

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1978 • \$2.00



A PICTORIAL
FIRST:
OUTER-SPACE
SEX!

DRUGS
AND SPORTS:
THE STORY
BEHIND
THE RUMORS

A DANDY
INTERVIEW
WITH
DON MEREDITH

PLAYMATES
AROUND
THE WORLD:
THE SEXIEST
GIRLS
OF OUR
FOREIGN
EDITIONS

SEXUAL
STIMULATION:
CREATIVITY'S
SECRET
TOOL



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

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PLAYBILL

LET'S FACE IT: For the most part, winter sports are dull. After all, where's the real kick in sliding down a hill on two sticks? Ice climbing—now, there's a challenge to reckon with. One of the slowest growing sports in America, clambering up a solid wall of ice holds little appeal for the masses. To find out why, we sent **Craig Vetter** up the steepest, slipperiest slope we could find. It was the first in a series of daredevil stunts we designed to shorten the life and gray the hair of this good, but shamelessly mercenary, young writer. To our dismay, he made it to the top. But not without a lot of misgivings. **Tom Gala** illustrated Vetter's report on the ascent, *Pushed to the Edge, Part One: The Ice Climb*.

If you think Vetter's feat took guts, imagine the courage of Contributing Editor **David Standish**. His assignment: Scout the burgeoning resort area known as the Mexican Riviera. The catch: He had to return and write the story. Pro that he is, Standish accomplished both, with a little help from our comp-troller, who threatened to cut off his *taco* allowance if he didn't. Thus, we are able to offer *Way Down West in Mexico*, a fond look at our neighbor to the south, accompanied by a pictorial salute to some of its more shapely tourist attractions.

Last on our list of possible vacation sites is South Africa, where racial tensions often reach the boiling point. Those tensions provided the backdrop for **Graham Greene**'s latest novel, *The Human Factor*, due in March from Simon & Schuster. We've chosen a particularly chilling scene from that novel for preview in this issue.

In our never-ending quest to divine the essence of woman, we came upon *The Female Ego*, by **Jules Siegel**. If you've given up on understanding the fairer sex, you might try Siegel's ploy. He tells us his first loves are calligraphy and book design, and his work in those fields is now being shown at New York's Franklin Furnace Archive.

Of course, we all know what makes an athlete tick, the thrill of victory, right? Well, not exactly. Sometimes that thrill comes from the pharmacy. **Neil Amdur** looks into the situation in *Wired to the Teeth*, an exposé of the drug scene in pro sports. The illustration is by Chicago artist **Ed Paschke**. We, on the other hand, improve our performance with sex. Recent studies show that sexual stimulation makes one more creative. **John Lobell** gives us the low-down in *Eureka! I'm Coming*.

The hirsute similarities between Albert Einstein and Albert Schweitzer prompted **Richard Liebmann-Smith** to compose this month's hilarious *The Albert/Albert Exchange*. We make no claims as to its authenticity, but we will vouch for its humor. On the serious side, **Senator George McGovern**, whose autobiography, *Grassroots*, was published last fall by Random House, probes the absurdity of the international arms race in *The End of the World*.

And if last month's UFO panel conjured up images of little green men in your mind, you're only a step away from our newest fantasy: little green women. That's the launching point for *Close Encounters of the Fourth Kind*, a look at intergalactic sex dreamed up by Senior Art Director **Kerig Pope** and produced by a quintet of sky watchers including Playmate/model **Bridgett Rollins**, model **Richard Klein**, stylist **Christina Bartholome**, sculptor/designer **Parviz Sadighian** and photographer **Bill Arsenault**.

Back on terra firma, this football season saw the return of everybody's favorite good ole boy, Don Meredith, to ABC's *N.F.L. Monday Night Football* telecast. Veteran PLAYBOY contributor **Lawrence Linderman** tracked him down for this month's down-home *Playboy Interview*.

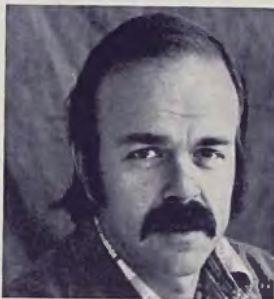
And there's more, such as the kickoff of our new column, *Coming Attractions*, an insider's look at publishing and showbiz compiled by Associate Editor **John Blumenthal**, and a mouth-watering tribute to New Orleans food and drink, *Jambalaya!* and *Sazerac!* illustrated by **Harvey Ehrlich**. Even tastier is February Playmate **Janis Schmitt**. So dig in and *bon appétit!*



McGOVERN



GREENE



LINDERMAN



AMDUR



VETTER



GALA



PASCHKE



STANDISH



LIEBMANN-SMITH



EHRLICH



KLEIN, BARTHOLOME, ARSENAULT, ROLLINS, SADIGHIAN



LOBELL

PLAYBOY®

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The author, who will admittedly do anything for money, has undertaken the task of doing some of the most frightening things in the world and writing about them for *PLAYBOY*. On his first venture, he scares himself nearly to death.

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COVER STORY

Ah, yes, it's February, the month of Saint Valentine. Playmate Hope Olson bears no resemblance to any queen of hearts we've ever laid a stack of chips on, but that's because photographer Claude Mouglin got his inspiration from a 19th Century playing card he bought in an antique store. Senior Art Director Kerig Pope, who designed the cover, says he and Mouglin "really put our hearts into it." Honest. He said that.

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PLAYBOY, FEBRUARY, 1978, VOL. 25, NO. 2. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., & AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$14 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P. O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

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Taste.

BEFORE YOU BUY ANY AUTOMATIC CAMERA, THINK ABOUT THE KIND OF PICTURES YOU WANT TO TAKE.

If you've thought about buying one of the new compact, automatic 35mm SLR cameras, maybe you think they're all pretty much the same.

They're not! Some automatic cameras are better at taking one kind of picture than another.

Which camera you choose should depend on the kind of pictures you'll be taking.

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic exposure. All automatic cameras offer one or the other. Except one. The Minolta XD-11 is the only camera in the world that offers both, plus full manual control.

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

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

When you want to freeze the motion of your subject, or blur it for creative effect, you'll probably want a *shutter-priority* automatic. You set the shutter speed and the camera sets the lens opening.

How creative do you want to be? A camera that offers only aperture or shutterpriority automation may be perfectly adequate for your needs. However, only the Minolta XD-11 offers the total creative control of both,

together in one compact 35mm single lens reflex camera.

And, in addition, it also permits fully manual operation where you set the lens opening and shutter speed, with the built-in meter there to guide you. You would use this for special effects, like silhouettes, or extreme lighting situations.

Can you vary the automatic exposure?

At one time or another, the creative photographer may want to alter the mood of a photograph by modifying the exposure being set automatically by the camera. In the Minolta XD-11 you can vary the exposure up to two full stops over or under the camera settings, without losing the advantages of automatic exposure.



Only the Minolta XD-11 gives you aperture-priority automation for controlling sharpness, plus shutter-priority automation for controlling subject movement.



Do you have to give up easy operation to get creative control?

With the Minolta XD-11, you can get beautifully exposed pictures by just pushing a button. Signals in the viewfinder tell you if you're going to make an exposure mistake. In fact, during shutterpriority operation, the XD-11 will actually make exposure corrections that you fail to make, within the range of the shutter. It becomes the world's most versatile camera whenever you want it to be, expanding your



A camera should be easy to handle from the very first time you hold it in your hands.

creative horizons, but never complicating your photography.

Does the viewfinder help you concentrate on the picture?

If you have to look away from the viewfinder to check camera settings, your concentration on the picture is broken, and you could miss important shots. That's why the XD-11's viewfinder gives you all the information

you need. Red light emitting diodes (LED's) and read-out windows tell you which lens opening or shutter speed you've set, and which the camera is setting. They also warn of over and under exposure and when the flash

is ready to fire. And most important, none of the signals in the finder interfere with the picture area.

How easy is it to focus?

The XD-11's viewfinder is the brightest of any 35mm SLR for easy composing and focusing, even in the corners and along the edges of your picture. And even in dim light.

Are all auto winders alike?

Most compact 35mm SLR's offer auto winders as options. They're great for automatically and quickly advancing

Automatic sequence photography is easy with the optional Auto Winder D and Electroflash 200X.



What about interchangeable lenses?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains, and how easy it is to use. Rokkor-X and Celtic lenses for the XD-11 range from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto. Wide-angle lenses let you capture a whole land-

the film, in single shots or sequences as fast as two frames a second. But auto winders are definitely not all alike. The Auto Winder D for the XD-11, for instance, gives you up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries than other winders. It can be operated remotely, turns off automatically at the end of a roll and is the smallest, lightest and quietest auto-winder you can own.

Are all automatic flashes alike?
In a word, no! They all give you automatically correct exposure, but only

the optional Electroflash 200X for the Minolta XD-11 will fire in continuous synchronization with the Auto Winder. And only the XD-11 has a flash-ready signal in the finder.

How should a camera handle?
Advance the film. There should be no harsh or "grainy" feeling. Press the shutter release. It should require only a feather touch, and the sound of the shutter should be whisper-quiet. Controls should be located where your fingers fall naturally. On the Minolta XD-11, you'll notice that although the camera is compact, the controls are oversized. The XD-11 is comfortable, not cramped, and so smoothly quiet that we invite comparison with the world's most expensive cameras.

scape in one shot. Telephotos give you dramatic close-up pictures without moving closer. The Minolta system includes one of the most complete selections of lenses available. You can switch from one to another in seconds, easily and without special camera adjustments. And if you're among the millions of people who own Minolta lenses, you'll be glad to know they can be used on the XD-11 without modification in the aperture-priority and manual modes.

The finishing touches.

Most automatics have extra convenience features. But the XD-11 has more than most. The full complement: Multiple exposures with push-button ease (even while using the Auto Winder). A window to show film is advancing properly. A self timer so you can get into your own pictures. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you what film you're using. And a depth of field preview button.

What's the next step?

Think about what you want your new camera to do. And about the kind of pictures you'll want to take, now and five years from now. Then ask your photo dealer to show you the Minolta XD-11. Or write for literature to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.



Interchangeable lenses expand your creative opportunities. There are wide-angle, macro, zoom and telephoto lenses in the Minolta system. Plus more than a hundred other photographic accessories.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

HEFNER HOSTS "SATURDAY NIGHT"



Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner may have launched yet another career for himself when he took to the stage as host of NBC-TV's satirical revue, *Saturday Night Live*. Having been asked to dress as he normally does around the house, Hef appeared in the opening segment decked out in his trademark pajamas. What came next we wouldn't have believed if we hadn't seen it: He grabbed the mike and sang *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*. Sinatra's in no danger, but Hef proved he *could* sing.



THE FEMLIN COMES ALIVE

Saturday Nighter Laraine Newman makes a fetching Femlin as she spoofs LeRoy Neiman's famous *Party Jokes* character.



HEF THE THESP

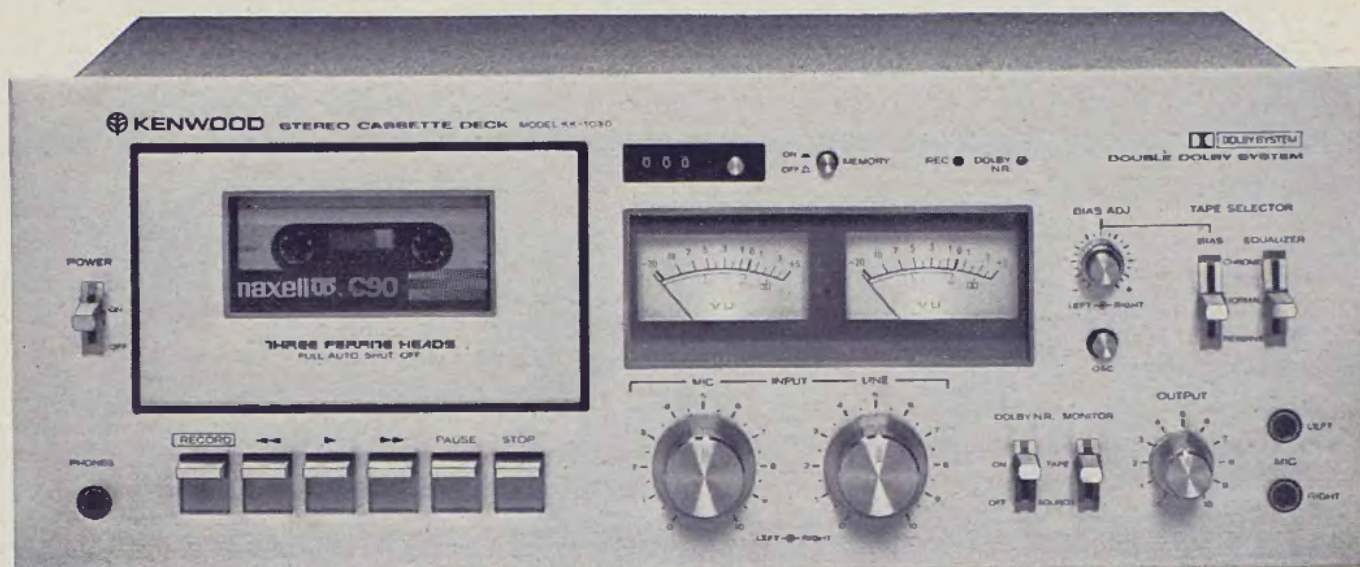
Above: Hef shows comedienne Jane Curtin the wonders of his famed round bed. Right: In Socratic garb, Hef delivers his Playboy Philosophy and (below), as Captain Macho, he leads a space mission with regulars Dau Aykroyd, John Belushi and Garrett Morris.



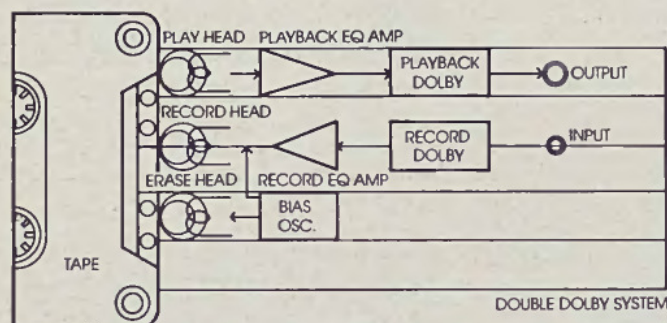
THE POSTPERFORMANCE PARTY AT THE PLAYBOY CLUB

Following his network singing-acting debut, Hef hosted a cast party at New York's Playboy Club. Above: Hef gets a few tips and an appraisal of his performance from actor James Coburn, one of many celebrities dispatched by the Screen Actors Guild to make sure Hef sticks to publishing.





ALL THREE-HEAD CASSETTE DECKS LET YOU HEAR AS YOU RECORD. OURS LETS YOU RECORD PRECISELY WHAT YOU HEAR.



Three-Head Design with Double Dolby.*

Not all three-head cassette decks are created equal. Some manufacturers have designed their decks with separate erase, record and playback heads primarily for convenience. So you can tape monitor as you record.

But our new KX-1030 uses separate heads primarily for performance. Each designed with the optimum gap to record or play back sound more accurately.

As a result, the KX-1030 has a frequency response of 35-18,000 Hz (± 3 dB using CrO₂ tape.)

And to let you take full advantage of the separate record and playback heads, the KX-1030 has a Double Dolby* system with separate circuits for the record amplifier and the playback preamplifier. That way, as you record

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KYEMBA ON AMIN

Your interview with Henry Kyemba in the November issue fills me with an inexplicable kind of numbness. It is incredibly shocking to learn of the atrocities being committed under the totalitarian regime of Idi Amin. As an Afro-American, I am filled with a sense of outrage but saturated with sadness at the horrible excesses inflicted upon the Ugandan people. It is a sad day in history when a black man can have such disregard and sinister inhumanity toward his own people.

Teddy Ramsey
Corvallis, Oregon

You will always be one of the top magazines. Until your November issue, many Americans were ignorant of the brutal and extraordinary circumstances surrounding the Amin regime. We do not need Hitler II, black or white. Our system seems to support Amin's government despite the thousands who have been murdered. The U. S. services his aircraft and accepts his exports. The idiot makes us look like asses. Thank you, Kyemba. This interview would make me bid for a chance at that Amin creep.

Sharon Drummond
Baltimore, Maryland

Much that Kyemba tells us about Amin has been reported, at least in part, by various observers. To have these reports confirmed by Kyemba further strengthens the case against the madman who continues to devastate Uganda. But almost as important is the revelation of how men like Kyemba continue to remain associated with Amin until their own lives are at risk. Only then do they arrange to get out. That is, in a way, the saddest aspect of the tale Kyemba tells, for it reveals how some men will accept almost any aspect of dictatorship as long as they can enjoy the fruits of their privileged positions. And such conduct is

certainly not limited to men in underdeveloped nations such as Uganda; witness Albert Speer's terrible self-condemnation in his memoir of his life in Nazi Germany.

Harold C. Field
Harrison, New York

The interview with Henry Kyemba brings me to the point of believing that he is an ignorant, snitching adolescent who should have been shot by President Amin many years ago. If Amin has many more comrades like Kyemba, he is in trouble. I picture Kyemba as a chickenshit who does not even have the balls to stand up to Amin and tell him face to face how he feels about his tactics. I think that Amin's regime has made a mistake or two (one by not killing Kyemba), but all countries' leaders have made a couple of mistakes.

Richard E. Milhem, Sr.
Ashland, Kentucky

If you'd care to volunteer for a face-to-face with Amin, we'll arrange for a chorus of angels to sing "My Old Kentucky Home" following the meet.

FIRST BROTHER

After reading the Billy Carter article (*Chairman Billy*, PLAYBOY, November), by Roy Blount Jr., I would like to clarify one thing. Billy's ideals and lifestyle are his business, but not everyone "down South" is a narrow-minded redneck. Being from the South and traveling across the nation, living now in the Northwest, I've found that people are basically the same everywhere. The old cliché "There's one in every bunch" holds true anywhere you go.

Patrick Owen
Olympia, Washington

On the whole, I think the *Chairman Billy* article is quite good and essentially accurate. From our perspective, the best thing about this experience was the

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



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opportunity to work with Roy Blount Jr., one of the last of the truly great, genuine, absolute rednecks of the world. He's the real McCoy! Joshing aside, I take issue with the Elmer Gantry portrayal of yours truly. A more accurate word picture would have dealt with the image of, say, Robert Redford. Or maybe John Wayne. But Blount tried and, though failing with me, succeeded in capturing the spirit of Billy.

Tandy C. Rice, Jr., President
Top Billing, Inc.

Nashville, Tennessee

This letter comes from out here on the farm, where the bullshit is deep enough without all the extra you fellas have added with that terrible article about Billy Carter and his family! It isn't for real, is it? If your article is really true and Billy Carter is like you made him out to be, send him out our way; he'll make cheap fertilizer for the crops this year.

Marcia Pedersen
Jackson, Nebraska

Roy Blount Jr.'s in-depth article is not only hilarious, it reveals a new side of the famous redneck's personality. The good-ole-boy image, combined with his straight-talking philosophy, makes Billy a precious diamond in the rough. Brother Jimmy used to share many of these qualities until he entered the White House! Now he converses in the language of Washington—double talk!

William D. Nueske
Phoenix, Arizona

MAIL FROM JAIL

I want to commend you for publishing the article by Clifford Irving (*Jailing*, *PLAYBOY*, November). That is the most accurate description of prison life I have ever read. I've done four years of an eight-year sentence and all I can say is, "Right on." Your fight for human rights and search for the truth, undiluted, in this age of bureaucratic backbiting and double talk are the reasons why I'll continue to read your fine magazine. Thank you for shining a light on a truth too long hidden.

Brian J. Smith
Washington State Reformatory
Monroe, Washington

Clifford Irving sure can write. It's a good yarn, but how do we know it's for real? After all, he was in the pokey in the first place because of a disregard of facts. I have a gut feeling that Cliff has a vivid imagination and should stick to fiction.

Bill Gordon
San Diego, California

I left Allenwood prison camp the day Irving arrived; therefore, I feel capable of making a few comments about the authenticity of the "notebooks." "Geraldine"

was well known to me. "She" did wear considerable amounts of make-up and certainly managed to spread her bit of relief among inmates who were willing to receive her services. All in all, I found Irving's style blunt, truthful and to the point. Sometimes I wonder if the 20 or 30 pounds of letters I wrote, which were returned to me when I left prison, will ever find use in such a way as *Jailing*. I certainly could substantiate and amplify the article.

Russell G. Duty
Akron, Ohio

CREATIVITY ABOUNDS

The So-You-Think-You're-Creative Quiz (*PLAYBOY*, November) is fantastic. However, besides its having proved that I am wholly uncreative, I am having trouble with one of the authors' answers. It seems to me that in the cigarette problem, the heavy smoker would not wait an hour to smoke his first cigarette. Hence, six cigarettes would last the smoker only five hours. I'll bet millions of readers inadvertently got the answer correct by answering five hours. Take that, Raudsepp and Hough!

John T. Blecker
York, Pennsylvania

I think I'm so creative that I believe one of your *Creative Quiz* answers is wrong. If the compulsive smoker smokes his six cigarettes at the rate of one every consecutive hour, he will have snuffed the last one out five hours after he lit up the first. Check it out on the drawing you made of your watch!

J. W. Sparks
New York, New York

The problem clearly states, "one cigarette every hour." Therefore, the smoker could not start his sixth cigarette until after the beginning of the sixth hour. As for the guy who wrote in, "one hour, 15 minutes," have your lungs sandblasted.

I enjoyed your *Creative Quiz* and (along with probably half of your readers) would like to suggest some possibly improved solutions. In "Matching Triangles," I would like to suggest a Star of David arrangement, which produces eight equilateral triangles with six matches.

Nick Tredennick
Austin, Texas

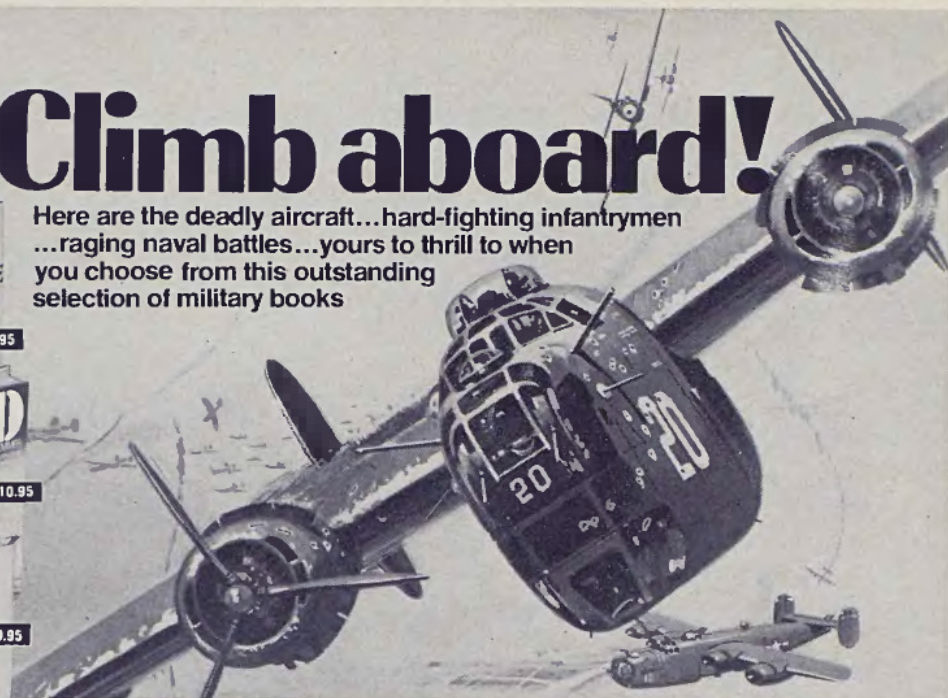
We can't take issue with your creativity, but the problem is to create four, not eight, equilateral triangles out of the six matches. You and, as you assumed, many of our readers offered solutions for as many as 16 triangles, some involving splitting the matches lengthwise. So your answer is creative but, unfortunately, incorrect.

CANADIAN SON UPSET

I wish to draw your attention to an error on page 162 of the November issue. The actor in the photo with Marilyn

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Chambers is not Victor Desy but the well-known Canadian actor Roger Periard. I would be grateful if you would publish this correction.

Wendy Tabrett
Talent Representative
Constance Brown Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

It's our pleasure, Wendy.

AIRPORT ANTICS

I happened to be passing one of the hangars at the Santa Monica Airport not long ago when I saw a photo crew taking pictures of a beautiful-looking girl. I said to myself, That must be PLAYBOY. I was sure of it when I was quickly shoosed away, apparently just before they started shooting the good stuff. Was I right?

George Ammond
Los Angeles, California

Absolutely right, George. We were photographing last month's Playmate, Debra Jensen, at the hangar of Gunnell Aviation, Inc. The people of Gunnell



were gracious enough to let us shoot there, completely disrupting their operation for a couple of days. We were grateful for their cooperation and yours. Here's a present for your "shooting."

KIGER KUDOS

While every year you select a Playmate of the Year, I feel you should also select a cover girl of the year. Susan Kiger, "almost in her T-shirt" on your November cover and in her custom-designed wet suit on your March cover, would certainly receive my vote. And she's really not a bad choice for Playmate of the Year, either.

K. L. T. Jayare
Montreal, Quebec

I'm in a club called the Beer Can Collectors of America. When my wife picked out the November issue, she said to me,

"Did you see this beer can?" I said, "What can?" With Susan on the cover, I never even noticed the beer can. I must apologize to my fellow B.C.C.A. members, but I'm sure they understand.

Mike Fish
Hudson Falls, New York

Susan Kiger is beyond good-looking; Arthur Kretchmer got an instant brilliant idea and Tom Staebler shot the best cover of the year.

(Name withheld by request)
Springfield, Oregon

FAULTLESS FRANK

I want you to know how refreshing it is to read about a man like Frank Gifford (*Nice Guys Finish First*, PLAYBOY, November). He is certainly a man to admire and I can easily understand why so many men identify with him. He is the kind of man others value as a friend. Unfortunately, it's articles on the wackos of this world that sell magazines, so we don't get many like the one Marty Bell wrote. (As a friend jokingly said, "Who'll read the article on Gifford? He's normal!")

George Lester
Santa Clara, California

COTTONTAIL BEAUTIES

I just had to write to tell you that the Bunnies of '77 pictorial in the November issue of PLAYBOY is very inspiring. And particularly inspiring is Bunny Sarita Butterfield.

H. Santana
New York, New York

What did I do to deserve the picture of Candace Collins that appears in your November issue? All I can say is, you're much too kind!

Mike Pietila
Livonia, Michigan

I think Bunnies of '77 is the best pictorial I have ever seen in your magazine and I feel that Candace Collins is the most beautiful of them all.

William Richards
Baltimore, Maryland

Hope Olson, in Bunnies of '77, is the sexiest woman I have ever seen. If I'm not mistaken, that was she I got a glimpse of on a recent *Starsky and Hutch* episode, "Starsky and Hutch on Playboy Island." I hope I get to see more of this luscious beauty in the months to come.

Patrick Clerkin
Columbus, Indiana

You are not mistaken; that was Hope—and if you had looked closer, you would have seen Playmate Daina House and Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire as well.

As a new subscriber to your magazine, I can only say, Why didn't I subscribe sooner? With women like Cathy Gobel,

every man should read PLAYBOY; it's an investment. I hope that we will see much more of Cathy in the coming months. PLAYBOY is definitely a magazine of impeccable taste.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

Texas Bunny Cathy Gobel is very beautiful, to say the least.

A. J. Morris
Akron, Ohio

What are you guys trying to do? Give us all heart attacks? Seeing Cathy Gobel made our hearts stop for about ten seconds. We didn't think they would ever start up again. She has got to be the most beautiful girl who has ever graced the pages of your fine magazine.

Dave Carlson
Melvin Larson
Fullerton, California

Sorry about that, fellas. We had already gone to press when we realized we had shown only the "heart-stopping" side of



Cathy Gobel. This is the "heart-starting" side and we can only hope we're not too late.

Janis Schmitt has my vote for Playmate and makes me wish I resided in St. Louis.

K. S. Floberg
Altus, Oklahoma

There is only one word in the English language to describe Janis Schmitt of the St. Louis Club and that is ohmigod.

Jim Merenda
Allentown, Pennsylvania

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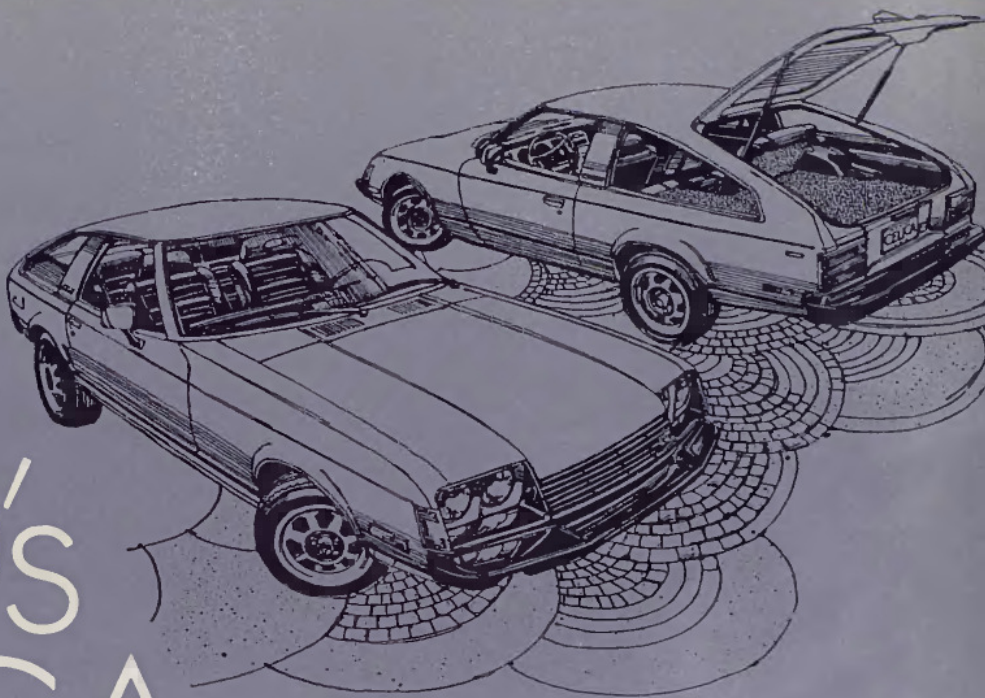
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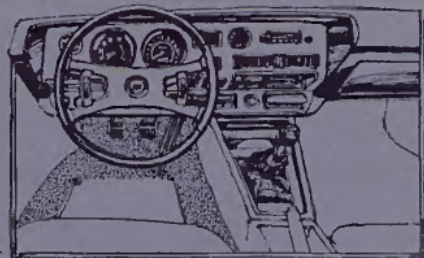
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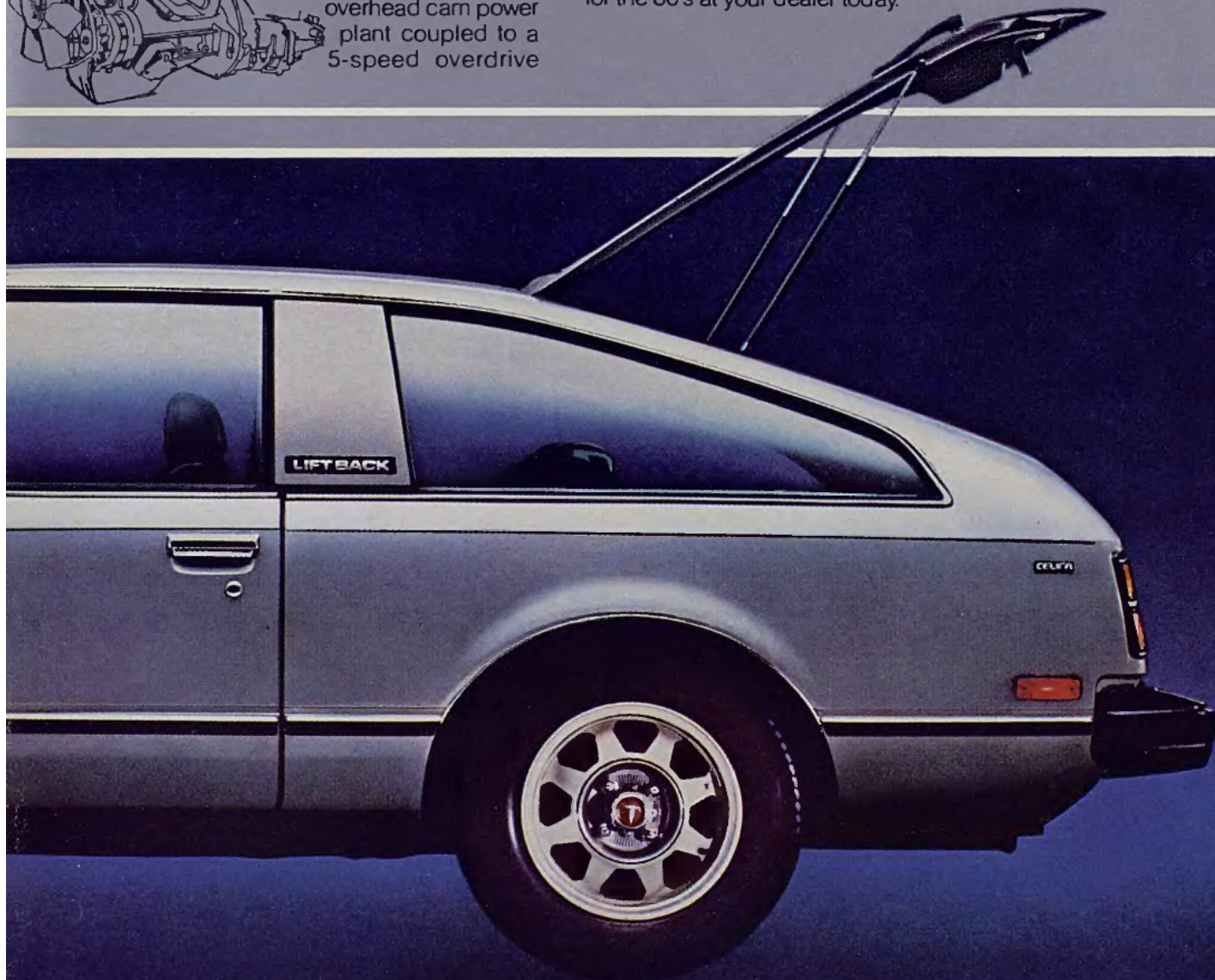
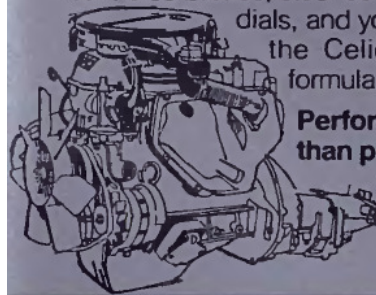
Performance that's more than pretty good. A 2.2 liter overhead cam power plant coupled to a 5-speed overdrive

transmission delivers Grand Touring driving excitement and Toyota economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower.



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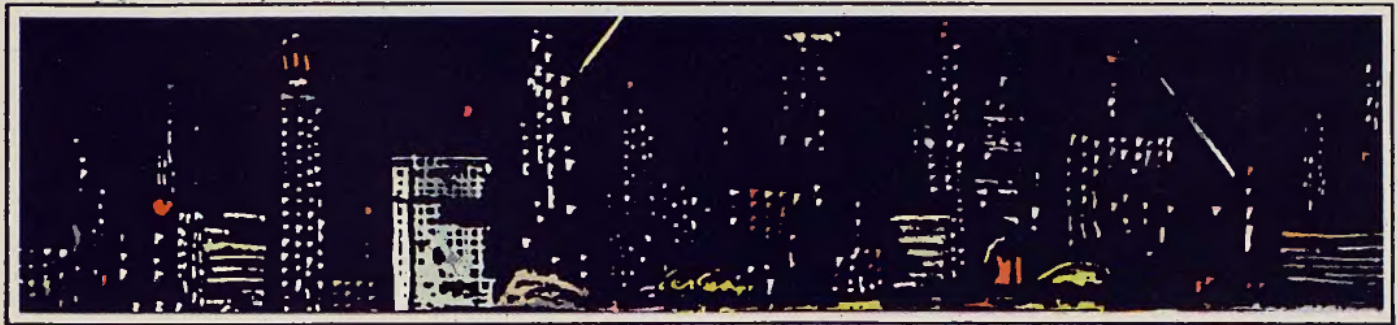




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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A Dallas construction worker was just about to leave for a new position in Chicago when he was notified that the job offer was canceled. Seems he'd failed the company's physical because a computer had given him an R-3 rating; rejected because of pregnancy. He finally convinced the firm to hire him—but a clause in his new health-insurance policy forbids maternity benefits in the first nine months.

Up yours, too. An ad in the San Diego, California, *Reader* offered this souvenir from the king of rock: "Rectal thermometer used by Elvis Presley. \$40 or best offer."

Looking for a chance to promote cable-TV service, an attractive blonde sales manager for Teleprompter taped a brochure about Home Box Office programs to the elevator door in her apartment building, along with a note that read, "If you are interested in an entertainment alternative, please contact me in Apt. 314." Naturally, some joker ripped off the brochure and left the note.

According to this ad in Arizona's *Mesa East Pennysaver*, paring down a family can be a blast: "Mossberg .22 cal. rifle with scope very clean great for target, varmint or kids."

Some guys just can't say no. A justice of the peace in Quixadá, Brazil, was somewhat startled when four young women, all intending to marry the same man, appeared at his office. The busy suitor, 21-year-old Raimundo Nonato Nascimento, was apparently considered quite handsome and certainly one of the better catches in the area—or so thought his four fiancées. The J.P. told the young man he could marry only one of the ladies, so

he chose one, married her in a quick ceremony and split town to avoid the vengeance of the three jilted *senhoritas*. Nascimento admitted to passers-by that he'd promised to marry all four; he just hadn't figured the scheduling too well.

A masked bandit burst into a small suburban bank outside Metz, France, near closing time and demanded of the teller—at gunpoint—all the day's deposits. The teller obligingly stuffed the money into a canvas bag, which the robber grabbed—then decided to count its contents, which came to a mere \$800. Whereupon he screamed, "Just who do you think I am?" threw the cash down and stormed out of the bank.

Canadian prisons have been employing the popular rehabilitation technique of overnight conjugal visits. One of our readers reports that one prison has been sending out letters urging government adoption of this "new penile reform."



Now, that's what we call a roadside attraction! In Methuen, Massachusetts, a motorist stopped to warn police of a possible traffic hazard: a female flasher. Seems the young lady, hitchhiking along Route 93, was throwing open her sweater, revealing to passing motorists how well endowed she was. But a patrolman dispatched to the scene found the lady, fully clothed, in the company of two men and—said a newspaper account—"sent her on her way without making a pinch." If only he'd gotten there sooner. . . .

An English clergyman pleaded guilty to a charge of shoplifting phonograph records and was fined \$200. His *modus operandi* was, if nothing else, original: He carried a collection box with secret compartments and two slots—a large one for albums and a small one for singles.

Caught with his pants gone: After enjoying an early-morning sexual romp with a young lady on the lawn of the Federal courthouse in Santa Fe, New Mexico, a 30-year-old man told the police he was asked by his eager partner for an encore. Pleading fatigue, he begged off—whereupon the lady declared, "To hell with you," grabbed his Levis and ran off.

Petty misdemeanor: A student at Washington State University, cited for keeping pet rabbits in his room, told officials, "You can take me off the list. I ate 'em."

Strolling near a pond on his property in East Lincoln, North Carolina, a farmer stumbled upon a naked leg sticking out of a thicket. Hastily, he notified the county sheriff's office that he'd discovered a dead body. Police sped to the scene to investigate a possible

murder—and found two naked teenagers making love in the bushes.

This party must have been a gas. Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, a doctor from the University of Colorado Medical Center described a sudden outbreak of acute diarrhea among 35 staff members who had attended a birthday party for the chief medical resident. Investigation of this, uh, widespread coincidence pointed to a chocolate birthday cake served to the partygoers. The cake apparently was frosted with phenolphthalein compound, otherwise known as Chocolate Ex-Lax.

In an article in Lake Tahoe, California's *Tahoe World*, the Tahoe Area Rapid Transit—known by its acronym, TART—was cited for not providing enough service to accommodate 8000 Worldwide Church of God conventioners in town for the annual Feast of Tabernacles. The headline over the article read: "TART FAILS TO LINK UP WITH CHURCH OF GOD."

Robert Beckner is the type of guy who can sleep anywhere. One night in Hanover, Pennsylvania, he aligned himself between the railroad tracks to catch some Zs and soon fell into a deep, deep sleep. Shortly thereafter, a speeding West Maryland Railroad freight train approached the sleeping man, but by the time the engineer spotted him and slammed on the brakes, 40 feet of railway cars had passed over him. Police found Beckner—whom they had to shake to awaken—still sound asleep and unharmed.

From columnist Herb Caen, we learn that the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office has approved registration of a chicken restaurant's slogan—"Only a breast in the mouth is better than a leg in the hand." Turned down by the same office as "obscene," though, was a brassiere named the Booby Trap.

This sign, drawn and lettered by a youngster, appeared in the window of a Chicago blood-donor center: CAN YOU TAKE A LITTLE PRICK, AND SAVE A LIFE?

After a would-be robber called the First Federal Savings and Loan Association of New Smyrna, Florida, to make a holdup reservation—telling the switchboard operator, "Put your money in a bag. I'll get there later to rob you"—police were summoned. The officers waited patiently at the bank until 12:30 P.M., then decided the call had been a hoax and left. Sure enough, about an hour later, a man wearing a motorcyclist's helmet with the face shield pulled down presented a teller with a bag and ordered her to fill it up. By the time police made it back to the bank, the guy had split—with about \$3000.

PBS MEETS CBS

It is understood that PBS (public television) is lofty, nourishing and important. Unfortunately, no one watches it. Commercial television, on the contrary, is regarded as mindless, pointless and even harmful—but 150,000,000 people watch it every day. PBS complains of insufficient funds and low viewership, while commercial television is berated for its violence and lack of substance. The logical solution to both of these problems is a marriage of, say, CBS to PBS. What follows is a hypothetical television listing for any prime-time evening after the wedding.

6:30 CELEBRITY SPANISH

Henry Winkler, McLean Stevenson, Hal Linden and Penny Marshall learn conversational Spanish. Today: ordering food, telling time and counting to 20. Host: Trini Lopez.

7:00 MARGARET

Margaret Mead stars as an anthropologist who discovers a zany tribe of Stone Age people called the Wing Dings. In the premiere episode, Margaret catalogs the Wing Dings' courtship gestures and treats Ginka for amnesia. Unk: Ken Berry. Ginka: Peggy Lipton. Dr. Hornsby: Harry Morgan.

7:30 M*A*T*H

The wacky adventures of a group of mathematicians assigned to the same company during the Korean War. Tonight Frank finds a parallelogram in his shoe. Rhombus buys a black-market adding machine and gets caught. Rhombus: Warren Berlinger. Frank: Paul Sand. Professor Tuesday: Isaac Asimov.

8:00 SONNY AND SARTRE

French existential philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre teams up with Sonny Bono for an hour of thought-provoking fun. Comedy: Rich Little impersonates Bertrand Russell and joins Jean-Paul for a spoof of the ontological argument. Sonny and Jean-Paul prove to Paul Lynde that he doesn't exist.



MUSICAL HIGHLIGHTS
What Is Life?... Jean-Paul, Sonny I Sing, Therefore, I Am... The Jacksons

9:00 UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS, BOOK TWO

In the lusty continuation of the British hit, the Bellamys have moved to Las Vegas, where Mr. Bellamy

is the owner of a casino. Tonight Hudson makes a snuff film. Mr. Bellamy pays off the police. Mrs. Bellamy goes to a motel with a cabaret singer and Rose sells cocaine to a narc.

9:30 SCHOLARS' ROAST

Tonight the Scholars roast Howard Cosell. William F. Buckley, Ben Bradlee, Ken Galbraith, Cindy Williams, Sally Struthers, Barbara Jordan and Foster Brooks join in the fun.

10:00 THE JEFFERSONS

The adventures of our third President. George Carlin stars as Thomas Jefferson in this hilarious send-up of American history. In the premiere episode, when Tom signs the Nonintercourse Act of 1807, Hattie, one of his slave girls, thinks the act applies to her and runs away. Hattie: Bernadette Stanis. John Adams: John Davidson. James Madison: Chevy Chase.

10:30 ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN AND DAWN

Arte Johnson, Ralph Waite and John Denver join Alex for an hour of laughter, music and insights into Soviet prisons. Comedy: Arte plays a nearsighted physicist who leads a work-camp escape—right into the commander's bedroom! Alex tortures Denver with corny jokes. Waite plays the only real nut in a Soviet mental institution.

MUSICAL HIGHLIGHTS

Dear Mr. Sakharov Dawn
Don't Take Me Home (Country Roads) John Denver
Feelings Alex and Dawn

—JOHN HUGHES

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BOOKS

Charles Lindbergh, elite aviator, was the ultimate 20th Century dilettante. He comes across in his *Autobiography of Values* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) as a would-be Renaissance man whose one great feat made it possible for him to proceed through the rest of his charmed life as a "consultant." After dinner in Berlin with Hermann Göring, Lindbergh advised the Roosevelt Administration on German air strength; he consulted for Pan American on new air routes; he beseeched Roosevelt not to go to war; he discussed rocketry with Goddard and Von Braun; he experimented with organ transplants under Alexis Carrel; and he played the existential philosopher throughout.

The great flier reveals himself as part visionary, part great daydreamer, but also shows traces of the type of racist, elitist American chauvinism not uncommon in Teddy Roosevelt's time. Lindbergh was concerned with a "decline in genetic qualities of the human race." He explains how, at 26, he decided to go about wife hunting: "A girl should come from a healthy family, of course. My experience in breeding animals on our farm had taught me the importance of good heredity. . . . You did not have to be a scientist to realize the overwhelming importance of genes and chromosomes." Lindy's perennial preoccupation was with the impact of technology on society, but he presents only a muddled pessimism about the future. He climbed out of his apparent confusion long enough to deliver medicine to the flood-stricken masses of China and to shoot down Japanese planes over the Pacific; but Lindbergh's final book, stitched together posthumously from 2000 pages of manuscript by his friend and editor-publisher William Jovanovich, is a rambling, disjointed search for the key of life that ends bluntly: "I am of the stars." Still, Lindbergh's peculiar vision of the first half of this century is an important piece of American history.

The odd, and perhaps most significant, thing about Tennessee preacher Will D. Campbell's autobiography, *Brother to a Dragonfly* (Seabury), is that one who did not know that Campbell comes from poor-white stock could read the first 15 pages—packed with descriptions of his Southern rural boyhood—hardly being able to tell whether the author is black or white. And that is as it should be, because if there has been one theme central to the gospel of this man who has been both a civil rights activist and a friend of Ku Klux Klansmen, it is that poor Southern blacks and whites have more in common with each other than differences between them and that it is, as Spiro Agnew once put it so indelicately, "the pointy-headed



Lindy, we still hardly know ya.

A pair of autobiographies,
some Gilliatt stories and
the real scoop on the Sixties.



Dragonfly: Southern saga.

liberals," the industrialists and the politicians who have had an investment in perpetuating racial hatred and disunity among the dispossessed of both races.

"Preacher Will," as he is known to his neighbors, is not your ordinary man of God. His language is as spicy as the tobacco he chews and his convictions are as strong as the Jack Daniel's he drinks. Campbell is a legendary figure in the civil rights movement: He escorted the first black children into Little Rock's desegregated schools in 1957; he negotiated for racial harmony with white businessmen in Montgomery and Birmingham; and he was one of the first white ministers to offer his time and his body to Martin

Luther King, Jr.'s Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

He is also one hell of a writer. *Brother to a Dragonfly* is more than his autobiography; it is the story of his fathomless relationship with his older brother Joe, who was crushed and killed by the same conditions that crush and kill so many poor Southern blacks. More than that, it is an account of the turmoil the South endured during the Fifties and Sixties, when the winds of change began shaking the rafters in the house of General Lee. All the characters seem to intertwine, the grandpas and grandmas and aunts and uncles and cousins and friends; ordinary people with ordinary sufferings rolled up into a ball speeding headlong toward an immovable future. And when the ball collided with tomorrow, many were left dazed and injured. Will D. Campbell, however, not only survived but retained the memories indelibly in his heart. Whatever meaning the history of the South has for America lives in him. *Brother to a Dragonfly*, like a big plate of ham hocks and red beans and rice, stays with you long after you've finished it.

One who entered adulthood in the turbulent Sixties and has yet to digest that decade's massive tapestry of events faces a book titled *Twilight of the Young: The Radical Movements of the 1960s and Their Legacy* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) with apprehension, even resentment. After all, *everybody* is trying to figure out what happened and here comes Klaus Mehnert, a 70-year-old German, claiming to give us the big picture.

But Mehnert is not your ordinary academic old wheeze. He's a political theorist, a former student activist of sorts who was educated in Germany and the United States, and a follower and analyst of left-wing politics for 40 years.

Mehnert singles out one common thought that links all radical students, hippies and spiritual seekers: that we are entering a new age, that by the coming of a material or spiritual revolution, the world will undergo drastic changes within the next century. He recounts, with admirable selectivity and clarity, the now-legendary youth movements of the Sixties in three countries—America, Japan and Germany—and manages to make it all fun to read. His cast of characters forms a mosaic of where we've all been, starting with Jack Kerouac of *On the Road* and Allen Ginsberg of *Howl* and going on to include Mario Savio, Mark Rudd, Fidel Castro, Ché Guevara, Patty Hearst, Huey Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin, the Beatles, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and hundreds more.

Perhaps the most interesting thing

about *Twilight* is its occasional brilliant observation on the American subculture. There is a brief, tongue-in-cheek section on the use of words like wow and their possible relationship to Zen. Mehnert points out that the number of women terrorists is remarkable, often outnumbering men and frequently leading groups. He notes that blue jeans and the laid-back style of clothing they represent have become a common link between diverse cultures, classes and political philosophies, more than any religion has. For anyone who seriously wonders what the hell has been happening to us the past 15 or 20 years, *Twilight of the Young* is a good place to start finding out.

You've got to have a special palate to enjoy Penelope Gilliatt—her movie reviews in *The New Yorker* simultaneously draw raves and Bronx cheers. And her one screenplay, *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, was a film you either loved or hated. The same is true of her new collection of short stories, *Splendid Lives* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan)—you'll either want to read through all nine of the stories at one sitting or you'll put them down in disgust, dismissing them as too precious, too heady, too cool.

All the stories deal with relationships—the curious friendship between an American girl and a bishop who's thinking of writing a biography of a horse; a rather wacky *ménage à trois* (of sorts) among a professor, his wife and their male friend. The best story in this slim collection is *Autumn of a Dormouse*, a strangely charming tale about a child raised by a grandmother who takes him on imaginary trips. When the child's father remarries and decides he wants his son back, Grandma ventures to take her grandson on a real trip overseas—she withdraws \$69,000 from her savings account to buy 18 open-return tickets to Rome. The odd couple crisscrosses the Atlantic day after day, enjoying the flights' first-class service, caviar and champagne. The story, reminiscent of the special friendship of *Harold and Maude*, is bewitching.

Although this book came out last November, we can't resist telling you about it in the hope that you, too, may have wondered how much it costs to rent an original Picasso, what it will set you back to have a permanent erection through surgery or what kind of dough you're going to have to shell out to have someone's leg broken. Thanks to Barry Tarshis, we now have the answers to those and other pressing concerns in *What It Costs* (Putnam). He tastefully begins with a chapter called "Redoing Yourself," which estimates the cost of changing your sex: That little extravagance will run you \$3000 for male-to-female surgery, \$15,000 for female-to-male surgery. Getting a face lift is a lot cheaper.



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We build in what the others leave out.

Way back when the silent two-reelers were being nudged into history by what we now call feature-length films, the perennial question as to how long a movie could or should be was answered definitively by pioneer producer Carl Laemmle with another query: "How long is it good?" There's the rub that underlies any discussion of Bernardo Bertolucci's controversial *1900*, finally released in a four-hour version because U.S. distributors were scared stiff by an unwieldy epic that ran well over five hours when it was first unveiled at the Cannes Film Festival in 1976. So now we have a drastically cut *1900*, brought to us by the same brilliant, angry, intemperate Italian who made *Last Tango in Paris* and fought like a tiger to keep his new baby from being butchered on the editing table. Having seen the long and short of it, and applying old Laemmle's acid test without the use of a stop watch, I calculate that *1900* is really good, and often extraordinary, for approximately two and a half hours. Since Bertolucci at his worst would be more interesting than nine out of ten moviemakers, the odds still favor *1900* as a madly ambitious epic, not to be missed by those serious enough about cinema to take the bitter with the sweet.

The bitter, of course, is the naïvely slanted sermonizing in Bertolucci's political history of modern Italy, revealed through the off-again, on-again lifelong friendship between a wealthy landowner's son (Robert DeNiro) and a peasant worker's son (Gerard Depardieu) who are born on the same day at the beginning of the century. Both DeNiro and Depardieu are dynamic; so are Burt Lancaster and Sterling Hayden, playing their respective fathers—though it seems futile to mix major American, French and Italian stars in a multilingual international mishmash that leaves everyone who isn't actually dubbed sounding postsynched and gives the entire picture a dead sound that takes some getting used to. In fact, *1900* doesn't quite snap to life until Dominique Sanda appears—poking a cigar into her mouth through a tangle of wet, just-washed hair that completely hides her face—as the giddy, eccentric playgirl who becomes DeNiro's bride, but won't be his dupe, and finally scorns his softness toward fascism. Bertolucci makes his points most memorably when he has the decadent upper classes sniffing cocaine and carousing half-naked, or when he sharply contrasts the rich-man, poor-man attitudes of Alfredo (DeNiro) and Olmo (Depardieu) during a drunken youthful spree, when they jump bare-assed into bed together with a sad whore (Stefania Cassini) who is about to have an epileptic fit. It's heavier going when the film focuses on Donald Sutherland as a blackshirted Fas-



1900: best at half the length.

At last, *Close Encounters* and *1900*; *Turning Point* teams Bancroft and MacLaine.

cist villain, a one-dimensional character whose consummate acts of evil include everything but twirling his mustache. Flip the coin of Sutherland's wickedness and you find liberated peasants who emerge from World War Two chanting slogans, singing and waving red flags as if all the major battles had been won by Marxist idealism instead of by the Allies' infantry. DeNiro, Depardieu, Sanda, Sutherland, Laura Betti, Alida Valli and the other showstoppers under Bertolucci's command deliver enough socko scenes for several movies, even longish ones. But when Bertolucci sets out to pay his dues as a European leftist intellectual, he is sophomoric and simplistic and lets *1900* slip away in the dull rhetoric of radical chic.

Writer-director Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—under a cloud of secrecy since its budget started soaring like a UFO into the stratospheric neighborhood of \$20,000,000—can't escape comparison with other current and past epics. Certainly, *Close Encounters* lacks the moment-by-moment, hair-trigger suspense of Spielberg's own *Jaws*, a box-office phenomenon that grossed over \$400,000,000. Neither does it pack the wallop of *Star Wars* as straightforward entertainment, and while Spielberg strives for cosmic depths in the manner of *2001*:

A Space Odyssey, Stanley Kubrick's classic is still untouchable. Even so, *Close Encounters* has all the audio-visual razzle-dazzle that money can buy. And \$20,000,000 can buy a hell of a lot of special-effects wizardry by Douglas Trumbull (who did the same for *2001*), plus cinematography by no fewer than five of moviedom's sharpest talents—director of photography Vilmos Zsigmond, assisted on various locations from India to Alabama by Douglas Slocombe, William Fraker, John Alonzo and Laszlo Kovacs. It would be a wonder if *Close Encounters* did not knock audiences for a loop as a light show with UFOs flashing across the screen in psychedelic splendor while a couple of ordinary Americans (Richard Dreyfuss and Melinda Dillon) and the head of an international investigative team (crisply played by French director François Truffaut) prepare, in their separate ways, to meet the visitors face to face. Which is exactly what's meant, of course, by an encounter of the "third kind."

The frayed, second-rate pretensions of his script appear to be Spielberg's major handicap, particularly when he tries to juggle some heavy symbolism—after the eerie early sequences when Dillon's young son (Cary Guffey) is actually whisked aboard a spaceship, prior to an awesome climax, at Devils Tower, Wyoming. To use that giant natural rock formation the way Kubrick used the black slab in *2001* simply doesn't work. It is an arbitrary symbol, picturesque but meaningless. The real credibility crunch comes, however, in one preposterously wrong scene, when Dreyfuss, as a power-company lineman obsessed by UFOs and a kind of ESP, frightens off his wife (Teri Garr) and kids, rips up all the soil and shrubbery around his ranch home and frenziedly builds a replica of Devils Tower in the middle of the living-room floor. Believing in *Close Encounters* all the way demands more childlike innocence than most adult moviegoers can muster, yet the film simultaneously affects a certain intellectual sophistication that Spielberg fails to sustain. Judged purely as a movie-maker, he remains, at the age of 30, a bona fide wonder boy. As a futuristic philosopher or mystic, he's just an over-privileged whiz kid on a Kubrick trip who tries a little too hard to seize and hold our attention by refitting a simplistic UFO drama of the Fifties with high-minded words, some very costly hardware and—at long last—a landing party of amiable extraterrestrial munchkins. Sad to say, after the big build-up and a truly spectacular entrance, they arrive bearing no message at all.

Winner of the best-actress award at the 1976 Cannes festival (where *1900* was

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Pall Mall 100's 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
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Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

Not bad for one evening.

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shown out of competition) for her role in *The Inheritance*, a rich costume drama directed by Italy's Mauro Bolognini, Dominique Sanda (again) reasserts the starry charisma that has invited comparisons to Garbo's talent and Dietrich's beauty. Actually, Sanda is incomparable. She has a camera magic all her own, which tends to obliterate every other actor on the screen the moment she appears—even when, as in this case, the other actors are a company of aces headed by Anthony Quinn. Quinn plays a retired bakery tycoon who loathes his children and jealously guards the bulk of his fortune until Sanda, a simple shopkeeper's daughter, marries the stupider of his two sons (Luigi Proietti), seduces the other (Fabio Testi) and quietly begins plotting ways to attract the old man to her bosom, which has become more or less a family asset. Bolognini's controlled direction (from an engrossing, literate screenplay by Ugo Pirro and Sergio Bazzini) makes *The Inheritance* a tour de force of naked greed and bitchery from beginning to end. But it is Dominique who is truly in charge here. She's electric, enigmatic, as coolly cunning as Helen of Troy and all those historic ladies who caused empires to crumble with a seductive smile or the flutter of a lash. She wraps *The Inheritance* around her like a smart St. Laurent cape and strides off with it to wild applause, at least from this corner—where Sanda, when the moon is full and the film is right, can do almost nothing wrong.

Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine in *The Turning Point* act up a storm in a backstage drama designed to shatter any residual doubt that 1977 was a very good year for women in cinema. You don't have to be a ballet freak to be turned on by *Turning Point*, though it might help, since the leading ladies are supported by Mikhail Baryshnikov (the ballet world's new matinee idol) and Leslie Browne (prima ballerina and movie newcomer, stepping airily through her dramatic debut as Shirley's gifted daughter). Just to describe the characters tips the whole plot of *Turning Point*, which opens some locked doors into the past both for the lady who left the stage and for her former closest friend and rival (Bancroft), still a major star, though an aging one, with many talented youngsters already limbered up in the wings to take her place. Well, the confrontation between Deedee the nonpro and Emma the slipping superstar—with Miss Browne between them as young Emilia, who has to decide whether to follow in the footsteps of her mom or of her illustrious godmother—is an elegant soap opera, asking fairly obvious questions about the choices women make and arriving at some fairly predictable answers. There's no right or wrong way, because there's more than one way to be a woman. Got that, girls? The debate is made more exciting by MacLaine and

Bancroft, who launch into it with eyes flashing, claws bared—at their peak in a memorable scene that starts as sly bitchery over drinks at the bar and ends in a catharsis of knock-down, drag-out combat that reduces both ladies to helpless laughter and belated recognition that the roads each has chosen have brought them to this ludicrous head-on collision provoked by envy, loneliness and self-doubt. Both are sensational and sure to be near the head of the line when Oscar nominations are handed out.

Director Herbert Ross, working with his wife, Nora Kaye (herself a celebrated ballerina of yesteryear), as executive producer on a script by Arthur (*The Way We Were*) Laurents, offers countless added attractions with such distinguished guest stars as Antoinette Sibley, Fernando Bujones, Peter Martins, Martine Van Hamel and members of the American



Baryshnikov and Browne in *Turning Point*.

Ballet Theater. Tom Skerritt (as MacLaine's husband back home), Anthony Zerbe (as an old flame rekindled in New York), Martha Scott (as the dance company's scheming boss lady, with an eye for rich contributors to culture) and Marshall Thompson (as Bancroft's diffident married lover) add some flesh and blood to a spectacle well stocked with lyrical excerpts from *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty*. But don't hang back out of a mistaken notion that dance—gaining ground every year with audiences the length and breadth of America—is a field of limp daisies. Baryshnikov alone, as a horny Russian dervish named Yuri, who quickly coaxes young Emilia into his bed, delivers a performance worth the price of admission—combining potent, persuasive sex appeal with a display of the onstage virtuosity that wins him standing ovations everywhere. Nureyev should have been so lucky in his ill-starred film debut as *Valentino*.

The origins of the James Dean cult are examined in an ambiguous, offhand manner by writer-director James Bridges in *9/30/55*, the date of the actor's death. Richard Thomas (John-Boy of *The Waltons*) is almost supernaturally sensitive as Jimmy J., a college student in a small Arkansas town who becomes pretty god-


damn silly about his hero worship. Even so, Thomas' matchless performance and the fine Fifties look of the cinematography by Gordon Willis—shooting on location in Conway, Arkansas—are the selling points of *9/30/55*. Otherwise, it's hard to tell exactly what Bridges had in mind. He keeps revving up our anticipation as if something important is about to be said, or implied, regarding the state of society in the mid-Fifties—and settles for straightforward local color and nostalgia every time. The film opens with Thomas in tears at the local movie show, watching the final scene of *East of Eden* for the fourth time, and ends as he's leaving town while the same theater marquee is lit up with Marilyn Monroe in *The Seven Year Itch*. That nice rueful touch is just a nice rueful touch; it really tells us very little about what movies and movie stars, dead or alive, mean to middle America. When Jimmy J., after an impromptu wake, a séance and a night of drunken pranks that ends in near tragedy, says he's heading out to California, dressed like Dean, to meet all the people Dean knew, to talk to them—because he's just seen *Rebel Without a Cause* and saw himself in it so much—he begins to sound like a real head case and not just an average, impressionable kid who wants more out of life than he can get from steady dates with a home-coming queen and occasional trips to soak up culture in Little Rock.

FILM CLIPS

Mr. Klein: French anti-Semitism and war guilt are on the loose again. It's *The Sorrow and the Pity* syndrome revisited in a stylish and enigmatic psychodrama by director Joseph Losey—with Alain Delon as an aristocratic, rather snobbish art dealer named Klein, whose identity inexplicably begins to overlap that of another Klein, a Jew, in Nazi-occupied Paris circa 1942. Jeanne Moreau leads the supporting cast, and Delon's taut performance helped win the French equivalent of an Academy Award for Best Picture, with Best Director honors to Losey. The movie's not bad, but it's not that good.

That Obscure Object of Desire: Spanish-born French master Luis Buñuel, at the age of 77, shows undiminished powers as a social and sexual satirist in this razor-sharp, brilliantly witty comedy about a prosperous middle-aged man (Fernando Rey) who is obsessed by his passion for a changeable *señorita* named Conchita—who blows hot and cold and keeps disappearing (reappearing, on at least one occasion, in a formidable chastity belt). Buñuel has two actresses (Angela Molina and Carole Bouquet) playing the role, just to confuse matters more mischievously. The results are delightful variations on a subversive idea: that, in our time, the only remaining revolutionary act is to be wildly in love—and not have sex with the object of your propositions.

—ALL REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



'THUNDERING ELEGANCE'

—Road & Track, May, 1977



The Jaguar XJ-S blends two vivid personalities in one splendid machine. There is the performance machine, whose racing version thundered to victory in its first two Trans Am races. This performance is founded on all-independent suspension, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel power disc brakes and an incredibly strong, 5.3 litre V-12 engine. The result is possibly the best-handling four-passenger car in the world.

Yet there is another, more sensuous Jaguar S-type. It has leather seats, rich carpets, deep silence, thermostatically-controlled air conditioning, automatic transmission, AM/FM stereo radio and tape deck, all as standard equipment. In fact, the S-type is so completely equipped, it has no factory options whatever. In another review, Road & Track said: "The emphasis is on refinement, complete silence, luxury, comfort and general opulence, and it will run the pants off a 450SLC." Thundering elegance, indeed. Drive it. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

JAGUAR XJ-S



John C. Holmes flashes his mighty sword with astounding frequency as star and director of *The New Erotic Adventures of Casanova*. Wadd fans won't be disappointed, since John is all there, every inch a challenge to a corps of porno queens whom he takes on singly, in pairs or three at a time. Measured against your average hard-core performer, if you're measuring lengthwise, Holmes remains Mr. Big. Measured for directorial skill, he falls far short. And *Casanova*, with its promise of new erotic adventures, is a misleading title, in any case. After a token visit to 18th Century Paris—where there are period wigs, plus many buckles and britches to be removed—the movie flashes quickly back to modern San Francisco, for a scene between Holmes and a lady psychiatrist. He thinks he's been dreaming, though he *does* have an antique treasure chest he inherited, containing some letters signed by Casanova as well as a vial of perfume that appears to be a powerful aphrodisiac. So much for Casanova and history. The rest of the show is wall-to-wall balling, a formula West Coast fuck film that ends, predictably, in a hard-on collision between Supercock and his shrink.

Holmes again, as Johnny Wadd ("a hard-boiled private dick," you should pardon the expression), meets Georgina Spelvin in the erotic high point of *The Jade Pussycat*. Two seasoned porno pros, John and Georgina are supposed to be adversaries in *Pussycat's* trifling plot, which owes more than a little to *The Maltese Falcon* and has everyone in pursuit of a statuette (Han dynasty) that's been priced at around a half million dollars. One of the pluckiest pursuers with whom Johnny tangles is an Oriental beauty named Jasmine, played by Linda Wong. There's a twist ending preceded by several lively erotic scenes, but action melodrama still doesn't lend itself especially well to the requirements of hard-core.

Nothing's sacred on the sex-film circuit, so why hesitate to drum up a modern, undressed version of *Snow White* and the *Seven Dwarfs*? Dauntless writer-director Antonio Shepherd calls it *Seven into Snowy* and capitalizes on the air of innocence projected in the title role by Abigail Clayton (among the prominent *The New Girls of Porn* in our July 1977 pictorial, presently making a major movie in Italy with Marcello Mastroianni). An heiress whose wicked stepmother forces her to do menial chores, Snowy seems content with her lot—turning on with a feather duster or the family chauffeur—as long as the stepmom's magic mirror keeps reporting, "Thou art the sexiest one of all and in



John C. (for Casanova) Holmes.

As a director,
John C. Holmes makes
a good Johnny Wadd.



Spelvin and Wong in *Pussycat*.

every man's eyes the one he must ball." Trouble starts when Snowy starts getting better notices. But instead of a poisoned apple, she is sent seven *macho* studs in leather (none of them dwarfed in any department). Abigail upstages them all, aided by Paul Thomas as her tall, dark and handy chauffeur, who turns out to be a prince among pricks. With porno generally stalled in a dark age of derivative claptrap, *Snowy* looks pretty sparkling.

For his newest venture, writer-director John Waters has dumped Divine, the dog-shit-eating heroine of his notorious *Pink Flamingos*, and hired 51-year-old Liz Renay—a former stripper and moll, most-

ly celebrated for her association with mobster Mickey Cohen—to doll up *Desperate Living* as a character named Muffy St. Jacques, described in a synopsis as "an oversexed murderess accused of smothering her baby sitter in a bowl of dog food." *Desperate Living* also features some of the grossest-looking creatures since The Blob, allegedly of feminine gender. These include a 400-pound maid named Grizelda (Jean Hill), who kills a man by sitting on him, plus a depraved queen (Edith Massey) who wants every subject in her crazy kingdom infected with rabies. Waters' weird, flagrantly offensive fairy tales have to be seen to be believed.

A muddled but vaguely Thurberesque battle of the sexes is fought by Jean Rochefort and Jean-Pierre Marielle in *Femmes Fatales*, director Bertrand Blier's visually striking French fantasy about men who have had their fill of women and sex and would rather retire to the country to concentrate on food and drink. Mother Nature, being a woman, triumphs at last. Our heroes escape from a fuck factory for sex-starved *femmes* only to be cast ashore on a mysterious island. Two seemingly microscopic chauvinists, they stumble through a forest of pubic hair into the gargantuan vagina of a beautiful black giantess who is on the verge of losing her virginity. There we say aloha. Blier seems to have a message for the world that he cannot quite articulate, though the odds are good that feminists wouldn't like it.

Exquisite camerawork and a kind of intense, ritualized eroticism that may seem as alien to U.S. audiences as a Japanese tea ceremony are the main attractions of *Utamaro's World*, director Akio Jissoji's lush biography of the celebrated 18th Century erotic artist Kitagawa Utamaro. In his compulsive drive to capture "the floating nature of human pleasure," Utamaro moves among thieves and courtesans, becomes the resident voyeur in a lively brothel and finally brings home a brigand to rape his own wife because he wants to paint their coupling. Utamaro's wife loves it but leaves him. And *Utamaro's World*, shown here with lots of footage trimmed, is a richly lacquered maze of love scenes, crime in the streets, chases, duels and rescues, all complicated by more Japanese politics and history than a Western voyeur can easily handle at one sitting. The sex play's the thing, yes, but don't be misled by effusive advertising blurbs that exclaim, "He loved like a madman and painted like a man in love!" Actor Shin Kishida's coolly restrained performance is a long, long way from the world of Harry Reems.

—B.W.

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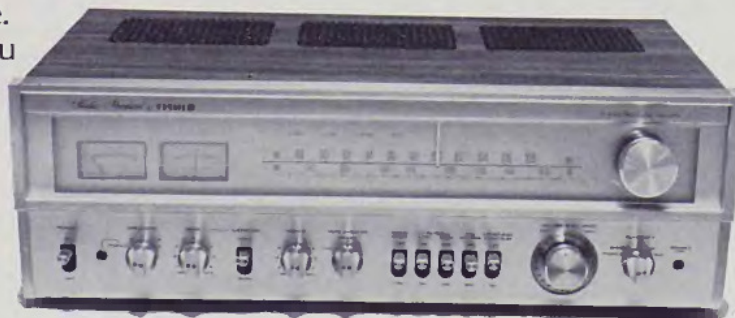
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Little Criminals (Warner Bros.) is Randy Newman's first album in . . . hell, we don't even want to count the years. In his absence, a whole generation of semi-demented, would-be pervers calling themselves punk rockers has tried to cop his act. We aren't calling Newman the first punk rocker—for one thing, he's intelligent. For another, his piano belongs in a Salvation Army band or a smoky San Francisco bawdyhouse. But we are calling Newman perverted, wry and one of our favorite crazies. The long-awaited album is everything we hoped for. There's a vicious song about short people. There's a song about a city that begins with the letter B (first *Birmingham*, now *Baltimore*. Next stop, Berkeley?). There are hypnotic love songs with simple phrases running over chords like worry beads. There's a patriotic number called *Sigmund Freud's Impersonation of Albert Einstein in America*. The album's getting plenty of airplay; it might even make Newman a star.



Newman's latest; great.

You have to hand it to McCoy Tyner. When the pianist picks himself some people to play with, he doesn't mess around; nothing but the best will do. *Supertrios* (Milestone) is just that. It's a twin-LP album that's split up the middle—Tyner with bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams on one LP, Tyner with bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Jack DeJohnette on the other. The double-header deserves to do S.R.O. business. As a pianist, Tyner comes close to Keith Jarrett in inventiveness and has almost as many fingers as Oscar Peterson going for him. Some high points: the opener, Antonio Carlos Jobim's now-classic *Wave*; the Tyner-Carter duet on Duke Ellington's *Prelude to a Kiss*; the Tyner original *Hymn-Song*; and a wonderful wrap-up of Billy Strayhorn's *Lush Life*. You should get hours of listening out of this.

About the same time the king of rock put out the big light, we first heard an impressive New Wave import by a Buddy Holly look-alike calling himself Elvis Costello. On his debut LP, *My Aim Is True* (released in this country by Columbia Records), Costello has captured the rare synthesis that every Sixties rock band dreamed of—the raw bluesiness of the Stones successfully mixed with a bouncy, early Beatles sound. *My Aim Is True* taps riffs that span two decades of popular rock. From *Mystery Dance*, which sounds a tribute to his namesake's *Jailhouse Rock*, to the Bowieish *I'm Not Angry*, the album, penned entirely by Costello, effects a stylistic history of rock 'n' roll. Imagine Van Morrison with The Yardbirds produced by Phil Spector and

Randy is bent
but dandy; McCoy is
definitely the real.



Tyner + 4 = 6.

you'll have an idea. Even better: Graham Parker meets Bruce Springsteen in Motown. Confused? Listen to *My Aim Is True* and try to tell us where you've heard it all before.

Foreign Affairs (Asylum), the new Tom Waits album, has a few surprises. Side one starts off with a string arrangement that's so lush we thought at first we had the wrong record. Tom Waits and strings? The very next cut features a duet by the master of phlegm rock and Bette Midler—a skid-row version of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. After that, though, the album settles down to vintage dregs: a long monolog on Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady; an inspired

rendition of small-town night life called *Burma Shave* that ranks right down there with Joni Mitchell's *Barangrill*: "And her knees up on the glove compartment / took out her barrettes and her hair spilled out like root beer / and she popped her gum and arched her back. . . ." Yes, indeed, this album is the pits. And we loved every minute of it.

Meet a very bad dude: Jon Smith. Sounds like an alias. Probably is. Never mind. He's one of the baddest tenor-saxophone players ever to come out of Texas. If he didn't look Mexican, you'd call him White Trash. In fact, that's what Edgar Winter calls the band he and Smith play in. *Recycled* (Blue Sky) is their new record and if it had come out from between a pregnant lady's legs, the doctor would have slapped it once and declared it a monster. Jerry LaCroix, the lead singer, wears a T-shirt that says THE COUNT on the album's cover photo. That's because he used to play super funk clubs like the Bamboo Hut on the beach at Galveston under the name Jerry "Count" Jackson with a band called The Soul Counts. He sounds like a cross between Ray Charles and Bobby Bland, on whose music he was weaned. *Recycled* is not someone's leftovers. It's brand-new, old-time, straight-ahead, hard-nosed, rock-'n'-roll boogiewoogie. Buy it soon under your local counter.

Punk rock, rock 'n' roll's latest assault on human decency, may be on the verge of going national. Previously confined in the U.S. to the more decadent quarters of the rotting Big Apple, with outposts here and there in other cities, New Wave rock—as its followers style it—now has a big record company pushing it in the provinces.

Warner Bros. has recorded three of New York's most popular bands on its Sire label. The three: Richard Hell and The Voidoids, *Blank Generation*; Talking Heads, *Talking Heads: 77*; and the Dead Boys, *Young Loud and Snotty*.

Punk rockers have gotten more attention from critics than from the rest of the world, and these records provide a pretty clear reason why. All three groups are very literary. Talking Heads and Richard Hell both provide printed lyrics on the record sleeve, just in case you can't hear the words for the fuzz tone. Hell and The Voidoids have the surly, scruffy look of punk rockers and Hell's lyrics reflect the punkish mood. They are filled with despair, cynicism and hostility. *Blank Generation* opens with the line "I was sayin' let me outa here before I was even born." *Who Says? (It's Good to Be Alive?)* is about what you would expect it to be about. *The Plan* tells of a man who

My photographs... life's moments held suspended in time.

Special moments in life mean so much. You're sure you could never forget them. But, time moves inexorably forward, and even the most precious of moments fade into distant memories. Only photographs can keep them alive.

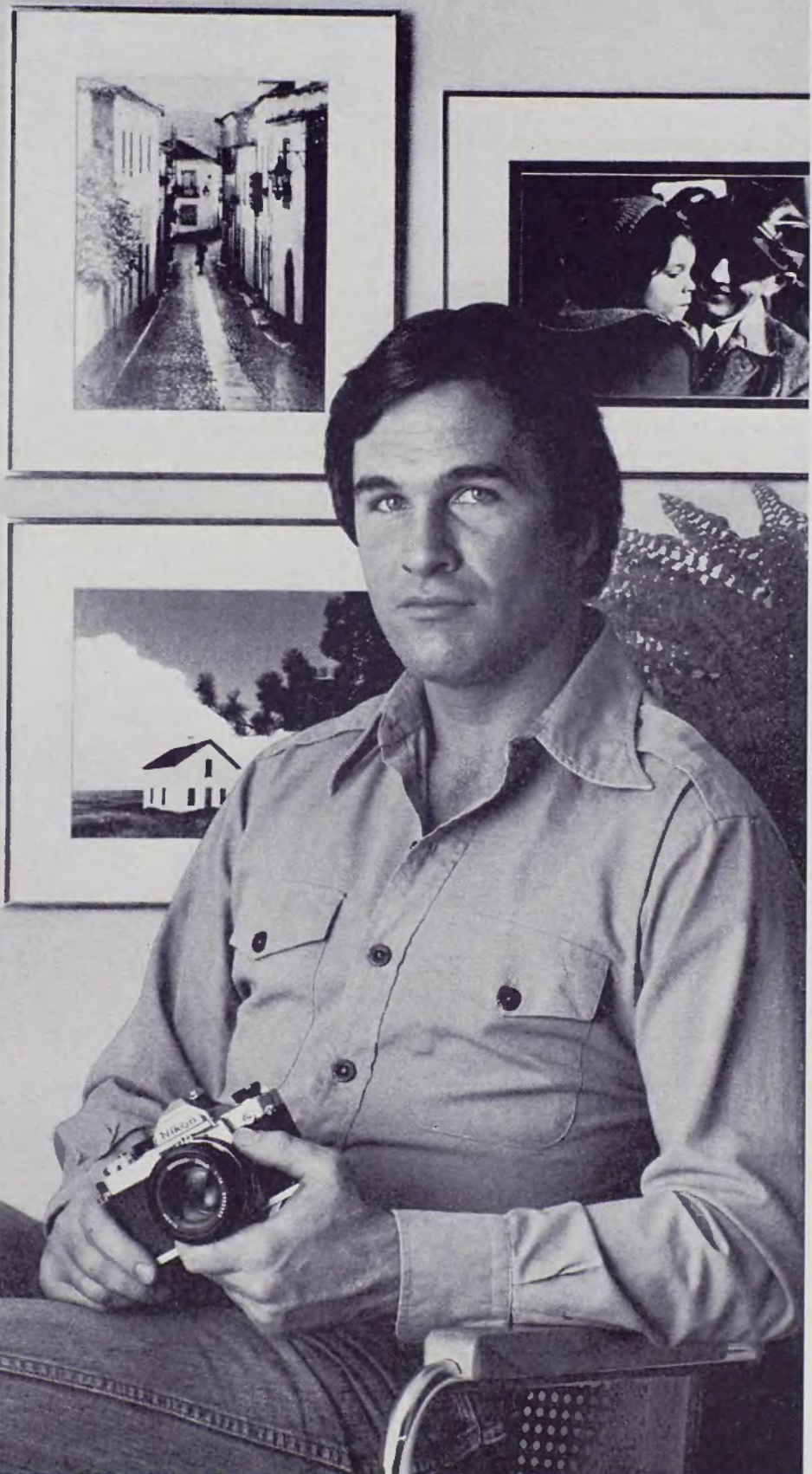
That's why photography has become so important to me. It lets me reach into the past and see it as it really was. It helps me preserve the present, which too soon becomes the past. But more important, I can capture the future, full of its surprises. Truly memorable photographs are simply beyond the capabilities of an ordinary camera.

I wanted a camera versatile enough for all those moments, built to last a lifetime and dependable enough never to let me down. I chose Nikon—the camera the pros depend on. I already knew Nikon was the best 35mm camera made, and when my dealer showed me the new, compact Nikon FM and how simple it was to operate, I knew it was the camera for me. And how right I was! My very first roll gave me sharp, perfectly exposed, color pictures.

Surprisingly, the Nikon FM costs very little more than an ordinary 35mm single lens reflex camera, yet it has all the feel and quality so traditional of Nikon. And, with all the interchangeable lenses and accessories that Nikon makes, there is just no limit to what I can do with my photography.

For details on the Nikon FM as well as a schedule for the traveling Nikon School of Photography, check your local Yellow Pages for the Nikon dealer nearest you. Or, write for Lit/Pak N-37 to Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Indus., Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

NIKON FM



has a daughter so he can make her his lover. The best title on the album is *Love Comes in spurts*. Much of this material is repellent, but Hell writes with power and economy and vividness. He's perverse but obviously talented. He's also got a very good band. The Voidoids handle the deliberately simple punk style inventively, and they know how to boogie.

The Dead Boys play with great drive, too, but their style is so limited (endless fuzz-tone riffs on the bass strings) that it doesn't hold together for a whole record. They do win the Song Title of the Decade contest with a little ditty called *Caught with the Meat in Your Mouth*.

If the Dead Boys and The Voidoids come on like creeps who would get a real bang out of tap-dancing on your Adam's apple, Talking Heads seem like bureaucrats who would terminate you with maximum prejudice and minimum emotion. The Heads favor button-down shirts (talk about eccentric!) and haircuts that would be at home in an accounting firm. Their lead singer and lyricist, David Byrne, may have the strangest sensibility in rock. His words often sound abstract, as if they had been written by a committee of professors of education. Byrne also slips in a few lines of French in one song. French? You call this a punk?

Garrick the Golden Boy does it again, this time with *Brahms: Handel Variations, Paganini Variations* (Angel). You will hear no better version of Brahms's pianistic masterpiece *Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel*, Opus 24, anywhere. Now 29, Garrick Ohlsson has in the past two or three years moved into the front rank of concert pianists. He's got all the flash and bravura, manifest in his Chopin and Liszt performances; now he shows a deeper side. The 25 Handel variations are free in structure, discursive but perfectly unified, building to a grand, exulting final fugue. The variations elaborate not only on Handel's original theme but also on one another and on the entire developing work—organically—with great variety and dazzling effect. Far more than most recent pianists have done, Ohlsson understands and uses this conception. The results are, simply put, remarkable. As a bonus, side two offers the *Brahms Variations on a Theme by Paganini*, Opus 35 (the famous 24th *Caprice*, which you'll recognize). This has been called "the most difficult virtuosic music ever written," and it is incredible enough on that score. Vast musical energies here, deployed with great skill and penetration by Ohlsson, but to what end? For all its virtuosity, the Paganini leaves us pretty cold. The Handel, on the other hand, is something else.

Doc Watson, long a special favorite of "old-timy" country aficionados on campus and in coffeehouses, has been better known for his incredible guitar picking

than for his singing. His new album, with his son Merle, *Lonesome Road* (United Artists), should help straighten matters out. Doc's strong, warm baritone is used with taste, phrasing and always with the artlessness of spontaneous feeling. He is able to take an old chestnut such as *Look Up, Look Down That Lonesome Road* with its thrice-familiar lyrics, variants of which we've heard in a dozen songs, and make it sound fresh and starkly moving. Watson is the most versatile and enjoyable traditional country musician before the public today; he deserves a wider audience.

"There are some heavyweights behind me now who don't deal with anything on a small scale. And now they're dealing with a different kind of music. I have to respect that—and I feel honored."

Broadway's rush-hour honking provides a bizarre accompaniment to the soft words of **Al DiMeola**, the bearded, 23-year-old guitarist whose lightning cadenzas first caught the ears of jaded rock fans when he recorded and toured with Return to Forever, Chick Corea's award-winning jazz/rock group. Lately, DiMeola has been making a bid for stardom on his own. His synthesis of various strains of Latin music, from Italian melodies to Brazilian rhythms, has earned him his own niche in the field of fusion music. The sales of his albums, and the reactions of his audiences on tour, have convinced Columbia Records and Dee Anthony, Al's new personal manager, that DiMeola—playing what he's already playing—can achieve stardom of a type hitherto reserved for rock musicians like Peter Frampton, whose gold records cover the walls in one of Anthony's offices.

DiMeola wouldn't mind a gold disc himself if Anthony could turn the trick for him with some high-yield appearances—such as his stint in the Anthony/Robert Stigwood-produced film version of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which, of course, stars Frampton.

"My music is nothing like Frampton's," DiMeola says, "and there are a lot of people in this business who don't feel my music can sell like his. That is why I need somebody with Anthony's kind of power, who does believe it can. He is the first guy who does—it's unbelievable."

DiMeola frequently uses the word unbelievable, and maybe that's because his career has unfolded like a dream. He was a second-year student at the Berklee College of Music in Boston when, without his knowledge, a friend, Mike Buyukas, badgered Chick Corea into listening to a tape of DiMeola playing in a quartet led by pianist Barry Miles.

On a Friday afternoon, when Al was "just sitting around the apartment," he got a call from Corea. "At first, I thought it was someone putting me on, but then I recognized Chick's voice from concerts. I threw some clothes in a bag, in ten

minutes got a ride to New York and I never saw that apartment again."

Corea gave Al a mountain of music to learn for a Carnegie Hall concert that was only days away—and convinced him he could do it. DiMeola made his Carnegie Hall debut that week, reading sheet music on a stand. His tearful parents were among the concertgoers who gave him a standing ovation when Chick announced that he'd been with the band for only a weekend. It was a storybook development for someone who'd known that he wanted to be a musician since the age of two—and whose favorite musician happened to be Chick Corea.

A year later, when DiMeola was 20, his first solo album became the biggest debut disc of the season for Columbia. He financed it himself and didn't let the record-company brass hear it until it was complete in every detail.

DiMeola's perfectionism makes him take care of all business—from answering fan mail or designing an album cover to constructing his Mediterranean ear movies—with the kind of exacting attention to detail that it takes to make a winner.

One of the rewards of success that DiMeola most enjoys is the freedom to be a gypsy. Between tours and recordings, he takes his guitar and journeys impulsively to places like Brazil, Italy and Spain, where he canvasses the musicians, from the masters such as Paco to the itinerants who meet on the Riviera.

"They come from Turkey, from Germany, from Scotland—also from Egypt and, of course, Spain. One night, when I was walking along the shore, I saw a whole bunch of people playing. Each guy was from a different place and everyone had a different instrument—some I don't even know what they were, handmade or something, with strings on them. Incredible sounds. And nobody knew one another, they were just playing. It was unbelievable."

There's that word again. But even if he has to pinch himself sometimes, Al DiMeola believes in what he's doing, just as the people at Columbia and at The Dee Anthony Organization believe in his ability to reach and please a mass audience. Who knows? Maybe it'll soon be someone else's turn to put a gold record on Anthony's wall. —CARL PHILIP SNYDER

SHORT CUTS

Santana / Moonflower (Columbia): The kings of Latin rock serve up what may be their best effort to date.

Dr. Hook / Makin' Love and Music (Capitol): They've already bullied their way onto the cover of *Rolling Stone*, so what's it gonna take to shut them up this time around?

Elvis Presley / Elvis in Concert (RCA): These tapes from the still-warm vault are a grand chronicle of Elvis' last tour that captures a lot of the magic.

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"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

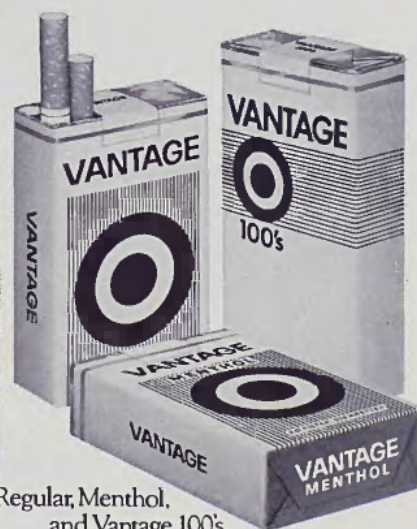
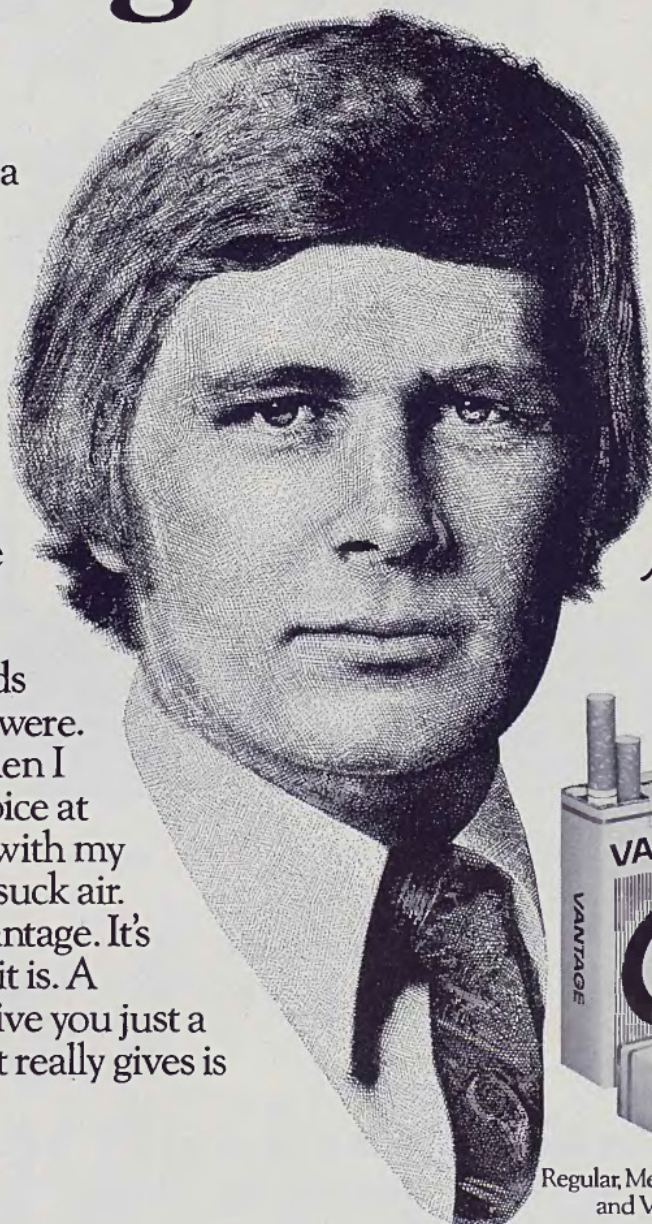
"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is

a lot of taste. And with much less tar than what I'd smoked before.

"What am I doing about smoking? I'm smoking Vantage."

G. S. Cooper
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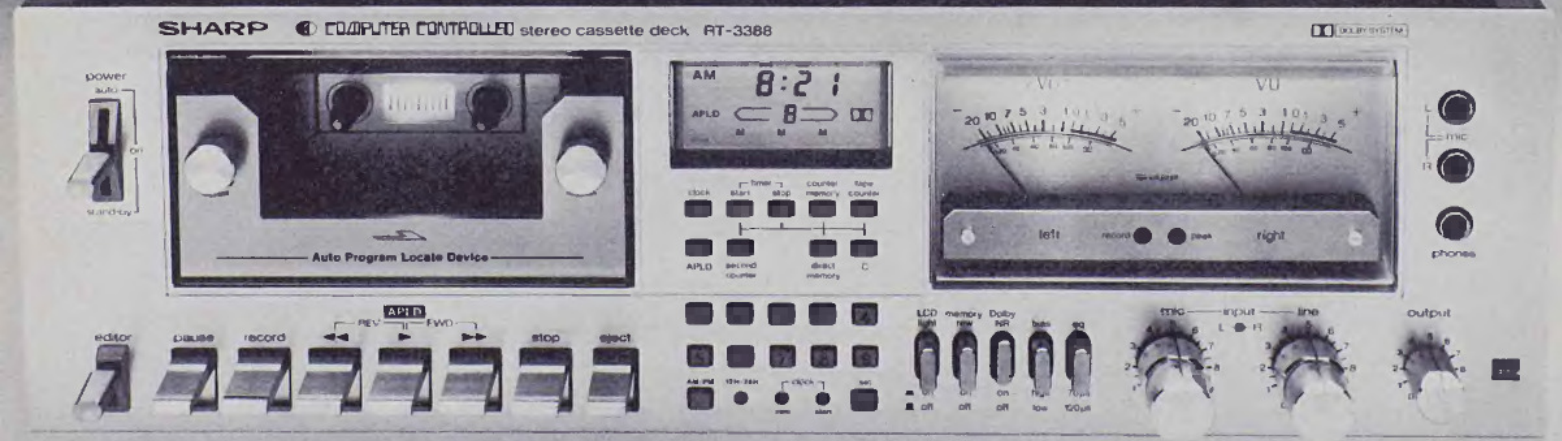
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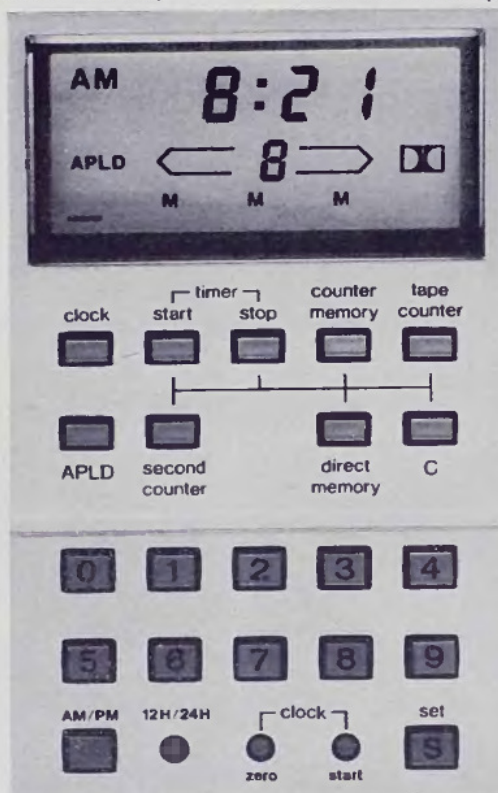
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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

SMALLER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET? Apparently hell-bent on outdoing the technical gimmickry of *Star Wars*, the producers of Warner Bros.' \$30,000,000 epic *Superman* have been secretly working on a superduper special effect never before achieved in movies. The idea is to have



Kidder

Reeve

the image of Superman fly off the screen and into the audience through a holographic process. The people at W.B. are being hush-hush about it, probably because they're not sure they can pull it off—we're told that first attempts failed because the holographic image shrank radically when taken off the screen and a midget Superman isn't all that awe-inspiring. Not that the film lacks ambitious effects—among other feats, Superman (played by Christopher Reeve) will use X-ray vision to cook a soufflé for Lois Lane (Margot Kidder), weld together the Golden Gate Bridge, which has been severed in an earthquake, and catch a helicopter in flight. Now if they can just get Superman to airlift several million people into their neighborhood theaters, they'll be all set.

WEIRDNESS: Are you ready for this? Barring unforeseen circumstances (and anything can happen with these guys), *Kiss* will be featured in a two-hour NBC film called *Kiss Meets the Phantom*. The clean-cut foursome will terrorize the TV cameras this spring after completing a return engagement in Tokyo. (Right now, they're finishing a whirlwind U.S. tour—their last for the next 18 months.) All we know at this point is that the boys will be playing themselves, make-up,



Kiss

Heller

craziness and all, and that they "love the script." Briefly, what happens is this—Kiss is to do a concert at an amusement park and the Phantom does everything in his power to stop them. "It's going to be one of the most expensive films ever

made for TV," says one insider. "It's a fantasy with lots of insanity and lots of special effects—sort of a rock *Star Wars*."

CATCH-22? *Catch-22* fans, rejoice! Joseph Heller's third novel, *Good as Gold*, is, we're informed, written in the same vein as *Catch-22*, lots of satire and "very, very funny." Heller's target this time around—the U.S. Government. "The book is about a college professor from Brooklyn who almost becomes the first Jewish Secretary of State," says one source. Sound familiar? Don't get your hopes up—it's not, we're assured, a *roman à clef*. Heller's already gotten a reported two mil or so for the book, which may explain why he's written this one so fast. *Catch-22* took him about eight years to complete and *Something Happened* took an arduous 13, but *Gold* has been going for a mere year and a half. Simon & Schuster plans to release the novel this fall.

A STAR IS BORN, MAYBE: Jack Nicholson's current project, *Goin' South*, which he's starring in and directing, ought to be in the can pretty soon (Paramount would like to release it this summer). An ardent



Steenburgen

Nicholson

fan of NBC's *Saturday Night*, Jack chose rubber-faced John Belushi for a major role, but the real Cinderella story here is Nicholson's selection of virtual unknown Mary Steenburgen to play the female lead. Mary, we're told, had been waitressing at a Mag-ic Pan on New York's East Side when Nicholson spotted her at a casting call and was so struck by her that he flew her out to the Coast posthaste for a screen test. "She's the most talented actor I've met since Brando," Nicholson has said of the 24-year-old native of North Little Rock, Arkansas, who will make her screen debut in *Goin' South*. The flick, a comedy in the Tracy/Hepburn mold, is a Western set in Texas: Nicholson plays one Henry Moon, a slippery, third-rate outlaw who is saved from the noose when a woman (Miss Steenburgen) he's never seen before offers to marry him. Belushi co-stars as Hector, a Mexican deputy.

NEWS UPDATE: Ex-Not Ready for Prime Time Player Chevy Chase is as busy as a killer bee these days. While making his motion-picture debut in *Colin* (Silver

Streak) Higgins' *Foul Play* opposite Goldie Hawn, Chevy's also putting finishing touches on the script for his second NBC-TV special (set for April) and penning an original comedy screenplay with *Saturday Night* writer Michael "Mr. Mike" O'Donoghue. *Foul Play*, a comedy/mystery in the



Chase

Hawn

Hitchcock style, has Chase playing a detective involved with Hawn, who claims that someone's trying to murder her—a claim that no one save Detective Chase believes. The Chase-O'Donoghue collaboration, *Saturday Matinee*, set for production this summer, is just what its title suggests—a parody of everything we used to see at the neighborhood Bijou in the good old days: newsreels, shorts, cartoons and previews of coming attractions. Chase will play several roles in the film.

BEES AND CUES: If Hollywood is abuzz with more than just idle gossip these days, blame it on producer-director Irwin Allen, who has imported 400 hives full of genuine bees for his latest disaster epic, the \$12,000,000 *Swarm*. Slated for summer release, the flick is part of a \$40,000,000 multipic deal Allen has going with Warner Bros. While shooting, Allen kept the bees in a ravine behind the Burbank studio and, needless to say, there were a lot of stings on the set. Irwin reportedly remedied that problem by smoking the bees down and making them groggy and by using doubles of the actors for some of the major swarmy scenes. Rumor has it that Allen originally wanted to avoid all that aggravation by simulating bees—his



Allen

Bees

plan was to paint pieces of Styrofoam yellow and black and attach them to the actors' faces and limbs. Unfortunately, though, when photographed, the Styrofoam bees looked like—well—Styrofoam bees. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

THE NEW BODY SNATCHERS

By Nat Hentoff

A CERTAIN FORM of kidnaping is on the rise throughout the country. The perpetrators are parents, accompanied by hired enforcers and so-called deprogramers. The victims are the children—often over 21—of those parents. Because their progeny have become fervent members of various sects, from Hare Krishna to the Reverend Moon's Unification Church, the parents feel impelled to rescue their offspring and have them exorcised. The deprogramers, of whom Ted Patrick is the most famed, are the exorcists. Once the snatch has been made, they work their will on young adults deprived of all rights, certainly including freedom of movement, and subject to diverse humiliations until they confess error.

"Despite many hundreds of these kidnapings, often involving violence," the American Civil Liberties Union points out, "there have been only a few prosecutions. Dozens of grand juries have refused to indict even when the victim is over 21. Prosecutors usually wink at what goes on and the police are usually downright cooperative." Or, as a California judge explained, "How can you seriously charge a parent with kidnaping his own child when it's for the child's good? I mean a child at any age. A parent's love never stops."

In many states, moreover, the parent kidnapers take advantage of conservator laws. The parent signs an affidavit claiming, for instance, that his adult child has shown abrupt personality changes since joining a particular religious community. That affidavit is often enough to make the parent a temporary conservator of his grown-up offspring, and he can then enlist local police to help pick up the "child" without warning. And so kidnaping becomes "legal."

This steadily growing increase in the abducting of young people to be exorcised has been described by Dean Kelley, an official of the National Council of Churches, as "the most serious violation of religious liberty in this country in a generation."

Yet there is no discernible citizen outrage at this epidemic of kidnaping. No editorial writers or television commentators are exercised. Congress is silent, and so is the unabashedly religious Chief Executive. After all, the Moonies, Hare

Krishna and other such wholly self-contained and decidedly odd sects are suspect. And to many, they are repellent, besides. They are seen as dictatorial, manipulative, quite possibly venal. The true victims, majority opinion has it, are those young people who have not yet been rescued—by any means necessary—from that quicksand of evil.

Accordingly, when the New York Civil Liberties Union recently won a court battle to free two adherents of Hare Krishna (ages 23 and 24) who had been abducted by their parents, there was furious criticism of the New York Civil Liberties Union, and a number of its own members threatened to resign. "This," said one longtime supporter of the Bill of Rights, "is carrying civil liberties much too far. It's not as if these were authentic, established religions."

defeats so far of parent kidnapers—state supreme court justice John J. Leahy declared that "freedom of religion is not to be abridged because it is unconventional in its beliefs and practices or because it is approved or disapproved of by the mainstream of society or more conventional religions."

What of the charge, however, that Hare Krishna, the Reverend Moon's Unification Church and others brainwash their disciples? Well, there are atheists who insist that all religious believers have, in one way or another, been brainwashed. Indeed, the term is so subjective as to allow a spokesman for Hare Krishna to say with some logic: "Our members are no more brainwashed because they chant than the nuns who say the Rosary each day or those who attend churches that use the threat of fire and brimstone."



ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

The First Amendment, however, does not say that the free exercise of *only* "established" religions is to be protected. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and other founders of this country repeatedly emphasized that religion was personal and therefore was not to be defined or otherwise interfered with by the state—no matter how unpopular and seemingly bizarre its practices.

Therefore, in that fiercely controversial N.Y.C.L.U. case—one of the few court

In case after case of kidnaping victims who would not recant, court papers include fearsome accounts of the viciousness of the deprogramers, along with affidavits by psychiatrists representing the young people that the latter are sane, are not dangerous to themselves and are fully capable of making their own choice of religion. But then the parents usually bring in psychiatrists who have come to the opposite conclusion. So who is to decide? Are psychiatrists, any more than

the state, to have the power to determine which religions are "legitimate" and which are so false and pernicious that a parent is justified in forcibly removing a child, no matter how old, from the noxious environs of that sect?

Under the Constitution, only the adult child at issue has the right to decide. In some states, that means anyone who has reached the age of 18; and in every state, it means all 21-and-older progeny of even the most loving parents. Stuffing a kicking over-21 "child" into a car ought to make a parent just as subject to criminal law as any other kidnaper. Yet a parent of a 23-year-old Moonie most strongly objects: "You're asking that I be treated as a criminal if I try to rescue my son from the clutches of a so-called church that is a corrupt extension of a corrupt foreign government."

To which Dean Kelley answers: "If a sect is a front for a foreign government, then let that be investigated and demonstrated. If it is using its tax exemption for illegal or nonreligious purposes, then let that be demonstrated and the exemption revoked. But otherwise, part of religious liberty is the right of all of us to make what seems to others to be foolish choices, to be 'hoodwinked,' to be exploited for the sake of what seems to us, at the time, to be the Truth. This is not justification for acting illegally against any religious group or its members."

Not only religious liberties are endangered. Chief exorcist Patrick, for example, has already deprogrammed a kidnaped young woman who had joined the U. S. Labor Party, a shrill political party that I, among others, find repugnant. But it is a political party and has a right to exist under the First Amendment. Many parents of its members, however, consider their children as psychologically enslaved as if they had become members of the Unification Church. And as deprogramming spreads—with the sanction, however indirect, of many policemen, prosecutors and judges—the kidnaping of adult children from this and other "weird" secular political groups is likely to increase.

A particularly active deprogramming organization—the Freedom of Thought Foundation in Tucson, Arizona—is planning to expand nationally, with centers in every large city. That means expanded kidnaping. Watch your local paper for the next invasion of the parental body snatchers.

Nat Hentoff is a Contributing Editor of PLAYBOY.

DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

By David Butler

IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE, presumably, that the brief biographical notes that accompany articles and stories in many magazines are, in fact, autobiographical, written by the writer, not an editor. The practice is worse than self-serving. In the pages of the most frequent offenders, it leads to the most god-awful sort of cuteness. "Ethel Harris writes frequently on the ecology. She lives with three cats 'and a very large porcupine' in a cabin in Oregon." That sort of thing.

I wondered the other day what the results might be if contributors could say whatever they wanted in the openings of their little blurbs but the last word were given to an angry, all-knowing God.

•

Ferlin Deniston is completing work on *More Bitter Fruit*, the final play in his trilogy for the stage about the modern South trying to come to grips with its tragic past. He lives in Key West, Florida, and is an alcoholic homosexual.

•

Harvey Lewis, the winner of the 1959 National Book Award for *Brookline, My Brookline*, lives in Rome with his wife and two daughters. On three occasions over the past five years, Gore Vidal has failed to appear at cocktail parties at Lewis' fashionable Roman villa, where he was to have been the center of attention.

•

Dorothy Simons' latest book is *Woman Alive!* (Simon & Schuster); her novel *Majorette* will be published this fall by Random House. Miss Simons' peak sexual experience was slow-dancing to *Moon River* with Rick Terziano at the Lowell, Massachusetts, Memorial High School junior prom in 1961.

•

Charles DeWitt Collins was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in 1912. He attended Phillips Academy at Andover and Harvard College and graduated from Yale Law School in 1936. He was one of the many young men of his generation who joined the New Deal. After World War Two, in which he served as a commander in the Navy, he joined the Washington law firm of Cromwell and

Stuart. He returned to Government service in 1953 at the request of President Eisenhower, serving as Ambassador to Nigeria, Malaysia and Turkey. He is a member of the board of directors of the Council on Foreign Relations. Retired from active public service, Ambassador Collins has returned to his native Pennsylvania, where he owns a farm in Bucks County. He writes frequently on foreign affairs. Once a week, his Nigerian houseboy, M'bowzwai, now 42, scours Philadelphia's adult bookstores to procure his master's bedtime reading matter.

•

M. deLatour's most recent contribution to these pages, *Sticky Dick*, was a surrealistic impression of the Watergate affair as seen through the eyes of the man Jean-Paul Sartre has called "the only grand thief, the only authentic voice, the only saint left to the West." While in Washington, M. deLatour kited \$20,000 in an Arlington, Virginia, shopping-center scheme.

•

Josiah Ainsworth Pickett is the son and grandson of admirals in the United States Navy. When drunk, he calls his mistresses, who are invariably Jewish, "You kike."

•

Rick Sorenson grew up in Torrance, California, where he remembers seeing his first Beach Boys concert, in 1963. Not yet 22, he has written extensively about drugs, music and California. In 1972, he traveled with the Weather Underground, producing a still-unreleased savage video documentary of contemporary American protest. Earlier, when he learned he had failed to win an appointment to West Point, he cried.

•

Jack Marley has written for numerous magazines on skiing, mountaineering and conversation. He accompanied the major 1970 Kwitty/Sloan Mt. Everest expedition; four times a year, he travels to Paris for adjustments to his \$1500, virtually undetectable hairpiece.

•

Gerald Cleaves grew up in Coombs, Ohio. An ex-Marine, he has most recently written *These Things Happen*, a complex but sympathetic treatment of a young Marine accused of participating in a Vietnam atrocity. Mr. Cleaves's penis is not innocent of the blood of Vietnamese children.

David Butler writes.

Why smoke this much tar...



19
MG TAR
1.2 MG NIC.



12
MG TAR
0.9 MG NIC.



17
MG TAR
1.0 MG NIC.



12
MG TAR
0.7 MG NIC.



16
MG TAR
1.0 MG NIC.



11
MG TAR
0.7 MG NIC.



16
MG TAR
1.1 MG NIC.



17
MG TAR
1.2 MG NIC.



10
MG TAR
0.6 MG NIC.

when you can get good taste at only 8 mg tar?



King size or 100's,
Regular or Menthol.

Simply put,
they're as low as you can go and still get good taste
and smoking satisfaction.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine;
Kent Golden Lights: Kings Regular—8 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine; Kings Menthol—
8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report, August 1977. 100's Regular
and Menthol—10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Maybe I'm a little slow or something. My roommate and I double-dated to a double bill that included *The Other Side of Midnight*. In one scene, a young lady satisfies her partner saddle style as he lies flat on his back. Just when it appears the poor fellow reaches his peak, the lady reaches down into an ice bucket and grabs all the ice she can handle with two hands and places it on her partner's crotch. The look on his face appears to be all but that of pleasure. Is this technique used widely? What are the sensations that result from a half pound of ice applied directly to the genitals?—T. P., Savannah, Georgia.

The ice trick was first described in John Eichenlaub's *"The Marriage Art,"* which was published in 1961. (According to most survivors, the sudden shock produced an astonishing orgasm.) For a while after, snowballing was quite the rage. Couples would check into hotels, call room service and request a bucket of champagne minus the champagne. Bell-boys would smirk knowingly. There's only one drawback to the technique: If you think sleeping on a wet spot is a drag, you should try it when the temp is just above freezing. Still, it's worth trying. You probably won't get frostbite. If you do, you'll be in good company. We got more than one letter asking about the scene in *"The Other Side of Midnight."* Just goes to show: In the worst movie, there is at least one worthwhile scene.

We're going to be taking an extended vacation this spring in search of the sun. My companion, a delightful girl in every other respect, insists on taking nearly her entire wardrobe, including jewelry. The thought of losing our luggage sets visions of dollar signs dancing in my head. Any suggestions?—L. M., Seattle, Washington.

Be sure to pack a large bottle of aspirin, because you're in for some record-breaking headaches. Obviously, you'll need insurance above and beyond the kind provided by the various carriers with whom you'll be dealing. Unfortunately, domestic airlines are liable only for luggage checked in the amount of \$750 per passenger, not much if you're carrying ten pieces of luggage, plus the Hope diamond. Hotels are responsible only for what is placed in the hotel safe. You can, of course, insure individual property items, such as jewelry or furs, and, indeed, they may already be insured by your present policies. Check the fine print. To further ease your mind, you might also want to check into other types of travel insurance. For instance, accidental death, injury and, especially, hospitalization insurance, since your present policies may not be acceptable in a foreign country. It's also possible for tour



groups to buy "sunshine" insurance that pays off if it rains for more than half the trip. Individuals can purchase "wild animal" insurance that pays off if they're attacked by any of 21 different animals if the attack occurs in the States, Canada, Mexico or the Caribbean. The rates on all this peace of mind vary. In some instances, group plans are available to help defray the cost. But if you really want to have a good time, take just what you can carry comfortably and preferably what you can afford to replace. That goes not only for luggage but for companions as well.

Several months ago, I became engaged to a guy I've known for several years. The only difficulty is that we have diverse sexual attitudes. I have become involved in swinging (triangles, etc.), like some aspects of S/M and once in a while sleep with another chick. He, on the other hand, is sexually conservative. He condemns S/M, would be aghast if he knew about my swinging and the occasional chick. I've tried to subtly introduce him to new ideas, but he rejects all of them. I don't think I can tolerate his idea of good sex. He considers me kinky and I feel he is too straight. I love him, though. We agree on other things. But sex is such a big part of marriage, right? Got any suggestions?—Miss C. F., Columbus, Ohio.

As a rule, we don't approve of mixed marriages. It's true that there are things in life other than sex: for instance, television. Sexual incompatibility is a major cause of

divorce. To accept that as a given seriously jeopardizes your chances of success. You might try a bolder approach to changing your fiancé's attitudes. Rather than argue about swinging, why not take one of your girlfriends along as a piece prize? The actual experience of a ménage à trois may be less threatening than the idea. If he doesn't change his mind, maybe you'll change yours.

Ill do most anything to improve my tennis game. I've tried both wood and metal rackets and I was just about to buy one of those outside implements (despite the jeers of my partners) when I heard about a radical new racket that has Europeans up in arms. What can you tell me about it?—B. F., Chicago, Illinois.

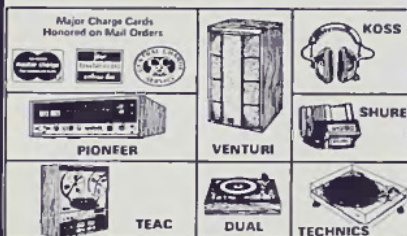
We can tell you that the new racket will add power to your stroke, give you more consistent spin and get you kicked off any tournament court on which you try to use it. We're referring, of course, to the recently developed "double-strung" racket, which has two sets of strings running parallel to the long axis of the racket and another set strung at right angles to them. The setup is such that the catgut can be strung much looser than on conventional implements. Optional accessories are a telescopic sight, exploding balls and a can of Mace with a 50-yard range. No, seriously, the International Tennis Federation got nervous when weekend players started blowing pros off the courts with it and suspended it from tournament play. The United States Tennis Association quickly followed suit until it could "study it further." The justification for the current suspension is that the double strings could result in a double hit. However, the tennis rules specify only that the ball be hit "with an implement." The manufacturers of these rackets are betting on the amateur market, which, as we all know, is totally unprincipled.

As a senior in high school, I lead a fairly active sex life. I get lucky a lot, but recently my luck ran out. I found that I had contracted a venereal disease. I mustered up courage and mentioned the matter to my latest girlfriend, suggesting that she be on the lookout for symptoms. She said that she had nothing to worry about, that since she was taking birth-control pills, she could not catch V.D. That sounds a little weird to me. Is there any truth to it?—D. G., St. Louis, Missouri.

Nope. Birth-control pills prevent pregnancy, they do not prevent venereal infection. But your girlfriend is not alone in her belief. A recent survey of 200 Midwest teenage females uncovered the startling fact that nearly one quarter of them

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P28

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believed that birth-control pills were an effective prophylactic. So tell your girlfriend the truth, then ask her to pass it along to her friends.

Long for the days when a record player was a record player and you could put a nail in your tonearm and spin the platter for a night's music. Now you have to be an electronics expert to figure out some of the ads I've seen for turntables. Some of them tout direct-drive synchronous motors. Others as loudly tout belt-drive systems. What's the difference? I want to hear music.—H. F., New York, New York.

The idea is basic: to get a record to spin on a platter at a constant speed. Originally, there was rim drive: The motor turned a wheel that rested against the side of the platter. If the wheel was, or after use became, out of round, the speed was not constant. Next came belt drive: The motor turned a belt that turned the platter—similar to the fan-belt hookup in your car. Most recently, direct drive was developed: The motor shaft turns the platter directly, or, in other words, the shaft of the motor is the spindle in the center of the platter. These last two systems are the most common today. The performance differences are negligible. Some modern turntables use a synchronous motor, which means motor speed is governed by the power-line frequency, which is a constant. Usually, single-play systems have direct drive, changers have belt drive. That's because with the motor under the spindle, there's nowhere to put the changer mechanism. Ads that tout low rumble (motor noise) and low flutter (pitch change from inconstant speed) are really splitting hairs, since in modern systems, both are so low as to be inaudible, especially above heavy breathing.

Alas! I am a shy person when it comes to women and have not got the force of personality to easily seduce them. I recently went through a dry period that lasted almost three and a half years. My sexual drought ended when a woman I have known for more than a year finally intimated to me how hot she was for me. We got it together one night in my apartment and I exploded in a frenzied release of three and a half years of pent-up energy. I came at least five times, possibly six, in two hours. My questions are: How frequently can a man orgasm in a given period of time? How much difference does age make? (I am 26 years old.)—E. D., Venice, California.

For a self-proclaimed near celibate, you seem to be doing all right for yourself. Better a memorable experience every now and then than a day-in, day-out diet of the usual. At the rate you're going, you'll be a legend in your own time. You can abandon the shyness routine—it worked. You probably could have made it with

your friend a year ago. Now you know you're not half bad. Maybe she will tell her friends. As for your experience: Men who are coming off a long period of celibacy (such as a good night's sleep) have been known to outperform their wildest expectations. They can't get enough. If they tried to make it six times, they probably couldn't. The same experience is shared by men taking new partners or divorced men out on the town. There are no reliable statistics on just how many times a man can come: Masters and Johnson report that after one orgasm, a man usually takes ten minutes to recover (less time for teenagers, more for gray panthers). If it takes you two minutes to come, that would suggest a possible five-per-hour rate. But in unusual circumstances, anything is possible. In "The Extended Male Orgasm" (May 1977), PLAYBOY discovered a man who had 25 multiple mini-orgasms—at the rate of about one a minute. If he doesn't make the "Guinness Book of World Records," he at least deserves to be commemorated in a beer commercial. Something about "As long as you're only going around 25 times. . ."

Two months ago, I turned 25. Much to my surprise, I've started to develop acne. I always thought that was a disease suffered only by teenagers who ate lots of oily foods—nuts, cheese, pork, potato chips, peanut butter and cola. Is there a reason it's happening to me at this late date? I'm ready to try anything—hell, I'd even give up sex, if I thought that would help. What's your prescription?—R. M., Boston, Massachusetts.

Give up sex? Come, now. Nothing is worth that sacrifice. There are almost as many myths about acne as there are about sex, and some of them overlap. Sex won't cause or cure acne. Neither will masturbation. The disease is triggered by the male hormone (which is present in both males and females). Outbreaks usually start around the age of 11 and can last through the mid-30s. Recent research has shown that oily foods do not contribute to acne—so if you are stricken by the munchies, you can still eat junk food. Also, it does not help to be too clean. Obsessive scrubbing can actually aggravate the disease. The most effective treatments are medications containing benzoyl peroxide or tretinoin (found in prescription-only preparations). Good luck.

Once again a befuddled reader turns to the court of last resort. Only you can help me. What are the average measurements of the American male and female? That's it. Thank you very much.—K. C., Winter Park, Florida.

No sweat. The average American male is just over 5'9", weighs 162 pounds, has a 38¾" chest, a 31¾" waist and 37¾" hips. The average, but still incredible, American woman stands almost 5'3¼",

weighs 135 pounds and has a 35½" bust, a 29¼" waist and 38" hips. These specifications are subject to change by the manufacturer without notice.

My girlfriend suffers from a strange sexual reaction that—if I didn't know better—I would call premature ejaculation. She has a short, sharp orgasm as soon as I enter her. Thereafter, she ceases to lubricate and further stimulation is painful. My partner does not like to be left high and dry, so to speak. We're curious. Have you ever heard of this phenomenon and, if so, what is the cure?—W. U., Kansas City, Kansas.

Sex therapists have made a million-dollar industry out of the so-called problem of premature ejaculation. Now, it seems, they are expanding their business into new areas. A recent issue of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* describes something called the female premature orgasm. Apparently, there are women who climax so rapidly that they are unable to fully savor the orgasmic experience. "If you shut your eyes, dear, you'll miss it completely." Two therapists gave the following solution to the problem: "Women with this complaint, like their male counterparts, need to learn to control voluntarily the timing of their orgasm. This can be done by having them practice getting to and maintaining the plateau stage of arousal. This is mastered with relative ease, simply by having a woman use a stop-and-go technique, first during masturbation and then with her partner, so that she learns to anticipate and then control her climax. The resulting orgasm is more pleasurable for her and, as it is integrated into lovemaking, for her partner as well." It seems to us that this overlooks certain factors. Too much emphasis can be placed on the state of a woman's lubrication—her dryness or wetness becomes an indicator of arousal. Dry is equated with impotence and/or failure. Many factors can affect lubrication; for example, if a woman is taking antihistamines, she will dry out all of the mucous membranes in her body, including those in the vagina. Also, most women tend to lubricate less after their first orgasm. If God had intended woman to have only one orgasm, He wouldn't have invented K-Y jelly. Our prescription: Keep right on going after the quickie, using one of the commercial lubricants. A little dab will do you and her.

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



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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Consider the following true confession: "One of the wackiest affairs I ever had was with a beautiful Yugoslavian actress I met in Paris. She spoke only two languages: perfect Serbian and a smattering of French. I didn't understand either of those, just as she was stymied by my English. The only way we could communicate was with our bodies, which I must admit we did brilliantly, passionately and . . . comically.

"Actually, the humor was inadvertent. We discovered that we each liked talking during sex, but, much to my amazement, soon after we were under the covers, I realized that she didn't care what it was I said. As long as I was saying words in an amorous tone of voice, she assumed that my prose was nothing less than impassioned poetry of love. It was:

"I love the way you look when you move like that. Your long hair is magnificent against my chest. I'd walk a mile for a Camel. I've been a Dodger fan since the age of eight. Hold the burger, hold the pickles. Suck harder."

"No matter what I said, she oohed and aahed in response and, after a while, began whispering her own love song in my ear. Only it was in Serbian, so, for all I understood, she could have been reciting the Belgrade Yellow Pages."

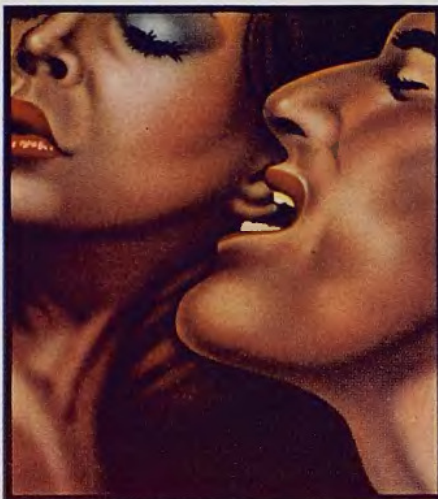
Yes, words are a powerful aphrodisiac. But is that true for everybody? Why not find out? That's what this *Playboy Sex Poll* is about. We asked 100 men and 100 women the following question: Do you get turned on by being talked to while making love? Then we turned it around and asked the same 100 males and 100 females if, in their experience, they had found that their lovers liked being talked to while screwing. Give an ear.

Q:

IN YOUR EXPERIENCE, DO YOU FIND THAT MOST WOMEN GET TURNED ON BY BEING TALKED TO WHILE MAKING LOVE?

(Asked of 100 men)

Fifty-one percent of the men said yes: "Sure, they get off on it. They especially respond to phrases like, 'You fuck more fantastically than any other chick I've ever



had.' Makes them feel special." "Treat a whore like a lady and a lady like a whore is a truism I screw by. I couldn't pull that off successfully unless I did it with words." "Domination is very popular with women, in spite of their feminist rhetoric, and words really help control them. I know, because every time I forcibly stretch a girl out on my floor, pin her arms over her head and tell her, slowly, deliberately and never taking my eyes from hers as I strip her, exactly what I'm going to do to her body, in minute detail, she nearly comes from excitement before my cock has even penetrated her." "All the gals I've been to bed with like me to call them cocksuckers, cunts and make various comments about their tits and other erogenous zones. I find it kind of sleazy, and I must admit I'm still not comfortable about using this language myself. But I feel I have no choice." "Most females I've slept with seem to get more turned on by wild groans, moans and cries from me

than they do by actual words, but they definitely prefer sounds—even half-formed ones—to silence."

Forty-nine percent of the men said that women weren't turned on by being talked to while fucking: "I don't usually say very much. To put it bluntly, I let my cock do the talking and that seems to satisfy my lovers just fine." "Action speaks louder than words, which is why the gals don't like us guys to open our mouths—except for certain things like cunt sucking and tit licking." "It's amazing, but true. Women don't like me to talk—even if I'm saying beautiful things about them. Fucking requires trust if it's going to be terrific, and I guess they just don't trust us men—they think we're lying." "Right at the moment of orgasm, if I tell a girl that I'm about to come, she turns right off. My lovers have told me it breaks their concentration." "Of course they don't like being talked to. Women always want to do all the talking—in or out of bed."

Q:

DO YOU GET TURNED ON BY BEING TALKED TO WHILE MAKING LOVE?

(Asked of 100 women)

Seventy-eight percent of the women said yes: "I love hearing things like, 'Open wider.' 'You're so warm and wet.' 'Do you want me to come in your mouth?' The more my lover tells me, the more wanted and desirable I feel." "I like it all—his body and his mind. When he talks while we screw, I have both." "Sometimes my body can't communicate everything I sexually desire. If he talks to me, then I feel comfortable about talking back and we usually point out what we both want done to each other—and then do it. It leads us on to try new things." "Definitely. It's the raunchiness of dirty language that's so exciting. To see, hear and do what we're talking about all at the same time makes me feel both animalistic and rather like a star, because it's as if there's an announcer right there in the bedroom, watching us." "Profanity is thrilling. Silence is a turnoff, because I'm sure the man is thinking then, and I become afraid that his thoughts aren't good ones." "My men know how to treat me. Without ceremony, they tear

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off my clothes and demand cooperation, obedience and oral submission—which means my mouth is busy with their cocks while they give all the instructions. I can be like a little girl again, depending on an omnipotent daddy. God, I love feeling like a slave.”

Twenty-two percent of the women said they didn't get turned on by being talked to while fucking:

“I hate it, because it interrupts my slow train of erotic thought. If a guy says, ‘After we get done here, would you like to go out and have a bite to eat?’ I just feel totally withered and unromanticized.” “If I want to hear talking while I'm making love, I leave the radio on. My lover's mouth should be busy doing exciting things to my body with lips and tongue.” “Bullshitting is a common practice among men, and I'm always suspicious when they talk in bed. Like saying ‘I love you’ when you know they're seeing other women.” “The one thing I can't stand is being asked if I came. Makes me feel like my lover views me as a machine and all he has to do is punch the right buttons to get the desired response.” “Having sex brings me to my own personal erotic wonderland. To hear what words come out of guys' mouths at that point jolts me back to reality, and I realize that my partner is in a garbage dump.” “The only words I want to hear from him while fucking are, ‘Let's do it some more.’”

Q:

IN YOUR EXPERIENCE, DO YOU FIND THAT MOST MEN GET TURNED ON BY BEING TALKED TO WHILE MAKING LOVE?

(Asked of 100 women)

Seventy-three percent of the women with whom we talked said yes: “Guys need to feel that their bodies are being directly appreciated, so they love hearing things like, ‘Your cock is the biggest, most beautiful one I ever saw, and I can't wait to feel it inside me.’” “Just as a guy is about to come, I start shouting how great he's making me feel and how I wish we could go on forever. That makes his climax last a long time.” “My lovers have always enjoyed fucking me when I make a lot of noise—screaming, moaning and groaning. Words, too, but mostly sounds. The vividness of my reaction gives them a mirror image of how incredible I feel.” “Men's whole self-image is bound up in their cocks, which makes them pretty stupid. They want to believe they're the best fuck I've ever had, so that's what I tell them.” “I've found that most men

like me to say really romantic, sexy things in their ears, but what really gets them off is if I talk with their dicks in my mouth—they come immediately.” “I feel like I'm giving away a trade secret by having my comment appear in PLAYBOY, but just tell any guy that you've never been fucked so good and he ends up falling in love with you.”

Twenty-seven percent of the women found that most men didn't get turned on by talking while fucking: “No matter what you've read about men's liking women to be more aggressive, it's a lie. If I say anything at all during sex, guys tell me to keep quiet and ask me why I'm trying to ruin things.” “Almost every guy tells me to ‘Shut up and suck,’ which is a drag, because I really go into a trance when I'm being balled by a good lover and I don't even know I'm talking, much less realize what I'm saying.” “No way. Men have such fragile egos, they think that if I'm talking during sex, I'm not really involved.” “I'm very honest and can't lie. So my talking during sex comes out like a critique, and guys hate it. Can't say I blame 'em.”

Q:

DO YOU GET TURNED ON BY BEING TALKED TO WHILE MAKING LOVE?

(Asked of 100 men)

Eighty-two percent of the men said yes: “When I get into bed, if she tells me, in great detail, all the terrible things she's going to do to my body—tie me with scarves, whip me with her long hair, ram her cunt against my mouth—her words make me feel as if we'd already been balling for an hour.” “The kind of talking I like the best is when a woman tells me I'm the most extraordinary fuck she's ever had and that no man has ever made her feel so good. I don't care if she's lying—it makes me feel so powerful.” “Silence is so boring, and talking when making love fills the gap. I like practically anything—from ‘I love the feel of your cock sliding in and out of my pussy’ to ‘What did you think of Woody Allen's latest film?’” “If I'm right on that wonderful edge of coming and she grabs my dick, shoves it inside her and starts moaning about how great I feel in her cunt, that's it—I explode.” “I'm a sex fiend, not a mind reader, so feedback and directions are helpful. If something I'm doing excites my partner and she sighs or gasps, I can react accordingly. The more aroused she gets, the more I do, too.” “When a girl really starts cursing, with foul language and down-to-earth swear words, I feel superlusty myself, like one of

your Shakespearean lovers who can swat a wench on the buttocks, put up with her foul mouth, yank down her panties and fuck the living shit out of her.”

Eighteen percent of the men said they didn't get turned on by being talked to while fucking: “I feel that sex is sacred and beautiful. When I'm soaring higher and higher and my penis is getting harder and harder, and she suddenly starts chattering in my ear, it makes me feel like she doesn't want to be in bed with me but would rather be on the Johnny Carson show.” “Sex has gotten mechanical enough without having to listen to a running play-by-play commentary as we go along.”

Summary: This survey was a lot of fun. Those we queried didn't get all hung up on theorizing. If they were positive about it, they seemed to get off on talking about talking during sex.

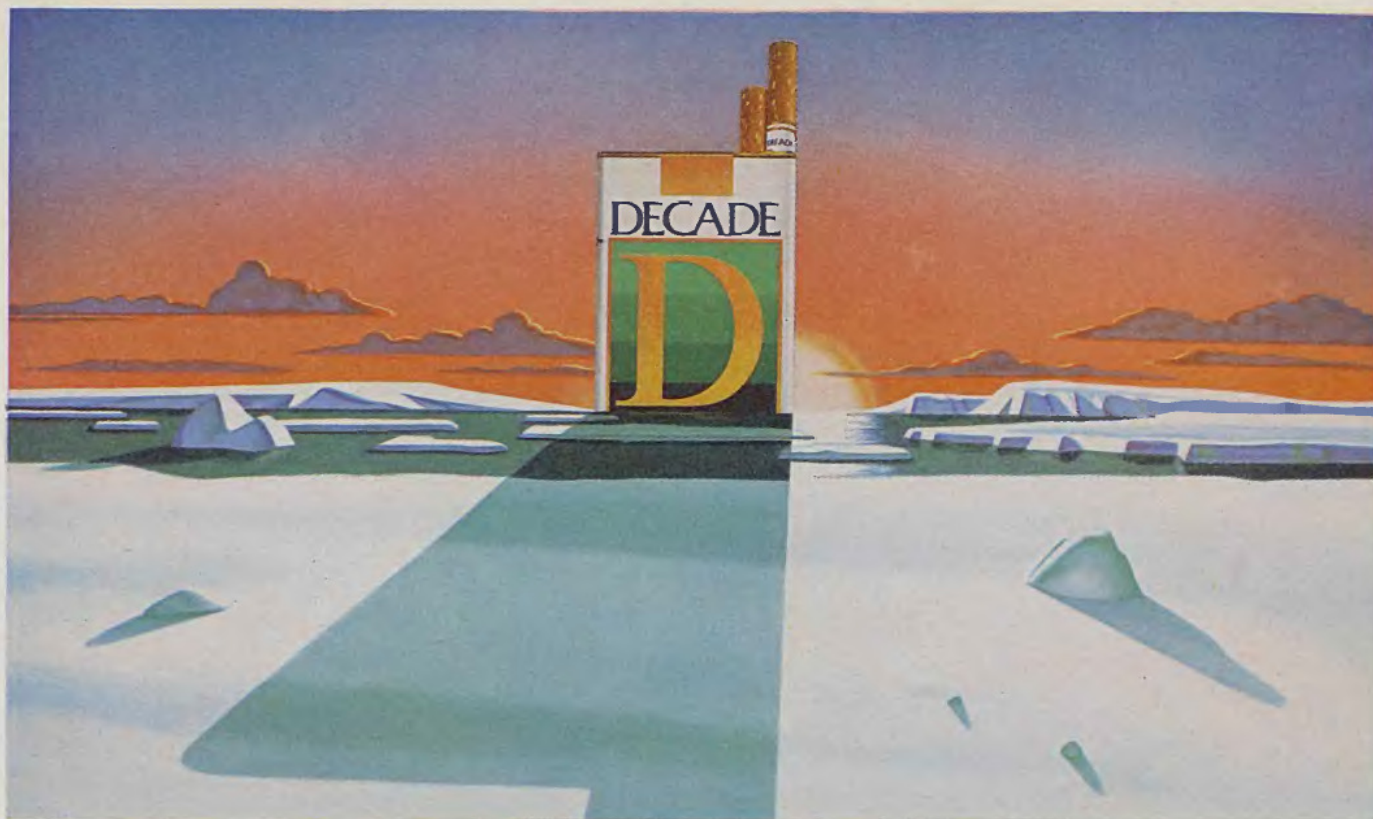
However, there were people who found it a turnoff, and we had to almost trick them into telling us what specifically made them react negatively. This group of naysayers complained that after all is said and done in bed, more is said than done. If someone didn't like his lover to talk to him while fucking, he would almost never speak himself.

But, as you can see from our statistics, the vast majority of both sexes enjoyed wordplay as much as foreplay. Virtually all of the men we polled told us that they'd found that a lot more women were talking to them while fucking than ever before. In spite of their personal experience with the increase in feminine vocalizing, half the men still believed that the opposite sex did not like being spoken to; while, in fact, three quarters of the women told us they very much enjoyed it. However, it turned out that females judged men more accurately, because not only did the vast majority of the guys say they loved being talked to but an almost equal number of women guessed that they did.

An invitation to readers: Now that we've gotten you into a talking mood, don't get up and go to the bathroom. Don't light up a cigarette. We want a few more minutes of your time. Specifically, we want to know what you feel like once you've finished making love. Are you blue? Speechless? Beset by a sudden craving for Beluga caviar with a Listerine chaser? Or simply a Gauloise and smoke-filled heavy breathing? We are currently working on a Sex Poll that asks these two questions: How do you usually feel after sex? How do you think the opposite sex feels after sex? Take your time. Papers will be collected at the end of the period, from the mailman. We'll compare your responses with our person-in-the-street responses in a future PLAYBOY. Send your letters and cards to The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Thank you.

—HOWARD SMITH





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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THE MILK MENACE

Because sex offenders' rooms are often strewn with pornographic pictures and literature, simple minds have long viewed porn as a contributing factor to sex crimes. I asked Dr. Sol Gordon, the distinguished author and sexologist from Syracuse University, for his thoughts on the matter. With his customary wit, he replied that he had recently interviewed 100 admitted sex offenders and had inspected their living quarters. In every single offender's refrigerator, he had found various quantities of milk. Drawing upon the same impeccable logic used by antipornography campaigners, Dr. Gordon concluded that antimilk laws should be enacted.

Christopher Cramer
South Bend, Indiana

THE DECENT DOZEN

You can rant all you like against censorship, but the fact remains that when people like Larry Flynt, Harry Reems and Al Goldstein are found guilty, it's because juries of 12 honest, decent Americans find the things they produce immoral. If we can't trust 12 of our fellow citizens to decide what is moral and not moral, whom can we trust?

D. Christensen
Salt Lake City, Utah

The purpose of the law is not to establish standards of private morality; and a jury of 12 honest, decent Americans has no more business dictating what others may read or see than does a jury of 12 sex maniacs.

MEDICALIZED HEROIN

We were happy to read the item in *Forum Newsfront* about our petition to the U.S. Attorney General to medicalize heroin for those suffering from a painful illness such as terminal cancer (October). Since filing the petition, we have discovered many sympathizers, including President Carter's Special Assistant for Health and his newly appointed head of the National Cancer Institute.

There is much to be done. Those wishing to support the work should write to Committee on the Treatment of Intractable Pain, Suite 302, 2001 S Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

Arnold S. Trebach, Chairman
Judith H. Quattlebaum, President
Committee on the Treatment of
Intractable Pain
Washington, D.C.

BRALESS IN BERMUDA

I'm 34, have kept myself in good shape and wanted to chuck my bra for years, but my strict upbringing inhibited me. On a trip to Bermuda about a year ago, I deliberately left my bras and panties at home. I told my husband I had forgot to pack them, and since it would be too expensive to replace them, I'd have to go without underwear. That really turned him on, especially when he watched me dressing and undressing without underwear. It was a turn-on

"The feeling of tight jeans against my skin was extremely sensuous."

for me, as well. The feeling of tight jeans against my skin was extremely sensuous, as was the fabric of my tops rubbing my nipples. Since that trip, our sex life has improved enormously (not that it was bad before) and I have quit wearing underwear for good.

(Name withheld by request)
Portland, Maine

It's a good thing that lots of people still think ladies' underthings are sexy; the economy doesn't need an unemployment crisis in yet another industry.



SEXY CHILLS AND THRILLS

One of the most beautiful things I can picture is two good-looking women making love to each other. The letter from the lady in Boston titled "Titillation" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) gave me sexy chills and thrills every time I read it. If I were God, I'm sure I would have made women first and then left it at that. I consider myself a great lover, but who am I, a mere man?

(Name withheld by request)
Pensacola, Florida

CHICKENSHIT

In answer to a letter in the November *Playboy Forum*, you state that homosexual acts have been observed in many animal species and are therefore not quite so "unnatural" as many people claim. I've got a question for you. If a man shits on the sidewalk and then eats it, does it mean that is *not* unnatural because chickens do it, too?

(Name withheld by request)
State Farm, Virginia

Very good point. After consulting our chicken experts, who conceded that they had never given this issue much thought, the consensus was this: While chickens both shit on the ground and peck on the ground, that should not be construed as chickens' eating their own feces. One expert allowed as how a chicken might appear to be eating its own shit but, in fact, would be very carefully picking out some of the seeds and other nutritious goodies that had survived the digestive process and remain quite edible, at least to a chicken. Does that answer the question?

RED LODGE RHUBARB

I'd like to praise your efforts on behalf of the Red Lodge defendants (*Playboy Casebook*, February, July, September, December, 1977). Too many journalists are overly quick to accept the official version of a case, and it really is refreshing to read about an incident in which the press sides with the accused rather than with the accusers.

As a Federal prisoner, I have faced problems similar to those of the Red Lodge people, in that I've found that Federal law-enforcement agencies think they themselves are above the law and may commit any crime as long as they obtain a conviction. They get away with that by covering up for one another.

Billy Ray Kidwell
Ashland, Kentucky

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

I have just read your update of *The Trials of Tom Mistrot* (Playboy Casebook, November) and must say it is so full of holes, it borders on the ridiculous. This man was out of prison, on parole, with the full knowledge that any violation would send him back, with few questions asked; yet he stepped right out and took something that was not his. To use the excuse that he thought it was abandoned is absurd, to say the least.

In your self-serving thinking, how long must an article of value sit unused before it becomes fair game for every sticky-fingered clown in town? One year? Two years? Your point that 25 years in prison is an extremely harsh term for a theft of this amount is very well taken and does, indeed, show an obvious flaw in our criminal codes, but for you to say his crime was "bad judgment" is equally flawed.

It has become almost impossible to leave any of your possessions unattended these days without some ass grabbing them and it is, indeed, a sad state of affairs when people can't keep their fucking hands to themselves. Now, let's hear a few words from you concerning the elderly person in a rest home, who obviously could not defend his property. Or do we simply say, fuck him, let's get the rest of his furniture?

Wayne Fritsen
Hamilton, Montana

In a few words—you are right. But you seem to have missed the main point: Mistrot got the full criminal-justice-system treatment not because of his crime but because he was an ex-con.

SIBLING RIVALRY

Reading the September Playboy Forum letters titled "Bodies Beautiful" sort of hit home with me. My little brother, who is 18, is well built, with 17-inch biceps, a 48-inch chest, etc., and he works out three or four hours a day. He tells me it's to get women. I am always telling him that plenty of women, maybe even the majority, aren't all that turned on by King Kong types. I just want to thank Billy Clyde Bradley and, most of all, Ken Reinke's girlfriend for telling my overgrown ox of a "little" brother what to do with his horny ass.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

Good idea, withholding your name. Little brother might well kick sand in your face.

NO LAUGHING MATTER

I was disturbed by the letter in your November issue titled "Single and Lonely." The fellow who wrote it seemed amazed by and critical of an earlier letter writer who said he was 27 and had had sex with only four women in his life, and he wondered if the writer had four legs and two heads or was otherwise some grotesque exception to the norm that

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

QUANTITY AND QUALITY

COLUMBUS, OHIO—The Columbus Citizen-Journal has complained editorially not only that the city has suffered an influx of prostitutes but also that the hookers are exceptionally ugly. The



paper lamented, "It's bad enough that Columbus has so many prostitutes plying their trade on the city's streets, but—pound for pound—we must have some of the heaviest and homeliest hookers in the country." It concluded that if the police department can't be expected to upgrade the quality of the "pavement princesses," it can be encouraged to do something about their increasing numbers.

LIVING IN SIN?

CHICAGO—A divorced mother of three who admitted that her boyfriend had been living in her house has lost custody of her children as well as child-support and alimony payments. The children's father charged in court that his former wife was living in "an atmosphere which is immoral, unwholesome and detrimental to the proper rearing and upbringing of children." The judge was quoted as saying, "I'm not going to have any of that" and ruled in favor of the father.

LIVING VS. DRIVING

PALATINE, ILLINOIS—A 25-year-old suburban Chicago man has filed a \$100,000

Federal civil suit charging that an insurance company refused to renew his automobile coverage solely because he was living with his fiancée. The suit notes that the American Family Mutual Insurance Company cited "lack of stability of your living arrangement" as a reason for dropping his policy and argues that "living in an unmarried relationship has no effect on the ability to drive safely."

BACK IN LOVE

EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA—An irate woman householder called El Centro police in the middle of the night to report "a disgusting sight on the lawn" of her home—a man and a woman having sex. The police report stated that the man and his "no longer estranged" wife were contacted at the scene and sent home to complete their reconciliation.

NO SENSE OF HUMOR

HAMILTON, MONTANA—Two Hamilton men, aged 20 and 21, have been fined \$50 each for disorderly conduct and creating an "improper diversion" for making fun of local police. Their crime was to drive around town in a black-and-white car with a Mickey Mouse insignia on the doors and tin-can "emergency lights" mounted on the roof. The prosecutor argued that fun is all right, but "there has to be a limit," and that if even one person was misled by the car's appearance, an improper diversion was created.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

FRANKLIN, INDIANA—In dismissing burglary charges against the son of a police lieutenant, a county judge ruled that the officer had needed a warrant to legally search the room of his son, who at the time was living with grandparents. The father testified that the search had turned up a stolen stereo unit and that his son had admitted involvement in the theft, but the judge ruled the evidence inadmissible. The officer's conduct in the case is now under investigation.

TEACHINGS OF THE CHURCH

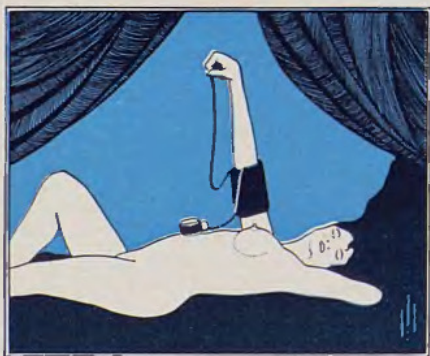
More than nine out of ten American Catholic couples who practice birth control use contraceptive methods forbidden by their Church, according to a Princeton University demographer.

Writing in *Family Planning Perspectives*, Dr. Charles F. Westoff, director of Princeton's Office of Population Research, reported surveys indicating that birth-control practices of Catholics and non-Catholics have become virtually indistinguishable and that one third of both groups now use the pill. Fewer Catholics rely on contraceptive sterilization (about one fourth, compared with one third of other groups), but the rhythm system, the only method approved by the Church, is used by only six percent of Catholics who practice contraception. Westoff noted that "almost all Catholic women married after 1966-1970 will have abandoned Church teaching on birth control by the time they have been married ten years."

Meanwhile, some 200 Protestant and Jewish leaders have attacked the U.S. Catholic Church hierarchy for its "heavy institutional involvement . . . in a campaign to enact religiously based anti-abortion commitments into law." In a three-page advertisement in the ecumenical weekly *The Christian Century*, the signers called the Catholic "absolutist position" a "serious threat to religious liberty and freedom of conscience."

LOW-PRESSURE LIVING

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND—Nobody knows if it means anything, but one survey has found that nudists may have lower blood pressure than the general population. Twice in two years, researchers visited a Maryland nudist colony and found that only two to seven percent of its members had high blood pressure, compared with a 17 percent national



average. For heart problems, the specialists urge treatment other than nudism, however.

PRENATAL NEGLIGENCE

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—The Supreme Court of Illinois has ruled four to three that a child can sue for damages over medical treatment received by the mother even before pregnancy occurred. The case involved a three-year-old girl born prematurely with brain damage allegedly because her mother was twice

given the wrong kind of blood at a hospital some nine years earlier. The mother contends that the error imperiled her health and that of her children. Several justices strongly dissented, arguing that such a ruling could lead to negligence cases' arising decades after the act, further increasing health-care and insurance costs. However, the majority concluded that "there is a right to be born free from prenatal injuries foreseeably caused by a breach of duty to the child's mother."

CROSSED CHANNELS

AURORA, COLORADO—At least one family in the town of Aurora has discovered



that its television set picks up explicit sex movies on channel 13, and the family doesn't like it. The wife called the police to complain, and their best guess is that the TV set is somehow picking up closed-circuit X-rated films from a local motel that offers such fare to its registered guests. As a newspaper account put it, "Two police officers visited her apartment, spent 20 minutes watching television, agreed she shouldn't be receiving those kinds of shows and left."

SPOTLIGHT ON FLASHERS

TORONTO—An explicit 14-page pamphlet dealing with flashers is being distributed to teachers and parents of high school students by the Ontario government. According to officials, the purpose of the pamphlet is to educate girls about male sexual exhibitionism and dispel a number of misconceptions about deviant sexual behavior. The pamphlet notes that some victims of flashers experience serious emotional distress because they mistakenly believe that the offender intends to attack them physically.

would hold him back from a full sex life. The critic mentioned that he himself had gone to bed with 16 women in one six-month period.

Where, I ask, did he meet 16 women? One can't just go up to a stranger on the street and ask for a date, and picking up girls in bars is rather difficult when you don't know even the first thing to say.

I am 25 and, with the exception of two episodes with prostitutes, I have not so much as necked with a woman. Furthermore, I have money and I don't consider myself unattractive. What stops me cold is shyness and inexperience.

Thanks to a couple I know, I have managed to meet and date three women in the past two years. But, for me, even a goodnight kiss requires great courage and the thought of going further than that is terrifying. Two of those women stopped seeing me, perhaps because they interpreted my lack of aggressiveness as lack of interest. The third may reach the same conclusion.

I'm not asking for pity or sympathy but, rather, that people not laugh at those of us who find it difficult to enter into a friendly and intimate relationship with a woman.

(Name withheld by request)
Toronto, Ontario

We're not laughing. The problem you describe afflicts both men and women in far greater numbers than most people realize or want to admit. But you might risk showing some interest and affection, because many women are just as insecure and shy and in need of encouragement.

HETEROSEXUAL MENACE

Enough! Enough from Anita Bryant and her antihomosexual crusade! I'm not gay, but I know some who are, and they don't lurk on street corners, waiting to seduce or molest people. Besides, if I cannot trust my son in a classroom with a male homosexual teacher, how can I trust my daughter in a classroom with a male heterosexual teacher?

Fred Krause
West Covina, California

ANOTHER BIBLICAL SCHOLAR

Neither Anita Bryant nor your correspondents who have risen to her bait appear to have read the Bible thoughtfully. Since it is impossible to do unto others as you would have them do unto you unless they are built the same way you are, it is clear that the golden rule is an exhortation to homosexuality. Thus, denial of civil rights to homosexuals is religious persecution and one might wonder whether Bryant is an agent of Satan, with whom she shares 80 percent of the letters of her first name.

Anatomy is the reason for my personal rejection of homosexuality without even bothering to consider ethical and social aspects. Millions of years of evolution have produced a wondrous conjunction

of male and female parts that, in my opinion, no amount of ingenuity or hardware can reproduce or surpass.

Marshall E. Deutsch
Sudbury, Massachusetts

PENAL REFORM

I assume that most criminals are not homosexuals, and vice versa, and that homosexual rape in prison results mainly from an absence of normal heterosexual outlets. For this problem, I propose the following solution:

The state and Federal governments, in a joint venture, should build, outside each prison, a whorehouse funded by government money. Perhaps something on the order of a hotel could be built, with a swimming pool, smoking lounge and 100 beds. The brothel could be staffed by ladies who can't cut it in the big city, though they would have to meet certain criteria before being accepted for employment (not too fat, reasonably attractive, free of disease, etc.). Employing the aforementioned ladies would serve a dual purpose: It would take many of them off the welfare rolls and it would give them the respectability afforded members of the working class. So as not to inconvenience or wear them out, they would be provided with the contraceptive device of their choice and would receive a vacation with pay each year. The men could be rotated, so that all the inmates could be serviced, and denial of such service could be used as a disciplinary measure. A system of tipping could be instituted, so that the women didn't start to feel they were doing the men a favor, and anything they earned in tips, would supplement their guaranteed annual income. Also, entire staffs could be rotated among the brothels, so that no man felt he had an exclusive claim on any particular lady.

In sum, the creation of government-subsidized brothels would provide jobs for the unemployed, remove the stigma of illegality from a time-honored profession and relieve the frustrations of prison inmates.

D. Eugene Barnes
Fort Wayne, Indiana

FIVE-FINGER SALUTE

To "Thumbs Up" of Clay, New York: Your letter in the September *Playboy Forum* about fist fucking enticed me to try once more what my husband has been advocating for the past several years. The key words in your letter are willing and relaxed. In past excursions into this delightful variation of sex, I have been too uptight, literally.

After 25 years of sexual highs from experimentation, I tried once more to consume my husband's fist. We relaxed by drinking several martinis, lubricating with margarine and—*voilà!*—*The Star-*

Spangled Banner! I exploded over his hand, orgasm after pussy-bending orgasm. My husband was ecstatic with our mutual discovery. His balls are still clanging.

I am now what I consider to be a bona fide fistoholic, thanks to reading your letter, and plan many pleasurable bouts in the future.

(Name withheld by request)
Syracuse, New York

PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER

In the June 1977 *Playboy Forum*, you published my letter regarding the opening and seizure of mail addressed to me

"I tried once more and my husband was ecstatic with our mutual discovery. His balls are still clanging."

and alleged to be obscene by the U.S. Customs Service. I wrote, challenging Customs' right to seize my mail, and after some interaction with the U. S. Attorney, I lost my case and the material was ordered destroyed. After receiving word of this judgment, I wrote, demanding the envelope or wrapper in which the material was contained. I pointed out that the Government has no legal authority to destroy the wrapping in which allegedly obscene material is contained and that since I am a stamp collector, the foreign stamps presumably affixed to the wrapper would be a valuable addition to my collection. I demanded one dollar's compensation if the wrapper were destroyed and threatened legal action if one demand or the other were not met. I got the envelope.

In your comment on my previous letter, you pointed out that if everybody took his case to court, the Customs Service would be kept pretty busy. Damn right! But it would be kept even busier if it had to forward every envelope involved to every addressee, no matter what the judgment in the case.

Terence M. Hines
Eugene, Oregon

As a U. S. Postal Service employee, I was shocked to read that Customs officials are opening mail (*Forum Newsfront*, October). If I may quote Chapter I, Part 115, of the *Postal Service Manual*: "First-class mail is given absolute secrecy while in our custody. No persons in the Postal Service, except employees of the dead-mail offices, may open first-class mail without a legal warrant, even though it may contain criminal or otherwise unmailable matter or may furnish evidence of the commission of a crime."

I always try to defend the Postal Service whenever I hear someone getting down on us, but I am horrified to learn that postal employees would stand by and allow Customs personnel to illegally tamper with first-class mail. It seems to me that any contraband gathered in this way would be inadmissible evidence in court, as it was illegally obtained.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

By law and by circumstances, U. S. Customs is the Federal agency least bound by any consideration of constitutional rights; its authority begins at the border, before either mail or people have any rights at all. Judging from letters from readers, Customs seems to enjoy this sense of freedom from constitutional restraints and to exercise it with all the enthusiasm of Gestapo agents. But it's nice to know that this comes as an unpleasant surprise to a conscientious U. S. Postal Service employee.

THE BRITISH SYSTEM

The Reverend William T. Baird points out that heroin addiction in Britain is hardly a problem at all, whereas in the U.S., it is an enormous problem (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Baird attributes the difference to the fact that the British don't treat addicts as criminals but, instead, offer them medical help, including the possibility of receiving heroin legally by prescription.

I would like to point out that there may be other reasons for the low heroin-addiction rate in Britain. For one thing, ever since 1945, when the Labor Party came to power, the British have been moving toward a socialist society, including a welfare state. In such a society, the effects of social inequality and poverty are greatly mitigated, and it is among the poor and downtrodden that heroin addiction generally spreads. Also, the English are traditionally a very calm, self-disciplined, law-abiding people (they sent all their nut cases over here). Most of them are doubtless willing to take the word of government and health authorities that heroin is bad for them.

Given these major differences between U. S. and British societies, I doubt whether a replication of the British system of dealing with heroin addiction would work in this country.

C. Jensen
Salt Lake City, Utah

The Reverend William T. Baird makes a lot of sense in his letter advocating that the U. S. adopt the British system of heroin maintenance. What more convincing proof could we have that prohibition actually spreads the use of a substance than the dramatic difference between

the tiny British and the huge American heroin statistics?

Jack Goldberg
Los Angeles, California

ABORTION REALITY

My compliments to William J. Helmer on his excellent editorial, *Human Rights vs. Fetal Rights* (*The Playboy Forum*, October). As a medical student in a university hospital with a large percentage of patients on Government funds, I have seen how having an unwanted or unaffordable baby can severely affect a poor mother. The denial of Government funds for abortions will merely turn these low-income women to dangerous illegal abortions or to the growing black market for babies. The Right-to-Lifers, in their quest for more babies to adopt, obviously haven't ever shared "the joy of childbirth" with an unmarried 16-year-old who already has other children. Of course, she can put the baby up for adoption, but what if she considers that immoral?

John Pope
Omaha, Nebraska

An Army chaplain once said, "There are no atheists in the foxholes." Put a pious middle-class anti-abortionist in a metropolitan slum for a year or two and we'll have a real test of his convictions.

Your comment that abortion benefits the "unwillingly pregnant" woman is typical of the language PLAYBOY uses to defend abortion. Unwilling indicates rape of some sort. Unhappily pregnant more aptly describes the case of most women who opt for abortion. It seems to me that it's a stupid cunt who is willing to take the chance of having to have an abortion when there are so many forms of birth control available.

Joe Deitering
Buffalo, Minnesota

That's telling 'em!

As an overburdened female taxpayer, I say "Bravo!" to your October editorial. And here's one for the mad anti-abortionists who like to speculate on how many Einsteins and other great men are lost to the world through abortion: New York's Son of Sam, accused of murdering six people, was an unwanted baby born to an unmarried mother. If there were any way to develop actual statistics, I'd bet anything that for every potentially fine human being lost to society through abortion, we've also lost 100 or 1000 thieves, robbers, rapists or killers.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

New Yorkers are always biased by fear of crime. We think a ten-to-one ratio is more realistic.

FETAL POLITICS

On July 3, 1977, an attorney who is a member of the National Organization for Women attended Sunday Mass

at Saint Rose of Lima Roman Catholic Church in Chula Vista, California, in the diocese of San Diego. A letter was read from the pulpit calling attention to a poll of constituents of the 42nd district by Congressman Lionel Van Deerlin. The letter urged churchgoers to indicate their position on the poll regarding a constitutional amendment that would outlaw abortion. Members of the congregation were urged to obtain copies of Van Deerlin's poll from ushers as they left the church.

Preliminary investigation by NOW has revealed that ballots were distributed at three other churches in the 42nd district; and the possibility exists that more of the 12 Catholic churches in the district were involved. It appears that thousands of extra ballots were printed and distributed on a wholesale basis without the knowledge or consent of Congressman Van Deerlin.

This plan to stuff the ballot box is one more flagrant violation of the diocese of San Diego's tax-exempt status. This action is part of an ongoing plan of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to amend the

*"How many Einsteins
and other great men are
lost to the world
through abortion?"*

U.S. Constitution to outlaw abortion. The plan was adopted in November 1975 as "The Pastoral Plan for Pro-Life Activities" and it was officially kicked off on October 3, 1976, when Catholics were asked to sign political pledge cards at Sunday Mass, committing them to work for an anti-abortion constitutional amendment. NOW believes the Internal Revenue Service should revoke the tax-exempt status of the diocese of San Diego on the basis of its political activity and massive lobbying to amend the U.S. Constitution.

In an article in the diocesan newspaper *Southern Cross*, Nancy Brown, a former official of the diocese, writes, "When a human life amendment becomes part of the Constitution—and it will, in time—Catholics will have developed an organizational tool that can be used for many political issues of concern to us." A timely warning.

Joan T. Casale, President
San Diego County Chapter
National Organization for Women
San Diego, California

See also "Teachings of the Church" in this month's "Forum Newsfront."

RIGHTS AND POWERS

There seems to be an uproar these days over the First Amendment. Newspapers

and magazines are reminding us of what our forefathers "really" said in the Constitution. While Thomas Jefferson fought for a Bill of Rights, to include protection for freedom of the press, Alexander Hamilton fought against it. Hamilton thought that to spell out our freedoms might invite restrictions on them:

For why declare that things shall not be done which there is no power to do? Why, for instance, should it be said that the liberty of the press shall not be restrained when no power is given by which restriction may be imposed? I will not contend that such a provision would confer a regulating power; but it is evident that it would furnish, to men disposed to usurp, a plausible pretense for claiming that power. They might urge with a semblance of reason that the Constitution ought not to be charged with the absurdity of providing against the abuse of an authority which was not given, and that the provision against restraining the liberty of the press afforded a clear implication that a power to prescribe proper regulations concerning it was intended to be vested in the national government.

Perhaps Hamilton foresaw such places as Wichita, Memphis and Cincinnati. Perhaps he could imagine Government officials' sending for a publication for the sole purpose of claiming to have been offended by its delivery, actors' being threatened with jail for their performances, publishers' facing 25-year sentences in prison.

Whether Hamilton was right or wrong, it seems clear that too many Americans are ready to yield up the freedoms for which our forefathers fought and died.

Sal Napolitano

Staten Island, New York

A series of Supreme Court decisions has shown that, bitten by the madness of antisexuality, there is no length to which a number (unfortunately, just now, a majority) of the Justices will not go to suppress pornography. They will claim that pornography is not a form of communication and they will claim that the words "no law" really mean "some law." Against this zeal to maintain sexual censorship at all costs, neither Hamilton nor Jefferson could have designed a Constitution that would have protected us. We'll have to protect ourselves.

"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.



Merit Changing High Tar Minds.

'Enriched Flavor' tobacco convincing increasing numbers of high tar smokers to make low tar move.

MERIT continues to attract 75% of all its smokers directly from high tar cigarettes. Many from brands they've been enjoying for years.

That's the latest report on 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco and the impact it's having on the cigarette market.

Smokers who thought they'd never find a low tar cigarette with enough taste to switch to are changing their minds.

And their brands.

The taste tests show why.



LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

Tests Convince Smokers

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 77
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

MERIT

Kings & 100's

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

a candid conversation with "dandy don," television's drawlin' sportscaster

At the end of last summer, while millions of Americans pondered such weighty issues as Koreagate, the fate of Bert Lance and the national unemployment rate, at least one bit of news seemed cheery: Don Meredith was coming back to ABC-TV's "Monday Night Football." Ordinarily, the hiring (or, in this case, the rehiring) of a sports announcer is greeted with the biggest of yawns, but Dandy Don isn't your ordinary sports announcer. In his eight years of broadcasting, Meredith—whose country-boy persona never quite conceals his sense of sardonic humor—has built a surprisingly strong public following.

Meredith's singular brand of urbane corn seems to blend perfectly with the patrician play-by-play of Frank Gifford and the prolix pronouncements (as he might put it) of Howard Cosell. Together, they form the most entertaining broadcast team on television today. In fact, the byplay among the three announcers often overshadows the ball game they're covering and by now has become one of the show's chief attractions. Although Faultless Frank usually prefers to take himself out of that particular game, Meredith delights in it—especially when taking the wind out of Cosell's sails if Humble Howard blows a bit too blustery. As a result of his inspired goofing around,

Meredith has become one of the highest-paid sportscasters in TV history. To lure him away from NBC, ABC is reportedly shelling out \$400,000 a year on a long-term contract that allows him to skip all pre- and postseason football broadcasts, plus up to four Monday-night games if he should be acting in a movie at the time. For a former pro quarterback to whom down and out was threatening to become more a way of life than a pass pattern, Meredith has made one hell of a comeback.

Born on April 10, 1938, in Mt. Vernon, Texas, Meredith was the son of hard-working parents who ran a dry-goods store and raised cattle on 600 acres of nearby land that they owned. "But that didn't mean we were rich," Meredith says. "I didn't realize we were poor until I was 18, because everything had always been smooth—we always ate well and my jeans and T-shirts were always clean, but we never really had any money."

The two Meredith boys—Don and his older brother, Billy Jack—grew up helping out in the store, feeding the cattle and generally enjoying a conventional East Texas childhood. Early on, it became clear that Don was an exceptional athlete, and by the time he was ready for college, he'd become the Southwest's most

heavily recruited schoolboy football player. After receiving and weighing scores of offers, Meredith accepted a free ride to Southern Methodist University. "When I was a sophomore, I decided on what I'd do with the rest of my life," he recalls. "I'd marry the campus queen, become a lawyer, work for some people I knew who owned an oil company and live in Camelot."

Meredith's vision of Camelot changed by the time he was graduated in 1960. A two-time all-American at SMU, he set a college record for career throwing accuracy by completing 61 percent of all his passes. Although he and his broadcast colleagues kid about his football days, Meredith, a slick, intelligent quarterback, played nine seasons for the Dallas Cowboys and was twice voted to the National Football League's All-Star team. When he retired after the 1968 season—prematurely, many thought—he'd been the N.F.L.'s second leading passer that season. For more than a year after that, Meredith met with resounding financial failure, and he seemed on the verge of becoming just another bottomed-out ex-jock, until, in 1970, he suddenly found himself on "Monday Night Football."

To interview the 39-year-old announcer and aspiring actor, PLAYBOY sent Lawrence Linderman to meet with Meredith at his



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL IRI

"I don't like crowds to begin with, but to walk through one with Howard Cosell—man, people shout all kinds of things at him. And they're not kidding around. People can be violent toward Howard."

"The stories about my troubles with the Cowboys often had to do with the clash of two giant egos—mine and Tom Landry's. I was determined not to go along with all the regimentation of his system."

"We're seeing a softening of machismo now, but for a long time, sport was one way of defining what it means to be a man. Football represented a hard-core masculinity that baseball and basketball didn't."

home in Los Angeles and to follow him around on the Monday-night circuit. Linderman reports:

"Meredith often seems to be a 6'3", 200-pound version of Huckleberry Finn, except that there's also a good deal of Mark Twain in him, which makes things confusing for everybody, including Meredith. But at least this much is clear: He is as bright as a San Antonio sunrise, as charming as he wants to be (and usually he wants to be) and as private as he can be. In many ways, his world begins and ends with his wife, Susan, a sensitive, independent woman who is her man's anchor. What they have is each other and son Michael, Meredith's ten-year-old from a second marriage. Very little else has meaning for Meredith, though it should be noted that he prefers to travel in style. The Merediths live in a snazzy home in a snazzy section of Beverly Hills, but they don't really make the Hollywood scene. You won't see Don and Susan at openings and previews, for their social life consists primarily of visiting friends or having friends visit them.

"Ironically, Meredith is perhaps the most approached—and least approachable—member of ABC's Monday-night triumvirate. People don't run up to Howard Cosell, because he intimidates them, and they don't slap Frank Gifford on the back, because he is such a nice guy (he is) they just don't want to disturb him. But ole Dandy Don is everyone's country cousin—and Meredith, being a well-brought-up, extremely polite man, rarely fails to respond in a proper manner. Acting thus suits him very well, for, in truth, Meredith has been playing a role for many years: He's about as much a bucolic bumpkin as Cosell is.

"Behind the mask of Dandy Don there lurks a very guarded man, and although interviewing him was a pleasure, it was also work, for Meredith is rather reluctant to open up about himself. Still, when he finally got semicomfortable with the idea of having his thoughts recorded for PLAYBOY and posterity (that's what interviewers shout as they charge into battle), Meredith warmed to the project. Since the N.F.L. season was in full swing when we started taping, Dandy Don's reappearance on 'Monday Night Football' provided the opening subject for our conversations."

PLAYBOY: Last summer, when Rooney Arledge announced your return to Monday Night Football, he called it "a great leap backward." Arledge was being facetious, but was there any truth to his remark?

MEREDITH: I don't think so. My contract was up at NBC, and I felt that if I were going to continue doing football games on TV—which I'd decided to do—then ABC was the best place to do 'em. Aside from that, there's a big difference to me

in the way the two companies are structured. I know who to talk to at ABC; I didn't at NBC. When I left ABC three years ago, I left knowing and liking a lot of people there and feeling that they liked me. At NBC, the only person I really got to know was Curt Gowdy. That's an exaggeration, of course, but the point is, I'm much more comfortable at ABC. I do the same thing I was doing at NBC, but instead of doing it on Sunday afternoons, I do it on Monday nights, when the exposure is greater. To me, it's like, why play in Greenwich, Connecticut, when you can be on Broadway? I had an opportunity to go back and I took it.

PLAYBOY: You went back to a job that you were very eager to leave just three years ago. Has the job changed—or have you?

MEREDITH: A little bit of both, I think. Before I went to NBC, acting was a very important consideration to me, and it still is. At the time, ABC had a different management setup on its entertainment side; maybe I hadn't pushed my acting quite as hard as I might have, but ABC really wasn't interested in me other than for Monday Night Football. There are

*"To me, it's like, why
play in Greenwich,
Connecticut, when you
can be on Broadway?"*

very few secrets in television. My contract was up—I'd finished my fourth year—and I was either going to sign with ABC or go someplace else. Well, NBC offered me a chance to do fewer ball games, ten a year, and implied that I'd be used quite a bit in entertainment shows. That was the important part: I'd become more involved in acting. I also think NBC wanted me off Monday Night Football, and that was fine with me: I felt that if I were going to give acting a serious run, Monday Night Football was getting to be too strong an identification. I thought that being part of the Monday-night trio would make it very difficult for people to find me believable if they saw me doing anything else. That still might be a problem.

PLAYBOY: We don't doubt that what you say is true, but people who work with you at ABC believe the real reason you left was that you were in some way disturbed by the telecast's huge success. Are they wrong?

MEREDITH: In a way, that *did* bother me. Almost from the first game, it was like being on a hit series, and maybe Arledge knew that Monday Night Football would

work out like that, but I don't think anyone else did. Our ratings kept picking up steam throughout our first season, and by the second year, all kinds of things would happen when we'd go into a town: The mayor would greet us, there'd be ribbon-cutting ceremonies, breakfasts, luncheons, cocktail parties—it was a carnivallike atmosphere, and you can get tired of going to the carnival. And then there were the speaking engagements. When you're hot, you're hot—and we were *hot*. I think I spoke at 47 sports banquets in three months, and I finally realized it wasn't Monday Night Football that was bothering me so much, it was *myself*. If you want to speak at sports banquets, there are so many of 'em around that you can pick up good bread doing it, but I really didn't want to do it and now I choose *not* to do it. But when Monday Night Football started, we were kind of obligated to ABC to promote the show, and there's still a little more of an obligation that way than I'd like to see. Anyway, after four years of it, I found that I just got tired, and I expect I'll get tired again.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MEREDITH: Because, physically, the travel is tough to take. I don't fly well; my head stops up every time I get on a plane and, unlike players who have half their games at home, just about all of ours are on the road. That really does get tiring; by the end of the season, you kind of meet yourself coming and going from airports and hotels. I just hope that I've got the thing in a little better focus now.

PLAYBOY: Did you see any proof of that during the past season?

MEREDITH: I think so. One thing I never really liked about Monday Night Football was the emphasis on the announcers. I always felt that the emphasis should be on the ball game, but now I can understand what makes us different from Sunday games: We're on in prime time, so there almost *has* to be more entertainment involved.

PLAYBOY: How do you define your duties on Monday Night Football?

MEREDITH: I'm an impartial social observer. Isn't that what I am? No? Well, how about just plain social observer? What I try to do is pick up on things most people don't, and then point them out in a way that will make the game a little more fun to watch. By now, I have a fairly good knowledge of football and I definitely think there are occasions when I can spot what makes a particular play work or *not* work. For instance, on interceptions, I'm said to be notoriously protective of quarterbacks. Well, that's the only position I feel I know a great deal about, and if a quarterback throws a bad pass, I don't hesitate to say so. But I'll also check out the part of the frame you might not see on your TV screen, and if I see that one receiver ran the wrong pass

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Just what is Total Energy Response?

Total Energy Response is the uniform radiation of sound throughout the whole listening area—at all frequencies. And it makes an unquestionable difference in the stereo sounds you hear.

Most speakers are to one degree or another directional. That is, part of the room in front of the speaker gets the full sound. Bass, treble and midrange. While parts of the room to the sides of the speaker get just a fragment of the sound. (See Fig. A)

It's precisely this fault we set out to correct. Because others may tell only part of the story. Often with just one response curve measured from just one position—their optimum position.

However their results don't look so favorable when the test microphone is moved "off-axis," that is, to the side instead of directly in front of these speakers.

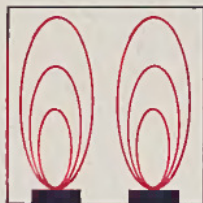


Figure A Ordinary Speaker Dispersion

Figure B illustrates this. It is a Total Energy Response curve, taken with test microphones in all positions. When comparing the Jensen (blue line) with a comparably priced "flat" speaker (red line), you can see how deficient the other speaker is in total radiated energy in the mid and mid-high frequencies. This midrange deficiency is unfortunately very common amongst speakers, and gives many so-called "flat"

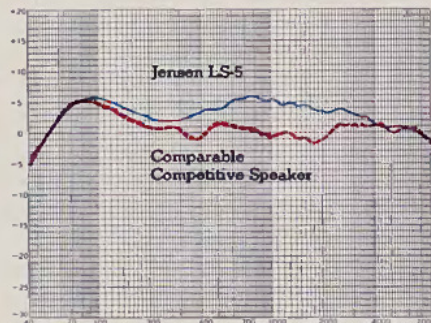


Figure B Total Energy Response Curve

response speakers a very "thin" sound.

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power—at all frequencies—throughout the whole room.

These speakers were conceived, designed and tested for this. Tested from every spot in anechoic "dead" rooms, reverberation "live" rooms, and simulated living rooms.

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You can see how the sound from a Jensen is distributed much more evenly throughout a room. And when you're in your own listening room... you can hear it

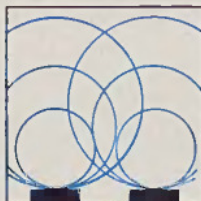


Figure C Jensen Lifestyle LS-5 Dispersion

What does all this mean to you?

1. It means that with Jensen Lifestyle speakers, you'll be able to hear all of the frequencies, all of the time, in almost any

part of the room. Not just the bass if you're to the side of the speakers. And not just the treble if you're in front of them.

2. Excellent stereo imaging. You hear everything that *both* speakers are putting out. Almost anywhere in the room. Unlike listeners of other speakers, who can fall victim to gaps in the response characteristics, or "hole-in-the-middle" stereo.

3. Excellent balance. Many other speakers are hot on treble, or bass, or both. But all that really means is that the midrange is often neglected. Jensen sends the all-important midrange throughout a room every bit as much as the highs and lows.

4. Total Energy Response is achieved in Jensen speakers without any loss of efficiency. Which means a moderate output amp or receiver is still all you need for great performance. Not a big super-amp.

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pattern or that another forgot to check-block the linebacker before he went out, I'll mention *that*. I think that's informative; not earth-shaking, but that's what my quarterback experience is good for. You know the way the Air Force uses flash cards to teach pilots how to identify foreign aircraft? Well, it's almost the same thing with quarterbacks and films of offensive plays. Teams break down their game films into offensive and defensive plays, and after you watch those films for a while—and I watched 'em for a really long time—you start relating to 'em like flash cards. The plays get into your head and you kinda feel like one of Pavlov's dogs. So I can see what goes wrong with a play that starts off well and doesn't develop as it should. I can see things that aren't *there*. Isn't that amazing? That's why I'm considered an expert analyst. But I've never really considered that a proper handle. I still like impartial social observer.

PLAYBOY: Does the impartial social observer ever find it difficult to sandwich in his observations between Frank Gifford's play-by-play and Howard Cosell's commentary?

MEREDITH: No problem there. I'm responsible for talking about the action the first time the replay is shown, which is also what color commentators do on the other networks. Only thing is, I think we show too many replays. I think we should look for something other than a situation where I'm going to have to say, "Well, you can see it right there, he went off right tackle, yes, sir, there he goes. Off right tackle." That kind of play makes it very tough to keep from repeating yourself.

PLAYBOY: Is that one of the more difficult aspects of your job?

MEREDITH: Sure it is, but when I started out, the most difficult thing was trying to hold my train of thought with the plugs in my ears and the director talking to me and, at the same time, trying not to step on somebody else's lines while saying what I wanted to say in 20 seconds. It was a matter of adapting to the time span. I would try to explain what had happened, but by the time I'd explained it, three other plays had gone by, which was definitely a handicap to my broadcasting future. Also, the folks at ABC said I had an accent.

PLAYBOY: Don't believe 'em, Don. *They* have the accent. Most of them don't even come from Texas.

MEREDITH: I never really *did* believe them. They said I had a drawl and that I talked slowly. Of course, it did seem to take me forever to say something like, "What he really was trying to do was, he had the end out there a little bit and he was trying to get him on the inside," and I'd go on and on, until I learned a slightly different vocabulary that could fit the time frame of the medium.

PLAYBOY: Since you obviously didn't know what you were doing when you started out on *Monday Night Football*, how were you able to get the job?

MEREDITH: Fate, it must have been fate. Actually, it's a fairly involved story. I retired from football after the 1968 season. I'd just played out the first year of a three-year contract with the Dallas Cowboys, which made it kinda difficult to quit—I was making \$100,000 a year, and that's a heck of a lot of money. But I'd had it for a combination of reasons. One had to do with a play-off game the Cowboys played against Cleveland in '68. We had a beautiful game plan backed up by at least 14 game films of the Browns, and we were *ready* for them. We knew, for instance, that they would always do the same things defensively against a certain offensive formation, and so we worked on plays to beat their defense. Well, when the game started and we got the ball, I called a pass play, dropped back, read the keys and threw—and a guy intercepted my pass. All of a sudden, it hit me: *The Browns weren't doing what they were supposed to do!* There's

*"I can see what goes wrong
with a play that starts off
well and doesn't develop
as it should. I can see
things that aren't there.
Isn't that amazing?"*

a point where you can rely on the system too much, and that's when it's gotten you—and when I went to the side lines, that was the cloud hanging over my head. The same thing happened twice more during that game, and by the end of it, I'd lost what I really believed in most. I couldn't get over it. The Browns just wouldn't do what they were *supposed* to do. I left the field thinking, Wow, I have gone too far, they have gotten into my head. And then I thought, They can't *have* that.

Well, I didn't retire right then, but the following summer, I was in Augusta, Georgia, filming a commercial and it was almost time to report to the Cowboys' training camp in Thousand Oaks, California. That's when the decision was made. I thought of going back to my same little room in training camp; of going to bed at 11 and getting up at seven; of going to meetings and two-a-day practices; of starting off again with things like dive right and dive left; of getting on my little bus and going to the quarterbacks' room—and I didn't want to do any of it anymore. So while I was

flying home from Augusta, just grazing along up there in the clouds, I said to myself, OK, kid, what is it? We know what's coming up—we've been there before. Is that what you want to do? The answer was no. If that's all there was to the circus, it was time to break out the booze and dance.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you decided to go into broadcasting?

MEREDITH: Nope. I immediately went from \$100,000 a season as a football player to \$1000 a month as a stockbroker. After getting my license as a stockbroker, I went into business with my brother and some other guys in Dallas. I knew I wasn't going to be a stockbroker all my life, but it was a way out of football for me.

PLAYBOY: How did you do as a broker?

MEREDITH: I was a miserable failure. I just couldn't make cold calls. I remember the thing that got me out of it in a hurry. One day, I went to see a man in Dallas who had *bookos* and *bookos* of money—the guy was a sports fan and a pretty active trader. I'd learned all these things about how you sell a new customer, so when I called on the guy, I gave him our spiel: We were a small regional firm and occasionally we'd have unique investment opportunities because of the companies we were close to, so we'd like to call on him from time to time.

Well, this guy was smoking a big ole cigar in his big ole office, and after I finished, he leaned back in his big ole chair and said, "I'll tell you what, Don. I like you. I've *always* liked you. I do some investing, as you know, so every now and then, I'll make it a point to throw you a bone."

I walked out of there thinking, Shit, man, I can't handle that. He's gonna throw me a *bone*? To use a cliché, you expect that your name is gonna get your foot in the door. Well, all it meant to me was that somebody was gonna slam it on my foot.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you enter the brokerage business just as the stock market began to fall?

MEREDITH: I certainly did; timed it just right. In addition to that, I really didn't and don't have a genuine feel for the handling of securities. Never touch 'em myself, which can be a definite handicap to someone who wants to be a stockbroker. But I stayed with it for a few months and then went to Africa for five weeks to hunt cape buffalo for the *American Sportsman* TV show. My first day over there, they told me that the cape buffalo is one of only five animals in the world that will attack man on sight. That wasn't very comforting; I'm basically a coward. Besides, I had nothing against cape buffalo, and I hoped they had nothing against me. I just wanted that trip because I was restless and uncomfortable with what I'd been doing. It

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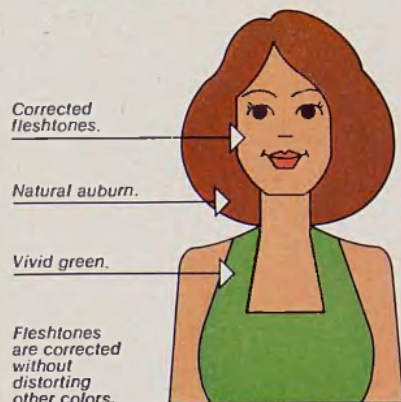
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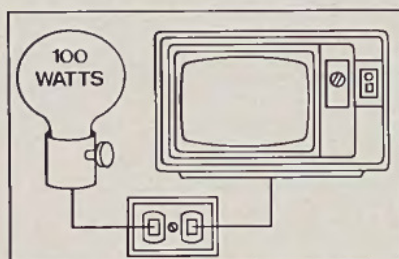
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was a great example of escapism.

PLAYBOY: Did you resolve anything while you were over there?

MEREDITH: Yes, I really did. When you're camped out on the Zambezi River and you see and hear all those animals in their own environment—hey, it's not a zoo, they're *there*. Africa is just so alive, you can't help being overwhelmed by it. And, somehow, being there gave me an opportunity to re-evaluate myself and what I was doing with my life. What I resolved was this: I had to start making better choices and more honest choices. I knew *something* was out of sync. For instance, the guy in Dallas who wanted to throw me a bone—I'd overreacted to that, but I still considered it a demeaning situation. I realized that we all prostitute ourselves, to a degree, but it's the degree that we must try to control. So I began making plans to get out of what I was doing, and after I came back from Africa, I bluffed my way through the stockbroking song and dance until spring and then called Frank Gifford. I'd gotten to know Frank through playing against him and meeting him at different functions, and I was confident I could ask him about TV work and he wouldn't say he'd throw me a bone. I knew if there was something Frank could do, he'd do it and, if not, he'd tell me so.

I don't know whether you can imagine this or not, but at that time in my life, I was fairly *sensitive* about people throwing me bones. Things just weren't going right for me. When I called Frank, I'd basically run out of all my cash. I was a guy who'd played nine seasons of pro football and had earned top dollar, and one year out and all of a sudden, I was broke.

PLAYBOY: Where did all your money go?

MEREDITH: Well, I'd deferred some of it and the rest just kind of went away. So I said to myself, I want something to help me make it through the fall. I want to pick up a little change, and I think I can get it by doing football on TV.

Anyway, when Frank got back to me, he told me that, yes, CBS was interested. In the meantime, he'd flown somewhere with Boone and had mentioned my name to him. Boone said he wanted to talk to me and that I was to call him. I called, and Arledge never called me back. So I called him again, and *again* I didn't get a call back. By then, I'd talked to CBS and they said yes, they wanted to do a deal and that I was to go to New York and close it out. I was going to do regional telecasts of Cowboy games, and the day I was leaving Texas to meet with the CBS guys, Boone finally returned my call. He gave me all his reasons for not getting back to me and I was very brash. I told him, "Hey, I just want to see you and tell you what a horse's ass I think you are." He didn't know whether I was

teasing or not. I didn't, either. When I got to New York, the CBS people offered me \$20,000 for the season and I told them I appreciated it—and that I was going to meet Arledge. I said something like, "I don't think I'm going to ask for a ridiculous amount of money and there's no way he's going to do it, anyway, but I have an appointment and I'm not going to come back and bargain with you. I accept your offer as being legitimate and I appreciate it."

Boone and I went to Toots Shor's restaurant, where we drank our lunch and shook hands on a \$30,000 deal.

PLAYBOY: Had you been more interested in Monday-night games than in the Sunday variety?

MEREDITH: I wasn't interested in *any* of it. I wasn't interested in football at all. I was just interested in saying, "OK, this is something I can do, and right now, I don't have anything else going for me." Which wasn't quite the truth. Burt Reynolds is a friend of mine, and his agent, a guy named Dick Clayton, had gotten me a screen test in '66. I'd been out to Los Angeles to play in a couple of Pro Bowl games and Dick and a few people I met there felt I could go to Hollywood after I retired and give acting

"Boone Arledge finally returned my call. I told him, 'Hey, I just want to tell you what a horse's ass I think you are.'"

a shot. By then, I'd done some commercials and a TV show in Dallas on which I'd reviewed film clips and so forth—one of your typical coach's-corner-type shows. So I felt that I at least had a chance to do something in the entertainment business, but whether it would be television or movies I didn't know. Clayton told me it would help if I went to Hollywood, but I couldn't see myself making that move right then. That's what my situation was when I started working for ABC.

PLAYBOY: In his *Playboy Interview*, Cosell told us that before *Monday Night Football* went on the air, you, he and Keith Jackson worked an exhibition game as a test and that you were so depressed by your performance you were ready to chuck the whole thing and go back to Texas—until Cosell convinced you to stay on. Was that the case?

MEREDITH: I always appreciate Howard's interpretation of what went on that day. He tells that story all the time, and every time he tells it, I come off a little bit more frightened. The last time I heard it,

I think I'd made it all the way to the airport before he saved me and brought me back to ABC. The thing I remember is that I didn't know anything about Howard Cosell. I'd met him one time at an awards show, where he was doing interviews. Several people had told me to be careful, but I didn't know what they meant.

PLAYBOY: Had you seen him work?

MEREDITH: No. I'd never seen Cosell on television, and I don't even know if he was *on* television at that time. Was he?

PLAYBOY: Yes, he was. In those days, Cosell's TV career was mainly limited to boxing telecasts, often of Muhammad Ali's bouts.

MEREDITH: Well, I don't like boxing, so I guess that explains it. I *never* watch boxing. Anyway, when we did that test broadcast, I felt very sorry for *him*.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MEREDITH: Well, I don't know what they were saying in Cosell's ear, but in *my* earphone, they were really all over him. Everybody was new at it, of course, and, granted, I had no idea of what I was doing. But they screamed and yelled at him, and Howard got mad and pouted and wouldn't say a thing for an entire quarter. Keith did the play-by-play that first year, and I was sittin' in the booth with them and thinkin', What am I doing in *Detroit*?

My disappointment wasn't so much about my performance as it was about, What *is* all this? Why am I *doing* this? In any case, I was not very good. I caught myself repeating almost every cliché I'd heard sports announcers use, and even while I was doing it, I was thinking, This is just awful. It was awful when *they* said it, and it's twice as awful when *I* say it. Terrific original lines: "He really got his foot into *that* one, didn't he, folks?" "Bango, look at those two guards pulling out in front of the runner." I even said, "Hello, football fans everywhere." Just awful.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to improve?

MEREDITH: Not too many games, actually. It turned out that there weren't as many things to learn as I'd anticipated. I think that's where my major mistakes were during that practice run. I saw all of that equipment and I didn't know what any of those people did up there, so I assumed it must be very, very difficult. In that first game at Detroit, I think I had six monitors in front of me. The idea was that I'd help Chet Forte, our director, point his cameras by anticipating things. Unfortunately, I used the only terminology I knew, which was coach Tom Landry's terminology—green right, triple X open power, 49 E-G-O, things like that. It was very simple for me, but there I was, trying to teach Forte Landry's entire system, which I hadn't really learned in nine

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years of playing for the Cowboys. It was all very confusing.

PLAYBOY: In spite of that, you still managed to win an Emmy that first season. Did it surprise you?

MEREDITH: A little bit. I think they gave it to me for that year's Dallas-St. Louis game. The Cowboys were favored, and St. Louis beat 'em 38-0. It was my first broadcast of a Dallas game and I was excited about it. I was really prepared—boy, I had more information than you can possibly imagine. I talked to *everybody*. I had the Cowboys' game plan in my hand, knew what they'd do all over the field—had it down. I was *ready*. And they didn't do any of it. I mean, it was just the worst game you've ever seen. Everything the Cowboys tried went wrong. I got so into it that I finally apologized for the Cowboys. I said something like, "I don't know what the heck they're doin' out there, but I've never seen anything like it in my life." It was just a total emotional involvement with a particular team, and I wound up saying whatever came to my mind.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult for you to become objective about your job?

MEREDITH: I don't believe so. In terms of my actual performance on the air, during that first year, I'd call up Gifford every week—he was my critic. And I'd try to watch Frank's games, 'cause, at that time, he was doing the same thing for CBS that I was doing for ABC. Frank, of course, joined *Monday Night Football* after our first season. Keith, a really smooth and delightful guy, was assigned to ABC's college games and came out with a much better deal for himself. I was really pleased with the shift, because it meant my pal was coming over. Since I was going to have to travel to all those cities, with Frank around, it would be more like taking a weekend vacation. In the meantime, I'd gotten to know Howard. He happens to be very entertaining and he's really fun to be with—as long as he holds everything under control. He has tendencies like all of us to let it slip sometimes, but, by and large, he really is a lot of fun.

PLAYBOY: Once Gifford joined the show, you and he almost seemed to come off as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—with Cosell being cast as a black-hatted villain audiences love to hiss. Has that caused any problems among the three of you?

MEREDITH: No, and I feel Howard handles it extremely well. Howard became an immediate star through *Monday Night Football*—and whether he wears a black hat or a white hat, he's a celebrity, and a big one. Frank and I, through our athletic careers, had each been dealing with being a celebrity for a fairly long period of time—though not necessarily on the same level, because television is much bigger than the athletic things we'd done.

I think becoming a celebrity was a bit more of a shock for Howard than it was for us; don't forget that Cosell was 50 years old when it happened, and when you come into it late, it might be a little more difficult to deal with. And as far as Howard's being criticized—I'm using your thought now—and our being applauded, well, Howard's never been malicious about it or allowed it to interfere with what we do on the air.

PLAYBOY: In various polls, Cosell has ranked as the least-liked sports broadcaster in the nation, and reactions to him often tend to be almost vicious. Does that surprise you?

MEREDITH: Not completely, because I think that when Howard burst onto the scene, he shocked our rather staid culture to the extent that he was immediately rejected. After that, the reaction to him turned into heavy frustration and then aggressive rejection. I think now the pendulum's starting to swing his way a little bit and people are starting to listen and

"Howard Cosell is a perfect foil for a lot of frustrations that are running rampant through our society in general and in the sports community in particular."

respond to what he says. And yet, when you walk through a stadium with Howard, the reaction to him is almost frightening.

PLAYBOY: In what sense? Do you feel physically threatened?

MEREDITH: Absolutely, and that's a *very* frightening thing. I don't like crowds to begin with, but to walk through one with Howard—man, people shout all *kinds* of things at him. And they're not kidding around. I've heard curse words yelled at him, we've had bomb threats—people can be very violent toward Howard. One time in Miami, Cosell got a letter threatening his life, and I don't remember exactly what it said, but, for some reason, it had a ring of reality to it. Howard had been getting a lot of criticism in Miami because people held him responsible for the fact that highlights of the Dolphin games weren't shown at half time. He had nothing to do with choosing which highlights were shown, and finally had to begin announcing that on the air. Well, the letter said something to the effect that he was going to get it when he got to Miami, and at first, we didn't pay any attention to it. Cosell had received a few of those before and they'd always been from cranks. But this one just didn't

seem like a crank letter, so we had a police escort when we got to the Orange Bowl. To get to the press box there, you have to walk across a little catwalk and you're briefly exposed to the crowd. Well, that night, there were policemen at both ends of the catwalk, but when we walked across it, hey, it was just *frightening*.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MEREDITH: Because as we started across it, there was a *rumble* from the crowd. The whole psychology of crowds—it's really wild. You can get them turned one way or the other and you never really know what's going to happen. Maybe I'm exaggerating a little, but I occasionally *do* fear physical harm when we do those games. I don't envy Howard's position at all, but I guess a certain degree of that goes with being Howard Cosell.

PLAYBOY: Does it seem strange to you that people can get so worked up over such trivial things as half-time highlights and the men who announce football games?

MEREDITH: Oh, I think it's *strange*, all right. Unfortunately, Howard is a perfect foil for a lot of frustrations that are running rampant through our society in general and in the sports community in particular. That's a very volatile community. If you win, then your team is really fantastic and the whole community is really up. If your team loses, the community is really *down*—and there are more losing teams than winners. When it gets toward the end of a season, everyone realizes that there's gonna be only *one* winner, and I think it causes certain tensions to build up. And because *Monday Night Football* is national, Howard is, too, and people focus their frustrations on him.

PLAYBOY: What makes him such a perfect foil?

MEREDITH: Physical characteristics—the way he looks. The way he sounds. Howard's a New York Jew and he has all the things that set him up for bigotry and abuse. He's been accused of everything from loving blacks to hating blacks, and the complaints run the spectrum. Whatever it is, he's accused of it. His delivery, his vocabulary—when he uses that vocabulary with that delivery, one tends to think that he's talking down to one. Throwing you a *bone*, so to speak. And I think that's the most offensive thing about Howard.

PLAYBOY: Has Cosell thrown *you* bones, so to speak?

MEREDITH: Well, he used to needle me about different things, my inability to do this or that, and he'd tease me about the Cowboys, but that never really offended me. I used to get uptight, though, when he'd occasionally pick on Frank for not identifying a player right—Howard *loved* to do that. I'd really get mad, because I felt that was unnecessary. It was like somebody's picking on my brother. Look out: I can say what *I* want to about him, but don't *you* say anything about him.

So I'd get upset, but Howard's so dog-gone clever he might have been doing it 'cause maybe I was going to sleep or he was trying to get a rise out of me. I don't know *what* the heck he's doing out there sometimes. What he mostly does is this: He does his number.

PLAYBOY: What does that number consist of?

MEREDITH: Howard just knows what *works*. He is one of the top personalities in the United States of America and he didn't get there by accident. He's *smart*; he knows what to do. His talent lies in the area of presenting things the way no one else can present them. If you'd heard as many Howard Cosell imitations as I have, you'd realize the impact of the man's style—and he created that style. I think Howard can go too far with it, and I've told him that, but in other areas, I don't think he goes far enough.

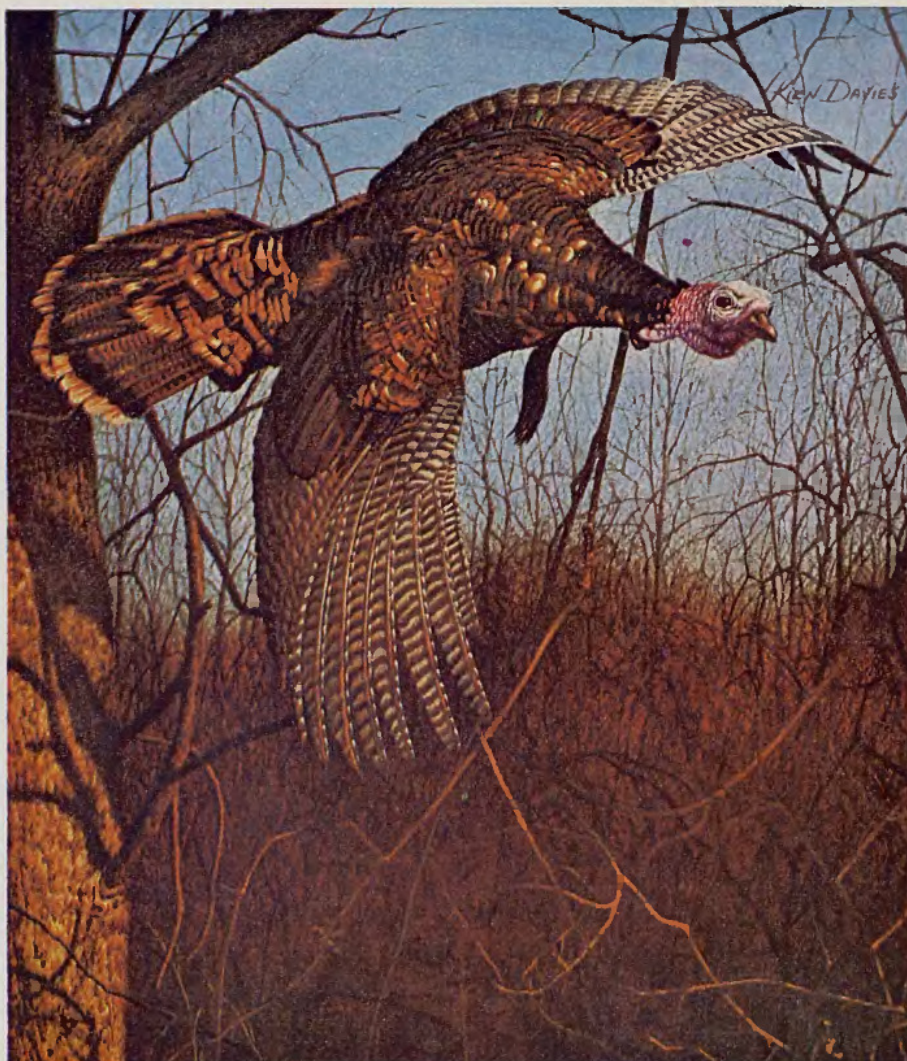
PLAYBOY: For instance?

MEREDITH: Politics. Three or four years ago, he talked about wanting to run for the Senate, and if more people had taken him seriously, he definitely would've run for the office. I think Howard would make a very good Senator, because he has a way of getting in and doing things like nobody else can. As I say, I have tremendous respect for him. There's no one else like Howard on any network, on any show. He is that different.

PLAYBOY: If that's true—and leaving aside the matter of his style—what can Cosell do that other sports announcers can't?

MEREDITH: I think Howard is the finest interviewer in America. That's when he's at his best, and he's proved it with Ali, with Joe Namath and with Tom Seaver during the last World Series. In terms of football broadcasts, I think he needs to be complemented by a Frank and a Don. He'll still be Howard, but he can be a better Howard if he has the right ingredients to play with. To me, *Monday Night Football* is like the presentation of a three-character play, and every one of us has to do well or else the whole thing will be out of sync. True, Howard spouts off and probably talks too much in trying to sum up too many things—but he makes it easy to work in that booth, because he's always going to say something totally outlandish that'll be fun to play off. Howard also tries to answer questions that he's asked me or Frank, or he may try to comment when it's Frank's turn to talk. But that's part of the madness that goes on in the very short time that we have to talk about each play.

What I see now that I didn't see my first time around is a more clearly defined role—if you'll excuse the word—that each of us plays. I think Howard's interrogations and comments give the broadcast its balance. Frank is a sensational play-by-play guy who's developed a unique style of combining play-by-play with color, and that's because he's done both. Frank is under the heaviest pressure



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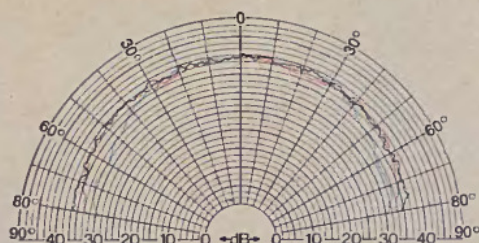
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of all of us, because you're not going to notice a lot of what he does until he says something wrong. Howard and I have the flexibility of bluffing, generalizing, philosophizing and being opinionated—and Frank doesn't have that luxury. Frank has to get *everything* right. I think he's worked very hard at the mechanics of his job, and the reason he's so good is that he adds some of his own expertise as a player to the play-by-play.

**PLAYBOY:** That leaves your role to be explained. Cosell once said that you're worth your weight in irreverence, but do you ever feel under the gun to continually come up with satire, songs, sayings and whatever else strikes your fancy during a ball game?

**MEREDITH:** I really don't know if I feel that pressure or not. The only thing I *know* I feel is a responsibility to present whatever it is I'm saying as honestly as I can. But your question ties into the reason I was hesitant about returning to *Monday Night Football*. I had a fear that the image was bigger than the person—that Dandy Don was coming back and maybe he didn't have that much magic.

**PLAYBOY:** Has Dandy Don become your alter ego, or is he just a character you trot out on Monday evenings during the fall?

**MEREDITH:** I think I looked at it more as an alter ego a few years ago, but I'm not really sure anymore. Sometimes I'll say certain things and later on, when I look back at them, I'll think, Right, that's what Dandy Don would have said. I'll tell you this, I *like* Dandy Don more than I did a few years ago. I used to think he was some sort of buffoon, but now I don't. He's just one of your basic, fun-loving guys who kind of floats along.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you first become aware of Dandy Don, Dandy Don?

**MEREDITH:** In a way, he kind of got his start when I was maybe 12 years old and I went to the movies and saw James Stewart in *Harvey*. That was the name of the imaginary rabbit he talked to and, not having much of an imagination, I called mine Harvey, too. But my Harvey wasn't a rabbit. As I remember, he really wasn't anything, at least not anything I could see. He was just Harvey. He then became Harley, but later on, he got himself an older brother named Harvey. He also got himself a last name and a profession: Harley Smydlapp of Smydlapp, Smydlapp and Calhoun, which is a large fact-finding organization.

**PLAYBOY:** Where are they located? In your head?

**MEREDITH:** Oh, no, they're everywhere, and they're retained by the American public to find out what's going on. Harley, of course, is the president of Smydlapp, Smydlapp and Calhoun. Knowing Harley, I can tell you that the man's a natural in that he doesn't really treat fact finding as a profession. He's somewhat spongelike and just absorbs.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Dandy Don grow out of your acquaintance with Harley?

**MEREDITH:** I suppose so, though I can't really be sure. To me, Dandy Don was the quarterback. That got started in college; people would write about this quarterback, but I could separate the quarterback and myself, 'cause I knew they really weren't the same. Playing quarterback was just one of the things that I could do. People called the quarterback Dandy Don the same way blacksmiths were once called smithies.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Dandy Don take football as seriously as the rest of Texas seems to?

**MEREDITH:** Football is taken seriously everywhere, not just in Texas, but you hear it said more about Texas because they have very good high school football down there. I grew up in Mt. Vernon, a small town of 1400 people, and for me, athletics, school and church—that's about all there was to do. It was just a natural thing to play football and I started out with good vibes about it. It was fun, it was healthy and I could do it, so I enjoyed it. I liked basketball better and when I graduated from high school, I was All-State in both sports. I figured every college needed

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*"I like Dandy Don more than I did a few years ago. I used to think he was some sort of buffoon, but now I don't. He's just one of your basic, fun-loving guys."*

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a 6'3" pivot man who shot a lot. The more astute scouts who recruited me realized, I think, that I wouldn't be able to play center. The question was, could I shoot from the outside? I wasn't really that good, but everything's relative.

**PLAYBOY:** How many scholarship offers did you receive?

**MEREDITH:** A whole bunch, and it got a little crazy at times. Mt. Vernon is in northeast Texas, about 100 miles from Dallas and 85 miles from Texarkana, but a lot of coaches seemed to be passing through town during my senior year. I wound up traveling a bit myself. Went to Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, other parts of Texas—I suppose I *did* get a lot of offers, or at least feelers. I also heard from schools outside the Southwest like West Point, Colorado, Notre Dame and UCLA. But, to me, the decision was whether Austin—the University of Texas—was too far from home. I knew it was as soon as I took my first plane ride, to visit Texas Tech in Lubbock. My mother went along and we flew in an old DC-3. The day we went to Lubbock, West Texas

had its worst dust storm in 30 years and we were right in the middle of it. I got sicker than a dog and threw up; I didn't take to airplanes right off. Never have, really.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get any outrageous offers?

**MEREDITH:** The most extravagant one I got was from an alumnus of a college that didn't have a law school. I'd decided I'd be a lawyer, and this one guy offered to put in writing his promise to personally send me to any law school in the country that I wanted to attend. That same guy offered me \$1000 a month during the summer, which was just a whole lot of money in 1956. That was still a very placid time in America—there was a lot of apple pie and flag waving and motherhood around, and recruiting was less outrageous than it is today. I mostly got offered cars and jobs, plus one school offered to make my high school coach an assistant dorm director. But it never got too far out of hand, because all along I had it pretty well in mind that I'd go to Southern Methodist University. So I went to SMU and broke my ankle playing freshman football and didn't get to play freshman basketball. I still wanted to, though, and I went out for the team in my sophomore year. My illusion of playing big-time basketball was thrown back into my face about as rapidly as my hook shot was.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that upset you?

**MEREDITH:** No, I really didn't care. I was happy doing what I was doing. I had a good year in football and I'd already figured that was what I'd probably concentrate on. It was just like playing sand-lot ball, and I had a really good time. Football was fun at SMU. We'd make up plays in the huddle, and that was fine with our coach, a nice man named Bill Meek, who now lives in Salt Lake City. I was definitely a hot dog and I loved to hot-dog around. We wound up using a spread formation and one of my favorite plays was real simple. I'd say, "OK, hike the ball and let's see who can get open—you guys hold 'em if you want to."

**PLAYBOY:** Was that more fun than the N.F.L.'s brand of football?

**MEREDITH:** It was a totally different kind of fun. The fun part of any team sport is when you've got a lot of good players around you and you're part of an over-all concept of fine athletes doing what they do well and transmitting their enjoyment of that fact to one another.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that the case when you were graduated from SMU and began playing for the Dallas Cowboys?

**MEREDITH:** No, because the Cowboys were an expansion team about to start their first year in the N.F.L. I was in for a heck of a shock, because I was certain that playing for the Cowboys would be a kind of continuation of college. At SMU, I was president of the freshman class and dated the home-coming queen, and I was sure I'd also be president of



the Cowboys' freshman class. Well, it didn't work out that way. Tom Landry was a very remote, totally different kind of coach than I'd ever run into. And all of a sudden, he put me on the bench, and I didn't know what *that* was. I'd never sat on a bench in my life.

Anyway, my first couple of years there were very tough to take. We didn't have a good team, plus I was on the bench. My personal life wasn't in good shape, either. I'd gotten married right out of college—married the campus queen—and in one year, we were divorced, remarried and divorced again.

**PLAYBOY:** Arledge has said he believes that playing for the Cowboys "scarred" you. Do you agree with that?

**MEREDITH:** No, it didn't scar me. Physically, I have some scars to show for having played in Dallas, but, considering my body, those scars would have showed up had I played anywhere else. The stories about my troubles with the Cowboys often had to do with the clash of two giant egos—mine and Landry's. I was bound and determined not to go along with all the regimentation of his system. The Cowboys have a reputation for being pro football's most computerized team, and they probably are. In retrospect, I probably was wrong in being as adamant as I was in fighting Landry's system. If I were doing it again, I'd try to be more aware of his approach in structuring the game. I did follow a lot of the rules and worked within that system because it happens to be a good system. But there was a lot of it that I didn't like and did my best to flat-out resist.

**PLAYBOY:** What kinds of things did you resist?

**MEREDITH:** Just about everything, from curfews to the fine system. I felt that we should've had a more relaxed atmosphere, which I still believe is more conducive to bringing out the best in the individual. I think there's been a great change in the game and that it's become more and more regimented. Coaches have eliminated the margin of error and the play is more sophisticated—which tends to erode the ability of the athlete to blend in and adapt to different situations. The biggest argument I had with Landry had to do with who called the offensive plays. When Eddie Le Baron left and I replaced him, Landry wanted to call all the plays, as he does now. I think he knew me enough to know that wouldn't work out very well, and since I was all he had, he made some allowances that he probably wouldn't make now.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of allowances did you have to make?

**MEREDITH:** Well, Tom was the coach, so I'm not sure that I had any allowances to make. Landry is single-minded in his purpose; his purpose is to win football games and he approaches it in a very analytical way. I don't think there's an executive in any of the top ten corporations

in the U.S. who spends the number of hours that man does in running his business. He is *very* prepared. In a real way, I've always had great admiration for him. Incidentally, he has a lovely wife; she's bright, sharp and cute, and they seem to be really happy. I just can't believe anybody as neat and sweet as she is would put up for so many years with someone who seems so totally cold. Tom's really not a bad guy, and I'm sure that he's got his own Harvey or Harley or Dandy Don.

**PLAYBOY:** Have Landry's coaching methods changed since you met him?

**MEREDITH:** I think the only thing that's changed is that the Cowboys have learned to execute his system a lot better. Landry took his concept with him and utilized it from the time he arrived in Dallas. One of the key elements for any team, whether you're computerized or not, is having the right players to plug into those positions, and Tom didn't have a lot of top material to work with at the beginning. He brought in a sophisticated version of the option play, we used a man in motion, we shifted—we did a lot of things.

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*"Tom Landry has a lovely wife. I just can't believe anybody as neat and sweet as she is would put up for so many years with someone who seems so totally cold. Tom's really not a bad guy."*

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But since all the teams basically know what the other teams will be doing, it still boils down to a question of who has the best horses out there. Anyway, it was a much different approach and an abrupt change from what I'd known, but I guess that happens one way or another to everyone who gets out of college. You think you're going to go out and conquer the world—and you find you have some reckoning to do. As I said, I really couldn't understand why I wasn't playing, but it wasn't that big of a deal. I really did figure that I'd eventually get in there.

**PLAYBOY:** How long was it before you were playing regularly?

**MEREDITH:** My third year. By then, we'd started to get some good players. Bobby Hayes came in in '65 and Ralph Neely about the same time. We were beginning to get guys who could catch and run and block and tackle; it's remarkable how much more fun football can be when you have good players on your team. Meanwhile, I was always getting hurt. Broken ankle, nose, ribs, thumbs, shoulder separations—it was always something. In '66, though, I stayed healthy almost the entire

season, and after six years with it, I finally had confidence in Landry's system. But I insisted on calling my own plays. I'd just say, "Tom, I don't want to talk to you—just slip your game plan under the door." That really shocked him, but I was able to pick what I wanted from his game plans and we had a great year. We finished the season playing Green Bay, with the winner to go on to the first Super Bowl. They beat us, but that '66 championship game was one of the most enjoyable games I ever had as a pro. It was an exceptional experience for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Even though you lost?

**MEREDITH:** Losing didn't bother us. We were kind of like young stallions, with most of the guys 25 or 26, and nobody was supposed to beat Green Bay that year. We had a great game plan, we were ready and it wasn't going to make any difference if we *didn't* beat 'em. It was a heck of a game. We kicked off to the Packers and they scored, and then they kicked off to us and we fumbled and Green Bay went in for another touchdown and the score was 14-0—and me and the guys on the offensive team were still on the side lines, waiting to take the field. We caught up to them and tied the score, then they went ahead again 21-20, and then 34-27, and we got down to the two-yard line and didn't make it and that was it. We weren't expected to even come close to beating the Packers, and suddenly people started saying, "Hey, those guys are really good." We were good, all right, but we weren't *that* good. The next year, we *were* that good. We had a much better team in '67 and should easily have beaten the Packers in that subzero championship game.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any particular reason you didn't?

**MEREDITH:** If this is a cop-out, it's a cop-out: I really believe the frozen field hurt us more than it did Green Bay. True, both teams had to play on the same field. I would love to have played the Packers in the rain, in a windstorm, in the desert—anywhere we could've gotten some kind of footing. But the Packers' field was totally frozen—and on offense, we were a speed team. We had wide splits in the line, we ran a lot of trap plays and our passing game concentrated on deep patterns and quick-cutting routes designed to spread their defenses. We couldn't do any of that on a frozen field.

**PLAYBOY:** You retired after the following season at an age—29—when most quarterbacks are just hitting the peak of their careers. Did you ever have second thoughts about that decision?

**MEREDITH:** Yes, I did. After the first year of *Monday Night Football*, I felt I had a different perspective on playing, particularly for the Cowboys. Playing for Dallas had become a hassle, but having been away from it for a while, I thought I'd be able to go back and deal with it better. I felt that maybe I'd gotten a little too close



to the forest to see the trees. But that was the only time I ever considered going back. My first year out, I didn't even think about playing and I watched very few games.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that unusual for players who quit the N.F.L.?

**MEREDITH:** It probably is, because there're a lot of things you can miss when you retire. Any sport, really, is a terrific outlet of expression, and whether you're running, jumping, throwing, kicking, hitting—whatever—it's there. I found an almost sensuous pleasure in football, in the sense that you experience it with your body. My nose was broken 14 times on various football fields, and I can't tell you that I loved getting my nose broken, but it's really something to experience that kind of shock, to have the shock lessen and to then go beyond it. I remember feeling the warmth of the blood running out of my nose after it had been broken, and I know this sounds weird, but physically, there's pleasure in being able to extend yourself, in knowing you can take yourself a step further. I suppose that's tied to a physical *macho* identification we get programed with very early in life. We're seeing a softening of it now, but for a long time, sport was one way of defining what it means to be a man. And football, I think, represented a kind of hard-core masculinity that baseball and basketball didn't.

Football also has, like every other sport, the immediacy of result. You can see things happen, you know what the requirements are and one of the biggest thrills of playing is the feeling of accomplishment it gives you. I mean, it feels good. And what frequently happens is that professional athletes miss those thrills so much they try to recapture them the rest of their lives. They become real bores in reliving all those moments, which usually become more glorious and more dramatic than they ever were. Guys like that meet with a great deal of frustration, because they'll try to duplicate something that can't be duplicated for several reasons, the most obvious of which is physical.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you able to avoid that frustration?

**MEREDITH:** It really wasn't tough on me at all. The reason I left with two years to go on my contract was that I could tell myself, I don't want to do this anymore. There are other extensions that I care to challenge in my life and my personality. But it would've been a terrible shame if I hadn't been able to extend myself in sports. I really loved playing football; my heart was in the game and I'm delighted I played it for 24 years. I know what it feels like and I don't feel I have to do it again.

I've also been lucky in that I've found other interests that give me pleasure. They may not seem like adequate substitutes to some people, but they are to me.

I've started to paint. I'm interested in writing and I'll be doing screenplays soon. I'm very interested in acting and I'll be in a couple of ABC-TV films this year. On several counts, I think these things have helped me avoid the identity problem a lot of ex-athletes have: A player will have been on the front pages for several years, and then one autumn it all stops. He'll probably be doing a job that's not nearly as visible, and if you need the same kind of gratification from a job that you got from football, you're in for a tough time.

**PLAYBOY:** If anything, your work with ABC has made you far more visible than you ever were as a player. If your telephone call to Gifford hadn't worked out the way it did, do you think you'd have escaped the problems you've just described?

**MEREDITH:** I don't know, but I don't worry about it, because it didn't happen like that. I'm sure life would be different for me right now if Frank hadn't come through for me, but I also know that

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*"I remember the warmth of the blood running out of my nose after it had been broken, and I know this sounds weird, but physically, there's pleasure in being able to extend yourself."*

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whenever something didn't feel right in my life, I changed it. I like change. I like trying different things. By doing that, I've found I can eliminate those I don't want to do anymore and can identify those I want to go back to. I've climbed a mountain in Colorado; I don't want to climb any more mountains. My wife, Susan, and I got tired of living in cities, so we bought a 22-acre farm in Pennsylvania. For the better part of the past four years, we experienced life on that farm and we loved it, and so did my son, Michael. We still own it, and whenever I'm there and walking around in the fields, I'll think, Isn't life beautiful, isn't life gay, isn't this a perfect way to pass the time of day? And now I'm living in Los Angeles and enjoying our life here. I think that's the key: Enjoy where you are.

Since I really do live like that, it tends to cause a schizoid sort of pattern, in that I flit here and I flit there, which can be interpreted as restlessness. We always want to put labels on things, so call me restless. Call me a cab—I don't care what I'm called, as long as I'm comfortable with what I'm doing. I have my ups and

downs, and at times my enthusiasm is greater than at other times, but I don't look for the real high peaks or the low valleys. Neither am I looking for the constant hummmmmmm that life can become when it's totally predictable and regimented. I like to stay on the up side of that hummmmmmm.

**PLAYBOY:** That shouldn't be a problem, considering how easy it's been for you to go from a successful football career to a successful broadcasting career. Do you ever wonder if perhaps things have come too easily for you?

**MEREDITH:** I think one of my biggest problems is that I often *have* felt that way and haven't given myself credit for making things happen. None of the things I've done have happened just because I was standing in the right place, but that's what you wind up with when you have a background of good, solid East Texas Protestantism. You're brought up to be extremely humble and to kind of walk around saying, "Gosh, everybody *else* did it," and, "Gee, it was nothing at all." It carries over and you have tendencies to downplay whatever it is that you do. But when things look easy, it doesn't necessarily follow that they are: I've had personal problems and I've had financial problems. I owed money all my life. Most people look at professional athletes and say, "My God, look at all the money they make." When I started out in pro football, I signed for \$150,000—a five-year contract, \$30,000 a year, and, at that time, that was *big* money for a player. Well, take almost \$15,000 off the top for Uncle Sam, get divorced after a year and see what's left over. My point is, I've had all those wonderful experiences that seem to put hooks in a lot of us and hold us back. I've felt them, didn't like the feeling and have dealt with them. We've always got a choice, and if we don't make one, nothing happens, nothing changes.

**PLAYBOY:** If change is the one constant in your life, what kind of commitment do you have to your work?

**MEREDITH:** My commitment is to do as well as I can at it. But I'm not consumed by it. I don't broadcast football 12 months a year. Basically, my commitment is to my life and what I'm doing with it—and doing TV football games is only one part of that. Acting is another: I've done a little bit of it and I'll find out pretty soon how much more I really want to do. But the core of my life, the stabilizing part of it, is my relationship with Susan, and I can take that with me wherever we go. We're together almost 24 hours a day, every day, and we like to travel—we travel to cities all over the country and we like to go to different countries and experience different cultures. But people want you to put a tag on you. It's like they're still asking me, "What are you gonna be when you grow up, little boy?" In a way, you just asked me the same thing: "Where you *goin'*,



boy?" What am I going to do when I grow up? Hey, I don't want to grow up. What is it that people want that little boy to do when he grows up? Why do I have to have a goal? Why do I have to have a championship? Man, I don't have to have any of that stuff. And I don't. I just want to live the way I want to live. And right now, I have that. Do I have any goals? Yes, I do, but they're not career goals.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of goals are they?

**MEREDITH:** They're fantasies. One fantasy is to learn how to sail and get a boat big enough to literally sail around the world in. That would be an outstanding experience. I don't have a desire to do it as an accomplishment; I want to do it just because it would be immensely enjoyable and I'd like to share it with people I care about. I care about Susan. I care about Michael. And I think I will do it. And on that particular trip, I'd love to keep some sort of reflective diary. Really, the idea of sailing into a lagoon, dropping anchor and saying, "Let's stay here for a month" is extremely exciting to me. Think of the pleasure we could have in planning and pulling that sort of thing off. To do it, the number-one qualification you need is flexibility.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you've already said you might tire of *Monday Night Football*, acting and other media trips, do you have any occupational fantasies to fall back on?

**MEREDITH:** Sure do. Gifford and I have a running thing about owning a small restaurant and bar in Algiers, with beads hanging down from the doorway and big ceiling fans. Frank's going to be the maitre de, I'll be the bartender and Susan will run the cash register. If Frank can't make it, I might do it myself. One of the things I love about traveling is experiencing the foods of other countries. My kind of restaurant would therefore close down at least three months a year, so that Susan and I could experience different cuisines around the world and if we found things we liked and could prepare, we'd incorporate them on our menu. I'd also like to have a nursery and flower shop at the same place.

I can daydream myself into that sort of existence very easily. I do think about having that kind of restaurant, and if not in Algiers, maybe somewhere along the coast of California. I'd want my house set back on a hill overlooking the Pacific Ocean. But I wouldn't want to depend on the restaurant to earn a living. That's a hard way to make money and I'd like the thing to be fun all the way. I'm sure there's a lot of hassle involved that I don't see, but I choose not to look at it. Thank God I have Susan for the practical side of things. She can deal with that crap. I mean, who are we talking about? I'm America's guest.



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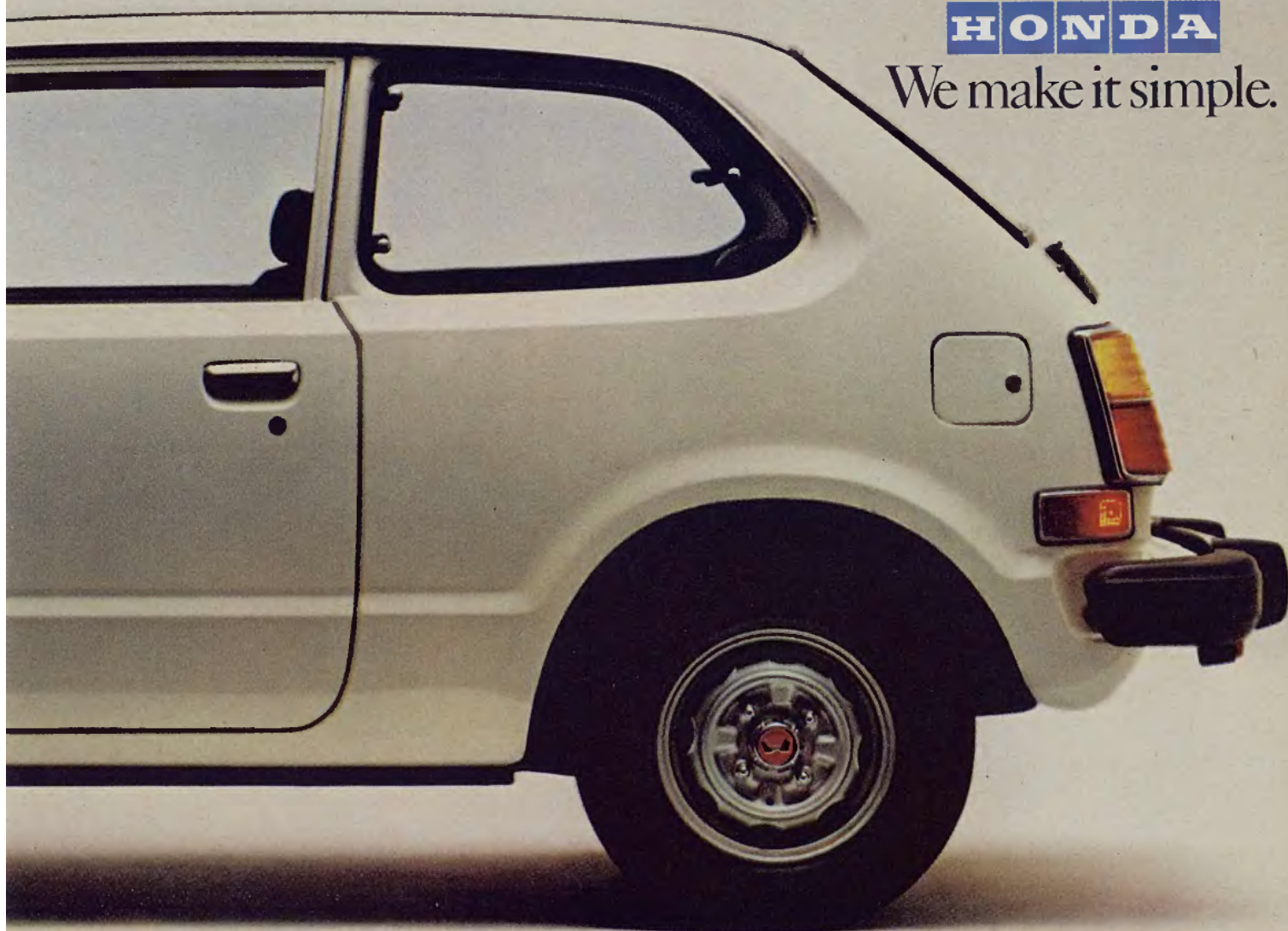
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**H**E STRIDES imperiously onto the stage and the crowd at the Olympic hall in Montreal cheers wildly. Vasily Alexeyev, already acclaimed as the world's strongest man and assured of his second Olympic weight-lifting gold medal in the superheavy division, is about to attempt a world record in the clean and jerk.

New weights are added to the metal bar bell that rests on the floor and is the focal point of the weight-lifting competition, raising the total weight to 255 kilograms, or a staggering 562 pounds. But Vasily Alexeyev, his 345-pound frame bulging inside his red weight-lifting suit, remains unperturbed, staring intently at the bar. I can do it, he is saying to himself; I will do it.

Alexeyev approaches the bar slowly, closes his eyes momentarily, grips the bar and then lets out a giant sigh and hoists it to his shoulders, then above his head, staggering backward slightly, his hulbous belly quivering, his teeth locked in fierce determination. Now gaining control, Alexeyev's body tightens in the triumphant motionless position. He releases the bar and it crashes to the floor, but the reverberation is lost in the stomps and screams of an enthralled audience. Bravo! Hail to the champion!

But where was Vasily Alexeyev the day he was ordered to appear for his precompetition medical test before the International Olympic Committee in Montreal? Was he, as his trainer explained to officials, out of the city, and thus unavailable that day to be tested for anabolic steroids and other banned drugs? Or was he, as most rival competitors and some officials suspect, anticipating the drug test and having his system flushed of traces of body-building hormones by a special diuretic?

For a number of reasons, these questions probably will never be resolved. Alexeyev won the gold medal and passed his medical tests, before and after the competition; no athlete or official from the Soviet Union with an ounce of sanity would risk a trip to Siberia by disclosing Alexeyev's pre-Olympic preparations, and the International Weight-lifting Federation, already embarrassed by the gold-medal disqualifications of a Bulgarian and a Pole, could hardly afford the shattering specter of its most familiar commodity becoming a symbol of medical science rather than of pure sports.

But to George Frenn, a United States Olympic hammer thrower who has watched Vasily Alexeyev, knows the drug culture in sports from amphetamines to Xylocaine and has culled scientific secrets from friends inside the iron curtain, all of the signs that day in Montreal were positive.

"Alexeyev's face was so blown out of proportion it looked like it was going to explode out of his skin," Frenn explained. "That's usually a sign of heavy drugs, especially steroids. And he had these little cholesterol globules that collect under the eyeball from too large a dosage of steroids. You can't tell me that he was missing for three days in Montreal because he was busy competing. I believe nobody could find him because the Russians needed time to clean out his system."

What troubles Frenn is not that a Russian won an Olympic gold medal over an American. To Frenn and other concerned athletes and medical authorities, the drug scene in sports is no longer a simple smoke screen to improve performances but a raging forest fire that officials neither understand nor have the





# WIRED TO THE TEETH

sports **By NEIL AMDUR** uppers, downers, coke and steroids—in the race for amateur and professional gold, today's athletes have turned their locker rooms into pharmacies





tools to control. And one day, Frenn fears, the timber will begin falling: A world-class shot-putter will keel over in the Olympic stadium or an offensive lineman will collapse during a Super Bowl game from being "overamped."

It could have happened to Jim Neidhart. Neidhart is a 22-year-old shot-putter from Long Beach, California, who thought that amphetamines and steroids would instantly tack on inches and feet to his throwing distance. It began innocently enough for Neidhart as far back as high school, where teammates would pop two-milligram "white crosses," named because of the symbol on the pill, before a game or a track meet.

As the country's top high school shot-putter in 1973, Neidhart hardly needed medical reassurance; he was consistently putting the shot from 60 to 65 feet. But after enrolling at UCLA, he admittedly began "abusing himself," and it finally came apart at the seams for him during the 1976 Pacific Eight Conference championship in Berkeley. He finished second in the shot-put that day, an event he expected to win, and already had 120 milligrams of Obetrol 20, a high-powered amphetamine, in his system ("enough to raise a building," says Frenn). To that he added tranquilizers and a few martinis.

The potent mixture helped send him on a rampage at the Marina Marriott Inn. Light fixtures were torn down in rooms, fire extinguishers pulled off walls, doors kicked in. The uncontrollable 320-pounder then tied four bed sheets together, hopped off a fourth-floor balcony with a fire extinguisher on his back and crashed into a first-floor room.

The display resulted in an embarrassing \$5500 bill for UCLA and disciplinary action for Neidhart, who subsequently transferred to Cal State University at Long Beach. Fortunately, he is alive to recall what he terms "the low point of my life," and the thoughts of that night remain disturbingly fresh in his mind.

"This is what we've got to stop," Neidhart says today, willing to discuss his ordeal as a guide for other misdirected athletes. "I might have croaked that day, O.D'd. But there's no valid counseling around today on drugs, except for someone like George. Doctors don't know what they're talking about and won't tell you the truth. The drug companies try to pretend nothing is happening and the athletes in this country are confused."

*The Physician's Desk Reference* is an integral part of every doctor's office. It is supposed to contain everything he needs to know about today's drugs, their dan-

gers, potency and implementation. But does it? For example, Dianabol is an anabolic steroid that Doug Young, a world power-lifting champion, calls "the king of the road" for building muscle tissue and improving athletic performance. Dianabol comes in pill form and can be used, according to the *P.D.R.*, "as adjunctive therapy in senile and postmenopausal osteoporosis." The only mention of Dianabol's relationship to sports in the *P.D.R.* is the following warning, added within the past few years: "Anabolic steroids do not enhance athletic ability." Similar warnings have been attached to other steroids.

Dr. Irving Dardik, a vascular surgeon from Tenafly, New Jersey, is chairman of the newly formed United States Olympic Sports Medicine Committee. Dr. Dardik phoned medical personnel at CIBA, which makes Dianabol, to inquire about the warning reference. He was told that it had been included more because they had so many inquiries from athletes than because of any pure scientific data on the relationship of steroids to athletic success.

Most medical authorities in the United States, including Dr. John Anderson, head of the U.S. Olympic medical team at the 1976 Montreal Olympics, try to downgrade the muscle-building, performance hype of steroids. Dardik wants more information on both sides and plans extensive testing.

"Many athletes have told me that steroids very likely do have a positive effect on them," Dardik says. "Is that positive effect because they are training and thus motivated, or does it really put on a lot of bulk and thereby make them stronger? That's what we've got to find out. I've yet to meet an Olympic or world-class weight lifter who hasn't felt it has been beneficial to his performance. Athletes would like not to take steroids. They don't feel good or right about it, but they're afraid not to, because they're concerned about what the next athlete might be doing."

Drugs used by athletes generally are designed to stimulate performance or restore skill to what would be considered normal. At the top of the list in terms of instant kicks are amphetamines. Most are banned by the international sports federations and many have been ordered off the market by the Food and Drug Administration. But that does not stop the athletes from finding them. Amphetamines have been associated with almost every sport, from auto racing to wrestling. They suppress hunger (enticing to hockey players, boxers, jockeys, wrestlers), speed up the breathing and heart rates and stimulate the brain.

Some amphetamines are more powerful

than others. Five milligrams of methamphetamine hydrochloride, a white pill sold under the trade name Desoxyn and popularly known as speed, can increase the heart rate, alleviate fatigue, provide a strength turn-on and, according to some athletes, even give off a brief hallucinogenic quality. Most important to the athlete, it can create a sense of confidence and improved concentration in times of self-doubt. For the discus thrower or weight lifter who wonders whether or not he can get it all together, the pill becomes a competitive crutch. For the basketball player, it might be what keeps him moving on the fast break, when tired legs tell him to quit. For the football player, there is that physical feeling of being on top of the world. But speed can also get away from you.

One pro-basketball player reportedly was so freaked out and uncontrollable from an overdose of speed during a game in the 1976 N.B.A. play-off series between the Philadelphia 76ers and the Houston Rockets that his coach continually counseled him during time-outs.

Some athletes prefer speed, the same kick that was designed to assist fighter pilots during World War Two, to other amphetamines.

"Methedrine is cleaner and gives a purer high," says one pro-football player. "Your concentration is much better than with Benzedrine or Dexedrine."

But speed has its share of problems. Although none will admit it publicly, wives of some pro-football players have been abused, verbally and physically, as a result of their husbands' game-day highs. They are powerless to stop their mates from popping pills, because they realize that jobs may ride on how well these men perform.

Some of the wives of Philadelphia and Dallas players say the coaches don't like them to be around their husbands the night before a game. But there are a lot of wives who don't want to be around their husbands the night *after* their games. They're not sure how their husbands will react, especially if they're still high from taking pills earlier in the day.

The Biphetamine 20, another popular amphetamine capsule, is known as Black Beauty because of its color. An 18-hour kicker, it found initial popularity with truck drivers trying to combat fatigue and now shows up in the bags of cross-country cyclists and skiers. Many pro-football players who feel uncertain about the instant take-off from speed use Black Beauties. They pop them early on game day and sense a gradual build-up of strength and power that will sustain





*"We are all reincarnated in this galaxy, Princess.  
In my previous life I was a Chevy Corvette!"*



itself throughout the afternoon combat.

The most frequent amphetamine abusers in pro football, according to sources around the National Football League, are the offensive and defensive linemen, who feel a specific need to play with "something extra" in the one-on-one warfare that takes place in the trenches. "If you want to play first string here, you have to take amphetamines," one of the Buffalo Bills' linemen said.

The N.F.L. has intensified its surveillance of team physicians and trainers and fined the San Diego Chargers \$40,000 as a result of a 1973 drug investigation. There followed a major shake-up in personnel and management, along with private bitching from San Diego players that the team was being used as a scapegoat by the league to cover the ills of other clubs with similar abuses.

Tighter screening of drug supplies by leagues and sports federations has forced many athletes to move from the locker room to the streets to replenish supplies. It is risky business, according to those in the know.

"Anyone who buys minibennies or white crosses on the street is looking for trouble," says Frenn, who is continually besieged by athletes searching for the latest information on new drugs and their sources. "The stuff is not clean, it's made in some of those small factories, and it's the quickest way to wind up getting sick."

The minibennies lack the potency of speed or some of the high-powered amphetamines such as Obetrol 20 and Biphphetamine 20. Most are chunks of Benzedrine made into pills. The white crosses usually contain Dexedrine.

Besides the difference in potency, the price of amphetamines varies widely. Street pills are the cheapest—a dollar a roll—because of their availability. The wholesale price for 100 Desoxyn, which must be obtained with a prescription, is \$12.10; the retail price could be double that figure.

Medical researchers feel that the negative effects of amphetamines far outweigh their usefulness. Besides the behavioral inconsistencies they can cause, frequent use and addiction can result in medical complications ranging from cerebral hemorrhage to nutritional problems. There is also a tendency among jocks to figure that if you feel good with one, you will feel great with two. And coming down from a large dose of stimulants often leads to the use of tranquilizers, trapping an athlete into a never-ending cycle.

One nationally ranked power lifter in pursuit of a world record took an injection of Adrenalin and three amphetamines 20 minutes before a competition several years ago. Although claiming he never felt stronger, he passed out during

the lift and only emergency chest massage and oxygen kept him alive.

Amphetamines are not the only drug in the athlete's bag. Cocaine has become the current big hit. Part of the joy in snorting coke before a competition is its "smoother ride," like going in a Lincoln Continental as opposed to a Gremlin. A heightened sense of awareness and the absence of pain are other big pluses.

Some baseball players who got their first kicks from chewing tobacco believe cocaine helps them "see through pitches," sharpens concentration and makes them more perceptive hitters. Those pitchers who occasionally snort coke on game days say it keeps their arms from tightening up and delays pain and soreness. But cocaine is much more expensive than other stimulants, so only the high-priced pros can afford it.

On the other end of the spectrum, the high-energy athlete who is given to nerves or hyperactivity before a match may smoke grass as a form of mental preparation. Some tennis players say marijuana puts them in a cozy comfort zone before a match. Gone is the anxiety. The delicate frame of mind that often comes apart in a match crisis seems more stable after a joint. And because of its tendency to relax them and make them serene, many athletes use marijuana to unwind after an event.

Athletes involved in individual sports seem to feel a stronger desire to solve insecurities through drugs than do those in team sports. Their rationale is personal: I'm doing it for myself, it won't hurt the team, it's my decision.

Also, grass no longer carries the social stigma and penalties attached to cocaine and speed. Some members of one major-league team have been known to relax during a game by rolling joints in the clubhouse and then turning on a giant fan in a private men's room to remove any lingering odors.

Marijuana can be smoked in a car, before a competition, at a party and around teammates without incurring the same disapproval as amphetamines or cocaine. It also is tolerated by most league security personnel and law-enforcement agencies.

Sometimes, however, the drug schemes of athletes backfire in embarrassing ways. There was the case several years ago of a Greek soccer player bearing gifts in the form of pills for his teammates to help them in their championship game against a local rival. Instead of handing out the usual uppers, however, he mistakenly passed out tranquilizers. His teammates almost passed out, lost the match and he wound up being sued by the president of the club for doping.

The use of sedatives, barbiturates, tranquilizers and muscle relaxers is less secretive but can be equally dangerous. To the public, these drugs lack the negative connotations of amphetamines, because they're thought to produce softer, less aggressive tendencies.

Golf is a sport in which the athlete often battles his own mental condition. A golfer who is too nervous or overanxious is more apt to miff a two-foot putt on the 18th hole than one who is overconfident. The difficulty of learning to unwind has sent many golfers in pursuit of Zen, TM and tranquilizers. They are not looking to stimulate their performance on the fairways as much as to relax their playing style.

There are also less esoteric uses of these drugs. Professional basketball players travel more extensively since the merger of the two leagues. The frantic one-night stands make for intense highs and lows, often resolved only by speed and sleeping pills. Tom Meschery, the poet laureate of pro basketball, once offered this observation of the basketball drug scene in a poem titled *The Pill*, from his highly acclaimed book of poetry, *Over the Rim*:

*There's a little  
bag of tricks  
And in that  
little bag of tricks  
is a little yellow  
bottle  
There are red ones  
and blue ones  
and multicolored ones....*

Painkillers such as Percodan, Demerol and Novocaine have achieved almost heroic proportions in the minds of the public. An athlete receiving a pain-killing injection from a team physician during a football game is considered courageous because the relationship between sports and pain is tied to notions about the price one pays for success. "Shooting" an athlete provides no stimulus. But the injection will anesthetize an injured area and allow the athlete to continue uninhibited by the pain.

Physicians and coaches justify the use of painkillers and muscle relaxers on the grounds that no long-term health hazard is at stake. But gimpy-kneed athletes do not agree and the threat of losing a competition or their spot to another player forces them to accept the shot, like it or not.

The latest to find a home alongside bee pollen, vitamins and other magic potions among athletes is Quaalude, a hypnotic drug originally meant for use in sleeping pills but now classified as a

(continued on page 202)



there are the usual boy-meets-girl liaisons—and then there are those boy-meets-what pickups that are out of this world

## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FOURTH KIND



Above: The following, a composite of reports on file with the U. S. Air Force, tells of a young man's seduction by a female extraterrestrial. He is driving across an Arizona mesa one night when a saucer lands and two aliens take him aboard. They make him lie on what looks like a glowing air mattress, then bring in a female humanoid and leave her with him.



Left: The female has the same basic equipment as a human woman but also some characteristics that differ. Her face seems "unfinished," with a vaguely defined nose, boneless cheeks and a slit for a mouth. Her skin is smooth, with no trace of hair. Somehow (probably through telepathic hypnosis), she overpowers and undresses him.

WHAT SEXUAL FRONTIER remains to be explored by the sexually sophisticated man of our civilization? OK, so you've been in a bathtub with three women, four gallons of *guacamole* dip, an ounce of cocaine and a bisexual ostrich. No big deal. Perhaps your sensibilities are so jaded that you've considered celibacy for your next big thrill. But wait! You haven't done it all until you've experienced extraterrestrial screwing.

Come off it, you say? You've known some way-out ladies, but they all had birth certificates from old Mother Earth, and even if there were









The alien "woman" tries, with no success, to arouse him sufficiently for intercourse. The unfamiliar surroundings and her unattractiveness have made it impossible for him to think of anything but escaping. And while her sexual technique is superb, he is frightened by her cold, clinical approach.

females from other dimensions or planets or whatever, why would they want to make it with you?

Well, they probably wouldn't. But we'll explain that later. For the moment, we simply ask you to keep an open mind about what you're going to see and read. Let your imagination run wild. Think about the kinds of sex you could have with a woman whose capacity to arouse you so far exceeds that of a human-type woman that there is really no comparison. Sure, you say, what does she do, give great proboscis?

Don't jump to conclusions, O ye of primitive mind and disgusting body hair. There is more here than meets the eye.



If we could draw any conclusions about the mentality of extraterrestrial beings from the numerous reports of human contact with them, one would be that an interest in sex doesn't diminish when the size of the cranium increases. A high percentage of those people who have reported being taken aboard UFOs have told of being experimented on sexually. These experiments have ranged from the insertion of a long thin needle into a woman's ovaries to outright rape of both male and female humans by those supposedly advanced beings. In fact, some UFO researchers, both professional and amateur, have confided that they believe there is no instance in which a human has boarded an alien craft without being experimented on sexually in some way. One UFOlogist has gone as far as to say, "This is one of the most hushed-up aspects of the whole UFO issue. Most of us think that they are trying to effect some sort of cross-fertilization between our race and theirs, or perhaps grow their own humans from seed for experimentation, as one might with one-celled organisms or bacteria in the laboratory."







Clockwise from above: The female alien squeezes jelly from a long tube onto his chest. Then she passes her hand over his eyes and seems to change into a beautiful woman.





On the other hand (and this will be loathsome to those who always impart noble scientific intentions to those telepathic aliens who go around stopping cars, burning circles of grass and kidnaping people), they may just be horny. After all, the ancient Greeks and Romans allowed that their gods could hanker for some temporal flesh now and then. If gods deign, for whatever cosmic purpose, to consort with earthlings, why shouldn't alien space travelers yearn for a little action? It's a long ride from the nearest star—like maybe 25 trillion years—and if a shepherd can develop lust for his sheep after only five months on the prairie, you can well imagine what kind of horniness 25 trillion years can give you.

But before you go driving around the desert in hopes of making an intergalactic pickup, take heed. They never pick up guys like you. You're probably educated, hip, a little weird. You're the wrong kind of guy. They take uneducated, plain, simple, ordinary, very straight folks. In fact, their selection of kidnapes raises further questions about their superiority. You'd think that if they wanted a human specimen to examine, they'd snatch somebody like Bruce Jenner or Linus Pauling or Fidel Castro or Gloria Steinem (dreamer!). Not on your life. Muhammad Ali could walk around the Arizona desert for 20 years with a neon sign flashing on his back saying TAKE ME, YOU BLUE-SKINNED FOOL, and never see so much as a pulsing light in the sky. On the other hand, someone like the comics character Snuffy Smith would be treated to unworldly delights.

Perhaps the matter of telepathy is crucial here. Maybe they have the power to mesmerize only people with weak minds. Perhaps after reading this you will assume that we are prime candidates for kidnaping, but keep it to yourself.

At any rate, we have synthesized several supposedly true stories of UFO abductions into a pictorial feature with our own in-house space vamp, and we're sure it'll keep you up all night at the window, telescope in hand. As the old song goes, "You're clear out of this world. . . ."

Right, top to bottom: At the sight of the familiar face (he remembers later that the alien assumed the form of his favorite centerfold girl), he finally becomes aroused and enters her. Eventually, he begins enjoying himself, as the moans escaping the lips of the beauty beneath him sound so convincingly human. At the moment of climax, he opens his eyes and discovers to his horror that the body with which he is coupled has become invisible. He blacks out. He awakens later, fully clothed in his car. Only the warm jelly on his chest remains.





# THE HUMAN FACTOR

*he was a double agent at the most dangerous juncture of his life—and now he was assigned to a top-secret job with a deadly enemy—from the new spy thriller by the author of “the honorary consul”*



*fiction* **BY GRAHAM GREENE**

CASTLE HELPED HIMSELF to another whisky. Sarah had been upstairs a long time with Sam, and he was alone, waiting for the bell to ring, waiting.

Castle finished his whisky and poured himself another small one. He had to be careful.

Sarah called down to him, “What are you doing, darling?”

“Just waiting for Mr. Muller,” he replied, “and drinking another whisky.”

“Not too many, darling.”

They had decided that he should welcome Muller first alone. Muller would no doubt arrive from London in an embassy car. A black Mercedes like the big officials all used in South Africa? “Get over the first embarrassments,” C had said, “and leave serious business, of course, for the office. At home you are more likely to pick up a useful indication . . . I mean of what we have and they haven’t. But for God’s sake, Castle, keep your cool.” And now he struggled to keep his cool





FIRST LOOK  
at a new novel



with the help of a third whisky while he listened and listened for the sound of a car, any car, but there was little traffic at this hour in King's Road—all the commuters had long since arrived safely home.

His mind wandered to that other occasion when he had waited for at least three-quarters of an hour, in the office of Cornelius Muller. He had been given a copy of *The Rand Daily Mail* to read—an odd choice since the paper was the enemy of most things that BOSS, the organisation which employed Muller, supported. He had already read that day's issue with his breakfast, but now he re-read every page with no other purpose than just to pass the time. Whenever he looked up at the clock he met the eyes of one of the two junior officials who sat stiffly behind their desks and perhaps took it in turn to watch him. Did they expect him to pull out a razor blade and slit open a vein? But torture, he told himself, was always left to the Security Police—or so he believed. And in his case, after all, there could be no fear of torture from any service—he was protected by diplomatic privilege; he was one of the untorturables. No diplomatic privilege, however, could be extended to include Sarah; he had learned during the last year in South Africa the age-old lesson that fear and love are indivisible.

If fear and love are indivisible, so too are fear and hate. Hate is an automatic response to fear, for fear humiliates. When he had been allowed at last to drop *The Rand Daily Mail* and they interrupted his fourth reading of the same leading article, with its useless routine protest against the evil of petty apartheid, he was deeply aware of his cowardice. Three years of life in South Africa and six months of love for Sarah had turned him, he knew well, into a coward.

Two men waited for him in the inner office: Mr. Muller sat behind a large desk of the finest South African wood which bore nothing but a blank blotting pad and a highly polished pen-stand and one file suggestively open. He was a man a little younger than Castle, approaching fifty, perhaps, and he had the kind of face which in ordinary circumstances Castle would have found it easy to forget: an indoors face, as smooth and pale as a bank clerk's or a junior civil servant's, a face unmarked by the torments of any belief, human or religious, a face which was ready to receive orders and obey them promptly without question, a conformist face. Certainly not the face of a bully—though that described the features of the second man in uniform who sat with his legs slung with insolence over the arm of an easy chair as though he wanted to show he was any man's equal; his face had not avoided the sun: it had a kind of infernal flush as though it had been exposed too long to a heat which would

have been much too fierce for ordinary men. Muller's glasses had gold rims; it was a gold-rimmed country.

"Take a seat," Muller told Castle with just sufficient politeness to pass as courtesy, but the only seat left him to take was a hard narrow chair as little made for comfort as a chair in a church—if he should be required to kneel, there was no hassock available on the hard floor to support his knees. He sat in silence and the two men, the pale one and the heated one, looked back at him and said nothing. Castle wondered how long the silence would continue. Cornelius Muller had a sheet detached from the file in front of him, and after a while he began to tap it with the end of his gold ball-point pen, always in the same place, as though he were hammering in a pin. The small tap tap tap recorded the length of silence like the tick of a watch. The other man scratched his skin above his sock, and so it went on, tap tap and scratch scratch.

At last Muller consented to speak. "I'm glad you found it possible to call, Mr. Castle."

"Yes, it wasn't very convenient, but, well, here I am."

"We wanted to avoid making an unnecessary scandal by writing to your ambassador."

It was Castle's turn now to remain silent, while he tried to make out what they meant by the word scandal.

"Captain Van Donck—this is Captain Van Donck—has brought the matter to us here. He felt it would be more suitably dealt with by us than by the Security Police—because of your position at the British Embassy. You've been under observation, Mr. Castle, for a long time, but an arrest in your case, I feel, would serve no practical purpose—your embassy would claim diplomatic privilege. Of course we could always dispute it before a magistrate and then they would certainly have to send you home. That would probably be the end of your career, wouldn't it?"

Castle said nothing.

"You've been very imprudent, even stupid," Cornelius Muller said, "but then I don't myself consider that stupidity ought to be punished as a crime. Captain Van Donck and the Security Police, though, take a different view, a legalistic view—and they may be right. He would prefer to go through the form of arrest and charge you in court. He feels that diplomatic privileges are often unduly stretched as far as the junior employees of an embassy are concerned. He would like to fight the case as a matter of principle."

The hard chair was becoming painful, and Castle wanted to shift his thigh, but he thought the movement might be taken as a sign of weakness. He was trying very hard to make out what it was they really

knew. How many of his agents, he wondered, were incriminated? His own relative safety made him feel shame. In a genuine war an officer can always die with his men and so keep his self-respect.

"Start talking, Castle," Captain Van Donck demanded. He swung his legs off the arm of his chair and prepared to rise—or so it seemed—it was probably bluff. He opened and closed one fist and stared at his signet ring. Then he began to polish the gold ring with a finger as though it were a gun which had to be kept well oiled. In this country you couldn't escape gold. It was in the dust of the cities, artists used it as paint, it would be quite natural for the police to use it for beating in a man's face.

"Talk about what?" Castle asked.

"You are like most Englishmen who come to the Republic," Muller said, "you feel a certain automatic sympathy for black Africans. We can understand your feeling. All the more because we are Africans ourselves. We have lived here for three hundred years. The Bantu are newcomers like yourselves. But I don't need to give you a history lesson. As I said, we understand your point of view, even though it's a very ignorant one, but when it leads a man to grow emotional, then it becomes dangerous, and when you reach the point of breaking the law..."

"Which law?"

"I think you know very well which law."

"It's true I'm planning a study on apartheid, the Embassy have no objection, but it's a serious sociological one—quite objective—and it's still in my head. You hardly have the right to censor it yet. Anyway it won't be published, I imagine, in this country."

"If you want to fuck a black whore," Captain Van Donck interrupted with impatience, "why don't you go to a whorehouse in Lesotho or Swaziland? They are still part of your so-called Commonwealth."

Then it was that for the first time Castle realised Sarah, not he, was the one who was in danger.

"I'm too old to be interested in whores," he said.

"Where were you on the nights of February 4th and 7th? The afternoon of February 21st?"

"You obviously know—or think that you know," Castle said. "I keep my engagement book in my office."

He hadn't seen Sarah for forty-eight hours. Was she already in the hands of men like Captain Van Donck? His fear and his hate grew simultaneously. He forgot that in theory he was a diplomat, however junior. "What the hell are you talking about? And you?" he added to

(continued on page 178)





*Devi*

*"It's ten o'clock, dear. Where are our children?"*





## BEYOND THE BASICS

*the "right" dress rules are rapidly changing—and  
that calls for a new fashion line-up*

*attire* By DAVID PLATT

UNLESS YOU'VE BEEN trapping up near the timber line for the past decade, you've noticed that a tremendous change has occurred in the world of male attire. A change so great, in fact, that now would be an excellent time to re-examine your wardrobe and attempt to bring to it a little order based on today's needs. Zero-based wardrobing, you might say. Or perhaps, as depicted in the photos on these pages, yours is about to become a bachelor pad *à deux*. In any case, here are PLAYBOY's guidelines for building a serviceable and satisfactory wardrobe that will keep your ego up and the hassles down. Principle number one: Less is more may apply to taxes, children and mothers-in-law, but it is not necessarily a good rule of thumb when it comes to clothes. We've passed through the period when jeans for every occasion made an appropriate statement. That was too much of a good thing. Spice is the variety of life. Which brings us to principle number two: Clothing may be the first line of defense against the elements,

Above: With a roommate like this, we'd jump out of our jeans, too, even though they're a prewashed denim pair, by Wrangler, about \$15; that go great with a corduroy jacket, by Jeon-Paul Germain, about \$190; a flannel shirt, \$23, by Robert Stack for Country Roads; plus a pair of knee socks, by Burlington, \$2.75; and leather boots, by Dunham, \$50. Opposite, top: The eternal bathroom hong-up—but who's to complain when your shirt wardrobe consists of a plaid number, by Eagle Shirtmakers, \$21.50; a striped cotton/polyester one, by Hothaway, \$22; and a plaid cotton shirt, by Jones New York, about \$30? (Her camisole and top pants are by Fernando Sanchez.) Opposite, bottom: Come rain or come shine, you'll be ready in a cashmere/nylon belted coat, by Van Gils for Honk Engelhardt Ent., \$225; a hooded parka, by Levi's, about \$52; a wool scarf, by Carora, \$16; pigskin gloves, by Gates, about \$20; plus a plaid-patterned broly, by Mespo, \$15; and an intriguingly ringed wood walking stick, by Cooper for George Groham, about \$15. (The cootrack is from Hommacher Schlemmer.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOYCE RAVID / PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE









but it also functions as a primary vocabulary of body language and as an aesthetic pleasure unto itself. Of course, no one should become a slave to fashion, but a contrary, negative attitude toward clothes is as severely limiting to pleasure as proscriptions against premarital sex or an unwillingness to dine on anything but meat and potatoes.

Common sense will tell you that you need a good supply of shorts, T-shirts, handkerchiefs, etc. And while we're talking about basics, most of us live where there are seasonal climatic changes. Therefore, much of our wardrobe will have to be echoed for hot or cold weather (echoed but not necessarily duplicated). The point we're making is that in the Seventies, we have *(concluded on page 190)*

Above: Don't worry, fella, your new-found roommate's not about to split, what with the contents of that Louis Vuitton suitcase (you can buy it at Saks Fifth Avenue) including a plaid shirt, by Van Heusen, \$15; a polyester/cotton shirt, by Eagle Shirtmakers, \$18.50; knit crew-neck, by Jantzen, \$25; wing-tip shoes, by Italia Bootwear, about \$55; Argyle knee socks, by Burlington, \$3; snakeskin belt, by Bronzini, \$12.50; plus the velour chapeau, by Makins, about \$32, she's sporting. (Her undies are by Sheer Madness for Cira.) Right: Who wouldn't fall for a guy who owns a checked velvet jacket and solid-color velvet slacks, by Harold Tillman, about \$195 for both; a satin shirt, by Hathaway Patch II, \$22.50; and a silk tie, by Christopher, Peter and Jane for George Graham, about \$15? (Her outfit's by Papillon and Jacques Cohen Ltd.)







GIVE A MAN  
ENOUGH  
ROPE AND  
HE'LL HANG  
HIMSELF—ON  
THE SIDE OF  
A CLIFF TWO  
HUNDRED  
FEET ABOVE  
GROUND ZERO

# PUSHED TO THE EDGE

part one:

## THE ICE CLIMB

### article By CRAIG VETTER

IT'S BEEN 15 DAYS since I came down off a frozen waterfall in the White Mountains and the big toe on my left foot is still numb. I thought it was frostbite. When I finished the climb, I couldn't feel my hands or my feet or my cheeks or my nose or my ears. A long bath revived everything but the toes on my left foot, and over the next week, I checked them as often as I had my shoes off for that horrible blue-black color that means someone is going to have to cut away what is dead to save what isn't. First they were white, then they turned pink. After a few days, three of them came back to life. Then four. Then four and a half and the thawing stopped. I'm beginning to think that dead spot across the front of the toe and up under the nail never did have anything to do with the cold. I think I have a little piece of terror lodged down in there. A physical memento of the whole cruel adventure. Hanging on that ice sheet, 200 feet up, by an ax and a hammer I didn't trust, in a bad snowstorm, behind a guide I couldn't see, attached to him by a rope that meant nothing,

Craig Vetter, who has written for this magazine on everything from the lettuce boycott to bankruptcy, is a mellow relic of the Sixties. We asked him if he were ready to put his ass on the line for PLAYBOY and face his fear of fear. He said, "I'll do it for the money." This is the first in a series—if he makes it.



beyond panic into a place of preternatural fear, near tears, cursing everyone I'd ever known, especially poor stupid me. It was one of the worst beatings I'll ever take and, like all the great whippings, I gave it to myself. I think now if that toe never wakes up, it'll be a small price to pay for this one. A thousand snakes couldn't have scared me any worse, but I could have paid a lot more for it.

A writer friend told me about ice climbing. He called it "front pointing" and said it was done on water ice that formed into slippery, dead-vertical faces that you could bite into with picks and claws. "It takes a couple of years to

be able to lead a safe rock climb," he told me. "It takes a minimum of five years to learn to lead an ice climb." Then he said he knew a man in North Conway, New Hampshire, Michael Hartrich, who was a great climber and, more than that, somebody he trusted. "I'd say, climbing with Mike, you can reduce the *fatal* danger to almost nothing," he said. That's what I wanted to hear. I wasn't asking for guarantees or promises, but that's what I wanted to hear. I don't do dangerous things to challenge fear, or brush death, or to prove there is a warrior inside me. I do them out of curiosity, I think. Why would a man standing in a winter forest looking up a sheer ice cliff ever imagine that he should, or even could, climb it? And if he did, what would he know standing at the top that





he didn't know standing at the bottom? What would he feel like up there where, they say, the ice is blue?

"You'll never forget it," said my writer friend.

I called Michael and he said to hurry. It was the end of March and freak warm spells were trying to break the mean winter of 1976-1977. Great chunks of New England were melting and if I didn't get there before April, it was possible that all the good ice climbs would have turned back into wet rocks and full-on cataracts. I told him I was on my way. He asked what kind of shape I was in, which

is a reasonable question to ask of a journalist you've never seen and who is probably doing this thing at least partly for money and partly out of ignorance, no matter what else he tells you.

"Not bad, pretty good," I told him. "I do some yoga, I'm 34, medium-good shape, I'd say."

"All right," he said. "Don't wait too long."

I assumed he was talking about the weather and not my age, and I made reservations that day.

As it was, we needn't have worried about the weather turning gentle. The storm I flew into trying to land at Manchester

forced the plane on to Portland, Maine, and the airline had to buy us hotel rooms. The wind was up around 50 miles an hour and the snow was wet and heavy, almost sleet. It kept up all night and in the morning it was still howling. The cars in the parking lot had six inches of snow all over them, and everything else I could see from my window was either white or gray. The paper I bought said it was the worst storm in years. Trees and

telephone lines got heavy with the icy snow and then were blown down. Roads were closed, schools were closed, a young Portland boy was killed when he touched a power line that was flapping loose near his house.

I decided to drive to North Conway from Maine, instead of flying back to Manchester, so I rented a car with snow tires and went north 80 miles through the winter-looking mountains on a two-lane road that was frozen and almost deserted. I arrived about noon and went looking for Michael at Eastern Mountain Sports, the mountaineering shop in which he works. It was still storming, though it had started to break up, and when Michael and I met over lunch, we decided not to climb until the next day. We didn't talk much about climbing at that first meeting. In fact, Michael didn't talk much at all. He is short, maybe 5'3", as are many of the really fine climbers. His upper body is heavy and strong, his arms seem long and his hands are big and square. And he is naturally quiet, introspective. He did ask me if  
*(continued on page 134)*







PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
KEN MARCUS

# MEET HER IN ST. LOUIS

*if you're looking for  
miss february (and why  
wouldn't you be?),  
try the bike paths or  
the playboy club*

**J**ANIS SCHMITT can't help but remind you of the elusive blonde bombshell in *American Graffiti*, the one who cruises the streets in a spanking new white sports car, leaving poor Richard Dreyfuss frantic at every sighting. Janis tours the streets of St. Louis in a bright-blue Triumph Spitfire convertible, leaving contingents of wide-eyed, double-taking men in her path. Today she is wearing a skintight sweater dress with holes in appropriate places and black high-heeled boots, and as she extracts her 5'4" frame from a bucket seat and enters Houlihan's—a funky, Friscoesque bar-restaurant in St. Louis' West County—a huddle of businessmen at the bar stop abruptly, as if frozen in time, martinis poised in mid-air, mouths agape. She pretends not to notice, orders a bloody mary and stirs it with a celery stalk. "I can't believe men sometimes," she says. "You know, I bicycle almost every day in Carondelet Park. I get up real early in the morning, before the nuts come out. I wear my hair pulled back, an old T-shirt, some old gym shorts and no make-up—in fact, I do everything to make myself look plain—and I still get slapped on the behind."

Bicycling every day—weather permitting—is just one of Janis' many activities. At night, she's a Bunny at the St. Louis Playboy Club, a job



*A typical day in the life of February's Janis Schmitt begins with a four-to-six-mile bike ride in the park and ends with the completion of her daily duties as a Bunny at the St. Louis Playboy Club. "I decorated our Bunny Room—the place where we change our clothes—with male center-folds," says Janis. "It sort of brightens the place up."*







*"I always look at a man's face first, then at his ass. Yes, I suppose you could call me an ass woman. But I also look at the hands—I can see emotional strength in a man's hands. I'm not an aggressive woman, not at first, anyway. But I'm aggressive in bed more often than not."*





she's had for three years and through which she became close friends with Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire. Before that, she was a file clerk in a local bank, a bookkeeper in a juvenile court and a respiratory therapist at a local hospital. The temptation to remark that, as a respiratory therapist, she surely must have left a lot of patients breathless is overwhelming, but you let it pass. Janis orders another bloody and carefully flicks a stray bang out of her eye, one of her more frequent and enchanting mannerisms. "I'm basically a very quiet person," she says pensively. "I've been shy all my life. Insecure. Would you believe I've even read books on overcoming shyness? I always wanted to be an actress, but I was too shy in high school to get on a stage. What really makes me mad about being quiet is that people always assume you're dumb, that you have nothing to say. I'm just more of a listener and I suppose that's why I'm attracted to outgoing, funny people." One of her favorite funny people is comic Steve Martin. Says Janis, "I'd love to







meet him someday—he's just so off the wall." Comedy figures strongly in her plans. "If I get into acting, and that's my main goal right now," she says between slices of London broil, "I'd like to be the comic type—sort of like Goldie Hawn or Carole Lombard, not a dramatic type—I doubt seriously that I could carry that off."

Janis is also an avid reader—of books ("I love erotic paperbacks") and every kind of magazine ("Would you believe I actually subscribe to Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine?"). She smiles mischievously. "I want to write a really dirty book someday," she says, "under a fictitious name. It would be kind of autobiographical, like Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*, a chronicle of my life and loves. When I was younger, I used to write poetry all the time. I was lonely then and since I didn't have anybody to confide in, I'd write down my feelings. But I'm not lonely anymore, so I've sort of given up writing poetry." Nowadays, she just inspires it.





*"In the past two years,  
I've been with a base-  
ball player, a football  
player and a hockey  
player. In high school,  
I always liked foot-  
ball players best. I like  
to be held in the arms  
of a big, strong man,  
to feel protected.  
Also, the danger and  
roughness of sports  
like hockey and  
football really  
turn me on."*







*"The power a woman has over a man in bed is really phenomenal. A woman can get almost anything she wants through sex. Of course, I don't use that power myself, because I don't like to take advantage of a man, but I've always been aware that it exists. I'm not into threesomes or orgies or any of that. I prefer the intimacy of a one-to-one sexual relationship."*







*"I'm a romantic. I can't have sex just for kicks; there has to be some feeling first. Some girls can be real aggressive—they'll just pick up a guy and take him home. I can't do that. Sure, the first attraction is purely physical—if a man looks good to you, if he makes your heart beat faster, fine—but for me it has to go beyond the physical."*





*Janis Schmitt*

MISS FEBRUARY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Janis Schmitt  
 BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35  
 HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Pisces  
 BIRTH DATE: 3/14/47 BIRTHPLACE: St. Louis, Missouri  
 GOALS: To take drama lessons and eventually get into professional acting, write a book, travel  
 TURN-ONS: Men with mustaches, ice cream, the smell of freshly cut grass, humorous people  
 TURN-OFFS: Hot sticky days, getting up early, violence of any kind, phony people  
 FAVORITE BOOKS: Lady Chatterley's Lover, Crazy Ladies  
 FAVORITE MOVIES: New York, New York, A Star Is Born, Love Story, Dr. Zhivago, Casablanca  
 FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Barbra Streisand, George Benson, Moody Blues, Chicago, The Beatles  
 FAVORITE TV SHOWS: 60 Minutes, The Tonight Show, Three's Company, Rhoda  
 FAVORITE SPORTS: Bicycling, noncompetitive sports  
 FAVORITE HOBBIES: Photography, astrology, yoga



My first bike  
age 4



Summer vacation  
age 7



My 18th  
birthday



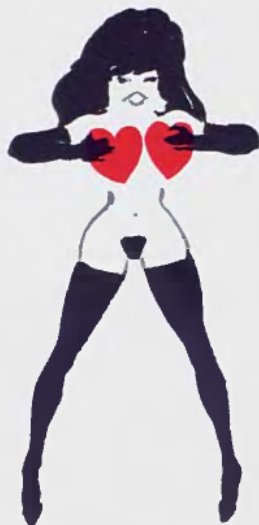
# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Gathered around the water cooler on Monday morning, the fellows asked the office stud what his impressions were of his first house-party orgy. "It's true, it's true!" he said with an ecstatic look.

"What's true?" they chorused.

"That your whole life flashes before your eyes," he answered, "when you're being gone down on for the third time!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *internal revenue* as a callgirl's earnings.



And what was the culmination of events that led you to file this action?" asked the man's attorney in the divorce hearing.

"All through our marriage my wife was less than fully responsive to my sexual initiatives," replied the husband, "but the clincher came one morning at the breakfast table when she announced, 'Just so you won't be building up your hopes all day, I'm already beginning to get a headache.'"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *A.C./D.C. stewardess* as a flexible fier.

When it comes to sexual receptivity, we doubt there's any competition for the girl who picks up C.B. transmissions on her I.U.D.

A pecker at peckers named Jay  
Hung out at the Y.M.C.A.

But the dick that he saw  
Was Detective McGraw,  
Who hauled the piqued pecker away.

Norman claims not to believe in a Supreme Being," the girl confided to her best friend, "but when he climaxed the other night, he yelled, 'Oh, God! Oh, God!' There, Rona—doesn't that prove something about men?"

"It sure does," smiled Rona. "It proves there are no atheists in foxy holes."

You may possibly have heard about the male student who was arrested for mooning through a closed dormitory window. The charge was being an ass in the pane.

During a free-association testing session, a psychiatrist waved a photograph of massed clouds in front of his patient. "Quick, what did that make you think of?" he asked.

"Pussy," answered the man.

The medical man blinked, then flashed a picture of a crowded street and the patient repeated, "Pussy."

Next was an ocean-shore-line scene and the response was, "Pussy that time, too."

"You really have a fixation on the female pudenda," said the shrink. "But now let's try to narrow your reaction down. Is it a particular—er—pussy that comes to mind?"

"Your receptionist's."

"Why? You've never seen the girl before."

"That's true, but every time you wave a picture at me, doc, I can smell your fingers."

An insatiable coed named Joan  
Has a supersized dildo of bone;

Which is why, after class,  
Though a sociable lass,  
She's been known to get off on her own.

Circling in their UFO, two creatures from outer space kept their long-distance ocular antennae fixed on the traffic light at the intersection. "Fascinating!" exclaimed one, after watching a dozen cycles. "He's really quite a lover! But did you notice that his second orgasm each time is yellow instead of blue?"



*Volney Davis*

After she had donned her flimsy nightie, the bride watched the groom undress. "Whatever happened to your big toe?" she asked. "It's twisted."

"I had toelio as a child," answered the fellow.

"And what about those pock-marked knees?" continued the girl.

"Besides," was the reply, "I had kneesles."

The groom's final garment hit the floor and there was a moment's silence. Then his bride said, "I can see you also had smallcox."

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.





*"Don't stop, Reverend—I think your prayers  
is astarting to get answered!"*



# JAMBALAYA!

*the musical-sounding one-dish  
creole delicacy that's fun  
to say and even more fun to eat*



## food **By THOMAS MARIO**

TWO THINGS irresistibly draw bachelor chefs to jambalaya. First, its opulence: Rice, chicken, ham, seafoods, seasonings, vegetables, spices and herbs are lavishly fused in a one-dish meal representing generations of New Orleans culinary genius. Second, it's an imaginative dish for which there are countless recipes but few rules. You can confidently substitute game for chicken, lobster for shrimps or scallions for onions. Naturally, the one glorious element you can't change is rice, though some Creolized chefs (concluded on page 183)



# SAZERAC!

*absinthe suisse, ramos gin fizz and more make new orleans the spiritual mecca of the resolute reveler*



ILLUSTRATION BY HARVEY EHRLICH

## drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

A DEDICATED GUZZLER recently confided that in the event that he was reincarnated, he would rather return as a New Orleans bartender than as Warren Beatty or the shah of Iran. This should be accepted as an honest expression of the man's sentiments, since he was then working on his ninth vodka stinger—a concoction he detests but wistfully believes does not linger on his breath.

A steadfast allegiance to New Orleans and its drinking tradition is shared by quite a (continued on page 184) 113



# THE FEMALE EGO

essay **By JULES SIEGEL** *a wounded warrior in  
the battle of the sexes offers a revolutionary combat manual*

"IN THE FIFTIES, you had to be Jewish to get a girl," Mort Sahl writes in *Heartland*. "In the Sixties, you had to be black to get a girl, and now you have to be a girl to get a girl." The unerring truth of that statement sums up the dilemma of our time: What happens to us guys? Well, gentlemen, I was always one of those men who would do *anything* to score, and if that means becoming a girl, I'm ready.

In fact, I have already tried, though the deed is much easier said than done. Surgery is somewhat too permanent. Fashions change. There may come a time when we will once again have to be men to get women. It is considerably easier to remove a penis than to replace it. But the human spirit is somewhat more plastic than the flesh. Maybe it is possible to become female in everything but body.

The problem in doing so is lack of information. If they won't let us near them, how are we going to learn how to be like them? We need spies to ferret out their secrets. This calls for volunteers willing to lay down their sacred *macho* images in the interests of all mankind. Dressing in drag isn't necessary. The task is made slightly easier by the fact that so many women are doing a very good job pretending to be men. That's why they want girls. They're not perverts, you know. But is it enough for us to imitate women pretending to be men? Or do we have to really become ladies?

I cannot say that I have actually passed as a woman, but there have been points

where I have become virtually invisible, neither accepted nor rejected but ignored. And so I have been able to undertake a preliminary reconnaissance of the territory. I would like to offer this to *The New York Times Magazine* as an article to be titled *Whither Woman?* but I know that there is not much of it that they will consider fit to print. Pussy licking is a bit avant-garde for them, for example. How can one talk about women without talking about pussy licking? Why would one want to? I mean, Norman Mailer likes *getting* head. What is his beef against *giving* it?

Norman is against mouth love. It is not manly, he says. I don't care about being manly, I just want to get laid. That man is a Communist. He should be deported. This is where the principle of freedom of speech and I part company. *Shut him up.* I wish for the equipment of a whale: a tongue that big and a hole in the top of my head to breathe through!

I am truly happy to see that this has become a political issue. It's a hell of a lot more interesting than tax reform. I think we should get it on the ballot. In some states, there are actually laws against tongue dances. Let's have mass protests and demonstrations, general strikes and furious barrages of wall posters, petitions, the White House mail room forklifting bales of telegrams demanding the right of intimate lip service.

We have to infiltrate the women's movement and get it going on these issues. What is this bullshit of picketing record companies for producing album covers





ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SATTLER



that tend to promote violence against women? Let's poll the membership. How many of us have been raped at pistol point? How many did not get enough head in our last sexual embrace?

We need armies of female impersonators working from within like moles. To get that close, you have to know a little of their lingo. *Things that women say*: "I have to have my own space." "It's something I have to do." "I have to find out who I am." "I have to be my own person." "I have to be free to be me." "As a woman, I feel . . ." (followed by anything from "I am fucking your psychoanalyst" to "The television is broken").

The beauty of all these statements is that there is no answer or argument possible. They are axioms. They are always delivered as if the woman is for the first time revealing to herself and to you a truth whose novelty is so imposing it ought to be engraved on stone tablets. No matter how many times she has said it or you have heard it, it always comes out that way, fresh.

One is always tempted to ask, "Why do you have to have your own space?" I mean, I know why I have to have my own space—to run little forbidden sexual scams in. Does anyone expect a woman to reply, "Because I like to play with myself once in a while and you get in the way"? Possibly they say this to each other. Possibly. But to men? Everything is covered by the Official Secrets Act. *Omerta*. The Code of Silence.

The taboo extends to the smallest details. You lick her pussy for 40 minutes. A blister is beginning to sear your tongue. Your upper lip is numb. You rise as if from 80 fathoms. "I guess you don't want me to come," she complains. You ask, "Exactly how would you like me to do it?" This is about the 56th time you have had this exchange with her. You are thinking about thumbscrews and truth serum. "What strokes? Fast? Slow? On? Around?" This can go on for a lifetime. If she suspects that you are a man, she will answer, "Oh, you seem to know what you're doing," and the subject will be closed. But woman to woman, maybe at last she says, "I like you to lick it in quick short strokes very intensely without stopping even for a second until I come." Do it and she pops over in a little under three minutes.

In moments like these—and they are bliss—the ladies tend sometimes to become paranoid. After all, it is a bit difficult to conceal an erection when you are naked. If she notices, you must say, "It is my clitoris. I know I'm a freak. I can't tell you the abuse I've taken from men about it. But I know that you, another woman, will be able to accept my de-

formity with dignity."

The female ego is different from the male. You need a computer print-out merely to begin to index the ways and the reasons. There is more to be written about this than may be recorded on all the leaves there ever were or yet shall be. The footnotes alone would make trees an endangered species. Since the dawn of history, for example, it has been noted with great regularity in all the scriptures and epic annals that womanly techniques such as getting their way with sadness, sulkiness and tears are designed to "unman" their opponents. The feminists dismiss this as mere superstition. Now come University of California psychologists Paula B. Johnson and Jacqueline D. Goodchilds with a scientifically creditable survey confirming this basic truth: Women get their way with sadness, sulkiness and tears. Much of the rest of the folklore—feminist and traditional—is equally valid, I am sure, but not all, according to my own firsthand observations.

My own observations are merely my own observations. They tend to depart from the fashionable viewpoint, however. I don't know about other men, but I was raised most of my life in a society ruled by women. Elementary school was hell for me and all the boys I knew. All the teachers were women. They favored the girls shamelessly. Girls were obedient little toadies who did their homework diligently and neatly and handed in their compositions in pretty folders decorated with crayon flowers. Girls score higher academically at all levels until they reach college, where more of the instructors are men. The feminist explanation for this has been male bias in the colleges. Maybe it is simply that they are being graded fairly for the first time.

Let us not even discuss Mothers and Motherhood, what Philip Wylie railed against as momism. Those were the days when every mother began every sentence with, "As a mother. . . ." PLAYBOY's Editorial Director, Arthur Kretchmer, says, "It isn't Jewish Mothers. They are *all* Jewish Mothers. It's just that Jewish sons are so articulate." But we aren't going to discuss that. In any case, the females I knew were so *superior*, so condescending. Theirs was the upper hand. Furtively, you sought their armored breasts with your cautious fingers. Oh, that disdain, that scorn of rejection or—almost worse—sorrowful success. You've defiled her. Now you're going to talk about it to all your friends. Years later, you find out she was wearing falsies, anyway.

As I see it, nothing has changed. Women are still getting better marks in every category except one—truthfulness. But

only barely. As more and more men have joined their ranks, we have seen an evident disintegration of public morality. That was the meaning of Watergate. They lie because they can get away with it. Few men have the will to deal with them. That's why men run away into their clubs and offices and factories. Women are winners. Most guys reach the point where they can't handle losing anymore and they withdraw. It used to be merely social. Now it is overtly sexual. Dr. Ruth Moulton of the William Alanson White Institute of New York City told an American Academy of Psychoanalysis convention that feminism sometimes has a negative effect on men varying from impotence in young men to sexual withdrawal in older men, a weapon, she comments, that women in the past were more apt to use against men. Maybe in this case it isn't a weapon. It's an epidemic of giving up and walking away. Since when is surrender a weapon? How many times can Lucy beat Charlie Brown at checkers and keep him interested? I feel that women are better chess players than men, even though there never has been a female grand master. They know how to lose battles and win wars. They are strategists, and to the strategist, truth is merely a tactic. But even the best of strategists eventually have to face truths that transcend the battlefield.

The main truth that women are facing these days is that sex as a battlefield just isn't any fun. Nor is anything else. Men go to war seeking not pleasure but oblivion. Even generals sometimes throw up in disgust. It is not working. We all know that. Women are entering the market place and finding out the meaning of rat-race. There is no terror like the terror of Madison Avenue, no brutality like the brutality of the board room. It's win or the ovens. The executive rises on what we normally consider feminine wiles: stealth, flattery, deceit, patience, ability to endure pain. And these are the top jobs, the ones that you have to be Gloria Steinem to qualify for, or Helen Gurley Brown. The token females think they are being singled out for special cruelty.

In the early Sixties, during the first debates over equal pay for equal work, I read a study that refuted the argument that men would not work for women bosses. If anything, it turned out, they liked them better, treated them with greater courtesy and consideration. It's just that the ordinary reality of the industrial machine is horrifying whether you are a man or a woman. Maybe it is good to be protected from it.

The factory is death. Women live, on  
(continued on page 191)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
RICHARD FEGLEY

## WAY DOWN WEST IN MEXICO

*enjoy tomorrow's riviera today—on lower baja or along the jungle coast*

In an isolated cove among the seaside cliffs near Caba San Lucas on the southern tip of Baja, Playmate Laura Lyons (February 1976) embraces the sea and more; but for more social pursuits, Puerto Vallarta (below) is the spot. Here Laura dances with Playmate Susan Kiger (January 1977) and friends in the center of town.

*At that time—20 years ago—the west coast of Mexico had not yet become the Las Vegas and Miami Beach of Mexico. The villages were still predominantly primitive Indian villages, and the still-water morning beach of Puerto Barrio and the rain forests above it were among the world's wildest and loveliest populated places.*

—TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, *The Night of the Iguana*, 1961

By DAVID STANDISH The boot-heel sweep between Mazatlán and Manzanillo is 460 miles of pirate-movie coast line—empty bays, little beaches, groves of coco palms, mountains and jungle plunging straight into the sea. Just 17 years ago, it was almost as remote, and stretches of





With the right company, what better way to while away an afternoon than finding an abandoned lighthouse on Baja (below) and doing what comes naturally? If, finally, you become hungry for other things, don't take a bus, because you'll get very wet; but somehow make it to Carlos O'Brian's in Puerto Vallarta (above), far and away the most popular restaurant with *turistas*, in spite of the decor.



it certainly as pristine, as the Puerto Barrio remembered by Tennessee Williams. Some of it still is. But back then, it barely existed for tourists. The only way to see it was in your own yacht or, if you were a mere yachtless wretch, by sitting for hours in a dusty mustard courtyard in Durango or Tepic or Guadalajara, waiting for a bus to the coast. If it wasn't the rainy season and the rivers weren't overflowing the road in too many places. The buses were, and sometimes still are, sad old school buses that look like they've been strapped down and subjected again and again to merciless electroshock therapy, without revealing the truth—legally dead but still hard at work. The ride in them is hour after hour with squawking chickens in crates and goats on ropes and people holding fat babies and baskets of produce. An Aztec pyramid of cardboard luggage and more livestock in wooden cages is piled on top outside. Hula skirts of fringe swish around the frame of the windshield, a small replica of the Virgin in the center. The bus is named for a patron saint with a romantic Spanish name, a woman. Loaded yet again beyond suffering, it strains through the mountains in a grinding gear-one roar that's palpable, like a cloud around the bus; but on even the slightest downward grade, it again becomes the old hot stuff, careening through Grand





Left: Playmate Kiger enfolds Mexican friend. Above and below: Water sports in a remote settlement called Yelapa that's a two-hour boat ride south of Puerto Vallarta. It's the closest you'll get to seeing a South Pacific paradise without flying thousands of miles to the real thing. There are even thatched cottages for overnighting.







On the road to Monzanillo, where the spider monkeys play, through lush green mountains, our adventurers stop to clean up and rest up from a drive that's as strenuous as it is gorgeous before reaching Las Hadas (right), a more civilized version of heaven.

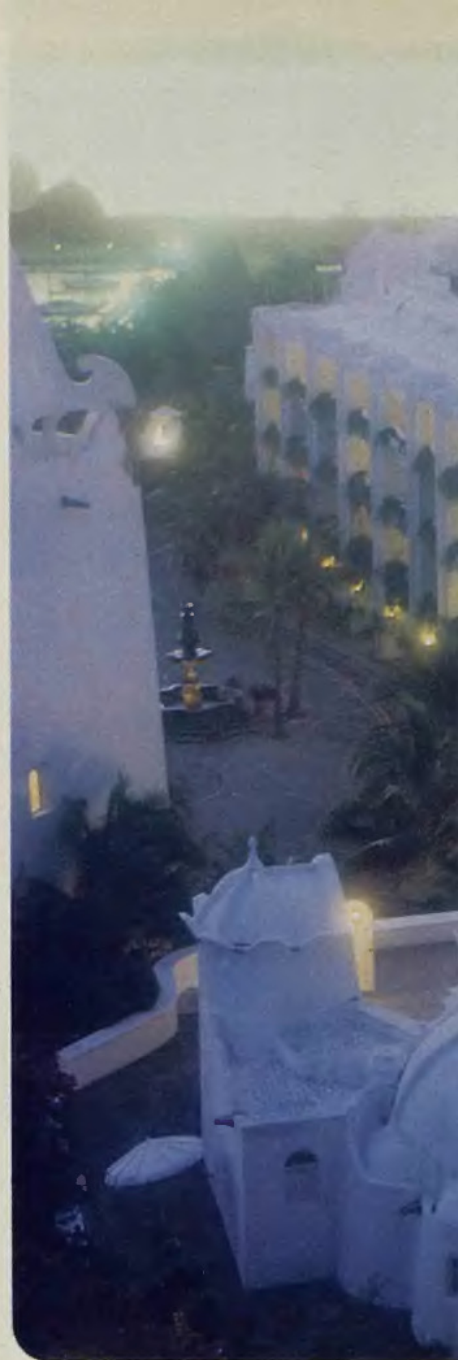


Prix turns, sailing flat-out down straightaways through tall drooping tunnels of trees, brimming with faith that those cows munching and looming there ahead on the road will stroll off before they're, uh, airborne *carne asada y hamburguesa*. . .

It was a little too colorful for most tourists, no matter how terrific the coast line, and chiefly attracted students in hot pursuit of the ghost of Ambrose Bierce.

Then, in 1963, John Huston decided to direct a film version of *The Night of the Iguana*—a story set in a seedy hotel cut out of the jungle on a hill above the ocean. The play features Williams' usual symbolic crowd, falling apart this time in paradise. The location Huston picked was Mismaloya, a few miles down the coast from Puerto Vallarta, where a clear cold stream crashes down rough granite notches strewn with great boulders and meets the ocean.

The filming provided some of the best gossip of the year and put peaceful, nowhere Puerto Vallarta forever on the map. The cast Huston assembled included Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Lolita herself, Sue Lyon. Elizabeth Taylor wasn't in the movie but went along for obvious reasons. This was back







Just a few miles north of dusty, down-home Monzonillo, Los Hadas is a splendid chunk of the French Riviera, replicated in the seeming middle of nowhere by a South American millionaire who spared no expense to make it a pleasure dome to rank with any in the world. If you have the pesos, it's a great place to go down Mexico way.



during the first melodramatic blush of the LizenDick Epoch, when every headache and belch was news—and, better yet, Liz was watchdogging Dick, trying to keep him in a house in town while most everyone else was roughing it in cottages on location in Mismaloya; but still there were times when it was just ginger man Burton and all those fabulous women out there in the jungle, doing God knows what to whom in tropical combinations lush as the scenery. It was a mirror in a mirror, life once more imitating art—a new Williams play unfolding as they filmed the old one. That's the way the press sold newspapers and magazines with it, anyway.

On release, the movie proved to be a knockout, and still nearly survives the *Late, Late Show* shredder. But more important to the fate of Puerto Vallarta, it gave millions of Americans a look at the landscape, if only in black and white. Maybe the lack of color was also part of the attraction, sweet scent of absence, implying the explorer's reward of rare visual perfumes if ever you managed to transport yourself there. In any case, and almost exclusively because of *The Night of the Iguana*, Puerto Vallarta and environs were suddenly added to the stations of the chic travel cross in Mexico—even if at first it meant doing penance on a third-class bus.

Today, frequent and sometimes daily flights go from Mexico City to Manzanillo, Puerto Vallarta, Mazatlán and La Paz, across the Gulf of California near the southern tip of Baja. With a rental car and/or a chartered yacht, you can put together all sorts of itineraries. PLAYBOY's long-suffering photo crew, for instance, to get the pictures you see on these pages, flew first from Mexico City to La Paz, drove south to Cabo San Lucas, took an overnight ferry from there to Puerto Vallarta, and then drifted down the coast as far as Manzanillo. Since there are so many ways to carve the time, not to mention the money, on such a trip, what follows is a sampling of what you'll encounter along these various paths—focusing on Puerto Vallarta, since it's the usual center for short-term vacations. There's also a chart on pages 168 and 169 with additional information on accommodations, restaurants, shopping, fishing, boogieing, etc.

•  
Puerto Vallarta and Acapulco are related in an intriguing way. Both are on a long bay shaped like an early moon, green mountains behind. But Acapulco has been worked over for many more years. It was a busy port by 1600, Colonial Spain's watering spot for plunder expeditions up and down the coast and its main jumping-off point for the

spices and profits of Asia. Lately, of course, Acapulco Bay has been so planted with white high-rise hotels that from the distant air, it looks like the lower jawbone, with a few missing teeth, of some paleological Titan washed up on shore—dentalwork of the gods.

Not that Puerto Vallarta isn't trying. It has already cut a few high-rise teeth and its resident population has jumped to 24,000. But it's more like the ghost of Acapulco Past, the way it might have been 30 years ago. Yes, you can eat a pizza at an Italian restaurant on the town plaza or snap up a snazzy condo in the hills in a subdivision known locally as Gringo Gulch, and there are *discos* where you can bump the night away. But it's still enough like it was before the jets started landing that you don't forget you're in Mexico.

The streets are all cobblestone, sea-rounded pebbles of many igneous colors taken from a beach like the one stretching below the main street; and at frequent intervals, the Indian road crew has arranged the stones by size or color in artistic patterns and designs, something you don't normally get from the boys tooling around on I-65 in their asphalt trucks.

In the center of town, near the river dividing Puerto Vallarta in lopsided two, the streets rise in intersected tiers, stopped by the mountains after half a dozen steps. Most of the buildings are low white stucco, two and three stories, with red roofs of curved ceramic tile. Over these old buildings, there's a light frosting of boutiques and silver shops and restaurants with clever names and menus in English. At the intersection of Calle Agustin Rodriguez and Calle Hidalgo, the latter named for the priest who first led the natives in revolution against Spanish rule, there is even a place called Restaurant Pago Pago, which was unmistakably constructed some years ago as a perfect replica of the original McDonald's burger stands, including twin plastic golden arches—a fact that even the addition of a roofed-in patio with brick pillars and thatched wooden grillwork can't hide. But that's about as bad, or as silly, as it's likely to get for a while.

The savior of the town—or the villain, if you're in real estate—is the river. During the rainy season, it dumps a bunch of mud into the bay. Most of it is nice clean mud from the mountains, but some of it isn't, and for sure it dulls the translucent turquoise *shimmer* that hotel owners like to see lapping at the edges of their expensive beaches. So they're leaving the older part of Puerto Vallarta alone; the *nouveau* sprawl is going up a few miles north and south of town, away

from this unfortunate water that sometimes turns brown.

Altogether, Puerto Vallarta is a great place for a first trip to Mexico. Nearly the whole town can be seen in a single afternoon of walking. The people are used to us gringos but haven't been at it so long they wear the ruthless smiles you see elsewhere in the tourist world; it's probably a friendlier, safer place than where you live. And while you can sleep in air conditioning and sip French wine with lunch by the pool, practically in spitting distance is wild, luxuriant countryside that's never been civilized by anyone or anything.

The two preferred hotels at the moment are the high-rise Camino Real, built in a spectacular setting against the cliffs south of town, and the Spanish-style Posada Vallarta, on the best beach, two or three miles to the north. The Camino Real offers rooms with a view that won't quit, and the ocean there generally shows those invisible shadings of warm Caribbean green, just the way it's supposed to. Few rooms at the Posada face the bay and, after a heavy rain, the currents sometimes send through the perfect green ocean murky sheets of ex-rain water, sweeping in dread brown phalanxes right off the beach. Still, we'll take the Posada. Its traditional Spanish Colonial style, with floors of handmade tile, brick arches and stairways of polished tropical wood are somehow more restful than the idea of standing in bathing trunks on the 20th floor, waiting for the express elevator to the beach. Also, the scene is more engaging around the Posada. For some reason, it attracts a more international crowd, fewer of the people you're there to get away from and more of the ones you've been looking for. The beach on a good day is alive with the sound of on-the-hoof sociology—some of it actually on the hoof. Bony horses clomp up and down the wet sand, for hire to anyone who wants to work on *that* fantasy; beach vendors make their long, hot rounds as well, offering blouses and T-shirts and jewelry and more, some of it very nice stuff, and a bargain if you're not afraid to haggle a little. Under two parallel rows of umbrellas shaped like palm-thatched mushrooms (*palapas*), people work on rum punches and watch the parade, endlessly passing; pelicans cruise low along the edges of waves, looking for lunch; and up there in the sunny sky, another pilgrim is 200 feet in the air, dangling from an enormous red-white-and-blue parachute that's being hauled around the bay by a powerful speedboat, ten dollars a pop and they hardly ever put you down in the palm trees.

If that sounds a little too . . . busy for you, the Garza Blanca Club de Playa on  
(continued on page 166)



humor

By RICHARD LIEBMANN-SMITH

# The Albert/ Albert Exchange



Institute for Advanced Study  
Princeton, New Jersey

Dr. Albert Schweitzer  
Hôpital Lambaréné  
French Equatorial Africa

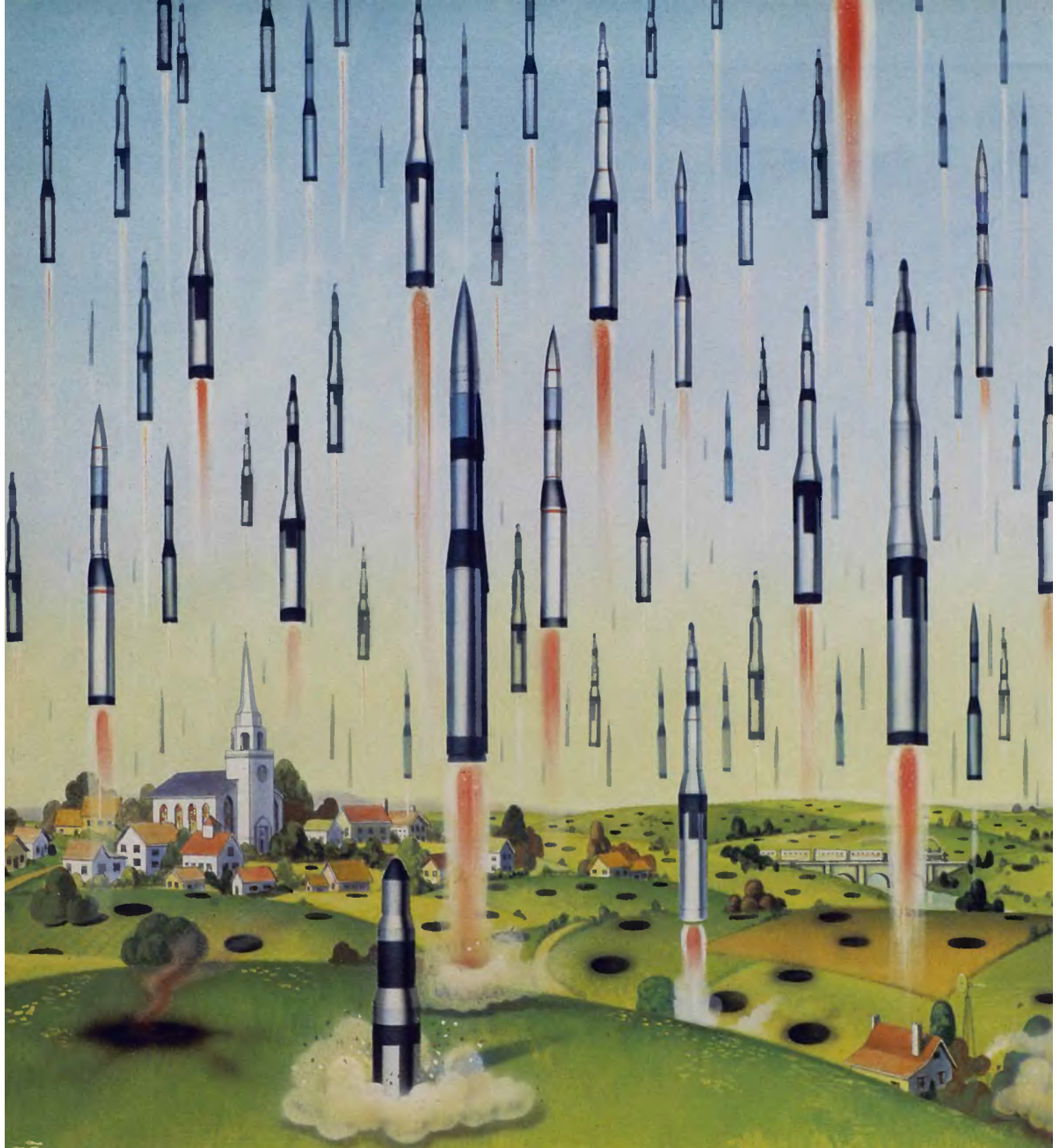
Dear Dr. Schweitzer,

Although it has long been my intention to express my admiration for your laudable medical endeavors on the Dark Continent—not to mention your incomparable organ playing and philosophizing—what prompts me to write now is a somewhat more pressing matter. I refer, of course, to the regrettable tendency of the general public to confuse us, the one with the other.

To some degree, this unhappy circumstance is inevitable; we share the same (continued on page 188)

*found at last—  
the revealing correspondence  
between two of this century's greatest men*

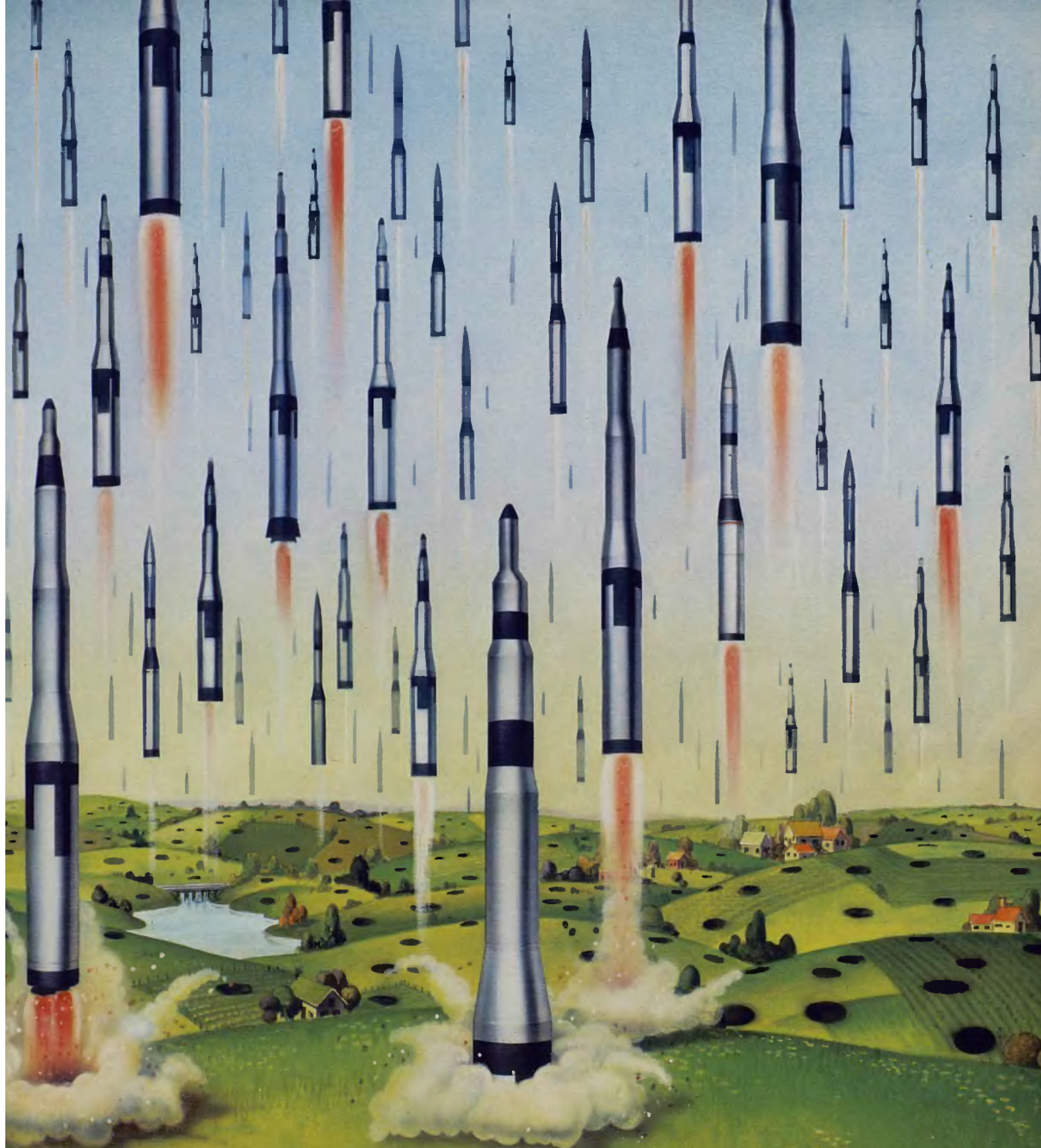




# THE END OF THE WORLD

article **By SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN** our nuclear-weapons establishment has brought us to the point where it won't matter if the other side blinks





AUGUST 10, 1984: A small group of Soviet leaders is sitting around a felted conference table in a mountain bunker 60 miles outside Moscow. They agree that the European war has been going well. One of them worries: "Too well." It was easier than their strategists had predicted. It started purely as a political ploy: a modest thrust at Berlin in

response to the American invasion of Panama. But how do you disengage, now that the point is more than made? The military senses victory. The ideologues are suddenly sounding like Mao: "The Americans are paper tigers."

But the cautious Russians in this room are terrified. Western Europe is under the American nuclear umbrella. The

United States cannot—and will not—permit the Soviets to discredit 35 years of promises to NATO. What will Washington do? the Russian premier wonders. Both sides have been building nuclear weapons accurate enough to wipe out not only population and industry but missiles in hardened underground silos. If the United States is



allowed to strike first, most of the Soviet retaliatory force, perhaps as much as 70 percent, will be destroyed before it can be launched. The American President just might do it. He has been under intense pressure. He apparently went into Panama in the first place to help divert attention from his political troubles at home. The hotline is ominously silent. The premier wants to talk, but it is for the President to make the first contact. After all, the Russians are "winning."

The premier knows that neither side can win a nuclear war. But at least theoretically, the side that attacks first will have a somewhat better chance of surviving and rebuilding over time. The side that waits. . . . So the Soviet leaders are driven inexorably, by the logic of the nuclear equation, to a pre-emptive strike. The world finally makes it to Armageddon.

There could be other routes. The final war could come as easily through an American first strike, launched by essentially the same logic. Europe is, after all, the most widely discussed case where the United States has contingency plans for a "first use" of nuclear weapons. Or the nuclear weapons in Korea that, in a President's casually given word, *might* be used against the North, *could* be used by a future Administration to redeem that earlier President's "solemn promise," as it may come to be called. Otherwise, as Henry Kissinger might say, who could ever believe us again? Which would miss the point that nobody would be left to believe—or to care—if the Soviets took a nuclear assault on North Korea as a signal that they had better fire their missiles at the United States before the United States, now clearly willing to employ nuclear weapons, decides to neutralize those missiles.

Most Americans have learned to live with the bomb; we have become resigned to the fact that a very few people have our survival at their finger tips, though we may be unnerved a little when David Frost shows us the dangerous Nixon who was behind the Presidential mask. There have been attempts to challenge the Pentagon, but the complex debates in Congress rarely command public attention. Even modest amendments to trim the arms budget or postpone super-weapons generally lose by lopsided margins. On the whole, the power of decision has been left to the experts in the Pentagon. We were frightened by *Seven Days in May*, amused by *Dr. Strangelove*, and now most of us hardly worry about the thin margin of our continued existence.

But now the situation has changed, growing even more dangerous. Until re-

cently, there was a macabre stability to the delicate nuclear balance. Neither side could hope to gain any advantage from nuclear war; either could respond to any attack by reducing the other to rubble. This made it less risky, though very expensive, to let the Dr. Strangeloves and the Curtis LeMays dream, design and build new and better ways to do what no rational leader would ever do anyway. And after all, it did create jobs. In the past three years, however, a new factor has been added to the nuclear equation: so-called counterforce weapons and strategies that, in effect, put a hair trigger on our nuclear warheads and bombs. A retired American diplomat, who also happens to be a conservative Republican and a veteran hawk on Vietnam, told me last fall that he was glad he was an old man. "I will probably be able to die a natural death," he said. "But my children won't."

How we reached this suicidal point is essentially a story of the insatiable military appetite for more weapons in search of a rationale. The development of counterforce began with the very different notion of deterrence. The American strategy was that to deter a Russian attack, we had to be able to inflict "unacceptable damage"; also that we had to be able to do it many times over, in several ways, just to be sure. Thus, we have 1000 Minuteman and 54 Titan missiles on land, plus 656 Polaris and Poseidon missiles on submarines, plus 418 strategic bombers with dozens of missiles and bombs on each.

It strains the mind to imagine a purpose for which an American President or a Soviet Politburo would be willing to sacrifice even a few major cities. Obviously, we would not take lightly the incineration of New York, Los Angeles or Chicago, nor would the Russians likely trade away Moscow, Leningrad or Odessa for, say, Berlin. The Soviet Union has 219 cities with populations of over 100,000. A few warheads would level each one. If we can do that, it hardly seems probable that they will be more deterred if we can also wipe out the smaller villages and towns. Yet we can do that, too. Our land-based and sea-based missiles now have clusters of warheads that can be released separately to hit individual targets as the missiles themselves make course changes in flight. These clusters are called MIRVs, an acronym for multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles. With MIRVs, we have not a few but 41 nuclear warheads on station for each Soviet city of 100,000 or more people. Or we could drop nine warheads on each city of more than 20,000. Or we could space them

still more widely and hit every village and town of 5000 and up. There are 8500 warheads and bombs in the arsenal. They have a combined explosive power of more than three *billion* tons of TNT—about 1500 pounds of explosive for every man, woman and child on the planet. By any stretch of war gaming, the capacity to deter a Russian attack was abundantly secured many missiles ago.

But that did not deter the Pentagon planners. They discovered a new need. If the job of deterrence was done, the next demand was for a "flexible response." Initially, this made sense. The theory was that if the only answer to any nuclear attack were massive retaliation, the Soviet Union might not be convinced that we really would retaliate at all if it launched a limited nuclear strike, perhaps against an ally or American shipping at sea. The remedy was to retarget some American missiles, aiming them at the Soviets' military installations, so their population and industry could be spared and we could respond in proportion to a modest Soviet attack. Beginning in 1973, retargeting provided the United States with a credible deterrent to small nuclear threats as well as total ones.

Suddenly, the planners needed another argument for more overkill. So they invented counterforce. If the American arsenal could hit military bases as well as cities, they asked, what could be more logical than to aim at knocking out the Russian missiles themselves, at countering the very forces with which the Kremlin could wage nuclear war? It was a chance to move beyond deterrence to pre-emption: Instead of retaliating against cities after a Soviet attack, the United States might deprive the Russians of their nuclear capability before they could use it. Soon American warheads will be able to destroy the Soviet Union's land-based missiles even in hardened-concrete-and-steel silos underground.

This development raises the specter of tripping into nuclear war whenever a European or Korean crisis reaches a relatively low boiling point. If both sides have silo-busting weapons, it is not hard to conceive of circumstances in which the leaders of either the United States or the Soviet Union—convinced that they might be attacked—would attack first.

MIRVs made counterforce possible. If it was missile for missile, the race for a pre-emptive capacity was senseless. All the Russians had to do was keep adding missiles to preserve their deterrent, one new one for each one our forces could wipe out. But in 1970, we started MIRV-ing our land-based missiles. Each can hit at least three different targets. Five

(continued on page 196)



# PLAYMATES INTERNATIONAL

*the girl next door can  
be just as beautiful  
when next door  
is 8000 miles away*



The German edition of PLAYBOY began its operation in August 1972. Since then, readership has swelled to 340,000 per month. It's easy to see why: lovelies like Doris Anders (left), Miss November 1976. She spends most of her time playing pool and programming computers.

**A** PLAYMATE by any other name is still . . . terrific. Nothing is lost in translation, no matter what the language, no matter what the country. Over the years, the Playboy empire has reached the far corners of the world—and the newsstands on those far corners. More eyes have seen the Playboy Rabbit than gazed upon the emblem of Alexander the Great. It kind of makes us proud. Our allies in Japan, Brazil, France, Germany, Italy and Mexico have taken PLAYBOY's editorial concept and made it work on the home front. Each of the girls shown on these pages has been a featured model in one of our foreign editions. How are we going to keep you down on the farm, after you've seen Marie? Or Jasmin, Katia, Ursula and Anna?





The French began their own edition of PLAYBOY in November 1973. The magazine reaches some 150,000 readers each month with pictorials such as *Les Problèmes de Robino*, which featured the lovely Elizabeth Plozo (right). No doubt her problems could be solved by *The Playboy Advisor*.



The sun isn't the only thing that's rising in Japan. Some 750,000 men scan the pages of the Japanese PLAYBOY every month from back to front, top to bottom, until they happen upon the likes of Yue Ching (left), a Chinese girl from Peking who has lived in London for the past ten years, studying graphic arts and dance.





Ursula Buchfellner (above) posed for the December 1977 German PLAYBOY. The eldest of eight sisters and brothers, Ursula works behind the counter in a Munich bakery; after hours, she sings with a band at a local discothèque. Beate Grötzinger (right), another example of fine German engineering, was a gatefold girl in January 1976. She claims that her "favorite time of year is breakfast in bed or in the bath."





Darcy Aleixo (above), a native Indian from Copacabana, made her debut in the October 1976 issue of *Homen*—the Brazilian *PLAYBOY*. Brazilians regard Indian girls as secretive, lithe, elusive and, yes, provocative. Darcy is all of that and more.



*PLAYBOY* asks a lot of its employees. Take Alfred DeBat, our Foreign Editions Manager. On a trip to the offices of *Caballero* in Mexico City, he doubled as talent scout, discovering Patricia Morales (above) working in a local bank.







Anna Thorberg (left) became a Playmate for our German edition in July 1977. Her reason: "So that I would not have to be jealous anymore when the man I loved looked at PLAYBOY." Makes sense to us. Anna is a student in Munich, and when she is not horseback riding or motorcycling, she likes to write suspense novels.



Josmin Kompotscher (left) graced the cover of the German PLAYBOY in June 1976. A budding actress, she had recently broken up with a soccer player: "They have to abstain from everything before a game. Frankly, that's not what I had in mind." Marie-Luise Gossen (right) was a runner-up in the Miss Universe contest before appearing in the German PLAYBOY in April 1975. She discovered a novel means for overcoming her initial camera shyness.





*Disco music is evidently the thing in Germany. A photographer discovered Bea Fiedler (left) in a Düsseldorf disco and flew her to a remote island for a June 1977 Playmate pictorial.*







The Italian edition of PLAYBOY, which began its operation in November 1972, now reaches 140,000 men. Katia Scolari (left), its Playmate last March, started work at the age of 15 in a cosmetics factory, became politically involved and helped fight for a national union contract. She recently changed jobs, appearing in a film, *White Telephones*.



Mona (right) was featured in the September 1976 French PLAYBOY in a pictorial called *Par Ici La Mona*.

The subtitle went on to say that, "like many Swedes, Mona has her own ideas about physical culture." One idea: Always carry an extra pair of shoes, in case you have to make a fast getaway.



Anne, the enticing beauty at left, first appeared in the French PLAYBOY in September 1975 in a feature called *La Marquise des Songes*. No, it doesn't have to do with singing. *Songes* are dreams, and "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?" means, "Would you like to sit on the couch and tell me about it?"





## THE EDGE

(continued from page 97)

*"A climber once hammered two of his own fingers into a crack and hung by them till he was rescued."*

I had had any experience rock-climbing and I told him no, that I'd once done some rappelling with a friend in Colorado, years before, but not enough to make me feel I knew anything.

"Ideally," he said, "you should rock-climb before you ice-climb. So you're familiar with the equipment. But we'll do a practice climb tomorrow so you can learn the system. Then we'll go up into Huntington Ravine on the weekend and do a series of climbs."

Late that afternoon, we met in the shop so he could fit me with the equipment I was going to need. His office wall is covered with pictures of people hanging by their fingers from cracks in the rock hundreds of feet up. Pictures of ice climbers, way up, on incredible slabs of ice, stuck there like flies by means you couldn't see even if you looked hard. I was looking real hard and while I did, Michael sat down on the floor and began rooting through a box full of crampons.

Crampons are the spikes you strap onto your boots to climb ice. They have ten steel teeth about an inch long that point down from the sole of the boot and two more about the same size that point straight ahead from the toe and are curved down slightly, like claws. When you are climbing vertical or near vertical ice, you kick the front points into the wall and then stand on them with most of your weight. I listened to Mike telling me about them while he fitted a pair to my boots. Finally, I said, "Those front points don't look like they'll hold that much. They look too small."

"They'll hold you," he said.

Then he gave me an ice hammer and a Chouinard ice ax, which has a hardwood handle about three feet long. The blade looks something like a pickax blade: one end curved down and pointed, the other a flat blade called an adz. There is a steel spike that protrudes down out of the handle. The ice hammer is just what it sounds like: a hammer-sized variation of the ax, without the adz and without the spike in the handle. Both the ax and the hammer have the look of serious, sturdy tools, or weapons. When you hold them, you can feel their balance and purpose.

The theory of ice climbing is simple: Between the ax and the hammer and the front claws on your right and left feet, you have four points with which to stick yourself into the ice. You climb by advancing one point at a time, so that three points are in the cliff at all times. And that's it—you, the ice, the ax, the

hammer, the front points. All the other equipment you take up the face with you (ropes, pitons, carabiners, chocks, ice screws) is for safety. You don't climb by them and they can't keep you from falling as you climb. In fact, unless you fall, none of the equipment exists, really. But if the system is set right, it can save you from dying.

I bought a pair of wool knickers and some knee socks, because Michael said they would give me the greatest freedom to reach and stretch with my legs. I had heavy ski gloves and he said he guessed they'd be warm enough. Wool would be better, he said. Then he gave me some books on ice climbing and we went to dinner. Afterward, we drank some beer and Michael smoked heavy shag tobacco out of a pipe he couldn't keep lit.

He told me that Mt. Washington, the prince of mountains around there, was first climbed in 1642, that the notches and ravines and knobs in the White Mountains are made of good solid granite and that there are hundreds of climbs you can make around there in the summer. It isn't Yosemite, that great university of difficult rock, but still, the Whites are a fine place to become an accomplished climber. Michael is 25 years old and he grew up in New Hampshire. He began hiking and camping when he was very young and says his time in the outdoors naturally led him to start climbing rocks. Then, about nine years ago, he started ice climbing. He said he didn't think it necessarily took five years to guide a safe ice climb, but he agreed it took a while and you had to work at it.

"It can be dangerous," he said, and although he is not the kind of athlete who dwells on what can go wrong in his sport, he did tell me that about 90 people had been killed climbing Mt. Washington and that, for ice climbers, Huntington Ravine had proved a very risky place over the years. Dan Doody, he said, a member of the 1963 American assault on Everest, had returned from Nepal and fallen to his death two months later while ice climbing in Huntington Ravine.

Michael has climbed all over America and in Europe. As he told me about his shoestring travels and the ragtag bunch of climbers who meet one another in all the climbing meccas, he reminded me of surfers I used to know ten years ago who stowed away, or hitchhiked, who sold everything but their boards to get to the big waves in some strange part of the

world they'd heard about from other athlete hobos. For these guys, the purest climb you can make is barefoot and in shorts. No ropes, no pitons, no partners. Some of these guys climb at night and some of them wait for the worst possible conditions to make their ascents. Many of them have seen friends fall to their death and many of them have fallen from great heights themselves. All of them that I have read about or heard about are obsessed the way old mystical saints were obsessed.

Not long ago, Yvon Chouinard, the great California climber, designed a piton small enough to fit in hairline cracks. It's not much bigger than a razor blade and he called it "The Realized Ultimate Reality Piton," because it won't hold much of a fall. But ultimate reality may not be the right name for it. On the mountain, you can ultimately get into places more incredible than any piton is up to. There is a story in the lore of mountain climbing about a 60-year-old climber named Geoffrey Winthrop Young who once hammered two of his own fingers into a crack and hung by them till he was rescued.

Michael likes to climb rock walls that take more than a day to scale. He takes equipment and supplies enough for a week of nights and when he finishes a day's climbing, he ties himself into a bivouac, a hammock of rope that suspends him overnight, like a fly that's been caught by a spider and hung below the web for storage. Michael said his friends kid him about how easily he sleeps in those net beds. I told him I thought you had to like being alone for that kind of adventure. He relit his pipe and a minute later he said, "Nathaniel Hawthorne spent a lot of time around here, you know, and wrote many stories set in these mountains. *The Great Stone Face* is about a rock not far from here." Then we talked about other Hawthorne stories and about Joseph Conrad, and when we were finished, we made plans to meet in the shop at nine in the morning. "I think we'll go over to Mt. Willey and climb Standard tomorrow," he said. "It'll be good practice."

It was eight o'clock when we left the restaurant and said good night and I needed a hat. I'd lost mine and had forgotten to buy one while I was getting the knickers. I didn't want to waste time on it in the morning, so I got into the car and drove about ten miles down the road till I found one of those ugly shopping centers that have a late-night drug and department store in them.

I found what was left of the winter hats in a sale bin where they'd all been thrown together to make room on the shelves for the spring clothes. I went through the pile and finally picked out a black knit wool cap that was a little thin and a little small. I wasn't going to buy





*"Wanna swing?"*



it until I found the price tag and saw it cost \$1.17. I liked that. I'd already spent over \$40 on knickers alone that afternoon, and before that, I'd spent a lot more expense money on equipment and incidentals for this assignment. In real life, I can't afford to buy a \$12 pair of jeans more than about every six months, and although I had it perfectly rationalized that PLAYBOY should rightfully buy me anything I needed to stay healthy in dangerous situations, there was something about that dumpy little hat that was just right. I bought it, along with a couple of beers, and drove back to my motel. When I got into the room, I stripped, took the tags off the hat and put it on, sat on the bed, opened a beer and read the ice-climbing books Michael had given me.

The first was a small paperback called *Shades of Blue*, by Peter Cole and Rick Wilcox. It's a guide to specific ice climbs in New England. It tells you how to find them and describes something about each cliff itself. It also rates the climbs for difficulty (easy, moderate or hard) and then tells you that the rating system doesn't mean much in ice climbing. Because conditions are everything. A moderate ice climb can become a hard ice climb in about 20 minutes on a bad day.

"There is no way that safety can be overemphasized in ice climbing," I read. "Just think of all the potentially dangerous implements you will be holding on to if you happen to take a fall." That stopped me. I had my crampons, the ax and the hammer in a pile near the bed. I counted the points: 12 on each crampon, three on the ax, one on the hammer. Twenty-eight ways to slash yourself. That scared me worse than anything else I'd read or heard about ice climbing.

I flipped to the chapter on the Frankenstein Cliffs. Michael had told me they were named for a 19th Century landscape painter, but from the names of the climbs in the book, it's clear that local imagination remembers the monster better. There are routes called Fang (hard, unclimbed), Smear (hard, first climbed winter of 1972-1973), Dracula (hard, first climbed winter of 1972-1973), Mean Miss Theater (hard, first ascent unknown).

Tucked in among the ghouls, I found the climb Michael had mentioned. "Standard . . . moderate . . . first climbed winter of 1969-1970 . . . this superb ice climb can be done in many ways using limitless variations on the entire floc, making the ascent easier or harder, according to one's taste. It is also one of the first climbs to come into shape each year. Highly recommended."

Ah, yes, a practice climb, moderate, take it any way you want it, make it as difficult as you want or as easy. It sounded good. But only because I had already forgotten the paragraph about the big flaw

in the ice-climb rating system.

The two other books were full of photographs and drawings of equipment and techniques. There were discussions of how to stop yourself when you fell and how to judge the chances for an avalanche. There were French names for the ways to use the ax (*poilet cane*, *poilet rampe*, *poilet ramasse*, *poilet ancre*), instructions on how to set an ice screw and how to kick the front points into the wall. I was almost asleep when I read a caption under a photograph near the end of a book called *Icecraft*. The picture was a fuzzy black-and-white of a climber on a gnarled-looking ice face, a lot like the other photos in the book, except the type underneath it said, "This climber fell to his death on an upper pitch after his hammer broke." I couldn't believe it. I'd made it to midnight on the eve of my first ice climb without much real fear and now this author was showing me a picture of an experienced climber who had died horribly because his goddamn equipment failed. It took me an hour to get drowsy again, and whatever my dreams were, I was spared any memory of them when I woke up at 6:30, with my hat still on.

The morning sky was gray with black smudges in it. I did some yoga to stretch my spine and my legs and my arms. Then I went to breakfast at a little place called the Blueberry Muffin. I had a high-nutrition, low-grease, climber's sort of breakfast, and then I sat and thought about the whole thing for a few minutes. I felt ready. I had my equipment, I'd read everything I could and I was just scared enough, I thought, to do a careful, tough job on this thing, whatever it turned out to be. I had another glass of milk, put my hat on, paid my check, stepped out the door of the Blueberry Muffin, hit a very shiny patch of ice on the pavement and fell right on my ass. The way old people and little children fall. It didn't hurt, but I sat there for a while, anyway, trying to think what a moment like that means. I decided it didn't mean anything.

Michael and I met at the shop. He'd picked out a helmet for me and gaiters to keep the snow out of my boots. Then, while he filled a backpack with our equipment, I read the release I was supposed to sign. Translated out of the legal mumbo jumbo, it said what they all say: "You're the only one responsible for this foolishness . . . you're the only one who believes that you're coming back alive and unhurt . . . we're insurance men and we're not betting a nickel on any of it . . . the odds are lousy . . . you can go only if you let us out of the game . . . sign here."

About 9:30, we loaded everything into the van and started north for Crawford Notch. The sky got lower and darker.

Then it started to snow lightly. A few miles farther on, the road was white and Michael turned on the windshield wipers. Neither of us said much and by the time we pulled off the highway onto a side road, it was snowing steadily.

It wasn't cold when we climbed out of the van and there wasn't much wind yet. We were close enough to the cliffs that they towered over us. I looked up through the trees at them. Mt. Willey's ragged east edge, steep, uneven, with outcroppings and overhangs and slides and gullies. And I could see the water ice: weird tongues and long thin ribbons of ice, some of them running from the top to the bottom, others just short patches. We went 100 yards up the road and then turned north at the base of the cliffs and walked along a set of railroad tracks that skirts them. The rails and ties were buried under three feet of snow and it was hard walking. Michael was ahead of me, cutting a trail, and I tried to break down his footprints, so that the walk would be a little easier on the way back.

The woods were beautifully quiet in the deep snow. The calendar said it was spring, but the beech and birch and oak in there weren't feeling it yet. They were a month away from their first green. I watched for animals, but all I saw was two birds about the size of jays. We crossed a trestle and Michael pointed and called out the names of the routes we were passing . . . Smear . . . Pegasus . . . Ghia . . . Dropline . . . A Walk in the Forest. After we'd walked about a mile, Michael stopped and said, "They call this Standard, because it was one of the first routes climbed around here." By then, the wind was working pretty well and the snow was coming down sideways. I couldn't see the top of the ice face we were under, but the first 100 feet or so looked less than treacherous.

The slope was not quite vertical. The ice had formed over shelves and ledges and creases and slabs and bulges and knobs. Here and there, I could see an outcropping of bare rock. My eyes climbed the easiest route they could see, a crooked way up the gentlest-looking cuts and traverses. There, from the bottom, in the flat morning light, it didn't look so tough. But mountains are not climbed by eye. The whole animal has to come along and I was about to find out what that meant.

Michael walked from the tracks up a 30-degree slope to the spot from which we were going to climb and I followed him. While we were strapping the crampons to our boots, he said, "Hawthorne called this 'the most desolate spot on earth.'"

"What, this . . . right here?"

"Yes," he said. "Crawford Notch."

He tied a strap into a bandoleer and  
(continued on page 151)



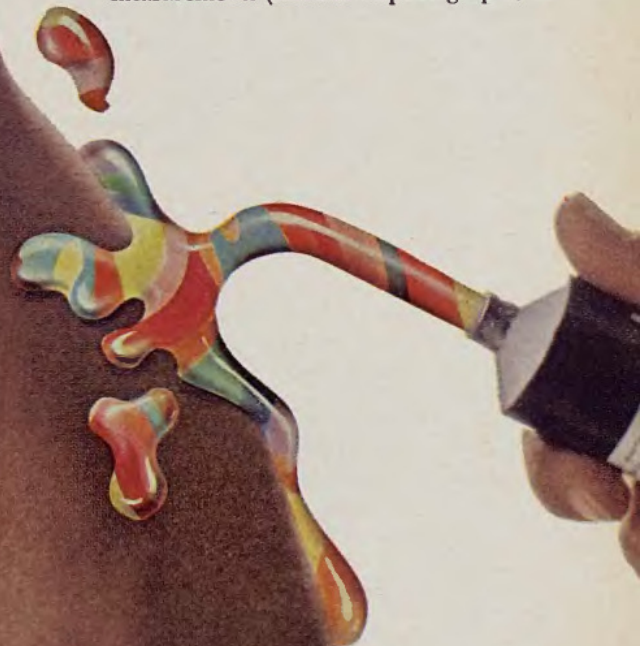
# EUREKA! I'M COMING

article  
By **JOHN LOBELL**

*in a major scientific  
breakthrough, research teams  
have come up with an  
astounding link between  
sex and creativity*

PICTURE A MEETING of the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the President's Cabinet. A sensuous crew at work under the table provides low-level stimulation, gently fondling, sucking and playing with penises through open flies and vulvas under pulled-up skirts to ensure the liberation of creative problem-solving energies. Sounds impossible? It's not as fantastic as you might think.

After you extend, multiply, totalize and ultimize your orgasm, is there anything left to do with it? No? Wrong. Research now connects sex with the liberation of creative energies. Brain-wave measurements (electroencephalographs, or





EEGs) show that what happens in the brain during orgasm is the same as what happens during creative activity.

Since the late 1800s, we have known that the right and left hemispheres of the brain have different functions. For one thing, the left hemisphere controls the right side of the body and the right hemisphere controls the left side. Experiments on people with brain damage from tumors or head wounds revealed that the left hemisphere is responsible for speech and writing. Interestingly, some people who had suffered brain damage to the left hemisphere could no longer talk, but they could sing. It was not until the Fifties, however, that psychologists began to investigate seriously the functions of the two hemispheres. This work showed that the left hemisphere seems to be concerned with speech, reading, writing, naming, the perception of significant order and mathematical functions. It is wordly, analytical, logical. The right hemisphere seems to be concerned with spatial relations, music, emotion, facial recognition and perception of abstract patterns. It is intuitive, symbolic, holistic and simultaneous. In short: left side logical, right side creative.

Our culture is dominated by the left hemisphere; that is, by rationality. There is a temporary switching over to the right side while doing creative work. This switching over provides the first clue to the relationship of orgasm to creativity.

Everyone has had experiences with a creative problem-solving moment, that flash of insight (known in psychology as the "Aha!" or "Eureka!" experience) when the whole thing clicks. You may have been struggling with a problem for hours or days when, all of a sudden, the answer flashes into your mind. "Of course! Why didn't I think of that before?" Many people who regularly do creative problem-solving work (artists, writers, architects, et al.) have such experiences often and become familiar with what it feels like when an idea comes up from the subconscious and clicks. Some are even able to encourage the click, and then, as it begins to surface, force it back down and let it stew around for a while before letting it up again for an even better click. People who have this experience are aware that it is similar to orgasm during masturbation. While masturbating, you can continuously stimulate yourself until you come, or you can play with your orgasm, stopping the stimulation just before you come, then starting again after the impulse subsides. If you do this once—or, better, several times—the resulting orgasm can be fantastic.

I spoke with a photographer who described the parallels he feels between sex and photography:

"They seem to be the same thing to

me, not sex and photography as art but sex and anything creative. It could be cooking. Both start with a blank canvas and both can produce a euphoric transcendent state. They feel the same psychically, too. You start unfocused, you have to let things happen, you can't force them. I set up a shooting, but then what happens has to come out of an interaction. It's the same in sex. I can't make good sex happen, it has to happen itself. After the sex or the shooting, there is that slow drifting back to the real world."

Actually, the relationship between sex and creativity has long been known. Socrates described passionate love as a madness that is a special gift from heaven. This same special madness was also a possession of the Muses and entered the soul inspiring frenzy and artistic creation. Modern psychologists describe a similar relationship, though often in more prosaic terms. Human-potential pioneer Carl R. Rogers states that the inner conditions needed for creative thought include a lowering of psychological defenses, a lack of rigidity, a permeability of boundaries and an openness to experience. Certainly, those are also prerequisites to good sex. In *Act of Creation*, Arthur Koestler summarizes much of what is now known about creativity. He describes the creative act as a relaxing of controls to reach a state in which we are indifferent to the rules of logic, contradiction and common sense. At the decisive moment, we are as though in a dream, a reverie, a manic flight, free to drift by our own emotional gravity. The parallel between this description of the creative act and sexual abandon is obvious.

The impressionistic relationship between creativity and orgasm is now confirmed by experiments using EEG, a device that produces on graph paper a series of wavy lines representing brain waves. The EEG has shown that during creative processes, there is a shift in the ratio of brain-wave activity from a dominance on the left side to a dominance on the right side. This change in ratio involves an increase of alpha waves on the left side. Alpha waves indicate a quiet state or an absence of activity. The same shift occurs during drug-induced hallucinatory states. Recent experiments that measured brain waves during orgasm showed the same shift in ratio of activity over to the right side and the same increase of alpha waves on the left side.

A team of psychologists at Rutgers Medical School set up a room with a bed where they wired subjects to an elaborate array of measuring devices. After interviewing a subject, they had him (or her) undress and the team's technicians attached EEG electrodes to

his ear lobes and scalp. Next, they attached more electrodes to his chest for an electrocardiograph (EKG) to measure heartbeats, put a thin plastic tube around his chest to measure breathing, a similar tube around his penis to measure engorgement during erection (an infrared diode was attached to a diaphragm to measure blood flow in the women's cervixes) and, finally, they put a snorkel in his mouth to measure the CO<sub>2</sub> being exhaled. They then left the subject alone in the room with a jar of hand cream, an old 8mm Linda Lovelace film and instructions to go to it, while they retired to an adjoining room to monitor the recording of his vital functions.

The researchers at Rutgers wanted to measure a variety of responses, but their primary interest was in brain-wave activity. After numerous subjects had jerked off for science, the researchers ran the results through computers, applied mean statistical deviations and reached the conclusion that orgasm involves a shifting of brain-wave activity to the right side.

These observations confirm that the type of altered consciousness common to creativity and sex—that is, heightened awareness, feeling of timelessness and exaltation—has a common origin in the right side of the brain. They also suggest that the established social order (associated with the left hemisphere) may be down on sex for the same reason it is down on drug experiences, ecstatic religious experiences and artistic creativity. All are right-hemispheric activities and, therefore, subversive to left-hemisphere domination.

At this point, you might ask two questions. First, just because both orgasm and creativity are right-hemispheric activities, are they really related? Second, if they are related, are there any practical benefits to be gained from knowing about it? The answers to both questions are found in the actual experiences of creative people.

Artists have often had an ambivalent involvement with sex, on the one hand seeming to engage in more of it than the rest of us and, on the other hand, blaming it for robbing them of creative powers. In the movie *Annie Hall*, Woody Allen quotes Balzac as having remarked with each orgasm, "There goes another novel"; and in an interview with Paul Krassner, publisher of *The Realist*, Norman Mailer said, "If one masturbates, all that happens is everything that's beautiful and good in one goes up in the hand, goes into the air, is lost." Mailer also equated masturbation with smoking and wrote in *Advertisements for Myself* about his struggle to quit smoking. But while Balzac and Mailer complained that sex disabled them, they both seemed capable

(concluded on page 158)

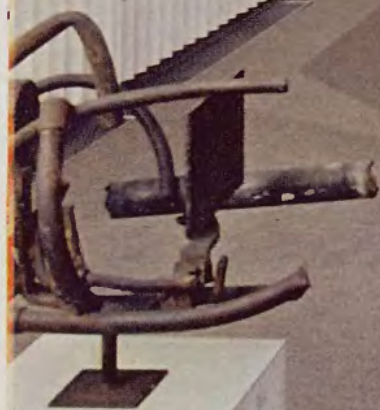


# LOFTY AMBITIONS

A PLAYBOY PAD

*a manhattan architect's soho digs double as a gallery for his spectacular art collection*

COMBINING his two worlds, architecture and art collecting, New York bachelor Hanford Yang converted 3000 square feet of loft space in one of the Soho district's numerous cast-iron buildings into a multilevel live-in showcase for his burgeoning collection of sculpture, paintings and *objets d'art*. Yang purposely kept the amount of furniture to a minimum (most of it is built in) in order to create an atmosphere of free-flowing openness that emphasizes the work



Architect Hanford Yang's insatiable yen for collecting fine art resulted in his revamping a loft space in the Manhattan Soho building at right. Look closely and you'll see that the structure's left wall is an immense *trompe l'oeil* designed by Yang and Richard Haas, a local artist.





of such notables as Robert Motherwell and Alexander Calder. Marching through the heart of the pad (Yang's apartment was formerly part of a toy factory) is a series of columns that "stand out like Greek ruins," he says. Despite the fact that much of his digs is given over to open spaces, storage for books, records, stereo equipment, and so forth, is no problem: They're housed in a carpet-covered counter that doubles as a natural barrier, keeping visitors at good viewing distance from the various works of art.

But while the majority of the apartment is devoted to the enjoyment of art (Yang purposely designed it with no dead corners, so one can see everything without retracing steps), there's also ample space for a kitchen, dining area, bedroom, master bath and guest powder room, all located in one corner. After checking out the pictures on these pages, we think you'll agree that Hanford Yang has given the term loft space a whole new meaning.



Top left: Yong's small but comfortable raised bedroom overlooks a dining area. A wall niche opposite the stairs holds a collection of Tiffany glass. Above: At the opposite end of the apartment is another raised area, this one a conversation platform where Yang has created an atmosphere of casual intimacy without sacrificing the over-all effect of spacious openness. The large painting adjacent to the column is by Morris Louis. Opposite, top center: The kitchen, with its built-in stainless-steel appliances, multibulbed ceiling lights and warm wood-and-brick tones, is designed for no-nonsense cooking and storage. Opposite, below center: The elegant master bath is easy to maintain, uncluttered and very functional. Opposite, top right: A guest cools her heels (and other parts) relaxing atop the bedroom railing at one of Yang's many parties. Right: The carpeted counter in the living area doubles as seating space when the guest list is unusually large.







## THE VARGAS GIRL

*"It's a survey, darling.  
They want to know  
what you're watching."*





THERE WAS ONCE a pretty shopkeeper's wife who lived on the Rue Saint-Honoré. Plump, dimpled, 22 years old, she had young, delectable flesh and a shapely though slightly rotund body. She enhanced these ample charms with wit and vivacity and the most lively predilection for all the pleasures denied by the harsh laws of Hymen.

Her husband was old and ugly. Not only did he much displease her; he performed his nuptial duties as badly as he did seldom. Had these been better attended to, the insatiable Dolmène might have been placated.

About a year ago, Madame Dolmène decided to give her husband two assistants. The rendezvous she assigned her two lovers ran like clockwork. Des-Roues, a young officer, usually arrived at four and stayed till five, while Dolbreuse, a young merchant with the sweetest face you could imagine, came from 5:30 till seven.

It was impossible to find other opportunities; this was the only time Madame Dolmène had to herself. In the morning, she had to work in the shop. In the evening, her husband returned home to talk about business.

Actually, Madame Dolmène had confided to a friend that she was rather pleased with the arrangement. She maintained that by passing so quickly from the arms of one lover into the arms of another, the flames of passion have no time to burn out. And one needn't be bothered with getting warmed up twice.

The charming Madame Dolmène calculated love's pleasures carefully. Indeed, few women have given them such deliberate and diligent meditation. She concluded that it would be wasteful for a

woman of her talents to settle for just one lover.

As far as her reputation was concerned, it was all one and the same: One lover covered for the other; people were apt to be mistaken and believe that the same one merely came and went several times a day. Yet what a difference the second lover made!

Certain that her husband would never be foolish enough to ruin her figure, Madame Dolmène was understandably worried about becoming pregnant. But, with the logic of a physician, she reasoned she ran far less of the dreaded risk with two lovers, for their seeds would surely counteract.

One day, the established order of the rendezvous broke down and our two paramours, who until then had never laid eyes on each other, were soon to make acquaintance. As we shall see presently, this proved agreeable to all concerned. Des-Roues, who was first, arrived behind time and, as fate would have it, Dolbreuse came somewhat early.

The perspicacious reader will see at once the consequences of these slight irregularities: that they would lead to an unfortunate, if inevitable, encounter. This encounter did, indeed, come to pass.

But allow me to tell you how it occurred, kind reader, and, if possible, to do so with all the decency and circumspection that a subject already so licentious demands.

Now, on a peculiar whim—and, after all, men have so many—our young officer found himself bored with the role of lover and wished this once to play the role of mistress. Rather than be amorously received in the arms of his goddess, he longed to embrace her instead. To be more succinct, that which is usually on

the bottom he put on top, and vice versa. This exchange left Madame Dolmène arched over the sacrificial altar, Madame Dolmène, naked as the *Callipygian Venus*, straddling her lover.

Facing the portal of the chamber in which these rites were being enacted was the hindermost part of the *Callipygian Venus*, the part that the Greeks worshiped with such devotion, the lovely posterior, which, without turning to the distant past, has so many adherents in Paris today.

This was her position when the unsuspecting Dolbreuse, humming softly, arrived on the scene. Unaccustomed to knocking, he entered and came face to fesse with what no self-respecting woman, so they say, should bare in public.

The sight would no doubt have delighted many, but Dolbreuse recoiled with indignation.

"What do I see?" he cried. "Perfidious woman, is *that* all you've left me?"

Now, there are some situations in which a woman does far better to act than to reason. Madame Dolmène, in precisely such a situation, resolved to repay the affront.

"What the devil is wrong with you!" she blurted to the second Adonis, without slackening in the least with the first. "Why are you making such a fuss? Disturb us not, dear friend, and accommodate yourself with what's left. You can see, I'm sure, there's room for two."

Dolbreuse could not keep from laughing at his mistress' *sang-froid*. He concluded that the simplest thing to do would be to follow her advice. Nor did he wait for a second invitation.

It seems that the affair worked to everyone's advantage.

—Retold by Steven Raichlen



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



# THE 1978 CARS THAT CO YOUR FAITH IN

If you feel that car companies aren't building cars the way they used to, we've got news for you.

You're not alone.

A national poll shows that 64% of the American people think the quality of new cars has declined in the past ten years.

In the face of this loss of confidence in new cars, we confidently introduce our new Volvos.

You see, another national survey shows that people who bought new Volvos were happier than people who bought new Impalas, Seviles, LTDs, Cutlasses, Regals, Cordobas and 42 other cars from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and AMC.\*

Volvo owners gave their cars higher ratings on all kinds of things.

The quality of workmanship, both inside and out. Interior roominess and comfort (Volvo owners, in fact, gave higher ratings to their cars' comfort than Cadillac owners gave to Cadillacs). Maneuverability

and ease of steering. Safety. And value for the money.

If these are the kinds of things you've been searching for in a car, come and look at a Volvo. This year, there are more than ever to look at.

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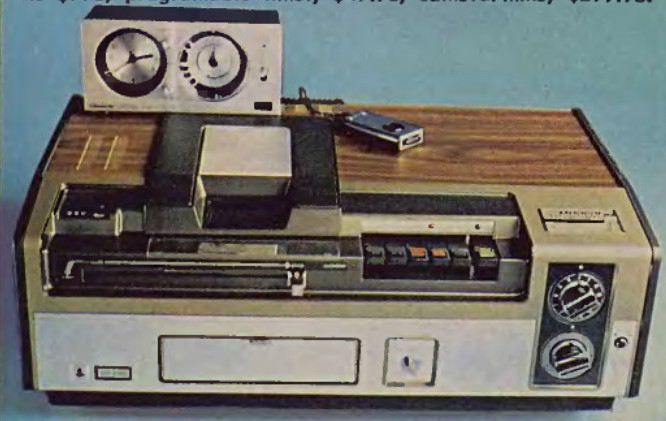


# GOING TO NEW LENGTHS

*the latest crop of video-cassette machines is adding to your tv fun by offering up to four hours of recording time*

TV JUNKIES who have purchased video recorders have had one big gripe; the cassettes came in only two lengths of 30 and 60 minutes, which meant if there was a four-A.M. showing of *The Maltese Falcon*, you had to haul yourself out of bed to change cartridges. That's now old news: Manufacturers of video-cassette recorders have doubled their tape times to two hours (RCA has a four-hour tape) and one manufacturer, Sony, this spring will begin marketing a three-hour tape, which when combined with Sony's optional changer, will allow two tapes to be mounted for unattended recording—you'll eventually have the capability of preserving six hours of air time without having to go near your machine. Furthermore, all the units being introduced are more compact and so simple to operate that they're practically child's play. However, the current crop of X-rated cassettes and home movies people are showing on their own small screens is strictly adult fare.

The Great Time Machine, from Quasar, features a two-hour recording capacity and the capability of making multiple unattended recordings with an optional programmable timer. Another option, a black-and-white camera with built-in microphone, lets you record your own TV home movies. The basic unit is \$995, programmable timer, \$49.95, camera/mike, \$299.95.



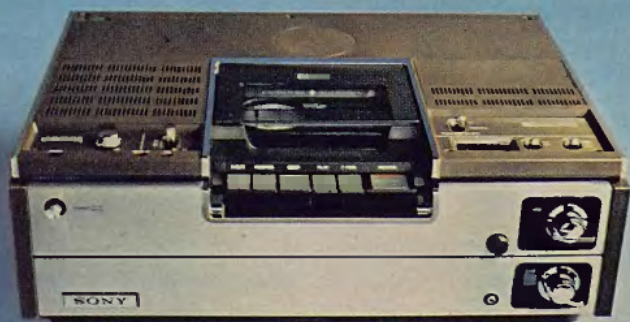
JVC's Vidstar VHS deck is one of the smallest and lightest of the VTR units now on the market; it measures 17 7/8" wide, 13 3/4" deep, 5 1/4" high—and weighs in at only 29.7 pounds. Included on it are all the standard features, and cassettes can be had in half-hour lengths, \$11.95, as well as one hour, \$15.95, and two hours, \$19.95. Price: \$1280, including timer.



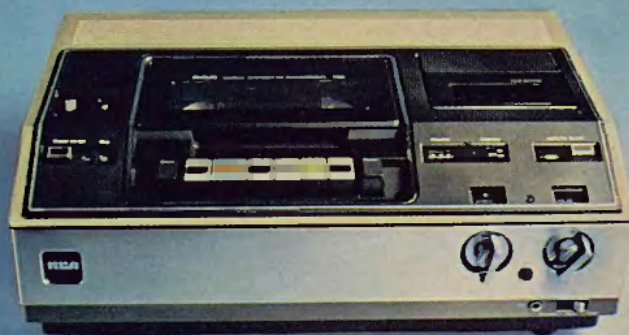




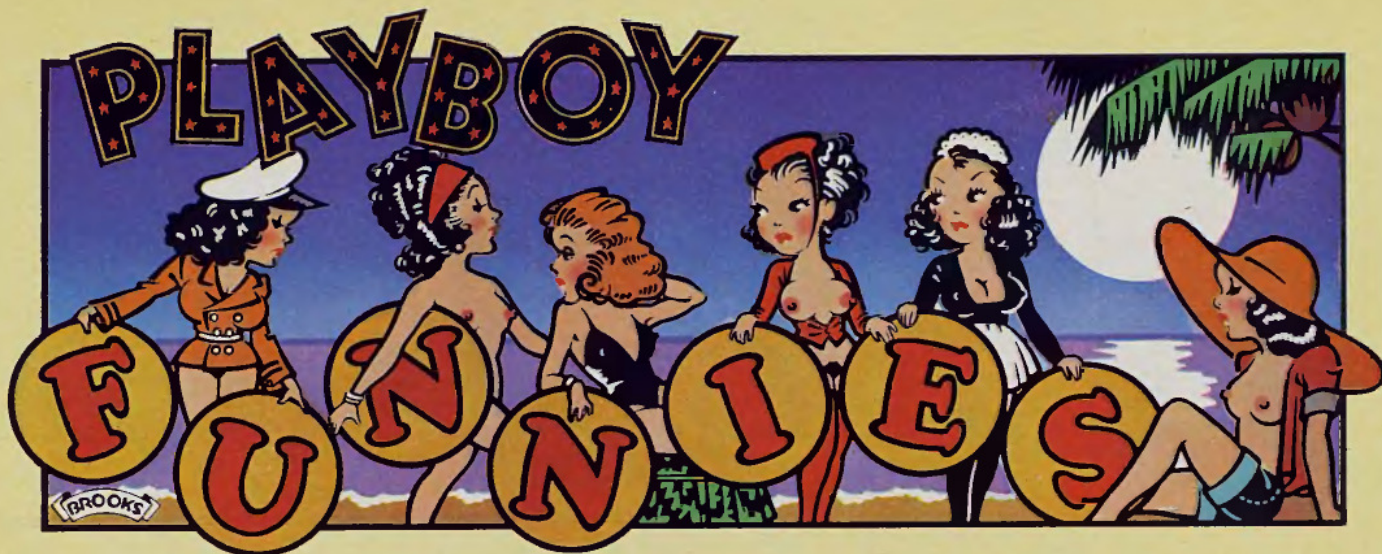
Sony's Betamax SL-8200 connects to a standard TV and can record one TV show while another, on the air at the same time, is watched; the video cassettes—which are as thin as a paperback book—come in two lengths, one hour, \$12.45, and two hours, \$16.95 (three hours soon). Its operating controls are similar to a tape recorder's. The price: \$1300, including timer.



SelectaVision is RCA's entry into the VTR sweepstakes; activate the built-in digital clock/timer and you'll automatically record up to four hours of unattended air time—and if you monitor the recording personally, there's a remote pause control for eliminating commercials. Cassettes for two and four hours are \$17.95 and \$24.95, respectively. The unit: \$1000, including timer.







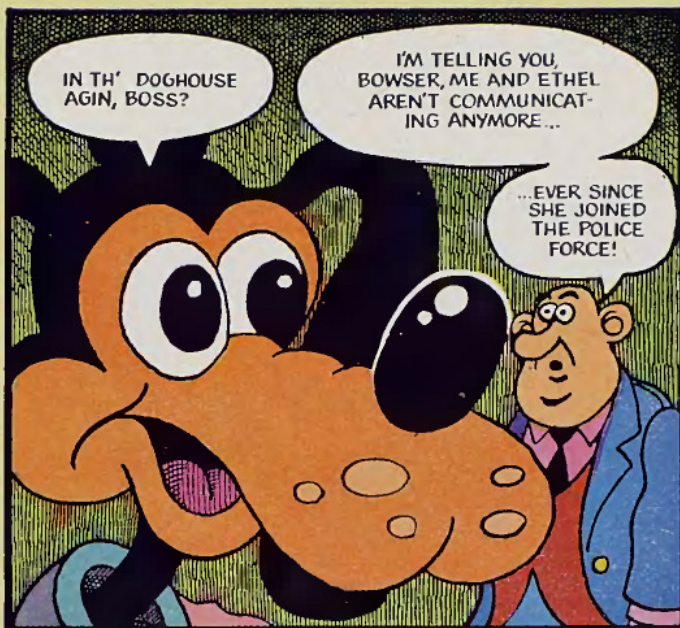
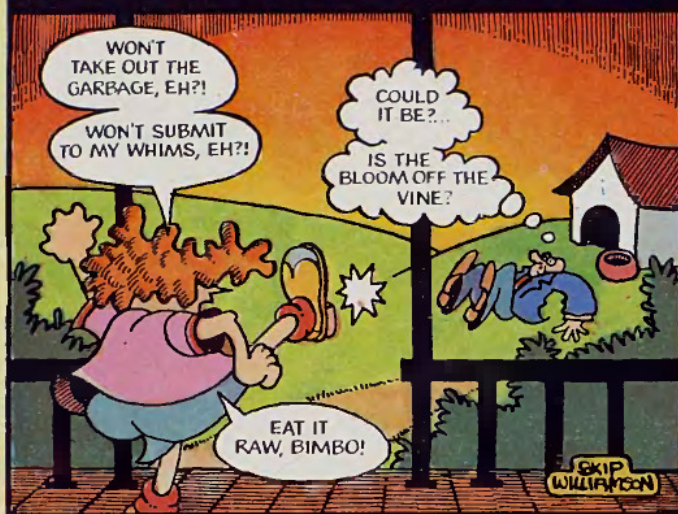
## The Kinky Report

by christoph Brame



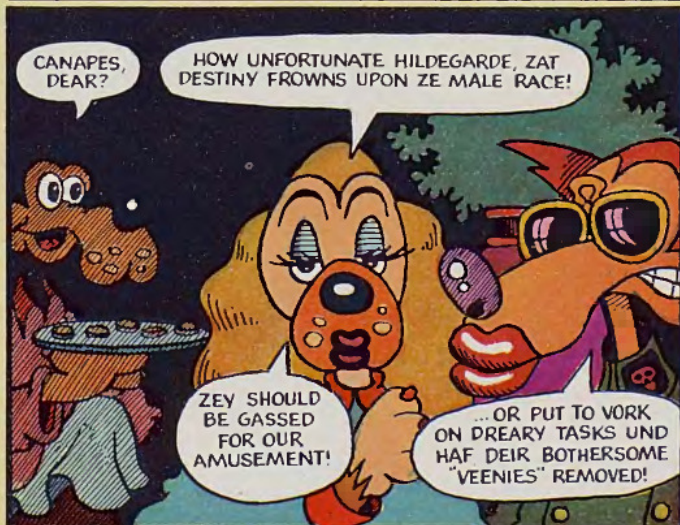


# IN THE DOGHOUSE

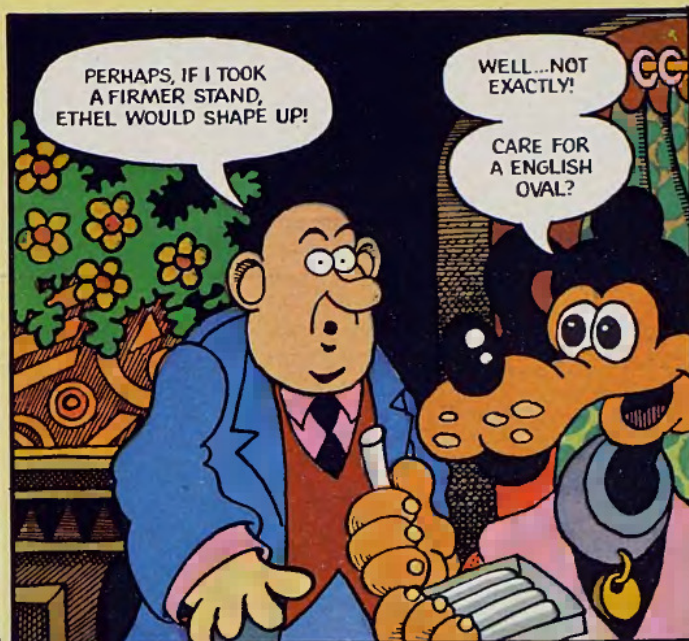
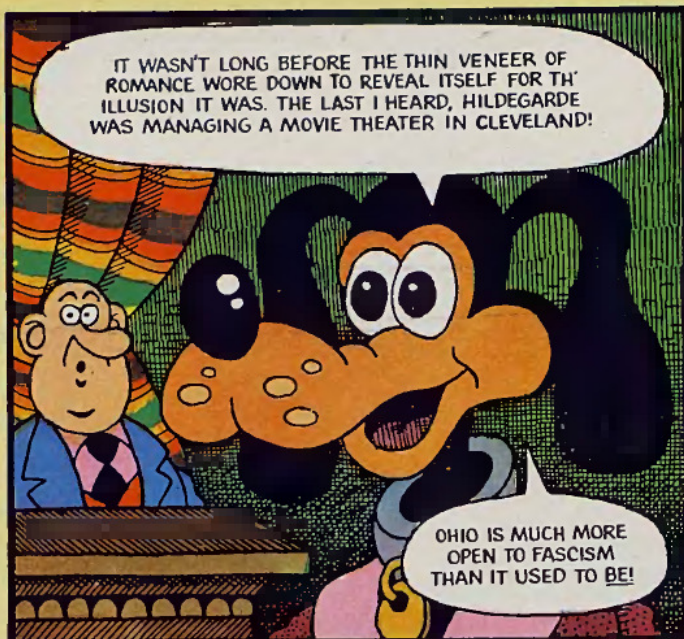


**I**T WAS A FEW YEARS BACK, I WAS VERY DEEPLY INVOLVED WITH THIS HOT LITTLE GERMAN SHEPHERD..."

**H**ER DECADENT LURE WAS SO INTRIGUING THAT I GRACIOUSLY SERVED HER DEPRAVED FANCY!"









*"My arms instinctively muscled up and pulled me as flat as I would go against the ice."*

when he'd strung it with ice screws, pitons and carabiners (large, zero-shaped metal clips), he hung it across his chest, where he could reach them easily. Then he said, "Let me explain the system to you. I want to get climbing as soon as we can." He was looking up the face at the wind, which had begun to whip up wicked little eddies in the sparkling powder that covered the ice. He talked me through the system of belays as he began to put it in place. We each wrapped long nylon sashes around and around our stomachs and chests and tied them with a water knot. Then he tied a nylon strap around a tree two feet behind me and, with a carabiner, hooked me to it. He tied one end of the nylon climbing rope to his sash, the other end to mine and left the 150 feet of slack in a loose pile on the snow between us. He was going to climb up 50 feet, he said, place an ice screw and run the rope through a carabiner that was hooked to its eye. From that point on, if he fell, the screw and I and the tree I was anchored to would keep him from hitting the bottom. Then he would climb until he had used most of the length of the rope, stop, drive another ice screw and anchor himself to it solidly enough that he could stop any fall I might take. Then I would unhook from the tree and he would take up the slack while I climbed. It was my job as second climber to clean the face of pitons and ice screws as I passed them on the way up. When I reached him on the wall, at the end of the pitch, the process would be repeated, so that one of us would always be anchored while the other climbed. He said he would yell "On belay" when it was time for me to climb and "Off belay" as he started to climb. He also said he would yell if he were falling or if there were an avalanche, and he said I should do the same. Then he demonstrated a half-dozen ice-ax techniques I'd seen in the book and called them by their French names.

"Ready?" he said.

I adjusted my hat. It was already wet and had started to stretch. I rolled it all the way down over my forehead and my ears.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I forgot my helmet."

"It's all right," he said. Then he started climbing.

He swung his ax in a smooth arc and set it in the ice as high as he could reach. He kicked the front points of his left boot into the wall three feet up, and then

he stood up on that leg and drove the hammer in. Then he set the right front points and stood on them. He worked the ax back and forth till it came loose; then he swung it again, advanced his left foot, then his hammer, then his right foot.

I stood there, paying out the rope, watching him ascend. He looked like a careful monkey. His progress was steady and strong and smooth. Now and then, he let the hammer hang by the strap on his wrist, so that he could use his hand to brush away the snow that covered and hid the ice. Sometimes he kicked more than once to get the front points in solidly.

None of what he was doing looked very difficult from where I stood, which just goes to show again that point of view is everything and that what you can't see in this life is as important as what you can. I was watching a master of this thing and, like all masters, his real skills were invisible.

The wind got higher and I started to feel the cold in my feet and on the back of my neck. I stomped around and watched Michael as he stopped now and then to wait for a long, heavy gust of wind to pass over him so that he could see what he was doing. When he was 50 or 60 feet up, he got a good solid purchase, unhooked an ice screw from his bandoleer and carefully hammered and then turned it until all six inches of it were in the ice. Then he strung the rope through the screw eye and kept climbing.

When he reached the limit of the rope, he stopped. He was about 100 feet up on a small ledge, beneath an overhang. He wedged a chock and a nut into a crack in the exposed rock behind his head, hooked himself to them, got a good stance and then yelled down, "On belay." I unhooked the carabiner that anchored me to the tree, took the strap off the trunk and hung it around my neck, and then I moved to the base of the cliff and yelled back, "Off belay . . . I'm climbing."

I took my first swing with the ax and it felt good going in. It stuck a couple of inches deep and when I pulled, it didn't move. I lifted my knee as high as I could and kicked my right points in. That didn't feel as solid. I pulled my foot back and kicked again, but it felt the same . . . tenuous. I decided this was the time to test it, while I still had nowhere to fall, so I pulled on the ax, stepped up onto the front points and, in the same motion, I drove the hammer into the wall as high

and as deep as I could. Then, using my arms to hold the weight, I kicked my left toe in. I hung there for a minute, trying to feel the genius of the tools. The ax and the hammer felt as if they were growing out of the mountain. I let the muscles in my arms loosen and my weight shifted down onto the front points. That didn't feel safe at all and it put terrific pressure on my calves. I leaned forward again and pulled with my arms, so that they could take the load back. It felt much better.

I could see Michael above me and the rope leading down from him over the route I was going to climb. Now and then, I could feel a small tug as he made sure he had the slack. I was three feet off the ground and I thought to myself, This is possible . . . not easy . . . but possible. I had to wrench the ax around pretty good to get it out and when I set it again at the limit of my reach, it had that good base-hit feeling. Then I yanked at the hammer. Nothing. I twisted it, levered it and yanked again. It was in like a fishhook. I horsed it back and forth and finally, in an angry jerk that broke a lot of ice, I got it out. My arm was weak with the effort and my hand was already getting cold and stiff. When I swung the hammer again, it twisted out of my grip when it hit the ice and hung by its strap. Michael had said my hands would probably get cold, because while you climb, they are always above the level of your heart. It seemed too soon for them to be as cold as they were, but there was nothing to do about it. The wind was getting worse. I needed to get going. I set my hammer on the second try and for the next 20 minutes I climbed frantically on a burst of energy that I shouldn't have squandered.

Michael had cut two small steps on the wall just below the first ice screw, so that I would have a good toe hold from which to work. By the time I stood up into them, I was exhausted. I bellied up against the ice and tried to get my breath. Then I looked down for the first time. I was only 50 feet up and it scared the hell out of me. Fifty feet down the hard, shiny gullies, over the bumps and outcrops to the frozen base of an ice cliff like this one is enough to kill you and you don't need any experience to know that. My whole body knew it and my arms instinctively muscled up and pulled me as flat as I would go against the ice. And that was the moment my adrenaline came up. My hands and my feet were almost numb. The muscles in my arms and across my chest ached. I started to talk to myself out loud. Michael couldn't hear me. He was too far above me, in a place I wasn't sure I was going to reach, a place I couldn't even see sometimes because of the blowing snowstorm. I was alone. Much more alone than I'd expected to be, in the middle of a job that



hadn't needed doing at all before I started it and that now needed doing like nothing I'd ever done before.

"Don't look down, don't look down," I told myself. "There's no going down now . . . be more dangerous than going up at this point . . . goddamn hands . . . come back . . . warm up." I hung by my forearms and clapped my hands for a few seconds. It was useless. "They're gone," I said. "They're not coming back . . . get used to it . . . pull the hammer out . . . out out out you miserable son of a bitch . . . all right, put the pick of the hammer into the eye of the screw and turn . . . that's it, tangle the goddamn strap . . . nothing can be easy . . . oh shit, that's it, you can't even see now." A big gust of wind blew a cloud of powder around my head, into my eyes and up my nose. Everything whited out. "God-damned wind . . . there had to be killer wind . . . put the screw on your strap and climb, stupid . . . you can't be out here too much longer . . . now, move . . . go . . . just do it, you pathetic fucking dilettante."

I swung the hammer and when it bit, my hand caught between the ice and the handle and it hurt all the way up my

arm. I swore, then I moaned, then I told myself out loud, "All right, you're going up this thing with pain . . . you can cry and scream and curse or not cry and not scream and not curse . . . it doesn't make any difference . . . don't pay any attention . . . stop all this thinking and climb."

I went after the ice as if I'd come to wreck it. I hacked and scrambled and kicked and swore at myself and the mountain. Every stroke, every step I took was wild with panic. When my hands got too numb to grip the handles of the ax and the hammer anymore, I hung by the straps and dragged myself up that way. The wind was making me stop more and more and it was full of wet snow. My beard was frozen stiff. My feet had broken through their pain and were senseless stumps. Everything I could feel ached. All the pieces of me were struggling with one another for blood and oxygen and adrenaline. Then I came to a bulge in the wall. Like a huge icy stomach over my head. I craned my neck back to look at it and my hat, which fit like a salad bowl by now, slid down over my eyes. Something in me wanted to laugh, but I didn't, because something else in me more powerful than my sense of humor

recognized that the absurd isn't always funny. I was hanging with all my weight through the ax and hammer straps and there was no way to get a hand free to do anything. I leaned forward with my head and tried to scrape the hat back out of my eyes with my forearm. It moved a crooked inch, giving me vision out of one eye that lasted till I swung the hammer again and the hat fell back like heavy wool eyelids. And if there was a single moment my mind shattered like old ice, that was it. I whined, like an ugly child whines. I almost wept. I went into a litany of hate and rage . . . against Michael for bringing me onto this mountain . . . against the editors who paid my way . . . against the guy who put that macabre photo in the ice book of the man whose hammer broke . . . against old enemies who began to show up in my head, laughing, as if they'd predicted this moment for me . . . against Nathaniel Hawthorne . . . what did *he* know of desolate places? Had he hung from these cliffs like a rat on an oily barrel cast overboard into a stormy sea?

It was useless jabber, all of it, and as I put the ax and the hammer into the bulge and started climbing again, it got worse. Halfway over the bump, I tried to kick my left front points in, missed and jerked my right foot and my hammer out with the same move. I didn't fall. I just hung there by the strap on my ax and I gave up. No way up and no way down. My hat in my eyes and my spirit gone. Michael couldn't see me. I could hear him yelling, but the wind was loud and cold and I couldn't hear the words. It didn't matter. The ugly movie in my head started throwing up failures of mine, from childhood all the way up to that pitiful moment there on the ice. I deserved everything, all of it, I told myself. It was simply a matter of karma—for stupidity, weakness and a life lived badly, I deserved to fall off this mountain. All of it felt like the kind of madness that probably precedes death and is probably the worst part of dying.

Then something happened that I had never felt before. My body took over. My mind went on entertaining a bizarre collection of hopeless images, but my body wouldn't have it. With that much adrenaline in my blood stream, my body finally reared up with a will of its own and said to the intellect, "I'm getting out of this thing one way or another and you're coming with me." Then my brain was a kilo of meat in a bone cup being hauled up that cliff by an animal of incredible strength and endurance, an animal who listens to only one voice, an ancient voice, saying only one thing: "Survive this." There are no feats of courage or strength or *macho* in that state. There are no French names for what you are doing and there is no reason for any of



*"We're perfectly matched, Miss Goldstein. You're looking for a father figure and I, in turn, wish to get laid."*



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it. There is no rope, there are no *pitons* or ice screws. The climber above you is an illusion. You are nothing to the ice but a warm moment that passes quickly, desperately, and is gone. The mountain doesn't care.

My moves from there were not graceful or sure, or careful or strong, but they did the job. I climbed the 75 feet to Michael without stopping, with my hat in my eyes, with no feeling in my hands or my feet, through a storm, while a symphony of dementia played in my weak mind. By the time I pulled myself up onto the ledge, I was still crazy with all of it. Michael said, "Good effort," and I almost attacked him with my hammer.

Instead, I told him, "I'm exhausted, I'm in pain, I can't see a goddamn thing, I can't feel my fingers or my toes, I can't hear you for the wind and I am fucking terrified that I am going to fall off this cliff and die."

"Don't worry about falling," he said. "I'm in a very solid position up here. If you fall, I can catch you. In fact, I'm solid enough to pull you up if you get in trouble. That's what I was yelling at you."

"I can't hear you," I told him. "I heard your voice but not the words and that just scared me worse. You could have been screaming about an avalanche, or that you were falling, or anything." Then I said, "I have to rest. I'm hanging by the straps on my ax and hammer because I can't close my hands anymore."

"Well, stay here till you warm up," he said. "That was the hardest pitch. The rest isn't that bad. And if you climb with your legs, your hands won't get so cold. Don't pull so much with your arms. Stand on your front points and push your weight up with your legs. Use your arms to steady yourself."

"I don't trust the front points," I told him. "They keep popping out. And I don't trust the rope. While I was climbing, you and that rope didn't exist."

"You won't trust the system completely till you fall," he said.

"I don't want to fall," I said. "Not even two feet."

After about five minutes, my hands started to come back, and with the feeling came that fiery pain. It doesn't last long, but it's magnificent while it does. I swore and stamped my feet on the narrow shelf, I banged my hands against the ice, clapped them, cradled them in my armpits, and I moaned. By the time the pain passed, I had some sense back. Not much, but a little sense is a lot more than none.

"That's the hardest thing I've ever done in my life," I said.

"The storm isn't helping," he said.

We stood without talking for another five minutes. We were about 150 feet up, with just enough room to stand flat-footed. Every time I shifted my feet, chunks of ice and snow took the long fall

and landed without noise at the bottom of the face.

"Do you like to look down?" I asked. "I looked down while I was climbing and it broke my heart."

"I like to look down when I'm in control of a climb," Michael told me, "or when I've made it to the top. The best feeling, really, is standing at the bottom, looking up, after a tough ascent, saying to yourself, 'I climbed that.'"

"How are we going to get down?" I asked.

"We'll walk," he said. "When we get to the top, we'll hike across through the trees to a slope we can walk down."

"How far is it to the top?"

"Two more pitches," he said. "We'd better get going before this storm gets any worse." Then he unhooked from the anchor strap and I hooked into it.

"I'll cut more steps for you on this pitch," he said. "And since we probably won't be able to hear or see each other, I'll give the rope a couple of tugs when I'm on belay, then you can start climbing. And if you get in trouble, you tug on the rope and I'll pull you up."

No, you won't haul me up this mountain, I thought to myself. Not until I'm limp. And then I knew my arrogant brain was back in charge. I was only moments from the worst sustained terror of my life and already demon pride was creeping back. I thought all that stuff had died in me while I was hanging there in the wind and the fear. Turned out it was just numb, like my fingers.

Almost immediately after Michael started to climb, I was alone again. I watched as he pulled himself up through a beautiful ice tunnel, and then he was gone. I couldn't see how steep or difficult the pitch was going to be. But I could feel Michael climbing through the rope I was paying out. His progress was slow and when it stopped now and then, I imagined him cutting steps. While I waited, I looked around for the first time. I was above the bare tops of the trees. There were moments when I could see the half mile across the notch to the icy cliffs on the other side, but mostly the storm washed out the view. The flakes were heavy and thick, not falling but riding the fast wind south, as if they were late for something.

Desolate isn't quite the right word, I thought. It's too passive, too quiet a word for this place. Then I heard myself—wrestling with Hawthorne over vocabulary—and I said out loud, "Is that it? You came up here in your red knee socks and your \$1.17 hat to get shitty with Nathaniel Hawthorne over a word? Did you climb this ice for the right word? And if you get it, will you take it back, hang it on your woodshed door and tell your friends it's just a little nicer than the one Hawthorne shot in this same forest?"

It was the kind of game I play when I am safe at home among my own words,

at my own word machine (as I am right now). Up there, when I saw that the slack at my feet was gone, then felt Michael tugging the signal on the rope, all words became tits on a boar again. I unclipped from the anchor strap and felt the adrenaline surge. I knocked the chock and the nut out of the crack they were in, strung them around my neck and started to climb.

I moved up and into the ice tunnel without much trouble. Then I climbed up through the huge ice stalagmites that formed it and out the other side. From there I could see most of the pitch ahead of me, but I still couldn't see Michael, who was somewhere out of sight above me. I began climbing with my legs and I could feel the difference. My left leg shook when I put all my weight on it, and the front points didn't feel any more secure than they had before; but after ten minutes, I could feel that my hands weren't getting cold the way they had. At one point, I had to traverse the face for about ten feet and as I worked myself sideways like a crab, it occurred to me that a wrong whack with either the ax or the hammer could chop the rope in two. I tried to slow down, but the wind kept gusting in my face. I wasn't sure how long my hands would stay warm or how long my head would stay together, so I decided to go with my scramble and hack till I couldn't anymore. I was still frightened, but the panic of the first pitch was gone. I began to notice the ice. Some of it was white, some of it was gray and some of it was pale yellow. It was translucent in some spots, transparent in others. Sometimes when I hit it with the hammer, it would star, then shatter and send the shards flying like plate glass. Other times, the blade hit and stuck as solidly as if it had been driven into the trunk of a big old oak.

Michael had cut more steps for me in the difficult spots, as he said he would. It was always good when I found them, but finally, they weren't much use. Michael had made them to fit himself and the reach between them was too long and bold for me to use. So I cut a few for myself and, as I did, I thought how intensely personal every climb must be. Under the right conditions, you could take it an inch at a time if you wanted to, carve a stairway an old woman could use if the weather wasn't trying to blow you off the mountain. But it was, so I gave up on the chopping and climbed by my claws again. Still without grace, or pleasure, or a sense of accomplishment, but steadily. I stopped only once on that second pitch. I removed an ice screw, I rested, I took inventory: Hands still warm and working, feet numb but no pain, legs weak, arms shaky but better than before. When I reached Michael where he crouched on another small shelf about 200 feet up, I told him I felt pretty





*"I'm terribly sorry! I thought I was undressing you mentally!"*



good. "The ice was yellow back there," I said.

"It's from minerals in the rock," he told me. "The white and the gray ice have snow mixed in and the blue ice is full of water."

Michael went off belay almost immediately after I reached him. He went across the cliff for a few yards, and then he made a move I'd seen only from spiders before. He was under another bulge, with his right front points in the ice just below it. Then he swung his left leg up till it looked like it was going to pop out of his hip, drove the front points in and then slowly, amazingly, he stood straight up on the points and gained four feet. He beat the whole thing in one move and a minute later he was out of sight again. After about 30 minutes, I felt a couple of tugs on the rope. I removed the belay and started across the cliff awkwardly. I dropped my hammer and caught it by the strap. When I took an angry swing to set it again, my front points came out and left me hanging by two arms this time. It didn't scare me the way it had before. I knew the ax and the hammer would hold me till I got things back together, but I didn't want to look down. I kicked four or five times with my

right front points and when they wouldn't go in, I looked down through my arms to see what I was doing. What I got was a view of the bottom and the taste of adrenaline in my mouth. I looked away and told myself it wasn't over yet. Then I muscled and blasted my way up over the bulge. It tired me badly. I did a 15-foot dead vertical very slowly and then pulled myself onto the almost flat top of a huge knob. I lay there, trying to get my breath, looking at the ice. It was blue—aqua, really—a delicate pastel shade, not a winter color, something from the South Seas where the deep water meets the shallow water, not blue, not green, both, and very beautiful.

I climbed another 20 minutes, another 50 feet, and then I saw Michael sitting among small trees.

"You made it," he said.

I said, "Yes," between heavy breaths, but there was no feeling of elation. Maybe I was too tired, maybe I was still in some kind of shock or maybe I was feeling embarrassed for the first time about how badly I had underestimated the whole bold business of ice climbing. And there was that noisome little kid who had sprung on me with all his cheap despair and whining in that first panicked pitch.

I hadn't come face to face with that pathetic wretch for years and I guess I'd begun to believe that I'd grown out of him. Standing there at the top, I knew he'd always be with me, waiting in there for our next hard hour to jump up and cry that we were doomed, that he couldn't do it.

"How high are we?" I asked.

"About three fifty," Michael said.

I looked down at what we had climbed. "Amazing," I said. Then I promised myself I'd never do it again.

We slogged across the mountain through knee-deep snow and when Michael found the spot he was looking for, we sat and slid down the slope on our asses. When we were standing on the railroad tracks again, I looked at my watch for the first time. From the bottom to the top had taken us almost four hours.

When we got to the base of Standard, while Michael packed the equipment, I looked up the face and said to myself, "I climbed that," but there was no special feeling to it. Just an ache across my shoulders and a numbness where my feet should have been.

On the walk back along the snow-covered tracks, I watched the wind forming delicate little cornices on the drifts and I thought, Man is nothing out here. The footprints we'd made in the deep snow on our way in were gone. In four hours, the storm had cleaned the woods of any sign that we had ever been there.

In the van, on our way back to North Conway, we were quiet. Our beards started to melt, my fingers tingled and my cheeks burned. After a while, I said, "Thank you for that experience."

"You're welcome," Michael said.

"But I don't want any more," I told him. "It beat me bad down there on that first pitch. I don't need any more."

"You mean you don't want to do the ravine tomorrow?"

"No," I said. "It's going to take me a week to warm up and get the fear off me."

On the way into the shop to drop off our equipment, I ran into a young climber named Brian. We'd talked the day before about ice climbing.

"How'd you do?" he asked me.

"It destroyed me," I told him. "I couldn't feel my hands, I still can't feel my feet, I discovered I'm a fool and a coward and I've never had such terror in my life."

"Sounds like a good ice climb," he said.

"What?"

"Happens to me all the time. That's what it's about," he said.

I stood there in my wet knickers and my stupid hat, shaking my head, trying to resist the idea that trouble and danger are worth anything by themselves. But they are. I'm much too proud of the toe I still can't feel.



"Well, Sydney, twelve years of suffering is enough. Today you're ready for a major breakthrough."





# RABBIT. THE #1 SELLING IMPORT IN JAPAN.

The Japanese obviously know a good thing when they see one. And so more people in Japan are buying Volkswagen Rabbits than any other imported car.

Fascinating. But not astonishing.

The Rabbit has more total room than any Japanese car in its class.

The Rabbit hops from 0 to 50 mph in 8.3 seconds.

Most Japanese cars don't.

If you're interested in superior handling and maneuverability, you'll get them in a Rabbit, because the Rabbit has front-wheel drive.

Most Japanese cars don't.

If you're interested in economy, a VW Rabbit with a diesel engine got the highest mileage of any car in America for 1978: 53mpg on the highway, 40mpg in the city.

The gasoline Rabbit is no slouch, either, with 38mpg on the highway, 25mpg in the city.

(EPA estimates, with standard transmission. Your own mileage may vary, depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment.)

In short, the Rabbit delivers precisely what thoughtful people anywhere want in a car: performance, room, handling, economy.

So next time you have a yen for a terrific sukiyaki dinner, drive to the restaurant in a Rabbit. And enjoy the best of both worlds.

## VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN





## EUREKA! I'M COMING

(continued from page 138)

*"During sexual stimulation, solutions came quicker, drawings were sharper and ideas were clearer."*

of enormous creative output.

Freudians furthered the negative correlation between sex and art through their theory that art is a release of neurotically repressed sexual energy. Cure the neurosis and no more art. One study of Vincent van Gogh described his painting as a sublimated form of masturbation that satisfied not only his phallic creative strivings but also his repressed anal drives through playing with the messy, smelly paints. Freud himself was ambivalent about this approach, though he did apply it to Leonardo da Vinci in a controversial book. Today, all but diehard orthodox Freudians have abandoned the theory of art as sublimated sex. In fact, far from being disruptive to the creative process, there is much evidence that sex enhances it. Many artists and writers admit that sex or masturbation is an integral part of their creative pattern.

I interviewed an architect who had not only observed the connection between masturbation and the release of creative energy but also conducted some interesting, if informal, experiments to test that relationship. In his work, he has become sensitive to his own creative process and frequently uses the technique described at the outset of this article (i.e., to let ideas come up near the surface of

his mind and then to press them back down into the subconscious to come up a second or a third time before letting them click). He has also observed the similarity between this experience and masturbating and has wondered what would happen if he linked the two.

The architect asked several of his students to participate in experiments. They equipped a studio with slide and film projectors, erotic and pornographic films, sound and recording equipment, biofeedback equipment and the best approximation of a sensory-deprivation chamber they could construct. They took excursions to sex shops and X-rated theaters, explored the effects on their work of viewing erotic films and monitored their reactions with the biofeedback equipment. But the most interesting part of their experiments was the investigation of the effects of low-level sexual stimulation on creativity.

They set up a series of design problems and then rigged up a drawing table so that a woman could work solving the problems on a continuous roll of paper. While she worked, a relay of men was under the table gently eating into her, careful to keep the stimulation light enough so that she wouldn't come: 20 minutes of drawing with stimulation, 20

minutes without, etc. Then the class analyzed the work. There were incredible differences. During sexual stimulation, solutions came quicker, drawings were sharper and ideas were clearer. They got the same results with a man solving the problems while the women stimulated him, and the experiment was repeated several times with members of both sexes, always with substantial improvements in the work except for gaps of a half minute or so at the point of actual orgasm.

The architect summarized his findings:

"A good architect or other creative worker will have a profound flash once every several months. You wait for that moment and spend the rest of the time working out that one insight. With these sexual techniques, you can learn to get that kind of creative insight whenever you need it. The real commodity in the world today isn't oil, it isn't capital, it's creative thought. Stamford, the Hudson Institute, the Illinois Institute of Technology, the Trilateral Commission—they all deal in ideas.

"It's only a matter of time," he continued. "Within ten years, every board room, every intelligence agency, every think tank in the country will be using these techniques. There's no way they can get around it. The results are too spectacular."

These techniques are not available only to artists and people who work for think tanks. They are also available to doctors, engineers, mechanics, students—to everybody. Unlike drugs or computers, they require no special connections and no money. Finding the right woman or man may not always be easy, but masturbation is available to anyone, any time. And sexual stimulation can put you in touch with the resources of the right cerebral hemisphere—intuition, emotional openness, the enjoyment of music and the ability to spontaneously size people up.

Our scenario of the meeting of the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the President's Cabinet may, in the near future, no longer be fantasy. In fact, these techniques could also be used for international conferences to put heads of state in touch with their right-hemispheric functions, thus decreasing their reliance on linear rational logic and its military consequences and opening them to their more intuitive and, it's hoped, peaceful sides. G. L. Simons, in *The Book of Sexual World Records*, writes of a Chinese empress who had heads of state give her head. Any puritanical resistance to sexual stimulation for creative release will quickly be overcome by national competition. We landed men on the moon for fear the Russians might do it first. Surely, we will manage to open some flies under the conference table to assure a world lead in creative thought.



*"Look, Suzanne . . . when you married me, you knew I was a diplomatic courier!"*



# DETROIT IRON TURNS INTO GOLD

The American car has never changed so much, in so short a time, as it has in the years we're living through right now. What headline writers have called The Big Shrink started officially with the 1977 model year and will continue for three or four more years, until all our cars are smaller, lighter and more economical.

You know why this is happening. It started when the Arabs turned off the oil tap back in 1973 and we all lined up for gas, and it's been kept going by Federal laws that demand better and better fuel economy, beginning with the '78s.

You may realize that a big change is under way, but you may not have thought through all its implications. One of them is that instant classics are being created as an older generation of larger and more generously built cars is being replaced by the new lighter models. All around us are the cars we'll look back on, in just a few years, with fond memories and a murmured "They don't build 'em like that anymore." Many of these are cars worth keeping, both for personal enjoyment and for possible financial gain as their value starts to turn up again with increasing age and rarity. Let's see if we can put together a morning line on the cars that will rate our special attention.

## BIG CARS AND CONVERTIBLES

As cars get smaller, today's largest models will have great nostalgic appeal. Everyone will have his favorite make and model, but two cars stand out. One is the Lincoln Continental, which is still on the market in '78. It's one of the handsomest and best big cars, a classic for any season. The other is the last Chrysler Imperial of 1974 and 1975, with its vertical waterfall grille.

Although the last of the convertibles, the Cadillac Eldorados, are the ones that got all the publicity, convertibles of any make will be in great future demand. They're rare, sporty and interesting, and that adds up to classic value.

## PERSONAL LUXURY CARS

Designed in their own day to have strong individualistic appeal, the personal luxury cars will be favorites for future collectors, too. One of them has already been slashed in size and weight, and that's the Lincoln Mark. That adds value to the earlier models, especially to the magnificent Continental Mark IV,

which was built from 1972 through 1976. The Mark III, of years 1968-1971, is only slightly less interesting.

G.M.'s front-drive cars—the Olds Toronado and the Cadillac Eldorado—will be ones to watch. So will the Buick Riviera, especially the flamboyant boat-tailed car made from 1971 through 1973. Often ridiculed in its day, this will be one of the great classic cars of the future, because it was so defiantly different from all its contemporaries.

## INTERMEDIATES

The intermediates as a whole are a "soft" investment; someday most will be



"old cars," interesting as such but no more. But there are a few that will stand in the spotlight.

One such outstanding intermediate remains in production today. It's the sleek, clean-lined American Motors Matador coupe, the design introduced in 1974. Another special intermediate that will always draw attention is Chevy's Chevelle Laguna S-3 coupe of 1975 and 1976, with its sloped nose to improve its aerodynamics for stock-car racing.

Two ranges of intermediates of recent years also jump up from the ruck. One is the Pontiac Grand Am series, the coupe and the sedan, introduced in 1973 and built for three seasons. The other is the Ford Gran Torino line of 1972. It came out that year with a good-looking oval grille and shapely nose, a "face" that was pushed flat the following year to suit new Federal bumper laws.

## PERSONAL CARS

Closely linked to the intermediates are the very popular personal cars built on the same chassis. Especially at General Motors, these cars have been sharply changed for 1978. They make their predecessors fantastically desirable. One such is the Pontiac Grand Prix. Efficient though it may be, the '78 Grand Prix is weak tea, indeed, next to all earlier models. The same is true of the Chevrolet Monte Carlo. The new one won't stand comparison with the deservedly popular Monte Carlo of 1973 through 1977, one of the creations of John DeLorean while he was running Chevy.

Although not yet replaced by smaller machines, Chrysler's personal cars meet our qualifications. Chrysler's most interesting vehicles in years are its Cordoba, starting in 1975 and continuing until its unrewarding 1978 face lifting, and its Dodge Charger SE of similar design. And there's a Ford sleeper in this class: the Elite, which had a model lifetime of only two and a half years, starting in mid-1974.

## SPORTY CARS

The first of the down-sized cars, and a true precedent setter, was Ford's Mustang II of 1974. Now in the shadows, somewhat discredited, the biggest-ever Mustangs of 1971-1973 have been made more desirable by the smaller '74 model. The same goes for its sister at another division, the Mercury Cougar of those same years, even though it was replaced by a still larger Cougar.

Collectors will be looking for those sporty cars that were dropped after the 1974 model year, as the fuel shortage eroded their market. Among these are the Dodge Challenger, the Plymouth Barracuda and the A.M.C. Javelin, which had an especially interesting Dick Teague style in its last four model years.

G.M. hasn't yet quite decided how it will shrink the Chevrolet Camaro and the Pontiac Firebird. When it does, the post-1970 models of both will take on added luster, especially the Z-28, the Trans Am and the Camaros built before the heavy front bumpers were added in 1974.

Will the era of the down-sized car create some new classics of its own? We've already seen the first one in the Cadillac Seville. That's as good a sign as we can ask for the future of the American car.



# I won't settle for anything less than taste.

A lot of cigarettes promise taste.

But for me, only one cigarette delivers. Winston.  
I get real taste and real pleasure every time I light up.  
I won't settle for less. Would you?



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

Winston King. Winston 100's.



# THE SAFE-DEPOSIT-BOX SCORE

## BOX POPULI

Are you making the best use of your safe-deposit box? Today, there are more than 12,000,000 lockboxes rented by the public. Yet many of those millions who rent strongboxes—which basically offer the advantage of protection, coupled with privacy and exclusive control—are unaware of what should and should not be placed in them, whether they should be held in one name or two and why the purchase of insurance protection for their contents should be considered.

The origins of safe deposit can be traced to ancient Greece, where the priests of the temples often received valuables from their owners for safe-keeping. The modern concept of individual boxes with dual-control locks within a community vault, however, dates back to 1865, when the first safe-deposit company opened for business in the United States.

With safe-deposit boxes so ubiquitous today, consumers generally have no trouble finding one at a convenient location and at a moderate price, from \$5 a year for the smallest to \$75 a year for the largest. But questions arise when it comes to some of the particulars of actual usage.

What should you put in a safe-deposit box? Common sense should apply. Julian S. Bush, professor of estate planning at Columbia Law School and a partner in the New York law firm of Shea, Gould, Climenko & Casey, puts it this way:

"The things to keep in a safe-deposit box are generally articles of intrinsic value. The things not to keep there are documents that are needed in a hurry when the owner dies."

The major reason for that distinction is that, normally, when a person who rents a box dies, it is sealed by the bank until appropriate and sometimes time-consuming legal procedures are taken to allow someone else access. Bankers and tax authorities both try to keep track of deaths in their area to prevent the improper withdrawal of items by a deputy or agent who had been authorized by the owner to open his box.

## OPEN-AND-SHUT CASES

Every state has a different regulation governing the opening of a safe-deposit box if necessary to find the original will of the owner, so it is important to know

what will happen in your state when the will is kept in the box. Thus, a box registered jointly in the names of a husband and wife can be opened by the survivor when one party dies in Pennsylvania, while the survivor who opens the box without proper authorization in New York is committing a misdemeanor. In Virginia, even a box listed in a single name can be opened for a will search by the next of kin.

Unless you are certain, therefore, that the will in your safe-deposit box can be reached easily in the event of death, its proper location is a safe place at home

there, since, for one thing, they represent "earning assets" and ensure that the cost of the box is tax deductible.

## SINGLE BLISS

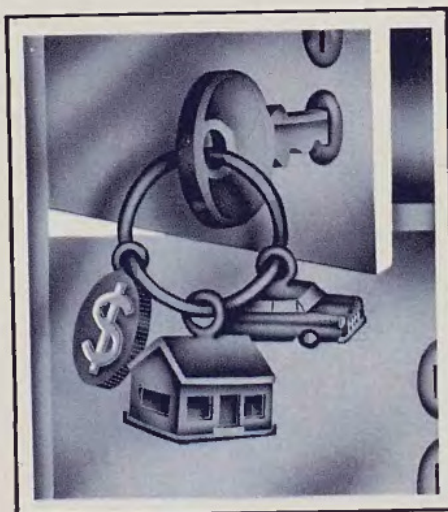
Although there is a difference of opinion among financial advisors as to whether a couple should rent a joint safe-deposit box or put the ownership in just one of the individuals' names, the prevalent view is that a single name would generally be better. In many states, such an action establishes the presumption that all property in the box not registered jointly belongs solely to the renter—a desirable presumption in most instances. Since state laws differ regarding entry into the box by others in the event of the death or incapacity of the box owner, possible problems generally can be avoided by designating a deputy and giving him or her one of the two keys allotted to a box owner.

Even with your valuables stored in a safe-deposit box, the possibility exists that the material in the box can be stolen. The odds are slim that such an event could occur because of banks' elaborate security and protection systems, of course, but there have been thefts from vaults.

There is no clear-cut answer as to who is liable when a safe-deposit box is burglarized—those who offer the boxes or those who use them—since, again, state laws vary. Whatever the state, though, banks usually assert that as long as they exercise reasonable care in safeguarding the contents of a box, they are relieved of any further liability.

Some users of boxes have contested that assertion when faced with a loss and have successfully sued for negligence, breach of warranty and bad faith in protecting property. But one veteran insurance man points out that "negligence is established in a court of law and litigation is expensive." As a result, he advises consideration of special safe-deposit-box insurance.

A final tip: You should know exactly what is contained in your safe-deposit box in case a problem erupts. Make a check list on a plain sheet of paper or on one of the forms provided by insurers, recording all major items in the box and their serial numbers, if appropriate. And be sure to keep this record at home—not in the box. —LEONARD SLOANE



or in the vault of your lawyer, executor or accountant. Similarly, cemetery deeds, burial instructions and life-insurance policies should also be accessible when most needed—after your death.

Most experts in the field also agree that large amounts of cash do not belong in a lockbox. Federal and state taxing authorities are likely to assume that such funds represent unreported income thereby placing a burden on the heirs of the owner to prove otherwise.

In contrast, useful personal papers—such as birth and marriage certificates, military-service papers and citizenship documents—are among the items that should be in a safe-deposit box. So should valuables such as jewelry, rare coins and stamps and family heirlooms. Original signed family and business documents, including deeds, trust agreements, contracts and court decrees, belong in the box. And securities ought to be kept





## Vitamin loss. Classic in flu.

When your body reacts to the stress of flu, it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet, your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in. Here's why.

**Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins.** Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of infection, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins, B complex and C may be indicated.

**Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS<sup>®</sup> 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins.** When the diet is inadequate, STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid a vitamin deficiency by replacing the

B and C vitamins lost during stress conditions such as flu. STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy above-normal needs for these vitamins by providing above-normal amounts: 600 mg. of vitamin C plus a high potency formula of the B complex vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains vitamin E. Also available: New STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

**Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600.** Ask your doctor or pharmacist about this different brand of vitamin. Available at your drug store, in bottles of 30 or 60 tablets.

STRESSTABS 600 won't cure the flu, but it can help you maintain the good nutritional balance you need to fight back.

STRESSTABS 600 and STRESSTABS 600 with Iron are products of Lederle Laboratories.

**Stresstabs<sup>®</sup> 600**  
High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins 034-7R



# HOW HAUTE THE CUISINE?

## RESTAURANT VERISIMILITUDE

It looked like a Norman Rockwell rendition of an elegant New England inn, standing there in the snowy Massachusetts evening. Inside, they brought us generous drinks and asked if we'd like to stay for dinner.

The menu, chalked by hand onto a blackboard above the bar, was at least a dozen items long: chicken Kiev, flounder stuffed with crab meat, veal *parmigiana*, golden-brown shrimps, prime rib *au jus*, *coq au vin*, veal *cordon bleu*, tournedos of beef tenderloin.

It sounded as if we had made a real find. But we knew better. We finished our drinks and departed without eating because we knew that the entrees, or most of them, were plastic impostors: concoctions that had been cooked somewhere else, sealed in plastic pouches and flash-frozen and shipped to this quaint old inn, where they were stored in a freezer until someone ordered them, at which time they were run through a microwave oven (or suspended briefly in boiling water) to warm them up.

The chances are good, and getting better, that when you eat out, you're going to consume food packaged and prepared in that manner. Some for instances:

Meats that once were cooked in a restaurant's kitchen are now processed, cooked and frozen in some faraway warehouse and then sold to the restaurant, whose kitchen may consist of little more than a pot of boiling water or a microwave oven and, perhaps, a machine that imprints "char-broiled" hickies on the meat. International Multifoods offers precooked roast beef "with or without *au jus*."

Your mashed potatoes are likely to come from a Taterjet, which looks like a hot-chocolate dispenser and which ejaculates measured quantities of instant potatoes onto your plate. The gravy almost certainly comes from a can, where it has a shelf life of about a year.

(In fact, almost everything wet comes from a can: "ready-to-serve aged-cheddar-cheese sauce artificially flavored," hollandaise sauce, white sauce, the *au jus* for your roast beef.) And for your baked potato, there's Hy-Derv, a "cultured sour dressing," which, its manufacturer claims, is "better" and "lasts days longer" than real sour cream.

Your onion rings may have come from Moore's Food Products, where they were "made from diced sweet Spanish onions, seasoned and formed into uniform rings." Another term often used by the food industry is "extruded," meaning to chop up something and force it into a shape that resembles what you think you're paying for. The sound you just heard was Brillat-Savarin twirling in his grave.

## SEAFOOD SLEIGHT OF HAND

The worst comes when you walk into a seafood restaurant. There, the shrimps are likely to be manufactured ("Tiny



select shrimps are seasoned and extruded into plump, juicy, uniform crescent shapes," then precooked and quick-frozen, according to one ad in a food house organ—but you can bet it doesn't say all that on the menu), and the clams are likely to be even stranger: Old Salt Seafood Company boasts that its Clammos Jumbo Fried Clams are "diced clams, shaped into strips and breaded."

Speaking of bread: If you go to a restaurant that claims "home-baked" or "own-baked" loaves of bread, served hot on little wooden platters with little knives, you might well be eating a Bridgford Demi-Loaf. I was at such a restaurant in South Carolina not long ago and got the owner to acknowledge that the bread was manufactured by the Bridgford people a continent away, in Anaheim, California, the home of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, and shipped, frozen, to the "little woman's" kitchen.

And then there's the Gourm-egg. That is what its mommy, the Ralston Purina Company, calls a "frozen hard-cooked egg-roll product," which is 13 inches long and normal egg diameter. It would rupture the chicken that tried to lay it. A Ralston spokesman explained that the company separates egg whites from egg yolks and then "re-forms" them into a cylinder—yolk inside, albumen out—that looks, when sliced, like a section of hard-cooked egg.

## DINING DEFENSES

So how do you protect yourself from eating foods of that sort? It may be impossible, since the practice is so widespread. But there are some precautions a prudent diner might take:

Avoid eating at places, such as the aforementioned New England inn, that offer more dishes, and more elaborate ones, than the size and popularity of the place warrant.

Unless you're dining at a place with such a reputation that discovery of fakery would ruin the chef professionally (and there still are such places), be leery of anything said to be frog legs and anything claiming to be stuffed with crab meat. Watch out for coquilles Saint-Jacques, anything cooked in a paper bag and that omnipresent plastic favorite chicken Kiev.

Forget about help from the *federales*. The Food and Drug Administration has the authority and duty to regulate interstate "truth in menu" matters, just as it has strict rules about what goes on supermarket food labels, but, according to one of its spokeswomen, "I'm afraid that we just don't enforce" the law.

Don't count on the industry to engage in any self-policing. A spokesman for the National Restaurant Association said it was the N.R.A.'s position that menus shouldn't engage in "any direct misrepresentation" but also that "we do not feel that a menu is a legal document."

When you buy a meal in a restaurant, said the spokesman, you're buying "a total package," only one part of which is the food. If somebody picked up a menu and were to read all about what goes into a cheese sandwich, he wouldn't be interested in buying the cheese sandwich.

Precisely.

—FRED POWLEDGE 163



# 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.

Because a flawed tape can lead to some very misleading results.

A tape that can't cover the full audio spectrum can keep a recorder from ever reaching its full potential.

A tape that's noisy makes it hard to measure how quiet the recorder is.

A tape that doesn't have a wide enough bias latitude can make you question the bias settings.

And a tape that doesn't sound consistently the same, from end to end, from tape to tape, can make you question the stability of the electronics.

If a cassette or 8-track jams, it can suggest some nasty, but erroneous comments about the drive mechanism.

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 Maxell cassette, 8-track and reel-to-reel tape to make sure it doesn't have the



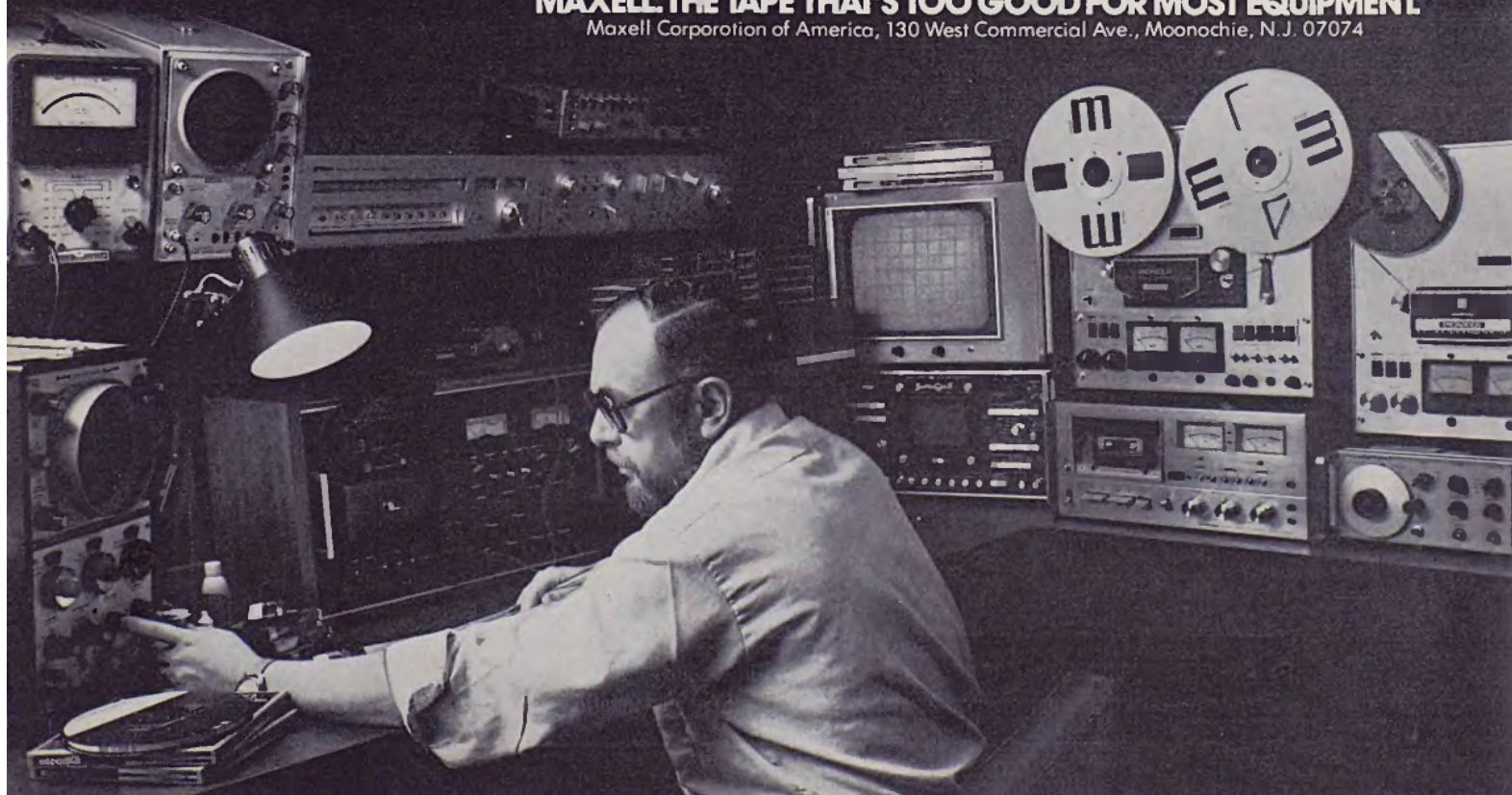
problems that plague other tapes.

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

It's one way to guarantee the equipment will get a fair hearing.

**MAXELL THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.**

Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, N.J. 07074





# CHECKING OUT YOUR HI-FI

## TURNTABLE TIME

Conducting some simple periodic checks on your stereo rig will help things run better and will alert you to trouble before it becomes serious.

Start with the turntable. Is it still level (assuming you had made it so when installed)? Check it by placing a small spirit level on the platter. Rotate the platter to get four readings (north, east, south, west). Correct for any nonleveling by adjusting the feet of the base (if provided) or by wedging cardboard snips under the base as needed.

Next, check the balance of the arm and the correct vertical-tracking force for your pickup. Follow the instructions furnished with your unit. If in doubt, get a small V.T.F. gauge from any hi-fi dealer for a buck or so.

Clean the stylus, using a small brush—lightly moistened—and whisking gently from back to front (never sideways). Very gently, remove any crud accumulated between the stylus cantilever and the underside of the cartridge body—this is an area often neglected by stereo owners and a glob of dirt here can impede the action of the stylus in tracking a record groove.

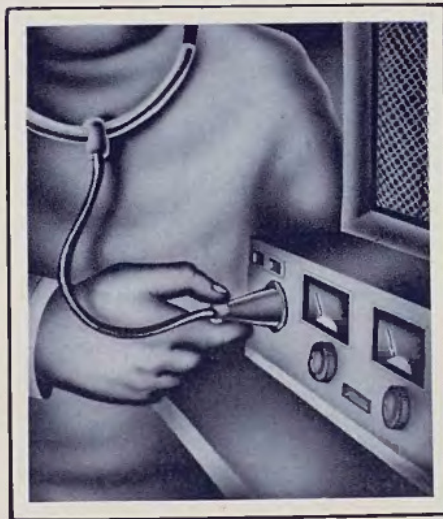
You probably have been cleaning your records; but when did you last clean the surface of the turntable? A moistened soft-nap lintless pad will do. Finally, check turntable speed—this is easy if your unit has a built-in strobe indicator and fine-speed adjustment. If you cannot adjust for true speed, either your line voltage is way off (check with the power company) or the motor and/or transmission under the turntable may be on the verge of something serious (check with a local service shop).

These checks should be made at least twice a year. The cleaning should be done fairly often, depending on how much you use your equipment. As for stylus inspection (for wear of the tiny tip), once a year is a safe bet. And for this, you must get the stylus under a high-powered microscope (find a dealer who has one or send the stylus back to the manufacturer).

## DECK CHECK

For a tape deck, the most important thing you can do is keep the heads clean. Again, follow the directives spelled out in the owner's manual. Almost any commercial head cleaner (either a liquid and

applicator or a special cleaning tape) will do. Most insiders allow that tape heads should be cleaned after every 50 hours of use, and then degaussed, using a special demagnetizer, after every 100 hours. When cleaning heads, also clean the metal guides over which the tape passes. If the head-care routine does not improve a sagging high-frequency response, the deck may be incorrectly biased for the tape you are using or something may be amiss in its circuitry or the head(s) may be misaligned or in need of replacement. Which of these conditions will need professional servicing is going to



depend on your expertise—or lack of it.

For tuners, amplifiers and receivers, simply do the obvious to detect aurally any malfunction. Try all the controls to determine that they perform their intended chores. A bass tone control, for instance, that fails to boost or cut the lows may indicate a circuit defect that may be only inconveniencing you now but that could become a real blooper in a week or so. Any control that sounds noisy as you turn it should be cleaned (there are special fluids for that purpose), but if, after the cleaning, it remains noisy, it should be replaced by a qualified technician.

## CONTROL COUNTDOWN

In general, it is easy to check out all controls, listening for telltale signs, such as tone adjustment, channel balance, and so on. For FM, specifically, note the action of the tuning meter or meters. If

they start showing significant departures from previous indications, the tuning dial may need recalibration vis-à-vis the turning knob (a simple chore) or the antenna may need reorientation (probably a little more difficult) or the set may need realignment and/or new parts (strictly for the professional). The whole "electronic" checkout should be run about twice a year.

The system as a whole is strung together, electrically speaking, via those shielded cables whose little plug ends fit into mating sockets. After some time, depending on the environment, these contacts can develop a metallic chemical coating that impedes the signal flow. A simple and effective cure is to remove each plug (power turned off, of course) and reinsert it. When doing so, also note and replace any loose or broken connectors. Remember, there are two contact points in each connector—the signal, or "hot" line, and the shield, or "ground."

## WIRED IN

Speaker-to-amplifier hookups usually are made with insulated zip cord whose ends are wrapped or otherwise attached to screw terminals or binding posts. Make sure that all the strands of each lead are together and are making good contact with their intended terminal—at both the amplifier and the speaker. A single strand of wire bridging the signal and ground terminals of either the amplifier or the speaker can cause all sorts of sonic mischief. To avoid this problem, you should "tin" the ends of the exposed speaker leads. This means twisting them together and securing the twist with a small bit of solder. If your stock of personal tools does not include a soldering iron, an alternate method is to fit "spade lugs" to the twisted ends. These small metal fittings cost a few cents at radio-supply shops and they can be slipped over wire ends and secured by crimping—squeezing them tightly with a pliers.

This over-all connector checkout ought to take place at least once a year, though one buff I know repeats it whenever the house gets cleaned, since once an overeager vacuum-cleaner welder neatly knocked off a speaker lead. It drove him nuts until he thought to check all connections.

—NORMAN EISENBERG





## MEXICO

(continued from page 122)

*"There are so many good restaurants in Puerto Vallarta you can easily eat yourself into a new division."*

the road to Mismaloya may suit you better. With barely 50 rooms and suites—the Posada has 250 or so—it's quieter and more intimate, though no less luxurious.

There are also several pleasant and inexpensive small hotels in central Puerto Vallarta. The dowager is the Rosita, built in the late Forties on a small beach next to a fishing pier on the north end of Avenida Díaz Ordaz, the main drag. There's a tiny pool, a good serious bar and even a few rooms with air conditioning. El Mirador down the street, Oceano near the plaza and the Río, cleverly enough, by the river are three other golden oldies. Their clientele is usually vacationing Mexicans and impoverished student types, which can be good fun. The traffic rolling by at night over those teeth-rattling cobblestones isn't always part of it, but watching a Cecil B. De Mille sunset from the balcony of your \$12 room definitely is. Before we leave the wonderful world of lodging, I should add that for those of you who want to visit Mexico and suffer none of those nasty surprises and psychic jolts that often accompany foreign travel—that is to say, visit Mexico without being forced ac-

tually to set foot in it—for you, there is a Holiday Inn.

There are so many good restaurants in Puerto Vallarta that in a week's time you can easily eat yourself into a new division. Have as few meals as you can manage at your hotel. A few menus offer iguana, variously prepared, but seafood in splendid varieties is the real specialty—red snapper and oysters and dolphin (the fish), and such esoterica as green sea-turtle soup (made from a tasty vanishing species) and *pulpo en tinta* (octopus stewed in its own ink, which seems rather like living to rue the day, or some such epigram). *Langostino*, a huge salt-water crawfish, passes for lobster in these parts, and in winter months is just as good; from May through October, the warmer water tends to make the flesh mushy and they're not worth the increasingly stiff prices they fetch.

The present napkins-down favorite restaurant among visitors is Carlos O'Brian's, facing the quay on Avenida Díaz Ordaz; it's so popular that every third or fourth person you see on the street seems to be wearing a Carlos O'Brian's

T-shirt. It's decorated *junk-shop manic*—Dadaist clusters of phonograph records suspended on wires from the ceiling; poster-sized stats of vintage photographs, odd nostalgic signs and antique doodads all over the walls; a shotgun blast from the past. The service tends also to be slightly speedy, of the fill-'em-up-move-'em-out-rawhide school, no matter how warm the toothy California smiles of the waiters. It's considerably more like being in Sausalito than in Puerto Vallarta. House specialty, in fact, is barbecued chicken, beef and ribs. But the food, if aimed toward American tastes, is worth the inevitable wait and the feeling you're in a scene from *Revenge of the Living Attic*.

Casablanca down the street is more true to its laid-back Northern California school. It looks at first like a slice of Sausalito, with natural woods and hanging ferns and canvas director's chairs. Except a couple of ocelot pelts are nailed up spread-eagled on rough-cut beams, just so no one will think Casablanca insufficiently *macho*, like those fey vegetarian joints up in Marin County. If you suffer from sound-system withdrawal on such trips (I do), Casablanca has one that will help and a record collection of the Eagles and electric Miles Davis persuasion. And the service won't remind you of rush hour. With a two-for-one cocktail hour in the bar downstairs, it's my pick hit in town for viewing the daily extravaganza of sunset. Its restaurant upstairs is easily equal to Carlos O'Brian's, and you can linger over dinner at tables overlooking the quay.

Another of the most popular restaurants, El Set, on the highway to Mismaloya, is so justifiably smug about its location that the slogan on its T-shirts is *ANOTHER LOUSY SUNSET IN PARADISE*. Built at the top of a cliff a couple of hundred feet above the beach, El Set commands a great CinemaScope pan of the entire rugged peninsula to the south, its vast dinosaur backbone diminishing over miles to a dark skeletal tail pointing out to sea. Narrow spaces between the wooden floor boards afford a novel view of the beach below; those leaves fluttering at eye-level just beyond your table are the tops of tall trees. El Set even serves food.

Done eating? Then it must be time to shop. If you travel to acquire elegant *objets d'art*, you should go somewhere other than the jungle—but there are any number of ways to part with your money in the stores of Puerto Vallarta. My own taste runs toward rare, authentic native artifacts, so I brought home several clear-acrylic Puerto Vallarta key chains with actual dead scorpions inside and a stuffed

(Text continues on page 170. A handy guide to the area is on pages 168 and 169.)



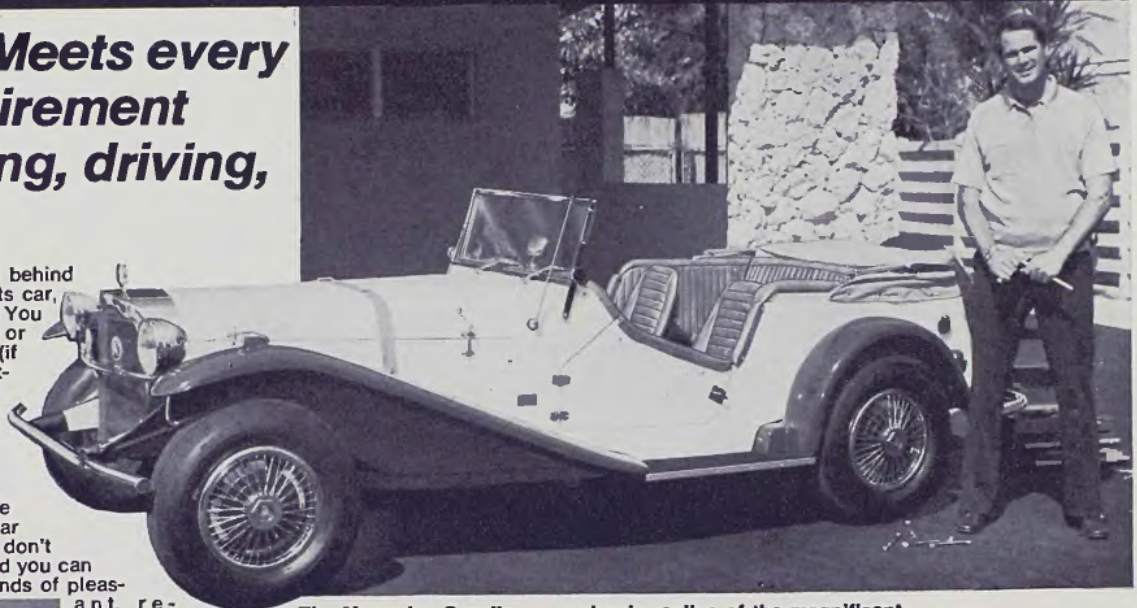
You are there: Lower central west Mexico—between Mazatlán and Manzanillo on the coast, centering on popular Puerto Vallarta and including La Paz and Cabo San Lucas on southern Baja—is a *tierra nueva* for *turistas*, and only six hours by air from New York.



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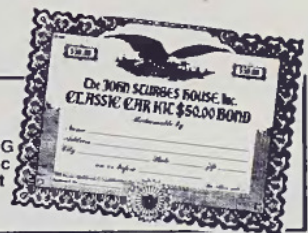


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# PLAYBOY'S CAPSULE GUIDE TO THE MEXICAN RIVIERA

## PUERTO VALLARTA

A relative newcomer to the high-toned tourist scene, P.V. has made up for lost time without turning to plastic. Much fun to be had here, from *discos* to deep-sea fishing, in a variety of ways. Note that prices can vary and that the peso has been fluctuating between 20 and 26 per dollar.

### WHERE TO STAY:

**Posada Vallarta:** A largish, active complex in tasteful Spanish Colonial style, on the best beach. Complete travel service, car rental, etc. Free afternoon movies. Fine poolside lunch, but the mediocre (and expensive) dining room can safely be avoided. It's our top-end pick hit in P.V. Double rooms \$33-\$36 out of season and \$50-\$53 during high season (December 15 to May 2, European plan—no meals included).

**Camino Real:** High-rise beauty south of town that's well-liked by Americans. Spectacular setting, perfect clear water. Double

rooms in season are \$57.75; out of season, they're \$38.90.

**Garza Blanca Club de Playa:** On the highway near Camino Real but smaller and more exclusive than it or the Posada. Modest beach and pool, but *muy bonito* surroundings. Doubles are \$45-\$53 out of season, \$53-\$63 in. Chalets also available.

**Rosita:** Right in town on the main drag, it caters mainly to vacationing Mexicans. Small bar, tiny pool and beach. Great if you like the real thing. And inexpensive. Doubles start at \$7.

**Oceano:** Ditto the Rosita, except hold the beach. Right in town, with an airy downstairs bar and a boutique called Demian's featuring some nice leatherwork. Doubles are \$9 or \$12, depending on the season.

**Holiday Inn:** For those who want to get away from it all without getting away from much. The orange-plastic coffee shop could be in Dayton, but the pool may be the biggest and best in the area. Doubles in season are \$32, out of season, \$28.

### WHERE TO EAT:

Puerto Vallarta has more good restaurants than you can sam-

## MANZANILLO

A hundred and 50 miles or so down the coast from Puerto Vallarta, the best part about Manzanillo is getting there—on a daylong drive through jungle mountains wild as your dreams. Watch out for falling rocks and livestock on the highway and definitely don't do it at night. Unlike P.V., Manzanillo isn't geared for tourists, so don't expect any flash in town.

### WHERE TO STAY:

**Las Hadas:** Here's the flash: Superior digs over a hillside that could be on the Riviera. Poolside bars, a marina, water-skiing, a fabulous nine-hole golf course, several dining rooms, etc., etc. Easily the fanciest place north of Acapulco. Doubles in season are \$46-\$85, plus \$16 per person for two meals a day.

**Hotel Plaza Careyes:** At Costa de Careyes, an hour or so north of Manzanillo. In another isolated, perfect setting, it's run by an Italian family that owns a goodly chunk of coast line and provides a gracious, friendly experience for guests. Doubles in season are offered only on the American plan at \$72 per day.

**Club Méditerranée:** Sixty miles north of Manzanillo at Playa Blanca. Let your libido roar and toss away your inhibitions with your bathing suit. Doubles are \$300-\$425 per week.

**Hotel Colonial:** An old hotel in the center of town that's very basic but clean and inexpensive. In any season, a double room is about \$7. Also serves some of the best food in Manzanillo.

**La Posada:** At Playa Azul near the end of a strip of bungalows, on the bay, it's run by young Americans and usually attracts the same. Modest but comfortable. Bar is do-it-yourself. Doubles in all seasons are \$7.

**Miramar:** On the highway north of town. A real motel and

## BAJA CALIFORNIA SUR: CABO SAN LUCAS

At the very tip of the Baja peninsula, Cabo San Lucas is fast becoming the St.-Tropez of the Americas. Direct jet air travel from Los Angeles was inaugurated last July, and the World Bank and the Mexican government are pouring \$84,000,000 into Baja for tourist support systems. Hotels and condominiums are beginning to spring up like frogs in a dynamite pond. So, to get a real taste of the place, go soon.

### WHERE TO STAY:

The new **Hyatt Baja** in Cabo San Lucas is the nicest hotel in the area. Designed by award-winning architect Guillermo Hume,

its spacious suites, tennis courts and restaurant all seem to blend naturally with its environment. One of the striking features is the hotel's pool design: three pools at different levels that pour into one another. All afford an unobstructed view of the Gulf of California. Doubles in season are \$55, out of season, \$38-\$50. **Hotel Cabo San Lucas** (American plan, doubles in season are \$110, out of season, \$60.40), one of the oldest resorts, offers a wide range of activities: white-winged-dove hunting, a fleet of fishing boats, tennis courts and horseback riding. Both it and the Hyatt are situated several miles out of town. If you want to get closer, the **Hacienda** (American plan, doubles in season are \$80.40, out of season, \$60.40) is located right on the San Lucas harbor with a large stretch of private beach. It also has tennis courts, two swimming pools and a glass-bottom boat for fish watching.



ple in two weeks.

**Carlos O'Brian's** is the runaway favorite with Americans; barbecue ribs, chicken and beef are specialties; the Mexican dishes tend to be safely nonspicy, but there's a caramel desert too good to be true.

**Casablanca** down the street also attracts Americans but has none of the frenetic atmosphere of O'Brian's; and the food, in our opinion, is better.

**El Set**, south of town, is a cliffside eyrie in a setting so gorgeously boggling that you won't notice whether you liked the food or not. Back in town, the **Mismaloya Beach** offers the most extensive seafood menu and perhaps the best; try the *pulpo en tinta* if you dare. The **Posada Rio Cuale**, south of the river, is a little restaurant/hotel (with a pool the size of a Buick) that serves some of the best lobster in town.

#### WHAT TO DO:

Apart from the regular water sports (snorkeling is especially good in the marine preserve around Los Arcos, huge seagoing

boulders, south of town), shopping tops most lists. There are silver shops and boutiques in abundance. Several carry Guatemalan embroidery that's a knockout. Handmade stonework is also a specialty in these parts, as are ceramic tiles (which can be found very inexpensively in *ferreterias*—hardware stores).

**¡Olé!** on Avenida Juárez has an impressive selection of handwoven blankets, rugs and sweaters in Indian designs. **Studio Zoo** on Ignacio Vallarta features terrific animal sculpture of brass and beautifully painted papier-mâché. When you're done consuming, be sure to take a stroll along the quay at sunset.

#### NIGHT LIFE:

Consists mostly of loving the one you're with, but the bars and restaurants go late and there are several *discos*. Hottest and latest open these days is the **City Dump**. There's another called **Cuckoo's Nest** in the Casablanca, and the Holiday Inn has one called **Leonardo's**.

definitely quite modest, but the owner's charming and for the price, the beach is fine, with a view of town and sumptuous Las Hadas across the bay. Rooms in season are about \$7.

#### WHERE TO EAT:

Many fewer choices in Manzanillo than in P.V. **Las Hadas** probably offers the grandest fare. **Hotel Colonial** in town is recommended for an inexpensive lunch and **La Chiripa** is the place for seafood.

#### WHAT TO DO:

Truth be told, not much. Walk about town in the evening, when everybody's out, buy some sandals and head for your hotel. Manzanillo is extremely thin on shopping and night life—the drive to and from P.V. is the real treat.

## SAN BLAS

Since there is virtually nowhere to stay, no place to eat, no shopping and nothing to do there, San Blas is not for your average tourist crowd. But if you consider yourself either mentally deranged or extremely hardy, we suggest you check out the section on San Blas in the accompanying article.

#### WHERE TO EAT:

All the hotels in the area have their own restaurants; some are very good, such as the Hyatt's **Guaycura Restaurant** and the **Hotel Pamilla's** restaurant in nearby San José del Cabo. Some are merely overpriced. In town, the **Mar de Cortez**, a sort of tattered hotel, has a terrific and inexpensive restaurant; also try the **Pizza Parlor**, which is run by a former illustrator for the Italian edition of *PLAYBOY*. **Balandra** is another restaurant in town that serves good, inexpensive Mexican food.

#### WHAT TO DO:

Cabo San Lucas has been called the sport-fishing capital of the world. Charter a boat with some friends and you're almost guaranteed to pull in lots of dorado, marlin and other sailfish.

There are some awesome beaches, too, especially the Playa Santa Maria, where you can snorkel to your lungs' delight. Visit the Japanese shipwreck (just ask anyone). A word of caution: Do not try to swim in the surf on the Pacific side. The rip tide is so fierce that no matter how good a swimmer you are, it's too rough. Even on a relatively calm day, the surf sounds like the World Trade Center falling over. Have your hotel pack a lunch for you and charter a boat to take you to the secluded Playa del Amor. But don't pay the boatman until he picks you up. There is a tourist office in town that will supply you with maps and direct you to other points of interest. One thing not to be missed is the only *disco* in town: **Raphael's**. During the season, it's not too rowdy. Your girlfriend might get felt up a little by the natives, but it's still a gas.



Puerto Vallarta iguana. I was tempted by some basketwork woven locally in Taiwan but decided against it in favor of the va-va-voom Day-Glo nude painted on black velvet, in the genuine white molded Styrofoam frame. She looks terrific under my black light.

Shop after shop is filled with jewelry of silver and turquoise. It's probably cheaper in Taxco, where much of it is made, but, again, bargaining is built into the price. At a stall by the Río Caule, on three successive days, I was quoted three different prices for the same silver ring, 50, 70 and 90 pesos. We finally bought it for 45.

Other objects worth coveting in Puerto Vallarta are hand-carved stonework. Two or three stores deal in it exclusively, coffee-table tops of fused polished onyx in Indian *art nouveau* checkerboard patterns, carved stone-god chess sets, fat happy turtles three feet long sliced beautifully through by undulating layers of color distinct as parfait, their heads turned up inquiringly. Some of the boutiques carry skirts and blouses with the strong primary colors and shapes of Guatemalan embroidery; it's reminiscent of Haitian primitive painting and, remarkably, is even still hip in New York.

At 500 Avenida Juárez, Arte Taurino has a store called ¡Olé! that's piled high and hung with serapes, sweaters, hand-woven blankets and rugs. He imports this handwork from nearly every state in Mexico, much of it done by Indians. His walls are a museum, Aztec and Mayan symbols and gods brought once more back to

life—impassive abstracted lizards; a two-headed Rorschach toucan, straining cell-like to divide; stony-faced square-headed fellows wearing as headdresses stylized fountains of feathers, rendered with simple warmth, like pre-Columbian Disney cartoons. Another place worth checking out, if only for its museum quality (should you not have \$1500 or so in pocket change to drop on trifles), is the Studio Zoo on the corner of Ignacio Vallarta and Francisco Madero. It features large one-of-a-kind metal sculptures of jungle birds and animals, dreamy rhinos and parrots and plump scaled armadillos, all of them, too, with an attracting cartoonlike feel to them. They'd look great in your living room and put you only a couple of hundred pounds over your weight limit on the flight home.

No matter how strong your devotion to Consumption and The Material Way, after a while, all the silver jewelry begins to look the same, coalescing in your brain into an alien metallic blob with a single bulging turquoise eye. And the prospect of another, urp, great meal conjures one more blob in your gut, a round, heavy accrescence, pearl of enchilada. That's when it's time to go day-tripping into the boonies, solid and liquid.

Two hours by boat down the coast from Puerto Vallarta, there's an outpost called Yelapa, claimed from the jungle. Excursion boats leave for there each morning and return late in the afternoon. If anything is a "must" during a trip to Puerto Vallarta, a visit to Yelapa is it.

Yelapa so reminds everyone who goes there of the archetypal tropical retreat that it's almost universally described as looking more like Tahiti than Tahiti itself—even by people who've seen the real thing. That idyllic waterfall in our opening photos is in Yelapa. There is also a thatched open-air restaurant called Lagunita that's as good as the scenery, featuring fresh broiled fish and iguana, and a semihotel of the same name consisting of about 20 basic but pleasant hut-style cottages built up the hillside. (It's so popular, reservations should be made well in advance.) Except for a small Indian village nearby, that's it. Thrills and chills in Yelapa consist mainly of improving your tan and having another of whatever you're drinking. Most people find that one day there is terrific but plenty, though it is one of those places that tempt some to stop and do some serious loafing. For, say, six or eight months. . . .

**A SLOW BOAT TO BAJA:** On Tuesdays and Saturdays at four P.M., a ferry leaves Puerto Vallarta for Cabo San Lucas on the southern tip of Baja. The trip across the Sea of Cortés (now dismally called the Gulf of California) takes 18 hours. The ferry is German-made and just a few years old, more like a cruise ship than a car-carrying tub. There's a bar and dining room, and if you rent one of the luxury cabins (500 pesos—about \$25) and the company's right, well . . . how time flies. If you can't cram such leisurely pursuits into a small vacation, you can fly to La Paz from Mexico City, Phoenix, Los Angeles and Mazatlán.

Cortés was first lured to Baja by tales of beautiful women there who dived for pearls. The stories were about half true. There *were* pearls. For the next four centuries, the oyster beds produced prized specimens, especially "black" pearls. Then suddenly, during the Forties, they shriveled up and died.

Lately, they have begun to come back, but even without the pearls, there are good reasons for the *schlep*—as you can see from our opening photos. With little fresh water, Baja is sparse and sparsely settled, the desert opposite of the wet jungle along the mainland coast, like a bit of Utah or Arizona floating in gleaming warm ocean. The ocean, in fact, is a greater attraction here than elsewhere; like Bimini in the Bahamas, the waters off lower Baja are so rich with record-breaking fish—dorado, snook, yellowtail, sailfish, marlin and more—that they attract big-league game fishermen with visions of Guinness listings dancing in their heads. With quite a few charters available, little leaguers may also apply (in La Paz, try the Jack Valez Marlin Fleet in the Hotel El Presidente).

These days, there's no need to rough it. La Paz, a city of 46,000, is a free port,



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"Thanks just the same, but I'm sitting this one out."



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which is to say, a magnet for cruise ships. To accommodate them, there are shops up the gazinga, with low-priced goods and bads from the world over, and restaurants ready to take on anyone from vegetarians (Fernando's) to pizza lovers (Pizzeria La Tavola). Maybe because of all the day-tripping cruise-ship traffic, which retreats back on board at night, there aren't any really hot-shot hotels in La Paz, though several are very good. The A-prime wonders are down around smaller Cabo San Lucas. All have access to the Hotel Cabo San Lucas airstrip and free parking for your Learjet. The Hotel Cabo San Lucas, 11 miles out of town, is a \$1,000,000 baby that's the favorite with fishermen. Hyatt Baja, the Hacienda and Solmar are all right in there, as is Finisterra, at the end of the land mass, among rock formations carved strange by currents and wind, near a beach named Sunset. From there in the right season—February and March are the best months—you can watch the playful majestic migration of gray whales as they round the horn into the Sea of Cortés on their way to mate.

ON THE ROAD TO MANZANILLO (WHERE THE SPIDER MONKEYS PLAY): Another trip worth taking is a drive south from Puerto Vallarta nearly 200 miles through the mountains to Manzanillo. Volkswagen Safari "Things" are available for rent at several places in Puerto Vallarta, convertible 48-horsepower Quonset huts that roar and creep up the steep parts, so you have to slow down and see things whether you want to or not.

The drive is magnificent; no less. From sea level at Puerto Vallarta, you climb on long switchbacks, following the twisting course of a river backward to its beginning, and beyond, through thick lavish jungle that's barely inhabited—by people, at any rate. Eventually, the air dries and cools, as if you've driven from August into October, the foliage changes, from jungle snarl to cedars and oaks, and the road straightens out through high tramontane valleys occupied by extensive haciendas and federal agricultural projects; and then down again into the tropics, through a small dusty town or two, over wide shining rivers that flow in lazy oxbows toward the ocean, and on into Manzanillo.

The road is unblemished two-lane blacktop the entire way. Well, the asphalt itself is unblemished. During rainy season, when I drove it last, from the surface on up things were fairly lively. Parts of the highway are carved like a toy shelf into sheer rising rock faces, like the Southern Pacific Railroad through the California Sierras, and where the cliffs have been shaved, when it rains, these, uh, boulders tend sometimes to cleave from the bosom of mother earth and plunge to the road with a *splat!* worthy of Wiley dropping one on the Roadrunner. Like flying the

friendly skies, odds are considerably against getting one in the occipital lobe; but they do make for creative driving, say, when you round a downhill corner and find a meteorite waiting in your lane and a semi smoking upward in the other.

The kinetic mineral life is only part of it. Cattle in varieties from sway-back hulks to sleek regal Brahmas browse along the roadside, and seem to enjoy digesting their meals standing in the traffic, as do the goats and horses and pigs and chickens and burros. In the seeming emptiness of the jungle, they are suddenly there, sometimes tended by a boy of 12 or so on horseback, but often completely on their own, with no evidence of any people living within miles of the spot. The highway doubles as a barnyard and is also a short cut for some wilder cousins. On my last trip, I saw a couple of ocelots, a spider monkey and a fat dead snake as long as my Volkswagen flattened to two dimensions by passing buses and trucks—which is where the ravens and vultures come in, scattering reluctantly as you drive over their buffet table. For a highway with few settlements strung along it, there are plenty of diversions—so many, in fact, that it's a good idea to do all your driving in daylight.

Finally getting to Manzanillo is something of an anticlimax. It's on a bay of such proportions that the Mexican navy has a base there, right next to the center of town, and offshore, giant tankers congregate at anchor. No glitter here. Manzanillo doesn't attract so many tourists that it mainly exists for them, as do Puerto Vallarta and La Paz.

Some visitors to the area never get as far as town. The airport is a few miles to the north and their destination, Club Med, is an hour's drive north of that. Another in the world-wide chain of X-rated summer camps for consenting adults, this one's like the rest. If you decide to play, it captivates your attention. Especially engaging is watching two pasty busloads from Bayonne being greeted by lean, tanned Frenchies amid cries of "*Mon dieu! Fresh meat! New blood!*"

The true killer resort is Las Hadas. Like Club Med, but in more various ways, it will absorb you if you don't watch out. Spun along a curving bay and up acres of hillside, five miles north of Manzanillo, it is architectural *hubris* and then some, many separate buildings on several levels, all sculpted of white stucco, like sweet frangipane. Towers topped by stylized Mediterranean arabesques, a squarish futuristic row of condos like tomorrow's shoe boxes, a sugary Moorish muffin on a red-tile plate . . . it's quite a sight, like a refuge from the Riviera hiding out in the back country of Mexico. It's certainly a good place to do basic training for the real thing.

Well on down the line from such splendor is the Hotel Colonial in central Manzanillo; but there you're in Mexico again, not France. Built in the massive old Colonial style, more years ago than anyone's admitting, with an interior courtyard enclosed by stout pillars and fancy carved wooden lattices between, it's the best-looking building in town and serves the best lunch and dinner. Rooms are fairly basic, cooled by a single ceiling fan, and don't *expect* a towel or a shower curtain, but for 95 pesos a head (less than five dollars), it's hard to complain—even about the pillows apparently stuffed with goats' feet. Two other good places at the more down-home end of things are La Posada at Playa Azul and the Miramar motel. La Posada is near the end of a strip of bungalows and motels along the beach near town (including one painted brazen orange and named Motel New York). It's run by Americans and generally attracts the same; the bar is do-it-yourself. The Miramar is a mile or so north. It defines the word modest, but the owner's charming and the beach is nice, with a view of town to the south and palatial Las Hadas across the bay.

DOWN AND OUT AND SLAPHAPPY IN SAN BLAS: If you're not brave or crazy, you can skip this part. By normal American tour-book standards, San Blas may be one of the most miserable inhabited places in North America. The daylong drive there north from Puerto Vallarta is another gorgeous trip through mountains and back down to the coast; but the meager, moldering collection of buildings and people that awaits at the end, slowly melting back into the jungle surrounding them, makes Manzanillo look like Paris. San Blas is so seedy, even that connoisseur of tropical hellholes, Joseph Conrad himself, would probably put it in his top ten if he were still around. Unlike Puerto Vallarta, where the mountains fall quickly into the sea, the jungle around San Blas meets the ocean in an extended low-lying soggy plain, even soggy during rainy season, with vast puddles and bogs among the coco palms between town and the beach. All that standing fresh water, kept incubator warm by the sun, breeds mosquitoes and kin at a furious rate. Actually, the mosquitoes are the least of it. The bug that made San Blas famous is a variety of goat, which, on windless days and always after sunset, swarms in clouds and will get you for sure if you're wearing anything less substantial than a diving suit. Because of the gnats, which breed chiefly in the puddles between the town and the beach, standard real-estate values are reversed and the poorest precincts of San Blas are nearest to the beach, open thatched houses, where the gnats are such a way of life that people in the evening burn smudge pots on their swept dirt stoops and sit around them, chatting in





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the smoke; and those who walk along the rutted roads carry rags about the size of dish towels, which they wave about themselves in individual complex patterns, unconsciously, the way a horse instinctively flicks its tail, so habitual it might be genetic. Bars in town at that time of night burn low blue light bulbs of barely measurable wattage, hiding out from marauding gnats, and poker games go on in the dark.

You might well wonder why anyone would go there voluntarily. I first did so 15 years ago, during a bohemian student summer bumming around Mexico with two friends. We were nearly broke, but wanted some sun, and heard that San Blas was what it still is, a cheap beach. Our third-class bus got in after dark, and we found a "rooming house" just off the town square. Three cots in a room barely big enough to hold them, for a little under a dollar and a half a night. It seemed like a bargain, at least until dawn, when Carol or Jeff or I, I forget which, woke up screaming and pointing at the roof of our room—which in first gray light proved to be chicken wire shaded from the stars by a palm tree; and standing on it, talons clutching for balance, wings flapping, was a grizzled old rooster, announcing the day right over our heads for all he was worth.

We moved to a fancier room, with a ceiling, in a small old hotel called Los Flamigos, which is still in business and not much changed. It's on a street leading to the river, near the forbidding remains of a Colonial Spanish customhouse, dank rotting pillars and walls, varieties of moss and climbing plants lapping at them like steady green flames. Los Flamigos is in slightly better shape. It is maybe a dozen high-ceilinged rooms arranged around an open interior courtyard that once was, many *mañanas* ago, a carefully planted decorative garden. Fifteen years ago, it was already well on its way toward riotous neglect, and it looks like no one has tampered with it since—when I was there a few months ago, it had taken over, berserk, the jungle replicated inside the hotel walls. Going with the flow, entropy in particular, appears to be a watchword of Los Flamigos. As the owner led us to our room on this last visit, he explained that the lock on the door had been broken for quite some time and that the latch didn't work too well, either. Then, as we opened the beds to air them, we flushed a fat gray mouse that had been snoozing beneath a pillow. In its alarm and confusion, it couldn't find the escape hatch gnawed cartoonlike in the base of one wall, and went zipping frantically around the room until we managed to herd it homeward bound and barricade the hole with books to discourage a return visit. *A History of Zen Buddhism* in hardback

did the trick. Los Flamigos is, admittedly, a place that would probably scare Aunt Effie, who likes Hawaii, right out of her polyester suit; but for three of us this time overnight, the room cost 120 pesos, about six dollars.

There isn't what could be called a decent hotel in San Blas, so if anything less comfortable than a Holiday Inn makes you tremble, you really should stay away. The Posada del Bucanero down the street from Los Flamigos may be the "best" place to stay, a C minus to Los Flamigos' D plus. In very dry seasons, when the gnats are absent (it *does* happen, usually in winter), the Playa Hermosa on the beach probably isn't terrible. Built 20 or so years ago as an attempted blast of Miami Beach, it's about the only "modern"-looking building in San Blas. It, too, is lazily going down the tubes of terminal neglect, though with dignity, and might be passable in dry months. But during rainy season, like a sad castle, it is nearly surrounded by a moat of bogs and puddles. You get to the ocean through a swamp and buzzing gauntlets of bugs. Fairly depressing. But when I was there last, about seven in the morning, I stood inside the screened-in lobby swatting off mosquitoes, working on the first of many therapeutic *cervezas frías*, talking to a young New York couple who were on their way back from a drive down into darkest Central America; and they assured me, as we scratched and swigged and swatted, that this looked quite nice compared with some of the sights farther south.

Because paradise is funkier here than elsewhere, and living the good life not quite as comfortable, San Blas remains one of the cheapest places to stay along the coast. For that reason, it still attracts a larger proportion of young Americans, particularly Californians, than most. The grubbier and more adventurous end of the surfing kingdom passes through San Blas, in vans coated gray with mud and dust; the current crop of bohemian students, many these days wearing an illegal smile; leftover hippies and social fugitives of all sorts who want to duck and hide and quit for a while. Stop. San Blas has a strangely appealing end-of-the-world quality to it, last stop on the last road through the last jungle. The End. You walk into plain bars half expecting to find Bogey in a white ice-cream suit, brooding at a back table; or Rita Hayworth as Sadie Thompson, sitting on a barstool beneath a South Pacific fan, legs crossed high and head thrown back, laughing at some bitter private joke. It's true Conrad country. San Blas, I suspect, is one of those "power places" that Castaneda's Don Juan talks about, a spot on earth with a stronger spiritual pull than others, for no knowable reason, maybe no reason at all. Something like that must be



happening with San Blas. It *ought* to be awful, and I guess in many ways it is (so if you go and hate it, please remember that I warned you, and you really shouldn't mail me those spiders as revenge). But if I am able, I'll go back again.

What about the enterprise that started it all? *The Night of the Iguana* set south of Puerto Vallarta, at Mismaloya? In the United States, as tribute to beginning the economic boom in these parts, the set would have been turned into a museum or some such, courtesy of the grateful Jaycees. But not in Mexico. These days, you can drive to the beach from Puerto Vallarta. It's not in the same league with San Blas, but it's fairly authentic. An encampment of gypsies had temporarily taken over much of the stony field behind the beach on my last visit—many vans and trucks and vehicles beyond description, laundry draped over cables tethering power poles, dogs and pigs everywhere—and had set up a small open-air movie theater using wide bolts of cloth and folding chairs. I leave to your imagination what sort of art films they might have been showing. Three days later, when I drove by, they were gone, vanished. There are two open-air beach restaurants at Mismaloya, and I suggest the one across the small river, even though—yes—you have to wade through cold mountain water to get to it. The one on the main part of the beach is popular with scrawny begging cats, rib-sprung dogs and your occasional snuffling pig. There's less traffic across the way. And the real El Set is directly above, up a steep hillside. You have to skinny through some barbed wire and take on a few barking dogs to get up to it. And when you do: The former movie hotel is still standing, pretty much intact. But most of the other buildings, not built as well, look worse than the Colonial ruins in San Blas, like they've been hit by a *bomb* of time instead of slow decay, walls and ceilings fallen back to nothing, jagged white support beams sticking up among the greenery like bleached broken bones, tattoos of graffiti on what's left standing. It's hardly a national monument. In fact, a farmer and his family are living in the hotel part and using whatever else they can. Before we got chased off by his dogs, I saw this: Attached to the hotel and also still pretty much intact are the stars' cottages, the very same where Sue Lyon pouted and the Burtons-to-be fought it out, hallowed turf of sorts, if you believe in Hollywood. The farmer has put them to good use. Each one houses an individual guest—a pig. Somehow, that they have come to be tailor-made pigpens seemed just right, a perfect Tennessee Williams finale.

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## HUMAN FACTOR

(continued from page 90)

Cornelius Muller. "You too, what do you want me for?"

Captain Van Donck was a brutal and simple man who believed in something, however repugnant—he was one of those one could forgive. What Castle could never bring himself to forgive was this smooth educated officer of BOSS. It was men of this kind—men with the education to know what they were about—that made a hell in heaven's despite. He thought of what his Communist friend Carson had so often said to him—"Our worst enemies here are not the ignorant and the simple, however cruel, our worst enemies are the intelligent and the corrupt."

Muller said, "You must know very well that you've broken the Immorality Act with that Bantu girl-friend of yours." He spoke in a tone of reasonable reproach, like a bank clerk who points out to an unimportant customer an unacceptable overdraft. "You must be aware that if it wasn't for diplomatic privilege you'd be in prison now."

"Where have you hidden her?" Captain Van Donck demanded and Castle at the question felt immense relief.

"Hidden her?"

Captain Van Donck was on his feet, rubbing at his gold ring. He even spat on it.

"That's all right, Captain," Muller said. "I will look after Mr. Castle. I won't take up any more of your time. Thank you for all the help you've given our department. I want to talk to Mr. Castle alone."

When the door closed Castle found himself facing, as Carson would have said, the real enemy. Muller went on, "You mustn't mind Captain Van Donck. Men like that can see no further than their noses. There are other ways of settling this affair more reasonably than a prosecution which will ruin you and not help us."

"I can hear a car." A woman's voice called to him out of the present.

It was Sarah speaking to him from the top of the stairs. He went to the window. A black Mercedes was edging its way up the indistinguishable commuters' houses in King's Road. The driver was obviously looking for a number, but as usual several of the street lamps had fused.

"It's Mr. Muller all right," Castle called back. When he put down his whisky, he found his hand shaking from holding the glass too rigidly.

At the sound of the bell Buller began to bark, but, after Castle opened the door, Buller fawned on the stranger with a total lack of discrimination and left a trail of affectionate spittle on Cornelius Muller's trousers. "Nice dog, nice dog," Muller said with caution.

The years had made a noticeable



change in Muller—his hair was almost white now and his face was far less smooth. He no longer looked like a civil servant who knew only the proper answers. Since they last met, something had happened to him: he looked more human—perhaps it was that he had taken on with promotion greater responsibilities and with them uncertainties and unanswered questions.

"Good evening, Mr. Castle. I'm sorry I'm so late. The traffic was bad in Watford—I think the place was called Watford."

You might almost have taken him now for a shy man, or perhaps it was only that he was at a loss without his familiar office and his desk of beautiful wood and the presence of two junior colleagues in an outer room. The black Mercedes slid away—the chauffeur had gone to find his dinner. Muller was on his own in a strange town, in a foreign land, where the post boxes bore the initials of a sovereign E II, and there was no statue of Kruger in any market place.

Castle poured out two glasses of whisky. "It's a long time since we met last," Muller said.

"Seven years?"

"It's good of you to ask me to have dinner at your own home."

"C thought it was the best idea. To break the ice. It seems we have to work closely together. On Uncle Remus."

Muller's eyes shifted to the telephone, to the lamp on the table, to a vase of flowers.

"It's all right. Don't worry. If we are bugged here it's only by my own people," Castle said, "and anyway I'm pretty sure we are not." He raised his glass. "To our last meeting. Do you remember you suggested then I might agree to work for you? Well, here I am. We are working together. Historical irony or predestination? Your Dutch church believes in that."

"Of course in those days I hadn't an idea of your real position," Muller said. "If I'd known I wouldn't have threatened you about that wretched Bantu girl. I realise now she was only one of your agents. We might even have worked her together. But, you see, I took you for one of those high-minded anti-apartheid sentimentalists. I was taken completely by surprise when your chief told me you were the man I was to see about Uncle Remus. I hope you don't bear me any grudge. After all you and I are professionals, and we are on the same side now."

"Yes, I suppose we are."

"I do wish though that you'd tell me—it can't matter any longer, can it?—how you got that Bantu girl away. I suppose it was to Swaziland?"

"Yes."

"I thought we had that frontier closed pretty effectively—except for the real guerrilla experts. I never considered you were an expert, though I realised you did have some Communist contacts, but I

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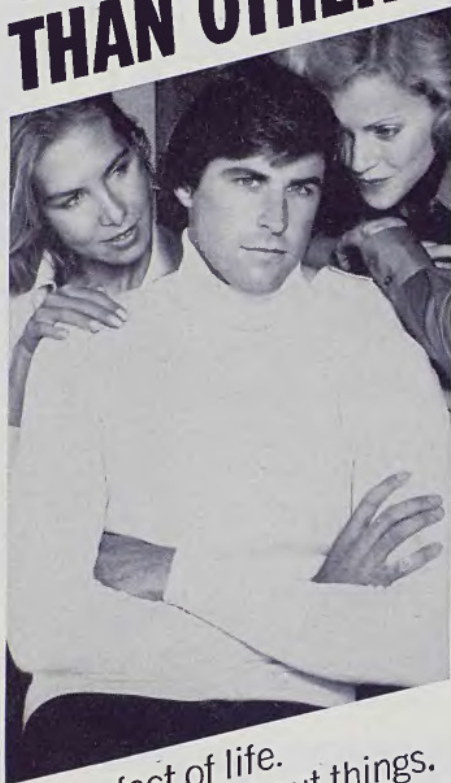
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assumed you needed them for that book of yours on apartheid which was never published. You took me in all right there. Not to speak of Van Donck. You remember Captain Van Donck?"

"Oh, yes. Vividly."

"I had to ask the Security Police for his demotion over your affair. He acted very clumsily. I felt sure that, if we had the girl safe in prison, you'd consent to work for us, and he let her slip. You see—don't laugh—I was convinced it was a real love affair. I've known so many Englishmen who have started with the idea of attacking apartheid and ended trapped by us in a Bantu girl's bed. It's the romantic idea of breaking what they think is an unjust law that attracts them just as much as a black bottom. I never dreamt the girl—Sarah MaNkosi, I think that was the name?—all the time was an agent of MI6."

"She didn't know it herself. She believed in my book too. Have another whisky."

"Thank you. I will." Castle poured out two glasses, gambling on his better head.

"From all accounts she was a clever girl. We looked pretty closely into her background. Been to the African university in the Transvaal where Uncle Tom professors always produce dangerous students. Personally, though, I've always found that the cleverer the African the more easily he can be turned—one way or another. If we'd had that girl in prison for a month I'm pretty sure we could have turned her. Well, she might have been useful to both of us now in this Uncle Remus operation. Or would she? One forgets that old devil Time. By now she'd be getting a bit long in the tooth, I suppose. Bantu women age so quickly. They are generally finished—anyway to a white taste—long before the age of thirty. You know, Castle, I'm really glad we are working together and you are not what we in BOSS thought—one of those idealistic types who want to change the nature of human beings. We knew the people you were in touch with—or most of them, and we knew the sort of nonsense they'd be telling you. But you outwitted us, so you certainly outwitted those Bantu and Communists. I suppose they too thought you were writing a book which would serve their turn. Mind you, I'm not anti-African like Captain Van Donck. I consider myself a hundred per cent African myself."

It was certainly not the Cornelius Muller of the Pretoria office who spoke now, the pale clerk doing his conformist job would never have spoken with such ease and confidence. Even the shyness and the uncertainty of a few minutes back had gone. The whisky had cured that. He was now a high officer of BOSS, entrusted with a foreign mission, who took his orders from no one under the rank of

a general. He could relax. He could be—an unpleasant thought—himself, and it seemed to Castle that he began to resemble more and more closely, in the vulgarity and brutality of his speech, the Captain Van Donck whom he despised.

"I've taken pleasant enough week-ends in Lesotho," Muller said, "rubbing shoulders with my black brothers in the casino at Holiday Inn. I'll admit once I even had a little—well, encounter—it somehow seemed quite different there—of course it wasn't against the law. I wasn't in the Republic."

Castle called out, "Sarah, bring Sam down to say goodnight to Mr. Muller."

"You are married?" Muller asked.

"Yes."

"I'm all the more flattered to be invited to your home. I brought with me a few little presents from South Africa, and perhaps there's something your wife would like. But you haven't answered my question. Now that we are working together—as I wanted to before, you remember—couldn't you tell me how you got that girl out? It can't harm any of your old agents now, and it does have a certain bearing on Uncle Remus, and the problems we have to face together. Your country and mine—and the States, of course—have a common frontier now."

"Perhaps she'll tell you herself. Let me introduce her and my son, Sam." They came down the stairs together as Cornelius Muller turned.

"Mr. Muller was asking how I got you into Swaziland, Sarah."

He had underestimated Muller. The surprise which he had planned failed completely. "I'm so glad to meet you, Mrs. Castle," Muller said and took her hand.

"We just failed to meet seven years ago," Sarah said.

"Yes. Seven wasted years. You have a very beautiful wife, Castle."

"Thank you," Sarah said. "Sam, shake hands with Mr. Muller."

"This is my son, Mr. Muller," Castle said. He knew Muller would be a good judge of colour shades, and Sam was very black.

"How do you do, Sam? Do you go to school yet?"

"He goes to school in a week or two. Run along up to bed now, Sam."

"Can you play hide-and-seek?" Sam asked.

"I used to know the game, but I'm always ready to learn new roles."

"Are you a spy like Mr. Davis?"

"I said go to bed, Sam."

"Have you a poison pen?"

"Sam! Upstairs!"

"And now for Mr. Muller's question, Sarah," Castle said. "Where and how did you cross into Swaziland?"

"I don't think I ought to tell him, do you?"

Cornelius Muller said, "Oh, let's forget



Swaziland. It's all past history and it happened in another country."

Castle watched him adapting, as naturally as a chameleon, to the colour of the soil. He must have adapted in just that way during his week-end in Lesotho. Perhaps he would have found Muller more likeable if he had been less adaptable. All through dinner Muller made his courteous conversation. Yes, thought Castle, I really would have preferred Captain Van Donck. Van Donck would have walked out of the house at the first sight of Sarah. A prejudice had something in common with an ideal. Cornelius Muller was without prejudice and he was without an ideal.

"How do you find the climate here, Mrs. Castle, after South Africa?"

"Do you mean the weather?"

"Yes, the weather."

"It's less extreme," Sarah said.

"Don't you sometimes miss Africa? I came by way of Madrid and Athens, so I've been away some weeks already, and do you know what I miss most? The mine dumps around Johannesburg. Their colour when the sun's half set. What do you miss?"

Castle had not suspected Muller of any aesthetic feeling. Was it one of the larger interests which came with promotion or was it adapted for the occasion and the country like his courtesies?

"My memories are different," Sarah said. "My Africa was different to yours."

"Oh come, we are both of us Africans. By the way, I've brought a few presents for my friends here. Not knowing that you were one of us, I brought you a shawl. You know how in Lesotho they have those very fine weavers—the Royal Weavers. Would you accept a shawl—from your old enemy?"

"Of course. It's kind of you."

"Do you think Lady Hargreaves would accept an ostrich bag?"

"I don't know her. You must ask my husband."

It would hardly be up to her crocodile standard, Castle thought, but he said, "I'm sure . . . coming from you. . . ."

"I take a sort of family interest in ostriches, you see," Muller explained. "My grandfather was what they call now one of the ostrich millionaires—put out of business by the 1914 war. He had a big house in the Cape Province. It was very splendid once, but it's only a ruin now. Ostrich feathers never really came back in Europe, and my father went bankrupt. My brothers still keep a few ostriches though."

Castle remembered visiting one of those big houses, which had been preserved as a sort of museum, camped in by the manager of all that was left of the ostrich farm. The manager was a little

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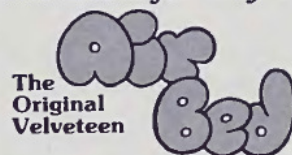
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apologetic about the richness and the bad taste. The bathroom was the high spot of the tour—visitors were always taken to the bathroom last of all—a bath like a great white double bed with gold-plated taps, and on the wall a bad copy of an Italian primitive: on the haloes real goldleaf was beginning to peel off.

At the end of dinner Sarah left them, and Muller accepted a glass of port. The bottle had remained untouched since last Christmas—a present from Davis. "Seriously though," Muller said, "I wish you would give me a few details about your wife's route to Swaziland. No need to mention names. I know you had some Communist friends—I realise now it was all part of your job. They thought you were a sentimental fellow traveller—just as we did. For example, Carson must have thought you one—poor Carson."

"Why poor Carson?"

"He went too far. He had contacts with the guerrillas. He was a good fellow in his way and a very good advocate. He gave the Security Police a lot of trouble with the pass-laws."

"Doesn't he still?"

"Oh no. He died a year ago in prison."

"I hadn't heard."

Castle went to the sideboard and poured himself yet another double whisky. With plenty of soda the J. & B. looked no stronger than a single.

"Don't you like this port?" Muller asked. "We used to get admirable port from Lourenço Marques. Alas, those days are over."

"What did he die of?"

"Pneumonia," Muller said. He added, "Well, it saved him from a long trial."

"I liked Carson," Castle said.

"Yes. It's a great pity he always iden-

tified Africans with colour. It's the kind of mistake second-generation men make. They refuse to admit a white man can be as good an African as a black. My family for instance arrived in 1700. We were early comers." He looked at his watch. "My God, with you I'm a late stayer. My driver must have been waiting an hour. You'll have to excuse me. I ought to be saying goodnight."

Castle said, "Perhaps we should talk a little before you go about Uncle Remus."

"That can wait for the office," Muller said.

At the door he turned. He said, "I'm really sorry about Carson. If I'd known that you hadn't heard I wouldn't have spoken so abruptly."

Buller licked the bottom of his trousers with indiscriminating affection. "Good dog," Muller said. "Good dog. There's nothing like a dog's fidelity."

At one o'clock in the morning Sarah broke a long silence. "You are still awake. Don't pretend. Was it as bad as all that seeing Muller? He was quite polite."

"Oh yes. In England he puts on English manners. He adapts very quickly."

"Shall I get you a Mogadon?"

"No. I'll sleep soon. Only—there's something I have to tell you. Carson's dead. In prison."

"Did they kill him?"

"Muller said he died from pneumonia."

She put her head under the crook of his arm and turned her face into the pillow. He guessed she was crying. He said, "I couldn't help remembering tonight the last note I ever had from him. It was waiting at the Embassy when I came back from seeing Muller and Van Donck. Don't worry about Sarah. Take

the first possible plane to L.M. and wait for her at the Polana. She's in safe hands."

"Yes. I remember that note too. I was with him when he wrote it."

"I was never able to thank him—except by seven years of silence and. . ."

"And?"

"Oh, I don't know what I was going to say." He repeated what he had told Muller, "I liked Carson."

"Yes. I trusted him. Much more than I trusted his friends. During that week while you waited for me in Lourenço Marques we had time for a lot of argument. I used to tell him he wasn't a real Communist."

"Why? He was a member of the Party. One of the oldest members left in the Transvaal."

"Of course. I know that. But there are members and members, aren't there? I told him about Sam even before I told you."

"He had a way of drawing people to him."

"Most of the Communists I knew—they pushed, they didn't draw."

"All the same, Sarah, he was a genuine Communist. He survived Stalin like Roman Catholics survived the Borgias. He made me think better of the Party."

"But he never drew you that far, did he?"

"Oh, there were always some things which stuck in my throat. He used to say I strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. You know I was never a religious man—I left God behind in the school chapel, but there were priests I sometimes met in Africa who made me believe again—for a moment—over a drink. If all priests had been like they were and I had seen them often enough, perhaps I would have swallowed the Resurrection, the Virgin birth, Lazarus, the whole works. I remember one I met twice—I wanted to use him as an agent as I used you, but he wasn't usable. His name was Connolly—or was it O'Connell? He worked in the slums of Soweto. He said to me exactly what Carson said—you strain at a gnat and you swallow. . . . For a while I half believed in his God, like I half believed in Carson's. Perhaps I was born to be a half believer. When people talk about Prague and Budapest and how you can't find a human face in Communism I stay silent. Because I've seen—once—the human face. I say to myself that if it hadn't been for Carson Sam would have been born in a prison and you would probably have died in one. One kind of Communism—or Communist—saved you and Sam. I don't have any trust in Marx or Lenin any more than I have in Saint Paul, but haven't I the right to be grateful?"



*"Before you start getting any ideas, Ralph, it's only fair to warn you that I am a distant cousin of Anita Bryant!"*



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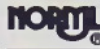
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**Bill Parker  
BEFORE**

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**How many excess inches can I lose with the Astro-Trimmer?** How many excess inches do you have? Many users lose 2 or more inches from their waists and 2 or more inches from their abdomens the very first day. Three, four, even more inches off the waist in three days is not uncommon. Not everyone will do this. The degree of inch loss will vary with individual body response. However, this matchless body shaper melts excess inches off the waist, abdomen, hips and thighs with such amazing speed that if your waistline isn't 2 to 5 inches trimmer after using your Astro-Trimmer for just 3 days—or less—and if you don't lose these inches without dieting and in only 5 to 10 minutes a day, you may simply return your Astro-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.

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**ORDER NOW FOR A SLIMMER,  
TRIMMER WAISTLINE THIS WEEK!**



# JAMBALAYA!

(continued from page 112)

*"More important than its etymology is the fact that jambalaya's flavor profile is unmistakably French."*

have been known to use wild rice instead of white. In a superb jambalaya, the finished rice is less buttery than a *risotto milanese* but more moist than Oriental fried rice; it must never be sopping wet or mushy.

It's a musical word—jambalaya. Guesses as to its origin range from the Congolese *chimbolo* (bread; i.e., the staff of life) to the Spanish *jamón* and the French *jambon*, both meaning ham. Actually, it's the American spelling of the modern Provençal French *jambalaia*, meaning a ragout of rice with chicken. More important than its etymology is the fact that its flavor profile is unmistakably French—a subtle savory balance in which no single ingredient overpowers another.

## JAMBALAYA

(Serves six)

1 lb. medium-size shrimps

3 whole boneless and skinless breasts of chicken

½ lb. cooked ham, Virginia or country style

2 dozen large shucked oysters

2 tablespoons salad oil

4 tablespoons butter

⅓ cup onions, finely minced

¾ cup green pepper, small dice

1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic

1 bay leaf, very finely minced

¼ teaspoon thyme

1½ cups long-grain rice

¼ teaspoon saffron

¼ teaspoon ground cloves

¼ teaspoon ground allspice

4 large peeled, seeded fresh tomatoes, ½-in. dice

1 tablespoon very finely minced parsley

¼ teaspoon Tabasco

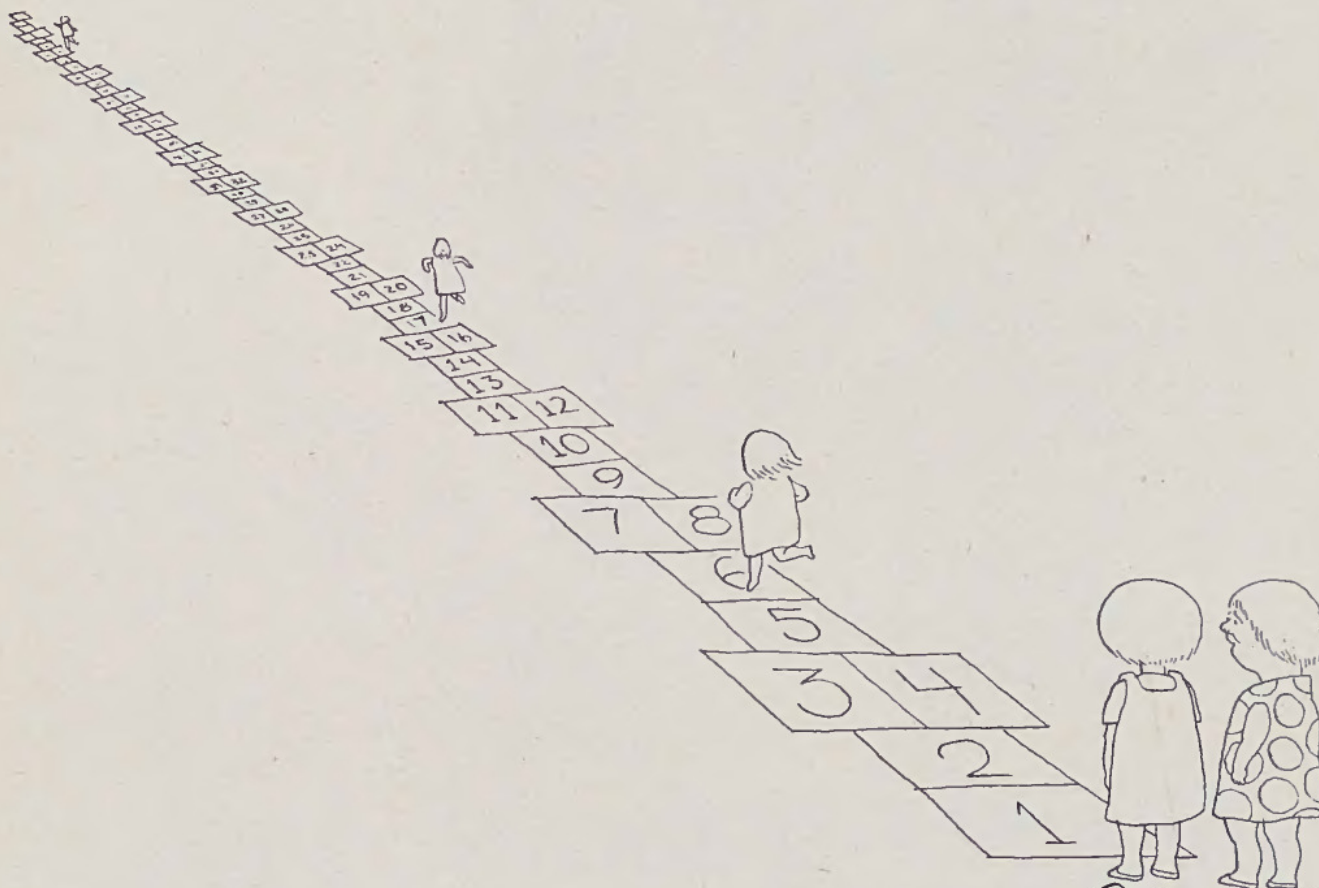
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Salt, pepper

Place shrimps in pot with 1 quart cold water and ½ teaspoon salt. Slowly bring to boiling point. Drain shrimps, reserving liquid in which they were cooked. Peel

and devein shrimps; set aside. Return shells to cooking liquid and simmer 10 minutes. Strain stock. There should be 3½ cups; add water, if necessary, to make that amount of liquid. Cut chicken into 1-in. dice. Cut ham into ½-in. dice. Drain oysters, discarding juice; set aside. Heat oil and 2 tablespoons butter over very low heat in large Dutch oven or heavy stewpot. Add chicken and ham. Sauté, stirring frequently, until chicken loses raw color. Add onions, green pepper, garlic, bay leaf and thyme. Sauté a few minutes, until onion loses raw taste and color. Add shrimp stock, rice, saffron, cloves, allspice, tomatoes, parsley, Tabasco, lemon juice and 1 teaspoon salt. Mix well. Bring to boil over moderate heat; reduce heat as much as possible; cover pot and simmer 20 minutes without stirring. Melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter in another pan and sauté oysters until edges begin to curl. Add shrimps and oysters to jambalaya, tossing lightly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook until shrimps and oysters are heated through. If rice seems too moist, continue to cook for a few minutes uncovered.

Remember the lyrics about jambalaya and a crawfish pie and a filé gumbo? Well, after sampling the preceding recipe, you may just wish to forget the other two.



Graham Wilson

*"I guess this is really the big time, Gertrude!"*



For a change of pace, come to the spirit that comes from rich California grapes—California Brandy.

It offers the mellowness of well-aged bourbon, together with a remarkable taste all its own.

Try California Brandy at cocktail time. Taste it over ice (pictured), with a twist, with soda or your favorite mixer. Enjoy it all the ways that you enjoy fine whiskey.

California Brandy. Anytime and anywhere, you'll like the change.

# To the grape!



## California Brandy

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There are more than 150 brands of brandy grown in California. California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco, CA 94104

## SAZERAC!

(continued from page 113)

few people, including many who've never been within 1000 miles of Bourbon Street and Mardi Gras. New Orleans is the spiritual motherland of the resolute reveler, and extreme cases have been known to tilt the first glass of the day toward New Orleans, just as a Moslem faces Mecca to pray. The classic libations, spawned or popularized in the Crescent City, read like an honor roll of drinkdom: sazerac, Ramos gin fizz, *café brûlot*, *absinthe suisse*, *absinthe frappé*, milk punch, orange *brûlot* and quite a few others. San Francisco may drink more, and New York more expensively, but no place provides the flair, range and unself-conscious *joie de boire* dispensed at your average, jumping New Orleans pub. Of course, you can get yourself one of the standard cocktails anywhere.

"But," says Ella Brennan of the venerable Brennan restaurant family, "old-line New Orleans drinks sazeracs, sazeracs, sazeracs." As it happens, Miss Ella—Queen of Delta Cuisine—is no longer associated with the Brennan's on Royal Street. She is now comfortably ensconced in the Commander's Palace Restaurant, a Victorian edifice in the Garden District of old New Orleans. To no one's surprise, the new place continues some of the old favorites. Commander's version of breakfast at Brennan's is a jazz brunch featuring old-time jazz greats, and the drink card lists an array of traditional eye openers including, you may be sure, the sazerac.

There's some kind of brouhaha swirling around this quintessential New Orleans tonic. The Fairmont Hotel claims exclusive rights to the "formula and use of the name sazerac." Despite this proscription, the drink is served regularly at a number of groggeries around town. Originally, the sazerac was a cognac-based mixture, taking its name from Sazerac-de-Forge et Fils, of Limoges, the shipper. Along the way, straight rye whiskey replaced the brandy and a dash of absinthe was tossed in for chic. Order a sazerac in New Orleans today and it will be made with bourbon, unless you specify otherwise, and Pernod or Herbsaint in place of absinthe, banished in 1915.

Local barmen vary the formula a soupçon, each putting his personal stamp on the drink. But you'll always get a good sazerac . . . a good gin fizz . . . a good milk punch . . . a good absinthe frappé . . . a good *brûlot* . . . or what's your pleasure. And that's what you'd expect from New Orleans, spiritual motherland of the serious drinker.

Following are two versions of the sazerac—the more-or-less original recipe,



as presented at the Fairmont Hotel's Sazerac Bar, and the streamlined Commander's Palace concoction. Note that neither calls for ice in the serving glass.

#### FAIRMONT SAZERAC

1½ ozs. bourbon or straight rye  
1 lump sugar  
2 dashes Peychaud's bitters  
1 dash Angostura bitters  
3 dashes Herbsaint (absinthe substitute)  
Strip lemon peel

Fill small old fashioned glass with ice; set aside. Place sugar in mixing glass. Saturate with bitters and a few drops of water. Muddle to dissolve sugar. Add ice and whiskey; stir well. Empty first glass of ice. Dash in some Herbsaint and roll around to coat inside, then discard. Enough will cling to subtly flavor drink. Strain whiskey mixture into prepared glass. Twist lemon peel over glass to release oils, then discard.

#### COMMANDER'S PALACE SAZERAC

1¼ ozs. bourbon or straight rye  
2 dashes simple syrup  
1 dash Angostura bitters  
2 dashes Peychaud's bitters  
3 dashes Pernod  
Strip lemon peel

Stir first four ingredients with ice. Dash Pernod into chilled old fashioned glass and roll around to coat inside; then discard. Strain drink into prepared glass. Add twist lemon peel.

#### RAMOS GIN FIZZ

1½ ozs. dry gin  
1 tablespoon superfine sugar  
3-4 drops orange flower water  
½ oz. lemon juice  
½ oz. lime juice  
White of 1 small egg  
2 ozs. heavy cream  
2 drops vanilla extract (optional)

Shake violently with cracked ice until drink develops a "ropy" body and builds a good head of froth. This takes persistent rocking. Strain into chilled highball glass.

Note: If you mix in blender, prechill container and add ⅓ cup finely crushed ice to mixture.

#### ABSINTHE SUISSESE

Still referred to as an Absinthe Suisse on many New Orleans drink cards, although absinthe hasn't been around since World War One.

1¼ ozs. Pernod, Herbsaint or another absinthe substitute  
White of 1 small egg  
2 ozs. heavy cream  
½ oz. orgeat syrup  
⅓ cup finely crushed ice  
Blend in prechilled blender 10-15

seconds. Serve in chilled old fashioned glass or large tulip champagne glass.

#### ABSINTHE FRAPPE

1 oz. Pernod, Herbsaint or another absinthe substitute  
½ oz. anisette  
Club soda to taste, chilled

Pack small highball glass with finely crushed ice. Add Pernod and anisette, then slowly drip in soda while agitating briskly with long-handled spoon. Serve when outside of glass is frosted. If you like, add Pernod float.

#### ELLA BRENNAN'S MILK PUNCH

1½ ozs. bourbon or brandy  
4 ozs. milk or light cream  
1 teaspoon superfine sugar  
Dash vanilla extract  
Nutmeg

Shake everything except nutmeg long and thoroughly, with cracked ice, until frothy. Strain into large old fashioned glass. Grate a bit of nutmeg over.

#### CAFE BRULOT

A great New Orleans favorite that was actually devised at the Café Martin in New York City. However, Antoine's of New Orleans glamorized this drink with a special service set and made it popular.

8 ozs. cognac, warmed  
4 cloves  
4 whole allspice  
1 stick cinnamon  
Lemon-peel strips from ½ lemon  
Orange-peel strips from ¼ orange  
6 teaspoons sugar, or to taste  
1 quart hot, strong coffee

Place all ingredients except coffee in chafing dish or warmed heatproof bowl. Ignite cognac. Stir slowly as cognac flames. After a minute, slowly pour in coffee, continuing to stir. About 8 servings in slender porcelain *brûlot* cups or demitasses.

#### ORANGE BRULOT

2 ozs. cognac, dark rum or Metaxa 7-Star  
1 thin-skinned orange, medium size  
½ lump sugar

Scrub orange and soak in warm water about 10 minutes. With point of sharp paring knife, cut around orange at equator, being careful not to pierce white membrane under peel. Using handle of teaspoon, carefully loosen peel around orange, turning it back slightly as you go. After peel has been turned, work with thumb and forefinger to pull it back, inside out, until cup is formed. Do not detach from fruit. Repeat with other half. You now have 2 cups, attached to either end of the orange; one serves as base or pedestal, the other as container.

Pour whichever spirits you're using into this container. Place sugar in warmed teaspoon. Saturate with liquor and ignite. Gently float onto surface of spirits in orange cup, setting the whole thing afire. Extinguish after a minute. The heat draws oil from orange skin, making fragrant sip.

#### PLACE D'ARMES

1½ ozs. whiskey  
Juice ½ orange  
Juice ½ lemon  
Juice ½ lime  
1 oz. grenadine

Fill 8-oz. highball glass with cracked ice. Add all ingredients. Stir well.

#### BILL BAILEY

A feature of the Fairmont's Bailey's Room—open round the clock.

1¼ ozs. dark rum  
1 oz. pineapple juice  
½ oz. lemon juice  
1 oz. grenadine

Stir with ice. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass.

#### PIRATE'S DREAM

Supposed to serve one in New Orleans. You can make it go for two or three.

1 oz. Bacardi rum  
1 oz. Myers's rum  
1 oz. Don Q rum  
1 oz. Ronrico 151-proof rum  
½ oz. grenadine  
2 dashes Angostura bitters  
Juice 1 orange  
Juice 1 lemon  
Fresh green mint  
8-10 cherries

Lemon, orange slices

Stir all ingredients except cherries and lemon and orange slices with ice in 1-quart pitcher, bruising mint well. Strain over ice in one, two or three glasses, depending on how you're handling it. Decorate each glass with cherries, lemon and orange slices.

They tell this one everywhere, but it just may have originated in New Orleans. A French tourist enters a Bourbon Street joint, raps on the bar and orders "*un contradiction*, zee marvelous American cocktail."

"Never heard of it," says the bartender.

"*Ecoutez!* You pour wheeskey to make it strong, water to make it weak, add lemon to make it sour and sugar to make it sweet. Zen you say, 'Here's to you,' and drink it yourself. Zat ees *un contradiction*, non?"

"Non! Zat ees *un* whiskey sour," says the barman. "How do you want it, straight up or on the rocks?"





## SPORTS



### FROZEN FAMILY JEWELS

Now that Jack Frost is nipping his way across much of the country, joggers should take steps to protect themselves against a peculiar affliction that struck a New Jersey physician last winter. Dr. Melvin Hershkowitz noted the "unpleasant, painful burning sensation" early one cold evening while on his customary 30-minute jog. "Physical examination . . . revealed early frostbite of the penis," he wrote in a letter to *The New England Journal of Medicine*. Treatment consisted of removing his polyester trousers and Dacron-and-cotton undershorts and creating "a cradle for rapid rewarming by covering the penile tip with one cupped palm. Response was rapid and complete. Symptoms subsided 15 minutes after onset of treatment and physical findings returned to normal. . . . Spouse's observation of therapy produced rapid onset of numerous, varied and severe side effects."

The good doctor reports that he has solved the problem by adding an athletic supporter and cotton pants to his jogging togs. He has also received bizarre mail, including a gift of a stethoscope warmer, which he's advised to put to another use. That'll keep Mr. Frost from nipping where he shouldn't.

### EQUAL PORN RIGHTS

Are women really turned off by X-rated movies? The stereotype of the female who doesn't find porno flicks sexually stimulating is well known,

# THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

but research done by Drs. Daniel Steele and Eugene Walker indicates it may not be entirely true.

Their test group of college coeds responded more favorably than many people assumed they would to the movies they were shown. (Not unexpectedly, women with liberal backgrounds in matters both sexual and political viewed the films more favorably than did their counterparts with less experience in and tolerance toward pre- and extramarital sex, abortion and masturbation. On the other hand, first-born children also responded more favorably.)

Another interesting finding involved the type of movie that women warm up to. It confirms what many women have been telling sex researchers for years: that what precedes the actual scenes of plunging organs is what matters most—the foreplay.

"The feedback to the research has been 99 percent favorable," says Dr. Steele, who now is in private practice as a clinical psychologist. "I think it counteracts some of the *macho* chauvinism associated with pornography."

### SPUNKY SOCIAL DISEASE

There's good news and bad news about the world's number-one social disease. The bad news is the appearance of two independent strains of gonorrhea that resist treatment by penicillin. This was predicted a few years ago by, among others, Dr. Stanley Falkow of the University of Washington,

but no one took the warnings very seriously. Fortunately, the new strains have shown up in a comparatively small percentage of the cases around the world and there is an antibiotic that has proved effective against it, but this treatment costs eight times that of penicillin. And what may be bad news for the future is that gonorrhea bacteria seem to have learned to resist penicillin in a sort of survival-of-the-fittest way. Scientists are worried that this ability may be passed along to similar bacterial species by a method Dr. Falkow calls jumping genes. The necessary genetic material could, for example, show up in the closely related strain that causes meningitis.

The good news comes from Dr. Charles Brinton, at the University of Pittsburgh. Faithful *Think Tank* readers will remember our August 1976 item that describes his work on a vaccine that would prevent gonorrhea. Later reports indicate that the first tests on humans are imminent. If all goes well, the vaccine will be available in a few years.

### DITTOED DESIGN

"Little boxes on the hillside . . . and they all look just the same," wrote Malvina Reynolds in her famous folk song about the ticky-tacky developments southwest of her home in Berkeley. Not very far away from those developments stand two expensive, custom-designed houses that, ironically, seem to have the look-alike problem,



## TECHNOLOGY



## BEHAVIOR



## ENVIRONMENT



and that has gotten their owners involved in a \$700,000 lawsuit over the rights to the design.

It seems the same architect and builder worked on a home for a Mr. Kretz and then one for a Mr. Kotz, both in the exclusive White Gate section of Danville, east of San Francisco Bay. The houses look so much alike that Kretz contends his \$250,000 home is being devalued by the mere presence of the Kotz home just three doors down the street.

In general, artists, writers, photographers, architects and other creative people produce work that belongs to the client who commissions it, unless there is a contract that states otherwise. The American Institute of Architects has such a contract form available, but no one is required to use it.

"Many architects, especially those who work on plans for residences or small businesses, don't like to have complicated written agreements," says Paul M. Lurie, a Chicago attorney who specializes in cases involving architects and engineers. "They feel it is unartistic to talk about money and business. The effect of this case will be to make architects more careful."

### INSIDE CURVE BALL

As if air pollution were not already a serious problem, two University of California scientists have made a discovery that's bound to keep anyone from breathing a sigh of relief once

he escapes to the great indoors. Greg Traynor and Craig Hollowell found that air pollution *inside* some typical Berkeley houses was worse than it was outside.

Aided by funds from the U. S. Energy Research and Development Administration and using a battery of sensitive measuring devices for around-the-clock monitoring of the air in the homes, Traynor and Hollowell found that carbon monoxide, nitrogen dioxide and nitric oxide, all of which are known to be hazardous to humans, were present in greater concentrations inside than out. Studies by others have found high levels of freon and vinyl chloride.


Not surprisingly, indoor pollution is not just something the wind blows in but a product of such things as gas stoves, cigarette smoke, aerosol sprays.

These findings might seem to throw a wrench into the energy-conservation program, since the trend to insulate houses and seal them tighter only makes the problem worse. Although solutions, such as better ventilation of gas stoves, are relatively simple, Government officials admit that up to now, hardly anyone has recognized the problem. Your home may still be your castle, but breathing the air inside can give you a royal pain.

### POWDERED PROOF

OK, campers, here's the news you've been waiting for. Instant, powdered

alcoholic beverages are on the way. That's right. Kool-Aid for grownups. Just add water to that innocent-looking powder in your glass and—presto!—instant bloody mary, screwdriver or daiquiri. And that's just the beginning. Coming up next may be powdered wine, beer (they're still working on the head), Irish coffee, and even a gelatin dessert, a four-percent-alcoholic-content wine that squiggles around in your bowl.

All of that is possible because a Japanese food chemist, Jin Ichi Sato, was looking for a way to turn soy sauce into powder for easier shipping. The problem was how to retain the alcoholic content of the fermented sauce while losing the water; the solution involved encapsulating drops of alcohol within tiny grains of the flavoring solid. Then water could be added to bring the product back to life. It didn't take Sato long to realize the implications of his discovery, and Global Marketing Services of Portland, Oregon, hopes to have the powdered cocktails on the U. S. market as soon as the Treasury Department gives them the go-ahead to sell an alcoholic beverage that comes in an envelope. "We've got to get people to try these drinks more than once," said Mike Hill of Global Marketing. "We don't want to market something just as a novelty. It's got to taste good." Roughing it will never be the same. 

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT



# Albert/Albert (continued from page 123)

*"Permit me, in that spirit, to propose a compromise: I'll take the mustache; you take the hair."*

first name, the same prize (the Nobel) and similar accents. All of this I accept to be beyond the power of either of us to remedy. What agitates me so greatly, however, is your insistence upon sporting a droopy mustache and disheveled white hair.

You should know that I think of this look as something of a personal trademark. I have photographs of myself in baggy sweat shirt, droopy mustache and disheveled hair going back as far as 1920

and, while I am loath to insinuate that you have consciously stolen this look from me, you must admit that it does appear—to put the kindest interpretation on it—an extraordinary coincidence, *n'est-ce pas?*

I'm sure that you mean no harm by this plagiarism of persona, but it would be a vast relief to me if you would shave off the mustache and get a crewcut.

Yours faithfully,  
Albert Einstein

Dear Dr. Einstein,

You cannot know what a pleasure—indeed, what an honor—it was to hear from you. I have always had the highest regard for the physical sciences and nothing but awe for your contributions, particularly that marvelously elegant  $E=MC^2$ .

About the droopy mustache and the disheveled white hair: As our Nobels so eloquently attest, we are both men of science, men of peace. In a world that often appears to have gone mad (*viz.*, World War Two, etc.), the mass of humankind looks to us for wisdom, for reason, for sanity. Permit me, in that spirit, to propose a compromise: I'll take the mustache; you take the hair.

Distinguished sentiments,  
Albert Schweitzer, M.D.

Institute for Advanced Study  
Princeton, New Jersey

Dear Dr. Schweitzer,

What is this, a joke? I write to you about the mustache and the hair and today, in the latest issue of *Time*, I find a shot of you lolling around the jungle in what is clearly, obviously, *blatantly* a baggy sweat shirt. Have you no shame, man?

The fact that you would even suggest such a bird-brained scheme as divvying the 'stache and the hair only confirms that you obviously fail to grasp what's at issue here. We are discussing a whole look, an aura, a way of being in the world. You're always spouting off about "respect for life." How about a little respect for genius?

In disgust,  
Einstein

Hôpital Lambaréné  
French Equatorial Africa

Dear Dr. Einstein,

Please! I talk humanitarianism and you talk fashion. Is there not enough grief in the world (*viz.*, World War Two, etc.) without this petty backbiting? It is hardly the sort of nonsense to befit men of our—or at least of *my*—stature. (And for your information, I was not wearing a baggy sweat shirt in that news photo. It was a jellaba. Also, I don't *loll*, Einstein; I'm a doctor.)

Now, perhaps we can turn this sorry colloquy to more weighty issues. Do you feel, for example, that there is any hope for a lasting world peace? Is mankind inherently evil? What further marvelous secrets do you think the atom has yet to yield up?

Distinguished sentiments,  
Albert Schweitzer, M.D.



*"Please observe carefully—blowing this particular procedure can mean a hundred thousand dollars in awarded damages, plus one hell of a boost in your malpractice premiums."*



Institute for Advanced Study  
Princeton, New Jersey

Dear Schweitzer,

Yes. No. Pi mesons.

Jellaba, my ass! Who do you think you're dealing with? I am, indeed, a man of peace, but I am also the Father of Nuclear Energy. If you thought World War Two was bad, I urge you to ponder the consequences of the atomic bomb vis-à-vis you, your hair, your mustache, your "jellaba" and most of French Equatorial Africa.

Einstein

Hôpital Lambaréné  
French Equatorial Africa

Dear Dr. Einstein,

Enough! I may be a physician and I may have beaten out some stiff competition for the Peace prize, but I am no patsy and I will not be intimidated.

The color, droopiness and sheveledness of a man's hair are matters between only himself and Almighty God. I will not tolerate the intrusion of you or any mortal in that sacred contract.

Drop your cursed bomb! I shall go to my fiery demise in droopy mustache, disheveled white hair and even, if the Good Lord so deems, the baggiest sweat shirt in all of His creation.

Albert Schweitzer, M.D.

Institute for Advanced Study  
Princeton, New Jersey

Dear Dr. Schweitzer,

I cannot deal with fanaticism. As I have mentioned in quite another context, I do not believe that God plays dice with the universe. Neither do I believe that He plays fashion consultant.

Since you seem incapable of putting yourself in my shoes—at least in any but the most literal sense—perhaps the enclosed article from *Life* magazine (*The Light Side of Longhair Music*) will snap you to your senses.

I hope you're satisfied with your "sacred contract" now.

Einstein

Hôpital Lambaréné  
French Equatorial Africa

Mr. Arthur Fiedler, Conductor  
The Boston Pops Orchestra  
Boston, Massachusetts  
U.S.A.

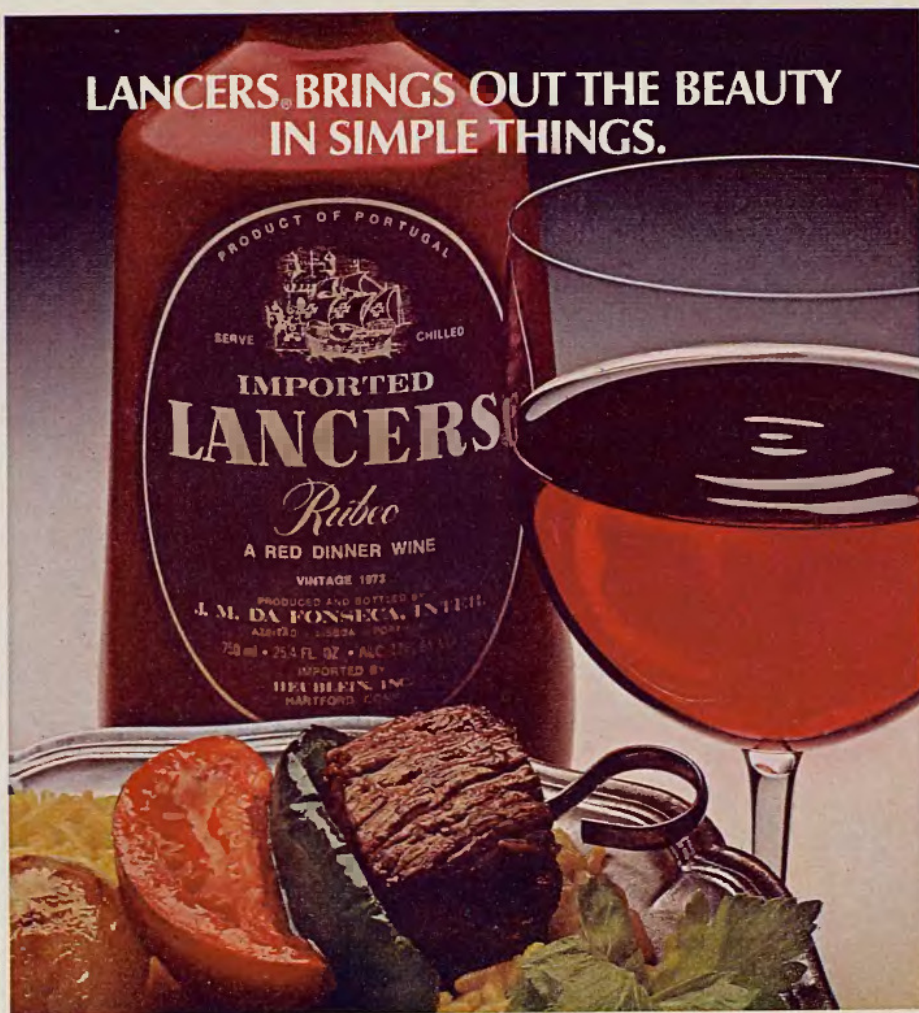
Dear Mr. Fiedler,

Although my own modest musical endeavors have been confined to the interpretation of the organ works of Bach, I am nonetheless delighted by your concept of the Boston Pops, as described in the recent *Life* article *The Light Side of Longhair Music*.

What moves me to write, however, is my dismay—indeed, my alarm. . . .



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## BEYOND THE BASICS (continued from page 94)

*"It is trial and error that we are seeing today in greater degree than ever before in male attire."*

suddenly come upon an attitude toward clothes without precedent in the history of fashion. When you consider any period in history in terms of dress, you more or less sum it up in a specific mode (e.g., jeans in the late Sixties, Ivy League in the Fifties, togas in Ancient Rome). What's so peculiar about today is not that anything goes but that everything is tried and, for the most part, absorbed into our fashion culture.

Are there, then, no rules? Well, yes and no. For example, with the exception of a few pockets of conservative restriction, what constitutes business dress has altered radically. The board-room suit is not the end-all of office attire. But common sense also dictates that outlandishness for its own sake will mark one as . . . outlandish.

To be sure, with all the options open to you, mistakes are bound to be made, just as they are in any other area in which the development of one's own style requires trial and error.

And it is trial and error that we are seeing today in greater degree than ever before in male attire. Consider the trials. (Consider the errors!) A President willing—nay, eager—to be photographed in jeans; disco dancers in combat boots; barstool jockeys in warm-up gear. What, then, of your re-examined wardrobe?

Starting from the bottom, let's consider some of the highlights from the incredible array of styles and directions available in today's market. You no doubt already

own basic shoes (black, brown, a pair of slip-ons), but how about adding cowboy boots for a change of pace? And a pair of rugged hiking boots can be useful in any number of situations. Of course, nothing beats tennis/jogging/track shoes with jeans or slacks, unless, maybe, it's boat shoes. You get the message. If you have a wide variety of shoe styles from which to choose, you'll find yourself putting together unexpected combinations of clothing and footwear that work. You might even set a trend.

It follows that you'll need to expand your supply of socks: long, short, mid-calf; dress plain, fancy and athletic.

Moving upward, the same principle applies to trousers: The more, the merrier. You might especially consider the new straight or even tapered leg. Flares are still around (they're particularly good for disguising big feet), but narrow bottoms are fashion's fancy just now. As are single or double-pleated fronts in everything from jeans to dress pants.

Belts, too, cover a range of styles, and you should own several for more of that variable dressing.

Remember Gatsby's shirts? As it was for him, it's hard to imagine having too many. (But on a strictly personal note, it's hard to imagine having too few of those shiny knit jocks with pictures all over them.)

You probably have a goodly supply of dress shirts, and also some favored sport shirts. What you may want to consider

are some of the new/old small-collar styles, or even those with detachable collars (collarless shirts under suits will be increasingly worn next summer). And, by all means, give a try to the fresh big-shirt look with its air of relaxed *élan*.

Sweaters? Lots. And here, too, the direction is to big, roomy, even sloppy looks.

As for suits, the field is wide open. While the fashion trend is to a more natural shoulder, smaller lapels, a roomier jacket and a narrower trouser leg, nobody can fault you for finding the roped shoulder, fitted look the one you like best. Single, double-breasted and three-piecers—all should be considered integral to a good wardrobe. There isn't enough space here to describe the variety of fabrics, colors and patterns available. Again, your goal is to have as many as your budget will allow.

Not to be overlooked is the relatively new category of menswear, related sportswear, which you might call the second generation of the leisure suit. It is gaining wide acceptance as something of a bridge between the strictly casual and the strictly formal. Its appeal is that it can work in both situations, for the most part. And it is an area in which you can truly demonstrate a creative eye through layering, mixing and marrying fabrics, colors and styles.

The outerwear portion of your wardrobe is probably a foremost consideration because of the weather these days. And the range is impressive, indeed. Furs are definitely right for men. Leather still abounds and topcoats are making a comeback. There are also plenty of survival-inspired jackets available, often with the ever-popular military accent.

Accessories, too, should be considered for practicality and for the finishing touches they afford. Choose both rugged long scarves and silky shorter ones; hats if you like the way you look in them. Felts, knit caps, tweed caps, straws for the summer, etc., should be given a try.

This by no means exhausts the list of wearing apparel with which you may want to replenish your wardrobe. Our aim is to get you started on a reconsideration of what's available today in the art of dressing.

In case you haven't guessed, there's no easy formula to smart attire. There is only an ever-widening array of choices, of unexpected fashion sources and, indeed, of types of occasions that give you room to express your own creative direction; in short, your own style.

Fashion is that constantly changing, cutting edge of new ideas in clothes; style is how you use fashion to define yourself. Your wardrobe should begin with the basics, expand with the fashions you find comfortable and end in a projection of you as an individual. Let's hear it for looking good!



*"Would you believe Marv here is doing seven to ten in minimum security?"*





*"There is virtually no informed male criticism of the things that women are doing and saying."*

the average, seven years longer than men. Office workers live longer than factory workers. Do we have to elaborate that sequence any further? Women's liberation, for most women, is freedom to do factory work. That is why poor black women reject the women's movement, reports Dr. Julia Mayo, a social worker at St. Vincent's Hospital and Medical Center in New York City, who told the American Psychopathological Association: "This means the right to compete with black men for the few jobs of janitor, custodian, stock clerk, sanitation engineer and similar lower-class jobs. Many a black mother would gladly exchange day-care facilities to remain in her own home, providing care for her own children. Ironically, for years, the black woman has been free to do all of the things the white woman is now demanding just as the black woman is trying so hard to give them up. And give them up she must if there is ever to be any masculinity for the black male."

Day-care centers sound great. So did Thalidomide. I guess maybe we are going to have to talk about Mothers and Motherhood, after all. That is taboo these days. Bad medicine. Kids have been written out of the script. If there is any characteristic that is particularly human, it is the ability to turn a perfectly sensible idea into an insane obsession. First it was space out those children and give them room in which to grow. Then we began to hear about something called zero population growth. That soon came to mean zero kids. Add to your woman's-language phrase book this one: "Kids are so high." Feed them groovy granola and stick them into the closet. Mom has to boogie to-night. It's something she has to do. She has to find her center. Do they allow children at Esalen?

The children are screaming. An uncountable number of women in their late 20s and early 30s are wandering in the grisly wake of the sexual revolution leading little children by the hand, from man to man, from house to house. It is not easy to be a single woman with children in any society, least of all this one. Children in their formative years like the company of the same male. They're learning to talk. Every new person has to be taught his special baby talk. Maybe this makes them grow faster intellectually. Maybe it also makes them hyperkinetic or

something like that. The emotional effects of neglecting children have been very carefully documented. In some cases, the results have been so devastating that the studies have been virtually suppressed. The facts are very clear: Bottle-fed babies grow up with machinelike personalities, alternatively angry or depressed, unable to form lasting relationships, eternally unsatisfied and attempting to fill the emptiness with store-bought

pleasures and cheap thrills. Seventy to 80 percent of all American children are bottle-fed.

As a woman and a father, it seems to me that if we are going to make childbearing a privilege rather than a right, and apparently a rare privilege, at that, we ought to seek to at least make those children the very healthiest and happiest we can.

Men are not allowed to speak out on these matters directly. There is virtually no informed male criticism of the things that women are doing and saying. There is no satire. The male-dominated communications media are too timid to take the ladies on. Self-censorship prevails. The women's media are worse. Not long ago, I was contacted by *Playgirl*. I flipped out



*"Well, well, when did you switch to situation comedy?"*



with joy. I thought they wanted to take pictures of me naked, but I was too flat-chested and skinny. They go for beefcake over there.

It turned out they wanted me to write for them. We spent hours talking about it. I expounded my ideas to two blonde and voluptuous ladies and they were *creaming*. "No one else is saying these things," they crooned. "You are wonderful." We settled on an idea, "The Death of Romance." I went home feeling good. Women were going to read my words. Maybe it would make them horny about me. I would have groupies like a rock star. Then came a letter from *Playgirl*: "We would prefer to have a story such as this done by a woman." Yes, and Tiny Tim would prefer to play King Kong.

Nor are women really allowed to discuss these issues openly. Veronica Geng wrote a piece for *Harper's* called *Requiem for the Women's Movement*, which concluded with, "No one knows what will happen when women stop lying . . . because feminism has never pushed that far," and with this quote from Colette Price about a recent consciousness-raising session: "We always used to talk about sex with people gushing and crying. That's how people were talking about the women's liberation movement. They were crying." One person returned the magazine in a vomit bag, the cover scrawled with obscene abuse.

I think finally that if some of us do manage to slip through and pass as female, however briefly, however inadequately, we have to maintain as a primary aim the elimination of this sort of repression. That is not an easy task. I refer you to *The Hite Report*, a distillation of questionnaires filled out by thousands of women. Although this is presented as the most authentic information since Masters and Johnson, it must be viewed with a certain amount of skepticism. That doesn't mean the information is useless but merely that it must be interpreted carefully.

The questionnaires were circulated through various women's organizations and classified advertisements in magazines. The sample is thus distorted in the direction of the literate. It takes some education to fill out a form like that. I know because I filled one out myself and sent it in under the name Julia Gaviota.

The questionnaire itself was so hot I could hardly keep from masturbating while reading it. The detail was more intense than *Color Climax No. 8*, the all-time wildest Danish porno review. There were minute interrogations about clitoral stimulation. The emphasis encouraged comment about that. Anal sex was dismissed with one short line, something like, "You do find getting it in the ass painful and disgusting, don't

you?" and about a quarter inch for reply. I had Julia answer that question on a separate sheet: "Anal sex is my very favorite way of reaching climax," she wrote. "I like it best when a new lover goes completely insane with lust and rapes my asshole violently. I pretend it's the first time. Afterward, I cry and make him feel bad, but inside I am secretly glowing."

In my brief scan of the book, I found nothing quite like that. Was it left out in error? If someone arbitrarily eliminated it without checking back with Julia, what does that say about the accuracy of the rest of the material? If it is included, what does *that* say? But be that as it may, let us accept the report on its own terms. The most quoted finding is that 70 percent of all respondents were unable to reach climax unless their clitorises were being directly stimulated, either by their partners or by themselves. Kinsey found that the majority of women who masturbated could achieve orgasm within four to five minutes. In the light of this information, I think it is only fair to ask, "What does that mean, when you say to a man, 'You can't give me an orgasm?'" All they have ever had to do was reach down and pull their own triggers. The very least they could have done was to have told us how to do it for them.

The women attribute their reluctance to masturbate in the presence of their lovers or to talk about their desires to the overpowering force of male repression. I must be a freak, but I experienced that one the other way around. It was always women who were beating up little boys for playing with themselves. The guys I knew, despite this, were quite out-front about jerking off. As Bennett Levine, a childhood buddy of mine, put it, "Ninety-nine percent say they do it and the rest are liars." These women in *The Hite Report* are the educated elite. They do it with college graduates. Can you see your average certified public accountant recoiling in horror as his girlfriend flails her pudenda shamelessly: "If I catch you doing that again, young lady, I'll put your hands in the fire!"? Men frequently find my dirty talk hilarious, and so do many women, but it is the ladies who put me down most coldly: "I guess you're really into sex," they say disapprovingly.

If you raise this issue, you get another one of those slogans: "Women have had to tell men what they think they want to hear since time began." Why must that continue? Is there any hope or are we doomed to eternal quarrel? I direct you to a curious work, *The Inevitability of Patriarchy: Why the Biological Difference Between Men and Women Always Produces Male Domination*, by Steven Goldberg, a philosopher at City College of

New York. Goldberg's thesis is that male hormones produce competitive behavior, which makes the male almost always the victor.

I don't feel much like a victor. Maybe I ought to have my testosterone level checked. But it is an interesting argument and it may even be right. The work of medical psychologist John Money indicates that male/female personality patterns do seem to have a definite hormonal basis, though social environmental influences may be somewhat more important.

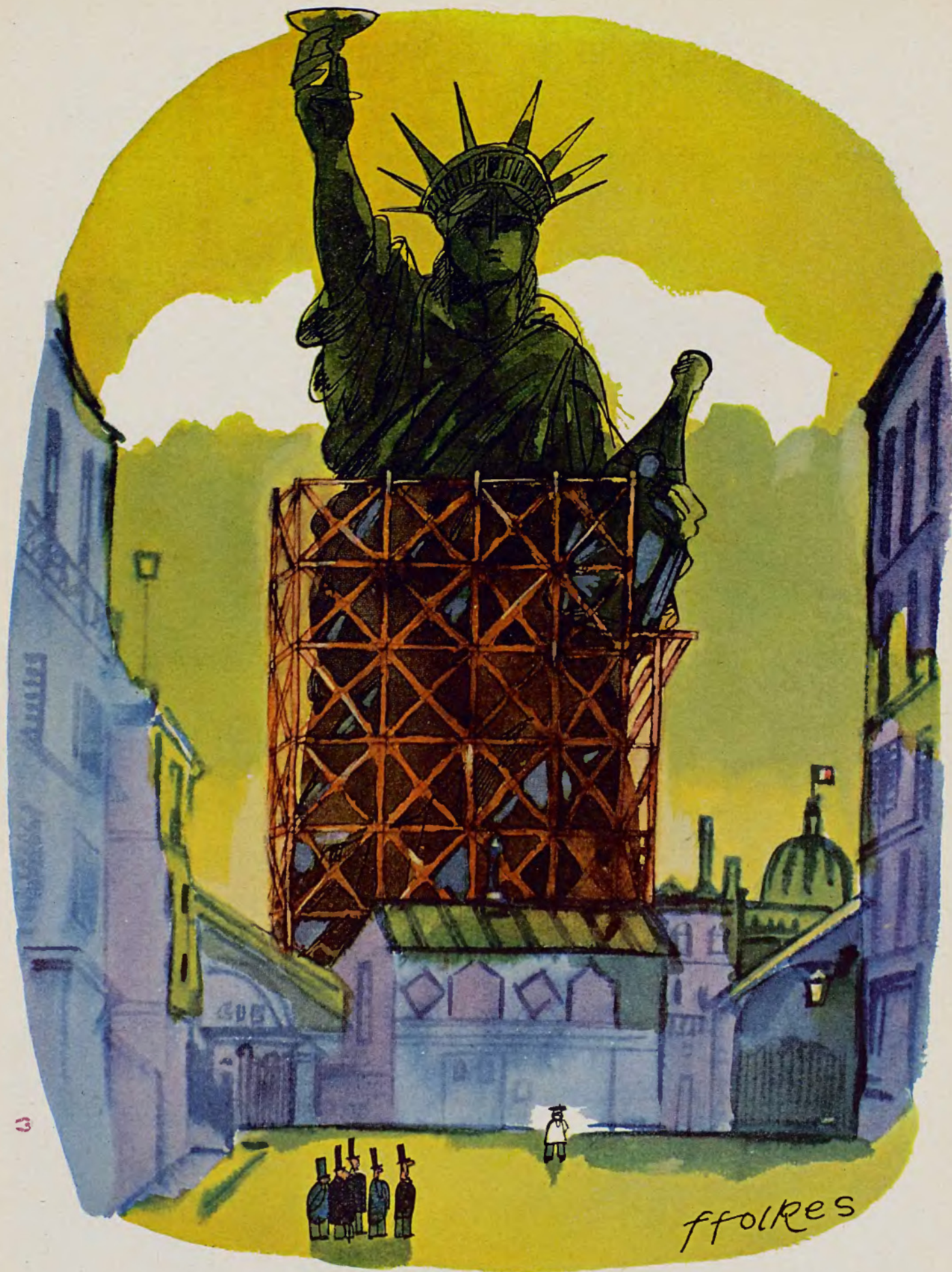
More interesting, perhaps, is the school of thought that when women take over work that was once exclusively male, that work drops in status for men and women alike. When men do work that was formerly female, its status goes up. The most esteemed cooks are men, for example. In the United States, where being a physician is a male role, that work has very high status. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, where most doctors are women, medicine is no longer so highly respected a role, except in research, an area dominated by men.

If this pattern is true, and it is biological rather than environmental, all men have to do is to become women. We will do it so much more aggressively because of our God-given testosterone that women will become jealous and want to be women, too. This will be confusing, but I am sure that it will be all right. There will be a point, though, where we men masquerading as women will be doing such a good job that we will have the upper hand over those ineffectual men who were once such competent women. What shall we do with that power? Pay them back, boys, pay them back!

Or shall we be better women than they and forgive and forget? Where shall we find our model? I look back on my childhood and my parents' marriage with increasing nostalgia. What did they have? Their lives were infinitely harder than ours. Yet they hardly quarreled. I think they understood that life is a battlefield, not between men and women but between what for lack of a better description we must call good and evil, life and death. They found each other in a shell hole and clung to each other as partners in survival, partners in the survival of the human race, perhaps, but mostly just partners.

Our home was a bunker with lace curtains in which they created their own illusion of peace. Yes, it was an illusion, and I suppose we shall have no more illusions like that ever again—but what a pity to have lost them because of inability to face the truth.





*"Basically we like it, but could she be holding something else?"*



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## PYRAMIDING YOUR ASSETS

Who knows what mysterious power lurks within the shape of the Great Pyramid of Egypt? The people at The Original Pyramid Hat Company, P.O. Box 7294, Liberty Station, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107, definitely don't, but they are banking on the fact that something weird goes on when food, embalmed bodies, practically anything is exposed to the shape's cosmic forces. And for \$4, postpaid, they'll send you a 12½" square pyramid hat so you can zap yourself. We feel taller already.

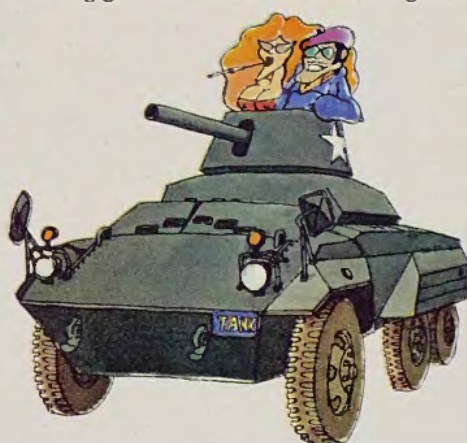


## BREAD AND BOARD

Months ago, *Potpourri* featured a chess game in which a player pitted his brain against a computer housed within the board. Now comes a computerized backgammon game called Gammonmaster II that Tryom Marketing, Suite 6, 8181 N.W. 36th Street, Miami, Florida 33116, is selling for \$204.50, postpaid. Tryom says that Gammonmaster II "likes to play an aggressive offensive game . . . and will defeat the average player more often than not and compete evenly with experts." Good luck.

## TREADING HEAVILY

Tired of fighting all that crushing traffic at the L.A. airport? Call Rent-A-Tank at 213-837-0176 (or write to them at P.O. Box 66451, Los Angeles 90066) and reserve an eight-ton armor-plated tank that hits 55 mph, comfortably seats six in its carpeted interior and even has color TV. The going rate is \$25 per hour (two hours minimum), including gas and driver, or \$160 per day, not including gas. Rommel never had it so good.

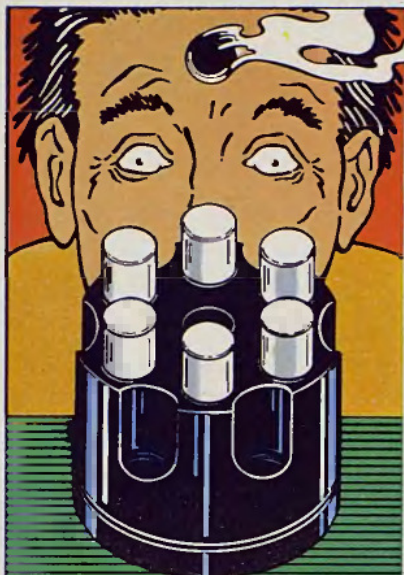


## CAPTIVE VIDEO

Those of you who are considering buying one of the VTR units pictured in this issue, take note: a guy named Jim Lowe is publishing a bimonthly sheet called *The Videophiles Newsletter* out of 2014 S. Magnolia Drive, Tallahassee, Florida 32301, that will tell you practically everything you want to know about this new industry. The cost for six issues is \$8 and each is full of info on people who have tapes to trade. Any-one for reruns of *Gilligan's Island*?







### SPIN-OFF

For those who wish to engage in Russian roulette without having their brains blown out, a company called Fun Things, Inc., at 667 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, is marketing for \$12.50, postpaid, a black-plastic model of a revolver cylinder containing six plastic bullets, all of which spin on a base. When it's time to play for drinks, clothes, kisses or whatever, each person spins the cylinder and then removes one bullet to see if it fits in the hole in the center of the cylinder. If it does, you lose—and live to talk about it.



### NEW STAMPING GROUND

To personalize your greeting cards, letterheads, memos, etc., with nutty antique-type creatures and objects, send a buck to The Rubber Stamp Catalog, P.O. Box 209, Bristol, Rhode Island 02809. You'll get back a 12-page booklet illustrating practically every crazy kind of rubber stamp you can imagine, from Santa Claus to Leda and the Swan, and—best of all—they're for sale at prices ranging from two to four dollars each. It gets our rubber stamp of approval.

### ALL THAT JAZZ

If you think that instrumental jazz is strictly the province of males, you haven't heard the legendary Marian McPartland or the ageless Mary Lou Williams do wondrous things with a piano. Should you want to hear these and other fine musicians—who just happen to be women—get together for an evening of great sounds, plan to attend the first Women's Jazz Festival to be held March 19 in the Kansas City, Kansas, Memorial Hall. We must add, however, that an eminent *male* jazz authority, Leonard Feather, is the evening's m.c.



### GOING STRAIT

Herb Kardeen holds the world record for escaping from strait jackets, and he also has a side line: selling strait jackets that have a message, any message you'd like, silk-screened across the chest. The jackets come in three sizes, small, medium and large, cost \$200 each, postpaid, and can be ordered from Kardeen's Magic, c/o Malka Gasner, 28 Sunnycrest Road, Willowdale, Ontario M2R-2T4. And just in case some wise-ass friend buckles you in for the night, they also come with instructions on how to escape.



### THERE ONCE WAS . . .

Remember the limerick about the unfortunate couple named Kelly and what happened to them when they confused paste with petroleum jelly? Don't send that one when you enter the National Limerick Contest that the Folklore Society of Mohegan Community College in Norwich, Connecticut 06360, is sponsoring. The first prize is \$50; all limericks must be original and on an 8½" x 11" sheet. Only one entry per person, postmarked by March 1, 1978. Isaac Asimov, author of *Lecherous Limericks*, will pick the winner.



# END OF THE WORLD

(continued from page 126)

*"The weapon's effect is so devastating that a miss—even by more than a mile—is as good as a hit."*

hundred fifty Minuteman missiles now have MIRV warheads; together, they can blast as many as 1650 targets—which is more than the number of land-based missiles the Russians have. We have also been MIRVing our submarine missiles, with ten to 12 warheads on each of the 16 missiles on each boat.

A number of us in the Senate tried in 1970 to suspend the MIRV program, pending an attempt to ban MIRVs as part of an arms-control agreement. We pointed out that there was no military necessity for MIRVs, that the Russians were at least five years behind in this technology and that multiple warheads would make it hard to verify compliance with any arms-control agreement. Satellites can count missiles, submarines and airplanes,

but they cannot count how many warheads are in a nose cone. Nixon insisted on installing MIRVs immediately, in a little-noted decision that may ultimately prove to be the most disastrous of all his deeds, including Vietnam, Cambodia and Watergate. The Russians are now catching up in MIRVs, a development that is shamelessly cited by the same strategists who resisted any restraint seven years ago as the latest excuse for speeding up the arms race. In a 1974 background briefing, Secretary of State Kissinger lamely wished that he "had thought through the implications of a MIRVed world more thoughtfully in 1969 and 1970 than I did."

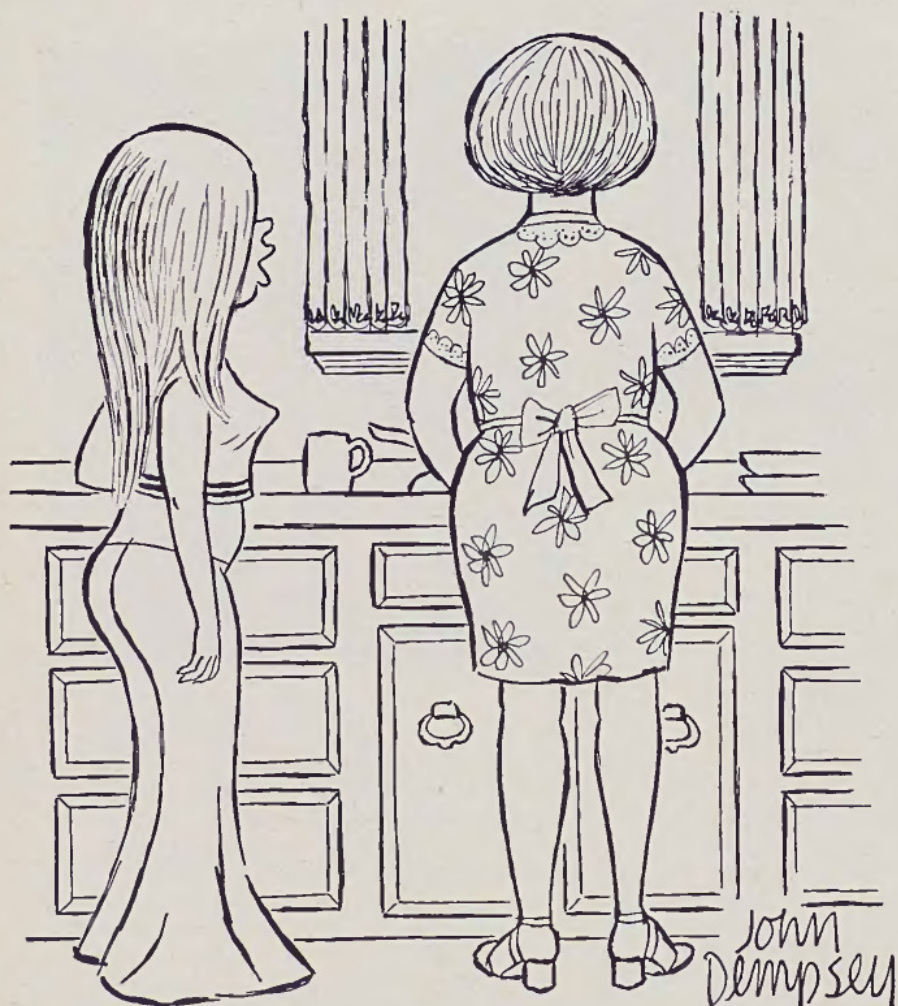
A MIRVed world is bad enough. But silo busting requires a fatal combination

of accuracy and explosive power—a big warhead delivered close to the hardened target. Neither of those features is needed to blow away cities. The weapon's effect in such cases is so devastating that a miss—even by more than a mile—is as good as a hit. But for counterforce against missile silos, high accuracy is essential.

We are now close to pinpoint accuracy. Last October, the United States refitted 550 Minuteman III missiles with the NS-20 guidance system. (The Pentagon has a way of detoxifying the apocalypse by assigning it innocuous names and numbers.) NS-20 doubled the accuracy of the 1650 MIRV warheads on those missiles, giving them even odds to land within 600 feet of any Soviet silo, setting off a blast roughly nine times as big as the one that destroyed Hiroshima. And that is only phase one. In fiscal 1978, the Pentagon intends to start mounting the MK-12A warhead on Minuteman missiles. It will double the size of the yield. After those two "advances," each of the 1650 Minuteman warheads will have more than an 80 percent chance of killing any Russian missile at which it is aimed.

Still greater wonders (or horrors) are on the horizon. As it stands now, a land base is the most reliable place from which to launch a precisely accurate missile. But the submarines are catching up. The best bet as a successor to MIRV is a device with an equally agreeable name—a MARV, a maneuverable re-entry vehicle. Unlike ballistic-missile warheads, which, by definition, can move only like a bullet, in the direction they are aimed, a MARV can change course in flight. It would be a marksman's dream—after firing wide, he could reroute the bullet to the bull's-eye. It could become the world's nightmare, inviting nuclear war by the very fact that it could threaten to disarm the other side in a sudden, sneak attack.

Our military planners are not oblivious to the alarm about these systems. They simply deny their plain implication and then blame the problem, as usual, on the Russians. Then-Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger told a Foreign Relations subcommittee in 1974: "We have no desire to develop a unilateral counterforce capability against the Soviet Union. What we wish to avoid is the Soviet Union's having a counterforce capability against the United States without our being able to have a comparable capability." Our counterforce, he pleaded, was just a responsible reaction to what the Russians might do. It sounded plausible. But Schlesinger was either misinformed or misleading the committee. There is no Russian counterforce program



*"You told me you'd explain sex to me in due time. Well, it's past due time, because I'm past due."*



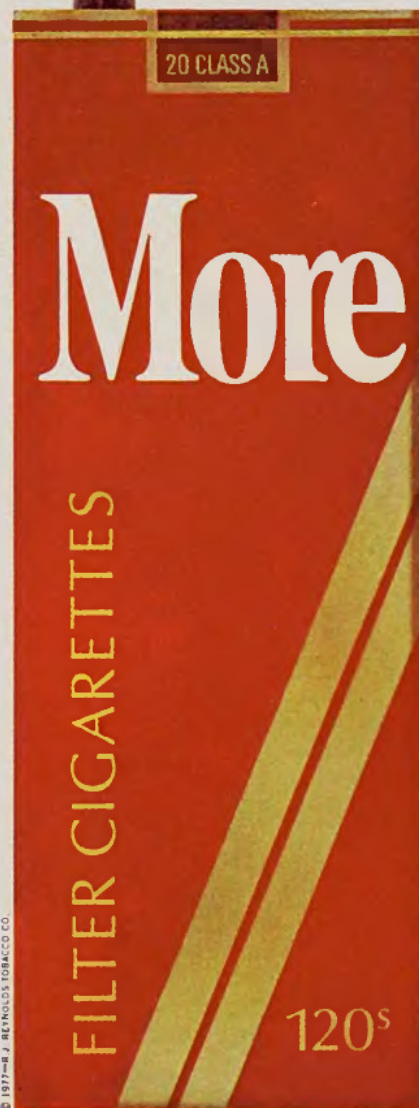
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And More smoking pleasure.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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in being and, by the best estimates, they cannot achieve a counterforce capability until long after ours is already in place.

What the Soviets do have is big missiles with big warheads. But they have such size mainly because they lack the technical skill to build smaller, more efficient systems. To be alarmed by their throw weight—literally, the poundage of their comparatively crude and overweight ballistic warheads—is as simple-minded as preferring a radio console with tubes to a smaller portable model with transistors because bigger must be better.

The size of warheads is important. But if the goal is to knock out a single-point target such as a missile silo, size is meaningless without accuracy. Explosions are spherical, while targets are flat. Doubling the size of an explosion will double its total force, but much of the increase will be vented upward or absorbed downward into the ground, with only a marginal widening of the *radius* of destruction. For example, if the size of a bomb is multiplied ten times, it will have only a five-times-greater chance of killing a silo; but if the size is left alone and the accuracy is improved tenfold, the silo will be 100 times more likely to be killed.

There are mathematical formulas to account for all the variables—the hardness of the target, the reliability of the missile, the size of the warhead, accuracy, and so forth—and then measure how lethal each side's missiles are against the other's. Professor Kosta Tsipis of MIT has calculated that in 1974, the Soviet nuclear force was only one 20th of the way toward a fairly certain (97 percent) capacity to knock out all "enemy" land-based missiles in their silos. But the United States was more than halfway there.

Professor Tsipis then figured projections for the future, assuming that both sides would continue the improvements they were planning or developing. He concluded that the United States could threaten all Soviet silos with assured destruction by 1981 or 1982. The Russians would not be even a fourth of the way toward an ability to do the same thing to us. Other experts place them at least ten years behind.

Ultimately, they can do the same thing, of course. Yet, even then, our force will be the more threatening. The Russians now have a total of 4000 warheads to our 8500. But three fourths of their arsenal is mounted on land-based missiles—the kind that would be vulnerable to a counterforce attack. By contrast, less than one fourth of our warheads are on land-based missiles; the others are safe under water or on bombers that can be placed on alert and flown out of harm's way in case of an attack. Thus, by 1981 or 1982, the Russians will have to fear that we could

launch a surprise first strike and wipe out most of their power to fight back.

The American lead is already commanding. We may be too far ahead for our own or the world's good. Yet in recent months, the country has been subjected to a barrage of scare stories, timed to influence the new Administration, contrived to convince the casual observer that unless we instantly spend tens of billions of dollars more on the military, we had all better start learning to speak Russian.

Some of the scaremongers have cited the momentum of the Soviet missile program and complained that the United States has been standing still. In fact, over the past ten years, we have spent almost 120 billion dollars to research and buy new nuclear weapons beyond the cost of maintaining the ones we already had.

Another scare story is that the Soviet emphasis on civil defense is a sure sign that they are preparing a nuclear-war fighting and winning capability. In fact, Soviet civil-defense spending per person averages approximately the same amount our Western European allies spend. The Russian people take a less Strangelovian, more realistic, if morbid, view than the scaremongers who regard nuclear war as a thinkable, even practical proposition. A popular joke in Moscow goes, Question: "What do you do when you hear the alert?" Answer: "Put on a sheet and crawl slowly to the cemetery." Q.: "Why slowly?" A.: "So you don't spread panic."

In 1976, the CIA commissioned a group of largely non-Government hard-liners to reinterpret the national intelligence estimate, which until then showed the United States in a secure position. The group, as expected, concluded that the Soviet Union was determined to achieve strategic superiority over the United States. In fact, as already noted, any superiority in quality and deadliness lies entirely on the American side; on the other hand, if both sides have enough warheads to inflict "unacceptable damage," then terms like superiority have no practical meaning. More warheads would only sift the dust finer.

A new Committee on the Present Danger, including members of the CIA group, has warned that unless we escalate our defenses, our "military capacity will become inadequate to ensure peace and security." In fact, one of the greatest dangers facing the country is the presence and influence of that committee. For it is replaying a well-worn scenario that in the past was fed hundreds of billions of tax dollars and now threatens, in the parlance of the Vietnam GIs, to waste the planet itself. The nation had an alleged bomber gap in the early Fifties, Sputnik and a phony missile gap soon after, and

now the missile-size or throw-weight and civil-defense gaps of the Seventies. Each time, the gaps have produced a panicked spasm of military spending. Each time, the alarms have turned out to be wildly exaggerated; each time, the new arms build-up based on inflated American fears has later been copied by the Soviet Union, thus bringing into real being, though belatedly, the very threat that had previously existed only in the Pentagon's imagination. Thereupon, the Paul Reveres congratulate themselves for their foresight and think up the next thing the Soviet Union might do, so they can sound the alarm and get us to do it first.

Paul Warnke, now director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and chief of our delegation to the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, described the process a few years ago as two "apes on a treadmill." The metaphor ruffled some feathers—or fur—and caused him some trouble in winning Senate confirmation. It sounded as if he were comparing arms experts to apes; and, as everyone knows, apes are comparatively feeble-minded. But the analogy expressed the reality exactly. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has had the elementary sense to get off the treadmill. Now the United States is out front, straining to make the treadmill go faster.

Yet the process is not as mindless as it seems. Behind it, there is a world view that has the same sort of logical coherence that many of the insane can claim once their assumptions are granted. A small cabal of influential American hard-liners begins with the premise that we have far greater financial and technological resources than the Soviet Union. An arms race costs the Russians relatively more. They have to divert a higher percentage of scarce resources than the United States does from domestic programs that might strengthen their society, such as investments in agriculture. By the same token, stopping the race would free up relatively more of their resources. Through the prism of certain right-wing true believers, including some members of the Congress and Pentagon officials, along with their allies in the arms industries and elements of organized labor, the arms race looks like simply a way, short of war, to tire out and bring down the Soviet system. They envision a process of mutual exhaustion in which the Russians will collapse internally while the United States is still staggering along, its defenses bristling while its economy is only *almost* depleted.

Representing perhaps a tenth of the electorate, such hard-liners exert a disproportionate influence on arms policy. They plan it that way. They carefully function as "inside" sources for reporters. Excerpts from last year's hard-line





## Over Brown

*"But, Fairy Godmother, this isn't the kind of ball I wished for!"*



intelligence estimates quickly leaked to the press, even though they were highly classified. With the help of Richard A. Viguerie, once Governor George Wallace's direct-mail organizer, the hard-liners stirred enough mail and other protest to pressure 40 Senators into voting against Warnke for arms-control negotiator, apparently because he was too much in favor of achieving results. The message was loud and clear: Forty votes are more than enough to deny the ratification of any arms-control treaty, which would require approval from two thirds of the Senate.

The military supplies willing help, but mostly, I think, out of innocence and incompetence in what is essentially a political realm. It is their job to imagine the worst threats, push for the best weapons and seek the maximum funds. Typically, they plan and propose weaponry on the assumption that arms control will not happen. In his last report in early 1977, retiring Defense Secretary

Donald Rumsfeld summed up the Pentagon view: "It must be recognized that precisely because technology is dynamic, the contributions of arms control to stability may well be modest and may be overtaken on occasion by events." He did not mention that it was our technology and our events that have been doing the overtaking.

There is also a sort of surrealism at work. I recall the early debate in 1964 over whether or not the United States should spend upwards of 100 billion dollars to build an antiballistic-missile system. There were doubts about whether or not it would work: one skeptic observed that it was like trying to build an "antibullet bullet." But the Pentagon figures contended that without the system, 100,000,000 Americans would die in a nuclear war; with it, fatalities might be held to "only" 80,000,000. One Senator asked how anyone could be against a system that would save 20,000,000 lives. It was hard to know whether to laugh or

to cry. The over-all consequences of nuclear war are so incredible that they are ignored. Instead, it is assumed that the war will happen and the consequences are dealt with in bits and pieces. Writing war games becomes literally a game—an exercise that is out of touch with the most important truth of all, that the only rational reason for having these weapons is not to fight nuclear war but to prevent it.

In 1945, an American scientist was on an observation flight over the first atomic target, Hiroshima, shortly after it was attacked. He described the carnage:

We circled finally low over Hiroshima and stared in disbelief. There below was the flat level ground of what had been a city, scorched red in the same telltale scar. But no hundreds of planes had visited this town during a long night. One bomber, and one bomb, had, in the time it takes a rifle bullet to cross a room, turned a city of 300,000 into a burning pyre.

Even the smallest of today's strategic nuclear weapons has several times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb. If one were to explode at midday in Manhattan, the shock wave would kill 5,000,000 unprotected people within four or five miles and would demolish buildings almost as far away as the Connecticut border. And that would be just the beginning of the end: Only 20 percent of the fatalities at Hiroshima were caused by the blast. A nuclear explosion over Manhattan would generate temperatures of tens of millions of degrees centigrade, radiating out like the sun's rays. The heat and the fire storm would be deadlier than the shock. So would the short- and long-term radiation effects. The familiar mushroom cloud would draw up and contaminate tons of earth and debris, to settle back and kill millions of people hundreds of miles away.

And while we know what a single warhead will do, we are less certain of the combined effect of thousands going off at once. There would be a massive depletion of stratospheric ozone, which filters the sun's ultraviolet rays. That, in turn, could burn crops and animals and disrupt the climate in ways we cannot predict accurately. The National Academy of Sciences has concluded that if just half of the U.S. and Soviet arsenals were fired, human beings and other living forms would, indeed, survive in considerable numbers—but mostly in the Southern Hemisphere, assuming, of course, that the war took place north of the equator. The Northern Hemisphere would have some life, of a sort: Insects, relatively immune to radiation, would multiply and infest that half of the earth. The president of the academy has suggested that an attacking country would



"Oh, she doesn't charge money, Leo. I'm old-fashioned enough to believe a wife shouldn't work."



be devastated even if the other side did not strike back.

I once believed that Congress could halt the mad race; but after years of frustration on this issue, I now think that the only chance rests with the President—and if he fails, with the American people themselves. When scientists say something can be done, the President must make a hard judgment whether or not it should be. The President can tell the Pentagon that an exotic new war-fighting scenario makes no sense—that counterforce, for example, is counter-productive, tempting the disaster it claims to prevent. When hard-liners inflate the threat and cry for excessive weapons to thwart arms control, the President has to have the courage to say no and to defend that decision in the public arena. And the President, who proposes the budget, can rearrange the priorities that allocate to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency a third of what the Army spends on brass bands.

As for the people, Vietnam taught me one lesson: When their leaders insist on perpetuating a blunder, they can change the direction of events. On nuclear policy, as on the war, the 80 percent of Americans who see the sense of arms control must stop trusting the experts, assuming that they know best and that the matter is too complicated for a democratic decision. In fact, the basic question of nuclear arms does not require an encyclopedic comprehension of strategic options and specific weapons. It does not require a great expertise but ordinary intelligence to sense the insanity of nuclear war, to grasp the ungodly power we have to commit humanocide—insights to which the experts themselves often seem blind.

Of course, the Vietnam example also teaches that it would take time for the people to make the politicians see the light. This issue probably would be harder to organize and win on: Instead of the reality of weekly body counts, there is "only" a threat—of an entire nation of casualties. This issue also goes to the heart of what President Eisenhower called the military-industrial complex. Vietnam was their error, but their interest was peripheral. But someone, Jimmy Carter or John Q. Public, has to act. The few dissenters in the Congress will not prevail if they continue to be alone.

Though it will take time, I think and hope that we have a few hours left on the nuclear clock. We have seen the dawn of doomsday. Perhaps we can stop the race to high noon.



# There are 108 ways the English keep dry with Gordon's.

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



**Tom Collins:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon. Pour over ice in highball glass. Add sprinkle of powdered sugar. Fill with soda. Stir. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.



**Salty Dog:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Fill with 3 ozs. grapefruit juice. Add dash of salt.



**Rickey:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from ½ lime with rind into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.



**Daisy:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, teaspoon of grenadine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Stir contents over ice cubes in highball glass. Add soda water to fill.



**Ginade:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with lemonade. Stir. Add lemon slice.



**Belmont:** ½ oz. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with lemonade. Stir. Add lemon slice.



**English:** 1½ oz. each sweet vermouth, brandy, and gin. Fill with ice in highball glass. Fill with gin. Add lemon peel twist.



**Pink Gin:** Sprinkle several drops of bitters into empty on-the-rocks glass. Add bitters around the glass, remove ice cubes and 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin.



**Gin & Cola:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes. Fill with cola. Add wedge of lime.



**Highball:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes. Fill with tonic. Add wedge of lime. Pour on ginger ale.



**TV Special:** 1½ ozs. each orange juice over ice cubes. Fill glass with ginger ale.



**Lady Shake:** 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.



**Gin Bloody Mary:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ½ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.



**Hawaii:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.



**Dry Martini:** 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.



**Gin Daiquiri:** 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.



**Gin Sour:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass. Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.



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



**Between the Sheets:** 1 oz. each Gordon's Gin, brandy, Cointreau. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain into cocktail glass.



**Gordon's and Squirt:** 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice in highball glass. Fill with Squirt® grapefruit soft drink.



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WIRED TO THE TEETH *(continued from page 82)*

*"Two out of every front-four defensive linemen or offensive linemen in the N.F.L. are on steroids."*

narcotic. Some world-class track-and-field athletes regularly come down from competitive highs with 'Ludes, using beer to cover their tracks. It feels good, they say, and relaxes better than marijuana. But Quaaludes helped along the undoing of Freddie Prinze, the young actor, and they can be almost as habit-forming as the need for speed or steroids before a competition.

Banned by the International Olympic Committee but still used extensively by athletes and researchers, anabolic steroids have become the biggest source of debate in international sports medicine. Uwe Beyer, a 31-year-old West German hammer thrower, won the European championship in 1971 and broke the world record that same year. According to newspaper reports, he said he became so reliant on anabolic steroids during his training program for the Montreal Olympics that when he stopped taking the pills, "I was listless, depressed and despaired of winning anything. . . . I suffered withdrawal symptoms like a drug addict."

The use of steroids is not limited to track and field. "Two out of every front-four defensive linemen or offensive linemen in the N.F.L. are definitely on steroids," one reliable source said.

The steroids form a group of chemical compounds that resemble cholesterol.

They are naturally produced by many plants and animals and are divided into three broad categories—estrogens, androgens and corticosteroids. Anabolic steroids are hormones derived from androgens—male hormones. The party line on steroids is that they increase the size of muscle fiber. But they have also been linked with thickness of skin, beard growth, development of male organs and lowered voice pitch. One of the most frequently recounted episodes of the 1976 Olympics was the question put to an East German coach about the deep voices among many East German women swimmers.

"We have come here to swim, not to sing," the coach replied.

Steroids have a body-building effect on tissues and tendons, promote weight gain and assimilate protein. It is this improvement of muscle mass that lures athletes into believing these drugs will make them bigger, stronger and faster.

Unfortunately for many athletes, the steroid process evolves through trial and error. Little clinical information is available from the various drug companies on the exact dosage that the body can utilize for athletic performance. Experimentation with unusually large dosages of steroids over a short period of time can lead to nausea, loss of appetite, a feeling of fullness and acne. Several years

ago, an embarrassing problem with nymphomania reportedly developed among a group of Bulgarian women athletes being administered heavy steroid dosages. Many Western observers found it difficult to believe that the muscular Bulgarian women would be capable of any sex drives. But apparently the effect of large doses of androgens is much different for women and men. Female athletes taking steroids have, in fact, been known to develop stronger relationships than usual with male coaches.

The question of sex drive is a major source of the steroid debate. Male athletes are warned about shrinking testicles, impotency or dwindling urges, but one weight man in track and field says flatly, "I get better erections than ever when I'm on steroids." Since steroids appeared on the international scene only within the past 15 years, it may be that long again before an accurate measurement is available for their sexual impact.

Don Reinholdt, Jr., of Fredonia, New York, the four-time world power-lifting champion who set 20 world records, is 32 years old, weighs 365 pounds and believes that he, not Vasily Alexeyev, is the world's strongest man. He has challenged the Russian to a lift-off, has written him letters (never answered) and is annoyed that people perceive Alexeyev as Mr. Clean. Yet Reinholdt does not believe that steroids, properly supervised, will shorten a man's penis or his life expectancy. "Just because a guy uses Dianabol to get strong doesn't mean he's a pill-head," Reinholdt says.

Until the Montreal Olympics, anabolic steroids received little more than yellow caution flags from international sports bodies. Then elaborate testing procedures were developed to determine if an athlete was using them and they were banned by the International Olympic Committee. But birth-control pills are not banned, and any number of women athletes appear to be following Loretta Lynn's advice and turning to the pill in pursuit of world records and gold medals.

Eva Wilms is a West German student who competes in the pentathlon, the five-event women's equivalent of the decathlon. Last spring, she set the world record; the secret, according to her trainer, Christian Gehrman, is the pill. "The contraceptive pill can achieve fantastic results with women athletes," Gehrman says. Working with a gynecologist to determine Wilms's hormone count, the pair selected one of the 55 to 60 brands of contraceptive pills marketed in West Germany that would provide a balance of hormones, maximize muscle mass and keep Wilms from becoming pregnant. The result was a bigger, stronger body, better performances and, most important, no threat of penalties that might accrue



*"The sky is certainly a beautiful blue today, isn't it, Miss Simkins? Check with production and see if something's wrong."*



under a program of anabolic steroids.

Wilms's success has prompted several American coaches to start their athletes on a program of weights and birth-control pills. But unless there is close medical supervision to maintain an athlete's hormonal balance, undesirable psychological side effects could nullify the physical gains.

Pill popping is not the only way to a gold medal. Another recent source of controversy and experimentation is the process of blood packing, or "blood doping," as it has become popularly known. An athlete gives up a pint or a quart of whole blood during a peak training period. He continues training and then receives the blood back into his system weeks later, shortly before a major competition. The reinfusion theoretically increases the athlete's strength and endurance and is thought to be a significant training aid for distance runners, mountain climbers and weight lifters.

Before leaving West Germany to join the New York Cosmos of the North American Soccer League, Franz Beckenbauer, the captain of the national team, admitted undergoing blood doping. And Finland's Lasse Viren, the Olympic gold medalist at 5000 and 10,000 meters in Montreal, has been accused of it.

Most of the early research in blood

doping began in Scandinavia. A Swedish runner, Bjorn Eckblom, used the technique on himself in the early Seventies and concluded that it had a beneficial effect. However, recent studies have produced more questions than answers.

"Some people are always looking for a magic ingredient to increase their performance, but training remains the surest way," said Dr. Robert Ruhling, the director of the Human Performance Research Laboratory at the University of Utah, who, with A. J. Frye, experimented with 16 students in a single blind study. "We haven't found any evidence that blood reinfusion is the answer."

Blood doping, though forbidden, is impossible to detect, and Viren has denied any involvement in experiments. Still, jokes about distance runners and Dracula having the same objectives are no longer treated lightly.

East Germany is considered one of the big three alongside the Soviet Union and the United States in international sports. The East Germans have been the source of continued speculation over their use of scientific testing and drugs to increase the strength and speed of their athletes, particularly their women.

Dr. Alois Mader was a member of East Germany's closely guarded medical sports

program until he defected to the West several years ago. During meetings earlier last year with top American sports-medicine officials, Dr. Mader explained the secret of the East German success: It was not the amount of drugs administered, he said, nor the type of drugs, but the scientific controls placed over the program. Relatively small dosages of anabolic steroids are used, so that there is no suppression of their own natural hormone production. Athletes are encouraged to start steroid intake or birth-control pills during their maturing years, between 14 and 15, to provide more muscular strength and allow for changes to other hormones. There is continued monitoring of athletes at all levels of their maturation, especially before, during and after competition. Adjustments are made in their drug intake to correspond to specific stress levels.

The East German approach has created jealousy and a divided atmosphere among many athletes, coaches and officials in the West, who wonder whether or not success is worth the price of such scientific intensity. There are almost as many unconfirmed reports as confirmed ones about how far some Eastern countries will go.

One American doctor stated that some East German women swimmers competed in Montreal with plastic inserts in their vaginas that could be squeezed to provide

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New York, N.Y. 10022

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
(I am over 18 years of age)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



pure urine samples for postcompetition medical tests.

That experiment hardly seemed as painful as the reputed attempt by West German swimming officials to improve the buoyancy and speed of their athletes before Montreal by using syringelike pumps to inject one half gallon of compressed air into the swimmers' large intestine through the anal aperture.

"The method was suitable for crawl and backstroke specialists," Walter Kusch, a swimmer, told the Bonn newspaper *Rundschau*. "But for a breast-stroker like myself, the result was that my feet often stuck out of the water."

"The whole thing was unpleasant," acknowledged Peter Nocke, an Olympic bronze medalist in the 100-meter free style, who said he took part in the experiments but won his medal "honorably."

Although drugs have been identified with sports for decades, the public still remains more interested in the final won-lost record of their team than in the amount of cortisone, Quaalude or Dianabol taken by the stars.

Imagery is an important element in sports today, amateur and professional. The National Football League could not afford a large-scale drug scandal; in fact, drugs and point shaving are the two areas that send the most shivers through the league's Park Avenue offices.

Bill Toomey, the 1968 Olympic gold medalist in the decathlon, once threatened to sue Jack Scott, the sports activist, over an article Scott wrote on drugs for *The New York Times Magazine* in 1971. Toomey phoned me several times before and after the article appeared, because we knew each other and I worked for the *Times*. He claimed that any disclosure would affect certain contracts he had signed with companies. He was concerned with the impact the story, which he claimed was false, might have on his career. Scott stuck to his sources.

A drug habit may have killed Joe Gilliam's pro-football career; the New Orleans Saints gave the former Pittsburgh Steeler quarterback a tryout last summer, on the condition that he stay clean, but cut him before the season began. Heroin addiction unquestionably squelched the N.B.A. dreams of Cyril Baptiste, a 6'7" forward, who had signed a six-figure contract with the Golden State Warriors after an impressive collegiate career at Creighton University. Baptiste's drug problems began as curiosity during his sophomore year at Creighton and became so intense "that's all I thought about—when my next shot was coming and how I could get it." Even after Baptiste was rehabilitated and returned to competition in the

Eastern League, no N.B.A. team was willing to sign him.

George Frenn says he knows a couple of track-and-field athletes who are trafficking in heroin on the West Coast. "I've stopped preachin' now," he says. "I used to try to tell guys, 'Don't get loaded, it won't do you any good.' But we're past that stage. Now I tell them, 'If you need something, don't use as much; go easy.' The trouble is nobody listens anymore. It's like a pendulum. Guys are getting really high to compete. Then they stalk the room in need of something to help them sleep. The cycle is vicious and the pressure to stay on top won't let them off."

Doug Young, the three-time world power-lifting champion from Brownwood, Texas, has been studying the drug scene in sports for more than ten years, with particular emphasis on anabolic steroids. He says he has spent "a lot of money and a lot of trial and error to find out what is right and wrong on steroids" and was suspended briefly several years ago by a state federation, as much for his outspoken views as anything.

Young believes any man dedicated enough to run 40 miles a day is no less foolish than a man willing to take steroids in a controlled program. Steroids should be legalized, he says, to protect the athlete, "because they're going to use them anyway."

Even more ludicrous to Young is the fact that international federations develop testing procedures and pass new rules to penalize athletes for taking steroids while the athletes and the researchers find new methods to beat the system.

Young knows of at least two ways to beat the current test for steroids, aside from having your body flushed in the 11th hour by a powerful diuretic. The first is to stop taking the pills or injections several days before a competition. "You won't lose more than two percent of your potential," he says. The second method is to shift the intake to a natural form that can be absorbed through the tissues and will not show up in tests as anything other than normal hormones. This method is likely to become the escape valve of athletes by 1980, and any competitor who is disqualified for steroids at Moscow, according to Young, "isn't smart enough to win a gold medal, anyway."

The International Weight-lifting Federation, embarrassed by the disqualifications for steroids in Montreal and by reports of pill popping at national championships, has voted in new regulations: No world records will be recognized unless doping control procedures are included at major events; and regular teams of investigators will be assigned to police championships.

Unfortunately, new crackdowns by federations and leagues and tighter restrictions on the distribution of amphetamines by the FDA and physicians have only sent athletes underground. Regular trips across the border to Mexico and Canada are now made to stock up.

"Athletes aren't going to quit just because there's no factory stuff available," says Frenn. "But what's bad is that the stuff on the street is cheap and dirty. It's anything goes in some of those factories, and you're likely to get rat poison instead of Dexedrine."

But can athletes stop? And can the sports federations endure major drug scandals? The International Cycling Union's modest \$300 fine and month-long suspension of Freddy Maertens, Eddy Merckx and four others last May for using a banned drug to combat fatigue were a mere slap on the wrist. Yet what else could the union do? It needs the stars for the survival of the sport, so drugs are an annoyance to be tolerated.

Even attempts by the International Olympic Committee to find solutions wind up creating greater problems. In 1972, the I.O.C. disqualified an asthmatic United States gold-medal swimmer, Rick DeMont, after his urinalysis showed traces of ephedrine, a drug it had banned. DeMont had used a prescription compound, Marax, to curb his wheezing and coughing. Ephedrine is a component of Marax. As a concession for 1976, the I.O.C. approved the use of terbutaline sulphate as a remedy for athletes afflicted with asthma.

"The I.O.C. felt terbutaline was not a stimulant," says Dr. Anderson, who works at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine. "But from my own clinical experience with the drug, it does seem to be a fairly significant stimulant and could well be dangerous, or even fatal, if you took it in significantly high dosages."

Where will it end? More money and prestige are being pumped into the Super Bowl and the Olympics, but no two sports can agree on how to police their drug problems effectively, and no national agencies have been set up to bridge the gap between the athletes and the officials.

George Frenn made his first national team at the age of 21. He never touched a drug until he was 25. He has watched his own physician's attitude change from one of "How many do you want?" to a monthly quota.

"It's time we confront the problem," Frenn says. "Let's sit down and figure where we're at and where we're going. The athletes need to know, and they want to know, but they won't beg for the information until it's too late. By then, they're crawling, and anything you tell them won't help."



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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HABITAT

## CUTTING UP IN THE KITCHEN

**B**ertie Wooster had Jeeves to do his cutting, chopping, slicing, blending, grinding, grating and my-Aunt-Agatha-knows-what-else out in the scullery. But dash it all, old bean, you're positively dished—unless, of course, you've used your noggin and traded in some tenners

for a food processor, a machine that's the greatest boon to bachelorhood since Don Ameche invented the telephone. Owing one may not be quite the same as having Jeeves at your elbow ready with canapés or a chocolate mousse, but it's almost as quick. And the handy thing never goes on holiday.

Below, clockwise from 12: Norelco's food processor features a quiet direct-drive motor plus a special Pulse Action switch for split-second on-off precision, \$109.95. Model CFP-9, by Cuisinart, is the flagship of the processors pictured here; it's sturdy, well made and quiet, \$160. Farberware's entry comes with four blades (as do most of the processors); a low profile—only 12" high—makes it easy to clean and store, \$120. The G.E. model features a two-in-one reversible disk, pulse on-off switch and an extra-tall food chute, \$89.98. American Electric's model cuts, chops, slices, blends, purées, etc., and features an overload control and an instant-stop button, \$59.95.

RICHARD IZUI





# SPORTS

## ONE TO GO

**W**INTERSTICK. As surfers ride the waves and skateboarders ride the concrete, those on a Winterstick ride the slopes. Although the board is controlled somewhat like a skate board (turns are executed by bending and extending your legs), it is far from being a toy; the Winterstick is a highly developed piece of sports equipment that allows precision control and phenomenal speeds.

Surfers can relate to the feeling of flying down an endless slope on a thin sheet of glass. You're on the biggest

WINTERSTICK



JACOBS / ESCHENFELDER

wave ever, and it refuses to break. The wind and snow blow in your face as you surf around a pine or hop a mogul. The wave goes on and on.

The Swallowtail Winterstick is about a foot wide, five feet long and a half inch thick. Renée Sessions,

skier and Wintersticker, describes it as an "interface between you and the snow—it's sort of like it's not there." But on this thin sheet of glass, you are practically free-falling down the slope with only your balance and wits to keep you on the board. On skis, you are securely bound in bindings and heavy, awkward boots. You can ride the Winterstick in any hiking boots with sturdy soles.

A skeg along the bottom of the stainless-steel-and-urethane board stabilizes the board and increases its controllability. A slight movement of the body will cause the finely developed edge to catch so turns are smooth and quick. The front of the skeg will slip into the snow and stop the board after the rider falls or jumps off. A textured geometric pattern on the board keeps boots from sliding off, and the Winterstick has an elastic strap that crosses over each foot and serves as a kind of "bindless binding"; you're not attached to the board (meaning total freedom, in addition to no broken legs), but the board stays with you on jumps, spins and whatever else you can manage to do in the air.

The Swallowtail Winterstick is priced around \$250; a Roundtail model goes for about \$190. But that's all you need to hit the slopes. No bindings, poles, ski boots.

The Winterstick Company, Inc., 2225 South Fifth East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

**SINGLE SKI.** Two heads may be better than one, but there is some question when it comes to the number of skis; you can do things on one that you'll never be able to do on two. And one ski is actually faster and safer in any type of snow than the standard duo. In a sense, Single Skiing is to skiing what slalom is to water-skiing: control, speed—a totally new experience.

Mike Doyle, rated world's best surfer in 1965 and 1966, and Bill Bahne, engineer and surfboard manufacturer, got together to create the Single Ski. "If you can do it on water,

why not on snow?" they asked. Why not, indeed?

Although the Single Ski is faster on powder than double skis—since you can plane the powder other skiers sink into—Doyle appreciates the control more than the speed of the Single Ski and concentrates on the "aesthetic approach to skiing." He says, "The big thing has always been the fastest route down the hill. But I take the long, more pleasant way. I go up the wall of a snow bowl as high as my speed will take me. Then I swerve down and go up the other wall, like riding up and down a wave."

The Single Ski is on the market for about \$250 (not including boots, bindings, etc.). The board is actually a wide-surface ski, six feet, five inches long, eight and a quarter inches wide. Standard bindings are placed side by side. You lock

SNURFBOARD



CLARK - BROWN

your ski boots in, put your knees together and you're off.

Bahne & Company, P.O. Box 326, Encinitas, California 92024.

**SNURFBOARD.** Sherman Poppen, a skier, developed the Snurfer to entertain his two young daughters. He tied two short wooden skis together and his daughters were soon standing on the resulting contraption, sliding down the snow-covered slope of their back yard. Poppen experimented with features of the water ski for greater width and increased stability. A tether rope was added to the front of the board for balance and a shaped keel was carved into the rear to increase control. Staples in the board provided footing for hiking boots. Voilà! The Snurfer.

Nick Johnson, an expert skier, is now considered the world's greatest Snurfer. He can do things on a Snurfboard that the Poppens couldn't have imagined.

"Snurfing is a sport to be explored," says Johnson. "The design of the board and the dynamics of style all need revising." The wooden boards can break. Johnson went through 12 last season, though he admits he is exceptionally rough on them. Also, the only connection between the rider and the board is boots on a rough surface. There are no bindings nor straps and any hill or large mogul can mean the loss of the board.

"Still, as with skiing, the better a Snurfer you are, the more intense the sport becomes," Johnson says. "The longer you can remain on the board, the faster you go. I know I have exceeded 40 miles per hour on the back bowls of Alta and Heavenly Valley, and that can be sheer panic."

The Snurfer is inexpensive, about \$15 for the standard model. The JEM Corporation, which currently owns the patent for the boards, stopped making them for a while, but increased demand encouraged it to go back into production this winter.

The JEM Corporation, P.O. Box 554, Marion, Virginia 24354. —DAVID SHEFF

SINGLE SKI



TOMMY LEE



# GADGETS

## YOUR OWN PET COMPUTER

If you think man's best friend is his pet dog, then you haven't seen the portable Model 2001 PET home computer that Commodore, an international electronics company, has just introduced at the mind-boggling price of only \$595. The PET (Personal Electronic Trans-

actor) features a TV screen, a keyboard that's as simple to use as a typewriter, a self-contained cassette recorder that is the source for programs and for storing data and a memory system. What's it do? Just about everything from maintaining personal records to answering the telephone.

DOODLER



Pictured here is just a sampling of PET's capabilities, beginning with, top left: a doodle of Starship Enterprise that's been drawn on the screen via one's punching keyboard keys that activate various graphic symbols, such as squares, line segments, etc. Left center: The electronic game Gomoku, a king-sized version of ticktacktoe, pits you against PET's brain power; you choose a square and the computer counters by choosing one—the first to obtain five consecutive squares wins. Left below: This program keeps track of your investments by

SYMBOL FLASHER



CURRENT MONITOR



GAME PLAYER



CHECKBOOK BALANCER



STOCK-PORTFOLIO AUDITOR



displaying bar graphs tabulating the buying and selling of stocks you own. Center: If you don't recognize this electronic sketch, Charley, you've got no business buying a computer. Top right: Scientific experiments can also be worked on your PET—or, if you'd like to keep tabs on Con Edison, you can hook an oscilloscope up to the computer and monitor the fluctuations in your pad's A.C.-voltage level. Right center: PET will also maintain your personal checkbook records on a program that logs a cumulative record of your deposits and expenses. Furthermore, it can also be programmed to give monthly balances and records of how the money was spent. Right below: You'll be hard pressed to tear budding Fangios away from PET's race-car program; once you've started your engine, the flag is down and you're off and running down a winding road that can be programmed to various degrees of difficulty. As if that isn't enough, your PET can also teach languages and mathematics, store recipes and turn on appliances and temperature controls—all for just \$595. Our computer says it's a steal.

RACE-CAR DRIVER





## Why Is This Man Barefoot?

Pictured here after performing at the Rock Music Awards, ROD STEWART:

1. Lost his shoes to some groupies whom he tried to keep at bay with the bottle.

2. Is playing off the title of his most recent album, "Foot Loose & Fancy Free."

3. Is playing off Britt Ekland's \$15,250,000 lawsuit charging that Stewart owes her compensation for artistic and romantic inspiration and he's trying to tell her he's broke.

4. Is on his way to soccer practice, his third favorite thing after women and song.

There will be an oral exam in the morning.



CHIU / MICHELSON



## Who's on Top?

Sometimes body language says it all. In the movie version of the best seller "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (above), actor TOM BERENGER is one of Diane Keaton's screen lovers, and here he's the one on the bottom. But in the forthcoming film "In Praise of Older Women," in which Susan Strasberg plays one of his lovers (below), Berenger gets top billing of a sort. If there's a moral there somewhere, it sure beats the hell out of us.



## "Baby" Talk

For a movie that hasn't been released yet, "Pretty Baby" is already vying for a place in the Publicity Hall of Fame. Set in a New Orleans bordello, it stars 12-year-old model Brooke Shields as a fledgling whore, and the suggestion of kiddie porn has caused a great deal of talk. Director LOUIS MALLE, however, says he's fed up with all the gossip. "God," he told PLAYBOY, "I'm tired of being presented as a millionaire rake who fucks his leading ladies—as if my films were not the important thing. Well, my films are the important thing." The leading lady the rumors are about this time isn't Brooke Shields; it's the other star of the film, Susan Sarandon, an offscreen companion.







HOLZ / MICHELSON

## Justice Isn't Blind, She's Wearing Shades

Isn't that EVEL KNieVEL behind those Foster Grants? We caught this photo of America's most famous daredevil on his way into court. Obviously heeding the advice that one dresses conservatively for the bar, Knievel abandoned his red, white and blue jump suit for a trim suit coat. The charge: assaulting biographer Sheldon Saltman with a baseball bat. Saltman wrote that Knievel was into booze, pills and anti-Semitism, so Knievel hit several line drives off Saltman's body. Saltman suggested a new stunt for Knievel: a leap into jail.



© 1977 MAUREEN LAMBRAY



DAVID CHAN



## Shear Determination

When RHONDA SHEAR put on an antebellum gown to be photographed by PLAYBOY for April's "The Girls of the New South" (she is shown here in that outfit and as Miss Louisiana), she became involved in a controversy that has been swirling ever since. Because of her PLAYBOY appearance, Shear lost her title as Miss Floral Trail Queen. That was a mistake, as the local New Orleans political community has come to understand. Last fall, Shear found that a prominent member of the committee that dumped her was running for city register of conveyances. She entered the election and, though she lost, she received over 32,000 votes, more than any woman had ever received in a New Orleans election before. "I will run again for something. I've been bitten by the bug," says Shear. She adds, "The dress I wore in PLAYBOY was exactly the kind of dress I was going to wear as Miss Floral Trail Queen." Hell hath no fury . . . well, you know the rest.



## FUN IN THE SUN

Our grandparents made love in total darkness. Every now and then. At least one of them didn't enjoy it. The reason: Sunlight and sex are closely related. Dr. Russel J. Reiter of the University of Texas Health Service Center at San Antonio has studied the effect of darkness on the pineal gland, a tiny but important organ that controls our sexual behavior. The gland is able to detect differences in light. When kept in the dark, it produces an antisex hormone that inhibits the reproductive process and indirectly diminishes desire. As the amount of light increases, the amount of anti-sex hormones in the blood stream decreases. Dr. Reiter notes that when Admiral Peary explored the North Pole, he discovered that sexual activity almost disappeared during the six-month-long winter night. Eskimo women actually stopped menstruating during the long darkness. As summer approached and the sunlight returned, so did sexual activity. Noses were rubbed. Babies were born. Reiter explains that the pineal gland is probably the result of evolution. Offspring born in the spring and summer have a greater chance for survival, so the body invented a time clock to tell when it was the season for sex. Let's hear it for the afternoon delight.

## SEX—1500; DIAL-A-PRAYER—0

Last May, the city of St. Louis began a free medical hotline. Worried citizens could dial a central number and ask to hear tapes on various health-related topics. It was a nice way for housewives to pass the time until *General Hospital* came on the tube. After several months, the St. Louis Society for Medical and Scientific Education released a report on the most requested tapes. Number one with a bullet was something called "Female Sexual Response." The tape was played more than 1000 times and eventually had to be replaced. Little wonder. Maybe the tape needed a cigarette. The society reported that the next most popular tape was "Homosexuality," which received 500 calls. Anita Bryant, rest easy: Straights are still on top in St. Louis.

## A SURVEY OF SEX SURVEYS

It's gotten to where you can't walk out of your house without someone asking "How's your love life?" If it's not the man from UltraBrite, it's a sex researcher from Redbook or *Ladies' Home Journal*. For women, there's *The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality*, by Carol Tavris and Susan Sadd. Subtitle: "100,000 Married Women Disclose the Good News About Sex." Some of that news: The stronger a woman's religious beliefs, the more likely she is to feel satisfied with her sex life; nearly all married women under 40 enjoy oral sex (both giving and taking) and about half that number have tried anal sex. Women who have had sex before marriage are as likely as those who were virgins at marriage to be happily married, to experiment sexually in marriage, to enjoy sex and to have it often. The single most interesting statistic recorded age and sexual


initiation: You may have heard of Sweet Sixteen. How about Foul Fifteen? If a girl has sex by the time she is 15, she is more likely to have many sexual partners before marriage, to have extramarital sex during marriage, to be more sexually experimental and active and to be less happy in general and in her marriage. Save it for the prom, girls. The Tavris-Sadd book is witty, insightful and the statistics are significant. Meanwhile, back at the newsstand, *Ladies' Home Journal* sponsored *Beyond the Male Myth: What Women Want to Know About Men's Sexuality*, by Dr.

Anthony Petropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer. Apparently, women want to know that half of the 4000 men interviewed thought that the ideal sex life was monogamous marriage; 49.5 percent reported that they had never cheated on their wives or steady girlfriends. As for enjoying sex: 40.3 percent of the men reported that sex was more enjoyable than ever; 59.1 percent reported that hugging and kissing without intercourse were the cat's meow (making out is making a come-back?). Only 12.3 percent said they had a real need for sex, while 4.8 percent said they engage in sex mostly to please a woman.

## EVERYBODY LOVES SOME BODY

Don't act surprised. Don't say we didn't warn you. But the latest scientific study has found that men prefer women with large breasts. Women are attracted to moderate-sized men with small asses. But there's more to life than tits and ass. Dr. Sally Beck of Butler University at Indianapolis showed a series of male and female profile silhouettes to 87 men and 115 women undergraduates. She hoped to determine what kinds of physiques had the most attraction for what kinds of people. She found that men who are attracted to large busts are more aggressive and independent than men who prefer women with smaller measurements. What kind of man reads *PLAYBOY*? For that matter, what kind of woman reads *Playgirl*? There are some interesting differences. Women who enjoy sports, other kinds of physical activity and who see themselves as less traditionally feminine go for large males. Women who see themselves as feminine and home centered like moderate-sized men. Women who see themselves as reserved and/or who come from upper-class backgrounds where thinness is valued select small men. (If you want to marry a rich girl, lose a few inches.) Women who are attracted to men with small asses and large chests have a desire to achieve (especially academically), while women who prefer men with smaller chests and legs tend to be passive and indecisive. Oh, yes: Women admire other women who have small, trim figures.

## MALE-CHAUVINIST MALLARD

Zoologist David P. Barash spent 558 hours observing ducks at the University of Washington. He witnessed 89 cases of mallard rape in that time. The score card: 64 of the rapes were gang-bangs by two to nine mallards. In 31 cases, the victim's mate came to the rescue. In 39 cases, the victim's mate also attempted intercourse. Quack. 



Our friends in Southeast Asia have a thing for phallic imagery. First, there was the Thai Stick—a bit of marketing genius for the terminally blitzed. Now comes Red Cock—a local whiskey. Is that what they mean by truth in advertising?



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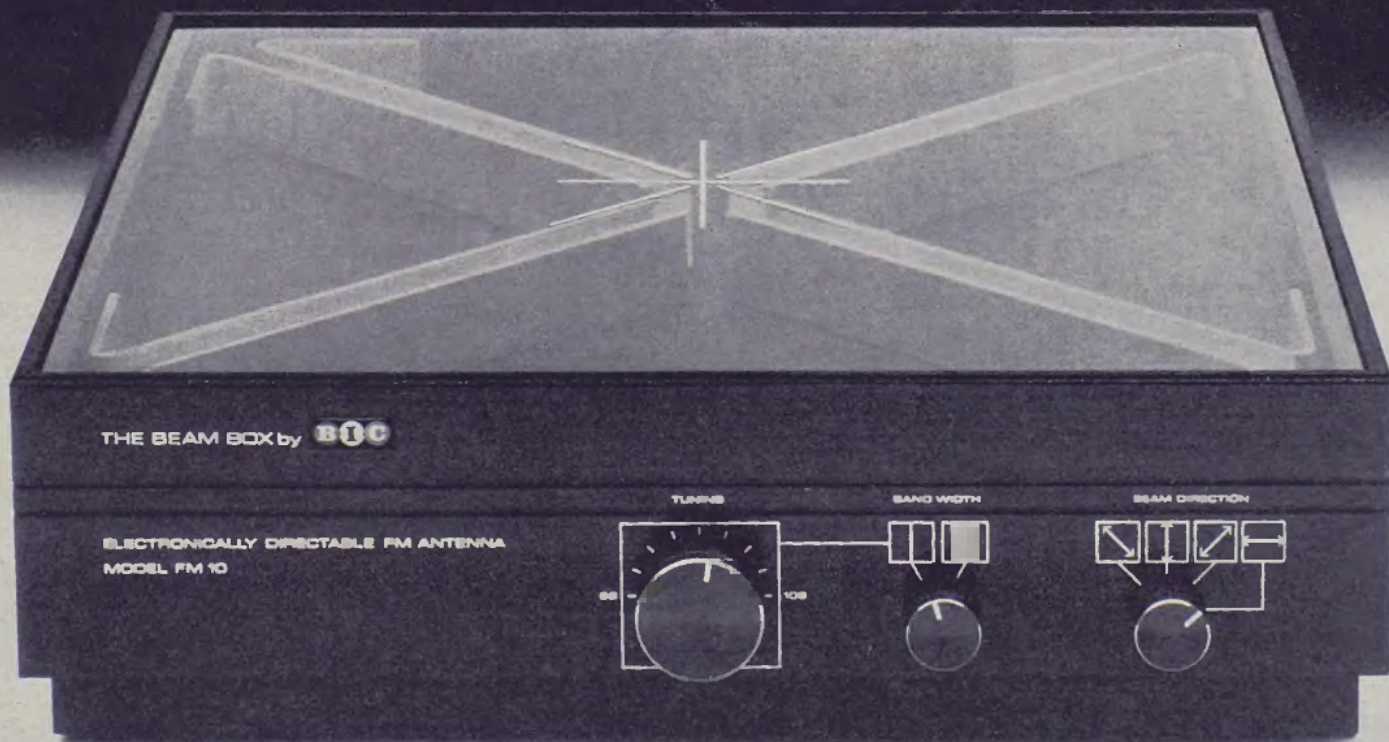
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FANS



KALKI

**"KALKI"**—DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THE END OF THE WORLD IS COMING. THE AUTHOR OF *MYRA BRECKINRIDGE* INVENTS A BIZARRE SCENARIO FOR APOCALYPSE—BY **GORE VIDAL**

**BOB DYLAN**, IN AN EXCEEDINGLY RARE CANDID DISCUSSION, TALKS ABOUT HIS OWN CHANGES FROM THE SIXTIES TO THE SEVENTIES, DEMOLISHES A FEW MYTHS AND DISCUSSES HIS NEW ROLE AS A FILM MAKER IN A **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"FANS"**—JUST AS YOU SUSPECTED, THE OWNERS OF PRO-SPORTS FRANCHISES ARE STICKING IT TO YOU. SPECTATORS HAVE RIGHTS, TOO—BY **RALPH NADER** AND **PETER GRUENSTEIN**

**"SKI JUMPING"**—FOR THE SECOND TIME, WE TRY TO KILL ONE OF OUR FAVORITE CONTRIBUTORS—**CRAIG VETTER**

**"TOM SWIFT IS ALIVE AND WELL AND MAKING DILDOS"**—THE MANUFACTURE OF "MARITAL AIDS" IS MORE THAN A COTTAGE INDUSTRY FROM HONG KONG. MAYBE THESE ARE THE PLASTICS *THE GRADUATE* SHOULD'VE GOTTEN INTO—BY **D. KEITH MANO**, PLUS: WHO SAID, "NEVER VOLUNTEER"? THREE COUPLES TRY THOSE GADGETS OUT AND REPORT THEIR RECOMMENDATIONS IN **"THE GREAT PLAYBOY SEX-AIDS ROAD TEST"**

**"PRETTY BABY"**—SCENES FROM THE CONTROVERSIAL NEW FILM BY **LOUIS MALLE** STARRING **SUSAN SARANDON**—AND 12-YEAR-OLD **BROOKE SHIELDS** AS A CHILD PROSTITUTE

**"NOT FOR SLEEPING ONLY"**—**HUGH HEFNER** ISN'T THE ONLY GUY WHO CAN WEAR PAJAMAS OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM. WHAT'S NEW IN NIGHT-AND-DAYWEAR—BY **DAVID PLATT**

**"PROFESSIONAL COURTESY"**—SCI-FI CAN BE SEXY: THIS TIME, A FROG IS BETTER THAN A HANDSOME PRINCE. AN EROTIC FANTASY—BY **BURY ST. EDMUND**

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