

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1977 • \$1.50

PLAYBOY

HOW THE MAFIA HIT "CRAZY JOE" GALLO • RAQUEL WELCH
MORE "MOTEL TAPES" • CHILE GULAG: CLOSE-UP ON TERROR
PLAYMATE HOPEFULS PREVIEWED • NEW MONTHLY SEX POLL

GREAT
MOMENTS
IN SEX-'76

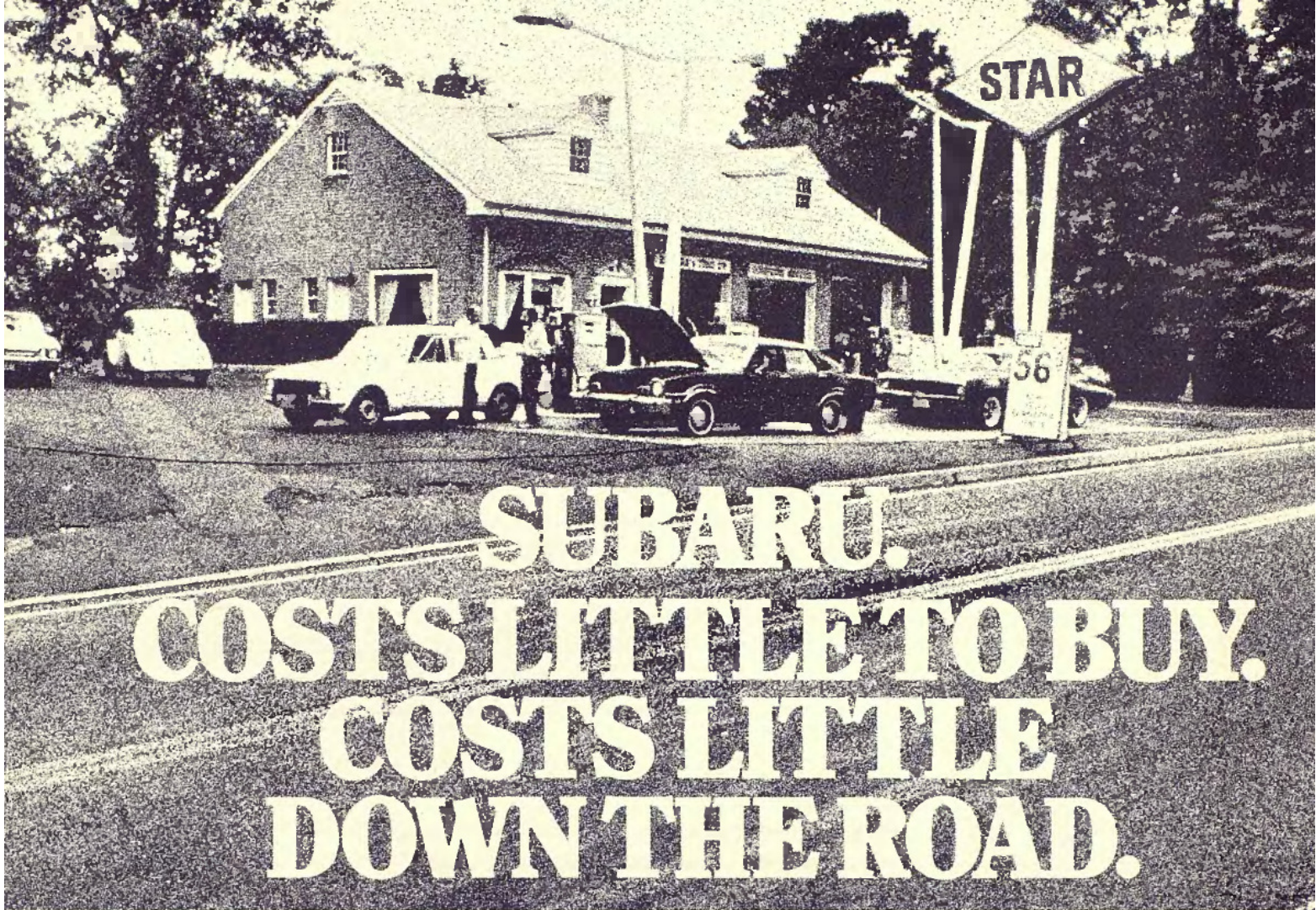
The SEAGRAM'S GIN Arctic Martini.



A man and a woman are dressed in luxurious fur coats, standing behind a table. The man, on the right, is holding a martini glass. The woman, on the left, is also holding a martini glass. On the table in front of them is a bottle of Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, a glass pitcher with ice, a glass with ice and a lemon, and a bucket of ice. The background is a solid blue color.

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*Total POE — not including dealer prep, delivery and taxes. **These figures are EPA test estimates. Your mileage may vary because of the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your car and whatever optional equipment you have. Wheel trim rings, lower body rally stripes, as shown in photo, are extra cost options. In California see your local Subaru dealer for price and gas mileage figures.



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PLAYBILL

GOT A CASE of the postholiday blahs? No problem. We have what it takes to get the old juices flowing again. Besides our regular offerings of quality fiction, articles, service features and the irrepressible *Playboy Interview* (this month with **Keith Stroup**, crusader for sane pot laws), we're premiering three—count 'em, three—features. First of all, have we got a girl for you? No, we have 16 of them, all candidates for centerfold status, and we're letting you have a sneak peek in *Playboy's Playmate Preview*. Next, we're starting, on a monthly basis, *Playboy's Sex Poll*; results of this installment may come as a surprise to guys who think they can get a lady off with a lick and a promise. Finally, a feature everybody around the office is astonished we didn't think of before: *The Year in Sex*, a roundup of the action in the past twelvemonth. The guy who finally *did* think of it was Art Director **Arthur Paul** (who, as a matter of fact, dreamed up the *Playmate Preview*, too). Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese** coordinated the project; Associate Art Director **Chet Suski** put it all together visually; and Assistant Picture Editor **Patty Beaudet** and Research Editor **Kate Nolan** did the dirty work (i.e., spent months poring over feathery pictures and news stories).

Elsewhere in the magazine, some pretty powerful stuff: *Crazy Joe Must Die!*, the confessions of mobster Joe Luparelli, who set up the hit on Joey Gallo, as retold by New York *Daily News* reporter **Paul S. Meskil** (the whole story will appear in the forthcoming *Playboy Press* book *The Luparelli Tapes*); *A Very Quiet Horror*, the awful truth about Chilean concentration camps, revealed—just before his assassination—by ex-foreign minister Orlando Letelier to his longtime friend Washington-based writer **Tad Szulc**. The piece is illustrated by **Jacob Knight**.

On the lighter side: the misadventures of the son of *Jenny and the Ball-Turret Gunner* (*PLAYBOY*, June 1976) in *Garp's Night Out*, by **John Irving**. It's part of a novel in progress (his fourth), *The World According to Garp*. **Charles Santore**, the artist who illustrated this segment, tells us he, like Garp, is a jogger. "But I prefer to do it on a track." Garp could have used some help from *The Man Upstairs*: the monastic football team described by **James Powell** in *The Trolls of God* got it.

In the second installment of *The Motel Tapes* (again illustrated by **Robert Goldstrom**), **Mike McGrady** once more proves that some walls do have ears. For another helping of these slice-of-life conversations, see next month's *PLAYBOY*—and the book due from Warner's in June.

No doubt about it—motel have long been the principal setting for the consummation of America's sexual fantasies. But it's not too easy to be the embodiment of a sexual fantasy, as **O'Connell Driscoll** reveals in his poignant profile *The Post-celluloid Tristesse of Raquel Welch*. Ever since Driscoll did the memorable *Jerry Lewis, Birthday Boy* for us in January 1974, we've been curious about his unusual name. So we asked him. He laughed. "My parents named me O'Connell in honor of Dublin's main street. I guess they figured if they gave me an odd enough name, I'd have to do something unique to overcome it." And he's busy doing it: writing a "vaguely forthcoming" novel about a disintegrating nuclear family.

Marshall Brickman's *The Book of Coasts*, about the forever festering rivalry between East and West, is off the wall. So, when we phoned, was Marshall. "The eternal question of whether to remain in New York or move to L.A.—eternal for those whose livelihoods must be earned in either of the two media capitals—was solved, as most significant problems are, by consulting the Scriptures," he pontificated. "The fact that this particular scripture had to be invented does not weaken the argument." OK, if you say so.

Remember the feverishly erotic dinner scene in the movie *Tom Jones*? Wait till you see *Love Feast*, lovingly photographed by **Jeff Dunas**. How about *that* for a valentine gift?



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BRICKMAN



DUNAS



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 24, no. 2—february, 1977

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Chile's Gulag P. 106



Sexy '76 P. 132



Night Out P. 115



Gatefold Peek P. 121



Welch Rarebit P. 72

PLAYBILL 3

DEAR PLAYBOY 11

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 21

MOVIES 24

The Last Tycoon, Welcome to L.A., Voyage of the Damned reviewed.

BOOKS 28

Gloria Emerson on Vietnam; John Dean on John Dean.

MUSIC 30

Thoughts on the Stevie Wonder package; a look at the Porgy and Bess craze.

TELEVISION 33

Roots due for marathon; *Upstairs, Downstairs* bows out gracefully.

ADVENTURES 34

You, too, can learn about cross-country skiing—and dog-sled driving.

SELECTED SHORTS

THE DOOMSDAY ARMY MICHAEL LEDEEN 36

Our author stitches together all the evidence available and comes to the scary conclusion that there is, indeed, a well-financed army of terrorists.

WHAT, ME CRY? BRIAN VACHON 37

The trials and tribulations of a grown man learning how to cry.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 39

PLAYBOY SEX POLL ... HOWARD SMITH and BRIAN VAN DER HORST 47

A new monthly feature in which our roving pollsters survey changing sexual attitudes and practices.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 51

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KEITH STROUP—candid conversation 61

The founder and national director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) talks about drugs, drug-related legal hassles and his adventures, both political and personal, in trying to change America's criminal codes.

THE POSTCELLULOID TRISTESSE OF

RAQUEL WELCH—personality O'CONNELL DRISCOLL 72

An offcamera look at the great sex symbol—a profile of a very human Raquel.

THE TROLLS OF GOD—fiction JAMES POWELL 76

What happens when a monastery fields a football team.

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COVER STORY

Everyone knows that the quickest way to a woman's heart is through the local jewelry store. To paraphrase a famous saying: Carats are a Rabbit's best friend. There are 1.16 of them in the diamond-studded platinum pendant designed by Oscar Heyman of New York. Pete Turner photographed the cover with model Lena Kansbod (designed by Mr. and Mrs. Kansbod of Sweden).

THE LOVE FEAST—pictorial 79
A man and a maid indulge their appetites.

CRAZY JOE MUST DIE!—article PAUL S. MESKIL 84
An all-too-real version of *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, about how the hit on Joey Gallo was planned, bungled and finally executed.

HAIR TODAY—grooming CHARLES HIX 87
Everything you always wanted to know about the care and maintenance of hair.

STAR-STRUCK—playboy's playmate of the month 92
Miss Stowe's first name is Star and it couldn't be more appropriate.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 104

A VERY QUIET HORROR—article TAD SZULC 106
Before he was assassinated, ex-Chilean foreign minister Orlando Letelier talked about the torture camps that now exist in his country. Here's an exclusive account of the Gulags of the Western Hemisphere.

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE—attire DAVID PLATT 109
A look at the latest and choicest in leather and suede.

GARP'S NIGHT OUT—fiction JOHN IRVING 115
The wry adventures of the son of *Jenny and the Ball-Turret Gunner*, in which a randy neighbor lady gives our hero a hard time in more ways than one.

BLACK IS THE COLOR—modern living 116
Everything from cigarette lighters to stereo speakers—in basic you know what.

THE MOTEL TAPES—part two of a new book MIKE MC GRADY 118
More carryings-on behind closed doors.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE PREVIEW—pictorial 121
A look at some of the candidates for centerfold status.

THE BOOK OF COASTS—humor MARSHALL BRICKMAN 129
A Biblical recasting of the New York City-Los Angeles rivalry.

ENGLISH MUSIC-HALL BALLADS—ribald classic 131

THE YEAR IN SEX—pictorial 132
Inaugurating a new feature in which the editors compile an illustrated report on the progress and pitfalls of the sexual revolution.

KAPLAN'S PHALLUSIES—humor ERVIN L. KAPLAN 143

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 168

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 193
Up-to-the-minute flashes on what's happening, where, how and with whom.



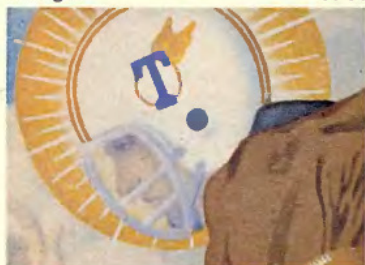
Getting Gallo

P. 84



Dining In

P. 79



Heaven's Eleven

P. 76



Star Quality

P. 92



Motel Moments

P. 118

GREG MACDONALD / COURTESY EASYRIDERS, P. 139; GARRICK MADISON, P. 136; KEN MARCUS, P. 125; JIM MCCRARY / COURTESY ESQUIRE, P. 135; JERRY P. MELNED / COURTESY BLOOMINGDALE'S, P. 134; MIRA, P. 136; ROSS F. MORRIS, P. 137; JO ANN NILES, P. 3; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 135; ANN PARKER, P. 3; MIKE PHILLIPS, P. 137; PHOTO TRENDS, P. 136; POMPEO POSAR, P. 123, 124, 126 (2), 127; CHUCK PULIN, P. 134; GEORGE H. RABE, P. 139; SUZE RANDALL, P. 134 (2), 139; MORGAN RENARD / SYGMA, P. 136; KATHY RICHLAND, P. 138; STEVE SCHAPIRO / TRANS-WORLD, P. 138; DENNIS SCOTT, P. 121; SUZANNE SEED, P. 3; ED SEEMAN, P. 137 (2); MARK SENNET / CAMERA 5, P. 138; HOWARD D. SIMMONS / CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, P. 139; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3 (2); TRANSWORLD, P. 138; UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL, P. 132, 133 (7), 138 (3); ALEXAS URBA, P. 116-117; JULIAN WASSER / TIME MAGAZINE © TIME, INC., P. 139; ERIC WESTON, P. 16; WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, P. 133 (2), 138, 139; JERRY YULSMAN, P. 139; TOM ZUK, P. 126, 137, P. 140 (2), COURTESY ABC-TV, P. 133-136, 138, 140. UPPER ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN CLYNE; P. 47, ILLUSTRATIONS BY TODD SCHORR.

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A.M.

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P.M.

**California Brandy Freeze.**

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JANUARY

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON



HONDA CIVIC
What the world is coming to.

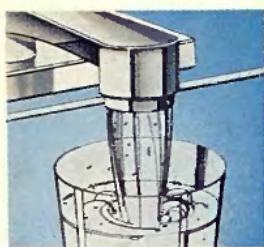
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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CARTER: PRO AND CON

Those who criticize Jimmy Carter for his *Playboy Interview* (November) are more brazen than the Pharisees. As for those who castigate him for granting an interview to PLAYBOY on the grounds that no Christian should be caught dead in such company, I'm wondering what they would say about Jesus. The Bible says he ate and drank with sinners. I don't believe Jesus would hesitate to grant PLAYBOY an interview if it would publish his message—or to eat and drink with its readers!

Norma Neal Gause
Tarpon Springs, Florida

It is incredible that in this day and age, the American people have been so thoroughly brainwashed by evangelists and clergy as to make such a big deal about lust.

Raymond Daugerdas
New Kensington, Pennsylvania

Since he projects himself as another Roosevelt, Kennedy or Johnson, will Jimmy Carter be as active in the shack-up department as they were?

Thomas H. Doyle
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

Let him who is without sin cast the first ballot.

Christopher A. Colthorpe
Sylva, North Carolina

Show me a man who hasn't thought lustfully about women and I'll show you a happy gay libber!

Sandie Gassman
Columbus, Ohio

As a minister, I admire Jimmy Carter's honesty on lust.

Rev. Robert E. Shaffer, D.D.
Gardena, California

"Later, when I became governor," Carter told PLAYBOY, "I was acquainted with some of the people at Capricorn Records in Macon—Otis Redding and others." Carter was governor of Georgia from 1971 to 1975. Redding died in 1967. There are three possible explanations for Carter's misspeech: (A) He was acquainted with a man who was arguably the greatest performing artist of modern times but cannot place the time of this

acquaintanceship to the nearest four years. (B) He cannot place the time of his governorship to the nearest four years. (C) He was fibbing. I had lunch with Jim Croce the other day. "None of the above," he said. "Could it be that, to Carter, they all look alike?"

Craig S. Karpel
New York, New York

If the folks in Atlanta had seen fit to supply us with the information Robert Scheer collected, I doubt that one campus in this state would have failed to turn out voters overwhelmingly for Jimmy Carter. It was a tough interview and a good one.

James H. Ewing, Executive
Vice-President
College Young Democrats
State of Tennessee
Knoxville, Tennessee

So Jimmy Carter has looked at women with lust. So what? At least he hasn't put them on the Congressional payroll at the taxpayers' expense for his own private use, has not gone skinny-dipping in a public place at midnight and has not propositioned anyone on the streets.

Mario Zamora
Asherton, Texas

I'm sorry homosexuality makes Jimmy Carter so nervous. I'm also sorry he escaped the subject as easily as he did. Unfortunately, the realities of being gay are not escapable. Any man who wants the chance to represent the people of the United States but cannot decide which citizens deserve equal status because of what his Bible says deserves not to represent anyone. I cannot believe in a President who does not believe in me.

C. Christopher Peterson
Summit, New Jersey

As to the religious questions and Carter's openness, I am glad you raised the issues. However, you showed a complete lack of understanding. For one thing, your understanding of sin and being human comes only from the conservative and fundamental area of Christianity. While these understandings are valid, you failed to give any credence to social or corporate sins—the sins of society and one's participation in them. I was very pleased to see that Carter did not let you get



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away with such a narrow conception of sin. On no other issue did you push him. The political issues were much more important, but you let them slide and concentrated on your own narrow point of view. I am glad the interview was done, but all in all, it is a very poor one.

William K. Backstrom, Pastor
First Christian Church
San Jose, California

I had to sympathize with Jimmy Carter for the criticism he took for granting the *Playboy Interview*. Isn't it strange—18 months ago, our Treasury Secretary, William Simon, was the subject of a *Playboy Interview* and not one damn word was said! Screw this silly season called election year. What's good for the goose is good for the gander! Keep up the good work . . . you're the only magazine with any balls!

Jacqueline A. Rasala
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

It seems to me that Jimmy Carter's propensity for looking at women with lust and committing mental adultery may lead to some special problems when he becomes President. Many times a President must receive or visit prominent women in many walks of life. Think of how uneasy politicians such as Bella Abzug, Golda Meir, Indira Gandhi, Shirley Chisholm, entertainers such as Kate Smith or former Presidents' wives such as Mamie Eisenhower and Bess Truman may feel in Carter's presence, knowing he may be mentally seducing them at that moment. No wonder the big smile all the time.

J. Stuart Torrey
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Jimmy, We Hardly Know Y'all (PLAYBOY, November) made me feel like upchucking. If there is anything fuzzy about Carter, it's the writers who cover him.

Joe T. Canady
San Diego, California

Jimmy Carter wants to right past wrongs and admit our mistakes like a man; no looking for excuses to justify the Vietnam war and many other past and present blunders. It would be better if his unconditional amnesty were a little more forceful, to include Viet vets with bad discharges for their opposition to this war, but at least he's taking a step in the right direction.

Don Fanchere
Denver, Colorado

As you may have read, a *Federal magistrate in Anchorage, Alaska, released an alleged draft dodger, Dickran James Erkiletian, without bail, based on President-elect Jimmy Carter's "Playboy Interview" promise to pardon draft resisters.*

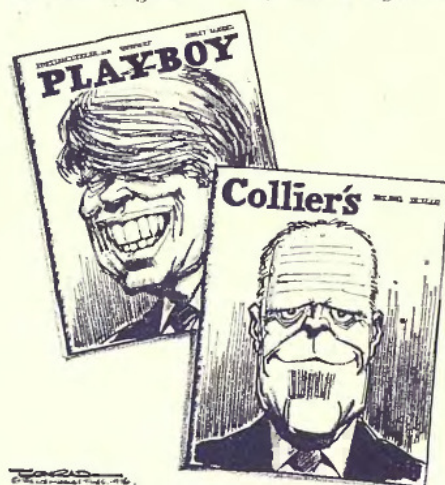
We Americans have demanded honest and open politicians and at the first sign of this honesty, cry, "Immoral, immoral." If Americans of voting age were honest, admitting they have lusted in their hearts, Governor Carter would have won the election by 90 percent over President Ford.

Robert H. Poulin
Waterville, Maine

Re the Jimmy Carter interview—*thanks!* Thanks for giving your readership a greater insight into the man than they could get from the orchestrated TV debates. I only wish you could have included a similar interview with Jerry Ford in time for the election.

John W. Barlow
Aurora, Colorado

Paul Conrad, editorial cartoonist for the Los Angeles Times, had a different



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idea of the ideal medium for a Gerald Ford interview.

For the first time in about ten years, after an uninterrupted diet of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Punch*, *Esquire* and others, I read from cover to cover two issues of your magazine. I would like to give you the following straight-from-the-fly British opinion: You could take all the Playmates and other nudes out of your magazine and I would still buy it at *twice* the cover price. PLAYBOY must be the only worldwide news magazine that consistently carries "responsible journalism" delivered in an *independent*, thoughtful and politically aware manner. Your Jimmy Carter interview is a resounding proof of this. Simply because no other publication carries such regular in-depth interviews with people who are *important* to the world. The past few weeks have shown that most top publications are so short of ideas in this direction they have to quote PLAYBOY quoting Carter.

Peter Hobday
Bedford, England

I'd like to share with you the sentiments I expressed in a letter to the

Reverend W. A. Criswell, the Dallas pastor who denounced Carter for granting an interview to PLAYBOY:

Dear Reverend Mr. Criswell:

I must say, I was deeply disappointed at your open denunciation of Governor Jimmy Carter, a faithful member of your own denomination. I am not quite sure I agree with your scathing remark concerning PLAYBOY magazine, which you self-righteously condemned as being "salacious" and "pornographic." First of all, how do you know that PLAYBOY is "salacious" and "pornographic?" Have you read it? More importantly, some of the greatest evangelists of our day have been seen and heard in far more unbecoming places than Jimmy Carter. Billy Graham has been known to visit skid-row bars, as has the chaplain of Bourbon Street; and the Reverend David Wilkerson is well known for his visits to the slums of New York. As a member of the Southern Baptist Convention, you are supposed to be my spiritual leader. Yet you don't even appear to know the Scripture. Jesus sat with "publicans and sinners" and condemned the Pharisees for just such a self-righteous attitude as yours. I think you owe Governor Carter, PLAYBOY magazine and Christians everywhere an apology. Jimmy Carter is a grown man. I believe he can handle PLAYBOY. I'm not so sure of the Reverend W. A. Criswell.

Dale P. Evans
Costa Mesa, California

As a right-wing conservative, I have never been impressed by Carter's views or philosophy. However, what did impress me was that he had the balls to say what he said and that's more than I can say for the hypocritical press coverage he received and your publication tolerated.

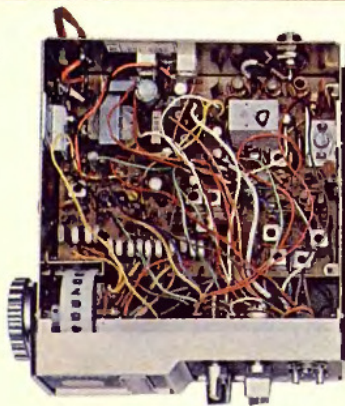
Samuel W. Rochansky
San Francisco, California

An off-and-on subscriber for ten years, I ardently protest PLAYBOY's public exploitation of its interview with Jimmy Carter, which attracted amazing controversy even before it appeared. I am confident the timely leak of his controversial statements enhanced the sale of the magazine on newsstands, a goal foremost in the minds of PLAYBOY's promotion staff, no doubt. But in PLAYBOY's haste to the bank, it has handed its loyal subscribers a slap in the face. I look forward to the *Playboy Interview* each month and I would like to be among the first to possess a copy of a much-talked-about article such as Carter's interview. Instead, I was among the last. I think PLAYBOY may be biting the hand that

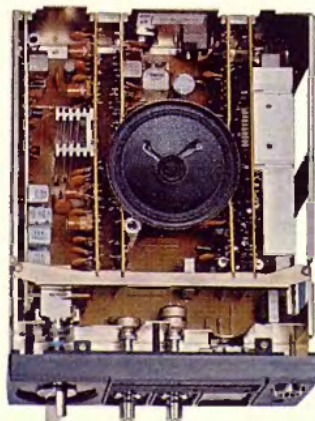


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Professional photographers have been complaining for years that 35mm SLR cameras had become too big, too heavy and too noisy. But there was nothing they could do about it. Until the introduction of the incredible Olympus OM-1 camera. It was one-third smaller and lighter than existing cameras, and much quieter. A few professionals tried it—to see if it was rugged enough and versatile enough. It was. And very quickly both professionals and amateurs made the Olympus OM-1 a world-wide success.

Introducing the new OM-2.

Now history repeats itself. Olympus introduces the OM-2, an automatic 35mm SLR system camera. The photographer sets the aperture and the camera makes the exposure—automatically. But again—an incredibly small, light and quiet camera.

Unique Metering.

An automatic camera is as good as

its metering system. And only Olympus has developed the "ideal" metering. The light is measured as it is actually reflected from the film. And if the light changes, the exposure changes instantly and automatically. Other cameras are blind during the time the picture is taken. And the OM-2 can take pictures automatically other cameras can't because it works from a fast 1/1000th of a second to long, long exposures up to about 60 seconds.

The system that grows with you.

Both Olympus cameras are part of a huge system of more than 200 accessories, including lenses from 8mm fisheye to 1000mm telephoto, interchangeable viewing screens, and motor drives. You can start shooting beautiful pictures with the basic camera and keep going. You may even become a pro. See a demonstration at your Olympus dealer.

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feeds it. And one of those hands belongs to me.

Tom Marquardt
Ypsilanti, Michigan

It may be hard to believe we're not geniuses at publicizing an interview, but the simple truth is that we decided to release the entire text of the interview ahead of time to avoid controversy. PLAYBOY takes about three weeks to print, and when the first copies came off the press, we realized there was danger that selected excerpts would leak. So we decided, at our own expense, to make available to the media over 1000 pre-prints of the entire interview so the public would see the context of Carter's remarks. What the media decided to excerpt from the full text available to them is another story.

I would like to congratulate Robert Scheer on his interview with Jimmy Carter and his article *Jimmy, We Hardly Know Y'All*. Both are excellent articles and present a side of Carter that I have not seen in *Newsweek* or *Reader's Digest*, both of which had lengthy article/interviews with him. Scheer's articles were much more penetrating and revealing. I do not like your magazine; this is the first issue I have seen. But I am glad I purchased the copy, which I threw in the trash can after cutting out the article to read.

(Name withheld by request)
Tacoma, Washington

Win a few, lose a few.

BIG APPLE CORPS

Craig Karpel's outstanding piece on New York City (*There Are 8,000,000 Stories in the Naked City and This Is the Last One*) in your November issue is one of the most lucid and entertaining articles I have read in years. I have never seen the bottom line—on New York or the Vietnam war—so well and perceptively stated.

Bill Mann
Montreal, Quebec

Karpel's analysis of New York City's ills is the best I've seen. Doom has been predicted for the city for decades and will come in time. Cupidity is its and our downfall.

William Klonan
Washington, D.C.

Craig Karpel is a son of a bitch who should have his fat mouth punched in so people don't have to read bullshit like that. I've heard all that crap about New York already. I love the Big Apple and always will.

(Name withheld by request)
Stamford, Connecticut

STOCK MARKET QUOTATIONS

Ticker Tape Tipton's humpty-dumpty advice on *How to Make Real Money in*

WHY MOST CRITICS USE MAXELL TAPE TO EVALUATE TAPE RECORDERS.

Any critic who wants to do a completely fair and impartial test of a tape recorder is very fussy about the tape he uses.

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And if a cassette or 8-track introduces wow and flutter, it's apt to produce some test results that anyone can argue with.

Fortunately, we test every inch of every Maxell cassette, 8-track and reel-to-reel tape to make sure



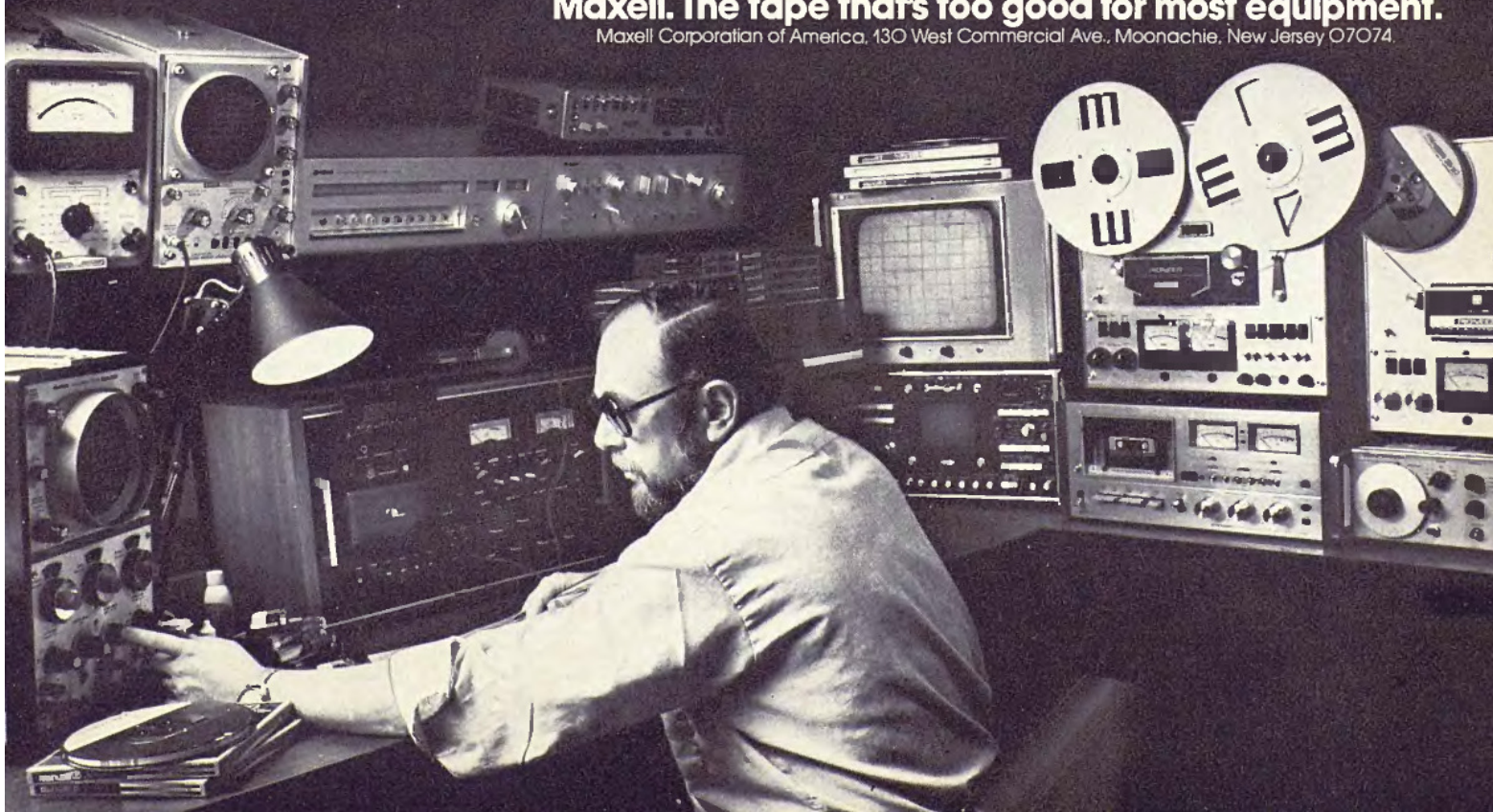
they don't have the problems that plague other tapes.

So it's not surprising that most critics end up with our tape in their tape recorders.

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the Stock Market (PLAYBOY, November) must have been a real joy to the specialists on the floor of the N.Y.S.E. who manipulate stock prices up and down and who, through the use of the media, make the public believe price fluctuation has to do with supply and demand.

Ernest P. Padilla
San Rafael, California

How to Make Real Money in the Stock Market is the best article I have seen on the topic. In fact, there may be no stock-market books containing as much good advice.

Charles L. Anderson
Sacramento, California

I was very impressed with John B. Tipton's article on the stock market. However, I am curious as to Tipton's own success in the stock market.

(Name withheld by request)
St. Bonaventure, New York

Someone is mistaken about Solitron Devices; it is either Tipton or my latest book from Standard & Poor's, according to which the high was 57 1/4 between 1960 and 1973. So how does Tipton arrive at a high of 285? Did the stock split?

A. T. Hardwicke
Monte Sereno, California

Tipton replies to all comers:

Applying my own philosophy, I have had some stocks on which I've lost as much as 100 percent of my investment and stocks that have returned me as much as 1000 percent. I have far outperformed the general market during the past ten years. And, yes, Solitron did split.

HOO-HA BROUHAHA

Re *The Great Willie Nelson Commando Hoo-Ha and Texas Brain Fry* (PLAYBOY, November): Many years ago, I met Willie Nelson when he was gigging at the Louisiana Hayride. I wanted him to look at my lyrics to some songs I was trying to write. The songs were terrible. I was young and scared to death, but Willie listened, lied and told me he thought I had a chance to be a songwriter, to keep writing and learn to accompany myself with guitar. The image I had of one of my childhood heroes was smashed by your article's references to the escapades and rip-offs of this artist and his associates. If, indeed, it is true, I want to thank you for the information. If it is not, I wish someone (perhaps Willie) would tell me!

Ed Cobb
Minden, Louisiana

Several years ago, in one of my first gigs, I was unceremoniously thrown off stage by the owner of a Dallas night club and my engagement there was terminated. The first person to call with an encouraging word was Willie Nelson. We

had never met, but he had read about the incident and invited me to play several shows with him the following week. Since then, he's always been "Uncle Willie" to me and he often and lovingly refers to me as his "little Jewish brother." Believe me, Texas is a wiggly place. Like I told John Connally as he was rehearsing his Vice-Presidential acceptance speech: "It's no disgrace to come from Texas, John—it's just a disgrace to have to go back there." I'm proud to be an asshole from El Paso.

Kinky Friedman
New York, New York

Kinky Friedman, former leader of the group The Texas Jewboys, was profiled in PLAYBOY's "On the Scene" in August 1974.

MOVIE BUFF

Your *Sex in Cinema* pictorial (PLAYBOY, November) is, as usual, great! My favorite photo is the one from *Drum*, featuring Isela Vega, who you say was the subject of a "memorable" PLAYBOY pictorial. Memorable as it may have been, I've completely forgotten it and I can't understand why—Isela looks like someone I wouldn't be likely to forget.

Paul Ericson
Tucson, Arizona

Just to refresh your memory, here's the picture we used back in July of 1974



to open our pictorial on Miss Vega. Memorize it—there'll be a quiz at the end of the term.

MISTY EYED

Your *Misty* pictorial (PLAYBOY, November) is superb.

M. Jennings
New York, New York

Misty Rowe is the best thing yet to appear in PLAYBOY and alone is worth the price of admission.

Eric Kirk
St. James, New York

I had the good fortune to play opposite Misty Rowe in Noel Coward's *Private Lives* while studying at Stella Adler's studio in New York. So I wholeheartedly agree with Miss Adler's praise of Misty's sensitive yet powerful gift as an actress. But the starving artist in me cannot help being a tiny bit offended that Misty should feel compelled to sell her (lovely) body to PLAYBOY when the gift she offers mankind is far more intrinsically profound.

James Crafford
New York, New York

SLANG EXPRESSIONS

A Guide to Black Slang (PLAYBOY After Hours, November) is the worst trash I have read. It is an insult to all blacks.

Bertha C. Rowe
Chicago, Illinois

Fran Ross, the author of "A Guide to Black Slang," replies:

For the record, I am totally problack; in fact, I am black. My intention was to satirize stereotypes about blacks by seeming to accept every blessed one of them, no matter how dumb—saying, in effect, "OK, folks, that's true and here's the slang word we have for it." If a white person had written it, who knows?—I might be upset, too, but I doubt it. (Now I know how Richard Pryor must feel.)

PATTI TAKES

Patti McGuire, your November Playmate, is definitely one of your finest discoveries.

From the guys on board
U.S.S. Billfish
FPO, New York 09501

Loved your C.B. theme in the Patti McGuire pictorial. As an avid C.B.er, I'd be interested to know what kind of equipment is pictured.

Elton Carr
Jessup, Georgia

Patti's C.B. equipment includes an Astatic D-104 Bicentennial Golden Eagle microphone, a Cobra 138 SS/B AM two-way C.B. radio and a Midland 13-887 C.B. transmitter, which she picked up at Triangle Stereo of Chicago.

VATICAN ENCYCLICALS

Eric Idle's *Vatican Sex Manual* (PLAYBOY, November) is delightfully unstimulating. As they say, "When in Rome, don't as the Romans don't."

Jim Sikes
Cullowhee, North Carolina

At Eric Idle's suggestion, my partner touched my Safe Zone. (I have to admit, he cheated. He used his tongue.) We found it was rather difficult to hold that position, partly because I was squirming too much.

Connie Fisher
New Haven, Connecticut



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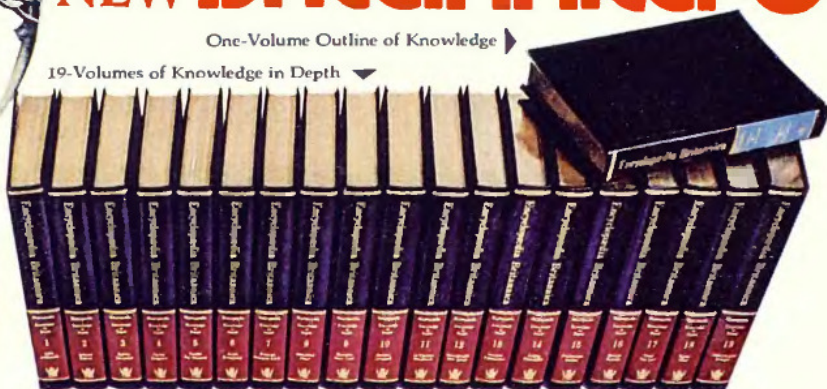
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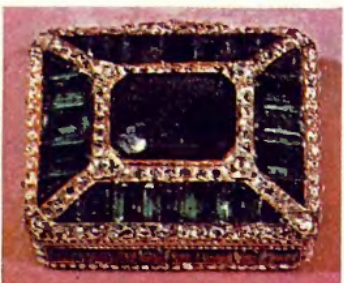
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Now there's a car that's just as reliable and economical as Old Faithful ever was. It's New Faithful. The 1977 VW Rabbit. With engineering so advanced that automotive experts have hailed it as the kind



New Faithful.

of car Detroit will be building in the 1980's.

The Rabbit has a new fuel injection system, so it starts up quick as a bunny. Springs like one, too. 0 to 50 in just 7.7 seconds. The Rabbit also has advanced engineering features like negative steering roll radius to help maintain directional stability in the event of a front-tire blowout; rack-and-pinion steering for more direct maneuvering and better road feel; and an independent stabilizer rear axle, low in

unsprung weight, for better road holding.

New Faithful lives up to Old Faithful's reputation for economy, too. Because it has fuel injection, you can use the most economical grade of gas.* But you won't have to use it very often. Rabbit gets 37 mpg on the highway, 24 in the city. (That's EPA's estimate for manual transmission. Your actual mileage may vary, depending upon your driving habits, your car's condi-

tion and optional equipment.)

Dependability and economy. That's what Old Faithful gave a whole generation of Americans. And that's what New Faithful is giving a whole new generation of Americans.

New Faithful. The 1977 VW Rabbit.

 **Rabbit**

More Volkswagen from Volkswagen

*California excluded.

Treat yourself to light menthol Belair.

*Now's the time for the
light menthol cigarette.*



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



What did you expect them to do—play dominoes? Under the headline "CROPS HIT BY HAILSTORM," Kentucky's *Cynthiana Democrat* ran this curious line: "In addition, the storm caused their cattle to break through a fence and hover near their house and 'ball all night.'"

A British book company has just published a metric Bible. In this new version, called the *Good News Bible*, God tells Noah to build the ark "133 meters long, 22 meters wide and 13 meters high." Goliath is three meters tall instead of "six cubits and a span" and his armor weighs about 57 kilograms instead of "5000 shekels of brass."

Seems somebody had taken a few letters off a community billboard in Ankeny, Iowa. The tampered-with message read: ANKENY ACTIVITIES—BLUE ASS FESTIVAL—FLY THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Crime of the century! A Portland, Oregon, woman was stabbed in the butt with a fork after she refused to give more than two fried-chicken wings to a guest at her birthday party.

In celebration of the anniversary of the signing of the 19th Amendment, granting women the right to vote, a Philadelphia restaurant offered a free cocktail to any woman who ate there on a specific date. There was one catch, though: The offer applied only to women accompanied by males.

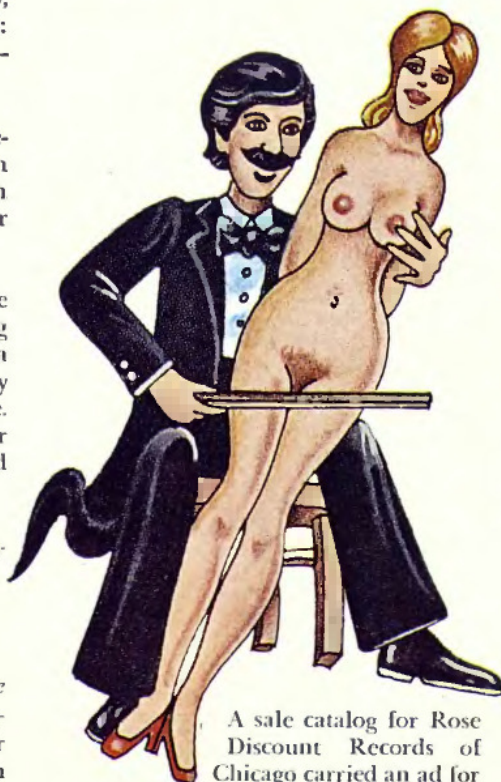
We were surprised to read in the usually conservative *Columbus Dispatch* this headline: "GO-GO GIRLS BUSTED ON EXPOSING CUNTS."

There's a Sucker Born Every Minute Department: A Papillion, Nebraska, commercial artist put an ad in a newspaper offering "absolutely nothing" in return for one dollar. He received hundreds of

letters and calls and \$230. He used the money to pay for the ad and buy bumper stickers that said—you guessed it—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

The *Ottawa Citizen* contained an ad for Club Le Marquis in Gatineau, Quebec, announcing, "Direct from Las Vegas: Sabrina and Her All Nude Revue." A line at the bottom of the ad read, "Proper Dress at All Times."

Employees of a bank in Southern California wear T-shirts upon which appear the words: WE DO IT WITH INTEREST. One memorable morning, a woman employee showed up at work with an additional line on her shirt: PENALTY FOR EARLY WITHDRAWAL.



A sale catalog for Rose Discount Records of Chicago carried an ad for *English Vaginal Music*.

Englishwomen with bust measurements of less than 32 inches don't have to pay the ten percent sales tax on dresses. The law was originally meant as a tax-relief measure for parents of grade school students, but it's now being treated widely as a sort of consolation prize for flat-chested women.

And if all the useless statistics were put together, they would fill ten football stadiums. . . . The Wilmington, Delaware, *Evening Journal* recently published this enlightening item: "If all the human female eggs used to produce the current world population were put together, they would not fill an empty chicken egg and if all the male spermatozoa necessary to fertilize them were brought together, they would fit on the head of a pin." Yes, and just think of what a lovely reunion it would be.

Our Bungled Robbery of the Month Award goes to the burglar who surreptitiously attempted to enter a Buffalo, New York, Woolworth's store through a ventilation shaft. As it turned out, the shaft he chose was directly above the lunch-counter grill and the burglar stayed hidden there during nine hours of cooking until, finally, he could no longer stand the heat and stuck his hand out to ask for a glass of water. "It's amazing," said the store's assistant manager. "He never asked for help all day, even though the grill temperature reached 350 degrees." Police said the burglar had at least one and a half inches of grease on him when apprehended.

The following ad ran in the DeKalb, Illinois, *Citizen Shopping News*: "For Sale—International mounted pecker—2MH—\$50—Perfect condition."

A French mathematics teacher is suing a mental clinic for incarcerating him for 11 years in the mistaken belief that he was

another man with a similar name. The court was informed that the complainant was sane enough to earn three degrees from Toulouse University while interned at the funny farm.

Seen on the marquee of the Rivershore Motor Inn in Richland, Washington: WELCOME INTL. POT DEALERS. The greeting referred not to weed entrepreneurs but to the seasonal convention of the International Pot and Kettle Club, a gathering of housewares distributors.

In an article about the breakdown of prudery on Spain's beaches, the British Airways magazine *Highlife* made this interesting observation: "It is about six years since the last time a girl was arrested for wearing a bikini on the beach. But gradually, the cracks are appearing."

Our *Chutzpah* Citation of the Month goes to the two Detroit robbers who held up a man on the street and got so pissed off at him for having only \$38 in his wallet that they forced him to go to the bank and withdraw an additional \$400. They left him with one dollar for cab fare.

The *Columbian Sunday TV Week* magazine of New Westminster, British Columbia, inadvertently misprinted an ad for Neil Simon's *Come Blow Your Horn* as *Come Blow Your Friend*.

Some people can make money out of anything: According to Ohio's Steubenville *Intelligencer*, "a Sinclair Avenue resident told Steubenville City Council he is serious in his threat to file a multi-million-dollar suit against the municipality if property on his street is not improved."

Women who place bundles of steel on cranes at the Algoma Steel Corporation in Ontario are demanding that their job title be changed. They are now called hookers.

Good thinking, fellas. Describing two identical schools built in Montebello, California, *Parks & Recreation* magazine stated that "windows are nonexistent, making breaking less likely."

Sign outside a Standale, Michigan, restaurant: EVERY TUES. ALL THE CHICK YOU CAN EAT \$2.35.

Or be able to prove she's pregnant? The Mandan, North Dakota, *St. Joseph Church Bulletin* carried this announcement: "A purse was found in church with no identification in it. The owner may have the purse by stating how many birth-control pills were left in the dispenser."

MY FAIR FUHRER



Now that Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, who gave us *Jesus Christ—Superstar*, have brought us *Evita*, a two-record opera based on the life of Eva Perón, the first wife of dictator Juan Perón (see *Music*, page 30), MCA Records predicts that its apolitical production will spawn several hit singles. *Evita*, you may recall, rose from a humble career as an actress to rule the pampas with a satin fist; if *Evita* follows in the footsteps of *Jesus* and goes to the movies, we'll soon be seeing dictatorial musicals such as:

Idi—The life and times of irrepressible Idi Amin features Barry White moaning *Hava Nagilah* at the Entebbe Airport. After Barry's backup group, Love Unlimited, hustles him to safety, he meets the Israeli commander, played by Steve McQueen. An accord is reached and the two appear on Ugandan television as a musical-comedy team called Steve and Idi.

Indira: State of Emergency—Already S.R.O. on the Indian subcontinent, this sequel to *State of Siege* is reincarnated by sari-clad Shelley Winters' characterization of Mrs. Gandhi. Paul Simon and the Meher Baba Singers hit the musical high note when they meet in the ransacked offices of a Delhi newspaper to sing *The Sounds of Silence*.

Shah Nuff—Hawk-nosed Iranian leader Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi (Kirk Douglas) and his SAVAK secret police put the Soul Train Gang through its paces. Dancing to the O'Jays' *Backstabbers*, the Gang does the Lock, the Robot and the Breakdown. Liz Taylor comes as the Iranian ambassador's girlfriend, Marion Javits smiles a lot and the ex-Secretary of State appears as disco d.j. Henry the K.

Johannesburg—Gil Scott-Heron scores with the score to this epic tale of a troubled society. Fresh from Cuba, Harry Belafonte and Sidney Poitier lead the Last Poets out of Soweto and into the streets, where they lock horns with an Afrikaner police chief (Rod Steiger). Kudos to Bob Dylan and Bryan Ferry for their harmonies on *A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall*.

Richard M!—It's dapper David Bowie portraying the Chief, a leader who programs a monster group (Kiss) to destroy a dangerous 18-minute demo tape. Dylan again, as the Special Prosecutor, couples with Deep Throat Donna Summer and tells Bowie that "Sometimes even the President . . . has got to stand naked." Stripped of his power, the exiled Bowie spends the rest of his days listening to outtakes of *Fame*.

Gulag—Alexander Solzhenitsyn's script provides blockbuster underpinning for this musical Woodstock, which includes everybody from the Beatles (*Back in the U.S.S.R.*) to Frank Zappa (*Who Are the Brain Police?*). Also appearing: K.G.B., with Mike Bloomfield. A hot ticket in eastern European neighborhoods and on Capitol Hill.

Springtime for Hitler—Every trend needs some nostalgia, so here comes a full-length version of the madcap production number from Mel Brooks's *The Producers*. This time around, original *Führer* Dick Shawn is saluted and serenaded by Blue Oyster Cult, Black Sabbath and the Ramones. Don't miss Adolf and Eva (Patti Smith) dueting in the bunker: Would you believe Mrs. Braun, You've Got a Lovely Daughter? —ABE PECK



Will you have a flashlight handy when you need one?

Sure, you know where to look. Junior was using it last night to work on his car. Or did he borrow the flashlight Amy uses to read with under the covers after "lights out"? If your family is typical, the flashlight you may have to depend on in an emergency may not be where you think it is. Keep a spare in a safe place, like your glove compartment. The "Eveready" Economy Flashlight makes it easy, because it's priced right. Get one. You never know when you'll need it.

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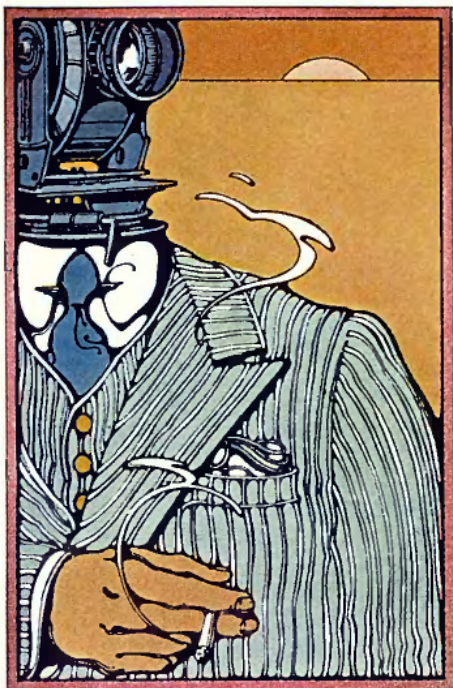


MOVIES

F Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*—a novel revered as a classic despite the fact that Fitzgerald died before completing his first draft—is now back in circulation as an unfinished movie, adapted by Harold Pinter for producer Sam Spiegel and director Elia Kazan. Slow, mannered and elliptical, *Tycoon* on film is an exercise in frustration. The movie breaks off approximately where the book does, with characters only half developed, conflicts outlined but unresolved, loose ends of plot dangling in limbo. Robert De Niro, as Monroe Stahr—a Hollywood *Wunderkind* and studio chief not unlike the late Irving Thalberg of MGM—remains aloof, authoritative and compulsive without revealing much of the man described in Fitzgerald's prose. A moviegoer learns only that Stahr is not in good health, though Fitzgerald's notes for the novel tell us that Stahr had perhaps six months to live and died in a plane crash before his time ran out. Author Pinter, whose plays and films are cryptic riddles about the fearful human condition, may not have been the ideal writer to fill the gaps for Fitzgerald. While sticking literally to the novel's incidents, Pinter has given them an overlay of terse Pinteresque dialog that's often more provoking than illuminating. Let someone say, urgently, "Listen . . .," the next line will be, "What?"; the next line, "Nothing."

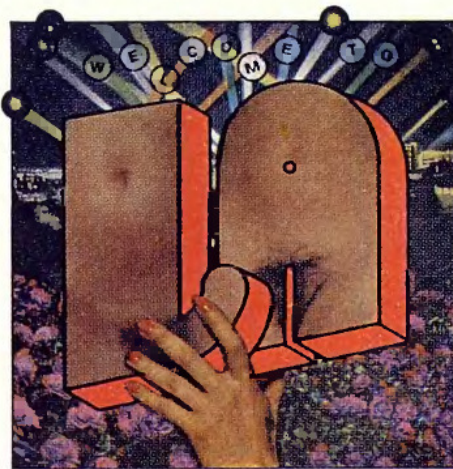
The movie dwells mainly upon Stahr's romantic obsession with an enigmatic Irish girl named Kathleen, who resembles his late wife, a great star. Played by a doll-faced newcomer, former model Ingrid Boulting, the girl is beautiful enough but behaves as if she were in a state of light hypnosis. But then, everyone behaves rather strangely in *Last Tycoon*, apparently reflecting director Kazan's dogged efforts to invest a thin story with a sense of doom. Robert Mitchum and Theresa Russell, as a studio bigwig and his plucky daughter, have meaningless peripheral roles, though the book was written primarily from her point of view. Jeanne Moreau (as a foreign superstar invented for the movie), Jack Nicholson (as a left-wing union organizer who steals one irrelevant scene) and Tony Curtis (in the film's best bit as an aging, impotent matinee idol who loves his wife but can't get it up for her) supply some meaty fringe benefits for a movie that finally seems hollow at the center.

Produced by Robert Altman, *Welcome to L.A.* was written and directed by 32-year-old Alan Rudolph, Altman's sometime assistant, co-author and protégé. "The influence is pretty apparent," says Rudolph with dead accuracy, for *Welcome* might be described as *Son of Nashville*, though it was inspired by



Lost Tycoon.

"*The Last Tycoon*
on film is an
exercise in frustration."



L.A.: nice try.

Richard Baskin's musical suite *City of the One Night Stands*. The movie also owes a lot to Lindsay Anderson's *O Lucky Man*, with its loose narrative tightly woven into its music. *Welcome's* primary shortcoming is that Baskin (a heavy contributor to the score of *Nashville*) plays a peripheral role, often singing his own serviceable songs oncamera—and virtually killing them, because he has very little presence as a performer. Such quibbles aside, Rudolph still rates cheers for his first solo flight as a film maker.

His work may be derivative, but it is also daring and uniquely challenging to moviegoers of average sensibility, who are apt to find Rudolph a year or two ahead of them. Keith Carradine, in a role close in tone and spirit to his part in *Nashville*, plays a young composer on the make who manages to make it with nearly every lady at hand during several hectic days prior to Christmas Eve in L.A. Geraldine Chaplin, Sally Kellerman, Harvey Keitel, Lauren Hutton, Viveca Lindfors, Sissy Spacek and John Considine play some of the emotionally displaced persons he encounters in the course of a sexual daisy chain that picks up the restless, languid rhythm of L.A. life as few movies ever have.

"Are you ready to make a commitment?" asks Hutton, as a girl photographer who appears to be the mistress of Carradine's father (Denver Pyle) and spends her time taking pictures of corners. "Maybe," he replies, in a fairly decisive summation of the epidemic emptiness on display. *Welcome's* pivotal female role is delicately played by Miss Chaplin, as a mad young housewife who spends her days riding around the city in taxis, talking to herself and sometimes to the camera. Nearly every character in the film, in fact, sooner or later looks straight into the camera with the defiant or defenseless air of someone who has taken a wrong turn and been trapped. An obvious trick, sure; but Rudolph uses it with such artful simplicity that he seems to be flipping through snapshots of lost souls in this bleak and haunting, thoroughly modern, imperfect and compassionate first movie that is plainly only a teasing token of things to come.

Keith Carradine's brother David sings songs of the people in *Bound for Glory*, a poignant hosanna adapted from the autobiography of folk singer Woody Guthrie. Though Guthrie is dead, the songs he wrote are alive and well—and still pounding out his message more potently, all in all, than this low-key, uncritical tribute to the man behind the music. Carradine's thoughtful performance—as unaffectedly honest as the words and music of the Guthrie classic *This Land Is Your Land*—carries Woody through the seminal years beginning in 1936, when he left a poverty-stricken town in the Texas dust bowl to hop a freight and find his voice among the itinerant fruit pickers of California. Director Hal (of *Shampoo* and *The Last Detail*) Ashby treats the Guthrie saga as if he were embarked upon a wide-screen remake of *The Grapes of Wrath*, and it's a credit to Ashby that he often comes close to capturing the power and simplicity of that unforgettable original by John Ford out of Steinbeck. Though far

from great, *Bound for Glory* eases into pleasant intimacy with its subject and is enhanced by Haskell Wexler's splendid mood photography—a portrait of America 40 years ago, as seen from rusty-dusty towns and fields and freight yards by a blue-collar poet. Ronny Cox, Gail Strickland and Randy Quaid eloquently play some of the rich and poor folk who cross Woody's path, though the oddest bit of casting is Ashby's use of Melinda Dillon—perfect and all but undetectable in her dual role as Woody's anxious wife, Mary, and, in a brunette wig, as Memphis Sue, one of his early singing partners.

There is hardly a human emotion that does not erupt at some moment of crisis in *Voyage of the Damned*, a floating *Grand Hotel* based on grim historical fact and acted to the hilt by one of those international all-star casts that movie moguls must dream about. The script—though literate, and never so silly or overblown as those for formula disaster epics—is less than brilliant, and Stuart Rosenberg's journeyman direction is a full cut below *that*. Yet great good will combined with a great subject makes *Voyage* a vivid, harrowing chronicle of the journey of the S.S. St. Louis, the Hamburg-Amerika luxury liner that set sail from Hamburg in



Dramatic Voyage.

mid-May 1939 with 939 desperate German-Jewish refugees who innocently believed they would find haven in Havana. Actually, they were the victims of a cruel propaganda move; unwanted by Cuba, the U.S. or any other civilized nation, they were abandoned to roam the sea aboard a ship staffed by Gestapo informers and a handful of conscientious anti-Nazis. Max Von Sydow plays the captain, a decent chap, with Helmut Griem as the SS bastard who seems determined to guarantee that getting nowhere will be no fun whatever for Faye Dunaway, Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Lee Grant, Sam Wanamaker, Maria Schell and movie newcomer Lynne Frederick. The heroes and villains who keep pulling strings ashore include Ben Gazzara, Orson Welles, José

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Ferrer and James Mason—plus lissome Katharine Ross, in a touching episode as a girl whose parents think she's a language teacher, though she's actually one of Havana's top whores and, as such, is able to wangle landing permits and cash through her contacts. Dunaway, Von Sydow, Werner and Grant take turns scintillating, of course, in a flashy company that has every opportunity to unleash dramatic fireworks. Unlike *Ship of Fools*, scuttled on film a decade ago, this is rich, old-fashioned moviemaking that tells a compellingly tragic story with integrity and taste.

Obviously intended as a nose-thumbing spoof of screen violence, **Andy Warhol's BAD** is an antisocial comedy that treats bad taste with sly tolerance—in much the same way that Warhol looked at Campbell soup cans and Brillo boxes and more or less invented pop art. The most expensive Warhol movie to date (budgeted at over \$1,000,000), *BAD* was produced by Jeff Tornberg, directed by Jed Johnson, written and performed by a swarm of Warhol acolytes on the bill with such established performers as Carroll Baker, Perry King, Susan Tyrrell and Stefania Cassini. They're all pretty good, as well as hip to the dry humor of a horrendous tale about a band of hit girls operating out of an electrolysis parlor in Queens. Baker, a onetime sex symbol who has treated down-home seductiveness as a joke since *Baby Doll*, plays the madam in charge—with King, the only male member of the group, quailing at carrying out his assignment: He is supposed to do away with an autistic child. The girls on the team, however, don't blink an eyelash about the crimes by contract they are hired to perform: murdering an old crank's dog ("And you've got to do it viciously"), throwing a harassed housewife's baby out the window, setting a disastrous fire in a Spanish-language movie theater. Restraint is avoided wherever possible in favor of graphic gore, blunt language and outright offensiveness. The excesses of *BAD* could not be worse, and the very title must be interpreted as a sassy invitation for critics to say so. That said, everyone can sit back and enjoy it as a piece of certified junk art with a name label.

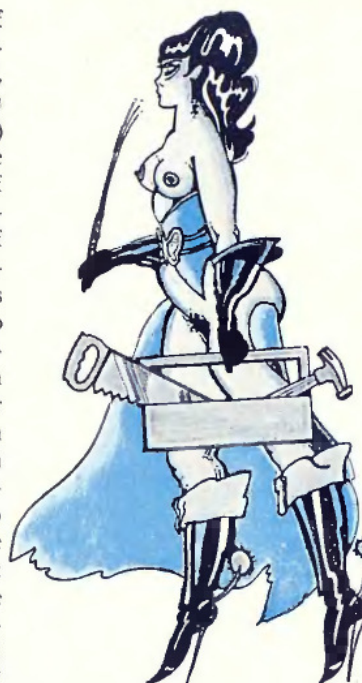
Sissy Spacek is sensational in the title role of Brian De Palma's expert shocker *Carrie*, playing a painfully shy and put-upon high school girl with a talent for telekinesis—she can will objects to move at her bidding—who lets herself go and wreaks horrible revenge at the spring prom. It's *Tammy* on a rampage. Between shivers, we're treated to the swaggering of two of moviedom's most promising young males—Carrie's prom date, William Katt, son of Bill Williams and Barbara (Della

X-RATED

The earlier films of French director Barbet Schroeder (*More* and, more recently, *Idi Amin Dada—A Self-Portrait*) may be echoed in a line spoken by the heroine of his newest, a cheeky romantic comedy about, of all things, an S/M mistress and her men. "It's exciting to get into people's madness so intimately," says she, when pressed to explain her peculiar profession to a young hustler who falls in love with her after burgling her apartment—no ordinary Parisian flat, he discovers, but a pad fit for De Sade, complete with whips, chains, leather, torture devices and one contentedly caged customer. Two of France's fast-climbing young performers, Bulle Ogier and Gerard Depardieu (he co-stars with Robert De Niro in Bertolucci's upcoming epic *1900*), play the odd couple whose ticklish relationship is the main concern of *Maitresse*. Though the film brings

us some real S/M freaks enacting their fantasy trips—the weirdest features a masked man who enjoys having his penis nailed to a plank from time to time—Ogier and Depardieu dominate every scene, emphasizing that the games they play in the foreground, the games all of us play, in fact, are probably as irrational as any favored by flagellants or transvestites. Besides, Bulle's cool *Maitresse* behaves like any working woman who takes some pride in performing a service that satisfies her clients, and occasionally slips away to live out her secret life as a suburban wife and mother. With the help of his winsome stars, Schroeder manages to take the sting out of sadomasochism, or at least to place it in the wryly slanted perspective of a cruel little comedy that ends—arbitrarily but on a cheerful note—when the lovers run away from it all in a fast car, balling in the driver's seat as they go, and have a pretty bad smashup. They don't seem to mind much. *C'est la vie*, perhaps, if you're into mild concussion and bruises.

In the opening sequence of Russ Meyer's *Up!*, an S/M stud whips and sodomizes a creepy old masochist who may or may not be Adolf Hitler. Homosexual Nazis



Tough Maitresse.

"The weirdest trip features a man who enjoys having his penis nailed to a plank."

and male characters equipped with salami-sized penises are relatively new to the world of Meyer—that lewd and lusty coitusland where melon-breasted women encounter ballsy woodsmen and let nature take its course. *Up!* spoofs sex and violence in the lurid-comic tradition on which Meyer holds the patent, though the increasing emphasis on blood and guts that began with *Superwoman* may spoil some of the fun for fainthearts—especially when a couple of the boys start whooping it up with a hefty ax and a chain saw. The yummy centerpiece is a Meyer discovery, Raven De La Croix, as a sumptuously cantilevered heroine named Margo Winchester, who appears to be on a jogging trip through the Northwest woods until the plot catches up with her. Did we say *plot*? It's more like a conundrum, utterly mad and bad and probably indecipherable to any but those audiences for whom a Russ Meyer movie is a campy special event on a cultural mesa somewhere between porno and the Demolition Derby.

Hard-core film makers had to find something new, if not better, and 3-D may be the trend. They're coming right at you, quite literally—with boobs, genitalia, deep-drill insertions and ejaculations that appear to be aimed for the outer lobby—in *Funk*, a raw, crudely crafted pioneer effort about a man who meets two gypsy girls and conjures up fantasies in their crystal ball. As usual, you have to wear special glasses to learn that sex in the round does, indeed, add another dimension.

A rampant sex-crazed mermaid (Terri Hall, giving deep throat as never before) attacks swimmers and attracts more-than-willing victims to a resort town called Great Head in *Gums*, writer-director Robert J. Kaplan's porno parody of *Jaws*. After a promising start, the idea swiftly deteriorates into a mishmash cluttered with low comedy, horny puppets, a Nazis sea captain who's a one-man horror show in himself and enough unattractive studs and sexpots to sink any fuck film.

Street) Hale, perennial Hollywood hopefuls of yesteryear, and John Travolta (see *Grapevine*, page 197), hot newcomer recruited from TV's *Welcome Back, Kotter*, in a lesser role as the dirty trickster responsible for all hell's breaking loose. Piper Laurie stages a showy comeback as Carrie's fanatically religious mother, while De Palma proves again that he can wring edge-of-your-seat suspense from a Gothic tale—or the telephone book.

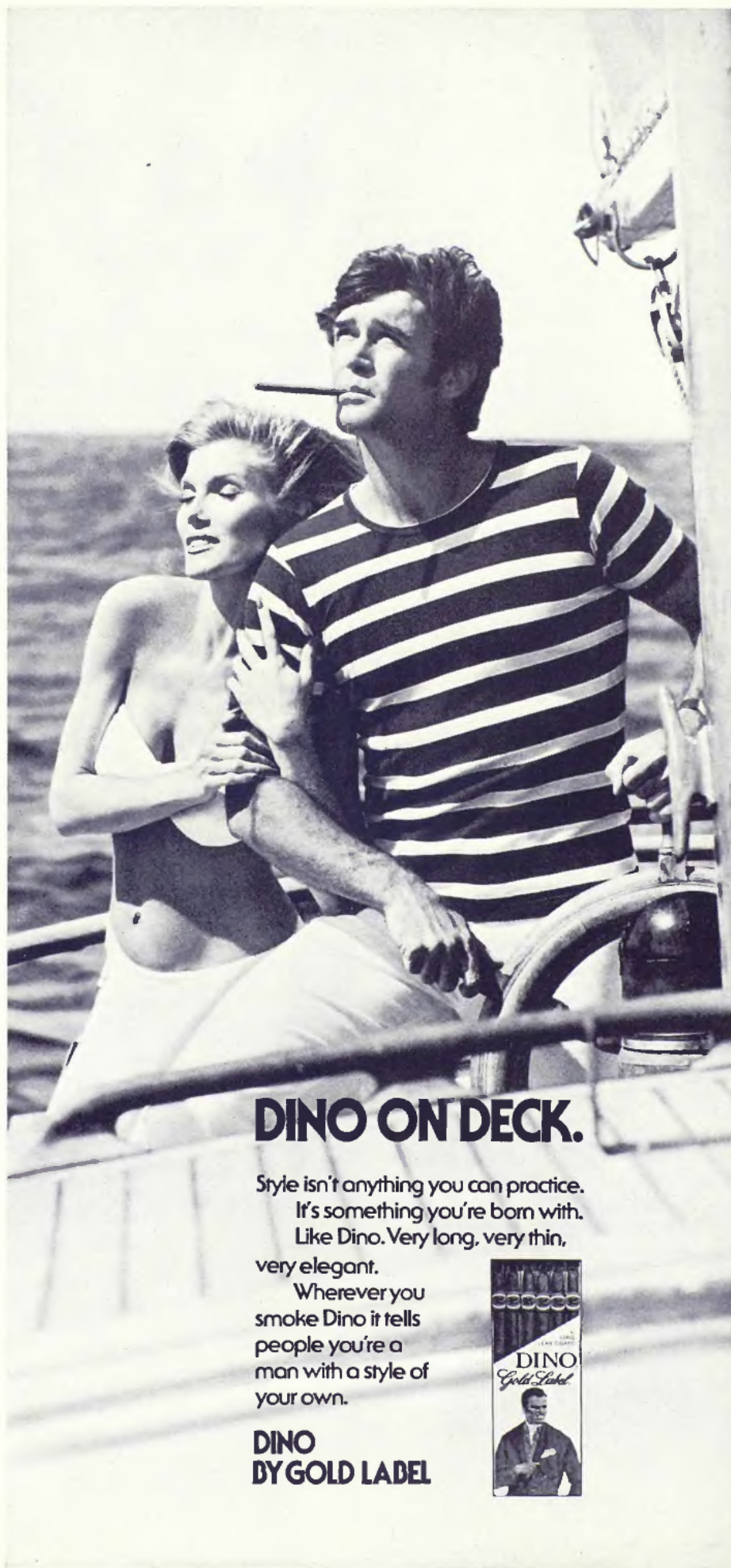
It doesn't say much for Amtrak—thinly disguised on the screen as Amroad—that Gene Wilder, a passenger on the *Silver Streak*, an L.A.-Chicago express train, jumps off or is unwillingly jettisoned several times and always manages to overtake the sluggish streamliner by flying or driving. One such unscheduled stopover throws him into the company of Richard Pryor, as a fugitive thief, and together they give *Streak* most of its momentum—especially when Pryor daubs Wilder with shoe polish and tries to teach him how to do the finger-snapping strut like a black dude should. Jill Clayburgh, as a very standard damsel in distress; Patrick McGeehan, as a master criminal involved in hanky-panky over some Rembrandt paintings; and Ned Beatty, as a Federal agent, are all aboard, though hindered by a few slow spots in director Arthur Hiller's adventure-cum-comedy based on a script by Colin Higgins (who wrote *Harold and Maude*). Wilder, as a mild-mannered gardening editor with a flair for heroics, makes the trip worth while.

FILM CLIPS

Dirty Hands: Beautiful married lady takes treacherous young lover and hatches a plan to put her husband out of the way in writer-director Claude Chabrol's hackneyed thriller, which teams Rod Steiger with Romy Schneider as man and wife. Steiger has the worst part and diligently beats it to death.

Bittersweet Love: A perceptive performance by Meredith Baxter Birney dissipates the sudsiness of a sleek soap opera about two young marrieds (Scott Hylands as the groom) who discover, too late, that incest will out—they are actually half brother and sister. Lana Turner, superstar of yore, plays the bride's understandably troubled mother in a series of stunning gowns to match every shade of guilt.


Two-Minute Warning is a crafty but pointless thriller that gets a hammer lock on its audience by planting a mad sniper in firing position at the L.A. Coliseum during a championship football game, with more than 90,000 potential targets on hand. Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes and Martin Balsam try—and fail—to prevent panic, while director Larry Peerce hypes a predictable script in which every bullet has a featured actor's name on it.



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Gloria Emerson was for two years a *New York Times* correspondent in Vietnam. The experience changed her life, and her long-awaited *Winners and Losers* (Random House) is an attempt to find out how the war changed the rest of America. But she comes away from intimate visits with dozens of the maimed, the bored and the bitter without getting an answer.

In three years of crisscrossing the United States, Emerson often found Americans vehemently repressing the entire Vietnam experience. "Asking them how they felt about the war, I have heard stories about termites, the evil of welfare, diets that did not work, poor bus service, abortion, the horrible costs of feeding cattle and teenagers . . ." and so on.

We see a GI named Cyclops who so loved his war that he would not write the letter that would get his brother exempted from the draft. Instead, he mailed home, as a Christmas present to his mother in Palatine, Illinois, a skull with a shoulder patch of the Big Red One (First Division) stuffed between its stained teeth. We meet a medic named Alton who took two slugs in the leg only to become a codeine addict after careless treatment in a Key West hospital. We share the touching final exchange of letters between Emerson and Nguyen Ngoc Luong, the *Times's* Saigon translator, who spurned the American evacuation before the fall of the city in 1975 because "I hate . . . those Vietnamese who do not share the sufferings of the majority of the people." Luong writes hopefully of a reunion "somehow, sometime, in Vietnam." Emerson, who once empathized with sufferers so much that she transported two wheelchairs from Hong Kong for war victims, answers him in her book: "There is no hope. I do not want to go back." Our bridges to Indochina are psychologically burned.

Nicholas von Hoffman has aptly suggested retitling Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days*. He would have called it *Daddy Loses His Job*. That pretty much sums up the depth of perception in the avalanche of Watergate books that has come down on us in the past few years, with the notable exceptions of *Born Again*, by Charles Colson, *At That Point in Time*, by Fred Thompson, and the only truly comprehensive overview, *Nightmare*, by J. Anthony Lukas. Now John Dean's *Blind Ambition* (Simon & Schuster) takes its place on the list as perhaps the best-written, clearest and funniest Watergate book to date.

The fair-haired boy of Watergate, the first one to smell fire and whisper, "Feets, do yo' stuff," reveals yet another talent. Not for nothing did a United States



Winners, losers and 'Namnesia.

"Emerson often found Americans vehemently repressing the entire Vietnam experience."



Dean dishes up Watergate on wry.

President want this attorney for his official counsel. Not for nothing did this attorney get that job at the age of 32. The book has many messages, but the one that seems to come across loudest and clearest is that this Dean character is one smart cookie who knows how to play with a full deck.

Oh, he is hard on himself. He doesn't even think of getting himself a lawyer until page 216. He refers to himself as Caspar Milquetoast because he can't stand up to Nixon's bizarre suggestions. It was six months after the fact before he even

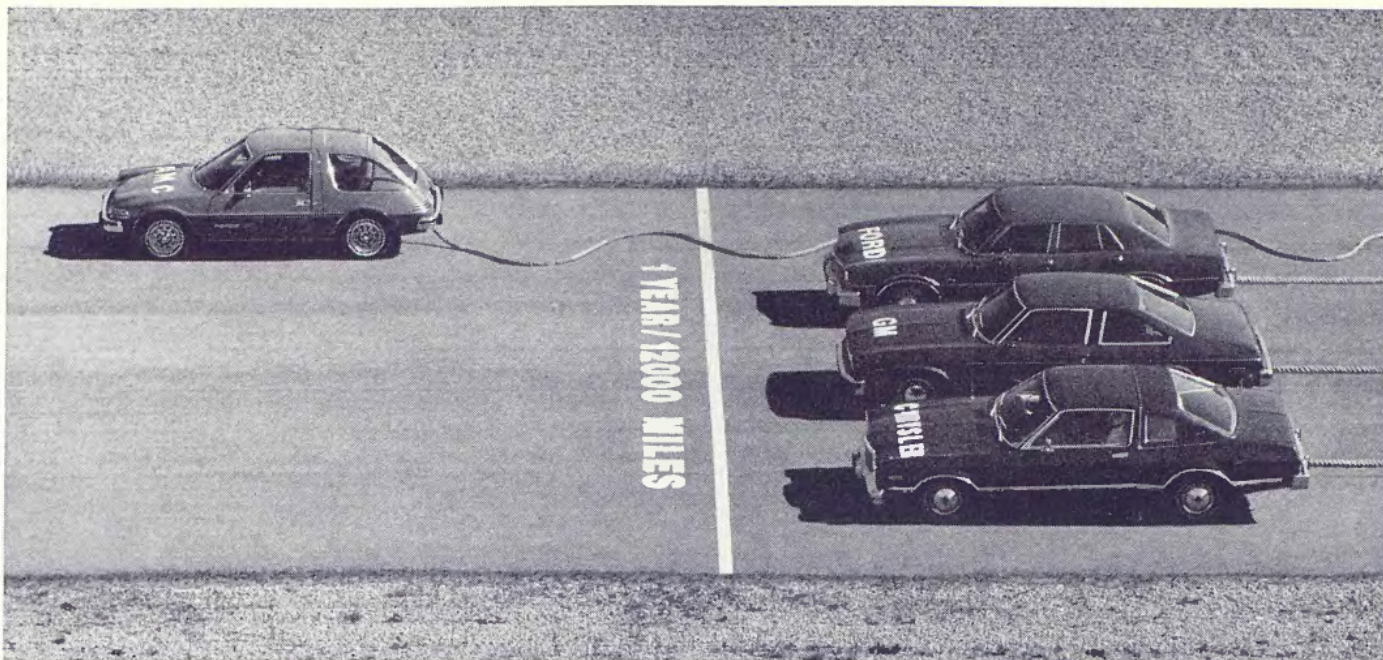
realized he was committing crimes. But he does not do his breast beating with his fist: It is a fine, soft tympany stroke running beneath the surface of the entire book. It makes you like the guy. He is one of the few who have bothered to mention—however indirectly—the possibility that Nixon didn't just lose his job; maybe

he was fired. Dean is willing to admit that the whole story has not come out yet. McCord has not told all he knows. Jeb Magruder, Gordon Liddy, Howard Hunt still remain mysteries, not neatly categorized criminals, as other journalists would have us think. And Dean is not afraid to raise the ugly specter of Central Intelligence in all this—though he's not careless enough to go much beyond raising it. While *Nightmare*, in terms of scope, is the Watergate book, reading it is dense, hard work. *Blind Ambition* is a comic nightmare and much more fun for it.

Every American is on the same quest: Find a life to suit your style, then do your damndest to keep up the payments. Tom Wolfe's one insight into contemporary culture, which has been enough to keep him in fancy threads, is repeated in each of the articles collected in *Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). There are dandy updates on radical chic, funky chic and turn-the-other chic. A few years ago, the right stuff was something you took at one of Ken Kesey's Acid Tests. But times change, as Wolfe points out in a Feifferlike cartoon piece, "The Man Who Always Peaked Too Soon." Now a professional athlete is not on top until he makes a TV plug for men's cologne or appears in a Wolfe profile ("The Commercial"). An encounter group junkie doesn't score until her hemorrhoids receive top billing at an est convention—and a cover story ("The Me Decade and the Third Great Awakening") in *New York* magazine to boot. These articles are fresh: Hell, we haven't yet received some of the magazines they first appeared in. Do your postman a favor and buy the book.

QUICK READ

N. Scott Momaday/The Names (Harper & Row): Momaday, whose first novel, *House Made of Dawn*, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1968, has now written an autobiographical book about growing up as an American Indian in the Southwest. Momaday's strong spiritual relationship to the wilderness, his interest in the Indian oral tradition and his love of the woods combine to make a lyrical, personal odyssey.



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MUSIC

On the first side of Stevie Wonder's long-awaited *Songs in the Key of Life* (Tamla), a double-LP-plus-EP that went platinum before release, he shows a musical eclecticism unrivaled since the Beatles' salad days; the soft-rock opening statement (*Love's in Need of Love Today*) gives way to blues with African and electronic sounds commingled (*Have a Talk with God*), followed by an Eleanor Rigbyish ballad with strings (*Village Ghetto Land*), a foray into jazz-rock (*Contusion*, featuring Stevie's traveling band, Wonderlove) and another soft-rock number (*Sir Duke*). The second side, from the hard-rocking *I Wish*—a detailed remembrance of childhood perversity—to the Al Green-ish *Ordinary Pain*, stretches out more; it's quintessential Stevie Wonder. Side three is the "message" side, largely because of *Black Man*, a long, rhythmic romp over which a classroom recites a catechism celebrating not-so-famous men, of various colors, who have affected history (it also includes *Joy Inside My Tears*, a ballad with a suitably paradoxical tonality). Side four, after another African-sounding tune (*Ngiculela—Es Una Historia*) and a ballad that Stevie sings to the accompaniment of Dorothy Ashby's harp (*If It's Magic*), closes with a pair of extended Gospel/rock tunes—*As*, *Another Star*—that employ such guest artists as Herbie Hancock and George Benson (on most of the earlier cuts, all the instrumental work is by Stevie). Now we get to the EP. It includes a sexy funk tune, *All Day Sucker*, a shuffling harmonica instrumental (*Easy Goin' Evening*), another message track—*Saturn*—which seems a bit sententious, and a joyous rocker (*Ebony Eyes*) that sounds more like Little Stevie than our full-grown messiah. As to whether the LP is a musical tour de force or an overblown exercise in ego—well, the truth, as usual, is somewhere in between. Musically and technically, this is a great album and will provide material for scores of other artists (another respect, besides his eclecticism—and an occasional melodic phrase—in which Stevie invites comparison to the Beatles), but it's guilty of overkill; again, like most of the better Beatles albums. As a house-rocking musician and singer, though, he's miles ahead. And anyone unimpressed by the lyric content of *Songs* should throw away the 24-page booklet and simply listen. These are songs that sound a hell of a lot better than they read.

In case you haven't noticed, though 40 years have passed since its premiere, the George Gershwin-Ira Gershwin-DuBose Heyward classic *Porgy and Bess* is enjoying a



Superlative Stevie.

"As a house-rocking musician and singer, Stevie's miles ahead."



Catfish Row revisited.

renaissance that can only be characterized as awesome. The Broadway production of the tragedy set on Catfish Row is doing turn-away business and the record companies have their presses working overtime turning out assorted P&B goodies.

Last May we called your attention to the Bethlehem reissue of its jazz version with Mel Tormé and Frances Faye, and we reviewed the "operatic" version under the direction of Lorin Maazel in our November 1976 issue. That was only the beginning, folks.

RCA has a marvelous new twin-LP album that pairs Ray Charles and Cleo Laine, and their special talents give the music a fresh dimension. This exciting new session is very jazz oriented, with tracks that feature a big orchestral sound and the Reverend James Cleveland Singers, as backup for Charles and Laine, arranged and conducted by Frank DeVol. There are also several instrumental tracks featuring Charles on piano, electric piano, organ and celeste, and they are some of the most exciting cuts on the album; but it's the inspired pairing of Charles and Laine that makes this a must-have item. Then there's the all-jazz, all-instrumental Pablo LP performed by guitarist Joe Pass and pianist Oscar Peterson, who plays the clavichord this time out. Pass and Peterson have perfect rapport and the clavichord, for all its antiquarian connotations, seems well suited to the music—especially working against Pass's unamplified guitar. The last offering is another reissue—but what a reissue: Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong's 1957 Verve album, which is still a many-splendored thing. Ella and Louis are in a class by themselves, and so is the album. Oh, yes, all three albums were produced by Norman Granz, and that's no small accomplishment.

You might think we'd be prejudiced about Barbi Benton—and you'd be right. Her hard work and energy are apparent on *Something New* (Playboy), which sounds to our ears like her best yet. It should be. Practically the entire L.A. studio Mafia takes a bow in the credits—Steve Cropper, Jim Horn, Bobby Keyes, Sneaky Pete, et al.—as well as remnants of Elton John's last band and James Newton Howard of the present one. And the songs are by such L.A. lights as Andrew Gold, Tom Waits and Wendy Waldman—though our favorite is her Spector-haunted version of Gene Pitney's *He's a Rebel*. Barbi's voice may not quite have the punch of a real shouter like Linda Ronstadt, but not many do, and with good songs like these that suit her, she sounds just fine.

Donizetti once wrote an opera about Lucrezia Borgia. Now another sinister lady of state, Eva Perón, is the subject of a rock opera: *Evita*, by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, who gave us *Jesus Christ—Superstar*. No, it's not up

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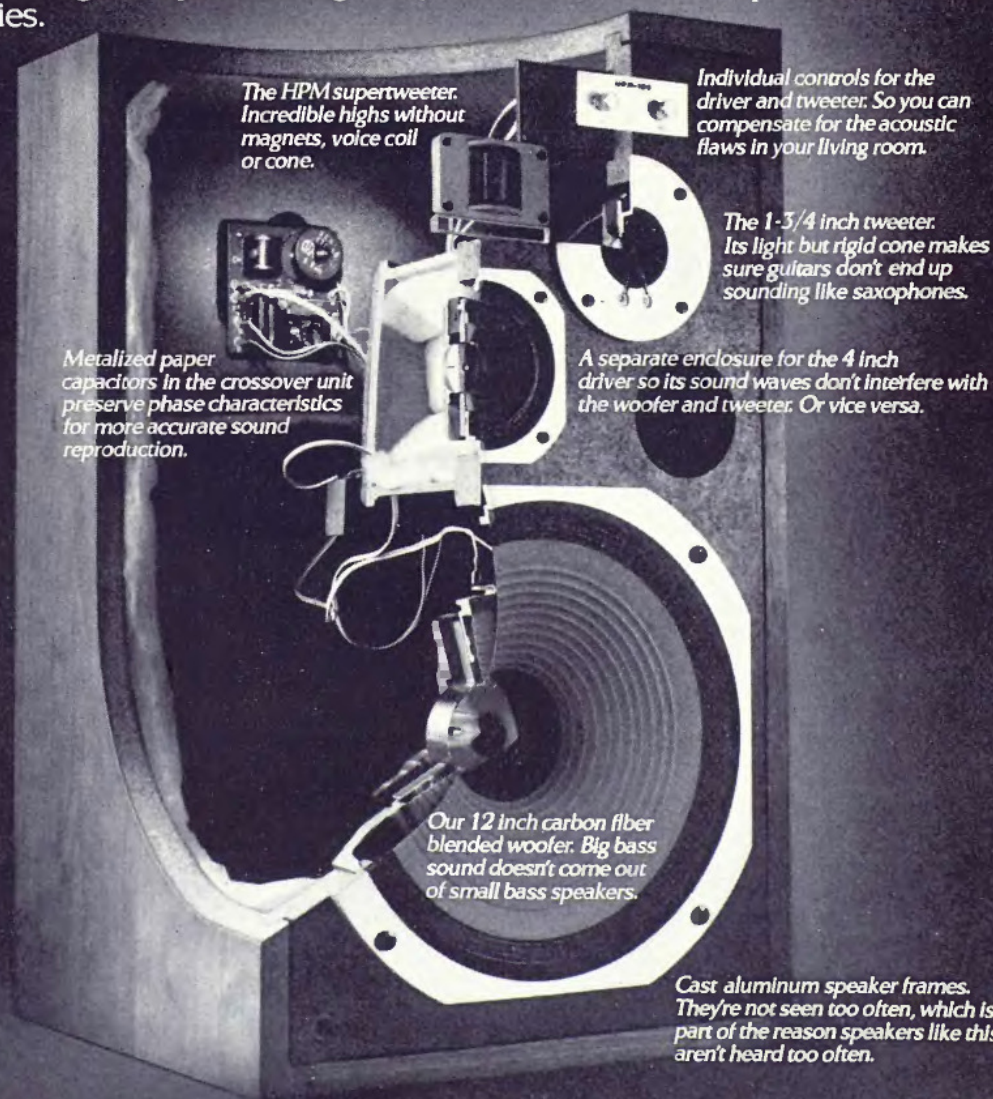
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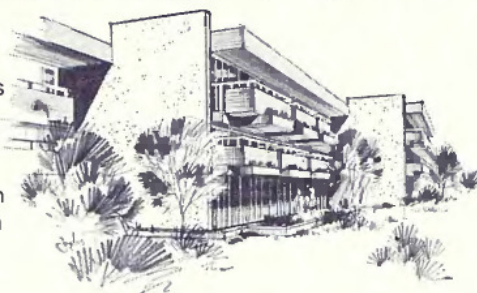
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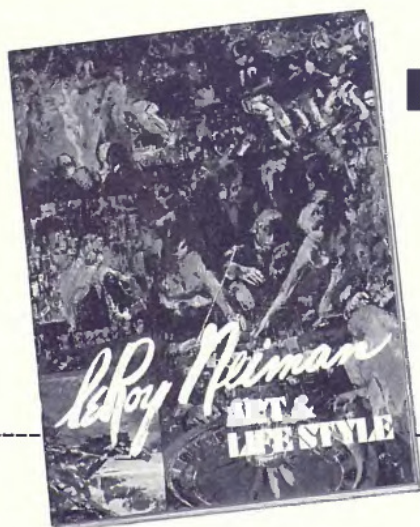


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to Donizetti—nor even to The Who's *Tommy*. Like *Tommy*, it is really more a rock song cycle or a rock oratorio than an opera.

Whatever one calls it, it is a very ambitious undertaking, following the rise of actress Eva Duarte from her lower-class background through a campaign of bed-hopping to her marriage to Juan Perón, soon to become Argentina's military dictator. When she dies at 33, Perón's beloved *descamisados* (shirtless ones) give her adoration befitting a saint.

The story and character admittedly have interest and operatic potential—which neither the music nor the lyrics, unfortunately, realize. The lyrics, in fact, are *Evita's* main problem. Consider these words of *Evita* to her beauty consultants:

*I come from the people
They need to adore me
So Christian Dior me.
It's vital you sell me
So Machiavelli me.*

Oh, well, though *Evita* hasn't yet rated mention in the Canon of the Mass, she is now at least enshrined in the same dubious art form as *Tommy*, the pinball messiah, and Jesus Christ, the superstar himself. It's a start. Are you running with us, Eva?

Willie Nelson, the Texas hell raiser, singing his outlaw country songs in a wide-open roadhouse in front of an audience of beery, dope-sodden rednecks and bikers who are leering horribly at scattered groups of terrified hippies. That's his image: the man who brought long hair and cocaine to the red, white and blue Baptist world of country music. So now Willie has a new album called *The Troublemaker* (Columbia), with his own hirsute face bathed in a lurid red light on the cover. If you have only heard about Willie and haven't heard his music, the list of titles on the record might come as a bit of a shock. He opens with *Uncloudy Days* and follows that with *When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder*. The B side features *In the Garden*, *Where the Soul Never Dies*, *Sweet Bye and Bye* and *Shall We Gather at the River*.

What's astonishing is how appealing Willie's down home piety is. In the hands of, say, Pat Boone, this stuff would make you vomit. But Willie has such a sweet, unaffected way with a song that he could sing anything and get you to believe it. Madalyn Murray O'Hair would like this record.

SHORT CUTS

John Austin Paycheck / 11 Months and 29 Days (Epic): Soulful country-and-western music by one of Nashville's baddest ole boys (a graduate of the George Jones band).

The Bar-Kays / Too Hot to Stop (Mercury): The first version of this group died with Otis Redding; the second, with Stax Records—but they're back and cookin'.

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TELEVISION

The 12-hour TV adaptation of *Roots*, Alex Haley's epic "genealogical detective story" (excerpted in *PLAYBOY's* October issue and discussed by its author in the January *Playboy Interview*) detailing seven generations of his black ancestry, will begin on the ABC television network with a two-hour premiere (9-11 p.m., E.S.T.) Sunday, January 23, in the first installment of a marathon exposure unprecedented in television history: For eight consecutive nights, viewing audiences will, ABC hopes, be riveted to their sets to follow the adventures of Haley's forebears, which will be presented in one- and two-hour segments (total viewing time: 12 hours) concluding January 30. If subsequent episodes prove equal to the eloquent and absorbing opener previewed for critics, *Roots* should be home free both as a cultural landmark and as a prime-time hit. Emmy-winning director David (Rich Man, Poor Man) Greene, with a script by William Blinn and Ernest Kinoy, sets a high standard for several directors to follow in his depiction of the boyhood of Haley's progenitor, Kunta Kinte—born in the Gambia in 1750, captured by slave traders and placed in chains aboard a ship bound for Annapolis in 1767. The idyllic, primitive tribal folkways that shape the character of Kunta Kinte—up to the warrior training and circumcision rite that ultimately separate the men from the boys—are set in effective dramatic juxtaposition with the commissioning of a slave ship, plowing toward Africa for a date with destiny under the baleful eye of a captain (Edward Asner) who has some Christian qualms about the buying and selling of human beings, even blacks. Kunta Kinte is still at sea at the agonizing conclusion of part one, by which time audiences are apt to be thoroughly hooked on his virile innocence, pride and passion as portrayed by 19-year-old LeVar Burton, a USC theater major who



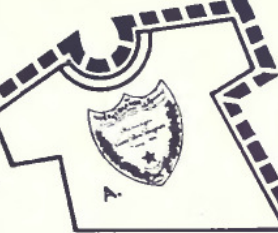
Raves for *Roots*.

"*Roots* should be both a cultural landmark and a prime-time hit."


has Cicely Tyson, Moses Gunn, Thalmus Rasulala and O. J. Simpson (in a minor role as a neighboring tribesman) for support in his promising professional debut. To tell all the story, of course, the book itself is incomparable. *Roots* on television—a \$6,000,000 production with a galaxy of celebrated performers waiting in the wings for Haley's monumental history to catch up with them—merely adds another dimension and brings some sign of genuine distinction to a medium famished for home-grown American classics.

Going into its final season as the most elegant, instructive soap opera in television history, *Upstairs, Downstairs* resumes over PBS on Sunday, January 16, with the first of 16 segments designed for a new wave of accolades. Some 300,000,000 avid viewers in 30 countries will rush to discover that the Bellamy family, having weathered World War One, plunges into the Roaring Twenties with a second Lady Bellamy (Hannah Gordon), a willowy new housemaid (Karen Dotrice) and a stalwart footman (Gareth Hunt, also star of an upcoming new *Avengers* series). The lion is British, remember, which keeps the Twenties roar down to a discreet purr without totally disrupting the familiar household routines of Hudson, Mrs. Bridges and Rose. Lord Bellamy's son James (Simon Williams) and his lordship's fetching ward Georgina (Lesley-Anne Down) dominate the new series, bringing some Jazz Age anxiety to the drama. Georgina turns flapper and becomes one of the era's dancing daughters; James, widowed and mournful, has a fling in politics, plus a fling with his best friend's wife. There's a general strike, threatened scandals and unrest downstairs. The financial upheavals of 1929 deal a deathblow to the Bellamy family fortunes and write finis to a period of climactic social change. That's all there is, there isn't any more of *Upstairs, Downstairs*. All in all, it's been grand.


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ADVENTURES

A weekend of downhill skiing in these athletic times can mean several hours of queuing up. Some of the more fashionable resorts feature lines longer and slower than those at a supermarket check-out on Saturday. Those crowds, and the cost of lift tickets, are helping to fuel a boom in cross-country skiing. Cross-country skiers don't need carefully groomed slopes; in a pinch, they can do without slopes altogether.

If you've a mind to tackle the sport, skis, poles and boots are the only equipment you need, and you can buy the whole package for less than \$100. Even more cheaply, you can rent your gear. Most cities that are anywhere near snow have shops that will rent equipment and many such places will throw in a free lesson to help beginners get off on the right ski. Pack a big cold-weather lunch, snap on the skis and you've got a beautiful way to spend a crisp winter day. A lot of those state and county parks near your home, awash with people in the summer, are delightfully empty in wintertime. And the snow even covers up the litter.

But if that isn't enough, if you would really like to drive into winter, how about a week-long expedition into the wilderness of Minnesota's Boundary Waters Canoe Area? How about gliding over the surface of a frozen lake hanging onto the back of a dog sled? How about sleeping in three feet of snow?

It's all possible, even if all you know about snow is that it makes the roads slippery. A partnership called Lynx Track runs several such trips out of Ely, Minnesota, each winter. The basic one-week trip is designed to acquaint novices with the delights of winter wilderness travel: they'll teach you how to get around on snowshoes and cross-country skis, how to drive a team of fractious sled dogs, how to navigate with map and compass and generally how to move with some assurance and comfort in the rather hostile conditions of a Northern winter.

I took the one-week trip last March, one of a group of nine travelers: the two Lynx Track partners and seven of us who went for the fun of it. The first week in March is still winter in northern Minnesota. It snowed at least a little on five of our seven days.

We spent our first three days in a base camp at a place appropriately named Camp Lake. One morning, we went out onto the lake to get a thorough lesson in



"Cross-country skiers don't need carefully groomed slopes; in a pinch, they can do without slopes altogether."

the basics of cross-country skiing from Duncan Storlie, one of the partners. Cross-country or Nordic skis tend to be longer and narrower than the downhill or Alpine variety, but the major difference between the two types is the binding. On Alpine skis, your whole foot is held tightly against the ski, while on Nordic skis, only your toes are fastened down. The cross-country skier's basic stride is rather like a skater's. The binding makes it possible to lift your heel off the ski as you complete each stride. Ski poles are used alternately to provide a little extra push.

Every sport has its arcana, and in cross-country skiing, the secrets all have to do with wax. A thin layer of wax on the bottoms of the skis provides the traction that allows cross-country skiers to stride uphill as well as down. Waxes are specially formulated to fit different snow conditions: powdery, slushy, icy or whatever. Competitors in cross-country ski races often mix their own waxes, using formulas as closely guarded as the recipe for Coca-Cola.

We also learned to tromp through the snowdrifts on snowshoes—my own favorite

way to travel, since it requires almost no skill. If you can walk, you can walk on webbed feet. You can even slide down steep slopes: Hunker down and grab on to the back of the shoes, and off you go.

But driving the dogs was a childhood fantasy realized. We traveled with two two-man sleds, each pulled by five dogs. The rest of the group kept up on skis. A good dog team can pull more than its own weight through soft snow all day. Those dogs were not like family pets. Their relationship to humans was based on mutual dependence rather than on affection. They liked to have their ears scratched, but they slept curled up in the snow and their world centered more on the other dogs in the team than on the people who were driving. They could follow a trail without any help from the sled driver and they were smart enough to give us long, disgusted looks whenever our ineptitude rammed the sled into a tree.

Skiing and driving a dog sled are activities that generate a lot of heat. After a day or so, we started to regard 15 degrees Fahrenheit as mild. Helping to produce our superheated state was a high-calorie diet with enough fat in it to coat the arteries of half the heart specialists in the country. If you worry about your waistline, a trip like this is a dream. You can lose weight on 5000 calories a day.

Bathing is not a major concern on a winter expedition. Buried under several strata of clothing, our bodies may have smelled bad, but who could tell? We did manage to take one sauna in a makeshift sweat lodge that I was certain would burst into flames at any moment. A real sauna is supposed to be followed by a leap into the icy waters of the lake, a ritual engaged in by certain Northern peoples to make the rest of their lives seem pleasant. We passed on that one.

The trip was a real adventure, a look at a world truly different from my usual one. It was strenuous, but anybody who plays tennis regularly, for example, could make it without becoming exhausted. Lynx Track supplies everything you need except clothes and a sleeping bag. If your bag is not warm enough, it will supply a second one. Cost of the seven-day trip is \$175; the nine-day expedition runs \$225. Information on all trips is available from Lynx Track at 5575 Eureka Road, Excelsior, Minnesota 55331.

—JERRY SULLIVAN



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THE DOOMSDAY ARMY

By Michael Ledeen

MOST PEOPLE look at terrorism the way our ancestors looked at violent acts of nature. Terrorist acts such as airport massacres, bombs planted on airplanes or in banks, opponents shot down in the streets and government representatives kidnaped and flown from one end of the world to the other are viewed as a savage retribution by forces beyond our control. Terrorist leaders have been romanticized and often seem more like the gods of Olympus than like the organizers of carefully planned and financed attempts to disrupt our society and overthrow our governments. Yet there is an impressive body of evidence that suggests that there is a doomsday army at work that is financed by a handful of governments dedicated to bringing the West to its knees, with a vision of a future order centered on the re-establishment of Islam as the dominant world force.

The central figure in international terrorism today is a near-legendary Venezuelan named Ilich Ramírez-Sánchez, 25 years old, a product of Moscow's Luminba University and said to be an important link between Arab, European, Japanese and South American groups. Although he was known to European anti-terrorist police as early as 1971, "Carlos the Jackal" received widespread attention in June 1975, when he murdered two French counterespionage policemen and a purported Libyan double agent, who had gone to Carlos' Left Bank apartment to arrest him. Carlos' name hit the front-page headlines in December of that year, when he was credited with organizing the spectacular raid on the Vienna headquarters of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, resulting in the kidnaping of the OPEC oil ministers and the dramatic flight to the Middle East. Hardly a week passes without some wire service's reporting Carlos' presumed presence in a European capital, ready for new exploits of derring-do.

With all of the information about Carlos (interviews with his parents, biographies of his family and his numerous female accomplices from Caracas to London, Paris and Berlin), hardly a single publication has noted what is perhaps the most significant element in the OPEC raid: its careful coordination with at least three Arab countries. Representatives of

the radical Arm of the Arab Revolution, along with members of the Iraqi and Algerian governments, flew to Tripoli 48 hours before the OPEC action, apparently to await the unfolding of the drama. Moreover, within an hour of the raid, the radio stations of Libya, Algeria and Iraq were transmitting detailed accounts of the undertaking. It is no accident that shortly after the termination of the escapade, Carlos left Algiers for Libya (where he is said to have received a \$1,000,000 "bonus") nor that he visited both Tripoli and Baghdad before disappearing once again into his underground network.

It is not hard to explain why these countries should participate in the OPEC action. All oppose the policies of the "moderate" Arab countries. All three seek to discomfit the United States,

to undertake such ventures. Is there some more subtle connection between international terrorism and Islamic powers in the Middle East?

Well-informed observers in western Europe have long known that vast sums of money move from North Africa to European terrorist groups. This cash flow is fascinating, because it goes to groups of both the extreme left and the far right. The "fascist international" (*Ordre Nouveau* in France, the group around *Das Neue Europa* in Germany, *Ordine Nuovo* in Italy and others) has been a frequent recipient of funds that Qaddafi shipped from Tripoli to Swiss banks. Libyan money is also said to be behind the small "Nazi-Maoist" group *Lotta del popolo* in Rome, as well as the Sardinian separatist movement, the Italian monarchist movement, elements of the



embarrass Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and create a common front for the elimination of Israel. However, they are also devoutly religious countries, and all oppose communism on traditional Islamic grounds. Many have wondered why Libya's Colonel Muammar el Qaddafi turned to self-proclaimed "radical terrorists" from Venezuela and Germany to carry out the project. There seems to be no lack of Arab guerrillas disposed

I.R.A. in Northern Ireland and the Scottish Separatists. Finally, the London *Telegraph* reported last winter that Qaddafi had endowed a war chest of over \$200,000,000 "to promote Communist interests in the Mediterranean area," and that the Italian Communist Party had received nearly \$100,000,000 of this fund "under cover of the big commercial firms exploiting Libya's oil reserves." (There are many who are convinced that the

multinational petroleum firms often serve as conduits for covert funds from Western intelligence agencies as well as Libyan money.)

The fact that a single source finances terrorists of all ideological hues shows that there is a unifying vision behind the seemingly diverse actions of unrelated groups. Qaddafi views himself as a prophet of Islam, a Mahdi destined to lead his people in a triumphant jihad against a decadent West sapped of its will and creativity.

We can therefore expect a continuation of terrorism, particularly of the spectacular sort that Carlos the Jackal masterminded in Vienna. These actions serve two purposes: They hasten the dissolution of the fabric of Western society and they enhance Qaddafi's prestige as a shaper of world events, particularly among his own people. This is terribly important in the Islamic area, where prestige and "face" are crucial to a leader's success. (This explains why Sadat saved Qaddafi from a planned coup last August. Sadat was, in effect, saying, "You are so unimportant that I have chosen to save you from your enemies.") But the prime motive remains the overriding goal of generating chaos and confusion in the West, thus hastening the day of the triumph of Islam. We are faced with the great counter Crusade of the 20th Century.

To date, the West has shown little inclination to deal with the terrorists and little recognition of the seriousness of the phenomenon (it is significant that only democratic governments vote for anti-terrorist measures in the United Nations, however). It may well be that effective action against terrorism would reduce our own freedom, and few are prepared for such a sacrifice these days. But Carlos the Jackal travels unmolested through the West, with lots of money and many powerful friends.

Michael Ledeen is a journalist, a historian and the Rome correspondent for The New Republic.

WHAT, ME CRY?

By Brian Vachon

MIDWAY THROUGH my freshman year of college, I received a "Dear John" letter from a young woman whom I professed to love demonstrably more than my own life. It was quite a letter. Her words—written with superb sparseness—

hurt me more than I had ever been hurt before. And so I reacted to the hurt in a way in which I think many members of my gender react when faced with a situation of inconsolable grief. I walked down to my dormitory bathroom and vomited in the sink.

I didn't cry. Looking back on it, the fact that I didn't cry isn't nearly as perplexing to me as the fact that it never even occurred to me to cry. That simply wasn't a response in my emotional arsenal. Here was a young woman, the center of my barely postadolescent universe, telling me not only that I wasn't the center of hers but that she didn't particularly care to see my face again. And I didn't cry.

I think it all has to do with a kind of selective discrimination to which only American males are subjected, and I think it's a harmful one. Until very recently, in some places, we men weren't supposed to cry—ever. I don't recall the first time I ever did, but I imagine it was when I was introduced into the world and asked by the doctor to offer proof that I could make noise. Since then, I do remember expressions that were part of the lexicon of my youth. "Little men don't cry." "He's crying like a baby." "Go home to Mommy, crybaby." I got taught very young and very well that crying was not an acceptable behavioral outlet. Girls could do it and it was OK. Women could do it and it was *very* OK. "Oh, please stop crying. I'll do anything you want." But for boys and men, it was out.

So I learned how to throw up when I had some grief I had to let out or some feelings I had to express. I also learned the coughing and choking responses—other inadequate substitutes for tears. But the world went along without ever seeing me cry. And I think by the time I was 20, I didn't even know *how* anymore.

I didn't cry when someone told me my mother had taken her own life or, years later, when my father passed away. I didn't cry when I was told that I wasn't invited back to either of the universities that flunked me out. I have never cried because of physical pain. I didn't cry in despair over the end of my first marriage or in joy at the beginning of my second.

But finally, 34 years from heaven, I have learned to allow myself an occasional teary jag. I think other men are allowing themselves that peculiarly refreshing and healthy emotional outlet, too, but we all probably don't do it often enough or at the right times.

I recently attended a memorial service for a young minister who had fought his own battles with the forces of mental

illness and lost. I didn't know the man myself, but I sang in the choir of the church where he had preached for several years. It was not a service designed to maintain stiff upper lips. I know that I was choking back tears, trying to keep from showing sadness over the death of someone I had never met. As I looked around the choir loft—filled with people who *had* known the man—I saw my own reaction mirrored. Men were tight and rigid. Women were weeping. The discrimination is still with us.

But not entirely. The evening after the service, I watched *The Sound of Music* on television and found myself moist in the eyes a half-dozen times. Schmaltz makes me cry. I've seen it a dozen times, but if I were to see the scene again today where Patty Duke, playing Helen Keller, makes the connection between water and sign language in the movie *The Miracle Worker*, I would absolutely dissolve.

Certain music makes me weep, and—I'm forced to admit—not particularly outstanding music. Almost anything Melanie sings chokes me up, but especially when she says, on one album recorded live, "There's nothing nicer than to sing an unnecessary peace song." Her voice breaks a little on that sentence and I routinely break. A cat I had found on the street, apparently hit by a car, died in an animal hospital the night I took him there. The vet called me the next day, and I spent the morning weeping.

But big things? Real things? I still haven't learned how, or learned how to permit myself. There are still too many barriers. Edmund Muskie cried in public in 1972 because someone had slandered his wife, and suddenly he went from leading candidate to noncandidate. "Would you want someone who burst into tears in public to occupy the White House?" people were asking. Well, yes, frankly, I would. But we're not quite allowed to say that yet.

Men still aren't really permitted the luxury that women have been accorded throughout the ages. Crying is still associated with weakness and, whether we like it or not, only women are allowed to be weak in our society. But I think we're working on changing that, those of us who know the benefits of a good burst of tears. And maybe someday someone can walk up to a man and say, "You cry just like a baby." And the man will respond, "Why, thank you. That's very kind of you." Someday, maybe.

Brian Vachon is a free-lance writer and editor of Vermont Life.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

As a freshman coed, I had an affair with an older man who initiated me in the wonders of sex. I learned many ways of giving and receiving pleasure and consider myself fortunate to have had such a kind instructor. However, now, two years later, I am dating someone my own age and it seems inevitable that we will end up in bed. My question is this: What should I do the first time we make love? I am afraid that if I make use of any of the things I learned from my first lover, my partner will think that I am too experienced and will be turned off instead of turned on. I want to please him, but how forward should I be the first time?—Miss H. O., Northfield, Massachusetts.

A sage once revealed the secret of the perfect handshake: A person's grip should be only as firm as the one he (or she) receives. Too strong and you intimidate the other person. Too limp and you embarrass your new acquaintance. The same principle applies to sex. Relax; it's not a one-shot audition. First nights are always tentative, exploratory. Try to make it something else and you may not make it at all. Besides, you like your friend enough so that there will be other nights. If you ever feel that a given technique needs a footnote, use the line from "Three Days of the Condor" when someone tried to explain Robert Redford's surprising effectiveness as an operator by saying, "He reads a lot." Since you've written to us, you are no doubt familiar with the contents of this column. We are perfectly willing to be used as an excuse for introducing weirdness into a relationship, though we much prefer honest communication between partners (your boyfriend may also be a reader, so watch out). One more piece of advice: We recently read a study that indicated some 60 percent of college students making love for the first time neglect to use any contraceptive measure—usually because they have not expected to end up in bed. Since you are the one who will choose the time and the place, make sure you are protected. Birth control is one indication of experience that your boyfriend will fully appreciate.

What is the best way to store marijuana? The stash on my coffee table seems to go stale fairly rapidly. I have been told that keeping pot in an airtight container helps preserve the potency of the THC; also, that keeping weed in the refrigerator or on dry ice is cool. What do you say?—P. R., San Diego, California.

Let's start at the bottom: The worst



possible way to store grass is in a plastic bag on your coffee table. One, because it is in plain sight for the officer to see when he comes to your door for the barking-dog complaint. ("I wasn't barking, I was just coughing.") Two, because THC that is exposed to light decays rapidly. Pharmacologists at the University of London tested various ways of preserving pot and found that light—not temperature—has the most effect on its potency. The airtight jar in the refrigerator is effective, not because of the cold but because of the dark (assuming, of course, that the light really does go off when you close the door). Exposure to air also has an effect. The researchers found that finely powdered marijuana leaves lose THC faster than intact or coarsely broken leaves. So, for best results, clean only as much as you need. Then smoke in a dark room with the curtains closed, with the doors locked and with a lawyer present.

On a flight from New York City, I overheard a conversation about sex accessories. One gentleman said that he had finally uncovered the true meaning of Fun City's nickname the Big Apple—while visiting a high-class house of erotic delight. I didn't catch all the details, but it seems that he had been subjected to some kind of device that was inserted into the anus and then inflated at the moment of orgasm. Could you shed some light on this reportedly ecstasy-producing accessory? And can you tell me where I can buy one, provided I still want one after I find out what it is?—D. G., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Basically, you've got the details down pat: The Big Apple is a rubber balloon that is inserted into the orifice of your

choice (usually anal, his or hers) and pumped up by means of a remote-control squeeze bulb. Supposedly, it heightens the effect of orgasm and, used once a day, keeps the doctor away. (Fist-fucking aficionados have been known to train their muscles with the device.) The Big Apple is available from the Pleasure Chest, 120 11th Avenue, New York, New York 10011. Before you buy one, though, you should be aware that the device may be hazardous to your health. Previous "Playboy Advisor" answers have warned about the dangers of forcing air into any body cavity, particularly the vagina. Also, just imagine what would happen if the Big Apple became disconnected from the pump. Your partner would go ricocheting around the room, propelled by a sputtering balloon.

Having just purchased a cassette recorder, I am eager to begin taping my favorite albums. The friends I've talked to have suggested various techniques, but the rituals they describe are so complex an acolyte would have trouble mastering them. Can you recommend a few simple rules for home recording?—D. W., San Francisco, California.

Swab that deck, sailor. The first order of tape recording is cleanliness. Make sure your records are dust-free—if not squeaky clean. (Use a commercially available cleaner.) Every piece of dirt on the tape head will result in an imperfection on the final product. A good supply of Q-Tips and rubbing alcohol will suffice: Wipe the head before each recording. (Then take the Q-Tips and remove the wax from your ears.) Use the best tape money can buy and let 'er roll.

Can you tell me what to do with a husband who has to get up and wash himself as soon as he climaxes? For five years, I have asked him to stay in bed after making love. The afterglow is as nice as the foreplay for me. But he simply laughs and says, "Later." When he comes back to bed, he is dressed in pajamas and ready for sleep. He won't even let me touch him. I realize that he is not a romantic man, but I could live without the words if he would just hold on to me once in a while. Any suggestions?—Mrs. G. R., Kansas City, Kansas.

In part, it's the nature of the beast. Masters and Johnson filmed couples who fell asleep after intercourse and discovered an interesting pattern. The men tended to remain in a stationary position, while the women tended to try to cuddle up to their mates, apparently seeking to



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sustain the feeling generated by lovemaking. However, it also seems clear that your husband (and possibly you yourself) views sex as a self-contained event. When it's over, it's over. Have you considered following him into the bathroom—a site whose erotic possibilities are often overlooked? Hot water, soap on skin, the feel of rough towels add up to a textural treat that should not be missed. A second round (in a clean setting) might arouse your husband's interest and break him of a bad habit. Our guess is that his foreplay is as abrupt as his afterplay. Often, couples fall into a routine in which the only time they touch each other is when they're in the bedroom. One way to recapture romance is to display affection at other times of day—with touches that are not directly connected with sex. Do it often enough and he may get the point.

I don't know how it happens. No matter how carefully I gauge my drinking, every time I go to a good party, I'm afflicted with severe membrane outrage the next morning. Can you give me a foolproof method of having a good time and not getting hung?—J. A. M., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

There is no foolproof procedure, because foolery is half the fun of celebrating. But there are some reasonable precautions to take. Eat food. Not only will this help your body absorb the alcohol but it's also difficult to chew in a civilized manner while holding a glass to your mouth. You may want to try drinking something you hate, undiluted and without ice. Distilled spirits taken neat are often too strong for your body to absorb wholly and will pass through with a minimum of damage. If diluted, the full amount of the spirits will find its way into your blood stream and make you feel, the next morning, as if you've been downing shots of Lake Erie. Extra restraint is advisable if you're feeling hyper; don't drink if you're depressed, tired or overly elated. Alcohol will heighten or compensate for those feelings and create an atmosphere ripe for overindulgence. We don't really expect anyone to follow our advice. So, for when, after partying, you wake up with a head as big and as polluted as the great outdoors, we offer a hangover remedy recommended by Robert Boyle, a 17th Century scientist: "Take tender green hemlock and put it in your socks so that it lies between them and the soles of your feet. Change the herbs daily."

Several of my co-workers were discussing their sex lives over drinks not long ago, when my secretary announced that she had found the perfect lover. When we asked her how she knew that her partner was a perfect lover, she blurted

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out, "He stuck his finger up my ass while we were screwing." Well, for the past few weeks, I have had to resist a temptation to duplicate that gesture with every woman I've taken to bed. I feel like Dr. Strangelove trying to control his artificial hand as it inches toward the forbidden target, as though it possessed a will of its own. Is anal stimulation the sign of the perfect lover?—E. G., Portland, Oregon.

Obviously, it is for your secretary. Unfortunately, what works for one person may not work for another. For that matter, what works for one person may not work for the same person the next time around. There are no guarantees in this business; we know because we run the complaint department. The perfect lover is the person who pays attention to his partner's moods and needs, who finds out from that partner what feels good and then does it. If you are taking that secretary to bed, by all means give in to your Strangelove impulse. But wait for the right moment (i.e., not during dictation or at a board meeting but later, when she's half expecting it. A container of Crisco or K-Y jelly left on the bedside table should give her a hint.) Trim your fingernails first.

The balls-out, go-for-broke downhill ski run that won an Olympic gold medal for Franz Klammer last winter was one of the most incredibly thrilling athletic spectacles I've ever witnessed. While I'm no Olympic hopeful, I think a little competition at my own level of ability could add exhilaration and a sense of accomplishment to my skiing. But where can I find ski-racing competition at my level (I'm a strong intermediate skier)?—J. M., New York, New York.

NASTAR (National Standard Race) events are open to everyone from snowplowers to superskiers and they're held weekly at ski areas across the country. (For the race nearest you, consult the December issue of *Ski* magazine, which sponsors NASTAR, or write to NASTAR, Box 4580, Aspen, Colorado 81611.) The races are held on relatively short, open courses and gold, silver and bronze pins are awarded to entrants who come within specified percentages of the area pacesetter's time. Since the pacesetter's time has been adjusted according to his showing in an early-season race against someone like Jackson Hole's Pepi Steigler, you're in effect racing against the time Steigler would have set if he ran this particular course on this day: the national standard. Whether or not you win a medal, you get a card stating your handicap as a percentage of the national pacesetter's time. The number tells you at a glance how your skiing is improving from race to

race, and lets you compare your abilities with both your friends' and the top hotshots'. Good luck, or, as they say in snow business: Break a leg.

My girlfriend of a few months has just discovered that she has gonorrhea. It has been a year since she last saw her doctor and she had a few partners before finding me. Likewise, I led an active social life before meeting her—but, to my knowledge, never had symptoms of the disease. We are trying to act civilized about the whole thing, but it is very hard to avoid blaming one or the other. As we go through the cure, I wonder, is there some way to avoid this hassle?—G. W., Detroit, Michigan.

Over the past ten years, gonorrhea has increased in this country at a rate four times that of the population growth. Many cases (especially among women) are asymptomatic. The carriers do not know that they have the disease until their partners discover that they have it. Probably the only way to end the problem would be to line up every citizen in America, blindfold all of them and shoot them with antibiotics at the same moment. (Ironically, the Government is willing to spend millions on swine-flu vaccine but not on social disease. But then, maybe politicians are more worried about something that can be contracted from pigs than from people.) In the meantime, it is your duty to help contain the epidemic. Women are taught to visit their gynecologists regularly. It strikes us as odd that men do not receive the same common-sense advice. Ask your doctor to check for V.D. at your annual physical or make it a point to visit a doctor whenever you expand your social circle and increase the chance of exposure. The routine would certainly help eliminate the embarrassment, the accusations and the tacky dinner conversations that follow this kind of episode. This approach may be cautious, but consider the alternatives: Cases of venereal complications are also on the increase. Doctors report a rash of gonorrheal arthritis, gonorrheal ophthalmia and partial or complete blockage of the Fallopian tubes in women. So do it now; the love you save may be your own.

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.





Amazing Grace

When Grace Slick canceled her reservations on the Jefferson Airplane and booked passage on the Jefferson Starship, her switch was at least nominally symbolic of a new musical era for the *White Rabbit* crew. But there have been few changes in the mind of the lead singer. Now, totally spaced and a mother besides, Grace still has no inhibitions aside from the Chevy engine in her Aston Martin. Amazing Grace brings us all up to date in the current issue of OUI. Some other Sixties holdovers are those FBI files on radicals. Robert Wieder, also in the current OUI, tracks his file down—with great difficulty—in *Nailing Your Files*, while Anita Hoffman, Abbie's better half, tells you what's in the folders of the famous. Meanwhile, David Dalton attends a charm school for transsexuals to divine the mysteries of feminine behavior and OUI asks, "Where has everything gone?" in *Strange Vanishings*, an investigation into the disappearance of just about anything. Naturally, there's more—B movies, Mexican food, tennis addiction, CIA blunders, cross-country skiing and more than a little bare skin. But you have to ask for it at your newsstand. That's easy, though. Just say OUI.



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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Face it: The time of the tongue has arrived. Everyone is giving lip service to oral sex, blowing kisses to its virtues and congratulating himself on his prowess in this form of lovemaking or the prowess of his partner. Apparently, it is impossible to give bad head. Or to receive same. When society reaches the point where an informed source is known by a code name signifying a certain variety of fellatio, you know that this country is on to something. Trying to guess the identity of Deep Throat might have been the leading parlor game in 1976, but having actually experienced the technique was a clear triumph of one-upmanship.

We were curious: How does oral sex stack up against the old in-and-out, the tried-and-true interaction of genital intercourse? We decided to find out, so we asked 100 men and 100 women a series of intriguing questions about their sexual preferences. We don't claim that our findings are scientific: We did not consult a computer to arrive at a representative cross section of the American public and we did not hook up little black boxes to obtain a secret Nielsen rating of the nitty-gritty. Our method was casual and conversational. We talked with anyone who would talk with us. We delved into the feelings behind the statistics. We hope our findings show where the rest of us are heading.

Q:

GIVEN HER CHOICE, WOULD A WOMAN PREFER TO REACH ORGASM THROUGH INTERCOURSE OR THROUGH ORAL SEX?

(Asked of 100 men)

Sixty-three percent of the men with whom we talked believed that women preferred to experience orgasms during intercourse. Their reasons were varied, as the following samples indicate.

"A vaginal orgasm is total, more encompassing. Oral sex is detached."

"Intercourse is more athletic, more physical. A woman can let go with her whole body. It's complete and more exhausting. Oral sex is like Chinese food.

Your partner is always hungry for more. It can go on forever. But intercourse seems to satisfy."

"If a man and a woman make love face to face, they feel close."

"A cock is more beautiful than a tongue."

Thirty-seven percent of the men thought that women preferred to reach



orgasm via oral sex. To support their beliefs, the men made some of the following observations.

"The clitoris is the sexual nerve center of the woman. You are giving it all of your attention. All the energy is focused right there. You don't waste any on side trips. So the woman has something to concentrate on, and it's easier for her to get off."

"I've read all the feminist literature.

The only thing women writers seem to talk about is clitoral stimulation and oral sex. They wouldn't lie, would they?"

"Cunnilingus is very intense, because the man has total control. He can tease, he can attack; the woman can't escape."

"The unselfishness of the act gets women off. They like to sit on your face. It gives them a sense of power."

"By all accounts, intercourse is probably the least effective way to bring a woman to orgasm. Masters and Johnson say that during coitus, the clitoris receives indirect stimulation. During oral sex, the stimulation is direct. There's no fooling around."

Q:

WOULD YOU RATHER REACH ORGASM THROUGH INTERCOURSE OR THROUGH ORAL SEX?

(Asked of 100 women)

Seventy-four percent of the women preferred to reach orgasm through intercourse. Some of their responses:

"I love the feeling of being penetrated. Even during oral sex, I want something inside me."

"My orgasm lasts longer during intercourse—it swells and passes through me in waves. By comparison, an oral-sex orgasm is just a splash."

"I like to be dominated. Making love can leave me feeling assaulted and taken. I give more of myself."

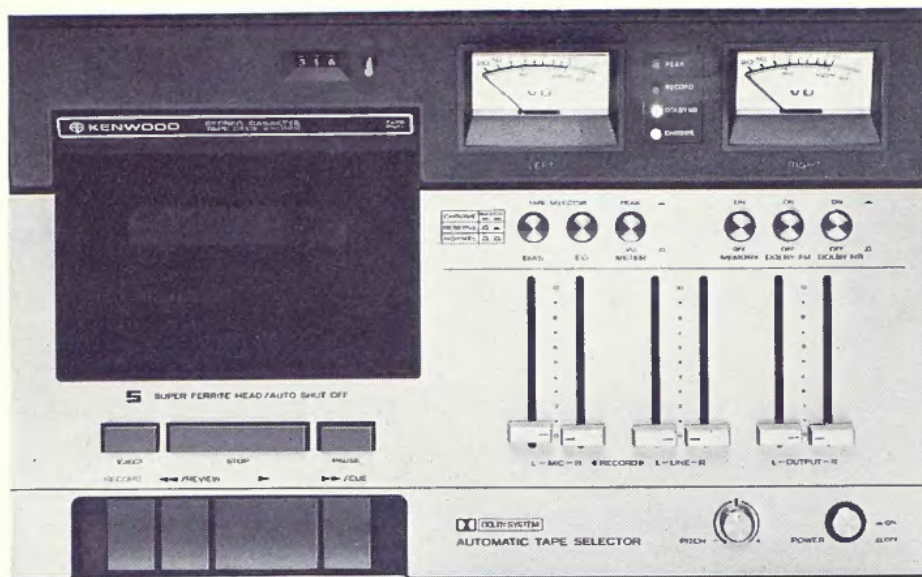
"When a guy gives me head, my clitoris has an orgasm. When he fucks me, my whole body has an orgasm."

"Oral sex is too easy; it doesn't mean anything. At least, when a man and a woman make love, both of them take chances. They meet as equals, face to face. They have to work for their pleasure."

Twenty-six percent of the women preferred cunnilingus to coitus. Some of their comments follow.

"Intercourse is for making love; oral sex is for making pleasure."

"Oral sex is exact. The ecstasy is sharply defined. I can feel each contraction, as though my body were applauding. Intercourse is more diffuse. With a man inside



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me, it's harder to feel the contractions. Sometimes I don't even know if I've come, after making love."

"When a man makes love to me with his tongue and mouth, I know that I'm going to come. The only question is how often. When I have intercourse, I'm never sure if I'm going to get off. There are too many variables. The uncertainty interferes with my pleasure."

"If a partner performs oral sex on me, it means that he loves every part of me, that every part of my body is beautiful to him. That alone is enough to make me come."

Q:

GIVEN HIS CHOICE, WOULD A MAN PREFER TO REACH ORGASM THROUGH INTERCOURSE OR THROUGH ORAL SEX?

(Asked of 100 women)

Fifty-eight percent of the women with whom we talked guessed that guys preferred to get off on oral sex. Here are some of the typical answers:

"A man feels more domineering during fellatio. His partner is literally down on her knees, paying respect to the one thing that makes him a man. It's a very powerful feeling."

"If I had a man's apparatus, I'd prefer oral sex, too. It's more visible than intercourse. Right out in front."

"Man is essentially lazy. It's easier to just lie there and let the woman do all the work. Also, if he doesn't have to worry about her orgasm, he can just soar."

"A man gets off on the feeling of being swallowed whole, of being eaten alive. He nourishes the woman. It must be close to what a mother feels when she nurses a child."

"The girl is right on top of things. When the guy finally reaches orgasm, she knows she can do a lot to accentuate it—like draining every drop, milking him. The mouth is more talented than the genitals."

Forty-two percent of the women thought that men preferred to experience orgasm during intercourse. They cited some of the following reasons.

"Intercourse is penetration, pure and simple. The man is inside the woman, past her defenses, as far as his anatomy can go. It's more of a conquest."

"The man feels more in touch with his woman during intercourse. He surrounds himself with her. He is safe, secure and welcome."

"Intercourse is the basic, biological way to engage in sex. It always pays to

practice the fundamentals, right?"

"Fucking involves more risk, but if you do it well, more power to you. More pleasure, too."

Q:

WOULD YOU RATHER REACH ORGASM THROUGH INTERCOURSE OR THROUGH ORAL SEX?

(Asked of 100 men)

Sixty-eight percent of the men we asked preferred to experience their orgasms while making love. Here are some of their reasons:

"The vagina is softer. It encloses me and makes me feel at home."

"I've never gotten that feeling of deep connection to another person with oral sex. The way to a woman's soul is through her legs. Nothing can beat the feeling of penetrating and being right on target."

"There are no teeth in the vagina."

"You can carry on a conversation much better while making love."

Thirty-two percent of the men we asked preferred to experience their orgasms during fellatio. Their comments follow.

"It's cleaner."

"Fellatio is a movable feast: You can do it anywhere, any time. Telephone booths, movie theaters, airplanes. It's very spontaneous."

"If I'm not involved with a woman, I prefer oral sex."

Summary: It is clear that fellatio and cunnilingus have become very popular, but oral sex is still number two. (So try harder.) In spite of the propaganda extolling the rewards of speaking in tongues, the majority of men and women still regard intercourse as their personal path to pleasure. The men correctly guessed that genital-to-genital stimulation is the preferred activity of women. Oddly, the ladies incorrectly assumed that men favor fellatio. Perhaps they were unduly swayed by the media coverage of *Deep Throat*. We also discovered that the ladies were uncertain about their own tastes. Many of our subjects were embarrassed to admit that—contrary to the fem-lib position that direct clitoral stimulation is superior—their enjoyment was greater when a man was inside them. The descriptions of love-making stressed the equality of the partners. Women do not feel exploited by intercourse. As one person put it, "I don't know 'liberated sex,' but I know what I like."

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST

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The Smokey Mary

We never dreamed when we first launched the Smirnoff Bloody Mary it would become a global classic.

That doesn't mean, however, that most folks know how to make a really good one, or even care to bother.

One fellow we know "cops out," as he says, with the Smokey Mary.

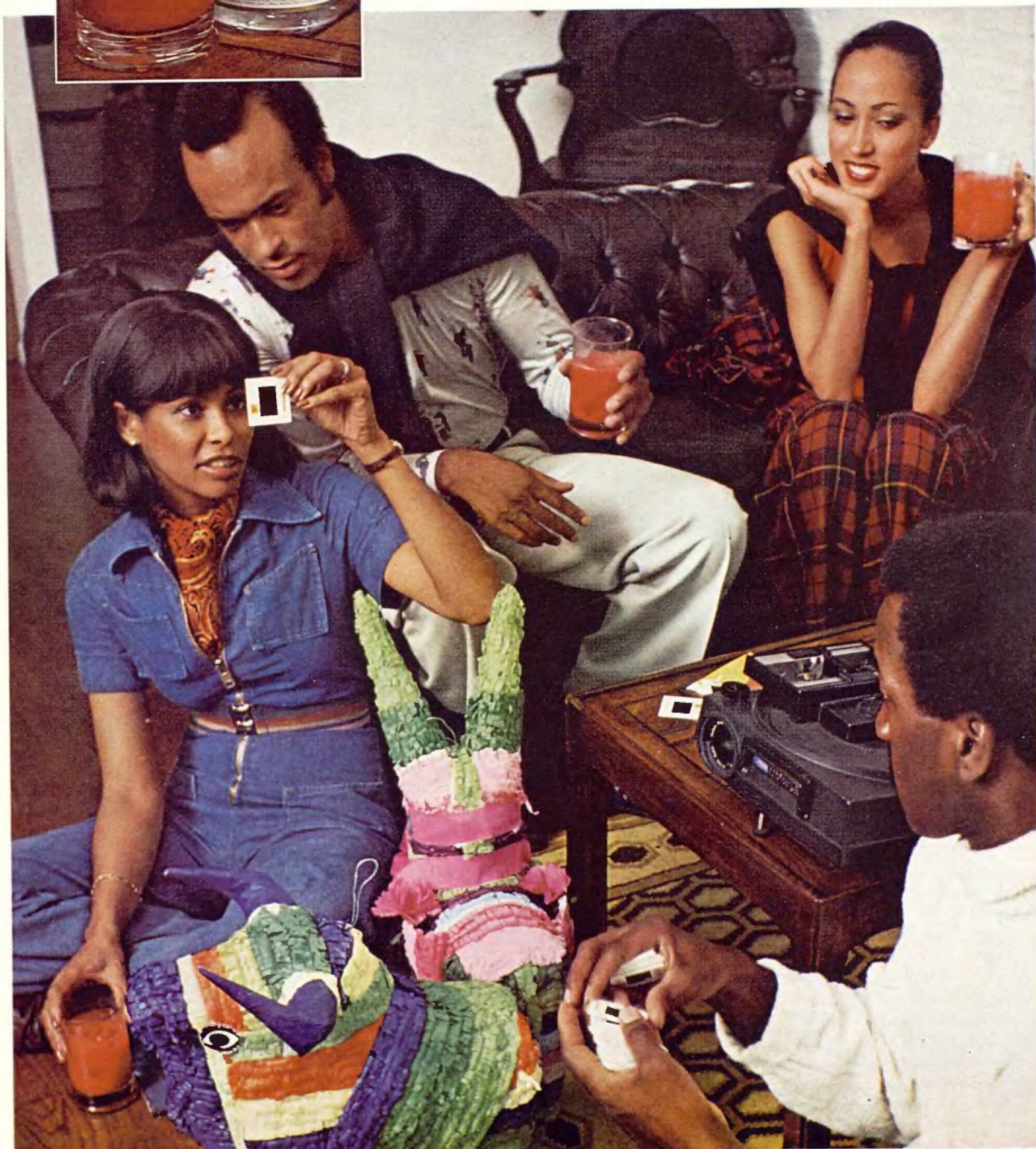
"To put the bite in, I just add red barbecue sauce." A capital idea, for those who hate to fuss.

If you should become a Smokey Mary

enthusiast, do pace your drinks. Try to remember that where there's smoke, there's fire.

To make a Smokey Mary pour 1½ ounces of Smirnoff into a glass with ice and fill with tomato juice. Add about a tablespoon of barbecue sauce to taste, a squeeze of lemon, and stir.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

IN-LAW INCEST

I was married at 16 to a guy of 20. Things got bad and after four years, we divorced. I started partying seven days a week and within three months, I had been to bed with over 30 men. One night, I ran into my former father-in-law, who had been divorced for three years. We had a couple of dates but no sex. I figured that with him 54 and me 20, he would be a lousy fuck. How wrong I was! We finally did go to bed and he was dynamite. Now we are married and, despite the age difference, we share everything and we're always on the go, enjoying hobbies and sports, smoking dope and making love. Every woman should only have it as good as I do.

(Name withheld by request)
Cleveland, Ohio

THE FAMILY BIBLE

I've been following with interest the discussion in *The Playboy Forum* of sex relations between close relatives by blood or marriage. As a student of the Bible, I've noticed instances in which incest is seemingly accepted by God. Lot's wife is turned into a pillar of salt, and then Lot and his two daughters go off into the wilderness, where the daughters get Lot drunk, go to bed with him and have sons. No punishment at all. Abraham's wife was also his half sister.

On the other hand, the man who wrote the laws against incest in *Leviticus* is the same person who said that we should sacrifice animals and that women are unclean during their menstrual period.

Moses Durham

Easton, Maryland

Don't forget what happened to Onan—he was struck dead for not screwing his sister-in-law.

REMEDIES FOR RAPE

According to a letter in the September *Playboy Forum*, columnist Charles McCabe thinks rapists would be more likely to be punished if their victims reported rapes as instances of indecent exposure. If this is intended to be funny, it isn't. It just points up the fact that rape is the one crime where the burden of seeing that justice is done rests more on the victim than on the police and the courts.

Karin Bass

Kankakee, Illinois

FLORIDA FIG LEAF

It's inconceivable to me that a state court could cite a piece of religious writing to support a decision. I had thought

the First Amendment guaranteed that there would be no officially established church in the U.S. But the Florida Supreme Court cited a passage from *Genesis* in support of its decision upholding the conviction of two young women for sun-bathing without their bikini tops [see this month's *Forum Newsfront*]. The citing of religious Scripture in support of a court decision is in conflict with the letter and spirit of the First Amendment.

(Name withheld by request)
Pensacola, Florida

*"I dig spending time
looking, touching, tasting,
smelling a woman's body
from head to toe."*

CHECKMATE

Although I agree with S. Hoffman's criticism of PLAYBOY's coinage of the word enemizing (*The Playboy Forum*, September), I can't go along with his enemize as an alternative. Why complicatize a simple formation? Enemate is much more logical. Consider defecate, evacuate, fornicate, masturbate, ejaculate, lubricate—all of which indicate enemate.

Jim Thomas

Lake Oswego, Oregon

HUNG UP ON ORGASM

I reach orgasm with a vibrator more frequently and more quickly than when I have intercourse with men. However, orgasm induced that way leaves me still frustrated, while intercourse (even without orgasm) does not. Men tend to believe that a woman must achieve climax to be satisfied. Actually, the touching and action and interest involved in being with a man far outweigh the pleasure of a vibrator. I have been with men the thought of whom could thrill me for days afterward, even though I didn't climax. I wish men would realize this and not be so hung up on "Did you come?"

(Name withheld by request)
Indio, California

TIME MACHINE

I have no trouble meeting women and taking them to bed, but many of them complain that I take too long to make love. I don't fuck or ball, I make nasty love, soft love, hard love, with all of me. I dig spending time looking, touching, tasting, smelling a woman's body from head to toe. I'm surprised at being criticized, because I always thought women wanted men to take time in lovemaking. I am wondering if I should change my ideas.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

CONDOM CONUNDRUMS

The letter in the November *Playboy Forum* from the Brooklyn guy who lost his condom inside a girl reminds me of a similar incident that changed my life. One night, on a lonely dirt road in Ohio, when my wife thought I was bowling, a girl was straddling me as I sat on the passenger side of the front seat of my Ford. I had just come when a car swung around a sharp turn up the road. The girl raised up and I slid quickly over behind the steering wheel. After the car had passed with a jeer and a horn toot, I discovered that I was no longer wearing my rubber.

We looked everywhere: on the seat, on which I didn't notice a wet spot where the girl had sat after I slid out from under her; under the seat; in our clothes; even with a flashlight on the ground outside, where we had stood to put our clothes back on. No rubber. Mystified and worried, I dropped her off and went home.

The next morning, when my wife and I went to the car to go to the grocery store, I nearly had a cardiac arrest when my wife pointed to the spot on the seat,



now a pale blotch about the size of my hand, and said, "What's that?"

I managed a weak "I don't know. I guess some ice cream must have leaked out of a package in the groceries last week."

She snarled, "I wasn't born yesterday. That's pecker tracks!"

So I moved out of the house and my wife eventually divorced me.

What happened to the rubber? It fell out when the young lady went to tinkle. The moral: Rubber or no rubber, don't overlook them pecker tracks.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Myers, Florida

The letter from the man in Steubenville, Ohio, about finding a rubber in the band of his newly purchased Stetson (*The Playboy Forum*, November) struck a familiar note. My husband is serving with the U. S. Army and we shop regularly in our local Post Exchange. Not long ago, we were looking for a new jacket for him. He found one he liked and then discovered that there was a box of rubbers in each pocket. We both giggled. How they got there, we'll never know. We put them back into the pockets, took the jacket to the cashier and donned straight faces. The cashier took our money, wrapped the jacket and muttered, "Thank you." Outside, we laughed and laughed, having put one over on the PX and gotten two free boxes of Julius Schmid's best. As it happens, my husband doesn't wear rubbers, so we threw a party and used them for balloons.

(Name withheld by request)
Waukegan, Illinois

UNSEXY SMELL

When I read the letter in the November *Playboy Forum* suggesting good-tasting vaginal creams and jellies, I began to wonder if fragrant condoms couldn't also be developed. When my man interrupts lovemaking to put on a condom, it's bad enough without the turnoff of that medicinal plastic smell.

Incidentally, during my teenage years, when the boys at high school turned 16, they often received a package of Trojans from their buddies as a local ritual. One of my young boyfriends wasn't so fortunate. So I good-naturedly offered to foot the bill when we stopped off at the local drugstore to buy some rubbers before celebrating his birthday. "No thanks," he grinned. "This one will be my treat."

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

BIGGER IS BETTER

My observation is that women prefer men with large penises, whatever they may say to the contrary. The woman feels inferior because she doesn't have a penis and wants one. The subconscious meaning of the sex act, for a woman, is her

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DIRTY WORDS

CEDAR LAKE, INDIANA—School-board officials have removed dictionaries from a local high school after parents complained of too many spicy definitions. According to the school superintendent, "The American Heritage Collegiate Dictionary" contains "maybe 70 or 80 words" that some parents think are obscene or otherwise inappropriate. Some are common expletives and colloquialisms for body parts and functions. Others are definitions based on word



usage. One of the definitions of the word bed is "a place for lovemaking" and the word bang includes the definition "to have intercourse with [a woman]." One school-board member explained, "We're not a bunch of weido book burners out there, but we think this one goes too far." An executive of the publishing company explained, "They obviously bought our college edition by mistake."

UNCONSTITUTIONAL CUSTOMS

NEW YORK—The procedure used by Customs authorities to stop the importation of allegedly obscene material has been declared unconstitutional by a Federal judge. Customs agents in New York intercepted a magazine sent from Germany to a photographer in Pennsylvania and then advised the addressee that his mail had been opened, inspected and potentially condemned as obscene. The photographer contested the action in court, and U. S. District Judge Marvin E. Frankel decided that while Customs agents might know from experience what packages to suspect of containing pornography, they do not know that the material is obscene by the prevailing community standards of

the addressee, and the seizure was therefore unconstitutional.

ABORTION RULINGS

A Federal judge in Brooklyn has overturned a law that would have banned Medicaid payments for elective abortions. Although abortion foes had managed to amend the appropriation bill for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to restrict abortion payments, U. S. District Judge John Dooling, Jr., found that women "who have the means to pay for medical services are free by virtue of our positive law to exercise their constitutional right to terminate their pregnancies, but the needy, the wards of government, would by this enactment be denied the means to exercise their constitutional right." The decision has the force of law in all 50 states unless it is overturned on appeal.

In New Orleans, a U. S. district court has ruled that doctors and patients involved in abortions may not be prosecuted for murder under a new state law that defines when human life begins. The law, approved by the state legislature last July, grants the fetus legal rights as a "human being from the moment of fertilization and implantation." The district court found this to be in conflict with U. S. Supreme Court rulings on abortion.

RELIGIOUS RESTITUTION

VATICAN CITY—A group calling itself United World Atheists is demanding that the Catholic Church pay \$100,000,000 in "retribution" for alleged atrocities committed by the Church against atheists over the past 20 centuries. The demand reportedly was delivered to the Vatican Secretariat for Non-Believers by Madalyn Murray O'Hair, who led the fight to ban prayers in U. S. public schools. A Vatican official called the demand absurd.

SODOMY LAW UPHELD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The District of Columbia Court of Appeals has upheld the constitutionality of the District of Columbia sodomy law. The court rejected arguments that the law has its origins in religious doctrine and discriminates against homosexuals, and the judges declined to address the issue of whether or not the law applies to consenting adults in private. The court said the appellant had no right to raise that argument, since the

homosexual act for which he was convicted occurred in a public place on the banks of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal in Georgetown.

JAILHOUSE RAPE

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA—A Federal district-court jury has awarded a \$50,000 judgment to a 19-year-old man who testified that he was raped twice in one evening by fellow inmates of the Fairfax County Jail. The suit accused the sheriff and other jail personnel of negligence and violation of the victim's constitutional rights. Two of the man's attackers were found guilty of sodomy and a third pleaded guilty.

FLAMING YOUTH

CARSON CITY, NEVADA—Inspired by similar events in at least two South-eastern states, a group of praying, singing teenagers in Carson City smashed and burned hundreds of dollars' worth of rock records because they contained lyrics about sex, drugs and rebellion. "Most Christians are not aware that secular music is poison," said the 24-year-old Assembly of God youth pastor who was at the burning. "I have met few people who are willing to give up their music for the Lord."

UNHAPPY HOOKERS

DETROIT—The Detroit News is making news by publishing the names and addresses of hookers and Johns convicted under the city's prostitution law. The paper's editor, Martin Hayden, explained that the purpose of the practice was to support the city's drive against



prostitution. Aside from complaints from some of the women, the response has been positive. Hayden said, "We've had all sorts of praise—from citizens' groups, top labor-union officials, civil rights organizations and, of course, the police department."

ZONING OUT SIN (AGAIN)

PITTSBURGH—Following the examples of Boston, Detroit and Seattle, the Pitts-

burgh City Planning Commission has approved a measure to restrict adult-movie theaters by means of zoning laws. The proposed rules fall just short of an outright ban, requiring that any porno theater be at least 500 feet from a



residential or institutional district and at least 1000 feet from any two of the following: another adult theater, an amusement enterprise, cabaret, dance hall, hotel, motel, poolroom or licensed liquor establishment. A similar court-tested law in Detroit is becoming the model for other cities.

QUESTIONS OF LOYALTY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Civil Service Commission has announced that Federal job applicants will no longer be asked about their loyalty to the U. S. or whether they have ever belonged to the Communist Party. The move follows court decisions that the law was over-broad in this area and that such probing into applicants' backgrounds violates constitutional rights. The announcement stressed that dropping the loyalty questions from employment applications "does not lessen the commission's responsibility . . . to inquire into, and resolve, any question of loyalty."

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

TALLAHASSEE—The Florida Supreme Court, quoting the Old Testament, has ruled that state law bans women from sun-bathing topless on Florida beaches. By a vote of five to two, the justices upheld the disorderly-conduct convictions of two young women who were arrested on a Fort Pierce beach in 1975 for sun-bathing without their bikini tops. In the majority opinion, Justice Joseph Boyd said that "public nudity has been considered improper" since the beginning of civilization and quoted "Genesis": "And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." (See letter titled "Florida Fig Leaf" in this month's "Playboy Forum.")

attempt to take the penis away from the male. The cause of neurosis, impotence and frigidity is the woman's desire to acquire the biggest penis and to deny the man his. It would seem best for men to come to grips with this reality. Instead, the psychiatric profession has been dedicated to building up the male ego.

Richard Bilomasur
Cold Bay, Alaska

THE AGE OF THE SNOOP

Way back in February 1975, *The Playboy Forum* published a letter of mine about the lack of confidentiality in V.D. clinics. Specifically, I pointed out that persons who are gay (as I am) are taking an awful risk in reporting V.D. to one of those clinics. Then, in the November 1975 *Forum*, there appeared a reply from an official of the Los Angeles Department of Health Services, stating that such fears are groundless. "I cannot emphasize enough," he wrote, "the zealous efforts of departmental medical and paramedical personnel to protect the confidentiality of V.D. records."

Now the *Los Angeles Vanguard* has revealed that V.D. files in Hollywood were routinely tossed out in the trash behind the clinics, even though each form contained the patient's name, the names of the patient's sex contacts, home and business phone numbers and even information identifying the patient as gay or married. The clinics immediately circulated a memo ordering that all such records be shredded before being thrown out; but, meanwhile, this careless practice had continued for over a year after the Department of Health Services solemnly informed us about its zealous efforts to protect confidentiality.

Even more worrisome, though not so clearly documented, is testimony the *Vanguard* collected from anonymous disgruntled Health Services Department employees to the effect that V.D. investigators do trade information with the local police. The American Civil Liberties Union, after investigating the *Vanguard's* charges, described the possibilities of blackmail within this system as "truly horrifying."

As I wrote in my original letter, under present conditions, I think that anybody who tells anything to any branch of government that can be used against him by another branch is a damned fool.

(Name withheld by request)
La Jolla, California

LEGALIZING GRASS

Keith Stroup of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws mentions in the October *Playboy Forum* that Democratic President-elect Jimmy Carter was in favor of decriminalization of marijuana. However, Roger L. MacBride, the Libertarian candidate, supported complete repeal of all drug laws. How many freaks found their view well represented by the Democratic and

JUSTICE BY APATHY

Shortly before the 1976 Presidential election, the Assistant U. S. Attorney responsible for the Memphis porn trials addressed a convention of the Adult Film Association. Shrugging off charges that his crusade had been initiated by the Nixon Administration and would cease if Carter were elected, Larry Parrish told his audience, "The prosecutions are going to increase manifold and with great vigor. And if you think that will stop with the Democrats, well, that's just your hope."

Damn right it's our hope. For the past six months, we've attempted to describe—in a series of editorials titled *The Nixon Legacy*—the impact of a President who used the power of his office to impose his own narrow moral vision on America. For the most part, the editorials have focused on the actions of the Supreme Court. Nixon and Ford stocked the High Court with five Justices who, by sheer apathy, have managed to create a climate in which repression can flourish and individual freedoms evaporate.

The Nixon Court refused to hear a case challenging the Virginia sodomy statute and thus gave its tacit approval to the continued existence of a number of antiquated sex laws. The Nixon Court refused to hear *Liles vs. Oregon*, a case that would have clarified the issue of "community standards" and obscenity. The Nixon Court refused to recognize the right of privacy and stated that in certain instances, it would no longer hear cases based on Fourth Amendment claims. The Nixon Court increased police powers to make warrantless searches and seizures. The Nixon Court reversed its position on capital punishment and reinstated the death penalty. Cradle-to-grave coverage.

The cancer of the Nixon legacy has spread to areas of the Government other than the Supreme Court. When the Saint of San Clemente rejected the findings of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, he declared that there would be "no relaxation of the national effort to control and eliminate smut from our national life." Parrish is not an aberration; he is the logical consequence of Nixon's decision to purify America. The bureaucrats, district attorneys and postal inspectors who answered Nixon's call to arms have not ceased their efforts and they do not plan to.

When Parrish addressed the Adult Film Association, his tone was both defensive and arrogant. He suggested that when he spent over \$1,000,000 of the taxpayers' money to convict 12 people involved in the making and distribution of *Deep Throat*, he was simply doing his job. Pointing to a copy of the Supreme Court's 1973 decisions on obscenity, he disclaimed, "That's the law. I didn't make it up. I'm merely enforcing what the Supreme Court says the law is. That standard is totally objective. . . . It prohibits depictions of any ultimate sex act, masturbation, excretion or lewd exhibition of the genitals."

Parrish has no trouble recognizing obscenity. He told theater owners that if they needed help in defining pornography, they could get a costly lesson—in court. "How many of you, if you realized that you were going to sit in the can for five years and get a \$100,000 fine, would really open that double feature tomorrow?" Censorship by intimidation. Nixon must be proud of his boy.

It is doubtful that Jimmy Carter will be able to do anything to slow the juggernaut of repression that Nixon set in motion. As President, he can fill vacancies on the Supreme Court, but he cannot create them. Still, there is hope.

In his *Playboy Interview*, Carter said that as governor of Georgia he had placed a low priority on the enforcement of

laws against victimless crimes. "But as to appointing judges, that would not be the basis on which I'd appoint them. I would choose people who were competent, whose judgment and integrity were sound. I think it would be inappropriate to ask them how they were going to rule on a particular question before I appointed them."

Is that enough? The silence of the silent majority is epitomized in the five men Nixon and Ford appointed to the Court. The style of Burger and brethren has largely been characterized by the absence of decision. Some 4000 cases are presented to the High Court each session; on the average, the Justices vote to review between 150 and 170 of them. One's chances of getting a hearing are usually less than one in every 27. Carter should seek men not only of sound judgment and integrity but also of great energy.

Men like William O. Douglas. When he retired, the Court lost an untiring champion of individual rights. Douglas was known as the fastest cert in the land; he would vote to hear a case for the simple reason that if someone felt that a question of liberty were important enough to take it all the way to the Supreme Court, then, by God, the least the Supreme Court could do was listen. We need a Court that is interested not just in the law but in people, in personal freedom, in the rights of the individual against absurd and arbitrary law. Instead, we have a country club for cavalier conservatives such as Warren Burger, who recently criticized an appeal because the brief was too long: "Briefs should be brief." Or they should be nonexistent, as John Paul Stevens suggested when he stated he would not again explain his refusal to hear any more obscenity cases "in the interest of conserving scarce law-library space."

What can a Carter Administration accomplish?

Carter does not believe that the Federal Government has the right to impose moral judgments on the states. When it comes to abolishing laws against such noncrimes as pornography, adultery and sodomy, he has said, "That's a judgment for the individual states to make." He points out that as governor of Georgia he "didn't run around breaking down people's doors to see if they were fornicating." And therein lies the difference. Unlike Nixon, Carter does not seem compelled to vindicate his own sexual lifestyle, to exorcise his own personal demons in public. Carter is more tolerant and rational. He lessened the penalties for marijuana use in Georgia. He decriminalized alcoholism. He ran for President on a platform that promised pardon for draft resisters—a species that was created by L.B.J. and bred by Nixon.

Carter believes in setting examples by inspiration, not by retribution. As President, he has a unique opportunity to create and encourage a new set of official priorities that will leave moral judgments to God instead of to U. S. attorneys and postal inspectors. He seems to know the areas of legitimate concern to good government. Both the Memphis porn trials and the prosecution of *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein in Wichita were initiated by Federal officials, not by state courts. At best, Carter can clean house of the puritans who misuse public office to invade the privacy of individuals. At least he can keep a tight rein on the vigilante style of the Justice Department and the DEA—mock heroics that mock justice.

Parrish was right. Maybe things will change with the Democrats; but that is only our hope. It may be our only hope.

This is the last in a series of editorials.

Republican parties in the last election? We shouldn't be reforming marijuana laws, we should be abolishing them.

Jim and Lorri Laudon
Tulsa, Oklahoma

THE JERRY MITCHELL CASE

I was appalled by the *Playboy Forum Casebook* report *The Ozark Connection* (November). I seriously doubt whether here in Canada anyone in Jerry Mitchell's situation would receive such a heavy penalty as 12 years for such a minor offense. Considering his previous clean slate, the small amount of the deal, his age and the fact that there was no profit involved, I believe Mitchell would have ended up with a \$500 fine or less and probation from a Canadian court.

R. W. Ougden
Richmond, British Columbia

Everybody got something out of 1776. We got away from your king and you got away from our puritans.

NO CONNECTION WITH REASON

Timothy A. Jones, in the November *Playboy Forum*, expresses sadness that the U. S. Supreme Court upheld the death penalty. In the same issue, *Playboy Forum Casebook* tells about 19-year-old Jerry Mitchell's being sentenced to 12 years in jail for selling a third of an ounce of marijuana. Both the Supreme Court ruling and the Missouri judge's cruel sentence are explained by one statement in *Casebook*: "Common sense plays no great role in matters of law."

Brent A. Collins
Muncie, Indiana

BUMPER BACKLASH

Remember those bumper stickers that said IMPEACH EARL WARREN? In all fairness, I now think we ought to have bumper stickers that read IMPEACH THE NIXON COURT. Depressingly, they ought to be good for years to come.

James Green
Los Angeles, California

NEW LANDS IN SPACE

I have been devoting much of my time lately to speaking and writing in favor of Princeton Professor Gerard O'Neill's proposed space colony, to be located at a point between the earth and the moon called L5. Oddly enough, audiences seem entranced by my previous job as an Associate Editor of *PLAYBOY*. Somebody always asks me if Hefner is planning to build his own space colony (*Playboy Mansion Up?*) and whether sex will really be better in zero gravity.

While I enjoy a good joke as much as anyone and am as randy as anyone, I must say that space colonization has more to recommend it than hedonics. It may be necessary to our very survival. Dr. J. Peter Vajk has conducted a computer study showing that a space-colonization-and-industrialization program, if started soon, can help Third World nations achieve



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PORSCHE

CREATES A NEW
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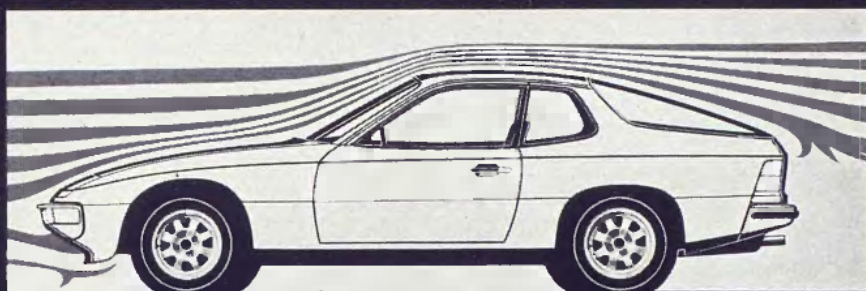
THE 924

PORSCHE

One look at the new Porsche 924 and you'll realize this is no ordinary automobile.

The dynamic design of its clean, flowing lines instantly proclaims it to be unlike any other car you've ever seen.

Here is a perfect blending of the designer's search for beauty and the engineer's desire for efficiency. The shape of the new Porsche 924 not only pleases the eye, but it slices the wind so cleanly that it registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient in wind tunnel testing.



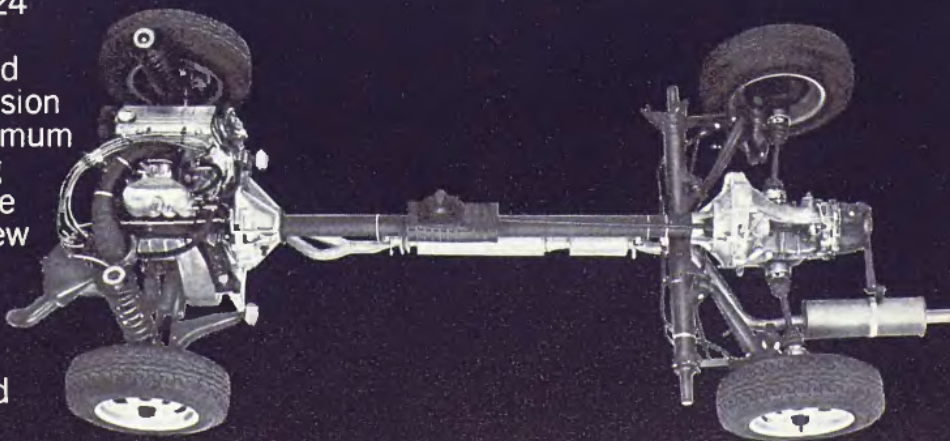
But the true innovativeness of this new Porsche lies much deeper than the sheet metal. It lies at the very heart of the car in a unique arrangement of the engine, clutch, and transmission, known as a "transaxle" system.

In this transaxle arrangement, the engine, a water-cooled overhead cam design with a continuous fuel injection system, is mounted in front. The clutch is placed directly behind it, giving quick, positive clutch action for rapid shifting.

The transmission, however, is mounted in the rear, at the driving wheels (hence the name rear "transaxle"). Rather than a conventional, heavy drive shaft with universal joints, there is a solid drive shaft in a hollow torque tube connecting the front-mounted engine with the rear-mounted transaxle. Thus, the entire drive train and differential is a single rigid unit which does away with universal joints and allows for more direct power transfer. Response is virtually instant. In addition, the gearshift is mounted directly on the torque tube, providing a short, precise throw.

But this unique transaxle system yields more than preciseness. It also results in an almost perfect 50-50 weight distribution which improves braking efficiency and enhances handling characteristics. The new Porsche 924 takes corners smoothly, in balance. McPherson struts in front, combined with a wishbone torsion bar suspension in the rear, keep body lean to a minimum in curves. Rack-and-pinion steering assures the driver of quick, accurate response to every command. The new Porsche 924 is designed to be the most driveable Porsche ever.

The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche.



economic parity with the industrial nations in several decades. This means that the economy of abundance for all people, predicted by optimistic thinkers such as Buckminster Fuller but mocked by shallow pessimists, is within our grasp if we start now. Vajk's computer projections show, however, that if we have not built the first space city by 2002, it will be too late to reverse the decline of our technology. The worst famine in history will destroy the Third World, and lack of resources will wreck the advanced nations shortly thereafter, as predicted by international conferences of experts such as the Club of Rome.

Once in orbit, the first space colony would begin building solar-power satellites, filling the ever-growing energy gap as fossil fuels are exhausted. A NASA study has estimated the cost for this beachhead in space at between 30 billion dollars and 60 billion dollars spread over 15 years. The first colony could also begin to build additional colonies and it has been calculated that more than 10,000 colonies, with populations between 10,000 and 4,000,000 each, could be in L5 orbit without crowding one another. So anyone who wants to could go.

In short, space colonization seems to be the best solution to our resource and energy needs, and it is available right now. Without it, we may collapse into a new and possibly permanent dark age. Anyone who wants more information can write to the L5 Society, 1620 North Park, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

Robert Anton Wilson
Berkeley, California

WHEN IS A PERSON?

Your reply to Louis Hausheer Pumphrey that you "don't perceive the fetus as a person with a full set of human rights" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) illuminates the analogy between slavery and abortion. Whenever any group wishes to enslave, abuse, oppress or murder any other group, the first order of business is to proclaim the target group somehow inferior or less than human. Hitler did that to the Jews and the white settlers in North America did it to the Indians and the blacks. You are right to say "It will be hard to have a reasonable discussion." It's impossible to deal with a bigot.

D. A. Reichardt
Cincinnati, Ohio

Precisely. Until recently, women in this country were considered inferior, and that is why the state claimed the right to forbid them control of their own pregnancies. Treated as baby factories or brood animals, women were viewed as less than human. To return women to that condition via a so-called right-to-life amendment would be a death sentence for many and a form of slavery for all.

So many anti-abortionists like Louis Hausheer Pumphrey seem to lurk in

"Playboy Forum" Casebook

BAD DAY AT RED LODGE

a controversial californian tangles with a killer marijuana law in the "big sky" country of montana

Last year, Lake Headley moved from Los Angeles to Red Lodge, Montana, to "take a vacation, lay low and write a book" about his adventures as a private detective. So far, he hasn't done much resting or writing. Headley, his wife, his son and two friends are accused of operating a major marijuana plantation that supposedly flourished and vanished between the time surveillance began and arrests occurred 80 days later. The case is bizarre, as is the Montana drug law under which Headley and his codefendants now face from one year to life in prison for the "sale of dangerous drugs," which not even the authorities allege were ever sold. We'll try to explain.

Headley is a former Las Vegas policeman who became a licensed private investigator, first in Nevada and then in California. He works mainly for West Coast lawyers defending political radicals and other controversial clients and, over the past few years, he has managed to antagonize quite a few local, state and Federal law enforcers. As an investigator for the American Indians' defense committee at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, he supplied much of the evidence that freed the principal defendants because of Federal "impropriety" and also performed a rare and embarrassingly successful citizen's arrest of two G men. In a much-publicized Orange County drug case involving music-industry figures, he was able to prove entrapment and official misconduct by agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration. He was later retained by parents of two slain members of the Symbionese Liberation Army to investigate the final shoot-out with the L.A.P.D. This is the main subject of the book he moved to Red Lodge to begin writing. A personal friend and land developer, Don Wogamon, owned property there and offered the free use of a nearby ranch and modern three-bedroom mobile home to Headley, his wife, Elizabeth, and his son, Lake Headley III, aged 23. Wogamon and his son, Timothy, 18, a graduate of the Red Lodge high school, are the other defendants in the drug case.

Headley believes that some of his old adversaries in the FBI and the DEA may have advised Carbon County sheriff Jim Eichler that a dangerous California revolutionary was hiding out in

his territory and that the national interest would be served by putting him out of action, one way or another. Headley could be wrong; the community is socially and politically tight and a suspicious sheriff's routine check on a newcomer would have turned up Headley's fat Federal dossier as a troublemaker.

But FBI agents *did* twice earlier pay calls on Elizabeth's elderly German parents, who had survived a Russian prison camp and who speak almost no English. They scared the wits out of them with vague talk of deportation for their Austrian-born daughter, who is still a resident alien. And the late-night raid on the Wogamon ranch *was* led, in fact if not officially, by an agent of the DEA who would seem to have had no Federal business even being there. The raid, according to the defendants' affidavits, also had those characteristic DEA touches: much gun waving, profanity, insults, breaking into unlocked doors, Headley's wife held nude at shotgun point and no search or arrest warrants until Sheriff Eichler later arrived on the scene. Headley was stopped in his car at the entrance to a nearby rural cemetery. He says his paranoia didn't flare up until later, in town, when he was being transported in the front seat of a car and his handcuffs were removed and replaced by a .357 magnum, hammer cocked, touching the back of his head.

The *Billings Gazette* reported the raid in a front-page lead story:

MARIJUANA FARM FOUND NEAR RED LODGE

... Authorities said the quantity of marijuana recovered had a street value of about \$450,000. Narcotics officers acting on search warrants found more than 2000 marijuana plants growing in the field on the ranch. In addition, numerous potted marijuana plants were found growing under high-intensity lights in a hidden attic of a house allegedly used by the suspects as a laboratory. . . .

Where the *Gazette* got its story is another mystery, because none of this is true and no one at the paper could find time to meet with PLAYBOY's representatives. The paper had tried to cover itself in a small retraction on the

classified-ad page the next day by explaining that an unidentified "Billings narcotics officer" had only "estimated" that 2000 hypothetical pot plants would yield an "estimated" \$450,000 in street marijuana and that the Carbon County attorney later had explained that no marijuana plants had actually been seized. In its retraction, the paper only dug its hole a little deeper by headlining the item, "WHEN THEY GOT THERE THE FIELD WAS BARE," implying the pot was there in the first place. From police records on file, it seems the raid on both the ranch and the Wogamons' house in town netted a couple of plastic bags containing several suspected joints and "residue," plus Gro-Lamps, peat pots, fertilizer and other suspicious indoor-gardening paraphernalia.

PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill Helmer and *Casebook* investigator Russ Million spent three days in Red Lodge and Billings, talking with the Headleys, Billings attorney D. Frank Kampfe and several persons who prefer to remain unidentified. Sheriff Eichler was not available and we did not try to contact the DEA agent, Donald Friend, who was identified in the Billings paper as "a U.S. Customs agent" from Great Falls. We walked for two hours up and down the 250-acre ranch, including the creek area where the marijuana supposedly grew, and we saw no signs of the cultivation of anything, ever. Except for the remains of a 10' x 15' tomato crop started under Gro-Lamps, set out by Elizabeth near the Headleys' trailer site and killed by frost.

While we were hospitably received as strangers, we left feeling a little like Spencer Tracy after asking too many questions in *Bad Day at Black Rock*. It may well be that what seems to be

hostility is only embarrassment: Spectacular city-county-Federal, front-page, pot-plantation raid turns out egg on the face. But the entire case looks like either a deliberate Federal setup using gullible rural cops to try to get Headley, dead or alive, or a local law-enforcement screw-up.

The original surveillance, the warrants, the raid and the arrests, not to mention the unprecedented \$25,000 bonds under which Headley and his family were held for ten days in jail, involve so many irregularities and possible illegalities that the case may never go to trial. The Playboy Foundation is working with defense attorneys on these points now. What makes the charges serious is the barbaric nature of Montana's law on drug sales.

If it can be proved that a single pot plant ever grew on the ranch where the Headleys lived or in Wogamon's house in Red Lodge, Montana's drug laws are broad enough possibly to allow conviction for "sale of dangerous drugs" merely because of the strange wording of the state statute. "Cultivation" is the same as "sale," and cultivation is not defined. The penalty for this offense is one year to life. The same statute also makes no distinction between giving one joint of marijuana and selling a ton of heroin.

It's possible that this case will afford the Playboy Foundation and attorney D. Frank Kampfe, who may hold the current record for making case law in Montana, a good shot at changing the state drug statute on sale and cultivation. Which, as currently written, seems a patently unconstitutional invitation to harass any unpopular individual for social, political or even personal reasons with the threat of years in prison.

wealthy communities like Shaker Heights, Ohio. Funny how those who don't have to contend with budgetary constraints are able to ignore such factors in promulgating their totalitarian views.

Charles D. Shilling
Scotch Plains, New Jersey

Mr. Pumphrey, if your wife were raped and became pregnant, would you make her bear that baby? You bet your ass you wouldn't.

(Name withheld by request)
Oberasbach, Germany

In your reply to my letter, you state, "Until you can understand that we don't perceive the fetus as a person with a full set of human rights, it will be hard to have a reasonable discussion." Ah, but I *do* understand that prochoicers perceive the fetus as something less than a person. What I'm still scratching my head about is *why* such a perception? What is the reason, when there is a plethora of embryological and fetological data substantiating the uniqueness of the fetus?

Louis Hausheer Pumphrey
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Zoology can tell us a lot about a cow but not whether Hindus are right or wrong to consider the cow sacred. That is a religious question. Similarly, embryology can't tell us whether it is right or wrong to terminate a pregnancy. That, too, is a religious question and, especially in this country, it should not be settled by law.

ABORTION FALLACIES

It is inconsistent for any religious organization to adopt the slogan "Right to life" when the history of the same organization is replete with mass killings and horrible tortures. Nor do the present leaders of the Catholic Church forbid killing and warmaking by their followers, though some other religions do. In fact, in December 1967, at the height of the Vietnam war, Pope Paul VI issued a statement on peace publicly expressing the hope "that the exaltation of the ideal of peace may not favor the cowardice of those who fear it may be their duty to give their life for the service of their own country and of their own brothers. . . . Peace is not pacifism; it does not mask a base and slothful concept of life. . . ." So much for the right to life.

Henry Kattenhorn
Burlington Flats, New York

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



Lake Headley and his wife, Elizabeth, provide a tour of their alleged pot plantation for "Casebook" Editor Bill Helmer and legal investigator Russ Million.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KEITH STROUP

a candid conversation about pot smoking, drugs and legal hassles with the young director of norml, who is spearheading the reform of marijuana laws

Keith Stroup, the 33-year-old director of NORML, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, has been called "a turned-on Nader," "Mr. Marijuana" and "the first politician of pot." He's surely the most unusual lobbyist in Washington, and he just may be, dollar for dollar, the most effective. We at PLAYBOY have known Stroup since 1970, when the Playboy Foundation put up the money to start NORML, and over the years we've heard intriguing reports of his adventures as he has crisscrossed America seeking marijuana-law reform.

Then we began to hear of some remarkable political achievements as well. Between May and August of 1975, the legislatures of five states—Alaska, California, Colorado, Maine and Ohio—voted to remove criminal penalties for the possession of small amounts of marijuana. South Dakota and Minnesota followed in 1976, making a total of seven states to join Oregon, which had voted "decriminalization" in 1973, pioneering a new, more rational national policy toward the fact of widespread marijuana use. Those state legislative actions amounted to a dramatic breakthrough for the reform movement,

and since Stroup was at the center of the battle, we decided it was time we went to him for his and NORML's full story. For the assignment, we chose Patrick Anderson, a novelist and political journalist who has known Stroup for several years and who in 1973 wrote one of the first major magazine articles on NORML for The New York Times Magazine. Since conducting this interview, Anderson was hired during the 1976 Presidential campaign as Jimmy Carter's top speechwriter. Anderson reports:

"Interviewing Keith Stroup is a piece of pie. Keith has no secrets and he has plenty of opinions, so all I really had to do was turn on a tape recorder and get down some of the discussions of drugs and politics we've been having since I first met him. The interview sessions took place in NORML's offices in an old, three-story town house in a rather disreputable block of M Street, about halfway between the White House and Georgetown. I don't know what people would expect a marijuana lobby's offices to be like—sinister? paranoid? zonked out?—but NORML's are cozy, informal and quite businesslike. There's a portrait of George Washington

over the mantel and a lot of Doonesbury cartoons and promarijuana posters on the walls; the phones ring a lot and there are usually good sounds—Elton John, say, or Jimmy Buffett—coming from the stereo in Keith's office. The staff bustles about, usually wearing jeans and sometimes NORML T-shirts, and takes care of business with the easy efficiency of people who've known one another a long time. Indeed, Keith and Larry Schott, who runs NORML's tax-exempt Center for the Study of Nonmedical Drug Use, have been together since NORML was started in the fall of 1970. More recent arrivals include Peter Meyers, NORML's chief counsel; Mark Heutlinger, who came from California to be NORML's business manager when NORML merged with Amorphia, the West Coast reform group; Gordon Broenell, also of Amorphia, who runs NORML's West Coast office; and Frank Fioramonti in the New York office. All these people took 25 percent pay cuts in 1975 because of NORML's financial problems, but the cuts haven't bothered their morale. On the contrary, thanks to the political successes they have achieved since May of 1975,



"Those poor bastards were in prison for ten to twenty years for doing the same thing I'd done the night before. That's what it's all about—fighting the injustice of people locked up for getting high."



"If marijuana must be taxed, I'd like to see the money go for drug education and rehabilitation. We in the drug culture should admit there are casualties to drug use and take responsibility for them."



ED STREEKY / CAMERA 5

"Alaska has that 24-hour day up there, and they claim to grow cabbages double size, so who knows about marijuana? I think there'll be more than oil coming down that new pipeline."

morale at NORML has never been higher.

"Since his divorce four years ago, Keith has been living in a room on the third floor of the town house—his lavish penthouse suite, we call it—and it was there that most of our conversations took place, mostly on Sundays, when his phone doesn't ring so much. The challenge in interviewing him was to strike a balance between the two sides of his personality. The most obvious thing about Keith is that he's a funny, colorful, zany guy, with a rare talent for laughing at himself and at the madness of the world. The other, less obvious fact is that he's an exceptionally bright, tough, dedicated reformer who's done a remarkable job of spearheading the national battle for marijuana-law reform. In his way, Keith is just as impressive a figure as Ralph Nader and—knowing both men—I can testify that he's a hell of a lot more fun to be around. I was particularly pleased to do the interview, because it seems to me that our ultrarespectable national media have largely ignored the story of the remarkable burst of recent marijuana-law reform and it appears appropriate that Keith should be allowed to tell the full story himself, since he did so much to make it happen."

PLAYBOY: Keith, you've been lobbying for marijuana-law reform for six and a half years. Eight states have abolished criminal penalties for the smoker, with similar reforms currently being considered by the Congress and more than 30 other states. How does this success make you feel?

STROUP: It makes me feel great. I'll tell you how it feels. I was in Ohio in 1975 on the day the new law went into effect. I spoke at Kent State and there were these guys in the audience in bright-colored bandleader costumes, like the Beatles wore on the *Sgt. Pepper* album, and afterward, I talked to them and they turned out to be dealers, just messing around, celebrating the new law. That night, I went to a party some good old country freaks gave to celebrate. They rented a union hall outside Akron and hired a band and decorated the place with papier-mâché joints and marijuana plants and invited 200 or 300 other freaks. Now, obviously, the local police knew those people were smoking in there and they could have caused trouble—

PLAYBOY: What could they have done, under the new law?

STROUP: For possession, they could have fined everyone \$100, which in that case would have meant some \$25,000 in fines for that little community. But the point is that the police chose to leave them alone, to give the new law a chance, and everybody had a fine time. Those Ohio people were really happy. Some of them had attended our first NORML conference, back in 1972. Now they have a tremendous feeling of pride at being part of this successful political movement.

I feel that way, too.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your 1972 conference, which was something of a fiasco. It, in itself, is a measure of how far NORML has come, isn't it?

STROUP: I think so. We made every possible mistake on that conference, beginning with its name—the First Annual People's Pot Conference. People's had the wrong connotation; it sounded like a meeting of doped-up Communists. At that point, we were trying desperately to develop a middle-class constituency for the marijuana issue, but we had the conference in the middle of the week, when middle-class people were working, and we didn't charge admission, so we ended up with 90 percent freaks, people who couldn't help us because they weren't plugged into the political system.

PLAYBOY: And somebody got busted.

STROUP: He was an activist from Texas, a disc jockey who had some wet marijuana. So he raised the hood of his car to dry it on the engine, at which point some plainclothesmen marched over from across the street and busted him. Which, of course, became the big news story of our first

*"To the establishment,
marijuana was seen not
simply as a mild intoxicant
but as a symbol of radicalism
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threatened them."*

conference. Not a great start. But, as you point out, by the time of our third conference, in 1974, the issue had progressed. Dr. Robert DuPont, the director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, and President Nixon's main drug advisor, was our main speaker, and he took the occasion to call for decriminalization. The next year, we featured Ramsey Clark, and this past year, the program included both Hunter Thompson and then-candidate Jimmy Carter's advisor Dr. Peter Bourne. So I guess you could say we've gone respectable.

PLAYBOY: What do you think caused the dramatic increase in marijuana use in the U. S. in the past ten or twelve years?

STROUP: I think it was part of the social upheaval caused by the war in Vietnam. Many young people were rejecting establishment values in various ways. They wanted their own styles of dress, their own music and even their own way of getting high. So they rejected alcohol and made marijuana a symbol of their freedom from the old values. Of course, I happen to think it's a better high, too. But the sym-

bolism cut both ways. To the establishment, marijuana was seen not simply as a mild intoxicant but as a symbol of radicalism and permissiveness—everything that threatened them.

PLAYBOY: Given that hostility—some of which obviously still exists—how was it possible to get a reform movement started?

STROUP: It was possible because more and more white, middle-class kids were getting arrested every year. In 1975, there were more than 400,000 arrests. Something had to give. Even the politicians were getting those calls that begin, "Dad, I'm in jail." That's a cruel way to change attitudes, but it forces busy people to take a hard look at the issue. Mike Stepanian, a San Francisco defense attorney, and I have been working on a case in the Ozarks in southwest Missouri, where a 19-year-old sophomore was sentenced to 12 years in prison for selling five dollars' worth of marijuana to a friend. Most parents, forced to decide either that their child is a criminal who should be jailed or that the law is an ass, decide that the law is an ass.

PLAYBOY: And many parents have come around to feeling the law was—or is—an ass?

STROUP: Yes, and the clearest evidence came in 1970, when Congress finally lowered the Federal penalty for marijuana possession from a felony to a misdemeanor.

Now, this same law included some terrible provisions, such as classifying marijuana on Schedule One, along with heroin, thereby making it unavailable as a medicine, even if a physician had a legitimate need for it. That is particularly ironic in light of recent research—corroborated by the Government—indicating its effectiveness in treating glaucoma, a leading cause of blindness, and in treating the side effects of chemotherapy experienced by many cancer patients. NORML has a suit pending against the Drug Enforcement Administration seeking the reclassification of marijuana to a lower schedule, once again making it available as a medicine.

But the penalties for marijuana possession were lowered. Within four years, virtually every state had followed suit. And, of course, that was the time we were starting NORML, so as the states were going from a felony to a misdemeanor, we were saying, "Hey, let's go a step further and remove criminal penalties entirely."

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you'd better make clear the difference between decriminalization and legalization.

STROUP: Well, when possession is classified as either a misdemeanor or a felony, that means smoking grass is a criminal offense for which you can be arrested and jailed. At the other extreme, you have legalization, which means marijuana could be produced and sold commercially, like cigarettes or alcohol. There would be a

legally regulated market. Decriminalization is a kind of halfway step, a cease-fire. It means that you stop arresting people for smoking marijuana, while maintaining a criminal prohibition against sellers. Smoking is still discouraged, but the penalty, if any, is a fine, not jail, enforced with a citation rather than an arrest.

PLAYBOY: Does NORML advocate legalization?

STROUP: No. We would like to see some serious study undertaken to develop and analyze various potential legalization models, so that states in the future will have the information they need, should some of them decide to take this step. But for now, we view such a change as premature. Our immediate goal is decriminalization.

PLAYBOY: But you *do* see legalization of marijuana at the end of the road, don't you?

STROUP: Definitely. I think that by 1978, about half the states will have decriminalized, and the debate will start to focus on legalization. I expect the first states to legalize within five to seven years. Some will legalize and some won't, just as the states have different liquor laws.

PLAYBOY: How would legalization work?

STROUP: No one knows. If legalization came tomorrow, we'd probably follow the alcohol model, with private production and state regulation and taxation. Probably, the tobacco companies would take over the business, since they already have the land and the facilities to produce and distribute marijuana cigarettes. Personally, however, I wouldn't want to see that happen.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STROUP: I'd like to see nonprofit corporations grow and sell legal marijuana, with the profits going to drug education and rehabilitation programs instead of to the tobacco companies. But I recognize that they probably have the power to take over the business.

PLAYBOY: What happens then?

STROUP: Once legalization arrives, we've entered the consumer phase of the marijuana issue and the goal will be to see that the marijuana user gets a fair deal.

PLAYBOY: In what regard?

STROUP: For one thing, we need laws that permit the user to grow his own marijuana—private cultivation. So far, even the states that have decriminalized use have kept criminal penalties for cultivation, except Alaska. That doesn't make sense—to say you can smoke it but you can't grow it—but it's a political trade-off we had to accept. What we do, once we get decriminalization, is to go back the next year with a cultivation bill, or challenge the constitutionality of the cultivation penalties in the courts. We're doing that now in Oregon and California.

PLAYBOY: If people can grow their own, will they buy legalized marijuana?

STROUP: Sure. You can grow your own tomatoes, but most people prefer the conven-

ience of buying them at the supermarket. The things we'll have to push for, once grass is legal and regulated, are that the regulators provide a decent quality of marijuana, the price is fair, the place and hours of sale are reasonable, things like that.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned regulation. How do you think taxes should be handled?

STROUP: If marijuana must be taxed, I'd like to see the money go for drug education and rehabilitation. We in the drug culture should admit there are casualties to drug use and we should take responsibility for them, just as the alcohol and tobacco people should take responsibility for their casualties!

PLAYBOY: What about advertising?

STROUP: I'm totally against it. We want legalization without commercialization. People should be educated about drugs, and what they do to you, but they shouldn't be pressured into using them.

PLAYBOY: Where does the best marijuana come from?

STROUP: I think Southeast Asian grass is the best in the world. And there's grass coming out of the island of Maui, Hawaii,

"Southeast Asian grass is the best in the world. And there's grass coming out of the island of Maui, Hawaii . . . that is the best I've ever smoked."

that costs \$200 an ounce and that is the best I've ever smoked. The people from *High Times* magazine brought some to the NORML conference last year.

PLAYBOY: What other good grass is there?

STROUP: Well, on the East Coast, you get a lot of good Colombian, selling for \$30 to \$50 an ounce. And there's good grass out of Jamaica. But 90 percent of the grass sold in this country still comes from Mexico, although it's not the highest grade.

PLAYBOY: Who's bringing in all this marijuana? Is it organized crime?

STROUP: Not in the sense of the Mafia. What you usually have are groups of six or eight college students, or young professionals, who put up a few thousand dollars each and rent a plane and fly to Mexico or Colombia and bring back several hundred pounds of marijuana. It's middle-class organized crime, people who wouldn't deal in heroin or cocaine but who think there's a certain glamor to dealing marijuana. It's an outlaw culture, with the dealer as the modern Jesse James. They're in it for the mystique as much as for the profits.

PLAYBOY: What have been your contacts with marijuana dealers?

STROUP: When I speak on campuses, often some dealer will come up and identify himself. He'll say something like, "Those of us in the business appreciate what you're doing." They want recognition, like anyone else. We have other contacts. For example, a dealer recently gave us two ounces of good Colombian to use at NORML's conference party.

PLAYBOY: Do they ever offer money?

STROUP: Sometimes. I think some dealers aren't sure how to relate to us. After all, if we brought about legalization, we'd put them out of business. But occasionally we receive anonymous contributions, a few of which may come from dealers.

PLAYBOY: How much?

STROUP: The only large gift was \$10,000 left in small bills at our Washington, D.C., office. A stranger left the money, along with a note claiming it was from a confederation of dealers.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

STROUP: I called the press.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STROUP: I thought it might be some kind of setup by the Government. I wanted some witnesses.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to keep the money?

STROUP: Absolutely. I would add, however, that it could wipe us out politically if we were seen as some sort of front for dealers. No respectable politician could work with us. So we now have a policy to segregate all money that purports to come from dealers and use it only to defend indigent marijuana defendants.

PLAYBOY: Some people think that the way to handle legalization would be simply to legalize the existing system—in other words, to let dealers operate openly. The idea is that those people ran the risks when grass was illegal and should reap the profits when it's legal. How do you feel about that?

STROUP: A legal version of the neighborhood-dealer system just might work. I think we should end the bootlegger/black-market system, because it always means abuses, whether it's in whiskey or in marijuana. You don't have age controls or quality controls. And those are basic consumer-protective devices the Government provides in other areas and should provide here. I appreciate what the dealers have done, and we've all felt a sense of brotherhood in the past few years. But whatever system of sales is adopted should include some method for protecting the consumer against the traditional abuses of the market place.

PLAYBOY: You mean like bathtub gin during Prohibition, which was supposed to make you go blind?

STROUP: Right, and dope spiked with PCP can mess your mind up. I mean, it's just crazy not to regulate it. Right now, it's as

easy for a 13-year-old kid to buy unregulated marijuana as it is for me.

PLAYBOY: You smoke a lot of marijuana. Why?

STROUP: Because it's fun. Because I enjoy it. Of the available recreational drugs, marijuana suits my lifestyle best. It doesn't leave you with a hangover and it's less damaging to your health than other stuff. Actually, I think there are two levels to the use of marijuana or other recreational drugs. The first is sheer fun—the pleasure of the immediate high. I smoke because it feels good or because I'm working on a project that's boring and it'll put me in a better frame of mind. But there's a second level, at which you begin to develop a better sense of awareness of yourself and your place in the universe. Drugs can take you out of your hectic, trivial everyday life and into a cosmic level where you think about where the hell we all came from and where the hell we're all going. In that sense, I think drugs can have very positive emotional and philosophical benefits.

PLAYBOY: The main argument for recreational drug use is that it enhances your various experiences—whether it's sex or music or watching the sun rise or whatever. But can't people have equally good experiences without drugs? We're thinking of prayer, meditation, self-awareness, and so on—nonchemical highs.

STROUP: Certainly, some people have always used prayer and meditation to reach a high state, a state much like the one other people get from drugs. Andy Weil, the author of *The Natural Mind*, argues that the goal for most of us should be the ability to reach that state without drugs, because it would be a pure high. I would agree with that.

PLAYBOY: Then would you agree that in the best of all possible worlds, we wouldn't have drugs?

STROUP: Well, in the best of all possible worlds, we wouldn't use drugs destructively. But I'm not willing to rule out recreational drug use. The thing is, we don't live in the best of all possible worlds. In this world, we should have the goal of minimizing destructive drug use, but I don't think we should interfere with the individual who wants to use drugs in a positive way.

PLAYBOY: You usually refer to marijuana as grass. Some people say pot. There are other terms. Can you explain that?

STROUP: There are a lot of terms. Some of them are interesting. Boo is one I've always liked. That's what blacks in and around New Orleans used decades ago. Of course, you've got tea, maryjane, reefer, marijuana, grass, dope, hemp, pot, weed. I think that sometimes politicians play games with these names. If people in the media, for example, have a particular ax to grind, they make it sound either less or more threatening.

PLAYBOY: Grass is a friendly word.

STROUP: Yeah. Pot is hard and harsh, I

think. Dope is terrible. You will notice that some headline writers refer to all marijuana arrests as dope busts.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the word marijuana have a sinister, foreign sound?

STROUP: Well, we all have xenophobia. You're right. I suspect that if marijuana had a good, American-middle-class-sounding name, rather than a Mexican name that has a soft J sound, we might have moved along on this issue a little quicker.

PLAYBOY: How about marigold?

STROUP: Right. Wasn't that what Senator Everett Dirksen wanted to make the national flower?

PLAYBOY: Yes, and we suppose there are people who'd like to make marijuana the national flower.

STROUP: Listen, for some of us it has been for quite a while. In fact, in a recent poll taken by the florist group, FTD, to select a national flower, marijuana was the leading write-in candidate.

PLAYBOY: There's an entire marijuana culture springing up in America, isn't there?

STROUP: Yes, there are at least 13,000,000 regular smokers in America and NORML represents them politically. In publishing,

"We should have the goal of minimizing destructive drug use, but I don't think we should interfere with the individual who wants to use drugs in a positive way."

you have *High Times*, *Rush* and *Head*, all magazines directed to smokers that have reached mass circulation now. You have hip businessmen—the marijuana millionaires. Not just the dealers but people who are into paraphernalia, head shops, things like that. I know a fellow who started out selling cigarette papers about the time we started NORML who's now the major distributor of paper and paraphernalia in the U.S. and grosses about \$8,000,000 a year. Every year in New York, the nation's boutique owners have a convention, and there's a section of head-shop people and it's a wild scene. You go from booth to booth, sampling drugs they're giving away—grass, cocaine, even laughing gas they pass out in balloons.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about how NORML operates and what you've done to get the laws changed. You mentioned the 1970 Federal law lowering the penalties for possession. Were there other milestones?

STROUP: Yes. The next milestone—perhaps the biggest one of all—was the report issued by the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse in

March of 1972. Here you had a Nixon-appointed, blue-ribbon, ultraspectable commission, which conducted the most exhaustive study ever made of marijuana use, spending two years and \$4,000,000, and concluded that marijuana was relatively harmless when smoked in moderation and that its use should be decriminalized.

PLAYBOY: Nixon rejected the report, didn't he?

STROUP: He not only rejected it, he denounced it. He implied that all those ultraspectable figures he'd appointed to the commission had somehow turned into crazies. That was an election year, of course, and George McGovern favored decriminalization, so, naturally, Nixon opposed it. But the point is that it didn't matter what Nixon said. The report spoke for itself. No honest, open-minded legislator could ignore it. From that point on, decriminalization was just a matter of time.

PLAYBOY: And Oregon led the way.

STROUP: That's right—Oregon was the next milestone. In October of 1973, it became the first state to decriminalize. Its legislature made the possession of up to an ounce punishable by a maximum civil fine of \$100. Frankly, we were surprised. We didn't expect them to move so quickly.

PLAYBOY: Why did they?

STROUP: It was a combination of things. The bill had support from then-governor Tom McCall, a progressive Republican. It also had the support of Pat Horton, an innovative district attorney who had experimented with decriminalization in Lane County. He testified that marijuana arrests were a waste of police resources. The influential Portland City Club was persuaded to endorse decriminalization. And several young legislators made marijuana-law reform a high-priority issue. They persuaded a 61-year-old conservative Republican hog farmer—literally, a hog farmer—named Stafford Hansell to co-sponsor the bill.

PLAYBOY: What was the impact of Oregon's action on other states?

STROUP: No other state took action for more than a year. But Oregon gave us invaluable data to use in other states. A lot of people had assumed that if you decriminalized, suddenly everyone would be stoned all the time. In fact, surveys by the Drug Abuse Council have shown that the rate of smoking stayed the same. So we began flying around the country to dozens of states, armed with the marijuana-commission report and the Oregon data. NORML had a kind of portable task force of experts we would make available for state legislative hearings.

PLAYBOY: Who were some of your experts?

STROUP: Dr. Tom Ungerleider, a psychiatrist at UCLA who was a Presidential appointee to the Commission on Marijuana; Pat Horton, the district attorney from Oregon; University of Virginia professor Richard Bonnie, former associate director of the marijuana commission;

Dr. Dorothy Whipple, who's both a grandmother and a noted pediatrician; Dr. David Smith, who founded the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic; Dr. Lester Grinspoon of Harvard, who wrote *Marijuana Reconsidered*; Dr. Norman Zinberg, also of Harvard, a noted researcher and author; John Finlator, who retired a few years ago as the deputy director of the old Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs but who now speaks out for decriminalization.

PLAYBOY: Do most people who are active in the reform movement smoke grass?

STROUP: Most do but by no means all. I've visited about 40 states, and smoked in all of them, often along with young doctors, lawyers and legislators who are supporting reform. There was a time in January of 1974, when I arrived in Pierre, South Dakota, with some of our expert witnesses. One was Finlator, the country's former number-two narc. John enjoys a few drinks. Another was Dr. Whipple, a lovely woman, 76 years of age, who continues a full pediatric practice while lecturing as a clinical professor of pediatrics at Georgetown University School of Medicine. It was a Sunday night, and about 20 degrees below zero, and as soon as we'd checked into our motel rooms, John and Dorothy said they were going down to the bar to get a drink. I said I thought I'd just stay in my room. Well, a few minutes later, John called from the lobby and said, "There's no bar—this damn town is dry on Sunday!" I said, "Well, my friend, we smokers don't have that problem. We carry our bar with us." So they came back to my room and we all smoked grass. The crazy thing was, there were some whiskey lobbyists in the next room—the motel owner told us about them—and we could hear them laughing and drinking booze while we marijuana lobbyists laughed and smoked grass in our room.

I remember one time late in 1972 when I was in Texas and I'd been out smoking the night before. The next afternoon, we were touring the Texas state prison, talking to those poor bastards who were in there for ten to twenty years essentially for doing the same thing I'd done the night before. So that's what it's all about—fighting the injustice of people locked in prison for getting high.

PLAYBOY: Is that your basic motivation, outrage at the fact that people are being jailed for smoking marijuana?

STROUP: Certainly that's an outrage, but it goes even deeper than that. The fact is that most smokers don't go to jail. But we're still an oppressed minority. There's a loss of human dignity. You're subject to the arbitrary power of any cop on the street. I can assure you that I feel the same emotional outrage when I hear some legislators discussing whether or not I should be subject to arrest that a black person or a woman does when he or she's being denied equal rights.

PLAYBOY: Are all those people in Texas

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out of prison now?

STROUP: Most of them are. In 1973, Texas reduced possession from a felony with a possible life sentence to a maximum six months in jail. We got a provision in the bill that made it possible for those then in prison to apply for resentencing under the new law; in other words, you applied the new penalties to people who'd been imprisoned under the old law—but the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, in a really shoddy decision, struck down the resentencing provision. Finally, due largely to the efforts of then-Representative Ronald Earle, Governor Dolph Briscoe set up Project Star, a parole program for marijuana offenders. It took several months, but more than 500 prisoners have been released.

PLAYBOY: To pick up the thread of our chronology—

STROUP: Where were we? You pick it up.

PLAYBOY: Oregon was the first state to decriminalize, in 1973; no states acted in 1974, then things began to break loose in 1975.

STROUP: That's right. As the year began, we knew that several state legislatures were close to decriminalization and, as it turned out, Alaska was the first to act.

PLAYBOY: What happened up there?

STROUP: There was crucial leadership by one young state senator, Terry Miller, a conservative Republican who had previously sponsored a right-to-privacy constitutional amendment. People understood that he wasn't a spokesman for the drug culture but was truly interested in individual rights. And, as in Oregon, you had a fairly loose, independent-minded society, willing to try new ideas. So the bill passed in May, providing for a \$100 fine, but the governor, a Republican named Jay S. Hammond, threatened to veto it. We quickly flew Dr. Ungerleider and Horton to Alaska and they talked to the governor and to the head of the state police, who'd been a leader of the opposition, and by the time they finished, the governor had decided not to veto the bill.

PLAYBOY: And then the state supreme court stepped in.

STROUP: Shortly after the bill passed, the Alaska Supreme Court held unanimously that under the state constitution, an individual's right to privacy included the right to grow marijuana and smoke it privately. The court said, "The effects of marijuana on the individual are not serious enough to justify widespread concern, at least as compared with the far more dangerous effects of alcohol, barbiturates and amphetamines." So Alaska is now the only state where it's perfectly legal to grow it, smoke it and give it away—in private. The only thing you can't do is to sell it. NORML is now raising similar constitutional issues in a dozen Federal and state courts.

PLAYBOY: And they probably grow lousy grass.

STROUP: I haven't had the pleasure of test-

ing their local product, but they claim it's good. It's a short growing season, but they have that 24-hour day up there.

PLAYBOY: Alaska white?

STROUP: Well, they claim to grow cabbages double size, so who knows about marijuana? I think there'll be more than oil coming down that new pipeline.

PLAYBOY: Which states acted next?

STROUP: Both Maine and Colorado passed decriminalization bills in June of 1975. California was a more complicated political battle. To begin with, you originally had Governor Ronald Reagan and the repressive mentality he represents. During his term, he vetoed three bills to lower marijuana penalties, so you still had a law that permitted a ten-year felony sentence for possession of a single joint. Over 100,000 Californians each year were receiving felony records for minor marijuana offenses.

PLAYBOY: You'd had some political frustrations in California back in 1972, hadn't you?

STROUP: Oh, yes. That was the year that Amorphia, the counterculture group started by Mike Aldrich—who happened to have the first Ph.D. in marijuana folklore—and the California Marijuana Initiative, founded by Bay Area attorney Leo Paoli, collected 340,000 signatures to get a decriminalization referendum on the 1972 ballot. Now, that was a major achievement in itself, but when it came to publicizing the issue, we had some differences in style. They were forming groups with names like Grannies for Grass and Jocks for Joints, and in one town they wanted to sponsor a softball game, with the Jocks for Joints to play stoned, against some straight guys, to prove that grass doesn't impair you physically. That sort of thing drove me up the wall. We at NORML were trying to make marijuana a serious issue and they were going to settle it with a softball game. It was a classic conflict between the middle-class reformers and the counterculturists.

PLAYBOY: What was the outcome?

STROUP: The initiative was defeated by about two to one. Which is a bad defeat in terms of conventional politics, but it was still impressive that almost 3,000,000 people voted for a decriminalization initiative in 1972. And the public debate that resulted during the initiative campaign helped bring about a vastly enlightened public view about marijuana.

PLAYBOY: Eventually, you merged with Amorphia, didn't you?

STROUP: Yes. Its president, Gordon Brownell, who, incidentally, prior to 1970, had worked in the Nixon White House and later for Reagan, became NORML's West Coast coordinator, and Mark Heutlinger moved to Washington, D.C., to become NORML's business manager.

PLAYBOY: So in three years you'd gone from Jocks for Joints to a victory in the California legislature.

STROUP: Essentially, yes. It was all part of

the process. As 1975 began, California had a new governor, Jerry Brown, who favored decriminalization, and by the spring, a decriminalization bill was moving through the legislature right on schedule. It passed the traditionally conservative state senate with the sponsorship of George Moscone, who was the Democratic majority leader and then became mayor of San Francisco. Then it went over to the more liberal assembly, where our sponsor was Alan Sieroty, a Democrat from West Los Angeles and a longtime supporter of decriminalization, and where we thought we'd have no problem. But we were wrong.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STROUP: We had underestimated the conservative Republicans from Southern California and how far they would go to play politics with the issue. We needed 41 votes to pass the bill and we were counting on four Republican votes, along with 37 Democratic votes. But a Republican maverick, a John Birch type from Orange County named John Briggs, invoked the unit rule on his delegation. That meant that because two thirds of the Republicans opposed the bill, the others had to oppose it, too, or risk being drummed out of the party. Several younger Republicans who wanted to vote with us, some of whom were smokers themselves, were anguished by this, but they weren't willing to defy their party leadership.

PLAYBOY: What was the Republican

leader's motive?

STROUP: Well, to begin with, he was an absolutely incredible character, right out of the Thirties. He talked about marijuana addicts and sexual orgies—he believed the whole “reefer madness” thing. Beyond that, he thought he saw a good political issue. Most Democrats had previously supported a sexual-rights bill, and he thought he could brand the Democrats as the party of gay sex and marijuana. But he had to keep all the Republicans in line to make it stick.

PLAYBOY: Did he?

STROUP: On the first roll call, we got only 38 votes, all Democratic, out of the 41 we needed. The bill was tabled until we could come up with three more votes.

PLAYBOY: Was that when you went out to California?

STROUP: Yes. I spent three weeks there before the second vote was taken.

PLAYBOY: Doing what?

STROUP: The first thing I did was to contact some prominent Democrats in California, some celebrities, some businessmen, some who smoke, some who'd given money to NORML in the past, and I made sure they called or sent a telegram to the Democratic leaders in the assembly to let them know that it wasn't just a freak issue, it was a priority issue with the kind of people who give money to Democrats.

We then pitched our argument to the Democrats in Sacramento: “Look, 105,000

people were arrested for marijuana in California last year and if you don't release four votes, it'll happen again next year.” I don't know if they were swayed by the merits of the argument, by the state-wide letter-writing campaign our California office had coordinated, by the influential Democrats who were calling the capitol, or by the calls that Governor Brown made; but when the second vote came, four Democrats miraculously supported the bill who hadn't supported it before, and we won, 42-34, without a single Republican vote. So now, it's the only misdemeanor in the California code for which you can't be arrested, only cited and fined up to \$100.

PLAYBOY: And, finally, you got to Ohio.

STROUP: That's right, and I think it's another milestone.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STROUP: Because it's traditionally such a conservative state. You'd expect us to win in Colorado or California, which have well-defined marijuana cultures; but when you win in Ohio, you're moving into middle America, the real heartland.

PLAYBOY: How did it happen?

STROUP: Essentially, it happened when we were able to mobilize conservative political support.

One of the most dramatic things that happened was Art Linkletter's supporting decriminalization before the Ohio legislature. His daughter fell—or jumped—out

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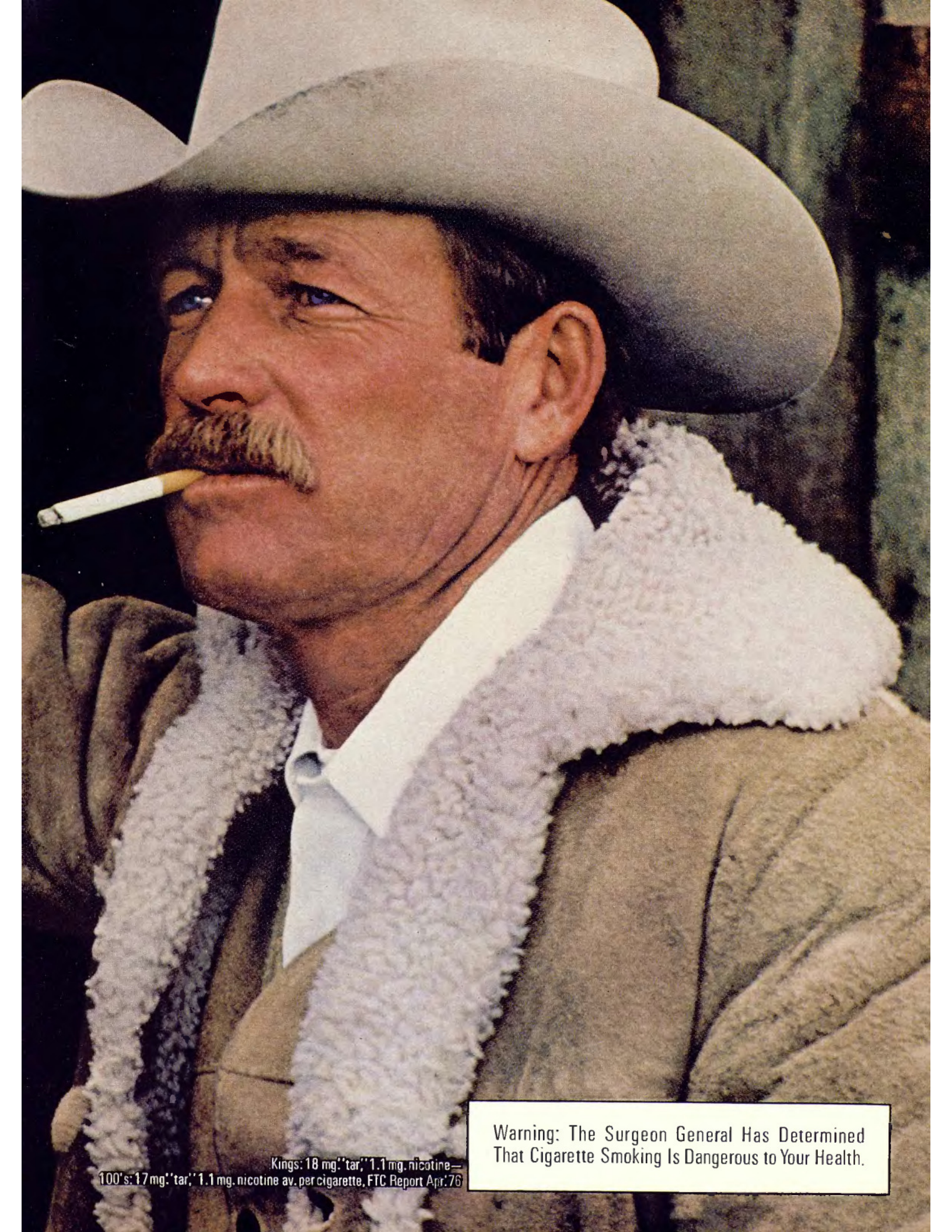
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a window and was killed several years ago, supposedly while using LSD, and after that, he was an antidrug crusader for a while, but he told the legislators, "We've sent far too many young people to jail. . . . I'm not soft on drugs, I'm soft on people."

I think the Ohio victory opens up the entire Midwest. I don't see how Illinois and Indiana and those other Midwestern states can keep locking kids up for smoking grass after Ohio has decriminalized. That was evident in 1976, an election year and thus an extremely difficult time for social issues, when South Dakota and Minnesota joined the list.

PLAYBOY: What states do you expect to decriminalize next?

STROUP: I expect the rest of the upper Midwest to pass bills this year—that would include Wisconsin and Michigan and possibly Illinois. Also, Hawaii and Washington should act—that would complete the West Coast states. On the East Coast, we hope to win Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York. New York, which has one of the worst marijuana laws in the country and one of the highest concentrations of smokers, is our number-one priority. Frank Fioramonti, NORML's New York coordinator, is optimistic about getting a bill through this year. In the Southwest, we are targeting our efforts in Arizona and New Mexico. Beyond that, the Midwest and the South will take longer but are beginning to move. We expect to have bills considered in at least 30 states this year.

PLAYBOY: We've been talking about your successes, but you've had your setbacks, too. Washington, D.C., was one.

STROUP: It sure was. The new D.C. city council first voted for decriminalization by eight to four. We thought that was it. But under pressure from Congressman Charles Diggs, the chairman of the House Committee on the District of Columbia, and from a coalition of Baptist ministers, the city council reversed itself on a second vote and tabled the bill indefinitely. So marijuana remains illegal in D.C., and each year another 2500 people are needlessly and tragically arrested. We are going to try again this year in the District.

PLAYBOY: You seem to rely heavily on media exposure for your lobbying efforts.

STROUP: That's right. I can't go to a Senator and say, "Either you support my bill or we'll defeat you in the next election!" The National Rifle Association can say that, because it's got computers, millions of dollars and millions of organized voters. So NORML's main leverage comes from being better informed than our opponents and getting the facts out through the media.

PLAYBOY: Have the media been receptive?

STROUP: Yes, I think they want to do a fair job. Certainly, a good number of younger reporters are smokers. The trouble was that for 35 years you heard only the anti-marijuana side of the story. One of NORML's biggest jobs is to counter false

and misleading statements about marijuana, particularly medical statements.

PLAYBOY: Despite the marijuana commission's report, which said that moderate marijuana use was harmless, we continue to see newspaper reports of medical studies that say marijuana makes men impotent or causes birth defects or whatever. How do you explain this?

STROUP: The fact is that of the hundreds of researchers in this country and abroad who are studying marijuana, there are a few who are simply antimarijuana. Their research always supports their preconceived notions. Traditionally, they've gone before Senator James Eastland's subcommittee and we've had another day of hearings on the "killer drug" that Eastland says is turning young people into "semi-zombies." But upon examination, almost all of these studies prove to be inconclusive or misleading. We've had a lot of success in knocking them down and discouraging others. The fact is that since the marijuana-commission report in 1972, every reputable study has confirmed its finding about marijuana's causing no serious physical or mental ill effects. This

"Since the marijuana-commission report in 1972, every reputable study has confirmed its finding about marijuana's causing no serious physical or mental ill effects."

includes studies by Consumers Union, the Drug Abuse Council, the National Institute on Drug Abuse and the U. S. Army.

PLAYBOY: The Army says marijuana is OK?

STROUP: Yes. The Army spent \$382,000 to have Dr. J. H. Mendelson of Harvard Medical School conduct a comprehensive study to see if heavy marijuana smoking—seven to ten joints a day!—would hurt young men. Well, for better or worse, his finding was that it didn't. And do you know what the Army did with that report? Sat on it for 15 months, until NORML's chief counsel, Peter Meyers, filed a Freedom of Information Act request to see it. Needless to say, if the study had shown that marijuana was harmful, the Army would have released it immediately, probably at a press conference.

PLAYBOY: We've discussed state legislation. What about the effort to get a decriminalization bill through the U. S. Congress?

STROUP: We've made very little progress there. Decriminalization has run up against the seniority system. In the Senate, Eastland won't let it out of his Judiciary Committee. In the House, it has been

blocked by Paul Rogers, who's the chairman of a subcommittee on health. We continue to talk to Rogers and to urge our Florida members to write to him. He's not opposed to decriminalization, but he says he doesn't think his constituents are quite ready for it yet. Realistically, we expect the first serious consideration in Congress during the current session.

PLAYBOY: Who have been your main supporters in Congress?

STROUP: In the House, Ed Koch, a Democrat from New York. He conceived of the Commission on Marijuana and introduced the first decriminalization bill, which now has about 30 cosponsors in the House. On the Senate side, Jacob Javits of New York, who served on the marijuana commission, and Birch Bayh of Indiana have been our strongest supporters, with others including Gary Hart, Alan Cranston, Gaylord Nelson, Floyd Haskell and Ed Brooke. If decriminalization came to a vote, we might have the support of 40 Senators, mostly liberals, but what we don't have yet are the major conservatives such as Barry Goldwater. Once we pick them up, we'll win in Congress, just as we won in Ohio and Colorado when we got conservative support. I think the conservative politicians understand the issue now, but they don't think their constituents are ready to accept a new marijuana policy. Actually, a true Jeffersonian conservative would say the Government has no business telling people what they can grow and smoke.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about how you got into this rather strange business. You have a pretty straight, middle-American background, haven't you?

STROUP: Straight as an arrow. I grew up on a farm in southern Illinois in a society that was rural, redneck, Republican and Southern Baptist. My father was a farmer, later a modest building contractor, and finally a Government housing bureaucrat. My mother works as a nurse's aide. We were really dirt poor, but we didn't know it, because so was everyone else we knew. It was a society that thought pleasure was a sin and you had to suffer your way into heaven.

PLAYBOY: Then you went off to college and discovered pleasure.

STROUP: Right. I went off to the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, which, of course, I thought was the pinnacle of academic excellence. I had been near the top of my class in high school, and had been vice-president of my class, so a fraternity took me in and I spent the next couple of years discovering booze and women and trying to become Joe College.

PLAYBOY: But having a few disciplinary problems, we believe.

STROUP: Yeah, this fraternity brother and I would occasionally get drunk and call a pizza place and have them deliver a pizza to the sorority house across the street; then when the deliveryman would walk up to the sorority-house door, we'd rip off

a couple of pizzas from the back of his truck. But eventually, we got caught and I was put on probation.

At that point, I didn't know what marijuana was. I think I saw some once at a party, but the people using it were artsy-craftsy types, the kind we considered crazies on the left, and I never thought of using it. Actually, the first drug I ever used was uppers—amphetamines. We'd get them from the football players in my fraternity. They used them to play football and we used them to study for exams. But it never occurred to us to use them for fun.

PLAYBOY: A boozier, a pizza thief, a speed freak—what came next?

STROUP: The summer after my sophomore year, I was in summer school and I was living in a house offcampus. I was then vice-president of my fraternity and we decided to have a rush party for new pledges in the house I was renting, so we could have beer and women, which were forbidden in the fraternity houses. So we had our illegal party, but one of the rushees was the son of a campus cop, and he turned us in. Since I was already on probation, they kicked me out of school for "conduct unbecoming a student." Try explaining that to your Southern Baptist parents.

PLAYBOY: What did you do then?

STROUP: What could I do? I joined the Peace Corps. They sent me to New Mexico for training and I eventually figured out that my training class was a special group of fuck-ups of various sorts. And they were training us—losers that we were—to build adobe shithouses in rural Colombia. Well, I'd just spent 18 years on a farm, and there was no way I was going to spend two years building adobe shithouses in rural Colombia.

PLAYBOY: So you became a Peace Corps dropout?

STROUP: Right. I wrote the Peace Corps a long essay, telling them exactly how fucked up I thought they were—that was my first official lashing out at the system, I guess, the first time I thought maybe the system was wrong instead of me. But I still couldn't get back into the University of Illinois, so I finally found a little teacher's college in Murray, Kentucky, that would take me. It was in a dry county and some of us made spending money bootlegging, running whiskey in from Paducah.

PLAYBOY: Dealing, you might say.

STROUP: We thought of it as a public service. Anyway, the University of Illinois finally let me back in for my senior year. When I graduated in the summer of 1965, I hopped into my car and started driving east. I was so glad to get out of the fucking Midwest that I didn't know what to do.

PLAYBOY: You looked over your undergraduate career as pizza thief, campus

troublemaker, Peace Corps dropout and bootlegger, and you decided your best move was to go to Washington, study law and enter politics. Is that correct?

STROUP: Well, you could put it that way. I was interested in politics, and law was the traditional way that ambitious farm boys got ahead. I had the idea that I'd get my law degree, practice in Washington for a couple of years, then go back to southern Illinois and run for Congress. I was accepted by Georgetown University Law School and graduated in 1968, and I had a good offer to go back home and practice law; but by then, I'd decided I didn't want to go back to southern Illinois and, instead, I took a job as a lawyer with the President's Commission on Product Safety. It was a two-year commission, created by Congress, that examined household products to decide which ones were dangerous and should be taken off the market. I got to set up hearings, select witnesses, write testimony for the commissioners and stimulate press coverage of the hearings. It was a good education in public-interest law.

PLAYBOY: How did you progress from product safety to marijuana?

STROUP: It was a combination of things. A friend of mine got busted for possession of marijuana and asked me to

"No one was doing serious, realistic work on [marijuana reform]. It was as if, in 1965, you'd discovered there was a war in Vietnam but nobody had started an antiwar movement."

handle his case. I began looking around for basic data on marijuana—how many people smoke, what its effects are—and there just wasn't any. You had the Government putting out outdated, exaggerated antimarijuana claims and, on the other side, you had a few Tim Leary types who were saying marijuana was the answer to the world's problems, but you had no one doing serious, realistic work on what public policy should be toward marijuana smokers. I couldn't believe it. It was as if, in 1965, you'd discovered there was a war in Vietnam but nobody had started an antiwar movement.

PLAYBOY: You'd started smoking by then, we take it.

STROUP: Yes. The first time I smoked was in law school, which seems appropriate, but I didn't even get high that first time. Then, after I joined the product-safety commission, a fellow gave me some grass

and that weekend I was playing bridge with friends and I said, "Hey, let's smoke some marijuana. I tried it once and it doesn't do anything to you." So we proceeded to pass five or six joints around the bridge table, reassuring ourselves that nothing was happening. We didn't realize that a time delay was involved. Then one of the players started to laugh a lot and everybody quit caring about the bridge game. I got so high I didn't know what was happening.

PLAYBOY: How did your friend's arrest lead to NORML?

STROUP: Well, I got my friend acquitted, because the police had searched his car illegally. As far as NORML was concerned, I began to think about a middle-class, public-interest approach to the marijuana issue. I talked to some friends who worked for Nader and they encouraged me. I did some reading: John Kaplan's *Marijuana: The New Prohibition* and Ramsey Clark's *Crime in America*, both of which call for legalization.

PLAYBOY: You eventually went to see Clark, didn't you?

STROUP: Yes. From his book, he seemed to be one of the few big-time politicians who really cared about people, little people. So I called his secretary and eventually convinced her he should see me. That was late in 1970. And he was tremendously helpful.

PLAYBOY: How?

STROUP: For one thing, I had the idea of the name, NORML, but to stand for National Organization for the Repeal of Marijuana Laws. He correctly pointed out that repeal was a scare word and that I could more accurately use reform, still keep my acronym and sound like part of the traditional reformist movement this country had always supported. But more important was just that he took me seriously, that he thought my idea was not an erratic, bizarre gamble, that it wasn't a decision a madman would make but a decision a committed man would make. His attitude was, "You're 26 years old; what have you got to lose?" Well, I had a house I was afraid I might lose and a family to support, but ultimately, he was right. When I left his office, I was fired up.

PLAYBOY: But you still didn't have any money.

STROUP: That's right. In October of 1970, I contacted nine or ten small, traditionally liberal foundations, but they all turned me down. They weren't ready to see marijuana as a legitimate issue. Then, one day, a friend of mine asked if I'd tried the Playboy Foundation. I didn't even know there was a Playboy Foundation. But I wrote to them, and we exchanged calls and letters, and eventually they sent a man to Washington to talk to me and two friends who were helping me, Larry Schott, one of the top people at the product-safety commission, and Larry DuBois, the writer. They're both now

(continued on page 152)



don't you think a sex goddess has feelings, too?

THE POST-CELLULOID TRISTESSE OF RAQUEL WELCH

personality

By O'CONNELL DRISCOLL

IT IS THE DAY before the Academy Awards. There is a small crowd of people standing in a light rain outside the stage-door entrance to the Music Center, in downtown Los Angeles. The rain has been falling all day, and now, at dusk, the city seems to be vanishing in a B-movie mist.

Across the street from the theater, an old man is sitting on a bench in front of the county courthouse. His hat is tipped forward on his head in the suggestion of an earlier day's flamboyance. Pigeons are splashing in the puddles of rain water that lie at the old man's feet. The old man in the hat regards the pigeons in silence as they strut arrogantly up to the tips of his black-and-white sneakers, then turn and walk away.

Suddenly, with a clatter, the door to the theater opens and two men walk out.

"Is it anybody?" someone at the rear calls out. "Can anybody up there *see*?"

The two men emerge from the building as



if they are on a mission of great importance. They ease into the crowd; they are both wearing plastic raincoats with colored identification tags clipped to the front.

"Forget it," someone else says. "They're nobody."

"Wouldn't you know?" a woman says aloud. She pulls a handkerchief from the sleeve of her coat and blows her nose with disgust.

The two men who are nobody come out to the sidewalk and look up at the darkened skies.

"Think it's going to rain?" one man says to the other.

"What are you, an asshole?" the other man says. The man is carrying a bottle of orange soda in his hand; he tilts the bottle to his mouth and takes a long drink.

"It's raining right now," he explains. He looks up at the sky and smiles.

"Son of a bitch," he says. "Lot of nervous hairdressers in this town today, know what I mean?"

The first man sneezes violently; he wipes his nose with the back of his hand.

"You know what I think?" he says. He clears his throat and spits into the street. "I think it's God's little way of pissing on Hollywood."

"Hah," the other man says. This idea seems to please him.

"Excuse me," a woman's voice says.

The voice belongs to a short, heavy-set woman with red hair and galoshes. A small, ruby-colored heart hanging from a chain lies pressed against the upper slope of her enormous bosom like a stranded mountain climber.

"Are you with the television?" she says.

"Yes, ma'am," the first man says. He points to the identification tag on his raincoat. "That's what it says."

The woman takes a step toward the man and stares at him with determination; thick swirls of lavender shadow surround her eyes like the rings of Saturn.

"I couldn't help but noticing," she says, "that you just came from inside there."

She gestures toward the doorway of the theater.

"The lady's got an eye, Ace," the man with the orange soda says. He gives the woman in the galoshes a toothy smile.

The woman looks at the man with the orange soda as one might look at a cockroach.

"Does that mean," she says, turning to the man who is called Ace, "that they're still doing whatever they're doing in there?"

"Rehearsing," Ace says. "Yes, ma'am, be rehearsing all night. Wouldn't you say all night, Irving?"

"All night," Irving says.

"Well, then, maybe you boys could tell me something," the red-haired wom-

an says. "Maybe you could tell me who's in there."

"Who are you looking for," Irving says, "specifically?"

"Oh, you know," the woman says. "Movie people."

"Ah," Irving says. "Well, we have a lot of movie people in there, don't we, Ace?"

"Surely do," Ace says. "Who's your favorite, sweetheart?"

The woman in the galoshes blushes.

"Telly Savalas," she says.

"Telly Savalas isn't a movie person, lady," Irving says. "He's a television person. How about Gene Kelly? He's inside."

The woman seems disappointed.

"No," she says. "I was thinking about someone, you know, more recent."

"Hmnnn," Irving says.

"Well, look here," Ace says suddenly. He points down the sidewalk to the garage. "This is your lucky day, lady. I have a movie person in sight."

"Where?" the red-haired lady cries. She grabs Ace's arm, pulling him off balance. "Who is it? Tell me who it is!"

"Someone's coming!" a woman calls out shrilly. She quickly produces an Instamatic camera from her purse.

The crowd comes to life with all the urgency of a fire company responding to a four-alarm blaze. People jostle one another as they push forward and fill the stage-door area, creating a human barricade to the building's entrance. A lady's handbag is knocked from her grasp and the contents go crashing onto the rain-soaked sidewalk; a small, flowered lipstick container rolls into the gutter and floats like a corpse in the tiny stream.

A cool-eyed cop with a walkie-talkie dangling from his belt comes out of the building like a battleship under power and begins pushing people away in different directions.

"It's a woman," someone says. "I see a woman and a man."

"There's another woman there. Two women."

"And a man. Who's the man?"

"Who's the woman?"

"That second woman's nobody. She's carrying things."

"Oh, I see her!" the red-haired lady with the galoshes squeals. "It's Katharine Ross!"

"Way off, lady," Irving says. "Way off."

The three new arrivals approach the theater slowly but with no visible signs of apprehension.

The man walks on the inside, closest to the building. He glances about him with the casual interest of someone taking a stroll through the zoo. The woman who is carrying things walks on the outside, closest to the street. She clutches her belongings close to her, as if they might be wrestled from her arms by a band of

urchins. In the middle is a tall woman, walking perfectly erect, dressed in a plain beige raincoat. She wears an unpatterned scarf on her head. She stares straight ahead at the mob in her path through a pair of thin, gold-framed glasses. Her face shows no expression whatsoever.

"It's Raquel!" someone cries. "Oh, my God! Raquel!"

"I've lost my pen," someone else says. "Does anybody have a pen?"

"Goddamn camera," a man says, doubled over in his attempt to attach a lens. "Goddamn son-of-a-bitch fucking camera!"

Raquel and her two companions arrive flush with the crowd and begin to make their way to the entrance of the building. Flashbulbs pop in the mist, like miniature novae. The cool-eyed cop is holding people back with two outstretched arms; the walkie-talkie on his belt crackles with the sound of a disembodied voice.

"My daughter loves you!" a woman is shouting. "Sign this for my daughter!"

A small man with dark complexion darts suddenly out of the throng and thrusts himself into Raquel's path. He is wearing an ill-fitting shimmering brown suit that hangs on his slight frame like a shroud. He holds a large, hardbound book in his hand with his finger marking a place in the middle. His eyes are ablaze.

"What say, mate?" the man who is with Raquel says in a crisp English accent. He smiles affably at the man in the shimmering suit. "Could we make a little room for the ladies here?"

The dark-complexioned man says nothing. He opens the book and holds it in front of him in his upturned palms like a deacon serving High Mass.

The book is open to a page that bears the heading: WELCH, RAQUEL. There is a short biographical paragraph framed by several photographs. The most prominent of these shows Raquel dressed in a brief leatherette jumper. Her breasts spill voluptuously over the confines of her halter top; her hair hangs about her head in frenzied disarray; her mouth pouts; her eyes beckon.

Raquel looks down at the photograph over the top of her glasses. She stares at it for several moments, seemingly without comprehension. The face in the picture leers back at her lewdly.

The cop with the walkie-talkie advances on the small man in the ill-fitting suit and takes him by the arm.

"OK, Butch," he tells him. "Let's get it in gear."

The cop pins the small man's arm behind his back, twirls him around and launches him into the crowd. The book is torn from the man's hands and falls to

(continued on page 156)



"I've never had any trouble getting men to stand up for me."

THE TROLLS OF GOD

o great head coach in the sky, help us
go out and win one for st. clochard



fiction

BY JAMES POWELL

CHANGING PLANES in Chicago, Father Buddy Hovacks,

a balding, crewcut priest in a black suit too small for him across the shoulders, stopped at a shelf of phones to cail ahead. As his connection was being made, he noticed a proper, smooth-faced old nun on a folding stool beside the flight-insurance counter across the way. When anyone stopped to buy insurance, she would speak to him, describing her order's training school for girls in Nicaragua and asking him to take out a second policy with the school as beneficiary. As Father Hovacks watched, she was refused three times. But then a middle-aged man in a bright suit and a brighter shirt obliged. "God bless you," said the nun.

Father Hovacks made his call, picked up the scuffed suitcase with its 35-pound assortment of cheeses and headed



for the departure gates. Though the Peregrine Order to which he belonged wasn't famous for its theologians, Father Hovacks rather mistrusted that "God bless you." As he boarded his plane, he looked around for the man in the bright suit and was more pleased than not when he didn't find him. Nevertheless, settling into his seat, he made a mental note to mention Sister when he got back. Father Hillman, a late vocation who had come to the order from advertising, had turned the Sunday breakfast table into an informal think-tank from which was to come the great money-making idea that would allow the Peregrine work to continue. Whenever the flow of ideas faltered, Father Hillman would hold up his left hand with the fingers half closed, as if around a bottle or a box. "Father Perry's what, Fathers?" he would plead. And every head would lean toward him across the coffee cups, as if trying to read the ingredients on a label. Father Perry's What? Well, Father Bellman would be glad to know that new avenues for raising money were still being found, even today. Not that the Peregrines could use the flight-insurance idea. The Rule of Saint Clochard forbade begging.

Saint Clochard had founded the order in the Tenth Century for the holy purpose of building bridges for pilgrims traveling beneath Charles's Wain to the sacred tomb of Zebedee's son at Santiago de Compostela. The Trolls of God, men called them, because of their custom of sleeping under the bridges they built. (Their work with tunnels and the nickname The Holy Molies were to come later.) The early Peregrines were a bluntnosed, bandy-legged, dusty-robed crew who supported themselves and their work by quarrying extra stone for sale and took their pleasure from the hard, self-reliant life of Saint Clochard's rule. Each Peregrine bridge was a perfect creation. Each seemed to have come first and the river afterward. In fact, the *Gesta Romanorum* recounts a story titled "How the Dordogne and the Lot Battled to Flow Beneath Saint Clochard's Bridge at Plon and How the Saint Reconciled Them."

But stone lasts forever; and though the Peregrines turned to other routes and other shrines, by the middle of the 13th Century there were just no more rivers to bridge. The order went into a decline until saintly ingenuity led Molyneux, 12th Peregrine superior-general, to interpret the word bridge in the rule to include tunnels ("for what are tunnels but pilgrim bridges underground?"), ushering in an era of great Peregrine activity throughout Europe. Growing mushrooms for sale in the subterranean dim behind them, they pierced the Pyrenees at Gavarnie and Canfranc, the Alps at Mont Cenis and near the Little Saint

Bernard. According to legend, during this last undertaking, the delving friars broke through into an unexpected valley warmed by hot springs and inhabited by a stone-gray herd of elephants of the Carthaginian breed whose elders had known Hamilcar Barca's one-eyed son. Praising God, the Peregrines had sealed up the entrance and left the beasts in peace. (Four centuries later, this incident helped inspire a famous American tall tale when Father Edmund O'Grady, 38th Peregrine superior-general, was plucked out of a seat in the bleachers at a Herring Brothers circus in Cairo, Illinois, and set down in the best seat in the house by a grateful stray from that same Alpine herd.) Under three superiors-general, the Peregrines labored at their greatest work, a tunnel beneath the English Channel to link Chartres and Canterbury. But two miles from Dover, the news of Henry VIII's apostasy caused them to down picks and shovels and march back the 26 miles to the surface, emerging as pallid as their mushrooms into hard times and religious wars. The location of the tunnel entrance was lost in the turmoil that followed. Napoleon searched for it in vain. Others believed the Peregrines guarded the secret. In fact, Buddy Hovacks' first boyhood encounter with the order was on that very day in World War Two when the self-effacing Father Andreas Bauer had been unmasked by men in raincoats who stuffed him, saluting and calling out Hitler's name, into the back seat of their official car.

By the time of the general council of the order in 1875, the Peregrines survived only in Ireland, where they built stiles over walls and followed the tinker's trade. It was then, gathered in council under a bridge across the Shannon, that the monks of Saint Clochard decided to emigrate to America.

There they found abundant rivers to bridge and mountains to breach but no shrines. A period of getting by and making do followed, during which their leader, Father O'Grady, who had more than a bit of the tinker in him even for an Irish Peregrine and was secretly addicted to circuses, had his encounter with the elephant. It set him thinking that if we are all pilgrims on the road of life, then surely circus folk are pilgrims more than most. So inspired, Father O'Grady petitioned Rome that the order be allowed to take up the task of caring for the spiritual needs of the people of the big top. Without waiting for a reply, he led the Peregrines off after the Herring Brothers circus.

For several years, they labored as roustabouts, tending the stock and the tents, appearing as cowed marchers in the parades through town. They worked hard, practiced every virtue and hoped to be asked about God. But they seldom were.

Except for a few like Buddy Hovacks' grandmother (she had not yet met the band cornettist who would win her heart and prospect for gold), the circus people did not exchange their spangled tights and gilded uniforms for more solemn, Massgoing finery. Only Father O'Grady was blind to the order's languishing, for Louis Herring had let him understudy Werner the Human Cannonball, whose trajectory in flight, the priest reasoned, was a kind of bridge from here to there.

Then Monsignor Barducci arrived on the scene disguised as an organ-grinder with false mustaches and a monkey. Having gotten around to Father O'Grady's petition at last, Rome was surprised, for it had long believed the Peregrines extinct. Barducci had been dispatched at once in the role of apostolic visitor to look into the health and character of the order. He had tracked the Peregrines into the Deep South, where the prevailing anti-Catholic sentiment had prompted his disguise. In Greenwood, Mississippi, he left the monkey and the mustaches in his hotel room and visited a Herring Brothers matinee in the white suit and goatee of a plantation owner. He saw the Peregrines parade by with decorous, downcast eyes during the grand entrance. Resisting every attempt by a circus elephant to pluck him from his box seat and deposit him in the bleachers because of his resemblance to Scipio Africanus, from whom the Barduccis did, in fact, claim descent, he kept his place and saw Father O'Grady reappear in the Human Cannonball's white riding breeches and starred-and-striped shirt. (Werner, whose trajectory Father O'Grady so admired, was a believer in omens. He believed telegrams meant bad news and bellhops meant telegrams. When he saw an unearthly little face in mustaches and a pill-box hat peering in through his tent flap, he had decided then and there to take the afternoon off.) Unfortunately, Father O'Grady's stand-in flight proved to be a bridge from here to the hereafter with a stopover at a wayward tent pole. Following the funeral, Monsignor Barducci revealed his identity to the Peregrines and announced that the order's circus days were over.

Twenty years later (the Peregrines had spent much of the time digging wine cellars for the Christian Brothers on the West Coast), Buddy Hovacks' grandmother had deeded the order 300 barren, hilly Colorado acres containing a rambling Victorian house with two square, shingled towers and a promise of gold. Though the monks never did find The Lost Bearded Lady Gold Mine, they did uncover a substantial agate deposit. By the Thirties, they were producing those many-colored auto-gearshift knobs that

(continued on page 142)

WHEREIN A MAN AND
A MAID SATISFY THEIR HUNGER

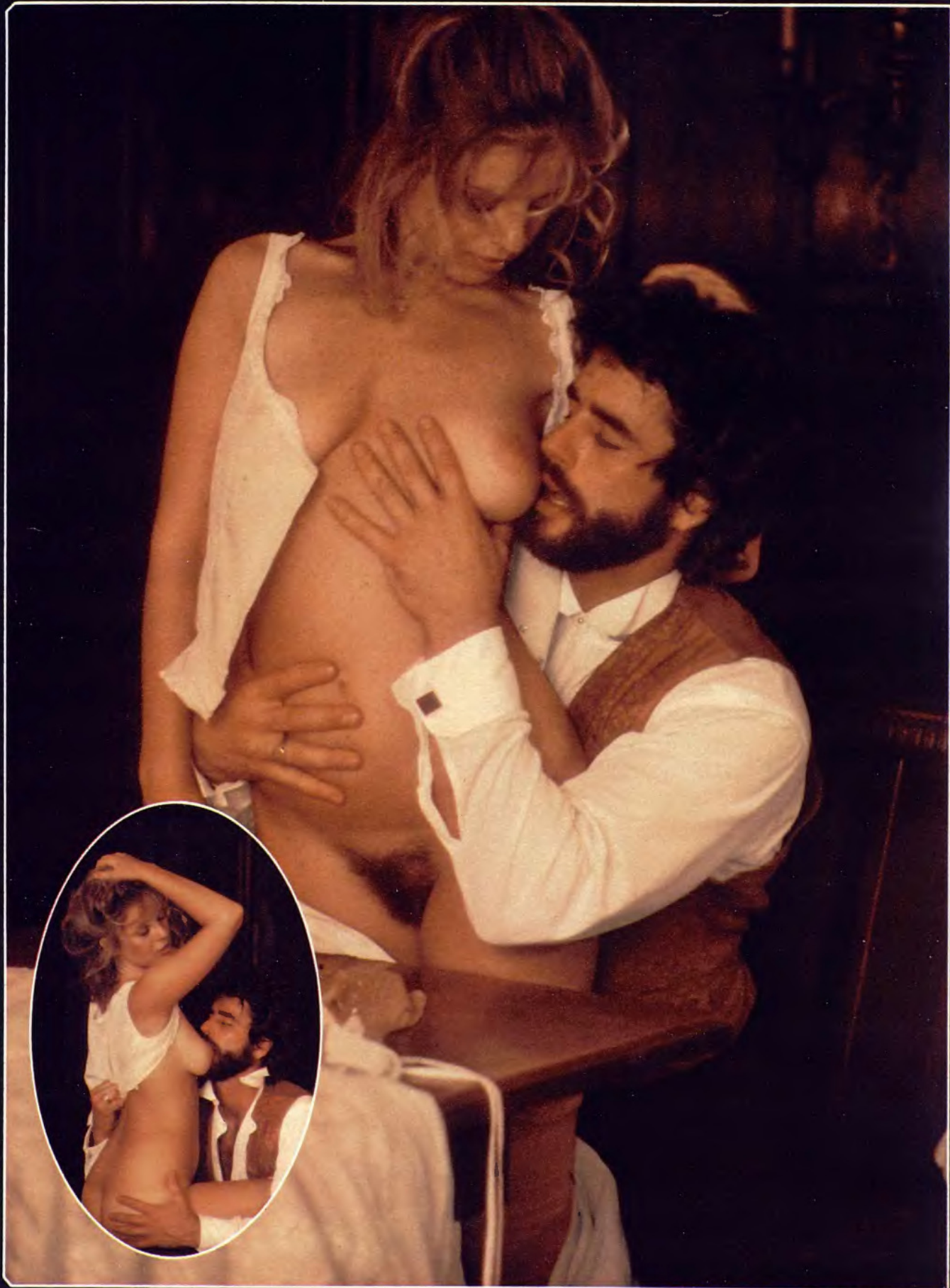


THE LOVE FEAST

It is no accident that Alex Comfort modeled *The Joy of Sex* on a cookbook. Unfortunately, he forgot to mention food. We are what we eat. A child explores the world around him by putting objects into his mouth. He is looking for a taste of something fine. In time, he develops other techniques for judging the world. Sight and fancy



clothes. Sound and eloquent words. Our most basic and reliable sense is neglected. This is the age of the fast-food franchise. Perhaps it would be wise to consider the habits of our forefathers. They understood that a feast was a form of foreplay—that which satisfies hunger awakens other senses, other cravings. So feast your eyes.



Desire must be decanted and allowed to breathe before it can be consumed. One must savor her fragrance, swirl the taste of her on the tongue. The bouquet is rich, intoxicating. This will be a vintage evening. Robust, hearty, with a subtle and intriguing aftertaste. (The man who wrote *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes* undoubtedly had a meager

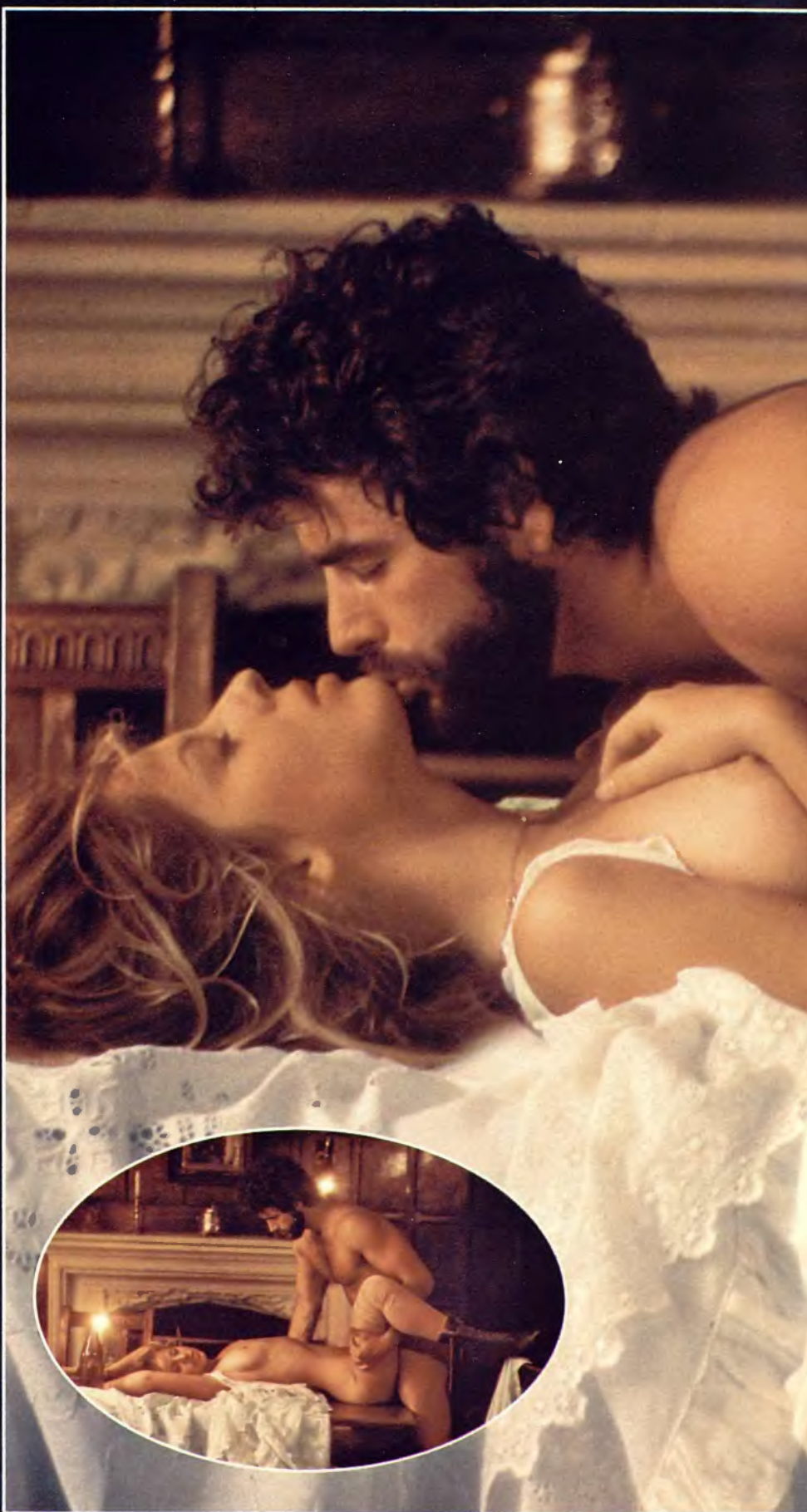


wine cellar.) She is inexhaustible, a cornucopia of carnal delights. One drinks to quench a thirst that has only just arisen. Suddenly, there is an awareness of other qualities. She is succulent. Ripe. A source of nourishment. This repast is past the point of no return; and yet, as one can plainly see, it has only just begun. *Bon appétit*. It is guaranteed nonfattening.





The final course is ready and waiting to be carved. She is rare. Tender. A delicacy to delight the senses. Food is the staff of life, but now another staff begins to stir. It is time for the beggar's banquet, the essential ingredient of a balanced diet. Ah, satiation.





CRAZY JOE MUST DIE!

article **By PAUL S. MESKIL**

*the exclusive story of how joe luparelli,
a jack of all underworld trades
now living under federal protection,
arranged the execution of joey gallo*

Joe Yack told me: "I want that bastard's head. I want to roll it down President Street like a bowling ball so everybody can see it. . . . Watching him die, I'd actually come." —JOE LUPARELLI

STALKING JOE GALLO was a frustrating task, like trying to catch a will-o'-the-wisp in a bottle. One of the reasons he was so hard to hit was that he followed no particular schedule, no daily routine. He changed his plans as often as he made them. He set up appointments, then failed to keep them or showed up hours or even days late.

Gallo had seen almost all the gangster movies ever made and he loved them all. His favorite was *Kiss of Death*, in which mad-dog Tommy Udo (Richard Widmark), with a sadistic gleam in his eyes and a maniacal laugh, pushes an old lady in a wheelchair down a steep flight of steps.

The scene fascinated Joey. He felt that was the way gangsters were supposed to behave and he did his best to live up to the Hollywood image, even compiling a wardrobe that might have been swiped from the *Roaring Twenties* set.

In 1950, shortly before his 21st birthday, Gallo was arrested for burglary and possession

of burglary tools. He swaggered into court in a black, chalk-striped zoot suit, black shirt, white tie, stiletto-toed shoes and pearl-gray wide-brimmed hat. He glared at the judge and behaved in such an erratic manner that he was sent to Kings County Hospital for psychiatric examination.

The psychiatrists who checked him out concluded he was fairly intelligent but "incapable of understanding the charges against him." They considered him a dangerous psychotic, a paranoid schizophrenic with homicidal tendencies.

Their conclusion: "Joseph Gallo is presently insane."

From then on, he was Crazy Joe.

•
"Set up the hit for Luna's," Joe Yack said.

The Luna restaurant at 112 Mulberry Street in New York is neither as famous nor as fancy as some other Little Italy dining spots, such as Angelo's, Paolucci's or Villa Pensa. It's an unpretentious place, serving good food at reasonable prices. Gallo was a regular there in the old days, before he went to prison.

So many Mob men frequented Luna's that it sometimes resembled a Mafia lodge. Phil Luna, the owner, tried hard to stay out of the wars in which his customers frequently became embroiled. Gallo went all the way over from President Street in South Brooklyn to dine there, so Luna always greeted him with a smile and the best meal the house could provide. But he also welcomed the gunmen who were out to nail Joey. Gallo had more enemies than friends on Mulberry Street and Luna's catered impartially to both sides.

On the night of May 11, 1961, Gallo was arrested outside Luna's on the extortion charge that was to take him off

A hit man was to shoot Gallo near his parole office in Manhattan's bustling Garment District, then escape by motorcycle. Crazy Joe never showed up.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY VINCENT TOPAZIO

the streets of New York for almost a decade.

When he returned, in the spring of 1971, a few old faces were missing from Luna's, but Frankie the Bug was still around and he welcomed Joey with a postmidnight feast that was almost like the bad old days.

Confident that Gallo would pay Luna's another visit very soon, Yack told Joe Luparelli to prepare an ambush.

Luparelli was a heavy-set, muscular man, about 5'10", 230 pounds, with a neck so thick that his head seemed to be resting on his torso. His weight had doubled since he had quit the burglary profession, but there were iron muscles under the lard and the extra poundage added to his menacing appearance. He was adept with a wide range



of weapons—fists, blackjack, knife, garrot, gun. He had worked as a skull buster and had become a methodical, emotionless killer. Luparelli was a jack of almost all underworld trades and a master of several. He was exactly the sort of strong right arm the sly, ambitious Yack needed. He was selected as Yack's chauffeur-bodyguard.

Joe "Joe Yack" Yacovelli was a councilor of the crime family headed by Joe Colombo. "Joe Yack went to see the commission and when he came back, he told me the green light was on," says Luparelli. "All of the commission approved the contract on Joe Gallo."

Luparelli scouted the terrain and secured a vacant apartment in a tenement on Baxter Street, a block west of the



restaurant. The rear window of the third-floor apartment overlooked Mulberry Street and Luna's. From that window, a marksman with a rifle could easily pick off anyone entering or leaving the restaurant.

Yack assigned ten men to take care of Gallo as soon as he showed up at Luna's. Three men were stationed inside the apartment, where they took turns sleeping and watching. Two more gunmen were on the street outside the restaurant, ready to blast Gallo if the sniper missed him. Other Colombo soldiers were in a getaway car, a backup car and two crash cars that would block traffic after the hit and foil police pursuit of the killers.

Luparelli was in charge of the operation. He says:

"I brought a carbine with a telescope sight up to the apartment and told the guys there to wait until the order came to whack Joe Gallo out. As soon as he came to Luna's, one of the guys on the street would signal to the guys in the apartment window.

"After I left the apartment, one of the guys started fooling around with the carbine and it went off. A bullet went through the wall and almost hit a Chinaman who lived next door. He started hollering. The shooters had to run out of the apartment and that whole scheme went down the drain."

No one, not even Joey himself, could accurately predict what he'd do next. He spent enough time in his headquarters on President Street to strengthen what was left of his old gang. Like a robber baron testing the defenses of a larger and richer fiefdom, he led his men on raids deep into Colombo territory, where they seized bits and pieces of rackets.

They wrested control of the South Brooklyn docks away from the Colombos and bludgeoned their way into handbooks, bars and night clubs owned by Colombo soldiers and captains. Police received reports that Crazy Joe was engaged in the same type of business infiltration that had sent him to prison.

Detective teams, known collectively as the Pizza Squad, had been stationed on President Street since the shooting of Joe Colombo and they observed everyone who entered or left the gang's headquarters. They soon knew by sight every member of the gang, every resident of the block, every car normally parked there. When a strange car appeared, the license plate was checked out immediately.

Partly to avoid such scrutiny and partly because his outlook on life had broadened considerably while he was in prison, Joey moved away from South Brooklyn, although he maintained his headquarters there and kept in touch by phone or in person every day.

From former Gallo gangsters now enrolled in the Colombo organization, Yack learned that Gallo had moved to West 14th Street, the northern boundary of Manhattan's colorful Greenwich Village.

"We found out he was living in the Village and hanging out in a couple of bars there," Luparelli says. "We tried to set something up, but he was too cautious.

"So now, Junior came out with an idea. The one place Gallo had to go, whether he wanted to or not, was the parole office. Junior said, 'Why don't we kill him when he goes to report to his parole officer?'"

The parole office of the New York State Department of Correctional Services is in a modern, five-story building on West 40th Street in the heart of the Garment District, one of the city's most congested areas. From nine to five every weekday, the narrow streets are clogged with cars, trucks and handcarts loaded with racks of clothing. The parole office also is around the corner from the mammoth Port Authority Bus Terminal, which brings additional thousands of people into the already overcrowded district every day.

"If we hit him at the parole office," Luparelli inquired, "how are we going to get away in all the traffic? We could be stuck there forever."

"Don't worry," Junior replied. "We'll use a motorcycle. McIntosh and me will handle the hit. I'll shoot him myself, with a shotgun. Then I'll jump on the bike and go."

Yack approved the daring plan. If all went well, it would be one of the most sensational Mob murders of all time. Luparelli says:

"Yack sent 17 guys up near the parole office. Most of them were associates, not family members. They were nobody that Joe Gallo knew, but they all knew Gallo. When he was in jail, he lost contact with people's faces. Yack didn't use no made guys for this job, outside of Junior.

"The main thing was to get out of the Garment District and all that traffic after Gallo got zapped. They figured all they would need were a couple of guys on foot and some cars laid around to fuck up the traffic even worse than it was.

"If Junior could stay on the motorcycle and not run into any trucks or hand trucks or anything, he should be able to get out fast. We went into the parole office and looked around and talked to some guys who had to report there, so we knew the whole layout—how many elevators, how many exit doors, how many guards in the building. Gallo would probably feel safe there, so Junior would just walk up and blast him.

"Outside of the traffic, the only problem was that Gallo knew Junior. If he saw him, he'd know what was up. But

Junior figured Gallo wouldn't recognize him in a motorcycle outfit, with the helmet and goggles and everything. Gallo wouldn't expect anything like that. He didn't even know Junior could ride a bike.

"Yack could hardly wait. He said, 'I hope to God they get this guy. I'd like to have him in my hands. I'd make him beg for his life. I want to see him crawl. Watching him die, I'd actually come.'

"Well, the call came that told us the day Joe Gallo was supposed to be at the parole office. We all went up there and hung around all day. Joe Gallo didn't show up. Later, we got word he had put it off to the next week, so we went back then. Joe Gallo didn't show up again."

Captain Nick Bianco, a former Gallo gunman who was still on friendly terms with him and his crew, was given the assignment of luring Joey into a trap. Bianco got in touch with the Gallos' senior capo, John "Mooney" Cutrone. Mooney asked him: "What's going on here? Why are we fighting?"

Bianco said Mooney suggested holding a sit-down in Junior's Restaurant, a popular Brooklyn rendezvous on busy Flatbush Avenue, to begin peace negotiations. This idea appealed to Yack.

"OK," he said. "Tell Mooney I'm willing to sit down with him and Joe Gallo. Tell him to ask Gallo to please come. Promise him nothing will happen. Take care of the arrangements and set a time for the sit-down. Tell Mooney if they want peace, he and Gallo can have it.

"When Gallo comes there, I want you to kill him.

"When his car pulls up, go out and greet him. Go up to him with a big smile and let him have it right there, outside the place. If anybody gets in front of the gun, shoot through them."

Bianco drove up to Nyack a few days later and told Yack the latest Gallo liquidation plan wouldn't work any better than the previous attempts.

"Mooney told Gallo about the peace meet," Bianco explained. "Gallo said he wouldn't go to no meeting. He said Mooney could take up whatever he wants, he don't give a fuck, but he's not going."

Gallo's death was becoming an obsession with Yacovelli. He talked about it constantly, almost drooling with anticipation, the way some men talk about seducing a particularly desirable and elusive girl. Gallo not only was still alive but was growing more arrogant every day. Those who watched him swagger through Colombo turf in Brooklyn and Little Italy concluded he must either have a death wish or consider himself immortal.

He went into the restaurants, bars and

(continued on page 188)



HAIR TODAY

text By CHARLES HIX

THE FACT THAT MOST MEN hate having their hair cut is not because of a Samson complex but, rather, the result of the morning-after hang-up. No matter how great the style looks when the barber is through, a night's sleep or a morning's shampoo will undo the magic. A fellow knows that, on his own, he'll never duplicate that look. Still, you've had your hair styled in the newer, shorter length. Now what?

If you're all thumbs at maintaining a hair style, it's symptomatic of a larger syndrome: The average male hasn't the foggiest about any aspect of hair care. He habitually follows the grooming regimen established in his teens, with little or no thought involved.

Theoretically, all questions about hair care should be addressed to your barber. But you should know that there are almost as many opinions on hair care as

HOW TO CUT IT, HOW TO CULTIVATE IT AND HOW TO KEEP IT (IF YOU CAN)





Left, left to right: RK Hair Reconditioner, by Redken Laboratories, \$3.95 for 4 ozs., Aramis' 900 Hair Conditioner, \$5 for 4 ozs., and Daily Shampoo I, for normal to oily hair, \$5 for 8 ozs. Brut Shampoo, by Fabergé, \$1.75 for 12 ozs. Vidal Sassoon Shampoo, for normal to oily hair, \$3 for 8 ozs. Pantene's Hair Groom Spray for Men, \$3.50 for 6 ozs.



Left: Yes, this bearded fellow relaxing at Pips, an L.A. private club, is the same Paul Buller pictured on the previous page. Kudos to Vidal Sassoon, who styled Buller's hair with a variation of the famous Sassoon wedge—and trimmed his long, shaggy beard.

Right: Tom Chiusano, middle man on the opening page, sports his newly styled locks at Zorine's, Chicago's favorite private hang-out. Stylist Paul Glick applied a body wave to Chiusano's hair for fullness and easy maintenance, then cut it to give him a natural look.

Far right: You can bet that heads turned at Regine's, Manhattan's hip nightery, when Larry Lindstrom, the third man on the opening page, appeared. The Nardi salon had given Lindstrom a layered cut to take advantage of his natural part; length on the sides is mid-ear.

there are barbers. One hair radical in New York City insists that nothing be done to hair except cutting it periodically, washing it every other day with shampoo diluted in seven parts water and "combing" it with one's fingers. In another hair emporium, the French chef concocts carrot shampoo in a blender before his client's eyes. Vegetable scalp packs are also served with gusto. At some cutting establishments, microscopes are proliferating for "scientific" analysis of hair. To make any headway into the perplexity of hair care, you must get involved. What you don't know may be the root of the problem.

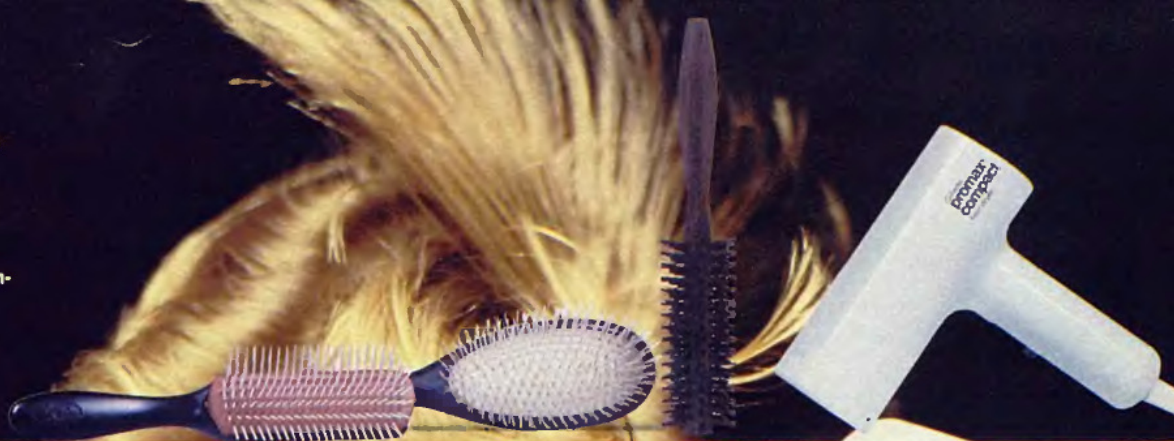
Hair care is simultaneously simple and complex. At the simplest level, only clean and healthy hair can look good. To complicate the situation, hair reflects your general health. If your diet is unbalanced or if you don't get enough sleep, your hair won't look first cabin, no matter what you do to it. Yet, if you're perfectly healthy but use a wrong combination of hair products, your hair will be lackluster. Shampoos, conditioners, dressings and driers all affect how hair reacts.

What's the status of your hair? Is it oily, dry or normal?

If you're uncertain, shampoo your hair and towel-dry it. Add no other preparations. For three or four days, just rinse with tepid water and comb into place. At the end of this period, if your hair looks



Right, left to right: A Denmon hairbrush of molded nylon pins, from Sekine, \$5.95. Cushioned men's styling brush, by All-American, \$2.98. French-mode hairbrush of pure boar-bristle tufts, by Altessa, \$6. Promox Compact hair drier features three heat levels and three air-flow settings contained in one switch, by Gillette, \$23.99.



greasy, it's naturally oily; dull, it's dry; middle of the road, it's normal.

Once you know the basic condition of your hair, you can begin to take optimum care of it. Oily hair, which attracts and holds dirt, requires frequent shampooing and little else. Dry hair often demands extra conditioning. If your hair is normal and healthy, don't change a good program.

Proper hair care involves four steps: (1) cleansing it, (2) compensating for any basic shortcomings, (3) keeping the hair manageable and (4) styling it. But remember, no at-home steps can solve serious hair or scalp problems. Dandruff, for example, is a medical concern. So-called medicated shampoos sold without prescriptions usually only temporize the condition and sometimes create a more hazardous one.

Since cleanliness is next to healthiness, finding the most compatible shampoo is your first goal. Unfortunately, tracking one down is no simple task.

IN A LATHER

With all the exotic claims today about shampoos—X makes your hair squeak; Y is mild enough to wash your face; Z is made of passion fruit—you might easily forget that their function is to wash your hair and scalp.

A good shampoo dislodges dirt and oils so they can be rinsed away. But since natural, protective oils are also tampered with, shampoos must have conditioning agents to replace oils and moisture. Otherwise, hair becomes dry, dull and unmanageable. Shampoos for normal hair are therefore finely balanced between their cleansing and their replacing qualities. Shampoos for dry hair must remove dirt but must also replace a higher concentration of oils and moisture. The ratio of oil to moisture agents in shampoos for oily hair is markedly lower.

Then the best shampoo is obviously one formulated for your hair type, right? Not necessarily. Frequency of washing must be considered.

Men who shampoo daily (if you live in polluted cities or do physical labor, you should) must realize that most shampoos are designed for people who wash their hair only once or twice a week. The detergent action may be quite high. Thus, a fellow who shampoos every day with an oily-hair formula can strip away oil too vigorously, reducing the hair's natural protective film. Even the guy using a shampoo for dry hair may find it too harsh for every-morning lathering. Regardless of hair type, daily shampooing should be done with an especially mild product, perhaps of the

baby variety. Similarly, if you shampoo often, disregard instructions to wash, rinse, then repeat. Only really dirty hair requires two cleansings.

Selecting the right shampoo still isn't easy. The mystique about products—herbal *vs.* acid-balanced *vs.* organic *vs.* protein *vs.* whatever—is just that, a mystique. Some herbal shampoos actually are formulated with natural herbs, while others add chemicals to smell "natural." Acid- or pH-balanced shampoos are bolstered so the degree of the product's acidity corresponds to that of normal hair. (Most shampoos are alkaline and potentially too drying.) Protein shampoos are supposed to be compatible with hair because hair is composed principally of protein. However, compatibility or smell or the other highly touted aspects of shampoos have little to do with the ultimate test, how a shampoo performs. Good performance stems from balanced properties and not from promotional gimmicks.

Basically, the only way to determine whether or not a shampoo works for you is to test it. For proper evaluation, simply shampoo, don't apply additional preparations. Try a new shampoo at least two weeks before damning it. If your hair's appearance doesn't improve, try another brand. With oily or normal hair, you should be able to see visible improvement when you hit upon the right product. If your hair is extremely dry, there may be slight improvement but not excellence. Probably you need to use a conditioner or a hairdressing.

How you shampoo is also telling. Hair must be prepared for washing by brushing it briskly to loosen dirt and oil particles. After brushing, massage your scalp by firmly planting the tips of your fingers in place, then rotating them. Work from the base of the neck upward. This increases circulation. Wet your hair with tepid, not overly hot, water; work up a lather. Be brisk but not rough. Rinse thoroughly. Rinse again. *All* shampoo should be rinsed away. Residue dulls the hair and coats the scalp. Many men believe they have a dandruff condition when they haven't rid their scalp of leftover shampoo that eventually flakes.

CONDITIONAL PAUSES

Even the most sophisticated shampoos can do only so much. If hair is excessively dry or brittle, no shampoo can supply the remedy. Sometimes even normal hair cries for help if temporarily abused, perhaps by an overdose of sun. In these circumstances, you must compensate for the hair's shortcomings by applying a hair conditioner to improve

texture, luster and manageability.

Hair conditioners are products that coat the hair shaft to soothe, smooth, seal and protect. They are applied only on freshly shampooed hair. Conditioners are *not* hairdressings, like creams or tonics, nor are they rinses, like lemon or vinegar and water mixtures that neutralize chemicals in shampoos. Whether sluiced through damp hair and left on for only a few minutes or worked into towel-dried hair for 20 minutes or more before being rinsed away, conditioners are temporary measures. They don't cure a problem; they camouflage it. How often a conditioner need be used varies with the extent of hair damage. If you shampoo daily, two or three conditionings a week will probably suffice.

The problems inherent in finding the right shampoo also exist in selecting a conditioner. Only trial and error can be your guide. However, a fairly trustworthy rule is, if you're satisfied with one brand of shampoo, odds are you'll find that company's conditioner acceptable, too.

MANAGEMENT POSITION

Today's hair styles are casual and free. But unruly, never.

Hair quality, texture and density affect manageability. Generally, oily and/or coarse hair is more easily controlled than dry and/or fine hair. Although hair conditioners do affect manageability, reconditioning is their main purpose. Wispy or fine hair can literally be dragged down by a heavy conditioner, causing it to look flat and lifeless. It's "manageable," yes, but at a price. Hairdressings—oils, creams, gels, tonics and liquids—impart control and luster with a lighter touch. However, they should be applied sparingly or the hair will have unnatural sheen and no movement.

Men with oily hair rarely, if ever, require hairdressings that add more oils. Someone with normal hair occasionally may need extra control. Brittle, dry hair should be dressed so that it doesn't appear strawlike.

The formula for choosing a hairdressing is, if the hair is fine or thin, the dressing should be lightweight (a gel or a tonic), while thicker hair can support heavier aids (creams or oils). Despite label instructions, don't massage dressings into wet hair: You can't judge how much is added. Wet your palms with water, then add the product to your palms and rub them through dry hair. Check the results. Add more dressing only if needed. Combing the hair will give more lift than brushing it.

Hair sprays are another method of
(concluded on page 188)



"She has excellent references . . . she worked under a Congressman."

STAR-STRUCK

february's star stowe
is full of surprises, all of them pleasant



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



"I'm a one-man woman," says Star. "Actually, I'm a one-band woman, but I'm not a groupie." Despite the pictures of Jimmy Page and Jimi Hendrix behind her, Star's guy is bass guitarist Gene Simmons of Kiss.



HER NAME is Star Stowe and if she were from Barstow, we'd write a limerick about her, but she's not—she's from Little Rock, Arkansas, and now lives in Los Angeles. Star wasn't the moniker she was given at birth, either—the name was given to her several years ago, when the somewhat precocious Miss Stowe, then a minor, tried to finagle her way into a bar. The doorman wouldn't let her in, which prompted the fellow she was with to quote the title of a song by The Rolling Stones: "*Star, Star*," he said, "can't get in the door." Thereafter, people started to call her Star and she didn't object. "Some people think it's egotistical to



call myself Star," she says, "but it's not meant in the Hollywood sense at all." It's meant, and we kid you not, in the celestial sense. Star happens to be fascinated by stars—you know, those twinkly little objects that come out at night. In her spare time, she hangs out at planetaria and studies pictures of nebulae and comets, and, in celebration of her interest in things celestial, she even had an electric-blue star tattooed on . . . well . . . a private part of her anatomy. Another star that interests her is rock star Gene Simmons, bass-guitar player for the group Kiss. They met some years ago in Las Vegas; specifically, at the elevator banks of the Hotel Sahara, where Gene and his group were playing at the time. She didn't recognize him with his make-up off (onstage the group is heavily and rather bizarrely made up), but his laid-back manner attracted her and she's been hanging around with the band ever since. "Once in L.A.," she recalls, "while Gene was onstage, I flashed him—I just opened my jacket for a split second and I wasn't wearing anything underneath. Sometimes, I just love to be naughty."



"Sometimes when I'm in the audience, watching Gene perform, every once in a while during the concert, it seems like he's looking directly at me and it's such a great feeling! To me, his music is what sex would sound like if you could hear it."

*"Good hard rock is so
powerful, just hearing it
and feeling it is,
for me, a sexual experience."*





Last summer, Star attended a party at Hugh Hefner's Chicago Mansion at which Elton John received several Playboy Music Awards. Elton took time out to autograph an album cover (below) for star-struck Star.



Star posed (above) with three members of Kiss at a New York press party and photo session preceding the group's 1976 European tour. They are, from left to right: Paul Stanley, rhythm guitarist, Gene Simmons and Peter Criss, drummer.





An avid occultist, Star examines a book on tarot (left) and a crystal ball (above) at a Chicago occult bookstore. "A fortuneteller told me I'd be a model," she recalls. "I said she was nuts. I guess I was wrong."





MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Handwritten signature: Kristina



"Initially, I'm aggressive—at least aggressive enough to get a man's attention. Then once the relationship becomes sexual, I get very aggressive! You might say I go crazy."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The Indian family had moved far from the reservation. "Father," asked the small boy after the first day in an all-white school, "why is my name so different from the other children's names?"

"It is an old, old tradition of our tribe, my son," answered the man, "to name children after certain animals or birds, or sometimes after circumstances connected with their birth. That is why your sister is called Leaping Fawn and your brother is called Falling Hailstones. Does that answer your question, Broken Rubber?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Paris vice-squad cop* as a skin flit.



Can anyone give me a good contemporary example of the golden rule in action?" asked the instructor in the Christian-ethics class.

"I think so, sir," yelled out one student. "How about sixty-nine?"

A craftsman who weaves in Khartoum
Lures innocent boys to his room.

Consumed by that fever,
This Sudanese weaver
Has been nicknamed the fruit of the loom.

While the office engagement party was going full blast, two junior executives were off in a corner by themselves. Nodding toward the newly betrothed couple, one of the men said, "Whatever do Sherry and Don see in each other?"

"Oh, they're perfectly matched," answered the other. "She's a cock teaser and he's a prick."

Sign spotted in a massage-parlor window: COME IN! WE KNEAD YOUR BUSINESS!

What's the matter, Charley?" the bartender asked the TV-repairman regular. "You don't look so hot."

"I'm not," grunted Charley morosely. "You see, the other day, I fixed this young broad's set in her apartment. Then she admitted she had no money but offered to settle things by getting horizontal and servicing my vertical, which I agreed to. Now the trouble isn't just that I left with decreased voltage but that when I got up this morning, I found that my channel-selector knob had begun to leak current."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pubescent nympho* as a tyromaniac.

Clearly exhausted, the girl collapsed onto her bed at dawn after her date with a member of the touring Highland regimental band. "How did things go?" mumbled her roommate.

"I found out what at least one Scotsman wears under his kilt," was the weary reply. "It's the Loch Ness monster!"

There's a staffer with opulent globes
Whom a Congressman lewdly disrobes.

It's a question of lust
With political thrust,
Since in congress a Congressman probes.

A rich Texas rancher was arranging an after-show meeting with a Las Vegas chorine by telephone. "Ah'll be easy to recognize, honey," he drawled. "Ah'm tall and lean and tanned—and, besides, Ah'll have a ten-gallon hard-on."

Things hadn't been going too well financially for the salesman who had wooed and won the beautiful blonde who loved expensive things, and it was their first anniversary. "Darling, here's something for you," said the husband hesitantly as he handed his wife a box. "It's only an imitation-pearl necklace, but you can pretend it's a real one."

"Of course, dear," replied the wife icily. "And then when we're in bed tonight, you can pretend I'm down there under you."



LeRoy Neiman

Is there a woman here with an electric vibrator lodged in her?" asked the chief of the emergency rescue squad.

"Yes, it's my wife," replied the man who had opened the door.

The paramedic frowned. "Those things are sometimes bitches to remove," he said.

"Well, could you at least turn it off?" snapped the husband. "It's putting herringbones on the TV."

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.



"And that, my dear, is really what makes the world go round!"





A VERY QUIET HORROR

article **By TAD SZULC**

chile's exiled foreign minister, assassinated on washington's embassy row, told playboy before his death about torture and forced labor in the siberia of the south

One drizzly morning last September, a light-blue Chevelle entered Sheridan Circle along Embassy Row in Washington, D. C. Suddenly, it erupted with a deafening explosion that blew out its roof and fatally injured Orlando Letelier, 45, the exiled former defense minister in Salvador Allende's Marxist government in Chile. A bomb had been so carefully planted in Letelier's car that a passenger in the rear seat was barely injured—suggesting a professional assassination. Investigators suspect that Letelier was killed by a right-wing Cuban-exile group cooperating with the Dirección de Inteligencia Nacional (DINA), the secret-police arm of the military junta that has ruled Chile since Allende was killed and his government toppled more than three years ago. Indeed, known DINA agents had been seen in U. S. airports shortly before Letelier was killed.

Orlando Letelier was an economist and a Socialist. He had also served as Allende's foreign minister and interior minister. When Allende was overthrown by military coup on September 11, 1973, Letelier was made a political prisoner and spent 364 days in eight Chilean prisons—including concentration camps in sub-arctic south Chile.

Scores of concentration camps and prisons today dot the landscape of Chile from the arid desert in the north to the desolate vastness of Magallanes Province in the far south. For over three years, these camps and prisons have been the home of thousands of Chileans regarded by the ruling junta in Santiago as its ideological enemies. As of 1976, there were perhaps as many as 4000 political prisoners. They are tortured and brutalized in a fashion that the United Nations Human Rights Commission described as "barbaric sadism." The junta's security services, the UN report added,

has "a number of well-trained professional torturers on the payroll."

Chile has effectively been turned into a "Gulag South," the Western Hemisphere equivalent of the Soviet prison system that Alexander Solzhenitsyn portrayed in chilling detail in his "Gulag Archipelago." If anything, conditions in the Chilean Gulag South show more horrifying disregard for human rights than do those in the Soviet camps.

All this is happening in our own hemispheric back yard, in the Americas, and there can be no question that the United States bears much responsibility for it. Not only did the Nixon Administration support Allende's ouster but, through the Central Intelligence Agency, the U. S. has provided the junta with political advice. A Senate report on "Covert Action in Chile," published late in 1975, after exhaustive investigations, remarks that the CIA had assisted the junta after the coup "in gaining a more positive image, both at home and abroad" and had helped "the new government organize and implement new policies." Despite wholesale assassinations and imprisonments in the wake of the 1973 coup, the CIA—according to the Senate report—"assisted the junta in preparing a 'White Book of the Change of Government in Chile' . . . to justify the overthrow of Allende. . . . It was distributed widely in Washington and in other foreign capitals."

Moreover, the United States has done little to pressure the junta to desist in its brutal domestic policies. While the Administration has authorized the immigration of nearly 150,000 South Vietnamese and other Indochina exiles to the United States, only 20 Chilean political-refugee families have been authorized to enter this country since the 1973 coup. So much for American humanitarianism.

Short of assembling a massive, Solzhenitsynlike study of the Chilean prison system, it is virtually impossible to draw a comprehensive picture of the situation in Chile. But the basic story can be told through the personal experiences of one man—Orlando Letelier.

After his release from prison in September 1974, Letelier moved to Washington, where he had previously made many friends during a term as Chile's ambassador to the United States. He was reluctant for some time to recount publicly his prison experiences. Several months before his death, however, he agreed to be interviewed by me and my wife. The result was an eight-hour taped conversation, in Spanish, in which Letelier guided us step by step through his yearlong Gulag nightmare. In our questions, we sought to bring out not only the actual story of his imprisonment, tortures and humiliations but also his emotions, as he could recall them, during his ordeal. At no time during our interview did Letelier, a soft-spoken and

remarkably unembittered man, raise his voice or display anger. He was disturbingly low-key.

What he told us was a quiet tale of horror.

Letelier's story begins during the night of September 10, 1973, when Allende and his associates became aware that a military coup against the government was in the making. Letelier left Allende's home at two A.M. on September 11—the president and his top advisors had decided to get a few hours' sleep before facing the events they knew were coming. Letelier remembered that at lunch that day, Allende had "serenely" remarked, "I shall remain the constitutional president of Chile for my entire term—unless they kill me." Those were prophetic words: Letelier never again saw Allende alive after leaving him that night.

At 6:22 A.M., Letelier was awakened by a telephone call from Allende, who informed him that the Chilean navy had rebelled at the Valparaíso base, an hour's drive from the capital. Allende said he was going to his office at the Moneda Palace; Letelier decided to rush to the Defense Ministry, just across the street from Moneda, to determine whether the situation could still be controlled, whether any military units remained loyal to Allende. Letelier left his house in his official car about 7:30 A.M. His wife, Isobel, and their four sons stayed behind. Arriving at the ministry building, Letelier saw that it was surrounded by troops; the officers and some armed civilians in the area wore orange scarves, the insignia of the rebels. The ministry's doors were locked, but after some insistence, Letelier was allowed to enter. That moment marked the beginning of his nightmare.

LETELIER: As I entered the building, I felt a gun in my back and I saw myself surrounded by ten or twelve highly excited men in army uniforms pointing their submachine guns at me. Pushing me violently, they took me to the ministry's basement. They searched me, took away my necktie and my belt and threw me against the wall in a small room. I demanded to see a senior officer, but the officer who escorted me said, "Look, sir, if you insist on this, we'll proceed immediately to execute you." After an hour in the basement, I was taken in a car with armed guards to the headquarters of the Tacna infantry regiment in southern Santiago.

After a few hours of detention in the officers' mess, Letelier was moved to a small room on the second floor of the barracks. The shutters on the window were boarded up, but Letelier found a chink in one of them looking onto the courtyard below.

LETELIER: Starting at three or four

o'clock in the afternoon, large numbers of men with their hands behind their necks were brought to the courtyard. The soldiers made them lie down on the ground for hours. And I could hear the sounds of firing very close by. At one point, there were some 1500 persons in the Tacna barracks. Some prisoners were brought by troops, others by civilians with orange scarves. In the evening, I was offered a meal, but I decided to go on a hunger strike until I was allowed to see a senior officer. Around four A.M., I heard my name called out over a loud-speaker, along with the names of other leaders of our government. Presently, I realized that the loud-speaker was listing persons to be detained. Of course, I didn't sleep that night. They had taken away my cigarettes, which was a real tragedy. Then I heard the loud-speaker issue instructions to the personnel of the Tacna regiment that anyone who opposed the armed forces would be executed on the spot. Then I heard shots, but they weren't shots from the outside; they didn't sound like firing by soldiers. They were dry, single shots. I couldn't see who was firing, but I could see persons being taken to a corner of the courtyard that was outside my line of sight. They would stay there six or seven minutes, then I could see bodies being carried back. They must have executed 20 persons there that night.

Just before five A.M., I heard voices saying, "Now it's the turn of the minister." A half hour later, the door to my room was opened and a sergeant told me to come along. There were six soldiers surrounding me. We walked along the corridor, then down a flight of steps. One of the soldiers was carrying a small towel and I realized that it was a blindfold. Immediately, I had the feeling that I was being led away to be executed. You know, it's curious what one reads and hears about what human beings think before an execution.

What were you thinking?

LETELIER: I didn't think back on my life, about the past, about my family; I was thinking about very immediate things. I was thinking that I didn't want to be made to kneel, that when I arrived downstairs, I would tell them that I didn't want to be blindfolded. I was counting the meters as we walked. It all seemed very unreal that it was happening to me, but I had a clear, rational notion that I would be executed. Yet it seemed so impossible that I went through something like transposition, as if I had already left my body. I felt no sense of horror, no fear. Perhaps fear reaches such a point that one begins to see oneself, as it were, from the outside.

We were going down the stairs. When we reached the bottom step, I realized that there was an officer behind

(continued on page 114)

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE

suede and leather speak softly but carry a big kick

Attire **By DAVID PLATT**

NOTHING COULD BE FINER than to hove your ham and eggs in Manhattan's Empire Diner—especially when they're served by the goad-looking waitress seen below hatfooting it to work. Wonder why she didn't slow down for the hunk of local talent coming on in his sueded-baby-lomb zip-front parka, by Bert Paley for After Six, about \$210; knit cardigan sweater, \$40, and plaid polyester/cotton shirt, \$22.50, both by Gant. (The not-so-sweet young thing on his arm has been outfitted by Calvin Klein, Beged-Or, The Hot Sox Company and Charles Jourdan.)







Opposite, top: Three cheers for the counter culture. (Dig that short-order kook!) The guys are wearing (left) a sueded-calf vest, by Beged-Or, about \$75; cotton shirt, by Robert Stock for Crossroads, about \$30; polished-cotton slacks, by Trousers by Barry, about \$55; and (right) a sueded-lamb pullover, by Ericson of Sweden, about \$210; cotton turtleneck, about \$15, and pinstriped jeans, about \$30, both by Puma Man. (The girls are into clothes from Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, Corinne Pulitzer, Calvin Klein for Beged-Or, Ralph Lauren and Charles Jourdan.) Opposite, bottom: This fellow's definitely not crying over spilled milk in his lamb sweater jacket, by Demian, \$120; and plaid polyester/cotton shirt, by McGregor Sportswear, \$25. (Her clothes are from Beged-Or and Charles Jourdan.) Above: The call of the wild—and he's responding in his glove-leather jacket, by Europo Sport, about \$155; and plaid polyester/cotton shirt, by Gant, \$22.50. (Green-eyes is into duds from Siam Originals and Charles Jourdan.)

As they say, all's well that ends well. The guys are finally seeing eye to thigh with the waitress, and we can't blame her for giving in—what with their sporting (left) a sueded-lamb outer shirt, about \$375, cotton duck slacks, about \$85, and cotton shirt, about \$80, all by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael; and (right) a sueded-lamb V-neck pullover, about \$230, twill slacks, about \$55, and polished-cotton shirt, about \$40, all by Linea Italiana by D'Eva; plus a pair of cowhide boots, by The Stitching Horse Bootery, \$70. (Obviously, that crazy chef *still* can't leave the redheaded object of his affection alone. Perhaps it's her wardrobe from Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, Corinne Pulitzer and Charles Jourdan.)





VERY QUIET HORROR

us, asking, "What's happening here?" The sergeant told me to halt. A more senior officer appeared and a discussion went on for some minutes. I heard him say, "I'm the one who gives orders here. . . ." Then an officer shouted from the courtyard that I should be taken upstairs again. One of the soldiers said to me, "You're lucky. They won't give it to you, you bastard." I was taken back to my room. The degree of arbitrary behavior was incredible there. If you ask me why I wasn't shot and others were shot, I couldn't even tell you that it was for political reasons. It was bureaucratic, because it was this captain, in this corner of the courtyard, who decided about the lives of people. The officer in charge of another section of the courtyard could have decided differently.

In the late morning, Letelier was moved from the Tacna regiment to the Military Academy in another part of Santiago. That was where the junta assembled key personalities of the Allende government: former ministers, senators, university deans and others. Before leaving the Tacna regiment, Letelier was taken to the commander's office. The commander, an acquaintance of Letelier's, apprised him that Allende had died the previous day. Now it was September 12. In the next three days, the group at the academy grew to 37 persons, all top officials of the Popular Unity regime. Other prisoners, tens of thousands of them, were held at the Santiago sports stadium. Many were executed, including Victor Jara, a famous Chilean singer. Letelier and his companions at the Military Academy were not allowed to sleep at night; every five or six minutes, soldiers would burst into the cells, turn on lights, push the beds and strike the prisoners with rifle butts. Outside, there was heavy firing. On Friday, September 14, the men were suddenly rounded up in the dining hall during the lunch hour and taken back to their cells, pushed and insulted by guards. They were told to gather their belongings and were marched to a waiting bus.

You didn't know where you were going?

LETELIER: No. They made us board the bus with much violence. We were forced to sit in the bus looking down; if one looked up or looked out, the soldiers told us, he would be shot. They had submachine guns. We had spent four days without changing clothes, without shaving, without a cigarette. We thought at first that we were being taken to the airport to be flown out of Chile. But we were driven instead to the military air base. There they made us get off the bus, again with considerable violence—the soldiers struck us with rifle butts.

Did they try to humiliate you?

(continued from page 108)

LETELIER: Yes. Many of us were slapped in the face. Before being taken to the Military Academy, several ministers were forced to lie in the street for hours. There, soldiers struck them and kicked them. In some cases, prisoners were hit in the stomach with rifle butts. I saw bruises and marks of violence on many of them.

The 37 prisoners were placed aboard a DC-6, which took off immediately for an unknown destination.

LETELIER: Knowing Chile's geography and seeing the Andes cordillera, we realized we were flying south. We were not allowed to move aboard the plane. The soldiers, pointing their submachine guns, kept warning us that we would be killed at the slightest move. We began to suspect that we were being flown to Punta Arenas, the world's southernmost large city. That's where we landed about 9:30 P.M.

Black hoods were placed on our heads. We were taken to armored vehicles, each man being led by the arm by a soldier, another soldier behind, his gun at the prisoner's back. The situation was one of terror that was being generated within the armed forces. The terror was so great that each soldier was, in effect, a prisoner of this system. Each soldier was watched by a corporal and the corporal was controlled by the lieutenant. Each man, therefore, was trying to demonstrate, because of fear, that he was the most violent. If he weren't sufficiently violent, he could be punished, too. You see, there was a verticality of terror. What concerned them most was not to appear soft, not to appear human. I thought that they would simply assassinate us inside the armored cars and dump us in the Strait of Magellan; you know, Punta Arenas is on the strait. It may seem a bit absurd, but I was thinking, All right, if they kill me, I'm going to die with dignity like a man; these people are assassins and it is my historical responsibility to act like a man. There was the overwhelming desire that we should all die with dignity, that we should act with dignity until the end and that all Chileans should know that we were assassinated.

The prisoners' destination was Dawson Island, which lies in the Strait of Magellan, above the antarctic region. Dawson was a Chilean naval station that the junta turned into a concentration camp for its most distinguished prisoners—former ministers and leading leftist politicians. One of them was Luis Corvalan, the head of the Communist Party. Dawson lies on the 54th parallel south; it is one of the world's most desolate and inhospitable spots, battered by antarctic winds. It was already spring in South America, but Dawson was still covered with snow when the prisoners arrived.

The surroundings were, indeed, reminiscent of a Siberian Gulag camp in the Soviet Union.

LETELIER: We went ashore on a beach. We were no longer hooded and we could see powerful spotlights aimed at us. It was freezing cold. We had only our light clothing. We were formed in lines and officers took out the oldest among us to be put aboard an ancient army truck. The younger men were ordered to walk. It was snowing. We walked four or five miles in the dark until we reached Puerto Harris, a small Chilean marine-corps base with 15 or 16 structures. The marines had already put a barbed-wire fence around Dawson's first concentration camp. Inside the camp, we were herded into a large shed. The island's naval commander, Jorge Feles, addressed us briefly. He said, "Gentlemen, you are prisoners of war, you will have the rights and obligations of prisoners of war . . . under the Geneva convention. You are in my custody."

The 37 prisoners would remain in the Puerto Harris camp for three months. The camp was near the shore of what was rather aptly called Bahía Inútil (The Useless Bay).

LETELIER: We were housed in a two-room shed. Eight of us occupied a room eight feet by fifteen. Right off, we called our room El Sheraton. The others, 29 of them, were in a larger room. They slept in three-tiered bunks on mattresses and scratchy sheets. Our morning meal was a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. The yard inside the camp was 30 by 21 feet, but we weren't allowed to go closer than nine feet from the barbed-wire enclosure. In the beginning, we were kept inside the shed most of the day. After a few days, we discovered that new prisoners had arrived from Punta Arenas, but we were separated by the fence. They forbade us to call one another by name, so that the other prisoners would not know who we were. At night, there was a strict rule against leaving the shed—even to go to the latrine.

What were the sanitary conditions?

LETELIER: Bad. Our drinking and washing water came from a canal that flowed past the camp. But our shed was on lower ground than the sheds housing the Punta Arenas prisoners. Guards awoke us at six A.M. and we were taken in groups of three to the canal to fill our buckets with water for drinking and washing. But, because we were below the other camp, the buckets often came up filled with the excrement of the other prisoners. We selected a spokesman to inform the military of this situation and the health hazards involved. Presently, we were permitted to hook up a hose in the canal above the other sheds, so that our water didn't have to go through the area where

(continued on page 182)

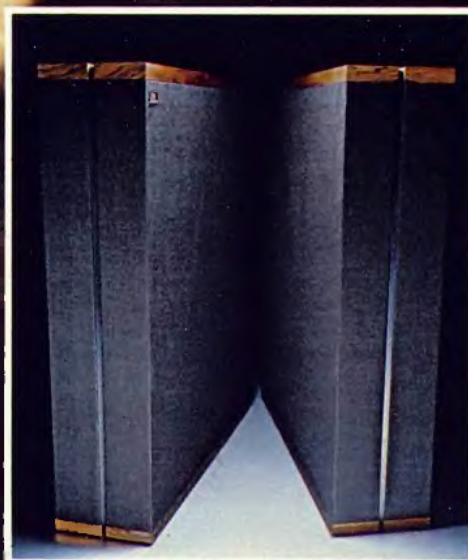
GARP'S NIGHT OUT

fiction By JOHN IRVING

*there were some things he just
couldn't tell his wife—like what
didn't happen on mrs. ralph's water bed*

GARP DISAPPROVED of Ralph's mother. This was unfair—he did not know the woman, but he was convinced he knew her type. She struck him as grossly disorganized; carelessness, for Garp, was especially unforgivable in the case of a parent. Garp's son, Duncan, was ten—"not out of danger, by any means," Garp often told his wife, Helen. Duncan had been a (continued on page 128)





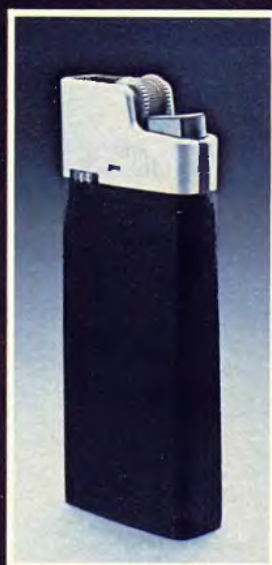
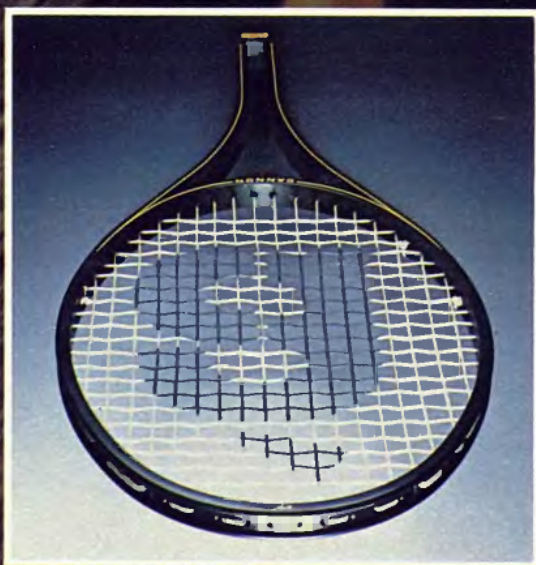
Above, left to right: The Lexikon 83 D.L. typewriter is the first portable electric model to offer interchangeable type styles; also features a quick-change ribbon cartridge in which your fingers never touch the ribbon, by Olivetti, \$339. The cells of these electrostatic loudspeakers, by Dayton Wright Associates, were crafted from high-

impact plastic; each speaker features very low distortion and a wide frequency response, \$2692 the pair. Dolomite Carrera ski boots are designed for the Schussmeister who wants flexible footwear that's exceptionally responsive to ski torque; each inner boot is hand-lasted and lined with leather, imported by Beconta, \$160 the pair.

modern living

BLACK IS THE COLOR...

...of the new look in a wide range of objects that are practical and pleasurable



Above, left to right: This Cannon tennis racket features an ultrastiff graphite frame that allows for lower string tension, thus giving the user greatly increased ball control, from Aldila, \$200. A Super Cricket disposable butane lighter, by Gillette, \$1.98.

The 18-kt. Two-Zone watch, by Baume & Mercier, is a globe-trotter's dream that combines two watch movements in a single case; one face gives you the local time, the other face can be set to tell the time at your destination, \$1200 with lizardskin strap.

THE MOTEL is situated somewhere in the United States. The rooms are identical, with an oversized bed, a television set and a bathroom off to the side. In each room, there is a printed notice establishing the price—\$19 for a double, \$14 for a single.

OF COURSE I LOVE YOU

FLOYD: Wow! Did you see that chick?

JUDY: The one going in next door?

FLOYD: Yeah, far out! He sure got himself a pretty one.

JUDY: A pretty what?

FLOYD: A pretty chick. Hey, what's the matter now? I'm just kidding.

JUDY: That doesn't much sound like kidding to me.

FLOYD: Hey, he may have got himself a pretty one, but I got myself a beautiful one!

JUDY: You've got yourself a beautiful what?

FLOYD: A beautiful you. Hey, don't go getting mad at me now. A beautiful you!

JUDY: This is an awful mistake, Floyd. I knew this would be a mistake. I really think it would be better right now if we called the whole thing off.

FLOYD: There's nothing to call off. Yet.

JUDY: This is all a mistake.

FLOYD: Hey, hon, it's no mistake. What's the matter with me saying my chick's beautiful? You are beautiful.

JUDY: Floyd. . .

FLOYD: Yeah, I don't care what anyone else says, you are beautiful.

JUDY: There you go again. Floyd, that doesn't help things at all. It's not funny. You can't love me. You wouldn't talk to me the way you do if you loved me.

The Motel Tapes

FLOYD: Of course I love you—I'm fuckin' you, ain't I?

JUDY: I want to go home.

FLOYD: Oh, come off it. That's an old joke from the Army. Don't let it bother you. "Of course I love you—I'm fuckin' you, ain't I?" It breaks me up every time I think about it.

JUDY: I'm going home, even if I have to call a taxi.

FLOYD: Do you really want me to call you a taxi?

JUDY: Yes, I do.

FLOYD: Really?

JUDY: I'm serious.

FLOYD: All right. You're a taxi.

JUDY: Are you crazy?

FLOYD: You told me to call you a taxi. All right. You're a taxi. Does that make you feel any better? Hey, come on, you'll

get over it, baby. I'd call you a taxi, except I've already paid for the room.

JUDY: Where are you going now? What're you up to?

FLOYD: I'm just goin' to the little-boys' room—I'll be back in a minute. Hey, sugar, don't start without me.

JUDY: Floyd, I'm going. It was a terrible mistake.

THE HOOK

MIKE: Hey, where'd you get a name like that, anyway?

VERONICA: My mother gave it to me.

MIKE: Your mother gave you a boy's name?

VERONICA: Ronnie's not a boy's name; it's short for Veronica. Most of the guys call me Squirrel Girl, anyway.

MIKE: My name's Mike.

VERONICA: Hello, Mike, whadaya want?

MIKE: I want you.

VERONICA: That's not what I mean. C'mon, you got to tell me. Whadaya like?

MIKE: What's the choice?

VERONICA: Like half-and-half or straight French; you know.

MIKE: What's a half-and-half?

VERONICA: Come on.

MIKE: No, I really don't know. I never even heard of a half-and-half.

VERONICA: That's where the girl sucks you till you're ready and then you fuck the girl.

MIKE: I guess I'd like a half-and-half. That sounds like hitting all bases.

VERONICA: Just leave me lay my dress down neat.

MIKE: Oh, yeah, baby, yeah. That's right. Oh, you know what you're doin', you know what you're doin'. No, don't stop that.

VERONICA: You said half-and-half.

more
carryings-on
behind those
closed doors

Part two of a
revelatory new book
By Mike McGrady

MIKE: Just keep doin' that.

VERONICA: You want the straight French, then?

MIKE: Straight French, fine, just don't stop. Yeah. Oh, oh, ooooohhhhh. Oh, hold my balls. Oh, yeah. Oh, oh, oh.

MIKE: Hey, where's the fire?

VERONICA: I got to get back to the Alcove.

MIKE: Hey, Ronnie, stick around for a few minutes. We'll go one more time. Fifteen dollars, right? The price hasn't gone up, has it? Just gimme a minute and we'll do that number again.

VERONICA: If you want to go again, you got to go back to the Alcove and pay Bryan. I can't go a second time without



his being paid for it.

MIKE: That Bryan is some character. He's one mean *hombre*—

VERONICA: Oh, he just looks mean. He's really sweet. You want to know something? He's going to marry me.

MIKE: He's gonna marry you and he spends all night fixing you up with customers?

VERONICA: Look, I really got to go back there. Bryan don't want us partyin' with the customers.

MIKE: Just a minute. Hey, wait a minute. I'm going out there—I'll be back in a minute. I want to try that one more time.

VERONICA: The same?

MIKE: I wouldn't want you to change a thing.

VERONICA: Well, you got the money, honey, I got the time.

VERONICA: What took ya?

MIKE: Your fiancé wanted to talk. He told me to stop for a little jolt, it'd be OK.

VERONICA: Yeah, what'd Bryan say?

MIKE: He told me this time I should go for one of them half-and-halves.

VERONICA: That's what he said?

MIKE: You know something, you got a nice little body there. I like a woman who's built compact.

VERONICA: That's my problem—a nice little body and a nice big nose.

MIKE: What're you talking about?

VERONICA: The old schnozzola.

MIKE: What're you puttin' yourself down for?

VERONICA: I'm not putting myself down. It wasn't a bad schnozzola until a car ran over it.

MIKE: A car ran over your nose? Tell me another.

VERONICA: Believe it. Three years ago, I was riding my bike and a car hit me. The only broken bone in my body was my nose.

MIKE: You can't even notice.

VERONICA: You never even looked.

MIKE: I was looking at you. I looked, all right, and I didn't see nothing wrong. It's all in your head.

VERONICA: It's all on my head, you mean. The reason you didn't notice nothing is because I always look at a customer straight on. That way, you can't see the bump. I'll turn my head now; you can see how bent up it is.

MIKE: I still don't see nothing.

VERONICA: That's 'cause I only looked away for a second. I don't let anyone see the profile, not for long.

MIKE: This really bothers you.

VERONICA: Of course it really bothers me; it'd bother anyone. As far as I'm concerned, it ruins my looks. Some of the guys out there call me The Hook. Others call me Squirrel Girl. Until that accident, I looked just like a kid.

MIKE: You still look like a kid to me.

VERONICA: Yeah, well, I'm 27 years old and I've got two kids of my own; the boy'll be nine in March.

MIKE: What're you doin' with someone like that Bryan character?

VERONICA: Whadaya mean? He's goin' to marry me, that's what I'm doin'. Hey, you must be rested enough now. Let's see if we can get this li'l fellow to stand up straight like a man.

MIKE: He's gonna marry you and, meantime, he fixes you up with his customers.

VERONICA: You know, if you're gonna start in again on Bryan, I'm gonna go back to the Alcove.

MIKE: Hold on a minute. Don't get all in an uproar. I didn't mean nothing. I don't even know your Bryan. He just looks like some character to me.

VERONICA: Bryan was gonna marry me when the accident happened. But the whole thing is, no one would marry anyone with a schnozz like this one. But when I get the nose fixed, Bryan and me are getting married.

MIKE: Why don't you just get it fixed now?

VERONICA: Sure, give me \$1400 and I'll do that little thing. That's what the plastic surgeon says it'll run, and then it'll be as good as new.

MIKE: Bryan and you are getting hitched—but he's not going to get hitched with you until the nose gets fixed, so to get the dough to fix the nose, he fixes you up with other guys; I've heard everything now.

VERONICA: Are we goin' another time or what?

MIKE: Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss it for the world.

VERONICA: Don't get the wrong impression of Bryan. He loves me.

MIKE: Yeah.

VERONICA: Hey, he really does love me.

MIKE: Yeah, it's a regular storybook romance.

THE LIST MAKER

MARY: Sometimes I'm impressed just being with you. I mean it. I'm always amazed that you'd even bother with me. You're by far the most successful person I've ever known.

NICHOLAS: Is that right?

MARY: Oh, yes, you're the most successful man who ever took an interest in me. The other guys I've gone with, they all seem like losers. I don't know what I ever saw in any of them.

NICHOLAS: Maybe it was the fact that they needed you.

MARY: Don't you need me?

NICHOLAS: Yes, I do. I need you and therefore I'll have you. You know why those other guys are losers? It's the same reason that most people are losers. They don't have the slightest idea how to focus on anything. Whatever I'm going to do in

life, I focus in on it completely.

MARY: I think so. I think you do—but where did you learn that? Why doesn't everyone know how to do it?

NICHOLAS: I'm really not sure. I can tell you what happened to me. When I was still in grade school, I was asked to do a book report—I've often tried to think of the title, but it has always escaped me; but it was a study of the most successful and affluent men in the country. Hundreds of them, I think, and they were all asked for the secrets of their success. Many of them had different ideas, but almost every one of them mentioned an ability to focus, to eliminate all distractions and get down to brass tacks. Almost every one of those men made a list. That's always stayed with me; you've seen my notebook. I'm always working on one list or another. Whatever I write down in there, that's what I'm focusing on. The act of writing it down almost forces me to start focusing. Before I begin the day, before my first cup of coffee, I list the six or seven goals I hope to accomplish on that day. Always in order of importance.

MARY: And those are the things you always get done?

NICHOLAS: Not at all. But it shows me what I should be concentrating on and it saves me much wasted effort. It's like being in the jungle and having a map.

MARY: Was this on the list?

NICHOLAS: This?

MARY: Me. "Make love to Mary"—something along that line.

NICHOLAS: No, it wasn't. The beauty of making up a list is that you don't have to follow it. If something better turns up, then the thing to do is focus on that. You're not on the list today—but you're definitely something better.

I'm not going to apologize for the list—I use it for almost everything I do. Some of the guys at the office wonder how come I'm able to play scratch golf. Golf is a perfect example of what I'm talking about. If ever there was something that required total concentration, complete focus, it's golf. Most of the guys think they can go out and talk about business and women and what not and still play a decent game of golf. They're fooling themselves.

MARY: I'm sure you're right, it's just that I never gave it much thought before.

NICHOLAS: I know it's right. When I turned 40, I spent a full year traveling around the world. I just left the office. Almost every person I know in the business world—they all said how lucky I was and how they would love to be able to do something like that themselves. If they really wanted to do it, if they were able to focus on the act of actually doing it, then, by Christ, they would do it.

Going to Europe is no more difficult
(continued on page 172)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE PREVIEW

a super abundance of candidates to grace our gatefold in the months ahead



Julia Kallish is 19; she studied art in high school; she plans to continue at Chicago's American Academy of Art. Then, "You know what I'd really like to do? Go on a nice long cruise." Meanwhile, Julia works for her favorite artist: "My dad."



We asked Katrina Hegg, who lives in Boulder, if it's true about that Colorado mountain high. "What gets me high," she replied, "is dancing. Also climbing trees, swimming nude and rolling in the hay."

HARD-LINE feminists notwithstanding, millions of women in America still dream of becoming a movie star in Hollywood, Miss America in Atlantic City or a Playmate in the pages of *PLAYBOY*. While everyone assumes that hanging around Schwab's Drugstore provides the path to celluloid stardom and local beauty contests the way to Bert Parks's side, the process of becoming a Playmate inexplicably remains a mystery. Well, we're going to let you in on the procedure—and give you an idea of just how tough it is to narrow down the field of likely candidates.

All the ladies shown on these pages are currently under consideration and many will grace our centerfold in the coming months. Most either were discovered by a member of our photographic staff or, more likely, have submitted a picture of themselves taken by a boyfriend, an amateur lensman or a free-lance professional. Hundreds of photos are sent in to us every month, which isn't hard to understand, since a Playmate receives \$10,000 and the person who suggests her a \$1000 finder's fee. Once the pictures are screened by the photography editors in Chicago and Los Angeles, the candidates deemed to have the most Playmate potential are flown to our studios for an in-depth test shooting by one of *PLAYBOY*'s staff photographers. Again, the editors judge the results and the most attractive and vivacious candidates are asked to pose for the centerfold, after which Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner makes the final selection of those who will become the modern-day equivalent of the Gibson and Petty girls.

The hopefuls pictured here are at various stages of the Playmate process. Look for your favorite in the months ahead.



Californian Sherry Marks (right) is looking for "a rugged, down-to-earth, old-fashioned, well-built, understanding, loving man in his 20s. We could make love on a huge brass bed in a house overlooking the ocean." Any applicants?

"I want to live long enough to be able to look back and say I've done everything worth doing,"

Deborah Kehoe (far right) told us. One such thing: becoming a Playmate. "Nudity is great when it's done with class, and PLAYBOY respects women," she volunteered.



Denise Hayes (left), who was born in London, has lived in Spain, Ireland and (now) Dallas. It's Ireland she'd like to return to: "I miss the Guinness." Denise tells us she's "lively to an extreme, obstinate, softhearted, gullible—and weird."

Christina Allen (above) admits to eclectic tastes, ranging from the works of Ernest Hemingway to those of Norman Lear. Of herself she says, "I'm aloof, yet sensitive; moody, yet dependable. I am a woman and enjoy being one." 123



Mary Sue Wehrenberg (above) is attending Florida Junior College (majors: zoology and art) and is working toward a B.A.—while free-lancing as a Jacksonville interior designer on the side. A typical evening with Mary Sue may include “massage, a good meal, conversation, love. . .”



Mavis Cusick (above)—“my friends call me Tasha”—was born in Germany, where her father worked for the State Department. She was educated in the Dominican Republic, Italy, Turkey and Brazil and has settled in Virginia.

Lisa Sohm (below), now working as a free-lance model in New York City, would like, ultimately, to become a high-fashion model. “Then I could travel all over the world. First stop: Africa.”





Born and educated in Vancouver, British Columbia, where she studied dance from the age of three to 17, Kristine Winder (above) would like one day to be both a writer and a dancer. Right now, she tells us, she enjoys "Happy Days," the songs of Bob Dylan, scuba diving, "a fire on the beach, a good dry red wine, a night swim and an eager partner."

Debra Jo Fondren (left) is into tennis, trap and skeet shooting and deep-sea fishing. She just might, she informs us, take up professional photography. For now, "Well, I've always been an avid reader of PLAYBOY and I'd like to become a part of its tradition..." Despite—or because of—that, Debbie's list of most-admired people is headed by Gloria Steinem.



Lisé Kaiser (above) is good at stenography (she acquired her secretarial skills at Bryant and Stratton Business Institute in Buffalo, New York) and modeling (obviously); she doesn't plan to give up either. "Well, I'm really pretty conservative."



Nicki Thomas (above), 22, an exercise buff, is also musically inclined; she sings, plays the violin and the guitar. She describes herself as "very emotional, very enthusiastic but basically easygoing. I fall in love easily, but I'm a one-man woman."



The daughter of a Scottish-English physician and an Estonian refugee, 20-year-old Virve Reid (right) is an art student in Vancouver, B.C. Eventually, she hopes to become an actress; her short-term ambition is—you guessed it—to appear in a PLAYBOY centerfold. "I feel being selected would be a great compliment to me—and," she adds unself-consciously, "it would give me a way of sharing my gifts with others."

A jazz enthusiast, erstwhile University of California at Santa Cruz student Susan Centola (below) leans toward becoming a dancer. But if NASA decides to make space travel coed, she'd like to sign up as an astronaut. "I have a keen desire for scientific knowledge and for travel," she says. "Actually, I have enough energy to pursue most of my whims, because I eat only fruits and such a diet cleanses the body."



Born in London, Carole Davis (left) has lived in Scotland, France, Hawaii, Cambodia and Thailand and now bunks in New York City, where she studies sociology at Hunter College. While in France, she was lead singer for Les Variations, a rock band featured at festivals on the Riviera.



GARP'S NIGHT OUT

watched-over child, and now that he had reached an age where he was expected to be responsible—and more independent—Garp was extremely nervous about him. Duncan was a sensible child, but Garp feared for what influences the boy's new freedom would uncover.

Ralph, for example. A normal boy, perhaps; not retarded, not even wild—not even impolite. But Ralph was allowed to do things that Garp did not allow Duncan to do. What Garp would not say in front of Duncan (and his worst fear) was that Ralph's mother left Ralph alone at night when she went "out." She was recently divorced, and Garp hoped he felt no bias in that regard, but the woman seemed to him both too casual and too troubled. He was always nervous when Duncan was asked to spend the night with Ralph.

"Why not ask Ralph to spend the night here?" Garp suggested. A familiar ploy—Ralph usually spent the night with Duncan, thus sparing Garp his anxiety about the carelessness of Mrs. Ralph (he could never remember her name).

"Ralph *always* spends the night here," Duncan said. "I want to stay *there*." And do *what*? Garp wondered. Drink, smoke dope, torture the pets, spy on the sloppy lovemaking of Mrs. Ralph?

But Garp knew that the boys probably enjoyed being left alone in a house where Garp wasn't always smiling over them, asking them if there was anything they wanted. He was a colossal worrier who liked to cook to relax himself. Whenever Duncan spent the night at Ralph's house, and Garp knew that he and Helen would have supper alone, he frequently cooked up a storm.

If he could have been granted one vast and naïve wish, it would have been that he could make the world *safe*. For children and grownups. The world struck Garp as unnecessarily perilous for both.

Garp drove a wooden spoon deep into his tomato sauce. He flinched as some fool took the corner by the house with a roaring downshift and a squeal of tires that cut through Garp with the sound of a struck cat. He was not worried, this time, that the speeding car meant Duncan had been hit—he knew where Duncan was—but it was Garp's habit to chase down speeding cars. He had bullied every fast driver in the neighborhood. The streets around Garp's house were cut in squares, bordered every block by stop signs; Garp could usually catch up to a car, on foot, provided the cars obeyed the stop signs.

He ran down the street after the sound of the car. Sometimes, if the car were going really fast, Garp would need three or four stop signs to make the arrest.

(continued from page 115)

Most drivers were impressed with Garp, and even if they swore about him later, they were apologetic to his face, assuring him they would not speed in the neighborhood again. It was clear to them that Garp was in good physical shape, and most of them were high school kids who were easily embarrassed—caught hot-rodding around with their girlfriends, or leaving little smoking rubber stains in front of their girlfriends' houses. Garp was not such a fool as to imagine that he changed their ways. All he hoped to do was make them speed somewhere else.

The present offender turned out to be a woman (Garp saw her earrings glinting, and the bracelets on her arm, as he ran up to her from behind). She was just ready to pull away from the stop sign when Garp rapped the wooden spoon on her window, startling her; the spoon, dribbling tomato sauce, looked at a glance as if it had been dipped in blood.

Garp waited for her to roll down the window, and was already phrasing his opening remarks ("I'm sorry if I startled you, but I wanted to ask you a personal favor . . .") when he recognized that the woman was Ralph's mother, the notorious Mrs. Ralph. Duncan and Ralph were not with her; she was alone, and it was obvious that she had been crying.

"Yes, what is it?" she said; Garp couldn't tell if she recognized him as Duncan's father or not.

"I'm sorry I startled you," Garp began. He stopped. What else could he say to her? Smeary-faced, fresh from a fight with her ex-husband or a lover, she looked ruffled with misery; her eyes were red and vague. "I'm sorry," Garp mumbled; he was sorry for her whole life. How could he tell her that all he wanted was for her to slow down?

"What is it?" she asked him.

"I'm Duncan's father," Garp said.

"I know you are," she said. "I'm Ralph's mother."

"I know," he said; he smiled.

"Duncan's father meets Ralph's mother," she said, caustically. Then she burst into tears. Her face flopped forward and struck the horn. She sat up straight, suddenly hitting Garp's hand, resting on her rolled-down window; his fingers opened and he dropped the long-handled spoon into her lap. They both stared at it; the tomato sauce produced a stain on her beige dress.

"You must think I'm a rotten mother," Mrs. Ralph said. Garp, ever conscious of safety, reached across her knees and turned off the ignition. He decided to leave the spoon in her lap. It was Garp's curse to be unable to conceal his feelings from people, even from strangers; if he thought contemptuous thoughts about you, somehow you *knew*.

"I don't know anything about what kind of mother you are," Garp told her. "I think Ralph's a nice boy."

"He can be a real little bastard," she said.

"Perhaps you'd rather Duncan not stay with you tonight?" Garp asked—Garp *hoped*. To Garp, she didn't appear to know that Duncan *was* spending the night with Ralph. She looked at the spoon in her lap. "It's tomato sauce," Garp said. To his surprise, she picked up the spoon and licked it.

"You're a cook?" she asked.

"Yes, I like to cook," Garp said.

"It's very good," Mrs. Ralph told him, handing him back his spoon. "I should have gotten one like you, some prick who liked to cook."

"I'd be glad to go pick up the boys," Garp said. "They could spend the night with us, if you'd like to be alone."

"Alone!" she cried. "I'm *usually* alone, I *like* having the boys with me. And they like it, too," she said. "Do you know why?" She looked at him wickedly.

"Why?" Garp said.

"They like to watch me take a bath," she said. "There's a crack in the door. Isn't it sweet that Ralph likes to show off his old mother to his friends?"

"Yes," Garp said.

"You don't approve, do you, Mr. Garp?" she asked him. "You don't approve of me at all."

"I'm sorry you're so unhappy," Garp said. He remembered that Mrs. Ralph was going to school. "What are you majoring in?" he asked her, stupidly. He recalled she was a never-ending graduate student; her problem was probably a thesis that wouldn't come.

Mrs. Ralph shook her head. "You really keep your nose clean, don't you?" she asked Garp. "How long have you been married?"

"Eleven years," Garp said. Mrs. Ralph looked more or less indifferent; Mrs. Ralph had been married for 12.

"Your kid's safe with me," she said, as if she were suddenly irritated by him, as if she were reading his mind with utter accuracy. "Don't worry, I'm quite harmless—with children," she added. "And I don't smoke in bed."

"I'm sure it's quite healthy for the boys to watch you take a bath," Garp told her, then felt immediately embarrassed for saying it, although it was one of the few things he'd told her that he meant.

"I don't know," she said. "It didn't seem to do much good for my husband, and *he* watched me for years." She looked up at Garp, whose mouth hurt from all his forced smiles. Just touch her cheek, or pat her hand, he thought; at least say something. But Garp was clumsy at being

(continued on page 176)

The Book of Coasts

humor By Marshall Brickman

a biblical retelling of the great schism between east and west, between skyscrapers and pink stucco

(BEING AN ACCOUNT of the battle between New York and Los Angeles, from the prophetic writings of Hazeriah, in the Old Testament. One of the most gifted and powerful of the seers, Hazeriah was nonetheless banished from the temple for performing in the streets of Jerusalem an act that simultaneously broke the dietary law, the traffic code, two commandments and a personal promise to Moses. The camel involved was unavailable for comment.)

I

In the beginning, there was but one coast, that in the East; and all else was without form and void. And it was a good coast, verily; and great the accomplishments thereof: excellent

in the manufacture of fine garments of divers colors; and the trading of goods, and the writing of words. And the children were exceeding wise and prospered, and grew mighty. But even as the sun follows its westerly course through the heavens, so did some among them become vain; and journeyed into Nassau, and thence into Suffolk, and even into Montauk, and builded houses near the sea in which to pleasure themselves; and lay face down upon the sand, and caused rich ointments to be smoothed onto their flesh, that it might darken, and so blasphemed greatly.

But it grew cold, and so they fled to the West, following the sun, saying, "We'll keep the apartment," knowing in their hearts they would not return; and they did not return, and so there were two coasts: that in the East, known as the East, and that in the West, known as the Coast.

And the East
(continued on
page 170)



"You sure must have made a hit with Mom and Dad to get invited to our Saturday-night family get-together!"

cat's-meat nell

Oh, that I in love, in love,
In love had never fell;
I've tried in vain the heart to gain
Of lovely Cat's-Meat Nell.
'Twas in Drury Lane where I
First heard her voice so sweet,
As with her barrow she vent by
And sweetly called, "Cat's meat!"
My heart she won; her swivel eyes
So charmingly she rolled,
And, tempting her with "Pies, hot pies!"
My tale of love I told.

Elewated with liquor, I felt no dread,
And thought as how I'd buss her,
For vitch I caught a lick on the head,
Vitch made me summut the vorse.
I looked—for I felt so stupid, do you see?—
To know where I was, in wain.
To a butcher says I, "I'm in Queer Street." Says he,
"Vhy, you calf, this here is Cow Lane."

I never knowed in all my life
Faint heart fair lass e'er von,
So I, to catch her for a vife,
With Nell again begun.
"Give me," says I, "von kiss today."
Says she, "Oh, what a farce,
But if you'll kiss, then kiss away."
And she cocked up her bare arse.

Says I, "Oh, I'm in love, my dear,
And vish to know if vwhether
Ve to Saint Giles's Church shall steer
And there be spliced together?"
Says she, "I tell you, it's no go
With me to talk of love.
A stinking pieman, you must know,
I thinks myself above."

To Holborn, then, away jogged ve,
Where I told her now to stop.
Says I, "Nell, though you don't love me,
Mayhaps you'd love a drop.
This here's The Bell, so let's toll in."
Says she, "Yer gallous polite."
And there ve took imperial gin
Till ve got muzzy quite.

Close by her side, I vent on toddling
And, hot with love, kept chaffing
While Nelly with her barrow, vaddling,
Set all the boys alaughing.
The bother of those saucy brats
Confused and crossed our cries.
So, while I called out, "Hot mutton cats!"
Vhy, Nell, she bawled, "Cat's pies!"

the flea shooter

Horse doctor am I and once was a lodger
With a wife and her man, a regular codger,
Who had a young daughter so tempting to view—

And ripe for the spit, as I very well knew.
I slept in a room next to where she reposed
And dreamed of her charms all the while that I dozed.
That the lass was uneasy I knew with no doubt,
For her amorous wishes she oft would cry out.
So, goaded by passion, a hole on the sly
I bored in the wainscot, through which I could spy
All her luscious young beauties exposed to my view—
Such delicate bubbies of peach-and-pink hue,
Such a belly, such thighs—oh, their like was ne'er seen—
And a black little cuckoo's nest right in between!
Sometimes she'd be washing that body so fair;
Sometimes she would curl up her pretty black hair;
Sometimes for a genuine bouncing she'd groan
And dildo herself till she fell in a swoon.
One night, quite astonished, I heard her loud cries
And, seizing my breeches, made haste to arise.
Then her mother came into my room in a fright



BRAD HOLLAND

And begged that I go to her daughter that night.
"Oh, doctor, oh, doctor," she cried, "pray, make hastel
My daughter's so pained you have no time to waste.
I really quite blush at her unhappy lot,
But something's gone into her poor—you know what!"
I went to her chamber without more delay
And beheld the sweet lass in strange disarray,
Squirming and shaking, stretched out on the bed,
Her nightdress awry and pulled up to her head.
"Oh, doctor," she cried, "I've had an attack!
A bold flea has pushed himself into my crack!
He tickles me crazy as he rambles about;
I'm sure I shall die if you can't get him out."
I persuaded her mother to leave, lest the sight
Of this direful excision produce a bad fright.
Then, declaring I now would employ my dislodger,
I reached in my breeches and pulled out big Roger.
"Oh, sir, what is that?" she asked in alarm.
"A flea shooter," said I. "It will do you no harm."
In less than a shake, I was locked in her arms.
I rumbled and tumbled and rifled her charms.
Till nature prevailed and she cried out, "Dear spark,
You've killed the flea dead! What an excellent mark!"
Since that happy hour, we've kept out disease
By busily, joyfully shooting for fleas.

THE YEAR IN SEX

a slightly irreverent look at
the advances—and setbacks—
of the sexual revolution in '76

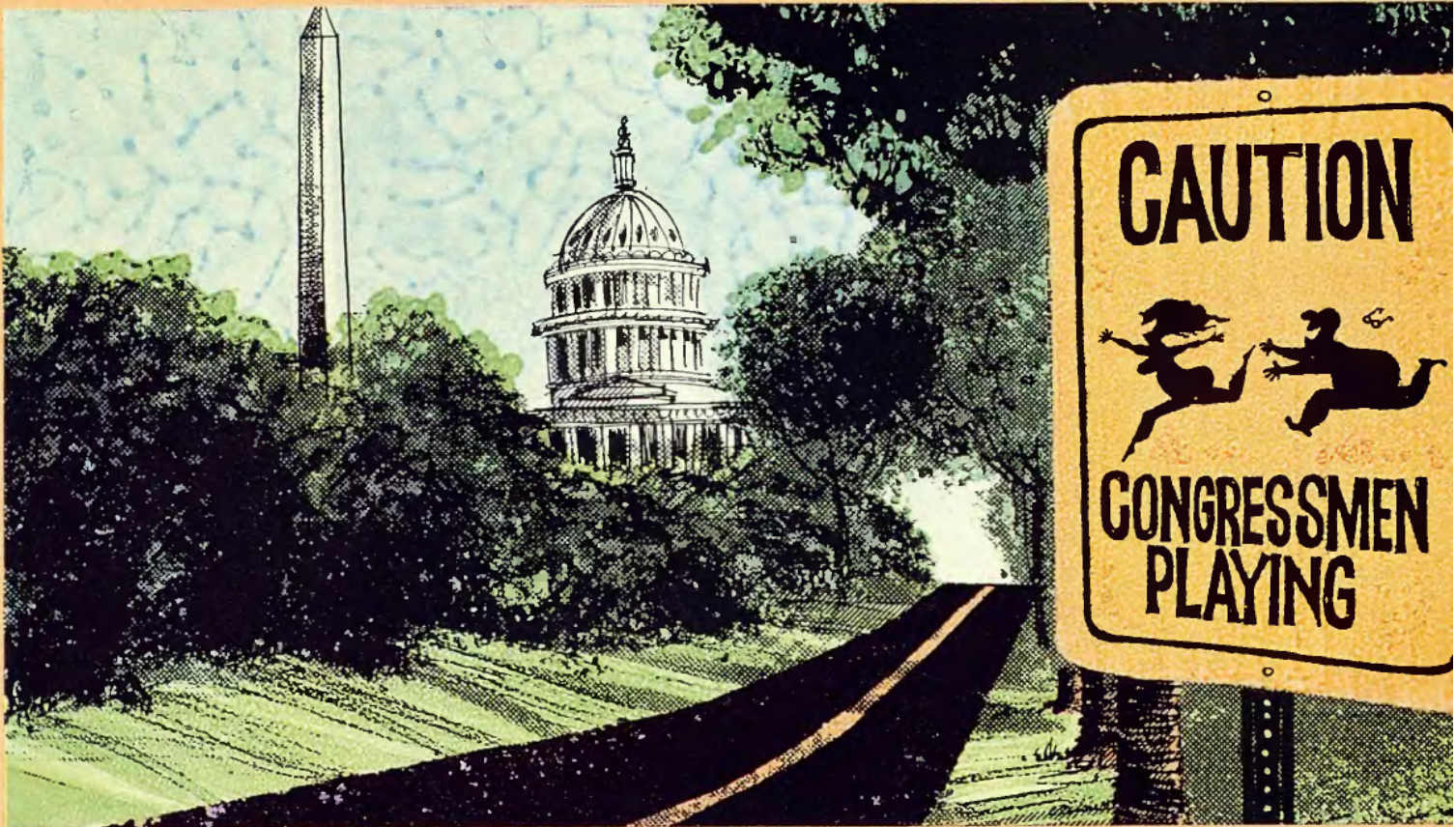
DURING THE BICENTENNIAL YEAR we've all just survived, there may not have been much more sexual activity than usual, but there *was* more noise made about it—particularly when it came to the preferences and peccadilloes of people in the public eye. Congressmen putting mistresses—some of whom couldn't find the ON-OFF switch of an electric typewriter—on the payroll? Right-wing fire-and-brimstone breathers being exposed as A.C./D.C.? The Vice-President of the United States saying "Fuck you" with his finger—while his boss was trying to make his political opponent look like a moral degenerate because he had allowed the relatively inoffensive word screw to pass his lips? Did he think the public couldn't figure out just what those deleted expletives were in *his* ex-boss's highly edited tape transcripts? No wonder people turned away from news of politics and immersed themselves in, for example, soap operas. There, at least, there was little pussyfooting around the subject. Abortions, prostitution, homosexuality, impotence, V.D.—no topic was taboo. And at the movies, audiences were treated to the spectacle of a 12-year-old, Jodie Foster, portraying with considerable aplomb a teeny-bopper hooker. While all this was going on, the nation's judicial system, seemingly with its collective head in the sand, managed to convict an actor and two magazine executives on grounds of obscenity—in towns where the film had not been shown nor the publication offered for sale. Somehow, the Swedes don't seem to get so hot and bothered about this sort of thing. Latest word from Stockholm is that serious consideration is being given to legislation to legalize, among other things, incest. That may take a while. In the meantime, here's a brief look at the ups and downs of the sexual revolution, circa 1976.

TEMPTRESSES

Colleen Gardner (right) was mad because her boss, Representative John D. Young (D., Texas), paid her \$25,800 annually but wouldn't give her any job responsibility. "It wouldn't have been so bad going to bed with him if he had at least let me work," she observed. Liz Ray (below) didn't want more work—she couldn't even type—but she was miffed at her boss, Representative Wayne Hays (D., Ohio), allegedly because he didn't invite her to his wedding. Both Gardner and Ray blew the whistle on their Congressional employers, revealing that their tax-supported stipends had been earned for the most part on their backs.



FEET OF CLAY



BOB ENGLEHART, DAYTON JOURNAL HERALD

TEMPTED

The plot thickened as Gardner and Ray went on talking. Not only were Hays (top left) and Young (bottom left) implicated but also Alaska's Democratic Senator Mike Gravel (center left), with whom Ray claimed she'd had sex on a houseboat owned by her previous employer, former Representative Kenneth J. Gray (D., Illinois). Gardner corroborated the story, claiming she'd been an eyewitness. Gravel and Young denied everything. ("I'd deny it if it were true, but the fact is I didn't do it," said Young.) Hays tried to, then caved in, admitted all and retired. Whatever the truth of the matter, the controversy certainly didn't hurt the sales of Ray's paperback, *The Washington Fringe Benefit*.



More red faces: Above, from left, Representative Joe Waggoner, Jr., detained by Washington cops for soliciting a decoy prostitute (but released on grounds of Congressional immunity); Representative Robert L. Leggett, who admitted to two illegitimate children and a sexual liaison with a Congressional aide; Representative Allan Howe, convicted of propositioning Salt Lake policewomen.

Below, from left, retired General Edwin A. Walker, busted for public lewdness in a Dallas rest room; onetime Nixon Supreme Court nominee G. Harrold Carswell, indicted for making advances to a Tallahassee vice cop (lewdness charges were dropped when he pleaded no contest to battery); and the Reverend Billy James Hargis of the Crusade for Christian Morality, who was accused of seducing boy and girl students at American Christian College in Tulsa.



SEX IN THE MARKET PLACE



LOVE, OR REASONABLE FACSIMILE, FOR SALE



Some years back, Cynthia Kane (right) was Sister Mary Anthony of the Sisters of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd. Now she's an undercover police officer in Chicago—where a frequent assignment is working as a decoy streetwalker.



During the First World Meeting of Prostitutes in Washington, D.C. (above), Franciscan friar DePaul Genska ("Christ was very kind to women in this condition") joined hookers'-rights crusader Margo St. James, San Francisco, and other fellow activists in a "sunrise stroll" at the White House.



From the world of fashion, a showing of transvestite styles at Uba's in Hollywood (top) and (above) a sample of the hot new department-store trend to sexy windows, from Bloomingdale's, New York. "At times the displays get risqué," tut-tutted *Time*.



The Love Chair (left) was designed by award-winning Miami sculptor Cullum Hasty. Latest improvement in mechanized erotica (above): Accu-Jac II, with attachments for male and female use (\$595). For those with a sweet tooth (below), phallic suckers from Leisure Time Products (see Althea, next page) and the sellout rage of this past Valentine season, edible Candypants.





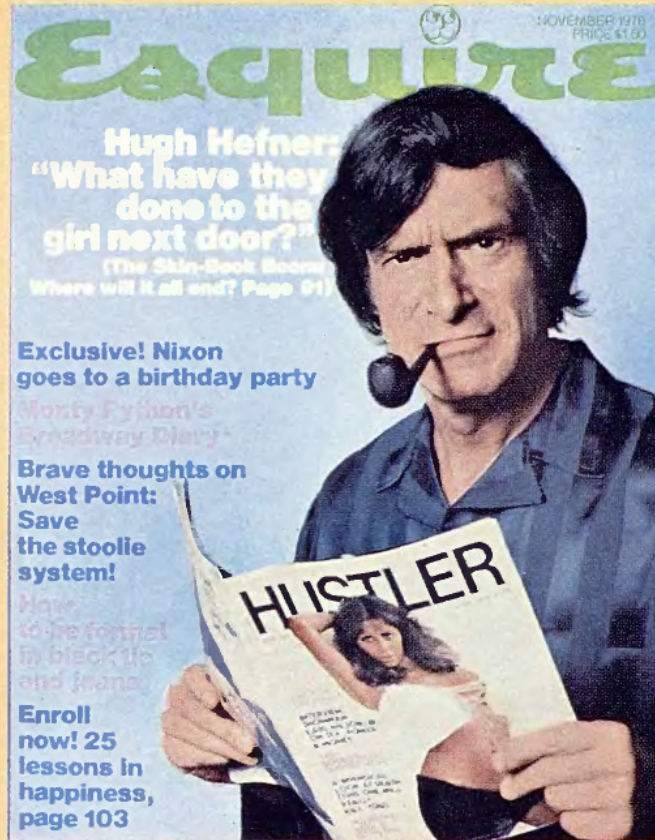
MEDIA MADNESS

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS, *SOMEBODY* PRINTS



Social notes from all over: Larry Flynt wed his *Hustler* associate publisher and executive editor, Althea Leasure, at Columbus, Ohio's Broad (honest!) Street Methodist Church on August 21.

Why is this man frowning? Because, as an *Esquire* cover story pointed out, of the proliferation of schlocky skin books that are giving a class act like ours a bad name. *Esquire* rated 25 publications, with *PLAYBOY*, naturally, at the top of the heap.

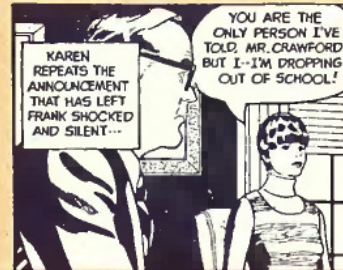


After Kansas postal inspectors subscribed under phony names, *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein (above) was convicted in Wichita on smut-mail charges, but a new trial was ordered.



Former porn star Bree Anthony (in *Sixteen*, above) has found a new line of work. As Sue Richards, publisher, she introduced the explicit magazine *High Society* to newsstands this May.

MARY WORTH



Saunders and Ernst



COURTESY OF FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

Allen Saunders, creator of good old *Mary Worth*, gave comic-strip readers a shock: the genre's first teenaged, illegitimate pregnancy (above). London's Janet Reger put out a catalog of sexy (and costly) lingerie (below left), and when Bloomingdale's tried a similar approach in a *New York Times* supplement (below right), the brochure became an instant collector's item (\$6 at one bookstore).



CULTURE VULTURES



SONG & DANCE



Raquel Welch (above) made news when her top fell down during a strenuous number from her night-club revue; the Royal Danish Ballet also made headlines while on its American tour, which featured nude dancers in Flemming Flindt's *Triumph of Death* (top right).



The Divine Miss M, Bette Midler, went bare-ass before Harvard's Hasty Pudding club (above), but players in *Carte Blanche*, Kenneth Tynan's sequel to *Oh! Calcutta!*, got down to the altogether in London's Phoenix Theater (left).



Sex rock is the, ah, coming thing in music, and these are the singers who know how to do it. Donna Summer (left) moaned *Love to Love You, Baby* right up to the climax of the charts; former porn actress Andrea True (above) scored with *More, More, More*, and Betty Davis (ex-model, ex-Mrs. Miles), at right, socked it to 'em with *Nasty Gal*. Below are their latest LPs.



ARTISTIC LICENSE



Developments in erotic art: paintings by René Moncada Perez (left) and wax sculpture by Ross F. Morris of Klineburger Bros. Studios in Seattle (below). Says Moncada: "Whenever I drew a naked woman with a vagina, the drawing became immoral. Now I have eliminated the rest of the body, thus bringing out into the living room something otherwise known as vulgar." Morris hopes to establish a U.S. erotic wax museum similar to one he worked on in Japan.



Susan Kutosh, a 28-year-old New Yorker, specializes in what may be a unique genre: the crotch blot. At top right, how she does it; right, the finished work. Kutosh's pussy paintings are featured at the Erotics gallery in the Village.



NO BIZ LIKE SHOWBIZ

Fanne Foxe, who used to do a little peeling herself, served as mistress of ceremonies for portions of the All-Bare 1976 Extravaganza, a four-day shindig staged at New York's Beacon Theater in September (below). Up in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, all-female audiences at the Sugar Shack flipped for male strippers Elliott Lanza, an airline pilot, and Larry Slade, a bodyguard (right); meanwhile, in the San Francisco Bay area, the Free Follies troupe staged street theater on such subjects as crabs, incest and V.D. (below right).





OUT OF THE CLOSET

This 6'2" tennis player won a tournament this July in California as Dr. Renee Richards (below). Before sex-change surgery, the same player, as Dr. Richard Raskind, had in 1964 won the New York State men's amateur singles championship.



Joining the stampede to acknowledge bisexuality this year were British-born rock stars David Bowie (far left), who did it in the September *Playboy* Interview, and Elton John (left), who told all in *Rolling Stone*. Similar admissions came from Janis Ian and Rod McKuen.



At left, Chicago's Gay Pride Parade entrants; above, San Francisco homosexual couple Dr. Thomas Waddell (who placed sixth in the decathlon at the 1968 Olympics) and Charles Deaton, a former CIA operative.

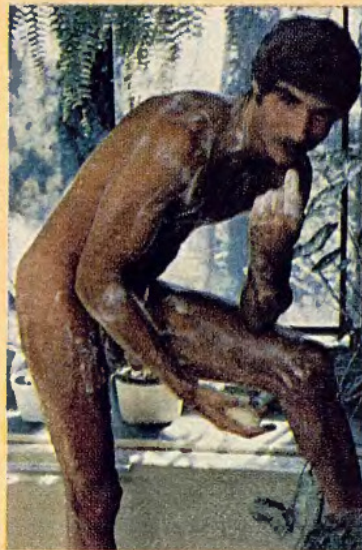
KISS & TELLERS

All right, now, everybody who *didn't* have a "relationship" with the late President John F. Kennedy stand up! Here are four of those who have confessed they did (from left): stripper Tempest Storm; socialite Joan Lundberg Hitchcock; Judith Campbell Exner, ex-friend of the late mobster Sam Giancana; and another ecdysiast, Baltimore's Blaze Starr.



FOLKS IN TROUBLE

The expletive that can't be deleted: Vice-President Nelson A. Rockefeller flashing the finger at hecklers in Binghamton, New York (right). Chicago cop Greg McDonald probably wishes the photo he sent to *Easyriders* bikers' magazine of a nude on his squad car (below) had been deleted; the resulting flap got him suspended.

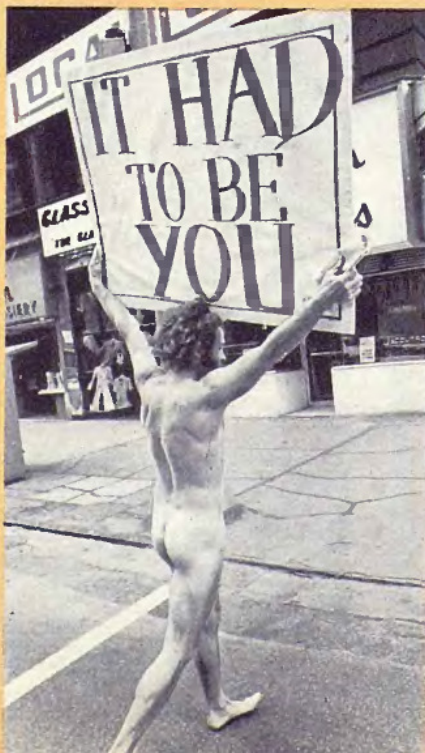


Former porn-film stars Harry Reems (above left) and Marilyn Chambers (above right, in her *Le Bellybutton Revue*) have been having their troubles with the law. Reems was convicted in Memphis of obscenity-conspiracy charges stemming from his role in 1972's *Deep Throat*; Chambers was busted for dancing nude at a Los Angeles movie-theater debut.



SKIN'S IN

This politician has nothing to hide: Eddie H. Collins hyped his candidacy for the Presidency of the U.S. by airing himself one chilly Sunday at Chicago's busiest intersection, State and Madison (below).



Linda and Joe Trosclair were wed in the buff in Newport, Kentucky (above); in *Naked City*, Indiana, Richard Buschinski (flanked by Miss Nude World and Miss Nude America, below left) became Mr. Nude Trucker. Below right, California's Sun Dial Nudist Club staged a bowling tournament.



Nona Montague (below) was crowned Miss Nude U.S.A. in San Bernardino while comedian Bill Dana, a judge, huffed that the girls looked sexier before they took their clothes off.



SCREEN PLAYERS



STEAMING UP THE TUBE



When this sort of thing—an uninhibited visit to a massage parlor (below)—cropped up on *Midnight Blue* over Manhattan Cable TV, executive wigs (not to mention some Congressional ones) flipped.



Meanwhile, on the networks, the topic of homosexuality turned up on two ABC-TV series the same week. Ken Olfson plays the swish roomie on *The Nancy Walker Show* (left); in *Family* (below left), regular Willie Lawrence can't accept the fact that his friend Zeke was busted in a gay bar. The season's prize for off-the-wall sex, however, goes to Norman Lear's *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* (bottom), in which Loretta's husband, Charlie, was to become guinea pig for history's first TV testicle transplant.



Onstage at the First Paris Porn Film Festival (from left): Robert Leray, at 50 named Best Actor; Jeanine Reynaud, one of the presenters of the phallus-shaped awards; Frederic Lanzac, director of *Pussy Talk*, Best Film; Claudine Beccarie, star of *Exhibition* and mistress of ceremonies. At right, Jean (*Defiance*) Jennings, chosen Best Actress.



Highlights from the land of X: Gerard (Deep Throat) Damiano's animated feature, *Let My Puppets Come* (above); Joe Middleton's *Through the Looking Glass* (left, with Catharine Burgess); and the Franco-Japanese production *L'Empire des Sens* (below), a sensation at Cannes but impounded by U.S. Customs on its way to the New York Film Festival.



HEAVY BREATHING AT THE MOVIES



It was an odd sort of year in the motion-picture business. While many moviemakers were bending over backward to avoid R (let alone X) ratings or substituting violence for sex, some film features got away with quite a bit. In *Tracks*, a politically hip feature directed by Henry Jaglom, Dennis Hopper lets it all hang out while running through a moving train (right). But the movie that probably sent the greatest number of audience members directly home (or elsewhere) to bed was the Martin Poll-Lewis John Carlini co-production of *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*, with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson (below), portraying, respectively, a love-starved British widow and a lusty American merchant mariner who, very obviously, hit it off in the sack. (For more on Sarah and Kris, see last July's *PLAYBOY*.)



TROLLS OF GOD

were a bright spot of the Depression. What they earned was used to establish a pilgrims' repose, a home for aging hobos. In grade school and early high school years, Buddy Hovacks often accompanied his white-haired, patriarchal grandmother on her stately visits there. While she inspected the kitchen or the altar linen in the Quonset chapel, he would steal away to sit with Father Moss, the uncomplicated, lantern-jawed 43rd Peregrine superior-general waiting for new arrivals beneath the girders of a nearby bridge where one rail line crossed over another. Father Moss would talk of Saint Clochard and Saint Molyneux and the joys of hard work. And Buddy Hovacks would promise himself he'd be a Peregrine when he grew up. Then one or two limber old men would drop down from a freight as it slowed on the grade, hoist their knapsacks and walk toward Father Moss's wave as sure-footed as kings. Hobos were as much a brotherhood as the monks, with their own rituals and El Dorados. They said, "Piss out the door of a moving boxcar and you'll be a hobo forever," and told junking stories of a certain mountain siding where brass axle bearings lay as thick as snow. Hearing them, Buddy Hovacks always resolved to be a knight of the road when he grew up.

But in high school he became something of a football star and after graduation, he went East on an athletic scholarship, intending to go into pro ball. But the war came along. After three years in Korea, Buddy Hovacks came home and joined the Peregrines. Religious communities thrive on war and they were the only one he knew.

The repose had grown shabby in the intervening years. Automatic transmissions and a dwindling vein of agate had reduced the Peregrines to making thick cuff links and tie clasps, which they mounted on cards and sold where they could. Bit by bit, their guests were drifting off. They didn't mind so much that the toilets didn't all flush or macaroni without end or the broken television. (As old Mr. Arnold remarked, the touch football between the novices like Buddy Hovacks and the younger priests beat television any day.) But it was getting hard for the Peregrines to hide their problems and the old men would not be burdens.

One morning, as they sat together under the bridge after having seen two old-timers off on a westbound freight, Father Moss voiced a fear to Buddy Hovacks that the situation might become worse, confiding in the young man not just because he was the grandson of the Peregrines' late-departed benefactress but also because he was a novice with a stake

(continued from page 78)

in the order's future. "What if everybody goes to short sleeves? What if the bow tie comes back?" It was hard for a man who was used to mining agate to find himself at the mercy of the whims of fashion.

Buddy had wanted to say, "Something's bound to turn up." But that hardly sounded appropriate to his new religious life. "The Lord will provide, Father," he said. But that hardly sounded Peregrine. Self-sufficiency was the heart of Saint Clochard's rule.

It was during his third year in the order that Buddy Hovacks received the lateful call from an old college roommate then in public relations. Saint Foy, a large Catholic college in the Midwest, wanted to start off a major fund drive with a bang. In return for a sizable donation to the repose, did Buddy think a Peregrine would agree to be shot out of a cannon at the Saint Foy home-coming? Buddy Hovacks was sure Father Moss would never permit it. This story of Peregrines shooting themselves from guns as a kind of ascetic exercise like column sitting or Hindu beds of nails just would not die and had cost the order many vocations.

Half joking, Buddy Hovacks made another suggestion. His friend was interested. Yes, a pleasant fall afternoon watching the famed Saint Foy Infidels brutalize a football team composed of sheltered, otherworldly monks might be just the ticket to get the hard-nosed, both-feet-on-the-ground alumni reaching for their checkbooks.

The idea of the young Peregrines' fielding a football team made Father Moss snort the way Spencer Tracy might have if Mickey Rooney had ever suggested they rent a barn and put on a musical. But the roof of the repose was leaking into the third-floor hall and the guttering was all gone to hell and it would be macaroni again for dinner. After a token resistance, he allowed himself to be persuaded.

The game proved to be a PR man's dream, making the wire services and 20 seconds on a network television show called *Sports Oddities*. Strangely enough, the Peregrine Trolls beat the Saint Foy team 6-0. No one was more surprised than quarterback Buddy Hovacks. The Infidels had played far off their game.

The win was a tonic for morale at the repose. The very next day, when Mount Saint Mungo, Saint Foy's traditional rival in the Holy Alliance, as the Catholic college football conference was called, wired a challenge to the Trolls, Father Moss accepted on the spot. Miraculously, the Trolls won again. That season, in exhibition games, they beat Saint Columba and Holywell, trounced Saints

Cosmus and Damian singlehandedly and edged out Saint Lawrence, perennial toast of the gridiron. At every game, the older Peregrines moved through the stands selling felt Troll pennants on miniature canes. So the plumbers and the roofers visited the repose, desserts returned and the comforting gunfire of the television could be heard in the guests' common room.

For the upcoming season, every team in the Holy Alliance scheduled at least one game with the Trolls. Indeed, the fans had taken the feisty little band of monks to their hearts. The Trolls played hard, clean ball, asking no quarter and giving none. They ran out onto the field with joyful stride and returned with the contented weariness of those who had done their level best. Half times were spent in prayer or perhaps Father Moss would introduce the representative of a company whose whirlpool bath, for example, the Peregrine share of the game's receipts was to purchase and let him explain with slides how beneficial it was for old joints and muscles. After each game, a line of monks with cowls up and heads bowed would cross to the opposing locker room, where they would ask each player in turn to forgive them if they had caused him pain, and then they would give the kiss of peace all round.

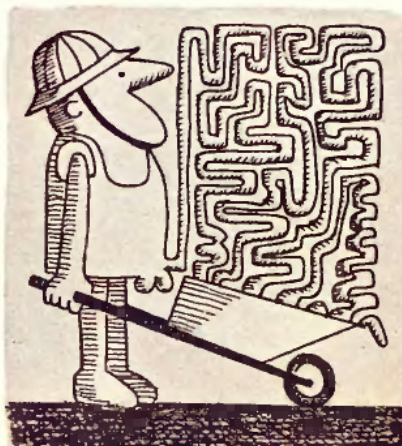
Some found the Trolls' string of victories eerie. Others claimed the monks had the strength of ten because their hearts were pure. Still others saw the hand of God in the whole business. But perhaps it was Monsignor Finn, venerable sports columnist for the *Boston Pilot*, who came closest to the truth when, well into their third season, he suggested the secret might be plain, old-fashioned fear of bell, book and candle. The good Catholic boys the Peregrines played against were put off their game by the Church's penalty of excommunication for people who use physical violence against those in holy orders. But by the time the teams of the alliance had amended their players' thinking on this point, the Trolls had found their football legs and were beginning to attract some fine young athletes who wanted to combine sports and the religious life, among them all-America defensive linebacker Malachy Dunn, or Blessed 88, as he would later be called, and Stuart "Shoeless Stu" Timmons, an admirable kicker who joined them from the Discalced Carmelites.

The publicity had also swelled the repose to bursting. The next move would have to be a new dormitory and an addition to the infirmary. But in Father Moss's mind, playing exhibition games with Catholic colleges was even more precarious than making cuff links. Take the rumor that the Trappists were about to get three of their people onto the P.G.A.

(continued on page 144)



ANGEL



LABORER



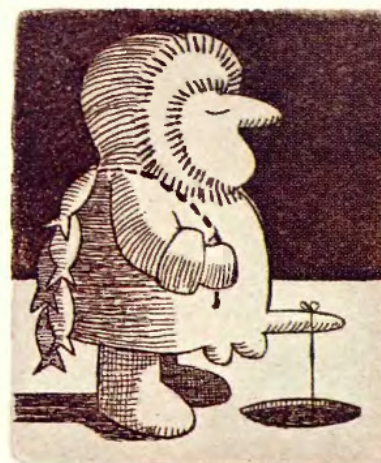
SOLDIER



PATIENT



KING



ESKIMO



TWIN

KAPLAN'S

Phallosies

another batch of
singularly constructed little guys

BACK IN November 1975, Ervin L. Kaplan's diminutive gentlemen and their appendages put in their first appearance before an appreciative audience. Encoring by popular demand, but with a new cast, the troupe is better, if not bigger, than ever. Kaplan's characters must surely have as their motto "*In genitalia veritas.*"



TROLLS OF GOD

tour. Were the Trolls, darlings of the moment, about to be replaced in the public's favor? Haunted by the Peregrine past, Father Moss spent long hours alone or with Buddy Hovacks under the railroad bridge, trying to find a way to put the Trolls on a permanent and more businesslike basis. Later, neither man would recall who actually came up with the idea.

Father Moss quickly called a news conference in which he categorically denied that the Peregrines and Notre Dame University were negotiating the terms of a Trolls-Fighting Irish clash. That same afternoon, a puzzled president of Notre Dame confirmed Father Moss's denial, adding that however exemplary the Peregrine cause, the Fighting Irish never played against what he described as novelty football teams. His condescension spiced the debate as the national media and the sporting world questioned whether mighty Notre Dame could, in fact, beat an undefeated team of monks who many believed were playing under divine protection. Father Moss merely bided his time, closemouthed. Sooner than he expected, a telegram arrived and he was able to call a second news conference and announce the matter settled once and for all: Rome had instructed him that under no circumstances would a game between the Trolls and Notre Dame be allowed.

Shock waves and umbrage followed. Congressmen viewed with alarm this attempt by a foreign power to meddle in U.S. domestic affairs. Southern seamstresses dug out half-forgotten patterns for making burnable effigies of the Pope of Rome. As if on orders, the Seventh Fleet weighed anchor and disappeared into a Mediterranean fog bank heading in the general direction of the west coast of Italy.

Two days later, just after dark, four men in black with turned-up coat collars deplaned from a Var-Air jet at nearby Lomax Airport and, glancing left and right, hurried across the tarmac to the Peregrines' rehabilitated school bus. Minutes later, they were closeted at the repose with an awed Father Moss and a gently sweating president of Notre Dame. Monsignor Spagnoli, the debonair spokesman of the clerical visitors, apologized for their surreptitious arrival, explaining that they had grown up in the Vatican diplomatic service under the venerable Cardinal Barducci, who had always cautioned them that the Roman nose must move circumspectly in the land of the Punic elephant. Then he suggested they confront the very serious problem that had brought them all together.

Here the president of Notre Dame interposed. Might he offer a solution? Trying for a canny smile, he remarked that

(continued from page 142)

however uncharitable his sentiments about the Peregrines might have sounded, they had had the desired effect: Two networks had already approached him with firm offers for a Trolls-Fighting Irish game. Considering the worthiness of the cause, perhaps Notre Dame could play them, after all. He was sure a satisfactory arrangement could be made; say, something in the vicinity of an 80-20 split of the net. Having said this, he sat back and lowered his gaze modestly. Italian eyebrows made Romanesque arches all round amid an embarrassed clearing of throats. The president of Notre Dame looked up again uneasily. "Seventy-five, twenty-five?" he offered.

"Father," explained Monsignor Spagnoli with quiet firmness, "under no circumstances could Holy Mother Church allow this proposed contest to take place. It would set Catholic against Catholic, rosary against rosary and rend the seamless garment of American Catholicism. The damage would be irreparable, the threat of schism real. There can be no game. The only question before us here is how we extricate ourselves from this situation gracefully."

Father Moss watched and listened as the clerical visitors smoked cigarettes elegantly and eliminated one solution after another. Trumped-up illness or injury would only delay the inevitable. Playing to a tie was too transparent. While the president of Notre Dame's chin trembled out of control, some consideration was given to both teams' retiring from football. But it was decided that would be throwing the baby out with the bath. The silence between suggestions had grown uncomfortably long when Father Moss interrupted the gloom by slapping his knee as though thunderstruck. The laughter that greeted his solution was tired but good-natured. Only Monsignor Spagnoli failed to join in. Shooting his cuffs, the Italian gave Father Moss a scolding shake of the head and an admiring smile, realizing that they had been led into a trap from which there was only one escape, knowing that before he and his colleagues walked back across the elephant-gray tarmac to their plane, the monks of the Peregrine Order would have Rome's permission to field a professional football team. After all, as Father Moss had observed, no one could expect the Fighting Irish to play against professionals.

•

Father Hovacks smiled out the oval window at the late-afternoon clouds. Yes, they had pulled it off. Their next move had been a sound one financially: The Trolls had joined the Seven Deadly Teams of the Pigskin League. The public outcry had been enormous. The Pigskin League was a world of rip and tear, lang

and claw, tromp and fist, where brute stalked brute and padded officials with heavy-handled whips and chairs were poised on the side lines to rush out and drive slaving pig-eyed linesmen from the body of a fallen quarterback. But a Pigskin League game was like watching jackals battle hyenas. Unable to glory in the victory of one side or the defeat of the other, the public stayed away in droves. To turn all this around, the league had been prepared to offer the popular Trolls most generous terms. For their part, the Peregrines were prepared to sacrifice their winning streak for the good of the repose.

To everyone's surprise, the Trolls edged the New York Goliaths 7-6 in their first professional appearance and shut out the Houston Pharaohs 9-0 in the second. The hand-of-God people smiled wisely. Later, they would point to the miracle during the Trolls' win over the Philadelphia Philistines that figured so prominently in the beatification proceedings of Malachy Dunn to prove their case. On the night of that game, Father Moss, who was choosing more and more to stay behind with the elderly guests at the repose, was praying in the candlelit gloom of the chapel, when he felt a hand on his shoulder, turned and found Malachy Dunn standing there in full football uniform. Before Father Moss could ask why he wasn't in Philadelphia, where he belonged, the figure motioned him to follow and led the way across to the main building and up to a smoke-filled second-floor room whose occupant had fallen asleep smoking in bed. The apparition had even helped Father Moss shove the glowing and smoldering mattress out the window. But when Father Moss turned around again, it was gone. At that same instant, on a playing field halfway across the country, 50,000 spectators and a television audience of millions were watching Malachy Dunn and the Trolls' defense fight to stem a Philadelphia drive. And yet the Philistines' "Testy Len" Hardesty would claim that when he went charging around the right end as one of the decoys in the old hidden-ball play, he had been stopped dead not by Malachy Dunn but by an angel with a flaming sword.

Even so, as Buddy Hovacks was always quick to insist, the Philistines had actually made a first down on the play and whatever divine intervention involved had been directed at saving the repose and its guests from fiery destruction, not at winning a football game for the Trolls.

Other cases were less clear on either side. Consider that first New York game. Goliaths quarterback Elwood "Third Avenue El" Macnamara's chronic bad knees—an affliction that no Peregrine was ever visited with, which says something for the power of prayer—had caused him to develop a spectacular passing game. But as he ran out to meet the

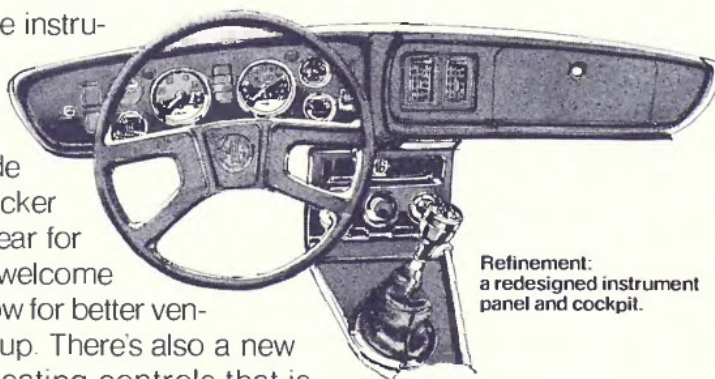
A great classic sports car, refined.



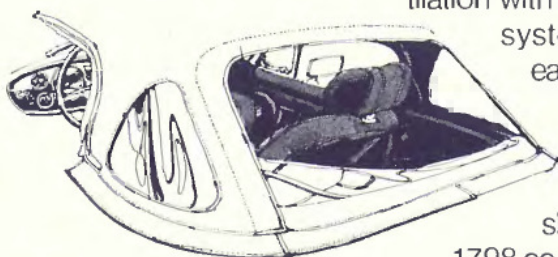
Introducing the 1977 MGB.

How do you improve on a living classic? Very thoughtfully. But very consistently. For, while MGB remains a classic wide-open convertible sports car, lean and low and nimble enough to win the SCCA Class E Championship again this year for a total of five wins in six years, it is also being continually refined.

This year, for example, we have redesigned the instrument panel to make the tachometer, odometer and gauges more clearly visible. The car handles even better than previous MGs because we improved the rack gearing to reduce turning effort and made the padded steering wheel smaller in diameter for quicker response. We also added anti-roll bars front and rear for increased handling stability. We've added small but welcome improvements in the form of a zip-down rear window for better ventilation with the top up. There's also a new system of heating controls that is easier to use.



Refinement:
a redesigned instrument
panel and cockpit.



Refinement:
a zip-down rear window.

And it all comes wrapped in the brisk, lithe, responsive sports car America has long loved. The 1977 MGB comes equipped with decisive disc brakes, quick rack and pinion steering, short-throw four-speed stick, race-proven suspension and a gutsy 1798 cc engine.

What it adds up to is more fun in a car that is world-famous for pure pleasure in driving. Drive the newest edition of the wide-open MGB. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

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Trolls that day, Macnamara discovered that his knees were sound as a dollar. While his terrible teammates wondered what had happened to the high-flying pass strategy that was to end the monks' winning streak, Macnamara turned the game into a jubilee of new-found legs, sneaking when he should have gone for the pitch-out, running when he should have tried the long bomb and scrambling for sizable losses at any excuse.

Or what of the strange case of Otto "Uncle Maim" Garmish, capstone of the Pharaohs' offensive line, who hoped someday to become public executioner in his home state? Of all the night courses for the required high school diploma, geometry most threatened Garmish's dream. Crouched there for the opening play against the Trolls, Garmish wasn't thinking about geometry but of how he would convert Brother Gerard "Shy Gerard" Oglvy, with whom he was nose to nose, into a lush carpet of torn flesh and crushed bone down which Pharaoh ball carrier Lawrence "Hairy Larry" Talbot would prance scoreward. But at the snap, a light seemed to come on between Garmish's eyes and he straightened up in wonderment. Talbot ran head down and full tilt into the small of Garmish's back. The ball popped out of his arms and into the hands of Shy Gerard, who was off and running back down the field, praising God all the way. Turning, Garmish grabbed the snarling and biting Talbot by lapels of flesh and shook him, explaining, "Hey, hey, the square 'pote-noose right angle triangle *does* equal squares other two sides."

Buddy Hovacks dismissed these stories as luck—and very good luck, at that, for Macnamara and Garmish. God, he knew, did not meddle in football games. He yearned for a defeat to silence those who believed otherwise.

Still the Trolls' winning streak continued. They turned back the Jersey Huns, trounced the Chicago Leviathans and humbled the Bay Area Behemoths. The devout found this edifying. The skeptics only shook their heads and said, "Wait till they play the Golden Calves."

The Golden Calves! The California Golden Calves! The prime of the Pigskin League! The Golden Calves were undefeated and unscored upon in human memory. Their infamous Mount Rushmore defense seemed to have been carved from a single block of stone and moved out onto the field with rollers. The backfield was peopled by snake-hipped titans and bolts of greased lightning like "Poxy" Peters, Bonar "Mr. Bones" Johnson, "Malign Sam" Withers and "Rebel" Snelgrove. But the awesome sparkplug of the team was quarterback "Unsavorly Eugene" Rhadaman, who, some said, had sold his soul to the Devil for a giant's body to match his giant brain. A massive-

browed, cruel-lipped genius, Rhadaman had once looked directly into a television camera and caught 40,000,000 viewers like a weasel mesmerizes its rabbit prey. He had held them with his unblinking, ice-blue gaze, read their souls and then, with a contemptuous sneer, had turned away. Since that day, he was obliged by contract to mask his eyes behind dark glasses.

A thrilling, a strange quickening around the world marked the approach of the inevitable encounter. The Trolls-Golden Calves game became the subject of a universal monomania, preoccupying every thought, word and deed. In Africa, natives began the long treks to the jungle clearings where Western missionaries, hopeful of an inspirational Troll victory, had set up television sets. In Moscow's posh commissars' clubs, posh folding chairs were being unfolded before screens onto which Red-Eye, the Russian spy satellite, would convey the game. The Vatican was a beehive of prayer.

Buddy Hovacks hadn't been able to understand the fuss. To him, it was just another game. Some you win and some, hopefully, you lose. But the next day you're out there again, doing the wind sprints and scrimmaging, getting ready for the next game down the road. Most of all, Buddy Hovacks was perplexed by the silent crowd that came to stand each day at the turnoff to the repose to watch with strained and anxious faces as the bus took the Trolls to the Lomax High School practice field and brought them back again.

At last, at last, the game arrived. As millions caught their breath and mothers everywhere covered their children's eyes, the Golden Calves spilled out onto the giant, televised egg of artificial turf. The backfield came first, supple giants in cadaverous near-green, near-purple uniforms. The stump-footed hulks of the line followed, making the ground shake.

Before a White House television set, a wide-eyed Russian ambassador, unable to contain himself, grabbed the U. S. Secretary of Defense by the upper-arm flexor and blurted, "W. Theodore, I have been authorized to tell you that we have devised a cola-colored liquid that causes the surface of the human skin to contract violently on exposure to sunlight." He cocked his head apologetically. "We had intended to add it to your drinking water only if attacked. We offer it to you now. Our people on the scene will give it to your people on the scene. When these Golden Calves run back out after what you call half time, they will all turn inside out like reversible raincoats."

Without taking his eyes from the screen, where the white-uniformed Trolls had appeared, looking like hospital attendants running to the scene of their

own accident, the Secretary of Defense said contemptuously, "Viktor, we have an odorless, tasteless mist that causes marrow to liquefy and run. In two seconds flat, our enemies would be bags of hollow, brittle bones that whistle in the wind, a dead giveaway in night fighting. Can you people understand why we can't use that mist here, old buddy? Can you see it goes to the heart of our one real moral imperative: 'If you can't beat them, then you must join them?'" A telephone began to ring.

"We also have a saying, W. Theodore," insisted the Russian. "We say: 'If Ivan's samovar makes better tea, then you must buy your glass from him.'"

Laughing at this pitiable adage, the Secretary of Defense picked up the telephone, listened, frowned and put the receiver down. He turned to the third man, sitting in an easy chair. "Mr. President?" he asked gently. The President of the United States acknowledged his Secretary of Defense by drawing a set of raw knuckles from his mouth. "Mr. President, the Golden Calves have arranged jet-helicopter transportation to take them to the United Nations Building afterward."

The President whimpered and cramped the knuckles back into his mouth. On the screen, "Bad News" Bailey, so called because he traveled so fast, had just run the Trolls' kickoff back 85 yards for a touchdown.

Though the Golden Calves' arrogant try to run the ball in for an extra point failed with Poxy Peters pulled down on the one, a Peregrine hanging from every limb, Buddy Hovacks soon knew who were to be the masters of the field that day. He was sacked repeatedly, his passes batted down by a moving palisade of colossal hands, his running plays stopped dead by the deep-rooted Golden Calves' defense. That the Golden Calves didn't score again gave him no satisfaction. It was clear Unsavorly Eugene was toying with everybody, keeping the game on the ground to wear down the Trolls and build up the crowd's hopes. As the second quarter drew to a close, the monks were mauled, exhausted and visibly slow off the snap. Their vaunted knees were beginning to buckle.

Then, all of a sudden, the Golden Calves were hit with a pair of penalties, one for biting the official who brought the two-minute warning to their bench, another when three Golden Calves, crazed by the smell of fresh blood, started a fight in the huddle. With 30 seconds to go, the Trolls found themselves within field-goal range. Shoeless Stu trotted out and did his stuff. The half ended Golden Calves 6, Trolls 3.

The crowd was still singing *We Shall Overcome* and dancing with wild abandon when the two teams returned at the



Gweth Brown

*"I just wish you wouldn't refer to
this as locking the barn door. . . ."*

end of half time. The Golden Calves appeared refreshed, thicker and taller. But the Trolls had risen stiffly from their prayers. The seesaw battle of the third quarter seemed calculated to maintain the crowd's fever pitch. First the Trolls would fight the good fight almost into field-goal position, paying dearly for each inch. Then the Golden Calves would push them back again. Halfway through the fourth quarter, a superhuman Trolls drive petered out on their own 45. Shoeless Stu's desperate kick fell to earth short and to the left. The groan was universal.

With purposeful stride, Unsavory Eugene led the Golden Calves' offense back onto the field and into a long huddle. In the silence, the stadium flags and pennants snapped like laundry while neckless heads rose up out of the bunched Golden Calves to leer and drool at the worn little band of monks. A fearful stirring moved through the crowd when Unsavory Eugene stripped off his dark glasses and crushed them into black powder in his fist. Then he sauntered over to the ball, grinning left and right at the stands, like an amiable wolf, and held up all ten fingers. On that play, Mr. Bones carried the ball ten yards, no more, no less. Had he chosen to continue, there was little the Trolls could have done to prevent him. Watching from the side lines, Buddy Hovacks knew the game was over. But he was proud of his teammates. Like true Peregrines, each had given his very best.

The quarterback of the Golden Calves was holding up ten fingers now, then five more. His pointing right up the middle of the Trolls' line was reminiscent of Ruth's famous home-run gesture. At the snap, Rebel Snelgrove kneed and battered his way up the center through the lead-limbed and bleary-eyed monks to carry the ball exactly 15 yards to the Trolls' 30.

In no hurry now, Unsavory Eugene looked around, hands on hips, despising the hushed crowd. In his own good time, he mimed a pass and raised ten fingers. ("Ten," said the crowd, as if they knew more would follow.) He flexed his fingers. ("Twenty," said the crowd.) He flexed them again. ("Thirty," said the crowd.) He added one more upturned middle finger and showed it all round, making the crowd moan. At last, the merciless cadence began. Blessed 88 and the Trolls' defense waited for the assault.

Suddenly, the wind turned chill. High on the rim of the stadium, a desperate group of spectators who had clambered up there intending to throw themselves to their deaths in the parking lot below was cheering and pointing westward. A moment later, a slanting shadow fell across the gridiron and a seething blue-black pillar of cloud rushed into view. As Unsavory Eugene cocked his passing

arm, the lightning flashed. As Malign Sam, having outdistanced the stumbling monk defense, reached up out of the end zone, a mighty thunderclap made the ground shake. The ball seemed to joggle in the air and bounce off the tips of his fingers. Fearful of Unsavory Eugene, who had never thrown an incomplete pass before, Withers kept right on running out of the stadium and was never seen again. Red as a boil, Unsavory Eugene called down curses on the cloud and struck out angrily with his forearm at his nearest linesman, Axel "Poleax" Grabowski, crushing the man's helmet like a pecan shell. (In Washington, the Secretary of Defense and the Russian ambassador were dancing in a circle in each other's arms, while the President, kneeling with clasped hands before the television set, promised fervently that he'd be good.)

The cloud hung motionless in the stadium sky, daring with lightning, threatening with thunder. Unsavory Eugene had to drive his teammates back to the line of scrimmage with his fists. The crowd cheered hoarsely or shed tears of silent joy. Loving the cloud with their eyes, they waited for the Golden Calves to be turned back again. The whistle surprised them. Everyone had forgotten the Trolls, praying in their defensive huddle. Everyone except an official. The call was delay of game. The thunder disapproved. The official could only repeat the delay-of-game signal to the cloud and then scamper for the side lines with a stitching of short lightning bolts between his legs. The stadium rang with relieved laughter. What did five yards matter now?

The penalty walked off, the Trolls followed Blessed 88 back to their huddle and stayed there. In a minute, the official was obliged to blow his whistle again. With an abject grin and a shrug at the cloud, he led the monks back another five yards. On the third whistle, the crowd stirred uncomfortably and Unsavory Eugene stroked his scowling jaw. Standing on the side lines, Buddy Hovacks understood and approved. No, this was no place for pillars of cloud.

As if it grasped the Trolls' impertinence, the cloud swelled with anger, blotting out the sky. A kettledrum darkness fell and an icy, sharp-edged wind howled and rushed about the stadium. The spectators crouched and trembled behind the seats. The Golden Calves pawed the withered polymer and crowded together, ham to ham, as rhinos do in snowstorms. But the Trolls only bowed their heads in prayer. Twice more, armed with flashlights and leaning against the wind, the officials marked off the penalties.

The Trolls were back to the five before the thunder stopped, the wind fell and the cloud, realizing it wasn't going to get its way, glided off as quickly as it had come. The fans atop the stadium waved

shirts and coats like castaways trying to hail a passing ship. (In Washington, the Secretary of Defense and the Russian ambassador clasped each other in horror while the President, shuffling forward on his knees, grabbed the television set in a bear hug and smashed it down onto the floor again and again.)

The game resumed in sunshine on the five with four minutes to go. Dark with rage, Unsavory Eugene shook his fist in the direction the cloud had gone and began his count. He intended to settle the Trolls' hash then and there with a quick hand-off to Peters and straight up the middle. But as Peters reached out to take the ball, Unsavory Eugene caught sight of Blessed 88, who, asking everyone's pardon and excusing himself as he went, was charging around the left end. Then blood filled Unsavory Eugene's eye. Straight-arming the astonished Peters, the quarterback of the Golden Calves decided he would break this fair-playing fool, this monkish freak who cared less about winning than about how he played the game. When, with an apologetic smile, Blessed 88 launched himself for a tackle, Unsavory Eugene seized him by the throat in mid-air and held him there in a monstrous clutch of fingers, resolving by sheer brute force to drive the football up the Peregrine's nose. Again and again, he drove the leather missile into Blessed 88's face. Then, made clumsy by rage, he smashed the ball against his enemy's helmet and it popped out of his hand. At just that moment, Shy Gerard, who for the entire game had been delving away at the Golden Calves' offensive line like the true Holy Moly Peregrine he was, saw daylight. As the miraculous cornflower breaks through the densest tarmac, Shy Gerard pierced the Golden Calves' line and there at his finger tips was the ball. He tucked it away and was down the field for a touchdown before anyone realized what had happened.

The rest is history. It looked like Bad News Bailey was going all the way with the kick return until he slipped on a patch of Blessed 88's blood at the Trolls' ten. With time for only one more play, Unsavory Eugene rifled a pass to Rebel Snelgrove as he charged across into the end zone. But the shadow of the Good-year blimp passing across the sun made Snelgrove start and look up, afraid the cloud had come back. The football bounced off his chest. Without breaking stride, Rebel Snelgrove followed Malign Sam Withers' footsteps out of the stadium. He did not even wait to hear the gun sound to end the game.

Later, when the Trolls visited the Golden Calves' locker room deep in the bowels of the stadium to ask forgiveness and give the kiss of peace all round, Unsavory Eugene flew into such a rage and stamped his foot so hard that he vanished right

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through the floor in a sulphurous cloud. The Golden Calves disbanded after that, the members going north of the border to play in the Canadian league.

For the next few years, the repose and its building program prospered. True to the if-you-can't-beat-them-join-them spirit, the players on the other teams experienced religious conversions of one kind or another. Testy Len Hardesty, for example, published a ghostwritten book on angels and Uncle Maim spoke regularly at youth rallies on behalf of the Deity who made "all squares 'potenoose equal squares other two sides." Nevertheless, it wasn't long before the Pigskin League went into a fatal decline. Some connected this with the untimely death of Blessed 88, who contracted blood poisoning rehearsing a razor-blade commercial. But Monsignor Finn may once again have put his finger on the reason when he observed in the *Pilot* that while good football teams are all alike, at least each evil football team is evil in its own way. Even jackals and hyenas are better than Alphonse and Gaston. The league foundered in the milk of its own human kindness.

The Trolls attempted to return to Catholic college football but discovered that their place in the fans' hearts had been taken by the Sisters of Lambretto, a daredevil motorcycle team composed of Italian nuns. For a while, they survived by playing exhibition games with schools like Southern Methodist, Texas Christian and Brigham Young, which were prepared to pay out good money for the satisfaction of whipping a team of Papist monks. But soon enough, even those games were hard to come by. Back at the repose, the ghost of Father Perry's What walked abroad in the shadow of the half-finished social center and through the weedy foundations of the planned geriatrics clinic.

In desperation, the Peregrines had started a flock of goats, aging a moldy cheese deep in the shafts of the agate mine. Father Hovacks—he had been ordained five years before—had been chosen to carry the first samples to Denmark and the Piebald Fathers, a religious order originally from Schleswig-Holstein that marketed a brand of cheese worldwide under the Laughing Monk label. But the Piebald Fathers weren't looking for an American blue. Loading Father Hovacks down with an assortment of their product, they sent him on his way.

The old school bus was waiting in the Lomax Airport parking lot with Wayne Zuch, the farmer neighbor's boy, behind the wheel. Father Hovacks' thoughts were too deep in the frustrating realm of Father Perry's What to wonder why. While the familiar scenery hurried by on both sides of the darkening road, he tried to prime

his imagination by running down a shopping list of others' things: Trappist breads and jams and jellies, Oka cheese and Chartreuse, green and yellow; Benedictine benedictine; Christian Brothers wines and brandies. He found no inspiration there.

Hitting the door lever, the Zuch boy said, "Goodbye and good luck, Father-hovacks." Not being a Catholic, embarrassed to call the priests Father, he ran all their names together like that. When Father Hovacks stood up, he found that they had stopped at the side of the highway a half mile beyond the Peregrine mailbox.

"And goodbye, bus, hello, chicken house," added the boy, as though the priest would understand the joke.

Through the open doorway, Father Hovacks could see a group of figures beneath the railroad bridge. When he stuck his head out the door, one of them—was it Father Moss?—waved and gestured him on. With a vague goodbye to Wayne Zuch, he maneuvered his suitcase out through the door. As the bus tottered back onto the highway, Father Hovacks stepped high over the thickly painted cables of the guardrail and took the gully-like path down through the weeds and high grasses. As he went nearer, he saw that all the Peregrines and the 20 or so guests who remained at the repose were waiting there under the bridge.

Father Moss came forward to meet him, as if to hurry him on. "Two bologna sandwiches and a pear," said the old priest, handing him a brown-paper bag.

"Meaning?" said Father Hovacks. Just then, those under the bridge who had been sitting got to their feet and the guests began checking knapsacks like parachute instructors preparing their jumpers.

"Meaning the keys are in the mail," said Father Moss, pulling him along. The others were all trotting for the tracks. "Lomax First National Farmers doesn't know it yet, but it just got itself a worked-out agate mine and a half-built home for knights of the road and foolish monks."

A slow freight came into view around the bend. The men along the tracks began to jog ahead up the grade.

"Just like that we hop a train?" demanded Father Hovacks breathlessly, for the suitcase was awkward to run with.

Father Moss pressed his lips together and nodded. "Mr. Arnold and his people have kindly consented to teach us the ropes if we're quick learners." The two of them had reached the tracks. Ahead and behind them, men were throwing their gear into the darkness of the empty boxcars and climbing in after it.

"But a train to where?" panted Father Hovacks.

Squatting in an open doorway, Mr. Arnold reached out skillfully, grabbed

Father Moss by the wrist and helped him up beside him. "Anywhere," said Father Moss, watching the young priest struggle to keep up with the train. "It's time to get the show back on the road. It's headquarters in the saddle for the next Peregrine superior-general or three." Father Hovacks had managed to keep abreast of the door. But then the gravel turned soft underfoot and he started to drop back. Father Moss nodded at the suitcase. "Chuck it," he suggested.

"Cheeses," gasped Father Hovacks. Impressed, Mr. Arnold swung out spryly on one arm and, when the priest hoisted it, he grabbed the suitcase. Now the young priest was able to lunge ahead, get his chest on the floor and pull himself into the car. He sat back against a wall and fought to recover his breath.

"Glad we didn't lose you there," said Father Moss dryly. "You're wearing the black suit. I didn't say we'd never need it again." He sniffed the air appreciatively. "Smells like elephant," he said. "A good omen. And thousand-mile paper, too, eh, Mr. Arnold?" He gestured at the large paper tatters hanging from the walls, evidence that the car had recently been used to carry grain. At Mr. Arnold's nod, Father Moss parroted what he'd learned, explaining that that kind of paper was sought after as ground sheeting. Some was heavy enough to last only 500 miles.

"And Rome?" ventured Father Hovacks hoarsely.

"When you gave us the word on the Piebald people, I wrote to Monsignor Spagnoli and asked for a favor, one and done. I asked him to misfile the Peregrine packet. God willing, it'll be years before anyone over there even thinks of us again."

"But what will we do?" asked Father Hovacks. But the question was half-hearted. All of a sudden, he had realized that he was perfectly content to be where he was with everything that had been disappearing behind them in the growing darkness.

"We stick together until we get to the yard in Tatlock," said Father Moss. "Then we break up into gangs, two parts us, one part Mr. Arnold's people. We've got a lot to learn. When the next generation comes by to ride the rods, we'll show them how and give what help we can. We'll live by junking and eat wild strawberries from along the track. And once a year, we'll come together in council under a bridge to be determined later." He shrugged and stood watching the shadows race by. "Who knows what to do? But the world is too much with us, Father," he declaimed loudly. "Late and soon, getting and spending, Father, we laid waste our powers." Then he unbuttoned his fly and, continuing in the same voice, said, "Piss out the door of a moving boxcar and thou shalt be a hobo forever."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 71)

directors of NORML. I think the Playboy executive was impressed to find out that we were serious—we weren't a bunch of fuck-offs. A few weeks later, I got a call saying that we should submit a budget and I should go to Chicago and meet Hugh Hefner. So we drew up a proposed budget for \$60,000 a year and I flew to Chicago to meet Hefner.

PLAYBOY: How did the meeting go?

STROUP: It had its ups and downs. To begin with, the night before the meeting, Burton Joseph, a Chicago lawyer who's the director of the foundation, took me out to dinner and I drank too much. To tell you the truth, I was nervous, and I was into grass by then and hadn't drunk much alcohol in a couple of years, and I just got drunk and stayed out too late. So the next morning, we had the meeting scheduled for 11 o'clock. Several people had pointed out to me that Hefner seldom got up that early, that he was making a special point to come to this meeting. So I arrived at the Mansion hung over, nervous, my hands shaking, but wearing my best suit and tie and determined to make a good impression. And this beautiful young lady sat me down and a butler in a tuxedo brought me coffee on a silver tray. I mean, it was incredible. My dreams had come true. So finally, Joseph appeared and took me into the living room of the Mansion, where the meeting was being held, and I walked in and I could see Hefner and eight or ten of his executives sitting at a table and I was nervous as hell, and as I started down the steps, I slipped on a step and nearly fell flat on my ass. Literally, I was down on the floor. I figured I'd blown the whole thing and Hefner could see through my apparent sophistication and tell that I was obviously some fuck-up of a farm boy who couldn't even walk into a meeting right.

PLAYBOY: Hell, Hefner probably didn't like meetings any more than you did.

STROUP: Actually, Hefner tried to put me at ease. He said something about the floor's being slick, and gave me a chair beside him, and started asking me questions about my proposal. There was discussion, and some of his executives questioned whether that was the time to get into the marijuana issue, and it was clear to me that Hefner was more sympathetic than some of the others were.

PLAYBOY: What was the upshot of the meeting?

STROUP: When I got back to Washington, Joseph called and said the Playboy Foundation would give us \$5000 to start NORML. I almost turned him down. At that time, I had a wife and a child and a new house, and he wanted me to go out into the hard, cruel world on \$5000. But he convinced me that if we did a good job, there'd be more money coming, so we took the \$5000 and in January of 1971, NORML officially began operations

in the basement here on M Street.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing in those early days?

STROUP: Not a lot. Putting together an advisory board. Trying to find out what was happening around the country. The first big thing that happened was when PLAYBOY agreed to give NORML a free, full-page ad in the magazine. We thought that would solve our money problem. It had given the Vietnam Veterans Against the War an ad, and it had brought in more than \$100,000. We thought we'd get that much, too.

PLAYBOY: What kind of ad did you run?

STROUP: It was headed "Pot Shots" and had a mug shot of a young guy who'd been arrested for marijuana and it told about NORML. So the ad ran in PLAYBOY and we received maybe \$2000 as a result of it. The thing was, people didn't know if we were for real. NORML didn't exist except in my basement and in my mind. People weren't going to send us money and their names and addresses, not knowing if we

*"I don't do cocaine much,
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ities treat it as
if it were heroin."*

might be a front for the Bureau of Narcotics.

PLAYBOY: So you had to start organizing?

STROUP: That's right, we had to do some work. But we still didn't have any money. All we had were a lot of letters the ad had brought in—from smokers, from people in jail, from people who wanted to help—and I was becoming a pen pal to all of them. I'd write back and say, "Thanks for writing, we agree with you, we'll be back in touch with a project," but we didn't have any projects. We didn't know what the hell to do. We had no money, we couldn't travel, we had no programs. I was afraid we were becoming a sham. I didn't want to be part of that. So late in 1971, I went back to Playboy and said, "Look, let's either get in or get out. Give us a year's budget so we can do some work." And Playboy gave us a commitment of \$100,000 for the next year. That obviously was a whole new trip.

PLAYBOY: There were some strange goings on in the early days of NORML. We're thinking of things like the Free John

Lennon rally and the guy in Florida who wanted to give you money. Do you remember those?

STROUP: How could I forget? The Lennon rally was in 1971. I had met this successful young home builder in Phoenix who was very interested in the marijuana issue. That was when the Government wanted to deport Lennon because he'd been convicted in England on a marijuana charge. So this fellow decided to stage a rally to get money and support for Lennon's cause. Some of us thought that Lennon had the means to take care of himself, but that's what this guy was determined to do.

PLAYBOY: Who came to the rally?

STROUP: Every radical activist he could find. Black activist Lee Otis Johnson was there and poet John Sinclair, both just out of prison on marijuana convictions. And I and writer Karl Hess and Tony Russo, from the Pentagon-papers trial, and Vernon Bellecourt, one of the leaders of the American Indian movement. Our host rented a speedway for the rally and there were helicopters to fly us in from the airport and chauffeured Lincoln Continentals to ferry us around, and air-conditioned trailers for us at the speedway, and security police to protect us from the hordes of Lennonites who were supposed to fill the speedway.

PLAYBOY: What happened to the hordes?

STROUP: They never showed up. There were maybe 400 people instead of the 40,000 or 50,000 he'd expected.

PLAYBOY: But the show went on?

STROUP: Oh, sure; we had to make all our speeches to the empty bleachers. We all felt like complete fools.

PLAYBOY: Did Lennon show?

STROUP: He not only didn't show, he didn't even recognize it as an official function. He wouldn't even say a few words via long-distance phone. It was one of those cases where you give a party and nobody comes. But I will say this, it was an interesting weekend.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your benefactor in Florida.

STROUP: That was in 1972. This fellow called me and said he'd inherited a lot of money from his uncle and he wanted to give NORML \$100,000 and be our Florida coordinator. Needless to say, I was on the next plane to Florida, and he met me at the airport. He was a lawyer and an average-looking fellow. We drove to his house and it was in a neat, well-trimmed, prosperous neighborhood, and suddenly you reached his house and there was this jungle. Overgrown with weeds and vines and hedges and trees—nothing had ever been trimmed. There wasn't even a path. You had to fight your way through—you needed a machete. We struggled into the house and the fellow explained that he didn't believe in killing anything that lived, and that included grass and weeds and trees. Well, the inside of the house was bizarre, too—filthy, stacks of junk everywhere, the classic



“Well, as I always say, ‘As long as no one gets hurt.’”

hermit's abode. People kept coming by and telling him hard-luck stories, and he gave away \$10,000 or so while I was there.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't get any?

STROUP: No, because I decided the fellow probably wasn't competent and it might have been criminal, or at least unethical, to take his money. I left town and never heard from him again.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the drug scene in general. Besides marijuana, what drugs have you used?

STROUP: I've tried just about every drug, except heroin.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate the others?

STROUP: Well, cocaine is an interesting drug to use occasionally. I wouldn't want to do it often, because you're very conscious that you're under the influence of a drug. But you get a lot of work done. If you've got a paper to write, for example, and you've been putting it off, you can take a couple of good hits of cocaine and 12 hours later you've got your paper. The reason I don't do cocaine much is, first, it's terribly expensive and, second, the legal risk is incredible. It's not an addictive drug, but the authorities treat it as if it were heroin.

PLAYBOY: Shall we tell the world about NORCL?

STROUP: Why not? That's kind of an inside joke around here, that after NORML comes NORCL, the National Organization for the Reform of Cocaine Laws. Actually, I think it's a legitimate issue, but at this point, the Government is so uptight about cocaine that I think whoever started NORCL would spend a significant part of the first five years in and out of jail.

PLAYBOY: What about heroin?

STROUP: I've never tried it. I've never even seen any. Once people become strung out on heroin, they are caught in a miserable situation. It's a medical problem. They need help, not punishment. Nonetheless, it's not a culture I can in any way identify with.

PLAYBOY: What about LSD?

STROUP: Three or four years ago, some friends and I experimented with hallucinogens, and I have a great deal of respect for the positive side of the whole hallucinogenic family—LSD, MDA, psilocybin and the others.

PLAYBOY: What's the positive side?

STROUP: I found myself, like most people who trip, thrown into a sense of cosmic awareness, of wanting answers to questions about life. Everyday things seemed trivial—I felt like I wanted to spend a few years up on a mountain, thinking about things. It was much like a religious experience. There were the same kinds of questions you don't have the answers for. It was frightening the first time, but I came to enjoy it as an intellectual pursuit.

PLAYBOY: That's the good news; what's the bad news?

STROUP: Well, you have to be willing to simply drop out of touch for 12 hours or

so, which isn't practical on a day-to-day basis. And you need a day or two afterward before you're really ready to do any work. I think the main danger with hallucinogens is juveniles' using them, in a black-market situation, whose minds aren't mature enough to handle them. It can be a frightening, dangerous experience—especially if the stuff is adulterated.

PLAYBOY: What's your feeling about uppers?

STROUP: I don't like them. As I said, we used uppers—amphetamines—to help us study in college. Kids today use them for the sense of euphoria they give, but from all I've seen and read, the effects of amphetamines are very negative. Real speed freaks seem to go through negative personality changes and become very hostile to people around them.

PLAYBOY: What about downers?

STROUP: I don't like the effect of the high. The downer high, whether it's from barbiturates or soapers or Quaaludes or whatever, is very similar to the one you get from alcohol. It makes you sloppy physically. You run into doors—the kids call them wall bangers. Downers, whether

"The bastards killed Bobbie Arnstein, just as surely as if they'd shot her, because some publicity-hungry narcs wanted to make a case against Hefner."

pills or alcohol or even heroin, are preferred by people who want to escape reality, to be out of touch. That's an important distinction. If you want to escape some pain or some problem, you don't take marijuana, because it makes you more in touch, more sensitive. Downers make you feel good in the sense that you don't feel at all.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people use them with sex, don't they?

STROUP: Yes, but to me, that's the worst kind of sex, the kind we used to have when we were drunk. You know, the college boy who had to get drunk before he had the nerve to make his move and the woman who had to be drunk before she'd get into bed, and by the time you got in bed, neither of you could feel a thing. You could have a three-hour sex bout and not remember a thing the next morning. So I see downers as drugs taken by people who want to escape, and I see that as basically destructive.

PLAYBOY: Are there drugs that you think do enhance sex?

STROUP: Marijuana and cocaine, I would say.

PLAYBOY: Would you clarify how you feel about the legalization of the various drugs other than marijuana?

STROUP: I think all drug use should be decriminalized. In other words, you shouldn't put people in jail for using any drug. The question is, do you keep criminal penalties for the sale of the various drugs or do you go ahead and legalize and regulate their sale?

PLAYBOY: How do you answer that?

STROUP: At the one extreme, I think that marijuana is substantially harmless and should be legalized. At the other extreme, I think heroin is dangerous and addictive and should not be legalized. In between those extremes, there are a lot of drugs, like cocaine and hallucinogens, that I'm really not sure about. I don't think we yet know enough about their effects to legalize their sale. But, I repeat, I don't think people should be jailed for using them.

PLAYBOY: What about alcohol?

STROUP: I truly think this country would be better off if the 100,000,000 people who currently drink alcohol would try marijuana.

PLAYBOY: Given your strong distaste for alcohol, would you like to see more laws regulating it?

STROUP: No, not really. More than six years with NORML have given me a strong sense of libertarianism. But I think people should be educated to the problems of alcohol.

PLAYBOY: You're an admitted drug user and you've been an outspoken critic of the Government's drug policies. Why do you think the authorities—presumably, the Bureau of Narcotics undercover agents—have never tried to bust you?

STROUP: Perhaps I should say, having confessed to all this drug use, that the only drugs I use these days are marijuana and a little wine. So if anyone wanted to bust me, it'd only be for possession of a small amount of marijuana, and it would obviously be for political reasons. I guess if they've ever considered that, they've decided it might backfire.

But you never know. I had a strange experience recently. I had gotten to know a top-level narcotics agent when we both testified—on opposite sides—before the Maryland legislature. He invited me to speak before a seminar of Washington-area narcotics agents. So I addressed a couple of hundred undercover narcotics agents—young, mostly white and male, with longer hair than mine—and I'd never encountered such hostility before. After I said I smoked grass, one of them said, "By the way, Mr. Stroup, I didn't get your address," and another one stood up behind me and started frisking me—that was their idea of humor, to joke about busting me. When one of them asked why I didn't turn in people who sold me drugs, and I said that wasn't my

job, that I wasn't a police agent, they started booing me. The whole thing freaked me out.

PLAYBOY: To have a narc frisk you is fun and games, but you were involved in one encounter with the Bureau of Narcotics that was deadly serious. We're thinking of the trial of Bobbie Arnstein and her suicide. Would you summarize what happened?

STROUP: Yes. Bobbie was a close friend of mine, and we used to talk on the phone almost daily. I had to watch while the narcs framed her, put the screws to her and finally caused her suicide. She was an extraordinary woman and I feel the loss very personally.

Bobbie was Hugh Hefner's executive assistant, a very important and valued employee. She was 32 years old, lived in the Chicago Playboy Mansion, enjoyed drugs, but, essentially, she was a hard-working professional woman, and she certainly never dealt any drugs. In fact, she had never been arrested for anything. Her trouble began when she was going out with a guy who was a street dealer. She took a trip to Florida with him when he brought back some cocaine. And when he got caught, the Drug Enforcement Administration, backed by U. S. Attorney James Thompson, decided to bring Bobbie to trial along with him. She denied knowing anything about the drug deal in Florida, but they made a deal with the cocaine dealer in Miami and he said she carried the package of cocaine back to Chicago. Normally, you don't try a dealer's girlfriend along with him, someone who was just along for the ride. But this wasn't any ordinary girlfriend, this was Hefner's assistant, so an ambitious prosecutor saw a chance to get some publicity and maybe build some kind of case against Hefner. So they tried her and convicted her on perjured testimony. She was provisionally sentenced to 15 years in prison. But all the while, they weren't after Bobbie, they were just trying to make a deal with her. They were saying, "Tell us about the drug use in the Mansion, tell us about Hefner, and we'll let you off." They thought she'd implicate Hefner before she'd go to prison. But Bobbie knew Hefner wasn't involved at all, and so she chose an alternative. She killed herself. After that, the DEA closed the whole investigation, announcing that it had found no evidence of any hard-drug use in the Playboy Mansion. But the point is that the bastards killed her, just as surely as if they'd shot her, because some publicity-hungry narc wanted to make a case against Hefner. Bobbie simply couldn't stand the pressure, so she took the only way out she could find.

PLAYBOY: What have been your dealings with Hefner?

STROUP: I've gotten to know him socially—Bobbie was really the person who brought me in contact with him. I see him occasionally and I try to keep him

briefed on what NORML is doing. The point I would make about Hefner is that I think he deserves a lot of credit. In the Fifties and Sixties, he led the fight against the censorship laws, and in the Seventies, he's led the fight against the drug laws. And, as Bobbie Arnstein's case suggests, he hasn't done it with impunity. He's taken some heat, because he's stood up for what he believes in.

PLAYBOY: Despite NORML's political successes, you've had serious financial problems, haven't you?

STROUP: Yes, funding for NORML has always been a problem. We continue to raise more money each year, but our programs also grow. Altogether, we raise and spend around \$300,000 a year.

PLAYBOY: What have been your main sources of income?

STROUP: During 1975, in round numbers, we took in \$130,000 from memberships and donations, \$70,000 from the sale of NORML T-shirts and bumper stickers, \$50,000 from the Playboy Foundation, \$20,000 from *High Times* and \$20,000 from lecture fees.

PLAYBOY: What are your own future plans?

STROUP: I don't really know. I think that within two or three years, the issue of marijuana decriminalization will be settled, and then the issue will become what kind of legalization system we should

develop. I hope NORML will continue to exist and be involved in that issue, and perhaps I will be, but I have serious doubts that I want to stay through that phase of it. I think I'd like to write and perhaps start working on some other public-interest project, one that has nothing to do with drugs. I also want to spend more time with my eight-year-old daughter, Lindsey.

PLAYBOY: You must have been discouraged sometimes, both with the political obstacles you've encountered and with the financial problems.

STROUP: Yeah; my salary is \$13,500. I'm paying child support out of that and I've been living for four years in a room above my office. But you don't go into public-interest law expecting to make much money. And being broke doesn't necessarily mean you're a failure. I think it's been worth it, because I've had the chance to do such creative, stimulating work. I was very lucky to stumble onto the idea of NORML at the time I did.

I've been able to play a part in the end of an era of prohibition, a significant social change, and those opportunities don't come along very often. So I feel lucky to have been able to participate. If I had been a few years older or a few years younger, there might not have been such a fascinating project around.



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RAQUEL WELCH

(continued from page 71)

the ground; the pages are caught in the breeze and the picture of Raquel, resplendent in her leather sexuality, disappears.

The cop clears the way and Raquel and her two friends walk quickly into the theater.

At the edge of the sidewalk, the red-haired lady with the galoshes is standing motionless, watching Raquel fade from view. She holds her hands clasped in front of her fervently. Her eyes have become enormous; she seems transfixed.

"Got a live one, right, lady?" Ace says to her.

"It was Raquel," the lady says in a faraway voice. "It was Raquel."

"We knew you were coming, doll," Ace says cheerfully. "We set it up special."

The lady turns and looks at the two television men.

"She's so . . . so . . ." The lady gestures helplessly. Words fail her.

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Irving says. "I always say actresses are a dime a dozen, but a great pair of boobs is a joy forever."

He puts his arm around the red-haired lady's shoulders and smiles at her with warm camaraderie.

"That's what I always say," he tells her. "What do you always say, lady?"

The hallway is filled with people. A half-dozen girls in elaborate costumes come breezing down the stairway, their high heels clicking on the concrete steps. A young man with thinning hair and a scarf around his neck meets them at the bottom.

"You girls in the Lauren Bacall number?" he asks.

Nobody answers him.

The man refers to a clipboard in his hand.

"We'll need you back upstairs in twenty minutes," he says. "Make that fifteen. Oh, and sweetheart," he adds, tapping one of the girls lightly on the arm, "your feathers are on crooked."

The man hurries up the steps, looking at his watch.

The girl with the crooked feathers looks after the man with a homicidal stare. She minces his walk for her companions.

"Shove it up your ass, Tinker Bell," she hisses.

Raquel and the two people with her come through a doorway and into the corridor. The people crowding the hall pay no attention to her. There are long lines at the telephones and the soft-drink machines. A loud-speaker is broadcasting the rehearsal that is going on upstairs.

Two security guards standing with their

backs to a wall watch her walk past. One of the guards looks at the other and winks; he holds his hands cupped in front of his chest, as if he is grappling with two oversized grapefruits.

"Shit," the other man tells him.

Upstairs, the center aisle has been rendered impassable with cables and equipment. There are people scattered about in the seats, talking, sleeping, smoking cigarettes in casual defiance of the signs; there are people roaming the side aisles, in groups and alone; there is quite a bit of shouting going on around the stage area. For all the activity, there is no sense of cohesive action.

At one side of the enormous stage, a bearded man with a headset is trying to pull the rehearsal together.

"Could we have Jack Valenti up here, please?" he says. He shades his eyes with his hand and searches the perimeter of the lights.

"We have to move quickly here, people," he says in a small shout.

Raquel stands just inside the doorway and looks about her uncertainly. There is a tall man in a green sports jacket standing nearby, yelling into a telephone.

"The fucking musicians can go home when we're through," he says into the receiver, "that's when they can go home!"

There is a brief pause as the man listens to the other end; his face colors slightly and the veins on his temples become prominent.

"Don't tell me about the union," he says menacingly. "The union can suck my dick."

The man slams the telephone down as if his intention is to destroy it. He looks up and sees Raquel standing quietly in the aisle.

"Well, now!" he says, breaking into a large smile. "Glad you're here! Great you're here! Just take a seat—anywhere—be comfortable. Get with you in a minute."

Raquel walks to one of the rows of seats down front and moves into the middle.

She leans forward and looks back in the direction of the man with the green sports jacket.

The man has Sammy Davis Jr. standing beside him; Davis is talking with a great deal of animation and the man has arranged his face into a configuration of attentiveness. Davis points to his watch as he speaks, then swings his hand around toward the stage. The man also looks at the stage, as if there has been an apparition, then spreads his hands apart and shakes his head sadly from side to side. Davis stares at the man for a moment, then throws his arms up in the air and walks away. The man in the green sports jacket watches him go with a mixture of concern and relief.

As Davis moves off to find a seat, he spots Raquel and gives her the wave of a man in a lifeboat signaling to a plane.

"Look who's here!" he calls out over several rows.

Raquel laughs and returns the wave. Davis makes his way over to her with a great display of enthusiasm.

"Just look who's here," he says again; he bends over to kiss Raquel on the cheek. "Come down here to do nothin' with the rest of the folks? We thought you were lost or something."

"It was the traffic," Raquel says. She removes her scarf and shakes her hair loose. "The freeway was unbelievable."

"It's the rain," Davis says. "Weird time for it to start raining."

"I don't know," Raquel says to him, "if you've met my secretary, Mary Brendan. . . ." She gestures to the woman next to her.

"Hello, Mary," Davis says.

"And a dear friend of mine from London, Terry O'Neill," Raquel continues.

Davis spins around to take the Englishman's hand.

"Hello, Terry," he says. He looks at Raquel. "They rhyme."

"Hah . . . yes, well . . ." Terry says. He looks away.

"Terry is the number-one ace photographer in the world," Raquel tells Davis.

"Bit of an overstatement, actually," Terry says.

"Not at all," Raquel says, waving this away. She eases out of her raincoat and glances up at the stage.

"I know I'm dreadfully late," she says. "I was supposed to be here forty-five minutes ago, but that damn freeway—unbelievable."

"Haven't missed nothin'," Davis says. "Nothin' to miss. I've been waiting for them to run through my medley—I'm ready but alone, if you see what I'm saying."

"Why it's always necessary to do things this way," Raquel says, "I have no idea."

"Well," Davis says, "that's showbiz, baby." He lifts himself up onto the toes of his madras-patterned platform shoes and tries to catch the eye of the bearded man with the headset.

"Ready for me?" he calls out loudly. He points with his index finger to the top of his head, so that there is no confusion; a large supply of jewelry rattles around like kitchenware on his wrist.

The bearded man onstage is supporting his forehead with the palm of his hand, like an illusionist summoning up a card trick. A gigantic replica of the Oscar statue looms over him like an enormous phallus.

"Cat's head is flying half fare," Davis says, jerking his thumb in the bearded man's direction. He takes a seat next to Raquel.

"Is it always this, ah, disorganized?" Terry asks.

Onstage, the girls in the feathered costumes have arrived for their dance number. A man with a stop watch hanging

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from his neck stands in front of them with his hands on his hips. He stamps his foot loudly on the floor boards.

"There are five girls here," he calls out impatiently. "One, two, three, four, five. There are supposed to be six girls here. One, two, three, four, five, *six!*"

"It is *always*," Raquel says, "this disorganized."

"Once," Davis says, "a couple of years ago, they had it all pulled together real tight. People showed up and didn't recognize where they were, so they had to cut it out."

"I think it's grand fun," the secretary says. "Really, I do."

"That's because you're not a performer, Mary," Raquel says.

"Say amen to that," Davis says.

"I just hope they give me something funny to say," Raquel says. "They never give me any funny lines. They just have me read all those dreadful names."

"Yeah," Davis says. "They got some funky folks on those lists."

"I can't decide," Raquel says, "whether I should wear my glasses or not. I'll see better, of course. . . ."

She takes off her glasses and holds them in front of her at arm's length.

"But then, on the other hand, I'll look like a person wearing glasses."

"Well, don't misunderstand me," Davis says, "and it ain't none of my business, but I don't think anybody's gonna be exactly noticing the glasses. If you know what I mean."

"I think you look lovely in glasses," Mary says to Raquel. "I honestly think that."

"Make you look a bit intellectual, they do," Terry tells her.

"God forbid," Raquel says.

"An intellectual sex symbol," Terry says. "Could become the rage."

"Don't start that sex-symbol stuff with me, Terry," Raquel says. "You know I loathe that."

"Bit of a joke," Terry says.

"Can't disappoint the public, baby," Davis says. "People might never recover. Did they get you outside the door?"

Raquel nods wearily.

"Some crazy acts out there," Davis says. "In the rain and everything. Dedication, Jack."

"I don't mind it," Raquel says, "I really don't mind it most of the time. But sometimes people can be so . . . *strange*."

"There was one bloke outside," Terry says. "positively off his tunc."

"We were coming in," Raquel says, "and this little man just came out of nowhere and he just *stared* at me."

Davis laughs as if Raquel has told him a joke.

"I mean, really . . ." Raquel says.

"Well," Davis says, "that's what comes with the job. That's what they mean when they say it comes with the job. That's what they're talking about."

"Yes," Raquel says. "I know."

"When you walk out of your house, man, in the morning," Davis says; he leans back and puts his shoe on the seat in front of him, "you gotta put on your face. 'Cause people are gonna be lookin', right? You know it. But that ain't the killer. It's when they *stop* lookin' . . ."

"Ladies and gentlemen, your attention, please," the loud-speaker announces. "We need Susan George onstage now. Could we have Miss George up here, please?"

"Aw, *no!*" Davis says with disgust. "Ain't this nothin'?" He checks his watch, a small face on a diamond-studded band. "Past my dinnertime and everything."

He gets to his feet and smooths the seat of his trousers with the palms of his hands.

"Gotta go see what's what," he says. "Clean up a few acts. Nice meeting you, folks." He winks at Raquel. "Be cool."

"Such a nice man," Mary says as Davis walks away.

"Champion bloke," Terry says. "Tired, Rocky?"

Raquel has her hand over her mouth, smothering a yawn.

"I just want to do this and get out of here," Raquel says. She yawns again. "I mean, I know what it's going to be. I know there aren't going to be any funny lines . . . I *know* that."

"These are the nominations for Best Foreign Film," Susan George is saying onstage. She squints into the distance. "No, sorry," she says. "Can't read them from here."

"I'm going to wear my glasses," Raquel says. "The hell with it. It's going to be bad enough as it is without stumbling over the frigging cards."

"Not to worry. Nobody listens to the petty names. Feel free to improvise, if you like."

A thin, erudite-looking man in his 60s has appeared at Raquel's side. He offers his hand to her formally.

"I'm Leonard Spigelgass," he announces, with a slight bow of his head. "I am the author of . . . all this."

He takes in the entire production with a casual gesture.

"I'm Raquel," Raquel says.

"Yes," the man says, "of course you are. And it is my singular pleasure to inform you that your services will be required shortly. Isn't that nice?"

The man settles into a seat and smiles at Raquel pleasantly.

"Quite a little flurry here, isn't it?" he says. He takes a roll of peppermint Life Savers out of his pocket and pops one into his mouth. "Extraordinary, really. Life Saver?" he says, extending the pack to Raquel.

"No, no thank you," Raquel says. She looks at the back of her hands for a moment. "Did I understand from what you said that you, ah, wrote this show?" she asks.

"That is correct," the man says. "If you want to call it writing. Some would. Thousands wouldn't. More a matter of sheer *will* than writing. More a matter of money than anything else, if the truth be known."

"Do I have any good lines?" Raquel says. "A joke or something, you know, some little funny something."

"Nothing," the man says, without hesitation. "Not a one. But then, it's not the sort of thing that really matters, is it? It just goes out over the airwaves and disappears. Just goes away. Like a passing storm." He breaks his Life Saver with his teeth. "Just like that."

"I'm not sure I understand," Raquel says.

"This," the man says, pointing around him. "It doesn't matter." He looks at Raquel closely. "You know what I mean by *matter*, don't you? A play, for example. That *matters*. A book matters. These are things with thought. For *thinking* people." He taps his temple with his index finger. "But *this!* This is a collection of adjectives, is all it is. *Stupendous, marvelous, delightful, incredible* . . ." He ticks these words off on his fingers. "You see? What difference does it make?"

"Well," Raquel says slowly. "If you're talking about the Academy Awards—I assume that is what you're talking about."

"Precisely," the man says.

"Well, I think this all serves a very important function to the motion-picture business," she says. "I think it generates interest in movies with the public. I think it does that."

"And that matters?" the man says. He raises his eyebrows in amazement.

"Well, *yes*," Raquel says. She stops a moment. "It matters to *me*."

"Ah," he says, absorbing this. "Why is that?"

"*Why?* Why, because I'm an actress, is why," Raquel says. "I act in the movies. I want people to go to the movies."

"Fascinating," the man says. He seems surprised. "You care about the movies, do you? You believe in the motion-picture arts?"

"Of course I do," Raquel says. "Doesn't everybody here? I mean . . . isn't that what this is all about?"

"Publicity," the man says in a confidential tone. He gives Raquel a knowing look. "That's what all this is about." He rests his hand on her arm. "What I'm *asking* is, do you feel that people going to the movies is worth while? Are we accomplishing anything by what we do?"

Raquel leans away and studies the man for several moments. Her eyes narrow somewhat and her mouth tightens slightly.

"Look," she says, "I just make my living doing what I know how to do. And I want to keep on making my living and that's why I'm here and I'd say that's probably why everybody's here. I'm just a working actress, that's all. I don't think



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about it philosophically." She sighs and rubs her hand across her forehead. "I just . . . don't think about it that way."

"Yes," the man says. "Well, I've often suspected that art without philosophy was what the movies were all about. Perhaps so, hmmm? Ah!" He raises his hand to his ear like a silent-film cowboy aware of the approaching Indians.

"They're calling your name," he says to Raquel.

"Wonderful," Raquel says. She stands and stretches her arms out from her sides. She rubs her fingers through her hair, brushing it backward. She dabs with her hand at the sides of her nose.

"Would you like a mirror?" her secretary asks her.

"This is a rehearsal, Mary," Raquel says, "not dinner for twelve."

She straightens her sweater and moves out of the row. In the aisle, two men are arguing about the chances of the Rams' acquiring Joe Namath. Overhead, a bank of lights goes unexpectedly dark and one corner of the theater turns black.

"All right," someone yells, "who's fucking around with the goddamn board?"

Raquel hurries down the aisle and starts up the steps to the stage. As she reaches the last step, her foot catches on one of the thin cables that crisscross the

stage like ivy roots. Her glasses slip from her head and drop to the floor. As she stoops to recover them, she sees that one of the lenses has popped free. She holds the broken spectacles in her hand as if she were cradling a wounded sparrow.

A stagehand dressed in a sweater as orange as the sunset on the ocean gives her a sympathetic look.

"Can I get you anything?" he asks.

Raquel looks up at the stage and out at the theater. She turns back to the man and shakes her head.

"You wouldn't know where to begin," she tells him.

A rail-thin young man with closely cropped hair is standing by the door of the restaurant. He is wearing a strawberry-colored Western shirt with a sequined cowboy stitched on the back. He taps a yellow pencil against his teeth and stares without interest through the open doorway and beyond to the traffic on Santa Monica Boulevard.

A waitress on her way by makes a toy gun out of her hand and presses it into the young man's back.

"OK, Tex," she purrs, "let's see your piece."

The young man doesn't take his eyes

away from the street. He twirls his pencil reflectively.

"Don't fuck with me, Margot," he tells the girl.

"Not me, lover," Margot says. She pokes the young man with her gun again.

"Did you see who we've got in the back tonight?" she asks him.

The young man turns to look at the girl; he is a masterpiece of ennui.

"I've been at the door all evening, Margot," he says. "I know who's here."

"I see," Margot says. "Well, I guess sex symbols just don't do anything for you, right, cowboy?" She pats him on the cheek and begins to walk away. "You being a faggot and everything," she says over her shoulder.

Margot glides away, giggling merrily.

Raquel, sitting at a table at the back of the room, rubs the stem of her wineglass with her fingers.

"I live here," she says, "and I can tell you that there are people in this town who you don't see anywhere else."

"It's the movies," Terry says. "What it is."

"Yes, it's the movies," Raquel says. "But there's something more, something about this place. I think maybe it's the weather."

"Keeps people warm, it does," Terry says. "Keeps them out in the open."

"Well, you *do* stay warm. Which, believe me, is a big plus if you happen to be . . . without resources." She glances around the restaurant. "This town is paradise for people without resources."

"I see," Terry says. "Broke, you mean?"

"Yes," Raquel says. "You can live on the air here. Of course, when I was here and broke, I thought all the good things were waiting somewhere else. New York, that's where I thought everything was. And that's where I went, which I should have had my head examined for. I had two kids and not a penny, you realize, but I was off to New York to be a star." She smiles at herself. "Good old Rocky," she says.

"And you got how far?" Terry says.

"Texas," Raquel says. "Terry, I know you've already heard this story. I haven't gone senile. I was just making a point."

"Sorry," he says. "Just a bit of Greek chorus, is all."

"You are really quite impossible, Terry," Raquel says.

She picks up a menu lying on the table and begins to study it.

"Do you think you would have been better off?" Terry says to her after a moment.

"Better off?" Raquel says. "What are you talking about?"

"Had you gone on to New York. Done theatrical things. Somewhat of a rhetorical question, actually, considering—"

"God, no," Raquel says. She flips the menu over and looks at the desserts. "If



"What d'ya mean you never heard such dirty talk? Don't you ever go to the theater, movies, read books?"

I'd gone to New York, I would have died. I would have literally died. I realized that when I got to Texas, I could feel the weather changing one night and I knew the farther East I went, the colder it was going to get, until finally I'd get to New York, where I'd freeze to death."

She folds her menu and puts it down.

"It was winter, you see," she says.

"Yes," Terry says.

"Well," she says, "I decided that I was prepared to starve, but I was sure as *hell* not going to freeze."

Raquel picks up her glass and takes a ladylike sip of wine.

"If what you want to do is survive," she says, "then you should do it where the sun is shining and the weather is warm."

"I'll drink to that," Terry says. He raises his glass in what could be considered a toast to the restaurant at large. "Here's to all the survivors gathered here. Just one big lifeboat, it is."

"To all the refugees," Raquel says, "from all the sinking ships."

"May none of them be us," Terry says solemnly.

As they celebrate this concept, a waiter in a striped T-shirt and a blue-denim apron approaches the table. He reaches for a pad and pencil and smiles congenially at everyone present.

"Hello, my name is Dave," he says. "I'm your waiter for this evening."

"Bloody marvelous," Terry says. "Everybody ready here? Ladies first, I imagine. Rocky?"

"Uh," Raquel says, "yes, well, let me see, I'm not quite. . . ."

She picks up her menu and looks at it intently. Dave holds his pencil poised above his pad.

"What . . . ah . . . ohhhhhjesus. . . ." Raquel runs her finger over the menu, as if it were written in braille. "What is the Anything Goes Salad?" she says finally. "What would that be?"

"Well," Dave says, "it's a salad. It's made with three types of lettuce: Bibb, iceberg and romaine; and it has bean sprouts, *garbanzo* beans, kidney beans, carrots, hearts of palm, mushrooms, avocado, tomato, water chestnuts, raisins, pine nuts, dandelion greens, asparagus, anchovies, green pepper, cheese—"

"Ah," Raquel says.

"And a dollop of yoghurt," Dave says. "You choose your flavor."

"Yes," Raquel says. "I'm sure you do. But I think I'll just have fish." She consults her menu again. "I'll have the rainbow trout, please."

"On the dinner?" Dave says.

"No, just fish," Raquel says. "Just fish, on a plate."

"You get soup with that," Dave says. "You can have cream of mushroom, clam chowder, split pea—"

"Just fish," Raquel says. "That's all."

"Just fish," Dave says. He writes the order down. "OK, then, anybody else on a diet here?"



"My husband doesn't suspect a thing, either. He thinks I'm having an affair with his best friend."

"I'll have the same thing," Mary says. "I'll have the fish as well."

"Two fish," Dave says. "I have two fish. Will it be three fish?"

"I'd like a cheeseburger, if you can manage one," Terry says.

"Nothing to it," Dave says. "One hamburger platter—"

"But with cheese," Terry says.

"But with cheese," Dave says. "OK, I guess that takes care of that. Food will be here shortly. Enjoy yourselves."

He casually picks up the three menus, tucks them under his arm and departs.

"My goodness," Mary says, after the waiter is gone. "Isn't he the odd one?"

"Probably an actor," Raquel says. "Sometimes it seems that everyone is in show business. It gets quite tiresome, really, if you want to know the truth."

"Bloke's probably the hit of the kitchen," Terry says.

"Without a doubt," Raquel says. "Very tiresome."

She takes a cigarette from a pack lying on the table and Terry produces a lighter for her with gentlemanly dispatch.

"Or am I not supposed to do that?" he asks, snapping the lighter shut.

"Either way," Raquel says. "As it happens, I don't have a match."

She leans back in her chair and smokes her cigarette. She closes her eyes.

"So he's got them fucked," a man at another table is saying in a rising voice, "and he makes the deal, they give him the deal, they let him direct the picture. The thing is, he doesn't know dildó about directing. He's down in Florida forever, they're losing money on a minute-to-minute basis, they finally wrap it up, bring it back, they look at the film and they absolutely shit their pants. *Absolutely* shit their pants."

"You're right, Terry," Raquel says, opening her eyes. "The movies have made this town as comical as it is. There's no other excuse for some of these people."

"Movie people are super," Terry says. He unwraps a packet of saltines and pops one of the crackers into his mouth. "They exist, somehow, almost exclusively on the symbolic level, don't they? Greed, passion, treachery, fear." He crumples the cellophane and drops it into an ashtray. "Dostoevsky should have seen Hollywood."

"It would have depressed him," Raquel says.

"Hah," Terry says. "Yes, well. People suit their environment, Rocky. If you go 161

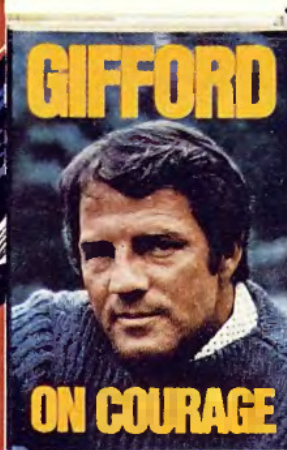
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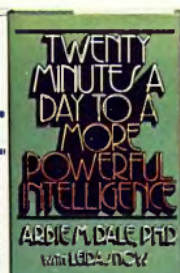
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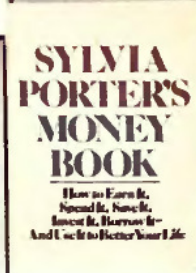
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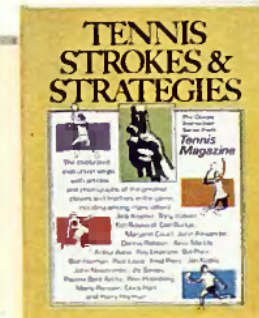
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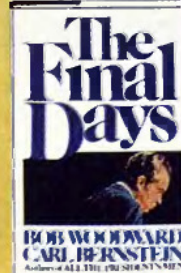
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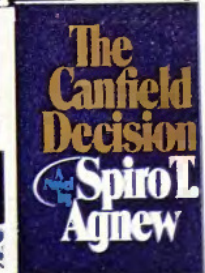
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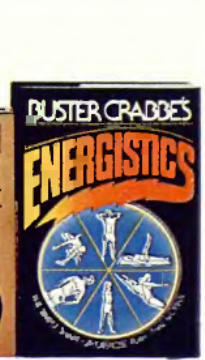
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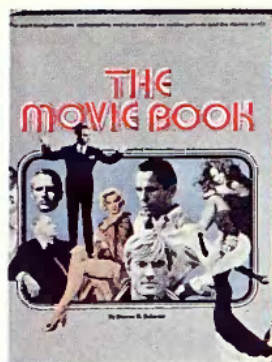


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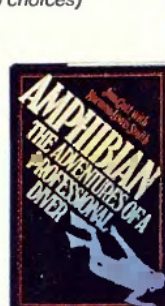
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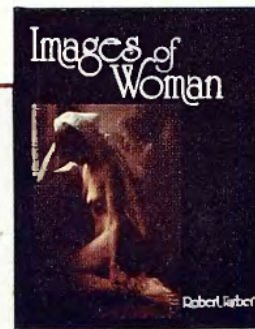
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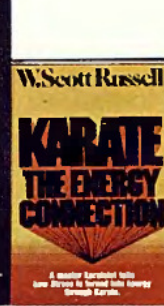
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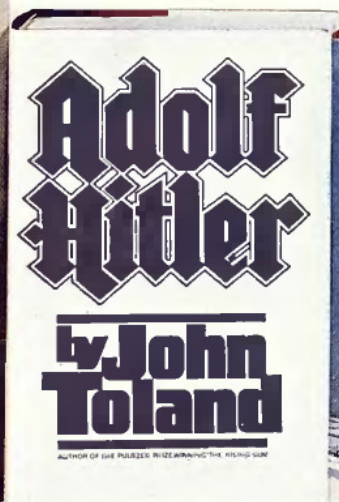
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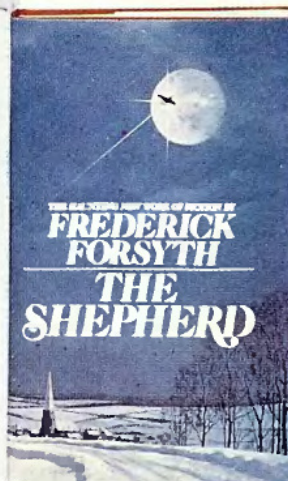
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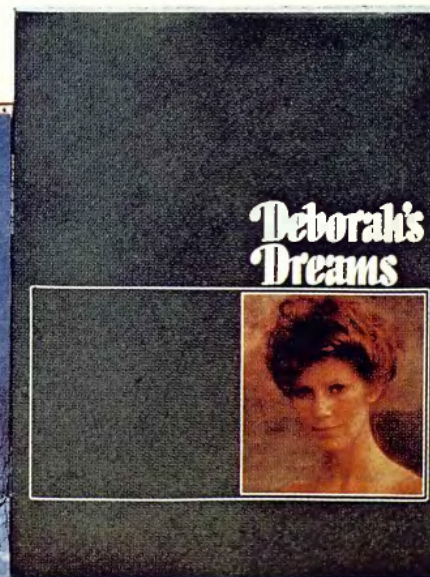
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to Paris, you see Parisians. Can't help it, really. Same thing here. You come to Beverly Hills and people are talking deals. Movie deals. It's an entertainment, in its way. Gives the town some jazz."

"You can carry anything too far," Raquel says. "The Hollywood mind-set adores excess."

"They adore themselves," Terry says matter-of-factly. "This is a narcissistic town, luv. Beauty and pizzazz. Whose tits stand firmer? and so forth. New York, on the other hand, is a chauvinistic town. Quite the other thing."

"I see," Raquel says.

"Like night and day," he says.

"Well," she says, "I think when you're monopolized by one attitude, whatever it is, it's a drag. You don't see right after a while. You're at the mercy of events."

She exhales a final trail of smoke and puts out her cigarette.

"That's living in this town," she says, "being at the mercy of events. You have three big fears: fire, earthquake and being out of step with everybody else. The last is the worst, because when you get to that, you just disappear. You're gone."

"Retire to the Continent," Terry says.

"Or Seattle or someplace," Raquel says. "But at least the people here keep smiling, no matter what. This would be a miserable place to live if it weren't a rule of Hollywood etiquette that one must maintain a lighthearted humor even in distress. New York is much worse, as far as that goes. New York is outrageous. Not only are people consumed by their own world . . . their own crazy world . . . but they're so terribly serious about it as well. Christ."

"I was in Washington last week," she says. "At a White House dinner. Talk about serious." She rolls her eyes. "I came away depressed beyond belief, it was so unbearably dull."

"Dull at the White House, is it?" Terry says.

"The White House, Washington—the whole thing," Raquel says. "The *people*. They were beyond description, Terry. So boring. I felt as if I couldn't catch my breath properly."

"They were all alike," Mary says with consideration. "All the same thing, it seemed like."

"Everybody was *very* solicitous," Raquel says, "and *very* gracious, but they were all so"—she searches for a word—"boring," she says finally. "No spark at all. The Fords were nice, they seemed to have a little sense of humor about the whole thing, but the rest—zero." She makes a large circle with the thumb and index finger of both hands. "And these are our leaders," she says.

"How disquieting," Terry says.

"Yes," Raquel says. "You know, I was at a party the other night at the Bistro that was being held in somebody or

another's honor . . . I can't seem to remember who." She stops and taps her forehead in an attempt at recollection.

"Well," she says after a moment, "I guess it couldn't have been anybody very important. Anyway, Henry Kissinger was—"

"Oh, he's important," Mary says, trilling somewhat.

"Yes, but it wasn't his party, Mary," Raquel says. "He was only there." She pauses long enough for this distinction to be made. "Anyway," she goes on, "I was telling him about Washington and being there and how intense everybody seemed . . . you know . . . and he just smiled, this little secret sort of smile, and he said very softly, 'Zeze people play for keeps!'"

"Ha!" Terry says. He laughs appreciatively. "He said that, did he?"

"He's marvelous," Raquel says. "He has a sense of humor. Besides which, I think he's one of the only people in Washington who know what the *hell's* going on in the world. Government"—she shakes her head sadly—"God help us, I suppose."

Raquel takes another cigarette and Terry extends his lighter.

"What we need," she says, leaning toward the flame, "is some commitment."

Terry turns up his hands, indicating helplessness in a fickle world.

"*C'est la vie*," he says.

"*C'est la bullshit*," Raquel says. Her features are hazy with cigarette smoke. "There is something not right with the world. The Government is supposed to serve the people, but now all people expect from the Government is to be fucked over. Things are not what they should be."

"Things never are," Terry says.

"Listen," Raquel says, "I think fucking people over has become the national pastime. It's all you see. God knows, when you get down to it, that's what the movie business is all about, fucking people over. People in the business can't let it go at simply being involved with their profession or performing better in their job. That's too tacky-tacky. You have to get crazy about it. You have to draw your salary at the expense of somebody else. Somebody's got to drop dead so you can breathe their air. If so-and-so gets one point two million dollars for a picture, then you have to get one point *three* million dollars. Just like that. Where's the commitment?"

"Tell you what it's time for," Terry says. "Time we had women running things, for a change. Break the chain of male command, and so forth. I don't think women would be as likely"—he raises his eyebrows and smiles—"corrupted by power. How's that?"

"Oh, Terry, really, you have such an exalted idea of women," Raquel says.

She shakes her head from side to side. "You're absolutely Victorian in that regard."

"No, come on, now," Terry says. He raises his hands, as if in surrender. "Name me a woman who's acted tyrannically and exploited power the way male politicians do. Name me one."

Raquel looks at the table for several moments.

"Marie Antoinette," she says finally.

"Oh, now you're picking one case in *thousands*," he says in a small shout, "and it wasn't even that she was exploitive, poor dear, she just had such a hallucinatory outlook on life—"

"No," she says firmly.

"No?" he says. "What do you mean, no?"

"No." She points her finger at him, nailing it down. "Believe me, Terry, *no*. If it doesn't happen frequently, that's because women aren't in positions of power frequently. That's all. Women are capable of being just as vile and deplorable and treacherous and unscrupulous—"

"Ohhh," Terry says, moaning. "You're ruining my whole day, luv."

"Don't you think I know what I'm talking about?" Raquel says. She spreads her hands in a pantomime of candor. "This is *me*, Terry, this is *Rocky*. Believe me, there's nothing inherently moral about being a woman." She laughs suddenly. "Terry, you are absolutely unreal. You are a gentleman to a fault."

She throws him a kiss off the tips of her fingers. He bows his head in return.

"Tell me something, Rocky," Terry says. "What would you do if you had a tremendous amount of money to spend any way you wanted? Do anything at all."

"How much," she says, "is a tremendous amount?"

"Oh . . . three million dollars, say. Four million. Doesn't matter. Whatever seems like excess to you."

"Three million dollars," Raquel says. She pulls at her lower lip. "Jesus, I mean, it would depend on so many things. . . ."

"Well, just think," Terry says. "You know, would you buy an airplane, for instance? A yacht? A fleet of yachts? Just think of yourself."

"Probably, I'd buy film properties," Raquel says. She thinks about this a moment. "Yes, that's what I'd do."

"All right, good," he says. "What else?"

"What else? Well, I, Christ, I can't even think . . . you know, three million dollars isn't as much as it used to be."

"OK, then, ten million," Terry says. "It doesn't bloody matter, Rocky. I'm just trying to find out how you would indulge yourself. Come on, be a good girl."

"Well, I *told* you, I'd buy properties. Isn't that what I'd do, Mary?"

"Yes," Mary says, nodding in agreement. "That's what she'd do, Terry. That's what she talks about."

"Yes, but"—he looks about him with

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exasperation—"but how the bloody hell many film properties could you buy? I mean, let's say that's all taken care of. Let's just pretend, pet, you know, like the movies—"

"Terry, this is so incredibly boring, I . . ." Raquel says, raising her hand to cut him off. "No, *wait*. I'm thinking. I'm thinking. All right . . . let's see." She thinks. "OK," she says. "First, I'd probably set up trust funds for my kids, so that they'll be OK, but, well, now, there's something I feel funny about. You know, kids who have money in the bank waiting for them . . . I don't dig that that much. I don't think it's the best thing in the world, *but* that would be one thing I'd do."

"OK, take care of the kiddies," Terry says. "There's a good mum. What else?"

"Whatever else seemed necessary at the time," Raquel says. "I suppose I'd buy a house for my parents, and maybe a flat for myself in Paris, or a place in . . . I don't know, Acapulco or someplace . . . I just don't know, Terry. The idea of a lot of money isn't all that interesting to me. If I had a lot of money to spare, I'd direct it toward my craft. I know that upsets you in some way, but that's what's most important to me, to improve myself as an actress. If I can do that, then I'm happy. Isn't that what money's supposed to buy?"

"Happiness?" Terry says. He scratches his head. "Possibly. There are conflicting reports. How about you? Are you happy?"

"Yes," Raquel says. She raises her hand, preparing to elaborate, then has an afterthought and lets her hand slide back onto the table like a kite losing wind. "Yes," she says again.

"What have you done in the past, oh, year or so that you've really approved of? What's been the thing that you could look back at and say, 'There . . . there I am, God love me?'"

Raquel closes her eyes and purses her lips. From somewhere in the restaurant, there is a rush of communal laughter.

"I'll put it like this," she says at some length. She opens her eyes and focuses on the edge of the table. "I think I can honestly say that for the past couple of years, I've been happy with myself and with what I've done. I can look back at that time and not see anything that would make me scream."

She shifts in her seat and draws a breath; she appears unaware of the sound of her voice.

"That's not bad, you know," she says, "being able to look back without wanting to scream. It's something different."

Terry watches her closely; his silence seems to hold the potential for comment, but he says nothing.

"I'm working at what I want to do and nobody has their foot on my neck. I don't

get crazy anymore. I'm not obsessed."

"It's the better way," Terry tells her.

"It's not bad," she says. "OK, and not bad. I don't have to tell you that it's been worse."

"Whatever the past is," Terry says, "it's gone and done with. Fuck whatever. You know what you want."

"I don't want anybody's sympathy," Raquel says. "I don't give a damn about that. Just let me be, let me do my job. There's nothing wrong with that."

"Look, Rocky," Terry says.

"Jesus, what do people want, anyway?" Raquel says suddenly. She discovers Terry's hand resting on her own. "It's not my problem what they think about me. They think whatever they want. Why should I have to pay for that? You tell me why. You tell me why I should have to pay for that."

"Do you believe that?" Terry says.

"Believe it?" Raquel says. She laughs dangerously. "I'll tell you. What happened to me two years ago, when I did that picture in France, that was the bottom of the barrel. That was the gutter. I told myself that I would never let myself be vulnerable to that sort of humiliation again. And that's when I found out how you have to pay for what people think. You know what I'm talking about, Terry, this isn't a misunderstood sex-symbol thing. That's for the magazines, the hell with that. This was ugly, hateful violence. There was this little director who was going to show everybody that he was a big man by beating up the girl with big tits. You saw what I looked like; you took the pictures. I was going to sue the bastard."

"Every business has its sick side," Terry says. "You said it yourself about the movies; it's not a delicate profession. Neurotic people calling themselves artists. Telling the world how sensitive they are. Bloody lot of crap. For most of them, their sensitivity doesn't go beyond the crotch."

"Sick," Raquel says. She spits out the word. "Spoiled children running around making a movie. A lark. Everybody trying to outdo one another, each one trying to be more on top than the next."

"All those stars, all those egos," Terry says. "It couldn't have been any other way."

"It made me feel dirty about what I do for a living," Raquel says. "All these power plays, all this bullshit . . . where's the justification for that? Jesus Christ, it's just a job; that's *all* it fucking is, just a job. You go where you're told to go, you say the lines, you do your work, you cash your check and you go on to something else. That doesn't make you any different from the next person."

"It shouldn't," Terry says, "but it does."

Raquel lights another cigarette and smokes it in silence for several moments.

"In a way, it was funny," she says at last. "After I'd left and gone to Paris, I read the accounts in the papers. All about temperamental Raquel. Isn't that a joke?"

"Let it go," Terry says to her quietly.

"They said how unprofessional I was," she says, ignoring him. "How I'd walked off the set in the middle of the picture. Middle of the picture, my ass. That shit-head came into my room when I was packing to go home—after we'd *finished*, mind you—and he told me that I *couldn't* go until he *told* me I could go. Until *he* told me, can you believe it? Well, I told him to go fuck himself, politely, and I picked up the bag and started to leave. And that's when he hit me. And he kept on hitting me."

She makes her hand into a fist and grinds it against the edge of the table.

"He wouldn't have tried anything like that with anybody else on that film. But he'd do it to me. He sure as *hell* thought he could do it to me. Do you want me to tell you why? Do you want me to tell you?"

"Forget it," Terry says. "I'm telling you."

"He would do it to me," Raquel says in a rising voice, "because of what I am. Because I'm Raquel, that's why. Because I'm like the girl who's slept with everybody in town, so you don't have to bother with formalities when you take her out. *That's* how you have to pay for what people think of you."

She looks down at her hand, still a fist. She relaxes it slowly and spreads it flat on the tablecloth.

At a table across the way, there is a young man with a stylishly trimmed beard and tinted aviator sunglasses. He wears a tailored leather jacket over a faded denim work shirt. He slouches self-confidently in his chair, one arm draped over the back; a thin gold bracelet clings to his wrist. He stares openly at Raquel and smiles with pleasure.

Raquel leans her head back and looks at the ceiling. She takes both of her hands and rubs them across her forehead and through her hair. As she straightens in her seat, she sees the bearded man looking directly at her. For a moment, she is caught in his line of vision, like a deer in an automobile's headlights. The man's smile widens with relaxed familiarity.

"Looking fine," he says to her across the distance.

Raquel seems startled; she pulls her eyes away and brings her hands to the sides of her face. She does not look up, but she hears the man's laughter as she takes her cigarette and slams it into the ashtray.

Crippson



"Goodbye, William. Whatever it is you're looking for, I hope you find it."

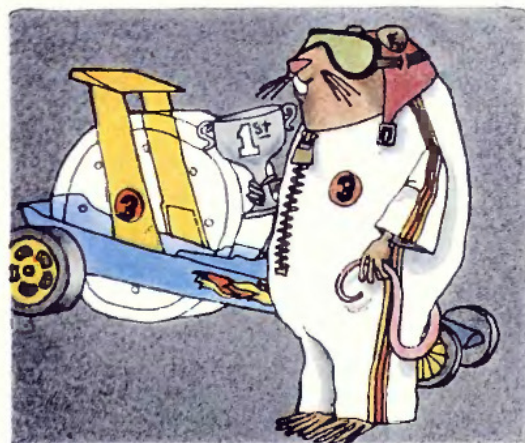
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TANKING UP THE DOWNHILL RACER

For those who really like to pour it on when they hit the slopes, a company called Boozski, at 655 Redwood Highway, Mill Valley, California 94941, is selling \$18.95 kits that convert your standard strap-handled ski poles (give make) into miniflasks that will each hold a cup of your favorite sauce. Or, for \$24.95, you can get the strapless model shown here. Either is the only way to fly.



HERE'S THE RUB

Has the snap, crackle and pop gone out of your sex life? Then perhaps it's time you and your beloved checked into one of the erotic-massage workshops that a licensed masseur in the San Francisco area named Ray Stubbs is offering over several weekends during the coming months. A two-day session will set you back \$125 per couple—and includes a sampling of erotic toys. (For a brochure, write to The Celebration, P.O. Box 67, Larkspur, California 94939.) And when you've mastered the basic rub-a-dub-dub, Stubbs has an advanced course available. Golly, Martha, haven't we already gone about as far as we can go?

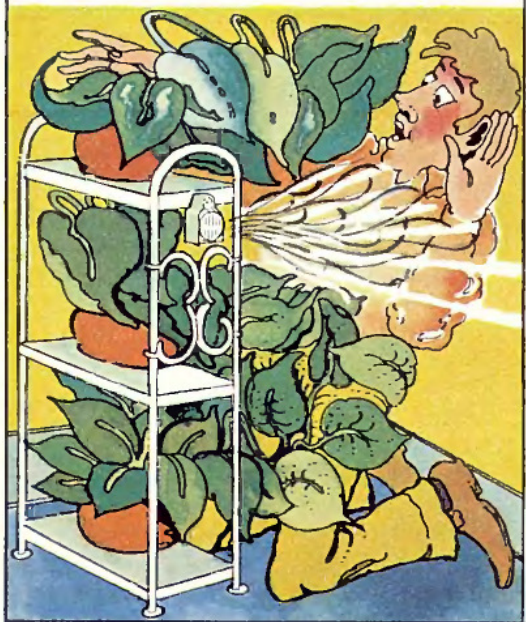
LIGHT FANTASTIC!

Armbruster Manufacturing, at P.O. Box 840 in Waynesville, North Carolina, describes the black-chrome Flashlife shown above as "the world's most expensive flashlight." That may be. But for \$31.50, postpaid—including the velvet-lined wooden presentation box—it surely is the world's best-looking. And the price includes a lifetime guarantee on the Flashlife's beautiful bod, as there are no plated metal innards to corrode. Stunning!



WHISPERING LEAVES

For all you lonely horticulturists out there, MarshAllen Products, at 1971 West 85th Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44102, is selling for \$17.95 postpaid a talking plant stand that at the touch of a button whispers, "This is your plant speaking. I'm so happy" . . . etc., etc., etc. "I love you. I love you. I love you." However, if that's a bit too sappy, they also peddle an R-rated male-voice version and an X-rated female one that will really put you in the mood to cross-pollinate.



TRUCKIN' WITH MINI MAC

Somebody's already turned VW Bugs and Super Beetles into ersatz Rolls-Royces and 1940 Fords, so what's more logical than a conversion kit that leaves you with a tilt-front Mini Mac that more or less resembles the 18-wheel haulers you see on the highway? Elite Enterprises will supply all the info and specs for a buck sent to them at 690 East Third Street, Cokato, Minnesota 55321. Wonder how many it takes to make a convoy.



EVERYBODY WINS

Lazy lovers may wish to order Bedroom Roulette, a battery-operated gizmo available for \$42.50 postpaid from Chktronics, P. O. Box 307, New Berlin, Wisconsin 53151, that has ten numbered sexual positions depicted on its face surrounding a digital readout window. Whatever numbered position stops in the window, that's what you do next. Let it roll!



CLEANING UP DIRTY MOVIES

"Give us your tired, your poor, scratched, brittle, buckled, torn masses of oil-stained deteriorated film," says FilmLife, an unusual company at 141 Moonachie Road, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074, that describes itself as "the mightiest rejuvenator of movies." Prices for spruced-up color 8 and super 8 begin at 15 cents a foot.

Book of Coasts

(continued from page 129)

called after their brethren, saying, "Take a sweater."

And they replied, "What for? It never goes below fifty." And so they went into the land of Ellay, which is the Coast, and made dwellings of pink stucco and ornamented them with yucca and plantain, and pools of water of a color not found in nature; and so made a life, but the life was without form and void, and great was the vapidness thereof.

II

And the pure in heart cried out, "Coast, ye have no values." And the Coast replied, "We do so have values," but they did not. And by and by, a great many fled into the land of Ellay: 10,000 times ten, and times ten again, unto many millions, each with a deal pending. And so the once virtuous sold themselves to work evil in the vineyards of the Coast, and inhaled into their body various powders and substances which eased the guilt thereof, by dissolving the synapses. And Zabar, the prophet of the East, who was exceeding wise, saw all this and said, "Scorn ye the Coast, for they are not

subtle, but coarse, and lack art, and are obvious in all things."

And the pure in heart asked, "How may we know the Coast, for they are flesh of our flesh?"

And the answer came, "Ye shall know them by their carrot tans, and the leisure suit of avocado."

And the pure in heart asked, "How else may we know them, for they are sprung from our loins?"

And the answer came, "Ye shall know them, that they fileth the bridge of their nose, to remove all character therefrom; and taketh the name of their enemy for their own, and nameth their children thus: Tiffany, and Samantha, and Sean, and Bryan; whereas it should be Morris or Ben or Naomi; and attacheth hair to their head which groweth from it not; and speaketh with imprecision, saying, 'Heavy,' for matters which lack weight."

III

And so it came to pass that the children of Ellay were merry, and became masters at play, and practitioners of all things ephemeral: the fleeting image, and

the false lyric, and the riff of fuzz tone: the entertainment which entertaineth not. And they worshiped silver above meaning, and equated facility with content; and so they prospered, for their followers were legion. And the people of the land were falsely comforted, for their eyes knew not what they saw, nor their mouths tasted what they ate, and their ears were filled with the laughter of the dead.

And Eli of the East was troubled, saying, "Give us a sign that we may know ours is the way of truth."

And the Almighty spake unto Eli, saying, "See ye not how I revile the Coast? That I maketh to quake the very earth upon which their city is builded? And how I cause them to be daily stoned? And I give ye four seasons yearly, and them but one, and not a great one, at that? And are ye three hours ahead of them in all things, or not?"

"We are——" said Eli.

"So refrain thy voice from whining," spake the Almighty.

Then Eli fell to his knees, saying, "Verily, all of this is true, what Ye spake; yet, while we pursue all tasks according to thy covenant, and forswear all fatty food, and pie; and lead the good life; yet the children of Ellay, who keepeth not thy covenant, fear nothing, and dwell in great panoply, and acquire great wealth."

And the prophet Zabar appeared and mocked Eli, saying, "If the Coast have such great wealth, then wherefore do they sleep three together in one bed?"

And Eli, hearing this, gnashed his teeth but said nothing. And Zabar cried, "Arise, ye pure in heart, and eat some dairy; for ours is the way of goodness and virtue and truth everlasting."

And Eli said, "Three in a bed?"

And Zabar said, "Yea, and all the combinations thereof, which is three times two, plus one, or seven."

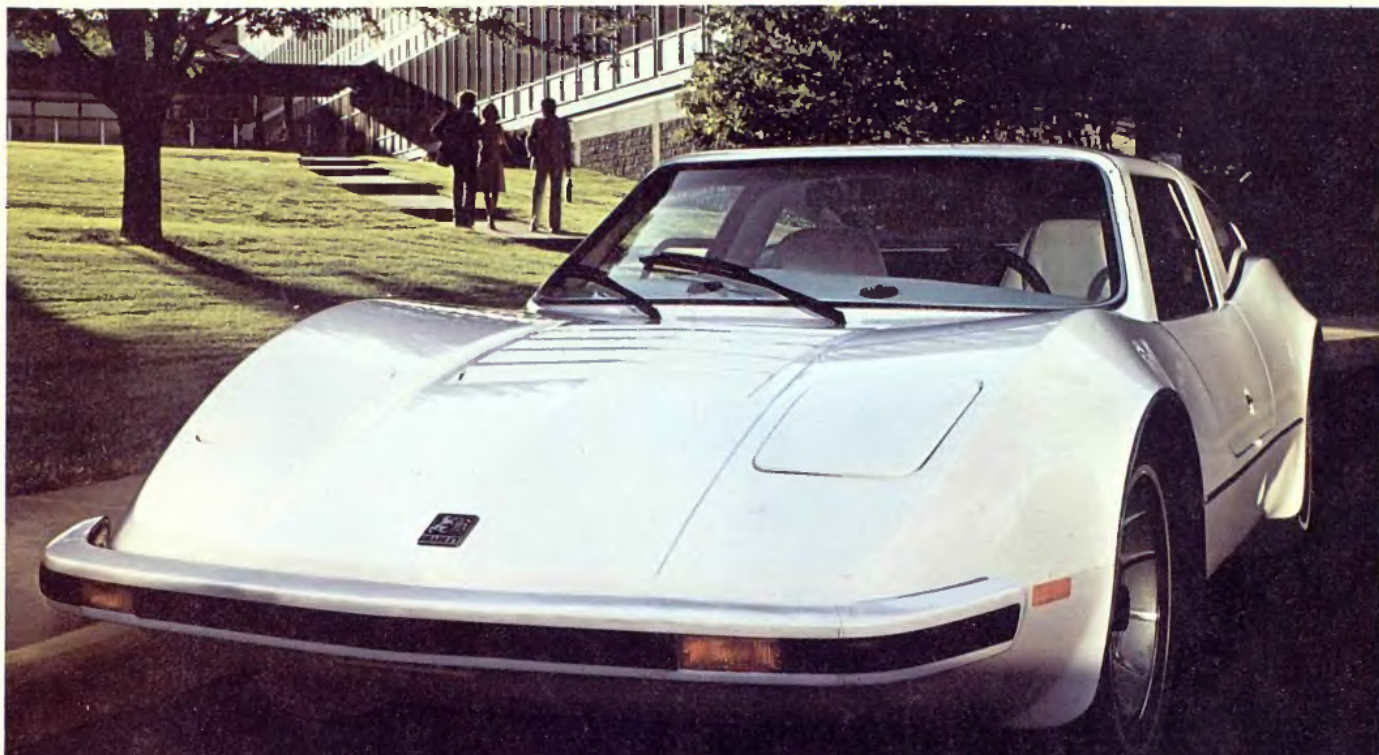
"Hmm," said Eli.

IV

And so Eli journeyed into the Valley of the Coast, which is Pasadena, west of Pomona, near Alhambra, by Monrovia; yea, even into Hermosa Beach did he sojourn, and saw abominations which were marvelous strange: men with men, and women with men shorter than they, and a man married to shrubbery, and a dwelling shaped like a bun. And Eli anointed his head with a measure of oil, and abominated these things for three days. And on the fourth day, he looked about him, saying, "My yoke is heavy," and sent out for a lighter yoke, which delivered more abominations to the gallon. And so Eli became groovy, and was thereafter seen in the streets of Ellay, and in the broad places, wearing a suit of jump, which is a stupid raiment, and surpasseth all understanding. And he made covenant with an easy woman who gave succor,



"I won't be able to come to dinner tonight, Momma. My friend Al just dropped by with his best girl."



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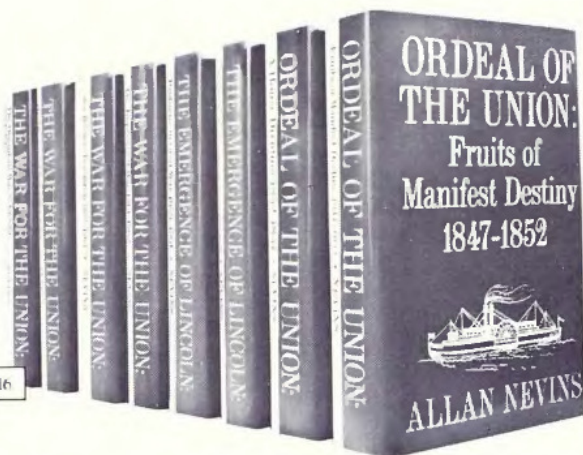
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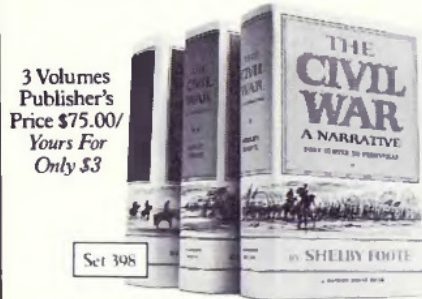


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which pleased him, for the women of the East were loath to give succor. And so Eli returned not to his home, nor checked his service for messages of urgency, of which there were none, anyway.

V

And Zabar the prophet, hearing of this, arose, and had breakfast, and flew swiftly to Ellay, where he was given a second breakfast. And he prophesied: "No good can come of consecutive breakfasts."

And so he sought out Eli, and took a meeting with him, following custom, and asked, "Wherefore hast thou forsaken thy values, that thou actest in such a fashion, and hankest out with loons, and laughest loud at things unamusing, and combest thine hair forward in such a manner? And what happened to thy nose?"

And Eli regarded him, and stood first upon one foot, and then upon the other, saying finally, "Like, man, I rebuke ye."

And Zabar, hearing this, turned the color of the setting sun, and cried, "Fool! Hast forgot thine instruction? Thou canst not *rebu*ke, without first thou be *buked*. Only then can thou *rebu*ke!"

And a revelation came to Eli, and he said, "O ye who are uptight! He who picketh at a nit, findeth a nit, but grooviness payeth off manifold."

And Zabar, seeing that Eli was lost, was possessed of a great rage, and pulled Eli's lips all the way out, even unto six cubits. And so Eli shook his head slowly, saying, "Oh, wow," and took off his ornaments from his person: from his wrists, the bracelets of turquoise and copper and elephant hair; and from around his neck, he took his beads of worry, and his squash blossom, and his amulet of Cancer the Crab: all these did he remove. And he rolled up the sleeves of his raiment, and smote Zabar most terribly upon his breast, and upon his head. And Zabar then smote Eli in the soft place, so that Eli bended way over; and finally Eli smote Zabar in many wise, so that the fat places were made lean, and the round places smooth; and delivered him back to the East in two cartons marked, CONTENTS: PROPHET—USE NO HOOKS.

And so the East grew bitter, and such was the bitterness of their bitterness, that it was bitterer even than gall or the juice of some lemons or sucking on a tea bag. And whatsoever did the Coast fashion in the way of amusement, did the East put down mightily out of bitterness, and this was called Criticism.

And the spirit of the Critic moved in the land, and turned Coastward, saying, "Woe unto him that maketh an entertainment in the land of Ellay, for surely shall he receive an admonition, and be chastised."

VI

And so it came to pass that a great conflict arose between them. And the East put on an entertainment, which was two men



"I heard that his parents write him for money."

in a garbage can, conversing, and the Critic said, "Verily, it is Art." And the Coast put on an entertainment, which was a man delivering a pie unto the countenance of a second man, or banana, and the Critic said, "Verily, it is junk." And the conflict grew mightier and mightier, and great was the destruction thereof, and the pain, and the sorrow, and message units uncountable. And the Almighty clapped His hands over His ears, saying, "Enough, already. I weary of your bickering, coasts." And the pure in heart said, "Coasts? Art angry at us, too? The pure in heart?"

And the Almighty said, "Ye hearest."

And the East were aggrieved, saying, "But we keep the covenant, and are not vain."

And the answer came down, "Verily, ye are not vain, but it is vanity to mention it."

And the East were sore troubled, for they knew He had them there. And they cried, "Then Ye see no difference between the coasts?"

And the Almighty replied, "This whole thing taketh up too much of my time."

And both coasts cried, "Almighty, where reside Ye, that Ye take not sides,

one coast against the other, as hath been done since the beginning of time?"

And the answer came down, "In Nebraska, which is no coast. Verily, for it is written that while anyone may make an entertainment, or keep the covenant, only in Nebraska can be found a corn, or peas, or the chicken of the air, which are my handiwork."

And the coasts were bewildered, and said, "Who careth for such things: neither are they amusing, nor do they entertain."

And the Almighty cried, "Then hearken, for I shall make ye an entertainment."

And a mighty thundering was heard, and a darkness descended over the earth; and the oceans rose. And all was laid waste; in the East, unto the land of Cleve; and in the West, the Coast did break off at the field of Bakers and slip into the sea. And all was without form and void, and the Almighty saw that it was good, and cried, "Behold, no more coasts."

And where the coasts had been, was now writ in letters of fire, WATCH THIS SPACE FOR NEW ABOMINATIONS.

And thus endeth The Book of Coasts. (Coming soon: Nielsen, or: The Book of Numbers.)



Motel Tapes

(continued from page 120)

than going to Chicago. And Tahiti is just another short step. It's all a matter of steps. Step one, the decision to do it. Step two, write it down on the list—at the same time assigning it its proper priority. Step three, determine feasibility—is it something that *can* be done? Four, make full plans for the accomplishment of the goal. Five, start moving toward the goal with no undue delay. After that, it's simply a matter of moving one foot after another.

MARY: I've got this feeling I wouldn't be too good at making a list. I think writing it down would inhibit me.

NICHOLAS: How's that?

MARY: Well, in a way, it's limiting. You plan things out too carefully and you commit yourself; I think you may be cutting

out a lot of possibilities, a lot of happy accidents.

NICHOLAS: Maybe so. Maybe that's the price you pay. My feeling is that we pay a price for everything in this life. If writing things down on a list eliminates some degree of spontaneity, then so be it—it seems a small enough price to pay.

NICHOLAS: I think I should be honest with you. There was a time I did put your name down on a list.

MARY: I thought maybe you had.

NICHOLAS: I did.

MARY: I'm not sure I like that whole notion. I'm not sure that isn't just a bit mechanical for my liking.

NICHOLAS: I don't think you'd be so annoyed if you saw the list. It was some

list. I'll—I better tell you about it. I decided to make a list of the ten things in the world that I wanted most. You were there and a villa in Acapulco was there and a Brionvega stereo was there and a Citroën-Maserati was there—

MARY: I hate to point it out, Nick, but you still drive a Lincoln.

NICHOLAS: Someday, someday. I've managed to get most of the things on the list. The stereo was no problem. I got the Eames chair. I haven't quite managed Acapulco yet—

MARY: Nick, where was I on the list?

NICHOLAS: What do you mean by that?

MARY: What was my priority? Where was I on the list?

NICHOLAS: You were right at the top. The first word I wrote was Mary. I don't know how you could ask me a question like that.

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

WILLOUGHBY: Oh, God. Do that, do it, oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! Oh, God. Hold, hold! Oh, oh, God, ah, ah, ah! Huhhhhhhh, huhhhhhhh, ohhhhhhh! Do it that way, that way. *That way, THAT WAY!* Oh, Jesus, my darling, darling, my darling, I'm going to come. Oh, God, I'm coming, I'm coming now, hold on to me, hold me in you, tight, tight! Oh, I'm coming now, now, *coming now!* GOD, JESUS, GOD, JESUS, NOW!

WILLOUGHBY: Oh, honey, are you all right? Was that all right for you?

CONFESSIONS OF A MECHANICAL MAN

ALICE: Did you like that?

THOMAS: Sure. Why?

ALICE: You didn't say anything. You didn't say a word. I don't know, sometimes I get the feeling you don't even like it anymore.

THOMAS: I like it just fine.

ALICE: I just don't know.

THOMAS: Hey, hon, what brings this on? I'm telling you, it felt just fine. What else do you want me to say?

ALICE: I don't know. But something. You used to say things to me. Now I get the feeling that you think you're doing me a favor.

THOMAS: I know what you mean, but it's not your fault.

THOMAS: You know, it's probably just growing older. The last time I felt really good was a long time ago. I was just thinking about it. I was 25 years old and just out of the Air Force and I was driving an old Ford convertible through Spain. I owned the car, I had money in my pocket, I had a damn good job waiting for me back in the States. For the first time in my life, there was no place that I had to be. I could have stopped for a week and stayed on the beach. I could have turned



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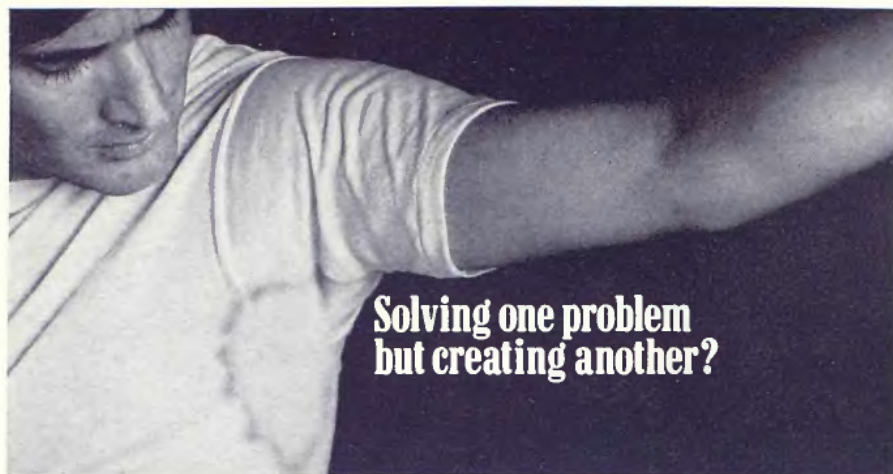
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around and gone back to Paris. I had the top down and the sun was unbelievable. I was listening to the *Voice of America* and I was singing along at the top of my voice. The people along the road were turning to look at me—you know, the crazy American—but for once in my life, it didn't matter what anyone else thought. It was such a good moment in my life that I kept telling myself to remember it, to remember how good everything was, to remember once in my life how it felt to be really happy. And I still do remember it. I was driving along this beautiful countryside—there was a town called Murzia—and I stopped at some whitewashed café and had a bottle of the local wine. The wine had an almost smoky edge to it, the wine of Murzia, and if I ever again see wine from that region, I'll buy a case of it. I'll tell you something—at that moment, I felt so good that nothing in life has ever been able to top it.

ALICE: I know what you mean. Sometimes I can get turned on that way, too. Sometimes when I'm listening to the radio and the music seems so special—

THOMAS: This was different. It wasn't—you couldn't call it a turn-on. I've felt good that other way, too. With music, with sex—but that's just a few seconds, not much more than that. There was no sex at all connected with this; that would have meant another person and that

would have ruined everything I was feeling. Sex would have just gotten in the way of what I was feeling.

Suddenly, everything felt special. I saw an old woman balancing a clay pot on her head and suddenly I could see her great beauty. I mean, she always had that beauty, but at that moment I was finally able to take it in. Maybe I shouldn't try to explain this; maybe I can't explain it. All I know is that it was one of the few times in my life that I didn't have to worry about another person on the face of the earth. In fact, I didn't have to worry about another thing. What it was, I guess, was, for the first time in my life, freedom. I felt free. I promised myself that someday I'd go back there and sit at that same café and drink that same wine, but I somehow never got around to it.

ALICE: We could go over the kids' spring vacation—

THOMAS: No. It's too late. It wouldn't be the same.

ALICE: The problem is, you don't feel free with me, do you?

THOMAS: In a way, I do.

ALICE: "In a way" really isn't what I wanted to hear.

THOMAS: Whenever I stop to really think about it, whenever I open my eyes and look around me and see what's hap-

pening to me, I see all the traps. I see that my whole life is a trap.

ALICE: How can you say that? There are many who would be envious of what you've got.

THOMAS: Maybe it's because I see the limits of it all too well. I see what I've got myself into all too well. Making love with you is about the only exception.

ALICE: You don't have to say that.

THOMAS: When we're like this, it's about the only time I come alive. This is life. My life. The rest of it, that's someone else's life. I mean that, by the way. I really have the feeling that I'm leading someone else's life.

ALICE: But it's all your life.

THOMAS: Maybe not. I can't remember the last time I did anything that I wanted to do. Every now and then, there's a minute or two that belongs to me, but the life is someone else's. Seriously. Just think about it for a minute. From the minute I get up in the morning, I start living someone else's life. I wake up at an hour I hate—6:30, God!—and I sit down to breakfast with three kids who think I'm a fossil. Then I eat a breakfast I can't stand—granola! Then I go off to a boring office, where I meet with a partner I can't stand. Days go by, weeks go by, and it's as if someone else was doing it all. Sometimes I get the feeling that this other guy is calling all the shots and I'm just along for the ride.

ALICE: Can't you just change things?

THOMAS: It's gone on too long. It's gone on forever. And it was never a question of what I wanted to do; it was always something someone else decided I should do.

ALICE: There must be millions of people feel the same way you do.

THOMAS: I haven't even told you the worst of it. What kills me is that I don't even like this other guy who's living my life. We've got nothing in common. Here I am, walking around in his shoes and wearing his clothes, and he's a complete yo-yo. He walks around, smiling at everyone, never expressing an opinion of his own, being nice all day long, never saying an interesting or pertinent thing. And somewhere inside, deep inside, there's me, seething. I mean it. I'm so mad at this big yo-yo that I'm yelling inside. "Speak up!" I shout to him. "Stop it!" I say. "Cut the crap!" But he goes on doing the same nothing stuff. I wouldn't mind living someone else's life if it was only a life. I wouldn't mind leading Robert Redford's life. Or Teddy Kennedy's life. There's lots of lives I wouldn't mind leading. But what kills me about this life is that it's so boring.

ONE WISH

KERMIT: If you had just one wish, what would it be?

LOIS: One wish right now?
 KERMIT: Yeah, but just the one wish.
 LOIS: I would wish that just once I might spend the whole night with you.

THE TIMETABLE

DORIS: Thursday's going to be bad for me—it looks like Thursday is completely out. Jenny's got to go to Dr. Smith.

JUSTIN: Couldn't you change the appointment?

DORIS: I've already changed it twice and I don't dare mess with this week. Not the third time. I don't want to go down as a three-time loser in Smitty's book.

JUSTIN: Do you know how unreal this is? Letting an orthodontist run your love life.

DORIS: You don't have to tell me how idiotic it is.

JUSTIN: The last time, it was her ballet class. I'm starting to think your little Jennifer's got something in for me.

DORIS: Don't blame me. I've told you what we should do. We ought to find some time for us—one day every week—and we should decide in advance that nothing short of a coronary can get in the way on that one day.

JUSTIN: I hate like hell to put this on a schedule. The trouble with my life now is that everything is on a schedule.

DORIS: I know. Oh, darling, I know that—but if we don't get some kind of a timetable going, we're never going to get together. You know how long it was this time?

JUSTIN: Yeah, it so happens I do know how long it was.

DORIS: Or we could do it this way—we could pick out one special day, and then if something comes up, we just cancel and no one goes away mad.

JUSTIN: Like what day?

DORIS: I was thinking in terms of Wednesday night.

JUSTIN: That—you know that's the night of the game.

DORIS: So you start missing the game. You say—

JUSTIN: I wouldn't mind missing the game, but there's a small catch. We know all these guys. Their wives all happen to be Char's best friends. All I have to do is miss the game and word'd get back home by Western Union. I figure it's all right to take a chance and miss a game every now and then, but there's no way I could just drop out. How about Thursday?

DORIS: I thought about that. I thought, well, I could give up the class, but that won't work out, either.

JUSTIN: Why not?

DORIS: Oh, I can miss it every once in a while. But the thing is, he likes to surprise me and pick me up afterward for a soda. It could get very hairy.

JUSTIN: It's a good thing I don't have

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a big ego problem. You won't give up an orthodontist appointment for me. You won't give up the kid's ballet lesson. You won't even give up a class in Chinese cooking—

DORIS: It's not that way at all. This is all so childish. I'm not saying I won't give up a class. I will—I *do*—but it's like your precious poker game. There's no way to do it full time.

JUSTIN: Yeah—

DORIS: I know this is complicated, but try to listen. The thing about the class is that it's Hunan cooking and there's no way on earth to fake that. Every week after the class, I practice the dish we learned at home. I make it at least twice, then I try it out on company. The thing is, if I come home and I'm not trying out some exotic Hunan dish, it won't take him too long to figure things out. He's jealous to start with—

JUSTIN: OK. The weekend is clearly out for both of us. No Friday, no Saturday and no Sunday. We've eliminated Wednesday and Thursday. Monday's my busiest day at the office—half the time I'd be calling up and canceling. I mean, that's the one night I *do* work late at the office.

DORIS: Monday'd be tricky for me, anyway. Michael wants us to join the Great Books thing at the library. They meet Mondays.

JUSTIN: Jesus, Great Books now. That leaves Tuesday. Just Tuesday.

DORIS: And Tuesday's no good for me. That's the ballet after school and Michael gets paid on Tuesdays. It always strikes him that we ought to go out and celebrate his good fortune. At his salary, I sometimes wonder just what we're celebrating. But he usually calls on Tuesday to say let's go out for dinner.

JUSTIN: Another big night at Arthur Treacher's.

DORIS: At what he makes, I don't ask questions.

JUSTIN: You know something, I think we just eliminated the whole damn week.

DORIS: Maybe we could make it Wednesday afternoon. Wednesday after lunch but before your poker game.

JUSTIN: That's a bad day for me. I'll tell you—how about Tuesday morning? Tuesday morning I'm always sitting around with nothing to do.

DORIS: Tuesday morning?

JUSTIN: It's about the only time all week I'm sitting around with nothing to do.

DORIS: Tuesday morning at what time?

JUSTIN: Sometime before lunch. Then I could go back to the office after lunch. Just like nothing had happened.

DORIS: We'll give it a try. We'll try it this Tuesday and see how it goes.



GARP'S NIGHT OUT

kind, and he didn't flirt. Mrs. Ralph's smile, Garp noticed with concern, was sincere and appealing.

"Well, husbands *are* funny," he mumbled. "I don't think many of them know what they want."

"My husband found a nineteen-year-old *twat*," Mrs. Ralph said. "He seems to want *her*." Mrs. Ralph clenched her fists in her lap, staring at the stain on her dress, which marked her crotch with a tomato-sauce bull's-eye. "Boy, that's me all over," she said, staring at the spot.

"I'm sorry," Garp said. "It may leave a permanent stain."

"Everything leaves a *stain*!" Mrs. Ralph cried. A laughter so witless escaped her that it frightened Garp. He didn't say anything and she said to him, "I'll bet you think that all I need is a good *lay*."

To be fair, Garp rarely thought this of people, but when Mrs. Ralph mentioned it, he *did* think that, in her case, this oversimple solution might apply.

"And I'll bet you think I'd let *you* do it," she said, glaring at him. Garp, in fact, *did* think so.

"No, I don't think you would," he said.

"Yes, you think I would *love* to," Mrs. Ralph said.

Garp hung his head. "No," he said.

"Well, in *your* case," she said, "I just *might*. It might make you a little less *smug*."

"Please drive carefully," Garp said; he pushed himself away from her car. "If there's anything I can do, please call." He meant if there was anything he could do with the boys.

"Like, if I need a good lover?" Mrs. Ralph asked him, nastily.

"No, not that," Garp said.

"Why did you stop me?" she asked him.

"Because I thought you were driving too fast," he said.

"I think you're a pompous fart," she told him.

"I think you're a slob," Garp told her. She cried out as if she were stabbed.

"Look, I'm sorry," he said (again), "but I'll just come pick up Duncan."

"No, please," she said. "I can look after him, I really *want* to. He'll be all right; I'll look after him like he was my own." This didn't comfort Garp. "I'm not *that* much of a slob, with kids," she added; again, she managed an alarmingly attractive smile.

"I'm sorry," Garp said—his litany.

"So am I," said Mrs. Ralph. She started her car and drove past the stop sign and through the intersection without looking. She drove away, more or less in the middle of the road, and Garp waved his wooden spoon after her.

(continued from page 128)

When he sat on his bed to tie his track shoes, he sat on Helen's leg and woke her up. She reached out her hand to touch him, then felt his running shorts.

"Where are you going?" she asked him.

"To check on Duncan," he said. Helen stretched up on her elbows, looked at her watch. It was after one in the morning and she knew Duncan was at Ralph's house.

"How are you going to check on Duncan?" she asked Garp.

"I don't know," Garp said.

Like a gunman hunting his victim, like the child molester the parent dreads, Garp stalks the sleeping spring suburbs, green and dark; the people snore and wish and dream, their lawn mowers at rest; it is too cool for their air conditioners to be running. A few windows are open, a few refrigerators are humming. There is the faint, trapped warble from some televisions tuned in to the *Late Show* and the blue-gray glow from the picture tubes throbs from a few of the houses. To Garp this glow looks like cancer, insidious and numbing, putting the world to sleep.

Garp moves lightly along the street; he wants to meet no one. His running shoes are loosely laced, his track shorts flap (he hasn't worn a jock, because he hasn't planned to run); though the spring air is cool, he wears no shirt. In the blackened houses, an occasional dog snuffles as Garp passes by. Fresh from sex, just dipped in the syrup of lovemaking, Garp imagines that his scent is as keen as a cut strawberry. He knows the dogs can smell him.

These are well-policed suburbs and for a moment, Garp is apprehensive that he might be caught—in violation of some unwritten dress code, at least guilty of carrying no identification. He hurries, convinced he's going to Duncan's aid, rescuing his son from the randy Mrs. Ralph.

When Garp first sees Ralph's house, he believes it should be given the Light of the Block award; every window is glaring, the front door is open, the cancerous television is violently loud. Garp suspects Mrs. Ralph is having a party, but as he creeps closer—her lawn festooned with dog messes and mangled sports equipment—he feels the house is deserted. The television's lethal rays pulsate through the living room, clogged with piles of shoes and clothes; and crammed against the sagging couch are the casual bodies of Duncan and Ralph, half in their sleeping bags, asleep (of course), but looking as if the television has murdered them. In the sickly TV light, their faces

look drained of blood.

But where is Mrs. Ralph? Out for the evening? Gone to bed with all the lights on and the door open, leaving the boys to be bathed by the television? Garp wonders if she has remembered to shut the oven off. The living room is pockmarked with ashtrays; Garp fears for cigarettes still smoldering. He stays behind the hedges and slinks to the kitchen window, sniffing for gas.

There is a litter of dishes in the sink, a bottle of gin on the kitchen table, the sour smell of slashed limes. The cord to the overhead light, at one time too short, has been substantially lengthened by one sheer leg and hip of a woman's pair of panty hose—severed up the middle, the whereabouts of the other half unclear. The nylon foot, spotted with translucent stains of grease, dangles in the breeze above the gin. There is nothing burning that Garp can smell, unless there's a slow fire under the cat, who lies neatly on top of the stove, artfully spread between the burners, its chin resting on the handle of a heavy skillet, its furry belly warmed by the pilot lights. Garp and the cat stare at each other. The cat blinks.

But Garp knows that Mrs. Ralph hasn't the necessary concentration to turn herself into a cat. Her home—her life—in utter disarray, the woman appears to have abandoned ship, or perhaps passed out upstairs. Is she in bed? Or in the bathtub, drowned? And where is the beast whose dangerous droppings have made a mine field out of the lawn?

Just then there is a thunderous approach down the back staircase of a heavy, falling body, which bashes open the stairway entrance door to the kitchen, startling the cat into flight, skidding the greasy iron skillet to the floor. Mrs. Ralph sits bare-assed and wincing on the linoleum, a kimono-style robe wide open and roughly tugged above her waist, a miraculously unspilled drink in her hand. She looks at the drink, surprised, and sips it; her large, downpointing breasts shine—they slouch across her freckled chest as she leans back on her elbows and burps. The cat, in a corner of the kitchen, yowls at her, complaining.

"Oh, shut up, Titty," Mrs. Ralph says to the cat. But when she tries to get up, she groans and lies down flat on her back. Her pubic hair is wet and glistens at Garp, her belly is furrowed with stretch marks, looking as white and parboiled as if she has been under water for a long time. "I'll get you out of here, if it's the last thing I do," Mrs. Ralph tells the kitchen ceiling, though Garp assumes she's speaking to the cat. Perhaps she's broken her ankle and is too drunk to feel it, Garp thinks; perhaps she's broken her back.

Garp glides alongside the house to the open front door. He calls inside. "Anybody home?" he shouts. The cat bolts between his legs and is gone outside. Garp waits. He hears grunts from the kitchen, the strange sounds of flesh slipping.

"Well, as I live and breathe," says Mrs. Ralph, veering into the doorway, her robe of faded flowers more or less drawn together; somewhere, she's ditched her drink.

"I saw all the lights on and thought there might be trouble," Garp mumbles.

"Well, you're too late," Mrs. Ralph tells him. "Both boys are dead. I should never have let them play with that bomb." She probes Garp's unchanging face for any sign of a sense of humor there, but she finds him rather humorless on this subject. "OK, you want to see the bodies?" she asks. She pulls him toward her by the elastic waistband of his running shorts. Garp, aware he's not wearing a jock, stumbles quickly after his pants, bumping into Mrs. Ralph, who lets him go with a snap and wanders into the living room. Her odor confuses him, like vanilla spilled in the bottom of a deep, damp paper bag.

Mrs. Ralph seizes Duncan under his arms and with astonishing strength lifts him in his sleeping bag to the mountainous, lumpy couch; Garp helps her lift Ralph, who's heavier. They arrange the boys foot to foot on the couch, tucking their sleeping bags around them and setting pillows under their heads. Garp turns off the TV and Mrs. Ralph stumbles through the room, killing lights, gathering ashtrays. "Night-y night," she whispers to the suddenly dark living room, as Garp trips over a hassock, groping his way toward the kitchen lights. "You can't go yet," Mrs. Ralph hisses to him. "You've got to help me get someone out of here." She takes his arm, drops an ashtray; her kimono opens wide. Garp, bending to pick up the ashtray, brushes one of her breasts with his hair. "I've got this lummoX up in my bedroom," she tells Garp, "and he won't go. I can't make him leave."

"A lummoX?" Garp says.

"He's a real oaf," says Mrs. Ralph, "a fucking wingding."

"A wingding?" Garp says.

"Yes, please make him go," she tells Garp. She pulls out the elastic waistband of his shorts again, and this time she takes an unconcealed look. "God, you don't wear too much, do you?" she asks him. "Aren't you cold?" She lays her hand flat on his bare stomach. "No, you're not," she says, shrugging.

Garp edges away from her. "Who is he?" Garp asks, fearing he might get involved in evicting Mrs. Ralph's former

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"Hmm. According to these tests, you have a fundamental perceptual handicap. You can't tell your ass from a hole in the ground."

husband from the house.

"Come on, I'll show you," she whispers. She draws him up the back staircase through a narrow channel that passes between the piled laundry and enormous stacks of pet food. No wonder she fell down here, he thinks.

In Mrs. Ralph's bedroom, Garp looks immediately at the sprawled black Labrador retriever on Mrs. Ralph's undulating water bed. The dog rolls listlessly on his side and thumps his tail. Mrs. Ralph mates with her dog, Garp thinks, and she can't get him out of her bed. "Come on, boy," Garp says. "Get out of here." The dog thumps his tail harder and pees a little.

"Not *him*," Mrs. Ralph says, giving Garp a terrific shove; he catches his balance on the bed, which sloshes. The great dog licks his face. Mrs. Ralph is pointing to an easy chair at the foot of the bed, but Garp first sees the young man reflected in Mrs. Ralph's dressing-table mirror. Sitting naked in the chair, he is combing out the blond end of his thin ponytail, which he holds over his shoulder and sprays with one of Mrs. Ralph's aerosol cans. His belly and thighs have the same slick buttered look that Garp saw on the flesh and fur of Mrs. Ralph, and his young cock is as lean and arched as the backbone of a whippet.

"Hey, how you doing?" the kid says to Garp.

"Fine, thank you," Garp says.

"Get rid of him," says Mrs. Ralph.

"I've been trying to get her to just relax, you know?" the kid asks Garp. "I'm trying to get her to just sort of go with it, you know?"

"Don't let him talk to you," Mrs. Ralph says. "He'll bore the shit out of you."

"Everyone's so tense," the kid tells Garp; he turns in the chair, leans back and puts his feet on the water bed; the dog licks his long toes. Mrs. Ralph kicks his legs off the bed. "You see what I mean?" the kid asks Garp.

"She wants you to leave," Garp says.

"You her husband?" the kid asks.

"That's right," says Mrs. Ralph, "and he'll pull your silly little prick off if you don't get out of here."

"You better go," Garp tells him. "I'll help you find your clothes."

The kid shuts his eyes, appears to meditate. "He's really great at that shit," Mrs. Ralph tells Garp. "All this kid's good for is shutting his damn eyes."

"Where are your clothes?" Garp asks the boy. Perhaps he's 17, 18, Garp thinks. Maybe he's old enough for college, or a war. The boy dreams on and Garp gently shakes him by the shoulder.

"Don't touch me, man," the boy says, eyes still closed. There is something foolishly threatening in his voice that makes Garp draw back and look at Mrs. Ralph. She shrugs.

"That's what he said to me, too," she says. Like her smiles, Garp notices, Mrs. Ralph's shrugs are instinctual, sincere. Garp grabs the boy's ponytail and tugs it across his throat and around to the back of his neck; he snaps the boy's head into the cradle of his arm and holds him tightly there. The kid's eyes open.

"Get your clothes, OK?" Garp tells him.

"Don't touch me," the boy repeats.

"I *am* touching you," Garp says.

"OK, OK," says the boy. Garp lets him get up. The boy is several inches

taller than Garp but easily 15 pounds lighter. He looks for his clothing, but Mrs. Ralph has already found it—a long purple caftan, absurdly heavy with brocade. The boy climbs into it like armor.

"It was nice balling you," he tells Mrs. Ralph, "but you should learn to relax more." Mrs. Ralph laughs so harshly that the dog stops wagging its tail.

"You should go back to day one," she tells the kid, "and learn everything all over again, from the beginning." She stretches out on the water bed beside the Labrador, who lolls his head across her stomach. "Oh, cut it out, Bill!" she tells the dog crossly.

"She's very unrelaxed," the kid informs Garp.

"You don't know shit about *how* to relax anybody," Mrs. Ralph says.

Garp steers the young man out of the room and down the treacherous back staircase, through the kitchen to the open front door.

"You know, *she* asked me in," the boy explains. "It was *her* idea."

"She asked you to leave, too," Garp says.

"You know, you're as unrelaxed as she is," the boy tells him.

"Did the kids know what was up?" Garp asks him. "Were they asleep when you two went upstairs?"

"Don't worry about the kids," the boy says. "Kids are beautiful, man. And they know much more than grownups think they know. Kids are just perfect people until grownups get their hands on them. The kids were just fine. Kids are *always* just fine."

Until now, Garp has felt great patience toward the young man, but Garp isn't patient on the subject of children; he accepts no other authority there. "Goodbye," Garp tells the boy. "And don't come back." He shoves him, but lightly, out the open door.

"Don't push me!" the kid shouts, but Garp ducks under the punch and comes up with his arms locked around the kid's waist: to Garp it feels that the kid weighs 75, maybe 80 pounds, though, of course, he's heavier than that. He bear-hugs the boy and carries him out to the sidewalk. When the kid stops struggling, Garp puts him down.

"You know where to go?" Garp asks him. "Do you need any directions?" The kid breathes deeply, feels his ribs. "And don't tell your friends where they can come sniffing around after it," Garp says. "Don't even use the phone."

"I don't even know her name, man," the kid whines.

"And don't call me man again," says Garp.

"OK, man," the kid says. Garp feels a pleasant dryness in his throat that he recognizes as his readiness to touch someone, but he lets the feeling pass.

"Please walk away from here," Garp says.

A block away, the boy calls, "Bye, man!" Garp knows how quickly he could run him down; anticipation of such a comedy appeals to him, but it would be disappointing if the boy weren't scared and Garp feels no pressing need to hurt him. Garp waves. The boy raises his middle finger and walks on, his silly robe dragging—an early Christian lost in the suburbs.

Back inside, Mrs. Ralph is crying. Garp hears her talking to the dog. "Oh, Bill," she sobs. "I'm sorry I abuse you, Bill. You're so nice."

"Goodbye!" Garp calls up the staircase. "Your friend's gone, and I'm going, too."

"Chickenshit!" yells Mrs. Ralph. "How can you leave me like this?" Her wailing grows louder; soon, thinks Garp, the dog will start to bay.

"What can I do?" Garp calls up the stairs.

"You could at least stay and talk to me!" Mrs. Ralph shouts. "You goody-goody chickenshit wingding."

What's a wingding? Garp wonders, navigating the stairs.

"You probably think this happens to me all the time," says Mrs. Ralph, in utter rumplement on the water bed. She sits with her legs crossed, her kimono tight around her, Bill's large head in her lap.

Garp, in fact, *does* think so, but he shakes his head.

"I don't get my rocks off by humiliating myself, you know," Mrs. Ralph says. "For God's sake, sit down." She pulls Garp to the rocking bed. "There's not enough water in the damn thing," Mrs. Ralph explains. "My husband used to fill it all the time, because it leaks."

"I'm sorry," Garp says.

"I hope you never walk out on *your* wife," Mrs. Ralph tells Garp. She takes his hand and holds it in her lap; the dog licks his fingers. "It's the shittiest thing a man can do," says Mrs. Ralph. "He just told me he'd been faking his interest in me, 'for years!' he said. And *then* he said that almost *any* other woman, young or old, looked better to him than I did. That's not very nice, is it?" Mrs. Ralph asks Garp.

"No, it isn't," Garp agrees.

"Please believe me, I never messed around with anyone until he left me," Mrs. Ralph tells him.

"I believe you," Garp says.

"It's very hard on a woman's confidence," Mrs. Ralph says. "Why shouldn't I try to have some fun?"

"You *should*," Garp says.

"But I'm so *bad* at it!" Mrs. Ralph confesses, holding her hands to her eyes, rocking on the bed. The dog tries to lick her face, but Garp pushes him away; the dog thinks Garp is playing with him and

lunges across Mrs. Ralph's lap. Garp whacks the dog's nose—too hard—and the poor beast whines and slinks away. "Don't you hurt Bill!" Mrs. Ralph shouts.

"I was just trying to help you," Garp says.

"You don't help *me* by hurting *Bill*," Mrs. Ralph says. "Jesus, is *everyone* crazy?"

Garp slumps back on the water bed, eyes shut tight; the bed rolls like a small sea and Garp groans. "I don't know *how* to help you," he confesses. "I'm very sorry about your troubles, but there's really nothing I can do, is there? If you want to tell me anything, go ahead," he says, his eyes still shut tight. "but nobody can help the way you feel."

"That's a cheerful thing to say to someone," Mrs. Ralph says. Bill is breathing in Garp's hair. There is a tentative lick at his ear. Garp wonders, Is it Bill or Mrs. Ralph? Then he feels her hand grab him under his track shorts and he thinks, coldly: If I didn't really *want* her to do that, why did I lie down on my back?

"Please don't do that," he says. She can certainly feel he's not interested and she lets him go. She lies down beside him, then rolls away, putting her back to him. Bill tries to wriggle between them, but

Mrs. Ralph elbows him so hard in his thick rib cage that the dog coughs and abandons the bed for the floor.

"Poor Bill," Mrs. Ralph says, crying softly. Bill's hard tail thumps the floor. Mrs. Ralph, as if to complete her self-humiliation, farts. Her sobbing is steady, like the kind of rain Garp knows can last all day. Garp wonders what could give the woman a little *confidence*.

"Mrs. Ralph?" Garp says, then tries to bite back what he's said.

"What?" she says. "What'd you say?" She struggles up to her elbows and turns her head to glare at him; she heard him, he knows. "Did you say 'Mrs. Ralph'?" she asks him. "Jesus, 'Mrs. Ralph!'" she cries. "You don't even know my *name*!"

Garp sits up on the edge of the bed; he feels like joining Bill on the floor. "I find you very attractive," he mumbles to Mrs. Ralph, but he's facing Bill. "Really, I do."

"Prove it," Mrs. Ralph says. "You god-damn liar. Show me."

"I can't show you," Garp says, "but it's not because I don't find you attractive."

"I don't even give you an erection!" Mrs. Ralph shouts. "Here I am, half-naked, and when you're beside me—on



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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.
SHULTON

my goddamn bed—you don't even have a respectable hard-on."

"I was trying to conceal it from you," Garp says.

"You succeeded," Mrs. Ralph says. "What's my name?"

Garp feels he has never been so aware of one of his terrible weaknesses: how he needs to have people like him, how he wants to be appreciated. With every word, he knows, he is deeper in trouble and deeper into an obvious lie. Now he knows what a wingding is.

"Your husband must be crazy," Garp says. "You look better to *me* than most women."

"Oh, please stop it," says Mrs. Ralph. "You must be sick."

I *must* be, Garp agrees, but he says, "You should have confidence in your sexuality, believe me. And, more importantly, you should have confidence in yourself in other ways."

"There never were any other ways," Mrs. Ralph admits. "I was never any good at anything but sex, and now I'm no good at sex, either."

"But you're going to school," Garp says, groping.

"I'm sure I don't know *why*," Mrs. Ralph says. Garp squints hard, wishes for unconsciousness; when he hears the water bed sound like surf, he senses danger and opens his eyes. Mrs. Ralph has undressed, has spread herself out on the bed naked. The little waves are still lapping under her rough-tough body, which confronts Garp like a sturdy rowboat moored on choppy water. "Show me that you've got a hard-on and you can go," she says. "Show me your hard-on and I'll believe you like me."

Garp tries to think of an erection; in order to do this, he shuts his eyes and thinks of someone else.

"You bastard," says Mrs. Ralph, but Garp discovers he is already hard. Opening his eyes, he's forced to recognize that Mrs. Ralph is not without allure. He pulls down his track shorts and shows himself to her. The gesture itself makes him harder; he finds himself liking her damp, curly hair. But Mrs. Ralph seems neither disappointed nor impressed with the demonstration; she is resigned to being let down. She shrugs. She rolls over and turns her great round rump to Garp. "OK, so you can actually get it up," she tells him. "Thank you. You can go home now."

Garp feels like touching her. Sickened with embarrassment, Garp feels he could come by just looking at her. He blunders out the door, down the wretched staircase. Is the woman's self-abuse all over for *this* night? he wonders. Is Duncan safe?

He contemplates extending his vigil

until the comforting light of dawn. Stepping on the fallen skillet and clanging it against the stove, he hears not even a sigh from Mrs. Ralph and only a groan from Bill. If the boys were to wake up and need anything, he knows Mrs. Ralph wouldn't hear them.

It's 3:30 A.M. in Mrs. Ralph's finally quiet house when Garp decides to clean the kitchen, to kill the time until dawn. Familiar with a housewife's tasks, Garp fills the sink and starts to wash the dishes.

When the phone rang, Garp knew it was Helen; it suddenly occurred to him—all the terrible things she could have on her mind.

"Hello," Garp said.

"Would you tell me what's going on, please?" Helen asked. Garp knew she had been awake a long time. It was four o'clock in the morning.

"Nothing's going on, Helen," Garp said. "There was a little trouble here and I didn't want to leave Duncan."

"Where is that woman?" Helen asked.

"In bed," Garp admitted. "She passed out."

"From *what*?" Helen asked.

"She'd been drinking," Garp said. "There was a young man here, with her, and she wanted me to get him to leave."

"So then you were alone with her?" Helen asked.

"Not for long," Garp said. "She fell asleep."

"I don't imagine it would take very long," Helen said, "with her."

Garp let there be silence. He had not experienced Helen's jealousy for two years, but he had no trouble remembering its surprising sharpness.

"Nothing's going on, Helen," Garp said.

"Tell me what you're doing, exactly, at this moment," Helen said.

"I'm washing the dishes," Garp told her. He heard her take a long, controlled breath.

"I wonder why you're still there," Helen said.

"I didn't want to leave Duncan," Garp told her.

"I think you should bring Duncan home," Helen said. "Right now."

"Helen," Garp said, "I've been good." It sounded defensive, even to Garp; he knew he hadn't been quite good enough. "Nothing has happened," he added, feeling a little more sure of the truth of that.

"I won't ask you why you're washing her filthy dishes," Helen said.

"To pass the time," Garp said. But in truth, he had not examined what he was doing, until now, and it seemed pointless to him—waiting for dawn, as if accidents happened only when it was dark. "I'm waiting for Duncan to wake

up," he said, but as soon as he spoke, he felt there was no sense to that, either.

"Why not just wake him up?" Helen asked.

"Also, I'm good at washing dishes," Garp said, trying to introduce a little humor.

"I know all the things you're good at," Helen told him, a little too bitterly to pass as a joke.

"You'll make yourself sick, thinking like this," Garp said. "Helen, really, please stop it. I haven't done anything wrong." But Garp had a puritan's niggling memory of the hard-on Mrs. Ralph had given him.

"I've already made myself sick," Helen said, but her voice softened. "Please come home now," she told him.

"And leave Duncan?"

"For Christ's sake, wake him up!" she said. "Or carry him."

"I'll be right home," Garp told her. "Please don't worry, don't think what you're thinking. I'll tell you everything that happened. You'll probably love the story." But he knew he would have trouble telling her this story and that he would have to think very carefully about the parts to leave out.

"I feel better," Helen said. "I'll see you, soon. Please don't wash another dish." Then she hung up and Garp reviewed the kitchen. He thought that his half hour of work hadn't made enough of a difference for Mrs. Ralph to notice that any effort to approach the debris had even been begun.

Garp sought Duncan's clothes among the many forbidding clots of clothing flung about the living room. He knew Duncan's clothes, but he couldn't find them anywhere; then he remembered that Duncan, like a hamster, stored his things in the bottom of his sleeping bag and crawled into the nest with them. Duncan weighed about 80 pounds, plus the bag, plus his junk, but Garp believed he could carry the child home. At least, Garp decided, he would not wake Duncan up inside Ralph's house. There might be a scene; Duncan would be fussy about it. Mrs. Ralph might even wake up.

Then Garp thought of Mrs. Ralph. Furious at himself, he knew he wanted one last look; his sudden, recurring erection reminded him that he wanted to see her thick, crude body again. He moved quickly to the back staircase; he could have found her fetid room with his nose.

He looked straight at her crotch, her rather small nipples (for such big breasts). He should have looked first at her eyes; then he might have realized she was wide-awake and staring back at him.

"Dishes all done?" asked Mrs. Ralph. "Come to say goodbye?"

"I wanted to see if you were all right," he told her.

"Bullshit," she said. "You wanted another look."

"Yes," he confessed; he looked away. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," she said. "It's made my day." Garp tried to smile.

"You're too 'sorry' all the time," Mrs. Ralph said. "What a sorry man you are. Except to your wife," Mrs. Ralph said. "You never once said you were sorry to her."

There was a phone beside the water bed. Garp felt he had never so badly misread a person's condition as he had misread Mrs. Ralph's. She was suddenly no drunker than Bill; or she had become miraculously *undrunk*, or she was enjoying that half hour of clarity between stupor and hangover—a half hour Garp had read about but had always believed was a myth. Another illusion.

"I'm taking Duncan home," Garp told her. She nodded.

"If I were you," she said, "I'd take him home, too."

Garp fought back another "I'm sorry," suppressed it after a short but serious struggle.

"Do me one favor?" said Mrs. Ralph. Garp looked at her; she didn't mind. "Don't tell your wife *everything* about me, OK? Don't make me out to be such a pig. Maybe you could draw a picture of me with a little sympathy."

"I have pretty good sympathy," Garp mumbled.

"You have a pretty good rod on, too," said Mrs. Ralph, staring at Garp's elevated track shorts. "You better not take *that* home." Garp said nothing; Garp the puritan felt he deserved to take a few punches. "Your wife really looks after you, doesn't she?" said Mrs. Ralph. "I guess you haven't *always* been a good boy. You know what my husband would have called you?" she asked. "My husband would have called you *pussy-whipped*."

"Your husband must have been some asshole," Garp said. It felt good to get a punch in, even a bad punch, but he felt foolish that he had mistaken this woman for a slob.

Mrs. Ralph got off the bed and stood in front of Garp. Her tits touched his chest. Garp was anxious that his hard-on might poke her. "You'll be back," Mrs. Ralph said. "Want to bet on it?" Garp left her without a word.

He wasn't farther than two blocks from Mrs. Ralph's house—Duncan crammed down in the sleeping bag, wriggling over Garp's shoulder—when the squad car pulled to the curb and its police-blue light flickered over him where he stood *caught*: a furtive, half-naked kidnaper sneaking away with his bright bundle of stolen goods and stolen looks—and a stolen child.



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VERY QUIET HORROR

(continued from page 114)

the upper latrines were located. We helped improve the canal while we stayed there. At the very outset, all of us came down simultaneously with bad colds; we had no warm clothing. They let us light wood fires in the yard; it helped a bit to keep warmer.

We all lost weight at Dawson: I lost 30 pounds in the first three months. Daniel Vergara, who had been shot in the arm, didn't get the bullet removed for a full month: They took him to a Punta Arenas hospital only when gangrene developed. Inasmuch as we were kept indoors most of the time, we had to use buckets for our bodily functions.

Was there forced labor at Dawson?

LETELIER: At first, they didn't want us to work outside. We asked permission to build latrines, cut down some trees and build a bypass for the canal. Finally, they let us do it. But after about 25 days in the camp, the military decided to subject us to forced labor, even though we were never tried or sentenced. First, they made us walk around the island in terrible wind, with gusts up to 80 miles per hour. It's the antarctic wind, sometimes blowing stones and pieces of ice into one's face, slashing it.

Under the forced-labor system, we worked from seven A.M. until seven P.M., or later. First, we built the latrines. Then, we had to erect telephone poles between our camp and a small naval station, some 14 miles away. Every 150 feet, we had to dig a hole in the ground; sometimes it was rock.

You know, fascism is a rather negative thing, but fascism combined with economic underdevelopment is really incredible. So there were no tools for this work, there were no shovels—that's how underdeveloped this place was. Sometimes we had to dig the postholes with our hands. You'd work four or five hours and you had dug down four or five inches. And much depended on the sergeant in charge of the detail. Some sergeants would let us rest for five minutes every two hours; others made it every three hours. But then we could relax and smoke. We had been authorized some time earlier to receive packages from home, so finally, we had cigarettes. And we had to reinforce the barbed wire and cut firewood. Because of the cold on Dawson, the military wanted to stock up on firewood for the winter. So we had to cut down tall trees, with hand axes, naturally. I didn't have the slightest idea how to use an ax.

What did they feed you?

LETELIER: At first, it was coffee and bread in the morning, then lentils that were brought to us at noon at the worksite. Later, they gave us some potatoes. But they gave us no meat and no fruit, which is why we developed a generalized condition of malnutrition. José Toha, one of our group, was so terribly affected

that he lost 70 pounds. And even the lentils we ate were mixed with pebbles. Sometime in November, we started occasionally receiving pieces of fat, which for us was the most welcome thing, because we needed it so badly in that climate. Often it rained so hard that we were soaked even before we started work. On occasion, a prisoner would become virtually frozen. Then the guards would let us light a fire and put the man next to it. We would keep slapping him to keep up his circulation.

How did you all hold up psychologically?

LETELIER: Naturally, this whole situation created a very strong psychological pressure on us, but it's really astounding how important it is to be together. Each man wants to be an example to the others. This sense of unity, of collective support, allowed us to survive all that time. And there were all kinds of things. At night, for example, the guards would yank prisoners out of their sheds and simulate executions, then send them back to their cots. We heard the shots.

The original Dawson group of 37 was increased to 41 late in September with the arrival of seven prisoners who had been leading government officials in Valparaíso. All seven had been severely tortured during their initial detention aboard the Chilean navy's training ship Esmeralda, which had been turned into a prison after the military coup. (Protest demonstrations were staged against the Esmeralda when the Tall Ships gathered in New York harbor on July fourth last year. The ship's master denied that it had been used as a prison.) The Valparaíso prisoners had been subjected to electric shocks to the genitals and to the tongue. Letelier heard their stories in detail and saw the marks on their bodies.

LETELIER: Sergio Vuskovic, who was mayor of Valparaíso, had his tongue completely burned from electric shocks. The same thing happened to Andres Sepulveda, a former congressman. The navy's interrogators had developed their own techniques. They always kept the prisoners blindfolded. Routinely, the first questions were about arms; where were the arms? Then came the tortures, the electric shocks, the beatings. Aboard the Esmeralda, prisoners were lashed naked to a mast and beaten. Then they were taken below deck for electric-shock treatment to obtain confessions. Vuskovic, for instance, had several ribs broken and could hardly stand up. In other cases, flesh wounds were inflicted on the prisoners, then the wounds were rubbed with salt. One prisoner was forced to rub salt with his feet into the wounds of another prisoner.

There also were women prisoners aboard the Esmeralda and they, too, were tortured. They received electric shocks.

They were forced to parade naked in front of other prisoners and sailors. They were raped by sailors.

All that was heard aboard that ship was screams.

Was there any improvement in your lives at Dawson as time went by?

LETELIER: Well, I told you about the psychological pressures; these went on the whole time. We would hear a great deal of shooting during the night, and the next morning, soldiers would tell us that they had been firing right next to our shed. The soldiers and the sailors were being told by their officers that foreign submarines were about to land at Dawson to rescue us. The idea was to keep the troops excited and hostile toward us.

By late September, some 300 new political prisoners had been taken to Dawson from Punta Arenas. Increasingly, the Letelier group was allowed to develop contacts with them at worksites. The military no longer tried to keep secret the identity of its high-level prisoners. But forced labor became harder and harder.

LETELIER: We were ordered to fill big sacks with stones from the beach and to run with them as far as possible. The stones were for the new house the island's naval commander was building for himself. Our legs would collapse under us; some of the men would just faint from sheer exhaustion, falling on the ground in blinding rain. Working on the beach, we sometimes saw ferries taking prisoners to Punta Arenas for interrogation, then returning them ten or twenty days later. We'd watch them come off the boats, many of them with broken ribs, tongues burned from electric shock and their bodies covered with wounds.

The interrogation system at Punta Arenas was to keep them incommunicado for five or six days; then the prisoners were released in a yard where the military kept huge mastiffs that were let loose on them. Afterward, the prisoners were pushed against a tree we call *calafate* that is covered with thorns; after a few moments, their bodies were full of thorns. Next, the men were forced to eat excrement, were beaten and given electric shocks. Only then, interrogation started. They were forced to sign confessions blindfolded, not knowing what they were signing. Back in camp, they were given some time to recover. We knew all about them, because there was a physician in our group of prisoners, Arturo Giron, who was often called by the military to treat the detainees. Sometimes, Giron would be called out at midnight or three A.M., when a ferryboat with tortured prisoners returned from Punta Arenas.

At Puerto Harris, officials from the International Red Cross were allowed to visit the prisoners. Prior to the visit, the men were kept working until three A.M. painting a new shed, so that the inspectors would not find them in the cramped



*"When you asked to borrow the car, we thought
you wanted to go someplace."*

conditions of the other shack. In the morning, they were taken to a beach, given a soccer ball and ordered to play. Letelier vividly recalled this incident.

LETELIER: Suddenly, a jeep arrived at the beach, carrying Red Cross officials. This was theater, this was a show to demonstrate to the Red Cross that the prisoners practiced sports. However, Red Cross officials insisted on private conversations with individual prisoners. They could see that persons still had torture marks, including Carlos Gonzales, an ex-congressman, on whose back a huge letter Z had been slashed with a bayonet. Z was the alleged secret plan of the Allende government to murder the chiefs of the armed forces and the formal excuse for the coup. Curiously, however, I was never asked about Plan Z in interrogations during my year of incarceration, although I had been the defense minister and presumably would have known about such a plan. The junta used Plan Z to keep up the morale in the armed forces; there were posters in army barracks throughout Chile, saying, REMEMBER Z—YOU WERE TO DIE IN SEPTEMBER.

Were there reprisals against prisoners who talked to Red Cross officials?

LETELIER: No. The Red Cross people were very discreet: they never passed on to the Chilean military the names of the prisoners whom they interviewed—so it was impossible to determine who had said what to the Red Cross. But the Red Cross mission did write a report about tortures, and after that, it was not allowed to inspect Dawson. However, from the time of the visit, we began receiving mattresses, blankets, food, chocolate, and so on, from the Red Cross. The excuse for keeping the Red Cross out of Dawson after the

first visit was that we had hidden weapons and were preparing an uprising. But how could we have had arms in that inaccessible, frozen hell that was Dawson?

On December 20, 1973, after three months at Puerto Harris, the Letelier group was removed to another concentration camp on Dawson Island—the Rio Chico camp—some seven miles away.

LETELIER: In April 1974, a colonel arrived at Rio Chico; he lined us up and told us that weapons had been discovered in the camp. We were locked up for a day in a shed and subjected to a search. Some of us had little pieces of metal, made from barbed wire, which we used to make engravings on stones to be sent to our families via the Red Cross. There was less forced labor in Rio Chico, because we were too far from worksites and they had no trucks to take us. So we had more free time and we could work on the stone engravings. But now they took our little tools away. We were stripped naked for the search. The colonel informed us that the presence of "arms" among us was an act of rebellion and that punishment would be applied.

A few days later, a special marine unit arrived at Rio Chico. We were no longer allowed to walk; we had to run all the time. We had to run on the beaches, carrying stone-filled sacks. Prisoners were fainting all the time. Whenever we were addressed by the marines, we had to reply with shouts. All this was intended to maintain a high degree of nervous tension among us. They wouldn't let us sleep: We would be yanked out of bed in the middle of the night and forced to stand in the rain. We were thrown to the ground in the mud. Then we were made to run in the rain. Some of us were placed in solitary confinement.

Were you ever afraid that you might make a soldier angry and be shot? Did you think they were trigger-happy?

LETELIER: Of course. This was especially true of the special repression group—the marines—who were composed largely of professional psychopaths. There was a sergeant who kept telling us, "I've already killed 12 of you. . . ." Then he would make us lie on the ground, hit and kick us in the face and provoke us in every way to see whether he could produce a reaction justifying an execution. We really thought they wanted provocation to kill us. They would suddenly turn off the lights in the dining hall and tell us not to move. If there was the slightest noise, the sergeant would say, "Now we've got you, now we're going to take care of you." Then shots would be fired and we'd think, Well, this is it.

Were you allowed any contact with your families?

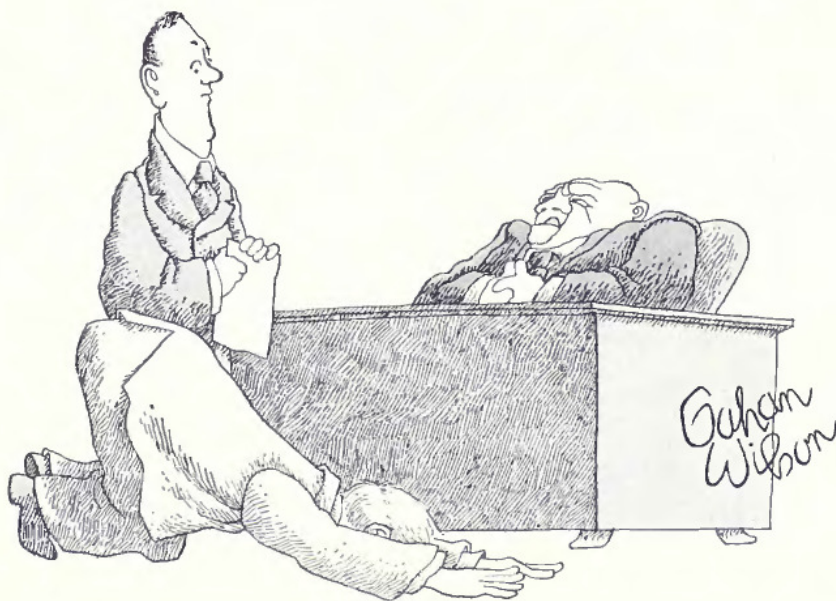
LETELIER: We were told we could write a letter a week home, but we were permitted to receive letters only once a month or so. Our wives' letters were censored to the point where sometimes only one or two lines were left on a sheet of paper. They crossed out the rest and added, instead, dirty, filthy words. We were allowed to receive photographs of our families, but, in my case, I returned them to the camp officials. You see, the fundamental thing at that point was to survive, to resist day by day, and for me, that kind of contact with the outside world, the fact that I could see pictures of my family, was very damaging to me. I thought that it would weaken me psychologically; I had to concentrate on my life as a prisoner. Every night, I thought, Well, I'm still alive, I've won an extra day from the fascists.

You thought that if you thought of your family, you couldn't resist?

LETELIER: Yes. And the only way to be reunited with my family was to remain alive and sane. My obligation was to return home sane. Of course, I had moments of psychological collapse: The situation of a political prisoner in this nightmare was one of total uncertainty. One day they take you somewhere to be interrogated, the next day they announce that they will execute you; there are no rules; it is complete uncertainty in relation to everything. If, at least, they tell you that you'll be in prison for, say, three years, you can organize your life as a prisoner around these three years. But there was nothing like that at Dawson. It was only present—no future.

Did you ever feel sorry for yourself for having lost so much—your family, your position?

LETELIER: You see, as a political prisoner, facing all this irrationality, one wonders, How is it possible that the world allows these things to happen? . . . How is it possible that in this century,



"You could learn a thing or two from Harrington, here, Wiltz."

with all the concepts ruling civilized men, so much brutality, injustice, immorality could be happening to one? One wonders about the value of international organizations, the value of all the declarations of human rights, if all this is being destroyed and nobody cares. Perhaps a political prisoner feels more strongly than a common prisoner the psychological phenomenon of injustice. A political prisoner is a man who, whatever his past position, thinks that he has given his life to serve his country. On the scale of human values, a man thinks he cannot be punished for what he thinks, rightly or wrongly. So the political prisoner doesn't think he has violated the norms of human behavior. I, as a political prisoner, never could have an attorney; a common criminal could have an attorney.

On May 8, 1974, Letelier's group was removed from Dawson back to the Chilean mainland, probably because winter was approaching and the prisoners would not have survived on the island. But the departure from Dawson was marked by final touches of brutality.

LETELIER: We left our sheds at four A.M. We were led on a forced march from Rio Chico for about 12 miles until we reached an airstrip. On the way, we had to cross two rivers, taking off our clothes before plunging into the cold water, so that they could be dry afterward. We made a human chain to cross the rivers, to make sure that nobody drowned. The whole time, the guards were pointing their guns at us. Five hours later, at nine A.M., we reached the airstrip. There we were ordered to lie on the ground. They kept us for a full hour in that terrible wind that slashes your skin. Finally, we boarded several small planes for the flight to Punta Arenas. In Punta Arenas, they placed us aboard a C-130 troop transport. Curiously, it was one of the planes I had bought for the Chilean air force when I was ambassador in Washington. As I climbed aboard, tied and manacled, I thought how ironic it was that I would be transported in that plane like a package.

The prisoners were flown to El Bosque Air Force Base near Santiago, roped to their seats aboard the plane. They were received by an army colonel who was the chief of the National Detainees Office, the Chilean equivalent of the Soviet Gulag prison administration. Each prisoner was photographed as he stood in line on the tarmac. Then, soldiers with Red Cross insignia placed hoods on the prisoners' heads before leading them to waiting trucks. (The next day, the government newspaper published a story reporting the return of the prisoners from Dawson, stressing their healthy aspect—as if they had come back from a vacation. And there were photographs of the prisoners, taken before the men were hooded.) The trucks presently reached a building

somewhere in Santiago; the prisoners were made to walk down several steps and were led to a basement room. When his hood was removed, Letelier saw that there were seven of his fellow prisoners with him in the room. The building turned out to be the Chilean Air Force Academy. It and the Tejas Verdes detention camp had the reputation of being the worst torture centers in Chile. Letelier remained at the Air Force Academy from May 8 to July 20.

LETELIER: We were in a basement, where one really lost all sense of time. The tiny windows in the cells were boarded up. We lived all the time under artificial light. And the loud-speakers never stopped, playing martial songs as well as rock music. It went on night and day.

They didn't want you to sleep?

LETELIER: Obviously. The cell was relatively large, 15 by 18 feet for the eight of us. We were blindfolded when guards took us to the bathroom. There, we had to wait our turn for a long time against a wall. There were prisoners there lying on the floor. Some prisoners were kept standing against the wall, blindfolded, for two or three days, until they fainted. At night, we often heard from our cell the screams of prisoners being tortured in other cells. And there were women there, too.

Were you interrogated at the academy?

LETELIER: Yes. They accused me of having documents published in the United States in 1973 indicating that the International Telephone and Telegraph Company had been involved with the CIA in anti-Allende plots. They said they had proof that I had paid Jack Anderson, the columnist, \$70,000, when I was ambassador in Washington, to publish these documents. But it happens that I have never met Anderson.

How did the interrogations work?

LETELIER: As a rule, they tried to prepare prisoners for questioning by isolating them from others; often we were tied to our beds. For example, Clodomiro Almeyda [a former foreign minister] was tied to his bed for more than 30 days in preparation for questioning. Occasionally, the guards would untie us when food was brought in. But what affected me the most was hearing what was happening in the building. And the sensation of knowing that the moment of being tortured was approaching! In my case, the preparation for being interrogated was brief, just one day—they had me tied to my bed, hooded. Yet, for some reason, I was subjected only to psychological torture.

How about your companions?

LETELIER: There were different types of tortures. For example, Pedro Felipe Ramirez [a friend of Letelier's] was given electric shock, Pentothal, all that. There were women whom the guards first raped

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and then introduced rats into their vaginas. You can read about all this in the report of the Human Rights Commission of the Organization of American States.

Were you afraid that they might hurt you physically?

LETELIER: Certainly. But even back at Dawson, we discussed tortures with those who had undergone them. In the case of electric shock, for instance, it was useful to scream at a given moment. They always had doctors present to prevent people from dying. And sometimes a doctor would say, "No, this man you can go on torturing—he isn't yet about to die on you." But on many occasions, people did die while they were being tortured. Thus, among ourselves, the prisoners, we would tell one another things about torture. It increased tensions, this thing of discussing tortures all the time. But I knew that torture sessions seldom lasted more than six or seven hours, and I knew I could stay alive that long. Psychologically, then, one would try to prepare himself for an interrogation session.

So you prisoners felt that if you could prepare yourselves a little, it would be easier on you?

LETELIER: It did help. My interrogations were conducted with the greatest violence and insult. They would ask me, "Are you a homosexual? Are you this, are you that?" They would talk about your wife, your family, trying to destroy you psychologically.

Why would they ask you if you were a homosexual?

LETELIER: This is a question they asked of most prisoners. My impression is that among the torturers, who are psychopaths, there must be quite a few homosexuals. Well, this kind of question, asked with a great deal of violence, must be intended to produce emotional imbalance, so that you would say, "Why do you think this of me? What have I done to deserve this?" They talk to you about your youth; they ask, "Do you know so-and-so?" They change the subject, then they insist again, "How many American newspapermen do you know? How about the \$70,000? And do you know that your wife is a prostitute?"

Now, I must tell you that there was an attitude of classism: Simple workers have been tortured in the most brutal manner, including persons who were invalids. In Punta Arenas, they brutally tortured a shoemaker only because he was a member of the Communist Party. Anyway, I think that the worst time I spent during my whole imprisonment was at the Air Force Academy.

Letelier spent two and a half months at the Air Force Academy. On July 20, 1974, he was moved to the Ritoque concentration camp on the Picoque coast, some 100 miles north of Santiago. And there the governor of the province, who was in charge of all the concentration

camp, was Admiral Eberhard, who had been Letelier's naval attaché in Washington. The commander of the air base, the man who was directly responsible for the camp, was Colonel Enrique Ruiz, who had been his air attaché at the Washington embassy.

What was their reaction to you?

LETELIER: When I left the embassy the previous year to become foreign minister, they offered me a farewell dinner in Washington; they spoke of their gratitude to me for the way I had treated them. Naturally, they sent flowers to my wife, the "ambassadress," and they gave me farewell gifts. The next time I saw them was at Ritoque concentration camp. Once, we were ordered out of our cells early in the morning because there would be "an important visit." It was Admiral Eberhard, arriving in a helicopter. We were lined up to be reviewed by him. The admiral asked each prisoner what his number was, but when he reached me, he asked, "How are you?" I replied, "I'm fine." He asked, "Do you need anything?" I said, "No, I don't need anything." Then he asked me an absurd question: "How is your wife?" I answered, "My wife is not very well. How is your wife?" He said, "Oh, she's well."

Did he seem embarrassed?

LETELIER: I couldn't tell you. I imagine that these people have developed some sort of mental self-justification. As for Colonel Ruiz, who came with the admiral, he approached me from behind and said, "Look, I know that your wife is well. I'll be back to talk with you." Some weeks later, Colonel Ruiz visited the camp again. When we were ordered to line up, I refused and went back to my shack. Ruiz intercepted me and said, "Look, I want to talk with you; I hope that all this will end soon." My reply to him was very terse and rough, but there were no reprisals against me.

How did you feel about those officers whom you knew?

LETELIER: I thought that they were terrified human beings, the prisoners of a system.

Did you think they were traitors?

LETELIER: Yes. I thought they were traitors. Traitors to the people of Chile. I felt rather superior to them. After all these things, one no longer has any fear. I felt that they were more scared than we were—and I'm not just talking about these two officers—because of all the terrible things they had done. The repression that is being applied in Chile is a demonstration of weakness. Surely, there can be nobody more cruel than a coward, a scared man.

Do you think they realized that?

LETELIER: Probably. Even in Dawson, the same sergeant who had treated you brutally during forced labor would come to you and say, "Look, I'm against this sort of thing. I'm against those generals. But you know that I'm married. I can do

nothing. I have a family. But the lieutenant is a fascist." Soon, the lieutenant would come and say, "Look, Señor Letelier, you hate me, don't you?" Well, I wouldn't answer. So he would go on: "You hate me, but you must realize that I'm a professional, that I have to obey orders. I have been trained to fight the enemy. I receive orders from Captain Zamora, who is in command here." Then, the captain would come, saying, "Well, Señor Letelier, surely you think that I do these things in a spirit of vengeance. I want you to know that personally I have nothing against you. I'm a professional: it is the major who gives me orders. But I do fewer bad and cruel things than he would want me to do. But if I didn't obey orders, what do you think would happen to me? I would wind up in one of these cells as a prisoner."

Did you believe them? Obeying orders is an old story.

LETELIER: There is great terror within the armed forces. There is an organization, the DINA, which is the Chilean Gestapo. Not all the officers belong to it. The captain doesn't know whether the lieutenant under him belongs to DINA and is watching him to denounce him if he is soft with the prisoners. Thus, they live as prisoners of the system of terror that exists among them.

Do you forgive them for their crimes because of that terror?

LETELIER: No. I don't forgive them. I think that there's a level of moral cowardice among them and, collectively, I cannot forgive them. But I won't tell you that all the members of the Chilean armed forces are fascists, that all of them are torturers. Often, soldiers, when they were not being watched, tried to show us little gestures of humanity. For example, a soldier would say to me, "Look, rest a little bit while they aren't watching us." And sometimes a soldier would ask you for your autograph, so that later he could say that he had been at Dawson, guarding these terribly dangerous political prisoners, as the junta would put it.

Letelier was kept at the Ritoque camp, one of at least 100 concentration and detention camps in Chile, until September 9, 1974.

LETELIER: In the evening, camp officials informed me that I would be moved immediately. After getting in a car, I heard an officer say to the driver: "Letelier is to go to Bustos Street in Santiago." I knew that the Venezuelan embassy was on Bustos Street. I arrived at the Venezuelan embassy at midnight under heavy escort. I guess the junta, which was under tremendous international pressure, decided to make a gesture: They issued two decrees, one liberating me on the grounds that there were no charges against me and the other expelling me from Chile. I had been imprisoned for 364 days.



"If you don't mind, I'll take just the sympathy."

HAIR TODAY

(continued from page 90)

putting hair in its place. No hair specialists recommend them. So what? Sprays are a way of grooming life for many men, and the newer ones incorporate protein protectors.

The real threat of hair sprays is overuse. When too much is applied, not only does the hair look and feel tacky, the hair shaft can be overly coated, contributing to premature breakage. The trick is to hold the container at least a foot away from the hair and to direct the mist lightly over the hair, never aiming directly at the scalp.

Like all hair preparations, sprays should be brushed out nightly. Of course, waking the next morning, you face that perennial problem—how to get your hair in shape again.

TOOLING AROUND

Sometimes you feel like pulling your hair out over manageability problems when there really aren't any. Hair falls according to its growth pattern. When you want it to do something it resists—look straight if it's wavy—what you've got is a styling dilemma.

Remember those day-after-barbering blues? They most likely occur because the barber, completing his styling, employs that ubiquitous tool the blow drier. From his elevated vantage point, he can

perform feats you can't hope to achieve with a towel and a comb.

Whether professional or one-hand-operated types with clip-on attachments, all hand-held driers use heat to relax the hair so it can be manipulated into a new shape. Since hair's at its most malleable when wet, it tends to hold an "unnatural" shape when dried into it.

Hair driers should be used with care, since they can literally scorch hair. Air flow should be directed over the hair and the implement should be in constant, side-to-side motion. However, before flicking the drier on, towel-dry shampooed hair. On top speed, remove most of the remaining moisture. Then reduce the speed and style.

Styling takes manual dexterity gained by practice. Ask your barber to demonstrate the techniques he uses when finalizing your style. If susceptible to scalp problems or oily hair, however, be extra cautious when using driers. Also, extremely curly or very thick hair can seldom be blown dry without appearing either bushy or electrified.

If becoming a drier junkie to maintain a hair style seems unpalatable, there is another alternative. Insist that your barber deliver a style that requires no special maintenance tricks. Happily, such a style will probably be short and casual, "wash 'n' wear"—which just happens to be this season's trend-setter. Lucky you.



CRAZY JOE

(continued from page 86)

night clubs where the Colombo clan congregated. He even attended a wake at a Brooklyn funeral parlor owned by Joe Colombo, Sr., and some of his business associates. If the corpse had suddenly jumped out of the casket, the mourners couldn't have been more startled than they were by the unexpected presence of Crazy Joe. He seemed to be daring the Colombos to try to tag him.

"We heard Joe Gallo was all over town, but he never stood in one place long enough for us to get at him," says Luparelli.

The last place they expected to find him was in a Mulberry Street social club where several Colombo gunmen hung out, but Joey could always be counted on to do the unexpected.

On a blustery March night in 1972, he swaggered into the club with his brother Albert and two bodyguards, Pete the Greek and Roy-Roy Musico.

"This was Joe the Wop's old place," Luparelli says. "Joe the Wop was a boss and he died and this guy Georgie took over the place. He's no boss or nothing. He just bought the place."

"Joe Gallo walked in like he owned the joint. He didn't have a gun on him, because he was on parole, but his brother and bodyguards all showed guns. There was a lot of people there, drinking and playing cards. Joe Curly, Frankie the Bug and other guys."

"Joey went up to Georgie and ordered drinks for everybody. Georgie was dying to get away from him, because he figured any minute a couple of Colombos would come in and bullets would be flying."

"Joe Gallo started shooting off his mouth, talking loud and mean: 'I don't give a shit about no Colombos. I'll kill anybody who's in my way.'"

"Frankie the Bug tried to quiet him down. Everybody stopped playing cards and looked at him. If they had any respect at all for Joe Yack, they would have killed him right there, but nobody done nothing."

"Georgie told Sonny Pinto about it later and Sonny told Joe Yack. Yack said: 'Those assholes. They give him conversation? They should spit on him and blow him away.'"

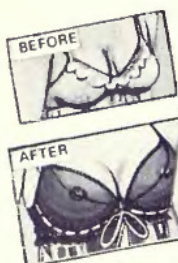
March was a very busy month for Crazy Joe. He married Sina Essary, a slim, brown-haired divorcee he had first met in the elevator of the 14th Street apartment house where they both were living.

On Saturday night, March 18, Joey took his bride, his mom and his sister to the San Su San night club in Mineola, Long Island, to hear singer Jimmy Roselli. They were accompanied by bodyguards Pete the Greek and Bobby Darrow. The San Su San was considered Colombo territory; one of its unofficial



"But we'll get our sandals all muddy."

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owners reportedly was Colombo capo John "Sonny" Franzese, who was serving time for bank robbery.

About an hour after the Gallo party arrived, several other President Street pistoleros came in and were seated on the opposite side of the club. The presence of such a large Gallo turnout caused speculation that Joey was casing the club in preparation for a take-over attempt. It wouldn't be the first Colombo enterprise he had muscled into since his parole.

Joey may have convinced his bride that he was going straight, but the cops and mobsters who knew him best never had the slightest doubt that his ultimate goal was the same as it had always been—to be the richest racketeer in town. Under the fresh layers of culture and respectability, Tommy Udo was alive and well.

Joey left his President Street headquarters around six on Thursday evening, April sixth. Pete the Greek and Darrow drove him home to 14th Street and left him there. Lisa, Sina's ten-year-old daughter, had gone to the theater, so the bride and groom dined alone.

Joey's sister, Carmella Fiorello, brought Lisa home around 11 o'clock. Around the same time, Pete the Greek arrived at the Gallo apartment with a date, Edie Russo, and Darrow.

They all decided to go uptown to the Copacabana to celebrate Joey's birthday and see Don Rickles, the acid-tongued comic.

The three men, three women and Lisa climbed into a black Cadillac and drove to 60th Street. The Copa maitre de greeted them like visiting royalty and ushered them to the best table in the house.

Rickles had once worked at a club owned by Joe and Larry Gallo. After the second show, the comedian went over to Joey's table, sat down and started talking about old times. Night-club columnist Earl Wilson and his secretary also joined the party and drank a champagne toast to the birthday boy.

When they left the Copa shortly after four A.M., Joey told Darrow to take Wilson's secretary home in a cab. That left Gallo with only one bodyguard. Joey, Pete the Greek, the three women and Lisa got into the Caddy and cruised downtown to Mulberry Street for a late snack, but Luna's was closed.

The only place open was a new seafood restaurant, Umberto's Clam House. "Let's try it," Joey said.

While the Gallo party was at the Copa, Luparelli had dropped into King Wah, a Chinese restaurant on Mulberry, a few doors south of Canal Street. The restaurant, formerly a Mob social club, was owned by Richard Pallatto and his Chinese-American wife, Mona. Mobsters frequently stopped there when they felt like "eating Chinese" or simply sipping Scotch in an atmosphere slightly more

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exotic than their neighborhood hangouts.

Sonny Pinto was at the bar with Philip "Fat Fungi" Gambino, a corpulent ex-con who was on parole. Luparelli had a couple of drinks with them, then walked up the street to Umberto's Clam House, on the corner of Mulberry and Hester. Umberto's was the latest link in the chain of dining and drinking establishments owned by Matty the Horse. It was run by his two brothers.

A small, white-walled, brightly lit place with a dozen butcher-block tables and a diner type of counter, it was so new that it didn't have a license to sell alcoholic beverages. Fish nets and plastic life preservers decorated the walls.

"Matty the Horse was there and Tony, who owned the bar down the block, and another guy, Charley," Luparelli says. "We were talking when we heard a commotion outside. Johnny the Ice Man was arguing with a uniformed cop. We went out to look. Then who drives up in a big black Cadillac but Joe Gallo and Pete the Greek. They had some women with them.

"I never knew there was a kid in there. I only seen them two and the women. I never seen the kid. As soon as I saw who was in the car, I turned my head so Gallo and the Greek couldn't get ahold of my face. They both knew me from before and I figured maybe Pete the Greek knew I'm with Joe Yack.

"Joe opens the Cadillac and says, 'How's the seafood, any good?'

"Matty says, 'Yeah. Pretty good.'

"He wasn't so anxious for Gallo to go in there, but he didn't want to say anything that would make him mad. I turned my back and went down to King Wah. Pinto and Fat Fungi are still there.

"I said, 'Guess who's in the clam house?'

"Sonny says, 'Who?'

"'Un Paz [a nickname derived from the Italian words *un pazzo*, the crazy one]. Un Paz is there.'

"Sonny says, 'Who Un Paz?'

"I says, 'Joe Gallo's in there with Pete the Greek.'

"Sonny says, 'That son of a bitch. He's got some nerve, coming into the neighborhood all the time. We're going to load up and we're going to hit him now. We'll whack him out right there.'"

Two other hoods had joined Sonny and Fungi while Luparelli was at Umberto's. Luparelli knew them only as Cisco and Benny, brothers who were in the Colombo unit headed by Franzese. The Pallattos were still serving drinks, although it was now well past the legal closing time.

Pinto sent the brothers and Pallatto out to get guns. While they were gone, Luparelli inquired what his role in the whack-out would be. As he was walking with the aid of a cane, he couldn't do

anything that required fleet footwork.

"All I want you to do is drive one of the cars," Sonny said. "I don't want Fungi to do nothing, neither. He's out on parole."

The brothers and Pallatto returned with four guns—two .38s, a .32 and a .22-caliber automatic. One of the brothers offered the .22 to Luparelli, but he declined to accept it, because "it looked so rusty I was afraid it might blow up in my hand if I squeezed the trigger."

"You don't need a gun," Sonny said. "Just stay with the car."

Meanwhile, the Gallo party had been seated around a table at the rear of the restaurant, a few feet from the side door on Mulberry Street. Gallo was sitting between his bodyguard and his sister, facing the wall. Opposite them, Sina sat between Lisa and Edie, their backs to the wall.

Matty the Horse had followed them into the restaurant. He sat on a stool at the far end of the counter, near the kitchen, with his broad back to the Gallo party. After glancing at the menu, Gallo shouted at the nervous restaurateur: "Hey, Matty, order for us, will you? You know what's good here."

Matty consulted the cook, then ordered shrimp and *scungilli* salad all around. Gallo liked it so much that, when it was gone, he called for another serving. He and his companions washed down the seafood with soft drinks and coffee. They were halfway through the second round of shrimp and *scungilli* when two cars pulled up outside.

"We could see Joe Gallo and his family sitting on the side," Luparelli says. "I didn't know who the women were. I didn't know it was his wife and sister. I thought they was just broads.

"Pinto parked his car right outside the restaurant. I swung my car around to block off the intersection of Hester and Mulberry. We each used our own cars.

"Cisco and Benny were with Sonny. Fat Fungi was with me. Sonny and the brothers went in the side door on Mulberry Street and started firing at Gallo."

Besides the Gallo group, ten other persons were in the restaurant when the gunmen entered—seven customers, a waiter, the cook and Matty the Horse. When the shooting started, they all hit the deck. Customers dived under tables and chairs. The waiter and cook sought refuge behind the counter, Matty ran into the kitchen and threw himself face down onto the floor, covering his head with his hands.

Pete the Greek, on Gallo's left and closest to the side door, was the first to see Pinto come in. As he turned his head to warn Joey, he heard Sonny shout, "Die, motherfucker!" and the roar of gunfire as Sonny and the brothers began their barrage.

Pete the Greek tried to draw his own

gun, a .25-caliber automatic, but he had trouble getting it out of his pocket and dodging slugs at the same time. Instinctively, he ducked and a bullet slammed him to the floor.

Two bullets tore through Gallo's back. One struck his spine; the other severed one of the two main arteries to his brain. He jumped up, knocked over the heavy table and staggered through the restaurant to the front door. A third bullet hit him as he reached the street and two more pierced his clothes without touching his body. He had almost made it to his Cadillac when he toppled over in the street and died.

"Pete the Greek got shot in the ass when he ducked under the table. He wasn't supposed to duck, but he did. Then everybody came running out. Sonny and the brothers jumped in Sonny's car. Pete the Greek came out the side door and fired at the three of them. They fired back as they drove away," Luparelli says.

Matty the Horse was still sprawled on the kitchen floor. Thinking he had arranged the ambush, Pete the Greek hauled him to his feet.

"How could you do this in front of his wife and kid?" Pete demanded.

"I didn't have nothing to do with it," Matty insisted.

Luparelli and Fat Fungi were watching from their car. They had a clear view of the restaurant kitchen from the open side door.

"Pete the Greek pulled his pistol and stuck it in Matty's face," Luparelli says. "He kept pulling the trigger—click, click, click. Matty thought he was dead, but the gun was empty.

"Me and Fungi saw Joe Gallo come out the front door and stumble and fall in the middle of Hester Street, near his Cadillac. Pinto and the two brothers ran out after him and took off when they saw him drop. Then Gallo's sister and wife and the kid came out. They were all screaming."

Pete heard the screams and realized, for the first time, that his boss was dead.

"Pete the Greek came out, shoving Matty the Horse in front of him for a shield. When he seen the body, he let go of Matty and ran to Joe Gallo. Then Pete the Greek fainted, right there on the street."

After casually carrying out the Gallo contract, Pinto and his helpers went back to King Wah and resumed their drinking, as if nothing had happened. Luparelli and Fat Fungi joined them there a few minutes later.

"Sonny did his own driving and everything," Luparelli says. "That's how crazy he was. When Fat Fungi and I met him in King Wah, Sonny said he wanted to stay there awhile. He wanted to drink some more. I said, 'Sonny, we can't stay here. We've got to get out of here. In a

few minutes, there'll be cops all over the area.'

"Sonny didn't think nothing of what he had just done. That's how he was. There wasn't any real plan when it happened. It was a spur-of-the-moment thing. Sonny just decided to do it there and then while we had the chance.

"He told the two brothers to get rid of the guns. We dropped the brothers off at Center Market and Grand Street, on the corner below police headquarters. Then we drove Sonny's car down to Lafayette Street and put it in front of his mother's place. It had a flat tire. One of Pete the Greek's bullets must have hit the tire, so now we decided to use my car.

"Pinto lay down on the back seat and took a nap while I drove up to Nyack. Fat Fungi sat up front next to me. We got to Nyack around six, six-thirty in the morning. Joe Yack was asleep. He got up and came to the door when we rang the bell."

"Who's there?" Yack asked from behind the door.

"Joe Pesh," said Luparelli, using his Italian nickname.

"What are you doing here at this hour?"

"We got him," Fungi said. "We got him."

Yack opened the door. When he saw the Mulberry Street trio on his threshold, he didn't know what to think. Everybody started talking at once.

"Just a minute," Yack said. "Slow down. Don't say nothing out in the hall here, where people might be listening. Let's go inside."

They all went inside and Yack put the chain lock on the door. Then he turned to his chauffeur-bodyguard.

"Joe, what did you do when you drove up here?"

"I checked in back and all. I watched the mirror. There was nobody behind us. I made sure we weren't tailed."

"OK, now tell me the story."

When he heard what had happened, Yack's dark eyes flashed with excitement. "He kissed Sonny on the mouth," Luparelli says, "because that's a sign of thanks for a killing."

"He said to Sonny, 'In my heart, I knew you were the one who'd kill that son of a bitch.' Then he asked who else was there. I told him, 'Matty, the cook, a few customers, a couple of broads, Pete the Greek.'"

"Sonny said, 'I didn't see nobody but Gallo. All I saw was that fuck's face and we were shooting at him.'"

Now Yack's initial elation was replaced by a worried look. He started firing questions at his impulsive henchmen.

"How do you know he's dead?"

"Well, we hit him," Sonny replied. "We musta hit him a few times. And he went down. He must be dead."

"All right. What about Pete the Greek? Is he dead?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Why ain't he dead?"

"Well, maybe he is. We shot at him, too. He fell on the floor. He must have been hit, too."

"You better pray he's dead. If he ain't, we're in trouble. Sonny, listen to me. If he's still alive, he'll be locked up and by accident—accidentally on purpose—he'll spill who done it. He'll tell it to somebody. They'll tell somebody else. Word will be out that you're the guy."

"I'm not worried about the women. Those broads won't know your faces. Pete the Greek is the only one who could get you. Jesus Christ, if only you guys had killed him, everything would be all right."

Yack switched on the radio, tuned in an all-news station and told his men to keep quiet. They all sat down near the radio and listened until they heard a bulletin: "Joe Gallo, head of Brooklyn's notorious Gallo gang, was reported shot early today at a restaurant in Manhattan's Little Italy section. Police are investigating. Further details will be announced as soon as they are available."

"They don't mention he's dead," Yack said, staring into the faces of his henchmen, as if trying to read their minds.

"Joe, we shot this guy," Luparelli replied. "He come out the door, stumbled

and fell flat on his face in Hester Street. Fungi and I saw him. He went down and he didn't move. We thought he had it."

"You thought? Why the hell didn't you make sure? He could still be alive. If he's alive, we're gonna have to go in the hospital and kill him there. I don't give a fuck how many people are around. We'll go in the hospital and kill him."

By then it was daylight, the drinks and the excitement were wearing off and, as the alcohol and adrenaline levels dropped, the soldiers suddenly felt exhausted.

Luparelli says, "Pinto lay down on the couch and went to sleep. Fat Fungi lay down on the rug. I went to the kitchen and started making coffee. We was all quiet. Yack was walking up and down in front of the radio."

"Then the news flash came—Joe Gallo is dead."

"Fat Fungi and Sonny jumped up. Everybody started feeling good again. We all kissed Sonny Pinto on the mouth."

Joe Luparelli later learned that Joe Yack wanted to have him killed. He fled to Santa Ana, California, where he turned himself in as a Federal informant. He now lives somewhere in the United States with a false identity under the Department of Justice's Witness Protection Program.



"Contrary to the popular view, our studies show that it is real life that contributes to violence on television."

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

RETURN OF THE CAVE MAN

As we all know, man's earliest choice for shelter was probably a nice cozy cave. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* Today, man has again picked up on the idea, as witness this pair of mirror-image bachelor beach houses that architect William Morgan recently had carved into dunes at Atlantic Beach, Florida. Each of the twin pads is constructed of Gunite, a smooth, stone-free concrete that's shot from a gun into a mold. And because each of the sliding-door oceanside entrances has a massive expanse of glass, the air-conditioned 750-square-

foot interiors are literally washed with light, the upstairs being an open bedroom balcony overlooking the living room. Most of the pad's furnishings are built in; behind the L-shaped living-room couch is a full-sized kitchen, plus a washer-drier. Interior acoustics are perfect for a hi-fi and, yes, there's wall-to-wall carpeting for shoes-off loafing. Furthermore, mother earth acts as a natural insulator, keeping the rooms cool in summer and warm in winter (they're electrically heated besides). And now the price: about \$25,000 per unit. Head for the sand hills!



Behind each of the oceanside entrances, shown above, awaits a plush living room and kitchen, seen above right. The stairway leads to the bedroom balcony—a portion of which is shown below left. Below right: Two views of the pad's rear (front?) entrance, including a private terrace.



MAKING OUT OR, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

Saturday night. Date night. You are home alone, watching the tube. Suddenly, the man from Ultrabrite comes on and asks, "How's your love life, turkey?" Rather than trash another television set, you switch channels to a rerun of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. With immaculate timing, Blanche DuBois answers the adman. "I have always depended upon the kindness of strangers." Sure. A few moments later, Blanche is carted away to the funny farm. Serves her right.

Every male in America knows the myth of the kind woman, the zipless fuck. If things get really bad, just stand on a street corner and proposition every female who passes by. Nine out of ten prospects will ignore you, insult you, beat you over the head with a large purse or spray you with Mace. The tenth will show pity, follow you home and lick your wounds. (A little lower. Ah, yes.) The tactic has a certain reckless appeal. You may get lucky and connect on your first try. Oh, sweet possibility.

Then again, you may get arrested, or mugged by the Moonie who had staked out that particular corner as his turf. Throwing yourself on the mercy of the crowd is at best a last resort, something one tries before moving on to poultry and barnyard animals. It is an impossible dream, with almost no chance of success. Believe me; I know. A few weeks ago, out of curiosity or acute horniness, I asked one question of every woman I saw: How did you meet the man you are currently dating?

Needless to say, none had met her boyfriend on a street corner. The tall, dark stranger who dazzles women into submission is a fiction. If you think you can score by dressing in killer clothes, strutting the right moves, driving the sleekest car or wearing the perfect cologne, you're wasting your time. It doesn't happen that way.

A few women confessed to spontaneous affairs, but they also indicated that the momentum developed out of a shared experience—a train ride, an auction of antique furniture, a concert, a ski vacation. The vast majority met their companions through more permanent institutions—work, school, neighborhood, etc. Interest and intimacy take time to develop (dark alleys excepted). Any situation that narrows the field and creates a common ground facilitates the mating process. Even then, most couples need help, a catalyst. Most of the women I talked with first noticed their partners at parties given by mutual acquaintances. We depend on the kindness of friends.

Remember high school? Your best pal was someone who would act as a go-between, a matchmaker. The ally who brought in plays from the side lines. Well, what worked in high school works in real life. For example, one young lady admitted that she and her boyfriend paired off as the result of a practical joke. "We had seen each other at plays, bars and concerts, but nothing clicked. Then

a friend of ours decided we were meant for each other. He told him, 'Hey, she craves your body. She's literally creaming in her pants over you.' Then he told me, 'He admires your mind. Is it true you read Nabokov in Russian? Would you consider spending the weekend together?' Our reactions were identical: 'Who am I to deny my public? If it means that much. . . .' We dated for three months—each thinking the other was hopelessly in love—before we discovered the ruse. By then, it was too late. The bluff had become reality. For the past eight years, we've been trying to figure out a suitable revenge for the instigator of this affair."

Associates often serve as talent scouts. If you are shy, get to know someone who isn't. Work as a roadie for a rock-'n'-roll star. Befriend Warren Beatty or Bert Parks—chaps who meet more women than they know what to do with. More than one woman told me that her best friend had been a friend of a friend.

Certain individuals have a knack for discovering quality. I recall a freaked-out dude named Fred the Head who achieved a reputation during the early Seventies as a human divining rod for *primo* dope. Seems that one day he had a taste for something fine and saw God or Raquel Welch nude—and was never the same. He spent the rest of his life looking for more of the same illegal substance. Never found it, but the stuff he turned down was more than enough to satisfy most mortals. People began to follow him around, to pick up on what he left behind.

So, what do you do if you've strip-mined your social circle and you are looking for new faces? Don't despair. Friends can still be of use. One girl disclosed that she discovered a lover while walking on a beach. "I saw a man lean down to kiss a woman and thought to myself, I want that. I wasn't

going to intrude, so I went home and asked around until I found someone who knew someone who knew the man." A meeting was arranged. The guy didn't stand a chance.

No one is a complete stranger. It is no surprise that the question most frequently asked of new faces is "Do you know . . . ?" We seek connections. References. According to an MIT study, "There is better than a 50-50 chance that any two people can be linked up with two intermediate acquaintances."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., describes these informal networks in *Cat's Cradle*: "Humanity is organized into teams, teams that do God's Will without discovering what they are doing. Such a team is called a karass. . . . If you find your life tangled up with somebody else's life for no very logical reasons, that person may be a member of your karass."

It makes sense: Friends can get you through times of no sex better than sex can get you through times of no friends.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN





And the Beat Goes On

Above: Designed by Josh Reynolds, the Pacer is a crazy bracelet biofeedback device that pulses to your heartbeat, by Collage-gold, \$11. Wear it to see if you're still alive.

Sound Investment

Above left: The Bolex 5120 Sound Macro-zoom Super-8 movie camera, distributed by Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, offers a variety of focal lengths ranging from 6mm (wide-angle) to 72mm (telephoto), \$640, plus \$49.50 for the removable boom mike.



Air Apparent

Above: When things go flat, try a portable air compressor with four adapters and connector hose, all of which work off an automobile's cigarette lighter, by Webster, \$36.95.

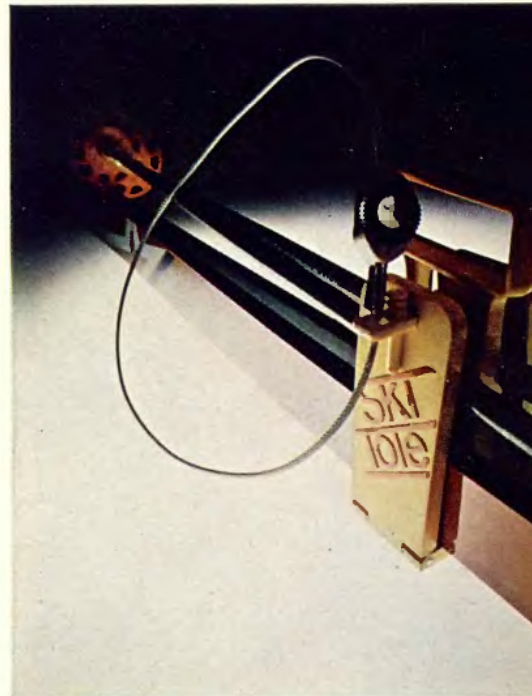
Have a Good Time

Below: This contemporary bronze acrylic grandfather clock with a polished-chrome frame and a Plexiglas face features an electronic solid-state digital movement and large diode readout; measures 56" x 13" x 10", by Howard Miller Clock Company, \$635.



Numbers, Please

Left: The Sovereign calculator measures only 5½" x 1⅜" x ⅞", performs all regular mathematical functions, plus percentages, square roots, memory and more, by Sinclair, \$100 in satin-brushed chrome; \$175 in 18-kt. gold electroplate (both prices include batteries).



Let It Snow!

Above: If you're sick and tired of losing your Heads or Harts every season to some sticky-fingered ski bum, get yourself a Ski Tote—a lightweight plastic carrier for both poles and skis that doubles as a virtually theftproof locking device opened by a three-digit combination number, by Covell Enterprises, \$19.95, in yellow, red or blue.



GRAPEVINE

Sylvester's Rocky Road to Stardom

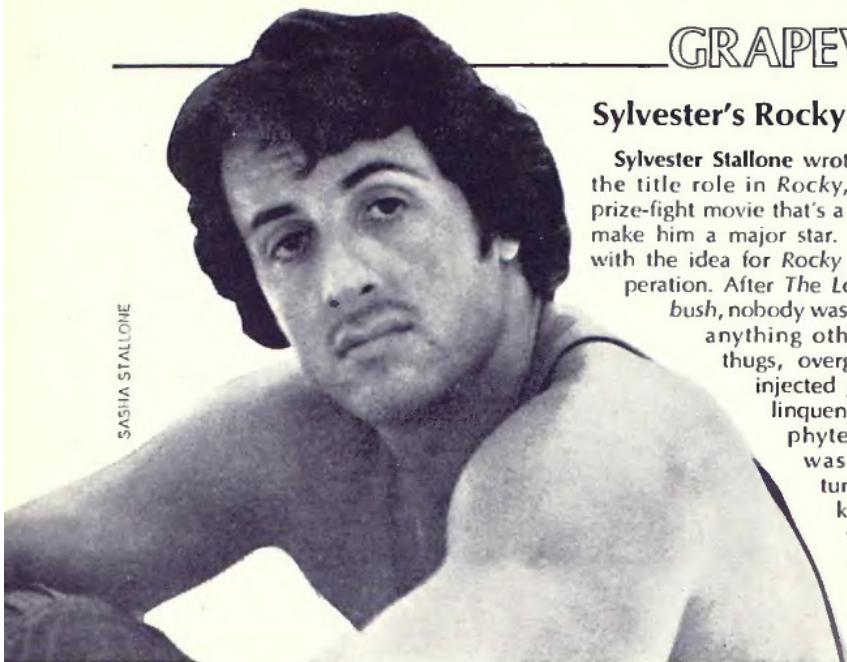
Sylvester Stallone wrote and plays the title role in *Rocky*, an upbeat prize-fight movie that's a good bet to make him a major star. "I came up with the idea for *Rocky* out of desperation. After *The Lords of Flatbush*, nobody was offering me anything other than TV thugs, overgrown fuel-injected juvenile delinquents and neophyte rapists. I was about to turn 30 and I knew time was running out. So I decided to work out a formula that

would show the better sides of me, dramatic and physical. I've got exceptionally broad shoulders. My arms were 16½ inches around when I was 16. I looked like an unemployed gladiator. I wanted to use my body while I still had a body. I chose the fight game to write about because it appeals to the common man. I thought, Shit, we can make this into kind of a muscular, poetic, savage ballet. But I had a lot of self-doubts before filming began. I had talked a good game for years. And now here was the big opportunity to display whatever talent I had. I wondered whether I would be an abysmal failure as an actor and my career would end. I thought, Someone has laid out \$1,000,000, Stallone, on some idea you had late at night and put on paper. Now, can you live up to your abilities? Well, I think I did. People are now comparing me to a lot of big stars. Yet it's a tragedy, in a sense, because, as a writer, I won't be able to go out and study people closely. I'm losing that privilege of being anonymous." Lose a few, win a few.

Learning Fast

She's just about the hottest actress in movies, with three big ones—*Marathon Man*, *Black Sunday* and *Bobby Deerfield*—onscreen or due soon, but Swiss-born **Marthe Keller**, 30, is not interested in a new film role: "I'm looking for a play," she told us over the phone. "Something by Chekhov, Ibsen, Strindberg, so I'd have an excuse for the accent. Right now, I need a rest from movies; after making nine films in the past two and a half years, I feel like an old car that needs

a new battery." We'll bet she gets what she wants. Blonde, green-eyed Marthe is a charming but determined young woman—she refused, for example, to marry director Philippe de Broca, the father of her five-year-old son, Alexandre, and most recently taught herself to speak English in two months. How did she learn so quickly? "I forced myself to speak it. I listened to people, watched TV, read every newspaper I could find, went to films and listened to the dialog. When I began *Marathon Man*, I didn't know one word. Well, I could say hello. Now I can say goodbye, too." And she did.

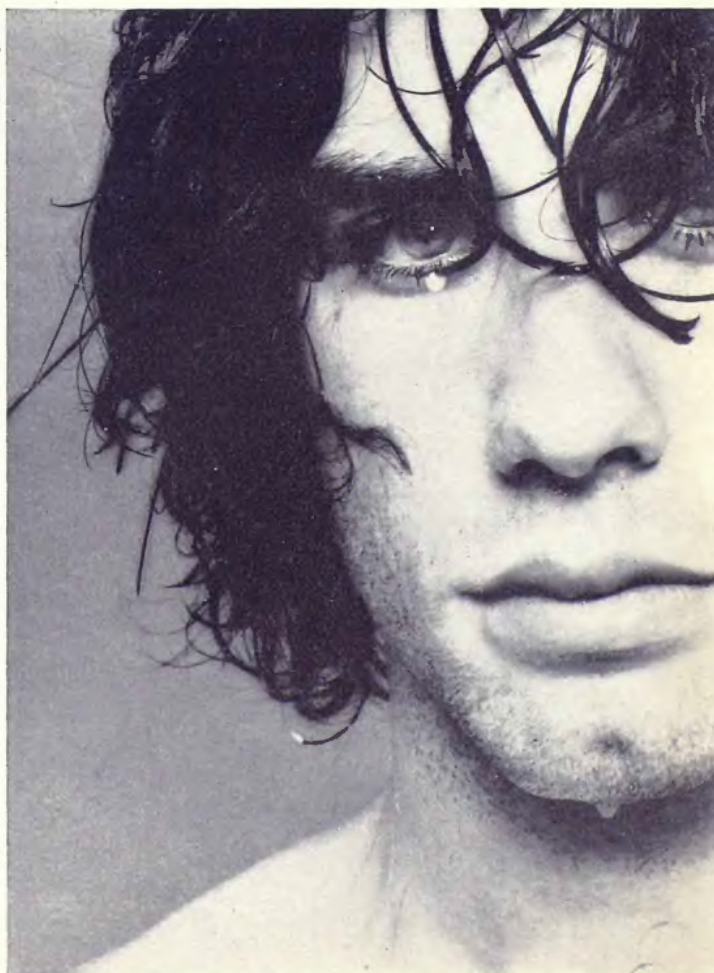


SASHA STALLONE



MICHAEL CHILDERS

NORMAN SEEFF





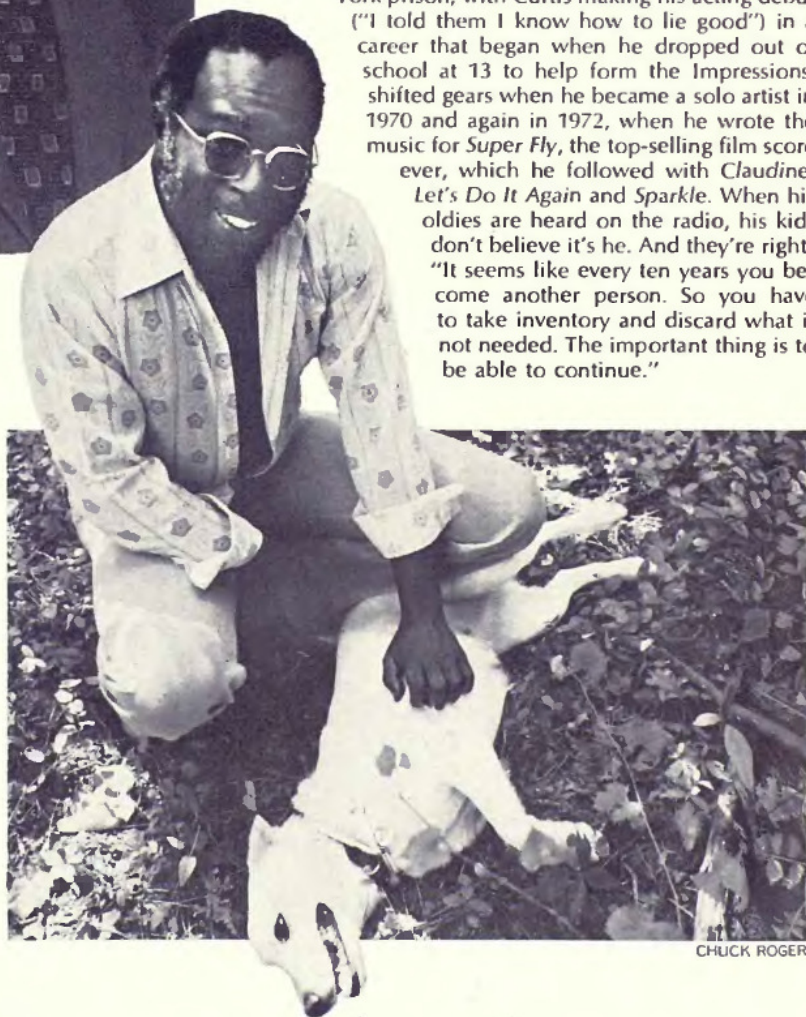
TODD SMITH

California Demon

Out in the Golden State, where it takes all kinds to fill the freeways, a growing minority has reared its frightening head. Two young film makers, **Walter Parkes**, 25 (right), and **Keith Critchlow**, 31, have documented the rebirth of the American Nazi Party in *The California Reich*. Onscreen, children joyfully squeal that they hate "niggers and Jews," a Nazi Santa Claus passes out presents, wives bake Nazi cakes, the men show off their gun collections. "The people we filmed reflect mainstream frustrations," Parkes says. "Keith and I developed a kind of empathy with them. They're ordinary Americans, and that's the frightening part. They are men, women and children who could live next door." But Parkes adds, "I hope they don't live next door to me."

The Big Score

Last November, **Curtis Mayfield** spent a month in jail. Not as punishment: Curtom, his Chicago-based company, went into moviemaking with Miguel Pinero's prize-winning play, *Short Eyes*. It was filmed in a New York prison, with Curtis making his acting debut ("I told them I know how to lie good") in a career that began when he dropped out of school at 13 to help form the Impressions, shifted gears when he became a solo artist in 1970 and again in 1972, when he wrote the music for *Super Fly*, the top-selling film score ever, which he followed with *Claudine*, *Let's Do It Again* and *Sparkle*. When his oldies are heard on the radio, his kids don't believe it's he. And they're right: "It seems like every ten years you become another person. So you have to take inventory and discard what is not needed. The important thing is to be able to continue."



CHUCK ROGERS

Hotter than Kotter

John Travolta, who plays Vinnie Barbarino on TV's *Welcome Back, Kotter*, could be this year's Teen Idol. He is also a talented, dedicated actor. Director Brian de Palma called the 23-year-old "truly gifted" after his performance in *Carrie*; Travolta's third film, *Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night*, starts shooting this month. He played in *Grease* on Broadway before *Kotter* and he'll star in the movie version. And his records are smashes. Says Travolta, "I'm quite pleased with my career." If you think that sounds a little smug, do you get 10,000 fan letters a month?

TRAVEL

RENT-A-DREAM

If you are slightly antisocial, as I try to be, but your Northern ass in February gets just as cold as anyone else's, traveling to the Caribbean to warm it up can be a problem. You know cruise ships are out after you've seen your first desperate mob erupt from one and engulf a defenseless little West Indian town.

Even the hot-shot resorts can get a little too chummy—not to say expensive—and they definitely put you on *their* schedule. If you decide to swill rum and tell lies half the night and sleep until 11 or so, goodbye, breakfast—which you pay for, anyway. And in many places, dinner is done like high-dudgeon summer camp, one seating, long dresses and jackets for the gentlemen preferred. And too bad for you if you're not fascinated by hearing how the fellow from Phoenix sitting across from you made a real killing in artificial turf.

The way to avoid the story of his life, and still get that West Indian tan, is to rent a villa. It's not only a more individual, gracious way to go; it can actually cost less. Villas are available on almost every island you'd care to visit. Most are owned by people around the world who have more money than time and who pick up spare change by renting them out when they can't be there themselves—which is often most of the year.

Try, for instance, this little winter place called Mango Bay, on Barbados, as described in the realtor's brochure:

A coral stone superior beach house in the Palladian style . . . on a lovely beach and standing on over an acre of beautifully laid-out gardens, with a swimming pool on the south terrace. On the first floor, two air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bathroom, large living room, TV room, dining room, covered and open patios, butler's pantry and kitchen. On the second floor, two large air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bathroom, open onto a large patio. The house is very well furnished and tastefully decorated.

I've seen it; it's better than that. It rents in season for \$2600 a week—but that includes cook, two maids, butler and laundress. If you and your Significant Other spent the week down the beach at the elegant Sandy Lane resort, at \$180 a day, plus trifles, you would part with about \$1400. But three or four couples can easily stay at places like Mango Bay without driving one another crazy; and for eight people, the rent comes to \$93 a day per couple. For six, it is about \$120 a day per couple. Not cheap, and you do have to find five people who aren't into

artificial turf, but after that, it's as good as your imagination.

In most cases, rent doesn't include liquor or food. But once you stock up, the bar is always open. And every day your cook will buy fresh food and prepare whatever you want—within reason.

If your taste, circle of friends or wallet doesn't run toward beachside Taj Mahals with servants scurrying around, there are rental houses on most islands to be had for \$300 a week in season—and sometimes much less. At the low end, you do, indeed, get what you pay for; but for \$250 a week, how bad does this, on tiny Montserrat, sound?

PARR HOUSE: Above Woodlands Beach with 120-degree view of Caribbean. Cooled by trade winds. Tropical forested mountains in rear. Three bedrooms and three baths. Living/dining combination with separate kitchen. Covered terraces with view of Redonda, St. Kitts and Nevis.



In general, the most-traveled islands—St. Martin, Barbados, Jamaica—have the most rentals and offer the most variety, ranging from genuine palaces to spare stucco cottages a long way from the beach. Rentals on smaller, less-visited islands such as Montserrat or Nevis tend, naturally, to be fewer and are largely less fancy; but to lure you their way, the rents are often scaled considerably

lower, as well.

The gems on each island are sometimes staked out in high season for years to come. So it pays to begin checking well in advance of your trip. But you should remember that even though the Caribbean is just as nice in the summer, not as many go there; so some of these places sit around empty then and, because of that, they rent for about half of what they cost in winter.

Finding the one for you is easier than you'd expect. If you're still really shopping around, several agencies handle bookings for more than one island. The largest is probably Caribbean Home Rentals (28 Highwood Avenue, Tenafly, New Jersey 07670); it has listings in Mexico and in the Mediterranean, as well. Another good one is At Home Abroad (136 E. 57th Street, New York, New York 10022).

If you've already settled on where it will be, you'll probably do as well by writing directly to the tourist board representing the island or its group. In some cases, the tourist board will send you up-to-date listings of what's available; and if not, it will refer you to local realtors.

For those of you who'd like a selected list of agencies, tourist boards and realtors, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Playboy On the Scene, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611—and we'll send you one free.

—DAVID STANDISH

BEHAVIOR

LOOK, MA, NO HANDS

The brain may be a good machine, but even the best models get circuit overloads and fail from time to time. Think (if you can concentrate that long) about Einstein, visions of relativity dancing in his mind, while his mental homing mechanism went through fail-safe a couple of times and left him wandering around the park until his legs gave out.

Well, there's help on the way for those dangerously overloaded circuits. Eventually, we may have computers designed to read our mind and do things for us, or read our mind for someone who wants to do things to us.

Specialists in our society could be linked to computers that kicked in with relief and responsibility as the human brain faded out. A pilot, for example, could be hooked into a computer that scanned and read his brain waves, giving him a sharp rap in the temporoparietal if his attention wandered far enough to throw his 747 into a nose dive. Unlike a simple alarm, the computer could respond precisely, discerning whether the pilot just lost track while ogling a stewardess or was diving to get out of the path of another aircraft.

In the same way, air-traffic controllers at a busy airport could be monitored constantly and difficult tasks could be assigned to the most attentive.

Such transistorized relief is being brought to us by the Pentagon, which, of course, had other things in mind (such as spying and precision bombing) when commissioning the studies that led to it. The whole effort is part of a research plan sponsored by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency at about \$1,000,000 a year since 1973. Scientists at half a dozen universities and laboratories have been conducting experiments designed to link human brain waves with computers and have come up with incredible possibilities.

One is figuring out what we're thinking. Given time and the means of comparison, scientists can plot our brain waves on a graph and determine if we're preoccupied (as with that 747 pilot), tired, angry or confused. Right now, the impulses, or waves, must be picked up and transferred by electrodes attached to the scalp, then fed to a computer.

But we flash magnetic waves just like the electrical ones now being studied. Devices to chart magnetic brain waves without touching or telling us are under investigation at MIT.

Shades of Big Brother? Will our brains be picked surreptitiously? Probably not, say the scientists, because we must cooperate in establishing a base-line graph for comparison, since the patterns for each person are different. The computer must see our normal brain waves first to recognize them as confused at another time. Still, science is constantly outdoing itself and, eventually, the new technology could be everyman's weapon against the complicated and uncontrollable living conditions that buffet him so mercilessly now. Consider facing your bleary-eyed, fast-talking surgeon with the power of a brain-scanning computer behind you. It could test the impulses given off by that mass of gray, martini-soaked hoses and tell him to take the week off without pay. Wouldn't it be reassuring to be able to go into open-heart surgery certain that the masked man with the knife was toward the top of his bell-curve performance rating that day?

The studies open up one other awesome prospect. Our brain may begin doing something other than harbor neuroses and dream up fast-buck schemes. It could start to orchestrate machinery. Researchers at UCLA have identified and isolated brain waves that tell our body what to do. By running those messages through a computer, they could have machinery do it, instead.

Naturally, the experiments involve a mouse—an electric one in a maze projected on a television screen. A small computer notes a subject's visual concentration on one of four directional arrows and moves the mouse accordingly. The success rate is 97 percent when the computer is operating correctly.

With present technology alone, researchers say they could now design a helmet with electrode contacts for quadriplegics, who then could maneuver specially equipped wheelchairs strictly with brain impulses and eye movements read by a computer.

And fliers could pilot aircraft without touching a switch. Like that 747 jockey. Imagine him in that nose dive and pinned to the back of his seat by g forces strong enough to weight his hands to his sides. Ordinarily, all he could do would be to try to remember the Lord's Prayer; but with a computer-linked helmet, he could direct the plane with mental commands.

That takes us back to our original problem, the mind behind the machine. It may not be able to do anything right. Recently, there was a story about an experimental ejection seat triggered by a look. Brilliant idea, but the best test pilots in the world couldn't resist glancing at the triggering device at least once during the flight. Once was enough, because the machine responded by tossing the pilot unceremoniously out of the plane. It's enough to make a respectable brain-scanning computer mind its own business.

—DENNIS TROUT



GREG GWYNNE

SPORTIN' WOMEN

Lithe, limber, athletic women are so erotic. Especially when every healthy curve is enhanced by skintight leotards as they stretch, pump and spread their lissome legs during exercise. Acrobatic females always seem to know all the right positions. But are they as sportive in the sack as they are on the track?

Marlene Bene, manager of the United States Gymnastics Federation, gave us a conservative view: "The average male has a fantasy that gymnasts are sexier than other athletes. This has nothing to do with the sport. Gymnasts might be better-looking because of their total body training, but it doesn't necessarily affect their sex life." Dr. Warren Guild, former president of the American College of Sports Medicine, disagrees. He told us that athletic women are generally more erotic than the average woman who is out of shape. "Their libidos tend to increase." Many coaches advise their females in training to make love before a big event—because it relaxes them and feeds their superegos.

PLANT PARENTHOOD

As available as traditional birth-control methods are, they're not growing on trees—yet. But they've been coming out of the woods for the Chinese for over 1000 years.

Oriental medical men have been writing about the results of their experiments with potential abortifacient and birth-control plants since 847 A.D. Now, some doctors from the Chinese University of Hong Kong believe that this ancient but highly organized information may be of great value to Western medicine. In the summer 1976 issue of the *American Journal of Chinese Medicine*, they've published a list of potential antifertility plants described in Chinese pharmacology. More than 250 of these wonderful weeds have been carefully classified by the Chinese over the centuries as useful in foiling the stork.

BREATHLESS

"Ooooooh, what you are doing to me!" she gasps. "I'm getting so excited I can't stand it. You're driving me—uuuunnhhh." And she faints. You lie there, staring with surprise at the unconscious woman in your arms. You can't figure out whether to panic or to keep on going. But don't worry. She has merely swooned with delight—as the romantic poets might say. From a more modern perspective, she experienced

syncope (pronounced *sing-co-pee*) during sexual arousal, says Dr. Mai Lan Rogoff, assistant professor of psychiatry at Dartmouth Medical School.

Both men and women can experience syncope, but it's nothing to get upset about. Some people get off on being anoxic; it turns them on to hold their breath when having sex. If you do this for long periods of time, it's very possible to faint. Syncope isn't nearly as common nowadays as it was during the Renaissance and the 18th Century, but Rogoff tells us that it wasn't climaxing but corseting that was responsible—the lacings were much too tight.

FUEL INJECTION

We've got some good news and some bad news. Here's the good news: There really is a true aphrodisiac! Now for the bad news: It works only if you're over 45. Actually, that's not so bad—gives us something to look forward to. If you turn out to be one of those men whose sexual urge has tapered off as the golden years approach, you have nothing to worry about anymore. You can get a shot of testosterone, the hormone of libido. The secret of its stimulation, says Dr. Robert Greenblatt, professor emeritus of the Medical College of Georgia, is that it replaces the sex hormones that deteriorate in some men over 45. Dr. Greenblatt tells us, "It's only in the

past two or three years that we can very accurately measure serum-testosterone levels in elderly men. If they have low levels, they can get a simple subcutaneous injection of testosterone that would last about two weeks or a pellet implantation that would last five to six months." With these treatments, their sex life is given a shot in the arm.

SPACED-OUT SEX

For years, science-fiction buffs have been thinking about balling in space. But no one has actually tested whether or not it's possible to make love without gravity.

However, Charles Redmond, public-information spokesman for the Johnson Space Center in Houston, believes that making love without gravity would be not only possible but delightful. According to Redmond, you could practice any positions for as long as you wanted, since there'd be no stress on your body muscles. We intend to explore this subject further. One giant step for mankind.

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



DENNIS MAGDICH



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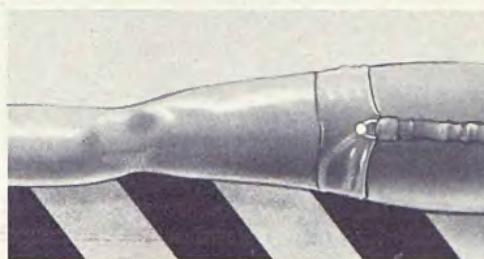
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