ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NEIMAN PAINTS ELVIS PRESLEY! YOUR OWN TEAR-OUT POSTER

CARL SAGAN ON PARANORMAL JUNK

EX-CIA CHIEF COLBY TELLS PLAYBOY WHAT IT'S LIKE TO KNOW EVERYTHING

MARTIN MULL'S GUARANTEED MAKE-OUT GUIDE

SEX EXPERT MASTERS ON FIRST-NIGHT DISASTERS TV'S NANCY DREW UNDRAPED

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.

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CIVILIZED FOUR WHEELDRIVE.

Subaru has brought 4 wheel drive in from the woods.

Instead of featuring a bulky body, awkward handling and a cumbersome price, Subaru 4 wheel drive vehicles are truly passenger cars. In looks, comfort and economy.

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For the low price of \$4,889 (In Calif., it's \$5,067.),* you get the first passenger wagon with full time front wheel drive, that becomes 4 wheel drive at the flick of a lever inside the car. And standard features like power assist front disc brakes, all purpose radial tires, rear window washer and wiper and AM push button radio.

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Which means you can climb the steepest hills in our 4 Wheel Drive Wagon, without paying a steep price.

THE SUBARU BRAT. FUN ON WHEELS.

The Brat has the same unique front

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For just \$4,589 (In Calif., it's \$4,767.),* you get features like a 4 speed transmission, push button radio, tinted glass, radial tires and a trip meter. You can also add options like camper tops, a tonneau cover, roof bars, electric winch and a sliding rear window.

What's more, a Brat won't interrupt the joy of driving with constant stops at the gas station. It delivers 36 highway and 26 city miles on a gallon of lower cost regular. (In Calif., it's 29 highway and 20 city mpg.)**

The 4 Wheel Drive Wagon and the Brat. The Civilized 4 Wheel Drive Cars from Subaru.

We think you'll go wild over them.

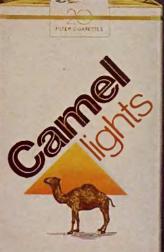
SUBARU INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT TO STAY THAT WAY.

*Total POE – not including dealer prep, inland transportation and tax. (In Calif., it's not including tax, license and inland transportation.) Wheel trim rings are extra cost options on 4 wheel drive wagon. Price does not include special striping, tires and wheels on Brat. **These figures are 1978 EPA test estimates for Subaru 4 Wheel Drive vehicles. Your actual mileage may vary due to the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your car and whatever optional equipment you might have. © Subaru of America, Inc., 1978.

New Camel Lights

Introducing the solution.

Until now, low tar cigarettes just couldn't deliver that full measure of taste and satisfaction you want. But this low tar filter cigarette, at 9 mg. tar, is different. It's a Carnel. With a richer-tasting Camel blend that means satisfaction. The solution is at hand. At last.



LOW TAR CAMEL QUALITY

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



WHILE WE UNDERSTAND that in the spy business some operations must be carried out in secrecy, recent disclosures have led us to believe that the operations of our own Central Intelligence Agency may have been a little too secret. After all, somebody should know what's going on. Luckily, if anyone does know, it's the former head of the CIA, William Colby, the subject of this month's Playboy Interview. Articles Editor Laurence Gonzales handled the interrogatories that cover such touchy subjects as the Chilean affair and dirty tricks. Gonzales used no bamboo slivers or dripping water, but he did have an invaluable assist in his research gathering from frequent PLAYBOY CONTributor Asa Baber.

On a more cosmic level, reports continue to come in on sightings of UFOs and some folks are still trying to prove that people can leave their bodies and fly. Dr. Corl Sogon, Pulitzer Prize-winning professor of astronomy and space sciences at Cornell University, calls for the exercise of reason, if not of scientific method, in evaluating some of the wilder claims in his article Astral Projection and the Horse That Could Count. Sagan, you should know, is the man responsible for introducing Chuck Berry to other solar systems.

If you lost your virginity in the back seat of a car, you may have found later that you couldn't function sexually without the odor of gasoline. In First-Night Disasters, Dr. William Masters, of the sexual-research team of Masters and Johnson, examines the traumas that linger long after the initial experience. Alex Ebel provides the illustration.

The most popular sport in the world is a game many Americans have never seen, much less played. But that's all changing, and rapidly. Soccer is coming into its own and, to keep the ball rolling, Moury Z. Levy gives us The Secret Life of Soccer, a collection of milestones and trivia that will help bridge our national cultural gap.

Jone Fondo has gone from B-movie starlet to radical to internationally respected actress in a transition that has left her public image a little fuzzy. Jim Horwood takes a hard look at her latest incarnation in a profile titled Saint Jane and the Hollywood Dragon. (The illustration is by Elizabeth Bennett.)

Our fiction offerings this month include a new story from V. S. Pritchett, who will celebrate his 78th birthday this year. The Accompanist, part of a soon-to-be-published anthology, is the amusing story of a man who attends a dinner party given by his mistress-and her husband. From our own ranks, Assistant Editor Walter L. Lowe, Jr., who has been known to supplement his income with a pool cue, writes of Galahad, a black pool hustler who challenges the local white champ on his own turf. Ernie Bornes's illustration captures the action and the atmosphere.

Speaking of atmosphere, any of you who happen to be Sherlock Holmes buffs will appreciate the scholarship in the cartoon by Smilby based on the Conan Doyle character. It pictures the sitting room of 221B Baker Street in authentic detail, including the "VR" in bullet holes from Holmes's revolver practice.

LeRoy Neimon's deft work with a palette knife has graced our pages many times. This month, PLAYBOY offers a portfolio of his art that includes two recent portraits of rock immortal Elvis Presley.

Kid-vid star Pamela Sue Martin, of Nancy Drew fame, leaps the generation gap in a special pictorial, Nancy Drew Grows Up, photographed by Dick Zimmermon. Meanwhile, decidedly adult TV comic Mortin Mull is featured in a Guide to Sophisticated Seduction. Mull was snapped in action by Gary Heery.

Finally, photographer Ken Marcus does double duty. First taking on porn star Constance Money for Call of the Wild and then our July Playmate, Koren Morton. Lucky Ken, lucky you.





GONZALES, COLBY





NEIMAN







LEVY



LOWE



SMILBY

PRITCHETT



MARCUS

BARNES





ZIMMERMAN



BENNETT





Astral Projection



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LeRoy's Labors

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PLAYBILL

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- In pictures and words, America 2Night's ace smoothie shows you his sure-fire step-by-step method for moking out.
- SHADES OF MEANING-modern living 100 We've got five great pairs of sunglasses for you, and they're sunbeatable!
- THE ACCOMPANIST—fictionV. S. PRITCHETT 102 If you're going to dinner at your best friend's house, there's no better way to work up an appetite than by making love to his wife.

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COVER STORY

Phillip Dixon photographed Pamela Sue Martin, formerly television's teenaged girl sleuth Nancy Drew, examining the clue of a cutout Rabbit. We asked Pam (whose new image debuts with the pictorial on page 87) what she thought the clue meant, but she was preoccupied with another mystery—who stole her underwear from under her trench coat?

FIRST-NIGHT DISASTERS—articleDR. WILLIAM MASTERS 104 America's foremost sex researcher says that, for better or worse (often worse), your first time is probably a foreshadowing of things to come.	
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Rally shines deep because it cleans deep.

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CLGSIII MS

liquid car

"Rally" car wax gives you the deep, rich-looking shine you want because it cleans deep down, gets up even tough, oily road film as you wax. Space-age silicones make "Rally" incredibly quick and easy to use.

And they make "Rally" every bit as weather-proof and detergent-proof as old-fashioned paste waxes. Test drive it.



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FOR 56545 YOU CAN BUY A CHEAP CAR, OR AN EXPENSION STATES OF THE STATES

It's no longer true that you get what you pay for. At least, it isn't true among the 1978 models. That's because — for about the same money — you can become the disappointed owner of a cheaply made car or the satisfied owner of one that's well made.

Luckily, the cheap ones can give themselves away to anybody who bothers to look closely. Doors, hood and trunk lid don't fit properly. The paint job is dribbled in some places, spotty in others (especially on top of the hood). The trunk is a wasteland of raw, unfinished surfaces. Rattles are constant companions. owners confirm it. In a recent independent national survey, a significantly higher percentage of owners of new Volvos rated their cars "excellent" in terms of overall quality of workmanship than did the owners of all 57 American makes surveyed!

The amazing thing is that, for the price of many of the cheap cars, you can own an expensively built, well-equipped Volvo...the 1978 Volvo 242 in a dealer's showroom near you.

Why settle for less when the price is no more?

Volvos, on the other hand, are known for being Suggested retail price PO.E. for the Volvo 242, local taxes, dealer preparation, delivery charges a



VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.

How to make a good drink great.

Make any drink with Seagram's 7 and make it a great one. For a smooth, refreshing 7 & Cola, pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass. Fill with cola and garnish with lime.



C

PLAYB

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

JULIE WOODSON IN TV MOVIE

April 1973 Playmate Julie Woodson, a top fashion model, has resumed the film career that was interrupted when she walked off the set of *Super Fly* years ago. Julie played the wife of a budding marine biologist in *The Bermuda Depths*, an ABC-TV movie.



HEF, SONDRA & FRIENDS ON SPECIAL Hugh M. Hefner, July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore, ventriloquist Wayland Flowers and Madame (above) were among the celebrities who appeared on Disco Fever, a TV special tied in with the hit movie Saturday Night Fever.



LAINIE'S ROOM OPENS IN NEW YORK

Seen at the grand opening of Lainie's Room in the New York Playboy Club, patterned after the popular one in Los Angeles (from left, above): Lainie Kazan herself, Eartha (*Timbuktu!*) Kitt and conga-drum player Marcelino Valdez.

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PATTI MC GUIRE BRIGHTENS RESORT IN MEXICAN SUDS PROMOTION

Patti McGuire, 1977 Playmate of the Year, presents a trophy to one of the winners of the Dos Equis Challenge, a series of giant slalom races open to employees of restaurants and bars in the Mammoth Lakes area and sponsored by the brewers of the popular Mexican beer. The event, staged at the Mammoth Mountain ski resort in California, featured divisions for men, women and teams.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

PLAYMATE UPDATE

VERSATILE MIKI GARCIA: FROM 1973 GATEFOLD TO PLAYMATE DIRECTOR

When PLAYBOY readers first made the acquaintance of Playmate Miki Garcia (right), back in January 1973, she was—take a deep breath—a model, insurance underwriter, amateur lobbyist for homeless animals, volunteer instructor for a class of Mexican-American teenagers, assistant director of a beauty pageant and owner of three hens, three cats, four pigeons, a rooster and a pair of rabbits. We know a well-organized lady when we see one, and in April 1976, we made Miki our Director of Playmate Promotions, with offices in our West Coast digs on Sunset Boulevard, L.A.



Now Miki fields requests for Playmate appearances and interviews centerfold candidates. Lately, she's been helping hunt for our 25th Anniversary Playmate.



A sought-after spokesperson for PLAYBOY, Miki is often invited to appear on TV shows. Here she is interviewed by Emme Tomimbang of Honolulu's Channel Four.



RUM REVELATIONS. Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and lark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:

Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of 1/2 lemon or lime, 11/2 oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry



Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 11/2 oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious. So now that you know the facts. your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum. Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, 80 Proof.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

CHRISTIE VISITS OSAKA, BOOSTS ERA

Globe-trotting Playboy Enterprises Vice-President Christie Hefner celebrates, with Kazuo Miyaoka, owner of the Playboy Club of Osaka; Yoji Shimizu, president of the Playboy Clubs of Japan; and Playboy Clubs International Senior Vice-President Dan Stone, the opening of Osaka

Club (right). Below, she visits with author Dr. Benjamin Spock and his wife, Mary Morgan, at Playboy Foundation-sponsored luncheon in support of ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment in Illinois.







When Macy's, to benefit the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, solicited Easter baskets from celebs for its annual flower show, artist LeRoy Neiman contributed a Femlin.



BARBI, REGGIE BECOME PEDAL PUSHERS

Playboy recording star Barbi Benton takes time out for a little friendly conversation with New York Yankees slugger Reggie Jackson, her bike-race opponent on TV's Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes.

EX-BUNNY MAKES GOOD IN TV SERIES

Attention, New York keyholders: You thought Susan Sullivan, female gynecologist in Julie Farr, M.D. and Rudy Jordache's attorney/girlfriend in Rich Man, Poor Man, Book II, looked familiar? You're right. She spent three years as a Manhattan Bunny while working her way through college, reciting Shakespeare as she served drinks.



KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

"Taste is what smoking's all about. And my Winston is all taste, all the time?"

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



FULL RICH OBACCO FLAVOR

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Introducing the Brava. The Fiat that





For years, Fiat has been sending cars to America that drive incredibly well.

And, meanwhile, a lot of Americans have bought *other* cars for their wheel covers or their interiors.

Well, as you can see, we've done something about this.

Like our other Sedans and Sports Cars, the new Brava has the same kind of performance you'd expect from a Fiat. And the new Super Brava has something more: the appearance of a car costing thousands of dollars more.

We designed the new Fiat Super Brava from the tires up.

And we came up with a design that comes out of the Fiat tradition; yet it breaks tradition in the area of looks.

Never has a Fiat been this luxuriously appointed, whether you choose the rich, padded, velour interior or the vinyl you'd swear was calfskin.

And never has a Fiat driven this well. Its Rally version just won the World Rally Championship.

And when you buy the new Brava, you get the incredible Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile power train warranty.

Beauty and guts, appearance and performance: a Fiat that looks as good as it drives, all for around \$5,000. BRAVA!



FILAS

looks as good as it drives.

222

Price based upon P.O.E. price of vehicle shown, the Super Brava. Inland transportation, dealer preparation, and local taxes additional.



HELP US FIND THE GIRL OF OUR DREAMS

PLAYBOY is conducting a nationwide search for the girl; the one who will appear in our January 1979 issue as our 25th Anniversary Playmate. Over the years, the PLAYBOY centerfold has featured the most beautiful women in the world. But for our Silver Anniversary, we're looking for someone superspecial. You may know her or you may be her. Find out now by sending us a full-length photograph, nude or seminude. (It will be returned if you include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.) The girl who is chosen will receive \$25,000 and will represent PLAYBOY throughout our year-long 25th Anniversary celebration. If you've always wanted to be a Playmate, or a Playmate talent scout, here's your chance. The winning talent scout will receive a \$2500 finder's fee. Time is very short, but the green is very long, so send your entry now to:

PLAYBOY

25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt 919 N. Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60611



DEAR PLAYBOY

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

FROST AND NIXON

In the April Playboy Interview with David Frost, Frost gives us an example of his wit in the following: When asked to speak on the subject of the queen, he replied, "The queen is not a subject." Very nice, but that pun originated with Oscar Wilde. By implying it was his own, it seems to me Frost is guilty of the same kind of tactics of which he carlier accused Richard Nixon and Enoch Powell. On another occasion, Wilde said, "I have nothing to declare except my genius." That seems to summarize Frost's contribution to the interview. Unfortunately, in his case, the statement is untrue.

> John Savage Toronto, Ontario

The only winners in the David Frost-Richard Nixon TV interviews were the television industry, Frost and Nixon. I don't think the public gained much at all. Frost gained the recognition and fame that he apparently sought in the U.S., while Nixon obtained much needed money (\$600,000 plus 20 percent of the TV profits). Each man had a lot at stake and obviously not only wanted to ensure contractual compliance but also wanted to generate heightened excitement so necessary for better TV ratings. The one thing that many people are upset about is that Nixon was treated so much better than his associates and continues to get the support he needs. Were the interviews necessary?

R. E. Fibus

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I'm amazed that James Reston, Jr. (The Breaking of Richard Nixon, PLAYBOY, April) should claim credit for unearthing the Colson-Nixon tape of June 20, 1972, via a researching coup in the "late fall" of 1976, when that very same tape was quoted extensively in John Dean's book, Blind Ambition, which was published and became a nationwide best seller in October 1976. Any casual reader could have become aware of these "startling new discoverics" simply by perusing Dean's book months before the Nixon interviews were conducted. Since I'm certain Nixon had read *Blind Ambition* before the Frost conversations were held, maybe he was a bit more prepared for them than David was.

> Bernard Collins Middletown, New York

Congratulations on your brilliant interview of David Frost—or should I say David Frost's brilliant interview of David Frost? He has, indeed, proved with British understatement that he reigns supreme in the world of debate as well as interviewing.

> Bill Peckham Poughkeepsie, New York

MUSICAL CHAIRS

My compliments on a well put together and extremely enjoyable music poll for 1978 (PLAYBOY, April). But Peter Frampton as number one on the present guitar circuit? Granted, an opinion is an opinion, but this discrepancy is one I find particularly difficult to swallow.

> Bart Auer New York, New York

usic poll and enjoyed it

I read the music poll and enjoyed it very much. Since I am interested in rock music, it is very informative to me. But I have one small complaint. In your pop/ rock-guitar category, what happened to David Gilmour? Being an ardent Pink Floyd fan, I rank Gilmour among the best.

> Rick Browning Joliet, Illinois

I was bewildered by the readers' musicpoll selections this year, especially in the Hall of Fame choice of Linda Ronstadt. People whose present popularity is great

PLAYBOY, JULY, 1978. VOLUME 25, NUMBER 7, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 918 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINDIS GOSII. SUBBCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$33 FOR THREE YEARS, \$25 FOR TWO YEARS, \$14 FOR ONE YEAR. CANADA, \$15 FER YEAR. ELSEWHERE, \$25 PER YEAR. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR THE YEARS. AND REMEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO-RADO BOJOZ, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED COMDON, DIRECTOR/ DIRECT MARKETING; BI COMON, DIRECTOR/ DIRECT MARKETING; BI COMON, DIRECTOR, HARVETING, BUCHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: MENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MARK EVENS, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017; CHICAGO, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 519 N. MICHIGAN AVE.; DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, NANGER, 818 FISHER BLDG.; LOS ANGE-LES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BLVD.; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 NONTGOMERY ST. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY



Feel Rich. Be Rich! Mixin' Velvet SWEEPSTAKES CERTIFICATE You May Already Be A Winner!

1. With a moist tissue, carefully wipe off ONLY 3 of the spots below to reveal the symbols underneath. 2. Take this certificate to the Mixin' Velvet Sweepstakes display at your nearest participating retailer. 3. Match your 3 symbols with those shown on the display to see if you are a winner. 4. If you do not wish to or cannot find a display see Rule #4 on the reverse side.

BVGBLACK VELVET AND GINGER ALEBVMBLACK VELVET MANHATTANBVSBLACK VELVET SDURBVCBLACK VELVET AND COLA



Playboy



WITH A MOIST TISSUE, CAREFULLY WIPE OFF ONLY 3 SPOTS.

"MIXIN' VELVET SWEEPSTAKES" — OFFICIAL RULES

1. With a moist tissue, carefully wipe off ONLY 3 of the spots below to reveal the symbols underneath. Then bring this certificate to the Mixin' Velvet Sweepstakes display at your nearby retailer.* Match the 3 symbols that you have uncovered with those shown on the display. If your 3 symbols **exactly match** the 3 symbols shown next to the First, Second or Third prizes, you are a winner. (If you do not wish to or cannot find a Mixin' Velvet Sweepstakes display, see Rule #4).

2. If you are a prize winner, mail your winning certificate with your name and address via certified mail, return receipt requested, to "Mixin' Velvet Winners," P.O. Box 1272, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101. All prizes won by matching symbols must be claimed in this manner and all claims must be received at Sweepstakes Head-quarters by August 31, 1978.

3. If the symbols on your certificate do not match one of the prize winning series of symbols, you can still enter a random drawing for any of the unclaimed Grand or Second prizes. Unclaimed Third prizes will not be included in the random drawing. To participate in this random drawing, send a completed official Second Chance entry form from the Sweepstakes display together with any recognizable portion of the front label from a Black Velvet bottle, or with the words "Black Velvet" printed clearly on a 3 x 5 card. These entries must be received by August 31, 1978. If no entry forms are available you may still enter this drawing by sending any recognizable portion of the front label of a Black Velvet bottle or the words "Black Velvet" printed on a 3 x 5 card, along with your complete name and address. No purchase necessary. Send to "Mixin" Velvet," P.O. Box 1902, Long Island City, New York 11101. Each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Winners will be notified by mail within 30 days of their selection. NO PURCHASE REDUIRED TO ENTER.

4. If you do not wish to or cannot find the Sweepstakes display and you wish to determine whether you are a winner, send a letter requesting the winning symbols series plus a stamped, selfaddressed envelope to "Mixin" Velvet Sweepstakes Symbols," P.O. Box 1901, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

5. To obtain a list of winners, write to "Mixin" Velvet Winners List, " P.O. Box 1904, Long Island City, New York 11101, and include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

7. Winners of unclaimed Grand and Second Prizes

will be selected in a random drawing to be supervised by International Marketing Group, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are finat. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received and the number of unclaimed prizes. All Federal, State and local taxes are the sole responsibility of winners.

8. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental United States, except employees and their families of Heublein, Inc., its affiliates, advertising agencies, manufacturers of Sweepstakes materials/handling services, and promotional agencies. Only persons of legal age for consuming alcoholic beverages in the state of their residence are eligible to win. Liquor wholesalers and retailers and their families are not eligible to win prizes. Proof of eligibility may be required. Void in Missouri and where prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State and Local laws apply. Prizes are not transferable and no substitutions permitted for prizes as listed.

9. Sweepstakes certificates are void and will be rejected if any part(s) is illegible, forged, mutilated or if irregular in any way or if mechanical devices or other processes are used to modify the sweepstakes certificate.

*Mixin' Velvet Sweepstakes displays will appear in all states except Missouri, Wisconsin and where prohibited or restricted by law. If you do not wish to or cannot find a display, see Rule #4. Residents of Wisconsin may participate as directed in Rule #4.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

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BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, BO PROOF. IMPORTED BY @ 1978 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.



Feel rich. Be rich. Enter the \$100,000 "Mixin' Velvet Sweepstakes."

Black Velvet wants to help you live it up like you've never done before. All you have to do is match three "Mixin' Velvet" symbols (and just three) on this Black Velvet Sweepstake Certificate with the special display at your local tavern or liquor store.

Everybody has a chance to win. And the prizes are terrific. Just use the Sweepstake Certificate in this magazine and in no time at all. you could be the richest person on the block.

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should not necessarily be associated with the legendary performances of other Hall of Famers. True, Miss Ronstadt is a fine singer, but what are her contributions to music as compared with Jimmy Page, Peter Townshend, Neil Young or Chuck Berry, just to name a few who didn't make it?

Daniel Simmons La Mesa, California

Shame on you, PLAYBOY! How could you have the audacity to ignore the most talented keyboard musician to come along in the past decade—Billy Joel? Get on the stick,

> Henry T. Hammond Huntington, West Virginia

Congratulations to Bill Utterback for his great illustrations of music-poll winners. In fact, the whole feature is great, except for one thing; if Mary Macgregor is black, my ass is green!

Doug Hopkins Albambra, California Your butt isn't green and our face is red.

After having read *The Year in Music*, I now realize why I should have sent in my ballot. Next time I'll send one in if I have to write it in my own blood!

John B. Morgan Macon, Georgia

THE WHAM OF PAM

Miss April, Pamela Jean Bryant, is by far the most beautiful Playmate I have ever laid eyes on. She definitely gets my vote for Playmate of the Year. I'd give anything just to have another look at her.

Jerry Deutsch Charleston, West Virginia

Another great centerfold! Pamela definitely is the most beautiful woman in the world. I hope to see more of this fox in the future.

> Kellen Moelich Scottsdale, Arizona

Congratulations to Richard Fegley for photographing the loveliest, most sensuous Playmate pictorial these sore eyes have ever seen. It would, however, be difficult to go wrong with a subject such as Pamela Jean Bryant. She's a shoo-in for Playmate of the Year.

J. Jones Houston, Texas

Pamela Jean Bryant is absolutely the most sensuous, most beautiful girl we have yet seen. Keep up the good work. Marines of B Company New York, New York

You will no doubt receive loads of mail praising the charms of Pamela Jean Bryant and deservedly so. She is your finest offering since Patti McGuire. However, someone ought to compliment Richard Fegley. His work with Miss

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Bryant is the finest I have ever seen in your magazine by anyone other than the master—Pompeo Posar.

> L. J. David South Bend, Indiana

Now that exams are over and we can concentrate wholeheartedly on Pam, could we please get another glimpse of her God-given gifts? C'mon, give it the old college try and give us another peek.

Lancaster House

University of Connecticut Storrs, Connecticut We don't buy that story about exams (see letter below). If you want to see



another picture of Pam, just ask. We're glad to oblige for no reason at all.

Although midterms are upon us at Grove City College, we still manage to find time to read your magazine. It is our consensus that Pamela Jean Bryant, is one of the most beautiful girls ever to grace the pages of PLAYBOY. We hereby offer her an honorary membership in our Independent Men's Group.

> Kappa Delta Alpha Grove City College Grove City, Pennsylvania

FALZONE ON SIRHAN

James McKinley's article on Sirhan (Inside Sirhan, PLAYBOY, April) is one heavy piece. However brazen and destructive his ideas may be, Sirhan appears to be a very intelligent man and in complete control of his mental faculties, judging from Falzone's statements. Until extremists learn a little about humility and compromise, let's give them a permanent home in X wing and lessen the possibility of the "nuclear burn."

Mitchell L. Martin Montpelier, Idaho

If Sirhan had been executed instead of being slapped on the hands, we would not even have to hear such bullshit about what he is planning, much less have to worry about his actually attempting it. Just stop and consider the consequences. What if Sirhan had been an American and had assassinated a Palestinian leader? My prediction is that the U. S. would have paid out the ass for many, many years. Thank you for your very informative article. You should be commended.

> Randy Reynolds Stillwater, Oklahoma

I have just finished reading the alleged "by proxy" confessions of Sirhan Sirhan as reported by some super con man, habitual criminal Carmen Falzone. I am shocked that your magazine would publish allegations of this nature, because in the past you have generally shown a great amount of fairness to the private rights of all people. Here Sirhan is tried and convicted of crimes worse than murder by the uncorroborated words of an admitted sneak thief.

> Charles Edwardsen Marion, Illinois

The Bill of Rights is intact. Our publication of, in your own words, "allegations" does not constitute either a trial or a conviction. Falzone's uncorroborated story is presented as just that, and his record is presented in detail. Any judgment on the veracity of his story and its implications is still up to the reader and the courts.

THE PLEASURE OF PAIN

In the memoir Nine and a Half Weeks: An Incredible Love Affair (PLAYBOY, April). Elizabeth McNeill demonstrates an extraordinary skill. I very much love her writing and I am fascinated at her courage to learn. I want to express my extensive thanks to her for sharing her talents.

> Marie A. McDaniel Miami, Florida

Nine and a Half Weeks: An Incredible Love Affair is definitely the most provocatively exciting story I have ever read in your magazine. However, it sadly contributed to the gradual deterioration of my favorite fantasy by imposing the limitations of reality: the fantasy works only when concentrating on the possibility of extreme pain or degradation, as opposed to the reality of actions and their distasteful consequences.

> Debra Earle Boston, Massachusetts

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

Whether or not you support their position, you have printed too many letters disparaging the masculinity of gay men. It is the position of our group that the "simpering fag" (*Playboy Forum*, April 1978) is a media creation designed to further the myth that gays are unlike other people. Toward the end of eradicating those misimpressions, our

Plop Plop, Fizz Fizz.

Read and follow label directions.

WITH SPECIALLY BUPTERED ASPIRIN

If there's one thing you always look forward to, it's a weekend party. You munch on chips and dip. You chug-a-lug your beer. You bugaloo till two.

But sometimes you overdo it. You wake up feeling less than your best. When you do, reach for Alka-Seltzer. The moment you drink it, those tiny bubbles start to speed relief through your system. With specially buffered aspirin to soothe your throbbing head. And antacids to calm your upset stomach.

You'll be thankful you have Alka-Seltzer on hand. Because when morning comes, the only sound your aching head can bear to hear is a gentle plop plop, fizz fizz.

Alka-Seltzer Oh, what a relief it is! PLAYBO

organization has established a speakers' bureau housed within each of our 170 campus affiliates across the U.S. and funded by private grants. Persons wishing to contact our speaking teams should write to Positive Images Project, care of Tom Clark, International Union of Gay Athletes, P.O. Box 3592, Long Beach, California 90803.

Richard Raymond Long Beach, California

Do you know that many gays, lesbians and bisexuals are readers of and subscribers to your magazine? Don't be too surprised by it! I'd like to thank you for the increasing recognition your magazine has shown homosexuals over the past few months. I believe that continued support from a "traditionally straight" magazine will be a beneficial aid to a rapidly growing minority group striving for liberation.

> M. Hanna New York, New York

DIVING WITH VETTER

Move over, George Plimpton. Enter, Craig Vetter (Pushed to the Edge: Part Three, The Sky Dive, PLAYBOY, April). Vetter writes with such a warm, readable style and has such marvelous psychological insight that I hope he returns to your magazine soon. I have one question, however: What could he possibly do for an encore?

> Tom Keller Portland, Oregon

Craig Vetter must be one of the greatest writers of our time. His accounts of the ice climb, ski jump and sky dive are so lifelike that in the first one, I actually was cold!

> John Keever Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Vetter had my heart pounding as I ice-climbed, ski-jumped and sky-dived with him through the pages of PLAYBOY. You aren't, for a moment, considering letting him off the hook without sending him through hang-gliding school, are you?

> Bob Holliston White Salmon, Washington

The way Craig Vetter writes is unreal. He tells it like he saw it. He has an excellent way of expressing himself. Smoking a nice mild joint and then reading his article about the sky dive really made me buzz. Keep up the good work, Craig. I think you can really say that you have accomplished a lot of things in life that a lot of other people, including myself, would also love to try.

Drew Toner

Edmonton, Alberta

TREADS AND THREADS

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I just finished reading the article Treads and Threads (PLAYBOY, April). My husband and I are both avid motorcyclists and I, for one, was glad to see the smaller commuter bike given its fair share. I think that one should start out with a smaller bike before trying out the larger, more powerful bikes. That way, you can find out if motorcycling is really your thing before you pour a couple of thousand into a more sophisticated model. After all, some people can't even walk straight, let alone control a lot of horsepower on two wheels! Keep up the good work, PLAYBOY.

> Sherry Trimpi Richmond, Kentucky

I really enjoyed your pictorial article *Treads and Threads*, but I think I spotted an error in one of the captions. On page 135, you identify the gentleman's jacket as being made by Brunswick. Don't they make bowling balls?

Randy Hanson

Los Angeles, California A thousand pardons, Randy, to you and the Peters Sportswear Company. Since we flubbed the first one, here's



another look at that jacket. Notice the fine lines, the exquisite detailing, the matchless material—now take a look at the jacket.

In Treads and Threads, I can overlook your choice of two-wheel transportation from today's smorgasbord selection as merely lacking in experience or taste. However, as a road rider with hundreds of thousands of miles of "safe" and "fast" experience, both one and two up, I am appalled and disgusted at your recommended riding threads. I'm 40 years old, so not so impressionable as many of your readers, for whose safety I fear should they ride in such clothes.

Don Lemley Los Gatos, California You Hell's Angels are all alike.

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- How to get this camera bag free.

First, examine the AGFA ad on the facing page.

If you'd like your slides to achieve that pure look of European color, go out and buy yourself ten rolls of 36-exposure AGFACHROME[®] 64. Any time between April 1 and July 31, 1978.

Then tear the emulsion-number flaps off the film boxes. Your AGFA dealer has all the details; he'll show you which flaps to tear off and where to send them.

We'll then send you this camera bag, which has a retail value of \$19.95.*

It's all padded inside. Zippered. Has three separate compartments. And comes with a padded shoulder strap.

And, best of all, it's free.

* Void where prohibited, taxed, or restricted by law.



AGFA The color of Europe.



Art Kane 8/15/77

What makes European color so beautiful?

Your eyes have not been playing tricks on you.

There is indeed a certain look, or ambience, to European color that is quite unlike any other.

It is an artistic, painterly look. A depth of richness. A strength of contrast. A purity of whites and blacks. An aura of romance without cheap and gaudy splashes of postcard color.

This European look is personified in one film that is available in America.

It is AGFACHROME® 64. The leading color slide film in Europe.

With rare exceptions, you will not find it in your neighborhood drugstore, but only at those camera stores that take their photography very seriously.

AGFACHROME 64 is made in West Germany. Its quality is

controlled from beginning to end. Nothing is left to chance. Not even the processing, which is included in the price of the film and can only be performed by factorytrained technicians in AGFA'S. own laboratory here in America.

AGFACHROME 64. It will put a new color on the way you see things. European color.



AGFA. The color of Europe.

Merit Reputation Growing.

'Enriched Flavor' tobacco strong attraction for increasing numbers of high tar smokers.



LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

Kings: 8 mg''tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 77 100's: 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. Finding good taste in a low tar cigarette is no longer a problem for high tar smokers.

The taste of one low tar cigarette *is* changing the minds of hard line "taste" smokers. That cigarette: MERIT.

75% of MERIT smokers are coming directly from higher tar brands.

'Enriched Flavor' Tobacco The Reason

By cracking cigarette smoke down into separate elements, researchers were able to isolate certain key flavor-rich ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

The result is 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. It's convincing the toughest critics of low tar smoking.

Tests among thousands of smokers show why.

Taste-Test Proof

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar brands.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested. Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CELEBRITY SWEEPSTAKES

You think the entire print-media industry isn't *People* watching these days? You think celebrity names don't sell just about every kind of publication you can imagine? Take a look at the cover lines on issue number 44 of *Fetish Times*, a West Coast monthly reporting on the darker sides of love: "EXCLUSIVE—Elvis in Bondage!" "Was Groucho a Masochist?" "George Wallace on Enemas." What next? Renee Richards on the cover of *Variety*?

CHOW

We recently caught up with a survey conducted among active members of the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps in 1973–1974, to determine which foods the Servicemen liked best and which they liked least. All together, the military polled 3890 guys, and here's what it found out:

Fifteen Best-Liked Foods

- I. Milk
- 2. Grilled steak
- 3. Eggs to order
- 4. Corn on the cob
- 5. Orange juice
- 6. Strawberry shortcake
- 7. French-fried potatoes
- 8. Fried chicken
- 9. Ice cream
- 10, Milk shake
- 11. Bacon
- 12. Spaghetti with meat sauce
- 13. Spaghetti with meatballs
- 14. Beer

15. Bacon-lettuce-tomato sandwich Fifteen Least-Liked Foods (in order of declining preference)

- 1. Carrot-raisin-celery salad
- 2. Canned figs
- 3. Boiled pigs' feet
- 4. Baked yellow squash
- 5. Kidney-bean salad
- 6. Creamed onions
- 7. French-fried cauliflower
- 8. Stewed prunes
- 9. Prune juice

- 10. French-fried carrots
- 11. Mashed rutabagas
- 12. Low-calorie soda
- 13. Fried parsnips
- 14. Skimmed milk
- 15. Buttermilk

(This survey will be featured in CHOW, a Cook's Tour of Military Food, written by Paul Dickson and to be published this fall by New American Library.)

TV TREND

Sex is supposed to be one of the hot new trends on television this coming season, according to industry sources who have had a peek at some of the upcoming network shows. On television, of course, "sex" usually means bouncing breasts, couples living together and remarks



down there on the "hubba-hubba" level: nevertheless, here are some of the more interesting shows being considered for the coming season:

• Jackie and Darlene (ABC): Comedy about two young black girls in Los Angeles, one an office clerical worker and the other a decoy officer with the police prostitution detail.

• *Stitches* (ABC): Boys and girls together in the coed dormitory of a large medical school.

• Young Guy Christian (ABC): Comedy about a superspy not unlike James Bond, who fights off evil meanies and gets laid a lot.

• Doctors' Private Lives (ABC): Behind the scenes and between the sheets with the medical profession.

• Are You Being Served? (CBS): Madcap zaniness dealing with employees of menswear and women's-wear sections of a Boston department store.

• Coed Fever (CBS): Comedy concerning a stuffy New England college that decides to go coed, and the goings on during that first grope-filled year.

• El Paso Pussycats (CBS): The humorous adventures of a squad of professional-football cheerleaders, with any resemblance to the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders purely intentional.

• Flying High (CBS): Fun and games with three aspiring stewardesses at a training school in California.

• *Hey*, *Coach* (CBS): High school athletic coach is involved with a teacher who loves him and a sexy math instructor who is hot for his hypotenuse.

• Tom and Joanne (CBS): Allegedly "adult" comedy about a divorced couple in their 30s and their sexual reawakening as semiswinging singles.

• Three of Everything (CBS): Two women discover they are married to the same man (a long-distance truck driver) and solve the problem by moving in together.

 American Girls (CBS): Two pretty young things working for a TV news 23 show go on the road in search of new material; drama, suspense and turn-ons follow.

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 She (CBS): Luscious lady spy shows her stuff in a drama series featuring that popular couple, sex and violence.

• Cheerleaders (NBC): A group of funloving pom-pom girls at a California college engages in "Our Gang-bang" style of comedy.

• California Girls (NBC): Two beach bunnies (beach bunnies?!) aspire to lifeguard jobs, encountering situations too humorous to mention.

• Coast to Coast (NBC): Airport comedy set in New York and Los Angeles and relating the adventures of, among others, two horny stewardesses.

• Legs (NBC): Weekly comedy series dealing with the lives and times of a group of Las Vegas night-club chorus girls.

• Roller Girls (NBC): Charlie's Angels on wheels, featuring five members of an all-girl roller-derby team and more jiggling breasts than you can shake your stick at.

• The Three Wives of David Wheeler (NBC): A man (presumably named David Wheeler) must deal with his current wife, an ex-wife with whom he runs a photographic business and another exwife who works for the business.

• The Arrangement (NBC): A 21-yearold guy and a 19-year-old girl decide to live together without benefit of clergy, as they used to say; Three's Company minus one.

• Wednesday (NBC): Norman Lear comedy production concerning a divorced man with two daughters who lands a job hosting a daily call-in/talk radio sex show.

• On the Loose (NBC): Drama focusing on the lives of three girls sharing a condominium apartment in Honolulu.

• Pleasure Island (NBC): Comedy/ drama set at a Club Med-type resort in the Caribbean.

DREAMY SEX

Has the women's movement, and the attendant liberation of women's sexual attitudes and behavior, had any effect on the dreams that women are experiencing these nights? Good question, we thought, when it came up around the water cooler one day not long ago. And the person to answer it, we knew, was Dr. Robert Van de Castle, director of the Sleep and Dream Laboratory at the University of Virginia Medical School and one of the nation's leading experts on the subject of what people do all night. Here is what Dr. Van de Castle had to say:

Women's dreams have changed considerably. Back in the Sixties, when we studied the dreams of some 50 young nursing students, we found that most of the girls dreamed of wedding bells and of a handsome boyfriend or movie star

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who'd make it all come true. Men's dreams were less specific as to the identity of the partner; the women they dreamed of were simply gorgeous and simply sex objects.

These days, however, it's more likely that a lady will dream of a "bronzed lifeguard with broad shoulders." The lovemaking she dreams about is more physical, too. Whereas in the past she might have dreamed about foreplay and kissing—women infrequently reported any direct intercourse—now the sexual activity in her dreams tends to parallel the activities she engages in or would like to engage in. Erotic details are now more specific.

Today's women are more upfront in acknowledging or portraying their sexual interests or desires both in their waking and sleeping lives. Now there is a greater likelihood that a dream lover is a stranger, or sometimes even another woman. Dreaming about a lesbian encounter doesn't necessarily mean a lady's a closet lesbian: Dreaming about making love to another woman can affirm the dignity of women, indicating that women are *worthy* of being made love to.

As for men's dreams these days, well, they haven't changed too much. There's still physical aggressiveness and concern with jobs, and they're as horny as ever.

Thanks a lot, doc.

RUMOR CENTRAL

Now, it seems, there are *two* rumors afloat regarding allegedly scandalous items in the possession of the Smithsonian Institution, the national museum located in Washington, D.C. The older of the rumors, of course, has it that, somewhere in the rambling, cavernous museum complex, there resides, in a large jar of formaldehyde, the penis of the late John Dillinger, bank robber and roué.

While many persons, including members of the PLAYBOY staff, have conducted countless top-to-bottom searches of the Smithsonian, looking for evidence of Dillinger's member, no one has yet found the thing within those walls. Still, there are a lot of people in this country who swear, absolutely swear, that friends, or friends of friends, have actually *seen* the elusive Dillinger dong resting on a Smithsonian shelf.

The second Smithsonian rumor is of more recent vintage, apparently, and concerns the allegation that the institution's Collection of Business Americana-a mother lode of more than 1,000,000 pieces of advertising memorabilia-contains a small but exquisite collection of condom wrappers, instruction sheets and other materials associated with prophylactics. When we first heard this latest rumor, we got on the phone to John N. Hoffman, the curator of the Collection; Hoffman said he didn't remember ever having seen condom items in the collection but promised to have a look around and see what he could find.

Hoffman called back a few days later to say that he had been unable to turn up a single item of condomania in the Collection. "If they ever were here," he added, "they are not here now."

And that's about it for today from the PLAYBOY rumor desk.

PICKUP LINE OF THE MONTH

"Listen, I'm not at liberty to disclose the identity of the billionaire I'm working for—all I can say is that I'm authorized to give you a cashier's check for fifty thousand dollars for the panties you're now wearing."

THE MERC CIRC

"Tell me, how would you like to publish the inside story of the assassination of Idi Amin?" That is the sort of proposition you get when you are—like our friend Tom Miller—a free-lance writer covering the mercenary scene. Miller received the proposition by phone from an American mercenary whom he calls Saturn, and the rest of Miller's bizarre tale goes like this:

Saturn, a Vietnam vet who lives in an Eastern state, is one of a handful of mercenaries who call me periodically to pass along the latest gossip on the merc circ. On this occasion, he was especially excited as he told me how he and some comrades-in-arms had devised an elaborate scheme to kill Amin.

"Where will you get the money?" I asked. "Surely it would cost a lot."

"Well," Saturn replied, "Rhodesia doesn't have the money; Britain is holding back: Israel already made its strike against Amin; and South Africa doesn't want to touch it right now. But what I was thinking was that you've got access to publishing houses, right? You can approach these people about a book on the assassination of Idi Amin Dada. All it's going to cost them is out-front expenses."

I paused for ten seconds. "You mean you want a publisher to pay for the

A long tress... and a treat to the best.

BOY

Get the best in men's entertainment delive Get the best in door every month at these Get to yours! Great savings! Bill me later. Bill me later. Bill me later.

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Or clip and send to:

P.C. Box CO 80302 Boulder, CO 80302

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assassination of a head of state in exchange for the exclusive rights to the story?"

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I could feel Saturn beaming through the long-distance wires. "Well—they're not exactly going to pay for the assassination; they're paying for the story. They don't have to know where their money goes, and no one else has to know where the hit money came from. They're simply paying for the weapons and expenses of getting us there. It would be a tax write-off!"

The media-wise soldier of fortune detailed his plan. I would obtain a \$15,000 cash advance and have the publisher put another \$100,000 in escrow. When Operation Big Daddy, as he so delicately called it, was complete, I would debrief him and his cohorts. I'd get the exclusive story and he'd get the 100 grand.

"You know as well as I do that everybody would run to the bookstore to read it," Saturn continued. "We could burn Amin, come back, step off the plane and say, 'We did it and you can read how we did it in this book.' The beautiful thing is that, outside Uganda, not a soul would touch us. It's just like shooting Hitler! I'm sure you understand."

I did, all too well. Saturn, unfortunately, could not understand why a publisher would be reluctant to put up the money for *anyone's* assassination. Still, he persisted over several phone calls, and the funny thing was, whenever I'd mention his cockeyed scheme to book and movie people, they'd laugh and then turn serious for five seconds: "By the way, how much does he want?"

À producer associated with a major film studio who was working on a script involving soldiers of fortune was interested in talking to Saturn—but not, she said, about his harebrained assassination idea. I was to set up the interview.

"There's someone who wants to pick your brain about the merc scene in Rhodesia." I told Saturn during one of his follow-up calls. "Someone in Hollywood." He was thrilled—a pipeline to bucks!

We arranged a conference call—the producer in Hollywood, me in Arizona and Saturn back East. Saturn began by explaining the mercenary situation in Rhodesia. "That's a word they don't use over there: The government says they're not hiring mercs, they're just offering citizenship and high pay to anyone who joins their army."

There was another five minutes of aimless chitchat about killing black African guerrillas, and finally the producer changed the subject: "I hear you have something else you're working on."

"Oh, yes, for quite some time!" Saturn enthused. "I think it would blow your doors off if I had a chance to talk with you about it." They sparred for five more minutes—Saturn cryptically begging for bucks, the producer gently side-stepping

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commitment. When it was over, Saturn called me back. "How'd I do? Think I convinced her?"

The producer called the next day. "I told the studio heads about Saturn's idea. They thought it was hilarious—but first they asked me how much he wanted."

YOU READ IT HERE FIRST

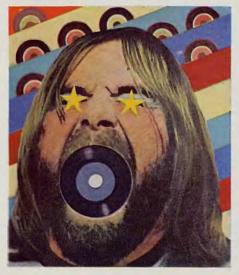
From Washington, we have exclusive word that President Carter finally got around to inviting his erstwhile primary opponent, Representative Morris Udall, over to the White House for lunch, more than a year after Carter took up residence there. So what did the two old warriors talk about? Campaign memories? Pressing issues of the day? Nope. All Jimmy wanted to talk about, our sources report, was the Presidential ambitions of California governor Jerry Brown (for more on that, see Books).

Seems the White House is obsessed with Brown these days and, since Udall had just returned from a Brown fund raiser in Sacramento, Carter grilled his guest at length about what Brown was up to. Our sources further report that Carter's fears may not be without substance: Brown aides have lately been snooping around New York and Washington in search of suitable campaign digs for the 1980 Presidential race.

EASY LISTENING

There is a small group of people working in a building on Broadway in New York City who share what must be one of the choice jobs in this country. The people are "music monitors" for the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP), which means that, for salaries ranging upward from \$142 per week, they spend eight hours a day doing nothing but listening to music. There must be more to it than that, we thought, and so we sent New York correspondent Dan Carlinsky around to the ASCAP building to check for hidden catches and attached strings. His report:

ASCAP is the nation's oldest music-



licensing group, and its job is to make sure its members (some 16,500 composers and lyricists and 5500 music-publishing companies) get their rightful music royalties. The royalties—and we're talking more than \$100,000,000 a year here—are determined by how frequently an ASCAP member's work is played on radio and TV, and it is the job of the music monitors to help determine this frequency-of-airplay figure.

The monitors sit in booths in a big. well-lighted room, wearing headphones and listening to a statistically representative sample of tapes from radio and TV stations across the country; as they listen, they jot down song titles in a logbook, and these notations are what ultimately determine a composer's or a lyricist's royalties. There are 43 ASCAP monitors in all, and they are divided up into daytime and evening shifts.

It isn't easy to get one of these jobs. The monitors must be knowledgeable in all types of music and be able to recognize thousands of tunes, since the disc jockeys on the tapes are less than infallible. As supervisor Ken Ayden told me: "Even when the deejays do announce a record—and they frequently don't—we have to check to see if they're accurate. They get titles wrong, or joke around, and then there's one West Coast deejay who always names every performer on a cut but never gives the title."

Would-be monitors are given a test that requires them to try to identify some 20 tunes, all played in a bland, wordless style that makes them very hard to identify. One young hot-shot guitarist who tried—and failed—the test complained to me that "in that style, a symphonic piece sounds like *Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head*. I fell on my face."

Those who do pass the test are often no surprise—professional musicians. Many of them are refugees from the big bands of the Forties and Fifties, while others are young pop and rock performers, such as the singer who told me: "I love this job because it keeps me in touch with music and I like to listen to anything—unless I get a tape from a Sunday program in the Midwest, when I have to listen to an entire church service."

THE NEW FBI

In Phoenix, Arizona, an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation has been arrested and convicted on charges of making obscene phone calls and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. The agent's m.o. was to place pornographic playing cards on the bicycles of young girls, then phone them and ask, "Did you get my card?"

The man was a nine-year veteran of the FBI and resigned from the bureau when arrested. There are, after all, some kinds of lawbreakers the FBI simply will not tolerate.

Show Dad you've inherited good taste.



TELEVISION

Those of you who watched the Rock and Roll Sports Classic on television early in May may have a better perspective on it than I do. I was only there for all three days of video-taping in mid-March on the University of California's futuristic Irvine campus, deep in the heart of Orange County.

By the time I find the outdoor pool on Friday morning, I've already missed two events-the 50-yard men's free style, won by Kenny Loggins (formerly of Loggins & Messina) in an unsnappy 29.3 seconds; and the 50-yard women's free style, won by Sandy West of The Runaways ("Queens of Noise") in 33 seconds-but I come in on what proves to be a paradigm of all to come: On bleachers running the length of the pool, 100 or so students are cheering their brains out, whistling, jumping up and down, shaking rhythmic fists, urging on . . . no one. Nothing. Except for the shining water and pop-'em-beads lane markers, the pool's empty. Very existen-tial. No, very television. Next, for the cameras, the East team, in blue warmup suits, similarly cheers a ghostly teammate on to victory. Sitting on the one-meter board in his navy-blue commentator's blazer and tie is Alex Karras, easily the funniest killer defensive tackle ever. He's billed as the host of the Rock Classic. Two hours into a three-day gig, he's not feeling too funny. He lights a cigarette and says to someone sitting next to him, "I'm bored stiff." Three times he blows the chatty introduction to the upcoming relay race, stumbling over his improvised repartee with "reporter" Michelle Phillips, late of the Mamas and the Papas, in oh-so-sexy satin running shorts. Nearby, on the pool deck, another cameraman is whirring at East team captain Phyllis Diller, who, in a blue-plastic shortie dress, orange make-up, flamingo legs and low white go-go boots, looks like the most fetching stewardess on Air Bulgaria. The cameraman's after a series of closeup "fills." Asks Phyllis: "Flirts, is that what you want?" He nods. "Tell me when," she says, "so I don't waste it." And on signal, she puts her face through a two-minute close-order drill of expression-cheese cheese cheese cheese cheese-a life-size bionic fright doll set OII FAST FORWARD.

That's the way it went for three days.

But before plunging onward, let's set the teams. For the East: all ten members of Sha Na Na; some of Electric Light Orchestra; all of the Jacksons; three from Boston, group and town; Anne Murray; Marilyn McCoo; probably others. I lost track. For the West: Earth, Wind & Fire; the Commodores; The Runaways; Gladys Knight and a few

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McMahon, Stewart await events.

Rock Classic: You had to have been there.



Barbi psychs up cyclists.

Pips: Kenny Loggins; Dash Crofts; Leif Garrett; Tanya Tucker; Rod Stewart; and Freddy Fender, who in a bathing suit is truly something to behold. Captain of the West team is Sandy Duncan and Barbi Benton is assistant captain. "H-e-e-e-r-e-'-s Johnny" himself. Ed Mc-Mahon, is co-host, Kristy McNichol of Family is billed as another reporter, along with Joe Smith of Elektra-Asylum Records. And let's not forget the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders, in their tight white hotter-than-thou hotpants and blue halter tops, featuring décolletage that won't quit. Real Texas. I got a great picture of all of them inside the huge vellow-and-white-striped hospitality tent, sitting in uniform around a folding table, eating cold lunch.

Friday afternoon, at the outdoor basketball courts: The game's supposed to start at two, but since it's happening for television, not for the humans gathered here watching, we are all treated to an hour's wait while the cameras and fake Renaissance tournament backdrops are set up.

Fred Travalina, the young comedian

who will be doing the pregame patter with Karras during this segment, is sitting on a folding chair in his blazer and tie, with paper napkins forming a monk's yoke around his shoulders. He's getting a light trim from a hair stylist before going on. I am struck as the weekend progresses with the realization that these performers-as opposed to the musicians-are without shame. On Saturday, Sandy Duncan (who is, incidentally, considerably cuter in the flesh than while climbing The \$20,000 Pyramid) will dash up to McMahon in front of 2000 spectators at the stadium, sunlight gleaming off the rump of her golden satin running shorts, and announce breathlessly: "Well, I'm off to see how the swimming events are going!" It leaves me thinking: Hmmm, she's running off into yesterday, which isn't a bad trick. All the swimming events were taped Friday.

Finally, the basketball game begins, Pussy rules: They're playing half court, and laying hands on the ball constitutes team possession. During warm-ups, tall, bearded Kenny Loggins looked pretty good, but right at the start of this heroic ten-minute battle, Michael Jackson is the only one who looks at all competent. Everybody is traveling and fouling like mad, with little interference from the ref. Any pickup schoolvard team in Chicago could have beaten all ten of them silly. Quickly, the event turns from basketball into showbiz: Several Sha Na Nas on the side lines are doing cheers-"Hold that line! Hold that line!"-and in a couple of mock fights, all team members from both sides stream onto the court to fall laughing in a pile. At last, Johnny Contardo of Sha Na Na wins it for the East with some dirty comic street moves and a final key lay-up. As sport, it was as exciting as watching my cat sleep: as television, it was right there with Gilligan's Island.

Later Friday afternoon, on the central campus: This one is the Marathon.

It's a grueling one-mile walking race around a course of curving sidewalks that cross a rolling grassy declivity ringed at intervals by academic buildings. They're all done in tastefully understated Buck Rogers style; one so well imitates ten stories of stressed concrete straining toward launch that it's nicknamed The Space Ship. Scenes from *Planet of the Apes* were filmed on this very spot.

The course is marked by colorful plastic streamers on sticks. A gloomy wet chill has settled in under leaden clouds. The stalling around and apparent confusion are so considerable that the light is nearly lost to rain and evening. Karras spends much of the long delay sitting alone on a stone bench beneath a small

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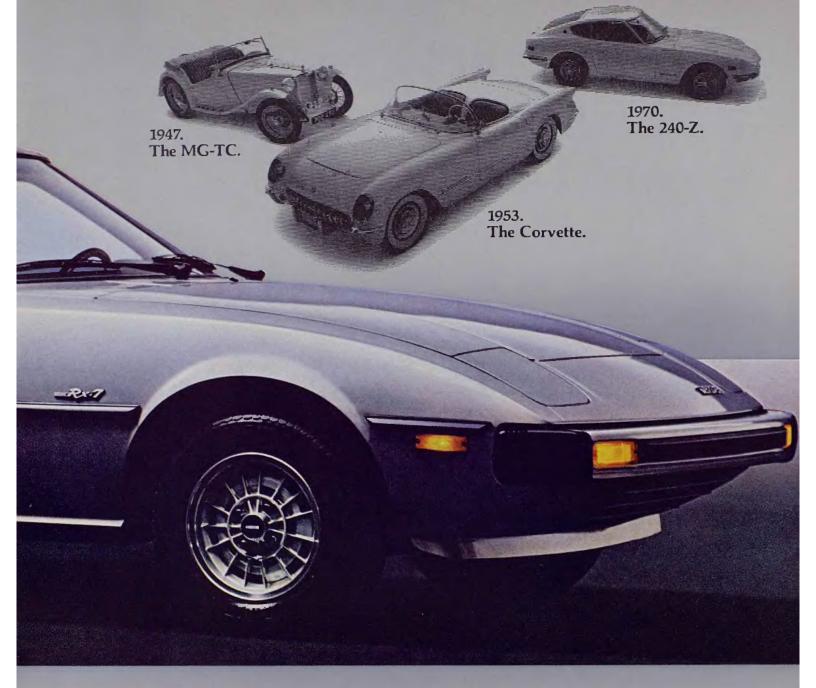
The 1979 RX-7 is the kind of car that makes your stomach muscles tighten when you start it. tion of ventilated discs That lures you through a corner with a flick of the wrist and a

rap of exhaust. It's the real thing: a sports car with all the traditional virtues and then some.

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highball glass over ice. Squeeze in wedge of lime. Fill glass with tonic. Gin Screwdriver: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. orange juice. Stir in highball glass over ice cubes.

Tom Collins: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon. Pour over ice in highba'l glass. Add sprinkle of powdered sugar. Fill with soda. Stir. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.

Salty Dog: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Fill with 3 ozs. grapefruit juice. Add dash of salt.

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: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, teaspoon of grenadine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Stir contents over ice cubes in highball glass. Add soda water to fill.

Ginade: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with lemonade. Stir. Add lemon slice.

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Linging THE MEART OF A sweet vermouth, brandy, o highball glass. Fill with gir lemon peel twist.



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lemon peel twist. Pink Gin: Sprinkle several drors bitters into empty on-the-rocks n bitters around the glass, remov ice cubes and 2 ozs. Gordon's

Gin & Cola: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's , glass over ice cubes. Fill with of lime.

Highball: 1½ ozs. Gordon's glass filled with ice. Twist i lemon peel. Pour on ginge

TV Special: 1½ ozs. eac orange juice over ice cu Fill glass with ginger ale. Lady Shake: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.

Gin Bloody Mary: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ½ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.

Hawaii: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.

Dry Martini: 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.

Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.

Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ leaspoon 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: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice in highball glass. Fill with Squirt[®] grapefruit soft drink.

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tree, staring at the ground. The All-Star Walkers are jammed together for so long at the starting line, all these milliondollar egos penned up and put on hold, that at last in chorus they begin going "Mooo! Moooo! Bahhhh! Bahhhh! Moooooo!" and then burst into collective protest song, the old Animals classic..."We gotta get out of this place, if it's the last thing we ever do / We gotta get out of this place..." And this impromptu a cappella choir has to be the weekend's most historic event.

Finally, the momentous Marathon begins.

Near the starting line, a student inquires of his buddy: "They're gonna have to do that over, aren't they? They screwed up."

Sez his buddy, showing great insight into television: "Who cares?"

Indeed. I can't tell you who won. The cameras had all the good seats. Which was fine, but nobody bothered to make any announcements to those of us merely here in the flesh. It didn't matter. It was in the can.

Friday night, in my room at the Sheraton-Newport: On my television set is something called All-Star Anything Goes. Ye gods-Stacy Keach, one of my favorite actors, is wearing huge stage cherries on his head and has a rolling pin tied between his ankles. He's sitting in a round plastic pool full of balloons and, yes, now he's scooting around on his ass like a dog with worms, breaking balloons with his rolling pin. Interviewed later, he says of the contest: "It's the most important thing I'm doing tonight." The Rock Classic seems dignified, even significant, by comparison. The big final event on All-Star Anything Goes is the Star Sack Race. Four stars per sack, hippety-hopping. Barbi Benton is interviewed about how competitive she is. Then Stacy Keach and others are in their sacks, hopping away. The narration: "That's Barbi Benton crawling into the sack with the other Singers. . . . No question about it, the Singers are better in the sack than the Stars!" This sort of thing must be going around, and Barbi must be going right around with it.

Saturday, at the track-and-field stadium: I walk in on a voice booming over the P.A. system: "Throw it to Ed Mc-Mahon, Kristy!" Wait. Hold it. Throw what? I'll never know. The crowd is applauding an empty track. Ah, here comes a morsel of action: The contestants are lining up for the men's 100-yard dash. In lane six is Leif Garrett, and at the end of the stands nearest the starting line, a clutch of his groupies (perhaps the highest concentration of 14-year-old girls with bad complexions I've ever seen in California, where blemishes are outlawed according to Beach Boys Statute Number 1347B) hover and giggle, fluttering butterflies of near hysteria, barely able to contain themselves when he turns their

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way to wave and show them his upper gums. Then, bang! The race is on. Bang! Bang! Bang! No, it's not. A false start. William King of the Commodores has fallen down. They're going to retake it. As Leif comes back down the track, some of the pizzazz is gone. New boy-wonder teenaged heartthrob or not, he walks back sweating and winded. In the retake, he doesn't place. Jackie Jackson wins.

Next is the women's 100-yard dash, featuring as favorites Marilyn McCoo. Anne Murray, Tanya Tucker, Sandy West and Joan Jett. Ms. Jett, in short, straight, crypt-black hair and death-mask eye make-up, appears to be cultivating the image of a tough guy with tits; to her credit, she doesn't pull it off. She and fellow Runaway Sandy West-who seems to be shooting for the mean peroxide carhop look-come in a close first and second in the race. For girls who try so hard to radiate a sleazy, unhealthy aura, they're in very good shape-and placed in or won several of the women's events. Could it be they're not actually bad girls? Another dream gone.

Saturday afternoon: I confess, by now I do not give much of a shit who is winning or losing these races. Part of it is that no one yet has done anything physically-in public, anyway-that's more than mediocre. Life on the road doesn't breed Olympic material. Although I guess that's part of the idea: the Samuel Johnson's dog effect. As he said of dogs' walking on their hind legs, it's not that they do it well-it's that they do it at all. There's a curious appeal to watching your heroes in one area prove themselves abysmally average in another. But I'm not getting any jolt today. There's an absolute lack of momentum, that slow rising toward climax you get from most real sporting events, even junior high school volleyball. This is-a sportsoid. It poses as a sporting event-the races certainly aren't rigged-but what they're really doing is making a movie. So being here is more like watching an autopsy of an actual sporting event. The living whole has been systematically dissected into its component parts, and everywhere the dead pieces are being filmed. Except here there never was a living whole. The film editor will do the Lord and Lazarus one better by bringing back from the dead something that was never quite alive to begin with. It may make wonderful television, but it's impossible to care about on the spot.

Sunday: A sunny, warm morning after night rain; the grounds are mud swamp in places. Just inside the fenced-off "backstage" area, where the great tents have been set up (three of them, men's, women's and hospitality), sit several chauffeurs, variously uniformed, on a table, all in a row. The crowd is hooting and celebrating the nonarrival of Rod Stewart, who won't be here for a couple of hours yet. He's to compete in a

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low-hurdles relay and a soccer goal-defense competition, which must have been conceived as a custom-made showcase for him. Until nearly kicktime, his opponent remains uncertain; rumored possibilities include Mick Fleetwood, John McVie, Elton John, Bernie Taupin and others. It will prove to be someone named Tandy from the Electric Light Orchestra. And Stewart will beat him easily, making defenses that look almost . . . dare I say it? . . . professional. Strangely believe it: Out of everyone here, Stewart is the only one who will turn in an athletic performance a few cuts above Sunday-picnic.

Today many of us have discovered an interesting truth: that much of this makes more sense when viewed inside the hospitality tent, on the color-television monitor. It's also less muddy inside. From the camera's point of view, the competition takes on a certain coherence and even looks like fun. So while Milan Williams of the Commodores zips around the track outside on his ten-speed, en route to winning the men's bicycle race, I'm inside watching it on television, along with 100 or so stars/press/wives/girlfriends/kids/groupies/photographers/parents. One is the ten-year-old replica of a 40-year-old Judy Garland, who's evidently the daughter of Somebody around here. She's wearing a red sweater and a red heart sewn over each denimed babycake, and cavorts and teases several adults right in front of the television set-so everyone watching the set can't help watching her, too. Kids learn fast. Twenty feet away is a little girl with large dark eyes and long brown hair, in a blue ski jacket and white jeans. She sits unnoticed, silently watching this creature her own breastless age behave like a boozy divorcee.

I leave you with some real-life dialog.

1. Fellow in his fat late 30s to a friend: "Shows ya what a guilt complex will do for ya. I woke up resisting coming down here, and here I am!"

2. "How high you wanna go?"

"I'm high enough now," says the sleepy cameraman, 20 feet above the ground on the yellow forklift in the sky.

3. "My kids hated my father from the second they met him."

4. Over the P.A. system: "Could we have all the talent . . . Sandy Duncan . . . Phyllis Diller. . . ."

5. Three teenagers, two girls and a boy, stand talking next to the track. Next to them is a 30ish father with a young kid. One of the girls is saying, "And they were fucking like crazy right there on the couch!"

"No," says the other girl, "I thought he was a homo!"

Father can't take any more. He turns to them and says, "Nice language!"

"I'm sorry," says the first girl, by way of explanation but with a snotty edge in her voice, "but I grew up in Hollywood." —DAVID STANDISH The Royal Family Assortment of Pure Cigarettes by Nat Sherman.

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BOOKS

California's most dangerous export may not be television, after all, but politicians. The example of Richard Nixon alone would be enough to support that argument, and Ronald Reagan provides the clincher for many people. But what about Jerry Brown? Good question. And timely, since everybody in politics, including Jimmy Carter, thinks Brown is running for President. If not in 1980, then certainly in 1984. But if they all agree on Brown's plans, they do not seem to be sure of much else about the man. Except that he is a new sort of politician and very mysterious. The Brown enigma (first explored at length in a celebrated Playboy Interview by Robert Scheer, who later interviewed Carter for PLAYBOY and history) is irresistible to pundits and political stargazers, who now have two-count 'em, twonew books to help them grapple with the phantom. Brown (Random House), by Orville Schell, takes the indirect approach, blending some fly-on-the-wall journalism with interviews, anecdotes, vignettes and a little pure reflection. It comes out like a meringue-tasty but full of air and not very filling. Schell's methodology reminds one of Garry Wills's brilliant and enduring Nixon Agonistes, but Schell is neither writer enough nor thinker enough to bring it off, and his detached cool is finally unsatisfying. J. D. Lorenz, on the other hand, doesn't like or trust Jerry Brown and he doesn't care who knows it. His Jerry Brown, the Man on the White Horse (Houghton Mifflin) is, therefore, the more interesting book. Lorenz saw Brown up close: as a campaign aide for a few months and as a high official in the Brown administration before he was fired in a dispute over employment policy, His book, however, is more than a bitter recrimination. He writes lucidly and thinks logically-which is probably enough right there to make him a pariah in a Brown administration. The anecdotes are telling and one offhand remark is worth the price of the whole book: An aide, trying to explain Brown to Lorenz, says of the young governor, "Jerry has a whim of iron." We will no doubt hear more about Jerry Brown; books will come in a flood. So far, this is the best.

•

On October 3, 1973, Dr. Kenneth Edelin performed an abortion on a young woman in Boston City Hospital. The fetus, or "products of conception," as it is known in medical terms, was placed in a plastic container to be disposed of. Within a few months, Dr. Edelin would be tried on the charge "that he did assault and beat a certain person, to wit, a male child described to the said jurors as 'baby boy,' and by such assault and



Brown studied.

Brown dissected, abortion debated, Passages' roots researched.

beating did kill said person." Edelin was found guilty of manslaughter in a jury trial. The Boby in the Bottle (Coward, Mc-Cann & Geoghegan), by Dr. William A.



Pinball! (Dutton), by Roger C. Sharpe with spectacular photographs by James Hamilton, is a must book for all the real pinball aficionados who are into the artistic aspects of the machines as much as they are addicted to the game. A great gift.

Nolen, is a detailed analysis of the case, which was eventually overturned by the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Dr. Nolen is a careful, lucid writer who avoids much of the distortion that accompanied media coverage of the trial-a trial that was one of the first major offensives of the Rightto-Life movement. The issue in the case was not so much the woman's right to have an abortion as the physician's responsibility to the 22-week-old fetus, which may have been alive at the time of its removal from the uterus. In the afterword to his book, Nolen points out that the remains of the baby are still in a container on the shelf in the Suffolk County medical examiner's morgue. No one will sign his death certificate, so he cannot be legally buried. The controversy is far from settled.

Over the past few years, Gail Sheehy has had a runaway best seller called Passages-a pop-goes-the-psychologist exploration of adulthood. It was cheaper than a weekend at est and, what's more, you could go to the bathroom whenever you wanted. Sheehy borrowed heavily from the research of several psychiatrists and psychologists, and now one of those professionals is asking for equal time. Robert L. Gould, M.D., actually worked with Sheehy as a co-author of Passages before bailing out. His Transformations: Our Adult Dilemma of Choice, Safety and Self (Simon & Schuster) is presented as a "Dr. Spock for adults." Dr. Gould notes that patients he has observed can be classified according to age: "All teenagers were preoccupied with their parents. Undeniably, people in their 20s were preoccupied with vocational choices, with their new roles as spouses and parents or with their inability to get into those roles. People in their early 30s talked about being stuck and mired down. . . . People in their late 30s and early 40s all were experiencing an intense discontent and were feeling an urgency about determining what their lives had been and what they still could be." That pretty well covers the paying customers. Gould then outlines adulthood as a process of moving out of and beyond the dreams of your parents. He presents models of typical adult crises, as well as exercises for exorcising demons. The book is a Dr. Spock for adults, and if you can stand that kind of simple-mindedness, you might get something from it.

The world has really taken a beating in this year's crop of fiction. Gore Vidal ended it with lotus blossoms in *Kalki*. Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle put earth out of its misery with a comet in *Lucifer's Hammer*. Robert Merle, an old hand at the apocalyptic adventure story 6 YEARS (1) INFORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH, 36.3 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, (2) 1978

Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout. Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

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

We met folks who'd seen them.

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



Bonnie and Clyde.

buried a case of Canadian Club. Start at "the end of the trail."

To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law – and head in the opposite direction, all the way to



Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

the next parish.

Look for a warning. Two hard left turns

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

We hope you brought ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just one foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. But if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the same great taste at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."





"The Best In The House"" in 87 lands.

LAYB

A

(his Malevil is one of the best "how to survive an atomic war" novels), is at it again with The Virility Factor (McGraw-Hill). This time out, he doesn't end the world, only half of it. A strange disease called Encephalitis 16 strikes America; being closely related to the male hormone, it is lethal to all males above the age of puberty. Men can survive by castrating themselves or by retreating to safe concentration camps patrolled by women guards. The novel is told from the point of view of the doctor who discovered the disease and works to find a cure. The biological aspects of this thriller are reminiscent of The Andromeda Strain: exciting and believable. But that's only half of the narrative. Merle takes this opportunity to describe a world run by women. A lesbian becomes President (the butch stops here) and tries to keep power by sabotaging the search for a cure. God, the ladies in The Viril-

"The Life": Memoirs of a French Hooker (Viking/Seaver), by Jeanne Cordelier, is a kind of existentialist *Hite Report*. Sophie, the author's nom de quiff, is a woman who has grown up without affection and becomes a hooker. Judging from the considerable brouhaha this book caused in France when it appeared a year or so ago, one would expect a good deal more from it than what

ity Factor know how to carry a grudge.

Cordelier has delivered. She writes in that vague, rambling style that French literary power brokers confuse with art. Harry Mathews' translation isn't at fault; his significant work with the French surrealists in the past few years exonerates him. It's our guess he simply got roped into a bad book.

.

Stanley Kubrick got us puzzling over some of the more intriguing enigmas of outer space with 2001: A Space Odyssey. Now, in Altered States (Harper & Row), author Paddy (Network) Chavefsky has done the same for inner space. In many ways, the book is a 2001 of the mind, spiced with a little Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; though it's written more like a doctoral dissertation than like a piece of fiction, it reads like a thriller. Working on the theory that all genetic information since the beginning of mankind is recorded in every living man, Edward Jessup, a fanatical Boston scientist, finds a drug with which he can send his consciousness backward through time. The drug seems to stimulate the nether regions of the memory, and the more he takes, the farther back he goes, until ultimately his consciousness overtakes all time barriers and transforms his being into . . . well, we won't spoil the kicker. Suffice it to say, it's very, very bizarre. Chayefsky's use of complex scientific lingo, though difficult to wade through

in parts, helps make the plot more believable. Our only complaint is with the ending, your basic cop-out, loveconquers-all close. Oh, well, it will probably make a lovely film.

.

Who would pay \$65 for a book? Well, if you were a Porsche freak who couldn't get enough of those wonderful machines and wanted to keep plugged in even when you weren't behind the wheel, you would certainly consider the investment worth while if that book were Porsche/ Excellence Was Expected (Automobile Quarterly Library Series), by PLAYBOY contributor Karl Ludvigsen. The book weighs only slightly less than a 911 and is just as beautifully put together. What the hell, you can blow that much dough on a dinner for two these days. Auto-racing nostalgiacs not surfeited by the Ludvigsen epic should plunge into Great Motor Sport of the Thirties (Two Continents), by John Dugdale, who was part of that scene as driver, reporter and editor. A good deal of the action takes place in Dugdale's native England, though there is substantial coverage of racing on the Continent, where the two German giants, Daimler-Benz and Auto Union, put on some historic battles. Dugdale, now handling public relations in America for British Leyland, turns it all into a chronicle that is quite personal and highly enjoyable.





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CR5120

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So, if you insist on the finest sound reproduction and would like a disco sound system in your place, hear the Fisher ACS1590 at selected audio dealers or the audio department of your favorite department store (other Fisher systems available from \$400°). For the name of your nearest dealer, call toll-free: 1-800-528-6050, ext. 871 from anywhere in the U.S. (in Arizona, call toll-free: 1-955-9710, ext. 871).

*Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price is determined solely by the individual Fisher dealer.



MOVIES

A lifelong fascination with older women has its drawbacks as the years fly by. They are invaluable teachers when a boy is groping toward manhood, then time catches up with you—or with me, at any rate—and you find you'd sooner give a hand to some firm young flesh. Maybe age cannot wither, but one would have to be a geriatric fetishist to keep from flinching while a couple of so-called mature actresses totter through their newest movies.

Mae West's Sextette, based on a play she wrote before most of us were born, not only reveals the ravages of time-it revels in them, almost obscenely. While Mae's status as the great-grandmother of every screen siren and sex symbol of the century cannot be argued, Sextette is so stilted, inept and downright dull that the film makers seem to be callously embalming the myth they have set out to revive. Seen through the greased lens-either that or gauze so thick that most of milady's male co-stars look giftwrapped-Mae wriggles along rather gingerly, an antique windup doll wheezing innuendo as a much-married superstar named Marlo Manners, who wants to consummate her union with husband number six (Timothy Dalton) but has to fend off some former mates beforehand. Dalton, veddy British, promises to keep "a stiff upper lip" and all that. "Well, honey," cracks Mae, "you gotta start someplace." At the age of 84 or thereabouts, she manages to fan the embers of her image as the last of the lukewarm mommas. Tony Curtis, Ringo Starr, Alice Cooper, Keith Moon, Dom De-Luise, George Hamilton and George Raft flail around, looking very love-struck and vaguely embarrassed in roles that call for more support than usual.

"It was very difficult," reports Tony Curtis, aged 53, cast as a Russian diplomat ("sexy Alexei"), who played a couple of boudoir scenes with Mae and found that she had trouble seeing or hearing him. "You had to get quite close for her to recognize you . . . you had to talk to her through a hearing aid. There wasn't much spontaneity in the comedy." Nevertheless, Curtis adds gallantly, "she's a unique woman, very intelligent, very perceptive."

Mae West was also a legend in her own time, but the time was *then*. To drag a legend out of the archives and blow away the dust of decades, forcing comparisons between Mae today and the incomparable, undulant Mae still up to her hips in camp sex on innumerable *Late Shows*, seems needlessly cruel. The only indestructible showbiz legend I can think of is George Burns, who somehow transformed his dotage into the best years of his professional life. *Sextette*

40



Sextette: Is senility setting in?

Summer movie fare: something old, something young.



King, Donat in Different Story.

reeks more of crass exploitation than of nostalgia; it's a clear-cut case of aesthetically mugging an old lady.

Simone Signoret, looking overweight and ravaged as Modome Roso, takes culture shock to a loftier plane. Paris friends and correspondents had been touting Madame Rosa (La Vie Devant Soi over there) as the major event in recent French cinema long before it picked up an Academy Award as Best Foreign Film. Signoret may be over the hill as a sexpot-the purry, seductive cat of Room at the Top and Diabolique now comes on snorting like a disgruntled rhino, with contours to match-but she still reigns as the formidable queen mother of les films trançais. Her performance as a jaded old retired prostitute who raises the children of younger whores had already won her the coveted Cesar-and in Paris, that's as good as an Oscar any day. With or without prizes, though, the movie is a downer that evokes mild depression alleviated by grudging admiration. You go in ready to

love Madame Rosa and soon discover that Israeli director Moshe Mizrahi wants blood and tears as well as unwavering affection. In fact, Mizrahi milks every drop of sentiment from this morality tale about a dying, embittered old Jewess who has known the horrors of Auschwitz and a soulful young Arab boy (Samy Ben Youb) who worships her unto deathand considerably beyond. Signoret is fabulous, as usual, but limited by a part that has tour de force written all over it, though not always written into it. There are too many moments when Madame Rosa strives for impact by dwelling upon the swollen face and body of a fine actress as if she were an icon rescued from the ruins of a buried city.

Another aging star, Lola Gaos-unknown here but a big, big name in her native Spain-dominates Jose Luis Borau's Furtivos (Poachers). A primitive game poacher (Ovidi Montllor) brings home a wayward reform school refugee (Alicia Sanchez) he finds in the city and kicks his possessive old mom out of bed to make room for his new mistress. Originally banned by authorities, Furtivos is a riveting tale of incest, murderous passion, smother love and political chicanery that became the most successful film in Spanish history-photographed with the dark, blazing beauty of a canvas by El Greco.

A few summer romances that could show staying power at the box office are led off by The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2. If you're a sucker for schmaltz, pack up plenty of Kleenex for this sequel to the 1975 tearjerker about ski champion Jill Kinmont, who was paralyzed after a tragic accident on the slopes back in 1955, when she was 18. Part 2 describes how Jill gallantly conquered adversity to become a dedicated teacher, and finally found love with a rugged California outdoorsman, John Boothe, whom she married in 1976. Director Larry Peerce, a sworn foe of subtlety, had the good sense or good luck to give the Boothe role to Timothy Bottomsan unassuming actor whose eyes seem to be melting with manly virtue-and to bring back Marilyn Hassett as Jill. Hassett is beautiful, brave, plucky and so masterful at sailin' through tears that she makes her wheelchair look like a star vehicle even when Peerce pushes hardest.

Perry King and Meg Foster, in A Different Story, play lovers of a very different hue. Male-female role reversal is the key to a totally original first screenplay by Henry Olek, directed with care by Paul Aaron. King plays a casual homosexual hustler who arrives in Los Angeles as an expendable item in the baggage of a famous musical maestro (Peter

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

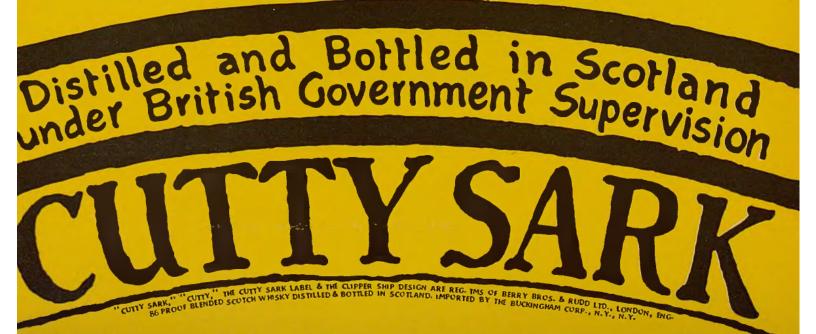
Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch are bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulkshipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

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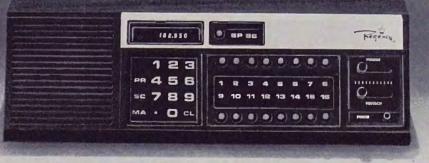
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Donat). Foster plays an aggressive realestate saleswoman, who also happens to be a lesbian with pressing problems of her own, including a neurotic, possessive girlfriend (Valerie Curtin). Eventually, this decidedly odd couple gets straight, yet *Different Story* does not set out to preach, and Hollywood has seldom produced such a sympathetic, sophisticated treatment of love and unisex without labeling it X.

The plot worsens when the happy twosome settles down into a conventional domestic rut, with a set of problems neatly marked Hers (keeping house, minding the baby) and His (working overtime, probably ogling girls and/or boys at the office). What was strikingly different begins to look pretty much the same at that point. Both King and Foster are skillful, however, at suggesting the changes their characters undergo as the female breadwinner gradually trades places with a male party boy who seems content, at first, to tidy up, dabble in gourmet cooking and charm the pants off people. Still, there's no hint of mincing faggotry on his part, no bull-dyke bitchery from her. That would have been the easy way. Different Story, despite some compromises, at least tries to be honest and open-minded about a subject unlikely to win Anita Bryant's endorsement. Chances are Anita would be too riled to notice that the hero and heroine wind up as born-again heterosexuals.

Although its sex is soft-core and perfectly straight-except for a bit of girlgirl fondling-I wouldn't call A Matter of Love a best bet for Bryant boosters, either. The pictures are pretty enough, shot in and around a beach house in the Hamptons during the off season, where two couples-Frank and Vicki and Richard and Angie-spend their vacation really getting into the numbers that Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice merely rapped about ad infinitum. "Sometimes, a taste of infidelity can save a relationship" is the teaser line in Matter of Love's advertising. But that's exactly the message delivered, often quite persuasively, by director Chuck Vincent, one of our better pornographers (Visions and Dirty Lilly are among his recent credits). Vincent edges into the R-rated category with a sensitive, serious study of swinging as therapy, earnestly played by a cast of unknowns who do nothing to embarrass their families. Well, practically nothing.

Then there's **Word Is Out**: Everything you ever wanted to know about being gay, and then some, in frank oncamera interviews with 26 men and women who have emerged from their closets with plenty to say about alternate lifestyles, much of it rather interesting.

When the phone rings in Roy Scheider's Manhattan apartment and he finds a

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42

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woman panting on the line with bizarre propositions, he usually gives the receiver to his wife, Cynthia. "She can handle it," he says, "I can't. I don't know how they manage to get my number, but they do. Some of the things they suggest are unbelievable."

Obscene phone calls are only a small part of the price Scheider pays for the pleasure of becoming, at the relatively ripe age of 42, a matinee idol and sex symbol whose rugged screen image has invited comparisons to such macho superguys as Cagney, Brando or, more often, Bogart. "Well, my mail says so, anyway," remarks Scheider with a diffident shrug. "I don't think any actor really thinks of himself as a sex symbol. Still, it's true the mail comes from a lot of females, which is flattering. I like that. Jaws gave me overnight recognition. If they couldn't pronounce my name, they'd know the face."

It's a face and form not quickly forgotten—battered nose, trim athletic physique, the wary, penetrating eyes of a fighter who seems to wonder whether or not all the fights are fixed. Scheider will surface again very soon in *Jaws 2*, which was only 90 percent finished when he stopped off at the office of his New York press agent to discuss some of the pros and cons of galloping stardom.

His female admirers would never dream that Scheider, whipping off a



Scheider: resurfacing in Jaws 2.

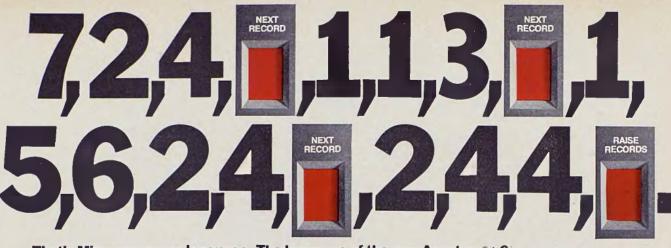
snappy yellow windbreaker and easing his lithe frame into a chair, was once a plump, sickly teenaged misfit. There's genuine pain in the flashbacks to his troubled boyhood as the son of a servicestation operator in Maplewood, New Jersey. He says he finally came to terms with himself and his late father, a tyrannical two-fisted bigot whose idols were Hitler, Senator Joe McCarthy and Nixon. "To make matters worse, I had rheumatic fever and a slight heart murmur, so I spent many adolescent years in bed. If you're the fattest kid in your high school class and don't take part in athletics, you feel sort of left out. So when I finally got the green light from the doctor, I just went insane . . . I jumped into a weightloss program, started running, wrestling."

Scheider shakes his head slowly. "I look at myself in the mirror even today knowing I'm in good shape, but the phantom of that fat kid still stares back at me. You don't forget those things.

"I was on a crash macho program to make up for all that earlier floundering around. I entered the Golden Gloves in New Jersey. I was good enough for one fight, but not two—I lost the second bout—that's how I got my nose bashed in." He wrestled at Rutgers, entered prelaw at Franklin and Marshall College but found that he preferred appearing in school plays. Then he was booked for three years (1957–1960) as an Air Force licutenant.

After that, the new, slim civilian Scheider became a busy New York stage actor who won an Obie for his off-Broadway role in *Stephen D.*, based on the work of James Joyce. But nobody really knew who he was until he played Jane Fonda's pimp in *Klute*, won an Oscar nomination as Best Supporting Actor for *The French Connection*, moved on to *Jaws* and *Marathon Man*. Next, he spent a year of his life making William Friedkin's *Sorcerer*, the costly \$23,000,000 rehash of the French action-adventure classic Wages of Fear, a resounding flop





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that was eventually recut and rereleased, more or less in disguise. Scheider will put nothing on the record but kind words about Friedkin, though he footnotes wryly, "They also came up with a clever new title, if they can use it ... Wages of Fear."

Repeating his role as police chief Martin Brody of Amity Island in Jaws 2 was hardly Scheider's idea of an appropriate encore. "I tried every way I knew to get out of it, short of being sued. I didn't want to try to top myself in a sequel to one of the most successful films of all time." A change of director (John Hancock out, replaced by Jeannot Szwarc after three weeks of shooting), uncertain weather, frequent script changes from at least four different writers, plus shifting the filming location from Martha's Vineyard to the Florida coast-these are not working conditions likely to relieve a performer's natural tension. Was he nervous at all? "Damned right I was nervous," snaps Scheider, "certainly in shark-infested waters like the Gulf of Mexico. You could say it was trying. Interminable might be the word. It was like being in one of those minimumsecurity prisons." He bites off a line and makes his point as crisply as if he were planting a left jab into an invisible opponent's solar plexus.

Roy makes a wry face when questioned about rumors of contretemps between himself and Szwarc. "Yeah, I had my run-ins with him," he allows. "My feeling is that *Jaws 2* will do all right at the box office, though not as well as the original. Three or four years have passed; audiences are more sophisticated."

While he's been getting moderately rich on overtime, money ain't everything in Scheider's book. "I'm a \$750,000-apicture actor, sure, plus I can ask for a percentage now, though not a big percentage. I don't really believe in some of the astronomical figures actors are paid these days. Yet when you read about movies with budgets of \$25,000,000-\$30,000,000, such outrageous sums can't help but affect your attitude. You say, 'Hell, if a studio can piss away that kind of money making a film, why not let 'em piss on me?'"

Roy and Cynthia, his second wife, have a solid, volatile marriage reportedly punctuated by fights, strong words and occasional periods of armistice, when one or the other checks into a hotel to cool off. Scheider readily verifies a story that Cynthia—his toughest critic, as well as an established film editor and maker of documentaries—believes he lands all the wrong parts but is destined to be a major star in spite of himself.

"There was a time when producers only offered me cops or tough guys. I get

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more varied scripts now, but the two projects I like best are 1941, a comedy for Steven Spielberg, and Legs, the story of Legs Diamond. I'm gonna do them both if they can be worked out. The first one, 1941, is like Mad, Mad World, an outrageous farce about a real incidentwhen two Japanese subs supposedly came up off Santa Barbara and fired a couple of volleys into California. The whole state went absolutely bananas that night. They had to go to the prop department of Paramount to get guns and ammo, because Paramount was making war movies. I'm supposed to play General 'Vinegar Joe' Stilwell, who was district commander at the time, at about 60 "

Is the part of a 60-year-old general consistent with his newly won status as a romantic leading man? "That's not a leading man's shot, that's an *actor's* shot," Scheider replies. "I feel like an artist who's been in a cage for about two years, man, with projects that took up a year each and were not what I hoped they'd be for one reason or another. I feel I'm at the top of my form and should be shooting out in all directions. So it's like I've got a motor running, I have got to *move*." And in no time flat, the former boy from New Jersey was sprinting off like a born contender.

FILM CLIPS

The Medusa Touch: Telekinesis, or the Carrie syndrome—which was done to death in Brian DePalma's The Fury—is done to a turn by Richard Burton, Lee Remick, Lino Ventura and a top-rung international cast in an eerie, intelligent British thriller directed by Jack Gold. Burton, his fixed stare and sepulchral tones working most effectively, plays a man with "a gift for disaster" who has knocked off his Irish nanny, Mum and Dad and progressed to heavy-duty stuff: crumbling cathedrals, sabotaging space shots and causing jumbo jets to crash.

The Amsterdam Kill: Robert Mitchum, as a former narc, shuttles between Hong Kong and Holland to find out why so many Chinese heroin dealers are being knocked off. Bloody as hell but completely scrutable and not half bad.

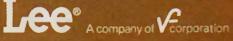
The Seniors and Texas Detour: Both of these B movies devote generous footage to Priscilla Barnes, a promising blonde beauty who doesn't speak a word in The Seniors, though she makes her considerable presence felt as a girl installed in a house shared by four college boys to be the subject of their graduate study on The Vaginal Connection: Sex and the College Girl. Priscilla has more to do in Detour, co-starred with Patrick Wayne (the Duke's handsome son) in a standard road melodrama about young things exposed to redneck sex and violence out in God's country.

-REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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MUSIC

D fourth solo LP, and it continues in the sex-funk groove of the first three. There's even another suggestive cover to give you a little jingle: Palmer in a swimming pool, grinning, with two empty wet bikinis lying on the deck near him. Palmer is an accomplished and distinctive singer. When his first solo LP, Sneaking Sally Through the Alley, came out, it had us jumping up and down and foaming at the mouth: a new major talent, etc., etc. But the follow-up album, Pressure Drop, was underwhelming, and so is Double Fun. Palmer has carved out special turf for himself at the center of a triangle formed by Little Feat, funk and reggae-but it's often better in theory than in practice. Many of the nine cuts here are completely forgettable-not bad but no sparks and no magic. Two do have it: the old Kinks winner You Really Got Me and a Palmer original called You're Gonna Get What's Comin' that rolls and grows like the landslide in the lyrics. But two for nine isn't a good batting average even in baseball.

There are a couple of rather straightforward piano recordings on hand that cover over 60 years of music-everything from ragtime to the theme music for M*A*S*H-entertainingly, sensitively, creatively. Ken Werner is at the keyboard for The Piono Music of Bix Beiderbecke, Duke Ellington, George Gershwin, James P. Johnson (Finnadar) and he's a young man who knows and respects his material, all of which was written before he was born. The Beiderbecke tracks are particularly appealing-Flashes, In a Mist and In the Dark are beautiful, and as contemporary as anything being written today-and the Ellington pieces are only slightly less evocative. Pianist John Eaton, who has been paying his dues in cocktail lounges for a long while, is represented by It Seems Like Old Times (Chiaroscuro). Oddly enough, the title tune is probably the least successful item on the agenda. But there are some real delights-Tishomingo Blues, Django, What Is This Thing Called Love and Suicide Is Painless (the M*A*S*H theme), a surprise entry that more than holds its own in some very fast company.

Clarence Gatemouth Brown (Music Is Medicine) has been lying back for a long time, while rock and soul musicians who learned their stuff from him basked in the spotlight. Now, with an LP that was obviously recorded as he wanted it, Brown gets to show his indisputable mastery of American music from blues to bluegrass—and his instrumental versatility. His guitar lines are quick and

50



Double Fun: underwhelming.

Jazz standards by Werner and Eaton; Palmer disappoints.

incisive on the up-tempo Pressure Cooker and Honey Boy, low-down and dirty on Blackjack. His fiddle burns up the landscape on Up Jump the Devil but wails mournfully on Gate's Tune, a country waltz. Take Me Back to Tulsa finds him plunking the electric mandolin; Street Corner is a harmonica vehicle. Everything is delivered with good-humored flashiness that does not diminish the content of the songs; Brown will literally make you laugh one moment, cry the next. And we'd be remiss if we didn't mention that his band is absolutely fantastic: Don Buzard and Rod Roddy are as good as anyone we've heard on pedal steel and piano, respectively; Bobby Campo sparkles on a variety of horns; and Leon Medica and Jeff Pollard lay down the most solid and self-sacrificing of beats, at any tempo.

• •

There are a lot of second-opinion jokes going around—you know, the kind in which your doctor tells you one thing and you want to check it out, so you ask a second doctor. One variation goes like this: A lady has spent a great deal of time with her shrink and finally he tells her, "You are absolutely, completely, totally crazy." She, of course, becomes rather agitated and says she wants another opinion. The doctor carefully makes a tent of his fingers, thinks for a moment and says, "All right. You're ugly, too."

A lot of people think Barry Manilow is the greatest. That's one opinion. Then there's the second opinion: Barry Manilow blows dead rats. His new album is *Even Now* (Arista) and Clive Davis ought to be ashamed—he's head of Arista Records. Besides, Manilow has an ugly nose, which protrudes across the cover like a great zucchini. His voice has a certain out-of-tune, nagging quality to it, like a woman on downers asking over and over when you are going to take out the garbage. The music itself is like a slimy, fecal continuum that carries you along as if through the aisles of a supermarket, bobbing along in the icy Quaalude surf.

There remains the burning question: Did Manilow write the song, as the song says? Well, with the exception of Sunrise, not the lyrics, anyway. They're suitably awful, but someone else has to take the blame for them.

Kris Kristofferson has had some problems with his records for several years. As his movies got praised, his records got panned. Once people believe you are on a downhill slide, it's tough to convince them that you have turned things around: It takes some kind of blockbuster hit to get a little attention. Easter Island (Columbia) may not do it for him, but it should. This is Kristofferson writing and singing at a level he hasn't reached in a long time. The Bigger the Fool (The Harder the Fall), co-written with Stephen Bruton and Mike Utley, is an affecting ballad that will probably be covered by 47 other singers. The Sabre and the Rose is a dark and bloody narrative that sometimes betrays Kristofferson's years as a grad student in English, but mostly is just good poetry. Kristofferson does not have a distinguished voice, but he always gives an intelligent reading of the lyrics, and this time he has some intelligent words to sing.

SHORT CUTS

Dexter Wonsel / Voyager (Philadelphia International): Fleet rhythm and tasteful solos, including D.W.'s own super synthesizer work, keep these heavily arranged ballads and *disco* funk tunes moving lightly.

Von McCoy / My Favorite Fantosy (MCA): The man who wrote The Hustle sings his articulate romantic ballads, with orchestral backing; surprise, it's nice.

Crystal Gayle / I've Cried the Blue Right Out of My Eyes (MCA): Rumor has it that Crystal Gayle's next album will be You Bleached the Blue Right Out of My Levis and the Brown Right Out of My Shoes.

Muddy Waters / I'm Ready (Blue Sky): Muddy's second collaboration with Johnny Winter is another strong blues set, laced with the classics—I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man, Rock Me, Good Morning Little School Girl. Waters remains as changeless as the Mississippi and Winter sounds as if he's found a home at last. They're both ready.

\Leftrightarrow COMING ATTRACTIONS \Leftrightarrow

DOL GOSSIP: The Dating Game will return to your TV screen this fall as The New Dating Game. Jim Lange will again host, but the updated version promises to be "faster-paced and racier." ... Alan Bates has been signed to co-star opposite Bette Midler in The Rose... In response to Randy Newman's Short People, midget actor Billy Barty (3'9") has recorded a song called Tall People. ... Harcourt is bringing out a translation of Günter Grass's novel, The Flounder. The book,





Bates

Namath

now in its sixth printing in Germany, is described as "filthy, Rabelaisianfull of farts, smells, etc." . . . Steve Martin is working on a film called Easy Money, in which he plays the adopted son of black parents. . . . NBC is preparing the longest miniseries ever-a 25-hour telefilm of James A. Michener's Centennial, starring Barbara Carrera. . . . Ryon O'Neal is back in the lead in Oliver's Story, with Candice Bergen and Nicola (Anna Karenina) Pogett playing the female leads. . . . Louren Bocoll is working on her memoirs for Knopf. Sources say she's writing it herself. . . . Recently retired gridiron pro Joe Namath will play an American military agent in Avalanche Express, co-starring Lee Marvin and Robert Show. Namath also has a couple of TV projects in the works. . . . Dustin Hoffman and Lily Tomlin will probably costar in Paramount's musical Popeye, Dusty as the spinach-guzzling sailor, Lily as his girl, Olive Oyl. . . . Joan Didion is working on a nonfiction book, "an extended essay about the idea of California," she says. . . . Mike Nichols will direct the film version of A Chorus Line, set for 1980 release. . . . Tony Curtis has been signed to star in ABC's telefilm of Joyce Haber's novel, The Users.

PUNK BUNK: San Francisco radio station KSAN held a contest in which listeners were asked to come up with names for punk-rock bands. Some of the best entries: Adolf Hitler & the Casuals, Exlax & the Shitkickers, The Undone Abortions, Groin Scabs & Drums, Son of Spam and The Dorks.

VOICES FROM THE PAST: No wonder Erica Jong has been so reticent about her latest project, a novel she's been researching for the past two years.

Unaware that it's set a couple of centuries back in time, someone asked her if it were autobiographical. Sure, replied Jong kiddingly, it's the autobiography of a previous life. Next thing she knew, a reporter from the National Enquirer was asking for the exclusive account of "her Bridey Murphy breakthrough." The novel isn't due until next year and will most likely be preceded by a fourth book of poems, At the Edge of the Body, which she describes as a complete departure. Meanwhile, the man in her life, writer Jonathan Fast, is excited over the \$3,000,000 budget set aside by CBS to make his sci-fi novel, The Secrets of Synchronicity, into a four-hour miniseries next season. The teleflick, tentatively titled The Prisoner of Space, will be loaded with special effects to create such illusions as a planet inhabited by 100,000 giant snakes.

AN UNHARRIED MAN: Director Paul Mazursky says that the only other actress he approached for the lead in An Unmarried Woman, before giving it to Jill Clayburgh, was Jone Fondo. "She said she didn't want to do a film about a typical housewife," says Mazursky. "I think she was being a bit literal about what is or is not political in a movie." As for new projects, says Mazursky, "I'm trying to write something about two good friends



Jong



Mazursky

in New York who have a mutual girlfriend. It's *not* autobiography. I also have a first draft of a modern version of *The Tempest* that I've been working on for a long time."

CH-CH-CH-CHANGES: "I found it enthralling to really get into a person's flesh this time," says David Bowie about his latest film role, that of a young Prussian officer who returns destitute to Berlin after World War One and becomes a gigolo. "I was frightened of expressing any kind of emotion in The Man Who Fell to Earth, but I feel very much at home with this character." Set for fall release, Just a Gigolo was directed by David (Blow-Up) Hemmings and co-stars Kim Novok and Marlene Dietrich. "It's a lightly ironic, tongue-incheek treatment of the period," says Hemmings. "For instance, we have Brownshirts who march out of step. We explode the myth of Germanic organization." Gigolo was filmed in Berlin, where Bowie has lived for the past two years and where he recorded his last album, *Heroes*. In his next film after Gigolo, Bowie will play the part of expressionist painter Egon Schiele.

SEQUELMANIA: Warner Bros. and MGM will team up to produce a sequel to *The Goodbye Girl*, slated to roll in May of 1979. So far, most of the major



Dreyfuss

Jagger

talent involved in the original has been signed for the second one: Richard Dreyfuss, Marsha Mason and Quinn Cummings will again star, Herb Ross will direct and natch—Neil Simon will pen the script. Sources close to the production say the screenplay "will take the Dreyfuss character to Hollywood and Mason and Cummings will follow him out there." Ross will also direct the film of Simon's hit play California Suite, starring—and how's this for a whiz-bang cast?—Alan Alda, Jane Fonda, Richard Pryor, Michael Caine, Bill Cosby, Walter Matthau, Elaine May and Maggie Smith. Wow!

CHECKING IN WITH HAL: "Chances are I'll do The Hawkline Monster next," says director Hal (Coming Home) Ashby. "I've talked to Jock Nicholson about it and we want very much to do this one together." Monster is a Gothic Western by Richard Brautigan-a comedy set at the turn of the century. "I'm also interested in directing Stranger in a Strange Land. Robert Heinlein's book about a man from Mars in present-day America. I'd like to get Mick Jagger to star in the picture. Jagger should go toward film now: that's the logical next step for him. He'd be fantastic in this role." Jagger, incidentally, has been approached to star in a film based on the life of Antonin Artaud called Wings of Ash.

FROM WAX TO PIX: The Eagles are negotiating with producer Roy Stark to make a film based on their 1973 album *Desperado*. If all goes well, the boys will write some fresh tunes for the flick and possibly even appear onscreen in bit roles. Meantime, there's another album in the works and an extensive U.S. tour planned for this summer.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Why do they name hurricanes after women? I would think that the women's movement would object to such obvious sexism. Or maybe some male liberation group, seeking equal time. Why don't they name a few storms after men?— D. H., Miami, Florida.

Hurricanes are named by an international committee (since the giant storms are international events). The rest of the world does not share our enlightened attitude toward gender: Perhaps it feels that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and if we didn't get the storm's name right, we'd really be in trouble. It might interest you to know that some members of the women's movement have started a campaign to name blizzards after men. Their reasoning: "A snowstorm is just like a man; you never know just how many inches you're going to get or how long the bastard's going to last." Given the severity of the past two winters, we think we can live with the honor.

By the time school starts in the fall, I plan to have enough money to finally buy a car; but by then I'll also be switching to a part-time job, so money will be a little short during the school year. My question is, just how much should I expect to pay for the car's upkeep?—A. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

Keep in mind the two axioms of car ownership: (1) Autos cost approximately 20 percent more than you've got in your bank account; and (2) they break down only when you are least able to afford repair costs. With that, we refer you to the annual study of the Hertz Car Leasing Division, which keeps track of such things as operational costs. It estimates the cost of operating a two-door intermediate automobile kept for three years and driven 10,000 miles a year at about 30 cents a mile, or \$3000 per annum. A subcompact driven the same way will save you about \$700 to \$2300 a year. Expenses included in the estimates are gas and oil, service, parts, repairs, taxes, licenses, interest, depreciation and insurance. Insurance costs, despite the energy crisis, have risen the fastest, going up some 64 percent since 1975. The estimates do not include such accessories as fuzzy dice for your rearview mirror, a raccoon tail for the antenna or Big Macs to fuel the girl in the passenger seat.

About a year ago, I went on a date with an Army drill sergeant. As he was 23 years old and divorced, with one child, I assumed he would be more mature than the other GIs I had known, who had been anything but mature. He was a charming person, and eventually the



subject of sex-and birth control-was introduced. He told me not to worry about birth control, since, and I quote, "I won't let you come and a woman can't get pregnant unless she comes." When I recovered from my shock, I told him that aside from being a selfish attitude, it wasn't true. I don't think he believed me and, as we soon came up with another means of birth control, the subject was dropped. But please do all the willbe fathers a favor and explain whether the "don't come" theory is right or wrong. By the way, he was as stupid in bed as he was out .- Miss C. B., New York, New York.

With reasoning like that, it's a sure bet that your friend is headed for the Pentagon. Two wrongs do not make a right—as his former wife probably found out. Maybe that's why we lost in Vietnam.

This past winter, I had to go to Martinique on business. I fortuitously made the acquaintance of a lovely lady of the Parisian persuasion. To ensure later that I wasn't dreaming, I took quite a few pictures of her. Most of these were backlit, because the sun was too strong shining into her face. The exposure on the background was perfect, but her figure became a mere silhouette. Maybe God was punishing me for having too good a time. What did I do wrong? Can you give me any tips for shooting on the beach, so my mistake won't be repeated?—M. B., Chicago, Illinois.

Very simply, the rule is: When the sun is behind your subject, expose for

the shadows. In a back-lighting situation, the meter reading is often misleading: The sun tends to produce too high an exposure reading compared with the shadow area on a person's face. Although many 35mm through-the-lens meters are center weighted (i.e., taking most of the reading from the center of the frame), light from behind the subject can throw the reading off. To get the detail in your lovely lady's face, move in close and take a reading about six inches from her skin (that shouldn't be such a hardship) or from her clothes, if she's wearing any. Use this exposure when you shoot. If your camera is automated, switch to the manual override or the built-in meter will defeat the best-laid plans. One final note: We assume that you keep a skylight filter on your camera at all times to protect the lens. In shadow shootings, the skylight will also add a warming tone to your lady's skin.

have just bought a 1978 Thunderbird and the girl I'm dating is car-fucking crazy. She goes wild when she gets into it. Usually, in my old car, we would go out into the country and pull off some deserted road and fuck up a storm. In the past few weeks, she's been acting strange. When I pick her up-whether it's night or day-she doesn't even get into the front seat with me anymore. She just jumps into the back and before you know it, her shirt and pants are gone. She doesn't even give me time to leave the city. What should I do about this problem?-T. Y., Seattle, Washington.

Hire a chauffeur.

Not long ago, I picked up a very lovely woman in a bar on New York's East Side. We seemed to get along very well, and it was unusually easy to convince her to leave with me. I was somewhat surprised when she suggested we return to her apartment. This elegant lady had me in bed with her before I knew what had happened, before I had a chance to make advances on my own. In a very sensuous manner, she began asking me to perform various sexual acts that would please her. I eagerly complied, only to have her smile sweetly and whisper that I wasn't doing things to her liking. Suddenly, without my realizing it, she had slipped what seemed to be homemade bonds made of satin around my wrists and ankles. (I thought she was simply nervously twisting the loose bed sheet around me.) Finding myself bound securely, I started to worry. She grinned and said, "You didn't do very well. For punishment, I'm going LAVBO

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to torture you by tickling you with my long fingernails." Well, she had very long nails and proceeded to tickle me with them. For at least 45 minutes. She literally put my squirming body into spasms, and, much to my surprise, I reached an unbelievable orgasm. As a result of that experience, I find any kind of sex without this added deviation boring. Unfortunately, I have been unable to get in touch with the incredible woman who introduced me to the diver-

woman who introduced me to the diversion. Is it unusual to have a longing to be tickled by a woman's long fingernails? I actually find myself looking at a woman's hands to see how long her nails are before I look at her face. Is this fetish common?—R. G., New York, New York.

What's the name of that bar? Oh, never mind. We've heard of this fetish. Actually, all things considered, it's fairly effective. Women will probably be charmed when you detour the normal glance at the breast for a close study of their fingernails. If a woman doesn't meet your expectations, you can gallantly offer her some falsies. And if you can't meet anyone to fulfill your dreams, go home and masturbate with a backscratcher.

always thought that tennis was a fairly recently developed game, but in a conversation I had a while ago, a friend said it had been around since before the turn of the century. How old *is* tennis?— R. A., San Francisco, California.

It is said that Kunta Kinte had already perfected a mean forehand smash before being invited on his pleasure cruise to the New World. But, actually, the roots of tennis go back further than that. The game has been played in one form or another since around the 12th Century. Modern tennis, the game closest to the one we play, was developed in England by Major William Wingfield in 1873. The game has gone through considerable changes over the years. For instance, today's strings are a far cry from the original materials, which included the intestines of horses, mules, asses and goats. The Roaring Twenties brought a return to elegance in the form of silk strings. Major Wingfield's game, too, was pretty sedate compared with the slam-bang contest of today. It wasn't until 1877, for example, that the volley was invented. Spencer Gore, the first Wimbledon singles champion, was responsible for the shot (from the French à la volée, meaning "on the fly"). Gore's enthusiasm sometimes led him to hit the ball even before it crossed the net. Luckily, the very next year, P. Frank Hadow (remember him?) managed to wipe out Gore with his invention of the lob, which left Gore looking pretty silly at the net. It wasn't until 1881, however, that William Renshaw developed a suitable return for the lob, the overhead smash. After that, things quieted down a little until the

Seventies, when Jimmy Connors invented his devastating fanny wiggle. So much for history.

Can you settle a debate that I've been having with several of the girls at work? They insist that when a woman has an orgasm, she ejaculates a small amount of colorless, odorless fluid. As proof of the phenomenon, they point to ancient pornographic texts. All of the racy Victorian novels that I've read contain mention of women "spending" at the moment of orgasm. It's my impression from reading Kinsey and Masters that female ejaculation is a myth. What's the true story?—Miss D. S., San Diego, California.

Welcome to the debate; it's been going on for centuries. When a woman becomes excited, the walls of the vagina secrete a fluid-it is the first sign of coital readiness. Kinsey, confronting the female-ejaculation question, concluded that "muscular contractions of the vagina following orgasm may squeeze out some of the genital secretions and in a few cases eject them with some force. This is frequently referred to, particularly in the deliberately erotic literature, as an ejaculation in the female, but the term cannot be strictly used in that connection." Havelock Ellis, years earlier, found that some women became so excited during gynecological examinations that they produced an ejaculation of fluid "sometimes described as being emitted in a jet which is thrown to a distance." (Next thing you know, they'll be able to write their names in the snow.) E. Grafenberg noted that cases of involuntary expulsion of urine sometimes accompanied orgasm, but in the cases he observed, the fluid was examined and "it had no urinary character." Now a new chapter to the debate has been written. In the February 1978 issue of the Journal of Sex Research, J. L. Sevely and J. W. Bennett review all of the literature on female ejaculation from Aristotle to Masters and Johnson. They conclude that the female possesses glands similar to the male prostate (the male prostate secretes the fluid that constitutes much of the male ejaculate). The female prostate glands are located near the opening of the urethra and apparently produce a fluid during intercourse. In most cases, this fluid mingles with normal lubricating fluids, but apparently in some women, it is more pronounced. The authors conclude that the topic needs more research. We agree. Dr. Watson, fetch our flashlight and magnifying glass.

Now that Carter has declared war on the three-martini lunch, I figure it's time to start practicing for the new Prohibition. What kinds of nonalcoholic drinks are acceptable at business lunches and after-work dates? Is there any way to order a standard drink minus alcohol without revealing the fact that you're on the wagon?—J. R., New York, New York.

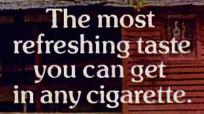
The drink that is flooding both coasts is Perrier (mineral water) and lime. It looks like a vodka and tonic and costs about the same, so maybe your partners won't notice that you're still sober on the way back to the office. There are, of course, the classic nonalcoholic cocktails-the Shirley Temple, the Hopalong Cassidy and the virgin mary. If anyone questions your order, explain that you're on a nostalgia trip or that it's part of your religion. There is a regional phrase that indicates a dry drink-if you order a salty dog "for the money," you'll get just grapefruit juice with a salted rim. Of course, you might get a waiter who thinks for the money means you aren't using your credit card, but one sip and you can correct the situation. Cheers.

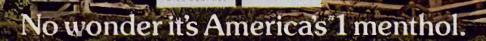
Word has come back to me that several of my recent partners in bed have developed symptoms that resemble venereal disease. They have complained about an itching sensation in the genitals, as well as pain on urination. Some of them have experienced a gray-green discharge. I had myself checked for gonorrhea, but the tests were negative. If it's not V.D., what is it? Can I get it or, worse, am I the person giving it to my girlfriends?—H. W., Dallas, Texas.

Congratulations. You may be the proud carrier of a parasitic infection known as trichomoniasis. It is the most prevalent venereal disease in the country. Doctors estimate that there were 2,300,000 cases of trichomoniasis last year, compared with 1,000,000 reported cases of gonorrhea and 20,000 reported cases of syphilis. The disease is caused by a parasite-the little bugger is tenacious but can be offed with a dose of metronidazole (Flagyl). Unfortunately, it tends to seek asylum in unsuspecting males. Men can carry the parasite and reinfect their partners without ever experiencing symptoms. The only way to prevent a ping-pong effect is to treat the male and the female at the same time. The treatment is relatively painless-you do have to go on the wagon for about a week (alcohol and metronidazole do not mix). If you and your girlfriend(s) go through this together, you won't have to go through it again, and that should give you something to celebrate.

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

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

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

At the astonishing rate we're going, kids may soon experience their sexual initiation somewhere between their fifth and tenth birthdays, give or take a few baby teeth. Without a doubt, one of the most startling sexual changes in American society has been the consistently younger age at which virginity is abandoned. Every time another study is done on this phenomenon, the results come out a stunner. Soon, a girl's deflowering will have about as much significance as the arrival of her first two-wheeler—and for a boy, a more memorable experience might be his first black eye.

But erotic high points aren't measured only by firsts. There is usually at least one other dazzling incident, apart from our initial fuck, so powerful and so profound that it becomes, in itself, an event that thrusts us into a whole new sexual phase. These carnal crossroads are unmapped territory, because people hardly ever discuss the specifics. We decided to bring this subject out into the open. We polled 100 men and 100 women and solicited responses from PLAYBOY readers. Here are the results.

Q: LADIES, OTHER THAN LOSING THEIR VIRGINITY, WHAT DO YOU THINK MOST MEN WOULD SAY WAS AN IM-PORTANT SEXUAL TURNING POINT IN THEIR LIVES?

Twenty-seven percent of the women guessed that the majority of men would say the first time they had had fellatio: "So crucial is getting their dicks sucked that I think it was the ultimate event in their lives other than being born." "Cunts are OK. However, after males have been with an expert cocksucker like myself, the mouth is the masterpiece God put there much more for pleasure than for talking."

Twenty percent of the women believed that men's turning point occurred with an experienced older lover: "Sex is just one huge fumble for most boys until one of us canny big-sister types blows their minds by showing them all the outrageous things two bodies can do."

Fourteen percent of the women felt that men would say a key change had occurred after an S/M session: "If it were possible, the men of America would vote to enslave all the fuckable girls they could catch. Tying up chicks and totally





mastering them is such a powerful aphrodisiac that an awful lot of guys never recover from that experience."

Twelve percent of the women guessed that fucking a female in the ass was a crucial event: "So many males are always trying to shove their cocks up the wrong hole. Even though I explain that I don't enjoy it, they keep on trying. That's led me to believe that making a chick give in to ass fucking, which means inflicting some sort of pain mixed with passion, must have been such an incredibly ecstatic moment in a man's sexual development that he becomes obsessed with it."

Nine percent of the women believed that most men were transformed by group sex, while seven percent felt that for the majority of guys, making it with a woman they loved was their most important moment.

Six percent were sure that men's sex lives changed after making it with aggressive women: "A light dawns in the male brain when they find themselves with a girl who insists on being dominant. The neon sign says, 'It is fun to just lie here and be passive.' They come like cannon balls."

Five percent said it was when men discovered that women dug sex, too.

Q: MEN, OTHER THAN LOS-ING YOUR VIRGINITY, WHAT WAS AN IMPORTANT SEXUAL TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIVES?

Twenty-nine percent of the men said it was the first time they had had fellatio: "When I was 11 years old, my folks still insisted on leaving me with a baby sitter. I consented, because I had a crush on her. She was a freckle-faced 15-year-old tomboy. Although we never kissed or necked, we did the next best thing. We wrestled a lot. I always let her win, because she absolutely hated to lose and would make me go to sleep early if she did. One night, I had her head in a scissors grip between my legs and, no matter what she tried, I decided not to let her go. I was in my pajamas. Finally, she reached up and pulled down the bottoms and grabbed my cock in her mouth and sucked and licked until I let go. She kept at it until I couldn't stand it, which she loved. I prefer coming in girls' mouths, and I figure it's because of that baby sitter."

Twenty-two percent of the men told us that their turning point had been with an experienced older woman: "This older lady on my paper route taught me how to be the great lover I am today by talking to me about wild ideas and saying lots of four-letter words while we balled. Now I like teaching young girls in the same way."

Thirteen percent of the men explained that a key change had occurred after an S/M session: "I turned on to S/M after reading the Story of O. I thought the book was beautiful. Shortly afterward, I became involved with an O type. I still like regular sex, too, but there's something overpowering about having a naked chick chained down in spread-eagle position and simply using her in any way that enters my mind."

Twelve percent of the men felt that making it with a woman they loved had been their most important moment other than losing their virginity: "As soon as I figured out the difference between making love and getting laid, I preferred the

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former and settled for the latter only when I couldn't get it on in a deep way."

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Six percent of the men said that masturbation had been a milestone, while another six percent told us their crucial event had been fucking a woman in the ass: "What drove me wild was the fact that it was so tight. It automatically grabbed me and pulled and I felt like a greasy cork continually going in and out of this gorgeous wine bottle until I popped. No cunt ever gave me that kind of superb friction."

Five percent said having a sexually aggressive woman had been a landmark and an equal number cited group sex.

Two percent recalled a night with a prostitute: "I felt I owned that chick. She had to do everything to me that I demanded. Other women can always refuse. That's why I still use callgirls every now and then."

Q: MEN, OTHER THAN LOS-ING THEIR VIRGINITY, WHAT DO YOU THINK MOST WOMEN WOULD SAY WAS AN IMPOR-TANT SEXUAL TURNING POINT IN THEIR LIVES?

Twenty-one percent of the men guessed that the majority of women were changed by their first orgasm: "Vitamin F is essential to a growing girl's life, but vitamin O really makes her mature. Once she knows that a deep joyous release is the prize, she'll never settle for anything less."

Eighteen percent of the men thought that multiple orgasms brought about most women's turning point: "They realize just how much power is contained in that one little nub of pink flesh, and it gives them such a sense of confidence."

Fifteen percent of the men believed that women were transformed by an experienced older lover: "A mature lover knows how to play to a girl's body as well as her romantic spirit; wining and dining her, giving flowers and loosening her up with affection, so that sex is extra-special. No lass can resist that nor fail to get relaxed enough to hit new plateaus of feeling."

Twelve percent of the men felt that most women would say their sexual turning point had been becoming more aggressive in bed: "When a woman discovers her own sexual aggression, she also finds out how much pleasure she's entitled to ask for in bed, instead of keeping to the traditional role of lying back and hoping she's satisfied while a man gets his rocks off."

Eleven percent of the men guessed that, above all else, cunnilingus was the key experience. Nine percent of the men believed that female turning points involved S/M.

Five percent thought women were moved by vibrators, while the rest of the men cited exhibitionism, ass fucking and group sex as turning points for women.

Q: LADIES, OTHER THAN LOSING YOUR VIRGINITY, WHAT WAS AN IMPORTANT SEXUAL TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIVES?

Twenty-four percent of the women said it had been the first time they had an orgasm: "I had my number-one climax five years before a guy broke my cherry. It was a man's bicycle that brought me to ecstasy. I was riding down a hill and leaned forward over the bar. That little nub in the front of my jeans was pressed against my clit, and the excitement built as the speed did. When I reached the bottom and settled back on the seat, waves of excitement shot through me so intensely I nearly fell off the cycle. I'll never forget it."

Twelve percent of the women explained that their turning point had involved S/M: "It was with my second lover—someone who worked in the same office I did. We started having an affair. One night, as he was undressing me, he suddenly whipped off my tights and used them to tie my hands to his headboard. Then he blindfolded me and yanked my legs apart. He began doing all these sensuous things to my body with fur pillows, fingernails, his hair . . . alternating between stroking me and biting me. I don't think I've ever been so aroused since then."

Ten percent of the women explained that multiple orgasms had brought about their turning point: "I initially had 'em when one lover calmly played with my clit for nearly an hour while unfamiliar yearning sensations began igniting in my cunt. When I finally released all the sexual tension, the resultant volley of big bangs was a milestone."

Ten percent of the women said that making it with a man they loved had been their most important moment other than losing their virginity. Eight percent told us their sexual turning point had been when they became more aggressive in bed. Eight percent explained that cunnilingus had been the key experience and seven percent said that masturbation had been a milestone: "My early lovers used to call my clit the 'panic button,' because every time they'd try to play me there, I'd panic from the powerful sensations. Finally, I decided to do something about the situation. One morning, very early, I lay on the floor and tentatively started exploring myself. When those panicky vibes started, I forced myself to continue and, sure enough, managed to come like crazy. Boy, did I feel silly for my fears."

Six percent of the women told us they had been transformed by an older experienced lover, while another six percent said that using a vibrator had changed them: "When a long-term partner used a vibrator on me one day, I enjoyed it so much more than all the sexual experiences I'd ever had with men that I went right out and bought one for myself and broke off the relationship."

Five percent fondly cited learning how to give head, while four percent recalled anal sex: "It was like losing my virginity all over again. But better than that, it was discovering that I had three holes for fun and games when I thought I'd had only two."

Summary: If you look at our statistics, you'll see a glaring difference between the two sexes' answers. Virtually one quarter of the women told us that what had transformed them was the discovery that they could have an orgasm. However, none of the males found their own Big Os remarkable enough to mention.

Almost a third of the men said that a turning point had occurred when a woman gave them their first blow job. They felt free to relax while some gal tongued them to ecstasy. With our female pollecs, this milestone of the mouth hardly ever emerged in their answers.

We were also intrigued with the role that experienced, usually older lovers played in sparking sexual breakthroughs for the men in our poll. It was their second largest category. Guys have to learn somewhere—yet they have been brought up to feel extremely uncomfortable talking with other males about their sexual ignorance and insecurities. With an experienced woman a man can be vulnerable and learn without losing face, which would have happened if he'd admitted his inexpertise to his buddies.

The knowledgeable lover was mentioned by only a few of the women we talked to. They are used to having the male be the guide—it is not likely to be a turning point for them.

One of the over-all realizations we came to while conducting this survey was that although you lose your virginity only once, there isn't only one sexual turning point. Almost all the people we polled explained that if we'd posed our question a couple of years ago, their responses would have been different from what they were now. And if asked several years from now, there probably would be yet other answers.

An invitation to readers: So much for indoor sports. Now let's find out about the other kind. Is free-style skiing an aphrodisiac? Does a session of coed racquetball get your rocks off? Here are our official questions: What sport is the sexiest to play or watch? and What do you think the opposite sex will say is the sexiest sport? Send your replies to The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

-HOWARD SMITH AND LESLIE HARLIB

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SEX POLL FEEDBACK

our readers respond to sex polls past

SUPERSEX

I am a female, 22 years old, and I have been sexually active since I was 16.

I have always found that the one ingredient that raises sex from great to fantastic (*Playboy Sex Poll*, March 1978) is my partner. I am very choosy about my partners; handsome guys with lean, hard bodies (and nice small asses!). Once or twice, a guy hasn't lived up to his looks and has turned out to be an inept lover, or the chemistry just isn't there, and then my heart just isn't in it and it becomes something less than satisfactory.

When I was younger, I was told by a man, "If you can't be good, be enthusiastic!" which seems to be good advice. Most of my lovers have commented on this, saying, "You seem to enjoy sex so much more than most women, I can always tell when you have an orgasm." As far as I know, that is all I do that is different, but never having seen any other woman make love (except in porno movies), I don't know what other women do.

We were discussing the poll questions at the office this morning and my boss (a man) said that the more the woman enjoys sex, the better it makes the man feel. He says it is an ego builder and it makes him feel like a great lover if the woman really enjoys it.—Miss S. A. S., Chicago, Illinois.

AFTER SEX, WHAT?

How do I feel after sex (May)? Lately, I've been having sex with an old and very dear friend and lover, so, of course, the love between us is very strong. When we have sex, only about two or three times a month, it is so incredible (after years of practice) and consuming that we are both totally exhausted. (We can usually come simultaneously.) I love to have his full weight draped across me or mine across him after we finish. I love to kiss his neck and shoulders and hug him to my breast. I want to pull him farther into me.

However, if I happen to be with a casual date or someone I have just picked up in a club or night spot, I usually want to be alone with my feelings. (A large bed helps. You can sidle over to the other side.) After sex with a stranger (provided I have come satisfactorily), I want to just lie there and watch my nipples lose their erections and watch my skin ungoose-bump.

Sometimes I wish my partners could



just disappear into thin air and leave me alone. I sometimes feel so tactilely heightened that just a hand on my stomach becomes unbearable, intrusion.

How do I think a man feels after sex? Just about the same. If he digs the lady, he feels super and wants to feel physically close to her and affectionate. He'll probably want to rest for a while and then start again. If it's with a casual acquaintance or with a pickup, he probably wants to go home or have the woman go home. Unless, of course, he wants to wait until morning, but by then the glow of mystery and late-night delights may have faded. It seems men like to leave before the final act. The morning after, as it were.

The older a man gets, the more he demands in terms of affection and the less in terms of novelty. An older guy wants you to just hug him and not say anything right after sex. You can be raw and vulnerable after sex or you can feel diabolically powerful.—Miss H. M., New York, New York.

In response to your May Sex Poll: I feel good after sex. I smile. I feel like laughing, talking, jumping up and down, screaming. (The same way I feel during sex, almost!) My boyfriend feels like falling asleep. He succumbs to the postejaculation sleepies. Rapidly. I think most men do.—Miss R. L., Providence, Rhode Island.

SEX AND INTELLIGENCE

I love the Sex Polls and, for the first time in my life, would like to become a statistic. With regard to the reader invitation in the March issue, I do believe that smart is better. In bed, anyway. Every one of the sexual episodes or affairs that I truly remember was with a really bright woman. Two incidents stand out: One involved a lady doctoral candidate, a Libra with a mind like a Swiss watch. One evening, we went to a New Year's Eve party at an elegant old-money home. She wore an antique-lace wedding dress with not a stitch on under it. Of course, from a distance, you could see her bush. We wandered into the library on the second floor of the three-story home. She stripped off the wedding dress and we made it on the floor of the library on a green Oriental carpet. She had a 130 I.Q. The second episode I recall was with a real genius-she had an I.Q. of 170-180. We lived together for two years. We made love in the top of an 80-foot tree on a platform tree house in the spring. We fucked in rainstorms until we steamed. We made love on the frozen surface of a river. We made love in the closet of a Unitarian church. Once, I stripped her and tied her hands over her head and whipped her with thin sapling branches until she came. We invented a double-dildo arrangement so she could fuck me and see what it was like to be a man and I could see what it was like to be a woman. I would put ice cubes up her ass and then fuck her while they melted. Once, we made love in the back of a pickup truck crossing Montana on Interstate 90. Another time, we made it on the sliding board of a Montessori school. Once, we were at a dinner honoring Malcolm Cowley. She undid my trousers and jacked me off at the table, digging her fingernails deep into the tip of my cock at the crucial moment. This during polite dinner conversation and split-pea soup-never batting an eye and drinking wine with the other hand. When Cowley rose to leave, everyone else stood. I couldn't, because there were come stains all over my trousers. I used to enjoy taking her shopping and fucking her in the dressing room, where she was supposed to be trying on clothes. We were caught at this once. My motto: Seek your own level and you'll have more fun with sex .--- F. H., San Mateo, California.

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If you'd like to know more about this revolutionary little camera, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

STAY AWAKE

My law firm periodically assigns a new associate to wade through the legislative bills and to summarize them in memos to the partners. Today was my turn in the barrel and I came up with one your readers should be aware of.

The California legislature has just made it a crime, punishable by up to a year in jail, to perform oral sex or sodomy on any person, including a spouse, if that person "is at the time unconscious of the nature of the act and this is known to the person committing the act." Apparently, this would limit one's sexual activities with a wife or girlfriend who happens to be a deep sleeper, and it would be no defense for a spouse or anyone else to argue that in a state of personal grogginess, the offender thought the object of affection was his thumb or her armpit.

> Norman A. Beil Attorney at Law Los Angeles, California

PUSSY AFTER PREY

Enclosed is a copy of the "Police Log" column that appears in a local weekly newspaper, which reports the latest thefts, burglaries, vandalisms (including the draining of two gallons of antifreeze from a car) and such atrocities as the following:

A north-end man told police he was laying on his couch nude when his cat thought he saw a mouse and attacked his vital parts. The wound was later treated at the hospital. The cat is reportedly being fitted with a pair of glasses.

As this item indicates, the life of a mouse can be very hazardous when a pussy is after prey.

Richard Riley

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio As any fool knows, you don't lay on your couch nude, you <u>lie</u> on your couch nude. We hope the cat survived.

MOTOR SPORTS

Ole lady's in curlers The brats are screaming Rent's overdue And I'm feeling hung over

That was my life's story until one day last summer when my ole lady came down on me so hard that I had to get rid of my frustrations with a hard bike ride on the winding roads outside my town of Orange, Virginia. I took my monster to ferocious speeds and felt 100 percent better when I finally stopped at a local bar for a cold one. What happened next is a "true personal experience" that beats most of those I read about in *The Playboy Forum*.

A carload of girls, obviously out-oftowners, because the locals cannot achieve such levels of foxiness, bopped in for beers and I naturally struck up a little conversation. One commented on my

> "Consensual rape is what happened, if there is such a thing."

"mean machine" parked in front and, to make a long story short, the two of us soon are slinging around curves on a little test run, me making sure that my ole lady doesn't see me with this foxy bitch on the back of my bike. At which time this fine lady, whose name I don't even know, takes advantage of her arms' being around my waist and starts working on my tender parts. So off the road we go (intentionally) and I have to chase her into the woods, where we both tumble to the



ground into a heap of soft pine needles. Consensual rape is what happened, if there is such a thing.

Now, one month later, I'm living in Manassas, with relatives, and my wife is suing me for desertion. But I say, What the hell? This town has it all over Orange and I'm finding out that most every gal around here is definitely on a higher level than the ones back home.

> (Name withheld by request) Manassas, Virginia

We thought at first we had here a biker's version of "Love Story," but we find ourselves left to wonder: Can a boy and his motorcycle from Orange, Virginia, find true happiness in Manassas?

THE LAST WORD

In response to the Mechanics in the March *Playboy Forum*, we Jarheads would like to make some final statements regarding the celebrated banana show here on Okinawa.

1. We fail to find anything wrong with a woman standing 5'6".

2. We've yet to see any Oriental who could come close to 200 pounds (except for one Japanese constable by the name of Tiny).

3. We consider it immaterial whether the lady on the stage inserts the banana sliced or whole and chops it off with her lower muscles, piece by piece; there's always a big turnout for the act.

4. The "real live" snake she uses is trained and is about as harmless as a copy of the *Catholic Post*.

While we don't suggest that anyone should come all the way to Okinawa for his sexual entertainment, we do recommend that the Wing Nuts watch out when they call us liars.

The Jarheads

Okinawa, Japan

As a matter of policy, "The Playboy Forum" usually deals with issues more general than the quality of a sex show on Okinawa. But, judging from all the letters we've received, from both Navy and Marine Corps personnel, the woman or women who perform the controversial banana and snake acts apparently provide the only entertainment on the island. So we'll let the Marines get in their licks.

MORE ON DIFFERENT PROBLEM

Your woman correspondent from Washington, D.C., is quite right (*The Playboy Forum*, March). Being bright and beautiful is a disaster. Combine PLAYBO

bi

those qualities with being black and an educator, and the world of sex collapses around your ears.

There are those who want to fuck you because black women arouse their fantasies. We're supposed to provide supersex à la slaves. Others are thrilled at the idea of screwing the boss, so you note that, too. Older men wise enough to accept you as a person can't get it up, because they are hung up on the idea that they are supposed to act like 18year-olds.

Black men in my own age group are hung up on the myth of the castrating female. Talk about loneliness at the top! The only stimulating male company is the more mature students, and sex with them is taboo. Somewhere, there must be men who will accept me as me, and be good in bed, but this ain't the place, baby, this ain't the place.

(Name and address withheld by request)

ENJOYMENT OF SEX

In reply to "No Score" (it's no wonder) and "A Little Respect" (who de-serves none) in the March Playboy Forum: Those assholes obviously are ignorant on the subject of women, who are probably the most misunderstood animals on earth. Men should take as much time learning about women as they do getting their cocks up. Women are generally more sensitive, emotional and romantic than men. They don't like being jumped on like a piece of meat being tenderized for dinner. (Even that meat has to be thawed sometimes.) A woman is usually well aware of how a man feels; his actions tell all. A woman would rather be made love to, not fucked.

It's a shame that "No Score" and "A Little Respect" are blaming women for their own sexual problems. They're liable to hang themselves with their own cocks. (Name withheld by request)

Noble, Oklahoma

Not to denigrate "No Score," let me just pass on to him an old saying: Sex is like playing bridge. If you have a good enough hand, you don't need a partner.

"Barbara" Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

After reading "No Score," my wife and I had a good laugh; then we had an excellent screw, the second that day. That's not to say that I am the world's most virile man or greatest lover (though my wife says I am) but, rather, to point out the error in the unfortunate "No Score's" conclusion that women don't enjoy sex. I am extremely happy to say that my wife enjoys sex as much as I do and often seduces me for no other motive than pure enjoyment. She calls me her physical therapist. All it takes is two people

("Playboy Forum: The Law" follows on page 64. Letters continued on page 65.)

FORUM NEWSFRONT what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

POT-POURRI

SANTA FE—New Mexico has become the first state to pass a law permitting the legal use of marijuana for certain medical purposes. The law permits research and experimentation with pot as a therapeutic drug under strict controls and authorizes the director of the state's health department to contract with the National Institute on Drug Abuse for supplying marijuana to qualified patients. The legislature acted on the bill partly in response to the case of a 26year-old University of New Mexico student undergoing chemotherapy for



lung cancer. Research has indicated that pot reduces the serious side effects of that type of treatment. Elsewhere:

• Researchers in several parts of the country are testing a new synthetic drug called Nabilone, which is chemically similar to the THC in marijuana and seems to produce the beneficial medical effects of pot without the high.

• In California, a 21-year-old man died of cancer less than two months after an El Centro superior-court judge signed an order allowing him to legally use marijuana to combat the side effects of chemotherapy.

• In Florida, a circuit court in Dade County declared unconstitutional the state marijuana law as it applies to the private possession of pot in the home, but the attorney general has appealed the decision to the state supreme court.

• The supreme courts of both Arizona and Idaho have upheld state laws prohibiting even the private possession of pot for personal use.

• In Japan, researchers supposedly have developed a strain of marijuana plant containing no psychoactive ingredients. It seems that rope manufacturers have been plagued by pot smokers ripping off commercial hemp crops.

DEATH BY DRUG

OKLAHOMA CITY—A local jury has sentenced a 43-year-old Iowa prison parolee to die by drug injection for a baby's death in a crash between its mother's car and a car speeding away from a robbery. Under a 1976 state homicide statute, the jury, which found the man guilty of first-degree murder, could decide between execution and life in prison. After seven and a half hours' deliberation, it chose the death penalty, which under the same law will now be carried out by lethal injection.

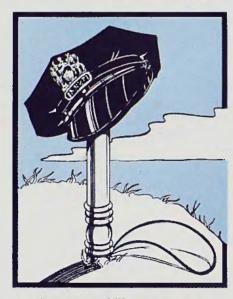
PROTECTION BY POISON

WASHINGTON, D.C.-The U.S. Government has finally conceded that irreversible lung damage can result from smoking marijuana contaminated with paraquat, the herbicide widely used in Mexico as part of a U.S.-funded drugcontrol program. Keith Stroup, director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). strongly criticized Federal officials for taking nearly two years to acknowledge the danger. He blamed this mainly on the State Department and the Drug Enforcement Administration, which have sponsored and often supervised Mexican defoliation campaigns against pot and opium fields at a cost of over \$10,000,000 a year. A suit filed by NORML to stop further U.S. involvement in such programs claims that DEA and State Department officials ignored early warnings from the Department of Agriculture that the herbicide could seriously harm the environment of Mexico and the individuals who operate the spraying program. Mexico is the source of an estimated 60 percent of the marijuana entering the U.S. and about 20 percent of recent samples tested were found to be contaminated. Stroup commented, "It's ironic but typical of our Government's drug-control efforts that it will imprison people to save them from a substance that scientists found to be relatively harmless until poisoned by the Government itself. This is

reminiscent of Prohibition, when authorities tried to make sure that any alcohol people insisted on drinking illegally would either kill them or make them go blind." He added that the anonymous testing of marijuana samples can be arranged by contacting the Pharm-Chem Research Foundation, 1844 Bay Road, Palo Alto, California 94303. (See last month's "Playboy Forum.")

COP CASUALTY

MEMPHIS—The Memphis pension board has awarded a lifetime disability pension of \$6700 a year to a police officer who suffered severe psychological



problems after killing two men attempting to hold up a liquor store. The board was told that the officer began to relive the shootings night after night in his dreams, suffered extreme anxiety and depression and became an alcoholic, which eventually cost him his police job and other jobs. The Memphis police director said the board's unprecedented decision was an indication that more and more people "have reached the realization that the psychological strain of being in policework is immense."

POLICE SHOOT BACK

Police officers who consider themselves wrongfully and maliciously accused of brutality or misconduct are starting to strike back by means of civil lawsuits. Encouraged by an increasing number of court victories, law-enforcement associations and publications, particularly the quarterly magazine The Police Plaintiff, are suggesting that officers not settle for being acquitted of criminal or departmental charges that may hurt their careers but, where warranted, seek civil damages like any other individual. In one unusual case, a Virginia policeman was awarded a \$150,000 damage judgment against a man who shot and wounded him in the head during an attempted armed robbery. The assailant was convicted on the robbery charge and was awarded 40 years.

BOGUS BUGABOO

An experiment conducted by researchers in California and Tennessee has found no basis for the theory propounded by some anti-abortionists that liberalized abortion laws pave the way for racial genocide aimed at blacks and other minorities. To test that theory, the researchers circulated a fictitious case file of a pregnant woman to 42 white abortion counselors in Atlanta, Nashville and Memphis. The woman supposedly was an underachieving high school junior with a minor record of social deviancy, unmarried and ambivalent about having the baby. For half the counselors, she was designated as white, and for the other half, black. Each counselor rated the pregnant woman in a number of social and emotional categories and finally recommended whether or not she should have the child. Although 33 of the counselors suggested abortion, they did so nearly equally in the black and white cases.

NOT-SO-GOOD BUDDIES

Citizen's-band-radio hobbyists are worried that young male prostitutes and child molesters alike are discovering C.B. as a convenient and relatively safe means of conducting their illicit business. An investigation conducted by The CBers' News, a national newspaper for C.B. buffs published in Columbia, Missouri, found numerous instances in which child molesters have used the local "teen" channels to entice youngsters into seemingly wholesome radio friendships that have led to personal meetings and ultimately to sexual propositions or assaults. In the same manner, young male hookers using suggestive handles such as Lovebandit have learned to arrange sexual encounters by radio instead of by working the streets. According to News publisher Michael J. McCormack, who interviewed police officials throughout the country, the problem seems to have started in California but has become serious enough in New York, Chicago and other metropolitan areas that police departments are beginning to assign juvenile-division officers to monitor the C.B. channels, particularly in school neighborhoods.

TEMPORARY STERILITY

A potentially reversible, nonsurgical method of female sterilization has been successfully tested on animals and should soon be ready for trials on humans. A newsletter published by the Association for Voluntary Sterilization reports that the technique, developed by Dr. Robert A. Erb at Philadelphia's Franklin Institute, involves an injection of liquid silicone into the Fallopian tubes. After several minutes, the silicone cures to a soft, rubberlike plug, blocking the tubes and preventing conception. Each plug carries an integral tip and ring that, at a later date, can be used to withdraw the plug and restore fertility.

BUMPER STICKLER

CHICAGO—The Illinois Appellate Court has ruled that a motorist can sue a truck driver for tailgating, even if no accident occurs. The case arose when an attorney accused a driver for a Wisconsin trucking firm of causing him and his family "severe emotional stress" by staying within two feet of his back bumper at speeds of up to 75 miles per hour. The appeals judge held that a circuit court should hear the suit, which asks \$80,000 in damages.

LETTER OF THE LAW

HONOLULU—A 30-year-old Japanese fashion designer was denied entry to the U.S. for three days on the suspicion that he was a homosexual. Local immigration officials ordered the man to undergo questioning and a physical examination after they went through his



luggage and found letters from a male acquaintance in California. An attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union then intervened and the local immigration inspector was overruled by a superior who decided the letters did not constitute sufficient evidence to exclude the man under the section of U.S. law banning the admission of "aliens afflicted with psychopathic personalities, sexual deviancy or a mental defect."

LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME: SENATE BILL 1437

By GEORGE V. HIGGINS

There is certainly much to be said for the reform of the criminal laws. A great deal more than that already has been said, for a good many years, without substantial or beneficial effect. There has been effect—New York State all but revived drawing and quartering and being pulled to death by horses, in Nelson Rockefeller's rabble-rousing, crowd-pleasing, showboating, grandstanding campaignmotivated motion that restoring the death penalty might deter heroin trafficking—but it has not been beneficial.

What there has been is a spasmodically recurring popular and legislative twitch, in which periodic public rage at rising crime rates has been rekindled (or incited in the first place) by the legislatures and the people who aspire either to sit in them or in other high offices.

Until Watergate, such festivals generally occurred only in the aftermath of a spectacularly violent crime or in the wake of new FBI statistics reporting increases in violent crime without declaring, with equal force, that the reports were increased a lot in number and efficiency as well (which may have accounted for much of the crime increase).

Cops, prosecutors and judges are as baffled about the causes and effects of criminal impulses as the rest of us and equally disinclined to take the blame for the concomitant, and universal, perplexity about what we should do to curb them. Issuing inflammatory reports, they are ever inclined to explain some outrage in terms of inadequate investigative and administrative personnel, equipment, time, money, judicial grasp of the inherent malevolence of human nature, and so on, far into the night.

When that is seized upon by approving governors, mayors, legislators and other politicians, law-enforcement agencies are beefed up (no governmental agency is ever beefed down; reduction of force, when alleged, is called trimming off the fat, the excess usually being last year's muscle, which atrophied in disuse and was therefore probably unnecessary in the first place).

In each instance, the public, temporarily aroused, is deemed to have been placated by whatever action was taken, and the cops and politicians resume doing whatever it was they were doing before the flap began.

Before Watergate, those crooks caught stealing from brokerage houses (lest their bookies become testy) were commonly let loose upon the populace, while those crooks visiting banks with pistols instead of bank books or I.D. cards were led away in chains. Since Watergate, there has come a great vogue for leading the crafty crooks away in chains, check to cheek with the seedy gunslingers. See where equal rights have gotten you, guys?

And see also where frustration and annoyance have functioned upon the courts, where men's lives are played with as boys play with flies and kill them for sport: There is enough slack in the punishment clause of virtually every criminal statute to let the judge do just about as he wishes with you. He can bid you go and sin no more or he can hit you with a piece of pipe. And there is almost nothing anyone can do about it, afterward.

Comes now Senate Bill 1437 and its House counterpart, 6869, a recodification of the Federal criminal system and successor to S. 1, reported out of the Senate Judiciary Committee late last year. It makes at least a strong beginning in the direction of reducing the amount of play in the revered discretion of the judge, whose attitude toward a given defendant may derive less from the nature of the crime than from the state of his Honor's dyspepsia on the day of sentencing.

Federal law doesn't do a blasted thing, directly, to reform the laws of the 50 states. But it works indirectly, in precisely the same fashion as the grade school teacher's decision to slap the kid next to you and thereby reduce your own eagerness to commit some disruption.

Federal decisions are cited frequently in state courts, and vice versa; there is considerable competition for lauds between the two of them, and neither relishes being denominated *backward*. If you examine now the Codes of Civil Procedure enforced in most state courts, you will find therein striking exemplars of concepts at first adopted by the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure. In a few more years, the new Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure, effective two years ago, will start to surface in the state codes, greatly affecting (and not always for the better, either) what evidence is admissible in state courts: how you get it in or keep it out.

What Section 2003 of S. 1437 does, in paragraph (a), is recite the factors to be weighed in sentencing that most good judges have always pondered: what he did and whether he's done something before; whether somebody else will be deterred if I do something really mean to him; whether he's liable to do something really mean again if I let him go; whether what I've got in mind will be publicly acceptable or bring the rabble down to the courthouse, clamoring for my hide—something that sounds too much like lip service to the now widely suspected notion that anyone ever got rehabilitated in the slammer (many got tired if in long enough, but few got rehabilitated).

So then, you ask, where's the progress? In Section 2003 (a) (I) (F), it's the expressed "need to avoid unwarranted sentence disparities among defendants with similar records who have been found guilty of similar criminal conduct." And then do you know what the judge has to do? Under 2003 (b), he has to state his reasons for the sentence, on the record.

There is something about formulating your reasons, for the public record, that tends to give you pause about what you're saying, and perhaps even make you think a little. Particularly when the sentence you hand down, as judge, is reviewable by an appellate court. The appeals court enjoys the option to label you a horse's ass and order someone else to think about the whole matter again. Which might make you take pains to learn what other judges did to other guys in similar circumstances and what's about the least or most that you can get away with, without looking like a goddamned fool.

The Senate Judiciary Committee, with the energetic work of Edward M. Kennedy and the late John L. McClellan, did a good job on Section 2003. But there is more for reflection here, such as: How long is long enough in the can?, and we will get to that.

George V. Higgins is a prominent novelist, Boston defense attorney and former state and Federal prosecutor.

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1898. Spanish Armada gets taste of Dewey. Dewey's crew gets taste of San Miguel.

May 1st, 1898. Spain controls the Philippines, but out in Manila Bay U.S.



Navy Commodore George Dewey wants the Spanish ships removed.

So at 5:41 a.m., with the help of his able captain, he sends them his request. He says, "You may fire when ready, Gridley."

The message gets through loud and clear. And a short time later Commodore Dewey becomes Admiral Dewey.

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The men are delighted. As news of Dewey's triumph spreads, so — among beer connoisseurs — does the reputation of the rich tasting beer known as San Miguel.

Now, as then, San Miguel is naturally brewed from the choicest hops, malt, and barley obtainable throughout the world. Still naturally carbonated. Still painstakingly aged to let the rich, natural flavors ripen to their full smoothness.

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openly in love and eager to please and be pleased.

As for "No Score," I'd suggest he find a more compatible mate. It would change his views of women and probably of life itself.

> Timothy L. Shaner Troy, Michigan

MALE-CHAUVINIST LEGALIST

The problem with women today is the same as it has always been. The most stable condition you can hope for is based on a rental agreement by verbal contract that doesn't even guarantee occupying the property, much less grant tenure. In my opinion, this is a form of sexist loan-sharking and should be covered, so to speak, by our usury laws. In my own case, I have been paying interest for so long that I've forgotten the principal.

M. Wheeler New York, New York

GETTING A HEAD START

I was delighted to read that a judge in New Mexico took mercy on a 23-yearold woman charged with "contributing to the delinquency" of a 15-year-old boy with whom she supposedly had had sex. As the judge said, she wasn't corrupting him but furthering his sex education. I've cabled Roman Polanski to come home at once. The question now becomes, at what age should education begin? The public schools put it at six, but there's always Head Start.

J. B. F.

Austin, Texas Better tell Polanski to wait. The New Mexico Supreme Court reversed the appeals-court decision and has upheld the woman's indictment.

NARC, NARC

I got a chuckle out of the "Narc, Narc" jokes in the front of your January issue. Here's one of my own:

Narc, narc.

Who's there?

Oswald and Wendy.

Oswald and Wendy who?

Oswald the evidence Wendy cops broke down the door.

James Scott Los Angeles, California

Narc, narc. Who's there? Oz. Oz who? Oz just doin' my thing. J. Andrews New York, New York

WHO'S TO JUDGE?

I am appalled by the current revival of the death penalty. Perhaps we should heed the words of a wizard; namely, Gandalf the Grey from J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*. When Frodo the Hobbit states that the creature Gollum deserves death, Gandalf replies: "Deserves it! I dare say he does. Many that live deserve death. And some that die deserve life. Can you give it to them? Then do not be too eager to deal out death in judgment. For even the very wise cannot see all ends."

David Martin Cohen Royal Oak, Michigan

PUZZLED KILLER

After reading some of the letters in *The Playboy Forum* regarding capital punishment, I need to relate this experience to you. At the moment, I'm serving time for bank robbery and I ended up in the cell of a man sentenced to the chair for a murder so brutal that it numbed me when I found out the details. Still, I became fairly close to him, because he seemed such a good person, so likable, very generous, though there was something about him you couldn't quite put your finger on. I'll never forget what he said when the sentence came

"My 15-year-old son's crotch bulged rather ominously."

down, just before they took him to death row, where he still is. He was on the bunk below me and I heard him crying. We ended up talking, and I couldn't believe it. He said, "You know, man, I don't mind dying. Matter of fact, it's got to be better than this. I just wish that before I die I knew why I did that. I just want to know how I could do that to another human being."

I only wish the supporters of capital punishment could have been there. They might want to keep him locked up, but not one of them could pull the switch.

> (Name withheld by request) Atlanta, Georgia

CHEAP THRILLS

Not that I wish to be a troublemaker, but I don't mind sticking it to stodgy bureaucrats when the occasion permits. I live in New Jersey and wondered why three different personalized license plates that I had tried to get were turned down, until I read that there's actually a screening board that censors out anything it considers too raunchy or suggestive. The article I read mentioned that other states do the same thing. So let me suggest to your readers that they start getting license plates with letter combinations that are completely innocent unless they're college students or otherwise into current bullshit. Such as AMF (Adios, Motherfucker), SOMF (Sit on My Face) or SMD (Suck My Dick). I've already seen these in circulation; apparently, state authorities don't know their meanings.

> (Name withheld by request) Trenton, New Jersey

How about B.S.?

POINTING THE PISTOL

R. Harris (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1977) seems to believe that the only motivation for being antigun is being afraid of looking at a barrel looking back. If that is his contention, he is wrong. I am antigun. I have an irrational fear of guns. I am afraid of having a gun when I might need one. I am afraid that I would use it, if only to threaten. I have an unreasonable fear of the doubts and nightmares that I would have to still every night in order to sleep. Shooting a human would not be easy on my mind.

Emily Burt

Wasilla, Alaska

Harris was, we think, trying to make a valid point that fear of firearms is often irrational. You make the equally valid point that you have an overwhelming fear of using a gun even when your own life might be at stake, because you don't want to kill anybody. We don't have an easy answer. Usually, one side wants the legal right to shoot wrongdoers; the other side wants to reform them. At least you don't propose a simple solution to a problem for which there isn't any.

CERTIFIED SPEEDERS

I read Brock Yates's article 55 Be Damned! in PLAYBOY (June 1976) and I propose that high-speed driving be legalized for a qualified, certified driver in a well-maintained car. License plates of international orange or some other noticeable color would indicate that the driver of that car is responsible and mature enough to cope with slower traffic. Should such a driver be involved in an accident in which speed or reckless driving is a contributing factor, a fine of 50 percent of the value of the car could be levied and the driver would then become ineligible for the privileged status. Put up or back off and let the real drivers by.

> Ronald C. Thomas, Jr. Panama City, Florida

Just what we need-speeders' lib.

MYSTERY SOLVED

For years, I've been reading *The Playboy Forum* and feeling thankful that neither I nor members of my family have the problems and dilemmas of some of your correspondents. Then, a few months ago, I began to notice that my 15-year-old son's crotch bulged rather ominously at times. What the hell is this? I worried. Is the kid *that* well endowed? Or has he some terrible affliction that he's told nobody about? Is he stuffing toilet paper in his underwear to impress LAYBO

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the girls? Or-omigod!—is the little fucker turning gay?

For the benefit of any other worried parents who have perceived this phenomenon in their own adolescent sons, let me enlighten them as to its cause; turns out that the crotch is the currently favored place to carry one's stash of marijuana. True or not, the belief is that the police checking out "suspicious youths" won't grope crotches, for fear of being accused of fondling them. As I explained to my son, once the police figure this out, all they'll have to do is whack his dick with a night stick, and if he stands there smiling, they'll know they have a bust.

(Name withheld by request) Skokie, Illinois

CLEAN LIVERS STRIKE BACK

Not only do you let "Wally" get away with calling antismokers basically intolerant, abrasive, self-righteous and antagonistic but you flippantly support his position with your remark that the "clean livers" who are worse than antismokers are the "damn joggers who disrupt traffic and display smug looks on their bouncing red faces when they aren't sneering at motorists and fat people." I don't see your logic, because I've leafed through back copies of PLAYBOY and have seen many tennis-shoe ads and articles that would indicate that your magazine appeals to clean livers as well as to smokers.

> (Name withheld by request) Marquette, Michigan

It isn't unusual to read a letter from the "Wally" types, but what really raised my eyebrows was your flippant endorsement of his arrogance. PLAYBOY should stick to supporting worthy causes such as homosexual rights and better porno.

"Danny"

Palm Springs, California

"Wally" should realize that just because dogshit is four feet away, it doesn't mean you can't smell it.

Mrs. Don MacMillan Atlanta, Georgia

What a hornet's nest <u>that</u> letter—and our smart-aleck response—stirred up! The above is a small sampling. "Wally" was certainly right in one respect; antismokers are aggressive and self-righteous. And since our humorous put-down of his position was taken so literally, we'll get in another lick at those damned joggers: They don't even know when their legs are being pulled.

THE OTHER SIDE

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By way of addendum to "Wally's" comments about nonsmokers in your April issue: Several months ago, I received a solicitation in the mail from a group called ASH (Action on Smoking and Health) seeking funds to promote the idea that smoking in public places should be restricted. That is the crux of the matter with people who don't want other people to smoke tobacco, smoke dope, snort, shoot up, drink, go naked or whatever: These people have no concept of property rights. Most public places are, in fact, owned by private individuals or groups. It should most certainly be the decision of the owner of the property to allow or disallow activities of any noncoercive nature on that property. If nonsmokers (or smokers) don't like that decision, they can take their business elsewhere.

I wrote to ASH, explaining this matter and suggesting that its money would be better spent on noncoercive measures (educational messages, nonsmoking clinics, etc.). The response I received was an accusation that the hard-line libertarianism I espouse results in the unnecessary premature death toll in America of 300,000 per year. Bullshit! That's probably what Joe Stalin said to the kulaks.

> Elizabeth Banana Venice, California

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

We'd like to let the readers of PLAYBOY know that we are now in a position to answer queries about the medical uses of marijuana. The Center, which is a division of NORML, has acquired the services of Alice O'Leary, who knows the subject well and who can be reached at 202-785-5550 or by writing to 2317 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

Keith Stroup, National Director National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws

Washington, D.C.

RIGHTS VS. WRONGS

Your editorial "Human Rights vs. Fetal Rights" (October 1977) contends that "Church leaders have managed to dismantle the basic constitutional principle of a separate church and state." Quite the contrary. This anti-abortion effort grows logically out of a desire to remain faithful to the Constitution. The 14th Amendment guarantees the right of each individual to life, states that no one may be deprived of that life without due process of law and further guarantees each individual equal protection under the law. For the judiciary to allow the killing of the embryo clearly violates the embryo's right to due process of law. Nor can it be objected that the 14th Amendment means whatever the judiciary says it means and that it has chosen to rule that the embryo is not a legal "person" for the purposes of the amendment, since at one time many states held that the Bill of Rights was not meant to apply to Negroes.

It is therefore the existence of the 14th Amendment that renders the Roman Catholic lobbying effort against legal abortion not the imposition of its private views but the rightful insistence that the law of the land be enforced and not flouted for economic expediency.

Hugo Carl Koch

New York, New York

Same old problem. You consider a fetus to be a human being with civil rights under law; we don't.

Joseph E. Caro states in the January *Playboy Forum* that "if women must satisfy their thirst for sex, then they must be ready to pay the consequences." He must, of course, be referring only to women who are willing participants in Immaculate Conception. Otherwise, what "consequences" is Caro willing to adjudge for the men-castration?

One point that seems to be brought up time and again is the possibility that the woman actually may have, heaven forbid, enjoyed the sex act. Such a woman must be made to pay for her sins and see the error of her ways, according to Caro's line of thinking (and obviously that of many legislators). However, if the woman cannot afford an abortion, then it is logical to assume that she cannot support a child; yet, in the interests of justice, if the woman pays the consequences and has the child, our ever-merciful governmental overseers will then come to her aid in the forms of maternity and hospital care, food stamps and welfare throughout the child's life. Since money is our biggest concern, just compute how many of our tax dollars it will take to support that child for 18 years.

As a compromise solution, in order to punish women for their sins, let's just return to flogging those scarlet women; or, possibly, each potential abortionee could sign a statement that she did not in any way enjoy the sex act and that she is extremely penitent of her sins and begs forgiveness from the great governmental judges. By forcing those women to have unwanted children, whom does Caro suppose actually "pays the consequences"-the women, their male counterparts or the children who must grow up as intruders, to be resented, possibly unloved and abused? Since Caro does not want to "pay for their pleasures" by funding abortions, he obviously is more than willing to pay for the years of human suffering that follow.

Linda C. Bourne Brunssum, The Netherlands

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



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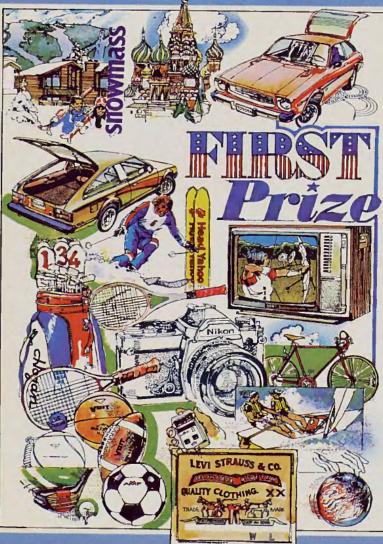
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WILLIAM COLBY a somewhat candid conversation with the former director of the cia

William Colby is cast in the grand mold: Princetonian, soldier, lawyer, spy. He served as a commando paratrooper in France and Norway during World War Two and with the Office of Strategic Services, the precursor of the Central Intelligence Agency. For those extremely dangerous missions-dropping behind enemy lines and blowing up railroad tracks-Colby won the Bronze Star, the Croix de guerre, the Silver Star and Saint Olaf's Medal. Thinking he was going to pursue a legal career, he returned to school after the war and practiced law for three years. Then along came the fledgling CIA and Colby was recruited. His first overseas assignment, in 1951, was as political attaché to the Stockholm Embassy, a cover for intelligence work in Scandinavia. In 1953, he was transferred to Rome, where Clare Booth Luce was Ambassador to Italy. One mission there was to intervene in Italian politics in an attempt to keep the Communists from taking over. This much-criticized operation involved pouring vast sums of money (officially, several million dollars) into the Italian political arena.

Colby arrived for his first Vietnam tour in 1959 to take a position as deputy chief of station at Saigon. In 1960, he was moved up to chief of station and in 1962 became head of CIA's Far East Division. After five years in that job, he was recruited as deputy head of CORDS, the over-all structure under which the infamous Phoenix program was carried out. Since CORDS was run by the State Department, Colby took a "leave without pay" from CIA. When he returned to Washington in 1971, due to the serious (and ultimately fatal) illness of his daughter, he rejoined CIA and, in 1972, was given the job of executive directorcomptroller—a seemingly dull job that, in fact, gave Colby a rare overview of the agency and its inner workings.

Under James Schlesinger's short regime as CIA director, Colby was made deputy director of operations. When Attorney General Richard Kleindienst had to resign as a result of Watergate, Schlesinger became Secretary of Defense. President Nixon then gave Colby the nod to head the world's most widely publicized intelligence service. It was not destined to be easy at the top.

At the time of the Senate hearings to confirm his appointment, Colby was relentlessly grilled about The Family Jewels—a secret 693-page report ordered by Schlesinger, directed by Colby and compiled by CIA's own Inspector General's Office. It dealt with what Colby calls "some mistakes"—specifically CIA abuses ranging from assassination plans to dosing people with mind-control drugs, to domestic spying. During the hearings, posters went up around Washington showing Colby as the ace of spades and accusing him of assassinating 20,000 people under the Phoenix program.

His tenure as director was continuously plagued with bad publicity. At one press meeting, he told a group of editors that CIA did not use American newsmen as spies. Later, he checked, found that the agency had used some newsmen and called back to report this to the press. The story was immediately reported under banner headlines, and thus began the furor over CIA use of journalists that continues to this day. During his final year in that office, Colby sometimes spent as much time testifying about CIA's activities as he did running the agency. And when The New York Times revealed some of the details of The Family Jewels in a December 1974 story, the lid blew off. Colby knew that his career was over. It was just a matter of timeand of taking the heat for Watergate, Chile, domestic spying and just about everything else that could be dragged into the House and Senate hearings. On November 2, 1975, President Gerald Ford fired Colby in the traditional way:



"I think it is quite possible [that a nuclear weapon will be exploded in an aggressive manner]. A single shot, two shots, are quite possible in the next ten years."



"I don't have a problem with the moral justification that if a man is a tyrant, then somebody under him has the right to shoot him. But that doesn't mean a separate country has a right to do it."



"It's important that people like myself speak out, yet not conceal the fact that there are spies and that there need to be; that in the past 20 years CIA has made some mistakes—sure."

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He offered him another job, which Colby turned down.

To find out what a major intelligence officer would be willing—or be allowed to say about America's most mysterious and notorious branch of service, we sent Articles Editor Laurence Gonzales, who for years has written on intelligence-related matters for PLAYBOY, to talk with him. Gonzales' report:

"I first determined to interview Colby about two years ago, when I appeared on a television show and learned from the moderator that he had had Colby as a guest. During the course of their talks, Colby had said that CIA had never assassinated anybody. I wanted to look in his eyes and have him repeat that. When we finally sat down over a tape recorder, I learned what a master of language he was and how well his years. of answering hostile questions had served him. Questioning Colby was like talking to a man who has something hidden in his pocket. You must guess what it is. You have no clues and your question must be exactly right-close doesn't count. If it is a piece of gold and you ask if it is money, you will learn nothing. And if you happen on the right answer, the man is bound by an oath not to tell you that you have guessed correctly.

"CIA's reality is different from our reality. Widely publicized all over the world was the fact that CIA built a spy ship called the Glomar Explorer to raise a sunken Russian Golf Class submarine. Yet Colby, under his secrecy agreement, is not allowed to talk about what is common knowledge to the rest of the world. Officially, to him, the story does not exist. It is very 1984.

"During the interview, Colby often would pause after hearing a question and think for a long time—sometimes 90 seconds or more. And when he finally answered, it would be almost as if he had been trying to remember the exact wording of an official statement on the subject, as if he did not want to use his own mind but wanted to reiterate what the Government had already said. Understandably, he wants to protect many legitimate secrets. But some of his responses made me wonder about where he draws the line in doing so, though he insisted time and again that he does not lie.

"He has a staggering grasp of world political events—as would be expected and has at his finger tips the details of the most obscure machinations around the globe. It struck me that this contrasts sharply with his lapses in memory on certain subjects.

"The interview was conducted in his home and office over a period of some weeks, resulting in almost 20 hours of taped material. Even the casual reader will notice the lack of meaningful information regarding certain subjects, such as Watergate, to use one glaring example. We put a good deal of material

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on tape about Watergate and it was resoundingly dull. Colby seemed to have absolutely no recollection of certain aspects of the case and absolutely nothing to say about others. For example, James McCord was the man who left the piece of tape on the door-which led to the discovery of the burglars in the act. But McCord was an excellent CIA security officer, bringing up the question of how he could do something that stupid-or whether, perhaps, McCord's act was intentional. Colby, in responding to this, merely shrugged and allowed that Mc-Cord was probably an all-right security officer. Period. In general, there seem to be whole areas that Colby has made a personal policy decision not to think about. He told me that he purposely didn't read certain controversial CIArelated books, so that he wouldn't have to talk about them. On the face of it, this seems to contrast with the ample evidence of research in 'Honorable Men,' Colby's recent book published by Simon & Schuster. The careful reader will also

"CIA is the best intelligence service in the world. The Soviets did some brilliant work years ago, but I don't think they're doing that well now."

notice certain inconsistencies or even inaccuracies in some of Colby's statements. Although many were challenged, I have no way of knowing what Colby's sources are or whether future researchers can prove him right or wrong.

"Generally, preparing for an interview involves simple research in libraries. When dealing with one of the world's foremost spies, however, material is not so easy to come by, and some rather specialized sources had to be consulted. Although most of them did not care to be identified, the assistance of Asa Baber, a frequent PLAYBOY contributor and former Marine officer, was essential to the preparation of this interview.

"Colby and I began at his home just outside Washington. His home life suggests another side of this man that does not match the usual image of the hard, cold, gray-man spy. It is a relaxed—if well thought out—atmosphere. Inside, the lighting is subdued. Beautiful Oriental artifacts are everywhere, some so delicate one is afraid they might break if looked at too intensely. Colby's wife appears to be his opposite: lively, grinning, fun-loving and eager to make conversation. As we sat down, she brought out an array of cakes and served them with coffee. Occasionally, she would return with more hot coffee, smiling brightly. To begin, I asked a question about something that had always intrigued me."

PLAYBOY: What was it like to be the head of CIA and *really* know what's going on? **COLBY:** Wonderful! The biggest change in my life, frankly, was the day I walked out of CIA Headquarters at Langley and no longer read "The Morning News." I work very hard now to try to keep up with what's happening in the rest of the world and I know I'm not in the same ball park in terms of what I knew then.

PLAYBOY: What is "The Morning News"? **COLBY:** An attempt to encapsulate the major events of the previous day. It's really very good. I made it into a newspaper, because I found that a very useful way to present information, with headlines and all the rest.

PLAYBOY: You're now retired, but people may wonder: Has he really retired? Once CIA, always CIA, as they say.

COLBY: I have two connections at CIA, my pension and my secrecy agreement. I hope I keep both.

PLAYBOY: Do you still consult with CIA?

COLBY: I canceled my clearance the day I left office. I have not seen one classified bit of information since I left. Oh, both former director George Bush and current director Admiral Stansfield Turner have asked me to speak at their training courses. I've seen them for little chats; they've picked my brain. And every now and again I call up over there and pass along somebody who's interested in having his name dropped in for possible employment.

PLAYBOY: What is CIA, as you would define it?

COLBY: CIA is part of the United States Government whose responsibility is to know what's going on abroad, collecting information openly, using technology, electronics, photography, as well as traditional clandestine methods, to obtain information that is kept secret from us by other countries, when that information is of importance to the safety and welfare of our people. That's the main function of CIA. In addition, intelligence-knowing things-can avoid wars. If you have intelligence, you know the threats. But I go even further: If you know the reasons for the other side's hostilities, you can then begin to resolve those things with negotiation instead of struggle.

PLAYBOY: How good is CIA?

COLBY: It's the best intelligence service in the world.

PLAYBOY: What are the other top-ranking intelligence services, in your opinion? **COLBY**: Well, I don't really like to discuss foreign intelligence services very much, because I don't think that—I don't want to talk about them. But, obviously,

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I learned some of my lessons from the British. The Israeli is obviously a good intelligence service. The Soviets did some brilliant work years ago when they took advantage of their reputation as the leading anti-Fascists against Hitler, Mussolini and so forth and recruited a number of high officials in democratic countries such as Kim Philby, such as some of the Americans in the atomic period and so forth. But I don't think they're doing that well now, because they don't represent anything positive anymore. The Soviets during most of the Fifties conducted a major campaign to the effect that they represented the peace-loving forces. And they had peace conferences and they had a great propaganda mechanism. And yet, when we had an antiwar movement, it didn't become a Communist movement. The Communists didn't run that movement, didn't profit by it, because the people who were in the antiwar movement here, the Americans, had no sympathy for the Soviets. They were against their own Government, yes. But they didn't translate that into support for the Soviet situation and I don't think the Soviets recruited anybody worth a darn out of that.

PLAYBOY: If you are our protector, who is going to protect us from you?

COLBY: The separate constitutional structure, the separation of powers. That's what's going to protect you from me. And the press.

PLAYBOY: Has CIA been hurt by the press?

COLBY: Oh, it's been hurt. It's been hurt by the sensationalism. I think the only word you can use is hysteria. Intelligence today is a far cry from the old spy. It has changed our knowledge of the world almost totally. Things that 15, 20 years ago we wouldn't have dreamed of knowing we can now measure. I think it's important that people like myself speak out, yet not conceal the fact that there are spies and that there need to be; that in the past 20 years CIA has made some mistakes sure.

PLAYBOY: By mistakes you apparently mean such abuses as attempting to assassinate Fidel Castro.

COLBY: I think assassination is as Talleyrand once said to Napoleon: "Sire, it is not only wrong, it is worse than wrong. It is stupid." Now, I don't have any problem with the old moral justification that if a man is a total tyrant, then somebody under him has the right to shoot him. But that doesn't mean a separate country has a right to do it. If I am being oppressed by someone-my family has been destroyed, I've been sent to jail and all the rest-then I have a right to respond. That's what the Declaration of Independence says. It is our right, our duty to overthrow a tyrant. That's old church doctrine and

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old liberal doctrine and all the rest. But that is different from a state's assassinating somebody in another country.

Now, I do make one exception. In time of war, if our young men are shooting their young men, and vice versa, I don't think we old men should be immune. Therefore, I would have cheerfully helped assassinate Adolf Hitler in 1944. No doubt about that.

PLAYBOY: If we were being oppressed by Jimmy Carter, should we shoot him?

COLBY: Yeah, if you really were being oppressed. If you don't have other vehicles—and you have lots of other vehicles in this country, known as elections and courts and all that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think, then, that the people of Chile should rise up and shoot their oppressive leaders?

COLBY: I just couldn't say. But I think that you are on the point. You're on the description. As I say, the Declaration of Independence states that philosophy very clearly and I'll go with it.

PLAYBOY: How about Uganda? Do the Ugandan people have an obligation to kill Idi Amin?

"I doubt Amin will die a natural death. That's a prediction. I'm not saying we're going to <u>do</u> anything."

COLBY: It would be a moral act if they did.

PLAYBOY: Do we have many CIA people in Uganda?

COLBY: I doubt it, but I don't know. And I really wouldn't want to say one way or the other.

PLAYBOY: If CIA has agents in Uganda, are they encouraging this act?

COLBY: No, that's different. Encouraging them to kill him? No, I don't think that. But helping them in what they want to do? There it would be moral if the safety and welfare of the people of the United States could somehow be related to it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think will happen to Amin?

COLBY: Well, I doubt he will die a natural death. That's a prediction. I'm not saying that we're going to do anything.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you start your militaryintelligence career as a guerrilla in World War Two?

COLBY: In Norway, in France. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: How do you distinguish among good or bad guerrillas, since you obviously consider yourself one of the former? Ché Guevara was a guerrilla. Ulrike Meinhof was one. Carlos is one. COLBY: I don't think there's any difference. I don't think a guerrilla is either good or bad. In other words, we get back to the moral judgment about ends and means. In Norway, we were hoping to have a train crash into the river. But I put a fellow up the track with a radio, because if we had a train full of Norwegian women and children, I sure as hell would not blow that bridge. I've stuck my neck out, taken a lot of chances where I'm really a little surprised that I'm alive today. But I'm not one of the "my country, right or wrong" types. Our country can be wrong. I think we've made mistakes. For instance, I respect the antiwar people of the Sixties and early Seventies.

PLAYBOY: If you felt your country were wrong, would you have resisted if you were young and eligible for the draft?

COLBY: That's hard to say. I really have a hard time answering that. If my country is doing something I think is morally wrong-which is what some of the antiwar people felt, I give them that respect-then I think you have to say, "Well, no. There's a moral limit here. This is something I really can't associate with." I can envisage that as a possibility. Say, if we tried to seize Panama-the country, not just the canal: That would be such a violation of my thoughts about where our country ought to go that I would have a tough time deciding. I felt my country made a terrible mistake in overthrowing Diem [in South Vietnam in 1963]. But I stayed within the structure and tried to recover from that shock. If President Kennedy had given the order to have him shot, then I think I would have. . .

PLAYBOY: What would you have done? **COLBY:** I have no idea at this point.

PLAYBOY: You obviously have very strong feelings about the Diem overthrow and we will come back to that. But one more question on this subject of disagreeing with your country: Had you been in college during the Sixties, on which side of the student movements do you think you would have been?

COLBY: That's an interesting question, I don't think I would have been in the antiwar movement. I was in Princeton when the British had the pacifist Oxford movement in '36 and '37. I thought that pretty farfetched, pretty absurd. So did the pacifists, two or three years later. I think if I had been in college during the late Sixties, I would have tried to draw some kind of middle position between those who were opposed to the war as immoral and those who were opposed to the opposers—the hard-hat kind of people.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the comparison between the Thirties movement in Great Britain and the Sixties movement in America is a fair one?

COLBY: I'm just saying that I'm not a pacifist. I don't believe that unilateral

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Þ pacifism works. There are some things one has to fight for. 0

PLAYBOY: So the war resisters of the Sixm ties were wrong?

COLBY: Yes. I think the Government was ы wrong in the way it did it, but I think 2

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the antiwar movement was wrong in feeling that we should not assist in South Vietnam.

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PLAYBOY: You fought in World War Two. Do you consider yourself a brave man?

COLBY: I get frightened when things get dangerous. If you're not frightened, you don't really appreciate what the problem is. I get the heat in the top of my mouth once in a while when things are a little dicy. But I don't think you should single yourself out for laudatory adjectives.

PLAYBOY: Still, when you were a commando paratrooper, you were dropped behind enemy lines, at one point in the wrong place. How did you react to such a dangerous situation?

COLBY: I was not very happy about it. No use sitting around analyzing it. At that point, you have made the analysis: You're in the wrong place. It's time to go.

PLAYBOY: Did you kill anyone?

COLBY: Sure, during World War Two. PLAYBOY: In what situation?

COLBY: In France, an attack with a bunch of French Resistance people. We heard a German plane had been knocked down and we went out to shoot it up and got in a fight. I think we had one wounded and they had a couple killed.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the person you killed?

COLBY: No. I aimed at him, but I didn't see him after that

PLAYBOY: Did you have an emotional reaction to killing the first time?

COLBY: I didn't like it. I really think we ought to be able to solve our problems in this world in a better way than that.

PLAYBOY: But did it disturb you emotionally?

COLBY: No, I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: What we've been driving at is that some critics have called you coldblooded. We just asked you how it felt to kill and you said you had no reaction other than an intellectual one.

COLBY: I tried to keep it on that level. I tried to do my duty.

PLAYBOY: When you became a spy, did you consciously try to make your appearance bland?

COLBY: Nondescript.

PLAYBOY: And did that represent a change from what you were like before? COLBY: No, I don't think so. I was never a flamboyant leader. During World War Two, I got into a little trouble with the MPs in London because a friend of mine and I decided we would make our uniforms a little more colorful and we bought a couple of British green berets.

We were picked up in London for being out of uniform. I think that's probably the first of the American Green Berets, in 1944.

PLAYBOY: What can you tell us of the real CIA, as opposed to the image in popular folklore? For instance, have you seen any movies that deal with spies accurately?

COLBY: There were a couple made after World War Two about the British that I thought were pretty good. I can't give you the titles. Some written accounts of the Cuban Missile Crisis give a pretty good flavor of how intelligence contributes to decision making. Theodore Sorenson's book and the one by-what's his name? With the bow tie? Arthur Schlesinger.

PLAYBOY: Did you see Three Days of the Condor?

COLBY: I saw it on an airplane. It's baloney. It's just plain baloney. The baloney part is the theory that there's some interior plot or group in CIA that determines its policies and eliminates those who disagree.

PLAYBOY: What about the TV series Washington: Behind Closed Doors?

COLBY: I saw about two of the episodes and I thought they were outrageous. First, the concept that the director of CIA is some independent power in Washington, spending all of his time keeping up with and manipulating American political decisions. Second, the outrage of saying-and it was a veiled reference to Helms-that Helms had blackmailed the President-Nixon-into making him Ambassador [to Iran] by threatening to reveal something about the Watergate affair. Well, of course, the fact is that Helms is the fellow who, said no to Watergate, said no to the cover-up, said he wouldn't be involved in it-and it's just outrageous to have that image of the director of CIA and of Helms put on the tube in every home in America. It's just false, false history. It's not even fiction.

PLAYBOY: Many people do not think Helms was as heroic as you say. Some think he perjured himself for Nixon's sake and thus had a hold over Nixon.

COLBY: I don't think Helms perjured himself. And that had nothing to do with Watergate. That was the Chilean thing.

PLAYBOY: We were referring to the Senate hearings in which he apparently lied about CIA involvement.

COLBY: Frankly, I don't think what he said met the legal standards of perjury. With respect to having power, the fact was, he was fired. The fact is, I was fired. So there's no question about whether or not the President has power over the head of CIA.

PLAYBOY: What is your view of the Chilean matter? Helms did lie to the Senate, did he not?

COLBY: The main issue was whether or

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not CIA or the United States gave aid to the opponents of Allende in the 1970 election in Chile. Helms's answer was no. Now, a decision was made that we would do some little, minor propaganda activity against Allende, against the prospect of Communist victory there. During the hearing, the question was, Did we give aid to the opponents? There were two opponents of Allende. And I think it's a reasonable construction; when you say, "Did you give aid to the opponents?" you're talking about the opposing candidates. The Supreme Court has set a very high standard for perjury, and the Court heard a case a couple of years ago and basically said that if there is a reasonable construction and you don't tell everything, that's not the problem. The problem is whether you answer the exact language. It's up to the prosecution to ask the right questions to force you to give them flatly false answers. I think there's enough ambiguity there that Helms wouldn't have been convicted by a fair jury.

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PLAYBOY: Mr. Colby, he was clearly misleading the committee, was he not?

COLBY: He was trying to protect the secret. Nixon had ordered him to tell nobody that we had been involved in any way in that whole operation in Chile. He was trying to protect the secret his President had told him to keep. And so he did. But I say he did

not commit perjury. Not that he wasn't, you know, less than totally responsive.

PLAYBOY: That certainly puts a fine point on it. But let's go on. One of the most sensational recent charges against CIA was made by Edward Jay Epstein in his recent book, Legend. In it, he says the Soviets recruited Lee Harvey Oswald to tell them about the U-2 spy plane. Oswald was a radar operator at Atsugi Air Base in Japan, a base used by the U-2. Afterward, he was sent back to the U.S. The Soviets had nothing to do with the assassination of President Kennedy, according to Epstein, but when Oswald shot him, they had to cover his connection with Russia. To accomplish this, Yuri Nosenko posed as a defector to assure CIA, among other things, that Oswald had not been recruited by the K.G.B. In addition, another Soviet agent was sent to corroborate Nosenko, thereby allowing the FBI to assure the Warren Commission that Oswald was a lone, crazed assassin.

COLBY: Whew! [Laughs] First, I don't think there is any credible evidence that Oswald was a Soviet agent while he was in Japan. Oswald was a Marine essentially on guard duty at an air base. A lot of aircraft took off and landed there all the time, including, I guess, the U-2. I can't confirm that the U-2 used the base, but I've heard that it did. But to jump from that to the fact that he was

telling the Soviets something unique is too strong.

PLAYBOY: According to Epstein and others, CIA opened a letter from Oswald in Moscow to his brother, in which Oswald said he had seen Francis Gary Powers. Is that so?

COLBY: It triggers in me somewhere that that has been denied. I'm not sure, but I can't flatly deny it now. But it tickles my brain that somehow we denied it.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't Nosenko trying to cover for a Soviet double agent—known as a mole—who was working his way into CIA?

COLBY: Well, that's the interpretation. There are two teams who have a view about Nosenko. One says that he was a fake. The other says that he was legitimate. It was the formal finding of the senior officers of the agency that he was a legitimate defector. That was the final decision. Not every individual in CIA accepted that.

PLAYBOY: And the alleged mole in CIA? **COLBY:** I do not know of any mole in CIA. None has surfaced in the past 30 years. I don't say it is impossible, but I don't believe it has happened.

PLAYBOY: Epstein says it's impossible for us to establish moles inside Russia.

COLBY: That is wrong. I won't tell you *what's* wrong, but the basic "it's impossible" is wrong.

PLAYBOY: New York magazine published

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an article about the Epstein thesis. Did you read that?

COLBY: Yes. [*Pause*] The best line in that article, incidentally, is—

[Here, Colby points out a paragraph in the magazine in which an ex-staff member who had worked with former head of CIA counterintelligence James Angleton—whom Colby fired—was asked who the alleged CIA mole might be. The answer: "You might find out who Colby was seeing in Rome in the early Fifties."]

PLAYBOY: How do you interpret that? **COLBY**: Well, I didn't understand what it meant when I first read it, frankly. But somebody said to me, "That means that you might have been the mole. And that you might have been in touch with the Russians back then." But, of course, I just deny. I mean, that's nonsense.

PLAYBOY: Is that a Helms-type denial, in which you don't tell everything?

COLBY: [Laughs] I officially, flatly, superdeny it, and I notice it's rather carefully written in the article. But I'm not going to sue anybody. Don't worry about it. I can just deny it.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the Rome incident was, Epstein says that you *did* have contact with a Frenchman in Vietnam who was a Soviet agent. Further, that when Angleton later brought that to your attention, you blew your stack.

COLBY: I don't remember that at all. I don't really know what that refers to. I don't remember talking to Angleton about it.

PLAYBOY: Why did you fire Angleton and reorganize his counterintelligence department?

COLBY: Well, Angleton's and my differences were professional differences. He believed in a high degree of compartmentation, all counterintelligence centralized in a single staff-a very large single staff. I believe it much more important to get all of the agency conscious of its responsibilities in counterintelligence. I found it very difficult to get any results out of the former system. I felt that the job of CIA is not to fight the K.G.B. but to find out the secret information in another country that is important. Angleton was too secretive in his way of doing business. And I finally came to the decision that either he was going to run that part of the agency or I was. And I was charged by the President and the Congress with running it. I didn't fire him. I offered him a different job. He had had the job for about 20 years and I thought it was time for some new blood.

PLAYBOY: What about the specific charge—the Epstein thesis again—that Angleton and his people were challenging your Soviet sources, so you had to get rid of him?

COLBY: It wasn't my sources. It was the agency's general effort. I believe Angleton felt that some of the sources we had were doubles-and some undoubtedly were, and I don't object to that. But I think his people were hypercritical. Most of our approach is in a defensive, rather than an offensive mode. And this hypersuspicion and hypersecrecy resulted in a disincentive to developing the kind of positive sources we needed. I was not a believer that a Soviet double agent could badly lead the United States astray. That was the theory of the counterintelligence people: that the Soviets could give us some totally false information and cause us to have a perfect disaster.

PLAYBOY: The answer to the specific charge is still not clear, so let's put it this way: In Epstein's words, "The former CIA officers who were involved in the hunt [for the mole] tell me that the "new" CIA has now made a policy decision to believe moles do not exist. All speculation on this subject has been officially designated 'sick think.'" Now, clearly, Epstein is drawing on the Angleton camp, but do you consider that an accurate interpretation?

COLBY: It didn't happen under my watch. Quite the contrary: I say it's possible that there may be moles, but I do not believe there have been.

PLAYBOY: Could you then summarize 77

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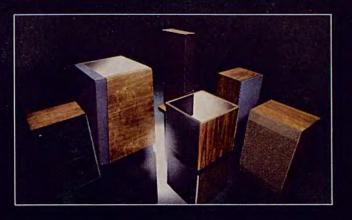
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> L'A RODALE CO SARAT TIMES COMULTA L'ANNESSES RESERVES ANALES PART

Let's get down to essentials. Early Times and soda. Or Early Times and water. With nothing between them but a few icy cubes. your view of the Nosenko story for us? CIA's Soviet Russian Division prepared an internal report that said Nosenko was a fake.

COLBY: There was a report written, I gather. I never read it. But the responsible people who reviewed it came to the conclusion that the report did not establish what it set out to establish, that Nosenko was a fake. The senior levels of the agency, which reviewed the matter at that time, came to the opposite conclusion. I've checked this recently with one of the senior officers involved and he said absolutely, we went through every little bit of the thing and we came to the conclusion that Nosenko was what he said he was.

PLAYBOY: So Epstein was wrong.

COLBY: Yeah; oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your credibility. There are many critics of CIA who wouldn't believe you if you gave them the time of day, isn't that true? **COLBY:** Oh, yes, sure. Somebody asked

me one time, "How can I believe you when you say these things?" My answer is, don't. Your job is to review the alternate statements, come to your own conclusions. Don't just accept what I say.

PLAYBOY: Does being regarded with so much suspicion bother you personally? **COLBY:** No. That's part of the job of representing an organization. I think it's quite appropriate.

PLAYBOY: When you say review the alternate statements, we assume that includes the various committee reports on investigations into CIA. But many journalists contradict your statements in those reports. How do you respond to that?

COLBY: I don't think the journalists contradict me. There are some extremists who certainly do contradict me, yes. But if you'll read carefully even what the journalists say, you'll find basically they're agreeing with what I say.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that journalists who don't agree with you are extremists? **COLBY:** No, I'm not saying that at all.

PLAYBOY: Still, the official reports aren't exactly accepted as the final words on CIA abuse.

COLBY: The Rockefeller report is subject to the accusation that it was a little more discreet than it might have been. But the Senate [Church] report I really don't think is. I think that comes out pretty straight. The Pike report I thought was outrageous. It just picked up our own old, internal post-mortems and published them as its findings. That's pretty easy stuff.

PLAYBOY: Many reporters have written about the practice of CIA's using journalists. Should our spies be able to use journalistic cover?

COLBY: Not now, no. Sure, I would like

it, but I recognize as a political fact that that is not going to happen.

PLAYBOY: Could other governments use our journalists, then?

COLBY: Other countries are using journalists to any degree they can. We know that. That's obvious. And, therefore, I do not think that we should bar ourselves from being able to get at the press of other countries.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't answer the question.

COLBY: There are journalists here who have been used by foreign governments, I believe, either consciously or unconsciously.

PLAYBOY: Which ones?

COLBY: I'm not going to name them. But I know a number of countries that have used *their* nationals as journalists reporting as intelligence agents.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but are they recruiting Americans?

COLBY: I'm trying to see whether I can remember any cases of American journalists and I can't, offhand.

"Somebody asked me one time, 'How can I believe you when you say these things?' My answer is, don't. Come to your own conclusions."

PLAYBOY: Are there times when you intentionally forget things it would be inconvenient to remember?

COLBY: Oh, I think a psychiatrist will say that you unconsciously forget things you don't want to remember. But I don't use that gimmick of saying I don't remember. Now, sometimes your question may put a very fuzzy tingle in the back of my mind and I may not be sure. At that point, I won't say no, but I won't say yes, either. I will probably say I don't really remember, even though there may be a little sort of funny tingle—there may be *something* there, but I don't know what it is.

PLAYBOY: We were discussing Americans who might have been recruited by enemy governments. What about former CIA officer Philip Agee, author of *Inside the Company*, who published a list of the names and locations of active CIA personnel? [Agee was the subject of the August 1975 *Playboy Interview*.]

COLBY: I think Philip Agee can be considered our first defector from CIA. In his book, he thanks the Communist Party of Cuba for its assistance in his research. He decided to resign from CIA. He wrote us a very warm, grateful letter of resignation. Agee then went off on his own and eventually produced that book. I don't have a problem with its being critical of CIA. That part would have been cleared. The part that would not have been cleared was the list of names of everybody he could remember who had worked with CIA, thereby exposing them to all sorts of potential problems. I find that totally reprehensible. And I would cite his visits to Cuba, the assistance he's had from the Cubans, the fact that he is sufficiently in touch with hostile intelligence groups to be persona non grata to the British. I gather now the French and the Dutch have put him out of their countries. Apparently, he has continued connections with some hostile intelligence services that are unsatisfactory to those countries. Those countries didn't do it because we asked them to, that I assure you.

PLAYBOY: Agee wrote a book against the agency's interests. Are there propagandists who write books or make movies and documentary films at the *behest* of the agency?

COLBY: I don't know whether it's all that broad. When you have a cultural contest between the Soviets and the Americans, if the Soviets are putting out their word, then I think we ought to be able to put out ours.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty evasive answer. **COLBY:** If the other side can use ideas that are camouflaged as being local rather than Soviet supported or stimulated, then we ought to be able to use ideas camouflaged as local ideas.

PLAYBOY: So, have we-or has CIA?

COLBY: I think CIA did help produce books abroad, yes. In a few cases, it helped produce a book in America for distribution abroad—had it published here. In some cases, it provided material to people who then wrote their own books.

PLAYBOY: This is all very vague. Let's get down to specifics. Praeger and Fodor two well-known publishing houses have been mentioned as having been used by CIA.

COLBY: I'm not sure I could say. This is one of those things where I really don't like to name names. Because I really don't think CIA ought to go around making secret arrangements with people and later give out the names.

PLAYBOY: You once mentioned in a committee hearing that CIA used Reuters, the British equivalent of A.P. or U.P.I. Later, you retracted that. Tell us about Reuters.

COLBY: Oh, there's nothing. Unfortunately, that was a pure throw-off phrase, "like Reuters." It wasn't a reference to

(continued on page 164) 81

ASTRAL PROJECTION AND THE

article By CARL SAGAN PLANT'S "HEARTBEAT" THRILLS SCIENTISTS AT OXFORD MEETING Hindu Savant Causes Further Sensation by Showing "Blood" of Plant Flowing

AUDIENCE SITS ABSORBED Watches with Rapt Attention as Lecturer Submits Snapdragon to Death Struggle

-The New York Times, August 7, 1926, Page 1

HORSE THAT COULD COUNT

ufos, magical pyramids, bermuda triangles and other strange phenomena examined in the cold light of reason

IN THE SECOND CENTURY A.D., in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, there lived in Greece a master con man named Alexander of Abonutichus—handsome, clever and totally unscrupulous, he, in the words of one of his contemporaries, "went about living on occult pretensions." In his most famous imposture, "he rushed into the market place, naked except for a goldspangled loincloth; with nothing but this and his scimitar, and shaking his long, loose hair, like fanatics who collect money in the name of Cybele, he climbed onto a lofty altar and delivered a harangue" predicting the advent of a new god. Alexander then raced to the construction site of a new temple, the crowd streaming after him, and discovered where he had previously emplaced it—a goose egg in which he had secretly sealed a baby snake. Opening the egg, he announced the snakelet as the god he had prophesied. After retiring to his house for a few days, Alexander admitted the breathless crowds, who observed his body now entwined with a large serpent: The snake had grown impressively in the interim. The serpent was, in fact, of a large and conveniently docile variety, procured for this purpose earlier in Macedonia and outfitted with a linen head of somewhat human countenance. The room was dimly lit. Because of the AVBOY

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press of the crowd, no visitor could stay for very long or inspect the serpent very carefully. The opinion of the multitude was that Alexander had, indeed, delivered a god.

Alexander then announced that the god would give answers to written questions delivered in sealed envelopes. When alone, he would then lift off or duplicate the seal, read the message, remake the envelope and attach an oracular answer. People flocked to this marvel from the periphery of the Empire as well as from Rome, its capital. In those cases where the oracle later proved not just ambiguous but dead-wrong, Alexander had a simple solution: He altered the record of what response he had given. And should the question of a rich man or woman reveal some weakness or guilty secret, Alexander proved not to scruple at extortion. The result of all these activities was an income equivalent to several hundred thousand dollars per year and fame rivaled by few men of his time.

We may smile at Alexander the Oracle-Monger. We understand that people would like to foretell the future and make contact with the gods. But we would not nowadays be taken in by such a fraud. Or would we? M. Lamar Keene spent 13 years as a spiritualist medium. He was pastor of the New Age Assembly Church in Tampa, a trustee of the Universal Spiritualist Association and for many years a leading figure in the mainstream of the American spiritualist movement. He is also a self-confessed fraud, who believes, from firsthand knowledge, that virtually all spirit readings, séances and mediumistic messages from the dead are conscious deceptions, contrived to exploit the grief and longing we feel for deceased friends and relatives. Keene, like Alexander, would answer questions given to him in sealed envelopes-in this case, not in private but on the pulpit. He viewed the contents with a bright concealed light or by smearing lighter fluid, either of which can render the envelope momentarily transparent. He would find lost objects, present people with astounding revelations about their private lives that "no one could know," commune with the spirits and materialize ectoplasm in the darkness of the séance-all based on the simplest tricks, an unswerving selfconfidence and, most of all, on the monumental credulity, the utter lack of skepticism he found in his parishioners and clients. Keene believes, as did Harry Houdini, not only that such fraud is rampant among the spiritualists but also that they are highly organized to exchange data on potential clients, in order to make the revelations of the séance more astonishing. Like the viewing of Alexander's serpent, the séances all take place in darkened rooms—because the deception would be too easily penetrated in the light. In his peak earning years, Keene earned well over \$100,000 a year for his church.

From Alexander's time to our ownindeed, probably for as long as human beings have inhabited this planetpeople have discovered they can make money by pretending to arcane or occult knowledge. A charming and enlightening account of some of these bamboozles can be found in a remarkable book published in 1852 in London, Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds, by Charles Mackay. The late Bernard Baruch claimed that the book saved him millions of dollars-presumably by alerting him to which idiot schemes he should not invest his money in. Mackay's treatment ranges from alchemy, prophecy and faith healing to haunted houses, the Crusades and the "influence of politics and religion on the hair and beard." The value of the book, like the accounts of Alexander the Oracle-Monger, lies in the remoteness of the frauds and delusions described. Many of the impostures do not have a contemporary ring and only weakly engage our passions: It becomes clear how people in other times were deceived. But after reading many such cases, we begin to wonder what the comparable contemporary versions are. People's feelings are as strong as they always were and skepticism is probably as unfashionable today as in any other age. Accordingly, there ought to be bamboozles galore in contemporary society. And there are.

In Alexander's time, as in Mackay's, religion was the source of most accepted insights and prevailing world views. Those intent on bamboozling the public often did so in religious terms. This is, of course, still being done, as the testimony of penitent spiritualists attests. But in the past 100 years—whether for good or for ill—science has emerged in the popular mind as the primary means of penetrating the secrets of the universe, and so we should expect many contemporary bamboozles to have a scientific ring. And they do.

Today there are many claims made at the edge or border of science—assertions that excite popular interest and, in many cases, that would be of profound scientific importance if only they were true. They are out of the ordinary, a break from the humdrum world, and often imply something hopeful: for example, that we have vast, untapped powers; or that unseen forces are about to save us from ourselves; or that there is a still unacknowledged pattern and harmony to the universe. Well, science does sometimes make such claims—as, for example, the realization that the hereditary information that we pass from generation to generation is encoded in a single long molecule called DNA; in the discovery of universal gravitation or continental drift; in the tapping of nuclear energy; in research on the origin of life or on the early history of the universe. So if some additional claim is made-for example, that it is possible to float in the air unaided, by a special effort of willwhat is so different about that? Nothing. Except for the matter of proof. Those who claim that levitation occurs have an obligation to demonstrate their contention. The burden of proof is on them, not on those who might be skeptical. Many claims of levitation have been made in the past 100 years, but photographs of people rising 15 feet into the air have never been taken under conditions that exclude fraud.

Or, to take another example, consider what is sometimes called astral projection. Under conditions of religious ecstasy or hypnagogic sleep or sometimes under the influence of a hallucinogen, people report the distinct sensation of stepping outside the body, leaving it, effortlessly floating to some other place in the room (often near the ceiling), and only at the end of the experience remerging with the body. If such a thing can actually happen, it is certainly of great importance; it implies something about the nature of human personality and even about the possibility of "life after death." Indeed, some people who have had near-death experiences, or who have been declared clinically dead and then have revived, report similar sensations. But the fact that a sensation is reported does not mean that it occurred as claimed. There might, for example, be a common wiring defect in human neuroanatomy that leads under certain circumstances always to the same illusion of astral projection.

There is a simple way to test astral projection. In your absence, have a friend place a book face up on a high and inaccessible shelf in the library. Then, if you ever have an astral-projection experience, float to the book and read the title. When your body reawakens and you correctly announce what you have read, you will have provided some evidence for the physical reality of astral projection. But, of course, there must be no other way for you to know the title of the book, such as sneaking a peek when no one else is around or being told by your friend or by someone your friend tells. To avoid the latter possibility, the experiment should be done "double blind"; that is, someone quite unknown to you must select and place the book and should be entirely unaware of your



"How do you spell Martian?"

PLAYBO

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existence. To the best of my knowledge, no demonstration of astral projection has ever been reported under such controlled circumstances with skeptics in attendance. I conclude that while astral projection is not excluded, there is little reason to believe in it. On the other hand, there is some evidence accumulated by a University of Virginia psychologist that young children in India and the Near East report in great detail a previous life in a moderately distant locale that they have never visited; further inquiry demonstrates that a recently deceased person fits the child's description very well. But this is not an experiment performed under controlled conditions and it is at least possible that the child has overheard or been told information about which the investigator is unaware.

While some modern claims at the edge of science may be the product of outright fraud, most of them appear to be due to a lack of vigorous skepticism on the part of the believers or because the phenomenon itself is subtle and inaccessible. In the early years of the 20th Century, there was a horse in Germany that could read and do mathematics and that exhibited a deep knowledge of world political affairs. Or so it seemed. The horse was called Clever Hans. He was owned by Wilhelm von Osten, an elderly Berliner whose character was such, everyone said, that fraud was out of the question. Delegations of distinguished scientists viewed the equine marvel and pronounced it genuine. Hans would reply to questions put to him by coded taps (one tap for yes, say, and two taps for no) and would answer mathematical problems in the same way. For example, someone would say, "Hans, how much is twice the square root of nine, less one?" After a moment's pause, Hans would dutifully raise his right foreleg and tap five times. Was Moscow the capital of Russia? Two taps. How about St. Petersburg? One tap. The Prussian Academy of Sciences sent a commission, headed by Oskar Pfungst, to take a closer look; Von Osten, who believed fervently in Hans's powers, welcomed the inquiry. Pfungst noticed a number of interesting regularities. The more difficult the question, the longer it took Hans to answer. When Von Osten did not know the answer, Hans exhibited a comparable ignorance. When Von Osten was out of the room or when the horse was blindfolded, no correct answers were forthcoming. The solution then seemed clear. When a question would be put to Hans, Von Osten would become slightly tense, for fear that Hans would make too few taps. When Hans, however, reached the correct number of taps, Von Osten unconsciously and imperceptibly relaxed-imperceptibly to

virtually all human observers but not to Hans, who was rewarded with a sugar cube for correct answers. Hans was totally ignorant of mathematics but very sensitive to unconscious nonverbal cues. Clever Hans was aptly named; he was a horse who had operant-conditioned a human being. But despite the unambiguous nature of Pfungst's evidence, similar stories of counting, reading and politically sage horses, pigs and geese continue to plague the gullible of many nations.

In recent years, perhaps the most popular of these doctrines have to do with flying saucers, ancient astronauts, the Bermuda Triangle and other regular polygons with diffuse geographical boundaries. This interest, I believe, reflects in part the growing awareness that contact with extraterrestrial life is now a real possibility. This is a matter of paramount scientific, philosophical and social importance. The subject is now scientifically respectable and there is a large and growing body of scientific literature on it. However, very little of the scientific work in this area reaches the public eye. Instead, there are innumerable magazines, paperbacks and television programs based on undemonstrated contentions that such contact has already been achieved.

Advocates of ancient astronauts-most notably, Erich von Däniken in his book Chariots of the Gods?-assert that there are numerous pieces of archaeological evidence that can be understood only in terms of past contact by extraterrestrial civilizations with our ancestors. An iron pillar in India; a plaque in Palenque, Mexico; the Pyramids of Egypt; the stone monoliths (all of which, according to Jacob Bronowski, resemble Benito Mussolini) on Easter Island; and the geometrical figures in Nazca, Peru, are each alleged to have been manufactured by or under the supervision of extraterrestrials. But in every case, the artifacts in question have plausible and much simpler explanations. Our ancestors were no dummies. They may have lacked high technology, but they were as smart as we, and they sometimes combined dedication, intelligence and hard work to produce results that impress even us. The most recent version of the ancient-astronaut story is the claim that the Dogon people in the Republic of Mali have an astronomical tradition relating to the star Sirius that they could not possibly have acquired without the use of the telescope. This seems correct, but the most likely explanation is that Europeans who used the telescope-or at least those who read about it-stopped by for a chat with the Dogon.

It is not surprising that Pyramids have played a role in ancient-astronaut

writings; ever since the Napoleonic invasions of Egypt impressed ancient Egyptian civilization on the consciousness of Europe, they have been the focus of a great deal of nonsense. Much has been written about supposed numerological information stored in the dimensions of the Pyramids, especially the Great Pyramid of Giza, so that, for example, the ratio of height to width in certain units is said to be the time between Adam and Jesus in years. In one famous case, a pyramidologist was observed filing a protuberance so that the observations and his speculations would be in better accord. The most recent manifestation of interest in pyramids is "pyramidology," the contention that we and our razor blades feel better and last longer inside pyramids than inside cubes. Maybe, I find living in cubical dwellings depressing, and for most of our history, humans did not live in such quarters. But the contentions of pyramidology, under appropriately controlled conditions, have never been verified. The burden of proof, again, has not been met.

The Bermuda Triangle "mystery" has to do with unexplained disappearances of ships and airplanes in a vast region of the ocean around Bermuda. The most reasonable explanation for these disappearances (when they actually occur; many of the alleged disappearances turn out simply never to have happened) is that the vessels sank. I once objected on a television program that it seemed strange for ships and airplanes to mysteriously disappear but never trains; to which the host, Dick Cavett, replied, "I can see you've never waited for the Long Island Railroad." As with the ancientastronaut enthusiasts, the Bermuda Triangle advocates use sloppy scholarship and rhetorical questions. But they have not provided compelling evidence. They have not met the burden of proof.

Flying saucers or UFOs are well known to almost everyone. But seeing a strange light in the sky does not mean that we are being visited by beings from the planet Venus. It might, for example, be an automobile headlight reflected off a high-altitude cloud, or an unconventional aircraft, or a conventional aircraft with unconventional lighting patterns, such as a high-intensity searchlight used for meteorological observations. There are also a number of cases-closer encounters with some highish index numeral-where one or two people claim to have been taken aboard an alien spaceship, prodded and probed with unconventional medical instruments and released. But in those cases, we have only the unsubstantiated testimony of one or two people. To the best of my knowledge, there are (continued on page 226)

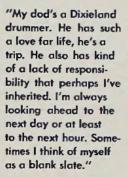
after two seasons as tv's teenaged girl detective, pamela sue martin has headed for greener pastures

Nancy Drew Grows Up

Pamela's tired of the assumptian she's as blond as a glass of milk. "Someone recently said to me, 'Gee, you're dispelling all my illusions about Nancy Drew.' I said, 'What the hell do you think? You think I'm Nancy Drew? How naïve can you get?' "



"I have these strong pulls to deviate, to live another life. I'd like ta be three people: One would live somewhere in Mexico, anather in a big city like New York, the third would do what I'm doing now. For the time being, the last one seems to be winning."





PHOTOGRAPHY BY DICK ZIMMERMAN

he was heroine and role model for millions of pubescent girls seated setside on Sunday night, watching her portray the TV version of Nancy Drew, leenaged adventuress and mystery soluer reincarnated from the innocent novels their mothers-even grandmothersonce read. But late last year, after completing 14 "Drew" episodes, Pamela Sue Martin chose to walk away from the vacuous series and move on to more significant matters. She had made a career of playing pink-cheeked girls in (text continued on page 92)



At left, Pamela Sue in her televisian role as girl detective Nancy Drew, with Parker Stevenson, who plays Frank in the Hardy Boys. Although an **ABC-TV** press release describes Nancy as "ane af the first liberated young ladies of American literature," she wasn't liberated enough for Pamela Sue. She plans to be selective about her career: "One school of thought insists the mare your face is seen an television, the more successful you ore. I don't feel that way."





"This picture, with the wet hair, is very sophisticated. It lases some of that teenaged character." So does the inset shot, which certainly reinfarces her credentials as a friend of animals.

- -



films, commercials and modeling assignments. Now, at the age of 25, she was ready to unveil a radically different persona. For starters, she played a Las Vegas showgirl, mistress to a Mobster, in the made-for-TV movie "It Could Happen to You," to be shown on NBC-TV this fall. She also posed for PLAYBOY and

we dispatched Richard Warren Lewis to talk with her about these departures. PLAYBOY: Considering your strait-laced

television image, why have you chosen to pose for PLAYBOY?

MARTIN: Simply to present another side of myself. Given the opportunity, I can surely project beyond adolescence, even though I still get asked for my I.D. a lot and door-to-door salesmen ask if my parents are home. I consider these photographs to be an exploration of my personality. A lot of people will take them as evidence of an image change. But Nancy Drew is not my image any more than PLAYBOY is. What's really significant is that this layout is the first time I've sat down to do any serious still photography in seven years, since I was a teenaged model.

PLAYBOY: Why the long absence?

MARTIN: I had a lot of bad feelings about photography left over from when I was 17. After several months of doing magazine advertisements and fashion features for Seventeen, I realized I could not participate in a daily exercise of vanity. It was just a meat market; I wasn't using anything except my body. After all those years, the PLAYBOY picture taking meant a chance to do something more than look a certain way to sell a product. It was a special experience.

PLAYBOY: How do you imagine the Nancy Drew audience will react?

MARTIN: It's unlikely that most of them read PLAYBOY. They're very young. And with the end of Nancy Drew, I no longer feel that I have a responsibility to that audience. I'm now doing what I want to do. I learned some things from the show; I got a lot of technical background. But I don't consider the series a particular achievement. Obviously, it had certain limitations. Nancy Drew never cried or experienced an inordinate amount of pain. There was never any tragedy or extreme emotion. Never a kissing scene or any sign that she would indulge with the opposite sex. A big moment for her was coming across an old skeleton in a dungeon and screaming. Or being attacked by a bat in Transylvania. I couldn't get off on that at all. Some of it was so bad, I found myself cringing. Oh, God, I thought. This is bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you left the show? MARTIN: Partly. Another problem was that the network decided to combine Nancy Drew with another show, the Hardy Boys. With three co-stars, it wouldn't have been demanding enough. Also, it became hard to do different things with one character. I felt compromised. They offered me twice my salary—\$20,000 an episode. I turned that down. It wasn't a hard decision to make. PLAYBOY: Since acting is such an insecure profession, wasn't it pretty daring of you to give up a financial sinecure?

MARTIN: Maybe it's unrealistic, but I just don't think about money very much. People have a hard time understanding that. I don't feel the need to accumulate a lot of money. What's the worst that could happen if I went broke? I'd sell my house and go stay with friends or rent a room somewhere. It might be different if I had the responsibility of a family or if I'd ever really gone without. But I'm a privileged person. I grew up in a beautiful town-Westport, Connecticut. My family was always very comfortable. Maybe that's why I tend to be idealistic. I'd rather devote my attention to more important things than money. Last March, I turned down a TV movie because it conflicted with something I wanted to do more-join an expedition to Canada with people from the Greenpeace Foundation to protest the slaughter of baby seals. For me to be asked to go on that expedition was an honor.

PLAYBOY: How did you get involved with Greenpeace?

MARTIN: Out of my long-term feeling about protecting the environment. It's something I really believe in. And what Greenpeace does makes a difference. It has called attention to the senseless killing of whales in the Pacific and the seal slaughter in the Atlantic. Both are endangered species. They could become extinct very soon. In the Pacific, members of Greenpeace confronted the Russian fishing fleet in their tiny Zodiac boats, placing themselves between the harpoons and the whales. The Russians were forced to stop hunting, at least while Greenpeace was there. The Canada trip was designed to disrupt this year's harp-seal hunt and protest people who come in on ships and slaughter baby seals for their rare white pelts, which are eventually sold to the European fashion industry. We flew with a camera crew by helicopter to an ice floe near St. Anthony, Newfoundland, and came face to face with the slaughterers, standing between them and the seals. We hope that people around the world got the message.

PLAYBOY: Did you think there would be some danger in that confrontation?

MARTIN: Sure. Maybe that's one of the reasons I went to Canada. Fear and anxiety can be emotional cripplers. I try to kill my fears as often as I can by forcing myself to do things that frighten me. PLAYBOY: Skeptics will insist that many actors support popular causes merely to enhance their own image.

MARTIN: I realize that I put myself in a position for criticism. But I'm not just giving lip service to a cause, just trying to get attention. I'm trying to use the fame I've attained in the past few years to draw attention to something worth while.

PLAYBOY: How did the Greenpeace workers react to your participation?

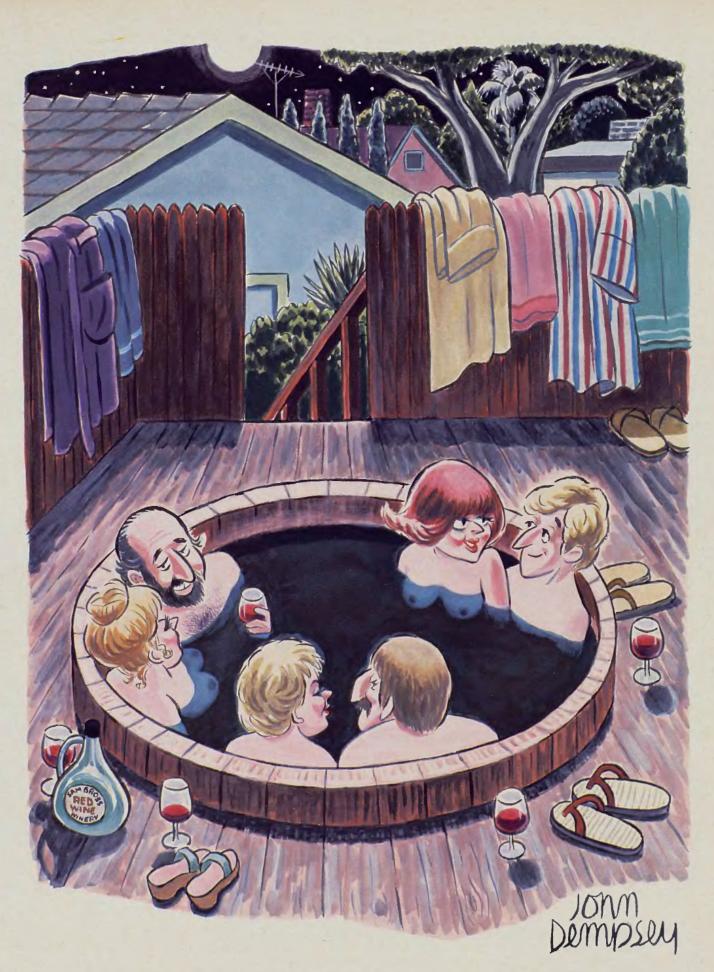
MARTIN: At first, not terribly well. Before I went to Newfoundland, I wanted to meet some of the crew on the Zodiac boats, just to get acquainted. When I got on one of the boats in San Francisco, these otherwise laid-back, neat kind of guys looked at me like I was some kind of freak. They had a preconceived idea of me, which wasn't fair. Maybe they'd seen the show or read some of the crap that appeared about me in fan magazines. PLAYBOY: What had the fan magazines been saying?

MARTIN: Totally fictitious stuff written to appeal to six-year-olds. I've never talked to reporters from a fan magazine, yet they print these imbecilic interviews with me. At first, this bothered me. But what's the point? They're just so laughable. My father called after one of the more absurd stories and said, "I just read that you're having an affair with your hairdresser and that you're marrying him." All I could say was, "Oh, Dad, please! Don't read it and don't believe it." The funny thing, though, is that I can't help reading that garbage myself, because it is about me. Like: "The truth is that Pamela has always found it hard to make good friends. She has always been a shy girl and she has found it hard to let people know the real her. In relationships, she's been hurt many times. In fact, too many times for a girl of her age. In the past months, she's been out with many men. But somehow, the relationships never develop. They just fizzle out and the little girl is left alone again in the big bad world of Hollywood." Can you believe that shit? PLAYBOY: It sounds like the prose you might find in a Nancy Drew novel.

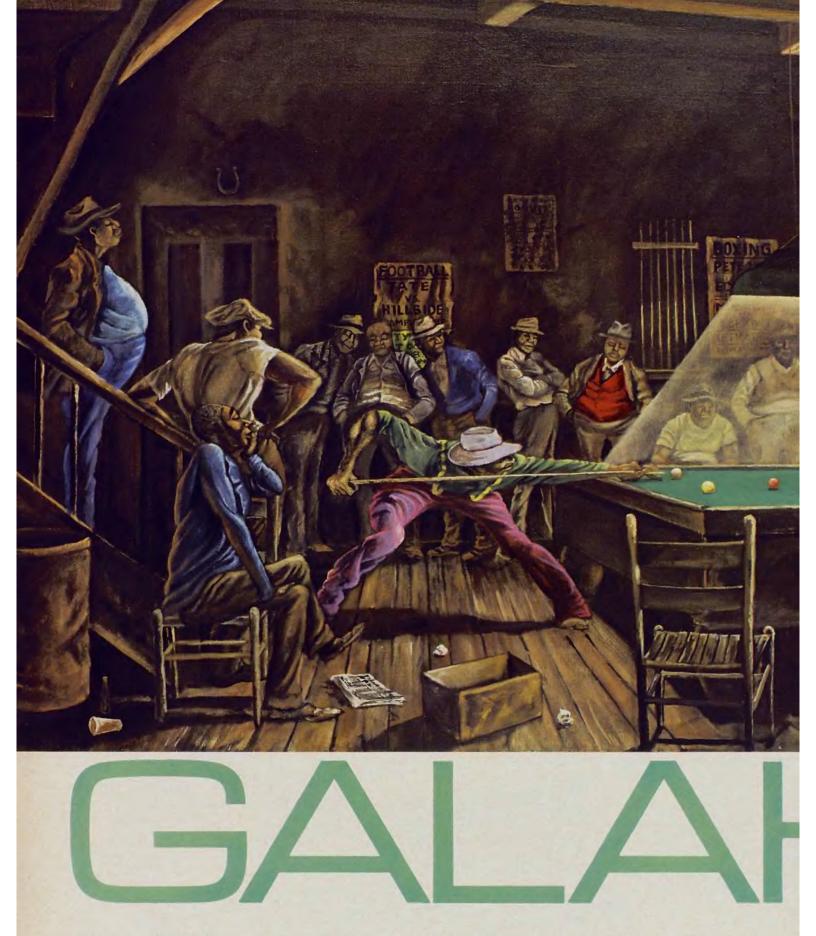
MARTIN: I give the author credit for being better than that.

PLAYBOY: How do you relate to men? MARTIN: I have a very strong feeling there's a place in my life for a man. But I have a lot of reservations about the idea of marriage, mainly because I'm going through a lot of changes. It would be hard for somebody else to follow me around. I want to be free to go through all the different things I want to (concluded on page 184)

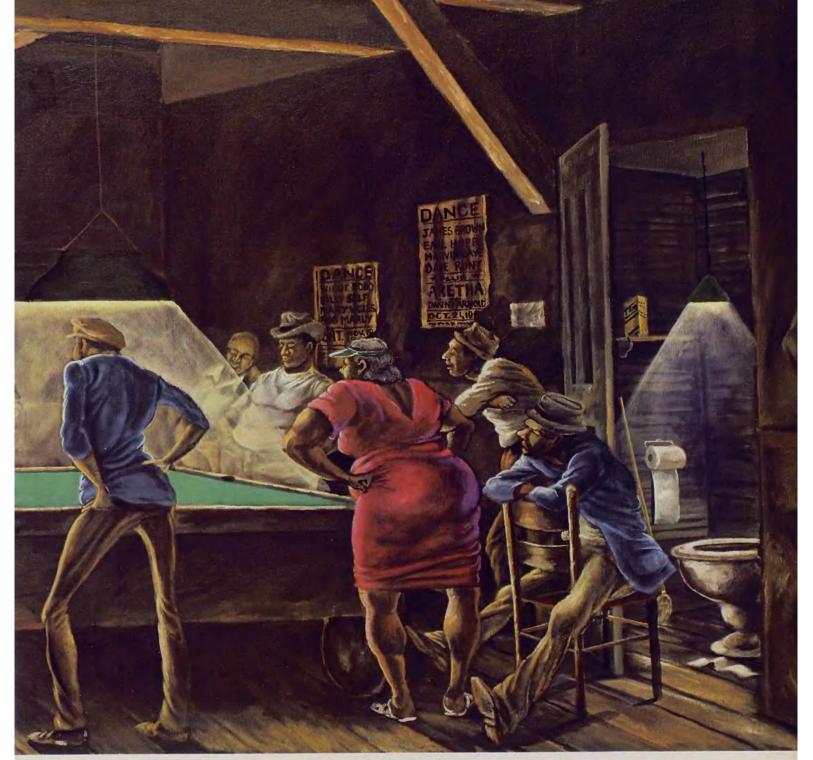
92



"You may not have the biggest house or the biggest car in the neighborhood, but you wanna know something ...?"



SMELLING LIKE bacon grease and sulphur from his heavy red conk, eyes hidden behind jade-green shades, he carried his pool cue with him wherever he went. They called him Galahad, and he was, according to his own estimation, the baddest pool shark in the universe. Just about every night, he'd be sauntering through the peeling blue door of the Pink Lady pool hall, unmistakably announcing his arrival, nodding and smiling at everybody. "'S'hap'n', Shotgun? Hey, now, T.J.! Wass goin' on, Johnson?" He was a wizard of rap. Once involved in a game, he generated a rhythmic torrent of jive, letting the entire pool hall know that he was, "without a doubt, I say check me out, the man of the





hour, the man with the mean shot, the man with the clean shot, hey, look out, don't let me get hot!" The only one who could cool him out was Big Mike, an oldtime hustler who had played the bigmoney circuit back in the Fifties. "Galahad, you ain't never gonna make it playin' in them big tournaments, 'cause you cain't keep yo' damn mouth shet long enough to eat a sammitch. How you gonna play one of those fo'-and-fiveday tournaments? You'd starve to death. i shoots from the hip an' my shot is clean. my eyes is sharp an' my stroke is mean. i'm the baddest cat this joint has seen

fiction by WALTER L. LOWE, JR.

Besides which, them white pool players you always says you can beat—like Lassiter and Weenie Beenie—sheeit, them gray boys don't say more 'n two, three words a whole tournament. The fus' time you run a (continued on page 148)

MARTIN MULL'S GUIDE TO SOPHISTICATED SEDUCTION

the star of "america 2night" offers some pointers on how to score with the ladies

HOW MANY TIMES have you taken out "Miss Right," spent \$24 for dinner (\$24.10 with tip), gone to a movie and then gone back to her place, only to receive nothing more than a token goodnight kiss? If you're like most men, the answer is seven times or more. Possibly you're doing something wrong, in which case the following tips ought to help. A close look at the gentleman on this page reveals one very basic approach that works: If you want the evening to be fruitful, let her know immediately.

SHOW HER YOU ARE INTERESTED

Modern women prefer the straightforward approach. Be honest. Tell her you saw her from a distance and would have come aver sooner, but you couldn't stand the thought of getting one more girl pregnant. If this is too bold, ask her to stand up so you can see who's taller. Then, hug her and tell her you love her and that there's no problem getting a divorce, as you've already gone through four or five of them.



RIGHT

WRONG

This gentleman is making the biggest mistake a man can make in seducing a lovely woman-he's being an asshole. Be straightforward, but don't overdo it. A more subtle approach is to walk up to the girl, make a circle with your thumb and index finger and poke your other index finger into that circle. This requires some coordination, so practice it first or she might think you're stuttering in sign language.

HOW TO MAKE HER FEEL SYMPATHETIC TOWARD YOU

"Oh, this? Well, I was driving along in my new Ferrari when a school bus ran out of control and headed straight for the terminally ill wing of the hospital. Luckily, I was able to wedge my car between the bus and the wheelchair ramp and deflect the bus ta safety. Everyone was saved, but, of course, my car was ruined. The bus driver was so relieved he shoak my hand for ten minutes and sprained my wrist."



work in a bowling alley and it was Golden Agers League night, and there was trouble with the ball return on lane 24. So I stuck my head in the return and one of the old ladies fell against me and wedged my head in the return and accidentally hit the reset button at the same time. By the time the firemen got there to get me out, I had the word Brunswick embossed backward on my forehead."

A lot af guys ask me, "Martin, how the hell do you let her know yau're loaded without being too abvious?" My reply is, "Show her." Hell, anybody can say he makes 70 grand a year, but how many guys have the nerve to carry that much dough around in their wallets? Very subtly drop all your money in front of her and act like you're a clumsy oaf. After she helps you gather it up, though, make damn sure you count it.



RIGHT

SHOW HER YOU HAVE A LOT OF DOUGH

understanding of current slang expressions is absolutely necessary in the pursuit of nookie. This boza thinks she's referring to baking dough and he's trying to impress her by making sure she knows he has lots of it. Obviously, his knowledge of slang is lacking. Chances are, if she asks him up to her place later for a nightcap, this genius will politely decline, saying he doesn't wear hats to bed.

97

Nowadays, a basic

WRONG

HOW TO UNDRESS HER WITH YOUR EYES

Undressing a womon with your eyes is an ability that must be developed. Once leorned, it con provide hours of fun anywhere (not counting retirement homes). Most men try for too much too soon. Begin smoll. A good start is undressing animals with your eyes. This is easy, as most are without clothes anyway. Another woy is to draw some clothes over nude pinups and then erase them to see if you were right.



RIGHT

WRONG

This gentlemon is moking o mistake by literolly undressing her with his eyes. Be coreful of whot you soy. You wouldn't actually take a girl out for "a quick bite" or go back to her place ond "smoke some good shit." So think before you say it. A good example of this is the time I took o young lady out for "a couple of drinks," only to find out that she needed more thon two drinks before I looked good to her.

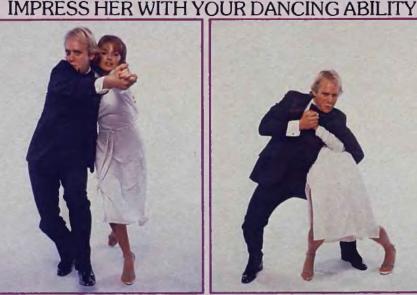
There are some no-nos on the donce floor. Number one is illustrated on the leftnever take anyone doncing who is dead. Two, leave the black dances to the blocks. Three, trying to organize a "Bunny Hop" or a "Stroll" is time-consuming and embarrassing. Likewise, it's considered bod form to whip off your jacket ond tie on the donce floor, and even worse to point out your perspirotion to your dote.

As if killing his dote isn't bod enough in terms of manners, this guy is adding insult to injury by using cheop "bor bronds"! Wotch out for these. If there's a picture of Roy Milland on the lobel and the brand is Lost Weekend Gin, turn it down. Others to ovoid are: Open Other End Vodko, all Norwegian wines, with the exception of their delicious vegetable brandies, and oll bottles with a "happy onimol" pictured on the lobel.

the romance of dancing. Your right hond caresses her back and you can tell if she's wearing a bra; her face gets close to yours and you ask if she can guess your aftershave. With any luck, you'll ottract the ottention of the other dancers, who will clear a circle for you ond chont, "Go! Go! Go!" She'll probably respond by soying, "Let's get the hell out of here," and you've got it made. I think.

There's no denying

Breaking the ice is a polite way of referring to the process of getting her high. (You don't actually break the ice_the bartender does.) The point of all this is so that loter on in the evening she'll be more flexible to your whims. The point is not to get yourself so flexible that you don't have any whims. This gentlemon is getting her high, keeping himself sober ond soving money on an expensive bottle of wine.



RIGHT

WRONG A FEW DRINKS WILL BREAK THE ICE

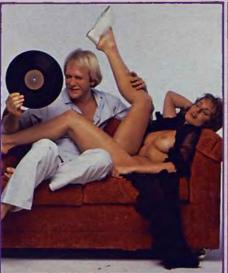


RIGHT

WRONG

MUSIC HELPS SET A ROMANTIC MOOD

Keep two separate record collectionsone with the kind of songs you like and one with the "kind of songs girls like," songs with lyrics like "Within the purple mountains of my mind, I caress the corridors of time." You know, the kind men call bullshit. Whatever she requests, no matter how dumb, you've got it, but try to swing the musical evening to your pièce de résistance-The 1001 Erotic Drums of Trinidad.





RIGHT WRONG PREPARING YOUR LOVE NEST Some men believe the only good music is live music. Imagine her surprise when you say, "I don't need a stereo-l have an accordion!" Then imagine the sound of a door slamming. 1 don't mean to single out the accordionthe trombone, even if played well, will put a distance of three feet between you. Avoid playing along with records; this guy hasn't in his rendition of The 1002 Erotic Drums of Trinidad.



Foreplay is an important prelude to sex. When done with finesse, it looks just like this. Good night.





modern living

These mirrored sunglasses, by Polaroid, feature scratch-and-shatterresistant lenses that block out up to 96 percent of the ultraviolet light, \$14. THERE'S MORE to sunglasses than meets the eyes. Lenses come in an array of colors--gray, green and tan, plus a spectrum of the cosmetic tints. (Neutral gray gives the greatest natural color fidelity.) Polarized lenses feature an optical barrier that eliminates the reflected glare from horizontal surfaces such as water, shiny roads, snow and sand. Gradient lenses have slightly varied shading; usually, it's darkest at the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL GREMMLER

Ray-Ban Statesides have light-sensitive lenses that lighten or darken, by Bausch & Lomb, \$30.

Ray-Ban Outdoorsman lenses with a metal frame check ultraviolet and infrared rays, plus block visible glare, by Bausch & Lomb, \$38.



five ways to improve your summertime outlook

top and gradually lighter toward the bottom. And then there are photochromics those magical lenses that react to light by automatically darkening and vice versa. Our favorite, however, are the mirrored sunglasses; shiny, one-way windows that come on ultracool both in appearance and because they reflect the heat from the sun. (They're ideal for skiing.) Pick the right sunglasses and you've got it made in shades.

Another 1 Ski model, the Lake Placid, has scratch-resistant mirrored lenses that help filter out light on sunny days, \$16.

I Ski's Stratton model features mirrored lenses that are fitted into a lightweight plastic frame; they offer excellent protection in bright sunlight, \$10.



SUZANNE RICHARDSON







KENT SMITH



GAYLE CADDEN



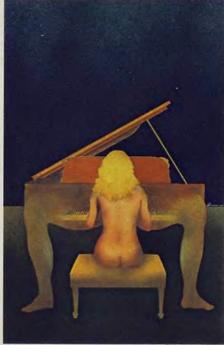
BEVERLY ETTER

If you ever doubted that words on a page can evoke completely different feelings, interpretations and images in each reader, take a look at these seven paintings, all based on "The Accompanist." PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul had asked the two dozen members of the Illustrators Workshop at Marymount College in Tarrytown, New York, to be experimental when illustrating the story, to "flush out the usual concepts of illustration and approach it in a more personal way." You might note a surrealistic thread that runs through this group that we've selected to reproduce on these pages, but each reflects the artist's very special vision of the story.



the sight of her dress hem made me feel that the room was quivering with her tempers and tears

THEACOMPANIST



IT WAS THE AFTERNOON. Joyce had been with me for nearly two hours when suddenly she leaned over me to look at my watch on the table.

"Half past four," she cried in a panic. "Stop it! I shall be late," and, scrambling out of bed, she started getting into her clothes in a rush. She frowned when she caught me watching her. I liked seeing her dress: Her legs and arms were thin and as she put up her arms to fasten her bra and leaned forward to pull on her tights, she seemed to be playing a game of turning herself into comic triangles. She snatched her pale-blue jersey and pulled it over her head; when her fair hair came out at the top, she was saying:

"Don't forget. Half past seven. Don't be difficult. You've got to come, William. Bertie will be upset if you don't. Ivy and Jim will be there and Bertie wants you to tell them about Singapore."

In a love affair, one discovers a gift for saying things with two meanings:

"If they are going to be there, Bertie won't miss me," I said. "He used to be mad about Ivy, asked her to marry him once--you told me." DOMINIC PANGBORN

"You are not to say that," Joyce said fiercely as she dragged her jersey down.

"Bertie asked a lot of girls to marry him." So I said yes, I would be there, and she put on her coat, which I thought was too thin for a cold day like this, and said:

"Look at the time! I shall be late for Hendrick," as she struggled away from my long kiss. Her skin burned and there were two red patches on her cheeks. Then she went.

It was only on her "music days," when she was rehearsing with Hendrick, that we were able to meet.

Afterward, I went to the window, hoping to see her, but I missed her. I pulled a cover over the bed and walked about the flat, and then I came across a carrier bag on the table. Joyce had forgotten it. This was typical of her. She had more than once left things behind—earrings twice, an umbrella, once even her music. I looked into the bag and saw it contained eight small apple pies packed in cartons. Joyce was a last-minute shopper and they were obviously meant for the dinner we were all going to eat that evening. Well, there was nothing to be done. I could hardly take them to Bertie's and say, "Your wife left these at my place"—she was supposed to be at Hendrick's. Before I left at seven, I ate one. It was cold and dry, but after seeing Joyce, I always felt hungry.

It was a cross-London journey into the decaying district where she and Bertie lived. One had to take one bus, then wait for another. Their flat was on the ground floor of a once respectable Victorian villa. I was glad to arrive at the same time as four other guests, all of us old friends of Bertie's: André, an enormous young Belgian in a fur coat; his toylike wife; Podge, an unmarried girl who adored Bertie and who rarely said anything; and a sharp, dark political girl who worked on a review Bertie sometimes wrote for. Bertie himself came to the door wearing old-fashioned felt slippers. It was odd to see them on a young man with hair sticking up at the back and who was even younger than we were-not yet (continued on page 126)

losing your virginity can be dangerous to your health

"If you want to know the truth, I'm a virgin. I really am. I've had guite a few opportunities to lose my virginity and all, but I've never got around to it yet. Something always happens. For instance, if you're at a girl's house, her parents always come home at the wrong time-or you're afraid they will. Or if you're in the back seat of somebody's car, there's always somebody's date in the front seat-some girl, I mean-that always wants to know what's going on all over the whole goddamn car. I mean some girl in front keeps turning around to see what the hell's going on. Anyway, something always happens. I came quite close to doing it a couple of times, though. One time in particular, I remember. Something went wrong, though-I don't even remember what anymore....

-From J. D. Salinger's The Catcher in the Rye

article By Dr. WILLIAM MASTERS

THERE ARE MILLIONS of sexually dysfunctional men in this country, and a significant percentage of them have been crippled by traumatic episodes during their first attempts at lovemaking. The three major sexual dysfunctions—impotence, aversion to women and premature ejaculation—stand in the wings whenever an inexperienced boy attempts to lose his virginity. If something goes wrong, it is likely to go wrong again and again. The virgin bed should have a sign: TONIGHT IS THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

I became aware of first-night disasters while counseling. Time and again, husbands and wives who come to me for help proudly report that they married as virgins. When they are questioned in detail, a tragic pattern emerges. Husbands more often than not assume full responsibility for the sexual fiasco that has almost destroyed the marriage. Ironically, the wives at first reaffirm their delight in the husband's virginal state at marriage but then, without hesitation, castigate him because he didn't know what to do or when to do it. "He should have known. He's a man," is a chorus sung by many a virgin bride as she points an accusatory finger at her equally ignorant groom. It is a travesty but too true. Virginal marriages frequently are doomed to continuing dissatisfaction simply because the male member couldn't simultaneously be virginal and experienced. When the blind leads the blind, both frequently stumble, but the responsibility for this fall is inevitably laid at the husband's door. Our culture has assigned the man the role of sex expert—a role that the anxious neophyte simply can't play, because it creates unacceptable levels of performance pressure. It is a role unfair and unrealistic in the context of today's human values.

PITY THE POOR VIRGIN

Obviously, not all first-night disasters are associated with wedding bells. Any sexual encounter involving an inexperienced partner is potentially traumatic; and especially so if the inexperienced partner is male. It is one of the least desirable side effects of the double standard. In our society, a virgin female is culturally treasured, socially protected. The virgin male is culturally pressured, socially suspect and sexually anxious. He is a second-class citizen, an outcast on fraternity row. He cannot confess to his status or seek information from his peers. He must become a man—at whatever the cost.

The how-to-do-it sex books, usually written by men for men about women, are replete with directions for relieving the female of her treasure without inflicting undue trauma. The initiation of a young woman into sexual maturity is a well-scripted ceremony, with support and protection of the initiate an integral part of the scenario. After reading about foreplay, correct posi-

lisasters

First-Night

tions, gentleness and understanding, a male virgin is likely to be told, "This, perhaps, is most important of all and should be constantly carried in mind by the groom: All initiative, all control lies completely within his hands. The bride does only one thing of importance, and that is to relax. Even so, the husband must repeatedly remind her of this and assist her in it." (From Modern Sex Techniques, by Robert Street.) Why shouldn't the virginal male receive similar consideration? We have been told repeatedly that if the ceremonial script of gentleness and consideration isn't followed with reasonable care, an unfortunate first experience may render a woman nonorgasmic in perpetuity. But what of the male first-nighter who ends up as primarily impotent, sexually aversive or as a virulent premature ejaculator? It is time to state his case.

ANXIETY AND IMPOTENCE

"There I sat expectantly a long time, had almost given up hope, began to think about consequences if she told my mother, when I heard the door softly open and she came to the edge of the stairs. . . . I opened my door, she gave a loud shriek and retreated to her room, I close to her; in a few minutes more, hugging, kissing, begging, threatening, I know not how; she was partly on the bed, her clothes up in a heap, I on her with my prick in my hand, I saw the hair, I felt the slit, and not knowing then where the hole was or much





about it, expecting that it was between her legs, shoved my prick there with all my might.... I was very young; but nature did all for me; my prick went to the proper channel, there stopped by something it battered furiously. 'Oh, you hurt, oh!' she cried aloud. The next instant something seemed to tighten round its knob, another furious thrust—another—a sharp cry of pain (resistance was gone), and my prick was buried up her, I felt that it was done.... I looked at her, she was quiet, her cunt seemed to close on my prick, I put my hand down and felt round. What rapture to find my 0

machine buried, nothing but the balls to be touched, and her cunt hair wetted with my sperm, mingling and clinging to mine; in another minute nature urged a crisis, and I spent in a virgin cunt, my prick virgin also. Thus ended my first fuck. "My prick was still up her when we

heard a loud knock; both started up in terror, I was speechless. 'My God, it is your momma!'"

-From Frank Harris' My Secret Life Frank Harris doesn't go into clinical detail, but anyone familiar with the effects of anxiety and fear on male arousal can rest assured that the knock on the door put a sudden end to the young man's erection. Fear is the major deterrent to any uninitiated man's sexual facility. Fear comes in many guisesnebulous, gripping, multidimensional. Fear of being caught by his or her family when the friendly living-room sofa has beckoned. Fear of intrusion by the police or any other invader in an isolated lovers' lane. Fear of pregnancy. Fear of venereal disease. Fear of being trapped in an unwanted commitment. All things considered, it might be best for a young man to put off losing his virginity until he is safely ensconced in a bank vault, with a woman he loves, who has just been given a clean bill of health by the local V.D. clinic, as well as a supply of birth-control pills. But even then, the young man would have to face the most fearful questions of sexual ignorance: "What do I do now?" "How do I do it?" "Will she think I'm good?" For most men, these basic fears are spontaneously resolved. But by its very existence, fear can distract from the stimulation of the sexual opportunity. The distracted man, particularly the distracted novice, may be slow to erect. When there is slowed erection, or if only a partial erection develops, terror strikes. What will she think? Who will she tell? What will the boys say when they hear? And so it goes. Fear builds upon fear, and confidence in having an erection may never develop. The novice who doesn't know this may be devastated by his failure to perform on order.

During the next few days, when reflecting on his personal disaster, a novice may think of little else. Fear of performance increases geometrically. In his ignorance, he isn't sure what went wrong, but he is fully aware that nothing seemed to go right.

Next time he will do better, but, of course, the next time, as he strains to force an erection, he fails again. With a second failure, there is a high probability that he may never function adequately unless professional help is available. Any man, regardless of age or prior sexual experience, who has occasion to seriously question his sexual ability is well on his 108 way to impotence. If you fail to get it up the first and second times, you may begin to think it's your fault. Nothing could be further from the truth. All it takes is a kind woman.

Unfortunately, the inexperienced woman inevitably plays the role of waiting for the man to make it happen. In doing so, she inadvertently applies more performance pressure to the anxious male. The female beginner usually does all the wrong things for the right reasons. "I didn't want to pressure him, so I let him set the pace." "Let him come to me." "Let him lead." "Let him take the responsibility." The virginal he is drowning in a sea of "let hims" while his inexperienced partner carefully plays out her socially assigned role of passive mate.

"Directly after my coronation I risked everything, celebrating with an act that wiped out months of restraint. Parked in our regular spot at Shaker Lakes, at last Joey got in. By allowing him to lie on me with his fly open, accepting his kisses with the delicious abandon of former days, I signaled that the struggle was over. It wasn't the 40 points, or even Nat Karlan's prediction. It was simply that being queen, I dared to believe I could get away with it. There was something regal about going all the way.

"I didn't get to remove my underpants, so eager was Joey to cross my threshold. He stretched the elastic of one leg and slipped his organ in; then with a little moan of joy he began humping

"This is it! I said to myself. This is love! Enjoy it! I knew my daffodils were being crushed; nevertheless, I tried to enjoy it, at least to attend to this celebrated moment in the most touted of acts.

"It wasn't unpleasant with Joey inside me, but it wasn't particularly pleasant either. It didn't even hurt. I was surprised not to be feeling much, for Joey had pushed his entire appendage so much larger than a finger inside my opening. I couldn't imagine how it all fit in. Watching him move up and down on me in the darkness, I wondered: Is this all there is to it? I had loved Jocy to the melting point, but now I resented him, I received each thrust of his body like a doubt"

-From Alix Kates Shulman's

Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen If a young man doesn't get lucky during his first sexual encounter, if he fumbles and bumbles, if he needs help and his partner doesn't know how to give it-or chooses not to help and afterward is quick to criticize-or even if he reaches his goal but finds getting there was a job, not fun, he frequently falls into the protective state of sexual aversion. If he becomes convinced that he doesn't feel a thing, that no woman can turn him on, or if he knows he won't like it even if

it happens, how can he be faulted for avoiding the issue? He's safe, but he's also an inadequate human being.

Of course, most virginal males, despite the high probability that they will experience apprehension and pressures to perform, do function during their initial opportunities. They at least consummate the act (intromission plus ejaculation), but they may still end up sexually distressed or dysfunctional. When pressures of performance overwhelm during the initial opportunity for intercourse, many inexperienced men become sexually aversive in self-protection. They develop a hundred excuses for avoiding sexual activity that may lead to intercourse and at times actually withdraw from any form of physical contact. Headaches no longer remain the woman's province. "She doesn't turn me on"; "It was an awful day"; "I'm too tired." How many times have these old standards been verbalized? But this time they are expressed by men. If not married when aversion develops, many men even tend to avoid women in social situations so that they won't have to be put to the test.

PREMATURE E JACULATION

More often than not, things go well the first night, but they go quickly. Almost before the young man knows what has happened, he is finished. He may think of his completed sexual performance in the most positive terms of success. At last he has scored. He has proved himself a man. He can answer the lockerroom question "Getting any?" with a resounding yes. Well, almost. He is not home free. If his virginal experience has been marked by haste and overexcitement (almost impossible to avoid), he may have taken the initial step toward the most frequently encountered of all male sexual dysfunctions: premature ejaculation. Almost all men who come too quickly to satisfy their partners first experience the problem on the virgin bed. The so-called minuteman establishes a pattern of sexual response in his first few sexual encounters that he cannot alter himself, regardless of how hard he tries, in later life. His body has become conditioned to one pattern. Insertion is almost immediately followed by orgasm-the two become the same act. The novice never learns to separate the many impulses that signal the impending climax. He is swept along in the rush.

Several factors can contribute to speediness. If the lovers are in a high-risk situation-such as a lovers' lane or a basement playroom-then haste becomes equated with safety. Take the money and run. If a young man has resorted to a prostitute, he may sense the meter running. Haste is equated with good (concluded on page 182)



WITH THESE RIGS, IT'S NOT LIKE RIDING ON AIR; IT <u>IS</u> RIDING ON AIR

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THE WORDS inflatable boat probably bring to mind a pump-up rubber dinghy that's about as peppy as a drifting log. Think again, skipper. Pleasurecraft manufacturers in the past few years have launched a whole flotilla of nimble, air-filled rigs that are more fun affoat than six horny mermaids on a life raft. Blow-up powerboats, in fact, can hit 50 mph when coupled with the right outboard. And if it's excitement you're craving, just climb aboard an inflatable SeaSled or a Skate one-man kayak and join the wet set.

You'll probably soon be all wet and loving every minute of it when you paddle forth in a Skote inflatable one-man (or -woman) 13-foot kayak that, when defloted, fits into a knapsack, by Klepper America, \$420. The double-bladed paddle is \$36. Below: You and up to four venturesome friends ore in for the ride of your young lives when you hitch Bonair Boots' inflatable 17' heavy-duty nylon SeaSled to the stern of your craft and head for the waves. Collapsed, it's about the size of an average suitcase. Price: \$585, including a high-capacity foot pump. Bottom: Bonair's sporty Cuda II is a peppy inflatable runabout (with plywood floor boards and motor transom) that's ideal for fishing, sunning, skiing, diving or as a dinghy. Assembly time is 15 minutes. The \$945 price includes pump, hose, maintenance kit and carrying cases—but no motor.

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This partially inflatable boat, the Avon Searider 4M, features a glass-fiber hull that's bonded to buoyancy tubes for increased stability; equipped with a 50-hp motor (not included), the Searider will easily pull two skiers, fram Seagull Marine, \$2744.

ALINTHERAMIY





"I've got a great family. My grandmother's going to show this to everybody in L.A."



july playmate karen morton says she owes it all to ma vern's good genes. thanks, ma vern

THERE'S a little old lady living in North Hollywood who's got great genes. She's 86 years old and everybody calls her Ma Vern. If PLAYBOY had been around 60 years ago, chances are Ma Vern would have been one of our Playmates. As it is. we've had to settle for two of her granddaughters. Elaine Morton was the June 1970 Playmate. The girl you see here is her cousin, Karen Elaine Morton. And if it weren't for Ma Vern, she wouldn't have become a Playmate. It seems that Karen and Ma Vern were shopping at a local supermarket when they ran into Caryn Weiss, photo coordinator of Oui magazine, in the produce section. Caryn, who knows a good prospect when she sees one, invited Karen point-blank to test for Playmate-thereby setting herself up for a \$1000 finder's fee, which will buy a lot of lettuce in anybody's produce section. Karen hesitated. A few days later, Ma Vern was on her case. "Have you called PLAYBOY yet?" Later, when Karen brought home the first takes, Ma Vern looked at the pictures with approval. "Don't show those to your boyfriend. He'll get a hard on." Karen protested, "Please, Ma Vern, you'll embarrass me." Yes, that's still possible. When we talked with Karen, we got the impression that she was one of the last romantics. One tends







"I try to keep myself occupied. I spend time with my friends doing whatever crazy thing comes to mind. When I'm alone, I like to write. It relaxes me."



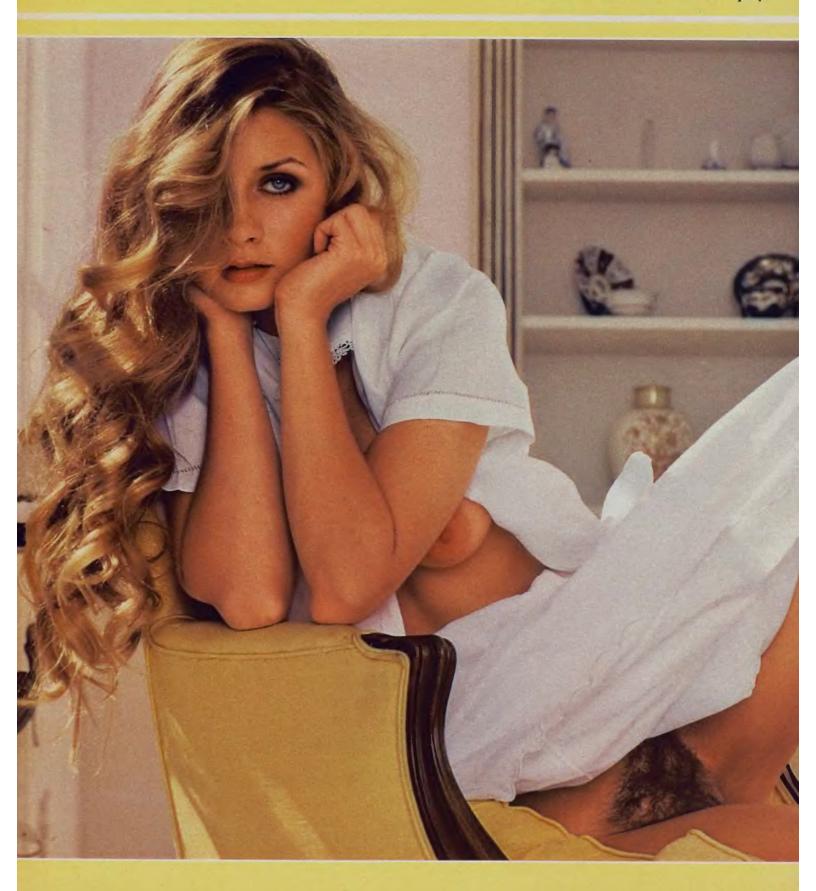


to picture her in Victorian lace, quiet settings, alone. On any given day, chances are you will find her alone or with her close friend Liz in one of the many movie theaters in North Hollywood. She has seen Play Misty for Me eight times. ("I had a childhood crush on Clint Eastwood. I've seen The Gauntlet twice already. Isn't Sondra Locke spectacular?") She has seen Sleeper three times, Annie Hall six times. ("The one person in the world I'd like to meet is Woody Allen. Will you please mention that?" Certainly.) She will sit through anything that moves, but she has a special fondness for French films and English romances: foggy countrysides, muted colors, unparalleled beauty. Her private dream is to live in a movie setting-a stone castle or even a cottage in the south of France. At this point in the conversation, Karen hesitates, then asks, "Have I mentioned all of my favorite movies?" She checks a mental list: Silver Streak. Harold and Maude. Star Wars. Swept Away.... The Turning Point. Looking for Mr. Goodbar. The Goodbye Girl. The interviewer concludes that Karen likes movies. "I never really realized that I liked them that much. Actually, I like music as much as I like movies. That comes from living in North

"I love jazz piano. Or blues. Have you heard of a guy named Pete Johnson—a Thirties blues piano player? I could listen to his records for hours."



"I'm basically a shy, sensitive person. If I could change one thing about myself, it would be the shyness, to make it easier to talk to people."





Hollywood. It's something to do to keep from dying of boredom. I got turned on to music through the free jazz concerts at the Pilgrimage Theater. That led to two years of jazz dancing in high school. I'll listen to anything except the Ramones. Three-chord rock doesn't do much for me." The talk moves on: to her friends, her family. "Elaine used to baby-sit for me. If you think we're good-looking, you should see her daughter. She's the real Playmate in the family." Like we said, Ma Vern has great genes.





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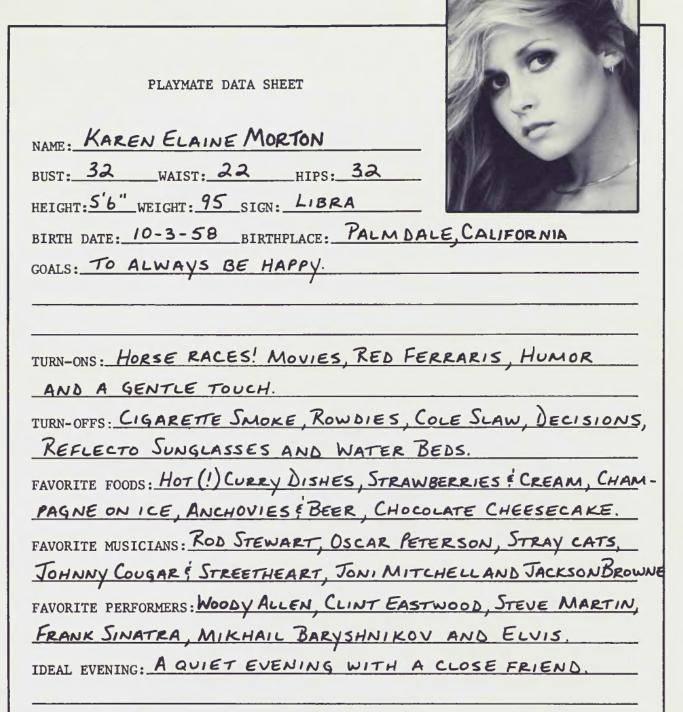
"What do I like most? A quiet walk through a warm summer rain with someone special. Making love later."











AGE 4

MY NEW HAT!







4TH GRADE

ME & MA VER N

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Breasts, hips, legs—the young woman undulating past the tourist couple taking in the sights on the Via Veneto was built like a Roman bathhouse. "Good Lord!" exclaimed the man. "Just look at her, Louise. They certainly do put them together in Italy!"

"You know it isn't polite to point like that in public, Henry!" snapped his wife. "Use your finger."

What'll we do now?" asked the girl.

"Let's play carnival," said the boy.

"How's that played?"

"It's a guessing game. You sit on my face and I try to guess your weight."



At one point in his life, it's said, Oscar Wilde let it be known he was giving up pederasty, and a group of straight figures in the London literary world reacted by giving him a testimonial dinner. Wilde excused himself from the head table midway through the occasion, saying he was going to the gents'; and when the toastmaster subsequently went looking for him, he tracked down the witty chap in a storeroom, where he was trying to remove the trousers of a struggling hotel messenger boy. "Oh, Oscar, Oscar," chided his discoverer, "I thought you were turning over a new leaf."

thought you were turning over a new leaf." "But I am, I am," tittered Wilde, "just as soon as I've gotten to the bottom of this page!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines jet set as a stewardess' boobs.

t's no wonder that poor Mrs. Hance Told a shrink that she viewed life askance. "At the office," she whined, "All my mail runs behind, While at home my male comes in advance!"

We've learned that an unconventional porn impresario plans to make an upcoming hardcore skin flick twice. One filming will be done with circumcised males and the other with uncircumcised males. The latter, of course, will be known as the uncut version.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines pimp as a merchant of Venus.

Arriving home unexpectedly, the girl found her fiance and her roommate contentedly smoking in bed together. "The wedding is off!" she shrilled.

"Sure, baby," responded her fiancé smugly. "I could have told you that about fifteen minutes ago," A big-city swinger was showing his rural-based mother through his super pad. "How sensible, son," commented the woman when she spotted the ceiling mirror in his bedroom. "Now you can shave in bed."

When a weirdo in Delhi," said Jackie, "Propositioned me till I felt wacky, And insisted we screw On his bed of nails, too, I refused—since it would have been tacky."

My wife and I have finally achieved sexual compatibility," mumbled the drinker to a bar companion. "Last night, we both had a headache."

A male Hollywood heartthrob was sitting in a night club when a young lady came rushing over from another table, pulled open her blouse, bared a breast and asked him to autograph it—which he did with a smile and a flourish.

Livid with anger, the girl's escort strode over and shouted, "You lewd bastard!" at the celebrity. Then he unzipped, pulled out his penis and said, sneering, "You can autograph this for me!"

After peering at the bared organ, the star looked up. "I'm sorry, fella, but I can't sign my name on it," he replied coolly; "would my initials do?"



When the girl, who was a novice at sex, had been foreplayed enthusiastically, the fellow quickly slipped a condom over his magnificent erection. "Look, baby," he panted, pointing. "do you know what this is?"

"Sure," the girl panted back, "it's a blessing in disguise!"

Do you have a preference in contestants' legs?" the beauty-pageant judge was asked.

"No, not really," he answered, "just so there are feet at one end and a pussy at the other."

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.



"Wow! I'm picking up solar energy!"

THE ACCOMPANIST (continued from page 103)

"She seemed to be studying me-so much so that I wondered if Joyce had been talking about us."

30. He had a copy of *Le Monde* in his hand and he waved it in the air as he shouted "Well done!" to all of us in the voice of a housemaster at the school sports. And as we went in, he was jubilant, crowing like a cockerel.

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"My errant spouse," he said, "is at this moment, I presume, toiling across the metropolis and will be here soon. You see, this is one of Joyce's music days. Hendrick's concert is coming on the week after next and he makes her rehearse the whole time, poor wretch. Of course, it's awfully nice for her."

(Bertie loved things to be "awfully nice.")

"He has discovered," Bertie went on proudly, "that she is the only accompanist he can work with. It's very useful, too," and Bertie looked over his glasses sideways at us. "It brings in the pennies. And it gives me time to catch up on *The Times* and *Le Monde.*"

And he slapped the paper against his leg with something like passion. Then he led us into the bedroom, where we were to leave our coats.

Except André, we were all poor in those days. Flats were hard to find. It had taken Bertie and Joyce a long time to find this one-they had had to make do with Bertie's old room-and to wait for Bertie's family furniture to arrive out of store from the north. As we took off our coats, we felt the chill of the room and I understood Joyce's embarrassed giggles when she spoke of it. It was, in the late-Victorian way, high and large; the moldings on the ceiling, a thing nowadays admired, looked like the decorations on a dusty wedding cake. There was a huge marbled and empty fireplace, but-at variance with the period-brutal red tiles were jammed round it and it was like an enormous empty mouth, hungry for coal or the meals served there when the room had been the dining room of earlier generations. In front of it, without curb or fender, a very small electric fire-not turned on-stood like a needy orphan. Bertie was careful with money and he and Joyce had not been able to afford to redecorate the room. One could detect small dim flowers in the gray wallpaper. In the bay window hung three sets of curtains: net for privacy, then a lighter greenish summer set and, above them, heavy, once-bananacolored curtains, faded at the folds, like

the old trailing robes of a dead Edwardian lady. But it was the enormous bed that, naturally, appalled me. The bed head was of monumental walnut, scrolled at the top, and there were legs murderous to a bare foot. Over the bed was spread a pink satiny coverlet, dolled by love knots and edged with lace from the days of Bertie's parents, even grandparents. It suggested to me a sad Arthurian barge, a washed-out poem from some album of the Love's Garland kind. There was, of course, a dressing table with its many little shelves. One had the fear of seeing dead heroines in its mirrors and even, in the cold, seeing their breath upon the glass. I caught sight of my own head in it, looking sarcastic: I tried to improve my expression. Faded, faded-everything faded. The only human things in the room were our coats thrown onto the bed-I dropped mine out of pity on what I hoped was Joyce's side of it-and the hem of one of Joyce's dresses caught by the doors of a huge wardrobe. The sight of it made me feel that the misty air of the room was quivering with Joyce's tempers and her tears.

But I exaggerate-there was one more human thing: Bertie's old desk from his Oxford days against the wall near the inner door, and his long bookcase. This was packed with books on modern history, politics and economics, and here it was that Bertie would sit typing his long articles on foreign politics. We all knew-for she had told us-how Joyce would go to sleep at night to the sound of "poor Bertie's" typewriter. She was a simple girl, but Bertie was charged by a brain that had given him a double first at Oxford, made him the master of six or seven languages and kept him floating for years like an eternal student on scholarships, grants and endowments. In the corner stood stacks of The Times, Le Monde and other periodicals.

"Haven't you caught up on these yet?" André said.

"You see, they're sometimes useful," Bertie said. And he added with a stubborn laugh, "Joyce, poor wretch, complains, but I tell her I don't *like* throwing things away."

We moved into the other room.

I must say that any guilt I felt, or ought to have felt, vanished when I was with Bertie, though this evening I did feel a jolt when I saw the dining table that had been pushed into a far corner of the large room. Those apple pies! Moral questions, I found, had a way of putting out their noses in small ways in these weeks. But, like everyone else, I felt affection for Bertie. He loved his friends and we loved him: He was our collector's piece and in his shrewd, possessive way, he felt the same about us. His long nose on which the glasses never sat straight, his pinkness, his jacket stuffed with papers, pens and pencils, his habit of standing with his hands on his hips, as if pretending he had a waist, his short legs apart, his feet restless with confidence like a boy keeping goal were endearing.

His sister-in-law, the only woman to wear a long dress, and her Australian husband were standing in the room.

"And this is William," Bertie said, admiring me. "He's just back from Singapore, idle fellow."

"We have just hopped over from Rome," said Ivy's husband.

Unlike Joyce, Ivy was almost a beauty, the clever businesswoman of the family. The rest of the evening she seemed to be studying me—so much so that I wondered if Joyce, in her thoughtless fashion, had been talking about us.

We sat around on a deep, frayed sofa or in armchairs in which the cushions had red or green fringes, so that we seemed to be sitting among dyed beards, while Bertie kept us going about people he'd met at the embassy in Brussels, about the rows on the commission-the French delegate walking out in a huff-or a letter in The Times in which all the facts were wrong. The dark girl started an argument about French socialism and Bertie stopped it by saying he had put in an afternoon's tennis in Luxembourg. He was still delighted with us and swaying on his feet, keen on sending over a volley or smashing a ball over the net. This brought back to me the day he had asked Joyce to marry him. It is the only proposal of marriage I have ever heard. All of us except Ivy and her husband had been there. We had managed to get one of the public courts in the park: On the other courts, players were smartly dressed in their white shorts and we were a shabby lot. I could see Bertie, who was rolling about like a bundle in old fiannels that were slipping down and sending over one of his ferocious services; I could hear him shouting "Well done!" or "Hard luck, partner" to Joyce, whose mind strayed if an airplane or a bird flew over. I saw him sitting beside Joyce and Podge and me on the bench when the game was over, with one eye on the next game and the other reading a (continued on page 142)



food By EMANUEL GREENBERG dagwood bumstead, eat your heart out!

LET'S LAY THE OLD MYTH to rest right up front. John Montagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, did not *invent* the dietary staple that immortalizes his name. Sandwiches go back in gastronomic history, antedating such nuances as knives, forks and dinnerware. Conceivably, they evolved from trenchers thick slabs of coarse bread that functioned as rudimentary plates in medieval England. However, the sandwich was indisputably *named* for the fourth earl, a profligate gambler and rake, after he spent 24 consecutive hours at the gaming table without other nourishment. Sounds like our kind of earl. In the intervening centuries, the sandwich has come a long way, and Gentleman Johnnie would be startled by some of the extravagant variations on his utilitarian slab of cold beef between two hunks of bread. Italian chefs will sandwich luxurious puréed white truffles. Britain is known for dainty water-cress sandwiches, but you can also get a smashing roast beef on crusty roll before or after the Shakespearean theater in Regent's Park. Danes do wild things with tiny shrimps on triangles of buttered bread. Russians get off on halvah sandwiches; and the Dutch dote on *(continued on page 132)*



PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING

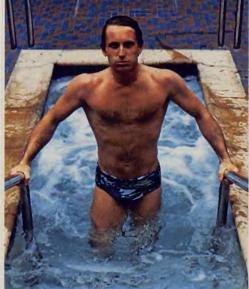
great spas, tips from top jocks, new hair and skin products—everything it takes to look and feel good







PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLAUDE, MOUGIN











SHAPE-UP RESORTS FOR TWO

PA, THE NAME of that famous town in Belgium where for centuries Europeans have been drinking up and dunking in the local mineral-spring water, has gradually become synonymous with numerous luxurious health resorts dotting the States from California to Long Island. The most spectacular of these super spas (and, believe us, super is the only adjective that adequately describes what these resorts offer) is La Costa, a sprawling, 5000-acre ultimate getaway located in Carlsbad, California, just 30 minutes north of San Diego. La Costa is on target for couples who want a vacation spot that will send them home not only looking good but feeling great. It literally has every bodytoning hedonistic pleasure that you and a companion would want-as the pictures on the opposite page attest: Roman pools, Swiss showers, steam baths, saunas, herbal wraps, deep-muscle massages, exercise programs, plus a 27-hole P.G.A. golf course, 25 tennis courts, four freshwater swimming pools, 21 miles of riding trails, five restaurants featuring a variety of delicious cuisines that range from low-caloric (individually planned by the medical director and the dietician) to high Italian-and privacy. And if you've still got the energy, the two of you can boogie the night away in La Costa's lounge or dining room.

The price for a week of healthful luxury for two at La Costa should run about \$1575, plus 15 percent gratuity and a six (text concluded on page 186)

WHAT THE SUPERJOCKS DO

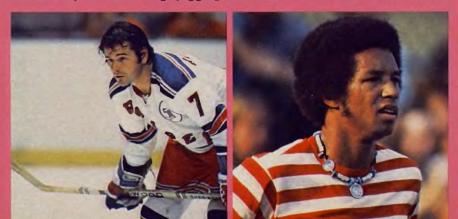
When it comes to grooming, tennis Lanny Wadkins is into hair and skin biggie Björn Borg prefers to cast his care almost as much as he's into lanky locks' fate to the wind. His golf. Even on tour, Wadkins washes Björn-free look is aided by sham- and conditions his hair daily and poos every other day (saunas, too), has it trimmed biweekly. He also at which time he uses a secret-for- uses sun screens (more, early in the mula product that's made in Sweden. season) and swears by the Jacuzzi.



Olympic gold-medal winner Bruce Baltimore Colts' guarterback Bert Jenner has also earned himself a Jones has thick hair, and so for him gold star in dental hygiene by brush- just about any shampoo seems to ing his teeth three times a day. After work fine. After a shower, he styles each shower and shampoo (prefer- his hair with a blow drier; the overably Redken's Jellasheen), he uses all effect is an easy, natural look. a blow drier to keep his hair fluffy. For exercise, Jones is a jogger.



On the ice, you'd hardly spot hockey Tennis ace Arthur Ashe reveals that star Rod Gilbert as a grooming fa- his biggest grooming problem is dry natic. Away from the rink, however, skin-particularly on his hands and he shampoos frequently, using a feet-brought on by three showers a conditioner, and is into both steam day (after each practice session). and saunas. To combat dry skin, he To correct the problem, he relies chooses Alpha Keri oil. Digs jogging. on Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion.



HELPING YOU BLOW YOUR TOP

Clairol's lightweight Son of a Gun hair drier really packs a wallop; it blows strong on 1250 watts and has six heat settings, \$29.

The Conair Pro Baby drier shoots 1200 watts; it can be held or left standing alone in order to free both of your hands for styling, \$26.

> Gillette's Promax Compact is a streamlined 1000-watt drier that has three heat levels and three air settings all in one switch, \$21.

> > CONAIP

1200 Walts

Conair's Pro Style is a 1200-watt professional hair drier that offers four heat settings and two air speeds, about \$30.

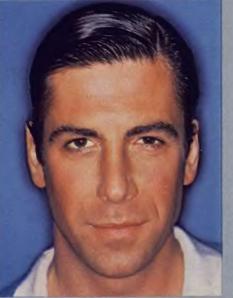
HEADS-UP HAIR CARE

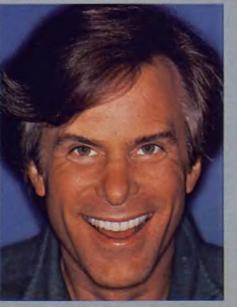
For guys with fine hair, the following plans are designed to treat the strands gently yet give them body. 1. Wash your hair with Aramis 900 Daily Shampoo and then apply Aramis 900 Hair Conditioner. 2. Use Jhirmack Gelāve Shampoo followed by Jhirmack RepHarator Conditioner. 3. Shampoo with Clairol Herbal Essence and follow with Clairol's Conditioner.

Gentlemen with normal hair can choose from: 1. a shampoo using Redken Amino Pon followed by Redken's Climatress Moisturizing Cream; 2. a head scrubbing using Vidal Sassoon's Shampoo followed by his Finishing Rinse; 3. a thorough cleansing using Clean-Scalp Shampoo by Clinique and an application of PPT S-77 reconditioner by Redken.

Thick-haired gents can opt for the following grooming plans. 1. A shampoo with Redken's Jellasheen followed by its Phinal Phase creme rinse. 2. An application of Fabergé Or-ganics Shampoo and then one of Vidal Sassoon's Protein Hair Treatment. 3. A sudsing with Gil Ferrer's Purifier #2 Shampoo followed by his Extra Body Nutrifier #2 Cream Conditioner.







PLAYING THE SKIN GAME TO WIN



Left: Applied after a shower or bath, Apres le Soleil After Sun Moisturizer Lotion is a pampering lotion that moisturizes your skin and helps prevent flaking and peeling, by Charles of the Ritz Group, Ltd., \$3.

Right: Elizabeth Arden's Moisture Refresher is a quickly absorbed product that's designed to refresh and soothe your bod (it prevents chapping, too) after a day of toasting under old Sol, \$4.





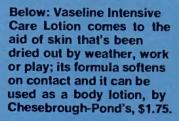
Above: Formula 405 Light Textured Moisturizer perks up skin tones, \$7.50, and Formula 405 Lotion, a deep-action hand and body moisturizer, \$6, both by Doak Pharmacal.

> Right: Devin Country After Shave Soother, a nonsticky lotion that helps heal nicks and razor irritation, \$8.50, and Devin Outdoor Hand Formula for active men, \$5.50, both by Aramis.



PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING

Right: These three Methode Elancyl massage products for a smooth skin include a Massage Glove that releases a soap lather, a tube of ivy-extract Massage Cream and a bar of soap, all distributed by Benson Wilkes, \$16.50.





SANDWICHES (continued from page 127)

"What makes a sandwich great? Bread, spread, filling, garniture and flair. That last is God-given."

2

broodjes-edam cheese and cold cuts on soft rolls. Petits pains au chocolat (yes, chocolate filling) titillate French, Turkish and Mexican gourmets; and Catalonians are partial to the tomato-and-ham Pa Amb Tomaquet i Pernil.

In the United States, sandwiches run the proverbial gamut from peanut butter and jelly to the Reuben, which is laden with corned beef, Swiss cheese, sauerkraut and other savories. Despite its international papers and British influence, the sandwich is uniquely American. Where else would you find a special sandwich argot: Bad actor is a ham sandwich; bloody complaint is rare roast beef; and an ugly American is grilled cheese. And who else boasts an annual National Sandwich Idea Contest or attributes special sandwiches to famous personalities? At New York's Stage Deli, a Reggie Jackson is roast beef, chopped liver and onionslathered with chicken fat-and a Shirley MacLaine is a seductive synthesis of sturgeon and smoked salmon.

What makes a sandwich great? There are four, really five, components to a super sandwich-bread, spread or smear, filling, garniture and the ingenuity and flair of the artisan. That last is a Godgiven talent. Either you have it or you don't. If you've ever been driven by ravenous hunger to assemble one of those monumental Dagwoods at two A.M., parlaying every scrap of food in the refrigerator-baby, you have it! Which doesn't mean that a few pointers on the craft of sandwichery would be amiss.

THE TERRIFIC SANDWICH MAKER'S GUIDE

1. Why cling to packaged, sliced white bread when there're pumpernickel, rye, crisp French bread, crusty rolls, English muffins, cinnamon-raisin, whole-wheat, sourdough, cheese, onion, sesame-seed, potato and oatmeal breads to be had?

2. Buy unwrapped, unsliced fresh bread. It should be neither porous nor dense but firm and spreadable.

3. Don't trim crusts unless your choppers are from Sears, Roebuck.

4. Spread and filling should extend to the edges of the bread. Soften butter and cream cheese to make them spreadable.

5. Fillings should be substantialabout four ounces is a good average.

6. Savory spreads add an extra dimension to a sandwich. Combine butter with green herbs, mustard, shallots, anchovies, shrimps, capers, lemon or orange rind, curry, parmesan or Roquefort cheese, etc. 132 Don't overlook Russian or Thousand

Island dressing, avocado purée or a zesty mayonnaise made with a flavorful oil.

7. Salt and pepper are always to one's taste and will vary with ingredients; one brand of ham may be saltier than another, etc.

8. Special tools make life easier. You'll want a stubby, flexible spatula, a sharp slicer and a bread knife, and probably a serrated French tomato knife for slicing vegetables. A multipurpose kitchen machine can be helpful.

9. Garnitures should be edible, adding crunch, color contrast and complementary taste. Parsley is for the birds.

PA AMB TOMAQUET I PERNIL (Bread with Tomato and Dried Ham)

Popular at El Canario de la Garriga, Barcelona, one of the young Picasso's favorite haunts. Some of his early works, signed P. Ruiz Picasso, or simply P. Ruiz, grace El Canario's walls. The offering cries for rich, ripe, flavorful tomatoesnot as common here as in Spain, unfortunately.

Large, crusty, round Italian or sourdough bread

Garlic

Very ripe medium-size tomatoes

Olive oil

Salt, pepper

Serrano or prosciutto ham or wellsmoked baked ham

For each sandwich, cut a thickish slice across wide part of loaf. Toast bread lightly, then gently rub each slice on both sides with cut clove garlic. Cut tomato in half horizontally. Rub one half into one side of bread until all juice and pulp have been absorbed; repeat on other side with second tomato half. Drizzle one side of bread with olive oil, add light sprinkle salt and pepper, if you like. Top with thin slices ham. You may want a knife and fork with this, and Torres Sangre de Toro, a wine of the region becoming popular here.

Note: May also be served as a conventional sandwich, with bread top and bottom, but that is a bit heavy.

DIANA ROSS AT THE STAGE

An unlikely combination of flavors, slightly sweet and sassy, like its namesake-but it works.

- 2 slices pumpernickel bread
- I tablespoon cream cheese
- Bar-le-Duc or currant jelly
- 1/4 lb. tongue, thinly sliced
- DeLut pickles or sweet gherkins, thinly sliced

Spread bottom slice of bread with cream cheese and cover lightly with jelly. Add tongue and top with pickle slices. Cover with second slice of bread. Garnish with cole slaw.

Note: The Stage serves this as a tripledecker; you can also spread top slice of bread very lightly with mayonnaise and add a bit of lettuce.

HELLUVA ROAST-BEEF SANDWICH

2 slices Vienna or home-style white bread

Sweet butter, softened (or Béarnaise sauce)

3 ozs. rare roast beef

Salt, pepper, to taste

I tablespoon dehydrated onion chips

1 oz. Swiss cheese, sliced

2-3 tomato slices

Spread both bread slices with butter. Put roast beef on one slice and add salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle with onion chips and top with cheese, tomato and other slice bread. Garnish with water cress and chutney.

Note: The onion chips add a pleasant crunch as well as flavor.

VOLGA BOATMAN

2 slices whole-wheat or onion rye bread Sweet butter

2 ozs. smoked lake sturgeon

2 ozs. Nova Scotia salmon, thinly sliced Freshly ground pepper and salt, to taste 2-3 thin tomato slices

1 tablespoon chive cream cheese

Spread one slice bread with butter. Layer with sturgeon and salmon, sprinkle liberally with pepper. Top with tomato slices and salt to taste, but remember, the fish may be salty. Spread other slice bread with chive cream cheese and cover. Garnish with green and black olives and scallions.

Note: The Stage serves a similar sandwich on rye; Kaplan's at the Delmonico presents its version on a bagel tripledecker.

KAPLAN'S NUMBER TWO

Virtually a meal in itself, this number two is numero uno at Kaplan's at the Delmonico.

2 slices seeded sour rye bread

Russian dressing

2 ozs. roast turkey, sliced

3 ozs. pickled tongue, sliced

2-3 tomato slices

Thinly sliced onion

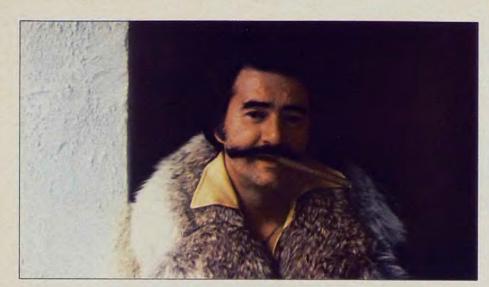
2 tablespoons mushroom-egg salad

Spread each slice bread with Russian dressing. Layer one slice with turkey and tongue. Add tomato and onion; salt if desired. Spread mushroom-egg salad on second slice bread and cover sandwich. Add lettuce, if desired. Garnish with pickled green tomato, cut in wedges.

Mushroom-Egg Salad: Combine finely chopped hard-cooked egg and sautéed (concluded on page 188)



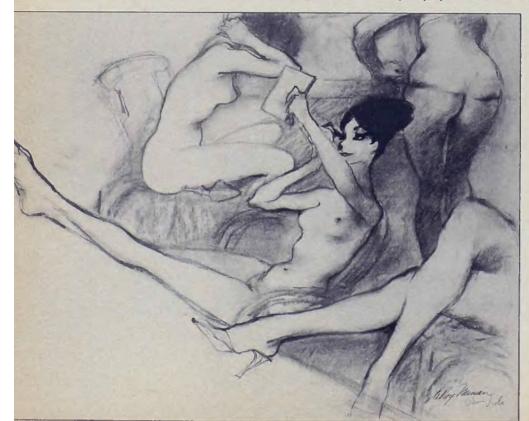
"Beginning to see why he's Gynecologist of the Yearyear after year?"



THE WORLD OF LEROY NEIMAN playboy provided the launching pad; neiman's special genius did the rest

IN ITS long history, PLAYBOY has been responsible for launching the careers of many talented people; but perhaps none has blossomed as much as LeRoy Neiman's. His first PLAYBOY assignment was illustrating Charles Beaumont's story *Black Country* in September 1954. Auspiciously enough, it won PLAYBOY its first art award, from the Chicago Art Directors' Club. Since then, Neiman has gone on to become one of the world's most famous contemporary artists, due not only to his association with PLAYBOY but also to his television appearances as ABC's artist in residence for the 1972 and 1976 Olympic games. His on-thespot mural for the Montreal games, for example, was seen by approximately 170,000,000 people in the United States. Also, few artists have sold as well in their own lifetimes as has Neiman. He has an enormous output in limited-edition serigraphs: Since 1971, he has produced 160 editions, or about 50,000 individual

Below, in a sketch for a Man at His Leisure feature, Neiman takes us backstage at Paris' famous Lido strip club to abserve that moment when undressed girls prepare to undress.

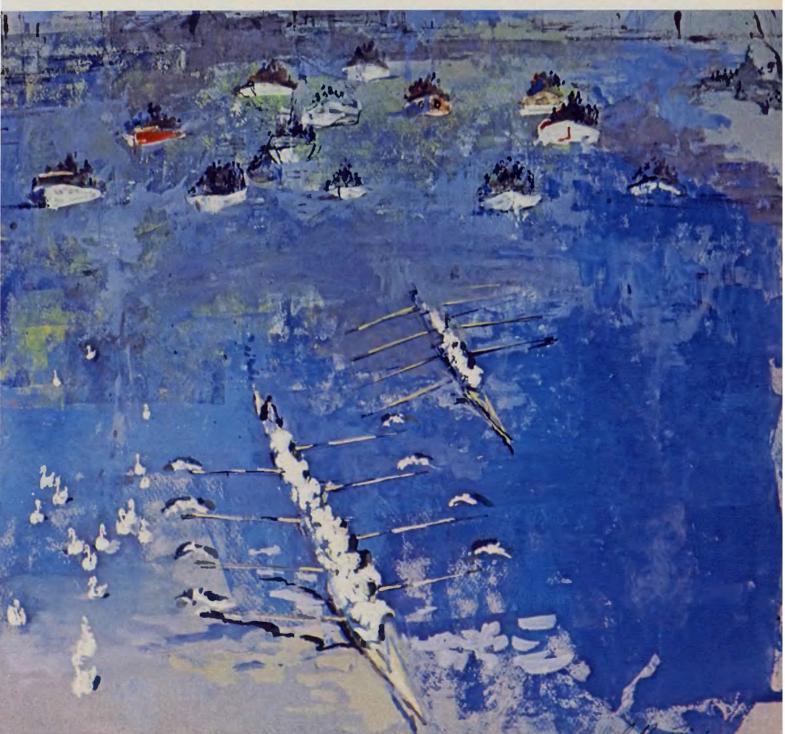






At left, Neimon's portroit of Yogi Berra during spring training at Fort Lauderdole Stadium in March 1964. After he did the sketch, Yogi soid to him, "You really got me that time. That's the best partrait ever done of me. That's my physiogomy." Pretty strong compliments, considering Neimon left Yogi without a face. Below, Neimon captures the swift groce of the Oxford-Combridge boot roce in 1962. In addition to being a major English athletic event, it's also a festive highlight of the social season. At right is "Three Minutes in the Life of a Bull," a series of sketches Neimon did while wotching a bullfight in Modrid's Plaza de Taros. As usual, the bull winds up getting the long end of the espado; but, in the meantime, motodor, audience and artist get a thorough workout. And the reader gets a work of art.







pieces. The revenue from their sale is estimated to be a staggering \$75,000,000.

In 1955, Neiman created the Femlin, the free spirit who adorns our *Party Jokes* page. In 1958, he started his famous *Man at His Leisure* series and, for 14 years, brought PLAYBOY readers visual dispatches from such front lines of glamor as Monte Carlo, Cannes and Ascot.

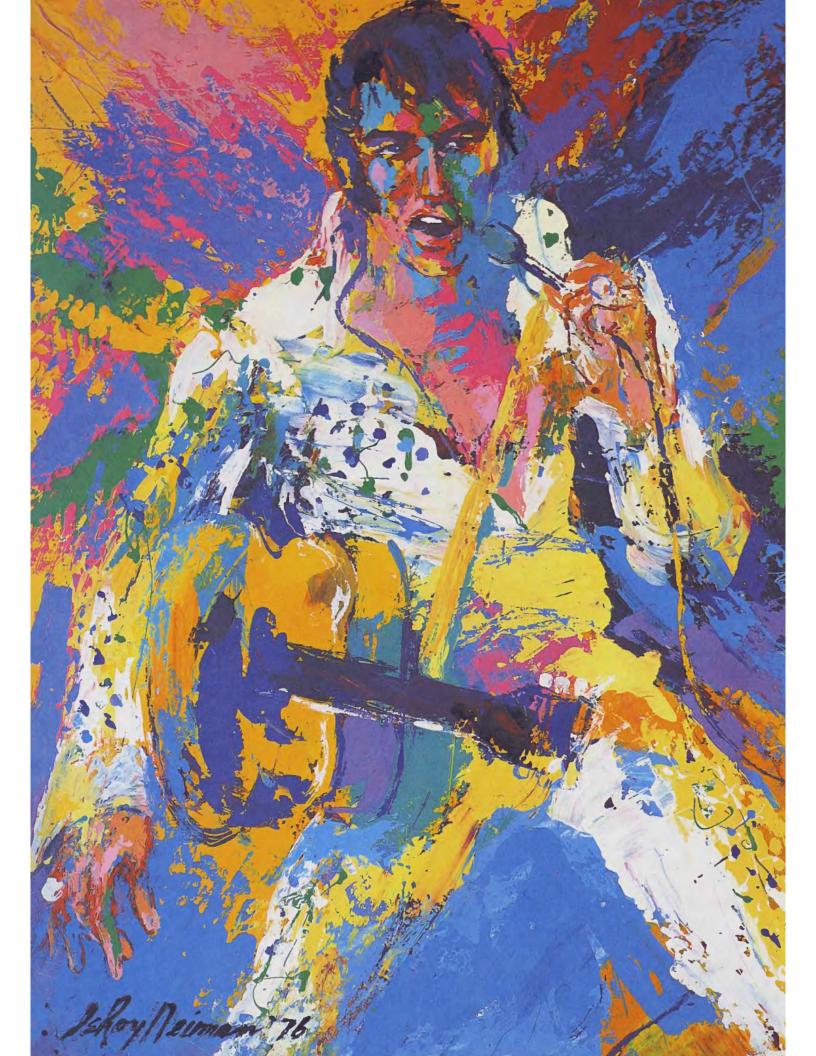
Neiman still moves in those circles, and it is not unusual to see him with Frank Sinatra, Muhammad Ali or Reggie Jackson. "People see me knocking about in exotic places with celebrities, but they don't realize that I usually hang out in

At left are the extraordinary drawings Neiman executed with a computer during last January's Super Bawl. The machine, developed as a joint effort by CBS and Ampex, allowed Neiman ta pick fram a 256-color electronic palette while he "drew" with an electronic stylus. Neiman explains: "It was like drawing on glass with yaur fingers. I had to refer to the monitor to see how the painting was going. But I think this machine is an incredible technological advance for artists." And for sports fans, tao. my New York studio. I work all the time." Although his work is rooted in expressionism, Neiman has made painting and graphics accessible to everyone. The average person can *read* his paintings and understand them immediately as reportage of a very high order. Not only does America love his work; museums from the Hermitage in Leningrad to that at Wodham College in Oxford have exhibited it. In addition, Neiman has had 42 one-man shows and has won a slew of international awards. PLAYBOY takes pride in having been a large part of the world of LeRoy Neiman.

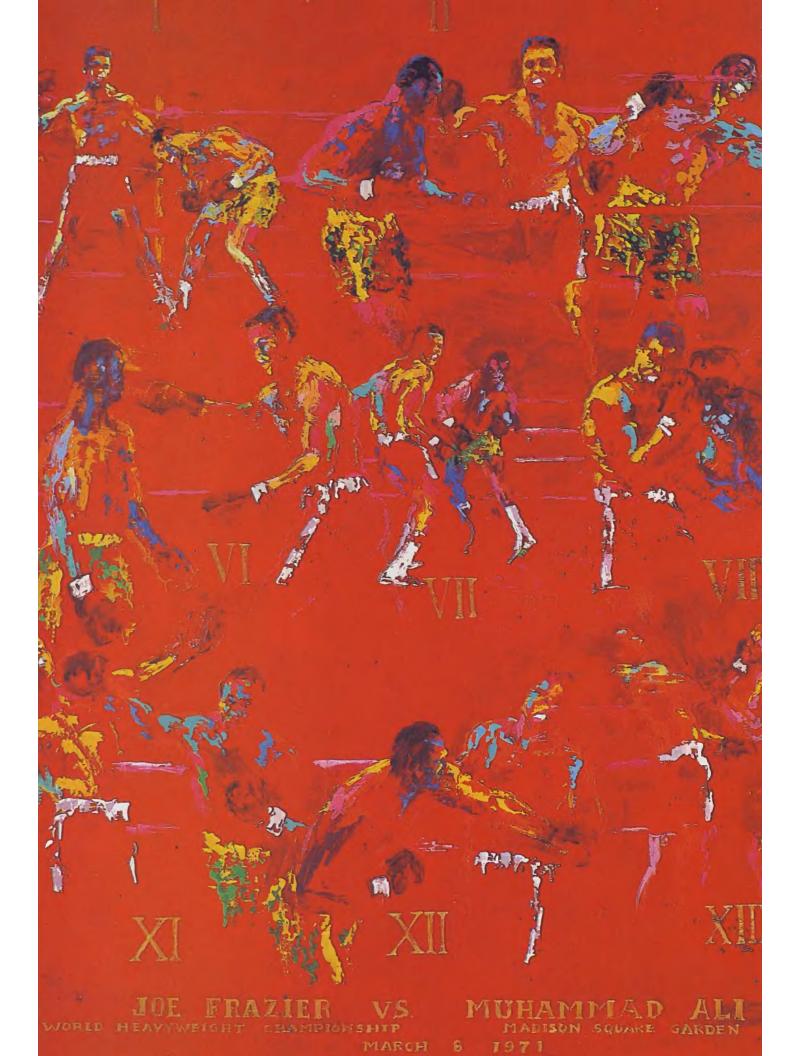
Below is a 1975 charcoal sketch of Geoffrey Holder, dancer, choreographer, director and star of 7-Up cammercials. Most recently, Holder is being praised for choreographing the Broadway hit Timbuktu! At right are two suitable-for-framing portraits of Elvis Presley. "Call it a premonitian, but last year I decided it was time far my paint to act as adjectives and superlatives to this primal stud. You know, there is a suggestion of the curl of his lip in classical Adonis sculpture." Thanks to Neiman, the Pelvis lives.

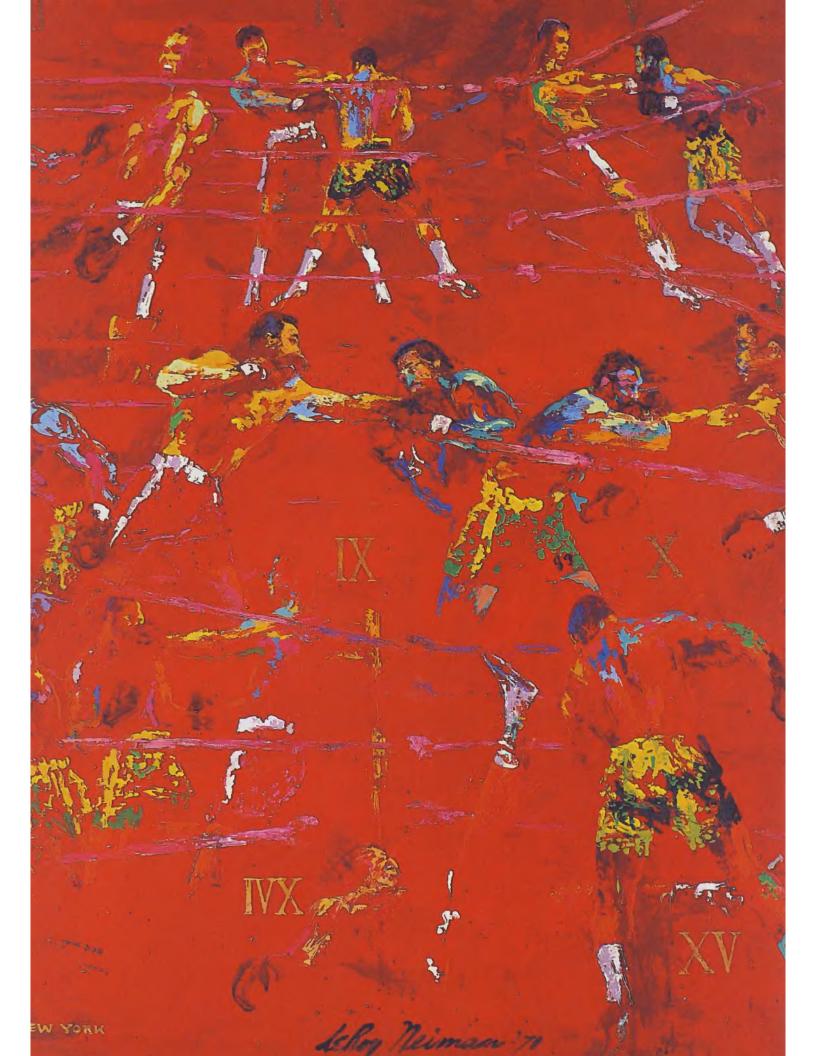


BOYN

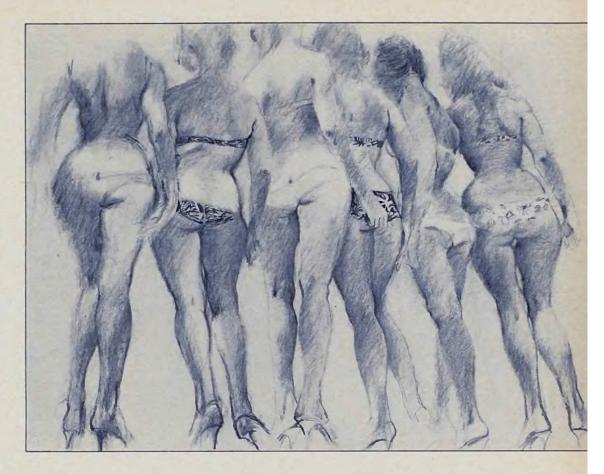


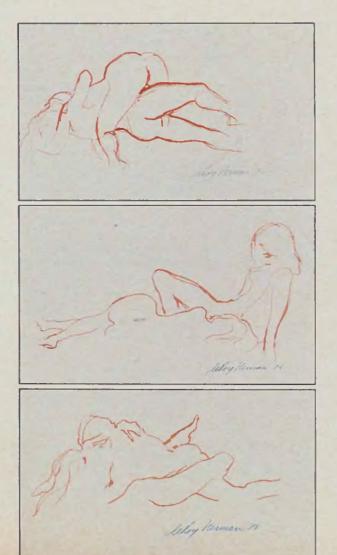


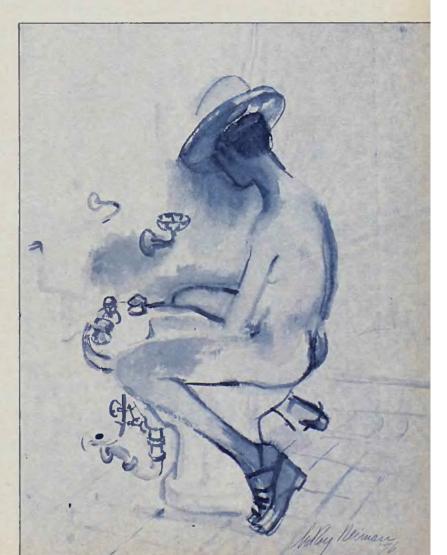




Opposite, Neimon painted the definitive document of the 1971 Frozier-Ali fight. LeRoy's round-by-round visuals provided a stunning accompaniment to Howard Cosell's follow-up recounting of the fight on TV. Neimon wos later to remark that both heroic figures were "somewhat embarrassed by their wounds" and that they looked "as though they hod been through a wreck, not a prize fight." At right is a charcoal sketch of a beauty contest held at Cannes during an early Sixties film festival. Looking bock, Neiman is surprised ot how everyone's conception of feminine beauty changes over the years: "Those women really had strong bock porches!" he says now. Below ore several Neiman works you're not likely to see on your television screen. Some time ago, he did from life a great many privote line drawings of lovers. Below right is a wash drowing of an indigenous European rituol: a woman tending to herself on a bidet.







THE ACCOMPANIST (continued from page 126)

LAVBO

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"There was a large armoire with knobs like breasts and a sideboard that attempted the voluptuous."

thick political review. It was the time of the year when the spring green is darkening with the London lead. Presently, I heard him chatting to Joyce about some man, a cousin of André's who had found an "awfully nice niche" in Luxembourg. At that time, Bertie had found no niche and was captivated by those who had. Joyce, of course, had only a vague idea of what a niche was and first of all thought he was talking about churches, but then he was on to his annual dispute with his solicitor, who wanted him to get rid of his furniture because storage charges were eating up the trust.

"You see," he said, talking across Joyce and Podge to me, "I shall want it when I get my London base."

Joyce laughed and said, "But you are in London."

"Yes," said Bertie, "but not as a base. My argument is that I must let it stay where it is until I get married."

André and his wife were playing and she had just skied her ball and, waiting for his moment, André smashed it over. Joyce cried out, "Marvelous!" She had not really been listening to Bertie. And then she turned to him and said, "I'm sorry. I was watching André—Bertie, I meant you—you're getting married! How wonderful. I am so pleased! Who is it? Do tell us."

Bertie gave one of his side glances at Podge and me and then said to Joyce: "You!"

It was really like that: Joyce saying, "Don't be silly, Bertie," and, "No, I can't. I couldn't . . . I. . . ." He got hold of her hand and she pulled it away. "Please, Bertie," she said. She saw, we all saw, he meant it and she was angry and confused: We saw the other couple coming toward us, their game over. Joyce felt so foolish that she picked up her racket and ran—ran off the court.

"What's the matter with Joyce?" said André.

Bertie stood up and stared after her and began beating a leg with the review. He appealed to all of us.

"I've just asked Joyce to marry me," he said and reported his peculiar approach.

"And she said no," I said with satisfaction. Love and marriage were far from my own mind; but hearing Bertie and seeing Podge run after Joyce in the park, I felt a pang of jealousy and loss. In two days I would be far away from my friends,

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sweating in a job in Singapore. Bertie heard my words and, as always when he was in a jam, he slyly dropped into French. Lightly and confidently, he said:

"Souvent femme varie."

Afterward, it struck me that Bertie's proposal was an appeal: It was the duty of all his friends to get him married. Indeed, Podge said she was afraid he was going to turn to her next. There was even an impression that he had proposed marriage to all of us; but I now see that he was a man with no notion of private life. The team spirit contained his passion and, knowing his exceptional case, he was making us all responsible as witnesses and as friends.

This passed through my mind as we all sat there in his flat, listening for the distant ticking of a taxi stopping at the end of the street. Joyce was forbidden to spend money on taxis and would come running in breathlessly, saying she had had to "wait hours" for a bus.

Conversation came to a stop. Bertie had at last run down. Suddenly, Ivy said: "Bertie, how long was this awful furniture in store?"

Bertie was not put out. He loved Ivy for calling it awful. He crossed his short, sausagelike legs and sat back with pride in which there was a flash of malice and flicked his feet up and down.

"Twenty-seven years," he said. "No, let me see. Mother died when I was born, father died the previous year, then my aunt Tansy moved in for four or five years; that makes twenty-two years. Yes. Twenty-two."

"I like it," said Podge, defending him.

"But it's unbelievable," said Ivy. "It must have cost a fortune to store it."

"That's what my guardian says," said Bertie.

"Why didn't you make him sell it?" said André.

"I wouldn't let him," said Bertie. "You see, I told him it would be useful when I got married."

We used to say that it must have been the thought of having Bertie's furniture hanging over them that had frightened off the girls he had wanted to marry. After all, a girl wants to choose.

Bertie's pink face fattened with delight at the attack.

"Joyce hates it," he said comfortably. "She thinks I ought to sell it."

He was wrong: Joyce laughed at it, but

she dreaded it.

"You'd make a fortune in Australia with furniture like this," said Ivy's husband.

"No," said Bertie. "You see, it was left to me."

He took off his glasses and exposed his naked face to us. I did not believe Joyce when she told me he had cried when she had begged him to sell it, but now I did.

If the bedroom had the pathos of an idyl, the furniture in this living room was a hulking manufacture in which romance was martial and belligerent. Only in some lost provincial hotel that is putting up a fight against customers do you sometimes find oaken objects of such galumphing fantasy. There was a large armoire with knobs, like breasts, on its pillars and shields on the doors. Under them sprays of palm had been carved, but the top appeared to be fortified. The breast motif appeared on the lower drawers. The piece belonged to the time when cotton manufacturers liked to fancy they lived in castles. There was a sideboard that attempted the voluptuous, but oak does not flow: Shields were embossed on its doors. Again, there were shields carved on two smaller tables; on the dining table, the carved edges would be dangerous to the knuckles. Its legs might have come from the thighs of a Teutonic giantess. The fireplace itself was a battalion of fire irons, toasting forks, and beside it, among other things, were two brass scuttles (also with breasts), coats of arms, and legs that stood on claws. There was an atmosphere of jousting mixed with Masonic dinners and ye olde town criers.

"There ought to be a suit of armor," said André's wife.

The only graceful object was Joyce's piano, which had belonged to her mother. It stood there, defeated.

Bertie nodded.

"You see," he said, grinning at us, "it was left to me. It's my *dot*," he said, giving a naughty kick with his slippers.

Father dead before he was born, mother dead, aunt dead, Bertie was trebly an orphan. He had been brought up by a childless clergyman who was headmaster of a well-known school-photos of school and Oxford groups on the mantelpiece. André and I recognized ourselves in the latter-Bertie was institutional man, his furniture was his only link with common human history. It was the sacred evidence not only of his existence but of the continuity of the blood stream, the heartbeat and the inextinguishable sexual impulse of his family. He was a rarity and our rarity, too. We were a kind of society for his protection. Joyce, who loved him, (continued on page 198)



[&]quot;Aw, grow up!"

THE SECRET LIFE OF SOCCER

everybody knows that it's the fastest-growing sport in america. here's what everybody doesn't know



A PANEL DISCUSSION

A soccer ball is slightly smaller and lighter than a basketball. It is 27 inches in circumference and weighs between 14 and 16 ounces. A soccer ball's surface is comprised of individually sewn leather panels. The panels create wind resistance, which reduces the ball's speed and makes it easier to control and spin when kicked. Soccer balls used to be made with 18 curved rectangular panels, which made for a pretty speedy game. The balls most commonly used today have 32 pentagonal panels, allowing for more wind resistance and greater control. And the panels, previously all brown, are now black and white. Besides making the ball prettier, the contrasting tones help players better judge the speed and direction of the ball's spin.

sports By MAURY Z. LEVY



SOCCER GOES TO THE MOVIES M*A*S*H, the definitive antiwar movie of the Sixties (about Korea), concludes with a metaphoric football game; The Boys in

HOW GEORGIE BEST CHANGED THE GAME

Until the mid-Sixties, soccer was a kick-and-shoot game. And then came Georgie Best, the helpful instructor pictured on these pages with Playmate Sondra Theodore. Popularly known for his rugged swinger image (more than once he's been called "the Joe Namath of soccer"), Best gave the game something much more substantial than glamor—he revived the theretofore lost art of dribbling.

"There are times," a fellow player once said of Best, "when you want to wring his neck. He hangs on to the ball when other players have found better positions, and you know that these players will not keep running into

OUT OF THE FAMILY

The man on the left is Stan Musial, the baseball great who, as far as we know, has never played soccer. His distant cousin Adam Musial is also a superathlete. Did Adam ever think of following in cousin Stan's footsteps? No, Adam stayed in Poland and became a star on the Polish World Cup soccer team. *Company C*, the definitive (so far) antiwar movie of the Seventies (about Vietnam), concludes with a metaphoric soccer game. Time, war and sport march on.

space if they aren't going to get the ball. Then, out of the blue, he does something which wins the match. It's then you know that you're in the presence of something exceptional."

Soccer, so the old theory goes, is a team game; dribblers like Best, men who keep control of the ball until they get into position for a good shot, have been traditionally considered self-indulgent. Increasingly, however, players and fans have come to believe that results are all that matters. And Georgie Best, who now plays for the Los Angeles Aztecs of the North American Soccer League, is a very prolific goal scorer. No one considers him self-indulgent.

HOW THE BRITISH TOOK THE MANLINESS OUT OF SOCCER

In soccer, the term tackling means taking the ball away from an opponent with your feet. It does not mean wrestling an opponent to the ground and tap-dancing on his temples. The soccer player is not trying to stop his opponent; he is trying to gain control of the ball. And that's what the foot of the tackler *must* touch—the ball. If the foot touches the opponent, a penalty should result.

That is about as precise as soccer rules get regarding tackling. In fact, in the sport's rather liberal laws, there is not even a precise definition for the term. While tackling has traditionally been an integral part of the game, it was always left to the discretion of the referee as to whether or not an individual tackle was permissible; the result of this latitude was an increasingly vicious and dangerous game that, by the late Sixties, came to alarm the sport's governing authorities-especially those in Great Britain.

Consequently, in 1971, a new disciplinary code was devised by England's referees that set new bounds on legal tackles by attempting to abolish the tackle from behind a move in which the tackling player made contact with the ball by crashing his foot through an opponent's leg. Under the new code, the tackle from behind is permissible only if the tackler manages to hit the ball before he hits the opponent's leg.

A great cry immediately went up from soccer fans that the new code took the "manliness" out of the game; and many players complained that they were being stripped of their best—and favorite—move.

And now, here's Georgie Best to show you the proper way to tackle the ball (text above).

ROCK JOCKS

Elton John is part owner of the Los Angeles Aztecs of the North American Soccer League and is chairman of England's Watford Football Club. Last year, he took time off from a concert tour to attend to his official soccer duties.

Rod Stewart, an equally avid fan, frequently joins his band members in kicking a ball around during concerts; and a small park near Stewart's Los Angeles home has become a traditional site for rock-star soccer matches.

And in Philadelphia, a number of rock superstars including Peter Frampton,



Paul Simon and Rick Wakeman—recently bought the N.A.S.L.'s Philadelphia franchise, a team named the Fury. "I would have loved to be a pro soccer player," Wakeman said at a press conference announcing the acquisition. "It's every boy's dream ... a Walter Mitty fantasy."

Wakeman and his fellow performers/owners were only a step behind rock entrepreneur Ahmet Ertegun, the head of Atlantic Records, who in 1970 became the president of the New York Cosmos.

A HISTORY OF SKULLDUGGERY

Chris Schenkel lied to us back in 1969 when he told us that that year marked the 100th anniversary of intercollegiate football in the United States. The game he was talking about, the one played



in 1869 between Princeton and Rutgers, had very little to do with what we see today in the Rose Bowl or the Super Bowl. In fact, it wasn't a football game at all, even though that was what it was called: what it was was soccer.

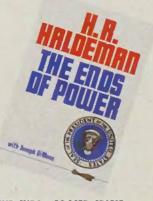
The ball used in that 1869 game was perfectly round. It was kicked with the feet, not carried or thrown. Of the 25 players on both the Princeton and the Rutgers teams, two on each squad were stationed near the opponent's goal, while the 23 others roamed mid-field; 11 of those 23 were designated defenders, or infielders, while the 12 others were attackers, or bulldogs. Does that sound like football, Schenkel? The Princeton-Rutgers

game was played shortly after the rules for soccer (then called football) were first codified in 1862. That was done by an Englishman named J. C. Thring in a book titled *The Simplest Game*. Among other things, Thring's rules stated that the ball could not be thrown through the goal by hand; hands could, however, be used to stop a ball in flight and knock it to the ground.

This latter provision inflamed the purists who thought that a player's hands had no place at all in the game they called football. A heated split thereupon developed between the Thringinspired "handlers" and the purist "footballers." Eventually, the handlers broke away from the main group and played by rules that allowed them to hold the ball and run with it; and what they started was not just a dissident soccer faction but a whole new sport that they called rugby. And rugby ultimately evolved into American football, and *that*'s what Schenkel should have told us back in 1969.

SEAM STRESS

When a soccer ball is kicked hard, it can be compressed up to 40 percent of its circumference and propelled at speeds of up to 75 miles an hour.



THE CUBAN SOCCER CRISIS

In his White House memoir, The Ends of Power, former Nixon Administration aide H. R. Haldeman relates a hitherto unreported 1970 incident that led to a showdown between the Soviet Union and the United States over Soviet military intentions in Cuba. As related by Haldeman, the incident began in the following manner:

Henry Kissinger charged into my office with a thick file under his arm. He slammed the file down on my desk. "Bob, look at this."

He opened the file and spread 8" x 10" pictures on my desk. I saw at once they were air-reconnaissance photos. "Well?" he asked. "Well!"

"Well, what?" ... "The place is Cien-

fuegos, Cuba. . . . It's a Cuban seaport, Haldeman, and these pictures show the Cubans are building soccer fields. . . ."

Henry stuffed the pictures back in the file and said to me, as patiently as he could, "Those soccer fields could mean war, Bob."

"Why?"

"Cubans play baseball. Russians play soccer."

And then I understood. The Soviets were back in Cuba. Soccer fields next to Cienfuegos meant one thing: The Soviets were constructing their own naval base in Cuba.

WHY WOMEN WILL NEVER BE AS GOOD AS MEN

Although a player can use any part of his body except his arms to control the ball, the chest trap is the most common way of stopping a high ball. This move is executed by bracing back the arms, breathing in and thrusting out the chest; at the moment the ball meets the chest, the player exhales, dropping his chest, and the ball falls at his feet, ready for passing or shooting.

And now, here's Georgie Best to show you the proper way to execute the chest trap (text above).



THE GREATEST SAVE EVER

It happened in a 1970 World Cup match played in Mexico between England and Brazil. Gordon Banks was in the goal for England when a clean centering pass gave a Brazilian player a wide-open shot at a header into the net. The Brazilian later said that he had never felt more certain of scoring. But Banks stayed with the shot. He dove backward and thrust an arm into the air; he met the ball with the inside of his right wrist, scooping the ball up and over the goal.

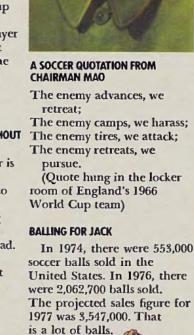
"That," the Brazilian player later said, "was the greatest save I have ever seen by the greatest goalkeeper I have ever seen." The Brazilian player was Pelé.

HOW TO ADVANCE THE BALL WITHOUT CAUSING BRAIN DAMAGE

Using your head in soccer is just as important as using your feet. The proper way to head the ball is to thrust your head at the oncoming projectile, meeting it with the broad area of the forehead. The idea is for *you* to hit the ball and not to let it hit you dead on; that's the way you can get hurt.

Good heading involves more than a sturdy head. Strong leg muscles help give a powerful thrust to your head and a sturdy neck improves the control and strength of your header.

And now, here's Georgie Best to show you the proper way to head the ball (text above).





FROM SHAKESPEARE

Am I so round with you as you with me, That like a football you do spurn me thus? You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither. If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. —The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Scene I

THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT PELE

HIS NAME: Pelé's real name is Edson Arantes do Nascimento. His nickname has no meaning in either Spanish or English.

HIS ATTIRE: Early in his career, after adoring fans had mobbed him and ripped off his uniform for souvenirs, Pelé began wearing two pairs of shorts at all games.

HIS PEACEMAKING: Pelé once singlehandedly stopped a civil war. In 1969, at the height of the bloody Biafran civil war in Nigeria, a twoday truce was declared when Pelé flew to the embattled country to play an exhibition game for government troops; the next day, he crossed the Niger River to play a game for the rebels.

HIS HEROICS: Pelé's life story sounds more like folk fable than like biography. As a kid who grew up kicking a rag-stuffed sock around a Brazilian hillside, he was a poor wonder boy from the mountains who had to borrow money to go to the big city for a soccer tryout. In 1955, at the age of 15, Pelé scored four goals in his very first professional game. By 1958, his legend was international, as he led Brazil to the World Cup (something he did again in 1962). During his career of 1863 games, Pelé averaged almost one goal per game.

As a shooter, Pelé was great with his head, fantastic with his feet and best at making up shots that no one had ever tried before: such as his famous backflipping "bicycle kick," a thin-air, controlled tumble that other soccer players could only marvel at.

And if Pelé meant a great deal to soccer around the world, he meant even more to the American professional game. Before Pelé came out of retirement to sign with the New York Cosmos in 1975. the North American Soccer League was just another floundering minor sports organization; Pelé's presence, all \$4,700,000 worth of it, became the biggest single weapon in the American soccer revolution. He drew unprecedented crowds, helped attract other international soccer stars and became a model and idol to every kid with a ball and a back yard.



THE MOST FATAL RIOTS IN SOCCER HISTORY

When all is said and done, soccer is a bloody good sport. Sometimes a little too bloody. There have been at least two documented deaths on the field of play in modern soccer history: In the Thirties, J. Thompson, Glasgow goalkeeper, and English League goalie J. Thorpe both died of fractured skulls during soccer games.

But while soccer is a rough sport for players-rougher by far than nonplayers realize-the most lethal violence in recent times has taken place in the stands. In Lima, Peru, for example, a May 1964 Olympic-games qualifying match between Peru and Argentina turned into a wild riot when a goal seemingly scored by the home team was disallowed by a referee; the home folks didn't like the call and in the ensuing melee, 318 fans were killed and another 500 were injured.

In Glasgow in 1971, a stadium stampede sparked by another questionable call left 66 spectators crushed to death. In Kayseri, Turkey, in 1967, a match between two rival towns ended with 42 fans dead and 600 injured; the cause of rioting, again, was a disallowed goal.

In Buenos Aires in 1948, both players and spectators became so incensed over a referee's call that they beat the official to death. And at a Guatemala City match, hometown fans were sufficiently distraught over a loss that they moved on the victorious visiting team with machetes and slaughtered five players.



THE SOCCER WAR

And you thought the fans who ripped up Yankee Stadium after the world series were unruly? In June 1969, El Salvador was matched against bordering Honduras in World Cup play and rioting accompanied two of the three series matches. After the second game, a hotly disputed contest won by El Salvador, the winner's fans decided to rub it in: First they taunted the Honduras fans; this led to street brawling and then to formal protests and counterprotests by both tiny countries. The hostility created by these events led, finally, to an all-out war that lasted five days and left 3000 dead.

NEXT WEEK, CHARLIE'S ANGELS PLAY IN THE WORLD CUP FINALS

On December 26, 1977, television history was made. Or soccer history, depending. On the episode of the CBS series *Switch* aired that evening, series regular Robert Wagner (Nat Wood's hubby) went undercover to catch a bunch of thuggish gamblers who were heavily into professional soccer; and Wagner went undercover as a soccer goalie. Did pretty well, too. Stopped a lot of kicks. Caught the baddies. Got the girl. Ah, romance; ah, adventure; ah, soccer.

THE BEST HIGH SCHOOL TEAM IN THE COUNTRY

The school is Steinert High and it has won the New Jersey state championship in six of the past ten years. Six members of the 1977–1978 suburban Trenton school team recently helped represent the U. S. in a victorious tournament over a Bermuda National team. The team is so powerful that opposing teams consider it a moral victory just to score on Steinert.

STOP THIS ONE, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A B-PLUS ON YOUR FINAL

When soccer coaches want to improve their goalies' level of play, they send them to a goal-tending school. The best such school in the world is conducted in Nottingham, England, by Peter Shilton, a British international goalie who is not only a good player, he is an exceptional teacher. Applications are now being taken for next semester.

And now, here's Georgie Best to show you the proper way to—hey, Best, knock it off! That move's not in the text! Georgie? Georgie?

THE NEXT PELE

Can anyone replace Pelé as soccer's superstar and dominate the American game? While there is no one with Pelé's over-all talents waiting in the wings, there are other stars capable of taking this country by storm. Tops among them are Italy's Giorgio Chinaglia and West Germany's Franz Beckenbauer, both now with the New York Cosmos.

Of the two, Beckenbauer is the one to watch. Before coming to New York, he led the West German team to three straight European championships and captured the World Cup in 1974. Beckenbauer is considered the world's best defensive soccer player, and his style of mid-field attack is sure to have a major effect on the laid-back American style of play. Not that he has gone unnoticed: In his first year of American soccer, "Kaiser Franz" was named the North American Soccer League's most valuable player.

THE WORST TEAM IN THE WORLD

Last season, Britain's Sporie United soccer club lost all of its 16 games and was outscored by its opponents 289 points to one. According to team manager Stephen Mills, if it hadn't been for Jeffrey Nurse, Sporie United's 14-year-old goal tender, the team would have done a lot worse. "He saved quite a few," Mills said.



GALAHAD (continued from page 95)

"Half drunk and high, he had popped a Dexedrine, a Seconal and two aspirins to mellow himself out."

rack, runnin' yo' mouth like a washin' machine, fella like Lassiter'd pack up his cue and go home."

Galahad hung his head like a whipped dog and lightly stroked his razor-thin mustache. "You right, Big Mike. 'S'bout time I stopped actin' so loud and niggerish. From now on, only thing you gonna hear me say is rack an' put yo' money down." But the very next minute, he shouted his own magnificence, dropping a tight rail shot on a three-cushion bank. He fell against the wall, slapping his forehead in mock disbelief. "Good Gawd, I don't believe that! Did you see that shot? I seen Cisero Murphy blow that same shot twice, an' here I is, a po' nigger makin' the damn thing wif my eyes closed! Somebody give me some skin!"

But whatever his faults, Galahad was a hero befitting his name. For years, he had lived in a four-room apartment with his mother, younger brother, older sister, an aunt and his sister's five illegitimate children. His sister was a prostitute, plying her trade to middle-class blacks and whites, and although Galahad never liked her selling herself, he hadn't tried to stop it. He had only insisted she never work for a pimp. He hated pimps. A pimp had once beaten up his sister and Galahad caught him outside a liquor store and nearly stabled him to death, and from that time on, his sister was a free operator. He had been protective of his sister's prostitute friends as well. Twice, when girls had been hurt severely, he sought out the pimp responsible and brought him to justice, after which the prostitutes called him Galahad, while the pimps, afraid to discipline their girls with more than a hard slap, simply kept out of his way.

Galahad's goal in life was to win enough money at pool to buy his family a house, send his younger brother to college and get his sister off the streets. He knew how much he needed, but he also knew he would never win such a large sum playing in black-neighborhood pool halls. He had to go downtown, where the white hustlers played for big money, and there he would need a stake of at least \$500 to get into a game.

"What you needs, son," Big Mike suggested, "is a sponsuh. Somebody who got faith in you. Somebody who will set ovah in the co'nah with a roll in they pocket, tellin' you not to worry 'bout nothin' 'cept shootin' yo' game. You needs a sponsuh like them white boys got." "Thass true, Big Mike. I do needs me a sponsor. Thass why I keep askin' you to put yo' money where yo' mouth is. You mus' don't think I can shoot."

"Oh, you shoots, all right," laughed Big Mike, tugging his sagging pants over his protruding belly, "but even if I had the dough to bet on yo' green young ass, I wouldn't. Like I tol' you befo', you run yo' mouth too damn much to play them white boys. They'd eat yo' ass up without sayin' two words while you be whoopin' and hollerin' and givin' five to yo'self."

"I don't have to act a fool, Big Mike. It jus' make it mo' fun. But now I'm gonna keep my mouth shut till I finds me a sponsor."

"And how you gonna find him?"

"Gonna sit right here in the Pink Lady and wait. He'll come along. Jus' wait an' see. Ain't gonna be no chickenshit ol' man, neither. Gonna be young and rich. Wait an' see."

Stephen Powers didn't feel much like a sponsor when he wandered into the Pink Lady. Half drunk from five beers and half high from two joints, he had popped a Dexedrine Spansule, a Seconal and two aspirins trying to mellow himself out. He walked like he was on a trampoline and Galahad, watching from a distance, pegged the tall, light-brownskinned boy as a college student out reestablishing ties with his roots. He lost no time checking him out.

"My man, my main man, ain't it a becootiful evenin' fo' a game of nine ball?"

"I don't play nine ball," Stephen hiccuped, "mostly I play eight ball and bank."

"Well, those ain't my games, so you got the edge. You ain't no hustler, is you?"

Stephen started to say he was a college dropout, which was the truth, but a burst of Dexedrine shot through him and he suddenly felt like the baddest pool player that ever lived.

"You mean you gotta ask if I'm a hustler?"

"Jus' fo' the record, my friend. I know the only way I can really tell is if I see you play."

"Well, seeing is believing. Let's go."

Galahad won ten times in a row, and between losing bets and paying for games, Stephen had only two quarters left. Addled and weak, he decided to go home, but Galahad followed him out into the street, an arm slung over his shoulder. Galahad guided him to a nearby tavern and, once seated in a dark back booth, quickly learned that Stephen had worked and saved \$600 to return to school and finish a degree in black history. With that information, a few drinks and Stephen's disoriented condition, Galahad went directly to the bottom line.

"So, like I say, we needs at least five hundred to get on the table with Moran. He don't play fo' less than that."

"Moran?"

"Sweet Titty Moran—big-time hunky pool hustler—the man we been talkin" 'bout."

"Sweet Titty Moran, Sweet Titty Moran,"

"Man, what's wrong whichoo? You best stop takin' whatever you on an' drinkin' that alcohol at the same time. I had a cousin kilt hisself that way."

'How much do you say we need?"

"Five hundred. Like I say befo', after I beat his ass the first game, we be in shape to bet mo'. An' you gets half yo' money back, an' after that, every time I win, you gets half."

"I don't know, Galahad. I don't think I understand what you're getting at."

"Nigger, I'm sittin' here tryin' to make you rich an' I see by yo' expression you worried 'bout losin'. That sho' is a sorry way to sponsor somebody. You suppose to have confidence in yo' boy. You suppose to have faith in yo' bruthuh."

Less than a week later, Stephen, with Big Mike and Galahad, climbed the plush carpeted stairs to the Golden Gate Club Billiard Parlor, feeling the bulk of five crisp \$100 bills tucked into his right shoe. His right foot itched every time he thought about it, but he didn't mind. All that week, he had soberly watched Galahad's remarkable game and decided to put up his money. Never had he seen such artistry with a cue stick except on television by players like Minnesota Fats, Cisero Murphy and Weenie Beenie. He had seen Galahad make trick shots that Willie Mosconi had created, executing them as perfectly as the master himself. He was in awe of Galahad's skill, but he had never been in any pool hall other than the black-neighborhood variety, so he was clearly unprepared for the posh scene beyond the Golden Gate's imitation-black-leather-covered door. The place was cavernous. High above cool green tables, glittering chandeliers descended like diamond pendants from an imitation-marble ceiling, where ornately sculpted gods enacted some undetermined drama. Thick burgundy carpeting and black-and-white textured wallpaper absorbed what little sound there was, demanding a quiet, dignified air. Only the sound of clicking balls and an occasional "Rack!" pierced the (continued on page 152)

LATBOT

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By DAVID PLATT DESIGNING TRIO

know what you're going to be wearing in the months ahead? these gentlemen do

Right: Ralph Lauren's chairman-of-the-baard look—a pinstripe three-piece wool suit, \$495, shirt with contrasting collar, \$50, and silk tie, \$30. Below: Lauren's easy yet elegant designs include a linen jacket, \$220, denim jeans, \$37.50, cotton oxford buttondown shirt, \$32.50, and silk tie, \$22.50.



RALPH LAUREN

T A TIME when the world of menswear is undergoing an invasion of such famous women'swear names as Calvin Klein, Geoffrey Beene and Halston, we thought it would be timely and informative to reintroduce you to three designers who first won their spurs in the field of male fashions and who, we predict, will continue to be in the vanguard of menswear for many years to come.

They are Ralph Lauren, head of Polo Fashions (Lauren also has several licensing operations under the Chaps label and expanded businesses in women's wear and the fragrance field); Bill Kaiserman, founder and designer of the European-produced Rafael Fashions, Ltd., and also now into women's wear; and Alexander Julian, a young designer who began with suits and sports jackets and now is creating sweaters and sportswear. All three are Coty Award winners. And all three share another similarity their creations are often quite expensive.

But can fashion, with its inherent relationship to (text concluded on page 204)

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BILL KAISERMAN



Right: The Bill Kaiserman for Rafael approach to style includes this woven silk/wool double-breasted tweed jacket, \$325, silk slacks, \$110, and Henley-style silk/cotton T-shirt, \$35. Below: Kaiserman relaxes in a silk open-knit ring-neck pullover, \$150, and a pair of pleated straight-leg silk slacks, \$110.



ALEXANDER _____ JULIAN

Right: Alexander Julian and his latest creations—a silk tweed jacket, about \$285, and khaki slacks, about \$75. Below: Other styles by Julian include a silk tweed jacket, about \$285, plus matching vest, about \$55, cotton slacks, about \$75, and silk tie, about \$15. Shirts are from his private wardrobe.



GALAHAD (continued from page 148)

"Sweet Titty arrived with two outrageously turnedout black prostitutes—both tall and dark."

H

silence. Stephen, Galahad and Big Mike just about tiptoed through the room, not speaking above a whisper, until reaching an empty table by the back wall. Slowly Big Mike shook his head and said to Stephen, "Some of these cats here as good as you'll find--almost as good as me an' maybe this young turkey."

"Jive ol' mothafuckah," Galahad sneered, "you know gotdamn well cain't a one of these white boys outplay me, includin' Sweet Titty. An' as fo' puttin' yo'self in a class wif me, that jus' tells me you gettin' senile faster in yo' brain than you is in yo' hands."

"C'mon, Stephen," Big Mike said, "let's go sign up this table while supernigger here try to figure out which end of his cue stick you hits the ball with. Let's go sign up Mistuh Champeen."

As they walked across the room, Stephen noticed that almost everybody was wearing either tasteful sports jackets or tailored suits. Self-consciously, he turned and peered back at Galahad, laid to the bone in a bright-green silk shirt, purple double-pleated bell-bottoms, yellow suspenders and a white panama hat. Then the club manager's crass, bellowing voice cut him like a razor.

"And just whadda you guys want?"

A squat, bulbous-faced Italian leaned forward on a high stool and drummed his fingers on a counter not ten feet away. His dull black eyes darted back and forth at Stephen, Big Mike and across the room at Galahad.

"We'd like a table," Stephen answered politely.

"You'd like a table?" The Italian smiled slowly and gently scraped his teeth with a toothpick. "OK, boys. Take the one by the wall."

"And we'd like to know when Moran is coming."

"Why?"

"We got business with him."

"You got business with Moran?"

"Right."

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"Well, he was here all last night. Cleaned three guys out. Said he was gonna take a nap and come back later. But if your *business* is ta play him, you gotta wait in line. There's nine or ten *real* hustlers aheada you."

"Come on, Stephen," Big Mike muttered, turning away from the grinning manager, "let's go."

They took a circuitous route back, quietly studying the competition, and by the time they reached the table, Big Mike had a line on all of them.

"Fella named Dime Sto' up on a front table, got on a blue suit. Cain't shoot no distance. Let him go too far down from his shot and he jus' be shootin' on a hope an' a prayer. I think his eyes is bad. 'Nother fella, redneck from Arkensas name of Osprey, ain't too bad. Nice control, good english. Might be tough. Got a hunky down ovah next to the wall named Johnson. Got a good eye, but he hopped up on somethin'. I can tell. But you see this fella ovah heah in the tan suit? Rack boy say his name is Hans somethin' other. Tell me he got the furs' game with Moran. Shoot a hell of a game. Don't drink, don't smoke. Young boy. Good stamina. He 'bout the only one a these hunkies got a real strong chance."

"From what you say," frowned Galahad, "they too many white hustlers who s'pose to be somebody fo' Moran to pay 'tention to some po'-ass niggers like us. 'Sides, a mothafuckah like Moran don't jus' play fo' money. He play to prove he the best. You think Moran gonna play me befo' he play one a these white boys?"

"Mos' likely won't get 'round to playin' you till nex' week."

"Thass what I mean. I got to play at leas' one a these sons-a-bitches an' beat his ass good 'fo' Moran get here. That way, he hears 'bout me soon as he come in the joint. Folks be runnin' roun' whisperin' 'bout the bad nigger with the conk ovah in the co'nah, an' he ain't gonna be satisfied till he take me on. Jus' watch. He gonna ask *me* fo' a game." He chuckled, smiled, then nodded toward the young contender named Hans. "Come on, Big Mike, less go show Stevie here how to pluck a turkey."

From plush gallery chairs, they studied Hans, who either failed to notice them or pretended not to. Tall and thin, his long blond hair, Roman nose and cold blue eyes complimented his bronze tan and white pin-striped suit. He sipped from a glass of orange juice, ordering a fresh one every seven racks. Grinning like a wino after a half pint, Galahad couldn't hold himself back.

"Hey, turkey, how's 'bout a game a nine ball?"

"I don't play nine ball, buddy. Go find somebody else."

Then Galahad was up from his chair and out onto the floor, keeping a respectful distance, rubbing his chin and hooking one thumb in his yellow suspenders. "What's the matter? You prejudice? I didn't mean nothin' by callin' you a turkey. I calls all my friends turkeys." He turned toward the gallery. "Right, turkeys?" Big Mike made gobbling sounds and Stephen stuck his thumbs under his armpits and moved his elbows like wings.

"You guys ought to work up some kind of comedy act," Hans smiled thinly. "You ought to be on *The Gong Show*."

"Tell you what," Galahad offered, "s'pose we go fifty bucks fo' a game a bank? What you say?"

Quickly, Stephen unlaced his shoe, but Galahad had already produced a crumpled \$50 bill and laid it on the table.

"I know you thinks I can't win, but you never know. I might get lucky and beat you. Like you say, I jus' might wind up on TV."

Galahad ran the rack in three minutes, and his defeated foe spoke with vengeance, his blue eyes flashing. "OK, my friend, how about a game of straight pool for that fifty bucks?"

"Why, sho', boss, only why don't we make it a hundred?"

They kept playing and Galahad kept winning. When Hans had lost \$500, he stormed out, leaving Galahad to pay for the last game, but by then the Pink Lady's finest was top man in the hall. Sweet Titty (or The Tit, as some called him) arrived soon with two seconds and two outrageously turned-out black prostitutes. Both were tall and dark and contrasted sharply with Moran, who was short, fish-belly white and fat. Dressed in a dark silk suit and light-blue shirt, he padded across the carpeted floor to a choice table by the gallery, his small entourage following. The squat club manager greeted them all with gusto, pumping Moran's hand and all but bowing to his two black women.

"I see that fat dago can smile real nice at niggers when they nigger hoes 'companied by a white man," Big Mike muttered, but the comment went unnoticed by Galahad, who spun around in his seat and stared at his beer, his voice heavy with personal hurt.

"How can them black bitches stand that slimy fat mothafuckah?" He was going to say more, but one of Moran's seconds approached, a gaunt, yellow-eyed guy in a white suit and black tie who smelled like bad cheese.

"Wanna play Moran?"

"My manager does my business."

"How much?" Stephen stammered, trying to sound authoritative.

"A yard a game. Two hundred balls, straight pool."

Stephen was about to suggest they first play one game for \$500 or maybe \$250, but Galahad quickly mumbled acceptance and Moran's flunky left.

"Less go pluck another turkey," (continued on page 218)





quiz By RUSSELL H. SLOCUM how to turn saloon paraphernalia and pocket change into free drinks

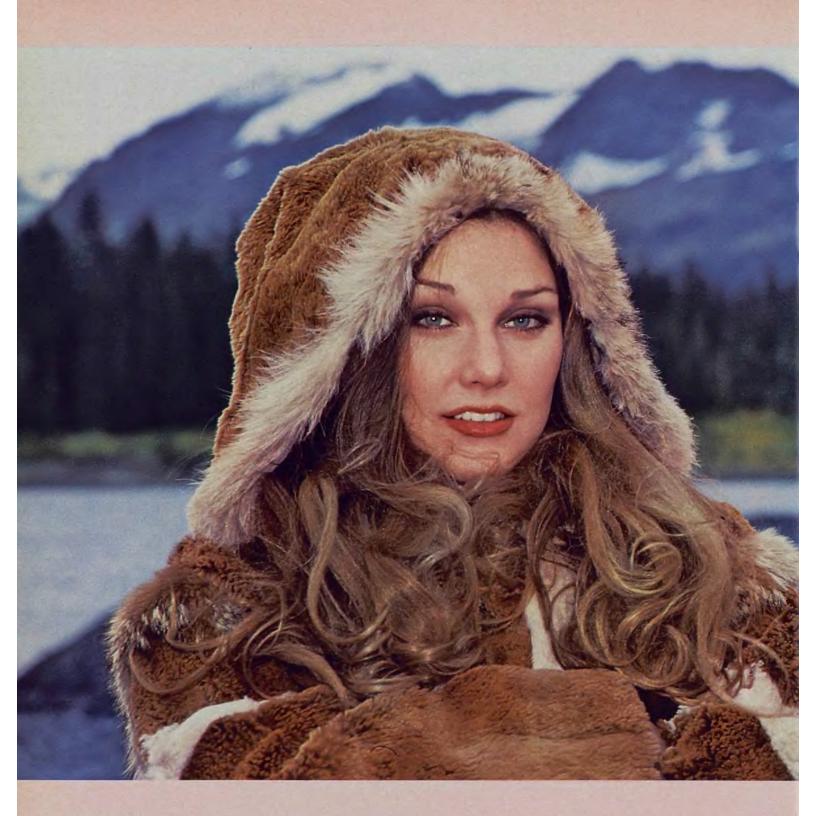
THERE'S A CERTAIN TYPE of bet that assumes a special significance in the barroom milieu. It is a simply stated challenge: "I can do something you can't." It's a unique form of wageringthere is little chance involved.

Wagers in this gaming genre are traditionally set up and solved with objects commonly found in any tavern or pocket. Dollar bills, for example, are accouterments with great potential for entertainment. Few people realize a kitchen match can be lit on a bill or that paper money can be engulfed in flames, left to burn and pay for the next round.

To execute the first, simply press the match head firmly against a reasonably

new bill on the bar with your index finger and strike it the length of the dollar. It should light by the third try. For the second, immerse the bill briefly in 86-proof liquor and light it. Flames will surround it but will burn off and leave the greenback warm, yet legal, tender. If a quick-change trick is more appropriate than blazing bills, you can drop a coin three inches and have it stand on its edge. Just moisten both a dime and the exterior of a regular glass. Press the coin to the glass near the top and release it and it will slide gently to rest on its edge.

The wording used in presenting a bet is often crucial. It must not seem contrived. The rules must be stated simply yet precisely. Of course, some bets take advantage of this by implying rules that are ultimately not followed because they weren't specifically stated. For instance, you can drink five drafts before someone else can drink one shot, provided your opponent starts with his hands behind him, neither of you may move the other's glass and you are given a one-and-a-halfbeer head start. You win by turning your first empty glass over his untouched shot. Or line up six glasses about six inches apart. The three on the left contain beer, the three on the right are empty. By moving only one glass, you can make them (continued on page 190) 153

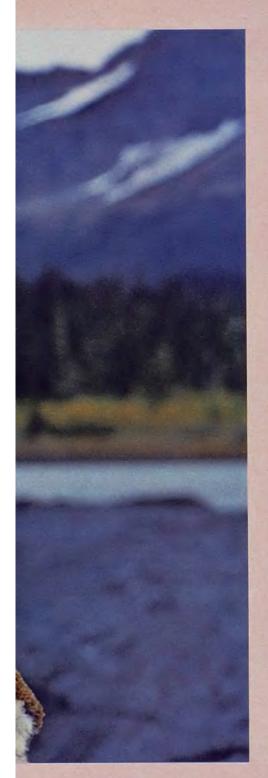




Call of the Wild

susan jensen is at home on the alaskan frontier; porn star constance money is at home on the sexual frontier—they are one and the same person

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS



T

LHE GIRL on the opposite page is Susan Jensen. She runs a combination bar, restaurant, lodge and liquor store in Alaska. She keeps the books, cooks the cheeseburgers, changes the sheets and, when the old system breaks down, puts in new plumbing with her own hands. She is a pioneer.

The girl in the two pictures to the right is Constance Money. She has made several critically acclaimed porn films in the past few years. Onscreen, she makes love, gives head and puts men in their place with her own hands. She is a pioneer.

As you may have surmised, Susan Jensen and Constance Money are one and the same woman. She told us her story in a cluttered Northern California apartment, where she was in the process of putting the separate pieces of her life together. The halls were filled with unopened boxes marked SEATTLE, LOS ANGELES, NEW YORK, ALASKA. A different box for each period of her life: Student. Porn star. Independent woman. The apartment was littered with books. A collection of Alaskan igloo tales. Lewis Thomas' Lives of a Cell. A paperback on the psychology of sexual aberrations. A handbook on the classification of wildflowers. Cookbooks. A July 1977 PLAYBOY containing a picture of Constance Money. That picture caused Susan Jensen a lot of grief. The men on the oil rigs and the pilots for the local helicopter service got a bit out of hand when they discovered that they had a genuine porn star in their midst. Susan handled the situation with typical aplomb, then decided it was time to do another pictorial, to bring Constance Money



"These shots are from The Opening of Misty Beethoven. I made that movie when I was 19, a child. I was barely old enough to know whot I was doing. The film is about the education of a noive, innocent girl. Me."

"That film hounted me. The director kept all the outtakes. Every year, he released another film starring 'Constance Money.' Meanwhile, Susan Jensen had moved to Aloska to start a new career. I never meont to be a porn star."







"I'm really two persons: Constance Money, the porn star. Susan Jensen, the hard-working, independent person who runs a bar and lodge in an Alaskan baom town. I wanted people to accept both aspects of myself. I figured this pictorial would be a good way to do it, to introduce both of me to the world. This is who I am. Take it or leave it."



and Susan Jensen face to face.

She takes a glass of wine to the livingroom sofa and begins her story: "When you're a porn star, nothing else seems to matter. In Alaska, I dealt with bankers, accountants, oil-rig workers. They respected me for what I was doing. When they found out I had starred in an X-rated movie-bam! Now, if the restaurant is running out of tomatoes, it's because I'm a porn star. If the burgers are undercooked, it's because I'm a porn star.

"The first thing you're going to ask is why I got into porn films. I grew up in a very small town in the Northwest, My family was upper middle class. Half Danish, half WASP. Do I have to tell you that I was a toad, a barnacle? Being asked to star in Misty Beethoven was a revelation, proof that I was physically acceptable to the real world. Now I feel great about myself. It's the world that occasionally acts a little crazy. A friend of mine acted in a porn movie, then got engaged. One night, she was having dinner with her fiancé when a stranger came up to them, unzipped his fly, put his erection down on the table and said to her, 'I've seen your movies.'

"I've made two fulllength porn films since *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*. At most, they have taken two or three weeks out of my



"Mary! Mary! was the first film I felt good about making. The plot was simple. The Devil gives a magic hard-on cream to my husband-played by an old friend, John Leslie. There's an orgy where all the people fuck themselves to death. Except me. In the end, the Devil carries me off into the sunrise."





life. I'm proud of the work I do in films, but that's a part-time job. I want people to see me as a full-time person and treat me accordingly.

"That's why I moved to Alaska. I'm on my own there, but I feel totally safe with my dog Taku. Of course, I also carry a gun. Sometimes you run into a wolf or a bad bear. When Ken Marcus, the PLAYBOY photographer, came up to do the shooting, he wanted to wear the gun. One day, he and his assistant and I were walking down a beach when this big Kodiak lumbered out about a mile away. Ken took off. I suppose he'd never seen anything that big outside a zoo. So here he's the guy with the gun and he's running! Ken locked himself in the cab of the pickup." Susan recalls that episode with amused tolerance, a sentiment she doesn't extend to some of the people



"Anna Obsessed is my favorite film. I did a very beautiful scene with Annette Haven. You can see it in my face. I was beaming. But it's strange. A person will see that scene and assume that because I make porn movies I'm into weird trips. They'll osk, 'Do you like ta do this ar that?' I've dane that once. On film. There's a difference between having ta do samething and wanting to do it."







she has met in the sex-film business. Her experiences as a teenager led her to join a committee crusading against child porn. ("Using kids of that age deprives them of the joys of high school—groping in back seats and finding out for themselves what sex and love are all about.") By the end of the interview, we've decided Susan Jensen is at *least* two persons. We're reminded of something a noted wag once said about an acquaintance: "The lady has at least a dozen pasts, and what's more, they all fit." "Sometimes it's confusing, living in oll these different worlds. It was chaos posing for PLAYBOY in Alaska. I had to go from a hot grill and a rush order for 50 cheeseburgers to my bedroom for an elegont shooting. Trying to put 50 cheeseburgers into a bag is not elegant." "Barbara Broadcast and Maraschino Cherry are two of the exploitation films that used old footage from The Opening of Misty Beethoven. The films are rip-offs. The scenes don't make any sense. Tell your readers to do me a favor and stay home."









"I take it I can put you down for your usual donation to our Home for Fallen Women, Mrs. Darcy?"

the magic staff A Latvian folk tala

ONCE, on a certain estate, there was a peasant lad who hated goats. And so, when the steward told him to take the white nanny goat to pasture, he refused. When the steward had trashed the lad, he left him sobbing in the field.

So along came a strange old man with eyes that seemed to burn in his head and he gave the boy a look and asked what the matter might be. When he'd heard the boy's short, sad tale, he spat on the ground and handed the lad his staff.

"Here, stick this in the ground and the goat will never wander away from it. It has, um, certain goatish properties."

Just as the man had predicted, the nanny snuggled up to the staff, and so the former goatherd went happily home. But halfway there, the steward caught him, gave him an even more violent whipping and sent him back to the field.

To the Devil with all stinking goats and hotheaded stewards, the boy decided; he'd go to soothe his bruises at the village bathhouse. He took up the staff and found that the goat followed along as if she were tethered to it.

Because it was Saturday evening, the whole population was ready for a wash, but, unknown to the lad, it was the women's turn at that moment.

So, when he'd undressed and groped his way through the steam and had groped for a bench to sit down on, he found himself groping something else something that felt remarkably like a plump breast. Now, this lad, this skinny boy, happened to be unusually mature in one respect and, willy-nilly, his penis rose in glory like a shining trumpet. When the village wenches saw this intruder, they panicked and ran out into the street.

A group of soldiers had just come

down to wait their turn for a bath and they applauded the sight of 30 naked women piling into the street.

One of the girls—a pretty one bumped up against the nanny goat and, surprisingly, found herself attached. She moaned and cried out and swung her rump this way and that, but all in vain.

One stalwart trooper went to her aid and, putting his hands around her waist, found himself bound by a mysterious force to the lovely buttocks.

Another girl—one whose blonde curls were in bold contrast to her red maiden hair—rushed to the rescue and found herself hopelessly stuck to the soldier's back. Another soldier, attempting to help, was likewise pinned to *her* back. Soon there was a long line of girls and troopers, like berries on a string.

As for the boy, he calmly whipped his swollen penis with some twigs until he was happy. Then he dressed, went out, got his staff and headed for home.

Behind him came the goat and behind the goat came ten giggling wenches and ten soldiers bursting at their seams.

Soon there was a mighty ripping sound and ten military members sprang to rigid attention in the open. Ten moist little mouths, like hungry tigers', blindly reached out and took the military in.

In perfect step and formation, the parade marched out of the village with no need of a drummer to keep the rhythm. At last, there was a moan of 20 voices as Company F died in the breach.

When they reached the estate, the steward came out and saw a line of puffing soldiers and wenches with swollen bellies. Getting aroused but angry at the same time, he ran to the end of the line and grasped the last soldier. And the unavoidable happened—the steward suddenly found himself stuck in a place he'd never dreamed he'd be. The soldier, thinking himself the luckiest man in the company, gave a heave and let burst into the girl he was grasping.

The goatboy suddenly took it into his head to show his strange following in the city, and so he set off.

Now, in the city, there lived a king with a melancholy daughter. He had proclaimed that anyone who could make his daughter laugh could have her hand in marriage; quite a few had failed in the attempt.

Along the palace wall came the goatboy. The princess, sitting and crocheting at an open window, chanced to look out at that moment to see ten popeyed soldiers thrusting away at ten openmouthed wenches and one copulating steward. For the first time since she was three—when she'd swallowed a sour cherry—she burst into laughter.

Well, the king ordered the wedding prepared. The goatherd hit the nanny with the staff and the captives were released. Soon ten village girls were trying to explain to their husbands or lovers how they'd happened to get into a military parade. Ten troopers with bandaged penises sat in the guardhouse.

But are there really any happy endings? On her wedding night, the princess was frightened by the size of the goatboy's member and relapsed into glumness.

Well, yes, some endings are happy. The new prince soon discovered a great sympathy with his nanny goat, which never complained about size or fit. And now he lives in the palace, perfectly content to have found something better than twigs or joyless princesses.

-Retold by Bonnie and Jack Carey



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 81)

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anything in particular. It was just something everybody would identify as a foreign news service. I should have said Tass. **PLAYBOY:** Are you saying CIA has never worked with Reuters?

COLBY: Now, you get into these kinds of questions and I have to be very careful. I'm not quite sure of the answer to that particular question. Whether a CIA story ever appeared in Reuters, I really couldn't say. But Reuters was not controlled, run, managed by CIA. That's certainly true.

PLAYBOY: Somewhere—anywhere—has CIA been involved in the production of a movie?

COLBY: Yes. I think so, yes.

PLAYBOY: How about specifics? Do you remember?

COLBY: Yeah, but I don't know enough about it that I want to name it. I mean, I might be off base on the specific arrangement. I always resisted movie projects; they're terribly expensive. There's no use making a movie unless you know how you're going to distribute it. And the usual enthusiasm will get the movie made and then you end up looking around to see how to distribute it and you can't. So you end up with lots of cans of film in the back room. CIA didn't support *Three Days of the Condor*, that's for sure.

PLAYBOY: What about John Wayne's The Green Berets?

COLBY: [Laughs] No. Not the James Bond movies, either.

PLAYBOY: Are there any editors on any newspapers or magazines or in any publishing houses here in the U.S. who are on contract to CIA?

COLBY: I would say the answer is no, according to Turner's directive.

PLAYBOY: When did that stop?

COLBY: I haven't the faintest idea.

PLAYBOY: In any event, you can see what we're getting at. CIA can say it is no longer going to use American journalists and then go ahead and use whoever is excluded by the strictest sense of the definition, thereby producing the same result as if there were no restrictions at all.

COLBY: Oh, yes. It's a terrible problem. It's a difficult problem. Obviously, if something is in one category, you don't do it. If it's in another, you do do it. If it says don't use journalists, then you don't use journalists. If it says don't use authors, you don't use authors. But authors aren't journalists. It's a different business. I mean, use the words for what they say.

PLAYBOY: And when you were director-----

COLBY: When I was there, I testified several times that I didn't have anybody

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in America. There's no reason for it here. And I mean that literally. There's no reason for CIA; even 20 years ago, there was no particular reason.

PLAYBOY: What about other attempts to mold American opinion?

COLBY: Well, take, for instance, the National Students Association relationship we had. We went to the N.S.A., saying the Soviets were supporting a very large-scale international student effort and we had to match that. And if you American students here can get active in this international field—go to the meetings, stand up and say what you think about America—why, we'll help you in that respect. That is what the CIA funds were used for in support of N.S.A. With one exception, I believe. I think we helped guarantee the mortgage on their headquarters.

PLAYBOY: Under CIA's program to help that organization, didn't it send Gloria Steinem to a foreign political conference at one point?

COLBY: I think she is not very happy about this story these days, because she's been accused—and I think wrongly—of being linked with CIA. She was quoted as having said she was supported by CIA in going to one of those conferences but that CIA had not told her what to say and do; that CIA was providing the means for them to get there but wasn't manipulating or running them.

PLAYBOY: Yet the agency certainly wouldn't have chosen a young Abbie Hoffman to go to those conferences.

COLBY: I guess that if some particularly vocal pro-Soviet figure had been included in the group, we would have asked, "Do we really need to pay for this airline ticket?" But I don't think he had to be a good Eisenhower supporter, either.

PLAYBOY: So you're claiming CIA has not been involved in any domestic propaganda efforts?

COLBY: Essentially not. As I say, you have the fallout problem that has come from CIA efforts abroad. That when you do some covert propaganda work abroad, there's a chance that an American will pick it up and bring it home, or send it home. That's a fallout problem. I think Turner's rule says that if there's any substantial fallout here, you're not to do it. Fundamentally, CIA was interested in affecting foreign opinion. Fundamentally, CIA was not interested in affecting American opinion.

PLAYBOY: Let us ask you one more question about the use of journalists by CIA. The new directive prohibits it, but there's a disclaimer that reads: "Exceptions: No exceptions to the policies and prohibitions stated above may be made except with the specific approval of the director of Central Intelligence." That doesn't sound like much of a restriction.

COLBY: Well, there's a very simple answer to that. I told the Congress all it has to do is tell the director that it wants to know of any exceptions. And CIA can't get away with not telling them what it has to tell them.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

COLBY: That is very clear. If the Congress wants to supervise, which it does now, then it is very easy for it to supervise. It has the job of writing the appropriation every year.

PLAYBOY: Traditionally, Congress has regarded CIA as a hot potato and has not supervised its activities. Can Congress really supervise it?

COLBY: I think Congressmen know it has to be done. And if the responsibility is firmly on them to do it, they'll do it. No matter what their attitude is, they're going to have to do it. They can't afford to be caught off base.

PLAYBOY: Still, the new directive would appear to have a large loophole. It doesn't, for example, cover free-lance writers.

COLBY: It covers anyone who is accredited.

PLAYBOY: SO PLAYBOY could give this interviewer leave without pay and he would be clear to work with CIA, correct?

COLBY: If he were a free citizen abroad with no connection to PLAYBOY, yes, he could pose as a journalist under that role.

PLAYBOY: Yet you categorically deny that CIA has any media-manipulation programs.

COLBY: Absolutely yes, I'll deny that flatly. Again, in *America*. I hope we won't be barred from the use of Tass.

PLAYBOY: One journalist who charged CIA with massive domestic manipulation was Seymour Hersh of *The New York Times*. But you called him a good American and a good journalist in your recent book. What do you mean by that?

COLBY: He's certainly not disloyal to his country. I think he's loyal to his profession.

PLAYBOY: When is a reporter not a good American?

COLBY: When he sits by for the other side. I think Kim Philby wasn't a good Britisher.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute; that's a ridiculous analogy. Philby was not a journalist. **COLBY:** Yes, he was a journalist.

PLAYBOY: He used journalistic cover there's a big difference.

COLBY: He was a journalist.

PLAYBOY: Professionally, Philby was a spy. **COLBY:** Well, he was lots of things. . . . **PLAYBOY:** You know as well as we do that Philby was not a journalist recruited by

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an intelligence agency. He was an intelligence agent posing as a journalist.

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COLBY: You're right. You're right. I accept that. You know, that business about answering questions narrowly—it's a terrible problem and I really haven't figured out how to get around it. Because if you answer the questions broadly, you're proved wrong. And, therefore, my only

solution has been to answer them narrowly. **PLAYBOY:** Some members of the press have

kept secrets at your request. Hersh, among others, kept the Glomar Explorer story secret when you asked him to. And didn't Jack Anderson keep some project secret at your request?

COLBY: I asked him to make a change and he did.

PLAYBOY: What was it?

COLBY: Oh, he had run across an operation he felt was over. He had written it up. If it had been over, I wouldn't have said a word to him, but it was still going on. He didn't know it. I called him and asked him if he could stop it. I said, "I think you think it's over, right?" He said, "Yeah." I said, "If it were over, I wouldn't be calling you." Well, then he was interested. I said, "Could you make one change in it?" He did, yes.

PLAYBOY: Yet Anderson gets on television and takes shots at the Government—and with particular glee at CIA.

COLBY: He's a newspaperman. He's supposed to be critical of the Government. It keeps the Government on its toes. It's all right with me. He has brought up a lot of things. So it's all right. He's doing the job that he's supposed to do under the Constitution. He makes me very uncomfortable. I disagree with him rather violently on some things. I think he's wrong on some things. But that's the way the system works. I like the system, even though I don't like all the people we have engaged in it.

PLAYBOY: There are still some newsmen who may go to jail for not revealing their sources. What do you think of that legal question?

COLBY: I think the Supreme Court is wrong. Doing the job of journalism in America requires the ability to protect your sources. I think there ought to be a shield law by which a reporter can refuse to testify about his sources.

[During a pause in one of the many conversations that make up this interview, Colby, without encouragement, brought up the subject of the infamous Phoenix program, part of the Government's "pacification" program that resulted in 20,000 enemy deaths, which some charged were assassinations.]

COLBY: Have we talked about the pacification program or not?

PLAYBOY: Phoenix?

COLBY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You haven't yet. Do you want to?

PLAYBOY: You've made your position fairly clear in testimony in the past.

COLBY: Well, I want to make sure that if you have any questions about Phoenix, my explanation is there.

PLAYBOY: We do have questions about Phoenix. You have answered them many times, and yet there remains a very simple one: There were 20,000 people killed—

COLBY: And 28,000 captured and 17,000 took the amnesty. And the 20,000 dead for the most part were killed in military combat and identified after they were dead. And that is *not* 20,000 assassinated. **PLAYBOY:** How do you distinguish between 20,000 people dead and 20,000 people assassinated?

COLBY: The accusation is that they were assassinated, wrongly killed. They were killed in the course of military combat, in the course of a war. In other words, the Phoenix program was designed to and did move into a very bitter and bloody battle that was going on in Vietnam between the secret Communist apparatus and the government. Phoenix was designed to improve the government's side, if not the Communists' side, by making it both more decent and more effective. It did that through setting up rules to identify people properly rather than just calling them Communist in a McCarthyist way; defining what their jobs were; dividing the leaders from the followers and saying we weren't interested in learning who the followers were; training people in the proper methods of interrogation instead of improper ones; issuing a directive that prohibited any involvement with assassination-not merely that an American not assassinate but that if an American heard of any such activity on the Vietnamese side, he was to report it to me. I believe the purpose and effect of Phoenix was to reduce that to an absolute minimum. Prior to the time Phoenix was set up, i.e., in roughly 1967, there was that kind of activity. And that kind of activity was exactly why we set up Phoenix-to stop it. Now, to put billboards around town emblazoned with headlines stating my admission of 20,000 people being assassinated is just misusing the word, misstating the facts.

PLAYBOY: How do you think Phoenix got its reputation?

COLBY: It got the reputation from the antiwar people who brought up charges against the military from an earlier period and applied them to Phoenix. And from my testimony before a House committee in 1971. That wasn't anything ferreted out or unveiled. My testimony in 1971 described what Phoenix was about. I said that the results of Phoenix over the three years were 28,000 captured, 17,000 amnesty and 20,000 killed. But I could not say that no improper deaths had ever occurred. Well, my admission

that some of the deaths occurred was translated into 20,000 assassinated. And it's just false.

PLAYBOY: What is assassination?

COLBY: A conscious effort to kill somebody.

PLAYBOY: So, if an agency were to pick someone out by name and say, "We are going to go out and kill this one person," would that be assassination?

COLBY: That would be an assassination, yes. And I think that in some situations, you can pick someone by name and say we're going to go out and try to capture this person, and if we can't capture him, we're going to end up shooting him—at him.

PLAYBOY: Was there a CIA jargon word for killing?

COLBY: For killing? There was a CIA jargon. Also, the upper levels of the United States Government used it: executive action.

PLAYBOY: Let's continue on the subject of Vietnam, since you were the CIA station chief in Saigon for a time during the war. Why were the enemy actions in Vietnam worse than our own?

COLBY: I think there was an indiscriminate quality to the Communist rocketing of the towns. We didn't have a right to just go and say, "Well, I think that town needs to be bombed." That's different from sitting outside Saigon, launching one of those 122 rockets and just letting it slide into the middle of town, no matter where.

In terms of behavior of troops, I think we tried to control it. Now, the conscious use of terror on the part of the Communists, the assassination of the village chiefs—did we have a comparable thing? Not after Phoenix, no. Mortaring of the refugee camps in order to drive people back into the countryside: Did we do that? No.

PLAYBOY: You say we didn't have the right to go in and just bomb some place we felt like bombing; we may not have had the *right*, but we did so, anyway.

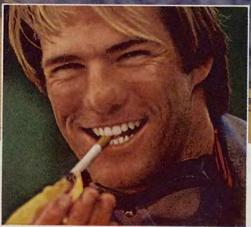
COLBY: In the populated areas, it required the concurrence of the local authorities. And there is some criticism of whether or not that would be too easily granted. On the other hand, you did have the right, if you were in a helicopter and were shot at from the ground, to return the fire.

PLAYBOY: What about the free-fire zones? **COLBY:** Free-fire zones were primarily jungle areas with essentially no inhabitants except the enemy forces and, in those areas, you did not need the province chief's approval.

PLAYBOY: We moved entire populations in order to create those free-fire zones, didn't we?

COLBY: Whole populations moved out of areas. I think you'd come out about even Stephen. Half of them moved out because they didn't want to be under (continued on page 209)





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SAINT JANE AND THE HOLLY WOOD DRAGON

she may have shed her army fatigues for an evening gown, but jane fonda is still a radical at heart—she says



IF JANE FONDA ever gets elected to office, she'll join that elite circle of actors headed by Ronald Reagan and George Murphy, those two old radical leftists who evolved into the darlings of the right. Who's to say she won't be equally conservative by the time her hair turns gray? After all, she's still a young woman.

I'm thinking these rambling thoughts as I watch John Wayne, the Green Beret himself, standing before 1400 of Hollywood's elite, confessing his love for the Fonda family, even unto that little longhaired hippie, Peter, and, worse yet, his sister. The war is over.

Earlier, James Stewart, another rockribbed Republican, had noted pointedly that he had got through a 40-year friendship with Henry Fonda without ever discussing politics. And there was Hank himself, who wasn't always so keen on his daughter's dalliances, invoking imaginary quotes from Granddad on the perfection of Jane's political wisdom.

People say I'm cynical about Hollywood, yet I'm the one who expects evenings like this to make some lasting sense. Even though it's only a black-tie, blue-blooded American Film Institute tribute to father Henry, the Joad who made good, I'm looking for significance. After all, since Henry Fonda truly ranks among the great actors of all time, we don't really need a dinner to confirm the fact. What I suspect this gathering really celebrates is the revived respectability of rubbing shoulders with his daughter, a verified new superstar of Film City, one of only four women who LAYBO

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can command—and get—\$1,000,000 for 120 minutes of film.

What's more, Jane has an edge on the three others beyond the bankbook. Who the hell can feel guilty about Barbra Streisand, Faye Dunaway or Diana Ross, even if the black one is from the ghetto? True to its traditions, Hollywood now wants to make amends for the way it treated Jane during the Forgotten Conflict-it's hoped before she signs for somebody else's picture. The same old friends who were assuring Congressmen then that she was washed up in their town now embroider their jeans with peace symbols and are trying to get their sons back from Canada and into the biz before the script is ready to offer her.

Even better, when the occasion calls for it, Jane is willing to dress up with the rest of us for a glittering night such as the Fonda dinner. And she and Hank, and even Peter, have the social grace to forget all the unpleasant truths for the evening. That's the way it's done. Lots of praise for Henry and *The Grapes of Wrath* but no mention that old DarryI F. Zanuck wanted Tyrone Power for the part instead of Henry. Or that Fonda had to sell himself into five years of bitter bondage at Fox to get the role.

Once you're rich in Hollywood, the main goal is to outlive your enemies. Then you get your dinner. Hank was long overdue his, but until recently, the Fonda name made people nervous hereabouts. With Jane running around North Vietnam, with J. Edgar Hoover and the rest of the yahoos in pursuit, it was difficult to plan any feed for Henry without the risk of her showing up. Hell, even Henry himself probably wouldn't have come.

To everyone's relief, except Bob Hope's, it now turns out that Jane was right on the war. That was enough to make her safe for dinner, even if she did bring her radical husband, Tom Hayden. Then she did the most wondrous thing, besides. She hit with one (Fun with Dick and Jane), two (Julia) and three (Coming Home) smash pictures in a row.

If you don't live and breathe in Hollywood, you just can't realize the kind of charity and forgiveness, the apologies and genuflections that three big grossers can generate. Hell, they're even applauding Hayden this night, as Hank tells



"Mom, can I become sexually active this summer?"

them what a great son-in-law he is and wasn't he right about everything, too?

But we must not draw too many conclusions from one night of festivity. There's work to be done tomorrow and the real question is whether Jane is back among us or not. No, that's not really the question, since, as my banker keeps reminding me, I am not technically one of the us. I want to know if she's one of them again.

In those troubled years of the late Sixties, I confess I greeted her initial revolt against the establishment with considerable doubt. Every time she talks now of those who thought she was just a silly starlet on a lark, I know she's thinking of me. In truth, though, I developed a grudging admiration, finally, for her courage and sincerity. No matter how much it would help my cynicism now, it would be a shame if she threw it all back for a few bucks.

Frankly, I was very comfortable with Fonda as Barbarella; the brief costumes didn't bother me a bit. Conversely, I was never at ease with GI Jane, so strident and so blatantly disheveled. Yet I find myself even more out of sorts with this beautifully mature woman showing up at the Golden Globe and Academy Awards ceremonics to receive Hollywood's accolades, yet insisting she hasn't changed her revolutionary ways. I will accept her who has seen the light and turned away from Hollywood to the real meanings of life. Or I will accept her who has renounced the false idols of the revolution and returned home to Hollywood, friends and family. But I find it hard to accept that both of these hearts beat in the same bosom.

Verily, I must seek the truth of this matter, hoping that too many years in Hollywood have not blinded me to truth when it appears. It's time to sober up and go into rigorous training, for Jane Fonda does not yield up the truth without a struggle. That is not to say she lies. But better interviewers than I have failed to elicit from Fonda anything she does not want to say.

A consummate actress, she encounters outsiders with a completely scripted scenario. But only she has the whole script, including questions and answers. Try to ad-lib into forbidden feelings and she'll slip into a soliloquy that brings the discussion right back where she wants it.

The quest begins as Fonda exits from Stage Four into a light rain, protecting her carefully constructed beauty in one of those dainty see-through bubble umbrellas as she paces off the few yards to the star's trailer. She demands no deference, but crew members step aside into the wet, taught by years of Hollywood service to show respect in the presence of a \$1,000,000 property.

No matter how sincerely she may still

Tweeter/Midrange Unit Quite simply, the Difference. A solid state tweeter for the highs. And a separate midrange for all the middle tones that fall between high and low. We've kept these separate from the woofer because higher frequencies travel in a narrow path, not all over the car. (They won't do you a bit of good down by your feet.) So we let you put them up where

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PLAYBO

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sorrow over the world's poor and the downtrodden, union work rules in Hollywood make it hard for a leading lady to wear sackcloth and ashes. Fonda has two drivers, one to pick her up at home in the morning in a leather-appointed Mercury station wagon and wait faithfully to ferry her until late at night, another to steer the expensive motor home that functions as the star's dressing room, a servant well paid even though the trailer doesn't move for days on end.

A wardrobe mistress cares for the stylish salmon-colored slacks-and-sweater combination Fonda wears, and a makeup lady stands by with eight small brushes and three large ones to tend her beauty. But we must not blame Fonda for these trappings of extravagance and privilege. The clothes and hairdo are make-believe middle class because she enjoys playing women far different from herself. The drivers and other handservants are part of the labor scheme she can't change. Besides, the work rules provide good-paying jobs for many of her minority and women friends. (Both of her drivers and her make-up artist are black women.)

Today, she is working with Michael Douglas and Jack Lemmon on a film called Power. She is very secretive about the plot and there are firm rules against visitors on the set, lest any secrets be revealed. As usual, though, if you just walk onto the stage looking weary and uninterested, everyone figures you belong there. Once inside, it's no big trick to discover that she plays a TV newswoman, Douglas her cameraman, and that Lemmon works in a nuclear plant where the news team uncovers an astonishing danger. Later I will ask Jane for the plot of the movie and she will insist it is a secret. I won't bother to upset her by letting her know that it is neither a secret nor all that astonishing.

Once out of the rain and nestled into the cramped little dressing trailer, Fonda wants most to talk about her most recent picture, Coming Home, a surprisingly well-rounded view of those damaged by Vietnam. With the first burst of rhetoric, Fonda transforms the sterile quarters of the motor home into some old roachinfested two-story house somewhere on the back streets of Berkeley, where the discontented spread their papers before the fireplace and plot to change the world. As she shakes her head to prove a point, her lacquered red hair frees itself and seeks to return to some frazzled state it remembers can lend a wild excitement to her words,

Trying to segue to my search for truth about her and Hollywood, I ask what she thinks about all of those who support her fight against the war now that it's safe to do so-the "reborn radicals." 172 But she's surprisingly mellow. "People are friendlier when I call," she shrugs. "I wouldn't say it's reborn radicals. It's just a combination of the kind of movies I'm making and people feeling I haven't sold out. And liking what my movies are about and feeling I've done something that a lot of people would like to do. Everyone is looking for a meaning in their lives. People are becoming real aware of the fact that they are alienated, whether or not they allow the question to surface or bother them a whole lot, below the surface. Because basically people are good, they tend to ask themselves, What is my life for beyond the desire to make profit? When they see someone who seems to have more focus or meaning or sense of direction, I think they are real attracted to that and are real interested in that.'

I could argue that Hollywood was only more than willing to let her starve with her focus and sense of direction until she recently began serving its desire to make a profit; but I had not come to debate, so let us move on. Does she still have her relatively simple little home in Santa Monica?

"Relative to what? Relative to [former Columbia Pictures president] David Begelman's house, it is very simple. Relative to a lot of other people's, it is a very nice middle-class house."

Is she happy? Yes, she is, but that leads quickly to a long plea on behalf of those who aren't, such as the "badpaper" Viet veterans in San Diego. Try to pin down the shift of Hollywood sentiment in her favor and you get a discussion of Watergate. Mention that she seems to be dressing a little more glamorously these days, she refuses to accept the compliment. "When I speak at rallies, I wear one kind of clothes; when I go hiking, I wear one kind of clothes; if I go to a black-tie dinner, I try to dress appropriately. I don't spend a lot of money on clothes, because I don't think they matter very much. But I don't want to offend anyone. I just try to look neat and clean and appropriate for the occasion."

There's nothing wrong with an answer like that. Its genius, in fact, is in making the question seem thoroughly inane. If your strategy is to follow up on the clothes question with a stinger as to why she dresses up for Hollywood, you find that answer leaves no target yet says nothing. Unarmed, she could outfence Zorro with a shrug and a side step.

Such small probes, it's clear, will reveal nothing about how Fonda feels about Hollywood. The trick is to flow with one of her rolling discussions of something she finds of major importance and raise your hand every so often to pick at particular revelatory points.

With Hayden and others, Fonda's major political effort these days is the Campaign for Economic Democracy, an attempt to unite blue collars and white collars in battle with executive board rooms, in demanding internal reforms of the corporate structure, public members on company boards, Federal chartering of corporations, job programs, tax reform. In general, the foe is the multinational corporation running amuck, employing unhappy executives to wipe out the middle class and the poor.

As an old Texas populist myself, I could cheer her on in this fight. Except that I can't recall ever cheering anybody who was paid anywhere near \$1,000,000 for a few weeks' work, or about a zillion times the minimum wage.

"It's ridiculous that someone earns a million dollars to act—it's just ridiculous," Fonda agrees. "But since a movie actor or actress can get that kind of money, I'm going to ask for it when the time comes. Without any guilt, because of how I use it. If it were for myself, I would feel very guilty about it, given the status of other people who do more important work than acting and can hardly pay their bills.

"I am part of a movement and we want to win. By win I mean redistribute power in this country. We want to achieve true economic democracy in this country. In order to do that, you have to hire and pay for and train organizers, to publish newspapers, to have control over television. It would be great to own your own TV station, so you would have freedom to get information out that is being stopped otherwise.

"To do this, you need money. And I don't mean a hundred or a thousand dollars. I mean millions of dollars. We have to find ways to raise millions of dollars if we are going to win.

"I intend to make as much money as I can. I intend to find ways to invest my money and other people's money in businesses that are responsible and whose profit can be turned over to a movement. I'm trying to get rid of the idea of using money for one's own gain and to use it for a social purpose instead."

I'm beginning here to get visions of Jane Fonda as Robin Hood, ripping off the rich to help the poor. But she doesn't like that idea, because it suggests charity instead of economic overhaul. And I don't like it much, either, because I still see Robin Jane rushing out of Sherwood Forest and riding off with the rich folks.

What bothers me, to be blunt, is that Fonda is very much in the thick of one questionable business, making lots of money in order to cure the ills in everybody else's questionable business. In the newspaper trade, this is called Afghanistanism, the courage to take strong, forthright stands on the ills of Afghanistan while ignoring all that's wrong in the (concluded on page 180)

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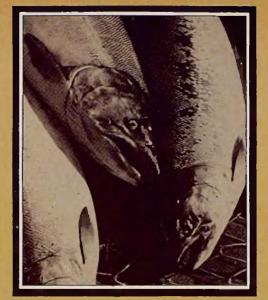
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TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

DOWN AT THE OLD FISHING SCHOOL



The hat hallowed fishing hole may have been an easy enough place to plunk your line years ago, but if you want to get the full benefit out of the incredible array of rods and reels that dedicated fishermen can choose from these days, you just might want to put your money in a stay at one of the several how-to schools that fishing pros and tackle manufacturers are now offering. There are two types of fishing schools available—flyfishing and bait/spin casting—and the differences are in more than just the equipment. The fly-fishing schools are generally trout schools taught on streams, while the bait/ spin-casting curriculums are bass schools on popular lakes. Both teach techniques used for fishing any fresh-water species. Upon graduation, you're a darn good fisherman.

CASTING COLLEGES

The Orvis Fly Fishing School in Manchester, Vermont, began 12 years ago with an enrollment of fewer than 150 students. Today, it teaches up to 900 students a year in a series of three-day courses that are held right on its property. The emphasis of the course is on casting and plenty of open hours are allowed for the student to fish in the nearby Battinkill River. Although catch and release is emphasized the first two days of your visit, the last day includes fishing the well-stocked Orvis ponds for keeps. For more information, write to Orvis at 10 River Road, Manchester, Vermont 05254.

Fenwick Fly Fishing Schools (P. O. Box 729, Westminster, California 92683) has appointed a number of regional headmasters in over 20 well-known fishing locations throughout the country to act as instructors for its twoto-five-day courses. The curriculum offers many advanced courses, including a six-day junket on Alaska's Kulik River, a two-day school in Calgary, Alberta, and two days of special steelhead fishing along the Russian River in California. Dick Gaumer, Fenwick's fly-fishing director, points out that, in addition to the intensive classroom approach Fenwick offers, there's plenty of time in the three- and five-day schools for supervised fishing. Fenwick offers over 50 courses from April to September and the rates are quite varied. Its extensive brochure explains all.

The American Sportsman's Club, in conjunction with the Garcia Corporation, provides a highly intensive flyfishing school in the shadow of the Rockies. Bob Good, president of the club, directs the school and promises "to teach the student to be able to walk up to any body of water in the country, analyze it and know where to start fishing." All students are housed in the company lodge near Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and much of one's time is spent on five miles of private streams. The fishing techniques taught in the mornings include casting, stream reading and lure presentation. Bonus: All Garcia equipment is available at greatly reduced prices once the course is completed.

In addition, Dick Gasaway, a Garcia pro and former Colorado state bass champion, is in charge of another American Sportsman's Club/Garcia enterprise—The Lake Powell Bass School, which meets each spring in Bullfrog Marina on the Utah side of Lake Powell. Lessons using jigs, worms, crank and spinner baits are included and there's plenty of time for on-the-lake fishing. For more information about either the A.S.C./Garcia Fly Fishing School or the Lake Powell Bass School, contact The American Sportsman's Club, Suite 219, 8000 East Girard, Denver, Colorado 80231.

Another popular school is Bill Murray's American Institute of Bass Fishing. The course lasts four days in April and pits you against Ol' Jaws, a mechanical bass that lurks in a 10,000-gallon aquarium and strikes on command. Casting from the front half of a bass boat fitted to the end of the tank, a neophyte can feel Ol' Jaws strike the worm time and time again under the watchful cycs of the instructor. There are three lakes nearby on which to try one's skills. Contact the A.I.B.F., Box 2324, Hot Springs, Arkansas 71901.

WHAT YOU GET

All curriculums guarantee individualized instruction, with an average of one instructor to every five students. The costs are moderate, ranging between \$50 and \$100 per person per day. Examine each course brochure carefully, as some include housing and others don't. The largest variable is the cost of your transportation to the water's edge. To select the course best suited to your purposes (and skills), decide on what combination of basic classroom instruction and guided fishing time will be most effective. You'll note that most advanced courses are only guided fishing trips.

Once you're enrolled by deposit, each school director will send you a check list of necessities for the course. If you choose, the company-sponsored schools will equip you with their latest gear. Exercise this important option, particularly if you are just starting out and will soon be ready to purchase that first rod and reel. And you oldtimers might want to throw away that vintage cane pole once you've seen what 20th Century tackle technology has for you. Good fishing! —BRIAN R. PETERSON

Come to Marlboro Country.

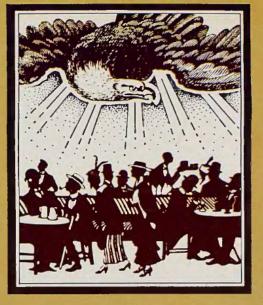


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HOW TO USE THE CONSULAR CORPS



ou've packed your bags and found someone to care for the cat: You're on your way out of the country. You think you've thought of everything. And maybe you have. But what if something goes wrong while you're abroad? Your consul overseas may be able to help you out of your predicament-if you know how to let him. The trouble is, most American travelers haven't the faintest idea of what their embassies and consulates do. Instead, they call upon them to secure airline reservations or to chastise swindling natives. "Most often, we see our countrymen come in here and insist that we cash their checks," sighed one career consular officer. "They expect us to function as an American Express office." While a consulate can't provide many of the advantages of a credit-card foreign office, there are things it can do that you shouldn't leave home without knowing.

WHAT IF YOU GET SICK ABROAD?

Before you leave, make sure your health insurance is valid overseas. If not, arrange for temporary extra coverage. All consulates have on hand a list of local Englishspeaking doctors and hospitals. And if you're lucky (or unlucky) enough to get sick in England, for example, at least it's comforting to know that their socialized medical program will cover whatever ails you—gratis. Also, in many Communist countries, there is some form of national health plan from which a foreign visitor may benefit. It's best, however, to check with the appropriate national tourist office and inquire about the availability and cost of health coverage for foreign visitors.

WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU LOSE YOUR MONEY?

The consul cannot replace your money nor give you a loan under most circumstances. But he will try to help. Because he is well connected with many assistance facilities, such as American churches and Travelers Aid societies, in the host country, he can direct you to the agency most likely to help find food and shelter.

A consul will also offer to make a collect telephone call to anyone in the U.S. who you think can be of assistance. If the need is urgent, he can speed up the process of getting money to you. One way to do this is to have the friend in America wire money to the State Department in Washington, where it goes into a trust account. Then Washington informs the consul and authorizes him to pay out to you an equivalent amount in local currency.

A consulate can also provide repatriation service, but to qualify, one must: (1) be a U. S. citizen who is (2) temporarily out of the country and who is (3) destitute and has no friends or relatives in the U.S. who can put up funds for his return. The citizen must provide the consulate with a list of names and addresses of those who he believes might be able to help him. If that is unsuccessful, the State Department will issue a loan to the individual and provide him with a ticket to the U.S. and amend his passport to "Return to the U.S. Only." His passport will be seized when he comes back to the United States and will not be returned until he has repaid his loan.

WHAT IF YOU BREAK A LAW?

As we're becoming more and more aware from the increasing number of compatriots who find themselves in Turkish, Iranian and Mexican jails, foreign prisons are not fun places. And there's very little a consul can do if you're suspected by the local police of being guilty of a crime. The consul, of course, maintains a list of lawyers in his district who specialize in a particular area of law and it's required by the Geneva convention that the consul be informed by the host country if one of his nationals is arrested. If that happens, he'll keep track of the legal proceedings to ensure that justice is being served: not only according to the standards of international law but according to the host country's own statutes as well. The consul cannot impose the laws of the United States just because the person accused of a crime is an American citizen. His main function is to see that the U.S. citizen is not receiving prejudicial treatment. He cannot act as a legal representative nor does he have the authority to secure the release of the accused. But he can arrange for the prisoner to receive funds from his family at home as they are needed for his welfare in prison and for his legal representation. If there is a clear violation of the accused's rights under the laws of the host country, the consul can make representations on behalf of that person. And he can create considerable waves.

HOW ELSE CAN YOU USE THE CONSUL?

Because someone in the United States may need to get in touch with you, it's a good idea to register your foreign address with the nearest U.S. mission, an embassy or a consulate. Leave a detailed itinerary at home and, should an emergency arise, your consulate will be better able to help your family or friends find you quickly. And one last thing: In countries where widely differing currency exchange rates exist (e.g., many Communist countries), the consul will tell you where preferential rates can be obtained. All in all, he's a pretty good guy. —JOHN REZEK

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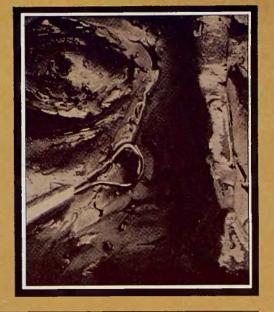
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QUALITY NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE.

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

PLASTIC SURGERY: THE KINDEST CUT



et me say it straight. There comes a time when you don't look quite as young as you feel. The mirror reflects puffy undereye bags, droopy lids, jowly chin and/or wrinkly throat. You may be well under 50—or just over—certainly, too young to think of throwing in the towel as an upwardly mobile executive or an attractive lover, albeit older than the downy-cheeked competition.

If you're overweight, regular exercise and shedding the indicated extra pounds are steps in the right direction. But trimming down can also contribute to more face flab (the skin loses its elasticity and ability to contract as it ages), a problem that even a clever new hairstyle isn't going to solve.

FACING UP TO PLASTIC SURGERY

The answer may be plastic surgery. Of all the face-lifts performed in the United States these days, roughly between 30 and 40 percent are done on men. Depending on your general health, age and individual skin quality, it can bring about a definite improvement that will last from about five to ten years.

Should you feel that a face-lift is frivolous or perhaps slightly immoral, please remember that the avant-garde actresses, entertainers, even a few U.S. Senators and leisured rich who helped keep the plastic surgeons busy, interested and solvent in the intervals between the two great wars were responsible for our having the core of experienced, aesthetically aware surgeons at the onset of World War Two.

Before you make a decision, it's important to know, among other things, if you have allergies and specifically if you're allergic to penicillin. There is also the minimal chance that you have a tendency toward keloid scars, a condition connected with the body's hormone level that varies widely among different races and with the same person at different stages of his life.

THE FIRST STEP

So the sensible first step is a consultation with your general practitioner, if you have one and value his advice. He knows your medical history and temperament and can be tremendously supportive. Chances are he can recommend a qualified plastic surgeon as well.

If your own doctor can't or won't, for whatever reason, and you're still determined to investigate further, call your county medical society for doctor referral. Failing satisfactory information from that source, write directly to The American Board of Plastic Surgery, Inc., 4647 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri 63108, for a list of its diplomates. To become a diplomate of that prestigious organization, a doctor must have at least three years of general surgery and two to three years of plastic-surgery residency, then pass the board's own stringent examinations.

QUESTIONS TO ASK

If you need double reassurance, make an appointment with two qualified plastic surgeons. Be frank. Say exactly what results you expect. Arrive with a list of questions that you can ask without wasting time. It should include some concerning the doctor's credentials: Where did he receive his medical degree? Is he a diplomate of The American Board of Plastic Surgery? What is his hospital affiliation? Is the hospital connected with a medical school? If so, the implication is that the equipment and methods are up to date. Precisely what is his fee and does it include postoperative care? (A face-lift may run from about \$1500 to \$5000, including post-operative care.) Better yet, the Internal Revenue Service now says that plastic surgery, cosmetic or otherwise, is fully tax-deductible.

THE TIME FACTOR

A face-lift is nothing to be undertaken lightly. But it isn't too scary, either. It can be done, and usually is, under a local anesthetic. The patient often checks into the hospital the night before to be properly prepared.

The operation to correct aging around the eyes, jowly chin and flabby neck takes *in toto* about four hours. The surgeon, obviously, must have superb skills, a steady hand and the ability to sew a fine seam.

In about 48 hours, you'll be out of the hospital and resting quietly at home for about two weeks, with periodic visits to the doctor's office to have the stitches removed. (When healed, face-lift scars in most cases will be hairline thin and almost invisible.) After the operation, you'll need dark glasses to hide two black eyes, which will gradually lighten and disappear. To be realistic, allow a month before you attempt to get back into full circulation.

To prevent boredom and undue anxiety in the interim, it's wise to have arranged some pleasant project beforehand: a stack of books you've meant to read, a list of letters to write and perhaps a couple of evenings with one or two close friends. TV in megadoses can pall.

If the job has been well done, your friends won't dream you've had plastic surgery. They'll merely think you were away on a marvelous, restful holiday, which is where you can tell them you've been. —GERI TROTTA

SAUNTJANE (continued from page 172)

"'Hollywood needs to be restructured like every other corporate industry in the country."

home town. I don't know what the same thing is called in Hollywood.

It's not just a matter of good deeds done with the money Jane earns. What makes her such a valuable commodity, anyway, if not the fact that the entertainment industry can use her name and popularity to enrich itself many times in deals—honest and not so honest—far beyond her control? Like it or not, the more valuable Fonda becomes as a box-office attraction, the more sins are committed in her name.

For whatever laudable motives, she is playing piano in one of the oldest whorehouses in town.

Consider that she and Hayden are leading a fight to keep solar energy out of the hands of utilities. But executives in that high-powered industry might well exchange cynical smiles over this outside agitator from a business that itself is awash in scandal. How penetrating are the economic barbs tossed by an actress who has recently made two films for Columbia Pictures, dealing with David Begelman, the studio president ousted for forgery; two pictures for United Artists, rocked by a corporate power play in a clash with its conglomerate parent, Transamerica Corp.; and one picture for 20th Century-Fox, accused by small theaters of bone-crunching business assaults that the 19th Century cartels would envy?

Fonda concedes some of the same naïveté and ignorance about big business that she initially had about Vietnam. Reaching for a handful of raw string beans she substitutes for lunch, she spreads them out on the table in front of her and tries to deal with the vulnerability of her position. She doesn't really eat the beans; they're pulverized in the rapid snap of her words.

Of the Begelman affair and similar revelations, she says, "We all abhor corruption. It's very complex what's going on here and I don't understand it well enough to be able to talk about it. One thing I do understand is that Hollywood needs to be restructured like every other corporate industry in the country.

"I don't pretend to have the expertise or the wherewithal to be able to say this has to happen and that has to happen. We need to study it and see exactly what is wrong, why it is that if I want people to see this movie I am making, I have to work for these studios. Otherwise, it will be stonewalled.

"It's not right. How can we envision

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change taking place in a way that won't screw the independent producers, that won't screw the small businesses, that won't destroy the industry, that will make it flourish, but flourish more democratically?"

Fonda thinks the way to start fresh is to get some of the movie business' best people out of town for a few days to begin re-examining its ills. But I suspect it wouldn't be more than a few hours before some of them began sneaking back to town to pin down deals while the rest were still smelling the roses.

She agrees that courageous leaders are scarce in Hollywood: "When you're working in a monopolized industry, people get very scared of expressing themselves, because they are afraid they are never-going to work again."

"But that obviously does not concern you," I interject.

"Well, you know, I want to be very cautious about what I say, because I don't understand it very well. It's amazing how in this industry, especially if you're on the acting end of it, you go along sort of waiting for the scripts to come, knowing in the back of your mind that stuff is being skimmed off the top, your percentages aren't coming to you in the way they should and people sort of take it for granted.

"They can't afford to hire the accountant who could find it out, anyway. So you just go along. It's hard for individual people to change from that place until a process is set in motion as it is now. When problems become clear to people, then you can start sitting down with them and say, 'Let's talk about what we're doing.'"

But Fonda refuses to let me make her defensive. Blue eyes firing, she tells off my hypothetical utility executives who would remind her of the glass house from whence she hurls her stones:

"If they ever said that to me," she bristles, "I would say, if one could open your books, I'd be interested to know how much of the taxes you're supposed to pay do you really pay? Do you want to look at my books? I pay my taxes. I don't use corporate loopholes.

"Number two, what do you do with your money? What kind of a house do you live in? How many cars do you have? Do you have servants? What are your vacations like? Does any human being really need to live the way you do? Can you justify \$800,000 a year if it's all spent on yourself, and your Rolls-Royces, and your Mercedes and your 15 servants and your four houses? How do you justify that?

"Do you want to ask me how I spend my money? I'll tell you, because I'm not ashamed of that, because most of it is not spent on me."

OK, how does she spend her money?

"I bought a ranch in Santa Barbara that is being turned into a children's camp. In the summer, it is turned into an organizers' training institute, which is going to be used to develop a model of alternative technology. I use it to support not only our own organization, which is not dependent on just my money, but other organizations."

At the bottom line, you have to believe her words or not. I guess I do. Though she may be more than a little naïve or overly optimistic, Fonda's credibility lies in her conviction and lifestyle, neither of which seems redecorated by Beverly Hills.

Tom and Jane still live in their old Santa Monica neighborhood near the beach, with its wooden houses crowded together in a confusion of domed roofs, widow's walks and picket fences lining the narrow one-way streets. The Hayden-Fonda house is nestled under the electric wires leading to a pole with a single light. Neatness doesn't count here. Three tilted trash cans clutter their driveway; two doors away, a front porch is piled high with cardboard cartons; across the street, wet towels overhang a balcony. Old Volkswagens and a battered Lincoln Continental dominate the parking spaces.

Here and there, though, an open garage reveals the presence of a new \$20,000 Mercedes. Everywhere, there's too much fresh paint, too many new apartment buildings and fashionable restaurants. Property values are soaring in California's crazed real-estate market.

Fonda settled here in a two-step move to escape the idiotic luxury of Beverly Hills, first leaving her expensive home there for a smaller house in the San Fernando Valley. Even that residence, however, had the minor grandeur of a swimming pool; and after her marriage to Hayden, they moved on to his former haunts in Santa Monica, partly because she knew he was uncomfortable with the size of her home and the pool.

Almost unemployed, they had to scrape together the \$40,000 it cost to buy the little house. Now she's making plenty and the little house a block from the ocean is worth more than \$100,000 and climbing.

For some people, downward mobility is hard to achieve. We can only hope Jane Fonda doesn't stop trying.



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Designed by the Porsche Design Group, Contax RTS has a sophisticated electro/magnetic shutter system, a total display viewfinder, world-famous Carl Zeiss optics, and a vast array of accessories. And now, a photography contest exclusively for U.S. registered Contax RTS owners.



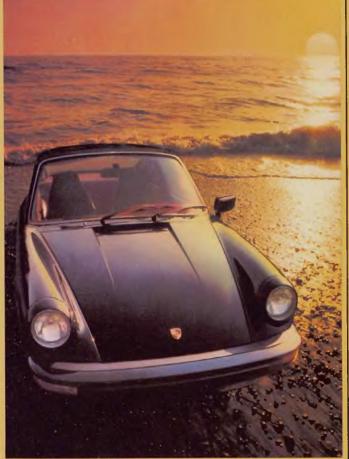
First Prize Drive away with a brand new \$19,000 Porsche 911. And one click of your Contax shutter could do it!



Second Prize Picture yourselfon a triparound the world with stops at the Carl Zeiss lens factory in Germany, plus a visit to Yashica's camera factory in Japan.

Third Prize

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to join a top professional photographer for one week of shooting on location in a foreign country.



Who's to judge? Six world-famous photographers will select the winners. They are: Eddie Adams, John Dominus, Ormond Gigli, John B. Loengard, Carl Mydans, and Sam Zarember.

Contest Rules Contest opens May 1, 1978. Pictures must be received by midnight August 31, 1978. You may

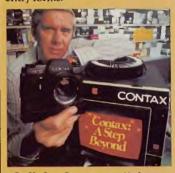
submit up to 5 color transparen-



Real Time System

Entry forms are available only through your local authorized Contax dealer.

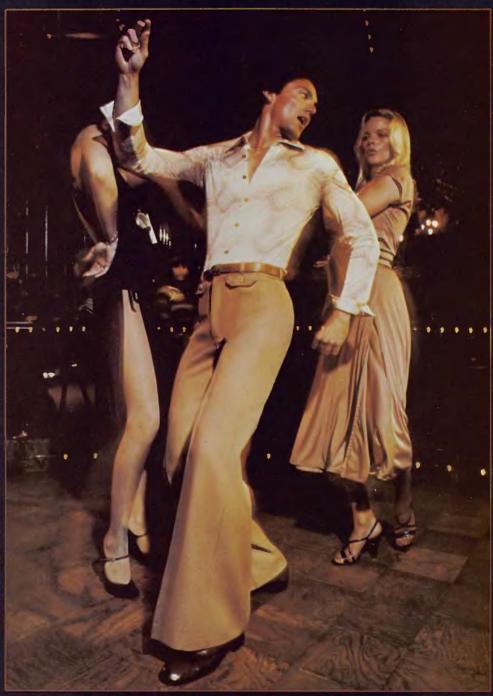
with accompanying negatives. To win, your picture must be previously unpublished and have been taken with a U.S. registered Con-tax RTS camera after January 1, 1978. Each photograph should be marked with your name, address and phone number. If you wish to have pictures returned, include a self-addressed return postage envelope with your entries. Yashica, Inc. is not responsible for lost or damaged photographs. Winners will be announced by September 30, 1978, and will be available at your authorized Contax dealer. Winning pictures become the property of Yashica/Contax world-wide and may appear in Contax advertisements, promotion or publicity materials. Professional photographers, employees of Yashica, Inc. and families are not eligible. Contest void where prohibited by law. Mail entries to: Contax Photography Contest, 411 Sette Drive, Paramus, New Jersey 07652, or see your local dealer for entry forms.



Call the Contax toll-free Hotline for your nearest dealer and see the stunning audio/visual presentation of Contax.



If You've Got It, Flaunt It!



If you're lucky enough to have a lean, trim, hard body, make the most of it. Get into Angels Flight[™] pants and turn the ladies on. Angels Flight is the original — the dressy gabardine pant that started the disco look. The fit is so snug and provocative it's downright sinful. You'll even feel sexier wearing them. Add a matching vest and blazer and you'll have to fight the girls off.





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WS



7 Rugged jobs like this are commonplace in the Jacob's Ladder.

The toughest thing about being a ship's pilot in the Pacific Northwest can be getting to your ship. The Columbia River picks up your 90-foot pilot boat and throws it across a sandbar churning-up waves over 30 feet high. It's tossed around like a volleyball and you feel like you're riding in a cement mixer. And when you get to the ship, those cement mixer. And when you get to the ship, those 30-foot waves chase you up 60 feet of swaying

Pacific Northwest. They have been since men first came to log her forests and fish her seas. The kind of men Olympia started brewing beer for back

Olympia. Born in the Pacific Northwest. But, in 1896. today it's at home wherever a man loves his beer.

The Hot Tub Experience

It takes your breath away at first. Then the hot, swirling water does its magic.

Your body sinks back. Suddenly the simple pleasures of relaxation are rediscovered. There's laughter, playful splashing, quiet conversations...

Introducing the Hot Tub Experience from California Cooperage. It exactly fits the spirit of our time.

Soaking is for Everyone

Hot tubbing is just plain fun. It's soothing and natural. It can be sociable or solitary. Enjoyed in any climate. Whatever time of year. And thanks to our low cost do-it-yourself hot tub kits, anyone can enjoy the benefits.



Our Package is Complete

First off, each California Cooperage hot tub is precisionmilled from only the finest kilndried, all-heart redwood. It can be assembled in a few hours and lasts for generations.

Our spa equipment system produces thousands of invigorating bubbles and keeps constant vigil over water purity. It's completely self-contained. Heavy-duty. Timetested and virtually maintenance free.

And as a practical matter, California Cooperage hot tubs are both ecologically sensible and an excellent investment.

The First To Do It Right

We deliver our hot tub spa package anywhere in the U.S. for only \$1499, plus freight. Comes to your door pre-cut, ready to assemble. Includes a 4' solid redwood tub, pump, filter, heater, hydro-massage jets, and accessories. You need little more than household tools, the help of a friend and a free weekend. It's that simple!

> Get the entire story from the world's leading hot tub maker. Call or write today for our free 16-page color brochure, or enclose \$1, and we'll also send the

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



 Enclosed is \$1. Rush me the "California Tubbing" book and your literature, via I Class Mail. Just send me your free literature, via Tr Class Mail. 	First
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California Cooperage REDWOOD HOT TUBS

NOBODY EVER WOKE UP REGRETTING HAVING HAD ONE TOO FEW.

Too much of anything is no good. Too much food makes you fat. Too much talking makes you boring. Too much spending makes you broke. And too much to drink can make you hurt.

We, the people who make and sell distilled spirits make our products in the hope that they will be used for pleasure. And its no pleasure if you don't feel good the next morning. Or can't keep your mind clear for work because your head's in a fog.

7.02

That's why we'd rather see people use our products responsibly than to excess.

If you want to feel better tomorrow, we suggest you have one too few tonight.

Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS), 1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004 Disasters (continued from page 108)

"Premature ejaculation can be corrected—but not by amateur effort. Distractions don't work."

business. (The prostitute may reassure the novice, commending him on his ability.)

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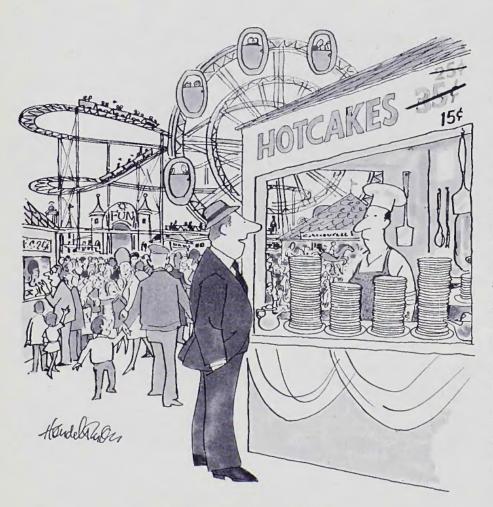
Sometimes a beginner can't believe his good luck—and hurries before his partner can change her mind. It takes only a few sexual encounters to establish the groove. Or perhaps the rut.

Many sexually crippled men have no idea that they're not the most popular of sexual partners. If a man isn't married, his partners on one-night stands usually don't let him know he isn't getting the job done to their satisfaction. No one bothers to correct the situation-instead, they move on to new partners. If he is married, it is frequently several years before an unbelievably frustrated partner angrily upsets his apple cart one night by accusing him of being totally selfish, interested only in his own pleasure and never thinking of her needs. Such a disclosure usually comes as a shock, for the male who has become conditioned to speedy sex has no frame of reference.

He has always aimed to please and until now has had no complaints.

Premature ejaculation can be corrected-but not by amateur effort. Distractions don't work. Counting backward from 100 doesn't work. Biting your lip doesn't work. Thinking of the office doesn't work. Most men try to put on the brakes after they've hit the ice-by then, it's too late. Learning self-control takes a cooperative, understanding partner. In Human Sexual Inadequacy, I describe the squeeze technique: A woman brings her partner to the edge of orgasm, then, before he can ejaculate, squeezes the head of the penis between her fingers. The overwhelming urge to ejaculate will diminish and the process can be repeated. Gradually, the man becomes familiar with the sensations leading to orgasm and can learn to slow down and regain control.

In the past, small elements of our society have tried to attack the problem



of first-night disasters. For example, at the turn of the century, the Oneida Community in Upstate New York was teaching young men ejaculatory control as a conception-control mechanism. The young men were initiated into sexual activity and taught control by postmenopausal women, and older, wellcontrolled men performed similar services for the young women in the colony. As a contraceptive measure, the techniques reportedly worked well, but we have no knowledge of whether or not controlled "sexual induction" by experienced partners reasonably guaranteed effective sexual performances when the young people were allowed to mate.

Ideally, we should develop adequate educational programs for the sexually inexperienced. Not the birds-and-bees thing but programs conducted by competent professionals discussing social responsibilities, underscoring sexual values and suggesting ways and means of admitting sexual ignorance with comfort. After all, if men and women had the self-confidence to acknowledge their virginal states and ask for help before they plunged, half the battle would be won. While there would still be distressful failures after identifying a neophyte status, the level of distress would be of little moment compared with the degree of trauma that develops when pretending an expertise we don't have or assuming or assigning a responsibility we can't meet. We must accept the facts that men as well as women can be sexually inexperienced without loss of face and that one cannot accept responsibility for a partner's facility in sexual response.

Although we have emphasized the negative in this discussion of virginal traumas, and we certainly haven't been optimistic about the possibility of altering culturally established sexual value systems, a positive note is in order for those tens of thousands of men who will have read this article and identified with one or another of the situations described. For those who have been caught in the ego grinder of sexual ignorance and who remain severely handicapped by failed first experiences, all is not lost. The sexual inadequacies that arise from virginal matings are reversible in a high percentage of cases. There is even brighter portent in the fact that our society finally has recognized that continued sexual ignorance in our young will lead them to repeat our sexual mistakes and to suffer our sexual disasters. Happily, they are learning to avoid these pitfalls, sometimes even with our help. Obviously, it's far better to avoid problems than to have to treat them; but if they exist, how much better it is to treat than to live a half life.

X

"How are they selling?"

'Why I choose to smoke'.

"Why kid anyone? I smoke because I enjoy it. I'm the kind of guy who gets pleasure out of a cigarette. But I'm not deaf to what's being said about tar.

"So I searched out a cigarette that would give me taste with low tar. And two years ago I found it in Vantage. Vantage has all the taste I enjoy yet, surprisingly, much less tar than my old brand.

"Why did I choose Vantage? Because I like it."

Michael Epperson



VANTAGE

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's

VANTAGE

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. 183

VANTAGE

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



Nancy Drew (continued from page 92)

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"Every once in a while, I get into a negative frame of mind: Nothing seems to make any sense."

experience, whether it's visiting an ice floe in Newfoundland, exploring ancient ruins in Mexico or-for a total diversion-blowing it out in Las Vegas. I tend to go around in my own world. I don't want to worry about having to take someone with me. When I have time alone, I'd rather read or go to films; I haven't watched TV in two years, except for my own show. And I probably wouldn't have watched that if I hadn't been in it. I really want to work in films again, because the whole approach to acting is different. In TV, we shot an hour's show in eight days. For an hourand-a-half feature film, it takes three months. There's so much more time to work on concepts and ideas and feelings, and to take them to a much deeper level. I hope to become involved in the types of films I like to see, generally European films, like those of Bergman, Truffaut and Lelouch. They seem to deal with people on a more intimate level. That's what film acting is all about: a very close look.

PLAYBOY: What was memorable about your previous film experiences?

MARTIN: When I left high school to make my first film, To Find a Man, I didn't know what the hell I was doing. I was only 17. It was the story of a pregnant 15-year-old who wanted to get an abortion but didn't want her parents to find out about it. So she employed the boy next door, who had an enormous crush on her, to help her out. On the basis of that movie, I was asked to come to California to make one of the first disaster films, The Poseidon Adventure. The fact that it was one of the first is the only good thing I have to say about it. I was one of two children who escaped. The one film that was really a total experience for me was Our Time. It was about two girls in boarding school in the Fifties and, again, an illegal abortion. I seem to have a propensity for that. In Buster and Billie, I played the pretty high school girl, the class bitch. I'm bored by that, because I've played it so many times before. The kind of thing

I could do best is something that I haven't had the chance to do yet. I keep asking myself when it will happen. I could wait my whole life for Bergman and never find him. I have a lot of unanswered questions about this life. I often wonder what we're here for. Every once in a while, I get into a negative frame of mind: Nothing seems to make any sense. I just can't figure out the point. I keep asking myself why. You can only get yourself crazy with that question. I got myself crazy for a while. I went into therapy-not because I expected to get any answers but because my questions were burning me up and inhibiting my ability to function. If you're with the right person, it can be a great learning experience. And it was, PLAYBOY: Any lingering doubts?

MARTIN: Only this feeling I have about becoming a commercial entity. At this point in Hollywood, one's popularity often has to do with how big one's publicity agent is. That's repellent to me. I want to be successful. But I'd rather go a medium route than go all out for publicity—like the *Charlie's Angels* group and feel like I'm selling out. I'd rather be a semisuccessful person and get to do a few projects I could feel proud of, maybe one or two nice films a year. I don't particularly want to be famous.



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The first receiver that thinks it's a separate amplifier and tuner.

If you've never felt that a receiver could measure up to separates, we're about to change your mind. Presenting the prestigious Optonica SA-5151. It's powerful enough to handle whatever you're ready to give it. Because it's got a hearty 85 watts minimum RMS per channel at 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.09% total harmonic distortion.

OPTONIC

That specification compares favorably with some of the best amplifiers around.

And here's a valuable feature that compares with some of the finest tuners: an air check calibrator that generates a 400Hz tone so you can record FM broadcasts at the correct level.

Like those top tuners, the

SA-5151 receiver is designed with a phase locked loop demodulator circuit and inductive type filter. Which translates into outstanding FM stereo performance.

Optonica's Automatic Protection Circuit is audio technology at its best. Because it protects your valuable hi-fi system. The circuit automatically activates (and the front panel LED changes from the normal green to red) when outputs are accidentally shorted. Or, to prevent speaker damage, when excessive DC voltage occurs at the output.

We want you to see why the Optonica SA-5151 can give you all the performance and features of separates in the convenience of a receiver. That's why we invite you to visit one of the select audio dealers now carrying the full line of Optonica high fidelity components.

We'd also like to give you a free copy of our catalog. For the name and address of your nearest showroom call toll-free 800-447-4700 day or night (in Illinois dial 1-800-322-4400). Or write Optonica, Dept. PBM, 10 Keystone Place, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

From the first receiver that thinks it's a separate tuner and amplifier, to the first cassette deck that can find music automatically, find out why throughout Europe and Japan, Optonica is one of the fastest selling lines of high fidelity components on the market today.

OPTONICA THE OPTIMUM.

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 Parnses. 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-70.1

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 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!	-



ber vibrates purringly Push the switch to the second position and it begins a straight upand-down movement extending and contracting with smooth power. An exquisitely satisfying experience beyond description or imagination.



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\$10.00

order

Hugger.

Acct.#

Name

City_

Address

Signature

for \$20.00

SHAPE-UP RESORTS

(continued from page 129)

percent tax. For more information (there are numerous health and vacation plans), contact La Costa Hotel and Spa, Costa del Mar Road, Carlsbad, California 92008.

Farther north, near Escondido, California, is Deborah Szekely Mazzanti's famous Golden Door, a super spa for women that four times a year admits health-minded couples for a week of rigorous exercise, tasty low-calorie food, water volleyball, herbal wraps, saunas, etc., all in the tranquil setting of a Japanese inn. By the end of the week, you can't help but be converted to the Golden Door's religious belief that we all need to get our mind and body together year-round through regular exercise and watching our diet.

A week at the Golden Door is \$3150 for two, including tips and taxes. For more information on couples' weeks or the men-only sessions, write to the Golden Door, Box 1567, Escondido, California 92025.

Deborah Mazzanti is also director of another West Coast spa, Rancho La Puerta, that's located near the Mexican border town of Tecate. Rancho La Puerta takes a casual approach to the day's activities; you can hike, swim, exercise, etc., at your leisure-and the price is easier on your wallet, too: about \$800 to \$1000 a week for two, plus six percent tax and tips. For a brochure, write to Rancho La Puerta, Tecate, California 92080.

If you'd rather spend your shape-up week in sunny Florida, there's Palm-Aire, a large, delightful resort spa located in Pompano Beach, next door to Fort Lauderdale. Male-female separate-butequal spa accommodations offer the usual luxurious amenities, but the two of you can also get it together jogging, playing water volleyball and on the golf course and the tennis courts. A week at Palm-Aire for two will set you back about \$1749, including most gratuities. For additional info, write to The Spa at Palm-Aire, 2501 Palm-Aire Drive, Pompano Beach, Florida 33060.

Not technically a spa, the just-opened Minden at Hampton Court in Bridgehampton, Long Island, is a "recondi-tioning center" for those couples who are seriously interested in losing weight. Minden's main building is a huge refurbished mansion located on 11 and one half landscaped acres. Although the setting is one of baronial splendor, guests will be restricted to a Spartan 700 calories a day. If that sounds like your cup of unsweetened tea, write to Minden at Hampton Court, P.O. Box 468, Ocean Road, Bridgehampton, New York 11932. Wherever you go-happy workout!

Name



"Hang gliding was beginning to lose its thrill, Jo Ann, and then you came along . . . !"



An amazingly simple surgical hair replace-ment procedure that is 100% tissue compatible, and is guaranteed.

No infection risk. No foreign material, sutures, prolene wires or retainers are left in the scalp, no migration.

Plastic surgeons. Two internationally known surgeons helped to develop this advanced technique of anchor-ing hair to the scalp by using skin grafts that will last a lifetime.

Your own scalp. Part the hair an see your own scalp. Work or play, it can come off.

Undetectable. Hair that looks so natural it appears to be growing from y scalp. It's not, but you'll be the only on that knows.

More and more professional people, politicians, doctors, etc. are discoverin unique fool-proof method that overcor the disadvantages of all previous hair placement methods, both medical and non-medical.

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With Independent Air Cail Support Prices from The AIR COIL BED has become synonomous with the most revolu-tionary 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 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 struc-ture. 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 un-disturbed by the other's movements. This is because the air coil construction - with multiple controlled air chambers - supports your body evenly and independently.

Construction - with multiple controlled air chambers - supports your body evenly and independently. Store it on a shell, take it camping, use it in your van, boat, sum-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-60" x80", King-74" x80". Inflates in minutes with any air pump or cannister vacuum (Adapter included). Durable 20 gauge poly vinyl cleans with soap and water. Repair kit included. I year manutac from standard electrical outlet. DC pump operates from auto cigarette lighter. \$29.95 each. Do not be confused by inferior imitations. This is the original, permanent, red velveteen airbed.



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r rumps-329.95: □AC(tem 0004) □ Oheck or M.O. Enclosed Please Charge My Credit Card Bank Americard □Diners Club Master Charge □ American Express Carte Blanche

SANDWICHES

(continued from page 132) mushrooms. Add grind pepper, salt to taste and enough mayonnaise to bind. Refrigerate.

> STEAK SIZZLE (Serves four)

- 1 lb. beef fillet, trimmed
- About 1/2 stick sweet butter
- 1 large clove garlic
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons medium-dry sherry
- Thin slice fresh ginger
- pepper, to taste
- sty rolls (or English muffins), split d buttered

fillet into 4 equal steaks. Flatten, eavy pan, mallet or side of cleavmake fillets 1/4 in. thick. (We're about true fillet, not any bonece of beef.) Dry steaks on paper toweling. In large heavy pan, melt butter over medium heat until sputtering ceases. Squash garlic and sauté 1 minute; remove. Add steaks to pan and brown quickly, about 2 minutes each side. Don't overcook. Add soy, sherry and ginger. Continue cooking for another minute or two, turning once, until steaks are done to your liking. Remove to warm platter and reduce liquid in pan by about half. (Add salt and pepper, but taste first, as soy is saline.) Place each steak on roll bottom, spoon a little sauce over and cover with roll top. Serve with sliced ripe tomatoes and cucumbers.

ELIO'S CUBANO

Available in Cuban or Cuban-Chinese restaurants-or make your own.

- 6-in. length crusty French or Italian bread, split
- Butter, mayonnaise or mustard (optional)
- 2 slices roast pork
- 2 slices Virginia or boiled ham
- 2 slices Swiss cheese
- 2 slices mortadella
- Sweet-sour pickle (optional)

Lightly toast cut sides bread. Spread with butter, mayonnaise or mustard, if you like. Layer bottom with meat and cheese, in order given. Top with pickle (see note) and cover with remaining bread. Toast in sandwich grill under pressure, at 350° Fahrenheit, 3 or 4 minutes each side . . . or in heavy skillet, at medium heat, with weight on sandwich (such as flat plate holding 2 cans).

Note: In Cuba, they like it picospicy-which means pickle and perhaps ground pepper or red-pepper sauce. They also like the Cubano well toasted.

What do you drink with a sandwich? That's easy-anything that suits your taste. Beer, wine, lemonade, soda . . . even a highball, if that's your pleasure. There's only one rule: Enjoy it!







Canadian Newsmagazine, 1330 Gerrard St., St. E., TORONTO CANADA, M4L 1Z1.



These precision Flight Glasses are now available to the public for only \$9.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they would probably cost you over \$20. Handcrafted, these glasses feature hardened metal frames (in your choice of gold or silver), Impact-resistant, polished glass lenses. And selec-tive ray-screening capabilities (a must for pilots, great for you). Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If you don't find that your new Flight Glasses are worth more than \$9.95, simply mail them back within 10 days. Your money will be returned.

To order, send check or money order (include \$1.00 for postage and handling) to Precision Optics, Dept. B-1, P.O. Box 14006, Attanta, GA. 30324. (Please specify gold or silver frames.) SPECIAL: Order now and get TWO PAIR for only \$18 plus one dollar handling charge.

A LIMITED OFFER FROM PRECISION OPTICS



The professional, time-honored way to store fine stemware. Handsome hanging glass rack saves cupboard space, reduces breakage and chipping. Keeps 24 glasses dust free. Beautiful walnut-stained wood, brass-finished chains and hooks. Fully assembled. Install this quality, made-in-America 30" x 17" accessory in just minutes. For kitchen, bar, family room. Marvelous gift. \$19.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling each.

Visa or Mastercharge accepted, send number and expiration date. NY residents add tax. Quercus Corporation, Box 3, 100 North Lincoln Road, Dept. P78, East Rochester, N.Y. 14445. For immediate shipment, call toll free 1-800-828-7879. In N.Y. call collect 716-385-1258.

Juercus

PRODUCTS FROM AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN

BARROOM BETS (continued from page 153)

the quarter. Use of hands and/or other objects is taboo.

THE GREAT GRAPE EFFUSION

"Patter is necessary for a magician to create context, misdirect attention and intensify impact."

alternate. Beer, empty, beer, empty, beer, empty. Pour the contents of the second glass into the fifth one.

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H.

The following five bets are of a more respectable sort. There are no misleading phrasings. No mystical powers or exotic devices are needed. They require neither accomplices nor prestidigitation. We've set them up so you can test your skill first. If you're still at a loss after setting them up and applying your own powers of reason, take heart: We've supplied the explanations farther on.

IF I GET THE DIME, YOU GET THE BEER

As a bet is proposed, an important consideration is who will attempt the solution. By consistently wagering that you can, you are assured of two things: (1) You will not lose, because you know the solution and any person who accepts the bet doesn't; and (2) this will soon be obvious to anyone and you'll find yourself with few takers. Bet others that they cannot and you're increasing the risk, but the challenge will usually be too tempting for anyone to turn down.

The obvious answer is to mix your propositions. But however this wager is made, the setup is the same: Drop a dime, then a quarter, into a standard two-ounce jigger. Its conical shape will hold the coins firmly and about one half inch apart. The challenge is to remove the dime without touching or removing



"Why all the excitement, Ngwambi? I believe we've all seen a man-eating plant before."

Misdirection of thought or attention is a magician's tool that can also be of valuable assistance in winning barroom bets. In setting up this wager, a preliminary bet on the Perplexing Pepper Penetration Puzzle will help completely baffle the most unflappable quarry.

The P.P.P.P. is constructed by dropping a coin into a shallow glass of water and sprinkling black pepper liberally over the surface. The challenge is to remove the coin with your fingers without touching any pepper, which must remain floating. The pepper will coat the surface evenly, making the wager seemingly impossible to win. It's not. With a small, undetectable amount of soap or detergent (earlier obtained from the rest room or bar) on the tip of the finger, touch the edge of the water. The pepper grounds will immediately accumulate on the opposite side, allowing you to slide the coin up the inside of the glass with one finger and to emerge without a trace of condiment.

The post-prandial lull of a dinner accented by a bottle of wine is the perfect setting for The Great Grape Effusion. Its solution is an impressive spectacle. Place a quarter a few inches off center on a plate, saucer or large dish. Add wine or water until the coin is completely covered. Can the coin be lifted out by bare, dry fingers, without spilling or pouring off any liquid? You bet it can.

CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR

Patter is necessary for a magician to create context, misdirect attention and intensify impact. Although this bet requires neither unusual accessories nor sophisticated legerdemain, winning it is magic in the traditional sense, and a snappy line can help.

You remove a dollar bill from your billfold. You hold its ends firmly and snap it as you show both sides. Leave no doubt that it is simply a dollar bill.

Typical patter comes across hokey in print, but an appropriate spiel might be about increasing your money's buying power or expressing sympathy for the dollar because it's always changed into smaller denominations rather than larger. Actually, the theme is of secondary significance; the important thing is that you sound natural. Don't come on stiff or contrived.

You fold the bill three times as you talk. Then you can either hold it or, better yet, place it under a glass where the denomination is slightly distorted. Then you bet that when you unfold it, it will be a \$50 bill.

PRESENCE UNDER GLASS

When properly posed, a barroom bet should seem either absurdly simple or

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"Ilie Nastase introduced us to white rum and tonic."

"One day when I was photographing a match for a tennis magazine, Ilie Nastase came over to say hello. He displayed his usual charm — and then proceeded to tell me how much he hated one of my pictures of him in a recent issue.

That night, in a spirit of atonement, Ilie took Bob and me out to a Japanese restaurant. Before dinner, he ordered Puerto Rican white rum and tonic, a drink we had never tried before. We were intrigued, so we ordered the same.

When Ilie is right, he's right. White rum and tonic were made for each other.

A Rumanian in a Japanese restaurant introducing two Americans to Puerto Rican white rum.

That's how we got on to a good thing."

Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering gin and tonic, try white rum and Canada Dry Tonic next time. Canada Dry is the classic summer tonic. And Puerto Rican Rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka – for a very good reason. Unlike gin or vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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Alive with pleasure! After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother? Newport Newport MENTHOL KINGS Lori MENTHOL 100's Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine: 100's: 20 mg. "tar," That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

impossible to win. When a solution seems obvious, chances are the real one won't be. When it seems impossible, the solution is often obvious after the fact.

There are a few barroom bets that combine an apparently impossible situation with an ingenious solution. Such as this one. Balance a nickel on the bar and balance a match on the nickel. Invert a shot glass and place it over them, making sure the rim sits flush on the bar. The glass should not be touching the match or the nickel. The bet is on who can knock the match off the coin without the glass or the bar's being touched or moved.

THE LAST STRAW

Begin with three identical goblets, each of about an eight-ounce capacity. Size is not very important, except that the diameter of the rim should be greater than the diameter of the base. Over the first glass, which is placed upright and empty on the bar, spread about a half-dozen swizzle sticks. Submerge the two other glasses in a sinkful of water, press the rims together to seal in the water and stand them upon the swizzle sticks. Without touching any part of this impressive and precarious structure, get the water from the top glass into the bottom one.

> HOW TO WIN IF I GET THE DIME, YOU GET THE BEER

Perform this solution yourself, if possible. The reason: When people are forbidden to touch something small,



desperation sometimes makes them blow on it.

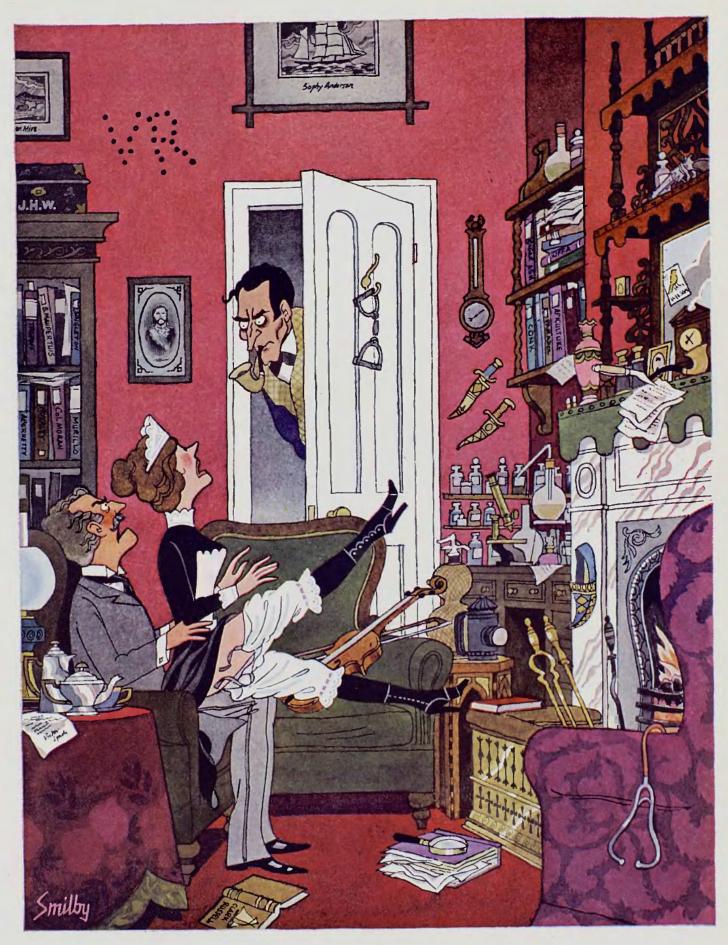
Eureka! By blowing down the inside edge of the jigger, the coins will tumble until the dime, as the lighter one, will spin out. A gust of medium velocity is in order. Blow too softly and nothing will happen. Too hard, both coins will fly.

THE GREAT GRAPE EFFUSION

Blowing on the liquid will usually cause it to splatter. Coat your fingers with oil or grease and technically they won't be dry; wine and water will bead on them anyway. If lycopodium powder,

1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,

FTC Report Aug. 1977.



"Damn it, Holmes, you'll just have to wait for the needle."

PLAYBO

which allows one to penetrate water yet emerge completely dry, is not commonly found in your tavern or pocket, try this: In a break or cut in a cork, place two



matches (head side out). Put the cork as close to the center of the plate as possible, making sure the matches are high and dry and the coin is several inches away. Light the matches, then cover the cork with an empty glass. As the flames are extinguished by the lack of oxygen, the liquid will be sucked into the glass, permitting a dry removal of the quarter.

If the evening progresses from grape to grain, another bet can be made and won. Procure an empty fifth that recently contained gin, whiskey or brandy. Drop a match into it. Let it burn out, which will take a few seconds. Bet it cannot be done again. Thinking it to be easy, your gull will try and fail. The bottle must be turned over and shaken for a second match to remain lit. Unless the oxygen inside is replenished, this will work with a total of only three matches, regardless of the number of times the bottle is turned.

CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR

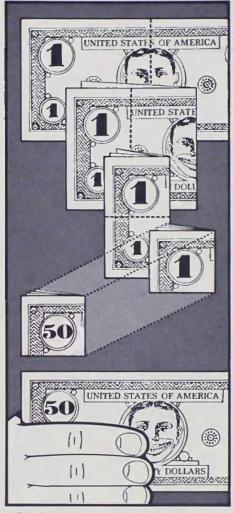
Although the solution to many barroom bets is necessarily shown in the winning, this one is an exception. As close as it is to magic, two cardinal rules of the profession apply: Do not reveal how it was done and do not show it to the same people more than once.

This bet requires some preparation and practice, but its unusually strong impact warrants both. To prepare it, fold a dollar bill exactly in half vertically. Do it again. Then make a horizontal fold, so that the bill forms almost a square. A total of three folds. Make



"Let us prey."

sure two corners of the bill, rather than the two middle sixths, are exposed. The creases should be sharp and the edges of the folds must be perfectly aligned.



Do the same to a \$50 bill.

The bills can be joined with either rubber cement or a loop of cellophane tape. When using the former, which offers an adhesion that is both less bulky and less likely to slip, lightly coat one of the two exposed corners of each bill and allow the cement to dry. Then press these sections together slowly, so that the edges of neither bill are visible when the face of the other is shown. Carrying the bills this way in your wallet will help make them more compact and the sharper creases will enable you to refold them precisely, yet in an apparently carefree manner.

The dollar bill should be unfolded shortly before the bet is made. Take care not to give away the secret nor a \$50 tip; don't spend it. As you show both sides of the one to your mark, you'll be covering the folded \$50 with two or three fingers. In snapping the bill several times, this finger placement will seem completely natural. Practice this, unfolding the \$50 bill while concealing the folded single, and the casual flipping of the folded packet to the \$50 side.

(concluded on page 196)



INTRODUCING THE TALL COOL ONES. WHEN THE TEMPERATURE GOES UP, THEY RISE TO THE OCCASION.

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WORLD'S ORIGINAL AND

When the summer sun is high in the sky, the tonic you need may be more than the trickle of pleasure you get from a gin and tonic. It's the wave of pleasure you get from the Tall Cool Ones from Holland House.

Take for example, our passionately delicious Pina Colada. Our fruity Hawaiian Mai Tai. Our tingling Sours. Or our ice creamy Grasshopper, Alexander and Pink Squirrel. Each is the tallest, lightest, freshest, most thirst-quenching thing this side of Labor Day.

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Then let the whole gang plunge into some refreshing Tall Cool Ones from Holland House.

HOLLAND HOUSE® COCKTAIL MIXES



PRESENCE UNDER GLASS

All that is required to win this bet is clean hair and a rubber or nylon comb. Comb the hair slowly. Hold the comb



next to the glass. Static electricity will displace the match.

THE LAST STRAW

Use either a standard straw or a hollow swizzle stick. Blow through it onto



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ROOF

the point where the water-filled glasses meet, the seam will break slightly and the water will trickle down the sides of the middle glass and into the lower one. May the betting man win.

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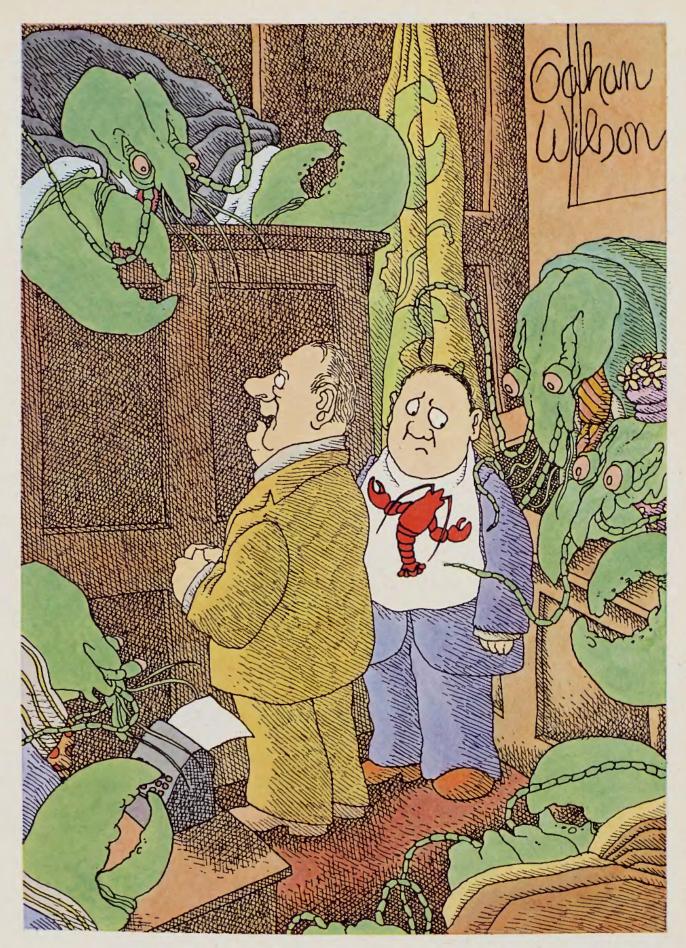
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For people of good taste.





"Your Honor, the defense contends its client could never get a fair trial in this court."

"I suddenly saw her naked, all bones, her long arms freckled, standing up to her knees in water."

felt this and, oddly, I did, too.

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But no Joyce came and André gave restless glances at the bottle of sherry that was now empty. Bertie saw that a distraction was needed.

"We can't wait any longer," he said. "Let us eat."

He jumped up and, putting on one of his acts of pantomime, he went to the dining table, picked up a carving knife and fork and, flinging his short arms wide, he pretended to sharpen the knife and then to carve an imaginary joint.

We laughed loudly and Ivy joined him. "Come on!" she said and, pulling *Le Monde* out of his pocket, put it on the dish and said, "Carve this."

Bertie was hurt.

"Shame," he said, putting the paper back in his pocket.

Fortunately, the front door banged and in came Joyce, breathless, frightened, halflaughing, kissing everyone and telling us that Hendrick was giving a lesson when she got there and then would not let her go. And, of course, she had to wait for hours at a bus stop.

"Poor Bertie," she cried and kissed him on the forehead and, shaking her hair, stared back, daring us to say anything that would upset him. She went out to the kitchen and came back to whisper to her sister.

"I've got the chops, but I must have left the pud in the taxi. Don't tell him. What shall I do?"

She looked primly at me. She had not yet changed her clothes, but because she looked prim (and by one of those tricks of the mind), I suddenly saw her standing naked, all bones, her long arms freckled, and standing up to her knees in the water rushing over the rocks of a mountain stream in the north where she and Bertie and I and a climbing party had once camped for the night. I was naked, too,



"Oh, darling, you'll never guess who's here."

and on the bank, helping her out, while Bertie, who had refused to go into the river, was standing fully dressed and already, at seven in the morning, with an open book. Bertie was unconcerned.

Yes, I thought this evening, as she looked at me, I had one of those revelations that come late to a lover: She stands with the look of a girl who has a strange shame of her bones. She pouts and looks cross as a woman does at an inquisitive child; there is a pause when she does not know what to do, and then she pushes her bones out of her mind and laughs. But that pause has bowled one over. It was because Joyce was so funny to look at that I had become serious about her.

By the time we all sat down to the meal and studied her, I had advanced to the fantasy that when she laughed, her collarbones laughed. She had quickly changed into a dress that was lower in the neck, so that one saw her long throat. The food was poor; she was no cook, but André had brought wine and soon we were all shouting. Bertie was in full cackle and Joyce was telling us about Hendrick, whom the rest of us had never met, and after dinner Bertie persuaded Joyce to go to the piano and sing a French song.

"Jeune Fillette," he called. Quickly, with a flash of nervous intimacy in her glance of obedience, she sat at the piano and began:

"Jeune fillette, profitez du temps...."

Bertie rocked his head as the song came out of her long throat. The voice was small and high and it seemed to me that she carried the tune like a crystal inside her. The notes of the accompaniment seemed to come down her arms, into her hands—which were really too big—and out of the fingers, rather than from the piano. She sang and she played as if she did not exist.

"Her French accent," André's wife whispered, "is perfect; not like André's." And said so again when the song ended.

Joyce had her entrancing and sensuous look of having done something wrong.

"She can't speak a word of French," said Bertie enthusiastically. "She was eight months in Paris, staying with Ivy, and couldn't say anything but yes and no."

"No," said André, swelling out to tell one of his long Belgian stories, "is the important word."

"You have Mother's voice," Ivy said to Joyce. And to us, "Mother's voice was small. And true, too—and yet she was deaf for the last twenty years of her life. You won't believe it, but Father would sing the solo in church on Sundays and Mother rehearsed him all the week perfectly, and yet she can't have heard a note. When she died, Joyce had to do it. And she hated it, didn't you."

Joyce swung round on the stool and



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now we saw—what I had begun to know too well—a fit of defiance.

"I didn't hate *that*, Ivy," she said. "You know what I couldn't bear! On Saturdays," Joyce blurted to us all, daring Ivy to stop her, "after lunch, before anything was cleared away, he used to make me get the scissors and clip the hair out of his ears, ready for Sunday."

"Joyce!" said Ivy, very annoyed. "You exaggerate."

"I don't," said Joyce. "He used to belch and spit into the fireplace, too. He was always spitting. It was disgusting."

We knew that the girls were the daughters of a small builder who had worked his way up and was a mixture of religion and rough habits.

"And so," said Bertie to save the situation, "my future spouse began her Wanderjahr, abandoned all and ran away to Paris, where Ivy had established herself—and met the baron!"

Ivy nodded gratefully.

"Your baron, Joyce!" she laughed.

"Who is the baron?" the Australian asked.

Now Joyce appealed to Ivy not to speak, but Bertie told us, mentioning that he had met the baron since those days, in Paris and Amsterdam—Bertie kept in touch with everyone he had ever met. It

The

The Uncle Henry Bear Paw by Schrade

Ultima

is painful to hear someone amiably destroy one of the inexpressible episodes in one's life and I knew Joyce was about to suffer, for in one of our confiding afternoons, she had tried to tell me. It was true that Ivy, the efficient, had started a translation bureau in Paris and the socalled baron, a Czech exile, used to dictate long political articles to Joyce. In the long waits while he struggled to translate into English, Joyce's mind was far away.

"He always asked for Joyce," Ivy said. "He used to say----"

"You are not to say it!" said Joyce.

But Ivy mimicked him.

"I vant ze girl viz ze beautiful ear. One year in Paris, she knows no French, no languages—but she understands. How is zat? She does not listen to ze language. She listens to the pause!"

"Well done!" cried Bertie.

"What the hell is the pause?" said the Australian.

"Before he started dictating again," I said brusquely.

Bertie looked at me sharply. I realized I had almost given Joyce away. What I think the baron was trying to say (I had told Joyce, when she, too, had asked me what he meant, for she had grown fond of him and was sorry for his family, too, whom he had had to leave in Prague) was that Joyce had the gift of discontinuity. She was in a dream until the voice that was dictating or some tune began again. She and I went on talking about this for a long time without getting any clearer about it and I agree there was some conceit on my part in this theory: I saw myself as the tune she was waiting for.

"André," Joyce called to hide her anger. "Sing us your song. The awful one."

"It's Bertie's song," said André. "It's his tour de force. Play on, Joyce—and put all the pauses in."

She could always take a joke from André, who looked like a mottled piecrust. He had all the beer and Burgundy of Brussels in him, all those mussels, eels and oysters, and that venison.

Bertie's song was one of his pantomime acts to which his long nose, his cyes darting side glances and his sudden assumption of a nasal voice gave a special lubricity. The song was a rapid cabaret piece about a wedding night in which the bride's shoulder is bitten through, her neck twisted and her arm broken, and ends with her mother being called in and saying:

Ci-git la seule en France Qui soit morte de cela.

Bertie was devilish as Joyce vamped out the insinuating tune. We all joined

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If you lose it, Uncle Henry

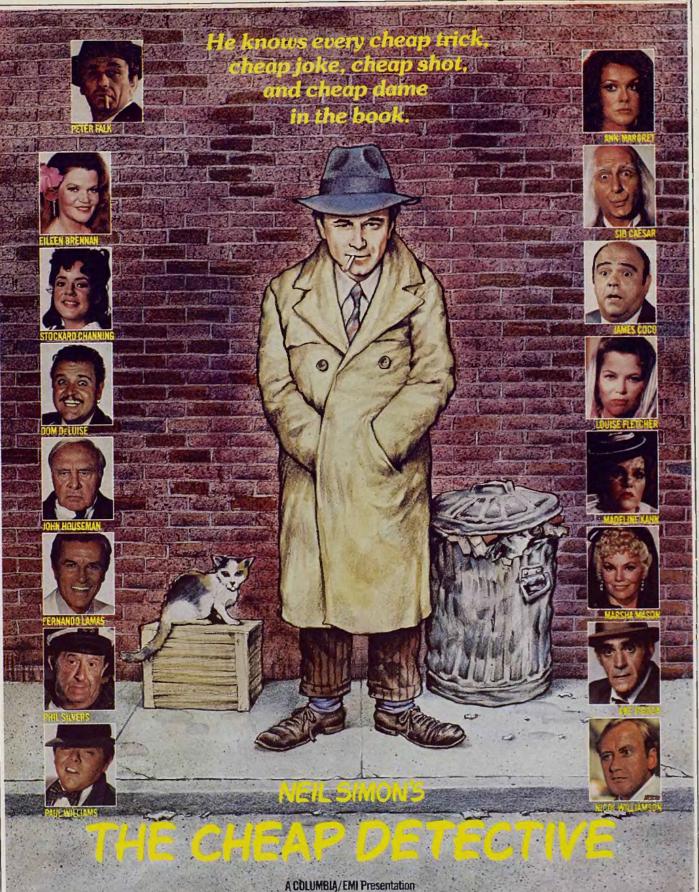
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Ça ne va guère, ça ne va pas,

even Joyce, her little blue eyes sparkling at the words she did not understand, though André had once explained them to her. In the last chorus, she glanced back at me, sending me a reckless message. I understood it. From her point of view (and Bertie's), wedding nights were an academic subject. Bertie's enjoyment of the song was odd.

"Really, Bertie!" said the dark girl who had argued with him about French socialism at dinner.

When she got up from the piano, Joyce looked enviously at her sister because her Australian husband had laughed the loudest and had given Ivy a squeeze. Then, as she caught my eye again, her strange pout of sensuous shame appeared and I felt I was slapped on the face for having thoughts in my mind that matched her own. Her look told me that I could never know how truly she loved Bertie and feared him, too, as she would love and fear a child. And she hated me for knowing what I would never have known unless she had mumbled the tale of tears and failure in the gray room next door.

And a glum stare from Podge, Bertie's oldest friend, showed me even more that I was an outsider.

The song had stirred Bertie's memory, too, but of something less remote. He planted himself before me and sprang into yet another of his pantomime acts that the sight of me excited. He put on his baby voice:

"William and I didn't have our pudding! Poor Bertie didn't have his pudding."

Joyce's face reddened. Their everyday domestic life, the talk of food, money and rearrangements, was irritating in my situation. I lived on my desire: They had the intimacy of eating. I must have put on a mask, for Ivy said:

"William's all right. He's got his wellfed Chinese look."

Even Joyce had once said that about me.

"How awful of me!" Joyce cried to all of us.

I thought we were lost, but she recovered in time.

"Oh, Bertie, isn't it terrible? I left it...." (She dared not say "in the taxi.") "I left it at Hendrick's."



"So you're both lousy lays! You see, you <u>do</u> have something in common!"

Bertie's jollity went. He looked as stubborn as stone at Ivy and Joyce. Then, with one of his ingenious cackles, he dropped into French.

"Tout s'arrange," he said. "You can pick it up on Friday when you go there for rehearsal. By the way, what was it?"

"But, Bertic," Ivy said. "It will be stale or covered in mold by then. Apple tarts."

We all saw a glitter of moisture in Bertie's eyes: It might have come from greed or the streak of miserliness in him; it might have been tears.

"We must get them back," said Bertie. André saved Joyce by coming out with

one of his long, detailed stories about a Flemish woman who kept a chicken in her refrigerator for two months after her husband left her. It became greener and greener and when he came back with his tail between his legs, she made him eat it. And he died.

André's stories parodied one's life, but this one distracted Bertic while Joyce whispered to her sister.

"He means it."

"Tell him Hendrick ate them. He has probably eaten them by now. Singers are always eating."

"That would be worse," said Joyce.

After that, André bellowed out a song about his military service and the party broke up. We went into the bedroom and picked up our coats, while Joyce stood there rubbing her arms and saying, "Bertie, did you know you had turned out the fire?"

I was trying to signal Friday, Friday, Friday to her, but she took no notice. Of course! Her sister was here, staying on in London. How long for? What would that mean?

We all left the house. Bertic stood, legs apart, on the step, triumphant. I found myself having to get a taxi for the socialist girl.

"Where on earth are we?" she asked, looking at the black winter trees and the wet, sooty bushes of the gardens in the street. "Have you known them a long time? Do you live in London?"

"No," I said. "I'm on leave. I work in Singapore."

"What was all that extraordinary talk about the baron?" She sent up a high laugh. "And the pause?"

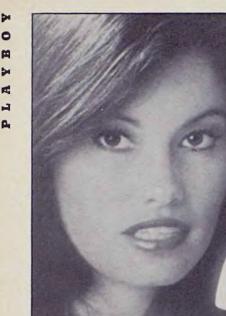
I said it was all Greek to me. I was still thinking, Friday, Friday, Friday, Joyce would come or she would not come: more and more reluctant as the day drew nearer, with a weight on her ribs, listening for her tune. And if she heard it, the bones in her legs, her arms, her fingers, would wake up and she would be out of breath at my door without knowing it.

X

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DESIGNING TRIO

(continued from page 149)

change, afford to be expensive? Haven't the couturiers in women's fashion increasingly gone into less expensive ready-to-wear garb for this very reason? Haven't men traditionally been willing to pay high prices for quality garments because they've known that their purchase would be serviceable for many years without regard to the whims of fashion changes? In short, who needs designers in the menswear field?

The answer, of course, is that we all do—and for a very good reason. Designers ensure that fashion will continue to be evolutionary rather than stagnant or too revolutionary. Bill Kaiserman also thinks that the designer "can provide the confidence that the consumer needs and wants in his approach to dressing." And he's quick to point out that "a designer can provide a total coordinated look for a man more easily than if he has to select all the various components himself."

Ralph Lauren sees the role of a designer somewhat differently. "I don't design to package a Polo look for my customers," he says. "The man who buys my line is not looking to be *too* fashionable, but he likes well-made, individual clothes. He has his own sense of how to dress. I offer today's man the elements to use with his own sense of style."

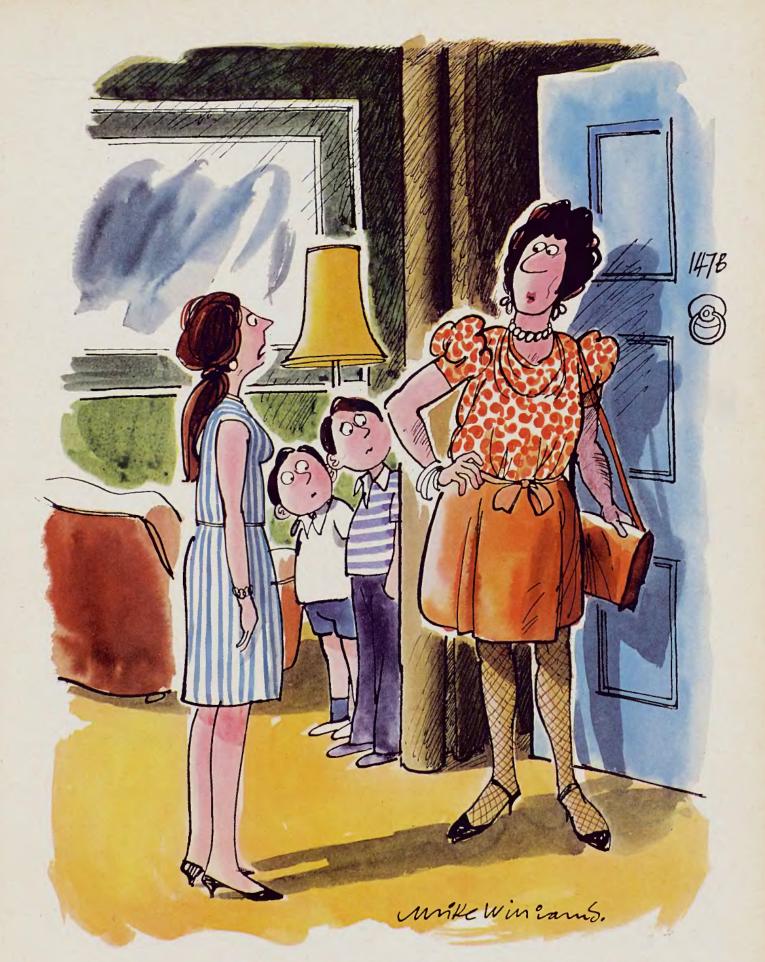
Alexander Julian, however, perhaps sums things up best: "The well-dressed American male is as well dressed as any man in the world; the problem is that there just aren't that many American guys who really are well dressed. We are sorely lacking in the training of our children in the aesthetic appreciation of all areas of good design. Cultures such as the French and the Italian have more exposure to style and taste. This tends to make them more self-confident in their dress. It is an accepted way of life."

Regardless of how Lauren, Kaiserman and Julian perceive their function in fashion, all are aware of their leadership roles. Lauren, for example, started slightly more than a decade ago with a line of wide ties at a time when two and one half inches was the limit. Things changed fast. (A word to the wise: Lauren wore a relatively narrow tie for this feature. Cravats are slimming down.)

It all boils down to this: What separates the top menswear designers from the run-of-the-mill manufacturers is the fact that while top designers are good businessmen, their first love is still the clothes themselves. They really dig spreading the gospel of good fashion design. And if you are also willing to buy what they create (yes, at necessarily high prices), so much the better.

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"George, the children are old enough to know there can't be a masquerade party at the V.F.W. every Saturday night!!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

BREAKING THE ICE

George Dillman is a fifth-degree black-belt karate master who's been featured in *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* as the man who "simultaneously broke four blocks of ice weighing 1000 pounds with his elbow!" For \$1000, plus travel expenses, Dillman and a cast of ten will come to your home and put on a fabulous show breaking ice for martinis and other martial-arts stunts. (Write to him at 126 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania 19601.) And if a guest gets too rowdy, Dillman also makes a hell of a bouncer.





SAINTS PRESERVE US

You may have seen the Revcrend Kirby J. Hensley on The Tomorrow Show, flacking for his favorite religion, the Universal Life Church, of which he is president. Universal Life specializes in bestowing instant Ph.D.s on whoever can come up with the prescribed requirement-\$100-sent to old U.L.C. at 601 Third Street, Modesto, California 95351. Now the Universal chaps have come up with something less expensive: For a five-spot, they'll make you or someone of your choice an instant saint-complete with official certificate. Merely send them the name, address and a list of the canonee's good deeds. Let's see, we helped an old lady across the street, said our prayers and almost stayed celibate. Well, two out of three's not bad.

DOWN WITH DIRTY WORDS

"Dear Concerned Citizen! ... Amelia and I know you will find GENTEEL GRAFFITI the refined answer to the proliferation of disgraceful, tasteless and unamusing decoration in the most intimate rooms of necessity," writes a "Miss Bessie Bonehill," Box 795, Norfolk, Connecticut 06856, who's offering an assortment of ornamental labels, such as the one pictured here, for only two dollars. Stick them here, there, anywhere someone's written something offensive. Not on this page, dummy!



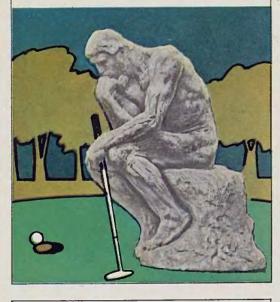


THROUGH DARKEST AFRICA WITH CAVIAR AND CHAMPAGNE

On most East African camera safaris, the natives become restless because there's no game and no tips; on Quest Concepts' Ultimate Safari, it's probably because you failed to finish your second helping of Antelope *au Poivre* with a Périgourdine sauce. Quest (which operates out of 62 West 45th Street, New York, New York 10036) is offering well-heeled travelers a \$7000, 18-day adventure with trimmings: champagne, silver, crystal, gourmet meals—plus roundtrip New York–Paris flight via Concorde. All this and animals, too.

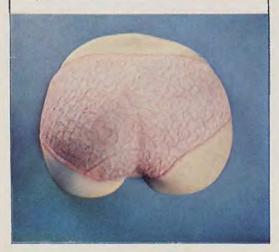
THE INNER DUFFER

Golfers are an emotional breed: They'll invest \$800 in a bag and clubs and then, when they blow just one shot, there they go—right into the lake. To help all you duffers get a better grip on yourselves (and your clubs), J. C. Whitted & Associates, Suite 100, 1650 W. Alameda Drive, Tempe, Arizona 85282, is marketing four Subconscious Golf cassette tapes for \$42.95, postpaid. The tapes program you to succeed instead of getting teed off the next time you hit the links.



REAR MOUNTING

Big-game hunters put heads on the wall, but if the quarry you're stalking is the fair sex, you may wish to hang a life-cast plaster backside or two up there next to your etchings. Sijan Images, at 2601 South Delaware Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53207, creates rears in two models: A jean-clad derrière with your choice of patches, stars or a bandana and a pantied posterior are \$39 each, postpaid. Either is a real kick in the ass.



SIGNAL ACHIEVEMENT

Those cast-iron traffic signals that used to stand on every busy corner in Chicago are being phased out. But instead of letting them die, a company called Benchmark Advertising, P.O. Box 2051, Glen Ellyn, Illinois 60137, has gone into the traffic-light biz, cutting them down to about five feet in size, rewiring them for house current and then selling the finished products for \$239 each, plus shipping. When yours arrives, all you have to do is schlep it to its final resting place-the rec room, the balcony or even the bedroom-and plug it in. No excuses about blinking lights' giving you a headache.





CHECKERED FLAG

Of course, you remember checkers, the game that's on the flipside of a backgammon board. Well, Fidelity Electronics (5245 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639), the people who marketed the brain-busting Chess Challenger we showed last year, have come up with Checker Challenger, a computer game that features four levels of play from beginner to expert. The price: \$149.50, postpaid. It'll keep you jumping.

BALLS TO YOU

Remember Captain Queeg, the neurotic skipper that Bogey played in The Caine Mutiny? And remember Queeg's placebo for calming his nerves when he discovered the strawberries were missing and the tow line was cut? Steel balls. Three steel balls that he rolled through his fingers while he babbled about the crew's being against him at every turn. You can own a reproduction of those same three balls-all housed in a hardwood case-by sending \$11.75 to Lands' End, P.O. Box 66244, AMF O'Hare, Chicago, Illinois 60666. Just remember to speak up over the clanking the next time you're at the shrink.



How long has it been since you really went out to eat.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 166)

the Communists and half of them moved out because they didn't want to be under the American bombs. So, in that sense, many areas *were* depopulated.

PLAYBOY: One of the most controversial and widely reported battles of the Vietnam war was at a place called Khe Sanh in 1968. Do you see an analogy between Khe Sanh and Dien Bien Phu 14 years earlier?

COLBY: I see a big difference. I think we won in Khe Sanh and the French lost in Dien Bien Phu. It was a pretty big difference. We never surrendered in Khe Sanh.

[Finding Colby's characterization of Khe Sanh at variance with other reports, we approached this question again at a subsequent session. It resulted in the following—the most heated discussion of the interview and the only time Colby became openly agitated and angry.]

PLAYBOY: You said we won at Khe Sanh. Allow us to summarize what appears to us to have happened there. By November 1967, the 26th Marines were a reinforced regiment. They were surrounded and outnumbered something like eight to one. They were barraged by the enemy continually. The Russian and Chinese howitzers and rockets and mortars sat up on CoRoc Ridge and pasted them day and night. Khe-Sanh was only about two square miles inside the perimeter and weather conditions made air support very difficult. Route 9 was controlled by the North Vietnamese Army. Then, suddenly, the 304th N.V.A. and the 325C N.V.A. left the area. They evaporated. And in one month, Khe Sanh went from being our symbol of defense to an unoccupied piece of ground. We rolled up the airstrip and went away and then Tet began. Khe Sanh was at best a stalemate for a time, and then it was nothing. And then we lost the entire country. Now you say we won at Khe Sanh?

COLBY: Oh, dear!

PLAYBOY: Americans who were in Khe Sanh when we finally pulled out could *see* the North Vietnamese walking in to take the position.

COLBY: Wait a minute! The French forces surrendered at Dien Bien Phu. Formally surrendered to the enemy! The American forces never surrendered at Khe Sanh.

[At the next session, Colby launched into this subject again before the questioning could begin.]

COLBY: Khe Sanh. I think there's one other thing I would say about it. Our discussion reflects the problem of understanding that war. Dien Bien Phu was the classic military-versus-military force, which ended with the North Vietnamese victory and the French surrender. Khe Sanh was a military-versus-military force, which ended in kind of a draw. I guess

I would have to correct my statement that we won. I say we didn't lose, but it was kind of a draw on the ground. So I would withdraw that we won. I think you caught me well, and I'm sorry if I was a little testy there. I got a little lost in the . . . excuse me, I had a chance to think about it.

PLAYBOY: Thank you, sir. May we return to the question of assassinations? Former CIA officer Frank Snepp, in his book *Decent Interval*, says the following about Nguyen Van Tai, a Communist spy Snepp was sent to interrogate in 1972, just before the U. S. evacuated the area: "A senior CIA official suggested to South Vietnamese authorities that it would be useful if he 'disappeared.'... Tai was loaded onto an airplane and thrown out at 10,000 feet over the South China Sea."

COLBY: I never heard a word about that. I frankly have trouble as to whether it

"As for President Kennedy's having any intention to kill Diem, absolutely not. I know that he was shocked and horrified when it happened."

really happened. I think that the Senate and House intelligence committees should investigate a charge that serious. **PLAYBOY**: You never heard of it? **COLBY**: I haven't read the book, but I heard about the occasion with the Special Forces in '69, was it? There the Special Forces apparently did take a man out and throw him into the sea.

PLAYBOY: CIA was widely charged with assassinations, but the Senate committees came to the conclusion that the agency did not commit them. Yet assassinations *have* been attempted and the assassins were supported by CIA money; they were given weapons by CIA. Then, of course, the agency could say, "We didn't kill."

COLBY: Well, I think there's a distinction between your own idea of going out and conducting an assassination, which you can find in the case of Castro, and giving people the means to carry on their fight. Obviously, when we give military assistance or CIA weapons to groups, we're giving the weapons so they can use them. That's what weapons are for. The Diem thing was an assassination and the evidence is very clear that CIA had nothing to do with it. In fact, I think General Big Minh made that decision on his own. I know some of the

Vietnamese generals were shocked by it, too. Can you say that the United States Government knew that a revolt was going to take place? Can you say that the United States Government was encouraging that coup? Sure. Not CIA. That decision to encourage the coup was made in the White House, there is no question about it. Should the United States Government have estimated the likelihood that Diem would be killed in the course of the coup? I think the assessment at the time was that the coup wasn't aimed at assassinating him. It merely wanted to take power from him. PLAYBOY: But that's always the case.

COLBY: Yeah, I know it. I know it. And I say, therefore, the lack of facing that question is a subject of fair criticism. It's different from CIA's being involved in an assassination. It's a different thing. Certainly, in a revolt, the fighting takes place and people get killed. I mean, there's no question about that.

PLAYBOY: Henry Cabot Lodge was Ambassador to South Vietnam at the time you were chief of CIA's Far East Division. What did you think of him?

COLBY: He's a brilliant fellow, a brilliant political analyst. He was very wise. His political judgments—he was not a manager, not an administrator by a long shot, and I don't think he ever pretended to be. And I disagreed with him rather violently on the assessment of Diem. I didn't think he had sufficient time to appreciate the nature of the problem and Diem's role in it.

PLAYBOY: Our understanding is that Ambassadors are a joke to CIA.

COLBY: What kind of joke?

PLAYBOY: A bad joke: They don't run things.

COLBY: They do, they do. Lodge approved every step.

PLAYBOY: There are two versions of that. **COLBY:** Lodge himself said many times that CIA was meticulous in following his instructions on the last days of the Diem thing. Lodge knew that people like me did not agree with the policy; but, at the same time, I told the station they were to do exactly what the Ambassador told them to do. That they were working for him.

PLAYBOY: Then what you seem to be saying is that Kennedy and Lodge are ultimately responsible for the Diem overthrow and execution.

COLBY: Fundamentally, yes. The President's responsible, obviously. There was no encouragement of the death of Diem. If you wanted to make a reasonable criticism, you could say if you go into a situation like that, you have to anticipate that that might happen. As for President Kennedy's having any intention to kill Diem, absolutely not. I know that he was shocked and horrified when it happened.

PLAYBOY: Because you're characterizing 209

Þ CIA so benevolently, doesn't it lead again to the question of whether or not 0 a CIA director could ever tell the public A the exact truth?

COLBY: My own view is that you can't lie. You don't have to tell the whole truth, because that would reveal a se-

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cret. But you can't tell a positive lie. I A keep silent sometimes about something that would be a further step of information; but what I say is true.

PLAYBOY: When you go before a court of law, you agree to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Shouldn't the American public expect the same from its Government agencies, with the obvious exceptions that relate to military security?

COLBY: Well, I think the American people are conditioned well enough through modern advertising, through modern political rhetoric, through modern headlines, to be willing to look through a certain overstatement and understatement and work the truth out of it. I think they don't expect that the words appearing in either the advertising or news or columns of our papers be inscribed in stone.

PLAYBOY: But we're discussing our Government.

COLBY: I don't think they expect either more or less from their Government than they do from the others. And I don't think they get either more or less. I think they're about the same.

PLAYBOY: That seems to be a pretty shoddy picture of our Government.

COLBY: That's life.

PLAYBOY: So as far as this interview is concerned, shall we then advise the PLAYBOY reader to beware of misleading statements?

COLBY: I would say it's going to be very obvious to the PLAYBOY reader that I'm putting a favorable picture of American intelligence into your pages.

PLAYBOY: Then the reader is duly cautioned. Let's move on to the subject of CIA weaponry. There was the Black Pistol-the famous electric dart gun that was shown to the Senate committee and pictured on the front page of every major paper in the country. It was called a Nondiscernible Microbioinoculatormeaning you could shoot a tiny poisoned dart at someone without its being detectable.

COLBY: Yeah.

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PLAYBOY: And we had the toxins-shellfish toxin and cobra venom-to put into the dart gun. Why did we make those gadgets if we were not going to use them?

COLBY: Well, we did use the toxin on one occasion for Gary Powers' flight. He had a silver dollar with a little pin in the side of it, impregnated with the toxin, and it would have killed him if he had scratched himself with it.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't say anything about the Black Pistol.

COLBY: Well, I think there were some uses of some kind of device like that against dogs.

PLAYBOY: Dogs?

COLBY: Dogs. It was to knock them out in order to get into a foreign installation abroad and plant a bug; to make the watchdogs go to sleep for an hour or so. They were shot with that device-I don't think that particular device but something like it. The dogs went to sleep. The people went in and did the job, came out and the dogs woke up later. And it was all done. Now, that wasn't assassinating them, it wasn't killing them.

The question was asked again at a subsequent session.]

PLAYBOY: If CIA wasn't going to use the dart gun and the toxins associated with it, why did it make them?

COLBY: There's a thing called bureaucratic momentum. You set up a little group that's responsible for developing weapons, it'll develop lots of weapons, You set up a little group that's responsible for collecting information about foreign involvement in the antiwar movement, it'll keep on collecting.

"There's a thing called bureaucratic momentum. You set up a little group to develop weapons, it'll develop lots of weapons."

[We decided to try the question one more time at yet another interview session.]

PLAYBOY: Let us try to get this straight once and for all. Tell us again why CIA made those weapons if it says it wasn't going to use them.

COLBY: Because there was a section of CIA that was responsible for providing technical support to clandestine operations. And weapons, obviously, were potentially useful, an experiment with a weapon using a device that would put some poison in you but then melt, so there would be no visible indication of an actual wound. I think this was a dart but one that would melt.

PLAYBOY: For the purpose of killing?

COLBY: Yes, sure. It's a weapon.

PLAYBOY: So it was conceived with the idea of assassinating someone?

COLBY: To kill him, yes. Now, the thing was used, as I said, against dogs with a sleep inducer, not a killer. It's the same kind of weapon.

PLAYBOY: That seems hard to believe.

COLBY: Well, it was used. And it put the dogs to sleep, so that we could go in and put the bug in. Withdraw and

the dogs wake up. You don't have the dogs hooting at you.

PLAYBOY: All right. Whatever you say. Let's try another subject. On the subject of nuclear weapons-

COLBY: They're not my favorite subject, but go ahead. CIA has none, I know that for sure, I know that.

PLAYBOY: What sort of concern is there at the CIA that someone will just throw one together?

COLBY: Great concern, great concern. I don't think it's a concern about three fellows in a garage doing it. The real problem is proliferation to smaller nations.

PLAYBOY: Such as Libya?

COLBY: Such as India.

PLAYBOY: That's not a smaller nation: it has already tested a nuclear bomb. What about those we don't know about? COLBY: I don't believe Libya is on the list. The problem is if you give the bomb to somebody who would be irresponsible and use it, you have a serious problem on your hands.

PLAYBOY: Such as whom?

COLBY: Any wild, half-mad dictator. I'm not going to name names.

PLAYBOY: You should name names. Why should it be an intelligence secret? Why shouldn't the people know which nations are capable of unleashing nuclear warfare?

COLBY: I think it would be a little irresponsible to say. If they haven't been made public, then that's a conscious decision not to make them public. And I think I'm required not to make them public.

PLAYBOY: Requirements aside, what do you think about our right to know?

COLBY: It's a very delicate business. If the Government knew of a certain country that had a weapon and we were working on that country to join in some nonproliferation agreement or even to get rid of the weapon, I can see a circumstance where we should not publicize the fact. You can hurt the negotiation process by making it public. You can ram the other fellow into a corner and he lashes out at you, like a cat will in a corner.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that in the next 10 or 15 years a nuclear weapon will be exploded in an aggressive manner?

COLBY: I think it is quite possible. Quite possible. A single shot, two shots, are quite possible in the next ten years.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think it might happen?

COLBY: Who knows?

PLAYBOY: We would assume you'd know: CIA has scenarios, educated estimates of where this might happen.

COLBY: These are estimates. There's no firm knowledge there. I'm giving you the outlines of how you would decide which country would be involved. There are several countries that, if they were overrun and faced complete destruction,





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would be quite prepared to possibly use
 them. But without naming names, because I think the name itself might

create troubles.
 PLAYBOY: What about other technological weaponry that may be being developed in secrecy and to which CIA is

Privy? Our sources at places such as

M.I.T.'s Lincoln Labs have hinted at awesome new weapons systems. Isn't the public kept in the dark about that sort of work?

COLBY: No, I don't think it is, really. I think our knowledge of what our weapons systems are is pretty public.

PLAYBOY: Let's take a recent example. A Russian satellite containing 100 pounds of enriched uranium fell out of the sky in Canada. To begin with, the public hadn't even a clue that nations were putting nuclear materials into space, much less that they could fall back to earth.

COLBY: I really couldn't say whether the public knew about it or not.

PLAYBOY: You mean because something like the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* may have carried an item?

COLBY: If the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists covered it, then the question is whether or not the journalists took the technical information and made it into general knowledge.

PLAYBOY: No, the point is that the public had nothing to say about it.

COLBY: Congressmen have a *lot* to say about it.

PLAYBOY: You're missing the point: Why weren't we told when that thing went up that it was out of stable orbit and that it was going to come down?

COLBY: That I don't know. I mean, there you're talking about something in the current Administration—I just don't know.

PLAYBOY: Knowing what you know, though, about the way things work, what would the logic be?

COLBY: Well, I think they've said they were afraid to frighten everybody.

PLAYBOY: That's the point: Aren't we being kept from truths we *should* know? What are we, cattle?

COLBY: No, no, no. You're dealing with a volatile subject. You're being careful of it and you don't, sort of, Chicken-Little-the-sky-is-falling over every little thing that might happen. Because sooner or later, the public will turn you off and not listen to you at all. The old crying-wolf story.

PLAYBOY: Well, first of all, in the case of the Soviet satellite, the sky was falling. Secondly, we're not talking about crying wolf, we're discussing 100 pounds of enriched uranium, which could have come down in Washington or Chicago or New York. Only it happened to come down in the wilderness near Yellowknife, Canada. **COLBY:** I'm not going to defend the Administration's handling of it. I don't know anything about it. I don't know why they did what they did, I don't know what their considerations were. I'm just repeating what I read in the open press. I have had no discussions with anybody in authority on this subject.

PLAYBOY: Do we have nuclear materials in space?

COLBY: I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: You were running things at CIA. You should know. This has been going on for years.

COLBY: No, I don't think it has. I think that . . . the point is, I don't know of any such thing. The director of Central Intelligence worries about what's going on in a foreign country, not what our weapons systems are. That's not his chore.

PLAYBOY: So he could be fairly ignorant of our own capability?

COLBY: Of some new weapons systems. It's not necessary that he know about that,

PLAYBOY: What about our own capability to use such things as lasers and socalled death rays in space?

COLBY: That is a lot of science fiction at this stage.

PLAYBOY: So, in other words, we do not have any such capability at the moment? **COLBY:** You know, I really am not going

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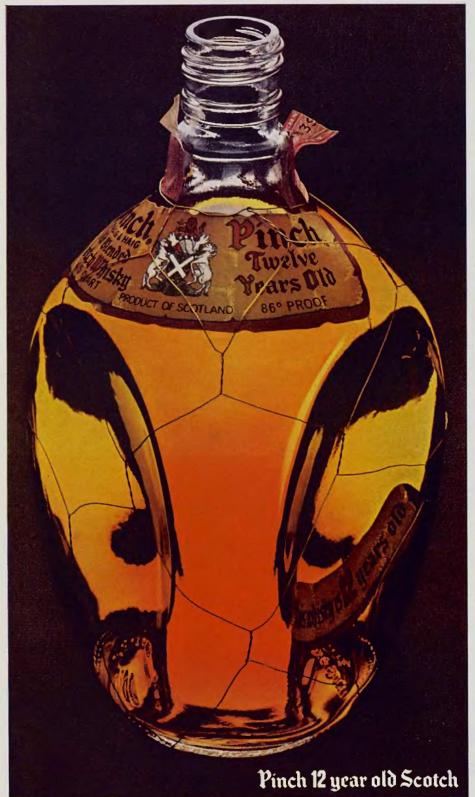
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to talk one way or another about these kinds of far-forward weapons systems, intelligence systems. It would be irresponsible of me to do so, because I don't know what's there now and what I do know may well be covered under my secrecy agreement with the agency. Therefore, I really think I'd better leave this topic.

PLAYBOY: Under our treaties with the Russians, we can still conduct biological-warfare research. If we were doing that sort of work, we certainly would not make it public, would we?

COLBY: I beg your pardon, we *do* make most of it public. The public has a right to know most of this. Actually, it has the means to know most of it. If the public says it doesn't know anything, it means that the press hasn't done the job of translating for public interest the facts that are available, the materials known to the *cognoscenti*, the experts.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it a little illogical to blame the press if the public is ignorant of biological-warfare experiments?

COLBY: No, I'm not saying it in those terms. I'm saying that there's a lot of information available to experts. A great deal of it. If it doesn't become an issue, then the press normally doesn't cover it. It looks for the issues. If there's no particular issue, then it gets circulation among the experts, but it doesn't get circulation as a broad public issue. In that case, the public can say, "Oh, I didn't know about that." This is a kind of feckless discussion between you and me. I mean, if you basically start from the position that there's a great conspiracy running the world, then you can bring in all the evidence that supports it. My experience, however, is that there isn't a great conspiracy running the world. We run over all those old hobgoblin stories and we're really not getting anywhere. On the question: Isn't there something horrendous going on behind the scenes? the answer is basically no.

PLAYBOY: All right. Let's talk for a moment about computer technology as it relates to privacy. A grand-jury witness in Iowa told one reporter of the existence of a device called the Silver Box or REMOB, meaning remote observation, that allows an intelligence agency to listen in on any phone conversation by means of computer codes input through touch-tone phones. We've also heard of another system that can activate the microphones on all telephones, so that conversations in rooms where phones are located can be overheard even when the phone is on the hook. Would you care to comment on that?

COLBY: Most telephones have microphones in them.

PLAYBOY: We know that, Mr. Colby. **COLBY:** Well, I never heard of such a thing. Sure, technology can do anything, I guess, of that nature. But you can have

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- laws and rules and you can enforce
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- a judge's warrant. -

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that such capability does not exist?

- COLBY: I'm saying it could be, technically, but it isn't. Because we have the
- rules and requirements for a warrant.
- PLAYBOY: So you're saying we can do it, but we don't do it?

COLBY: That's the way you handle all technology. A gun can shoot you. But you don't let it be used for that.

PLAYBOY: If a satellite can photograph something as small as the inscription on a golf ball, couldn't it be targeted against individuals, perhaps even into their homes?

COLBY: I will speak hypothetically on this question. Hypothetically, yes, these devices could be used for a bad purpose. The way you control them is by rules.

PLAYBOY: How good is our ability to know where enemy submarines are at all times?

COLBY: Pretty good. That's all I'll say about it. I'm not going to talk about that.

PLAYBOY: Is that classified?

COLBY: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do they know that we know?

COLBY: I'm not going to talk about that. PLAYBOY: If they know that we know where they are at all times, and we know that they know, then why can't you talk about it?

COLBY: Because I can't talk about . . . how good we are. Maybe they don't know how good we are. I'm not going to risk the lives of a lot of our submariners by blabbing something that could put them in danger.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have said that through the use of satellite information and the ability thereby to predict crop yields in Russia and other countries, CIA can use and has used that information in commodities investment and perhaps in manipulating the market, either by itself or through some of the large grain companies by allowing them access to that information. Is there any truth to that?

COLBY: No. In terms of playing the fast game to make quick bucks, you couldn't do anything with the money, anyway. The Government employees who run it aren't going to get anything out of it. And we don't give favored treatment to individual companies. CIA has no sweetheart arrangements with individual companies to give them a leg up.

PLAYBOY: People who are asked to provide cover for CIA, using their companies, have an incentive, don't they? If a company, for example, is involved in commodities, an employee in that company will have specialized knowledge, privileged information that could yield that company greater profits.

COLBY: I think if they made a killing, 216 we'd cut off the relationship. We're conscious of exactly that kind of problem. Now, there is a certain benefit if he's an expert on the politics of a local country; the company's going to benefit from it. It's inevitable to some extent. I don't think it allows them to make a killing, but it may help them do business generally in that area. And that's the reward they get for taking the risk of having a CIA guy use their name.

PLAYBOY: In speaking of cover arrangements, another problem comes to mind. And that is that if CIA wants to conduct domestic spying and wishes to deny it, it can work out a temporary arrangement with some other agency. In other words, CIA can lend an agent to the FBI and then say, "We don't do domestic spying."

COLBY: Not to the FBI; I don't think I remember any case of that. We've assigned them to a lot of different places. But if they go and work for that agency, they don't work for CIA anymore.

PLAYBOY: These labels begin to lose their meaning. A lot of people shuttle back and forth among various intelligence agencies.

COLBY: So do a lot of people go back and forth between IBM and Westinghouse, Chase Manhattan and Ford Motor Company and all the rest. But I don't find any great conspiracy in it.

PLAYBOY: Let's go on to something else, Do you have any heroes?

COLBY: Saint Francis is one.

PLAYBOY: Why Saint Francis?

COLBY: To be very, very honest with you, he was a humble man. If you've ever been to Assisi, I think you know what I mean. That place is permeated with his spirit. Saint Francis was a young, fairly flamboyant, rich, spoiled brat. He was wounded in one of the innumerable struggles then and he began to think about what he really should do. He went home and decided he wasn't going to be a rich spoiled brat anymore. He was going to live a simple life, to follow the law of love. And he did. He formed a whole congregation at a very difficult time for the Church.

PLAYBOY: Do you mind talking about religion?

COLBY: I'm a practicing Catholic. Certainly, I believe in God. I certainly believe that Jesus was God and that Jesus came to this earth to launch a new message, which I think is one of the most inspiring messages in the world. It's called love. And it's a pretty exciting message.

PLAYBOY: Would Saint Francis have joined CIA?

COLBY: No. Saint Francis was a pacifist. I'm not a pacifist, but I can still say that I admire some people who take a position farther out than mine in certain ideal directions.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the greatest threat to America today?

COLBY: The over-all relationship with the

Third World. Three guarters of the world is in the Third World. The most obvious threat is the fact that there are 60,000,000 Mexicans today and there are going to be 120,000,000 of them by the end of the century. A goodly portion of those are hungry and live in a certain degree of misery. They are fairly easy to equip with advanced technology. They're becoming increasingly displeased at the gap between our affluence and their poverty.

There are 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 Mexicans who live in the United States today and of the extra 60,000,000 who will be around by the end of the century, there is no way we can keep a good 20,000,000 of them from living in this country. We can reinforce the Border Patrol and they don't have enough bullets to stop them all. Or we can get a positive relationship with those people and help them develop their own country. We have the most productive agricultural establishment in the world and this year we are doing what is to me the obscene step of cutting back production when millions of people haven't enough to eat. PLAYBOY: In thinking back over the sessions we've had, have we gotten uncomfortably close to anything you can't talk about?

COLBY: I don't think so. We haven't gotten into the area of some things I know but we still want to keep secret. There are some operations, systems, that sort of thing. You haven't asked about those and don't want to ask, either.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

COLBY: Things I don't want you to ask and I'm not going to talk about. There are some things that obviously I know I wouldn't get near. And I'm not going to suggest what areas they are, either.

PLAYBOY: Why did you agree to give PLAYBOY this interview?

COLBY: Because I think it important that our people as a whole have an accurate view of what American intelligence is today, what it was in the past and how important it is to our future. I think it has been grossly sensationalized, and that a wrong impression of American intelligence is dangerous to the country. And here's a chance to get a word to PLAYBOY readers, which I hope will be persuasive, that CIA is different from what they're familiar with from TV and the more sensational press. I felt that the Playboy Interviews I've read-Walter Cronkite, Admiral Zumwalt and others-were very straight. I'm not asking for a sympathetic presentation, I'm merely asking for an honest presentation of what I'm trying to say about intelligence. I think PLAYBOY will give it to me. If it doesn't, I'll object after I see it. [Laughs] A fair picture, that's all I ask-with the warts. I don't mind the warts' showing. They're real.



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GALAHAD (continued from page 152)

"Moran was pulling the woman close, kissing her on the neck, his round face hidden by her black wig."

Galahad sighed. "We gon' have 'nough feathers to make us one fine-ass mattress."

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But Moran was no turkey. He ran 85 balls three shots off the break, while a full gallery looked on, applauding. Sweet Titty was not an ugly man, but the pale light from the chandelier brought out every line in his jowly face, highlighting, in particular, two large hairy moles on his right cheek. He had only a thin wisp of gray hair across his head and two clumpy patches over his ears, so his nude, white pate actually gleamed when he leaned over the table. Heavy dark bags beneath his half-opened eyes and an unconscious habit of letting his lower jaw drop as he concentrated made him look sleepy, almost stupid. He was-like somebody under the influence of deep hypnosis, barely lifting his feet as he waddled awkwardly around the table. Watching, Stephen felt sick, convinced his money was gone, unsettled not only by Moran's mathematical precision but by the obviously bad effect the black prostitutes had on Galahad. Every few minutes, Galahad would turn and glare at them, scated directly behind in lowcut dresses, false eyelashes and wigs. They stared back with dead, uninterested eyes, as if he were some helpless

animal offered as sacrifice. There was no sign of allegiance there, no clever indication that they really wanted him to win. They were employees of Sweet Titty Moran and their loyalty was steadfast.

"Go on, Titty baby," they called out, "beautiful eye, beautiful eye."

Moran glanced at Galahad almost pityingly, as if to emphasize the hopelessness of his situation; but on the 86th ball, he missed. The prostitutes and the gallery moaned in unison and Galahad spun around furiously in his chair.

"Black bitches! Hoes! Down here with this fat little hunky and he cain't shoot wuf a shit! Keep yo' damn mouths shet! You a disgrace to yo' race!"

Big Mike grabbed him by the shoulders and turned him back, his grizzled black chin stuck up right in Galahad's face. "Now, lissen to me, boy. You been runnin' yo' mouth fo' as long as I known you 'bout how good you is on the pool table. Well, now they two thousand dollahs in this game. Mo' than you seen in yo' nach'l life, an' if you blow it 'cause some black hoes don't root fo' yo' ass like yo' momma would, you ain't got no business down here."

Galahad shrugged him off and walked to the table. He glanced back to see



"My broker is E. S. Shmedwick. And E. S. Shmedwick says...."

Moran seated between the black women, their dark smooth arms on his shoulders, dusting his suit with long, polished nails. Galahad was visibly rattled, but Moran had left seven balls in decent positions, so he still finished the rack in five minutes. His grace and ease were starting to return, but suddenly he heard one of the prostitutes kiss Moran loudly on the cheek and he looked up, glaring. Moran was pulling the woman close, kissing her on the neck, his round face partially hidden by her long black wig. Big Mike panicked.

"I tol' the nigger to keep his mine on the game!"

Stephen merely groaned.

"Bitch! Stop kissin' on that white man 's if you likes it! You 'bout to make me sick to my stomach!"

The woman ignored him. Mumbling, Galahad turned back to the table. He leaned over the shot, clenching his teeth, his veins standing out on his temples. He jammed the cue so hard the shot went an inch wide of the pocket, bouncing off the cushion and slowly rolling away.

"Sheeit!" Big Mike cried, and Stephen moaned, putting his head in his hands. Moran shuffled out to the table, supported by the mechanical shouts of his cheerleaders.

"Go on, do yo' thing, Sweet Titty. Do it to it, baby!"

"You got it all, honey. Stay in that same groove, baby."

Sweet Titty expanded his lead. Stephen sighed, Galahad mumbled and Big Mike settled his tension with sandwiches and beer, nudging the two others. "Come on, y'all. Less not get so hung up on the drama we cain't eat this white man's free grit." He jammed an elbow into Galahad's side. "'Specially you, since you gonna need yo' strength to run this little humpty dumpty out the joint soon as he miss the next shot."

"Stop pokin' me, nigger. I don' need this man's nasty food. Prob'ly give me indigestion, ruin my game."

A groan went up in the gallery. Moran had missed a cross-corner bank that once again left Galahad in good position. The score stood at 163 to 42. By now, Galahad was one mass of tension. He felt more fatigued than he ever did at the Pink Lady. His shoulders and thighs were tight and his neck was stiff. His cue stick felt thick and off balance. He heard Moran laugh, a deep throaty laugh, and he looked up, even though he hated to. One of the prostitutes had her hand placed obscenely in Moran's lap and she was whispering in his ear.

"Hoe!" shouted Galahad, startling the entire gallery and drawing a reproving stare from Big Mike. The woman stood defiantly.

"So is yo' sistuh, nigger, so don't get

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righteous with me! You jus' mine yo' own goddamn business while I minds mine, an' stop tryin' to blame me fo' the fact that you is gettin' yo' ass kicked!" She stuck out her chin and put her hands on her hips while Moran, embarrassed by her outburst, pulled at the hem of her skirt, making little shushing noises. Stunned, Galahad flushed with shame, shame that was reinforced by the club's poshness and all-white clientele. Suddenly, he felt out of place, foolish to have thought he could play professional pool with white people. He was about to put down his cue stick and forfeit the game when Big Mike and Stephen huddled around him encouragingly.

"Don't let it bother you, Galahad," Stephen supported. "Don't worry about the money. Don't worry about anything. I have faith. Go on, shoot your game."

"Nigger," Big Mike whispered. "I know you gonna think this sound soft comin' from a hard-assed nigger like me. but ahmo tell vou sometin' ah ain't tol' you befo'. You is without a doubt the bes' pool player ah seen in my life, an' I seen 'em all. I seen Fast Eddie, Fats, Mosconi, Murphy, Lassiter, all of 'em. Terms o' raw talent, you got 'em all beat. Only thing you lack is experience playin' under pressure. You understan'?"

"Is you jus' tellin' me that, o' is you fo' real?"

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"Ahm fo' real, but ah ain't gonna say it again till you run 'bout a hundred and fifty balls." Galahad nodded and waved them away, but once seated back in the gallery, Big Mike feared his pep talk wasn't enough. "Stevie, this boy need to feel like he at home in the Pink Lady 'fo' he can shoot like he s'pose to. All this carpet an' shit done took his confidence."

"Yeah, it's like shooting pool in a museum or something."

"'Zackly. What he need to hear is some loud niggerish yellin' an' mothafuckahs cussin' each other out. But since we cain't do that, the leas' we can do is give him some loud mouth. Jus' lissen an' do like me." He cleared his throat, spat on the rug and looked out toward Galahad. "Right on, right on! Mothafuckin' shootin', baby! 'S some bad english you got on that ball, my man!"

"My man, my main man," Stephen echoed, "SOOOpastah! If you wasn't so young, I'd think you was Cisero Murphy-

"He badder than Cisero," Big Mike cut in, "much badder than Cisero. Ah seen Cisero, but this little nigger heah gotta eye on him Cisero jus' nevuh had. Who wanna bet fifty cent against this kid? Who wanna bet? Sheeit, Sweet Titty cain't shoot no pool. Ah know a whole lotta dudes in the Pink Lady could take his ass to the cleanuh's right now."

"Oh, yeah?" some guy shouted back. "If they got dudes at this Pink Lady that good, where do you rank Moran?"

"Bout sixth, givin' Sweet Titty the benefit a the doubt."

The gallery chuckled, and Galahad was starting to look like his old self, swaggering around the table, ducking and kneeling as he lined up shots. Big Mike and Stephen got into a rhythm, yelling like madmen, and soon the score was 163 to 87. Moran was calm. He slouched in his seat and swigged a beer while his ladyfriends sipped martinis. He appeared extremely bored. Galahad soon had everybody laughing, clapping at his antics, and even Moran's black ladyfriends giggled despite themselves as he twirled his cue stick, slid it out along his arm and drew it back dramatically, talking up his game as he went along. "Six in the side and watch it ride! Ten in the co'nah an' Sweet Titty's a gonnah! Easy on the seven, kick in the 'leven! Six straight back, ballin' the jack!"

Sweet Titty never underrated anyone with guts enough to play him for \$1000, but it hadn't occurred to him that he might lose, so he had indulged himself freely, consuming five beers and two sandwiches, and had fallen asleep. He dozed like a baby, his fat, jaded face settled in peaceful repose, his head resting heavily on the ample bosom of one



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of the prostitutes. He didn't know what happened when his fleshy pillow slipped suddenly and the woman jumped up.

"Ooooo, Sweet Titty! He made such a pretty shot! You shouda seen it! Didn't he, Thelma?"

Thelma, though equally enraptured, gave the other girl a sharp glance and pulled her back down. But Galahad had heard, and he began playing just for them, twirling his cue stick like a baton, calling for a new rack by means of spontaneous verse:

"Set 'em up, rack boy, all fo'teen. I shoots from the hip an' my shot is clean. My eyes is sharp an' my stroke is mean. I'm the baddest cat this joint has seen!"

The score kept narrowing—187 to 163—and Stephen and Big Mike were almost hoarse from yelling so much. Moran sat stone-faced, quieting the prostitutes with prolonged stares, then glaring at Galahad, who kept prancing around, spouting verse, snapping his yellow suspenders. Nothing could stop him then, and within minutes there were only three balls left on the table and Galahad needed to sink just one to win.

Unfortunately, by some minuscule quirk in his elbow, some fractional twitch in his bridge finger, he had managed to leave what appeared to be an impossible shot. Three balls, the forest-green 6, the royal-blue 2 and the perfectly black 8, nestled tentatively against one another in a fragile triangle near the far right corner from the cue ball. His thinnest hope was to slice the triangle on either side, hoping to gently propel either the 6 or the 2 off a rail for a two-rail bank. The 8 was on the right side of the triangle, nearest the pocket, but there appeared to be no way to move it without scratching. The angle wasn't right.

The entire gallery was as still and hushed as stones, waiting for him to call his shot. He took his time, kneeling and padding around the table on cat feet, studying those three balls from every possible angle.

Finally, he stood up, perplexed, and rubbed his chin. His eyes strayed for a moment to the gallery, and one of the prostitutes winked at him. Just a quick wink from an otherwise deadpan face, but he caught it. And he smiled.

He looked at the table one more time and said, "Eight," with a big grin and a flourish of chalk on his cue tip. The whole hall filled with a simultaneous gasp and Moran, still frowning, sat as tall as he could and peered closely at the table. For a moment, his eyes and Galahad's locked.

"It won't work," Moran observed dryly, almost as a physicist might comment on a colleague's new theory.

"Sheeit," Galahad eloquently intoned, and, laying his cue stick gently on the

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rail, he lined up the shot with one hand. Before there was time to think about what he was doing, he stroked. The white cue ball caromed off both side rails, hit the 2 on the back side, which spun the 6 out of the way, then came back off the rail to nudge the black 8. The 8 crept toward the pocket as though carried on the backs of an army of ants. When it arrived at the lip, it paused and actually rocked. Then it teetered and fell. The applause was deafening, and Galahad looked up to see the black women winking and chuckling, one looking down and away, the other concealing her mouth behind a make-up mirror. Moran looked like a dead man propped up in a chair, but as the applause slackened, he raised himself somberly and shuffled up to Galahad to shake his hand. They agreed on a rematch the following night and Galahad, beginning to jump like he had bugs in his pants, accepted \$2000 from the rack boy with childish excitement.

"Looka here, Big Mike! We done won us some dough! Hot damn! We done beat The *Tit*!"

"Put it in yo' shoe, like Stevie here do his, lessen you lose it befo' you gets home. An' stop lookin' at it like you ain't never seen no money befo'. Ack like a pro."

"I acts the way I feels, an' right now I feels like celebratin'." Proudly, he handed ten \$100 bills to Stephen, who counted it carefully and just as proudly handed five back, saying he had already profited from the show itself. Galahad shook his head incredulously. "Nigger, is you crazy? Boy, let a nigger get some education and he lose all his common sense. If it wasn't fo' you, I wouldn'ta been here in the first place."

"Give it here," Big Mike put in. "If Stevie don't take it, I will. I think ahmo get me a game goin'!"

"You shouldn't get a dime, jive ol' mothafuckah. You didn't have no *faith* in me. But here's what ah do. Ahmo insist Stevie take two hundred, an' maybe ah'll *give* you one hundred, 'cause that's 'bout all you deserve. Now, as fo' the two hundred that's left, well, ah'll be back in a minute."

Galahad strolled toward the bar, where Moran and his seconds were having several much-needed drinks. He didn't see the prostitutes, but a handbag and gloves rested by Moran, so he figured the girls were probably in the ladies' room. A waiting area separated the men's room



"I'll tell you where your inflatable lady is after you give me back my rubber duckie!"

from the women's, and that's where he headed. He was back in less than a minute.

"Less go, we gotta wait downstairs."

"Fo' what?" rasped Big Mike.

"Fo' the sistuhs, they comin' with us."

"Nigger, you ain't gonna spend two hundred dollahs on them hocs, is you?"

"Look heah, if ah wants to buy two tons of dogshit, it's my mothafuckin' dough. *Com-pren-day*?"

"Boy, I jus' cain't see you puttin' that kinda bread out fo' no hoes. What 'bout yo' plan to get that house fo' yo' momma and get yo' sistuh off the strip? You givin' all that up fo' some pussy? Nigguh, has you loss yo' mine?"

Big Mike snorted furiously and walked ahead, and Stephen didn't know what to expect when they all reached the street, but, to his relief. Big Mike muttered a gruff goodbye and kept going.

"You ain't my daddy," Galahad called after him, "so don't tell me what to do with my money!"

Big Mike wheeled around and jabbed a grizzled finger in Galahad's direction. "And you cain't shoot pool wuth a damn, cocky mothafuckah!"

And then Big Mike disappeared between the open doors of a bus and the tension eased, gave way to the pain of both men and lingered in the air like dust. Galahad didn't say anything, but soon the women came, voices chattering and stockings whispering. Ips glossed and earrings sparkling. They embraced their hero as freely as they had Moran and the one named Thelma nodded to Stephen.

"Is he in on it, too?"

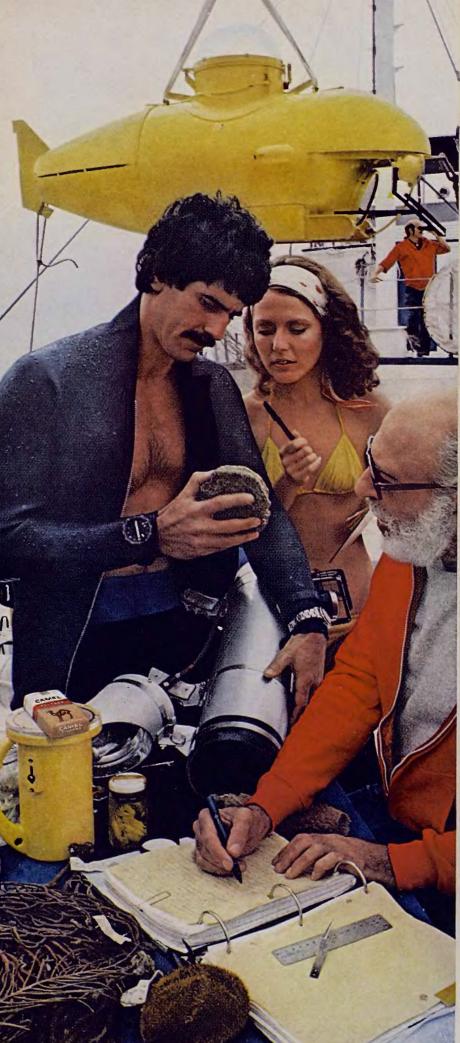
"No, an' ah ain't, eitha."

"What you mean, you ain't eitha? What's the two bills fo', then?"

"Fo' not workin' no mo' tonight. Fo' goin' home to wherever you lives an' takin' a hot bath and maybe gettin' into a book, maybe some TV. It's fo' gettin' off the streets fo' twenty-fo' hours." The girls were too surprised to reply and Galahad turned to Stephen and held out his hand. "Ahmo let you go, mah man. Thanks fo' the spote. Come on down tomorrow evenin' if you wants to see me kick Sweet Titty's ass again. If not, see you aroun'."

Stephen squeezed Galahad's hand gratefully, then turned and walked in Big Mike's footsteps toward the bus stop. When he was about halfway there, he heard Galahad hail a cab, and he looked back to see the dapper pool shark hold open the door for the prostitutes, doff his hat, then climb in after them. Tires squealing, the cab made a U turn and headed for the night-life district, its radio blaring soul horns and funky bass through the open windows.

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ASTRAL PROJECTION (continued from page 86)

"Those skeptical of many borderline belief systems are not necessarily those afraid of novelty."

no instances out of the 1,000,000 UFO reports filed since 1947-not a single one-in which many people independently and reliably report a close encounter with what is clearly an alien spacecraft. Not only is there an absence of good anecdotal evidence; there is no physical evidence either. Our laboratories are very sophisticated. A product of alien manufacture might readily be identified as such. Yet no one has ever turned up even a small fragment of an alien spacecraft that has passed any such physical test-much less the logbook of the starship captain. It is for these reasons that NASA recently declined an invitation from the Executive Office of the President to undertake a serious investigation of UFO reports. When hoaxes and mere anecdotes are excluded, there seems nothing left to study.

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The interest in UFOs and ancient astronauts seems at least partly due to unfulfilled religious needs. The extraterrestrials are often described as wise, powerful, benign, human in appearance and sometimes attired in long white robes. They are very much like gods and angels, coming from other planets rather than from heaven, using spaceships rather than wings. There is a little pseudoscientific overlay, but the theological antecedents are clear: In many cases, the supposed ancient astronauts and UFO occupants are deities, feebly disguised and modernized but easily recognizable. Indeed, a recent British survey suggests that more people believe in extraterrestrial visitations than in God.

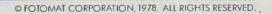
Classical Greece was replete with stories in which the gods came down to earth and conversed with human beings. The Middle Ages were equally rich in apparitions of saints and virgins. Gods, saints and virgins were all recorded repeatedly over centuries by people of the highest reliability. What has happened? Where have all the virgins gone? What has happened to the Olympian gods? Have those beings simply abandoned us in recent and more skeptical times? Or could those early reports be due to superstition and credulity and the unreliability of witnesses? And this suggests a possible social danger from the proliferation of UFO cultism: If we believe that benign extraterrestrials will solve our problems, we may be tempted to exert less than our full measure of effort to solve them ourselves—as has occurred in millennialist religious movements many times in human history.

Those skeptical of many borderline belief systems are not necessarily those afraid of novelty. For example, many of my colleagues and I are deeply interested in the possibility of life, intelligent or otherwise, on other planets. But we must be careful not to foist our wishes and fears upon the cosmos. Instead, in the best scientific tradition, our objective is to find out what the answers really are, independent of our emotional predispositions. If we are alone, that is a truth worth knowing also. No one would be more delighted than I if intelligent extraterrestrials were visiting our planet. It would make my job enormously easier. Indeed, I have spent more time than I care to think about on the UFO and ancient-astronaut questions. And public interest in these matters is, I believe, at least in part, a good thing. But our openness to the dazzling possibilities presented by modern science must be tempered by some hard-nosed skepticism. Many interesting possibilities simply

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turn out to be wrong. An openness to new possibilities and a willingness to ask hard questions are both required to advance our knowledge. And the asking of tough questions has an ancillary benefit: Political life in America in the past decade and a half has been marked by an excessive public credulity, an unwillingness to ask difficult questions, which has produced a demonstrable impairment in our national health. Both in science and in politics, there is an important benefit in sharpening our abilities to perform skeptical scrutiny.

Professional scientists generally have to make a choice in their research goals. There are some objectives that would be very important if achieved, but the likelihood of success seems so small that no one is willing to pursue them. For many years, this was the case in the search for extraterrestrial intelligence. The situation has now changed, mainly because advances in radio technology now permit us to construct enormous radio telescopes and sensitive receivers to pick up any messages that might be sent our way. Never before in human history was this possible. The opposite shoal is to investigate problems that are perfectly tractable but of entirely trivial significance. Most scientists choose a middle course. As a result, very few of them actually plunge into the murky waters of testing or challenging borderline or pseudoscientific beliefs. The chance of finding out something really interestingexcept about human nature-seems small, and the amount of time that is required seems large. I believe that scientists should spend more time in discussing these issues; but the fact that a given contention does not have vigorous scientific opposition does not imply that scientists think it is reasonable.

There are many cases where the belief system is so absurd that scientists dismiss it instantly but never commit their arguments to print. I believe this is a mistake. Science, especially today, depends upon public support. We live in a society that is powerfully influenced by science and technology but in which people have, unfortunately, a very inadequate knowledge of science and technology. This makes intelligent decision-making on scientific issues difficult. Some of the pseudo science is a profitable enterprise and there are proponents who not only are strongly identified with the issue in question but who also make large amounts of money from it. They are willing to commit major resources to defending their contentions. Some scientists seem unwilling to engage in public confrontations on borderline science issues because of the effort required and because of the possibility that they will be perceived to lose a public debate. But it is an excellent opportunity

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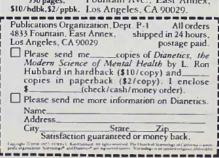
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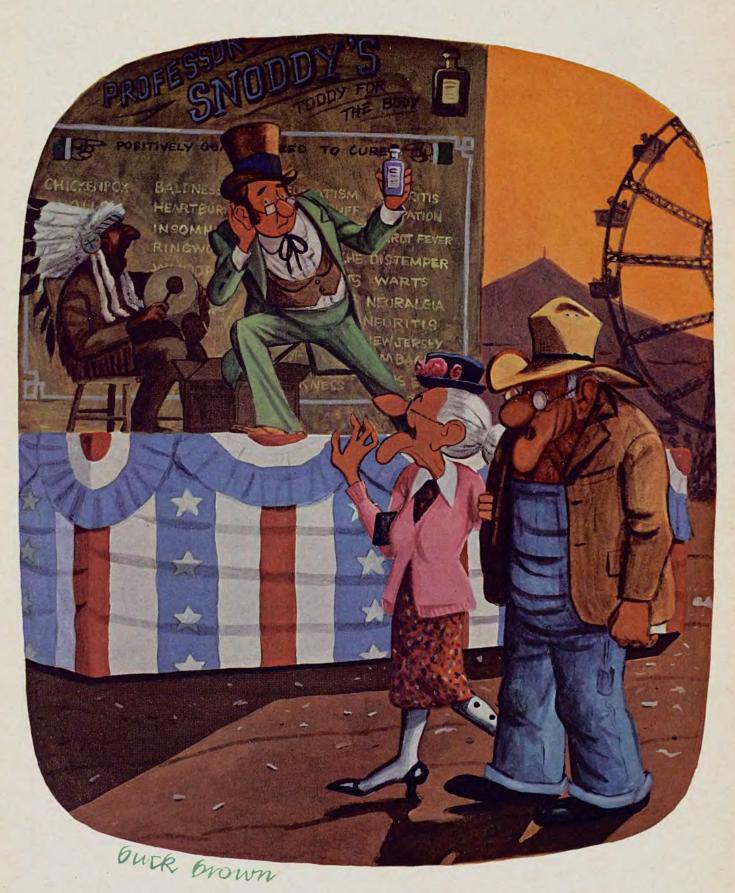
to show how science works at its murkier borders, and also a way to convey something of the power as well as the pleasures of science.

There is a problem not only with excessive public gullibility but also with excessive scientific aloofness. A distinguished scientist once threatened to sic then-Vice-President Agnew on me if I persisted in organizing a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in which both proponents and opponents of the extraterrestrialspacecraft hypothesis of UFO origins would be permitted to speak. Scientists offended by the conclusions of Immanuel Velikovsky's Worlds in Collision and irritated by Velikovsky's total ignorance of many well-established scientific facts successfully and shamefully pressured Velikovsky's publisher to abandon the book-which was then put out by another firm, much to its profit. I organized another A.A.A.S. symposium to discuss Velikovsky's ideas and was criticized by a different leading scientist, who argued that any public attention, no matter how negative, could only help those contentions of cometary and planetary collisions in the recent past. Samuel Goldwyn allegedly said, "Publicity is good and good publicity is even better." But the symposia were held, the audiences seemed to find them interesting, the proceedings were published, and now youngsters in Duluth or Fresno can find in their libraries some books presenting the other side of the issues. If science is presented poorly in schools and newspapers and on television, perhaps some interest in science can be excited by well-prepared, comprehensible public discussions at the edge of science. Astrology can be used for discussions of astronomy; alchemy for chemistry; Velikovskyan catastrophism and lost continents such as Atlantis for geology; spiritualism and Scientology for psychology and psychiatry.

There are still in the United States many people who believe that if a thing appears in print, it must be true. Since so much undemonstrated speculation and rampant nonsense appears in books, a curiously distorted view of what is true emerges. I was amused recently, in the furor that followed the early release of the contents of H. R. Haldeman's book, to read that the editor in chief of one of the largest publishing companies in the world said, "We believe a publisher has an obligation to check out the accuracy of certain controversial nonfiction works. Our procedure is to send the book out for an objective reading by an independent authority in the field." This is by an editor whose firm has, in fact, published some of the most egregious pseudo science of recent decades. But books presenting



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the other side of the story are now becoming available, and in the accompanying box, I have listed a few of the more prominent pseudoscientific doctrines and recent attempts at their scientific refutation. One of the contentions criticized there-that plants have emotional lives and musical preferences-had a brief flurry of interest a few years ago, including weeks of conversations with house plants in Gary Trudeau's Doonesbury comic strip. As the epigraph to this article shows, it is an old contention. Perhaps the only encouraging point is that it is greeted more skeptically today than in 1926.

Two years ago, a committee of scientists, magicians and others was organized to provide some focus for skepticism on the border of science. This nonprofit organization is called The Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal and is at 923 Kensington Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14215. It is beginning to do some useful work, including in its publications the latest news on the confrontation between the

rational and the irrational-a debate that goes back to the encounters between Alexander the Oracle-Monger and the Epicureans, who were the rationalists of his day. The committee has also made official protests to the networks and the Federal Communications Commission about television programs on pseudo science that are particularly uncritical. An interesting debate has gone on within the committee between those who think that all doctrines that smell of pseudo science should be combated and those who believe that each issue should be judged on its own merits but that the burden of proof should fall squarely on those who make the proposals. I find myself very much in the latter camp. I believe that the extraordinary should certainly be pursued; but extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence.

However, the best antidote for pseudo science, I firmly believe, is science:

• There is an African fresh-water fish that is blind. It generates a standing electric field, through perturbations in which it distinguishes between predators and prey and communicates in a fairly elaborate electrical language with potential mates and other fish of the same species. This involves an entire organ system and sensory capability unknown to pretechnological human beings.

• There is a kind of arithmetic, perfectly reasonable and self-contained, in which two times one does not equal one times two.

• Pigeons—one of the least prepossessing animals on earth—are now found to have a remarkable sensitivity to magnetic-field strengths as small as one hundred thousandth that of the earth's magnetic dipole. Pigeons evidently use this sensory capability for navigation and sense their surroundings by their magnetic signatures: metal gutters, electrical power lines, fire escapes and the like—a sensory modality glimpsed by no human being who ever lived.

• Quasars seem to be explosions of almost unimaginable violence in the hearts of galaxies that destroy millions of worlds, many of them perhaps inhabited.

• In an East African volcanic-ash flow 3,500,000 years old, there are footprints—of a being about four feet high with a purposeful stride that may be the common ancestor of apes and men. Nearby are the prints of a knuckle-walking primate corresponding to no animal yet discovered.

• Each of our cells contains dozens of tiny factories called mitochondria that combine our food with molecular oxygen in order to extract energy in convenient form. Recent evidence suggests that billions of years ago, the mitochondria were free living organisms that have slowly evolved into a mutually dependent relation with the cell. When many-celled organisms arose, the arrangement was retained. In a very real sense, then, we are not a single organism but an array of about ten trillion beings and not all of the same kind.

• Mars has a volcano almost 80,000 feet high that was constructed about a billion years ago. An even larger volcano may exist on Venus.

• Radio telescopes have detected the cosmic black-body background radiation, the distant echo of the event called the Big Bang. The fires of creation are being observed today.

I could continue such a list almost indefinitely. I believe that this smattering of findings in modern science and mathematics is far more compelling and exciting than most of the doctrines of pseudo science. Science is more intricate and subtle, reveals a much richer universe and powerfully evokes our sense of wonder. And it has the additional and important virtue—to whatever extent the word has any meaning—of being true.

Some Recent Borderline Doctrines and Their Critiques

While many recent borderline doctrines are widely promoted, skeptical discussion and dissection of their fatal flaws are not so widely known. Here is a guide to some of those critiques.

mose entiques.	
Bermuda Triangle	The Bermuda Triangle Mystery—Solved Lawrence Kusche, Harper & Row, 1975
Spiritualism	A Magician Among the Spirits Harry Houdini, Harper, 1924; Arno Press, 1972 The Psychic Mafia M. Lamar Keene, St. Martin's Press, 1976; Dell, 1977
Uri Geller	The Magic of Uri Geller James Randi, Ballantine, 1975
Atlantis and Other "Lost Continents"	Legends of the Earth: Their Geological Origins Dorothy Vitaliano, Indiana University Press, 1973 Lost Continents L. Sprague de Camp, Ballantine, 1968, 1975
UFOs	UFO's—Explained Philip J. Klass, Random House, 1974 UFOs: A Scientific Debate Carl Sagan and Thornton Page, Eds., W. W. Norton, 1974
Ancient Astronauts	The Space-Gods Revealed: A Close Look at the Theories of Erich von Däniken Ronald Story, Harper, 1976 The Ancient Engineers L. Sprague de Camp, Ballantine, 1974
Velikovsky: Worlds in Collision	Scientists Confront Velikovsky Donald Goldsmith, Ed., Cornell University Press, 1977
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The Natural History of Nonsense, by Bergen Evans, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1946 "Alexander the Oracle-Monger," in The Works of Lucian of Samosata, Volume II, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1905

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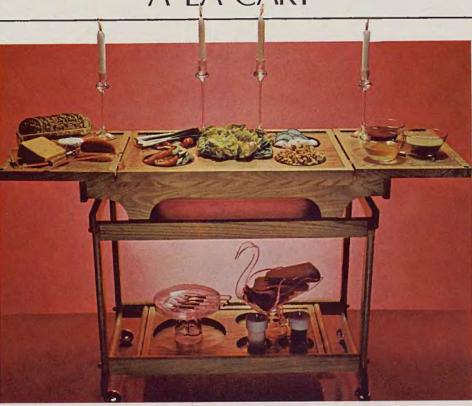
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SPORTS______SPORTS______SPORTS_____

he spaghetti racket is here. We used to know what a tennis racket was: a wooden oval. Then came steel, next the oversized Prince and now a noodle number that promises to revolutionize the hacker's game. Thwock is out; clack is in. Tennis may never be the same. You can literally play the spaghetti racket like a harp; it is double-strung. Two sets of 18 lengthwise strings are separated by five pairs of cross strings—all of top-grade nylon. The cross strings are strung at 70 pounds of pressure, but the long strings at only 40 pounds, which allows for

considerable shift when they strike the ball. Five elastic cords on either side of the racket face bind the long strings together so that they shift in unison. To make the shifts easier, 154 half-inch bits of smooth, hollow plastic tubing ("spaghetti") are threaded onto the long strings where they contact the cross strings; the spaghetti is held in place by a tiny dollop of glue.

When the strings shift, they get a greater bite on the tennis ball and impart enormous spin to the shot—sidespin, underspin, curve balls, but most of all, top spin. Home runs drop at your opponent's feet just inside the base line; hacker strokes bounce as though dropped from an airplane. You feel like Björn Borg.

The spaghetti racket is a sight to see—which makes it a tremendous psychological weapon against the uninitiated. The newly marketed commercial version by Werner Fischer of Germany (\$105 for the prestrung racket shown here or \$45 for a stringing kit to fit any racket) is streamlined compared with the fishline-and-balin g-wir e

models made famous last year by Australian pro Barry Phillips-Moore and American unknown Mike Fishbach. Phillips-Moore had copied the racket of Fischer, a German horticulturist and average club player, who started tinkering with his strings five years ago because he couldn't get enough top spin on the ball. Fishbach took one look at Phillips-Moore's racket, then ran home and sketched the revolutionary stringing from memory. He made history with it at Forest Hills last September by trouncing Billy Martin and Stan Smith in straight sets. Which is one reason it's banned from International Tennis Federation tournaments. The spaghetti racket is surprisingly easy to adjust to. It changes moderate top-spin strokes into Niekro knucklers, gives you service control and variety you never had before and brings those overhit smashes down into the court. It's recommended for baseliners, clay-court artists and your medium-level club game. It is also touted as a cure for tennis elbow. The soft stringing, however, robs the hard hitter of pace and needle-threading accuracy on passing shots.

Then there's the acoustical effect: When the ball is struck, it sounds like you hit it with a broken lamp shade. Say hello to the clack. —PETER ROSS RANGE

Edy Your Heart Out

Now, this is not the first time you've seen one or more of EDY WILLIAMS' breasts. You saw them before-if you were paying attention, and we think you were-in the March 1973 issue of PLAYBOY, when she posed for, among other things, a spread-eagle swimming-pool shot taken by her then husband, director Russ Meyer. Edy liked that photo so much she later had a similar shot made into a poster and it sold so well that it inspired her to write a movie script about an Olympic swimming champ whose best strokes have nothing to do with water. And, even though she is now busy looking for financial backers for her soft-core epic, Edy can still take a moment off to attend an event like the premiere of Mae West's "Sextette" and flash some flesh for the lens lizards. Maybe Edy should be this year's poster girl for the American Lung Association.





CHIU / MICHELSON

Say, Isn't That ...?

No, not CHER-we mean the desperado. Yeah, we thought these were just more ho-hum pix of Mrs. Bono-Allman, too, until Contributing Editor David Standish happened by the office and started leafing through our photo basket; he stopped when he found these shots and told us we really had some-thing here. Oh? Yes, he said, because the gentleman hiding his face in a handkerchief is none other than GENE SIMMONS, lead tongue and bass guitarist with Kiss and a man who, like his fellow band members, never goes anywhere without wearing elaborate make-up. How would Standish know what Simmons looks like in civvies? He toured Japan with Kiss last year and wrote it up for this magazine. That turned out to be a very productive assignment.



MICHELSON

Watermelon Man

Bad taste is alive and well and firmly entrenched at "Screw" magazine. Editor-publisher Al Goldstein himself has appeared as Valentino in its subscription ads, which stretches the imagination to its limits. Recently, he called upon GARRETT MORRIS of NBC's "Saturday Night Live" to eat a piece of watermelon for the camera. The headline had something to do with "Screw's" black readership. Don't get mad at us. We just report the news as we find it.





Queen for a Night

Just the other day, the "Grapevine" staff was saying, "Hey, guys, we haven't done anything on the Jaggers in two whole months." Moments later, these photos showed up and we couldn't deny you this laugh. So here is the irrepressible MICK, all dressed up with someplace to go; namely, a celebrity drag ball in Paris. Ah, Paris—the lights, the romance. Ah, Mick—behind every great man, there is a closet full of women's clothing. That's it for the Jaggers for at least another two months.



COURTESY OF "SCREW" @ 1978

Sam Bites Dog

SAM PECKINPAH makes tough movies ("The Wild Bunch," "Straw Dogs"). Sam Peckinpah is a tough man. Our sources on the set of his latest tough movie, a trucker paean called "Convoy," report that a little girl went up to Sam to give him a new golden-retriever pup, which she had named Sam. Peckinpah, ever the old smoothy, said, apropos of the pooch: "It almost looks good enough to eat. You fatten 'em up and roast 'em. Dogs are delicious. Puppies are even better." The child found that about as funny as a broken leg. There are those who say Peckinpah doesn't like dogs because he's had so many of them at the box office lately.

PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE







Stripping for Christ

Hey, guys, over here. You can go back to the pictures in a minute. The lady unveiled above, to the right and below is a former Miss Body Beautiful U.S.A. and Miss Nude Universe. She lifts weights. Her name is Kellie Everts and she's a Stripper for Christ, currently performing for the aforementioned deity and Minsky's Burlesque revue. It seems that last July, God spoke to Kellie. He told her to leave her job as a Government social worker and go back on the stage: "God gave me a body people want to look at. There's very few women who can stand on a stage naked and look as good as me." When she's not stripping for Christ, Kellie spends her time in meditation. She is saving her money to build a children's chapel in Brooklyn. Her measurements are 44-21-38. Amen.































Whatever happened to that height of French culture, the dirty postcard? Well, surprise. The art form is making a comeback. You can order reproductions of six authentic French postcards from 1910 to 1930 (above left) for \$5 from Lovely Ladies, P.O. Box 2606, New Orleans, Louisiana 70176. The "nouveau dirty" postcard (above right) is the work of François Colos of New York. Using pen, ink, postage stamps and postcards sent to him by friends, he creates ribald collages. Now, that's what we call kinky.

BATTERED WIVES-28,000,000 BATTERED HUSBANDS-12,000,000

The body count has finally found its way to that most ancient of conflictsthe battle of the sexes. Roger Langley and Richard C. Levy, authors of Wife Beating: The Silent Crisis, estimate that approximately 28,000,000 wives have been physically abused by their husbands. But the home team may be catching up: The two writers also claim that as many as one fifth of all American males have been beaten by

their spouses. (The figure of 12,000,000 battered husbands may be low-when the man fights back, the incident is often written off by police as another case of wife beating.) These figures have already generated a minor controversy. Professor Murray A. Straus, who in 1976 conducted a nationwide survey, estimates that only 2,000,000 husbands seriously assault their wives each year. An equal number of wives abuse their husbands. (Other studies have shown that domestic homi-

cides run about even between the sexes. God created man and woman, but Sam Colt made them equal. Apparently, it is just as easy for a woman to pull the trigger as it is for a man.) Whatever the figures, all of the researchers concerned feel that the battered male is as much in need of counseling as the battered female. Several cities have begun hotlines and emergency shelters for the abused wife, but there is only one institution for the care of the battered husband. It's called the corner bar.

The Pharmacists' Planning Service Inc. and The Population Institute-two San Francisco-based groupsare out to resurrect the mighty condom. Last spring, they held a Condom Couplet Contest for the best rubber rhyme. First prize was a gold condom. Second prize, a bronzed wallet with the characteristic "embossing." May we have the envelopes, please. In first place: "From using a condom you will learn/No deposit means no return." Oh, well. In second place: "Rubberizing copulation/ Puts a cap on population." Other nocturnal submissions included the following: "When you rise/ Condomize"; "Remember that for each erection/A condom gives the best protection"; "When in darkness and in doubt/Take another condom out." The contest will be repeated next year. Pullout your pen and go to it.



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

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

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

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



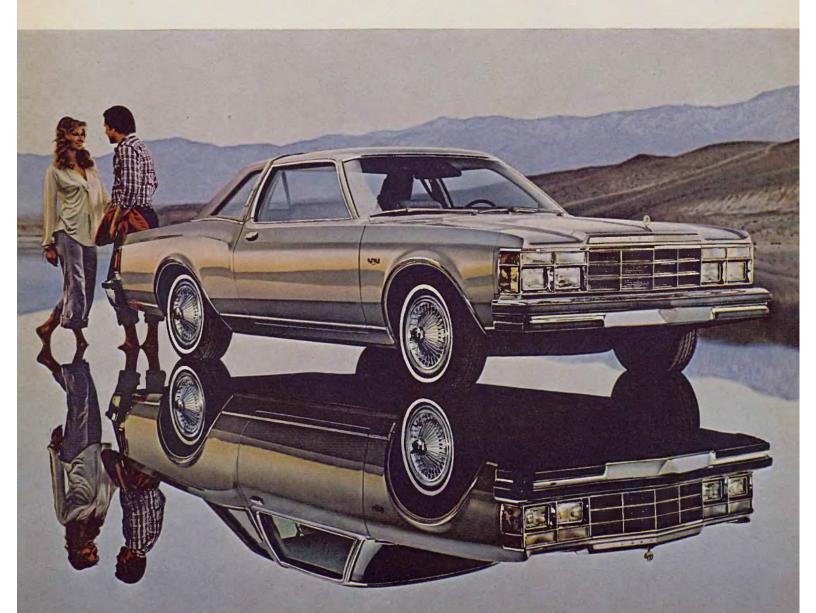
Where you'll find all this and much more (along with two more surprises: the mileage shown here, and the price down below) is on the new size Chrysler LeBaron.

HWY/ CITY There is no other car quite like LeBaron. Don't settle for anything less. Manufacturers Suggested Retail Price, excluding taxes and destination charges. Whitewall tires \$48, wire wheel covers \$99 extra. PPA estimates for 6-cylinder engine with manual overdrive transmission. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. Mileage lower, optional automatic transmission mandatory in California.



THE NEW SIZE CHRYSLER LEBARON. DON'T SPEND ANYTHING MORE. DON'T SETTLE FOR ANYTHING LESS.

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WHAT IS GIN? Gin is a state of mind. But, Gin is a recipe . . . Gin is Bombay. There's Only One World's Finest.

Only One World's Finest. No two Gins are the same because Gin is a recipe. Certain English Gins have the flavor distilled in. The flavor of Gin makes the drink. The flavor of a true English Dry Gin is acquired in distilling from "botani-boiled off it rives through racks of selected natural flavoring agents. These are: These are:

I. Coriander (seeds) from Morocco

2. Lemon Peel from Spain

3. Angelica (root) from Saxony

4. Licorice from England

5. Orris (Iris flower) from Italy

6. Juniper (berries) from Germany

7. Almonds from Indo-China 홡

From all of these Bombay Gin acquires that very slight, clusive flavor that makes Bombay a true, distinctive, dry Gin. This entire distilling process is further enhanced by a method of unhurited distillation which ensures that there is only on which ensures that there is only one world's finest.

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NEXT MONTH:





OFFICE HELP

BEE GEES

"THE DEATH FREAK"-TWO AGENTS, ONE AMERICAN, ONE RUS-SIAN, ARE BEING HUNTED DOWN IN MEXICO BY BOTH THE CIA AND THE K.G.B. A THRILLER BY "JOHN LUCKLESS," A.K.A. CLIFFORD IRVING AND HERBERT BURKHOLZ

DEATH FREAK

TED TURNER, THE CONTROVERSIAL MILLIONAIRE OWNER OF ATLANTA'S BASEBALL BRAVES AND BASKETBALL HAWKS-AND WINNER OF THE AMERICA'S CUP-IS CONSISTENTLY OUTRA-GEOUS IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"'EYES' HAS IT"-BEHIND THE SCENES OF FAYE DUNAWAY'S NEWEST MOVIE, THE EYES OF LAURA MARS, AND A LOOK AT WHAT THE DUNAWAY CHARACTER, A PHOTOGRAPHER OF FASH-ION'S KINKIER SIDE, SEES THROUGH HER CAMERA LENS

"DARWIN AND THE DOUBLE STANDARD"-ARE WE ALL MERE CREATURES OF OUR GENES? DOES SEXISM MAKE SENSE GENETI-CALLY? SOME ANSWERS ARE EXPLORED BY SCOT ANDERSON PLUS: "THE GROWNUPS' BOOK OF BIRDS AND BEES"-WEIRD ANIMAL BEHAVIOR, E.G., ADULTERY AMONG AFRICAN MUD HENS, HOMOSEXUAL RAPE IN PARASITIC WORMS AND, WE HESITATE TO SAY IT, HUMMINGBIRD PROSTITUTION

"PLAYBOY'S FIRST ANNUAL HUMOR COMPETITION"-SO YOU THINK YOU CAN WRITE PUNCH LINES? CARTOON CAPTIONS? HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO HAVE THEM JUDGED BY THE LIKES OF BUCK HENRY, ART BUCHWALD AND BILL COSBY

"SECRETARIES" - A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL ON THE LADIES WHO MAKE WORKING IN AN OFFICE A VISUAL PLEASURE

"THE RISE AND FALL AND RISE OF THE BROTHERS GIBB"-AT ONE POINT THIS YEAR, THE BEE GEES HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH FIVE OF THE TOP TEN RECORDS ON THE CHARTS. HERE'S WHAT MAKES THEM TICK-BY MITCHELL GLAZER

"PLAYBOY'S PRO-FOOTBALL PREVIEW"-OUR PEERLESS PROGNOSTICATOR ONCE MORE STICKS HIS NECK OUT ON WHO'S GOING TO SHOW UP IN THE SUPER BOWL-BY ANSON MOUNT PLUS: "WALTER PAYTON," A PROFILE OF CHIEF RUNNING BEAR, BY ROBERT E. CARR, AND "PRO CHEERLEADER PREVIEW." A CHEERFUL APPRAISAL OF THOSE IN-SHAPE SIRENS OF THE SIDE LINES, BY STANLEY MORRIS

"SIX HEAVY STOCKERS"-ON AND OFF THE TRACK WITH A HALF DOZEN OF THE WORLD'S TOP DRIVERS OF DETROIT IRON. FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS, FOLKS-BY WILLIAM NEELY

This is more like it.



This is More, the cigarette that gives you so much more to like. A welcome change from the brand you're smoking now.

It gives you more smooth, mild taste. For more smoking pleasure.

More length. Because More's the cigarette that's 120 mm long.

A slower burn. That's why More lasts longer than your cigarette.

And more value. Since More lasts longer, you may go through fewer packs and save more money. Try More. You'll take quite a liking to it.

> The difference is More. Taste, length, value...and more.

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

Stir up a Sparkler. Arrow Cordials and Soda.

Introducing a whole new way to drink our Arrow Cordials--The Sparklers. Pour a jigger of your very favorite Arrow flavor over ice in a tall glass. Top with club soda and a wedge of lime. You get a nice long drink that's fizzy, bubbly, tasty. But not overly sweet. A drink you can stay with anytime. Even <u>before</u> dinner. The Sparklers. Another bright idea from Arrow Cordials.

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