gracie!" her friends yell. Everyone is whooping and cheering. On Wednesday night at The Cat, the women out*macho* the men.

Finally, he discards the costume altogether. "Now, that one's hung," my friend whispers as he pivots back and forth on the edge of the stage, leering, lecherous, lovely. When the music ends, the letdown is audible.

A blond wearing a long, fringed suede vest is on next. Peeling down the top of his briefs, he apes a striptease. A girl in her 20s moves down the aisle, clapping her hands. Their eyes meet. She wavers for a minute, then laughs, tossing back her long brown hair, clapping, walking closer to the stage. Three steps and she's up there next to him, boogieing, her hips synchronized with his. In one movement, she reaches down, rolls her long-sleeved pink turtleneck over her head and throws it onto the floor. Above her jeans, she's naked, her small, well-proportioned breasts somehow more vulnerable, more exposed than the totally nude man dancing with her. His hands hover like hummingbirds, up and down, tracing without touching the curves of her body, his tongue darting in and out like a lizard's. Everyone is screaming; it's as if we're all going to come at once.

Now an almost skinny redhead with a pseudo Afro is beating on the rim of the stage, her tongue parodying the dancer's—in and out, in and out. Picking up on her, he squats, holding out his arms. With a leap, she's up there with him, fitting her movements to his, unzipping, peeling down her slacks. Her white-lace bikini panties flash against her tan. Her tongue darting in and out, she fumbles with the string on her halter. Undone, the halter falls away, her breasts like two ponderous teardrops.

Like the crowd at a revivalist meeting, the audience is frenzied; sex is palpable, almost out of control. The couple, like preacher and penitent bearing witness on the stage, draw the converts down the aisle. Another girl, with long silky hair like Godiva's, dances down the aisle and up onto the stage. A delicious *ménage à trois,* they stalk one another, the new girl throwing her clothes wildly onto the floor. Down to her underpants, she's poised like a paper airplane on the wind, cresting the vibrations, the hot catcalls from the group. She pulls the panties down, displaying the pale-brown fuzz of pubic hair on her mound, her firm belly. Like witches in a coven, the threesome dances, aping the real thing, eyes glazed over, heads thrown back, lips parted. We're all in heat.

The man onstage is losing his control. It's visible to all of us in the audience, the ripening in his crotch. Abruptly, the song ends and the spectators groan.

Christie's ready to leave. "I want to go home to my old man," she hisses. "Otherwise, I'll be up there onstage."

I know what she means, but I'm not willing to leave yet. There's something about the mood of the crowd, the new power we suddenly share, that I like.

The cowboy-hatted dancer walks by. Absentmindedly, I pat his behind.

"What'll I tell my husband?" Christie groans.

"Tell him there's a new double standard," I answer.

—SHEILA SOBELL MORAMARCO

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ADVENTURES

I am 60 feet below the surface of the Caribbean, somewhere off the Virgin Island of St. Thomas. I exhale. The bubbles make a strange ringing noise as they pass my ears. The silver shapes shimmer and expand as they rise to the surface. Delicate coral fans wave in the current, discreetly hiding a three-foot-long barracuda. Several yellow striped fish collide in front of my face mask. I am astonished to find myself underwater. I've entered a movie filled with strange creatures and vivid colors. The only thing missing is Jacqueline Bisset in a T-shirt. All things considered, I don't really miss her. A few feet away, my girlfriend is floating. She tries to grin. An impossible task with a rubber mouthpiece lodged between your lips. We are having the time of our lives.

•

A few words of background. When it comes to leisure time, I am terminally lazy. I loathe planning a vacation, reading brochures, consulting with travel agents. I try to make as few decisions as possible. For the past seven years, I have spent every moment away from my desk at PLAYBOY skiing. Unfortunately, about a year ago, I became too intimately acquainted with an outcropping of rock, which shattered my kneecap. My skiing days were over, the doctors advised me. I was forced to consider new modes of relaxation and rehabilitation. Friends suggested a few weeks in the Virgin Islands. I was skeptical. I had never taken a vacation in the tropics. I did not know how to behave in the sun. They assured me that I would have no trouble: "Find a beach and a bottle of rum. You'll get the knack in no time."

I found a perfect beach: Magens Bay on St. Thomas. At one end of the strip of sand, an enterprising young man named Glen Higgins was renting Prindle catamarans by the hour. One sail and I was hooked. I caught a gust and the cat heeled over on one pontoon. It was an adrenaline rush that compared to a downhill schuss. Amazing. Exhilarating. I showed up every morning for the next five days, thereupon discovering Boat People. Blond, brown-skinned men and women in their mid-20s. Trim. Competent. Self-assured. My girlfriend and I made the acquaintance of two outstanding couples, Benji and Barbara, John and Donna. They invited us on a day sail to Great St. James, a small island between St. Thomas and St. John. Accompanying us would be eight waitresses from a local restaurant.

When we anchored, the waitresses shed their clothes and dived into the sparkling water. "Wait a minute," I protested. "I work 12 months a year for PLAYBOY. It's tits and ass, day in and day out. I didn't come halfway around the world to watch eight breath-taking women take off their clothes." No one paid attention. Finally, I took off my clothes and joined the festivities. I left my glasses on, reasoning that it wouldn't be fair if they could see me and I couldn't see them. I wasn't the only voyeur, it turned out. When I happened to look down, I noticed a scuba diver sitting entranced on the bottom 20 feet below, watching the bodies cavort in the water above him.

You, too, can learn scuba diving; our man Petersen did it in a day.

Obviously, he was on to something, so I decided to investigate scuba diving. Rummaging around in my luggage, I unearthed a brochure that listed some 16 outfits on St. Thomas and St. Croix. Most offered lessons for beginners, costing between $30 and $35. It had taken me two weeks and several hundred dollars, give or take, to master skiing. I know people who have paid tennis pros $20 an hour for years and still don't enjoy the game. I had always thought that skindiving was the end result of 11 boring weeks at the local Y.M.C.A. Yet here were these scuba-diving schools offering same-day service. Students, the brochure promised, would be diving by the end of the day.

I picked one and walked into a tiny office located in a downtown Charlotte Amalie bar, where I shook hands with Joe Vogel, the most experienced instructor on the islands. Vogel was one of our first Navy frogmen. War may be hell, but it's great training for the resort business.

Explaining his operation, Vogel told me he conducts a class for beginners every afternoon at his house. Students get a two-hour lecture on the mechanics of a regulator, the technology that will keep them alive underwater, and on safety procedures. After the lecture, he takes the class to Coki Bay, a sparkling cove, for instruction in basic emergency tactics—clearing a face mask, expelling water from a regulator, recognizing currents. How to avoid fatigue and panic.

The next day, my girlfriend and I met our classmates—a pair of newlyweds, the president of an equipment-rental company and an ex-heart-attack victim. With a cup of Navy coffee close at hand, Vogel stripped a regulator and explained the mysteries of water and air pressure. A half hour later, we were in chest-deep water wearing tanks, masks, snorkels, safety vests, weights and flippers. We moved out into deeper water to chase multicolored fish through psychedelic coral formations, doing barrel rolls, swimming backward, floating upside down. At the end of the hour, Vogel invited the class to come back the next day for a sunrise dive (cost: $20 per person, equipment included). He would pick us up at our hotels between 5:30 and six. The entire class signed up. Prior to that moment, I would have sworn that there was nothing under heaven that would cause me to rise at such an unnatural hour.

The morning dive was effortless, graceful, awesome. We could see nearly 125 feet through the unbelievably clear water. Vogel brought along a plastic bag filled with bread crumbs. We fed the fish, which seemed to be waiting for us. We saw squid and barracuda. My girlfriend and I touched hands underwater, thinking of the day we would dive alone, free to discover the meaning of the DIVERS DO IT DEEPER bumper sticker.

•

The Virgin Islands are a diver's paradise. You can sign up for a night dive ($20), or charter a boat and explore the wreck of the Rhone (the boat filmed in *The Deep*) off Tortola in the British Virgins. If you have a free half day, take a boat to Buck Island, five miles off St. Croix, where there is an 880-acre underwater national park. There you can follow a trail with submerged markers that identify the natural formations. Or you can explore underwater caves, coral pillars and the spectacular waters off St. John, where there's another aquatic park. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

To get a start on scuba diving, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Playboy Reader Service, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, for a list of schools in the U.S. Virgin Islands. Jacques Cousteau, watch your ass.

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Plans are under way to revive two old TV classics—*The Original Amateur Hour* and **Ralph Edwards'** *This Is Your Life*. The latter is currently the number-one hit in London and Australia and Edwards wants the new American version to be done live and with an m.c. other than himself. . . . Columbia has picked up the film rights to the Broadway smash *Annie* for (leapin' lizards!) $9,500,000, the largest amount ever paid for rights to a musical. . . . **Neil Diamond** will probably star in MGM's contemporary version of *The Jazz Singer*, now in development. . . . Lucky **Jeff Bridges**, who

Midler

Summer

just got done starring with **Farrah Fawcett-Majors** in *Somebody Killed Her Husband*, is off to Munich to co-star with **Bianca Jagger** in *The Ringer*. . . . **Art Buchwald** has titled his new collection of columns *The Buchwald Stops Here*. It's due out this fall. . . . Beginning this summer, Bantam will publish a series of original Conan novels starting with *Conan the Swordsman*. Later, Bantam will put out the novelization of the Conan flick in which **Arnold Schwarzenegger** has been signed to star. . . . **Bette Midler** will star in *The Rose*, now rolling in New York and L.A.—it's a musical love story that plays off the turmoil of the late Sixties, with Bette playing a concert rock singer. . . . **Alex Haley** may appear as himself in the last two hours of ABC's *Roots: The Second Hundred Years*, to air in 1979. The last sequence will deal with Haley's search for his roots. . . . **Neil Bogart**, president of Casablanca Record & FilmWorks, is working on bringing **Donna Summer's** album, *Once Upon a Time*, to Broadway as a musical production.

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NO, IT'S NOT TRUMAN CAPOTE: **Mario Puzo** has finished his first novel since *The Godfather* and Putnam plans a "huge first printing" in October. (*Godfather* has sold over 15,000,000 copies to date.) The new one, *Fools Die*, is a big, panoramic novel spanning four decades. The principal character is a compulsive gambler named Merlyn who writes an extraordinarily successful novel and gets caught up in Vegas, Hollywood and the New York literary scene. Word has it that one of Puzo's main characters is based on a "well-known contemporary author who is known to be flamboyant and very much into *machismo*."

SAMURAI DELICATESSEN: NBC has picked up the rights to **James Clavell's** enormous, best-selling novel *Shōgun* and plans to produce an equally enormous 15-hour miniseries next year. The book takes place in 17th Century Japan, where the warrior code reigns supreme, and is chock-full of gory beheadings, suicides and grisly impalements. Violence-in-TV fanatics ought to have a field day unless the network plans to soften the touch. Meantime, Clavell is completing a new novel, *The Noble House*, about the descendants of the characters in *Shōgun* and his earlier book *Tai-Pan* living in present-day Hong Kong.

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SEQUELMANIA: **Sylvester Stallone** has written a script for *Rocky II* that, we're told, marries off Rocky and Adrian and concentrates on their conflicts. "She's still growing as a person and Rocky is back playing stickball with nine-year-olds. They're growing apart," is the way Stallone describes the plot. There *will* be another big fight scene in the sequel. Beyond that, Stallone plans yet another *Rocky* sequel ("It was planned as a trilogy," he says); a life story of Edgar Allan Poe; and possibly a sequel to *Paradise Alley*. He has also written scripts for two other films—*Tenderloin* and *Bodyguard*. Aside from that, Sly's not too busy.

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SON OF "GONG": **Chuck** (*The Gong Show*) **Barris** has a wild new TV series in the works called *The $1.98 Beauty Contest*. Celebrity panelists will judge female

Stallone

Barris

contestants (anyone from 16 to 60 qualifies) in several categories—talent, bathing suit, personality, etc.—and the lucky winner gets exactly $1.98 and the chance to promenade down the ramp wearing "a dried rabbitskin around her shoulders, a corsage of lettuce and garlic and a ten-cent crown on her head," while m.c. **Rip Taylor** croons an appropriate melody. "It's a spoof of all beauty contests," says our source. "Our goal is to put beauty contests away for good." Barris is hoping for a fall air date.

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IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N' ROLL: Another in a long series of rock-'n'-roll movies due out this year is *The Buddy Holly Story*, starring **Gary Busey** (he played **Barbra Streisand's** road manager in *A Star Is Born*). The flick follows **Buddy Holly's** life from 1956, when he had his first big hit, to 1959, when he died in a plane crash. The film is unique in that all recording was done on the set to give the concert sequences an authentic feeling. In all, Busey sings 15 Holly tunes, which will come out in an accompanying album this June. The sound-track record deal, by the way, was the biggest in history.

•

DYNAMIC DUO: When asked recently whom he'd most like to work with in a film, **John Travolta** promptly replied, "**Lily Tomlin**." John's wish has come true—the two will star in *Moment to Moment*,

Tomlin

Travolta

a comic love story written and to be directed by Lily's longtime friend and collaborator, **Jane Wagner**. "Lily plays a rich Beverly Hills housewife who falls in love with a young drifter, Travolta," says executive producer **Kevin McCormick**. "It's essentially a two-character movie. We're counting on the extraordinary chemistry that has developed between Lily and John." Tomlin has also signed to play the title role in Universal's *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, a contemporary version of the 1957 classic.

•

DOUBLE BILL: **George C. Scott** and wife **Trish Van Devere** have teamed up again to play dual roles in **Stanley Donen's** *Double Feature*. The film, written by **Larry** (*Oh, God!*) **Gelbart** and **Sheldon Keller** is exactly what its title suggests—two films separated by newsreels and previews. Both are spoofs of those wonderful, corny old movies now relegated to *Late, Late Shows*. The first is *Dynamite Hands*, a boxing film in the Cagney/Garfield genre, about a poor kid who makes good in the prize-fight racket; the second, *Baxter's Beauties of 1933*, is your basic Ruby Keeler musical in which a chorine with a heart of gold becomes a star, finds her long-lost father and falls in love all on the same night. "Both films," says Trish, "use every cliché in the book; the secret to delivering lines like that is to be *sincere*." All the actors—**Art Carney, Eli Wallach, Barbara Harris, Red Buttons** and **Jocelyn Brando** (Marlon's sister, in her first film since *The Chase*)—play roles in both features. "In *Hands*, I'm the fighter's girlfriend, a true-blue, dewy-eyed type," says Trish, "and in *Beauties*, I'm her exact opposite—a spoiled bitch of a Broadway star."—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have an unusual dilemma. Two female acquaintances (a beautiful blonde and a well-built brunette) have recently invited me to join them in bed. This is the sexual fantasy of most men in America, but it has me stumped. I have never been in a *ménage à trois*, and I don't have the foggiest idea of how one manages two women at once. Any tips would be appreciated.—S. F., Raleigh, North Carolina.

It's simple. First you huddle. Then you tell the blonde to go long on the count of three, while the brunette goes out five yards and button-hooks. We suspect that things will work out. When the two women in a triangle initiate a get-together, they usually have something in mind. They may double-team you, in which case you should just sit back and enjoy. One of them may lend a helping hand; i.e., while you are making love to one, the other will stroke, kiss or nibble whatever comes in view. Or they may spend the evening pleasuring each other, in which case you should take along a good book to read.

Alas, I spent most of last year's tennis season courtside, because early on I developed that bane of all players, tennis elbow. I don't want the same thing to happen again; so how do I prevent it?—M. L., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Easy. Just call Oscar Goldman at OSI headquarters and tell him you've got $6,000,000 for one of his bionic bodies. Or you can whip your own body into million-dollar shape, whichever is more practical. Tennis elbow, just like most sports injuries, comes from poor conditioning and poor technique. The elbow is simply not made to take the strain of hitting a tennis ball at high speed. The looseness of the joint combined with the strain will cause the inflammation known as tennis elbow. You can strengthen the hitting arm this way: Lay your forearm flat on a table palm down, grasp a bar bell weighing no more than three pounds and curl your wrist upward and hold. Repeat the exercise up to 15 times, then increase the weight. Do not continue if you feel pain. Progressive resistance is what you're after. But your best bet is to hit the ball right. Novice players rely on their forearms to hit balls. The pros use their shoulders and body weight. To do that, you've got to be in position to hit the ball. Footwork is the key. You don't want to have to stretch for your forehand or bend your wrist on your backhand. In fact, a two-handed backhand should be part of your arsenal. According to Dr. Robert G. Addison, 90 percent of tennis-elbow cases are caused by an improper backhand. If you've had problems before, it will help to reduce your string tension to maybe 50 pounds. Above all, work into the season gradually. As in other sports, a little foreplay will do wonders for your game.

This is not the sort of problem you usually deal with, but I've decided to write to you about it, anyway. Over the past few years, I've found a disheartening pattern in my social relationships. I've gone to bed with more women than I've wanted to—for the simple reason that I couldn't think of anything better to do with them at the time. We go out to a movie or dinner and the next thing I know, we're at my place. I live in a one-bedroom apartment and there's not much to do there except get it on. The problem is, sometimes I find myself with a woman and don't really want her. It's a bummer to have sex with a woman I'm not really interested in, but sometimes the opportunity for sex arrives before I've made up my mind. I go through the motions. The next morning, I feel horrible. Am I being too sensitive?—E. G., Madison, Wisconsin.

We should all be so unfortunate. Seriously, sex therapists have reported that more and more men complain about being pressured by circumstances into having sex before they are really ready for it. Bernie Zilbergeld, author of "Male Sexuality," points out that "even in these days of instant sex and instant intimacy, sex still means something special to most people; it's not something you do with just anyone. In sex, you allow a unique access to yourself—to your nudity, to the feel and smell of your body and its fluids. And it can go even further. You may allow access to your emotions, at least to your interest and excitement. In doing so, you run the risk that this may be the start of real contact with the other person, a kind of intimacy, with all the possibilities and dangers that intimacy implies." In short, you discover that you are not an easy lay. Zilbergeld suggests that people with this attitude try minimal contact on first encounters—coffee dates, short walks, a movie, dinner, then dropping her off. One of the benefits of this approach is that you get to know each other. In addition, you can discuss sexual preferences before you get into bed—that way, if and when you do, it's likely to go well.

Recently, I went through some of my old Sixties records, hoping to rekindle some memories. I was surprised to find that they didn't seem to have the sparkle they used to have. In fact, a lot of them seemed to be pretty flat. Can records lose some of their brilliance after being stored, or is it the equipment I'm using (some of which is as old as the records)?—T. K., Amarillo, Texas.

Are you sitting down, T. K.? Because we may have some bad news for you. First, records do not deteriorate from storage, only from play. Second, if there is deterioration of your equipment, you would have noticed it in playing some of your newer records. The sad truth could be that it is you who are deteriorating. Mark Tobak, author of "Audio Alternative," points out that the normal range of human hearing is generally accepted to be from 20 Hz to about 20 kHz. But high-frequency hearing declines with age. For instance, most young people can hear above 16 kHz. But by the age of 40, hearing has dropped to about 13 kHz; by 66, it has dropped to 11 kHz and many older people cannot hear above 9 kHz. And, for some reason, hearing ability declines more steeply for men than for women. If, indeed, Father Time is the culprit, your only alternatives are to turn up the treble or just watch Fido and boogie when he does.

How's your Latin? My current boyfriend is a former divinity student, who gave up the cloth for the carnal. He seems to be making up for lost time in bed and, to the best of my abilities and

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inclinations, I have tried to help. Recently, after a bout of oral sex, I asked if he liked the way I performed fellatio. He said, with what sounded like disappointment, that actually I had performed *irrumatio*. Can you tell me what it is?—S. H., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Ah, yes. We recall now that our high school Latin teacher promised us that studying a dead language would improve our vocabulary. It didn't, but it may help your sex life. The Romans had two words for oral sex. Irrumationem *indicated a form of buccal copulation in which the mouth is a passive receptacle. In* fellationem, *the mouth is actively stimulating the male organ. The fact that of the two words, only fellatio entered the English language may indicate a preference. Move to the head of the class and try again.*

The last time I took a vacation, I put my return ticket in a safe place, because I would not be using it for two weeks. The place was so safe that after the two weeks, even I couldn't find it. I called the airline, but it refused to issue me another ticket unless I paid for it. Is that policy?—R. T., New York, New York.

You'd probably have as much luck trying to get back lost money, because that's just what airline tickets are. They are highly negotiable and often the target of thieves who sell stolen blank tickets or resell found, filled-in tickets. Oddly enough, the secret to avoiding ticket problems is: Don't avoid the middleman. Try not to pay cash for your ticket, use a credit card at the airline ticket office, if possible, or, better yet, do your buying through a travel agency. That way, there is always a record of the transaction handy, either in your own credit-card receipt or in the agency's file. If you must pay cash, record the ticket number in a safe place (not the same place you keep your ticket). That way, airline personnel can be alerted to watch for your ticket if it is misused. Meanwhile, fill out a lost-ticket refund application at the airline office and hope for the best, which can come anywhere from 10 days to four months after your application—if, of course, the ticket hasn't been used. Incidentally, on your next vacation, deposit your ticket in the hotel safe. It'll ensure your return flight.

What's the scoop on PCP? A couple of my friends have urged me to try it, but I wanted to check with you first.—T. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

The myriad attractions of PCP (phencyclidine), or Angel Dust, as it is commonly called, include profuse sweating, lack of muscular coordination, speech impairment, vomiting, paranoia, lack of concentration, perceptual distortions, frightening hallucinations, drooling, prolonged coma, depression and the nagging feeling that death might not be so bad

Thank goodness the best things never change.

Like the feeling you get every time you share the sounds and the smells of a misty morning.

Like the feeling you get every time you taste Smooth as Silk Kessler.

Consistently smooth. Sip after sip. Year after year. Money just can't buy a smoother whiskey.

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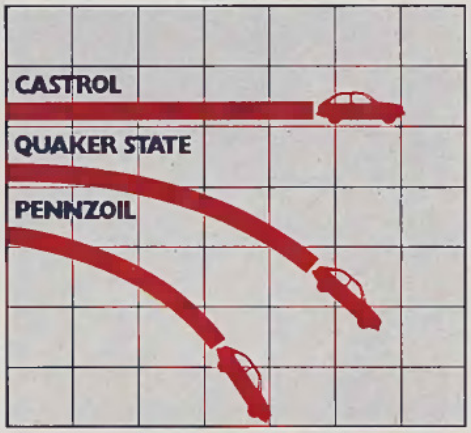
Smaller cars demand even more of a motor oil than big cars do. Their 4 and 6 cylinder engines run at considerably higher revs throughout their entire performance range. So there's more heat and friction in the engine.

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 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 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.

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-approved 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.

after all. Originally developed as a general anesthetic, PCP obviously didn't fill the bill and was relegated to use as an immobilizing agent on subhuman primates, probably over protests of the S.P.C.A. Take PCP and you become a subhuman primate, so maybe there is justice in the world. Unfortunately, it has recently hit the streets with a bang, either as Angel Dust or passed off as THC. If you need that kind of kick, curare is quicker and you won't throw up. Or wake up. One additional word of warning: On February 24, 1978, Philips-Roxane stopped production of PCP and took it off the market. What you buy now was made in someone's kitchen. You might as well snort Ajax.

My wife uses different lotions that are intended for use all over the body. Most of the time, she favors a scented baby oil. The baby oil has found its way to places besides her hands, arms and legs. She uses this oil often in bed. It works very well for both masturbation and intercourse and feels great. The question is—is it safe to use? (As far as oral sex goes, we always go down on each other before we apply the oil, so it's not a matter of swallowing the stuff.) Are there any dangers in using such oils on the more delicate parts of the body?—A. D., New York, New York.

A doctor friend and his lady have recently become addicted to a honeysuckle-scented baby oil that is sold in health-food stores. He reports that the only danger is the conditioned reaction. Whenever he sees a bottle of the stuff or smells honeysuckle, he develops an outrageous erection and an insatiable craving for sex. Other than that, oils are perfectly acceptable accessories for lovemaking. You may not have noticed, but the consistency of a woman's natural lubricating fluids changes during her menstrual cycle. It also diminishes between round one and round two of a given night. Oils allow easy going when there's no shortage of sexual energy.

Playboy has always been in favor of good driving and the thrill that comes from exercising competence at high speeds. I'm considering picking up a radar-detection unit for one of my cars. What information do I need? Also, I recently acquired a four-cylinder, 650-c.c. motorcycle that starts at 55 mph. I would love to be able to give the bike its head, but I don't care to face down the Man. What are my chances of converting a car unit to fit the bike?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Before you buy a unit for your car, check with local speed freaks and/or a reputable C.B. dealer. Police have taken to using alternate wave lengths for detecting speeders. The first generation of alarm systems was simple X-band units;

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The ADS 810 speaker was so accurate that we could not distinguish its sound from the original.

. . . these were the closing comments by Julian Hirsch in the January '78 issue of STEREO REVIEW. Here is more of what the renowned audio critic had to say about the ADS 810 loudspeaker system:

"The high-frequency dispersion of the 1-inch dome tweeter was truly exceptional.

For a given sound-pressure level, the 810 actually has less distortion than many other speakers we have tested ... the high efficiency enables it to generate as much sound with a 2-watt input as most acoustic-suspension speakers with 10 watts.

... the tone-burst output of the 810 over the full audio range was as nearly perfect as we can recall seeing. —

[The 810 has] strikingly clean, un-boomy bass and a crisp, detailed high end ... the speaker's overall balance is outstanding ...

The ADS 810 ... was so accurate that we could not distinguish its sound from the original in a side-by-side comparison."

We could tell you the many reasons why ADS speakers have become so popular; but instead of talking about ultra low mass drivers, proprietary sticky damping compound, and all the ingredients that make ADS speakers so accurate and such a fantastic value at less than $375.00, we would rather send you a reprint of the complete review and an "Introduction to ADS."

Better yet, why don't you visit your selected local ADS high fidelity specialist and conduct your own review of the superb ADS 810, its smaller brother the ADS 710, or any other fine ADS speaker for your home.

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now there are alarm systems to alert for K-band radar. (The use of K band is as low as three percent in some areas and you might not need to shell out the extra cash for the extra capacity.) Converting the unit to motorcycle use poses some problems. When mounted in a car, the unit warns a driver of a Smokey first by issuing an audible beep, then by flashing a light. The wind conditions of high-speed riding on a bike make the audible alarm practically worthless (especially if you're wearing a helmet). To keep the light in sight, you'd have to mount the unit on the handle bars or the gas tank—the units are light enough (as little as three ounces) but do not contribute to what might be referred to as a low profile. In Virginia, police will confiscate any unit they see and fine the shit out of its owner. You will be hassled in other states—and that's only by the legal beagles. There are other outlaws out there. You might as well gift-wrap a C.B. unit as put one of these babies in plain view.

Several months ago, you published a letter on honeymoon cystitis, a disease that causes a burning sensation in the bladder. You suggested that there was no known preventative. There is, in fact, a very simple measure that I can personally vouch for, as can a close friend who suffered even more than I. Cystitis is an infection caused by foreign bacteria's being forced into the woman's urethra during sex. If, before getting started, the woman has a glass or two of water (or champagne), then, after she's finished, makes a trip to the john to get rid of the liquid, the little nasties get washed out. I promise you that she won't have a cystitis problem. This absurdly simple technique is almost unknown. Most gynecologists tell you the disease is part of being a woman and give you a bill. Worse yet, if you're single, you get fatherly advice about being a good girl. I'm sure that your readers will find this a great help.—Miss M. K., Indian Harbour Beach, Florida.

Thanks for the tip. We checked with several gynecologists and urologists; they say that pre- and postcoital urination is also recommended as a preventative against many kinds of venereal disease. It doesn't always work, but it is better than a life of abstinence. Even death is better than that.

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

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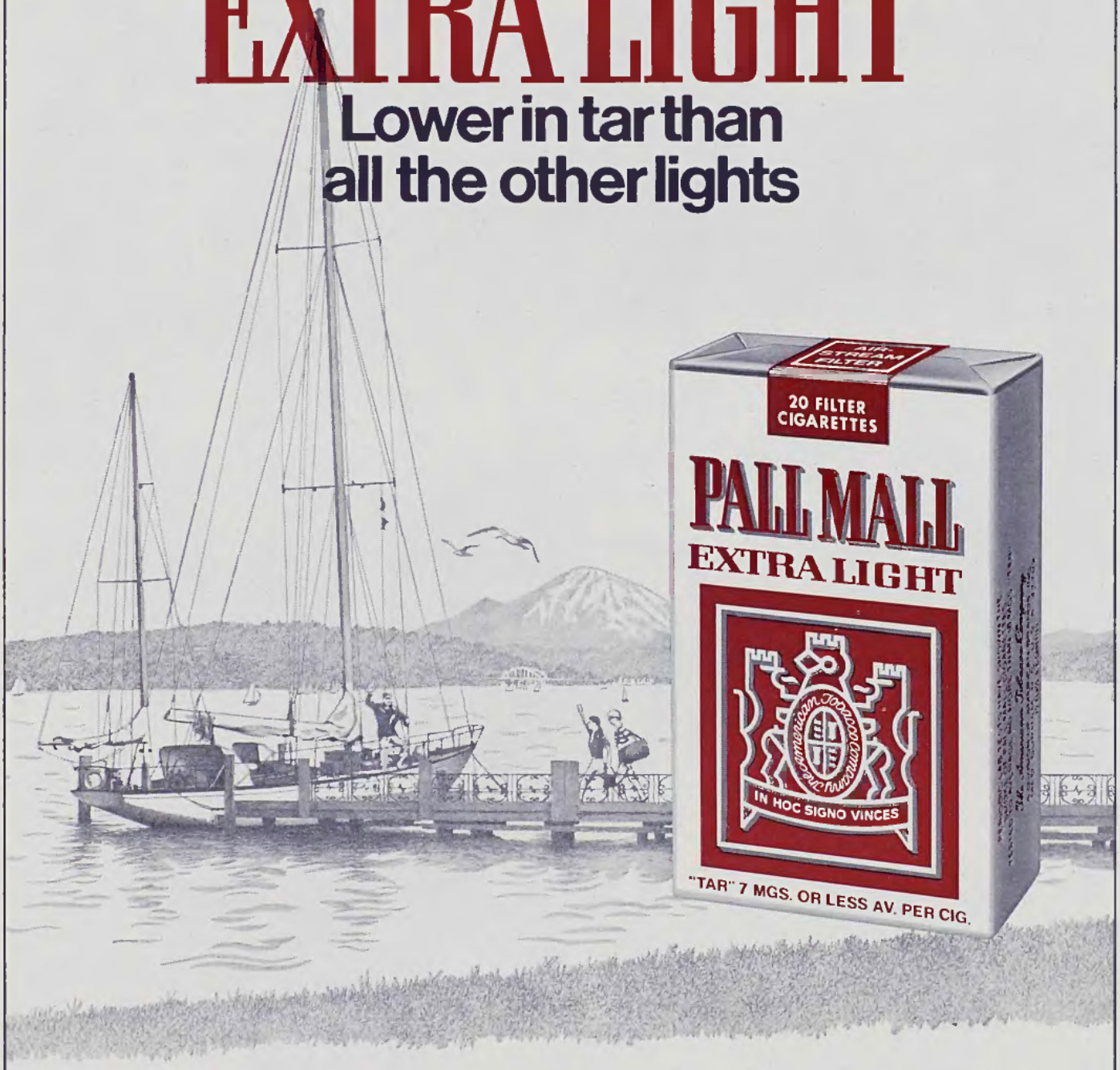

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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Attractive Ph.D. male with genius I.Q. wants to fuck brilliant woman. Can only make it if she is as remarkably learned as I am. Good looks important but great mind essential. Send copies of academic honors, Stanford-Binet test results, state career achievements, including a list of all books you've read and written, to: Box 69, New York, New York.

Personal ads like that one never appear in porn papers. When enticing bedmates with erotic qualifications, brains are rarely the big lure. Why? For a long time, intellectuals have had a dowdy, Victorian reputation that makes them as sexually appetizing as a 300-year-old religious scroll. The highly educated have also been pictured as burning up so much energy stimulating their minds that they have no sparks left for igniting their bodies.

Strange how less intelligent people have the opposite image. Think of the horny but slow-witted cowpoke stud or the hot dumb-blonde number, for instance. Perhaps this idea caught on because it was believed that people who were mental midgets were closer to their animalistic instincts than those savants whose minds were always off in some ivory tower of deep thought. When it comes to fucking, who gives a damn about what lies between the ears? Isn't it what lies between the legs that counts?

In our never-ending quest for carnal knowledge, we decided to uncover the connection between eroticism and intelligence. We posed the following question to 100 men and 100 women and to PLAYBOY readers: Is sex better with lovers who are smart?

Because we're always interested in finding out how males perceive females, and vice versa, we also posed a reverse question: Do you think the majority of the opposite sex prefers fucking people who are smart?

•

Q: MEN, DO YOU THINK MOST WOMEN PREFER SEX WITH LOVERS WHO ARE SMART?

Seventy-nine percent of the men said yes: "Bright fellows tend to be much more intuitively sensitive to a girl's needs—which parts of her body need the most stroking, nibbling, sucking . . . and, of course, that's very desirable."

"They want all guys to be as handsome as Robert Redford, built like Arnold Schwarzenegger, as smart as a computer and hung like a horse. Thank God I come so close."

"Most females want sex with smart males—craving guys who can romance them. The bright ones are clever enough to know just how women want to be wooed; from the slow, erotic removal of all the clothes, followed by long lines of burning kisses over every square inch of flesh and then, finally, when she's on the verge of freaking out with passion, the cock is plunged into the cunt. Stupid guys just want to jerk themselves off in a tight wet hole."

"One of the most painful experiences of life, for a woman, is the morning after a great night of lust, when she realizes her Lothario is a lunkhead. This has to happen to a shrewdy only a few times and she'll swear off fucking fools forever."

Twenty-one percent of the men guessed that women preferred sex with less intelligent guys: "Giant cocks that stay stiff forever are still the great turn-ons for women the world over, and men thus endowed don't have to have brains."

"You can't believe how many ex-girlfriends of mine have said they are into numskulls. Seems they're less complex psychologically and their brains are more in touch with their X-rated pleasure centers than with their problem centers."

"If a guy has that good ole raw sex appeal, most girls will overlook the lack of intellect, at least for the duration of a flamingly fantastic night in bed."

"All a modern girl hopes for in a lover is that he not be so stupid that he can't figure out her ass from her elbow."

•

Q: WOMEN, DO YOU THINK SEX IS BETTER WITH MEN WHO ARE SMART?

Fifty-three percent of the women said yes: "Technically, a man has to have a certain amount of knowledge of a woman's body so he knows exactly what to do—how to suck on her nipples just right, the best ways to play around inside her cunt with his fingers, tongue and cock—a dumb guy won't take the initiative and find all that out, while bright studs tend to read up on all those X-rated essentials."

"Educated fellows are less likely to be hung up by religious dogma and old taboos, and I've always found that my cleverer lovers are avid specialists in cunnilingus, sucking, slurping and happily burying themselves in my snatch because they've transcended all those traditional strictures against such joyous playing."

"It's the bright ones who tend to be very verbal while fucking, whispering elaborately described images of what their mouth is going to make me feel as it moves over my skin toward my pussy. The more I'm talked to, sexy/fancy like that, the more turned on I get."

"Yeah, I prefer 'em smart. But introduce me to a sensitive Neanderthal and I might change my mind."

Forty-seven percent of the women preferred sex with less intelligent men: "I can really let myself go with a stupid man and pump my pussy, scream, yell and generally act totally uninhibited with my body. You see, I never have to worry about what he thinks of me."

"Oh, dumb fucks are the best fucks. The inhibitions aren't there; the ones that make smart guys too fastidious to do all the good stuff, like eat me out, bite my tits and, best of all, ram me hard up the ass."

"Sensitivity is very important to me. And I've found that a highly intelligent man who's insensitive is a hell of a

Q: SEX AND INTELLIGENCE

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lot worse lover than a blockhead who's gentle and understanding. Usually, the smarter they are, the meaner they are, in my experience. So give me a loving, muttonhead prick any time."

"Less educated guys are less complicated, so they concentrate on the fucking itself and let their bodies get into the flow of the passion, rather than discussing what they'll do. Who wants a blow-by-blow analysis rather than just a good blow job? Not me."

"You know what they say: 'Small brains, big cock.' In my experience, that's absolutely true. And I love it."

"As long as I get off, I don't care if I'm with Einstein or Elmer Fudd. If he can find my cunt, I'm happy."

•

Q: WOMEN, DO YOU THINK MOST MEN PREFER SEX WITH LOVERS WHO ARE SMART?

Seventy-five percent of the women said no: "Are you kidding? First, you have to get them to admit that we have a brain."

"Oh, almost every fellow I've known let slip that he wanted to screw senselessly with dumb broads, because that type of woman will do anything men ask her to do, without question—even succumbing to heavy sexual slave routines or licking out their assholes."

"Males, poor dears, are so emotionally fragile. They are much more comfortable having affairs with women who are mentally unexciting, because these gals wouldn't be too sharp, critical or demand that a man use his lips, tongue and fingers to memorize her erogenous zones and be tested on them, like an intelligent, erotically savvy woman would."

"As long as all our holes are lubricated and we keep our mouths closely clamped around their cocks, guys can't get enough."

"If it were true that men got off the best with smart ladies, how could you explain their endless fascination with screwing teenagers, who, by and large, are rather uninvolved thinkers, to say the least?"

Twenty-five percent of the women guessed that most men preferred smart women: "Oh, of course they do—it's from a peculiar need for conquest. If a guy can woo a bright female into his sack and fuck her silly, he's proved to himself that he's capable of attracting someone really worth while."

"Of course guys prefer to fuck smart women. Men like to be challenged in their minds, too—not just engaged in the bodily conquest of a sexy statue."

"The majority of males know that educated ladies have a higher sense of self-esteem and, with that, they are more confident of everything, including their high-grade fuckability."

"Any fellow who prefers an idiot in bed ends up with a girl only as smart

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as himself. Fortunately, that's a very small percentage of men."

•

Q: MEN, DO YOU THINK SEX IS BETTER WITH WOMEN WHO ARE SMART?

Fifty-eight percent of the men said yes: "Of course intelligent women are better in bed. If they weren't, I would have lived with a series of cheap, inflatable, well-lubricated dummies with huge tits, plastic cunts and air between their ears."

"Really bright gals are usually more competitive in everything they do. While making love with me, they generally try to outdo all the other lovers they think I've had, so they gyrate their snatches, writhe against me and squeeze and kiss me with unbelievable passion. Best fucks in the world."

"Much as I dig making love, the intellectual side of me always wants to 'come' first, so foreplay is as much having a stimulating conversation with a lovely, intelligent woman as it is slowly removing her clothes and nibbling her all over her body."

"The best lays I've ever had were the ones who were willing to try anything for the sake of a thrill; such adventures as fucking in the ass, group sex, bondage and stuff like that. Only clever women are curious about exploring their limits of pleasure and then letting me push them even further."

"Part of sublime screwing is the talk before and the cigarette afterward. Unfortunately, with a not-too-bright gal, you get only silence before and tobacco stains afterward."

Forty-two percent of the men preferred lovers who were less intelligent: "As long as a girl's tits are firm, her ass is small, her cunt is wet and she's smart enough to get undressed without an instruction manual, then she's the best."

"The more ignorant a chick, the more likely she is to accept the traditional view of being alive only to please the male species—in bed, she can't think of anything but making me come."

"Dumb girls are always more narcissistic, into primping and making themselves gorgeous and desirable for a man. You know, wet lips, revealing clothes, promising eyes, the works. I have to admit, my ego gets very turned on by that, not to mention my dick."

Summary: A large proportion of the women—three to one—believed that almost all guys desired bird-brained bedmates. Not so. The majority of men actually said they most enjoyed making it with ladies who had a lot on the ball; indicating that in the mind of many a female, no matter how liberated she is, there still lurk a few stereotypes about masculinity. Women are willing to give themselves a great deal of credit for having grown erotically freer since the Sixties, but they're not giving their mates any laurels for similar development. This discrepancy has often cropped up in the results of our previous polls.

It was almost comical to find that our male pollees also got stuck stereotyping the opposite sex, but in the opposite way. By almost four to one, they were sure that women longed for intelligent lovers, when only a little more than half the females said they did. The fact that a fairly large proportion of gals was turned on by horny dumbbells is a further reflection of the new-found female ability to have satisfying physical affairs while staying uninvolved intellectually.

When it came to giving their own preferences, women who immediately said "Intelligent" stuck firmly by their answers. However, it was difficult for a lot of the ladies who fancied lunkhead lovers to admit to that fact initially. Only after a fair amount of conversation and our setting them at ease were they able to get over their embarrassment and admit their choice. This did not hold true for the men. They were perfectly relaxed about discussing their cravings for either sparkling minds or empty heads.

In the answers of both groups who loved smart partners, they linked smart with a thirst for adventure, excitement and a wild spirit of daring when fucking. This willingness to break out of traditional behavior in bed and allow each partner an equal position on the mattress seems associated with a well-educated person's awareness of the recent developments in sexual freedom.

However, in the "dumb" choices, themes of power and control were often the key reasons given. Our females and males relished themselves in the role of sexual conqueror. They believed their own superior intelligence gave them an edge over less sharp lovers.

An invitation to readers: It's been some time since porn movies were in the headlines. We assume that most of you did your civic duty and caught a screening of *Deep Throat*, *Behind the Green Door* or one of the Johnny (Wadd) Come Latelies just to see what the fuss was all about. Maybe, by now, the usher at the local adult theater knows you and your date by name. Time to confess. We want to know the following: What is it that turns you on (or off) when you watch an erotic movie? And what do you think it is that turns on members of the opposite sex when they watch an erotic movie? Send your response to: The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

—HOWARD SMITH AND LESLIE HARLIB

The response to previous polls has been so great that we are adding a special section—"Sex Poll Feedback"—devoted to reader letters. *Turn to page 68 and enjoy.*

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Its new push-button oil-damped door, for instance, doesn't *tilt* in like the CT-F2121's, or out like others. It slides neatly up over the tape compartment. So it's easier to get your cassette in and out of the cassette deck.

This same kind of thinking went into repositioning the tape heads. We've placed them right at your fingertips. So it's no hassle to keep them free of dust and in good working order.

There are also a lot of other features on the new CT-F4242 that you won't see on other modestly priced cassette decks. Like a three-position bias and equalization switch, instead of the conventional two, to help you get the most out of every kind of tape. And a six-fin tape drive shaft to hold your cassettes more securely.

But the most impressive features on the new CT-F4242 are the ones you can't see.

Inside, for example, where many cassette decks use a small flywheel that can cause wow and flutter, the flywheel in the new CT-F4242 is massive. This simply means that you'll get cleaner and crisper recordings.

Then there's our dolby system that adds clarity to the music by reducing tape hiss enough to produce an incredible signal-to-noise ratio of 62 decibels. A figure comparable to far more expensive equipment.

And although you'll find a multiplex filter switch on many cassette decks, you won't find one on the CT-F4242. It's built-in. So you literally can't make a bad FM recording.

If you're beginning to get the idea that there are vast differences between the CT-F4242 and other decks for anywhere near the same price, you're right.

Just visit your Pioneer dealer where you can listen to what we've done to make the world's best selling cassette deck even better.

Once you hear it, you'll be glad Pioneer couldn't leave well enough alone.

High Fidelity Components

PIONEER

WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE.

THE CT-F4242.

*Walnut veneer wood cabinet optional at extra cost.

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SEX POLL FEEDBACK

our readers respond to sex polls past

AFTER SEX, WHAT?

I was looking through some back issues of PLAYBOY and came across your invitation to readers in the February 1978 *Sex Poll*. I hope it's not too late to contribute my opinions. After sex, I have a strong feeling of exaltation and imagine that I'm in perfect health. I get a craving for lemonade after sex, and I always make sure that I have some on hand if I expect to get laid at a certain time. (I've always wondered if that's why Hef drinks so much Pepsi!) I think it's a need for sugar to regain the energy expended in vigorous humping. I also get the feeling of being proud of my cock and balls for performing so well. Compliments about my performances, particularly by my present partner, give me a feeling of victory and accomplishment like the feeling Rocky had when he raised his hands to Philadelphia after a vigorous workout!

How do I think the opposite sex feels after sex? My past partners, I've noticed, politely pat my back after ejaculation or patiently wait for me to dismount them. They seem relieved that it's all over. They lie there and mention how their hair must look and/or how much perspiration is all over the two of us. Past partners, after a few minutes, roll over to the bedside table and grab a cigarette. They prop up the pillow, pull a sheet up over their boobs (Why be modest then?) and reflect on the just completed activities. They mention things that they haven't done before and decide whether or not they enjoyed it, and wonder if it was kinky or perverted, such as using ice, performing oral sex or engaging in mutual masturbation as a form of foreplay. I believe that they feel relieved that their horniness has also been taken care of for a while, but they are too proud to express it verbally.

M. M.
Orlando, Florida

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Your *Playboy Sex Poll* in the January issue is pure crap! Obviously, there never was any "poll," but it was written by one man with an apparent preference for fellatio. Accordingly, this overshadowed "everyone's" opinion, behavior and insights in this farce: When supposedly quoting various men's opinions regarding Oriental women; i.e., "I like having my back walked on, my *prick sucked* reverently and my body treated like a holy object." Also, in regard to

Scandinavian women, "because they love to take charge of my body and *suck me* into oblivion." The list goes on. British girls, "They are all taught to keep a stiff upper lip, which feels fantastic when they're *sucking my cock*." Even when supposedly quoting a female interviewee, "Also, Parisian women are reputed to *give the best head* in Europe." Now, doesn't that seem a little one-sided? Not once is the art of cunnilingus mentioned.

D. J.
San Francisco, California

Ease up. Men know what they like and aren't afraid to ask for it. If it's cunnilingus you want, just speak up. Your wish is our command. Read on.

SUPERSEX

What single ingredient elevates sex above the merely terrific (March 1978)? To me, that one element (and I think I have learned this more from women than from reading or from men) is the caressing and kissing (tasting) each other's bodies *after* intercourse and telling each other what a beautiful experience of erotic pleasure each was able to give the other and receive from the other. This kind of making love after intercourse—talking about and expressing our love for each other—does more toward making the sexual intimacy so extremely satisfying and fulfilling than anything else. After all, *talk* is another four-letter word ending in K that means intercourse. If men, rather than turning over and going to sleep, would learn this secret, the women would always be *open* to their desires!

The last time a member of the opposite sex (*other sex* is much better than opposite) said that I was incredible, what had I done that was different? The last time my lover told me I was incredible (what she actually said was, "Wow! What a completely perfect lover you turned out to be!") was only a couple of days ago. What I had done was to practice all the artistic aspects of 20 years' experience of cunnilingus on her.

I had slowly and relaxingly built up her sexual arousal—with tongue and lip caresses—the way she likes it best: around and back and forth across her clitoral shaft. My chest was gently pressed against her belly (across her abdomen) and my arms were around her hips—holding her buttocks, one with each hand. My hands massaged and squeezed her buttocks while keeping one finger tip pressed lightly against her anus—occasionally slipping one joint of the finger into her anus. Keeping a finger tip on or in her anus, I can tell exactly how good it is feeling to her by the internal pelvic muscular reactions. What I did was: Guided by the cues of her pelvic muscular reactions, I kept her teetering on the brink of orgasm for at least a half hour. At times, when the thrusting of her pelvis was pleading for orgasm, I would add just barely enough tongue and lip caresses to keep her on the verge of orgasmic explosion.

Incidentally, after all I have read and heard about man's search for an aphrodisiac, I think there is really only one—and it is so perfect and available that I am surprised that no one has ever mentioned it: tasting the lubricating juices of an aroused woman's vagina. After a half hour of tasting her copious arousal, my prick couldn't be harder or larger.

When her whole body begged for release, I finally cupped her clitoris in my curled tongue and made her orgasm explode. She seemed to come for five minutes or more. After a very short relaxation of 30 to 45 seconds, while my tongue was deep in her vagina, she was ready for another orgasm. She had about five or six like that. Then she mounted my throbbing prick and had two more beautiful orgasms before I came—violently. Then she had a couple of more before I began softening. We were both thoroughly satisfied. That's when she said, "Wow! . . ." She also said, "You know, younger men can't do that."

I'm 60 years old.

D. H.
Raleigh, North Carolina

Lucky Americans. You pay less to go first class.

In Monte Carlo, 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

All sportshirts look great out of the package. Ours look great out of the wash.

A sportshirt that looks perfect when it's just opened can look terrible when it's unwrapped from the washing machine. Too often, the collar is wrinkly, the seams wobbly, the colors faded.

But not with a Van Heusen.

We test our sportshirts rigorously to make sure they not only start with great style, they keep their great style.

Wimbledon Piper. 18 color combinations you can run with. And none of them run.

The piping may run on other shirts, but never on this shirt. The colors stay put, and they stay bright.

What's more, even though this knit is made with mostly cotton yarn, it doesn't need ironing, and it does keep its shape.

Splendor. One of the best wearing shirts you can wear.

This 100% double knit polyester shirt wears better than any other shirt we know. It won't fade. It won't stretch. It won't even wrinkle.

Coleseta. It's silky. But it's no sissy.

Although this knit is silkier than many knits you'll find, it's also very rugged. It resists snagging stubbornly. It never shrinks. And it sticks firmly to its graceful shape.

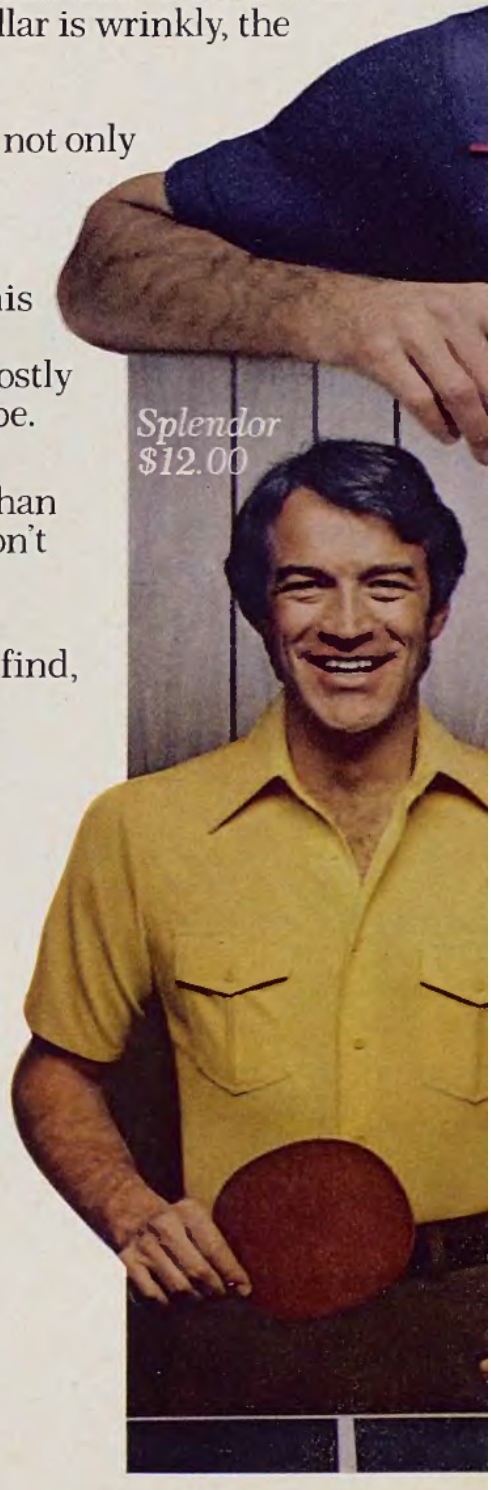
Wimbledon. It looks great on your shape, because it keeps its own.

While this shirt is made with a very fine yarn, it's also a very tight knit. So it won't sag or stretch. Even the collar is always in top form.

In fact, we're so proud of this shirt, we're wearing its name on our sleeve.

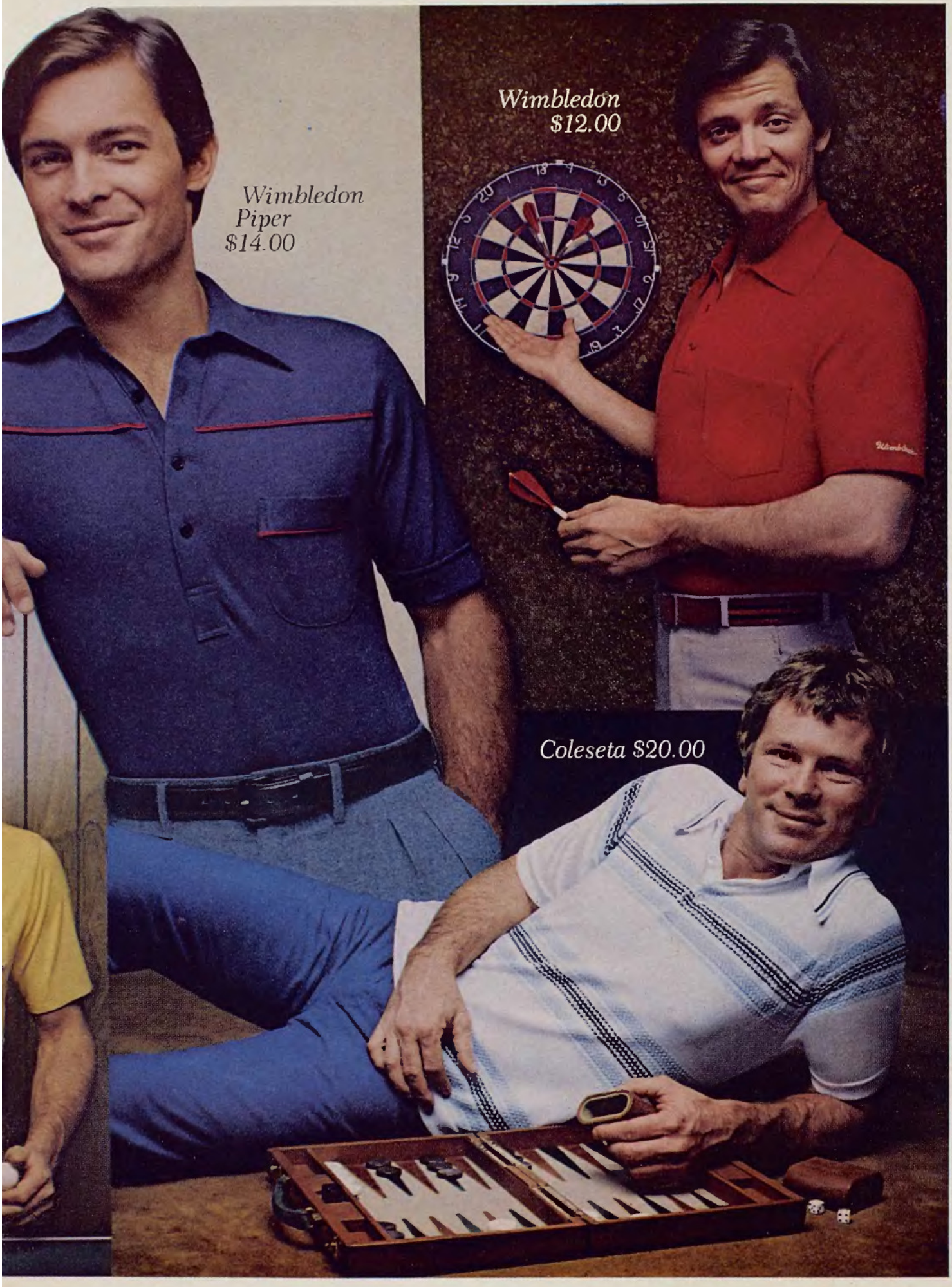
So next time you're casting around for a great looking sportshirt, consider a Van Heusen.

It looks better when you wear it, because it acts better when you wash it.



Next to ours, a good sportshirt isn't good enough.

THE VAN HEUSEN COMPANY, A DIVISION OF THE PHILLIPS-VAN HEUSEN CORP.


Wimbledon
$12.00
Wimbledon
Piper
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Coleseta $20.00

Is your 100mm here?

Then you're smoking more tar than you have to, to get good taste.

19 MG TAR 1.3 MG NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.3 MG NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.3 MG NIC.	17 MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC.	17 MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC.	12 MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC.	11 MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC.	11 MG TAR 0.8 MG NIC.

Only 10 mg tar.

Taste Kent Golden Lights 100's.

As low as you can go and still get good taste and smoking satisfaction.

Source of tar and nicotine disclosure above is FTC Report August 1977.
Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar. 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report August 1977. **Kent Golden Lights 100's Regular and Menthol:** 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

NEW SEX SYMBOLS

In the seven or eight years I've been reading *The Playboy Forum*, which seems to cover just about everything in the field of sex and a lot more, I've read nothing commenting on the sexuality of firemen. Once in Los Angeles, once in San Francisco and once in a Chicago suburb, I was in an apartment building in which a minor fire caused some smoke and water problems that the firemen had to clean up. Each time, I was friendly and grateful, because they were working so hard, and each time, I ended up dating one or more of the men from the local station. (In L.A., they actually smuggled me into their dorm by means of a ladder. There wasn't any sex, of course, and I think they did it partly to play a prank on their captain, who was very uptight. But we later had some fine times off duty.) I would just like to advise other women readers of *The Playboy Forum* that I've never found another profession whose members manage to combine real skills and courage, bullshit and horseplay with horniness. Firemen are also a bunch of male chauvinist pigs, but nice about it.

(Name withheld by request)
Evanston, Illinois

Our gallant fire fighters as new national sex symbols—we'll have to think about that one.

PRISON PERSECUTION

I am a professed male witch and my religion is Satanism, and here at the Minnesota State Prison, I am being discriminated against because of bureaucratic bigotry. In violation of my First Amendment rights, I am being denied various religious articles necessary to my worship. I have also been discriminated against in consideration for parole. My situation is further complicated by overzealous chaplains who attempt to force their beliefs on me.

Danny Schertz
Stillwater, Minnesota

Considering the hassles that people can get into without even looking for trouble, our only advice is for you to welcome this discrimination as a martyr's test of faith and the cross (or whatever) you gladly bear.

BLOWING THEIR MINDS

Want to take the tedium out of interstate highway travel? Get your girlfriend, wife, whatever, to make like she's giving you a high-speed blow job as you slowly pass an 18-wheeler, and then listen to the fun on the C.B. radio. My ladyfriend and I did this northbound out of Indianapolis on I-65 late one night on our way to Gary, and you wouldn't believe the commotion. The first trucker who looked down from his cab and scoped us out instantly hit the mike button to alert his friends and, within ten minutes, we had one hell of an escort. The semis behind us sped up and the ones in front slowed down, some of them saluting us with a few toots on the air horn. The best line we heard was one driver saying that I must be a "motorist in distress and losing air pressure rapidly, because he's got a beaver working like crazy on his valve stem, trying to pump him up." The happy ending was that we both got so worked up we exited south of Lafayette, had a quickie on a side road and rolled into Gary still laughing.

"I'm part of a group that has been hiding in the closet for many years. I am a trisexual."

(Name withheld by request)
Franklin, Indiana

Ralph Nader might not see the humor, but we've forwarded your letter to the National Safety Council, which we hope will promote your system as an effective means of combating late-night driver fatigue.

TRISEXUALS COME OUT

I'm sure you've all heard of bisexuality, where a person enjoys sex with both men and women. Well, I'm part of a group that has been hiding in the closet for many years. I am a trisexual. Besides having sex with people, I can enjoy it with inanimate objects, such as trash cans and telephone poles. You may think this strange and that I am putting you on. I won't try to explain just how it's done, because there are many different ways and you have to be shown. But you'll be hearing more from us tris.

(Name withheld by request)
Long Beach, California

Suspecting this letter to be a hoax, we were going to warn our readers by means of a witty response, but our Copy Editor said it all in her memo: "This letter is an obvious put-on. The giveaway is the inanimate-objects line. Everyone knows that true trisexuals like sex with men, women and animals and that the inclusion of trash cans and telephone poles implies quadrisexuality or, perhaps, omnisexuality. Consider also that telephone poles are essentially masculine in structure and containers of any kind are essentially feminine, obviously alluding to the rare aberrations sometimes referred to as homoquadrisexuality and lesbiquadrisexuality. Granted, such aberrations may well exist, but they would rarely be found in the same person."

ABSTINENCE MAKES THE HEART. . . .

Although he appears to suffer from a case of terminal education, I think that Raymond S. Kraft (*The Playboy Forum*, January) actually has made an important point that eludes most modern hedonists. Today there seems to be a curious lack of intimacy, of communication, and, indeed, a "preoccupation with mere sensuality" in sex.

I have found that people who concentrate narrowly on physical pleasure are invariably boring and unimaginative lovers. The "mystery" of sex has often meant self-imposed ignorance inherent in rigid role playing. But there is mystery and it lies both in the individuality of others and in the fact that sexual energies seem to transcend the physical

as surely as thought does. I maintain that if you are habitually involved in superficial encounters, abstinence can, in fact, help teach you how to love, because it tends to force a reassessment of the situation.

Suny A. Moon
San Francisco, California

PROBLEMS, PROBLEMS

You can't know how pleased I was to read in the March *Playboy Forum* the letter from the woman who found it hard to get together with men she liked because they seemed to be intimidated by her good looks and professional success. I don't think I'm nearly as attractive as she, but I find that even the slightest display of intelligence turns most men off. As long as I act stupid and feminine, the social game goes on; but the moment I step out of the role by expressing some opinion on politics or current events, my male friends freeze up and treat me with awe and deference, and that's the end of that. Which leaves me to wonder: Do they invite me out only to screw, on the assumption that I am stupid and desperate?

(Name withheld by request)
Madison, Wisconsin

I'm not quite up to modeling, but, like "Different Problem," I find I have to play down my education or risk frightening off men who seem to consider any combination of attractiveness and intellect too dangerous to approach. Sadly, the males who possess self-confidence in this area are mostly the moneyed greaseballs who relegate all women to the status of cunt and are too insensitive to worry about being rejected.

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

I've got a "Different Problem" in reverse. I seem to be gifted with intelligence, personality and good looks and usually end up dating only women who are after superstuds in sports cars who like *disco* dancing and movie-style sex. The women I'm most attracted to generally have more brains than beauty (such a rare combination!) and often follow the same idea: "What would a winner like you want with an ordinary woman like me?" At least now I know I'm not alone.

Brad Lorensen
Phoenix, Arizona

I could not believe it. That is, I could not believe it until now. But for the gender and locale, there go I—even to the staying-at-home part.

(Name withheld by request)
Shreveport, Louisiana

In reply to "Different Problem":
Reflection: My God! Is there actually

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HOT DOG!

NEW YORK—*A state supreme-court jury in Manhattan has acquitted a sex-movie wholesaler of obscenity charges after finding the films in question "too disgusting and repulsive" to appeal to the prurient interests of average people. The films depict men having sexual relations with German shepherds and the jurors found that while they might*

be "patently offensive" and lack "serious literary, artistic, political and scientific value," they flunked the third part of the obscenity test: They wouldn't sexually arouse "ordinary adults."

POT AND CANCER

Canadian scientists have shown that the chemical constituents of marijuana—THC and other cannabinoids—do not cause mutation in cell cultures and therefore believe they are not cancer-causing agents. Extensive laboratory tests conducted at the University of Toronto and the University of British Columbia found no indication that the chemicals in pot become carcinogenic even when activated with enzymes found in the human body.

WIN ONE, LOSE ONE

BALTIMORE—*While trying to develop better vaccines against cholera, researchers at the University of Maryland's Center for Vaccine Development have accidentally discovered that pot smoking may reduce the chance of getting peptic ulcers. The research focused on stomach acidity and detected unusually low stomach-acid levels among subjects who were found to be using marijuana three or four times a week—unless they were also heavy drinkers, in which case their acid levels were normal instead of high. The researchers noted that while low acidity might reduce the chance of ulcers, it also might leave a person more susceptible to the bugs that cause cholera and food poisoning.*

TIE THAT BINDS

RIO DE JANEIRO—*A 25-year-old man in southern Brazil has been charged with forcing his wife to wear a chastity belt for three years and keeping her locked in their sealed-up home. According to the* Jornal do Brasil, *the husband claimed his wife, whom he had suspected of adultery, had agreed to her confinement and had made her own chastity belt—a pair of Bermuda shorts secured to her waist by a strip of rubber tire with a lock at the back.*

LAST BASTIONS

CHICAGO—*Private clubs that serve liquor have the right to bar women or anyone else, the Illinois Appellate Court has ruled. A women's group had sued five of Chicago's most fashionable clubs on the ground that their membership restrictions denied women access to professional activities and associations, but the court held that the state liquor law allows a private club to have an "exclusionary policy."*

FAST, TEMPORARY RELIEF. . . .

CHICAGO—*Researchers have found that sexual intercourse can relieve arthritic pain. The Mount Sinai Hospital publication* Check-up *reports that sex reduces the pain by increasing the adrenal glands' output of cortisone.*

HOMOPHOBIA IN OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA CITY—*The Oklahoma legislature is considering a bill that would permit school districts to fire or refuse to employ teachers who engage in "public homosexual conduct"—defined to include "advocating, soliciting, imposing, encouraging or promoting public or private homosexual activity in a manner that creates a substantial risk that such conduct will come to the attention of school children or school employees." The bill, which passed in the house by a vote of 88 to 2, provides no means of determining who is or isn't*

a homosexual and provides no hearing or appeal process for any teacher who might wrongfully be accused. The bill's author, Representative John Monks, explained that such a law would permit school districts to fire "people afflicted with this degenerate problem . . . people who are mentally deranged this way," and added, "It would cover both queers and lesbians."

EQUALITY UNDER THE LAW

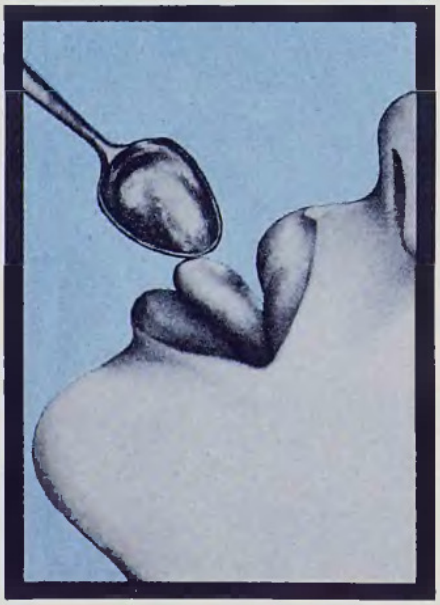
AMSTERDAM—*A divorced Dutch woman, 53, living in a lesbian relationship with a 27-year-old woman, has lost her right to $600 a month alimony on the ground that she can now be supported by her present partner. An Amsterdam court held that the law denying alimony to a woman who remarries or who "lives maritally with another person" applies equally to homosexual unions.*

SELF-DEFENSE

REDDING, CALIFORNIA—*A 38-year-old woman who killed her husband after he reportedly beat and sexually abused her and molested her daughter has been acquitted of manslaughter. A Shasta County superior-court judge, in finding the woman innocent, said, "I don't believe she had a viable alternative." The prosecutor commented, "I believed she was technically guilty of a crime and I still do. But given the nature of the testimony . . . I can't say I'm upset with [the judge's verdict]."*

COMBATING DRUG ABUSE

ROME—*Bars and clubs in the raunchier parts of Rome are reportedly beginning to use spoons with holes punched in the bottoms in order to*



discourage heroin addicts from stealing them and using them to cook up their fixes. The management of one large bar claims it was losing more than 300 spoons a week before the leaky versions were introduced. It said that the ploy instantly cut losses to a few dozen a week—presumably stolen by tourists as souvenirs.

INSEMINATING LESBIANS

LONDON—*A British gynecologist has helped eight lesbians have babies through artificial insemination, according to the London* Evening News. *The paper said that the donors were men known only to the doctor and that the oldest child is now two years old and living in Australia with its mother and her lesbian spouse.*

TRUTH IN VIOLENCE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Perhaps the worst thing about violence on television, the U.S. Conference of Mayors has decided, is the failure to depict it accurately, with anguish, suffering and gore. The director of the conference said that portrayed shootings and stabbings are generally antiseptic and that the characters usually die quickly and quietly or out of camera range—presumably jading viewers to the actual effects of weapons on people. He noted that neither TV cops nor TV gunmen display much in the way of marksmanship; of the 346 shots counted during a study, only 17 percent hit their targets.*

IMPORTED PORN

CHICAGO—*The nationwide crackdown on "kiddie porn" may be causing a sharp increase in its importation from foreign countries. Customs officials in Chicago say that they have been making about 50 seizures a week of such pornography coming into the U.S. through O'Hare International Airport and that this represents an increase during 1977 from 20 percent to 40 percent of total pornography seized. Over the same period, movie pornography involving children reportedly jumped from 0 to 20 percent of the total. A Customs spokesman in Chicago said that Customs is cooperating with other law-enforcement agencies in setting up a sophisticated system to "identify the purveyors of pornography and backtrack their merchandise to the original importer."*

Meanwhile, President Carter has signed a bill making it a Federal crime to produce pornographic movies or magazines involving males or females under the age of 16. The measure also amends the Mann Act to prohibit the transportation of males, as well as females, under 18 across state lines for prostitution or other commercial sexual exploitation.

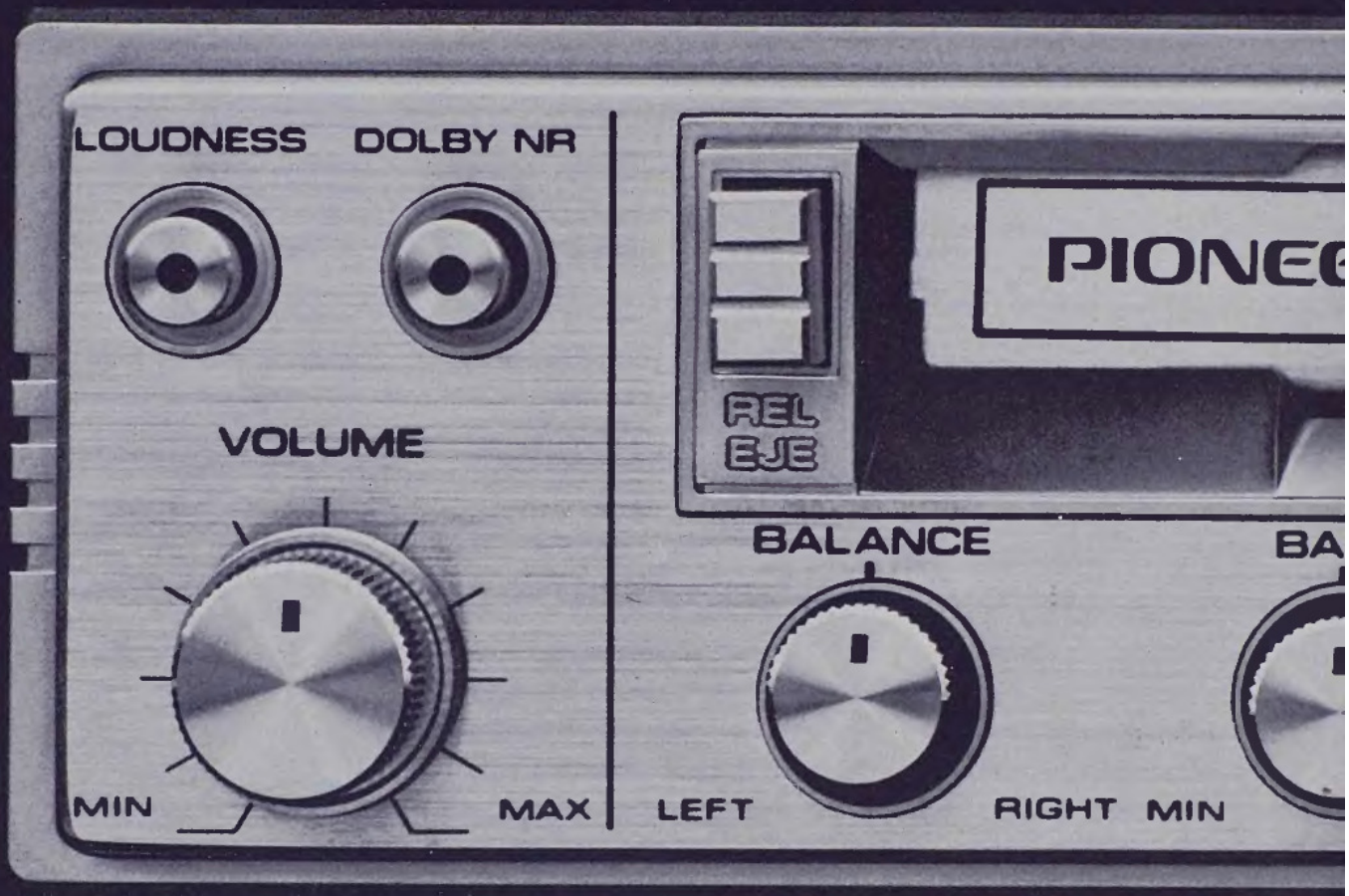
NEW PERIL

NEW YORK—*Rock music may not be a Communist plot to destroy American youth, as some right-wingers have claimed, but a New York psychiatrist*

believes that it can cause temporary muscle weakness. Writing in Medical Tribune, *Dr. John Diamond reports that over 90 percent of a group of people tested showed a sudden loss of more than two thirds of their normal muscle strength on an electronic strain gauge while listening to some popular types of rock. He says the particular rhythm that seems to have this effect is a "stopped anapaestic"—two short beats followed by a long one—which is nearly the opposite of the heartbeat. He theorizes that such music may act as a stress signal that produces a change in the brain-wave symmetry, affecting the muscles.*

LIQUOR LIABILITY

SAN FRANCISCO—*A tavern may be liable for damages when a bartender serves a patron so many drinks that he dies, the California Supreme Court has ruled. The case arose when a man celebrated his 21st birthday at a bowling-alley bar by consuming ten straight shots of 151-proof rum, a vodka collins and two beer chasers in less than an hour and a half. His death later that night was attributed to acute alcohol poisoning. A lower court had dismissed a wrongful-death suit filed on behalf of the man's two young sons, but the supreme court held that the issues of negligence and willful misconduct should be taken before a trial jury. In its decision, the court said, "A bartender owes a duty to a patron to exercise due care and incurs liability to the patron for the foreseeable injuries caused by the bartender's failure to exercise such care."*



THE FIRST COMPONENT CAR STEREO WORTHY OF THE NAME.

Worthy of the name, "component."
Worthy of the name, "Pioneer."

The first car tape deck that sounds like something straight out of a recording studio. With all the realism you could want.

What you're looking at here, is our *Supersystem* KPH-838 cassette deck pre-amp with Dolby® noise reduction. With signal-to-noise of 60dB (Dolby on). With wow and flutter less than 0.13% (WRMS). And a separate amp with maximum RMS output power of 20 watts per channel; 10 watts per channel (both channels driven) 60 to 20,000 Hz

TS-167

into 4 ohms with no more than 0.8% THD.

The KPH-838 comes from the same people who introduced *Supertuner*® car stereo two years ago. And are still watching everybody else play catch-up.

It comes from Pioneer.

One of the most respected audio manufacturers in the world. With superb design, engineering and manufacturing.

And even if you don't buy anything but our least-expensive compact 8-track player and door-panel speakers, you're still getting the benefit of all that leadership.

So, why not get over to your Pioneer dealer's and listen?

Because we don't just have car audio that anybody can easily like.

We also have car audio that anybody can easily afford.

GM-40

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The only telephoto lens with foreground-to-infinity sharpness.

The Sigma Pantel 135mm is more than an ultra-compact, automatic telephoto lens that's perfect for pictures of people and places. It also lets you *triple* your range of sharpness — instantly, optically. Simply by turning to the unique f/64 aperture position, you expand your depth-of-field (sharpness range) by three times or more, as compared to conventional telephotos. Perfect for those photos where everything from here to there must be in sharp focus.

And, Sigma's advanced computer technology and Multi-Layer coating assure razor-sharp, high-fidelity images at every aperture, every time. See the surprisingly economical Sigma Pantel, in mounts for all popular slr cameras, at better camera counters everywhere. Or, write for complete information on the full line of Sigma lenses with unique features and advanced technology design by requesting Lit/Pak P82. Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., Woodbury, N.Y. 11797. EPI
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Unique features
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The Norelco Express™ gives you real big coffee taste in a real small coffee maker. It's specially designed to brew 1 to 4 cups of your favorite coffee. And it also makes delicious espresso. The New Norelco Express. Perfect for you... perfect for 2.

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a woman like that out there somewhere?

Conclusion: I wonder what she is doing for dinner tomorrow?

Reflection: If it is/was true, and there is a woman like that somewhere, does that imply there is more than *one*?

Conclusion: I guess I won't join the monastery this spring, after all.

Reflection: What the hell am I saying? She is probably a burned-out, airhead acid freak who, in a rare moment of lucidity, thought of a new diversion. Even if she isn't, she will probably think this is a joke.

(Name withheld by request)
Edinboro, Pennsylvania

As a matter of policy, we don't forward letters, but if we did, the woman who wrote to us would be swamped with mail. It seems a great many attractive, intelligent individuals find themselves, as one correspondent put it, "cast in the role of 'untouchable' by some of the very people they would feel most comfortable with." You can't win, apparently.

LOW BLOW

Something heartbreaking has happened. I am stationed near a small village in Korea and I am a lover of good head. I have often partaken at one of the many houses in the village that specialize in oral sex. Suddenly, the village has been declared off limits and my favorite places are now patrolled by the MPs. I ask you, is that a low blow? Now, in order to get good head, I have to travel 70 miles to the King Kong Lick House in Seoul (and it's still worth it).

(Name withheld by request)
FPO San Francisco, California

WISE GUY

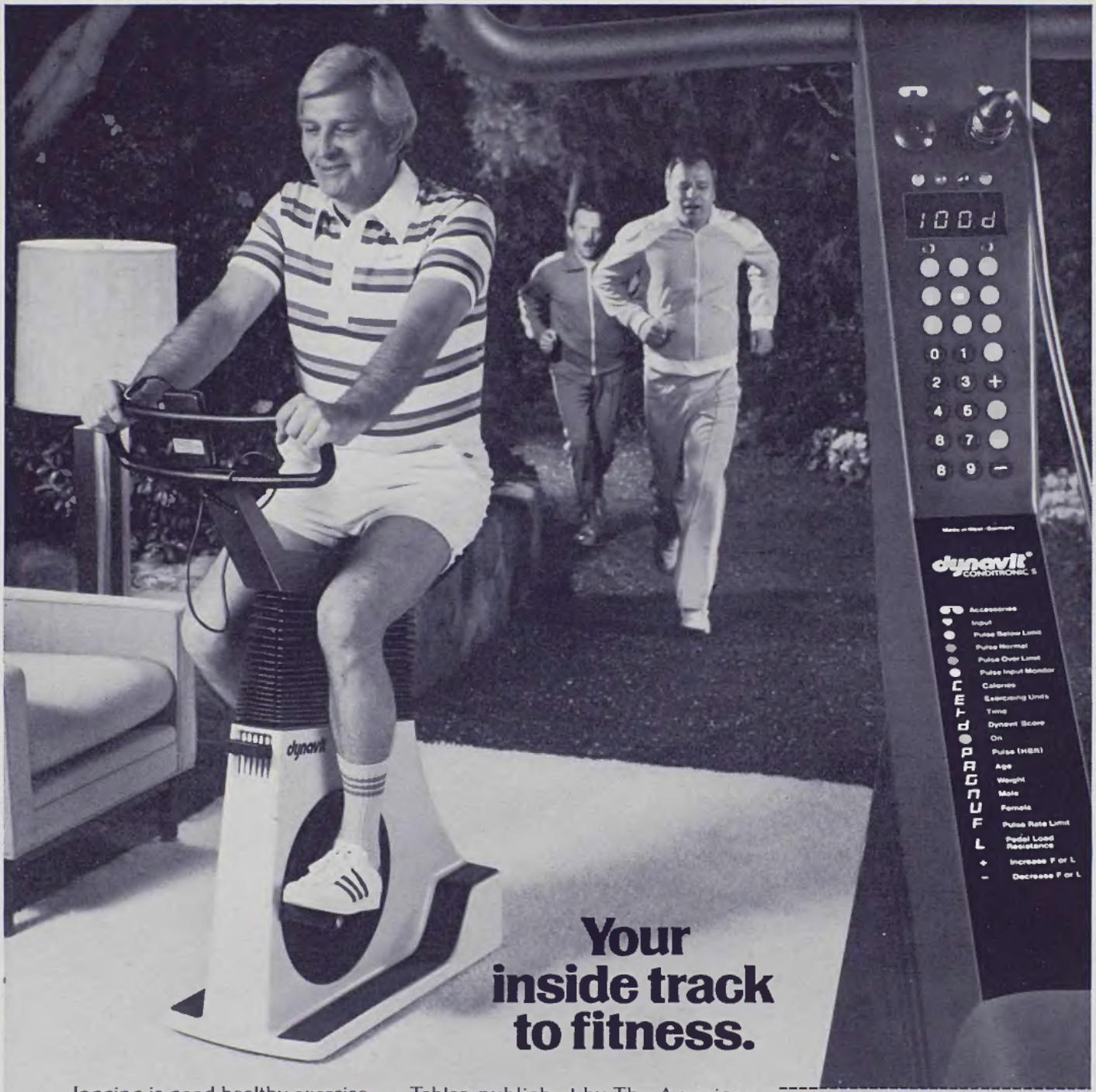
Your March *Forum Newsfront* reports that an airline settled a civil rights suit by offering some former stewardesses reemployment and back pay and concludes, "The plaintiffs . . . also will be offered seniority dating from the time they were fired." Please, exactly how does one qualify for "seniority dating"? I'd like to get in line.

Kari Omar
Beverly Hills, California

Gotcha! We were secretly running a smart-aleck-reader contest, and you have just won a carton of commas in the type face of your choice.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

While working for a radio station in the tallest building in a Midwestern city, I had quite a view of neighboring apartment and office buildings. I also had a pair of binoculars in the studio as part of our sports-coverage equipment and one day the news director and I were using them to look out the window. What did we behold but a man and presumably his secretary humping away like crazy in an office a few floors below our vantage point and less than half a block



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PLAYBOY FORUM: THE LAW

JUSTICE AND THE UNPREDICTABLE CRIMINAL CODE

By GEORGE V. HIGGINS

From time to time, "The Playboy Forum" will present this page as a special feature reporting and commenting on various aspects of our criminal-justice system. While it will not necessarily represent PLAYBOY*'s editorial position on the issues discussed, we believe it will provide an opportunity to present material not regularly covered at length in other sections of the magazine. George V. Higgins is a prominent Boston defense attorney, author and columnist for the* Boston Herald-American. *His first novel, "The Friends of Eddie Coyle," was published in 1972 and his most recent, "Dreamland," appeared last year. Before entering private law practice, he was first a state and later a Federal prosecutor.*

Two perspicacious gentlemen in California, each dependent upon the state for his support, espouse conflicting views of the Patty Hearst case. Together they illustrate the most perplexing of the problems that riddle the American criminal-justice system: disparity of sentencing.

The first is Evelle Younger, who prevailed upon the people to elect him to the post of attorney general. The second is Bill Stabler, who attracted the attention of the *People of the State of California* by more colorful means, involving the use of firearms. And it was not the first time, either: Stabler, a resident of Folsom Prison, is a tenant of some standing.

Younger, ruminating on the seven-year term given Patty for armed robbery, assured what Stabler called "a buncha fat-assed society broads in Pasadena" that Patty had been treated much too harshly. "Had Patty Hearst been the daughter of an alcoholic welfare mother," Younger said, "she wouldn't have spent a day in jail."

"No," Stabler jeered, "try thirty, forty years."

Now, each of these critics has some personal knowledge of what happens to folks grabbed for armed robbery, Younger having processed a good number of such cases through his previous office as Los Angeles County district attorney, Stabler having done a fair stretch for commission of the offense. Such credentials are comparatively rare among those commonly addressing the issues of crime and punishment. People seeking election generally favor, at least publicly, the incarceration of just about everybody; while those whose roseate view of human nature denies the existence of brigands in our midst demand that everybody be let out and nobody else put in. Younger and Stabler know what prison is and deserve commensurate attention.

Prison is awful. Maximum security is worse than medium security and medium security is worse than minimum security, but each of them, for a sentient human being, is a wretched experience. Should some itinerant declare to you that John Mitchell, doing eight years in minimum security as a Federal prisoner at an Air Force installation, is dwelling in a country club, mark down that advisor as an idiot and immediately excuse yourself to go and do something intelligent, such as watching a rerun of *You Bet Your Life*. Stone walls do not a prison make; what makes a prison, and the person living in it a prisoner, is precisely the fact that he is, as the old writs of habeas corpus put it, "confined of his liberty, as it is said, by the warden."

Once you get that uniform on, *you will not* decide: what time to get up in the morning; whether to have breakfast at home or stop at the doughnut stand and get the morning paper; whether to get that new jacket today or put it off again; and whether to visit your aged parents at the rest home that night. If your lawfully wedded spouse, or other companion, gets into a dust-up with the telephone company, *you will not* be in a position to exert the full persuasive force of your magnetic personality upon the bastards. Neither, for that matter, will you find yourself conveniently situated to manifest your enormous personal charm upon your roomie nor to hit a few joints tonight to see what might turn up, if you do not happen to have a roomie or to like the one you have. What you will be able to do is beat your meat, or someone else's selected or thrust upon you from a very limited and somewhat questionable array of personalities. There is, in short, nothing quite like being locked up; it is suffering, intentionally imposed by the government, and in all the debates about what its purposes are and how to achieve them, almost nobody with any brains has ever denied its efficacy in one respect: It punishes, and it punishes like the very Devil.

Given that transcendent fact, that imprisonment is pretty nearly the ultimate sanction legally imposed, you would think that our rational society, after a couple of hundred years of practice, would have the manner of its imposition pretty well calibrated. Rich man, poor man, Patty Hearst, thief: You pull a stick-up and you get five years. Or three years, seven or ten. Casing the joint for your first job, you would have available the information that if you screwed up, you might as well cancel your reservations at Snowmass until 1981, and if you shot somebody screwing up, forget about it until 1990. You would get, in other words, the predictability we've built into the criminal code.

We never did it. If you act up and you get caught at it, something will probably happen to you and you will not like it, and that is about all we can promise you.

If G. Gordon Liddy had reviewed dispositions of first-offense burglary cases decided in the District of Columbia before conspiring to break into the Watergate offices of the Democratic National Committee in 1972, he would have deemed himself in hazard of straight probation to a maximum of three years in the can, if caught. He got 20 years and did 53 months before he was released last September. He was released then only because President Carter commuted his sentence to eight years (the same as H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman received from Judge John J. Sirica, and those sentences were also too heavy). Patty Hearst's was the longest sentence for first-offense armed robbery in the history of the U. S. District Court of Northern California.

Some way or other, measures must be taken to ensure that the circumstances of the convicted defendant, the digestive condition of the sentencing judge and the public awareness of the case do not warp the punishment procedures as they have been too long allowed to do. There is a beginning under way, in Senate Bill 1437, that we will take up in our next report.

away. A look in our crisscross directory, plus a little guesswork, provided the telephone number of the office in question and the news director watched the man irritably suspend his labors to answer the phone. What he heard was a low, rumbling voice that sounded like Jehovah Himself, saying, "This is God. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" Then we quickly got back to work while they, I suppose, got religion.

(Name withheld)
San Diego, California

Since the statute of limitations may not yet have run out on your little prank, we'll protect your former news director by withholding your name, Bill.

PAMPERED PRISONERS

From time to time, I read letters in *The Playboy Forum* describing the horrors of prison life, which certainly exist in many places and are widely enough reported. But I would like to see the press occasionally acknowledge that such conditions are not universal. For nearly two years, I have been a correctional officer at the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, and I see no dungeons when I come to work. Nor do I or my colleagues see all inmates as animals who answer best to force or to ten days in the hole. Instead, at this and at other Federal prisons, many people might easily see a system that is too lenient and comfortable to suit the average notion of punishment.

The F.C.I. at Danbury has a color-television set for each of its 13 dormitories; the inmates have a commissary, plus furlough and face-to-face visitation rights. The Black Muslims conduct their services unsupervised and Jewish inmates have a kosher-food program. Spanish inmates may learn English, a few eligible men are permitted to attend college classes in town and other educational programs are made readily available. I would go as far as to say that for some, a prison term here at Danbury has more to offer than life on the streets. Maybe that's one reason so many keep coming back.

Roger K. Shuart
Danbury, Connecticut

MAN AND BEAST

I note that many *Playboy Forum* letters compare certain aspects of human behavior with those of other species of mammals. In general, the comparisons have not been valid and, as an ethologist, I wish to put to rest some of the misconceptions.

Coprophagy (feeding on dung) occurs in many rodent species; the rat, the hamster and the mouse are all coprophagic. This should not lead to any assumptions about its "naturalness" or "unnaturalness" in humans.

While homosexuality may occur in mammals (motivations for an animal's

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behavior are extremely difficult to ascertain), most of what is termed homosexual behavior in animals has nothing to do with sex. For example: Mounting of males by males in numerous species (rat, hamster, monkey) is a behavior that signifies the dominance of the mounting male and the acceptance of that dominance by the male being mounted.

It has recently been reported that homosexual pairing occurs between females in one species of Western gull. It appears, however, that only those females that have not found mates; i.e., the excess, nonbreeding portion of the population, show this behavior.

While much can be learned about human behavior from ethology, the behavior of animals, even other primates, should not be used to justify or condemn human actions without further, extensive study. Too much of our behavior is determined by our culture to make such comparisons.

Linda J. Swanson
Evanston, Illinois

PLUCKED AGAIN!

Your "chicken experts" are full of horseshit. Coprophagy is actually rather common in the animal world, occurring not only in chickens but also in such species as rabbits and gerbils. Although the practice of eating one's own excrement may seem repellent to humans, in some species it's biologically necessary: Vitamins produced by bacteria living in the intestines do not have a chance to be completely absorbed before they pass out of the body, and thus some animals must "recycle" their food. When such animals are kept in cages that prevent access to their droppings, they may suffer from vitamin deficiencies and require vitamin supplements.

(Name withheld by request)
Lebanon, New Jersey

We suspected that our chicken experts were turkeys and the whole flock has been processed.

DISCHARGE DISPUTE

Since my story was told in *Playboy Casebook* (May 1976, October 1976 and May 1977), I've been doing well and I'm still working at Genesis House, the inpatient drug-treatment program in Seattle that took me in when I avoided going to prison.

I haven't done so well, however, with the Military Discharge Review Board. While I was in the Air Force in the Philippines, I was investigated for use of pot and one morning at four o'clock my off-post apartment was raided. They found a small amount of marijuana and a large number of antiwar newspapers. Because it was indisputably an unlawful search and seizure, the charges were dropped. But several months later, military authorities gave me a choice of pleading guilty to possession and use of pot or of being processed for an administrative discharge. I chose not to plead guilty and was given the discharge. Just prior to getting out, I was convicted of two minor offenses and received a general discharge under honorable conditions instead of an honorable discharge.

Since I meet two of the criteria qualifying me for discharge upgrade, receiving unit citations and serving a tour of duty in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam conflict, I applied to the review board for an upgrading. It reviewed my case and denied me, declaring that I do not qualify.

Military justice is to justice as military bands are to music.

Daniel H. Atkinson
Seattle, Washington

SQUATTER'S RIGHTS

The following court decision was brought to our attention by W. David King, an attorney in Paducah, Kentucky, who noted PLAYBOY*'s regular reporting of legal actions and thought that we and "Playboy Forum" readers would agree with the judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, who began his written decision with, "The facts of this case are both uncontested and unbelievable." It seems a Kentucky man had attended a wedding party at a roadside establishment, suffered injuries, sued and won. The defendants appealed the decision, but we'll let the judge describe the incident, editing out only names and details of time and place to spare anyone any further embarrassment.*

"Sometime after midnight, and after consuming four highballs, the Appellee, according to his testimony, needed to relieve himself, but the rest room was occupied and the Appellee went into a vacant field next door for the purpose of relieving himself. He gave his car keys to his wife, telling her he thought he would walk home, and walked across the vacant field for the purpose which he had stated. After the Appellee had been gone some five to ten minutes, his wife asked assistance in locating the Appellee and contacted the Appellant and a passenger in [his car] and asked their assistance in locating her husband. The Appellant then drove at a slow rate of speed through the field, with his headlights on and in working order, searching for the Appellee, and in doing so ran over the Appellee while the latter was in a half-squatting position in the process of relieving himself. Apparently noticing that something had happened, the Appellant-driver then backed over the Appellee. . . ."

The court reversed the initial $11,000 judgment against the driver of the car and noted that the injured man's arguments were similar in law to those of a pedestrian using a public roadway. However, the court decided, "The Appellee was in a vacant field, with sagebrush up to his waist, and the duties imposed by law upon a person in a similar position would hardly be comparable to those duties imposed upon the user of a thoroughfare."

DRUG-ANALYSIS SERVICE

The PharmChem Research Foundation is a nonprofit, public-interest group that operates a confidential drug-analysis service. This service directly benefits the public. We are able to provide factual information about the true content of street drugs, spotlight street-trade deceptions (THC that is LSD, pharmaceutical-looking drugs that are fakes), issue timely warnings of dangerous or extremely strong drugs that are on the street (very strong heroin, harmful adulterants being used). We see our role as that of consumer protection, education, warning and data collecting.

Approximately 750 samples are submitted each month and run the gamut from inert substances (sugar) to a South American topical agent (cocaine and clay). On a monthly basis, we print *The PharmChem Newsletter*, which contains the results of the previous months' analyses, along with a feature article on the historical, pharmacological, psychological and physiological properties of prevalent drugs. The Analysis Anonymous summary lists the samples by alleged content, actual content, description, origin and price.

Also, PharmChem is now able to test marijuana samples for the presence of paraquat. That is the herbicide used by Mexican officials to destroy the marijuana crop. Smoking marijuana with paraquat is reported to cause lung fibrosis.

Frankly, we'd like to expand the number of samples and broaden the area of sample submission. Most of our samples are from the Western United States; a broader distribution would help us in detecting patterns of use. I believe our service would interest your readers, who may obtain literature and information on submitting drug samples by writing to us at 1844 Bay Road, Palo Alto, California 94303.

John Kotecki, Director
PharmChem Research Foundation
Palo Alto, California

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE BURNS

a candid conversation with a promising young comedian, actor and singer

The most inspired cinematic stroke of 1977 was the casting of George Burns as God in Warner Bros.' huge money-maker "Oh, God!" And, by God, there may be a Second Coming of Burns's tennis-shoed Lord in a sequel. Playing God isn't bad for a performer who readily admits that he was a god-awful vaudevillian until he teamed up with a dainty Irish dramatic actress and dancer named Gracie Allen. To hear Burns tell it, in his self-deprecatory manner, he went into retirement the moment he hooked up with Amazing Gracie. "Gracie did it all," he says. "All I had to do was smoke a cigar and ask, 'Gracie, how's your brother?'"

George's slow-burning interlocutor was the perfect foil for the loopy Gracie. As the harassed husband, he wielded his cigar as if it were an SOS flare and delivered gravelly voiced asides with impeccable timing. For more than three decades—in vaudeville, then on radio and television—Burns and Allen were America's most beloved odd couple. Preferring to spend more time with her grandchildren, Gracie retired in 1958. So, slightly daunted, George decided to continue as a single. His fears of flopping were without foundation. He quickly became a Las Vegas headliner, a sought-after talk-show guest and, finally, a bona fide movie star who won an Oscar for his performance in "The Sunshine Boys," the first movie in which he played a character other than himself.

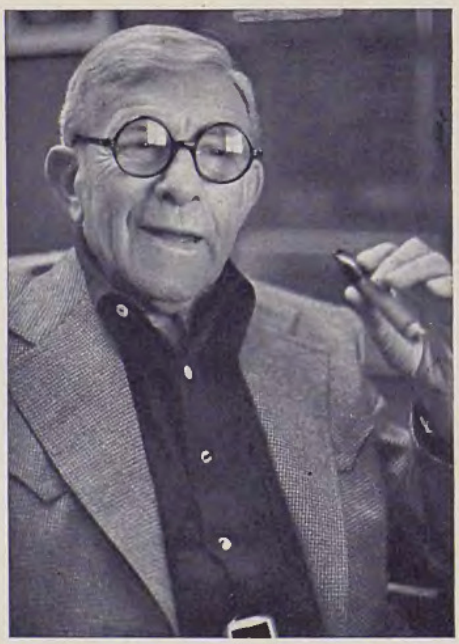
Burns contends he was born Nathan Birnbaum 82 years ago on Pitt Street in New York's Lower East Side. That is hotly disputed by some of his friends, who insist George is merely 45 but plays old in order to score more easily with the nubile starlets with whom he's so often seen. The ninth of 12 children, Burns never realized how poor his family was, "because everybody I knew was poor and, anyway, we always had enough hot food to eat . . . my mother made a great sauce . . . with her sauce, anything would taste good, even a shoe." Besides an enduring obsession for napalm-hot food, George also inherited his mother's sense of humor. "She was funny by inference, like I am," he says. "She had a great sense of humor." Except at choosing a husband, a dour, Orthodox Jew who was a factotum around the synagogue and who died when George was seven.

By the time he was 14, Burns was a dance teacher and fledgling vaudevillian who would do damn near anything to get six minutes onstage—roller-skate, sand dance, even play second banana to a trained seal. He kept that up for 13 years. Enter—providentially—Gracie Allen, a 17-year-old out-of-work dancer-actress who caught George's act one night in 1923, felt the poor lad needed some help and went backstage to suggest they team up.

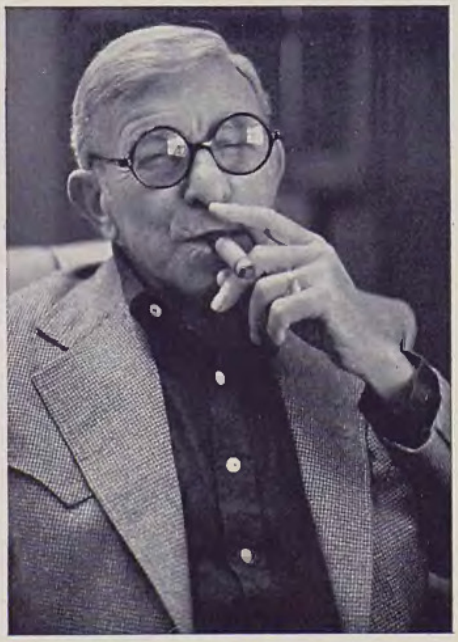
At first, George was the comic and Gracie played it straight; but when Gracie got all the laughs, Burns decided on a droll reversal. Not much later, Gracie pulled a switcheroo of her own. At the time she teamed up with George, she was in love with a handsome Irish vaudevillian named Benny Ryan. Stricken with appendicitis in San Francisco while touring with Burns, Gracie waited in vain for some sympathetic word from Ryan. What she got was $160 worth of flowers from George. Exit Benny Ryan. George and Gracie were married in 1926.

That same year, Burns and Allen were signed to a six-year contract by the prestigious B. F. Keith vaudeville chain and they soon climbed to the top of the hill with such material as the celebrated "Lamb Chops" routine:

GEORGE: *Do you like to love?*
GRACIE: *No.*



"I did mess around when I was married to Gracie. Look, nobody is a. . . . I don't care if you were married to Marilyn Monroe. If you were married to her, you'd cheat with some ugly girl."



"I sang a French song, 'La Vie en Rose,' for Jackie Kennedy in the White House. She told me she'd been speaking French all her life, but after hearing me, realized she'd been doing it all wrong."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL IRI

"What do I think of the new comics? You mean all the kids that are coming up like Milton Berle, Alan King, Buddy Hackett? Those kids will all make it. The kids today, you can't stop 'em."

GEORGE: *Do you like to kiss?*
GRACIE: *No.*
GEORGE: *What do you like?*
GRACIE: *Lamb chops.*
GEORGE: *A girl like you, a little girl like you, can you eat two lamb chops alone?*
GRACIE: *Alone I can't eat them. With potatoes I can eat them.*

Though, as Burns now admits, that bit of business is pretty silly, "Lamb Chops" served as the centerpiece—and title—for their first movie, a nine-minute Vitaphone one-reeler in 1929. Gracie's off-center "illogical logic" made exquisite sense to a nation that had not yet turned cynical and for which fun was still simply fun. George and Gracie soon found themselves in demand as guest performers on hit radio shows hosted by the likes of Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo, and in 1932 they quit vaudeville for their own CBS radio show. George's unfinished melodies and Gracie's non sequiturs *were fixtures on the airwaves for the next 18 years.*

In 1950, Burns and Allen made the transition to television with a situation comedy featuring Bea Benadaret, Larry Keating and Harry Von Zell. The show ran—usually near the top of the ratings—until Gracie retired. Like Jack Benny's and Groucho Marx's, the Burns and Allen show had a timeless quality about it and you can bet your life that reruns are being televised somewhere in the U. S. right now.

Burns continued on TV alone for a year as star of "The George Burns Show"; then he did a season with Connie Stevens in the series "Wendy and Me," which he also produced. He became a wealthy man: With Gracie, he owned the $5,000,000 McCadden Corporation, which produced not only "The Burns and Allen Show" but "The Bob Cummings Show," "The People's Choice" and "Panic!" Burns also was coowner of the talking-horse TV series "Mr. Ed."

Then, convinced that "some of Gracie's talent had rubbed off on me," the 63-year-old Burns became one of the freshest new faces of 1959 when he launched his solo night-club and concert act. The act, which consisted of songs never sung to completion and monologs about life with Gracie punctuated by puffs on a huge El Producto, was boffo everywhere. After Gracie's death in 1964, Burns teamed up for a time with bubble-headed blonde Carol Channing, then went into the first of many periods of semiretirement.

Burns very nearly died himself before undergoing open-heart surgery in August 1974. One of the most constant visitors during George's recuperation was his closest friend, Jack Benny, who had just agreed to co-star in the film version of Neil Simon's hit play about two aged, feuding ex-vaudevillians, "The Sunshine Boys." Burns recovered completely, but Benny died suddenly—and playwright Simon and director Herbert Ross asked Burns to replace him in the cast. Acting opposite Walter Matthau, Burns played the part of Al Lewis with such stylish charm and dignity that no one was surprised when he won the Oscar for Best Supporting Actor of 1975. He won further plaudits for 1977's "Oh, God!" and has just completed work on the $12,000,000 musical "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," based on the Beatles' album and starring Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees. Several other scripts await his perusal.

To find out how Burns is coping with his second experience with stardom, PLAYBOY *sent writer* **Arthur Cooper** *to interview him. He reports:*

"George Burns is your typical overnight success. He lives in a large, expensively appointed house at one of the country's most fashionable addresses, in Beverly Hills. He wears modish, finely tailored suits and sports coats and colorful turtleneck sweaters. He dines at the trendiest restaurants and is invited to all the chichi parties. He can usually be found behind a blue cloud of cigar smoke and on the arm of some curvaceous young beauty. He tools around town in a new dark-blue Cadillac Seville.

"In truth, Burns is one of the gentlest and kindest of men. Even when prodded, he cannot find a mean word to say about anyone. If he ever had any enemies, he has managed to outlive them. He is considerate to the point of using a plastic cigar holder to spare those around him the sight of the wet tip of his cigar.

"The interview took place over the period of a week, both at Burns's house and on the location of 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,' the musical in which he has the only speaking part. On the set between takes, sitting in a canvas chair with his name lettered on the back, George was besieged for autographs. Women, young and old, lined up to pose with Burns while friends clicked away on Instamatics. Women simply can't keep their hands off George—and vice versa.

"He is an informal fellow, a charming raconteur, a dignified relic who, ironically enough, has never known greater fame. And, so you shouldn't be surprised, Burns serves the driest martinis—and the hottest soup—in Southern California."

"What the hell is wrong with going out with me? Look, I'd go out with women my age, but there are no women my age."

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea how many times you've been interviewed?

BURNS: More than once. If you want a good interview, you have to ask the right questions. If I'm sparked, I can talk for days. The questions that drive me nuts are when somebody says, "What's the funniest thing you ever said?" "Who is the funniest man you ever met?" "Say something funny." It's ridiculous. Your question was pretty ridiculous, too. You want a cigar?

PLAYBOY: No, thanks.

BURNS: That's the only excitement I get these days—putting a cigar in the holder.

PLAYBOY: The editors said they wanted this interview to be revealing as well as funny. Anything you'd care to reveal at the outset?

BURNS: I lust for chicken soup.

PLAYBOY: Actually, from what we hear, it's the young women around Los Angeles who lust after *you*. Why do so many of them find you irresistible?

BURNS: Because I don't *do* anything! Look, what the hell is wrong with going out with me? I take them to nice restaurants, they meet nice people, they eat good food. When I take them to Chasen's for dinner, in between courses they have time to do their homework. I figure some of their youth may rub off on me and some of what I've got might rub off on them. That is, if it doesn't drop off before I meet them. I'm sure I can't hurt them. Look, I'd go out with women my age, but there *are* no women my age.

PLAYBOY: Groucho and George Jessel in their later years built their image around being lusty old men. And, of course, we're told that we can enjoy sex when we're 90. Excuse us for asking, but do you still have sex?

BURNS: I can have sex, sure. Look, it's just as good now as it was then, and it was very bad then!

PLAYBOY: Is it true you have sex four times a week?

BURNS: No, that's not true. Four times a night, maybe, but not four times a week. Are you a sex maniac or something? Ask me something else. Wait. *I'll* ask me something else. You mentioned Georgie Jessel. I'll tell you a good Jessel story. I saw Jessel in *The Jazz Singer* on Broadway. He was absolutely great. A smash. He sang *Kol Nidre*. Well, it just knocked me out. I was sitting there crying. I ran back to tell Jessel how great he was. And

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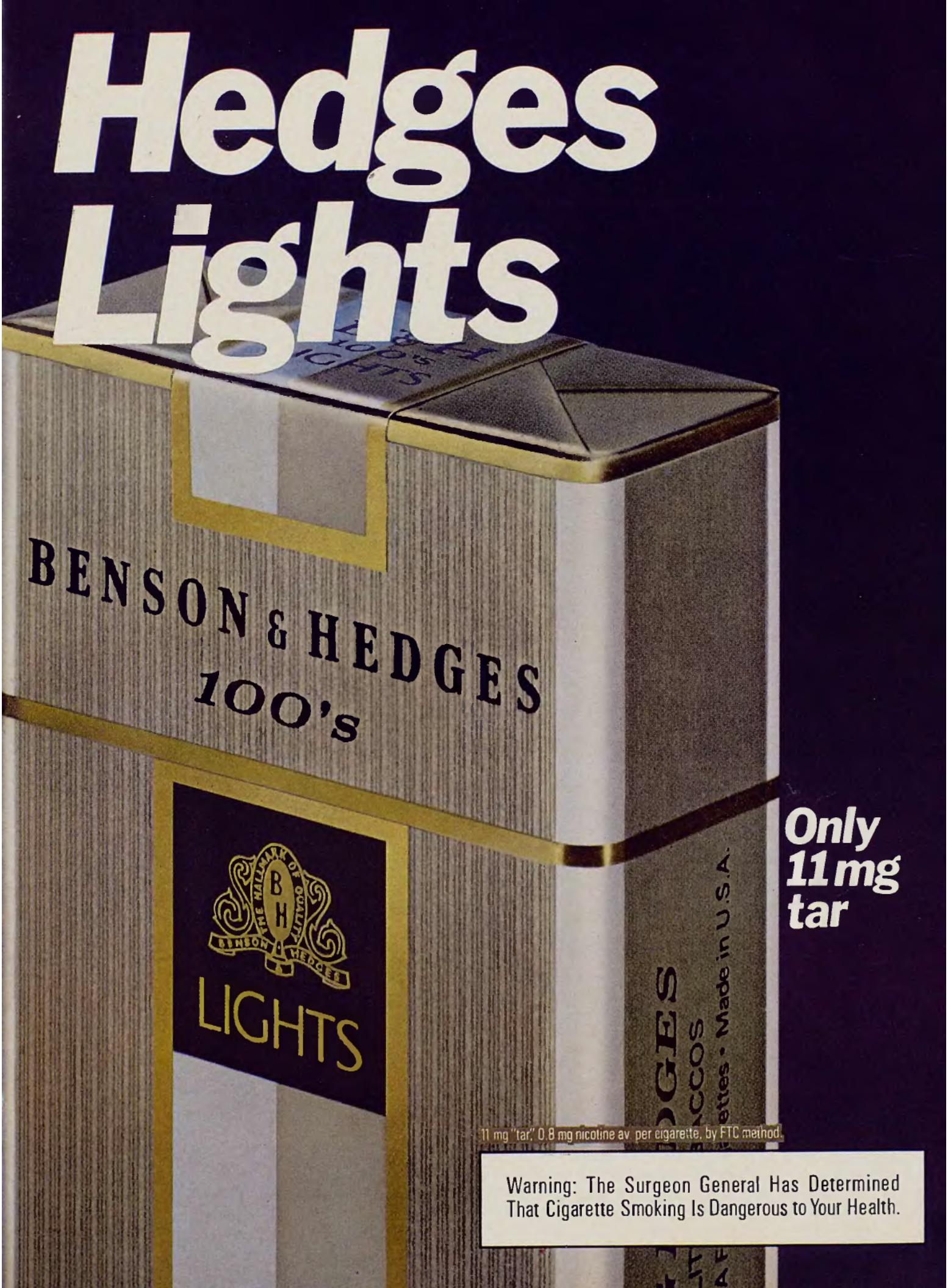

Bob Milford, his cousin, was working for him and Milford says, "You can't go in the dressing room." "I want to tell Mr. Jessel how great he is." He says, "You can't go in and see Georgie Jessel now. He's in his dressing room with his clothes off." I said, "Look, I've seen a naked Jew before." Milford says, "You can't go in and see him. He's got a dame with him in there." I thought nothing could follow *Kol Nidre*; but I guess *that* could!

PLAYBOY: So Jessel earned his campaign medals?

BURNS: Yeah. When he took *The Jazz Singer* on the road, he'd have a beauty contest in every city and he'd pick eight beautiful girls and put them in the show. So Jessel had all these broads—every night a different broad. And he was married then, I think to Courtney, and every time she caught him in bed with some girl, she'd hit him over the head with something, a lamp, anything. Jessel was getting a lot of headaches.

PLAYBOY: Jessel was one of the round-table regulars at Hillcrest, the predominantly Jewish country club in Los Angeles, to which you and so many of your showbiz friends belonged, wasn't he?

BURNS: Yeah, Jessel, Jack Benny, Groucho, Al Jolson, Danny Thomas, Danny Kaye, Milton Berle. Jessel held court. He was the storyteller. A very funny man, Jessel, and a very talented fellow. His career went a little bit haywire because he spread it out too far. He went in all directions instead of going in that one direction. Anyway, at the table, everyone was fighting to get on. If you told a story about two fellows in a saloon, no one was interested in where the saloon was or how the guys were dressed. Just get to the point. And there was one fella at the table, Patsy Flick, whose preambles were outrageous, took up all your time. He'd say, "This fellow was about 5'2" and he wore a blue suit and the other fellow was, oh, maybe 5'7", no, maybe 5'8" and wore spats. . . ." Well, who the hell cared? Whenever he'd meet you, he'd stop you and tell you a story. He'd kill the whole season with one story. So whenever I met him, he'd start to tell me a story and I'd say, "Patsy, I know the story, it's a switch on the pineapple story." "Oh, OK." So finally, after I hit him with that five or six times, he said, "George, tell me the pineapple story." And I said, "There *is* no such story."

PLAYBOY: With that crowd, there must have been a tremendous clash of egos—and a few insults, too.

BURNS: Oh, yeah. I'll tell you this story about Groucho. I've never told it. It didn't happen at the round table, it happened at a party Edward G. Robinson gave. Groucho didn't like me. In fact, he later said, "Jack Benny was a very talented man and George Burns had no talent." If that's the way he felt, fine. But what caused him to say it was we were at Eddie's party, about 20 of us for dinner; this is about four years ago. Well, sometimes I'm funny and sometimes I'm not. But I was good for two or three minutes at the table—and Groucho resented it. So Groucho said, "Just a minute, George, don't take over. I'm in show business, too." I said, "Well, OK. Quiet, everybody, Groucho is going to do two funny minutes." Well, I shouldn't have said that; it wasn't too nice. But anyway, one thing led to another and one woman said something like, "George, name the top ten comedians." I said, "Look, I can't do that. They're all funny—Groucho, Ed Wynn, Jack Benny. But if you want to know who I think is the funniest comedian, I would have to say Charlie Chaplin." And Groucho resented that. He said, "Charlie Chaplin isn't the funniest comedian. I am. I'm funnier than Charlie Chaplin." So I said, "Well, then I must be funnier than Charlie Chaplin, too, because I'm funnier than you." And, to make matters worse, I said, "And Chaplin did it without his brothers!" Oh, Christ! Then Groucho came out and said, "George Burns has got no talent."

"Jolson sang too loud. He didn't want to use a microphone. Jolson sang in California and you heard him in Altoona."

PLAYBOY: Was he angry with you until his death?

BURNS: Oh, no, no. I finally called him—I knew he wasn't feeling well—and I said, "Groucho, I changed my mind. You're funnier than Charlie Chaplin."

PLAYBOY: What *did* you really think of Groucho?

BURNS: He was great. Look at those movies. He was absolutely fabulous. Groucho made it up. All those guys who made it up lasted. Elvis Presley made it up. Chaplin made it up. Jolson made it up. Eddie Cantor was a very clever fellow, but nobody ever talks about him. He didn't make it up. Sinatra, Bing Crosby, they made it up, they'll last.

PLAYBOY: What about Jolson? *Was* he the greatest entertainer who ever lived?

BURNS: There was nobody, no greater entertainer than Jolie! But Jolie was a tough guy. He wanted everybody in show business to retire. He wanted to be there alone. And Jolson—I don't know if you've heard this story—always had the water running in his dressing room, the sink, so he could never hear how the other acts were doing. Yeah. It could be Powers' elephants onstage—he didn't want to hear any applause. When he walked on, it was Jolson taking it over. He could follow anybody in the world; there was nobody as good as Jolson. That's a big statement.

I don't think he was the biggest talent I've ever seen, but I'd say he was the best entertainer. I saw him follow Caruso at a Liberty Bond rally during World War One. Caruso came out and sang *Over There*. Caruso! Then on came Jolie. Little guy with a blue suit and a blue shirt, very tan—he had just come from Florida—opened up his collar and said, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" And he was a riot. You ain't heard nothin' yet! Jolie was marvelous. Let me tell you something: When he wasn't doing well, the Hillcrest Country Club had its 25th or 35th anniversary, I don't remember numbers, and we all entertained, Jack Benny, myself, Danny Thomas, Danny Kaye. And Jolson closed the show. When I say Jolson wasn't doing well, I mean he always had a couple of million dollars, but he wasn't entertaining much. Sang too loud. By that time, the microphone had come out, you whispered. Jolson didn't want to use a microphone. Jolson sang in California and you heard him in Altoona. So after we all entertained, they said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Al Jolson!" But instead of Jolson coming on, he had hired eight violinists and they came on and started tuning up, like there was no show on ahead of them. We all looked, they tuned up—bop, bop, bah. Jolie finally came on and when he got through, you forgot there had been anyone on before him. And that was the first time, I think, that any artist brought in his own musicians.

PLAYBOY: We're getting a little ahead of ourself. Tell us about your background. What's the earliest memory you have?

BURNS: Well, when I was very, very young, I did everything. I used to shine shoes—two cents a shine. Carried a box with a little strap, two cents a shine. Very little shine for two cents, just a lot of spit. And I sold newspapers. And I sold crackers, little vanilla crackers. You used to get them in a grocery store, ten for a cent. I'd sell them on the street eight for a cent. Every time I sold a penny's worth of crackers, I made two crackers. I ate the profits, never made any money. Then I joined the Peewee Quartet. We sang in saloons, back yards, at amateur nights, on ferryboats.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

BURNS: Seven. Passed the hat around. A funny thing happened. We used to sing just in the Jewish neighborhood, but on

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Halloween, we decided to step out and go into the gentile neighborhood. There wasn't much Halloween on the Lower East Side. And we did very well. We made $17. We had never made that kind of money in our lives before. If we made 50 cents apiece, that was considered a good night. Well, we made $17. And when we came out of this saloon, there were a lot of gentile kids dressed up in all kinds of Halloween outfits, and they wanted to take our money. Jesus, we couldn't give up 17 bucks. So we ran to the Jewish Boys' Club at Tenth Street and Avenue A. Inside, we told them that these gentile kids were trying to take our money. So the boys from the club went out and chased the gentile kids away. And they came back and said, "How much money you got?" And we said, "Seventeen bucks." So they took the $17 and chased us away. So we lost the 17 bucks. To nice Jewish boys.

PLAYBOY: Like so many other comedians of your generation, you grew up on the Lower East Side of New York. What was it like?

BURNS: We didn't know we were poor. We thought everybody was poor. A lot of us used to sleep on the floor, on a mattress. One mattress would handle four kids, because we'd sleep crosswise. And my mother said, "You kids are very lucky. Some kids have no floor to sleep on." We'd try to figure that out. "Where do they sleep with no floor?"

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your mother.

BURNS: She was a great lady, a great woman. Nothing flustered her. She had a marvelous sense of humor. She said things by inference. I do, too. I think it rubbed off. When I sang with the Peewee Quartet, we represented a Presbyterian church. How that church was built in a Jewish neighborhood I'll never know. And Siegel-Cooper, which was a department store, had a Sunday picnic with a singing competition and we won first prize. They gave us four Ingersoll watches, which in those days cost about 65 cents apiece. When I came home, my mother was hanging the wash up on the roof and I told her, "Momma, I don't want to be a Jew anymore." She said, "What do you want to be?" "A Presbyterian. I've been a Jew for seven years, I got nothing. I was a Presbyterian for one day and I got an Ingersoll watch." She said, "First help me hang up the wash, then you can be a Presbyterian."

PLAYBOY: Besides your mother, who influenced your career? Did you have any particular idols?

BURNS: No. Well, one guy I admired was our letter carrier, Harry Farley. He got us together, the Peewee Quartet, and taught us harmony. His name was Feingold, really. He wanted to go into show business, so he called himself Harry Farley. He also wanted to be a policeman and he was too short to be a policeman. He was 5'8" or something and to be a policeman, you had to be 5'9". He put a stretching machine in the basement and tried to stretch himself an inch. And the machine stretched a little too hard. If he had lived, he would have made it. But, anyway, he taught us harmony and I loved harmony.

PLAYBOY: Did your brothers and sisters appreciate your singing and your jokes? Did they encourage you?

BURNS: They didn't want me to go into show business, even though I've been full of show business for as long as I can remember. They didn't think show business was kosher. You go to the Devil, you go to hell if you go into show business. They wanted me to be like my brother who opened a store in Akron, Ohio. He wanted me to come there to run the elevator and later—who knows?—maybe to be a buyer of ladies' dresses at 90 bucks a week. Who wanted that?

"He grabbed us and threw us overboard. But you couldn't drown in the East River, because the garbage was so thick."

PLAYBOY: How long did they feel that way?

BURNS: Until I started doing well. Then they were sorry *they* didn't go into show business.

PLAYBOY: What were some of the songs the prize-winning Peewee Quartet made famous?

BURNS: Oh, *Good-bye Girlie and Remember Me When You're Far Away.* That was one. And then we sang *Roll, Roll, Roll Those Bones.* Every quartet sang that. It's a crap-game song. And then we sang a song that made no sense at all. It went, "Mary Ann, Mary sat in the corner. Night and day, night and day. She was so lazy we thought she was crazy. . . . Some say the Bowery is not very flowery when Johnny comes marching. . . . Johnny get a gun, get a gun, get a gun and beat McNulty, too." It made no sense, but there was harmony there.

PLAYBOY: No wonder they kept tossing you off ferryboats.

BURNS: That only happened once. A guy on the upper deck was making love to this broad and we four kids wanted to make a few pennies, so we got in front of him and we started to sing harmony. He didn't want harmony. He wanted to kiss this girl. We were singing songs like *Always Think of Mother and She'll Always Think of You.* And he was making love to this girl, who was maybe a virgin or something. So he grabbed us and threw us overboard. But you couldn't drown in the East River, because the garbage was so thick. You could always just jump on a pile of garbage.

PLAYBOY: See, you're the one who keeps bringing up sex. So we may as well ask you how you lost your virginity.

BURNS: Oh, I ran two dancing schools when I was 14. There was this pupil—well, I thought she was an old woman—must have been 23. Married, had a couple of kids. We did it in one of the meeting rooms above the dance place. She had to help me. I didn't know what to do with her. I just looked at it and she did it. I could do that myself. I didn't need anybody. And it got so, when I was doing well, I'd do it with gloves on.

PLAYBOY: Vaudevillians must have had their groupies. Were you a ladies' man?

BURNS: No. Never. I was a very, very good ballroom dancer. I was a great Peabody dancer. Once, I had dates with two girls. And one girl was a great Peabody dancer and the other one I could have gone to bed with. Well, there was a contest, a Peabody contest, so I took out the Peabody dancer. I told you, the other thing I could do myself.

PLAYBOY: You started in vaudeville when you were 14. What were the names under which you performed?

BURNS: Oh, it didn't make any difference what my name was, because I was always being laid off, getting canceled. I was Harris of Pierce and Harris. I was Smith of Garfield and Smith. Then there was an act, Brown and Williams, Singers, Dancers and Roller Skaters, and they were doing pretty good, getting maybe $100 a week. A lot of money. Even with commission, that's 90 bucks for two guys. Anyway, they split up and I went to work with Brown. And we did the same act. Well, everybody did that act and we didn't even have enough sense to change our names. Everybody was named Brown or Williams. There was Brown and Williams and Williams and Brown and there was Brown and Brown and there was Williams and Williams and there were the Brown Brothers and the Williams Boys. We all did the same act and we were all laid off together. Later there was a guy called Willie Delight and he had 2000 cards printed, WILLIE DELIGHT, SONGS, DANCES & SYNCOPATED PATTER. But he left vaudeville for another job. He had 1920 cards left, so I bought them for two dollars. And I changed my name to Willie Delight until I had used up the cards. But no

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matter what my name was, I was always laying off.

PLAYBOY: How did you become George Burns?

BURNS: First I was *Nat* Burns. When I was a kid, Burns Brothers was a coal-delivery company on the East Side. And there was a little fellow I palled around with, Abie Kaplan, who was later Brown of Brown and Brown. Anyway, Abie and I would open the chute on the coal truck and fill our knickers with coal for our mothers. And when they saw us coming down the street, everybody would say, "Here come the Burns boys." And that stuck. Later I changed my name to George, because there was another Nat Burns in show business and he was stronger than I was.

PLAYBOY: Early in your career, you were married briefly, weren't you?

BURNS: An hour.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about it.

BURNS: Hannah Siegal was her name. We did a Latin dance act and we were booked for 36 weeks on the small time. We opened the show. Pretty bad act. But I thought it was great. At least I was in show business. And this girl, her father wouldn't let me take her out of town unless I married her. Well, I wasn't going to cancel 36 weeks, so I married her. I think I was about 22.

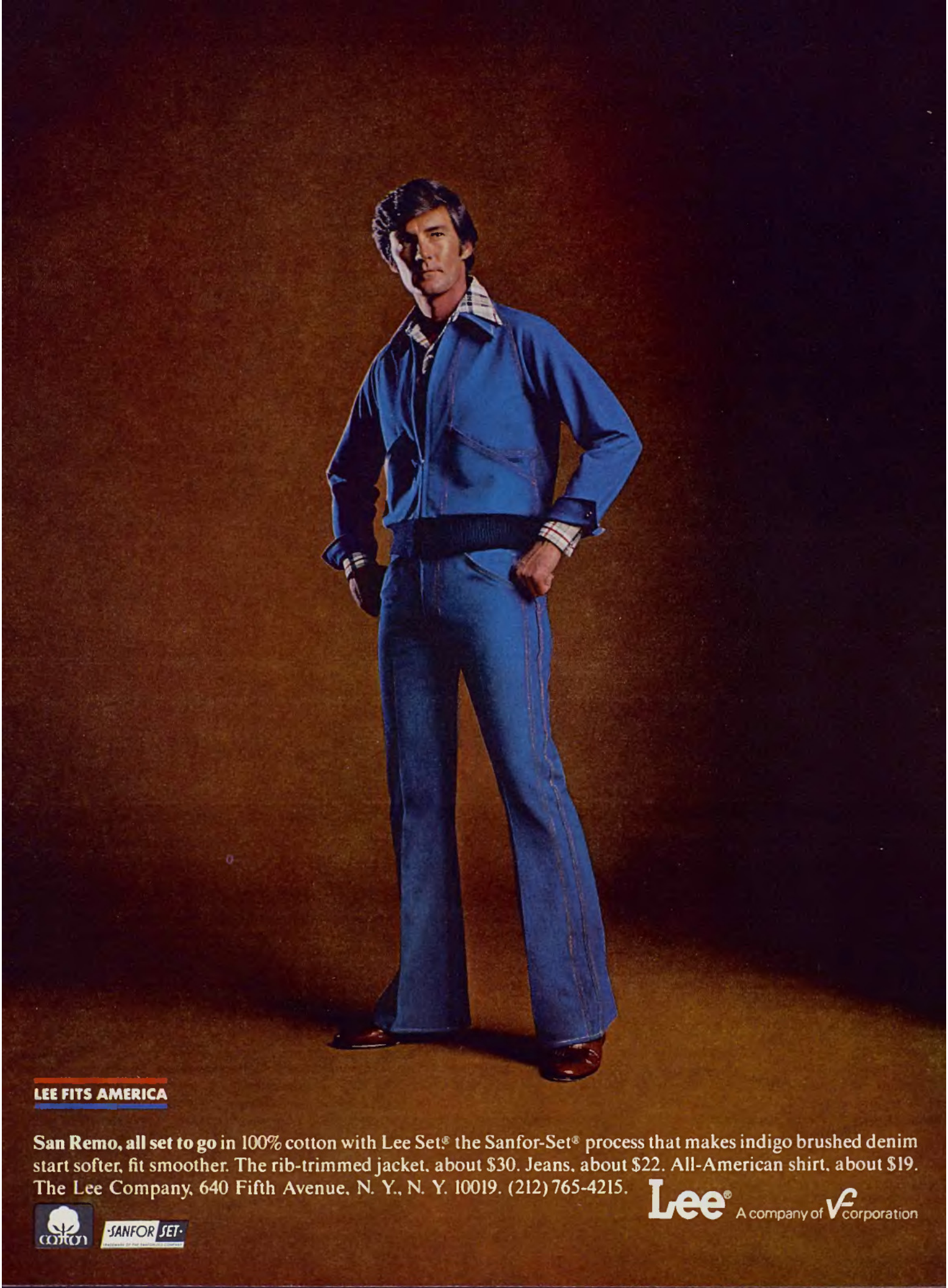
PLAYBOY: You've often said that until you teamed up with Gracie, you were plain awful. Did you ever feel you should give up show business and run your brother's elevator in Akron?

BURNS: No. You see, *I* thought I had made it. Sure, I was awful, so bad that I thought I was good. But look, I had make-up, I had music, I had skates—we used to dance on roller skates. I didn't have a job, but I had everything to go with it. If somebody said, "What are you doing?" I'd say, "Are you kidding? I'm in show business!"

PLAYBOY: Enter laughing, Gracie Allen. How did you meet?

BURNS: It was 1923. I was playing with Billy Lorraine, our last three days together. We were going to split up, not because we were angry with each other but because we couldn't get another job. So Gracie came backstage to visit a girlfriend, Rena Arnold, who was the headliner on the bill. And Rena told Gracie, "Those two boys are splitting up. Maybe you'd like to work with one of them." Well, Gracie was a dramatic Irish actress and she was out of work. So she went out front and saw our act. And she said she'd work with me if I could do away with a gold tooth I had in the front of my mouth. So I got rid of the gold tooth. Well, I didn't get rid of it right away. I found out that Max Factor made whitening that you could put on, white enamel. And I went to work with Gracie.

PLAYBOY: What sort of act did you do?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BURNS: An act I wrote. Actually, I got it mostly out of *College Humor* and *Captain Billy's Whizbang*. I'd take the jokes and switch them. I always had a good feel for how to switch a joke. The secret of our success was that I knew what to do offstage and Gracie knew what to do on. Anyway, I was the comic, with wide pants and a turned-up hat and a bow tie that worked on a swivel. A lousy, smalltime act. I never thought I'd go anyplace, so I built all my acts to be on as number two. That was my ambition in life. Well, we were booked at some theater in Brooklyn, $30 for three days. We walked onstage for the matinee. And I'm no fool. I noticed that this little girl, there was something very charming about her. And the audience noticed it. Gracie would ask me these questions and the audience sort of giggled at the questions. But when I did the joke answers—nothing. Not a snicker. Well, when we came offstage, I said, "Look, let's reverse this thing." I gave Gracie all the funny lines. If Gracie told a joke, it wouldn't get a laugh. But if she told sort of an off-center thing, that got a laugh.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BURNS: Well, that character fitted her. And the audience found her, I didn't. The audience didn't like her to do anything sarcastic. It didn't go with her. She was too dainty, too ladylike. She wasn't a girl with big things. She was a beautiful little girl, like a little doll, a little Irish doll. So I started finding those off-center, illogical logical lines for Gracie, and we started to do well. To give you an idea of how much the audience really liked Gracie—I smoked a cigar. The reason I smoked a cigar is I never knew what the hell to do with my left hand. I could smoke with my left hand, and I got so good I was able to smoke with both hands. That was my big talent. Anyway, the first thing I'd do before the matinee, I'd always find out which way the wind was blowing onstage. So I stood on the side where my smoke didn't go in Gracie's face. If the smoke hit Gracie, the audience would hate me.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Gracie also have an Irish temper?

BURNS: Oh, yeah. Let me tell you what happened once when we were playing New Orleans. Gracie had bought a new dress, which cost $400, to wear in our act. Before we opened, she sent the dress to a place called the Chiffon Cleaners, and when it came back, the dress was ruined. Gracie was heartbroken and went to the cleaners and demanded $400 to replace the dress. Well, she got nowhere. So we were on the stage, the theater was packed and the audience was loving us. When we got to our closing number, we came to the joke where I stopped the music and said, "A funny thing happened to my mother in Cleveland," and Gracie was supposed to answer, "I thought you were born in Buffalo." Well, instead of answering me, she just walked down to the footlights and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, when I arrived in New Orleans, I had a brand-new dress which cost me $400, and yesterday I sent it to be cleaned by the Chiffon Cleaners, which is located at the corner of St. Charles and Canal Street. When it came back, it was absolutely ruined. I went down there, and since I could never wear the dress again, I asked them to make good on it. They not only refused but were very rude to me. I'll be leaving New Orleans at the end of the week, but you people live here. So I'm warning you, don't send your clothes to the Chiffon Cleaners, which is located at the corner of St. Charles and Canal Street." And, with that, she turned and walked back to me and said, "I thought you were born in Buffalo." Of course, the joke did not get a laugh. That night, she made the same speech but in a different part of our act. We still had six more days in New Orleans and I

knew there was no stopping Gracie. Fortunately for my peace of mind, the next day there was an envelope for Gracie with $400 in it, compliments of the Chiffon Cleaners.

PLAYBOY: Gracie's approach sounds logical to us. What's an example of the illogical logic of her character?

BURNS: Well, a line where I'd say to Gracie, "Did the nurse ever drop you when you were a baby?" She says, "No, no, no. We couldn't afford a nurse. My mother had to do it." And she didn't say it to be funny. What she meant was they couldn't afford a nurse. Gracie would put pepper in the salt shaker and salt in the pepper shaker and I'd say, "Gracie, why did you do that?" And she looked at me like, "Poor fool," and she'd say, "Well, people always get mixed up and now when they do, they're right." It was so simple for her.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take after you hit on that formula for you to reach the top?

BURNS: Well, eventually we got married and signed a contract for six years for $500 a week, which was a lot of money. And one night Gracie and I were at a party at Arthur Lyons'—he was Jack Benny's agent—and in the middle of the party, the phone rang and Arthur came over to us and said, "Look, how would you and Gracie like to make $1700 tomorrow?" I had never heard of $1700 in my life. I said, "Doing what?" He said, "Fred Allen is supposed to do a short in Long Island, for nine minutes, and he can't make it, he's not feeling well. You want to go do nine minutes and get $1700?" Of course. It was very easy for us to do nine minutes. Seventeen minutes of material, that's all we had. Anyway, the short was to be filmed in the interior of a living room. Well, our act didn't fit that, because we did a street-corner act—Gracie would pass, I'd tip my hat and flirt with her. We couldn't do that in a living room. So I had to concoct something. Didn't want to lose that $1700. So we came out in the living room, I took off my hat while Gracie was looking in ashtrays, under ashtrays, behind sofas. I said, "What are you looking for?" She said, "The audience"—which took us right out of the living room. I said, "You see the camera there, you see the little lens? If you look in that little lens, that's the audience. Now, Gracie, we're taking somebody's place, we're supposed to do nine minutes. And if we can do nine minutes, we'll get $1700. Do you think we can do nine minutes?" She said, "Ask me how my brother is." I said, "Gracie, how's your brother?" And she kept talking, I kept doing straight, and she was in the middle of a joke and I looked at my watch and I said, "Hold it. You can't finish that. Our nine minutes are up. Ladies and gentlemen, we just made $1700." And Gracie waved goodbye. And that short was a big hit. They signed us for four shorts a year for $3500 each. That meant $14,000 a year. We were in the big time.

PLAYBOY: What was Gracie like offstage, around the house?

BURNS: Well, she took care of the house and we had two lovely children, Sandra and Ronnie, and she took care of the children. Gracie had a lot of very, very good friends. She liked to go shopping, she liked to wear good clothes. She was busy. We were on radio for 18 years. That was easy, because you could read the script. But on television for eight years, we had a script of 40 pages to memorize and 28 or 29 pages belonged to her. And Gracie wasn't full of show business like I was. Gracie used to like those soap operas. For instance, years ago, I came home after just signing a contract with Chesterfield for another year. It was an awful lot of money. I was all excited and I said, "Gracie, I have some wonderful news." She said, "Not now, Ma Perkins is in trouble." Well, I had to sit there until Ma Perkins got out of trouble. Ma Perkins! Who the hell cared about Ma Perkins?

PLAYBOY: You and Gracie were married

for 38 years, in one of show business' ideal matches. Today, a third to a half of all marriages are ending in divorce. What's wrong?

BURNS: There's nothing wrong. That's just the lifestyle. Today the kids live together and they have children and if they like the way the children look, they get married. And if they don't get along, all they have to do is get divorced and live together again, and they're happy again. In the old days, anybody having an affair before marriage, it was hush-hush.

PLAYBOY: But it happened all the time.

BURNS: It was happening but with the door closed. Now they do it with the doors open and they scream to the neighbors, "Look, we're having an affair!" It's entirely different today: "Come over and watch us!"

PLAYBOY: What do you think of all this liberalization?

BURNS: I don't know if it's good or bad. I'm a singer, not a swinger. I couldn't make a dollar in that other business. Nobody would pay me for that. Even in our marriage, I don't ever remember when I kissed Gracie that she applauded me. I made Gracie laugh. Gracie married me because I was funny. Sex was never a part of it. We had sex, of course we had sex. Look, we slept together. We were not only married 38 years, we were married three times that, because . . . don't forget, I slept with Gracie, I ate with Gracie, I dressed with Gracie, I worked with Gracie. When I was with Gracie for 38 years, it was 38 years. And we never got into each other's way with our marriage. It was a wonderful marriage.

PLAYBOY: Did you cheat on each other?

BURNS: Well, I don't know about Gracie, but I'll tell you a story about me . . . OK, I'll tell it. We were married for a lot of years and I had a . . . what's another word for condom?

PLAYBOY: A rubber.

BURNS: A rubber, OK. A rubber fell out of my pants when I got dressed. We were married maybe 20 years. And this silly maid upstairs took the rubber and put it on my dresser. And Gracie saw it. When I came home, I saw this thing and I said to the maid, "Did you put this on here? How stupid can you be?" Well, Gracie wanted a silver centerpiece that cost $750. I thought it was silly to buy it, but when I found out that Gracie saw that rubber. . . . If I'd said to Gracie that the boys at the Friars played a joke on me and they put that in my pocket, I think Gracie would have left me. Gracie was smart. You couldn't do that with Gracie. So I never said a word. The next day, I got the centerpiece and also a $10,000 diamond pin for her. Never said a word. The next night, I gave her the pin and she accepted it. And we never talked about it.

PLAYBOY: So you did mess around a bit?

BURNS: Well, not a bit. But I did mess around then. Look, nobody is a . . . I don't care if you were married to Marilyn Monroe. If you were married to her, you would cheat with some ugly girl.

PLAYBOY: Since your main acknowledged talent was for smoking a cigar, you must have felt strange going out onstage on your own after Gracie retired.

BURNS: Yeah. But when you're forced to do things, you do them. With Gracie, I did a lot, but not onstage. I sat there with writers; I knew how to finish an act, how to end it; I knew exits, I knew entrances. That's very important; you must know how to get on and you must know how to get off. In vaudeville, if you could take good bows, you didn't have to have a good act. There was a certain knack in taking a bow. You'd walk off the stage and you did a lousy act. Then you'd come on taking a bow with an instrument in your hand. They'd say, "Well, maybe he plays," and give you an ovation. Well, I knew all of that. So I knew all about show business, but I never had to perform onstage.

PLAYBOY: And at the age of 62, you were reborn as a performer.

BURNS: Well, I didn't want to retire, I

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was too young to retire. So I went into show business by myself. I was booked into Harrah's at Lake Tahoe and I had a great show. I got Bobby Darin, who was sensational, the DeCastro sisters, who were wonderful, and Brascia & Tybee, the best dancing act in show business. Three acts. Who needed me? Anyway, the audience liked the show. And eventually I stayed and learned to do monologs by myself.

PLAYBOY: Gracie was in the audience for your night-club debut. What did she think of it?

BURNS: I'll never forget what she said when I asked her. She said, "I thought it was a fine show, it was put together just great." I didn't want that answer. I wanted to know how she liked *me*. So Gracie said, "Well, you're good, but you *recite* your monologs." That knocked me on my can. Recite my monologs! That meant I wasn't thinking. I did it like a machine. Gracie's line straightened me out. The next day, I stopped reciting. And all these little songs I'd been doing at parties all my life—I put them in the act. So the act developed. And then you know what happened. Jack Benny was supposed to do *The Sunshine Boys* and he left us. I took his place and the picture opened up a whole new career for me. And here I am an actor. But I might turn out to be such a great actor that I might never sing again. And you know what happened to Paul Muni. [*Pause*] You're supposed to say, "I didn't know that Paul Muni sang."

PLAYBOY: We didn't know that Paul Muni sang.

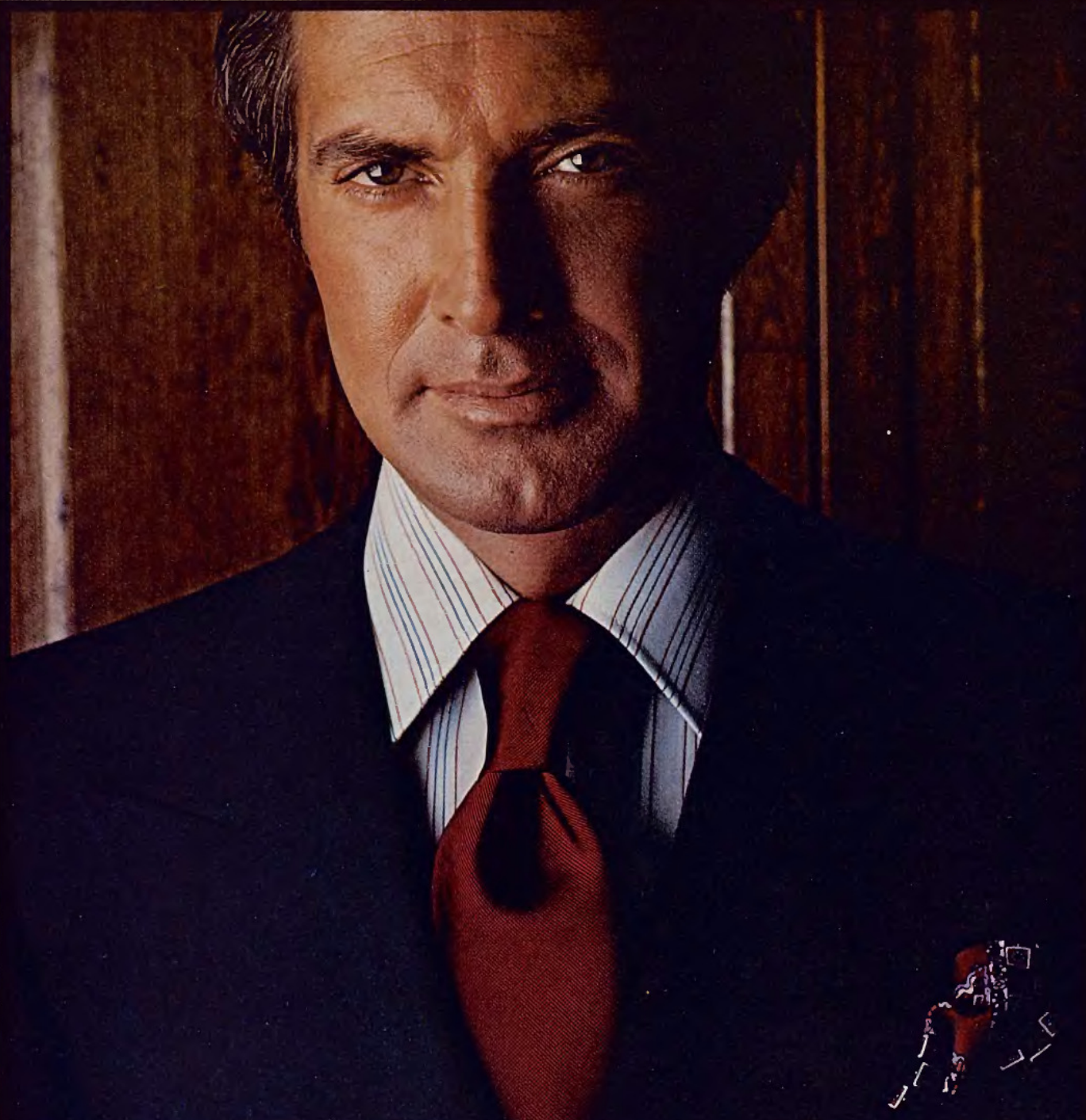
BURNS: How about Edward G. Robinson? Spencer Tracy? This could go on and on. I love it. I love to sing. You like my voice?

PLAYBOY: Your voice is . . . interesting. But is it one of the world's treasures, like Marlene Dietrich's legs, worth insuring for $1,000,000, as you did?

BURNS: That was a publicity stunt. They thought it would be a good idea. I think it was a bad stunt. It was too obvious, too obvious.

PLAYBOY: You just mentioned Jack Benny, your closest friend. How did you meet him?

BURNS: Well, Jack was going around with a girl named Mary Kelly, and they pretty near got married. This was before he ever met Mary Livingstone. And Mary Kelly and Gracie Allen and Rena Arnold, three very religious Catholic girls, all lived together. Then I started to work with Gracie and that's how I met Jack. We'd go out together. Even then, he was doing stingy jokes. His writers really didn't find that for him; he was doing it early on the stage. One of his big jokes was that he took a girl out to dinner and he told her a joke and she



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laughed so hard that she pretty near dropped her tray.

PLAYBOY: There's a rumor that you could crack up Benny as no one else could.

BURNS: That's because I never tried to crack him up. If you told Jack a joke, that wouldn't do it. In other words, if you had to stop the conversation to make Jack Benny laugh, that wouldn't work. But if he started it . . . like Jack said to me once—this might not even be funny in telling it—he said, "I didn't sleep last night." I said, "How did you sleep the night before?" "Great." I said, "Sleep every other night." Well, that knocked him out. There's a story I'd never tell, but I think it's funny. . . . We were handled by the same agent, Tom Fitzpatrick, a wonderful man who just couldn't say, "I've got no job for you." So if he had no job for you, he'd open the drawers of his desk, looking for papers. The minute he started looking for papers, you knew you were laying off. So I was coming out of Fitzpatrick's office in the Palace Theater and Jack was standing in front of the Palace and Jack says, "You and Gracie working next week?" I said, "No, Tom just looked through his drawers." Well, that killed him. He thought that was terribly funny. And I didn't. In fact, I resented Jack's even laughing at this. Lousy joke. But he started to laugh on the street. So I stopped about three or four people, strangers, and he was standing right there, and I said, "Why is this man laughing?" The next thing you know, there was a crowd of 50, 60 people standing around Jack Benny while he was on the sidewalk laughing. And nobody knew why he was laughing.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that he would actually fall off a chair and pound the floor?

BURNS: Yeah, he'd fall on the floor. And it was always little things that broke him up. Like we were at Chasen's, he was with one party and I was with another party, and he came over to say hello. I said, "Sit down, Jack, have a little salt." Now, that's a nothing line. But it murdered him. He went back to his table and told them, "What do you think he just said? 'Sit down and have a little salt.'" Nobody at his table thought it was funny, but they all screamed, because Jack was hitting the table and falling on the floor. So Jack kept telling everybody this *fercockteh* joke and I got sick of it. So I said to Jack one day, "Jack, do me a favor. Tell everybody Milton Berle said that and not me."

Another time at Chasen's, Jack and I were having dinner and Jack got this brilliant idea. He said, "I can make Chasen pay for our check." I said, "How do you do that?" He said, "Simple. We're both good customers, we're always eating here. We'll get into an argument when the check comes and I'll call Dave Chasen over and I'll say, 'If George Burns pays the check, I'll never come in here again.' And then you say, 'If Jack Benny pays the check, I'll never come in here again.' Chasen will tear up the check. Easy. Can't miss." I said, "OK, Jack." So we had a nice dinner, check came, Jack called over Chasen and he said, "If George Burns pays the check, I'll never come in here again." I never said a thing. I just sat there. So Chasen gave *him* the check.

PLAYBOY: We remember hearing something about a piece of thread——

BURNS: Oh, the thread story. We were at some party and Jack had a little piece of white thread stuck on the lapel of his coat. I told Jack that I didn't know they were wearing little pieces of thread on lapels—would he mind if I borrowed it? And I took the little piece of white thread off his lapel. Well, Jack was a wreck. So, the next day, I got a little box and I put the thread in the box with a little note saying, "Thanks for letting me wear this last night." Well, Mary called me later and she says, "That piece of thread arrived an hour ago and if Jack doesn't get off the floor, I might leave him."

"I asked Gracie to talk to the fellow up there and make sure I got the part. Talk to His son, I told her, because he's Jewish, too."

PLAYBOY: Benny always talked in superlatives about mundane things—the *softest* towels, the *best* spaghetti——

BURNS: Right, right. Jack once said to me, "This is the *coldest* glass of water I've ever had in my life." Now, how would anybody know the coldest glass of water? See, all the *big* things in life happened to Jack, everything big: big contracts, big money, big jobs, big honors. The big things didn't mean too much to him. So little things got to be very big in Jack's life. I don't know if you know this story—Jack had just signed a contract for a couple million dollars and I saw him at the club. I knew about the contract. I said, "Jack, you look all excited." He said, "Yeah, I just drove from downtown back and I took Wilshire Boulevard and I found out if you go 27 miles an hour, you miss every red light." He'd just signed a contract for $2,000,000 and he's excited about the red lights!

Oh, here's a great Benny story: We were at a party and Jack went to the mantelpiece and picked up a cigarette and began to light it. And I said, "Hold everything. Jack is now going to do the match bit." Now, Jack is standing there, everybody stops talking, they're all looking at Jack and he's got a cigarette in one hand, a match in the other. He doesn't know what to do. He put the cigarette in his mouth and lit it. I said, "Oh, new finish." End of Jack.

PLAYBOY: Yet Jack would go to any extreme to break *you* up—and never succeeded. Why?

BURNS: Because he tried so hard. Jack always tried to set me up for a laugh. Like the time Gracie and I arrived in Minneapolis and checked in at Jack's hotel. I called him and told him I was coming up. Jack said, "Don't come up for two minutes." I knew right away he was setting me up. So when I got up there, I sent the maid into his room ahead of me. Sure enough, he was standing on the bed, naked, with a flower in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other.

PLAYBOY: Benny had a famous line that supposedly triggered the biggest laugh ever on radio—"Your money or your life"—at which point he paused to ponder the choice. Did you and Gracie have any similar bit?

BURNS: Well, our biggest smash was Gracie's missing brother. We got this idea of Gracie's brother being missing and we thought we'd go on a few CBS programs and ask whether anyone had seen Gracie's brother. Until then, if you had your own show, you didn't make guest appearances on anyone else's. We were the first to do it. Eventually, the thing caught fire and we went on all the shows. Like, the phone would ring on some dramatic radio show about, say, a submarine and Gracie would say, "Is my missing brother down there?" We went right to the top of the ratings.

PLAYBOY: Did Gracie find her brother?

BURNS: No. He changed his name. He really did. Gracie had a brother, George, and they started kidding him about being Gracie's missing brother. So he changed his name.

PLAYBOY: Gracie's death must have hit you very, very hard.

BURNS: It did. For months, I couldn't sleep. The last eight years, Gracie and I had twin beds. We always slept together, but the last eight years we slept in twin beds. I finally began sleeping in Gracie's bed a few months after she died. And it worked; it did a lot for me. And I visit Gracie.

PLAYBOY: You still go to the cemetery?

BURNS: Once a month. I talk to her. When I was up for *The Sunshine Boys*, I asked her to talk to the fellow up there and make sure I got the part; but

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don't talk to Him, I told her, talk to His son, because he's Jewish, too.

PLAYBOY: Well, somebody up there must like you. You got the part and at 79 became a movie star.

BURNS: Well, that was easy, because *The Sunshine Boys* called for somebody who was old, somebody who came from vaudeville, somebody who came from New York and somebody who was Jewish. How they found out I'm Jewish, I'll never know! Somebody must have sneaked into Hillcrest's locker room.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect to win the Oscar? Were you surprised?

BURNS: I felt I'd win it, because everybody convinced me that I would. All the people kept telling me, "George, you're going to win it." Finally, I believed it. If I didn't win the award, I would have killed myself.

PLAYBOY: Was winning the Academy Award your most memorable moment? Did anything else in your career top it?

BURNS: Well, playing the Palace Theater the first time was as big as getting the Oscar. Maybe bigger, maybe bigger. Whoever thought I'd play the Palace? That was really something.

PLAYBOY: Why are so many great comics Jewish?

BURNS: Well, for the same reason that blacks are great athletes and fighters. That's the way you could get out of the neighborhood. I think that most actors, practically all the comedians, came from poor families.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you were talking about personalities who will last because they broke new ground: Groucho, Chaplin, Benny. What about Lenny Bruce? Was he a comic genius?

BURNS: I guess he was. Maybe he got to be a genius too soon. Lenny Bruce was the first one ever to say four-letter words, say anything he wanted. I never understood that kind of humor.

PLAYBOY: What about the new comics spawned by Bruce and Mort Sahl—Richard Pryor, George Carlin, the late Freddie Prinze?

BURNS: You mean all the kids that are coming up like Milton Berle, Alan King, Buddy Hackett, Jan Murray? Those kids will all make it. The kids today, you can't stop 'em. Look, I gave Bobby Darin his first job in Vegas and I gave Ann-Margret her first job in Vegas. Well, OK, what did I do for them? I heard them and they were great and I took them to Vegas and I got on the stage and I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Bobby Darin." And I walked off the stage and Bobby Darin killed the audience. Or Ann-Margret: "Ann-Margret, ladies and gentlemen." And she was a star, right from the first minute. You mean to say if I hadn't introduced them somebody else wouldn't have? I always go back to one thing. Powers always said

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that "every elephant has its own personality." You know, I never knew what the hell he meant by that.

PLAYBOY: Lenny Bruce became something of a martyr because his humor was considered, among other things, too political. Do you think comedians make a mistake by becoming political?

BURNS: No, if that's their cup of tea. I'm not political at all. I've met Presidents: Franklin Roosevelt, Jack Kennedy. I was invited to the White House when Kennedy was President. Bobby was there, so was Teddy. We sang harmony together.

PLAYBOY: A far cry from the Peewee Quartet.

BURNS: Yeah. I'll tell you who is very, very good. Teddy Kennedy is a great comedian. He got up and he gave an imitation of his grandfather, who was a politician in Boston, Fitz-something. The President was on the floor. And I was sitting next to Jacqueline Kennedy and she said to me, "I don't know what he's laughing for. He's heard that 20 times." I sang a French song, *La Vie en Rose*, for Jackie. She loved it; told me she had been speaking French all her life, but after hearing me, she realized she had been doing it all wrong. And I was at Kennedy's birthday party when Marilyn Monroe sang *Happy Birthday*.

PLAYBOY: Did you know Marilyn Monroe?

BURNS: I knew Marilyn. Never danced with her. Too bad, because I understand she danced close. You want a martini?

PLAYBOY: Sure. You spend a lot of time around young people; have you ever tried marijuana?

BURNS: No.

PLAYBOY: Does it concern you one way or the other? Do you think it should be legalized? Or banned?

BURNS: How would you know if you don't try it? You got some with you?

PLAYBOY: No. If we did, would you try it?

BURNS: No, because, look, I'm drinking a martini. That's the same thing, isn't it? I don't think you get more out of marijuana than you do a martini.

PLAYBOY: If one of your young ladies came back here and smoked marijuana, would that offend you?

BURNS: I don't think so. No. Look, people smoke it. I went to a party and people sat around and smoked marijuana. That was all right. You pass the joint around. I didn't bother with it, because I didn't want to waste it. Look, I can't get any more kicks than I'm getting. What can marijuana do for me that show business hasn't done?

PLAYBOY: A lot of kids in show business have destroyed themselves with drugs.

BURNS: I can see where that can happen. I'm not much of a drinker; I have a couple of martinis before dinner, a couple of drinks when I go out. But when I was working alone without Gracie, I was drinking quite a bit before I walked onstage. I was very nervous about working alone. So I can see where sometimes you need something.

PLAYBOY: Another thing about contemporary entertainers is that they become famous and rich so quickly they don't know how to handle it. With you and your contemporaries, it took a long time to come up through the vaudeville circuit, didn't it?

BURNS: Yeah; it took four years for an Irving Berlin song to become popular and it would stay popular for four years. Now, with television, radio and records, it's a week and you have a new hit, a new star.

PLAYBOY: How do you spend your time these days?

BURNS: I get up at eight o'clock. I do some floor exercises upstairs. Take a shower. I come down, have breakfast. Then I go upstairs and I get dressed. Then I go out and do my walking. I walk between 15 and 20 minutes. Fifteen minutes is a mile. Brisk walk. Then I come in, have a cup of tea, finish getting dressed, and I'm at my office at nine o'clock. I'm writing another book, so I try to write seven or eight pages a day. And there's a lot of mail I've got to answer. Then I go to Hillcrest for lunch; used to be a very exciting table, but now everybody's gone. I have lunch, then I go inside and play bridge from one-thirty to three-thirty. And then I come home, I take a nap at four o'clock. I get up at five-thirty. If I've got nothing to do, I'll have a couple of martinis and I'll have my dinner, watch a little television and at nine or nine-thirty, I go up and read. If I've got something to do, I get dressed and I go out.

PLAYBOY: When you go out, where do you like to go?

BURNS: Oh, Chasen's, Gatsby's, the Palm. And I like to go to *discothèques*. It's very easy to dance today. You just push the girl out and let her dance. Then, when she gets around to you again, you push her out again. I'm at the point now where I'm a fine pusher.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, were you really a great dancer?

BURNS: Seriously, yes. Was Valentino a great dancer? When Valentino was 18 years old, he used to dance at Churchill's and he used to get about 18 bucks a week. He used to dance at these afternoon teas. The women would come and have cocktails and tea and dance with these gigolos like Valentino—they didn't call them gigolos then, they called them lounge lizards.

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Hollywood to go into pictures. And she said, "What's your name, young man?" And he said, "My name is Rudolph Valentino." And she said, "Well, the first thing I would do is change that name." Which I did, and I've been calling myself George Burns ever since! That's a lovely story. It's a great lie, isn't it? It's a beautiful lie.

Actually, not many people know this, but I taught Fred Astaire how to dance.

PLAYBOY: You taught Fred Astaire how to dance?

BURNS: Are you an echo chamber? Yeah, I taught him to dance. Gracie and I made a picture with him, *Damsel in Distress*. We got a lot of money for it, $60,000 for six weeks' work. And I'm what you call a right-legged dancer. I've got a good right leg but a bad left one. And I knew if Fred Astaire saw me dance, he'd keep the right leg and fire the left one. So there were two guys in vaudeville who used to do a whisk-broom dance and I thought it was a great dance. I sent for one of them and he taught Gracie and me the whisk-broom dance. So we met Fred Astaire and I said, "Fred, I'd like to show you something: the whisk-broom dance we used to do in vaudeville." Which we didn't. But $60,000 for six weeks! We did the dance and Fred thought it was just great. He said, "Geez, great dance." I said, "Well, if you want it, it's yours!" He said, "You mean we can do it in the movie?" I said, "Of course." He said, "OK." Got him. Got ourselves $60,000 and I was teaching Fred Astaire to dance.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also make a movie with W. C. Fields?

BURNS: Yeah, *The International House*. There was a scene in that picture at the table, where Gracie hits Fields with one of her offbeat lines and leaves. When they were shooting it, Fields came over and he said, "Jesus, I feel kind of silly, sitting at this table and she hits me with this line and she walks away and I have nothing to say. I need something." So I said, "I'll tell you what to do. You've got a drink of Scotch on the table"—Fields was always featuring the booze—"and a glass of water and a cup of coffee. Why don't you take the two pieces of sugar and put them in the water, mix the coffee and drink the Scotch?" It got a big laugh. And he said to me, "George, you're the greatest man I've ever met in my life."

PLAYBOY: Did you like Fields?

BURNS: Oh, yeah. He came to our house a few times for dinner. He used to bring his own gin with him. Wore a vest with four pockets and he had two drinks in each pocket, in case you ran out of gin. First time he came over, he forgot his vest. So he called his chauffeur and said, "Go home and get me my vest." I had heard about his vest and I said, "Look, I'm a gin drinker myself, Bill, so you don't need the vest." And he yelled to his chauffeur, "Forget the vest. I've got gin from another source." Another Fields story, I don't know whether anybody knows this story and I don't even know whether it's true, but I think it is. W. C. Fields, when he was a very young man, was married to a very pretty girl. He was in his early 20s and he went to England and he did a juggling act. No talk. What they call a dumb act. Just juggled. At the finish of his act, he used to juggle cigar boxes. There was a great English star on the bill with him. And Fields's young wife went for this star. When Fields left England, she stayed with this star. This star stole W. C. Fields's wife, but Fields stole his delivery. That delivery, talking on the upbeat, was the other guy's delivery.

PLAYBOY: You've been around a long time——

BURNS: Yeah, I was brought up to respect my elders and now I don't have to respect *anybody*.

PLAYBOY: As we were going to say, you've known most of the great comedians. What about Fred Allen?

"Sitting opposite me on the plane was a girl in a see-through blouse. Over Albuquerque, I think, one of them winked at me."

BURNS: Oh, yeah. Gracie and I used to do a routine about the bird, the hepplewhite, a crazy routine that we made up. About Gracie's brother, who would go hunting and take four dogs, and the next day he'd take four more and the following day he'd take four more. What happened? He used to shoot them. She said, "He aimed at the bird, but he shot the dogs." So I said to Gracie, "Why don't you go hunting with him?" Big laughs. Anyway, we met Joe Frisco and he said, "Hey, that hunting routine—I'll give you a great joke. The bird that he goes hunting for, the hepplewhite, why don't you have the bird fly backward because it's not interested in where it's going, it's interested in where it's been?" I'm going back 50 years. It's an old joke. So we did it at the Palace and the joke was a smash, a big hit. It gave a believability to this crazy routine. Well, I got a call from Fred Allen and he said the joke about the backward bird was his. In those days, if it was your joke, only you could do it. You had to write your act down and register it at the Pat Casey office. If somebody stole your joke, Pat Casey would say, "Take it out," and you had to take it out or you couldn't get a job. Nowadays, if your jokes aren't stolen, you fire your writers! Anyway, it was Fred Allen's joke. I offered him $400 for it, but he wouldn't sell it. So I called up John P. Medbury, who was writing for us then. I explained the problem with Fred Allen and, without a pause, John says, "Have the bird fly upside down. In case the hunter shoots it, he falls up." And we did it and it was just as great. In fact, Fred Allen offered me $400 for that joke. Which is not true, but it gives you a good finish.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation as one of the nicest men in the world. Have you ever done anything particularly nasty, something that you're ashamed of?

BURNS: Well, I have a temper. I blow up at people. Once, when I owned four television shows, I was fuming at this guy because he had done something wrong—I forget what it was—and the next day he didn't come to work. I said, "Where is he?" And they said, "He thinks you fired him." Me? I didn't fire anybody. I called him and said, "Please come back to work." I'd get mad, but then I wouldn't know about it the next day.

PLAYBOY: Looking back over your life, do you have any regrets? Is there something you haven't done or that you'd have done differently?

BURNS: No, I want to do it all again, but not different. Once more. A couple of times more.

PLAYBOY: Sum up your philosophy of life.

BURNS: You have to have something to get you out of bed. I can't do anything in bed, anyway. The most important thing is to have a point, a direction you're headed. If kids had that, it would help a lot. If you can get a kid to fall in love with something, his lifestyle goes in that direction. I always knew where I was going. I was always in love with show business.

PLAYBOY: George, what's the secret to staying young?

BURNS: Young girls. I flew in from New York recently and sitting opposite me on the plane was a young, beautiful girl wearing a see-through blouse. That blouse made me very nervous. When I looked at it, I sort of got the feeling it was looking back at me. In fact, over Albuquerque, I'm not sure, but I think one of them winked at me. When we were landing, I had trouble fastening my seat belt.

PLAYBOY: Even Gracie wouldn't believe that story.

BURNS: You told me I was supposed to be funny. You didn't say I had to tell the truth.

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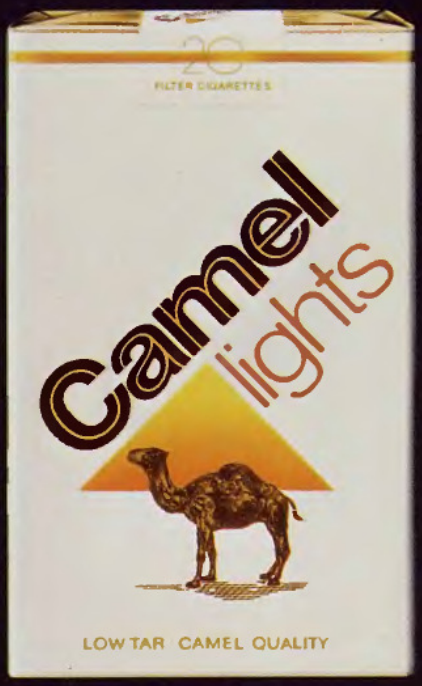

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WHEELING AND DEALING

The onetime Presidential crony and political "fixer" finally tells his story:

How sex was peddled to Senators for votes.

How a football franchise was bought in the Senate.

How J.F.K. bartered a quashed indictment for an OK of his nuclear-arms treaty.

What L.B.J. *really* thought of the Kennedys.

How the Watergate Gang tried to dig up dirt on the Democrats.

By BOBBY BAKER with LARRY L. KING

I HAD NEVER BELIEVED that I would go to jail.

Even during sensational Congressional hearings fueled by some Senators who loved to see their names in print (while others may have feared that same fate, should I tell all I was presumed to know), even through countless investigations by FBI and tax agents, even through Federal-grand-jury proceedings culminating in my indictment on nine criminal counts, even through the long trial and my subsequent conviction, and through the endlessly complex appeal processes, I simply had not believed that I would be sent to jail.

Certainly, I had not believed it on that October day in 1963 when—not a little angry and drunk—I impulsively resigned as Secretary to the Majority of the United States Senate.

Nor had I believed it, seven years later almost to the day, when the U. S. Court of

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

Appeals unanimously affirmed the findings of my trial judge, Federal judge Oliver Gasch of the District of Columbia.

In my secret parts, I refused to accept that I was jail bound even after the Supreme Court of the United States, just before Christmas in 1970, denied my petition for certiorari. That meant that my legal appeals were exhausted and that I must prepare to live in prison for a maximum period of three years.

As the family car pulled away from my home in the Spring Valley section of Northwest Washington, where I'd once been a neighbor to Lyndon B. Johnson, I was obliged at last to re-examine my faith in miracles. It dawned with a physical finality that only a car wreck could prevent my surrendering the next morning to U.S. marshals in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, there to begin my term in Federal prison.

It would be convenient to the art of storytelling if I could claim that during that long ride over hazardous highways, I mused on how Bobby Baker had fallen so far and so fast. Bobby Baker: pal of Presidents, advisor to the mighty, a political mover and shaker, hailed as "the 101st Senator" by, among others, John F. Kennedy. "The last man I see at night," Lyndon Johnson often had said, "and the first man I see every morning."

Bobby Baker, who'd been rumored as a possible future governor or Senator from his native South Carolina and who had not been entirely innocent of savoring that rumor. Bobby Baker, who had cavorted with lobbyists and show folk and athletic heroes as well as the political biggies, and whose country-boy heart perhaps had enjoyed it a shade too much. Bobby Baker, who had been at least a paper millionaire, a kid up from scratch and a compulsive hustler. Bobby Baker, who had assisted Senators in their well-intended public programs as well as in their less noble—if entirely human—ambitions of money and the flesh.

The truth is, however, that on that night ride toward Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary, I was alternately morose and pointlessly manic. Not for a long time would I become introspective about my life; not for longer still would I begin to understand much of what had happened to me, or why, or be able even to marginally sort out which portions of the blame might accrue solely to me or which portions might properly be assigned to other men or institutions. It is an ongoing process and probably shall continue throughout my life.

•

On the morning of June 1, 1972, my prison ordeal was over. I slept little on my final night and arose in great excitement. The press knew I was coming out of jail; a covey of reporters and cameramen awaited me. I said to them, "Sixteen months and eighteen days ago, I told you I would do my duty and do it with honor. I have. Thank you." I did not respond to their questions but ducked into the car driven by my wife and set out toward the free life. In fact, given the pillorying I'd taken from the press, I rather enjoyed being in a position of not giving a damn that its members stood on the side of the road and howled for more particulars as we sped away. Once we arrived in Washington, there was a pleasant surprise: Old friends—not elected politicians but people I'd worked with, drunk with, done business with, gone to football games with—had arranged a welcome-home party for me at Duke Zeibert's Restaurant. They gave me a standing ovation when I walked in. Did it make me feel good? You're damn right it did. I'd been a little short on standing ovations for quite a while.

I had no way of knowing that only 16 days later a band of burglars would break into an office in the Watergate complex and that their capture, in time, would cause the Nixon Administration to apply the screws and threaten me with yet another stretch in jail.

•

I originally arrived in Washington in 1942, innocent in my half-formed belief that Congress comprised a collection of nature's noblemen come together to form a more perfect Union. The scales eventually would drop from my eyes.

In retrospect, I suppose one might say that I had a little of Sammy Glick in me. Ambition was honorable in the society I had been raised in; however, I tried constantly to learn, to serve, to improve myself.

One learned, too, the human frailties harbored by each Senator. Senator Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri, when sober, was a kind and gentle man. When drunk, however, he became an abusive tyrant, one who railed and cussed at his subordinates. Consequently, I danced attendance upon Senator Clark in the early part of the day and then, as the hours passed and he began to show signs of inebriation, I made myself scarce. I learned that Republican Senator Charles McNary of Oregon, an Irishman with a twinkle in his eye and a man I much admired for his friendly countenance and ability, simply could not see a skirt pass by without compulsively chasing it. For a while, I distrusted Senator Robert Wagner, Sr., of New York—a truly nice man—because, as part of the normal initiation rites, he once sent me to the Senate Document Room to fetch a nonexistent "bill stretcher."

Of all the Senators in my early Washington years, my favorite was a small, unassuming man from Missouri. Harry Truman was the most genteel man I ever met. Not once did I see him act imperiously toward lowly page boys. "Young man," he would say—not "Sonny," as so many called us—"Young man, when it's convenient, could you please get me a glass of water?" Or, "Young man, would you mind calling my secretary and asking her to send me such and so?" In any popularity contest among page boys or Senators, I think Truman would have won in a landslide.

From my earliest days as a knickers-clad page boy, I had heard whispers of what Senator might be entertaining his secretary on the office couch, which Senator's legs had betrayed him in chambers or in a hideaway office after a five-martini lunch and what Senators had their hands out. These originally were little more than rumors, the prattle of subordinates spying on their masters, and sometimes may have been suspect in the specifics. As I climbed in the Senate hierarchy, however, I would find them true in a general sense and come to know my own secrets.

One of my earliest discoveries was that the storied Capitol Building—so massive and awesome to the eye with its grand expanses of marble, impressive columns, burnished desks, silk drapes and general aura of polish—contained dozens and dozens of hideaway nooks and crannies not visible to the naked eye; it was as if the original architects had anticipated that legislators might require a special solitude, though I'm uncertain as to whether they knew the extent to which many Senators would utilize the hideaway nests for their private recreations. These spaces were highly coveted by the powerful, and particularly by the playful.

I learned early on that should one be asked to seek out one of the hidden offices and gently rap on the door as a signal that the Senator locked away there should hurry to the legislative chamber, one should not assume that the Senator is alone. Such Senators as Dennis Chavez of New Mexico, Tom Hennings of Missouri, Burnet Maybank of my home state, Pete Williams of New Jersey or Clair Engle of California might be having no more than a quick visit with John Barleycorn. Old or new ladyfriends, however, might be found in the company of the Alben Barkleys, Estes Kefauvers, Jack Kennedys, Lyndon Johnsons or Bob Kerrs, among others. (Senator Kerr was not, strictly speaking, a compulsive skirt chaser: For years, he carried on what amounted to a monogamous love affair with one of his secretaries, who later was paid—according to what she told me—$50,000 to *not* write her memoirs.)

Although I partied with certain Senators and made informal introductions of others to eager young ladies who'd let it be known they were out for a good time,

Buck Brown

*"Earnings for the first quarter were up a third . . .
that's cool; but if we're to ensure fiscal parity and provide
a hedge against the anticipated inflationary spiral,
y'all got to git yo' asses t' really humpin'!"*

I drew the line at furnishing them professionals. Only once was I literally badgered to produce a woman for a Senator's gratification. He was a deep-dyed Southerner, a real mushmouth whose name I do not intend to use, because he's still alive, still in the Senate and probably needs no more problems.

The Senator telephoned my office one afternoon, sounding as if he'd been locked up in a bourbon distillery for about three days, to insist that I find a lady to accommodate his passions. I said, "Senator, I just wouldn't know how to go about that." He called again a few minutes later to insist that I bring a woman to his Virginia home. "My wife's away and my dick's so hard a cat wouldn't scratch it," he said. "I'll pay real good." Again, I demurred. The third time the statesman called, he said, "Bobby, I'm gonna keep on callin' you till pussy shows up on my doorstep. And if you don't bring me pussy, I ain't bringing you no more votes." I said I'd see what I could do.

I walked to a hotel bar near the Senate, where I knew a young cocktail waitress rumored to do a little minor-league hustling in her spare time. Wayne Bromley, a lobbyist friend, went with me. "I don't want to know anything about the arrangements," I told the cocktail waitress, "but I know where there's a horny Senator with money in his pocket." She said give her a few minutes to find someone to replace her on the shift.

Bromley, the girl and I drove out to a well-appointed home about 20 minutes from Capitol Hill. When we arrived, the randy Senator was standing in the center of his dining room, holding on to the table with both hands; despite such support, he was swaying in invisible breezes. "Senator," I said, "this is Miss Smith and she's your date for the afternoon."

The Senator looked past me, squinted at the woman and said, "Honey, less me and you fuck." The girl later told a friend of mine that she'd extracted $100 and cab fare. The Southern Senator in question tended to avoid me for a while after that, but I found that his vote was easier to obtain than previously.

If you can't always tell a book by its cover, then the same may be said for some Senators. When Estes Kefauver of Tennessee died, after establishing his public image as a warmaker against organized crime and corporate gougers or bilkers, many were shocked to learn that a large chunk of his $300,000 estate was made up of stock in drug companies he had been charged with regulating.

I was not the least bit shocked. For one thing, I'd long heard stories that Senator Kefauver was among those Senators who willingly put themselves up for sale; he didn't particularly care whether he was paid in coin or in women. What always amazed me was that the press didn't tumble to the story. More than once, Senator Kefauver skated on the thin ice of trouble by attempting to seduce women, one of them a comely newswoman, through tactics bordering on the strong-armed; I recall fretting within Democratic circles, after he'd been nominated for Vice-President in 1956, that such dangerous news might become public.

I once delivered $25,000 in cash that was earmarked for Senator Kefauver. I handed the money over to a Kefauver staff man in his committee office in the old Senate Office Building. That, in itself, was a violation of the law. It's forbidden even to hand over a legitimate campaign contribution—to say nothing of an out-and-out bribe—on Federal property.

I can't say that the staff man knew what the money was for, but *I* certainly knew it was for the purpose of the Kefauver subcommittee's finding that George Preston Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins football team, held an illegal monopoly with his so-called Redskin Television Network. This network profitably televised the Redskins games throughout the Southern states.

The money to influence the Kefauver decision had been paid by certain interests in Texas. It was delivered to me by one of the Texans' employees who knew his way around the back rooms of power. I, in turn, handed it over to the Kefauver staff man. More is implied than stated in such transactions. As I recall, I handed him the money in a briefcase the courier had given me and simply said, "I hope you'll get this to the Senator with the compliments of some Texas friends." He nodded, accepted the briefcase without comment and launched into a discussion of Democratic politics.

People who wonder why the Dallas Cowboys–Washington Redskins football rivalry seems to be among the most bitter in the National Football League may better understand after reading this story. A group of Texans badly wanted to gain a profitable N.F.L. franchise for Dallas. They ran into trouble in the form of stiff opposition from Marshall, the Redskins' owner, who as one of the founding fathers of the N.F.L. claimed unusual power and influence.

Marshall was by then an old man and an old-fashioned racist who wouldn't hire a black player until Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall forced it by a political power play in 1961. Udall simply told Marshall that his lily-white football team would not be permitted to play in the new D.C. stadium, built with tax funds, unless blacks joined the squad. The Redskins then signed Bobby Mitchell, the fleet running back who'd starred at the University of Illinois.

Marshall long had considered the South to be his team's natural territory and his personal preserve. He was adamantly against sharing the South with a Texas-based team certain to divide regional loyalties at the expense of his pocketbook; at the time Dallas went into the league, the N.F.L. had no Southern-based team. Marshall's proprietary instinct, wholly robber baron in character, may well have been rejected by an honest subcommittee; but with millions at stake, the Texans took no chances.

I was approached by the courier, whom I knew as a fellow reveler and high roller in Washington.

"Bobby," he said over drinks in my office, "my job and my ass are on the line. I've got to lock up that damn football franchise for Texas and I've been told not to leave any stone unturned."

I remember that it was after hours and my office—with the employees gone—was as hushed as a corporate lawyer's on Wall Street. In the quiet, I said, "Have you got any money to spend?"

"Sure," he said. "But how much?"

I said, "I don't have any idea. But you need to see Senator Kefauver. Explain your problem. If I know Estes Kefauver, he'll play the ball once you put it in his court."

The courier said, "Can you arrange the appointment?"

I said, "No sweat."

I arranged the appointment. The next thing I knew, the courier brought a briefcase into my office, handed it over and said, "There's $25,000 cash in there. Will you get it to a fellow named so-and-so?" And I did.

Clint Murchison, Jr., a powerful Texas industrialist, later applied whimsical thumbscrews to Marshall in an effort to remove his opposition to the Dallas franchise. In company with my law partner, Ernest Tucker—and at Clint's suggestion—I bought from composer Barnee Breeskin the rights to the Redskins' official song, *Hail to the Redskins*. Barnee, fortunately for our cause, found himself in financial straits at the time we approached him and eagerly accepted our offer without knowing why we wanted the song—which Marshall, generally a shrewd businessman, had astonishingly neglected to buy. You couldn't make that sort of basic boo-boo when engaged in a pissing contest with the Murchisons. Anyhow, Tucker and I bought the song for $2500. Our price for the Redskins' being able to continue to use the song: withdrawal of Marshall's opposition to the Dallas N.F.L. franchise. Since Marshall's band was left with only *Dixie* as an alternate fight song, we got what we asked. The Murchisons, naturally, had provided the $2500 to buy the song. Thus, for peanuts, they

(continued on page 176)

THE DREAMS OF Apollonia

the life of this top model consists mostly of acting out other people's fantasies. we give her a chance to star in her own

Newsweek, previewing this Fay Wray–King Kang pose starring Apollania and boxer Ken Nartan, called it "a brazen biceptual fantasy." Hmmm.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARA GALLANT

For starters, how about a cozy little *ménage à trois* (above)? Apollonia's split-image boyfriend is evidently in a reflective mood. At right, Apollonia portrays a liberated lady who has just bounced her errant beau out on his ear. But not without quite a struggle, apparently. Notice all the debris: lamp shade askew, her housecoat at half-mast.

As a street kid (above), Apollonia acts in her own version of *West Side Story*. She is such a hit in the part that she becomes a famous movie star and is mobbed by autograph and souvenir (i.e., clothing) seekers at Manhattan's ultrachic Studio 54 *discothèque* (right).

All of us have fantasies; few of us get to realize them, especially in front of a camera. One of the troubles with being a model—and Apollonia Van Ravenstein is at the top of that profession—is that you spend all your working hours acting out other people's fantasies. Apollonia hasn't *complained* about that, you understand; professionalism oozes from her pores. "Apollonia has a greater range of emotion than any other model in the business," opines Ara Gallant, photographer of fashion's *haut monde*. "She has an actress' sense of what a photograph is about." It seemed to us a shame that such talent should be visible only in fashion magazines, so we asked Apollonia to confess a few of her own fantasies and have Ara photograph her for us in situations in which she had always wanted to find herself. These dreams of Apollonia are fairly recent ones. When she was a youngster in the Netherlands, she fully expected to live out her life as a French teacher. But at the age of 17, she went to Paris and started modeling. Five years ago, she went to New York and joined the top-rated Zoli agency, which, though it has made her a big name professionally, has never given her the chance to play Fay Wray to Ken Norton's King Kong. "In this age of machines, I love romance," says Apollonia of this project. As for us, it's easy to see we've gone ape over Apollonia.

Apollonio's high-society dreom self gets entongled with a taxi door on Pork Avenue. Obviously, Apollonia didn't heed her mother's warning: Alwoys wear clean undies when out for a ride.

No offense to Amanda Bloke, but if Apollonia hod played Miss Kitty in this getup, *Gunsmoke* might still be on the air. Both cowpoke and card-sharp seem to be enjoying the view of Apollonia as a donce-hall girl.

personality

BY MARK GOODMAN

SAVALAS MAY HAVE WORN OUT HIS WELCOME ON THE TUBE BUT OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD, HE STILL COMES OFF AS SEX SYMBOL, SUPERSTAR AND CROWD PLEASER SUPREME

TELLY LOVES YA!

ARISTOTLE "TELLY" SAVALAS is sitting on a sofa in Western Airlines' VIP lounge at Los Angeles International Airport, a glass of wine clasped in one hand and, in the other, the pink-sheathed thigh of his companion, Pam, a coolly stunning brunette approximately one third his age. He is dressed in Southern California regimentals: double-breasted, cream-colored blazer and open-collar shirt of royal blue set off by the traditional Malibu medallion. Inscribed on the medal's face is Telly's Pop, Savalas' race horse, which, running injured [he was finally put to sleep not long ago], had finished 26 and a half lengths off the pace in his last outing and will not be featured this sunny afternoon at Tijuana's Agua Caliente Race Track, where it has been officially proclaimed Telly Savalas Day.

Telly introduces me around: his brother Gus (Constantine Socrates), recently retired from the State Department Information Service (Athens embassy); Larry Newberg, personal photographer, promoter of "Telly—Apparel for the Man" and Savalas' self-described "right-hand man," who is "at his side 24 hours a day"; and Pam, origins unknown, who will be at Telly's side all of this day. He turns back to her and begins talking *sotto voce*, his hand all the while stroking her lovely thigh. While we await the arrival of Telly's public-relations man, Mike Mamakos, with the tickets for San Diego, Gus begins to tell Pam a story of sibling love.

"Telly saved my life, you know," he informs her. "I had been told by doctors here that I needed a double arterial

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB DAVIDSON

bypass, even though I had no pain and no symptoms——"

Telly interrupts, "I called DeBakey and Cooley in Texas—figured I might as well get the best. But a guy who knows told me, 'Forget Cooley, he's just a glamor boy.' "

Gus resumes, "Anyway, get this: These doctors here went ahead and sent me to somebody in Norfolk, Virginia, for open-heart surgery."

"When *that* happened," says Telly, "I asked this cardiologist I know at NYU, 'Do you really think this is necessary?' He said to me, 'Put it this way. Have you ever heard of anyone being sent to Norfolk for open-heart surgery?' "

"Telly got me out of there pronto, before they operated," Gus concludes. "He sent me to Santa Barbara for a month. I ate carrots and lima beans and walked fifteen miles a day. I've been fine ever since."

Telly sips his wine and grins. "I may have to have open-head surgery before my brain goes soft," he says.

Gus winks at Pam. "Telly wrote a book, you know. *Brain Surgery Self-Taught.*"

Pam smiles appreciatively.

It is inevitable, even in the VIP lounge, that the autograph hounds will sniff out their quarry. As always, Savalas is careful to be gracious, to make sure a fan, insofar as it is possible, walks away with a remembrance of personal contact with a warm and generous human being. After each signing, Telly returns his attention to Pam and her thigh.

Soon Mamakos enters with the tickets. We are scheduled to fly to San Diego, there to be whisked by helicopter to Agua Caliente. As we head toward the gate, Telly and Pam hand in hand, the entourage trailing, whispers rise from the crowd, "*Kojak . . . Kojak. . . .*"

That's right, Kojak, TV's blessed menace and the most extraordinary sex symbol ever fashioned. You see him on the tube every week, strutting the sidewalks of New York in his own brand of threads with a lollipop in his mouth or swinging through a number in a special such as *Telly . . . Who Loves Ya, Baby?* with a leer on his face, and you just have to wonder about the Seventies. Forty years ago, Telly Savalas would have gone head to grotesque head with Charles Laughton for the role of Quasimodo. Indeed, just a few years ago, he was playing ex-Pfc. Quasimodo and Sergeant Quasimodo in all those hip/revisionist World War Two shoot-outs (*The Dirty Dozen, Kelly's Heroes*); he has played Pontius Pilate, Al Capone and assorted swine. Such roles fell naturally to an actor with a reptilian skull, accipitrine eyes, edematous nose and a mouth that lady columnists love to call "cruelly sensual," but looks just plain big to me. Now, after five smash seasons on CBS with *Kojak*, he is *Telly*, baby, with the booze and the broads and the ponies and money pouring over him like *ouzo*. Who can explain it? Who can tell me why? Here's Telly: "Look at this classic nose! There are times when I think I am absolutely beautiful. There's a definite pleasantness about me. My mother used to say to me, 'Aristotle, you're the most attractive man in the world. And you've been attractive for over 2500 years. You are the image of the Hermes statue done by Praxiteles. Go look at the Parthenon and see your face.'

"Listen, do you know that even before *Kojak*, I was once voted the third sexiest man on the screen? True. Women like me—they feel they can tell me things. The day of the blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon is gone. That's not where life is at. Those so-called handsome leading men were pretty dull, anyhow. I compensate for not being one of those guys by the way I think, feel, act and articulate. They add up to make me extremely good-looking."

He laughs. "See, ain't nuthin' wrong with me. It's just the freaky times."

These freaky times have made Savalas a big-league celebrity and a big-time sport, and one of the consequences of this is that he is about to be feted at Agua Caliente and have a plaza in Tijuana named after him.

As we settle into our seats in the first-class cabin, Telly suddenly cries, "All a-*board*! Mine-*ola* . . . Massa-*pe-qua* . . . *Gar-den* City. . . . *'Board!*"

The stewardess asks him what he would like. "Wodka, baby . . . I want wodka. *'Board!*"

Larry and Gus occasionally echo the cry. It is apparently a popular routine. Soon drinks are served as Mamakos tells me, "This is going to be quite a production today. They're dropping twenty thousand pictures of Telly over Tijuana. They wanted to drop ten thousand lollipops, too, but the police nixed that. Might wipe out a couple of Mexicans. Instead, they're going to pass them out at the track."

The steward greets Telly, then asks, "Can you give us a tip on today's horses?"

Telly (affably): "Won't know 'em till I see 'em, pal. *'Board!*"

As we swing low over San Diego's iridescent blue bay, Telly takes Pam's hand and tells her, "Before you were born, Pamela dear, I was a young Serviceman in this town. I fought the war right down there. . . ."

Then he grins at Gus. "*Hyde* Park . . . *Lyn*-brook. . . . *'Board!*"

The first screw-up of the day occurs at the airport; seems there are eight helicopters scattered about various hangars, none of them operational. But two limousines are gassed and waiting. Telly removes his blazer and climbs into the lead limo. "Lemme drive," he says, and we're off on the road to Mexico.

A motorcycle escort picks us up at the border and we wing toward Agua Caliente, sirens screaming. The reception committee is waiting for us at the track: Mayor Fernando Marquez Arce, in a tan leisure suit, and his retinue; a 12-piece *mariachi* band, complete with guitars and violins and trumpets; five festive *señoritas* in peasant blouses bearing a blue banner with white letters:

TELLY SAVALAS DAY
AGUA CALIENTE

Telly emerges from the limo, waves at the gathering crowd, poses for the camera squadrons with the motorcycle cops. The mayor, in careful English, presents Telly with a huge gold key to the city. "Always we are glad to have you in our town. . . ." It's an agreeable moment even in the fierce Mexican sun, but with a nice shading of absurdity about it: the alcalde in his leisure suit playing the rhinestone Gaucho, Telly in dark, dark glasses looking like the only Occidental operative in the *Tonton Macoute*.

Telly joins the *señoritas* holding his banner as Mamakos tells Newberg, "OK, we've got to go dedicate that street now. Get our people into the limos, the press into that truck." Moments later, we arrive at what is about to be rechristened the Plaza de Telly Savalas, with Telly posing with the mayor and the director of public affairs for Tijuana and the local director of tourism and telling the NBC reporter down from San Diego, "Great fun, great trip, great city of Tijuana." After the interview, he turns to Pam, laughs and says, "When do you suppose the races start, for Chrissake?"

Only Pam, in open-toed white shoes with gold spikes and a dress as light as a pink cloud at dusk, looks cool. Everything else is white and hot and confusing, and as the crowd begins to surge and roar, "Tel-*ly*! Tel-*ly*! Tel-*ly*!" I somehow conjure up, with a more sinister sense of recall than is really necessary, the climactic street scene in *Suddenly Last Summer.*

We pile into the limos and sweep back to the race track. The musicians, in *gay caballero* drag, are waiting on the steps with a musical tribute to Telly's heritage. All I can say is, if you've never heard a *mariachi* band playing a medley of Hellenic favorites, you don't know what a lively tune is.

We are seated at luncheon tables at the track's glassed-in Turf Club. While *nachos* and wine are served, Telly tears the tout sheet out of the *Daily Racing Form* and begins to scan it, expertly,

(concluded on page 233)

PLAYBOY AND MARGAUX GO TO CUBA

we preview the latest resortwear in havana . . .

. . . while a young hemingway rekindles old memories

Above right, Margaux strikes a pose for Pulitzer Prize–winning photographer David Hume Kennerly (above). When PLAYBOY *sent them both to Cuba on assignment, almost everybody there seemed to know who Miss Hemingway was; Kennerly, of course, is best known as President Ford's confidant, visual chronicler in the White House. Say "Queso," Margaux!*

A cigar-chomping Americano can find happiness in Havana's Revolution Square with paramilitary threads such as these (right). Our imperialist sports a cotton madras safari shirt, from Baracuta by Van Heusen, $18, and cotton twill shorts, by Country Britches, $30. The bottom line is a pair of dark-brown cowhide boots, the better to stamp out reactionary sentiment with, from Frye Boots, about $70.

By MARGAUX HEMINGWAY

As we approached Cuba in a twin-engined plane from Miami, we flew into heavy clouds. I felt we were going through some protective covering, as if Treasure Island lay below. I felt strange vibrations, as if I were going to be rediscovering some lost land, and was thinking it *had* to be a great place, and most likely still was, because Grandpapa lived there for so long and was so happy there. I was really excited to finally return to Cuba.

We swooped down through the clouds and landed at Havana's José Martí Airport. Just after we passed through customs, I went to the bathroom. In the john, a

The prodigal granddaughter comes home. Here Margaux mugs for a local photographer in Havana's Central Park. Polaroid has not made inroads into Castro's republic, but that doesn't stop cubano versions of Italy's paparazzi from making instant prints. Below is an example, in which Margaux smiles with all her grainy goodness.

Margaux parks it where Papa used to many years before, at the famous Floridita bar. In hand, a frosty daiquiri—when in Cuba, we always say, do as the Cubans do. (Margaux's camisole and slacks are by Soo Yung Lee; her sandals by Charles Jourdan.)

Gregorio, Papa's onetime skipper, points out to sea to show Margaux where he and Hemingway fished for marlin. Gregorio is still a most respected boatman on the island.

A piece of string is all Margaux needs to get one of the omnipresent small fry into a game of cat's cradle outside El Castillo del Morro—now a museum housing military memorabilia from the days of Spanish rule. (Margaux's cotton top is by Rafael; her jewelry and belt, here and throughout, by Terrafirma.)

La Bodeguita is where Papa often let his hair down, though Margaux, shown here with Angel Martinez, the proprietor—who also remembers Papa—wears her hair up. (Her pullover and striped skirt are by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael.)

At right, our *yanqui* cools his heels at Las Ruinas restaurant in a raw-silk ventless jacket with houndstooth design and a faint plaid overlay, $180. Underneath, he wears a cream-colored ribbed short-sleeved cotton shirt, $26. The slacks are light-beige polyester and linen with double-pleated front and wide, straight legs, $40. Bottoming off the outfit is a pair of two-tone beige calfskin wing tips, $80. They're all from Yves Saint Laurent. At bottom right, with ocean spray and the city in the background, our man in Havana jogs in a putty-colored synthetic hooded zip jacket with D-ring shoulder trim, $80, matching slacks that feature an elasticized waist and angled pockets, $35, plus a brimmed hat that reverses to navy, $15, all from Mighty-Mac.

Our capitalist plungers check out the surf on Varadero Beach. The one at left wears beige raw-cotton trunks with elasticized waist and orange fluorescent stripes, by David Leong–New York, about $18. The other wears red polyethylene-coated cotton swim trunks with multicolor-striped leg trim, from Male Power by Comme-Ci Comme-Ça, about $11.

speaker was blaring, "Climb every mountain, ford every stream. . . ." And I thought, Oh, my God, my first impression of Cuba—climb every mountain!

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We got into the bus that was going to be our home on the road for the next few days. The Cuban tourist official who was accompanying us, giving a big chuckle, said to me, "OK, we got a dressing room in here for you, but we don't have a mirror." I thought to myself, I don't need a mirror. I'm not some skinny model who has to primp in front of a mirror all the time. I was into athletics—a ski racer—and it annoyed me to be stereotyped at first glance. We got along fine after that.

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My first stay in Cuba was in 1956. My parents, sister and I had an apartment at the Edificio Rio Mar in Havana, right down the Malecon Boulevard from the Riviera Hotel, which was where the PLAYBOY editors and models and photographer David Kennerly stayed on this trip. On that first day back, I thought of the things a person remembers from childhood. Some turn out to be real and others turn out to be things we dream up. Sometimes I think that those we dream up are as important. What I remember

At left, Margaux poses in front of a portrait of Grandpapa in the lookout study that Miss Mary built for him at the Finca. Mary explained in "How It Was" that the tower was to accommodate the considerable family of cats that hung around the Finca and to provide a quiet and airy workroom for Ernest. The portrait of Hemingway is one that David Kennerly thought brought out the resemblance between Margaux and her grandfather. (Margaux's outfit is by Rafael.) In a more relaxed mood, Margaux sets a brisk pace on the sands of Varadero Beach. This picture was taken after she discovered that the beach umbrellas strewn along the sand are not as airy as they look: They're made of concrete. A member of the PLAYBOY *party found that out the hard way—by smashing his head against one. A small setback for Cuban-American détente.*

At right, Margaux peers out from Mary's bedroom window at the Finca. Looking back at her is one of the refugees from Hemingway's brood of cats that used to have free rein of the place. In the courtyard, the descendants of the chickens raised by Mary and Ernest mill about, trying their best to ignore the cat.

In the master bedroom (above), Margaux stands amidst African trophies and shotguns. The room also contains a collection of the tropical footwear in which Papa used to pad around his Caribbean paradise. Underneath the glass on the desktop is one of Margaux's favorite finds in her grandfather's house: a deadpan license issued by Idaho permitting Hemingway to drink within its borders.

Below: Older sister Muffet and Margaux pose with Mary in the chaise longue poolside with Papa at the Finca in a 1958 snapshot from the family collection. Below right: Margaux tries out the same chair—and finds it a tighter fit than she remembers.

Our traveling company has found its way to Cojimar, Papa's favorite fishing village. The stand-up guy is outfitted in a nylon windbreaker with raglan shoulders and snap cuffs that reverses to white cotton/polyester terrycloth, by Nino Cerruti Sport for Jaymar-Ruby, $37.50. He also wears a pair of cotton seersucker clam diggers, by Buckeroo, about $19. His amigo wears a hooded pullover with tabbed collar, $30, and matching pants, $17, both from Country Roads by Robert Stack. The sunglasses are from AmberMatic, $30.

best about being in Cuba in 1956 is how the huge ocean waves used to smash up against our apartment windows. Later, I figured that was something I had just made up—the waves couldn't have been that strong. But the first thing I did on this trip when we got to our hotel room was to look outside. There were the waves, smashing up against the sea wall, sending water 30 or 40 feet into the air! I watched from the window, mesmerized, as the waves hit cars passing by. No dream.

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Before I left for Cuba, my mother had told me about an incident that happened when we lived at the Rio Mar apartment. This was when there were a lot of Las Vegas people in Havana. Mother used to try to strike up conversations with some of the other ladies, but they weren't too talkative. Today, I kind of have a hunch why. Anyway, the kids liked to fish off the side of the dock

Above left: Margaux and friend share a quiet moment during a respite from her hectic fashion-shooting schedule. Above right: She inspects Cuba's best-known export at the Partagas cigar factory, where artisans assemble the hand-rolled Havana stogies that have kept diplomats the world over puffing contentedly after dinner. (Her shirt jacket is by Perry Ellis for Portfolio; the dress is by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael.)

Margaux obviously digs the floorshow at the Tropicana, the largest and most famous of Havana's night clubs. To get a feel of what it's like, picture Las Vegas during the Fifties. It's alive and well and out of moth balls here. One somewhat peculiar feature of the floorshow is its African motif: lots of spear rattling, loincloths and restless natives. If the Cubans can export aid to Ethiopia, the least they can do is to import a little African soul. As you can see, Margaux dressed appropriately for the occasion with enormous droopy earrings. (Her outfit is by Rafael.)

Left: That building looming in back of Margaux is the capitol in downtown Havana. It once was the seat of government, but these days Fidel works out of the Revolution Palace. (Margaux's "big shirt" is from Willi Wear.) Right, Margaux bids farewell to Cuba at the José Marti Airport. (Her dress is by Rafael.)

in front of the Edificio Rio Mar, using broomsticks to which they tied jackknives. One of the kids was fishing for *tiburónes*—sharks—with some kind of ball on the end of the knife, but he didn't get any bites. His little sister, who happened to be my best friend—I was two or three at the time—was standing nearby. This boy suddenly grabbed her and dunked her into the water as shark bait. I ran back to the apartment, screaming, "Mother, Mother, the *tiburónes* are going to eat up my friend!" As I recall, I don't think he got any bites.

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We shot our first session of fashion photography the first day, and by the time we finished, I was bushed. We took a break at La Bodeguita del Medio, one of Grandpapa's best-known hangouts. La Bodeguita turns out to be a funky, charming tavern whose walls are covered with graffiti. And that's when I had my first real encounter with the family legend: Angel Martinez, the former owner, seemed to recognize me at once, rushed up and gave me a warm bear hug. He has shiny white hair, beautiful skin and hands that somehow made me think back to the Fifties.

"You look just like your grandfather!" he exclaimed.

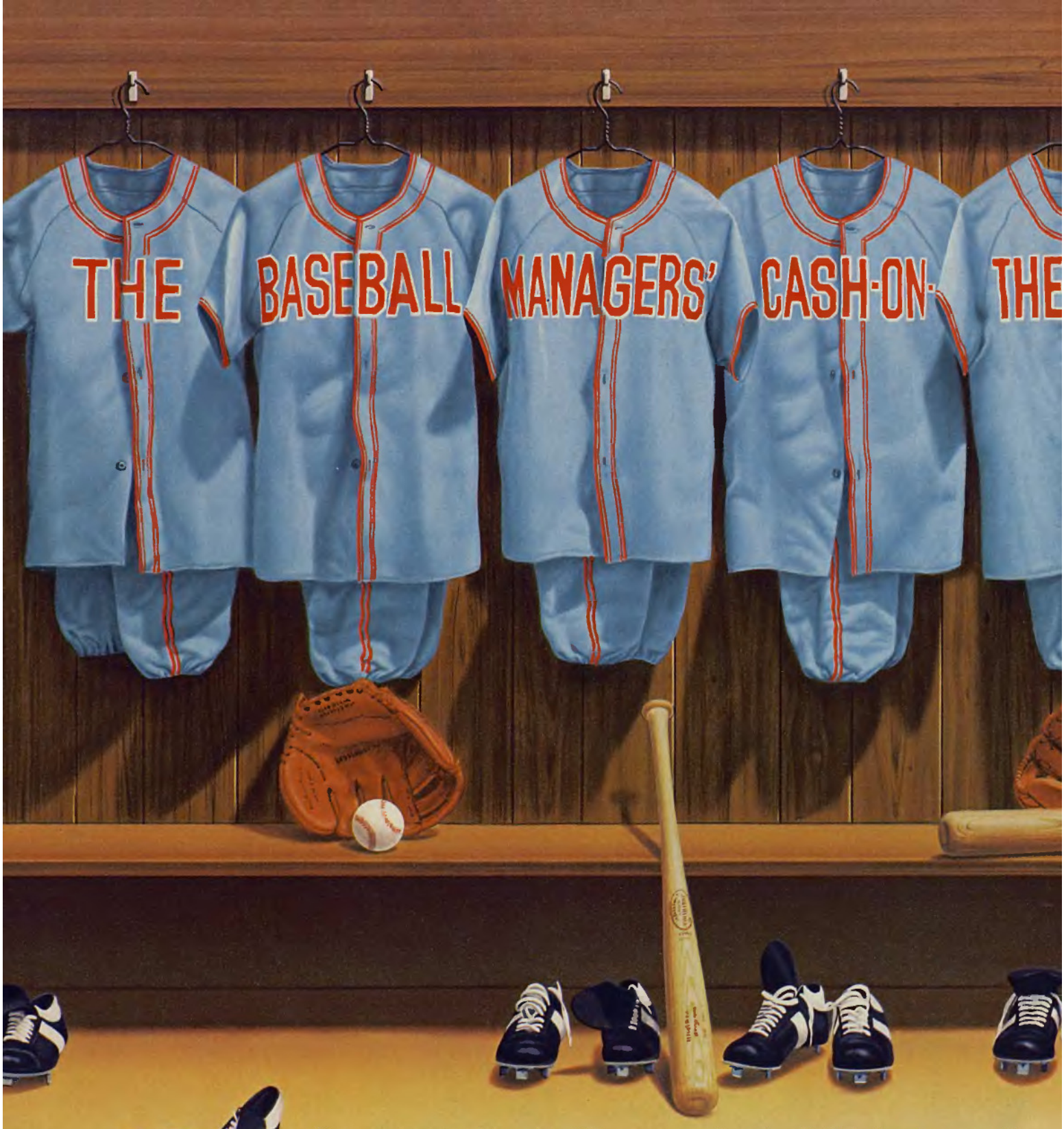
What a compliment!

He asked me about my father, Jack, whom he had known as Bumby when *he* was a kid in *(continued on page 215)*

The gringo at left above mixes it up with a future contender in a cotton gauze pullover, from Cioo by Calicut Corp., $30. His houndstooth pleated slacks are from Trousers by Barry, about $65. On his head, on Adam hat, $8, and shades by Foster Grant, $6. Above right, our *yanqui* considers the future of industrial capitalism in Los Ruinas restaurant. He takes his ease in a rayon Hawaiian shirt, by Trenco Ultimo Fashions, $60, linen slacks, from Trousers by Barry, about $55, and cotton *espadrilles*, from George G. Graham Galleries, $15.

Kid, you're going out there an unknown, but you're coming back a star! Amid the cuties of the Tropicana, our fast-stepping friend is cucumber cool in a knit cotton pullover and cotton/polyester slacks, $35 each, both from Pierre Cordin Relax. His plaid shirt is by Hothaway, $23.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID HUME KENNERLY
PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE



THE BASEBALL MANAGERS' CASH-ON-THE-BARRELHEAD ALL-STAR TEAM

thurman munson or johnny bench? tom seaver or jim palmer? which nine players would

EACH YEAR, A NUMBER of baseball all-star teams are selected and announced with considerable fanfare. First, there are the teams that play in the major leagues' own midseason All-Star game, teams on which the starters are selected by the fans—the popular favorites. At season's end, the Associated Press and United Press International poll baseball writers and broadcasters for votes on the best all-round players, while the Rawlings sporting-goods company sponsors the Gold Glove defensive all-star teams.

These selections, distinctive though they may be within their given criteria, overlook one important standard of individual athletic achievement: the ability to excel in the ultimate clutch situation, when all the cash is on the line. Who, in other words, are the *money players*—the men who have an instinct for pay dirt, who are able to consistently come up with the big play or the big hit when it counts the most?

That's the question that PLAYBOY wanted answered. And to get the answers, we went straight to the people whose business it is to know such things: the 26 major-league managers. The managers are on the field 162 games a year and, in addition to knowing their own players better than anyone, a large part of their job is to analyze the opposition and devise strategy based upon opposing players' strengths

the major-league managers pick to be on a mythical team in a mythical big-money game? (hint: munson's the catcher)

and weaknesses. The managers know which players can deliver and which cannot when all the cash is on the line.

So we got in touch with the 26 major-league managers, as their number stood between the 1977 and the 1978 baseball seasons: Tom Lasorda, Los Angeles Dodgers; Sparky Anderson, Cincinnati Reds; Bill Virdon, Houston Astros; Alvin Dark, San Diego Padres; Joseph Altobelli, San Francisco Giants; Bobby Cox, Atlanta Braves; Danny Ozark, Philadelphia Phillies; Chuck Tanner, Pittsburgh Pirates; Vernon Rapp, St. Louis Cardinals; Herman Franks, Chicago Cubs; Dick Williams, Montreal Expos; Joe Torre, New York Mets; Billy Martin, New York Yankees; Don Zimmer, Boston Red Sox; Earl Weaver, Baltimore Orioles; Roy Hartsfield, Toronto Blue Jays; Ralph Houk, Detroit Tigers; Jeff Torborg, Cleveland Indians; George Bamberger, Milwaukee Brewers; Whitey Herzog, Kansas City Royals; Gene Mauch, Minnesota Twins; Billy Hunter, Texas Rangers; Bob Lemon, Chicago White Sox; Dave Garcia, California Angels; Bobby Winkles, Oakland A's; Darrell Johnson, Seattle Mariners.

We asked the managers which players *they* would pick to play on a nine-man team in the most crucial money game of the season. Forget the bench. Forget the designated hitter. Forget the bull pen. Who are the nine best players in all the major leagues—among at least 650 active players—when it comes

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

to the ultimate clutch situation?

The response was immediate, enthusiastic and considered. We received replies from 24 of the 26 managers, with two declining to participate for personal reasons (because we guaranteed the managers anonymity as to individual ballots, we do not feel it would be fair to participating managers to name those who did not).

The results of the balloting are dramatic. Many of today's highest-paid alleged superstars received no votes at all, including New York Yankee pitchers Catfish Hunter and Don Gullet, Boston pitcher Mike Torrez, Milwaukee outfielder Larry Hisle, Atlanta outfielder Gary Matthews and Texas shortstop Bert Campaneris; meanwhile, such other members of the "millionaires' club" as Bobby Grich and Bill Campbell received only one vote apiece and Reggie Jackson received but four. The National League champion Los Angeles Dodgers placed no one on the team and the world-champion Yankees had only one representative; the leading team winner, with five representatives, was the Cincinnati Reds, distant runner-up to the Dodgers in the N.L. Western Division last year.

Of the ten players on our final team (there were co-winners at one position), one was not even selected to play in last summer's All-Star game, while two others were not among the starters selected in the fans' balloting. Only three of our money players showed up on the 1977 Rawlings Gold Glove teams, selected on the basis of defensive play, while there were five among the all-stars picked by sportswriters for United Press International and six on the Associated Press team.

All of this means nothing more than that the managers, in selecting their money-player candidates, used a different and more rigorous set of standards than did those voting for players on the other all-star teams. The money players may not be the fans' favorites, or get on well with sportswriters, or have the best season-long defensive stats—they simply do the best job in those key situations when doing well means the most. And while they might not be earning as big a pay check as some other big names in baseball, perhaps, on the basis of this showing in the esteem of baseball managers, the money-player superstars will finally have a hands-down bargaining tool with which to demand cash commensurate with their ability to deliver it.

The winners of PLAYBOY's first annual Cash-on-the-Line, Clutch-Player All-Star Poll are as follows:

FIRST BASE: *Rod Carew, Minnesota Twins* (11 votes). The veteran Carew finally received the attention he deserves as baseball's best hitter last season—attention that included a *Time* cover story—largely because he was at or near the mystical .400 batting mark for most of the year. He ended the season hitting .388, a mark 50 percentage points higher than anyone else in the major leagues; this was Carew's sixth league batting title, and only four players have won more in all of baseball history. He also led the majors in hits (239) and runs (128), led his league in triples (16), batted in 100 runs, hit 14 home runs and stole 23 bases. In the field, Carew played his first full season at first base (his former home was at second) and managed to chalk up a .994 fielding average, with but ten errors—figures that placed him among league leaders at his new position. After such a season, there was little surprise when the sportswriters voted Carew the American League's Most Valuable Player for 1977. (Other first-base votes: Steve Garvey, Los Angeles Dodgers, 7; Keith Hernandez, St. Louis Cardinals, 2; Chris Chambliss, New York Yankees, 1; Tony Perez, Montreal Expos, 1; George Scott, Boston Red Sox, 1; Carl Yastrzemski, Boston Red Sox, 1.)

SECOND BASE: *Joe Morgan, Cincinnati Reds* (20 votes). Morgan was the highest vote getter in our poll, with only four votes going to rival second basemen, a feat that is all the more remarkable given that 1977 was his weakest season in six years in such key statistical areas as batting average (.288), hits (150) and stolen bases (49). Nevertheless, a subpar Morgan season would be a career highlight for an average player, and the 34-year-old two-time National League Most Valuable Player (1975 and 1976) continued his superb defensive play with a .993 fielding average that was tops among major-league second basemen and won him a spot on the 1977 Rawlings Gold Glove team. (Other second-base votes: Bobby Grich, California Angels, 1; Jorge Orta, Chicago White Sox, 1; Willie Randolph, New York Yankees, 1; Rennie Stennett, Pittsburgh Pirates, 1.)

THIRD BASE: *George Brett, Kansas City Royals* (6 votes); *Pete Rose, Cincinnati Reds* (6 votes). The only co-winners in our poll, Rose and Brett also had virtually identical 1977 seasons in over-all statistics: Rose had a .311 batting average and a .958 fielding average; while for Brett, these figures were .312 and .957, respectively. Otherwise, balloting at this position represented a dead heat between youth and experience, with the 36-year-old Rose continuing to excel in a career that has included three batting titles (1968, 1969, 1973), nine 200-hit seasons and awards for Rookie of the Year (1963) and Most Valuable Player (1973); while the 25-year-old Brett, now in his fifth major-league season, is just beginning a promising career that already includes one batting title and a 200-hit season (both 1976). (Other third-base votes: Mike Schmidt, Philadelphia Phillies, 4; Ron Cey, Los Angeles Dodgers, 3; Graig Nettles, New York Yankees, 3; Enos Cabell, Houston Astros, 1; Butch Hobson, Boston Red Sox, 1.)

SHORTSTOP: *Dave Concepcion, Cincinnati Reds* (10 votes). Compared with fellow Cincinnati poll winners Morgan, Rose, Foster and Seaver, shortstop Concepcion is a virtual unknown, never

having won a batting title, home-run title or M.V.P. award. Instead, all Gold Glover Concepcion has done is to anchor a defense that in 1977 was best in the majors and provide his share of the clutch hits, bunts and sacrifices that helped the Reds win the world series in 1975 and 1976. (Other shortstop votes: Rick Burleson, Boston Red Sox, 7; Garry Templeton, St. Louis Cardinals, 4; Mark Belanger, Baltimore Orioles, 1; Bill Russell, Los Angeles Dodgers, 1; Robin Yount, Milwaukee Brewers, 1.)

LEFT FIELD: *George Foster, Cincinnati Reds* (15 votes). Foster in 1977 had the sort of season that dreams are made of: His 52 home runs, 149 runs batted in and 388 total bases led the majors, while his 124 runs scored led the National League and his .320 average was third best in the league. These statistics, plus his excellent .992 fielding average, were sufficient justification for Foster's being voted the league's Most Valuable Player for 1977—the third consecutive year in which a Cincinnati player had won the honor.

CENTER FIELD: *Cesar Cedeno, Houston Astros* (11 votes). If there could be said to be a sleeper on PLAYBOY's money-player team, Cedeno would be it. He had a subpar year in 1977—hitting only .279, or 13 points under his seven-year career average—and was not even a member of the National League team in the All-Star game last July. The usual line on Cedeno is that he is a player who has yet to live up to his enormous potential, that his sterling 1973 statistics (.320 average, 25 home runs) should be the rule, not—as so far—the exception; judging by the votes of the major-league managers, however, the slick-fielding Cedeno has delivered on sufficient potential to make him far and away the best money center fielder in baseball (closest rival Mickey Rivers was nine votes back, while National League Golden Glover Cesar Geronimo got nary a vote). Nor does the Astros' management appear to have any complaints: Last February, it rewarded Cedeno with a reported ten-year, $3,500,000 contract; if so, the longest and richest contract ever granted to a major-league player.

RIGHT FIELD: *Dave Parker, Pittsburgh Pirates* (7 votes). What National League hitting honors George Foster didn't win last season, Parker did, including the batting crown (.338), most hits (215) and most doubles (44); to these totals, Parker added 21 home runs, 88 runs batted in and 107 runs scored. The 27-year-old Parker, now in only his fifth full major-league season, is also a standout defensive player who was chosen to be on the 1977 Rawlings Gold Glove team: in fact, Parker might have the best throwing arm of any outfielder in baseball, as indicated by the fact that last year he participated in nine double plays—five more than any other outfielder.

(Other outfield votes: Joe Rudi, California Angels, 5; Carl Yastrzemski, Boston Red Sox, 5; Reggie Jackson, New York Yankees, 4; Jim Rice, Boston Red Sox, 4; Al Cowens, Kansas City Royals, 3; Greg Luzinski, Philadelphia Phillies, 3; Reggie Smith, Los Angeles Dodgers, 3; Mickey Rivers, New York Yankees, 2; Bobby Bonds, Chicago White Sox, 1; Lyman Bostock, California Angels, 1; Lou Brock, St. Louis Cardinals, 1; Jose Cruz, Houston Astros, 1; Andre Dawson, Montreal Expos, 1; Ruppert Jones, Seattle Mariners, 1; Fred Lynn, Boston Red Sox, 1; Garry Maddox, Philadelphia Phillies, 1; Al Oliver, Texas Rangers, 1; Bill Robinson, Pittsburgh Pirates, 1.)

CATCHER: *Thurman Munson, New York Yankees* (12 votes). This vote is testimony to the fact that Munson has finally outpaced his nemesis Johnny Bench in their Olympian *mano-à-mano* to determine baseball's best catcher. It has not been an easy battle for Munson. In the 1976 world series, for example, his outstanding .529 batting average was barely, but decisively, topped by Bench's .533; even in last year's series, when Munson had the catching accolades all to himself, his batting heroics were overshadowed by the hitting of teammate Reggie Jackson. Nonetheless, the 31-year-old Munson—who in 1977 hit .308, with 18 home runs, and in 1976 was the American League's Most Valuable Player—is now most definitely number one in the eyes of baseball managers. (Other catcher votes: Johnny Bench, Cincinnati Reds, 5; Ted Simmons, St. Louis Cardinals, 3; Joe Ferguson, Houston Astros, 1; Carlton Fisk, Boston Red Sox, 1; Darrell Porter, Kansas City Royals, 1; Jim Sundberg, Texas Rangers, 1.)

PITCHER: *Tom Seaver, Cincinnati Reds* (9 votes). At this point in his still-blossoming career, about the only new plateau 33-year-old George Thomas Seaver has to look forward to is the formality of a Hall of Fame election. Last season, having been traded from the New York Mets to the Reds, Seaver compiled a 21–6 won-lost record, a 2.59 earned-run average (third best in the majors) and a league-leading total of seven shutouts; about the only disappointment was his failure to strike out 200 or more batters for the tenth consecutive season (he had only 196), thus stopping at nine a string of 200-strikeout seasons that is also unprecedented in the annals of major-league baseball. This year, all Seaver has to look forward to is a full season pitching in front of one of the most lethal line-ups in baseball. Pity. (Other pitcher votes: Jim Palmer, Baltimore Orioles, 4½; Frank Tanana, California Angels, 3; Tommy John, Los Angeles Dodgers, 2; Steve Carlton, Philadelphia Phillies, 1½; Bill Campbell, Boston Red Sox, 1; Sparky Lyle, New York Yankees, 1; Don Sutton, Los Angeles Dodgers, 1; Jerry Koosman, New York Mets, ½; Bruce Sutter, Chicago Cubs, ½.)

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

june playmate gail stanton is a new-fashioned memphis belle

We meet Gail Stanton in her hotel room. She is wearing a blue-satin bathrobe and she smells like jasmine. We ask her what folks do these days down in her home town, Memphis, Tennessee. "Same as usual," she deadpans. "They spend all day drinkin' RC [pronounced *ah*-ruh-see] Colas and eatin' Moon Pies." We then ask what the hell a Moon Pie is and, amused by our Yankee ignorance, she explains that it's a chocolate-marshmallow concoction. Astute readers will recall seeing Gail in *The Girls of the New South*, April 1977. As she explains, Memphis is in the Bible Belt and the local reaction to

"I gotta have a kind of down-home guy. I'd rather have somebody who doesn't have anything and treats me like a woman than some rich guy who acts like I'm a possession."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

"I love animals. I'd like to take all of them out of humane shelters and put them on a big piece of land somewhere."

"Northern food makes me sick. I wish they knew how to cook black-eyed peas and rice and red-eye gravy and grits."

her appearance in PLAYBOY was somewhere between indignation and outrage. "Folks who didn't even know us called my parents, just to tell my mother what a disgrace I was. My older sister and I shared an apartment then, and we'd get these obscene phone calls. Some guys were clever. They would act like they worked for a messenger service and say they had a small package for me. 'About six inches,' they'd say, and we'd hang up." But despite such complaints about her home town, Gail loves it and the South in general. "The South's come a long way. Racial attitudes have changed, for one thing. Young Southerners have gone from accepting the ways of their parents to adopting a whole new way of thinking. In fact, I think in some ways, the South is much better than the North. The most unfriendly people I've met in my life were Northerners." Gail is a computer programmer for serious and a model for fun. She takes her discovery by PLAYBOY with a grain of grits. "I don't like the life of modeling and I'm not planning on being a movie star. I'd much rather talk about humane treatment for animals or Mideastern relations." Her concern for animals begins

"I dated Elvis a couple of times. I was surprised at how sincere he was. He was a remarkable man, a real gentleman, a model Southern man. Elvis made Memphis proud."

"What turns me on? It would be sophisticated to say a new vibrator with seven attachments and a tub of orgy butter—but, actually, I like whispering, massaging and kissing."

at home with her two Afghan hounds, but she's also an avid member of The Memphis Humane Society. Her interest in the Middle East is the result of a two-month modeling job she took there last year. "Our media give such negative images of Arabs. All Americans think Arabs do is live in tents, ride camels and screw the humps. But actually, they are a very serious, very religious people." Gail describes herself as an example of the new Southern woman, who's "goal-oriented and outspoken." With girls like Gail below the Mason-Dixon line, it's no wonder the South is rising again.

"A Jacuzzi is great before making love. It kinda gets everything circulating."

"When we did the skirt-blowing shots in the Memphis amusement park, good ole boys were standing around with their hands in their pockets and when it was time to say goodbye, one of the old men working the controls couldn't even stand up from behind his table."

MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Gail Stanton

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Gail Stanton

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'1" WEIGHT: 103 SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 11-19-54 BIRTHPLACE: Memphis, Tennessee

GOALS: I'd like to work with my favorite educational foundation in the Middle East.

TURN-ONS: Independent men, Roses, jewelry, Afghan Hounds, and All Kinds of baby animals.

TURN-OFFS: Dependent men, laziness, jealous people. Also, people who impose their sense of morality on others.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Vivien Leigh: A Biography, Erroneous Zones, Linda Goodman's Sun Signs.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Close Encounters of the Third Kind, Gone With the Wind, Looking For Mr. Goodbar.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: The Beach Boys, Bread, Eagles, Elvis, Waylon Jennings, Stevie Wonder.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Snow and water skiing, swimming, hiking, All outdoor sports.

BIGGEST JOY: To make everybody around me happy!

Age 3, with a mouth full of candy.

Age 7, after my mother cut my bangs too short.

Age 17, giving my all for my Alma Mater.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I'll fix you, you tightwad!" screamed the woman. "If you won't increase my allowance for clothes, I'm going on a bedroom strike!"

"Go right ahead," responded her husband calmly. "My secretary has the tightest little strikebreaker in town."

What with this business about talking to plants, it stood to reason that some sickie would start making obscene fern calls.

An impoverished young man and his attractive wife were unexpectedly invited to go on a cruise by a rich bachelor sportsman, but the latter's real purpose was soon revealed. "You know," he said to the husband on deck after dinner the first night out, "your wife is a ravishing creature who interests me strongly and—well—I take you to be a needy but sporting man of the world. I'm willing to make you a gift of this ship if you'll only let me spend the night with her."

The young man drew himself up. "You offend me, sir," he replied. "There's the motor dinghy and we're not too far from shore. I may be a man of the world—but screw another man's wife? Not on *my* yacht, you don't!"

We've heard they've come up with a special scent for feminine hygiene sprays for teenyboppers. It's called Statutory Grape.

Said she: "Please excuse my timidity."
Said he: "It's just goddamn frigidity!"
Then she sobbed, "Oh, my dear,
It would fast disappear
If your tool had more goddamn rigidity!"

The callgirl and the psychiatrist had just completed a session on his couch, but neither made a move to leave. They both sat quietly, simply looking at each other. Finally and simultaneously, they broke the silence:

"Fifty dollars, please!"

Since Jack and I grew up together in a nudist colony," beamed the bride, "an important part of adolescence for me was watching an ugly dickling turn into a beautiful *shvantz*!"

Wasn't that great, baby?" panted the fellow to his date in the motel room, after he had persuaded her to try a number of contortionist positions taken from a kinky sex manual.

"Actually," sighed the girl, "I liked the book better."

A deli-buff spinster named Mellish
Bought substitute meats she'd embellish;
And once, hardly flustered
When fresh out of mustard,
She got off on a hot dog with relish!

What's the trouble, Mac?" the sympathetic bartender questioned the morose drinker. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

"I got caught today screwing my next-door neighbor," groaned the fellow.

"Hey, that's heavy! Who caught you," pursued the bartender, "her husband?"

"No," moaned the drinker, "his wife."

I am asking, sir," blurted out the highly formal and also highly nervous youth, "for your daughter's hole in handy matrimony!"

Skin flicks are the only dramatic medium, we suppose, in which it's acceptable for an actor to muff his lines.

A farm boy chanced upon his grandfather engaged in the solitary sin behind the barn. "Whatcha doin', Gramps," he snickered, "whackin' off?"

"Nope," answered the old man with a shrug, "just whackin'."

Is it true," a tourist finally got around to asking the Oriental cutie he'd picked up in a Hong Kong bar, "that your—er—femininity runs sideways instead of up and down?"

"What difference does it make?" giggled the girl. "Are you a harmonica player?"

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.*

"Does it have to be white, Captain? Would you consider something in a paisley?"

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD SPARKS

A PARTY IN MIAMI BEACH

fiction by

Isaac Bashevis Singer

meet max: rich, gaudy, loud—but behind the parrot facade is a man who spent months in a cellar waiting for death

MY FRIEND the humorist Reuben Kazarsky called me on the telephone in my apartment in Miami Beach and asked, "Menashe, for the first time in your life, do you want to perform a *mitzvah*?"

"Me a *mitzvah*?" I countered. "What kind of word is that—Hebrew? Aramaic? Chinese? You know I don't do *mitzvahs*, particularly here in Florida."

"Menashe, it's not a plain *mitzvah*. The man is a multimillionaire. A few months ago, he lost his whole family in a car accident—a wife, a daughter, a son-in-law and a baby grandchild of two. He is completely broken. He has built here in Miami Beach, in Hollywood and in Fort Lauderdale maybe a dozen condominiums and rental houses. He is a devoted reader of yours. He wants to make a party for you, and if you don't want a party, he simply wants to meet you. He comes from somewhere around your area—Lublin or how do you call it? To this day, he speaks a broken English. He came here from the camps without a stitch to his back, but within fifteen years, he became a millionaire. How they manage this I'll never know. It's an instinct like for a hen to lay eggs or for you to scribble novels."

"Thanks a lot for the compliment. What can come out from this *mitzvah*?"

"In the other world, a huge portion of the leviathan and a Platonic affair with Sarah, daughter of Tovim. On this lousy planet, he's liable to sell you a condominium at half price. He is loaded and he's been left without heirs. He wants to write his memoirs and for you to edit them. He has a bad heart; they've implanted a pacemaker. He goes to mediums or they come to him."

"When does he want to meet me?"

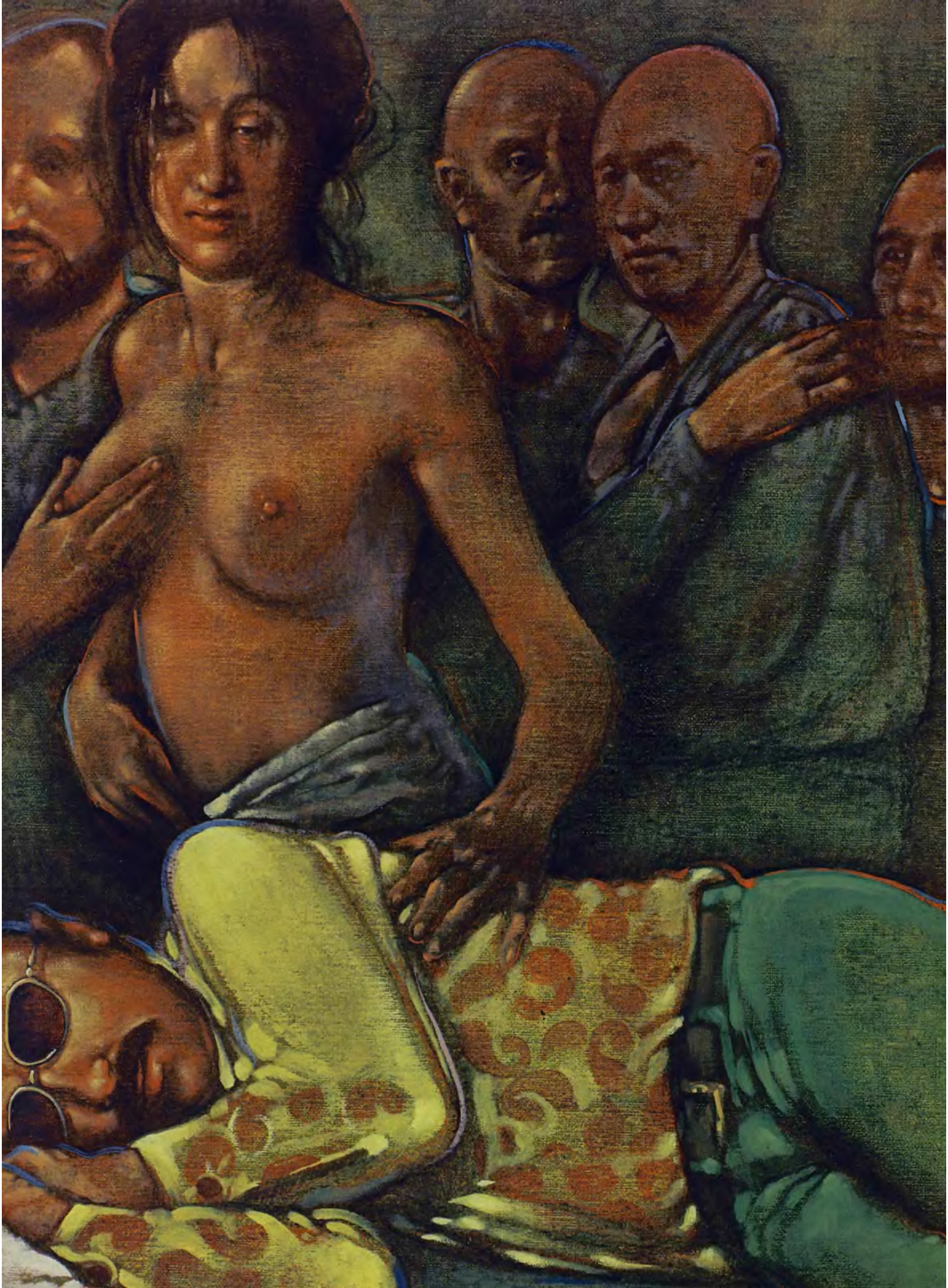
"It could even be tomorrow. He'll pick you up in his Cadillac."

At five the next afternoon, my house phone began to buzz and the Irish doorman announced that a gentleman was waiting downstairs. I rode down in the elevator and saw a tiny man in a yellow shirt, green trousers and violet shoes with gilt buckles. The sparse hair remaining around his bald pate was the color of silver, but the round face reminded me of a red apple. A long cigar thrust out of the tiny mouth. He held out a small, damp palm, pressed my hand once, twice, three times, then said, in a piping voice:

"This is a pleasure and an honor! My name is Max Flederbush."

At the same time, he studied me with smiling brown eyes that were too big for his size—womanly eyes. The chauffeur opened the door to a huge Cadillac and we got in. The seat was upholstered in red plush and was as soft as a down pillow. As I sank down into it, Max Flederbush pressed a button and the window rolled down. He spat out his cigar, pressed the button again and the window closed.

He said, "I'm allowed to smoke about as much as I'm allowed to eat pork on Yom Kippur, but habit is a powerful



force. It says somewhere that a habit is second nature. Does this come from the Gemara? The Midrash? Or is it simply a proverb?"

"I really don't know."

"How can that be? You're supposed to know everything. I have a Talmudic concordance, but it's in New York, not here. I'll phone my friend Rabbi Stempel and ask him to look it up. I have three apartments—one here in Miami, one in New York and one in Tel Aviv—and my library is scattered all over. I look for a volume here and it turns out to be in Israel. Luckily, there is such a thing as a telephone, so one can call. I have a friend in Tel Aviv, a professor at Bar-Ilan University, who stays at my place—for free, naturally—and it's easier to call Tel Aviv than New York or even someone right here in Miami. It goes through a little moon, a Sputnik or whatever. Yes, a satellite. I forget words. I put things down and I don't remember where. Our mutual friend, Reuben Kazarsky, no doubt told you what happened to me. One minute I had a family, the next—I was left as bereft as Job. Job was apparently still young and God rewarded him with new daughters, new camels and new asses, but I'm too old for such blessings. I'm sick, too. Each day that I live is a miracle from heaven. I have to guard myself with every bite. The doctor does allow me a nip of whiskey, but only a drop. My wife and daughter wanted to take me along on that ride, but I wasn't in the mood. It actually happened right here in Miami. They were going to Disney World. Suddenly, a truck came up driven by some drunk and it shattered my world. The drunk lost both of his legs. Do you believe in Special Providence?"

"I don't know how to answer you."

"According to your writings, it seems you do believe."

"Somewhere deep inside, I do."

"Had you lived through what I have, you'd grow firm in your beliefs. Well, but that's how man is—he believes and he doubts."

The Cadillac had pulled up and a parking attendant had taken it over. We walked inside a lobby that reminded me of a Hollywood supercolossal production—rugs, mirrors, lamps, paintings. The apartment was in the same vein. The rugs felt as soft as the upholstery in the car. The paintings were all abstract. I stopped before one that reminded me of a Warsaw rubbish bin on the eve of a holiday when the garbage lay heaped in huge piles. I asked Mr. Flederbush what and by whom this was, and he replied:

"Trash like the other trash. Pissako or some other bluffer."

"Who is this Pissako?"

Out of somewhere materialized Reuben Kazarsky, who said, "That's what he calls Picasso."

"What's the difference? They're all fakers," Max Flederbush said. "My wife, may she rest in peace, was the expert, not me."

Kazarsky winked at me and smiled. He had been my friend even back in Poland. He had written a half-dozen Yiddish comedies, but they had all failed. He had published a collection of vignettes, but the critics had torn it to shreds and he had stopped writing. He had come to America in 1939 and later had married a widow 20 years older than he. The widow died and Kazarsky inherited her money. He hung around rich people. He dyed his hair and dressed in corduroy jackets and hand-painted ties. He declared his love to every woman from 15 to 75. Kazarsky was in his 60s, but he looked no more than 50. He let his hair grow long and wore side whiskers. His black eyes reflected the mockery and abnegation of one who has broken with everything and everybody. In the cafeteria on the Lower East Side, he excelled at mimicking writers, rabbis and party leaders. He boasted of his talents as a sponger. Reuben Kazarsky suffered from hypochondria and because he was by nature a sexual philanthropist, he had convinced himself that he was impotent. We were friends, but he had never introduced me to his benefactors. It seemed that Max Flederbush had insisted that Reuben bring us together. He now complained to me:

"Where do you hide yourself? I've asked Reuben again and again to get us together, but according to him, you were always in Europe, in Israel or who knows where. All of a sudden, it comes out that you're in Miami Beach. I'm in such a state that I can't be alone for a minute. The moment I'm alone, I'm overcome by a gloom that's worse than madness. This fine apartment you see here turns suddenly into a funeral parlor. Sometimes I think that the real heroes aren't those who get medals in wartime but the bachelors who live out their years alone."

"Do you have a bathroom in this palace?" I asked.

"More than one, more than two, more than three," Max answered. He took my arm and led me to a bathroom that bedazzled me by its size and elegance. The lid of the toilet seat was transparent, set with semiprecious stones and a two-dollar bill implanted within it. Facing the mirror hung a picture of a little boy urinating in an arc while a little girl looked on admiringly. When I lifted the toilet-seat lid, music began to play. After a while, I stepped out onto the balcony that looked directly out to sea. The rays of the setting sun scampered over the waves. Gulls still hunted for fish. Far off in the distance, on the edge of the horizon, a ship swayed. On the beach, I spotted some animal that from my vantage point, 16 floors high, appeared like a calf or a huge dog. But it couldn't be a dog and what would a calf be doing in Miami Beach? Suddenly, the shape straightened up and turned out to be a woman in a long bathrobe digging for clams in the sand.

After a while, Kazarsky joined me on the balcony. He said, "That's Miami. It wasn't he but his wife who chased after all these trinkets. She was the business-lady and the boss at home. On the other hand, he isn't quite the idle dreamer he pretends to be. He has an uncanny knack for making money. They dealt in everything—buildings, lots, stocks, diamonds, and eventually she got involved in art, too. When he said buy, she bought; and when he said sell, she sold. When she showed him a painting, he'd glance at it, spit and say, 'It's junk, they'll snatch it out of your hands. Buy!' Whatever they touched turned to money. They flew to Israel, established Yeshivas and donated prizes toward all kinds of endeavors—cultural, religious. Naturally, they wrote it all off in taxes. Their daughter, that pampered brat, was half-crazy. Any complex you can find in Freud, Jung and Adler, she had it. She was born in a DP camp in Germany. Her parents wanted her to marry a chief rabbi or an Israeli prime minister. But she fell in love with a gentile, an archaeology professor with a wife and five children. His wife wouldn't divorce him and she had to be bought off with a quarter-million-dollar settlement and a fantastic alimony besides. Four weeks after the wedding, the professor left to dig for a new Peking man. He drank like a fish. It was he who was drunk, not the truck driver. Come, you'll soon see something!"

Kazarsky opened the door to the living room and it was filled with people. In one day, Max Flederbush had managed to arrange a party. Not all the guests could fit into the large living room. Kazarsky and Max Flederbush led me from room to room and the party was going on all over. Within minutes, maybe 200 people had gathered, mostly women. It was a fashion show of jewelry, dresses, pants, caftans, hairdos, shoes, bags, make-up, as well as men's jackets, shirts and ties. Spotlights illuminated every painting. Waiters served drinks. Black and white maids offered trays of hors d'oeuvres.

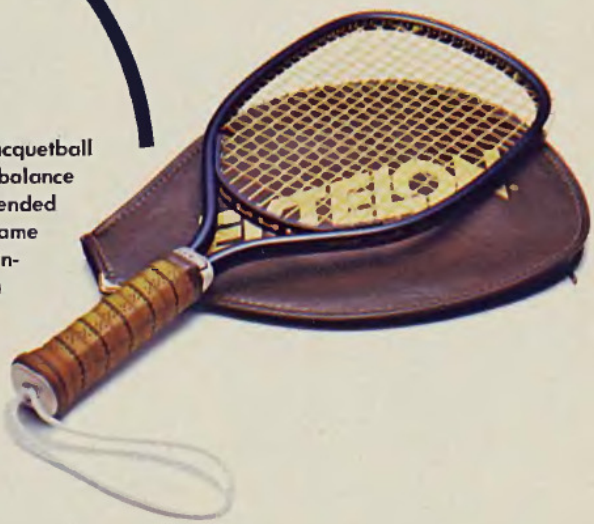
In all this commotion, I could scarcely hear what was being said to me. The compliments started, the handshakes and the kisses. A stout lady seized me around and pressed me to her enormous bosom.

(continued on page 200)

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR

DADS

Casio's LC-78 Mini-Card calculator is less than ⅛" thick; it performs standard math and has an independent memory and percent function, $29.95.



This Magnum Flex racquetball racket has superb balance and features an extended anodized-aluminum frame that gives the swinger increased reach, power and a larger sweet spot, by Ektelon, $46.50 strung.

Paco Rabanne Pour Homme cologne concentrate, $15, and after-shave balm, $9, have been created from a fragrant mixture of herbs and spices.

For those who like to sketch or make notes where'er they wander, these elegant handmade blank books have marbled covers, leather bindings and rag-paper pages, from New York Central Supply, $9 to $30.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

GRADS

GRADSG

Both rock and jazz buffs will dig banging these multitoned mohogany and redwood Gato drums, and devil take the neighbors, by Hy Kloc Enterprises, $49.50 and $69.50.

Chris-Craft's nautical watch from its latest catalog of gifts marks certain hours with International Code numeral flags, $40.

Maruman U.S.A.'s 18-kt.-gold-plated butane lighter with inlaid lacquer delivers up to 40,000 lights, $140.

Digital AM/FM/MPX radio with quartz clock features a scanner that seeks out a station, holds it five secands and then seeks on, by Midland Internatianal, $279.95.

Apple II, a briefcase-sized computer with a large memory, can ploy games and operates like any other computer, using your TV as its display, by Apple Computer, $995.

Model XD-11 35mm camera with 50mm MD Rokkor-X f/1.4 lens, $603, plus an Auto Winder D, $125 with case, and an Auto Electraflash 200X, $75, all by Minolta.

Nikon's Nikonos III 35mm underwater camera that can be used above water, too, and an f/2.5 Nikkor lens, $534.

The Reparter, Polaroid's smallest, least expensive folding-pack camera, shoots colar and black and white, $59.95.

GRADSD

RADSGF

For an initial reaction, try this solid-14-kt.-gold one-inch-high handmade neck letter, by Goldbar Manufacturing, $125.

The Sport Center U.S.A. (for Usable Space Accessory) is a clear-acrylic hang-it-all that makes your athletic gear easily accessible, by Karmel Plastics, about $40.

Bearcat 250 automatic-scanning radio monitors five bands on 50 channels, searches, stores and recalls, by Electra, about $450.

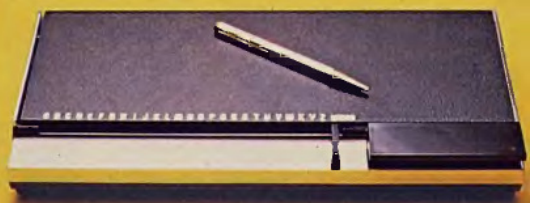
In a hurry? The MicroDialer 30 is a combination calculator and automatic phone dialer, by Micom Electronics, $179.

Fisher's CR4025 cassette tape deck features a wireless remote pause control for armchair editing, $249.95.

The Alessi line of heavy-gauge stainless-steel trays with various components includes this salad set that features a bowl of ash wood, servers of Makrolon, plus lead-crystal oil and vinegar cruets and salt and pepper shakers, all from Maurice Duchin, $175.

Hitachi's clock-radio features a digitron clock display, a 60-minute sleep shutoff switch and a full-length touch-sensor snooze bar, $89.95.

Leatherette and chrome slidamatic Elite Telephone Index holds over 1000 names and numbers, plus memo pad and a mechanical pencil housed in its base, by Park Sherman, $20.



ADSDA

10

GETTING ANY?

a carnal career guide to the best-laid professions

article

By SHARON O'HARA

REMEMBER the first time your school guidance counselor asked, "What are you going to do when you grow up, Johnny?"

Maybe you were a precocious child and answered truthfully, "I'm going to get laid a lot."

The counselor would laugh or send you off to the school shrink, who would try to make you grasp reality. "No, what vocation are you going to pursue?"

A much less interesting question, but you'd answer. A policeman. A doctor. A lawyer. Anything but a school counselor.

Did you ever think the two questions might be related? Do certain professions make out more than others? Sex is a great fringe benefit for any job. Who gets laid the most, though? Do women secretly lust after certain career types? It's not exactly the kind of question that leads to a Pulitzer Prize, but we decided to tackle it anyway. We hit the streets and toured singles bars in several cities.

Most of the women with whom we talked were in their 20s and early 30s. About a third of them were secretaries. Another third were teachers and writers and the rest were saleswomen, waitresses, models, actresses and members of some 30 other occupations, from hooker to TV commentator. About a tenth were unemployed. By the time we called an end to our research, we had answers from nearly 300 women, most of whom went to singles bars occasionally and had slept with at least ten men. We interviewed women in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Denver, Houston, Miami and Atlanta; but this is in no way a statistically pure survey. It is biased in favor of young, sexually active women who live in big cities. We did not interview farm girls from Montana or 60-year-old seamstresses from Yonkers. Most of the women with whom we talked were the kind of women you probably stare at in offices and in bars while wondering if there's a chance you could score.

We chose our questions with care. You can't just go up to a girl in a bar and say, "Hey, honey, what is the occupation of most of the men you've screwed?" So first we asked an innocent question, an icebreaker: What occupation do you prefer to date? (By the way, English majors, we're perfectly aware that you don't date an occupation, you date a *member* of an occupation; but in a crowded bar, where the noise level approximates that of a moon take-off, you try to keep the questions as simple as possible.)

Next we asked: Is there one occupation that most of your lovers have had? That is a sneaky question. First of all, it assumes that a girl has had a number of lovers—virgins and women who had slept with only a couple of men dropped out of our survey at that point. Unfortunately, the answer to that question was usually, "Well, they haven't all had the same occupation"; so we'd hem and haw until we could see that the girl trusted us, then go in with the killer: But what occupation are you most likely to pick up in a bar or someplace like that? We also asked those women if they could name the occupations of their best and worst lays, on the theory that a girl would probably look more kindly on the second salesman she met if the first had been a ball in bed. Similarly, we wanted to find out if any occupations were nixed because their members were such notoriously bad lays—and we had a few surprises, as you'll see.

We discovered that there are two major types of women who go to bars, those looking for a rich man who will show them a good (i.e., expensive) time and those looking for a creative person who's an interesting talker (and perhaps an even more interesting fuck).

You should not conclude, dear reader, that the latter group is more promiscuous; many girls confided that when a man spends a lot of money on them, they feel somewhat obligated to sleep with him. Women who are looking for men with money are in the majority, especially in Chicago, Los Angeles and Houston. In answer to our first question, 60 percent of our interviewees said they would prefer to go out with lawyers, doctors and businessmen, in that order. A third preferred writers, film makers, musicians and artists and the rest named 40 other occupations, from physicist to cowboy. Oddly enough, only five women said they didn't have any preference as to a man's occupation.

Chicago women are looking for men with money and Los Angeles women are looking for *creative* men with money—film makers, directors, music producers and the like. New York women prefer musicians, writers and general oddballs—a disproportionate number of well-dressed women at Maxwell's Plum on New York's Upper East Side said they wanted to meet explorers, drug dealers and the unemployed ("They have more time to fool around," said a 22-year-old student). Southern women, by the way, are the least particular as to a man's occupation. We found ourself agreeing with the conclusions in the April 1977 PLAYBOY article on *The Girls of the New South*; namely, that Southern girls will sleep with anything that moves.

On to the next question. There is a definite discrepancy between the kinds of occupations women say they *want* to meet and the kinds they *do* meet. The same women who said they preferred to go out with doctors and lawyers generally

ILLUSTRATION BY KIM WHITESIDES

settled for salesmen and accountants. At Butch McGuire's, a prototypical singles bar in Chicago, one girl who was looking for lawyers but dated accountants explained: "I guess I date so many accountants because they hang around bars a lot and I hang around bars a lot and we're bound to meet." The same can be said, by the way, for bartenders. Many single women who go to bars frequently search out and make friends with the bartender so that they have someone to talk with when the action is slow. Two recent graduates of the University of Illinois told us that at college, bartenders are considered campus studs, much like football players, and that many girls fight over the privilege of going out with them. Anyway, when these girls graduate and move to big cities, they find themselves gravitating to bartenders again out of habit and nostalgia. Maybe it's not too late to sign up for that bartending course.

It is not surprising that over half of our respondents told us they most often sleep with businessmen, salesmen and lawyers, since a proportionately large number of men with those occupations exist in the general population. After those, the women named musicians, writers, teachers, students and bartenders. Reasonably enough, there were a number of women who said they most often dated men who worked in fields related to their own jobs: Manicurists went out with hairdressers, models with photographers, stews with pilots, writers with other writers and actresses with actors and agents. Most women, in fact, tend to date and sleep with whoever is most available in their offices or favorite bars, rather than search out a man with a particular occupation.

There are some exceptions, however. An unemployed Cher look-alike told us she likes to get high and thus makes a point of looking for drug dealers to sleep with. A couple of writers we know share hooker-organizer Margo St. James's attraction to power and purposely seek out cops, pimps and high-level editors of girlie magazines. A 26-year-old told us that she dates only musicians. "Only a musician properly appreciates a girl's body," she said. "Besides, they have such gifted fingers—and mouths."

The second half of the questions, which dealt with the occupations of a woman's best and worst lovers, turned out to be much more interesting than the first half. Although many women had trouble nailing down a specific occupation as the one they preferred to date, few had any difficulty remembering the occupations of their best and worst lovers.

We started by asking about worst lays, because most women are more uptight about sharing the intimate details of someone they've loved than they are about bad-mouthing some poor yo-yo who couldn't get it up. Women, you men may be astounded to learn, love to talk about men's sexual prowess in quite clinical detail, and they can be merciless, especially when it comes to guys who ejaculate prematurely.

Out of curiosity, I asked one such woman what she meant by premature ejaculation and she said, "It means he came before I did, doesn't it? I mean, he never could seem to last more than half an hour."

When it comes to picking sexual partners, women do not use a great deal of logic. In our survey, we found women who said they preferred lawyers—did, in fact, date lawyers—and who also said that, for the most part, their worst lays were lawyers. That didn't stop them from dating *more* lawyers, however. The same thing happened with salesmen and businessmen. A teacher from Houston said she continued to go out with a lot of athletes, even though her worst lay had been an athlete: "He had a memory for a dick," she complained. Who was her best lay? "A printer." Had she gone out with other printers since? "No, I like athletes."

Of the 59 occupations described as worst lays, lawyers were named more often than any other. Following them were salesmen, students, accountants, doctors (especially shrinks), writers, teachers and actors. What was wrong with those men? Here are some opinions:

"My worst was a writer. The pen is not mightier than the sword, if you know what I mean."

"A student. He was very inexperienced and very much in love. The combination was lethal."

"Ex-seminarians and ex-priests. Sexually, they're preadolescents. They never heard of the clitoris—I'm sure they think it's a monument in Athens."

"I'm leery of men on the upper executive level, guys who make more than $50,000. Some of them have very kinky ideas about what they like. I'm not a prude, but these guys never seem to want to just fuck; they'd rather watch you masturbate or they want you to pee on them or something."

"My worst was a lawyer; in fact, my two worst were lawyers. They were both bad for the same reasons: no staying power and no sweet talk; both were master grunters."

"I had a terrible time with a doctor who forced me to do things I didn't want to do."

"An actor I slept with once wanted to look in the mirror as we made love—so he could look at himself!"

"The worst was a thief. He refused to have an orgasm—he was proud of his staying power—and he fucked me until I was so sore I couldn't walk."

Then there was the opera singer whose cock was "no bigger than a raspberry," the junior V.P. who "loved his therapist more than me," the dancer who "would rather I had been a man" and the Andy Frain usher who "climaxed even before he got his pants off."

The women in our survey named 63 different occupations as best lays. As with worst lays, the reasoning sometimes reflected on the women's occupations and sometimes didn't. There were a couple of surprises, though. It is commonly thought that although women may say they want to go out with doctors and lawyers, in their hearts they are longing to be ravished by construction workers, not to mention outlaw bikers. Well, according to our survey, that cherished bit of mythology doesn't hold up. Can you guess which group of men received the most votes as best in bed? Businessmen! Followed by writers, lawyers, the unemployed, teachers, actors, athletes and bartenders. Considering their numbers in the population, there was also an inordinate amount of praise for gamblers, thieves, junkies, pimps, mobsters and other outlaws.

What makes a man good in bed? Does it have anything to do with his occupation? Here are some opinions from around the country:

"The best lay I ever had was a mechanical engineer and, yes, his occupation did have something to do with his being good. He was the kind of guy who liked to tinker with things to see how they worked and that's the way he approached women. I know that sounds weird, but he really knew how to turn me on!"

"A bartender was the best. He had a certain disdain for women, but I'm more uninhibited with someone I'm basically hostile to."

"A telephone installer. He was gentle, took his time and, best of all, he held me for the longest time afterward. There's nothing worse than a fellow who hits and runs."

"I'll never forget the movie director who got me together with another lady. I loved it!"

"I once knew a baseball player with a 14-inch bat and he was always ready to swing."

"I'd have to say that my best lay was an advertising executive. He was fat but terrific at cunnilingus."

"The best was a bus driver, and his occupation was irrelevant. He made me feel as if I were the most desirable woman in the world, even though I knew he was married."

"The best lover I ever had was a bank robber who was wanted by the FBI. First of all, he was incredibly handsome—tall, dark and he never wore

(concluded on page 192)

"Priscilla, the orchestra's playing our song."

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

DEBRA

debra jo fondren, the editors'—and readers'—choice for playmate of the year, takes a thrill-of-a-lifetime trip to paris and the bahamas to pose for leading european movie director/ glamor photographer francis giacobetti

People ask me how I feel about having men look at my body. I tell them I feel very good about it. It's when they don't that I start to worry."

THE SCRIPT for *The Debra Jo Fondren Story* would be rejected by any self-respecting Hollywood producer. We can hear them now: "Too pat. Where's the tension, the drama, the believability?" Take, for instance, this synopsis of the first reel: A young, beautiful girl, an avid reader of PLAYBOY, dreams of becoming a Playmate. Unfortunately, she lives in a small city in Texas. Beaumont is the name and it's slightly off the beaten track. She is spotted by a PLAYBOY photographer's assistant, who suggests she just might have what it takes.

A few test shots later, our heroine finds herself in the centerfold, as the September 1977 Playmate. Public reaction is overwhelming. The readers write volumes, peppered with such adjectives as stunning and fantastic, and imploring, "More!" The editors huddle: "We've got a winner here!" Debra Jo is named Playmate of the Year and is whisked off to Paris to sit for Francis Giacobetti, one of the world's foremost photographers of women. End of reel one. But, as they say, not the end of the story.

Actually, this is not a fairy tale and Debra Jo is hip-deep in reality. For her, the past few months have been a breathless romp around the country, touring on various PLAYBOY promotions—something of a revelation to a girl who had seldom been outside Beaumont. "People are the same everywhere," she discovered, "they just have different accents."

Naturally, the high point so far has been her trip to Paris. "At the time we arrived, it was cold and rainy, but you could still tell it was beautiful." Debra's compliment was returned with interest by Parisian men, who were so taken with her and with the length of her tresses they *(text concluded on page 226)*

The Playmate of the Year gets so many nice gifts, it's like Christmas in June. I can't wait to try out my new Datsun 280Z on those wide-open Texas roads. I don't think I'd want to drive it in Paris, though. The city has too many wild drivers."

I love money; I'm not going to lie about it. But if you're not happy in your own mind, no amount of money is going to buy that for you. When I think of security, I think about home and friends and family. Those are the important things."

Eventually, I'll get married and have children. But right now, my career is most important. Too many things are happening for me to be able to give children the care they need. I mean, I feel bad about having to leave my cats!"

I used to think in terms of depending on a man for my happiness, but finding out I can make it on my own has made me a stronger, happier person. I believe in women's lib every place but in the bedroom. There, I think the man should be in control. It makes me feel more feminine."

hokey pokey

we were two smartasses who should have been at each other's crotches, yet here we were, ploying thrust-and-parry

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK VAN EPPS

fiction by daniel curley

THERE I WAS, talking with this woman. She was neat and I wanted to say something that would make her say, "Hey." I didn't want her to say, "Wow." "Hey" would do. But what should I say? She talked about her ex-husband. I talked about my ex-wife. We had another drink.

I was getting bombed. I opened up. I really wanted her.

"My wife was a bitch," I said.

"My husband was a bastard," she said.

When I was a kid, I used to think *bastard* was the male of *bitch*, just as *dog* was the male of *cat*. I don't know what I was doing thinking about sex at that age, because I never did again until after I was 40.

But we weren't getting anywhere. "I've got to piss," I said.

"Thank you," she said. "The last guy who was here pissed off the porch. There were great arcs of piss in the morning." She said, "Upstairs, to the right."

"It was a funny thing," I said when I came downstairs again. "I had this professor at Alabama, who told me——"

"But what were you doing at Alabama?" she said.

So I had to tell her how cheap it was at Alabama, how you could go there for less than it took to stay at home. I remembered then that this was something I always had to explain to a new woman at a certain stage—not usually this stage, though, not after the first piss. "Seven dollars a month for room," I said. "Thirteen dollars a month for board."

"But how did you hear about Alabama?" she said.

"Rose Bowl," I said. I wanted to tell her about my map puzzle of the United States but was afraid I'd lose the thread. "Rose Bowl was worth a thousand tuitions a year, they figured."

"But how did you hear?" she said.

"My mother heard," I said. "She listened to the radio a lot—that old Atwater Kent. It ran on batteries, can you believe it? She listened to the game and offered me a choice of Mass Aggie—Mass Aggie, for Christ's sake—or Alabama. One of them was a hell of a lot farther away than the other.

"What was I saying?" I said.

"You were saying how you met her," she said, jumping all the way back to before the piss.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Her husband was in the class I had."

"She wasn't?" she said.

"Oh, no," I said. "It was the husband. The husband was in love with the one girl in the class. We were all in love with her, but she was in love with him."

"Were you in love with her?" she said. "I mean, really in love? I think I was in love once and I want to know."

"Of course I was in love with her," I said. "Why should I be different?"

"But that has nothing to do with you and her," she said.

"Everything has everything to do with everything," I said. We had had a hell of a lot to drink. "One night, when he was fucking this girl in the stacks of the library under the aegis of 821—Dewey decimal system—the wife came to me and asked what was going on."

"And what *was* going on?" she said, refilling my glass with the local store's own Scotch.

"How should I know?" I said. "They didn't hit it off. Incompatibility, as they say. Perhaps 813 would have been better."

"Don't fuck around," she said.

"That's what she said," I said. "But I had just met a girl I thought I could fuck on the next date—there never was a next date, for some reason or other—but, anyway, I had a pint of Seagram's Seven and a package of Trojans in my desk drawer. That's all I knew: Seagram's and Trojans."

"But where is your wife in all this?"

"I'm telling you," I said. "I said, 'Scratch my back.' Oh, but she was a great back-scratcher, the best since I used to sleep with my sister when we were very little. But she was something else when she really got down to it. A wildcat. Of course, I was proud of the marks on my back and never felt them at all at the time, except to cringe my crotch a little closer to hers."

"I'm all confused," she said. "Where is the girl you loved?"

"I'm trying to tell you about this professor at Alabama," I said. "He told me to take R.O.T.C. 'Me take R.O.T.C.?' I said. But I took it anyway, because he had it figured. He'd been there. Thought he was Tietjens. Had even been gassed around Belleau Wood."

"Who was Tietjens, for Christ's sake?" she said.

"*He* was Tietjens," I said. "Ford Madox Ford's Tietjens. World War One and all that shit. A good man but fucked up. He had an awful wife. He fucked me up, too, because I signed the name Tietjens to a motel receipt and absent-mindedly put it in my pocket. Of course, my wife found it and had it in court and fucked up my divorce."

"That was pretty fucking dumb," she said. I made a note that I had got her talking dirty.

But there was still a coffee table between us, and I was getting nowhere, and that's about as dumb as you can get. Two people who might as well have been frothing at each other's crotches, and we were sitting there making nice-nice.

"But the funniest thing," I said, "was how we got married."

"It can't be funnier than how I got married," she said, but not at all as if it

were really funny. "We went into this courthouse in the middle of goddamned Iowa with our license in our hands, and the J.P. told us to wait a minute. He was doing something at his desk. I was looking out the window and my husband was reading some lawbook from the bookcase when someone said, 'Well, do you or don't you?' And two locals in bib overalls said, 'Congratulations.' "

"At least you married the girl—boy—you loved," I said.

"No," she said.

"Why didn't we meet thirty years ago?" I said.

"Like when I was nine?" she said.

"I may be a shit," I said, "but I'm not that kind of shit."

"I couldn't think how to say no," she said. "How to let him down easy."

"The whole medical examination," I said—I didn't need to hear it—"was this: 'Do you know any reason why she will be disappointed on her wedding night?' Of course I didn't. That's the kind of thing it takes fifteen or twenty years to figure out."

"Did you really do R.O.T.C.?" she said. "The whole bit?"

"The whole motherfucking bit," I said. "Second lieutenant U. S. Army Reserve—or whatever it was. He said, 'Be inefficient'—by which he meant fuck up. 'But only a little.' How was I to know the limits of my ability to fuck up? 'Just enough so they'll send you back to work at a training center.' So they kicked me out and I got married."

"The chronology is confusing," she said, and she polished her glasses while she glowered at me owlishly.

"It's as clear in my head," I said, "as God's view of eternity."

"Elucidate," she said.

"Her husband and I were living together in New Orleans," I said.

"I" she said.

"She was in Tuscaloosa, finishing her degree. Some weekends she came down to see him and some weekends she came down to see me, 'Go away!' I shouted when he rattled the door while she and I were in bed and he was supposed to be working. 'Goodbye,' she said and kissed him at the bus station before she got off at the edge of town—'Naughty, naughty,' the bus driver said—and came back to spend a few days with me. There was a balcony where we watched the moon rise. One night, when I turned to her, there was a skull on her pillow."

"A real skull?" she said. "I used to dream my husband was a loaf of bread."

"Bread is all very well," I said. I guess I thought I ought to acknowledge her in some way. She splashed cube after cube into my drink.

"Do you suppose if I married the other one . . ." she said.

"What other one?" I said. Now I was the one who was confused.

"The one I loved—or thought I did—when I was seventeen," she said.

"Oh, that one," I said.

"Do you suppose sooner or later I would have dreamed he was a loaf of bread?"

"Marriage makes strange bedfellows," I said. As I said it, I realized it was funnier than I meant it to be—actually, I hadn't meant anything. But she laughed and I took all the credit. God knows, there's enough credit you deserve and never get.

"Or maybe a radish," she said. "Maybe he'd have been a radish."

"But the truth of the matter is," I said, "that I fucked up so well they wouldn't have me in the Army. They wouldn't even allow the draft board to have me. No one would have me and I wound up at the welding school."

"I didn't know that," she said.

"Neither did I," I said. We were exactly where we were before. One hell of a sexy lady on that side of the coffee table that was complete with ice bucket and tongs, and on this side of the table something or other in remarkably good shape for its age, considering, except that I hadn't been able to get it up since about 1956, though she had no way of knowing that. My teeth were in great shape, though. I gnashed them at her. Let her think about that a little.

"What big teeth you have, Grandma," she said.

"Right on," I said. I tended to forget, when I got interested, exactly what decade I was in.

"It was all over," I said. "I knew it was all over. She knew it was all over. Everything was over except the dancing in the streets. But she had to come down to New Orleans to stage one last scene. She was in theater. Did I mention that? She said, 'It's all over.' I said, 'What a pity. I was going to ask you to marry me.' She said, 'I accept.' "

"Jesus Christ," she said. "Just like that? But, then, I suppose I said, 'I accept' just like that, only I was the one who was appalled when I said it."

"Jesus Christ," I said.

"My husband—that shit," she said, "was a chaser. He chased boys and he chased girls."

"I never had that problem," I said.

"Lucky you," she said.

"She just chased me," I said. "You call that lucky?"

"Have an ice cube?" she said. And she put three into my glass. They now stood up above the rim. I'd have welcomed a splash of Scotch.

"I was actually drafted," I said, "and I was turned down. I volunteered and I was turned down. I was turned down for the Canadian army. I was plenty undesirable." I looked at her hopefully, but she didn't rise to it. Not even another ice cube. "So I went back to school and kind of got married."

"I didn't know she was married before," she said.

"It was no secret," I said. "We just didn't tell anybody."

"Who can have a secret," she said, "in a town like this?"

"To be sure," I said, "it's generally known that on December seventh, 1941, I was writing the great antiwar novel of the war. I worked all that day and finished it and threw two handfuls of oatmeal into two cups of water in the cookie tin on my gas heater and lay down to listen to the radio. The rest is history."

" 'What I Was Doing on December Seventh': the story of your generation," she said.

"And what is the story of *your* generation?" I said.

"When I first heard the Beatles."

"It makes a difference," I said.

"It sure as hell does," she said. There were seven slick magazines, a bottle of Scotch, ice in a bucket and a flowering azalea on the coffee table between us, two glasses and an overflowing ashtray.

"That's why I was divorced at fifty," I said, "and you were divorced at thirty."

"She called me up and asked for the name of my lawyer, you know," she said.

"I didn't know that," I said.

"But you already had him, clever you. And she was disappointed because she had heard he arranged handsome settlements—is she a Victorian? That's a curiously Victorian statement—handsome settlements."

"Antediluvian," I said. "She goes straight for the jugular."

"I thought it was my mother when she called. 'Hello, Momma,' I said. I was really embarrassed. She wasn't."

"She thought she was my mother, too," I said.

"What did you think?" she said.

"I didn't know what to think," I said. "I checked it all out: mother, sister, daughter, and decided she was my best friend's wife that he palmed off on me, the fucker."

I began to make my move around the coffee table and, what with one thing and another, trips to the john, refilling the ice bucket, stuff like that, before I knew what was going on, she was on the couch and I was in her chair. She looked even better now that I was looking down

(continued on page 220)

"I've passed your complaints along to the captain."

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

YOU'VE SEEN THOSE MEXICANS PLUNGE 130 FEET FROM THE ROCK FACE AT ACAPULCO—SURELY, ONLY A MADMAN WOULD DO THAT

PUSHED TO THE EDGE: part five

THE CLIFF DIVE

article **By CRAIG VETTER**

JUST BEFORE the divers at La Quebrada in Acapulco take the long fall from the cliff into the surf, they kneel at a little shrine to Our Lady of Guadalupe and say their prayers. It's not hard to imagine what they ask her—I used to know the prayers they know—probably something like, "Remember, O most gracious Virgin, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy intercession or sought thy mercy was left unaided. Inspired by this confidence, I fly to thee, O Virgin of Virgins, my Mother. To thee I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word incarnate, despise not my petitions but in thy mercy hear and answer me. Let the water be deep enough, let the current be gentle, save me from garbage on the water, from the rocks, from blindness, from death, and may the *turistas* drop at least ten pesos apiece into the hat before they haul their fat white bodies back onto the buses."

I watched them dive half a dozen times one day. I sat on the terrace of the hotel that overlooks the cliff with tequila and beer in front of me, telling myself I was trying to decide whether or not I would do this thing. I knew that the power of prayer wouldn't get me into the air off that rock. I've dived from heights before, but never that high, never out over rocks like those, never into a slash of water as narrow as that. Still, the only reason I was down there in the good tropical sun was to dive or to come up with an eloquent string of reasons why I hadn't. As it was, every time a Mexican dived, I was adding a because to my list of why-nots.

One of them would walk out onto the rocks and look down at the surf 130 feet below him. Then he'd kneel at the shrine, cross himself and pray. When he got up, he'd wander out of sight for a moment behind the little statue of Mary, then come back and stand for another five minutes on the edge while the tourists crowded the railings of the hotel terrace and filled the vantage points on the rocks below. Then he'd put both arms straight out in front of him, drop

them to his sides, cock his legs, roll forward, and then spring with what looked like all his strength into a perfect flying arch. Foam boils up where the divers go in and the sound when they hit the water is like an old cannon going off. Then, a few seconds later, he'd be up, waving one arm and treading water against the white surge that was trying to slap him up onto the rocks.

After a couple of divers and a couple of tequilas, I was telling myself I could live through it. I'd probably get hurt real bad, but it wouldn't kill me. I could get out past those rocks, all right, then it would just be a matter of going into the water as straight and skinny and strong as I could. I figured the worst I could get would be a broken back. Or else . . . or else I could sit right there on that terrace, have another shot of Cuervo, maybe six, lay back on my laurels and review the risks already taken. The worst I could get would be a hangover.

All of these things are at their best in retrospect, anyway. Hanging on an ice cliff in a storm, worrying about death, is not fun. But thinking about it later—ah, that's wonderful. You run the memory again and again in your head, and every time, you think something new into it, make up meanings for it, draw lessons out of it, spin metaphors; and if you do it right, you can make yourself cold, make your heart pound all over again, no matter where you are.

Strangely, it's the timid moments that stand out when I think about it. I know now that if I jumped over the moon and made it, I'd probably get on myself afterward for not pointing my toes. In every case, I look back and tell myself I could have done more or done it with more grace. Not that it would have changed anything if I had. Not that I can't leave the cowardly parts out of the story when I tell it to my grandchildren. Still, it's strange how closely bound up your best and worst moments are. Nothing resembles a bump as much as a hole, and nothing resembles a moment of courage as much as a moment of cowardice. There were times during these assignments when I was sure the only reason I went ahead was that my fear of being thought a coward was bigger than my fear of jumping out of an airplane, or off a ski jump, or walking on a wing.

The question I heard most over the course of these adventures was, Why? And I heard it from myself as much as I did from other people. It's a damn good question, and it deserves not to be answered too quickly. For a while, I was telling people that the reason I was doing these things was that there was *no* reason for them; that everybody ought to have at least one totally unreasonable project going at all times, and I believe that. But that's more a smart crack than it is an answer. Just as Edmund Hillary's famous "Because it was there" is a smart crack. A *great* smart crack, though.

Certainly, money was part of the reason—a big part, yes. I'd finish one stunt, and even as I sat down to write about it, I knew that when I finished I was going to have to get down out of my head and up off my ass and go do another one; and if the rent hadn't come due, if the kids hadn't needed braces, if there hadn't been a pay check waiting at the other end, I wouldn't have gone on with it. But to say that I did it entirely for the money isn't right, either. After all, there are other stories to be written, other professions, if it came down to that.

In fact, the why of these things for me probably has something to do with the nature of writing for a living. You spend so damn much time in your head that finally the muscle between your ears is the only one with any tone to it, the only one that can take any punishment or do any tricks. You get so used to working everything out the way Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas did that when you are faced with raw physical terror, you might as well be a four-year-old kid on his first trip to the zoo. To stand there face to face with something truly monstrous and hairy, something with claws as big as your fingers can't help but teach you something about your place in the natural order that you weren't going to learn any other way.

I met the animal in me on that ice climb. When it got bad up there, when I thought I might die, my mind cowered, and whimpered, and then shattered. But the animal consciousness in my flesh and bones rolled out like the hell's angel he is and did what had to be done. Separation of body and soul like that is terrible and magnificent, something you can feel, as if the mind knows it can afford to give up and go on to whatever's next, but not the body. The body knows that if it falls off any ice cliffs, there will be no tomorrow.

That's about as close as I came to any metaphysical revelations in the run of this goat dance. And I thought that one up *after* the fact, while I was sitting safely in my own garden, watching the jays eat what was left of my lunch. *Out there*, when you have the fear on you, thoughts, all thoughts, are like Muzak in a falling elevator.

The other things I learned weren't much of a surprise: that I'll probably die saying something like "Oh, shit," that adrenaline is the most powerful drug in the entire pharmacy, that I always underestimate my limits and that all of these stunts are pale metaphor for the things in this life that are truly dangerous: Just before I did the wing walk, I married my girlfriend. The editors, however, refused to count it as number four in the series.

I told them before I went down to Mexico that there was a good chance I'd walk away from this one. They said they understood, but I don't think they did. Four times they'd sent me out and four times I'd come back with the ugly beast "fear" more or less strapped to the fender, and I think I was making it look too easy.

"The thing about this dive is," I told them, "once you get off that rock, it's *aerodynamics*. You're a *missile*. . . ."

They looked at me as if to say, "Is this the kid who climbed the ice? Who jumped the ski jump? Who pitched himself 2500 feet out of an airplane? The kid who *walked the wing?*"

Maybe it is and maybe it isn't, I told myself.

"Oh, hell, I'll try it," is what I told them. In a way, they seemed pleased. I think maybe they were getting tired of all this thrill-of-victory stuff and wanted to see what I could do with a little agony-of-defeat writing.

Before I left, while I was packing my suitcase, I tried to promise myself that I wasn't going to dive, no matter what, wouldn't even consider it, wouldn't agonize over it, either. Four big-fright gravity games in 12 months is *enough*. You make no apologies after a run like that, and you don't sit around and torture yourself about the one that beat you completely. But then . . . there I was, watching the Mexicans do it, telling myself I could probably live through it to write the story. Something in me *wanted* to do it. Wouldn't this one make their eyes bug out and their blood run cold? I thought.

One of the divers came around to collect 50 cents. I gave him a dollar and when he said that was too much, I told him no, it wasn't. His name was Fidel and he had a broad face and a paunch that hung out over his tight red trunks. He looked about 40 years old. I asked him what kind of injuries the *clavadistas* got when they didn't hit the water right. Broken bones, he told me, when the arms sometimes collapse into the head on impact. And the eyes, he said, if you break the water eyes first instead of with the top of your head, you go blind. But they have an association, he said, and the 26 divers in it have a fund, so that if one of them is hurt or killed, his family is taken care of. I didn't ask him if there was a fund for half-wit gringos with a history of foolish moments and a little too much sauce in them. There are no funds for people like that, people like me. Just simple services when the time comes.

Fidel moved off through the crowd, looking for more peso notes, and pretty

(concluded on page 190)

PREMIXED BLESSINGS

playboy's guide to those don't-do-it-yourself cocktails for two

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

IF YOU DETECT a tinge of equivocation in the title above, you're a pretty sharp cookie; because that's exactly what's intended. Prepared, packaged cocktails are something of a mixed bag. But they do offer a lot to the single guy on the gallop—particularly in the convenience category. Stating the obvious: Prepared cocktails dispose of considerable measuring, squeezing, stirring, shaking, fumbling with ice trays and the mess accompanying that ritual. There's also the matter of the daiquiri that becomes progressively sweeter due to undissolved sugar at the bottom of the glass or the sour that varies in tartness, from drink to drink, depending on the size and acidity of the lemon. Premixed quaffs are, if nothing else, consistent.

They also provide a kind of social insurance; with a representative assortment on tap, you should be able to field any challenge guests toss at you. Strawberry margarita? Of course. Mai tai? To be sure. Piña colada? Why, certainly. Cherry-chocolate boom-boom swirl? No . . . but how *(continued on page 228)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

WHEELING AND DEALING

(continued from page 114)

"We traded handshakes with Bobby Kennedy and then handed him the money in a white envelope."

assured themselves of a franchise now probably worth $20,000,000.

The Murchisons understood how business sometimes was done in the hardball world of Washington politics. Although in 1960 the Murchisons backed Richard Nixon for President, and gave him Lord knows how much money, they had their Washington operative bring a bet-hedging $10,000 in cash for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket. The loyal courier and I flew to New York City, where, outside an office building owned by the Kennedy family, we traded handshakes with Bobby Kennedy and then handed him the money in a white envelope. He whisked it to the safety of his inner coat pocket and, as with so many people to whom I have made cash deliveries, seemed eager to see our departing dust.

•

Money flew fast and loose on Capitol Hill in the Fifties and Sixties. As we learned in the later Watergate investigations and in more recent scandals involving the buying of Congressmen by the government of South Korea, it still does. There's another verse to that song: As long as men and women in politics, or in the business world, thirst for power and the good life, it always will. No matter how many ethics committees or codes of conduct or campaign expenditure laws are passed, the eager and the greedy will find ways to get theirs. "Money talks and bullshit walks," my father used to say; I've never found a reason to disagree with him.

No one ever bought me for cash, though I mindlessly imitated the common practice of many Senators, and the prevailing institutional mores, in accepting more subtle forms of bribery. I realize that now; had I stopped to examine the original values instilled in me, I would have realized it then. Like many a country boy exposed to the bright lights and the good life, however, I enjoyed it and wanted more. More wine. More women. More song. More money. More power.

My social friends, from the time I reached my mid-20s, were almost all powerful men, whether Senators or businessmen. They had far more money than I, enjoyed more perks, lived better. Not only did I want to share the good life with them, it was a point of pride to carry my financial weight in their company. I did not want to accept their charity by having them pick up my checks or consider me to any degree a moocher or a dead beat. In short, I faced the old problem of keeping up with the Joneses—and those Joneses could not be kept up with on a Government salary ranging at various times between $10,000 and $19,000 annually.

I therefore entered into business deals with Senators, lobbyists, a J.F.K. Cabinet member and other public officials or former politicians. I have no doubt that those opportunities would not have come had I been anyone but who I was. I have no doubt that the hundreds of thousands of dollars I borrowed from banks, and the generous lines of credit they extended to me, often through the intervention of Senator Kerr—who was, after all, the second-ranking Democrat on the Senate Finance Committee, and therefore influential in tax matters—might not have been so readily available had I not been Bobby Baker and well connected at the top. No question about it.

Invariably, as one became trusted by Senators and then friendly with them, there would be opportunities to get in on the ground floor: to make investments or buy stock in cases where maybe somebody knew a little something nobody else knew. Such as what specific ruling might soon be expected from a regulatory agency. Or what parcel of land might be going up in value due to the coming of a new highway or housing development or military base. Sometimes the young employee offered such opportunities didn't know whether his sponsor knew anything or not, or what it might be if he did, but you didn't ask questions in the absence of volunteered details.

My investments did not immediately excite Dun & Bradstreet, though I made money at a more rapid clip than I'd been accustomed to. As the years passed, I became increasingly friendly with Senator Kerr, who was a wealthy co-owner of Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, as well as blooded cattle, ranches, real-estate developments, banks, blue-chip stocks and you name it; there's no doubt that he was the richest man in the Senate when he died on January 1, 1963. Money was Senator Kerr's god; given our budding friendship and his preoccupation with money, it seems only natural that he would have given me my first investment opportunity.

In 1949, Senator Kerr offered me the opportunity to buy 100 shares in Kerr-McGee Oil. "It's a growing company, Bobby," he told me. "Nothing's a sure shot unless you've got a gun, but this is the next thing to it." That was good enough for me. Although I was going to George Washington University at night, and then to law school classes; although my salary was only about $6500 and my net worth, including furniture, could not have been more than $5000, I rushed home to Pickens to borrow the necessary $3300 from an attorney named Julien Wyatt. He let me have it on my signature. Before long, I'd made about a $10,000 profit on Senator Kerr's advice.

George Smathers, the urbane and handsome junior Senator from Florida, offered my next investment opportunity. Smathers, his assistant Scotty Peek and I shared a high appreciation for the good life. We all had a little high roller in us; we'd reveled together a bit by the time Senator Smathers suggested I buy stock in the Winn-Dixie company in the amount of $2100. I bought in and made a small profit. A bit later, Smathers permitted me to buy into a land deal near Orlando and I eventually made about $7000 as my end of the profits. I learned through Smathers, chairman of the Transportation Subcommittee, of a pending railroad merger of Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard and bought into both companies on a small scale, ultimately realizing about $1000 in gains. As Secretary to the Majority, I inquired as to the status of the postal-rate bill and learned from the staff of Senator Olin Johnston's Post Office and Civil Service Committee that low mass-mail postal rates would continue. I therefore bought stock in the Spiegel Mail Order House, at ten cents on the dollar, and made more than $10,000. Other and bigger investments would come later, and those would cause me grief in time, but at the moment, I was satisfied with my connections and felt that at last I might be on my way.

To Senator Kerr, the answer to everything was money. If you had enough of it, you could do anything you wanted. If you didn't, then you were unlikely to accomplish very much and you simply were not a free man. Like many a good businessman, Bob Kerr knew that it took money to make money. He knew the value of investments and he held that not all investments had to be made in stocks and bonds or commodities or real properties: You could buy people. He would make loans or campaign contributions or gifts to his colleagues if it would woo their votes for his favored causes. Many of his favored causes, of course, put money into his own pocket. Senator Kerr could look upon an "investment" in another Senator as simply a smart business practice, another form of refurbishing the factory or retooling the machines. Where Senator Johnson at least worried about the appearances of

(continued on page 236)

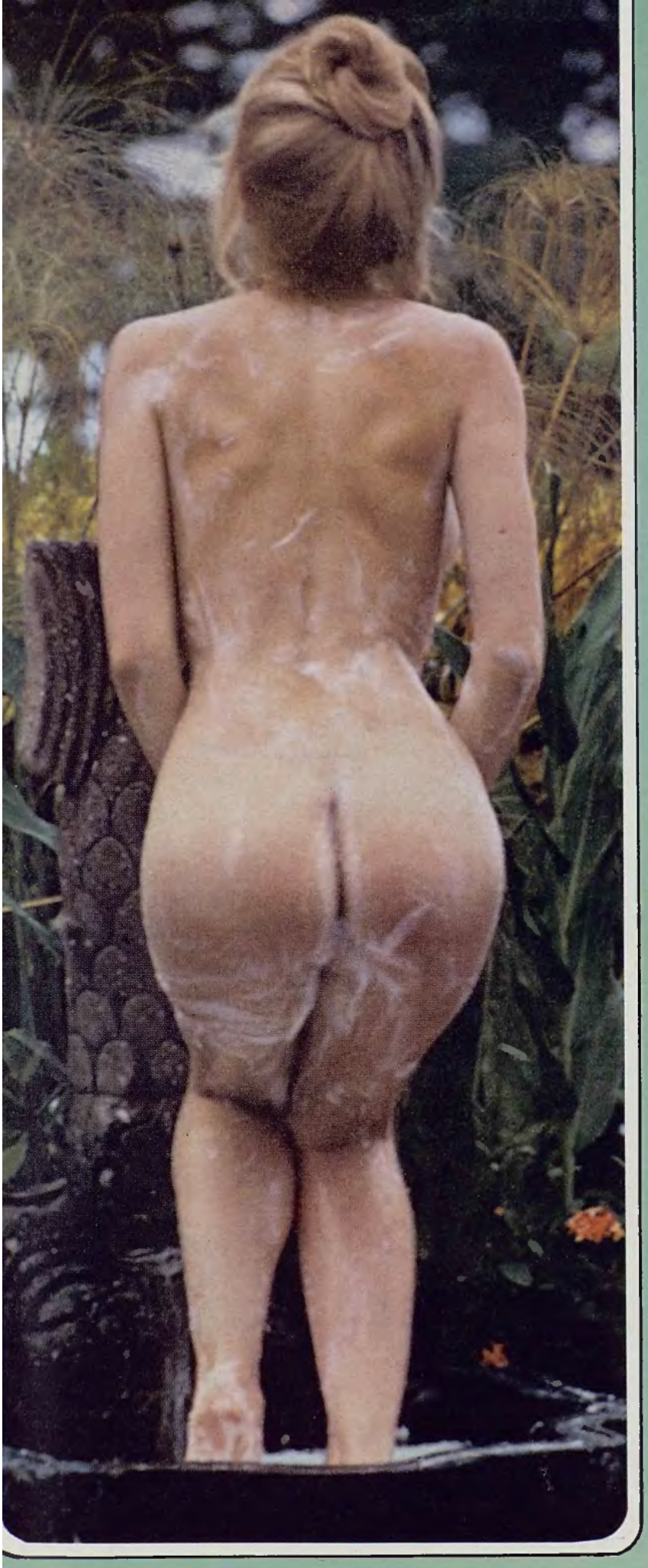
We proudly present PLAYBOY's choices of those who deserve more than a backward glance. First up is November 1977 Playmate Rita Lee, pictured in the bedroom of a condominium in Monzanillo, Mexico.

a callipygian special dedicated to those of us who are given to hindsight

MOONS IN JUNE

It is said that the sun shines equally on all, but the particular beam that's caressing 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren (far left) seems to be giving it a little extra. And March 1977 Playmate Nicki Thomas (left) proves the adage that behind every beautiful woman is a beautiful behind.

For the man who shuns the outdoors for the comfort of his living room, what could be more pleasurable than an *au naturel* concert by November 1974 Playmate Bebe Buell (above right)? But who could turn down the invitation to fresh-air living offered by December 1973 Playmate Christine Maddox (below right)?



At left, our camera sneaks up an 1974 Playmate af the Year Cyndi Woad, capturing her in a moment of ecstasy during her morning bath in Puerto Vallarto. We have found that if you focus yaur eyes on May 1976 Playmate Patricia Margot McCloin's buttacks (belaw), they seem ta follaw yau acrass the room. Finally, there's brown-eyed girl with cheeks Denise Michele (bottom), glimpsed during her April 1976 Playmate shaoting in the maonlit Hawaiian countryside. And naw, a quiz: Quick! Dan't look back, but tell us haw many bikini lines there are in this pictorial. Gotcha.

"You're right . . . everything tastes better outdoors!"

under the beard from *Severnye Skazki*, first published in 1909

THERE'S A VILLAGE halfway between Kaluga and Moscow where once lived three handsome brothers, three wild young men. And in the same village lived the beautiful Fyokla Matveevna, wife of the parish priest. Now, this Father Savva was always running about and trying to find some way to impress the bishop with his spiritual zeal—and thus neglecting his wife. So it was that, while the priest was away, Fyokla would receive each of the brothers secretly.

But, like the virgin bloom on a young girl's cheeks, no secret lasts very long in this wicked world. One day, when the brothers were on their way to cut wood in the forest, each stopped at Fyokla's house for a morning embrace. To each of them she gave a big piece of fresh crusty bread. Thus, when noon came and the brothers sat down in the forest clearing to eat, it was quite clear to all that Ivan had one heel, Mikula the middle and Alyosha the other heel of the loaf.

Mikula and Alyosha began to argue their claims and they were reaching for their axes when Ivan said, "Stop! Let's use our wits! I propose that whoever of us is cunning enough to put it into the wench under the priest's very beard will get exclusive rights to her. Agreed?"

Impressed with such wisdom, the two others drew lots with Ivan for the first attempt—and, of course, Ivan won.

The priest and his wife were just sitting down to dinner when there was a knock at the door. "Ah, my son, what can I do for you?" asked Father Savva. "Why do you look so troubled?"

"A terrible thing, Father," Ivan replied. "I hardly know how to tell you—but I think some evil eye has been cast on your house. I happened to glance through those old, warped panes in your front window and only the Devil knows what shocking things I thought I saw inside. I simply had to warn you!"

The priest thought of the bishop and a shiver of horror ran down his spine. "I'll look for myself," he said.

Ivan dropped the door's bar into place and Fyokla, laughing with anticipation, cleared the table. When Father Savva peered through one of the thick, distorted panes, he saw his dear wife with her back on the table and her arms and legs twined around Ivan, who was pumping madly.

The priest gave a yelp and scuttled for the door, but it was barred. He ran back to the window in time to see Fyokla arching her back and sighing in ecstasy.

When, at last, he thrust the door open, the priest found the two calmly seated, clothes all in order, at the laden table. "Anything wrong?" Ivan asked. "Was I having a bad dream?"

"Nothing to it," muttered Father Savva, "but I think I will have those wretched panes replaced tomorrow."

The next day, when the priest returned from Matins, he found Mikula at his house. "I want to buy five chickens from you to start my own flock," said Mikula.

He had already had a word with Fyokla and, on the way to the coop, she said, teasingly, "Dear husband, aren't you afraid of the evil eye Ivan spoke of? Might it not work its mischief out here as well?"

The priest grunted, gave her a sour look and went into the enclosure to pursue the nimble birds. Quickly, Fyokla leaned over the fence and raised her rump in the air while Mikula flipped up her skirts and put his own cock into her coop. "Oops, you've got the wrong one!" she called to her husband. "Catch the other!"

Red-faced and stumbling with fatigue, Father Savva looked up to see the two leaning on the fence with such vigor that it creaked beneath them. "Oh, yes, that's the o-o-o-o-ne!" Fyokla finally cried out. A little baffled, but relieved, the priest was able to hand over the chickens and to collect his money at last.

The next morning, with a fresh onion hidden in his hand, Alyosha sat under a tree outside the priest's house, sobbing as if he were dying. Father Savva ran outside and tried to comfort him. After much more blubbering, Alyosha finally confessed. "I'm supposed to be married tomorrow, Father," he said, "and I don't know one end of a woman from the other. I'm so scared! I have to go to Lukeria, the whore at the tavern, to find out."

"That would be a mortal sin," said the priest, scenting that he might score a point with the bishop by doing a skillful bit of domestic counseling. And the lad seemed so piteously innocent that there was nothing to fear. "If we—my dear wife and I—were to show you just the manner of marital duties, perhaps," he added.

Alyosha cowered and wept even louder, but the priest took him to the bedroom and there gently ordered Fyokla and the boy to undress. Fyokla summoned a modest blush. Alyosha laid himself down with his head at her feet.

"No, all wrong!" said Savva, getting so interested in solving the problem that his small common sense deserted him. "The other way around. Now, Fyokla, help him with your hands! Ah, splendid, see how it rises! You'll make an excellent bridegroom, my lad."

Suddenly, the priest exclaimed, "Now that's enough! Stop! On your feet! Stop, I say! What are you doing? You'll break the bed! Fyokla, you look most immodest with your legs stuck up in the air! Alyosha, you're driving my wife to despair—hear how she's moaning! Stop all this at once!" Eventually, they heard him.

And when Ivan and Mikula listened to this story, they reluctantly gave Alyosha the prize. It was a rosy-lipped, plump-bosomed, round-bottomed prize and it made Alyosha happy for a long time.

—Translated by Vladimir Sanin

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

last of the rag

mg midget **triumph spitfire** **fiat 124 sport spider** **mgb** **rolls-royce corniche**

IT WAS A DEEP, rich orange and its memory is branded on my brain. One sweet summer day, when I was six years old, that magnificent Buick Century convertible with the leather seats swept into my family's driveway and jiggled my rationality off an axis to which it never returned. There it sat, the embodiment of speed and panache, its luminous presence overwhelming the mundane contours of my father's black sedan. Its owner, a Navy captain, graced me with a brief, electric ride and from that moment onward, automobiles with open tops have generated within me special, small-boy responses that defy age and the responsible standards of maturity.

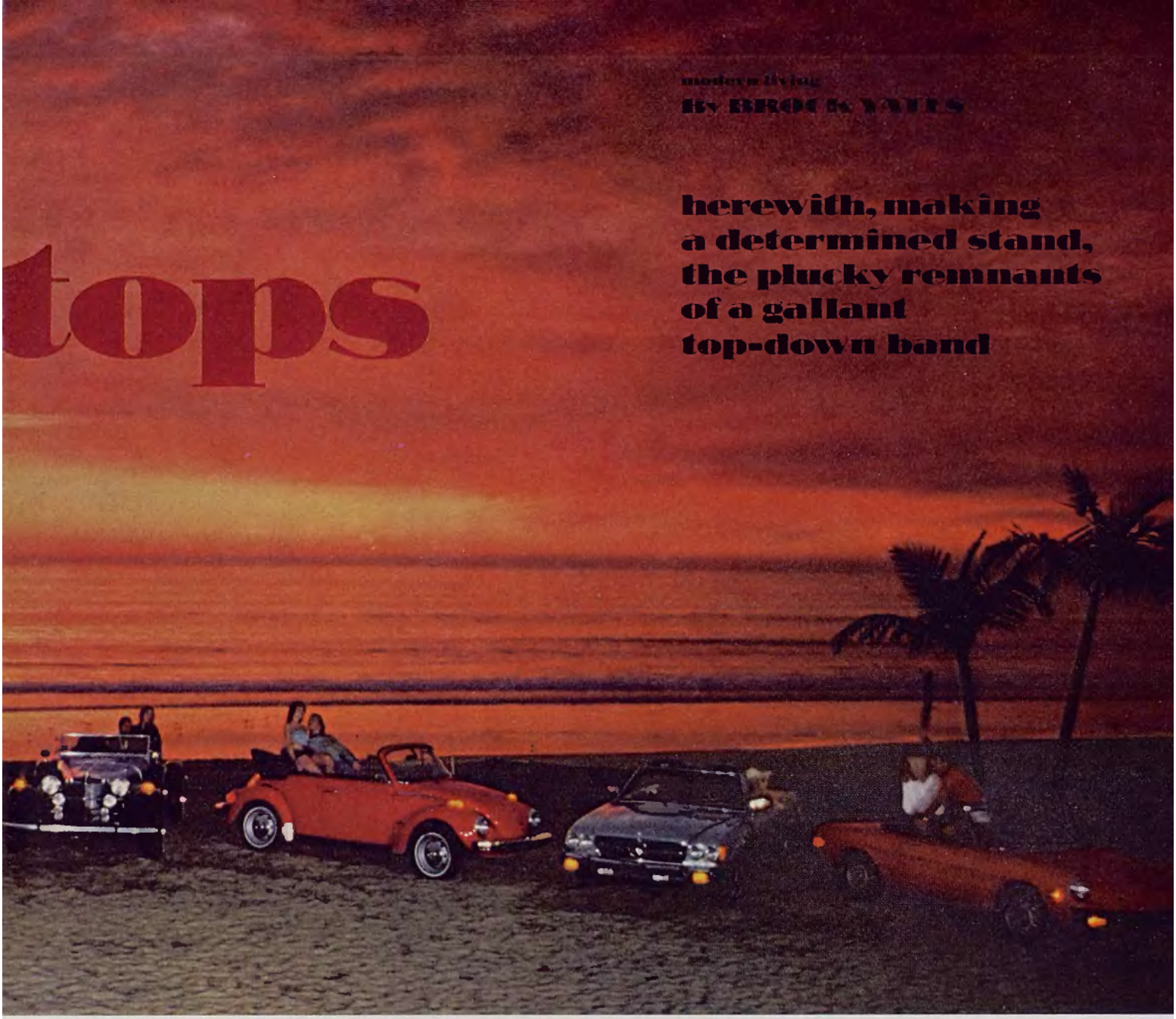
Convertibles. Ragtops. Roadsters. Sports cars. Speed. Wind. Noise. Delicious excitement. Powerful engines. Open exhausts. Superchargers. Overhead camshafts. Overdrive. Mad fantasies of horsepower. Tawny hair flying. Starlit nights. Weekend rendezvous. Lovers' trysts. Daring escapes. People and automobiles larger than life—that was the heady imagery created by that orange Buick and it has refused to die, even in the face of an apparently waning desire for this once-beloved subspecies.

Not so many years ago, virtually every make of automobile, both domestic and imported, had a convertible in its lineup. It was an automatic segment of the product mix, the glamorous capstone of the marque—the version of the machine that made the final statement in terms of the manufacturer's pride and the owner's prestige. They came in two basic forms: small, audacious roadsters and cabriolets intended for youthful hell raising and long, ponderous landaus designed for elegant and sedate afternoon touring. In its most vibrant and egalitarian form, there were the cheap, picaresque Ford V8 ragtops, the vehicles that probably generated more parental gray hairs, more adolescent pregnancies and more "TEENAGE HOT-ROD MENACE" scare headlines than all other makes combined. A step up the social ladder exposed one to the overseas exotica of the MGs, Jaguars and Porsches and to the attendant machinations of Grand Prix driving expertise, with its demands for double clutching and four-wheel drifting. At the other end of the scale, within

By [illegible]

tops

herewith, making a determined stand, the plucky remnants of a gallant top-down band



excalibur roadster **volkswagen beetle** **mercedes-benz 450sl** **alfa romeo 2000 spider veloce**

the more serene precincts of the establishment, were to be found the plush and silent Lincolns, Cadillacs and Rolls-Royces, intended for use only in the most favorable of times.

Now, as we trundle toward the Eighties, the availability of the convertible in the American market is limited to fewer than a dozen models (running the gamut from piddling cheap to stupefyingly expensive) and the reasons are clear. First we have that weird manifestation of the stylist's scribblings called the hardtop—which is essentially a convertible with a fixed steel roof. For reasons known only to Detroit's marketing experts and astute social psychologists, the hardtop, complete with a vinyl roof intended to duplicate the appearance of a convertible, has been an extravagant success with the American public and has done more than its share to accelerate the demise of the model it set out to imitate. After all, went the convoluted reasoning of the American consumer, why not retain the identity but not the function of a convertible by riding around inside what *appears* to be a soft-top while eliminating the attendant unpleasantries of wind-mussed hairdos, watering eyes and chilly breezes? This logic was only amplified as the air-conditioning and climate-control systems of automobiles became more sophisticated; and by the late Sixties, what with rising insurance rates, convertible sales in most domestic makes had slipped badly.

Then came the United States Government and its paternalistic zeal to save us from ourselves and the dreaded agonies of the automobile. What appeared to be a death blow to the convertible arrived in 1972 with the promulgation of a bureaucratic gumbo known as Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard 208. This masterpiece of logic concerned itself with automobile-occupant safety during crashes and appeared to kill convertibles deader than smoked salmon. Standard 208 was so constructed as to demand that all passengers remain inside the vehicle during a special roll-over test—a test that soft-top automobiles could not pass. Rather than fight the standard, many manufacturers employed it as a rationale to slice convertibles out of their line-up or to convert *(continued on page 206)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH

RABBIT

DASHER

VOLKSWAGEN UNCORKS THE CHAMPAGNE EDITION II.

There's nothing like champagne to give you that warm, glowing feeling inside. Especially when it's a Champagne Edition II Volkswagen.

Take our two-door and four-door Dasher Sedans. Inside you'll find crushed velour and deep, cut pile carpeting. And both our sedans and wagon

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

BEETLE & BUS

SCIROCCO

come in stunning metallic paint.

For people who travel in fast circles there's our Scirocco sports car, decked out with a front spoiler, sport bucket seats and elegant black trim.

If you're looking for something to go with your mink, try a Rabbit. It's dressed in silver-green or rosé metallic paint, with velvety seats and plush carpeting everywhere you look.

There's even a Champagne Bus, and a dazzling metallic Beetle Convertible upholstered in white leatherette.

So if you've hesitated to buy one of our well-engineered Volkswagens, look again.

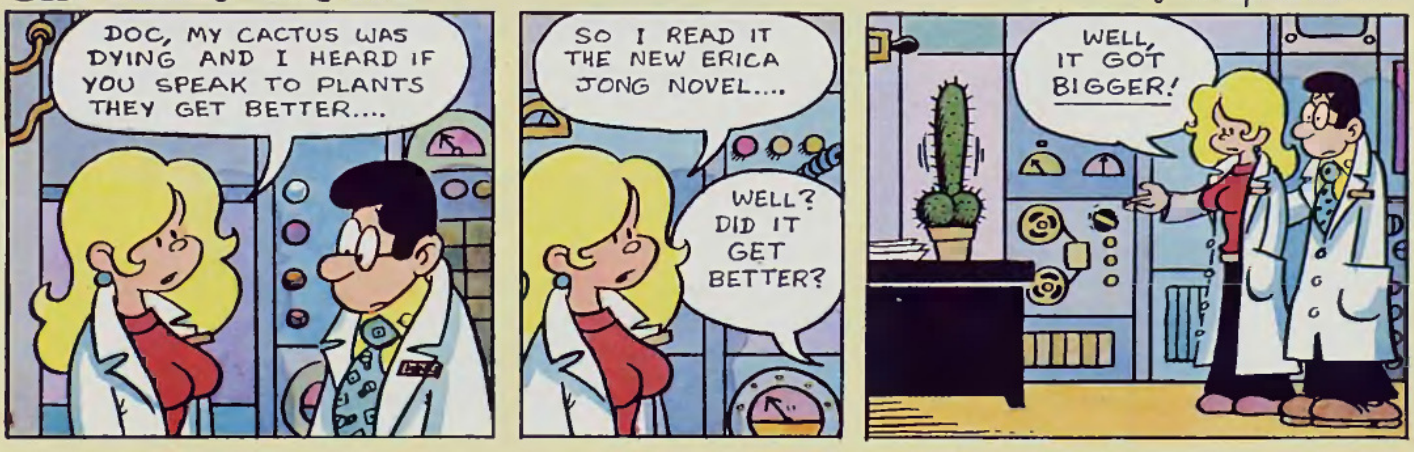
A taste of Champagne may help you overcome your inhibitions.

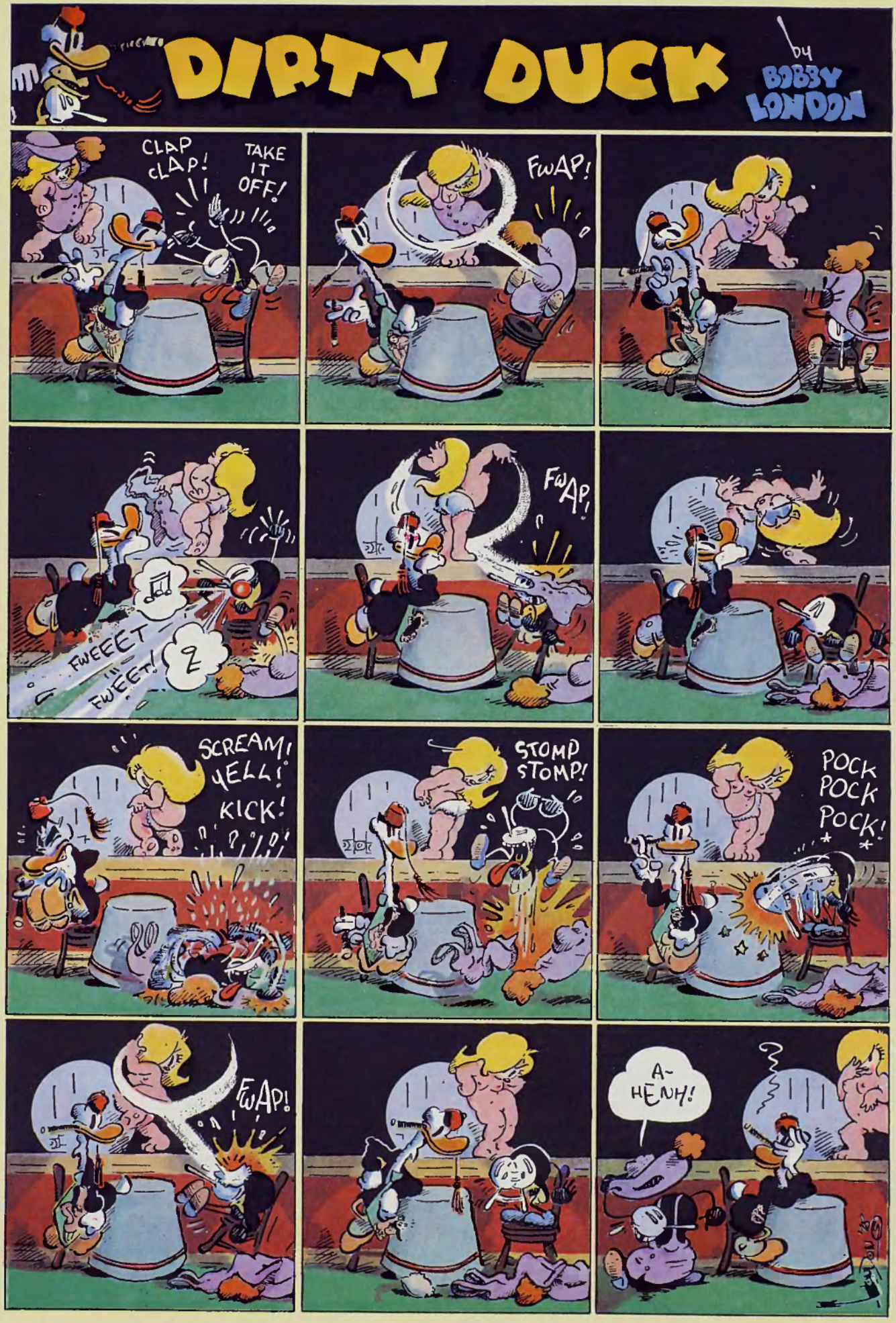
VOLKSWAGEN DOESN'T AGAIN

the limited Champagne Edition II

The Kinky Report

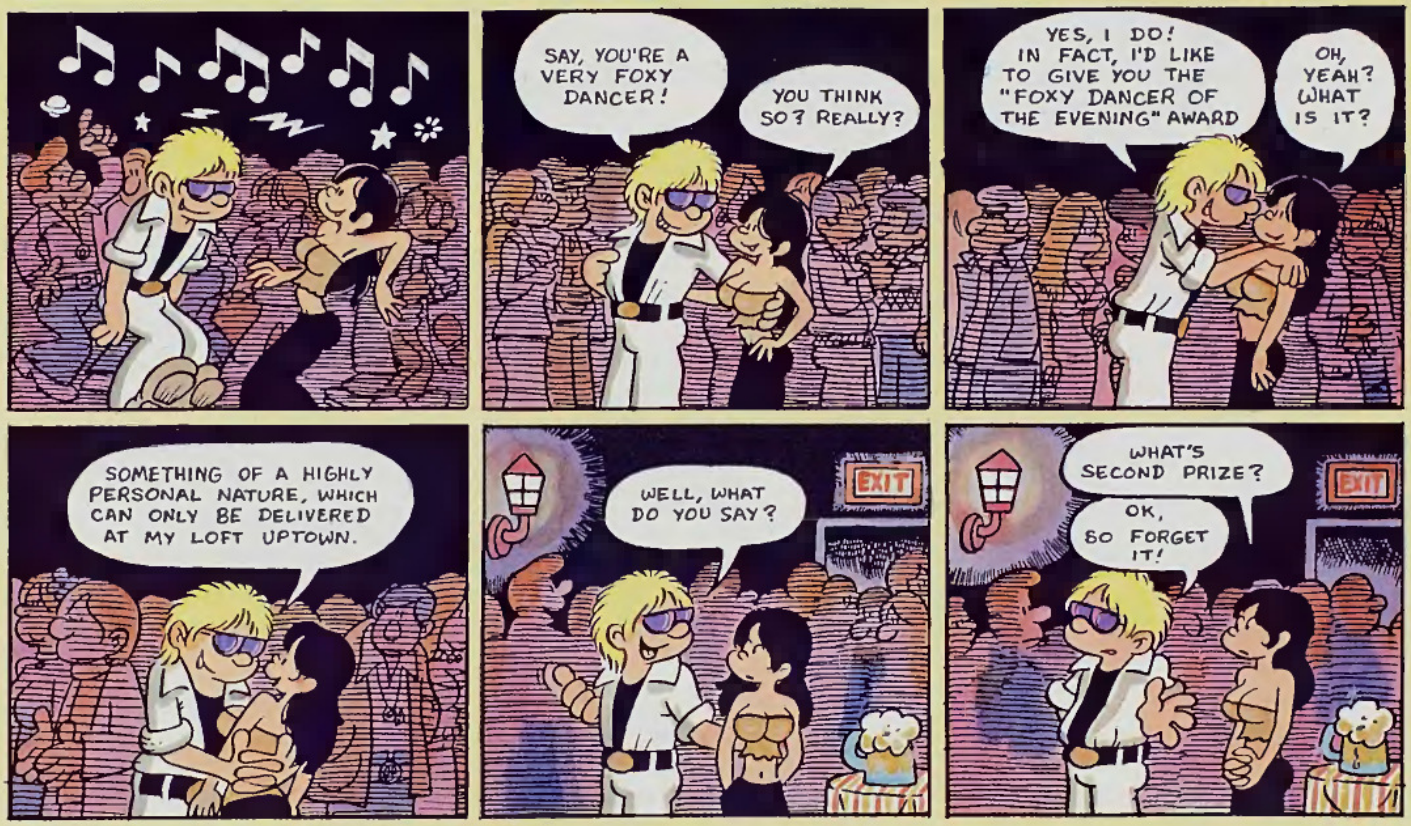
by Christopher Browne

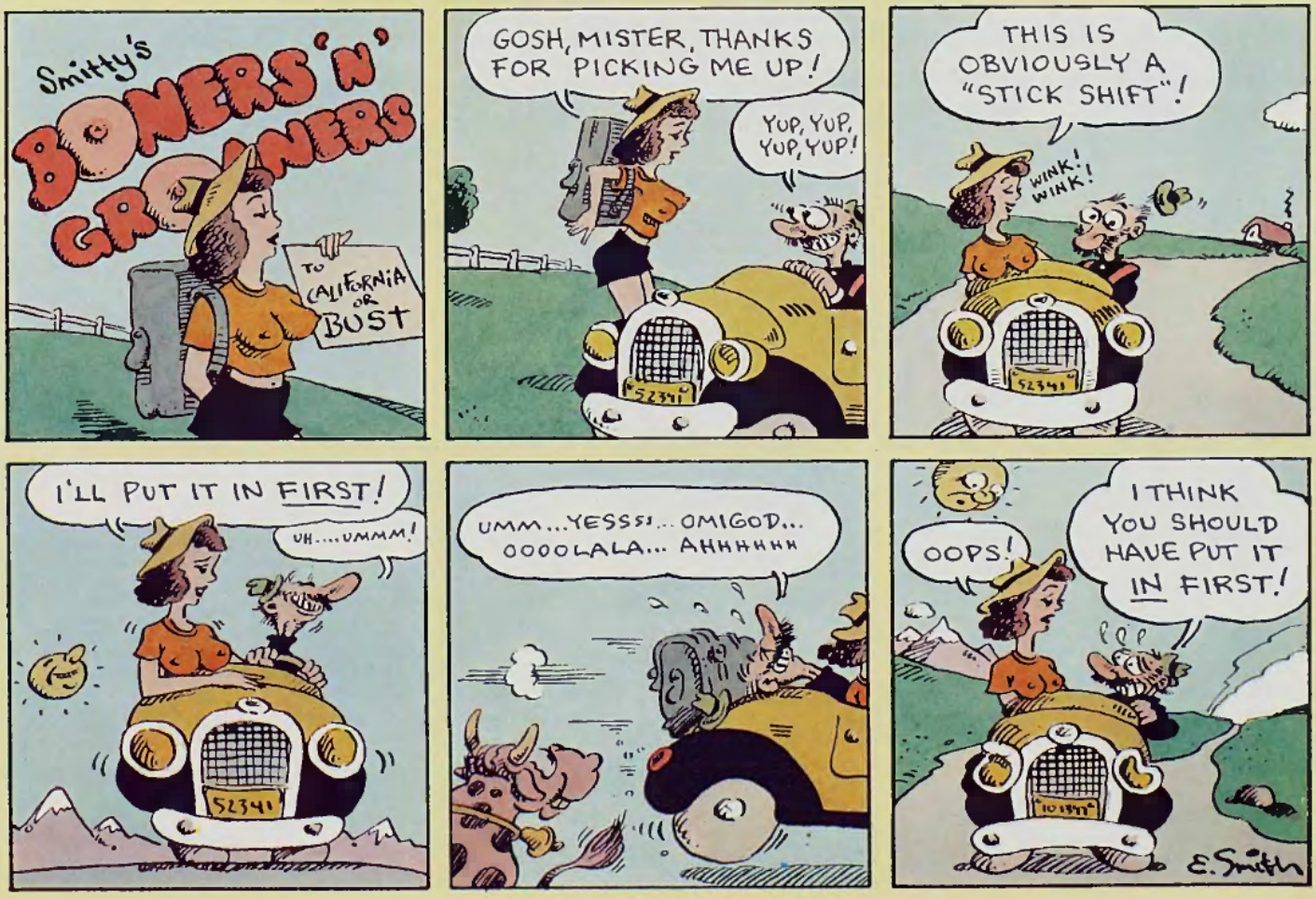



DIRTY DUCK
by BOBBY LONDON
CLAP CLAP!
TAKE IT OFF!
FWAP!
FWEEET FWEET!
FWAP!
SCREAM! YELL! KICK!
STOMP STOMP!
POCK POCK POCK!
FWAP!
A-HENH!

CRUISER

by Christopher Browne





IF ONLY IT WERE TRUE!

CLIFF DIVE

(continued from page 174)

"I stepped up and hung my toes over the edge, and then looked down at the rocks below me."

much left me thinking there was no way in hell I was going to make that dive. The idea that I'd probably survive the plunge didn't mean nearly as much after he told me about the arms snapping over the head on entry. Somehow, I could *hear* that one. Even from 40 or 45 feet, which is the highest I've ever dived, you hit the water hard enough to make a moron out of yourself if you do it wrong. It *hurts* even when you do it right.

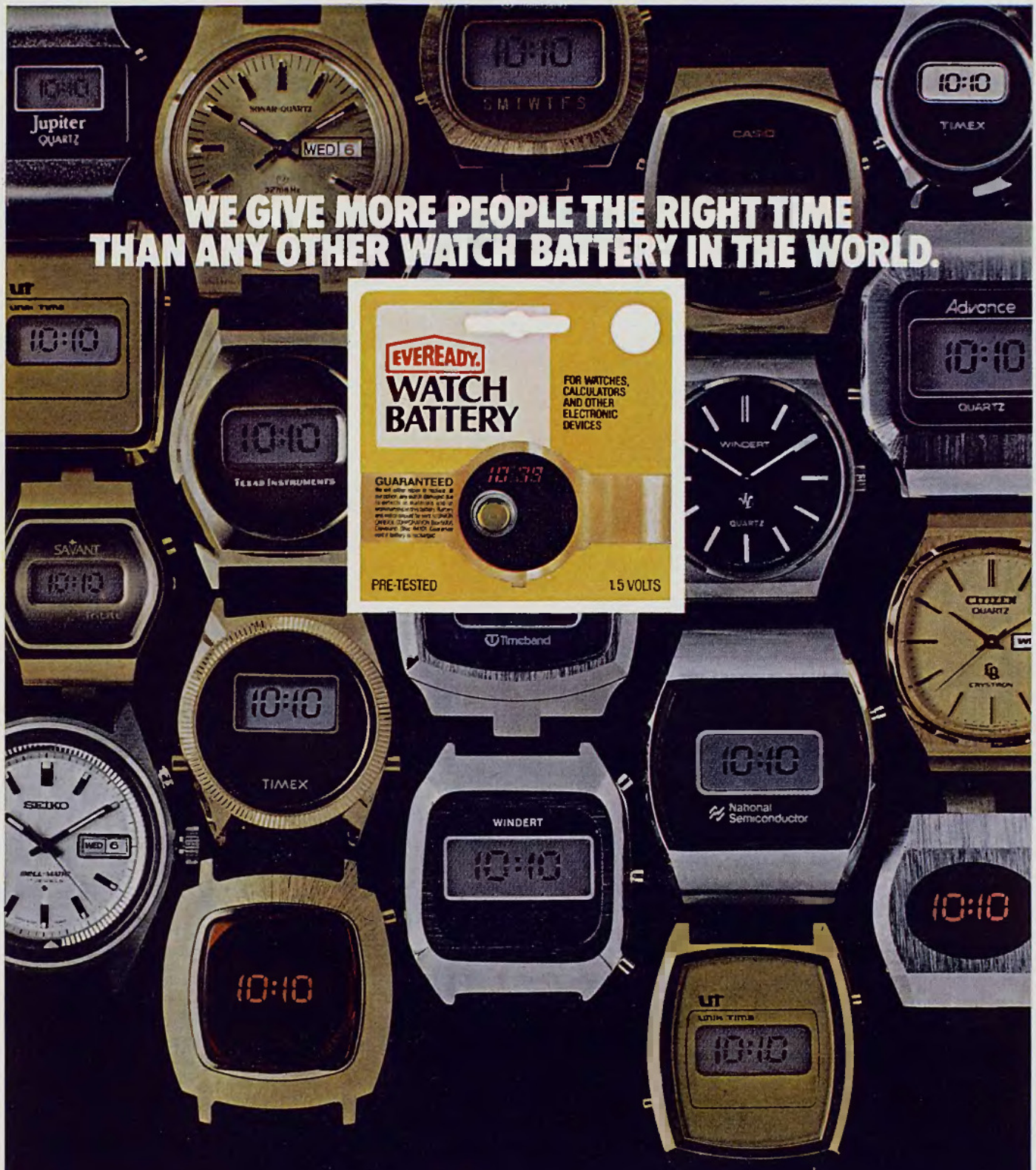
Finally, that afternoon, I figured out exactly what that cliff was to me. It wasn't a test of guts, or coordination, or strength, or Zen oneness with this imaginary existence. It was an intelligence test, the most fundamental kind of intelligence test: If you're intelligent, you don't *take* the test. Still, to sit there and think it through was one thing. I knew I had to let the animal make the final decision; take the meat up there onto that rock and let it look down the throat of this thing, let it *feel* the edge. There'd be no more maybes after that.

You actually have to climb down the rocks from the hotel to the spot from which they dive. On my way, I kept waiting for someone to stop me, tell me it was divers only out there, but no one did and there were no warning signs. I jumped a low stone wall and crept down some rock steps overhung with trees that made it feel like a tunnel out the end of which I could see the backside of the little shrine. It was cement, painted silver, and behind it, stacked like cordwood—as if to say that even among religious people liquor takes up where prayer leaves off—were two dozen empty tequila bottles. Two steps beyond that and I was out from under the green overhead and on the small flat pad from which they do it, and the scene opened before me: to my left, the hotel. I could see people tapping each other and pointing at me, as if to say, "Here goes another one, Edith." To my right, the flat blue Pacific stretched out to a sharp tropical horizon, and then turned into sky. I stepped up and hung my toes over the edge, and then looked down at the rocks below me, then at the rocks on the other side, then at the skinny finger of water between them, rising and falling, foaming in and out. There were Styrofoam cups on the tide, pieces of cardboard and other trash I couldn't make out. I remembered my mother, who was a champion swimmer in the Thirties, telling me about a woman high diver who'd gone off a 100-foot tower in Atlantic City and hit an orange peel on the water. She lived, but the image of their hauling her limp from the water has stayed with me, and it was never more vivid than at that moment at La Quebrada. Looking down from that cliff, your perspective is so hopelessly distorted it seems that, to miss the rocks on your side of the channel, you'd have to throw yourself onto the rocks on the other side. I tried to imagine myself through it. Get steady, feet together, arms down, roll, push, arch . . . but I couldn't take the fantasy any further than that. "No," I said out loud. "Just turn around and say goodbye to the Lady, Craig."

A couple of hours later, I'd found some of that blond reefer they're so proud of in Acapulco, and the defeat of the thing didn't seem very profound at all. If I'd kept drinking tequila, I just might have gone screaming off that cliff. Tequila, after all, talks to the animal in you and *he* thinks he can do anything when he's drunk. But marijuana, sweet marijuana, gets you in touch with the *vegetable* you are—and what does a head of lettuce care about victory?

And, *Jesus*, you gotta stop somewhere.

"Hey, Rapunzel! Let down your hair! It's your parents and my parents and Aunt Sadie and Uncle Phil, with Jim and Susie and Claire and Eddie and the kids."



Today's watches give the time in many ways. With hands, with digits, with lights. But without a battery your watch would have nothing to say. "Eveready" batteries supply the power that makes everything work.

And we've been doing it since 1957 when we developed the first watch battery. Today, most of the world's leading watch companies use batteries made by Union Carbide.

And with good reason. "Eveready" Watch Batteries have special patented sealing processes that help protect your watch against leakage. We want to run your watch, not ruin it.

When you want your watch to give you the time, make sure it gets it from "Eveready" Watch Batteries. The power that makes everything work.

UNION CARBIDE

GETTING ANY?

(continued from page 154)

"A 29-year-old lab technician from Denver said that she'd never again sleep with a doctor."

anything but white suits. From the moment I set eyes on him, I knew I was a goner. Of course, he didn't tell me that he was wanted by the FBI until after we'd spent four hours making love. He discovered erogenous zones I never even knew I had. Afterward, we were lying there in bed and I remember thinking that I would pay half my salary to have a man like him around every day. Then he told me that the reason he'd been on the lam successfully for four years was that he'd found a series of women who would take care of him financially. I told him he could move in with me, but he disappeared the next day. You know, I often wonder whatever became of him. If he should read this, I'd just like him to know he's always welcome."

"A dentist was the best. He knew exactly how much pressure to apply when fondling the breasts—not too hard and not too soft. And when we had intercourse, he didn't expect me to climax look-Ma-no-hands, like most men."

"A computer executive. He was fiery and emotional—not at all the personality you'd expect to find in a computer expert. We had a number of incredible fights and the sex we had while making up was just out of this world."

When talking about their best lovers, many women told us that the man's occupation was not as important as some other factor, such as nationality. When we asked one woman the occupation of her best lover, she answered, "He was a Frenchman." Nothing else about the man mattered to her. Likewise, an actress in Los Angeles told us that she wants to date only Aries men—whatever their occupations. Others said that older men were best, while a Miami girl nominated "anyone with a ten-inch cock."

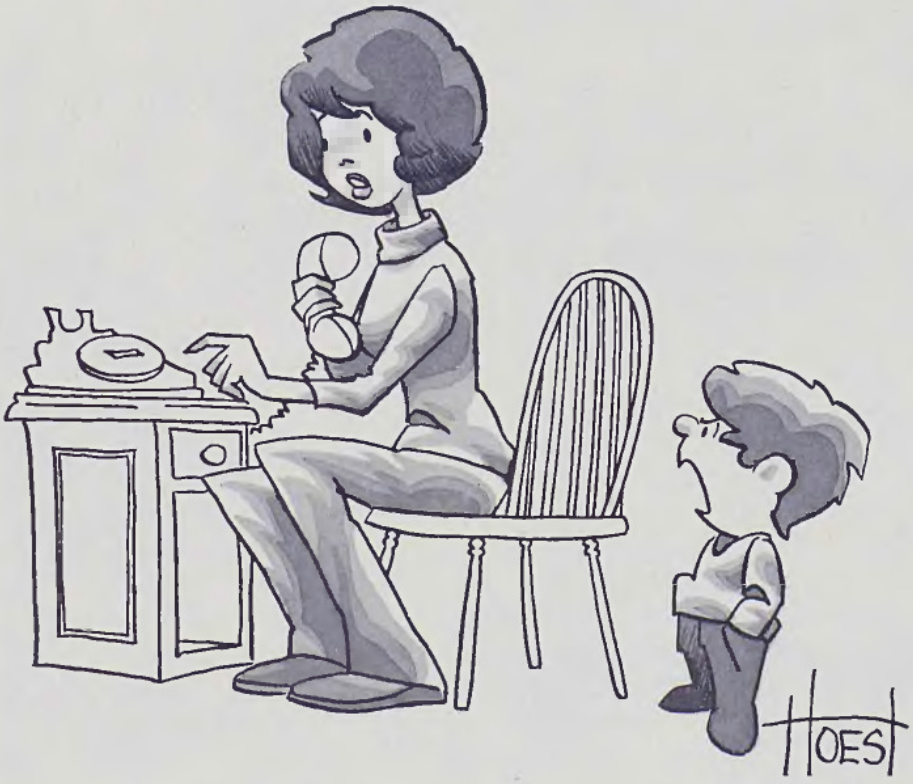
Almost as an afterthought, we asked the question: Is there any occupation you've given up on entirely? Nearly three quarters of the women with whom we talked said no, they'd hate to think of crossing off an entire group of people just because of one prick. Others were not so lenient. A 29-year-old lab technician from Denver said that she'd never again sleep with a doctor: "They always make me feel like a specimen on a slide." Two roommates, both teachers, said they would have nothing more to do with teachers or bartenders: "Both of those groups talk about you behind your back." Meanwhile, a 25-year-old librarian from New York City told us that she had given up on "anybody who has anything to do with the arts. They're too faggy, especially here in New York."

In summary, it seems evident that you can say that you work at just about any profession and one girl will give you the cold shoulder while another will sit on your face. Yet we can draw certain conclusions: All lawyers should immediately move to Chicago. We can't quite understand this passion that Chicago women have for them, but it's there. Salesmen should avoid New York like the plague, except, of course, salesmen of such oddities as French ticklers, loofah sponges or Red Chinese jewelry. New York females love men who travel to foreign places—and who may want company on the next trip. They are not interested in computer salesmen from St. Louis. In bars across the country, if you ask women which group of men, in their experience, is least likely to get picked up in a bar, they will most often say salesmen. However, if you ask those same women who they do, indeed, pick up in bars, a large percentage of them will say salesmen. So our advice to salesmen is: Hang in there and, if all else fails, practice the art of cunnilingus. More than one woman said she'd date a sewer worker if he had a talented tongue.

Writers will have a good time of it in New York, but they'd better have published something. Editors will have an even easier time, because there are a number of struggling female writers in New York just dying to get published. Meanwhile, struggling male writers will have better luck in places like Denver and Miami, where the girls are dying to talk with any male with an I.Q. over 85.

All you have to be in California—especially Los Angeles—is employed. Unemployment in the entertainment industry is so great that most of the women you meet will be happy that you have the cash to pay for your own drink.

Rich businessmen, movie producers, rock stars and the like don't, as they are quite aware, need any help from us. Unless they weigh 400 pounds or have three balls, these men can find female companionship in any state in the country. And for all of you unemployed masses out there, we have the following advice: Pick any occupation, but become a millionaire. Otherwise, stay unemployed. Some women like men with a lot of time on their hands. Or, better yet, become a thief. There is something about outlaws and men who aren't bound to nine-to-five jobs that is very attractive to women. It also seems that every woman is looking for a man she can't quite tame, a Rhett Butler, a Clint Eastwood or a Mick Jagger. Think about it.



"Aw, couldn't you get Linda instead of Karen for a sitter? Linda has bigger tits."

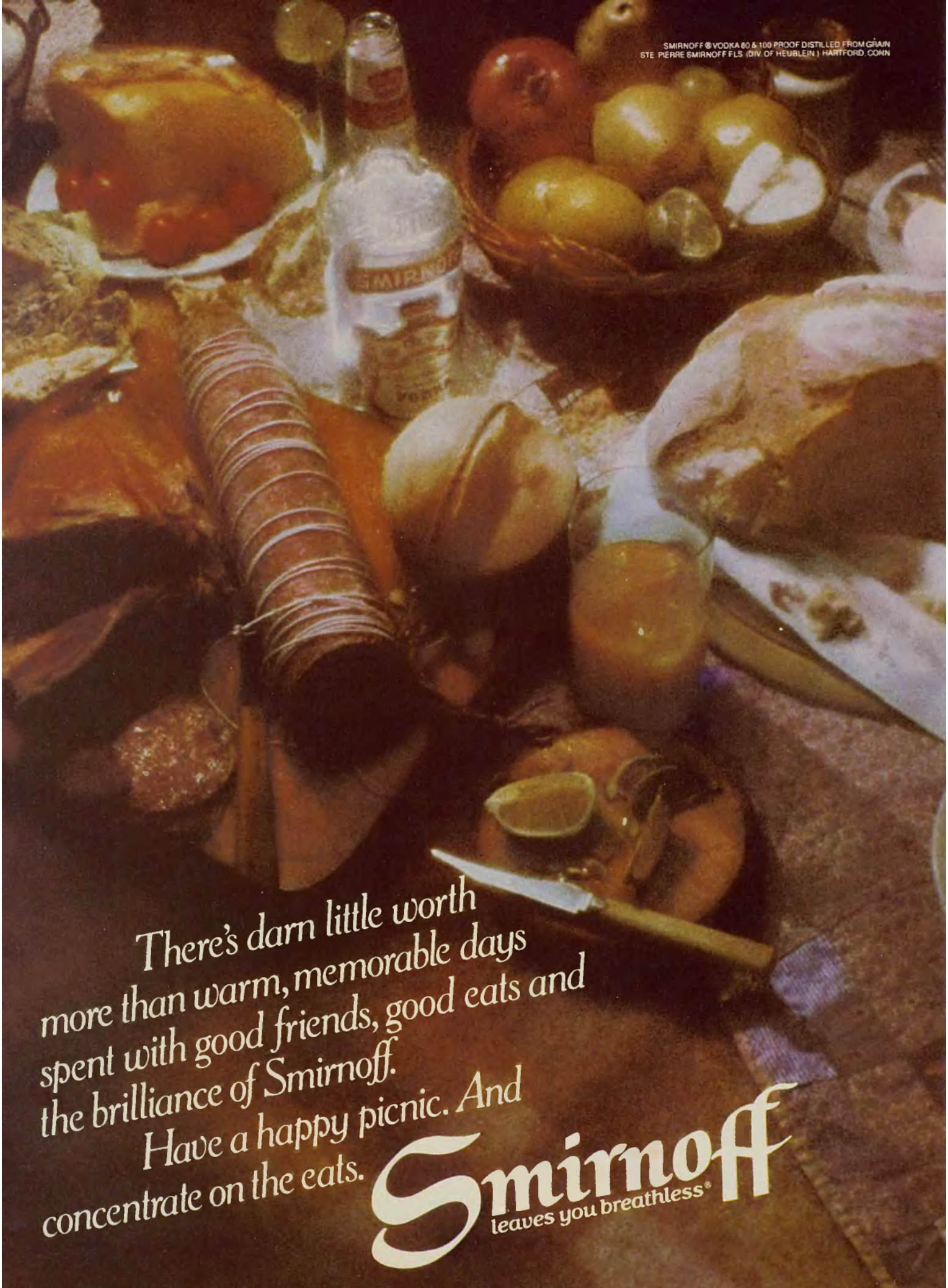
Last night at Nancy T's, twelve of her closest friends caught Gold Fever.

Your friends will enjoy catching it, too.

That's because catching Gold Fever is as easy as tasting Don Q® Gold Rum on-the-rocks. Once you've caught it, you'll like what the dry, smooth flavor of Don Q Gold does for your favorite mixed drinks.

Have a few friends over for some Don Q Gold Rum. One thing's for sure, they'll never forget where they caught Gold Fever.

Don Q Gold Rum
Catch Gold Fever.


SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS (DIV OF HEUBLEIN) HARTFORD, CONN
There's darn little worth more than warm, memorable days spent with good friends, good eats and the brilliance of Smirnoff.
Have a happy picnic. And concentrate on the eats.
Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

MAKING CONTACT WITH CONTACTS

Would you believe that Leonardo da Vinci was the father of the contact lens? In 1508, he worked with the principle upon which modern lenses are based; later, in the 17th Century, Descartes toyed with the idea of placing a lens directly on the cornea. Through the 1800s, various improvements were made on the concept and in 1887, a lens was produced that reasonably could be tolerated by the wearer. But for all practical purposes, it wasn't until the Thirties that contact lenses became more than a fascinating research project.

HARD AND SOFT

There are two types of lenses currently on the market: hard and soft. The hard version, made from an acrylic plastic originally designed for aircraft windows, is eight to ten millimeters in diameter, covers the pupil and the iris and is held in place by the surface tension of tear fluid. Most contact-lens wearers use the hard variety.

But in recent years, exciting research has been done in soft lenses. These lenses work on the principle of oxygen exchange between the eye and the lens. The thinner and wetter the lenses, the more exchange and, consequently, the more comfort they provide. Today's soft lenses are approximately 40 percent fluid, which is supplied by a saline solution when they're stored and by tears when they're worn.

It's estimated that hard lenses are prescribed for 60 percent of contact-lens users. Factors your doctor will take into consideration when he decides which to prescribe include: how much moisture your eyes produce (soft lenses require more than hard), the shape of your eyes and your sex (men tend to be less tolerant than women of hard-lens irritation).

ADVANTAGES OF SOFT LENSES

One: Most wearers find that soft contacts are easier to adapt to, as there's no three-to-four-week break-in period, as required by hard lenses. Two: Because soft lenses are larger than hard lenses, and because they fit closer and conform to the shape of the eye, they are more comfortable and give the wearer less of a sensation that there are unidentified flying objects floating in his eyes. Three: Flecks of dust and other foreign particles rarely become lodged between the eye and the soft lens. Four: With hard lenses, it is often unwise to switch back and forth between contacts and glasses. Since hard lenses may reshape the cornea, one's eyeglasses can become inadequate. With soft lenses, alternating is more feasible; the soft contact shapes itself to the eye's contour, rather than vice versa. Five: Soft lenses are harder to dislodge, won't slip and are less likely to pop out if the head is jarred.

DISADVANTAGES OF SOFT LENSES

One: Research shows that hard lenses can last up to ten years. Soft lenses don't hold up so well, as they're more easily damaged and tend to suffer from protein build-up. Two: Soft lenses are available only in single vision. Usually, they are prescribed to treat nearsightedness, though they have been successfully prescribed for farsightedness, too, and for very mild cases of astigmatism. Three: A bit of visual acuity may be lost with soft lenses. Doctors say that the correction is sometimes less than perfect, but it's well within the acceptable range. Four: Soft lenses must be disinfected daily in a special heating unit for about ten minutes or in a cold solution for four hours. The saline mix must be made fresh daily with distilled water, but premixes are also available. Five: Soft lenses are expensive. They range from $250 to $350; hard contacts start at $150 and go up to $225.

Presently, the following soft lenses have been approved by the FDA: Bausch & Lomb's Soflens; Soft Lenses' Hydrocurve II (bufilcon A); UCO Optics' Aquaflex; Milton Roy Company's Naturvue; American Optical Corporation's Aosoft; Ophthalmos' Accusoft; Dow Corning Ophthalmics' Gelflex; and Alcon Optic's Trèsoft.

THE FUTURE

Although for many people soft lenses are a considerable improvement over hard contacts, what's still to be developed is an FDA-approved soft contact that can be worn 24 hours a day or more. In Europe, soft contacts are being sold that can be worn continuously for as long as six months. They *are* being tested here on select wearers, but don't expect the FDA to approve their sale to the general public before the early Eighties. Wesley-Jesson Co. is working on a hard lens that will almost duplicate—via computer—the shape of the eye. Reportedly, these lenses will be more comfortable than the hard ones now on the market and less expensive than the soft. Gas-permeable lenses that allow for the exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide to nourish the cornea will soon be available.

And what's beyond contacts? Orthokeratology—the treatment of eye disorders with a series of contact lenses that reshape the cornea. This method is attributed to the ancient Japanese, who put bags of shot on a nearsighted person's eyes at night. In the morning, when the bags were removed, vision seemed improved—which shows a shot in the eye isn't always bad. —VICTORIA CHEN HAIDER

© 1976 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

One of a kind.

Where others seek mere wealth, he searches for experience.

He captures it in his own distinct way.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?

Turkish and Domestic Blend

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

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

LET THERE BE LIGHT

As you've probably noticed, the word light or lite is continuing to proliferate on beer taps, bottles and cans across the land. Last year, thirsty Americans gulped down 12,000,000 barrels of the mysterious brew and this year, if all predictions prove true, more people than ever will be bellying up to bars and checkout counters with steins and six-packs of this new breed of suds in their hands.

But what is light beer really all about? Even the Federal Government admits that "the meaning of light beer is unclear to many people." Some think it's a specific brand, some think it's for hard-core weight watchers only and others have the impression that you could down the stuff all night without even getting a buzz.

Although widely touted throughout the brewing industry as a trade secret, the basic formula for light beer actually involves a chain reaction (reminiscent of a high school chemistry diagram) to lower the number of carbohydrates, hence calories, in each batch that's brewed. Amyloglucosidose is the name of the enzyme used in changing sugar to starch in some beer.

For his money, the consumer of light beer purchases a beer with one third fewer calories. Most light beers weigh in at around 96 calories, as compared with 140–150 for normal brew. Thus, anyone watching his diet can drink three lights for the caloric equal of two standard beers. For a confirmed beer drinker, that can make a difference.

But there's another fact to consider: the complicated process that reduces the amount of alcohol you get in each can. Regular beer has an alcohol content that ranges from three to four percent by weight; light, on the other hand, weighs in at two to three percent. Whether this is a personal plus or minus depends on how much brew you usually take in at one sitting.

With most of the sugars brewed out and less alcohol added, a light beer is created. Although some brands list the amount of protein and fat, the information is of little value. Beer does not normally contain fat and all brew provides a minuscule amount of protein.

The newest brewing-industry development is the 75-calorie light—beer that contains only half the calories of normal suds. While the prospect for half the caloric tariff sounds appealing, a Government chemist points out that the only way to achieve such a reduction is with more water and less alcohol.

Less is more, as far as the consumer of light beer is concerned. When it comes to the cash register, while prices vary regionally, light often costs a nickel to a dime more for a six-pack than its higher-caloried older brother.

LIGHT'S GROWING POPULARITY

Spurred by massive advertising campaigns, sales of light beer doubled last year (as in 1976), to earn an eight percent share of the national beer market. In fact, brewers of light in 1976 poured well over $20,000,000 into advertisements. In the scramble for the light-beer dollar, some brewers are adding outlets for light that they haven't tapped for regular suds. Brewing-industry sources predict that light will account for anywhere between 10 and 15 percent of over-all beer sales this year. "Light beers are totally consistent with the lifestyle phenomenon of lighter products," explained Emanuel Goldman, a securities analyst specializing in brewing trends.

Even though they have gained widespread acceptance only recently, light beers have been kicking around the malt-beverage field since the early Sixties. One early brand of light was Dia-Beer, a name that would be unacceptable under Federal regulations today.

Miller was the first major brewer to launch a low-calorie beer—in 1975. Miller's Lite is the king of light beers, with a 60 percent share of national sales. Anheuser-Busch's new entrant, Natural Light, has quickly grabbed a solid 20 percent of the light market. Schlitz and Olympia are the other leading brands of light beer.

With new beers coming out every month, there are over 20 brands of light available in the United States. In addition to the leaders, one can purchase some of the more esoteric local favorites, such as Erie, Lucky 96, Mark V Light and Koch's.

JOCKS AND FEDS

Light-beer advertisements are aimed primarily at the male beer drinker. The commercials are designed to show that all types of men have incorporated light into their beer-drinking habits. Sports fans, in particular, are encouraged by a number of ex-athletes endorsing light beer.

Treasury Department alcohol agents carefully scan light-beer ads with an eye toward the Federal Alcohol Administration Act, which prohibits advertising that implies an alcoholic beverage is therapeutic in nature. The Feds lay down very strict standards for light-beer promotion, so that the consumer realizes that the brew is hardly diet pop, despite reduced calories.

Still, the reason for light beer's success is exemplified by its popularity at P. J. Clarke's, a fashionable Manhattan watering hole, where vast amounts of it are consumed. And when New Yorkers start substituting a brew for martinis, you *know* they're on to something.—LEE MICHAEL KATZ

Very convincing.

Our new after shave comes across with the same unmistakable intentions as our cologne. A different kind of musk for a sensuous man. Deep, mysterious and long lasting. And above all, definitely male.

Old Spice®

MUSK FOR MEN

SHULTON

LEARNING TO FLY

Learning to fly an airplane is a lot of fun and cheaper than you might imagine. Flight training is usually on an hourly basis—about $30 an hour for both aircraft and instructor. The total will come out to something like $1500, which is less than you'd spend for just a season on the ski slopes. Less, for that matter, than you'd pay for a two-week stay at a good tennis camp. It's about what you'd fork over for a year's membership at a fair-to-middling country club.

The time it will take is largely a matter of inclination and aptitude. I did it with about 60 hours of training, which included quite a bit of unnecessary dawdling, spread over the period of a year. The national average is about 50 hours, and most people complete them in about as long as it takes to finish a college semester.

A FLYING FIRST

The first thing to do, of course, is to find yourself a flight school. Cessna, Piper and Beechcraft, the three leading small-plane manufacturers, all operate training centers in conjunction with their dealerships or franchises. Then, too, there are "independent" schools, operating out of most local airports. Call them for information or, better yet, drive over to the airport for a visit.

You'll begin with an orientation ride. The instructor will put you in the pilot's seat, but he'll be in firm control. It will just be a flight over the field, enough to show you some routine maneuvers such as climbs, descents and turns. You may get a chance to taxi the plane; rest assured that the instructor will do the taking off and landing. When it's over, you'll know if flying is for you.

If it is, you'll need to pass a physical. The FAA has designated doctors who conduct these exams and your flight school will have a list of the ones that are near you. Don't worry about it: The only medical problems that might disqualify you are things such as epilepsy, alcoholism, drug addiction and high blood pressure.

BECOMING WELL GROUNDED

Ground school is virtually a requirement these days. In addition to the flight test, there's a written examination that's a two-to-three-hour test of your knowledge of such things as aviation weather, radio navigation and emergency procedures. Few people can pass it without formal instruction, though there are correspondence courses for the purpose. Ground-school instruction costs about $150, lasts for a minimum of 35 hours and you should be able to take it at your flight school.

Meanwhile, of course, you'll be learning how to fly. When you've practiced enough to take off, climb away from the airport, fly straight and level, descend and land your airplane, your instructor will certify you to solo.

Much has been made of this exercise. Certainly, there is something magical about the moment, after a particularly fine series of take-offs and landings, when the instructor climbs out of the airplane, locking his seat belt behind him, and tells you, "OK, now give me three take-offs and landings on your own, and meet me back at the office when you've parked and tied down the aircraft."

I did it after 13 hours. The norm is about 12 to 14. When you're ready, be assured, it will happen.

Now your training will begin in earnest. You'll learn how to fly in bad weather, just enough to get yourself out of trouble. You'll learn how to cope with emergencies; how to fly into soft, lumpy fields and fields that are too short for comfort; how to recover from a stall and how to control an airplane when you're banking at 60 degrees.

You'll fly to lots of places; in order to qualify for the flight test, you'll need about six to eight hours of cross-country flight instruction. Using pilotage, dead reckoning and radio navigation, you'll fly to destinations on your own, landing at airports you've never visited.

With your written exam out of the way and your flight training behind you, you'll be ready for your "final exam." Expect the unexpected, since you'll be hit with everything you've learned. It will begin with an oral examination, lasting about 60 to 90 minutes. You'll be asked about your airplane's fuel consumption, its weight and balance, its speed and performance. Questions you never thought about will need answers.

OFF YOU GO

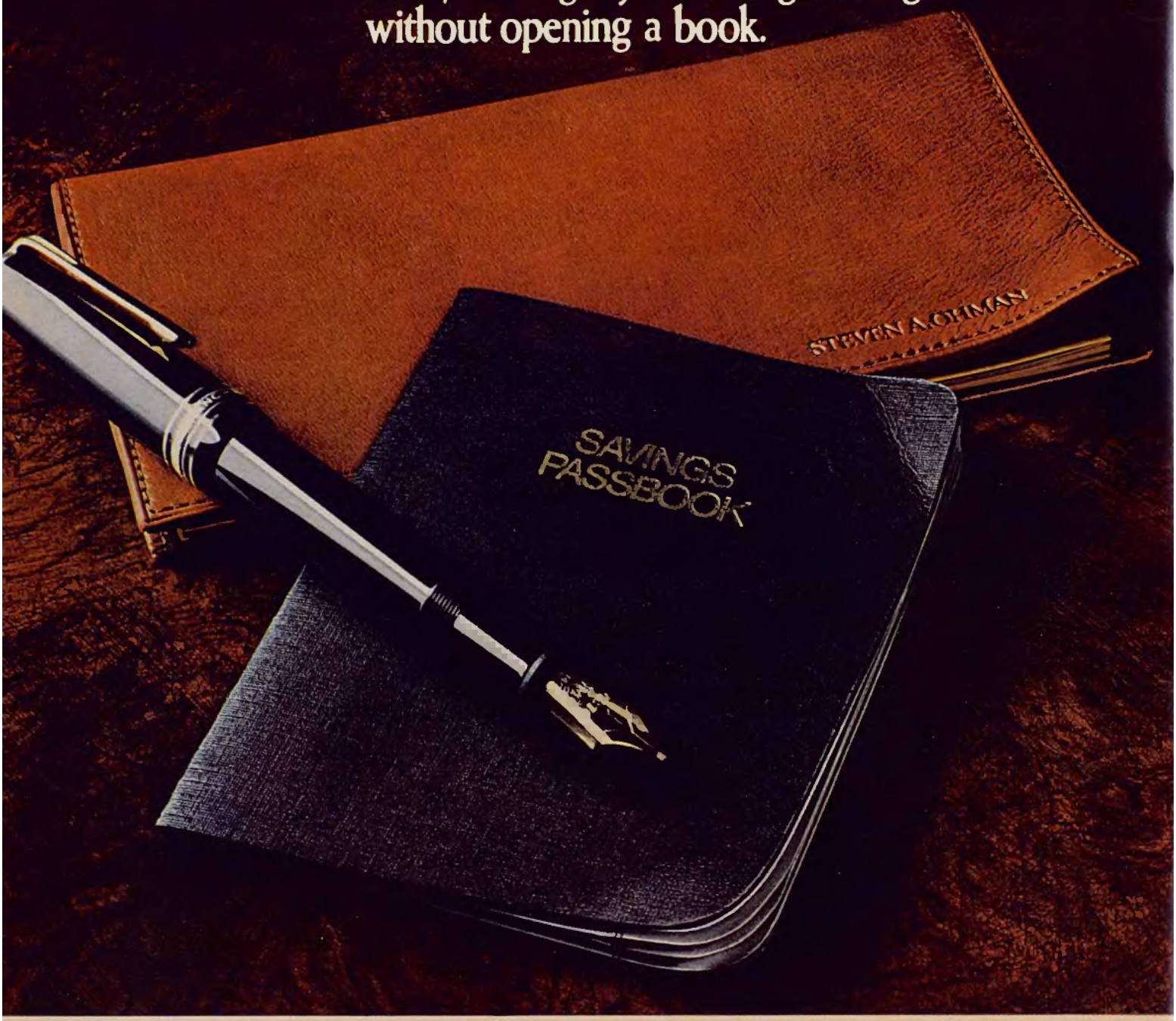
The flight test will last nearly two hours. The examiner, designated by the FAA, will take you on a simulated cross-country journey and right in the middle, just when you're beginning to wonder where you are and if you've got your navigation right, he'll reach over and turn the engine to "idle." "Engine out," he'll announce. "Show me where you plan to land this plane and start your descent for a landing."

It will go on like that, seemingly forever, until he's satisfied that you know what you're doing. Steep turns and shallow turns, stalls and recoveries, landings and take-offs and question after question.

Finally, when it's over, he'll endorse your logbook as a pilot. If you're anything like I was, the first thing you'll do back in the office is to yell, "Hey, anybody want to take a ride in my airplane?"

—DAN ROSEN

Our Father's Day Contest.
With a little luck, it will get you through college without opening a book.



The 2nd Annual Johnnie Walker Black Label Scholarship Contest

As a first prize we'll pay the cost of a college education for anyone you choose, up to $40,000. Second prize is a $4,000 scholarship. Eleven third prizes of $1,000 scholarships will also be awarded. And any prize can be taken in cash. To enroll use the coupon provided here, or get an entry blank at any participating restaurant or merchant. It could help a father pass the toughest test of all. Tuition.

Official Rules 1. To enter, fill in official entry form– clearly hand-printing name, address and the answers requested in all three statements. (Or, on a 5" x 8" plain piece of paper, clearly hand-print your name, address and answers requested in the three statements on the official entry form.) Information needed to complete these three statements may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may be obtained by requesting same from: Labels, P.O. Box 85, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: Johnnie Walker Black Label Contest, P.O. Box 9666, New Canaan, Conn. 06842. Entries must be postmarked by June 24, 1978 and received by June 30, 1978. **3.** Winners will be determined in random drawings from among all correctly answered and eligible entries conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. **4.** FIRST PRIZE: The cost of a four-year college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses, up to a limit of $40,000 or $40,000 in cash to be paid in one sum, or $2,500 quarterly per year over a period of four years. Payments will begin November 1, 1978. SECOND PRIZE: $4,000 in cash to be used (if so elected by the winner) toward the cost of a college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses. 11 THIRD PRIZES: $1,000 in cash to be used (if so elected by the winner) toward the cost of a college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses. The awarding of prizes to prize winners will be subject to the execution of an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winners' names and photos in its publicity. **5.** Prizes are non-transferable–only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes except as stated. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 13 prizes (valued at $55,000) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Missouri, Pennsylvania, Utah and Virginia and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE AS OF MAY 1, 1978. **8.** A list of winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Black Label Winners List, P.O. Box 204, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. **9.** The Official Entry form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

To enter, look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label and then indicate the correct answers requested below.

1. Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch Whisky is (circle correct answer) 4. 8. 10. 12 years old.

2. Johnnie Walker Black Label is _____% Scotch Whiskies.

3. Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch Whisky is (circle correct answer) 80.0. 80.6. 86.0. 86.8 proof.

Mail your completed entry form to:
JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK LABEL SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST
P.O. Box 9666, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842.

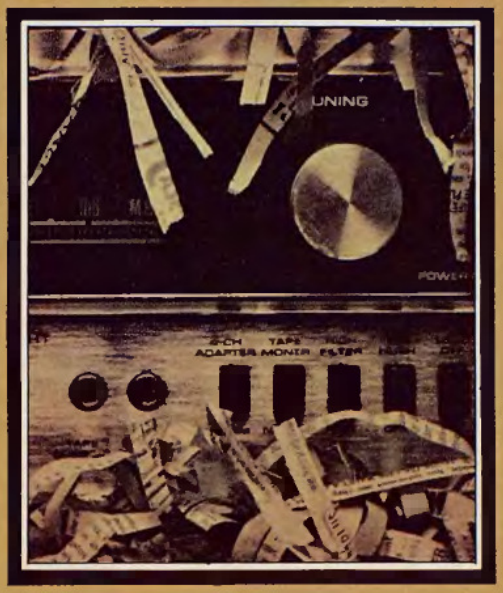
I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state as of May 1, 1978.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____



MOVING YOUR HI-FI—SAFELY

Moving? Fine; but before you pack and take off, note that moving day poses special hazards to audio equipment. For instance, the fact that a turntable sits next to a receiver when installed does not mean the two units should be linked to share twin berths in transit.

The first order of business is to disconnect everything. If you are not sure of how it will all go together again, draw a stereo-system road map for your rig and attach labels to cable ends with clues written on them (e.g., left channel phone and tape-deck left input). Wrap signal cables neatly, folding them about every six inches. Power cords can be coiled or similarly folded. Cables and wires should be bundled and wrapped with pipe cleaners or plastic-bag ties.

When the speakers have been disconnected, attach a short wire across the input terminals, thus shorting out the speakers to prevent vibrations during moving.

HANDLE WITH CARE

Remove the cartridge from the arm of your record player, either intact in the arm shell (if that member is removable) or by itself, being careful to guard the stylus tip and not to snap the tiny sleeves that fit over the four pins at the rear of the cartridge. Handle the cartridge as if it were a precious gem (the stylus tip is, after all, some kind of diamond). Place it in its original box. If that box is gone, use an empty pill case or medicine vial and tape the thing in securely. Put this in your pocket and carry it yourself.

Now fit the tonearm into its resting bracket and secure it with pipe cleaners or plastic-bag ties. Make sure that the operating control is set to OFF, so that no mechanical parts will be rubbing under the chassis. If the turntable has transit screws that lock the platter, turn them until you cannot move the platter. If the unit has no such screws, slip cardboard pieces under the platter to keep it from rotating. If the assembly has been floating on a shock-mounted base, adjust whatever screws there are so that it no longer floats but sits snugly. Naturally, you will have to reverse all this when setting up again in your new place.

If you have a tape recorder, remove any tape reels (or cassettes or cartridges) from it. Make sure the STOP button has been pressed and the power switch is off. If the cover on the head assembly is loose, secure it with adhesive tape.

OK, you now can start packing. Ideally, every unit should be replaced in its original carton—spacers, stuffers and all. If they are missing and you have lots of time, you can order replacement cartons from the various manufacturers, but in most instances this will prove impractical (the cartons probably will arrive two days after the moving van). You can use other cartons—one per component—but make sure that no side or projecting edge of a unit touches the inner surface of the carton. Use a carton somewhat larger than the component, so that there is space for cushioning on all six sides. Pay special attention to projecting controls, meter and dial faces, etc. Use anything reasonably "stuffy" to provide the cushioning—shredded newspapers, rags, linens, even your laundry. Finally, get some stiff cardboard (cut from another carton), fold it and wedge it in with the softer stuffing. Do not, however, cram the carton to bulging.

Before packing the speakers, place cardboard over the grille sections and tape it to the sides of the enclosure. If the speaker is too big and heavy to lift, simply slip the carton over it. Remember the need for cushioning. The general idea, with all packing, is to make sure that the item inside the carton cannot wobble or shift when being handled for transit.

Mark each carton accordingly for THIS SIDE UP and, especially if the shipment is to be handled by someone other than you, add the FRAGILE notation liberally. Seal cartons with paper tape or the new plastic self-adhering tape at least two inches wide. As an added safeguard, you may want to tie stout twine around them.

RECORDS AND TAPES

Records travel reasonably well in the same-size cartons moving companies supply for books—roughly, 16″ x 13″ x 13″. Since the average LP album cover is 12½″ x 12½″, this gives you just enough extra space for a little cushioning. A little is all you need. But pack the records vertically, as if you were placing them on a shelf. Make one complete row this way and fill the remaining space with soft stuffing. Tapes—returned to their original containers—can be packed in similar cartons and they may be placed vertically and/or horizontally. Either way, separate adjacent rows of tapes with a cardboard divider to minimize pressure on the reels.

Record and tape cartons should have an additional marking: AVOID HEAT. Don't forget this warning if you carry them yourself—the trunk of your car is not for long-distance hauling of tapes and records, especially if you stop for a meal with the rear end of the car basking in the midday sun. So, good luck—and good listening—in your new place. —NORMAN EISENBERG

A PARTY *(continued from page 148)*

"My face was smeared with lipstick. Even as I tried to wipe it off, I received all kinds of proposals."

She shouted into my ear, "I read you! I come from the towns you describe. My grandfather came here from Ishishok. He was a wagon driver there and here in America, he went into the freight business. If my parents wanted to say something I wouldn't understand, they spoke Yiddish, and that's how I learned a little of the language."

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. My face was smeared with lipstick. Even as I stood there, trying to wipe it off, I received all kinds of proposals. A cantor offered to set one of my stories to music. A musician demanded I adapt an opera libretto from one of my novels. A president of an adult-education program invited me to speak a year hence at his synagogue. I would be given a plaque. A young man with hair down to his shoulders asked that I recommend a publisher, or at least an agent, to him. He declared, "I *must* create. This is a physical need with me."

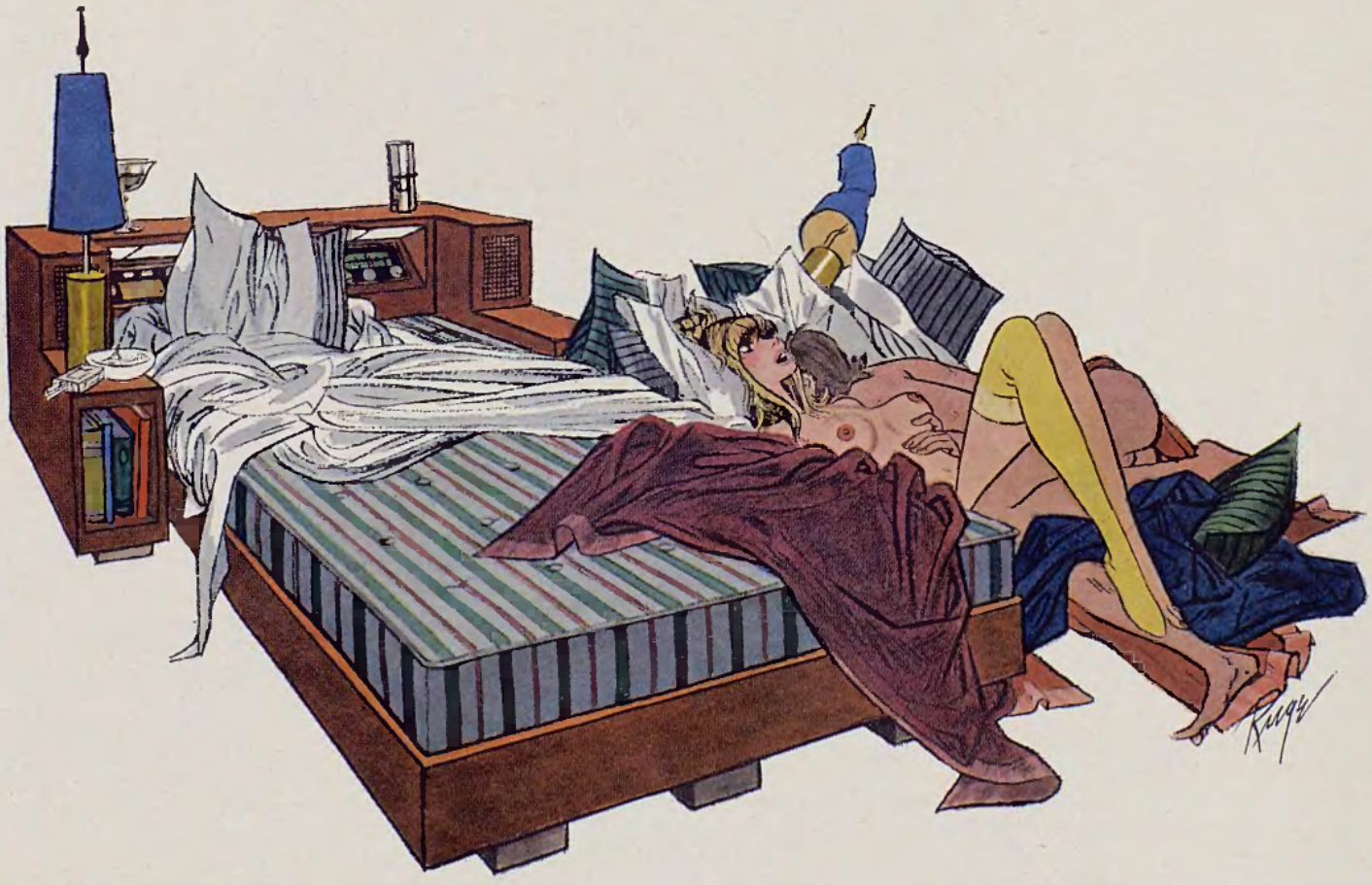
One minute all the rooms were full, the next—all the guests were gone, leaving only Reuben Kazarsky and myself. Just as quickly and efficiently, the help cleaned up the leftover food and half-drunk cocktails, dumped all the ashtrays and replaced all the chairs in their rightful places. I had never before witnessed such perfection. Out of somewhere, Max Flederbush dug out a white tie with gold polka dots and put it on.

He said, "Time for dinner."

"I ate so much I haven't the least appetite," I said.

"You must have dinner with us. I reserved a table at the best restaurant in Miami."

After a while, the three of us, Max Flederbush, Reuben Kazarsky and I, got into the Cadillac and the same chauffeur drove us. Night had fallen and I no longer saw nor tried to determine where I was being taken. We drove for only a few minutes and pulled up in front of a hotel resplendent with lights and uniformed attendants. One opened the car door ceremoniously, a second fawningly opened the glass front door. The lobby of this hotel wasn't merely supercolossal but supersupercolossal—complete to light effects, tropical plants in huge planters, vases, sculptures, a parrot in a cage. We were escorted into a nearly dark hall and greeted by a headwaiter who was expecting us and led us to our reserved table. He bowed and scraped, seemingly overcome with joy that we had arrived safely. Soon, another individual came up. Both men wore tuxedos, patent-leather shoes, bow ties and ruffled shirts. They looked to me like twins. They spoke with foreign accents that I suspected weren't genuine. A lengthy discussion evolved concerning our choice of foods and drinks. When the two heard I was a vegetarian, they looked at each other in chagrin, but only for a second. Soon they assured me they would serve me the best dish a vegetarian had ever tasted. One took our orders and the other wrote them down. Max Flederbush announced in his broken English that he really wasn't hungry, but if something tempting could be dredged up for him, he was prepared to give it a try. He interjected Yiddish expressions, but the two waiters apparently understood him. He gave precise instructions on how to



"I'm so glad we were able to have this little discussion."

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Any blade.

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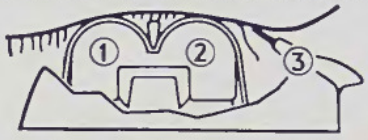

1 The first head cuts the whiskers of normal length and sets them up for the second head by stretching out the skin, so that...

2 The second head can actually cut those same whiskers a fraction of a millimeter below skin level.

3 The unique Intercept™ cutter, a significant innovation, has a continuous action that disposes of longer-than-normal and curly whiskers.

The performance of the XLR is further enhanced by the degree of curvature of its twin shaving heads, which are specifically engineered to allow 60 stainless steel blades to get closer to the skin than ever before.

And to ensure thorough closeness, the XLR is amazingly compact in order to reach the small crevices around the nose and chin.

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What all this technology adds up to is a shaving instrument that combines the comfort and convenience of an electric with the closeness of a blade.

But we don't simply promise this. We guarantee it.

THE REMINGTON XLR

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roast his fish and prepare his vegetables. He specified spices and seasonings. Reuben Kazarsky ordered a steak and what I was to get, which in plain English was a fruit salad with cottage cheese.

When the two men finally left, Max Flederbush said, "There were times if you would have told me I'd be sitting in such a place eating such food, I would have considered it a joke. I had one fantasy—one time before I died to get enough dry bread to fill me. Suddenly, I'm a rich man, alas, and people dance attendance on me. Well, but flesh and blood isn't fated to enjoy any rest. The angels in heaven are jealous. Satan is the accuser and the Almighty is easily convinced. He nurses a longtime resentment against us Jews. He still can't forgive the fact that our great-great-grandfathers worshiped the golden calf. Let's have our picture taken."

A man with a camera materialized. "Smile!" he ordered us.

Max Flederbush tried to smile. One eye laughed, the other cried. Reuben Kazarsky began to twinkle. I didn't even make the effort. The photographer said he was going to develop the film and that he'd be back in three quarters of an hour.

Max Flederbush asked, "What was I talking about, eh? Yes, I live in apparent luxury, but a woe upon this luxury. As rich and as elegant the house is, it's also a Gehenna. I'll tell you something; in a certain sense, it's worse here than in the camps. There, at least, we all hoped. A hundred times a day we comforted ourselves with the fact that the Hitler madness couldn't go on for long. When we heard the sound of an airplane, we thought the invasion had started. We were all young then and our whole lives were before us. Rarely did anyone commit suicide. Here, hundreds of people sit, waiting for death. A week doesn't go by that someone doesn't give up the ghost. They're all rich. The men have accumulated fortunes, turned worlds upside down, maybe swindled to get there. Now they don't know what to do with their money. They're all on diets. There is no one to dress for. Outside of the financial page in the newspaper, they read nothing. As soon as they finish their breakfasts, they start playing cards. Can you play cards forever? They have to, or die from boredom. When they get tired of playing, they start slandering one another. Bitter feuds are waged. Today they elect a president, the next day they try to impeach him. If he decides to move a chair in the lobby, a revolution breaks out. There is one touch of consolation for them—the mail. An hour before the postman is due, the lobby is crowded. They stand with their keys in hand, waiting like for the Messiah. If the postman is late, a hubbub erupts. If one opens his mailbox and it's empty, he starts to grope and burrow inside, trying to create something out of thin air. They are all past seventy-two and they receive checks from Social Security. If the check doesn't come on time, they worry about it more than those who need it for bread. They're always suspicious of the mailman. Before they mail a letter, they shake the cover three times. The women mumble incantations.

"It says somewhere in the Book of Morals that if man will remember his dying day, he won't sin. Here you can as much forget about death as you can forget to breathe. Today I meet someone by the swimming pool and we chat. Tomorrow I hear he's in the other world. The moment a man or a woman dies, the widow or widower starts right in looking for a new mate. They can barely sit out the shivah. Often, they marry from the same building. Yesterday they maligned the other with every curse in the book, today they're husband and wife. They make a party and try to dance on their shaky legs. The wills and insurance policies are speedily rewritten and the game begins anew. A month or two don't go by and the bridegroom is in the hospital. The heart, the kidneys, the prostate.

"I'm not ashamed before you—I'm every bit as silly as they are, but I'm not such a fool as to look for another wife. I neither can nor do I want to. I have a doctor here. He's a firm believer in the benefits of walking and I take a walk each day after breakfast. On the way back, I stop at the Bache brokerage house. I open the door and there they sit, the oldsters, staring at the ticker, watching their stocks jump around like imps. They know full well that they won't make use of these stocks. It's all to leave in the inheritance, and their children and grandchildren are often as rich as they are. But if a stock goes up, they grow optimistic and buy more of it.

"Our friend Reuben wants me to write my memoirs. I have a story to tell, yes I do. I went through not only one Gehenna but ten. This very person who sits here beside you sipping champagne spent three quarters of a year behind a cellar wall, waiting for death. I wasn't the only one—there were six of us men there and one woman. I know what you're going to ask. A man is only a man, even on the brink of the grave. She couldn't live with all six of us, but she did live with two—her husband and her lover—and she satisfied the others as best as she could. If there had been a machine to record what went on there, the things that were said and the dreams that were played out, your greatest writers would be made to look like dunces by comparison. In such circumstances, the souls strip themselves bare and no one has yet adequately described a naked

soul. The *szmalcowniks*, the informers, knew about us and they had to be constantly bribed. We each had a little money or some valuable objects and as long as they lasted, we kept buying pieces of life. It came to it that these informers brought us bread, cheese, whatever was available—everything for ten times the actual price.

"Yes, I could describe all this in pure facts, but to give it flavor requires the pen of a genius. Besides, one forgets. If you would ask me now what these men were called, I'll be damned if I could tell you. But the woman's name was Hilda. One of the men was called Edek, Edek Saperstein, and the other—Sigmunt, but Sigmunt what? When I lie in bed and can't sleep, it all comes back as vivid as if it would have happened yesterday. Not everything, mind you.

"Yes, memoirs. But who needs them? There are hundreds of such books written by simple people, not writers. They send them to me and I send them a check. But I can't read them. Each one of these books is poison, and how much poison can a person swallow? Why is it taking so long for my fish? It's probably still swimming in the ocean. And your fruit salad first has to be planted. I'll give you a rule to follow—when you go into a restaurant and it's dark, know that this is only to deceive. The headwaiter is one of the Polish children of Israel, but he poses as a native Frenchman. He might even be a refugee himself. When you come here, you have to sit and wait for your meal, so that later on the bill won't seem too excessive. I'm neither a writer nor a philosopher, but I lie awake half the nights and when you can't sleep, the brain churns like a mill. The wildest notions come to me. Ah, here is the photographer! A fast worker. Well, let's have a look!"

The photographer handed each of us two photos in color and we sat there quietly studying them.

Max Fleder bush asked me, "Why did you come out looking so frightened? That you write about ghosts, this I know. But you look here as if you'd seen a real ghost. If you did, I want to know about it."

"I hear you go to séances," I said.

"Eh? I go. Or, to put it more accurately—they come to me. This is all bluff, too, but I *want* to be fooled. The woman turns off the lights and starts talking, allegedly in my wife's voice. I'm not such a dummy, but I listen. Here they come with our food, the Miami *szmalcowniks*."

The door opened and the headwaiter came in leading three men. All I could see in the darkness was that one was short and fat, with a square head of white hair that sat directly on his broad shoulders, and with an enormous belly. He wore a pink shirt and red trousers. The two others were taller and slimmer. When the headwaiter pointed to our table, the heavy-set man broke away from the others, came toward us and shouted in a deep voice:

"Mr. Flederbush!"

Max Flederbush jumped up from his seat.

"Mr. Albeginni!"

They began to heap praises upon each other. Albeginni spoke in broken English with an Italian accent.

Max Flederbush said, "Mr. Albeginni, you know my good friend, Kazarsky, here. And this man is a writer, a Yiddish writer. He writes everything in Yiddish. I was told that you understand Yiddish!"

Albeginni interrupted him. "*A gezunt oyf dein kepele. . . . Hock nisht kein tcheinik. . . . A gut boychik. . . .* My parents lived on Rivington Street and all my friends spoke Yiddish. On Sabbath, they invited me for gefilte fish, *cholent*, kugel. Who do you write for—the papers?"

"He writes books."

"Books, eh? Good! We need books, too. My son-in-law has three rooms full of books. He knows French, German. He's a foot doctor, but he first had to study math, philosophy and all the rest. Welcome! Welcome! I've got to get back to my friends, but later on we'll——"

He held out a heavy, sweaty hand to me. He breathed asthmatically and smelled of alcohol and hair tonic. The words rumbled out deep and grating from his throat. After he left, Max said:

"You know who he is? One of the Family."

"Family?"

"You don't know who the Family is? Oh! You've remained a greenhorn! The Mafia. Half Miami Beach belongs to them. Don't laugh, but they keep order here. Uncle Sam has saddled himself with a million laws that, instead of protecting the people, protect the criminal. When I was a boy studying about Sodom in heder, I couldn't understand how a whole city or a whole country could become corrupt. Lately, I've begun to understand. Sodom had a constitution and our nephew, Lot, and the other lawyers reworked it so that right became wrong and wrong—right. Mr. Albeginni actually lives in my building. When the tragedy struck me, he sent me a bouquet of flowers so big it couldn't fit through the door."

"Tell me about the cellar where you sat with the other men and the only woman," I said.

"Eh? I thought that this would intrigue you. I talked to one of the writers about my memoirs and when I told him about this, he said, 'God forbid! You must leave this part out. Martyrdom and sex don't mix. You must write only good things about them.' That's the reason I

lost the urge for the memoirs. The Jews in Poland were people, not angels. They were flesh and blood just like you and me. We suffered, but we were men with manly desires. One of the five was her husband, Sigmunt. This Sigmunt was in contact with the *szmalcowniks*. He had all kinds of dealings with them. He had two revolvers and we resolved that if it looked like we were about to fall into murderers' hands, we would kill as many of them as possible, then put an end to our own lives. It was one of our illusions. When it comes down to it, you can't manage things so exactly. Sigmunt had been a sergeant in the Polish army in 1920. He had volunteered for Pilsudski's legion. He got a medal for marksmanship. Later on, he owned a garage and imported automobile parts. A giant, six foot tall or more. One of the *szmalcowniks* had once worked for him. If I was to tell you how it came about that we all ended up together in that cellar, we'd have to sit here till morning. His wife, Hilda, was a decent woman. She swore that she had been faithful to him throughout their marriage. Now, I will tell you who her lover was. No one but yours truly. She was 17 years older than me and could have been my mother. She treated me like a mother, too. 'The child,' that's what she called me. The child this and the child that. Her husband was insanely jealous. He warned us he'd kill us both if we started anything. He threatened to castrate me. He could have easily done it, too. But gradually, she wore him down. How this came about you could neither describe nor write, even if you possessed the talent of a Tolstoy or a Zeromski. She persuaded him, hypnotized him like Delilah did Samson. I didn't want any part of it. The other four men were furious with me. I wasn't up to it, either. I had become impotent. What it means to spend 24 hours out of the day locked in a cold, damp cellar in the company of five men and one woman, words cannot describe. We had to cast off all shame. At night we barely had enough room to stretch our legs. From sitting in one place, we developed constipation. We had to do everything in front of witnesses and this is an anguish Satan himself couldn't endure. We had to become cynical. We had to speak in coarse terms to conceal our shame. It was then I discovered that profanity has its purpose. I have to take a little drink. So . . . *L'chayim!*

"Yes, it didn't come easy. First she had to break down his resistance, then she had to revive my lust. We did it when he was asleep, or he only pretended. Two of the group had turned to homosexuality. The whole shame of being human emerged there. If man is formed in God's image, I don't envy God. . . .

"We endured all the degradation one can only imagine, but we never lost hope. Later, we left the cellar and went off, each his own way. The murderers captured Sigmunt and tortured him to death. His wife—my mistress, so to say—made her way to Russia, married some refugee there, then died of cancer in Israel. One of the other four is now a rich man in Brooklyn. He became a penitent, of all things, and he gives money to the Bobow rabbi or to some other rabbi. What happened to the other three, I don't know. If they lived, I would have heard from them. That writer I mentioned—he's a kind of critic—claims that our literature has to concentrate only on holiness and martyrdom. What nonsense! Foolish lies!"

"Write the whole truth," I said.

"First of all, I don't know how. Secondly, I would be stoned. I generally am unable to write. As soon as I pick up a pen, I get a pain in the wrist. I become drowsy, too. I'd rather read what you write. At times, it seems to me you're stealing my thoughts.

"I shouldn't say this, but I'll say it anyway. Miami Beach is full of widows and when they heard that I'm alone, the phone calls and the visits started. They haven't stopped yet. A man alone and something of a millionaire, besides! I've become such a success I'm literally ashamed before myself. I'd like to cling to another person. Between another's funeral and your own, you still want to snatch a bit of that swinish material called pleasure. But the women are not for me. Some *yenta* came to me and complained, 'I don't want to go around like my mother with a guilt complex. I want to take everything from life I can, even more than I can.' I said to her, 'The trouble is, one cannot. . . .' With men and women, it's like with Jacob and Esau: When one rises, the other falls. When the females turn so wanton, the men become like frightened virgins. It's just like the prophet said, 'Seven women shall take hold of one man.' What will come of all this, eh? What, for instance, will the writers write about in five hundred years?"

"Essentially, about the same things as today," I replied.

"Well, and what about in a thousand years? In ten thousand years? It's scary to think the human species will last so long. How will Miami Beach look then? How much will a condominium cost?"

"Miami Beach will be under water," Reuben Kazarsky said, "and a condominium with one bedroom for the fish will cost five trillion dollars."

"And what will be in New York? In Paris? In Moscow? Will there still be Jews?"

"There'll be only Jews," Kazarsky said.

"What kind of Jews?"

"Crazy Jews, just like you."

—Translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer

"To think, but for your slice and my hook, we might never have met."

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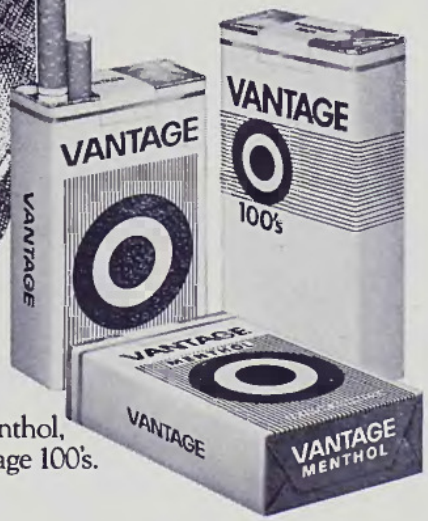
John O'Neill

John O'Neill
Stone Mountain, Georgia



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ragtops

(continued from page 183)

to the combination Targa-type top with removable panels as pioneered by Porsche. But within Standard 208 lay the elements of a larger and more controversial question—that of "passive restraints" and the simmering side issue of air bags. The manufacturers, led by Ford and Chrysler, went to court and out of the decision by a Federal court came a reprieve for the convertible. The ruling: The Government was not empowered to arbitrarily outlaw any particular type of vehicle—i.e., convertibles—under existing statutes. The ragtop was suddenly back in business, though within the intervening 11 months the case was being reviewed, most manufacturers had made the decision to erase convertibles from their product mixes forever.

By 1975, fewer than 30,000 convertibles were being produced by American manufacturers. Word was out that even the beloved Corvette would lose its soft top, and in 1976, Cadillac's front-wheel-drive Eldorado was the subject of a miniboom of speculation when it appeared on the market with what was trumpeted to be the last convertible built by a major American manufacturer. Lured by the bullish market in antique and classic cars, crazed investors scooped up the last Eldo convertibles, paying as much as $8000 more than the $12,000–$13,000 price. Even the traditional European supply of sports cars seemed to be drying up. In 1974, the overtly sensuous Jaguar XK-E roadster had disappeared and two seasons later, the much-enjoyed Triumph TR6 two-seater went away, while others, including the Jensen Interceptor and the Jensen-Healey, followed.

This mass obliteration of the soft-top-automobile market produced an ironic result in that it generated giddy sales for the troubled firm of British Leyland. This English car maker has had difficulties in recent years because of labor strife, manufacturing problems and other woes related to the domestic economic climate; but after most other auto companies fled the ragtop market, British Leyland has happily found itself dominating the world's convertible business.

It has in its line-up three automobiles that are proving to be its salvation, at least in the American market. This magic trio is made up of the MGB, the MG Midget and the Triumph Spitfire, all ancient machines in a technological sense but enjoying record sales during a period when many predicted they would be but a dim memory. The flagship of the line is the MGB, a small, roundish roadster that has undergone a series of rather severe metamorphoses since its introduction in 1962. Ironically, these alterations have added weight and reduced horsepower in the name of U.S.

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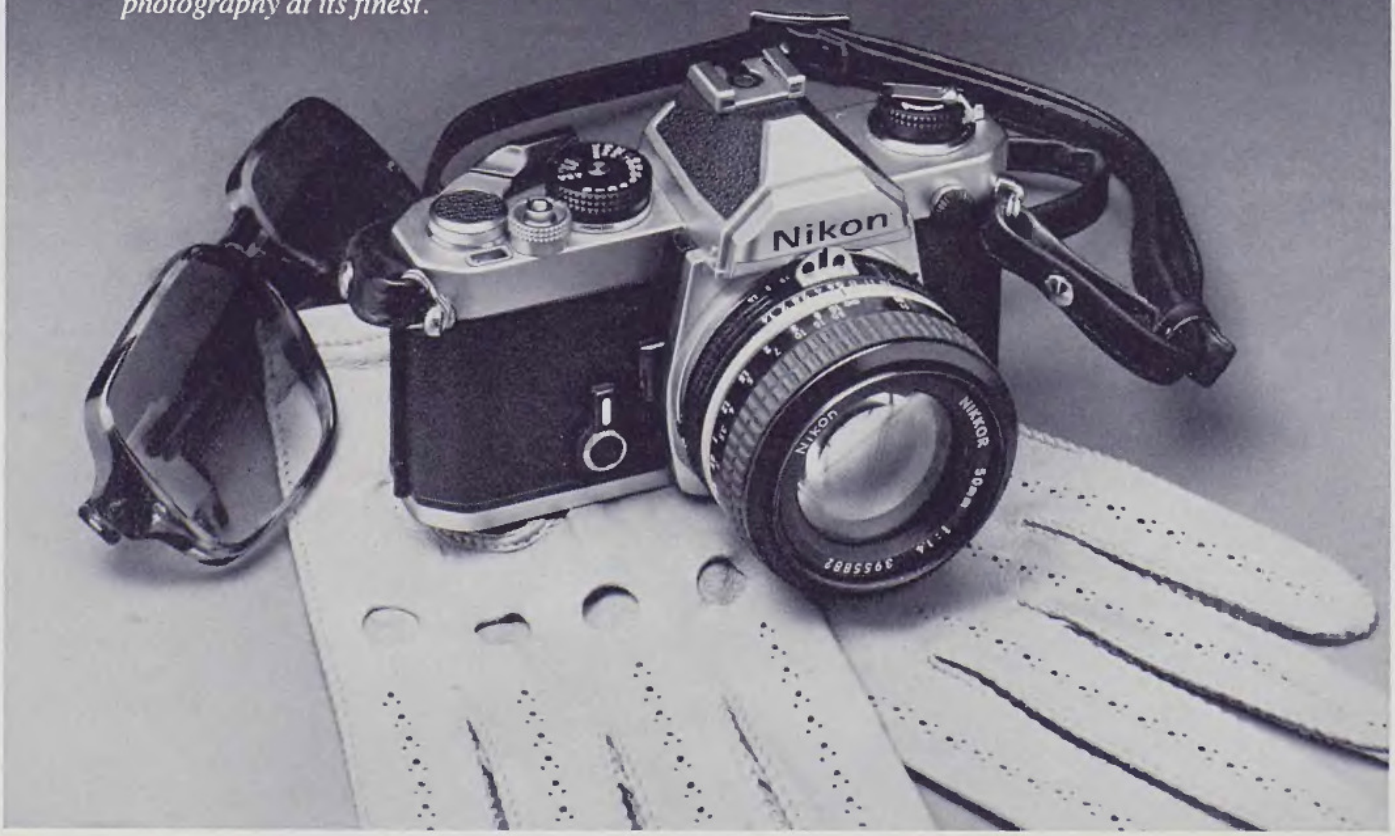

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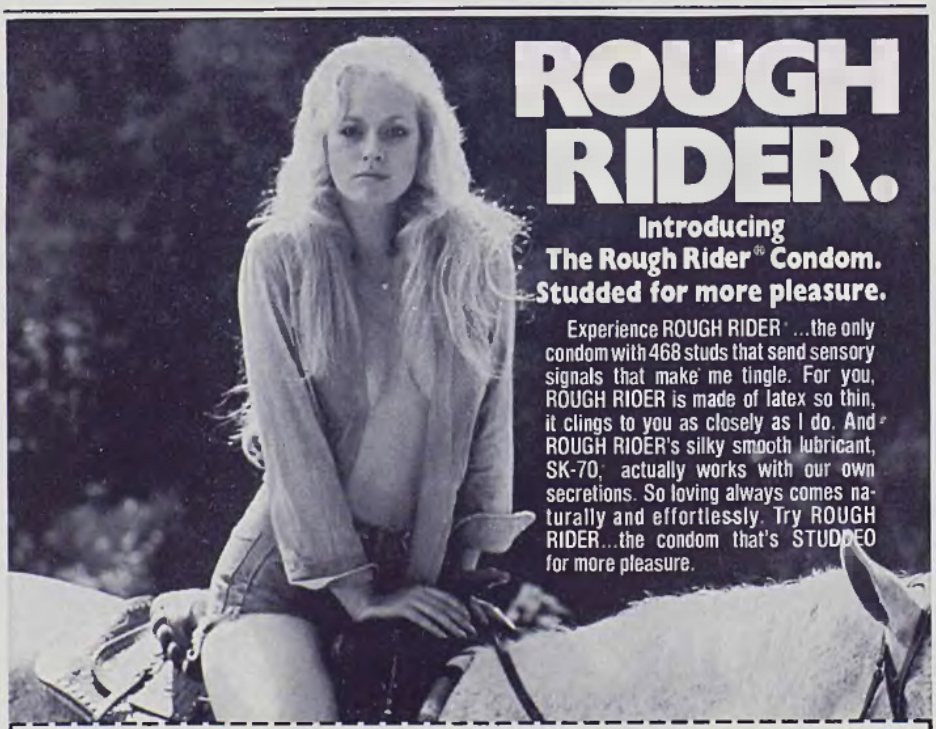

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Government-mandated safety and pollution-control requirements. Nonetheless, the MGB continues to thrive, with sales in America approaching 25,000 annually. With over-all sales pushing toward 500,000 during its 15-year career, it might be claimed that the MGB is the largest-selling *single* model sports car in history (the Corvette surely exceeded this volume over the same time span, but its sales included two different models and both convertible and coupe body styles).

The MGB is a direct descendant of the MG-TCs and TDs that switched America on to sports cars in the early postwar years and had a massive, if subtle, influence in altering the course of the domestic industry toward smaller, more nimble automobiles. Yet, by almost all standards of advanced technology, the MGB is a rather traditional vehicle. In a time when overhead camshafts, light-alloy, short-stroke engines, fuel injection, four-wheel disc brakes, independent rear suspensions, five-speed gearboxes, etc., are appearing on even the most mundane of marques, the MGB retains such accouterments as a 110-cubic-inch, pushrod, cast-iron power plant that is rooted, in an engineering sense, in the Thirties. Rather than fuel injection or exotic carburetors, the MGB engine is fitted with a single-barrel Zenith carburetor (earlier models carried a set of twin SU carburetors, but they were eliminated in the scramble to conform to U. S. clean-air standards). Its rear suspension is composed of a solid axle and leaf springs. The MGB's suspension has been jacked up three inches and it's been given a rubberized false face in order to meet American Government bumper regulations. Moreover, emission standards have forced British Leyland to go to extreme lengths to keep the car's weight down, which has meant the disappearance of such items as a front sway bar, oil cooler and one carburetor. This last deletion has contributed to the reduction of the car's horsepower to 62.5—a number that gives the car reduced performance in comparison with its sporty image. The prospective MGB owner will have to resolve himself to being blown off by all manner of subcompact machines in impromptu stoplight drag races. He will also have to be prepared to get soaked should any sudden rain squalls appear, because the MGB's roadster top is a collection of struts, joints, angles, snaps and belts that can put to the test the patience and physical strength of grown men if they're attempting to get it locked into place in a hurry.

Now delete all of the above from your mind, should you be fantasizing about a ragtop. Forget all of the MGB's handicaps and retain one fact: Regardless of its performance, absence of mechanical exotica, cranky top, etc., it

Really tying one on.

Getting s___ faced.

Having one more for the road.

Becoming polluted.

Drinking someone under the table.

Being plastered.

Bragging about the size of your hangover.

Going out and getting looped.

IF YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME IS LISTED ON THIS PAGE, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED.

With the possible exception of sex, no single subject generates as many foolish tales of prowess as the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

But there is a basic difference between the two subjects. Excelling at the former can be highly productive. Excelling at the latter, very destructive.

We, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

Then the next time someone tells you how lousy he feels because he had "one too many," you can tell him how great you feel because you had "one too few."

That's having a good time.

IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING A BAD NAME.

For a free reprint of this advertisement, write: Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS) 1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

packs more raw driving fun per pound than almost any automobile available in America. In this sense, all of its primitive qualities are its salvation, because the hard ride, wind in the face and the bucking suspension enlarge the participatory driving experience to almost hedonistic heights. It is impossible to travel in an MGB without becoming totally involved. It is the motorized counterpart of skate boarding and, in this context, its lack of creature comforts is simply not germane to the over-all value of the automobile. With a base price of $5649 (port of entry), the MGB remains an automobile of high desirability among a small band of ragtop loyalists and fun seekers of all ages. While they will point to the car's smooth four-speed transmission, with overdrive, quick steering, full instrumentation, solid competition record, etc., as justification for their purchase, the locus of their attraction to this aged bolide is obvious—the MGB is great fun to drive, any time, anywhere.

The same essential qualities that endear the MGB to so many fantasy-ridden Grand Prix drivers exist in the Triumph Spitfire and the MG Midget. These two additional entries in the British Leyland stable are built on a similar theme with the larger, heavier, slightly more powerful MGB, but are cheaper, even more rudimentary variations on the same basic sports-car theme. The Triumph Spitfire, vintage 1963, is a rather pretty, truncated two-seater that features a low price ($4895 P.O.E.) and an independent rear suspension of sorts (a version of the little-used swing-axle layout that prompts the rear wheels to tuck under in hard cornering). It claims a link with its sister car, the MG Midget, in that the two machines share the same four-cylinder, pushrod, 91-cubic-inch engine, electrical components, transmission, etc. Beyond that, however, the MG Midget is in a class by itself—a class restricted to the smallest (80-inch wheelbase), cheapest ($4495 P.O.E.), lightest, most rudimentary ragtop made in the civilized world. Like its two other British Leyland counterparts, the MG Midget more than makes up in sheer driving fun what it lacks in creature comfort or mechanical sophistication.

British Leyland expects to sell something over 40,000 of these pleasantly vintaged machines in the United States. The best value of the trio would seem to be the Triumph Spitfire, thanks to its slightly better interior finish, styling and convertible-top mechanism, but all three make excellent first purchases for anyone considering an entry into the arcane world of sports cars and the attendant joys of working on one's own automobile and participating in amateur driving competitions. Should any of these cars seem unsuitable to Anglophiles, there are strong indications that British Leyland is planning to make an even larger foray into the ragtop market. The stylish, wedge-shaped Triumph TR7 hardtop is likely to be introduced with a convertible option in the near future. Moreover, the new TR8 (a modified version of the TR7 carrying an aluminum V8 engine) may appear here in 1979 in an open-sports configuration.

If the essence of a ragtop sports car (and there was a day not so long ago when the two terms were synonymous: a sports car was a two-place, open car—nothing else) is driving pleasure, then the Italians have two prime entries in the field. Perhaps the more visible is the Alfa Romeo 2000 Spider Veloce, an updated version of the machine immortalized by the frenzied driving of Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*. This svelte two-seater has been around for a number of years but remains a quite sophisticated automobile. It has, at a P.O.E. price of $9195, most of the right stuff—an aluminum, four-cylinder, double-overhead camshaft, fuel-injected engine, five-speed all-synchro transmission, four-wheel disc brakes, etc., wrapped in a rounded, rakish package of Italian sheet metal. The Alfa Romeo 2000 Spider Veloce is a special car for special tastes, and because only several thousand will be imported into the United States, a more viable alternative might be the readily

available, pleasantly useful Fiat 124 Sport Spider, which, for under $7000, is perhaps the best value of the entire line-up of ragtops. Like the Alfa, the Fiat 124 has all the proper goodies—twin-cam engine, four-wheel disc brakes, five-speed transmission—to win friends and influence the automotive unwashed. It also utilizes a truly marvelous convertible top that can be raised and lowered by hand, by the driver *without* leaving his seat in a matter of 15–20 seconds. The car is well fabricated and its interior is neatly and attractively laid out. As a bonus, there is room for two extra occasional passengers in the cubbyhole behind the seats and luggage space is excellent for a car of its size. The 124 is fun to drive and, with its well-controlled coil-spring suspension, handles nicely under all conditions. It is, by all standards—with the possible exception of American anvil-solid reliability—a superior value.

Although we tend to think of ragtops in the context of sports cars—i.e., two-seat, high-performance roadsters—there are a number of convertibles on the market that will carry four passengers and have no pretensions as particularly fast vehicles. Take, for example, the beloved Volkswagen Beetle, a prized antique with direct origins in the pre–World War Two efforts of that automotive genius, Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, to produce a People's Car. Now, 40 years later, after Volkswagen has in the main purged its line-up of Beetles for a new generation of front-wheel-drive vehicles, the VW ragtop remains as a kind of automotive watch fob—a frivolous accouterment with substantial social clout in certain circles. It is the same Beetle of old, featuring such novel relics as drum brakes, front and rear, and an updated (48-hp fuel-injected) version of the air-cooled flat-four-cylinder engine that has powered the Beetle from its inception. So, for about $5500, one can purchase perhaps the closest thing to a "smile" button on the American highway. That it happens to be a four-place convertible is coincidental and secondary to the fact that it packs a punch far beyond its modest price in places like the French Riviera, the posh New York suburbs, Palm Beach and the Monterey peninsula. If the MGB is a fantasy machine for would-be Mario Andrettis, the VW convertible serves the same function for would-be Jackie Os, and that, quite simply, is the reason why the car persists while other more functional models of the Beetle have ceased to exist.

If a man like Andretti were seeking a convertible, it is likely that his choice would be one of the rare 365GTS/4 Daytona Spyder Ferraris that are no longer made but go for $60,000–$70,000 on the used-car market. (The real Andretti owns a 308GT Ferrari coupe.) And if the real Jackie O were seeking a four-place convertible, it is likely her choice would be the Rolls-Royce Corniche. Imagine this brutish, two-ton landau, hand-built and rubbed and polished and massaged to a level of compulsive overkill, serenely pottering down a suburban roadway literally flinging affluence out its tailpipe. This automobile has the remnants of seven perfectly tanned cowhides spread across its interior in concert with mirror-polished trimmings of Circassian walnut. Under the hood is a large, utterly silent aluminum V8 operating through a silky automatic transmission (actually, a General Motors Turbo-Hydra-Matic—the same basic design to be found in your average Chevrolet). For something in the neighborhood of $98,000, this vehicle will gain you entry into the proper neighborhoods. Or will it? If the truth be known, not all of the right people are buying Rolls-Royces these days. This automobile, once unsurpassed in the hauteur it exuded and owned only by the pure-blooded aristocrats, is now available to all manner of *nouveau riche* and social upstarts. In that sense, and in spite of itself, the Corniche has become a caricature of richness.

Speaking of which, we hereby present the *ne plus ultra* of the genre—the wondrous Excalibur. This machine, which is a good-natured impression of the late,

great SSK Mercedes-Benz sports car of the late Twenties, is surely the most blatant attention getter on the road today. It is a purely tongue-in-cheek machine, though its Chevrolet running gear, superior engineering and fabrication make it a legitimately fast and forgiving automobile. The Excalibur is a high-priced ($26,500) replicar that, like most ragtops, has strong image-building properties but little to offer in terms of hardheaded practicality.

What, then, is a truly wealthy person to do if he or she seeks a convertible? The Rolls-Royce betrays the low-profile, just-folks posture *really* rich folks are assuming these days. An Excalibur? For the Rose Parade, perhaps, but certainly not for "serious" people to ride in. This leaves but one car—the one final entry into the American convertible market in which a civilized human being can be seen without being mistaken for a rock star's agent or a ladies'-ready-to-wear mogul. That car is, of course, the Mercedes-Benz 450SL, a properly pedigreed, yet tastefully unpretentious machine that has all the right stuff—overhead cams, fuel injection, independent suspension, etc., and a proper price of just over $25,000. The 450SL has all the creature comforts, performs better than all the other ragtops and comes with a removable hard top for inclement weather. Moreover, it is a magical social amulet in all circles, an "in" car from Seattle to Shreveport.

If the selection of convertibles outlined here does not suit your taste, there is one alternative. A number of custom manufacturers have risen up in the United States to fill what appears to be a widening demand for open cars. These people take regular domestic luxury cars and, by judicious customizing, convert them to ragtops. For example, the Beverly Hills, California, firm of American Custom Coachworks is presently building a Lincoln Mark V St.-Tropez convertible, a Thunderbird Sports convertible, a Cadillac Paris DeVille convertible, a four-door Lincoln Cabriolet convertible and a Cadillac Cabriolet convertible. The company proudly claims to have built ten of its products for the late, lamented Elvis Presley (whose taste in automobiles ranged from early grotesque to late *kitsch*) and to have shipped over 140 of the units to the Middle East (where the tastes in automobiles make Elvis' look impeccable by comparison). But if one chooses to remain with the readily available, production convertibles, he is limited to the nine choices outlined here. But I must confess *my* heart lies elsewhere. You see, if I could only get my hands on that orange Buick with the leather seats. . . .

"Mr. Bartlett! When I asked if you wanted to see my gazebo, I meant the little building over there!"

© "21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

MARGAUX (continued from page 127)

"What am I doing here with five-inch heels and a ton of make-up in front of all these people?"

Havana. He showed me around the place and as we chatted, his eyes misted up. "I feel like I'm your godfather," he kept saying. Several rum *mojitos* (a kind of daiquiri with crushed mint) were thrust into my hand and it occurred to me that I'd just as soon have spent days with Angel, tossing down *mojitos*. But there was another fashion shooting scheduled for the afternoon, so I told Angel we had to go. The tradition at La Bodeguita is that its regular patrons write something on the wall (a tradition going back to Grandpapa), but Angel insisted I leave something more appropriate: a Polaroid of myself. I inscribed it, Angel tacked it up on the wall and we embraced goodbye.

•

Later that afternoon, we were doing some fashion shots in old Havana's Central Park. The people strolling through the park knew something was going on, because there were all these people following a tall blonde lady who was wearing big brown baggy pants, a Cuba T-shirt, with her hair in pigtails. I wasn't putting on airs: I looked just like everybody else. It felt great.

Looking around Havana is like being in a time warp. All the cars are like '54 Studebakers, '56 Chevies, a couple of old Cadillacs. Our tourist guide told me, "We've solved the traffic problem." Another feature that makes Havana seem wonderfully caught in time is that the buildings are mostly pastel pinks and sherbet colors.

Kennerly wanted to take some pictures of me walking across the street at an intersection. Because we had a large entourage, and because the shooting attracted spectators, we literally stopped traffic. I was striking a couple of poses in the middle of the street when a man in an old jalopy began to lean on his horn. He was furious at the delay. I gave him a big wink and smiled a big smile; he honked again, only friendly this time, and I smiled back.

•

Our next stop was the Partagas cigar factory. We were given a tour and then the factory manager took me up to a podium where announcements are made to the assembled workers. They all applauded me when the foreman announced who I was. They had a wonderful way of doing it, too: They took their cutting tools and pounded them on the table. I was flattered, but then the reality of the situation hit me. I would have been much more comfortable if I had been there in my blue jeans. I got up on the platform and said a few words in Spanish, but I felt terrible. Usually, I feel comfortable in situations like this, but at that moment, I felt like a mannequin. I kept wondering, What am I doing here with five-inch heels and a ton of make-up in front of all these people who are working their butts off?

•

Later that evening, we went to La Floridita—one of the most famous bars in Havana and the one where Grandpapa spent most of his leisure time. There is a bust of him over the seat at the bar where he used to sit. His perch afforded him a view of the whole bar, so that when he found someone interesting to talk to, he would move right in on him, from the bar to the table, point-blank.

When we were there, we had to do some fashion shots, but I went over to the bust in the corner and took a close look at it. One of the regulars came over to flirt with me. I guess he developed a crush on me and he kept saying, "Oh, you're so marbellous, Margaux!" It was hard to live down that phrase. Everybody in our group kept calling me Marbellous Margaux.

The only drink Grandpapa used to drink there was daiquiris, so they told me; only he liked his in a bigger glass than the ones they were usually served in. The bartender brought out one of the larger glasses for my benefit and gave me a daiquiri the way Grandpapa liked it.

•

On Saturday, we drove out to Grandpapa's house, which is called the Finca Vigía, or Lookout Farm. It's about 25 minutes outside Havana, and as we approached it, I remembered the driveway from my childhood. Other memories filled me as well: the little house where the gardener stayed; the pool; Grandpapa's boat, the Pilar, which is preserved on the grounds of the house.

When I walked into the house, I got goose-pimples. I ran through the rooms and touched and rediscovered everything in sight. The caretakers of the place were taken aback, but I introduced myself to them and they broke into smiles.

One thing that a lot of people don't know about my grandfather is that he really loved cats a lot. He had about 40 cats around the Finca, but he let only ten or so into the house.

There were dozens of books on cats

"Not only was it a thrill to win the race but I also had a multiple orgasm."

in his library: Funny thing is, I don't remember any cats in his books.

The house was left just as it was when Grandpapa and Mary lived there. The same magazines on the bed, the same bottles in the rolling bar Grandpapa had in the living room. It's a museum now, of course, but it's very intimate. You get the feeling someone's still living there, or some *part* of someone is still living there. It really surprises me how much I remembered, since I was so young when I was last there. Memories and feelings are sometimes very strange and beautiful. My father and mother's wedding picture sits next to a wooden monkey and a whole bunch of other wooden toys that my sister and I used to play with.

I remembered the chaise longue by the pool and was surprised to see it again. As I posed in it, knowing that a picture of me and my sister with Grandpapa and the family around the same chair existed, it seemed incredibly tiny now. Jesus, I thought, I'm so big!

Grandpapa also had, for that time, an incredible hi-fi system, with huge speakers. He had a lot of Cole Porter records and a large jazz collection, which is still there. Apparently, he picked up a lot of his interest in jazz when he was in Paris between wars.

One of the funniest things I found was under the glass on top of his desk: a license that permitted him to drink alcohol in Idaho. Is anyone out there in Idaho reading this?

Mary built Grandpapa a lookout atop the house, where he could work and where he could have an unobstructed 360-degree view. There's a portrait of Grandpapa up there that Kennerly wanted to pose me with. Kennerly claimed my grandfather and I look very much alike and that the similarity was greatest in the portrait. There's that compliment again.

•

Saturday night we all went to the Tropicana, which is one of the biggest and certainly the most famous night club in Havana. It was utterly 1956! There's a floorshow where all the girls have these fairly demure, peekaboo costumes, not skin but lots of glitter-glitter. My date slicked his hair back and wore a double-breasted white-linen suit, and I put on these wonderful big, droopy earrings. The floorshow also had an African number, a kind of Cuban solo routine. They really know how to shake it out down there.

•

On our last day, we visited Cojimar, the fishing village where Grandpapa kept the Pilar. There's a Hemingway Square in the middle of the village and I'm told years ago, children went around collecting money from the residents to pay for the bronze bust of Grandpapa that stands there now. The same bust, only smaller, is also at the Floridita bar.

My father had told me before coming back that Grandpapa had taken us on picnics in the surrounding area; I remembered a river that flowed through a sugar-cane valley where we would wade after mullet, crawdad and bass. Since I was brought up on Cuban food, I was right at home every meal we had during the trip: black beans, chicken with rice.

As we strolled past the square, an old man in blue sneakers, wearing fish-stained clothing, walked up to me. It was Gregorio, Grandpapa's skipper on the Pilar. As with Angel, there were hugs and a great deal of excitement. Gregorio may have been one of the people closest to Grandpapa in the entire world, because they spent so much time together; they were true companions.

Gregorio spent a good part of the afternoon reminiscing about Grandpapa. Some of our conversation was about the family. Grandpapa and Mary left Cuba in July 1960, intending to go back, and Gregorio remembers Grandpapa telling him, "When I retire, you retire." Which Gregorio did, that year.

Gregorio said that many people thought of Grandpapa as a boozer. "He was no boozer," Gregorio said. "When he wanted a drink, he took a drink. When he wanted a girl, he had her, you know? He was a real man."

Then, as the tropical afternoon drew to a close, Gregorio turned to me and asked, "Wasn't your grandfather working on a book about me toward the end? A book about me and the boat?"

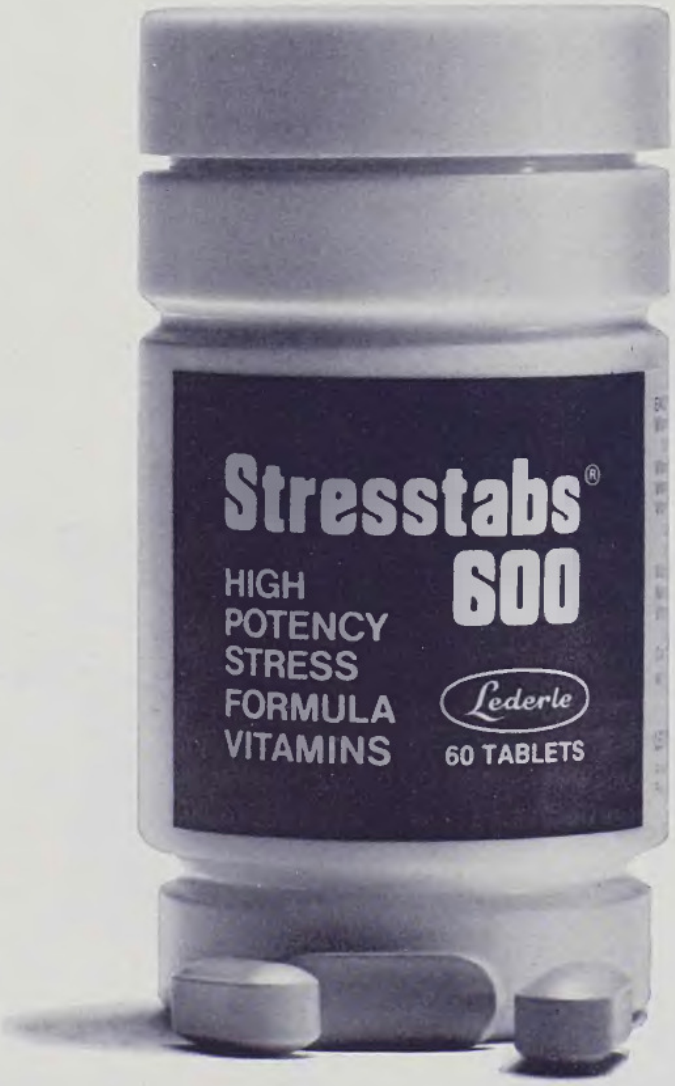
"Yes," I said. "It was his last book. He called it *Islands in the Stream* and it was made into a movie." Gregorio just nodded. He hadn't heard the news before.

•

Our Cuban hosts from the tourist department gave us a sumptuous goodbye lunch on our last day there. I looked forward to seeing them again when I came back to Cuba with my dad to participate in the annual Hemingway fishing tournament later in the year. I was also hoping that Fidel Castro would be there, so that I could meet him. Interestingly enough, Fidel had won the prize for the heaviest marlin caught during the tournament in 1960, so it was likely he'd be there again this year.

"Conversion overruled!"

Stress can rob you of vitamins



Stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by stress, your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your usual daily meals provide. During times of continued stress—when your body may be affected in many ways—a vitamin deficiency can develop.

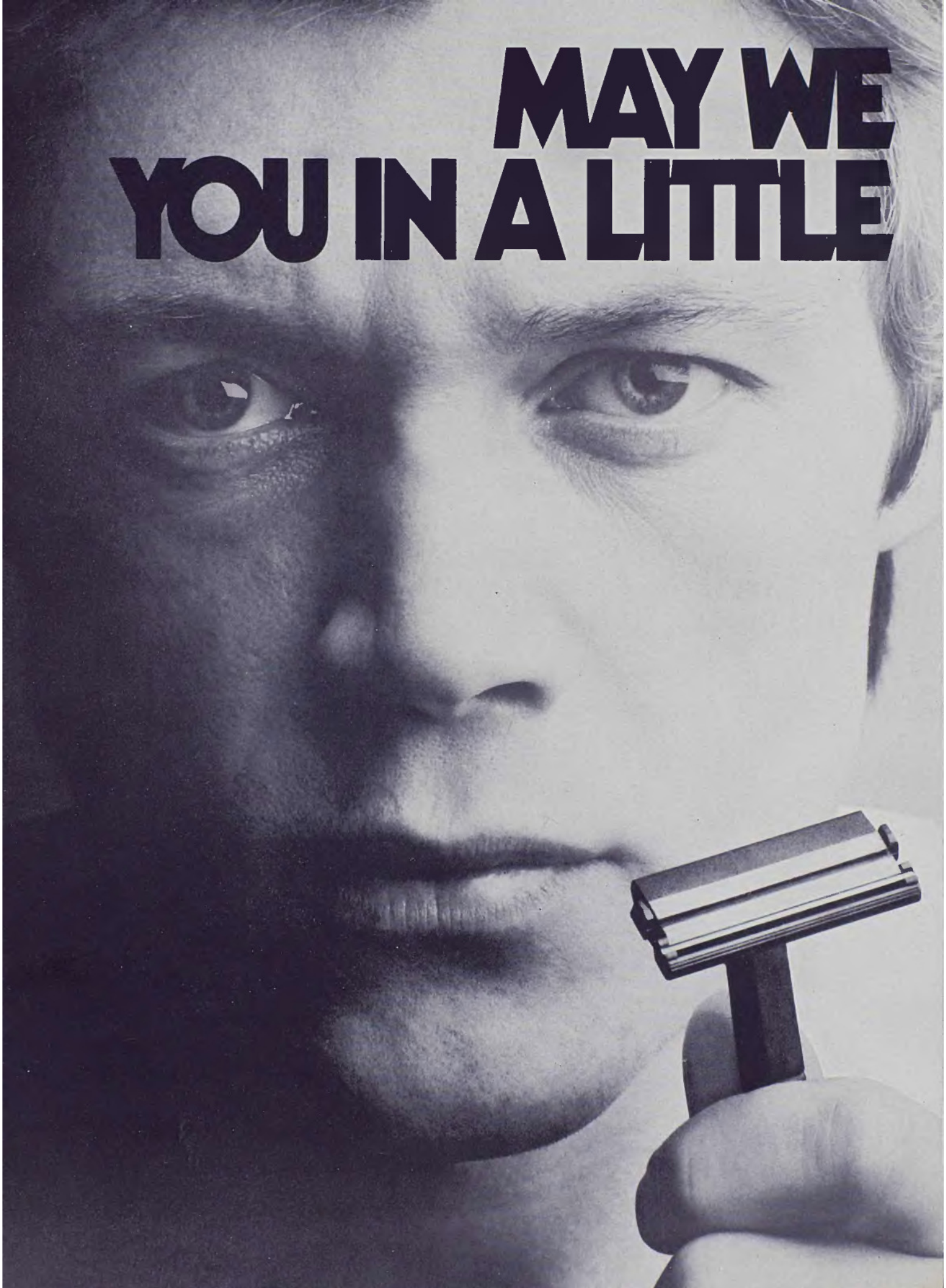
What is stress. Severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any condition that places an unusual demand upon your body constitutes stress and may cause B and C vitamin depletion, if the diet is inadequate.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 has a single purpose: to help you correct a B complex and C vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg. of vitamin C, and B-complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS 600 can help restore your supply of these water-soluble vitamins and help maintain good nutritional balance. STRESSTABS 600 also contains the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of Vitamin E. Also available: STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600. Ask your doctor and pharmacist what they think of this different brand of vitamin. Available, without a prescription, at your drug stores in bottles of 60 tablets or trial bottles of 30. STRESSTABS 600 can't eliminate stress, but it can help you to maintain the nutritional balance you need.

STRESSTABS 600 and STRESSTABS 600 with Iron are products of Lederle Laboratories.

780-6R2


MAY WE
YOU IN A LITTLE

ENGLISH ENGAGE SWORDSMANSHIP?

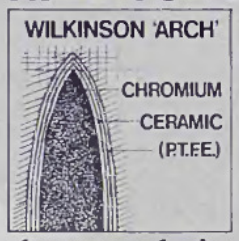
We English would like you to try our great English shave.

The object is, of course, to win you over to our Wilkinson blades and, of course, we will.

After all, we've been honing steel to a fine cutting edge for 200 years.

And in that time, if you don't mind our saying so, we've developed quite an edge.

YOU'RE LOOKING AT OUR EXTRAORDINARY WILKINSON EDGE.



It is on the order of two millionths of an inch!

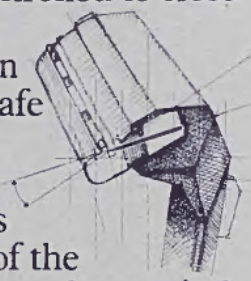
Each edge is hardened and sharpened. And stropped, very much as our forebears did, using real oxhide leather.

This process gradually smooths out and refines the edge to produce our Wilkinson 'Arch' tip.

It is this tip, after coating with chromium, ceramic and a special plastic (P.T.F.E.), that provides the masterful shaving qualities, ease and comfort of our Wilkinson blades.

WHY OUR WILKINSON BONDED IS SUCH A FINE SHAVING SYSTEM.

The shaving angle and protrusion of a shaving system have to be controlled to close tolerances in order to obtain comfortable safe shaving. Our Wilkinson Bonded keeps close control of the shaving geometry by precisely locating the extreme tip of the blade in relation to the top cap and guard bar and keeping it rigidly in position during shaving.



Each new blade is, in effect, a new razor so the shaving geometry can never drift as can occur in some other shaving systems.

IF OUR WORDS DON'T CONVINCE YOU, OUR SYSTEM WILL.

It's a lot easier to feel why our Wilkinson Bonded gives you such a fine shave than to describe it in words.

And by that, we mean the total system.

The perfect balance of the handle; the effortless way the handle clicks into the blade and is ready to go.

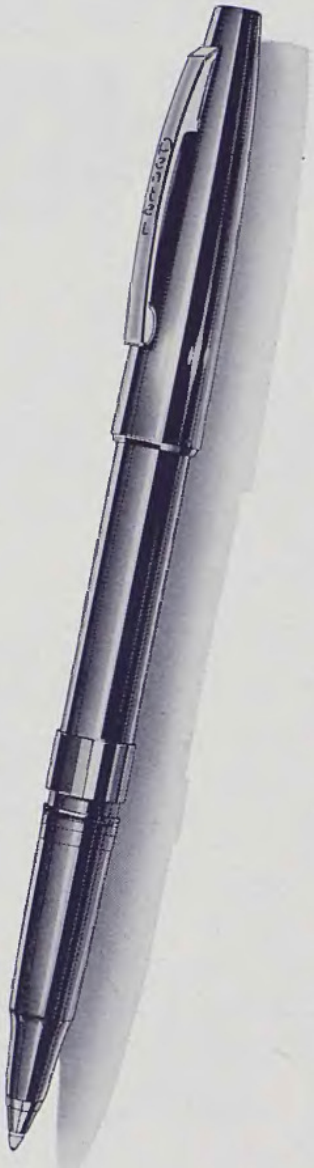
(The blade is never exposed in the dispenser and there's no way to confuse which way the blade goes in, upside down or inside out, as in some other systems.)

And finally, smooth shave after smooth shave, simply eject the blade with a flick of the thumb and click in a fresh blade.

In all due modesty, we believe you'll find there's nothing quite like our Wilkinson Bonded in the States.

Or, for that matter, the world.

WILKINSON SWORD



We had this good idea: take a hard alloy ball ①, cushion the tip ②, use a vibrant liquid ink ③, and we'd have a pen that doesn't just write, it glides. The Rolling Writer pen, for less than a dollar.

Rolling Writer® only from Pentel®

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hokey pokey

(continued from page 170)

on her. Great dark eyes I never really noticed.

"I even found out about my mother," she said.

"Your mother?" I said, groping for a clue.

"You can't keep a secret in a town like this," she said.

That sounded vaguely familiar to me, but it wasn't much of a clue. "Christ, no," I said. I was about to tell her the story of the motel receipt signed Xtopher Tietjens, but that began to sound familiar even before I began to tell it.

"My own mother," she said. She was really hurting.

"You don't have to, you know," I said. "I probably don't even know the guy."

"If it were only that," she said. She stopped then. I had the impression she thought she had said it all.

I said, "I said she looked like a cheap tart, but my friend said she looked like a tough broad who had lived all her life in a trailer."

"Where the Christ did that come from?" she said.

"I mean, why can't I think of things like that?" I said. "What I mean is, here we are, talking about this picture of a transsexual, and I can't come up with anything better than 'cheap tart.' It depresses the hell out of me."

"So?" she said.

"So it's damned hard coming up with the right word." Her foot eluded mine under the table. "A tough broad who had lived all her life in a trailer. In a trailer, for Christ's sake. That has panache."

"You're doing OK," she said.

"Thanks," I said. "I needed that." By now I was bombed out of my mind.

"But what really happened?" she said. "I'm getting curious."

"Oh, I got a phone call," I said. "I told my wife I was going out to meet a student in a bar and talk about movies—it was only later I brought myself to call them films or even flicks. Now I'm back to movies. I never went home again. She didn't know it, but I wasn't really there. The student wasn't really a student and she didn't give a damn about films. In fact, she didn't give a damn about me after the first time we went to bed. But it was a beginning. Aha, I said to myself."

"And then what?" she said.

"Do you want to go to bed with me?" I said.

"No," she said.

"And then," I said—I didn't know whether I ought to be relieved or not, but I was; 1956 was far behind me.

"And then—" I said, "where the fuck was I?"

"That's for you to say," she said. We moved automatically around the coffee table again and again wound up on opposite sides.

"I don't suppose," I said, "that your husband would be interested in marrying my wife?"

"For God's sake," she said, "you don't make her out to be any bargain."

"It would save me alimony," I said.

"I still have compassion for him," she said, "if nothing else."

"It's just a thought," I said. "I've pretty well given up the dream of a rich retired farmer for her or an Indian graduate student carrying her off to India."

"She must have thought I was crazy when I said, 'Hello, Momma.' 'Hello, Momma,' I said without thinking. But it was crazier than she could have known. My mother and I sound alike on the phone. What do you think of that?"

"I never had the pleasure," I said.

"No one ever knows which one of us is talking," she said. "That's what caused all the trouble."

"What trouble?" I said. I was beginning to think I had drunk too much.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," she said. "The trouble with the boy I loved when I was seventeen." She looked annoyed for a moment, but it passed at once. She wasn't with me anymore.

"I have a lump on my breast," she said.

"Oh," I said.

"I see the doctor on Friday."

I didn't say anything. I knew what I wanted to say, but it sounded foolish even to me at that point. I'm 59 years old, I would have said. I could have said it then. Sometimes I wanted to shout it—scream, more like. But 59 just then was a small quiet clot somewhere around my heart. I could have told her about the man in the book I read two years ago who said hopefully, "But I'm only fifty-seven." And who was still 57 last week, when I saw him again. I think she would have heard me.

"But how did you get there?" she said. Clearly, there was something she wanted to know, just as there was something I wanted to tell her. But neither of us knew what it was, and if she wasn't going to let us try to fuck our way to it, there wasn't much we could do about it.

"How did we get there?" I said. "We got there by train and we got there by car. Once I wrecked a U-Haul and lost my license and my allowance and three friends. Once we got there by Model A and hit a car on a narrow bridge in Paoli, P.A. But mostly we got there. When she got there with three suitcases and six cardboard boxes and seven plants—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—the porter put them down on the

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platform in the New Orleans station. And I knew then I had made a mistake."

"Three suitcases, six boxes and seven plants," she said. "On the train?"

"When I saw all that coming out of the train, I said, 'Who the fuck?' And when I saw her, I said, 'What the fuck?' But I was very young at the time and full of idealism and semen. It was only when somebody actually said—sometime after 1956—'Fucking's what it's all about,' that I realized that whatever it was all about, it wasn't all about that. I was a slow learner and had to have it spelled out for me, if only in reverse."

"Welcome to the club," she said and poured me another drink.

"Jesus Christ," I said. "This is the kind of story you only tell in the dark in bed after the first fuck, when you want to spill your guts to the person you think is going to understand at last."

"You're right," she said. "I've never heard anything like this except when somebody's limp cock was slipping out of me no matter what I did to keep it in."

"It must mean something," I said.

She threw up her hands and her eyes and her voice and said, "Rape."

She was joking, of course, but she knocked me into the middle of 1978.

"Jesus Christ," she said, "don't you see? We don't need to fuck after what we've already said."

"OK," I said, "OK." I knew she was right, even though it seemed to me that she had just been lying there.

And, besides, Tietjens always said that the only reason to go to bed with a woman was to finish your conversation with her, and we were already way past the end of a conversation.

"I saw him a few years ago," she said.

I knew at once who she meant. I'm simply not the kind of person who knows things like that, but I did then. The boy she loved when she was 17. I even noticed that we both had stopped saying "thought she loved."

"I thought he had died of love for you way back then," I said.

"That's only in books," she said. "Do you know what he said to me?"

I had been doing very well up to that point, but, no, I didn't know what he said to her.

"He asked me why I told him I never wanted to see him again."

"Why did you?" I said.

"I never," she said.

"You never?" I said. Now I was more like myself.

"I'm sure I never," she said. "It was my mother—it was a long time ago—in my voice, our voice. She hated him."

"My wife's voice," I said, though that didn't mean anything even to me.

"I'm sure," she said. "I think."

"And you still say, 'Yes, Momma,' " I said. She just looked at me.

"Do you still see her?" she said.

"See her?" I said. "You've got to be crazy."

"So you just tried it once and left it alone?" she said.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I said. "We may have tried it just once, but it went on for twenty-five years."

"Not her," she said. "The *Hokey Pokey* lady."

"*Hokey Pokey*?" I said.

"You know," she said.

She was on her feet just then, getting another bottle of Scotch out of the cabinet. She turned with the bottle in her hand and began a little dance. " 'You put your right hand in,' " she said and reached the bottle toward me. " 'You put your right hand out.' " She put it behind her. " 'You put your right hand in and shake it all about.' " She did it all, shaking the bottle like a magical gourd in my face—feathers and stones and bones and shells—but it was holy water I felt falling on me. " 'You do the hokey pokey and you turn yourself about. And that's what it's all about. Hey.' " At the "Hey," she did a dancer's shuffle and ended on one foot, one arm out, bent as if flying toward me.

"I took tap when I was four," she said. "My mother still hates me for not being

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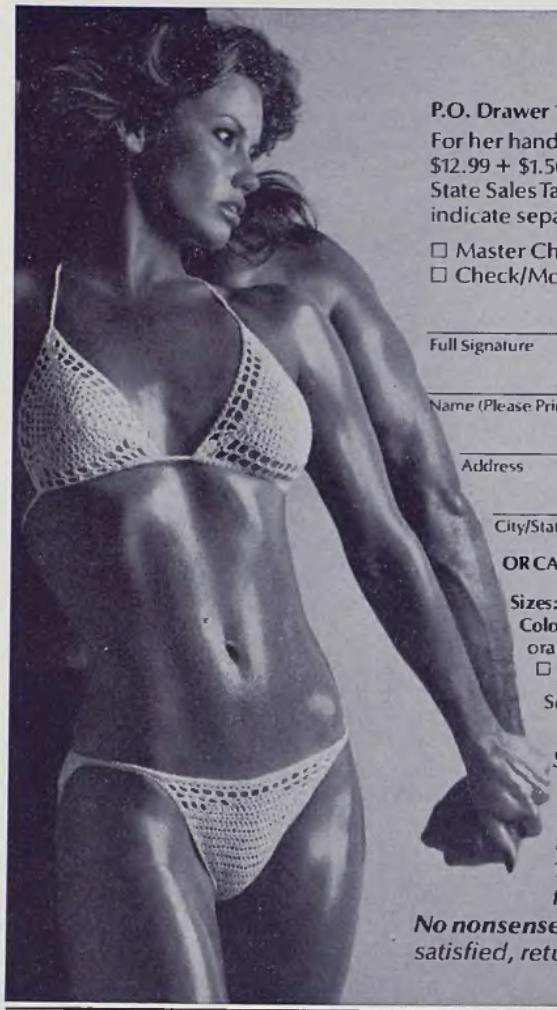

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Shirley Temple." She did her shuffle again and balanced precariously, her arm stretching, her smile reaching, toward an audience that had never been there at all.

"Her," she said, "the what-it's-all-about lady." She poured us both drinks. The ice was gone, but we were getting down to basics.

"Oh," I said. "Yes, I still see her. She turned out to be wrong. It was something else."

She drew in her breath sharply. "What?" she said.

"We don't know," I said.

"Oh," she said. "Well, here's to." We raised our glasses, but they didn't clink, because the backs of our fingers touched. I felt it hot all over me, like a boy touching a finger accidentally on purpose for the first time—the bloody fucking hem of her garment. I forgot all about 1956.

"Come on," she said, "let's do it." She was snapping her fingers and putting her hips in and putting her hips out. The shake was cataclysmic. I was ready to do it on the bearskin rug. I stood up. I had my hand on my belt.

"Here's how it goes," she said. "First you put in your right hand. Then you put in your left hand. Right foot. Left foot. And finally your whole self."

"God knows how," I said. "But I'm for it."

"It's kind of like hopping in a sack race," she said, "forward and back, with a dash of St. Vitus at the end, and then you fall in a heap on the floor and giggle a lot."

"OK," I said. I could see myself really getting into that.

We put in our right hands, just managing to touch the tips of our fingers, and the neighbors complained. We put in our left hands. Now we were up to our elbows in the private air around each other. And the police came. The house was rocking. The police took off their hats and they took off their gun belts and all their hardware. They took off their big shit-kicking shoes. And they put in their very pink right feet. Such pink feet. They must always be driving back to the station for another shower. Pictures were falling off the wall. The neighbors had to join us—they had no choice. The street was filling up with abandoned cars. We put in our left feet. Bricks fell out of the chimney. The lights burned out. The front wall blew out with a crash. The lawn was full of people. They put their right hands in. They pulled their left hands out. It was bedlam. And we weren't even there yet. But very close. We were getting closer.

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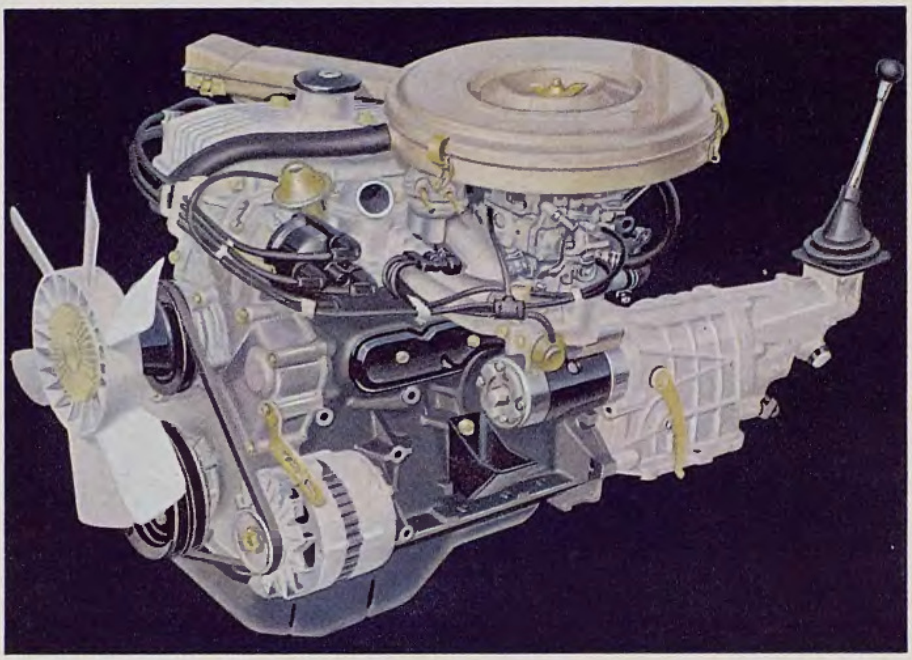

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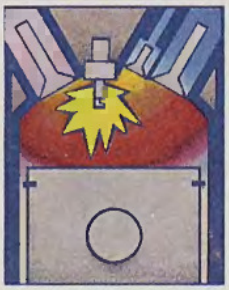

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PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR (continued from page 160)

"'I could see myself doing movies. There's an energy surrounding a movie set that I really like.'"

stopped her on the street just to fondle and kiss her hair. "It got so bad we had to hide it under my coat."

But the real surprise was the ripples she caused on the distaff side. "I look so different from the average Frenchwoman that women would stare at me in a restaurant. In fact, they looked at me more than the men did."

The main reason for Debra's visit to Paris, of course, was the shooting with Giacobetti, the director of *Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman*, whose photo studio is there. Most of the shooting, except for a few days on the beaches in the Bahamas, was done in Paris and its environs. Debra and Giacobetti hit it off immediately. "He's a very intelligent man, a genius," she says, "and I loved his accent. You know, the French can say anything in English and it sounds wonderful."

Nights and days off were spent exploring the streets of the City of Light. "We went to the flea market on Sunday and I bought everything—mostly antiques, including two beautiful old coffee grinders. I'm going to devote one room in my house to antiques." A side trip to the Crazy Horse Saloon for one of its world-famous stage shows (see *The Fillies of Crazy Horse*, PLAYBOY, April) also drew raves from Debra. "It was marvelous, perfectly choreographed, and the audience was not what you'd expect. Not a lot of leering old men but respectable professional types with their dates."

Now that she's back in the States, Debra has a lot of thinking to do. As a result of her appearances, she has had a number of offers to go into full-time modeling—and the movies. She is weighing them all very carefully: "I don't make rash decisions; I'm not impulsive." The experience of doing a screen test, recently, however, did impress her. "I could see myself doing movies. There's an energy surrounding a movie set that I really like, and if the right script came along, sure, I'd love to do it!"

Right now, however, her duties as Playmate of the Year are paramount and Debra is anxious to get started. "I used to dream about being in the centerfold and think how lucky the girls were who made it. Now here I am, Playmate of the Year. It really is hard to believe. And it's doubly enjoyable because I know and like PLAYBOY. It's my favorite magazine. The gifts I'm receiving are great, but even without them, I'd be honored to represent PLAYBOY." When we left Debra, she was going back to Beaumont after almost two months' absence. We got the impression that, for her, this was a special trip, a chance to touch home base, to think about the future. After all, she's not the same Debra Jo Fondren anymore: She's PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year.

"Not tonight, Greg—Wally has a headache."

GIFTS FIT FOR A QUEEN

The best kinds of gifts are those you would like to receive yourself. And by that criterion, the goodies we have chosen for our new Playmate of the Year are the best ever.

Topping Debra Jo Fondren's list, for instance, is a car we've drooled over for some time: a 1978 Datsun 280Z, the pride of Nissan Motors.

And who among us has not coveted a complete set of matched stereo components? Debra's new Optonica outfit, which retails for $2300, includes SM-4646 integrated amplifier, ST-3636 tuner, RP-3636 Mark II turntable, RT-3535 Mark II cassette deck and CP-5151 speakers.

Since Debra told us she was interested in photography and would someday like to shoot a Playmate herself, we thought some camera equipment would be in order. So we've come up with a Minolta XD-11 with Electro Flash 200X attachment, a Rollei A110 and a complete Polaroid SX-70 outfit.

Debra also let us know that she seldom gets to see any of the TV interviews she has done because of her PLAYBOY-promotion travel schedule. With her new RCA SelectaVision video-cassette recorder with camera, she'll be able to have those appearances taped for later viewing.

And the whole thing wouldn't make any sense without a TV, so we've provided a portable Sony KV-8000 color set with Sony battery pack.

Another useful item for the traveling woman is Debra's new Phone Mate 4000 telephone answering system, which will enable her to keep in touch with friends and producers while on the road.

Just so she gets to those public appearances on time, she's been gifted with a Panasonic RC-6035 AM/FM digital clock-radio.

To balance out all those "necessities," we've added, as a touch of pure fun, a brace of AMF Roadmaster ten-speed racing bikes for touring the beautiful countryside around her home in Beaumont, Texas.

Last, and far from least, a little pocket change that jingles to the tune of $10,000. In all, a gift package fit for, well, a Playmate of the Year.

There may still be places on earth where Grand Marnier isn't offered after dinner.

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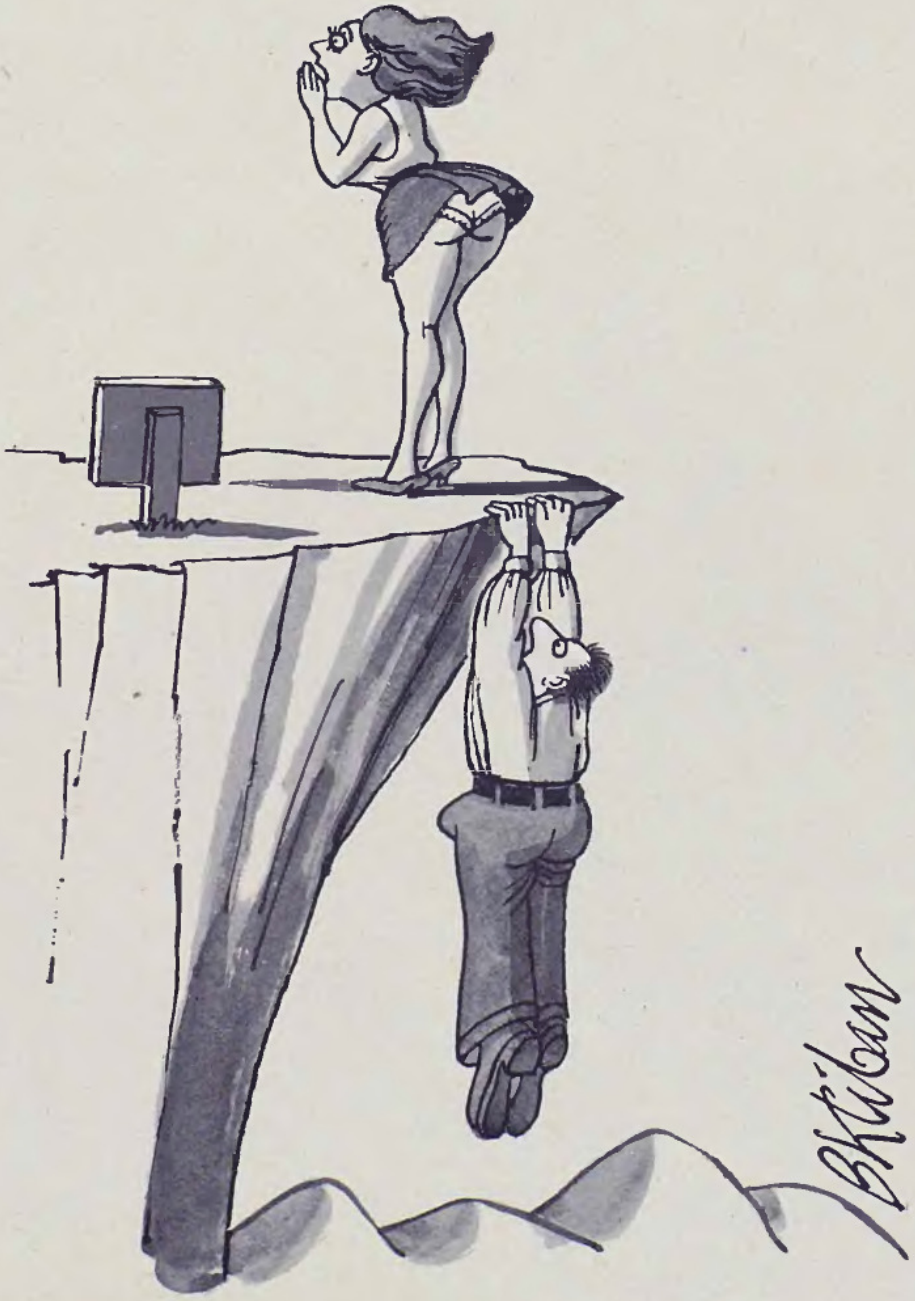
PREMIXED (continued from page 175)

"Premixed cocktails present to the adventurous drinker an intriguing array of flavors."

about a creamy banana colada or a pink squirrel?

Conservation of cabinet space and a reduction in such esoteric items as cream of coconut and Falernum can be important to apartment dwellers. But by far the prime benefaction of prepared cocktails is their portability. You can take them anywhere—picnics, boating, fishing, all types of sports events, the beach, hiking, cycling, train and auto trips—but not on planes. The airlines reserve that lucrative ploy for themselves. Premixed cocktails are useful at back-yard fetes and poolside frolics, too, when you don't want to drag out a whole bar, plus accessories and mixing tools. The relatively new Cocktails for Two come in Plasti-Shield-wrapped bottles that enhance portability, reduce breakage and clankage and increase cold retention.

So far, so good. "But how do the ready-mades taste?" you might ask. The answer is, "Better than they used to." For many years, prepared cocktails were scorned by anyone with a discriminating palate. Today, however, the quality of ingredients and the skill of the blender have advanced to the point where leading brands are, at the very least, acceptable—and many are downright enjoyable. A number are made with well-known, prestigious spirits and natural flavors. Proofs have been reduced to be more in line with comparable bar-mixed drinks, making for smoother products. And the excessive sweetness has been muted, though it's still a bit much on occasion.



Premixed cocktails present to the adventurous drinker an intriguing array of flavors, with perhaps several dozen types available from the big four: Heublein (including Club), Mr. Boston, Schenley Cocktails for Two and Duet—plus supplemental contributions from Ice Box. Bearing in mind that taste reactions are subjective and that there are bound to be variations among brands, here's a broad guide to the various classes of prepared cocktails. Martinis are inoffensive. Gin marts have the edge—more snap. The lower-proof gin and vodka martinis could do with an extra lacing of liquor. Sours aren't bad, though color might be improved. Manhattans, margaritas and the citrus types—screwdrivers, wallbangers and sunrises—are about what you'd expect. Daiquiris suffer from a synthetic lime taste. The exotics and liqueur-based cocktails are fine, if you dig these concoctions—some are better than you'd make yourself. Gimlets and black Russians are very good, indeed—the pick of the prepacks.

Among the interesting specialties are Heublein's brass monkey and black-eyed Susan, Mr. Boston's salty dog, Ice Box's amaretto sour and a line of wine cocktails under the Ice House label. The latest development in premixed sips is a line of sprightly, sparkling highballs, in 200-milliliter bottles aptly named Cheers!

Care and handling: All prepared cocktails benefit from chilling. Those that are 30 proof or under should *not* be poured over ice or they'll be too watery. If available, chilled glasses are desirable. Varieties that are 48 proof and above want the additional dilution that ice provides. The area between 30 proof and 48 proof comes down to personal taste. If you like a lighter drink, ice is indicated. With the exception of martinis, cocktails should be shaken briskly before pouring. Premixes keep well, six months to a year, anyway. Don't subject them to excessive temperature change, don't buy merchandise that has been in a store window and avoid those showing heavy sediment or changes in color. Leftovers are best stored in the refrigerator. Bottles can simply be recapped; cans should be poured off into jars with tight covers. Feel free to modify prepared cocktails to suit your taste; a squeeze of lemon to cut sweetness, a dollop of booze for more definition, a cherry, lime circle, apple wedge or pineapple chunk for decoration.

It pays to check quantities, as distillers are in the process of switching to

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metric measurements. The small bottles and cans come in both 200-milliliter (6.8 ounces) and eight-ounce sizes. The larger bottles may be fifths, quarts, three-quarter quarts or 750 milliliters (25.4 ounces). The small bottle gives you two generous servings; the large ones will pour about eight drinks, depending on proof.

Consult the accompanying chart for practical information on the popular, nationally distributed brands—with the usual caveats. Where an item comes in several sizes, the most prevalent is listed. Prices vary from state to state and from store to store. And with your own reasonable selection chilling in the refrigerator, you're ready for any kind of celebration—an impromptu party or an instant *soirée à deux*.

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO PREMIXED COCKTAILS

TYPE	BRAND	PROOF	PKG.	SIZE	PRICE	FEATURES
GIN MARTINI	Club	42	Can	½ pt.	$1.15	
	Cocktails for Two	40	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Schenley 90-Proof Gin
	Duet	40	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Gilbey's Gin
	Heublein	60	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	
	Mr. Boston	40	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston Gin
VODKA MARTINI	Club	40	Can	½ pt.	1.15	Smirnoff Vodka
	Cocktails for Two	40	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Schenley Vodka
	Duet	40	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Gilbey's Vodka
	Heublein	60	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.51	Smirnoff Vodka
MANHATTAN	Club	40	Can	½ pt.	1.15	
	Cocktails for Two	40	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	I. W. Harper Bourbon
	Duet	40	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Old Crow Bourbon
	Heublein	55	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	
	Mr. Boston	40	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston DeLuxe Whiskey
BRANDY MANHATTAN	Duet	40	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Almadén Brandy
OLD FASHIONED	Heublein	62	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	
WHISKEY SOUR	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	
	Cocktails for Two	25	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Schenley Reserve
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Old Taylor Bourbon
	Heublein	42	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	
	Mr. Boston	25	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston DeLuxe Whiskey
DAIQUIRI	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	
	Cocktails for Two	30	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Cruzan Rum
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Ron Merito Light Rum
	Heublein	42	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	
	Mr. Boston	25	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston Rum
STRAWBERRY DAIQUIRI	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Ron Merito Light Rum
MARGARITA	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	José Cuervo Tequila
	Cocktails for Two	25	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Olé Tequila, DuBouchett Triple Sec
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Sauza Tequila, DeKuyper Triple Sec
	El Toro	48	Bottle	Fifth	4.69	El Toro Tequila
	Heublein	42	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	José Cuervo Tequila
	Mr. Boston	25	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston Tequila
STRAWBERRY MARGARITA	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	José Cuervo Tequila
	Cocktails for Two	25	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Olé Tequila, DuBouchett Triple Sec
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Sauza Tequila, DeKuyper Triple Sec
	Mr. Boston	25	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston Tequila
GIMLET	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	Smirnoff Vodka
	Cocktails for Two	35	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Schenley Vodka
	Heublein	48	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	Smirnoff Vodka
SCREWDRIVER	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	Smirnoff Vodka
	Cocktails for Two	25	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Schenley Vodka
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Gilbey's Vodka
WALLBANGER	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	Smirnoff Vodka
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Gilbey's Vodka
	Heublein	35	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.65	Smirnoff Vodka
	Mr. Boston	25	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston Vodka
TEQUILA SUNRISE	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	José Cuervo Tequila
	Cocktails for Two	25	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Olé Tequila
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Sauza Tequila
	Heublein	35	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.65	José Cuervo Tequila
	Mr. Boston	25	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston Tequila
MAI TAI	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	
	Duet	24	Can	200 ml.	1.04	Ron Merito Light Rum
	Heublein	42	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	
PINA COLADA	Club	25	Can	½ pt.	1.15	
	Cocktails for Two	25	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Cruzan Rum
	Heublein	30	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	
	Mr. Boston	25	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston Rum
BANANA COLADA	Cocktails for Two	25	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Cruzan Rum
BLACK RUSSIAN	Cocktails for Two	25	Bottle	200 ml.	1.09	Schenley Vodka, DuBouchett Coffee-Flavored Brandy
	Heublein	42	Bottle	¾ qt.	4.52	Smirnoff Vodka
	Kahlúa	70	Bottle	23 ozs.	6.50	Kahlúa Coffee Liqueur
	Mr. Boston	25	Bottle	½ pt.	.93	Mr. Boston Vodka

Note: The above chart is a representative sampling of premixed cocktails currently on the market; it does not list all premixed cocktails available nor attempt to be comprehensive. All prices are approximate and may vary depending on point of sale.

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TELLY LOVES YA!

(continued from page 120)

"'Celebrity is nonsense. Thank God I came into this butcher business late, with my head on straight.'"

with Pam. A girl shyly approaches him and says, "Nice to meet you," in halting Greek. "I don't know anything else," she adds unnecessarily.

"You spoke it like a native, baby," Telly assures her.

The stadium is, by Mexican standards, immense. There is a dog track running outside the horse track and the stands seat a good 20,000. Also, Agua Caliente must surely be the only race track in Western civilization that features a kiddies' playground on the infield.

Telly pulls out a sheaf of bills and begins the day's betting, telling Gus to lay a chunk on Dynasty Lane's nose in the second race. Before the horses reach the post, the five *señoritas* bring Telly his banner. "Ees pleasure," they say.

"I'm way ahead of you, baby," he says.

Mamakos leans over Telly's chair. "Hey, we've got to do the dedication of the room upstairs."

"Can you hang on a couple of minutes?" Telly asks.

Mamakos, noting Pam's momentary absence, twits him: "Waiting for your daughter to get back?"

Telly sighs. "I wish she *were* my daughter."

Pam returns and we push through the crowd to the dedication ceremony. Outside the room, a photographer yells, as Telly kisses an adoring Mexican girl, "He loves ya, baby!"

"You got that right," Telly cries happily.

The room has been remodeled as an authentic, old-fashioned betting parlor, right down to the chalk tote board. Telly the Greek is enchanted. The track director, Fernando Gonzalez, presents him with a medallion, a money clip and cuff links, all hammered by hand from Taxco silver. Telly, flushed, thanks him, then yells, "Hey, Pam, c'mere." She emerges from the hot press of the crowd like a pink epiphany and demurely clasps the chain about his sweaty neck.

Back in the Turf Club, Telly becomes reflective as he wins his third race in a row. "Look," he says, "I'm enjoying my money now, but I've always enjoyed it. Now it's just that there's a spotlight on me and more people enjoying it with me. Anyway, celebrity is nonsense. Thank God I came into this butcher business late, with my head on straight."

Among those enjoying his life and his money are three daughters by his first two marriages and a son from his days with actress Sally Adams. Does he feel like marrying again?

"All the time, friend, *all* the time. But right now, I'm movin' around. I live in Bel Air, New York, London . . . I follow the action, and you can interpret that any way you want. *Kojak*? It's good until ten minutes after I get bored with it. Now, you know, we're shooting it in L.A.—at least in the parts that look like New York. Plus, we've got enough leftover footage from shooting in New York to last us for years. Nobody's sadder about the show leaving New York, but financially, that's the way it's gotta be. But it's tough. I'm a New York guy. . . ."

No number of Giorgio blazers or jangling medallions could possibly disguise that blunt fact. He was born in Garden City, Long Island, of Greek immigrant parents. His father, a tobacco speculator, alternated from rags to riches to rags with disruptive regularity. Telly got himself shot up a bit in the war (he tends to be vague about his background in general and about the war in particular), later entered Columbia and graduated with honors in psychology. True. Love him or don't, Telly Savalas is no fool.

He started med school but became disillusioned with psychiatry (he now calls Freud "an intellectual gangster") and drifted, like Gus, into the State Department Information Service. He claims to have given that up because he rose through the ranks so swiftly that his colleagues determined to knife him. He became a director for ABC television news and special events, won a Peabody Award for developing the series *Your Voice of America*. Shortly thereafter, an agent asked Savalas to find someone who could play an Eastern European judge on television's *Armstrong Circle Theater*. He auditioned himself, "out of curiosity," and got the part. Burt Lancaster later spotted him and got him a role as a fellow convict in *Birdman of Alcatraz*. Telly was nominated for an Oscar and his reputation as the quintessential cinematic creep was established. But even as he played all those wackos and pervs and sados, he dreamed his Quasimodian dreams. "Forget the gorilla exterior," he told a reporter. "Inside is a sixteen-year-old Romeo."

"*'Boooard!*" cries the 50-odd-year-old Romeo as we leave the Turf Club and make our way down to the paddock. Mamakos, the last word in casual PR, pleasantly observes, "Notice how just about nothing that was predicted has actually happened? The *mariachi* band was supposed to stick with us throughout the day, but after the first couple of sets, they said it was siesta time and took off; said they'd be back around five or six. Hell, I told them, we'll be gone by then. They just smiled. *Mañana.*"

We endure the final ceremony, complete with the winning jockey and mount from the seventh race and garlands of flowers for Telly. He waves at the crowd with a lollipop in his mouth and they respond accordingly. "*¡Olé!* Tel-ly! *¡Olé!* Ko-yak!"

With that, we're off, sirens screaming again as the police run us smack into the Saturday-afternoon traffic returning to the U.S. But Mexican cops know their way around a log jam of California dreamers; they steer us into the empty incoming lanes and escort us to the head of a line. I get another flash from film memory: John Ireland, impoverished journalist, riding in unaccustomed style with the heavy hitters in *All the King's Men*. Newberg is saying to me, "Telly, he's really something. It's a bitch keeping up with him. He's on the go so much and runs so hard, and he only needs a couple hours' sleep. I'm always falling asleep in his production meetings."

We have about 45 minutes before our flight back to L.A., so we stop for drinks at a fern-draped Mexican restaurant and lounge overlooking San Diego Bay. The swift sailboats are lovely on the water in the lambent late-afternoon sunlight. A San Diego Chamber of Commerce fellow with us mentions that a prominent local sailor, Lowell North, was skippering one of the boats vying for the right to defend the America's Cup. Since I once covered the competition for *Time*, I present a brief, incoherent history of the cup.

Telly is fascinated. "We once whipped Sir Thomas Lipton, huh? Five times? Hey, that's something." Telly, you may have noted, is a rabid patriot.

He then asks Mamakos, "Hey, Mike, can I get a boat?"

"I don't see why not."

"Really," Telly insists. "I don't mean let's talk about it next week. I mean I want a boat *tomorrow*. I'm not a plan-ahead guy, like most people. What's happening is happening *now*."

"Sure, Telly, sure," says Mamakos.

Savalas chuckles and waves the bay away. "I don't want one of those puny little boats, either. I don't like little things." He lifts his jeroboam of margarita. "I like big houses, big cars, big boats, big broads. I'm that kind of guy. Want an island? I'll take Hawaii—all of it." He turns to me. "Am I right, Mark?"

I think on that. "Truth is, Telly," I reply at last, "I'd settle for Oahu."

Telly Savalas mumbles with delight. "See, dear?" he says as he runs his hand slowly, lovingly up Pam's pink-sheathed thigh. "That's the difference between people. Mark here, he's willing to settle for Oahu. Me, I want *Hawaii*."

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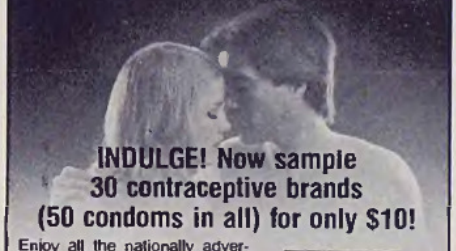

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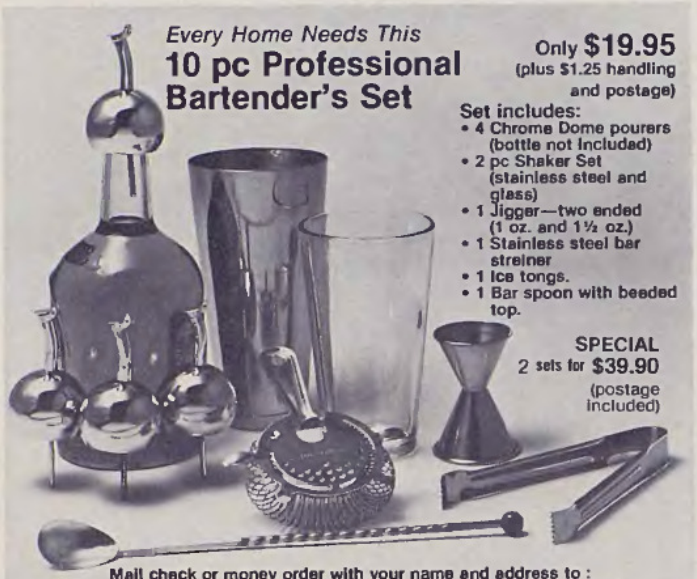

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(continued from page 176)

"Senator Kerr didn't confine himself to Capitol Hill in attempting to buy influential friends."

conflict-of-interest actions, Bob Kerr openly defended his pursuit of the almighty dollar whether to friend or to critic. "It happens that my personal interests coincide with those of Oklahoma," he liked to say. "It's a happy union and I don't apologize for it."

Where Lyndon Johnson never suggested even the straightest investment opportunity, Senator Kerr urged me to accumulate and to build the largest possible fortune. "Money is the most powerful substance known to man," he said. "A man who doesn't have money can't operate. Why, if I don't have at least $5000 on me as pocket change, I'm afraid that taxi drivers won't pick me up."

Senator Kerr didn't confine himself to Capitol Hill in attempting to buy influential friends. He once astonished Interior Secretary Stewart Udall by saying, "Mr. Secretary, you're from Arizona and you ought to be in the cattle business. I'd be happy to help you get started." Udall said, well, he didn't have the money to start a herd and, besides, he had about all he could handle attending to his job as a Cabinet member. "That's no problem," Senator Kerr airily said. "I'll sell you the brood stock to begin your own herd and you can have them on credit. Pay when it's handy." Udall declined the offer: He didn't own enough land to run a big herd. "Hell," Senator Kerr said, "let me keep your herd on *my* land. My ranch hands can look after 'em for you and sell off the beef when the time comes. It won't cost you a cent. You can claim your herd when you've got your own land—and I'll make you a loan to buy the land." Udall, who as Interior Secretary was the keeper of vast oil reserves, knew another potential Teapot Dome when he saw it, and so he mumbled his thanks and took his leave. Senator Kerr approached the matter another time or two before giving up on Udall.

I discovered in 1962 that if Senator Kerr bought some Senators, he was not above putting himself up for sale should the price be right.

President Kennedy had sent to the Senate a tax bill that would have taxed savings-and-loan companies at the rate the commercial banks were taxed on their profits; this would have amounted to about a five percent increase in taxes for those institutions. We are talking about $43,000,000. *Really* big money. Predictably, the savings-and-loan boys reacted as if they'd found a dead mouse in their soup kettle. Despite all the savings-and-loan people could do—and their members from all across the nation descended on Washington like a swarm of locusts in a lettuce field, buttonholing their Senators and Representatives in an effort to stop the bill—it went forward. The Senate Finance Committee favorably reported the tax bill out on July 10, 1962; the bill passed the full Senate on September sixth of that year. Since the House had passed a slightly different version, it became necessary for a conference committee, comprised of members of both legislative bodies, to iron out the differences and present a bill acceptable to both bodies.

"Why, you old silly—how would I know why she'd run off?"

What happened then is the story as I told it at my subsequent trial: I was approached by Glen Troop, chief lobbyist for the United States Savings and Loan League, who was an old friend, and he was having conniptions. "Bobby, that fucking bill will ruin us," he said. "We figure it will cost us a minimum of $43,000,000 *annually*. We just can't live with it. My ass is on the line. Help me."

"What can I do?" I asked.

"Give us some help with Senator Kerr," he said. "He's on the conference committee and he can kill or amend that bill."

I said, "Are you crazy? He's one of the sponsors of that bill. He's a commercial banker and he's not favorably disposed toward your people."

We were eating lunch in the Quorum Club and I paused over my steak to permit Troop to respond. He said, "Bobby, we'll do anything to kill that bill."

"Well," I said, "I'll have to go to Senator Kerr carrying a lot of ammunition. I can't just say, 'The poor savings-and-loan boys have stepped in deep shit and I'd appreciate your helping 'em out.' Frankly, I doubt there's much that can be done. Your arguments have been presented in committee and on the floor in both houses and you got your ass beat."

Troop urged me to have lunch with several of his clients, top guns of the nation's larger savings-and-loan companies. He set it up at the Statler-Hilton. Among those who attended were Kenneth Childs, representing the Home Savings and Loan Association, which had 23 branches and more than two billion dollars in assets; Howard Ahmanson, board chairman of the Home Savings and Loan Association; Stuart Davis, a director of Great Western Financial Corporation; Charles Wellman of the First Charter Financial Corporation; Glen Troop also was present. I did not feel they made a strong case, and so—a few days later, after having told them to come to me with more compelling arguments—I hosted a luncheon for the same executives in my Capitol Hill office. Again, they failed to overwhelm me with information. Ultimately, however—at Troop's urging and because he was my

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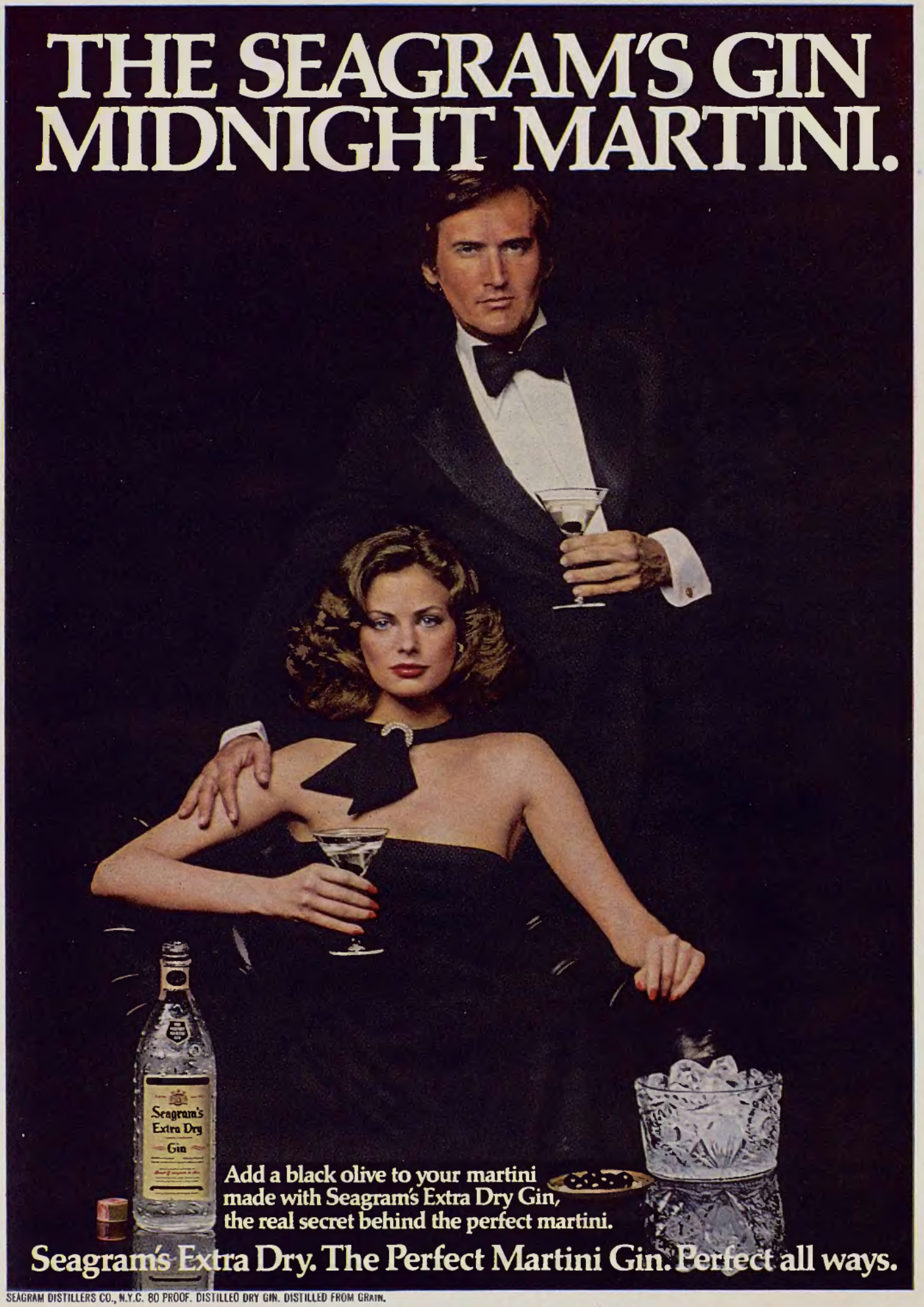

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good friend—I approached Senator Kerr and began to lay out their case.

Senator Kerr astonished me by cutting me off in midsentence. "My friend," he said, "I have no sympathy for those bastards. I'm a commercial banker and I feel strongly that they should pay equal taxes. But if you trust the people you're dealing with, tell them it will cost them $400,000 if I'm successful in their behalf."

I simply couldn't believe it. Couldn't find any words to say. While I knew that Senator Kerr worshiped money, I couldn't believe he'd reverse himself on a bill important to commercial bankers, himself included. Yet he was saying that for $400,000 he'd sell out his banker buddies.

"This won't be an easy job," he grumbled. "Jack Kennedy and Wilbur Mills are allied for the bill. I'll be fighting the entire power apparatus. And I'll need my money in cash."

When I found my voice, I said, "Senator, can you stop or amend the bill at this late date?"

He said shortly, "If I didn't think I could, I wouldn't make the proposition."

When I reported that conversation to Troop, the lobbyist dropped his mouth open and said, "*Jesus shit!*" Then he said, "Let me talk to my people and get back to you. I'm not at all sure we can raise that much money."

I secretly felt relieved and half hoped he could not raise it. I'd started feeling uneasy about my role in the scheme. Not that I permitted myself to think it through and say to myself, Baker, you're breaking the law. Don't do it. Don't get involved in a conspiracy. No, I pushed those thoughts away. But I did feel vaguely uneasy and had bad karma. Even though I'd seen a lot and had closed my eyes to a lot, that one felt different. How many times since have I wished I'd listened to those nervous ripples within myself!

Within hours, however, Troop called me back and said, "Tell your man he's got a deal."

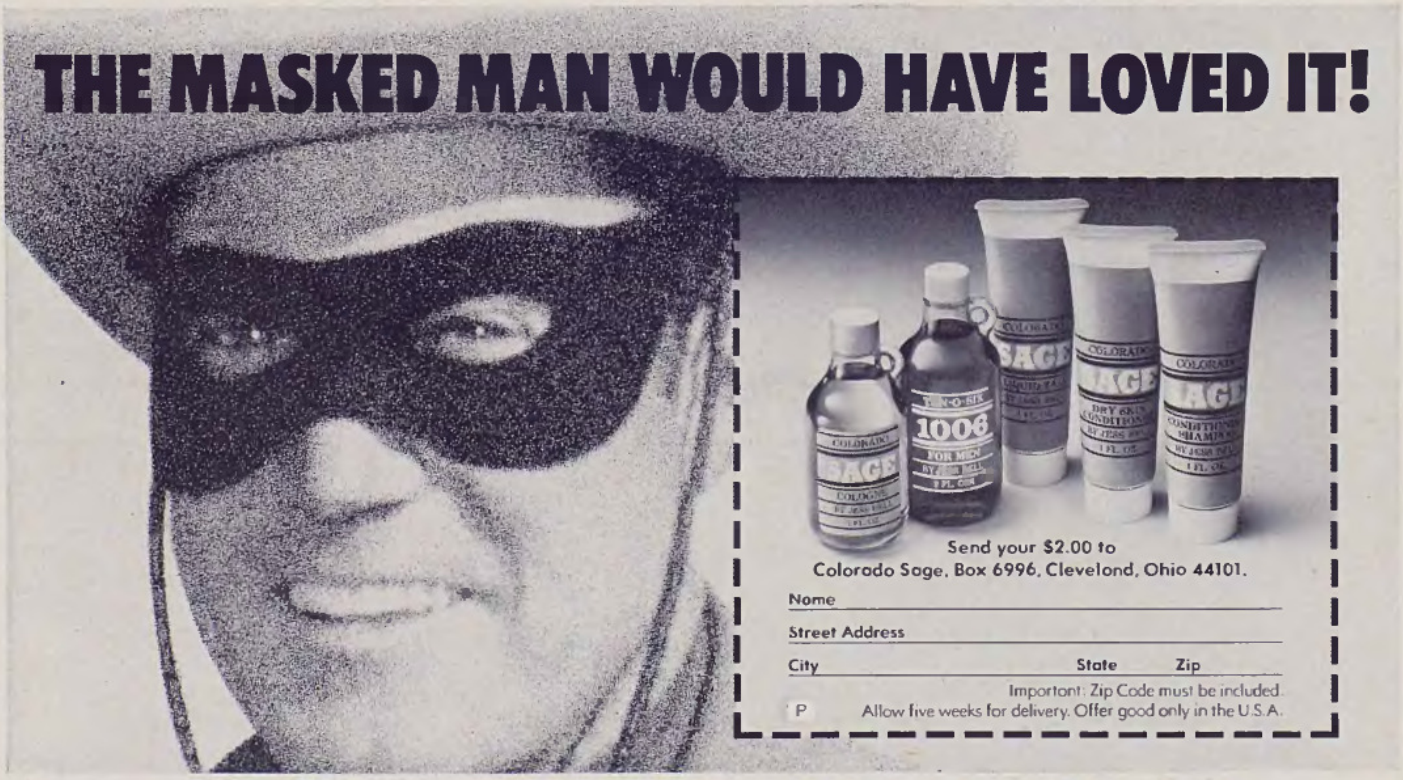
[*Kerr eventually received only partial payment, according to Baker's testimony. There was further testimony at the trial that both supported and contradicted Baker's account of the Kerr cash incident.*]

•

I grew closer each day to Lyndon Johnson. Soon I was one of the guests he often took to his Northwest Washington home, on 30th Place and across the street from J. Edgar Hoover's house, to share dinner on short notice. Poor Mrs. Johnson. Nightly, she telephoned the office, about 6:30 P.M., to urge her husband to come home for dinner and to rest. Most likely, he'd promise to be home in an hour. An hour later, she'd call and he'd ask for 30 minutes more. By ten o'clock, perhaps, he'd telephone to say, "We're on the way. And I'm bringing a few folks with me." He might take two or he might take five. Mrs. Johnson bore those invasions of guests, who'd already sampled the grape during late sessions in her husband's office, with patient grace; her cook, Zephyr Wright, often grumbled of late meals and of not being given an earlier and reliable head count. Perhaps after arriving home, full of talk and liquor, L.B.J. would want another Scotch and soda or two before going to the table. Once seated, however, he ate like a starved dog. I've seen him wolf down god-awful platters of the heavy Southern cooking he preferred; it's little wonder that he suffered massive heart attacks, the way he drove himself and given his habits of food, drink and cigarettes.

I enjoyed drinking with Johnson, and though we shared the cup many times, I judged him drunk on only four or five occasions. Indeed, he often lectured his employees, associates and, in particular, his only brother, Sam Houston Johnson, on the evils of drink.

In more private circumstances, in his office at night or in his house, Johnson was not so particular. Once, when we were celebrating one or another of his legislative victories, we got absolutely belly-crawling, grass-grabbing drunk. Leaving his Majority Leader's office in the Capitol,



I slipped on the marble floor and reflexively clutched at him as I went down; we ended in a tangled heap. "Goddamn, Bobby," L.B.J. said, "help me up before the damned Republicans see us."

Johnson had an eye for the ladies, though he was not as compulsive about it as John F. Kennedy. He loved to hear gossip of Kennedy's sexual escapades; I was in a position to keep him posted on numerous occasions. J.F.K. knew that I'd helled around in the company of ladies other than my wife, and, in fact, I made it possible for Kennedy himself to meet a couple of lovelies in whom he'd expressed pointed interest. Consequently, when President Kennedy occasionally summoned me to the White House to discuss pending legislation or some political problem, he frequently ended the sessions by amazingly frank recitations of a recent sexual adventure.

After one such meeting, I returned to my Capitol Hill office to be told that Vice-President Johnson, then presiding over Senate debate, had called three times; he urgently needed to see me the moment I arrived from the White House. I rushed to the Senate chamber. As soon as he spotted me, L.B.J. beckoned me forward. I could feel the eyes of press-gallery regulars, Senators and tourists in the visitors' gallery as I approached the presiding podium. Johnson intently leaned forward and whispered, "Is ol' Jack gettin' much pussy?" His eyes sparkled as I related the latest Kennedy tale, though he kept his face as carefully composed as though we were discussing the arms race with Russia.

(Once during J.F.K.'s Senate years, I had occasion to seek him out in the Senate restaurant. He was in the company of a mutual friend and lobbyist, Bill Thompson, and one of the prettiest women I had ever seen. I had no more than approached their table when Thompson said, "Bobby, look at this fine chick. She gives the best head in the United States." I could not believe my ears and didn't know whether to squat or go blind. I attempted to splutter out my message to Senator Kennedy and, at the same time, sneak glances at the beautiful, smiling lady who was being so highly advertised. J.F.K. saw my discomfort and laughed: "Relax, Bobby. She's from Paris and she doesn't understand a word of English. But what Bill's saying is absolutely right!")

It was an open secret among insiders that Lyndon Johnson for years carried on affairs with various Capitol Hill women. I also heard reports that he romanced at least one comely newswoman and the wife of a Congressman. Shortly after L.B.J. was elected Vice-President, he told President Kennedy that the Congressman in question must be appointed to a Federal job in a distant city because of widely circulated reports of L.B.J.'s cavorting with the Congressman's wife; that was done. L.B.J. himself never personally reported such incidents to me, however: I learned this from the Hill's active grapevine. He was much more closemouthed about his extramarital activities than was John F. Kennedy. Kennedy seemed to relish sharing the details of his conquests; although he was not without charm or wit in relating the clinical complexities, he came off as something of the boyish braggart. Those who have frequented beer-hall or locker-room sessions will know what I mean. Lyndon Johnson, prone to scatological references and extraordinarily proud of being well endowed, often joked of sex and endorsed it in general: He did not, however, volunteer his specific escapades. I made certain not to ask. For one thing, I didn't want him asking about mine.

There was a sensational flap during the "Baker scandal" hearings about a pretty German woman, Ellen Rometsch, whom I knew. A lot of people knew Ellen. Married to a German army sergeant stationed at an embassy, Ellen was a lady about town who sometimes frequented the Quorum Club. That was a private club, in the Carroll Arms Hotel on Capitol Hill, that I had helped found. Its membership was comprised of Senators, Congressmen, lobbyists, Hill staffers and other well-connecteds who wanted to enjoy their drinks, meals, poker games and shared secrets in private accommodations. All in all, it was about as sinister a place as a People's Drugstore. I'm not saying that nobody ever left the Quorum Club to share a bed with a temporary partner, or that certain schemes were not hatched there, but I could make the same statement of Duke Zeibert's, The Rotunda, the Palm or dozens of other Washington watering places where the elite meet. When I met my downfall, however, the media made much of a nude painting on the wall and of scarlet drapes. Mercy!

The fat was in the fire, of course, when the ever-bellicose Senator John J. Williams, an avid reader of Jack Anderson's column, learned there that I was an official of the Quorum Club and that Ellen Rometsch—who'd once had an affair with a Soviet-embassy attaché—had been seen in that club. Suddenly, Ellen Rometsch was the greatest threat to national security since Alger Hiss. Attorney General Robert Kennedy had her rush-deported to Germany in order to save the republic. What the newspapers did not say, possibly because I've never admitted it before—but which Robert F. Kennedy definitely knew—was that Ellen Rometsch had been one of the women Jack Kennedy had asked me to introduce him to. I accommodated him.

•

The presumption among politicians, reporters, the man in the street and those I did time with was that Lyndon Johnson helped me make considerable sums of money, that he somehow feathered my nest. Nothing could be more off target. L.B.J. simply was not a man to share. Not once did he offer me so much as an investment opportunity. But as to his own wealth, it was no accident that Austin, Texas, was for years the

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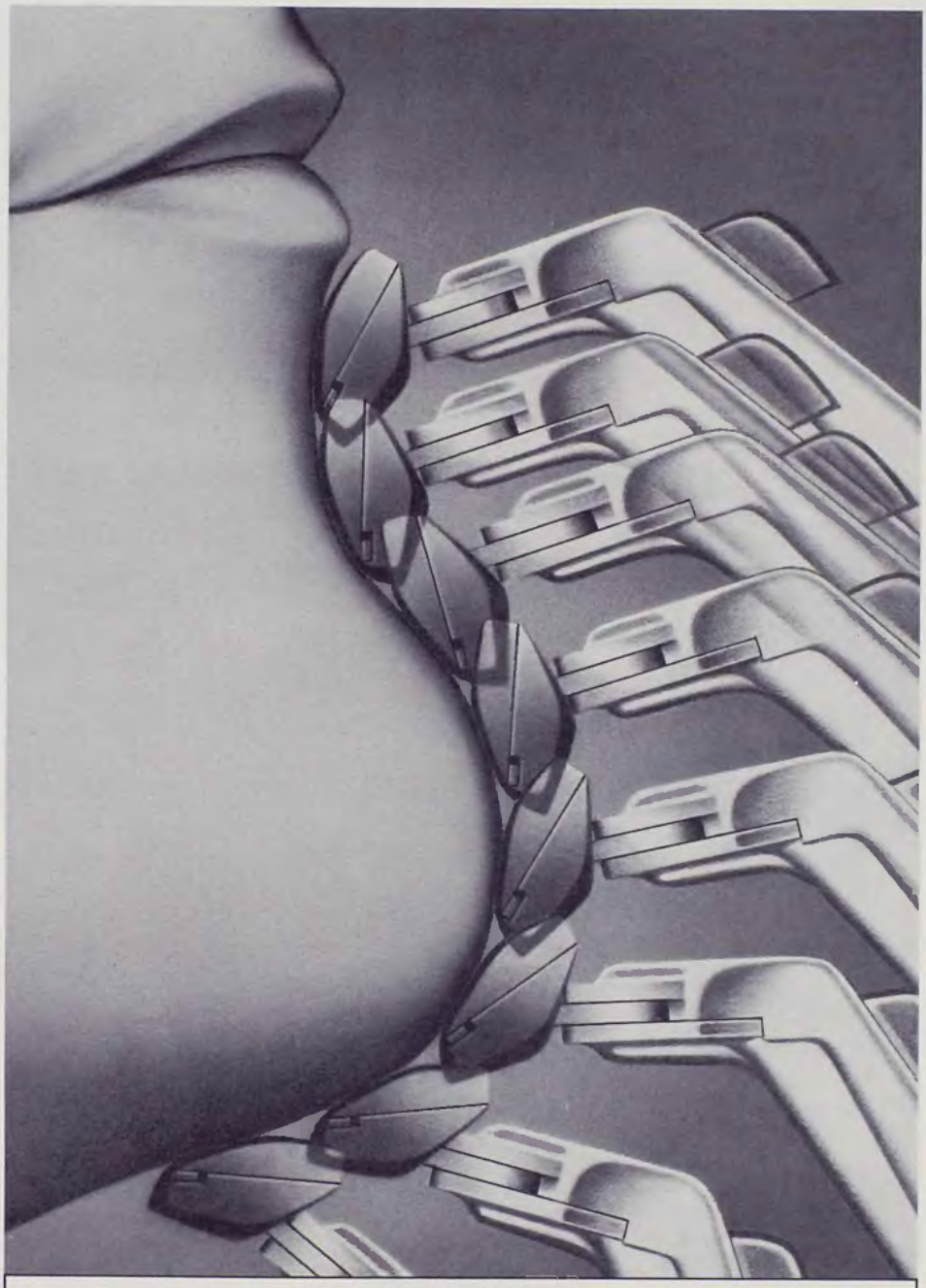

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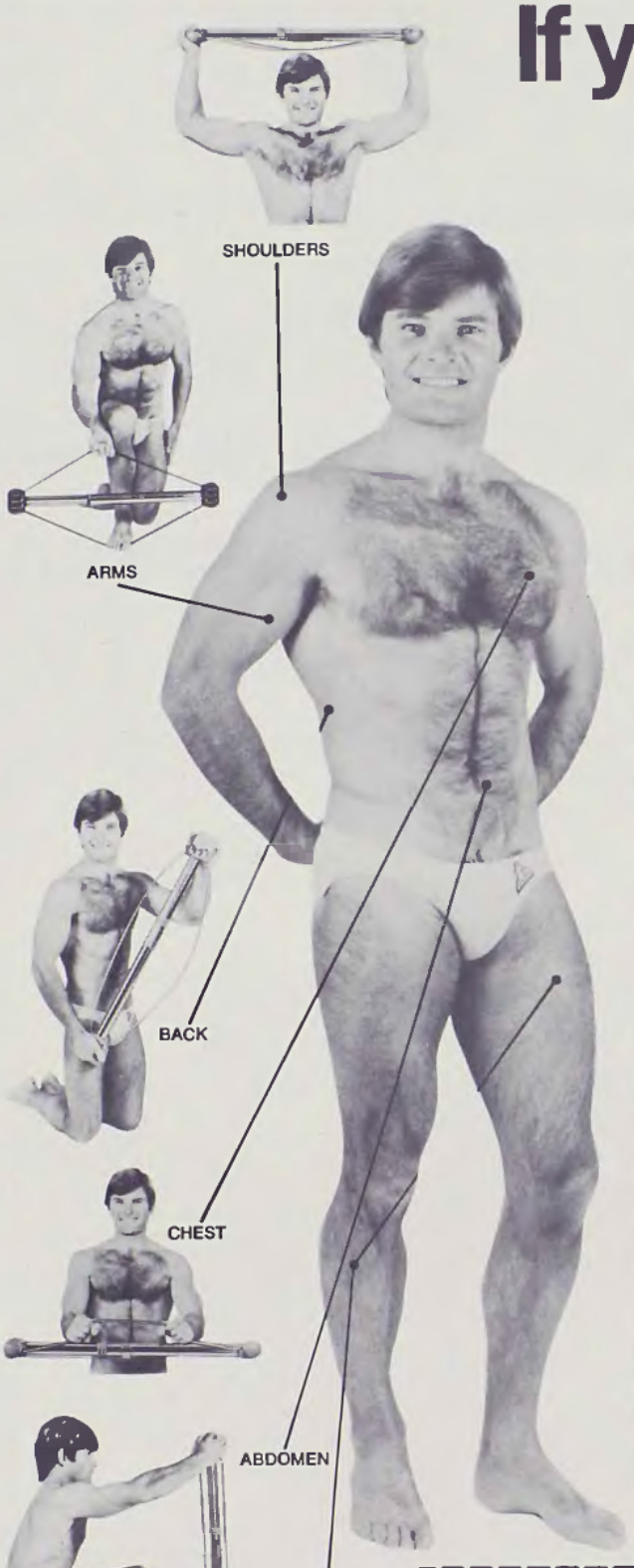

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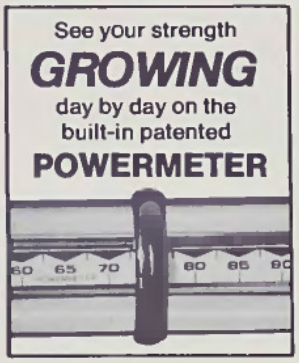

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only city of its size with only one television station. Johnson had friends in high places among those who controlled the broadcast industry. George Smathers was his man in the Senate. Bob Bartley, a member of the Federal Communications Commission, just happened to be a nephew of L.B.J.'s patron, Speaker Sam Rayburn. You can bet that others in the regulatory agencies, including those who granted broadcast licenses, were aware of those friendly connections and of Johnson's great power. L.B.J. demanded, and received, the opportunity to pick and choose programs for his monopoly station from among those offered by all three of the major networks. No other television station in America had such a unique and cozy arrangement.

Once, in the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, where we had gone to attend a Bonds for Israel rally, I witnessed Lyndon Johnson twist the arm of an NBC network executive in order that L.B.J. might line his pockets. Senator Johnson told the network man that he wanted his station paid national advertising rates for the network commercials it carried. "But, Senator," he was told, "your market isn't big enough down there. The local affiliate is paid according to its share of the audience. Yours just isn't large enough to qualify."

"I say it is," Johnson retorted. "I know how you fellows work—you can do anything you want to. Well, *want* to!" The network officials thought it over and decided they wanted to.

Johnson often received credit for generous acts when they had been accomplished by the use of other people's money. He ordered me, in my role as treasurer of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, to pay for all airline tickets and $100 Stetson hats he urged upon notables visiting his Texas ranch. Those who received those gifts had no way of knowing they were paid for from the committee's pot, which legally belonged to all Democratic Senators, and was not L.B.J.'s to spend on his personal whims. Johnson several times complained to Keith Linden of Harvey Aluminum that the ballpoint "L.B.J. pens" he gave away as souvenirs were excessively expensive. When Linden failed to take the hint, the Senator bluntly told him, "Keith, now, you aluminum folks have mastered the mass-production technique and I want you to find a way to produce those ballpoint pens for me at a reasonable cost." Linden came through, though possibly at a loss to his company, and Johnson literally gave away hundreds of thousands of the pens. Of course, they prominently advertised his name and his office. He had no compunctions against using his corporate airplane for political or self-promoting purposes and might have been puzzled had anyone called him to account for it. Like many public men grown accustomed to the trappings of high office, he accepted without question his right to do as he pleased. And, like many public men, he reached that point where he no longer could distinguish between Lyndon Johnson the private citizen and Lyndon Johnson the political czar. If you play a role long enough, you become the role itself.

There is a mistaken impression that I was Lyndon Johnson's chief fund raiser. Not that I didn't raise some funds for him; his primary money men, however, were John Connally and George R. Brown of Brown & Root Construction Company. ("Sweet George R. Brown," Johnson staffers used to sing in their private recreations.) Those men, and Walter Jenkins, knew far more about the sources of L.B.J.'s political money than I ever did.

Sometimes, however, I was pressed into service. At the conclusion of the 1960 Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles, L.B.J. wore a sad hound-dog's look as he said, "Bobby, we're broke and we owe $39,000 for a hotel bill out here. I don't know where in hell to get it. All I know is we've gotta have it today. See what you can do." Wonderful! Here I am, exhausted from the fratricidal wars over L.B.J.'s selection as Vice-President on the Kennedy ticket, wanting nothing but a hot bath and a week of sleep, and I've got to find $39,000 blowing around on the ground.

I went to Bart Lytton, president of Lytton Savings and Loan, with the sad tale. He required persuading. "I don't have that much available," he said. "Even if I did, I wouldn't want it on record that I'd given it."

I assured Lytton that he'd be protected and stressed the benefits of incurring L.B.J.'s good will. "On the other hand," I said, "he can be a miserable prick if he feels someone has let him down." Bart groaned but motioned me into a public men's room nearby.

Lytton and I furtively entered a common stall in the men's room, like a couple of fags, where he gave me two $10,000 personal checks made out to cash. I delivered them to L.B.J., who took one look and said, "Hell, Bobby, this is just a little over half of it!"

I said, "Yes, and you can let someone else get the rest of it, someone who knows more rich folks than I do."

Shortly after the 1960 campaign began, Walter Jenkins called me one day to go to New York to pick up $25,000 contributed by Harold Geneen of I.T.&T.; this was the same Harold Geneen who later came under fire after one of his lobbyists, Dita Beard, wrote an injudicious memo saying that Nixon's original Attorney General, John Mitchell, had agreed to put the fix in for I.T.&T. in an antitrust case. I did not see Geneen personally but was handed the cash by a nervous functionary who

"It really turns my wife on—pretending I'm a door-to-door salesman!"

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"IN 1972 A LEGEND LIT MY GRENADIER."

If I was nervous it was understandable. After all, this was my first all-star game. And there I was in the National League locker room suiting up with half of baseball's superstars, too nervous to even light my cigar.

But the excitement really started out on the field. 53,000 Atlanta fans let out a roar of welcome that made my ears ring. You see, it was their first all-star game, too.

Then as each all-star was introduced, the crowd's cheers grew louder.

I didn't think a crowd could make any more noise. Not until the legends on our team were introduced. For our center fielder, one of baseball's all-time greats, the fans shouted and cheered until I was sure the place was going to fall down. For our right fielder, who played for Atlanta, and at that time was getting close to breaking the all-time home run record, the roar was twice as loud and twice as long. And he got the same tumultuous ovation in the sixth inning when he hit a two-run homer.

I went to the mound in the eighth with the score tied three-all. I allowed no runs, one hit, and struck out four. In the tenth inning our small, but mighty, second baseman singled home the winning run, making me the winning pitcher in my first all-star game. You know, I was thrilled to be an all-star. And more thrilled to be the winning pitcher. But the biggest thrill was when one of the legends patted me on the shoulder and said, "Nice game, Tug," and lit a match for me to light my Grenadier.

What a beautiful feeling. What a beautiful smoke.

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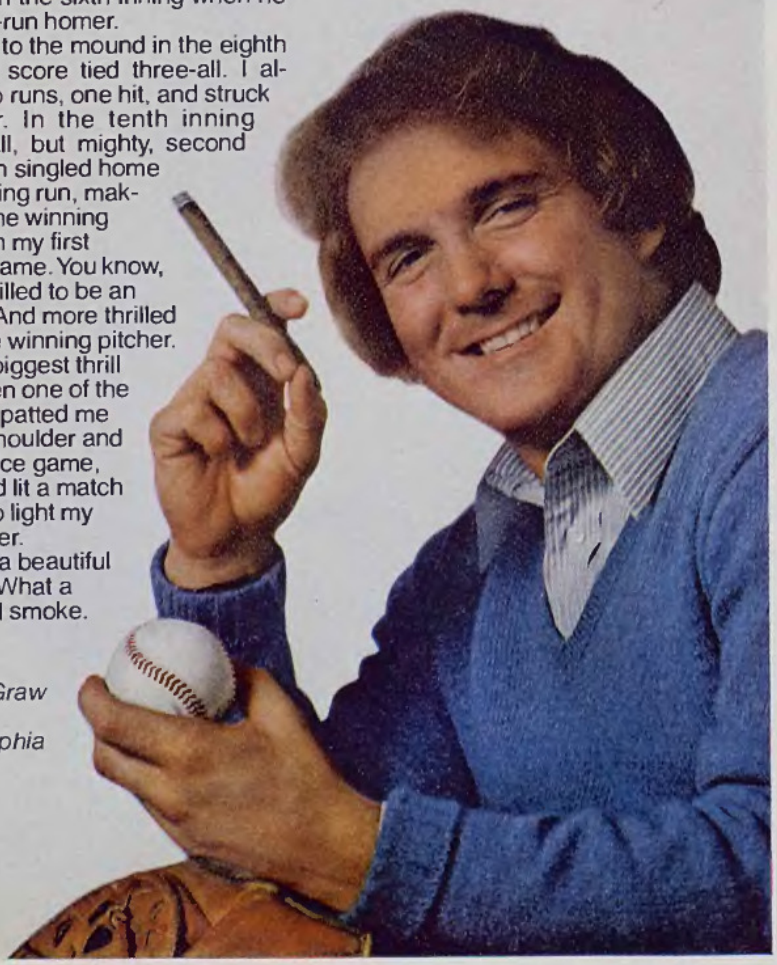

Tug McGraw
Pitcher
Philadelphia Phillies

spoke in hushed tones and seemed eager to witness my departure.

Later, after my troubles surfaced, one of ten I.T.&T. executives who'd been pressured to "donate" toward the $25,000 kitty—to circumvent the law forbidding corporations from making political contributions—complained to Senator Williams of Delaware, who tried to make a big deal of my courier's role. Washington's politicians, attempting to protect L.B.J. and J.F.K.—and who, perhaps, wanted to protect themselves in similar cases—glossed over the affair and nothing much came of it.

•

Often the merits or demerits of a bill have little or nothing to do with whether or not it becomes law. If certain people in power reach a private trade or accommodation, then it likely will become law. If not, then it may not.

John F. Kennedy might not have gotten his nuclear-arms-limitation treaty with Russia had it not been for the alleged indiscretions of an Eisenhower White House staffer whom we shall call Joe Jones. My old friend, the late Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois, told the story to me and to my physician, Dr. Joe Bailey. It happened this way:

Attorney General Robert Kennedy and other Democrats took office loaded for bear. One of the scores they had to settle was that President Eisenhower's Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, had sent Matthew Connelly and T. Lamar Caudle of the Truman Administration to prison—for alleged irregularities in public office. The Kennedy crowd was determined to find similar punishable instances of official malfeasance among Ike's old confidants. President Eisenhower, in retirement, got wind of this, and particularly that a Federal grand jury in Philadelphia was on the verge of indicting his aide, Jones, whose wife was very close to Mamie Eisenhower. Mrs. Eisenhower reported her fear that Jones might commit suicide and asked Ike to intervene with President Kennedy.

Ike called Senator Dirksen and said, "Ev, I'm embarrassed to ask you this favor, but I understand a grand jury has voted, or is about to vote, to indict Jones for income-tax evasion and he's simply in a terrible state. You and I know, Ev, that if the Government is determined to find irregularities in anyone's tax returns, then irregularities may be found almost every time."

"Mr. President," Dirksen said, "what can I do?"

"I need your good offices," Ike said. "I don't really know John Kennedy. I've met with him only twice in my life. Ev, I was President for eight years and I think I have the respect of the American people and I want to retain it. I believe the day will come when President Kennedy will need the public assistance of a former President whose

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name has prestige and who's beyond partisan arrows. I'd like you to ask President Kennedy, as a personal favor to me, to put the Jones indictment in the deepfreeze. You have the authority to advise him he'll have a blank check in my bank if he will grant me this favor."

According to Dirksen, he called the White House and met at 5:30 P.M. that same day with President Kennedy. After they'd had a drink, he said, "Mr. President, I would like for you to surrender your title for a few minutes and join me for a stroll in the Rose Garden to discuss a very personal and private matter. It simply must be two friends—Jack and Ev—talking on a personal basis."

The two men went into the Rose Garden, where Senator Dirksen relayed Ike's message. J.F.K. said he had no knowledge of the matter but volunteered to return to the Oval Office and telephone the Attorney General, his brother Bobby. R.F.K. affirmed that the Jones indictment was to be announced at a press conference in Philadelphia the next day. "Cancel it and do it now," Senator Dirksen quoted President Kennedy. "Don't sign the indictment. Place it in the deepfreeze."

Robert Kennedy is said to have responded, "This will destroy us politically, to grant a special favor to a tax evader."

Evidently, they had a hot exchange that culminated in J.F.K.'s saying, "I'm President. If you can't comply with my request, your resignation will be accepted."

Within a few weeks, the Kennedy Administration had been beaten decisively in Congress on a number of issues. The nuclear-arms-limitation treaty was before the Senate and needed to be ratified by a two-thirds majority. J. Edgar Hoover and other conservatives were leaking information that the Russians would destroy us in time should the treaty be ratified. My head count showed that we could get a simple majority—but would fall short of the necessary two thirds. After Senator Dirksen made an eloquent speech against the treaty, I telephoned President Kennedy and told him all was lost. "Maybe not," he said.

Those cryptic words later caused me to check with Senator Dirksen to see what had happened. It was then he told me of the Jones story and concluded, "President Kennedy called me to the White House and said, 'Ev, I must write a check on you and Ike. This atomic treaty is important to me and to the country and, I think, to all mankind. It's imperative that it be approved. Ike said I had coin in his bank, and you say I have coin in yours.'

"I told the President," Senator Dirksen said, "that, yes, we owed him one. He then said, 'Ev, I want you to reverse yourself and come out for the treaty

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The sleekness of the S-type is not merely cosmetic. It was achieved through exhaustive wind tunnel tests. Its purpose: to give the XJ-S even greater stability at speed.

And the silence of Jaguar's S-type is golden. It is the result of great care and craftsmanship: thick rugs on the floor, rich Connolly leather seats, thermostatically-controlled heat and air conditioning, AM/FM stereo radio and tape system and so many other thoughtful and luxurious touches that there are no factory options available whatsoever.

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Strong. Sleek. Silent. The Jaguar S-type.

before the Senate votes. We'll call it square on that other matter.' "

Dirksen said, "Mr. President, you're a hell of a horse trader. But I'll honor my commitment and I'm sure that General Eisenhower will." Both men came out for the bill, and that's how J.F.K. got his nuclear-arms-limitation treaty.

•

I was the man to whom people came when they wanted to cut a big deal and I was the man who went to my powerful superiors to relay the offers. I recall when a man who'd been in Princeton with John F. Kennedy (J.F.K. spent a semester there before transferring to Harvard) approached me with a flat $1,000,000 offer if he might be named Ambassador to England, France, Italy, Germany or Spain. This was during the 1960 campaign; I arranged to see Jack Kennedy at his apartment in the Waldorf Towers in New York. After exchanging pleasantries with Mrs. Jackie Kennedy, I told the Democratic nominee that I needed to confer with him. He led me into the kitchen unit of the Waldorf apartment and peeled an orange while I named the New York socialite who'd made the offer and related what he required for his money.

Senator Kennedy, talking low so as to save his voice for the campaign stump—and possibly so that his wife might not hear—said, "Bobby, you were right in coming straight to me rather than to go through intermediaries. But first, Bobby, that guy's simply a prick. Second, we could all go to jail should this go any further; it's illegal as hell to sell ambassadorships. As much as we need the money, there's no way we can do it. That prick would be the first one to tell." The Senator did not lecture me on the impropriety of having approached him with an illegal offer; nor did he pick up the telephone to alert the Justice Department. He treated it as an offer he found expedient and prudent to refuse, and there was no moralizing.

•

There can be no doubt that Lyndon Johnson deeply despised Bobby Kennedy, and vice versa. They simply had terrible chemistry between them. But for L.B.J., however, Kennedy might never have been confirmed as his brother's Attorney General. That is something I know for sure. I saw it happen.

Many Senators had serious reservations about Bobby Kennedy's confirmation. Lyndon Johnson was one of those. He saw it as his duty, however, to assist President Kennedy where he could and he knew that opposition to Bobby's confirmation would grow unless it could be nipped in the bud. "I don't like the little son of a bitch and I never will," Johnson gloomed as we shared a drink in his office after work. "But I think any President has the right to choose his own people, even if they happen to be kin to him. I've got a brother. Sam Houston. He drinks too much, but before the booze got 'im, he performed many valuable services for me.

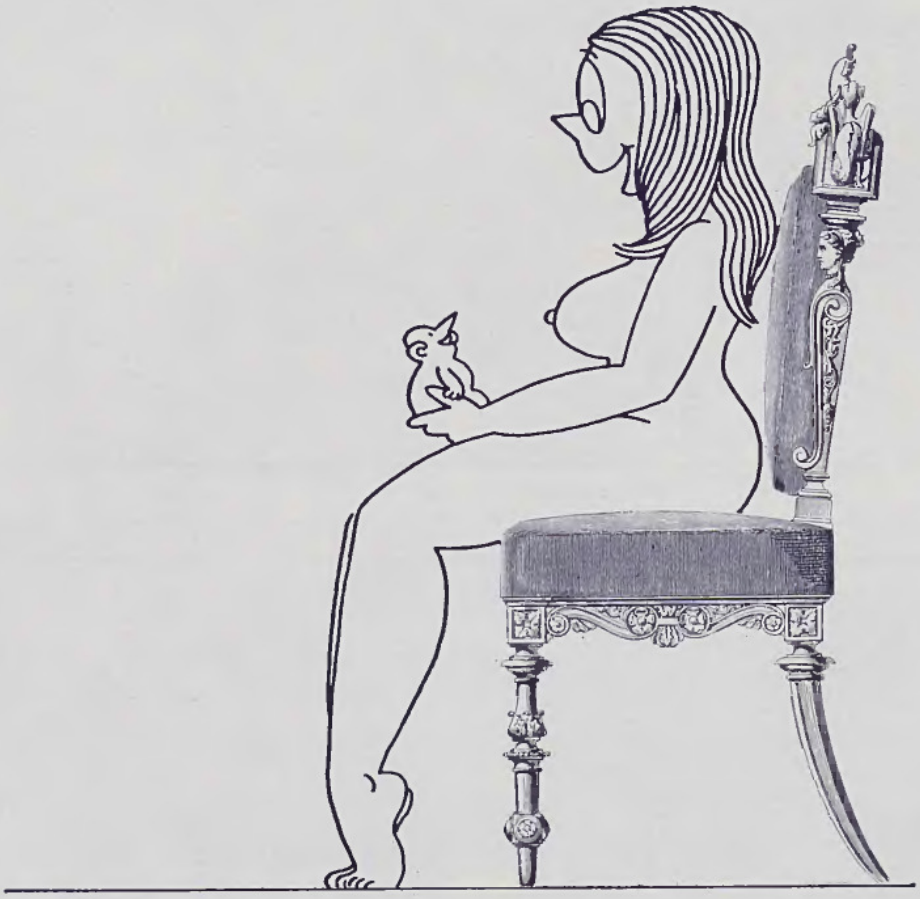
"Unless there's overwhelming evidence for cause against a President's nominee, the Senate ought to confirm him. Otherwise, you can tie a President's hands and take away the tools he needs. It's a different matter if some ol' boy hasn't got sense enough to pour piss out of a boot, but I don't think you can say that about Bobby Kennedy. He may be a snot-nose, but he's bright."

"I don't know Bobby Kennedy real well," I said, "but I've got no reason to doubt his competency."

"Well," Lyndon Johnson said, "Dick Russell is absolutely shittin' a squealin' worm. He thinks it's a disgrace for a kid who's never practiced law to be appointed as the highest lawyer in the land. Personally, I agree with him. Russell and a lot of others fear that the Justice Department might become too politicized with the President's brother heading it. They might have a point. But I don't think Jack Kennedy's gonna let a little fart like Bobby lead him around by the nose. If I learned anything in the last year, it's that Jack Kennedy's a lot tougher, and maybe a lot smarter, than I thought he was."

As I mixed our second round of drinks, Johnson said, "Jack's asked me to tone down the Dixiecrats and I need you to help me. We've got to make a real crusade out of this, because it's the first thing he's asked me to do and it's very personal with him. You know, he wasn't any too hot about appointing Bobby, but old Joe Kennedy just insisted on it." Johnson sampled his drink and then said, sarcastically, "Well, since the old bastard bought the office, I guess he's got a right to get his money's worth." Although L.B.J. grew to sincerely like Jack Kennedy, and to admire him in many ways, his bitterness at having lost to him—and at having lost his Senate power—occasionally spilled over.

"I want you to lead all our Southern friends in here by their yingyangs," Johnson said, "and let me work on 'em. We've got to smooth Dick Russell's



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HE SAID WITH A SMILE,
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feathers, and kiss ol' Jim Eastland's ass, and mute Strom Thurmond's brayin'. I'm gonna put it on the line and tell 'em it's a matter of my personal survival."

Which is exactly what he did. "Now, look," he'd say, standing nose to nose with recalcitrant Senators, kneading their lapels, "Jack Kennedy's put this thing square on my head. It's the first job he's given me, the first test he's put me to, and if I have to go back and say, 'Mr. President, I'm sorry, but I can't persuade my friends to confirm your brother,' why, shit, I'm ruined before I get started. You think he's gonna trust me with anything else, huh? Now, there's gonna come a time when *you*"—and here L.B.J. might poke his target in the chest—"come to me and ask me to get the Administration to build you a dam or appoint you a judge or somethin'. And if I don't have any influence with my President, because *you* wouldn't help me confirm his brother, where's that gonna leave us, huh? You think Jack Kennedy's likely to break his back tryin' to help us, huh?"

With some Senators, L.B.J. made Bobby Kennedy's youth and lack of experience appear to be assets: "Now, I don't think anybody's gonna shove Jack Kennedy around. I thought *I* could"—a wry grin—"and I bear the scars of battle because of it. You think he's gonna let his little brother take him over? Why, don't you know Bobby Kennedy won't get to go to the bathroom unless Jack Kennedy feels like takin' a pee? But if Bobby's rejected and some tough old lawyer who wants to impress the President gets the job, we could have ten times more trouble out of him than we'd have with a baby brother!"

To oil-state Senators, he would confide, "During the campaign, Jack Kennedy told me, 'Lyndon, my father's made a big fortune and I believe that of the $10,000,000 in my trust fund, about $1,000,000 is invested in oil. I can assure you that I'm not going to preside over the destruction of my own fortune and you can tell your oil friends this. As long as I'm President, nothing is going to happen to the oil-depletion allowance.' " Then he would say, "Jack Kennedy's gonna take care of you. Now, how about helpin' me take care of him?"

Lyndon Johnson particularly leaned on Dick Russell with his argument that if he failed to achieve the confirmation of Bobby Kennedy, he would be ruined "before I get started." It was this reasoning, I'm certain, that caused Senator Russell to grumpily agree not to make a fight. As Johnson saw Senator Russell waver, he applied the clincher: "He's gonna be confirmed. It can be by a big margin and everybody can feel good, or it can be close and embarrass everybody. Now, what good will it do me if

(continued on page 254)

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Victor A. Lownes

Victor A. Lownes, President
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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

DOING IT FOR PEANUTS

Ever since Jimmy Carter was elected President, peanuts have come out of their shells and gone into everything from soup to nut-shaped sofas. One of the latter, pictured above, is what ModernAge Inc., 7000 W. Cermak Road, Berwyn, Illinois 60402, calls The Peanut Tête-à-Tête, an 89-inch-long variation of the classic love seat on which two people can share an evening of doing whatever comes naturally. The price: $978, plus freight. The lowly goober never had it so good.

BORSCHT AND *BRATWURST*

This July 19 to August 6, New York State's Catskill Mountains (breeding ground of Borscht Belt comics) will once again be the site of the sixth annual German Alps Festival, an Oktoberfest-type event featuring three imported oompah bands, enough ethnic foodstuffs to feed an army, a blitzkrieg of merchandise and a beer-hall tent stocked with over 100 brews—all this plus dancers, art shows and more. For a free color brochure, write to the German Alps Festival, Main Street, Hunter, New York 12442. Buddy Hackett will not appear.

MAKING CRIME PAY

If you'd like something a bit offbeat to put on your coffee table next to PLAYBOY, try subscribing to *Spring 3100*, the slick official magazine of the New York Police Department that's published by the men in blue out of 51 Chambers Street, New York, N.Y. 10007. Five bucks will get you six bimonthly issues stuffed with departmental news, most-wanted pictures, etc. And each April, there's a hilarious lampoon issue that proves cops do know how to laugh. Ha!

BIRD WATCHING

A Bird in the Hand Is Worth a Thousand Words is the motto of Chi, Inc., a hip company at P.O. Box 636, Cupertino, California 95014, that's selling six different rubber stamps (at $5.50 each, postpaid) for rigid-digit replies to whatever bugs you. Besides the MEMO one, you can also order IN REPLY TO YOUR DEMAND, REQUEST, INQUIRY, CRITICISM and PAID UNDER PROTEST. We've flipped for them.

SKIN TRADE

We don't know if the old saying that "a sailor's not a sailor until he's been tattooed" was coined by a company called Spaulding & Rogers, Route 85, New Scotland Road, Voorheesville, New York 12186, but we do know that that company is the mother lode of tattooing designs and equipment. Three dollars will get you its latest catalog, which lists everything a self-illustrator could desire: skulls, devil dogs, naughty ladies, dragons and even a heart that says MOM.

POMPEII AND CIRCUMSTANCE

A few years ago, we visited Pompeii and had to bribe a guard to see some hot stuff. Today, over 300 rare and beautiful relics of Pompeii—the most comprehensive display ever seen outside Italy—are coming to America, thanks to grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities and Xerox Corporation. *Pompeii AD79* will visit Boston, Chicago and other cities during the coming year. At its previous stop, Denmark, it broke all attendance records—and you know how jaded the Danes are.

WHAT A CATCH!

Anglers who have got it and *really* want to flaunt it can sink $950 into the Rolls-Royce of bamboo fishing poles—a Citation Rod manufactured by Weir & Son, P.O. Box 1518, Los Gatos, California 95030. The rod, which is made of pre-embargo (1930) cane, also features gold-plated fittings, a hand-rubbed ebony reel seat and a mahogany or walnut velvet-lined 36" x 4" x 2" carrying case that comes complete with a silver plaque inlaid in the cover for an owner's initials. And you can fish with it.

BEWARE OF THE BLOB

Avant farmers have been using this stuff for years, but for all you city slickers who have never heard of it, Edmund Scientific, 7782 Edscorp Building, Barrington, New Jersey 08007, is selling a product called Super Foam for only $10.95 for two 16-ounce cans. All you do is combine equal portions of both cans, stir for about 25 seconds and watch Super Foam grow; the two cans will make about one cubic foot of hardened foam, which you can chip, chisel, etc. Let your imagination grow!

FIDDLE FADDLE

Military antiquities and Western Americana are the specialties of Fiddler's Green, a store located at 3318 N. First Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719. The handmade 19-inch-tall M-1884 Enlisted Man's Cavalry Boots, at left, are just $92, postpaid, the M-1884 Campaign Hat is $27 (plus $10 for an officer's-hat cord) and the M-1885 Prairie Belt goes for $19.50. Fiddler's has just published a catalog, available for one dollar, that lists its complete line of stuff. Turn green, guys. The model's not part of Fiddler's inventory.

WHEELING AND DEALING

(continued from page 250)

"Rebozo nodded and said with a half-smile, 'Good! Would you like to help our President?'"

Dick Russell—*the best friend I've got in the whole world*—gets up and snorts and fusses and embarrasses me and the President and the President's brother and his momma and daddy?"

•

It's easy, now, to say that Bobby Baker—or anyone else—should have known better; that there is no free lunch, that the piper must always be paid for his tune. But that's in retrospect: after the fact, postprison, post-Watergate. But when you are young and hungry, and you see Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Senators and Cabinet members living the good life free of the normal restraints—riding high and mighty and receiving public adulation despite their private sins or errors—and when those same powerful men are blowing smoke up your ass and inviting you to join the feast, well, you are likely to sit down at the table and not worry about the eventual tab or think that you are the likely one to pay it.

Shortly after my release in 1972, the Nixon Administration was continuing in its public pronouncements to treat the Watergate case as "a third-rate burglary," though the world now knows that frantic efforts were going on behind the scenes to limit the investigation, to stonewall it and to cover up. Despite the early diggings of Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward of *The Washington Post*, and the complaints of Senator George McGovern and other Democrats, the public was paying only scant or perfunctory attention. About the time that Republicans were convening to renominate the Nixon-Agnew ticket—which would put the time at August of 1972—I received alarming news from an attorney who was a fellow graduate of American University Law School. He had been accused of having given illegal advice in connection with a securities fraud case. My fellow grad's attorney, Benton Becker—later President Ford's lawyer and the one who would work out the agreement pardoning Richard Nixon—had prepared a memorandum for my friend, the guts of which was that the Government would not be interested in plea bargaining with him unless he could provide crucial evidence to convict Bobby Baker or some other prominent Democrat.

"Convict me of what?" I asked him.

"Anything," he said. "Tax evasion or securities fraud or whatever."

Some time later, I was taking the holiday air at my old haunt, the Carousel Motel in Ocean City, over the Labor Day weekend in 1972, and had just returned from a walk along the beach, when the switchboard operator told me that she had an urgent telephone message for me. The message slip instructed me to immediately call a Mr. Gregory in Key Biscayne, Florida. Staring at the unfamiliar name awhile, I had a hunch. I then called the Miami operator and found that the phone number "Mr. Gregory" had left was that of the Key Biscayne Bank & Trust Company. Since I knew no one there except Bebe Rebozo, whom I had met in the past, I knew he had to be Mr. Gregory.

I went to a safer phone than I thought my Carousel room might provide and called the Key Biscayne number. Although it was a Sunday afternoon, Bebe Rebozo's secretary answered. I told her to tell him that "Bill Thompson" was calling. Bebe came on the line and said, "We need to talk about a business venture and I'd like you to fly here immediately. If you can arrange to get here late tonight, we can meet for breakfast. I'll have you on your way by noon." He said he would make reservations for me at the Key Biscayne Hotel in Key Biscayne and would see me there at seven o'clock the following morning.

We had breakfast in my suite. As soon as he entered, Bebe pressed one finger against his lips—until he'd turned the television set on to a high-decibel level. We sat close together. Bebe Rebozo said, "Bobby, I know you're a Democrat, but how do you feel about Senator McGovern?"

I said, "I think he's a decent man, but he's not my cup of tea. I think the nut liberals have captured him and I'm afraid of some of their wild schemes. I don't think he'd be good for the country."

Rebozo nodded. He tapped me on the knee and said with a half-smile, "Good! Would you like to help our President?"

I gave careful thought to my response and then said, "Well, I'm not real sure how I'd go about it. I'm not the most popular man in America, you know."

"What do you know on Larry O'Brien?" Bebe Rebozo blurted.

I said, "Bebe, I don't really know anything on him. I don't like the bastard and I know enough about politics to figure he might be vulnerable in the campaign-contribution category, but I couldn't prove a thing."

"Try," he said.

"I just don't have the goods," I said. "Honest. I was never close to the man; we never operated in the same ball park, even though we were on the same team."

"What Democrat can you give us? They're trying to kill us with this Watergate fiasco. We gotta fight back."

What Democrat can you give us? If I'd had any doubts that my new harassments were tied to Republican fears of a Watergate explosion, they flew off on wings.

"Have you heard anything about what really happened at Chappaquiddick? Did O'Brien play a big role in that?"

"Bebe," I said, "I was out of fashion among Democrats *long* before Chappaquiddick. Except for Jack Kennedy himself, I was never even reasonably close to the Kennedy people. I'm afraid I just can't help you."

Rebozo said, "Well, keep your ears open. Think about it."

Almost immediately after returning to Washington, I had another message from

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Mr. Gregory. It asked that I call him at an unfamiliar number in Key Biscayne. I did that from a pay telephone and was instructed to call President Nixon's personal attorney, Herb Kalmbach of Newport Beach, California, who then was staying at the Regency Hotel in New York. "Call as Bill Thompson," Rebozo instructed. "Use a safe telephone."

Once I'd reached Kalmbach, he asked me to meet him the next day in the main lobby of the Waldorf Astoria. "There's a big clock there," he said, "or I think it's a clock. It's a round ornament embedded in the tiles in the center of the lobby. There are divanlike seats on all sides of it. Sit facing the Lexington Avenue entrance."

I had never met Kalmbach and knew little about him; Watergate had not yet catapulted him to infamy. Almost on the dot of the appointed hour, a distinguished-looking, impeccably dressed man entered the lobby of the Waldorf and after circling the centerpiece clock a half-dozen times, like Indians zeroing in on a wagon train, he stepped forward and said, "Mr. Bill Thompson?"

I said, "Yes, good to see you." We shook hands.

Kalmbach seemed frightened. In a low voice, he said, "Follow me about 20 paces to the rear and we'll find a quiet place for lunch."

Over lunch, Kalmbach seemed almost desperate to uncover dirt involving Larry O'Brien. "As I told Bebe," I said in hushed tones, "I just don't know a thing on the man." I was at a loss.

Then Kalmbach said, "Tell me about the TFX fix." Halfway through my recitation of how big politicians and big defense firms reach mutually beneficial accords, he impatiently waved his hand and said, "I know all *that*, too. Did O'Brien have anything to do with the TFX decision?" I said that I doubted it; that, in the period we were talking about, O'Brien had been more Indian than chief. His prominence came later.

"Hell," I said, "I doubt if President Kennedy thought enough of O'Brien's abilities, outside of his political gruntwork and a minor talent for tactics, to bring him on the inside. I can guarantee you he wasn't on a level with Bob McNamara and the other biggies who made the TFX decision. O'Brien didn't amount to much until Lyndon Johnson made him Postmaster General."

"Well," Kalmbach said, "do you have anything on him from the Johnson era?"

"No," I said. "Mr. Kalmbach, you've gotta remember that by the time L.B.J. got to the White House, I wasn't around."

That news made Kalmbach morose. He toyed with his food, pushing it around on his plate, barely nibbling at it. I had the notion he didn't particularly enjoy what he was doing, though maybe that was because he was failing to bring home the expected bacon. After a bit, he said, "Well, it might be convenient for you should your memory improve." It was then I knew he was tough: not the goody-goody he later represented himself as being during the Watergate hearings and at his subsequent trial.

I said, "Look, Mr. Kalmbach, I'm damn near desperate to live my life without additional complications. If I had what you wanted, I'd give it to you. My martyr instincts are pretty damn well depleted by now. But I don't think it would do anybody any good for me to make up bullshit information."

"Oh, no, no," he said hastily. "That would be counterproductive. We've got to be certain of our facts. But we *do* hope you'll continue to search your memory." We talked politics for a bit in general terms; I then launched into a long discourse about my recurring problems with the Justice Department. Kalmbach's eyes seemed to glaze over; I had the impression he was pretending to listen but that his mind was on vacation in a distant place. This is a smart man, I thought, but he's a cold fish.

Kalmbach soon called for the check, paid cash and suggested that I linger at the table until he'd left the restaurant. Throughout our meal, his eyes had darted and searched the room, as if someone

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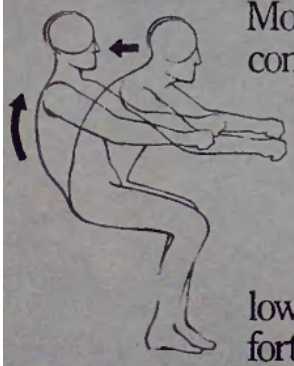

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might be coming after us with a bench warrant. Kalmbach gave the room a final sweeping search, nodded abruptly and took his leave. The next time I saw him, he was on television, describing himself to the Ervin committee as a duped and innocent man.

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My problems with investigators or the highly placed who tried to intimidate me didn't end until after the Nixon Gang got off my back—and they didn't get off it until the desperate scramble to save their own asses gave them no time to create mischief for others. I try not to hate people, or even to carry around more grudges than can be comfortably lifted, but I confess to experiencing a mean little shudder of joy on the day that a grand jury labeled my self-righteous prosecutor, William O. Bittman, as an "unindicted coconspirator" for his role as a middleman between the Nixon White House and his client, Watergate burglar E. Howard Hunt, in the matter of hush money paid to keep the lid on that historic case of constitutional malfeasance.

I was forced to walk a tightrope during the Watergate investigation. Probers for the Special Prosecutor's staff called me in to ask why I had been trading telephone calls with Bebe Rebozo. I could not afford to say that I'd been sought out and asked, under the implied threat of going to jail again, to make a fall guy of Larry O'Brien or other Democrats. Perhaps I should have done so, but I knew it would explode into another headline-making nightmare for me. I'd had my fill of that.

Consequently, when the Special Prosecutor's staffers asked me why I'd trafficked in conversation with Bebe Rebozo, I said, "I've known him for years. We've been social friends and we've talked over potential business deals. No law against that, is there?" Did I recall what we'd specifically talked about within recent weeks? "Listen, when you have as many problems as I have, it's hard to remember what you had for breakfast yesterday." Had we discussed Watergate in any fashion? "No." Then I decided to take the offensive: "Now *I* have a question: How did you know that we'd talked at all? You've got several dates there on a piece of paper. For reasons of public relations, or politics, we used fake names when calling each other. Sometimes we called from pay telephones. My God, is no phone in America safe from electronic snooping? I don't intend to answer another question until I get some answers." The investigators, on the defensive, soon decided to leave me alone. Exactly what I wanted. The last thing I needed was to get caught in a squeeze between the Nixon Administration and its political investigators: Once bit, twice shy. Perhaps it

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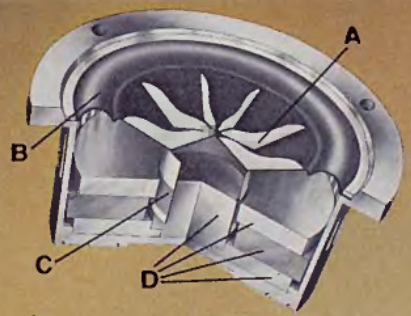

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was a reaction to having been tapped and bugged by so many Government agencies in my own right, but at any rate, I got word to Bebe that the prosecutor's boys might be listening in on his calls and he should proceed with extreme caution.

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Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee, a Republican member of the Ervin committee, sent word that he would like to see me at his home during the Watergate hearings. Although I did not know Senator Baker well, I long had been a friend of his wife, Joy, the daughter of the late Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois. After we'd had a drink, Senator Baker suggested we take a stroll in his rose garden. We walked for a bit and he said, "Bobby, I wanted to get out of the house, because I can't be certain it's not bugged. With everything we're learning about the FBI, the CIA and even the White House itself—well, I just don't know whom to trust." He went on to ask whether I'd picked up anything from my Democratic contacts that might indicate what Watergate had been all about in the first place: "What in the name of God did they think they would find in Larry O'Brien's office? Why did they take that foolish risk when they already had the election won?" I told the Senator I was as puzzled as he was and had not even a helpful rumor to pass on.

That was shortly after Alexander Butterfield had astonished the world by revealing the existence of the White House taping system: that President Nixon had gone so far as to bug himself and anyone who had contact with him. "It seems too pat, too set," Senator Baker said. "Butterfield's rumored to have been a CIA man. The Watergate burglars had CIA connections. CIA tracks turn up everywhere we look." Did President Nixon have such dirt on the CIA that its top dogs feared he'd destroy them, and did they, in turn, "accidentally" reveal the White House tapes through Butterfield? Again, I had to plead that I had no special information. I was puzzled by why Senator Baker had asked to see me: What could I know of the CIA? Probably he knew I'd been in contact with Bebe Rebozo and maybe he'd heard I'd been subjected to pressures by figures involved in the Watergate investigation and cover-up. Was he, then, attempting to extract information that might honestly aid him in his investigative deliberations? Or, conversely, could he, as a leading Republican, be conducting a fishing expedition for the Nixon White House in an attempt to learn what damaging or embarrassing things I might have heard? I asked myself those questions as we walked in the Senator's tree-lined neighborhood. I feared to say anything of substance, though I've never found Senator Baker to be anything but

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friendly, considerate and a gentleman. I simply had seen so much of intrigue, illegal wire taps, perjury, double crosses and threats that I had reached an advanced stage of paranoia and confusion that left me wondering—just as Senator Baker wondered—whom to trust. So I said nothing then—and, indeed, until now—to indicate any contact with Watergate characters.

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One afternoon in September 1972, not long after Rebozo and Kalmbach had held my feet to the fire, I received a telephone call at my Washington home from Walter Jenkins. It was the first time I'd heard from L.B.J.'s old Texas staff chief since he'd telephoned me in 1964 to say that President Johnson would like my thoughts on whom he should choose as Vice-President. (I had argued for Senator Eugene McCarthy, who probably would have proved a disastrous selection. As the Vietnam war worsened, Johnson and McCarthy would have had the worst fratricidal split since Franklin D. Roosevelt and his V.P., John Nance Garner, had fallen out over the third-term issue.) Not many months after that call, Jenkins would resign from the White House staff following his arrest on a morals charge and would disappear to Texas. I had heard nothing from him since.

"Bobby," he said, "keep this strictly in the family. President and Mrs. Johnson would like to invite you and Mrs. Baker to spend a weekend at the L.B.J. ranch soon—if you're interested."

"Of course I'm interested, Walter. Tell The Leader I'm at his beck and call. I couldn't be more delighted."

We agreed on a date in early October; Jenkins said he'd get back to me with details and again cautioned, "This is to be very private. No publicity before, during or after." I said that was fine with me and then asked, "Walter, do you know if The Leader wants to see me for any particular reason?"

Jenkins hesitated while I listened to the telephone wire hum across the miles to Texas. Then he said, "Well, Mr. Johnson isn't in the best of health. He's been seeking out old friends lately. I think he's mending fences."

It was a beautiful sunny October day when my wife and I flew into Austin. Jenkins met us at the airport and quickly ushered us into his car, as if eager to hide us. En route to his office, I said, "Walter, level with me. How ill is he?"

Jenkins said, "I'm afraid he's worse off than people know. He's absolutely preoccupied with his death and talks about it far too much. He's drinking and smoking again. I worry about him."

When Dorothy and I drove up to the gates of the L.B.J. ranch the following afternoon, a Secret Service man told us to wait in the library, because the former

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President was taking a nap. A few moments later, however, a buzzer sounded and another Secret Service agent bounded into the back part of the Johnson ranch house. He soon returned, beckoning us to follow.

I was so unprepared for L.B.J.'s appearance when we entered his bedroom, I'm afraid my face registered shock. Lyndon Johnson was very fat, most pale and white-haired; he'd aged far more than his infrequent newspaper photos had led me to expect. There was an oxygen mask by his bed, which he frequently used to aid his breathing; he was removing it from his face as we walked into the room. He put on a big smile, however, and after kissing my wife, he gave me a warm embrace. "Bobby," he said, "it's been a long time. Too long."

With that, he launched into a discussion of his health woes. "I went to see Dr. DeBakey down in Houston about open-heart surgery and I consulted Dr. James Cain and others at the Mayo Clinic, but they all thought the operation would be a waste of time and that I might die on the operating table. I've got cancer, too, you know." I was astonished: Nobody knew that in 1972. L.B.J. had another surprise ready: "When they removed those throat polyps when I was President," he said, "they found out they were malignant. Of course, we didn't make that public. And later, when I had my gall bladder removed and the press jumped on me for showing my scar—well, hell, I did that on purpose, so rumors wouldn't get started I'd had a cancer operation. If the damn President has much more than a hangnail, the stock market goes crazy." He gulped from the oxygen mask and his color began to improve.

Later in the afternoon, we sat on the patio, overlooking the Pedernales River, watching several workmen install new sod in the yard; our discussion soon drifted to politics.

"Leader, what do you think of Nixon as President?"

L.B.J. said, "He's treated me with respect—and that's more than I can say for a lot of Democrats. Half of 'em, you know, they've turned my picture to the wall. President Nixon's sent Henry Kissinger to brief me, he consults with me personally. I've made it a point to refrain from expressing my opinions and beliefs since I left the White House. No President needs a former President lookin' over his shoulder or second guessin' him and poppin' off."

I asked whether he missed the Presidency. "Bobby, the Presidency is worse than being in jail."

I said, "I kinda doubt that, Mr. Leader."

L.B.J.'s cheeks colored slightly at my personal reference, but he didn't otherwise acknowledge it. He said, "When everybody was riotin' in the streets over Vietnam, I got as high as 500 death threats a week. We kept it out of the papers, but more than 20 people scaled that big high fence at the White House, trying to get to me. If I wanted to go to Mass with my daughter Luci, I had to go at two o'clock in the mornin'—sneaking around like a tire thief, so some nut wouldn't kill me. It's a terrible feeling knowing that so many people want to hurt you, when you're doing the best you know how for your country. Any President of any political party has my sympathy and my prayers. I miss the action sometimes—but I don't miss the office."

As dusk began to settle over the hill country and the ranch workmen headed for their homes, L.B.J. began to ruminate about his own Cabinet. "I'll always love Dean Rusk, bless his heart. He stayed with me when nobody else did. You know, Rusk came to me and said he was gonna have to resign and I asked him why. And he said that his daughter was gonna marry a Negro and it might embarrass the Administration. It was the only time I ever got mad at Dean Rusk. I told him, 'This is the most progressive Administration in the civil rights field in history, and you're gonna quit it over *that*? You better start thinkin' right. I want the Johnson Administration to practice what it preaches.'

"Bob McNamara started out being a good man. But he got worried he was on the wrong side of the war after his Kennedy friends turned against it, and so he started wringin' his hands and flip-floppin'. Stewart Udall, he was always kissin' up to Lady Bird, but sometimes I couldn't count on him when I needed him—or even find him. He'd be off floating down a goddamn river or watching some tame Indians dance. Willard Wirtz, my Labor man, got to liking the Georgetown crowd too much. You know, ol' Harry Truman said his biggest mistake was appointing Tom Clark to the Supreme Court. Well, *my* biggest mistake was appointing Tom's son, Ramsey, as my Attorney General. He couldn't

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make up his mind about a fish fry. Wanted to go around preachin' bleeding-heart stuff, but he never *did* a damn thing. I heard Dick Nixon make a campaign speech against Ramsey Clark one night and I had to sit on my hands so I wouldn't cheer it.

"Hell, even some of my old staffers let me down. Bill Moyers, I made that kid, then he took up with the Kennedys and got to the point where he knew ten times as much as I did. George Reedy went off and wrote a book that made me sound like a mad king without even mentioning my name. It's funny—the only one of my old hands that has much to do with me is Walter Jenkins. And, hell, even Walter won't pick up the telephone and call me. I always got to call *him*."

I could see that L.B.J. was getting into one of his self-pitying moods and I tried to head him off at the pass. "Leader," I said, "what does your heart truly say to you about George McGovern?"

"Bobby," he said, "I despise the s.o.b."

"Then how," I asked, "could you have invited him to your ranch and told the world you'd vote for him in November?"

We had left the ranch house as this conversation began; L.B.J. drove toward an old farm house on the hill near his private airstrip. He seemed restless and couldn't be still. Johnson thought about my question for a moment and said, "Well, he's my party's nominee. But understand one thing, Baker: *I* didn't invite McGovern to the ranch. Sargent Shriver—and I genuinely like him and respect him—called and asked if he and Senator McGovern could visit me here at the ranch. I invited 'em to lunch. And goddamn if they didn't arrange a big press conference without consulting me! I was so pissed off I came within an inch of canceling the luncheon. But Lady Bird said, 'No, Lyndon, it would create havoc within the party.' And I decided, well, no use in creating a big stink. The Democratic ticket's already in so much trouble it's a bad joke.

"Bobby, I can't understand why Marvin Watson and George Christian and those other boys of mine joined John Connally's Democrats for Nixon movement. John's a damn fool to turn on the party that elected him governor as long as he wanted it. He's gonna regret it one day. George McGovern, why, he couldn't carry Texas even if they caught Dick Nixon fuckin' a Fort Worth sow. There just wasn't any need for John to get out front. It's embarrassing to me. Now, hell, John could sneak around and vote Republican—but he didn't have to beat his breast and yodel like Tarzan!"

Of the Kennedys, he said, "Well, they're all dead except Ted and I never knew him well. He's still the fair-haired boy where the national press is concerned. You know, if I'd killed a girl like he did, then they'd have wanted to send me to the electric chair. Jack Kennedy always treated me fairly and considerately. Mrs. Kennedy did, too. When I was Vice-President, Jackie sent me a handwritten note asking my help in getting funds for her restoration of the White House. I helped her all I could and she was truly warm and good to me—right up until Jack was assassinated. After that, I don't know, it seemed like she and the other Kennedys seemed to somehow blame me for it. Maybe it was because it happened in Texas. We invited her to the White House and tried to do all we could for her, but we didn't get much of a response." Again, Lady Bird injected soothing words about the character and strength of the Kennedy women. L.B.J. sat silently, puffing a cigarette. He seemed jittery and impatient and soon broke in to suggest that his wife show my wife her flower beds.

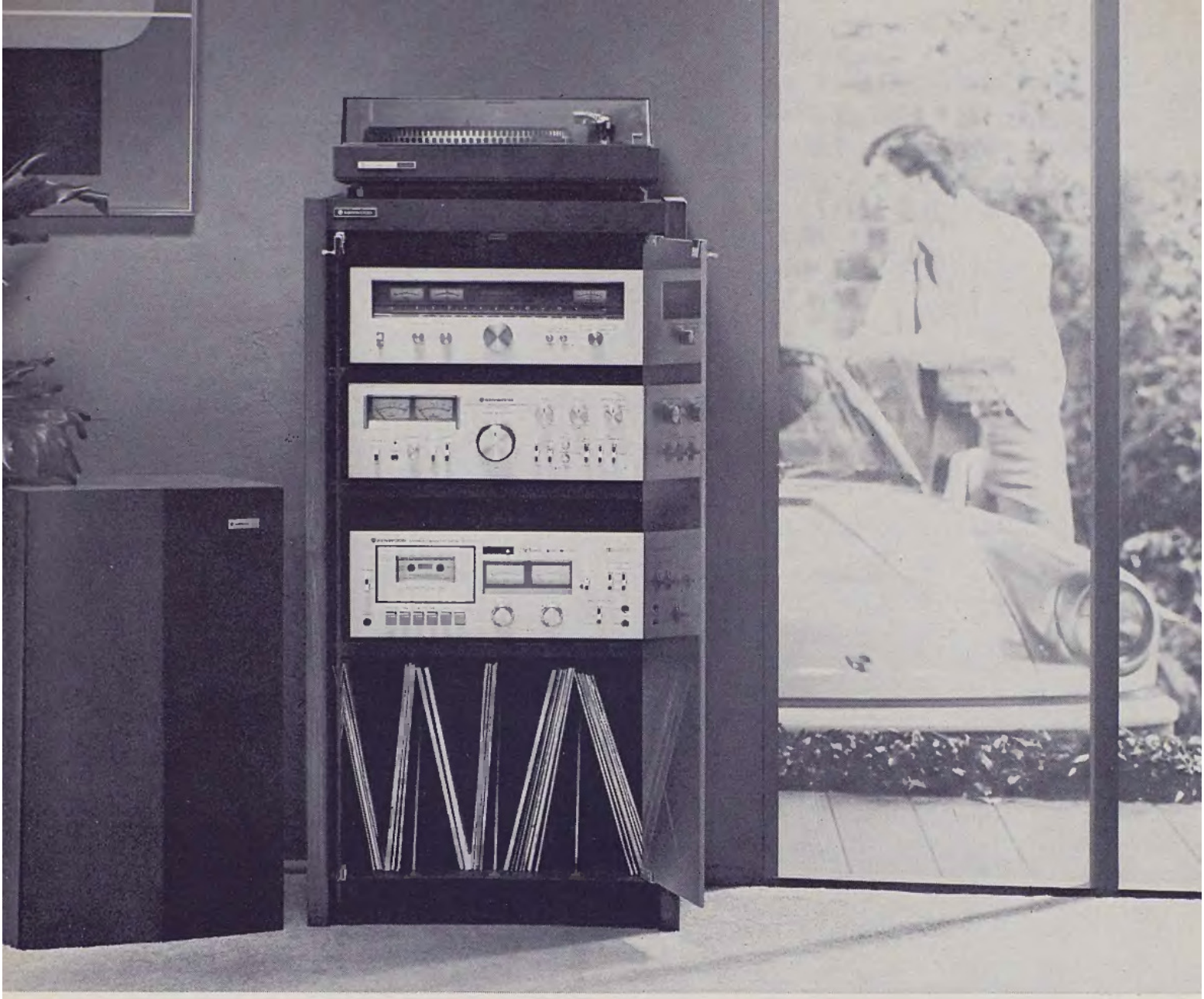
When we were again alone, Johnson returned to the subject of what he called "the pitiful inadequacy" of Ramsey Clark as Attorney General. I said, "Leader, pound for pound, Edward Bennett Williams was the ablest lawyer in Washington and he definitely wanted to be part of your team. He'd have jumped at the chance to be your A.G."

L.B.J. looked startled and said, "Then why in hell didn't he tell me? Why didn't *you* tell me?"

I refrained from saying that L.B.J. hadn't been noted for his attempts to contact me during his White House years. Instead, I said, "Well, it's difficult for a man to seek an office that you've filled with the son of an old friend."

Johnson said, "I wish I'd known of Ed Williams' interest. But a President is surrounded by so many problems and has so many people grabbing at him, he seldom has time to sit back and think. You wind up *re*acting, when you oughta be acting on a positive plan, because there's seldom time to think things through. You run around putting your fingers in the leaks, trying to patch this or that up, but it's all too hully-gully.

"You know, I often think it's a good thing that Hubert Humphrey never got to be President—for his own good as well as the good of the country. He can't say no to anybody about anything, he hasn't got much more spine than a small girl and he runs his mouth 90 miles an hour without thinking about what he's saying. Hubert, he'd have promised a half dozen people to appoint 'em to the same office, and then he never would have slowed down long enough to appoint any one of 'em. He'd probably have had a crisis in the White House about every two hours and I think the office would have driven him absolutely crazy."



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JON VOIGHT

(continued from page 49)

"'Mom wants me wearing the colors of her kitchen linoleum because that's what she likes.'"

The All-American Boy. "I've made a lot of movies with a political edge to them, though I don't know enough to be a good propagandist. People like Jane are better at that. I have tremendous admiration for her. She has a gift for believing absolutely what she says and not questioning that belief. Sometimes she has not been right and sometimes she has been dead right. But somebody had to do what she did. My problem is, I question everything. I try to see all points of view. Professionally, this may have hurt me. Anyway, them's some of mah feelings."

Whenever he catches himself sounding a shade pontifical or too charmingly earnest, Voight tends to work in a touch of self-mocking comic relief. "When I start laughing at moments of audacity in a script, that's how I know I want to work on a character. In people like Jerry Hellman, who produced *Coming Home*, or Jane, or John Schlesinger, or Hal Ashby, there's a madness that's home base for me. If you had met my mother, you'd understand."

Meeting Jon's mother turned out to be simple enough. An invitation to tag along to critic Judith Crist's weekend film seminar at the Tarrytown Conference Center—where Voight and *Coming Home* would be the star attractions—was followed by an invitation to drive up from Manhattan in a limousine with him. There'd be a stopover in Scarsdale to collect his mom.

"You might as well see where I was raised," said Voight as the limo purred along a winding street toward a white-stucco house in the heart of suburbia.

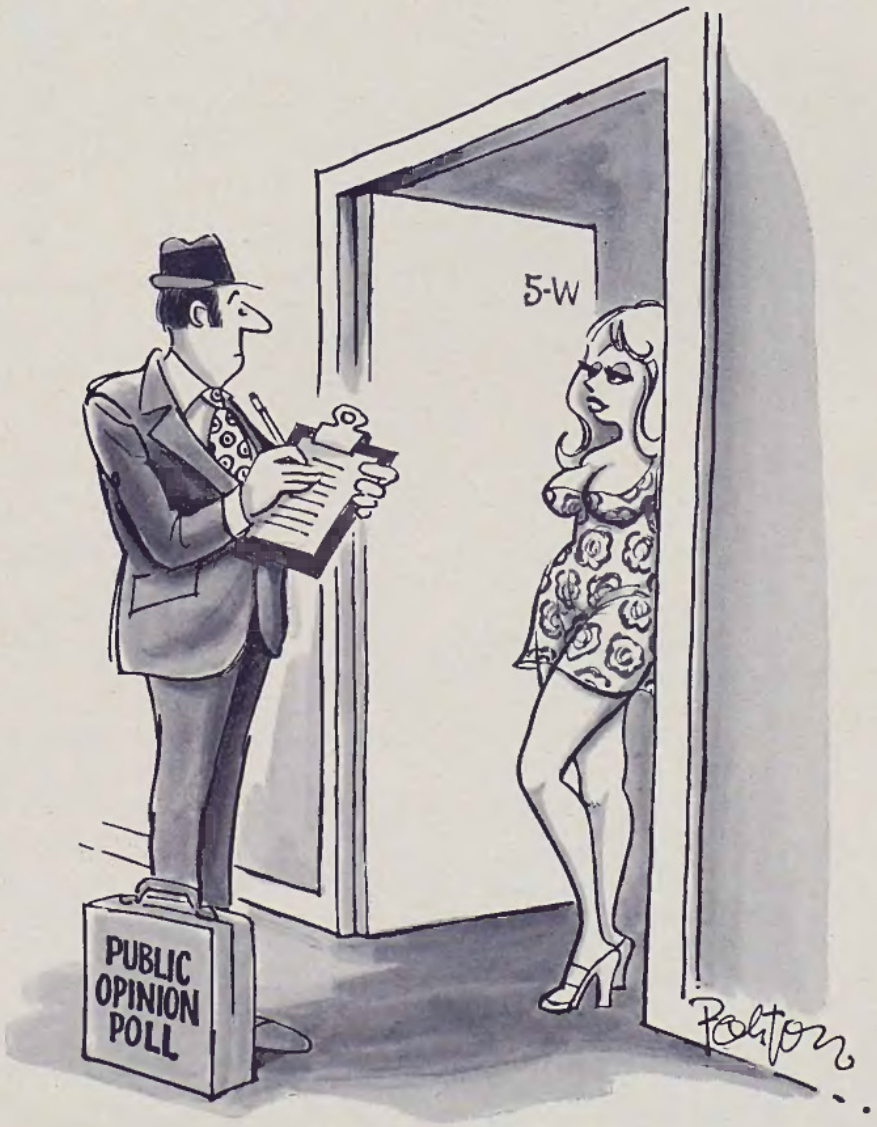
Mrs. Voight, a crisp and energetic lady wearing a pants suit to match her trimly bobbed white hair, greeted Jon at the door. Because this was their first meeting since her son's arrival from the West Coast, she had some gifts for him: an egg-shaped plastic puzzle that he figured out in just under 60 seconds; a battery-operated pencil sharpener for his desk ("Can you return it, Mom? It's *ridiculous* . . . this has got to go back"); a bright red sweater that evoked groans ("It's not my color, Mom, it's *your* color") and a blue knitted pullover that he promised to put on immediately and did.

"You wouldn't want to go there looking like that," remarked Mrs. Voight, who took a dim view of her son's Hollywood-homespun ensemble, everything gray but his blue jeans.

A short tour of the house became a concise family history, liberally illustrated by framed cartoonish sketches Jon drew in his early teens, before he graduated from high school and moved on to Catholic University to study art and scenic design. His father, Elmer, who died a couple of years ago, was a golf pro in Westchester. Jon has two brothers. The younger is Chip Taylor, 38, a country composer-singer who has turned out several hit records and done a bit of acting on the side in rather obscure European films. Brother Barry, who's 40, is a geologist.

The mother-son debate about the dress code continued in a bantering tone en route. At the inn in Tarrytown, before Jon agreed to put on his best gentlemanly blue suit for the evening session, Mrs. Voight jostled him into a spirited wrestling match, which he won by pinning her to the bed in his room. "When I get together with my mom, it's like I'm still 13," he said, catching a breath. "She wants me wearing the colors of her kitchen linoleum because that's what *she* likes. She's a sweetheart, though, a lady who's extremely sure that she represents everything that's right. Actually, my mom is a pugilist—she's been very, very frustrated since she retired from the ring."

Despite breezy, fond references to his mom, dad and brothers, Voight is reticent when personal questions come up. "There are complications in that area," he says. "I don't really like to talk about my private life." He nevertheless appears often in public with actress Stacey Pickren, a comely brunette who appears



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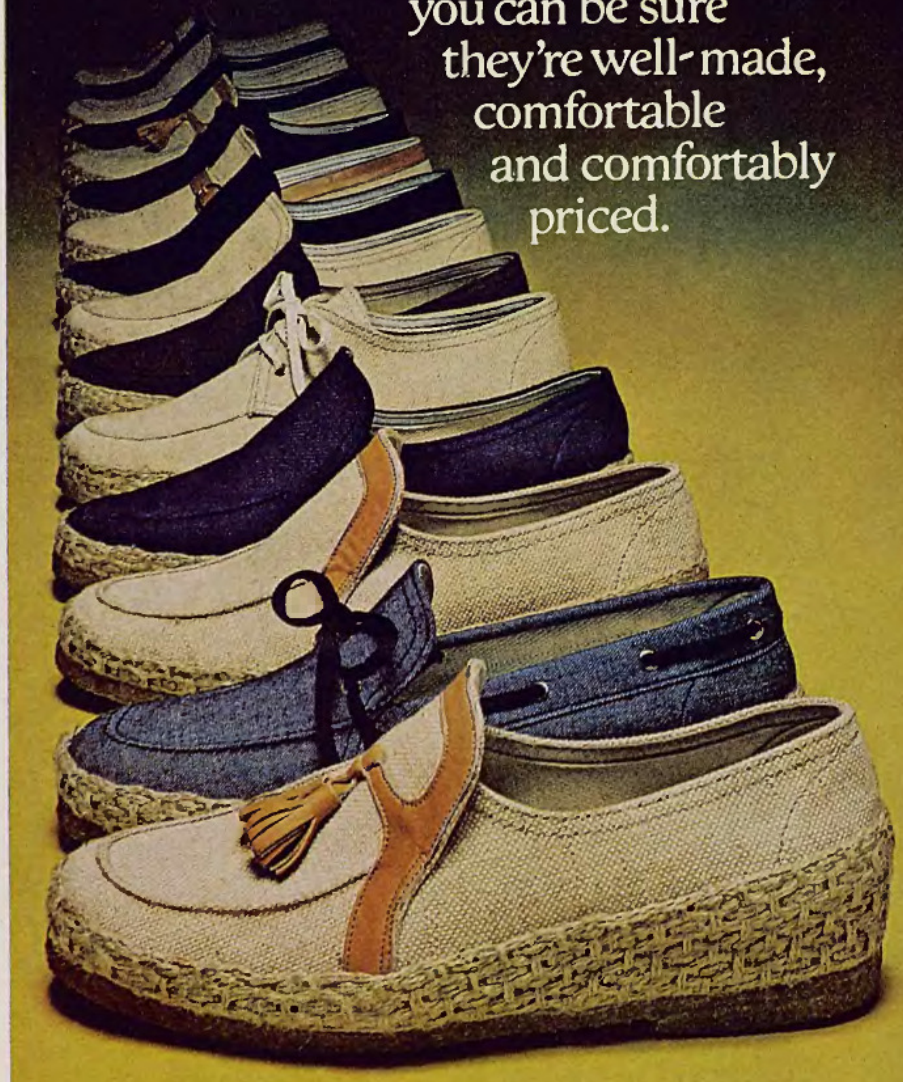

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briefly in *Coming Home* as a hooker undismayed by tricking with paraplegics. Jon refers to her casually as "the lady I live with . . . I love her very much." He'll also hasten to phone California for an amiable chat with his estranged wife, Marsh ("the mother of my children"), and his young son and daughter. "I've got a lot of people in my life that I love" is his final word on the subject.

The Tarrytown audience turned out to be a mixed group of oglers and avid film buffs, among them Mike and Debby Sands of West Orange, New Jersey. Mike reintroduced himself as an Army buddy whom Jon hadn't seen since Fort Dix in 1963. Their unexpected reunion led to a lot of backslapping, hoots of laughter and the inevitable anecdotes, mostly about a barracks character named George Track, who would often sum up his view of Army life by announcing dourly: "This is *very* bad shit." It's an expression Jon still relishes and keeps in reserve for appropriate moments.

One question that didn't come up during the Q & A session after the screening of *Coming Home* would have dealt with the cut made in the dialog that disappoints him: a few phrases during the film's eloquent love scene that might have helped clarify how a paralyzed man manages sex. The missing bit consisted of Jane's wondering shyly whether it was "getting hard," with Jon responding, "Well . . . you can't always count on it."

His lively Tarrytown stint wound up with Jon flexing his biceps in a droll, impromptu imitation of Burt Reynolds' beefcake shots. "You put glycerine, which feels lousy but looks like real sweat, on your skin. Burt uses it all the time. He has a sweat man standing by while the muscles ripple——"

Although he facetiously claims he was "sleeping" during his extended hiatus from films, Voight has stayed awake long enough to collaborate on three still-unproduced screenplays and to appear onstage in *Hamlet* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*. His next move could be a big Broadway production of *Hamlet*. "With *Coming Home* as a spotlight, I may get an opportunity to do it in New York this fall. I'm blessed with a fairly young physique and a young face, but that ain't gonna last forever. I'd love to act *Hamlet* in a way that really excites people," he says. "I think people are always interested to see somebody try something difficult. It's like Evel Knievel going across the gorge or Muhammad Ali fighting. You're either gonna win or get knocked out. That's a great, great, great high. So why not take the risk? Go crazy."

If this be madness, Voight talks like a man set to make the most of it.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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HABITAT

A LITTLE COFFEE, M'DEAR?

Tea for two, cocktails for two—why not coffee for two? The diminutive coffee makers pictured here are a mixed breed: Some are as new as a handful of Colombian beans just picked by Juan Valdez, while others have been time-tested. Except for the Personal Coffeemaker (one cup), they can brew from two to six cups of delicious Java faster than you can say Mrs. Olson. The Chemex, for example, is an old-reliable model that's been around for years. All you do is pop in the paper filter and add a heaping tablespoon of coffee for each cup and one for the pot. Boiling water goes from the kettle to a Pyrex measuring cup, then over the grounds. In a jiffy, you have great coffee at the bottom of the pot (enough for half a dozen cups) and an easy cleanup at the top. Put the heat-resistant Chemex on an electric warmer, pour yourself a mug and settle back. But you're not going to sip solo, we hope. Who wants to drink alone when you're bright-eyed, bushy-tailed and full of coffee beans? —ROBERT L. GREEN

NABUO NAKAMURA

1 2 3 4 5 6

1 Java lovers will dig this little fellow, the Personal Coffeemaker, which works on the drip principle; just plug it in and relax—in no time, you're served fresh coffee, one hot mug at a time, by Melitta, $19.95.

2 The Chemex filter drip, as explained in the text above, is considered by many to be the grand old man of filter-drip coffee makers; it has a two-to-six-cup capacity, $17.95; the electric warmer, also by Chemex, is $14.95.

3 Schiller and Asmus' filter coffee maker that's made of white porcelain serves four to six cups; and if you're short on storage space, you can remove the filtering apparatus and—presto!—it's a teapot, $34.95.

4 Neapolitan coffeepot brews up to four cups on the stove via its filter system—and when the coffee's ready, you can then remove the upper section and use the lower one as a coffee server, from Hoffritz, $6.

5 Krups America's electric Kaffee-Automat of white plastic makes a handsome addition to any bachelor kitchen's countertop; it will deliver up to four cups of coffee in short order and can also brew a pot of tea, $35.

6 Velox' chrome-and-plastic espresso maker delivers up to four cups of Continental-style after-dinner coffee; it features an automatic shutoff that guards against accidental spill-overs, from Ramsey Imports, $45.

MAZDA PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

The old order changeth plenty. Gone from the sports-car list are the Jaguar and the Healey. Panteras and Cobras are vintage cars now. Into the breach from the Far East comes Mazda with new ideas about what a sports car should be. It's the RX-7. I've preview-driven it in Japan and it is very good.

What hurt Mazda in the darkest days of the long lines to the gas pumps, the Wankel rotary, is just what makes its new RX-7 sports car so special. Sure, there were Mazda cars with rotary engines on the U. S. market before—the R100, RX-2, RX-3, RX-4 and Cosmo. But they weren't like the RX-7. They were designed to take either a rotary or a normal piston engine. They didn't take full advantage of what Mazda's high priest of the rotary, Kenichi Yamamoto, calls its "compact and vibration-free drivability and comfort-ability." So Mazda went all the way with the RX-7, giving it the low hood and the light front end, for good weight distribution, that only exclusive design around a rotary engine can bring about.

The RX-7 (which will replace the RX-3 in America) is a sports car because Mazda thinks a two-seater will best display the fine points of the rotary. Yamamoto: "We have found that the sports car is the kind of car in which the rotary expresses itself best." And mighty expressive it is. Though the two-rotor engine turns out only 100 SAE net horsepower, in the 2400-pound RX-7, it seems to be producing more. It can get to 60 in under nine seconds with a manual shift (a five-speed overdrive box is optional) and do it in under 11 seconds with the extra-cost automatic. Unlike many sports cars, the RX-7 feels punchy with its three-speed automatic transmission. Its top speed is well on the happy side of 115 mph.

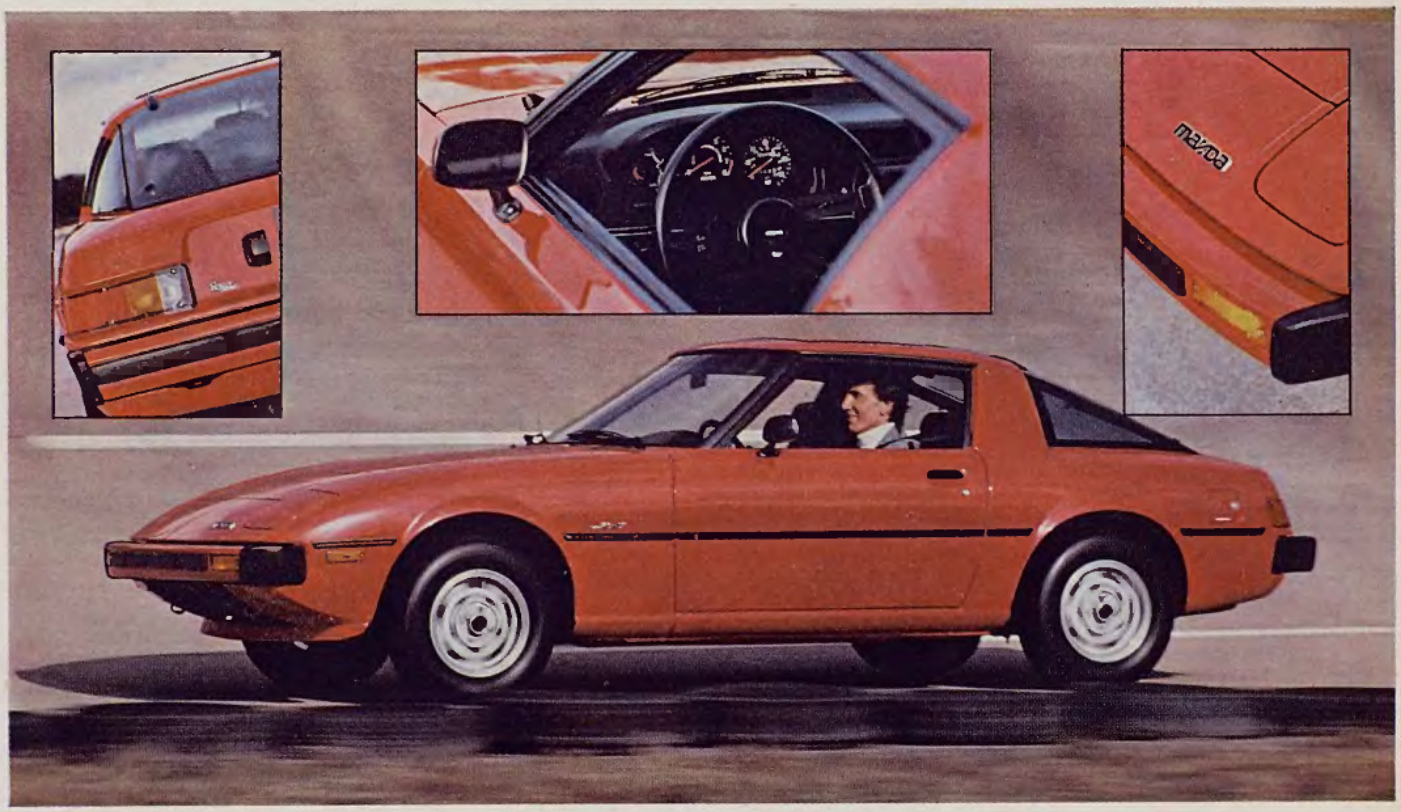
What's so nice about the RX-7 is that it does all that with no noise and fuss. There's just a hum of power inside and a jetlike whoosh outside. Its stiff coupe body gives it a solid feel and all the bits seem well screwed on. Lots of links and rubber bushings keep the live rear axle in its place. And the handling is safe but not boring, responsive but not nervous. (Muscle-building note: Steering is on the heavy side when parking and there's no power option.) As for the look of the RX-7, I like it. It's a functional, efficient design inside and out, and shows it. Missing are the curlicues that have marred many shapes from Japan. Its low air drag will count toward projected EPA combined city and highway mileage figures of 23 mpg for the five-speed and 20 mpg for the automatic. An optional dealer-installed rear spoiler will give the tail a sexy touch.

But I've saved the best news for last. This is not a limited-production car with a five-figure price. Mazda may deliver 20,000 RX-7s to its dealers during 1978. And because the RX-7 is tooled for mass production, its base price is expected to be under $6000 (the additional tab for the GS version, with added trim and goodies, will run some $500). Even with alloy wheels, another option, the total bill ought to be under $7000.

In short, I think this is one of the most attractive, affordable sports cars to hit these shores since the Datsun Z-car. Remember how hard it was to get a Z when it first came out? I'll be very surprised if the same thing doesn't happen with the RX-7.

—KARL LUDVIGSEN

Below: The gentleman contentedly at speed behind the wheel of Mazda's rotary-engined RX-7 is author Karl Ludvigsen, who put the car through its paces on a Japanese test track. As the inset shows, the RX-7's instrument panel comes out of the no-nonsense school of design.



RAY GRIFFIN

CATERING TO THE CARRIAGE TRADE

Back in those halcyon days when you were a kid, there was probably an ancient, black Smith-Corona, Royal or Underwood typewriter tucked away up in the eaves. You'd haul it out (and those babies could give Charles Atlas a hernia), crank in a sheet of paper and bang away on the keys—which invariably became wedged together in one mass of inky steel. Compare that experience with the one you'll have after you've equipped your study or home office with one of the new portable typewriters that everybody's picking up (literally picking up, as most weigh in around 20 pounds). Many are electric—or you can opt for a manual machine—and quite a few come with a choice of type styles. The Olivetti Lexikon 82 pictured below, in fact, is the first electric portable to offer interchangeable type faces. For business letters, just snap in the pica, elite or livius type ball and get clicking; later, in the wee small hours of the morning, you can switch to an informal face, such as sirio, and write your girl a poem.

Above: Smith-Corona's Coronamatic 2200 is a 19-pound electric portable that features a quick-change cartridge ribbon system (choose carbon for a sharp, executive look, fabric for routine typing and color for impact and individuality) and changeable type faces, $320, including case.

Below: Ungawa, bwana! The Royal Safari manual portable is the perfect machine for beating about the bush, as it's ultralightweight (only 10½ pounds) and designed to endure rugged use; features include an extra-wide typing line, triple-setting Touch Control and a choice of three type faces, $79.95, including a carrying case.

Above: The Adler Satellite 2001 is an out-of-this-world electric portable that makes typing a snap; it offers a glare-free block keyboard, retractable page-end indicator, an automatic vertical line spacer and paper inserter, Instant Set visible margin controls and four repeat keys, with the facility to adjust any key to repeat, $410, including case.

Below: Olivetti's Lexikon 82 electric portable brings to the home many features previously available only on office typewriters, including interchangeable typing balls, $13 each, quick-change ribbon cartridges and a speed of 660 characters per minute, $329 with case.

RICHARD IZUI

Charlie's Charlie

Say hello to SHELLEY HACK, the top model whom you will recognize as Revlon's ubiquitous Charlie girl. Soon you will recognize her as the leading lady in her first film, "If Ever I See You Again"; it co-stars Joe Brooks, the former jingles composer who put together the "You Light Up My Life" bonanza. In the film, Hack plays an artist whose life is complicated by a former boyfriend. Move over, Lauren Hutton.

STEEN SVENSSON

Hold the Peanut Butter

What, you may ask, is lovely nude AMY MADIGAN doing in a tub filled with jelly? Good question. The answer: promoting her rock group, Jelly. Madigan has since moved on to a solo career and expects to have a new album out late this summer with studio help from her friends in Little Feat. Good thing her former group wasn't called Chicken Fat.

NEAL PRESTON / MIRAGE © 1977

Love to Slug You, Baby

Finally. After all these months, the true story behind MUHAMMAD ALI's stunning upset by Leon Spinks can be told. It was not his excessive weight or poor conditioning that did Ali in, our sources report, but rather, it was his decision to take on disco queen DONNA SUMMER as his prefight sparring partner. The consensus among Ali followers was that, though Summer had proved her ability to take a punch, she had yet to deliver the solid combination that could put her over the top. No one much liked Ali's pick of KRIS KRISTOFFERSON as training-camp referee, either; something about his being a honkie pretty-boy drugstore cowboy who ripped off our blues.

A Long Time Ago, in a Trash Can Far, Far Away. . . .

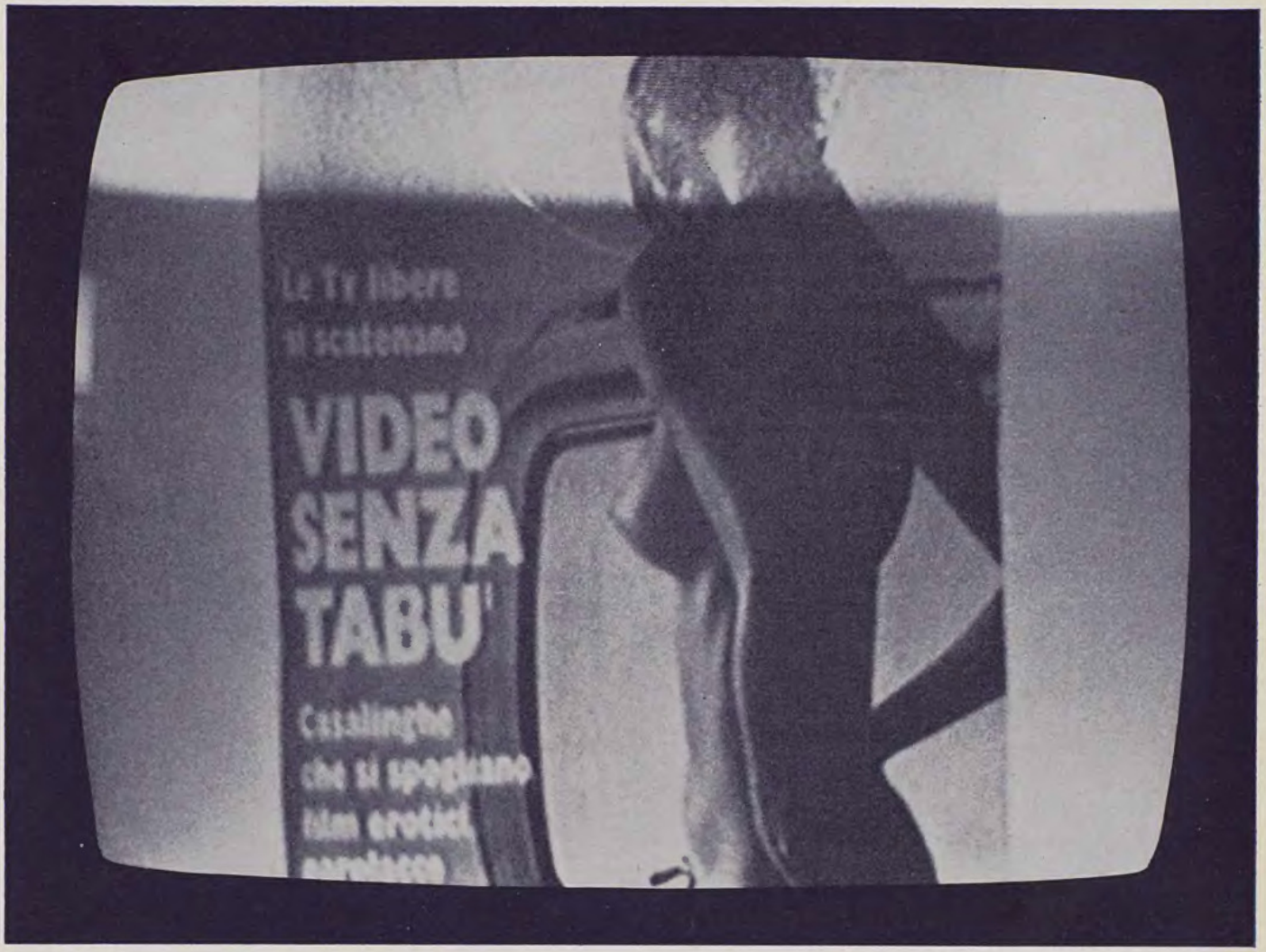
CARRIE FISHER knows from garbage. She and her friends Luke and Han fell into a room full of it while trying to escape from Darth whatsis in that funny space picture. Fisher was pretty much unknown before that movie, but when she rambled into New York City last winter, the press followed her everywhere—and we mean everywhere! Such is fame. Now Fisher is about to start filming a sequel to the space picture, with Mark Hamill and Harrison Ford again her co-stars; and, since creator George Lucas has written ten more scenarios about Princess Leia Organa and her mates, this adventure could go on for a few more light-years.

LA'EYRONNIE / GAMMA / LIAISON

AUDREY CHIU / MICHELSON

Tell Them Groucho, or Maybe Harpo, Sent You

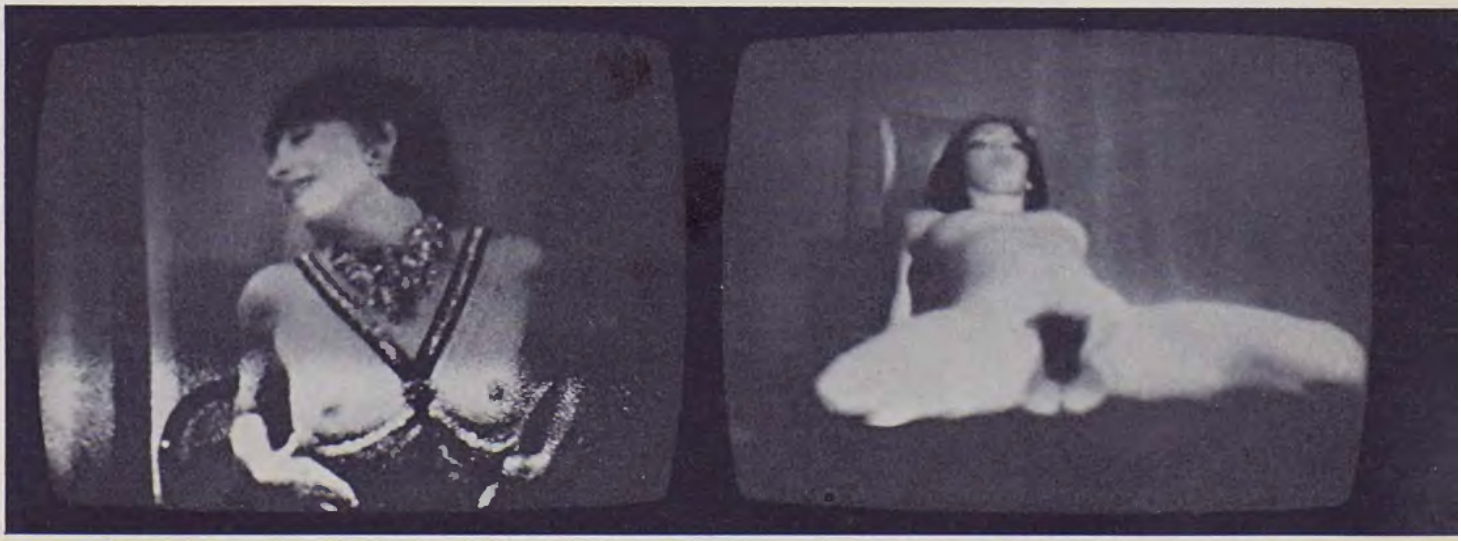
We don't have any hot news on a Beatles reunion, but we do have some new stuff on GEORGE HARRISON. When we spotted him strolling through L.A. International Airport, we observed that Harrison—who already looked a lot like Groucho (the nose, his own; the glasses, purchased)—was now sporting a Harpo hairdo. And, while Groucho used to say, "Hello, I must be leaving," the Beatles sang "Hello, Goodbye." This is looking suspicious. Maybe the Beatles are going to get together again as the Marx Brothers. With Yoko Ono as Margaret Dumont and Pete Best as the long-lost Gummo.

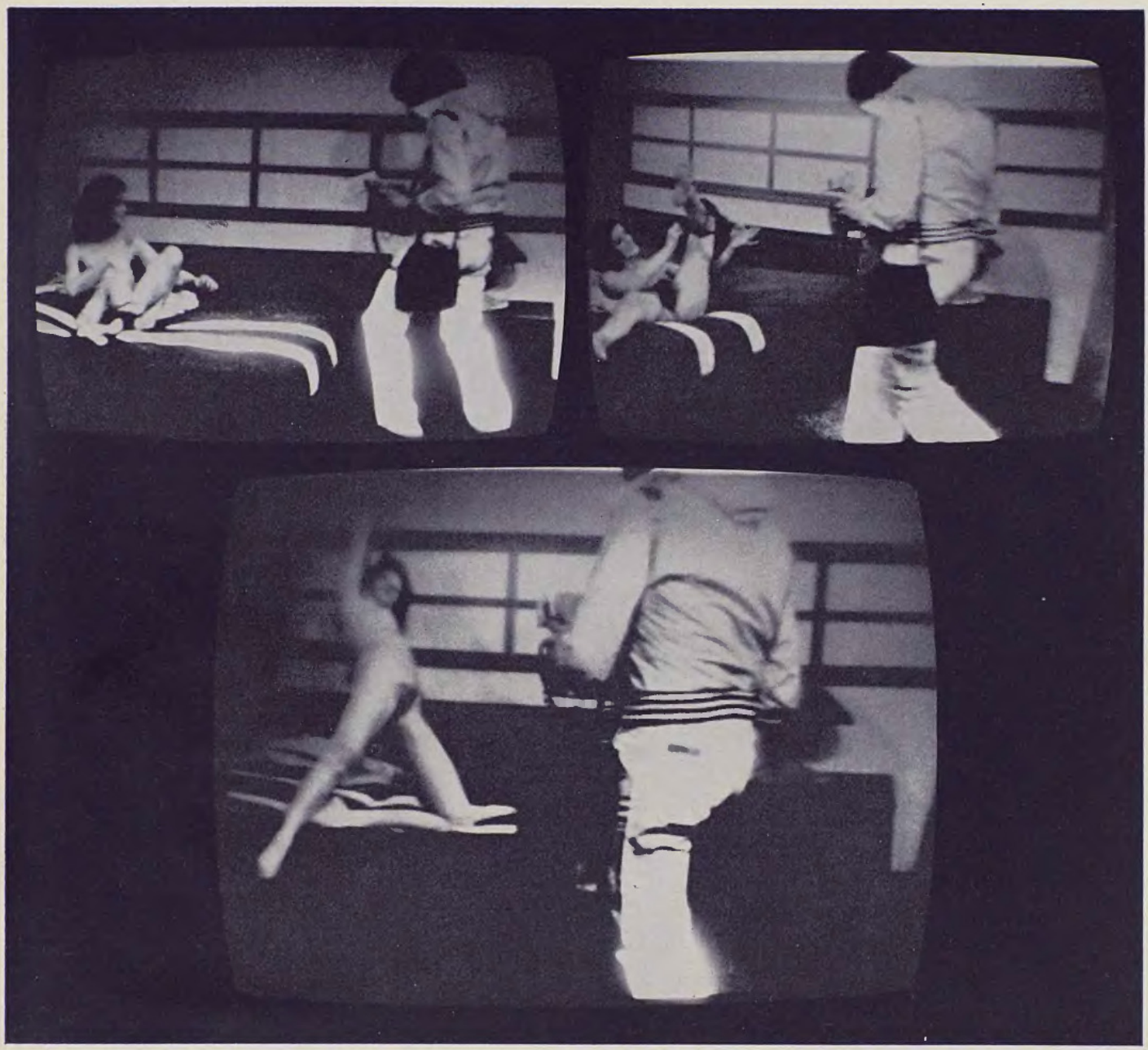


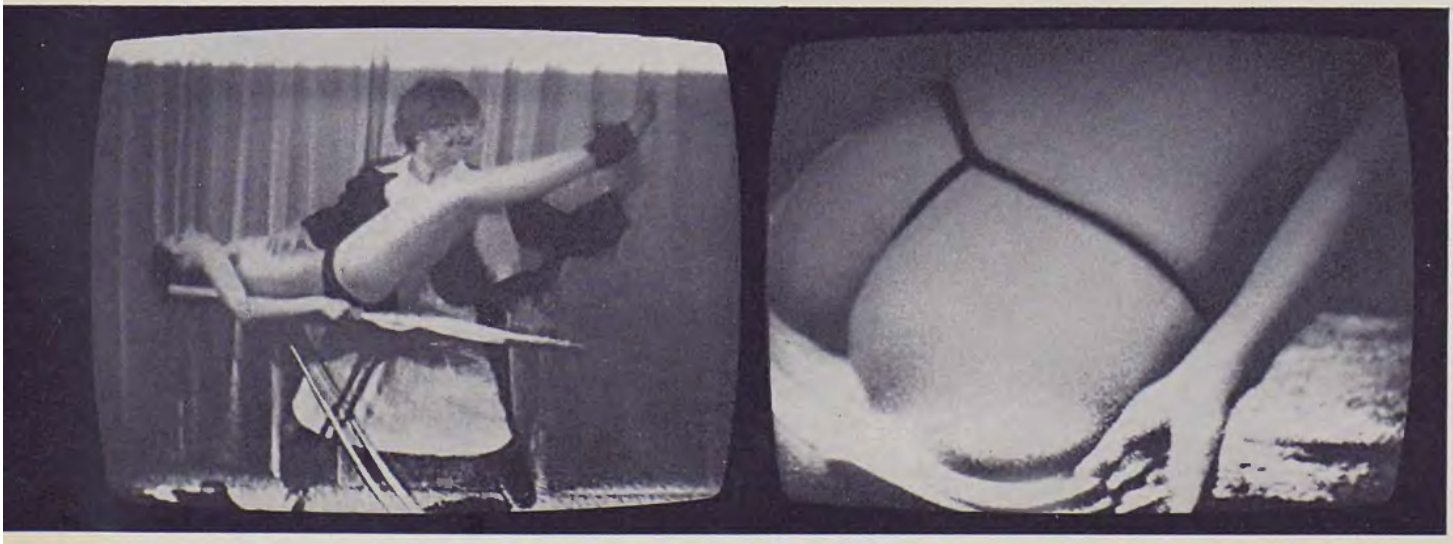
Boob Tube—Italian Style

Last month, PLAYBOY's *Forum Newsfront* reported on an unusual late-night television show that was drawing large audiences in Turin, Italy. The plot? Well-dressed young women would perform a striptease in response to calls from viewers. Church groups had filed a protest. The local Fiat plant had complained of absenteeism and reduced productivity on the mornings after the show. The sale of TV antennas had increased by 70 percent. You probably thought we made all that up. Wrong. The picture shown above—taken off an Italian TV screen—says it all, albeit in Italian: "Freedom on TV is taking over. Television without taboo. Housewives taking off their clothes. Erotic films..." The photographer did not supply any captions for these pictures, so we're not sure just what is going on. But then, neither are the Italians. Disquieting thought: Does the Pope watch television?

PHOTOS BY FERNANDO MALANDRO







SEX AND THE SINGLE SINGER

Terry McEwen, executive vice-president of London Records and a world-famous opera critic, claims that singers should abstain from sex before going on stage. McEwen was quoted in *The Village Voice* as having said, "I can hear if a singer has had sex before a performance. It takes the guts out of his voice and weakens the middle sound." Are you listening, Mick?

PRIME-TIME SEX

A questionnaire sent to 10,000 psychiatrists by the editors of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* asked the following: "What is the common result of chronic TV watching?" More than two thirds of the psychiatrists answered that too much of the boob tube diminished interaction and sex relations. Six percent thought it might increase sex relations by providing a shared activity. Twenty-two percent said that there was negligible influence. Obviously, we should take sex and violence off the tube and put it back into the home, where it belongs.

Whatever happened to Betty Page? You might as well ask, "Whatever became of Julius La Rosa?" Betty Page was the Princess of the Pinup and the Queen of Bondage in the Fifties, "the most photographed, most sought-after and most fantasized model in her highly competitive field." She was one of PLAYBOY's first Playmates (January 1955). Now a devoted fan has collected a retrospective, the best of Betty, bound in paper (six dollars from Bélier Press, P.O. Box C, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028).

ON THE BEACH

Last winter, while most of America was freezing its ass off, the premier of New South Wales, Neville Wran, declared that a one-year trial of four nude beaches had proved to be a success. "The race has been run. Nude beaches are here to stay." Elsewhere, in Australia: When the 82-year-old mayor of the Gold Coast ordered the lifeguards to take action against nude bathers, they refused. Now that summer has reached our shores, we can expect that battle to continue. In Oregon, the State Parks and Recreation Advisory Committee recommended that the Parks Division set aside the eastern end of Rooster Rock State Park on the Columbia River as a suits-optional beach. If you want to join the fight, or at least visit the battlefields, you can get a copy of the 1978 "Free Beaches Guide" by sending a two-dollar contribution to The Free Beaches Directory, P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54901.

BILLY LEE

SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

In 1968, the "in" crowd would get up in the morning and throw the *I Ching* to see what its day was going to be like. It's 1978, and now the "in" crowd gets up in the evening and throws a pair of Hot Dice to see how its night is going to go. The dice are the invention of Billy Lee. A different word is printed on each side, so there are 36 possible combinations, 36 possible predictions. A sample: "I'm/Hot." "You're/Soft." "You/Cunt." Sounds like the dialog to an X-rated Samuel Beckett play. Life reduced to the essentials. Billy Lee has gone around Manhattan photographing celebrities as they consult the oracular ivories. Elton John (shown here) was presented with the cryptic message "Cold/Cock." Carter Burden, unsuccessful candidate for city-council president, came up with: "I'm/Hot." Well, maybe the dice don't always tell the truth. You can get your own set of Hot Dice by sending $4.25 to Hot Dice, 855 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

THE THREE-PIECE PATERNITY SUIT

Oh, Dad, poor Dad, Mother's taken you to court and I'm feeling so sad. It used to be that a star's popularity was directly related to the number of paternity suits he went through each year. If you wanted to be the King of Rock 'n' Roll, you had to live with the fact that every unwed mother in America was going to name her child after you, the father. For years, alleged fathers had to depend on the blood test to prove their innocence. Unfortunately, blood tests could rule out fatherhood in only ten percent of the cases. Now all that's changed; researchers at UCLA claim that they have found a test that is 90 percent accurate in determining if a man is the father of a child. The doctors use the human-lucocyte-antigen test—a technique developed to make sure that organ-transplant donors and recipients are compatible—to ascertain the genetic fingerprints of an accused man. The test has been used successfully in court. May you never need to make use of this news.

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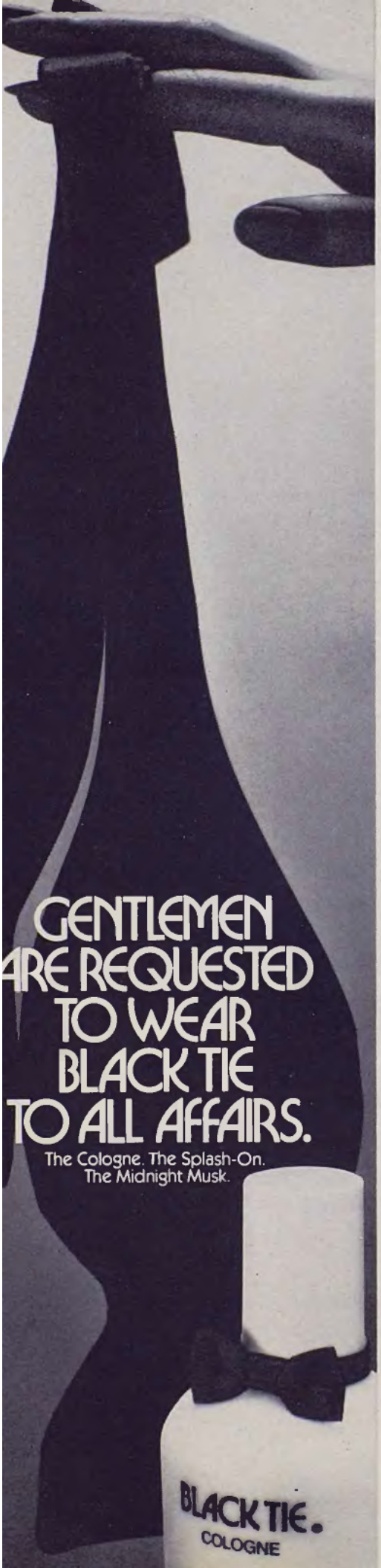

NEXT MONTH:

CONSTANCE MONEY

BARROOM BETS

NEIMAN PORTFOLIO

NANCY DREW

"PARANORMAL BUNK"—A WORLD-FAMOUS ASTRONOMER, AUTHOR AND POPULAR TALK-SHOW GUEST PUTS THE LIE TO SOME OF THE MORE INCREDIBLE CLAIMS OF ENCOUNTERS OF THE SECOND THROUGH TENTH KIND—BY **CARL SAGAN**

"ON THE MONEY"—WHAT'S A NICE ALASKAN LADY INNKEEPER DOING IN A MOVIE LIKE *MISTY BEETHOVEN*? PLENTY. AN ILLUSTRATED VISIT WITH PORN QUEEN **CONSTANCE MONEY**

"FIRST-NIGHT DISASTERS"—THE WAY YOU LOSE YOUR VIRGINITY COULD AFFECT YOUR SEX LIFE, ACCORDING TO PIONEERING RESEARCHER **DR. WILLIAM H. MASTERS**

"SAINT JANE AND THE HOLLYWOOD DRAGON"—IS MS. FONDA, HAVING SHED HER ARMY FATIGUES FOR AN EVENING GOWN, REALLY A MODERN-DAY ROBIN HOOD? A CYNICAL OBSERVER TRIES TO UNEARTH THE TRUTH—BY **JIM HARWOOD**

"MARTIN MULL'S GUIDE TO SOPHISTICATED SEDUCTION"—THE *FERNWOOD 2NIGHT* STAR GIVES SOME POINTERS TO HELP YOU DEAL SUAVELY WITH THE FAIRER SEX

"THE ACCOMPANIST"—A DINNER PARTY IS NOT ALWAYS A PLEASANT AFFAIR, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S AT THE HOME OF A GOOD FRIEND AND HIS WIFE, YOUR MISTRESS. A COMIC ROMANCE—BY **V. S. PRITCHETT**

"NANCY DREW GROWS UP"—A NEW LOOK AT **PAMELA SUE MARTIN,** WHO'S LEAVING TV'S TEENY-BOPPER DETECTIVE SERIES FOR MORE ADULT FARE. WE CAN SEE WHY

"A LEROY NEIMAN PORTFOLIO"—MEMORABLE PAINTINGS, INCLUDING TWO STRIKING PORTRAITS OF ELVIS, BY ONE OF *PLAYBOY*'S, AND AMERICA'S, FAVORITE ARTISTS

"THE SECRET LIFE OF SOCCER"—THIS IS THE SPORT THAT IS ABOUT TO MAKE IT BIG IN THE U. S.; FOR ONE-UPMANSHIP, WE OFFER SOME OF ITS MORE OBSCURE ESOTERICA

"BARROOM BETS"—HOW TO PARLAY A MATCH, A CORK AND A COIN INTO A WHISKEY SOUR AT YOUR LOCAL SALOON, PLUS OTHER WAYS TO FINAGLE DRINKS—BY **RUSSELL H. SLOCUM**

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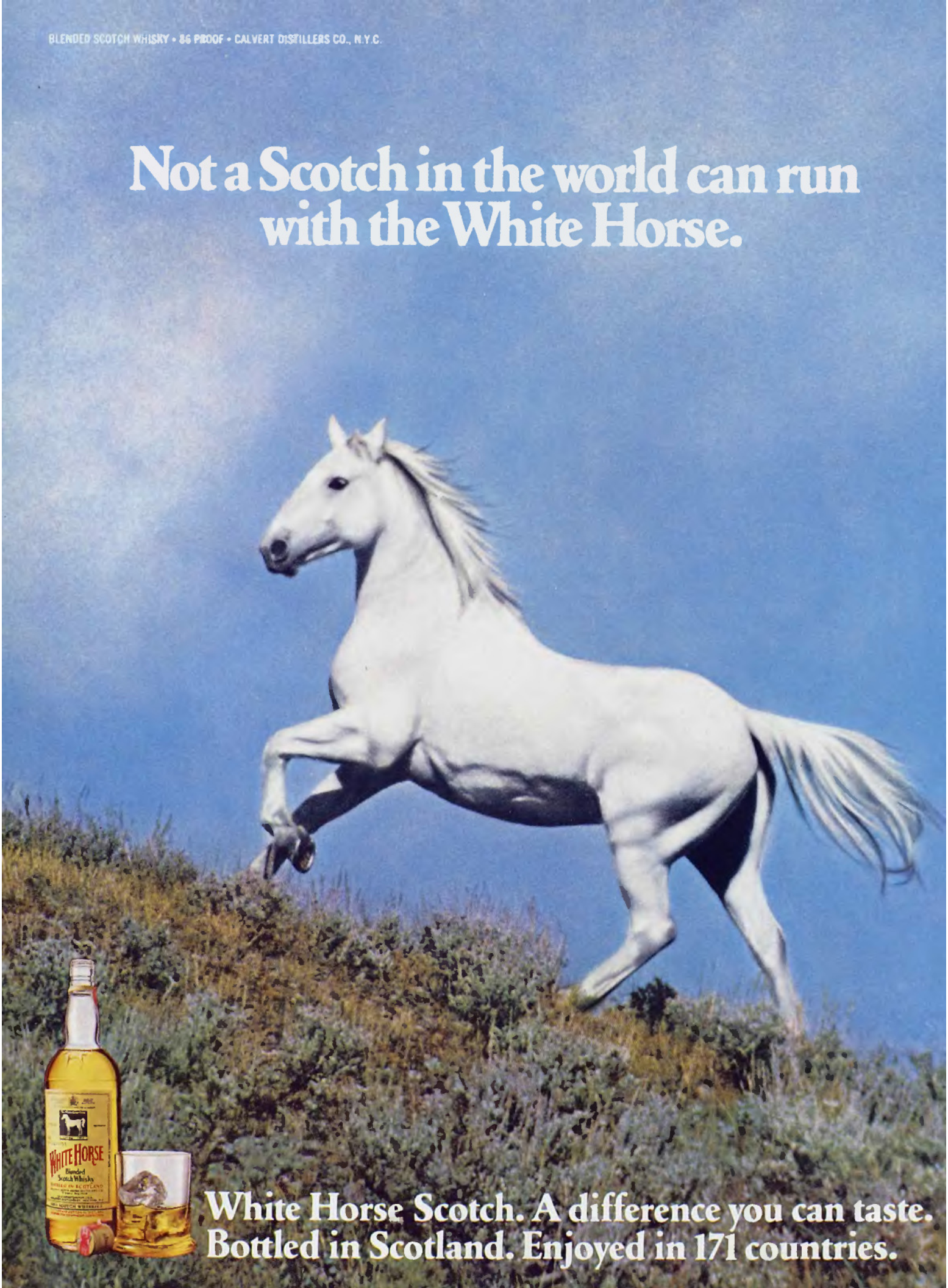

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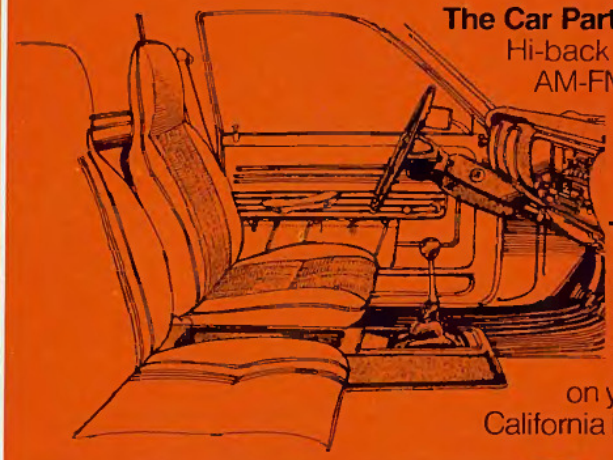

The Car Part. Accommodations for two. Hi-back bucket seats. Carpeting. AM-FM radio. Tinted glass. Floor console. Standard touches that point up some of the car quality inside an SR-5.

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SPORTS CART.

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The Smart Part. A visit to a Toyota truck stop. The SR-5 Long Bed Sport Truck is one of six Toyota models—more than anyone else. Last, but not least, we say, "If you can find a better built truck than a Toyota...buy it."

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