ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1978 • \$2.00

PLAYBOY

"PRETTY BABY" 1978's NAUGHTIEST FILM

BOB DYLAN INTERVIEW

GORE VIDAL'S NEW SCI-FI THRILLER

RALPH NADER ON SPORTS

> SEX GADGETS: THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE BORING

SPECIAL INSERT:

Preview Issue of "Food & Wine" A New Magazine

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN MIDNIGHT MARTINI.





GET THE SOUND OF STEREO COMPONENTS WITHOUT ALL THE STATIC.

If you're shopping for a stereo, you know what we're talking about. Unfortunately, you probably don't know what they're talking about. But you put up with it because you want to buy a stereo system and you want great sound...and you think only components give it to you.

Well, we can give you that sound without driving you crazy in the process. Because

we can give it to you in a compact. It's Sony's HMK-419.

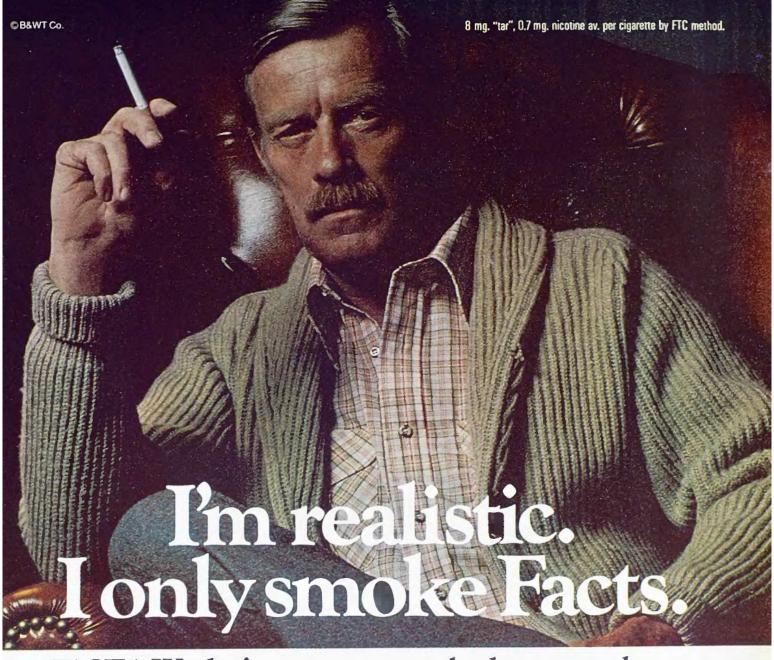
Here's what you get: a 3-speed turntable that can be worked automatically or manually; a cueing system that sets the needle down automatically at whatever part of the record you want to start; separate bass and treble controls; a loudness compensation switch that boosts high and low end frequencies at low volume; and big Sensi-Bass speakers that give a good, clear reproduction of bass and treble sounds. And of course,

there's our built-in cassette player/recorder* with its simple one-button recording system for easy operation.

Whatever you're listening to, radio, record player or cassette player, you'll be hearing that famous Sony sound with more power behind it than you'd ever expect from a compact. (15 watts per channel, minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 50 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 2% Total Harmonic Distortion, for those of you who do understand.)

The really big difference between Sony's new compact stereo and components is what you have to go through to get it.

"IT'S A SONY"



FACT 1: We don't want your taste buds to go to sleep.

FACT reduces the aldehyde* gases that we believe muddy the flavor of fine tobaccos so you can enjoy wide-awake taste.

FACT 2:We have smoke scrubbers in our filter.

These Purite® scrubbers work like magnets to reduce these same aldehydes and let the fine flavor come through.

FACT 3: We have a patent on flavor in low 'tar' cigarettes: #3828800.

Our Purite filter helps deliver flavor in a way so new we've been able to patent it.

Add it all up. Low gas, low 'tar,' great flavor. That's a FACT.

*Formaldeliyde, Croconaldeliyde, Acrolein

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

Available in regular and menthol.



PLAYB

THE TIMES, they've been a-changin', especially for Bob Dylon, the person who put that phrase into the language. In this month's interview, conducted by Ron Rosenbaum, we check in with America's musical bard, who gives us a sad-eyed assessment of what he's been up to since his last Playboy Interview, 12 years ago. This go-round, Dylan reveals that his first song was about Brigitte Bardot and that his "friend" Jimmy Carter likes his Ballad of a Thin Man. As a March bonus, we have Ronon R. Lurie's probing interview with Israel's Patton, General Ariel Shoron.

The end of the world seems to be on everyone's (well, almost everyone's) mind these days, and Gore Vidol's latest novel, Kalki, is about just that. The end comes about through the efforts of a self-styled religious leader who prepped as a chemical warrior in Vietnam. Part II, which will run next month, explains how the whole thing was managed. Kalki will be published by Random House in March.

The singles scene takes on a new wrinkle in Bury St. Edmund's Professional Courtesy, in which an interplanetary male pleasure machine teaches an earthling hooker a new trick or two. Phillipe Druillet came up with the illustration. St. Edmund, a Chicago playwright, has just scripted a forthcoming TV sci-fi sitcom, Futures, Ltd.

Speaking of interplanetary matters, Richard Rhodes answers the \$64,000 question: What's New in the Universe? Read his article and you, too, will be able to wow your friends with such minutiae as: The "edge" of the universe is about 18 billion light-years away from Teaneck, New Jersey. Far out.

Closer to our hearts is the sex-aids industry—the people who want to put a little plastic into our lives and between our legs. D. Keith Mono talked with the folks who run the sex boutiques and with those who run the factories that keep the shops supplied in Tom Swift Is Alive and Well and Making Dildos. In the few spare hours he's not on assignment for us, Mano writes the sports column for Oui, the "Arts and Manners" column for National Review, runs his family's cement factory and is working on his seventh novel, Take Five.

A few months ago, you may have heard that Ralph Nader had initiated a campaign for fair treatment of sports fans. We're giving you the whole story: how the club owners get millions from television networks, how they get tax write-offs for player depreciation, how the stadiums are built with tax dollars and how, in thanks, the owners make you pay exorbitant prices for everything. Fans: The Sorry Majority, by Rolph Noder and Peter Gruenstein (illustrated by Tom Ingham), tells the sordid truth.

Craig Vetter, in Jump!, the second of the series in which we try to kill him, takes up ski jumping. Survivor Vetter, who grew up in Tahoe and is a competent skier, describes the nutnumbing feeling of being airborne.

Pretty Baby is Louis Molle's newest, and most controversial, film. In it, Brooke Shields, the prettiest 12-year-old heart stopper you've ever seen, plays a precocious hooker. Now, thanks to the photos by Maureen Lambray and the text by Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson, you can see and read for yourself what the hoo-ha is all about.

Although it started last month, let us reintroduce Coming Attractions, a column by Associate Editor John Blumenthal. Blumenthal tells us what's going to be going on with television, movies and books, and will be doing his damnedest to keep us one step ahead of the rest of the kids on the block.

America's love affair with the car comes to its logical conclusion in the pictorial Sex on Wheels, produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and photographed by Phillip Dixon. The pictorial, among other things, discounts the old warning against making it in a Mercedes for fear of getting the Benz. Sorry. In any case, the feature hopes to put the fun back in driving. Honk if you can reach the horn.



VIDAL



DRUILLET



MANO



ROSENBAUM



BLUMENTHAL



ST. EDMUND





GRUENSTEIN, NADER



INCHAM



VETTER



DIXON

PLAYBOY.

vol. 25, no. 3-march, 1978

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Vidal's Kalki

P. 94



Gadget Testing

D 1



Professional Courtesy

P. 130



Freewheeling Sex

P. 144



Nader's Fans

P. 9

PLAYBILL 3
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY
DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS
MUSIC 24
BOOKS
MOVIES
TELEVISION
COMING ATTRACTIONS
CONVERSATION WITH A NEWSMAKER ISRAEL'S GENERAL SHARON: AS TOUGH AS EVER—interview
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR
PLAYBOY SEX POLL
THE PLAYBOY FORUM
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOB DYLAN—candid conversation 61 It's been 12 years since we last talked with the reclusive one, and the times have been a-changin'. Now, after fame, fortune, marriage, parenthood, a brush with death and divorce, the Meistersinger-prophet of the Sixties is all right, Ma.
KALKI—fiction
FANS: THE SORRY MAJORITY—article
"PRETTY BABY"—pictorial

its even-more-controversial stars—12-year-old Brooke Shields.

GENERAL OFFICES; PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60GII. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UMSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITION-ALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT PLAYBOY ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERD U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA. MAGOUE DEPOSEE, NOTHING MAY BE REPRINITED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLICARIES THE FLOTION AND SEMIFICITION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FLOTION AND SEMIFICITION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL, CREDITS: COVER: PLAYMATE / MODEL DEBRA JENSEN. DESIGNED BY ARTHUR PAUL. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PHILLIP DIXON. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 207; DAVE BAHM, P. 3; PATTY BEAUDEY, P. 10; GARY BISHOP / CAMERA S, P. 11; CHARLES W. BUSH, P. 41; NANCY CRAMPTON, F. 3; DUSTER DEAN, P. 10;

PUSHED TO THE EDGE: PART TWO



COVER STORY

Art Director Arthur Paul designed this month's high-powered cover and Phillip Dixon photogrophed it. Readers with even the shortest memories should remember the lady idling in the Ferrari. She's January Playmate Debra Jensen. The Ferrari belongs to Bob Topoz, who fills his Auto Expo shows in New York (March 24–April 2) and Los Angeles (April 28–May 7) with similar exotic machinery. Miss Jensen is unique.

Bed-inspired foshions so hip you'll want to stoy awake in them.	10
THE DEVIL IN MISS SMITH—playboy's playmate of the month 1 March's Christino Smith is a sensuolist and very much her own woman.	16
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	28
PROFESSIONAL COURTESY—humor BURY ST. EDMUND 1 You've heard of the frog that turns into a prince? Now read about an out-this-world prince who turns into a frog for a possionate night with his bedman	of-
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEX GIZMOS	
TOM SWIFT IS ALIVE AND WELL AND MAKING DILDOS—article D. KEITH MANO 1: Controry to what you might think, the folks who moke those bright-oran things that whir, buzz ond go bump in the night ore just like us. Well, olmo	nge
THE GREAT PLAYBOY SEX-AIDS ROAD TEST	35 m.
WHAT'S NEW IN THE UNIVERSE?—article RICHARD RHODES 14 It seems God put a few quirks ond quasars out there just to keep mode science on its toes.	40 ∋rn
GET RICH IN YOUR SPARE TIME WHILE DOING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING (ALMOST)—article ROBERT BILLINGS 14 One man's search for the best get-rich-quick formula.	43
SEX ON WHEELS—pictorial	44
THE BLACK CAT—ribald classic	53
PLAYBOY PREVIEWS "FOOD & WINE" In a special 15-page section, we offer on advance look at an exciting ne magazine thot opproaches good living as on art, with a unique blend of intenational cuisine, trovel and culture.	NACC.
THINK TANK Log-cobin homes, in-flight exercise, biofeedback, job neuroses.	B4
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 20	06
PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE Tope, collectibles, medical self-care ond food copital Bologna.	21
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 23	39
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	13



Space Probe

P. 140



Pretty Baby

P. 101



Nonsleeping Beauties

P. 110



March Miss

P. 116



Occupational Hazard

P. 108

RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 11. 14: MADISON FORD, P. 10; BILL FRANTZ, P. 11; ARNY FREYTAG, P. 16; SUE FULKS/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 16; SUE FULKS/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 16; SUE FULKS/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 16; SUE FULKS/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 16; SUE FULKS/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 41; STARR HANCOCK/U.S. AIR FORCE, P. 11; BOB GREENE, P. 11; BOB GREENE,

More Designer Shoes Without The Designer's Prices.

(#2 in a series) Aman buys designer clothes for a very good reason. He wants to be noticed, both for his good taste and his sense of style. And because his shoes are so important to the total look, Florsheim has created the perfect complement for Spring. The Florsheim Designer Collection, replete with superb design, supple leathers and a wealth of hand-detailing. And because we're Florsheim, we make our shoes in a wide range of sizes, to assure a perfect fit. But what's most beautiful about our shoes are their realistic prices. Because with our Designer Collection, the designer doesn't collect. The Reno boot and slip-on

Florsheim Designer Collection®

For Free Style Brochure, Write Dept. 200, Florsheim Shoe Company, 130 So. Canal St., Chicago, Ill. 60606

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN associate publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER editorial director ARTHUR PAUL art director SHELDON WAX managing editor GARY COLE photography editor G. BARRY GOLSON executive editor

ARTICLES: LAURENCE GONZALES senior editor . FICTION: VICTORIA CHEN HAIDER senior editor • SERVICE FEATURES: TOM OWEN modern living editor; DAVID PLATT fashion editor . CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY editor COPY: ARLENE BOURAS editor, MARSHA MORGAN, SUSAN O'BRIEN, BECKY THALER-DOLIN, MARY ZION researchers . STAFF: TERRY CATCHPOLE, WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MC NEESE, DAVID STEVENS senior editors; JOHN BLUMENTHAL, ROBERT CARR, JAMES R. PETERSEN, JOHN REZEK associate editors; WALTER L. LOWE, J. F. O'CON-NOR, ED WALKER assistant editors: BARBARA NELLIS research supervisor; KATE NOLAN, TOM PASSAVANT research editors; MURRAY FISHER, ROBERT L. GREEN, NAT HENTOFF, ANSON MOUNT, PETER ROSS RANGE, RICHARD RHODES, JEAN SHEP-HERD, ROBERT SHERRILL, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (movies) contributing editors

TOM STAEBLER, KERIG POPE senior directors: BOB POST, LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI, SKIP WILLIAMSON associate directors; BRUCE HANSEN. JOSEPH PACZER assistant directors: GENIA TCHORYK senior art assistant: BETH KASIK art assistant: KATHY KRAFT traffic coordinator: BARBARA HOFFMAN administrative assistant

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI west coast editor; JEFF COHEN, JANICE MOSES associate editors; HOLLIS WAYNE new york editor; RICHARD FEGLEY, POMPEO POSAR staff photographers; JAMES LARSON photo manager; BILL ARSENAULT, DON AZUMA, DAVID CHAN, PHILLIP DIXON, DWIGHT HOOKER, R. SCOTT HOOPER, RICHARD IZUI, KEN MARCUS, ALEXAS URBA contributing photographers; PATTY BEAUDET, MICHAEL BERRY assistant editors; JAMES WARD color lab supervisor; ROBERT CHELIUS administrative editor

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO director; ALLEN VARGO manager; ELEANORE WAGNER, MARIA MANDIS, CAROL TOWNS, RICHARD QUARTAROLI assistants

READER SERVICE

JANE COWEN SCHOEN manager

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH director; J. R. ARDISSONE newsstand sales manager; ALVIN WIEMOLD subscription manager

ADVERTISING

HENRY W. MARKS advertising director

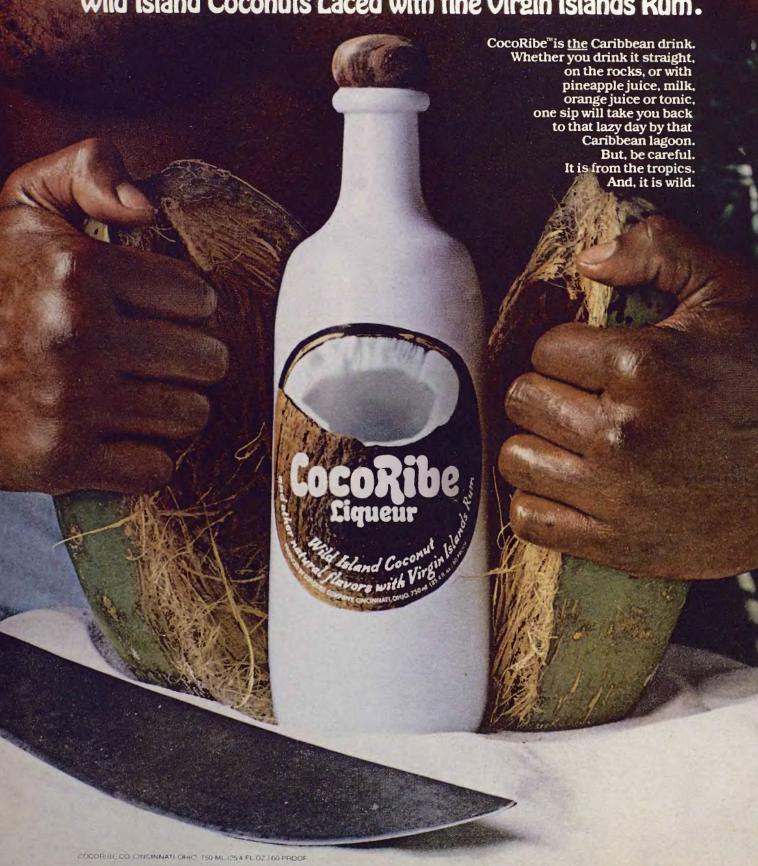
ADMINISTRATIVE

MICHAEL LAURENCE business manager; PATRICIA PAPANGELIS administrative editor; ROSE JEN-NINGS rights & permissions manager; MILDRED ZIMMERMAN administrative assistant

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC. DERICK J. DANIELS president

FRESH FROM THE TROPICS. THE RUM-LACED COCONUT.

Introducing CocoRibe Liqueur.
Wild Island Coconuts Laced with fine Virgin Islands Rum.



The Honda Civic. The car we



designed around a shopping bag.

It's true. We had supermarket shopping bags flown to our factory when we designed the Honda Civic® Hatchbacks. Measuring the bags helped us determine the size of the rear cargo area.

This may seem like a lot of fuss over a small detail. But at Honda we do everything that way. For all its simplicity, the Honda Civic has been planned with meticulous care.

So you see? It's not by accident that four full-sized shopping bags fit inside our hatch.

Of course, four also happens to be the number of full-sized people that fit inside our Civic's passenger compartment. And if we went to all that trouble to make a shopping bag comfortable, just imagine what we must have done to make you comfortable.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

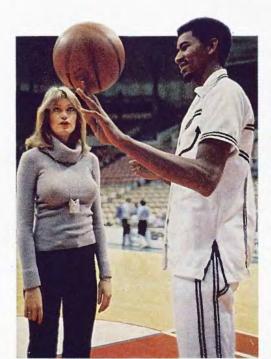


BARBI, DIDI SWEETEN "SUGAR TIME!" SHOW

Starring in Sugar Time!, the ABC-TV series that made such a hit in the summer that the network ordered seven additional episodes, are PLAYBOY'S own Barbi Benton (right) and Didi Carr (center), who has sung in a number of Playboy Clubs. The show has Barbi, Didi and Marianne Black (left) playing members of an up-and-coming female rock trio. Of the sexy Miss Benton (who also had her own syndicated TV special, Barbi Doll for Christmas), one newspaper wrote, "When Farrah vacated Videoland, Barbi was the right girl in the right place at the right time."



Four Bunnies who served as Honey Bears for Chicago's N.F.L. team (from left): Debby Burkhart, Patti Allison, Barbara Wood and Claudia Mendron. Toward season's end, Patti and Barbara stood up for cheerleaders' rights—and got cut from the squad.



PLAYMATES HAVE A (BASKET) BALL

Moving right along to basketball, two 1977 Playmates had their turn in the spotlight. December's Ashley Cox gets pointers from San Antonio star George Gervin at half time of a Spurs-Kansas City Kings tilt (left); November's Rita Lee prepares to throw up the tip-off ball for Detroit Piston Bob Lanier and New Jersey Net George Johnson in N.B.A. opening game (below).



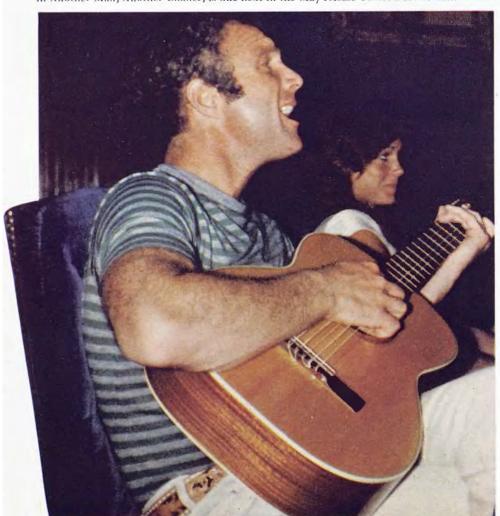
"GOOD MORNING AMERICA" TURNS INTO "ALL IN THE FAMILY"

Sandy Hill of ABC-TV's Good Morning America asks questions of PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and his daughter, Christie, Special Assistant to the Chairman of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. Their first TV interview together was telecast in two parts on successive days.



JAMES CAAN RELAXES AT PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

Watch out, Waylon! That's ole Jimmy Caan (below) singin' and strummin' for the other guests (including Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire) at Playboy Mansion West, where he's been living since his marital split. Caan, most recently seen in Another Man, Another Chance, is due next in the May release Comes a Horseman.





PLAYMATE UPDATE: #1's #1

Best-selling author
Robert J. (Looking
Out for #1) Ringer
and October 1974's
Playmate, Ester
Cordet (above),
met at a Mansion
West get-together, wed last
November. At
left, Ester in a
pose from Playmate shooting.



FIRST WOMEN PILOTS WEAR RABBIT PATCHES

Five of the first ten women to complete undergraduate pilot training in Air Force history (above) wear the Rabbitlike emblem of the Tipper Flight at Williams Air Force Base, Arizona. Below, First Lieutenant Victoria K. Crawford climbs aboard a T-38.



How to buy a television set with your eyes closed.

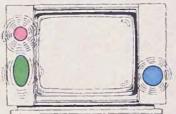
Ever since the early days of television, manufacturers have stressed picture, picture, picture.

As a result, television sound has changed little since the introduction of the

first sets over 50 years ago.

Hear as well as you see.

But now to go along with Quasar's sharpest, clearest picture yet, we add



Audio Spectrum Sound!

A Quasar exclusive. it finally makes television sound as good as it looks.

Not one speaker but three.

You see, whether it's a 100 piece orchestra or a simple conversation, most televisions cram everything through one speaker.

But our new Audio Spectrum Sound sets have three speakers. Each technically tailored to reproduce a precise portion of the sound spectrum.

Higher highs, lower lows. So

Together they add a whole new exciting dimension of reality to every show you watch.

Why it's so real, that when you watch a concert you'll think

> you're in the front row instead of vour living room.

Some features we'd never change. Besides a great new sound system, Audio Spectrum Sound sets also feature traditional

Quasar quality and reliability. Because the show must always go on. And on. And on. So before buying your next TV, see your Quasar dealer and hear the difference Audio Spectrum Sound makes. And while you're there, see Quasar's Great Time Machine. It's a home video

> tape recorder that lets you record your favorite programs to watch at your favorite times. (That's it under the TV set below.)

> > But remember, if you don't hear Audio Spectrum Sound, you might spend the

next few years missing out on a lot.







DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBDY PLAYBOY BUILDING 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

JOHN DENVER

Congratulations on your December interview with John Denver. Not only does it carry off its purpose with journalistic excellence but, for the first time (at least that I've seen), a major publication has exposed J.D. for what he really is—another person who cares deeply for all around him. Not just a "piece of pie."

E. E. Saltzberg, M.D. Aspen, Colorado

If John Denver thinks he's God, then I'll stop going to church! Your interview shows how fame and fortune can ruin a person by putting him on an ego trip. If he's constantly that "high" on life, as he says, I'd like to know what he's smoking.

William S. Fanning San Bernardino, California

I'm 34 and had never been to a concert before seeing John in April 1976. I stood in line for tickets at five in the morning in winds that were three degrees below zero. I'll do it again!

Dianne Szymanski Homewood, Illinois

When I die, just play a John Denver tape and celebrate!

Sandra Hederman Oakland, California

John Denver is so aware of life that reading his interview got me high. Just one problem: If you're so into life and living, how can you eat a steak, John?

Mike Verrill San Diego, California

It was John Deutschendorf who was discovered and named Denver by Randy Sparks. The whole "passion for the mountains" business is the invention of some long-forgotten press agent, no doubt. This is not to state or imply that the Rocky Mountain High sentiment is insincere but merely that it came much later than the name. Quite simply, Deutschen-

dorf wouldn't fit in the space of the lighted sign out front of Ledbetters. And Denver was a song, a then-current regional hit record by the New Christy Minstrels. A copy of the sheet music hung over my desk, and it was from there that I borrowed the song title for the kid who needed a name. He protested, finally gave in. I also eventually recorded him for Capitol, but the records were never released, because someone in charge felt "he had no talent." Whatever my influence on his career, I have been repaid many times over. What a pleasure it has been to watch a talented performer achieve everything he wanted and more than he expected.

> Randy Sparks Linden, California

When I want life, I listen to Neil Diamond; but not having a sweet tooth, I'll pass on the syrup Denver manufactures.

Gail Fitzwater Shawnee Mission, Kansas

NONSENSORSHIP

Your article Great Moments in Sexual Censorship in the December issue is excellent. However, I have a correction to make in regard to the item about the erotic mosaics of Pompeii: Women are allowed to view these today. My husband and I visited Pompeii in May of 1977 and our guide was most eager to show our group the artwork in the brothels—and even happily pointed out one frescoed couple engaged in 69!

Andrea Thiede Norwich, Connecticut

I offer one more example for the record: In 1898, the great entertainer Bert Williams brought suit in California to protect his rights to his song *Dora Dean*, subtitled "Hottest Girl You Ever Seen," or words to that effect. The judge decided that the word hottest rendered the song unfit for copyright protection. The kicker is that within five years

PLAYBOY, MARCH, 1978, VOLUME 25, NUMBER 3. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$33 FOR THREE YEARS, \$25 FOR TWO YEARS, \$14 FOR ONE YEAR, CANDAR, \$15 PER YEAR. ELSEWHERE, \$25 PER YEAR. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420. BOULDER, COLORADO BOJOZ, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON. DIRECTOR/DIRECT MARKETING; INCHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS. ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MARK EYENS. ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017; CHICAGO, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.; DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, MANAGER, 818 FISHER BLDG.; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BLVD.; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY ST.

3 GOOD REASONS FOR BUYING AN EMPIRE CART-RIDGE

YOUR RECORDS WILL LAST LONGER. Unlike ordinary magnetic cartridges, Empire's variable reluctance cartridges have a diamond stylus that floats free of its magnets. This imposes much less weight on the record surface and insures much longer record life.

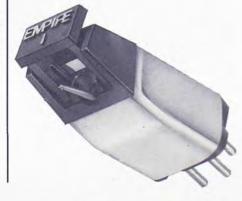
YOUR RECORDS WILL SOUND BETTER. Empire sound is spectacular. Distortion at standard groove velocity does not exceed .05%. Instruments don't waver; channel separation is razor sharp.

MORE CARTRIDGE FOR YOUR MONEY. We use 4 poles, 4 coils and three magnets in our cartridge (more than any other brand). Each cartridge must pass rigid tests before shipment.

For more good reasons to buy an Empire cartridge write for your free catalogue:

EMPIRE SCIENTIFIC CORP., Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Mfd. U.S.A. ENPIFE



or so, dozens of songs using the word hot were qualifying for copyright. In fact, at the time Williams' case was being decided, the classic *Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight* was two years old. So the "community standards" test is a lot older than one might think.

Keith Peterson New York, New York

CHRISTMAS COVER

The December cover shot of Sondra Theodore is a real turn-on! Three cheers for Arny Freytag.

> Brent Baker Antioch, California

My enthusiasm for your cover photography finally reached its pinnacle with your December cover. The artwork, the idea, everything is perfect.

Daniel Rock Williamsburg, Virginia

CARD TRICKS

With December's article Blackjack for Blood, by Maurice Zolotow, PLAYBOY has become a money-earning proposition for readers, too. After reading your July 1975 article upon returning from another losing stint of blackjack in Vegas, I decided to play intelligently when the next chance arose. Since I'm a training consultant on memory, it was fairly easy to combine the two articles and produce a table of strategy that should at least have allowed me to play longer on my money. Playing intelligently for the first time in

my life, I returned home from a recent Freeport vacation with triple my stake. I don't expect to win like that all the time, but thanks for showing me how to buy a whole lot of entertainment for a much more reasonable price!

Kenneth C. Cooper, Ph.D. Florissant, Missouri

Your December article on blackjack is so full of lies and half-truths and maligning statements that it would take a longer letter than you normally publish to explain the truth. If you will allow me the space, I will explain to your readers the real truth about how nearly all of them can win at blackjack.

Stanley Roberts, Casino Editor Gambling Times Hollywood, California

Love to give you the space, Stan, but

we're tied up with a land deal in Florida and a bridge deal in Brooklyn.

SWING ALONG WITH ME

You really don't expect me to believe that all those luscious girls in your *Swingers' Scrapbook* pictorial (PLAYBOY, December) are real, do you?

Art Staebler Chicago, Illinois

What you see is what you get. All the folks photographed are card-carrying swingers. Makes you want to cry, doesn't it?

On page 170 of your December issue, you publish a picture with the piece titled Swingers' Scrapbook and state that

you will give a prize to the person who can find Bob in the picture. I have identified him as the second person from the left edge of the picture. I am calling your bluff on the prize.

Roderick L. Carlson

Fort Monmouth, New Jersey Sorry, Rod, that fellow's name is Eddie and he was just trying to deliver a pizza.

NO HOPE CITY

Bernard Malamud brings us all out in the December issue with Abhorrent Green Slippery City. But, for Chrissakes, man—I myself am 45 and a self-declared "dirty old man," so you could at least have let Dubin have the chick before the sign-off and given us "old men" a touch of hope with the younger broads.

Dennis Ledbetter Sarasota, Florida

WICKED WILDE

I sorely missed the voice of that most deliciously incisive commenter on things sensual and sensuous, Oscar Wilde, in Sex from the Sages (PLAYBOY, December). I am, therefore, sending you my personal favorite, which is: "Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others."

Devon Miller Duggan Newark, Delaware

PILLOW TALK

Dr. Aaron Stern should stand up and give his brain some air ("Oh, Fudge!" Sexcetera, PLAYBOY, December). His analysis of women who cuss is nothing but a crock of shit. Omigod! If I keep this up, I'll start growing facial hair....

Terry Hale Klopsch Palatine, Illinois

KISS AND TELL

I loved David Standish's article, How I Spent My Spring Vacation: On Tour with Kiss in Japan, in the December issue of PLAYBOY. I consider it a delicious send-up of the disciple-seeks-master spiritual success story such as are found in the books written by that boring prig Castaneda about that nice Indian. Standish sits at the feet of Kiss, waiting for that pearl of wisdom that will change him and his readers from decent wine into happy human beings. Instead, Standish learns that the master himself admires the cockroach! This makes me want to laugh and cry at the same time. A reaction that makes me think that, thanks to Standish, I've learned something.

> Marv Friedenn Marina Del Rey, California

No one could have put that story together so shrewdly and wisely and still suggest as vividly as Standish does. He enjoys and articulates the excitement, but he isn't taken in. He takes Kiss exactly for what it is and represents certainly not another Led Zeppelin or Beatles but

THE PLAYMATE HOUSE PARTY



Your Playboy's Playmate House Party pictorial in the December issue is superb but for one glaring exception. All those gorgeous women and yet hardly a man in sight. I hereby volunteer to attend the next party and help balance things out.

Peter C. Gross Red Hook, New York As with so many of the best parties, we couldn't invite some and exclude others; there just wasn't room in the Jacuzzi. But then, that's why we ran the pictorial in the first place. Those who did attend, as you can see, had a great time, and if we ever build a bigger Jacuzzi, you'll be invited.

Canada at its best.

Enjoy the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.



IMPORTED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY-A BLEND, 80 OR 86.8 PROOF, © 1977.





JVC America Co., Div. of US JVC Corp., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expwy, Maspeth. N.Y. 11378. Canada: JVC Electronics of Canada, Ltd., Scarborough. Dnt

something amazing enough in its own right and somewhat inscrutable, after all.

> Robert T. Harris Brookline, Massachusetts

I have often read stories criticizing Kiss, so it was great to read good words about them, especially in a respected magazine such as PLAYBOY.

> Dirk Smith Marion, Ohio

LONE-STAR LADY

Your December Playmate, Ashley Cox, is definitely a great way to end a most enjoyable year of the most beautiful women ever photographed.

Pat Clerkin Columbus, Indiana

It would be most disheartening to all of us Texans if the beautiful Miss Ashley Cox were to try to cover up a good Texas accent. Although we've never heard her speak, with a face like that, whatever came out of her mouth would have to be beautiful. Don't cover up a part of home.

Geoffrey Hackett College Station, Texas Don't worry, Geoffrey. You can take the girl out of Texas, but you can't take



the Texas out of the girl. We suspect a yellow rose with any other accent would smell as sweet.

MORE FUNNIES

Your new Playboy Funnies is great. It is so appropriate, I'm surprised you never had anything like it before. I think you should have it in the magazine every month and run stories besides one-pagers. The sex-oriented humor of the underground cartoonists fits PLAYBOY perfectly and there is such a tremendous variety of talent in the field. I hope you continue and expand this fine feature.

Harold Horton Hollywood, California



ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

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

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

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras

and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

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 automati-

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

the lens opening automatically.

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



Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the Minolta XD-11, the most advanced camera in the world.

Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

factor in creative photography.

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

minota

corrections that you fail to make. Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, throughthe-lens metering systems that tell you

> exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder? The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of

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

that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus



Specifications subject to change without notice

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have extraordinarily bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta view-

finder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need

to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

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

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

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

flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

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



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

18 15

The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

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

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative

and convenient.
Depending on the
Minolta model you
choose, you can
select from a number of special features. For instance,
some models let you
take multiple expo-

sures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter

so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system? Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the

patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

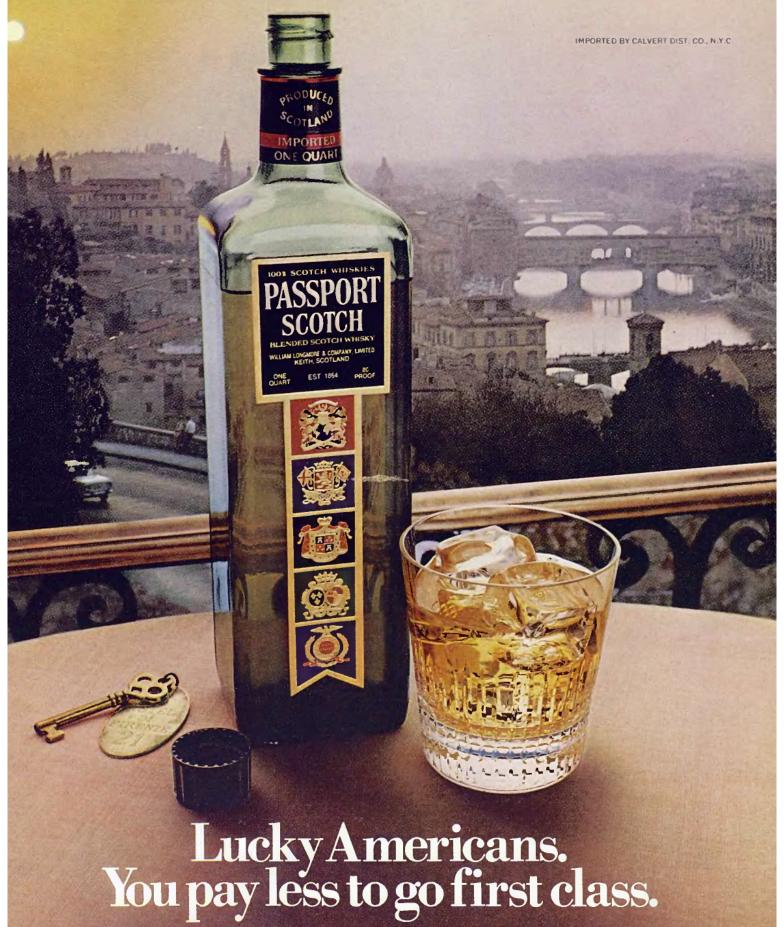
What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.



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.

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.



premium scotches. In fact, it's expensive everywhere but in America. We use Scotland's most expensive

Here in Florence, Passport costs as much as other whiskies, but bottle Passport in the U.S.—and pass on the tax and shipping savings to you. So to lucky Americans, this superb scotch only tastes expensive.

Passport Scotch

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



n a current advertising campaign, Holiday Inns claims that "the best surprise is no surprise." Still, there must have been a few raised eyebrows when guests got a gander at the message on the marquee of the chain's Denton, Texas, hostelry: GOOD SUCK ROOM 7.

Yes, but unfortunately, the plaintiffs' lawyer has had his phone disconnected: A Baton Rouge, Louisiana, couple is suing South Central Bell Telephone for \$500. It seems that waiting all day for a phone repairman put them in "a terrible mood," resulting in a dinner of canned chili and an argument over whether to watch the world series or a movie. They're asking for the \$500 so they can take a weekend trip to New Orleans—to get in a better mood.

Waiter, there's a—oh, come on! A baker in Selby, England, who plucked a fly from a bowl of cream and popped it into his mouth during a sanitation inspection was fined—for withholding evidence.

Well, it wasn't what you'd call a love tap. Before shooting himself in the mouth with a sawed-off shotgun, a Middletown, Ohio, man shot his wife several times, then ran over her with his car. Surveying the corpse, a patrolman observed: "I believe he meant to kill her."

A well-known manufacturer of lawncare products distributes a pamphlet suitably titled "How to Succeed with Your Seeding," which includes this tip, purportedly on mowing: "If for any reason growth gets ahead of you, it's best not to whack off too much at one

Police in Alton, Illinois, spent several weeks trying to break up an illegal dice game

time."

in a city-park rest room. They finally succeeded, but we wonder what all the fuss was about. After all, isn't craps the name of the game?

Boasting about the absence of prostitution in Campbell County, Wyoming, the sheriff attributed the clean situation to "running a pretty tight house." Whatever that means.

It pays to be arrogant: Robert Brown, a 38-year-old Californian who has no formal education beyond high school, was able to pass himself off as an internist at Campbell Community Hospital until a colleague became suspicious about his technique during a rectal examination. Defending his having accepted Brown as a bona fide physician, another doctor cited his "typical" behavior: "He seemed a little bit arrogant and slightly condescending."

In an article in the Norristown, Pennsylvania, *Times-Herald* concerning football-player drafts, a spokesman for the Philadelphia Eagles was misquoted as saying, "Almost all of our layers can lay in this league, but you can't afford to have all of them on the same team."

It's a bird, it's a plane. . . . Under the heading "Pollution Readings," *The Indianapolis Star* printed this warning: "Dirt-Dust Cunt, 112 (health

For the past three years, Penelope Mitchell has been hearing things like: "Ten-four, Good Buddy. Put your pedal to the metal, 'cause your front door's clean and green." Mrs. Mitchell claims that she's been picking up C.B. messages in her brain—in the wire mesh and acrylic doctors used to patch her skull after brain surgery three years ago. She filed suit against the surgeons for malpractice, but the verdict the jury returned was more like a big negatory, Good Buddy, fer sure, fer sure.

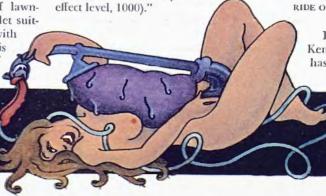
But he's moving to Dork, Indiana, A 35-year-old man arrested in Pennsylvania on a charge of indecent exposure is a resident of a town called, natch, Bird-In-Hand.

Sounds like seance fiction to us: The Sonora, California, Daily Union Democrat, known acronymically as DUD, startled a few readers with the front-page headline: "MURDER JURY HEARS TESTIMONY OF VICTIM."

Fractured English Department: More English-language lacerations in the Far East: A Singapore restaurant specializing in English dishes lists on its menu: "Sir Loin steak with potato cheeps." Patrons in a Macao eating establishment can partake of "Utmost of chicken fried in bother." But if you want a real treat, try a donkey ride in Thailand. They're touted by this sign: would you like to ride on your own ass?

Ever since he was a little squirt, Kenny Lewis of Prosser, Washington, has been talking "sprinkler." Living in central Washington, where irri-

gation turns desert into farmland, 11-year-old Kenny grew up listening to the sound of sprinklers. He imitates all sizes and models and even adjusts his gurgles to allow for loss of water pressure or



mechanical malfunction. "I've wondered at times whether it's normal for a boy to go around making sounds like a sprinkler," says Kenny's mother, "but I guess it's a hobby like anything else." She says he used to be interested in windshield wipers, but that phase passed.

This ad appearing in Texas' Sherman Democrat ought to get a huge response: "Help wanted—manager for miniware-house, love on premises . . . plus salary and bonus."

New Mexico's Grants Daily Beacon reports that rocks were hurled at police squad cars when the officers answered a call in nearby San Rafael. The lead read: "Three policemen got stoned while answering calls in San Rafael last night."

A 40-year-old divorcee in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, has been sentenced to serve two months in jail for living out of wedlock with her old man—a self-defense instructor. Since Moslem law prohibits cohabitation, there's nothing surprising about the charge—except for the fact that the man, who claims he's innocent of illegal conduct, is 117 years old.

It's the next-best thing to being there. According to this ad in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Almighty can now be reached by letting your fingers do the walking: "How long since you spoke to God? Call. . . ."

Luck was what he said, but a restaurateur whose venture in North Wildwood, New Jersey, had failed was quoted by a *Philadelphia Inquirer* columnist as explaining why he was returning to the City of Brotherly Love: "After three long winters in North Wildwood, I could use a little fuck for a change."

We learn from the Cornell University Ghronicle that the Cornell Gay Liberation Tenth Anniversary Party and Dance was held in, of all places, Straight Memorial Room.

Spoilsports in Spain: It has been divulged by columnist Bert Bacharach that, in the Spanish town of Torredembarra, lusting on the beach is illegal.

We have to admit we're mystified by this ad, reprinted in its entirety from the Newark Pennysaver: "Fourth Gentleman required to share large Hampstered Gentleman."

San Francisco Chronicle columnist Herb Caen reports that an unofficial inhouse poll at California's Vacaville Correctional Facility voted down the term gay as a reference to the prison's homosexual community, because it "seemed too jolly." The term preferred by the majority of those polled was near misses.

KEYSTONE CROOKS

chicago, with its formidable reputation as a home for big-name gangsters, has turned up a lot of turkeys lately, judging from the following cases, all pulled from police files. It's

comforting to know that our street crooks are at least as inept as the police who are trying to catch them.

A very skinny break-in artist successfully wiggled into the air passages of a South Side factory's ventilator system one night, only to lose his grip and plummet clumsily to the bottom of a 30-foot shaft. Wedged tightly upside down, he yelled for five hours until a security guard detected his muffled moans. As rescue crews freed him from his perch, he confessed to everything.

One klutzy stick-up man waved his sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun around a South Side cleaners holding his hostages at bay until the weapon accidentally fired while he was holding the muzzle and blew his left little finger across the room. Howling in pain, he fled with a used portable TV and ten dollars in cash. Police recovered the pinkie, fingerprinted it and placed it in cold storage in the Cook County morgue while they searched for the rest of the thief.

A young flashy dresser held up a West Side liquor store, but, as he fled down the sidewalk, he tripped over his own two-toned platform shoes with five-inch heels, twisted his ankle and fell in a heap to the pavement. Before the slightly dazed crook could crawl away, two police officers gleefully caught up with him and snapped on the handcuffs.

Three gunmen hijacked an interstate truck on a tip that it contained a special shipment of gold. Only they hijacked the wrong truck. Instead of gold, the truck's cargo area held close to 1000 cases of brand-new, ready-for-installation toilet-seat covers. FBI agents, tipped off a few days later that somebody in Chicago was trying to fence a truckload of hot toilet-seat covers, soon flushed the bandits out.

made Dillinger famous, one should not leave calling cards. But an inexperienced robber did just that in a downtown bank by writing his hold up note on the back of one of his moreonalized deposit slips, which, course, was imprinted with his name.

In the bank-robbery

business, the trade that

own personalized deposit slips, which, of course, was imprinted with his name and address. The FBI reached his home before he did.

A burglar broke into a West Side apartment in the middle of the day, stacked the TV, stereo and other valuables by the front door for easy removal and, apparently tired from his efforts, took a snooze on the livingroom couch. He was discovered fast asleep when the lady of the house returned home. Her screaming did not awaken him. The police did.

Another apartment burglar almost stumbled across the place's lone resident, an old man, who was lying asleep on the couch. Only he wasn't asleep. He was dead. Heart attack. This revelation was too much for the burglar, who screamed so loud that the neighbors called the police. He begged the police to charge him with something—anything—as long as they didn't stick him with a murder rap.

The attempted robbery of a North Side liquor store might have been successful if the chief gunman had not been confined to a wheelchair. An accomplice was rolling the gunman out the door as the police arrived. After quickly appraising the situation, the accomplice fled on foot, leaving his charge to pump away furiously at his wheels. A swift patrolman quickly grabbed the would-be fugitive's chair handles and wheeled him back into custody. The accomplice was caught a few blocks away.

Few crooks can surpass the guy who successfully held up a clothing store for about \$1000 and, by the time police caught up with him the next day, had invested the entire haul in lottery tickets. His total winnings? About \$30. As the cops were taking him away, he reportedly protested, "The lottery is fixed!"

---CLARENCE PAGE



LeCaroftheYear

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Comfort and luxury unheard of in a small car.

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

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

Le Car gives you 41 MPG, highway, 26 MPG, city according to 1978 EPA figures. *Remember: These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Come in and test drive a '78 Le Car. You'll discover what over 1½ million people around the world already know. The car of tomorrow is here today. For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In New Jersey call collect 201-461-6000 or send in this coupon. Prices start at only \$3495.† P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Luggage rack, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices higher in the West. *California excluded. Renault USA, Inc. ©1977

	artment ., Englewood Cl more informati	
Address		
City	State	Zip



MUSIC

The possibly inexorable rise of punk rock continues as the record companies, suspecting the existence of Something New, rush in with contracts and cash. Warner Bros. has apparently staked out CBGB's, the Bowery saloon where New York's punk scene was nurtured. So far, W.B. has released records on its Sire label by four of the groups that grace the Bowery stage, and who knows how many will follow? The latest aggregation is the Ramones, whose Rocket to Russia is a testimonial to the endurance of frat-house humor. Not that it isn't funny. Often it is. Rockaway Beach is a cheerful, pleasantly mindless invitation to sun and sand. It's the sort of tune the Beach Boys might have done if they had grown up in Queens. Teenage Lobotomy and Cretin Hop, as 7 the titles might suggest, are happily goofy ditties, offensive only to the stuffy. The Ramones are reassuring, a sign that those mean, scruffy-looking punks are just the kids next door after all.

The English punk scene is a long way from our own. Here, kids in torn Tshirts and safety pins are likely to arrive at CBGB's in cabs. There, punk's rage and hopelessness have a comprehensible context. If you go onto the dole right out of school and it looks as if you may live your whole life without a job, your view of the world is likely to be a bit bleak. Mercury has leaped right into that scene to record The Boomtown Rats. The Rats make simple, harsh, raucous, harddriving music-which is to say they play real rock 'n' roll. Their strongest point is words. Lyricist and lead singer Bob Geldof works the usual punk themes-Lookin' After No. 1, Neon Heart-but he has more range than most pop writers. Never Bite the Hand That Feeds could be a sequel to the Beatles' She's Leaving Home. A young girl leaves her parents only to move in with a guy who makes her do all the housework. "Just show respect for your man, little girl, / You know you never bite the hand that feeds." Joey's on the Street Again is about the short, mean life of the neighborhood misfit who "used to lie against the wall like he was holding up the bricks" and who ended up dead after some "brushes with the law." Geldof, with the solid backing of the Rats, is the best that punk has shown so far.

We took a couple of hours recently to listen to a new crop of albums from the ladies, and here's our report: Joan Armatrading has a terrific voice—rich, strong and powerful. It makes you think of Odetta, except that Armatrading is singing funk, not folk. The words printed with the album **Show Some Emotion** (A&M) don't really work if you just read them, so listen instead. They do fine as part of the



Boomtown Rats play genuine rock 'n' roll; Carter cooks on the piccolo bass.



Classy Carter.

music. And if Mama Mercy and Show Some Emotion don't make you hit the dance floor, you need vitamins. Maxine Nightingale's Night Life (United Artists) is first-class disco mixed with soulful ballads. Will You Be My Lover has so much energy that you'll consider her offer. But our favorite is that old tune Didn't I (Blow Your Mind This Time), originally a hit for The Delfonics. Natalic Cole's new album, Thankful (Capitol), is like the woman herself—polished and professional. Side two, which opens with Be Thankful, is first-rate, showcasing Cole's range

and energy. Less exciting but nothing to sneer at are two other efforts, Melba Moore's A Portrait of Melba (Buddah) and Stares and Whispers (Capitol), by Freda Payne. Melba's album has a nice balance between ballads and dancing music; the two to watch out for are Promised Land and Just Another Link. Payne's record is disco stuff, with lush arrangements. It's fine for a dance or two, but it sounds like something Barry White has already done.

Now that Ron Carter, el numero uno of the bass world, has moved on to the piccolo bass in an obvious attempt to prove that less is more, it seems only a matter of time before he pushes on to the cello. So watch out, Rostropovich, Carter just might be taking a crack at your title. An awe-inspiring guided tour of what he can do with the piccolo bass may be found on Ron Carter Quartet / Piccolo (Milestone). Helping out with the tour are pianist Kenny Barron, drummer Ben Riley and Buster Williams, to whom Carter has turned over the regular bass chores. Ron does a great deal of bowing on this two-LP album and his instrument seems admirably suited to it. The piccolo's haunting, somewhat melancholy tone, brought out on the slower items-Sun Shower, Little Waltz-will get to you. The session was recorded live at Sweet Basil, a Manhattan jazz spot, which adds to the excitement, not that Carter & Co. need it; they can really cook.

Out there in the universe is a man named Lynne. And he writes music-outin-the-universe music, serious, beautiful music. And around Lynne is a thing that translates the written music to sound and words-remarkably so. The thing is an orchestra, the Electric Light Orchestra. Jeff Lynne is the man who sits at the center of the planetarium, working the great million-eyed projector. Around that there is a company (Jet Records) and it captures the words and music and transfers them onto plastic. Around the plastic is a jacket. On the jacket it says Out of the Blue. It's new. Down the block is a store. Go there and buy it. There are reasons. For example, Sweet Is the Night is one of the most elegant songs to come out of a popular band in a good long while. E.L.O. has definitely come into its own, and its own is a quasi-stellar source out in distances we haven't imagined,

The best advertisements for Krishna Consciousness these days are in the record bins, courtesy of Alice Coltrane and Narada Michael Walden. Coltrane, who embraced Krishna after the death of her husband, the great saxophonist John Coltrane, has since made infrequent, strange and strangely beautiful albums—



More comfortable than feet.

Hush Puppies are so comfortable, your feet will think you forgot your shoes.

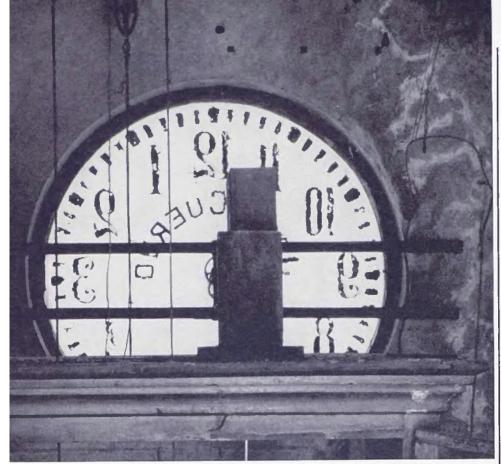
The fit's a natural. Easygoing, soft as barefoot. The feel, lightweight, flexible, free.

And wherever the good life takes you, they support you in sure style. With firmly cushioned innersoles. Extra support in the arches. Soles that flex the way feet do.

Shown: Cambridge and Concord for men. Contemporary, casual, comfortably affordable Hush Puppies.







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

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

It takes longer to do things by hand. But taking the time to make Cuervo Gold its best has always been worth every second.

For at the Cuervo distillery it's almost as if time has stood

still.
Our Blue Maguey plants are nurtured by hand, picked by hand, and carried to the ovens by hand, as they have been since 1795.

It is this continuing dedication to tradition that makes Cuervo Gold special. Neat, on the rocks, with a splash of soda, in the perfect Sunrise or Margarita, Cuervo Gold will bring you back to a time when quality ruled the world.



Cuervo. The Gold standard since 1795.

all devoted to her new master. The first side of Transcendence (Warner Bros.) is free-floating chamber music, with Coltrane's harp glissandos skittering like butterflies over the green harmonic fields mapped out by the strings of the Satori Quartet-or, on Vrindavana Sanchara, by the droning chords of her own tamboura. The single-mindedness of the music is reminiscent of her late husband's, but its tranquil spirit is something else. The second side consists of chants performed by devotees who sing and play percussion instruments, with support from Coltrane's piano and organ. The rhythms indicate that Krishna likes the same music as the God of our Southern Baptists.

Walden's otherworldly smile on the cover of I Cry, I Smile (Atlantic) is enough to keep you thinking for a while. Is it the smile of a robot or of a man who's found The Truth? The music inside tends to suggest the latter. Unlike Coltrane's, it hews pretty much to the basic song forms of contemporary R&B—the ambiguous love lyrics may be addressed to God but could be interpreted otherwise—yet it has a similar serenity and lucidity. Whatever these people are high on, it certainly seems to work.

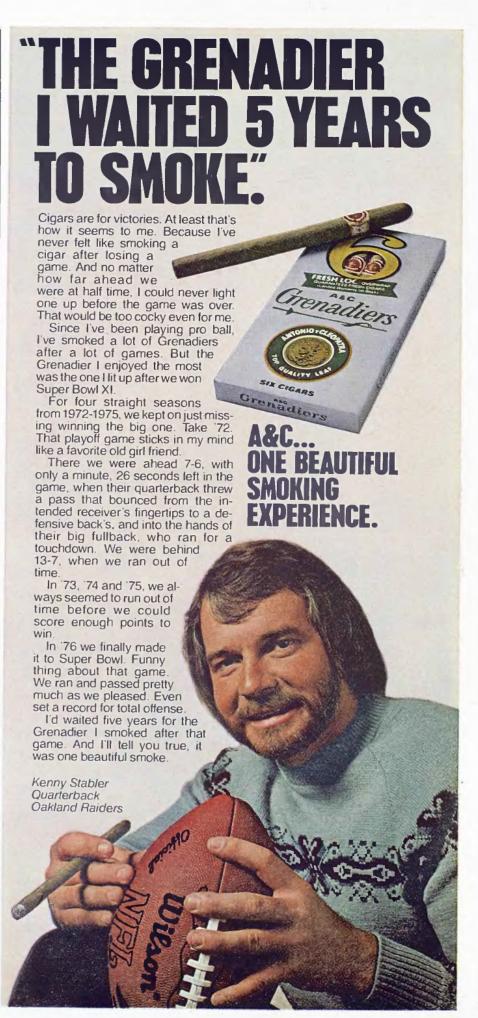
Leonard Cohen's lyrics-like an endless stream of first-lay novels-are packed with vulnerability, beautiful losers and sex (almost always seen as a problem). But the songs have usually been good, because their celebrations of grief were presented in fairly clean verse and sometimes branded on our memories with stunning imagery. Not so this time around. His latest LP, Death of a Ladies' Mon (Warner Bros.), differs from past efforts in that Cohen provides only the words. The "tunes" are the creation of rock-'n'-roll entrepreneur and sometime tunesmith Phil Spector. Why? In the past, many of Cohen's melodies (Suzanne, Bird on a Wire, Hey, That's No Way to Say Goodbye) have been fine, memorable tunes, custom-crafted to his limited vocal gifts. Why did he opt for these undistinguished drones? Maybe he didn't have the heart to fit music to the horrid doggerel he wrote for this LP. Anyway, if you buy this record by mistake, it can always be a birthday present for someone you don't like.

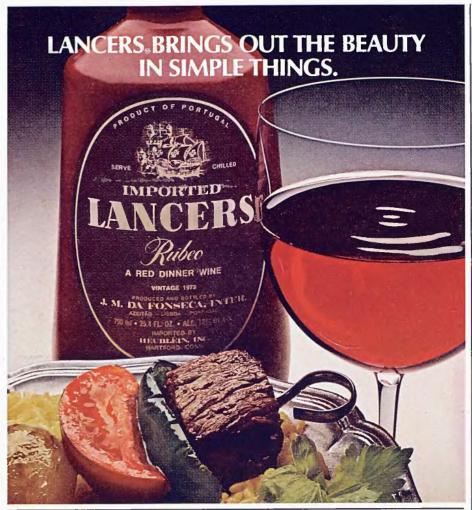
About three years ago, we came across a club flier announcing the impending performance of "the greatest unrecorded artist in America—Gamble Rogers." We checked out Rogers' act and came close to agreeing with the copy writer. Rogers is a country picker who intersperses songs with maniacal monologs in the style of a Southern revivalist preacher. The audience is acquainted with such topics as *The Great Maitland*

Turkey Farm Massacre of Nineteen and Fifty-Three (in which 497 birds are slain with "an unplugged J. C. Higgins tengauge goose gun") and The DeKalb County Deputy Sheriff (a primitive who wears a breechclout made out of two Fruehauf mud flaps, a Styrofoam pith helmer with an STP decal on the front and two .45-caliber bandoleer belts with the cartridge loops stuffed alternately with Hav-A-Tampa Jewels and Slim Jims). Now Rogers has gone and blown his reputation as an unrecorded artist by putting those raps, plus a handful of fine-picked tunes, on an album: Gumble Rogers (Mountain Railroad). The collection is subtitled "The Lord Gives Me Grace, and the Devil Gives Me Style." Amen, brother. It's worth tracking down.

Anyone who still believes that jazz, rock and classical music will never be joined in holy wedlock has simply not heard Gian Piero Reverberi's recent alburn, Reverberi / Stairway to Heaven (United Artists). In retrospect, we see that the task required the skill of the consummate arranger; someone, that is, with the wit to score the electric guitar above the strings, as if the orchestra were coughing up long, slender strands of metallic phlegm. Or with the cunning to embed the synthesizer in a full symphonic choir, the way a dentist sinks a gold filling into a molar, thus creating a single bionic unit. Or with the imagination to appreciate the Oriental timbre of the Fender Rhodes and the Minimoog and to adapt their electric whorls and eddies to Eastern motifs; and to pour a light jazz voice over them, like a dry martini floating on a Singapore sling. The album is a complete success. The composition Muni's Mood is a living cell, the outer symphonic and inner rock plasms nucleating around a pulsating ostinato figure in the piano. Windy Wendy and Angel Drops feature the wordless jazz bel canto voice of Vanda Radicchi. Innervoice is a Gospel tune on which Reverberi plays the Hammond organ with the felicity of a Garth Hudson. Escalation is a musical analysis of the Vietnam war; Bahia is the last word on the disco craze; and the Page-Plant tune Stairway to Heaven seems as natural a part of the classical repertoire as Beethoven's Seventh is of the popular one. In short, Reverberi has taken bottles of energy and refined them into light bulbs.

It's the Month of the Nonet in rhythmand-blues. Not that such a group has any distinctive sound; its virtue, in fact, is flexibility. With the help of former Motown producer Frank Wilson, the hard-charging Gospel/rock on Behold the Mighty Army (Warner Bros.) makes the New Birth sound like an orchestra. Meanwhile, writer/producer Allen Toussaint, the soul savant of Louisiana, helps Chocolate Milk, also a nine-piece group,





Beef up your snacks.



Take along Slim Jim® meat snacks. The chewy, all-meat sticks that come in six tasty flavors, fit right into your pack and keep you traveling light, but not empty.

A little less than a meal. A little more than a snack.®

achieve the vocal and instrumental precision of a quintet on We're All in This Together (RCA). Fine as both LPs may be, they pale next to All 'n All (Columbia), a better-than-average offering from the most consistently excellent nonet of our time, Earth, Wind & Fire. It's the group's usual mélange of melodic ballads, finger-popping rhythm tunes, rippling kalimba sounds and two Brazilian-styled items (on which Eumir Deodato helped with the arrangements). The cover drawing, linking a futuristic space city with an ancient Egyptian temple, says it all.

Jazz/rock, or fusion music, came along to save us from the monotony of pop records-but a lot of it has become just as predictable and boring. That is not the case with Alphonso Johnson, the young bass player formerly with Weather Report. Spellbound (Epic) is a fascinating album that bridges several musical worlds, moving easily from the harmonic openness of classical music (Feelings Are . . .) and the straight-ahead rhythms of rock (Face Blaster) to the pentatonic scales of Third World music, which Johnson combines with a delightful reggae beat on Bahama Mama. A variety of electronic toys, including a super new bass-amplification system, a bass pedal synthesizer and the Electric Stick-it looks like a Hawaiian guitar but is played with both hands, like a piano, and is capable of incredible effects-enables him to exercise his potent sense of dynamics. Johnson will probably have to simplify his ideas in order to reach a mass market, but this is the perfect album for the jazz/rock enthusiast who's gotten just a wee bit jaded.

The man who made The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous and who once long ago scandalized the nation by marrying a 13-year-old girl is back again: Jerry Lee Lewis, one of the main men in C&W. The real item, with two enormous rock rings on each hand and a gold bracelet. Makes you think of Lincoln Continentals with Nazi headlights and buckles across the hood. White Trash City. So what you do is get you a case of cool ones, put yourself down in a fat old chair and put this sucker on the Victrola. Country Memories (Mercury) has got to have some of the best country music and one of the worst-looking album jackets ever to come up Interstate 65 from Nashville. But Lewis will definitely light your hardboogie light.

Has fame ruined John Denver? Well, frankly, it's hard to imagine his getting any worse, but we have the proof on the turntable right now. I Want to Live (RCA) is a genuine dyed-in-the-wool dog of a fake Western album, complete with a drawing of Denver on the cover that looks as if it were intended to be used on the John Denver commemorative postage

"My \$3000 lifesize VideoBeam" television has almost paid for itself in the beer my friends have brought me." T. Barton Carter, Boston, Mass. Advent VideoBeam owner since Feb. 1977

T. Barton Carter, Boston, Mass. Advent VideoBeam owner since Feb. 1977

"I tell my friends they can come and watch basketball, hockey, football, whatever, anytime . . . as long as I don't run out of beer.'

We taped a conversation with Barton Carter, teacher of communications law and sports freak, and this is what he said about his VideoBeam television, his friends, and what goes on at his place.

It's like being there.

"I'll have eight or ten people over for a basketball game. What with the immediacy and the way the

VideoBeam picture sort of wraps around you and involves you, and all these people together . . . it gets pretty crazy. It's like being

at the game.

"Actually what with the different camera perspectives you see more than you would at the game. It shows best in the stuff that goes on underneath the basket. You really see the elbows, people banging around. Anyone who says basketball isn't a contact sport hasn't seen it on VideoBeam. For instance you can see when Cowens gets really mad. All of a sudden there's an extra two feet around him. Nobody wants to get near him, not even his teammates. You wouldn't see that on the little tube. No way.

Better feel for the strategy. "You can see what people are trying to do, not only what they're accomplishing. You can see when somebody is trying to get the ball around to the weak side, but they can't because somebody has cut off the passing lane. You get a better feel for the strategy of the coaches. You see who they're working on, you know, if they're trying to get

somebody down low, post a tall guard on a short one . . .

You "Feel" the contact.

'Of course, football more than any other sport shows the contact . . . in fact you feel the contact. You see one of these big guys come steaming down the field at full speed and he gets his legs cut out from under him, does a twist and falls, um, you can just feel it. You get that sometimes under the boards in basketball. You can just feel them hitting each other. It's more than just seeing it.

"And if you've got eight or ten people watching it's magnified. And if they're rooting for different teams . . oh boy . . . I'm thinking of hiring a bouncer for the next game.'

To: Advent Corporation, 195 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass, 02139

Please send me brochures on VideoBeanf® television and the name and address of the nearest dealer where I can see a demonstration

Name

Address

Town

State

PB3-78

VideoBeam television projects brilliant color TV pictures from regular broadcasts and from video cassette recorders on to a 5 or 6-foot diagonal screen. If you would like to know more and see a demonstration return the coupon, or call toll free

800-225-1035 (in



Advent's VideoBeam Television It's beyond TV.

HITACHI The New Leader In Audio Technology



...introduces the world's most powerful 50 watt receiver.

The new Hitachi SR 804 stereo receiver has the revolutionary Class G amp that instantly doubles its rated power from 50 to 100 watts to prevent clipping distortion during those demanding musical peaks (note the clipped and unclipped waves in the symbolic graph above). The SR 804 is conservatively rated at 50 watts RMS, 20-20,000 Hz into 8 ohms with only 0.1% THD.

Class G is just one example of Hitachi's leadership in audio technology. Power MOS/FET amplifiers, R&P 3-head system cassette decks, Uni-torque turntable motors, and gathered-edge metal cone speakers are just some of the others. There's a lot more. Ask your Hitachi dealer.

stamp. Kinda makes you want to blow lunch. The inside jacket features a picture of a cowboy with a guitar slung over his shoulder, riding (with chaps, no less) a horse with wings and an eagle feather attached to its bridle. And there's a whole lot of pseudo music inside, slicked up smoother than a baby's ass. Well, that's what fame and Las Vegas will do to you.

Alan Hovhaness writes concert music that is neither out far nor in deep, to borrow a phrase from Robert Frost. It's offbeat but not arcane, easy to listen to, tonal (and traditional in that sense) but full of mysterious origins and resonances. Hovhaness is a colorist whose music exists, as one critic put it, as a series of discoveries. To begin making these for yourself, try Andre Kostelanetz Conducts the Music of Alan Hovhaness (Columbia). Listen first to the last track, Floating World, a good demonstration of the Hovhaness technique and power. Then go back to the beginning and The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, here given its premiere recording. Commissioned by Kostelanetz, who asked the composer to use the accordion ("a fantastic instrument, but make it sound different"), the work skillfully weaves the narration of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., through deft interludes of everything from romantic Italian to casbah music. Fairbanks is perfect: His is the English-tinged, slightly jaded but still intense voice of one who's seen it all. Hovhaness also delves into mythology, with Meditation on Orpheus, a "Iantasyrondo," alternately placid, enigmatic and turbulent. Nature is also represented. And God Created Great Whales contains actual recordings of whale songs interspersed with vibrato strings and dissonant horns. It's a fascinating and compelling piece.

SHORT CUTS

Mark Farner (Atlantic): Former Grand Funker bares his soul and chest in a debut solo effort that could be more hairy. David Bowie / Heroes (RCA): Of Bowie's

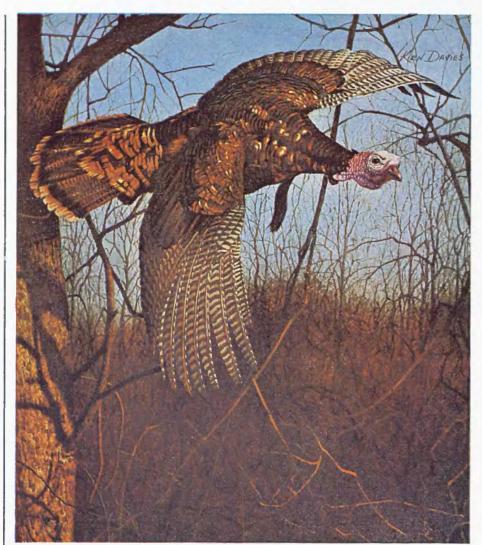
786 albums, this is his 32nd best.

Queen / News of the World (Elektra): The news is all good. From the cover graphics to the songs themselves, Queen has come up with a fascinating album.

Smokie / Bright Lights & Back Alleys (RSO): This will take you back to the good old days of the Mersey sound—Gerry & the Pacemakers, Moody Blues, Small Faces, et al. It would have been one of the biggest sellers of 1966.

Grace Jones / Portfolio (Island): A top fashion model (see page 247) sings disco, with predictably plastic results.

William Solter / It Is So Beautiful to Be (Marlin): A studio bassist and songwriter sings his breezily romantic tunes (coauthored with Ralph MacDonald), with help from Eric Gale, Bob James and other friends.



For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21", send \$2 to Box 929-PB , Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

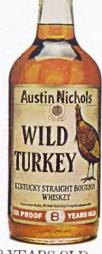
Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey is an incredible bird, capable of out-running

a galloping horse in a short

sprint.

It is also the symbol of Wild Turkey Bourbon, an incredible whiskey widely recognized as the finest Bourbon produced in America.



BOOKS

ranted, women have been consistent-G ly overshadowed by the male hero in American films. And granted, the male hero has been represented onscreen as tough, unemotional and stereotypical in his associations with the opposite sex. Unfortunately, author Joan Mellon, in her tedious study Big Bad Wolves: Masculinity in the American Film (Pantheon), fails to get to the root of the problem, if, indeed, it is one, preferring simply to examine the various mutations of the male hero throughout the history of cinema. And whenever she does manage to come to a conclusion, it's usually something like "The war film also produced a hardened male" or "The male film personality in the Seventies has been created partially in response to what is perceived as the economic threat posed by working women" or "Harpo with his scissors, Groucho with his sharp tongue, could retain their manhood only by thumbing their noses at the world." Unsupported platitudes such as those abound while little is said of the fact that most male matinee idols have been principally idolized by-you guessed it-women; or that films, American films in particular, have always been contrived as escapist because audiences seem to prefer them that way. Instead, Mellon prefers to attribute the male screen image to a conspiracy within a male-dominated film industry, which, though it may be a valid point, is not a particularly profound one.

"Death usually occurred from congestive heart failure in the 50s. That was assuming it was fairly well contained and there was no heart attack or stroke. . . . Congestive heart failure was a gradual failure of the heart. It became enlarged and feebler, and the pulse got faster. Finally this caused a congestion of fluids in the body called edema. In the final stages the lungs themselves filled up with fluids." And so James Jones in Whistle (Delacorte), the third volume of his massive World War Two trilogy, describes his own death, which occurred on May 9, 1977, exactly 30 years after he began work on the first book, From Here to Eternity. Jones knew he was to die, and Whistle has the urgent, breathless quality of a man "fighting against time," as Willie Morris says in his introduction. In Jones's own note about the book, he says, "When Whistle is completed, it will surely be the end of something. At least for me." It was. But it is also the completion of one of the landmarks of American literature. There is a spot about halfway through chapter 31 where asterisks appear. signifying Jones's death. The ending was assembled by his good friend Morris, who worked from the detailed tapes and notes Jones left him, and its crippled, panicked



Big Bad Wolves: platitudinous.

Machismo in movies, a meandering journey from Vietnam and James Jones's last work.



Cacciato: dropout's travelog.

style makes the conclusion powerfully moving. The artist literally worked himself to death, dying at the finish line, and his is a staggering accomplishment.

Novelist Tim O'Brien's genius is with words, not story. His new odyssey, which takes us through the trip flares and land mines of the Vietnam trauma, all the way from Quang Ngai to Paris, is full of O'Brien's remarkable feel and smell for the oddly communal experience of the modern, jungle-hardened soldier. Going After Cacciato (Delacorte / Seymour Lawrence) is the ultimate night patrol-a dropout's travelog of the exotic way stations of the Orient in the imagined pursuit of a starry-eyed, A.W.O.L. recruit named Cacciato. It is a hard month's journey into nowhere that ends in wartime messiness on an Asian hillside. O'Brien gives us masterly scenes, such as a ritualistic public beheading in Tehran, but he was trying to write too many books at once; some of them don't belong here. The soldierly dialog and one-line idiom of displaced boys from middle America is raised to an art form-unreal at times but always entertaining. O'Brien's book manages to transport us into the several circles of war's hell; we just wonder if there might not have been a more direct way of getting there.

Shelby Foote will be long remembered for his trilogy, The Civil War: A Narrative. But before he became a historian, Foote published five novels, the best known of which was Shiloh. It took Foote 20 years to write The Civil War; then he went back to fiction. September September (Random House) marks that return and it is a tight little book, suggesting the sort of result you would imagine if Tennyson had tried his hand at limericks.

It is the time of the Little Rock school crisis. Three white drifters-a gambler, a much-divorced preacher's daughter and her man of the moment, a failed petty thief-arrive in Memphis with a plan. They will kidnap the grandson of a prominent Negro. With Governor Orval Faubus and the rednecks on the rampage across the river, no black man in his right mind would go to the white law for help. The caper is nicely brought off-by the three drifters and by Foote-and the blacks in the book are skillfully drawn. The whites are not so keenly portrayed, perhaps because they are so small and unappealing. The book is in danger of failing for the same reason, but Foote is a first-rate storyteller and he uses his material for more than it is worth.

QUICK READ

Peter H. Beard / The End of the Game (Doubleday/Dolphin): The most visually expressive white man in Africa explains the wholesale destruction of the wonders of that continent, neatly bypassing kneejerk ecological hysteria. His magnificent pictures of elephant graveyards would be enough to make you cry, if the situation weren't already beyond tears.

The 1978 Toyota SR-5 Long Bed Sport Truck. Part sports car, part cart, because Toyota Sport Trucks are hot two-seaters with loads of luggage space. For driving fun, Toyota's way out ahead with the right combination of choice, performance, comfort, economy, and reliability.

The Car Part. Accommodations for two.
Hi-back bucket seats. Carpeting.
AM-FM radio. Tinted glass. Floor
console. Standard touches
that point up some of the
car quality inside an SR-5.

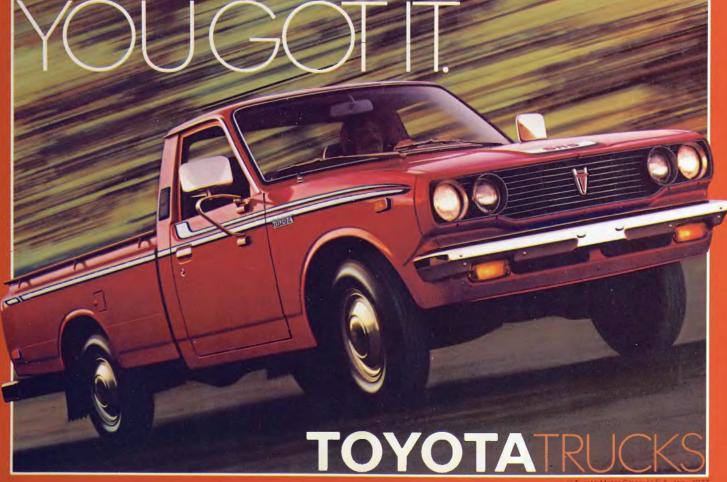


The Sports Part. The biggest standard engine in its class—2.2 liters—with loads of torque. With the standard 5-speed overdrive transmission you get economy, too. In EPA tests the SR-5 was rated at 31 highway, 23 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your truck's condition and equipment. California EPA ratings will be lower.

SPORTS
The Smart

The Cart Part. A bed over seven feet long that hauls up to an 1100 pound payload. That's a big trunk for whatever you want to cart around.

The Smart Part. A visit to a Toyota truck stop. The SR-5 Long Bed Sport Truck is one of six Toyota models—more than anyone else. Last, but not least, we say "If you can find a better built truck than a Toyota... buy it."





Here's the expert help you need to handle

Home repair and maintenance costs are soaring out of sight. If ever you needed help, you need it now.

And here it is. Help that will let you take things into your own two hands. Help that will enable you to say, "I did it myself!"-and save hundreds of dollars a year.

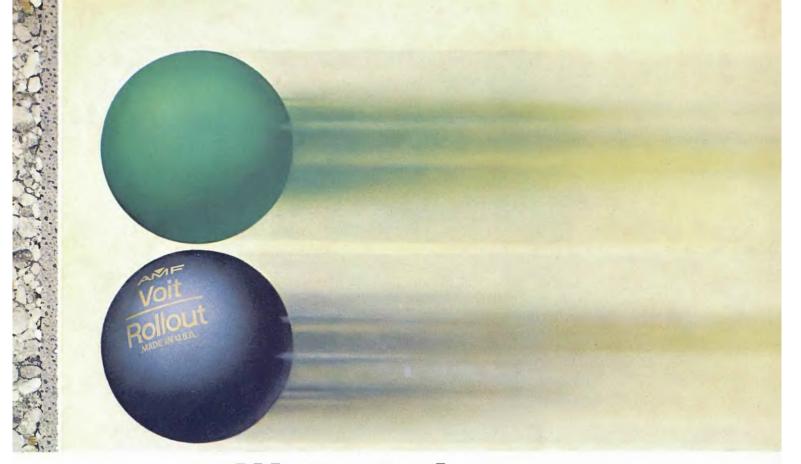
Think you don't know how? TIME-LIFE BOOKS has commissioned the experts to show you how. Master cartheir secrets and shortcuts with you. They'll practically take you by

the hand and guide you start to finish.

Volume by volume, this authoritative series provides the step-by-step instruction, the clear how-to illustrations you need to handle hundreds of jobs

update outmoded systems. Examine and use Plumbing for 15 days without cost or obligation to buy if. This introductory volume must prove its value to your complete satisfaction-or simply return it and owe nothing. Details are in the coupon...mail it today to: TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, III. 60611.





We tested our AMF Voit Rollout Ball & their ball against a concrete wall at 90 mph.

We won.

AMF Voit's Rollout was the racquetball that kept its bounce and shape.

An impartial pitching machine hurled our ball and our leading competitor's ball against the wall at 90 miles an hour. Five hundred times.

The results show that Rollout had less breakage and consistently stayed rounder. And in a game like racquetball, consistency counts.

Try Rollout from AMF Voit. It's the ball that beat the wall.

The same quality that goes into AMF Voit Racquetballs, goes into our Racquets.

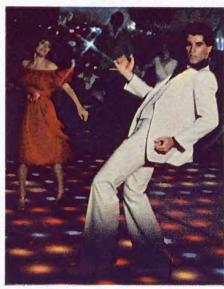
Go with the winner. AMF Voit.



MOVIES

lready a target for head-hunters from the press as moviedom's pampered multimillion-dollar bonus baby-with a three-picture contract and Welcome Back, Kotter still humming along on TV-23year-old John Travolta is apt to confound his severest critics in Saturday Night Fever. Travolta's stunning debut as a superstar (after a minor role in Carrie) should give the moguls their money's worth, delight his fan club and persuade everyone else that this kid actually has what it takes to light up the big screen. Fever is no flaming masterpiece, but the movie pushes Travolta into stage center of a Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, hot spot called 2001 Odyssey, where the disco generation hustles. This turf was opened up by Nik Cohn's 1976 New York magazine cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night," which has been adapted by screenwriter Norman Wexler (of Joe and Serpico) as a thin sociological slice of life that leaves plenty of room for Travolta to strut and swagger as a street-tough Italian kid named Tony who gets his ego massage at 2001 every Saturday night. On Saturday, he's a Face. The rest of the week, he's a nondescript 19-year-old salesclerk in a paint-and-hardware store, harassed at home, insecure, uneducated, buried alive in a world where women are either nice girls or cunts. The mugs he hangs out with prefer sex, when they can get it, as a back-seat gang bang. "You make it with some of dese chicks, dey tink you gotta dance with 'em," Tony complains. Under flashing strobes on the dance floor, though, Tony is a prince among punks, and he begins to grow up a bit after he enters a \$500 dance contest with Stephanie (danced and acted deftly by newcomer Karen Gorney), a snotty, affected Bay Ridge chick who invents some minor details but is already shifting her dreams of glory to Manhattan, her own apartment, a job with an "agency," where she bumps into people like Joe Namath and Laurence Olivier (who he?-"the one that does those Polaroid commercials"). Director John Badham maintains a fine rhythmic balance of seedy Brooklynese glamor and four-letter repartee offset by music by The Bee Gees, among others, plus Travolta in a sensitive performance that should whet public enthusiasm for his next project—the film version of Broadway's light-footed Fifties musical, Grease.

Ingmar Bergman, a certified genius of world cinema, has earned his place at the top, like Picasso in painting, Hemingway in literature, Griffith and Fellini in films. That does not guarantee, however, that every Bergman movie is equal to his best. The Serpent's Egg, the first film he has made since he left his native Sweden after a



Travolta and Gorney in Saturday Night.

TV's Travolta is better than one might expect; Bergman's latest disappoints.



Unforgettable Ullmann, forgettable film.

bitter hassle over income taxes, is set in Berlin in 1923 during a bleak period of extreme poverty, inflation (a pack of cigarettes costs four billion marks), high unemployment and utter disillusionment between World War One and the rise of Hitler's Nazi hoodlumism. Liv Ullmann and David Carradine play a couple of rootless circus performers whose fortunes are at an ebb. As the widow of Carradine's brother, who has inexplicably committed suicide, Liv works nights in a sleazy cabaret, mornings in a house of prostitution. The two pair off and take up residence in a strange apartment house connected to a clinic-which, we

learn after a series of mysterious deaths, is headquarters for some diabolical experiments in human behavior by a mad scientist (Heinz Bennent) using desperate people as guinea pigs. In short, a terrible preview of the Nazi horrors to come. "Through the thin membrane, you can already discern the perfect reptile," Bergman notes.

The trouble with The Serpent's Egg is that it deals with an overworked subject, and not even Bergman can conjure up any single image to top the well-documented atrocities of the Nazi era. The movie looks fantastic, of course. Cinematographer Sven Nykvist renders prewar Berlin as a nightmare seen through a melancholy mist. Singly or en masse, there are faces you will not soon forget, though the most memorable is Ullmann's crudely painted harlot, singing cynical German cabaret songs in a husky voice and flashing her legs à la Dietrich on a detour through Dante's Inferno. Carradine, with a difficult and undefined role, does not come off much better than passable as Bergman's first English-speaking hero since Elliott Gould. He often looks remarkably like a young Gary Cooper, but Carradine is more cryptic than Coop in scenes that seem to cry out for mercurial passion. Gert Froebe, Glynn Turman and James Whitmore contribute telling cameos in a movie that is done to perfection but finally seems far less devastating than Bergman intended it to be. In fact, The Serpent's Egg looks uncomfortably like a remake of Cabaret as it might have been with all the show-stopping songs and entertainment values conscientiously scrapped in favor of Truth, chill as an arctic wind.

Cicely Tyson and Paul Winfield, who made a splendid couple in Sounder, are paired off again in A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich, a hard-edged, wrenchingly honest contemporary drama by producer Robert Radnitz, adapted by Alice Childress from her own novel. Although the Radnitz label is tantamount to a virtual guarantee of integrity for intelligent but wholesome family fare, youth movies have obviously grown up considerably. Here, Tyson and Winfield play sexy unmarried lovers keeping house together in the Watts section of L.A.-with a resident grandma and a fatherless 13-year-old heroin addict, Benjie (Larry B. Scott, a phenomenal kid actor), whose self-destructive rage resists social workers, stepfatherly love and detoxification of any kind. Director Ralph Nelson keeps Sandwich asizzle because he harnesses that dramatic electricity mastered by the best black actors-Glynn Turman, as a militant Watts teacher, typifies the breedwho make acting seem a deeply personal commitment, their own special formula for transforming generations of inherited anger into a new black art.

According to early reports in Hollywood trade papers, First Love (from a Harold Brodkey short story, Sentimental Education, originally published in The New Yorker) was meant to be a sexy Xrated film full of explicit bedside matters. A lot has changed, obviously, in the Jane Stanton Hitchcock-David Freeman adaptation directed by former actress Joan Darling—who also directed the pilot and early episodes of TV's Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman. Miss Darling's past as a pioneer in adult soap opera is your clue that First Love, though R-rated and fleshed out with brief bits of nudity, does more telling than showing when it gets right down to sex. All in all, the softer sell seems best for the kind of movie this has turned out to be-a romantic, bittersweet but essentially honest tale about an idealistic college boy and a pretty coed who finally break up because his dreams of perfection (he wants to worship a woman the way Dante worshiped Beatrice) are spoiled by her complex, ongoing affair with an older, married man.

If we started to fuss about the particulars, First Love would quickly collapse and be consigned to the trash heap reserved for such glossy filmflam as The Other Side of Midnight and Once Is Not Enough. This movie works mainly as a showcase for a quartet of bright new faces. Blond, curly-topped William Katt (who made many young hearts skip a beat as Carrie's prom date) and Susan Dey (formerly of TV's Partridge Family) play the boy and girl, and both are so absolutely clean-cut and wholesome that they couldn't be offensive if they tried, They seem to be carving ELGIN LOVES CARO-LINE into a gnarled oak even when their conversation turns to flip under-the-cover intimacies about getting hard, the frequency of coming and "sticky wet" sperm. Only a fraction more worldly as a couple of campus swingers who pretend they prefer fucking to feeling, John Heard (who looks and sounds disconcertingly like Dustin Hoffman's kid brother) and Beverly D'Angelo are also no-fault performers. When D'Angelo, removing her clothes as matter-of-factly as most girls order a Coke, asks, "Do you think everybody's looking for something that they can't find?" she somehow warms up a scrap of cliché dialog. That may be the secret of First Love's success. The movie flaunts youth, charm and beauty with the unabashed verve of a cosmetic commercial, never pretending to be more than skin-deep, and before you can think twice, you're buying the stuff.

If French writer-director Claude Berri wrote books instead of making movies,



Katt, Dey shine in First Love.

Cheers for First Love, The First Time; but for The World's Greatest Lover, a critical razzberry.



Kane and Wilder in Lover.

his collected works would amount to five or six slender volumes of light verse celebrating life itself. Berri's The First Time, which rounds out a series of delicious semi-autobiographical comedies (Le Sex Shop, Marry Me, Marry Me, et al.), is typically tenderhearted, perceptive, hilarious and true, with none of the calculated commercial flash and slickness of First Love. Going back to 1952, Berri charts the early sexual forays of an ordinary, thick-hipped teenaged boy named Claude (played by Alain Cohen), a garçon so preoccupied with the importance of getting laid that he seems to have a perpetual stomach-ache. He strikes out once or twice, tries a prostitute, tries everythingthough premature ejaculation appears to be his specialty, until he connects with a nice Canadian girl who so enthralls him that he's ready to sacrifice his school, family and country for a guaranteed good lay. His father finally helps Claude see that love, marriage and procreation are

the divine purpose behind his pressing biological needs. In its rather coy wrapup, *The First Time* dissipates much of the rowdy fun that's gone before by moralizing about sex as if it were merely lesson number one in family planning. Like most of us, Berri is better when he just throws himself into the game than when he starts to analyze the instant replay.

Maybe it's time for Hollywood to reconsider its deeply ingrained belief that any successful formula, in movies or television, is apt to contaminate everyone concerned with the same workable, wonderful magic. That is why The Mary Tyler Moore Show begat a whole second and third generation of TV funny ladies (e.g., Rhoda, Phyllis, and why Mel Brooks movies have inspired the imitation Mel Brooks movie, usually written and directed by one of the actors associated with Brooks on big fat hits. Although Marty Feldman managed his Last Remake of Beau Geste reasonably well, let's consider the case of Gene Wilder, who first delivered a comic dud called The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother, good for about three moderate giggles if you tried hard to get into the sagging spirit of it. Now Wilder is back as writer, producer, director and star of The World's Greatest Lover, an alleged comedy about a schnook from the sticks who goes to Hollywood to enter a contest launched by a studio desperately seeking a rival to Rudolph Valentino. That's the joke, folks, and Wilder has done practically nothing with it except to shout a lot (he seems convinced that a limp gag will be funnier if he screams it) and fill the screen with pants-falling-down slapstick. When Wilder wields that slapstick, you cringe in terror of being bludgeoned to death. If he introduces a sunken living room, for example, you can be dead sure he's going to let the tub overflow and be swimming in a sea of Chippendale five minutes later. As the studio chief, Dom DeLuise-himself no master of subtlety-at least has a few moments of appealing madness that he works up without much help from the script. And petite Carol Kane is a delight, as usual, cleverly understating her role as Wilder's wife, a girl who would sell her soul for a night with the real Valentino. Kane is such a shrewd actress that she doesn't even bother to steal scenes she knows are not worth the trouble-she just lifts her skirts lightly and steps around them, in effect, exuding wary, wide-eyed innocence while everyone else labors mightily to revive a stiff.

The hero of Fingers, played with gut realism by Harvey Keitel, is a part-time gangster and sometime musician of Italian-Jewish parentage. When Jimmy Angelelli isn't twisting arms as a collector for



Don't think of California Brandy strictly as an after-dinner drink.

Think of it rather as the change of pace that you can enjoy anytime. Like fine scotch, California Brandy is remarkably smooth. Yet because it comes from rich California grapes, brandy offers a taste all its own.

Enjoy that taste over ice, with a twist, with soda (pictured), and in all the

classic cocktails.

California Brandy. Anytime and anywhere, you'll like the change.



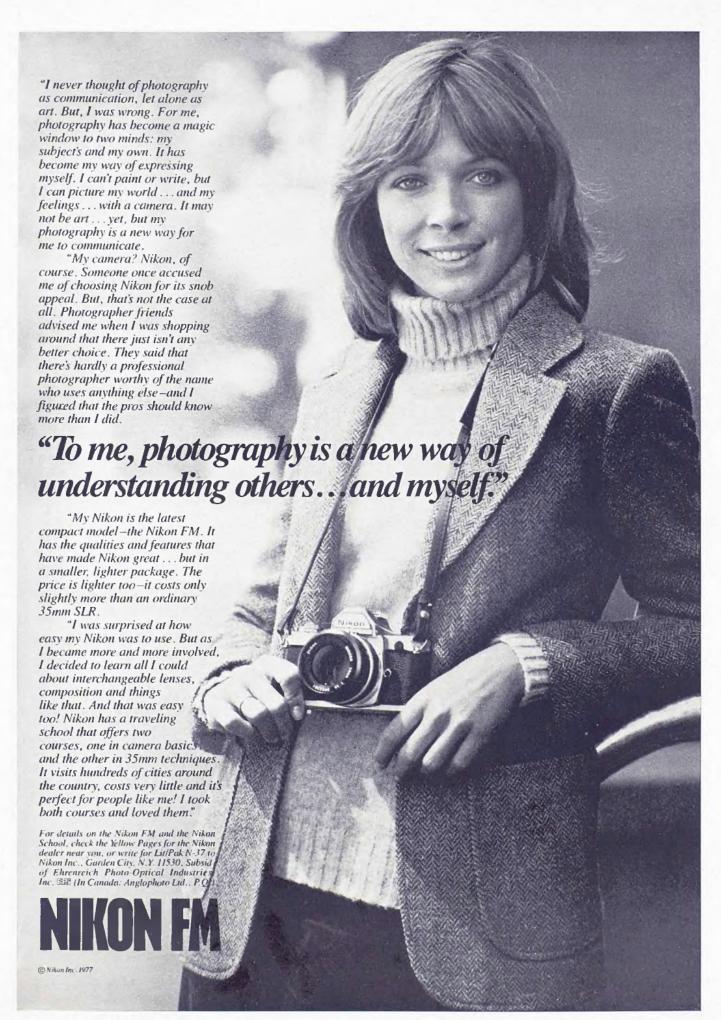


California Brandy You'll like the change.

There are more than 150 brands of brandy grown in California. California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco, CA 9410

his old man (Michael V. Gazzo), he dreams of becoming a concert pianist like his mother (Marian Seldes), who is also a mental case. Jimmy's days and nights are full of Bach, Beethoven, Jerry Vale and The Drifters on a portable tape deck that he never turns off except when he is turned on by actual practice at the keyboard or by sack time with any available quiff. Weird. Other men's women seem to excite him, particularly fey Tisa Farrow as a chick from the stable of an underworld character known as Dreems (played by Jim Brown), and Fingers hints in a couple of sly asides that Angelelli may have homosexual hang-ups to boot, "My dick's been hurtin' me," Jimmy tells his dad while furtively checking out some faggots at a bar, and soon afterward he submits to a doctor's anal probing with groans of pain and/or pleasure that definitely suggest that writer-director James Toback is feeding us some significant data between the lines. In his first shot as a director (after writing The Gambler, which starred James Caan), Toback scores with a fascinatingly complex and ambiguous character study. Just like Caan's gambler, who taught Dostoievsky courses (not too convincingly) while risking his very life to beat the odds, Keitel's Jimmy is a poetic soul subject to fits of sex and violence on the most primitive level. The violence, wincingly graphic at times, becomes a test even for strong stomachs. Although he is more persuasive as a thug than as an interpreter of the Moonlight Sonata, Keitel hangs on to the meatiest role he has ever had with the tenacity of a bulldog.

Co-starred with Keith Carradine, Keitel reappears in The Duellists as a pugnacious young hussar during the reign of Napoleon. Although he looks like an early-19th Century French swordsman and handles himself well enough in a series of fight scenes, Keitel's pronounced New York accent sounds downright ludicrous when he adds lip service to the thrusts and parries of a vicious, class-conscious brute who uses the hussars' code of honor to justify a personal vendetta. Carradine, an actor with enormous natural appeal and a commendable desire to broaden the range of his roles, comes off the better of the two simply because he seems less stuck in a strictly contemporary groove. Of course, the only valid reason for casting Carradine and Keitel as a couple of feuding hussars named D'Hubert and Feraud, I'll wager my last centime, is that they add American marquee value to a company already fleshed out with such heavyweight English actors as Albert Finney, Edward Fox and Alan Webb. The actors, in any case, are of secondary importance in The Duellists, as adapted by Gerald Vaughan-Hughes from a Joseph Conrad short story and directed by Ridley Scott, a recruit from British TV. Scott's aim was



obviously not to revive the Errol Flynn era but to make a thoughtful, ironic and literate film of astonishing physical beauty. In that, he succeeds beyond his wildest dreams. Shooting on location in England, Scotland and France, cinematographer Frank Tidy and everyone who fusses with light or props or costumes to help a movie look splendid can take a long, deep bow



Eye-filling Duellists.

for *The Duellists*. There's more to film making than meets the eye, but what meets the eye may sometimes be ample compensation in itself, as *Barry Lyndon* proved. By that high standard, this stately *pas de deux* on the killing ground is gorgeous.

The sappy ending of Telefon is a coy little sex joke between Charles Bronson, as a crack K.G.B. operative, and Lee Remick, playing an American double agent who feels he's too lovable to liquidate. Both Remick and Bronson seem miscast as well as mismatched in a superspy story adapted by Peter Hyams and Stirling Silliphant from Walter Wager's novel. Director Don (Dirty Harry) Siegel, one of the best action-adventure men in the business, wastes some suspenseful, technically expert moviemaking on Telefon, which lacks the substance to weigh in as more than a formula chase film. The chase leads from Moscow to Denver to L.A. and all over the map, where a deranged Soviet defector (Donald Pleasence) is setting off a ring of hypnotized, halfforgotten saboteurs-seemingly ordinary U.S. citizens who are no longer aware that they were programed during the darkest days of the Cold War to carry out suicidal missions against American bases. All it takes to trigger them is a telephone call, repeating a key line from Robert Frost's Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening. Frost's poetry provides the best dialog in the picture.

—ALL REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

X-RATED

The label MADE IN GER-MANY used to turn up most often on cuckoo clocks. Now the industrious Bavarians are also exporting skin flicks, usually containing more than one bird-plus an American or two on the prowl for quail. Playgirls of Munich features Roger Caine and Zebedy Colt as a couple of Yanks abroad for a lead-footed lark with some bumptious Fräulein who might make a young man's fancy turn sour on Krauts. Butterflies, costarring Harry Reems and Sweden's winsome Maria Forsa (sometimes Maria Lynn), offers Reems as a Munich night-club owner and womanizer, Maria as a charming country mouse who comes to the city and falls in love with him-but walks out when traffic starts backing up in her beau's bed-

room. Completed long before Reems's career was stymied by legal hassles in the U. S., this is a class act, written and directed by porn pioneer Joseph W. Sarno. The several luscious *Damen* collected by Reems in *Butterflies* are ostensibly—with the exception of Maria, his *Svenska flicka*—from the same general vicinity as those in *Playgirls of Munich*, but they might as well be residents of another planet. Reems and Company can pick 'em, and on the sex-film circuit, that gives you a long, long start.

X films without exciting faces and figures might as well be rated ZZZZs. Dirty Lilly stumbles into the acceptable category only because of dark-eyed, exotic Beth Anne, playing a waif who endures a number of misadventures while searching for her long-lost father. All the men she meets along the way are horny but dishwater dull. San Francisco's sloe-eyed sexpot Linda Wong, as a Red Chinese agent named Ming Lee, is the only thing really happening in China de Sade. Ari Adler plays a gun for hire, a former war hero who knew Ming in Vietnam and has to find her again, now that he's employed by some CIA-style Government agency. He winds up in a bamboo cage, getting a blow job (James Bond never had it so good), while the audience winds up in a quandary, bamboozled by a Chinese puzzle of a plot made with pieces that never

quite fit. Better just watch Linda, a saucy,



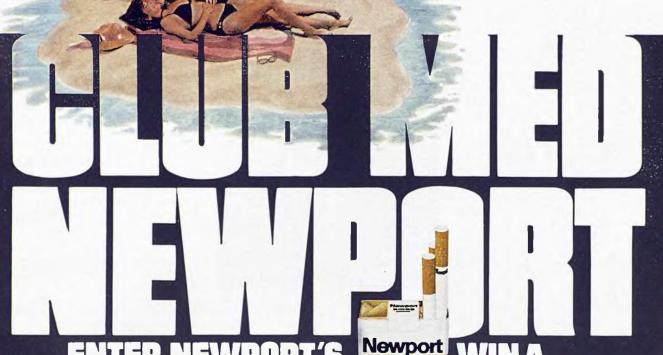
Bawdy Butterflies.

From Germany, a dog and a winner starring Harry Reems; some new faces on the porn scene; and sex after death. eye-filling Oriental dish who doesn't leave you hungry again an hour later.

The Secret Dreams of Mona Q explores the flings and fantasies of a bored housewife, as 1001 hard-core films have done before. Nonetheless. director Charles Kaufman's slickly made marital comedy was an S.R.O. side attraction at last year's Cannes festival, because he had discovered a porno star to write home about in pert blonde newcomer Monique Cardin, Monique allegedly has a real-life husband who does not yet know about her sexual moonlighting in front of the camera. He should brace himself, since Monique appears born to the purple-the kind of porn queen who will indubitably be coaxed out of her closet

for an encore before much time passes.

Producer Chuck Vincent's Visions, by Cuban-born writer-director Felix Miguel Arroyo, offers an eyeful of surrealistic porn in answer to the provocative question: Is there sex after death? There seems to be plenty in store for Wade Nichols, as a struggling composer whose music "lacks soul" until he is mugged and left unconscious by a couple of thugs. While his life hangs in the balance, he floats into a wonderland of everready erotica, filled with nonstop musical classics and writhing, wet-lipped women who teach him that getting off may be the ultimate climax. In the end, he decides he'd rather be dead than celibate, so they pull the sheet over his face while his spirit tunes in to God knows how many glorious lays in the hereafter. Made on the cheap with some cinematic ingenuity, Visions looks considerably better than it sounds. At least it marks a laudable attempt to give hard-core a touch of romantic imagination, steering away from the heavy S/M trend that has galvanized antiporno crusaders throughout the land. Too bad Visions didn't have a budget big enough to attract some more attractive female performers: Except for sultry Suzanne McBain (star of Gerard Damiano's Odyssey), these are not, in general, a bunch of girls who'd strike us as ideal for humping from here to eternity. - B.W.



Newport, the cigarette that's alive with pleasure, wants you to win a vacation that's alive with pleasure—at famous Club



Every vacation winner will enjoy the all-inclusive package the Club is noted for: Accommodations ... all meals... free wine with lunch and dinner... free expert instruction, and the use of the Club's facilities (where available), in sailing, snorkeling, water skiing, tennis, scuba diving... nightly live entertainment... discotheque... plus picnics, boat rides and land sports.

1. To enter the "NEWPORT/CLUB MEO" SWEEPSTAKES, print your name, address and zip code, and mail entry to: "NEWPORT/CLUB MED" SWEEP-STAKES, P.O. Box 2386, Hillside, New Jersey 07205. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately.

2. Each entry must include one (1) bottom flap from a NEWPORT cigarette pack, or the word "NEWPORT," printed on a 3 x 5 piece of paper. To be eligible, all entries must be received by the judging organization on or before June 30, 1978. No purchase is necessary.

@Lorillard, U.S.A., 1977

For information on Club Mediterranee vacations, please call toll free 800-528-3131.

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



PRIZES:

MENTHOL KINGS

ONE FIRST PRIZE: Two weeks for two at your choice of the exotic Club Med at Les Almadies (Senegal) or the exciting Club Med at Kauai Island (Hawaii). Plus FIVE second prizes of one week for two, and TWENTY-FIVE third prizes of one week for one, at a Club Med Village in the French Caribbean, Mexico or Paradise Island. And there are ONE THOUSAND fourth prizes of Club Med T-Shirts. So read the rules, enter the sweepstakes...and bonne chance! (good luck!).

3. NO SUBSTITUTIONS FOR THESE PRIZES. Trip must be taken by December 31, 1978. All trips subject to available space, and airfare will be paid only for the trip between Club Med gateway cities and the particular Club Med location chosen.

4. All prize winners will be selected in a random drawing from all eligible entries received. Only one prize to a household. P. J. Laitmon Associates is the independent judging organization whose decisions are final. All winners will be notified by mail. For a list of prize winners and judges statements explaining the methods used in determining entitlements to prizes, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to "NEWPORT/CLUB MED" SWEEPSTAKES Winners' List, P.O. Box 2388, Hillside, New Jersey 07205

Jersey 07205.

5. Lori ard reserves the right to substitute an equivalent prize or cash payment. All taxes are the sole responsibility of each winner.

8. SWEEPSTAKES OPEN ONLY TO RESIDENTS OF THE UNITEO STATES WHO ARE AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE. Employees of Lorillard/Loews Corporation, affiliated companies, advertising agencies, P. J. Laitmon Associates, and their families, are not eligible. Void wherever prohibited, restricted, or taxed. All federal, state and local laws apply.

Please enter me in the NEWPORT PLEASURE SEEKERS SWEEPSTAKES. I have read and agreed to be bound by the official rules and I certify that I am at least 21 years of age.

Mail To: NEWPORT "NEWPORT/CLUB MED" SWEEPSTAKES P.O. Box 2386 Hillside, New Jersey 07205

NAME ADDRESS _

TELEVISION

PBS by KCET-Los Angeles, is being canceled for lack of funding; but it's going out with a splash. *Television Theater's* farewell will be highlighted (on February seventh from 8 to 9:30 p.m. Eastern time, but check your local listings) by *Actor*—an original 90-minute musical about the family life and early career of Hollywood's late, great Oscar winner Paul Muni. As far as we know, it's the first instance of a national TV tryout for a show heading hopefully toward Broadway.

Actor, written by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee (the same team that wrote Mame, as well as Inherit the Wind, Muni's last big Broadway hit before his death in 1967), is based on Lawrence's biography of Muni. It opens on the night he comes home with his Oscar for The Story of Louis Pasteur. Says Muni, earnestly but rather flatly underplayed by choreographer Michael Kidd, of all people, "They shouldn't put my name on this-it belongs to someone else." That someone is Muni's father, Favel Weinsenfreund, played with robust humor and humanity by the real star of Actor, Herschel Bernardi. Muni himself is also portrayed at the age of seven by Jeff Lynas, at 14 by Barry Robins-a fine young actor, who achieves a remarkable resemblance to the young Muni destined for stardom-first in the U.S. Yiddish theater, thence on to Broadway and such films as The Good Earth, Juarez and Scarface.

Actor's serviceable musical score is served best by Georgia Brown, who belts out her anguish as Muni's mother, the bitter half of a team of strolling players who never really made it in a lifetime of trouping from Budapest to Chicago. Lawrence and Lee look back without anger, as if they were subconsciously hoping to pick up with Weinsenfreund, his wife and three sons where Fiddler on the Roof left off with Tevye and his daughters. Actor has a long way to go before it can even touch Fiddler, though Bernardi and Brown pump real talent and vitality into this fascinating work in progress. They also share the spotlight with Walter Matthau in a bizarre cameo appearance as a great Yiddish-theater star playing a Jewish Hamlet ("My uncle the rabbi has married my mother").

Spreading its ethnic net still wider, Television Theater winds up this final season with And the Soul Shall Dance (airing February 21, same time slot), a downbeat drama about two Japanese-American families getting through the grim Depression years in California's Imperial Valley. Unfortunately, for all the earnestness of a stagy adaptation by Wakako Yamauchi of her own short story,



Matthau as a Yiddish Hamlet.

A Paul Muni biography
highlights Hollywood Television
Theater's last season; Anna
Karenina succeeds I, Claudius;
and When Havoc Struck promises
a treat for disaster freaks.

Soul Shall Dance never comes up with sufficient impact to justify such unrelieved gloom. After the occasional brilliance of Actor, this play pales into a flat, anticlimactic portrayal of suffering immigrants.

After the Roman orgies of I, Claudius have run their course on PBS' Masterpiece Theater, the ten-week BBC-TV dramatization of Tolstoy's Anna Karenina will commence (Sundays starting February fifth on most stations. Check local listings). As adapted by writer-producer Donald Wilson, this Karenina bears little resemblance to two earlier Englishlanguage film vehicles for Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh. What was missing in the movies was the great sweep and depth of Tolstoy's original, which attempted to do much more than show how a beautiful, aristocratic young matron throws herself under a train after sacrificing her child, her dull marriage and her good name to satisfy an insatiable passion for a dashing cavalry officer. Nicola Pagett (who played Elizabeth Bellamy, the emigrant daughter of Upstairs, Downstairs) is an intense, exotic Anna, an independent-minded New Woman who would obviously rather have good sex than social security. Her big scenes opposite Karenin (Eric Porter) and Vronsky (Stuart Wilson) are preserved by director Basil Coleman with every nuance intact.

Tolstoy, of course, placed Anna's infidelity in perspective against a vast canvas of social change in Russia before the revolution. Other families, each with its own conflicts, petty ambitions and at least one case of unrequited love per household, are introduced. There is Kitty (Caroline Langrishe), the debutante who loves Vronsky in vain and rashly spurns the marriage proposal of a liberal young landowner, Kostya Levin (played with fervor by Robert Swann). Levin is a figure known to be Tolstoy's alter ego, a character whose idealism and philosophical perception of the world around him most nearly reflected the author's own. "Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way," wrote Tolstoy, as he prepared to open the closets of Anna Karenina's friends, kinfolk and countrymen. This literate, entertaining BBC series closes in to interpret what he saw there. We hope that Masterpiece Theater manages eventually to worm its way into all the Great Books.

Disaster freaks should find plenty to shiver about in When Hovoc Struck, a Mobil Showcase half-hour series already under way Wednesdays on many independent stations (again, check local listings). Narrator Glenn Ford plays host for a dozen shows devoted to real-life catastrophes running through March 29. Some of the worst-or best, if you relish danger-are still to come, often with eyewitnesses and survivors at hand for interviews. Life at the Limit, a concise history of auto racing, includes film footage of the most grisly track accidents of the past half century. Other programs are devoted to the fear of flying, collapsing bridges, the great Ohio flood of 1937, disasters at sea and the Bel Air fire of November 6, 1961, which destroyed 460 luxury homes in the hills above Hollywood. Perhaps the cream of Havoc's presentations is The Children of Aberfan (set for March first), a rueful, deeply moving then-and-now study of the Welsh mining village that lost a whole generation of youngsters within minutes on October 21, 1966, when a mountainous pile of coal waste slid down to kill 116 children at school. Havoc provides an engrossing essay on the Safety Last factor in human affairs-which means that we seldom learn how to prevent tragedies until it is already too late.





Black Russian
The heart and soul of the
movement. Arrow Creme de
Caté and vodka, 2 to 1. A
favorite of comrades
everywhere.



Gold Russian Yes, we said gold. 2 parts Arrow Caramella and 1 part vodka. Russian lovers of the world, unite.



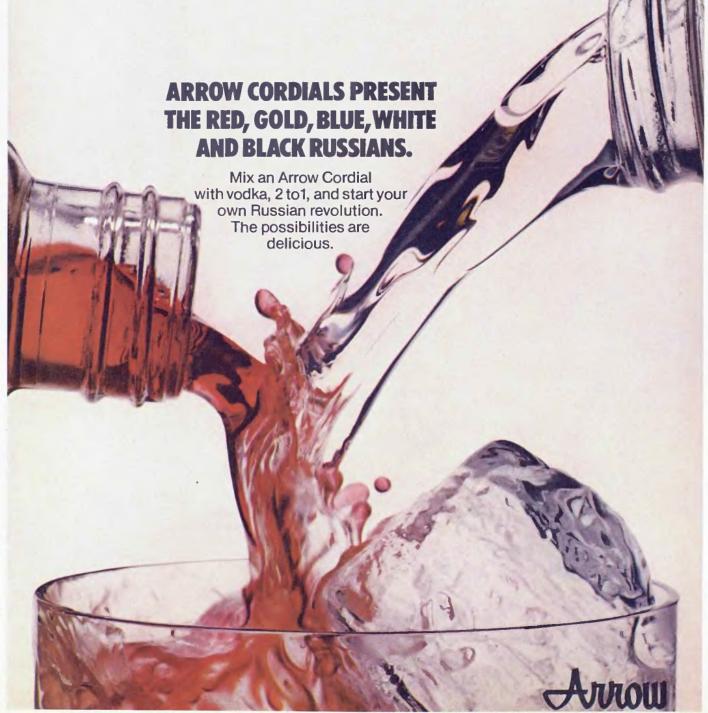
Blue Russian
The taste is orange. Mix
Arrow Blue Curacao with
vodka. An idea whose time
has come.



White Russian Stir up some Arrow Peppermint Schnapps and vodka. Disarmingly marvelous.



Red Russian
You know the party line—
Arrow and vodka. This time
use Creme de Strawberry. No
doubt about it, the Russians
are coming!



☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

Cory Guffey's performance in Steven Spielberg's Close Encounters of the Third Kind, particularly in reference to the child's touching "beatific" expressions when confronting aliens and UFOs. As it turns out, though, Cary's look of bemused wonderment was something of a special effect in itself: Whenever the script called





Guffey

Spielberg

for him to look beatific, director Spielberg had a crew member dress up in a bear suit and jump up and down (offcamera, of course) in front of the five-year-old.

Richard Dreyfuss and the others weren't so lucky—they spent most of their time reacting to blank space that was later filled with special-effects footage, filmed in the labs and studios.

spy in the ointment? Expect headlines this spring when ex-CIA director William Colby's memoir on his agency career hits the fan. Colby's publisher is guarding the manuscript of Honorable Men: My Life in the CIA with "utmost secrecy" and touting it as "revelatory" on such subjects as the Bay of Pigs. Operation Phoenix, the Glomar Explorer and a number of other funny practical jokes we've all been wondering about. "Colby seems more than willing to talk, which may have something to do with his having been fired from the CIA," says one





Colby

Borge

insider. Will sour grapes stain the agency? We doubt it—Colby's still enough of a Company man to have let his colleagues check the book for possible security leaks.

say good night, Isaac: Victor Borge, on the rebound from his smash Broadway hit Comedy with Music, will team up with the usually sober violinist Isaac Stern as a seriocomic duo at Carnegie Hall in May. We couldn't imagine Borge and Stern doing a comedy act, so we eavesdropped during rehearsal. Announcing Stern, Borge said, "You've all heard Isaac

play; now you will hear him talk." But Stern talked for only a few seconds, giving the history of a Bach partita, when Borge interrupted: "On second thought, ladies and gentlemen, maybe it would be better if you just heard him play."

JUST A CUH-RAAAAZY KIND OF FILM: The movie of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band is shaping up to be the Ziegfeld Follies of rock, mainly because producer Robert Stigwood has asked practically everybody under the sun to be in it. The main cast, so far, includes Peter Frompton as Billy Shears, George Burns as Mr. Kite, Alice Cooper, Donald Pleasance, the Bee Gees, Steve Martin as the villainous Dr. Maxwell Edison (aside from singing Maxwell's Silver Hammer, Steve's main function is to tap people on the head with a silver hammer, thus turning them into neolascists), Sondy Foring and newcomer Dianne Steinberg. The film will have little to do with the album of the same nameinstead, it's a rock fantasy based on 30 random Beatle songs in what screenwriter





Frampton

Martin

Henry Edwards calls "the first MGM futuristic musical." (It's all singing, no dialog.) "We've really gone hog-wild on the art direction," says one participant of the \$12,000,000 production, which includes such extravagant constructions as a "giant cash register full of people instead of money." For a whiz-bang finale, Stigwood and impresario Bill Grohom have mailed letters to every recognizable musical singing star of the past 50 yearsfrom Rudy Vallee to Mick Jagger-asking them to make cameo appearances in a long, triumphant parade through the streets of Heartland, the fictitious locale of the film. A double, or possibly triple, album will accompany the film's release.

and the Beat Goes on: Gee, it's been almost two days now since the last Watergate-related book came out, and guess who's got another one? John Ehrlichmon, who has already scored once with that theme, with The Company (the book on which TV's Washington: Behind Closed Doors was loosely based). Scheduled for spring release, the novel is about a young, idealistic lawyer who goes to work in the White House, gets caught up in lobbying deals and influence peddling, gets involved in some shady goings on in Chile,

and so on. Sources assure us that the book "is not autobiographical but certainly based on Ehrlichman's own experiences." After this, Ehrlichman will do a nonfiction book on his Nixon years, sort of a reply to Haldeman's reply to Nixon's Frost interview. What was the question?

HAMMETT UP: Jomes Coburn will make his first television appearance in years





Ehrlichman

Coburn

this spring as Detective Hamilton Nash in CBS' six-hour miniseries The Dain Curse, based on the novel by Thin Man author Dushiell Hummett. "The quality of the script convinced Coburn to break his rule about appearing on TV," says producer Martin Poll, who bought the rights to the book from Lillion Hellmon years ago. Poll, who got a "very big budget for this one," has been using the moola to make his film (a complex detective story set in 1928) "authentic"-scenes are being filmed on location on Shelter Island and the East Village, where Poll & Co. have been covering up light poles, taking down parking meters (with the mayor's permission, of course) and generally messing up the landscape to make his locales look vintage Twentyish.

Fondo and Joson Robords have teamed up again, along with Jomes Coon and a few hundred heifers, in U.A.'s Comes a Horseman, directed by Alon J. Pokulo. The





Fanda

Robards

flick, set in post-World War Two Montana, sounds like your basic land-grabbing-cattle-baron-versus-smalltime-rancher fare, but don't let that deter you—Pakula, who directed Fonda in *Klute* and Robards in *All the President's Men*, is certainly no slouch. To prepare for her role, Fonda hung out at a ranch to practice roping and riding with women's rodeo champ Sommy Thurmon. Caan is a member of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys' Association and has participated in rodeos throughout the West, so he didn't need any help.

CONVERSATION WITH A NEWSMAKER

Ariel (Arik) Sharon is perhaps the most flamboyant and controversial figure in the Israeli cabinet today. During his service in combat, he, more than anyone else, was responsible for the efficiency and high standards of the Israeli military ground forces. His opinions are studied in military schools all over the world. He brought into politics his sweeping new ideas that united several middle and right-wing parties into the one "Likud" party that was eventually voted into power in Israel on May 17, 1977.

Sharon was rewarded by Prime Minister Menachem Begin, who appointed him minister of agriculture and, even more important, chairman of the ministers' committee of new Israeli settlements.

It is now widely thought that General Sharon turned an Israeli disaster on the Egyptian front during the October 1973 war into a triumph by initiating his forceful and daring crossings of the Suez Canal, thereby encircling the entire Egyptian armies, which became dependent on U.S. diplomacy to save them from Israeli revenge. Literally every tank and truck that marched through the Sinai in those days of October carried graffiti painted on it saying: ARIK IS KING OF ISRAEL.

If anything should happen to Prime Minister Begin, Sharon would be one of the three or four equal front-runners for his position as prime minister of Israel. He is a combination of a clear-cut Israeli right-winger with a sensitive feeling for human rights. While advocating continuing control of the West Bank of the Jordan, he would not tolerate any mishandling of the Arabs of that region. His ideas are swift and very far-reaching and expose him to criticism and even ridicule-but, as he told me: "That was always the case, but when my ideas were executed, they always succeeded."

The first portion of the interview was conducted November 7, 1977, in Tel Aviv.

LURIE: You began by saying you would probably be attacked in the press for this interview and that you consider the media to be hostile to you in general.

SHARON: I am attacked regularly by the media. For many years, there has been this tendency: "Keep Sharon within bounds until war comes; then we can use him as we have before. But until then, let him mind his own business." This has been a constant point of view that is not applied to any other person in Israel. The Israeli media have not used such harsh criticisms against anyone else so consistently. Yet when I do speak out on

ISRAELS



TOUG

interview by Ranan R. Lurie

Ranan R. Lurie is an internationally syndicated political analyst and cartoonist and a contributor to PLAYBOY.

controversial subjects, I am often proved correct.

LURIE: For instance?

SHARON: When I advocated Jewish settlements in Arab territories, I was criticized and condemned immediately. After these settlements were established, they were praised. When I developed new military tactics in the Fifties, they were criticized; but, afterward, the Israeli army adopted those very methods. And, incidentally, I now feel many of those methods should again be changed and renovated-but they have not been.

While I am considered by the media and the public to be an extremist-and I confess I cannot succeed in fighting that image—I was the first, and perhaps the only one, to propose a solution to the Arab-refugee problem after the Six-Day War. I went to then-Prime Minister Levi Eshkol and suggested that he declare his intention of resolving the problem once and for all-at least insofar as the refugees in Israeli-controlled areas were concerned. I made my suggestions several times, but they were rejected.

LURIE: As of this date, you seem to be the only person in the Israeli government who claims to have a workable solution to the Palestinian problem. Other Israeli leaders with whom I spoke seem to have a blind spot on this issue. For instance, you have said that if it were up to you, you would recognize a Palestinian entity in principle. Are you ready to elaborate? SHARON: Today I am a member of the cabinet, and anything I could say would damage the official stand of the government. Therefore, I have to avoid saying the specific things I said in the past, even though I still believe in them. But I do want to say a few things. First and foremost, the problem must be resolved. But to clarify the issue, we'd better identify the people we're talking about, both in Israel and in Jordan.

Until 1922, Palestine and Jordan were one state. In that year, for a purely artificial reason-to provide a shelter for the Hashimite royal family-Palestine was divided and the Hashimite court established itself in Jordan. The situation today is that the area west of the Jordan River has a Jewish plurality; in Jordaneast of the river-a Palestinian plurality. Of 1,500,000 people in Jordan, more than 1,009,000 are Palestinian Arabs. They are not refugees but citizens of Jordan. They are the same Arabs who lived on the

West Bank.

This is a starting point for the coming arrangement. There is a tragedy here: For

the Jews, this is their homeland. There is no question about it. The Arabs also, at least some of them, lived here for hundreds of years.

LURIE: Thousands of years, you mean.

SHARON: No, no. Hundreds of years. There are many Arabs who came here during the last century, but, unlike the Jews, they were not coming to their homeland, since for a Jew this is his homeland. It is not important where a Jew lives in the world. Israel is his homeland. Jewish settlements were here for 2000 years, since the destruction of the Second Temple.

LURIE: But let me point out that there were Arab villages in Palestine during all

those years, too.

sharon (a long pause): This is the crux of the tragedy. This is the Jewish homeland and the Arabs, too, lived here for hundreds of years. I don't deny it. The only foreign body in the area is the Hashimite royalty, King Hussein.

LURIE: Whose family came from the re-

gion that is now Saudi Arabia.

SHARON: And so the real tragedy is that the Arab leader who has long been considered the most moderate is, in fact, the obstacle.

LURIE: In other words, if King Hussein did not exist, in your opinion, Jordan would be the Palestinian homeland.

sharon (a long pause): That was the idea of partition. Jews would live west of the Jordan River, Arabs east of it.

LURIE: So what is there to do, considering that King Hussein enjoys strong support from the U. S.?

SHARON: That's why I say it's a tragedy. A Palestinian state already exists, and only its leader, King Hussein, is not Palestinian. Many government leaders in Jordan are Palestinian Arabs, and they represent the West Bank Arabs just as much as, if not more than, the P.L.O. does. What is important is to stress that there is a Palestinian state today. And this Israel does not emphasize enough.

LURIE: Yet in 1970, the threat of Israeli tanks probably saved King Hussein from

a Palestinian take-over.

SHARON: Well, there were different opinions on that topic. There was a forceful debate on that.

LURIE: Between whom?

sharon (uncomfortably): There was an argument. . . . It is very possible that Israel should not have made her moves in 1970—even though Israel did not intervene militarily. [Israel moved her tanks to the Jordanian borders—a warning that observers feel was crucial in deterring the P.L.O. and the Syrians.]

And maybe—I emphasize maybe—she was requested to intervene by the United States.

LURIE: Itzhak Rabin, when he was prime minister, told me that when he was the Israeli ambassador in Washington, he served as the liaison that was instrumental in Israel's acting upon the Americans' requests [to send Israeli tanks to the border]. SHARON: OK. This you know from Rabin. And if you want to quote Rabin on the subject, I approve of it. However, Israel's actions then caused King Hussein to survive.

LURIE: So, according to your thesis, if Hussein had fallen in 1970, and a purely Palestinian state had been established, the problem would have been solved?

SHARON: Palestinians have a state today; Jordan, as I have said, is actually a Palestinian state. But what I felt would happen if Hussein had fallen is that the Palestinians would have been given a political expression.

LURIE: A flag?

sharon: Yes, a flag, a political entity, statehood. My argument [that of backing the P.L.O. against King Hussein—R.L.] was not accepted. But I was not the only one who supported that approach.

LURIE: Other government leaders did, as well?

SHARON: Yes, but the other argument prevailed because of the feeling that it would have created a hostile, extremist state to the east of Israel, as opposed to the relatively quiet cooperation we had with King Hussein between wars. I must admit these were important arguments, but, of course, it's just as possible that such a Palestinian state would have developed in a totally different way.

There is also the question of whether or not the Palestinian Arabs would have been satisfied with only Jordan. And the only answer I can give is, no, they would not have been satisfied. But at least that state and Israel could have discussed the common problem of the West Bank Arabs. It could even come to a point where relations between the Palestinian state and Israel could turn into a confederation, or even a federation. . . . There is no short-range solution, but the long-range process needs some kind of beginning. And the beginning could be an Israeli state west of the Jordan River and a Palestinian state east of it.

LURIE: But if you were a Palestinian Arab, would you be satisfied with a Palestinian state east of the Jordan? After all is said and done, the Jews also were offered the right to settle in Argentina and in Uganda, and they refused. Apparently, there is an emotional factor, and it's not enough to have just a piece of land somewhere. If you were a Palestinian Arab, would you be a member of the P.L.O.?

sharon (another pause): Look . . . in my eyes, the Bashan, the Gilad [large fertile parts of Jordan] and Jordan are part of the land of Israel.

LURIE: Jewish Israel?

SHARON: Jewish Israel. But I recognize the existing political reality. We have relinquished our claims on the kingdom of Jordan [the East Bank]. And the West Bank we are not annexing officially. Israel is living in that area and holding it for her own security. The Arabs of the West Bank will become either Israeli or Jordanian-or Palestinian, if Jordan turns out to be a Palestinian state. The main problem is to learn how to live together. No one will be able to force Israel to execute a short-term move that will endanger her existence. No one can do it. It would be an illusion to think that Israel would accept such a thing.

If I emphasize the security reason, you can ask, Why establish settlements in the West Bank? First, there can be no situation in which Arabs can live anywhere in the land of Israel but Jews cannot. Half a million Arabs already lived in Israel before the Six-Day War. They are Israeli citizens, and even privileged citizens, since not all the obligations are enforced on them. They don't serve in the military. They don't even pay taxes by the same standards that Jewish citizens of Israel pay taxes, but they do have their representatives in the Knesset. Thirty thousand West Bank Arabs-and I would prefer to use the expression Judaea and Samaria rather than the West Bank-have settled in the territory of the pre-Six-Day War Israel, while only 10,000 Jews have settled in the new territories. No one will put obstacles in the way of Jews to live in the new territories. In the land of Israel, Arabs and Jews will live one next to the other. There is no other solution.

LURIE: Are you concerned about growing Jewish emigration from Israel?

SHARON: No. But that brings up another central problem. If we want Jews to come to Israel and we want to stop Jews from leaving Israel, Israel has to become a special state. I don't think that Israel's being an "ordinary" state will attract Jews and won't stop emigration from Israel. We have to build new settlements, new towns, new airports.

LURIE: Do you (continued on page 187)

The words "Levi's" and "Panatela" are registered trademarks of Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco. 01978. Levi Strauss & Co.

PANATELA SEPARATES. YOU'LL STAND OUT FROM THE HERD WITHOUT GETTING FLEECED.

Obviously the herd hasn't heard.
But good taste, sound construction, and individual flair *can* be combined with eminently affordable prices. For instance: the entire outfit shown (Panatela slacks, jacket, and vest) costs far less than many people

spend on a sportjacket alone. And everything is sized and sold separately. So you can build a wardrobe that fits both your taste and your physical dimensions. Panatela Separates. Because only a sheep dresses in sheep's clothing.



Quality never goes out of style.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

This may sound weird to you, but I have a major hang-up about the morning after. If I've spent the night with a girl—or, rather, if she's spent the night at my place—I can't wait to see her leave, preferably at the crack of dawn. I'm grumpy in the morning, not the best company, and I like my privacy. I prefer to shower alone, shave without an audience and generally get my head together. My question is this: Are there any subtle ways to ask a date to leave?—B. V., Chicago, Illinois.

If it's a weekday, tell her you have to be at the office by 7:30. If it's a weekend, and you are hung over and realize that the girl you brought home was an error in judgment precipitated by the same thing that caused your hangover, ask for a medical leave of absence and explain that you have to run down to the corner for some aspirin. Or take her out for breakfast. Actually, she's probably just as eager to abandon your company and get her own chores done. Maybe she wants to go home and change her clothes. (Old adage: If a secretary wears the same clothes two days in a row, she is having an affair. Or she is underpaid.) Be civil. Hell, you can even be honest. Just explain that you need a few hours of privacy to reflect on the glory of the preceding night. She'll understand.

Since I gained most of my knowledge concerning beer from trial and error at college quaffing sessions, some of the more esoteric facets of the brewmaster's art clude me. For instance, I've heard a lot lately about krausening. Can you tell me what it is and if it produces a better beer?—L. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

Ah, yes. Those sessions in the rathskeller do tend to overlap into the chemistry-lab time, don't they? For those who missed that class, here are the notes: Beer is produced by a process of fermentation. Yeast is the agent used for that fermentation. During the process, carbon dioxide is released, causing the beer to foam and bubble with what we call carbonation. The foamy head on fermenting beer is called the krausen. Now, in most breweries, the CO, is drawn off, condensed into liquid form and later reintroduced to the brew to give it fizz. However, in the krausening process, a small amount of fermenting beer (wort) is added to the completed brew before aging. This produces a more natural carbonation. As to whether or not it makes the beer taste better, your method of trial and error is about as scientific a one as has been established for determining the facts.

My girlfriend and I saw a flick called Night Moves, in which Gene Hackman



plays a private detective who falls in with a blonde beachcomber. The latter gives a long, very sexy rap on how whenever someone kisses her, her nipples get erect. She is always walking around with erect nipples. Hackman eventually gets pissed at her and yells something like "You and your goddamn erect nipples." A great scene, but it left me wondering. I recall reading that erect nipples are a sign of sexual excitement, but, for the life of me, I can't tell when my girlfriend's turned on. Is there something wrong with her?—T. S., Los Angeles, California.

Probably not. You should stop trying to make mountains out of molehills. Nipple erection is an involuntary responsethe smooth muscle fiber within the nipple contracts whenever it is excited. The reaction is most noticeable on women with average-sized breasts and normal-sized nipples. It is less apparent on larger protruding nipples. Also, Masters and Johnson have noted that small nipples do not have the physiological potential to increase in size. If you want to see what your girlfriend's nipples look like when erect, apply an ice cube. Cold sometimes produces the same response. Now for the next mouth-watering question.

hile in high school, I worked part time in the electronics industry. I picked up a phrase—RCH (red cunt hair)—that was used to describe something very fine or small. I was told that the term originated with radio engineers who would finetune a frequency to an RCH. A friend has questioned my use of the term. Is my recollection correct and is the term still in use?—J. R., Davis, California.

It's obvious that your friend is not of the working class. The use of the term cunt hair to denote the smallest possible measurement known to man is common throughout the working world. It is not exclusive to the electronics industry. Nor is the cunt hair always red. Besides RCH, we've heard BCH (blonde cunt hair), BBCH (blonde or black), BBBCH (blonde, black or brown) and RBBBCH (red, blonde, black or brown). The more colors denoted, the finer the measurement. The origin of the term is unknown. And its future is uncertain: It may, with the introduction of the metric system, be doomed to oblivion.

Decause of the adverse publicity surrounding birth-control pills, my girl-friend switched to a diaphragm. I've heard that those devices can sometimes slip out of position during intercourse—with pregnancy a possible result. Is that true?—L. S., Dallas, Texas.

Dr. Mary E. Lane, writing in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, reports that diaphragms can be dislodged during sex. When the vagina expands during the excitement phase, the diaphragm may lose contact with the wall of the vagina and slip away. This mishap is most likely to occur when the woman is on top during lovemaking and her partner keeps losing his place, having to reinsert his penis. But don't be alarmed. Such displacements are rare: If a diaphragm fits snugly and is used properly in conjunction with a spermicidal preparation, the method is 98 percent effective.

I've heard so many scare stories about American tourists' being detained or incarcerated overseas that I've almost decided to take my vacation in my back yard. Is it so great a problem and what can you do if you get busted?—L. K., Cleveland, Ohio.

The only problem is that some tourists whip through foreign countries as though they're just going from Frontierland to Fantasyland at one of Mickey's amusement parks. This attitude is not only arrogant and insensitive, in some instances it is downright dangerous. Keep in mind that you are a guest and the people you are visiting are intelligent and proud, with their own laws, religion, politics, economics and ideas of proper behavior. For instance, in Latin America, eastern Europe and the Arab and Oriental countries, a suspect is generally considered to be guilty until proven innocent. Note well the subtle difference in thinking there! Sounds like Philadelphia, The

rights and privileges you enjoy as an American will evaporate like the morning dew when you wake up on foreign soil. Your affluence, too, could bring more resentment than respect. Normal accouterments such as watches, cameras, calculators and your trusty blue jeans often have wildly inflated value in other countries, especially Communist-controlled countries. If someone makes you an offer you can't refuse, refuse it. You could be arrested for black-marketeering. Avoid decrying dictatorships or clambering over sacred shrines. Suffice it to say, drug trafficking in any form is the quickest way to get a free, permanent vacation in your host country. And you will not like the accommodations. Finally, if you are detained, the American embassy can help, depending on the country, in matters of legalities, recommending counsel, etc. But don't expect the American eagle to descend and deliver you. In some circumstances, the local consul may not even be able to contact the folks back home to report on your condition. (The 1975 Privacy Act limits the information the consul can divulge.) You are protected only by international law and treaties, plus the personal relationship of the American consulate and the host government. Indeed, your best bet while abroad is to remain innocent.

As you probably know, college dorms are bullshit city. Every guy I know brags in great detail about his sexual conquests. For the past two years, I've listened. As a virgin, I didn't have anything to contribute. However, a few months ago, I met a dynamite chick who changed that situation. We've made love several times. The problem is this: The guys in the dorm are pressuring me to kiss and tell. I'm reluctant to do so. It strikes me that publicity is an act of disrespect. Am I being too conservative? With more experience, will it become easier to talk about sex?—M. C., Madison, Wisconsin.

Discretion is the better part of ardor. And your reluctance to talk is completely normal. Sociologist D. E. Carns conducted a study to find out how talkative people had been about their first sexual experiences. He found that if the event had occurred with a casual date or a pickup, 61 percent of the males said they had immediately told others about their conquests. In contrast, only 13 percent of the males who felt some romantic involvement with their partners were moved to broadcast the news. Only eight percent of the casual Casanovas practiced complete discretion, compared with 35 percent of the romantics. What you create in private with your lover is the best defense against peer-group pressure. Keep it to yourself. And the 20,000,000 readers of this column promise to keep it secret, too.

y boyfriend thinks I'd make a pretty good Playmate of the Month. But I've

never had any modeling experience and I've noticed that a lot of the girls you choose are models or aspire to be actresses. Just what are the qualifications to become one of your centerfolds?—Miss L. V., New York, New York.

Many and wondrous are the ways in which we find the delectable ladies who appear in our monthly centerfolds, Miss L. V. First, you should know that no professional modeling or acting experience is required. What is required is that almost intangible aura of specialness. The selection of a Playmate by our staff is essentially a four-step process.

Step one: Although a great many Playmate candidates are "nominated" by photographers, a potential Playmate can submit snapshots of herself to our photo editors either in Chicago, at 919 North Michigan Avenue (60611), or in Los Angeles, at 8560 Sunset Boulevard (90069). The snapshots needn't be professional. While a number of Playmate applicants have had their entry photos taken by professional photographers, just as many have had friends do the job. Your photos should include both full-length and close-up shots and a few in the nude.

Step two: Our photo editors select possible Playmates, then PLAYBOY photographers take test shots of the candidates in our studios.

Step three: After the photos are screened by our editors, the girls who have the most potential are again brought into our studios and are photographed for the centerfold.

Step four: The centerfolds are screened by our top photo editors and Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. Hef makes the final decisions on which of the Playmate hopefuls appear as Playmates.

Aside from the obvious physical attributes, we prefer girls who have strong interests and are able to express themselves about those interests. Above all, we look for girls who project an intelligent, vibrant sexuality. If you think you're in the running, good luck.

y husband and I have been married for eight years. During that entire time, he has been addicted to bondage. At first it wasn't so bad, but over the past few years, it has gotten steadily worse. Now sex is no longer merely unpleasant, it is actually painful. It seems that it doesn't matter to my husband whether or not I get anything out of intercourse. All I feel is thoughts of degradation and humiliation. Lately, to go along with the tying-up and gagging routines, he has installed a series of hooks in the ceiling. He hoists me up in the air to hang by my arms and legs. It hurts. He gets disgusted and angry when I complain. He says that normal intercourse doesn't satisfy him. We have tried it once or twice, but it is obvious from his subsequent behavior that he is

less than pleased with the results. I have suggested that we try counseling. He says it probably wouldn't work. He's had this hang-up all of his life and simply refuses to believe that anyone can help. He's afraid that if he tells anyone about it, word will get out and he will lose his job. What do you suggest?—Mrs. E. H., Mobile, Alabama.

The new sexual morality holds that everything is permitted—until it becomes boring. Fetishes are considered abnormal and pathological when the given behavior is the only way the person can enjoy sex. Your husband's obsession with bondage seems to fall within that category. When mutuality disappears from a relationship, and one person enjoys himself at the expense of his partner, it's time to call for help. Sex therapists keep their work completely confidential, so your husband's fear of exposure is groundless. (Incidentally, how does he explain the hoist when you have guests over?) To find a reputable sex therapist in your area, send three dollars to the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, Suite 304, 5010 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20016.

every time I have more than my share of drinks and want to boogie before bedtime, my girlfriend complains that I will take an inordinate amount of time reaching orgasm. I don't really keep track of time during these interludes—sometimes it takes all my powers of concentration to figure out where I am—but could she be right? Is there a correlation between drinking and retarded ejaculation?—W. T., New Orleans. Louisiana.

It is common knowledge that prostitutes are reluctant to service noticeably intoxicated Johns, because they are less able to reach orgasm quickly and, therefore, take up too much of the hooker's time. And the culprit appears to be the anesthetic effect that alcohol has on the body. In large enough quantities, alcohol blocks the neural pathways that regulate erection, causing temporary impotence that cannot be overcome, regardless of one's determination or the strength of one's ardor—at least until the anesthetizing effects of the booze wear off.

As you probably know, a little bit of alcohol is a stimulant, too much is a depressant. Do your girlfriend a favor; in deference to her, boogie first and celebrate later. You'll both feel better.

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.



Imagine a Volkswagen DASHER limousine. Got it? Good! You have now OUTCLASSES grasped the concept of the VW Dasher. MERCEDES 280E The Dasher Sedans are our most sumptuous cars; they outclass some very classy IN SURPRISING some very surprising ways. machines in

WAYS If you own a Mercedes-Benz 280E, you will be If you own a Merdepressed to discover that the Dasher 2-door Sedan with standard transmission not only goes from 0 to 50 miles per hour quicker than the Mercedes,* but carries more in its trunk.

> If you're about to spring for a Rolls-Royce, hold the phone. The Dasher holds more in its trunk than the Rolls, too.

Fine as they may be, neither the Mercedes nor the Rolls has front-wheel drive. The Dasher does, and it makes all QUOLIFSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC. The difference in poor driving

conditions.

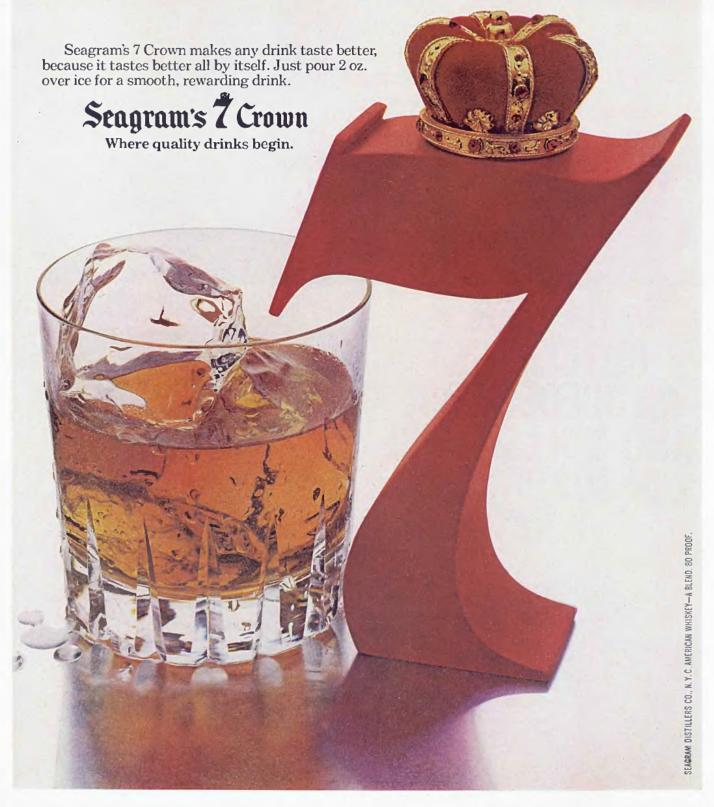
The Mercedes, the Rolls and the Dasher do have their similarities.

All 3 have dignified interiors, with handsome, thoughtful appointments like reclining bucket seats, remote control outside mirrors and quartz electric clocks.

But finally, there are two particularly impressive dissimilarities. For one, Dasher costs about \$10,000 less than the Mercedes, and about \$39,000 less than the Rolls. Then of course, only the Dasher has a \omega right thereup front. with automatic transmission



What the best drinks have in common.



THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Picture the following: You've been sleeping with your lover for several months. One night, while having a grand time rutting about under the covers, everything suddenly clicks. Both of you feel that you've crossed a startling threshold into a region of undiscovered erotic delights. In the afterglow of the ultimate orgasm (yours and hers), you lie there, staring at each other—stunned, glassy-eyed. You begin to talk, in an attempt to discover why this time your sexual superchargers connected. What was the source of the unusually intense sex? Why was it so terrific? Can you get a patent on the process?

Supersex is one of the great mysteries of our time. There is no way to guess how or when two bodies will ignite in the spontaneous combustion of an extraordinary coupling. Because there are so many variables in this fascinating area of human erogeny, we decided that a study would be definitely worth while. We interviewed 100 men and 100 women and asked if they could explain the phenomenon of supersex—for themselves and their partners. And, for the first time, we also invited responses from PLAYBOY readers (see the December *Playboy Sex Poll*). Here are the results. Fasten your seat belts.



LADIES, WHAT DO YOU THINK TURNS AVERAGE SEX INTO SUPERSEX FOR MOST MEN?

Twenty-four percent of the women guessed that most men would say they had the best sex when the men themselves were the aggressor: "The first guy I lived with—and then the second—told me the same thing about what made fucking the best ever for both of them. It would happen whenever I told them I was their total slave and would do anything they wanted me to do. Bondage, whipping. Fantastic blow jobs on order. They had totally different personalities, so maybe all men like what they liked."

Twenty percent of the women believed that men would say they had supersex if their women were surprisingly aggressive: "Many of my lovers have told me that the times I dream up inventive and surprising things to do to their cocks—like dipping them in brandy, or covering them





with whipped cream, or tying them up and blowing them to the point of orgasm and then fucking them silly—drives them insane with excitement."

Nineteen percent of the women felt that guys would say love was the important element: "Guys are no different from us women. Love's what we all crave. I'm sure that for multitudes of men, screwing is unbelievably sensational when they are head over cock in love with a really beautiful woman."

Eighteen percent of the women thought that most men would say drugs were the key: "The majority of men are going to say 'Smoking dope,' I think, because it is a lovely experience to share with their girlfriends. You both get so loose and comfortable, you can spend hours licking and sucking each other's cock and cunt, fondling breasts, relaxing and not feeling under pressure to 'make it.' Sex can be unhurried and end up more fabulous than ever."

Ten percent of the women guessed that most men would say being in sync made the difference: "When any man's naked body feels in lock step with everything his woman is also feeling, it's like two expensive watches keeping exactly the same time. That's the ultimate."

Six percent of the women felt that men would say fucking was fantastic when they consciously held back: "The longer the delay, the higher the peak and the more intense the eruption at the end."

Q:

MEN, WHAT SINGLE INGREDIENT ELEVATES SEX ABOVE THE MERELY TERRIFIC?

Forty-three percent of the men said that love was the most important element in great sex: "Sometimes it starts out as a completely physical relationship, but as we become closer, we begin to have a greater and greater spiritual affinity, which makes it feel like every time I screw her, I'm getting in deeper and deeper and deeper and deeper...."

Twenty-three percent of the men felt that drugs were the key to dynamite debauchery: "Most available illegal chemicals produce a similar joyous effect in both my girlfriend and me. But powerful weed does this so effectively that I always have this warm feeling that I've melted all over her beautiful body and she all over mine."

Fourteen percent of the men told us that an aggressive, surprising woman was essential: "No matter how long I've been going with a woman, any time she suddenly surprises me by ripping off my clothes and ordering me around sexually, all the while fiercely sucking my cock like she owned it, I get both a little frightened and a whole lot excited. It's as if someone I've always thought I've known becomes a stranger."

Seven percent of the men had the best sex when they were the aggressor: "The half dozen or so times when sex with my wife almost knocked me unconscious was when I 'raped' her and felt like I was tearing her apart."

Five percent of the men said that being in sync was the clue to supersex: "Sometimes my girlfriend and I find that we've

HOW TO HANDLE A HANGOVER.

It is easy to handle a hangover. Follow these simple rules and you won't get one:

1. Do not go to a party unless they serve only apple cider.

alcohol.

2. Avoid going out

with attractive women. They will only lead you to

If for some strange reason you find

yourself at a party with an attractive woman where they serve alcohol, you may end up with a hangover.

You will have fun at the party. But the next morning you will not have fun with the hangover.

Too much alcohol can give you

from staying up all night having such a swell time. Your nerves will not be - able to bear any more sensory input. A toothbrush dropped on the floor will set up a deafening clatter inside vour aching head.

And your stomach will be upset because too much alcohol creates excess acid.

> like the guy in the movies crawling across the desert with his tongue hanging out. Now try to remember all the fun you had last night. And take Alka-Seltzer®

for that upset stomach and headache. Alka-Seltzer® will give you fast relief because

it contains both antacids and specially buffered aspirin.

Unlike plain aspirin, Alka-Seltzer® reaches your stomach already

dissolved along with antacids to soothe your stomach.

So you get all the pain relief of regular aspirin while

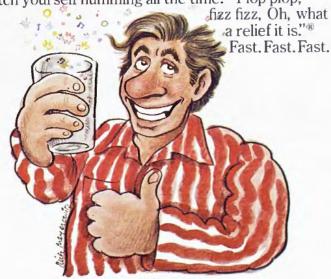
protecting your stomach.

In fact, it does wonders for your stomach. Fast. The antacids in Alka-Seltzer® go to work instantly to neutralize the excess acid and bring soothing relief.

Alka-Seltzer

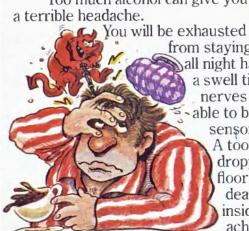
When you take Alka-Seltzer® for a hangover you will discover the remarkable truth behind that great little phrase you

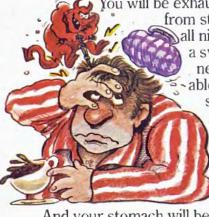
catch yourself humming all the time: "Plop plop,

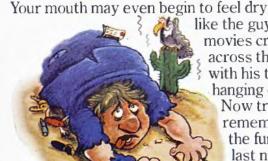


Alka-Seltzer.

"Plop plop, fizz fizz,
Oh, what a relief it is!"
Fast. Fast.







61978 Miles Laboratories. Read the label. Use only as directed

totally tuned out everything-even the music-yet are so tuned in to each other's bodies that we're like one enormous cell, a pulsing amoeba about to create all life on earth at the touch of my prick in her pussy."

The rest of the sample cited control and duration as deciding factors.



MEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK TURNS AVERAGE SEX INTO SUPERSEX FOR MOST WOMEN?

Fifty-one percent of the men guessed that women would say love was the most important element: "In this bizarre age in which kinky has become normal, the only thing left that can deeply affect a woman's orgasm response is love and plenty of it."

Twenty percent of the men believed that women would say drugs made the difference: "There really isn't that much difference between us sexes anymore, so many of us are into the same thingsgood music, great sex and terrific dope. Combine the three and you have supersex. I think a lot of women would agree with me."

Sixteen percent of the men thought that most women would say they had supersex with aggressive, surprising men: "Inside every girl's head is some weird sexual fantasy that she's hidden away for years. When her lover figures out what it is and makes her turn it into reality, that's when fucking becomes an experience a woman will never forget."

Eleven percent of the men felt that most women would say they had the best sex when the women themselves were aggressive: "Ladies have learned that it's OK not to act like ladies. In everything they do, they want to see if there are any limits to their new-found power. They get unbelievably turned on when they let this aggression loose in bed."



LADIES, WHAT SINGLE INGREDIENT ELEVATES SEX ABOVE THE MERELY TERRIFIC?

Thirty-nine percent of the women said that love was the most important element: "When I feel very loved and cherished by a guy, my body becomes a totally relaxed playground, on which we can create the most extraordinary sexual games that at times become supersex."

Twenty percent of the women felt that drugs were the key to carnal creativity: "Smoking grass helps bring my erotic fantasies into sharp focus. I picture myself in this jungle, where all kinds of ferns, fronds and small furry animals are brushing against me and licking at my nipples and clit, Meanwhile, my lover is the one who's really doing all the action and I usually explode from the combination of my mind, his matter and our marijuana."

Fourteen percent of the women told us that an aggressive, surprising man was essential: "Sometimes there's a certain air of violence when my lover fucks that makes it incredibly special. This happens after we've had a fight or he's in a bad mood, and then he'll grab me, rip off my clothes, bite me all over and wield his cock like a war club. Once, I nearly fainted, the experience was so overwhelming.'

Eleven percent of the women had the best sex when they were the aggressor: "Since this is anonymous, I'm not ashamed to say it. One of my favorite fantasies to act out is that of a tough lady outlaw who ties up her male victims and teases them into anguish and ecstasy before letting them come. When I get very close to a guy, I share this fantasy. The ones who let me act it out are the ones with whom I have the most extraordinary sex."

Eight percent of the women said that being in sync was the clue to supersex: "There are some nights, very rarely, when my lover and I are so perfectly together that it's as if he and I were twins; no, even more together than that. He disappears except for the intense pleasure emanating from his body. It's like an adolescent fantasy of mine come true-that I could actually fuck myself."

The rest of the sample gave a variety of answers, including "slow-motion" or "delayed-action" lovemaking and "sex with strangers."

Summary: Supersex is not a one-sided phenomenon. Almost all of the people who responded to our questions expressed the belief that they could never experience a remarkable night of lovemaking unless their partners felt the same way. If sex is terrific for one person, the other usually gets off.

Our quest for the magic ingredient turned up a surprising factor: love. Forget the zipless fuck. Our poll shows that when you want a truly cosmic hit, l'amour will get you off the ground. Ironically, there were some differences in this category. Fifty-one percent of the men guessed that a woman needs to be penetrated by Cupid's arrow if a cock is to be turned into a magic wand. (Only 39 percent of the women fingered love.) The ladies guessed that men were not moved by romance: Only 19 percent felt that true love was a factor for males, while 43 percent of the males confessed that they could get off only in a meaningful | Arobic Other _

MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE ...



SPEAK ANOTHER Language Fast!

Linguaphone is a personal, one-on-one technique we have spent 50 years perfecting around the world. When we tell you that you could be speaking simple, confident French or Spanish (or any of 20 other languages) in 60 days, it's a fact based on the experiences of more than 4-million Linguophone

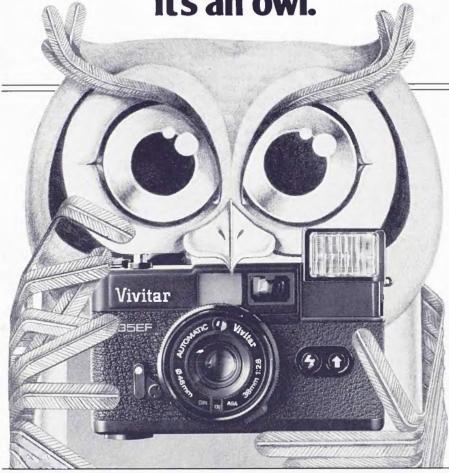
Free record/cassette and brochure show you how to:

- Learn a language in only 30 minutes o doy.
- Grosp grammar and vocabulary effortlessly.
- Acquire an authentic accent.
- Open up new cultural horizons.
- Be more successful in business.

MATERIA DI INCOME

Linguaphone Institute Inc. Dept. PL01, 79 Madison Ave. New Yark, N.Y. 10016 I wont to learn a new language in my own har Rush FREE sample lesson indicated, plus an ill troted folder that gives a complete explanation I understand I will be under no obligation.				
NAME	AGE			
ADDRESS				

Introducing the 35mm camera that thinks it's an owl.



Built-in flash "sees" in the dark. The Vivitar 35EF is a compact, automatic camera that is wide awake both day and night. It has built-in electronic flash that pops up at a touch of a button to furnish the light for a proper exposure every time.

Just choose one of four focus settings, compose your picture in the viewfinder and shoot. The rest is automatic, no fiddling with speeds and stops.

A price you can easily afford. The Vivitar 35EF isn't a complicated kind of camera. It's for people who don't give a hoot about a collection of expensive photographic equipment but who do want impressive photographs.

Pictures you'll be proud of. Bright natural color prints, brilliant color slides, sharp black and white photos, plus big enlargements. With 35mm film you have your choice. Take great 35mm pictures without a lot of ruffled feathers. See your favorite photo dealer about the 35EF.

Vivitar 35EF

The 35mm camera with the built-in flash.

Vivitar Corporation, 1630 Stewart Street, Santa Monica, CA 90406. In Canada: Vivitar Canada Ltd./Ltee. ©Vivitar Corporation, 1977 relationship. Women guessed wrong on another factor—aggression. Forty-four percent thought that men were turned on by some form of domination. Less than half that number of fellows expressed an interest in power tripping. The men were not entirely accurate, either: None of them mentioned choreographed coitus—the feeling of being in sync. Yet eight percent of the women mentioned empathy as a factor.

Not surprisingly, the people who contacted us through The Playboy Reader Sex Poll tended to go into greater detail than the man in the street. Our favorite letters follow. Take note and respond accordingly to future Reader Sex Polls.

"The single ingredient—time. Incredible. Veterans Day weekend, I was so turned on, I never wanted it to end. The only thing unique was the time frame. We didn't do anything different, we just did it for three days."—J. M., Andrews AFB, Maryland.

"I've never not been incredible. Of course, there are superduper unforgettable experiences, such as balling the star of a rock group offstage in view of one third of the audience. The best time? My boyfriend once told me his favorite fantasy-being brought to orgasm by three Japanese chicks. One day, he woke up to find a Japanese girl sucking his cock like she was dying. Another was licking his nipples. A third was nibbling his thighs and calves. I was furiously bringing myself to orgasm after orgasm in the corner. After they left, we had our best session ever. The girls cost only \$300."-Miss K. R., Austin, Texas.

"The best time I ever had was at camp. The only thing separating my partner and me from other campers was a curtain. I don't know if it was the danger of discovery, the mountain air or my lover's talents, but whatever, it was great. What was I doing the last time a lover said it was great? It varies. With one, I wrapped my arms and legs around him while he was on all fours. I don't know why he got off so much on it-ask him. I've been told that I thrash around so much it's hard to stay connected. Maybe it was because I was hanging on so tight. With another lover, the difference was this-I raped him. He was teasing me, so I jumped on him. He got off on being the attacked for a change. Most men I've been with tell me I'm great. I suspect it's attitude more than anything. I love to fuck. I'm happy with it and I guess it rubs off."—Miss K. B., Long Beach, California.

An invitation to readers: We are currently investigating the relationship between intelligence and good sex. Our questions: Do you think sex is better with someone who is smart? Do you think the opposite sex gets off on intelligence? Send your replies to The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Thanks.

-HOWARD SMITH AND LESLIE HARLIB

Where superior technology makes the musical difference: Sansui's new DC integrated amplifier and matching tuner.

Sansui is proud to introduce the new AU-717 DC integrated amplifier and matching TU-717 tuner, designed for your greatest listening pleasure. We are proud of the superlative specifications that our sophisticated research has achieved. The finest available at any price.

But the best specs alone don't always mean the finest music reproduction. And so we are proud that our precision engineering and superior circuitry design create pure and brilliantly clean tonal quality that's distinctly superior.

Listen to what we offer: Frequency response of the AU-717 from main in, 0Hz to 200kHz (+0dB, -3dB), (the widest of any DC integrated amplifier available), gives you sharp, clean transients and greatly reduced phase shift problems. Total harmonic distortion is astoundingly low, less than 0.025%, from 10-20,000Hz. 85 watts/channel min. RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms.

Dual independent power supplies provide truest stereo separation and a large power reservoir. For uncolored phono reproduction equalization is within $\pm 0.2 dB$ (20-20,000Hz, extended RIAA curve). And the calibrated-

attenuator level control guarantees volume precision.

The matching TU-717 tuner features dual IF bandwidth to let you select for lowest distortion (0.07% mono, 0.07% stereo) or maximum selectivity (80dB). S/N is excellent: 80dB mono, 77dB stereo.

In addition, the AU/TU 717's are elegantly styled, offer rack mounting adaptors and are most attractively priced. Less than \$450* for the AU-717 and less than \$320* for the TU-717.

Listen to these brilliant new components at your franchised Sansui dealer today. When you hear the new Sansui AU/TU-717's, you will never again want to settle for less than the best.

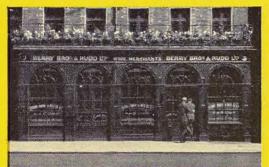
Sansui. A whole new world of musical pleasure.

*Approximate nationally advertised value. The actual retall price will be set by the individual dealer at his option.



IT TOOK A WINE MERCHANT TO BLEND A SCOTCH THIS PLEASING TO THE PALATE.

Ever since the late 1600's, Berry Brothers & Rudd, Ltd. have affixed their personal label to some of the

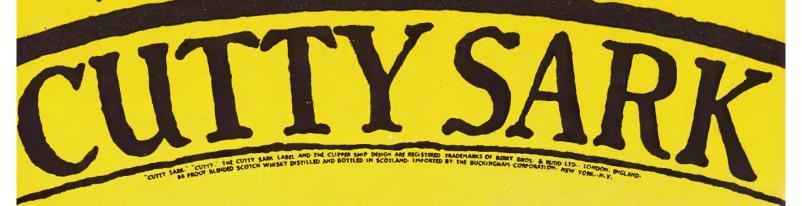


Lords tippled here.

world's most expensive and pleasing potions. And their shop in London has attracted a parade of peers, poets and prime ministers to its door.

Naturally, when Berry Brothers & Rupp created a Scotch Whisky, they blended it to meet the expectations of noble tastes. The result was Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. A Scotch of uncommon breeding and distinctive smoothness.

Today, you can obtain Cutty Sark from your neighborhood spirits merchant, secure in the knowledge that it will live up to its heritage. You'd expect no less from the people who provided Napoleon III with claret, Beau Brummel with chambertin, and Lord Byron with port.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

FACT VS. FANTASY

A study of pornography at the Deep Throat Institute of Self-Abuse and 8mm Art Films has led many scientists to believe that by 1990 the sexual revolution will have escalated to hand grenades and small-arms fire. This ties in with the White House Pornography Commission's study for which some 40 Congressmen viewed 48 hours of porn films in one day, or something like that, and progressed in their findings from "disgusting" and "awful" to "Where are the bondage films?" and "Son of a bitch, what a hairy box!"

As an avid film buff and movie projectionist, let me try to cast some light on this subject. Scholars, legislators and reformers seem to take porn seriously and completely miss the point, well understood by customers, that it is merely another kind of fantasy film—to be viewed for pleasure and entertainment but not taken literally. Not once in a porno film does the wife, mistress, girlfriend or plastic party doll (batteries not included) ever have a headache, and in practically all cases the males command 15-inch penises that they wield like baseball bats.

I mean, if you showed these films with real people engaged in real-life sex, interest would soon drop like a wilted pecker and America would go back to cutting the underwear ads out of mail-order catalogs.

> Mike Downey San Mateo, California

CORRECTION

Let us set your readers straight concerning that banana show so admiringly described by a gallant member of the Marine Corps in your November issue. The grunt who wrote in fed you people a line of shit. We were stationed on Okinawa for nine months and the beautiful girl he talks about stands 5'6" and weighs in at nearly 200 pounds. She didn't break the banana up before sticking it up her pussy. She inserted the whole peeled banana, then used her muscles to push it back out an inch at a time, snapping off pieces of it with her pussy lips. If she got tired of bananas, she'd get out her snake, a real live one, and do the same sort of thing. But not snap it off, of course.

Tell that jarhead to go to the Paris Steam Bath. It's the best on the island.

The Mechanics MCB 74

FPO New York, New York

Certainly good of you to straighten this out before too many readers headed for Okinawa and came back disappointed.

NO SCORE

Let's once and for all debunk the myth that a new female sexuality exists. It doesn't. For the most part, women still insist upon being seduced, basically because they really don't enjoy sex. Pity the man who lacks successful seduction skills.

The truth is that when women engage in sex, they do so for specific reasons: to make babies, to placate hubby, for ego

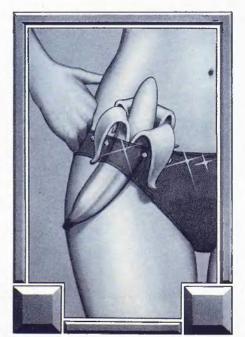
"I found many drunken whores who were friendly, respectful and honest."

gratification and for money. The celebration of the sexual revolution is everywhere, but as for me, I don't get any, can't get any on the side and would have to worry about getting caught if I did. To take matters from worse to terrible, this state has just passed an antipornography bill. God help me; what'll I do now?

> (Name withheld by request) Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

A LITTLE RESPECT

In reply to "Single and Lonely" in the November *Playboy Forum*: If he believes women are attracted to him for



being friendly, respectful and honest, he is deluded. Women consider honest men suckers, prefer belligerence because it commands respect and are very attracted to friendly con artists. In essence, women are conceited animals who are attracted to men more conceited than themselves.

The best job I ever had paid \$2.98 an hour. That was in Thailand, where a hooker cost five dollars for the night and I got more sex in six months than I'll probably get for the rest of my life. The V.D. wasn't as bad as being castrated by power-hungry females seeking big penises and big money. In fact, I found many drunken whores who were friendly, respectful and honest.

Richard Bilomasur Homer, Alaska

Now let's hear from the ladies.

RAPE REBUTTAL

Karin Bass insists in the September Playboy Forum that a woman has always had to prove that a rape was committed and that her past is irrelevant to the prosecution of that rape.

Not true, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. At the urging of those who style themselves liberationists, many states are dropping the statutory requirement of physical evidence as an essential of rape prosecution, in spite of the fact that this is a most unliberated and irresponsible view of the relationship of accuser and accused and their respective rights. I will agree that a woman's past has nothing to do with the prosecution of the crime of rape-provided the very same interpretation is given the past of the male on trial. It seems hardly possible to expose the past of one individual and to protect that of another without denying some aspect of due process, as well as the very equality that feminists declare to be their objective.

Harold Stauffen Statesboro, Georgia

DIFFERENT PROBLEM

Your readers of both sexes seem to agonize a good deal over the problems of shyness, breast and penis size, sexist attitudes and dozens of other obstacles to their social and sexual happiness. I've heard no one yet blame his or her problem on being bright and attractive, so let me give the above lovelorn types something new to think about.

I am seemingly blessed with both beauty and brains, which has allowed me to complete an M.A. in history while working as a fashion model. I'm complimented often on my casual and pleasant personality, how easy I am to work with and talk to, and so forth and so on. Unfortunately, my virtues along those lines seem to intimidate the men I would enjoy getting to know. I'm constantly asked out, but only by suave Porsche-driving studs who get their news from *People* magazine and their culture from *disco* dancing. Arrgh! These turkeys I can't seem to discourage; the nice guys I can't seem to encourage enough, as if they were thinking, What would a winner like you want with an ordinary fellow like me?

The result is that I stay home and masturbate a lot. Thank goodness I also enjoy reading.

(Name withheld by request) Washington, D.C.

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

Concerning Bob Randall's letter in the October *Playboy Forum* under the heading "Pot and Glaucoma": I became hip to Bob's form of treatment in 1975, when I suffered a punctured eye from a friend's finger during a basketball game. Pot was nothing new to me, but on the day of the accident, as I lay in a hospital room with one eye blind and both bandaged, one of my suitemates got me stoned. I managed to stay that way until I was released.

After that, I was treated by a local eye specialist, who had two other patients with similar injuries. He was surprised to find that I was healing and the others, a young man and a young woman, were not. He attributed this to the fact that my eyeball pressure was abnormally low, whereas theirs was abnormally high (as a result of their injuries), and that was apparently retarding the healing process. I now have 20/30 vision in the eye that was hurt.

I didn't tell him the reason my intraocular pressure was low; both Randall and I know. But somebody should pass the word to Joe America and Jimmy Carter.

> Byrne H. Kelly Williamstown, Massachusetts

Randall's case was reported in detail in our March 1977 issue.

MORE ANITA BRYANT

After following the Anita Bryant debate in *The Playboy Forum* for the past few months, I'm beginning to worry about one of the issues she raises. Not the national homosexual peril but the possibility that orange juice rots the brain.

M. Dixon Los Angeles, California

BASIC CONCEPT OF SEX

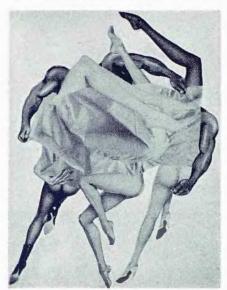
There are many things about your magazine I like, but you and others like you completely ignore the basic concept of sex: that it is for the perpetuation of the species, or having babies. Show me a child that was conceived from a homosexual relationship and I will go to the moon

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WAGES OF SIN

MARACAY, VENEZUELA—A self-proclaimed "modesty brigade," armed with shotguns and revolvers, raided a motel, stripped 13 couples of their clothes and lectured them to follow more virtuous ways. The motel owner, who was tied



up, said the raiders took only clothing and left behind all money and valuables. The couples left the motel wearing sheets.

SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT

TULSA—The American Civil Liberties Union has filed a complaint asking the Federal Government to investigate a program of compulsory dieting for overweight students at Tulsa's Oral Roberts University. The complaint alleges that the school tests all students and puts those deemed unhealthily fat on a mandatory weight-loss program. Those students must then submit an approved diet menu once a week and face expulsion if they don't make the necessary effort to shape up.

The complaint also alleges that the school has refused to admit physically disabled students, to employ physically disabled persons and to eliminate architectural barriers for the handicapped.

BANNED BY THE BAPTISTS

OKLAHOMA CITY—Sex-change operations at Oklahoma City's Baptist Medical Center have been banned by a 51-to-2 vote of the board of directors of the Baptist General Convention of Oklahoma. The hospital previously was a major national center for such surgery, which has become a source of controversy among Southern Baptists. The church board is reportedly dominated by ministers who oppose the operation on the ground that gender abnormalities are psychological and can be corrected only through spiritual transformation.

PILL PROBLEMS

LONDON-Two new and significant British studies, conducted among 63,000 women over a nine-year period, indicate that women over 35 substantially increase their chances of circulatory disease by taking oral contraceptives. For women under 35 who are on the pill, the death rate from such diseases is about one in 20,000; but for women aged 35 to 44, the risk increases to one in 3000, according to research reported in the British medical journal Lancet; and for women aged 45 to 49, the risk of death from heart attack becomes one in 700. Commenting on the studies, two prominent British physicians found "no evidence to justify recommending any change of oral-contraceptive practice" for women under 30 but recommended that older women consider alternative forms of birth control.

ENDANGERED SPECIES

TALLAHASSEE—The Committee on Criminal Justice of the Florida House of Representatives has approved a bill making it illegal to molest or attack a skunk ape—the Florida version of Bigfoot or the Abominable Snowman—as long as it's minding its own business. The bill's sponsor conceded that, so far, nobody has got hold of these creatures, but he said that a lot of his constituents claim to have seen them and are worried about their welfare.

KEEP 'EM FLYING

CHICAGO—In what may be the biggest private settlement of any case yet based on the Civil Rights Act of 1964, American Airlines has agreed to pay over \$2,700,000 to approximately 300 stewardesses fired between 1965 and 1970 for taking maternity leave. The plaintiffs in the class-action suit also will be offered seniority dating from the time they were fired. A similar suit involving Trans World Airlines is still in the courts.

OFFICER FRIENDLY

ELDORA, IOWA—Local police arrested a 17-year-old youth who came in to

claim the impounded car in which his younger brother and two friends were earlier picked up for possession of marijuana. He explained that the car was his and that he would like to recover it and some pipes, which also had been seized. The police presented him with not only the pipes but also the pot, then placed him under arrest when he pocketed the contraband. To this he responded, "I knew you were going to do that."

POT LAWS CRITICIZED

CHICAGO-The American Bar Association and the American Medical Association have jointly appealed to Congress and state legislatures to repeal criminal penalties for the private use of marijuana. "We believe the time has come to liberalize laws regarding the possession of marijuana for personal use," the two Chicago-based organizations said in a five-paragraph statement. "In too many states, statutes exact punishment that far exceeds the crime. We agree with President Carter, who showed a humane attitude in asking that the possession of insignificant amounts for personal use should not subject the user to criminal charges."

BIG MOUTH

ATLANTA—An escaped prisoner was recaptured after he called an Atlanta radio station to complain that his caper was not adequately publicized by the news media. He was still arguing on the



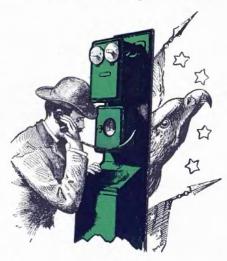
telephone when the police, alerted by the radio station, entered the restaurant from which he was calling and placed him back under arrest.

EQUAL PROTECTION

BOSTON—Under a bill introduced in the state legislature, it would become a crime in Massachusetts to "fraudulently and deceitfully" entice an unmarried male away from his mother's house for the purpose of "effecting a clandestine marriage." The intent of the bill is to extend one of the state's many "chastity laws"—which prohibit "crimes against chastity, morality, decency and good order"—to men as well as women.

TELEPHONE TAPS

CINCINNATI—In a potentially precedent-setting decision, a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that Federal courts have the power to order telephone companies to install and operate sophisticated wire taps for the FBI. The court held that enlisting the aid of the



telephone company may be necessary to carry out certain court-ordered wire taps beyond the technical capability of lawenforcement personnel,

COMPUTER COMBATS SEXISM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A giant Government computer has been assigned the task of excising discriminatory sex references from the entire body of Federal laws and regulations. The project has been funded to the extent of \$620,000 through the next fiscal year.

THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME INSIDE

WURZBURG, WEST GERMANY—Twins born to a supposedly sterilized 30-year-old poor woman will have to be supported by public funds, a Würzburg court has ruled. The court will hold state authorities responsible for the negligence of doctors at a state-financed clinic where, during a sterilization operation, surgeons mistakenly tied off a womb ligament instead of the ovaries.

FRUIT QUEEN RIDES AGAIN

NEW YORK—During an interview on the "Today" program, anti-gay-rights crusader Anita Bryant said she would favor legislation making homosexuality a Federal crime. When asked what the scope and penalties of such a law should be, she said she lacked the legal knowledge to be more specific. without a rocket. These people are sick and you are making them sicker. There is no such thing as a born homosexual. Genetic weakness, granted, but it is basically an environmental sickness.

Had God created anything better than a satisfying heterosexual relationship for the purpose of the perpetuation of the species, He would have kept it for Himself. It encompasses all of our earthly experience and is the zenith of our earthly existence. You should be ashamed of yourselves and I know that deep in your own hearts, you know better.

> L. Neil McCallum Sarasota, Florida

Wait just a minute! All we've ever said is that homosexuals should not be treated as criminals nor deprived of their constitutional rights as U.S. citizens. We're pretty much heterosexual ourselves, except for a fellow in the advertising department we're not too sure about.

WRITE-A-CON

The nationwide Prison Pen Pals program is completing its second successful year of operation, but it needs more help. This program is intended to get ordinary citizens of all ages and both sexes involved with persons in prison who may no longer have family and friends on the outside to motivate them to change.

At present, we are matching over 400 citizens and convicts each month. But we desperately need more concerned citizens on the outside to write to prisoners on the inside. A Prison Pen Pal Bulletin will be mailed free of charge to anyone who writes to: Prison Pen Pals, Box 1217, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

Incidentally, I'd like to thank the Playboy Foundation for making this project possible.

> Lou Torok, Director Prison Pen Pals Cincinnati, Ohio

AD NAUSEAM

Jeez! Are you guys serious? Take a course in bonehead philosophy, quick! In your rejoinder to R. W. Koslik's antiabortion comments (The Playboy Forum, December) accusing you of argumentum ad hominem-attacking the individual instead of the truth or falsity of his assertions-you resort to that very tactic in correcting his definition and calling him and his ideas stupid. Actually, he uses the expression correctly in the context of his letter; but it also means appealing to a person's feelings and prejudices rather than to his intellect, which is approximately how you define the term. Your reply is so Jesuitical that the Jebbies must have taught you your philosophy.

Don Johns Venice, California

PLAYBOY might benefit from an introduction to logic. The logical fallacy of

A "Playboy Forum" Report

POT LAWS IN OTHER LANDS

many foreign countries now lead the u.s. in the world-wide movement toward marijuana-law reform

The following report describes the marijuana laws and enforcement practices in various foreign countries. It was prepared by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws from information supplied to the State Department by U. S. Embassies and was published in greater detail in NORML's newsletter, The Leaslet, which noted that only five years ago, another Government-sponsored survey found nearly every country to have strict marijuana prohibitions. This 1977 survey indicates a world-wide trend toward more lenient pot laws—a direction in which this country is only now starting to move.

Marijuana decriminalization in foreign nations has taken forms not unlike those existing in the ten American states that have adopted reforms. For example, in Italy and

COUNTRIES THAT HAVE PASSED DECRIMINALIZATION LAWS

Chad: Small fine, reprimand for simple possession of small amounts.

Denmark: Possession of up to 10 grams—verbal warning or up to \$50 fine; possession of 10–50 grams—up to \$67 fine.

Ecuador: Possession for personal use not subject to prosecution, only possible placement in rehabilitation program.

India: Possession not illegal in some states; in other states users rarely, if ever, arrested.

Italy: Possession of small amounts for personal use is not a crime.

Mauritius: Possession for personal use subject to maximum \$150 fine. Nepal: Persons possessing small amounts, first offense, usually freed by the court upon signing a statement that they will not repeat the offense.

Peru: Possession for personal use is a civil, not criminal, violation, subject to educational or other programs.

Swaziland: Use of marijuona not illegal; possession for personal use is a civil violation, subject to fines at the discretion of the magistrate. Thailand: Possession for personal use subject to maximum \$10 fine. Uruguay: Possession for personal use is subject to rehabilitation or

Yugoslavia: No penalty for possession for personal use.

medical treatment.

Yugoslavia, possession of marijuana for personal use is not illegal, while in Denmark and Thailand, possessing a small quantity is subject to only a reprimand or a small fine. In other countries, such as Ecuador and Uruguay, simple possession cases are diverted to educational programs.

The most severe penalties are generally reserved for the sale of marijuana and range from up to life imprisonment with whipping or death in Malaysia to not less than ten years in Nigeria.

Marijuana has an identity problem under many foreign laws. Most countries continue to classify it as a "narcotic" drug, but some have come up with more inventive classifications. In Hungary, marijuana is listed as a "drug suitable for pathological enjoyment," and in the U.S.S.R., pot is generally classified under "Powerful and Poisonous Substances."

There are also a number of unusual offenses created by the foreign laws. In France, encouraging drug use either by speech or in writing is punishable by up to five years. And in Guatemala, if a drug offense is committed by a teacher, priest, physician, midwife, laboratory technician or other person "responsible for the leadership of groups," the penalty is increased by one third.

Until recently, Mexican practices ranged from nonenforcement to physical torture of arrestees. A few months ago, the attorney general of Mexico announced that cases involving the personal use of small amounts of drugs would no longer be prosecuted, but whether or not this new national policy is

observed by local and regional authorities remains to be seen. While the State Department survey does provide an impor-

while the State Department survey does provide an important measure of shifting global policy, it is not a traveler's guide. Some reports from the U.S. missions overseas described only the "routine" disposition of marijuana offenses,

COUNTRIES WITH THE HARSHEST PENALTIES FOR POSSESSION

South Korea: 7–10 years at hard labor. Penalty contained in new law that took effect in January 1977.

Burma: 5-10 years. Possession is a "low priority" offense.

Costa Rica: 5–10 years. Magistrates generally divert simple possession cases to education or treatment programs.

Niger: 5–10 years. There have apparently been no recorded arrests for simple possession after this law took effect in 1974.

Venezuela: 4–8 years. Simple possession routinely not prosecuted.

Turkey: 3–\$ years. Strictly enforced. Until recently, penalty was not less than 10 years, plus banishment.

South Africa: 2–10 years for possession of up to 115 grams; 5–10 years for possession of more than 115 grams. Penalties contained in law passed 1971. Simple possession cases routinely given suspended sentence or placed in drug-education program.

Bolivia: 2–8 years. Strictly enforced. No distinction between marijuana and narcotics.

Qatar: 1–5 years. Simple possession cases generally receive 1 year.

Syria: 6 months—life. Strictly enforced. No distinction between marijuana and narcotics.

and in other instances, the reports were incomplete and ambiguous. The actual treatment by a foreign government of an individual case may be influenced by a variety of factors, including local corruption and custom. And in some parts of the world, brutality and terror still exist.

COUNTRIES WITH GENERAL NONENFORCEMENT OF EXISTING LAWS

Reported Routine Treatment	Not Prosecuted	Small Fine Only	Diverted to Educational or Treatment Program
Austria	Х		
Belize		X	
Botswana		Х	
Burundi	X		
Cameroon	X		
Colombia	X		
Costa Rica			X
Finland		X	
Gambia		Х	
Ghana		Х	
Guyana	X		İ
Ireland	X		
Jamaica		Х	
Luxembourg			Х
Mexico	Х		
Netherlands	X		
Niger	х		
Norway		Х	
Pakistan		Х	
Paraguay			Х
South Africa			X
Sri Lanka		Х	
Venezuela	X		

argumentum ad hominem can be either abusive or circumstantial.

The former type is committed when, as Koslik states in his letter, one tries to discredit an assertion by attacking or abusing the individual who makes it. A circumstantial ad hominem argument occurs when one refers to the special circumstances of the individual addressed as a means of imputing falsity or validity to a proposition, which is the definition PLAYBOY offers in its response to Koslik. By the way, your assertion that Koslik's use of that term is "typical of anti-abortion people and demonstrates the fundamental unsoundness of their position" is an argumentum ad hominem in its abusive form.

> John Hansen Syracuse, New York

You fellows and a few dozen other scholars failed to appreciate our little effort at humor. When we stoop to nitpicking and insults, we at least try to be subtle about it.

MACHO MENACE

Is there any way I can obtain a transcript of the talk by Dr. Herbert Goldberg mentioned in Robert Lewis' letter in the November *Playboy Forum*? It might help me learn how to persuade more of my male friends to abandon their *macho* behavior patterns and just be themselves, even their imperfect selves. The role adopted by most men is tragic, inasmuch as it wastes both their emotions and their strengths.

Gina Bender

Albuquerque, New Mexico Dr. Goldberg discusses this subject at length in his book "The Hazards of Being Male," which is now available in a Signet paperback edition. He describes his book as a psychological re-examination of masculinity with particular emphasis on its self-destructive aspects, offering what he envisions to be a more self-aware and self-caring alternative.

FETUS FRACAS

I suspect that you will receive your share of letters from outraged right-tolifers because you have identified the main anti-abortion thrust as "the Roman Catholic Church hierarchy, masquerading as a nonsectarian Right-to-Life movement with the help of a few Protestant fundamentalists" (Human Rights vs. Fetal Rights, The Playboy Forum, October). But you are absolutely correct and we have plenty of documentary evidence. The Catholic Church has every right to institute whatever ecclesiastical censure it proposes for its members, but it is out of place when it tries to impose its morality on the rest of us who favor freedom of choice.

> Robert W. McCoy, Secretary National Abortion Rights Action League Washington, D.C.

Regarding William J. Helmer's dissertation, let's not counter hogwash with hogwash. He's all for providing public funds for abortions to poor ladies who get themselves knocked up. How nice. But has he considered that much-overworked word discrimination? There are several million women who earn barely enough to put them over the poverty level. Some of them become pregnant through carelessness but can't afford an abortion. Under Helmer's grandiose concern for the costly results in denying free abortion to the poor but horny ladies, he would burden the American Civil Liberties Union with countless discrimination cases. Why draw the line when considering free abortions? Let's make them free for all. Free, free, free.

> Bernard Peyser Phoenix, Arizona

The A.C.L.U. is not mentioned in the editorial and has nothing to do with the issue of Medicaid abortions, so why pick on the major organization in this country that tries to protect your constitutional right to criticize us, the Government and anybody else?

"My boyfriend deserted me at the age of 19."

To David C. Stanford (The Playboy Forum, December): My boyfriend deserted me at the age of 19 when I became pregnant. I felt I wasn't capable of caring for a baby that required more than I had to offer, both emotionally and financially, At 19 and alone, I might have hated both myself and the baby. It was a difficult decision, but I made it. Now, five years later, I am happy as a wife and mother of two children and am certain that my "fitness" to reproduce can be very favorably compared with that of those who have physically and emotionally scarred their unwanted children for life. Now that I am a mother, I am more firmly convinced than ever that I did the right thing for everyone's sake.

(Name withheld by request) St. Louis, Missouri

RED LODGE

I happened upon a character the other day who was burning flies around his home. He cursed them and called them "reincarnated Communists, the likes of Lake Headley and his accursed band of drug pushers." At first this seemed funny, but as I thought deeper about the statement, it reminded me of Ralph Scheffler's words (*The Playboy Forum*, June 1977) about California trash migrating to Montana. I have heard mutterings around Red Lodge such as "I can shoot real

straight within ten yards" and seen the eager anticipation of the old cronies gathered at the post office awaiting the weekly newspaper's accounts of current developments.

Most folks were astounded to find real criminals in their midst. Yep, most local merchants and townsfolk have already convicted the bunch and are waiting to see them hanged, even though most feel that the defendants will get off scot-free. What they don't seem to realize is that the big time has come to Red Lodge to stay. This sleepy hollow could never see beyond its own impoverished county. The national news seemed more science fiction than reality. "It could never happen here, buddy."

But something very big did happen. Bigger than the appearance of cityfolk and the rumored marijuana field. The Federal agencies pounced on an out-of-towner and blew the bust. What happened next to our community was an even bigger shock.

As speculation and suspicion formed, the Federal boys made ugly scenes in our courtrooms, our ex-police chief was ostracized by his fellow citizens and a muchloved and respected deputy sheriff died under mysterious circumstances. Controversy flared, the press bristled and the local radio station aired PLAYBOY's comments concerning the case. Stacks of PLAYBOY's sold like hot cakes from the local bookstore, even to elderly women. Strange, reclusive Government types were visible for a while. Fear gripped the town. "Big-time realities" had finally settled over Red Lodge.

Much of the local excitement has subsided since the case was moved to Billings. Sparks were rekindled at the news of the defendants' multimillion-dollar damage suits but quickly burned out when harvesttime arrived.

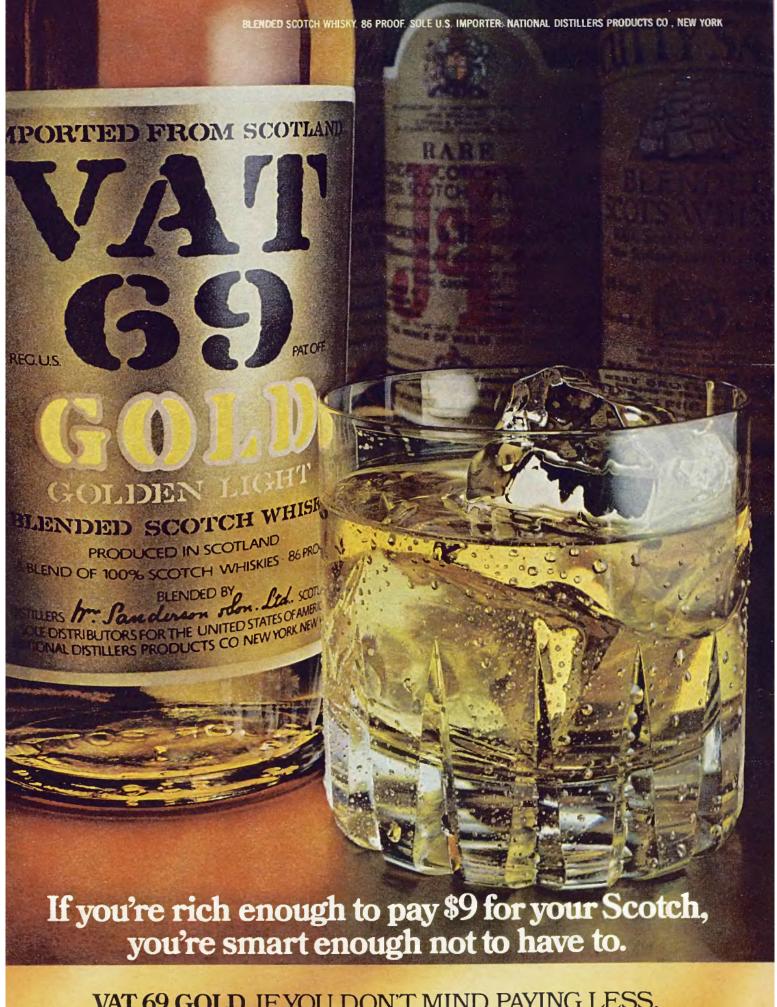
From an insider's point of view, the situation has become a battle of the local prosecutor and his accomplices vs. the Playboy Defense Team and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. A few private souls are still quaking, though. The talk has become more reasoned than frenzied, possibly due to the visible support of PLAYBOY and NORML.

We locals will be anxious to watch your continuing Casebook series on Red Lodge. But one thing is certain—we will never know all of the answers; some are already dead and buried.

> Avis Krortz Red Lodge, Montana

"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.





VAT 69 GOLD. IF YOU DON'T MIND PAYING LESS.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOBDYLAN

a candid conversation with the visionary whose songs changed the times

It was in March 1966 that PLAYBOY published the first full-length interview with Bob Dylan. In the intervening years, he has talked to journalists only rarely, and, shortly before completing his first feature film, he agreed to talk with us. We asked writer Ron Rosenbaum, who grew up listening to Dylan songs, to check in with the clusive artist. His report:

"Call it a simple twist of fate, to use a Dylan line, but perhaps psychic twist of fate is more accurate. Because there was something of a turning point in our tenday series of conversations when we exchanged confidences about psychics.

"Until that point, things had not been proceeding easily. Dylan has seldom been forthcoming with any answers, particularly in interview situations and has long been notorious for questioning the questions rather than answering them, replying with put-ons and tall tales and surrounding his real feelings with mystery and circumlocution. We would go round in circles, sometimes fascinating metaphysical circles, and I'd got a sense of his intellect but little of his heart. He hadn't given anyone a major interview for many years, but after my initial excitement at being chosen to do this one, I began to wonder whether Dylan really wanted to do it.

"It's probably unnecessary to explain why getting answers from Bob Dylan has come to mean so much to many people. One has only to recall how Dylan, born Robert Zimmerman in 1941 in Duluth, Minnesota, burst upon the early-Sixties folk-music scene with an abrasive voice and an explosive intensity, how he created songs such as 'Blowin' in the Wind' and 'The Times They Are A-Changin' that became anthems of the civil rights and antiwar movements. How he and his music raced through the Sixties at breakneck speed, leaving his folk followers behind and the politicos mystified with his electrifying, elliptical explorations of uncharted states of mind. How, in songs such as 'Mr. Tambourine Man,' 'Desolation Row,' 'Like a Rolling Stone' and 'Just like a Woman,' he created emotional road maps for an entire generation. How, in the midst of increasingly frenzied rock-'n'-roll touring, Dylan continued to surround the details of his personal life with mystery and wise-guy objuscation, mystery that deepened ominously after his near-fatal motorcycle accident in 1966. And how, after a long period of bucolic retreat devoted to fatherhood, family and country music, he suddenly returned to the stage with big nationwide tours in

1974 and, most recently, in 1976 with the all-star rock-'n'-roll ensemble known as The Rolling Thunder Revue. How his latest songs, particularly on the 'Blood on the Tracks' and 'Desire' albums, take us into new and often painful investigations of love and lust, and pain and loss, that suggest the emotional predicaments of the Seventies in a way few others can approach.

"The anthologies that chronicle all of that are littered with the bodies of interviewers he's put on, put down or put off. I was wondering if I were on my way to becoming another statistic when we hit upon the psychic connection.

"Late one afternoon, Dylan began telling me about Tamara Rand, an L.A. psychic reader he'd been seeing, because when the world falls on your head, he said, 'you need someone who can tell you how to crawl out, which way to take.' I presumed he was referring obliquely to the collapse of his 12-year marriage to Sara Dylan. (Since the child-custody battle was in progress as we talked, Dylan's lawyer refused to permit him to address that subject directly.) Dylan seemed concerned that I understand that Tamara was no con artist, that she had genuine psychic abilities. I assured him I could believe it because my sister, in addition to being a



"Have you ever lain with somebody when your hearts were beating in the same rhythm? That's true love. A man and a woman who lie down with their hearts beating together are truly lucky."



"Listen, if I wasn't Bob Dylan, I'd probably think that Bob Dylan has a lot of answers myself. Dylan isn't a cat, he doesn't have nine lives, so he can only do what he can do: not break under the strain."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL IRI

"The myth of the starving artist is a myth. Who says an artist can't have any money? Look at Picasso. You don't have to starve to be a good artist. Look at Matisse; he was a banker."

talented writer, has some remarkable psychic abilities and is in great demand in New York for her prescient readings. Dylan asked her name (it's Ruth) and when I told him, he looked impressed. 'I've heard of her,' he said. I think that made the difference, because after that exchange, Dylan became far more forthcoming with me. Some of the early difficulties of the interview might also be explained by the fact that Dylan was physically and mentally drained from an intense three-month sprint to finish editing and dubbing 'Renaldo & Clara,' the movie he'd been writing, directing and co-editing for a full two years. He looked pale, smoked a lot of cigarettes and seemed fidgety. The final step in the moviemaking process—the sound mix—was moving slowly, largely because of his own nervous perfectionism.

"Most of our talks took place in a little shack of a dressing room outside dubbing stage five at the Burbank Studios. Frequently, we'd be interrupted as Dylan would have to run onto the dubbing stage and watch the hundredth run-through of one of the film's two dozen reels to see if his detailed instructions had been carried out. I particularly remember one occasion when I accompanied him onto the dubbing stage. Onscreen, Renaldo, played by Bob Dylan, and Clara, played by Sara Dylan (the movie was shot before the divorce-though not long before), are interrupted in the midst of connubial foolery by a knock at the door. In walks Joan Baez, dressed in white from head to toe, carrying a red rose. She says she's come for Renaldo. When Dylan, as Renaldo, sees who it is, his jaw drops. At the dubbing console, one of the sound men stopped the film at the jaw-drop frame and asked, 'You want me to get rid of that footstep noise in the background, Bob?' 'What footstep noise?' Dylan asked. 'When Joan comes in and we go to Renaldo, there's some kind of footstep noise in the background, maybe from outside the door,' 'Those aren't footsteps,' said Dylan. 'That's the beating of Renaldo's heart.' 'What makes you so sure?' the sound man asked teasingly. 'I know him pretty well,' Dylan said, 'I krow him by heart.' 'You want it kept there, then?' 'I want it louder,' Dylan said. He turned to me, 'You ever read that thing by Poe, "The Tell-Tale Heart"?" I was surprised at how willing Dylan was to explain the details of his film; he'd never done that with his songs. But he's put two years and more than a piece of his heart into this five-hour epic and it seems clear that he wants to be taken seriously as a film maker with serious artistic ambitions.

"In the 'Proverbs of Hell,' William Blake (one of Dylan's favorite poets) wrote: 'The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.' Eleven years ago, Dylan's motorcycle skidded off that road and almost killed him. But unlike most

Dionysian Sixties figures, Dylan survived. He may not have reached the palace of wisdom (and, indeed, the strange palace of marble and stone he has been building at Malibu seems, according to some reports, to be sliding into the sea). But despite his various sorrows, he does seem to be bursting with exhilaration and confidence that he can still create explosive art without having to die in the explosion."

PLAYBOY: Exactly 12 years ago, we published a long interview with you in this magazine, and there's a lot to catch up on. But we'd like at least to try to start at the beginning. Besides being a singer, a poet and now a film maker, you've also been called a visionary. Do you recall any visionary experiences while you were growing up?

DYLAN: I had some amazing projections when I was a kid, but not since then. And those visions have been strong enough to keep me going through today. PLAYBOY: What were those visions like?

DYLAN: They were a feeling of wonder. I projected myself toward what I might personally, humanly do in terms of creating any kinds of reality. I was born in, grew up in a place so foreign that you had to be there to picture it.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about Hibbing, Minnesota?

DYLAN: It was all in upper Minnesota.

PLAYBOY: What was the quality of those

visionary experiences?

DYLAN: Well, in the winter, everything was still, nothing moved. Eight months of that. You can put it together. You can have some amazing hallucinogenic experiences doing nothing but looking out your window. There is also the summer, when it gets hot and sticky and the air is very metallic. There is a lot of Indian spirit. The earth there is unusual, filled with ore. So there is something happening that is hard to define. There is a magnetic attraction there. Maybe thousands and thousands of years ago, some planet bumped into the land there. There is a great spiritual quality throughout the Midwest. Very subtle, very strong, and that is where I grew up. New York was a

PLAYBOY: Why did you leave Minnesota? **DYLAN:** Well, there comes a time for all things to pass.

PLAYBOY: More specifically, why the dream of New York?

DYLAN: It was a dream of the cosmopolitan riches of the mind.

PLAYBOY: Did you find them there?

DYLAN: It was a great place for me to learn and to meet others who were on similar journeys.

PLAYBOY: People like Allen Ginsberg, for instance?

DYLAN: Not necessarily him. He was pretty established by the time I got there. But it was Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac who inspired me at first—and where I came from, there wasn't the sophisticated trans-

portation you have now. To get to New York, you'd have to go by thumb. Anyway, those were the old days when John Denver used to play sideman. Many people came out of that period of time. Actors, dancers, politicians, a lot of people were involved with that period of time.

PLAYBOY: What period are you talking about?

DYLAN: Real early Sixties.

PLAYBOY: What made that time so special? DYLAN: I think it was the last go-round for people to gravitate to New York. People had gone to New York since the 1800s, I think. For me, it was pretty fantastic. I mean, it was like, there was a café—what was it called?—I forgot the name, but it was Aaron Burr's old livery stable. You know, just being in that area, that part of the world was enlightening.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say it was the last go-round?

DYLAN: I don't think it happened after that. I think it finished, New York died after that, late to middle Sixties.

PLAYBOY: What killed it?

DYLAN: Mass communication killed it. It turned into one big carnival side show. That is what I sensed and I got out of there when it was just starting to happen. The atmosphere changed from one of creativity and isolation to one where the attention would be turned more to the show. People were reading about themselves and believing it. I don't know when it happened. Sometime around Peter, Paul and Mary, when they got pretty big. It happened around the same time. For a long time, I was famous only in certain circles in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and that was fine enough for me. I am an eyewitness to that time. I am one of the survivors of that period. You know as well as I do that a lot of people didn't make it. They didn't live to tell about it, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think they didn't

DYLAN: People were still dealing with illusion and delusion at that time. The times really change and they don't change. There were different characters back then and there were things that were undeveloped that are fully developed now. But back then, there was space, space-well, there wasn't any pressure. There was all the time in the world to get it done. There wasn't any pressure, because nobody knew about it. You know, I mean, music people were like a bunch of cotton pickers. They see you on the side of the road picking cotton, but nobody stops to give a shit. I mean, it wasn't that important. So Washington Square was a place where people you knew or met congregated every Sunday and it was like a world of music. You know the way New York is: I mean, there could be 20 different things happening in the same kitchen or in the same park; there could be 200 bands in one park in New York; there could be 15 jug bands, five bluegrass

THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell tapes are not cheap.

of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape vacuumed. recorders.

Our tape is expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components.

So it makes no sense to invest in

no one gets into our manufacturing area In fact, a single reel until he's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and

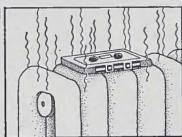
WE CLEAN OFF THE CRUD OTHER TAPES LEAVE BEHIND.

After all the work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it problem with any go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put special non-Maxell unless you have abrasive head cleaner

OUR TAPE COMES WITH A BETTER GUARANTEE THAN YOUR TAPE RECORDER.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

So our guarantee is simplicity itself: anytime you ever have a Maxell cassette, 8-track can send it back and aet a new one.



Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

sounds at your nearby audio dealer.

(Chances are, it's or reel-to-reel tape, you what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)

No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

equipment that can put it to good use.

THE REASON OUR TAPE **SOUNDS SO GOOD IS** BECAUSE IT'S MADE SO CAREFULLY.

Every batch of magnetic oxide we use aets run through an electron microscope. Because if every particle isn't perfect, the sound you hear won't be either.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape,



Every employee, vocuumed.

on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

OUR CASSETTES ARE PUT TOGETHER AS CAREFULLY AS OUR TAPE.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use. carbon-impregnated material. And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for stronger cassettes.

HEARING.

You can hear just how good Maxell tape

You'll be surprised GIVE OUR TAPE A FAIR to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.



Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonochie, New Jersey. 07074.



REPRODUCE LIFE.

If you have a head for quality high-fidelity components, you know that AKAI is synonymous with superior performance and life-like sound reproduction.

But here's something you may not know.

The AKAI CS-702D. It's the front-loading cassette deck that doesn't cost you an arm and a leg. In fact, it has a lot of features you'd expect to pay more for.

Dolby,* of course, to eliminate tape hiss, and a multiplex filter circuit to filter out those ghoulish broadcast noises. A limiter switch to prevent over-

level recording. Vertical head block assembly. Separate right and left channel recording level controls. Direct channel recording level controls, Direct function controls. Pause control for easy editing. Full release auto stop. Illuminated VU meters. A terrific looking walnut grained vinyl cover. And a lot more.

So listen to the AKAI CS-702D soon, And breathe a little life into your system.

*TM of Dolby Labs, Inc.

AKAI



ART COLLECTORS:

For an 18" x 24" reproduction of this Charles Bragg etching suitable for framing, send \$2 to AKAI, Dept. P.L. P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224, ATTN: Frankie

bands and an old crummy string band, 20 Irish confederate groups, a Southern mountain band, folk singers of all kinds and colors, singing John Henry work songs. There was bodies piled sky-high doing whatever they felt like doing. Bongo drums, conga drums, saxophone players, xylophone players, drummers of all nations and nationalities. Poets who would rant and rave from the statues. You know, those things don't happen anymore. But then that was what was happening. It was all street. Cafés would be open all night. It was a European thing that never really took off. It has never really been a part of this country. That is what New York was like when I got there.

PLAYBOY: And do you think that mass communications, such as *Time* magazine's putting Joan Bacz on the cover—

DYLAN: Mass communication killed it all. Oversimplification, I don't know whose idea it was to do that, but soon after, the people moved away.

PLAYBOY: Just to stay on the track, what first turned you on to folk singing? You actually started out in Minnesota playing the electric guitar with a rock group, didn't you?

DYLAN: Yeah. The first thing that turned me on to folk singing was Odetta. I heard a record of hers in a record store, back when you could listen to records right there in the store. That was in '58 or something like that. Right then and there, I went out and traded my electric guitar and amplifier for an acoustical guitar, a flat-top Gibson.

PLAYBOY: What was so special to you about that Odetta record?

DYLAN: Just something vital and personal. I learned all the songs on that record. It was her first and the songs were Mule Skinner, Jack of Diamonds, Water Boy, Buked and Scorned.

PLAYBOY: When did you learn to play the guitar?

DYLAN: I saved the money I had made working on my daddy's truck and bought a Silvertone guitar from Sears Roebuck. I was 12. I just bought a book of chords and began to play.

PLAYBOY: What was the first song you wrote?

DYLAN: The first song I wrote was a song to Brigitte Bardot.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember how it went?

DYLAN: I don't recall too much of it. It had only one chord. Well, it is all in the heart. Anyway, from Odetta, I went to Harry Belafonte, the Kingston Trio, little by little uncovering more as I went along. Finally, I was doing nothing but Carter Family and Jesse Fuller songs. Then later I got to Woody Guthrie, which opened up a whole new world at that time. I was still only 19 or 20.

I was pretty fanatical about what I wanted to do, so after learning about 200 of Woody's songs, I went to see him and I waited for the right moment to visit him



At Mercedes Benz, they engineer a great car, without regard for price.

Subaru engineers a great car, with great regard for price.

For one of the lowest sticker prices around, Subaru gives you a long list of engineering features. Like front wheel drive, steel belted radials and our remarkable SEEC-T engine which can run on regular gas. Something Mercedes, not to mention a lot of economy cars, can't do.

You also get the convenience of over 600 Subaru dealers. Check the yellow pages

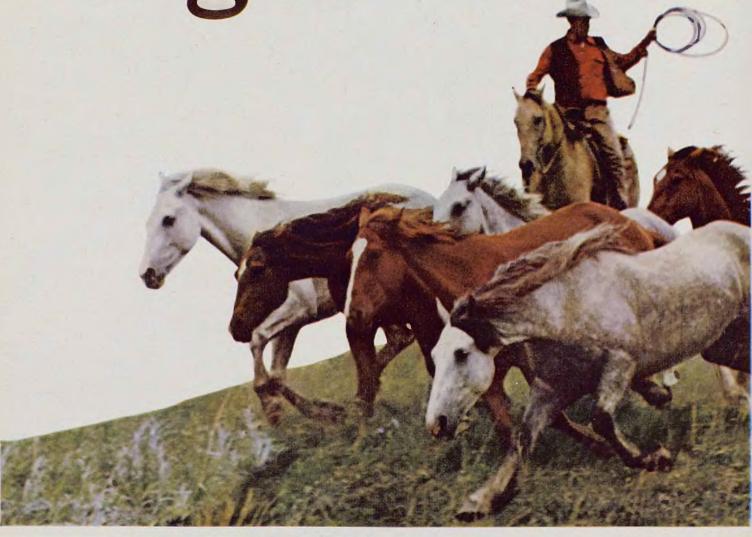
for the dealer nearest you.

Subaru and Mercedes, two of the finest engineered cars around. One sells for 8 times the price of the other. The choice is yours.

*Plus dealer prep, delivery and taxes. †In Cal., Total POE — not including tax, license and inland transportation is \$3,257. Wheel trim rings and rally stripes are extra.



New Marlboro Lights 100's



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

Kings: 12 mg "tar;" 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug; 77 100's: 12 mg "tar;" 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



The spirit of Marlboro in a longer low tar cigarette.



Cocktails For Two Self-Service Display.

Cocktails For Two Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, In. and Fresno, Ca. © 1978



in a hospital in Morristown, New Jersey. I took a bus from New York, sat with him and sang his songs. I kept visiting him a lot and got on friendly terms with him. From that point on, it gets a little foggy.

PLAYBOY: Folk singing was considered pretty weird in those days, wasn't it?

DYLAN: It definitely was. Sing Out was the only magazine you could read about those people. They were special people and you kept your distance from them.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

DYLAN: Well, they were the type of people you just observed and learned from, but you would never approach them. I never would, anyway. I remember being too shy. But it took me a long time to realize the New York crowd wasn't that different from the singers I'd seen in my own home town. They were right there, on the backroad circuit, people like the Stanley Brothers, playing for a few nights. If I had known then what I do now, I probably would have taken off when I was 12 and followed Bill Monroe. 'Cause I could have gotten to the same place.

PLAYBOY: Would you have gotten there sooner?

DYLAN: Probably would have saved me a lot of time and hassles.

PLAYBOY: This comes under the category of setting the record straight: By the time you arrived in New York, you'd changed your name from Robert Zimmerman to Bob Dylan. Was it because of Dylan Thomas?

DYLAN: No. I haven't read that much of Dylan Thomas. It's a common thing to change your name. It isn't that incredible, Many people do it. People change their town, change their country. New appearance, new mannerisms. Some people have many names. I wouldn't pick a name unless I thought I was that person. Sometimes you are held back by your name. Sometimes there are advantages to having a certain name. Names are labels so we can refer to one another. But deep inside us we don't have a name. We have no name. I just chose that name and it stuck.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what Zimmerman means in German?

DYLAN: My forebears were Russian. I don't know how they got a German name coming from Russia. Maybe they got their name coming off the boat or something. To make a big deal over somebody's name, you're liable to make a big deal about any little thing. But getting back to Dylan Thomas, it wasn't that I was inspired by reading some of his poetry and going "Aha!" and changing my name to Dylan. If I thought he was that great, I would have sung his poems, and could just as easily have changed my name to Thomas.

PLAYBOY: Bob Thomas? It would have been a mistake.

DYLAN: Well, that name changed me. I didn't sit around and think about it too much. That is who I felt I was.

PLAYBOY: Do you deny being the enfant

terrible in those days—do you deny the craziness of it all that has been portrayed?

DYLAN: No, it's true. That's the way it was. But...can't stay in one place forever.

PLAYBOY: Did the motorcycle accident you had in 1966 have anything to do with cooling you off, getting you to relax?

DYLAN: Well, now you're jumping way ahead to another period of time. . . . What was I doing? I don't know. It came time. Was it when I had the motorcycle accident? Well, I was straining pretty hard and couldn't have gone on living that way much longer. The fact that I made it through what I did is pretty miraculous. But, you know, sometimes you get too close to something and you got to get away from it to be able to see it. And something like that happened to me at the time.

PLAYBOY: In a book you published during that period, *Tarantula*, you wrote an epitaph for yourself that begins: "Here

"If I thought Dylan
Thomas was that great, I
would have sung his poems,
and could just as easily
have changed my
name to Thomas."

lies Bob Dylan / murdered / from behind / by trembling flesh..."

DYLAN: Those were in my wild, unnatural moments. I'm glad those feelings passed.

PLAYBOY: What were those days like?

DYLAN: [Pause] I don't remember. [Long

PLAYBOY: There was a report in the press recently that you turned the Beatles on to grass for the first time. According to the story, you gave Ringo Starr a toke at J.F.K. Airport and it was the first time for any of them. True?

DYLAN: I'm surprised if Ringo said that. It don't sound like Ringo. I don't recall meeting him at J.F.K. Airport.

PLAYBOY: OK. Who turned you on?

DYLAN: Grass was everywhere in the clubs. It was always there in the jazz clubs and in the folk-music clubs. There was just grass and it was available to musicians in those days. And in coffeehouses way back in Minneapolis. That's where I first came into contact with it, I'm sure. I forget when or where, really.

PLAYBOY: Why did the musicians like grass so much?

DYLAN: Being a musician means—depending on how far you go—getting to the depths of where you are at. And most any musician would try anything to get to those depths, because playing music is

an immediate thing—as opposed to putting paint on a canvas, which is a calculated thing. Your spirit flies when you are playing music. So, with music, you tend to look deeper and deeper inside yourself to find the music. That's why, I guess, grass was around those clubs. I know the whole scene has changed now; I mean, pot is almost a legal thing. But in the old days, it was just for a few people.

PLAYBOY: Did psychedelics have a similar effect on you?

DYLAN: No. Psychedelics never influenced me. I don't know, I think Timothy Leary had a lot to do with driving the last nails into the coffin of that New York scene we were talking about. When psychedelics happened, everything became irrelevant. Because that had nothing to do with making music or writing poems or trying to really find yourself in that day and age.

PLAYBOY: But people thought they were doing just that—finding themselves.

DYLAN: People were deluded into thinking they were something that they weren't: birds, airplanes, fire hydrants, whatever. People were walking around thinking they were stars.

PLAYBOY: As far as your music was concerned, was there a moment when you made a conscious decision to work with an electric band?

DYLAN: Well, it had to get there. It had to go that way for me. Because that's where I started and eventually it just got back to that. I couldn't go on being the lone folkie out there, you know, strumming Blowin' in the Wind for three hours every night. I hear my songs as part of the music, the musical background.

PLAYBOY: When you hear your songs in your mind, it's not just you strumming alone, you mean?

DYLAN: Well, no, it is to begin with. But then I always hear other instruments, how they should sound. The closest I ever got to the sound I hear in my mind was on individual bands in the Blonde on Blonde album. It's that thin, that wild mercury sound. It's metallic and bright gold, with whatever that conjures up. That's my particular sound. I haven't been able to succeed in getting it all the time. Mostly, I've been driving at a combination of guitar, harmonica and organ, but now I find myself going into territory that has more percussion in it and [pause]

PLAYBOY: Was that wild mercury sound in I Want You?

DYLAN: Yeah, it was in *I Want You*. It was in a lot of that stuff. It was in the album before that, too.

PLAYBOY: Highway 61 Revisited?

rhythms of the soul.

DYLAN: Yeah. Also in *Bringing It All Back Home*. That's the sound I've always heard. Later on, the songs got more defined, but it didn't necessarily bring more power to them. The sound was whatever happened to be available at the time. I have to get back to the sound, to the

sound that will bring it all through me.

PLAYBOY: Can't you just reassemble the same musicians?

DYLAN: Not really. People change, you know, they scatter in all directions. People's lives get complicated. They tend to have more distractions, so they can't focus on that fine, singular purpose.

PLAYBOY: You're searching for people? DYLAN: No, not searching, the people are there. But I just haven't paid as much attention to it as I should have. I haven't felt comfortable in a studio since I worked with Tom Wilson. The next move for me is to have a permanent band. You know, usually I just record whatever's available at the time. That's my thing, you know, and it's-it's legitimate. I mean, I do it because I have to do it that way. I don't want to keep doing it, because I would like to get my life more in order. But until now, my recording sessions have tended to be last-minute affairs. I don't really use all the technical studio stuff. My songs are done live in the studio; they always have been and they always will be done that way. That's why they're alive. No matter what else you say about them, they are alive. You know, what Paul Simon does or Rod Stewart does or Crosby, Stills and Nash do-a record is not that monumental for me to make. It's just a record of songs.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your transition from folk to rock, the period when you

came out with Highway 61 must have been exciting.

DYLAN: Those were exciting times. We were doing it before anybody knew we would-or could. We didn't know what it was going to turn out to be. Nobody thought of it as folk-rock at the time. There were some people involved in it, like The Byrds, and I remember Sonny and Cher and the Turtles and the early Rascals. It began coming out on the radio. I mean, I had a couple of hits in a row. That was the most I ever had in a rowtwo. The top ten was filled with that kind of sound-the Beatles, too-and it was exciting, those days were exciting. It was the sound of the streets. It still is. I symbolically hear that sound wherever I am.

PLAYBOY: You hear the sound of the street? DYLAN: That ethereal twilight light, you know. It's the sound of the street with the sunrays, the sun shining down at a particular time, on a particular type of building. A particular type of people walking on a particular type of street. It's an outdoor sound that drifts even into open windows that you can hear. The sound of bells and distant railroad trains and arguments in apartments and the clinking of silverware and knives and forks and beating with leather straps. It's all—it's all there. Just lack of a jackhammer, you know.

PLAYBOY: You mean if a jackhammer were—

DYLAN: Yeah, no jackhammer sounds, no airplane sounds. All pretty natural sounds. It's water, you know, water trickling down a brook. It's light flowing through the——

PLAYBOY: Late-afternoon light?

DYLAN: No, usually it's the crack of dawn.

Music filters out to me in the crack of dawn.

PLAYBOY: The "jingle jangle morning"?

DYLAN: Right.

PLAYBOY: After being up all night?

DYLAN: Sometimes. You get a little spacy when you've been up all night, so you don't really have the power to form it. But that's the sound I'm trying to get across. I'm not just up there re-creating old blues tunes or trying to invent some surrealistic rhapsody.

PLAYBOY: It's the sound that you want.

DYLAN: Yeah, it's the sound and the words. Words don't interfere with it. They—they—punctuate it. You know, they give it purpose. [Pause] And all the ideas for my songs, all the influences, all come out of that. All the influences, all the feelings, all the ideas come from that. I'm not doing it to see how good I can sound, or how perfect the melody can be, or how intricate the details can be woven or how perfectly written something can be. I don't care about those things.

PLAYBOY: The sound is that compelling to you?

DYLAN: Mmm-hnh.



PLAYBOY: When did you first hear it, or

DYLAN: I guess it started way back when I was growing up.

PLAYBOY: Not in New York?

DYLAN: Well, I took it to New York. I wasn't born in New York. I was given some direction there, but I took it, too. I don't think I could ever have done it in New York, I would have been too beaten

PLAYBOY: It was formed by the sounds back in the ore country of Minnesota?

DYLAN: Or the lack of sound. In the city, there is nowhere you can go where you don't hear sound. You are never alone. I don't think I could have done it there. Just the struggle of growing up would be immense and would really distort things if you wanted to be an artist. Well . . . maybe not. A lot of really creative people come out of New York. But I don't know anyone like myself. I meet a lot of people from New York that I get along with fine, and share the same ideas, but I got something different in my soul. Like a spirit. It's like being from the Smoky Mountains or the backwoods of Mississippi. It is going to make you a certain type of person if you stay 20 years in a place.

PLAYBOY: With your love of the country, what made you leave Woodstock in 1969

and go back to the Village?

DYLAN: It became stale and disillusioning. It got too crowded, with the wrong people throwing orders. And the old people were afraid to come out on the street. The rainbow faded.

PLAYBOY: But the Village, New York City, wasn't the answer, either.

DYLAN: The stimulation had vanished. Everybody was in a pretty down mood. It

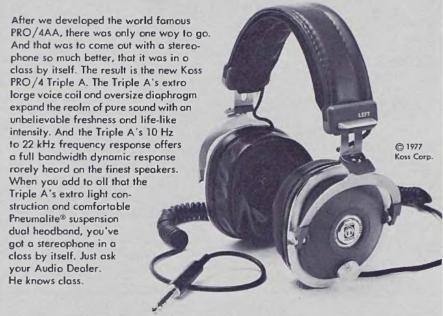
PLAYBOY: Do you think that old scene you've talked about might be creeping back into New York?

DYLAN: Well, I was there last summer. I didn't sense any of it. There are a lot of rock-'n'-roll clubs and jazz clubs and Puerto Rican poetry clubs, but as far as learning something new, learning to teach. . . . New York is full of teachers, that is obvious, but it is pretty depressing now. To make it on the street, you just about have to beg.

PLAYBOY: So now you're in California. Is there any kind of scene that you can be

DYLAN: I'm only working out here most, or all, of the time, so I don't know what this town is really like. I like San Francisco. I find it full of tragedy and comedy. But if I want to go to a city in this country, I will still go to New York. There are cities all over the world to go to. I don't know, maybe I am just an old dog, so maybe I feel like I've been around so long I am looking for something new to do and it ain't there. I was looking for some space to create what I want to do. I am only interested in that these days. I

In a class by itself. The new Koss PRO/4 Triple A.



 ⊕ K□55 stereophones hearing is believing

KOSS CORPORATION, 4129 N. Port Woshington Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53212 Koss International/Landon, England * Koss Limited/Ontario, Conada



The World's Most Comfortable Mattress With Independent Air Coil Support

The AIR COIL BED has become synonomous with the most revolutionary and luxurious way to spend a third of your life. You are gently but firmly supported by 100% air instead of metal springs and stuffing. Many chiropractors agree the structured Air Coil Bed

and stuffing. Many chiropractors agree the structured Air Coil Bed has unprecedented orthopedic value as a permanent mattress. Lightweight. Sensual... Adjusts to your comfort. The Air Bed is an experience in rest or play unmatched by any other support structure. It takes the seasickness, immobility, and weight out of waterbeds. Yet, it gives you the same "give and take" sensation. Two people can sleep on a full, queen or king size bed virtually undisturbed by the other's movements. This is because the air coil construction - with multiple controlled air chambers - supports your body evenly and independently. Store it on a shelf, take it camping, use it in your van, boat, summer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes.Twin.39" x74". Double-54 "x74". Queen-mer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes.Twin.39" x74". Double-54 "x74". Queen-mer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes.Twin.39" x74". Double-54 "x74". Queen-mer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes.Twin.39" x74". Double-54 "x74". Queen-mer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes.Twin.39" x74". Double-54 "x74". Queen-mer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes.Twin.39" x74". Double-54 "x74". Queen-mer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes.Twin.39" x74". Double-54 "x74". Queen-mer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes.Twin.39" x74". Double-54 "x74" on a shelf take it camping the sizes of th

A Permanent Bed

imitations. This is the original, permanent, red velveteen airbe once priced as high as \$119.95. Because of recent direct from-manufacturer arrangements, w have been able to eliminate all middleman costs and pass significant savings directly to you. SUPER SALE SAVE UP TO 25% \$ Q Q 95 King Size Now Just

If not satisfied I can re	eturn in 10 days for	
	Originally	Now Only
■ King (Item 1374)		
Queen (Item 1360)	\$89.95	\$69.95
☐ Full (Item 1354)		
☐ Twin (Item 1339)	\$59.95bed for shipping and	
☐ Air Pumps \$29.95 ea		□ DC(Item 0005)
Bank Americard Sharker Charge Credit Cord No.	Diners Club Carte	
☐ Bank Americard ☐ ☐ Master Charge ☐ ☐	Diners Club Carte	e Blanche
☐ Bank Americard ☐ ☐ Master Charge ☐ ☐ Credit Cord No.	Diners Club Carte American Express	e Blanche
Bank Americard Master Charge Credit Cord No. Master Charge No.	Diners Club Carte American Express	e Blanche
Bank Americard Master Charge Credit Cord No. Master Charge No. Name	Diners Club Carte American Express	e Blanche
Bank Americard Master Charge Credit Cord No. Master Charge No. Name Address	Diners Club Carte American Express	e Blanche

don't care so much about hanging out.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel older than when you sang, "I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now"?

DYLAN: No, I don't feel old. I don't feel old at all. But I feel like there are certain things that don't attract me anymore that I used to succumb to very easily.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DYLAN: Just the everyday vices.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you have managed to resist having to grow up or have you found a way of doing it that is different from conventional growing up?

DYLAN: I don't really think in terms of growing up or not growing up. I think in terms of being able to fulfill yourself. Don't forget, you see, I've been doing what I've been doing since I was very small, so I have never known anything else. I have never had to quit my job to do this. This is all that I have ever done in my life. So I don't think in terms of economics or status or what people think of me one way or the other.

PLAYBOY: Would you say you still have a rebellious, or punk, quality toward the rest of the world?

DYLAN: Punk quality?

PLAYBOY: Well, you're still wearing dark sunglasses, right?

DYLAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Is that so people won't see your eyes?

DYLAN: Actually, it's just habit-forming after a while. I still do wear dark sunglasses. There is no profound reason for it. I guess. Some kind of insecurity, I don't know. I like dark sunglasses. Have I had these on through every interview session?

PLAYBOY: Yes. We haven't seen your eyes yet.

DYLAN: Well, Monday for sure. [The day that PLAYBOY photos were to be taken for the opening page]

PLAYBOY: Aside from the dark glasses, is it something in the punk quality of Elvis or James Dean that makes you dress a certain way or act a certain way?

DYLAN: No. It's from the early Sixties. Elvis was there. He was there when there wasn't anybody there. He was Elvis and everybody knows about what Elvis did. He did it to me just like he did it to everybody else. Elvis was in that certain age group and I followed him right from Blue Moon in Kentucky. And there were others; I admired Buddy Holly a lot. But Elvis was never really a punk. And neither was James Dean a punk.

PLAYBOY: What quality did Dean represent?

DYLAN: He let his heart do the talking. That was his one badge. He was effective for people of that age, but as you grow older, you have different experiences and you tend to identify with artists who had different meanings for you.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk some more about your influences. What musicians do you listen to today?

DYLAN: I still listen to the same old black-and-blue blues. Tommy McClennan, Lightnin' Hopkins, the Carter Family, the early Carlyles. I listen to Big Maceo, Robert Johnson. Once in a while, I listen to Woody Guthrie again. Among the more recent people, Fred McDowell, Gary Stewart. I like Memphis Minnie a whole lot. Blind Willie McTell. I like bluegrass music. I listen to foreign music, too. I like Middle Eastern music a whole lot.

PLAYBOY: Such as? DYLAN: Om Kalthoum. PLAYBOY: Who is that?

DYLAN: She was a great Egyptian singer. I first heard of her when I was in Jerusalem.

PLAYBOY: She was an Egyptian singer who was popular in Jerusalem?

DYLAN: I think she's popular all over the Middle East. In Israel, too. She does mostly love and prayer-type songs, with violinand-drum accompaniment. Her father chanted those prayers and I guess she was so good when she tried singing behind

"I don't feel old, but certain things don't attract me anymore that I used to succumb to very easily... just the everyday vices."

his back that he allowed her to sing professionally, and she's dead now but not forgotten. She's great. She really is. Really great.

PLAYBOY: Any popular stuff?

DYLAN: Well, Nana Maskouri.

PLAYBOY: How about the Beatles?

DYLAN: I've always liked the way George Harrison plays guitar—restrained and good. As for Lennon, well, I was encouraged by his book [In His Own Write]. Or the publishers were encouraged, because they asked me to write a book and that's how Tarantula came about. John has taken poetics pretty far in popular music. A lot of his work is overlooked, but if you examine it, you'll find key expressions that have never been said before to push across his point of view. Things that are symbolic of some inner reality and probably will never be said again.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to your own stuff?

DYLAN: Not so much.

PLAYBOY: What about your literary influences? You've mentioned Kerouac and Ginsberg. Whom do you read now?

DYLAN: Rilke. Chekhov. Chekhov is my favorite writer. I like Henry Miller. I think he's the greatest American writer. PLAYBOY: Did you meet Miller?

DYLAN: Yeah, I met him. Years ago. Played ping-pong with him.

PLAYBOY: Did you read Catcher in the Rye as a kid?

DYLAN: I must have, you know. Yeah, I think so.

PLAYBOY: Did you identify with Holden Caulfield?

DYLAN: Uh, what was his story?

PLAYBOY: He was a lonely kid in prep school who ran away and decided that everyone else was phony and that he was sensitive.

DYLAN: I must have identified with him.

PLAYBOY: We've been talking about the arts, and as we've been speaking, you've been in the midst of editing your first film, Renaldo & Clara. What do you feel you can do in films that you can't do in songs?

DYLAN: I can take songs up to a higher power. The movie to me is more a painting than music, It is a painting. It's a painting coming alive off a wall. That's why we're making it. Painters can contain their artistic turmoil; in another age, moviemakers would most likely be painters.

PLAYBOY: Although Renaldo & Clara is the first movie you've produced, directed and acted in, there was a documentary made in 1966 that marked your first appearance in a film—Don't Look Back.

What did you think of it?

DYLAN: Don't Look Back was . . . somebody else's movie. It was a deal worked out with a film company, but I didn't really play any part in it. When I saw it in a moviehouse, I was shocked at what had been done. I didn't find out until later that the camera had been on me all the time. That movie was done by a man who took it all out of context. It was documented from his personal point of view. The movie was dishonest, it was a propaganda movie. I don't think it was accurate at all in terms of showing my formative years. It showed only one side. He made it seem like I wasn't doing anything but living in hotel rooms, playing the typewriter and holding press conferences for journalists. All that is true, you know. Throwing some bottles, there's something about it in the movie. Joan Baez is in it. But it's one-sided. Let's not lean on it too hard. It just wasn't representative of what was happening in the

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel it captured the frenzy of your tour, even though it focused on you in terms of stardom?

DYLAN: I wasn't really a star in those days, any more than I'm a star these days. I was very obviously confused then as to what my purpose was. It was pretty early, you know. The Times They Are A-Changin' was on the English charts then, so it had to be pretty early.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't really know what you were doing then?

DYLAN: Well, look what I did after that.

Look what I did after that. I didn't really start to develop until after that. I mean, I did, but I didn't. Don't Look Back was a little too premature. I should have been left alone at that stage.

PLAYBOY: You were involved in another movie around that period—1966—that was never released, called *Eat the Document*. How did that happen?

DYLAN: That started as a television special. I wasn't the maker of that film, either. I was the—I was the victim. They had already shot film, but at that time, of course, I did—I had a—if I hadn't gotten into that motorcycle accident, they would have broadcast it, and that would have been that. But I was sort of—I was taken out of it, you know, and—I think it was the fall of that year. I had a little more time to, you know, concentrate on what was happening to me and what had happened.

Anyway, what had happened was that they had made another *Don't Look Back*, only this time it was for television. I had nothing better to do than to see the film. All of it, including unused footage. And it was obvious from looking at the film that it was garbage. It was miles and miles of garbage. That was my introduction to film. My film concept was all formed in those early days when I was looking at that footage.

PLAYBOY: From looking at those miles of garbage, you got your concept of film?

DYLAN: Yeah, it was mostly rejected footage, which I found beauty in. Which probably tells you more—that I see beauty where other people don't.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us of a poem you wrote for the jacket of an early Joan Baez album, in which you claimed that you always thought something had to be ugly before you found it beautiful. And at some point in the poem, you described listening to Joan sing and suddenly deciding that beauty didn't have to start out by being ugly.

DYLAN: I was very hung up on Joan at the time. [*Pause*] I think I was just trying to tell myself I wasn't hung up on her.

PLAYBOY: OK. Would you talk some more about the film concept you got from the rejected footage?

DYLAN: Well, up until that time, they had been concerned with the linear story line. It was on one plane and in one dimension only. And the more I looked at the film, the more I realized that you could get more onto film than just one train of thought. My mind works that way, anyway. We tend to work on different levels. So I was seeing a lot of those levels in the footage. But technically, I didn't know how to do what my mind was telling me could be done.

PLAYBOY: What did you feel could be done?

DYLAN: Well, well, now, film is a series of actions and reactions, you know. And it's trickery. You're playing with illusion. What seems to be a simple affair is actually quite contrived. And the stronger





HOW TO PSYCH YOURSELF RICH

The inside dope on "success seminars" and the profit prophets.

THE BEATLES' REUNION

A mythic music event you can't afford to miss.

HUEY NEWTON RETURNS

A provocative interview with the Black Panther leader as he prepares for the trial of his life.

THE SCIENCE OF MEETING WOMEN

You've read the how-to books. Now listen to some street-smart advice.

THE HOOKER HANDBOOK

Everything you need to know about hookers, madams, options, extras – and then some.

PLUS

Three French fashion designers, three luscious ladies, six new monthly features and much, much more.

> MARCH OUI ON SALE NOW!

your point of view is, the stronger your film will be.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate?

DYLAN: You're trying to get a message through. So there are many ways to deliver that message. Let's say you have a message: "White is white." Bergman would say, "White is white" in the space of an hour—or what seems to be an hour. Buñuel might say, "White is black, and black is white, but white is really white." And it's all really the same message.

PLAYBOY: And how would Dylan say it?

DYLAN: Dylan would probably not even say it. [Laughs] He would—he'd assume you'd know that. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You wriggled out of that one. DYLAN: I'd say people will always believe in something if they feel it to be true. Just knowing it's true is not enough. If you feel in your gut that it's true, well, then, you can be pretty much assured that it's true.

PLAYBOY: So that a film made by someone who feels in his guts that white is white will give the feeling to the audience that white is white without having to say it.

DYLAN: Yes. Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the message of Renaldo & Clara. It appears to us to be a personal yet fictional film in which you, Joan Baez and your former wife, Sara, play leading roles. You play Renaldo, Baez plays a "woman in white" and Sara plays Clara. There is also a character in the film called Bob Dylan played by someone else. It is composed of footage from your Rolling Thunder Revue tour and fictional scenes performed by all of you as actors. Would you tell us basically what the movie's about?

DYLAN: It's about the essence of man being alienated from himself and how, in order to free himself, to be reborn, he has to go outside himself. You can almost say that he dies in order to look at time and by strength of will can return to the same body.

PLAYBOY: He can return by strength of will to the same body... and to Clara? DYLAN: Clara represents to Renaldo everything in the material world he's ever wanted. Renaldo's needs are few. He doesn't know it, though, at that particular time.

PLAYBOY: What are his needs?

DYLAN: A good guitar and a dark street.

PLAYBOY: The guitar because he loves music, but why the dark street?

DYLAN: Mostly because he needs to hide. **PLAYBOY:** From whom?

DYLAN: From the demon within. [Pause] But what we all know is that you can't hide on a dark street from the demon within. And there's our movie.

PLAYBOY: Renaldo finds that out in the film?

DYLAN: He tries to escape from the demon within, but he discovers that the demon is, in fact, a mirrored reflection of Renaldo himself.

PLAYBOY: OK. Given the personalities involved, how do you define the relationship between you, your personal life, and the film?

DYLAN: No different from Hitchcock making a movie. I am the overseer.

PLAYBOY: Overseeing various versions of yourself?

DYLAN: Well, certain truths I know. Not necessarily myself but a certain accumulation of experience that has become real to me and a knowledge that I acquired on the road.

PLAYBOY: And what are those truths?

DYLAN: One is that if you try to be anyone but yourself, you will fail; if you are not true to your own heart, you will fail. Then again, there's no success like failure. PLAYBOY: And failure's no success at all.

DYLAN: Oh, well, we're not looking to succeed. Just by our being and acting alive, we succeed. You fail only when you let death creep in and take over a part of your life that should be alive.

PLAYBOY: How does death creep in?

DYLAN: Death don't come knocking at the door. It's there in the morning when you wake up.

PLAYBOY: How is it there?

DYLAN: Did you ever clip your fingernails, cut your hair? Then you experience death. PLAYBOY: Look, in the film, Joan Baez turns to you at one point and says, "You never give any straight answers." Do you? DYLAN: She is confronting Renaldo.

PLAYBOY: Evasiveness isn't only in the mind; it can also come out in an interview.

DYLAN: There are no simple answers to these questions....

PLAYBOY: Aren't you teasing the audience when you have scenes played by Baez and Sara, real people in your life, and then expect the viewers to set aside their preconceptions as to their relationship to you?

DYLAN: No, no. They shouldn't even think they know anyone in this film. It's all in the context of Renaldo and Clara and there's no reason to get hung up on who's who in the movie.

PLAYBOY: What about scenes such as the one in which Baez asks you, "What if we had gotten married back then?"

DYLAN: Seems pretty real, don't it?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

DYLAN: Seems pretty real. Just like in a Bergman movie, those things seem real. There's a lot of spontaneity that goes on. Usually, the people in his films know each other, so they can interrelate. There's life and breath in every frame because everyone knew each other.

PLAYBOY: All right, another question: In the movie, Ronnie Hawkins, a 300-pound Canadian rock singer, goes by the name of Bob Dylan. So is there a real Bob Dylan?

DYLAN: In the movie?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

DYLAN: In the movie, no. He doesn't even



Enjoy both! All the pleasures of the Good Life plus discounts that could save you thousands of dollars! A Playboy Club Key is your passport to the practical side of sensuality. Here are dollar-saving and sense-pleasing reasons why you should be a Playboy Club keyholder...

YOUROWN, IN-TOWN SHANGRI-LA—Be welcomed at any of the fabulous Playboy Clubs across the U.S.—including the brand-new Playboy of Dallas—plus England and Japan! Relax and unwind as you enjoy superb cuisine, top entertainment, fastpaced disco action and Playboy-sized cocktails, all in the matchless Playboy Club atmosphere, where the service is impeccable, and beautiful Bunnies attend your every need.

DINNER FOR TWO – CHECK FOR ONE – Enjoy sumptuous savings at some of America's finest restaurants with Playboy Preferred Passbooks. You'll get two entrees for the price of one as well as sports, theater and hotel specials, in all these cities (offers vary from city to city): New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, Denver, Detroit, Miami, New Orleans. Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, and Milwaukee (and soon in Dallas). And you could save \$200.00 or more with any one of these passbooks!

Important Notice...TEXAS RESIDENTS
This offer of a Playboy Club Key is not applicable in the state of Texas. Texas residents may order a Key by calling TOLL-FREE 800-621-1116.

\$25 WORTH OF GREAT READING— Present your Key each month at any U.S. Playboy Club and pick up a copy of PLAYBOY or OUI. It's a newsstand value worth up to \$25.00 a year.

DISCOUNT SHOPPING SERVICE—Save thousands of dollars on merchandise with Comp-U-Card*, the keyholder service that pinpoints some of the best bargains in the country just for you. Comp-U-Card is only a toll-free call away... from order to doorstep delivery.

5. SAVE ON CAR RENTAL—Save money every time you take off in a Budget® Rent A Car! Keyholders get discounts of \$10.00 per week or \$1.00 per day with your Budget Favored Saver Card.

SURPRISES AND MORE
SURPRISES—Contests...giveaways...
special discounts...fun-filled special
events that vary from Club to Club. Stop by
the Club in your city and be surprised.

THE ULTIMATE ESCAPE—Indulge yourself at Playboy's beautiful country places, where your Playboy Club Key gets you 10% off the posted room rates. Whether at Great Gorge, New Jersey, or Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, these magnificent resorts are just a little over an hour's drive from Manhattan or Chicago. There's also a 10% discount at the Playboy Towers on Chicago's famous Gold Coast!

YOUR CREDIT CARDS ARE WELCOME—You want to get fewer bills each month, right? All right, you won't get one from us for Club or Hotel purchases. With your Playboy Club International Key you have the option of using any one of the five major credit cards or paying in the coin of the realm. No hassle. Only pleasure from Playboy!

APPLY NOW—The Good Life—and lots more—are yours for just \$25 for the first year. So why not order your Key today! Simply complete and mail the attached, postage-paid, reply card. Or for quick-as-a-Bunny Key order service, call toll-free 800-621-1116 (In Illinois, call 800-972-6727). Ask for Bunny Melinda.

GUARANTEE

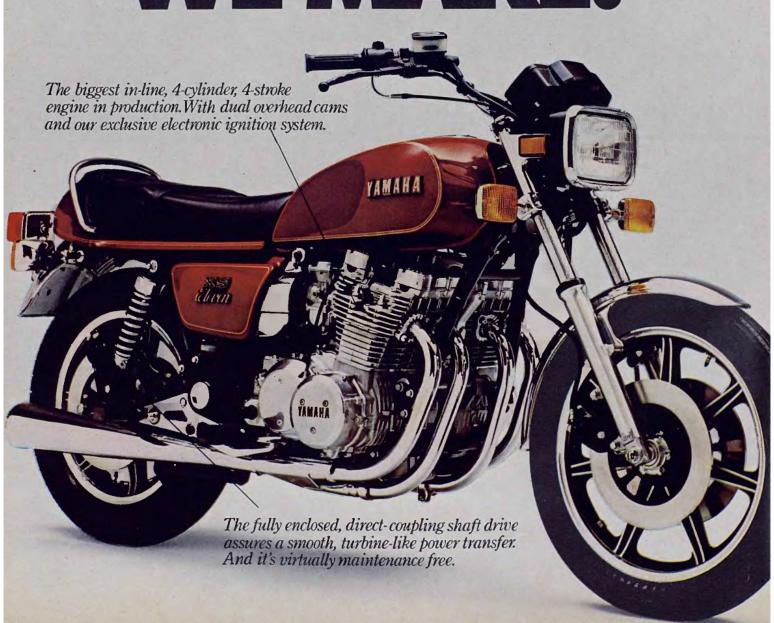
A message from the President

I'm so certain you'll enjoy the benefits of being a Playboy Club keyholder, that I'll make you this promise. If, within 30 days of receipt of your Key, you are not completely satisfied with the Playboy Club, simply cut your Key in half and return to us. We'll cancel your Key number and return your money in full or credit your account accordingly.

Viete A. James

Victor A. Lownes, President Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

INTRODUCING THE SECOND FASTEST MOTORCYCLE WE MAKE.



We do make a motorcycle that's faster than our new XS Eleven fourstroke street bike.

Unfortunately, it's very expensive and you can only ride it on race tracks.



It's our TZ750, the number one road racer in the world. A motorcycle that so completely dominates Formula racing, few other bikes can even compete.

That puts the XS Eleven in pretty

fast company.

THE UNDER 12-SECOND 4-STROKE.

In fact, with the Eleven's 1101cc, dual-overhead-cam, four-cylinder engine, it may just be the quickest production four-stroke motorcycle ever built.

Its unbelievable standing quarter-

mile time: 11.73 seconds.

What does performance like that mean to you, unlikely as you are to be

making quarter-mile runs?

It means a very impressive margin of power for high-speed cruising and touring. Plus unsurpassed acceleration and passing power whenever and wherever you need it.

Even with two passengers and a full load of touring gear, it has get up

and go to spare.

SPEED ISN'T EVERYTHING.

But as proud as we are of the XS Eleven's speed and performance, that's not quite enough for us.

Comfort ranks pretty high, too.

That's why we hooked up the fivespeed constant mesh transmission to one of the most sophisticated shaft drive systems available. Together they deliver an uncanny, turbine-like smoothness and quiet.

Actually, wherever you look on the XS Eleven you see evidence of Yamaha's innovative technology.

Our exclusive Transistor Controlled Ignition system, for example, uses precise electronic impulses instead of mechanical breaker points that wear out and need adjusting. And our unique vacuum advance system automatically senses and adjusts ignition timing for clean, efficient combustion at any speed. No other motorcycle has it.

As for extras, they're all there—without costing extra. Triple hydraulic disc brakes.
Cast aluminum wheels.
Three-way-adjustable

front forks. Complete instrumentation, including electronic fuel gauge. Self-cancelling turn signals. And more.

The XS Eleven may be the second fastest motorcycle we make. But on the street, it's second to none.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

appear in the movie. His voice is there, his songs are used, but Bob's not in the movie. It would be silly. Did you ever see a Picasso painting with Picasso in the picture? You only see his work. Now, I'm not interested in putting a picture of myself on the screen, because that's not going to do anybody any good, including me.

PLAYBOY: Then why use the name Bob Dylan at all in the movie?

DYLAN: In order to legitimize this film. We confronted it head on: The persona of Bob Dylan is in the movie so we could get rid of it. There should no longer be any mystery as to who or what he is—he's there, speaking in all kinds of tongues, and there's even someone else claiming to be him, so he's covered.

This movie is obvious, you know. Nobody's hiding anything. It's all right there. The rabbits are falling out of the hat before the movie begins.

PLAYBOY: Do you really feel it's an accessible movie?

DYLAN: Oh, perfectly. Very open movie.

PLAYBOY: Even though Mr. Bob Dylan and Mrs. Bob Dylan are played by different people. . . .

DYLAN: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: And you don't know for sure which one *he* is?

DYLAN: Sure. We could make a movie and you could be Bob Dylan. It wouldn't matter.

PLAYBOY: But if there are two Bob Dylans in the film and Renaldo is always changing....

DYLAN: Well, it could be worse. It could be three or four. Basically, it's a simple movie.

PLAYBOY: How did you decide to make it? DYLAN: As I said, I had the idea for doing my own film back in '66. And I buried it until '76. My lawyer used to tell me there was a future in movies. So I said, "What kind of future?" He said, "Well, if you can come up with a script, an outline and get money from a big distributor." But I knew I couldn't work that way. I can't betray my vision on a little piece of paper in hopes of getting some money from somebody. In the final analysis, it turned out that I had to make the movie all by myself, with people who would work with me, who trusted me. I went on the road in '76 to make the money for this movie. My last two tours were to raise the money for it.

PLAYBOY: How much of your money are you risking?

DYLAN: I'd rather not say. It is quite a bit, but I didn't go into the bank. The budget was like \$600,000, but it went over that.

PLAYBOY: Did you get pleasure out of the project?

DYLAN: I feel it's a story that means a great deal to me, and I got to do what I always wanted to do—make a movie. When something like that happens, it's like stopping time, and you can make people live into that moment. Not many

things can do that in your daily life. You can be distracted by many things. But the main point is to make it meaningful to someone.

Take Shane, for example. That moved me. On the Waterfront moved me. So when I go to see a film, I expect to be moved. I don't want to go see a movie just to kill time, or to have it just show me something I'm not aware of. I want to be moved, because that's what art is supposed to do, according to all the great theologians. Art is supposed to take you out of your chair. It's supposed to move you from one space to another.

Renaldo & Clara is not meant to put a strain on you. It's a movie to be enjoyed as a movie. I know nothing about film, I'm not a film maker. On the other hand, I do consider myself a film maker because I made this film: So I don't know. . . . If it doesn't move you, then it's a grand, grand failure.

PLAYBOY: Is there any way of avoiding the fact that people *will* undoubtedly make the assumptions we've been discussing—

"I'm not sure how much of Bob Dylan and Joan Baez concern anybody. To me, it isn't important.... I don't think it's a relevant issue."

that your own myths will subvert what you say is the purpose of the movie?

DYLAN: Don't forget—I'm not a myth to myself. Only to others. If others didn't create that myth of Bob Dylan, there would be no myth of Bob Dylan in the movie.

PLAYBOY: Would there even be a movie? Or the money to finance it?

DYLAN: I doubt it.

PLAYBOY: So aren't you caught in a bind? DYLAN: You mean by talking out of both sides of my mouth?

PLAYBOY: Well, you've made a film that you'd like people to take on its own merits, with characters you'd like them to accept; yet the main reason people will see it is that they'll want to know about Bob Dylan and Joan Baez and Sara Dylan....

DYLAN: I would hope so, yeah.

PLAYBOY: How do you get around that? DYLAN: What's there to get around?

PLAYBOY: Your stated purpose that people shouldn't take their preconceptions to the

DYLAN: Well, they shouldn't. No, I don't know how to get around that.

PLAYBOY: Could it be that the movie is

really intended to take on the gossip about you head on?

DYLAN: There's truth to that, It does take it on in the sense that gossip is information. Gossip is a weapon traveling through the air. It whispers. But it does have a tremendous influence. It's one of the driving forces. How did we start talking about gossip?

PLAYBOY: Well-

DYLAN: OK, gossip. What we're doing now is gossiping.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

DYLAN: We would have more in common if we went out fishing and said nothing. It would be a more valuable experience, anyway, than sitting around and talking about this movie, or life and death, or gossip, or anything we've been talking about. I personally believe that. That's why I don't sit around and talk too much.

PLAYBOY: All right, since there aren't any fishing rods around, let's continue gossiping for a while longer.

DYLAN: OK.

PLAYBOY: One last try: Is there anything to the interpretation that this movie was made in the spirit of "All right, if all you people out there want to talk about Dylan breaking up with his wife, about his having an affair with Joan Baez, I'll just put those people into my film and rub people's noses in the gossip, because only I know the truth?"

DYLAN: It's not entirely true, because that's not what the movie is about. I'm not sure how much of Bob Dylan and Joan Baez concern anybody. To me, it isn't important. It's old news to me, so I don't think it's of much interest to anybody. If it is, fine. But I don't think it's a relevant issue. The movie doesn't deal with anything current. This is two years ago. I'm smart enough to know I shouldn't deal with any current subject on an emotional level, because usually it won't last. You need experience to write, or to sing or to act. You don't just wake up and say you're going to do it. This movie is taking experience and turning it into something else. It's not a gossipy movie.

PLAYBOY: We began this discussion of your movie by comparing film makers to painters. Were you as interested in painting as in, say, rock music when you were growing up?

DYLAN: Yeah, I've always painted. I've always held on to that one way or another.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you use colors in the same way you use notes or chords?

DYLAN: Oh, yeah. There's much information you could get on the meaning of colors. Every color has a certain mood and feeling. For instance, red is a very vital color. There're a lot of reds in this movie, a lot of blues. A lot of cobalt blue.

PLAYBOY: Why cobalt blue?

DYLAN: It's the color of dissension.

PLAYBOY: Did you study painting?

DYLAN: A lot of the ideas I have were



At about \$14, it's not everybody's bag.

influenced by an old man who had definite ideas on life and the universe and nature—all that matters.

PLAYBOY: Who was he?

DYLAN: Just an old man. His name wouldn't mean anything to you. He came to this country from Russia in the Twenties, started out as a boxer and ended up painting portraits of women.

PLAYBOY: You don't want to mention his

name, just to give him a plug?

DYLAN: His first name was Norman. Every time I mention somebody's name, it's like they get a tremendous amount of distraction and irrelevancy in their lives. For instance, there's this lady in L.A. I respect a lot who reads palms. Her name's Tamara Rand. She's for real, she's not a gypsy fortuneteller. But she's accurate! She'll take a look at your hand and tell you things you feel but don't really understand about where you're heading, what the future looks like. She's a surprisingly hopeful person.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure you want to know if there's bad news in your future?

DYLAN: Well, sometimes when the world falls on your head, you know there are ways to get out, but you want to know which way. Usually, there's someone who can tell you how to crawl out, which way to take.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to colors and chords, are there particular musical keys that have personalities or moods the way colors do for you?

DYLAN: Yeah. B major and B-flat major.
PLAYBOY: How would you describe them?

DYLAN: [Pause] Each one is hard to define. Assume the characteristic that is true of both of them and you'll find you're not sure whether you're speaking

PLAYBOY: What does a major key generally conjure up for you?

DYLAN: I think any major key deals with romance.

PLAYBOY: And the minor keys?

DYLAN: The supernatural.

to them or to their echo.

PLAYBOY: What about other specific keys? DYLAN: I find G major to be the key of strength, but also the key of regret. E major is the key of confidence. A-flat major is the key of renunciation.

PLAYBOY: Since we're back on the subject of music, what new songs have you planned?

DYLAN: I have new songs now that are unlike anything I've ever written.

PLAYBOY: Really?
DYLAN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What are they like?

DYLAN: Well, you'll see. I mean, unlike anything I've ever done. You couldn't even say that Blood on the Tracks or Desire have led up to this stuff. I mean, it's that far gone, it's that far out there. I'd rather not talk more about them until they're out.

PLAYBOY: When the character Bob Dylan in your movie speaks the words "Rock 'n' roll is the answer," what does he mean? DYLAN: He's speaking of the sound and the rhythm. The drums and the rhythm are the answer. Get into the rhythm of it and you will lose yourself; you will forget about the brutality of it all. Then you will lose your identity. That's what he's saying.

PLAYBOY: Does that happen to you, to the real Bob Dylan?

DYLAN: Well, that's easy. When you're playing music and it's going well, you do lose your identity, you become totally subservient to the music you're doing in your very being.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel possessed?

DYLAN: It's dangerous, because its effect is that you believe that you can transcend and cope with anything. That it is the real life, that you've struck at the heart of life itself and you are on top of your dream. And there's no down. But later

"Being a rock-'n'-roll singer is no different from being a house painter.

You climb up as high as you want to."

on, backstage, you have a different point of view.

PLAYBOY: When you're onstage, do you feel the illusion that death can't get you? DYLAN: Death can't get you at all. Death's not here to get anybody. It's the appearance of the Devil, and the Devil is a coward, so knowledge will overcome that. PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

DYLAN: The Devil is everything false, the Devil will go as deep as you let the Devil go. You can leave yourself open to that. If you understand what that whole scene is about, you can easily step aside. But if you want the confrontation to begin with, well, there's plenty of it. But then again, if you believe you have a purpose and a mission, and not much time to carry it out, you don't bother about those things.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you have a purpose and a mission?

DYLAN: Obviously.
PLAYBOY: What is it?

DYLAN: Henry Miller said it: The role of an artist is to inoculate the world with disillusionment.

PLAYBOY: To create rock music, you used to have to be against the system, a desperado. Is settling down an enemy of rock?

DYLAN: No. You can be a priest and be in rock 'n' roll. Being a rock-'n'-roll

singer is no different from being a house painter. You climb up as high as you want to. You're asking me, is rock, is the lifestyle of rock 'n' roll at odds with the lifestyle of society in general?

PLAYBOY: Yes. Do you need to be in some way outside society, or in some way an outlaw, some way a—

DYLAN: No. Rock 'n' roll forms its own society. It's a world of its own. The same way the sports world is.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you feel that it was valuable to burn around and all that sort of thing?

DYLAN: Yes. But not necessarily, because you can bum around and wind up being a lawyer, you know. There isn't anything definite. Or any blueprint to it.

PLAYBOY: So future rock stars could just as easily go to law school?

DYLAN: For some people, it might be fine. But, getting back to that again, you have to have belief. You must have a purpose. You must believe that you can disappear through walls. Without that belief, you're not going to become a very good rock singer, or pop singer, or folk-rock singer, or you're not going to become a very good lawyer. Or a doctor. You must know why you're doing what you're doing.

PLAYBOY: Why are you doing what you're doing?

DYLAN: [Pause] Because I don't know anything else to do. I'm good at it.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe "it"?

DYLAN: I'm an artist. I try to create art.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about your songs when you perform them years later? Do you feel your art has endured?

DYLAN: How many singers feel the same way ten years later that they felt when they wrote the song? Wait till it gets to be 20 years, you know? Now, there's a certain amount of act that you can put on, you know, you can get through on it, but there's got to be something to it that is real-not just for the moment. And a lot of my songs don't work. I wrote a lot of them just by gut-because my gut told me to write them-and they usually don't work so good as the years go on. A lot of them do work. With those, there's some truth about every one of them. And I don't think I'd be singing if I weren't writing, you know. I would have no reason or purpose to be out there singing. I mean, I don't consider myself . . . the life of the party. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You've given new life to some songs in recent performances, such as *I Pity the Poor Immigrant* in the Rolling Thunder tour.

DYLAN: Oh, yes. I've given new life to a lot of them. Because I believe in them, basically. You know, I believe in them. So I do give them new life. And that can always be done. I rewrote Lay, Lady, Lay, too. No one ever mentioned that.

PLAYBOY: You changed it to a much



OUR SMOOTH TASTE AND PINPOINT CARBONATION. YOU OWE IT TO YOUR LIQUOR.



CANADA DRY MIXERS. YOU OWE IT TO YOUR LIQUOR.

raunchier, less pretty kind of song.

DYLAN: Exactly. A lot of words to that song have changed. I recorded it originally surrounded by a bunch of other songs on the *Nashville Skyline* album. That was the tone of the session. Once everything was set, that was the way it came out. And it was fine for that time, but I always had a feeling there was more to the song than that.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Lay, Lady, Lay was originally commissioned for Midnight Gowboy?

DYLAN: That's right. They wound up using Freddy Neil's tune.

PLAYBOY: How did it feel doing *Blowin'* in the Wind after all those years during your last couple of tours?

DYLAN: I think I'll always be able to do that. There are certain songs that I will always be able to do. They will always have just as much meaning, if not more, as time goes on.

PLAYBOY: What about Like a Rolling Stone?

DYLAN: That was a great tune, yeah. It's the dynamics in the rhythm that make up Like a Rolling Stone and all of the lyrics. I tend to base all my songs on the old songs, like the old folk songs, the old blues tunes: they are always good. They always make sense.

PLAYBOY: Would you talk a little about how specific songs come to you?

DYLAN: They come to me when I am most isolated in space and time. I reject a lot of inspiring lines.

PLAYBOY: They're too good?

DYLAN: I reject a lot. I kind of know myself well enough to know that the line might be good and it is the first line that gives you inspiration and then it's just like riding a bull. That is the rest of it. Either you just stick with it or you don't. And if you believe that what you are doing is important, then you will stick with it no matter what.

PLAYBOY: There are lines that are like riding wild bulls?

DYLAN: There are lines like that. A lot of lines that would be better off just staying on a printed page and finishing up as poems. I forget a lot of the lines. During the day, a lot of lines will come to me that I will just say are pretty strange and I don't have anything better to do. I try not to pay too much attention to those wild, obscure lines.

PLAYBOY: You say you get a single line and then you ride it. Does the melody follow after you write out the whole song? DYLAN: I usually know the melody before

DYLAN: I usually know the methe song.

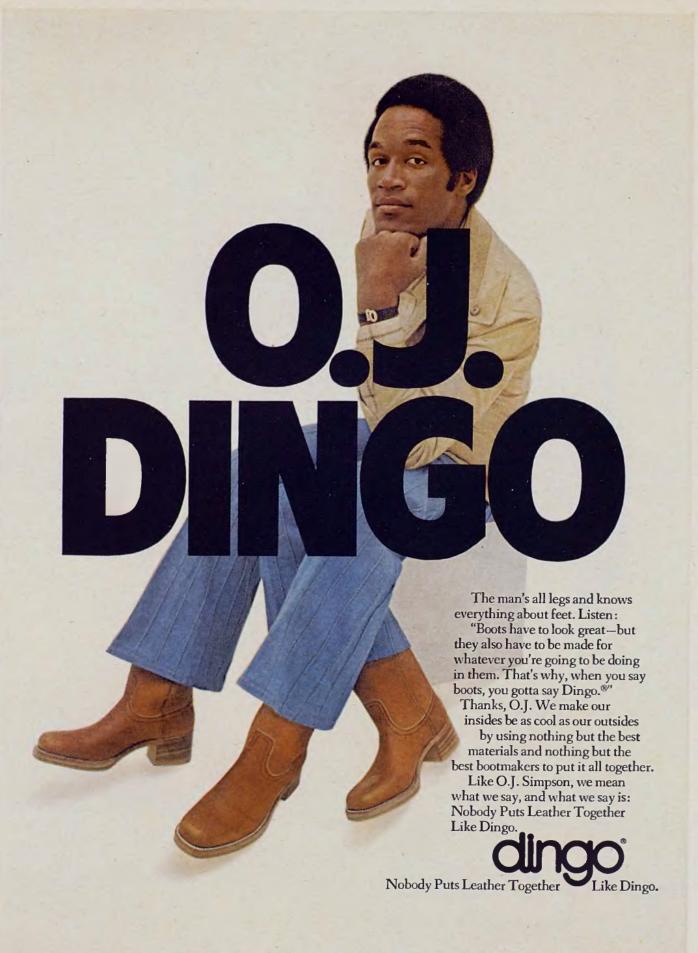
PLAYBOY: And it is there, waiting for that first line?

DYLAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do you hear it easily?

DYLAN: The melody? Sometimes, and sometimes I have to find it.

PLAYBOY: Do you work regularly? Do you



The HPM supertweeter. Incredible highs without magnets, voice coil or cone. Individual controls for the driver and tweeter. So you can compensate for the acoustic flaws in your living room.

The 1-3/4 inch tweeter. Its light but rigid cone makes sure guitars don't end up sounding like saxophones.

Metalized paper capacitors in the crossover unit preserve phase characteristics for more accurate sound reproduction.

A separate enclosure for the 4 inch driver so its sound waves don't interfere with the woofer and tweeter. Or vice versa.

Our 12 inch carbon fiber blended woofer. Big bass sound doesn't come out of small bass speakers.

> Cast aluminum speaker frames. They're not seen too often, which is part of the reason speakers like this aren't heard too often.

WHEN YOU BUILD A SPEAKER TO SOUND GREAT ON EVERY PART OF THE MUSIC, YOU CAN'T CUT CORNERS ON ANY PART OF THE SPEAKER.

A single HPM-100 weighs almost 60 pounds.

The fact it weighs more than a Large Advent speaker, Bose 901 or JBL L100 is not an accident.

Our speaker frames are made of heavy cast aluminum instead of the usual stamped metal, so you hear only the speakers vibrating and never their frames.

Our magnets are oversize to spare your ears needless distortion.

And our cabinet is made out of special compressed wood that's denser and heavier than ordinary wood. So the sound is forced out of the cabinet instead of being absorbed by it.

Of course, not everything that adds to the sound of an HPM-100

also adds to its weight.

Our supertweeter uses nothing but a piece of High Polymer Molecular film to produce incredibly clear and crisp high frequencies.

Our midrange driver and tweeter have cones that are light enough to give sharp response, but rigid enough not to distort.

And our 12 inch woofer has a long throw voice coil and unique carbon fiber blend cone (instead of the more typical cardboard cone) that work to produce the kind of realistic bass you not only hear, but feel.

Naturally, we could go on. About our 12-1/2 feet of damping material. Or about the aluminum screws that keep our speakers from falling out. They're ordinarily used to keep airplanes from falling apart.

But we figure at this point you'd rather hear our speakers in person than hear any more about them from us. **HPM-100** The all-around great speaker.





800 SLATERS LANE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22314 U.S.A.

get up every morning and practice?

DYLAN: A certain part of every day I have to play.

PLAYBOY: Has your playing become more complex?

DYLAN: No. Musically not. I can hear more and my melodies now are more rhythmic than they ever have been, but, really, I am still with those same three chords. But, I mean, I'm not Segovia or Montoya. I don't practice 12 hours a day.

PLAYBOY: Do you practice using your voice, too?

DYLAN: Usually, yeah, when I'm rehearsing, especially, or when I'm writing a song, I'll be singing it.

PLAYBOY: Someone said that when you gave up cigarettes, your voice changed. Now we see you're smoking again. Is your voice getting huskier again?

DYLAN: No, you know, you can do anything with your voice if you put your mind to it. I mean, you can become a ventriloquist or you can become an imitator of other people's voices. I'm usually just stuck with my own voice. I can do a few other people's voices.

PLAYBOY: Whose voices can you imitate?

DYLAN: Richard Widmark. Sydney Greenstreet. Peter Lorre. I like those voices. They really had distinctive voices in the early talkie films. Nowadays, you go to a movie and you can't tell one voice from the other. Jane Fonda sounds like Tatum O'Neal.

PLAYBOY: Has your attitude toward women changed much in your songs?

DYLAN: Yeah; in the early period, I was writing more about objection, obsession or rejection. Superimposing my own reality on that which seemed to have no reality of its own.

PLAYBOY: How did those opinions change? DYLAN: From neglect.

PLAYBOY: From neglect?

DYLAN: As you grow, things don't reach you as much as when you're still forming opinions.

PLAYBOY: You mean you get hurt less easily?

DYLAN: You get hurt over other matters than when you were 17. The energy of hurt isn't enough to create art.

PLAYBOY: So if the women in your songs have become more real, if there are fewer goddesses—

DYLAN: The goddess isn't real. A pretty woman as a goddess is just up there on a pedestal. The flower is what we are really concerned about here. The opening and the closing, the growth, the bafflement. You don't lust after flowers.

PLAYBOY: Your regard for women, then, has changed?

DYLAN: People are people to me. I don't single out women as anything to get hung

PLAYBOY: But in the past?

DYLAN: In the past, I was guilty of that shameless crime.

PLAYBOY: You're claiming to be completely rehabilitated?

DYLAN: In that area, I don't have any serious problems.

PLAYBOY: There's a line in your film in which someone says to Sara, "I need you because I need your magic to protect me."

DYLAN: Well, the real magic of women is that throughout the ages, they've had to do all the work and yet they can have a sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: That's throughout the ages. What about women now?

DYLAN: Well, here's the new woman, right? Nowadays, you have the concept of a new woman, but the new woman is nothing without a man.

PLAYBOY: What would the new woman say to that?

DYLAN: I don't know what the new woman would say. The new woman is the impulsive woman....

PLAYBOY: There's another line in your movie about "the ultimate woman." What is the ultimate woman?

DYLAN: A woman without prejudice.

PLAYBOY: Are there many?

DYLAN: There are as many as you can see. As many as can touch you.

PLAYBOY: So you've run into a lot of ultimate women?

DYLAN: Me, personally? I don't run into that many people. I'm working most of the time. I really don't have time for all that kind of intrigue.

PLAYBOY: Camus said that chastity is an essential condition for creativity. Do you agree?

DYLAN: He was speaking there of the disinvolvement with pretense.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't he speaking of sexual chastity?

DYLAN: You mean he was saying you have to stay celibate to create?

PLAYBOY: That's one interpretation.

DYLAN: Well, he might have been on to something there. It could have worked for him.

PLAYBOY: When you think about rock and the rhythm of the heartbeat—is it tied into love in some way?

DYLAN: The heartbeat. Have you ever lain with somebody when your hearts were beating in the same rhythm? That's true love. A man and a woman who lie down with their hearts beating together are truly lucky. Then you've truly been in love, m' boy. Yeah, that's true love. You might see that person once a month, once a year, maybe once a lifetime, but you have the guarantee your lives are going to be in rhythm. That's all you need.

PLAYBOY: Considering that some of your recent songs have been about love and romance, what do you feel about the tendency some people used to have of dividing your work into periods? Did you ever feel it was fair to divide your work, for example, into a political period and a nonpolitical period?

DYLAN: Those people disregarded the ultimate fact that I am a songwriter. I can't help what other people do with my

Since when do you drink Jim Beam?

"Since I first heard it ordered thousands of drinks ago."



songs, what they make of them.

PLAYBOY: But you were more involved politically at one time. You were supposed to have written Chimes of Freedom in the back seat of a car while you were visiting some SNCC people in the South.

DYLAN: That is all we did in those days. Writing in the back seats of cars and writing songs on street corners or on porch swings. Seeking out the explosive areas of life.

PLAYBOY: One of which was politics?

DYLAN: Politics was always one because there were people who were trying to change things. They were involved in the political game because that is how they had to change things. But I have always considered politics just part of the illusion. I don't get involved much in politics. I don't know what the system runs on.

For instance, there are people who have definite ideas or who studied all the systems of government. A lot of those people with college-educational backgrounds tended to come in and use up everybody for whatever purposes they had in mind. And, of course, they used music, because music was accessible and we would have done that stuff and written those songs and sung them whether there was any politics or not. I never did renounce a role in politics, because I never played one in politics. It would be comical for me to think that I played a role. Gurdjieff thinks it's best to work out your mobility daily.

PLAYBOY: So you did have a lot of "on the road" experiences?

DYLAN: I still do.

PLAYBOY: Driving around?

DYLAN: I am interested in all aspects of life. Revelations and realizations. Lucid thought that can be translated into songs, analogies, new information. I am better at it now. Not really written yet anything to make me stop writing. Like, I haven't come to the place that Rimbaud came to when he decided to stop writing and run guns in Africa.

PLAYBOY: Jimmy Carter has said that listening to your songs, he learned to see in a new way the relationship between landlord and tenant, farmer and sharecropper and things like that. He also said that you were his friend. What do you think of all that?

DYLAN: I am his friend.
PLAYBOY: A personal friend?
DYLAN: I know him personally.
PLAYBOY: Do you like him?

DYLAN: Yeah, I think his heart's in the right place.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe that place?

DYLAN: The place of destiny. You know, I hope the magazine won't take all this stuff and edit—like, Carter's heart's in the right place of destiny, because it's going to really sound——

PLAYBOY: No, it would lose the sense of conversation. The magazine's pretty good about that.

DYLAN: Carter has his heart in the right place. He has a sense of who he is. That's what I felt, anyway, when I met him.

PLAYBOY: Have you met him many times? DYLAN: Only once.

PLAYBOY: Stayed at his house?

DYLAN: No. But anybody who's a governor or a Senate leader or in a position of authority who finds time to invite a folkrock singer and his band out to his place has got to have . . . a sense of humor . . . and a feeling of the pulse of the people. Why does he have to do it? Most people in those kinds of positions can't relate at all to people in the music field unless it's for some selfish purpose.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk about music or politics?

DYLAN: Music. Very little politics. The conversation was kept in pretty general areas.

PLAYBOY: Does he have any favorite Dylan songs?

DYLAN: I didn't ask him if he had any favorite Dylan songs. He didn't say that he did. I think he liked *Ballad* of a *Thin Man*, really.

PLAYBOY: Did you think that Carter might

"Carter has his heart in the right place. He has a sense of who he is. That's what I felt, anyway, when I met him."

have been using you by inviting you there?

DYLAN: No, I believe that he was a decent, untainted man and he just wanted to check me out. Actually, as Presidents go, I liked Truman.

PLAYBOY: Why?

DYLAN: I just liked the way he acted and things he said and who he said them to. He had a common sense about him, which is rare for a President. Maybe in the old days it wasn't so rare, but nowadays it's rare. He had a common quality. You felt like you could talk to him.

PLAYBOY: You obviously feel you can talk to President Carter.

DYLAN: You do feel like you can talk to him, but the guy is so busy and overworked you feel more like, well, maybe you'd just leave him alone, you know. And he's dealing with such complicated matters and issues that people are a little divided and we weren't divided in Truman's time.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you're angry about? Is there anything that would make you go up to Carter and say, "Look, you fucker, do *this!*"?

DYLAN: Right. [Pause] He's probably

caught up in the system like everybody

PLAYBOY: Including you?

DYLAN: I'm a part of the system. I have to deal with the system. The minute you pay taxes, you're part of the system.

PLAYBOY: Are there any heroes or saints these days?

DYLAN: A saint is a person who gives of himself totally and freely, without strings. He is neither deaf nor blind. And yet he's both. He's the master of his own reality, the voice of simplicity. The trick is to stay away from mirror images. The only true mirrors are puddles of water.

PLAYBOY: How are mirrors different from puddles?

DYLAN: The image you see in a puddle of water is consumed by depth: An image you see when you look into a piece of glass has no depth or life-flutter movement. Of course, you might want to check your tie. And, of course, you might want to see if the make-up is on straight. That's all the way. Vanity sells a lot of things.

PLAYBOY: How so?

DYLAN: Well, products on the market. Everything from new tires to bars of soap. Need is—need is totally overlooked. Nobody seems to care about people's needs. They're all for one purpose. A shallow grave.

PLAYBOY: Do you want your grave unmarked?

DYLAN: Isn't that a line in my film? PLAYBOY: Yes.

DYLAN: Well, there are many things they can do with your bones, you know. [*Pause*] They make neckpieces out of them, bury them. Burn them up.

PLAYBOY: What's your latest preference? DYLAN: Ah—put them in a nutshell.

PLAYBOY: You were talking about vanity and real needs. What needs? What are we missing?

DYLAN: There isn't anything missing. There is just a lot of scarcity.

PLAYBOY: Scarcity of what?

DYLAN: Inspirational abundance.

PLAYBOY: So it's not an energy crisis but an imagination crisis?

DYLAN: I think it's a spiritual crisis.

PLAYBOY: How so?

DYLAN: Well, you know, people step on each other's feet too much. They get on each other's case. They rattle easily. But I don't particularly stress that. I'm not on a soapbox about it, you know. That is the way life is.

PLAYBOY: We asked about heroes and saints and began talking about saints. How about heroes?

DYLAN: A hero is anyone who walks to his own drummer.

PLAYBOY: Shouldn't people look to others to be heroes?

DYLAN: No; when people look to others for heroism, they're looking for heroism in an imaginary character,

PLAYBOY: Maybe that in part explains

The ColorTrak System. Could it be the best 19" or 25" color picture you can buy?

RCA's exclusive ColorTrak System is a major achievement in color picture performance. Because ColorTrak is a truly remarkable system that actually grabs the color signal, aligns it, defines it, sharpens it, tones it and locks the color on track.

Getting the color right is what the ColorTrak System is all about. Here's how it works.

Automatic Color Control works to keep colors consistent.

Color variations can occur when the program changes, when a commercial comes on, and when you switch channels. ColorTrak's Automatic Color Control constantly monitors the color and actually adjusts it for you when changes occur.

A Tinted-Phosphor Picture Tube reduces reflections.

Room light that reflects from the screen can make color appear to "wash out." Many sets have a black matrix to absorb some of that light. But ColorTrak enhances its black matrix with specially tinted phosphors that absorb even more room light. So colors appear naturally vivid and lifelike.



A Dynamic Fleshtone Correction System.

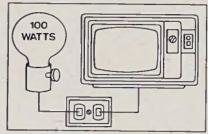
One of the hardest tasks for a color television is correcting varying fleshtones without distorting other colors. ColorTrak's Dynamic Fleshtone Correction brings fleshtones into the natural range, yet minimizes the effect on other colors.



The Spectra. 25" diagonal, Model GB730. Distinctive contemporary cabinet with beautiful rosewood finish and sleek chrome trim. Base tinished in matte black.

The XtendedLife Chassis designed to be RCA's most reliable ever.

ColorTrak runs cooler and uses less energy with the XtendedLife Chas-



The XtendedLile Chassis uses about as much energy, on average, as a 100 watt bulb.

sis. It generates less heat and subjects parts to less electrical stress than the chassis it replaces. The XtendedLife Chassis is designed to last longer and require less service than any previous RCA chassis.

Another RCA landmark in electronic performance.

To assure RCA excellence, we test ColorTrak throughout production. Circuits are tested by our new computer system which rejects parts that don't meet our high standards. And RCA technicians perform hundreds of tests on materials, parts and subsystems, making ColorTrak the most thoroughly tested set in RCA history.



ColorTrak could well be the finest color receiver you can buy. We invite you to see the ColorTrak picture. And judge for yourself.

RC/I ColorTrak

RCA is making television better and better.

why many seized upon you as that imaginary character.

DYLAN: I'm not an imaginary character, though.

PLAYBOY: You must realize that people get into a whole thing about you.

DYLAN: I know they used to.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think they still do?

DYLAN: Well, I'm not aware of it anymore. **PLAYBOY:** What about the 1974 tour? Or the Rolling Thunder tour of 1976?

DYLAN: Well, yeah, you know, when I play, people show up. I'm aware they haven't forgotten about me.

PLAYBOY: Still, people always think you have answers, don't they?

DYLAN: No, listen: If I wasn't Bob Dylan, I'd probably think that Bob Dylan has a lot of answers myself.

PLAYBOY: Would you be right?

DYLAN: I don't think so. Maybe he'd have a lot of answers for him, but for me? Maybe not. Maybe yes, maybe no. Bob Dylan isn't a cat, he doesn't have nine lives, so he can only do what he can do. You know: not break under the strain.

If you need someone who raises someone else to a level that is unrealistic, then it's that other person's problem. He is just confronting his superficial self somewhere down the line. They'll realize it, I'm sure.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you have to go through a period when people were claiming you had let them down?

DYLAN: Yeah, but I don't pay much attention to that. What can you say? Oh, I let you down, big deal, OK. That's all. Find somebody else, OK? That's all.

PLAYBOY: You talked about a spiritual crisis. Do you think Christ is an answer?

DYLAN: What is it that attracts people to Christ? The fact that it was such a tragedy, is what. Who does Christ become when he lives inside a certain person? Many people say that Christ lives inside them: Well, what does that mean? I've talked to many people whom Christ lives inside; I haven't met one who would want to trade places with Christ. Not one of his people put himself on the line when it came down to the final hour.

What would Christ be in this day and age if he came back? What would he be? What would he be to fulfill his function and purpose? He would have to be a leader, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up thinking about the fact that you were Jewish?

DYIAN: No, I didn't. I've never felt Jewish. I don't really consider myself Jewish or non-Jewish. I don't have much of a Jewish background. I'm not a patriot to any creed. I believe in all of them and none of them. A devout Christian or Moslem can be just as effective as a devout Jew. PLAYBOY: You say you don't feel Jewish,

But what about your sense of God?

DYLAN: I feel a heartfelt God. I don't particularly think that God wants me thinking about Him all the time. I think that would be a tremendous burden on Him, you know. He's got enough people asking Him for favors. He's got enough people asking Him to pull strings. I'll pull my own strings, you know.

I remember seeing a *Time* magazine on an airplane a few years back and it had a big cover headline, "Is GOD DEAD?" I mean, that was—would you think that was a responsible thing to do? What does God think of that? I mean, if you were God, how would you like to see that written about yourself? You know, I think the country's gone downhill since that day.

PLAYBOY: Really? DYLAN: Uh-huh.

PLAYBOY: Since that particular question was asked?

DYLAN: Yeah; I think at that point, some

"I remember seeing a Time magazine with a cover headline, 'IS GOD DEAD?' ...

If you were God, how would you like to see that written about yourself? You know, I think the country's gone downhill since that day."

very irresponsible people got hold of too much power to put such an irrelevant thing like that on a magazine when they could be talking about real issues. Since that day, you've had to kind of make your own way.

PLAYBOY: How are we doing, making our own way?

DYLAN: The truth is that we're born and we die. We're concerned here in this life with the journey from point A to point Z, or from what we think is point A to point Z. But it's pretty self-deluding if you think that's all there is.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is beyond Z? **DYLAN:** You mean, what do I think is in the great unknown? [*Pause*] Sounds, echoes of laughter.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel there's some sense of karmic balance in the universe, that you suffer for acts of bad faith?

DYLAN: Of course. I think everybody knows that's true. After you've lived long enough, you realize that's the case. You can get away with anything for a while. But it's like Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart* or Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment*: Somewhere along the line, sooner or later, you're going to have to pay.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've paid for what you got away with earlier?

DYLAN: Right now, I'm about even.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that what you said after your motorcycle accident—"Something had to be evened up"?

DYLAN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And you meant . . .?

DYLAN: I meant my back wheel had to be aligned. [Laughter]

PLAYBOY: Let's take one last dip back into the material world. What about an artist's relationship to money?

DYLAN: The myth of the starving artist is a myth. The big bankers and prominent young ladies who buy art started it. They just want to keep the artist under their thumb. Who says an artist can't have any money? Look at Picasso. The starving artist is usually starving for those around him to starve. You don't have to starve to be a good artist. You just have to have love, insight and a strong point of view. And you have to fight off depravity. Uncompromising, that's what makes a good artist. It doesn't matter if he has money or not. Look at Matisse; he was a banker. Anyway, there are other things that constifute wealth and poverty besides money. PLAYBOY: What we were touching on was the subject of the expensive house you

live in, for example.

DYLAN: What about it? Nothing earthshaking or final about where I live. There
is no vision behind the house. It is just a

bunch of trees and sheds.

PLAYBOY: We read in the papers about an enormous copper dome you had built.

DYLAN: I don't know what you read in the papers. It's just a place to live for now. The copper dome is just so I can recognize it when I come home.

PLAYBOY: OK, back to less worldly concerns. You don't believe in astrology, do you?

DYLAN: I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: You were quoted recently as having said something about having a Gemini nature.

DYLAN: Well, maybe there are certain characteristics of people who are born under certain signs. But I don't know, I'm not sure how relevant it is.

PLAYBOY: Could it be there's an undiscovered twin or a double to Bob Dylan?

DYLAN: Someplace on the planet, there's a double of me walking around. Could very possibly be.

PLAYBOY: Any messages for your double? DYLAN: Love will conquer everything—I suppose.

Low tar Tareytons

Flavor improved by charcoal filtration.

The U.S. Government uses charcoal filtration to freshen air in subs and spacecraft—and to improve the taste of drinking water. No other low tar equals Tareyton lights' taste because no other low tar has Tareyton's charcoal filtration.

Flavor improved by dual filtration.

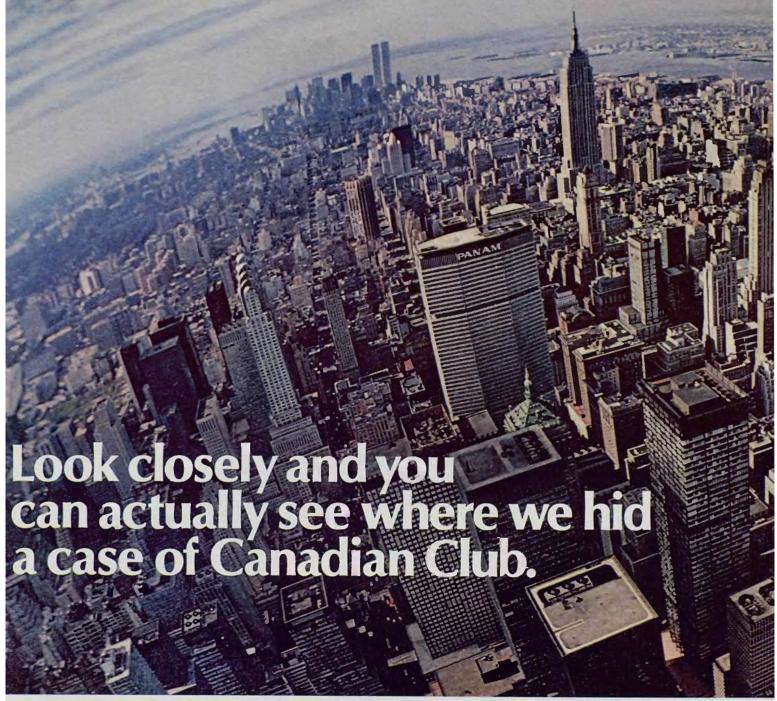
The one menthol that gives you full natural menthol flavor with low tar. Tareyton menthol's exclusive dual white filter cuts tar without cutting taste.







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

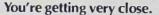


There are more than 7 million stories in the Big Apple. One of them is a hidden case of Canadian Club whisky that is yours...if you can find it. Just follow these directions.

Get an early start.

Begin your search for the world's finest tasting whisky at the bottom of the world's 3rd tallest building, right in the heart of Manhattan Island. Immediately proceed by taxi in as

straight a line as possible toward "The House that Ruth Built." Get out the second the meter reads \$3.65 and walk past a rolling hot dog stand toward the wonderful sound of 196 fountains. Hop onto the nearest double-decker bus and ride the same number of blocks as there are bridges out of town.



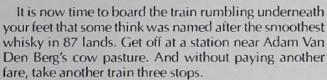
This would be a good time to savor a C.C. on the rocks with some pleasant company. Then, at your leisure, stroll over to a familiar mounted officer and climb into one of the cabs waiting for you. Tell the driver to let you off after he has made a right, a left and a right. Remind him not to break the law.







IMPORTED



Say, "C.C., please" and the case is yours.

Walk two blocks toward the setting sun and half that distance toward the nearest city reservoir. There, at a very prominent address, higher up than the eye can see, someone is ready to hand you the case of Canadian Club when you say, "C.C., please."

But if for some reason you should get a little weary along the way, don't panic. The New York area has 10,848 bars and restaurants that will be delighted to serve you Canada's favorite Canadian.



Part I

on april third, a self-styled messiah from new orleans will end the world—part of the outrageous new sci-fi novel by the best-selling author of "myra breckinridge" and "burr"

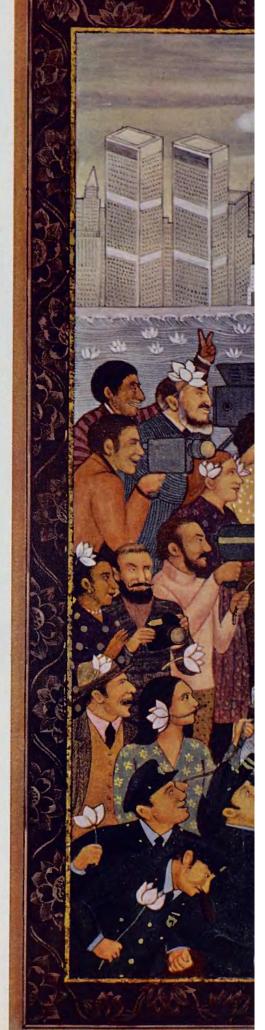
fiction By GORE VIDAL

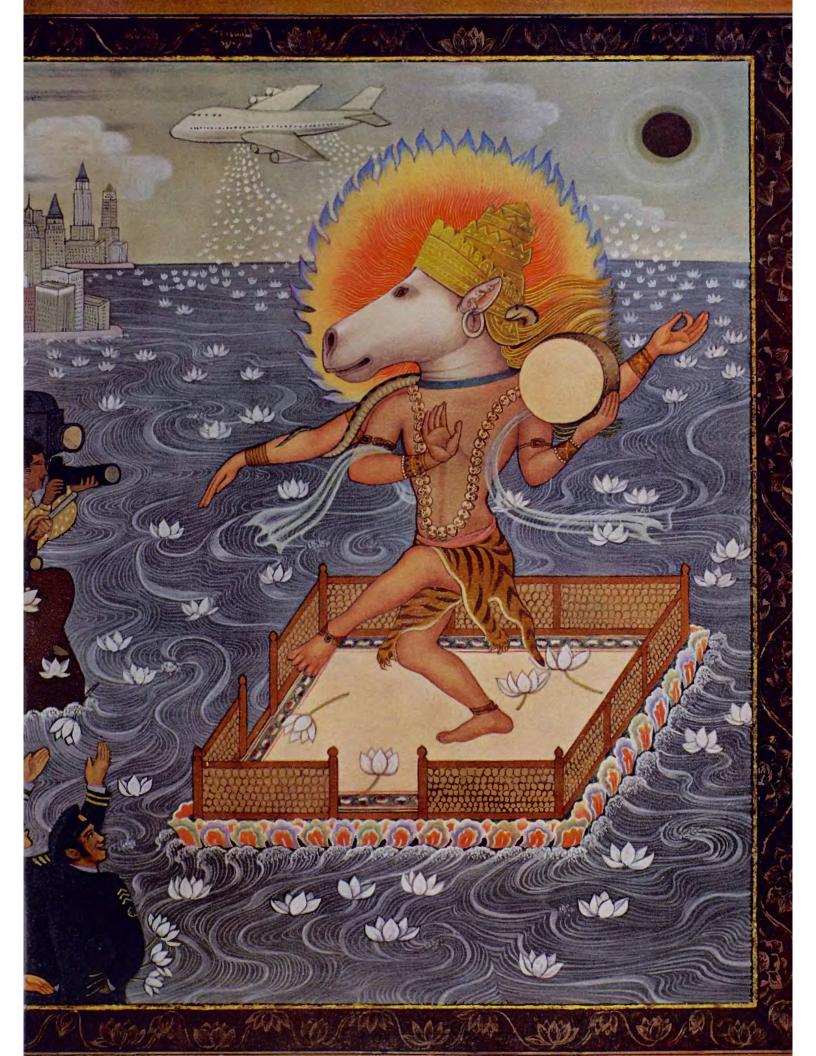
THE MURDER ON TELEVISION was the most dramatic event in the history of that medium. The Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King, Jr., had been killed offscreen. Although Oswald had been satisfactorily murdered onscreen, he was not at the time a star, or even a featured player. On the other hand, Kalki was already god to millions of people. To those other millions who rejected him as god, he was undeniably that most eminent of all creatures in the last days of the age of Kali, a superstar.

The explosion that disintegrated horse and rider was immediately blamed on Professor Jossi and his atom smasher. Jossi met with the press. He filled an entire blackboard with diagrams, proving that his machine could not have done the slightest harm to anyone. This explanation was accepted because Jossi's demonstration in applied physics was not understood. I confess (now) that at first I, too, blamed him. But we were all of us wrong.

I have now forgotten at what point we all became convinced that Jason McCloud was the murderer. Fairly soon, I should think. Giles assured us that McCloud had been acting on orders not from the Drug Enforcement Administration but from the Chiu Chow Society of Hong Kong, his principal employer. McCloud was a triple agent. As a bona fide agent for the DEA, he had infiltrated Kalki Enterprises and Giles had been obliged to pay him a "consultancy fee." McCloud had also infiltrated the Chiu Chow Society. When he learned that they had taken out a contract on Kalki's life with the Triad, he convinced them to let him do the job. They were delighted. Who would dare accuse an American narc of such a highly visible murder? To this day, no one knows just how McCloud set off his bomb, but we know that he did. At no point was he suspected by the newspapers, which were rife with speculation.

Two days after the murder, Giles gave a press conference aboard the Narayana. Geraldine and I were the only other Perfect Masters present. Lakshmi was under sedation in another part of the ship. I wore a black dress. I had had my hair done that





morning. Did not mind too much the

photographers.

I will confess to this record that I had had a suspicion or two that Giles might have wanted Kalki out of the way. Suspicions that were soon dispelled. For one thing, Giles had no real motive. After all, he and Kalki had been equal partners in the drug syndicate. They needed each other. Giles had nothing to gain by Kalki's death and a good deal to lose. In the hot glare of the television lights, Giles looked remarkably unhealthy, even for him. I also noticed that Geraldine's eyes were red. Yes, she had been in love with Kalki, I decided. Had I? In a way. And what else is there when it comes to love but a way to be in or out of it, including

Now Giles stood up on a chair. "I have," he announced in a strained voice, "a statement to make." The salon was quiet, except for the hum of the cameras. Giles began to read from a piece of paper. "Kalki lives." Giles paused. Defiantly? Yes, I suppose so. The immediate reaction was amazement. Then there were a number of snickers. Media personages were not precisely amiable.

Giles's annoyance was plain. Anger gave urgency to his voice. "Kalki lives."

he repeated. "Vishnu lives. All that died in Madison Square Garden was one of the four billion human bodies currently crowding the planet. As predicted, Kalki was obliged to discard one of those bodies. Presently, Kalki will inhabit a new body. He will return to us and, as predicted, he will end the age of Kali on

April third."

The boldness of these statements produced, first, a deep silence. Then someone

gave a nervous laugh.

Finally, a journalist asked the obvious-if slightly deranged under the circumstances-question. "Where is he now, Dr. Lowell?"

"Kalki is Vishnu. Vishnu is the universe. Therefore, Kalki is everywhere and nowhere." I groaned to myself. This rigmarole always depressed me. Others, too.

"I meant, Dr. Lowell," said the inquiring reporter, "where exactly is this spirit that you say is going to reinhabit some other body between now and April third?"

"I've just told you." There was a definite snap in Giles's voice. "The spirit is everywhere."

"In that case," a lady asked, "could you tell us, then, where the body is that he is going to occupy? And who does it belong

This struck me as a good question.

"I don't know." Giles was curt.

"Then could you maybe explain to us what will happen to the present tenant of the body when Kalki takes over?" The questioner was a syndicated columnist, known for his unready wit. Everyone laughed, except Geraldine, who looked

furious, red hair bristling.

"Since Vishnu is already present in that body, as he is present in me and in you and in all things, there should be no dislocation." When Giles became unusually precise, it was a sure sign that he was getting angry.

"Why did Kalki leave the old body?"

"Because, dear lady," Giles was now pouring out his special organic honey with unstudied ease, "a person or persons unknown saw fit to throw an as-yetunidentified explosive at the old body, totally disintegrating it. The god Vishnu, of course, continues to exist in the various bits of the old body that were so criminally and so savagely scattered around Madison Square Garden. Presently, he will either reassemble those fragments and appear amongst us as he was or he will select an altogether new body in which to reappear. We shall just have to wait and

"This is all very fanciful, Dr. Lowell," said a tough Barbara Walters type. "But what I don't understand is why Kalki or Vishnu or whoever would allow somebody to blow him up like that, anyway."

"Karma, dear lady. Fate. Destiny. It was meant to be and so it was."

"So Kalki knew he was going to be blown up on the TV?"

"Vishnu knows what was, what is and what will be."

"But did Kalki tell you in advance that he expected to be blown up on the TV?"

"Yes, he did. He predicted everything." This had the desired effect. News was

now being made. Everyone shouted at once. When did Kalki know? What did he say? One reporter asked, "Did Kalki tell you why he was going to let this

happen to him?"

"I am so glad that you asked that." Glowing with sweat from the TV lights, Giles looked almost healthy. Everyone leaned forward to hear what he would say. "To begin with," he began, "we are all of us involved in a most intricate ceremony. Think of the end of this cycle of creation as a sort of dance. Indeed, there is a legend that the end will come when Siva begins the Tandava, or dance of eternity. For Siva is also known to the gods as Nataraja, the king of dance."

Giles explained that Siva was one of the three aspects of the single god. For some reason, the Christians in the salon found this difficult to understand, even though their own religion involved an equally tripartite or trilateral god. Mary Baker Eddy, bless her, never went in for this kind of nonsense. It was enough that she herself had three names.

"So let me return, if I may, to the image of the dance." Giles was in full stride or gallop now. "Kalki appears. Makes a gesture. Disappears. Reappears. Is transformed. Moves to left, to right. All the while, we watch him. All the while,

he watches us. Now I must give you a most solemn warning. Those who believe that Kalki ceased to exist in Madison Square Garden are doomed never to achieve nirvana. Those who have faith in Kalki's return will know paradise, and

Giles had a lot of guts, if nothing else. To unreel that sort of line to the press was asking for it. And there was a lot of it. The black lady from The Village Voice spoke: "You said a while back that April third is the new date for the end of the world, is that right?" Journalists always like to answer the question that they have asked on the ground that it might turn an essentially one-way street into a thoroughfare. As Giles reaffirmed the date, I motioned to Geraldine. We left together, unnoticed by the crowd. They reminded me of a pack of wolves . . . of the sort that Arlene so much enjoyed rooting for in those television documentaries. Giles was plainly wolves' dinner.

Geraldine and I walked back to the Americana Hotel, She was tense, guarded. She agreed with me that McCloud was the murderer. "But he's safe. They'll never catch him . . . in time."

On Lexington Avenue, we watched a group of Kalki boys and girls. They offered their literature, as politely as always. But no one took the pamphlets. Even the white-paper lotuses were refused. The mood had changed overnight.

"It's all over," said Geraldine. She

seemed sad.

"Isn't Kalki returning?" I probed.

"Yes." Geraldine was brisk. "But, even so, this phase is over." She made a funny sort of pushing-to-one-side gesture. "They're all excluded now."

"Who's excluded?"

"Everyone on earth except-" Geraldine stopped. She did not look at me. We crossed Park Avenue. The wind was cold, from the northwest.

"Except the mandalas?" I asked.

"Except the ones who believe."

"And you're doubtful about me?"

"I don't know. Everyone seems to have given up." For a moment, we lingered in the bare garden of Lever House. Geraldine told me that most of the devoted mandalas had defected. Some had been frightened. They had thought that whoever had murdered Kalki might want. to make a clean sweep of his followers. Some feared that the American Government might find it irresistible to behave illegally and arrest or deport them. Some had just lost faith. "It's really only us now. Lakshmi and Giles and me and-

"Well," I said quickly, "I'm still available. I mean, I'm still under contract, am

What did I believe as of March 18? I must be absolutely honest. I thought that Kalki was doornail dead. But I assumed (continued on page 106)



"Do come along, Babs! We're going to sell our bodies to strangers!"

BLESSED ARE THE FANS, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT \$12 BLEACHER SEATS, INDIGESTIBLE HOT DOGS, \$2 BOTTLES OF BEER AND 100 OVERPAID SUPERSTARS

article

By RALPH NADER and PETER GRUENSTEIN

Last summer, Ralph Nader launched a campaign to defend the rights of sports fans. At first, it seemed he may have gone off the deep end: The press rolled out mocking cartoons and the talk shows began featuring Peter Gruenstein, Nader's director of his new group, F.A.N.S. (Fight to Advance the Nation's Sports), who sketched details of the campaign for often incredulous audiences. However, it turns out there is a good deal more to F.A.N.S. than standing up for an all-beef, two-bit hot dog. Billions of tax dollars, for example. To get all the facts, we went straight to the sources, Nader and Gruenstein. Here's the story, sports fans.

IN 1978, more than 300,000,000 fans will pay about two billion dollars to witness sports events, 40,000,000 will subscribe to magazines devoted to the pursuit of sport, the television networks (to say nothing of the local stations) will spend more than \$350,000,000 for the broadcast rights to over 1200 hours of sports and in excess of 50 billion dollars will be illegally wagered on sports contests. In fact, for some fans, sports are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, occasionally even death:

 In 1973, a Colorado man shot himself through the head. His suicide note read, "I have been a Broncos fan since the Broncos were first organized, and I can't stand their fumbling anymore." Denver had fumbled seven times that day in its game against the Chicago Bears.

 A Florida cabdriver fatally shot himself in 1974 after missing Hank Aaron's historic 715th home run because his wife made him shut the TV off and go to work.

• In the fall of 1969, during a vituperative campaign in which John Lindsay was struggling to remain mayor as the Mets were fighting for their first pennant, a sociologist stood on a Manhattan street corner and inquired of 150 New Yorkers, "Who is going to win?" More than two thirds responded, "The Mets."

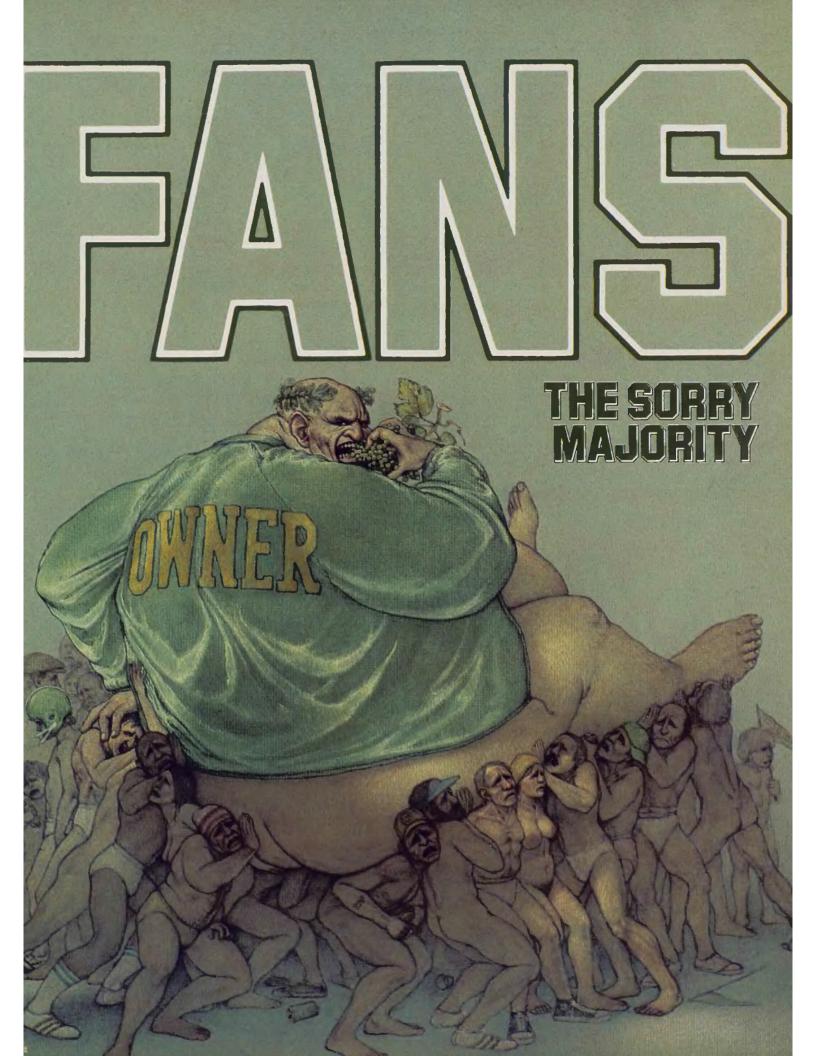
• When Bart Starr was still quarterbacking the Packers, author Michael Roberts reports in Fans: How We Go Crazy over Sports, a Methodist church school polled its students on which individual in the history of the world they most admired. Bart and Jesus tied for first place. Jesus' name was on the ballot; Starr's votes were write-ins.

A group of Ohio State University students were asked to name various OSU officials. One half didn't know the identity of the university's president; only one freshman coed didn't know that Woody Hayes was the head football coach.

But to dismiss spectator sports as silly and their local adherents as aberrants is both misguided and heartless. It demeans some of childhood's lushest memories and denies the awesome coordination and artistry of our country's finest athletes. Moreover, sports create "an atmosphere conducive to having fun," sports philosopher and Chicago White Sox president Bill Veeck notes. They can help overcome fear of social intercourse and spawn a camaraderie within a community. Veeck compares sports to a natural disaster. "Only then do people come together. They aren't afraid to talk to each other, because they know they have something in common." He makes a valid point when he observes that sport is "the only place in society where justice is equal and immediate. Three strikes and you're out; I don't care if you have Edward Bennett Williams defending you. Wealth, power or color mean nothing.'

Perhaps best of all, though, the rules rarely change. Sports—particularly base-ball—are, in Veeck's words, "a beacon of stability in a confused and confusing society."

Or are they? The rules on the field may change little, but off the field, the beacon of SportsWorld, as author Robert Lypsyte has dubbed the athletic establishment, is



being impersonalized, computerized and amortized, while the fans are ignored,

duped and exploited.

It is the corporatizing of sport. And it begins with a con. For decades, the professional-sports leagues and their owners have perpetuated the myth that sports are not profitable. "You must be a fan or be nuts to get into this business," says Gene Cline, president of the N.F.L.'s San Diego Chargers. "It's not really a good investment, never has been and probably never will be." In reality, such self-serving assertions probably never were accurate.

They certainly aren't today. Much of the evidence of this corporatizing of sport is provided by the corporations themselves and their managers, who have recognized the unusual advantages of sports ownership. CBS purchased 80 percent of the New York Yankees in 1964. In 1976, subsidiaries of General Electric and Ford Motor companies bought the Houston Astros from Judge Roy Hofheinz. Storer Broadcasting owned the Boston Bruins until 1975, when the hockey team was sold to the Jacobs brothers, Max, Jeremy and Lawrence, owners of Emprise, a huge sports conglomerate that was convicted in 1972 of participating in an illegal scheme to buy into a Las Vegas casino (and since has changed its name to SportsSystems, Inc.). Budweiser's August Busch has the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team and Ralston Purina recently purchased the Blues hockey team there. Warner Communications, after conducting an intensive study of the profitability of sports ownership, bought the New York Cosmos soccer team several years ago and signed international star Pelé to a \$4,000,000-plus contract. The entertainment conglomerate was frank in acknowledging that its motivation was profit. "We have all the glamor we need from working with movie and record people," one Warner director explained. An added inducement for Warner was a possible future tie-in between its cable-TV division and soccer. "Three, four, five years down the road, soccer could be very important to us when pay cable comes into being on a wide scale," one executive pointed out, Gulf and Western Industries, a huge multinational corporation, owns Madison Square Garden, which, in turn, owns New York's basketball Knicks and hockey Rangers. Both have been extraordinarily profitable; even in losing years, they have generally played to packed houses. And there is little reason to fear that sporting considerations will interfere with Gulf and Western's future profits. "If you ask me," Garden chief Alan Cohen has said, "whether I'd rather have a Stanley Cup and a basketball championship at the

The new corporate managers' devotion to and knowledge of the game is

expense of a profit, I say no."

frequently suspect. Billy Martin, after being fired as manager of the Texas Rangers in 1975, commented that owner Brad Corbett, a Dallas plastic-pipe magnate, "knows as much about baseball as I do about plastic pipe." The abrasive personality and bad management decisions of Paul Snyder, the largest stockholder in Nabisco and, until recently, co-owner of the N.B.A. Braves, earned him the nickname Cookie Monster in Buffalo. Oil tycoon John Mecom, Jr., owner of the perennially powder-puff New Orleans Saints, once remarked, "I'll tell you, this football team will not be allowed to interfere with the gas and oil business."

The temporal, fast-buck nature of many of the corporate owners' commitments to their teams has been reflected in a large turnover of franchises. Between 1963 and 1975, for example, as the N.B.A. expanded by nine teams, principal ownership of franchises changed hands 44 times. As N.B.A. Players Association chief Larry Fleisher told Sports Illustrated, "They buy in and take a very active role for two years or so, until the novelty wears off. Then they begin to disappear and are gone completely after four years, maximum five." Coincidentally, the player tax-write-off benefits run out after about five years.

No instance of this quick-buck ownership is more instructive than the case of Robert Short and the late, lamented Washington Senators. In 1969, Short, a wealthy Minneapolis hotel and truckingfirm operator, purchased the lowly Washington Senators for the inflated price of \$9,000,000. In 1971, two economists, Roger Noll and Benjamin Okner, both with the prestigious Brookings Institution at the time, analyzed Short's investment. They discovered that Short, through a complicated series of transactions, some involving loans between himself and his other businesses, had bought the Senators with a cash outlay of only \$1000. In return, he was entitled to depreciate most of the full purchase price of the team over a five-year period. By using these paper losses, Short could shelter income from his other businesses and realize \$500,000 per year in tax savings. In comparison, an average investor would need about \$6,000,000 to ensure such a return.

Unfortunately, as Okner, now working for the Carter Administration on tax reform, explains, Short encountered two major obstacles. First, the economy went sour soon after he bought the team and, as the country headed into a severe recession, his hotel and trucking firms produced little income in need of a shelter. Second, Short didn't have the foggiest notion of how to run a baseball club. He obtained a lot of high-priced "name" talent that didn't produce (remember Denny McLain after he won 30 games?). He determined that Senator fans should

pay the highest prices in the American League to watch one of the worst teams, and attendance suffered. He even sold a number of his most promising young ballplayers for operating cash when hard times hit.

Two years after he had purchased the club, with his tax haven partly eroded, the team in worse shape than ever and the interest payments on his loans coming due, Short was in a fix. He announced he would be willing to sell the club-for \$3,000,000 more than he had paid. Not finding anyone silly enough to fork over \$12,000,000 for a flailing franchise, he successfully petitioned his fellow owners to allow him to relocate the team in Arlington, Texas, midway between Fort Worth and Dallas. The baseball-hungry Arlingtonians arranged for Short to receive, among other sweetheart terms, a \$7,500,000 advance from several banks against future broadcast revenues. This allowed Short to pay off most of his loans.

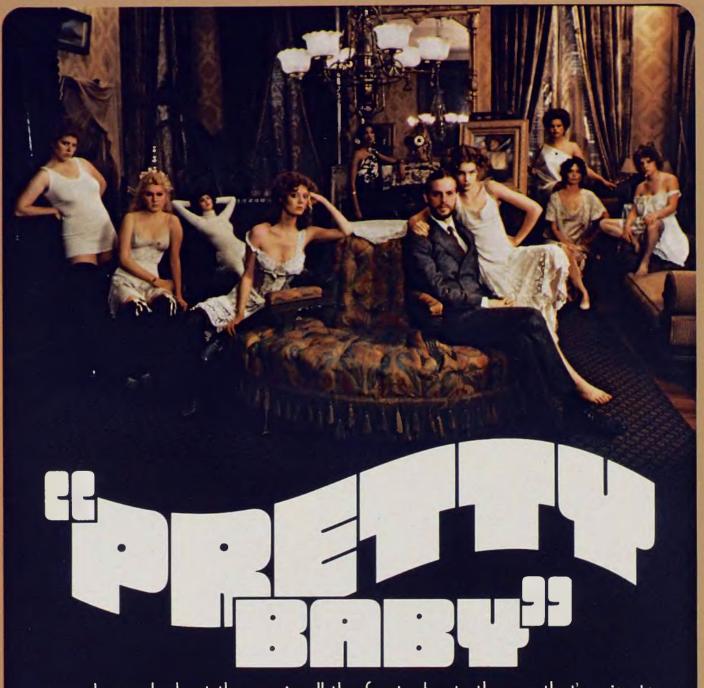
Thus, the Minnesotan's investment had come nearly full cycle by 1971. In just two years, he had converted \$1000 into a bought-and-paid-for franchise and still had three years left to avail himself of the tax shelter, at which point he sold 90 percent of his interest in the Texas

Rangers for \$8,300,000.

This illustrates the truly impressive profit-generating potential of professional-sports ownership. Inept, unlucky and "unsuccessful," a sports entrepreneur, like Short, can still vacation in Palm Springs. The reason Short came away from his Senators gambit with his manicure intact was what the economists call "excess demand." And the key to Short's salvation was the \$7,500,000 in bank loans against future broadcast revenues. He would not have received such an advance had he been talking about relocating an economically equivalent applesauce factory in Arlington. Why? Because anyone with the financial wherewithal can start an applesauce factory. There are no artificial legal barriers to competition in the applesauce business. There are in baseball

Baseball is a legally sanctioned monopoly and has been since 1922, when the Supreme Court reached the curious conclusion that the game did not constitute interstate commerce and therefore did not fall within the purview of Federal antitrust statutes. (Football has received a specific antitrust exemption from Congress and is today in essentially the same protected position as baseball.) Only in professional sports (with the exception of legally created monopoly utilities) can the present operators determine with impunity which, if any, future operators will be allowed to do business, and where. Of course, anyone can attempt to start a new league. But that's difficult. It's like telling

(continued on page 198)



an advance look at the movie all the fust is about—the one that's going to make 12-year-old brooke shields a star in her film debut as a nymphet hooker

FAST AND FOOT LOOSE LADIES in controversial movies are pretty much the norm for Louis Malle, the 44-year-old French master who has been setting off furors about sex since 1958, though he has also scored high points with such serious films as Lacombe, Lucien, which was nominated for an Oscar in 1974. After he launched his career earlier in the Fifties as Jacques Cousteau's co-director on The Silent World, Malle's first cause célèbre in cinema was The Lovers, a landmark erotic film with Jeanne Moreau as a kind of latter-day Lady Chatterley, which provoked loud protests from bluestockings but established some new frontiers for the battle against censorship. As recently

as 1971, Malle made waves again with Murmur of the Heart, a brilliant and exhilarating comedy about a wayward, wealthy family so sophisticated that the mother (played by Lea Massari) sleeps with her teenaged son and has a good laugh about it later, as if incest were just another privilege of the rich. (Malle merely smiles at the apocryphal story that when his mother—the heiress to a sugar fortune before she married Malle's father and begat seven privileged children—first saw the film, she observed with relish that it certainly brought back the good old days.)

Since he has seldom hesitated to tackle delicate subjects on the screen while discreetly sharing his Though measurobly toller, Keith Corrodine (right), ploying photogropher E. J. Bellocq, beors a striking resemblance to Toulouse-Loutrec, whose pointings and lithographs did for the demi-mondaines of 19th Century Poris whot Bellocq's photographs did for the good-time gals of New Orleans, circa 1916. Suson Sarandon (below), as the whore Hottie, mother of nymphet Violet (Brooke Shields), catches Bellocq's roving eye—which subsequently moves on to her Pretty Boby.

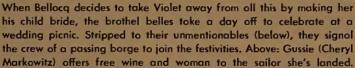


Storyville, celebroted for its low-down blues ond oll that jazz, was a red-light district second to none until do-gooder groups become incensed by the painted ladies' brozen solicitotion of the sailors who were supposed to spend their strength winning World War One. Its lush, lurid world is re-created here in Maureen Lombray's special photos, which complement Pretty Baby's stylish cinematogrophy by Sven Nykvist, Ingmar Bergman's fovorite cameroman.











private life with a string of celebrated leading ladies, it seems just right that Malle's first film made in America should be *Pretty Baby*. Loosely based on fact, the screenplay by Hollywood production designer Polly Platt (Peter Bogdanovich's ex-wife) is set in the notorious Storyville section of New Orleans circa 1916, with Keith Carradine cast as photographer E. J. Bellocq, a compulsive voyeur and shutterbug who haunted the district's bordellos, creating a gallery of harlots that Malle compares to the work of Toulouse-Lautrec. "In the film," says Malle, "he meets Violet, the 12-year-old daughter of a prostitute, raised in the brothels. To get her out of this hell, Bellocq decides to marry her."

The real or potential problem with *Pretty Baby* is one of timing. Malle readily acknowledges that getting into hot water appears to be his forte. Perhaps he's the kind of guy who would unwittingly take Anita Bryant to a gay bar on their first date; most assuredly, he's the kind who would cross the Atlantic to









Above: on impossive Gussie entertoins an energetic client (Bill Holliday), in the sort of encounter that director Louis Molle calls "o crosh course" in sex education for young Violet, who observes all. One of Baby's busiest bodies, Cheryl operated a Houston hoir salon before being spotted by film scouts at a Mordi Gras parade in New Orleans, appropriately costumed as—o streetwolker.

make a breakthrough American movie about a child prostitute at the very moment that the media, state legislatures and even U. S. Congressional leaders were raising a furor about the sexual abuse of children. Malle, with Paramount Pictures behind him, stands ready to defend the film industry's argument that legislation in that area is more likely to cripple freedom of expression in general than to kill off child pornography or rid the streets of teeny-bopper prostitutes.

"If this hysteria becomes law, a great many recent movies will be bannedincluding my last three pictures before Pretty Baby, all of which deal with very young people having to face the world of adults for the first time," says Malle. "It's this passage, this moment of transition, that excites me creatively. The boy in Murmur of the Heart was only 14 years old; the boy who seduced the heroine of Lacombe, Lucien was 16. The girl I used in Black Moon-Cathryn Harrison. Rex's granddaughter-was just 15 and had a defloration scene with a snake. . . . I don't even know the age of the snake, but I doubt if that would pass.

"I guess I should be used to this," Malle continues. "The Lovers came over here in 1959 and the case went all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court. Recently, I met an exhibitor in Cleveland who had been convicted because of it; yet you look at that film today and it's like go-to-church-on-Sunday, it's nothing.

"My God, this strange impulse of man's being sexually aroused by children has been part of every civilization. That's a fact, I'm sorry to say, a sociological factand it's going on today, in New York City, in the so-called Minnesota Strip on Eighth Avenue, which is nothing but kids whoring. Let me make clear that I'm a film maker, not a social worker. My cinema is not rhetorical and I don't send messages. Yet it's pure hypocrisy to pretend this is a modern phenomenon. Children have always been manipulated and exploited. You can trace it way back to China and the Greek classical culture, where a certain type of companionship between mature men and very young boys was considered normal, practically traditional.

"Pretty Baby just came together as it is because I'd always loved New Orleans jazz.... Ten years ago. I wanted to do a biography of Jelly Roll Morton, the jazz pianist. I ended up with a script by Jack Gelber that nobody wanted to do. Then I became interested in the Bellocq photos, which were published by the Museum of Modern Art. So little is known about Bellocq. He died in obscurity, totally unknown. There were stories about his being a misshapen dwarf. The love story between him and the girl is invented, of course. But Bellocq himself was real and Violet was (continued on page 218)



Young Violet's virginity is outtioned off to bordello patrons while Hattie and her intended spouse (Don Hood, above, rear) look on; one overzealous cherry picker earns a kick for trying to sneak an advance peek at the prize. The winning bid? \$400.



Snatched from the primrose path by Bellocq, the nonshrinking Violet moves in with him to learn the simple joys of courtship and card games—a fote better than hustling her life away for Madam Nell (below), played by night-club chanteuse Frances Faye.





Sarandon, Carradine and Shields share the spotlight in a loaded early scene—when Bellocq visits the whorehouse to photograph Hattie and is uneasy at having the precacious Violet close at hand while her redhot momma powders her breasts and leans back to see what develops.

Abed with one of her regular Jahns, a pistol-packing gambler knawn as Highpockets (Gerrit Graham), Hattie dreams her favorite dream of getting away from whoredom. When Hattie's dream comes true, Highpockets loses her—and *Pretty Baby* dissolves into a Pollyanna finale.



"With ease, he could have ended up in the clink it took a lot of guts to enter the lion's den."

that Giles would come up with some sort of substitute. Yet even if he did, the game was over. April third would come and go.

Geraldine was grateful for my display, if not of loyalty, of solidarity. When I asked about Lakshmi, she said, "No one has seen her except Giles."

"But she must have known." I played along. "I mean, if Kalki predicted this

would happen....

"It's still a shock," said Geraldine, matter-of-fact as always. I could not fathom her. Or any of them. I was genuinely sad that the beautiful construct of flesh that had been J. J. Kelly was no longer in its original blond arrangement and I felt emptiness.

There were a number of messages for me at the hotel. One from Senator Johnson White. He wanted to meet me the following day at the Plaza hotel.

Senator White was installed in a corner suite. From tall windows, there was a fine view of Central Park. Although flowers from admirers decorated every table of the sitting room, I looked in vain for the symbolic poppy.

"You wanted to see me, Senator."

"Yes." White put on his solemn State of the Union face. He looked historic. Mount Rushmore in rosy soap. "As a good American, Teddy, I want you to testify before my committee on April fourth. Naturally, you'll want to be briefed on exactly what to say, which is why I have proposed this little get-together with me and the man from the CIA. But first, Teddy, what do you think happened at Madison Square Garden?"

Under the circumstances, I thought this an odd question. So I gave him an odd answer. "Well, for one thing, Kalki filled the Garden. And you said he wouldn't."

"There was a lot of paper." White lapsed into show-business lingo. Paper meant those free tickets that are given out in order to make it look as if there were a full house.

"There was no paper. The house," I showbizzed, too, "went clean."

"Be that," said White snippily, "as it may. What exactly happened at the end?"

"Kalki was murdered." I decided to follow the party, or Giles Lowell, line. "As he expected to be."

"Did Kalki ever tell you that he expected to be murdered?"

"In a way, yes." Since I was in the dark, I saw no reason not to share my darkness with White. It was unlikely that he knew anything I did not.

White scratched his head in such a way that the cowlick in the back stood straight up. He looked a country slicker. "Well, now, I'm just a boy from up the creek a ways, and what I don't . . . dohn unnerstan' is jest who in tarnation lobbed that big ole bomb at Jim Kelly and his real nice white horse?"

I gritted my teeth. White's voice was like a plate of cold okra. I hate okra of any kind. I answered noncommittally. "The FBI is supposed to be investigating."

"They're hopeless." White dropped the accent. "They aren't even sure what kind of explosive was used. Or where it came from. Or who threw it, assuming it was not already in place, with a timer attached. Anyhoo, that ain't no concern of us'n." Into a frying pan filled with lard went the okra. "Now, ole buddy, I got me a theory. And it is this: Dr. Giles Lowell set that bomb."

"Why?"

"'Cause he wants to take over the

"I don't buy that, Senator!"

"Well, I'm a-peddlin', ole buddy."

I broke down. I swept frying pan and okra to the ground, metaphorically speaking. "Please, Senator. Don't talk Southern to me. I mean, it's bad enough listening to the President and his wife and his brother and his sisters and his sons and their wives and his aides and his truly dreadful mother without having you, the white hope of the Republican Party and, I pray, our next President, coming on like Li'l Abner when what this country of ours needs is Honest Abe." I laid it on.

White surrendered. He flashed a winner's smile. "Lordy!" he said. Then he stopped himself in time. "I guess it's contagious, that truly awful accent we hear morning, noon and night in Washington. Anyways . . . I mean, anyway, I always knew you would end up in my corner, if only because fiscal responsibility is my watchword. Teddy, I want you to testify that during the period of your employment as Kalki's personal pilot, he told you on more than one occasion that, A, he was the actual head of this great narcotics ring and, B, that he feared Dr. Lowell would knock him off and take his place."

"Senator, you're asking me to commit perjury before a Senate committee."

"I'm asking you, Teddy, to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." White's contact lenses reflected, disagreeably, my anxious face.

"The truth is," I said, "Kalki never said either A or B to me."

"I think, Teddy, that you are showing signs of being an uncooperative witness." Capped teeth were bared. "And I think you know what happens to uncooperative witnesses who are in contempt of Congress."

I was ready to kick that one around. But we were interrupted by his secretary. who poked his head in the doorway and announced, "He's here."

In retrospect, where I seem now to be in happy residence, I am not as surprised as I was then to see Dr. Ashok. Although I never found Giles's Dr. Ashok number as convincing as Dr. Ashok's Dr. Lowell routine, I had to admit that he was in good form that day with Senator White. But then, he had to be. As Giles Lowell, he had been subpoenaed. With the greatest of ease, he could have ended up in the clink. It took a lot of guts to enter the lion's den, beard in hand, as it were. I remember wondering whether or not White knew that Dr. Ashok was Dr.

"My dear Senator! What a pleasure! And dear Madam Ottinger, my Katmandu pal! Put it there!" Golden eyes and teeth shining, Dr. Ashok gave me a fragile brown hand to shake. He even smelled of curry powder. A true artist.

"Dr. Ashok, we need your counsel," said White, putting his tiny feet on the

"I am yours to command, like the genie in the lamp. Simply rub, O Aladdin! And you will get your wish." I always thought that Giles tended to overdo Dr. Ashok in a way that Dr. Ashok never overdid Dr. Lowell. But if White was not in cahoots with Giles, he was plainly taken in.

"What are they saying at CIA headquarters?"

"Langley is more than usually confused." Dr. Ashok patted my knee. I moved my chair away.

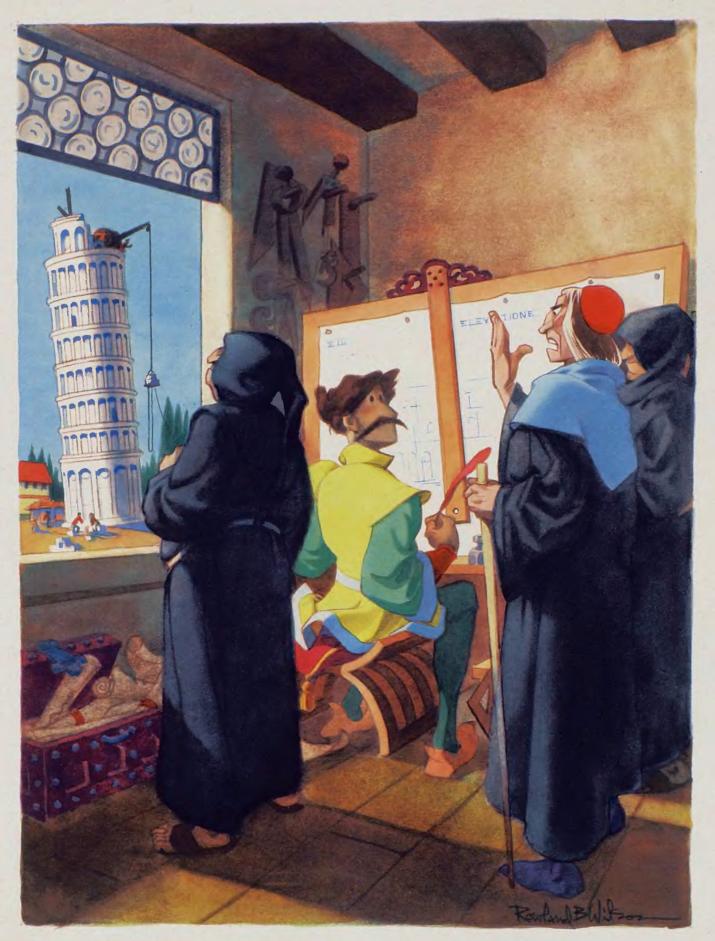
"Dr. Ashok, I may as well jump in with both feet," said White, adjusting a contact lens. "In the course of my committee hearings, I am going to expose the murderer of Kalki. In order for me to do this, I must hold off the CIA, the FBI, New York's finest . . . in short, anyone who might solve the murder before I do. So, Dr. Ashok, can you keep the lid on at Langley?"

"Dear Senator White, you have, I fear, overestimated my humble intelligence. Before I can begin to keep a lid of any sort in its appointed place, I must know-oh, superb simile or even metaphor!-what precisely do you have in your pot?"

"Kalki's murderer is in my pot." "His name, dear Senator White?"

"Giles Lowell, M.D."

Dr. Ashok rose, quietly, to greatness. "I take it, then, that you have in your (continued on page 156)



"We've traced the problem all the way back to your T square."



ing down the inrun of a jump that was going to pitch each of us up into the air and then put us down 30 or 40 feet away on our skis or on our heads. I was pretty sure that Wild Bill O'Leary, a professional free-style skier and my coach, was going to land on his feet. He'd made a thousand jumps like this. In fact, he has a big color photo of himself in the upside-down part of a back layout off one of these jumps. You can't see where he took off from or where he's going to land, just his spread-eagled body hanging against the high-altitude blue sky, with the lake, the spectators' heads and everything else in the picture below him. If he had on one of those silver suits instead of the black ski outfit he wears, it could be a NASA photo. For him, the jump we were looking down on wasn't going to be much of a rush. But for me . . . well . . . for me, it was going to be a quantum leap, so to speak. I've skied since I was a kid, but this lip was three, maybe four times bigger than anything I'd ever ridden up and over. From the top of the run, I couldn't see the landing, because it dropped away too steeply on the other side. All I could see from where (continued on page 114)





DON'T SLEEP ON IT

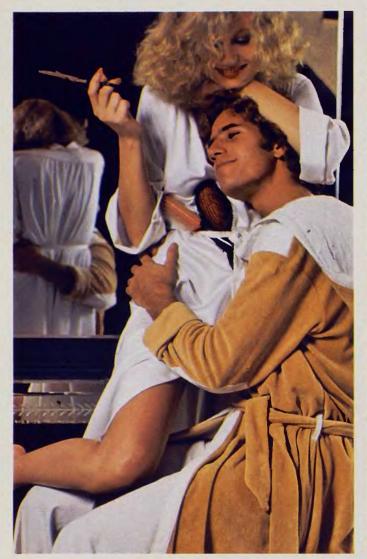
attire BY DAVID PLATT

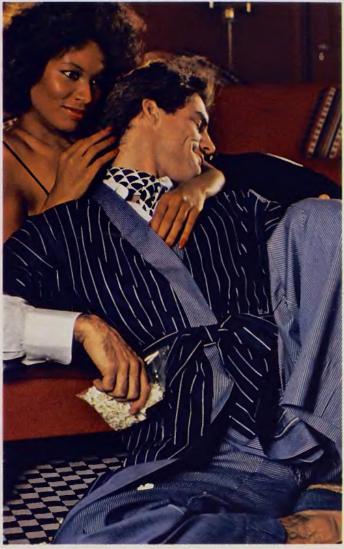
clothes too good to waste your time snoozing in

PAJAMAS MAY BE PASSE, but pajama-type lounge-leisure outfits (we've dubbed them easy clothes) that can be worn for entertaining or just curling up with a good book are the hottest-selling items on the present male fashion scene. Easy clothes reinforce the principle that it's no longer possible to label various types of men's apparel sportswear, businesswear, etc. Crossovers in these categories and functions are everywhere, the current fashion mood being if it feels right, wear it. And feel is part of the appeal of these new easy clothes. Borrowing from active, jogging styles, from soft, terry beach styles and from silk-pajama styles, easy clothes come on relaxed, sensuous and, well, easy. So, quick—put on your easy clothes. Company's coming!

Above: The evening's up for grabs—ond con you blome the lody when her componion is wearing a cotton/polyester thermol knit crewneck pullover featuring o knit raglan shoulder treatment, arm stripes and ribbed cuffs and waist, \$27.50, plus a pair of cotton/polyester thermal knit pull-on pants with elosticized waist, plocket fly front, curved pockets and wide legs, \$27.50, both by Ron Chereskin for Men? Right: An easygoing morning with the paper, but we'll loy odds that nobody's going to be reading for long, what with this guy lounging in a cotton/polyester stretch terry belted onkle-length robe featuring dropped shoulders, wide sleeves with contrasting orm stripes and patch pockets, \$32.50, worn with cotton/polyester stretch terry pull-on pants that have a drowstring woist and wide legs, about \$20, both by Diplomat. (Her lingerie is by Fernando Sanchez.)







Above left: Tolk obout a soft life! And the cotton/polyester velour hooded and belted robe he's wearing, featuring in-seam pockets, quilted hood lining, shoulder and elbow patches and banded trim, \$85, plus a poir of natural cotton ponts with a drawstring waist, patch pockets and flared legs, \$26, both by Two in the Bush California, feel pretty good, too. (Her robe is by Blanche for Rolph Montenero.) Above right: This dapper lod has wisely opted for something more comely than just the arms of Morpheus to sink into. He's looking good in an Avril/cotton striped and belted kimono with angled patch pockets and pinstriped trim, \$37.50, worn with matching pinstriped pull-on pants that have an elosticized woist, angled patch pockets with contrast striping and wide stroight legs, \$20, both by Christian

Dior; plus a pinstripe cotton shirt with contrasting collar and French cuffs, by Bert Pulitzer, \$37.50; o geometric-design silk crepe-de-Chine oscot, by Christopher for The George G. Groham Golleries, about \$15; and a poir of silver threepenny-piece cuff links, by Peter & Jane for The George G. Graham Golleries, about \$15. Right: Here's proof positive that an open fire, a snifter of brondy and o striped silk pullover with stand-up collar, four button placket front, pleated button-through patch breast pocket and barrel cuffs, plus pull-on pants with three slash pockets and wide straight legs, both by Mork Birnboum for Corara, \$125, will win the little lady's heart (and who knows what else?) every time. (The something comfortable she's slipped into is by Blanche for Ralph Montenero.)



JUMP! (continued from page 108)

"By the time the actuaries are through figuring out your premiums, it's a sucker bet, anyway."

we stood was the lip and then a lot of space, so it was going to be a leap of faith, too.

It wasn't the 90-meter jump at Innsbruck, but it might as well have been. Every kid who ever sailed one of those monster jumps had to make this one on the way there, had to listen to his teacher and ignore the old instincts that live in secret body places, waiting for moments like this to burst out, shouting, "Get

"The one thing you absolutely cannot do," Bill said, "you can't change your mind once you start down the track. If you try to pull out, you'll probably hurt yourself. You have to jump this thing harder than it can throw you.'

Ah, yes, ain't it the truth? I thought. Life holds out special punishments for the hesitant, the too cautious. There's probably even a natural law that applies: No slack for the timid. . . . Yes . . . but . . . isn't it also true that life keeps back nasty surprises for the stupid, the cocky and the overconfident? Couldn't a jump like this snap the big bone in your back if you didn't pay it proper respect, proper fear?

"And don't stand up there thinking about it too long, either," said Bill.

I'd already had a week to think about it. Bill and I skied together for four days while he watched me and talked to me and urged me always to do a little more than I would have tried by myself. He runs the World Free-Style Training Center at Heavenly Valley and when we met, I told him I was looking for whatever rushes I could get out of hot-dog skiing. Hot dog is not a phrase he likes. Free-style skiers have an image problem and professionals like Bill are sensitive about it. Serious, macho downhill skiers call free-stylers mindless yahoos, because they whoop and holler, or pussies, because they ski to music and use short skis.

Free-style skiing is a relatively new sport. It wasn't until the last half of the Sixties that equipment design became sophisticated and experimental, and short skis (50 or 60 centimeters shorter than the old style), with their tails turned up and their edges specially filed, all of a sudden made a lot of things possible that probably would have broken your back if you'd tried them five years earlier.

There are three events in free-style competition. The ballet is just thatdancing down a hill on skis. They do a carefully choreographed series of spins and dips and crossovers and they are judged on continuity, difficulty and choreography with the music-pretty much the same way you'd judge a ballet dancer. The mogul event-"skiing the bumps," they call it-is a wild, brutal run down a very steep hill full of hard, high, treacherous moguls. On a good bump run, you are in the air as much as you are on the snow, and you need the reflexes of a young cat and the leg muscles of a mature pig to really get it right. The aerial events are the heart stoppers, though. They're done off jumps designed to get you high enough above the snow to do a flip, or a double flip, or any one of a dozen other mid-air stunts that used to be done mostly off diving boards or on trampolines.

I told Bill that I wanted to try a little of all three but that what I'd really come for was to jump. I said that I'd done a little diving and a little work on the trampoline and that I was fairly comfortable in the air, but not too high in the air. Then I asked him if he could coach me up to a serious jump in a week. He said it might be a problem, and then I found out another reason hot-dog skiers are defensive nowadays.

"We had insurance," he said, "but when it ran out, the new premium they gave us was out of sight, impossible. So we really can't teach any inverted aerials right now. As it is, we can't even do straight jumps, not on Heavenly Valley property, anyway. It's a real problem. The sport could die if we can't teach these tricks anymore."

Insurance is the natural enemy of all adventure, I thought to myself. There's an army of pallid little men out there with slide rules where their brains ought to be and they've been trying for years now to force me and everyone else to live our lives by their calculations, trying to convince us that yesterday's worst statistic is today's grim probability. By the time the actuaries are through figuring out your premiums, it's a sucker bet, anyway. And worse than that is the timid worm it plants in your head.

"We might be able to find some kind of jump out in the woods, though," Bill said. "If it snows later in the week, we'll look for one."

It made me happy to think that there were still woods out there deep enough that the insurance peddlers hadn't pene-

Bill and I spent the first couple of

days working on ballet tricks on a bunny hill near the lodge. He fitted me into boots and 150-centimeter skis and gave me a pair of poles without straps, so that when I fell, I wouldn't skewer myself. And I did fall. The first trick I learned is called a 360 and it's a simple, full-circle, running turn. And although there are only four edges on a pair of skis, I found 16 ways to catch them in the middle of a spin. About four of those ways can tear you in half like a wishbone and the other dozen put you on your ass or your face, and since there isn't much speed to these moves, you always land like a sack of wheat on a warehouse floor. Bill kept telling me not to look at my skis in the middle of the trick. "Your body always follows your head . . . if you look down, you'll fall down. It puts you in the wrong place over your skis.'

I knew he was right, but it's very hard to do strange new things without looking. Bill had told me before how important it was to keep your body weight over the balance point. "The forward position on the skis," he said, "the perfect place, is directly over the ball of your foot, with the pressure of your boot tongue on your ankle. You can't hold it, but you should always be tending toward it." (Like en-

lightenment, I thought.)

Bill doesn't fall much at all. When he's on it, he can do standing flips and rolls and long series of crossovers and onelegged things with the freedom and grace of an ice skater. He's 32 years old, about 5'6", and he wears a trimmed beard below his black mustache. Eight years ago, he discovered free-style skiing and two years after that, he quit his job as a truck mechanic in San Jose and flew East to enter his first national competition. The weather and snow conditions were Eastern icy and there were 197 other entrants. He says he remembers standing a long time on top, looking down, before his first jump.

"I'll tell you the rush," he said. "The rush is when you first turn your skis down the hill and set them in the track. It's the instant you know you're really going to do it-that's the moment."

In that first competition, Bill took second in the ballet and sixth in the aerials and since then, he's made his living as a free-style skier. Over the past couple of years, he's given up competition to teach. Beconta, the ski-equipment manufacturer, sponsors his school and in the summer he runs a series of hot-dog camps for kids. He uses a motorized ski deck and for a while he even set up a jump on the edge of the lake that let you practice aerials, on skis, in a bathing suit, into the cold green water. In the winter, he travels around

(continued on page 210)



"God, the things you see when you haven't got a club!"



THE DEVIL IN MISS SMITH

who knows what dreams fill a young girl's heart? we do!

HRISTINA SMITH'S Smile is a little devilish. It says, "Show me," even though she's not from Missouri. She's all woman, but she's also tough. Resilient. Willful. She's a maverick. "I was a terrible kid," she admits with a husky laugh. "I resented all authority figures. I was a tomboy, and a pretty rough one, at that."

She speaks fondly of the days when she played football, wrestled and climbed trees.

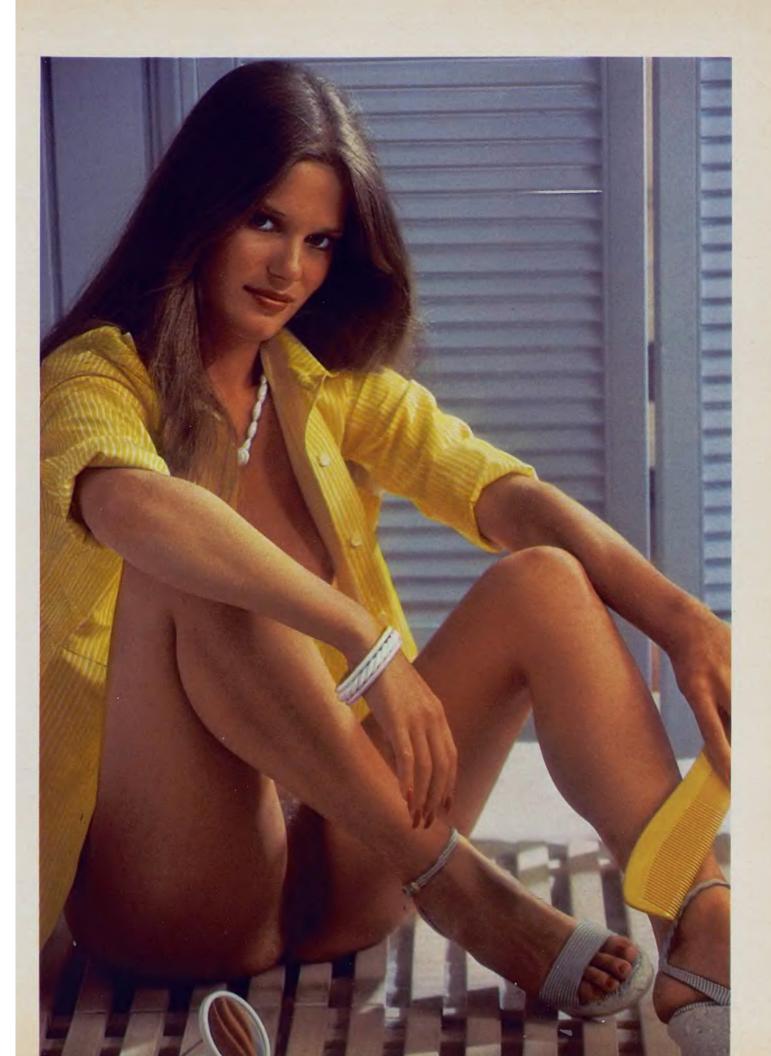
"I still think I'm one of the best tree climbers around, and I still love to wrestle. Particularly with a man. But I've given up football. I'm not, uh, lean all over, like I used to be." No sirree.

Christina grew up in California, then, at 16, moved to Salina, Kansas, for her last year of high school. When she left California, she was still a skinny tomboy, but Mother Nature took over in Salina.

"To the kids I grew up with in



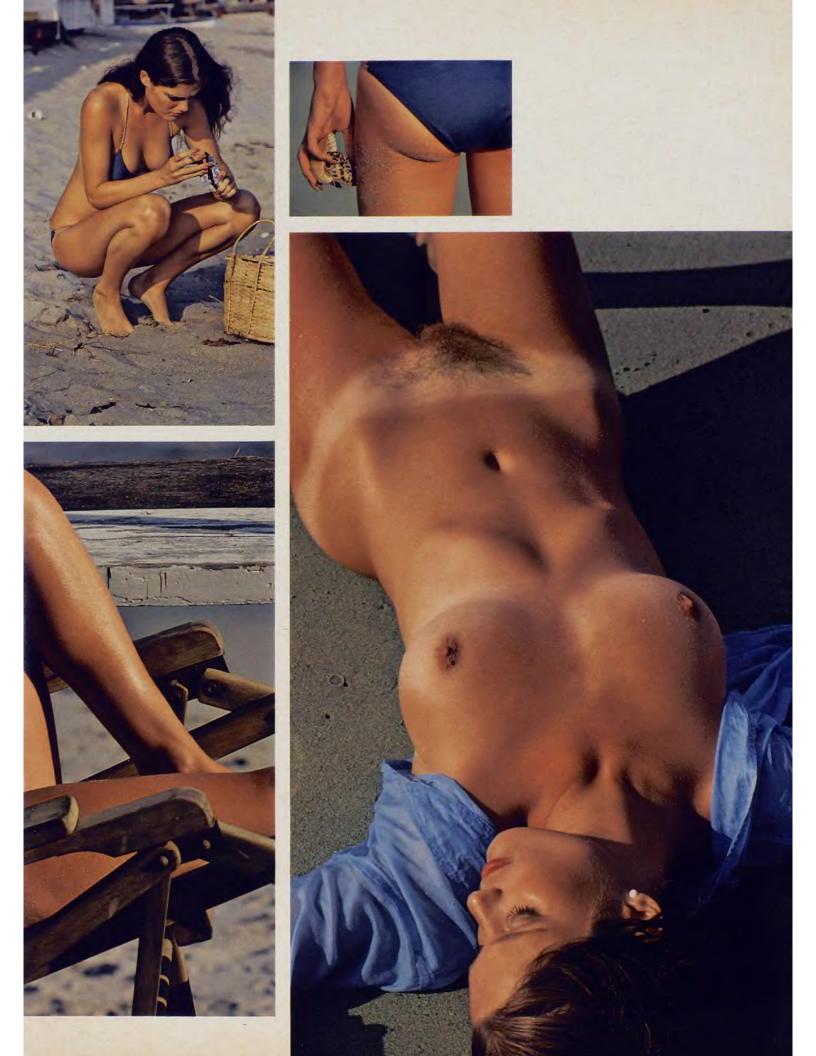
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



"I'm a water person. I love it. For me, water has always been home. When I was a kid, I was like a fish. I could almost breathe under water. I'm a fanatic about the beach. All my life, when I've needed to relax, I've gone to the beach. The occan talks to me. I know this sounds crazy, but the ocean listens when I talk to it and it answers me. If I can't get to the beach, the next-best thing is the shower. Sitting under the stream of water and letting it hit me in that right spot—it's something I do when I'm alone."







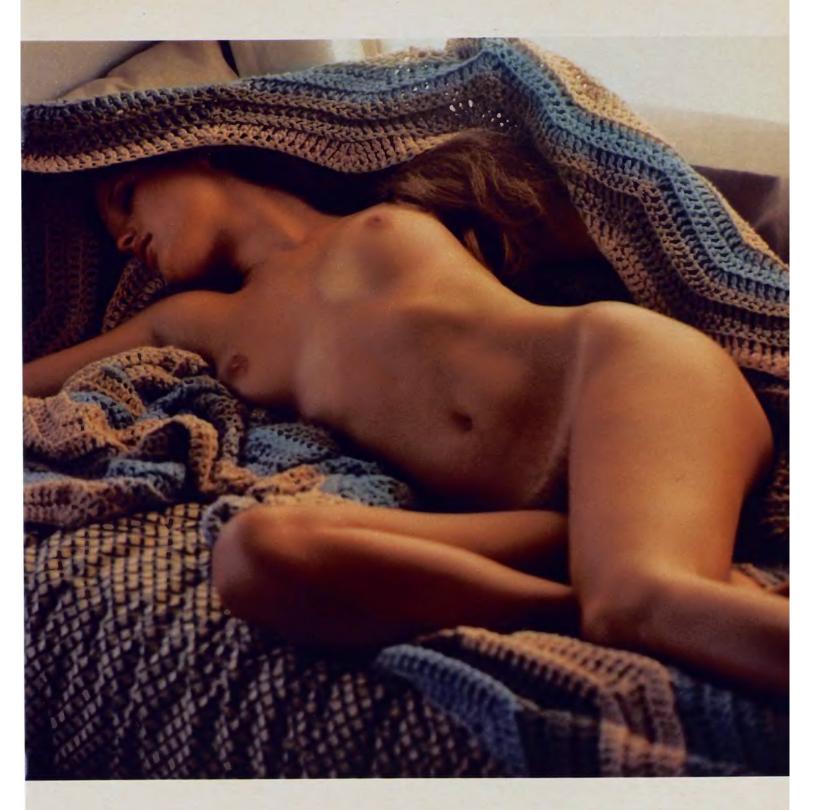
"I don't like the idea of being tied down, and I mean that literally. One time, two friends, as a joke, pinned me down and tried to undress me. I just couldn't stand it. I really panicked."







"Ordinarily, I'm very practical, but I get emotionally involved with movies. At the end of 'A Star Is Born,' I just cried and cried; I couldn't stop after I'd left the theater."



Orange County, I was just Tina, the grubby kid who wore baggy pants and sloppy T-shirts. But when I got to Salina, well, I was 'a California girl,' and I got a lot of attention. I started wearing real short miniskirts and my body filled out. When I came back to California at 18, I visited my old neighborhood. All of a sudden, I was being hit on by the same guys who had never paid any attention to me before. By then, I wasn't the slightest bit interested in them." So much for the shortsightedness of





the boys in Orange County's class of '75. Now Christina gets more attention than she needs, but not more than she can handle. When we met her in the lobby of a Los Angeles hotel, she was surrounded by three men, all offering business cards. Later, she thumbed through them.

"Hmmmm. A photographer. He offered to do my portfolio for nothing. A real-estate man wants me to model on the front lawns of his properties. And here's one from the president of a disco. Wow."

We asked if she weren't just the slightest bit scared, being approached by strange men. "I kind of like it. I have this fantasy of seeing a man, say in a movie theater, and going to a hotel room with him and making love in total anonymity. No names, no words, and then just parting, with no questions asked."

Back in the real world, she's been living with "a wonderful, strong, cheerful man," and she's busy round the clock with modeling appointments. At 20, Tina has come a long, long way from Salina.



"My best relationships aren't with men to whom I'm drawn sexually. If the attraction is sexual, once it's satisfied, I lose interest."







"I like the idea of making love to two men at the same time. I think I would really enjoy that. The thought of being fondled by two men is very stimulating. But, basically, I guess I prefer just one man. Even with two, I probably would concentrate my attention on one man at a time."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Christina Smith

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: LIBRA

BIRTH DATE: 10-4-57 BIRTHPLACE: MIRMI, FloRIDA

COALS: TO FIND MYSELF A DECENT MAN AND to

DECOME A SUCCESSFUL MODEL. I would ESPECIALLY like to do modeling for television commercials.

TURN-ONS: MED, WOMEN, JAZZ, JACUZZIS AND

daucing to JAZZ MUSIC.

TURN-OFFS: HUSbands, autspaken people, snobs and

"High CLASS" people.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Sidd hartha, GRAPES OF Wenth,

MARTIAN CHRONICLES AND ANDREY ROSE.

FAVORITE MOVIES: The REINXARNATION OF PETER PRODUCT TOMMY!

STAR WARS, SILENT MOVIE AND ASTAR IS BORN.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: TOM Scott, Chase, GROVER WAShington,

And Roger DALTREY in the Movie Tommy.

FAVORITE SPORTS: WATER AND SNOW SKING, SWIMMING,

horseback Riding, volleyball and tennis.



Agel, Already. PLAYMATE MATERIAL.



Age 4, Divo the Age 16, A toast to dinosaur and ME.



SWEET SIXTEEN.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An aging colonel, retired from the army of an ex-colonial power, was reminiscing in his club. "It was deuced rough dealing with those local insurrections in the old days, y' know," he drawled. "Why, many's the night I slept with nothing between me and the ground but a thin native girl."

Say, there, baby," panted the office stud to the brand-new typist, "do you happen to know the difference between a Big Mac and a blow job?"

"Wh-wh-what?" spluttered the young thing. "OK, then," grinned the fellow, "how about lunch tomorrow?

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines coitus interruptus as a pulled muscle.



It was on a dude ranch out West that one of the hands rode in and dismounted to watch a female guest frolicking in the little lake. He sat down and it wasn't long before the frolicker strode out of the water-naked and unashamed-and sat down next to him to have a cigarette. Before long, nature took its course, and then, when they were relaxing after it was over, the girl asked contentedly, "What is it you do on the ranch, Tex?"

"Before you came along, honey," replied Tex, also contentedly, "I suppose you might say I was a cowpoke."

A Victorian maiden named Newell Had a box she'd embroidered in crewel And maintained on display; To a viewer she'd say, "It contains, sir, a clittering jewel!"

f a threesome sexual arrangement is a ménage à trois, then a foursome one might logically be a kumquad.

When the Army recruits had lined up for their first short-arm inspection, the grizzled old sergeant explained the skinning-back technique to be used and told them to practice it until the medical officer arrived. Prowling through the ranks, he noticed that one young man had let his organ down. "Hey, you, there," roared the noncom, "why aren't you practicing with the rest?"

"But, Sergeant," quaked the recruit, "I'm done already.

Haven't you ever known what it is like to be at peace with your Maker?" asked the clergyman who was counseling the wayward girl.
"Sure, Reverend," she answered. "Every once

in a while, the guy and I take a nap afterward."

A transparent male seer named McCall Can't foresee any offspring at all; For though he's omniscient, His sperm count's deficient, As revealed by his own crystal ball.

My teacher is giving me a hard time," the eighth grader told his father.

'Handle her this way, Tommy," the man advised. "Brush your teeth and comb your hair, keep your shirttail tucked in, do all your homework, pay strict attention in class and say, 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am.' If you act that way, it should bring her around."

"I don't think it will, Pop," rejoined the boy. "She hissed at me during recess today that she's now five weeks overdue.

And then there was the rather homely onenight-stand girl named Dee. Her dates' collective motto seemed to be: Hump Dee, Dump Dee.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines obscene phone call as aural sex.



There had been a freak industrial accident. The young worker spilled luminous paint onto his lap and the liquid proceeded to seep through to his manhood. "I washed the stuff off just as soon as I could, doc," he explained to the company physician some weeks later, "but ever since, my penis has kept glowing in the dark! Whatever can I do about my love life?"

"That's quite simple," responded the medical man. "Find yourself a girl who likes to fuck with a night light on."

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.



"I say just for tonight let's turn the thermostat up."

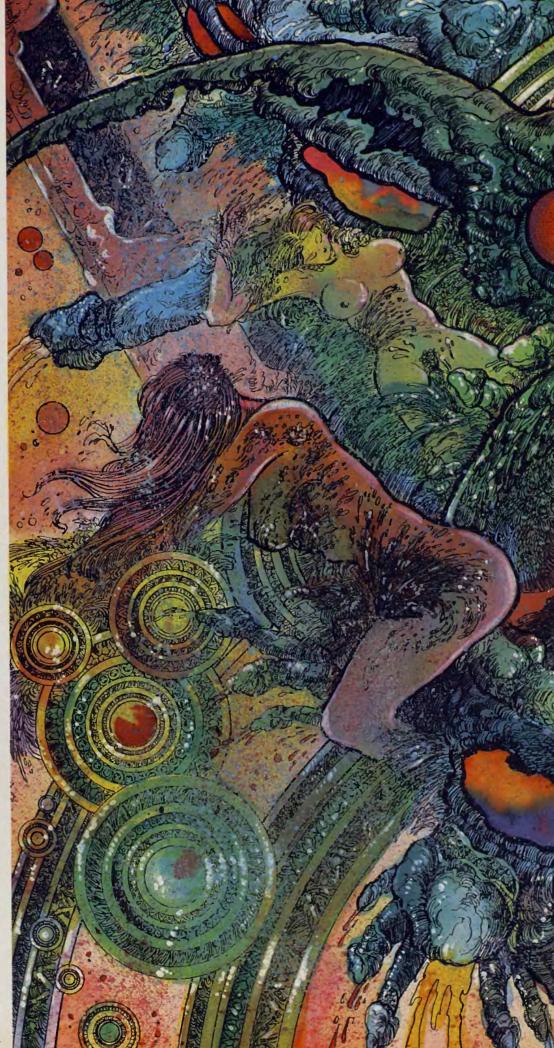
S П SOOD SIONAL U Ш Щ

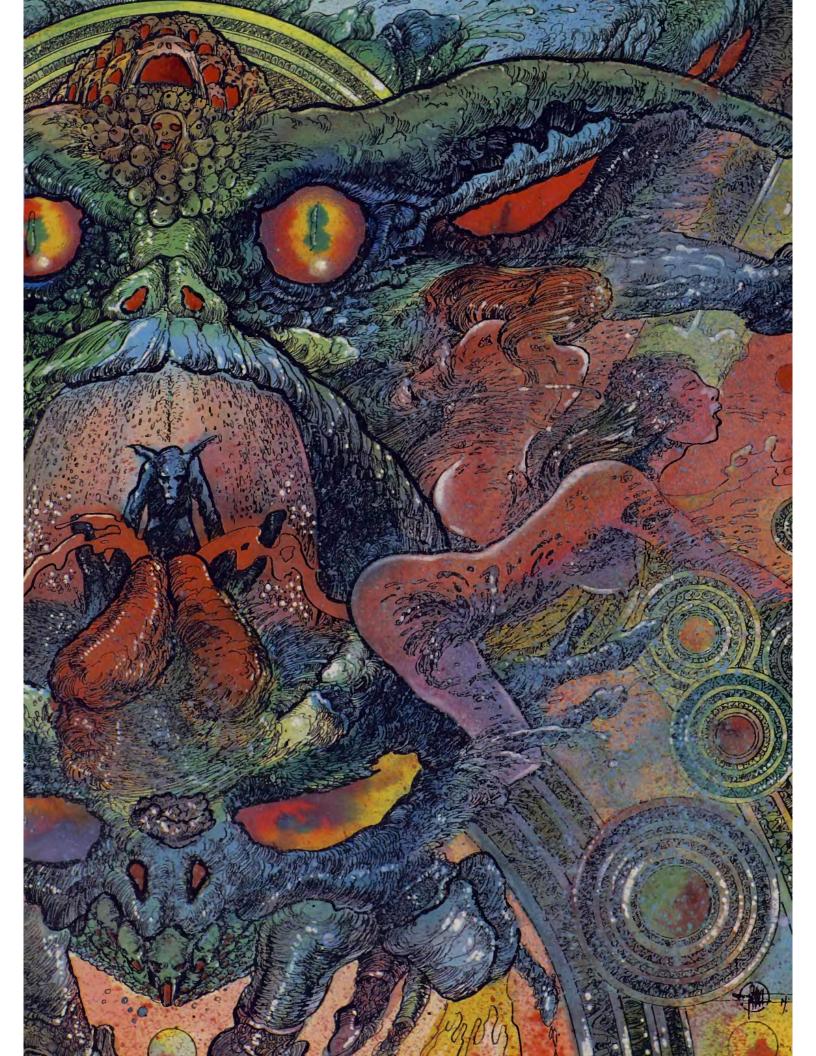
an extraterrestrial
named frog hooks
up with a
hustler named donna
for a night of
unearthly delights

humor

By BURY ST. EDMUND

IT WAS A SLOW, gray chilly night. Drizzly. The bigbuilding downtown of any city feels its glummest in weather like that. Donna and Roberta weren't even going to try checking out another bar. They'd just emerged from the basement of their headquarters, Billy the Adult, where they'd split a spliff with the bartender. Roberta fed some quarters to the jukebox and pressed the buttons for Honky Tonk Woman five times. The bartender made a round of stingers. The girls would nurse them for another half hour, then go home and watch the last movie on the tube, whatever it was. A man walked in. He looked around and strode to a stool near the girls but didn't sit. He wasn't handsome, but at least he wasn't greasy or old or fat or wearing a leisure suit or all of the above. Roberta smiled broadly. "I hope you like the Stones." Donna tried to look vaguely bored-not difficult at the moment-and carefully let out a small yawn and stretch that shifted the contents of her blouse in a motion curiously like a salute. Or, if you were the jade frog pinned directly above the left content, a gentle wave. The man smiled at the frog, then at Donna, "I feel empathy," he offered in an elusive accent. "Glad to hear it. My name's Donna," (continued on page 236)





TOM SWIFT IS ALIVE AND WELL AND MAKING DILDOS

article By D. KEITH MANO the marital-aid business is america's foremost cottage industry

WHAT JOYS HATH DISNEY WORLD FOR A LAD WHOSE DADDY OWNS A DILDO FACTORY?

LEAF THROUGH any sex-aid catalog—past dancing dingers and squirt bananas and Piece Grease—and you have to figure there's a gnomish, spittle-flecky creep, a hunchback with coarse hair over the kidneys, who sits chained to his Whoopee cushion someplace, thinking up all this fatuous, supergrunge sexual flotsam. Not so: Steve Marché, 28, of Marché Manufacturing, seems as brisk and innocent as the check-out-counter kid who put your six-pack on top of your dozen eggs at Grand Union last week. Marché is the most energetic sex-aid company around.

"My father carved our first dildo at the dining-room table, while we were having dinner," Steve says. Will Dad carve? He's carving already, can't you see that? White meat or pink-orange?

"The three of us, Mom, Dad and I, worked in a 15-foot-square room. When I wasn't in school, I did whatever I could." Hey, Steve, want to play stickball after school? No, gotta help my father get his dicks out.

"Basically, we had three sizes: small, medium and large—five, six, seven and a half inches in length. They were prosthetic; they strapped on. Then people requested larger. So we went from five by one and a half inches to nine by two. These were done in plastic vinyl. Originally, we cut them out of balsawood. From that, the molds were made out of metal. You couldn't buy them, you couldn't buy anything. Our machines in the back, they're made by us. At first we were in mail order very big. A lot of letters came in, describing what people wanted. A lot of pictures came in. Oh, a lot of pictures. 'I want a bigger head, a smaller head, a larger stalk.' On an average of 10,000 pieces ordered, we found that 55 percent were in the medium—six inches."

In those early hand-carved years, Steve was more research assistant than commercial pervert. "We used to go through the libraries. A lot of books, hard-to-get books, and engravings in the archives. A lot of our stuff was designed from an old book that showed illustrations of erotic carvings in old caves. Mostly caves in India and the Orient."

If you could fire dildos from a trench mortar, there'd be ammo enough in Marché's in-house showroom to wipe out three platoons and one field kitchen. Plus blow-up Judy dolls. Plus curious novelties such as the ever-popular Penis Pacifier "for women who talk too much." Some were inspired by archival research or customer feedback; some by the Marchés themselves. But many have been imported—thought up by Germans and Hong Kongese with kidney hair. The finest rubber comes from Germany. You get good vibes (battery powered) from Asia. Yet there is risk involved with imports; sex can lose in the international translation.

"The artificial vagina we designed sold tremendously. One of



our competitors copied it, sent it to Hong Kong and ordered 10,000 in flesh color." Marché grins. "They came back yellow. And when they looked at the sleeves—instead of three inches in diameter, so you have plenty of room to move around in—they came back the size of a quarter. Try getting into a quarter. Rotsa ruck." Now we know why Pearl Harbor was bombed: penis envy.

As sexual technicians, the Marchés, père and fils, are bozo-sharp. Take your standard clit stimulator—all those pointy little rubber scratching posts that goose a female starter button when you've got the clit stim ringtossed around your tree root. Right off, Ted Marché knew how to manufacture one.

"Dad cut it out of a welcome mat, took home the piece and made some plaster molds. And the first vibrating dildo was designed by us. It was a little black box that strapped to a penis. Of course, if you're playing with a dildo, you don't want to lose it. A lot of stuff goes up people's things, either end. So Dad says, 'Gee, I gotta put something on the end.' So he made a dong with a base. It's not funny. Right now, there isn't anybody who makes a vibrator with a handle or a string or a base. A guy was playing with a vibrator with no base, got it lost up his friend's goodie. Rushed him to the hospital. The doctor says, 'Aha. A vibrator extraction.' Proceeds to get the forceps and extracts it with a little problem of moving and angling-and it's still vibrating, good batteries in it-gets it out, drops it onto the stainless-steel tray. Plunk. And he says, 'Nurse, please clean up.' It's all dirty, of course. And the nurse comes over and whispers, 'Did you want this?' And he says, 'Hell, yes-I paid \$9.95 for that." Me, I'd like to see the Blue Cross form he filled out.

While eagle scouts his age were helping old women across the street, Steve Marché was helping them across the menopause. He also fashioned toys, toys that, you betcha, he was the first (and last) on his block to have.

"Years back, when I was a kid, I said, 'Hey, Dad, give me some peckers.' I went out to the store and got some real small speakers, took apart some walkie-talkies and made myself a pecker walkie-talkie. Then I thought, Well, that's not good enough. So I came up with an AM radio. I made two balls: One ball was for tuning, one ball was the on-off and volume knob and in the head was the speaker. All kinds of things. Salt and pepper shakers. Motorcycle handle grips. I didn't make any volume off it. I just did it for fun."

Fun. That's my long-seasoned assessment of sex-aid people: They're enjoying themselves. Sex should be play—right up there with pinochle and miniature golf. I think we'd all be healthier if we could

dial one ball and tune in Cousin Brucie or Wolfman Jack. Not always, just now and then.

TOM SWIFT, JR., HAS IT OUT WITH A YOUNG
PHILANTHROPIST OF SEX, WHO PUTS IT
BACK, POLITELY

In a way, this is the tale of two young men. Steve Marché and Farley Malorrus are both 28. Farley is president of United Sales (hereinafter referred to as U. S.). In the sex-aid line, U. S. has probably filled more cracks than a bathtub-grout manufacturer. Young Farley looks all-Hollywood: Mod glasses, vehement verbal style, with one of those nondescript religious emblems around his neck, one that wouldn't offend in cathedral or synagogue or Teamster hiring hall. He speaks Ecumenical fluently. Somehow, I can't picture Farley on all fours cutting clit stims out of a welcome mat.

U.S. (its parent firm is traded nationally over the counter) doesn't excel in sex innovation, but it's superb in cut-rate marketing: low price, volume, huge stock. It began in St. Louis 40 years ago, a premium house: watches, jewelry, perfume. That hasn't changed, which fact makes U.S. slightly schizoid. There are two showrooms: premium stuff, the ego, up front; sex trappings, the id, down a hall and to your left. As for superego, Farley supplies that, "We backed into the sexualnovelty business." Free enterprise, doggie style. "My father is a very ambitious man. By accident, he got into this business because wholesale distributors had a demand."

Vibrators gave U. S. its first profitable sex buzz after Malorrus, Sr., bought rights to the Stim-Vib. "You see, wholesale business was suffering because large companies were importing direct, instead of buying from distributors—or were making things themselves. So the wholesale distributors, like ourselves, had a choice to make several years ago, which was either to go out of business or go into this line. United Sales decided to go into the line whole hog, as you can see."

We see. We see. This isn't just whole hog, this is a pride of whole hogs or a pod of whole hogs or whatever whole hogs call themselves when they get together socially. The id showroom at U.S. would make Marche's look prangless. All it needs to be perfect is a plastisol Havelock Ellis in the corner. Farley and I stand near this prone blow-up doll, this fake fallen woman. She appears to have a case of terminal leak: One good screw and you couldn't tell her from the bed sheet.

"Here's Cindy, our Greek Virgin Doll. She's a very friendly person. She's cute. Soft face and nice contoured body and all, uh, all the needed things there. And it's an extremely therapeutic thing." (Yeah—for the lungs. Cindy can't make it with emphysematics.) "Imagine the little

girl and her doll. And imagine the older man with his doll. There's really not any difference. When I was selling mail order, I would have customers who bought the dolls-many old men, nice old men; they'd dress them up, they'd make them up-they'd bring them into the store dressed up, with lingerie on. It'd be a way for them to channel their loneliness or their tension or their hang-ups. Ever since I saw that aspect of it, I said, Why should anyone deny an inflatable to anyone who wants to buy it? The dolls are not to be used for any illicit purpose, but they are complete-they come with all the complete orifices. I personally don't think they're used by many people in that way."

You catch the drift. Or drifts. Heavy emphasis on therapeutic value. Human concern. Pride in the product. And, underneath it all, embarrassment. Farley's best-engineered item has to be his defense mechanism. It's understandable. I mean, what do you say at a cocktail party when asked what line of work you're in? Do you say, I make rectal masturbators and butt plugs and pass the guacamole, please? No, you don't, You say, I'm in plastic. Or, I'm in marriage encounter. Or, I'm a therapist. Farley is honest enough about it. "My heart has never been into this. One day, I hope to take this company and the profit that's made from it and use it for humanitarian good. Like, if it has to do with health foods or with the environment, setting up tennis clubs or finding the cure for a major disease." Tennis

elbow, perhaps? Even Steve Marché—a more pragmatic sort-has image hang-ups. From 000 to 215 on my tape machine, and intermittently thereafter, I get hospital bulletins from him. "The first few items here were tested at a major hospital. We have a citation in a medical journal from Johns Hopkins. I have an article that would make you cry about a little boy that we helped. We made a little prosthesis for him." And, of course, Marché products are packaged under the "Doc" Johnson trademark. No false claims have been made. Hell, Doc could stand for dockworker. But the dignified man on the box does wear a button-across-the-shoulder white uniform that says, by implication, "You can undress in front of me. I'm professional; I prepped with pHisohex. Anyhow, I've seen millions of them." And Marché products aren't just doctor-tested: Some have been ape-tested. "That's how we went into the rectal aid. They tried the length, the angle-the right angle, the left angle-with monkeys on prostate massage. At a major hospital right here in L.A." Takes a pretty determined and selfless researcher, that. Come to think of it, a pretty determined and selfless monkey as well.

Don't misunderstand me. I accept; I (continued on page 138)

THE GREAT PLAYBOY SEX-AIDS ROAD TEST

we let three couples run wild in test bedrooms filled with french ticklers, vibrators, dildos and clitoral stimulators. turn the page for the results....



WHEN D. KEITH MANO handed in Tom Swift Is Alive and Well and Making Dildos, we decided it was time for an official investigation of sex aids. Dildos. Vibrators. Inflatable Dolls with Three Operating Orifices. Clitoral Stimulators. Being of the opinion that the best sex aid is a woman, we had never really gotten acquainted with erotic technology, let alone tried one. We wanted to know: Do they work? Are they worth buying? Would you take one home to your mother?

We thought of hiring Ralph Nader, consumer advocate (see Fans elsewhere in this issue), to test the devices. He wasn't available. So we did the next-best thing: We recruited three couples. Sexual adventurers who had long since given their dog-eared copies of The Joy of Sex to the Salvation Army. Lovers who had seen In the Realm of the Senses four times. People who owed us money. We turned them loose with a toy chest of sex accessories, collected their comments on threeby-five index cards and tabulated the results. No matter what you may think of marital aids, one thing is clear-they make great conversation pieces. Most of the comments were witty. For example, when faced with a dozen French ticklers, one of our test pilots remarked, "They are great, if you want to make love to an extraterrestrial." Another researcher, gazing upon an oversized spiked dildo that would crawl across the floor at the flick of a switch, knocking over furniture and terrorizing the natives, commented, "You could tame a country with that thing. It's the perfect marital aid. You put it on your mantel and threaten your wife with it. 'Cook dinner or else.' " Who says sex is the most fun you can have without laughing? This is how the items stacked up.

Vibrators: The cordless vibrator is the Model A of sexual accessories, the magic bullet guaranteed to cure sexual ills. Sizes



The Sex Charmer (above left) wan the hearts and private parts of our test couples. The turbaned head shimmies and the cobra "vibrates delight." Cast: \$24.95. The remate-control cock ring and egg (tap right) also go buzz in the night. The devices (\$14.95 each) are "noisy but effective." The best buy in any sex boutique: The Magico Stimulator (above right) costs a mere \$4.95. It used to be a welcame mat. Our couples say it makes a clitaris feel at home.

Na, this isn't the bar scene from Star Wars. The weird-looking creatures below left are French ticklers (\$2.50 each, fram Executive Products, 4731 W. Jefferson Baulevard, Los Angeles, California 90016). Our test couples found them "slightly ridiculous." The chain, shackles and bondage callar below right (\$45, from The Pleasure Chest, 120 11th Avenue, New York, New York 10011) are "quality products for the terminally kinky."

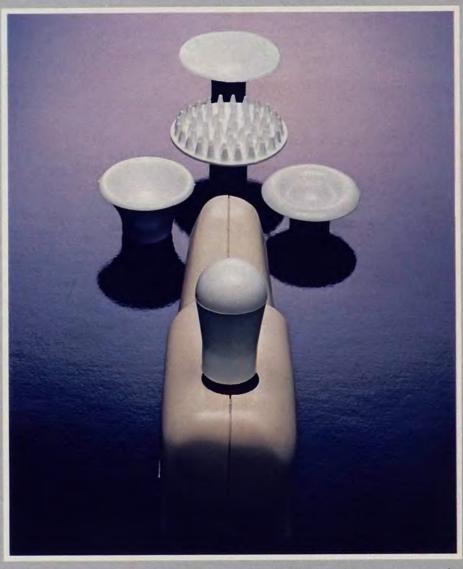




range from five inches to a monster 16 inches in length. Our test couples reported that size did not increase pleasure, since penetration is not the goal of vibrator-assisted masturbation. The comments: "We noticed that the larger models lasted longer. The little buggers tended to shake loose their connections. Also, the larger models are quieter. Noise is the major drawback of battery-powered vibrators. There's something about a raucous buzz that is not conducive to astonishing sex." "Texture is a problem. The hard-plastic vibrators seem impersonal. Our favorite of the bunch was a soft, flexible seven-inch vibrator called the Stim-Vib [see picture below]. It didn't intrude on our fantasies. It was warm, almost skinlike." "The main advantage to cordless vibrators seems to be their portability-the perfect companion for long trips. I can see my girlfriend walking through airport security with a bandoleer filled with them."

The manufacturers of vibrators seem to realize that noise and hardness are problems. In the past few years, they've introduced attachment kits, with sleeves that deaden the sound and change the sensations. The leader in the field is Marché Manufacturing (11933 Vose Street, North Hollywood, California 91605). One test couple rates the Sensual Encounter Kit (\$19.95) as follows: "One of the sleeves looked like a cucumber with spikes. Another looked like a naked palm tree. A major revelation of the road test was that looks are deceiving. The cucumber softened the vibrations and produced waves of sensation. The palm tree felt like a feather duster. My partner said she felt like she was walking stark-naked through a beaded curtain."

The second (text continued on page 208)



The critics' choice: The Prelude 3 obove (\$29.95, from Sensory Research, Box 631, Bloomfield, New Jersey 07003) is the ultimote pleasure machine. That little knob will knock her socks off at either of two speeds. The extra attachments are for body massages and tossing salads. The Prelude is by all accounts dangerously addictive (you will be impressed by the size of your electric bill). The best tactic: Use the tool os an extra hond during intercourse.

Slipping and sliding: Gentle George's Bawdy Lotion (below left) is only one of many oils available at your local sex boutique. Take your pick of colors, flavors and scents. Cordless vibrators are partable pleasure machines. They are available with attachments (below center) or straight (below right). Prices vary. Our fovorite, the pink Stim-Vib, costs \$12.95; the walnut-toned Executive, \$16.95; the standard, \$9.95.







"Just how therapeutic is a schlong-shaped false nose? Or a Peter Heater? Or candy pants? Or a Boobie Bell?"

approve. Sex aids have been a playful excuse for consenting adults to touch, even to touch, in self-consent, themselves. I don't mock the lonely who woo and consort with plastic. Nor those disfigured or shy for whom prosthesis is self-esteem; nor those for whom that valuable and skittish beast, the female orgasm, can be brought to bay only by mechanical

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RAUNCH, IF YOU'VE GOT LEAD IN YOUR PENCIL, DO YOU REALLY NEED A SCHWANTZ ON YOUR ERASER?

But just how therapeutic-for man or ape-is a schlong-shaped false nose? (Nostril prosthesis?) Or plastic coat hangers cast to represent ballet-split and explicit lower woman? Or the Peter Heater ("\$1.98. Hand-knitted by a little old lady in Pasadena, from memory.")? Or candy pants? Or a Boobie Bell ("Mounts on the wall. Push the nipple and ring the bell.")? Yet human thought has gone into these wowers. Take the Dick Ring Toss Game. Steve Marché carries that one on his

"Well, we were playing around with some little peckers and we made them into a circle. At first it didn't go, because we sold it as a toilet-seat cover, and who the hell is going to put that on a toilet seat? You have to raise it and the damn thing weighs five pounds. Then we bought a box, made some leather rings and an instruction sheet-and we had a ring-toss game. Erasers. I was thinking of erasers one day, so I went to our injection-mold man and said, 'Design an eraser that looks like a pecker.' We've sold hundreds and hundreds of thousands of them, we've sold over a million. Then there's the Tommy Scale switch plate. As a matter of fact, I came up with the idea to make it fluorescent so it glows in the dark. What it is is a fat man, just getting out of the shower, standing on a scale with a towel over his shoulder. And your light switch is his pecker."

Farley will market his share of onelobed items, too. How about a Jaws masturbation sleeve? For those who don't mind trailing their undercarriage in dangerous water. Farley says, "We were asked to make that. A fellow in Miami wanted it for when the movie hit. It didn't sell well. It was a dog. We have a lot of dogs here." But to be fair, the real Mortimer Snerd toys-the squirt cucumbers and the Mouth Organs (dildo and harmonica together)-are created for export in Hong Kong or Taiwan. By Orientals who think, with good reason, that your average Caucasian is a Mongoloid.

SEX-AID MANUFACTURERS DON'T GET NO RESPECT. THE ANSWER: CLASSY PACKAGING

Comedy releases. Laughter has the exact shape of orgasm: It's sudden, it's uncontrollable and it's usually over in 2.8 seconds. Sex, like any other supersolemn topic-religion, death, John Mitchellattracts satire. The dirty joke (each sex toy is a sight gag) has had its privileged court-jester role, its sort of private pew in American middle-class society. Ditto for the whorehouse. They're both traditional: Even the most butt-plugged Victorian or Edwardian father would condone (indeed, might cater) an initiatory brothel bar mitzvah for his son. What sex jokes and whorehouses had in common was their protective, fraternal/conspiratorial attitude toward women; respectable women, that is. The seriousness of sex-procreation, adultery, performance fear-has been located in serious women: fiancée, wife, daughter, mother. Jokes, bordellos and, of course, sex toys were a male asylum, a letting go.

Problem, though. Circa 1978, womenfiancée, wife, daughter, mother-are out front consumer-testing Marché grosseries. And some chicks treat men like roundheel fast lays, just one more pretty biceps. The locker room has been liberated. And men-most sex-novelty houses are run by men-are no longer quite comfortable. Jokes, with their saltpeter touch, are getting into bed with us. Because that clubbish special male environment has been penetrated, a strange uneasiness roosts on the industry.

There are other considerations. The sex-aid people, as noted, would like an honorary degree in therapeutic medicine. Not "Doc" but Dr. Johnson, with his very bedside manner; it ratifies, it makes respectable. Ron Cole, Marché's marketing and sales director, told me, "To market something like this," Cole held up a dildo, "we've had to sell it as a novelty. You had to. The reason being, there was no way of being taken to court, due to the fact that there was no way of proving that anyone bought it with the intention of using it." You can appreciate their dilemma. Who'd want to be the defendant if some inept customer got stuck for good in an artificial twat? Coitus unin-

Worse yet, even prosthetic sex equipment can't be realistic. Marché makes a nine-inch red-white-and-blue Bicentennial dildo. I want to stand and put one palm over my heart when I see it. Largeness and color are the signatures of comic camp. But, you say, if it were really into sex therapy, wouldn't Marché manufacture pudlike puds? It doesn't work, or, as the French put it, ça ne Marché pas. Steve: "We've tried being more authentic. And it scared them. The idea is relief-a person wants relief. If it's too authentic, it gives them that dead feeling or that threatened feeling." The joke, when it climbs into bed with you, had better still be just a little bit funny. No one features being cuckolded by rubber.

They're horny for approval, the sex-aid manufacturers. They want to be chamber of commerce, B.P.O.E., jes' regular folk. They have two strategies for popular

acceptance.

United Sales is an advocate of strategy A-to quit. Farley: "We're moving in the direction of vibrators only. The rubber goods are fun to have and they've sold well, but the middle class is going to demand more quality, more packaging, more precision products, which means costs and money. We may either let our competitors do it or just pass on to another line of business completely." When Farley says the middle class is going to demand more quality, he means middleclass women. More and more sex aids will be dressed, cosmetized for women. They can't live openly in the middle-class home-any more than antimacassars or silverware could-without female consent.

Ron Cole is an exponent of strategy B-stylish packaging. "I think men tend to buy the biggest thing they can possibly find. If you look at the products, 95 percent of them are made for insertion into the female. I think a lot of that is going to change. I think it's going to become more vibrating, rotating motions, more clitoral stimulation, less of shoving the biggest possible cock you can find up a broad, which I think is becoming passé. The whole idea that a woman wants the biggest possible cock she can find is outdated. Of course, I haven't found any woman who would turn one down, but. . . . What we've done, we've decided to go into a kind of class line, where the item goes into a bubble pack on a card. Everyone else is still doing the old thing. We've already started upgrading, because we really feel that this is where it's at."

They all have a dream (and sometimes they announce it in Martin Luther King, Jr., Old Testament pulpit tones): to crack the starting line-up at Saks Fifth Avenue. Terri Richmond, for instance. She owns Product Promotions in L.A., the largest sex-cosmetics firm. Terri is upgrading, upgrading and playing it safe as well. Her Gentle George's Bawdy Lotion has been packaged in two styles, a tumid plastic

(continued on page 228)



"I blew the test, but I got the part. I blew the director, too."

WHAT'S NEW

forget about those sci-fi movie versions of outer space. here's what really lives out there

article By RICHARD RHODES

IN THE BEGINNING, God created the singularity.

And the singularity was infinitely dense, and all that was and all that will be was compressed into that singularity; and darkness was upon the face of the universe.

And God said, Let there be a big bang; and there was a big bang; and from the big bang emerged matter and radiation.

And God saw the big bang, that it was one hell of an explosion; and the evening and the morning were the first billion years, 16 billion years ago.

And God said, Let there be hydrogen and helium and let them swirl randomly; and let some of the gas swirl into regions of greater density; and let those regions of greater density contract themselves into protogalaxies; and let the protogalaxies contract themselves further into galaxies.

And when they had done so, God said, Let there be stars.

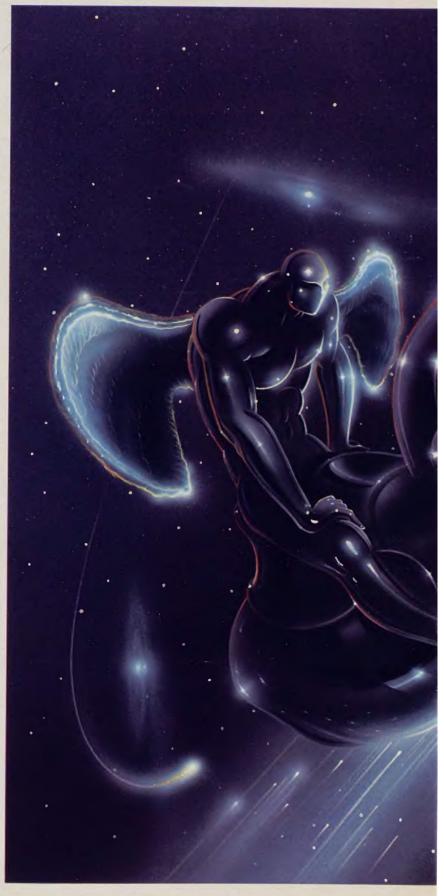
And the first stars began to form within the galaxies; and when the gases whereof they were made had sufficiently compressed, there began thermonuclear burning and, lo, there was starlight. And the evening and the morning were the third billion years, 14 billion years ago.

And to assure that man would not quickly understand His great works, God gave to the speed of light a finite limit of 300,000 kilometers a second, and to the atmosphere of the earth, when He got around to creating it, five billion years ago, He gave turbulence and distortion, and opacity to many kinds of radiation; and further to confound man's understanding, He placed throughout the universe quasars, neutron stars, black holes and other kinky peculiarities.

And He looked upon the work of His singularity approvingly and said, Lo, it is a puzzlement. And it was a puzzlement.

Was, still is. We could hardly have expected a universe with anything so strange as men in it to be simple, could we? God the mathematician, God the astrophysicist, moves in mysterious ways. So, necessarily, does modern astronomy.

The science of an expanding and truly cosmic universe began in 1922, when the American astronomer Edwin Hubble discovered that the nebulous, cometlike clouds that previously had been cataloged all over the sky were, in fact, galaxies, huge assemblages of stars far distant from our own. In the decade between 1923 and 1934, Hubble and his Mount Wilson colleague Milton Humason demonstrated that the universe was expanding and that the distribution of galaxies beyond our



IN THE UNIVERSE?



own was everywhere much the same. The distinguished astronomer Allan Sandage of the Carnegie Institution of Washington at Pasadena has compared Hubble's contribution to Copernicus', and with good reason: Copernicus removed the earth from the center of the universe; Hubble expanded the universe from our galaxy out to the edge of time.

"Do you know," Sandage asked me, "that astronomy has solved the ancient question of the universe—the question of how the universe was formed?"

I didn't know, and not all of Sandage's peers agree, but the assertion itself is a taste of astronomy's keen pleasures and keener ambitions. In a civilization of practical experiments and practical results, astronomy is the last purely observational science, and astronomers are men who unaccountably decide to spend their lives studying objects of extraordinary beauty and mystery that they can never touch or manipulate. They work with objects that are far removed from the earth, from the solar system, even from the huge wheeling galaxy itself; objects, many of them, so distant and information poor that they are no more than point sources of light, small black spots collected among other black spots on glass negative plates. Some objects, among them the most interesting in the universe, can't be seen at all by the human eye, and certainly one of the reasons for the recent explosion of astronomical theory and discovery has been the development since Hubble's time of new and wider ways of seeing: the great 200-inch Hale telescope on Mount Palomar first of all, the new telescopes on Kitt Peak in Arizona, the balloon, aircraft, rocket and satellite systems that sample radiation that the earth's atmosphere has screened from view.

The single most fertile invention of modern astronomy may have been the radio telescope. The heavens shine at radio frequencies as well as at optical frequencies. Until recently, even the largest radio telescopes were unable to produce any but the fuzziest images of radio objects in the sky. Today, by using radio telescopes thousands of miles apart in concert, they see better than the best of optical telescopes: 1000 times better, in fact. To locate bright radio sources, radio astronomers took advantage of the blocking effect of the moon, the same effect that kept the astronauts out of communication with the earth when they orbited to the moon's dark side. The moon served the astronomers as a knife edge, occluding interesting radio sources as it passed between them and the earth. With this technique, they could be located far more precisely and optical astronomers could search a smaller area of their photographic plates for objects in the same location that also radiated light.

In 1960, searching one such radio area

with the 200-inch telescope, Sandage found a quasar, 3C 273, one of the first to be identified, a starlike object that radiated in both the visible and the radio portion of the spectrum. By any standards, it was peculiar: a distant, starlike point of light that also radiated radio waves (most stars don't) with a strange spectrum and what looked like a glowing jet of matter coming out one side. No one knew what to make of it. No one realized that it would open the cosmic Pandora's box.

Lacking any more direct means of measuring the distance from the earth to the farther stars and galaxies, astronomers study their spectra, the rainbows of light and other radiation that are revealed when their images are broken down with a prism or a diffraction grating. Hubble and Humason's second great demonstration, that the universe is expanding, depended on the interpretation of spectra. The spectrum of a star, a thin, fuzzy band on a glass photographic plate no bigger than a postage stamp, reveals bright vertical lines that are the characteristic signatures of various chemical elements burning within the star. Among the most frequently encountered lines are the Balmer series, the lines that make up the visible spectrum of hydrogen. When produced in a laboratory on earth, the characteristic spectral lines for any element occupy a definite and unchanging place in the spectrum. But the spectral lines from galaxies and stars are always shifted. For some stars, the lines are shifted to the left, toward the blue end of the spectrum. For other stars and almost all galaxies, the lines are shifted to the right, toward the red end of the spectrum.

Wave lengths are shorter-higher in pitch-toward the blue, longer-lower in pitch-toward the red. Astronomers make a basic assumption about such blue shifts and red shifts by analogy with a common experience: A jet engine, for example, sounds higher in pitch when it's approaching us, lower in pitch when it's going away. The change in pitch is caused by the overlapping of sound waves as the jet approaches, the stretching out of sound waves as the jet goes away. By analogy, a blue shift means that a star is approaching us, a red shift that a star or a galaxy is receding from us. Once this assumption is accepted, the shifts can be used with a standard formula to compute the object's velocity.

What Hubble and Humason did, in 1929, was demonstrate that there is a clear relation between an object's velocity and its distance from the earth. The two men measured the distance to a representative selection of galaxies by other means and compared the distances with the red shifts. They found that the greater the distance, the greater the red-shift velocity. The greater the distance, the faster the galaxies were receding from us.

The only model of the universe that fits these conclusions is an expanding model (inflate a toy balloon and mark it with dots of ink, then inflate it some more: From the point of view of any one dot, the other dots will all seem to be moving away, the nearer dots more slowly, the farther dots more rapidly).

Quasar 3C 273's spectrum was peculiar, with spectral lines in places where spectral lines ought not to be. Astronomer Maarten Schmidt of the California Institute of Technology sat puzzling over 3C 273's spectrum one late December day in 1963 and had a vision. "I couldn't understand the spectral lines," he remembers today. "The spectra of several other quasars had already been taken, and they were all mysteries and they'd all been laid aside. I was looking at 3C 273's spectrum again, because I was writing an article, and for some reason, I noticed some regularity in it. The stronger lines were to the right and the weaker lines to the left, and the spacing also gradually decreased as I went to the left, to the blue, which is the way the Balmer series of hydrogen occurs. I thought I saw a regular pattern, so I attempted to make an energy diagram. In hindsight, that was totally meaningless, but, you know, do something.

"I must have made an error, because the numbers I got weren't regular at all, and I looked again at the spectrum and it was regular, and in order to convince myself that it was, I took the ratio of the wave length of those lines to the nearest Balmer lines, which, you know darn well, are regular. Well, I took the ratio of the first line and found 1.158, and then I took the ratio of the next line to the next Balmer line and found 1.158, and I did it again, and suddenly I realized that I had a constant ratio and therefore that it could be the Balmer spectrum shifted to the red by 15.8 percent. It was an intuitive moment and actually took only a short while, about ten minutes."

It was an intuitive moment that almost didn't occur. Quasars may be the most distant objects in the universe, with red shifts of as much as 453 percent, more than 90 percent of the speed of light. "The reason I succeeded with 3C 273," Schmidt says, "is that the red shift was fairly small. The lines were shifted only-only!within the visible portion of the spectrum. When you have a red shift of 453 percent, the shift comes from a portion of the spectrum that's invisible, which makes it very difficult to observe. A relatively small shift was, in hindsight, the most promising. Still incredibly big for a star. In our own galaxy, for example, you never see red shifts greater than .2 percent, because .2 percent corresponds to 600 kilometers per second, which is the escape velocity for our galaxy. Any star



you've seen the ads-now see the results! no stamps or coupons, please article By ROBERT BILLINGS

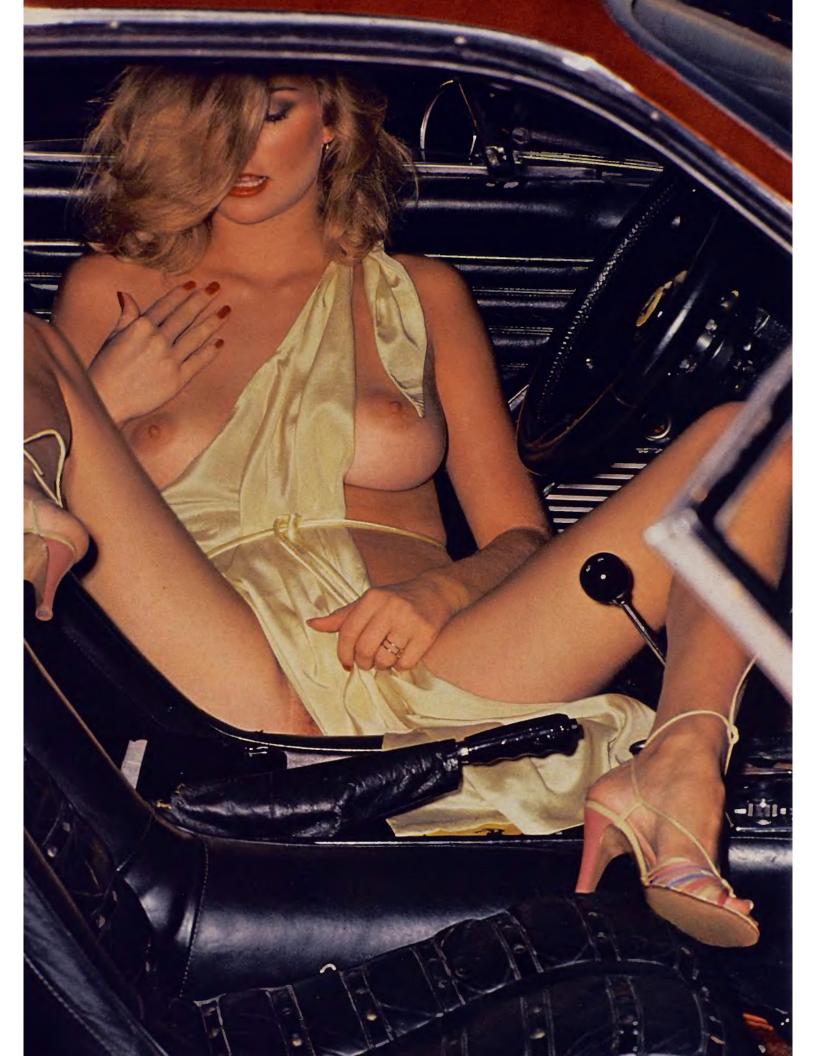
ALL YOU WHO CHASE with panting eagerness the ghosts of your hopes, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth and that the difficulties of today will be salved by a brighter tomorrow, attend to my tale of the pursuit of wealth far beyond the wildest dreams of something as trivial as mere avarice.

Indolent, a muser, a dreamer of dreams, I, too, once was held in the grip of the "tomorrow's newspaper" syndrome. Through some magic charm or time machine, get tomorrow's newspaper and, starting with a two-dollar bet in the first at Aqueduct and finishing with the last sulky at Yonkers, just keep laying it on

some nag's nose, watching the money pyramid, mountains of 10s and 20s, an Everest of 100s.

Like Bloom, I dreamed of Spanish treasure ships, of diamonds in the gizzard of my Thanksgiving turkey, of being sole legatee of some distant relative, twice removed on my (continued on page 179)

GET RICH IN YOUR SPARE TIME WHILE DOING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING (ALMOST) 143





GENTLEMEN. START YOUR ENGINES

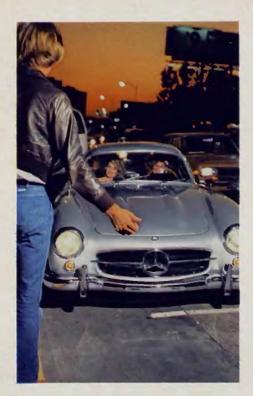
T's ALMOST a cliché that we American males are in love with our automobiles. They have come to be extensions of ourselves, or at least of what we aspire to be. They have carved a long-lasting niche in our psyches, so perhaps it was inevitable that they should have made their marks on our libidos as well. It was apparent from the start that more than anything else, they were bedrooms on wheels, conjugal coupes, seduction sedans—with everything, to go. Of course, they have varied wildly in size and style over the years. In recent

memory, they were great rolling behemoths, acres of sheet metal broken only by the occasional gaudy flash of chrome. Victims of the energy crunch, those imposing vehicles turned out to be dinosaurs in a jet age. Like the ancient reptiles, in the end, they were just too big and too dumb. Reluctantly, we agreed to their passing, but across the land a cry went up: "Can you do it in a small car?" We found reassurance in our progenitors of the Twenties and Thirties, who certainly did, and in the Europeans, who have never been fazed by their machines' diminutive dimensions.



Ingenuity is the key to enjoying oneself in a cor with limited space. Women, as you might suspect, have it easier, their bodies being more supple, more . . . well, you get the idea. Our lady in the Ferrari has pulled off the road for a moment's relaxation before going on. First, she tries the cross-cor position, head resting against

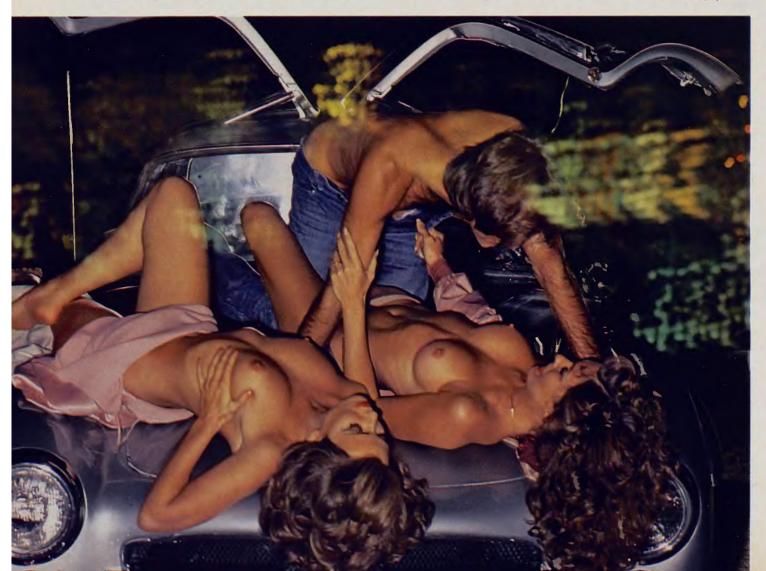
the side door, foot casually draped over the console. A good shortterm position. But for longer rest stops, she opts for an open-door policy, comfortobly stretched, half in, holf out, oblivious to the sounds of screeching tires and crumpling metal, serene in the knowledge that the Highway Patrol will be along to clean up the mess.



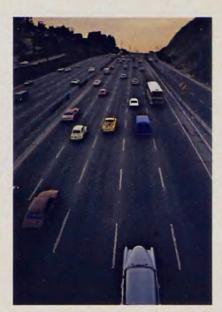


Here's a new challenge: the hitchhiker, the mysterious, sexy stranger whose outstretched thumb is an invitation to the primal dance. The problem of where to put him is easily solved. To best savor the proximity of three throbbing bodies, they pull off onto the shoulder.

Alas, the cockpit is too small for so great an opportunity. The Mercedes 300 SL's gullwings spring open and the trio makes for the hood. The girls have yet to ask the stranger where he is going. No matter; they're far more concerned with his staying power.











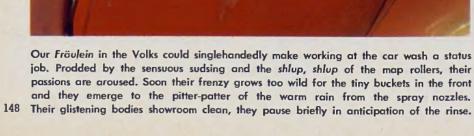
This small pickup, aptly named the Chevy LUV, has endless advantages. Enlisting a friend as chauffeur for a leisurely drive on the freeway, the couple nestles on the flatbed. They gain speed. The sun glints an the baked enamel, warming the entwined lovers. True bliss.

Off in the distance, another road may beckon, a quieter road; less traffic, more privacy. But far now, it's romance in a goldfish bowl. A bus filled with commuters passes. They crane their necks to get a better look. Our lovers just wave, and smile, and keep on trucking.

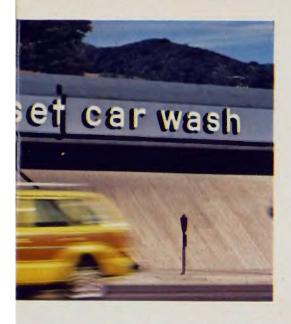












Besides, aren't we the same people who produced the pop-up toaster? Didn't we perfect the electric toothbrush? Of course, we can do it in small cars! Where there's a wheel, there's a way! Our first attempts, though, were disastrous. Newspaper accounts told of couples locked in pretzellike embraces who had to be freed by snickering firemen with hacksaws. Emergency rooms quickly filled with lovers complaining of nasty gashes from rearview mirrors and ugly abrasions from shift levers. Masseuses kneaded the knotted muscles of a frustrated populace and chiropractors had their biggest payday since the introduction of the twist. It was

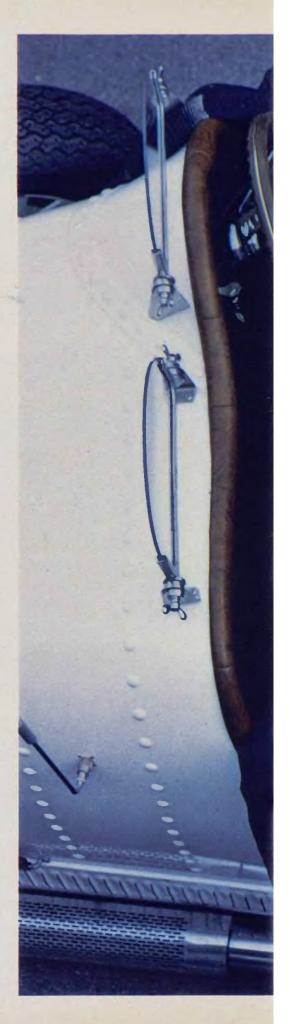
The rinse comes! Their bodies bathed in the hot torrent, they can only whisper breothlessly in each other's ears of the ecstasy of the moment and the whereobouts of the cloim check, which soon must also be surrendered. They inch forward on the moving trock. Next, the arid winds of the drying machine coress their bodies. Moisture evaporotes in the denouement of Beetle-love. The car is clean. And the ottendants weep softly.



awful. It was painful. It was exasperating. But we never gave up. Those not imbued with Yankee ingenuity may be returning to living rooms and theater balconies, but real auto lovers have gone at the problem with a vengeance, inventing new positions, developing more and more complex acts, scaling new heights of sensual pleasure. They have grown to cherish the closeness. The heady aroma of superheated vinyl is in their nostrils and they love it. About the only thing lacking up till now has been a Motorist's Make-Out Manual, but we tlunk we've done more than our bit toward filling that gap. Gentlemen, race your engines.

To some, this replica Bugatti conjures up visions of goggled sportsmen, gloved hands in the ten-to-two position, scarves, like windsocks, streaming behind them, as, flat-out, they test the mettle and metal of man and machine. Ah, but to others, the Bugatti presents another kind of chollenge. Witness these aficionados of a different sort who have discovered to their delight that a machine at rest tends to keep bodies in motion. Testing.









"It's an obscene phone call, darling, and I'm afraid it's for you."

HERE IS A STORY that is causing much amusement among our courtiers at Ver-

A rich merchant of Paris married a voluptuous young girl who soon made him the unhappiest man in the city. The merchant became obsessed by the fear that while he was away trading goods for gold to fill his coffers, his wife was opening her own coffer for treasures deposited within it by the hot-blooded gallants who flocked around her.

Constantly pricked by suspicion, the husband could not sleep. At night, he tossed in his bed, wondering who had last made sport with her between those very sheets. He lost his appetite. No longer did the chink of gold pieces have their old power to please him.

He tried to trick her. He would announce that he must go on business to Dijon, or Blois, or Bordeaux, and then he would suddenly return to see if he could surprise his wanton mare in the act of being topped by a rearing stallion. Invariably, she received him with demure looks and bubbles of laughter.

Still, he could not rid himself of his obsession, for his wife was quick-witted and might know how to trick him.

At last, he decided to consult Count Cagliostro, the renowned necromancer, who, everyone knew, could turn lead into gold, restore the bloom of youth to the aged and read the future in his crystal ball. And so the merchant journeyed to Strasbourg, where he was received by Cagliostro in flowing robes and tall conical cap, surrounded by astrological charts. cabalistic symbols and bubbling alchemical retorts.

"What can I do for you?" the count asked, extending his palm so his visitor could drop a bag of gold into it.

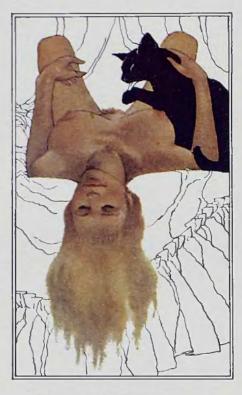
"I find myself, learned doctor," the merchant groaned, "sick unto death of a jealousy that is consuming my vitals. All Paris rings with praise of your skill in the occult arts. Resolve me, yea or nay, whether my wife is cuckolding me."

Cagliostro assured him that nothing would be easier. "Stay here," he said, "while I consult my Hermetic tomes."

His dark robes swirling about him, the necromancer disappeared into his inner sanctum. The merchant waited in dreadful anticipation. Finally, Cagliostro reappeared, carrying a vial of bright-green liquid.

"Drink this potion," he advised his client, "just before you go to bed with your wife. Take her as many times as you can. If she has cuckolded you, you will be metamorphosed into a black cat after you wake up in the morning."

The merchant turned pale. "I, Count? A black cat?" he gasped.



"Have no fear." Cagliostro said, favoring him with a mesmerizing stare. "Within an hour, your normal shape will return. By then, you will know the truth."

Determined to make the test, the merchant hurried home with the vial. But, overcome by his wife's loving reception, he could not resist the temptation to regale her with a vivid description of the wizard of Strasbourg.

Curious to know why her husband had gone to see Cagliostro, she cajoled him, using all those wiles that he found infinitely pleasing. Soon she had teased the whole story out of her troubled spouse. He even showed her Cagliostro's vial of green liquid and explained that it would turn him into a black cat if, indeed, she had ever placed the horns on his head.

Madame laughed until the tears came to think that he believed in a ridiculous prescription compounded by a charlatan. And she reproached her husband, telling him in the tenderest way that he had no reason to suspect her.

"Come, drink Cagliostro's potion, my love," she urged. "It is only colored water. It cannot possibly do you any harm. Quick! Let us to bed!"

Overcome with desire, her husband quaffed the elixir and, without further ado, the pair jumped into bed.

The merchant found himself in such form as delighted both him and his ardent spouse. Never before had they worshiped Venus with such pleasurable abandon. Three times she opened the gates and he entered the temple.

"Cagliostro's potion is potent," murmured the wife before they fell asleep.

In the morning, she rose first, leaving him to sleep on, exhausted by the blissful exertions of the night. When he failed to appear by midmorning, she went back into the bedroom to wake him with sweet embraces.

A rude surprise awaited her. Instead of her husband, a large black cat was lying on the conjugal bed.

Uttering a piercing shriek, she seized the cat, clasped it to her breast and peered into its eyes.

"Ah, my husband, the best husband in the world," she moaned. "Have I lost you forever, just because of a few indiscretions? Three times! Only three times! And they really weren't my fault! Those seducers took advantage of me while you

were away! "Oh, that accursed councilor! He got his pen out when I wasn't looking, and what he wrote isn't in any lawbook! And that sly lieutenant with his uniform, his hero's air, his tales of battle, his pleas and vows, his tears and lamentations! How could I guess that he was going to win a campaign at the point of his sword? And that farmer who took me into the hayloft! He said he would show me his needle. How could I know what needle he meant?'

Convulsed with grief, she stroked the black cat as she sobbed out each confession.

Suddenly, there was a movement under the bed. Who should come crawling out on his hands and knees but her husband? In rage and mortification, he confronted his dumfounded wife.

"Ha, madame!" he spluttered furiously. "So I'm the best husband in the world, am I? What about you? Are you the best wife in the world? What's this about the councilor and the lieutenant and the farmer? One wasn't enough for you! You had to go at it again!"

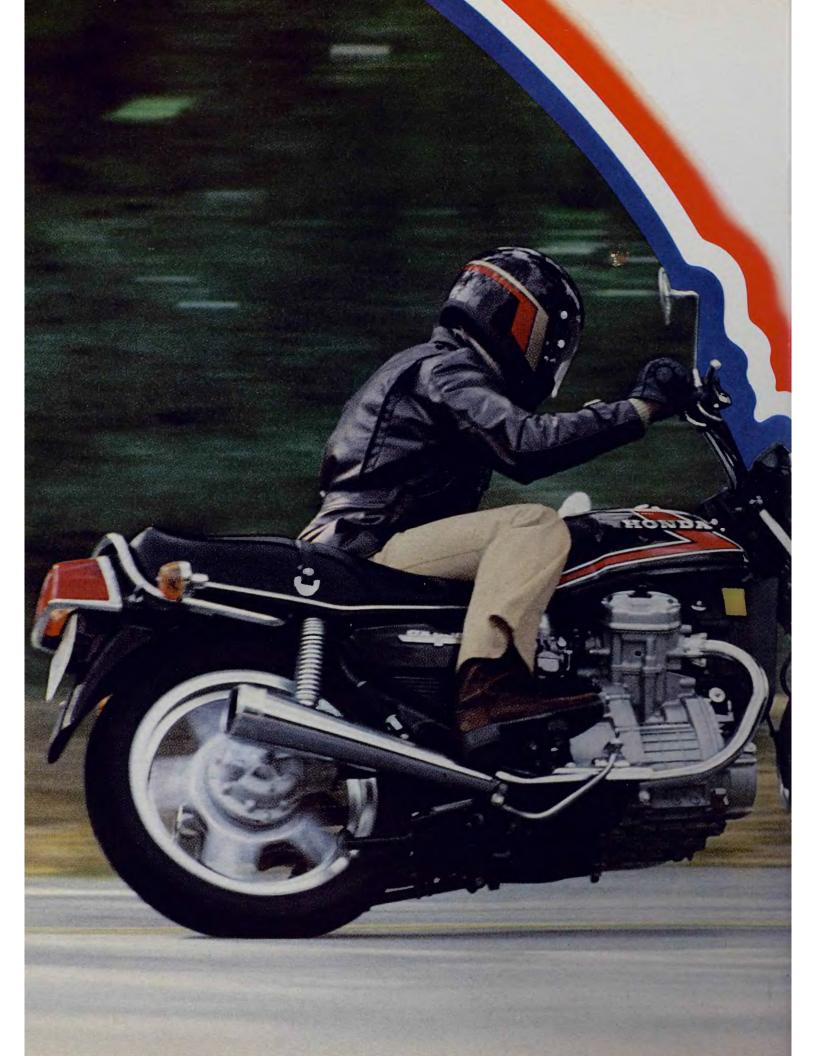
Frightened, the black cat leaped from her arms onto the floor, jumped through the bedroom window and vanished.

I need not tell you that the husband. once more obsessed by doubts in the cold light of the morning, had played one last trick on his wife. Seeing the cat on the window ledge of the bedroom, he had installed it in the bed.

But did he really gain anything in the end or cure himself? Did he not, in proving his suspicions were justified, merely discover what he would have preferred not to know?

However that may be, the tale is told at court to demonstrate the efficacy of Count Cagliostro's alchemy. His potions always work, they say, one way or another.

-Retold by A. J. MacPherson





CX-500. Honda's new machine for a new type of riding.

You're looking at a revolution. The new Honda CX-500. But until you ride one, you won't know how far into the future this extraordinary bike really is.

Here is, without question, an extremely powerful sport bike. Here, too, is a long-distance, lower-maintenance machine that'll take you just about anywhere the pavement points.

The heart of this new bike is a liquid-cooled, 496cc V-Twin engine. A potent big-bore Honda design which pumps out a sizzling 48 hp* that really moves you off the line. Performance for both sport and open road is further enhanced by the low-maintenance shaft drive and a quick, positive-shifting five-speed transmission. A special damper plate broadens the clutch engagement point, for incredibly smooth take-offs and shifts. CX-500 handling is superb, in a traffic jam or on lost back-country roads.

Specially designed tubeless tires are included in the CX-500's list of production bike "firsts". They're mounted on the famous Honda

ComStar™ wheels, which eliminate spoke maintenance altogether...
and add to the machine's rakish new look. There's a powerful
hydraulic disc brake fitted to the front ComStar; a responsive
drum brake on the rear.

The all-new Honda CX-500. A top priority project of Honda R&D. It's a machine of the future...that you can be riding in 1978.

Always wear a helmet and eye protection when riding. Model availability may be limited. For free brochure, write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. P28CX, Box 50, Gardena, California 90247. See Yellow Pages for nearest dealer. © 1978 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.
*SAE net taken at the crankshaft.

HONDA
GOING STRONG!

"There was no way of explaining the figure in the doorway—if this was not a dream, it was a ghost."

possession absolute proof that the unsavory Dr. Lowell murdered his partner in crime?"

"I have the proof."

"In what form?"

"That is for my committee to decide. But since we know in advance the murderer's identity, we should have no problem in constructing the case against him. Particularly with your help, Dr. Ashok. Yours, too, Teddy...."

"No dice!" I had decided that this was a matter best left unminced. "I don't hold any brief for Dr. Lowell, but...."

"A truly evil man." Dr. Ashok spoke with absolute conviction.

"With Kalki out of the way, Dr. Lowell would control the largest narcotics ring in the world. Right, Dr. Ashok?" Senator White asked.

"Right, Senator White." Dr. Ashok poured his characteristic honey over the statesman. "I shall do my best to defuse Langley. Meanwhile, I am certain that Madam Ottinger will tell your committee how, on more than one occasion, Kalki told her that he feared Dr. Lowell would one day kill him."

"But——" I started. Then stopped. After all, Dr. Lowell as Dr. Ashok or Dr. Ashok as Dr. Lowell was in charge. This was his show, not mine.

"Agreed?" Dr. Ashok gave me a yellowy smile.

I took a long leap in the dark. "What about Jason McCloud?"

White was suddenly tense, "What about him?"

"I think he was in on it. I was watching him just before the bomb went off. He was scared to death."

"But, my dear Madam Ottinger, what would his motive be?" Dr. Ashok was silken. "The Drug Enforcement Administration has only one objective, and I believe that Senator White, unofficially, at least, will bear me out. The single, nay, unique objective of the DEA is the increased sale of every kind of drug all over the world."

"Quite true." White was equally to the point. "Without enterprises like Kalki's, the bureau would wither away, as would my committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, with its very rich funding by the Congress. McCloud had absolutely no motive for killing Kalki."

"He was on Dr. Lowell's payroll when he was in New Orleans."

"Dear Madam Ottinger." Dr. Ashok laughed, as if someone had described to him what laughter was but then had forgotten to give him an actual demonstration. "Of course, McCloud was on Dr. Lowell's payroll. After all, McCloud is a narc. But doesn't that fact prove that he would *not* kill Kalki? Geese that lay golden eggs are sacred to those who lust for gilded omelets."

I let it go. I realized that I was in the presence of two great Americans contemplating crimes against the state.

Dr. Ashok and I got ready to leave. We shook hands all around.

As Giles and I walked down Seventh Avenue, I said, "I didn't know you were still doing your Dr. Ashok routine."

"I have no choice." Giles went right on sounding like Dr. Ashok. The winds of March were cold, and full of town newspapers and dust. "I'm obliged to keep the better part of one foot in the enemy camp."

"But who's the enemy, Giles? I've never been able to figure that one out."

Giles gave me a sidelong Ashokian glance. "You are a slyboots, Teddy! But then, still waters run deep. Except, of course, to be precise, still waters don't run at all. I have never ceased to be Dr. Ashok, on special assignment with the CIA. At the moment, it is wise for Dr. Ashok to surface and Dr. Lowell to submerge."

We paused as an elderly white man with a baseball bat chased a young black man out of an adult bookstore. As the colorful pair vanished into a side street, I said to Giles, "Now that you're the head of Kalki Enterprises, I want you to know that I'm willing to honor my contract, if, of course, it has not been abrogated by events."

"My dear Teddy, you are employed, as agreed, until April third." Giles reached into Dr. Ashok's pocket and took out a checkbook. Standing in front of the dirty window of an Orange Julius shop, he wrote me out a check for two months' salary.

"Thanks." I put the check in my pocket. "And after April third?"

"Before that day, Kalki will have returned. On that day, the age of Kali will end. Look! A kosher hot dog! I cannot resist." We ate garlicky hot dogs at a dirty counter.

"What form is Kalki going to take?"

"His own. What else? Attended by the Perfect Masters, he will—what is your American phrase?—do most beautifully and terribly and finally his thing."

"Then they," I said, pointing at the people coming and going, "will all die." "Peaceful thought, isn't it? No more pollution. No more hideous cities, slums, people. No more television. Yes, Teddy, Walter Cronkite, Hollywood Squares, The Gong Show, all will be as one with Nineveh and Tyre."

When we reached the Narayana, we found that security was almost as tight as it had been before the murder in Madison Square Garden. In addition to the ship's own guards, a number of plain-clothesmen lurked about the dock, spying. There were times when it seemed that the principal function of the American Government in the age of Kali was to spy on its citizens.

Lakshmi and Geraldine were in the main *salon*, getting drunk on bloody marys. I was about to advise them on the dangers of drink in the middle of the day. But I lost heart. They had been through a lot.

"Teddy!" Geraldine appeared genuinely happy to see me.

So was Lakshmi. "I knew you'd be loyal." She embraced me.

"Teddy Ottinger is a radiant Perfect Master and an inspiration to the rest of us." With that testimonial, Giles took off his white wig, poured vodka on a cocktail napkin and rubbed the make-up from his face. Then, restored to Lowelldom, he announced, "It is time."

"Yes," said Lakshmi. She was a bit unsteady on her feet until Geraldine took her arm. In their flowing saris, the girls swayed, as if in a summer wind. They looked happy, and I wondered why. The vodka?

Kalki entered the salon. The three other Perfect Masters fell flat on their faces. Not wanting to let down the team, I did the same. I had decided that I was caught in a dream. There was no other way of explaining the figure in the doorway. Or, put another way, if this was not a dream, it was a ghost; and I did not believe in ghosts.

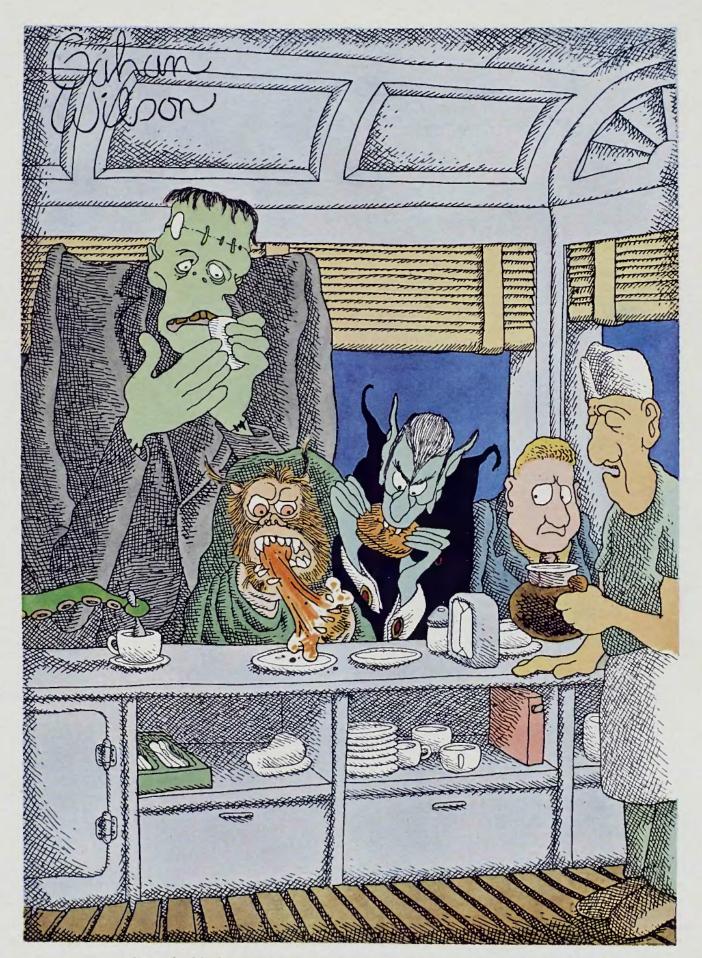
"Namah Shivaya!" The three chanted in unison five syllables that meant nothing to me.

Kalki came toward us. Face like a mask of hammered gold. Voice purest bronze. "I am Siva," said the voice. "The destroyer."

"Namah Shivaya," chanted the others. Namah Shivaya is Sanskrit for "I bow to Siva."

As Siva, the annihilator of worlds, Kalki was quite unlike his earlier self. The blondness had congealed. He was ice-cold. I thought of glaciers, sliding south.

Kalki sat down. I did not. I just stared at him, mouth no doubt ajar. Do I wake or sleep? I asked myself. I recall thinking that if this was really a dream, the details had been nicely laid on. Dream scenes (continued on page 189)



"It's the kind of trade you get in a twenty-four-hour-a-day joint."

THE UNIVERSE?

(continued from page 142)

"We see each other not as we are but as we were a fraction of a fraction of a second ago."

with a red shift greater than .2 percent would have escaped from our galaxy long ago. The step from .2 percent to almost 16 percent was the big hurdle."

Schmidt's discovery of the quasars' enormous red shifts was important far beyond the fact that it added a new animal to the stellar zoo, as one astronomer I talked with calls it. It also opened astronomers' minds to exotic possibilities. "Quasars," says Schmidt, "were essentially the first discovery of the new type of exotic objects—pulsars, X-ray binaries, black holes, everything. The quasar was the first. Before that time, things were fairly conventional. We thought we knew most of the things that were happening in the universe, and we thought especially that we knew what could not be the case. We knew what could not happen, and one thing that could not happen was that a star couldn't have a big red shift. Once we found a starlike object that did have a big red shift, our attitude changed completely. We were soon completely open-minded."

There were problems with quasars in 1963; there are problems with quasars still. If they are as far away as their red shifts indicate, then they are among the brightest objects in the universe, too bright to be explained as normal thermonuclear processes that generate energy in stars. All sorts of theories have been devised to account for quasars' energy, most of which assume that they aren't stars at all but energetic cores of galaxies, cores so bright that the rest of the galaxy is lost in their glare: the simultaneous and continuing explosion of hundreds of supernovae, vast collisions between matter and antimatter, the gravitational collapse of an entire galaxy in upon itself, and more. No one knows which theory, if any, is valid. About the only thing the theories have going for them is that they more or less account for the quasars' energy output. The simplest solution to the problem of the quasars is to assume that they aren't so distant as their red shifts say they are, which would mean they aren't so energetic as they appear to be; but to accept that solution is to conclude that nearby red shifts work as Hubble and Humason said they did but that faraway red shifts do not, and not many astronomers are prepared to throw their most cherished baby out with the quasi-stellar bath water.

To look out into the distance of space is to look back into the past: All vision is

history. We see each other not as we are but as we were a fraction of a fraction of a second ago, when the light reflected off our bodies began its flight to our eyes. We see the sun as it was eight minutes ago, when the light it generates started its journey outward toward the earth. And because the velocity of light is finite, is 300,000 kilometers per second, there is an absolute limit to our vision: In an expanding universe, we can never see farther than 18 billion light-years in any direction, because light from that horizon, if there is light, is red shifted to zero velocity and does not reach us at all. That is, objects out there were moving so fast that the light they gave off never reached us. We live inside a huge bubble, and what is outside the bubble we will never know. If we commissioned an astronaut to travel to the edge of the observable universe and report back what he saw, his report would never arrive. Our vision is eternally limited, though a bubble 36 billion light-years across ought to be room enough, even for a race so diabolically curious as Homo sapiens.

If quasars are the most distant objects known, they are also the oldest. A quasar with a red shift of 453 percent represents the state of the universe more than 13 billion years ago, perhaps no more than three billion years after the singularity exploded with the big bang. A quasar that began shining when the universe exploded would have a red shift of infinity. But it turns out that after thorough search, no quasar has been found-there are estimated to be at least 1,000,000 of them in the sky-with a red shift greater than 453 percent. Beyond these most distant visible objects there appears to benothing at all. Sandage, who, with Gustav Tammann, has recently reported on 20 years of work calculating the age of the universe, believes that the cutoff of quasars at 13 to 14 billion years means we are seeing, in quasars, the very leading edge of creation, the first galaxies taking fire after coalescing out of the hot gases of the big bang itself. Working along the same lines, Schmidt has produced statistical studies that indicate that there were far more quasars in the universe in that distant past than there are today, perhaps 1000 times as many, which is further evidence that they are special types of objects that formed more frequently under the severe conditions near the beginning of the universe than they do in the less dense universe of today. It's as if there's a

shell of quasars out there beyond which we see nothing at all, because, maybe, there's nothing to see, the lights weren't turned on yet, and nearer than which conditions weren't drastic enough to produce objects of such excessive energy. Adjusting their apparent brightness for distance, it is calculated that many quasars are 50 to 100 times brighter than entire galaxies.

One quasar named BL Lacertae appears to be less than one light-year in diameter. The mechanism that powers an object this small but as bright as 50 or 100 entire galaxies remains unknown, but the likelihood increases that quasars are old galaxies and possibly the first ones formed. "That we can, in principle, see the edge of the world is amazing," Sandage has written. "That we may have done so already would be unique."

Distinguished though their ancestry, quasars are far from the strangest of stellar objects. It used to be easy to say which stellar objects were strange, but there are objects known or surmised to-day whose strangeness almost surpasses ranking. A walk through the stellar zoo will prepare us for a visit to the vast, if still somewhat wobbly, cathedral of cosmology, the science of the universe itself.

Most of the objects are stars in various stages of birth, aging and death. Consider the sun, our own local star, an averagesized yellow star about six billion years old and halfway through its life. It coalesced out of gas, mostly hydrogen and helium, in one of the outer arms of the galaxy, probably in response to density waves that move through the galaxy creating spiral arms (you can make every kind of galaxy model by stirring your coffee and then pouring in a little cream-you'll see irregulars, spirals, S curves, you name it). A little greater density in one place than another and the gas particles were squeezed close enough together that their gravitational interaction took effect and they began to fall toward one another. As they got closer together, they bumped into one another more often, which is to say, they began to heat up. When they got close enough together, they got hot enough for thermonuclear fusion to begin, the same process that powers the hydrogen bomb. The energy produced by the fusion of hydrogen into helium pushed back against the particles until they found an equilibrium between attraction and repulsion, and the sun settled down to be the congenial star it is.

When most of the hydrogen in the cores of sunlike stars has been converted by fusion into helium, then helium fusion will begin. When most of the helium has been fused into carbon, then carbon fusion will begin. Eventually, the fusion reactions will work their way all the way up to iron, which is at the mid-point in the

The Boodles martini. It's more than expensive.



If you expect the Boodles martini to be more than expensive, you won't be disappointed. Because Boodles is the ultra-refined British gin that only the world's costliest methods could produce. And it is imported in glass from England for you. The individual who will appreciate the Boodles martini. An experience well worth its price.

Boodles. The world's costliest British gin.

periodic table of elements and the most stable element around. Fusion can't take sunlike stars any farther than that; when it ceases, when the energy pushing outward fades, gravity will cause them to collapse.

The sun has an amount of matter in it that we can conveniently call one solar mass. Because of its particular size, the sun when it collapses will probably become the first strange object in our zoo: a white dwarf, a small, extremely economical star about the size of the earth, inside of which matter is compressed until a lump the size of a martini olive would weigh more than a fleet of Mercedes-Benzes. The white dwarf is kept from further collapse by the motion of its electrons, which move faster the closer they come to one another. The more squeeze, the more motion: Nothing material in the universe can collapse completely. The white dwarf slowly cools; the sun's light slowly goes out: the sun finally becomes a black dwarf, a cinder blowing through space, forever keeping its appointed rounds.

Stars up to something less than two or three solar masses could die another way: They could collapse until they were only about 15 miles in diameter, at which point they would have a density as great as if all the people in the world were squeezed into a single raindrop, and they would stabilize in size because of forces that normally operate in the nuclei of atoms. They would then be superdense. Their interiors might contain a supercooled neutron fluid. but what they might look like is not so interesting to us here as what they do: They spin, some of them, at up to 30 revolutions per second (the earth, which isn't exactly a sluggard, spins at one revolution per day, right?). Spinning so fast, with such a load of superdense matter inside, they evolve an intense magnetic field around them. They also produce beams of radio waves and, in one known case, even visible light waves, and because they are revolving, their beams reach us as pulses, like the flashes of light from a lighthouse:

As a theoretical object, the neutron star has been around for a long time. The late Fritz Zwicky of Caltech predicted as far back as 1934 that such objects could exist. But it wasn't until the first pulsar was discovered, in 1967, and its amazingly regular pulses measured (and the possibility that they were signals from some distant civilization discounted), that anyone seriously believed in the existence of neutron stars, which were the only structures that could account for the pulses.

Neutron stars produce delightful numbers. A teaspoonful of neutron-star material would weigh a billion tons; dropped onto the ground, it would fall all the way through the earth as easily as an ordinary rock falls through the air. Mountains on

the crust of a neutron star couldn't be more than a few centimeters high; a groundquake, a neutron-starquake, would produce a noticeable jiggle in the star's pulse, and astronomers think they may have detected such jiggles and therefore such quakes. From the point of view of physics, neutron stars are, in effect, gigantic atomic nuclei. The lightest atomic nucleus is that of hydrogen; helium is next, and so on up the periodic table to uranium, the last element that occurs naturally on the earth. After uranium come the transuranium elements, and then nature takes a great leap: The next nuclei are neutron stars. The pulses of neutron stars are accurate to within a few millionths of a second, better than all but the best of earthly clocks. The energy for the radiation of neutron stars comes not from thermonuclear fusion but from the rotation of the star. As the star radiates, its rotation slows. A few million years after its birth, the star has slowed so much that it can no longer generate radiation: There may be millions of "dead" neutron stars in the universe that don't wink at us anymore.

The pulsar with the fastest pulse, 30 times per second-the youngest known pulsar-is one in the Crab nebula, a beautiful structure of glowing gases in the constellation Taurus in the northern sky that can be seen with a small telescope as a fuzzy patch. The pulsar in the Crab nebula claims several other distinctions that make it what one radio astronomer calls "a marvelous astrophysical laboratory": It's the only known pulsar that radiates not only radio waves but also visible light and X rays as well (radiates, this small object less than 15 miles across, as much energy as 100,000 suns); and it's almost certainly the collapsed remnant of a supernova-an exploding star-seen by Chinese astronomers in 1054, when it appeared in the sky as a star so bright that it could even be seen by daylight. Its brightness persisted by daylight for weeks, and by night for several years, before it faded away. A star collapsed to become a rotating neutron star and the glowing gases of the Crab blew off, more than 900 years ago as the light flies. (Some stars explode entirely and blow away, and out of their vacuous remains the earth was made, There was only hydrogen and helium in the aftermath of the big bang; the heavier elements got manufactured in stars that have long since died and drifted away. So the visionaries and the crackpots are right: We came from the stars, but not in little silvery ships.)

The most bizarre animal in the stellar zoo is the third kind of collapsed star. If a star is larger than about three solar masses, and if too much of its envelope doesn't expand away, it can begin a catastrophic collapse that doesn't end in a white dwarf or even in a neutron-star stage but keeps on going until the star disappears from the observable universe. It disappears when its matter, falling together, becomes so compressed, and therefore its gravitational pull so strong, that anything trying to escape from it would have to exceed the speed of light to get away. Since nothing can exceed the speed of light, nothing can leave such a collapsed star, not even light itself. In place of the star then appears a black hole.

A black hole is a wondrously simple thing. The standard black hole, the type formed by the collapse of massive stars, has only two physical properties: mass and (assuming it is rotating) angular momentum. "All the properties of the black hole," writes astrophysicist Kip Thorne of Caltech, "are determined completely by Einstein's laws for the structure of empty space." A typical standard black hole has a diameter of from 12 to 200 miles, into which have fallen from 3 to 50 solar masses (the sun, by comparison, has a diameter of 865,000 miles). "It's conceivable," Thorne told me, "but highly unlikely, that half the mass of the universe is down black holes. But it's much more likely that maybe one part in 1000 is down black holes."

Black holes were proposed theoretically in the Thirties, but not until recently did anyone seriously believe they existed. Astronomers are now about 80 percent sure they've found one, Cygnus X-1, in the constellation Cygnus, orbiting a star designated HDE 226868. How do you find an object that emits no light or any other kind of radiation, whose two effects on the rest of the universe are effects of an immensely powerful gravitational field and an extremely rapid rotation? Astronomers have searched the sky for double, or binary, star systems, one star of which isn't visible but can be calculated by its gravitational effect on its companion to have a mass of at least three solar masses (the object in Cygnus is about 12 solar masses) and that produces X rays. The X rays result from a black hole's tendency to pull gas off its companion star. Before the gas disappears into the black hole, it is heated enough by friction to produce radiation. Cygnus X-1 is the leading black-hole candidate; astronomers won't be certain it's a black hole until information from the new generation of X-ray satellites is analyzed, before the end of the Seventies.

Why pursue black holes? Because they may be far more important in the universe than anyone has suspected. But before we get to that, we ought to get nonstandard black holes out of the way.

Theory often precedes discovery in modern astronomy, and a small group of scientists led by Stephen Hawking of Cambridge has been theorizing while (continued on page 212) THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF STATE OF ST

Playboy presents an exclusive preview of an unprecedented new monthly publication.
To quote James Beard"At last a magazine about food in all its aspects"

Postcards



Bondian Banquet: Shakira Caine, Roger Moore, Michael Caine, Luisa Moore.

London

Agent 007 seems to have been an epicure of sorts. Food, at least sometimes, got railroaded onto his one-track mind. To celebrate his appetites, Roger Moore, the current James Bond, and Michael Caine recently dined at London's Intercontinental Hotel on a menu drawn directly from Ian Fleming's action fraught pages. Included for the occasion were Turbot Poché, Sauce Mousseline accompanied by a Macon Superieur (On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Goldfinger) and Sorbet à la Champagne served with mounds of tropical fruits and torrents of Dom Perignon (Dr. No, The Man with the Golden Gun, The Spy Who Loved Me). Now, about Sam Spade...

Photo: Jade Albert



Regine alights briefly on the arm of Jean De Yurbe.

New York

When Regine, the discotheque Queen of Paris, opened her New York club, patrons were stunned by the superb quality of the food—extraordinary in a nightclub, to say the very least. It was prepared by Gilbert Radix, pupil of Michel Guérard, the master of cuisine minceur, Guests were also stunned by the bottom line of their checks.

But now Regine has opened a new cafecum-brasserie around the corner, "Reginette," that is serviced from her kitchen through the back door, as it were. Here soups, salads, pastas, omelettes and *croques* (a variety of grilled cheese based sandwiches), will be served along with a few meat dishes, all prepared under the supervision of M. Radix. The result is a brasserie with a difference—pasta with smoked fish (salmon or sturgeon) and dill, a brilliantly green omelette Troucha, flicked with spinach, onion, zucchini and herbs, a salad of fresh fish in vinaigrette, a sliced entrecote with a piquant mustard sauce, and the fresh fruit sorbets for which Regine's is justly famous. In addition, Reginette will boast an extensive wine list and a riveting maitresse d'—Regine's daughter-in-law Barbara (see cover).

daughter-in-law Barbara (see cover).
You might silence a midnight hunger with a tomato sauced pasta (\$2.50) washed down by a glass of house red (\$1.50). But if you crave a red caviar omelette (\$6.50) and a bottle of Dom Perignon (\$42.00) at 1:00, go no further. Cafe Reginette, 69 East 59th Street. Open daily, 11:30 a.m. until 1:00 a.m.

Paris

Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs Of Europe, Nan and Ian Lyon's satiric whodunit, whisking together wit, haute cuisine and murder, has been recently filmed on location in Paris. Jacqueline Bisset stars as Natasha O'Brian, the sorely beset pastry chef and ex-wife of George Segal. Robert Morley portrays the lusciously sinister Max, editor of uh...a food magazine.

Martinique

A hundred years ago Baron James de Rothschild, known as Beau James, founded the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean railroad (the P.L.M.). Along the line he constructed those splendid, fusty hotels that soothed the weary Victorian traveler in France. The chain has recently been refurbished, rebuilt and immensely expanded, and there are now P.L.M. hotels from Greece to the Caribbean. The newest addition is the Hotel La Batelière near Fort-de-France, Martinique. Here Chef Michele Cordier, formerly of the Relais de Beaune, will prepare a variety of French and Creole dishes, especially seafood dishes, such as poisson braisé en croûte (braised fish in pastry), or feroce d'avocat, literally a "fierce avocado" stuffed with fiery hot spiced sea-food. And the Baron Elie de Rothschild, president of the company, has just promulgated a new edict: no P.L.M. hotel will fail to carry a fine selection of the very best Rothschild wines-especially his own Chateau Lafitte.



Baron Elie de Rothschild strolling at La Batelière with Adrian Sebag and Jean Pierre Kling, the hotel's proprietor and manager.

Wise Buys

The Portable Smokehouse

by Miriam Ungerer

Gunnin' and fishin' and the relative merits of bird dogs occupied quite a space in the conversation of my grandfather and uncles; when these lies and arguments palled, talk sometimes turned to just who made the all-fired best damn smoked turkey in the county. Although nowadays a lot of sportsmen just head for their freezer lockers, there are signs that the venerable art of smoke cooking is making a reentry into American life.



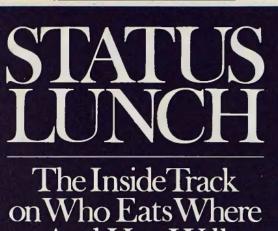
The Smoke 'n' Pit barbecue and smoker can be ordered from L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine.

My own interest in looking into the moribund art of curing and smoke cooking was hardly Hemingwayesque. (I've caught a few fish and once shot a guinea hen in the head.) It was motivated by an ineradicably Southern desire to taste "real" down-home ham, turkey, you-name-it. And culinary skills aren't mandatory for the aspiring "smoker." Elementary arithmetic, cleanliness and literacy are the basics, and it helps to be strong enough to heave around crocks of brine.

Any place suitable for a barbecuing can accommodate smoking. If you happen to be ingenious and inventive, you can convert a discarded refrigerator into a fairly elaborate electric smoke. But for the unhandy, there are all sorts of ready-made smokers—from the lovely Chinese ceramic models to the Little Chief aluminum box for \$31.25. L.L. Bean, the renowned Maine outdoorsmen's store, sells a lot of these as well as the contemporary double-purpose Smoke 'n' Pit barbecue and smoker, which costs about \$50 for the single and \$75 for the double unit.

Whatever you choose you don't have to be either a shooter or a fisher to turn out distinctive smoked delicacies tailored to your own preferences. In fact, you can take a perfectly ordinary (and that's about the only kind you find anymore) ham from the supermarket and turn it into a sensational country-flavored beauty by injecting it with a touch of Madeira and smoking it over hickory for about four hours. This also alters the texture and transforms the watery, furry, commercial ham into a drier, firmer, golden red meat.

Different kinds of brine and various woods apple, elder, even corncobs, produce delicious and unique results that are gratifyingly yours and not some plastic nonentity injected with "liquid smoke" and peddled coast to coast. When it comes to food I say, Up with parochialism,



And How Well

by Stephen Birmingham

* I fork: adequate, 2 forks: good, 3 forks: very good, 4 forks: outstanding.

New York

The Four Seasons The Pool Room is for tourists. The spacious and splendid Bar Room, on the other hand, is for movers and shakersparticularly from the media. Here expect to find a gaggle of fathers and sons-the Alfred Knopfs, the Roger Strausses, the Cass Canfields-along with Gene Shalit, Lillian Hellman and Michael Korda discussing Power and Success.

Doubles A private club where the memberpatrons and their friends provide wall-to-wall chic. Good food from the buffet, reasonably priced (\$9.). The younger, prettier crowd lunches here, depending on how you feel about Barbara Walters. Clubs have arrived and departed from this cellar of the Sherry-Netherland but, as of yesterday, this was still the favored watering hole of New York's Beautiful People.

Le Cirque Rose Kennedy and Pat Lawford rub elbows here (literally; the tables are set close together) with some of society's Older Guard. So in demand that the management has had to compose a form letter of apology to regulars who can't get reservations. Elegant, expensive, occasionally a bit harried and noisy.

La Caravelle John Fairchild, publisher of Women's Wear Daily, often lunches here and so, not surprisingly, do the ladies whose pictures turn up in his pages. Along with La Grenouille, this is a favorite among folk in the worlds of society and fashion.

Hermitage Joseph, formerly of La Caravelle, defected not long ago to open this tiny, pricey, prettily turned-out East Side spot. Among those who defected with him are Lee Radziwill, and What's-her-name, her sister.

Washington, D.C.

Sans Souci Remember that this is a town where chic means political clout, and where ladies who lunch are merely tolerated by the Very Important Men who come here to talk business and rearrange the world. The people who count in Washington are politicos, lawyers and men from the media, in that order. So it's no surprise that the food at Washington's hardest-to-get-into restaurant is just so-so.

Madison Hotel Grill Big businessmen, lobbyists, congressmen and building contractors from New Jersey meet here to discuss everything from Exxon's earnings to the price of steel. You may even spot a few prominent dentists in the room, discussing condominiums in the Caribbean. Dignified and sober, as is the strictly hotel-food cuisine.

Senate Dining Room Washington prefers to lunch at private clubs such as the Cosmos and the Metropolitan, and the Senate Dining Room, also private, is the most prestigious club in town. You must be invited by a senator. Much is made here, for some reason, of the bean soup. For even greater status, and a better meal, get asked to lunch with a senator in his office.

Tiberio's The menu is Italian, and the decor is Potomac River Mediterranean. Henry Kissinger once had lunch here, and so did Clark Clifford, Bert Lance, and Maryland's Senator Joseph Tydings. Elizabeth Taylor Warner, who has become Washington's newest and most powerful social force, never lunches out. Smart girl.

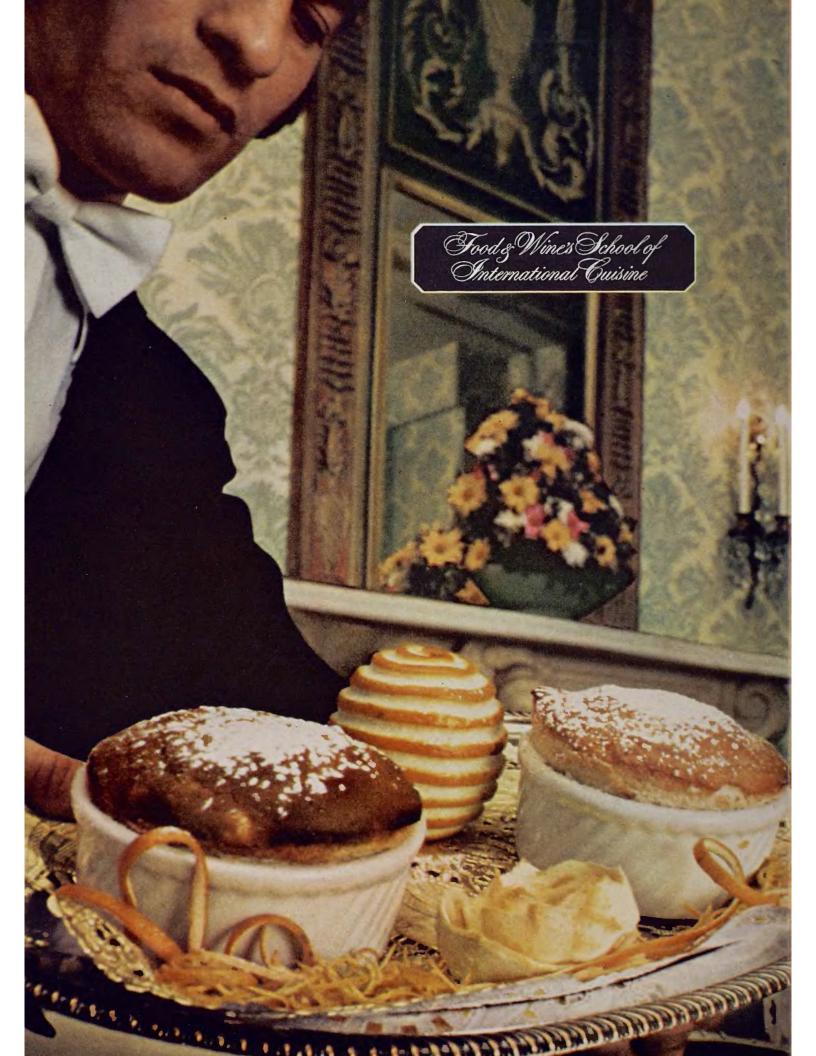
Los Angeles

Le Bistro The lunchtime ambience here is young, crowded, and noisy with the chatter of the famous and the would-be famous, fresh from Gucci. The would-be's far outnumber the real thing, but this doesn't mean that, on any given day, you couldn't spot Raquel Welch, Candice Bergen or Robert Redford among the throng. Super-agent Irving "Swifty" Lazar is also among the hardy noontime perennials.

The Bella Fontana Hernando Courtright, host of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, has succeeded in uplifting the cuisine in this, his principal dining room, to something far above the level of hotel-ordinary. In return, Beverly Hills society ladies such as Frances Bergen, Irene Dunne, and Kay Gable pay him regular homage there.

Bel-Air Hotel A genteel lunch in the hotel dining room overlooking the gardens, the alyssum lawns, and the swans in their pond has exerted a strong appeal to the "quiet chic" members of Los Angeles society. You wouldn't expect to find Barbra Streisand there, but you would find such redoubtable figures as Caroline Ahmanson and Mrs. Norman Chandler, who build civic centers and such.

Michelangelo The murals from the Sistine Chapel have been reproduced on the walls of this new restaurant in Beverly Hills and, if this doesn't seem in the best of taste, well, you're almost in Hollywood. Among the enthusiasts at lunch recently have been Brenda Vaccaro, Al Pacino, and Robert De Niro. The menu's Italian, you see.





THIS MONTH'S LESSON BY JACQUES PÉPIN, PERSONAL CHEF TO THREE FRENCH PRESIDENTS.

Hot, sweet soufflés. Towering, golden-roofed, steamily fragrant. Popular mythology has banished them to the thin-aired Olympus of personal valets and private jets. Why their awesome mystique? Is it because of the commitment of ordering dessert when you first sit down, the regal presentation and the stupefying check? Why does the idea of making one turn fearless kitchen lions into cowering lambs?

A liqueur-laced dessert soufflé can conclude a simple intimate supper of, say, cold herbed roast chicken, green salad and garlic bread with an unexpected eruption of fireworks. Let Jacques Pépin, author of La Technique, dispel its mysteries for you.

SOUFFLES

Rising to the Occasion: Techniques for a Successful Soufflé.

Coat the soufflé dish or mold heavily with soft sweet butter, taking care to work it into the angle where sides meet bottom. (a) Spoon several tablespoons of sugar and flour (a 50-50 blend) over the buttered surfaces. Hold mold between your hands and rotate energetically until sides and bottom are evenly but



lightly coated. Invert mold, and give it a sharp bang to get rid of excess coating. To prevent the risen soufflé from splitting and falling out of its mold during the cooking process, make a "collar" by cutting a wide piece of strong baking



parchment or aluminum foil long enough to encircle the mold and overlap slightly. Fold the foil or parchment two or three times depending on its width. (b and c) Secure as tightly as possible with string, butter the inside surfaces of the collar and refrigerate the prepared mold for at least 15 minutes; this helps the soufflé to rise evenly. Other Pepin precautions: all equipment must be immaculately clean; egg whites should be room temperature and totally free of yolk; don't overbeat-the whites should be glossy rather than dry-stiff; fold whites into cooled base as soon as they

are beaten; fill mold with soufflé mixture to its rim (never to the collar's); preheat oven and bake soufflé on top of a metal baking sheet for even heat distribution; once cooked, remove collar and serve immediately. Pépin's recipes for Soufflé à L'Orange or Grand Marnier appear on the following page.



SOUFFLES (cont'd.)

Soufflés: Jacques Pépin's Recipe

In the most common form of soufflé, a simple cream sauce (in this case Crème Pâtissière or "pastry cream") serves as a base to which sweet or savory flavorings are added according to the soufflé's role in the menu.

Crème Pâtissière

1 cup milk
3 egg yolks
3 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 tablespoons flour

Bring milk to a boil over moderate heat. Set aside. Combine the yolks, sugar and vanilla in a bowl and beat with a wire whisk until

the mixture "makes ribbons" and turns a pale yellow, 3 or 4 minutes. Add the flour and beat until smooth. Add the hot milk, whipping constantly. Pour the mixture back into the saucepan, place over moderate heat, and bring to a boil, stirring constantly with a whisk. Allow to boil slowly for 1 to 2 minutes, stirring all the while. So a skin won't form on top, place a piece of Saran right over the crème.

Soufflé à L'Orange or Grand Marnier

Crème Pâtissière Grated rind of 1 orange 2 tablespoons orange curaçao 6 egg whites

Prepare a l-quart soufflé mold, coating it with sugar. Refrigerate. Stir the orange rind and curaçao into the crème pâtissière. (The soufflé can be prepared to this point and set aside, sealed with Saran wrap.) Beat the egg whites until stiff. Whip about one third into the orange mixture with a wire whisk. Then fold in the remainder with a rubber spatula. Pour into the prepared mold and bake in a preheated 375° oven for 25 to 35 minutes, or until puffed and golden. Serves 4 to 6. (For a Soufflé Grand Marnier, substitute Grand Marnier for curaçao.)

One's Company

ASpirited Dinner

by Peter Morrell

Smart singles will tell you that there is a certain civilized pleasure to be found in the simple art of solo dining. Moreover, half bottles afford the lone diner an exciting and convenient chance to experiment with new and interesting wines. As in everything, the key to running a good restaurant—albeit for one—is organization.

Begin shopping in the greens department of your market with a single choice ripe tomato and a Spanish onion. Next, choose a ripe peach or pear, a large handful of fresh mushrooms, a shallot, and fresh garlic. In the spice department, pick up Dijon mustard and whole black and white peppercorns. The last grocery stop calls for French bread and a small wedge of Roquefort. On the way home, pick up a half bottle of fine claret, such as a Medoc, or a red burgundy (perhaps a Beaune). From the butcher acquire an eight ounce boneless and well trimmed shell or sirloin steak, or even a filet.

The first role you are destined to play is that of waiter, so set your table. Open your half bottle of wine now and decant it if desired. Thoughtful waiters often put on an opera or symphony at this point to soothe the nerves of the chef and, oh yes, light a candle and lower the lights now. Poof—you are no longer the lowly waiter—you are now Le Chef.

Instructions for Le Chef:

1. Slice the tomato and dice a small portion of onion. Lay the slices in a two-inch deep serving plate. Cover the tomato with oil and vinegar (sherry wine vinegar if you have it), a dash of salt and freshly ground pepper. Chill. 2. Peel the pear or peach, slice, place in a small bowl and sprinkle with a little port wine

and/or dark rum, sugar and cinnamon.

3. To let it breathe, open the Roquefort and place it on a small plate with a section of French bread (rest of bread will freeze well).

4. Melt a tablespoon of butter in a frying pan. Slice the mushrooms. Sauté, with a quarter clove crushed garlic, until the mushrooms are tender. Keep warm in low oven.

5. Using a mortar and pestle or bottom of a heavy skillet, pound the black and white peppercoms (a tablespoon of each) until coarsely crushed. Dredge the steak on both sides in the pepper, press the pepper into the steak, and sprinkle both sides lightly with salt. 6. Heat a small amount of vegetable oil in a heavy skillet and when hot, add the steak and brown on both sides. Continue to cook steak, turning occasionally, to desired degree of doneness.

7. Remove the steak to a warm, covered serving dish and place in warm oven. Wipe out the pan with a paper towel and add a tablespoon of butter and a tablespoon of finely chopped shallot. Cook, stirring, a few minutes. Do not brown. Add a tablespoon of cognac and ignite. Add a half-cup of light cream and cook, stirring frequently, for five or six minutes. Remove skillet from heat and stir in a teaspoonful of Dijon mustard. Pour the hot sauce over the steak and re-cover warmed serving dish.

8. Dinner is served.

9. Commence with your salade de tomates. Enjoy your wine with the steak and mushrooms, leaving some to savor, of course, with the cheese. Follow with fruit, then coffee.

10. Relax and let the dishwasher take over

Menu

Salade de Tomates Solo Steak Sautéed Mushrooms Roquefort Cheese with French Bread Pears (or peaches) in Port Wine

The Gastronomic Gardener

Ordering Seeds: The Time is Ripe

by Thalassa Cruso

No matter how deep the snow or blustery the wind, March is the proper time to begin the gardening year for vegetables and herbs that are to be grown from seed—and this holds true for outdoor, windowsill and light gardeners. As you must start immediately, here is an abbreviated list of seedhouses that I have used, and whose products have performed excellently for me:

- Burgess Seed & Plant Co., Galesburg, MI 49053. (General)
- 2. Burnett Brothers, 92 Chambers St., New York, NY 10007. (General)
- Farmer Seed & Nursery Co., Faribault, MN 5502l. (General)
- J.W. Jung Seed Co., Randolph, WI 53956. (General)
- Kilgore Seed Co., Sanford, FL 32771. (General)
- 6. Correvon Fils et Cie, 1225 Cheve-Bourg, Geneva, Switzerland. (General)
- W. Atlee Burpee Co., 300 Park Ave., Warminster, PA 18974; Clinton, 1A 52732; Riverside, CA 92504. (General and herbs)
- Caprilands Herb Farm, North Coventry, CN 06238. (Herbs)
- Leodar Nurseries, 7206 Belvedere Rd., West Palm Beach, FL 33406. (Herbs)
- Le Jardin du Gourmet, Ramsey, NJ 07446. (A good source for shallots and leek plants)
- Johnny Selected Seeds, Albion, ME 04910. (Oriental & European stock)
- De Giorgi Co., 1411 3rd St., Council Bluffs, IA 51501. (Uncommon vegetables)
- Charles Hart Seed Co., 304 Main Street, Wethersfield, CN 06109. (Uncommon vegetables)



DRINKS

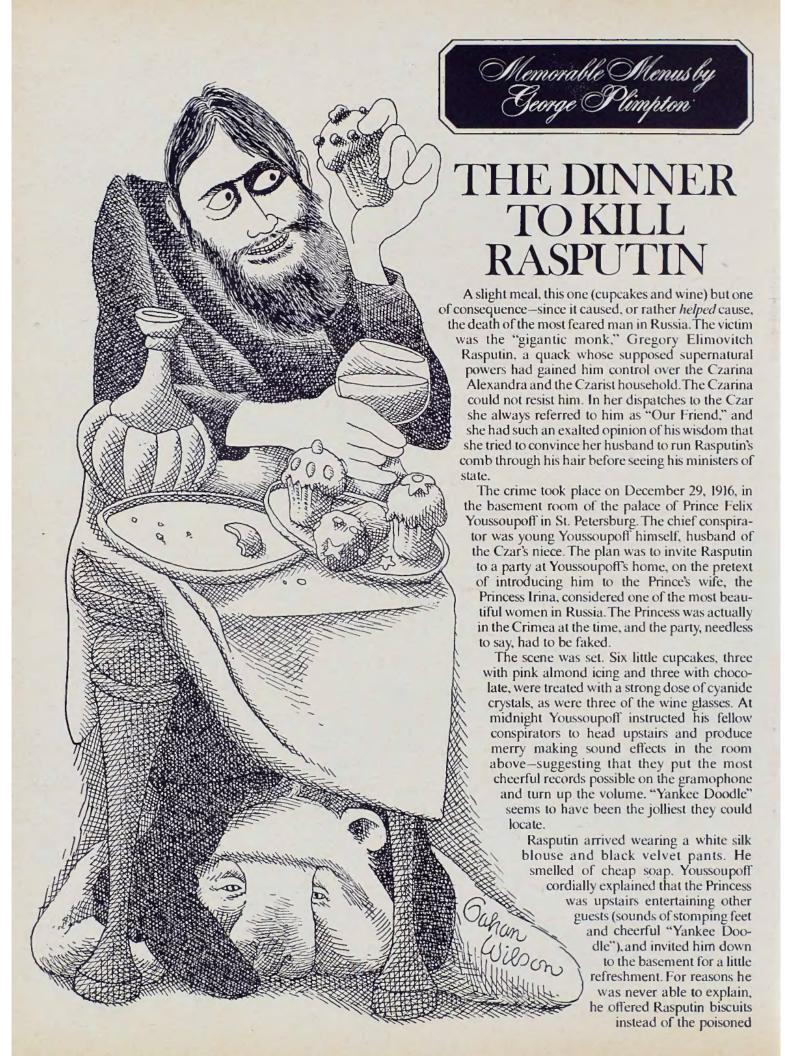
The World's Great Classics No.1: The Manhattan

In the ornate bars of pre-Civil War New York. "cocktails" were originally ordered as gulp and shudder eye-openers at the start of a busy day. At the Hoffman House, Professor Jerry Thomas, the most respected barman of that era, claimed that the success of a "Manhattan" rested entirely on the quality of the aromatic bitters used. Today, however, according to space age Windows on the World's Dick Block, "many people don't like bitters, even though they're good at cutting the sharpness of a drink, at smoothing it out. So for a Manhattan we add the traditional two dashes of Angostura only on request." Also missing in today's streamlined version of the old classic, we are glad to report, is the once prerequisite maraschino cherry, lethally red as Snow White's poisoned apple. The two '70s-sleek cocktails posing here atop the restaurant's piano, 107 stories high in the blue Manhattan heavens, were made following a formula typical of Windows on the World's "less-is-more" contemporary school of barmanship.

Formula

1/3 sweet vermouth
2/3 rye whiskey, whatever brand preferred
2 dashes Angostura bitters (optional)

Drop a handful of hard ice cubes into some form of glass or silver mixing vessel, add the above ingredients (you might at least once give the bitters a sporting try), stir briskly and strain into prechilled stemmed cocktail glasses.



cakes. Rasputin ate the biscuits. Youssoupoff then recovered his senses and offered the cakes, but Rasputin, his mouth full of biscuits, refused. Youssoupoff kept at it. No, said Rasputin, he did not eat pastry. Finally he took two of the poisoned cakes and ate them. Nothing happened. Strains of "cheerful" music and the chatter of fake conversation drifted down from above. Youssoupoff poured out some wine but, by mistake, into a glass that had not been poisoned. He rose from the table and somehow, during the conversation, managed to break Rasputin's glass. Apologies were offered, along with Madeira in a properly poisoned glass. Rasputin drank it down. Nothing happened. Another cupcake was urged on him. Rasputin ate it, and asked Youssoupoff to play the guitar. Though he listened with a drooping head, he called for one song after another.

Finally, Youssoupoff excused himself and went upstairs to consult with the others, who had been listening to "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and pretending to party for nearly two hours. The conspirators were appalled to hear that Rasputin had not succumbed. They decided on another technique. Youssoupoff returned to the basement with a revolver behind his back. Hearing his host's footsteps, Rasputin revived enough to suggest a visit to a local gypsy haunt. A shot near the heart sent him toppling over onto a bearskin rug.

The conspirators rushed downstairs, and one, who happened to be a doctor, pronounced the victim dead. Sighing with relief, the conspirators trouped upstairs to prepare for the disposal of the body in the Neva river. Youssoupoff was the first to return to the basement. As he bent over the body for one last look, it rose from the floor, bearskin askew, rushed at Youssoupoff and tore an epaulet off his shoulder. Youssoupoff fled in terror up the stairs, Rasputin shuffling along behind, loose momentarily in the palace, until he burst through a locked door and tottered into the courtyard. Here a conspirator knocked him over with four shots. Still, Rasputin showed signs of life-one eye stared up at them-and Youssoupoff fell on the body and bashed away with a steel press.

Even this final assault on Rasputin was not enough. When his body was found in the Neva a week later, his hands were free from his bindings and his lungs were filled with water, which would suggest that he was still alive when tossed in the river. No one seemed to mourn his overly stormy passing. Prince Youssoupoff, on being found guilty of the crime, was asked to retire to his country estates.

CALIFORNIA WINES

A Connoisseur's Forecast:

Will Any Trounce the French?

Sam Aaron, co-author of The Joy of Wine: Amazing things have been happening in the Napa and Sonoma Valleys and this excellence has extended southward. The gap is closing between American and French wines. If we peg Chateau Lafitte-Rothschild or Chateau Latour at 100 on a quality index, I would say that, relatively speaking, the better Cabernet Sauvignons

small quantities that they wouldn't sell a single bottle. Let's hope this may yet come to market. But Zinfandels best express California's unique character, and should not have to be compared with anything. Beautiful Zinfandels, fruity and fresh, can be found for under two dollars—ideal for a picnic. There are also some dark, claretlike Zinfandels that are astonishing.

James Beard, America's reigning gastronome: If the weather permits, the future of California wines is a very great one. But I've always said there should never be a comparison made between California and French wines. They should each stand on their own. The briskness of the California whites and the flavors of their Chardonnays are remarkable. The Ridge wines are excellent, but their production is very small. I like the Chappellet vineyards and some of the Callaway wines very much...the whites, and particularly their Chardonnay. Of course I like Joe Heitz-very much. He's very temperamental and demanding, so much so that I don't think you can go wrong with a Heitz wine, they're so highly personalized and perfectly made.

Philip Brown, professional oenologist: To me, California and French wines are like apples and oranges: You just can't compare them. Keep an eye on the Monterey vineyards. They are making some excellent and unusual wines of all types,

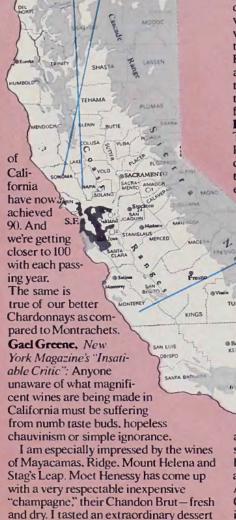
and an especially fine Reisling that's not as sweet as the German. To the south, the Callaway vineyards near San Diego are making progress. They produce some excellent Reislings, quite sweet an

heavy, as well as a late harvest Zinfandel that is

that is almost like

syrup heavy, dark and beautiful. All over

California the Chardonnays are not only improving, but getting in shorter supply. Stoney Hill produces my favorite.



wine at Mayacamas, produced in such

If you've got soul, you'll get Haiti. No Anglo-isle polite pastels here. Pungent, potent, a land of seething streetlife, cockfights, dancing, bonfires, birthday cake graveyards and hyperactive voodoo gods. A land to pole-axe the senses. HAITIAN VISIONS: Fire! fire! colors hot as five alarm flames. Girls, toting, baskets, on

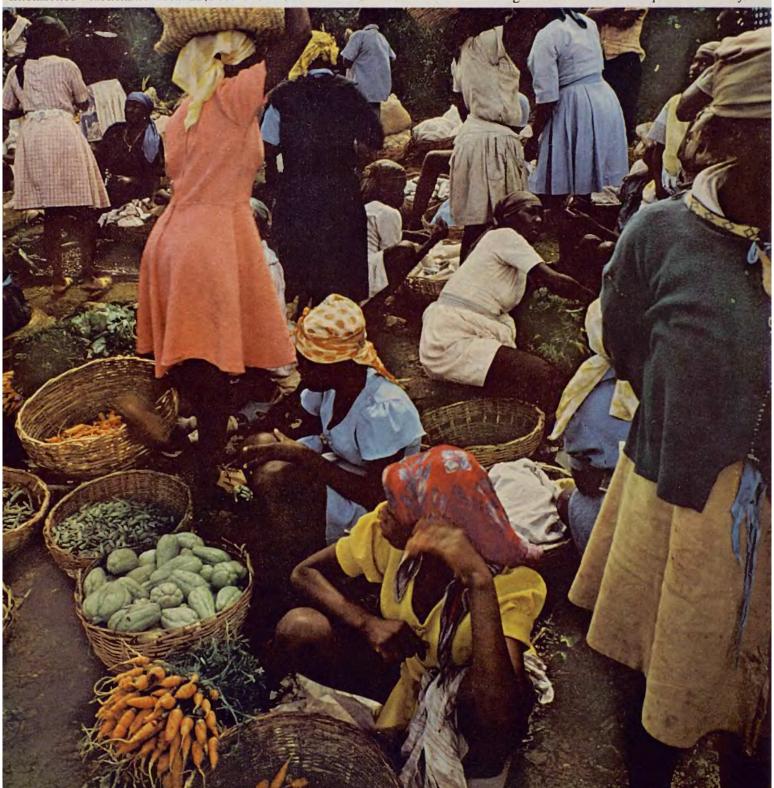
THETASTEOFADVENTURE

by Michael and Ariane Batterberry

flames. Girls toting baskets on scarf wrapped heads, flamingo, sunflower, go-light green, their sketchy dresses a soda pop clash of cherry, grape and lemonlime. "Tap-taps," mini-buses painted from stem to stern with anecdotal religious and native scenes, sailing through human traffic like Sunday comics in the sultry winds. Each tap-tap is emblazoned with a name: "Thanks, Mother Dear," "O.K. Zaza,"

"All Is Mystery," "Let Me Live." Molten hedgerows of tangled poinsettias, bright laundry lines of mass-produced naive art. Parrot green mountains, sunset seas, floodlit swimming pool skies. HAITIAN SOUNDS: Languorous whir of ceiling fans, the slap and clatter of gambling under farmyard trees, on top of tomb-

stones, in the rhinestone cowboy casino. Incessant high-blood pressure voodoo drumming, radio blasts of Cuban merengues, a muzak ooze of sweetened Chopin and tango soup. Raucously welcoming twenty-four hour dawns. Haitian roosters, like Haitian divorce lawyers, seem never to sleep. HAITIAN AROMAS: Seductive gusts of vetiver from the perfume factory,



fragrant herbal teas, sea salt, acrid market vapors, the penetrating signature smell of the country...charcoal and wood smoke from constantly flickering cooking fires. HAITIAN FLAVORS: At expensive tables, tropics-tinged interpretations of classic haute cuisine. In traditional Haitian haunts, the world's best deep fried fritters, at

once mellifluous and crunchy, fishnet-fresh seafood, expert grilling, savory black mushroom-stained rice and acetylene sauce *ti malice*. As far as gloriously fresh food is concerned, Haiti is an earthly paradise. In the country markets, more than thirty kinds of glowing vegetables and herbs may be quickly counted; purple-mirrored eggplant, frail stalked watercress, melting avo-



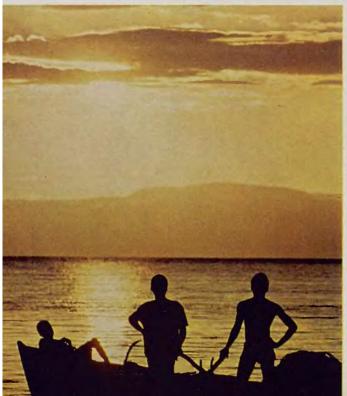
cados and the hi-fi volume dials of Creole cuisine...peppers, red, yellow, green, sweet to hot, hotter, hottest. Haitian fruit is dangerously addictive. Even varieties familiar to foreigners tend to startle: powerhouse grapefruit, green skinned, explosively tangy and sweet; elusively faint blue raspberries, like ghosts of their black and

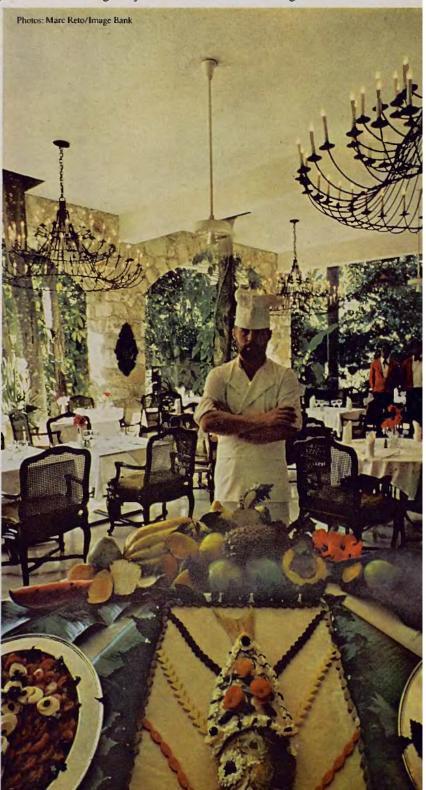
red cousins. For the novitiate, Carmen Miranda extravaganzas of muskily perfumed tropical fruits are worth the trip alone. The selling, display and sharing of food amounts to a national obsession. And almost any common occurrence can trigger an improvised party meal. A ruptured banana truck stalls on a coastal highway. The drivers, an amazing number of them,











tumble out to commiserate with their stricken overload. Within minutes, they have started a blaze in a nearby ditch and sprawl beneath the truck's dangling innards, peeling plantains to boil with salt or sugar for a chatty communal lunch followed by a spread-eagle siesta. After dark, the poorer streets of Port-au-Prince metamorphose into funky fairgrounds. On low makeshift candlelit tables, amateur shopkeepers and primitive restaurateurs arrange their sparse displays. Frequently the barter system



Haitian superbargains for the cook, bartender and host: a windfall of baskets, enameled tinware, salad bowls and servers, lanterns, utensils, rum, wildflower honey and exotic jams. Where else could you find an outsized wooden mortar and pestle for \$3.50?

prevails; a hungry stroller may trade, for example, a single juicy mango for a few crisp nuggets of deep fried fish or pork. Aside from excellent Haitian beer and coffee, coconut milk and the sticky nameless floral colored syrups and spirits purveyed in the streets from ramshackle trundle bars, rum is the universal drink. Your average voodoo altar is laden with bottles. The gods, one is told, love rum. And with good reason if it's of a reputable local brand. Elaborate rum drinks are the stock in trade at all tourist lures, whether restaurant,

nightclub, bar or hotel.

Big time tourism came to Haiti in the late '40s and early'50s. In low lying Port-au-Prince, hotel and architectural styles tend to Late Somerset Maugham laced with Early Greenwich Village, Ethnic Art Gallery and Charity Auction. High up on the mountain, surveying the city and sea, in the haute bourgeois suburban realms of Pétionville, the 1950s Latin Riviera schools reign: vast eccentric shaped turquoise swimming pools, gurgling fountains, landslides of pink and white stucco, tufted banquettes and native art by the yard, groaning bars and fleets of bolero-jacketed servitors, manicured jungles, king-of-the-mountain panoramic views and enough wrought iron to veil all of New Orleans. On the whole, they have been maintained attentively. Pétionville is peppered with cranny boutiques, gift shops, galleries and passive roadside vendors of wood carvings and abstract goatskin rugs. Most of the more worldly "continental style" restaurants are also resident there; notable are Chez Gérard and La Lanterne. The most extraordinarily luxurious dining room in Haiti, however, belongs to Habitation Leclerc, a uniquely

sybaritic walled oasis, originally built by Napoleon's sister, now reached through a raw and raffish outlying neighborhood of Port-au-Prince. Hung with splendid chandeliers and French tapestries, the room opens out on two sides to a glamorous maze of lush vegetation, pools, sweeping balustraded terraces and parades of antique statuary. Complexes of elegant private suites each boast their own semi-private swimming pools beneath soaring green geysers of bamboo and palm. But, as always in Haiti, there is more here than meets the eye. Afternoon tea is served in a sundappled garden on lacy white wrought iron tables. A senatorial native waiter in starched jacket and formal black tie hands around platters of cakes and pours from a silver pot. Actually he is a respected voodoo doctor named Abraham, and the deliciously mysterious tea he pours is a heady, restorative decoction of fresh herbs and roots he brings with him daily. From the jungle-rimmed poolside shadows, another shadow slides, black pinstriped and bowler hatted, dark face masked by darker glasses. This formidable apparition is Mr. Vincent, voodoo high priest and fortune teller par excellence, who, for five dollars, will contemplate your fate. He has been known to allow serious tourist students of voodoo to attend authentic rites in his own domain. Le Peristyle, a sort of nightclub-theater presided over by an extravagantly handsome high priest (a skilled chemist by day), nightly presents a somewhat choreographed voodoo ceremony, complete with possessed performers, bare feet in the flames, and similar black-magic phenomena, for the edification of the transient. The more commercial nightclubs, on irregular schedules, offer loud but watered-down voodoo divertissements, along with dance bands, singers and an occasional footloose international star. Gambling rages late into the night in the accountant's-ink red casino of the Royal Haitian Hotel.

Getting around Haiti can be accomplished in several ways: car rentals, taxis or chauffered cars by day and/or night (the last can become

Haitian Specialties

"Consomme": Not what you'd expect. In Haiti this usually means a rich, thick puree or soup based on aromatic vegetables, meat, seafood, etc.

"Marinade": Again, hardly what you'd expect. Deep-fried fritters or croquettes based on anything from breadfruit to salt

"Djon-djon": Precious dried black mushrooms, principally gathered in the depths of island forests. Used in sauces and to delectably darken "dirty rice."

"Griot": Charcoal grilled chunks of pork

served with the ubiquitous...
"Ti Malice": Literally "little malice." A fiery, pickly fresh condiment sauce fueled

by hot peppers.
"Tablette Cocoyer": Sweetly chewy dried coconut chips.

extremely expensive). But get around you must; Haiti's well constructed new highways have opened up magnificent coastal stretches and unsurpassed mountain drives. Among the most alluring beaches are Kyona and Ouanga, slightly more than an hour away from Portau-Prince. Two hours in a car will get you over the mountains to the old coffee port of Jacmel, a sunny slice of Graham Greene featuring the Pension Craft in whose kitchens what is probably the best and most sophisticated Creole food in Haiti is lovingly prepared. If the rains have been in your favor, you may be able to feast on "the caviar of Jacmel," pisquette, a fantastical jumble of minuscule sea creatures, looking like coarse saffron rice and tasting like crayfish gone to heaven. These are caught in the middle of the night by women standing thigh high in the waters where the moonstruck river rushes into the sea. At daybreak the pisquettes are cleaned and hawked door to door. At lunchtime they undergo yet another transformation...a brief toss in butter, garlic, fresh hot peppers and herbs, all in all a dish as unusual, pungent and memorable as Haiti itself.

Hotels, Restaurants, Nightlife

Getting There: American Airlines' easy direct flights from New York; or Pan American, Air France and Aero Condor from Miami.

Hotels: Approximate winter rates (Dec. 15-Apr. 15) for two, modified American plan.

Habitation Leclerc: A uniquely sybaritic Caribbean Eden. Heavy chic, pulsating disco,

Oloffson's: Though Sydney Greenstreet should be ensconced in wicker on the veranda of this famous gingerbread fantasy, you'll probably find a bestselling author. \$75.00.

Sans Souci: A flung lemon meringue pie of a Somerset Maugham hotel. \$42.00. El Rancho: The most elegant Pétionville hotel, very Hollywood, very '40s. \$84.00.

Villa Creole: El Rancho's sleepier, more discreet neighbor. \$71.00.

Ibo-Lélé and Montana: Both enjoy aerial views of Port-au-Prince. \$55.00 and \$42.00.

Ibo, Kyona, Ouanga and other beaches have moderately priced guest quarters.

Restaurants: Approximate prices for a dinner for two with wine.

Chez Gérard: French food in bosky, candlelit pavilions. Good rum sours, garlicky frog legs, bananas flambé. \$30.00.

La Lanterne: Dine by the pool in the patio of a private house. Try chicken "djon-djon" or "å la Bruno," and excellent frozen souffle. \$30.00.

"Le Gournet" Chez Gladys: First-rate Haitian specialties including guinea hen, lobster, conch and stuffed land crab. \$16.00.

Ti Boucan: Atmospheric, somewhat primitive wharf restaurant, Authentic Haitian "marinades" and beautiful grilled fish and seafood kebobs. \$35.00.

Nightlife Casino of the Royal Haitian Hotel: A rhinestone dazzle with all the games you want to play. Le Peristyle: Voodoo rites nightly. The owner is a High Priest.

Each major hotel features a floorshow on a different night.

In the eves of most shoppers, all canned tuna was born equal. To put this egalitarian notion to the test. The International Review of Food and Wine invited four notably sensitive and educated palates to pass judgment on four widely distributed brands. Their conclusions make it clear that one should choose tuna by its commercial label rather than price tag.

The Place: New York City's intimate and praise-worthy restaurant, Le Jules Verne (189 West 10th Street). The Jury: Pauline Tri-

gere, as talented a hostess as

she is a designer.



Verdict: CANNED TUNA



Trial by jury: Aaron, Trigère, Sokolov, de Brantes (left to right).

Countess Marina de Brantes, the proprietress of a successful cooking school, catering service and restaurant, Le Coup de Fusil.

Raymond Sokolov, author of The Saucier's Apprentice and former restaurant critic for The New York Times.

Michael Aaron, Vice President of Sherry-Lehmann, who in the course of an average year participates in at least a hundred wine tastings both here and abroad.

The Products: The jury knew them only as brands A, B, C and D (in reality Bumble Bee, Star-Kist, Geisha and Chicken of the Sea respectively). The imported Geisha was packed in water, the three U.S. brands in oil.

The Menu: Devised by Le Jules Verne so that the jury might sample each of the brands in three markedly dif-



ferent ways. This was considered necessary as tuna changes its character according to how it is seasoned and whether or not it is cooked. Precisely the same ingredients and procedures were used in each variation. Course 1: Room temperature tuna straight from the can on to a chilled glass plate, accompanied by lemon wedges and thimbles of glacial Polish vodka. Course 2: Salade Nicoise, the tuna crushed lightly with a fork and dressed with a Dijon mustard and scallion scented vinaigrette. Course 3: Coulibiac, a hot pâté of tuna, rice, seived hard boiled eggs, fresh dill and cognac baked in a luxurious casement of brioche dough.

The Verdict: Assessing the tuna on a scale of 0-10, with "4" as "acceptable," each jurist handed in a personal numerical evaluation along with brief comments. These ranged from "moist, retains authentic fish taste" (Bumble Bee) to "impossible, offcolor, dry and insipid" (Star-Kist). Final scores are tallied in the graph below.





"...FREE-FORM PARTY FARE, TAPAS MAY BE CONSUMED IN EITHER VAST OR PECKISH QUANTITIES, INDOORS OR OUT, BY DAY OR BY NIGHT, WITH A BROAD SPECTRUM OF DRINKS."



Tapas table (clockwise from upper right); Grilled marinated veal and shrimp. 2. Peasant breads and breadsticks. 3. Mozzarella, vellow and aged, white cheddar cheeses. 4. Imported Serrano ham (available at Casa Moneo, 210 West 14th Street, N.Y.C.). 5. Pickled mushrooms with bay leaves. 6. Black olives with thyme and purple onion rings, sherried green olives. 7. Pan toasted almonds with garlic and coarse salt. 8. Roast sweet red peppers in oil. 9. Lemon bathed sardines. 10. Stacked flower pot saucers. 11. Parslied potato, parmesan and Swiss cheese ontelette squares. 12. Roast Cornish hens and orange wedges in escabeche sauce flowored with the juice and grated zest of a navel orange.



Basic Escabeche Sauce

In a heavy skillet or pot, preferably of enameled cast iron, heat 6 cloves of unpeeled garlic in 1 cup olive oil until oil is hot but not smoking. Add 1 carrot and 1 medium onion, both finely chopped, ½ bay leaf, ½ teaspoon dried thyme, 6 grinds black pepper, 6 drops tabasco, 2 teaspoons salt. Fry gently, stirring with a wooden spoon, for 4-5 minutes. Add ¾ cup of red wine vinegar, and ½ cup of water. Simmer for 10 minutes, add 2 tablespoons minced parsley, stir and remove from heat.

JAMES BEARD

Plots An All Hours Tapas Party





"I wouldn't class them as appetizers," muses peerless host James Beard, "and they're certainly not hors d'oeuvres. I suppose the closest you could come in English would be 'snacks.' But what snacks! Marvelous, absolutely delicious. So easy to serve and to eat."

The subject is tapas, without which no Spaniard is happy to drink. "Tapa" literally means "lid." In their primal state tapas were mere slices of bread, laid across the tops of glasses by leisurely drinkers to keep flying wildlife at bay. Today in Spain the term *tapas* applies to anything from a few almonds and olives to dazzling displays of more than one hundred delectable snacks set out in serving dishes.

Hemingway's widow recalled a typical lunch with Ordoffez at which the legendary bullfighter demolished a welter of tapas and nothing else. As tapas may be consumed in either vast or peckish quantities they make exceptionally flexible party fare. A further attraction is that they can be served by day or by night, indoors or out, with a broad spectrum of drinks. Cool to chilly sherries are preferred

by most native aficionados with their tapas. Along with sherries, Mr. Beard recommends that you "experiment with some good imported beers—Mexican, Japanese, Brazilian. Sangria would be an obvious choice, but remember the Spanish also drink a lot of plain red wine. Pernod would also be logical to serve—if you want to get out of the rut of standard party drinks—after all, Spain continued to produce absinthe long after it was outlawed in France."

When it comes to the tapas themselves, "strive for variety" is Beard's basic advice. "Think of contrasting colors and tastes. For the sake of authenticity, certain foods should always be included. Almonds, freshly pan toasted with a little garlic. And olives—take jars of ordinary California green ones, drain off the brine and refill with five parts olive oil to one part sherry vinegar, recap and let them steep for at least a couple of days in the refrigerator. Toss Mediterranean black olives with oregano and purple onion rings. Ham is important; if you can't find imported Serrano, substitute a good Kentucky or Missouri ham, not Westphalian or Italian prosciutto. There's no American duplicate of Spanish cheese, but I think aged Vermont cheddar, sliced mozzarella, and California Teleme and Tilamook would do very well. Also smoked cheeses—you could smoke your own Mon-Photo: Dan Wynn

terey Jack or even Kraft's natural Cracker Barrel cheddar if you had the proper equipment [See Wise Buys]. You'd want something fishy such as cod or sardines or possibly shrimp. You can only dream of those fantastic baby eels they serve in Spain but you might be able to lay hands on some fresh tiny whitebait and fry them till they're crisp. And be sure to have something in an escabeche sauce.

"The Spanish love partridge and quail. You could roast a few of those fresh Cornish game hens that are now available around the country, carve them into small pieces and marinate them in the escabeche sauce with the juice and grated zest of an orange. Have some bits of grilled marinated veal or pork on skewers-you might set up an hibachi and let guests cook their own. Pickle some fresh mushrooms, cut a potato and cheese omelette into very small squares, grill and skin some sweet red peppers and bathe them in oil, and put out the best bread and breadsticks you can find. Set out a lot of little plates and let people help themselves to however much

they feel like. It's a wonderful way to entertain."

For a tapas party you'll need to invest in very little special equipment that can't be used for other purposes or occasions. Each guest should be provided with a small plate to carry around or set down as he wishes. Pick out a bargain set of unglazed terra cotta flower pot saucers of a uniform size, plus a number of larger ones to use as serving dishes at any outlet selling garden or florist supplies. Scrub well before using. A heavy wooden chopping board or block is good for cutting bread and cheeses, as is a copper chafing dish or a flameproof earthen casserole resting over some kind of gentle warmer for hot dishes such as grilled sausages or fried fish.

Roughly woven natural cotton tablecloths provide a perfect background for clay dishes and colorful tapas. Decent sized cloth napkins are essential. Small forks are optional; skinny bamboo or wooden skewers are easy to find and laughably cheap, hence disposable. They are a great aid to self-service and eating with the fingers. Your repertoire of glasses can be limited to a standard highball model and a single all-purpose wine goblet or expanded to include glasses designed specifically for red and white wines, sherry, beer, or any other special drink you want to serve. Salud!

A message from the editors of The International Review of Food & Wine:

You've just had a tasty sample of the kind of reading you'll get in *The International Review of FOOD & WINE*, a new monthly publication. Not only will you get all the columns and features you see in the sample, you'll also get many more. To tantalize you a bit, here's what you'll find...

Wine & Spirits Bulletin: a monthly report from both vineyards and importers about what to stock, when to stock it, and the cost.

Restaurant Review: a wholly *unbiased* critique of *famous* or *new* restaurants. illustrated by their menus.

The Review of Reviews: What's being said and written by the major national and international food and restaurant critics.

Monthly Diet Menus: Diet adaptations of *our* recipés plus special *additional* diet recipes for low calorie, sodium, cholesterol, *and* carbohydrate dieters.

International Roundup: The very best from foreign food publications—translated and adapted for American kitchens and supermarkets.

Word of Mouth: What the famous are doing and saying about food and wine.

The Voracious Reader: Gems of great writing about food and wine by Mark Twain, Colette, Gertrude Stein.

Design Panel: Our experts bestow awards to the best in design...restaurants, tableware, kitchen equipment, etc.

The American Tradition: A different region will be regularly chosen for a colorful complete examination of its recipes, restaurants, fish, game, and more.

You'll find even *more* exciting tastes and aromas, engaging personalities, exotic and irresistible foods and wines in such special features as...

Sally Quinn's "The Politics of Entertaining in Washington"...
"Food of The Palaces of India." by the son of the Maharajah
of Indor and his beautiful Texas-born wife...Stephen

Birmingham's "The 'Inside' Resorts"...Marya Mannes' "Gusto, or What You Like is Good For You"... "How to be a Terrible Host." by Wilfrid Sheed...plus "Food Lobbies—Who's on the Dole," "Investing in Kitchen Equipment," and even more.

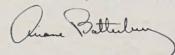
The International Review of FOOD & WINE will, we hope. become far more to you than the beautiful and varied feast it is. Let FOOD AND WINE be the witty, no-nonsense, well-travelled friend who tells you all there is to know about eating and drinking well. Every month.

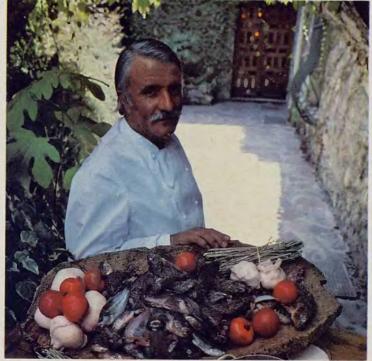
New York, February 1978

Michael Batterberry Editor-in-Chief

Ariane Batterberry Executive Editor

Michael Batherery











For a half-price charter subscription, see opposite page.

We have just served you a taste of Food & Wine

-Now it's your turn to save 50% as a Charter Subscriber-

It's been a pleasure to serve you a sample of *The International Review of FOOD & WINE*. It's a further pleasure to extend this exciting invitation:

Subscribe now. Save 50%.

Fill in and mail the card opposite or the coupon below. Send no money, please. In return, you'll be enrolled as a Charter Subscriber to *The International Review of FOOD & WINE*. Your copy of the first issue will be sent out as soon as it's off the press. Look it over. Savor its delights. If, after reading Vol. I. No. 1, you agree it's all we promised, pay the charter subscription rate of \$9 for the first year (11 more monthly issues). 50 percent off the newsstand price and \$3 off our regular subscription rates. If *The International Review of FOOD & WINE* is not all you expected it to be, simply mark "cancel" across the bill and send it back to us...that's it...no questions asked. Vol. I. No. 1 is yours to keep.

Your Charter Benefits & Privileges

- 1. Preferential Renewal Rates. In the future, you will always receive the lowest renewal and gift-subscription rates available.
- 2. The Premiere Issue. You'll receive Vol. I. No. 1 of *The International Review of FOOD & WINE*, a beautiful limited-edition copy certain to become a collector's item.
- 3. Money-Back Guarantee. If at any time you wish to cancel your charter subscription, just drop us a note. You will receive a full refund on all unmailed copies.



Food & Wine—A joy... A monthly feast As you've seen and read in this issue of PLAYBOY, The International Review of FOOD & WINE is an entirely new kind of periodical. Lively, informative, original, colorful, FOOD & WINE is pure fun to read. Just tear off and mail the postpaid card opposite. Or clip and mail the coupon below. We guarantee that your eye, your mind and your palate will be glad you did.

The International Review of FOOD & WINE Associates (A New York limited partnership), 3300 Walnut St., Boulder, Colo, 80302



Food & Wine Charter Subscription reservation

OK. I like what I've seen. Enroll me as a Charter Subscriber* and send me Volume I, Number One of *The International Review of FOOD & WINE*. If it is all you promise, I'll pay only \$9 for the charter year (11 more monthly issues). Half the newsstand price. \$3 off our regular subscription price.

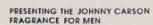
If The International Review of FOOD & WINE is not all I expected it to be.
I'll write "cancel" across your bill and mail it back to you. (Vol. I, No. 1 is mine to keep.)

(The Canadian rate is \$11 for 12 issues.)

	(block letters, please)	
Address		
City	State	Zip

*Charter Benefits include our guarantee of an immediate cash saving... the lowest renewal and gift rates in perpetuity... and a copy of the premiere issue.

Clip and mail to: P.O. Box 2695, Boulder, Colorado 80321







Amherst sport coat, vest and stacks. Polyester/viscose

Every guy ought to have a hobby or two to help him get away from his job. Of course, you can relax while you work when you wear the kind of clothes that look and feel comfortable. And you'll find plenty of them in my new Spring Collection. All the suits, sport coats and slacks are designed to avoid that stuffy, overdressed look. And the prices are very relaxing, too."

here's ionny

Glen vested suit. 100% texturized Today's Dacron® polyester by Klopman.

"Wealth and the power it brings—the feeling began to surge through me. After all, why not?"

grandmother's side, who, jerked to Jesus several centuries past, had left behind, out of the grasp of czar and commissar, in the care of the Rothschilds, a sum of 10,000 guilders or pounds or Swiss francs that has been quietly expanding itself at the rate of six percent per annum. I whiled away half my life dreaming of being adopted by the Guggenheims or the Morgans, of so impressing the Rockefellers that they settled upon me a full tithing of their estates. I dreamed of discovering an inexhaustible seam of gold ore.

There were always practical thoughts of inventing some sort of device for the benefit of mankind, with concomitant financial benefit to myself. Such as: devising a small but powerful solar battery capable of powering everything mechanical, from lawn mowers to locomotives; making a new translation of the Koran in which Moslems are strictly forbidden to own, use or come into personal physical contact with any product taken from beneath the earth's surface-such as oil; discovering a true aphrodisiac.

Who hasn't had such thoughts?

And while in one of those musing moods, my soil already prepared, so to speak, I happened one day to be perusing some magazine of negative literary value, when my eye skidded to a halt.

I CAN MAKE YOU APPEAR TO BE A \$ MILLIONAIRE \$ IN JUST FOUR WEEKS!

Pictured alongside the headline, shoehorned right into it, in fact, was a drawing of a suave-looking fellow, legs crossed, sitting in a chair, phone held importantly to the ear, and a sheaf of papers dangling casually from the other hand. Surrounding this wheeler, shaker, maker of deals were three dollies, obviously wise in the ways of the business world, wearing miniskirts.

- · Get a \$90,000 House Without Money!
- · Make Yourself a Millionaire in Seven Days!
- · Attract Glamorous Women!
- · Enjoy All Kinds of Vacations Absolutely Free!
- · Acquire Property Without Money!
- · Buy and Sell Stock Without Money!
- · Stop Paying Taxes Forever!

And there was more. A full page of lures, promises, answers to everyone's daydreams. It was signed by one Sid Rosen, who admitted being a lifetime wheelerdealer. For ten dollars, American, he was willing to instruct me in how, like him, I could "Get Smart and Live Great."

Suddenly, opportunity seemed all around me. I became attentive, alert, more quick-minded, as if some sort of internal fine tuning of the senses had just been adjusted. Each page I turned sang to me the same siren song-the way to wealth is as clearly marked as the yellowbrick road. Just follow the signposts.

A lifetime of frayed cuffs and greasy gravy seemed to be mocking me. But those beckoning ads seemed to assure me that within weeks it would be silk sheets and truffles.

- · How to Build an Instant Fortune-Information Free!
- \$350 Daily in Your Mailbox—Free Report Reveals Fortune Building
- \$100,000 Yearly Possible!
- \$8000 MONTHLY SPARE TIME!

My threadbare dreams began to take on a kingly, Croesuslike aura. Let's see, eight times 12 is 96, nearly 100 grand a year. And that's just part time. With the time left, I could get:

· \$2000 weekly at home using other people's money!

Now we were talking. That's over 100 grand a year and, added to the 96 I would be making in my other spare time-well, it was not the ultimate fortune. I would not have the wealth of a Getty or a Hughes, but it was a start. It would give me the leverage to get into something really big. For instance, oil!

You may be a winner of an oil lease thru public drawings conducted by U.S. Govt. Could make a fortune for you. Get free oil-field map, brochure and details on oil-lease drawings.

- · \$1,000,000 in Months. Complete Report, \$5.75!
- · \$1,000,000 Plans. Spare Time. Send stamped envelope.

Now we were making financial progress. That \$96,000 I would be making in my other spare time could pay for my butler, valet, chef and upstairs maid. The \$100,000 I could use for tips and maintenance on my fleet of vintage Rolls-Royces. Plus the \$350 I would be receiving free in my mailbox every day; that would go mostly into my kitchen and wine cellar. A fellow in my position has to make sure to stay well stocked with Romanée-Conti, to say nothing of the Roederer and Gaston Briand for afterdinner sipping and seductions. Let's see,

\$350 times 365-I wondered if that offer included Sundays. Why be greedy? I could afford to be generous. Say 312 days of mail delivery, minus 12 days for holidays. Make it an even 300 days. That would come to another \$105,000 a year. I never eat much breakfast, anyway. I'd probably even be able to set aside a little out of that to keep the cigars flying in from Davidoff's in Zurich and to bring in the Juilliard or Olivier for some light entertainment. And if that budget didn't work out, there were other opportunities to make up any deficiencies and contin-

Instant Riches!-New Foolproof Method to Riches!-Incredible Income!-Money Secrets, Fabulous Opportunities!-Millions Won!-Build Wealth!—Enjoy Lifetime Income!—I Will Help You Turn \$6 into \$1,000,000 While Sitting in Your Favorite Chair at Home!

I already had a favorite chair and I thought I knew where I could raise the six bucks. Wealth and the power it brings-the feeling began to surge through me. After all, why not?

For the cautious, for those who lacked the blood of the true economic buccaneer. like me, there were ways to be comfortable. Simply by answering an ad, they could set themselves up for life in a profession or a trade. Porcelbond promised \$20 to \$50 an hour for repairing and refinishing bathtubs and sinks. Another man said he made millions assembling electronic devices in his basement. There was a secret for sale whereby you could make \$50 an hour playing blackjack or could live comfortably playing the horses.

And not to be lightly put aside was the one for:

186 uses for sawdust, newspapers, rags, glass. . . .

Nor was that the last word in opportunity. There was a small fortune, literally, within your hand's grasp. Don't bite your nails. Sell them.

You can make thousands of dollars just by growing your fingernails. Norm Heinz, owner of Creative Airs Salon in Dallas, Tex., says he will pay 25¢-\$2 apiece for fingernails at least 1/3 inch long. Heinz uses the clipped nails for fingernail transplants....

That kind of stuff might be all right for clods and clucks, but I knew I owed it to myself-a debt to all my dreams, I called it-to try for the main chance. What the hell, nobody was asking me to invest a fortune. Nobody was asking more than ten dollars for his secret to how to become a millionaire. It was worth it.

If I wanted to test the waters before taking my big financial plunge, there 179

How Bob and Jennie saved a lot of money, their record collection and their relationship.

By reading Warehouse Sound's free 1978 stereo catalog, that's how. Bob liked folk-rock loud and deep, while Jenny liked country high and sweet. They couldn't find a stereo system within their budget that could do both. You know how silly some arguments sound when they start... Meanwhile, their old record player was slowly ruining their collection.

In the nick of time the new Warehouse Sound catalog arrived in the mail: 64 pages of information on over 100 brands of stereo components with recommendations for ear pleasing complete systems at all price levels. They found a music system that could satisfy Bob's bass desires and Jenny's high frequencies for a lot less money than they expected to pay. So

far, they've lived happily ever after.

We've helped more than 100,000 people like Bob and Jenny in the seven years since the bright idea hit us: ship stereo components direct to the customer's home and eliminate the middleman's profit. The catalog is free. Our guide to stereo buying, The How To Hi-Fi Guide, is a dollar and worth it. So give us a try: see how many things you can save.

Warehouse Sound Co. Railroad Square, Box S San Luis Obispo CA 93405, 805/544-9700

☐ Enclosed is \$1 for your hot new catalog and the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" sent via Priority First Class Mail.

Stereo Catalog

☐ Just zip me your free catalog via Third Class Mail.



Box S, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405, 805/544-9700

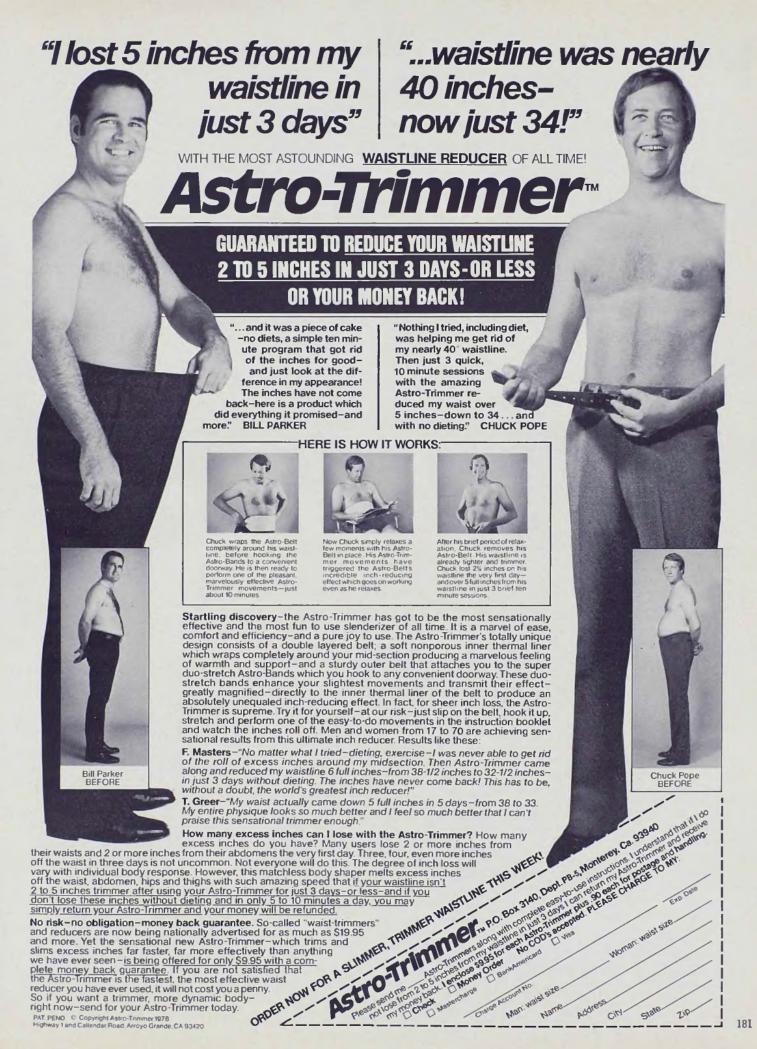
were ways to do that, too. The classified sections of those magazines repeated the same call over and over. They were full of the same ad.

Stuff envelopes-\$750 a thousand. Complete details. . . .

That was the ad that really did it. That was the ad that really "woke up the financial genius in me," as another ad challenged. In one of those flashes of intuition, an insight of absolute clarity and shining brilliance, I saw instantly how to convert envelope stuffing into the very bedrock, the unshakable foundation of my fortune. Someone was willing to pay me 75 cents for every envelope I stuffed. Suppose I did two a minute. That's \$1.50-\$90 an hour, \$720 a day. \$3600 a week, if I worked a straight 40hour week. And why not? They're not paying me for overtime. Say I took eight weeks' vacation. That's still \$158,400 a year. But that's not clear profit. Out of that I'd have to pay my own hospitalization and Social Security and maybe set up a retirement-income plan. Still, that's a lot of money for something as simple as stuffing envelopes. Unless they're asking me to stuff cobras into the envelopes.

A genius is a fellow who can take a simple, everyday idea and with a shrewdly applied twist of imagination create a work of art. I could actually feel the thought. I was on my own peak of Darien surveying an empire of envelope stuffing. I could offer employment to the worldtruck up rural blacks, illegal aliens, long, long rooms of them. Conveyor belts trundling envelopes and stuffings to them at the rate of one every ten seconds. Separate shipping docks at either end of the building. One bringing them in, the other taking them out. Loaded trucks driven by retired cabbies, busmen and newspaper delivery drivers, speeding off to waiting freight cars, ships and planes. I would expand quickly to Africa and Asia. Labor is plentiful and cheap. My profits could run as high as 90 percent. I could feel the shade of Jay Gould smiling up approvingly.

And while the frontal lobes were engaged in all this grand flush of excitement and empire building, what was going on in the rear, in that inner core of self that tells us who we are and where we live? Laughter dwelt there. Not a raucous guffaw or a raspberry, but a quiet, smiling chuckle and now and again the whispered word sucker. Gradually, it would seep to the front and the absurdity of the entire proposition would overcome me. So throughout all this extrapolation and elation, there was the feeling that at some particular moment in the immediate past, one had just been born. But putting aside, for the moment at least, the great William Claude Dunkenfield's twin admonitions that a sucker should never be treated with equilibrious parity or that a worthy individual cannot be hoodwinked,



I plunged into what I felt could be the main chance.

After all, was Columbus intimidated by the Sargasso Sea?

'Dear Sir," wrote I. "Please send me the information on how to become a millionaire Enclosed is my check for ten dollars."

Or, "Dear Sir: Please send me your information on making a fortune from TV game shows."

There were variations, of course, but that was the general form. I sent out about 45 such requests. Not in a spirit of greed, necessarily, but I felt I owed it to my financial destiny and to all those disenfranchised blacks, Africans and Asians who would henceforth be dependent on me for their livelihoods to survey the field closely and choose only those opportunities for great wealth that would be most beneficial to us all.

While the keys went clickety-clack, I began to imagine the recipients of those notes, seedy little men and gray little women, ma-and-pa mail-order shops, waddling down to their post-office box every day to see what good turn the U.S. Postal Service and the classified section of Mechanix Illustrated had done them. I could imagine them rushing up their rickety wooden stairs, letting the screen door slam in joy and triumphantly shouting that another sucker had bit. There'd be real meat on the table that night.

Was I being conned? I found it hard not to trust a man who would say this:

> I'd like to give this to my fellow men . . . while I am still able to help!

It was almost a plea. Almost desperate in sincerity. It conjured up the image of the author, knowing himself to be in the dread grip of some terminal illness, striving for immortality through his charitable deeds. If you could have seen that photograph: square jaw, squinting, as if only great strength of character and a pain threshold somewhere around nine gs were all that was holding back the screams from bubbling out over those tightly pressed but honest lips. If a fellow couldn't believe in such a man, there was precious little he could cling to in this thorny life.

Finally, it was done. All the requests were out. My bread was on the waters. The rest was in the hands of time and the vicissitudes of the Postal Service.

The first reply was back in a matter of days. One busted bubble. In fact, my scheme for providing sustenance for all those rural blacks, Africans and Asians went up in, poof, smoke. The bedrock of my financial empire had turned to quicksand. Something quicker than quicksand.

Disillusionment. But that only proved the ultimate wisdom of W.C.'s eternal 182 caution. Funny thing. I had sent four replies to envelope-stuffing ads to opposite ends of the country, but what I received back were four identical replies. Absolutely identical, except for the return address to which I was supposed to send my money to go into business for myself. For an investment of anywhere between \$50 and \$1000, I was now offered the earning potential of \$50 to \$1500 a month. A far cry from the \$14,400 a month I had been counting on. My Romanée-Conti was turning to vinegar.

I was offered six options-gather clippings from newspapers and magazines; distribute their unnamed publication; sell ads for their unnamed publication; gather subscriptions; line up other agents (other suckers like myself); or operate on a large scale in a protected territory. (Like those fellows were doing. How's business, guys?

Nor was the magnate of Bermuda much more help. Next to his cordial signature at the bottom of the ad was a line drawing of a man in a sailboat, sparkling sun overhead, waving out to me.

> IF YOU LIKE TO BUM AROUND, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY AT IT.

He said that at the age of 37, he had already retired-in style; a \$100,000 home in Bermuda, tennis and golf all year round and deep-sea fishing from his own yacht. And he did it, he said, by not practicing the puritan work ethic.

He painted such an appealing picture of the carefree life, perhaps somewhat scaled down from what I had originally projected for myself (better call Davidoff and tell him to hold off on the shipment), that I sent him my eight bucks. What he sent me was a manual on how to be a telephone solicitor, usually for charities on the make. Not to put too fine a point on my normal inclinations toward hereticalness, but I began to have some serious doubts as to the actual existence of this tycoon, in Bermuda or elsewhere. Yachts and smiling suns were replaced with the image of a seedy guy in a washable windbreaker and white socks, giving the well-modulated pitch to a plumbingsupply wholesaler for ten tickets to the Kiwanis circus.

That image fell somewhere around 179 degrees to the right of my notions of the good life. I'd certainly have to let the domestics go.

Seriously, I didn't expect much out of the ad that promised me wealth and happiness by appearing on TV game shows. Since they stopped fixing the winners, those shows have had no appeal for me. If some guy with capped teeth is going to scream in my face, I prefer him to do it while handing me a check for \$64,000 instead of a five-year warranty on a dishwasher or a freezer.

Nevertheless, I mailed off \$3.25 for the promise of a better tomorrow. About a month later. I received a paperback, The T.V. Game Shows-How to Get On and Win. The book was an account of the history of TV game shows. The only significant information on how to get onto the shows and reap all those rewards occupied a total of exactly one of the book's 272 pages. And even that one page was padded.

How's this for real inside dope?

First of all, make sure that you are completely familiar with the program you are shooting for. Watch the program regularly before making application. Second, put on a happy face when you visit the people who choose the contestants....

Having gone this far, I don't suppose it would hurt to tell you that all the ads were hustles of one sort or another, full of hyperbole and pie in the sky and requests for more money to get the real secret. All except one.

There was no reason to suspect that when I mailed off my check for two dollars to Mark Fleming in answer to his ad-"want money? hate work? Lazy Way to Big Money. Complete, Clever Plan . . ."-I would, for once, get the real truth. Mark, it seems, was the only one who had found the real road to-not wealth, exactly, but at least some pocket money. His reply:

Lazy Way to Big Money

This is the easiest way to make money in mail order there is. Try it, it will work!

- Step 1: First buy a mail-order business license.
- Step 2: Find a suitable magazine that has a classified section with a heading "Business Opportunities," "Money-Opportunities," making Opportunities," or something of that sort.
- Step 3: Write an eye-catching ad such as mine that tells people you will mail them a plan to make big money, easy. Two to five dollars is best.
- Step 4: Write up a reply like this
- Step 5: When the letters start coming in, mail them back replies. Your profit:

\$2.00 gross

-.01 envelope

-.03 сору

-.13 stamp

\$1.83 profit

Your own two dollars has proved that it works.

Thanks, Mark, I needed that dash of cold reality. There's still a way, though, an honorable way. I'll become a CIA front to suborn Congress. What the hellwho lived better than Tongsun Park? Call my tailor. Uncork a magnum of the Dom; see if Billy can make it for lunch.

Regular and Menthol: 5 mg."tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

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

True slashes tarin half!

Only



And a taste worth smoking.

ENVIRONMENT



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

HOUSING LOG JAM

What kind of house has walls eight to ten inches thick, never needs to be painted and costs about half of what the conventional wood or brick house goes for? Here's one more clue-its biggest problem may be woodpeckers. We are speaking, of course, about log houses, with real, grown-up Lincoln Logs, and their popularity is booming as housing costs all over the country skyrocket. "Ninety percent of our capacity goes to people building primary homes, not vacation retreats," says William Haggard of Rustic Log Structures, a Seattle firm that sells kits of numbered, notched logs of 100-yearold lodgepole pine that can be assembled in a few days. "A log house is practically indestructible and its resale value is enormous," he adds. Although the kits include only logs for the walls and not the other supplies for roofs, windows, etc., the total cost of a log house is still far below that of other types of homes, and additional savings accrue in the form of lower heating bills and easier maintenance. "All you have to do to clean the walls is vacuum the logs," says one owner.

If you really want to save, you can sign up for Skip Ellsworth's course at his Bar E School for Log House Building in Redmond, Washington. "If your land has enough trees and rocks on it, you can actually build a house for nothing," he says, "and anyone can do it, regardless of his I.Q., age or manual skill."

PLAYING MIND GAMES

Like acid rock and even acid itself, biofeedback may be headed for the cultural dustbin where artifacts from the turned-on Sixties are stored. About a decade ago, scientists were predicting big things for the process that enabled people to monitor their heartbeat and other bodily functions and use the "feedback" to control their physical machinery. True believers claimed biofeedback could be used to learn how to relax and even conquer stress-related ailments such as ulcers and high blood pressure.

But now scientists are finding that merely telling a person to relax may have the same effect as hooking him up to machinery and charging him big bucks for the pleasure. Researchers Drs. Thomas White, David Holmes and David Bennett report that while biofeedback may have some effect on heart rate, their use of control groups in experiments showed that biofeedback results can be duplicated in subjects who are simply asked to decrease their heart rate without being able to see the results on a screen or a monitor. "In fact," says Dr. Holmes, "you get the same decrease if you sit there and do nothing."

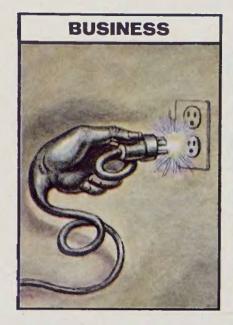
"The notion that biofeedback does something mystical or magical is open to question," adds Dr. White. "Biofeedback does do something, but science has not yet found out what it is."

DEPRESSION DOLLARS

You say your job is driving you crazy and you can't take it anymore? Then you should know that an increasing number of workmen's-compensation claims to cover mental as well as physical injury are being filed in this country. "A wounding of the mind" is what one lawyer calls it, and if it happens to you, you may be eligible for the same benefits that go to workers who lose a limb or are otherwise physically injured on the job.

In one landmark case, a woman who walked in on her boss right after he'd committed suicide became so distraught that she couldn't work. It took \$20,000 in medical bills to help her recover and her insurance company refused to pay. But a court ruled that her injury was just as valid as any other in the eyes of the law, and a trend to liberalize the definition of an injury or an accident began in earnest. "There is a mounting pressure on everyone, not just executives," says Thomas F. Lambert, Jr., an attorney who specializes in workmen's compensation, "and I suspect that science and medicine have come to know more about the psyche and stress. The idea that you have to be physically hurt has gone in the trash can."

One judge reports that ten percent of the compensation cases he hears involve mental illness and that schoolteachers make up a large number of







claimants. Air-traffic controllers are another group who receive disability benefits in large numbers because of the stress of their jobs. "In noncriminal cases, the old rule was that if you scratched them, you had to pay; but if you scared them to death, you didn't have to," says Lambert.

A GIANT DEJUICER

A "radio-controlled load-management system" sounds like an innocent enough way to help electric companies and consumers conserve energy. But the computer-controlled radio switches that can turn off an air conditioner or a water heater in your home are generating a lot of controversy.

The idea is simple. A black box containing a radio switch is installed with the owner's consent on some appliance in his home that gobbles power. A computer located at the power company is programmed to shut off the appliance for a few minutes at regular intervals during peak-demand periods. The customer never notices the change and the electric company is able to meet peak load demands without facing brownouts or having to build controversial nuclear generators.

The problem is convincing people that the boxes don't represent Big Brother invasions of privacy, since the idea that someone out there is controlling your indoor environment by computer can set some folks on edge.

"The boxes don't affect anyone's

lifestyle," says Wally Miller of Motorola, a major supplier of the devices, "and, besides, other conservation methods have been tried but are not effective." Sounds like a big turn-off to us.

GOOD-LOOKING SOUNDS

This may seem a bit farfetched, but people who are good-looking are attractive even when you can't see them.

That fact came to light in a study done by psychologists William Goldman and Philip Lewis, who had students rate one another, sight unseen, on the basis of perceived social skills after talking on the telephone. Outside observers then rated each student for physical attractiveness. As the two reported in the Journal of Experimental Social Psychology, "the more physically attractive students were rated by their telephone partners as more socially skillful and more likable than their less attractive counterparts."

Goldman and Lewis note that earlier studies have shown that attractive people, even as children, become accustomed to positive feedback from others and thus grow up feeling at ease in social settings, even if it's just a phone call. Lewis says he wonders if there isn't something inherently unfair about treating good-looking people more positively than unattractive ones, and he notes that "we seem to reward beauty more than we reward maturity or strength of character."

FITNESS IN FLIGHT

You've just finished your first aquavit aboard Scandinavian Airlines' flight 912, New York to Stockholm, when you gaze across the aisle and see your neighbor rowing imaginary oars in a nonexistent boat. No, he isn't preparing for rescue at sea, he's merely taking SAS' in-flight exercise program, introduced last year as a way to cope with jet lag.

Since that tired, sluggish feeling that overcomes travelers after crossing too many time zones too quickly is such a common problem, SAS and Folke Mossfeldt, who is sort of the Jack La-Lanne of Sweden, worked together to develop a slick, seven-minute animated film, designed to "stimulate blood circulation, loosen joints and relax shoulder muscles." The result has passengers on all of the airline's DC-8, DC-10 and 747 flights jogging in place, rolling their shoulders and lifting their knees to touch their chin, along with the more conventional eating and sleeping. Lufthansa has a similar program, a 30-minute tape of tips to stay fit, plus some snappy music, but its North Atlantic competitor Pan Am has put the idea at parade rest, citing the possibility of a legal claim by a passenger who claims injury from even such a mild exercise program. The choice, then, seems to be between jet lag and jet lash. It's enough to keep one at home.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

There are 108 ways the English keep dry with Gordon's.

EVERY DRINK ON THIS PAGE CAME OUT OF A BOTTLE OF GORDON'S GIN.

Gordon's Gin not only makes a better martini (most popular martini in the world), it makes a better everything. Here are recipes for some of the 108 delicious drinks you can make:

Gin & Tonic: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin into highball glass over ice. Squeeze in wedge of lime. Fill glass with tonic.



Gin Screwdriver: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs, orange juice. Stir in highball glass over ice cubes.



Tom Collins: 11/2 ozs, Gordon's Gin, juice of 1/2 lemon. Pour over ice in highball glass. Add sprinkle of powdered sugar, Fill with soda, Stir. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.



Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, V2 oz. lime juice, V2 teaspoon sugar. Shake we'l with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cock rocks.



Gina



Cranaby Street: r., ozs. Gordon's Gordo cubes in highball glass. Add 2 drops

and splash of soda. Stir. TV Special: 11/2 ozs. each Gordon's Gin ar orange juice over ice cubes in highball gla Fill glass with ginger ale. Stir.

White Lady: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1/2 oz. Cointreau and lemon juice, white of one e Shake well with ice cubes. Strain into cor glass.

English Highball: 1 oz. each Gordon's C sweet vermouth, brandy, over ice cube highball glass. Fill with ginger ale. Sti lemon peel twist.



Maiden's Blush: 2 ozs, Gordon's Gi lemon juice, teaspoon each raspb jelly and powdered sugar. Shake over ice cubes in old-fashioned gi with slice of lemon.



Lady Shake: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, 1/2 oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.



Gin Bloody Mary: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of 1/3 lime wedge. Stir well



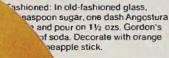
Hawaii: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple Juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.



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



Salty Dog: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Fill with 3 ozs. apefruit juice. Add dash of salt.



highball glass put 4 on sugar, 2 ozs haved ice. Stir 'til glass prigs of mint. Serve

1 oz. grenadine, ke well with ice

2 ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes all glass. Fill with lemonade. Stir.

> urdon's Gin, juice of a half gar. Shake with cracked our glass. Add splash nge slice and cherry.

> > n into highball sliver of



Rickey: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from 1/2 lime with rind into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.



Daisy: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, teaspoon of grenadine, juice of 1/2 lemon, 1/2 teaspoon powdered sugar. Stir contents over ice cubes in highball glass. Add soda water to fill,



Gin Sour: 11/2 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.



Gimlet: 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: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice in highball glass. Fill with Squirt® grapefruit soft drink, Pink Gin: Sprinkle several drops of Angostura



bitters into empty on-the-rocks glass. Swirl the bitters around the glass, remove excess. Add ice cubes and 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin.



Gin & Cola: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin in highball glass over ice cubes. Fill with cola. Add slice



Highball: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin into highball glass filled with ice. Twist in long sliver of lemon peel. Pour on ginger ale. Stir.

FREE BOOKLET offers 108 recipes. Write Gordon's Gin, P.O. Box 5723, N.Y. 10017



GORDON'S GIN. LARGEST SELLER IN ENGLAND, AMERICA, THE WORLD.

"Israel will not exist in a situation where the West Bank is controlled by someone else."

include the West Bank in those plans? SHARON: In all my plans, I have avoided sending Jews to highly concentrated Arab areas. All the plans are based on settling Jews without confiscating Arab lands. Israel has to be a special state. Jews will not come here because it is safer. We have to know how to show the flag. This government won't be able to survive, either, if it deals only with pragmatic things.

LURIE: What of the changing role of the U.S. in the Mideast? With increasing reliance on the Arab oil establishment, doesn't that mean that Israel will eventually come under some pressure from its

primary ally?

SHARON: I would prefer not to comment on the President's oil policy. However, Israel will not pay the price of American oil. Absolutely not. It will be a mistake to demand that Israel accept a challenge to her existence for the sake of American convenience in solving the oil problem. Oil is not the key to peace or war in the Mideast. The three keys are: Israel's military strength, Israel's remaining free from pressure and Israel's not making promises to the Arabs that cannot be fulfilled. Let the United States solve its problems. If the United States will sacrifice Israel-I say if because I believe in the morality of the United States-it would boomerang. But I don't believe that the United States will pressure Israel. I, by the way, feel that Israel owes nothing to anyone, My evaluation is that the world owes us, the Jewish people.

LURIE: But American interests dictate, don't they? Recently, the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff said-

SHARON (impatiently): Israel has all the options to defend itself, and it will defend itself. It will defend itself whether the American chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff wants it or not.

LURIE: Will Israel be able to defend itself as well within two or three years, when the military build-up in Saudi Arabia is complete?

SHARON: The fact that the United States has become the main arms supplier in the Mideast is a very serious problem, and I warned about it some time ago. In fact, the only real détente that exists between the Soviet Union and the United States is that both nations supply weapons to the Arab states. But I think it would be a mistake on the Arabs' part to think they have a military option that may lead to victory. I hereby advise the Arabs: Don't get involved in a war with Israel. You will lose.

LURIE: So you would continue to settle the West Bank over the objections of the President of the U.S.?

SHARON (a long pause): Israel must live its life. Sometimes we tend to give exaggerated importance to passing events. I am not undermining the Geneva Conference. I believe in Geneva. But the Jewish people have had dozens of Genevas. King Herod traveled to his Geneva-in Rome. All our history has been made of Genevas. But they are unimportant events-they are peripheral to the problem. The important thing is our survival here. And our survival depends to a very great degree on our settling on the West Bank and the Golan Heights to secure our existence.

Our existence is permanent; the Geneva Conference is temporary. The present U.S. Administration or any other is temporary. Now, I wish President Carter great success. I was the only one here in Israel who clearly criticized Ford's Administration during the 1976 U.S. elections; I also attacked Prime Minister Rabin's government for speaking out on Ford's behalf. But it's not just Israel's existence we are talking about. Without us, I think the Jewish people as a whole would not survive. I see this as a historical responsibility.

LURIE: But don't you see a conflict between your desire to see a strong Israel and the fact that Israel's strength depends almost entirely on support from the U.S.? SHARON: If we returned to the 1967 borders, we would have much greater political support from the United States. But within its present borders, which include the West Bank. Israel is definitely more capable of facing difficulties-which I hope the Americans will not impose on us-and if I had to choose, I would choose the second possibility. Israel will not exist in a situation where the West Bank is controlled by someone else.

LURIE: Because of security?

SHARON: Yes. This is not a choice between a good situation and a bad situation where Israel cannot survive. It is not a question of emotions or religious beliefs: in my case, it's pure analysis. Shellings of Tel Aviv would paralyze life in all of

LURIE: You see no possibility for Israel's survival with the 1967 borders?

SHARON: Absolutely not. No, with a capital N. The Israeli government has already said it might compromise on the Sinai, but I see no possibility of negotiation about the West Bank. There must be an Israeli presence on the West Bank, and a presence cannot consist only of military forces-there has to be a presence in terms of day-to-day life.

LURIE: So the new settlements that have been established on the West Bank will

remain, no matter what?

SHARON: During the past 100 years, there has not been a single Jewish settlement that was relinquished because of political considerations. And it is not we Israelis who invented the technique of establishing military strongholds. As I said to U.S. Ambassador Samuel Lewis, I studied about the road signs in America commemorating military forts in the Old West-in which civilians were sent to live. LURIE: As a former military man, what is your opinion of the possibility of a U.S. take-over of the Mideast oil fields?

SHARON: I would not want to go into that question. But I do want to say that the Americans missed a great opportunity when the Egyptians cried out for help against us. The U.S. should have seized the opportunity to condition the survival of the Egyptian army on an ironclad guarantee that there would be no further oil embargoes.

LURIE: Then, getting back to the oil question, don't you think it's a possibility that the Americans may have to sacrifice Israel and say, "We're sorry, but we have to survive, too-and we cannot survive without

SHARON: One of the problems of gentiles is that they do not know Jews. They don't understand that Jews are a people who can be moved a long way with pressure, but when our actual survival seems endangered, that will be it. Then Israel will do anything in its power to survive. LURIE: When you say Jews, are you speak-

ing about the Israeli nation?

SHARON: I have said for many years that we have to begin a wide reorganization of the Jewish nation in all its aspects. We are not 3,000,000 Israelis. We are 15,000,000 Jews.

LURIE: And do you worry that that idea may raise American doubts as to the loyalty of its Jewish citizens?

SHARON: Jews are different from others. The final portion of the interview was conducted by telephone, taped with Sharon's permission, on November 23, 1977, following Anwar Sadat's visit to Israel.

LURIE: The press reported that one of Sadat's first questions when he stepped off the plane at Ben-Gurion Airport was, "Is General Sharon here to meet me?"

SHARON: Yes, that's correct; he asked Prime Minister Begin if I were there.

LURIE: And when you met him, what did he say?

SHARON: He said, "I wanted to catch you

LURIE: Meaning when you and the troops 187

you commanded were close to Cairo in 1973?

SHARON: Yes. And, of course, we spoke for several hours when he met with the Security Committee of Ministers, but I will not repeat those conversations. Just before his departure from Israel, he was very friendly toward me. He said, "Sharon, it was so good to see you," or something like that. And I told him, "I hope my next visit to Egypt will be in my present role as minister of agriculture."

LURIE: Since you "visited" Egypt during 1973 at the head of your troops, what would you think if Sadat invited you to Egypt now?

SHARON: I would definitely go and I believe I would be received with full respect. And I would be delighted to receive such an invitation.

LURIE: Do you think that Sadat's visit puts an obligation on Israel to give something to him in return?

SHARON: Sadat did not want a reward or a compensation for his dramatic gesture. Sadat visited Israel to shorten the whole procedure. He did bring Israel to a point where we must recalculate our moves and come up with some kind of answer. But that would have happened anyway. Sadat did not make it necessary for Israel to give something in return, but perhaps he put us in a situation where we have to decide.

LURIE: And what will Israel decide? Sadat's stand was unchanged: a return to the 1967 borders, including Arab Jerusalem, and a Palestinian state on the West Bank. Since Prime Minister Begin said everything was negotiable, does that mean any or all of those demands might be met?

SHARON: Negotiating without preconditions simply means that if Sadat says the Arabs want Jerusalem, it doesn't necessarily follow that Israel would refuse to go to Geneva. We will go to Geneva and we will negotiate.

LURIE: As a private person, rather than as a cabinet minister, do you think there's a chance that Israel might return a portion of Jerusalem—especially since that wouldn't necessarily threaten Israel's survival?

sharon: I am not a private person nowadays, but, nonetheless, I do not see any possibility that Jerusalem would be partitioned again or that Jerusalem would not continue to be included in Israeli territory. Israel has promised freedom to all religions in Jerusalem, but Jerusalem is and will remain the capital of Israel.

LURIE: And that means Arab Jerusalem as well?

SHARON: There is no such thing as Arab Jerusalem. There is a Jerusalem.

LURIE: And the whole city belongs to Israel?

sharon: Jerusalem is the eternal capital of Israel. It will remain in Israel. You ask me as a private person and I answer you that way.

LURIE: What about the question of a Palestinian state on the West Bank?

SHARON: Israel has repeated again and again that it will not allow a Palestinian state in Judaea and Samaria [the West Bank]. Israel did say it would talk with the Palestinian Arabs who live there about their future. There already is a Palestinian state: Jordan.

LURIE: We covered that in the first portion of the interview, before Sadat visited Israel. My question now is whether or not his visit changed your views on that subject.

SHARON: No; my answer is no.

LURIE: Do you feel that Israel has to make any kind of concession to Egypt in order to strengthen Sadat's position in the Arab world?

SHARON: Israel does not have to make any concession to strengthen Sadat's position. Sadat came to Israel to shorten the route to Geneva. No gesture from us will strengthen his position.

LURIE: So your political views haven't changed as a result of the visit?

sharon: No, nothing has changed except for the fact that we have to move more quickly. I think we have to make any effort possible to come to an arrangement. However, when I say "arrangement," it means on conditions that do not risk the survival of Israel. And only Israel will be able to determine what endangers its existence.

LURIE: What if Yasir Arafat of the P.L.O. were to ask to visit Israel? Would you recommend that the government invite him?

SHARON: No.

LURIE: So what were the benefits of Sadat's visit if your own views remain so unchanged?

SHARON: First, a direct contact was established. As long as that direct contact had not been made, we Israelis were serving the interest of a third power. Next——

LURIE: By third power, you mean the U.S.?

SHARON: Certainly. I don't want to undermine the U.S. efforts at achieving peace in the Mideast, but this sort of direct contact between us and the Arabs largely neutralizes results that could serve interests other than ours. The next point is that we created a network of personal acquaintances-credibility and trust were established. And that leads to the final benefit, which is to prevent war due to misunderstanding. That is very important. War may break out over disagreements, but not now due to misunderstanding. In the unofficial talks we have had with Egyptians, it turns out they now feel the Six-Day War broke out as a result of a misunderstanding. When Nasser demanded that the UN peace-keeping forces that were stationed there in 1967 immediately evacuate the area, he did not expect then-Secretary General U Thant to take him seriously. The Egyptians told us privately that Nasser was perplexed when U Thant agreed to pull the UN troops out. Due to the contacts established by Sadat's visit, such confusion or misunderstanding cannot happen again. And that is a very, very important achievement.



"Better get a move on—your warm-up suit is out here warming up without you."

la la

(continued from page 156) usually lack proper ceilings or convincing vistas through open windows. But there was a ceiling to the room. And the skyline of New York harbor could be seen through open windows. If this was a dream, it had been meticulously constructed.

Kalki looked up at me. The eyes were his eyes, no doubt of that. But now they were sapphire hard. "You are with me." This was a statement.

I mumbled something idiotic, to the effect that our contract had never lapsed.

"You'll be doing some flying soon." Kalki made a second statement. I was now certain that I was awake. And was more than ever confused.

As usual, Giles was the explainer. "Dear Teddy, I can see that you are puzzled."

"Poor thing!" Lakshmi was compassionate. "Tell her what happened, Giles."

"Gladly!" Giles was in his element, a substance identical with hyperhyperbole. "On the evening of March fifteenth, there existed two versions of James J. Kelly's handsome body. One was, alas, destroyed by the villainous McCloud, hit man, narc, political dreamer. Happily, we still retain our precious reserve model, and there he sits."

Giles always knew how to annoy me. Even at world's end, he was able to get a rise out of me. I rose, to object. "You can't have two copies of the same person."

"The images of Vishnu are endless," began Giles.

I headed him off with Ottingerian logic. "Check one of two, Giles. Either this is Kalki and someone else was killed or Kalki was killed and this is someone else."

"Check one, Teddy." Geraldine was pleased with my sharpness.

Lakshmi smiled her special queen-ofheaven smile. "This is really and truly our Kalki. The original. Safe and sound."

"Then who was killed?" I asked.

"A double," said Geraldine. "You see, we've known all along that someone, probably McCloud, would try to kill Kalki...."

"You knew all along?" Kalki had only spoken of a possible attempt on his life.

Geraldine nodded. "Four of the Five Perfect Masters knew."

"So why didn't you tell the fifth?"

"You were being tested, dear Teddy." Giles produced a twinkle. "In the crucible, as it were, and with flying colors, you have passed, to mix gorgeously a metaphor."

"So who was killed?"

"An actor named Rod Spenser."

"By McCloud?"

"Yes." Giles did not, for once, so much as produce a bush that he could beat about.

"But didn't he have a family? And won't they or his friends or his agent know that he's missing? And then won't someone figure out that *he* was the one who was killed and not Kalki?"

"Dear Teddy, don't be such a worrywart!" Giles was teasing, which always made me nervous.

But Lakshmi was soothing and to the point. "On April third, all of Rod Spenser's family, friends, associates will join him in . . . the next phase."

"And you will see it all, Teddy." Geraldine sounded excited. "The Five Perfect Masters will preside at The End."

"So what," I asked, "are we to do?"

"Fly." Kalki had returned to his body. He turned to me, and for the first time, he resembled his pre-Siva self. And I was now certain that the man I was talking to was really Kalki and not a double. I was relieved. A succession of Kalkis would have been intolerable. "You will fly the Garuda around the world at the equator. Then you will fly the Garuda around the world over the two poles. You will be my messenger."

"What is the message?"

"The fact of the flight."

"An itinerary is being prepared." Giles sounded businesslike. "You will have a full 707 crew. . . ."

As I was about to ask when I was to leave, Arlene Wagstaff entered the salon. She was made up for television and sober as a judge.

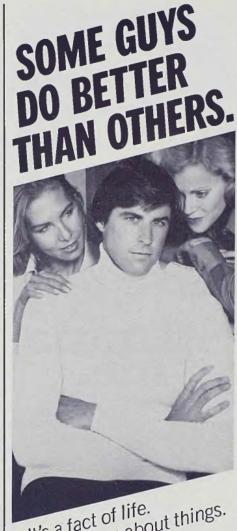
Kalki rose to greet Arlene. When she saw him, she gave a funny little gasp, not unlike the one she did so effectively in her nasal-decongestant commercial. "Sweet Jesus, you're not dead! Oh, but I knew it all along! I mean, that was a special-effect trick back there in the Garden, wasn't it? Sure it was. You were putting us on. For the ratings. They went through the roof, too! Well, let me tell you, I am absolutely and totally your greatest fan. Teddy, didn't I always say Kalki is a pussycat?"

Kalki had taken both of her hands in his. He radiated pre-Siva charm. "I'm your admirer, Arlene. But then, so is everyone else. I'm glad you could come."

Arlene gave me a quick peck, and a slow explanation. "Angel, I was flabbergasted when I got this call from my agent, saying would I sky into Gotham and tape an interview about Kalki, because the Kalki people wanted somebody the public loves and trusts, like me. My God, I'm thirsty. But no drinkee before telly, that's my cardinal rule. Anyway, I said, what's there to say? Wasn't Kalki blown to bits before our very eyes on prime time? Who are you trying to kid? Not that I really believed anything serious had happened to you!" Arlene put her arm through Kalki's. "He's cuter in person!" She winked at me. She turned to Kalki. "It was a special effect, wasn't it? Like in The Towering Inferno?"

Kalki smiled, said nothing.

"What's happening?" I asked Geraldine, in a low voice. But not so low that Sold in drugstores. Also available in Canada.



It's a fact of life.
They're sure about things.
They're in control.
They use Sheik.
They use Sheik sheik contraceptives are sheik contraceptives are sensitively thin and sensitively thin so you feel transparent, so you feel all there is to feel.



For free sample (for handling at Schmid Labs., It P.O. Box 2269 Dept. D, Hillside	nc.
Name	
Address	
City	-/-
State	Zip
0.44	- Also susilable in Canad



Stimula me.

Want to give me so much in bed that I ask for more? It's easier than you think. All it takes is a man who knows what I like. And I like Stimula, the condom designed especially to give women extra pleasure.

You see, Stimula has 877 ribs that let you touch and caress me in ways I never dreamed possible. To add something new and different to lovemaking. And it has a special lubricant that works with my own natural secretions. So everything comes beautifully and effortlessly. Stimula is pre-shaped to cling to you like a second skin. And made of latex so thin, we can feel each other's body heat.

When I get together with a man and Stimula, I feel super sexy. So sexy, in fact, that I want to take all

you've got to give me.

Next time you're ready for this kind of sensuous excitement, make sure you understand two little words. Stimula me. And make it an unforgettable night. For both of us.

The condom is still the best known safeguard against Venereal Disease. For more information on prevention, detection, and treatment of VD, write: Akwell Industries, Inc. Dothan, Ala. 36301. Akwell Industries, Inc. € 1978



Stimula is a registered trademark of Akwell Industries. Inc.

Arlene's sharp ears did not detect a special relationship.

"This way," said Kalki. He put an arm around Arlene's waist. She was ecstatic.

Geraldine answered me, "What is happening is now happening. Kalki is going to make a tape for television with your friend."

Together we went down a long corridor. Deep inside the ship, a stateroom had been converted to a television studio. Technical crew and director were already on hand.

Kalki sat cross-legged on a dais. Arlene sat in a chair beside him. Kalki whispered instructions to her. Arlene moistened her lips. She was a quick study. At a gesture from Kalki, the taping began.

Arlene looked at Kalki, with true and unfeigned adoration. It was clever of whoever it was (Giles?) to select Arlene as an interviewer. Aside from being my friend, she plainly adored Kalki. She was also the greatest pitchperson on television.

"Kalki, You . . . have . . . returned . . . from the dead!" Arlene's voice was reverent.

"I am eternal." Kalki glittered like those northern lights you can see at 40,000 feet, flaring onto the arctic horizon. "I cannot die. I alone was before all things. I alone shall always be."

"That's very interesting." Gamely, Arlene gave the conversation ball a push. "Were you surprised at what happened to you the other night in Madison Square Garden?"

"I know all things that have been, that are, that will be. I knew that I would drop one human body and take up another. This one that you see."

"Which looks very nice to me from where I am sitting." Arlene gave me her contented, maternal glance, the one that she had brought to perfection in that commercial where the preferred detergent cleans in one second flat the children's muddy clothes. "Now, then, Kalki, what you've done by . . . well, coming back from the dead is something of a miracle to us civilians, both in and out of show business."

"I was never dead."

"Yes," said Arlene, not listening. "I know. But now that you have come back to us like this, what are your immediate plans, if I may ask?"

"I am Siva."

Arlene had not been briefed on Siva. I could tell that she was thrown. But she covered up expertly. She had been doing this sort of thing for half a century. "That's interesting. About your being, uh, Siva. Could you tell our audience a little bit about who Siva is? And who you are, really? Like where you were born, originally?"

But Kalki was now in full flow. He described Siva as he had described him to me that day in Central Park. Then he announced that at noon, Eastern standard time, April third, Siva would begin the

dance of eternity and all human life would end. As usual, Kalki was his most effective when he was most matter-of-fact.

"That is not really a very upbeat sort of message." Arlene rallied as best she could

"But death—Yama, as we call it—is peace, and peace is the ultimate blessing."

"But what about a message of hope for all of your many fans out there? For those of us who were rooting for you at Madison Square Garden and who are all pleased as punch that you weren't really killed but are back in the saddle again as, uh, Siva."

"A message of hope?" Kalki smiled a most boyish and un-Siva smile. "All right. People of the world, enjoy yourselves. Don't worry about the future. There will be no future. Delight in this world. Delight in each day. Delight in one another. Those of you who believe in me will continue forever, but in different forms.

"So take this earth. It is yours. Until I begin the dance of eternity and all the stars go out."

Since the networks refused to telecast the Kalki-Arlene Wagstaff interview, Giles was obliged to buy 30 minutes of prime-time television.

The day of the telecast, Senator White arrived in New York, subcommittee in tow. From the committee's quarters at the Waldorf Astoria, White announced, "Special hearings will be held here in New York, a great city that can always depend upon my support, financially and otherwise, in the exciting years to come. Working together for fiscal responsibility, we can and we will put the Big back into the Big Apple. In the next few days, my committee will be investigating the alleged connection between a certain alleged religious movement and an international drug ring. Our first witness will be James J. Kelly, also known as Kalki." Senator White was able to get this message (and himself) onto the six-o'clock news.

Although White made the next day's headlines, he was upstaged. The subpoena that had been prepared for Kalki was not served, because Kalki had disappeared. The Narayana was searched from stem to stern. Kalki was gone. In fact, all the Perfect Masters had vanished except for me. Luckily, the committee did not know that I was a Perfect Master. Nevertheless, as Kalki's pilot, I was questioned by an investigator who found it hard to believe that I had no idea where anyone was. The committee was fit to be tied.

The telecast rang up a Nielsen rating of 46.7. This is the sort of rating that the Super Bowl gets. Or so the experts said. I still have no idea what sport it was that they played in the Super Bowl. My editor at Doubleday said that if the program had not been prerecorded, the ratings might have been the highest in history, because everyone would be watching in order to

see whether or not Kalki got himself killed again. As it was, people were eager to see if this Kalki was the same as the one that they saw killed at the Garden. If not, was the new Kalki a convincing double? Or on the order of that perennial phenomenon of those years of the new Nixon?

The next day, it was generally agreed that what had been revealed was, indeed, the original Kalki, which led to a good deal of wild speculation. Many pundits thought that the Kalki-Wagstaff interview had been taped before Madison Square Garden. Others thought that the murder at the Garden had been no murder at all but some sort of stunt, to increase interest in Kalki. White's subpoena did not exactly diminish interest in Kalki.

Dr. Ashok and I met at Grand Central Station after the program. He carried a briefcase. I noticed that not only was his wig on straight but his performance was less surreal than usual. In fact, he was nervous.

"Have you been served with a subpoena yet?"

"Not yet."

"Good. Don't go back to the hotel. You can pick up what clothes you need right now. Then go to Kennedy Airport. The Garuda is ready for take-off. The crew is on stand-by. The cargo is aboard. And here is your flight plan."

I took the briefcase. "Where is Kalki?"

"Out of sight if not out of mind, or, as the Bawd of——"

I cut him short. "What," I asked, "is the cargo?"

"Read your instructions."

A well-dressed black man entered a telephone booth just back of us and began to urinate. Drunk, he had thought that he had already made it to the men's room. No one paid the slightest attention to him, Dr. Ashok and I moved out of range.

"Your trip is essentially a gesture, a symbol of Vishnu's power." Neither Dr. Ashok nor I could keep from staring at the telephone booth from which came the sound of water, rather like that made by Niagara Falls in Arlene's Sada Soda Water commercial. A slow flood began to spread out onto the cement floor.

"Your flight plan divides the planet into quadrants. You will go once around the world at the two poles. En route, the plane will, at specified intervals, drop its cargo...."

"Of what?"

"Lotuses. The symbol of immortality. Of Vishnu, the all-pervading. Of Siva, and his love."

"That's quite a lot of lotuses."

"Seventy million. There is going to be a superlottery. Thousands and thousands of winners of jumbo cash prizes, or, as the author of the Old Testament's *Adverbs* so wisely said, 'He that maketh waste to be rich shall be innocent.' No matter. The crew knows what to do. All you have to



State

.Zip

Address .

City_



Sold On Money Back Guarantee @1978

Variety is the spice of love.



Liven up your love life each day of the week with these five excitingly sensuous and different condoms:

Monday: Charge into the week with ROUGH RIDER® Pleasure Studded condoms…our newest, boldest condom designed especially for adventurous lovers. RDUGH RIDERS are the only condoms with 468 exotic, orgasmic studs from head to shaft to send sensuous sensory signals from her head to her toes. Lubricated with SK-70.®

Tuesday: Sensitivity is today's word with NUDA*...the thinnest, lightest condom made in the U.S. NUDA is thinner than Trojan, Sheiks and Ramses. Lubricated with SK-70.**

Wednesday: Colorful loving comes with TAHITI®...a collection of multicolored condoms to titillate your most exotic fantasies. Pre-shaped and lubricated with SK-70.®

Thursday: Feeling Feisty? Try STIMULA*...the original ribbed condom with 877 sensuous ribs designed to feel like hundreds of tiny fingers massaging a woman and urging her to let loose. Pre-shaped and lubricated with SK-70* Friday: Let him but you with HIGGERS. Shaped to fit like a senset the senset of the like and the senset of the senset o

Friday: Let him hug you with HUGGER® Shaped to fit like a second skin ... to stretch and conform to the exact size and shape of a man's penis. Lubricated with SK-70® and pre-shaped.

Weekends: Experiment with all five condoms. You've got the whole weekend to make Variety the Spice of your love life!

Star 114 Star	Manhattan S nford, Conn. 12 Rough R 15 Assorted 36 Defuxe a \$10.00	Street 06904 ider cont I condan	Dept. PB-31 doms for \$4.00
Aft a Nuda	12 Rough R 15 Assorted 36 Deluxe a \$10.00	ider cond	doms for \$4.00
All a Nuda	\$10.00		
All a Nuda	QQ Super S		condoms for
Nuda Acct Sign	\$20.00 Special Offer with order.		
Acct	ssortments a. Tahiti, Stin	iula, and	Hugger.
Acct	Bank Americ	ard (Visa	Money Order 3)
Sign	Master Char		Frn Date
	ature 10.00 minim		
Nam	A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH		
Addr			
City.			7in
	ey back guara		

do is fly the aircraft. Of course, you may want to speak to the curious at the different fueling stops. So I've prepared several little speeches, just in case."

"When do I get back?" I could imagine the sort of speeches Giles had prepared and vowed to make only my own.

"You will return April second. You will join us aboard the Narayana, which will be anchored off the Battery in downtown Manhattan. All instructions are there." Dr. Ashok indicated the briefcase in my hand. "Go to it, Teddy Ottinger, Test Pilot and Perfect Master!"

The occupant of the telephone booth had gone to sleep, standing up.

The Garuda was ready for take-off. The crew was first-rate. My instructions were surprisingly intelligent. Giles had figured out exactly when and where I would need to put down for refueling and maintenance. As a result, the flight went off without a hitch.

Wherever I did put down, I was met by the press. The Australian press was unusually aggressive. Apparently, they had once been able to drive Frank Sinatra out of Australia. This feat had made them overconfident.

I was mobbed at Sydney airport. I did my best to appear serene.

"What's this lotus dingus you're promoting?" asked one of them.

"We're not promoting anything." I handed out white-paper lotuses. I also told them about the Lotus Lotteries. And the cash prizes. The press found the whole thing difficult to absorb. Meanwhile, a dozen cameras recorded this exchange.

"You mean you're not selling these lotuses?"

"Kalki is making one final gesture. He wants you to contemplate eternity before the end...."

There was rude laughter. "And the end is due to take place April third?"

"Yes." I smiled sweetly. "At noon Eastern standard time."

More rude laughter.

Finally, bored by dull questions, I gave them selected arias from Giles's richest and most flowery speech. Ending with, "The lotus is the symbol of the creator of the universe, a reminder of man's oneness with the spirit of the cosmos. Believe in Brahma, Vishnu and Siva and you will achieve heaven."

They were not buying this line in Sydney. They got personal. Finally, when asked if it were true that I was a lesbian, I belted the reporter from the *Bulletin*. This made for entertaining television, though not exactly suitable for the family hour.

Elsewhere, I was well received. For one thing, Kalki's television interview with Arlene had been shown in every country that had television. People were fascinated by him. Did they believe in The End? I don't think so. Did I? No, not really. I was, obviously, curious to see how he was going to explain the approaching Nonend.

Finally, right on schedule, I landed the Garuda at Kennedy Airport. I was exhausted. Overnight bag and logbook in hand, I got into a waiting limousine. And went straight to sleep. I was awakened by Geraldine's excited embrace. "Teddy!" she cried. "You're a hero!"

"What for?" Groggily, I got out of the car. We were at the Battery. Some distance from shore, the Narayana rode at anchor. Because of a recent oil spill, the waters of the bay were a thick gumbo in which dead birds floated alongside dead fish. We tried not to breathe too deeply as we climbed into the Narayana's launch.

Geraldine kept telling me how delight-

ed they all were. "Giles was terrified something would go wrong. But Kalki said, 'Teddy Ottinger is the best,' and you are!"

With our arrival in the main salon, the Five Perfect Masters were at last united. I was embraced by each in turn. Giles was beside himself (but that self, thank God, was Giles and not Dr. Ashok). "You did not fail me, dearest Teddy. Others may have had their doubts about you, but not I."

Kalki put his arm around my shoulders. "You have been my fourth arm," he said, with a smile, "the one that holds the lotus. You did a swell job.

"The lotus," said Kalki, "is for all men now."

That night, we all had dinner aboard the Narayana, except for Kalki. He would not be seen again, I was told, until noon the next day.

My mood? Exhausted. I went to sleep in a hot bath and did not wake up until the water turned cold. Shivering, I rubbed myself hard with a bath towel. Noting the large blue K monogram, I again marveled at the money that was being spent. My trip around the world must have cost a quarter of a million dollars. I also recall thinking that if nothing happened the next day, Kalki would never be able to recoup financially. As I dressed (black velvet: a chilly night in April), I wondered if he might not be planning to hold up the world. Something on the order of: If you don't pay me X millions of dollars, I will set off a cobalt bomb in Grand Central Station.

Geraldine was alone in the salon. She looked lovely . . . in red! That took courage. I thought, and a degree of good luck to pull it off. Redheads are usually washed out by all strong colors excepting the complementary green. In a low voice, she warned me not to discuss anything to do with the next day's activities, because "The waiters are all agents."

Geraldine made bloody marys for two. I prefer plain vodka but have never told her. Reticences between people are often strange. I asked her what Kalki was planning for the next day. Geraldine said, "Dance."

"I hope he's been doing his bar work. But then, after he dances. . . ."

Geraldine put a finger to her lips. "The rooms are bugged," she said. She was maddening. With a secret smile, she turned on the television. The news was about to go on.

I drained my glass. I was drunk. Fatigue, jet lag, vodka together did their merry work. I was hectoring. (Why no verb from Achilles?) "Well, then, where will he dance?"

"On a barge, off the Battery. There's going to be *live* television coverage."

For some reason, this last detail struck me as unnaturally funny. Loonlike, I laughed. And laughed alone. Geraldine looked at me the way that I used to look



"I understand she hibernates around."

at Arlene when drink had turned her head in a wrong direction. Fortunately, the appearance of Walter Cronkite had, if not a sobering, a solemnizing effect.

The news that Cronkite thoughtfully read for us was pretty much par for the course at the end of the age of Kali. Energy was in short supply. Arab oil was going up in price. A new ice age had just been predicted by all those scientists who had not predicted a new inferno due to the so-called greenhouse effect due to increased man-made fumes in the atmosphere due to all the due tos that had together made a man-made chain or noose about the human race's neck. There was famine. There was a mysterious new epidemic rampaging around the world. There was an announcement from the President that he had every confidence (he himself spoke to us with deep sincerity) that the Vice-President would be his running mate, which meant, of course, that the Vice-President would not be his running mate.

Finally, there was a small smile on Walter Cronkite's face as he read: "Tomorrow, the Hindu messiah from New Orleans, James J. Kelly, sometimes known as Kalki or Vishnu or Siva, will appear at noon Eastern standard time on a barge in the Hudson River just off the Battery in downtown Manhattan and, as the god Siva, Mr. Kelly will begin what he calls 'the dance of eternity.' According to the ancient Hindus, when Siva does this dance, all worlds will be annihilated. So the big question is this: Is Jim Kelly of New Orleans really the god Siva? If he is, then tomorrow is the end of the world."

Walter Cronkite allowed one eyebrow to lift. Had it not lifted, there would have been a national panic. The Dow Jones would have dropped through the floor. "And that's the way it is this second day of April...."

Shortly before dawn, the police came aboard ship. Giles was arrested. I slept through whatever commotion there was. By the time I was up, Giles was gone and the decks were crowded with New York's finest.

The morning was bright but cold. Snow had been predicted. Wind north northwest. Lakshmi was on deck, wearing a heavy winter coat over her sari. Geraldine had exchanged sari for a practical tweed suit from Peck & Peck. I joined them at the railing of the ship's prow. Together we looked down at the floating platform on which Kalki would do his dance. Just opposite us, the ubiquitous television crews had placed their cameras on a tugboat.

Lakshmi was nervous. I asked why. "They're trying to arrest Kalki," she said.

"That's a good reason. Where is he?"
"Hidden," said Geraldine. In the cold
April light, her three freckles looked like
miniature copper pennies.

"But then he will have to come on deck at noon," I said.

Lakshmi nodded. "That's the problem."

The police were still searching the ship. They were everywhere. They seemed to be having a wonderful time. I can't think why. They laughed, made jokes, waved at the television cameras on the tugboat. Although they were very much aware of us, none came near . . . except McCloud. He stalked across the deck like the monster in a low-budget Frankenstein.

"Good morning, ladies," McCloud was courtly. We greeted him coldly. "Sorry about our friend Giles. But just as soon as he posts bail, he'll be out."

"Where are they holding him?" asked Geraldine.

"First Precinct. That's sixteen Ericsson Place. Two blocks south of Canal. We'll have him back with us by tomorrow at the latest."

"That's late," said Lakshmi.

"What was the charge?" I asked.

McCloud rattled off a series of crimes that were, in number if not in magnitude, presidential. The chief crime was trafficking in narcotics. "Sorry about this," McCloud added. He looked almost guilty. After all, triple agent or not, he had been an employee of Giles's for a long time.

"The least," said Geraldine, with some anger, "you could have done was to wait until noon."

"Well, there's been all this pressure on me." McCloud sounded vague. "Senator White, you know. Noon," he repeated. He blinked. Remembered what was afoot. "Hey, what's going to happen?"

"Siva will dance," said Lakshmi.
"But not," I said, "if he's arrested."

"Jason," Lakshmi said, taking McCloud by his right arm, "you've got to talk to the police. You must explain to them that no one must go near Kalki until after the dance."

"Well," said McCloud. And stopped. And thought. Then, "I don't know if I can. You see, the warrants have already been sworn..."

"People are often given an hour's grace," I invented. "To put their affairs in order. Say goodby to loved ones...."

"But these charges are pretty serious."

I had a lucky inspiration. But then, when dealing with a triple agent, one is triply armed. "I know for a fact," I said, speaking slowly, as to a child, "that my friend—and yours, too—Senator Johnson White is going to be very, very upset when he finds out that Kalki has been arrested before his hearing tomorrow."

McCloud looked ill. I had scored. "I know," he said, dismally.

Lakshmi scored, too. "Dearest Jason, you are such a friend of ours. And you've been so close to us for so many years! I'm sure you don't want anything unpleasant to happen to your associates."

"I am not," said McCloud, "an associate." It was plain that prison doors had begun to open in that treacherous mind.

Without another word, McCloud left us. We could see him on the ship's bridge, talking to several high-ranking policemen.

"Will he hold them off?" I asked.

"If he doesn't, he goes to jail," said Geraldine. "We've paid him off for years. And we've got the proof."

Lakshmi was uncharacteristically grim. "And some of the proof was given to him last night by Giles."

"The briefcase?" I asked.

"Yes," said Lakshmi. "It was the payoff for what he did at Madison Square Garden."

I was, momentarily, floored, or decked. But before I could speak, the noon siren went off. There was silence aboard ship. Then music played over the publicaddress system—sitars, flutes, horns—and Kalki appeared on deck.

Except for a tigerskin at the waist,



"Now, that wasn't so hard, was it, Marvin?"



Kalki was nude; his torso had been smeared with ashes; his neck had been painted blue. What looked to be miniature human skulls hung about his neck. Three writhing snakes were tangled in his hair. He carried a small drum.

I have no idea whether or not McCloud had persuaded the police to postpone the arrest. I do know that one look at that glittering figure and everyone fell silent. There were no more jokes, no laughter. No one made a move to stop Kalki-to stop Siva-as he walked toward the bow of the ship.

When Siva passed the three of us, we bowed and said, "Namah Shivaya." We were neither heard nor seen.

Siva descended the ladder to the floating platform. A circling plane released a cloud of white-paper lotuses. For an instant, the April sun was completely obscured. Then there was confusion as the police scrambled to pick up the paper lotuses.

Siva struck the drum with his right hand. Unnoticed by the lotus collectors on deck, the dance of eternity began.

As Siva twisted and turned, leaped and whirled, the age of Kali came to its predicted end.

Pascal: "Le dernier acte est sanglant, quelque belle que soit la comédie en 194 tout la reste." I had better translate that.

After all, I am the last person on earth who knows French. "The last act is bloody, no matter how charming the rest of the play." I leave to future historians all of the earlier acts, charming or not. I must now do the best I can to describe the last act, and its bloodiness.

When the dance of eternity ended, the age of Kali ended. Four billion or so men, women, children died. Not all at once. Some may have survived for as long as a week. We shall never know for certain. In most cases, death was swift—a matter of seconds, minutes, a mercifully unconscious hour.

How did this happen? Let me go step by step. This is the dangerous part of my narrative. A false step and . . . no history.

First things first. Practical matters. We did not find Giles until later that afternoon. He had been locked up in a back room of the Ericsson Place police station. We searched. We shouted, He shouted, too, faintly.

We were obliged to break locks. To jimmy open doors. All this in the disturbing presence of dead policemen slumped over desks or fallen to the floor. One fat sergeant embraced a water cooler. Behind bars, we could see the prisoners as they sat or lay on their bunks. Many looked to be alive. None of the faces betrayed any sign of pain. Some looked surprised. But then, death had made no appointment. In most cases, the eyes were open and seemed still to see.

As the door to Giles's cell swung open, he shouted, "We've won!" Giles embraced each of us. Then he kissed Kalki's hand, murmuring, "Namah Shivaya."

Giles looked haggard. He was full of complaints. "Do you realize that they didn't even give me time to shave?" He rubbed the stubble on his narrow cheeks. "Fascists. No, really. They are. And you know that I never use that word lightly." Giles carefully combed his fringe of hair. "They wouldn't let me bring so much as a toothbrush. But," he said, turning to Kalki, "they did let me watch you on television. I saw you dance, Lord."

How did Kalki respond? Not at all. Other than an air of mission accomplished, he seemed perfectly unimpressed by what he had done. But Lakshmi and Geraldine were subdued, awed. Myself? Trapped in a dream, I expected any minute to wake up because I could not comprehend the unthinkable that Kalki, alone of all men, had thought.

Later, I was to wake up. When I did, I found that I had blotted out much that would have been unbearable. There are mostly blank pages in my mental album marked The End.

But I recall the rescue of Giles. I recall, vividly, the ride uptown from the police station. Kalki was at the wheel of a Calla-Ride limousine that he had commandeered in Battery Park. I sat beside him in the front seat. The others were in back. I don't know why Lakshmi didn't sit beside her husband or why I did.

Everywhere, stalled cars, buses, trucks. Many of the drivers had died at the wheel. Out of control, cars had crashed into one another, driven up onto sidewalks, into glass showrooms. Since the city's traffic had stopped during the noon rush hour, Fifth Avenue was an obstacle course that Kalki managed, skillfully, to navigate.

None of us talked. Even the manic Giles was overwhelmed. While driving, walking, talking, eating, four billion or so bodies had been unceremoniously dropped by their owners. They had fallen to earth in the most extraordinary attitudes.

On the drive uptown, only Kalki took for granted the sights we saw, the sounds that we did not hear. The traffic lights continued to blink for an hour or so. Kalki went through green lights and through red. I was conscious of his body next to mine. The sweat from the dance had dried. I noted, in addition to familiar sandalwood and blondness, an acrid odor totally unlike Kalki . . . Siva?

We parked in front of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel, across Fifth Avenue from The Plaza.

As we got out of the limousine, smoke began to curl languorously from the main door of The Plaza, gray and black stripes of smoke. From one end of the city to the

other, untended kitchens had caught fire. But the fires did little damage, thanks to a series of torrential rainstorms.

Kalki suggested that we take rooms on the third floor, because "when the electricity goes off, the elevators won't run and who wants to walk up and down twenty flights of steps a day?" I did not mention that I would have been happy to put a thousand stairs between me and those decomposing bodies. But I joined the others on the third floor. During the three months that we lived in the Sherry-Netherland, I used up 1000 acrosol cans of floral spray. Whenever I went outside, I wore a gas mask, courtesy of the New York City Fire Department.

In April, we left the city only once. Lakshmi wanted to free the animals in the various zoos. So I flew her and Geraldine from city to city; helped them open the cages; let all the animals go, even the predators. Reptiles, too, except the poisonous ones. Geraldine was firm, and reluctantly Lakshmi gave way.

I was spaced out. The zoos. The hungry, frightened animals. The smoldering fires. The pervading smell of smoke, of putrefying flesh. The flies. The silence.

Except for that one trip, we seldom left the hotel, much less New York City. Obviously, we were waiting. But I did not ask for what. I asked no questions at all that first week. I did what I was told to do. Took Valium. Was a blank.

At night, we ate communally. Giles was a good cook. Lakshmi helped him in the kitchen while Geraldine set the table. No one cleaned up. All the dishes in the world were now available to us.

We took turns "shopping." Fresh fruits and vegetables went bad almost immediately, but there was every sort of tinned or bottled or preserved food. We lived on ham, sausage, bacon. From time to time, one of us would drive out to Long Island and pick fresh vegetables. If I had had any choice in the matter, I would have stayed in the countryside, where I was able to take off the gas mask and breathe fresh air. But I had no choice.

What had happened?

I had not a clue until our first dinner party at the Sherry-Netherland. This must have been a week after The End. I remember how taken aback I was when Lakshmi proposed "a dinner party." She was festive. I was not. But then, I was completely narcotized. I no longer dreamed at night. Nor, properly speaking, was I ever awake. Not only did I not understand what had happened, I was by no means certain that it had happened. I did not rule out the possibility of a long and elaborate nightmare.

Yet I got up each morning. Did whatever had to be done. Then I made the rounds of nearby apartments and private houses, freeing trapped pets. But after the third week, there was no point to that.

Giles and Geraldine had each taken a

suite. Masochistically, I had chosen a single, rather uncomfortable room in the back. Saving money?

Indian costume had been abandoned. Lakshmi and Geraldine were both elegantly turned out. The result of hours spent across the street at Bergdorf Goodman's. Eventually, out of need, I made a visit to Saks, where I hurriedly assembled a number of unattractive odds and ends. Why unattractive? I don't know. I suppose that I didn't want to take advantage of our situation on the ground that, untaken advantage of, whatever that situation was, it might be tempted to go away. Everyone now ate meat. I noted all this without comment. I assumed that whenever they wanted me to know the new rules to whatever game they were playing, they would tell me.

Kalki mixed sazeracs. Somehow, he had got the impression that I liked them when I was in New Orleans. I had not. Do not. Despite or because of the Valium and the sazeracs, I was, if not festive, at least more at ease than I had been since The End. The others were in their very own seventh heaven. Kalki wore a denim suit, a flowing tie. Geraldine and Lakshmi were in evening gowns. Giles had found a tuxedo for himself, a size too large.

Sitting beneath chandeliers fitted out with real candles (my contribution), observing our reflections in tall gold mirrors and drinking potent sazeracs, I had a sense of lunatic well-being. Was glad that I was not one of the billions outside that suite, rapidly achieving maximum entropy.

We talked of clothes. Yes, clothes. Even Kalki had opinions. I listened. Narrowed my eyes so that the others became flickering amber blurs in the candlelight. For a moment, I had a sense that we had slipped, somehow, back into another century. The 18th. Soon Mozart would play. Voltaire would talk. I would practice my French, and never once dream of the horrors.

We talked of food. Of travel. Kalki turned to me. I saw him through halfshut eyes. A blue-gold blur. "You'll be traveling soon," he said.

"Where?" I asked. "When?"

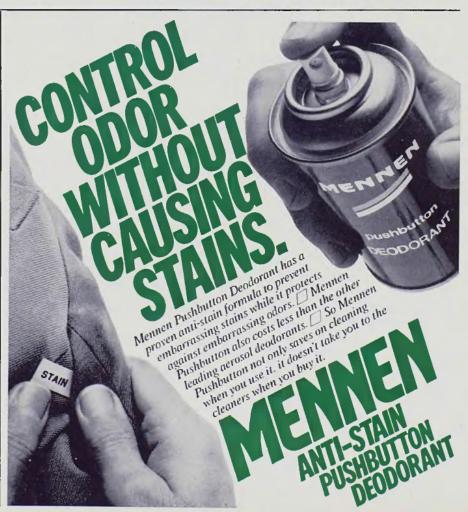
"June. July. As soon as the streets are a bit cleaner." That was putting it nicely, I thought.

"To Europe," said Geraldine, "And I'm coming, too. My first trip."

"I'll be joining you, too," said Giles. "Europe. Africa. Asia. Wherever the kiss of Siva was bestowed."

"Yes." I let the monosyllable drop like a stone into their conspiratorial chatter. They stopped talking. Looked at one another. I could tell that I had been discussed at length. Should Teddy know or not?

It was Geraldine who inducted me,





Most sexual aids advertise themselves. Ours don't.

BUZZZ. WHURRR. DZZZZZ. If you've ever bought sexual aids, you've heard it all before.

Which is what's so special about the Xandria Collection of sexual aids. They're quiet. And reliable. So much so we can actually guarantee your satisfaction or your money back.

Hard to believe?
Send for our Xandria Collection catalogue and find out for yourself. The cost is only three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Xandria	
Dept B-3	
P.O. Box 31039	
San Francisco, Calif. 9	4131

Please rush my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars.

Name				
Address				
City	State	Zip		

(signature)

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over 21.

©1977 The Xandria Collection, 1560 Waller St., San Francisco

finally, into Perfect Masterhood. "We've been unfair," she said to the others as well as to me.

"Yes." I let the monosyllable drop a second time. I felt more than usually unreal.

Lakshmi seemed truly concerned. "But Teddy knows what happened."

"I don't think so." Giles looked at Kalki, who was looking at me. Kalki's expression was what was known to certain writers no longer with us as quizzical (origin, according to the O.E.D., "obscure").

"Well," said Geraldine, somewhat unexpectedly, "you did it, Teddy."

"I did what?" I looked at Kalki. He gave me a friendly smile. Blondness unfurled in the golden light like a medieval flag.

But Kalki did not speak. It was Giles who proclaimed, "You, Teddy Ottinger, delivered the kiss of Siva to the world."

I looked into the mirror opposite to see if my face was suitably blank. The mirror reported not blankness but anxiety. "How?" I asked, but knew the answer.

"The lotuses," said Geraldine. "You dropped more than seventy million. They did the job."

Giles stood up. Crossed to the dining room. Paused. He was torn between two passions: cooking and explaining. "Each of those paper flowers," said Giles, "had been saturated with bacteria that are instantly fatal to human beings as well as to certain but not all of our monkey cousins. Other mammals, fowl and Sauria are unaffected by these bacteria or plague or kiss of Siva, which is known to your friendly neighborhood pathologist as Yersinia entercolitica." Giles sniffed. The odor of beef Stroganoff was in the air. It was ready. Giles raced through his lecture. "Ordinary or garden-variety Yersinia is deadly but not invariably so. It is also not instant, not total. During the Vietnam war, the American Army's clandestine chemical-warfare division was able to isolate a peculiarly virulent strain capable of ending all human life on earth. This discovery was not only an enormous feather in the cap of the American Army's clandestine chemical-warfare unit but a triumph for the man who actually developed it, Master Sergeant J. J. Kelly." Giles bolted into the kitchen.

Lakshmi put her hand on Kalki's. "That's how he got the Distinguished Service Medal." She looked proud. "In fact, Jimmy was the only noncommissioned officer in all of chemical warfare to get such a high decoration." This was, by the way, the first time that Lakshmi ever called Kalki Jimmy.

"The research was fascinating." Kalki was suddenly alert. We all were. But then, the one (the only?) thing that the five of us had in common was a fascination with the technical, the theoretical, the empirical. It is no accident that we are who we are.

"Just outside Saigon," said Kalki, "the Army had this dream setup. A first-rate lab. First-rate personnel. Naturally, the whole thing was top-secret, because our Army wasn't supposed to be into bacteriological warfare, but of course we were. Anyway, in less than six months, I was able to isolate my own megavariation of Yersinia."

I had a picture of Kalki wandering about the world with a bottle full of deadly poison. I hung my picture for them.

Kalki was amused. "No. I didn't keep the original strain. I didn't have to. Since I already knew the process of isolation, I re-created the bacteria in Katmandu."

"We didn't need much," said Lakshmi, "Six ounces was all."

"Six grams," Kalki corrected her. "But that was easy. The tricky part was, first, achieving the right dilution. Then the impregnation of the paper lotuses. That was a real headache. I had to do most of it myself in a lab on the Narayana. Giles did what he could. But he's not very good with his hands."

Geraldine made a gesture, as if to bestow on me a medal or a rose. "But the greatest problem was delivery. You handled that, Teddy. Without knowing it, of course."

"None of this would have been possible without you, Teddy." Lakshmi was, gravely, loving. I was, simply, insane. "If every part of the world did not receive, simultaneously, the blessing of Siva, the age of Kali would not have ended all at once but gradually."

"That was the toughest part of all," said Kalki. "The instant that the megavariation of *Yersinia* becomes operative, it is immediately fatal, as we've seen. But if different people are exposed at different times, there is always a chance that an immunity might begin for those exposed last. So my main problem was finding a way to keep the bacteria dormant between your delivery of the lotuses and April third. I solved this problem by staggering the intensity of each dose. . . ."

Giles announced dinner.

Kalki sat at one end of the table, with Lakshmi on his right and Geraldine on his left. I sat on Geraldine's left. Giles sat on Lakshmi's right. I give the placement (no French: I mean the seating arrangement) because that is the way we always sit at meals, and so must be depicted for all eternity. Namah Shivaya.

Everyone agreed that the dinner was excellent. Dutifully, I chewed. Swallowed. Tasted nothing. But I did drink champagne. A great deal of champagne.

"And so, finally, my dear Teddy, it was you and the Garuda and the prevailing winds that made all our dreams come true." Giles was teary-eyed.

"Why?" I was back to monosyllables. The others looked blank. I elaborated. "Why aren't we dead, too?"

Geraldine turned to Giles. "Doesn't she know?"

Giles shook his head like Dr. Ashok, head lolling disagreeably like a baby's, neck too weak to support Mother Nature's grotesquely swollen cortex. "No. On the excellent ground that, for security's sake, mum was for quite some time the *mot juste*. For now, dear Teddy, it is safe for you to know that we are, each of us, totally immune to the ravages of *Yersinia*."

"We've all been immunized." Geraldine seemed angry at Giles for not having told me. "Through inoculation."

I surfaced. "I was never inoculated."

"But you were, dear Teddy. In New Orleans. By me. Think back. You have just regained consciousness in a bedroom of the Jefferson Arms, a stone's throw from the Watergate complex. You notice a bruise in the crook of your left arm. You ask me, 'What is that?' I say, 'I injected you with a sedative.' Well, that was not a sedative but the anti-Yersinia toxin to which you had, I must now confess, a nearly fatal reaction. For two days, you were so ill that I feared we might, dread thought, lose you. But, happily, you pulled through and, ergo, you are here."

"We're so glad!" In the uneven candlelight, Lakshmi looked more than ever like some ancient love goddess come to life. But then, when she congratulated me upon being one of the five people left alive on earth, I had a sense of drowning; heard my own subaqueous voice ask why she was so certain that there were no other survivors; tried not to hear (but heard) my question answered.

"We're almost certain." Giles's head stopped its unpleasant lolling. "But almost is never good enough. To make doubly certain. I go each day to the main studio of NBC in Rockefeller Center. I monitor the world for radio signals. To date, there are none. For the first time since Marconi, the four winds bear not a single human message."

"How quickly," murmured Lakshmi, her eyes on Kalki, "the Golden Age began."

"And how quickly," said Geraldine, "the age of Kali ended."

"I am dreaming," said Kalki, looking straight at me. "I am dreaming a new world, and we are the only people in it."

"For now," said Lakshmi.

I think I must have sunk to the sea floor then. No further memory of that night.

The concluding installment of this excerpt from Gore Vidal's forthcoming novel, "Kalki," will appear in our April issue.



SPECIAL SPEED AND SOUND CONTROL

Leave it to the Swiss to design a new unit so discreet that it is virtually silent compared with other vibrators, so the only sound you (or anyone else) will ever hear will be a soothing hum.

ONLY \$19.95

The All New 4 Way Sensualator ENTICER-IV

MADE IN SWITZERLAND!

When the Swiss make something, they make it right! And this precision-made 4-Way Sensual-ator is no exception. Compact in size, designed to nest firmly and gently in one hand, this unique new sensory delight comes with four special attachments to suit every mood and taste:

- A Sensuously soft "Pressure Button"
- A Many-fingered
 "Skin Awakener"
- A "Spot Massager"
- An attachment for focused massage.

Valentine Products, Dept. 6924 P.O. Box 5200, F.D.R. Station New York, N.Y. 10022 Gentlemen: Enclosed you will fin

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find my check or money order for \$19.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. Please rush my fully guaranteed Enticer IV to me immediately.

CODE #396

Name

Signature

(I am over 18 years of age. Please sign as on credit card)

Address

City

State

Zin

☐ Mastercharge ☐ BankAmericard (visa)

Interbank # Exp. Date Val Prod., 880 3rd Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 Mo.





Turn her on with Prelude 3.... She'll love you for it!

Awaken your partner to her whole range of sensual feelings. Prelude 3 helps you turn her on in ways you never thought possible.

OUI Magazine says, "For women who want instant orgasms, it's the best product on the market." The safe and effective Prelude 3 is recommended by doctors for women who wish to attain — or intensify — orgasms. Our Special Stimulator was developed in conjunction with Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of The Kinsey Report.

Your Prelude 3 Set contains:

- The dual intensity vibrator. Uses standard outlet. Noiseless, hygienic.
- The Special Stimulator unique to Prelude 3, for intense clitoral stimulation.
- Four more massage attachments to relax and stimulate both of you.

Today's woman is ready to explore her full sensual potential. Prelude 3 can help!

What's in it for you? A lot more fun and loving.



YOURS FREE! A \$4.50 VALUE! THE MOST SENSUOUS BOOK ON SELF-PLEASURE EVER

Only another woman could explain and illustrate so explicitly the ways to liberate your woman's body AND mind. MASTURBATION/ A WOMAN'S HANDBOOK. A \$4.50 value. It's yours FREE when you order Prelude 3.

30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. MAIL COUPON TODAY.



Sensory Research Corp., Dept.78-016 5 Lawrence Street, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Please send ______Prelude 3(s) @ \$29.95 ea , postpaid, and my free book, MASTURBATION/A WOMAN'S HANDBOOK (a \$4.50 Value).

Account No. ______Exp. Date ______

Name ______Address _____

City State Zip Zip I enclose \$1 for catalog only (sent free with all orders).
In N.J., add 5% sales tax.
In Canada, send \$29.95 to Sensory, Box 400, Mt. Royal, Quebec, 113P1E6

© Sensory

FANS (continued from page 100)

"It hasn't occurred to municipalities to ask anything of the owners in return for generous subsidies."

our hypothetical applesauce entrepreneur that before he can go into business himself, he must find five other businessmen willing and able to start factories in five other areas and risk his capital in large

part on their success.

So the people of the Dallas-Fort Worth area wanted a major-league baseball team, believed they had an adequate market to support a team profitably and had more than adequate capital to finance one. All the elements were there for a risk venture under the free-enterprise system. But baseball is set apart from the competitive vagaries of the free-enterprise system and the Texans could not just go about setting up a franchise on their own. The existing owners of the major leagues had limited the number of franchises. With an artificially controlled supply, there was excess demand. Thus, the Arlingtonians were forced to pay monopoly prices-in the form of the \$7,500,000 advance to Short, a taxpayer-subsidized stadium and other favorable terms.

As economist Noll, editor of the Brookings Institution book Government and the Sports Business, observes:

Territorial rights [is] perhaps the most egregious wrong of all monopolistic practices in professional

sports. . . . The number of franchises can be controlled by owners, who can dole them out just as any other monopolist would, creating a contrived scarcity. Many more cities could support teams if the supply were not limited. In recent years, as sports have become more popular, the response of the monopolist has been predictable-ticket prices go up and up and up. In a competitive industry, higher ticket prices induce new firms to compete, but the monopolist simply takes in higher revenues. Now the owners share in the take with the players and the union. The financing looks good, but the fan is being ripped off.

As Noll notes, one of the more blatant ways fans get ripped off is through ticket prices, and they have been soaring almost everywhere. The Washington Redskins, for example, charge up to \$20 for one ticket; the New York Knicks, \$12.50. If you wanted to buy a season ticket for the Dallas Cowboys, until the '76 season you had to come up with \$250 for a bond to help pay stadium-construction costs, in addition to the price of the ticket.

Invariably, when a team announces a price rise, it cites increasing costs-particularly player salaries—as the villain. And in competitive industries, it is true that costs are the primary determinant of prices. If company A, for example, sets a price far in excess of its costs, it will presumably lose business to company B, whose price is more closely geared to its costs. But that doesn't apply to monopolies, including sports teams. Their motivation is profit maximization. That is, they charge what the market will bear. The Brookings study found almost no correlation between costs and ticket prices (two exceptions, not surprisingly, were the Wrigley family's Chicago Cubs and the late Tom Yawkey's Boston Red Sox). "Prices tend to be positively correlated with attendance, which indicates that team owners respond to higher demand by raising prices," the study found. In other words, owners reward loyal fans by gouging them.

Fans are also victimized as taxpayers, at both the municipal and the Federal levels. About three quarters of all professional-sports facilities are taxpayer subsidized. Local governments subsidize professional teams to the tune of about \$25,000,000 annually in operating losses on publicly owned facilities and in forgiven property taxes. A few cities have nearly gone into hock through their generosity. New York, while flirting with bankruptcy, spent \$100,000,000 (more than four times the original estimate) refurbishing Yankee Stadium for George Steinbrenner. For that sum, the city could have bought the Yankees-and most of the other American League teams. The problem-plagued New Orleans Superdome (among other things, they forgot to cut holes in the ticket windows for the customers and ticket sellers to talk through) set the taxpayers there back \$173,000,000. The Astrodome, completed in 1965, cost Houston \$45,350,000.

Nor has it occurred to municipalities to ask anything of the owners-such as keeping ticket prices within a certain rangein return for their generous subsidies. The Redskins, for example, play in taxpayer-owned Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium, on which they have a favorable lease. Ticket prices, averaging \$12.47, are ridiculous. It costs seasonticket holders up to \$280 for a couple of seats to the seven home games, plus two dollars or five dollars per game for parking in a lot they paid to build. And they must pay for the tickets four months before the beginning of the season. Obviously, few average Redskin fans can afford it. That is, if they could obtain tickets. Which they can't. All but 500 of R.F.K.'s 55,031 seats are sold to season-ticket holders. And the waiting list for season tickets is longer than Santa's list. Getting a couple of Redskin tickets, in fact, is tougher than finding a Congressman who will admit knowing Tongsun Park.

One reason the waiting list is so long is that just 14,849 parties have the right to purchase season tickets. And many

Fans' Bill of Rights

F.A.N.S. proposes that fans have the right to:

1. Participate in the formation of the rules and procedures that govern the play and operation of professional and amateur sports competition.

2. Be informed about the operations and practices of professional

and amateur sports.

- 3. Purchase reasonably priced tickets to sporting events and receive fair value for their money. Tickets to sporting events should be made available to the greatest possible number of fans and should not be reserved only for the wealthy and well-connected.
- 4. Ensure that food sold at those events is reasonably priced and well
- 5. Have their interests represented before Congress and other Governmental bodies.
- 6. Have their interests in the broadcasting of sports events effectively represented to the electronic media.
- 7. Have their interests in the resolution of labor, contractual and other

disputes involving sports effectively expressed and represented. Additionally, fans have an interest in ensuring, to the maximum degree possible, the health and safety of athletes.

8. Have their interest in maintaining or establishing the integrity of a sport, team or event effectively ex-

pressed and represented.

9. Have knowledge of relevant information concerning sports enterprises that receive special public benefits in the form of low-cost leases of publicly owned facilities, tax benefits and other subsidies and privileges. Those enterprises further have a special responsibility to serve the public interest.

10. Fans are also citizens, taxpayers and consumers and, as such, have an interest in seeing that the proper role of sports in America-as an enrichment of the quality of life-does not become exaggerated or distorted, and that those associated with sports not receive special legal, tax or other privileges detrimental to the public interest.



ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink. the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up

putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

The hero who thinks it's macho to drink like a fish is regarded by sensible people as an animal.

That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

A real man has the strength to say no when he's had enough.

Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS), 1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING A BAD NAME.

of them are expense-account fans-the lobbyists and corporations who appreciate the Redskins more for their assistance in wooing potential business (and can write off the cost of tickets as an entertainment expense) than for their playing skills. The D.C. Armory Board, which runs R.F.K., has never thought to ask the Redskins to limit the number of season tickets one party can hold while there is a waiting list, or to rotate the season tickets every year or two among those desiring to buy them or, better yet, to allocate some tickets for sale on a game-by-game basis to the thousands of Redskin fans who can't afford to buy season tickets.

Local governments may take solace in the fact that the Federal Government has been at least as giving in its relations with the owners. Over the years, few industries have benefited more from Federal tax laws than have professional sports. One loophole-player depreciation-is large enough for Charlie Finley's mule to jump through. It would, in fact, make the oil industry blush. This is how it has worked:

When a franchise is purchased-say a baseball team for \$10,000,000-the buyer acquires three distinct assets, the player contracts, the franchise itself and equipment. The value of the equipment (uniforms, balls, desks, etc.) is relatively tiny. Of the remaining two assets, the franchise is by far the more valuable, because it confers the right to do business in a contrived scarcity, monopoly situation and includes such benefits as the right to share in league broadcast revenues, which can amount to as much as \$2,000,000 per team annually. The tax dilemma for the owner is that the proportion of the total purchase price attributable to the value of the franchise is a nondepreciable asset; historically, franchises increase in value. So costs allocated to the franchise can't be written off in order to reduce taxable income produced by the owner's other businesses.

Players are a different matter, however. Alone among businesses in the United States, employment contracts in sports are treated as depreciable capital assets. The justification is that a player's skills rapidly decline and have to be replaced (five years is the generally accepted period over which a player's cost may be written off). Thus, it is in the owners' interests to go as far as the IRS will let them in attributing the purchase price of a team to depreciable player contracts, instead of to the value of the franchise.

And the IRS let them get away with quite a bit for many years. In fact, the owners grew so emboldened by the IRS' laxity that when the Milwaukee Braves were moved to Atlanta in 1966, 99 percent of the total purchase price-\$5,500,000was allocated to player contracts. This was a tad much even for the friendly taxmen, who tenaciously fought the Braves' player allocation-all the way down to 200 90 percent.

To understand the magnitude of this extraordinary tax situation, consider this example computed by a Government tax expert. An N.F.L. team is purchased for \$9,000,000; \$8,450,000 is allocated to player contracts and amortized over five years. Assuming \$1,000,000 in yearly net revenues and a 70 percent marginal tax rate, with depreciation, the owner has a positive cash flow totaling \$7,415,000 over that five-year period-\$1,483,000 annually. Without player depreciation, the owner nets only \$300,000 a year-a difference of almost \$6,000,000. Which is two thirds of the total purchase price! Economist Okner has calculated that, in the case of a 75 percent allocation to player contracts on a mere \$2,000,000 purchase price for a team, the owner would have to show an annual bookkeeping loss of almost \$1,000,000 before his personal after-tax cash position would decline. Bill Veeck wasn't kidding when he once remarked, "Selling a baseball team is selling the right to depreciate.'

In recent years, however, the owners have had some difficulty in keeping their extraordinary tax benefits intact. In 1974, the Government finally challenged the N.F.L. Atlanta Falcons, which attempted to allocate to player contracts \$7,700,000 of an \$8,500,000 purchase price. Government attorney Jay R. Weill argued in court that the Falcon owners, Five Smiths, Inc., should not be allowed to allocate anything to player contracts because of the great value of the N.F.L. franchise itself and the difficulty in determining a player's value. Four months later, the district-court judge handed down a compromise decision, presently on appeal, which allowed Five Smiths to allocate about \$3,000,000 to player contracts.

Then, in 1976, Congress approved a provision that allowed allocation of up to 50 percent of a team's purchase price to player contracts. Under the circumstances, it was a qualified victory for owners. They had their tax break reduced, but it was now protected against attack by the IRS. Unfortunately, it apparently never occurred to the tax-writing Congressmen that the whole concept of a playerdepreciation allowance contributed mightily to the corporatizing of sports, at the expense of the fans. As Okner points out in the Brookings study:

Because the potential tax benefits from owning a team generally exceed the team's operating profit, only individuals and corporations having substantial income from other sources can take full advantage of the tax provisions available to a sports enterprise.

Thus, only wealthy individuals and corporations can afford to pay the high prices that franchises now command. Conversely, an individual who must rely on the return from a sports franchise as his primary source and whose main interest is the club's operating profit can no longer afford to buy a team.

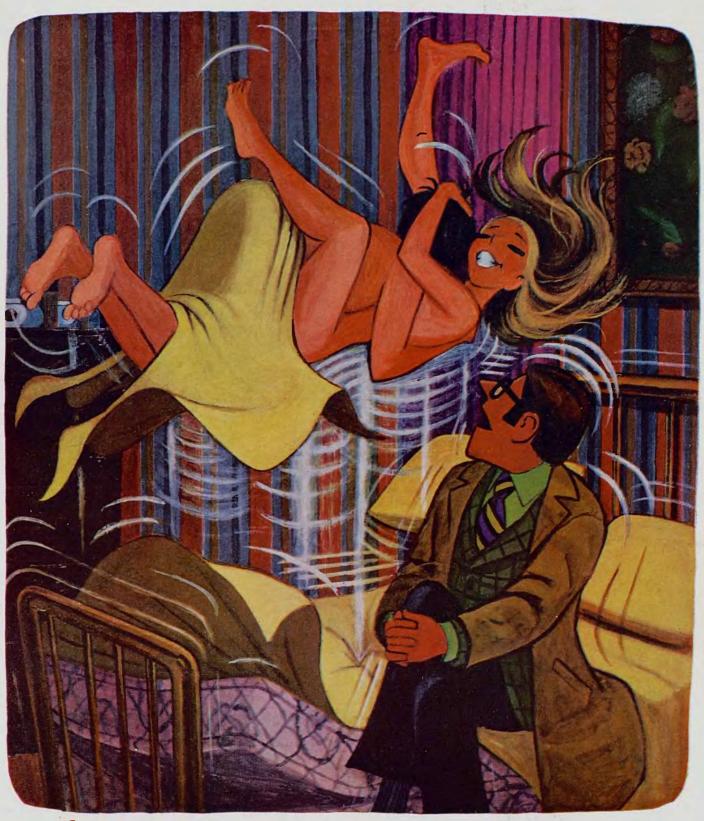
Moreover, the player-depreciation provision encourages instability and a high turnover among franchises. Since the tax benefits expire after five years, the owner is encouraged to sell the team after that period to a buyer willing to pay what would otherwise be an inflated price, so that he, too, might avail himself of the special tax shelter.

As already noted, the tax laws are not the only services Congress has rendered to the sports owners. In addition to enacting statutes in the Sixties that specially exempted the N.F.L.-A.F.L. merger from antitrust action, Congress passed an obscure piece of legislation, Public Law 87-331, in September 1961. It authorized professional leagues to pool the sale of broadcast rights without being subject to antitrust laws. In other words, the N.F.L. itself could, as a monopoly, negotiate on behalf of its teams with the various networks for exclusive national rights to broadcast the league games. Prior to the passage of the 1961 broadcast act, individual teams, not the leagues, negotiated the rights to their own games with stations or networks, so that it was quite possible that, on a given Saturday in a given area, three different baseball games might be broadcast on three different stations at the same time. It may be hard to believe in light of the sports blitz on TV these days, but there were many more hours of sports broadcast before 1961 than there are today.

The advantage to the owners of the 1961 act was obvious: In a monopolist bargaining position, they could get a great deal more money for the sale of fewer games. The major networks weren't too upset at that prospect. While they might pay more for those rights, the costs would be passed on to advertisers, anyway (and from them on to you). Furthermore, competition would be eliminated: the independent and regional networks were in no position to compete for a major national contract.

The big losers from passage of the broadcasting act were—of course—the fans. Not only did they have less access to sports programing but they paid more for it. Compare the prices of brand-name razor blades, such as Schick and Gillette (which are major TV advertisers), with the same-quality house brand.

One of those myths the owners have perpetuated is that income from the sale of broadcast rights is incidental compared with gate revenues; to hear some of them talk, it is almost an act of altruism on their part to allow their teams' contests to be shown on television at all. The facts tell a different story. In 1976, a total of about \$250,000,000 was paid for the rights to broadcast sports (including amateur)



buck brown

"Whenever you're ready, Phoebe, I'm willing to talk this out."

events. The networks are presently paying the N.F.L. \$60,000,000 per year-\$2,100,000 per team-and that doesn't include revenues from the sale to local stations of either pre-season games or the radio rights to regular-season games. Next season, a new four-year agreement with the networks will take effect under which the N.F.L. will receive an astounding \$656,000,000-which works out to more than \$5,000,000 annually per team. (Recently, a closed-circuit-television promoter offered the N.F.L. \$400,000,000 for the five-year broadcast rights to just the Super Bowl and the play-off games that precede it.) CBS pays the N.B.A. \$10,500,000 for national broadcast rights. For baseball, the total national and local broadcast revenues are estimated at over \$50,000,000, also an average of more than \$2,000,000 per team. Asserts baseball player rep Marvin J. Miller, "Before one fan has purchased one ticket or parked one car or bought one hot dog, all player payroll costs have been accounted for, with something left over. Not one fan in 10,000 understands that." Or, as Roger Kahn, author of The Boys of Summer, has put it, "I have seen the future. It measures 19 inches diagonally."

New York Mets' president Donald Grant (who once forced star outfielder Cleon Jones to hold a press conference to apologize for being discovered nude in a car with a nude woman) trades New York's most popular athlete, Tom Seaver, as a result of a personal dispute. In a press conference, shipbuilding magnate George Steinbrenner, who had been convicted on felony charges for making illegal campaign contributions to Richard Nixon, proclaims eight commandments directed at Yankee manager Billy Martin. (Thou shalt not be so abrasive. . . .) Ray Kroc takes to the loud-speakers at a Padres home game and calls his players a bunch of boobs. The Atlanta Braves' Ted Turner, figuring he can do a better job than those dumb baseball jocks, dons a uniform and anoints himself manager.

For the jock sniffer and the corporate mogul alike, ownership can be quite an ego trip. All those bodies to direct, buy, sell and trade. But the players-who are, for the most part, at least, extremely well paid these days-have little to complain about compared with some of the quirks and policies the fans must endure. Season-ticket buyers, for example, are frequently required to pay for their seats several months before the season beginsso the owners can collect interest on their customers' money. The teams hire shills to broadcast their games locally and the leagues often retain approval rights over network announcers. The story the fans get from these shills is frequently sugar coated, distorted and, perhaps worse, dull. Some of the most overpriced and undernourishing food in America can be found at sports facilities. In fact, if the quality of play were as low as the food foisted on the fans, stadiums would be empty. Awkward time-outs occur to accommodate TV commercials. Tennis matches advertised by networks as winner take all aren't really winner take all. The integrity of a network-arranged boxing tournament is suspect, with fans paying \$15 to see Muhammad Ali throw six punches for \$6,000,000 in a travesty with a supine Japanese wrestler.

The list of consumer abuses goes on, but the sports entrepreneurs' hauteur may well be most evident in the disregard with which they hold the opinions of fans. A soap company will undertake extensive market research to determine what kind of product consumers want. Not so with Sports, Inc. Have the fans ever been asked their opinions on the designated-hitter rule or interleague play in baseball or the two-point conversion in football? What about the old A.B.A. three-point rule in basketball? Are fans

represented on the rule-making committees of the leagues? Have they ever been consulted on such issues as the use of artificial turf?

The story of synthetic turf, in fact, is a rather telling example of what happens when the perceived short-term-profit interests of owners conflict with one of the principal underpinnings of the longterm appeal of sports-tradition. "Mod sod" first appeared in the Houston Astrodome in April 1966 and it spread like weeds. The universal assumption, which was at least superficially logical, was that the mod sod had to be less expensive than the organic stuff, which required constant reseeding and resodding. But, in rushing ahead with the synthetic turf, its costs of replacement weren't adequately considered. Astro-Turfing an average football field, including side lines, at six dollars a square foot costs about \$400,000, and its average longevity is only six years; maintenance costs for grass run about \$50,000 to \$100,000 per year. In other words, the mod-sod savings have generally been either nonexistent or relatively slight.

Given even smaller consideration by the owners was the likelihood that the less pliable synthetic surfaces might result in more player injuries, particularly in football. A recent Stanford Research Institute study commissioned by the N.F.L. confirmed that suspicion. In addition, the temperature on a baseball-pitcher's mound can reach over 120 degrees as a result of the plastic field.

But the principal impact of artificial fields on baseball has been to alter the nature of the game. Balls bounce higher and shoot through the infield like artillery fire; infielders must position themselves differently; bunting is far more difficult. Home teams, used to the peculiar dynamics of their own surfaces, gain a significant edge over visiting clubs, particularly those that don't play on artificial turf at home. Yet, while the question of whether or not a somewhat livelier baseball was being used last season (an issue that did not involve money) became the great controversy of 1977 within major-league baseball, the far more radical changes wrought by the introduction of artificial turf have been accompanied by barely a whimper of concern from the owners or the commissioner of baseball.

Teams can be run to the mutual benefit of fans, players and owners, and in order to reaffirm that occasionally clusive fact, it's worth taking a look at two franchises that don't fit the new corporate mold.

In 1938, Phil Wrigley decided that some of the seats in his tiny ball park of about 40,000 capacity on the North Side of Chicago were too narrow. So, at the cost of thousands of seats and hundreds of thousands of dollars, he had rows of 12 seats ripped out and replaced with rows of ten more comfortable ones, A while later, he decided—at the cost of a



When Noder went to bot for the rights of fans, the media took after him with a vengeonce. On the other hand, how would you like to get in for half price next time?

HIGH BIAS.

These cassette deck manufacturers use SA as their reference for the High(CrO₂) bias/EQ setting:

AIWA · AKAI · CENTREX · JVC KENWOOD · MERITON · NAKAMICHI OPTONICA · PIONEER · ROYAL SOUND SANSUI · SHARP · TEAC · TOSHIBA UHER · YAMAHA

And are joined by these in recommending SA for use in their decks:

BANG & OLUFSEN • DUAL • FISHER HARMAN/KARDON • LAFAYETTE SANKYO • TANDBERG AND MANY OTHERS.



There's been a quiet revolution going on in the cassette world. \square Leading makers of quality cassette decks have adopted TDK SA as their reference standard tape for "High" (CrO₂) bias and equalization settings. Why TDK SA? Because TDK SA's advanced tape formulation and super precision cassette mechanism let them (and you) take full advantage of today's advanced cassette deck technology. \square In addition, a growing number of other companies are recommending SA for use with their machines. \square So for the ultimate in cassette sound and performance, load your deck with SA and switch to the "High" or "CrO₂" bias/EQ settings. You'll consistently get less noise, highest saturation and output levels, lowest distortion and the widest dynamic

range to let you get the best performance from any quality machine.

But you needn't believe all this just because we say so. All you have to do is check our references.

公TDK

The machine for your machine.

half million dollars-that some of the Cubs fans at Wrigley Field, even then one of the most intimate parks in baseball, would have a better view of home plate if sections of seats at the far ends of the park were realigned. He also removed the advertising that adorned the scoreboard and outfield walls-and lost that lucrative source of revenue-to substitute hundreds of ivy vines. When he realized that batters were having trouble picking up the ball out of the glare of white shirts in center field, he closed down the section and painted it green.

Most of all, however, the late chewinggum king is remembered for his steadfast refusal to install lights so that night baseball could be played at Wrigley Field. "I like to say we're pioneering day baseball," says William Wrigley, Phil's son and current Cubs president, reiterating what Phil always said. "I think that's a good business decision. The majority of fans would rather go out and see a day baseball game played on real grass, with vines on the wall and no advertising. It creates a better atmosphere; it's certainly better for children. . . . And the players get to lead a normal life, to go home and have dinner with their families just like most working people."

All those costly business decisions—and seats priced as low as \$1.50-have netted the Cubs some of the most loyal fans in

One need only travel across town in Chicago to find another untypical owner. When a fan calls the Chicago White Sox switchboard and asks for Bill Veeck, the next voice he will likely hear is that of the impish 64-year-old owner, who does not have a secretary screen his calls and who listens to the kudos and complaints of more than ten fans on a typical day. Before recent health problems forced him to stop, Veeck would walk through Comiskey Park during each home game and talk with the fans. Unlike the Wrigleys, Veeck is a promoter, an innovator and a showman best known for the time he sent a midget to pinch-hit for the old St. Louis Browns. But, like Phil Wrigley, for whom he once worked, Veeck understands the importance of nostalgia and tradition in sports, particularly in baseball. Thus, one of his first acts after taking control of the White Sox in 1976 was to rip out the artificial turf, "which drags in what people are trying to get away from-the asphalt of the city streets," and plant grass.

Veeck's ideas are designed to make coming to the ball park more fun, not to detract from or degrade the game itself. He has, for example, had announcer Harry Caray lead the fans during the seventhinning stretch of every home game in a rendition of Take Me Out to the Ballgame. (Everyone sings along.) He set up a picnic area in left field and installed a cold shower in center field, so that bleach-204 er fans could cool off on hot summer

days. He catered to baseball fans' mania for statistics by having a "speed-o-meter" attached to the top of the scoreboard to display the times of the runners around the bases. He had parts of the stadium decorated with children's murals. He set aside a special section in the left-field stands for a group of loyalists known as the Sox Supporters. He and his wife talk-and listen-to fans on a weekly radio call-in show.

And the fans have responded, last season flocking to the Happening at Comiskey Park in droves. Aided by a surprising though abortive run at the pennant by the South Side hit men, attendance exceeded the team's all-time high. And the fans-who once, in order to encourage a player who had struck out twice, gave him a standing ovationgained the undisputed reputation as the most rabid in baseball.

Ralph Nader has helped launch an organization called the Fight to Advance the Nation's Sports, of which Peter Gruenstein is executive director. F.A.N.S. represents the interests of fans before various Governmental bodies, the leagues, the owners and the broadcast media. It is financed by dues (nine dollars annually) paid by its members, who help determine the organization's policies.

If you wish to become a member of F.A.N.S., obtain additional information or supply F.A.N.S. with information that may help in its areas of interest, please address your comments and/or requests to F.A.N.S., P.O. Box 19312, Washington, D.C. 20036.

But, alas, the Veecks and the Wrigleys, who think of the fans as well as the balance sheet, are members of an endangered species. In fact, few consumers of any goods or services are generally as abused today as are consumers of sport. The special irony of this situation is that few, if any, industries depend on the loyalty of their customers as do professional sports. A consumer chooses one brand of clothing over others because he believes it to be best for his purposes; loyalty to the manufacturer of the product has little to do with his decision. But fans go to watch their team play not because they believe it to be the best but out of loyalty. To some extent as a result of this special loyalty, the realization that fans are consumers has been slow in coming. And, it has been argued, that is good; if fans started acting like consumers, if they began looking at sports as a business, it would take the fun out of it for them. Little more than a decade ago, one heard the same argument in relation to consumers of automobiles.

This argument is specious, because it

assumes that in the absence of collective action by fans qua consumers, their interests will be protected by others, and because the argument is falsely premised on the belief that keeping spectator sports fun would not be a primary goal of such collective action. Quite the contrary, the goal of fans as consumers should be to ensure that the maximum number of people have the opportunity to enjoy competitive sporting events.

The problem is that the consumer movement in sports is still in the Stone Age. Without anyone to represent their interests, fans have been increasingly ripped off and have naturally grown increasingly frustrated and angry. The establishment of an effective organization of fans, run and financed by fans, is long overdue. What kinds of actions and goals could such an organization work for? A short list might include the following:

· Congress should abolish the right to depreciate players, or at least reduce the percentage of the franchise purchase price attributed to player costs from 50 percent to 25 percent and extend the amortization period from five to ten years. This would make sports ownership a less lucrative proposition for corporations and hobby owners, reduce franchise turnovers and make teams more affordable for individuals, like Veeck, whose primary interest is in the operation of a ball club.

· In partial recompense for the antitrust exemptions that have been bestowed upon professional sports, Congress should require meaningful public disclosure by teams and leagues of operating costs and profits. No longer would professional sports be what Marvin Miller calls "the most secretive industry in America," and fans and sportswriters would have the facts with which to evaluate ticket-price increases and owners' cries of financial woe.

· The 1961 broadcasting act should be abolished, thus opening up competition for the rights to air sports events and keeping down advertising costs.

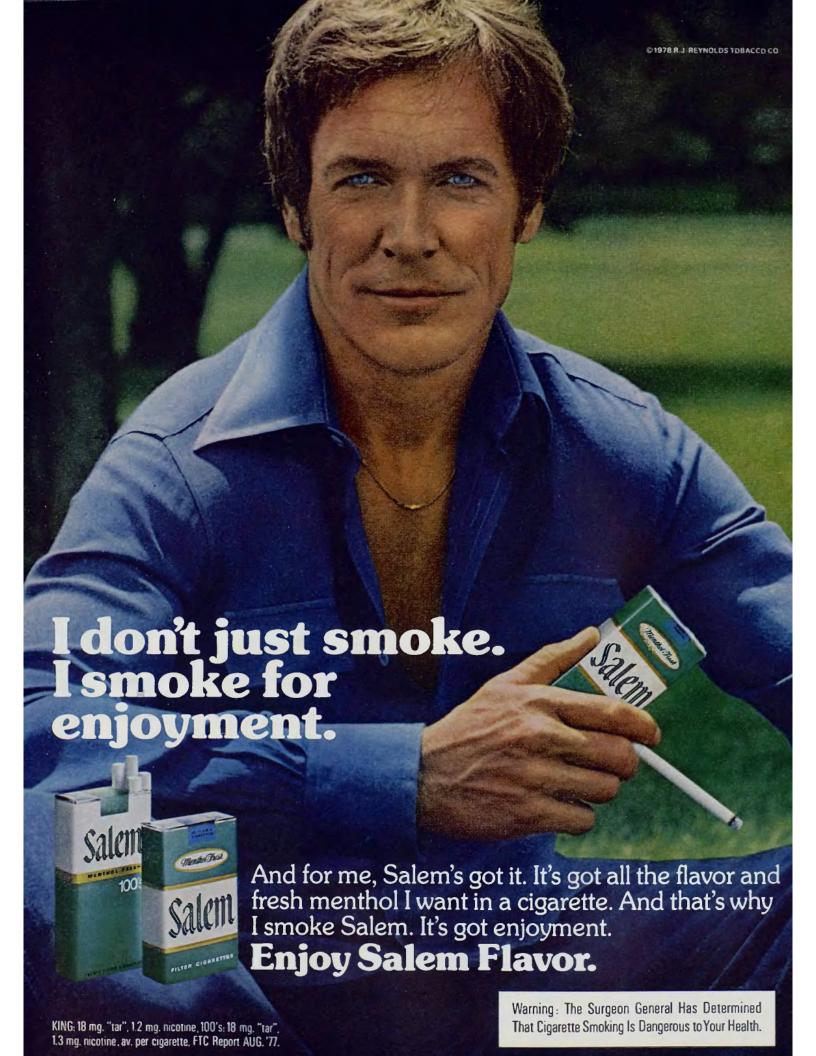
· The opinions of fans on major policy and rules questions should be regularly and effectively represented before the leagues and the owners.

· The leagues should ban the future installation of artificial turf and require that facilities that presently use it (except in the case of domed stadiums) convert to grass as soon as the artificial turf requires replacement.

· The Federal Communications Commission should prohibit broadcast media from granting teams or leagues the right to hire or approve the selection of announcers.

· Wholesome, reasonably priced food should be sold at sporting events.

The list could go on almost indefinitely, but the point is simply this: It is time for fans to stop being spectators.



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SEA NOTE

Concha Consciousness is something you find only by listening, claims the Consciousness Group, Inc. (10 Banta Place, Hackensack, New Jersey 07601), a small company that's marketing twin conch shells mounted to an adjustable plastic headband, all for just \$11, postpaid. Wear them at home to meditate, relax, daydream or tune out the world and watch your troubles wash away. Wear them on the street, however, and your troubles will only have begun.

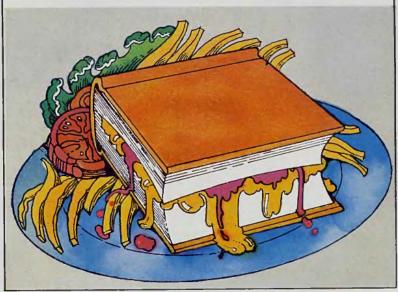


PEEP SHOW

Jeepers, creepers! Peepers is just what avid people watchers have been looking for: It's a silver-foiled cardboard binocular that's embellished with etching-type illustrations. Since Peepers is only 3X power, you may not want to take it to the track, but for café sitting, a night at the opera or for checking out the action at a rock concert, one will do just fine. Order yours for \$10 from Peepers, P.O. Box 6690, Stanford, California 94305. We have a feeling we're being watched.

JUNK DEALERS

Junk-food junkies, rejoice: For five dollars, Gloria Pitzer, at Box 152, St. Clair, Michigan 48079, will provide you with her Secret Restaurant Recipes Book, a soft-cover guide that tells you how to duplicate a pot full of nationally known noshes (the names have been slightly changed) from Big Match sauce to Walled Off Historia cheesecake. Or, if you'd simply like to learn all about what junk food is doing to your body, there's The Complete Junk Food Book, by Michael S. Lasky, a \$7.95 volume that's available at most bookstores. Read it on your way to the fat farm.



BULLET HEADED

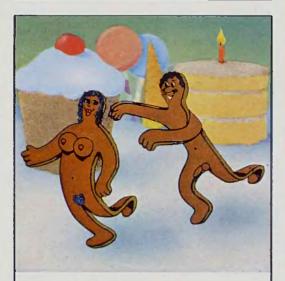
Historians still claim that if General Custer hadn't left his Gatling gun behind, he'd never have been massacred. So that doesn't happen to you, Thunder Valley Machine Co., P.O. Box 192, Clinton, Ohio 44216, is selling a full-sized working reproduction of a Model 1875 gun for \$6473.50. Five bucks mailed to the company will get you more info and an $8\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11" glossy photo of the gun. It'll look great framed next to your bowling trophies.





INDIA INKLING

Those interested in exotic travel will wish to take off on a Naturalist's Safari to Rajasthan, India, that Hanns Ebensten Travel, 55 West 42nd Street, New York, New York 10036, is offering this coming November 5 to 25. Highlights of the \$1985 junket (plus air fare) include a visit to the Pushkar Camel Fair and stays at such posh lodgings as Tiger Haven, a famous wildlife preserve where the owner's pet leopard, Harriet, is reported to be a great favorite with the guests. Or vice versa.



COOKIE NOOKY

Another sexual barrier has crumbled with the opening of The Erotic Baker, a shop at 73 West 83rd Street, New York, New York 10024, that specializes in naughty naked cookies, rump cakes, breast loaves and other hot stuff fresh from its ovens. If you'd like to sample The Erotic Baker's wares, \$5.20 will reward you with three nude 7" sugar or gingerbread folk—one male, one female and a unisex backside view—to bite.

GOOD SKATE

Now that somebody's motorized virtually everything from pogo sticks to toothbrushes, it only figures that the hot-doggers who run Motoboard International, 592 Weddell Drive, Suite 10, Sunnyvale, California 94086, would get into the act with a highflying skate board that's powered by a quiet 1.25-hp motor. You just hop aboard, push-start and take off; the board will hit over 25 mph, runs 30 minutes on a full tank and features a hand-held throttle that stops the machine when you bail out or dismount. The price for one is \$285, postpaid, and, no, that figure doesn't include a hospitalization or collision-insurance policy.



HIP TO FASHION

We suspect that leg men and breast men will convert when they get their first look at a well-shaped derrière that's been squeezed into a pair of Chic Cheek denim jeans available in sizes three to thirteen from Riccardo's Ménage de Trois, P.O. Box 11477, Chicago, Illinois 60611, for \$50. What makes Chic Cheeks so special is their clear-plastic back pockets, which give an excellent view of the wearer's tail end. Of course, if the little lady you're following doesn't want you to see what she's made of, she can always stick a pair of hankies, a wallet or whatever back there, but that wouldn't be too hip, now, would it?



CALL OF THE ROAD

There's a rumor going round that a chap we know, Buzz Walneck, is something of a motorcycle nut, since over the years he's owned 92 machines. Now Buzz has got his two-wheeled act together and formed Walneck's Vintage Motorcycle Sales, P.O. Box 489, Westmont, Illinois 60559, a company that specializes in hard-to-find old cycle parts (especially those for 1940 to 1955 British machines). And, of course, he also has a few finished bikes on hand, including an ancient Panther with sidecar for \$1850 and a Royal Enfield for \$1250. Two dollars will get you his latest parts catalog. Hit the bricks!



ROAD TEST

(continued from page 137)

"'You can get lost in your pleasure. It helps to have someone else in the room, just to chaperone."

generation of vibrators includes remotecontrolled variable-speed ben-wa eggs and cock rings. A thin wire connects the operating mechanism to a battery pack. The comments: "You can tuck one of the eggs into your jeans, put the control unit in your pocket and have a very interesting ride on the bus." "The cock ring was hard plastic and the prongs tended to bite into your flesh. If you feel comfortable with your dick in a lobster claw, this is the device for you. However, it will produce an erection in spite of itself." "These small guys are even noisier than the bulletshaped vibrators. It sounded like we were making love on a construction site.'

Two vibrators emerged as genuine class acts. The Sex Charmer (pictured on page 136), from United Sales, 4731 W. Jefferson Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90016, was a delight. The girls loved it: "He's cute." "It belongs on the dashboard of your car." "It's a nice gift for someone who might be nervous about sex gifts. It defuses the bad image of the vibrator." Of course, if you want to get serious about automated sex, buy the Prelude 3, the state-of-the-art vibrator. One touch produces instant orgasm: "You can get lost in your pleasure. It helps to have someone else in the room, just to chaperone. It is the one vibrator that is coeducational. If you are trying out a position-say, when the man enters from the rear-where the clitoris doesn't receive stimulation, just plug in the Prelude. You'll both get off."

French ticklers: These things make you wonder where Frenchmen got their reputation for being great lovers. With names like Porcupine, Fuzzball, Satan and Little Devil, they produce more laughter than pleasure. As a sex aid, they are useless. The discomfort factor is high: "Would you put a sea urchin in your vagina?" Still, they make great finger puppets with which to entertain the kids in your neighborhood.

Clitoral stimulators: The major surprise of the road test was the reaction to

Model

"Oh, don't turn it off. Everybody'll hear the vibrator."

the Magico and the Excello clitoral stimulators: "They look tacky, they feel tacky when the man slips one over the shaft of his penis. But during intercourse, the tiny rubber prongs separate the folds of the labia and expose the clitoris. The gentle massaging action truly excites a woman. And this is one of the few sex aids that don't intrude on the man's

Lubricants: Every bedside table should have a bottle or two of oil. There is nothing like a massage to lead into a gentle, relaxed session of sex. The products that are marketed specifically as erotic oils (Orgy Gel, Emotion Lotion, Crease Grease) tend to be more expensive than the same products in mass-market form. You may find it cheaper to buy baby oil. You have a variety of flavors and scents to choose from; however, our couples thought the manufacturers used chemical overkill: "It smelled like we were making love in a candy store. The odor and taste were too strong." The most interesting lubricants use a glycerin base: "You rub the oil in, then breathe on it and the surface of your

skin heats up. Very interesting."

Lingerie: Included in the road-test toy chest were several small bits of nylon mesh that, on further examination, proved to be bikini underwear and cutout bras. The holes are strategically placed to grant access to erogenous zones. One couple describes its experience: "At first, we thought this stuff was too tacky to try. All things considered, we'd rather go naked. But then we got into the fantasy trip behind the lingerie. If lingerie didn't turn some of the people on some of the time, it wouldn't be around anymore. The cutout bra acted like a golf tee. The little fringed circles supported the nipples and held them up like an offering. Anything that focuses attention is a good sex aid. Those nipples became my partner's entire universe. Her skin was very sensitive. Not bad."

Shackles and chains: Ever since Alex Comfort suggested tying up your loved one in The Joy of Sex, mild bondage has been an accepted part of the bedroom repertoire. The Pleasure Chest, a chain of sex boutiques based in New York, has a large mail-order business in custom-designed leatherwear. The quality of the craftsmanship was far beyond that of any of the other items we tested. These people are serious. The road test: "We had the same reaction to the shackles and chains that we had to the lingerie. Learning to get into a different erotic trip can be very exciting. The key to this scenario is helplessness. The woman is exposed, waiting. Arched like a bow. Rising toward a single point of stimulation. Be it a kiss on the nipple or a tonguing of the clitoris, or the slow penetration of an erect penis. She is afraid that you will leave her, so she focuses all of her energy and attention on the moment of contact. This is a fantasy we've all grown up with—the damsel in distress, the virgin in the castle dungeon. A spread-eagled woman is a sight to behold."

Rejects: During the course of the road test, our couples came across some products that were counterproductive. Heading the list are the numbing agents (Mr. Prolong, Stud 100, Endure) that purport to increase the male's endurance. They utilize benzocaine to deaden sensation: "They work as an anesthetic, but who needs it? You might as well be in the next room as in bed with your girlfriend." "The products are touted as a cure for premature ejaculation, but since they end up numbing your girlfriend as well as you, it just defeats the problem. The whole point of sex is learning to recognize what is happening to you at any given moment. The numbing agents make you feel like you're playing blindman's buff."

Other candidates for the trash bin include penis extenders (condomlike sheaths with rubber plugs that increase the size of a man's erection). They cut sensation and are generally uncomfortable. Also totally irrelevant. Most of a woman's nerve endings are in the outer third of her vagina—to go beyond that does not contribute to her pleasure.

And, by unanimous decision, the tackiest sex aid we tested was the inflatable Sweet Sixteen doll, with natural hair and three operating orifices. The inside of the mouth was razor sharp. If someone tried mock fellatio, the Sweet Sixteen doll would bite it off. We have enough trouble with real women. Still, the thing is a great conversation piece. If you hit a dead spot in the middle of the week, you can always inflate her and take her to a fancy French restaurant.

Conclusion: Our researchers all survived the road test in good spirits. And reasonably good health. (One or two complained of exhaustion.) They were in agreement on one crucial point-no matter what their opinion of individual products, the road test had been a sexual adventure. They had been curious, and they satisfied their curiosity, as well as their sex drives. Said one: "With most of these products, my interest lasted as long as the first set of batteries. I doubt if I will incorporate many of them into my sex life. Maybe the Prelude 3. Maybe the oils. But the rest are disposable. Great for one date, but you wouldn't want to live with them. My suggestion: Conduct your own road test."



State _

OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Address _

City





Address:

City:

"Because Excita® has something to offer me. Its specially ribbed surface gives me gentle stimulating sensations. And it's lubricated with Sensitol®, so that the ribs gently massage and caress me. I get pleasure from a male contraceptive I never thought possible. Excita offers more for him too. Its specially flared shape offers more freedom of movement inside the contraceptive for a greater, more natural sensation. Excita, in a light color tint, is a stimulating new experience in male contraception. It's made for the both of you."

State:

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

Zip:

Get Excita at your drugstore. For a free sample pack and booklet send 25¢ for handling to: Schmid Labs., Inc., P.O. Box 2236, Dept. B, Hillside, N.J. 07205

Schmid Laboratories. Pioneers in family planning.



JUMP!

(continued from page 114)

"If the intellect is talking, jabbering at the body like an old woman, you're probably in trouble."

the country in a camper full of equipment, from ski show to ski show, doing his strints.

By the third day, I'd learned to do a smooth 360 and a couple of other simple tricks as well. It was a good feeling, a very gentle kind of rush to come spinning down the hill like a dust devil. When you get it right, there's nothing to it. You skinny into that invisible narrows where weight and speed and balance are all one phenomenon. Gravity does it for you. But if your mind wanders, or your head drops, or if you're lazy with your arms, the fine tune goes off the move and gravity undoes it for you. It's physics, when you get down to it, though lately, books and magazines have begun calling it the Zen of sports. By now, they've invented a hundred vaguely Oriental ways to keep your Western mind out of the way of your body, which has a natural genius for physics. But no matter what you do, the mind is never completely out of it, and it's probably a good thing. Finally, it seems to be a question of

whether the intellect is listening or talking. If it's listening, to the soles of your feet, to the backs of your legs, to the muscles in your ass, to the rhythm of your pounding heart, you're probably all right. If it's talking, jabbering at the body like an old woman, you're probably in trouble.

Later that afternoon, under skies that were clouding up nicely, we found a mogul, about two feet high, not much but enough for Bill to talk me through the first principles of jumping. When he talked about the mind-body connection, he put it this way: "Your mind won't let your body get hurt." There's something to that, I'm sure, but as much as I thought about it, I couldn't make it come out clean. Because no matter how much you concentrate or relax, no matter how much you listen to your body, if you run over a rock on your way into the air, it's pure physics again and gravity recognizes only things like speed, and weight, and center of mass, things that the mind can do little about once the body has left the ground.

"You have to get control on the lip,"

Mandelsman

"You want to know what I mean by incorrigible? Incorrigible is a husband who can't keep his hands off the marriage counselor."

Bill told me. "Everything starts there and you have to take control at that point or you won't have any control. Lean forward, bend your knees, and when you hit the lip drive with your legs, bring your hands up and keep them in front of you. Once you're in the air, look for your landing."

We jumped the little mogul several times that day, but there wasn't much air to it, even if you hit it just right. It did let me go over the crucial steps in my mind, though, and it made me want to try something bigger.

That night, it snowed six inches. In the morning, we warmed up with some ballet, then we skied the bumps for a while to see how well our teeth were glued in. And about two in the afternoon, Bill told me that Tom Harmon, another of his instructors, had found a jump for us in the woods.

"It's a pretty good one," Tom told me. "You'll get about ten feet in the air, 30 or 40 feet of distance out of it. It ought to be a rush for you." He smiled.

Then Bill asked me if I was ready. My first reaction was, "I've been skiing all day, I'm tired, and now you want me to jump?" I heard the words coming out and they surprised me. I'd been waiting all week, cursing the drought and all insurance men, and now that everything was ready, all I could find inside myself was hem and haw.

We drove as far as we could on a snowy road into the forest near the south end of the lake. Then, with skis and shovels on our shoulders, we walked the last few hundred yards, up over a small hill, and then there it was. It hadn't been used in a long time and it lay under six inches of new snow, but the basic shape was there. I took one look at it from where I was and decided it was too big. It was going to look a lot bigger from the top of the inrun, but even from below, the proportions of the thing looked dangerous. The lip itself was six feet high and had the shape of an ocean wave just before it begins to break. From where I stood down on the steep landing area, the top edge of the lip was ten feet over my head.

I didn't say much as we packed and shaped the inrun, the lip and then the outrun. Bill had brought a small tape recorder and he set it on the snow near the lip with a disco-boogie tape playing. The music was distorted and absurd out there in the quiet and the afternoon sun and I thought about asking him to turn it off. But I was very busy trying to decide whether or not I was really going to jump or maybe find a lucky way out of it. I didn't want Bill or Tom to know that I was on the ragged edge of maybe, and if I started in on their music, it was going to be obvious. So I said nothing.

When the entire jump was packed and



Touchin' Velvet.



There are a lot of whiskies out there. Straights. Blends. Canadians.

But none can give you the exceptional feel of Black Velvet[®] Canadian Whisky. A premium import at a very reasonable price.

Try Black Velvet. And taste the

Velvet difference.

The perfect Piña Colada. Open The Club and you've got it made.



A haunting blend of rum and tropical fruit flavors to titillate your taste. Our Piña Colada. Mixed for you like nobody but The Club can. Just like all The Club cocktails, it's perfect. Not surprising. We've mixed more drinks than anyone else in the world. All that's left for you to do is enjoy.

to do is enjoy. Open The Club and savor the Piña Colada. You've got it made.

The Club Cocktails since 1875.

shaped, Bill side-stepped to the top of the inrun. He told me that the first time you go on any given day is a little scary, no matter how many times you've done it before, and as he stood looking down from the top, I thought I saw some of that in his face.

"All right," he yelled.

"Go for it," Tom yelled back at him.

He whooped and turned his skis down the track. He dug with his poles, trying to get as much speed as he could, and just before he hit the lip, his left pole caught in the snow for a split second and pulled his arm behind him. He exploded off the lip and into the air, his skis came apart and his arms cranked and flailed while he tried to recover whatever balance he could. Amazingly, he had most of it back when he hit the snow 30 feet later. He landed skis first, but his weight was way over backward. His ass bounced once on the snow, but he used his legs to pull himself upright again, and then he skied it out.

It was a rusty jump and he and Tom talked about it. Then Bill told me what he'd done wrong and said he wished the inrun were a little longer and steeper. Then he said, "Come on."

By the time we'd climbed to the top of the inrun, I was out of breath. As I stood there, gasping, Bill reminded me one by one of the things I was going to do. Then he said, "I'm going again," and he did. I watched from above as he got his speed, drove his legs into the lip and flew—higher this time, and farther, in perfect shape all the way. In mid-air, he twisted his skis to the left, then to the right. I couldn't see him land, but it must have been a good one.

Tom had hiked up to where I was, and from somewhere a group of four local high school students had arrived and were standing on their own skis next to the lip, asking if they could jump. They had the tall, healthy, cocky look of mountain kids. Bill pointed up at me and said, "This is his first time," and the kids looked up as if they remembered their own yes-or-no moment in woods like these. Then they stood back from the lip to watch.

"Do you want to go first or shall I?" Tom asked me.

"I don't care who goes first," I told him, still breathing hard and a little angry, the way I get with everything that scares me. "But I'm going to need a minute up here to get myself on this thing."

"I'll go," Tom said, and then without another word except a shout, he took off toward the jump. He hit it fast and well and while he was in the air, he jerked the tails of his skis up till they almost touched his wing bones in a maneuver called a back-scratcher. The kids at the lip cheered and howled. Then everybody looked up the steep track at me.

I was still taking deep breaths and I

was talking to myself. My heart was pounding as if it wanted out and I tried to tell myself that it was normal and good and that no matter how long I stood there trying to slow it down, I wasn't going to. Loud, bad music was still coming from the snow around the lip. Bill had said not to wait too long. I knew he was right about that and when I turned my body down the hill and felt my skis start to run, I knew he'd been right about the rush, too. That was it. Adrenaline went through me, and all my thoughts, all my fears were suspended in it. I heard no music, no wind in my ears, no shouts, nothing. I was going pretty good as I rode up the lip and when I felt the snow run out from under my skis, I jumped with my whole body. And then . . . I had that feeling that you can get only with serious gravity games, the feeling of leaving the planet in a very small craft, a thrill, a fear so visceral that nothing else exists while it's working. I was out of the air as quickly as I'd gone into it and the feeling when my skis hit the snow was maybe the most intense

release I've ever felt. I'd let my hands get behind me in the air, so I bounced on my ass, too, but after I felt myself on the snow skis first, nothing mattered or could have scared me. I was up in one hop and in control by the time I skied to a hard stop on the last few feet of the outrun. I heard yelling and when I looked up, everyone around the lip was all smiles and thumbs up. I just stood there feeling fine that I'd blown my tubes clean with adrenaline and scattered all the demons who play in my head on ordinary days. There are some feelings like it in the world, but not many, and they are all sexual.

I jumped two more times that afternoon and the second was better than the first and the third better than the second for style and distance and height. The rush, however, got smaller with each jump, but that didn't surprise me. You have to up the ante, increase the dose of fear, add a new unknown, go higher or deeper or longer to get the taste of your own most powerful juices back. Ah, life.





"The worst part of living for over 900 years is that I haven't been able to get it up for over 800 years."

THE UNIVERSE? (continued from page 160)

"Where the universe is concerned, the one we live in, whatever is inside a black hole doesn't exist."

observers search. By combining the laws of quantum mechanics with Einstein's theory of gravitation, Hawking has proved that black holes should leak, which would mean they weren't completely black. "Maybe we should call them gray holes," Hawking told me. "The bigger the black hole, the smaller the leak; a big black hole leaks very slowly. A standard black hole would take about 1064 years to empty itself [1064 is the figure 1 followed by 64 zeros-10,000,000,000,-000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 years—a very slow leak]. But there may be very small black holes that were formed during the rather chaotic first days of the universe." How small? As small as the nucleus of an atom but with a mass of 1015 grams. "Most small holes would have evaporated by now," Hawking says, "and as they evaporated, they would have emitted gamma rays. So it might be possible to detect them by detecting their gamma radiation-the radiation coming from holes now in the last stages of evaporation or the radiation left behind from holes now evaporated away."

If black holes, large and small, leak, then a second possibility suggests itself to Hawking. Theory predicts that inside every black hole there must be a singularity, a region of infinite density and gravitation that is fundamentally unpredictable, like the singularity from which the universe itself is believed to have

been formed. As long as the singularity stays inside the black hole, the universe is still the universe according to Newton and Einstein. Where the universe is concerned, the one we live in, whatever is inside a black hole doesn't exist, because nothing can come out of it, and therefore we can have no information of it and it can't affect us, But if black holes leak, then it's possible that a singularity could leak out. "At that point," says Hawking, "all physics breaks down. If a black hole evaporates, then you might be able to see a naked singularity and the breakdown would be a fundamental breakdown in physics, a new level of uncertainty in physics in the sense of uncertainty about what's going to come out of the singularity. It seems to be completely random."

Thorne elaborates: "It turns out that if you could find a naked singularity, then you'd have a real problem analyzing how the universe would behave. We don't know the laws that would govern the region of a singularity. And it even seems likely, according to Hawking, that precise governing laws don't exist, that a naked singularity can spew out anything it wishes and will spew out all things conceivable-electrons, protons, television sets-all with equal probability. This is what Hawking calls the 'principle of randomicity'-and he has even succeeded in proving it mathematically in special situations. If the principle of randomicity is correct, it may be our first clue to

unlocking the mystery of the big-bang singularity, as well as our only clue to the behavior of naked singularities, if

Nobody knows if naked singularities do or can exist. For the present, the operant rule remains the one that physics borrowed from The Once and Future King novelist T. H. White, who deciphered it as the governing rule of a colony of ants. It's called the totalitarian principle of physics, and it says that 'everything not forbidden is compulsory."

Black holes produce such fierce gravitational effects that they have begun to be looked at as possible sources of some of the universe's more extreme violence. With the exception of such exotic processes as collisions between matter and antimatter, black holes are the most efficient systems yet found for converting mass into energy. "Black holes may play important roles in various key places in the universe," Thorne says. "It's quite likely-50 percent likely-that the central nuclei of many galaxies have black holes in them and that the activity that one sees in the nuclei of some galaxies may be associated with the interaction of infalling matter with black holes. That includes our own galaxy. There's one very bright compact region in the center of our galaxy-bright to radio and infrared radiation [but not to light, because clouds of dust completely obscure our optical view of the center of the galaxy]. Bruce Balick of the University of Washington and Robert Brown of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory have shown that there's at least one very bright object down there that is smaller than about .01 light-year in size. This object might weigh as much as 107 solar masses. Donald Lynden-Bell of Cambridge suggested seven years ago that the object down in the center of our galaxy may be a black hole. He pointed out that the total energies coming from the centers of some galaxies are so large that whatever kind of machine one invents to explain them, it always has to involve a large amount of mass contained within a very compact region. Whatever system is involved, Lynden-Bell argued, with so much mass it would have to evolve rapidly, so that even if black holes weren't presently there, they would very likely be the end point of that activity. So on statistical grounds, he said, we can conclude that a very large fraction of all the galaxies in the universe might have huge black holes at their centers.'

Black holes are closely related to the singularity that began the universe. Thorne again: "When matter is compacted smaller than black-hole size, then according to Einstein's theory of gravitation, it's in either a collapsed state or an explosion state. If it's collapsing, that collapse can't be reversed short of reaching infinite density. If it's exploding, that



"God, I love this crazy city!"

The Lancia concept. To set you apart from the crowd.

For over 70 years, Lancia has been a different kind of car. Innovative design, precision engineering, Italian craftsmanship, personal luxury. The things that set Lancia apart. And a taste for these things sets Lancia owners apart. Test drive this exceptional automobile. If you like traveling apart from the crowd, you'll like traveling in Lancia.



SIGMA PANTEL 135mmf/2.8-f/64

The only telephoto lens

with foreground-to-infinity sharpness.



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

And, Sigma's advanced computer technology and Multi-Layer coating assure razor-sharp, high-fidelity images at every aperture, every time. See the surprisingly economical Sigma Pantel, in mounts for all popular slr cameras, at better camera counters everywhere. Or, write for complete information on the full line of Sigma lenses with unique features and advanced

technology design by requesting Lit/Pak P82. Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., Woodbury, N.Y. 11797. ESS In Canada: Magna Marketing Co., Ltd., Ont. A product of Sigma Corporation, Tokyo 182, Japan.

Unique features Advanced technology design.



Nationally Advertised - Now at **Manufacturer's Low Mill Price**

Machine Washable. 225 Thread count with 150 denier acetate thread. 16 colors: Avo-Tou denier acetate thread. 16 colors: Avo-cado Green, Black, Royal Blue, Bronze, Gold, Hot Pink, Lt. Blue, Mint, Orange, Purple, Red, Silver, Sunflower, White, Yellow, Pink. Entire set includes: 1 straight top sheet, 1 fitted sheet, 2 matching pillowcases. Twin Set \$24.00 Queen Sot \$33.50 Full Set \$29.50 King Set \$39.50

3 letter monogram on 2 cases WE PAY POSTAGE

our order to your credit card. HIPPING on Credit Card and American Express, Mastercharge d accepted. Include Siguature, & Expiration Date.

FOR RUSH, RUSH ORDERS Call 201-222-2211 24 Hours e Day, 7 Days a W



Satin sleep teddy designed by Ora Feder.

Visit our boutique in Stanford Shopping Center, Palo Alto, or send \$2.00 for luxurious color catalogue of designer lingerie. Victoria's Secret, Dept. F50, P.O. Box 31442, San Francisco, CA 94131

explosion can't be reversed until the matter gets bigger than black-hole size. Which means you have two types of condensed or compact objects, the type that is compact and collapsing and the type that is compact and exploding. Black holes represent the first type. The universe represents the second type. The universe began very compact, much smaller than black-hole size for its mass-it has a mass of at least 1050 tons-and it began exploding. What this general feature of gravity says is that until the universe got bigger than black-hole size, it couldn't turn around and start recollapsing. We don't know that it ever will. The predominance of the evidence at the moment suggests that it won't. But there's an intimate relationship between the universe and black holes. The same features of gravity that describe black holes also help govern the fate of the universe.'

There's another intimate relationship as well. At some unbelievably distant time, most of the universe will be swallowed up by black holes, one of whose quainter properties is that they can only get bigger, never smaller, as they swallow the mass of the matter outside their edges. The process is slow because black holes get bigger so slowly. Our own galaxy contains about 100 billion stars spread out over a region about 100,000 light-years in size. If you stuffed half those stars down a black hole at the center of the galaxy, it would still be no larger than about a tenth of a light-year, far away from the remaining stars in the galaxy, its gravitational field attenuated by great distance. Nevertheless, someday most of the matter in the universe will disappear down black holes, returning, in effect, to the condition of matter before the big bang. Two of astronomy's generous limits, then: a limit to the observable universe, an edge beyond which our observation can't go, and a limit to the eternity of the universe as we know it, a time beyond which few stars will shine and few cinders of black dwarfs wander.

One more bizarre creature deserves notice in our stellar zoo. This one can't be caged, because it's everywhere at once, and it may be, historically, at least, the most important of them all, and to see it you have only to turn on your television set. Some of the "snow" on your screen is produced by what remains of the immense heat generated in the fireball of the big bang. If the universe began with an explosion, as it almost certainly did, then the temperature of that explosion was likely to have been at least ten billion degrees. By now, billions of years later, that temperature should have dropped to about three degrees above absolute zerothree degrees Kelvin-and to have spread out so that if it could be detected on earth as microwave radiation, it ought to be detectable in every direction equally. In 1965, scientists at the Bell Labs in



She's out to kill your new car's finish.

Wind, water, extreme temperatures, fading light and abrasives, dull your shine and pit your chrome, leaving your car looking old... before its time.

Stop her with...

POLYGLYCOAT—A heat activated formula, only available at authorized dealerships. POLYGLYCOAT penetrates, protects and makes your paint act like a sponge — actually absorbing protective petroleum compounds that seal out the damaging effects of weather. POLYGLYCOAT also protects Aircraft. Recreation Vehicles, Motorcycles and Boats.









For further information, call Toll-Free: (800) 431-1936 In N.Y. State call: (914) 472-4687 The Famous Polyglycoat Warrant

Season considered and leisure vehicles. I year warranty on used cars. Irucks of the considered and leisure vehicles. Irucks and leisure of vehicles.

POLICE ACOM.

Available at new car dealerships

1977 Polyglycoat Corporation, 1075 Central Avenue, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

New Jersey first, and scientists down the road at Princeton almost immediately thereafter, detected the three-degree background radiation coming in uniformly from every direction. Since then, their findings have been all but universally accepted as valid: The microwaves in their horns and some of the snow on your TV are left over from the big bang. The cosmological theory that the universe is "steady state"-that it has always existed as it is now and that matter within it is continually created out of nothing to keep it expanding-is today effectively disproved. The universe began with an explosion from which it's still expanding.

These vast formulations lead us properly to the cathedral of cosmology, the science of the universe itself. Cosmology, by definition, is the most ambitious of all sciences, and its practitioners are few. I talked with two of the leading cosmologists in the United States, Sandage and James Gunn of Caltech. Both men have recently published major papers discussing the probable origin and age of the universe and the likelihood that it is a once-around, one-way system, and both men's work generally agrees. Gunn feels less certain of his conclusions—"Nature always has tricks up her sleeve"-but Sandage is ebullient, a mature man at the full reach of his powers and as confident as an astronomer can be.

Sandage points to the agreement of several different time scales to demonstrate the age of the universe. The age of the chemical elements can be calculated by counting back from their state of radioactive decay, and this method gives about 15 billion years ago as the time of their creation in the first stars formed after the big bang. The age of the oldest stars in the galaxy gives another measure. The oldest stars, metal poor and containing about the same amount of helium as estimates indicate the big bang itself created, are the stars of the globular clusters, small spherical groupings that revolve not in the plane of the galactic spiral but in plunging orbits in and out of the galactic center from above and below, orbits that look as if the clusters blew out of the galaxy when it first coalesced. Their age is also about 15 billion years. The expansion of the universe figured from the Hubble Constant-the number that turns red-shift velocity into distance and therefore into age-gives 15 billion years. These three age scales, Sandage argues, constitute one proof of the universe's probable age. A second proof is the threedegree background radiation, because it would have taken about 15 billion years for the primeval fireball to cool to that temperature.

Taking these proofs together, and allowing in the case of some of the numbers for the slowing down of the universe's expansion by the gravitational attraction among the objects in the universe, Sand-216 age concludes that the universe began

about 16 billion years ago and the galaxies turned on two billion years after that. Sandage believes that astronomy's discovery of this time scale, and its increasingly detailed knowledge of how the universe has evolved since, constitutes as important a contribution to human knowledge as Darwin's, and for similar reasons: Darwin found a rational system of organic evolution that operates independent of any miraculous interference; astronomy may have found a rational system of cosmic evolution that also operates independent of any miraculous interference. If God created anything, He created the singularity; the universe followed as certainly as a fireball follows the assembling of a critical mass inside an atomic bomb.

Gunn, for his part, has at least tentatively concluded that the universe doesn't have enough mass in it to stop expanding. "The universe is mostly empty space," he says. "Even doubling its mass wouldn't do much. It appears there's less than ten percent enough mass in the universe to cause it to fall back in on itself."

"It looks," says Sandage with impressive awe, "as if the universe happened only once." Which leaves it, this starlit shell that we so tenuously inhabit, spreading out almost forever, suffering only the excruciatingly slow demolition of being nibbled to death by black holes.

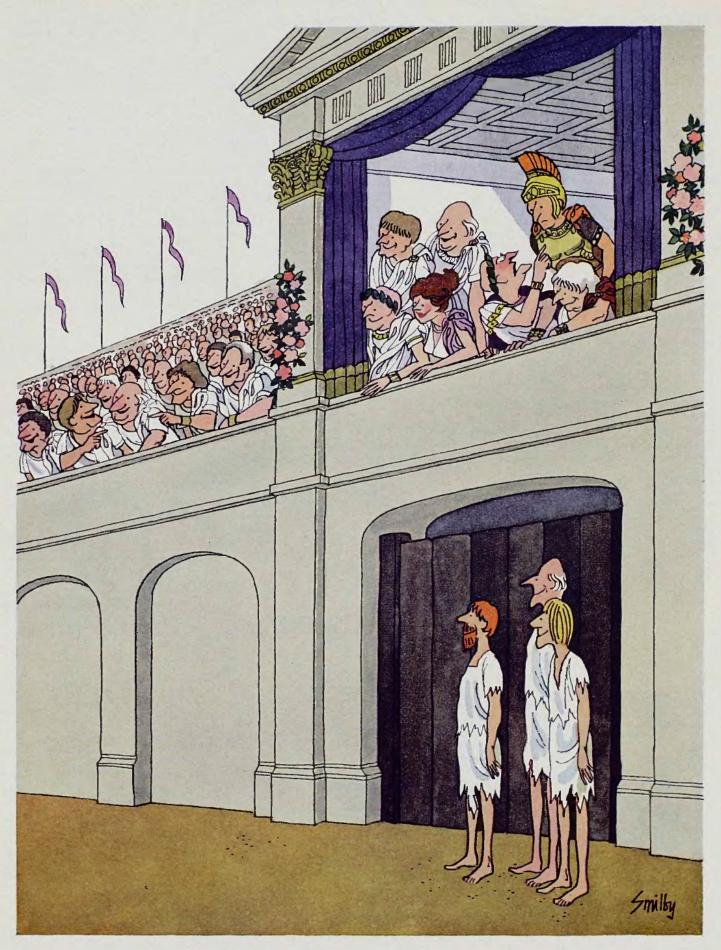
I saw the stars one moonless night in East Africa a few years ago, saw them as we almost never see them in North America anymore, undimmed by city lights, thousands of them shining down on the Serengeti Plain, where the last Pleistocene animals left on earth still graze and hunt and wander. That view of the equatorial constellations seemed as antique to me as the animals did: To travel in the East African bush is to travel back in time 10,000 years, when the only light at night was moonlight and starshine, when those points of light were as familiar to men, and as mysterious, as the beings who moved beside them across the plain.

There was death on the plain, change, mire, passionate intensity, imperfection. It isn't hard to see how men divided the firmaments-the waters below, the heavens above: Even the sun could be eaten, blotted out in eclipse, even the moon, but never the stars. Imagine waking at the beginning of the world and seeing the stars. Leaves fall; children grow to manhood; the animal is opened and its strange interior plumbed; the sun's light fails and the stars come out; the sun's light increases and the stars fade away. They glow in patterns too complicated to discern. They disappear north and south as the seasons change but return more certainly than the herds of wildebeest return, more certainly than the long rains. Fathers fail at hunting; mothers bear dead twins; the stars appear and fade and appear and fade again. Only the rocks that in places marked the plain had such endurance, and over a man's lifetime even they suffered weather and change. The stars suffered nothing at all.

The old order, the religious order, saw eternity and perfection in the stars and asked why and heard only the whistling of the wind. The new order, the scientific order, sees violence and change and asks how and the cards fill the bins. When, in 1054, the supernova that would become the Crab nebula appeared in the sky, the one the Chinese astronomers saw, no one in Europe dared endanger his immortal soul by recording that he had noticed it-had noticed less than unchanging perfection in the sky-and only Asian records of its appearance survive; today astronomers catalog such supernovae as enthusiastically as ornithologists catalog the arrival of rare birds. Once we talked to God; now we attempt to talk to alien civilizations out along the Milky Way. Once we counted 6000 stars in the night sky; now we count billions, stars and galaxies both, and billions beyond that, most of them forever unresolvable from the other billions through which they swing. Most of the universe is empty space: The stars burn not from love but from thermonuclear fusion. If 100 billion races occupy planets like our own, the common state of matter is still not flesh but gas, and between the gas is

Now at the beginning of our second evolution, we are not necessarily more sophisticated, despite our tools, but our expectations have changed, and with them, perhaps, our hopes. We know more now and hope for less, because we have learned there are barriers to our understanding that nature itself throws up: distances beyond which we cannot see, predictions we cannot make, interiors we cannot enter or, having entered, from which we can never return. If religious belief, our companion through the long millennia of our first evolution, is faltering everywhere in the world, and it is, it is not faltering because knowledge has disproved it but because a method of knowledge has displaced it: because we have made an exchange, how for why. vastness for certitude, the dance of time for the perfection of the timeless.

To know with reasonable certainty the few things that we know is priceless, but it has meant giving up all the possibilities that could not be. On that rock we have built our new church, for better or worse. The galaxy has turned only 50 times since time began, organizing itself from insignificance into light: How many times, organizing ourselves, and through how much pain and through how much exaltation, have we, and will we how many more, and still the holy mire?



"Next time, don't release the male and female lions at the same time."

"PRETTY BABY"

(continued from page 104)

"Violet was real. She told how her virginity was sold at auction when she was 12 years old."

real. We got her from the Al Rose book called Storyville. . . . There was an interview, only a few pages long, with a respectable old woman, a grandmother living in a middle-class neighborhood. We didn't even change her name, Violet. She's dead now, but Violet recalled being a 'trick baby'-the daughter of a whore. She told how she was raised and started to work when she was about eight, doing what they call 'French,' how her virginity was sold at auction when she was 12 years old. She also described something I had to put in the film, which she called a mother-daughter act. It's on the screen, with Brooke and Susan, though you don't actually see anything."

While he was nursing *Pretty Baby* through the final stages of editing and scoring last fall, Malle commuted between a Manhattan lab and a country house in Westchester. It was then that he began to feel heat from the press, first in an inflammatory *New York* magazine cover story about 12-year-old Brooke

Shields, the nymphetish prodigy cast as Violet. A top child model who was discovered by photographer Francesco Scavullo and became the Ivory Snow baby before she was a year old, Brooke from the neck up is a match for Ava Garduer in her prime, though the rest of her looks like any healthy elementary school girl (Malle first captured Brooke's elusive seductiveness in pictures for the Film Directors' Erotic Fantasies portfolio in our January issue).

New York's free-lancer Joan Goodman—an Englishwoman with a stiletto up her sleeve, according to reports from the wounded—visited Pretty Baby on location in New Orleans and returned to pigeonhole the movie as "Lolita, only in period costume and much more explicit." There was also some hand wringing in print about Brooke as the newest and brightest of Hollywood's "corrupted innocents" in the Jodie Foster—Tatum O'Neal tradition. All of Goodman's revelations were punctuated with sighs as if it

"No, young man, it's not measles. It looks like a case of a pulsating shower head!"

hurt a lot to tell the world that Brooke had posed in the nude and would probably be doing a *Penthouse* spread (wrong) with the approval of her inexorably ambitious divorced mother, Teri Shields, manager of Brooke Shields & Co. Inc.

Public reaction was swift, with at least one child-welfare group threatening to take Teri's million-dollar baby out of her custody entirely. While Paramount publicity hawks flew in circles, Brooke and Teri went on a TV talk show to counterattack, insisting they had been misquoted and generally maligned and citing, for example, Goodman's alleged quote from Teri about Brooke's inconveniently having her first menstrual period while the film was being shot. "I don't even have periods yet," testified Brooke, who ought to know.

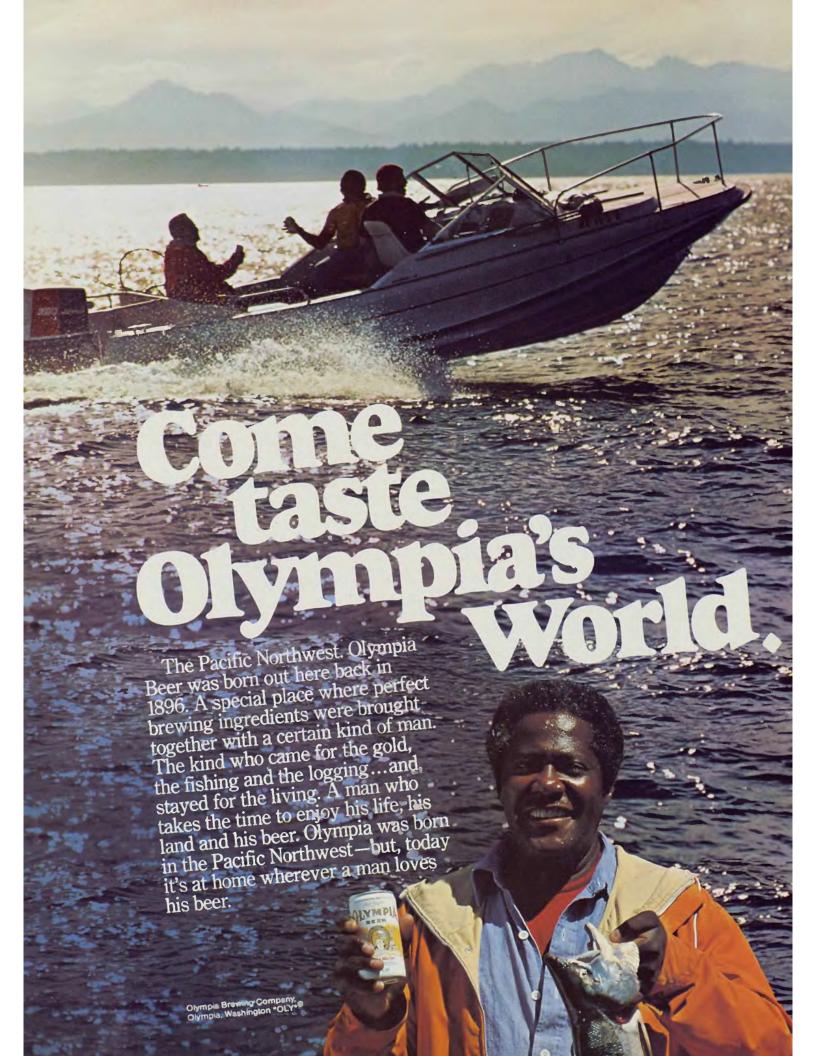
Malle's response was more vehement. "To me, it's a trashy article written for a trashy magazine. It's also full of lies, and I wrote a letter of insult to Joan Goodman to tell her my opinion. Disgusting. But I'd like to say, in defense of Brooke Shields—who is made out to be some kind of freak—that it's absolutely not so. Brooke has been very well educated by Teri. She's got the best possible manners, and for an inexperienced actress, she learns very fast. She's not one of these stage kids who behave like mechanical dolls."

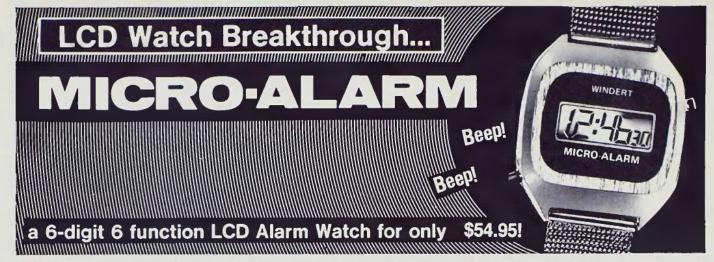
As Brooke's leading man, Keith Carradine found himself done up to resemble a Chekhovian cradle snatcher in a role that Paramount's top brass had considered perfect for Jack Nicholson.

"I think it would have been a disaster," says Malle. "Though Jack is a very fine actor, he's too contemporary, too heavy. I was interested in Robert De Niro for the Bellocq part at one point. To me, he's the best American actor today, but he was busy. Finally, Keith is perfect, yet everyone was horrified when I cast him. They thought he was too young, too good-looking. But we have romanticized Bellocq, and Keith has that shy, tender quality, a kind of softness...."

Carradine nevertheless found some of his intimate scenes with Brooke pretty hard to face. "Difficult," he recalls now, "or at least delicate. But after seeing Murmur of the Heart, I had implicit faith in Louis' taste and judgment. Besides, I was very moved by the script. And no matter what you've heard, Brooke is a relatively innocent, normal little 12-year-old girl. Our scenes might have been easier, in a sense, if she had been more precocious that way. It took a bit of patience."

According to Teri, her daughter's crush on Keith ended abruptly when she was required to kiss him oncamera. "Brooke found that distasteful. She said she'd wanted to look back, when she's 25, on her first kiss with a boy her own age. I





At last, a constant readout (no buttons to push) precision quartz electronic watch with a built-in 24 hour alarm system.

A quiet revolution has been taking place in the electronic watch industry during the last few years. Push-button LED's are being replaced with continuous-display LCD watches; 4-digit displays are being replaced by 6-digit readouts. This year there will be many such LCD watches available.

However, Winthrop-Rogers prides itself on offering not only the most technologically-perfect products available, but also on introducing the most technologically-advanced products on the electronic market before they are readily available. Therefore, we are pleased to announce the most remarkable achievement in electronic watch technology to-date.

By combining the quartz-accuracy precision of the LCD watch with miniaturized alarm technology, we proudly introduce the first CONTINUOUS DISPLAY ALARM WATCH. A watch that may not be available from other sources for years can now be yours at a price hundreds of dollars less than you would imagine.

And now consider the incredible convenience of a portable alarm clock handsomely adorning your wrist at all times!!!

- Never again missing an appointment because you lost track of time.
- Never again missing a plane or a train because you didn't relize how late it had become.
- Never again forgetting to make that allimportant phone call.
- Never having to worry about forgetting to take important medication on time.
- Never worrying about waking up from that catnap, or at a hotel if your wake-up call isn't on time.
- Always being aware of when you should be coming or going or doing all that your hectic schedule demands — without devoting your valuable time to trying to remember it all.



SET TO RING AT 7:55 A.M.

THE ALARM

The MICRO-ALARM has a 24 hour Alarm System, allowing you to set your watch to signal at any minute of the day or night (1,440 settings per day are possible). Dnce set, you need not be concerned about your next appointment or train, plane or phone call. The MICRO-ALARM will remember for you and remind you when you need to be reminded.

SNODZE/REMIND CONTROL

For your convenience the MICRD-ALARM will give one short beep prior to its full alarm cycle, allowing you to turn it off without disturbing others. If not deactivated after the first short beep, the alarm will then beep for 15 continuous seconds. Push the deactivate button twice and the alarm is off. However, should you want a further reminder, then push the deactivate button only once and the alarm will go through its cycle again in exactly 5 minutes, allowing you to continue your current activity whether it be a snooze or phone call without fear of forgetting your next commitment.

12:34 AND 56 SECONDS

12: 3456

6-DIGIT LCD DISPLAY

The MICRO-ALARM has a 6-digit readout showing hours, minutes and seconds at a glance. Since the readout is by Liquid Crystal Display (LCD) and not by Light Emitting Diode (LED), no button has to be pushed; the time is continuously displayed! A built in night-tight functions at the push of a button for reading in darkness.

AUGUST 15th FRIDAY

8:15 FA

CALENDAR DISPLAY

Just one push of the control button converts the display into a 3-function calendar; displaying the month, date of the month, and day of the week. The remarkable memory built into the module knows each month and the number of days in that month and resets automatically on the first day of the new month.

QUARTZ ACCURACY

The MICRO-ALARM is extraordinarily accurate. Its module is manufactured by Hughes Aircraft Company, one of the world's foremost manufacturers of microelectronics, and is guaranteed accurate to within 3 minutes a year (averaging less than 15 seconds per month). You can depend on the accuracy year after year. There are no moving parts, so there is nothing to wear out or even require servicing. The result of this accuracy is that you can set your watch to the second.

THINK ABOUT IT!

Even if you have no consistant need for a watch with e built-in electronic alerm, the MICRO-ALARM is e valuable investment for its watch features alone:

- It is the most up-to-date fully-functioning electronic watch available today.
- 2. It is accurate to +/- 15 seconds per month, and never has to be wound put it on, end the time end date are correct even if it has been in a drawer for a month!
- Its elegant styling will compliment any attire end alicit compliments from your essociates and friends.
- 4. At this price you can not find a better buy.
- One day you will have a critical need to be reminded of a vital appointment — and then, having used the alarm function once, you will never again return to any other reminder system.
- 6. Why buy an ordinary watch when you can own a MICRO-ALARM?

ELEGANT MESH BRACELET

Each MICRO-ALARM comes with a 1 year limited warranty. You may order in your choice of gold-tone or silvertone case. Each for only \$54.95 plus \$1.99 for shipping and handling. Each MICRO-ALARM comes with a matching, elegant, thin mesh bracelet, more handsome and much more practical than those "pull over-snap" type bracelets. This band adjusts comfortably and easily, eliminating cumbersome link adjustments.

15 DAY TRIAL

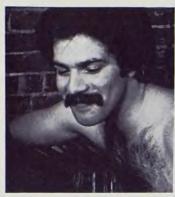
Wear the MICRO-ALARM for 15 days to assure yourself that this is no ordinary watch. If at the end of that time you are dissatisfied for any reason you may return it for a prompt refund, no questions asked.

To order by credit card please phone our 24-hour toll-free number:

800-325-6400 ask for Oper. 54

In Missouri: 800-342-6600 ask for Operator 54 or mail the attached coupon with your payment and the MICRO-ALARM will be on its way to you.

be on its way to you.	
Allow 3-4 Weeks For Delive	ery
Winthrop-Rogers Ltd.	V2803W
Box A69, 1135 Greenridge Rd., Buffelo Gro	ve, II 60090
Please sendMICRD-ALARMS @ \$: plus \$1.99 for shipping and handlingSilvertone MICRO-ALARMGoldtone MICRO-ALARM If I am not completely satisfied I ma for a full refund. Total amount ensit check or money order. (Illinois resid add 5% sales tax.) No C.O.D.s please. Charge: Amer. Exp. Bank A	y return it sed \$, ents please
Card #	Exp
Signature	
Name	
Address	Apt
CityState	Zip
To expediate shipping by UPS, pleastreet address rather than P.O. Box	









How To Free Your Inner Good Looks!

NOW ... Learn about an amazing new system for using your mind to add Good Looks and Sex Appeal to your face!

Did you ever notice that many people who seem to be good-looking really aren't good-looking at all? Either their ears stick out their noses are too big, their chins are too weak...or even worse. Yet most people find them tremendously sexy and good-looking!! How come? Because these people have discovered exactly how to let out the good looks and sex appeal that are locked inside all of us. And now...thanks to the great new mind-reprogramming book called IN-NER LOOKS...you can, too! Yes, now you can develop the kind of magnetic attractiviness and sex appeal that excites and arouses others the moment you walk into a room.

HOW MOVIE STARS APPEAR BETTER-LOOKING THAN THEY REALLY ARE

Are you one of the many people who dream about how exciting life would be if only you'd been born with the sexy good looks of a movie star? Well, INNER LOOKS will show you the same techniques actors and actresses use to make themselves appear far more attractive than they really are.

For example, you will learn how to use a stern, commanding look to excite and even sexually arouse members of the opposite sex...How to unleash the conceited" narcissistic side of your personality (and why not doing this is what keeps most people so plain and ordinary looking).

Here are just a few of the incredible, life-

altering techniques waiting for you in this phenomenal new best-seller.

A sure-fire way to get others to fanta-

Stream way to get offers to failtain size about you sexually
 How to bring out your inner good looks by feeling the emotions you may normally be too afraid to feel

The fascinating theory that explains why the less you worry about your looks

the better looking you become
• Fragile Good Looks—why the good looks you have to search for in a face are now recognized as the most appealing looks of all (If you have Fragile Good Looks, all you have to do is learn how to put them to work for you)

A system for pouring all your psychic and sexual energy into your eyes...and how this one simple technique can make you immensely attractive, even to those

who at first hardly noticed you

• How to "break the laws" of polite conversation...and why this often excites and intrigues those you are attracted to

 The Face "At Ease"—the incredibly inviting attractiveness of people who are at peace with themselves

 How to immediately start having your "Good Looking Days" more often and your "ugly" days (those days when you don't like the way you look) hardly at all. INNER LOOKS is a whole new way of using the incredibly powerful forces of your mind to reshape and transform your face. It's a system that works naturally and healthfully from within to bring out the emotions and confidence that others can't help but respond to.

And the really terrific thing about INNER LOOKS is that it works for everyone— men as well as women. You don't have to be young...you don't have to be thin...you don't have to be special in any way. All you have to do is follow a series of remarkably simple mind-programming exercises...exercises designed to unleash the almost earth-shattering animal magnetisim that is locked inside

IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS IN TWO WEEKS

INNER LOOKS is unconditionally guaranteed to improve your looks in two weeks...or your money back. There is simply no way the power of this brilliant system can fail you. And we're not talking about a modest little improvement that you have to search for in the mirror. No, this is a change that is so vast, so **electrifyingly** attractive, everyone you know will notice it—your family, your friends, even strangers in the street. INNER LOOKS costs only \$7.95—far less than you'd spend on a new blouse, shirt, perfume or after shave lotion. Yet INNER LOOKS is guaranteed to improve your appearance far more dramatically and permanently. That's becaus INNER LOOKS makes you better-looking and sexier in the only way that really counts—from within!! Soon you'll have a vast new confidence in your looks. When you walk into a party, you'll know that the people you meet will find you sexy and attractive. And that's what looking good is all about. INNER LOOKS is not available in bookstores. So send for this mind-opening and face-improving book today. And discover just how sexy and exciting life can really be.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Eric Weber is the well-known author of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS, HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL and 100 GREAT OPENING LINES. Although Erics consists though Eric's nose is too big, his face too broad, and his height



only 55", he is mar-ried to a shapely, stunning blond. Here are just a few of the techniques that have helped Eric look handsomer and sexier than the not-so-perfect features he was born with:

 How to "Free" your inner good looks—
IT'S EASY AS KNOWING HOW TO LET IT HAPPEN-and how this will attract and seduce the scores of people who are still, and will always be, prisoners of

 Three simple dressing techniques that will inflame and excite the imagination of

© SYMPHONY PRESS 1977

Maggie Rajouane is the sensuous author of HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE MAN. Although Maggie has straggly hair, an overly skinny face, and almost no bust at all, men find her sexy and alluring. For five years Maggie



was married to a rich, handsome banker. After she divorced him, she has enjoyed a string of lovers that most women would give up their eye teeth for. HOW does Maggie do it? Here are a few of the methods that have helped her look far prettier than she actually is

 How Cleopatra—in reality, a short, dumply, plain little woman used the powers of her mind to make men see her as tall, beautiful, elegant...

Minimal Beauty—It's clean hair, very little makeup, and just the hint of good looks—Learn why today it's what many find the most appealing looks of all.

NO	RISK	COUP	ON	

Symp 7 W.	Clinto	Pres	s, Inc.	Dept.	WR IJ 076	70
				OKS rio		

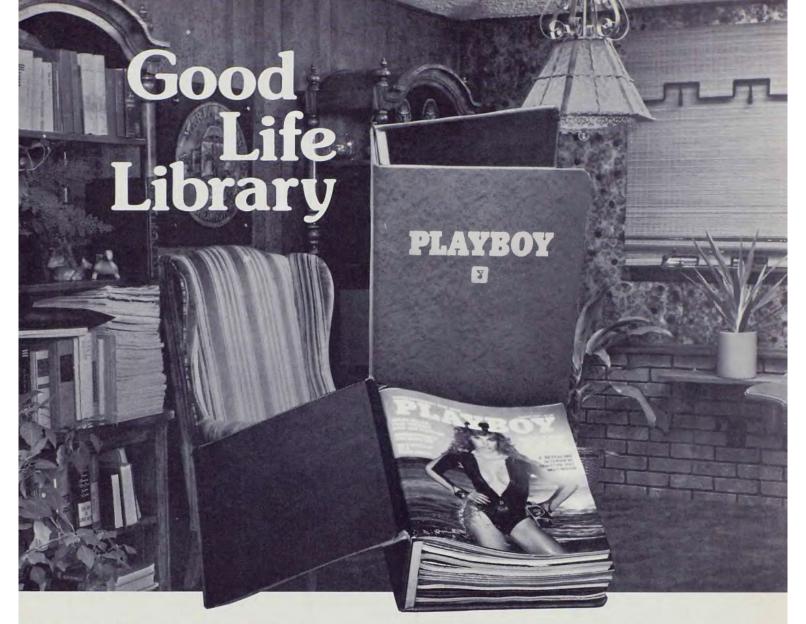
a	Send me INNER LOOKS right away. I've en-
	closed \$7.95 plus \$1.00 postage and hand-
ш	ling. I understand that if I'm dissatisfied with
	the book in any way I may return it (within 30
Ì	days please) for a complete and immediate refund.

MasterCharge#	Exp. Date
BankAmericard#	Exp. Date

(sign here if charging on credit card)

Name_ Street_

Zip_ City_ State_



The good life isn't everything. Just most things to some people.

For the Playboy reader, the good life begins with luxe back issue binders that each keep six months worth of Playmates tidily tucked into an Antique Tan leatherette cover. Unabashedly embossed with PLAYBOY and the Rabbit emblem they make a sleek and handsome addition to your personal library of what's what, who's who, and what to do.

If good music means the good life...it matters not whether your zenith of "good" means the most acidic of rock or the most mellow of mood music. It's all there in your back issues.

If good movies mean the good life...save your times for the good ones. Each month Playboy reviews the stellar releases for the silver screen with pithy insights and considerable punch.

If good reading means the good life...the names to watch in fiction and non-fiction bring you the world you know and several you don't. They're as close as your easy chair.

You'll want to order several binders. Catch up (for certain) and order an extra for ample growing room.

How to order your Playboy Binders!

A single binder (LR0198), which holds six issues, is available at \$5.50 each; or buy two (LR0199) for just \$10.00. Please add shipping and handling charges as follows: Orders up to \$10.00, add \$1.30; on orders from \$10.01 to \$25.00, add \$2.50; from \$25.01 to \$50.00, add \$3.50; over \$50.00, FREE shipping and handling. Illinois residents, add 5% tax. Make your check payable to Playboy Products (no C.O.D. orders, please). Or, if you prefer, you may charge your binders to BankAmericard (Visa), American Express or Master Charge. However, be sure to include the card number, validation and expiration dates.

Playboy Products
Dept. PP205

P.O. Box 3386 Chicago, Illinois 60654

NOTE: Prices subject to change without notice.



told her this was just acting and didn't count."

Pretty Baby's bawdier instances of sex and nudity are left to the grown-up whores who work for Madam Nell (Frances Faye) in a brothel that often humps with joy and funky Jelly Roll music. Top girl in the line-up is Violet's mother, played by Susan Sarandon, whose big Bette Davis eyes and obvious talent have kept her in the Hollywood limelight since she made her debut as the doomed runaway daughter in Joe. Susan struck pay dirt again with her role as the sinnedagainst wife in The Other Side of Midnight and has no reason at all to worry about competition from a mini-sex symbol. "The fact is," she observes matter-offactly, "Brooke has been in the business a lot longer than I have. She also knows she's going to be a star, and at moments she can manipulate people and situations much more cleverly than her mother does. Brooke is terrific, just incredible, though you have to wonder what she'll be like by the time she's 30."

Malle insists that he never had any doubt about casting Susan as Hattie. His hang-up was finding the right Violet. "It's unimportant that mother and daughter don't look alike. But at first I felt Brooke was too extraordinarily beautiful for the part. There's something disturbing about her . . . with this face of a woman, the body of a child. But Susan's is the difficult role in the movie. She's a horrible character. She's a monster, abandoning the girl. She's completely selfcentered; she's also childish, born in a whorehouse herself and obsessed with the idea of escaping. She doesn't know what or where she is . . . she's a mess, yet she is very touching."

This may be the spot for a footnote to acknowledge Malle and Sarandon as an offscreen couple whose togetherness started way down yonder in New Orleans and has been routinely fed into the gossip mills as a hot item ever since. Mention it to them and they look exquisitely bored-or perhaps just baffled that anyone in the civilized world still thinks it's news when a gifted director and his fetching star become fast friends for a while. Susan remains married to, and amiably separated from, actor Chris Sarandon (who played Margaux Hemingway's rapist in Lipstick and Al Pacino's gay "wife" in Dog Day Afternoon). Malle, once married and divorced, has two children from subsequent liaisons, nonchalantly identified in his official Paramount bio as "born out of wedlock to two different women."

Such statements elicit a heavenward glance accompanied by a perfect Gallic shrug from Malle. "They make my life sound more swinging than it actually is. We all get along very well. The mothers come and go with the children, they stay

at my house in France—near Toulouse, where the Concorde is made. The truth is so simple. I decided that marriage was not really my trip. When I was married, I didn't have children. It was only when I stopped being married that I started having children."

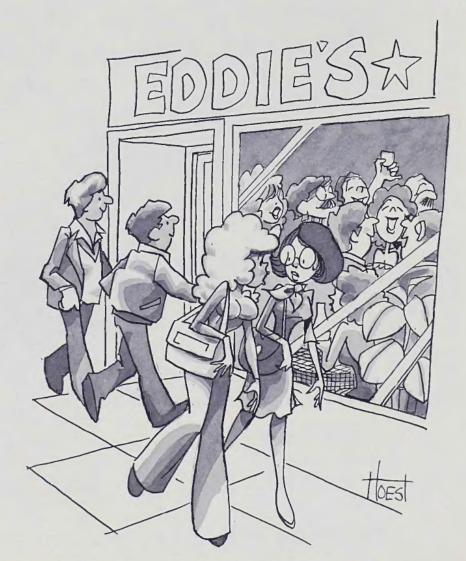
Though he's a man accustomed to doing his own thing in exactly his own way, Malle could scarcely hope to launch Pretty Baby without the risk of criticism, idle rumors and random flak. Soon after shooting began, stories out of New Orleans hinted at dissension between Malle, the European perfectionist, and his resentful, overworked American crew. Professional conflicts were exacerbated by personal tragedy when Swedish cinematographer Sven Nykvist, Malle's chief ally, was forced to leave the location for two weeks after his teenaged son was killed in a traffic accident in Europe,

"Contrary to published reports, our troubles had nothing to do with my being French," says Malle, "or my crew's being American, Swiss or Spanish. My methods are no different from the methods of 15 or 20 of the best American directors. I work in confusion and disorder; I keep contradicting myself all the time, making changes. That's my essential privilege as an artist."

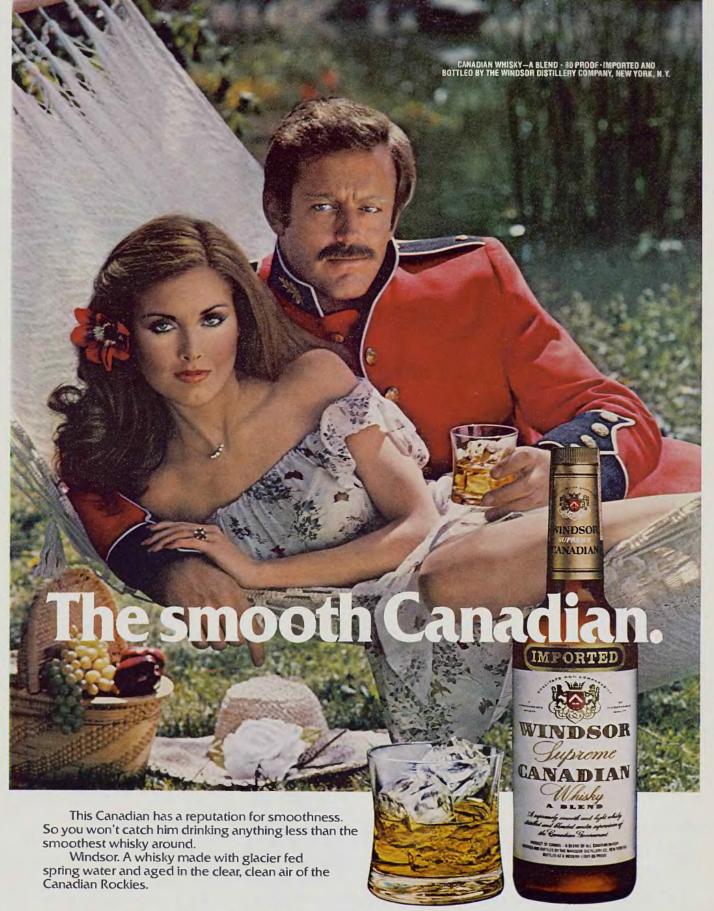
Hurt feelings and harsh words are forgotten, in any case, now that everyone has seen and loved a highly promising rough cut of *Pretty Baby*. After the good word leaked, Paramount's top executives were wearing money-in-the-bank smiles. Meanwhile, Brooke Shields was with her mother in Santa Cruz, California, starring in a brand-new movie, Rudy Durand's *Tilt*. According to a late flash from Teri, Brooke plays a teenaged pinball champion who is finally beaten by Charles Durning: "He's the only one Brooke tilts to, because she's never tilted in her life."

Move over, Tatum. Make way, Jodie. Brooke is here, and from the look of things, she could be a Wunderkind to beat all.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON



"I'll say it was crowded! I got laid twice and I never even left the bar!"



Try Windsor. It's got a reputation for smoothness.

COLLECTING FOR TOMORROW

TRASH OR TREASURE?

The best thing about collecting is that anyone can do it. Just start saving bottle caps, fountain pens, old magazines or whatever turns you on and-voilà!you're a collector. But 10 to 15 years ago, people who were clever didn't invest their time and money in worthless trinkets. Instead, they stashed away such things as stained-glass windows and Tiffany lamps when perfect windows could be had for under \$25 and people practically gave away their old, ornate art-glass lamps. Today, these smart folks are in the position to unload their collections for big dough.

Is there any sure way to predict what will become tomorrow's treasures? Should you start saving empty aerosol shaving cans with the hope that in five years they'll be sought after like crazy? Should you save that funky Forties plastic radio because it doesn't have FM?

First, remember that for an item to become worth while, there has to be a large enough variety around to make searching for it rewarding. Witness beer cans: Many people lust after them because there's such a huge selection available. On the other hand, if you're collecting the ceramics of a certain New England potter, chances are you're not going to get much of a kick out of searching, because pieces will be extremely difficult to find.

WHAT TO SAVE

With these thoughts in mind, here's a random selection of items you might consider saving for the future. Some of them are already being collected, but generally, the prices you'll have to pay are still relatively low.

It's a safe bet that anything that's the best and worst of a specific period will increase in value. Good furniture is always savable. So are good china, kitchen gadgets and pots and pans. At the other extreme, so is what's really kitschy-the ugliest, tackiest table lamps, the most forgettable fashions, the grossest fabrics and ashtrays. What you wouldn't be caught dead with today, tomorrow may become the height of kitsch chic.

Also consider putting your money on things that are event, place and time oriented. For example, it's likely that some of the more unusual Bicentennial

products will be sought after by future collectors. But if the World's Fair of 1933 is any indication, the most prized objects will be the ones that originally cost some money, not the junk that was practically given away at every supermarket and

Objects that are excellent examples of the handiwork of a country are worth holding on to. We've all seen the boom in the prices of American Indian artifacts. The same may be true of contemporary Oriental finery, the best



embroideries, carvings and brasswork from India, Moroccan weavings and even Irish hand-knit fisherman's sweaters.

SPECIFIC CATEGORIES

FIFTIES FAB: Collectors have swept through art nouveau, done homage to deco and grabbed practically everything worth while out of the Thirties and Forties, so what's left? The Fifties, a decade many would like to forget. You may not dig blond furniture, wrought-iron lamps and greaser jackets right now, but tomorrow, who knows? Punk rockers, in fact. have already adopted a pseudo-West Side Story look.

SIXTIES PSYCHEDELIC: Ready to wax nostalgic about the Age of Aquarius? Actually, a great deal of imaginative art, especially in posters, book and album covers and advertising, happened at the height of Haight madness. All those record covers with clever moving images, crazy inserts and wild pop-outs will gain fame. Black-light posters and boxes will also find their niche in history. The Sixties also produced an amazing array of smoking paraphernalia-from ridiculous, ugly bongs to delicately hand-crafted roach holders and clever pot pipes designed to fool the narcs.

WESTERN CHIC: Hip collectors are taking a second look at such things as fancy square-dance outfits, authentic Western shirts (the ones with pearl snaps) and cowboy boots, belts, hats and string ties.

ADVERTISING TREASURES: Any sort of packaging that's a barometer of the times may be savable. Health and ethnic stores are good sources of unusual packages. Also collectible are shopping bags, a neglected area. (You can bet that ones from Abercrombie & Fitch will be prized in the future.) Wooden and tin containers of all sorts are worth keeping. A few years ago, neon signs achieved some notoriety when they became the subject of a major museum exhibit. Restaurants and shops that are going out of business occasionally abandon them and the prices often are reasonable. The most coveted signs are those of objects such as shoes, shirts, sofas and chickens. And don't toss out your message T-shirts when you're tired of them-they may become as valuable as buttons and posters.

PAPER CHASE: Of course, the first issue of almost any magazine is hot, and it becomes even hotter if the publication has a short life span. Some dealers advise collecting TV Guide as an up-to-date historical document of our principal mass medium. Comic books are high on the list, especially the new Star Wars ones. (In fact, anything to do with Star Wars will be sought after in the future.) In general, the schlockier movie mags, specializing in rumors, gossip and lies, are more collectible than the cinema-as-art periodicals. Special editions, such as those on the Son of Sam, Farrah Fawcett-Majors and Rocky, should be collector's items.

EROTICA: Don't get rid of vibrators, inflatable dolls, S/M leather outfits, moving dildos, battery-operated ben-wa balls. rubber vaginas and French ticklers just because your bedroom interests have changed. Since these and other pleasure toys have been marketed on a mass scale just in the past decade, they're probably the vanguard of a whole new collect--VICTORIA CHEN HAIDER 221 ing fetish.

New Benson & Hedges 100's Lights

Who could make light of themselves better?

BENSON & HEDGES

100's

BENSON & HEDGES



Only 11 mg tai

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

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

MEDICAL SELF-CARE

BEING YOUR OWN PARAMEDIC

A dinner guest complains of nausea and abdominal pain. His host asks him a few simple questions, then insists on rushing him to the nearest hospital emergency room, where an appendectomy is performed. A carpenter, kept awake by the throbbing of a hammer-blow injury to his thumb, relieves the pain by burning through the nail with a red-hot paper clip. A young father examines his son's aching ear with his own otoscope, then reports his observations to the doctor by phone.

None of these people is a medical professional, yet all have recently learned new medical skills: some from new medical classes for lay people now being taught at dozens of schools and clinics, some from a new breed of self-care publications that teach skills formerly reserved for doctors.

Self-care, the idea that health consumers can and should take more responsibility for their own health, may be the hottest new development in health care since antibiotics. It encourages us to improve our level of wellness without waiting for symptoms to appear; it holds out the promise of lower health-care costs and-best of all-it provides a way each of us can do something about our health without depending on Congress, the A.M.A. or Government agencies.

YOUR BLACK BAG

Self-care classes are by no means all the same, but most cover three broad areas: hands-on medical skills, medical consumerism and awareness of how daily habits contribute to potential illness.

If you were to take such a class, you might start out by learning how to put together and use your own black bag of medical tools: stethoscope, blood-pressure cuff, otoscope, tongue blades, thermometer, high-intensity penlight and dental mirror. Next, you might learn to use detailed flow charts called clinical algorithms-one for each common medical complaint-to help determine if a given problem requires a doctor's attention and, if not, what home remedies are indicated.

Medical-consumer skills include evaluating your present medical care, discussing fees, getting what you want from a doctor's visit, seeking a second opinion and changing doctors, if necessary. The ideal of self-care is for doctor and client to work together as a team-the client using the physician as a skilled resource rather than blindly following orders. However, all physicians are not yet enthusiastic self-care advocates, so you might also learn ways to force a busy doctor to answer your questions and how to look up medical information-including possible drug side effects-on your own.

Most self-care teachers agree that the best way to take more responsibility for your own health is to adopt a healthy



lifestyle. Many self-care classes use selfadministered questionnaires to help each participant calculate just how much present habits may be contributing to future

DOCTORS AS TEACHERS

While some physicians are uncomfortable with the change in role betterinformed patients would require of them, others, myself included (I'll receive my M.D. from Yale this June), welcome the chance to teach as well as treat. Most family doctors estimate that half or more of their visits are from patients who do not really require a physician's care. Self-care would allow doctors to spend more time with patients who can genuinely benefit from their skills.

SELF-CARE PUBLICATIONS

Until recently, the only books and periodicals teaching clinical skills were medical school texts and professional journals. No more. There are now a number of excellent self-care publications. My personal favorites:

How to Be Your Own Doctor (Sometimes), by Keith W. Sehnert, M.D., with Howard Eisenberg. A self-study textbook by one of the pioneers of the self-care movement. Dr. Sehnert was the first physician to teach self-care classes to his patients—back in 1970.

Take Care of Yourself: A Consumer's Guide to Medical Care, by Donald M. Vickery, M.D., and James F. Fries, M.D. Contains a good run-through of consumer skills, as well as the clinical algorithms for the 68 most common medical problems. Yes-or-no answers to key questions lead you through a system of logic to help you decide whether to see the doctor now, see the doctor sometime soon or apply home treatment.

Aerobics, by Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D. Tells you how to test your present level of fitness (by seeing how far you can run in 12 minutes), then helps you plan a tailor-made exercise program that can include jogging, swimming, biking, stationary running, handball and squash.

Medical Self-Care magazine. With all due modesty, I must recommend this new quarterly medical magazine for lay people-of which I'm the editor. Each issue carries articles, book reviews and tips in the areas listed above, as well as sections on health, human sexuality, basic sciences, drugs, mid-life, stress reduction, psychological self-care, etc. A nationwide listing of self-care classes is included in each issue. Subscriptions are seven dollars per year, sample copies two dollars, from Medical Self-Care, Box 717, Inverness, California 94937.

PLAYING DOCTOR-FOR REAL

The crux of the present "medical-care crisis" may turn out to be the simple fact that we've allowed our doctors to carry more of the burden of health care than we should have. The average person spends, at the most, only a few hours a year in a doctor's office. The other 99.9 percent of the time we are, of necessity, our own doctors. The self-care movement is made up of growing numbers of people-both inside and outside the medical profession-who feel we should be better trained for the job.



ONE GOOD THING



LEADS TO ANOTHER.

When it comes to a super-powered receiver, people know a good thing when they hear it.

That's why our KR-9600 is one of the most popular receivers in its category.

For less than \$750* you get 160 watts per channel, minimum RMS at 8 ohms, from 20-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.08% total harmonic distortion. With all the features and performance you'd expect from our top of the line receiver.

But let's face it. A lot of people don't need all that power. That's why we developed the KR-4070.

It's got 40 watts per channel, mini-

mum RMS at 8 ohms, from 20-20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion. (That's correct, 0.1% THD.) Plus all the features most people need.

But what's incredible, is that you can buy it for less than \$300.*

Depending on how much power you need, either receiver will give you more performance for less money than you thought possible.

Because at Kenwood, we think you can't get too much of a good thing.

*Nationally advertised value. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers. Handles optional.

KENWOOD

For the Kenwood Dealer nearest you, see your Yellow Pages, or write Kenwood, 15777 S. Broadway, Gardena, CA 90248

BOLOGNA AIN'T BALONEY

ITALY'S GASTRONOMIC CAPITAL

Bologna la Grassa, it is called. Bologna the Fat. Gastronomic capital of Italy. The only city in the country whose name is instantly associated not with paintings, not with monuments, not with emperors or with Popes but with food. A gastronomic capital of the world, if you will, with more great eating places per square block than any other city you can nameincluding Paris and New York.

Forget about anything you might think of as typical Italian cuisine. Spaghetti and meat balls? No. Also no macaroni, no tomato paste, no anchovies or lots of olive oil . . . to say nothing of manicotti alla ricotta or pizza with everything. For such delights, head south to Sicily, Cala-

bria or Naples.

In Bologna, butter is the basic cooking fat, rice is the staple, egg noodles are the pasta of choice and convenience. Out of the kitchens of Bologna comes cooking that is utterly rococo. There is something almost shameless about the way that anything alla Bolognese seems inevitably to call for an extra stuffing, a richer sauce, a merciless exploration of every agreeable combination of texture and flavor.

The town lies in the prosperous northern part of Italy, in a farm region about 140 miles by express train or superhighway from the industrial city of Milan. It is an important Italian cultural center, with music and drama, festivals and opera, the site of the famed Biennial Exhibition of Ancient and Modern Art and the home of the oldest and one of the most prestigious universities in Europe. It also happens to boast a Communist mayor and city government-not that that has anything to do with the quality of its food (the city is supposedly the best run in Italy).

WHERE TO EAT

The first thing to do when visiting, of course, is to find yourself a restaurant. Rosteria Luciano, on a cobblestoned alley not far from Bologna's imposing Piazza Maggiore, stands high on the list of the places I'd recommend.

It reminds me of a pleasant country inn, with gas lamps and wood carvings and pottery in niches. A sign on a wall in the dining room bears an elemental truth: TO LOVE WELL OR TO EAT WELL, ONE MUST ALWAYS BE A BIT OF AN ARTIST AND A BIT OF A POET.

Appetizer meats of the region begin a meal, brought to your table on a serving cart: mortadella, Bologna's original creation, noble ancestor to the humble baloney, made of fine-ground pork, heavily spiced and larded, carved, as it ought to be, in bite-sized chunks. Prosciutto from Parma, just a short drive away, greatest and most famous of all Italian hams, salmon pink in color, sweet-tasting yet faintly salted. Zampone sausage, pride of nearby Modena, a spicy concoction that Emile Zola once celebrated as "delicious



and divine." Then cotechino and culatello and a dozen more local sausage varieties. Some Trebbiano wine as an accompaniment, sharp, dry and golden, from grapes grown on the hillsides just beyond the city.

On to tortellini alla panna: tiny wheelshaped envelopes of perfect, hand-rolled egg noodle, stuffed with fresh ricotta and a grating of parmigiano, bathed in butter and cream, showered by the waiter with slivers of fresh Alba truffles.

A switch to a bottle of Sangiovese. Ruby red and serious, smooth, with a tangy aftertaste. A pause for an approving sip or two, and then on to Bologna's most celebrated meat course: cotoletta di tacchino, delicate fillet of turkey breast, sautéed for just an instant in butter, layered with the finest prosciutto, coated with aged parmigiano, smothered with the costliest of truffles, popped into the oven until the cheese runs golden. "Un boccone da cardinale," the Italians call this dish, a morsel fit for a cardinal.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

One evening, you must wander through the market quarter of Bologna, a maze of carless shopping streets behind the Piazza Maggiore. Be there when it's nearly dinnertime, when the housewives are rushing for their last-minute purchases, and soon you'll be caught up in their

Down along the Via Pescherie Vecchie (the street of fish stores) are the fruit-andvegetable stands. They are literally holes in the wall-archways of original Renaissance towers-piled high with open produce boxes, wooden trestles burdened to the breaking point with vine-ripened plum tomatoes, all kinds of grapes, artichokes, zucchini and asparagus. Here, too, are mountains of wild porcini mushrooms, with monstrous nut-brown caps, fresh from the woods around the town.

THE LAST COURSE

A visit will end with a stream of reminiscences, a montage of culinary impressions. The ancient city of Bologna is a fantasy, a stage set. But somewhere in a gastronomic grace beyond architectural theater is . . . the risotto of Ristorante Dante on the Via Belvedere-each grain of rice precisely individual, simmered in well-buttered broth, showered with fine white truffles, rich with the flavor of fresh porcini mushrooms. The union of tagliatelle and ragu at the Ristorante Bacco on Via Lepido is a marriage made in heaven-yellow egg noodles hand-rolled to precisely one millimeter thick and cut to six millimeters wide, bathed in a sauce of meat simmered in milk with wine and nutmeg, sprinkled with fresh parmigiano.

The Tower of Garisenda in Bologna leans only slightly less than the leaning tower of Pisa. Marvelous. But not nearly so marvelous as the 41 pastas on the menu of the recently refurbished Al Cantunzein restaurant on Piazza Verdi in the students' quarter-including owner Evio Battelani's prize-winning scrigno di Venerethe jewel box of Venus. An earthenware casserole filled with delicate green and yellow tagliatelle, lined with a giant egg noodle, tossed with prosciutto, porcini mushrooms, béchamel sauce and truffles.

Oh, everybody goes to Florence to see Italy. But you haven't tasted the greatness of Italian cooking until you've been to Bologna. -DAN ROSEN 225 The reputation built by word of mouth.



Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

TURNING ON TO TAPE

SORTING THEM OUT

The newest form of agonizing among audio buffs, at least among cassette-recorder owners, seems to be over what kind of tape to use. A variety of tapes have hit the market and they all promise sonic glories. How's a body to know?

In general, today's recording tapes fall into two categories—so-called standard or normal tapes and the more recent high-performance or supertapes. Standard tapes are low-noise ferric-oxide formulations, actually an improvement over older standard tapes that also used ferric oxide. The newer ones use various combinations. Some contain ferric-oxide particles that have been treated with cobalt; others use chromium dioxide; still others combine the two oxides and are known as ferrichrome.

It is generally agreed that the newer tapes can give better performance, but only when used on a recorder that can be correctly adjusted for their characteristics. The adjustments involved are for bias and for equalization. Bias refers to a high-frequency signal (far above what anyone can hear) applied to the recording head. Equalization is the frequency skewing introduced in recording, and its reciprocal corrective on playback.

The amount of bias required for standard tape is known as normal bias; the supertapes require more. The equalization associated with standard tapes (and normal bias) uses a time constant of 120 microseconds. The high-performance tapes, however, require a time constant of 70 microseconds. You may have seen these numbers on cassette packages or on recorders.

On professional-grade open-reel tape decks, bias and equalization adjustments usually are made inside the circuitry and are intended to be made by a knowledgeable professional using laboratory techniques. A really fussy pro actually may readjust his machine for each new reel of tape, even when it is of the same brand and type used before. It's almost like retuning a sports car for each new tankful of gasoline.

On semipro open-reel decks and on cassette recorders, the adjustments are simplified with front-panel switches with two or three settings instead of the continuously variable option provided for the pro machine. The owner's manual for such a recorder usually contains a list of recommended switch settings for best results with those tapes currently available. By using this list and the information on most tape packages, the owner can come up with very clean-sounding recordings.

The latest cassette decks, and especially the upper-priced models, generally offer three positions of bias. The lowest is still "normal" and the highest is intended for chromium dioxide. The midway setting is usually designated for ferrichrome tape,



which, strictly speaking, requires a bias higher than normal but not quite as high as that used for chromium dioxide. Similarly, the equalization switches on such models will typically have three settings, with one marked for ferrichrome tape, at least when recording.

SUPERTAPES

The "better performance" to be expected (especially with cassettes) from the new supertapes-when correctly matched to a given machine-includes such desiderata as extended high-frequency response, less distortion, improved signal-to-noise ratio and a fuller bass response, since more signal is put onto the tape for a given input level. Other factors, which relate more to the care with which the tape was manufactured than to its generic type, include freedom from dropout and consistency of the coating for the full length of the tape. (Which is one of the reasons it's wise to stick to such name brands as Ampex, BASF, Fuji, Maxell, Memorex, 3M "Scotch" and TDK, and avoid bargain tapes if you're really serious about your recording.)

MISMATCH BLUES

These virtues are real, but only when tape and machine are matched. What happens in a mismatch? Say you use a supertape on an older recorder that lacks the higher bias. You may or may not get the improved highs. If the underbiasing is relatively slight and you record at normal levels, you may get a brighter high end and an improved transient response. The bass probably will not be affected one way or the other. At higher recording levels, distortion may increase. In any event, you still would not be eliciting the optimum response of which that tape were capable. That is to say, the same tape used on a recorder that could be adjusted for it would sound better.

Let's consider the other kind of mismatch—using standard or normal tape on a recorder but with its adjustments set for the higher-performance tape. This time, the discrepancy (overbiasing) is like pouring water into an already full glass. You can get no more water into the glass and you probably will spill some over the side. Actually, overbiasing can cause any or all of these problems: reduction in the level of the highs, increased distortion, poorer signal-to-noise ratio. It will have little or no effect on the bass response.

Beyond these generalizations, little can be said with certainty about which tape (brand or type within a brand) is necessarily best for all recording work. For example, chromium dioxide has been criticized as causing head wear; it also has been stoutly defended and several major companies continue to market it.

So while all tapes have been improved, the oldest rule in tape recording (which any seasoned pro will quote at the drop of a capstan) remains: For best results with any tape, be sure it is matched to your recorder,

If you're still agonizing, record the same material on three or four different brands of tape, and then listen to the results on playback. If you hear no differences, there was no reason for your concern in the first place. If you do hear differences, then, obviously, you have solved the problem. —NORMAN EISENBERG

TOM SWIFT (continued from page 138)

" 'If middle-class America wants his wife to tie him up and tickle him, well . . . he deserves that."

squeeze penis bottle and a discreet Arpegeish box. She says, "Every time I come up with something new, someone tries to imitate it. Have you noticed how many things are fruit flavored? I started that. Before that, everything was perfumed. When I came up with something called Hot Lips, Max Factor tried to make Hot Lips. I made him stop using the name because I had it first. So, instead, I think he called it Kissing Potion. Of course, they're not saying it's for making love. They're selling it for the face."

And Steve Marché: "I'm sure, in a very few years, we'll have peckers hanging in

your major department stores,"

Me, I don't think so. If sex-aid manufacturers prostitute their lewdness to score the Bloomingdales trade, their characteristic identity will also be deballed. Max Factor and Elizabeth Arden can trounce them hands down at that hustle. The essential packaging will be of a different kind. Stores, not products, need to be giftwrapped. And they have been.

HOW TWO YOUNG MEN CLIMBED MONS VENERIS AND SAW A VAST PROSPECT

The years 1970 and 1971 mark a rubbershed in American cultural history, for several reasons. A guy who had been arrested for transporting dildos across state lines beat the rap on appeal, Terri Richmond cranked up her operation and Malorrus went whole pork into sex

But perhaps the most significant event of those years occurred when a young man named Duane Colglazier, fresh from his father's Colorado ranch, met a young man named Bill Rifkin. Together they synthesized the Pleasure Chest chain of

Duane: "We started very slowly-in a little store in the Village where the rent was \$75 a month. It was very, very small, And there was no place to stock, anyhow, so you didn't have to worry about stock. It just kind of grew and grew. Nine months later, we moved to a regular-sized store."

Bill: "Duane was afraid to admit we were selling the stuff. It was my idea to set up a high-class sex boutique and sell water beds and novelty items. And people would come in and say, 'Well, do you sell anything besides water beds?' Duane would say, 'No, that's it.' And they'd say, 'Well, what's upstairs?' And he'd say, 'Storage.' And I'd say, 'Duane, we're not going to do any business if you won't tell people what we're selling."

They guessed curve ball and their timing was exactly right. America had begun

to sprout hair in strange places; a national pubescence. Duane: "As soon as we moved into the new store, the Times came along and gave us a very wonderful review. It immediately put us right there in the establishment. If middle-class America wants his wife to tie him up and tickle him, well-you know . . . he deserves that."

Now there are nine discreet, plush, elitist Pleasure Chest boutiques from sea to shining sea, so well carpeted that you can't hear yourself go in; mirror-silvery luster, French-restaurant dimness.

Boutiques have revolutionized the sex industry. They provide point-of-sale input. Duane: "I like working in the store. It gives you the chance to meet people on a very intimate basis and get their feedback. For instance, fist fucking became popular in the gay community a couple of years ago. And the dildos that were made at the time were very small. I mean, hell, they didn't compare with a fist. We had a lot of requests for much larger dildos. I hired somebody to sculpt one. Now Marché makes about seven phallic types for us. And two fists. And one hand."

Steve Marché agrees: "Our biggest dildo is 30 inches long and three and a half inches in diameter. I have a surgeon friend. The only thing he could figure when he saw those giant dildos sitting on our counter was that the people who were using them were getting an inside heart massage."

Since 1970-1971, Pleasure Chest must have rung up one half million dollars' worth of business with Marché alone. That's a very erotic figure. It would make any manufacturer lubricate without Emotion Lotion. "I don't care what you want," Steve Marché told me, "you pay for it and you get it."

WHEREIN THE PHRASE "THIS IS GOING TO HURT ME MORE THAN IT WILL YOU" IS REVEALED TO BE A FALSEHOOD WHEN SPOKEN BY A LEATHER SALESMAN

Imagine the pain. Apparently, a lot of people do just that: imagine, imagine. The demand for S/M trinkets has swollen, like men with hydrocele. And when an S demands, he demands. Ten thousand steer have died to keep Pleasure Chest boutiques in leather. Duane and Bill dominate America's dominance market. Their office/factory is on 11th Avenue, with a superb underview of the elevated but not elevating West Side Highway as it affably corrodes down to iron grit. About 15 men-I.L.G.W.U. members

don't appear more pleasant or unfascist-labor in contentment at 120 11th Avenue. Time will pass quickly when you're having a good time. Leather is die-cut, glued, stitched, riveted or grommeted to make svelte labia spreaders and handcuff belts and neck-and-wrist restraints and blindfolds and ball gags and cock rings and harnesses and shackles. It's enthralling work. The human body can be connected to itself in more ways than a hotel switchboard. Pleasure Chest will also sell you Salem Stocks for \$225 or Punishment Chairs for \$210. The Pleasure Chest craftsmanship is elegant, Rolls-Royce quality. After just six years, Duane and Bill have become our largest bondage-tool manufacturers. They're almost in restraint of trade in trade of restraint.

Bill: "First thing Duane and I made was shackles. And we did them in our living room, on the floor; we had no sewing machines. Everything was hand-punched, hand-riveted, you know. We were doing, like, six pairs of shackles a week, some blindfolds. Now we do 60 pairs of shackles at \$30 each, 50 head harnesses at \$60 each—at a sitting. You're talking about thousands of plain-leather cock rings a year; that's still the best seller. And we custom-make leather clothes. They stretch with wear; we'll take them in, for free-no other company does that. A lot of times I'll wake up in the middle of the night with an idea for something. We have people who come in with things we know won't work. We try to switch them over, the way a car salesman would. Look, we say, it's more practical for the hood to open this way than that."

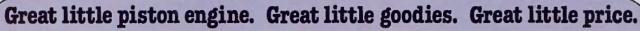
Duane: "The clerk at one of our stores called up. A customer had asked for a pair of shackles for an infant." I am somewhat shocked. Duane isn't. "Maybe the baby sucks its thumb and they wanted to keep his hands apart." Maybe.

"What was that book, Duane? The one with the grope suit in it?"

"You mean The Joy of Sex." Grope suit? I ask. What's a grope suit? "We have no idea. But, based on the book, we tried to build one. Supposedly, it was a suit made out of hair that would arouse all the crotic zones in your body. Clitoral stimulators, anal stimulators and everything else. We tried to put it together, only no way would it work. But when you have hundreds of people asking for an item, you try. That's why we're here. Service."

And who buys all this Auschwitz surplus? you want to know. Bill: "Our store in Greenwich Village is 60 to 70 percent gay. The uptown store is 70 percent straight. A lot of the things we sell downtown, we don't sell uptown. Like dildos; we can't sell dildos uptown. Uptown, they buy vibrators. They buy creams. And they buy a tremendous amount of leather. See, homosexuals had so much going

You're gonna love our Great Little Car. Mazda GLC 5-Door Hatchback.





5-door Hatchback. \$3770**! A roomy new Deluxe GLC in a whole line of roomy GLCs for 1978. The GLC 5-door is for those who believe the only thing better than a GLC hatchback with three doors is a GLC hatchback with five.

It has GLC's split rear seat, standard. Which lets you take a back-seat passenger along, along

with two weeks' groceries or golf clubs or luggage or what have you. Both seats folded down reveals a plushy carpeted deck. Very nice.

There's a nifty little button under the dash that electrically unlatches the hatch. (You may open the



CHOICE OF TRANSMISSIONS

It has three transmissions to choose from. 4-speed is standard, while easy

automatic and frugal 5-speed are available.

There's simply much more than you'd ever expect in a car its size. But, for not much money. And that's the case with every GLC model: the GLC Standard 3-door Hatchback, GLC Deluxe 3-door Hatchback, and GLC Sport.

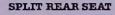
Mazda's Great Little Car is a great little car. You're gonna love it.

EPA estimates based on optional 5-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary de-pending on how and where you drive, your car's condition, and optional equipment. 42/33 mpg Calif.

*POE Los Angeles prices (slightly higher in California, and other areas). Taxas, license, freight, and optional equipment are extra. GLC prices for models not shown range from \$3245 to \$3920

REMOTE HATCH RELEASE







GLC. Now, four great little cars in all, from \$3245.**

against them to begin with, so it didn't matter what you did after that. But the heterosexual community has always been into this. Either they've been making their own or they've had enough money to say, 'No names. This is what I want. Make it for me.' Now they can buy it on the shelf nicely displayed.

"I'm into the leather scene myself. But I feel that an S/M scene has to be just that, S and M. Both people have to be into it together and both people have to be responsive to each other's needs. The S has to be able to feel just how hard he or she can go without hurting the other one. It's still sex and sex is an emotional thing. I've had situations where people have said, 'Kill me.' And I've said, Too bad. You want to be killed, go out and play in heavy traffic.'

"There are people who are into leather without the S/M. People who say, 'Let's just stay dressed.' In full leather. In August. Hot. And there are people who get off on being tied up in clothesline. No, we don't sell clothesline. We send them to a hardware store for that."

What leather is, see-it's a surrogate skin. Skin that won't sweat, peel, age. Skin without hair or mole or stretchmark or compassionate touch. It's the high-gloss, made-up look of Vogue models. Fashionable in both senses. It's stylish and it can be fashioned, custom-made. Leather will streamline the body. And streamlining is abstraction. Is detachment. Superiority. "I mean," says Bill, "let's say the woman is on top, the dominatrix. And she comes out fat, flabby, with fly swatter in her hand, wearing a baggy bra . . . now, can you imagine some man being submissive to a woman in a baggy bra? How can you be subservient to your equal or dominate your equal? It's the way the hair is done. The way the make-up is done. The way the leather fits: It's very important. You can't be emotionally involved."

Listen to the man. He's got something there. The leather S/M interplay-with its peculiar transaction between top and bottom-applies in some degree to all sex aids. A dildo has sensual weight precisely because, like leather, it's impersonal, unrealistic, abstract. You can't be emotionally involved. Interpersonal sex, with all its concomitant quirks and neuroses and guilt and trips laid on will always tend to distract from the art of coming. Sex aids-used alone or in company-are paid for; are small, abstract gigolos and whores. They won't require stimulation or entertainment or bed politics. And you don't have to hang around for that overrated fugitive sexual incident: the simultaneous orgasm.

SAY "CHEESE," LADIES, AND HOLD IT FOR ABOUT THREE HOURS

Ask Doug Johns about sexual abstraction. He should know. Doug was the 230 world's first-bring entrance music up,

"ta-daa"-Cunt Sculptor. His New York studio looks like-um. It looks like whatever passes before the mind's eye of a drowning gynecologist. Gashville, man. Squanch everywhere. Against the wallten or 12 feet high, yours for just \$30,000is an edition of Doug's masterwork, 90 colored plaster twats on one transparent poly-something pane. Talk about conversation pieces. They're big: inner lips only, twice life-size (eight times life-size in volume); and any one of them would send John Holmes home with his tail between his legs. Big and . . . well . . . quite lovely. Snowflakes aren't more unsimilar. In fact, they don't resemble genitalia at all; sea shells beachcombed, maybe, or slippers. Roses. Each is accurate, personalized as a handprint in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater. So realistic that they're totally abstract, some other thing. Doug is 38, all reddish beard, happy. Thin and angular; a plumber might have installed him. He began doing his thingand other people's things-guess when? Rubbershed time: six or seven years ago.

"I had a plastics factory. I was working for different artists, making very large things in fiberglass and polyester. They'd tell me to make a 12-foot doughnut, things like that. I liked art, but basically I had no training. On the other hand, the plastics factory was a miserable failure and I went on to make things in wood. A guy came in one day and said, 'I'd like you to make some copies of this pipe from India.' It was a little penis pipe with balls on it. While I was making them, I had this feeling that I was doing something a little out of the ordinary. It wasn't too nice. Sleazy. I was being one of those weirdos. And the only difference was, all my friends wanted one. And then I realized for the first time I was talking about sex freely and easily and it all just fell in naturally. And I loved it. So I sat down for five and a half months with one piece of wood and I carved a very representative piece of wood that was fucking itself. And within that five and a half months' time, my whole life changed completely. From where I was practically a recluse to where people wanted me to go to parties and show this piece of wood. I was getting laid left and right. I turned around and sold the piece of wood for \$4500. Suddenly, I had a thing-sex art.

"These, the cunts, were started about four years ago. It came about because I had a girlfriend and I looked at her, and I looked at a couple of other women, but most of my sexual experiences were still with the lights out, sort of groping and slopping. I figured I had to do one in wax, very accurate. So I asked a friend to pose. And I finished the sculpture and I said, 'Gosh, this thing-it looks so different from my girlfriend.' It was like a major thing to come up with. My

passion became—for a year—to sculpt anybody who would pose for me.

"These portraits took three or four hours apiece. The woman is lying there with a pillow and something to drink. We talk and put on music. Usually, I take my clothes off. The ages range somewhere around 18 to somewhere around 60. And there are all sorts of religions, races, sizes, weights. In 100 percent of the cases, they want a mirror to see how accurate it is. You'd be surprised how critical a woman can be about her own cunt. It's almost like I have a supercritic there. It's almost like an opening performance every day.'

Doug has also done 50 different cocks. "They're huge, three times life-size, so 27 times the volume. Just the last inch and a half. I did that specifically because I found that the guys who were posing for me wanted a little longer, a little larger. Could I straighten it out a little bit? So I said, Cut this, I'm going to drop the ego involvement. Everybody's got an inch and a half."

You can buy a plaster snatch for \$20 to \$600. Or the biggest ever section of human egg roll for \$30 to \$600. Do they sell? Is Doug Johns getting rich? They don't. He isn't. Doug should have checked with Steve Marché or Farley Malorrus: Exaggerative size plus realism gives people the runs.

So how can he afford wine enough for all those hothouse flowers? Smallness: Smallness goes over big. Doug has carved, then cast in silver, hundreds of half-inch or smaller genital earrings and pendants and pins. Edie Solow, his partner at Erotics, a sex-art gallery on Christopher Street in the Village, told me, "People like small erotica, which is one of the reasons we went into jewelry. Because they like to be able to conceal it. The pieces are small, so unless you know somebody and get up close, you can't really see it. People find the smallness to be part of the flash, when you can do this"-flip. Up goes a sheaf of dark hair. One petite, unerectpenis earring has zapped me. Ya-ya. Gone.

IN WHICH WE FIND REASON TO CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING A LIVE GIRLFRIEND DURING THE NEXT POWER FAILURE

Your most exotic female substitute is a Volkswagen tail pipe. That, credit it or not, was what the Funways peoplemanufacturers of ACCU-JAC-first used to cast their prototypal masturbation sleeve. ACCU-JAC II and its six mechanical sister products represent the apex of sex technology. Pressurized air flow and complex valving produce alternate suction/compression to drive a sleeve up/down on your Maypole. At Funways' plant in North Hollywood, machine after machine huffs and puffs through qualitycontrol testing, like out-of-shape wives. Me, I've never used ACCU-JAC; probably



"That's them, officer!"

I recall the time I got myself sucked into a vacuum cleaner. Don't ask what I was doing, but by now both nature and I abhor vacuums.

The ACCU-JAC is fun to watch, a jaunty thing. Sort of like a polite small gentleman, lifting his hat again, again, again; never quite off. Similar pneumatic principles will drive a dildo, one held between female knees. "The companion model and male adapter-for men and women-costs just \$299 and runs at 30-80 spm in the female mode and 40-100 spm in the male mode." Mae West was before her time when she said, "If I don't show up, start without me." The portable ACCU-JACS come in a sort of neat fishing-tackle-type box. Sleeves are transparent, "so you can watch the action from start to finish. Even if you tried to avoid climax, you would not succeed." It tugs you, insistent as a five-year-old at Disneyland. The famous \$795 ACCU-JAC IIwith stroke controls, suction controls and custom
walnut oak white kid moroccan leather cabinet-will soon be modified for compactness. No wonder; the original was big enough to give an Airedale a decent burial in.

Dan Stoughton invented the ACCU-JAC. Stoughton is handsome, blond; looks like a young Charles Lindbergh. And New York-Paris solo was horse dust compared with the agony of developing Funways' own solo machine. In fact, Stoughton is a brilliant man. The Edison of raunch. Someday he'll package female orgasms in an aerosol can; or invent some way to get fellated by phone, direct distance dialing. His partner, Charles Boynton, seems to be in the wrong line of work: he'll blush at anything. His genial face reddens like a female chimp's behind when her rut time has come. They're both very kind to me, considering that I once wrote a four-snore review of ACCU-JAC II based on hearsay consumer reports given to me by Screw publisher Al Goldstein. I should have known better. Goldstein needs a staff of five, plus three tax lawyers, just to play with himself.

"Charley and I recognized a need. There should be some type of masturbation device for men. I was working at IBM at the time. He wanted to make one and hopefully sell it at a reasonable price. More important, you could go buy a whole bunch of junk, but it didn't work. So we decided to build a product that really worked, and wherever the price ended up, that was what we were going to sell it for. So I brought out the gadgets at night and started designing. We didn't know how difficult it was going to be. The price then was \$89.95. Everybody told us that anything that sold for that much money would never go. So we built 20 of them and said, 'That'll hold them for a while.' They were gone

"One of the first prototypes we made

actually using air was out of an old washing machine. It was huge. You could hear it running all the way down the street. A big old one-horsepower motor with a big old cylinder—it ran about 500 strokes a minute. It was wild. We'd sneak out into the garage and fire the thing up and it sounded like an airplane. But it worked, it worked. Then it took us over a year to get it down to a reasonable size."

Charley: "We tested them on ourselves and our friends, everybody we could coerce into doing it. It's a hell of an engineering problem. If you're going to make something that moves back and forth similar to the way a man's hand moves, what do you hang it from? The ceiling? A big trapeze? There was no information on masturbation when we started this thing. You could go to the library and research and research and there wasn't anything available. Not only that, there was nothing on the air circuitry, either. There was no decent material for the sleeve. We had to start from scratch. One day, Dan found a short in his hi-fi system. So when you put your hand on the hi-fi like this, there was a tingling in your finger tips. So we were going to hook up that tingle. So I put it on and nothing happened. Then Dan suggested I take off my shoe. Well, when I put my bare foot on the concrete, the shock intensified 1000 times. It was like running 110 volts through your pecker. So we stopped that. Goddamn, that was a shock and a half.

'Now, of course, we work with a sex clinic. We test all of the stuff through them. We stand there and watch the subjects and they give us feedback. It's a good measure of sexual response. Until the ACCU-JAC, they didn't really have any way of measuring sexual performance, the averages required to bring you to orgasm. The machine can also alleviate guilt. They're not masturbating themselves; some people have guilt associated with doing it themselves. We even had to make a machine that would work with biofeedback for a major university, so that as a test subject approaches the alpha state, the ACCU-JAC goes faster and faster. So he's being rewarded for producing alpha waves."

I had bad-mouthed the ACCU-JAC for not providing clitoral stimulation. Dan is defensive. "The clitoris on a woman can vary all over the place. It can be right near the vaginal opening or it can be way up high. We've even made a dildo driver that has an extension on it, so that no matter where it lies along that curve, this thing'll get up there and give some action. We've tried to make the attachments as universal as possible, but the basic theme of the machine is that it's driving a dildo, a life-sized dildo. Stylized, without all the exaggerated bumps and ridges. And giving it a stroke length

that is comparable to life. There are women who wouldn't touch this thing with a ten-foot pole—no way, shape or form are they going to let any machine work on them. But those who do—we get the letters—are very satisfied. That's what kept us going, really. The response from the customers."

And they get letters from men claiming substantial penis enlargement. "We don't believe them. And I don't approve of the vacuum enlargers, where they have a pump and, the more you pump, the more vacuum you get. There are cases of actually rupturing a blood vessel. Our machine has a very low vacuum. It's just enough to help facilitate the blood flow into the penis. What doctors have told us is that these people have never experienced a full erection until now. If you use an organ to its fullest, it usually expands to full size. Anyhow, in normal sex, a slight vacuum occurs.' Unless the woman opens her mouth, of course.

The Funways people care. Your orgasm is their orgasm. Charley: "If the customer even peeps, he immediately gets service. If we can't make him happy, we buy the machine back and he's out half the price of a sleeve and the freight and that's it. We used to offer a full guarantee and then it started to get popular and they'd want it for a weekend party. Then back it would come and it looked like it had been run over by a trailer. This is our new Manual Stroker System. You just move it back and forth in the sleeve, no motor. Go on, put your finger in, don't be shy. Now you feel it loosening up. Close the valve. Now, as you open it up, it slides easier and easier. With this you get 360 degrees of contact, as compared with your hand. And a slight collapse, imitating the vagina. This costs \$39.95. But here we come up dead against the market that's been burned the most. In that \$40 bracket, that's the one everybody hits for a rip-off. It's a hell of a thing to overcome. People pay \$150, they figure, 'Jeez, they must be selling something."

Into the factory. I see dozens of sleeves upended (test tubes on a drying rack). "We thought everybody was one and one half inches, because that's what it said in Masters and Johnson, that everybody was one and one half inches by six. Now we have an inch in diameter, up to two inches in diameter-in one-eighth-inch increments. If a man isn't circumcised, we have a two-step sleeve here. This step actually tends to catch the foreskin. Some men aren't straight, so we have offset sleeves that are curved. In fact, I had one customer who sent in a sketch that almost looked like a horseshoe. Like the old limerick: Instead of coming, he went. Now, here's one. A Chinaman from Hawaii who ordered a two-and-onequarter-inch sleeve by 15 inches. What do

you think of that?" I think he should stay in Hawaii.

Behind drapery, in a suburban sort of kitchen range, sleeves are being heatcured. Dan has become antsy. He urges me out. His soft-plastic formula is secret, the key to ACCU-JAC's success. Who knows? I could be an industrial spy from Amdork. In the main production area, where 50 or so ACCU-JAC variable speeds are having their intricate mechanism soldered, a thought bung-hammers me. That touch of the gutter; it's missing. All these plastic boxes, they're antiseptic. Charley: "Yes, a lot of people have told us we're too clinical and sterile. You're right about the gutter. You won't find any dirty words in our catalog, but you have to imply something. You can't put it in as a straight clinical instrument." Well-I think out loud-all this marvelous machinery; why not stick it inside a woman? I don't mean a kid's balloon like the Judy doll. A real artificial woman. Heavy. With substance. With articulation. Dan looks at Charley. Charley looks at Dan. I reproduce their dialog:

CHARLEY: Oh, yeah. Fantasy. I agree with Keith. You think people would pay three, four hundred dollars for it?

DAN: It would be more than that. About a thousand.

CHARLEY: You think they'd pay? I wouldn't do it solid. I'd do it with an inner core.

DAN: It has to be lifelike; it can't be inflatable plastic.

CHARLEY: I wasn't thinking inflatable, I was thinking—

DAN: And it can't be a dead hunk of rubber lying there; it's got to have realism.

CHARLEY: Double-jointed. A little ticker in it for a heartbeat. A mailorder bride. Can you see? Audioanimatronic brothels; just come in and drop a quarter in the slot.

DAN: I've always wanted to build a robot, so I might as well do it here.

CHARLEY: Or an S/M one that whips you and a voice comes out—

DAN: I'll need all the help I can get, but I'll give it a try. I have no intention of stopping here.

I look at Dan. His eyes have smoked over; they give me back my reflection. And I think he's seen the future. And she works.

[At presstime, we received word of changes in the lives of our heroes, Farley and Steve. Farley has undergone a personal transformation of sorts, losing weight and devoting his time to writing, acting, palm reading and astrology. The Marchés have sold Marché Manufacturing to an unidentified buyer and Steve, it is rumored, has gone into real estate.]

THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD, REDISCOVERED.

N THE FIFTH CENTURY, MEAD CAME TO THE BRITISH ISLES AS THE DRINK OF THE ANGLO, SAXON AND JUTE INVADERS:

A potent, zesty and pleasing spirit touched with natural overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

Yet, even before its arrival in Britain, man had an unquenchable thirst for the natural taste of mead.

It had marched with Rome's legions.

Alps.

Ridden with

Hannibal across the

Was the Viking's "Drink of the Gods."

And the legendary cup of Beowulf.

Then, unaccountably, the legendary taste of mead became "a legend lost."

Lost for centuries.

Until, many years ago, a legendary Gaelic Chieftain's seven hundred year old recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.



The result is Irish Mist.

Fruly, it is "the natural taste of mead, rediscovered."

You'll find it completely unlike any other imported liqueur.

ITry it after dinner.

UOr on-the-rocks.

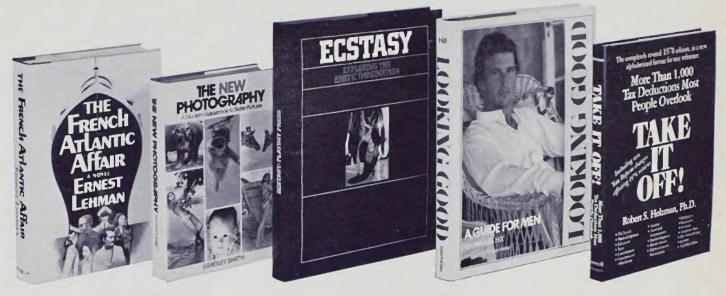
It is a drink of exceptional character.

With a zest and smoothness all its own.

Indeed, the perfect balance of potency and good taste you'd expect from "The Legendary Spirit of Man."

Imported Irish Mist.
Rediscover it.

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.



Playboy Book Club any four for

2644-2 THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY Bradley Smith (Pub. Price: \$12.95)

As handsome as it is helpful, this is a modern, non-technical guide for the amateur and semi-professional, 16 pages of color photography and 100 pages of black-and-white photos. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

3425-2 ECSTASY Exploring the Erotic Imagination The Editors of Playboy Press (Pub. Price: \$19.95)

Featuring provocative picture stories created by 25 of today's most talented and liberated young photographers, Ecstasy is an exquisitely illustrated exploration of the unleashed erotic imagination. Daring and delightful, the secret sensual fantasies portrayed here range from the beautiful to the bizarre, from the far-out to the realistic, from the hilarious to the sublime. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

3871 THE FRENCH ATLANTIC AFFAIR A novel by Ernest Lehman (Pub. Price: \$10.95)

Brimming over with brilliant intrigue, remorseless violence, raw and brutal sex, and pulse-pounding action, this is a huge book of 468 pages—and the tension on each page builds like a fast-burning fuse on a stack of dynamite.

3855-2 LOOKING GOOD A Guide for Men Charles Hix (Pub. Price: \$14.95)

This book breaks ground by giving males the same sort of expert advice on looking their best that females find in countless beauty books. Includes an appendix of mail-order suppliers of men's grooming products and lavishly illustrated with 150 super photographs and 25 drawings. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

3876 TAKE IT OFF! More Than 1,000 Tax Deductions Most People Overlook Robert S, Holzman (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

The completely revised 1978 edition of the famous income tax guide by the author of Dun & Bradstreet's Handbook of Executive Tax Management.

3862 SEX LINK The Three-Billion-Year-Old Urge and What the Animals Do About It Hy Freedman (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

Entertaining and informative, this is a fascinating glimpse of the highly diverse, amazingly creative and sometimes bizarre mating rituals of all animals, from the microscopic virus to the 180-ton blue whale.

3844 YOU CAN STILL MAKE IT IN THE MARKET By Nicolas Darvas (Pub. Price: \$8,95)

The author of How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market has devised the unique Dar-Card—a simple pocket-size card you use every day. It contains all the information you need to decide whether to buy, sell, or hold a specific stock.

2664 LOVER The Confessions of a One-Night Stand Lawrence Edwards (Pub. Price: \$8,95)

A true sexual memoir unlike any you have ever read. The author writes about sex, freedom, fidelity, togetherness and love from his own unique angle, providing sharp insights and raunchy laughs.

3373 BLOOD AND MONEY A true story of murder, passion, and power. Thomas Thompson (Pub. Price: \$10.95)

It's huge, it's as chilling as In Cold Blood, as riveting reading as Giant, its courtroom scenes surpass the best of Perry Mason—and every word is true!

Enroll as a new member of may make four choices (some choices) from the books

Total value may be

3540-2 PLAYBOY'S HOST & BAR BOOK Thomas Mario (Pub. Price: \$15.95)

Written by PLAYBOY's food and drink editor, this is a modern encyclopedia for gracious and hearty drinking and serving. Large in size (7" x 11"), lavishly illustrated (16 pages in full color), definitive (close to 200 drink recipes). This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

3355 THE T-FACTOR How to Understand Time and Use It Right Mark L, Stein, Ph.D. (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

If you're a slave of time, let a clinical psychologist show you how to discover your personal time frame; how to find out what each day of the week means to you; why time moves fast for extroverts; how much time you really waste and what to do about it.

3750-2 THE PLAYBOY GOURMET Thomas Mario (Pub. Price: \$16.95)

PLAYBOY's food and drink editor provides practical ways to enjoy countless hours of culinary delights in this luxuriously produced volume with 800 sumptuous recipes and mouth-watering photographs. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

2426 WAKE UP IN BED, TOGETHER! Drs. Claude and Dorothy Nolte (Pub. Price: 8.95)

The authors, who are husband and wife, explicitly describe virtually every human sexual activity. They tell precisely which approaches, techniques, ointments and devices to use to heighten enjoyment of each lovemaking variation.

3878 THE SPIRIT A novel by Thomas Page (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

An American Indian trying to contact his "spirit" on an isolated Montana mountain and Bigfoot, the legendary apelike monster, figure in this action-packed prophetic novel.

3831-2 CAR FACTS & FEATS Anthony Harding (Pub. Price: \$14.95)

As in the celebrated Guinness Book of Records, here is a fascinating grab bag of "firsts," "lasts," "biggests" "smallests," "fastests," "slowests," and much more—all revolving around the wild and woolly history of the automobile. Over 200 action photos, many in color. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

3867 SAY IT AIN'T SO, GORDON LITTLEFIELD A novel by Eliot Asinof (Pub. Price: \$7.95)

What's a good way for Gordon Littlefield to get even with a guy whose guts he hates? He could try and seduce his wife. Or, since the guy owns a football team on its way to the Super Bowl, he could try and fix the big game. Or, as in this raunchy howl of a novel, he could try both.

3304 THE FURY A novel by John Farris (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

Gillian and Robin are psychic twins, each possessing an eerie force that can touch the outermost reaches of space and reduce people to ghastly puddles of blood. While they strive to understand the devastating forces that possess them, sinister men plot to use them as secret weapons in an international power struggle.

2615 THE SUPERDOCTORS Roger Rapoport (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

A rare inside look at the personal and professional lives of 25 of the most influential doctors in the world—men with the hands of gods and the appetites and weaknesses of mortals.

3426-2 SUBMARINE The Ultimate Naval Weapon— Its Past, Present and Future Drew Middleton (Pub. Price: \$12.95)

The military correspondent for The New York Times explores the submarine's exciting past, extraordinary present, and awesome future. Illustrated with over 60 drawings and crammed with anecdotes. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

3858 THE TODAY SHOW Robert Metz (Pub. Price: \$10.00)

Robert Metz tells it all—the glamour, the intrigue, the headline-makers, the riotous fun, the fear of falling ratings, the real story behind Barbara Walters' jump to ABC. Illustrated.

2225-2 THE MOVIE BOOK Steven H. Scheuer (Pub. Price: \$19.95)

There have been many books on the movies. But never one as comprehensive, authoritative and magnificently illustrated as this. It's the first to provide a decade-by-decade, genre-by-genre pictorial survey of the evolution of every film category—drama and comedy, western and musical, cops and robbers, sex and fantasy. Over 400 photographs. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

3873-2 THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC Terry Hughes and John Costello (Pub. Price: \$14,95)

A gripping narrative on a par with A Bridge Too Far and The Longest Day, this is the never-before-told complete story of the battle-to-the-death between Germany's U-boats and surface fleet and Allied Forces that raged from 1939 to 1944. Over 100 remarkable photographs and illustrations. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

3443 THE BODY LANGUAGE OF SEX, POWER AND AGGRESSION Julius Fast (Pub. Price: \$7.95)

How to recognize, interpret, and use to your advantage the secret giveaway actions that reveal another person's true desires and intentions.

2665 DEBORAH'S DREAMS The editors of Playboy Press (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

The picture story of a beautiful young woman's unusual erotic fantasies, this is an exceptionally beautiful, breathtakingly sensual and enormously amusing book. Over 250 eye-stopping photographs, 158 in full color.

3861 WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT DIVORCE Robert Cassidy (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

From someone who learned it the hard way, here is all the straightfrom-the-shoulder information so badly needed by any man contemplating or involved in either a separation or divorce.

3849-2 INSIDE LAS VEGAS Mario Puzo (Pub. Price: \$14,95)

The author of *The Godlather* takes you into the sensual, steamy, brutal, and tender heart of the world's wildest dream town. And, in over 150 photographs, many in color, he takes you behind the NO CAMERAS PERMITTED sign into showgirls' dressing rooms, counting rooms and other traditionally off-limits areas. *This defuxe* volume counts as two choices.

3450-2 MAKING LOVE How to Be Your Own Sex Therapist Patricia E. Raley Photographs by Alan Winston (Pub. Price: \$14.95)

The most beautiful guide to sexual fulfillment ever published, Making Love includes over 200 stunningly explicit photographs. Neither coldly clinical nor pornographic, they are integrated with a warm, open, straight-talking text that provides a complete private program of sexual therapy. This deluxe volume counts as two choices.

invites you to choose only \$2.95

Playboy Book Club and you deluxe volumes count as two listed—for only \$2.95. as high as \$42.85!

3444 THE SECRET FIRE A New View of Women and Passion Rosemarie Santini (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

The big breakthrough book on the sensual life of the American female. Women reveal with utter candor their most private erotic thoughts, emotions, desires, and sexual proclivities.

3813 MAXIMUM PERFORMANCE Laurence E. Morehouse, Ph.D., and Leonard Gross (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

How can you be better at any activity, any endeavor, any sport is revealed in this new book by the authors of Total Fitness in 30 Minutes a Week.

3414 A CIVIL TONGUE Edwin Newman (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

Edwin Newman, NBC commentator and author of Strictly Speaking, is our country's leading spokesman for clear and concise and direct language. Here, with sweet reason and sour comments, he blows away the smog of jargon settling over our land.

3811 TOTAL LOVING By "J" (Pub. Price: \$8.95)

The author of *The Sensuous Woman* is back with an earthy, lusty, supersensuous guide to exciting lovemaking today.

3848 THE BOOK OF LISTS David Wallechinsky, Irving Wallace and Amy Wallace (Pub. Price: \$10.95)

Created by the people who brought you *The People's Almanac*, this is a fun volume that informs. It is an incredible collection of new facts in a fresh format that will surprise, stimulate, challenge, and involve you.

3851-2 THE BLUE BOOK OF BROADMINDED BUSINESS BEHAVIOR Auren Uris (Pub. Price: \$14.95)

By one of the country's best-known management authorities, this is the indispensable business behavior handbook for employers and employees alike. This defuxe volume counts as two choices.

3376 PLAYBOY'S SEX IN CINEMA Collector's Edition (Pub. Price: \$10.00)

This deluxe paperbound boxed set contains the first four volumes in *Playboy's* own sensational *Sex in Cinema* series.

3852 LUCIFER'S HAMMER A novel by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle (Pub. Price: \$10.00)

Forget about any previous disaster novels that you might have read. They're mere pin-pricks compared to the impact of Lucifer's Hammer, the gigantic comet that slams into the earth, shattering civilization. With bloodchilling tension and spellbinding suspense, the prize-winning authors have written a provocative, shocking, and terrifying novel.

If you prefer— instead of mailing one of the cards or the coupon—you can enroll . . .

... by calling this toll-free number 800-243-5000*

*Conn. residents call 800-882-5577

Club Benefits

In addition to the dramatic saving on your enrollment books (value up to \$42.85 for only \$2.95), plus a free surprise book, you will save substantially on most of the books you buy later.

Playboy's Choice, the Club publication that tells you all about each Selection and the many Alternates, will be sent to you 16 times a year—without charge, of course. If you want a Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. If you do not want a Selection, or want a different book, or want no book at all that month, simply indicate your decision on the reply form enclosed with Playboy's Choice and mail it so we receive it by the date specified on the form.

Our guarantee: If you should ever receive Playboy's Choice late, so that you have less than 10 days to decide on the Selection, and the Selection is sent to you, you may return it at Club expense.

Play	boy	Boo	k C	lub

GO3

Offer expires May 31, 1978.

P.O. Box 10207, Des Moines, Iowa 50387

Yes, enroll me as a new member and send me the books whose numbers I have listed in the boxes. In listing them, I have allowed for the fact that some deluxe volumes count as two choices. You will bill me only \$2.95 for all of them.

You will also send me, tree of charge, a surprise bonus book, hard-bound, publisher's price at least \$6.95.

I agree to purchase at least four additional books from the many hundreds of Club Selections or Alternates that will be offered to members in the coming year, most of them at special members' prices. I can cancel my membership any time after I buy those four books. I have noted that a shipping charge is added to all shipments.

Name(please print)		
Address		Apt. #
City	State	Zip

"Donna . . . very apt."

"Apt?"

"Because it's pretty."

"Gee, thanks. What's your name?"

"Um . . . Frog."

"You French?"

"Just Frog."

One John all night and he's a smartass. "Well, Frog, you've certainly come to the right place. This is the best bar in town."

"Alcohol doesn't stimulate me."

"Maybe I can think of something."

He grinned. "Yes, Donna. We are em-

Let's see what he's good for. "You're in luck. I just happen to have the whole night free."

"I can only perform acceptably for

fifty-three minutes."

A real smartass. "Whole night's a better deal. Hourly rate's a hundred bucks per." What the hell.

"Don't fret. The money doesn't matter to me tonight."

Donna smiled, stood, offered him her arm. So did Roberta.

"If money doesn't matter, I'll show you how much a second bitch can," Roberta explained.

The man gently but deliberately pulled his arm away from her. "I perform terribly when my attention is divided." He and Donna left. Roberta cursed tiredly, chugged her stinger, started in on Donna's. The bartender giggled.

Another smartass.

They went to Frog's (expensive) hotel room.

Undressed, he looked pretty good. Not that Donna jumped to conclusions. Muscles were no substitute for The Muscle. And you couldn't always tell, at first, what kind of lewd decaying vegetable a guy had for a brain. No point in worrying yet: Donna was careful never to get more than sensibly paranoid. Right now her main concern was giving the smartass a ride that would shake all the bills out of his wallet. For sure, he'd be the only trade she'd get tonight.

Frog had stripped and sprawled on the bed. Donna peeled, leisurely, down to her plushly filled panties and bra. She strolled to the foot of the bed and stopped there, swaying slightly, absently brushing a thigh across the bottoms of his toes. She was about to suggest they take a shower. He looked clean enough; Donna had decided she'd do everything to make Mr. Fifty-Three Minutes spill his beans well before he got into any 236 appropriate opening. Then, when she'd

shown him who was who and what was what, she'd give him that ride.

But her mouth wouldn't-couldn't move. Frog's eyes seemed to . . . flicker . . . for a moment, and then he grinned. A tingle was spreading across her thigh. To hell with the preliminaries. Donna grinned back, slipped out of the underwear and slid across him.

Frog's body exuded a strange scent, a perfumy tang that tingled her sinuses in a way that was like, yet unlike, the tingle she felt wherever her skin met his. She breathed deeply of the scent, wanting it like a drug. There was a brief rumble in Frog's chest and the scent strengthened. The tang increased to a bite and Donna was suddenly dizzy . . . the rumble sounded again and the scent softened. Donna thought that something was odd, but the thought was vague while her feelings were keen and warming up and filling up and soon she wasn't thinking much at all. She was lying face down on the bed. Frog was behind her, his long fingers doing wonderful things to her spine, What few tensions were left in her body seemed to flow out through his fingers and she was tingling all over now, tingling so that she imagined her skin was glowing. Now Frog's fingers seemed to be everywhere on her back, and others were slipping down between her legs, and others were tracing a delicate line across the edge of each car and her ears were filling with a warm buzz and-

Fingers on my spine, ribs, crotch and ears at the same-

Donna spun around, eyes wild.

"Y-you-" she stammered.

"Yes." Frog replied, "I'm a very friend-

He made no attempt to retract his dozens of pseudo digits into Earth-normal hands. Or to shrink his multifaceted visual/thermal sensors back into their sockets. Or to conceal his erection, which was forested end to end with undulating white cilia, whose top half segmented into three separate shafts and which was emitting a barely audible hum. Frog withdrew one of the pseudo digits from

"Your lubrication has drastically ebbed in both viscosity and rate of secretion. Please don't be afraid. I am legally and biologically restricted from harming you and I have the greatest respect for law

and biology. I've even enclosed the bed in a Paoli Curve to ensure your safety and privacy.'

Donna reached over the edge of the mattress. Her hands pushed against a soft, bouncy but unyielding barrier where the Curve had shaped and thickened the molecules of the gases in the room.

Frog smiled. "We can thrash and scream all we like without being hurt or heard."

Either I'm losing my mind or else . . . I don't want to think about the or else. Donna took a slow breath and hoped her voice wasn't shaking too much.

"Make that Curve go away. I feel trapped. Please."

"Sorry." Frog squinted in concentration as he beamed the telekinetic code that switched off the Paoli generator he'd positioned under the bed. "All gone."

Donna waved an arm over the edge. Nothing stopped it. Now . . . do I calmly get dressed and make a graceful exit, or do I just jump up and run?

"Mine is a considerate race," Frog offered. "Not only has our sexual . . . equipment evolved to an ostentatious extent but our physiological matrix allows us to scan and conform to the sexual fantasies of others."

"Huh?"

"From your mind, we pick up the images with which you stimulate yourself. Then, wherever possible, we become

"You can read my mind!" Oh, shit.

"No. In most cases, all we pick up are pictures and sounds, in an incoherent jumble. And our tests have shown that your race achieves a telempathic state only when motivated by lust.'

Safe! "I think I understand."

"I can continue to demonstrate, if you

Two tiny dots of blue light appeared on Frog's forehead.

"I'm-I'm not sure." But if you're on the level, honey. . . .

Sonic stimulators bathed Donna's

Frog regarded her with concern. "This your first time with an alien?"

"Mmmmm."

One of the pseudo digits slid back into Donna, heated itself to just above her body temperature, spread its tip out to a thin membrane that enveloped her clitoris and began to pulse, slowly.

"Then I take it you wish to proceed?" "Twang your magic twanger, Froggy." "Pardon?"

"Something . . . fr-from my childhoo . . . ooo. . . ." Donna closed her eyes and moaned.

"Yes, I see," said Frog, and he started making the appropriate changes.

For a while, he delicately demonstrated

SHARP INTRODUCES THE FIRS DMPUTER THAT PLAYS MUSI



r-3388. The World's fir

8 -> m

Thanks to Sharp, the age of the computer has finally caught up to the age of music.

It's all come together in the RT-3388, the first stereo cassette deck actually controlled by a microprocessor with no less than five

memories. And the remarkable quantity of the functions it can perform is matched only by the quality of its sound reproduction.

First of all, the Auto Program Locate Device—another Sharp exclusive and just one function of the "brain"can skip ahead, or backward, up to 19 songs on a tape. And automatically play just the one you want.

back if desired.

The Counter Memory can find a specific number on the tape counter and stop there or start playback automatically. The Memory Rewind can rewind to any pre-selected point on the tape automatically and play it

You can even mark off a section of a song or speech and commit it to the machine's memory for immediate recall later by using the Direct Memory Function.

For pinpoint accuracy, it features Electronic Tape Counting as well as

Second Counting. Which also can be used to determine how much time is left on the tape when recording.

A Liquid Crystal Display indicates what tape function is in operation, while the built-in quartz digital clock is tied into the timed-programming operations. For example, you can program the machine to turn itself on at a selected time, record a program from a radio or TV, then turn itself off.

We've even programmed the "brain" to switch to battery power in case of a power failure, thereby maintaining the correct time and keeping the memory intact.

Now if all that sounds impressive,

you can be sure we didn't waste it on I a machine that didn't have an impressive sound.

So the RT-3388 also features:

Dolby* Noise Reduction System. Bias and Equalization selectors for optimum performance from any kind of tape.

Editor Function.

Ultra-hard Permalloy Recording/ Playback Head.

Friction-Damped Cassette Holder. Output Level Control.

Spectacular Specifications: Wow and flutter runs a minimal 0.06% WRMS. Frequency response covers the 30-15,000 Hz (±3dB) range for CrO₂ tapes. Signal-to-noise ratio of 64 dB (Dolby on).

The price for such an incomparable piece of equipment? Only \$349.95.** Which is about what you'd expect to pay for a deck of comparable quality without Sharp's exclusive features.

But you'll own something so advanced it'll be ahead of its time years from now.

See your Sharp Dealer for a mindboggling demonstration. 10 Keystone Place

Sharp Electronics Corp. SHARP Paramus, N.J. 07652

^{*}Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories. *Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price Optional with Dealer.

the possibilities of both of their bodies. This was followed by a more athletic period during which Frog proved that there was literally no angle or avenue of approach from which he could not tickle Donna's fancy.

As they neared final release, however, they eased into the simple position referred to on Donna's planet as missionary. By that time, Frog had picked up enough images from her to engage his facilities to their full capacity.

Donna began to come. Frog joined her. Their lips were urgently locked. Frog's saliva was full of glandular secretions that, as they spread through Donna's system, triggered a sensory awareness of hallucinogenic intensity.

Frog's tongue played in Donna's mouth—and that's pretty much what it was, a frog's tongue, long, sticky, incredibly swift, darting endlessly across her palate, gums and teeth, alternately stroking and wrapping itself around Donna's own tongue.

The face it came out of (though Frog could not possibly have known it) was that of Andy Devine, circa 1954.

His ears had grown large, floppy, furry, like those of a friendly dog. They were cupped over Donna's ears like headphones. They were capable of transmitting as well as receiving sound. They had begun by sending a neurological tracer up Donna's auditory nerves, into her brain, to discover her maximal fantasy sounds. The left ear was now pumping in the yowl of a kitten in first heat; the right was re-creating the spirited groaning and grunting of the swimming instructor who had scored with Donna's camp counselor while Donna and the other eight-year-olds had listened beneath an open window.

Frog's back, which Donna was vigorously clutching at, was broad and humanly muscled, though covered with cool, textured snakeskin.

But Donna's bosom was not being crushed by a muscular, reptilian chest. It was being caressed by the ample black breasts that had ballooned out of Frog. Donna loved the sight of her friend LaVerne's long, flushed, purply-brown nipples, loved the feel of them swelling and hardening between her lips. Frog had not denied Donna those pleasures.

Frog's primary organ was rising and plunging in an energetic, syncopated pattern. It was now humming loudly because Frog had it vibrating at maximum. His unique construction also permitted him to rotate the organ 359 degrees in either direction, so that it was snapping back and forth in a motion not unlike that of the center post of a top-loading washing machine. Thus, the cilia that

covered the simultaneously plunging and twisting organ were brushing Donna's tender tissues from ever-changing directions.

At certain intervals, Frog held still inside her and flexed the three "fingers" that formed the top half of his penis. Deep inside her they spread, wriggled, massaged.

The sensations that produced were aided and abetted by those resulting from the work done by a special finger on Frog's right hand. The hand was clasping and lightly kneading Donna's buttocks. The finger, which was boneless, was inserted into her rectum. Frog continuously pumped fluid in and out of the finger to make it expand and contract. Its skin secreted a lubricant that contained an exquisite menthollike substance.

The many pseudo digits on Frog's other hand appeared to be massaging the length of Donna's spine. They had, in fact, sunk microscopic contacts into key points from her cortex on down. The chemicals and electrical charges they were spurting into Donna tuned her nervous system to release its latent capacity for the "echo effect": The sensations being broadcast from Donna's genitals washed through her entire nervous system in a series of "waves." Although those waves were traveling with unimaginable rapidity, Donna was able to sense each one individually, thanks to those glandular juices Frog had been drooling

When a wave reached a nerve terminal, say in a toe, the sensation echoed back through her body.

When an outgoing wave crossed a returning wave, the result was a tiny muscular twitch.

As Donna gushed on and on, millions of waves rippled through her, crossing millions of others, till her body and brain were vibrating in perfect synchronization with the universe's primary pulse.

Finally spent, Donna had blissed into unconsciousness. When she awoke, Frog was dressed and preparing to leave.

"Fifty-six point two minutes," Frog shook his head in affectionate awe. "Who would have thought that I'd find a customer on this planet empathic enough to push me to a new plateau?"

Donna's eyes widened. "Customer"?

"Of course—I'm a licensed whore. Who but a guild whore has my capabilities? I had an appointment last night with a diplomat from a star system not far from here—she prefers making love on worlds charged with barbaric sexual vibrations. She failed to keep our appointment and I decided that as long as I was here. . . ." He shrugged. "Don't worry, the code forbids me to charge more than you can afford . . . Donna?"

She was laughing uncontrollably. She finally gave up trying to get any words out and settled for leaping out of bed, flinging her arms around his neck, kissing him and laughing simultaneously.

Eventually, she had to stop to breathe. "Me . . . too," she gasped. "I'm a hooker—a whore."

Frog went blank for a moment. Then a toothy smile warmed his face. "Then we will charge each other nothing—professional courtesy."

Donna frowned. "No. I want you to have *something*." Her eyes settled on the jade frog. She plucked it off her blouse and handed it to him. "Here,"

"I can't."

"It's not a fee. It's a gift."

Frog took it. His expression was grave. "I've been given many gifts in my time. Once, an entire habitable planet——"

"You own a planet?"

"Not anymore." Frog blushed. "I like to gamble. But let me tell you this: My people have been given certain obvious talents. And we are lucky enough to be able to share them with all nine of the known sexes. But we've evolved in such a way that we receive pleasure only in direct proportion to how much we give. And though your people seem to exist well below the standards for admission into polite society, last night you displayed enough . . . empathy, though that's a clumsy word for what I'm trying to get at . . . enough empathy to extend my performance more than three minutes longer than I've ever been able to sustain it before." He smiled conspiratorially. "By now, you should realize just how much three minutes can mean. I accept your gift, with love. I won't ever risk gambling this gift away."

A chipper, whistling Donna roused Roberta.

"C'mon, it's a beautiful sunny morning."

Roberta peered grumpily at her clock. "It ain't even noon."

"Let's go someplace terrific for breakfast. My treat."

"God, you're disgustingly cheerful. How was your trick?"

Donna hesitated. What could she say about the state she'd achieved with Frog? An Eastern mystic might recognize it as nirvana, a Western mystic might mistake it for sainthood. Both would be appalled to find out that it was available at many convenient locations throughout the galaxy, at a reasonable price, from a dog-eared, frog-tongued, snake-backed, black-bosomed, many-fingered, power-penised whore with a face that was Devine.

"Well . . . he was weird . . . but he was definitely my kind of man."

































The Leroux Peppermint. Before it was in the bottle its flavor was on the vine.



Experience all 52 flavors from Leroux. All of them natural. Naturally.

Leroux. The Royal Family of International Liqueurs. General Wine & Spirits Co. N.Y.C. 60 Proof.



GAIDGETS

IT FIGURES

f you're still awed by the fact that some calculators aren't any bigger than a box of matches, wait until you see what the latest crop of portable Einsteins can do. There now are models that weigh only one and one fourth ounces, function on solar power, act as a stop watch and even have a recorder/player built in that takes miniature cassettes. And they don't cost a bundle, either.





Above: The Hanimex Pocket Memo measures only 6-3/16" x 27/8" x 11/2"; it incorporates a memory calculator with a cassette recorder/player that takes minicassettes, from International Merchandising, \$99.95.

Top left: Casio's MQ-1 weighs in at only one and one fourth ozs.; it has day-of-the-week recall for this and the next century, tells time, can function as a stop watch and calculates higher math, \$59.95. Fantastic!

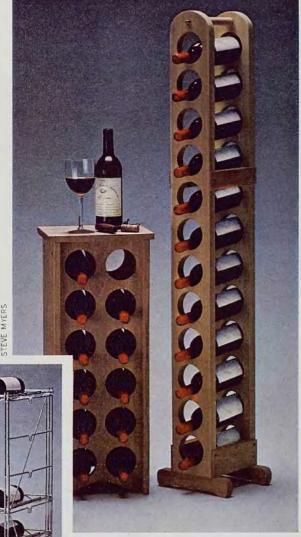
Center left: Model EL-8026 eight-digit calculator is powered by several built-in solar cells that recharge when you expose them to the sun's rays or other light source, by Sharp, \$49.95, including a carrying case.

Bottom: Sharp's Super Thin Man Model EL-8130 is approximately 3/16" thick; instead of keys, an electronic tone verifies the entries you make on the unit's flat front panel, \$35, including a carrying case.

RACKING THEM UP

Above left: Oak wall-mounted wine rack for eight bottles enables you to store your supply at more-or-less eye level, from The Wine Rack, \$23. Above center: Natural-pine wallmounted three-bottle wine rack with grooves for glass storage, from

hen Diogenes was asked which wine he liked best, the old philosopher sagely answered, "Somebody else's." We'll drink to that. But there does come a time when even flaky grape nuts long for a stash of vino to call their own. Wine, however, is a living thing and storage conditions can affect its quality. You could just leave your bottles in their cases, but we think it's more fun to show off a collection by housing it in a wine rack. (Aside from holding the bottles stable, a rack also keeps the corks wet.) Here's how to ensure that your chosen grapes will live up to expectations.—ROBERT L. GREEN



Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares, \$17.75. At near right is a cathedral-shaped iron wine rack for ten bottles that looks great at the end of a bar, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$34.95. Below it is a steel-wire wine rack that comes knocked down for easy shipping, from Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares, \$113, for 28 bottles as shown. Additional storage shelves can be added at \$22.50 each. Next, vintage wine labels jazz up this 12-bottle rack, from Wine Wares, \$24.95. At bottom right is a naturalpine rack for six bottles, from Alfred G. Fein Sales, \$8.50.

Above left: An exceptionally sturdy maple double-column wine rack for 12 bottles measures 30" high by 10" deep; it can also be used as a miniature tasting table, as a plant stand or as a pedestal for sculpture, \$49, and a single-column poplar wine rack for 12 bottles that stands 54" high, \$45, both from The Wine Rack. (The Wine Rack is a New York store/factory that specializes in standard and custom bottle holders.)

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

e've little doubt that the pen is mightier than the sword
—especially when the ballpoint, fountain or felt tip
you're gripping has something going for it other
than just the ability to leave your mark on

a piece of paper. A well-crafted pen is like a piece of fine jewelry—it's great to look at, it's a pleasure to hold and it's a real ego booster. What big shot doesn't have a favorite pen to make his John Hancock with? Sign up.



Above left: Ballpoints (left to right) include a Lamy CP 1 model, \$22, and an Aurora flat chrome pen that fits nicely into a suit pocket, \$25, both from Sam Flax; Schmidt ballpoint that writes in four colors, from Arthur Brown, \$12; push-pen ballpoint that's available in a boxed set of five colors, from Sam Flax, \$8. Above center: Fountain pens (left to right) include the Pilot Vanishing Point that features a retractable tip, from Arthur Brown, \$25; the 180 Laque fountain pen, writes both medium and extra fine, by Parker, about \$70; tortoise fountain pen of Chinese lacquer over sterling, by Du Pont, \$235; Noblesse Mont Blanc pen, \$54, Watermina model, \$110, and the Mont Blanc Diplomat #149, \$110, all from Arthur Brown. Above right: Felt tips (left to right) include a sterling-silver one, designed by Elsa Peretti of Tiffany, \$22; brushed stainless-steel Targa marker, by Sheaffer, \$12.50; Lamy three-point pen, from Arthur Brown, \$8; Edding 1700 felt tip in various inks, from the Holding Company, \$2.50.



Above: A boxed limited-edition Parker 75 fountain pen made of brass salvaged from the sunken R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, \$225.

Happiness Is a Warm Gun

BIANCA JAGGER has beauty, money and high-powered social connections. Still, she is unfulfilled. What she has always wanted most of all is to be a serious movie actress. So now it comes: a featured part in "Skin Color," co-starring Dennis Hopper and Veruschka, in which Bianca plays the owner of a couple of Mobconnected night clubs. Coming soon to a theater near you.





MAYBE IT'S HER DEODORANT

Genius is merely a talent for recognizing the obvious. For the past few years, scientists have been studying the effects of crowding on human behavior. Latest news from the teeming masses: Both men and women react more favorably to being crowded in with women than they do to being crowded in with men. (Hell, we could have told you that.) Researchers at Georgia State University had pairs of students debate a law case in close quarters, then rate the discussion. They found that there was more eye contact when subjects were tête-à-tête with a woman than with a man. In addition, both men and women had better feelings about the discussion and their opponents when the other person was female. If you need a lawyer, make it a lady.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND HORMONES

Much of the debate about the origins of gay love takes place on bathroom walls. We recently found this exchange: "My mother made me a homosexual." "If I gave her enough yarn, would she make me one, too?" Groups have argued that homosexuality is the result of cultural and environmental influence. Now there is evidence that your sexual preference can be traced to your hormone levels. Last year, an East German scientist observed that homosexual men had a slight but significant reduction in the normal level of testosterone (a male

sex hormone), while homosexual women revealed a higherthan-normal testosterone level. An article in the October 1977 American Journal of Psychiatry seems to confirm that finding. Three physicians studied the testosterone levels of 21 homosexual women and 19 straights and found that the average was 38 percent higher in the gay women than in the heterosexual group. So forget the yarn: If you want a homo-

sexual for Christmas, try a shot of hormones.

IS IT IN YET?

What will they think of next? Officials at the Museum of Natural History in London have opened a new exhibit on the human reproductive process. Displays include life-size models of boys and girls sans clothes, showing the various stages of puberty. The climax of the exhibit is a giant walkin womb. That's right, folks. A vagina as big as the Ritz. At last report, Larry Flynt was negotiating to have the womb disassembled and shipped to Arizona.

THE FAT OF THE LAND

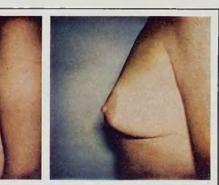
If you want to be happy for the rest of your life, never make a skinny woman your wife. That's the news in a controversial new book: Fat & Thin-A Natural History of Obesity, by anthropologist Anne Scott Beller. The author claims that fat women are sexier, more jovial, more cuddly and are more excitable than their thin sisters "by a factor. of almost two to one." Beller challenges the old folk wisdom that a fat woman's appetite for food is a substitute

for sex drive. On the contrary, bon appétit equals bone appetite. We can see that the study will have an impact on our culture. PLAYBOY will have to increase the size of its centerfold. And somewhere out there, a man in bed with two overweight women will call it a Rubens sandwich.

A TALE OF TWO TESTICLES

"It's a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done." A few months ago, Dr. Sherman J. Silber reported the first successful transplant of a testicle in a human male. Dr. Silber, who perfected microsurgery techniques that promise reversible vasectomies, performed the operation on 30-year-old identical twins from California. One of the twins was born without testicles and had to take regular injec-

tions of testosterone to get through puberty. His brother developed normally and fathered three children before offering to put one of his balls on the line. Silber says that the transplanted testicle produces the donor's sperm, but since the two are identical twins, any offspring will inherit the same genes. (Because the two are identical, there was no fear of rejection.) Silber notes that had the donor and the recipient been unrelated, the offspring would inherit the genetic make-up of the donor.



A medical hypnotist at St. Joseph's Hospital in Joliet, Illinois, recently put 44 women into a trance and gave them the posthypnotic suggestion "to rid themselves of any guilt they had about their breasts." The result: 28 women completed the study with an average increase in breast size of two inches. Many lost weight. The rest developed great personalities. OK, guys. What's the guiltiest part of your body? Growing sleepy?

A SURVEY OF SEX SURVEYS, PART II

Keep those questionnaires and interviewers coming. The most recent entry into the sex-survey sweepstakes is The Shanor Study, by Dr. Karen Shanor-a nationwide study of more than 4000 men. Dr. Shanor does for the male population what Shere Hite did for the female population-only better. Among other things, Shanor found that men were more worried about their performance than ever before. Perhaps as a result, men have more sexual fantasies than ever before. The top ten male sexual fantasies involve: (1) the nude (or seminude) female body, (2) sex with a woman not previously involved with, (3) past sex experiences, (4) sex with two or more women simultaneously, (5) power and achievement through sex (receiving accolades for a sexual performance), (6) watching a woman perform in a sexually enticing way, (7) clandestine sex (the back-door man), (8) watching a wife or lover having sexual relations with another man, (9) having sex with a younger woman, (10) sex with a woman other than the person you're making love to. How does that list compare with female fantasies? A few years ago, Shanor released a book called The Fantasy Files, in which she found that the top ten women's fantasies involved: (1) sex with a man not previously involved with, (2) past sexual experiences, (3) sensory fantasies (feathers, oils, etc.), (4) sex with a man other than the one you're having intercourse with at the time, (5) group sex, (6) being very desirable to men, (7) women's bodies, (8) being forced to have sex with a man, (9) sex with a succession of men, (10) sex in a nonsexual place (such as an elegant restaurant or a sub-

way). Nielsen never had it so good.

A COMPACT STEREO WITH THE GUTS TO DO THIS:

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Record Changer Akai CS-702D Tape Deck	Kenwood KR2600 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band Width	40-30,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz	40-20,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion (smaller is better)	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity (smaller is better)	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBt	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation (larger is better)	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio (smaller is better)	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity (larger is better)	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Cassette Tape Deck Tape Frequency Range	Front-loading non-Dolby* CrO ₂ : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-12,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ : 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-13,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ Tape: 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz
Speakers	10" 3-way Frequency Range: 45-20,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: N/A	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz
Record Changer	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor
Suggested Total Retail Price	\$449.95	\$749.85	\$677.95	\$709.90

Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer compare favorably with these typical audio store component packages. Pioneer products include a two-year limited warranty. Ask for details. Manufacturer's suggested retail price published as of September 1, 1977.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

So far, components have been considered the most sophisticated approach to high fidelity.

But now, after a lot of time, packages. energy and solid-state technology, Pioneer is proud to introduce a compact stereo system with the features, specifications and audio quality of components.

The chart above shows you come out way ahead with exactly how Centrex stacks up against typical, medium-priced audio store component ing, then let your ears

decide. Your Pioneer dealer is waiting.

For information write Pioneer Electronics of America, Dept. 15, 1925 East Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810.



THIS MONTH:



PLAYBOY TO YOURSELF OR TO A FRIEND

Start my own my friend's subscription today!				
 1 year \$14. (Save \$11.00 off \$25.00 single-copy rate.) 3 years \$33. (Save \$42.00 off \$75.00 single-copy rate.) 				
☐ Bill me later. ☐ Payment enclosed.				
My Name (please print)				
Address Apt. #				
City				
State Zip				
Send my gift to				
Name (please print)				
Address Apt. =				
City				
State Zip Send unsigned gift card to me. Send gift card signed From				
Clip this coupon and mail to				

PLAYBOY

P.O. Box 2420 Boulder, Colorado 80302

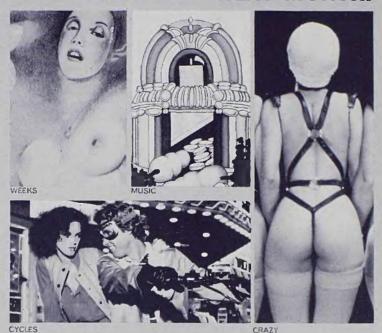
FOR FASTER SERVICE 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK, CALL TOLL-FREE 800-621-1116.

(In Illinois, call 800-972-6727.)

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only.

Canadian subscription rate, one year \$15. 7RR9

NEXT MONTH:



"INSIDE SIRHAN"—A FORMER CELLMATE OF THE CONVICTED ASSASSIN OF ROBERT KENNEDY DESCRIBES SIRHAN'S RECREATION OF THE CRIME, PLANS FOR A DARING ESCAPE AND HIS INTERNATIONAL PLOT—BY JAMES MC KINLEY

"NINE AND A HALF WEEKS"—A SADÓMASOCHISTIC RELATION-SHIP THAT MAKES STORY OF O READ LIKE LITTLE BOPEEP—BY ELIZABETH MC NEILL

DAVID FROST TALKS ABOUT TWTWTW, THE ETHICS OF ELECTRONIC JOURNALISM AND WHAT HE REALLY THINKS OF RICHARD NIXON IN A REVEALING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"KALKI"—THE END OF THE END-OF-THE-WORLD STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF BURR AND MYRA BRECKINRIDGE—GORE VIDAL

"SAY, HAS SHE GOT A SISTER?" YOU BET SHE HAS. PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF SOME VERY SEXY SIBLINGS

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '78"—OUR ANNUAL AUTHORITATIVE WRAP-UP OF THE YEAR IN MUSIC, INCLUDING POLL WINNERS, NEW MEMBERS OF THE PLAYBOY MUSIC HALL OF FAME AND A LOOK AT THE WAY PUNK ROCK IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

"SKY DIVING"—TUNE IN TO PLAYBOY'S THIRD TRY AT DOING AWAY WITH OUR NOTHING-TO-FEAR-BUT-FEAR-ITSELF CONTRIBUTOR CRAIG VETTER

"THE BACHELOR KITCHEN"—EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS NEEDED, WHETHER YOU KNEW IT OR NOT, TO TAKE THE HASSLE OUT OF HAUTE CUISINE—BY EMANUEL GREENBERG

"STREET CHIC"—THE LATEST IN FREEWHEELING MOTOR-CYCLES AND FOOT-LOOSE FASHIONS

"THE FILLIES OF CRAZY HORSE"—A LOVING LOOK AT SOME OF THE INCROYABLE LADIES WHO PERFORM AT ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS NIGHT CLUBS IN PARIS

"DIET SEX"—SOME WILDLY EROTIC VARIATIONS ON THE CUR-RENT CROP OF FAD SCHEMES FOR RAPID WEIGHT REDUCTION

"Señor, there's only one way to order tequila."

Ask Two Fingers what was the best tequila.

He was known not to say a word. He'd just hold up two fingers.

That was mighty strange behavior for a tequila man who only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

However, once you got to know him and his Two Fingers Tequila better you understood what he was meaning.

"Stick those two fingers up. You're not going to get some of that dime a dozen stuff!" Two Fingers once hollered at a non-believer in Albuquerque.

The man soon became a believer. A lot of folks in the late 30's did because Two Fingers Tequila had a flavor you could taste—even when you mixed it.

"The way I make it," he'd grin. "That's the difference."

found out what that "way" was. Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other

name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

Luckily his tequila lives on. All you have to do is hold up two fingers when you order. You'll get your money's worth.



© 1976. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill., San Francisco, Calif. Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.

