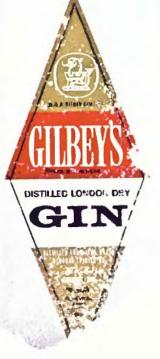




Try smooth Gilbey's Gin.
In an icy-cold mixed drink,
the clean, smooth flavor
of Gilbey's Gin comes
through, clear
and satisfying.



Smooth Gilbey's

As smooth as expensive imported gins.

# Announcing what to use when, and when to use what.

"I want to record my daughter playing the trumpet, and send the tape to my mother. So we can both suffer."

"What's the best tape to use for dictation?"

"Man, I need the finest tape you got, cause I've got the best set of ears anyplace, anytime."

People know what they use blank tape for. Where it

gets muddled is: which tape to use?

Sony humbly proposes a dramatic clarification. We are going to thread through the tape mess, and tell you simply and directly which tape fills which need.

and directly, which tape fills which need.

And there's no one more equipped than Sony to do it. We've been making blank tape for 30 years. We are the only ones to offer the consumer both blank tape and cassette recorders. You learn a lot about both by making both.

What's more, blank tape is small, and Sony shines in close quarters. Our housing, hub mechanism and oil are all real improvements in reliability.

At Sony we have two goals.

We want our tape to reproduce sound clearly. And we want to explain it clearly.

#### Basic Blank.



The workhorse tape, technically called Low Noise—don't trouble yourself why. It's for those times when you just want to get it down.

In school, a boring lecture on "The history of the thank-you note through the ages."

In the office, yet another budget meeting. In the car, for your cassette player.

At home, for your Uncle Iggie practicing the oboe.

#### Better Blank.



While Basic Blank is primarily for speech recording, Better Blank is primarily for music. (Its technical name is Hi Fidelity, one of the few technical names to explain anything.)

Better Blank is sensitive to a wide dynamic range which means the lows and the highs. It's particularly valid in the bass register—and it won't hurt too much at the cash register.

Better Blank is not Ultimate Blank, but you can still use it in a living room, concert hall, or off a record.

#### Beautiful Music Blank.



If you want to sound knowledgeable, call it Chromium Dioxide. A thin coating of that substance makes this tape loyal and faithful in the high frequency range.

So piccolos will sound perfect. Lead singers, sublime. Use this tape when quality—particularly in the high range—is the highest priority.

#### Best Blank.



When the object is the ultimate, and money is no object. Officially called Ferri-Chrome, this tape offers low distortion and a wide, flat frequency response.

It combines Chromium Dioxide, to pick up the highs, with Ferric Oxide—so the lows reach new heights. There is no better tape to reproduce music.

But do you need Ferri-Chrome? Some say that only the Verri-Crazy can tell the difference. But it's nice to know that the difference is there—if you have the ears to hear it.

### SONY

© 1978 Sony Industries, A Division of Sony Corp. of America. 9 West 57 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019. Sony is trademark of Sony Corp,



Contemporary styling? Individual flair? They're just not in the herd's game plan. But they can be in yours.

At a price you can easily afford. For instance: the brushed twill slacks and jacket shown cost far less than many people spend on a sportjacket alone.

And, of course, all our slacks and sportjackets are made from wrinkle-resistant fabrics. And specially constructed to keep their "fresh-from-the-store" appearance. Panatela Separates. When going your own way is more important than going the way of the herd.



## LAYE

WE'RE HEADING TOWARD the dog days of the baseball season, when the heat separates the men from the boys. But separating the man from the boy in Ted Turner, the motor-mouthed owner of the Atlanta Braves, was almost too much for Peter Ross Ronge, who had to match Turner's daily pace to obtain this month's Playboy Interview. "Turner does more and talks more in two hours than you can possibly imagine," says Range. "He's so busy that in order to remember names and appointments, he writes them on the back of his hand. The first day we met, whenever he introduced me to someone, he looked at his hand first."

August is also the month that the pro football teams begin sweating it out in training camp. And once again, Anson Mount, our formidable sports prognosticator, has the line on the upcoming season with Playboy's Pro Football Preview.

Speaking of heat, the hottest pop group of the Seventies, the Bee Gees, let writer Mitchell Glozer hang around with them on older brother Barry Gibb's palatial Miami estate for a week; and Mitch (who's executive editor for Crawdaddy) returned with The Rise and Fall and Rise of the Brothers Gibb, "feverishly" illustrated by Ed Poschke, Says Mitch, "Barry Gibb is frightening. After a few days in the studio, I knew I was watching an artist at the absolute peak of his talents."

One sure way to beat the heat is to die and have your body frozen until the next ice age brings cooler weather. If you're interested, read Frozen Guys, by Bruce Jay Friedman. Clifford Irving, a man who also knows something about heat (legal heat, that is), collaborated with Herbert Burkholz under the nom de plume John Luckless to write The Death Freak, a suspenseful and scarifying spy novel to be published this month by Summit. We excerpted one of the best parts just for you. But while you're alive, you'll have to cope with the bothers of summer, such as rain, which makes mud, which can leave your back wheels spinning in the damnedest places. To avoid all that, read Brock Yotes's guide to front-wheeldrive autos, Cars with Pull, illustrated by Roger Huyssen.

Speaking of driving brings to mind the phrase sex drive, which is just what Darwin and the Double Standard, by Scot Morris, deals with. Basically, it's a scientific explanation of how Mother Nature hasn't yet been informed of the feminist movement. It was illustrated by John O'Leary. The accompanying humorous piece, The Grownups' Book of Birds and Bees, tells you how little fun you're having compared with a wide variety of horny insects, birds and fish. Eat your heart out.

If the thought of fish giving good fin doesn't make you wistful, certainly our spectacular pictorial on beautiful reallife secretaries will. The Girls in the Office was photographed by Nicholas DeSciose. When we asked Nick how it went, he said, "I received one proposal of marriage. Scared me to death." If you can't stand the heat, Nick, stay out of the studio.

We also have "Eyes" Has It, a torrid pictorial peek at Faye Dunaway's latest movie, Eyes of Laura Mars, and-going from the sublime to the ridiculous-Playboy's First Annual Humor Competition (we give you bucks for yucks).

Just in case you cop some clams in our humor contest, we offer suggestions on how to spend your winnings in three great service features: Suitable for Fall, Fashion Editor David Platt's preview of the best in (guess what?) suits; Taking It on the Chin, a look at the latest in shaving gear; and Go Jump in the Lake!, presenting the splashiest of life jackets. After you've shaved, put on your suit and jumped into the nearest body of water, you'll probably need a drink. And what better hot-weather drink than beer? Ah, but there's more than one way to have a brew. See Beer Plus, by Emanuel Greenberg.

If you haven't cooled off by the time you get to our Playmate of the Month, Vicki Witt, you're going to be in serious trouble. Miss August is a one-woman heat wave.







RANGE



MOUNT









DESCIOSE



PASCHKE



O'LEARY

## PLAYBOY

vol. 25, no. 8-august, 1978

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THE RISE AND FALL AND RISE OF THE BROTHERS GIBB—personality MITCHELL GLAZER 100 A decade after they released their first million seller in America, the Bee Gees have gone through assorted hells and come out indestructible.
FROZEN GUYS—article
TAKING IT ON THE CHIN—modern living
DARWIN AND THE DOUBLE STANDARD—article SCOT MORRIS 108  Between feminism and the androgyny movement, a lot of men and women feel obligated to repress all behavior that smacks of sexism. Good luck, folks; you're

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fighting 6,000,000 years of sexual evolution.



#### **COVER STORY**

This white-hot office tryst was designed and photographed by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler. The man wearing the crisp pants is Bill Drendel, a stylist in our Photo Department. The lady wearing the very long legs is March 1977 Playmate Nicki Thomas. The Rabbit on the steno pad has the best view of the situation.

THE GROWNUPS' BOOK OF BIRDS AND BEES—humor
A NEW LEAF—playboy's playmate of the month  Vicki Witt comes from Lansing, Michigan, where the nights get very cold and the women learn to appreciate body heat.
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor
SUITABLE FOR FALL—attire
BEER PLUS—drink
PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW—sports ANSON MOUNT 134  No need to be surprised when the play-offs roll around. You can find out who's going to be in them right now.
CHIEF RUNNING BEAR—personality ROBERT E. CARR 180 Nobody knows just how good Chicago's Walter Payton will be, but it's generally conceded that he's already better at toting a football than anyone else.
PRO FOOTBALL CHEERLEADER PREVIEW—satire
THE GIRLS IN THE OFFICE—pictorial
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CARS WITH PULL—modern living BROCK YATES 152 When it comes to drive, it's what's up front that counts these days.
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PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE



Bee Gees

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Fall Flash

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Double Standard

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Great Michigander

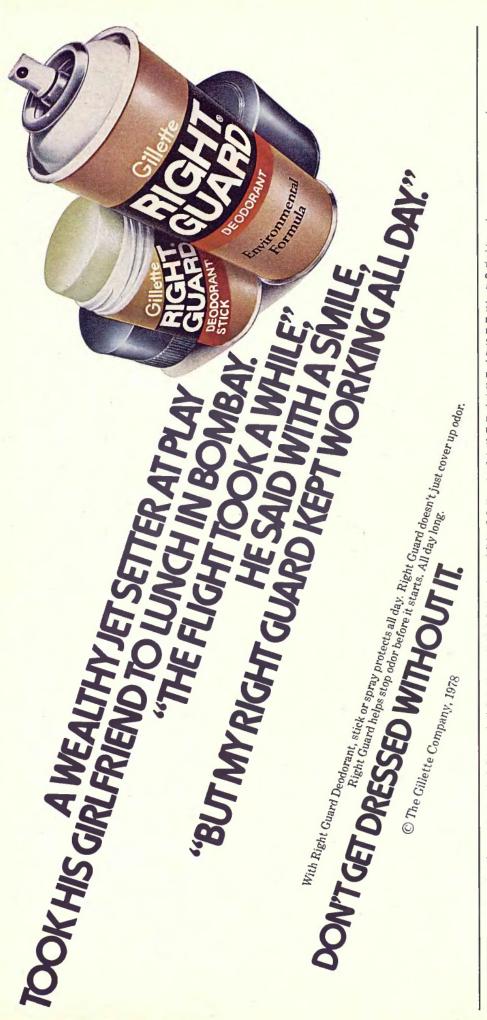
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Art Kane 8/15/77

# 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 factory-trained 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.

# DO YOU HAY YOUR CAR ISN'T YOU PAID FOR I' YOU'RE NO'T

The average purchase price of a new car today is more than \$6,000. And when people part with that kind of money they expect a lot in return.

But according to a national survey conducted by K. M. Warwick Marketing Research, apparently millions of car owners

feel they don't get it."

If you've been driven to this conclusion, give some thought to driving a new Volvo. Volvos start at \$6,645.† And according to the same independent survey, more Volvo owners feel they get their money's worth than the owners of Sevilles, Cutlasses, Cordobas, Continentals and 53 other models from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and AMC.

Get behind the wheel of a Volvo and you'll immediately begin to understand what makes this car worth the money.

The feeling of solidity. The quality of workmanship. The sense that a Volvo wasn't designed to be here today and gone tomorrow. (Volvos are so well made that their average life expectancy in Sweden is now 16.7 years.)

In a Volvo, you'll also discover many standard features you have to pay extra for on other cars (if you can get them at all). Like paint that's four coats deep. Two separate undercoatings. Orthopedically designed front bucket seats that adjust to the contours of your back. Disc brakes on all four wheels. Fuel injection. Steel-

# ETHEFELING WORTHWHAT I? CALONE.

belted radial tires. An electric rear window defroster. Tinted glass. And safety characteristics so advanced that more than 40 Volvos are being studied by the U.S. Government.

So if you're the kind of person who wants value for your money, remember one thing.

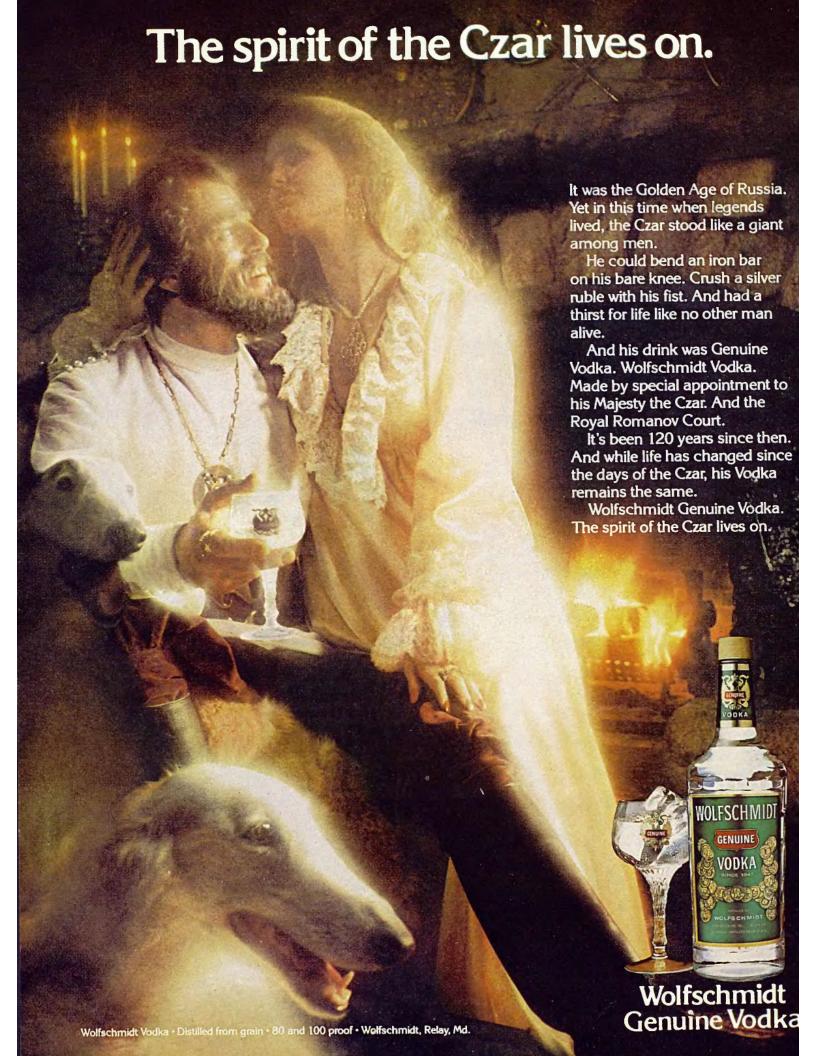
It's not how much money you pay for a car. It's how much car you get for your money.

"Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977, † Suggested retail price P.O.E. local taxes, dealer preparation, delivery charges and Lambda Sond'" units additional

VOLVO 0 1978 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION LEASING AVAILABLE



**VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.** 



#### THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



At the CAT bash (above, from left): actress Sally Kirkland, actor Bud Cort, July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore, PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and 1970 Playmate of the Year Claudia Jennings, soon to be filming a spy flick.



#### MANSION WEST PARTY AIDS CAT SELF-HELP PROJECTS

Playboy Mansion West continues to be the spot for gala parties in the Los Angeles area. Among them were a disco fund raiser for CAT (formerly California Association of Trollops, now called the National Institute for Working Women) and a cocktail party preceding a tour of the Treasures of Tutankhamun exhibit at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. The CAT party raised funds to enable the prostitutes' union to provide career counseling, operate a transitional house and improve its members' image; guests at the King Tut shindig continued to party on chartered buses en route to the exhibition, which has been S.R.O. on a national tour.

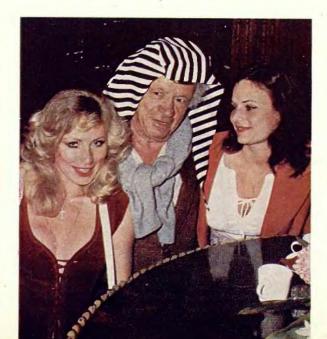


More scenes from the CAT party: At left, Hef and Sondra talk with comedy writer Buck Henry, whose My Night at Plato's Retreat appears in PLAYBOY'S May issue. Above, Kimberly McDavid and TV personality Orson Bean observe the fun.

#### **TUT'S TREASURES TOASTED**

Guests at the get-together preceding the Treasures of Tutankhamun visit included actor Robert Culp and his actress wife, Sheila, seen talking with their host below; at right, veteran syndicated columnist Max Lerner, in appropriate period headgear, practicing his political punditry on actress Marcy Hanson (left) and party guest Mary Ellen Diefenbach. Marcy is one of the stars of the TV series Rollergirls.







Hef and daughter, Christie, Vice-President of Playboy Enterprises, visit with renowned playwright George (The Seven Year Itch, Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?) Axelrod at the Tut party. Axelrod's developing a TV movie on Hefner.

#### THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



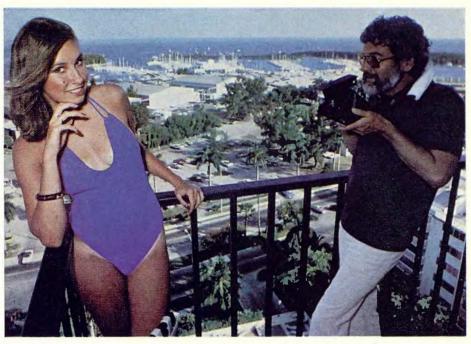
#### PAPA PAYS OFF FOR KRISTINE

Well, we told you this past January, in Playboy's Playmate Review, that Kristine Winder, our October 1977 centerfold girl, was taking up the study of literature. That paid off, to the tune of \$16,000, when she demonstrated her expertise on the subject of author Ernest Hemingway for the syndicated television show \$128,000 Question.



#### PAMELA HOOPS IT UP

April Playmate Pamela Jean Bryant, named unofficial sixth man of the Indiana Pacers at an Indianapolis home game, poses with Pacer regulars (from left): Mike Flynn, Steve Green, James Edwards, Mike Bantom and Ricky Sobers. Between quarters, Pamela attempted three shots for charity and sank one; the beneficiaries of her efforts were funds for multiple-sclerosis research and foster care for children.



#### **DWIGHT PURSUES MISS RIGHT**

As faithful readers doubtless know, we're seeking a 25th Anniversary Playmate. Above, Dwight Hooker focuses on Florida hopeful Julie Pesavento. Nice work if you can get it.



#### GORE VIDAL IS GIFTED

Gore Vidal liked the illustrations done by Chicago artist Kinuko Y. Craft for our two excerpts from his novel Kalki so much he requested them for his collection. At left, Craft presents him with the April artwork on the set of PBS' Kup's Show; host Irv Kupcinet, who is also a syndicated columnist for the Chicago Sun-Times, looks on.

#### **FOCUS WINNERS HONORED**

Winners of the second annual FOCUS film makers/critics competition included Yale student Judith Boasberg (at right with PLAYBOY Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer, who offered her a \$2500 scholarship and a two-week internship at the magazine) and USC's Pat Tooke, below, talking with our film critic Bruce Williamson (left) and television's Chevy Chase, the m.c. for the event, which PLAYBOY cosponsored.





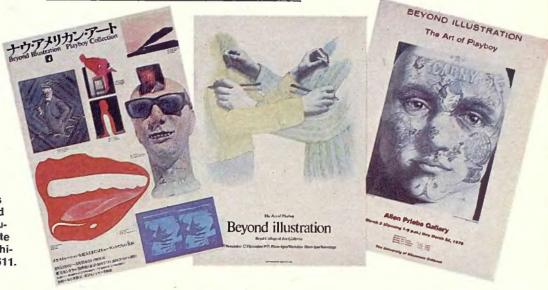
When you've got the world on a string...

Rown Royal
Seagram

#### THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

#### PLAYBOY ART EXHIBIT TOURS THE WORLD

In PLAYBOY's nearly 25 years of existence, Art Director Arthur Paul has commissioned more than 4000 pieces of art-portraits, sculpture, collages, sketches, drawingsfor use in the magazine. Some of the best of that art is included in a traveling exhibition, "Beyond Illustration: The Art of PLAYBOY," which has been displayed in museums around the world since 1971. The show is available for exhibit by qualified museums and educational institutions; for further information, write to Arthur Paul, PLAYBOY, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





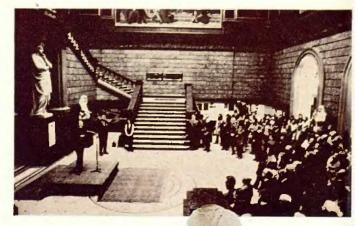
On hand for the show's arrival at the Malkasten museum in Düsseldorf, the father of pop art, Andy Warhol (above left), who has two works, Double Torso and What's a Warhol?, on exhibit, talks with Paul.

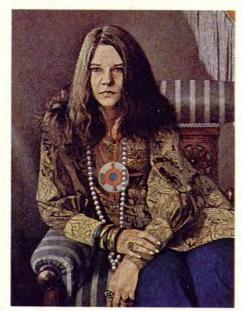
During a month-long stay at the Royal College of Art in London, the PLAYBOY offerings (notable among them, below, Frank Gallo's epoxy-resin Playmate and Tom Wesselman's oil Mouth #8) drew rave reviews. Said the Sunday Telegraph: "A wry, dry highball of a show, unmissable."



Posters from some of the showings (above, from left): Tokyo's Central Museum of Art, the Royal College of Art in London and the University of Wisconsin in Oshkosh. The exhibit has also toured Italy, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands and Canada, winning favorable reviews wherever it has appeared.

In the entrance hall of the Royal Museum of Fine Arts in Antwerp, Paul speaks to assembled members of the press, critics and special guests at the opening of "Beyond Illustration" (right). Said one observer, writing in a Brussels newspaper: "There is really no end to the clever work that can be seen here (and for that matter, all the work may be summed up as just plain good)." Added an Antwerp counterpart: "This exhibit is one we recommend warmly."







Wherever "Beyond Illustration" has traveled, two of its most popular works have been Herb Davidson's oil portrait of singer Janis Joplin, for All She Needs Is Love, which appeared in our August 1970 issue, just before Joplin's death, and George Segal's sculpture Pregnant Woman, which raised eyebrows around the office when it was submitted as Segal's contribution to our January 1967 feature The Playmate As Fine Art.



#### TO FULLY APPRECIATE PIONEER'S NEW DIRECT-DRIVE TURNTABLE, YOU HAVE TO TAKE APART THE COMPETITION.

When you compare what goes into most \$175\*high-fidelity turntables to what goes into Pioneer's new PL-518, you'll find there's no comparison.



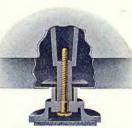
Most high fidelity turntables have flimsy plastic or metal headshells that can distort the music. Pioneer's is made of glass fiber, a substance with far greater mass yet less weight, which is unaffected by resonance.

On many turntables, the motor is suspended from the base itself, where the slightest vibration can be picked up by the stylus. The PL-518's direct-drive motor is anchored to a metal plate beneath the base, where this is far less likely to happen.





Some turntables are held together by staples, which can work themselves loose. Pioneer uses aluminum screws to seal the base to the base plate.



A lot of turntables have skinny plastic legs that merely support the weight of the turntable. The feet of the PL-518 are spring-mounted which helps reduce acoustic feedback. So you can play your music loud enough to rattle the walls without rattling the turntable.



Many tone arms are mounted on plano wire and cheap plastic casings which vibrate. Instead, ours float on pivot bearings which are immune to vibration.





Some turntables get by with a common plastic or sheet metal base which is susceptible to vibration and can cause acoustic feedback. Not the base of the PL-518. lt's made of two solid blocks of compressed wood, which when joined eliminate feedback.

What you see here will tell you a lot about Pioneer's PL-518.

It'll not only tell you what kind of care and engineering went into it, but also the kind of exceptional performance you can expect to get out of it. Performance free of audible distortion, acoustic feedback and rumble.

Because at Pioneer, we believe that to get the most out of every piece of music, you've got to get the most out of every part of the turntable.



0 1978 U.S. Pioneer Electronics, High Fidelity Components 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074 \*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.



#### **DEAR PLAYBOY**

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

#### ANITA BRYANT

More than half the letters we received on our May issue concerned the "Playboy Interview" with Anita Bryant. It was a larger outpouring than we got for our interview with Jimmy Carter. The following is a sampling of the (printable) comments from those letters:

Just finished reading your May interview with Anita Bryant and am still laughing myself silly. Unquestionably the funniest piece of satiric writing published in years, it should surely find a place right up there with Jonathan Swift. The thing is so well written that you almost had me convinced it was, indeed, a real interview. So now that you've had your little joke, come on and tell us—who dreamed up those wonderfully wacky "quotes" from the lady in this fiction? . . . Buck Henry? . . . Joan Rivers? . . . Mel Brooks? . . . The Saturday Night gang?

John French New York, New York

Congratulations! That is quite an enlightening interview. I have always admired this great lady. Now I think many more people will be able to understand her motives: love of God and her country. It is important that everyone understand that hers is not a crusade of hate but of love! But, gentlemen, I am a bit perturbed that you took it upon yourselves to delete the intelligent statements that Bryant must have made during the interview.

Gary Franklin Baltimore, Maryland

The ordinances in Dade County and in Seattle and in every other city that has similar laws do not require the hiring of gay people—they are not affirmativeaction oriented. They simply forbid discrimination against gay people. To my knowledge, no gay rights legislation has asked for affirmative action in hiring because of the obvious difficulties in ascertaining a person's sexual lifestyle. All we want is an equal chance.

Greg Kucera, President Gay Peoples' Association University of Washington Seattle, Washington

Is it possible that Anita Bryant suffered brain damage at rebirth?

> Jack Marlowe Santa Monica, California

The only minority group the lady forgot to offend was the Tierra del Fuego Indians. I suggest Miss Bryant use some of "God's money" for some earthly psychiatric help... and soon.

R. Sottosanto Arroyo Grande, California

Perhaps the American people will finally see the folly of relying on illeducated and uninformed celebrities for opinions on social policy. Stick to singing, Anita.

> Judy J. Cater San Diego, California

I have always been an atheist. After reading the ramblings of this naïve Bible-pandering freak, I'm damned glad I am.

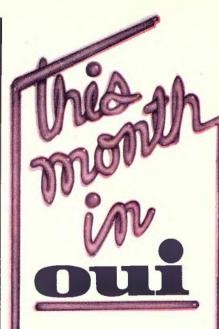
> Robert F. Garceau Chatsworth, California

To be in heaven with Anita Bryant would surely be hell.

Allen McClain San Francisco, California

Anita wants to make homosexuality a felony offense. She says, "It might make them think twice," As if homosexuality is something one decides to do on a whim, like getting a tattoo or stealing watermelons. She reminds me of the junior high school that refused to show

PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1978, VOLUME 25, NUMBER 8, FUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, 838 FOR THREE YEARS, 825 FOR TWO YEARS, 814 FOR ONE YEAR. CANADA, 815 PER YEAR, ELSEWHERE, 825 PER YEAR, ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS; SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADD 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE, MARKETING; ED CONDON, DIRECTOR / DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J, MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR, ADVERTISING; HERRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR, ADVERTISING HERRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING FOR WORK, N.Y., 10017; CHICAGO, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVE., INTRIP AVE., BYORK, N.Y., 10017; CHICAGO, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 174 THIRD AVE., INTRIP AVE., BYORK, N.Y., 10017; CHICAGO, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.; DETROIT, WILLIAM F., MOORE, MANAGER, BIB FISHER BLDG; LOS ANGER, ES, STANLEY L., PERKINS, MANAGER, 6721 BEVERLY BLVD.; SAN FRANCISCO, ECCERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY ST.



#### CONFESSIONS OF A FEMALE SPORTSWRITER

How do the superstars "measure up" in the locker room? The naked truth from a woman's point of view.

#### BACKSTAGE AT THE GONG SHOW

You've seen the show. Now view the auditions, where Chuck Barris, Jaye P. Morgan, the Unknown Comic and 42 nontalents run amuck.

#### TWO GIRLS AND A CAMERA

Photo-bi-play between two beautiful young camera buffs leads to interesting developments that'll make you shutter with joy.

#### FRAMPTON IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

The rock superstar talks about his love life, his upcoming role in Sgt. Pepper's and other hot stuff in an outasight interview.

#### ABBIE MEETS AGEE (ALMOST)

The man the CIA is looking for looks for the agent whose book made the CIA look the other way.

#### PLUS

The Porsche mystique, Frederick's of Hollywood undressed, Chicago riots trivia quiz, Mano on hometown auto racing, ladies who'll give you goose bumps and much more.

AUGUST OUI ON NEWSSTANDS NOW its girls a movie explaining menstruation because it might give them ideas. Anita claims to be a Christian and to love everyone, including homosexuals. May God save us from her kind of love! Sharon L. Prange Vandalia, Ohio

I and everyone else over the age of three always knew Anita Bryant was not one of America's great intellects; but for her to expose herself to your snide, smug, smartassed and entirely shameful hatchet job shows just how dumb she really is. To deliberately choose the three most unflattering photographs that a professional photographer could take is certainly tasteless enough. To construct an entire interview around sex and religion is stupid enough. To follow this with Cruising with Anita is more than enough. As a homosexual, I know better than Ken Kelley the harm that Anita Bryant has done. As a thinking adult, I also know that her views are shared by a large number of people, and those views will not be altered favorably by throwing pies-in person or in print.

Bob Waltrip Parker, Arizona

What else would you discuss with Bryant besides sex and religion? As to



our running the least flattering pictures, here's one we didn't run.

Not only is she ignorant, she is a fool to allow others to view the extent of that ignorance.

Erik Rogers Berkeley, California

I understand now how Eve ate the forbidden fruit, but what about Adam? Are we to assume that the first man was also the first contortionist?

James Quinn Millersburg, Ohio

How I envy the Christians of the world who will spend an eternity with Anita Bryant, Larry Flynt, Richard Nixon and the Reverend Doctor Billy Graham. As an atheist, I shall have to make do with the company of Voltaire, Jefferson, Einstein and Twain.

> Richard Elsbree Sayre, Pennsylvania

I should appreciate it if you would let the reading public know that Charles Darwin was a Church of England clergyman who did believe in God, and said the Creed, without having his fingers crossed.

> Reverend George E. Condit, Rector Saint Ambrose Episcopal Church Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Anita Bryant demonstrates that she is ignorant both of sexuality and of Christianity, and yet her asinine and apodictic statements ring with a dangerous sincerity. Her philosophy is the tip of an iceberg of latent fascism in this country. I pray to God that her repressive ideas hold little sway over the freedom-loving minds of most Americans.

Michael D. Delaney San Francisco, California

After reading Anita Bryant's remarks concerning Jews, I'd like to tell her to go to hell. But according to her, I'll go there to join other Jews; among them, Moses, Jesus Christ, Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud and Groucho Marx.

James Walder St. Louis Park, Minnesota

How does she manage to come at the same time as God? Does He wait for her or vice versa?

Tobi Rifkin Sherman Oaks, California

Regarding Anita Bryant's self-anticipated "martyrdom"—the sooner the better!

> L. R. Patterson Atlanta, Georgia

What bothers me is the overwhelming support she has raised. It brings to mind the fanatic hatred that Hitler cultivated against the Jews. Homosexuals are different, we hate them, so let's throw them all into prison for 20 years; better yet, make it for life. . . . This lack of tolerance is un-American, un-Canadian, just plain undemocratic! And un-Christian!!

Judy Harvey Leduc, Alberta

I would like to recommend Mr. Gershwin to Miss Bryant: The things that you're liable to read in the Bible ain't necessarily so.

Norton Lindsay Mt. Laurel, New Jersey

Your May cover should have read, "Anita Bryant Speaks Her Ignorant Mind," not "Her Startling Mind," There's nothing startling about ignorance and when found in the company of arrogance, it makes a disgusting and downright sinful combination.

Robert LaRiviere Worcester, Massachusetts

Ken Kelley has done a devilishly crafty job of inducing Anita Bryant, unknowingly, to perpetrate the definitive send-up of all she holds good and true. You say God plays jokes, Sister Bryant? You ain't just a-whistlin' doxology. The one He played in authorizing the indecent exposure of your revelations in PLAYBOY surely ranks among His greatest thigh slappers of all time.

Carlton Brown Wellfleet, Massachusetts

We've got enough problems with Anita Bryant around here. But when she is quoted in PLAYBOY as attributing a cartoon about her to *The Miami Herald*, she has gone too far. It is with great



pride that I inform PLAYBOY readers and Anita baby that it was Don Wright of The Miami News who exposed the real side of her in the cartoon.

> Howard Kleinberg, Editor The Miami News Miami, Florida

Thanks to Anita Bryant for informing me of my inevitable descent to the nether world. I look forward to seeing her there when I arrive.

> Earl Kaplan, Rabbi Temple Judea Tarzana, California

I, as a born-again Christian, feel constrained to reject her ideas, since I have no conflict with either my faith in my Redeemer or my active sex life, which is exclusively homosexual.

> Tom Harlander Alton, Illinois

I'm a 23-year-old Midwestern boy, a Christian, a college graduate, single and a homosexual. I am not a limp-wristed caricature into interior decorating or hair styling. I would not go into a school as a teacher flaunting my lifestyle to the young ones as superior to heterosexuality. Neither am I a child molester. Neither would I wish Anita Bryant dead, and I would feel no sense of elation or revenge by sticking a pie, fruit or otherwise, into her face. This is a free country, Anita, and you have the right to believe



## Le Police Car

In LaConner, Washington, the Bad Guys are still being chased by the Good Guys and that's not news. But it is news when the car the Good Guys are doing the chasing in is Le Car.

After testing a number of cars for suitability, the police force of LaConner, a town of 600 people, chose Le Car over all the others.

#### The Law ordered it.

Le Car was selected because it best fits the needs of the LaConner police force. They needed an eco-



nomical car that would help cut down on their expenses. So they replaced their two standard-size police cars with three Le Cars. Now that's economy.

that's economy.
Police Chief Russ Anderson had
no doubts about his decision. "More
and more departments are being
faced with this budget crunch" he
said. "Gas is killing us. With Le Car
we were able to decrease our budget
and increase our mobility."

#### Le Car obeys commands.

Another thing the police officers can appreciate is Le Car's snappy performance. Le Car is equipped with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard (Honda, Rabbit, Chevette and Fiesta don't offer this combination of standard features). The result is a highly responsive car that handles with ease. A car that zips in and out of, around and through traffic.

And Le Car's ride is so remarkably smooth that Car & Driver reported, "The rough-road ride is a new standard for small cars." And that's something that can be appreciated whether you're pursuing someone down a bumpy road or just seeking a thoroughly enjoyable ride.

Le Car's overall length is only 142 inches (Honda Civila in 150 VW)

Le Car's overall length is only 142 inches (Honda Civic is 150, V.W. Rabbit is 155) but you could never tell from its roomy interior. Le Car will seat four adults (or two perpetrators and two officers) very comfortably. And Le Car has a longer wheelbase for added comfort.

In Europe nearly two million people drive Le Car with a passion. That's more than Fiesta and Rabbit combined. Here in America, Le Car sales more than doubled in 1977.

What's more, in three different studies, Le Car owner satisfaction was rated an amazingly high 95%.

was rated an amazingly high 95%.
Which means that when it comes
to giving the police in LaConner (or
anyone else) everything they are
looking for in an automobile, Le Car
won't cop out.

Le Car prices start at \$3,583\* For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In New Jersey call collect 201-461-6000.

 Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, optional at extra cost. Renault USA, Inc. ©1978.



what you want. But your stereotyping us into the degenerates you would have people believe we are is a sin in itself.

> Doug Vencill Kearney, Nebraska

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for showing Anita Bryant for what she really is. I do hope the June interview with George Burns will be as funny as the May one, I know-Burns will be well informed; after all, he is God!

Carole Montello Las Vegas, Nevada

It might please the Lord more if Anita Bryant read the entire Bible, instead of just the dirty parts.

R. C. Gorman Taos, New Mexico

#### WHO'S UP, DOC?

Let me assure you—after working in a New York State psychiatric hospital for two years—the daily horrors are far worse than Peter Schrag writes about in Mind Control (PLAYBOY, May). Our mental institutions are an exploited national disgrace. And the time has come for a full-scale medical and judicial investigation. Reform and revision of the involuntary-commitment statutes, establishment of community residential centers and review boards to guarantee the civil rights of the mentally ill are long overdue. Before we all go crazy!

Roger S. Manning Task Force for Mentally and Emotionally Disturbed Portland, Oregon

Schrag's condition may be diagnosed as psychosis, paranoid type, acute severe, as manifested by delusions of conspiracy, grandiosity, loose associations and generalized autistic thinking. As a consequence, he should be started out on 50 milligrams of Thorazine (im) and after agitation has subsided, switch him to four milligrams of Haldol (po/qid). If that doesn't take care of him and all his problems, there is a nice facility in Topeka, Kansas, where I'm sure some very nice men would love to work with him,

Don Whimer Lawrence, Kansas

Highest praise to Peter Schrag from one who has been there. It's about time people learned the truth about the hideous atrocities committed daily by institutions in the name of sanity. Perhaps even worse than the abuse we have to suffer at the hands of the authorities is that once we re-enter society, the experience remains a blot on our records rather than on theirs.

Eileen Weiner Houston, Texas

It sounds to me like Schrag is trying to scare every chronic schizophrenic

person off antipsychotic medication and right back into the human warehouses many came from. Let's hope his next book doesn't suggest that diabetics stop taking insulin because they have to "skin pop" it.

> Don Schwerdtfeger, M.D. San Diego, California

#### MAGNIFICENT MORRISON

Thanks to you and Miss May, Kathy Morrison, our wall has never looked better. We didn't think Janis Schmitt could be outdone, but you proved us wrong. We bet you can't outdo Kathy.

The B. R. Shop U.S.S. America CV66

Whether Janis or Kathy is better is a matter of personal preference, gentle-



men. But we think we can outdo our layout on Kathy—with more of Kathy.

Your May Playmate, Kathryn Morrison, is my idea of "the girl next door." Phillip Dixon's shot of her on the diving board made more than my temperature rise.

Patrick L. Clerkin Columbus, Indiana

We were astounded at both the beauty and the sensuousness of Kathryn Morrison. Therefore, we took a poll. Verdict: Kathryn is our choice for Playmate of the Year.

Third Floor, B Block, Halloran Park College Kansas City, Missouri

Playmate Kathy Morrison is a stunningly attractive woman, and Phillip Dixon shoots photos par excellence.

Quinn Smith Detroit, Michigan

#### DEBRA'S COVER

I have seen many PLAYBOY covers in my day, but your May cover is super! If

Debra Peterson doesn't become a "name" model, somebody is missing the boat (or the body). There's beauty and then there's Debra.

C. Keller Allentown, Pennsylvania

Your May cover is a beautiful work of art.

Ernie Mendoza Selma, California

I agree with PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Phillip Dixon that black lingerie is a traditional turn-on. I love it, too.

> Bob Liounis Houston, Texas

Right on, Phillip Dixon; black lingerie is a turn-on and Debra Peterson is a fox.

> Joseph L. Comito Central Islip, New York

It's nice to see the return of Debra Peterson. Please don't fail to feature her from time to time, because I just wouldn't be able to forgive you for another mistake. Your first one was not choosing her for Playmate of the Year when she was in the running.

Mac McEwen Saginaw, Michigan

Black lingerie and an art-deco background aren't half the turn-on that that woman is. A plus for Debbie Peterson!

> George D. Daggett Milwaukee, Wisconsin

#### ANOTHER ANITA

As far as I'm concerned, your Chameleon (PLAYBOY, May) Anita Russell is the next Marilyn Monroe. If this girl doesn't make it to Hollywood, I'll eat my hat. What a body. Wow! And a face to match. Good going, PLAYBOY.

Charles Wilson New York, New York

Thank you for the pictorial of Anita Russell. The pages are dripping with sex. There is a certain magic about this chick. Good luck, Anita.

> Richard L. Greene New York, New York

#### LIBERATING EVEL

Your inclusion of Evel Knievel in your Women's Lib and Me article by Robert Kerwin (PLAYBOY, May) has probably tripled the fellow's television ratings. Now thousands of women will be huddled around their sets, hoping that this time he will be hamburger.

Barbara Wright Annabelle Wright Margaret E. Wright Grande Prairie, Alberta

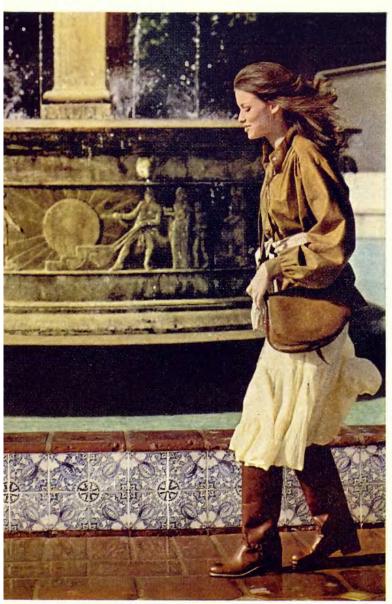




# British taste/American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

## At Frye, we use our hands to give your feet style.



We start at the top.

If the leather isn't the best, we don't use it.

Period.

In fact, our boots are 100% full grain leather.

The staining of the leather

is done by hand.

Are we just being romantic about boot making?

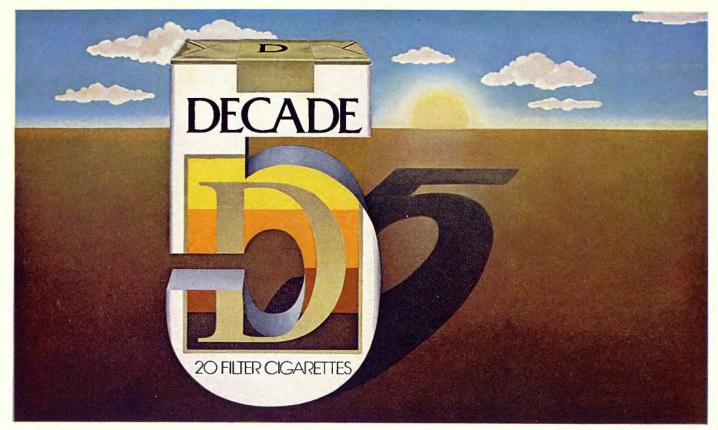
No.

Because if it's hand stained,

it looks better longer.

The lining of our boots is bonded by hand. That helps to make the boots more comfortable on your foot. What's more, every one of our women's boots has a fully cushioned in-sole for extra comfort.





#### IT TOOK TEN YEARS BUT WE FINALLY GOT YOUR NUMBER.

Decade's got your number. Only 5mg. of 'tar'

Now you might be wondering why it took us ten years to reach 5mg. Well, if we were simply interested in lowering 'tar,' we could have done it in a lot less time. After all, others have.

But this wasn't just a numbers game to us. Our goal was to

reduce 'tar' without removing taste. So we took our time.

Finally, after ten years, we were good and ready. We had developed our "Total System." A totally unique way of delivering truly satisfying taste in a 5mg. cigarette. That's why we say Decade is "The taste that took ten years to make."

Every part of a Decade cigarette is arranged in perfect balance with the others. The tobacco, the filter and even the paper. Only by concentrating on these parts are we able to perfect the whole.

So try Decade. We think you'll agree that 5mg. can be a very tasty little number.



Regular and Menthol.

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

#### **PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS**



#### LAW AND DISORDER II

Three issues back in these pages we ran a list of laws, rules, postulates and axioms that we said had been "written in an attempt to describe an imperfect subjective world dominated not by nature but by institutions, inanimate objects and capricious human behavior." Our compilation was prepared by Paul Dickson, a writer who is preparing a book on these Murphy-type laws, and when our listing was finished, we invited you, the readers, to amend the Dickson list.

We are now able to announce with pride that you accepted our invitation and responded with enthusiasm and imagination. Boy, did you ever respond! Among the best of the PLAYBOY readers' new laws for these tired old times:

First Law of Light Housekeeping. Dust breeds.

Witzenburg's Law of Airline Travel. The distance between the ticket counter and your flight gate is directly proportionate to the weight of your luggage and inversely proportionate to the time remaining before take-off.

Goff's Law of Social Smoking. In a gathering of two or more people, when a lighted cigarette is placed in an ashtray, the smoke will waft into the face of a nonsmoker.

Meditz' Subway Postulate. No matter which train you are waiting for, the wrong one arrives first.

Schmitter's Nonreciprocal Laws of Expectations. Negative expectations yield negative results; positive expectations yield negative results.

Howe's Law of Entrepreneurial Design. Every man has a scheme that will not work.

Etorre's Axiom. The other line moves faster.

Hoare's Law of Problem Solving. Inside every large problem there is a small problem struggling to get out.

The 90-90 Rule of Project Scheduling. The first 90 percent of a task consumes 90 percent of the time allotted; the last ten percent consumes the other 90 percent.

Gestra's Law of Inertia. Given sufficient time, what you put off doing today will eventually get done by itself.

Smith's Third Principle of Bureaucratic Tinkertoys. Never do anything for the first time,

Chisholm's Law of Inevitability. Any time things appear to be going better, you have overlooked something.

Sevareid's Law (attributed to former CBS news commentator Eric Sevareid). The chief cause of problems is solutions.

Meskimen's Law of Perfection. There is never time to do it right but always time to do it over.

Price's Law of Politics. It is easier to be a liberal a long way from home.

We don't know how much longer we can keep this subject going, but anyone who wishes to amend this list further is invited to write to the editors of this magazine.



#### GOOD HEAD

News of a record snowfall in Long Beach, New York, was headlined thusly by *The Long Island Journal*: "22 INCHES ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN."

#### **FANTASY FOR SALE**

Have you ever wished that your fantasies could materialize before your very eyes? Well, now they can, according to our Manhattan correspondent Brent Bowers. His report:

Whatever your sexual fantasies, New York artist Douglas Eisman will paint, sketch or photograph them, no questions asked.

One woman, acting out a recurrent dream, was seduced by a half-man, half-beast (in reality, her lover wearing a goat's mask); Eisman's camera captured the lovemaking. A prominent Manhattan attorney, who had stashed away a pair of oxfords from his college days as a memento of his sexual conquests, posed in them one day for Eisman, nude from the ankles up, and sent prints to all his friends. For a man who confessed he thought of women as playthings, Eisman painted a huge female breast tattooed with a tricycle, its front wheel forming the nipple.

"I create something out of the imagination, something you can touch," the bearded, 27-year-old artist-photographer said during an interview. "I probe a very personal part of people's lives. It's almost as if they were going to a therapist."

Some of Eisman's customers tell him they feel trapped by that ancient predicament, the sexual triangle. "One man wanted to see himself with his wife and his mistress, something that was impossible in real life," Eisman relates. "I painted three connected figures and a rising sun in the background to represent hope."

The illustrator specializes in the offbeat and the theme is not always sex. For example, he has created what he calls "shades of mom and apple pie"window shades bearing a scene of hills, meadows, clouds and flowers that can be pulled down in front of city windows.

"So many objects are cold and humorless," Eisman says. "Why can't they reflect your fantasies? People take life too seriously. If a man's in love, he ought to stamp the image of his girlfriend's face on his pillowcase.

"Some of the people I've worked for have needed a boost to their self-esteem." he continues, "A clothing-store salesman hired me to photograph him wearing a white suit, sitting in a rented white Rolls-Royce parked in front of a mansion. An underpaid clerk had me paint him sitting in a soft-padded chair behind a big desk and puffing on a cigar. He loved it: he said it gave him courage to ask for a promotion."

Eisman charges anywhere from \$50 for a simple sketch to \$1500 for a large canyas. One businesswoman paid him \$1000 to create a miniature junglecomplete with ostrich plumes, bowls of colored sand, amber lights, painted lions, stuffed birds, silk drapings and mirror tiles—in a small room of her Park Avenue luxury apartment. "She sits there alone, nude, I would suppose, and reads and meditates. It's her secret; she doesn't want her strait-laced friends to know about it."

And what of Eisman's own secret vearnings? "Helping people come to terms with their feelings," he says, "satisfies an old fantasy of mine."

#### WHOOPEE!

We present to you in its entirety the following news item from the Grants Pass, Oregon, Daily Courier:

An unidentified woman entered June's Sentry Market in Cave Junction last week and asked to use the store's rest-room facilities.

The woman systematically approached three cashiers with her request. She was informed by all three the market's rest rooms are not open to the public.

After the third denial, the woman removed her pants and proceeded to urinate in the aisle by the check stands, it was reported. She then left the store before astonished employees and patrons could summon the police.

#### CONTESTING TRIVIA

If you are a devoted trivia lover, you may know what nonnatural catastrophe annually knocks hundreds of phones out of service in Appleton, Wisconsin. You don't? Why, it's the Annual Midwest Trivia Contest. For an eyewitness report, we switch you now to our correspondent, Nolan Zavoral:

All is chaos in the brightly lit studios of WLFM, the 10,500-watt radio station



of Lawrence University in Appleton: phones ringing, people running, records playing. WLFM's 13th Annual Midwest Trivia Contest is about to begin. For the next 50 hours, the station will test the recall and resourcefulness of northern Wisconsin listeners, endeavoring to find out who knows most about least.

WLFM's is reputedly the country's oldest living trivia contest and it works this way: A question worth between five and 100 points is asked on the air; while a record is played, competing listener teams call the station with their answers-or guesses (two per call): when the deejay sounds a tone, time is up; a list of the teams who gave the correct answers is read: then on to the next question.

"What did the Cowardly Lion say after receiving his medals of courage from the Wizard of Oz?"

Or:

"Whom did Morley Safer replace on 60 Minutes?"

"What town marks the site that the U. S. Geological Survey indicated as the geographical center of North America? And how far is it from there to the Gulf of Mexico, the arctic archipelago and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans?"

Not to mention:

"What is the address of Sherlock Holmes's apartment?"

During the first two hours of the contest, the deejay is Lawrence student Bob Brightman. He sits before the control board, swing microphone close to his lips, while ten feet behind him, volunteers feed team scores into a computer and, ahead of him, other volunteers sit at a table taking calls over nine newly installed phones.

OK, listen up, now, because Bob has a question worth five big trivia points. It will be asked, via the wonders of

cassette tape, by renowned commentator Paul Harvey, who was recently promoting his new book in Appleton and was shanghaied by WLFM for the express purpose of taping question 15: "Hello, Americans! I'm Paul Harvey. Now, for five trivia points, where is the International Armadillo Confab and Exposition held? Again, where is the International Armadillo Confab and Exposition held? Goooood day!"

One can almost feel the panic out there in listenerland, as teams with names like Tecnage Lust and Slime Creature paw through reference books on tables and floors for the answer. The phones begin ringing madly.

"Is it held in Texas, in Amarillo?" a caller asks.

No.

"Does the town begin with a T?"

"No. That's two guesses."

"A U? A B? A Z?"

"Call back."

"Hey, don't-"

Click.

The tone sounds. No more calls taken

for that question.

An estimated 40,000 calls are received during the 398-question contest and it is not uncommon for the station to suspend the contest for a few minutes so the lines can cool. (So heavy is the barrage that 1000 phones have been reported knocked out of service in Appleton.) Two hundred and seven teams competed in the 1978 contest-44 on campus, 163 off. Teams ranged from one person to dorm squads of 50 or morefigure around 2000 trivia players, total. many of whom stayed up the entire 50

And for what? Why, for the thrill of winning one of the unique prizes awarded by WLFM's director of broadcasting, Larry Page, In 1978, those treasures included 50-pound blocks of salt and the tackiest plastic plants imaginable.

"I wanted to get crummier things," Page laments, "but that was all I could come up with at the last minute."

(Answers: "Aw, shucks, folks, I'm speechless"; Harry Reasoner: Rugby, North Dakota, and 1500 miles; 221-B Baker Street; Victoria, Texas.)

#### WRESTLING NEWS

We think this sentence from a California newspaper is supposed to read "for Most Pins," but, who knows, maybe the guy is just exceptionally well hung. The item told of a local wrestler who "won two personal trophies, one for Most Penis in the Least Time and the other as Outstanding Tournament wrestler from 13-14 age group."

#### SOCIAL NOTES

You don't hear much about the Social Register anymore, mostly because in these days, when yesterday's nonentity

General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 80 proof







## Meet Ronrico of Puerto Rico.

Who is he?

He's the descendant of 6 generations of Puerto Rican rum-masters (since 1860). And he's no ordinary rum.

He's smooth. Light in manner. A good mixer. And—more.

Down deep, inside, where it counts, Ronrico has character. A fineness. The result of decades of distilling — and perfecting. So for <u>authentic</u> rum of Puerto Rico, get to

know Ronrico.

A well-bred fellow.

can become today's social catch of the moment (viz. Cheryl Tiegs, John Travolta), the society that it registers no longer gets the attention it once did. Yet there it still is, now in its 91st year, a directory of America's aristocracy of family and wealth that, in the 1978 edition, contains 1272 pages filled with about 250,000 listings.

Getting listed in the Social Register is an involved process. First, you must be proposed by a friend who is already in it. Then you are sent an application and asked to have five other listees write letters of recommendation. After the letters have been reviewed by the Social Register Association in New York, they are dispatched by registered mail to an advisor—who is known only to the association—in the city where the applicant resides; if the advisor approves the credentials, the letters are marked OK and sent back to the association. Then an entry blank is sent to the applicant.

There are some people who have not wanted to be listed in the Social Register. John Hay Whitney, for example, insisted that his name be removed because he considered the Register to be a "travesty of democracy."

The big question, of course, is who's in and who's not. In the 1978 edition, there are 43 Du Ponts, 25 Rockefellers, 68 Biddles, 25 Auchinclosses, 45 Cabots, 17 Cadwaladers, 15 Frelinghuysens and 6 Vanderbilts—the easily recognizable rich. But there are also four and a half pages of Joneses—and but one lone Cohen. The Jewish names in the Register are, for the most part, associated with investment banking. Of course, Henry and Nancy are in. And there are some blacks: Senator Ed Brooke, for one.

As to women, Jackie Onassis, of course, is in, and has been for many years; but her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, is not in. Phyllis Schlafly is in, but Betty Friedan is not (no politics there—the Schlaflys are an old and prominent family in Illinois). Ethel Kennedy is listed, but mother-in-law Rose Kennedy is not. Lynda Robb is listed, but sister Luci Nugent is not.

Both the Gerald Fords and the Richard Nixons are in, because the *Register* customarily lists all living Presidents and all living wives of dead Presidents. There are 88 Carter listings, but only one refers to the Presidential family. The President is listed as James, not Jimmy; brother Billy, Miz Lillian and the rest are left out.

Politically, the Register is neutral. It lists 35 Roosevelts, as well as 28 Tafts. Conservative William F. Buckley, Jr., is listed, along with liberal former New York mayor John V. Lindsay. Senator Barry Goldwater is in, but former governor Ronald Reagan is not.

Very few showbiz celebrities have ever made the Register. In fact, Elizabeth Taylor's marriage to John Warner, who was formerly married to Catherine Mellon of the Pittsburgh banking family, prompted the *Register* to drop him, not add her. However, if Warner is elected to the Senate this year, he will probably be reinstated, since the *Register* lists all U. S. Senators.



#### THE RIGHT TO BEAR ORGANS

We were struck by this ad in the Tucson Daily Citizen and could not resist inquiring further about its odd premium offer. We phoned the store and learned that, indeed, anyone who purchased an organ or a piano received a brand-new Winchester, Remington, Ithaca or Savage shotgun.

What caliber? Well, said the clerk who picked up the phone, "the size of the gun depends on the size of the organ or piano."

Remember: When pianos are outlawed, only outlaws will play pianos.



#### CHECKING IN

Jeff Goldberg interviewed singer Johnny Paycheck in a New York City bar. PLAYBOY: How did you get your name? PAYCHECK: Got it from a prize fighter named Johnny Paychek. He was a good fighter—fought Joe Louis and wished he hadn't. Saw it in a paper and said, "Boy, what a crazy name," and took it.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst fight you've ever been in?

PAYCHECK: We was playin' in one bar

and I hear this guy say something and I say, "What's that? Can't play it if I can't hear what you're sayin'." He moves a little closer, says, "You son of a bitch!" I say, "Hey, what's that? You gotta speak up." He moves a little closer and just when he's in range, I nail him. When we left that gig and got into our car, he and eight buddies followed us. We tried to lose 'em but ended up in a ditch. Rolled up the windows and locked the doors, but I could see 'em comin' with chains and baseball bats. I said, "Well, fellas, it ain't gonna do no good to roll up the windows. I guess you're all gonna get beat up a little bit and I'm gonna get beat up a lot." After, I was just lyin' there and each one of them dudes come up and kicked me-broke a few ribs, my nose, some teeth.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been arrested? PAYCHECK: Oh, yeah. I served two and a half years in prison. Started out in the Service and I deserted. They caught me, locked me up, then I escaped twice before they could get me tried. In that period of time, I went beyond crazy. They got me dried out and gave me 18 years in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Then they cut the sentence. Bustin' rocks don't teach you much, and I got damn sure I didn't want to be there again.

PLAYBOY: Does America love an outlaw? PAYCHECK: Sure do. Outlaw music is what's knockin' down doors and country music is takin' the fuckin' credit. You think the dudes that are wearin' the little rhinestone suits and slick hair could do what we done? That Grand Ole Opry bullshit don't sell, Linda Ronstadt is the number-one outlaw gal in America. Ah'm an outlaw. Woody Guthrie was an outlaw. "I don't need your advice"—that was Woody's philosophy, that's my philosophy.

#### **ROYAL BASTARDS**

Buried deep within the 1000-plus pages of the *Encyclopedia of Associations*, in the section called "Veteran, Hereditary and Patriotic Organizations," is this fascinating entry:

DESCENDANTS OF THE ILLEGITIMATE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE KINGS OF BRITAIN (British) c/o Brainerd T. Peck

Lakeside, CT 06758

Founded: 1950. Members: 125. Persons who "can show acceptable proof of descent from an illegitimate son or daughter of a royal prince of Britain." Aim of the group, according to the president, is to "encourage high quality in genealogical research rather than the slipshod work so common in the past in hereditary societies." Group also refers to itself as "Royal Bastards." Publications: Directory, annual; also publishes a loose-leaf

lineage book of the members.

# The new AMC Concord D/L. Now you don't have to pay extra for the luxury of a luxury compact.

The Concord D/L is a new luxury compact that comes with all its luxury intact. Not tacked on as extras for an extra few hundred dollars.

For no extra charge you get: a landau

roof with opera windows.
Color-keyed wheel
covers and whitewalls. Crushed velour
individual reclining
seats. A wood-grained
dash with a digital
clock. And lots of other
luxury features that
you'd expect to be
charged extra for.

Perhaps the nicest luxury of all is the smooth, quiet ride that AMC has engineered into the Concord D/L, with a new suspension system and insulation network against road shock and sound.

You also get AMC's exclusive BUYER

PROTECTION PLAN, with the only full 12 month / 12,000 mile warranty. That means AMC will fix, or replace free any part, except tires, for 12 months or 12,000 miles whether the part is defective, or just plain wears out

under normal use and service. AMC also has a plan to provide a free loaner car should guaranteed repairs take overnight.

So if you've been thinking about a Volare, or Granada, or another luxury compact, think about this: the new

Concord D/L is the luxury compact with no extra charge for the luxury.

#### AMC Concord D/L

The luxury Americans want. The size America needs.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the lens opening automatically.

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



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

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



factor in creative photography.

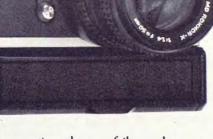
At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperturepriority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a shutterpriority camera, on which you set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

Minolta SR-T cameras. that won't give you some of the

features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be? Basically, there are two kinds of auto-

matic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

finder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

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

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

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

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

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

able to take a sequence of 36

flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

#### You should be comfortable with your camera.

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



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

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

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

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

Are extra features important? If you're going to use them, there are

photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you

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

so you can get into your own pictures.

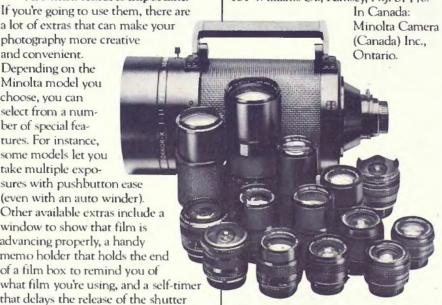
What about the lens system? Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

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

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

What's next?

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



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

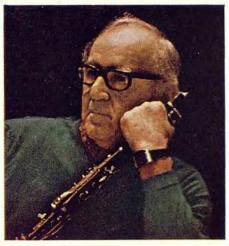
WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.

#### MUSIC

ast January 17, 40 years and a day after one of jazzdom's hallmark events, Benny Goodman's Carnegie Hall concert, that grande dame of concert halls once more resounded with the music of the unquenchable B.G. Benny Goodman Live at Carnegie Hall / 40th Anniversary Concert (London) offers vinyl proof that some things and some people improve with age. Benny has with him a few friends who were around in the early days-Martha Tilton, Lionel Hampton, Mary Lou Williamsbut the big band onstage with him to re-create and refurbish a slew of nostalgiadrenched oldies (Stephen Sondheim's Send in the Clowns and Lennon and McCartney's Rocky Raccoon and Yesterday are the only "contemporary" items) is made up of studio jazz musicians of somewhat more recent vintage. The high point for us is the small-group work with Hampton and Goodman. The musical symbiosis of those two gentlemen is still a minor miracle. Change that to major.

Willie Nelson has always believed in shaking things up. He left Nashville to become a country-music star. He borrowed ideas about rhythm from Sinatra and pissed off dozens of Music City sidemen who just knew that, doggone it, a singer is supposed to come in on the beat. Now he has taken his country band-and producer Booker T. Jones-into the studio to record ten venerable pop chestnuts that are more likely to remind you of Bing Crosby than of Roy Acuff. The songs on Stardust (Columbia) include the title tune, Georgia on My Mind, Blue Skies, Unchained Melody and Moonlight in Vermont. Willie has a small, quavery voice, but he always sings as if he means every word. He takes chances with the songs, sometimes quite successfully. His very . . . very . . . slow September Song really sounds like an old man's wonder-struck musings. Don't Get Around Much Anymore has a stiff-upper-lip feel that fits both lyric and melody beautifully. You wonder how Willie is going to follow this one: Bulgarian dances, maybe, or flamenco tunes.

When she's not trying to be the reincarnation of Rimbaud with tits and electric guitars, Patti Smith is an all-right rocker. The trouble is, she suffers from dread Morrison's Syndrome, the very same that left so many solemn arty black holes lurking in most Doors albums. The idea of attempting a synthesis of the dark, beautiful vision of the Fleurs du Mal crowd and raw guitar rock 'n' roll is ambitious and intriguing; somewhere down deep, they probably connect, anyway. But like Jim Morrison, unfortunately, Smith seldom manages to pull it off—and so on her



Goodman returns to Carnegie Hall.

Benny Goodman is merely terrific, but Patti Smith is something else.



Patti waxes pretentious.

new album, Easter (Arista), the best cuts are those that stray the least from the paths of pure rock-'n'-roll righteousness. One such is Because the Night, which she cowrote with Bruce Springsteen: On it, she sounds like one of the Crystals long on the streets, and the song itself suggests John Rechy shoved through Phil Spector-city of night rock. Couple of cuts on, though, is something called Babelogue, which is at least well titled-Middle Eastern-style chanting that's more like rhythmic repetitive kvetching, nagging with tambourines, and as good a reason as any for bringing in a heavenly demolition crew on the tower-and the recording session. There's a religious theme running all through this, or rather antireligious, or parareligious, or something, culminating in the final title track. But you practically need to be a devoutly fallen Catholic to get it or care. We guess chanting "goddamn, goddamn, goddamn" after reciting the 23rd Psalm has its nonreligious analog in toidy jokes.

Further evidence for this interpretation is another recitation, late into side two, that goes:

Transformation of waste
Transformation of waste
Transformation of waste
Transformation of waste
Is perhaps the oldest preoccupation
of man....

Perhaps. But do we need Metaphysical Poo-Poo and Doo-Doo Poetry on a rock record? Are there aphids in heaven? Sorry, Patti.

Allen Toussaint's admirers have long been waiting for his infectious New Orleans rock, with its unique blend of sound and sense, to hit the charts. But so far. Toussaint has hit them only as producer and writer for a host of successful rock and R&B acts. His own first records were fantastic but didn't get exposure; his recent work has been out there, all right, but it's had an indecisive sound, as if he were thinking too much about how to present himself. Whether it's because Jerry Wexler relieved him of the production headaches on Motion (Warner Bros.) or because Richard Tee relieved himsplendidly-of the acoustic-piano chores, we don't know; but the fact is, Toussaint sings with an authority he hasn't shown before. Just a Kiss Away and Happiness are soulful, bluesy rockers with dynamite grooves. Echoes of old New Orleans jazz animate the easy shuffling Lover of Love and the high-strutting Optimism Blues, Night People is a hard-funk dissertation on the good-time folks who sit around in the bars "looking at each other, waiting for something to happen." With You in Mind and the title tune are country-andwestern ballads that slow the pace down and speak of love in rhymes that would be simple enough to risk banality if you could somehow separate them from those organic rhythms and melodies. Thank God you can't.

#### SHORT CUTS

Eddie Hinton / Very Extremely Dangerous (Capricorn): A fanatical imitation of Otis Redding, for which he'll most likely be rewarded with throat polyps.

**Sphinx** (Casablanca): New Testament disco, with a side-long cut titled Judas Iscariot; Hello, Judas is the name, and betrayal's the game—care to dance?

R. B. Hudmon / Closer to You (Cotillion) and Z. Z. Hill / Let's Make a Deal (Columbia): Sweet Southern soul music isn't dead; it has just been waiting for the right singers.

## IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

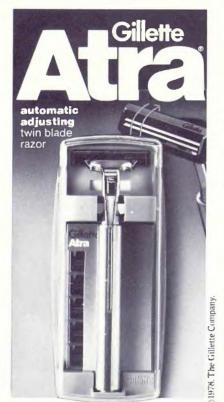
Before Gillette Atra, it was impossible to shave this close with so much comfort. Why?

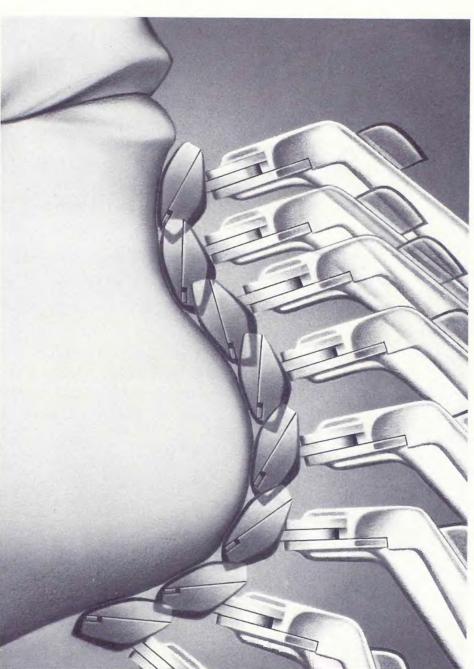
Atra is the first razor with a head that pivots to follow every contour of your face. Stroke after stroke, it's right on the money.

This Atra "face-hugging" action keeps the twin-blades working at the perfect shaving angle. No other razor could ever do that.

Try the Gillette Atra Razor soon and you'll be convinced there's never been a better way to shave. Use the coupon below and save \$2.

### THE IMPOSSIBLE SHAVE. FROM GILLETTE.





\$2

\$2.00 Cash Rebate Offer. Proof of purchase required.



Please send my \$2.00 to:

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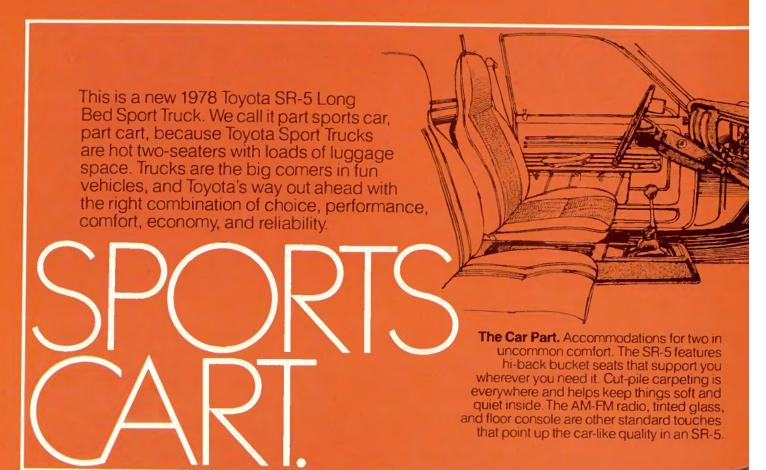
Audress.

\_\_\_\_\_Sta

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All requests must be accompanied by this coupon and the words  $Atra^*$  Automatic Adjusting Twin Blade Razor from the top of the razor package. Offer void after June 30, 1979, and limited to one per household. Send coupon and proof of purchase to: GILLETTE ATRA\* RAZOR REBATE OFFER, P.O. BOX 9241, ST. PAUL, MINN. 55192.

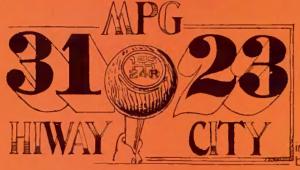
Gillette



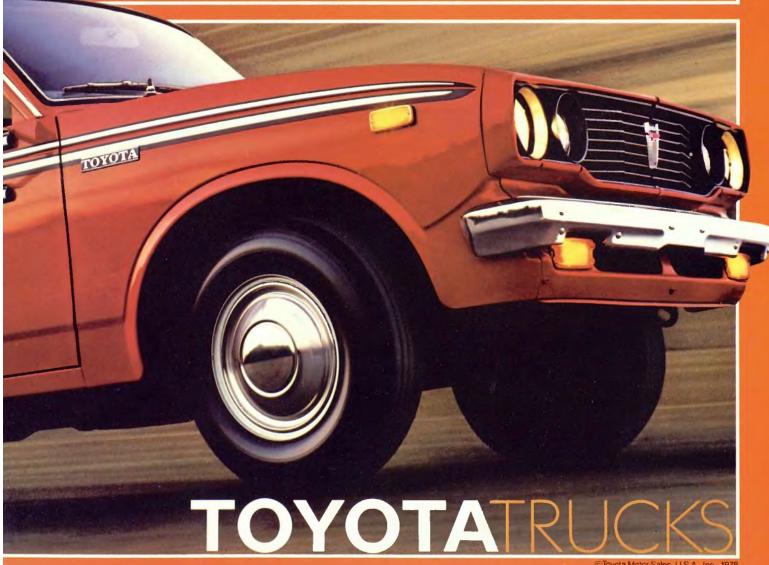


The Cart Part. We don't call it the SR-5 Long Bed for nothing. A bed over seven feet long hauls up to a hefty 1100 pound payload. You've got to admit, that's a big trunk for whatever you want to cart around The Sports Part. It starts with a 2.2 liter overhead cam

engine. The biggest standard displacement engine in its class. This engine has loads of low end torque, too. And when it's combined with the standard 5-speed overdrive trans mission, gas mileage is terrific. In EPA tests, the SR-5 Sport Truck was rated at 31 mpg highway, 23 mpg city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your truck's condition and equipment. California EPA ratings will be lower. All that power hits the road through wide radial-ply tires. Up front is tight steering, aided by a front anti-sway bar. Power assisted front disc brakes make slowin' as reliable as goin'



The Smart Part. It's smart to go truck shopping at Toyota. There are 6 models to look over. Standard Beds. Sport Trucks. Deluxe Trucks. Long Beds. Go for Toyota's lowest-priced model. up to this SR-5 sports cart—or anything in between. Depending on the model, you've got three transmission options-4- and 5-speed manual and a 3-speed automatic. If you're ready for a new kind of driving fun, put yourself in a Toyota SR-5 sports cart. We're so sure you'll go Toyota, we have the guts to nvite you to compare our reliable Toyota trucks against all comers by saying, "If you can find a better built truck than a Toyota...buy it.





### **BOOKS**

First, two brief words about Paul Theroux's new novel, Picture Palace (Houghton Mifflin): Read it. If nothing else this summer, treat yourself to this versatile author's eighth novel, an extremely well-told story about Maude Pratt, photographer now in her 70s, whose life's work is being gathered for a retrospective show. Her relationship with archivist Frank Fusco is merely the thin frame for the real story: Maude's incestuous feelings for her brother Orlando. In Maude, Theroux has created one of the best fictional women in years. Her verve, determination and spirit mark her as a feminist and an original in the finest senses of both words. She's at her feisty best when describing her subjects; among them, Ernest Hemingway, Pablo Picasso, General George S. Patton, Graham Greene, T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner and Gertrude Stein. Theroux's novel is-besides being witty, perceptive and ironic-admirably written. The rich prose is punctuated by visual images that always please and surprise: "I lived there happily, room within room, in the Chinese box of my body, feeding shillings into the meter and toasting crumpets on the gas-fire. London made me feel elderly and genteel, like some brave old dear in bombazine, secure in what seemed an eternal old age. That was how I lived, alone and unpestered, among dog lovers." Picture Palace is Theroux's most satisfying novel to date-it will long be remembered as a brilliant piece of fiction.

Max Apple's first book, *The Oranging* of *America*, was a collection of stories that could have been magazine profiles, except that they weren't true. Take, for

example, Howard Johnson, subject of the title story. His limo takes him around the wastelands of America until he gets the feeling—that special, sixth-sense message that tells him: Stop, driver! This is the spot. And he can envision it: the orange roofs, the 28 flavors, the ticky-tack motel rooms all aglow in a halide haze of exurban fluorescence.

Given that pyrotechnic coming out, we have been awaiting with great interest the arrival of Apple's first novel, Zip (Viking). Unhappily, its quality is a bit inconsistent. From all signs, Apple's true calling is inventing biographies, such as the one of Walt Disney he wrote for American Review 26, which does to the pro-



Picture Palace: brilliant.

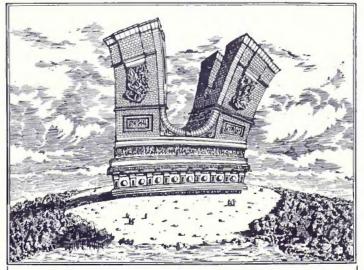
A real winner from Paul Theroux; new research from Jane Howard.

file what vodka does to orange juice: makes it a knockout,

Zip is the story of the rise and fall of a middleweight latino boxer and his Jewish manager, but about two thirds of the book is taken up with the manager's rather irritating Jewish guilt screed, encompassing everything from his mother to his grandmother to his dead father and his mother's new loverwhew! It gets awfully tiring. But out of this morass grow exquisite black orchids of prose—again, in the form of the fictive biography. J. Edgar Hoover, for example. When Apple writes of Hoover, you have to fight to keep your perspective. It seems as if Apple actually knew Hoover, even though the things he has Hoover do and say are patently outrageous. It is an uncanny knack Apple has, as if he has some secret, psychic pipeline into the real lives of people now passed into the beyond. He may yet sculpt this into one great, surrealistic, biographical novel.

For true-crime buffs who get their jollies shivering over mad mass murderers running loose in the streets (preferably somebody else's), New York's Son of Sam was a special treat. The evildoer seemed properly deranged, displayed a certain style, had his personal trademarks and played cat-and-mouse games with both press and police. His acts and his communiqués were full of vague clues that invited endless theorizing and speculation. And during his homicidal spree in 1976 and 1977, he appeared sufficiently cunning to perhaps elude capture indefinitely. When his arrest did come, it was almost anticlimactic: As it turned out, only his bumbling and unpredictability spared him so long, and then he hardly lived up to his newspaper image. As the ".44 Caliber Killer," he was the biggest thing in Gotham since the Mad Bomber. But in the flesh, he came off as just another psychotic loner whose only surprising feature was a Jewish name-and there simply is no good historical precedent for a Mad Dog

Berkowitz. That obviously created some problems for columnist-crime buff Jimmy Breslin and his co-author. Dick Schaap, who decided to handle the subject by turning it into fiction. Their novel, .44 (Viking), doesn't read like fiction; as they suggest in an opening note, it may more closely approximate the truth than a straight factual account. Perhaps understandably, Breslin and Schaap have trouble getting inside the disordered mind of Bernard Rosenfeld, their homicidal Yonkers wacko. But their delineations of victims and police officers give the book enough feeling of authenticity that one soon forgets that names and details are imaginary. The result is a



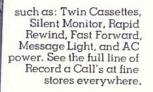
Greet Moments in Architecture (Houghton Mifflin) is a wonderful spoof by David Macaulay, whose conceits include "L'Arc de Defeat" (above) and a drawing of the Eiffel Tower, toppled and bridging the Seine, "Tour-i-fell."

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sort of literary docudrama that falls short of masterpiece quality but should please all those Kojak fans out there immensely.

Only in the past decade, through publication here of his novel One Hundred Years of Solitude and of short stories in several magazines, including PLAYBOY, has the Colombian master Gabriel García Márquez reached his deserved prominence in the United States. He has by now developed a fanatical following that will welcome his latest anthology, Candida Erendira and Other Stories (Harper & Row), translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa. The title work, which is by far the longest piece in the collection, is allegorical, metaphysical and subjective in such a way that it represents a significant advance in García Márquez' treatment of the short-story form. The essential García Márquez is present in other, simpler selections, such as The Other Side of Death, and so surrealistically autobiographical is Dialogue with the Mirror that it will leave in your mouth a taste of wet ashes.

According to Jane Howard, author of the very successful A Different Woman, families in this country aren't dying, they're just changing. In her new



Families: intriguing.

book, Families (Simon & Schuster), an ambitious look at a variety of tribes and clans both traditional and not so traditional. Howard concludes that we all require families, whether they be the set of blood relations we're born with or an outside support system that can see us through our most desperate hours.

The first half of the work focuses on conventional clans; among them, that of Otto Muller, a patriarch who had been married three times, sired 15 children and adopted two more, and the

A Permanent Bed

Druytens, members of the Eastern privileged class whose educated, structured lives differ markedly from those of the Mullers. Howard's visits to less common units are more fascinating: Doris and Eileen are a lesbian couple trying to raise a daughter; Betty, Sue, Doug and Jeff form an informal unit that is attempting a free group marriage of sorts based on the Arica philosophy, which emphasizes personal growth. Then there's Stephen Gaskin's Farm, a huge, 1760-acre, 1100-resident commune in Tennessee, probably the largest and most successful extended family anywhere.

What makes Families very readable is Howard's skill in drawing people out, coupled with her warm and witty insights. Always we have the sense that she is more than just a journalist-observer; rather, she is an admirer/critic/friend to her subjects. Which makes it all the more disappointing that just as we're starting to know one group, we move on to the next.

Vince Bugliosi's first book since his best-selling Helter Skelter is a long, tedious account of the Palliko-Stockton case, a murder trial that garnered a lot of local attention in Los Angeles in the late Sixties. For Bugliosi, it was a particularly difficult case to prosecute because the murders were well planned

(one of the defendants was an ex-cop) and, at the outset, there were no evewitnesses, no smoking guns, no bullet match-ups and no physical evidence linking the defendants to the crime. In fact, as Bugliosi says, "If ever there was a classic, textbook case of circumstantial evidence, this was it." Unfortunately, a large part of Till Death Us Do Part (Norton) reads like a classic textbook on criminal law, with Bugliosi taking pages and pages to delineate every legal angle of every detail in the trial. As if that weren't enough, he has reprinted the defense and prosecution summations almost in their entirety. Law students may find all this fascinating; we'd rather tune in to a Perry Mason rerun.

Sometimes in these pages we tend to neglect the important world of science-book publishing. But this month, with the help of prestigious *Science* magazine, we're going to make up for past sins. Each week, *Science* runs a section called "Books Received." And here, from a relatively recent issue, is a selection of the more significant titles:

The Articulate Mammal
Calcareous Algae
Conodont Paleoecology
Contraceptives of the Future
Decarceration
Entertaining with Insects

Guide to Sanitation in Tourist Establishments Introduction to Hilbert Space The Life of Lord Kelvin Memoria acerca de las Obras e Inundaciones en la Ciudad de México Models of the Stochastic Activity of Neurones Molybdenum in the Environment The Moon and the Ghetto Sedimentary Basins of Continental Margins and Cratons Theory of Simple Liquids The Therapeutic Potential of Marihuana Toward the Measurement of Competence in Medicine XIIth I.S.C.E.R.G. Symposium Welt ohne Geldsystem?

### QUICK READS

Guhun Wilson / ". . . and then we'll get him!" (Richard Marek): The master of the cartoon macabre, long a regular in PLAYBOY as well as other magazines, such as The New Yorker and National Lampoon, has collected some of his best. This is a very funny man.

Jonathon Fast / Mortal Gods (Harper & Row): A second novel from a surprisingly literate sci-fi writer. The plot is your basic boy-meets-girl, boy-meets-God story, set in the galaxy next door.



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### **MOVIE ESSAY**

h, Woody. Who would have thought, back when What's New Pussycat? was playing the boonies, that one day you'd be waved like a flag by corporate feminists? These silly females (and their opportunist male mentors—writers, directors and producers) have taken your honest neuroses, your fear of being looked down on by tall shiksas, your asexual clumsiness, your very bald spot and turned them into virtues. And they're doing the same to every leading man who wants to be seen on the "woman's film" screen.

Corporate feminists are people like Shirley MacLaine, Vanessa Redgrave, Jane Fonda, Gloria Steinem-profiteers of the women's movement. They've made all the right adjustments. No more flaming bras or bushy armpits. No more bombast or body odor. It's OK to wear eye shadow and to schtup your brains out again. And it's fine, even necessary, to convey messages subliminally, through the popular arts. Thus, as we go to press, Hollywood is busily counting the social change that best measures corporate feminism-\$8,112,392 in gross receipts for Julia and \$9,831,295 for The Turning Point.

Nonthreatening is the operative phrase these days. An acceptable leading man can't even think about John Wayne. Testosterone is evil. If a guy is going to come on macho, he'd better be a caricature, like Nick Nolte in The Deep: tall, blond, tanned and with obvious room to let upstairs, a piece of cake for worldly Jackie Bisset. Or else he's got to be a mental job like Robert De Niro, a manic sax player, a taxi-driving Son of Sam. Or be cute but silly, like Sly Stallone. It's also all right to be a wimp, like Keith Carradine in Pretty Baby, a man who just wants to snap photos of his beloved; or a schmuck like Dicky Dreyfuss in Close Encounters, who gets off on making mud pies in his living room.

Ideally, the corporate-feminist leading man should act like Shirley MacLaine's hubby in Herb Ross's The Turning Point. Hubby, played by Tom Skerritt, is a dance teacher, aging but handsome, who, like Clay Felker, recognizes a midlife crisis when he sees one. Hubby overcomes his own needs and packs Shirley off to New York, ostensibly to accompany their teenaged daughter, who has won a scholarship to the American Ballet Company. But, being sensitive and nonthreatening, hubby knows Shirley is really seeing if she made a mistake 20 years ago when she married him and gave up her chance to be a prima ballerina, like Anne Bancroft-who is also handsome and aging but starved to near perfection. All the



Bancroft, MacLaine in Turning Point.

In a revisionist view
of the rush to make
"women's pictures," a
guest columnist claims
that male stars are
playing pussy-whipped roles.



Fonda, Voight in Coming Home.

good action is between Bancroft and MacLaine and, in the end, when Shirley packs it in and returns to Honker's Corners with hubby, you have to wonder why she chose him.

Then there's the revisionist Dashiell Hammett of Fred Zinneman's Julia. Jason Robards spends years putting up with Jane Fonda's drunken temper tantrums and finally teaches her to write. When at last she produces a hit play,

Jane rushes off to Germany to make contact with Vanessa Redgrave, the real love of her life. (Vanessa is busy fighting the Nazis and being significant.) So does Dash mind? Nah. At least not in this movie.

An Unmarried Woman is even sillier. Spacy Jill Clayburgh gets dumped by her stockbroker husband, Michael Murphy, whose most memorable accomplishment seems to be an unerring knack for jogging into doggy-do, then grinning appropriately. Why Jill goes into shock when Dopey leaves her is beyond comprehension, unless Paul Mazursky's idea is that all men are equal to all women. In any case, sometime after Dummy moves out, Mommy runs into Alan Bates at an art gallery. Bates, it seems, is too good to be true. He's English, bearded, a rich abstract expressionist and sane into the bargain. All he wants to do is boff Jill and paint-summering at the old Vermont compound, wintering in New York among the arty party people. But is Clayburgh happy? Nope. She opts for her own pad in the Village and Independence.

And what could Hal Ashby have been thinking of when he had Jane Fonda have an affair with Jon Voight in Coming Home, only to return to her terminally uptight husband, Bruce Dern, in the end, just before he drowns himself? Dern would rather maim slopes in 'Nam than whack Jane in L.A. So Jane falls into Voight's wheelchair, temporarily. But why not for good? Why waste time with Twitchy and his bayonet? In order to be a martyr? So that we all know the nobility of a woman's soul? And why, by the way, is Voight, the only sympathetic guy in any of these films, in a wheelchair? Couldn't he have been winged in the arm or something?

The answer, of course, lies with Woody Allen. What was once funny is now deadly serious. Last year, Woody devoted a whole movie to telling how ex-girlfriend Diane Keaton dumped him; it won four Academy Awards. His next project dispenses with comedy altogether and attempts to deal with male/female relations in the religious manner of Ingmar Bergman, a serious artist. This qualifies Woody as corporate fem's Prince Charming. The guy is so good, so insecure and so short that he serves as a human vibrator. Why, a fairsized woman like Jane or Vanessa or Shirley or Jill can pick him up and diddle herself at will. And in the corporatefem fairy tale, where the main object is to show that women don't really need men anymore-at least when it comes to making a top-grossing movie-that's the whole point. -JOHN LOMBARDI

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### **MOVIES**

Topping a slew of movies most easily categorized as the Sons of American Graffiti are Almost Summer and Our Winning Season. Both are set in high schools and both become convenient showcases for some of Hollywood's bright young talent. Director Martin Davidson churned out Summer by combining two projected film scripts, titled High School and Senior Prom. The result is a neatly crafted moral tale about a student election, which turns out OK, with everyone going to a formal dance at the end. Bruno Kirby, John Friedrich, Didi Conn (star of last year's You Light Up My Life) and Lee Purcell (who looks so much like Jane Fonda they ought to play mother and daughter one day) prove they can carry a movie that's as lightweight as an old Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland musical, without the songs.

Much more impressive, Our Winning Season is a poignant, winsome, tragicomic and totally serious movie about the boys who went out for track and the girls who rooted for them in small-town America back in 1967. It's also about the Vietnam war, the will to win and young people slowly emerging from political apathy. Scott Jacoby as a second-rate track star who has to learn how to become a front runner, Jan Smithers as his older sister and Joe Penny as the sister's beau, who leaves school for a one-way trip to 'Nam, head a uniformly terrific cast. Director Joseph Ruben and author Nick Niciphor rate kudos for one of the freshest exercises in nostalgia of this or any season.

Director Martin Scorsese will probably succeed with The Last Waltz, a concert film that belongs to a dying breedthough it may well be the best of its kind, even measured against such landmarks as Woodstock and Monterey Pop. Eight great cameramen (including Laszlo Kovacs and Vilmos Zsigmond) were there at the Winterland in San Francisco on Thanksgiving Day 1976, when The Band-a legend among rock groups-gave its final public performance before disbanding. Among the guest stars who showed up to commemorate the occasion, along with the Band members themselves, were Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Eric Clapton, Ringo Starr, Muddy Waters and The Staples. As a sound-and-light show, there has never been anything equal to Last Waltz, with its four-track Dolby sound and stunning photography interrupted by a series of breaks during which Scorsese himself interviews the boys in The Band. He's a better director than he is a talker, though the Band lads are eloquent; they seem to be writing an epitaph for an era when they discuss their 16 years on



Summer: back to school.

A batch of teen films, a classy-trashy *Tycoon* and disappointments by Reynolds and Stallone.



Greek Tycoon: top-flight trash.



Limp F.I.S.T.

the road together, which, they say, "took us to some strange places—physically, spiritually and psychotically." Drugs and groupies were only part of it ("Son, you won't make much money, but you'll get more pussy than Frank Sinatra" was the facetious pitch made to one Band recruit). Music is what glues the group

together, and music lifts Last Waltz right through the rafters.

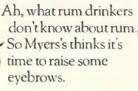
Big stars and bigthink in big summertime spectaculars are a seasonal phenomenon, as reliable as suntans and hay fever. Bigger than most is The Greek Tycoon, one of those trashy overprivileged movies everyone has to see, even though the odds are overwhelming that it's not likely to be another Citizen Kane. Who cares? All them Beautiful People, torn from yesterday's headlines and behaving like greedy, ambitious bastards (or bitches) on shimmering Greek islands, on sumptuous yachts, in Manhattan skyscrapers or near the high seats of power in Washington, D.C. I soaked it up shamelessly, half amused, half enthralled, and wondered whether or not any publicity tub thumper had had the gall to invite Jacqueline Onassis to a preview. Her critique would make fascinating reading. Jacqueline Bisset, of course, plays a heroine named Liz Cassidy, the unsentimental and acquisitive widow of an assassinated U.S. President (James Franciscus), who later becomes the wife of a lusty, rip-roaring Greek shipping magnate named Tomasis (Anthony Quinn). Might as well admit up front that in this corner there's no such thing as a wholly bad movie starring Jacqueline Bisset. Her gorgeous presence has been ample reward on far worse occasions, and she's pretty damned good here within the limitations of a role written so simplistically (by Mort Fine) that our first clue to the Grecianization of the world's most famous widow is her sudden passion for Greek food and wine-specifically, moussaka, galactoboureko and retsina. Bisset wears a collection of stunning costumes and produces some impressive dramatic fireworks from time to time, especially when she kicks and claws at Tomasis during a squabble about their marriage contract (she has promised him "ten nights a month," signed and sealed; he has promised, among other things, "\$50,000 a month for hairdressers and tips" or whatever she whimsically fancies). Quinnalways a terrific actor-and Bisset are the whole show, with flashy assistance from Marilu Tolo (as Tomasis' great good friend, an Italian film star whose name is not Maria Callas) and Edward Albert, as the tycoon's son who dies in an airplane crash. J. Lee Thompson directed. sparing no expense. In fact, he functions more or less like the hired guide on a dream-whipped luxury cruise that ought to satisfy the romantic fantasies of every salesgirl and front-office receptionist from Altoona to Athens.

After catapulting to superstardom with Rocky, what could Sylvester Stallone

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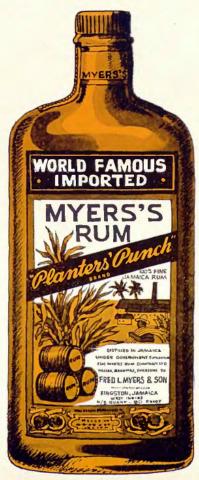
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with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



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We build in what the others leave out.

do for an encore? He chose to slam back as star and co-author of F.J.S.T., and I wish I could tell you that his hand has lost none of its skill. The screenplay written by Stallone (in collaboration with Joe Eszterhas) for producer-director Norman Jewison is an old-fashioned, one-dimensional drama about the rise and fall of a labor leader named Johnny Kovak, who seems to be a cross between Rocky and the vanished Teamsters boss Jimmy Hoffa. F.I.S.T. (the title, it's important to know, stands for Federation of Interstate Truckers) describes how a simple working stiff attains the pinnacles of power during two decades (1937-1959) in which the American labor movement grows too big for one man to handle. On his way up, Koyak acquires a loyal wife (Melinda Dillon), an idealistic partner (David Huffman) and a "friend" in the Mob (Tony Lo Bianco), all of whom would fit snugly into the format of a simplistic message movie titled Rocky Goes to Washington. As it is, Stallone's vital screen presence is dissipated by Jewison in an earnest but lifeless saga that hits just two notes-loud and soft-and reduces complex characters to the size of political cartoons. Making a folk hero out of a lovable palooka from Philadelphia is a lot easier than getting an audience to root for a Hoffa type as if he were the Don Quixote of Cleveland. Intentional or not, that's the message delivered by F.I.S.T., which has an inflated air of importance about it, as if it were bucking for Best Picture of the Year 1954. Trouble is, '54 was the year of On the Waterfront, a labor movie that really packed a wallop.

Some prickly questions about the artistic and economic power wielded by superstars are unavoidable after the disappointment of F.I.S.T .- where it's obvious that Stallone has earned the clout to be calling the shots-followed by The End, which seems endless. As star and director, Burt Reynolds would be taking the bows if any bows were in order. Sad to say, the film is a total fiasco featuring Burt as a Santa Barbara real-estate sharper who discovers that he's dying of a toxic blood disease and decides to opt for suicide. Jerry Belson wrote this "black comedy about death," which for six years everyone sagely refused to produce, until Reynolds got the nod as director-because his first feature, Gator, made a lot of bread and because he was the bankable star of Smokey and the Bandit, a 1977 box-office bonanza. All that adds up to carte blanche, baby. Let an actor once prove he has the Midas touch, he can probably get the go-ahead to make a rollicking movie musical based on the Dead Sea Scrolls. He'd just better know how.

What's missing in The End is knowhow. Reynolds always comes across as a great screen personality-the no-shit kind of guy it might be fun to get drunk with. You might even introduce him to your sister. But you don't give him big bucks to direct himself in a precariously unbalanced comedy that a more experienced director would have paid heavy ransom to avoid. Burt approaches The End with a bad case of the cutes, as if he were mixing a jigger of Love Story with two jiggers of Mel Brooks. One minute he squeezes out tears and goes for genuine pathos, as in a farewell scene with his young daughter (Kristy Mc-Nichol) or when he's dramatically bawling, "I haven't had much dignity in my life, but I'm gonna have some dignity in my death!" Next thing you know, he's pixyishly unplugging a terminal patient's life-support system in order to get the guy off the telephone, or he's begging his girlfriend (Sally Field, who also plays opposite Burt in private life, according to gossip) to grant him "a pity fuck" before he expires. Then he's off to the booby hatch, doing Marx Brothers routines with Dom DeLuise, cast as a schizophrenic who has strangled his father for telling Polish jokes. Joanne Woodward, as Reynolds' ex-wife, looks embarrassed by her role. Myrna Lov, Pat O'Brien, Robby Benson, Carl Reiner (as a doctor who drops dead from a heart attack while touting his death clinic for hopeless cases) and comedian David Steinberg also go the distance as if they're never quite sure where Burt intends to lead them. The End made me very nervous, like watching a swimmer who's in well over his head and sinking fast.

Turning out dandy little films on unpalatable subjects appears to be a specialty of director Paul Williams, whose Out of It and The Revolutionary, made with Jon Voight, sent both of their careers into partial eclipse. In Nunzio, Williams does everything right, but there's limited audience appeal in the story of a slow-witted Brooklyn deliveryboy who has the body of a man, the mind of a child, and who imagines he is Superman. One moment of Supermanly glory comes into Nunzio's blighted existence when he saves a crippled young mother and her child from a tenement fire. It hurts to describe this picture, which is top-heavy with talent, knowing that nine out of ten moviegoers would rather go back to see Star Wars again. That still leaves quite a few to put Nunzio on their Recommended lists, if only for David Proval's extraordinary performance in the title role. Although he looks typecast by nature to play The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Proval will move you, whether he's fending off neighborhood bully boys or confessing to intercourse with a local trollop.

-REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Allegedly based on the actual case history of a pervert known as "the enema bandit," Woterpower is a realistic but repulsive little movie that will probably prove a turn-on only for feces fetishists. Jamie Gillis plays, very convincingly, a creepy Peeping Tomcat whose standard equipment includes a high-powered telescope, hoses and a collection of enema bags. Once he espies a filthy slut in need of "cleansing"and this appears to mean any girl he catches in flagrante delicto-his S.O.P.

for illegal entry is to administer an enema before balling her, either anally or in the usual manner. John Buco and C. J. Laing play the detectives assigned to the case, with C. J. as the lady lawperson who becomes the decoy-and, of course, the enema bandit's helpless captive while help is on the way but painfully slow in arriving. Few details are spared, and quite a few victims are turned bottoms up and reamed before the movie has emptied everything, probably even the theaters where it plays. Surprisingly, the perpetrator of Waterpower, which marks a new low in hardcore tastelessness, is none other than Gerard Damiano, director of such milestone sex epics as Deep Throat and The Devil in Miss Jones. Although Waterpower pretends to break "tired old taboos" and expand the horizons of hard-core, it looks more like a desperate move to try something shockingly different. The performances are better than average, and there's even a touch of genuine suspense here and there, but Damiano wastes his solid professionalism on an anal action melodrama that's about as sexy as a proctoscopic probe.

Oscar Wilde, no stranger to erotica, receives a story credit on the screen for Take Off, produced and directed by Armand Weston with a deep bow to Wilde's classic The Picture of Dorian Gray. As a hero named Darrin Blue, Wade Nichols flashes back and forth through time, explaining to luscious Leslie Bovee (who seems to have stopped spelling her name Leslie) how he inherited money and eternal youth from a wealthy



Waterpower hits bottom.

Waterpower rates a yecch, but Take Off and Sex World are hot stuff.

adventuress (Georgina Spelvin) back in the Twenties. Only in his hardcore home movies does Darrin show his age; in every other era, he remains perennially young, handsome and potent. Photographed in lush style by Joao Fernandes (known as Harry Flecks, undercover cinematographer, until he dropped the nom de film to enjoy his well-earned reputation for keeping American porn beautiful), Take Off looks like a million. Add tinny period music, plus a slick original score creat-

ed by a group called Elephant's Memory, and it plays like a parody of Hollywood epics covering at least five decades—with Nichols as a stiffed-up stand-in for everyone from Cagney and Bogart to James Dean, Brando and the pothead heroes of the Sixties. When the inside jokes about movies we all remember fade out, Nichols has time for explicit crotch encounters with Georgina, Leslie, Brigette Lynne (as Jean Harlot) and Annette Haven (called Virginia Slimms, while working her shapely tail off in a role that seems to contain equal parts of Lauren Bacall in To Have and Have Not and Ingrid Bergman in Casablanca). The spoofing isn't always on target, but seldom has a hard-core flick tried to do so much. Both hard X- and soft R-rated versions will be in circulation, so check your local theater as to which one it's showing.

Director Anthony Spinelli's Sex World, as you might expect, is Westworld revisited with cum shots. The title refers to a plush futuristic resort, a Disneyland of carnal indulgence "where your every sexual fantasy will be completely fulfilled." Subtle, suggestive music, firstclass photography, extravagant sets and accomplished performers help Sex World's clever exploration of close encounters of the lurid kind. Leslie Bovee, Annette Haven and Amber Hunt are at hand, as usual, with John Leslie, Joey Civera, Sharon Thorpe, Desiree West and Johnnie Keyes (Johnnie in a reprise of his superstud chores from Behind the Green Door) adding thrust to a turn-on movie that's second only to Take Off as the best so far in 1978.

Every so often, a few lucky people get the chance to buy a great new



# Now it's your turn. Mazda RX-7 rap of exhaust. It's the real thing: a sports car with all

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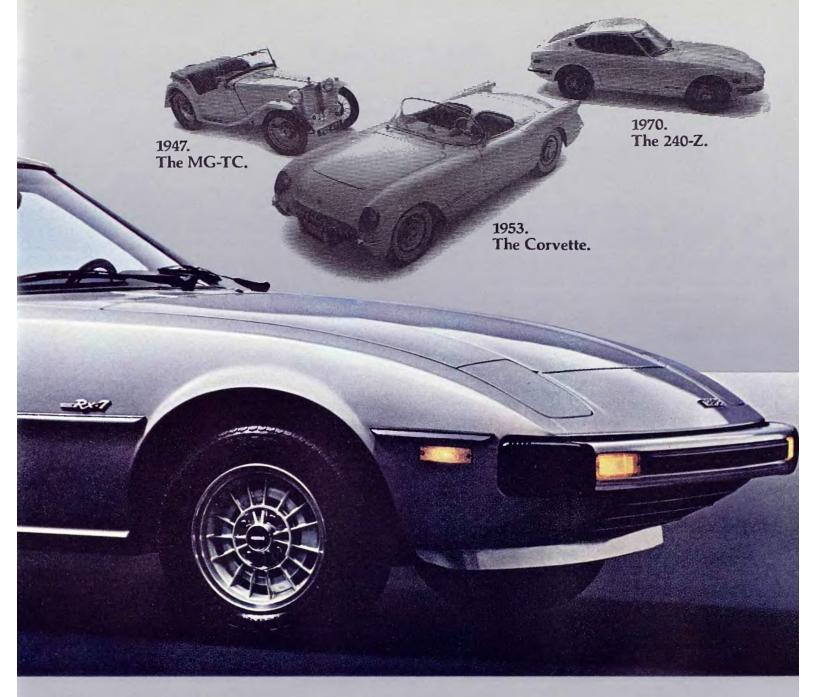
The 1979 RX-7 is the kind of car that makes your stomach muscles tighten when you start it. tion of ventilated discs That lures you through a corner with a flick of the wrist and a

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smoothness and high performance. It made some important differences.

The compactness made possible a front mid-engine design, providing nearly perfect weight distribution for impeccable handling and smooth ride. It also made possible the RX-7's slick, wind-cheating lines.

At the same time, the smooth power and broad, flat torque curve of the Mazda rotary make the RX-7 a real stormer, but one that's easy to get along with at low speeds.

If you thought you'd never own one of the great sports cars, better test drive a Mazda RX-7 GS-Model (shown) or S-Model. You simply have to experience it from the driver's seat to understand what this car is all about: the kind of comfort, versatility and room you've always wanted, the kind of performance you've always dreamed of. And all at a price you'll find hard to believe.

Believe. Your time has come.
The Mazda RX-7 is here.

\*POE price for S-Model: \$6,395. For GS-Model shown: \$6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown above \$250 extra.) Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL From \$6,395\*

GS-Model shown: \$6,995.\*

The car you've been waiting for is waiting for you.



### **ADVENTURES**

First Ever Electrolert Radar Rallye thought they could run a trick 118-mile automobile event, sans racing, through the Hollywood Hills and across the freeway system down to Balboa at an average speed of, say, 38 miles per hour. They thought that. For a while.

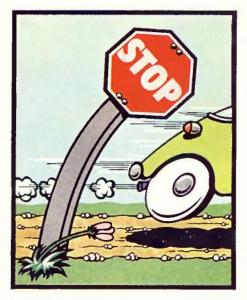
But, as it turned out, there was no way a race could have been avoided. After all, they invited the racers. And they don't drive at 38 miles per hour even on Main Street, for chrissake. Then there was the little matter of rally instructions. Rally instructions, indeed! Take the part on page two of the Official Rallye Rules that read: "At no time should your speed need to exceed the flow of traffic." Anyone could have told them that a Porsche Turbo Carrera or a NASCAR stock car or Stroker Ace's rental car will not run at that speed. Louie Unser or Gary Gabelich will not run at that speed. Nor Hal Needham. They didn't get to be legends by not exceeding the flow of traffic.

The rally, said the organizers, had been designed to "test the effectiveness of the Fuzzbuster radar detector on 26 of Southern California's most notorious radar traps." No laws would be broken and they could all judge how well the units worked. But they overlooked one factor: Half the field were Ace's buddies and they were a sobering blend of racers and high-performance freaks who showed up in trick trucks, Ferraris and race cars.

The first four drivers moved out on schedule, politely waving to the Saturday-morning crowd that had gathered at the Santa Monica Auditorium parking lot for the Annual Outdoor Cat Show. Then all the careful plans went to hell.

Hollywood stunt driver turned director Hal (Smokey and the Bandit) Needham slid sideways through the parking lot, showering the gathering with gravel and chunks of rubber, got his borrowed-from-the-factory Chrysler Cordoba headed in generally the proper direction and smoked out of sight. Seconds later, when Ace left in exactly the same manner in his Avis Thunderbird, there wasn't a tree between the auditorium and Pacific Ocean Park without a cat in it.

After only three miles of the Santa Monica Freeway leg, Needham passed the car that had started first, with Ace tucked in behind him in a sort of draft. But about one mile after that, Kurt Lohmeyer shifted his Turbo Carrera into fifth at about 150 mph and went by both of them. Tom McMullen, ninth starter in a Maserati Ghibli, and Mike Bonfiglio, 13th, in what days before had been a NASCAR stock car, battled the freeway leg and headed, with the rest, for Mulholland Drive. Bonfiglio's Chevy



What it was was the first ever (and let's hope the last)
Fuzzbuster 500. L.A. may never be the same.

had been painted with a solid color that very morning to eliminate the numbers, but he had not had time to install a muffler, windshield wipers, headlights, brake lights or any of the little trinkets the California Highway Patrol has grown to love.

Fortunately for the organizers, at least, the rally was a clandestine one, with only a tiny number in the bottom-righthand corner of each windshield to identify the cars. Otherwise, roadblocks would have gone up long before they reached posh Bel Air, where they came down out of the hills just long enough to pick up a couple of radar traps along Sunset Boulevard before disappearing again into the hills. By the time they reached the second check point on Mulholland, the event had, of necessity, been broken into two categories by the organizers-the Radar Rallye for the sane and the Fuzzbuster 500 for the

Just past the check point, Lohmeyer careened his Carrera through the Ss at over 100 miles per hour. He drifted nicely through a hard right-hander and, as he came out of the blind part of the corner, he caught sight of the Fiat, lumbering along at about 30 miles per hour. Lohmeyer cranked the steering wheel hard left and the Porsche climbed the steep, loamy bank. He ran along up there for a while, like one of those old carnival motorcycle drivers who used to

run high up on the inside rim of a big barrel, staying there by centrifugal force. And he showered dust and debris onto the Fiat, whose driver undoubtedly never saw Lohmeyer or what caused the sudden Dust Storm of Mulholland Drive. He motored on—headlights ablaze—in his cloud of dust.

Meanwhile, back in the Porsche, things were not improving a whole lot. Lohmeyer had run out of bank, so he brought the Porsche back down to the road, only to meet a 1974 Buick coming the other way. He drove straight across the road, between the Buick and the Fiat, which was just about to come out of the dust cloud, and he went up the bank on the other side of the road, sending a second cloud down onto the tiny Italian car.

Navigator Richard Steinbrower did not look up from his clipboard. "Turn right one tenth of a mile on Laurel Canyon," he said calmly. "And then I think you'd better stop for a minute."

It wasn't the first unscheduled pit stop. McMullin had brought along two friends—one navigator and one "official police observer," who was sort of a backup system for the Fuzzbuster. But when McMullen reached Sunset, sideways, the official police observer laid a hand on McMullen's shoulder with such authority that he brought the Maserati to a stop.

"Excuse me," the man said, and he leaned forward, opened the passenger door and extricated himself. "See ya," he said. He walked briskly to a park bench, sat down and waited for the color to return to his face as the Ghibli burned out.

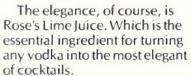
By the end of the first hour, a couple of Salt-Flatters, Gabelich—the fastest man in the world by virtue of his world land-speed mark of 622 mph—and Kitty O'Neil, stuntperson and the fastest woman in the world (also over 600 mph), battled it out in the hills as Lohmeyer, in downtown Pasadena, held the overall lead. Not far behind him was the superfast Chevy pickup of Matt Ettinger. Norm Samuels in a Ferrari 308 GTB was turning a Glendale park bike lane into a freeway.

"Well, you see, I got lost. That's what I did, I got lost," he said. "And this bike lane went the right way. . . ."

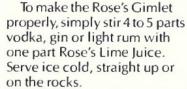
Lohmeyer got back onto the freeway and drove the "fence lane," which is normally reserved for disabled cars, hubcaps and beer cans, at 150 mph; there he barely missed having a collision with a cop, who just made the exit ramp as Lohmeyer went by his back bumper. Ace was driving the left-turn lane through Alhambra, trying to find the freeway.

(concluded on page 207)

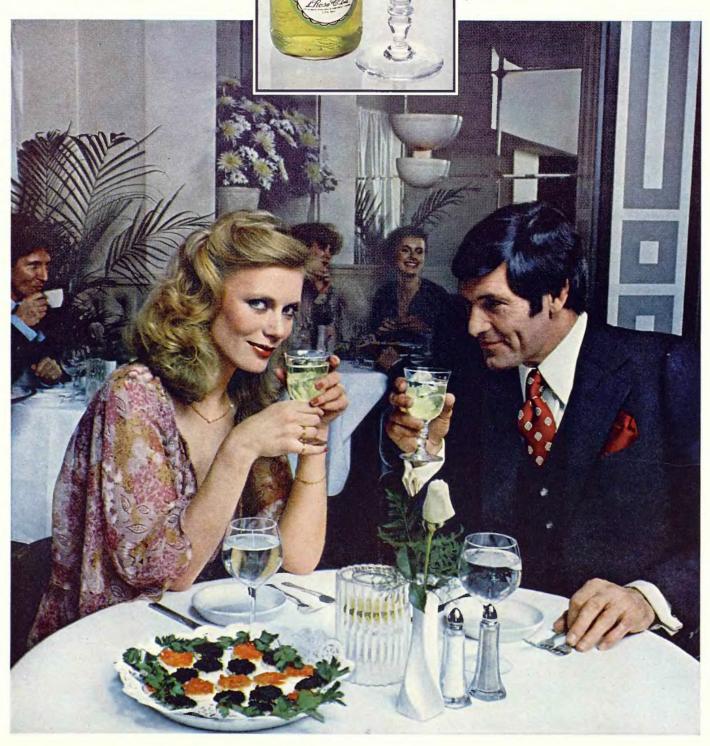
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### **☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆**

Hockett will star in NBC's upcoming biopic Bud and Lou, Korman as Abbott, Hackett as Costello. . . . Don DeLillo's new novel, Running Dog, will be out this fall. It's about a search for—get this—a pornographic film of Hitler during his last days in the bunker. . . . Mel Brooks has been playing around with four ideas for his next comedy flick: Galactic Mishegas (a sci-fi film parody), Bombs Away (a war-film satire), Follies of 1979 and The History of the World Part I. Mel's apparently leaning toward the last one. . . . Angel Jaclyn Smith joins Tony Curtis and





**Brooks** 

Smith

Michelle Phillips in ABC's teleflick of The Users. . . . Author Harold Brodkey is still at work on A Party of Animals, his longawaited first novel (he's been at it for 12 years and bits of it keep appearing in various magazines). Brodkey apparently delivered a 3000-page manuscript to his publisher and is currently trying to cut it down to a manageable 1000 pages. . . . Henry Fondo will play an aristocratic Southern colonel in ABC's Roots: The Next Generation. . . . The animated film version of J. R. R. Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings will be released for Thanksgiving. Directed by Ralph Bakshi, the entire movie was first filmed in live action with costumed actors. Frame-byframe footage was then enlarged and used by the animators as a guide for their drawings. . . . Thomas McGuane's new novel, Panama, a comedy about fame and the aftermath of stardom, is due out this fall. . . . Bruce Dern will play the role of Sinclair Lewis in a Broadway production of Intimate Strangers skedded to open mid-November. . . . Andrea McArdle will play the lead in NBC's telefilm Rainbow about the early years in the life of Judy Garland. . . . Rumor has it that Italian film director Bernardo Bertolucci wants Carly Simon to make her movie debut in one of his next films.

DIRECTOR'S PORTFOLIO: Czech director Ivon (Silver Bears) Posser is hard at work on a new project. "I've been writing, with John Cossovetes, a script for him and Peter Folk called Dancing. It's about two merchant seamen who retire after 25 years at sea and discover a whole new world—on land. It's kind of a melancholic comedy. Roquel Welch and Cybill Shepherd will probably play two of the women in it and I'd like to get Falk's

new wife, Shera Danese, and Cassavetes' wife, Gena Rowlands, to play the roles of prostitutes. Gena's a fantastic human being, but she doesn't really like to act. John has to force her."

I VANT TO BE A CLONE: Gregory Peck is an easily identifiable celebrity, but after being made up to look like the infamous Dr. Josef Mengele for his role in The Boys from Brazil, he was glad not to be recognized. After the fourth make-up test, his hair dyed jet-black and cut bristly and high to the forehead, Peck emerged from an elevator at the Grand Hotel in Lisbon and heard a woman remark to another, "Gladys, did you see the awful hairdo on that hideous man?" "After that," says Peck, "I knew we had it right." Make-up men reportedly used an actual snapshot of Mengele secured from Israeli intelligence to create the likeness. Producers of the film, which concerns a swarm of Adolf Hitler clones, are rushing the flick into release to capitalize on the controversy over cloning caused by the publication of David Rorvik's In His Image: The Cloning of a Man. Sir Laurence Olivier co-stars.

FLASH! JACKIE O. WON'T KISS ON FIRST DATE! Set for September publication, Stephen Birminghom's book on Jackie Onassis has already generated considerable controversy. Birmingham claims he dated her in college; Jackie says she doesn't recall the experience. "I'm sorry I'm so unmemorable," says Steve. "I took her to a winter carnival when she was at





Peck

Jackie O.

Vassar. And, no, she doesn't kiss on the first date." The book, says Birmingham, is "an attempt to analyze Jackie's mysterious, elusive nature." Birmingham says of his subject, "I admire her. She's obviously interested in money, but who isn't? On our date, I recall, she seemed very interested in who was who on campus, as if, even then, she was looking to catch a number-one guy."

X CALIBER: "I haven't done anything I've really been turned on to since *The Story of Joanna*," says porno-film producer Gerard Damiano, whose recent film *Waterpower*, about the so-called enema bandit, was, in his own words, "too heavy even for me." (For us, too; see "X-Rated," page 41.) Damiano's next production, *Rooms*, promises to be a bit

more laid back. "It'll be episodic," he claims, "with different sets of characters facing emotional and sexual problems." Has Damiano's general attitude toward porn changed? "Hard-core is basically boring," says the director of *Deep Throat*. "If you start off with a tenminute blow job, where do you go from there?" Possibly Pittsburgh.

PALOOKASVILLE: Shooting has begun on director Franco Zeffirelli's remake of *The Champ*, starring Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway and eight-year-old Ricky Schroder. The Italian director apparently saw the orig-

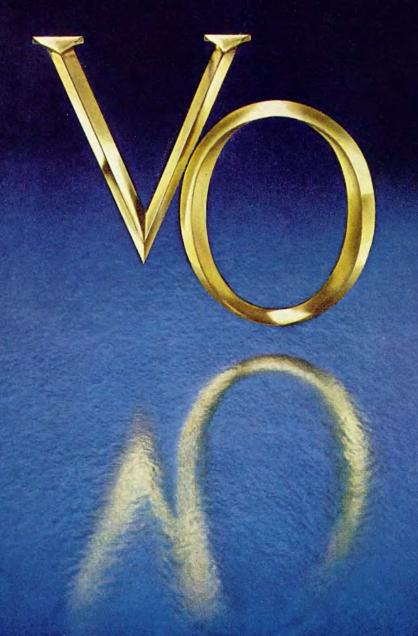


Zeffirelli, Schroder, Voight

inal Wolloce Beery classic on Italian TV, was moved to tears and decided then and there to do the remake. Ryon O'Neol and Robert Redford were originally considered for the lead. "Redford wanted to do it only if they made the story about a rodeo rider," Voight claims. "He felt there were too many boxing pictures around. He may be right. Besides, it seems kind of silly, all these movies coming out with white guys playing boxers, when most of the champions are black." We're assured there'll be at least one big fight scene in the picture, when the Voight character tries for a comeback. "I'm in pretty good shape now," says Jon. "I've been working out with Jimmy Gambino, who worked with Stallone on Rocky and helped Travolta get in shape for Saturday Night Fever."

GOOD MORNING, CHERYL: Aside from her new role on Good Morning America, Cheryl Tiegs will appear on various ABC specials and series episodes. What about a series of her own? "I don't want to do a series," says Cheryl, "but ABC wants me to get into acting." Movies? "I'm reading a few scripts," she says. "If I find something right, I'll do it."

AMERICAN GOTHIC: Norman Lear's got two of his most talented writer-producers, Eugenie Ross-Leming and Brad Buckner, working on a new series titled High-cliffe Manor. The two collaborators say the new show "takes the comic bizarreness of Mary Hartman and Fernwood Forever and relocates it into a mysterious Gothic setting in New England. You might call it," they add, "an attempt to make vampires socially relevant—sort of a sexual romp in zombiedom."



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Once again, the Italians
prove their inability to make
a boring car.

### THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

have heard that some women have tissues covering their clitorises that prevent them from becoming aroused when their clitorises are stimulated. I really can't tell if my girlfriend has these, but I can seldom even get her to blink during intercourse. Is there a way to tell, and can some sort of clitoral stimulation help? Help!—[. F., Cleveland, Ohio.

We've heard of toe curling as a response to sexual stimulation, but the eye blinking you're apparently looking for is a new one on us. Clitoral adhesions, as these tissues are called, are rare and are seldom the cause of sexual dysfunction. Even when surgical correction has been done, there is little scientific documentation that it improves sexual responsiveness. Your friend's gynecologist can tell her if she has adhesions, but we suspect that you should look elsewhere for an answer to her lethargy. Instead of checking out her fluttering lids, why not ask her what turns her on? It could be your problem and the remedy a simple one. On the other hand, it could be her problem. In which case the remedy is equally simple: Find a partner more to your liking.

The other day, it occurred to me that I was spending too much time on commercial airliners. When the stewardess slid the plastic tray of plastic food in front of me, I recognized the dinner, down to the parsley sprig, as the same one I'd eaten the previous week on the same flight. I figured I could either stop flying or stop eating. Is there an alternative?—E. R., New York, New York.

Sad to say, if you fly a lot (say, once a week) and always leave from the same city, the attack of the cardboard dinners is likely to continue. While most airlines try to offer a choice of entrees, even in coach, they usually change their menus in two-to-four-week cycles. Sometimes a flight leaving New York will have a different menu from one leaving Omaha, but most airlines serve the same food system-wide, especially on long hauls. Assuming you can't vary your destination at will, try calling the reservations clerk and asking what's for dinner. If you don't like it, ask for something else, such as sandwiches, which are easy to fix on short notice. The airline should be willing and able to comply. Better yet, ask for one of the special meals the airlines provide for people with restricted diets. United, for example, has 21 varieties, from salt-free to vegetarian, kosher and Hindu. Airline spokesmen



even suggest that you take your own, and we second the motion. The "in" people these days have their airport-bound taxi detour to the best deli in town, where they stock up on roast chicken, pâté, cheese, Perrier and fresh fruit. If you're in New York, we recommend Zabar's for this sort of thing. In Kansas City, a fast stop at Arthur Bryant's Barbecue will leave everyone within three rows of you drooling into his iceberg lettuce. The sky's the limit, and bon appétit!

'm 22 and have had only one sex partner in my life. I went out with the guy for two years but finally broke up with him because he was incredibly selfish as far as sex (and everything else) was concerned. That was over a year ago. Recently, I've discovered the pleasures of vibrators. They really get me off as nothing else has. However, I still don't know if I've ever experienced an orgasm. Friends tell me that if you have one, you know it. Well, I'm not sure that's true. When masturbating, I work myself up to a very pleasant yet tense state. My stomach muscles get supertight. At that moment. I feel like I want direct and constant contact on my clitoris, but it's difficult to keep from jerking the vibrator away because of the tension. Then I usually get a warm, tingling sensation down my legs and throughout my torso. Is that an orgasm? If it is, it's not all it's

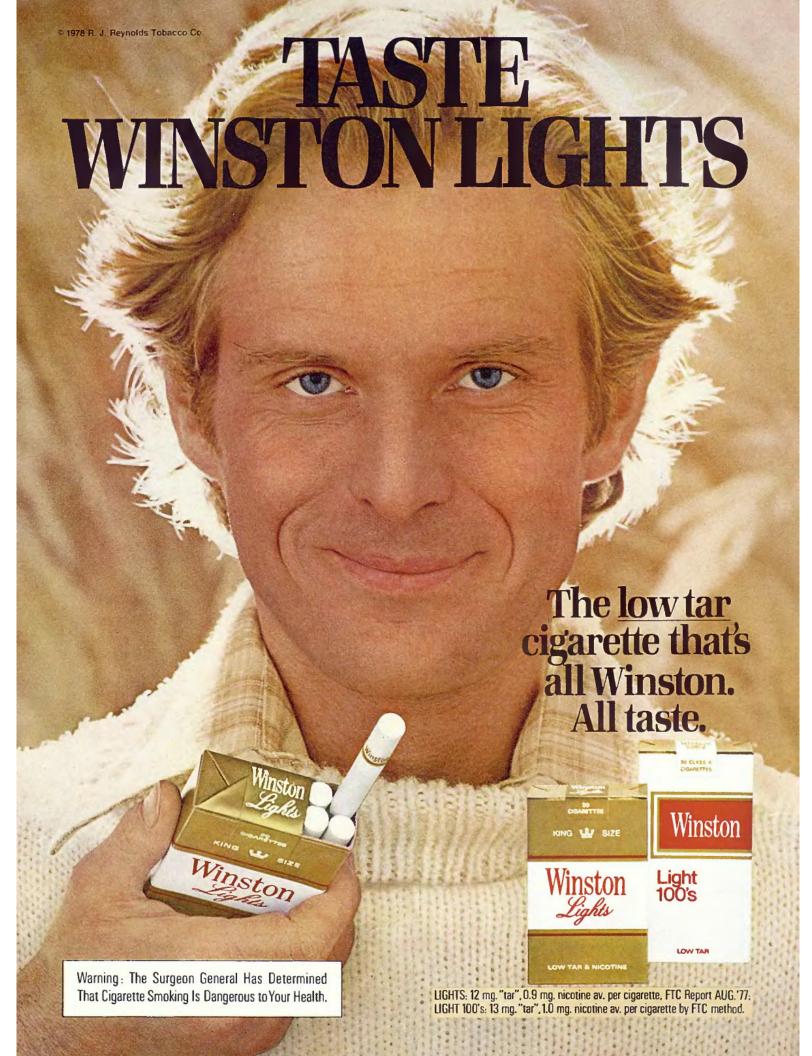
cracked up to be. If it isn't, can you tell me how to get one?—Miss J. C., Vancouver, British Columbia.

Well, you could try ordering one from J. C. Penney. (Sorry about that.) Since you've had only one sex partner, you've got some catching up to do. Don't try to go it alone. Orgasms, like good dinners, are best when they are shared. Frankly. it sounds to us as though you have reached what Masters and Johnson describe as stage two of the three stages of the female orgasm. But don't worry. Enjoy. We tend to agree with your friends, though; when you do have an orgasm, it will make its presence felt. Substitute some patient and attentive young man for your vibrator and you'll be surprised at how soon your confusion disappears.

am going on a camera safari in Africa in a couple of months and I want to buy a good pair of binoculars. A friend told me I needed field glasses and I'm wondering if there is any difference between them. What should I buy to get a good, close-up look at the wild kingdom?—B. J., Southampton, New York.

You should buy a membership to Plato's Retreat and go there next Saturday. That's the most interesting wild kingdom we know of. Actually, field glasses originated around the time of doughboys and trench warfare, and today's binoculars have come a long way since then. While field glasses are basically two long tubes with a lens at each end (like minitelescopes), binoculars use prisms to bounce the light around in a more compact barrel. A truly high-quality pair of binoculars can weigh less than five ounces and fit in your shirt pocket. For safari needs, don't get too powerful a pair or you won't be able to follow speedy birds and animals. A wide field of view (something field glasses don't have) is also very helpful. Drop by the best optical-equipment store you can locate and let your wallet do the talking.

have grown up with the belief that any guy who comes in a girl's mouth is pretty crude unless she specifically requests it. Because of my gag reflex, it took a long time before I could even go down on a man. Some very clean and patient friends helped me out of that situation. However, now I have met (and think I'm in love with) a guy who tells me that my fellatio technique can rate only a C plus unless I let him come in my mouth. He says most girls let guys do that and some of our friends agree with



him. I, on the other hand, don't believe women swallow semen as a hobby. Do you have any advice on this subject?— Miss D. E., Butte, Montana.

We know for a fact that many women do swallow semen, if not as a hobby, then as a very lucrative vocation. Besides, not coming in a woman's mouth often disrupts the orgasmic build-up and can ruin an otherwise ethereal experience. Since you've already overcome your gagreflex problem through patience and diligence, we wonder why you want to go through life as just a slightly above-average student. Why not shoot for an A once in a while? You just might enjoy being the head of your class.

'm just becoming interested in seafood, and one of my favorite dishes is scallops. However, my roommate, whose father was a fisherman in Gloucester, tells me that years ago, unscrupulous fish-market owners would cut out fish cheeks and sell them as scallops. I've told a few people about this and they've thought I was joking. But other people have told me that while they haven't heard about fish cheeks' being passed off as scallops, they have been told that restaurants sometimes take a round punch and stamp out pieces of flounder and other fish and serve them up as scallops. Are these rumors true?-R. A., Boston, Massachusetts.

While we've never heard of a fisherman's telling the truth when it was not to his advantage to do so, we also have never thought of fish as having cheeks. (However, in some circles, pike and cod cheeks are considered a gournet's delight.) But we have heard that some "scallops" served in restaurants are punched out of the huge wings of sting rays. Since we've read this unsavory little tidbit in more than one place, we'd be inclined to believe it. Your only recourse is to buy from a reputable fish market.

have been going steady for about three years. All the reasons my girlfriend and I were originally attracted to each other—intellectual, social, personal—are still intact for both of us, except that our passion seems to be waning. We still do it a lot, and it's nice, but not exciting the way it was before. Is that very common, or should we break up?—B. N., Chicago, Illinois.

You are not alone. In fact, most couples experience change from initial excitement to companionable contentment in their relationships. Two sociologists, Elaine Walster and William Walster, in their book "A New Look at Love," say that most research on the subject points to less passion as time goes on and that couples who have been together the shortest time (one month to three years) are most consumed by passion. The authors add that over longer periods of time, companionable love has a much greater shelf life. The lover who shored up our self-esteem, shared our interests and attitudes, kept us from feeling lonely, reduced our anxiety and helped us get the things we wanted early in the relationship continues to be appreciated as the years go by.

'm familiar with the wine-tasting ritual used at most fine restaurants, but is all that cork sniffing and label gazing necessary when serving wine at home? I'd feel a little silly doing it in front of my guests.—C. B., Seattle, Washington.

You'd feel a lot sillier if you served up a glass of vinegar to your boss and his wife. Remember, there's reason behind the ritual of wine service. Unless you're prepared to hire your own sommelier, you'll have to do the honors yourself. Your first duty is to be sure the wine is properly chilled, whites and roses at about 45 degrees, reds at about 65-68. Older reds should be decanted and left to breathe for about half an hour before serving. It is not necessary to decant white wines, since there is seldom any sediment in a bottle. If you are serving from the bottle, the lip should be wiped clean after removing the metal cap, since it can corrode. Then, in front of your guests, uncork and pour a little into your glass. After you have tasted and approved the contents, fill each glass, ladies first, one half to two thirds full, never to the brim; then go back and fill your own. Avoid picking up the wineglasses; instead, take the bottle to the glass. This not only keeps the glasses clean and free from fingerprints but also fends off purists who would object to your warming their glasses with your hand. See, it's not really much of a ritual, but it could mean the difference between a raise and a pink slip.

'm convinced that cunnilingus is among the most pleasant nonspectator sports around. This is not to say that I survive on a steady diet of pussy, but I do think that once a week would be nice. Since my wife seldom fails to climax when I chow down on her clit, one would assume that she felt the same as I do. Not true, sports fans. For some strange reason, she allows me to munch her muff only about twice a year. I've tried reason, I've tried logic. I've tried anger, but she isn't close to changing her habit. Box lunches are addictive and I'm in danger of death by starvation. What do you suggest?-L. T., Providence, Rhode Island.

Ropes, chains, whips and a bib. Your wife for some reason (maybe religious upbringing or some psychological difficulty) must withhold from you what you crave most. It doesn't sound as though she gives a damn what you want, nor does she want to allow herself what she enjoys, either. Gentle persuasion seems in order. If that doesn't work, throw her out of the house. Then place an ad in your local underground paper that reads something like: "Man who loves giving head wants women who enjoy same." Your phone will be busy. Unless, God forbid, you give incredibly bad head, and that's why your wife was turned off. No teeth, please.

plan to do some cross-country driving this summer. While I do not intend to speed, sometimes the needle does have a tendency to slip past 55. Naturally, if I know Smokey is watching, I'll ease up. But how do I know he's there? What do I look for, especially in an unmarked car?—L. M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Smokeys tend to be a noisy lot and are given to garish roof ornaments; red and blue flashing lights are very popular. Of course, if you see their flashing lights and hear their siren, it's already too late. But there are some identifying characteristics. Last year, for instance, the most popular cruiser was the Plymouth Fury four-door with a V8 power plant of 400 or 440 cubes. Thirty of the 50 states used them. Without decals, most state-trooper cars have a monochrome paint scheme, special state license plates, plain hubcaps, blackwall tires and a spotlight in front of the driver's side of the windshield. Special equipment most often includes the Kustom Signal MR-7, a little tattletale that helps the troopers clock you from the rear while they're stationary or head on while they're stationary or moving. This means you can be clocked from the oncoming lane. Since this is a radar unit, it operates on line of sight only; if you can't see them, they can't see you. But watch it around curves or hills. Fact is. they know where you're likely to speed and those places are most regularly patrolled. But more important than the trooper's car is what kind of car you're driving. If it's a sports car or raked to hell and gone, with pinstripe flames being emitted from the wheel wells, smile, you're on "Candid Camera."

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



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# THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

"Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?" sizzled Mae West with a sultry toss of her flashy blonde mane and a leer at a fellow's crotch.

We should all be as clever as that sexy siren. What man wouldn't want to discover a foolproof verbal aphrodisiac that could turn on every girl he'd like to meet? The few guys who have acquired that enviable knack know that to catch a dish or a fish, a line has to be carefully baited. But when most of us approach a gorgeous stranger, we're clumsy, hopelessly tongue-tied and—face it—it's very hard to look attractive standing there with your foot in your mouth.

Perhaps we can learn from one another. That's the purpose behind the questions asked for this month's Sex Poll. We asked men and women: What's the best line you've ever used to pick up a member of the opposite sex? and vice versa. Are you ready?

# MEN, WHAT IS THE BEST PICKUP LINE YOU'VE EVER USED ON A WOMAN?

Fifty-nine percent of the men reported that their best approach was humorous: "You probably don't remember me, but didn't we used to be married to each other?' is what I use as my ice breaker. Women are suckers for laughter."

"With a very serious look on my face, I always shoot a broad this quick one: 'How do you like me so far?' "

Twenty-one percent of the men stated that flattering a woman's looks always did the trick: "When I was in college, I remember watching a beautiful woman for weeks on campus. She should have been a goddess. That was in my romantic days. Anyway, one day I finally got up enough courage to walk over to her and say, 'You're the most stunning lady I've ever seen. You make my whole day terrific just by walking by.' She was so turned on she gave me her phone number and we wound up going together for years."

Nine percent of the men said that their best come-on was bold and direct: "A rough, raunchy opening line is what I always use, because I don't want to fool with a lady who isn't really into heavy sex. Just last week, I simply walked right up to some bimbo and announced, 'I could waste a lot of time gabbing, but I've got a feeling you're just like me. I bet





### WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

you'd rather leave and go fuck.' She looked shocked, but it sure lit her fire. Within five minutes, we were up in her place around the corner and my dick was pumping away in her cunt."

Six percent of the men told us an intellectual line always brought them success: "Because I firmly believe that anyone who is well read is also good in bed, I open with, 'I'm actually going to ask you if you've read any good books lately.' If she reels off junk from the best-seller list, I know she's a lightweight. If she mentions fine literature or classics, then she obviously has the depth of intellect to totally understand that fantastic sex is created by what we have between our ears and not what's between our legs."

Five percent of the men found their most effective pickup style was a plea for sympathy: "This absolutely never fails me. I deliver it straight-faced and with a nervous twinge in my voice: 'I don't want to bother you, but you look like a kind person. I belong to an all-male encounter group. Because of my lifelong problem of shyness, as therapy they've

assigned me to talk to at least one female a day whom I don't know. I'm actually quite upset, since you're the first one I've approached. Can we talk?' "

# BEST PICKUP LINE A MAN EVER USED ON YOU?

Forty-two percent of the women said that flattering their looks always did the trick: "When I was a teenager, I was convinced that my small breasts were a big drawback. I'm 21 now and my tits are still the same size, but, like all my friends, I never wear a bra. More than a few gorgeous males have just walked up and told me how sexy my nipples look poking through the fabric. It makes me feel so good when they say that, I just can't wait until they take me home to feel them when we're nude."

Twenty-seven percent of the women said that a man who comes on with an intelligent line always succeeds, "Dumb fellows are very uptight in bed, so I let myself be picked up only by someone who uses a line that shows he's clearly intelligent. My favorite one was said by a bearded Irish shaggy sweater and pipe type, who turned out to be a historical novelist. The first thing out of his mouth was, 'There is no sin except stupidity.' I replied, 'How original. Too bad Oscar Wilde said it a century before you did.' If I told you what sins we did to each other's bodies later that night, you'd get a hard-on."

Thirteen percent of the women said the best come-on used on them was bold and direct: "I get off on the brazen approach. I dig it when a heavy dude I've never seen before lays quick claim to my bod. But I don't want anything fancy just something simple, like, 'Let's you and me leave right now and go fuck!"

Eleven percent of the women reported the best approach for a man to use was humorous: "When I was getting ready to leave a singles bar, a gorgeous male stepped forward to help me with my coat and asked, 'I know you. Weren't you in one of my wet dreams?"

Seven percent of the women found that men who used the sympathetic pickup style were the most effective: "I like fragile guys. This fellow came up to me in the supermarket recently and, looking totally confused, begged, 'Could you please help me? I get completely mixed up when I shop in places like this.' He was good-looking, so, of course, I obliged. I took him home with me when we left the store. He was one of the most sensitive lovers I've ever had."

# WOMEN, WHAT IS THE BEST PICKUP LINE YOU'VE EVER USED ON A MAN?

Forty-nine percent of the women said their best come-on was bold and direct: "The wildest guys I've met are the ones who don't get frightened when I come on very strong. I don't do this very often, but if I think I've spotted the right kind of gent, I walk up to him, usually in a bar or at a party, and quickly slip my hand over his belt and down into his pants. I grab his prick and say, 'If you get hard within ten seconds, you can take me right home and devour me. One, two, three. . . . '"

Twenty-three percent of the women stated that flattering a man always did the trick: "Complimenting a man on his boundless energy always gets him excited, because that's code for saying that I bet he could fuck all night."

Twelve percent of the women told us an intellectual line always brought them success: "'You look like an extremely intelligent fellow' is what I say to a stranger I'm interested in. 'I can tell by something in your eyes and I've been watching the way you handle yourself. You're clearly well educated and that's the only kind of person I ever get close to. I hope I'm not being too forward, am I?' Nine out of ten times, that bit works."

Ten percent of the women reported that their best approach was humorous: "I get so tense when I make an advance that I need to get a guy's quick smile, so I make quips that are short and punchy, like, 'Would you be interested in a brief, meaningless affair?' or 'How would you like to play jubilee?' They always answer, 'What?' not expecting my reply. 'That's when I sit on your face, and you try to guess how much I weigh.' It's beautiful the way it cracks them up and leaves them wanting to know me better."

Six percent of the women found their most effective pickup style was sympathetic: "If I spot a guy who I'm turned on to at one of the places I hang out, I put a worried look on my face and plead, 'Could you please buy me a drink? I'm trying to calm down and I need someone to talk to. I just lost my keys. My roommate won't be home until tomorrow. I just don't know where I'm going to stay tonight.' Guess what happens?"

# MEN, WHAT IS THE BEST PICKUP LINE A WOMAN EVER USED ON YOU?

Forty-seven percent of the men said the best come-on used on them was bold and direct: "I was by myself at a Patti Smith concert when a young blonde Lolita, who had been staring, hit on me during intermission. What a curvaceous cock teaser! She wore tight, skimpy cut-offs, which just barely covered her pubes, and a very snug, revealing T-shirt. Would you mind doing me a favor?' she trilled. Tve got an itch in a place where I just can't reach,' I said, 'Just show me where.' I rubbed where she indicated—the middle of her back. 'Do it under my shirt. It will feel even better,' she said, turning around. To make a long story short, we quickly ended up in my car out in the parking lot, tore off our clothes and had an absolutely explosive fuck! And we were back inside before the intermission was over.'

Thirty-five percent of the men said that flattery always did the trick: "All of us guys are so competitive that we suffer from insecurity about our looks, The easiest way for a woman to put our sex drive in high gear is to simply rave about how handsome we are." "Let's face it, not many dames throw a guy a line, but I've found, with me, flattery gets them everywhere. There's one time I especially remember. My girlfriend and I were at a dinner party with several other couples. Someone's wife had a little too much to drink and it made her very daring. She had a sensational body and a face like a movie star. She kept arranging things in such a way that we'd end up alone in the kitchen, on the terrace and in several dark corners. Each time that happened, she told me how she couldn't take her eyes off a different part of my body. My old lady got pissed at all the byplay and ignored me, but, as it turned out, that was just fine. I was so excited that the other lady and I snuck up to the roof and even though it was cold, we fucked ourselves silly as fast as we could, so we wouldn't be missed too long."

Ten percent of the men reported the best approach for a woman to use was humor: "Almost every time a female acts aggressive by making the first advance, I get put off—unless she does it with great style and wit. Just last weekend, while I was sitting in the park, quietly enjoying myself, a rather pretty thing walked up and said, 'I'm not sure whether you're a mixed breed or an obscure pedigree I've never seen before, but you look like you'd love someone like me to take you for a run. Where's your leash?'"

Five percent of the men told us a woman who came on with an intellectual line always succeeded: "This beautiful broad-boned girl, wearing a tweed suit and carrying an attaché case, walks up to me while I'm waiting in line at the bank and declares, 'I belong to Mensa, the society for people with very high I.Q.s. I've seen you around this neighborhood before and noticed from the quality of the books and periodicals you were carrying that we might have a lot in common.' Her name was Evangeline and she was

right. We both had a deep intellectual interest in fucking and sucking. Ever since that incendiary experience, I fantasize only about brilliant women."

Three percent of the men found that women who used the sympathetic pickup style were the most effective: "The girl-child is my particular brand of ecstasy. Excuse me, can you help me find a taxi? I just can't fight with all these other people waiting on the street. Please help, was the best line used on me by that type. Later, after we got done fucking at her house, she admitted that she easily could have gotten a cab on her own, but it was her ploy for meeting me."

Summary: Although it's still pretty much the males who make the first move, an ever-increasing number of women have been influenced by the new feminist call for aggression. There are situations in which it is necessary for them to begin the beguine. By far the most common female answer (49 percent) turned out to be so overwhelmingly and erotically direct that you might say it was delivered right to the hard-on of the matter and usually at no risk. After all, most men are overjoyed with this turn-around in courtship procedures; they'll almost always say yes.

In fact, a nearly identical percentage (47 percent) of the guys who were polled said that the blatantly unadorned invitations to sex won them over the most. And if on top of that you add the gents (35 percent) who like to be physically flattered in the same point-blank manner, then it's clear—the vast majority (82 percent) can be conquered when a lady comes on without extra bibble-babble.

In contrast, males rarely take chances with the no-holds-barred kind of opener. The constant fear of rejection causes men to develop a pickup style containing a built-in escape clause: Comedy fills the bill. If a guy uses a humorous line and the object of his affection spurns him, he can back off, saving face by acting as if he had only been kidding.

Flattery is another important technique a fellow can use to avoid a rebuff when making an advance. Even though the largest percentage of women polled (42) said they were swayed by that tactic, it's odd only half as many of the men (21 percent) employed that maneuver.

An invitation to readers: Some time ago, during a survey on sexual fantasies, we uncovered the interesting fact that many men had been turned on by the telecasts of Olympic gymnastics competition. Ah, Nadia! Barry Tarshis explores the sexual aspects of mixed competition in this month's Pipeline; we want your opinion: What sport do you find is the sexiest to watch or to play? What sport do you think turns the opposite sex on? Send your letters on locker-room lust to The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois -HOWARD SMITH 60611. Thanks.

# SEX POLL FEEDBACK

our readers respond to sex polls past

### SEX AND INTELLIGENCE

Do I think sex is better with someone who is smart [June 1978]? Yes, I am a member of Mensa. I enjoy sex most with women who are intelligent enough for me to consider my equals. Seducing nottoo-bright females provides none of the fulfillment that comes from knowing that I've been accepted as a lover by an intelligent woman. In long-term relationships, I find that intelligence becomes even more important, because intelligent women are more liberal and creative in their lovemaking, which keeps sex interesting and enjoyable over the course of a long relationship. However, I have found that many highly intelligent women, due to their very realistic and often somewhat cynical view of life, tend to be very unromantic about sex, reducing it to a purely physical gratification.

Do I think women get off on intelligence? Yes. Most women would rate intelligence as one of the prime considerations in choosing a man for a sexual relationship. In fact, there are even groupies who are attracted to intellectuals-university professors, Mensans, et al. However, in practice, it appears that both intelligence and physical attractiveness in a man are less important to the typical woman than money and an acceptance of the values and lifestyle

epitomized by PLAYBOY.

Some of your readers who are interested in finding out more about Mensa should write to: Mensa, Department B, 1701 West Third Street, Brooklyn, New York 11223.-L. L., Atlanta, Georgia.

### SEXUAL TURNING POINTS

What was my sexual turning point [July 1978]? It was my initiation into bisexuality. I had worked with a woman for eight years in the Government on the same job. I had always admired her ability in karate, motorcycling, bowling and basketball. Through a mutual friend, I learned she was an adept lesbian. I contacted her later when I learned she was seeking an apartment close to work. Mary was not aware that I knew her "secret," One day, I phoned her at the office to come home for lunch. Reluctantly, she came. She was rude, complained about the lunch and abused my ego in every way. She asked if I spent the whole day in my robe.

"Only when I'm waiting for you!" I replied and took off the robe and walked



past her nude to our bedroom. I was scared as hell, first because she could have rejected me and second because I didn't know what lesbians did outside of heavy petting. Finally, she came into the room, sat on the bed and apologizedtold me she had been an ass and that I didn't have to do this-then she asked me how I knew about her. I started to reveal who had told me but checked myself. Instead, I kissed her while feeling under her blouse. She was very cool, even passive, as if deciding what action to take. In the few seconds it took to remove her blouse and bra, she began her aggression-her kisses were demanding. Not just her lips against mine but her tongue in my mouth, biting and kissing my neck. She began to perspire and her bites and kisses on my nipples were anything but gentle. I was afraid and wanted to stop. This kind of aggression from a woman was new to me. She inserted two fingers into my vagina while continuing her bites and kisses. I pulled her hand away, crying, telling her I wasn't ready for this. She shifted her weight on top of me, ignoring my protest, as I wiggled, trying to free myself.

Now I was sweating, crying, gaspingfeeling overheated, too hot to stop but unsure of her next move. My hips began to sway with Mary's rhythm. I stopped resisting, stopped crying-whatever was next, I was ready. Or so I thought. Mary began kissing my navel, moving down to the inside of my right thigh, biting little

bites here and there-then on the left thigh. Then she licked the lips of my vagina, sucking the clitoris, pressing her tongue down here and there, teasing. I had four orgasms the first minute. I screamed and, pulling her hair, begged her not to stop. The next minute, I had three more orgasms. Afterward, lying in her arms, I wondered where the hell she had been all my life. I'm only sorry this experience came so late in my life. I'm 34.—T. Q., Washington, D.C.

The event that truly affected me was the first time I actually watched two people fuck. I was visiting a girlfriend who was living with a guy in Louisville. At bedtime, I rolled out my sleeping bag in the living room. But the bathroom was upstairs next to my hosts' water-bed-equipped bedroom. When I went up to brush my teeth, I passed the door just in time to see him tear off her shirt and really powerfully suck her breasts. He kind of slurped them into his mouth. On my way back downstairs, I cruised by their room again and by that time, the surf was really up. They were just violently screwing and she was moaning and screaming. It was great,

That night has stayed with me ever since. It made me feel good about sex. It made it seem fun and healthy and such a good thing for two lovers to do. It also inspired me to be free and uninhibited about it and, ever since, I've wanted to be around people who were relaxed about sex. I was 19 then and that was six years ago; it still stands out clearly in my memory.-Miss F. M., Madison, Wisconsin.

### SUPERSEX

My roommate and I have discussed in detail our various affairs and have often asked what it is that makes a man a ten in bed [March 1978]. We agree that being gone down on by a man and getting off are essential, but what really makes sex superb is the element of tease. There is no orgasm more appreciated than one that's been barely out of reach for what seems like an eternity.

Your second question is a little more difficult. What seems to get us both the most compliments is the casting aside of any restrictions on our expression of pleasure. The expression of "pure joy" on my face is usually commented on, whereas roomie is more vocal about sex. I've found that incredible sex is a mutual achievement,-Miss P. T., Padua, Italy.



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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

### PENIS SCOREBOARD

Actually, I feel sorry for "No Score" (The Playboy Forum, March), who believes that women don't enjoy sex. I've been married for three years, have been screwing my husband for six and love it still. We have fantasies, play games, even have ongoing pillow fights, until one of us jumps the other. It's also great to end up in bed after a rotten day and just cuddle.

The kind of man I love is one who is gentle and affectionate on the outside and a tiger under the covers. Penis size means very little.

> Beatrice M. Case Charleston, South Carolina

I have to compliment the woman who wrote the "Penis Envy" letter (*The Playboy Forum*, April) and who argues that personality and affection, not organ size, are the main ingredients in sex. I've worked in a massage parlor for several years and have been interested in penis length. I have now measured 1681 male organs in erection and can report that 97 percent were about six inches and only seven of them were as long as eight inches. For what that's worth.

(Name withheld by request) Charlotte, North Carolina

### GOOD OLD DAYS

Recently, I was reading a 1939 copy of the *Modern Home Medical Advisor*, by Dr. Morris Fishbein. I began wondering what Dr. Fishbein would say about the Playboy Bunnies, because he advises:

When the female displays excessive sexuality she is known as a nymphomaniac. The nymphomaniac is not to be confused with the normal individual who quite properly desires a relation that is legitimate. The term would, of course, have different meanings in different communities and in different times, inasmuch as in some places and times any woman desiring sexual relations would be considered such. In case the individual seems utterly unable to control the urge and exposes herself in a wanton manner, she should be subjected to thorough medical examination.

Fishbein's office would certainly be kept busy today with medical examinations; and here are his views on what probably is the average PLAYBOY reader:

A dangerous form of sexual abnormality is that which puts excessive emphasis on the subject. The male of this type is sometimes referred to as being a satyr. The damage which such a person can do is incalculable. He spreads venereal disease, he seduces wives and maids, he becomes the father of illegitimate children, he may commit rape or other crimes of sexual violence. No woman or girl is safe while he is about.

A. Soward St. Louis, Missouri Fishbein was a famous sexologist of the old school and, strangely enough, was considered progressive in his day.

> "She lost her panties and found herself bare-assed as well."

### HOW TO ACHIEVE ORGASM

I'm 20 years old, female, and until last month was unable to attain orgasm. That changed because of the following experience.

I was at a beach party in Florida, enjoying myself, until a blonde began to give me a hard time. She was wearing a red bikini that barely contained her full bosom and shapely bottom; she was also



drunk as hell and completely obnoxious.

Push came to shove, then shove came to a good punch in the belly. The blonde doubled over in pain. She was six to eight inches bigger than me. I'm a petite 4'11" in bare feet, but a few hair pulls, slaps to the face and kicks to the stomach sent her falling.

Everybody loved the fight. As she lay on the ground, I bent over her, moved her hands from her big boobs and removed her top, leaving her seminude and embarrassed beyond words. She lost her panties and found herself bare-assed as well. I whipped some pretty cruel wrestling holds on her quivering form and then let her go.

Maybe it's because I'm so small, but that night, after my dominating experience, I climaxed with my boyfriend. For the first time!

> (Name withheld by request) Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

At last, a simple solution to the problem of women's achieving orgasm.

### BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

I'm a little surprised that PLAYBOY hasn't been alerting its readers to the bullshit coming down in Congress with Senate Bill 1437, which purports to reform the Federal criminal code. God knows, this one is an improvement over S. I, which would have permitted the Nixon Administration to turn this country into a police state. But the current bill still has provisions that could just about end political dissent in this socalled land of the free, particularly in regard to military actions. It also enshrines the Supreme Court's mad ruling on "community standards," whereby any 12 Bible-thumping idiots in Jerkwater, Mississippi, or in Cincinnati, for that matter, could dictate what millions of other Americans are permitted to see or read. You people ought to get your asses in motion, because this so-called reform bill has some real fishhooks in it.

James Hawkins Washington, D.C.

OK. See Ramsey Clark's commentary on page 60.

### BACK TO THE BASICS

Richard Bilomasur's bitter rationalization of his own rejection by women is apparently attributable to the obvious character defects he exposed in the March Playboy Forum.

For every woman who is conceited, power hungry and seeking big penises and big money, there is a man who is conceited, power lungry and seeking big breasts and big money. Since these people gravitate toward one another and, in fact, are satisfied only by those with similar interests, there should be no conflict with the friendly, respectful and honest people, unless they exhibit a façade, in which case they do not qualify as honest.

If Bilomasur is unsuccessful in procuring and maintaining positive relationships, I advise him to look no further than himself and his attitude for explanation.

(Name withheld by request) Roslyn Heights, New York

### REPLY TO TRI

Your weird trisexual correspondent (The Playboy Forum, June) should like this definition of necrophilia: dropping in for a cold one.

(Name withheld by request) Lincoln, Nebraska

The self-described trisexual reader is utterly perverted, suggesting, as he does, sex with inanimate objects. Any creature lower than conventional livestock, or some of our Edwards County ladies, is not fair game.

"Sheepman" Rocksprings, Texas

### TWO-LEGGED SHEPHERDS

A Forum Newsfront item in your June issue reports the case of a New York film wholesaler charged with obscenity over some movies depicting "sexual relations with German shepherds." Do you mean to imply that he would not have been prosecuted had the shepherds been of some other nationality? We don't call them shepherds around these parts, but I've made it with a couple of local sheepherders and never thought much about it.

"Marylou"

Edwards County, Texas

Ha, ha. Very funny. Marylou, we'd like you to meet Sheepman. Sheepman, this is Marylou. You two really must get to know each other.

### HOT TIP

Before we were married, my wife abandoned the pill because of its side effects. Since then, we have used Encare Oval and for six months we've had safe, if rather lemony sex, unencumbered by penile sheaths, cervical corks or putrid foams.

I recommend the Ovals because they are simple to use, they encourage foreplay and apparently prevent parenthood; but they do have one minor drawback. I'm not into pain and the Oval can turn that touchy little hole in your dick into a searing hot spot. We always wait at least 20 minutes for thorough dissolution

# **FORUM NEWSFRONT**

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

### CHEAP SNORT

Among the latest drug fads to hit American youths appears to be the sniffing of the nitrous oxide used as a propellent in some aerosol cans of whipping cream. Writing in The American Journal of Psychiatry, Dr. Stanley Block, a Southern California neuropsychiatrist, reports that kids have discovered they can inhale the "laughing gas," ordinarily used in dental anesthesia, by taking care not to shake up



the can before opening the valve. In this manner, they can get several brief highs or, presumably, a nose full of whipping cream if the contents are not completely settled.

### FINANCING AFFAIRS

ALBANY-Reversing two lower-court decisions, New York's highest state court has ruled that a man must continue paying alimony even though his former wife was living openly with another man, because she had not represented her new relationship to be marital. The ruling held that the 1938 Domestic Relations Law governing such matters provided a "two-part test" of "habitually living with another man and holding herself out as his wife" as grounds for stopping alimony. A dissenting judge said that the majority decision "leaves the courts powerless to relieve the former husband of the obligation of subsidizing his former wife's affairs no matter how unfair this may be under the circumstances. It is hard to imagine that the legislature ever intended such a grotesque result."

Dr. Doris Freed, a family-law expert, said she believed the court decision illustrated the "reverse chastity belt" that forces a woman to "avoid a meaningful relationship at risk of losing her alimony." She said the New York State Bar Association, Family Law Section, would approve new legislation to base alimony payments solely on the economic needs of a divorced person, regardless of future living arrangements.

### OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

DES MOINES, 10WA—A woman who quit her job at a massage parlor because she was propositioned by clients is not entitled to unemployment benefits, a state employment official has ruled. The official noted that the woman also cited as reasons for quitting such things as her pay schedule and working hours but said that none of her complaints qualified her for benefits under state Job Service rules.

### **LEGAL HOME BREW?**

washington, b.c.—The U.S. House of Representatives has passed and sent to the Senate a bill that would legalize home-brewed beer. Under the proposed law, a household of two or more persons could brew up to 200 gallons of tax-free beer per year and an individual could brew up to 100 gallons, but no more than 30 gallons of beer could be kept on hand at any one time. The Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, which supports the legislation, interprets the present law to prohibit home brewing even for personal consumption.

### TRADING UP

AUSTIN-A 21-year-old man just out of the Texas state penitentiary may soon be going back on account of his unusual car-trading activities. Austin police said the man went to a usedcar lot and asked to test-drive a 1971 sedan. He test-drove it only as far as another used-car lot, where he left it as security while testing a 1975 model, which he elsewhere left as security while taking out a 1976 model. That used car he drove to the nearby town of Taylor, where he similarly parlayed it into a sporty new car. He was picked up by police after ditching that auto in another town and allegedly stealing a van, which left authorities trying to figure out the correct number of cartheft charges to file.

### DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE. . . .

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A chewing gum containing an extract of coca leaves could relieve a number of common disorders ranging from stomach problems to toothaches, according to a Harvard researcher. Speaking at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Andrew T. Weil of Harvard's Botanical Museum said that the leaves



contain small amounts of cocaine and other chemicals and traditionally have been chewed by millions of South Americans with no harmful effect. He cited a number of beneficial effects such a gum could have, including the treatment of amphetamine and cocaine abusers, and said he plans to petition the Food and Drug Administration to begin studies on coca in this country. Because coca leaves contain five tenths of one percent cocaine, they are presently classified as a Class II narcotic drug.

### ON THE OTHER HAND. . . .

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA-When used regularly in its nearly pure form or in some adulterated forms, cocaine can have "devastating" physiological and psychological effects, according to Dr. Nils Noya, director of the Bolivian National Institute for Investigation of Drug Dependence. Interviewed in the respected Canadian drug-research publication The Journal, Dr. Noya said the drug may appear harmless in the small doses generally used in North American countries but used in much larger amounts, as by a substantial number of Bolivians, it can cause permanent brain damage and the abuser suffers extreme withdrawal symptoms that include acute depression, delusions and hallucinations. He said his program has documented some 500 such cases out of an estimated 3000. Commenting on the study, Dr. David Smith, a prominent cocaine researcher in California, said that while he does not support criminal sanctions against personal coke use, he believed the Noya study was valid and supported the concern of many that the drug, unlike marijuana, does have a high abuse potential when inexpensive or readily available.

### OLD DEBTS

CHICAGO—A class-action suit filed in the Cook County Circuit Court asks that all fines paid by persons convicted under a 1969 Illinois marijuana law be returned to them, along with five dollars for each day they spent in jail. In 1971, the state supreme court declared the existing Illinois drug law unconstitutional because it wrongly classified marijuana as a narcotic. An attorney for the plaintiff in the suit said that a favorable court ruling could benefit from 100,000 to 300,000 persons convicted under the old law. He added that the fines collected in those cases should total at least \$2,000,000.

### TRY, TRY AGAIN

skowhegan, maine—Somerset County officials believe that a 23-year-old drug offender may have set some sort of record for rapid recidivism. After pleading guilty to selling marijuana and cocaine, he received a six-month sentence with all but 45 days suspended, plus two years' probation. When court adjourned, he was taken across the street to the jail, where a routine search turned up three ounces of pot concealed in the soles of his shoes. He has now been indicted on felony counts of unlawfully furnishing marijuana and trafficking in prison contraband.

### YOU CAN'T WIN

RENO—In his effort to obtain a distinctive yet totally innocuous license plate, a Reno resident picked exactly the wrong letters: NONE. He discovered this when the city's computer sent him a bill for \$953 in parking tickets, all made out to the license plate NONE—which happens to be the word police write on parking tickets in the space for license numbers if an offending vehicle has no plates.

### WRONG WAY TO GO ABOUT IT

MEMPHIS—A gesture toward marriage reconciliation ended with the wife in a river and the husband in police custody. According to witnesses, a man stopped his car on a 50-foot-high bridge over the Wolf River, got out and tossed a woman's purse into the water. Next he pulled a woman from the car and tossed her in after it. Then he "dusted off his hands, got into his car and drove off." Rescued with only minor

injuries, the woman told police the man was her husband from whom she was separated and that they had been en route to a lawyer to discuss dropping divorce proceedings and getting back together.

### **BODY LANGUAGE**

CHICAGO-Leg men appear to have nicer personalities than men whose interests focus on a woman's breasts or buttocks, according to a researcher at the University of Illinois' Circle Campus. Professor Nancy Hirschberg says that a lengthy study of test subjects found that men who like women with large breasts tend to be outgoing, independent, indifferent to others' needs and inclined to show off; that men who appreciate large rears are more orderly, socially dependent, guiltridden and self-abasing. But men who like leggy women, she found, are socially active and willing to help other people. The study also found that women usually have personalities similar to those of the men who are attracted to them.

### RATS!

SAN DIEGO—A team of researchers at the Salk Institute for Biological Studies is attempting to determine if brain cells are harmed by heavy drinking—an idea that has been widely propagated but never medically proved. But the fiveyear experimental program first must overcome the problem that rats—which



will be used for the research—tend to be teetotalers. According to one of the researchers, rats are "junk-yard eaters" that will taste most anything but then sit around for hours to see what effect it has. The result: Even when induced to drink alcohol, the rat remembers that it became drunk, perhaps ended up with a hangover, and thereafter takes the pledge.

### REFORMING FEDERAL LAW

in the tortuous task of revising and codifying our national criminal laws, the duty of congress is to do it now but do it right

opinion

### By RAMSEY CLARK

Last January, after long debate and much compromise, the U.S. Senate voted 72 to 15 to pass a bill intended to drastically revise Federal criminal laws. Both conservatives and liberals support most of the bill's provisions while disagreeing sharply on some. Now the issue is before the House of Representatives, where agreement or compromise may be even more difficult. Our concern is that certain highly authoritarian features of the bill will be retained or even strengthened, and we have asked former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark to comment.

The United States has never had a true criminal code. The present Federal criminal statutes, enacted over the years and scattered throughout the acts of Congress, are hard to find, harder to understand and impossible to rationalize. Full of contradictions, they are often inconsistent, repetitious and vague. Some provisions are unenforced, some unenforceable. Many are inherently unjust, We have never had the care nor the courage to simplify, clarify and reduce the rules to a coherent and fair body of law that informs a free people where society draws the line.

Senate Bill 1437, soon coming to a final vote in Congress, seeks to do that. It is the present act of a drama that began with a memo I wrote to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy in the summer of 1964 suggesting an effort to codify, simplify and reform Federal criminal statutes. After several years' effort, the Congress created a commission to draft such a code. President Johnson appointed Pat Brown, former governor of California, chairman.

In 1971, the Brown Commission presented its recommendations to President Nixon. They were lean, relevant and decent and an enormous improvement over the existing bramblebush. Mr. Nixon rejected the Brown report and instructed his Attorneys General, first Mitchell, then Kleindienst, to draft his kind of code. The result, embellished in the Senate, was the infamous Senate Bill 1.

S. 1 offered a criminal code for despotism. It relied on the power of violence and fear of prisons and deception. It contained a web of statutes to ensuare every form of protest and opposition to Government activity experienced during the war in Vietnam. It pitted the beliefs of 1776 against the techniques of 1984. Watergate defeated S. 1. That it came so close shows how fragile our commitment to freedom is.

S. 1437 is the result of a three-year effort to achieve a compromise between S. 1 and the Brown Commission proposals. It is much shorter, cleaner, fairer and more coherent than S. 1. It is not as good as the Brown recommendations. It is better than existing law.

Granting its merits, S. 1437 has many provisions a people who want freedom will not accept. Here I can touch only on a few of these and will begin with a reminder that the Vietnam war was brought to a belated end primarily by the power of domestic dissent. The freedom to disagree with Government military policy, and to express such disagreement in any meaningful way, is severely crippled by S. 1437. The provisions that prohibit the physical interference with military recruitment include wording that could apply to anyone who walks in a

picket line at an enlistment center or who signs an antimilitary petition that might be construed as aiding or abetting illegal conduct. Under this proposed law, burning a draft card could be prosecuted as a Federal crime of physically interfering with conscription.

A new Federal offense would make it unlawful to disobey an order of a "public servant" to move, disperse or stop activity where conditions create a serious risk of personal injury or property damage. In short, "riot" conditions can be declared to prevent even peaceful demonstrations.

An imaginative provision threatening free speech would create the new Federal crime of "criminal solicitation." Borrowing an expression from the sex trade, this would outlaw any attempt to persuade another person to violate the law—no overt act need occur—and ties in closely with the bill's "criminal conspiracy" provisions.

For the first time, the Federal statute on obscenity would be based on nonexistent "contemporary community standards" in accord with the Supreme Court decisions that presently allow 12 Federal jurors anywhere in the country to decide the fate of a national publication.

The treasured right to the presumption of innocence in a criminal trial is jeopardized by the provision of S. 1437 that would permit a prosecutor to compel self-incriminating testimony before a grand jury after a grant of immunity—and then still prosecute on the basis of other evidence. While immunity statutes are often used to prosecute violent and organized crime, this legal weapon also has been used quite effectively against political dissidents, journalists or anyone who tries to protect sources of information.

Simply making a false oral statement to a Federal agent becomes a crime under S. 1437, and a vague provision prohibiting the obstruction of any Government function by fraud could be used to prosecute almost anyone from a Daniel Ellsberg who releases Government documents to a person giving wrong directions to a postman.

S. 1437 reflects a Government that fears and distrusts its citizens—and that takes a position contrary to the democratic premise that a government should serve the people rather than suppress them. It would greatly increase the Federal-prison population and expand Federal police power and jurisdiction. It would create more interference with the individual and his freedom when we need less.

A climate of fear fostered by a continuum of war through every generation, assassinations that destroy leadership, international political terrorism and an unproven belief in a steady increase in violent crime—fear enhanced by Watergate and S. 1 itself—have conditioned us not to expect much freedom; indeed, to oppose it. Liberty can wait. Right now, we want security. But the kind of security we want emotionally is the kind we must reject by reason, because it carries too high a price: the surrender of our liberties, the creation of a police state.

There's no question that this country needs a just Federal criminal code. But it would be a terrible mistake to reform present statutes inadequately or in a way that endangers freedom when this opportunity arises so seldom in the life of our country. of the pellet (the instructions say ten), but even then, I'm careful, because while my wife feels no sensation from the breakdown of the chemicals, I do.

So, gents, buy your lady 12 nice, long, carefree lays, but let the little wax slug rest halfway up the canal for a while. Believe me, I know a hot tip when I feel one. And if you are a natural-flavor freak, do your dining before inserting the Oval, or place it really deep so you don't bite the bullet. Otherwise, you'll get a little citrus with her clit'ris.

Waldo DeVille Norwalk, Connecticut

### PROPOT PATRIOT

I wish to praise the Playboy Defense Team and NORML for their endless efforts in Red Lodge, Montana, and elsewhere. Which goes to prove three things:

- 1. Marijuana is here to stay.
- 2. There are still good people in the world.
- 3. It's a good thing we live in the U.S.A. In some places, you can't have a Playboy Defense Team, a NORML or even a difference of opinion.

Swen Andersen Tonawanda, New York

### NATIONAL PERILS

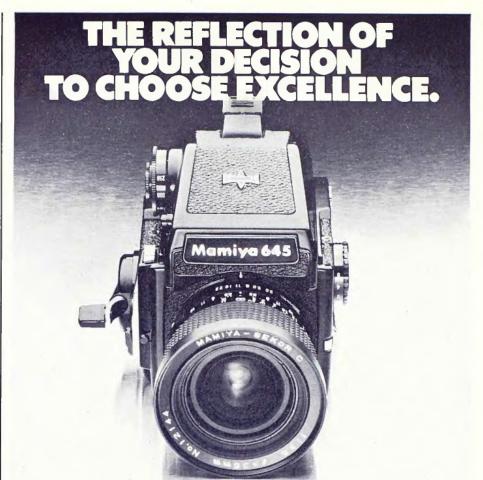
I think the efforts of politicians to keep marijuana a crime derive partly from the failure to appreciate that it is no longer a youthful vice or a symbol of cultural rebellion but has become virtually a national norm. This occurred to me as I read a short news item mentioning that this country now has some 20,000,000 C.B.-radio operators, all of whom I consider villains dedicated to screwing up my television set. I was in a "they should outlaw those sons of bitches" mood when I realized that the country is now afflicted with about the same number of C.B.ers as pot smokers, so prohibition is impossible. If the antimarijuana politicians could get it through their heads that every C.B. antenna could represent one user of marijuana (and, I might add, one vote), they might revise their stand on the issue. Or at least give up the idea that they can stamp it out by means of law.

> (Name withheld by request) San Antonio, Texas

You're right, but can you imagine: rust-streaked freighters skulking toward our coast lines, off-loading crates of contraband C.B. radios onto fast cutters that elude the Coast Guard and the FCC to slip their illicit cargo into fog-shrouded coves by moonlight?

### BIRTH CONTROLLED?

In the February Playboy Forum, a man from Buffalo, Minnesota, ignorantly argues that the expression "unwillingly pregnant" used by pro-abortionists is inaccurate, that it should be "unhappily pregnant" because it's a woman's own fault for



The purchase of a Mamiya M645 reflects a conscious decision to choose excellence. And it's a decision thousands of serious photographers have already made.

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not having used contraceptives. Bullshit! I've been married four years and conscientiously used the pill for five years, and I've gotten pregnant twice in spite of it. On neither occasion did I have an abortion, but I certainly did become pregnant unwillingly and the fact that I could have aborted at least meant we were able to decide for ourselves instead of being forced to have children. Until men can get pregnant themselves and go through the pains of carrying, bearing and raising a child, they should shut their fat traps.

(Name withheld by request) Wenatchee, Washington

Not unexpectedly, quite a few women responded to that letter, detailing their unhappy experiences with every kind of contraceptive, especially the pill. Your response is one of the more genteel.

### PEER PRESSURE

I'm a 22-year-old female with some comments on the letter from the police officer in the May Playboy Forum. He says that his main objection to teenagers' using pot (aside from the legal dangers) is that it can afford young people too easy a means of escaping from the problems of growing up, instead of learning to deal with them. I suggest that pot itself is one of those problems. I quickly learned that if you did not use pot, or smoke or drink, you were labeled weird and found yourself without friends. Is

that not the way the whole of society is structured? The idea of doing your own thing was and is just so much hypocrisy. The motto should be, "Do your own thing . . . as long as it's what everybody else is doing."

(Name withheld by request) Lancaster, Ohio

### ANTI-ADOLESCENTS

The modest proposal of your San Diego correspondent (*The Playboy Forum*, May) to not only keep abortion legal but make it retroactive up to the age of 21 restores my confidence in the basic good sense, ingenuity and pragmatism of Americans. But let's get with it—there's not a moment to lose! My worthless offspring is already 20.

(Name withheld by request) Woodside, New York

### BIOTHEOLOGY

Since theology seems to be one of the subjects continually argued in *The Playboy Forum*, let me pass on the belief of a friend of mine. He seems to think that God is the universe, the sun being His heart, the planets being various other parts of His body, and that we humans are merely a bunch of germs. I think maybe he smokes too many funny cigarettes.

Randy V. Torres

San Francisco, California All we can say is that the Sacred Heart, the Womb of the Virgin and the Blood of the Lamb are religious concepts that predate the current drug problem.

### BIBLICAL B.S.

"Go thou forth," sayeth the Lord to the redneck. "Take thy gun in thy true Christian pinkies. Sneak ye up to Larry Flynt and, yea, verily, smite him, for he hath obscened. Then sneak thee back to thine abode and bang ye thy Bible, for ye shalt surely be rewarded for thy bravery. If thy reward cometh not in this, thine earthly life, thou shalt surely be rewarded in the kingdom of heaven. Yea, verily, those golden gates shall open wide for thee if thy ass be caught by heretics and punished."

Dave Rogers Madison Heights, Michigan

### RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

An April Playboy Forum letter advocates the establishment of a new national religion that could include the use of marijuana as a rite. Although I believe the letter was written tongue in cheek, the idea is not so farfetched as it seems. The use of "magic buttons" in certain Indian religious rites is well documented and the use of sacramental wine has been accepted by millions for many years.

While not advocating the use of marijuana in religious rites, we of the Free Church of America, a nonjudgmental, nonprofit church, do believe in complete freedom of worship and in freedom of

### FORUM FOLLIES

The following letter was received from a South African reader who wishes to remain anonymous, but we feel his exercise in applied mathematics warrants a special place in "The Playboy Forum."

My profession is that of mechanical engineer, and one of my colleagues recently came up with the observation that the penis movement during intercourse could readily be translated into accumulated linear movement, or travel. Merely by measuring the length of the penis in erection and multiplying this by the average number of in-and-out strokes per sex act, a man can determine the hypothetical distance he "travels" while screwing, or how much screwing he must do for his penis to travel a given distance. This concept struck me as amusing and I have decided to put it on a more formal, scientific basis as expressed in a mathematical formula utilizing known constants and averaged variables. The formula below will allow anyone to determine what I shall call his fornication utilization constant, or F.U.C.

F.U.C. = 52d 
$$\left(\frac{m-x}{m}\right)\left(\frac{2L}{100}\right)$$
  $\left(\frac{s}{100}\right)\left[60t\left(\frac{R_{max} + R_{min}}{2}\right)\right]$ 

Where

d = average number of screws per week,

m = interval between menstrual periods, in days,

x = duration of anticipated enforced abstinence (menstruation, arguments, travel, etc.), in days per month,

 L = maximum possible insertion (M.P.I.), in centimeters,

s = frequency of occurrence of M.P.I., expressed as percentage,

t = duration of actual intercourse, in minutes.

R<sub>max</sub> = maximum stroke rate per second and

R<sub>min</sub> = minimum stroke rate per second.

Explanation of constants: 52 (weeks per year); 2 (allowance for return stroke); 100 (conversion of penis length from centimeters to meters); 100 (conversion of percent of M.P.I. to a fraction); 60 (conversion of minutes to seconds).

Note that the above formula presumes one sex partner and predictable periods of abstinence. In cases of multiple partners, the weeks-peryear constant is reduced accordingly, the F.U.C. is determined for each partner and simply added to find total distance traveled annually or over any other period of time.

For example, in my own case, the variables have the following values:

d = 4 (sex four times per average week),

m = 28 days (wife being standard production model),

x = 7 (four days off for normal period, plus two days per month out of town, plus one night per month in the doghouse, equals 7),

L = 15 centimeters (penis length, or M.P.I.),

s = 40 (M.P.I. occurs 40 percent of strokes),

t = 12 minutes actual intercourse, R<sub>max</sub> = 3 strokes per second,

R<sub>min</sub> = 1 stroke per second,

giving us:

F.U.C. = 
$$52 \times 4 \left( \frac{28-7}{28} \right) \left( \frac{2 \times 15}{100} \right)$$
$$\left( \frac{40}{100} \right) \left[ 60 \times 12 \left( \frac{3+1}{2} \right) \right]$$

F.U.C. = 26,956.80 meters per year or

= 26.9568 kilometers per year or

= 16.75 miles per year.

The fellow who came up with this idea is an American who calculates that he "left" Los Angeles in 1952 and has just reached the outskirts of San Francisco.

individual action, together with responsibility for such action.

If a group of worshipers were to get together and take a hit or two, and enjoyed the openness and fellowship of one another, who would be the loser—the worshipers or those who sit in their apartments in isolation, watching reruns of *I Love Lucy*?

T. C. Ellis, Bishop Free Church of America Redondo Beach, California

After carefully studying the April issue's letter to which you refer, we're convinced that its author is just as serious as you are, if that's any consolation.

### **LEGAL ATHEISM**

In January's *Playboy Forum*, Jerry Petersen seems to think that atheists are discriminated against. I would like to remind him that the reason our forefathers came to this country to begin with was to escape persecution on account of their religious beliefs. I have yet to see a U. S. law that says you have to believe in God.

Nancy Richardson Worley, Idaho

We respect your feelings but would remind you that persecution doesn't always take the form of laws and that many colonists who fled religious persecution elsewhere displayed a nasty inclination to do their own persecuting as soon as they were in a position to do so.

### OBSCENITY DECISION

As an attorney, I read The United States Law Week and never cease to be amazed at some of the interesting decisions, both good and bad, reported therein. I enclose a copy of an excerpt of a particularly stupid decision by the Utah Supreme Court, ruling in Salt Lake City vs. Piepenburg and upholding the constitutionality of a city ordinance prohibiting the exhibition of movies depicting explicit sexual conduct (46 LW 2225). I quote from Utah Chief Justice A. H. Ellett's decision denouncing the U. S. Supreme Court ruling that legal obscenity can exist only in the absence of serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.

Some state judges, acting the part of sycophants, echo that doctrine. It would appear that such an argument ought only to be advanced by depraved, mentally deficient, mindwarped queers. Judges who seek to find technical excuses to permit such pictures to be shown under the pretense of finding some intrinsic value to it are reminiscent of a dog that returns to his vomit in search of some morsel in that filth which may have some redeeming value to his own taste. If those judges have not the good sense and decency to resign from their positions as judges, they

should be removed either by impeachment or by the vote of the decent people of their constituency.

> (Name withheld by request) Chicago, Illinois

You have to admit that ol' Chief Justice Ellett doesn't lack for colorful language and down-home style.

### **OVERPROTECTIVE**

I've worried so much (without doing much) about whales, porpoises, baby seals, pollution, whooping cranes, bald eagles, etc., that my do-gooder impulses were triggered even by the newspaper reports that "the once-dreaded disease smallpox has been completely eradicated from the face of the earth," to quote one story. I caught myself feeling sorry about smallpox—as if it had gone the way of some unprotected form of wild-life. Judging from my own instinctive

"From my reporting of rape trials, existing laws seem to benefit only the guilty."

reaction, we're going to have to be careful that some overzealous protectionist doesn't try to put certain historic diseases on the endangered-species list.

> John Kelly New York, New York

We don't want to give you any ideas, but bubonic-plague bacteria are presumed to be encisted and still viable in London's 17th Century plague pits.

### PRISONER PROBLEMS

I am doing some research on family visits in the prison system. I found one study stating that such visits make an inmate more trusting of prison officials and help him keep close and intimate with his wife. They help keep families together. I am an inmate in Muskegon Correctional Facility and my wife and I are having some marital problems because we have no real way to communicate. We can kiss and hug when she comes to visit and again when she goes. But we must not touch each other's hips, chests or thighs during the visit or it becomes terminated. Not that I want to rape my wife in a crowded room, but the need to caress and hold each other is great. I have talked to our warden, who agrees that family visits are important but who says it would take a law to change present regulations. So I am writing in the hope that everyone who has anything to do with prison rules will try to improve the situation for married inmates.

Now my wife is treated like some kind of criminal for wanting to be close to me. I know I am here to be punished, but should my wife be torn from me to punish her for what I've done? I know life will be rough for me if I lose her because I love her and can't really show it. If there is anything you can do to help, I would deeply appreciate it.

Archie Beaton Muskegon, Michigan

### NO-WIN SITUATION

Harold Stauffen quite intelligently discusses some of the inequities involved in both rape accusations and rape prosecutions (The Playboy Forum, March). I don't pretend to know the solution, but I do know from my reporting of rape trials that existing laws seem to benefit only the guilty—of either sex. It seems about equally impossible to successfully prosecute a violent rapist who attacks some innocent woman in her home or on the street or to exonerate some poor bastard who gets accused of rape by some neurotic pricktease he meets in a singles bar.

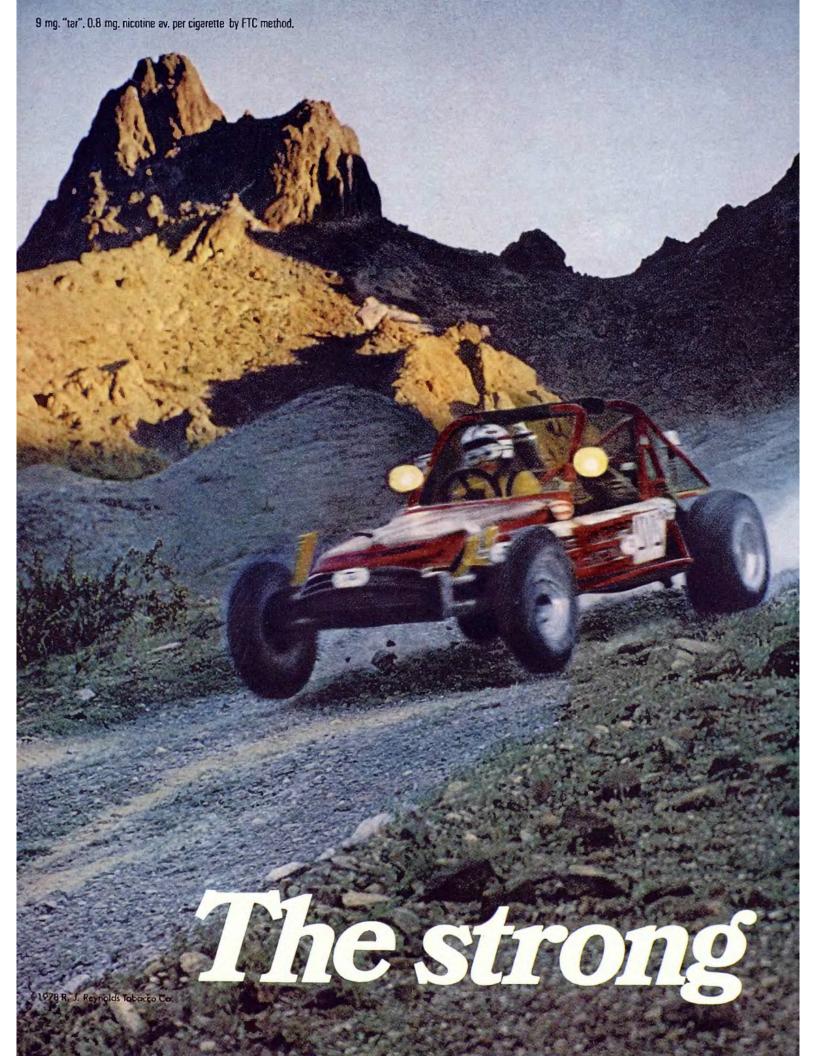
On this subject, especially, the laws are bad, the police are bad and the courts are bad, but the real villain is that first one—the laws. Two years ago, my wife fought off a rapist in a laundromat (of all places) and, despite witnesses and the capture of the guy by police less than an hour later, as he was dragging another woman into his car, the police advised us, off the record, not to press charges. They said it would be nearly impossible to get a conviction and that the guy seemed crazy enough to retaliate! They were helpless; we were helpless. The bastard is still on the streets.

I know from experience on my paper's police beat that cops are capable of brutality and stupidity. But I also know that they become very frustrated at the failure of the courts to back them up when they are doing their job well.

I concede that what I suggest is a utopian nonsolution, but I do wish that the good cops, who have generally good judgment, had the authority to just blow away the assholes they catch in the act and whom they know from professional experience to be a danger to citizens. The trouble, of course, is that the bad cops would exercise the same privilege against the wrong people. Hell, I don't know. Nobody knows.

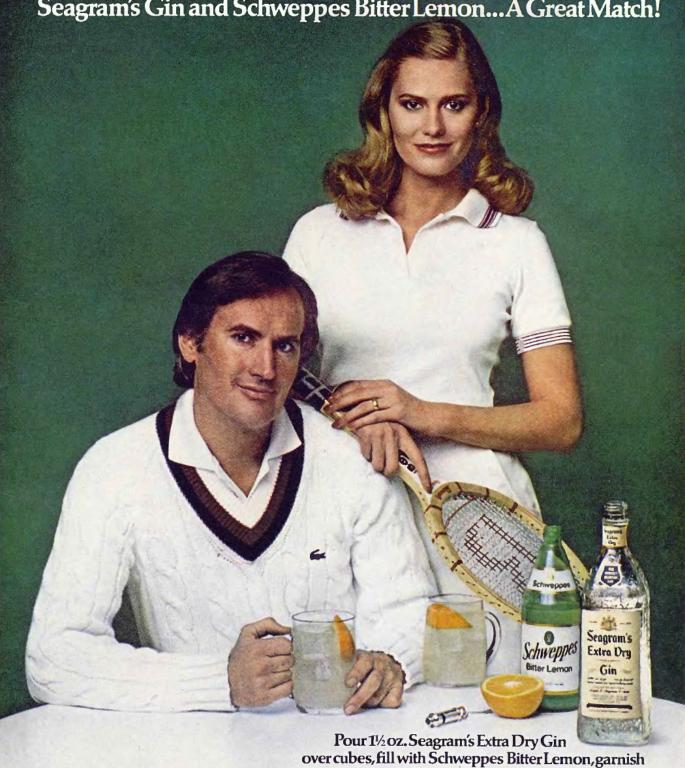
(Name and address withheld by request)

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TED TURNER

a candid conversation about big-time sports, sex, money and the media with atlanta's hip-shooting team owner and america's cup winner

How do you figure a guy who thinks he was once Christopher Columbus? Or John F. Kennedy? Or Sir Francis Drake bearing down on the Spanish Armada? Whether you figure him for nuts or not, one thing is certain: In his present incarnation, Ted Turner, the rambunctious owner of Atlanta's baseball Braves and basketball Hawks, is one of the best entertainments in sports today.

As the first baseballs were thrown out to open the 1978 season, fans everywhere welcomed back the oddest ball of them all. After sitting out last season under suspension by commissioner Bowie Kuhn, Terrible Ted, the Mouth of the South, the America's Cup skipper with delusions of historical grandeur, was officially back at the helm of the losingest team in the National League (61–101 for 1977).

At Atlanta Stadium, Turner sets himself up in a front-row seat behind the Braves' dugout with a live publicaddress microphone at his side; a portable radio, his feet and a fresh pouch of Red Man chewing tobacco are arrayed on the dugout roof in front of him. At any moment, he may jump the rail to shake a scoring player's hand, dive into the seats to catch a foul ball or grab his mike to announce rain checks for everyone if the Braves continue to lose. Because of an inability to say no, he suffers a constant stream of young (and not-soyoung) autograph seekers. During any home game, it is Turner who will give out two to three dozen autographs, more than any player in the park (unless the retired Hank Aaron shows up). Mockingly protesting the burdens of fame-even as his picture is flashed onto the 30-foot TV screen in center field-Turner gladly signs everything thrust before him (including arms and sometimes chests). Sitting behind Turner during a game last year, an Australian visitor said, "was like sitting behind Caesar at the Colosseum."

For a decade, Charlie O. Finley kept baseball hopping with his impish and unpredictable variations on the old game. Turner bids fair to replace Finley as the game's chief unguided missile, yet he manages to have everyone (but the other owners) like him. On the Braves' promotional brochure, a picture of Turner, done up as a ringmaster, is larger and more prominently displayed than those of the players.

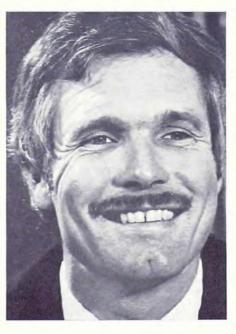
Turner is a born-again millionaire (his father was a millionaire who shot himself after becoming overextended) who flies coach class, drives an economy car and preaches equality. He has played David to many Goliaths and usually comes up victorious or at least honorably bloodied. It is for that simple, unrelenting scrappiness that they love him in Atlanta.

A television executive who had never played baseball and did not know a balk from an infield fly, Turner bought the lackluster Braves only two seasons ago amid rumors that the faltering franchise might soon be sold to another city. By assuming the team's \$9,650,000 debt with a \$1,000,000 cash down payment and 12 years to pay at only six percent interest, Turner took a calculated risk on a team then known mostly for its absentee ownership and its fiscal tightfistedness.

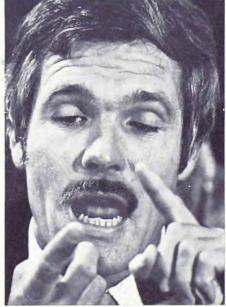
Immediately upon taking over, Turner signed a handful of high-priced players: Jeff Burroughs, Willie Montanez, Andy Messersmith and Gary Matthews. As with most of his executive decisions, Turner



"What's happened to sports today? There are a million guys who have to work in a factory for only \$12,000 a year. If you asked any of them if he'd like to play for \$18,000, would he turn it down?"



"A little violence in the rink or on the football field is OK. The worst they do is knock each other down. That's what men really enjoy, anyway: getting together and beating the shit out of each other."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE HELBER

"It's only horny people who shoot people. I mean, you never feel aggressive just after you've gotten laid, right? Lots of sex for everybody, that's a solution to the world's problems."

plunged into the deal for free-agent outfielder Matthews mouth first: At a New York cocktail party, Turner casually but noisily challenged San Francisco Giants co-owner Bob Lurie to outbid him when Matthews' contract with the Giants expired. Turner won the bidding war-he signed Matthews for \$1,750,000 for five years-but his slip of the lip led to a \$10,000 fine and his suspension for tampering with a player who was at the time still the "property" of the Giants.

Turner is also known to millions as the three-sheets-to-the-wind sailboat skipper with the Clark Gable mustache and chiseled Hollywood looks who appeared on national television last September looking under a table for his bottle of hooch. The son of a Georgia billboard hustler had just won the America's Cup yachting race—the world championship of sailing, which has gone on since 1851 and has never been lost by the United Statesand was scandalizing the crusty denizens of the sponsoring New York Yacht Club at the postrace press conference in Newport, Rhode Island, by acting more like a stevedore who had won the New York State Lottery. While Newport shuddered, America applauded the new folk hero.

The victory was doubly sweet for Turner. As a successful and aggressive newcomer to ocean racing, he had twice been named Yachtsman of the Year but had never won the race for the America's Cup. When he was invited to the 1974 U.S. trials, Turner was saddled with an innovative 12-meter yacht named Mariner "that just wouldn't go." Most sailors today agree that Mariner, with her unconventional truncated stern, was a sailing lemon; Turner lost not only the trials but his helm as well. Losing is what he hates most, so in 1977 he returned with many of his former crewmen to skipper Courageous, a proven winner, and beat the barnacles off his two American competitors, who are old-guard sailors and professional sailmakers to boot. After the grueling competition of the summer-long trials, defending the Cup in four races against Australia was a runaway for Turner. As a result, he became the first sailor ever named Yachtsman of the Year three times.

Born 39 years ago in Cincinnati, Robert Edward Turner III moved as a boy with his family to Georgia, where he attended one public and two private military schools. The pressures of the military atmosphere and his father's stern discipline turned him into a fierce competitor; he also became a history and classics buff fascinated with wars, warriors and naval heroes. When Turner was 11 and living in Savannah, his father indulged him with a tiny Penguin sailboat; that was the beginning of a great sailing career.

After graduating as a debating champion from McCallie School in Chattanoo-

ga, Tennessee, Turner attended Brown University and became known as its leading Southern hellion. When he decided to major in classics rather than business, his outraged father wrote, "I think you are rapidly becoming a jackass." But Turner never graduated; he was twice suspended for such infractions as having a coed in his room and burning down his fraternity's homecoming float.

On completion of a short stint in the Coast Guard, Turner returned to the family outdoor-advertising business just before his father committed suicide. Turner knew the business well: He had worked summers, nailing frames and pasting ads. Although the company had been sold to pay debts, Turner, against all the best business advice, immediately bought it back and eventually turned it into a huge success. Several years later, again over the protests of his closest financial advisors, he purchased a foundering independent U.H.F. television station. After an initial loss of \$2,000,000, Turner's WTCG forged a lock on the sports, sitcom and movie-rerun market

"I want to be a millionaire owner, not a broke owner. Millionaire players are driving Lincolns and I'm driving a leased Chevrolet."

for a whopping 16 percent average share of the Atlanta television audience.

So it should have come as no surprise when, two years ago, Turner again defied his advisors and bought not one but two failing franchises-the baseball Braves and the basketball Hawks-in a city that cares only about football. Turner immediately promised Atlanta's baseball fans a world series within five years.

To find out just what makes Teddy run, we assigned Contributing Editor Peter Ross Range (who interviewed another Georgian, Andrew Young, for PLAYBOY) to catch up with him at Newport and points south. Range's report:

"Catching Turner is a feat in itself. Our interviewing took place on his sailboat, on a motor launch, in various cars, in an airplane, in his office, at his home, in a baseball stadium, in a high school gymnasium and in several restaurants. Since it was impossible to predict what would make the most telling comment, I had to tape everything, and because Turner's mouth almost never stops, the total verbiage came to almost 800 pages of transcript. At one point, he kept talking to me through an open door while he used the john-as the tape rolled on. When I visited his posh office

at Atlanta Stadium-Turner, still suspended, was not officially allowed to go in-he suddenly showed up with his nose pressed to the picture window facing the ball field, talking for all he was worth. I couldn't hear a word. The tape at that point reveals an unidentified voice saying, 'Look at that fool; he never stops.'

"But Turner is not simply a guy with a big mouth; he is a bona fide, largerthan-life character. He dominates any room or situation he is in; you feel his presence right away. Yet he is also an overgrown kid who brings a joyful naïveté to every enterprise. He is innocent of the simple mechanics of almost everything he does-from running a television studio to throwing a curve ballbut is able to motivate others to do those things for him to the best of their ability. As a true naif, Turner is unfettered by preconceptions of how things should work. His is a blithe spirit that skates along on the smooth ice of its own selfconfidence; he will try anything ten times. He is a fanatically positive thinker who can be made to believe in almost any scheme or person. And he can always pull out a Biblical quote or classical tale to help rationalize whatever he decides.

"Just as his life is not a single, focused achievement, Turner's fame is the product of assorted sins, outrages and successes in more than one field. So I started the interview by trying to get a fix on

his new celebrity."

PLAYBOY: How are you best known-as the winner of last year's America's Cup sailboat race or as the outspoken owner of the Atlanta Braves?

TURNER: Both. The reason the America's Cup became famous was because Bowie Kuhn suspended me from baseball for a year. I was an innocent man serving time. I mean, Jesus Christ would have been considered just another long-haired hippie freak if he hadn't been crucified. The folks weren't impressed with healing the sick, feeding the multitudes bread and fish or anything else, except maybe the walking on water. But when he got crucified, that gave him his big start. Especially when he came up again three days later-that was a real good show. The America's Cup wouldn't have been famous if I hadn't been suspended. I've got to be some kind of awful guy. I was the only guy suspended for a year. Nobody in hockey, nobody in football, nobody in soccer, nobody was suspended but me.

PLAYBOY: Kuhn suspended you for tampering with Gary Matthews' contract. Do you think you were unfairly treated?

TURNER: It's not fun being suspended. That's why I went in to have a secret meeting with the big chief last fall. I just walked in and said, "Hi, boss, can you maybe unsuspend me early so I can help the team in the off season?" A year



controlled by computer-a microprocessor with no fewer than five memories—would be enough to dazzle anybody.

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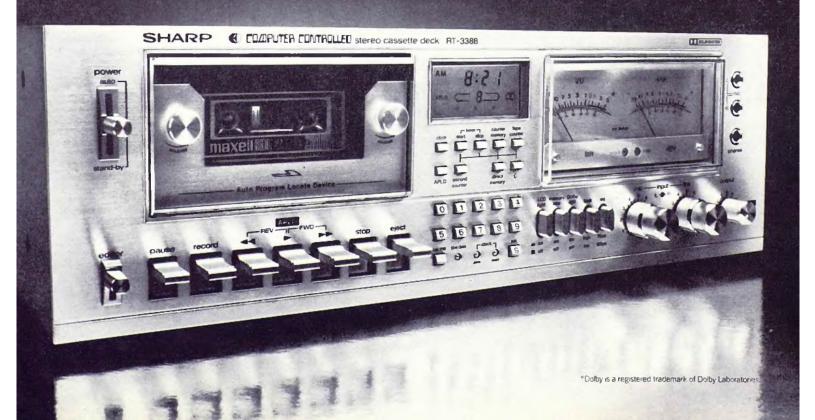
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seemed like an awfully heavy penalty just for making a cocktail-party remark during a rained-out game of the world series. I mean, the Braves had a reputation for being cheap and I just wanted to let them know I would pay what it took to get a quality ballplayer. Anyway, at the winter baseball meeting in Honolulu last December, the commissioner lifted my suspension.

PLAYBOY: By bidding so high for Matthews and offering a \$300,000-a-year contract to Andy Messersmith, weren't you actually attacking the reserve clause in baseball?

TURNER: Well, yeah, I believe in freedom. Of course, Messersmith pitched only 16 games for us before he was hurt. That works out to \$18,750 a game, and now I've sold his contract to the Yankees. I'm not buying any more millionaire players-no more free agents for superbig loot. I mean, we're not only the worst team in baseball, we're the poorest. We're losing something over \$4000 a day, about \$2,000,000 cash loss per season. I want to be a millionaire owner, not a broke owner. Millionaire players are driving Lincolns and I'm driving a leased Chevrolet. But I'm getting a Toyota because of the energy crisis.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the Atlanta Hawks basketball franchise costing you a lot, too?

TURNER: That was like taking over the Confederate Army on the steps of Appomattox Court House. I bought the world's two worst sports franchises. Last season, we finally did OK and got into the playoffs. But the thing that's a disaster for a basketball franchise is not to have any season-ticket holders, like we don't. That and having a whole lot of hacks under long-term, no-cut contracts for big bucks. Hell, the President of the United States gets only a four-year contract and it's got a cut provision in case he's impeached.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you have a lot of young talent?

TURNER: Yeah, but a lot of old bills, too. The Hawks had one forward pulling down \$160,000 a year, and he never played at all. He broke his leg playing around and we had to pay him anyway. That was a disaster.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't there insurance against these things?

TURNER: You insure a guy's life when you have a no-cut contract, but you can't insure his knees or his arm. You can't insure whether he'll be able to play or not. A guy can't play baseball if he's got a blister on his hand or toe. Just can't do it, you know. Like, if you've got a sore cock, you can't fuck. There's just certain days you can't do it. I tell you the truth, if they tried to play basketball with a sore knee as much as they try to fuck with a sore cock, we wouldn't be in a bad league. You'd have a lot more guys going to the basket. As it is, they

get freighted around first-class in 747s, and not exactly to bad spots—New York, Los Angeles, Chicago. They've got girls waiting for them in every hotel; all they've got to do is pick the one they want. They have their choice, at 60 grand a year.

**PLAYBOY:** At the beginning of last season, you fired the top management of the Hawks, just as you did when you took over the baseball team. Why?

TURNER: We had some guys around here who could fuck up a two-car funeral. And they were wasting my money. I paid \$10,000,000 for this team. We can't afford expensive managers. I bet you we could get some volunteer workers if we got on TV and said, "Help the Hawks. Give the Hawks a helping hand." We could run the whole front office on volunteers. In fact, maybe we could get them to pay us \$1000 to come to work. Everybody wants to work in sports, right? I know a guy who has a TV station and calls it a broadcast school; people pay \$200 a week just to work there. They screw up a lot, like running

"Buying the Atlanta Hawks
basketball franchise was like
taking over the Confederate
Army on the steps of
Appomattox Court House.
I bought the world's two
worst sports franchises."

the commercials upside down, but the guy has no payroll costs.

PLAYBOY: Back to baseball. You promised you would bring a world series to Atlanta by 1980. Why did you make such an unbelievable claim?

TURNER: I may have to revise my timetable to about 1982, five years from last season. Since I was suspended last summer, I couldn't do anything with the team. And I was away racing sailboats in Newport for four months. But I'll do it. I'll do it because a lot of people in high places laughed at me. Watch me. I'm like a bulldog that won't let go. Why do you think my own racing yacht is named Tenacious, dummy?

PLAYBOY: We give up. Why?

TURNER: Because I never quit. I've got a bunch of flags on my boat, but there ain't no white flags. I don't surrender. That's the story of my life. Just think, if you were a rabbit, to survive, you'd have to hop fast and keep your eyes open. "'Ride, boldly ride,' the shade replied—'if you seek for Eldorado.'"

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel the baseball establishment is against you?

TURNER: There is definitely a power structure in baseball, just like in any corporation. And I think the suspension covered a lot of other things they didn't like about me—to bring to my attention the fact that I was going to have to knuckle under and be more like everyone else.

PLAYBOY: How?

TURNER: Like not being so friendly with my players. Chub Feeney, the president of the National League, let me know some of the things I was doing were not endearing me to the establishment. I mean, all the owners are friendly with the players in public, but I was with them a lot on a personal basis. On road trips, we used to have a little poker game, me and Big Earl Williams and Jimmy Wynn, Davey May and Vic Correll. It was just nickel-and-dime stuff. I mean, the only guy who was losing a lot was the Delta Air Lines guy, he must have dropped \$100 a night, the rest of us just lost maybe \$30 or \$40, max.

PLAYBOY: What did Feeney do?

TURNER: It was right after I had hollered at Al Hrabosky not to sign his contract. He was jogging out a fly ball and I yelled, "Hey, Al, don't sign your contract." That's all I said. But about 15,000 people heard me. The crowds at Atlanta Stadium are pretty quiet, because there is nothing to cheer about. So Feeney called me in, said there were a few things he wanted to discuss. And soon. So I went soon, out to the old league office in San Francisco.

PLAYBOY: And what happened?

TURNER: Feeney said, "Owners don't play poker with players." I said, "Why not? Is there some kind of goddamned rule against collaborating with the enemy? On my team, I am part of the damn team." I couldn't believe there was this double standard where all the players have to bow their heads and say, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to the owners. Maybe to the older guys, but why me?

PLAYBOY: What did Feeney say?

TURNER: He suggested I stop playing poker. So I did. But the players still like me. Even Pete Rose of the Cincinnati Reds told me one day, "I wish I had an owner like you." Strong!

PLAYBOY: What about another wellpublicized run-in you had with the baseball establishment when you appointed yourself the manager of the Braves in May 1977?

TURNER: That lasted only one day. Bowie Kuhn said it was bad for baseball. But, hell, when they asked me to join the league, all they asked was what I thought of the baseball rules and primarily what my financial backing was. I told Kuhn, "They didn't ask if I could play baseball and they said I could hire any manager I want." I said, "Why didn't they give me a goddamn test,

like a driver's-license test, to see how much I knew about baseball?" Maybe I'da flunked it,

It was just a bunch of horseshit, but they were so happy to find somebody who would buy the team. They must have figured that I didn't know anything and I wouldn't be a threat. Then I went out and signed Messersmith and got the shit for doing that. He had caused a lot of trouble by breaking down the reserve system. The old-line owners just weren't going to give Messersmith a good offer. This may be an assumption on my part, but there were some owners who would have preferred to see him sit the season out. That opinion wasn't shared by everyone, because Messersmith had come very close to signing with both the Yankees and the Padres. There are other mavericks in baseball, Ray Kroc of the Padres is a little bit of one. Steinbrenner certainly is one. Hell, most owners of sports teams are weirdos. But I don't like being on the other side of the fence from the players.

PLAYBOY: But you're paying their salaries. TURNER: That's right, but I'm willing to share. If we win a world series, the ball-players should be paid world-series wages. I'm not trying to get rich off baseball.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to manage the Braves?

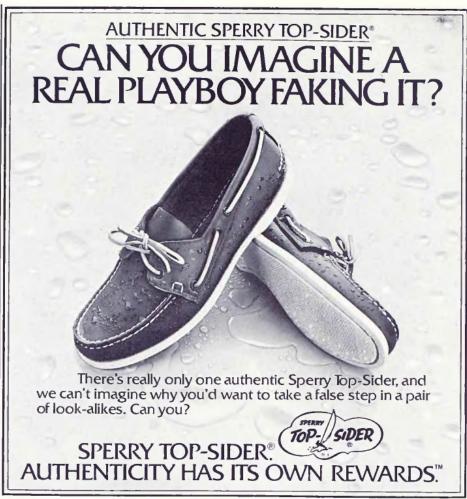
TURNER: We had lost about 16 games in a row and I figured if I could really get down in the dugout with some authority, I might find out what was wrong. I'm just like the average guy in the stands: When things are going bad, there are 10,000 guys up there who think, If I could just take over this ball club for a while, I'd straighten them out. And I own the club, right? But Kuhn said I couldn't manage again, regardless of anything. So I asked him if it was OK if I went and managed in the minor leagues for a year and really learned how to do it. He said, "Nope."

PLAYBOY: How could you do that and manage your television station and other businesses?

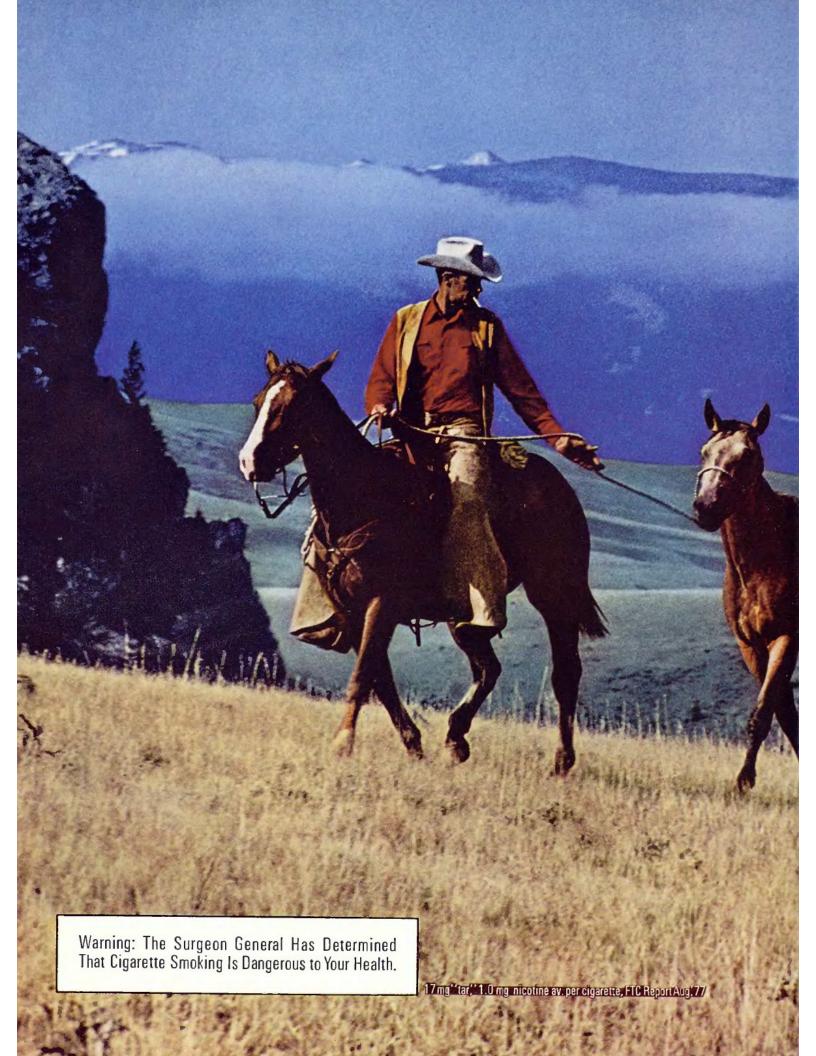
TURNER: Baseball is a big part of our company now. We're losing as much money in baseball as the rest of the company is making.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think you could manage a baseball team? You never played the sport.

TURNER: That's true. I went into sailing as a kid, because I was no good at baseball, no good at hockey, no good at basketball. And I was always just a skinny little shrimp, so I couldn't play football. When I bought the Braves, I didn't know what a balk or an infield fly was. But I've got the ability to inspire people. What makes me a successful sailboat racer is that I've got executive ability. I can make 11 guys work harder and longer than anybody else. And baseball players are the same











way: They just want someone who really cares. Look, we're reviving that old high school spirit around here, and it's working. We've got a bunch of good guys, the nucleus of a good ball team, and a lot of them are young and unknown. What if we put together a team with nobody making over \$30,000?

PLAYBOY: We doubt that the players would like it.

TURNER: What's happened to sports today? I mean, there are a million guys who have to work in a factory for only \$12,000 a year. You think if you asked any one of them if he would like to come play for a living for \$18,000, he would turn it down? That's what I said to one of our minor-league players who complained last summer about having to ride a bus from Pawtucket to Rochester.

PLAYBOY: Besides fraternizing and trying to manage the team, in what other ways did you alienate your fellow owners?

TURNER: Another thing they didn't like, I think, was some of the things I did at the ball park. One time last year, I just decided to run out with the ball girl when she went to sweep the bases after the fifth inning. I swept the bases, then did a flip at third base.

PLAYBOY: Are you some kind of gymnast? TURNER: No, never did a flip before in my life. When I got to third base, the people were cheering and everything; it just seemed like the right thing to do. I landed on my feet. I have a picture somewhere that shows me upside down in the air, with my head about six inches off the ground. Also, I raced an ostrich around the ball park and I pushed a baseball from first base to home plate with my nose.

PLAYBOY: When was that?

TURNER: The Phillies were in town and we had this little pregame competition, with six events, like throwing a basket-ball into a garbage can from the pitcher's mound. Nobody on our team volunteered for the baseball push, so I said, "I'll do it." I'm one of those idiots who would have volunteered for a dangerous mission in the Army. I was going to be bat boy that night and I was already in uniform. Tug McGraw volunteered for the Phillies.

PLAYBOY: Who won?

TURNER: I beat Tug by a mile. But my nose and forehead got all bloody. Tug was just nudging his ball along, but I didn't know that. You had to hit it hard with your nose or it wouldn't really go, and I knew I wasn't going to let him beat me. You hit it, then scoot up behind it and hit it again. I started on the grass, but it rolled onto the gravel in the base path. That's when I noticed blood all over the ball. We won five out of six events. Too bad we couldn't play baseball, too. They killed us that night.

PLAYBOY: Do you go out of your way to act outrageous?

TURNER: Hell, no. There's a fine line between being colorful and being an asshole, and I hope I'm still just colorful. Do you think I'm wacko? I am feeling a bit weird about now.

PLAYBOY: Are you having qualms about doing this interview?

TURNER: Oh, boy, I know I'm burying myself. You think Jimmy Carter had trouble? Wait till this interview comes out. But this is the big time. Everybody wants to do something like this. I'm just a big kid who loves a good time. This is the big leagues. But it's always my mouth that gets me in trouble.

PLAYBOY: That's why you're known as the Mouth of the South?

TURNER: I hate that. That's derogatory. I got that from some guy who didn't like me.

PLAYBOY: Why do you talk so much? TURNER: Maybe because I'm good at it, you dodo. I couldn't do any sport, but I learned to speak on my feet, and that's a hell of a lot better than being a high school quarterback. I went into debating in my sophomore year in high school and ended up winning the state

"You want to know why I bought the Braves? Because the stadium is one big play pen where I can have 53,000 of my friends over for a little fun."

championship my senior year. I've got a virtually limitless supply of bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get your com-

TURNER: I've always had that. I guess I was born with it. I was 11 when I got my first boat. I couldn't sail, either. So I just kept trying, sailing around the Savannah River in weather that drove everybody else in, trying to go too fast. I was in the water a lot. They called me Turnover Turner.

**PLAYBOY:** Obviously, you like to win. Why did you make such an investment as paying almost \$10,000,000 for the world's losingest baseball franchise?

TURNER: Well, I got a deal: nothing down and 12 years to pay. We already had the Braves on our television station and it just made sense to buy instead of paying \$600,000 a year for broadcast rights. And the league really wanted somebody local to buy the team. People were mad about absentee ownership; the newspapers and the fans were really down on the team, almost ran them out of town. I'm reminded of the franchise that was probably in the most trouble

ever throughout history-after Jesus Christ was crucified. The remaining 11 members of the team, who were just Jewish fishermen, gathered in a small room in Jerusalem. They figured they were in a lot of trouble because they had just lost big and they weren't drawing at all. The deal was really on its ass. And Saint Peter suggested that if they were ever going to draw a crowd, they'd better move the franchise, so they headed for Rome. And, of course, it became the most successful franchise in history. We decided not to move the Braves but to stick it out here. When I bought the team, even the ticket takers were miserable. Now Atlanta loves the team and loves me. I'm the most popular last-place owner in sports. That's strong, right?

PLAYBOY: None of which sounds like a very good reason for buying a team.

TURNER: You really want to know why I bought the Braves? Because the stadium is one great big play pen where I can have 53,000 of my friends over for a little fum.

PLAYBOY: Do you like the baseball business?

TURNER: This ain't like a business in any way. But that's no big problem, because I don't really see business as a business, either. To me, business is a game. It's like a poker game: You're playing for chips, but the most fun is the game. I may look like a clown, doing flips at a baseball game, but I'm a very deadly serious person in trying to accomplish things just for the satisfaction of accomplishing them. Struggling hard to achieve something is the most fun I get. All my life is a game. Everything is a game—

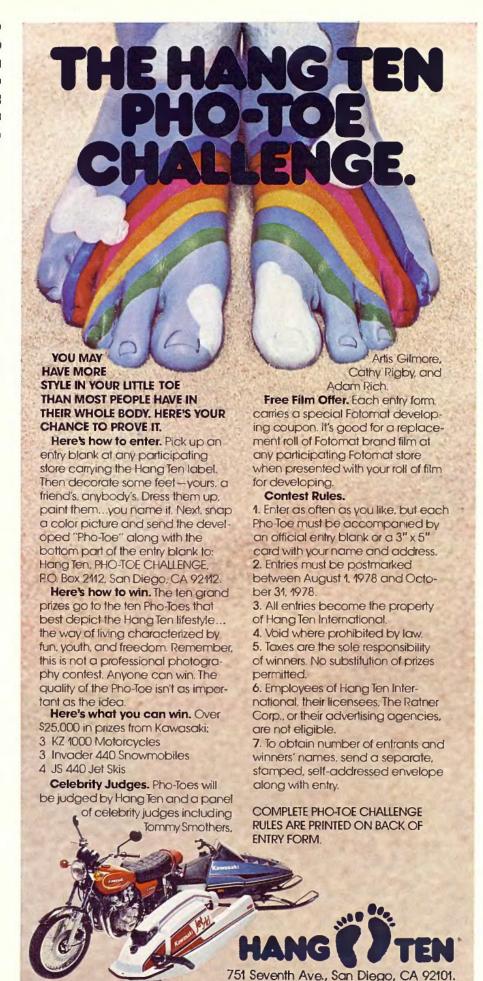
PLAYBOY: Of continuously higher stakes? TURNER: Yeah, and you keep score with dollars, to a degree. It's like there are two kinds of points. I consider the money like hits in a baseball game. They're great, but the runs are what really count. And the runs are just being successful and having a good time. It takes a lot of hits to win a game. You can have more hits than the other team and still lose the game. The dollars are one way of keeping score, but not the primary way.

And the game goes fast, too. "Whether at Naishápár or Babylon, Whether the Cup sweet or bitter run, The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop, The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one." Omar Khayyám, Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubáiyát, which I committed most of to memory.

PLAYBOY: But can you score either hits or runs with a baseball franchise in Atlanta, which doesn't seem to be a town that really cares about baseball?

TURNER: Atlanta is an executive's town; people play golf and tennis. So we've got to give them a winner to get them out. But the team's really a disaster. We had only 900 people come out one night





last year, the lowest attendance in baseball that year. That's why it's insane for Bob Lurie of the Giants to get me suspended for tampering. Atlanta and San Francisco, who have nobody coming to their games, are trying to kill each other. PLAYBOY: You go to every home game and sit in the front row. Why don't you sit in the upper deck in the owner's airconditioned box?

TURNER: That's what's wrong! I told you, you idiot! All the owners sit up there behind their bulletproof glass and they're afraid to meet the fans. I sit down front and I have to give about three dozen autographs during every game. Anyway, I figure the best seats are in the front row. The first thing I did was spend \$1,000,000 on a giant TV screen over the scoreboard, then I spent \$500,000 moving the dugouts and front rows closer. What I really love is catching foul balls and throwing them back in. Caught one the first day after I got back from winning the America's Cup. Not too shabby!

PLAYBOY: We've noticed you have a wad of tobacco in your cheek and spit into a paper cup throughout the game. Have you always chewed tobacco?

TURNER: Not until I bought the baseball team. I was down at spring training the first year and all the coaches were chewing and somebody offered me a chew. They were teasing me, so I took it and chewed it. They all stood around, waiting for me to get sick, but I fooled them: I liked it. Been chewing ever since.

PLAYBOY: You once told your friend Stan Musial that baseball needs a regular guy like him to run it, not a lawyer in expensive clothes. We suppose that was a dig at the present commissioner.

TURNER: Well, Bowie Kuhn is basically a good man. Besides, he has a seven-year contract at about \$200,000 a year and a big expense account. But they could save some money. Whenever I've seen him staying in hotels, it's always the Presidential suite. It seems like they throw an awful lot of money away. Here we are, the Atlanta Braves, nearly going broke. The game is not very efficiently structured, with two league offices and a commissioner's office. I mean, basketball has almost the same number of teams, with about a third of the number of people in the hierarchy. If anybody were really interested in economizing on the part of the game that doesn't put anybody in the seats, there could be some streamlining at the top. I don't mean merging the leagues, just some streamlining at the top. I'm really just repeating something said at one of the meetings by Gussie Busch, who owns the St. Louis Cardinals.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the baseball fan is getting his money's worth these days? TURNER: It comes closer than any other sport. Our tickets cost about half of

what a football ticket costs. And less than those for hockey and basketball.

**PLAYBOY:** Won't free agents and lack of a reserve rule create unbalanced baseball teams, with all the talent going to the highest bidder?

TURNER: Listen, I believe in freedom. When I bought the Braves, I came out and said that I just couldn't understand why the free-agent thing was such a big issue; it seemed to me everybody ought to be free. And I said that any players who didn't want to be in Atlanta wouldn't have to be there. If a guy tells me he wants to leave, he's traded within a week—if anybody will take him. I don't want them out there making four errors in one game, trying to get the message to me. Just like I told them not to say "Mr. Turner" to me. I said, "Call me Ted. I ain't no mister."

PLAYBOY: What does that prove?

TURNER: That I'm just a regular guy. I'm a millionaire, I guess, but I'm just a normal person and I like everybody, taxi drivers, whoever you are, to call me by my first name and talk to me on a man-to-man basis, I think the garbage collector is as important as the goddamned President.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of violence in sports in general?

TURNER: Well, all I can say is, violence wouldn't happen in Atlanta, because people are pretty quiet here; hell, there ain't nothing to cheer about, anyway. I abhor violence when it's taking another person's life, but a little violence in the rink or on the football field is OK. The worst they do is knock each other down. That's what men really enjoy, anyway: getting together and beating the shit out of each other.

**PLAYBOY:** We notice that some of the Braves grew mustaches and beards. You have no objection to that?

TURNER: Hell, you've got a beard and I've got a mustache. I don't care what a ballplayer does, if it makes him happy, it makes me happy. Just as long as he wears something over his cock, you know. PLAYBOY: Didn't you once get so mad at the Braves during a losing game that you said the fans could have rain checks? TURNER: Not exactly. We were at the end of the 16-game losing streak last year, only we didn't know it was about to end. And only a couple of thousand suffering fans had come to the stadium. So I told them-that was before I was suspended and I could still use the microphone beside my chair that is hooked up to the stadium public-address system-that any fans that loyal could get a rain check after that game and keep coming out for free until the Braves won again. Fortunately, we won the next night.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you ever get tired of this grief?

TURNER: Yeah, you know, sometimes I think I oughta pull back and take it a little easier. I mean, I've provided for my family, I've done what society says you're supposed to do. I don't know what I'm working for now, but I'm still running around like a peg-legged man in an ass-kicking contest. But, God, it's fun. Naw, I couldn't quit. That's why I always win in the end. I could no more give this up than an alcoholic could give up his whiskey. I'm a workaholic.

PLAYBOY: Considering the fact that you got interested in baseball just two years ago, how can you stand to be around it so much?

TURNER: It's like anything, my friend; no matter what you're doing, if your attitude's right, you're going to enjoy it. I mean, when I was in the Coast Guard cleaning latrines, I whistled while I was cleaning them. I didn't even question it. "Mine is not to question why, mine is but to do or die."

PLAYBOY: Do you think about your past a lot?

TURNER: Yeah, I always wonder why people did things. When you think back, when men look back, the happiest times of their lives were when they got together and did something. We are social animals. The most fun that you ever have as a man is in doing men's things. Men's things are primarily getting a bunch of guys together and going



out and conquering a country, fighting a war, winning a big fight, putting a baseball team together. For most guys, the happiest times were when they were on the football team, when they won the Ivy League championship or the state championship or the debate team or the bridge team or whatever it was. But first of all, you got to get a good bunch of guys together and do it, whatever it is. And then you have to get them all excited and motivated so they'll bust their ass. People have the most fun when they're busting their ass.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like your description of how you won the America's Cup.

TURNER: I guess that's right. I had a great crew. And I guess I did have to show a few people that when my crew and I lost out sailing Mariner in 1974, it was the boat's fault, not ours. I mean, all the knowledgeable people knew that boat was hopelessly slow. When I got fired as skipper, I decided to come back in 1977 on a better boat. Courageous was the defender of the Cup in 1974 and we made her the defender again in 1977. PLAYBOY: Some say your sailmaker, Robbie Doyle, was the secret of your victory. TURNER: It was all II guys. But Robbie's a genius. I mean, I've sailed Hood sails, North sails and John Marshall sails. And Robbie Doyle is a self-taught genius with sails. He doesn't just design them; he makes them all himself, too. He makes sure they are right.

PLAYBOY: Racing a 12-meter boat is no doubt a complicated science, but can you tell us what your other secrets were?

TURNER: What secrets? We won because we were faster.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there any sea wisdom you want to share with young sailors?

TURNER: I don't have any sailing rules. One reason we beat the other American boats was that I delegated the detail work and basic preparation to others. Ted Hood and Lowell North, who skippered the Independence and the Enterprise, are professionals who make their living off sailing. They had these big technological programs and computers and stuff. They were the primary sailmakers on their boats. They were dealing with a lot of technical details all the time. So while they were worrying about how to make their sails go faster in the next race, we were beating them in this one. I mean, we just sailed.

PLAYBOY: What about the computers? Did you use any scientific aids?

TURNER: Hell, no. We just went up there for the summer and went sailing every day. We didn't use tank tests or anything. We didn't even have an on-board computer—except for a thing we got toward the very end just to keep track of where we were, in case it got foggy, which it never did. We used a hand-held calculator, a sophisticated one, to figure

out what the wind speed would be on the next leg of the course.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation for being a pretty tough skipper to crew for. One writer quoted a sailor as saying about you: "He's an asshole, but not your usual run-of-the-mill, boring asshole. He is a glorious, totally mad, larger-than-life asshole and, besides that, he has class."

TURNER: Yeah? Well, maybe that's why the same crazy guys keep coming back to sail with me every year. Bunky Helfrich, who was the tailer on the main sheet on Courageous, and I have been sailing together for 27 years. We grew up in Savannah together.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you almost hit one guy in the face who made a mistake? TURNER: I wouldn't have hit him hard.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you hit guys in the face? **TURNER:** Usually just in the back.

PLAYBOY: There was a lot said last summer about the New York Yacht Club's not wanting to have a loudmouthed Southern renegade sailor defending the America's Cup. You were not exactly

"You have to get guys excited and motivated so they'll bust their ass. People have the most fun when they're busting their ass."

the typical kind of yacht-racing skipper one sees around Newport.

TURNER: That's a bunch of bull. The Yacht Club committee was completely fair. That's why they named us the defender.

PLAYBOY: Well, some of your crew said you had an uphill battle all summer.

TURNER: We were the underdogs. I mean, there's not a single really wealthy kid on my crew. I had a helicopter pilot, a sailing instructor, a guy from Detroit, a guy from the Bronx. They don't do much sailing in the Bronx. And they didn't get paid a penny all summer. They had to sell their cars, put their wives to work and just do without. Of course, we got free room and board at our dorm and various companies gave us clothes and watches and things over the summer.

PLAYBOY: Why was the musical score from the movie *Rocky* your crew's theme song? We heard a Coast Guard cutter playing it on its loud-speaker when you went out to race the Australia. TURNER: We went out to see *Rocky* together and the guys sort of identified with it; they're a bunch of street fighters, too.

PLAYBOY: We heard you were not favored by your own syndicate, the King's Point Fund, which bank-rolled the Courageous campaign.

TURNER: Well, that's sort of true. I mean, the King's Point Fund raised money to campaign the Independence, raced by Ted Hood, and the Courageous, raced by me. But Lee Loomis, who ran the fund, was a friend of Hood's and wanted him to win.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Loomis? TURNER: I have no comment.

PLAYBOY: Around Newport, it was no secret how you felt about him.

TURNER: Well, he wanted us to lose.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

TURNER: He told me when I came in as skipper of the Courageous, "I'm doing this because I am Ted Hood's friend, but I am going to be fair to you." Which he just about technically did.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, "technically"?

TURNER: Well, the thing that broke my heart happened during July, when we were having troubles and lost two races to Enterprise, which was being campaigned by a different syndicate, mainly because we didn't have a new jib. One night my wife, Janie, was upstairs dressing when Mr. and Mrs. Loomis came in the front door of the dorm for dinner. They didn't realize that she could overhear anything you said in that entryway. Mr. Loomis told Mrs. Loomis that he was glad we had lost those two races, because it made them look better. The "them" was, you know, Independence. He was saying, you know, we're not going to be the whipping boys around here tonight. I always thought Mr. Loomis was the coach of the two teams at once, but I felt that he saw us as much or more the enemy as he did Enterprise. In other words, our own coach was against us. [Asked by PLAYBOY about this incident, Loomis, a New York financier, replied: "It is flatly wrong that I was ever against Turner. It really burns me that he says that."]

PLAYBOY: So you wouldn't want to campaign again with him in 1980?

TURNER: He wants to campaign again with Ted Hood, and Ted's a super guy. Let's just put it this way: Next time, I would like to have my coach hoping that we would win. It's very difficult when the coach of your own team wants you to lose, for whatever reason.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you a member of the syndicate yourself?

TURNER: Yeah, I invested \$250,000 of my own money. Plus approximately \$10,000 more in sails. I had to borrow the money. PLAYBOY: That's a pretty expensive hobby. How much do you usually spend on sailing?

TURNER: About \$100,000 a year.

PLAYBOY: You got into trouble during

the summer over a story that said you had gone to a dressy party at the uppercrust Spouting Rock Club at Bailey's Beach in Newport and said, "The trouble with these stiff bitches is that they really need to be fucked—and I'm the guy to do it." What was that all about?

TURNER: Oh, do I have to talk about Bailey's Beach again? That was a totally unsubstantiated story a guy from *New Times* wrote. He never even asked me about it or checked it out.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

TURNER: Some people I hardly knew from Atlanta took me to this party. I thought it would be a quick dinner about eight o'clock and then home. I had been going to bed about ten all summer. Well, they took over an hour at their house giving me drinks, making me autograph magazine covers and having my picture taken with their kids, see. Then we go to the club and they're introducing me all over as their good friend, Ted Turner. I had just met them! I wasn't their friend. I was being shown like a prize bull or something, which I'm not. By then, I had a few drinks and I was mad. I didn't need a free dinner. I was being ripped off. I'm not an alcoholic; hell, I hardly drink. But I have a very, very low tolerance for alcohol. I like vodka and tonic and a couple of drinks go a long way. But what else was I going to do? I drank out of self-defense.

PLAYBOY: And what happened?

TURNER: By then, it was already about ten o'clock and dinner had not even been served. I met this couple, this man was about 65 and the girl, the woman, could not have been over 30. So I asked her, I just said, "What are you doing with an old guy like that?" And she said she was with him for his money. And I said, you know, "Have you been laid lately?" I mean, I had a lot of single young men on my crew and I asked her what she was doing. She looked pretty, made up and everything. I said, "What is it like making love to a 65-year-old guy?" And she said, "I'm horny as hell." And I said, "Well, we might be able to get that taken care of," and that's all I said.

**PLAYBOY:** What about fucking the "stiff bitches"?

TURNER: I mean, how could New Times quote me as saying that? That's just crazy. First of all, I wouldn't want to screw old bitches. It doesn't make sense.

PLAYBOY: So there it ended?

TURNER: No, well, I looked at my watch and saw how late it was and went up to take a pee before dinner. While I was in the bathroom, I decided the best thing for me to do was to go home and go to bed. I wasn't hungry, anyway. So I hopped in my car and left. And, as I understand it, the lady who had taken us there started crying when I didn't come back and went around saying that



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I wasn't a gentleman and all that stuff. The lady who had been introducing me around as her lifelong friend.

PLAYBOY: Were you reprimanded by the

TURNER: I wrote a letter to the commodore, apologizing if I had done anything wrong. And he wrote a nice letter back, saying it was like the time someone told Lincoln that General Grant was drunk all the time and Lincoln said, "Tell me which whiskey he drinks, so I can send him another case."

PLAYBOY: Didn't you get into trouble again at the end, when you won the America's Cup? Weren't you seen getting drunk on national television during the final press conference?

TURNER: I wasn't getting drunk on national TV; I was already drunk on

national TV. I got that way beforehand. It snuck up on me. Somebody gave me a bottle of aquavit when I already had a buzz on.

PLAYBOY: Did that get you in trouble with the New York Yacht Club?

TURNER: I saw Commodore McCullough a few weeks later and asked him about that. He's a super guy and a good friend of mine. He just said that I had disappointed some people.

PLAYBOY: You've said that Hood and North were yachting professionals. Sailing is officially an amateur sport. Is there such a thing as a professional sailboat racer?

TURNER: There are some, but nobody admits it.

PLAYBOY: Who are they?

TURNER: Nobody. Only guys who work on sailboats during races. Boat niggers.

PLAYBOY: If your opponents were practically professional sailors, how could you outsail them?

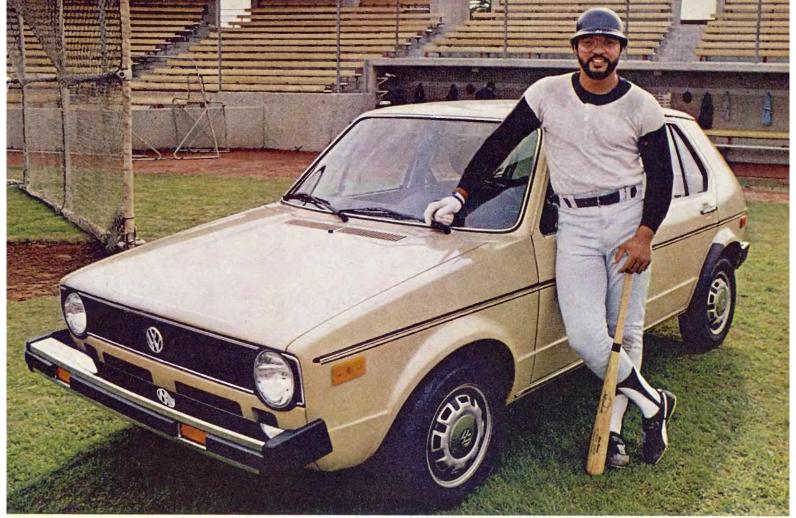
TURNER: Well, I've probably sailed more than they have. I sail just about every weekend somewhere. Right after the Cup, I took only one weekend off and then entered the Annapolis fall series. Then we took Tenacious down for the Southern racing circuit. And I'd like to sail the Sydney-Hobart race again. Have to find me a boat in Australia for that. I've put in about 10,000 miles of ocean racing.

PLAYBOY: When did you graduate from the smaller boats to ocean racers?

TURNER: Twelve years ago. The first time I went to Europe, I sailed across on a little 38-foot boat. We didn't do a lot of sleeping. It took 20 days and nights. Six-man crew, two men on a watch. We weren't really set up for that long a race because of a lack of provisioning. We ran out of water.

PLAYBOY: What did you do then? Drink

TURNER: We didn't take any soda to start with, because the cans weighed too much. We were racing, remember? So



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we went on rations. We had to reconstitute our dehydrated food with salt water. It was pretty rough. We were down to basic survival conditions. When you're racing across the ocean on a small sailboat, dodging icebergs and killer whales, you live at a subsistence level, you know. I mean, it's hard to eat, you're wet a lot of the time and just going to the bathroom is a chore. You have to hang on when it's rough to keep from getting thrown off the toilet. You get seasick and there's no heat, you're freezing to death and you've got to get up at night to stand watch.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the notoriety you brought to sailing last year might make that sport as popular as Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs made tennis?

TURNER: I have nothing to gain from the growth of sailing, because I am not in the sailboat industry. I got into the boatbuilding business once, but that failed. Anyway, sailing is already monstrously popular. Boating is the numberone leisure-time activity in the country.

PLAYBOY: Is it really a sport?

TURNER: There is no sport, by far, that even comes close to the complexity of racing sailboats, particularly large ones, and I'll tell you why. Baseball, football and basketball are played with a fixed number of people within lines drawn on a field that doesn't move around. In sailing, you can't even see the next goddamn mark most of the time. You're going on a compass. Just to find where you're going in poor visibility is a pretty big deal. Crossing the ocean with nothing but a sextant, when you're out there in hurricane winds in the middle of the Atlantic, makes just staying alive pretty tricky. Racing around a course is actually easier. In America's Cup, you don't even go out when the wind is over 25 knots.

PLAYBOY: What do you like best about sailboat racing?

TURNER: Looking over my shoulder and seeing the whole rest of the racing fleet behind me. That's beautiful. That's the big thrill.

**PLAYBOY:** You were talking earlier about not wanting to screw old bitches. Do you deserve your reputation as a womanizer?

TURNER: That's none of your business. I've got a wife and five kids and a mother and my in-laws and I don't want to disappoint them. I'm not a movie star or anything! I've got a lot of very regular, normal-type people who are counting on me, and I can't let them down. Of course, I didn't get five kids by being a saint, either.

PLAYBOY: You're not saying you've turned against sex, are you?

TURNER: Hell, no. But who's got the time? The way I'm going, I never even see my wife.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound healthy.
TURNER: Well, I can always pick up your

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magazine and look at the pictures. I love pictures of nude girls. I photograph nudes myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you? Where do you get your models?

TURNER: This isn't going to be in this interview. I told you we weren't going to get into my sex life. Do you think I'm a dumb shit? Don't answer that.

**PLAYBOY:** All right. Any advice on the subject of sex for the rest of the world?

TURNER: Well, everybody wants to be loved, right? In fact, most criminals and sex perverts and weirdo creeps were just rejected somewhere along the way. Son of Sam or whatever his name is couldn't get a girl, so he went out and shot them. People who are in love never want to hurt anybody, you know that? It's only horny people who shoot people. If people get all the sex they can handle, they're so happy and content they just sit around and smile. I mean, you never feel aggressive just after you've gotten laid, right? Lots of sex for everybody, that's a solution to the world's problems. PLAYBOY: Would the women agree?

TURNER: Hell, that's no problem, with the pill and all. If I'd known what I know now when I was in high school....

PLAYBOY: Didn't you attend all-boys' schools?

TURNER: Yeah, I mean, I went to a regular grammar school in Cincinnati, but my family moved to Georgia when I was in the fifth grade. They put me in Georgia Military Academy outside Atlanta.

PLAYBOY: Was it rough?

TURNER: Yeah, it was rough. When we moved to Georgia, I was coming in as a Northerner. And we got here about six weeks after school started, so I was the last one in. The other kids, most of whom had been there from the first grade, delighted in beating up on the new kid.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

TURNER: I could sense from the atmosphere that I was going to have to earn my own way. I was a pretty good fighter as a kid. There were four kids to a little room. And within the first 48 hours, I got in a fight with the biggest guy in the room and knocked the hell out of him. I sensed that if I didn't come out swinging, they were going to kill me. And that night, I said to my roommates, "Who's the boss in here?" Because I wanted to establish myself in the pecking order. So I had the other three guys going around saying I was the boss.

PLAYBOY: Did it work?

TURNER: There was one hitch. There was a little bathroom joining two dorm rooms, which really made eight of us in this little cell. So the next day, I went into the next room and said, "OK, I intend to be the boss in here, too." And that was a big mistake. All four

of them jumped me at once. Three of them held me down while the other one kicked me in the head until I could barely see. And then all seven of them ganged up on me and the whole dormitory joined in until they just about killed me.

PLAYBOY: You seem pretty Southern now; how long did they consider you a Yankee?

TURNER: I learned to become a Southerner fast. One time, a kid started a rumor that I had said that Robert E. Lee was a bad guy. At Georgia Military Academy in those days, nothing could be worse. They wore those Confederate-gray uniforms. I can remember about 40 kids running after me, saying, "Kill the Yankee bastard!"

PLAYBOY: Did the same thing happen when you went to McCallie School, the military high school from which you graduated in Chattanooga?

TURNER: Yeah, I had to go through the same thing all over again. I was the only seventh grader in a dorm full of eighth graders. They beat the hell out of me.

"I told you we weren't going to get into my sex life. Do you think I'm a dumb shit?

Don't answer that."

There were no knives or anything, but it was just like West Side Story. Nothing can be crueler than little kids. It was like Lord of the Flies.

PLAYBOY: In view of that, why did you send your oldest son to the same school? TURNER: Military school is good for boys. One of the good things is that everybody wears the same uniform, so there's no distinction as to class or anything. One kid doesn't have better clothes than another because he's from a wealthy family. Everything is equal. It's like being in the Army, which is the same deal. Everybody gets the same allowance, a buck a week or whatever it is. You've got to make it completely on your own; you have no advantages over anybody else. There are no rich kids. There are just kids.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you get into some trouble at Brown University, too?

**TURNER:** Yeah, I got suspended. I got suspended twice—the first time for having a girl in my room. And the second time, I don't remember.

PLAYBOY: What about your fraternity?
TURNER: Yep. Set their homecoming float
on fire and got suspended from the
fraternity, too.

PLAYBOY: Whatever your social life, some-

where along the line you became interested in history, in the classics.

TURNER: Yes. I always liked grandeur and tradition, glorious and beautiful things. As a kid, I was a little bit of an artist and a poet. I painted and sculpted a little, but it was too slow-moving for me to really get into. But the whole idea of grand things always turned me on. The grand idea of building the Parthenon. And it was a grand idea to build the Pyramids. I'm inspired by great works of the past and present. I like all that stuff. When I went to Paris, I saw the Louvre, you know, and I've been to Versailles.

PLAYBOY: When your father heard you were going to major in classics instead of business, he wrote you a long, scathing letter, calling you a classical snob and saying, "I think you are rapidly becoming a jackass."

TURNER: I was a jackass, sometimes. But one of the things I learned was that you have a limited amount of time to live, so you should make the most of it. "Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend, Before we too into the Dust descend; . . . Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer—sans End." Rubáiyát.

PLAYBOY: After college in Rhode Island, did you go to work for your father?

TURNER: Well, I was in the Coast Guard for six months first. Then I went into my father's outdoor-advertising business. I had been putting up billboards with a hammer in my hand every summer since I was about 12, anyway. One summer, my father started making me pay for my room and board at home. Charged me \$40 a month. When I complained, he suggested I look around town for something cheaper. So I stayed. But I admired my father a lot.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't long before you took over the company, right?

TURNER: That's right. My father committed suicide when I was 24 years old. Blew his brains out. I think he made the mistake of limiting his horizons. When he was a boy in Mississippi, he had told his mother that someday he would make \$1,000,000. And when he did that, he had nowhere to go from there. When he killed himself, he was extended for about \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 and had assets of only about \$2,000,000. But the situation was not hopeless.

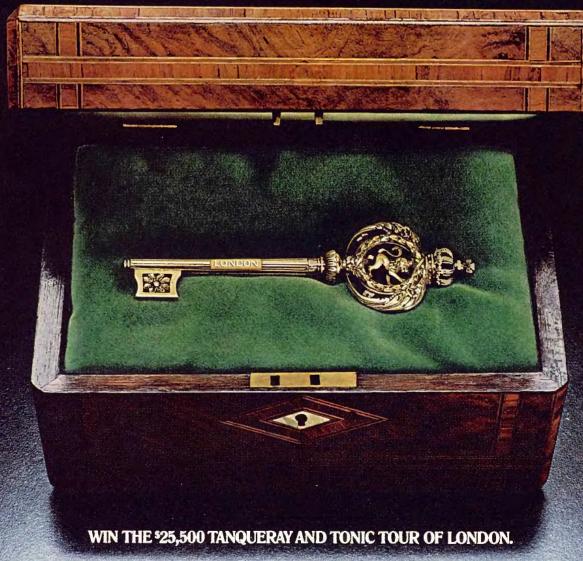
PLAYBOY: How did you handle it?

TURNER: Well, just before he shot himself, he had actually sold the company. But I wanted to keep it. So I had to return the down payment, plus a penalty to the guys who had bought it, to annul the deal. Everybody said I was crazy. I could have taken that money and started something else. Those were very bad times in outdoor advertising. Television was killing billboards.

PLAYBOY: How did you survive?

TURNER: By hustling. We doubled our

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profits at a time when the industry went down 16 percent. But it's fun, too, getting up at five in the morning to get out and install a new sign before the traffic gets started. And painting billboards, you're Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel, except that you don't have to work lying on your back. One night, the guys were doing this 50-foot billboard with the Coppertone girl stretched out across it, you know. So they just left off the bikini. Painted on tits and a nice bush at the right spot, see. But we made them dress her before it went out of the warehouse. After about four years in the business, I could have retired.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you?

TURNER: I heard about a television station for sale. It was Channel 17, a U.H.F. independent in Atlanta. When I bought that, everybody just hooted at me. The station was really at death's door-we lost about \$2,000,000 in the first two years. I didn't bullshit anybody: I told them I didn't know anything about TV. But now we're socko. We've got all the reruns, all the sports in Atlanta and people love us. Our movie inventory includes about half of the 6000 or 7000 movies ever made. We even have news: It comes on at four in the morning. Our news director gets pies thrown in his face a lot.

PLAYBOY: What kind of news operation is that?

TURNER: It's great news! We tell about the boy scouts doing something good. What do you want, how many children got killed in a school-bus accident in Chile? The network news is just half an hour of gloom and doom, with a few sports scores interspersed. I don't think that's public service. The way they present the news, I think it does more damage than any entertainment program. How does I Love Lucy hurt anybody? Or the Saturday Georgia Championship Wrestling? You know, television news has done a tremendous amount to destroy our faith in our institutions. When I read a newspaper now, I flash through the headlines on the front page, where all the sensationalism is. I don't need that. Then I flip to the sports page, which I enjoy. Then I go to the business page, read that, and then I read the cartoons. If I have the time.

PLAYBOY: Does anybody watch your newscast at four in the morning?

TURNER: Well, we've got a 100 percent share of the audience. We're the only 24-hour-a-day station in Atlanta, so no-body else is on. That's when people who work in bars and things are getting off. They love it. Bill Tush, my low-budget Walter Cronkite, does funny things, like trying to get a head transplant. He held up Cronkite's picture in front of his face all through the broadcast one night. Some nights he just reads through the

Associated Press wire. If he comes to a story he doesn't like, he'll say, "Oh, that's too awful, I'm not going to read that," and he'll throw the copy over his shoulder. They throw pies a lot, usually lemon meringue. We also do little three-minute news capsules in the afternoon, before the Mickey Mouse Club starts at three.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you know what people want to see?

TURNER: I looked at what other U.H.F. stations were doing and studied the rate books, dummy. It's tough for a little station to compete against the networks. We're a nitwork.

PLAYBOY: What else do you run on your station?

TURNER: Oh, Bonanza, Mission: Impossible, Star Trek, Night Gallery, The World at War—that's my favorite—and, of course, sports. Sports is what finally gave us respectability in Atlanta so we could get some of the big advertisers, like Delta Air Lines and Coke.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you trying to start a sports cable network?

TURNER: Yeah, WTCG is the first station in history with a satellite network.

"I've thought about being President, but I've got to do something else first—like be a governor or a Senator to learn the job."

There wasn't a satellite earth station to transmit from Atlanta, so I am the first guy in the history of the world to own his own earth station. Bought it for \$750,000 from RCA. We lease it back to RCA and rent time on it. Our signal goes up 23,000 miles to a SATCOM II satellite—we have one of the 24 transponders on it—and can be received all over the United States, Canada and Hawaii. Channel 17 is on cable networks in 27 states already.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you followed the Braves while sailing in Newport?

TURNER: Yeah, I had to buy my own satellite receiver. That cost \$35,000. We set it up in the back yard at Conley Hall and ran a line up to the TV set in my room. I could watch the Braves playing anywhere in the country.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult getting FCC permission to do that?

TURNER: The FCC had to change the rules a little bit. And now we've got everybody in the world suing us. The networks are scared to death of cable television and now that we're on satellite, they're really scared. We're sucking

up the market. But NBC, ABC, CBS, the Motion Picture Association of America, the N.B.A., the baseball commissioner's office, the N.A.B., the BBC, the National Hockey League and an assortment of other people are trying to stop us. Can you imagine that? A little old raggedy station with 100 employees and a bunch of torn-up furniture is going to destroy television and cause the motion-picture industry to collapse! I'm going to run for President just to stay in business.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your station just a vehicle for escapism, then?

TURNER: People have been escaping for a long time. Remember Grimm's Fairy Tales and Aesop's Fables? Hansel and Gretel, Snow White? Gilligan's Island has been here for only 20 years. Give it 1000 years and I'll bet it is still running. What do you want? A system like in Russia, where they sit down and decide what everybody is going to see?

PLAYBOY: So you let the ratings decide? TURNER: Not entirely. We put on some programs that we think it would be good for people to see, and they don't do well in the ratings. Like every Sunday at three in the morning. Nobody watches. It's like PLAYBOY. I read the captions under the three pictures in the interview, then I look at the pictures and read the cartoons and jokes. I tried to read one of the interviews, but it was boring as shit. I consider myself fairly much of an intellectual and I haven't

**PLAYBOY:** We've been told you could be elected governor of Georgia if you ran, Do you believe that?

got time to read all that shit. It's just

a bunch of fucking garbage. I'd rather

watch Gilligan's Island.

TURNER: I'll tell you one thing, I'm the only white man who could get every black vote in Atlanta. They love me here, because I don't go around acting like a millionaire.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you might run? TURNER: I haven't made up my mind yet. I've got to get the ball teams straightened out first. I've thought about being President, but I've got to do something else first—like be a governor or a Senator—to learn the job, just like I'm doing with baseball and basketball.

PLAYBOY: You think you could win a Presidential election?

TURNER: Sure, easier than any living man except Jimmy Carter. I can tell you a dozen reasons why.

PLAYBOY: We're listening.

TURNER: Number one is that I'm a good speaker. Number two, being in television, I know how to market things. Number three, the entire media force in America would be behind me, because I know people in the publishing business, in the broadcast business and I'm in outdoor advertising. And the media would love to have a guy who

was pro media. Everybody's worried about having some guy like—what's his name?—Ralph Nader come in and do away with advertising or something like that. And I'm honest, that's the main thing. I don't need the job for the money. I wouldn't have to make any deals. I believe in advertising, I believe in America and I believe in people. The only thing that bothers me is it's such a hard job. It's almost like killing yourself. I felt like a politician last year.

PLAYBOY: How's that?

TURNER: Because I had to answer the same dumb-ass questions over and over again for every reporter, just like this interview. You know, "How do you feel about taxes?" "Well, I think taxes are too high."

**PLAYBOY:** Then you ask the questions and give the answers. We'll just sit back. **TURNER:** Do you think I'm dumb? Don't answer that. You're a nice young man.

PLAYBOY: You never seem to come up speechless.

TURNER: Talking I can do on my deathbed.

PLAYBOY: What kind of politician would you be?

TURNER: I'm conservative fiscally and a liberal socially. I'd take care of welfare by making everybody work who could. Some hard labor, like digging ditches, for the minimum wage.

PLAYBOY: Why hard labor?

TURNER: Because they would hate it so much that they would go out and find some easier job for more money. Like working at McDonald's: \$2.65 an hour and all the Big Macs you can eat. I think McDonald's is great.

**PLAYBOY:** You said the blacks would vote for you. You grew up in the segregated South. What are your feelings on race?

TURNER: No problem. Only difference I can tell on my ball team is that some of the guys have better suntans. I went to school with black kids when I lived in Cincinnati. And we have a black man, Jimmy Brown, living in our own home. He lived in my dad's home and raised me and now he lives with me. He helps around the house.

**PLAYBOY:** But you're a member of the Capital City Club, which is well-known for its antiblack, anti-Jewish policy.

TURNER: I joined it about nine years ago so I would have a downtown luncheon club. And so my wife could take the kids swimming during the summer at their country club.

**PLAYBOY:** When Bert Lance was nominated as Carter's budget director, he had to resign from that club because of the policy. Haven't you felt that to be necessary?

TURNER: If I thought it would do any good for me to resign, I would do it

right now. But I think it is better to be on the inside trying to get change.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the South today?

TURNER: I like the weather and I like the romance. I like the romance of the Confederacy, you know, going down against overwhelming odds. I liked Rhett Butler in *Gone with the Wind*, because he was trying to help a lost cause. Like when I bought the Atlanta Hawks.

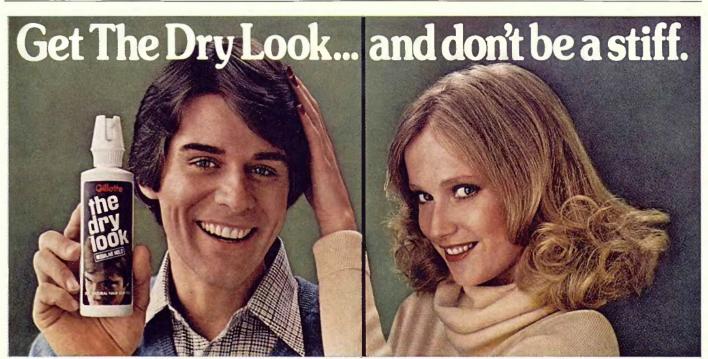
PLAYBOY: You still love history?

TURNER: Yeah, mostly military history. As much as I hate war now, I was basically a warrior. I was reading about war all the time as a kid. Fighting and soldiers and all that stuff. What I wanted to be was Horatio, Admiral Nelson, Napoleon, Alexander the Great and Pericles; they were the greatest warriors.

PLAYBOY: Why did you like it so much? TURNER: In the past, war was a lot of fun. You know, rape and plunder, kill and steal. There weren't enough women to go around, because they died early, so you grabbed the other guy's women, sold his children into slavery and killed the soldiers. Used to go home and have a big parade. Glorious, you know. Now war is finished.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

TURNER: It's no longer fun. The weapons are too sophisticated. It's not men leading the fleet into battle or running up the flags, you know. Back in the old



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The Dry Look gives you more than a great <u>look</u>. It leaves your hair <u>feeling</u> soft and natural, too—not stiff. The Dry Look in pump spray or aerosol—with a formula that's right for your hair. Get The Dry Look... and don't be a stiff!

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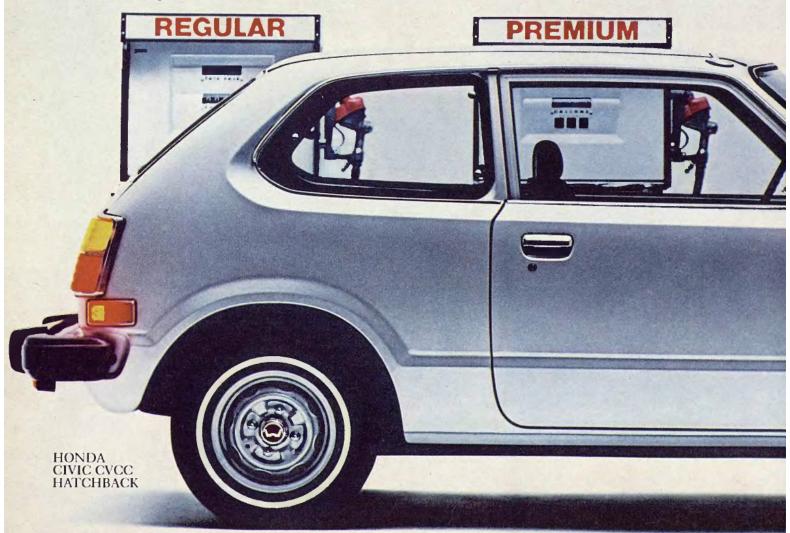


# Gasoline made simple.

A lot of the new cars tend to be choosy when it comes to fuel. Most of them have catalytic converters, which means they are designed to accept nothing but unleaded gas.

Hondas are different. All our new cars—the Civic 1200, the Civic CVCC, and the Honda Accord—operate without a catalytic converter. So you can take your pick of regular or unleaded gasoline. As for premium, there is no benefit and it's a waste of money.

Of course, whichever gas you use, you can go a long way on it in a Honda. Our best mileage car, the Civic CVCC 5-Speed, was rated at 47 mpg for highway driving, 37 mpg city, according to EPA estimates.



Our lowest EPA mileage estimate was received by the Civic 1200 with 2-speed manually-selected Hondamatic transmission: 30 mpg highway, 23 mpg city. All estimates are lower for California and high altitude areas. Also, the Civic 1200 is not available in California or in high altitude areas.

Although we're happy to tell you about our 1978 EPA mileage figures, we want to be realistic about them. So please keep in mind that EPA estimates are the result of laboratory tests and are offered only as a means of comparison.

Therefore, your mileage will vary depending on such things as where you drive, how you drive, your car's condition, and optional equipment.

Still and all, a Honda makes the neighborhood service station a nice place to visit. You get your choice of gas pumps when you drive in. And very good mileage after you drive out.

Now, how could we make gasoline any



days, when they didn't have professional sporting events, war was sport, like gladiators killing each other. You know who was the original rookie of the year? David, when he went out against Goliath. PLAYBOY: Was winning the America's Cup like being Admiral Nelson?

TURNER: Absolutely. When we were out there racing, it was to the death. That's one of the things I like about it. Like, if you'd had guns on the boats, you'd be trying to blow each other out of the water. And when it's over, you go out and have a beer together. That's the way it was in World War One; the pilots used to wave at each other. And if a guy on the other side hit something good, they'd send him a telegram. During the War between the States, they used to have flags of truce on Christmas Day and they'd mingle and have Christmas dinner. The next day, they would call off the war for a day.

Conquest is full of beans. Every country is overpopulated. The only places that are worth conquering are the Arab countries, because they've got plenty of oil. And not much in the way of liabilities, because they've just a few people going around on camels and stuff, except for the ones driving Cadillacs. But that's not an awful lot of people to support.

PLAYBOY: You mean if you went into politics, you'd advocate taking over the Mideast?

TURNER: Not really. But if we were going to do it, the way to do it would be the same way the Russians and the Germans did in Poland. If we absolutely had to do it because we were getting ripped off too much, the thing would be to make a deal with the Russians where you split it down the middle. And you would put all the names of the Arab countries in a hat and pull them out. "You get Saudi Arabia, I get Syria"—you know, like Hitler and Stalin did over in Poland. But I don't think that's necessary—if the Arabs aren't too greedy. As long as we don't end up working for the Arabs.

Anyway, I am absolutely positive that no matter how much we let our defenses down, there is no possibility of a Russian attack on us before 1980. And I'm the only guy who knows it.

PLAYBOY: How do you know that?

TURNER: Because the 1980 Olympics are scheduled for Moscow, and even Hitler didn't start a war until after the 1936 Berlin Olympics. They don't want to screw up the Olympics. First of all, they're getting \$200,000,000 from NBC, and Commies love money more than anybody I ever saw. And they want the glory of it. They want peace, because you can't have the Olympics during war. PLAYBOY: Are you at peace?

TURNER: I consider myself the luckiest man in the world. I've achieved everything I've set out to achieve. Except to make my ball clubs winners, I'm going to dedicate the rest of my life to doing what I can for the rest of the world. You know, one area where we've really failed in American society is that we've conned everybody into thinking that if you're rich, you're going to be happy. Every television commercial tells you that if you just get this new Cadillac or this new Toyota, you're going to be happy. Our communications media, which are supported by advertising, tell you that if you get a certain thing, you'll be happy. Like making kids want a GI Joe doll. Fifteen minutes after they've got it, the kids forget about it. It's a rip-off.

PLAYBOY: That's what made you a millionaire. Do you feel guilty?

TURNER: I don't feel guilty, because every intelligent person realizes what advertising is, right? And it keeps the wheels rolling; it gives us a variety of choices. So many creative minds are in advertising: Some of the stuff is super. Like, I mean, I just changed from Old Spice to Mennen Speed Stick. Man, it was great. Instead of going around like,

"I'll keep sailing for the same reason I always did: I enjoy it. Sailing is like screwing—you can never get enough."

squirt, squirt, squirt, now I can fix my underarms in two strokes.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you need to stay happy?

TURNER: Not much. Just give me an old 12-meter sailboat and a couple of movie starlets, a house in the suburbs and a television station and I can get by on one sirloin strip at a time, or a two-and-a-quarter-pound lobster, plus a couple hundred thou in the bank.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like wealth is the way

TURNER: I've seen very, very poor people who were happy and very, very wealthy people who were miserable. I mean, you have to realize how lucky you are that you weren't born a mosquito. Not to mention people—a black guy wonders, Why wasn't I born white? Or a guy from India says, Why wasn't I born an American? But you're still better off than a mosquito, 'cause it lives only one summer and gets swatted at every time it gets a bite to cat.

PLAYBOY: You turn out to be quite a philosopher.

TURNER: Well, at least I know the meaning of life.

PLAYBOY: We're waiting.

TURNER: Man is put on earth for one reason alone, and that's to reproduce. As

soon as we do, we start dying. Life is one great big endless circle. You know that song, "We're here because we're here because we're here because we're here?" Who was the wisest man ever? Socrates, right? He said, "All I know is that I know nothing." Which is pretty heavy. It's a shattering thought.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned Aesop's Fables earlier. Do you have any favorites?

TURNER: I love them all. They may seem a little silly, but they contain some of the greatest wisdom. Zillions of them pertain to my life. Like the tortoise and the hare. The tortoise beat the hare because he stayed in there plugging, while the rabbit took a nap because he had gotten so far out in front. I didn't go to Harvard. They wrote back and said I wasn't Harvard material. I had to struggle to make the top percentage of my class. I'm smarter than the average, but I know exactly how smart I am.

PLAYBOY: How smart?

**TURNER:** The highest I ever did on an I.Q. test was 128, but I have some 115s, too. That puts me in the 95th to 97th percentile.

PLAYBOY: That's not too bad.

TURNER: There's probably no one my age who has been as successful as I have. I've been on the accelerated program in life. At 24, I was running my own company. I was the youngest member of my Rotary Club by seven years. I mean, usually guys are about 35 before they become vice-president or general manager or something. There are certainly people my age who have made more money. And there are better sailors than I am, but not many. And there's nobody who's made as much money and is as good a sailor as I am. In other words, I may not be the best hitter in the league, but there aren't many better. And I may not be the best fielder, but there are not many better. I'm not the fastest man in the league, but I'm one of the fastest. But if you add them all together, I'm an all-star, right? Because if you judge me in three or four categories, I win. That's strong.

PLAYBOY: Is this what you wanted in life? TURNER: I told you, I'm happy wherever I am. You have to play the game with the cards you got. Actually, I would like to have been an explorer, like Captain Cook. I'd like to go all the way up the Amazon River.

PLAYBOY: What will you do next?

TURNER: I don't know what the hell I'm doing. I'm doing too many things. I'll tell you that. It's so easy to get me enthusiastic about something. But I know one thing: I'm going to keep sailing. I'll keep sailing for the same reason I always did: I enjoy it. Sailing is like screwing—you can never get enough.

# Seven & Seven. Great taste you can count on.

Put the great taste of Seagram's 7 and 7-Up together, and you've got a classic: Seagram's 7 & 7. Just pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass and fill with 7-Up. Great taste you can count on!

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.



## DEATH FREAK

the two knew all the killing tricks in the book and they would need them against the combined forces of the cia and the k.g.b.

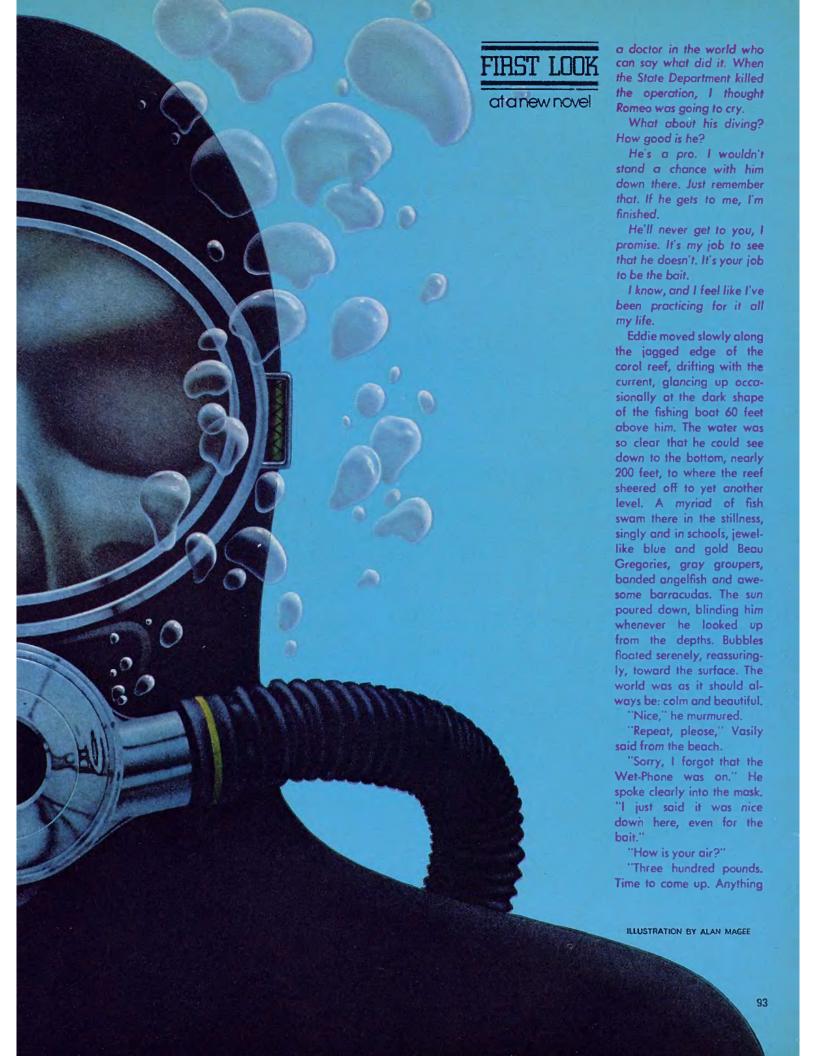
By "JOHN LUCKLESS,"
also known as
Clifford Irving
and
Herbert Burkholz

They call Arteaga the knifeman, but he's a lot more than that. For example, he plays chess. All right, you're good, Vasily, you can beat me three times out of four, but Romeo could spot you a rook and trim your ass every time. Back in Havana, they called him a budding Capablanca. So he's got the brains as well as the guts. He was the one who wrote the script on how to extract Castro.

I heard about that. Skin penetrants and heavy metals on Fidel's cigars, wasn't it?

That's right, the part he'd hold, not the part he'd smoke. Something like a 60-day lapse period. Fidel drops dead and there isn't





happening on top?"

"Nothing in sight but your boat."

Vasily crouched at the edge of the jungle that ran down to the beach, looking out over the still water. In his left hand, he held the phone. Next to his right hand, propped against a coconut palm, was an SVD Dragunov rifle with a telescopic sight and ten bullets chambered below the breech. The bullets—a special blend of rare metals—could strike an arm and send the victim into critical shock. If they struck a man's chest, there was nothing left to bury.

"This is the bait calling the fisherman," Eddie said through the Wet-Phone. "That's it for today; I'm coming up. Make sure to cover me when the boat

pulls into the dock,"

"Fisherman to bait, You won't see me, but I'll be there."

"The bait is grateful, What time do we meet tonight?"

"Ten o'clock, the beach at your hotel."

"Right. Bait signing off."

Eddie surfaced gently, inflated his BC vest and snorkeled in lazy strokes toward the fishing boat that bobbed on the swell off the Palancar Reef. The owner of the fishing boat, a cheerful, villainous-looking young man named Isidoro, hauled him aboard. The boat had been rented for two weeks at a good price and the Mexican had asked no questions of the silent little American who broke all the rules by diving alone, carrying a spear gun with which he speared no fish, a Nikonos underwater camera with which he took no photographs and a Wet-Phone with no surface unit on the boat. The gringo had said he was looking to photograph a hammerhead shark.

"I find for you" was Isidoro's promise, though he knew that the sharks were asleep for the summer in the caves near Isla Mujeres. To turn one's back on such a blessing—a tourist in the slack season—would have been sinful. A winter paradise, the island of Cozumel was packed with tourists and scuba divers from Christmas through Easter; but this was June. The tourists had been replaced by mosquitoes and torrential afternoon rains.

"Hasta mañana," Eddie said to Isidoro when the boat reached the dock at the center of town. Nearby, Los Mariscos Café was nearly empty, with only a few stray tourists sitting in the shade drinking beer and eating turtle steak. Eddie checked them out dutifully before hailing a taxi and setting out with his diving gear for his hotel. He was dutifully vigilant during the ride as well, but the vigilance was a matter of form only. Neither he nor Vasily expected the attack to come on land. He was too much of a tempting target circling baitlike underwater each day. After all, went their

reasoning, who would shoot a fish out of water?

He dozed through the rest of the afternoon in his hotel room, dined lightly and at ten o'clock stood on the soft, warm sand of the beach, listening to the lap of the surf. A shadow moved among the coconut palms and white starlight slanted off Vasily's bony face. Eddie walked off the beach and into the trees where the Russian waited.

"Which do you want first?" Vasily asked. "The good news or the bad?"

"Neither. I want to go back to bed and pull the covers over my head."

"The good news is that Arteaga is here."

"You call that good?" Eddie asked, but he was instantly alert. "Where did you spot him?"

"When you docked this afternoon. He was in a parked car across from Los Mariscos."

"Jesus, he could have popped me right then and there."

"He'd never do it that way. He wants you in the water. He wants you to disappear."

Eddie shivered, "You said something about bad news?"

"Your boatman, Isidoro. You've got to figure him as being turned. Arteaga spoke to him after you left, then they went off together in a rented car. You'll have to take care of him tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? You think he'll hit right away?"

"Why should he wait? He has you spotted and he's got your boatman in his pocket. Yes, he'll hit tomorrow,"

"Isidoro's no problem, just a complication," Eddie said thoughtfully. "But what about Parker? Any sign of him?"

"None, and I don't like it."

"Maybe he sent Romco solo,"

"Perhaps, but I doubt it. In any event, we'll have to play it as if Parker were here. We're not taking any extra chances."

"OK, we stick to the game plan. Let's run over it one more time."

"Now? You should know it inside out by now."

"Come on, pal, be patient. You're the big smart fisherman. I'm just the poor dumb worm."

The game plan was simple enough: an old-fashioned lure, with Eddie acting as the bait, swimming aimlessly underwater and waiting for Arteaga and Parker to strike, while Vasily covered him from the shore with a high-powered rifle. Once the two CIA men had made their move, then the worm would turn and the last of the O Group would be eliminated. The odds were good enough, two against two, and the plan was simple enough to be foolproof. Still, they went over it one more time.

They spoke for another several minutes under the star-laden sky, and then they parted, Vasily walking down the beach to the Cabañas del Caribe, Eddie going up the beach to the Mayan Plaza. Once in front of the door to his room, he took a six-inch plastic pick from his pocket. He did not use a key to open the door. A key, or any other piece of metal, or the forcing of the door itself, would have set off a nitroglycerin bomb built into a can of shaving cream that hung from the inside doorknob. The plastic pick deactivated the detonator, and Eddie was able to enter safely. Once inside the room, he reactivated the device and checked a second, similar bomb that protected the window from intrusion. Then he lay down on the bed and composed himself to wait for the morning. He had not expected to sleep, but he did.

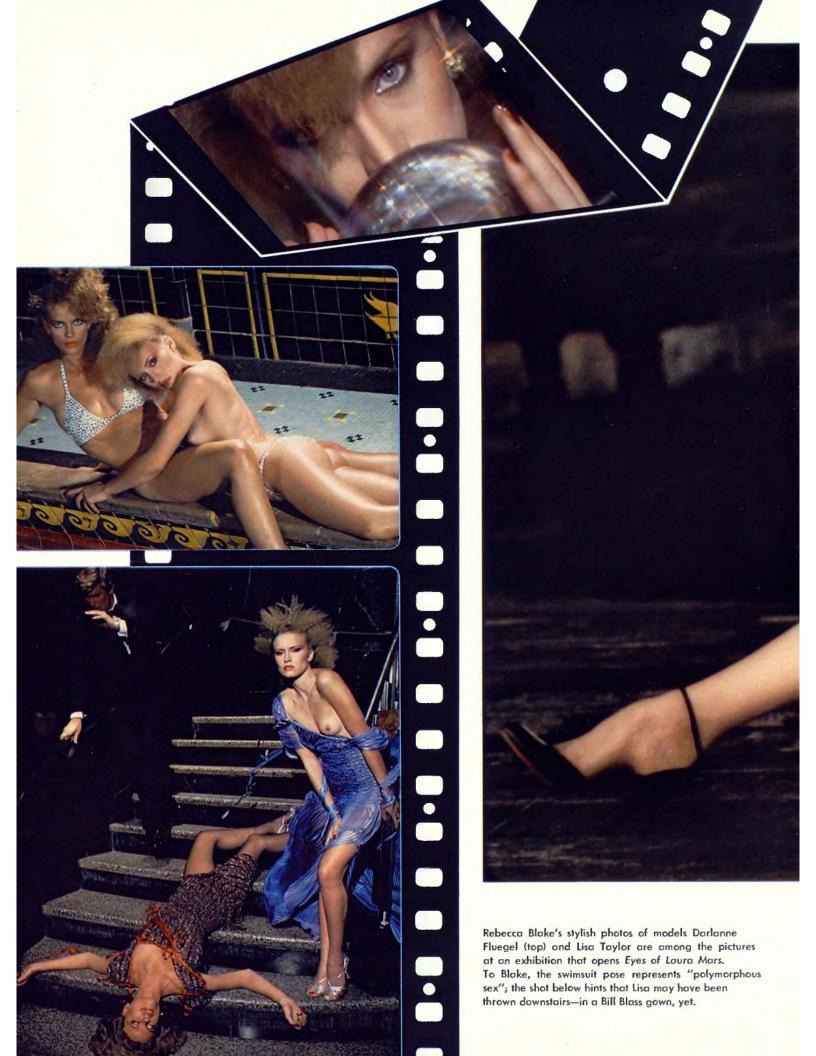
At his hotel, Vasily had no time for sleep. Once in his room, he went to work taking plastic bags and jars from his suitcase and spreading equipment on the bed. In the bathroom sink, with his hands sheathed by rubber gloves, he ground up a kilo of a chemical that looked like ordinary salt, sprinkling it with warm water to speed the process. From the bed, he took three jars of common petroleum jelly. Mixing it with the chemical, kneading it and punching it as a baker makes dough, in ten minutes he had worked the ingredients into a lump of pliable paste, which he divided and pressed into a dozen thin plastic bags.

Then, from the suitcase, he took out three long strips of a common insulation material and a bottle of sulphuric acid. He dumped the acid into the bathtub, ripped the insulation into long, spiky strands and dropped them in to soak. Hardly enough for the purpose, if he wanted to deny the area completely. He frowned, glancing round the room. There was always something. The mattress? He slit it open with a knife. It contained polystyrene foam in small, soft white chunks. He added three armloads of the foam to the insulation material in the bathtub. Still wearing his gloves, he stuffed the wet contents of the tub into two pillowcases and wrapped the rest of it in a blanket that he stripped from the bed. Outside, in the darkness, he loaded everything into the back seat of the Safari. Then he set off for the beach opposite the tip of the Palancar Reef.

The island of Cozumel was in the shape of a fat sausage snuggled north to south against the Yucatán coast. A single narrow road ran round the perimeter of the island, from the hotels bunched on (continued on page 130)



"But perhaps I'm tiring you."





IOLENCE IN FASHION—or violence made fashionable, whichever way you want to look at it—is the mysterious moving force unleashed in Eyes of Laura Mars, a psychological suspense drama that promises to be a mind bender made to order for escapists on a hot midsummer night. At least that's more or less the plan hatched under a shroud of secrecy by producer Jon Peters, who was—among other things—Barbra Streisand's favorite hairdresser before he left the beauty salon to join his lady in bringing forth A Star Is Born. Peters' first film venture, though generally spurned by critics, was a showbiz El Dorado (to the tune of \$60,000,000 in film rentals, plus \$80,000,000 in album

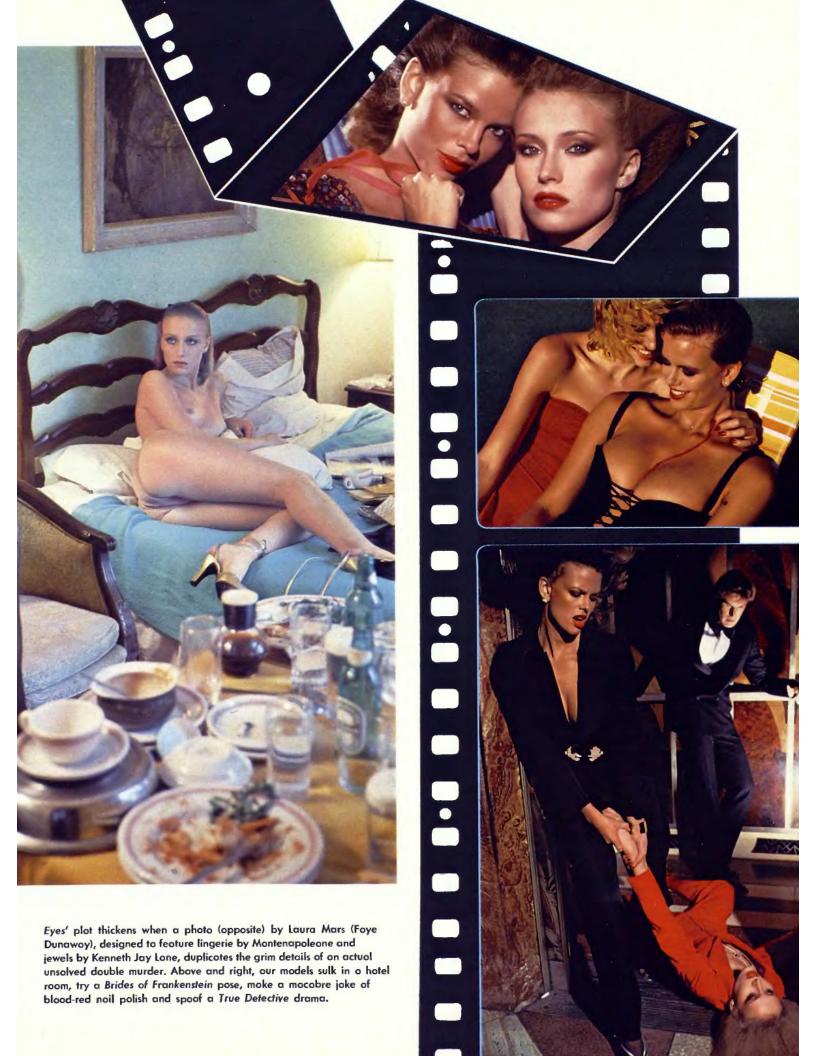






sales, according to Peters). Hairdresser, schmairdresser—in Hollywood, when a neophyte hits the jackpot on such an epic scale, he has earned the right to be listened to.

Until recently, Peters was keeping mum about Eyes of Laura Mars, no doubt hoping that the suspense would kill us. A few things were known: For starters, (continued on page 186)



### THE RISE AND FALL AND RISE OF THE BROTHERS GIBB

personality

#### BY MITCHELL GLAZER

give me a bee, give me a gee, give me a million seller

LBHY GALUTEN looks like he's been stuck in an elevator for a couple of years. He's got the half-mad, blind smile, the dilated pupils of someone who's been trapped a very long time. Albhy is barefoot (always is) and his toes clench the thick shag carpet. His eyes and the shadows that circle them are one. Albhy survives on quarts of Red Zinger tea, avocado sandwiches and his share, as coproducer, of the 12,000,000 albums the Bee Gees have sold in 1978.

"It's out of control," he mutters, shredding his beard with mandarin fingernails. "The fuckers just keep selling... a million a week these days. The Bee Gees are the charts," A woman pads into the studio with fresh Zinger. "Most guys, and believe me, I've worked on a lot of records, get so-o-o paranoid when you ask them to do a track over. They think, Jesus, my cock's too small." Galuten's beard-tangled face breaks into a grin. "Not the Gibb brothers. No way; those guys know exactly what they got."

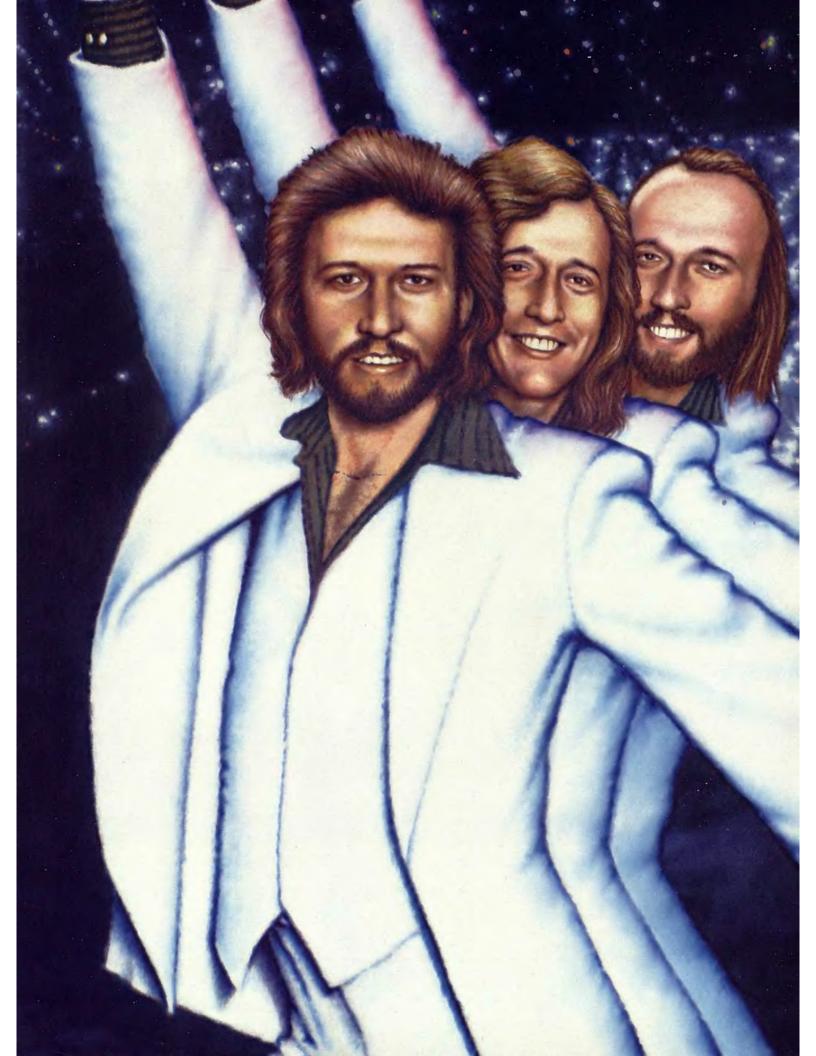
Barry Gibb leans heavily on the throttle, swallowing yards of bottle-green Biscayne Bay. Gibb's lovely Lynda II takes the light chop like a straightedge, leaving the residential islands that litter the bay quickly behind. Turning from the Miami dockyards, he heads for the choice waterfront strip known locally as Millionaire Row. During Miami Beach's early baroque boom years, Spanish mansions complete with sculpted grounds and imported marble patios sprang up along certain sections of the bay. The ocean front was sacrificed to the hotels, but the bay, sprawling the length of the island (and separating it from the Miami mainland), belonged to the rich. Where once the old money settled in lush pockets, now the new ruling class-Anita Bryant, the Bee Gees and their producers-thrives. We take air over a wave and Barry, digging the extra jolt, laughs out loud. He looks as if he might

inhale the whole bay. His once-brown hair, after a year in California and Florida, is sun-baked blond. It coils in thick waves over the South American sweater he is wearing. The boyish face that sent Sixties teens spilling into their album jackets is covered by a closely cropped beard. Once tight and all teeth, the face has grown handsomely into itself. As has Gibb himself. At 31, the man is at the top of his game: The Bee Gees' Saturday Night Fever sound track might well be the best-selling album of all time; during a few weeks this spring, the brothers-Barry, Robin and Maurice-had written, produced or sung a historic five of the nation's top ten singles; they co-star (with Peter Frampton) in the extravagant Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band film; and are preparing for a three-day stand in late August at Madison Square Garden. The Bee Gees' financial dominance of the recording world is unmatched. And these days, Barry heats the air around him with the grace and pure rightness of stardom.

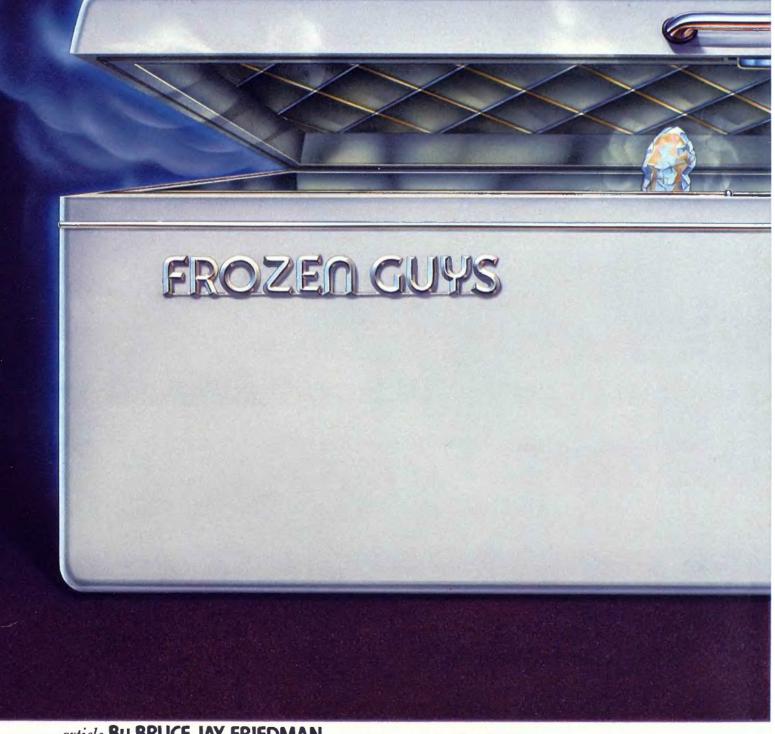
Four-year-old Stephen Gibb lurches over to his father's pants leg. Clutching two cans of potato chips and keeping his balance proves too much. Barry feels desperate tugs and looks down. "Hello, sailor," he says, picking Stephen up in one arm. As the two bounce along toward Miami Beach, Barry screams over his

shoulder, "I don't want to stop."

"Don't," his wife, Lynda, whispers to herself. She shifts, cat-comfortable in the sun. Lynda's a heart-breaker—the Technicolor, plush beauty James Bond would have picked up in a casino. Dark hair, light skin, a sculpted body, Lynda is also the mother of Barry's two children, with the hands and humor to prove it. "Soon Barry will disappear again," she sighs. "During the last album, Stevie asked if he was getting a new daddy." Deadly cheeks flash with her smile. "The studio is his drug. But to Barry, the family is everything. His parents live (continued on page 106)



wherein the author has visions of becoming the first sensitive jewish writer cryonaut



article By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN I heard they had a frozen guy in Southern California. I tracked him down to a small factory that tests and makes thermal equipment for natural-gas companies. At the time, I didn't realize he was a famous frozen guy, the first fellow ever to have himself packed away in ice.

"Can I look at him?" I asked the company owner.

"Hold on, there," he said. "I didn't say we've got him here. We don't want to be known as the body freezers. People would be showing up at all hours of the night with fresh cadavers, asking that we freeze them. Our insurance rates would go sky-high."

I had a feeling he wanted to show him off, despite his protestations. Why have a frozen guy there if you don't want to give people a look at him?

"Let me just take a quick peek."

"All right,"

He led me out back to a kind of airplane hangar. The frozen guy was in a vacuum bottle about nine feet long. Liquid nitrogen was being pumped into it. I heard they had been running around all morning trying to stash him somewhere, after they found out I was coming. The sign on the



container said: CONTENTS NITROGEN-COOLED BIOLOGICAL SPECIMEN. ADD LIQUID NITROGEN AS NÉEDED TO KEEP LIQUID LEVEL ABOVE THREE INCHES AND TEMPERATURE BELOW 150 DEGREES KELVIN. You could not see him in there, which was all right with me. I had seen some frozen folks and they looked like hell. Each one seemed to be trying to say, "For Christ's sake, thaw me out. Can't you see I'm freezing my ass off?"

This particular fellow had been hauled up in a van one night by his son. He was in a container, but it had sprung a leak. At first, the son said he just had "a little tissue" in the container, but he didn't fool the company owner.

"I knew he had a frozen guy in there all along. He finally admitted it. The idea was to switch him from his old container into ours, but before I would do that, I insisted that the son join in. I didn't want the fellow to get dropped and then all of a sudden the boy would have four fathers."

I tapped the container a little to test it for coldness, and also to see if I could jiggle the fellow around in there. It was a little frosty on the outside, though not anywhere near as cold as it was on the inside. And the fellow was in there solid.

"What happens to him now?"

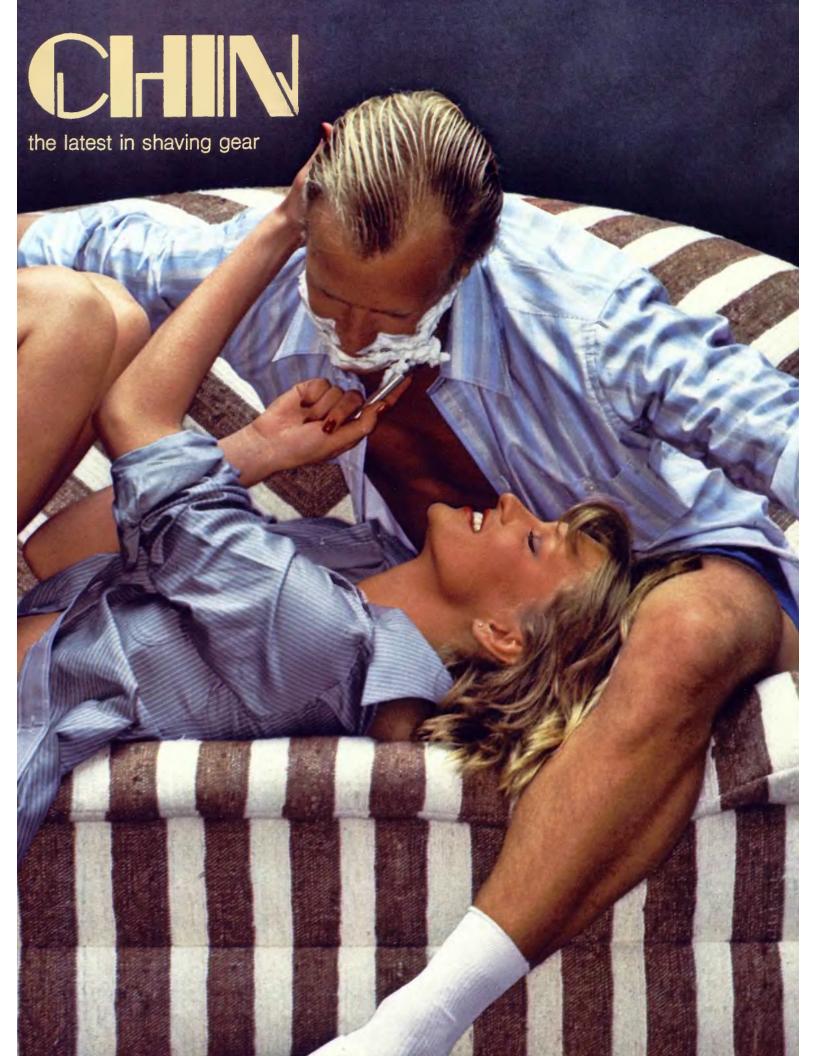
"Our main interest was to try (continued on page 203)



- Left to right: Braun's new Eltron 770 electric shaver with mirrored case, from Cambridge Shaver Imports, \$65; (lying down) Gillette's Atra twin-bladed razor, \$4.95; and a platinum/chrome polymer-coated disposable razor, by BIC, that's just 20 cents.
- 2. Renwick's all-leather shave kit, from Oak Street Leather, \$40; an after-shave balm that protects sensitive skin from wind and weather, \$10, and 8 ozs. of after-shave, \$10, both by Chanel; plus a solid-state rechargeable rotary razor, by Norelco, \$100.
- 3. Top: Remington's Black Man's electric shaver was especially created for guys with very curly beards; its special head helps eliminate ingrown hairs, \$40. Another Remington, the XLR-3000, can be recharged anywhere in the world, \$48 with deluxe case.
- 4. Kent of London's pure-badger shaving brush, from Cosby Brush & Import, \$115, is next to a shave crock that comes with a cake of soap, by Aramis, \$10.50, and an International Silver-designed Schick razor with a Super II cartridge, \$12.95.







### "Robin may be the most eccentric brother; he draws imaginative pornographic sketches."

five minutes from us. His brother [Maurice] lives six blocks away with his in-laws and their kids. And," she touches my arm for emphasis, "Barry moved my family here from Scotland. Quite honestly, I couldn't see it. I love them and all, but I'm a 28-year-old married woman; living with my parents seemed a bit odd. But Barry really wanted it and he's been right. For him, having the family around

Lynda II eases to an idle as Barry pulls her close to the house. An impressive coral mansion (flush on the tourboat route), it's part of the Barry Gibb compound that spills out to the bay with a pool, tennis courts, dock and cabana. "I'd never sell this place," Barry says as personal manager Dick Ashby ties us up. Between buying and fixing it up, we spent about \$500,000. Already, some Frenchman has offered us more than twice that." He laughs, shaking his head. "That poor guy keeps calling and offering us more and more. He thinks we're playing for the cash; I guess he can't understand. This is my home." Lynda lifts a squirming Steve over the fence to Dick and then climbs out herself. Barry and his father-in-law clip on the wire winch lines to pull the boat out of the water. To do this, Gibb leans down and reaches for the ladder to steady himself. In what seems like slow motion, Barry's face freezes in panic and the ladder and the superstar tumble Jerry Lewis style into the water. Spraying bay water, he jumps back onto the boat. Ashby hangs on the fence, gasping with laughter. Barry surveys himself—soggy sweater, jeans and all—and announces, "People say to me, 'Hey, what is it like to be Barry Gibb?' Well, I will tell you. I am just a wi-i-ild and cra-a-azy guy.'

Her shirt says Foxy Lady, but she's just a little girl. The T-shirt and those tight French jeans bind, rather than shape, her young body to fashion. She wears stacked, open-toed platform shoes and red nails. She nervously flicks Marie Osmond bangs from her baby face. "I'm just their sister," she says shyly, motioning around the living room at the missing Bee Gees. "My name's Beri, I'm just their little sister." We both watch her brother Robin, newly arrived from England, tie up his boat. "It's very nice here." Her voice a soft blend of accents, "I'm 14 and this fall I'll start school in Miami Beach. I've even found a good friend 106 here, Her name is Donna, She's great, I

tell her who's in town, you know, when my brothers are in, and she'll come over and tell me about her dates. She's 18; I tend to like older people." Beri drums a rolled-up record trade paper on the coffee table and talk naturally turns to music. "I tell you, I've been wasting a lot of time." She is serious. "I've never gotten to a studio, never cut a song." Robin approaches us, the sun setting dramatically behind him. "Really," Beri continues, "you can't be too young to start. I remember wrestling on the floor with Andy [Gibb] only a couple of years ago. Now look at him. Maurice and Robin were six and Barry nine when they started."

Robin has a fragile, gun-shy quality. His pale face and delicate bone structure contrast with Barry's athleticism. Fittingly, it was Robin who sang the quavery, tender ballads swamped with strings-Holiday, I Started a Joke, How Can You Mend a Broken Heart-that locked the Bee Gees' early career. He was the one with the finger in his ear. Robin may be the most eccentric brother; he draws imaginative pornographic sketches and during the long nights in the studio, writes descriptions of every session in tiny, undecipherable handwriting. He has been known to unsheath a vicious sense of humor on unwary interviewers.

Robin rests on the couch and begins playing with a Polaroid instant-movie camera given to each brother by manager Robert Stigwood. Watching Beri walk to the kitchen, he leers, "She's grown up quite a bit, she has." Through the window, a veritable sitcom is being enacted-kids and boats; grandparents and roadies, Stephen, naked except for a Batman mask and a towel cape, chases his father to the swings.

"I've got a place something like this back in Surrey," Robin says. "I fish in the river, play tennis. I spend lots of time with my wife and kids. A quite sane life. You see, we never had this as kids. Maybe never had a real childhood. We were always too busy working, singing on the road." The doorbell rings and Stephen walks in, still the naked Batman. Robin lets him back into the yard, "We had to make our own lives stable. In the early days, we practically had to work to live. Our family didn't have much money, so I think they had to make it on us. My father was 41 when we moved from Manchester to Australia. We left nothing behind, except Manchester, and I wouldn't want to die there.

Barry walks in and puts a video cassette of a recent Midnight Special interview into the Betamax. As the camera zooms in on the three brothers sitting at some anonymous L.A. poolside, Robin says quietly, "I suppose I've got to look back fondly on my childhood. I got no other life.'

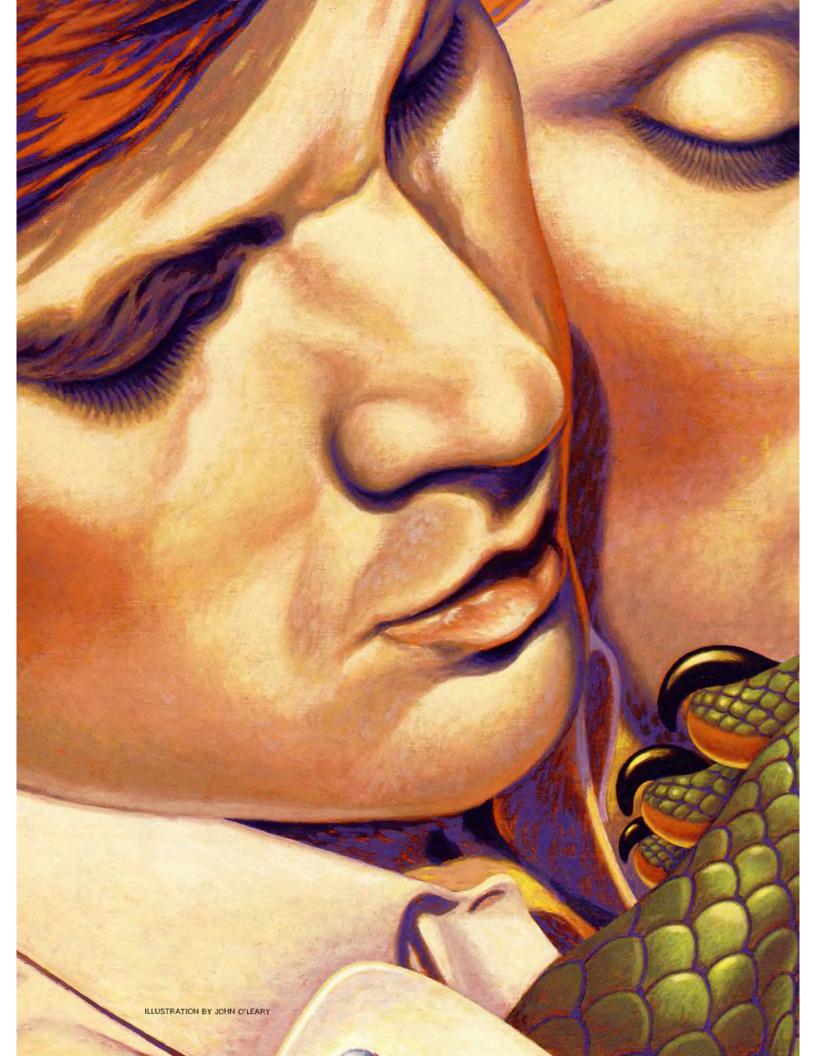
Engine noise steams the air brown. Stock cars chew up the track, raining burned dirt and rubber into the grandstand-and they love it. British welders, miners, truckers, raw drunk at the Redcliffe Speedway on a Sunday in 1956. Fueled by the gas fumes and ale, they manage a few mongrel cheers for the three local boys who will sing while the midget-car race is arranged. These brothers call themselves The Rattlesnakes: Maurice and Robin Gibb, seven, and big brother Barry, ten. Their father, a natty ex-drummer on the Liverpool ferry, points them toward the infield's grassy patch. In wavering harmony, they sing a couple of originals: "Let Me Love You" and their favorite, "Twenty Miles to Blueland." The last chorus is drowned in the midgets' mosquito drone, but the crowd cheers the boys' cuteness. A few shillings flash through the air onto the dirt oval. The boys bow (pros to the end) and scramble onto the track to dig for their money. The next race is announced.

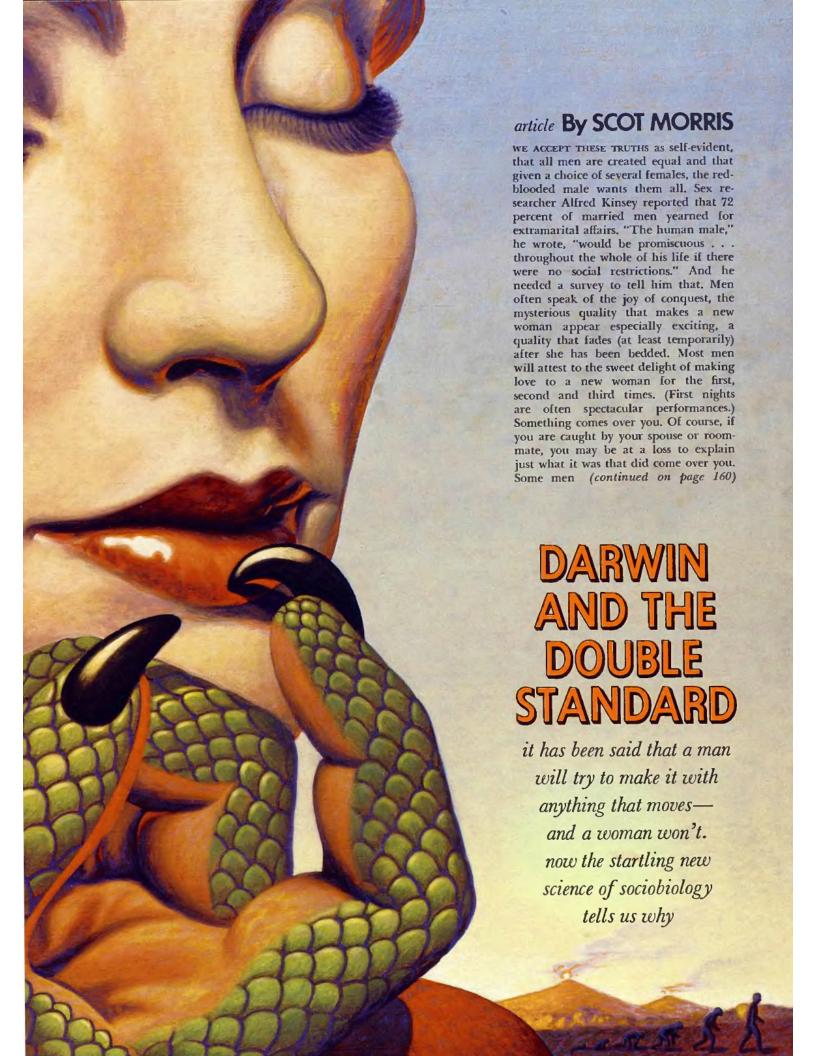
"So you strap on these boots that are bolted to the ceiling. Right; and you're wearing these leather suits all slits and zippers, and then, if you want, they roll out the dull guillotine. Those quaint L.A. sex shops are quite a laugh." Maurice doesn't give you time to laugh. He'd rather rock into some twisting, highspeed conversation with himself. "That way, I cut out the middleman. And, besides, no one listens to me, anyhow."

Miami's permanent mercury-vaporlight sunset keeps the ghettos pink as we head for Criteria Studios. The expressway skirts the ghetto, which, bathed in the high-intensity crime-prevention light, just might be the funky source of the whole Miami music business. Liberty City, they call it. A tough, sad and totally soulful few blocks that rock with a unique blend of straight R&B and loping Caribbean junkaroo, T.K. Records, the dirty old bastion of the Miami Sound, grabbed home-grown marvels like George McCrae, Betty Wright and K. C. and The Sunshine Band and built an industry power. T.K. simmered in its Hialeah warehouse while Criteria Studios in North Miami strutted into the picture. Attracting producers like Tom Dowd, Arif Mardin and Jerry Wexler, all leggends in R&B, Criteria gained the reputation of a solid-gold soul factory. In the mid-Sixties, it was practically an Atlantic studio; Aretha Franklin, Brook Benton, Ray Charles and the upstart Allman (continued on page 192)



"It's three A.M. and you've got pollen all over you!"





# THE GROWNUPS' BOOK OF BIRDS AND BEES



#### JONATHAN LIVINGSTON LESBIAN

California lady gulls are A.C./D.C. When there aren't enough males to go around, females pair up with each other. One even becomes a bull dyke: She mounts the other, defends the nest and does courtship feeding just like a male normally would. (No, she doesn't get a short haircut!) These "odd couples" lay eggs and sometimes they even hatch! Virgin births? Hardly. It seems that there are lecherous males about who, though happily married, are not averse to a bit on the side. And, we're happy to report, our gay females are easily begulled into accepting even a one-night stand. That way, they get to have some offspring and each other, too.

#### PROSTITUTION IN HUMMINGBIRDS

Tropical hummingbirds sip the nectar of flowers and apparently also know how to convert it into the nectar of love. Males defend trees with the best flowers and keep all male trespassers away from the food supplies. But if a female wants to get some, she has to give some: He will let her sup from his tree only if she will let him—can you guess? Female hummingbirds do doubly well by insisting on a high-class clientele: They get only the best males to father their hummingbirdlets, while also getting a good meal in the bargain.

#### MUSCLE BEACH PARTY

Like male hummingbirds, male damselfish defend their territory, only they do so while basking in Hawaiian coral reefs. But, unlike male hummingbirds, a male damselfish can't "pay" his paramour, at least not in food. But he can promise to take good care of her small fry—no small consideration when you realize that coral reefs teem with other fish who would dearly love to feast on damsel damselfish's eggs. So what happens? When a school of female damselfish cruises overhead, the male

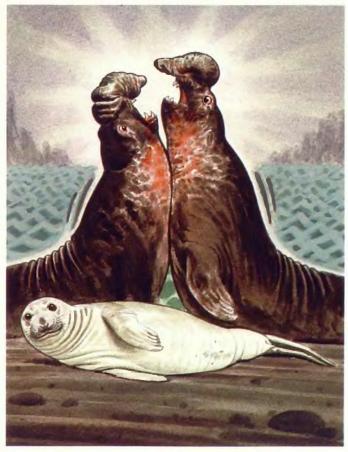
in his territory suddenly becomes the toughest guy on the block, beating the fish out of anyone else who comes near. But when the females are no longer looking, the males stop the muscle flexing. No need to waste good moves.

#### EAT ME, I'M YOURS

The male praying mantis literally loses his head over a female. Female mantises are larger, fiercer and without a doubt the more dangerous sex, especially to the male. Not surprisingly, males approach their would-be lovers very gingerly and attempt to begin screwing without being caught, because these original femmes fatales show no reluctance to eat their sexual partners. In a rather bizarre variant on oral sex, the female first beheads her lover-often while he is busily mounting her-then she goes on eating (neck, shoulders, arms, etc.), while what's left of him goes right on humping away. In fact, a headless male is even more passionate than an intact one, since the mantis brain inhibits sexual behavior performed by the abdomen. The voracious female gets not only a meal but also a better sex life from a lover whose inhibitions are lost along with his head. No wonder they pray so much. Amen, brother.

#### "MY BOYFRIEND'S BACK...."

Female elephant seals (cows) must be reckoned among the world's bitchiest creatures, if you go by most of the male elephant seals (bulls). No, this is not a cow-and-bull story: When a low-ranking male tries to mount a female, she is very likely to scream loudly, thereby attracting the attention of all the other males nearby. A general free-for-all then follows, in which all the would-be boyfriends get involved and after which the king of the hill emerges and is duly rewarded by the demure female. Moral: The bitchy cow gets the best man.



# talk about man's pubic proclivities! some creatures great and small have sex habits that should be x-rated



#### PROMISES, PROMISES

Balloon flies also like to combine eating with sex, but their bacchanalia is rather more refined than that of the praying mantis. In fact, it's downright dainty. In some species, the suitor presents his beloved with a smaller insect he has captured, which she must accept as a token of his esteem before she will accept him. Other balloon flies first wrap up the gift in a silk covering before bestowing it on the apple of their bulging little eyes. Another species—the ultimate huckster—doesn't even bother to include the gift; the male just makes an elaborate silken balloon and, with much fanfare, delivers it to the female. While she eagerly unwraps it (which may take quite some time), he is eagerly at work, too. By the time she discovers the deception, it's too late!

#### THE KRAZY GLUE CHASTITY BELT

Imagine that you're a parasitic acanthocephalan worm, living happily in the guts of some unsuspecting mouse or rat. When you bump up against a female parasitic acanthocephalan worm, you inseminate her and then, for good measure, you squirt in a bit of cement. This keeps your sperm from leaking out and also keeps other males from sneaking in. If you meet another male, however, your routine is a little different—you don't bother wasting your own sperm, but you do give him a good glue job, clogging up his genital ducts and ending his sex life forever.

#### SAVING THE MARRIAGE

What does a mountain bluebird do when he learns that his wife has been having an affair with another bluebird? Actually, he does two things. When he comes back to the old nest site and finds a strange male sitting next to his female, the offended husband attacks the impudent interloper and he

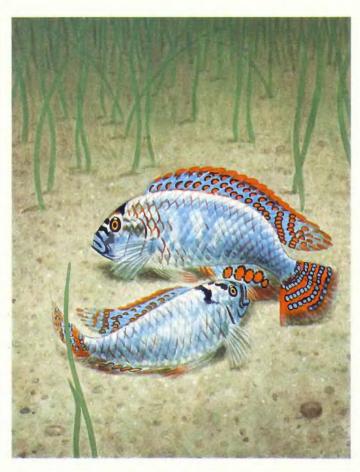
also attacks his own female. He pulls out a few of her feathers and drives her away, apparently hoping to get another female who will be more faithful to him and less likely to fly by night with someone else. But once she has laid her eggs, containing his genes, Mr. Bluebird is less upset by his mate's infidelity—in fact, he ignores it. The marriage is saved for the sake of the kids.

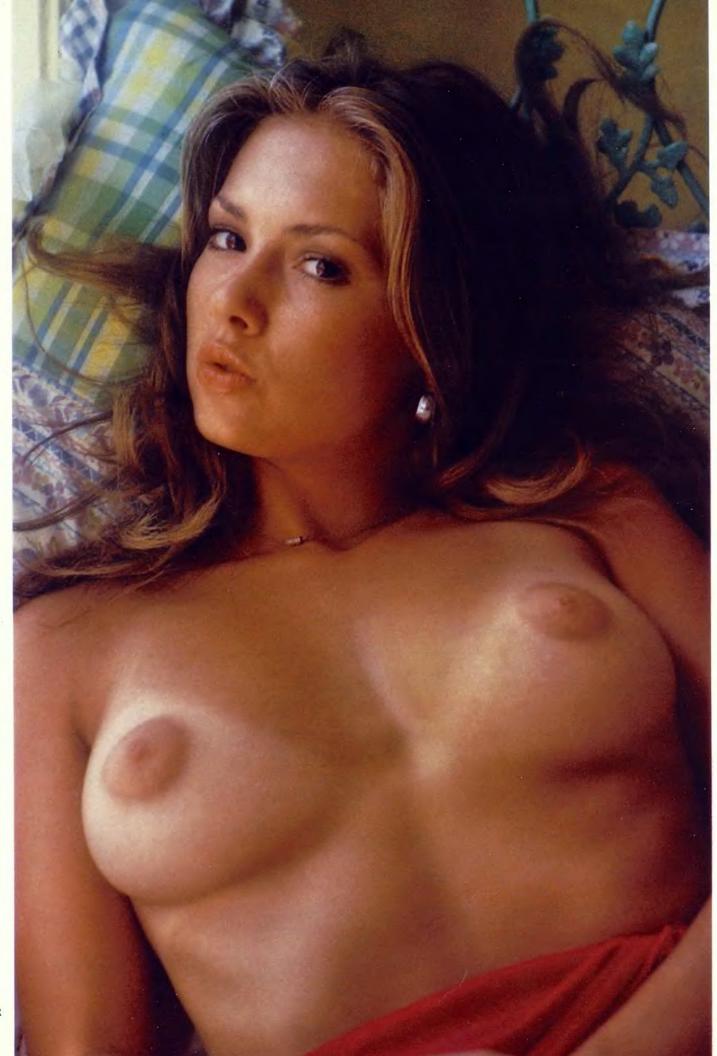
#### CRUISING

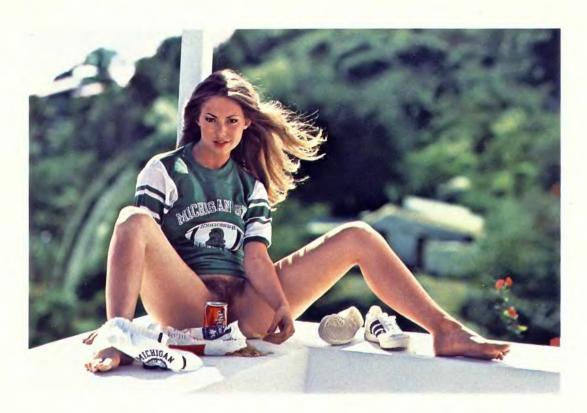
Male wild turkeys travel in pairs. They both cooperate in dancing about to impress the lady turkeys, but when it's actually time to screw, one of the males consistently lets the other do it all. What's going on here? The association between males clearly benefits the one who gets to do all the mating, but what's in it for subordinate Alphonse? Is he *really* a turkey? In fact, he is often Gaston's *brother*, so, though not a father, he is at least guaranteed being an uncle to milady's chicks.

#### I WON'T COME IN YOUR MOUTH

The fish known as cichlids are famous for being mouth-breeders: Either the mommy or the daddy carries the eggs around in its mouth until they're ready to hatch. But in one species, appropriately known as the egg-spot cichlid, the female is so eager to suck up her own eggs (in order to protect them from predators) that she often does so before the male has had a chance to cover them with sperm. Not to be outmaneuvered, however, he has evolved a counterploy: His bottom fins are "egg mimics," little spots that look like real eggs. So he just flashes those in front of his overhasty lover and she eagerly tries to take them into her mouth, along with her own real eggs. At that climactic moment, he ejaculates. She takes the sperm into her mouth, where her own eggs are fertilized. Does fish semen taste humany?





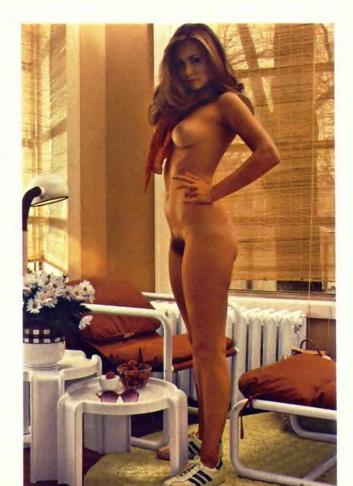


# A NEW LEAF

playmate vicki witt knows where she's at, but she won't be there for long

ONE DAY not too long ago, Vicki Witt put her childhood behind her. It was time. Vicki had grown up in a family of seven children in and around Lansing, Michigan. She had never traveled. Her education was spotty, grabbed on the run as her family moved from one city in Michigan to another. She learned early to look out for herself, as people in large families do. She learned about relationships quickly, "I've got the boy-girl thing down," she says with assurance. The fact is, she has more than that: She has Vicki down, which is more than some people can say at 90, much less at 19.

We first heard about Vicki when photographer David Chan spotted her at Michigan State while doing last year's Girls of the Big Ten pictorial. Among the things that attracted us to her was her easygoing style, seasoned with an uncommon amount of common sense. Actually, easygoing is



something of an understatement. Vicki could read a book in a burning house. She views life with a cool imperturbability born of an acute sense of her own identity. She knows where she is, adapts to new situations easily and blows you away with her candor. She could also blow you away on a baseball diamond or on a disco floor. Her 5'7" frame is almost pure energy; she's a tomboy, strong and resilient, with a love of sports, from hockey to horseback riding, and she likes nothing better than to dance all night. In the meantime, she puts away enough food to fuel someone twice her size. How she'll eventually use all that energy is still up in the air. Her present plan calls for voice training for a singing

"If I feel something is right, I go ahead with it. I don't examine my feelings. Then if something doesn't go right, I just put it in the past."

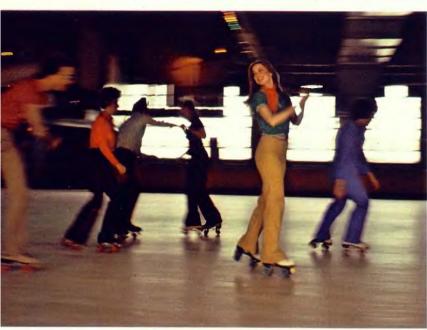
GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR career. But she has the looks and personality for the screen, too.

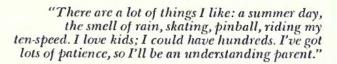
Whatever she does, Vicki is ready. "This is the happiest period of my life. I have a feeling something good is going to happen. The people I'm meeting are exciting and I'm starting to do all the things I've always wanted to."

All of which signals to the girl from Lansing that it's time for her life to begin in earnest.















"I like to be held. I like to make love to music.
I like to make love in front of a fireplace—
or in the middle of a lake. I'm not hard to please.
I never worry. I just live life as I find it."











"I hate people who see things only one way. It's important to take the time to understand. I can handle a lot, but I can be hurt easily, too."

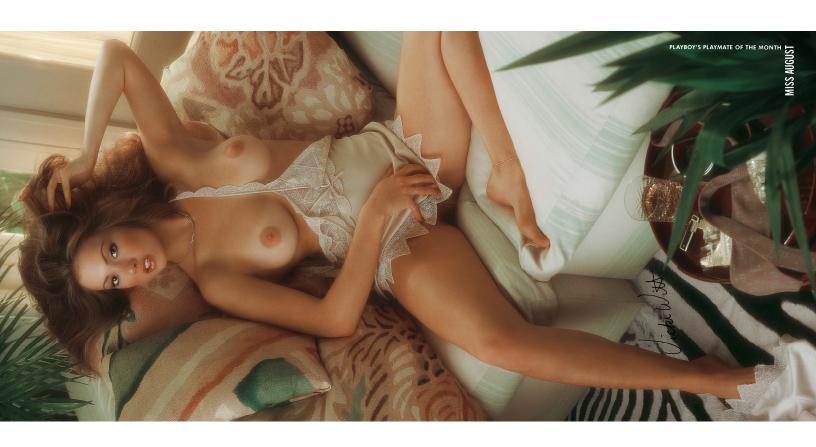






"I don't try to put on a front. That's like lying; it doesn't help and you just get yourself confused."





#### PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: NICKI With

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 1/7SIGN: Arias

BIRTH DATE: 4-13-59 BIRTHPLACE: Lausing, Michigan

GOALS: I'd Like to find some way to use the

talents that I have to my best advantage.

Singing and acting are definite possibilities.

TURN-ONS: Sex in unusual places, massages,

boy watching.

TURN-OFFS: Men who try to buy women with

expensive gifts.

FAVORITE ACTRESSES: Julie Christia, Raquel Welch,

Angia Dickinson, Kata Jackson

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: LINDA RONSTANT, DIANA ROSS,

Stavie Wooder, Neil Diamond, Ohio Players

FAVORITE FOODS: Auything, as long as there is a lot of it

FAVORITE PASTIME: I LIKE TO SEE MODIES, THEN read

The books they are made from.

SECRET DREAM: To be shipwrecked on an iscand with Lee Majors A,90 12 A90 8



Horseback riding at my aunt's farm



My tap-dancing recital the worlds worst they had to shoot me grade school prom the waist up graduation picture from the waist up



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was quite a weekend," groaned the office Casanova to a buddy after he'd drag-assed in on Monday morning. "I spent it with that new twenty-year-old file clerk and she turned out, man, to have a really insatiable pussy."

"Look, Barry," commented his friend, "if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the

kitten."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines self-abuse as letting your fingers do the whacking.

instructions for making the quintessentially dry martini recently reached us from Palm Springs. The host puts ice and straight gin into the glass . . . and then adds vermouth to the living-room humidifier.



The not-too-bright husband arrived home to find his wife in bed with a man. In a mad rage, he opened a dresser drawer, took out a

loaded pistol and pointed it at his own head.
"Are you crazy?" yelled the lovers, in uni-

son, from the bed.
"Just wait!" the husband said triumphantly. "You two are next!"

We wonder if a member of Congress with a pair of horny secretaries could be accused of double-dipping.

A well-ripened mountain girl was lolling on her porch settee rather immodestly when a schoolboy came by, stopped, peered and asked, "What's that there called, Annie Sue?"

The girl smiled and said, "I reckon we could call it my washing machine, Lonny.'

The boy gulped and asked further, "Could it maybe . . . you know . . . sort of wash my stuff?"

The girl's smile broadened and she took him inside the cabin. A few days later, the boy returned and said, "How's about your machine doing my washing again, Annie Sue?"

"Lonny," replied the girl, a tad tartly, "with that little washing you got, you better just go

do it by hand."

No, not tonight," responded the girl to her boyfriend's suggestion of a session at his pad. "I really have to go home. I do need my beauty sleep."

"But, honey," pursued the young man, "I'm not interested in any part of you that looks beautiful."

The visiting brother-in-law of a highly successful dress manufacturer spent a day in the latter's plant and noticed that a certain sales procedure kept being repeated: After a male buyer had been welcomed and shown the firm's new line, the owner's stunningly attractive young female assistant would closet herself in her private office with the buyer and the latter would emerge a short time later to place a large order with the owner.

That girl Friday of yours seems to play a key sales role here, Max," pointed out the brotherin-law at the end of the day. "Tell me, just what

is her special talent?"

"Great head for business," said Max.

Superstitious and poor, Mrs. Tunney Had a habit both touching and funny: She would wad up a buck In her cunt ere she'd fuck, So her husband could come into money.

Publishing sources report a brisk advance demand for a new book about guided-muscle development. It's titled Pumping Irene.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines vasectee as a fellow who's had his heir supply cut off.

Since the couple was having difficulties, the woman went to a marriage counselor. She was slow in getting to the point, so the advisor interrupted to say, "Look, madam, it could be that you're not showing your husband enough affection. Tell me, even though you may grow tired waiting for him to arrive home in the evening, do you kiss him when he comes?"

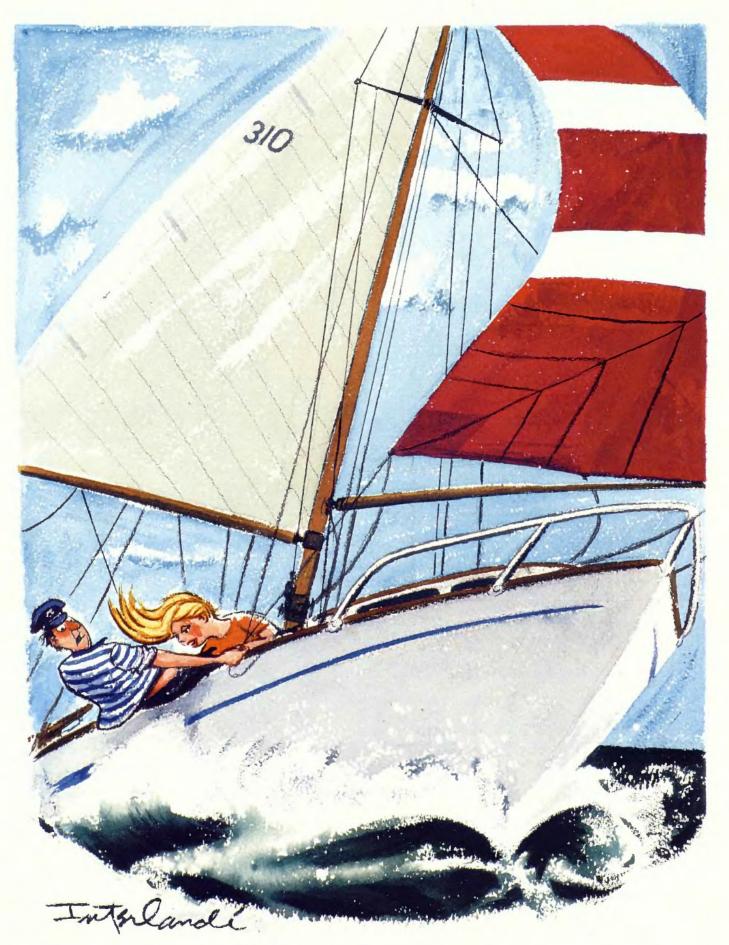
"That's the problem I was getting to," sighed the woman. "He comes when I kiss him."



When one fellow at a hunting lodge got thoroughly soused, his fellow sportsmen put an inflated life-sized nudie doll in his room and subsequently rushed in when they heard a commotion, "What happened?" they chorused at the bewildered drunk.

"Musta been a woods witch," slurred the victim. "There she was, buff-naked on my bunk. But when I went 'n' nibbled on one of 'er tits, the bitch shivered, hissed at me and flew out the window!"

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.



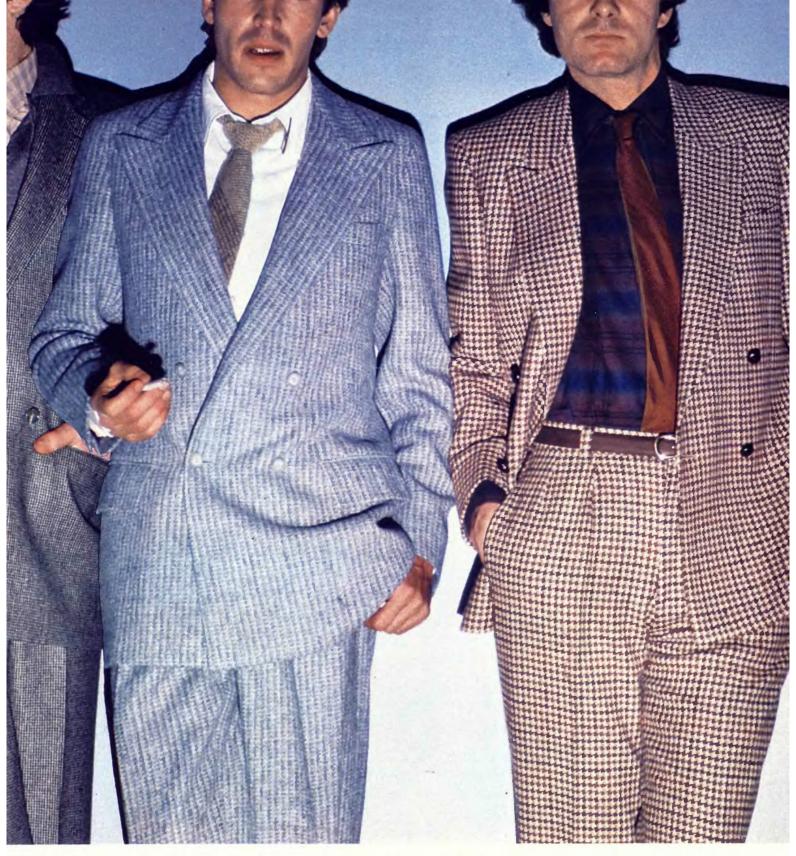
"For God's sake, Harriet—not now!"



# SUITABLE FOR FALL

a sneak preview of the fresh fashion looks that will bow in this autumn attire By DAVID PLATT Hold on to your hats! Or at least your disposable income, because come this fall, you're going to want to do some considerable revamping of your wardrobe, once you see what's fresh off the drawing boards of today's top male-fashion designers. We're not sure whether it's the fact that men's suit sales have been disappointing recently or that there's been a resurgence of interest in dressing up, but the pure design energy that's going into the latest selections—especially suits—is really unbelievable.

Suddenly, tailored clothing is fashion's favorite child. The lofty elegance of fabrics, the variety of silhouettes, the



Our lead-off guy, far left, wears a wool flecked-tweed double-breasted three-piece suit featuring peak lapels and trousers with straight legs, by Fitzgerald, about \$225; a rayon shirt, by Charivari for Men, \$45; and a wool tie, by Vicky Davis, about \$9.

The well-endowed young lady fills out a man's wool tweed double-breasted featuring a ventless jacket with peak lapels and besom pockets, plus double-pleated trousers with wide legs, by Egon Von Furstenberg, \$160. (Her diamond bar pin is by Elias Epstein for Kaspar & Esh.)

Next is a wool checkpatterned four-button double-breasted suit featuring double-pleated trousers with tapered legs, about \$195, a wool knit cardigan with spread collar and ribbed trim, about \$47, a checkplaid cotton shirt, about \$25, and a knit tie, about \$10, all by Calvin Klein. Fourth up, a wool striped-tweed four-button double-breasted featuring a ventless jacket with peak lapels and pleated trousers, by Jeffrey Banks/Glanzrock, about \$250, worn with a cotton oxford shirt, about \$27.50, and a Shetland tie, about \$15, both by Jeffrey Banks.

At far right, a wool houndstooth double-breasted, by Don Sayres for After Six, \$220; a plaid cotton flannel shirt, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$25; a striped silk tie, by John Henry Neckwear, about \$15; and a cowhide belt with brass buckle, by Paris Accessaries for Men, \$15.

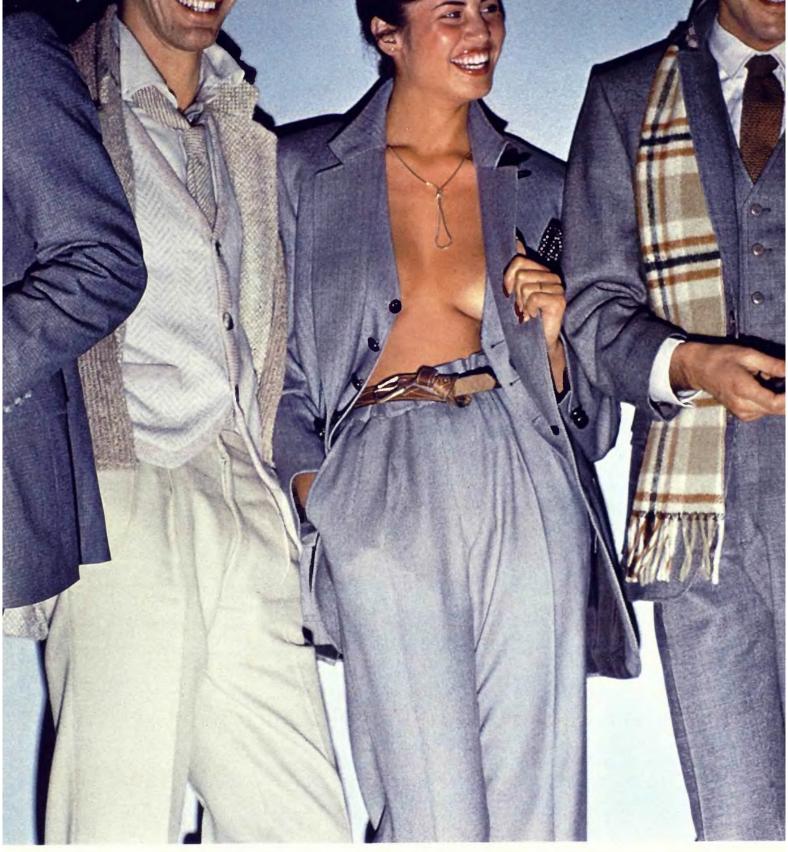


rich—sometimes surprising—interplay of colors and textures and, most of all, the liberated attitude about what constitutes a suit make for an exciting, creative market. The concept of the suit, of course, is too time-tested and too flattering to ever be completely dropped from fashion. But what has changed is the definition of what actually constitutes a suit (it needn't be made up of matching components) and the feeling that a suit is just a business uniform instead of an item of apparel that can be enjoyed in a multitude of ways.

Part of this redefinition is achieved by attention to subtle details: A conventional three-piece suit worn with a

shirt and tie becomes a distinctive fashion statement when the shirt and tie are deliberately left undone and the vest is worn open. (The young lady pictured on these pages is making an even more distinctive fashion statement that we heartily endorse—for her—by skipping the shirt and tie altogether.) Or try a suit with the collar turned up and a scarf over your shoulder. The point of all this is simple: There's a true spirit of male-fashion individuality loose in the land. Men are wearing their clothes; the clothes aren't wearing them. A wing collar with a tweed jacket? Your tie askew? Why not, if it works. And if it's you. If it's not, try something else. After all, you're the boss.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS ING / PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE



Far left, a wool tweed single-breosted three-piece suit featuring a ventless jacket with notched lapels, by Pierre Cardin, \$225; a pinstriped polished-cotton shirt with spread collar, \$50, and a silk tie, \$20, both from Charivari for Men.

Second, a wool threepiece ensemble featuring suede elbow patches, by Adolfo for Leon of Paris, about \$280; a polished-cotton shirt, from Bravado by Aetna, \$25; a linen tie, by Charivari for Men, \$12; and a silk scarf, by Carara, \$22.50.

Our third man's suit theme is a checktweed model, about \$205, a cashmere V-neck, about \$110, and a flannel shirt, about \$32, all from **Yves Saint Laurent** Menswear; plus a wool tie, by John Henry Accessories, about \$12.50.

Fourth from left is a wool tweed unconstructed jacket, about \$145, worn with wool twill slacks, about \$75, a sweater vest, about \$45, a flannel shirt, about \$35, a wool tie, \$15, and a knit scarf, \$15, all by Lee Wright for San Remo/G. B. Pedrini.

The open-minded miss Last, a wool tweed has on a herringbone jacket, tweed vest and trousers, all by Gil Truedsson for Tiger of Sweden, about \$340; plus a cowhide belt, from The Frye Belt Co., \$12.50. (Her diamond neckloce is by Fran Mandel for Francesca.)

single-breasted suit, by M. Wile for London International, about \$165; a pinstriped polished-cotton shirt, from Chaps by Rolph Lauren, \$24; a knit tie, by Vicky Davis, \$8.50; and a fringed scarf, by Michel Cravat, \$15.

## DEATH FREAK (continued from page 94)

"With his homemade devices, he had effectively denied the beach area to any potential intruder."

San Juan Beach on the northwest coast, past the yacht-club basin, then through the town, then south past El Presidente Hotel and Chancanab Lagoon to the Palancar Reef. The interior of the island was a flat matting of scrub and jungle, with a few seldom-used dirt tracks, hidden Mayan villages and a scattering of small ruined temples dating to the time before the Spaniards. Vasily reached the reef in darkness, but even as he began to unload the Safari, the weak light of the moon showed through the trees. A faint breeze rustled banana leaves. Battling his way through the brush and creepers, in ten minutes he reached the edge of the beach, sweating, breathing hard. The breeze had died and the air was thick with heat. Just enough moonlight bled through the jungle mist for

He worked quickly, removing the doughy substance from the plastic bags and planting each lump a few inches below the cool sand in the open spaces between the palms, then tamping down the sand with his foot, smoothing it out in some places, deliberately leaving his footprints in others. His footprints from the other mornings were everywhere and he made no effort to obliterate them; they would serve nicely as a guide for the trackers. Wet, the petroleum-jelly mixture was not yet volatile, but the first rays of the sun would begin to dry it. By nine o'clock, the full heat of the morning would harden it into plastique. Using a random pattern, he distributed the load of insulation and chunks of polystyrene foam soaked in sulphuric acid. He scattered it from the edge of the jungle all the way to the water line. Again, the sun would convert it lethally. He smiled in satisfaction. With his homemade devices, he had effectively denied the beach area to any potential intruder. His position for covering Eddie was now secure.

Vasily drove back to his hotel in the starry darkness and parked the Safari off the road. He carried his room key in his pocket and was just passing the lobby desk when the clerk hailed him.

"Señor Victor? A message for you."

Vasily studied the scrawled handwriting on the small pink slip. It said: "I miss you. Call soon." And that was followed by the area code for Washington, D.C., and a telephone number.

"You received this call?" Vasily asked 130 politely.

"No, señor. Our telephone operator."

"Is she here?"

"No, señor. Gone home."

"It doesn't say when the call came in." "Undoubtedly, when you were out, scñor."

"Yes, undoubtedly." Vasily offered his warmest smile. "Would you place the call for me, please? Right away.'

"Ahorita, señor."

Vasily slid a 100-peso note across the counter and it vanished instantly. "Please try to make it even sooner than that,"

In his room, he sat in a chair, arms folded, and waited. He was calm. The cooling breeze from the air conditioner swept across his cheeks. He waited for an hour, then called the desk. The clerk was apologetic.

"I am trying," he explained, "but there is only the one line that goes from

the island. Please be patient.'

"Of course," said Vasily, but there were chips now in the surface of his calm. He went back to the chair, tried to sit but found that impossible. From a pocket in his suitcase, he took out a portable chessboard and a book of problems. He laid out an ending, white to mate in four, and pondered it. Lost in the dynamics of the problem, he was still aware of the passing of time. He fought against looking at his watch, and when he finally did, he saw that it was almost two in the morning. He reached for the telephone. The clerk was still apologetic but with a note of defensiveness in his voice.

"Señor, please to understand," he said. "This is not Mexico City here. This is Cozumel and the telephone service is not very . . . elegante, you understand?"

Vasily understood very well that the telephone office was most likely staffed by one sleepy Indian girl who should have been tending bar at a cantina, but he said only, "Yes, I understand. But please try again. It is important."

"De acuerdo."

Vasily hung up the telephone but stood with his hand still on it, his eyes still staring down at it, his mind finally forcing to the surface the fears he had tried to bury.

It's trouble, and it has to be big trouble, he thought. She wouldn't call for anything trivial. And until I know what it is, I can't make a move.

He tried to go back to the chessboard, but the problem, which at first had been intriguing, now only irritated him. He swept it away and laid out another ending, but he could not concentrate on the moves. He forced himself to lie on the bed with his eyes closed, breathing slowly. That actually worked; he dozed off for a while, but he was up again in 15 minutes and pacing the floor. He debated calling Eddie and alerting him, but that would have gone against all the rules of security they had established. Tapping nervous fingers on the table, his calm now completely cracked, he knew that there was nothing he could do but wait.

He waited that way through the night, the tension growing hourly. Every 30 minutes, he called the desk, and each time he was told that his telephone call was in progress. Despite his nervousness, he kept his voice cool and polite when he spoke to the clerk, knowing that one flare of anger might be enough to cancel the call. He watched the first gray cracks of dawn and then the rim of the sun coming up over the sea. He watched it rise, helpless, willing it to stop, begging it for time; but the dawn was established and the sun well up over the water when the desk clerk finally called with the triumphant announcement.

"Señor, we have succeeded. After great effort, I am now able to proclaim that your conferencia is about to begin. One moment, please, for the city of Wash-

A moment later, Chalice's voice came on the line. She wasted no time with politeness. "My God, what took you so long? I've been waiting all night."

"I've been calling all night. Quickly,

what is it?"

"They know you're in Cozumel, Both of you.'

Vasily took a deep breath. "They know I'm here?'

"That's right; both sides do. Ours and yours. They've figured out your next move and they've got their own little surprise planned. This is an open line. How freely may I talk?"

"As freely as you wish. If you don't

tell me, I'm dead anyway."

"They're working together in a combined operation, six CIA agents and six K.G.B., with the Cuban in command. Yours is a lure, theirs is a counterlure. That's all I know. He wouldn't tell me any details."

'The usual source? He's there in

Williamsburg?' "Of course."

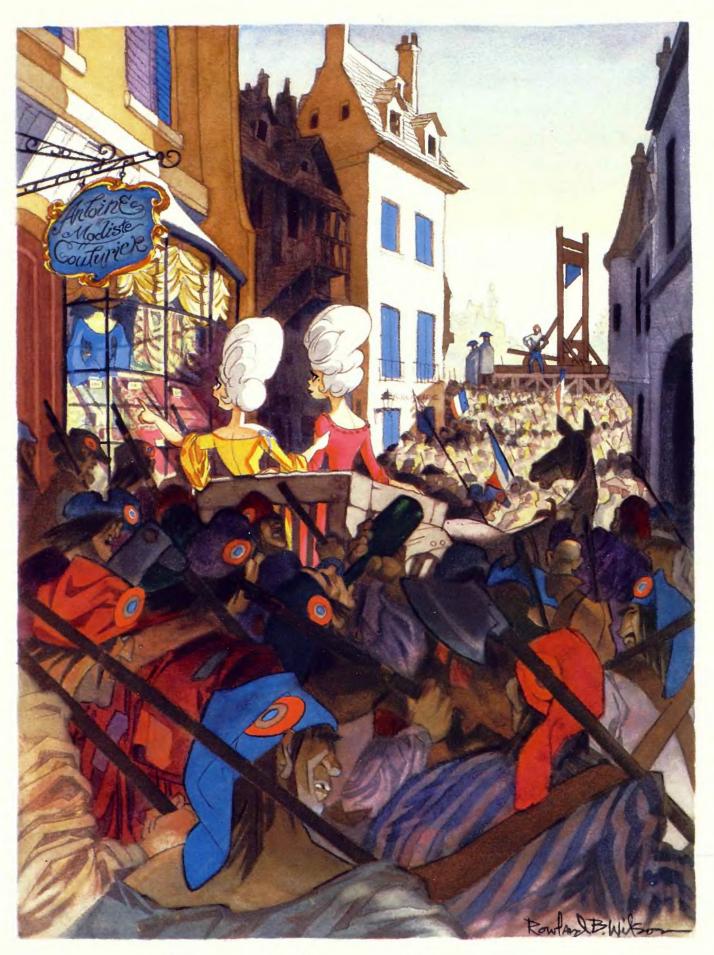
"I was hoping he would be here."

"No, he's up here safe and sound. Darling, don't you think this calls for a change in your vacation plans? Why not try the mountains instead of the ocean?"

"My thoughts exactly. I must jump

now. Many thanks, my love."

He hung up to the sound of her chuckle, but there was no joy in his voice



"What a time to go! Look—Antoine has a new shipment of Belgian lace and his brocaded silks are in!"

as he called the desk and asked to be put through to Eddie's hotel. The sun was high, his watch read after seven o'clock, and there was no time now to worry about security.

Vasily listened, drumming his fingers lightly against his cigarette case. The telephone buzzed and stopped, buzzed and stopped, with that peculiar, inexplicable monotony that somehow tells the caller after the second ring that it won't be picked up, that no one is there.

The polite but tired Mexican voice said, "Señor, no contesta."

"Are you certain you're ringing the right room? Two-oh-four? ¿Dos cero quatro?"

"Si, señor, pero no contesta. Señor Morrison ha salido."

"How long ago did he leave?"

"¿Quien sabe? Ten, maybe fifteen minutes."

For the second time in moments, Vasily hung up the phone and stood staring at it. Eddie on his way to dive, perhaps already on the boat, and no way to warn him that the odds had changed. From even money, two on two, they had gone to six-to-one underdogs. He resisted the impulse to pull the telephone out by the wire and hurl it across the room, forcing himself to examine his options coldly. His mind rolled over them, but he could find only two.

There are no true options, he told himself, but only two unpalatable choices. Either I stay or I go. If I stay and cover him, I am going against suicidal odds. Every instinct tells me to get out of here quickly. Borgneff's First Law of Survival. It's too late to try the ferry, but there are plenty of fishermen who'd take me to the mainland for a price.

The trouble is . . . I like Eddie. After nearly 50 years of the business called living, he stands as my only friend.

The thought took him by surprise, yet he realized that it touched an area of truth. Eddie was his friend, and to abandon him would not be easy, but it would be in conformity with his lifelong principles. To attempt to save him, given the new odds, would be difficult, almost impossible, and probably fatal. Yet, as he voiced the choices silently, he knew that he was going to try.

I owe him that much, and I owe myself the opportunity to make the beau geste. Besides, Chalice would never forgive me if I didn't.

Smiling to himself, secretly pleased by his lapse into romanticism, he grabbed his two prepacked suitcases and raced down the stairs to the lobby. In minutes, he had paid his bill to the yawning clerk and was in the Safari, driving along the broken, pitted road that led to the yacht basin. He kept his speed down, 132 glancing often into the rearview mirror

and scanning the sea as well as the road ahead. The sun was already hot, baking down. The breeze dried his sweat. Just before the yacht-club basin, a few hundred yards ahead on the road, he saw two Mexican workmen in the left-hand lane. One of them was tarring the road surface with a roller, the other held a tattered red flag in his hand.

Mexican workmen at 7:30 in the morning?

Vasily took his foot off the accelerator and lightly touched the brake, shifting down into second gear.

The Mexicans looked up casually and the man with the red flag waved it, beckoning him ahead. Both men wore sombreros, the white guayabera Mayan shirts, baggy white trousers and sandals. But under their sombreros, even at that distance, Vasily could see that their faces were pale. Too pale.

He swung the Safari into a tight turn, braked, jammed to a stop and backed up. Give them a chance, he thought . . . could be wrong. If they're workmen, they'll shrug and go back to their tarring. If not....

The man with the red flag suddenly dropped it to the ground and, from the brush, two BMW motorcycles catapulted out onto the road, bouncing hard, engines backfiring and spitting. Vasily wrenched the wheel to the left, slammed the gearshift into second and brought the Safari screeching round on the road, gunning it, right foot down to the floor board. In less than ten seconds, he was in third gear and up to 50 miles an hour, streaking toward the hotel. The wrong direction, he realized. And with nowhere to go. A few yards beyond the Mayan Plaza, the road ended. There was nothing but jungle to the right, the sea to the left. On those BMWs, they would overtake him even before he reached the Cabañas del Caribe.

Gripping the wheel tightly with his left hand, with the other he reached behind and pulled one of his suitcases into the front seat. In the rearview mirror, he saw the BMWs looming larger, the goggled heads of the riders tucked down behind the plastic shields. He spun the wheel hard and hit the brake. The Safari bounded off the road and into the brush to the lip of the jungle. Then he was out of the car, hauling the suitcase with him, stumbling, running, a fresh pain shooting through one ankle. He kept the suitcase close to his body as the undergrowth tried to wrench it from his grasp. No shots so far. The jungle closed in around him. Suddenly, it was darker, the turf underfoot soft and muddy. A monkey screeched and a bright-green macaw fluttered over his head. He breathed in the foulness of the place as he ran, stumbled and batted back the creepers and vines.

Sorry, Eddie, he thought. I wanted to help, I truly did. But you're on your own now. And so am I.

Eddie, on his own, stood in the bow of the Santa Ysabel and scanned the smooth seas around him. The boat was alone on the sea, with no sign of other craft, but he knew one would come, and soon. Two hundred yards across the water, the beach and the low-lying jungle also showed no sign of life, but he knew that Vasily was in there, waiting. Behind him, he heard Isidoro cut the engine and come running forward to drop the hook. The Mexican paid out cable until the anchor hit bottom. The Santa Ysabel coasted forward, then pulled up short, swinging with the current.

"Bueno," Isidoro said. "You dive now?"

"First a beer. You want a cerveza?"

"Beer is bad before dive," said the Mexican, but he licked his lips.

"One is OK. And you're not diving." Eddie snapped open a can and handed another, unopened, to Isidoro, who smiled his thanks. The Mexican snapped open the can, tilted it to his lips and swallowed.

"Hits the spot, doesn't it?" said Eddie. "You sold-out son of a bitch."

Isidoro didn't answer. His eyes rolled and the can slipped from his fingers. He sat down heavily on the deck. His eyes closed and his head tipped over to one side. Eddie checked the eyes to make sure he was out, then pulled him into the cockpit, propped him against the slats in a sitting position and adjusted the sombrero on his head. Loaded with chloral hydrate and dead to the world for hours to come, Isidoro looked like every caricature ever made of a Mexican taking a siesta in the noonday sun.

There was still no other boat in sight. Eddie unzipped the dive bag and laid out his equipment. He made a final check, tested his tanks and then, after he had struggled into the Calypso and strapped on the weight belt and knife, he activated the Wet-Phone.

"This is the bait calling the fisherman. How's it going, tovarich?"

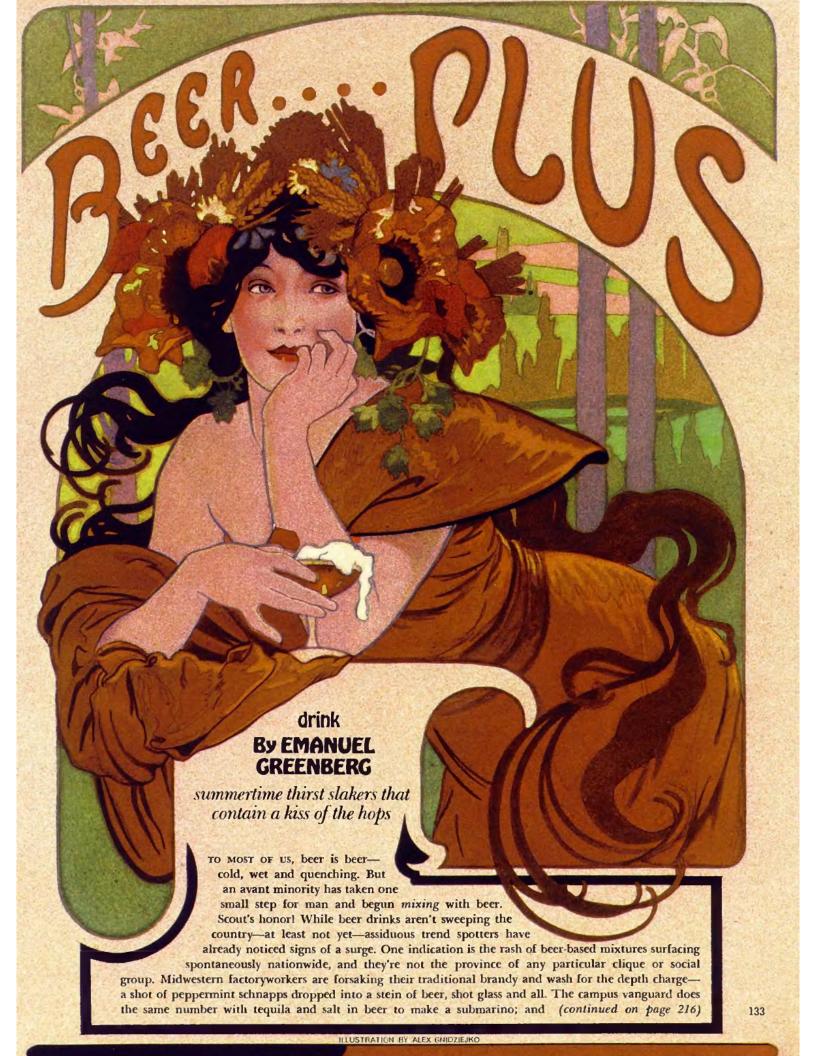
He waited patiently for Vasily's reply, then spoke again. "Hey, come on in; don't be shy. Or didn't you pay your phone bill?"

No reply came from the jungle. Eddie peered toward the brush, shielding his eyes from the glitter of sun bouncing off the water. He was within range and the equipment was functioning.

"Santa Ysabel calling. Confirm reception. Confirm reception, damn it."

Once again, he checked the battery pack and the potting compound around the electronics. The batteries were fresh and the unit dry.

"Santa Ysabel calling. Say something, (continued on page 218)







#### PLAYBOY'S 1978 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE	
Isaac Curtis, Cincinnati	Wide Receiver
Drew Pearson, Dallas	Wide Receiver
Dave Casper, Oakland	Tight End
Dan Dierdorf, St. Louis	Tackle
Art Shell, Oakland	Tackle
John Hannah, New England	Guard
Joe DeLamielleure, Buffalo	Guard
Jim Langer, Miami	Center
Bob Griese, Miami	Quarterback
Walter Payton, Chicago	Running Back
Tony Dorsett, Dallas	Running Back
Efren Herrera, Dallas	Place Kicker
DEFENSE	
Harvey Martin, Dallas	End
Jack Youngblood, Los Angeles	End
Cleveland Elam, San Francisco	Tackle
Randy White, Dallas	Tackle
Bill Bergey, Philadelphia	Middle Linebacker
Jack Ham, Pittsburgh	Outside Linebacker
Ted Hendricks, Oakland	Outside Linebacker
Mike Haynes, New England	Cornerback
Mel Blount, Pittsburgh	Cornerback
Cliff Harris, Dallas	Free Safety
Tom Casanova, Cincinnati	Strong Safety
Ray Guy, Oakland	Punter
Rick Upchurch, Denver	Kick Returner

#### THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

N.F.C. Eastern Division  N.F.C. Central Division  N.F.C. Western Division	Chicago Bears	
N.F.C. Play-offs Dallas Cowboys		
A.F.C. Eastern Division A.F.C. Central Division A.F.C. Western Division	Pittsburgh Steelers	
A.F.C. Play-offs Oakland Raiders		

SUPER BOWL .... DALLAS COWBOYS

year to \$5,000,000 this season. In short, pro football, once considered an outdoor spectator sport, has become a continuing television spectacular.

Since both franchise owners and TV moguls subscribe to the hallowed American dictum that more is better than enough and too much is best of all, this trend will undoubtedly continue in future years. Football is, after all, the perfect television sport, with its frequent pauses in game action (penalties, time outs, long incomplete passes) for the showing of commercials.

To ensure that the multitudes of homebound fans keep their eyes glued to the video screen, some game-rule changes were made in the off season. The offensive game has been hyped (and the chances greatly decreased of millions of viewers' switching off 7–3 yawners to go mow their lawns) by legalizing holding by offensive linemen (as long as their arms are outstretched and their hands are open) and making it illegal for defenders to harass a receiver after he moves more than five yards downfield.

This year's biggest change, however, has nothing to do with 30-second piggy-backs: Never in the history of the game has there been such an upheaval in coaching ranks. Many franchises played musical coaches, with malcontents moving from one city to another. Ten of the 28 teams will begin the season with new head coaches and over 100 assistants have been hired, fired or both.

Thus, millions of fans may recognize the players when their favorite team takes the field in September, but it could take most of the season to catch on to all the new formations and tactics. The Rams may look suspiciously like last year's Redskins and the Redskins, in turn, may bear a strong resemblance to the resurgent Bears. Ad infinitum. If all this distresses you, do like the coaches do: Switch allegiance. Or turn the tuner knob; there probably will be another game on another channel.

So let's take a look at the teams and their prospects for the coming season.

#### EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas Cowboys	14-2
Washington Redskins	9-7
New York Giants	8-8
Philadelphia Eagles	6-10
St. Louis Cardinals	4-12

One thing that hasn't changed in the National Football League is the Dallas team's awesome excellence. Last season, the Cowboys led the entire league in both over-all offense and over-all defense, and they could be even stronger this year. Their superiority isn't limited (continued on page 178)



"Well, where did you think little people came from?"



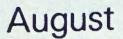
# The Girls in the Office a loving look at the ladies who make business a pleasure

Monna Winn Sanchez (opposite page), 28, works for an industrial-supply company in Cleveland and is also a model and professional makeup artist. She is fascinated by astral projection and says she can see the human aura. Also from Cleveland is Dawn L. Vilmar (below), 23, who is a paralegal assistant and a part-time exercise instructor. Despite being a health nut, Dawn confesses, "I'm naughty. I don't eat my vegetables."

IT'S A FACT that the world is run by secretaries. Without them, thousands of seemingly important men would spend most of their time hunting down pieces of paper and punching out letters on the typewriter with two fingers. And, as anyone who has one knows, a secretary who's not only skilled but pretty is more than valuable; she's priceless-far better than coffee to get one's eyes open in the A.M. With that in mind, we went to Phoenix, Denver and Cleveland and asked three local radio stations to help us conduct a search for those cities' prettiest secretaries. Rules were simple: Any secretary (or someone in a similar occupation) could send her name, a photograph and a brief biography to a cosponsoring station (KXKX in Denver, WMMS in Cleveland (text concluded on page 190)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICHOLAS DESCIOSE





W 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27

F 7 14 21 28 S 1 8 15 22 29

16 Wednesday

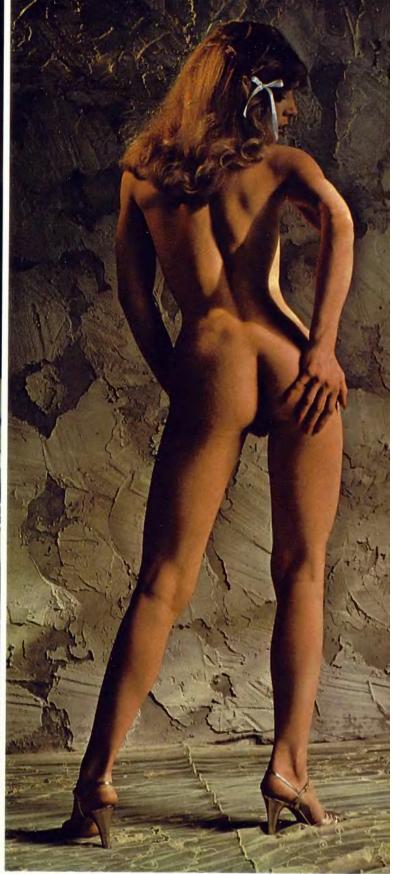
Monica Rio (left and below), 25, is a legal secretary in Cleveland who has studied voice at the Cleveland Institute of Music and the Bach Conservatory. She has sung television commercials and been lead singer and dancer in several musicals. Right: Jada (her nom de typewriter), 29, also a Cleveland secretary, immigrated to Ohio from Australia, spending six years in Europe along the way. "I prefer American men," she says, "because they're considerate, whereas the average Australian man is your basic animal."















Green-eyed Gail Turner (right and far right), 19, is a secretary for an architectural firm in Phoenix. She laves sunshine (af course), singing, dancing, water-skiing and tennis.

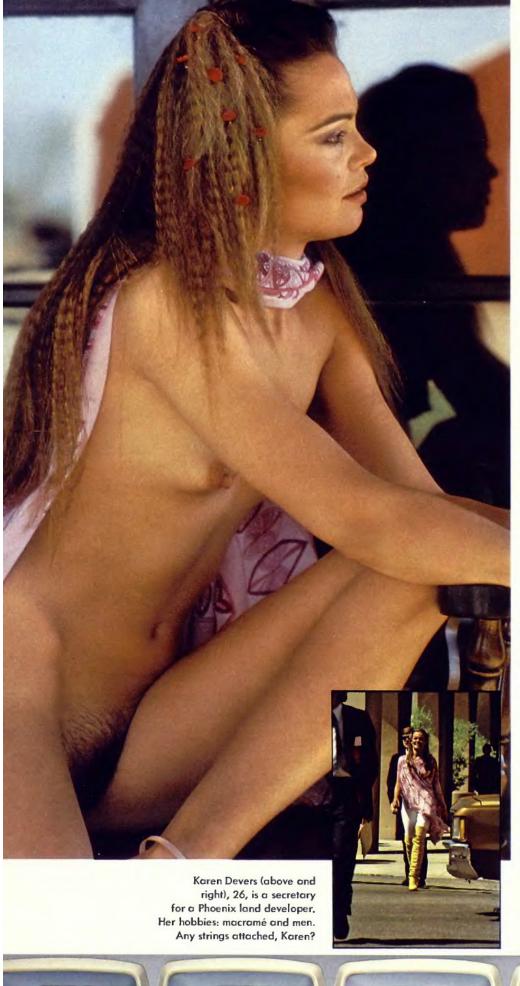






Betty Tidwell (opposite page), 23, a native of Tennessee, now lives in Denver, where she warks far an export-import firm. She's an amateur photographer and an adept sailar. Stephanie Daugherty (above left), 24, also fram Denver, works far a trailer campany and loves tennis.



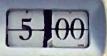


Cherie Molden (below), 21, is a secretary for a VW deoler in Boulder, Colorado, and her favorite things are denim, rock 'n' roll and good wine. Sonja Horsak (bottom), 22, works for a Denver ski shop and wants to be a TV newscaster.





Nancy Jean Collins (right), 28, a secretary for a Denver investment firm, has studied dance for 22 years; her specialties are modern and jazz dance.























"Now cast out those sinful lusts within ye and pull on yer britches and head fer home. You, boy, that is."

# ambassador at large

attributed to Captain Morris, author of Songs Drinking, Political and Facetious, circa 1790

The Dey of Algiers, when afraid of his ears, A messenger sent to our court, sir; As he knew in our state that the women had weight, He chose one well hung for the sport, sir. He searched the Divan till he found out a man Whose ballocks were heavy and hairy, And he laterly came o'er from the Barbary shore As the great Plenipotentiary.

When to England he came with his prick in a flame, He shewed it his hostess on landing, Who spread its renown through all parts of town, As a pintle past all understanding. So much there was said of its snout and its head That they called it the great Janizary; Not a lady could sleep till she got a sly peep At the great Plenipotentiary.

As he rode in the coach, how the whores did approach, And stared, as if stretched on a tenter; He drew every eye of the dames that pass by, Like the sun to its wonderful center; As he passed thro' the town, not a window was down, And the maids hurried out to the area; The children cried, "Look, there's the man with the cock, That's the great Plenipotentiary."

The dames of intrigue formed their cunts in a league To take him in turns like good folks, sir; The young misses' plan was to catch as catch can, And all were resolved on a stroke, sir. The cards to invite flew by thousands each night With bribes to the old secretary, And the famous eclipse was not let for more leaps Than the great Plenipotentiary.

When his name was announced, how the women all bounced, And their blood hurried up to their faces; He made them all itch from navel to breech, And their bubbies burst out all their laces; There was such damned work to be fucked by the Turk, That nothing their passion could vary; All the nations fell sick for the Barbary prick Of the great Plenipotentiary.

A Duchess whose Duke made her ready to puke With fumbling and fucking all night, sir, Being first for the prize was so pleased with its size That she begged for to stroke its big snout, sir. "My stars!" cried her grace. "Its head's like a mace, 'Tis as high as the Corsican fairy; I'll make up, please the pigs, for dry bobs and frigs, With his great Plenipotentiary."

The next to be tried was an Alderman's bride, With a cunt that would swallow a turtle, She had horned the dull brows of her worshipful spouse, Till they sprouted like Venus' myrtle. Through thick and through thin, bowel deep he dashed in, Till her cunt frothed like cream in a dairy, And expressed by loud farts she was strained in all parts, By the great Plenipotentiary.

The next to be kissed on the Plenipo's list Was a delicate maiden of honor; She screamed at the sight of his prick, in a fright, Though she'd had the whole palace upon her. "Oh, Lord," she said, "what a prick for a maid! Do, pray, come look at it, Cary! But I will have one drive, if I'm ripped up alive By this great Plenipotentiary."



Two sisters next came, Peg and Molly by name, Two ladies of very high breeding, Resolved one should try, while the other stood by And watched the amusing proceeding. Peg swore by the gods that the Mussulman's cods Were as big as both buttocks of Mary; Molly cried with a grunt, "He has ruined my cunt With the great Plenipotentiary."

The next for this plan was an old harridan, Who had swallowed huge pricks from each nation; With over much use, she had broken the sluice, 'Twixt her cunt and its lower relation; But he stuck her so full that she roared like a bull, Crying out she was bursting and weary, So tight was she stuck by this wonderful fuck Of the great Plenipotentiary.

All heads were bewitched, and longed to be stitched, Even babies would languish and linger, And the boarding-school miss, as she sat down to piss, Drew a Turk on the floor with her finger; For fancied delight, they all clubbed for a shite, To frig in the school necessary, And the teachers from France fucked à la distance, With the great Plenipotentiary.

Each sluice-cunted bawd who'd been sodded abroad, Till her premises gaped like a grave, sir, Found luck was so thick, she could feel the Turk's prick, Though all others were lost in her cave, sir. The nymphs of the stage did his ramrod engage, Made him free of their gay seminary; And the Italian signors opened all their back doors To the great Plenipotentiary.

Then of love's sweet reward, measured out by the yard, The Turk was most blessed of mankind, sir, For his powerful dart went right home to the heart, Whether stuck in before or behind, sir. But no pencil can draw this great-pintled bashaw, Then let each cunt-loving contemporary, As cocks of the game, let's drink to the name Of the great Plenipotentiary.



# Summer is more Playing— Don't miss it.

Out-of-dood decked out in the mertime, even to for a nice mome out with crystal make something juice or lemonal Smirnoff. Gentle performance.

Out-of-doors, barriers down, people all decked out in their summer attitudes. In summertime, even the occasional downpour makes for a nice moment. We recommend waiting it out with crystal-clear Smirnoff and tonic. Or, make something special out of fresh grapefruit juice or lemonade by pouring in a splash of Smirnoff. Gently though, you might miss the performance.

Smirno. Heaves you breathless



front-wheel-drive autos are sprouting on the american landscape faster than weeds. here's why







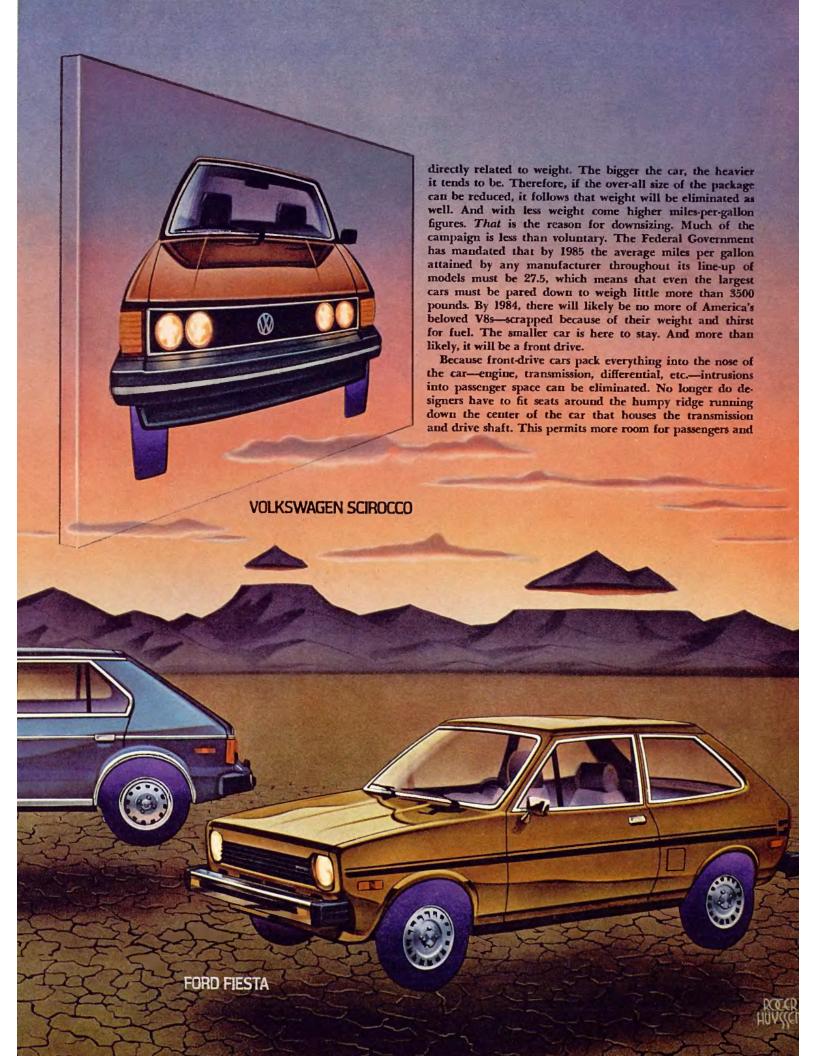
# modern living By BROCK YATES

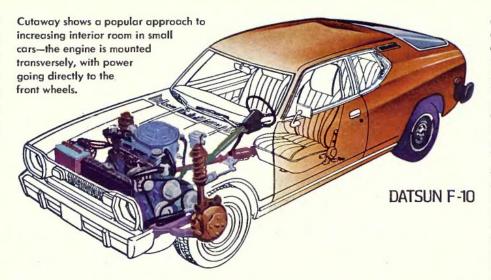
PULL INSTEAD OF PUSH. The concept of front-wheel drive is that simple. It is so simple and so laden with advantages that one is led to wonder why we are only now singing its praises, nearly a century after the automobile became a viable transportation device. Now that the rush to front-wheel drive is on, with every automobile company from Hamtramck, Michigan, to Yokohama, Japan, to Wolfsburg, Germany, rushing new F.D. vehicles into production, it is legitimate for us to pose two questions: (1) What is so much better about a car that pulls instead of pushes? And (2) accepting its advantages, what in the name of heaven prevented it from reaching the market sooner?

The most widely accepted advantage of front-wheel drive is traction. With the weight of the engine mounted over the driving wheels, friction between the tires and the road surface is enhanced greatly, and on anything but steep grades (where the natural weight transfer moves the mass of the car rearward and away from the front-driving









luggage within a vehicle of reduced overall length and wheelbase. And by mounting the engine transversely in the chassis, as in state-of-the-art examples such as the Honda Accord, Volkswagen Rabbit, et al., the length of the car can be further reduced while devoting an even greater percentage of the over-all dimensions of the machine to passenger and luggage space. It seems a wonderfully simple solution to the demands of contemporary car design. But if this is the case, why has front-wheel drive been in

limbo for so many years?

The obscurity of front-wheel drive is certainly not the fault of the late J. Walter Christie, a man whose Christie Iron Works of New York gained financial success manufacturing battleship gun turrets before embarking on the creation of front-wheel-drive racing cars in 1904. One of Christie's first efforts was a monster powered by a V4 engine of 19 liters (1160 cubic inches!). He later built taxis and tractor conversions for fire engines and the most flamboyant race driver of them all, Barney Oldfield, briefly barnstormed with a Christie and set a number of records with the overpowered, evil-handling brute. Christie's pioneering efforts were valuable in that they produced, in vivid magnification, all of the essential design flaws in a frontwheel-drive system. Most of the problems lay in developing proper constant-velocity joints that would permit power to be transmitted to the front wheels while they were being steered. In addition, because of the weight of the engine, transmission, etc., lumped over the front wheels, a blacksmith's strength was required to turn the steering wheel. Moreover, this frontward weight bias produced some awesome handling quirks. With all the bulk in the bow, as it were, the early Christies were intolerable understeerers, meaning that the front wheels skidded or tended to plow straight ahead in corners. Also, the act of simultaneously 156 turning the wheel and applying the throttle generated a phenomenon called torque steer, in which the front wheels oscillated madly as the engine and the steering reacted in opposition to each other and the car stubbornly resisted being turned. As a final perverse bonus, the forward weight bias and the torquesteer problem combined to shred tires and quickly wear out the crude constantvelocity joints in the drive train.

Other men worked to perfect frontwheel drive-including the brilliant American racing-car constructor Harry A. Miller and the innovative French engineer and auto maker Jean Grégoirebut use of the system never gained widespread favor. Memorable automobiles, including the splendid coffin-nosed Cords and the Citroën Light Sixes of the late Thirties, were front drives, but that particular aspect of the vehicles had to be regarded more as an Achilles' heel than as a point of strength. The low cost, simplicity and reliability of transmitting power through the rear wheels more than offset the added traction of front drive in the minds of most manufacturers and the buying public until the Fifties. Even following the boom in technology that came with World War Two and solvedamong a multitude of engineering puzzles-the problem of simple, reliable front-drive systems, a vast majority of passenger cars continued to be propelled through the rear wheels.

Then, in 1959, an innovative English engineer of Greek heritage named Alec Issigonis created an automobile that was to be a milestone in automotive progress. That was the famed Austin Mini that remains, nearly 20 years after its introduction, the prototype of all present front-wheel-drive cars. Issigonis' tiny car was a shoe box on wheels, with a stubby hood, roller-skate wheels and a simple, reliable 850-c.c. four-cylinder engine mounted transversely at the front. The Austin Mini could seat four adults in comfort, despite the fact that it could almost be stuffed into the passenger

compartment of some larger American cars. It was an instant hit and was later developed into a number of versions, the most appealing of which was the Mini Cooper S, a sporty model with fat tires and a top speed in excess of 100 mph. Even today, the Mini is beloved in Great Britain, where it has been manufactured under the British Leyland banner with the Austin, Morris, Riley and Wolseley labels (it is now known simply as the Leyland Mini), and in Italy as the Innocenti Mini by Leyland Italia. It has not been imported into the United States since 1967, which is ironic, because a decade later it remained the engineering cornerstone for the new generation of front drives that succeeded it. Certainly, the Honda Civics, Volkswagen Rabbits, et al., have a direct link to the Mini and it is unfortunate that this little machine was ahead of its time. Still, the Mini is the largest-selling front-drive model in history, with over 4,000,000 sold.

The Mini generated a number of imitations in Europe, but the first serious offspring to reach these shores was the Fiat 128. Like the Mini, the 128 carried its small engine-a single-overhead-cam four-banger-mounted transversely in front and worked through a manual four-speed transmission. Seven years after its arrival, it remains a brisk performer for its size. Its fuel-mileage ratings are not as high as some of its immediate rivals, but its low cost (about \$3200) and good performance offset that slight disadvantage in terms of economy. Yet, like the Mini's, the 128's early arrival in the market did not translate into major sales successes. It was up to a Japanese manufacturer best known for its motorcycles to turn America on to small, advancedconcept front-wheel-drive cars. The Honda Civic came to America looking like an updated version of the Mini. Its dimensions were essentially the same and it had the same compact, purposeful yet slightly zany appearance. But the Honda was something special. It was fabricated with much the same care and attention to detail that made Honda motorcycles such massive sellers. It was strong and it was quite fast for its size. But the basic Civic was only the opening thrust by Honda into the serious automobile market. Civic versions were quickly offered with automatic and five-speed transmissions and the revolutionary CVCC engine, which met all emission standards but required no catalytic converter and would run on regular gasoline. Moreover, a station wagon and a three-door hatchback model were made available.

The Civic was (and still is) a joy to the Honda accountants and stockholders, (continued on page 228)

# Not a Scotch in the world can run with the White Horse.



# Why smoke this much tar...



















MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC. 17 MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC.

12 MG TAR 0.7 MG NIC 16 MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC

MG TAR 0.7 MG NIC MG TAR

MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC MG TAR

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

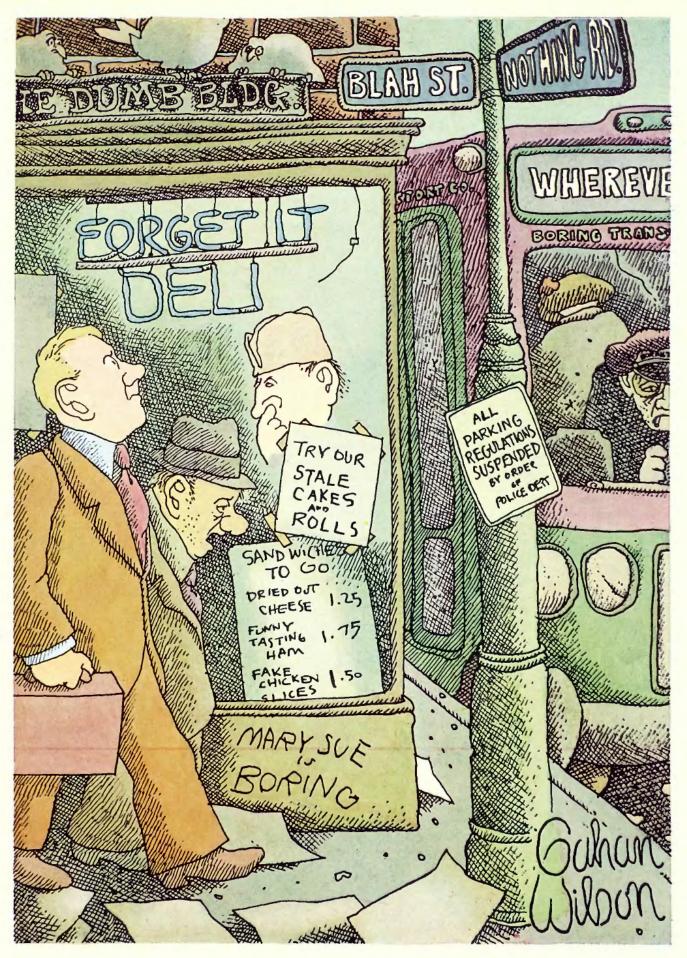


King size or 100's, Regular or Menthol.

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

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

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



"Somehow, somewhere along the line, this town lost its pride."

# DOUBLE STANDARD (continued from page 109)

# "Sociobiologists believe that males and females behave differently because they have evolved differently."

invoke the double standard: A man's got to do what a man's got to do; it's natural.

The women's lib movement has challenged the notion that men are compelled by their gender to be rogues. Women have demanded equal rights and have sought affairs of their own. They have cloaked their attempt at sexual freedom in rhetoric, have confessed their unhappiness in consciousness-raising sessions and have belabored, in studies such as the Hite Report, their inability to have orgasms. Perhaps they are defying biology. It's not nice to fool Mother Nature. Recent scientific theory suggests that there are innate differences between the sexes and that what's right for the gander is wrong for the goose.

The double standard is based on the assumption that variety is the spice of life, at least for males. Is there something about an untried female that is innately arousing, or is that all a male-chauvinist game? Experiments with animals (the four-legged kind, not the freshmen from the Deke House) clearly point out that even a sexually exhausted male can be rearoused by a new female. Psychologist Gordon Bermant studied this phenomenon in sheep and found that when a vigorous young ram is placed in a pen with a receptive ewe, he will copulate with her about seven times in the first hour. If the ewe is removed after every ejaculation and a fresh female is substituted, the ram will copulate 14 times in the first half hour. After which he will light up a well-deserved cigarette.

The stimulating effect of changing partners is known in psychology journals as the Coolidge Effect, a term invented by Frank A. Beach to commemorate a widely repeated anecdote about Silent Cal, our 30th President, It appears that the President and Mrs. Coolidge were visiting a Government farm. They were taken on separate tours. Upon arriving at the chicken coops, Mrs. Coolidge paused to ask if the rooster copulated more than once a day.

"Dozens of times," the caretaker

'Please tell that to the President," Mrs. Coolidge requested.

When the President passed the coops and was told of the rooster's virile record, he inquired, "Same hen every time?"

"Oh, no, Mr. President. A different hen every time."

The President nodded slowly, then said, "Please tell that to Mrs. Coolidge."

Experiments have demonstrated that

the Coolidge Effect exists in male rats, dairy bulls, rhesus monkeys, Indian water buffalo, turkeys and other speciesthough no comparable Grace Coolidge Effect has been observed in the females of those species. Is there a Coolidge Effect in humans? There has been no published research on the topic, though not for lack of willing volunteers. However, there is a wealth of anecdotal evidence to suggest that it is easier to screw three women in one night than the same woman three times in one night. Ask any male veteran of Plato's Retreat.

Feminists might argue that the Coolidge Effect is the result of sexist upbringing. They claim that if boys and girls were raised alike, the sex roles and responses of adulthood would disappear. Not in this life, ladies. For millions of years, males and females have evolved in different directions. For all intents and purposes, they are almost like two separate species, governed by separate natural impulses. It's time to face the facts.

In 1858, Charles Darwin proposed a theory of evolution based on natural selection. Roughly translated, this theory suggests that nature is one vast breeding experiment. Only the fittest survive to mate and pass on their genes. From the winners' circle to the stud farm, the individuals who survive the competition father the next generation, and so on.

It is a male-oriented theory. Darwin noted that the most striking differences between males and females in many animal species were (1) that males often fought with one another over females, but females rarely fought over males, and (2) that males were usually eager to mate with any female but females were very choosy in selecting a mate. In the past few years, a new branch of scienceknown as sociobiology-has arisen that seeks to explain those innate differences in terms of genetics. Sociobiologists believe that we are descended not from a long line of fighters and winners but from a long line of ancestors who had one thing in common: They were lovers. Our male forebears were those who managed to persuade reluctant females to mate, to produce their offspring. Any types of behavior that did not contribute to successful seduction (and reproduction) have died out. We are what is left; and we are what we are because, to a certain extent, women control the mating game. They say yes. They say no. Males fight one another over females,

not because they like to or are innately aggressive but because that is what impressed their great-great-grandmothers. Strategies that lead to successful reproduction are passed down through the genes. Most human behavior can be explained as what we have to do to get laid, to ensure that our genes are passed to the next generation and that our species survives.

The name of the game is reproduction. Females tend to be more choosy because they are descendants of women who played their cards carefully, who didn't accept sex from just any stranger but who, instead, waited for the right malethe male who would provide the best chance of producing surviving offspring.

Males are also driven by their genes to reproduce: They tend to be more promiscuous because, in times past, that was their best way to reproduce the most offspring. If you get caught fooling around, don't say the Devil made you do it. It's the devil in your DNA.

Sociobiologists believe that males and females behave differently because they have evolved differently. And that difference stems from the biological machinery by which our genes are reproduced. The human female entrusts her genes to one big egg a month. The male produces thousands of sperm per minute. One ejaculation contains nearly half a billion sperm, enough to fertilize the female population of the United States four times over. In the biological economy, eggs are expensive and sperm are cheap. So the two sexes have naturally evolved different ways to spend them. Girls are discriminating comparison shoppers and boys are impulse buyers and sexual spendthrifts. The behavior is bone-deep if not deeper. It is not readily influenced by such recent innovations as birth control or the E.R.A. movement.

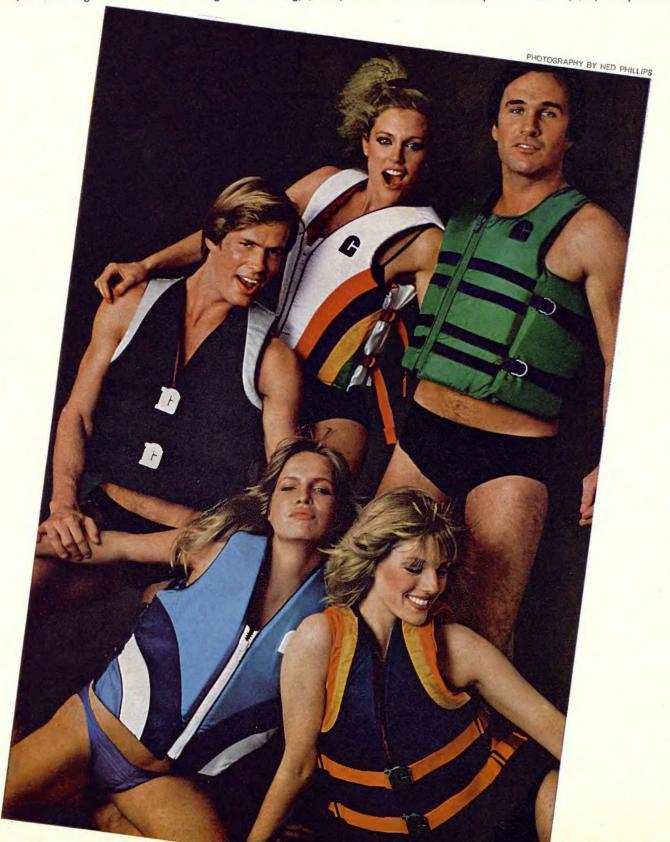
The male investment in sex is usually a small one. In most animals, a male's commitment to reproduction ends after the sex act. He is understandably more casual about sex. A female, by contrast, puts a great deal of her biological energy into creating a single egg cell. Once it is fertilized, she begins the age-old sequence of pregnancy, birth, nursing and infant care. For a human female, that may mean a commitment of ten years or more. She wants to invest the egg wisely; therefore, her best strategy is to play a waiting game-to wait for the right time and the right mate. Females have evolved to be discriminating and choosy because of the stiff penalties for making sexual mistakes. To take a stark example, if a female robin committed the indiscretion of mating with a male blue jay, she would obviously lose the investment she had made in her egg and perhaps

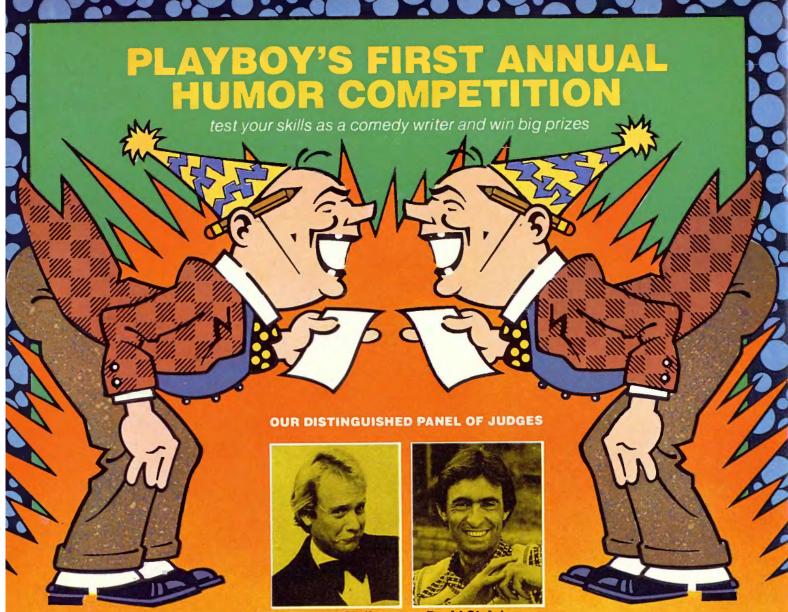
(continued on page 208)

got that sinking feeling? here are five colorful ways to keep your head above water \_

# GO JUMP IN THE LAKE!

IF YOUR COLLECTION of life jackets or ski vests would look perfectly at home as props in a remake of Sink the Bismarck!, then perhaps it's time you thought about buoying up your water-top wardrobe with something a little more splashy—such as the following vests made of nylon over closed cellular foam. Clockwise from 12: A Rainbow Vest that's ideal for sailing, \$36.95; a Crew Vest with stitched-in side panels for a snug fit, \$32.20; a Tri-Color Ski Vest with G-buckle closures and a nonrestrictive-shoulder design, \$34.95; a trim-fitting Blue Horizon Vest for general boating, \$42.50; and a contour-foam Competition Ski Vest, \$36, all by Gentex.







**David Steinberg** 



**Buck Henry** 



**Rodney Dangerfield** 



**Bill Cosby** 



**Art Buchwald** 



**David Brenner** 

# **BUCKS FOR YUCKS!**

Basically, there are two kinds of people in this world—those who put lamp shades on lamps and those who put them on their heads. If you're of the latter persuasion, if you've always thought of yourself as an intrinsically humorous person, if one-liners, gags and puns pop out of your mouth with relative ease, this could be your big chance to put those talents to the test and even make a few bucks in the process.

The following page (both sides) is your Official Work Sheet for Playboy's First Annual Humor Competition. As you can see, it contains cartoons and movie stills without gag lines and setups for one-liners. Your job is to supply the missing humor. Print or type your answers on a piece of paper coded to correspond with the letters and numbers on the Work Sheet. Then fill out the Official Entry Blank and send it to us with your entry. The editors will screen them and final judging will be done by our Distin-

guished Panel of Judges, pictured above. Here's what you can win:

**GRAND PRIZE**—\$1000 to the best over-all (i.e., funniest) entry.

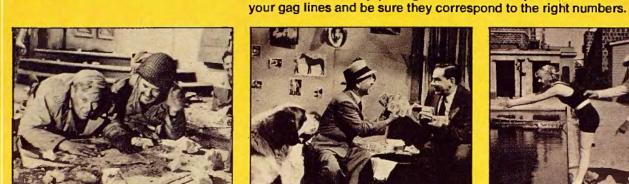
RUNNER-UP—\$500 to the second-best over-all entry.

TEN HONORABLE MENTIONS— \$100 each.

# **OFFICIAL WORK SHEET**

### For contest rules, see bottom of next page.

# A. GAG LINES



### **EXAMPLE:**

"I think I've got it straight: The sergeant takes orders from the lieutenant, the lieutenant takes orders from you and you take orders from me!"



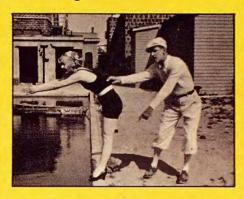
3	4



6	1.		



4.			



Below are five movie stills without gag lines. Notice that in each, one of the characters appears to be saying something. Your task is to make these five scenes humorous by putting words into the speakers' mouths. Print or type



# **B. ONE-LINERS**

1. a feminist convention

Try to come up with five original oneliners using these topics:

A one-liner is a very short joke that consists of a setup and a punch line. In this section, we give you the topics and you come up with the one-liners. Study the example. Notice that the topic of the example is "wedding."

EXAMPLE: "Some friends of mine had a very exclusive wedding-they threw a Chinaman with every grain of rice."-Bob Hope

2. group sex		
3. picking up a girl in a singles bar		
4. President Carter		
5. a new contraceptive		

# C. ONE-LINERS PART II

One-liners come in various forms. You've all heard Johnny Carson use one-liners like the example below on *The Tonight Show*. He'll say, "It was so cold today," and usually Ed McMahon will come back with, "How cold was it?" and Johnny will say, "Why, it was so cold . . ." and deliver his punch line. We've given you five setups for this type of one-liner. Your job is to tag punch lines on them. (These must be different from the one-liners you did for B.)

## **COMPLETE THE ONE-LINERS:**

5. His breath is so bad . . . \_\_\_\_

**EXAMPLE:** My mother-in-law is so fat she came home from the beach with a sunburn and three harpoon wounds.

1.	It was so hot
2.	My wife is so fat
3.	My secretary is so busty
4.	My girlfriend is so dumb

# D. GAG LINES PART II

Below are three cartoons. Your job is to supply the gag lines.







	2	

## OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

# Send your Official Entry Blank to:

Humor Competition c/o PLAYBOY 919 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60611 Attention: John Blumenthal

# PLAYBOY'S FIRST ANNUAL HUMOR COMPETITION OFFICIAL RULES

- All entries must be typed or printed in ink.
   All entries must be postmarked no later than September 7, 1978.
- 3. In the event of repetition of entries, those postmarked earliest will be considered.
- Entries will be preliminarily Judged by the editors of PLAYBOY. Final judging will be done by our Distinguished Panel of Judges.
- Judging criteria are as follows: (A) Humor
   Originality (C) Writing ability.
- 6. All entries become the exclusive property

of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and none can be returned.

Each prospective winner may be required to sign an affidavit certifying that all material on his/her entry is original and has not been previously published in any form.

8. This contest is open to all entrants residing in the United States and Canada of legal age in the state or province in which they reside as of July 1, 1978. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, its advertising and public-relations agencies, the families of each, writers whose work has appeared in PLAYBOY within the past five years, the judges, their public-relations agencies and writers, and the families of each, are not eligible. All Federal, state and local laws and regulations apply in the United States. All federal, provincial and municipal laws and regulations apply in Canada. All prizes will be awarded. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie. This offer is void wherever prohibited by law. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. No

substitutions of prizes permitted.

Dear PLAYBOY Editors:

Enclosed is my entry to Playboy's First Annual Humor Competition. I certify that I've complied with the rules of the contest.

NAME	
ADDRESS	
O.D.	
STATE OR PROVINCE	-
STATE OR PROVINCE	
ZIP CODE	- 1

Taste why Salem Lights is the largest selling low tar menthol cigarette.

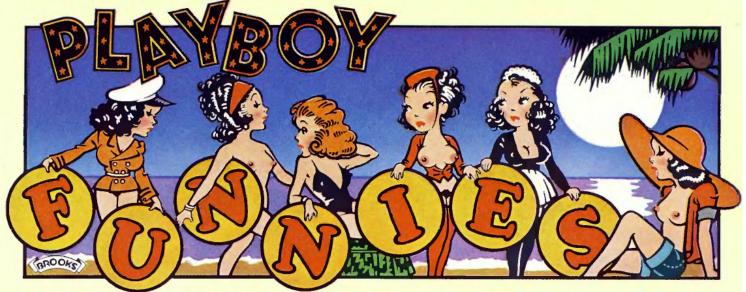
**More and more smokers** prefer the mellow flavor, cooling menthol, and total satisfaction.

Salem Lights



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

LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77; LIGHT 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.















The Kinky Report

by Christophen Browne





# by Christopher Browne -







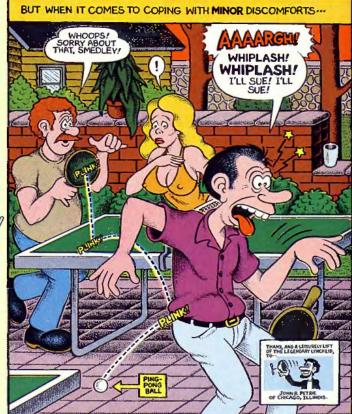






# GIVES EN LYNCH





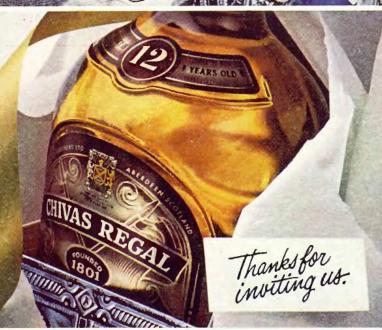








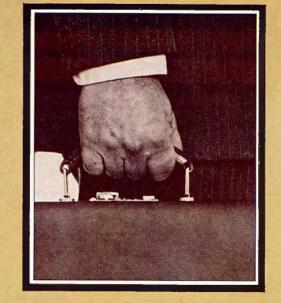






# Why wait for Christmas?

# MAN VORK



### THE OFFICE AFFAIR

Everyone knows that business and romance don't mix, but practically everyone takes a shot at making watercooler whoopee at some point in his career. If you're contemplating a plunge into the secretarial pool, you'll probably want to give some thought to a report compiled by Robert E. Quinn, a professor of public administration at the State University of New York at Albany,

Professor Quinn discovered that 78 percent of couples carrying on in the office were seen together away from work. So much for supersecrecy. In addition, about half of the cozy co-workers in the professor's sample were spotted billing and cooing over extended lunches and 42 percent of the brazen libertines advertised their activities by disappearing together behind closed doors for "long discussions." As if that weren't scandalous enough, fully a third of the couples couldn't resist openly displaying physical affection during office hours.

Who was doing whom? By far the most popular pairing for office hanky-panky was the male boss and his female subordinate. But lest this line-up conjure up images of one-sided chauvinist exploitation, Quinn is quick to point out that many of those liaisons were described by both parties as a lighthearted fling.

The second largest category of boss-subordinate affairs was the true-love match that led to marriage, or at least to a long-standing commitment. Surprisingly, the smallest category in the Quinn sample was that of men being flattered by the attentions of women in the office who hoped to use sexual involvement to advance their careers.

Conventional wisdom would probably be right, however, in predicting that the old hot-and-heavy would tend to interfere with job performance. A fifth of the men and a fourth of the women involved were judged by their colleagues to be doing either less work or work of inferior quality. What's more, a whopping 72 percent of the men were perceived to show favoritism toward their mistresses and 14 percent of the women were described as "flaunting" their new status-real or imagined.

But not all of Quinn's statistics are so bleak: A full quarter of both men and women having intraoffice flings were judged by their co-workers as easier to get along with.

# THE ART OF WRITING A RESUME

As a literary form, the résumé may not be as challenging as, say, the epic poem. But a bad epic will earn its writer nothing worse than a nasty review. A bad résumé can keep him out of a job.

For some insight into the art of these crucial documents, we called on Robert Lundry, a personnel recruiter for a manufacturing firm in New York, whose collection of real stinkers that have come across his desk could fill a book titled How Not to Write a Résumé.

Every day, Lundry reads up to 200 résumés; hence his first recommendation: Keep it concise. Two pages is the ideal length and a single page is perfectly acceptable for

someone just entering the job market.

In his collection, Lundry has résumés submitted on oversize computer sheets, Fulton Fish Market wrapping paper and even one hand-inked on a swatch of genuine buckskin. Such gimmicks, Lundry warns, are fine for consumer advertising; but, as a recruiter, he can't help asking himself what's wrong with the applicants' real qualifications when they require such flamboyant cover-ups. There are some other red flags it's better not to wave:

· Too many job changes. This is relative to profession, of course, with computer folk switching more often than, say, lawyers. But a string of one-year jobs usually will rate the applicant's résumé a trip to the trash basket.

· Too few job changes. If you've been in the same rut for eight or ten years, your gumption quotient looks low. At least set up the résumé so that it seems your responsibilities have changed over the years.

· Poor typography or reproduction of résumé. This is no small thing, since your résumé is you to the man who reads it. Use good-quality letter-size white paper and crisp typing for clear copies.

· No home address. Hotel and P.O. boxes spell instant instability to the recruitment crowd. Even if your wife has given you the boot, keep using the old address.

 Misspellings and sloppy punctuation. If you're shaky in this department, it might be worth your while to look into a professional résumé-preparation service. A seasoned personnel officer can probably detect the work of a service, but it triggers no prejudice. It may even suggest that you can delegate authority well or simply didn't have the time to do it yourself. In any case, if he asks if a service prepared it, say, "Sure."

If you write a cover letter with your résumé and you don't type, make sure your handwriting is legible. Such letters can be useful for including information of special interest to the company to which you're applying. The tone should be confident and friendly, but avoid clichés or business jargon. Sell yourself, but don't go so far as the Lundry funny-file applicant who casually touted his "unlimited intelligence and undying loyalty." All he got to show for it was unlimited unemployment.

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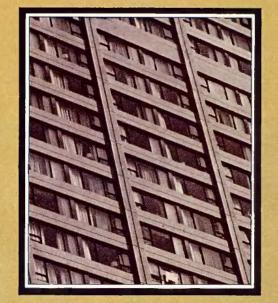


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# CO-OPS, CONDOS AND YOU



red of paying money to some landlord, with little to show for it except a pile of canceled rent checks? Not yet ready, or willing, to sink a fortune into buying your own house? It sounds as if you might be a prospect for a cooperative or a condominium. And it's easy enough to see why. With prices for ordinary houses now averaging more than \$50,000 almost anywhere in the country, and with apartment rents in many cities ranging from \$100 to \$250 per room per month, things are rapidly getting out of hand. Cooperatives and condominiums are becoming increasingly attractive alternatives.

### WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

In the case of a co-op, the would-be purchaser is just buying shares in the tenant-owned corporation that operates the building, plus the exclusive right to live in a specific apartment. The mortgage is taken out in the name of the corporation. In addition to his purchase price, which he negotiates with and pays to the outgoing tenant-shareholder, the buyer must pay to the corporation a monthly maintenance charge, to cover his prorated share of the mortgage payments, plus his prorated share of the entire building's property taxes, fuel bills, staff salaries and other operating expenses.

In the case of a condominium, you are buying your own apartment—just as you would buy any piece of real estate—and you'll have to arrange your own mortgage. You also pay your own property taxes, and these may vary from unit to unit in the same building or development. Here, too, there is a maintenance charge, usually paid to a tenants' association.

### MAKING YOUR CHOICE

Suppose you had to decide between a co-op and a condo; which would you be better off buying? For all their differences, legal and otherwise, the advantages of co-ops and condos are equally practical and appealing. Fundamentally, they are both ways for a person to own his own home, become his own landlord, have some say in how his living space is managed, without the often insurmountable cost of buying a private house. Instead of a landlord, there is a tenant-owned corporation or a volunteer tenants' association responsive to the needs of all the owners.

The owner of either gets to deduct the interest charges for his mortgage and the payments for his property taxes from his Federal income tax—regardless of whether they are paid directly, as with a condo, or indirectly through a tenant-owned corporation, as with a co-op.

But for many, the big attraction of condos and co-ops is in their investment value. The way things are booming, annual appreciations of from ten to fifteen percent are just about standard these days, and growth rates are even higher in some parts of the country.

### THE DRAWBACKS

So much for what co-ops and condos have going for them. What about their shortcomings? The biggest hangup with a co-op is the fact that you have to pay cash to buy one. New York permits co-op-apartment financing, but other states seem reluctant to follow the example. You'll need money up front and the entire amount will be locked into your co-op until you decide to sell it and move on.

Then there is what can reasonably be called "the snob factor." Co-op owners tend to be very particular about the kinds of people they permit to buy into their buildings and, since they are shareholders in closed corporations, they have every legal right to be so. They also are very touchy about subletting. All well and good, if you qualify, but if you happen to be an actor, a divorcee, a free-lance writer, a musician or anyone else deemed "undesirable," then you might find yourself looking elsewhere for what you want.

Condominiums may be much more flexible. Since the prospective buyer of a condo is buying real property, he is protected by antidiscrimination laws. His lifestyle is strictly his own business; he has only his mortgage company to please. Not that condos are without their caveats. The biggest of these has to do with major building repairs. Attorney Charles A. Goldstein, a partner in the Park Avenue law firm of Baer & McGoldrick and an authority in the field, considers "living in an older high-rise condominium like living inside a time bomb. I would never move into one unless the building were in excellent condition and certain to remain so for as long as I were planning to live in it."

The reason, Goldstein explains, relates to the different ways that co-ops and condos are organized and run. "If the roof starts leaking in a co-op, or if the central air conditioning breaks down, the apartment owners can refinance the building mortgage to pay for it." A condo, he emphasizes, is but a confederation of individual mortgage holders: The only way to pay for a big repair bill is to assess all the owners for the cost.

Co-op or condo? The answer, obviously, has more to do with your needs and expectations than with what either of them has to offer.

—DAN ROSEN

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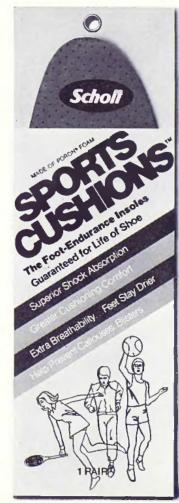
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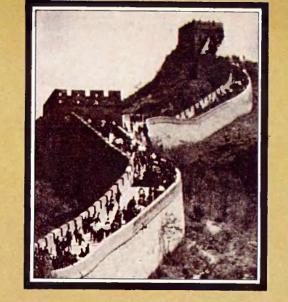
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# HOW TO VISIT MAINLAND CHINA



hina! Ten years ago, it almost seemed easier to fly to the moon than to tread the streets of Peking or take a stroll along the Great Wall. Now all that has changed, and a new generation of old China hands has sprung up, having followed in the footsteps of Teddy Kennedy and Candice Bergen. Last year alone, 5500 Americans visited China and twice that many are expected to make the pilgrimage in 1978. That doesn't mean, however, that you can dash off to the nearest Chinese consulate and come away with a tourist visa neatly stamped in your passport. Tourism is still new to the country and the People's Republic lacks ample hotel facilities as well as English-speaking personnel. China experts, nonetheless, are cautiously optimistic, predicting a substantial leap forward in tourism by 1980.

### TAKE A CRUISE

One of the easiest ways to see China—if you have the bucks—is to sign aboard a packaged cruise that guarantees the country as one of its ports of call. Nine cruise ships, including Holland America's Rotterdam, Cunard's Queen Elizabeth 2, the Royal Viking Sea and Flagship's M. S. Kungsholm, offer China excursions, most as part of their winter, world-cruise itineraries. In addition, the M. S. Lindblad Explorer, flagship of Lindblad Travel in New York, will embark on a 40-day Orient cruise out of Yokohama that includes 12 days in China (visiting Shanghai, Soochow, Wusih and Canton).

### PACKAGED TOURS

If you don't have the time or the money to take a slow boat to China, a limited number of packaged air tours have been made available by the People's Republic on a trial basis through several travel wholesalers in Manhattan, including Friendly International Tours, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017, and Lotus Orient Tours, 244 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017. Lotus offers a 21-day Orient tour with seven days in China (visiting Canton and Kweilin) for \$1689, including air fare from San Francisco. Most of the tours are unescorted through Hong Kong, but then the Chinese take over and you're shown the sights accompanied by courteous attendants.

### STUDY TOURS

Even though the Chinese have liberalized their attitude toward commercial tours, Peking still views tourism, in general, as an educational rather than a commercial venture. So if you have a specific interest or skill, such as medicine, that the Chinese deem valuable to their culture, your chances of traveling there (with a group of equally qualified individuals) are greatly improved. Study tours can range from eight days to two weeks and often must be organized several months in advance. They offer the visitor a much more leisurely, in-depth look at China than the commercial junkets do. Two organizations that work closely with the Chinese to form such groups are: The United States Travel Bureau, 11478 Burbank Boulevard, North Hollywood, California 91601, and Special Tours for Special People, 250 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019. Both require groups with an educational focus. The U.S.-China Peoples Friendship Association, with offices in most major cities, also offers educational study tours and is an excellent source of information on China travel.

### BUSINESS TRAVEL

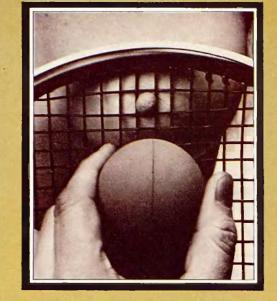
Most businessmen traveling to China do so to visit the huge Chinese Export Commodities Fair held twice yearly in Canton. To find out how to obtain an invitation—and they aren't handed out like free passes to a movie—write to the National Council for U. S.-China Trade, 1050 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. The council also provides a briefing session in New York for first-time participants prior to the fair and assistance in visa processing.

# VICTORY THROUGH VISAS

If you've bought a packaged tour or a cruise, your travel agent will do most of the paperwork to obtain a Chinese visa for you. But if you wish to travel to China as part of a study group, this is the basic procedure: I. Write a formal proposal letter to Guoji Luxingshe (China International Travel Service), 6 East Changan Street, Peking, People's Republic of China, stating your purpose, mode of transportation, date of visit, length of stay, cities you wish to visit, number in your group and a brief biography of each member. 2. Wait patiently. You can resubmit your proposal, along with follow-up letters, apprising the Chinese of your continued interest. 3. If your visa application is accepted, you'll receive a confirmation form that must be returned to Luxingshe. You'll then receive visa forms that must be submitted, together with your passport, to the Liaison Office, People's Republic of China, 2300 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008. Remember, your passport must not contain a Taiwan visa. -LINDA KUNDELL

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## SPORTS AS FOREPLAY



I have a friend who thinks he may have discovered the ultimate aphrodisiac—squash. No, not the zucchini-type squash. The game of squash, the fast-paced, indoor racket sport currently enjoying something of a boom in urban centers throughout the country. My friend had been a squash player since college and when he met a girl at a party who'd taken up the game a few months before, he suggested that they hit the ball around the next evening.

"Something started to happen," he told me, "as soon as I saw her walk out of the locker room. She had fantastic legs and she was wearing this wonderful. T-shirt with little flowers and the outline of her nipples showing. And it just kept building. Warming up together, keeping the ball going, moving around, bumping into each other now and then—Jesus, was it arousing. There was never any question in either of our minds how we were going to finish off the evening."

#### SEX AND THE ATHLETE

Is there, indeed, a sexual component to male/female athletic participation? Should we be spending less time at the movies, discos and restaurants with the women in our lives and more time with them on the squash courts, in the gym and on the jogging track? Recruiting the woman in your life into a Sunday-morning touch-football session or a little Tuesday-night three-on-three basketball is unlikely to do much for either of you sexually. But that rule doesn't apply to such individual, noncontact sports as tennis, skiing, golf, ping-pong, racquetball, jogging and scuba diving. What's nice about those in terms of bettering a sexual relationship is that they often place the two of you in a reasonably private situation. And even when you're not completely isolated, the fact remains that the two of you are interacting physicallynot to mention staying in shape. Which can only benefit the sexual aspect of your relationship.

#### WHAT YOU WEAR

It helps, too, that the dress for certain sports—indoor or warm-weather, in particular—exposes areas of the body that wouldn't get exposed if you decided to go to a Mozart concert on your first date. (I know. To get the most out of any sport, you have to concentrate on the ball or whatever; but somehow you don't mind distraction if your tennis partner isn't wearing a bra under her top.) What surprised me was the effect that the male half-clothed body has on women. "What do you think brings so many women to men's tennis tournaments?" explained a woman friend. "It's legs. Muscular legs. Outside of the

beach, a girl doesn't really get many chances to see a man's legs at close range. The thing I'll never get used to is watching a man climb out of his warm-up pants. I keep expecting him to be naked underneath."

#### PHYSICAL ACTIVITY-THE BIG TURN-ON

A lot of you, like me, were probably taught as an adolescent that vigorous physical activity is a substitute for sex. But exactly the opposite is true. I've talked to several joggers who maintain that one of the benefits of jogging is that once you've finished your run, cooled off and regained your wind, you not only feel like a stud but perform like one as well. And a restaurant owner I know craftily arranges his dates in a way that allows him to pick up girls after a dance or exercise class. "Exercise," he insists, "makes a girl deliciously horny."

There are reasons for this, the main one being that the biological processes that get you pumped up for anything physical-adrenaline flow, blood pressure, etc.also get you pumped up for sex. But what happens is that once the internal juices start to perk, the brain judiciously enters the scene, seeing to it that energy gets directed to those muscle areas whose involvement is needed to deal with the particular stimulus at hand-a tennis ball, a ski slope or a gymnastics bar. That explains why you are unlikely to raise an erection while jogging, skiing or playing racquetball. It also explains why, once you have presumably exhausted yourself on the courts or the slopes, you can still muster the energy needed for sex. Having dismissed the muscles involved in the original stimulus/response situation, the brain will allow what energy you have left to flow to whichever part of the body makes a loud enough request.

#### DRAWBACKS TO THE GAME

Don't underestimate the psychological pitfalls that await you should you decide to use sports as a sexual staging ground. True, there is an art to this "foreplay." What you wear, how you play the game, etc.—each element is important in its own way. But you're not going to be able to be successful at it unless you're comfortable in the situation. Some male egos have a tough time dealing with the idea of a woman being better at a sport than they are. Sports, after all, are supposed to be a man's world. But we're not talking about you, of course, You have your act together. You are sexually secure. You are athletically secure. It's now a simple question of your putting this dual security to its most effective use.

Start pitching, tiger!

#### PRO FOOTBALL (continued from page 136)

#### "The Cowboys are unpredictable—they can be invincible one Sunday and fall apart the next."

to the front-line players; nearly all of the backup men would be starters on most other teams.

The elemental reason for this wealth of talent-as everyone by now surely knows-is the astuteness of the Cowboys' scouting and drafting crews. During the off season, when the denizens of other scouting departments spend much of their time on golf courses, the hardworking Dallas scouts don't even go out for lunch. In a few seconds, they can tell you-but probably won't-all the assets and liabilities of any third-string player at any obscure college in the country.

The main booby trap in the Cowboys' return journey to the Super Bowl is complacency. One Dallas front-office type told us, "We have to keep reminding our players that our Super Bowl victory was last year."

Also, the Cowboys, like all young teams, are often unpredictable-they can be invincible one Sunday afternoon and fall apart the next. Barring a few such letdowns, look for Dallas to make a return trip to the Super Bowl.

The Washington Redskins' future, we suspect, was yesterday. Going into summer camp, 18 of the incumbent players (including 12 starters and both kickers) are over 30 years old.

New Redskin head coach Jack Pardee, in fact, isn't much older than many of his charges. He played with 12 of the current squad members during his last season (1972) as a Redskin linebacker and defensive signal caller. Pardee was an onfield coach then and he retains the admiration and respect of his players.

Pardee's principal job in summer camp will be to juice up the offense. The Redskins scored only 196 points last year, their lowest output since 1961. One adjustment will be the more frequent use of fullback John Riggins' running talents, rather than using him mostly as a blocker for Mike Thomas. Also, for the first time in seven years, the Skins go into summer drills with the quarterback job up for grabs. In a contest of youth versus smarts, Joe Theismann has a good chance of displacing elder Billy Kilmer.

Don't look for many new names on the Washington roster for a while-the Redskins won't have a full complement of draft picks until 1981.

Until then, Pardee will have to hold on by utilizing two of former coach George Allen's legacies, a solid defense and one of the best special-team line-ups in the league.

The New York Giants could become sudden winners after suffering through a series of dismal seasons. Their long rebuilding efforts are beginning to show results. They finished last season with 26 first- and second-year players on the 43man squad. This year's draft produced several rookies who seem certain to make the squad, so the young look will still be apparent.

The Giants' rise to new respectability will depend on how quickly the offense gets together. The defensive crew is young and tough, but last year's attack was impotent. Two second-year quarterbacks, Jerry Golsteyn and Joe Pisarcik, will compete in summer camp for the starting job. The contrast between the two is striking: Golsteyn is a picture quarterback but fragile. Pisarcik stumbles around awkwardly but is tough and durable. He looks like a barroom bouncer and often plays like one.

New York's major problem, a weak offensive line, may have been partly solved by the draft, which brought tackle Gordon King.

Another big plus for the Giants is the arrival of defensive coordinator Dick Modzelewski. Two of his new pupils, defensive tackle Troy Archer and middle linebacker Harry Carson, seem destined to become future All-Pro players.

Like the Giants, the Philadelphia Eagles combine a rock-ribbed defense with a flaccid attack. With Ron Jaworski throwing and Harold Carmichael catching, the passing game is the Eagles' best weapon, but there isn't much else to keep opposing defenses awake. There isn't a top-grade runner on the squad, though Wilbert Montgomery shows promise.

The Eagles' problem is elementary; a lack of quality personnel resulting from disastrous trades in past years and meager gleanings from the draft. The team hasn't had a first-round pick since the 1973 draft, and this year's rookie crop isn't impressive. Worse yet, there isn't a surplus of prime beef anywhere on the squad to use as trade bait. The bleak outlook is aggravated by the fact that this fall's schedule is rugged.

The best thing the Eagles have going for them is their long-suffering fans. Over 60,000 season tickets have been sold in each of the past eight years.

The St. Louis Cardinals suffered a season's-end upheaval that wracked the franchise from top to bottom, and an early recovery is unlikely. Aside from the destructive effects of the dissension and public animosity between owner Bill Bidwill and cashiered coach Don Coryell, the departure of key players (offensive tackle Conrad Dobler to New Orleans and runner Terry Metcalf to Canada) will make it a difficult first year for new coach Bud Wilkinson.

"Coryell did a good job," Wilkinson told us, "but he got shot down by injuries, Fans somehow don't appreciate what can happen to a team when a few key players get hurt.

"Our style of play won't be radically different from last year. We may add a few new offensive wrinkles. Actually, little if anything is really new in football. If you can come up with something that nobody has seen for a while, you have a momentary advantage. All coaches try to do that. Coaching, after all, is the purest form of teaching.

Wilkinson will have to do a lot of persuasive teaching if the Cardinals are to have a respectable season. Rookie kicker Steve Little may be the squad's most valuable player his first year.

#### CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Chicago Bears	
Minnesota Vikings	9-7
Detroit Lions	7-9
Green Bay Packers	6-10
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	5-11

The Chicago Bears finally turned it all around last fall, ending years of floundering and making it to the play-offs for the first time since 1963. The chief architect of this reconstruction project, general manager Jim Finks, told us that only the lack of two or three defensive studs stands in the way of a trip to the Super Bowl.

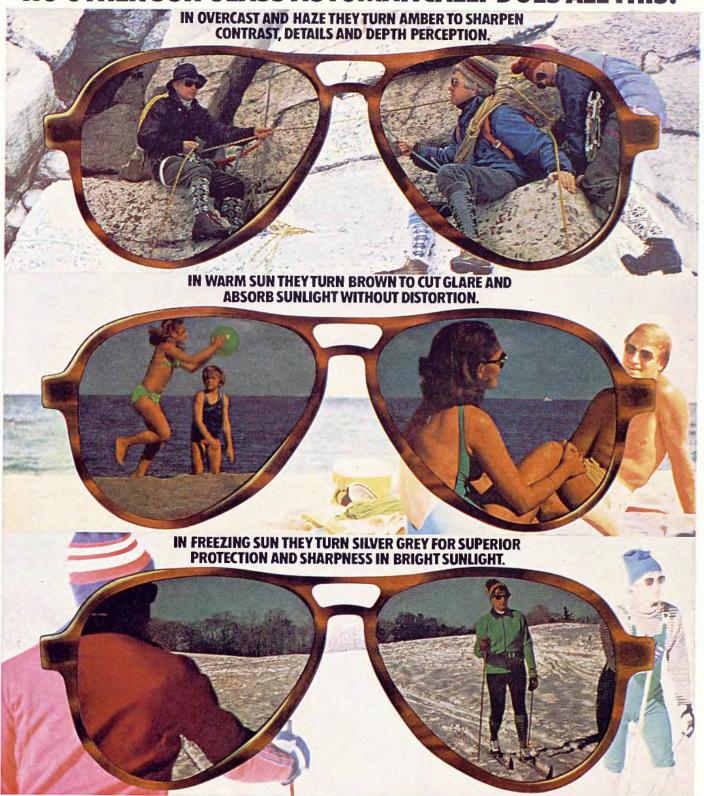
"Every successful club I've ever seen," said Finks, "has two or three defensive players who could come up with the big play at the right moment to turn a game around-people like Alan Page at Minnesota, Harvey Martin at Dallas and Joe Greene at Pittsburgh."

Three new defensive linemen were obtained during the off season (Tommy Hart from San Francisco, former Canadian All-Pro Mike Raines and free agent Walt Patulski) and the draft produced tackle Brad Shearer. None of them, however, appears to be the superstud Finks dreams of.

The Bears' improvement this season will come from within the squad, All 11 of the '77 defensive starters have played three years or more, so the added maturity and confidence will show. Also, it is unlikely that the defensive crew will suffer a repeat of last year's injury wipe-out.

The Chicago team's biggest plus this season could be new head coach Neill Armstrong, a seasoned veteran of the Minnesota staff and the low-key executive type that Finks likes. Says Finks, "The stable and methodical coach who

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#### CHIEF RUNNING BEAR

chicago's record-breaking walter payton is, as they say, the franchise

There are some—close observers of N.F.L. games—who think Walter Payton can fly. And there are others—defensive linemen, mostly—who are certain of it. On third and short, he has been known to leap skyward, where he hangs suspended some six feet off the turf until opposing linemen have passed beneath him. Then he glides down to a perfect one-point landing; sometimes the head hits first, sometimes a shoulder pad. After a short roll, he bounds to his feet, first-down yardage behind him.

In a sweep to the right, Payton will follow his blockers until they fail to provide a hole, whereupon, against all rules of nature, he reverses direction without losing speed. Dodging back against the flow, he will eat up 30 yards in lateral movement to gain ten. Ask him later what he did and Payton can't tell you. "Some of the stuff I do, I don't realize until I watch the films. It's amazing what you can do when you're scared."

Payton is joking: he has no fear. If pressed, he will admit to a certain amount of respect for opposing linemen, but his particular act calls for coolness under fire, not terror. Everything is calculated. Payton has confidence in his body, his strength and his gymnastic ability. What looks to the fan like a mouse scurrying through tenpins is a careful, though rapid-fire, exercise in running options. It comes, he says, "from a lot of practice, a lot of repetition and reading your blocks. I look for a hole and go through it.

"No matter who's opposing you, he could be the best defensive lineman in the league, but he can only take what you give him. If you give him the tight-end side, that leaves all the room on the outside to gain your yardage."

Although he's hit often and hard, while he's running he never considers the possibility of being hit. His objective is to avoid being touched, to thread the needle without grazing the sides. Thinking about being hit would slow him down. "You can't be looking to break tackles, you have to avoid them altogether. One of the things that I do, if I see no alternative to getting hit, is to simply explode into the guy. Instead of him hitting me, we're hitting each other. Then, the next time I come around, he'll be thinking, Well, the last time I tried to get this guy, he hit me; and, in that one second of indecision on his part, I'll have the opportunity to get away."

Payton has been compared to such legendary running backs as Jim Brown, Gale Sayers and, of course, O. J. Simpson. But he is reluctant to join in such comparisons. "They got their yards their way, I get mine my way. How can you compare us?" Actually, Payton's running style is most similar to Sayers'. He doesn't have the speed of Simpson or the intimidating bulk of Brown. Also, he is a relatively small 5'101/3", 205 pounds. But he plays all out all the time and he is the surest bet in the league to break Simpson's all-time season rushing record of 2003 yards.

Payton was taught to play full throttle at all-black Jackson State University in Mississippi, He set the N.C.A.A. record of 66 touchdowns in a conference he considers so rough-and-tumble that he thinks of his current assignment as something of a piece of cake. "I get more chance to rest here than I did in college. I've seen everybody play and the black-conference teams play a far more aggressive, more physical game. If any of the teams I played on in my four years there were to play last year's championship Notre Dame team, Notre Dame would get beat. And the same thing would happen if they played Grambling or any of the other schools in the black conference. A lot of people say if I'd gone to another school, I would have gotten the Heisman Trophy, but I wouldn't trade the experience I got from Jackson State."

Although the jump from college ball to pro ball was easy for Payton, he did have adjustments to make:

"It's show business," he says, laughing. "We're like the Jackson 5 coming onto the field. You know it's show business when, like the Bears, you get \$5,000,000 for TV rights before the season. You know it when you can't tape your shoes on because it flares on the cameras. In college, you didn't think, Am I looking OK for the camera? All you thought about was doing your job."

So how do you defense such a man? Does he have an Achilles' heel? Payton gave us a clue: "There are three things that really scare me; dogs, hypodermic needles and spiders." Which may explain why some N.F.L. scouts have been scouring the college ranks for eight-legged line-backers, 250-pound nurses and hard-hitting Dobermans. —ROBERT E. CARR

can handle day-to-day pressures is the kind who succeeds in this league."

Nothing ever seems to change at Minnesota, a perennially stable franchise. Doomsayers continually forecast a collapse because of the Vikings' advancing age, but excellent 35-year-old players are still better than average 23-year-olds.

One major change that seems inevitable in the near future is the quarterback job. Francis Tarkenton keeps making noises about retirement, so Tommy Kramer is being groomed as his replacement. Both Kramer and veteran Bob Lee did a superb job of taking up the slack when Tarkenton broke his leg last fall, thus lessening the squad's emotional dependence on Tarkenton.

Whoever throws the ball, the Minnesota passing attack is fearsome. Unfortunately, it was largely negated last season by too many turnovers, and the kicking game was marginal.

Historically, the Vikings have done very well in the draft, despite always having low picks. And so it was this year, when they got three defensive players, Randy Holloway, Whip Walton and John Turner, who could be future greats.

When new coach Monte Clark took over the demoralized Detroit squad last winter, he called the players together and laid it on the line: "I'll be very demanding, but I won't ask anything that players on championship teams haven't always given. I've never been a loser, and I don't intend to start now."

The morale of both the squad and the front office has zoomed since Clark arrived, and there is an unaccustomed air of optimism in the franchise. A disciple of the Don Shula method of coaching, Clark has assembled a staff of assistants who are strong on teaching skills.

Their major task in summer camp will be to upgrade an inept offensive line. The best of the draftees, unfortunately, are defensive players. (Rookie defensive back Luther Bradley should become an All-Pro before his career is over.)

The new staff must cure last season's frustrating inconsistency (one Sunday the Lions would look great, the next week they would bomb), rejuvenate the kicking game and find two or three players who can be on-field emotional leaders.

The unsettled quarterback situation must be resolved, also, if the Lions are to be a stable team. Longtime starter Greg Landry has the smarts, veteran backup Joe Reed has the arm, but the future probably belongs to young Gary Danielson.

A football weekend in Green Bay is an unforgettable experience. A Packer home game immobilizes the city as much as a six-foot snowfall. The whole community revolves around the team; weddings, social events and business activities are planned with an eye on the schedule. Otherwise amicable divorces are bitterly contested over who gets the season tickets.

Unfortunately, there has been little on-field seccess to feed this enthusiasm in recent seasons. The Green Bay fans are amazingly patient, though, because they have much football savvy, they like coach Bart Starr and they can see the team's

Last year was encouraging. The squad seemed to coalesce during the season, and by December, it looked like a different team. Further progress this year will depend largely on shoring up a limp offensive line. Rookie wide receiver James Lofton, who could be a starter his first year, fills another need.

Never in the history of spectator sports has a group of fans been so deliriously happy over a .143 season as were the Tampa followers last year.

It would have been an even better year if the Buccaneers could have moved the ball occasionally, because the defensive team is one of the best.

Watch for more-perhaps even dramatic-improvement this fall. The Bucs are the youngest squad in the league (their average age last season was 24.3) and a year's added maturity could make much difference, Also, it's unlikely that last fall's quarterback problems (both Gary Huff and Mike Boryla were injured) will recur. One of the major offensive needs was filled by the off-season trade that brought tight end Jimmy Giles from the Oilers, and a productive draft brought further help in the persons of quarterback Doug Williams and running back Johnny Davis.

If all this sounds optimistic, that's because it is. The whole Tampa franchise is bathed in euphoria.

#### WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	12-4
Atlanta Falcons	8-8
Out Fidinglood toold	5-11
New Orleans Saints	4-12

Despite the arrival of new head coach George Allen, the Los Angeles team won't differ greatly from last year's edition. The Rams are already strong enough to be a game break away from the Super Bowl, so major changes aren't necessary. Also, Allen won't be free to wheel and deal with draft choices as he did in Washington.

Fortunately, Allen's coaching strengths are concentrated in areas where the Rams need help: The pass rush needs to be juiced up and the kicking game-all phases of it-must be upgraded. Two rookies, defensive lineman Stan Johnson and kicker Frank Corral, will help solve these problems.

However he chooses to use it, Allen inherits so much talent (especially the awesome running game, now reinforced by rookie runner Elvis Peacock) that the

Rams seem to be the only team with a chance to beat out Dallas for the National Conference championship.

In only a year, Atlanta general manager Eddie LeBaron and coach Leeman Bennett have done a masterful job of bringing purposeful order out of the Falcons' perennial chaos. The front-office turmoil of the past decade has disappeared and the players seem to have added confidence in themselves and in management. As a result, the Falcons enjoyed a break-even record last fall, a remarkable accomplishment in light of the talent available.

The Falcon defensive unit has become one of the best in the N.F.L., but the running corps is lead-footed and the offensive line woefully young. The return of halfback Bubba Bean, who missed all of '77 with an injury, could help solve the speed problem.

The offensive line will benefit from a year's added seasoning, as well as the arrival of rookie tackle Mike Kenn.

San Francisco general manager Joe Thomas has finished disassembling the franchise and now begins the long reconstruction process. Thomas' hatchet has made him one of the least loved figures in the Bay Area, but it was very obvious when he took over the club a year ago that something was amiss: During the previous season, the 49ers had won six of their first seven games but only two of their last seven (had it been the other way around, the picture would have been rosy). His diagnosis: The club's scouting and drafting performances had been horrid. Since 1971, San Francisco had had nine first-round draft picks but, going into this year's draft, had only three warm bodies to show for them (Jim Plunkett, Wilbur Jackson and Jimmy Webb).

Deciding that imaginative trading would be the quickest way to inject some life into the comatose squad, this spring, Thomas swapped a basketful of future draft choices for O. J. Superstar.

Says Thomas, "Simpson will give our ball club a credibility and leadership we need badly. I would never have traded that many draft choices for any other player in the country." (The next thing Thomas must do is figure a way to pay O.J.'s salary-he makes three times as much as President Carter. He also runs

Thomas' drafting expertise was confirmed by this year's gleanings. At least six of the rookies could be starters by next year. Guards Walt Downing and Ernie Hughes and tight end Ken Mac-Afee are nuggets-they could make the 49er offensive line one of the country's best.

Said Thomas while assaying his draft and trade catches, "We have a real overhaul job to do here. In another two years, we hope to have a stable team-but it will take at least that long."

Only a city as congenitally joyous as New Orleans would tolerate a team like the Saints. After 11 years, the Saints have had no winning season (three 5-9ers were the best) and six head coaches. They've also had only one majority owner, John Mecom, Jr. Some folks think there's a cause-effect interaction there somewhere.

New head coach Dick Nolan was last seen sifting through the debris left from Mecom's latest holocaust. There isn't much left. Three fair-to-middling running backs are in stock (Chuck Muncie, Tony Galbreath and Mike Strachan), along with two tight ends (Henry Childs and James Thaxton); and the arrival of Conrad Dobler from St. Louis will help the offensive line. But there isn't much else. The defensive unit was the worst in the conference last year and prospects aren't much better this time. The best talent produced by the draft were offensive players, wide receiver Wes Chandler and tackle James Taylor.

But let's give credit where it is due: to the upbeat New Orleans fans. By early spring, virtually 100 percent of last fall's season tickets had been renewed.

#### EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

	_	_					_	-	 ٠.		_	-	_	
Miami Dolphins				,	,									11-5
Baltimore Colts			_		-	_								10-6
New England P														
New York Jets														
Buffalo Bills .										-				4-12

Many wise franchise watchers were taken aback by Miami's strong 10-4 showing last season. Many had claimed to see signs of rigor mortis after the Dolphins' 6-8 finish in 1976.

The Dolphins' re-emergence as Super Bowl contenders is largely due to the return of assistant head coach Bill Arnsparger. He galvanized the defense into one of the best-Miami was one of only five teams to give up less than 200 points last fall.

Also, the Dolphins last season enjoyed the fruits of two good drafts in a row. Last year's first two picks, defensive linemen A. J. Duhe and Bob Baumhower, were the two best defensive rookies in the league. Another of last fall's rookies, defensive back Norris Thomas, is a future All-Pro.

Add all this to a passing game thatwith Bob Griese throwing and Nat Moore catching-could be the best in the country, and a running attack with added firepower provided by Delvin Williams (late of San Francisco), plus another good draft that brought in at least two defensive players, lineman Lyman Smith and back Gerald Small, who could be immediate starters, and it looks like a giddy autumn on West Flagler Street.

If Miami falters even slightly this fall, 181



the Baltimore team will have an excellent chance to win its fourth division championship in a row. The Colts' main assets will be quarterback Bert Jones' right arm and the belated fruits of the 1977 draft. All four rookies who made the squad last fall wound up on the injured reserve list. One of them, linebacker Calvin O'Neal, has enormous potential and could become a starter before this season is finished. Three of this year's draftees, tight end Reese McCall, offensive tackle Frank Myers and linebacker Mike Woods, should make it big.

One bright element in the Baltimore vista is the fact that the many talented young players brought in by former general manager Joe Thomas are now four- or five-year veterans and are just reaching the peak of their abilities. Also, the coaching chaos of recent seasons (the Colts have had five head coaches since Don Shula quit after the 1969 season) seems to have ended at last. The current coach, Ted Marchibroda, signed a five-year contract this spring, giving the team some hope of future stability.

Before last season opened, most pro football seers—including us—tabbed New England as the best bet to take its division championship. But the Patriots lost two of their first three games and it was an uphill struggle the rest of the way. The major problem was lack of consistency—too many peaks and valleys. The Pats would look great in one quarter of a game, then make a killing mistake in the next. But that is a mark of a young and talented team.

All the strengths that made the Patriots look so promising last year are still present. The squad has no obvious needs except a top-grade punter and an explosive outside runner. Neither type seems present among this year's draft selections. None of the rookies seems likely to displace any of the starters, so the Patriots won't look much different from last year. Just a bit more mature.

After years of bootless bumbling and ignominious defeat, the New York Jets are awash in optimism about their future. In only a year, head coach Walt Michaels and president Jim Kensil have turned a blundering and aimless franchise into a viable operation. The difference was noticeable on the field by the end of last season—the squad showed a hard-nosed hustle that had long been missing.

Another happy portent for the future is the fact that the Jets are the youngest team in the conference. At the end of last season, 11 of their starters were products of the past two drafts. At least one of this year's rookies, offensive lineman Chris Ward, should be an immediate starter.

Perhaps most encouraging of all is the complete recovery of quarterback Richard Todd's knee. Until he hurt it in the eighth game of the '77 season, the Jets had the best passing attack in the league.

Despite the arrival of new head coach Chuck Knox, don't look for any miracles in Buffalo. And don't look for much improvement for a couple of years—the wreckage is that bad. Also, Knox wisely has a long-term approach to solving the Bills' problems, which is why he has restructured the scouting and personnel departments, brought in five of his assistants from Los Angeles and traded away O. J. Simpson, who was a luxury the Bills couldn't afford.

The Bills' major weakness, as always, is a dreadful defense. Unfortunately, in recent outings, the offense hasn't been good enough to make up for the defense—as it did for several years.

Knox has at least one solid pillar on which to rebuild—a superb passing game featuring quarterback Joe Ferguson and receiver Bob Chandler. The draft also produced a few gleams of hope in the persons of blazing halfback Terry Miller and two defensive studs, Dee Hardison and Scott Hutchinson. All three should win starting berths by fall.

#### CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers	12-4
Houston Oilers	10-6
Cincinnati Bengals	8-8
Cleveland Browns	4-12

Don't let Pittsburgh's slightly off-pace performance last season fool you—the Steelers aren't beginning a nose dive. A poor start in '77 was caused by a witches' brew of dissent and dissatisfaction based on such unlikely factors as false rumors, coach Chuck Noll's comments on a witness stand and internecine squabbling.

A case in point: Linebacker Jack Lambert heard a false rumor that Philadelphia linebacker Bill Bergey was making \$200,000 per year. Recalling that Bergey had once magnanimously opined that Lambert was the best linebacker in the league (he isn't, Bergey is), Lambert demanded at least as much money as Bergey was making and refused to show up for pre-season practice. It took weeks of honest-Injuning and pride massaging to straighten that one out.

Assuming that all noses will be in joint when this season begins, the Steelers will have a fast track in the Super Bowl run because the schedule is quite favorable. Better yet, all injuries—psychic and corporal—from last season have healed and all contracts have been signed, so there shouldn't be any holdouts this time.

Despite being in the play-offs each of the past six years and their apparent wealth of experience, the Steelers are still a relatively young team. Joe Greene and L. C. Greenwood, each of whom turns 32 in September, are the oldest players in camp.

Pittsburgh's only apparent need is a few more top-grade backup players. That order should be partly filled by two highquality draftees, defensive back Ron Johnson and defensive end Willie Fry.

Of all the perennial also-ran teams in the country, Houston seems to have the best chance to explode into sudden greatness, much as Denver did last season. It's a young team (the Oilers had 14 picks in the first 12 rounds of last year's draft and 12 of them made the club, seven as starters), this year's superrookie, running back Earl Campbell, could add the extra bit of firepower needed to get the Oilers into the play-offs next December.

Quarterback Dan Pastorini is just beginning to reach his potential, receiver Ken Burrough is the best deep threat in the league and the offensive line was much improved at the end of last season.

Bum Phillips, a rancher type who chews lots of tobacco, is the first head coach in Oiler history to have a modicum of job security, and for good reason. In 1975, for the first time in pro football history, Phillips installed a full-time 3-4 defense. Everyone said it wouldn't work in the N.F.L., but by last season, 14 other teams had switched to it. Using the 3-4, the Oiler defense had two shutouts and six one-touchdown games last year. Still, help is needed at cornerback and in the defensive line, where Curley Culp and Elvin Bethea are both 32 and may need an occasional rest. The draft, unfortunately, brought no impressive defensive talent.

For years, Cincinnati seemed tantalizingly close to making it to the Super Bowl. Now, for reasons no one can quite define, the Bengals seem to have lost the winning edge. All the necessary ingredients are still present, but much of the spark seems to have left the team since Paul Brown turned over the head-coaching reins to Bill Johnson. An obviously able coach, Johnson faces the intangible difficulties that always seem to beset a coach who follows a living legend.

Last season, the Bengals' offense was inexplicably impotent—they were blanked in two games and scored only one touchdown in five others. The ground game, featuring runners Archie Griffin and Pete Johnson, was expected to be awesome, but it never broke open.

Two new assistant coaches, Homer Rice (quarterbacks) and George Sefcik (offensive backfield), have been hired to discover and solve the Bengals' scoring problems. Another plus is the regained health of premier wide receiver Isaac Curtis. He will team with Billy Brooks to give the Bengals one of the best pairs of pass grabbers in the country.

Cincinnati's main personnel needs are reinforcements for both lines, and the draft brought two superstud rookies, defensive lineman Ross Browner and center Blair Bush. They and another rookie, defensive back Ray Griffin, should win starting jobs by season's end.

There's another significant—albeit intangible—ingredient that could help the Bengals return to their old form: The players are pissed off at themselves for blowing a few games last fall that could have meant the division championship.

The Cleveland team is trying to pick up the pieces of last autumn's shattered dreams. At the halfway point of the season, the Browns were 5–2 and leading their division. Then the bottom fell out. It was a familiar scenario: a good-and-getting-better club hamstrung by a few key injuries.

Unfortunately, neither fans nor owners seem to remember how a team began a season, only how it ended. So head coach Forrest Gregg (who seems to carry with him the kiss of death that haunts Lombardi disciples) has been replaced by Sam Rutigliano. His reconstruction efforts will be helped by the healing of last season's battle wounds, especially those of quarterback Brian Sipe.

The gleanings from the draft could be a big help, also. The Browns need a good wide receiver to replace the retired Paul Warfield, and rookie Ozzie Newsome fits the bill perfectly. The most helpful new ingredient in the Cleveland mix will probably be the articulate and literate Rutigliano, whose sunny personality has already helped lift the gloom.

#### WESTERN DIVISION

 AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

 Oakland Raiders
 13–3

 Denver Broncos
 10–6

 San Diego Chargers
 9–7

 Seattle Seahawks
 7–9

 Kansas City Chiefs
 3–13

As summer camp opens, the Oakland team seems the likeliest choice to represent the American Conference in the Super Bowl. The Raiders seemed a likely choice last year, too, because they entered the season even stronger than the Oakland squad that won the Super Bowl the previous January. They had—and still have—the most impressive squad depth in the land outside of Dallas. But in the second game against Pittsburgh, the Raiders took a physical beating from which they never quite recovered and ended the season with ten players on the injured-reserve list.

Said coach John Madden, "Depth is like money—when you spend it, you don't have it anymore."

All the injured have now recovered, none of the veterans have retired and



there is a determination among the players to be so superior this season that neither injuries nor ridiculous officiating will keep them out of the Super Bowl.

For the visiting observer, the most interesting facet of the Denver football scene is not the team on the field but the fans. Bronco fever had already reached epidemic proportions in the years when the team was lucky to have a break-even season. It now defies description. The Broncos led the league in season-ticket sales last year (73,089), and by the first of last March, all but 143 had been renewed.

Before last December's conferencechampionship game with Oakland, a city official confided that the newly installed reinforced-steel goal posts were indestructible, even by Denver fans. After the final whistle blew, it took them less than 30 seconds. Someone later sawed the goal posts into little pieces that were sold for exorbitant prices.

Denver made it to the Super Bowl last January via smart coaching by Red Miller and a careful husbanding of resources. The offense wasn't exceptional—especially the line, which suffered from inexperience—but it played patient, conservative ball at its end of the field (thus reducing the chances of dangerous turnovers) and waited for the excellent defensive crew to supply good field position, which it usually did. Look for the same tactics this season.

The Broncos also enjoyed a fortunate dearth of key injuries, a vital factor, because squad depth was suspect in some areas. It still is, which makes this year's group of rookies a key ingredient in Denver's plans to retain its conference championship. Best of the newcomers are

defensive tackle Don Latimer and tight end William Gay.

There is a new feeling of confidence among the San Diego players. They insist that they are no longer a rebuilding team but are now ready to challenge Oakland and Denver for the division championship. They may be proved right if the offensive unit—which was supposed to be explosive last season but wasn't—can solve its problems.

Johnny Rodgers' pulled hamstring crippled the running game last fall and quarterback James Harris didn't fulfill expectations. Poor blocking didn't help, either.

Two new assistant coaches, offensive coordinator Ray Perkins and offensive line coach Forrest Gregg, will help solve the Chargers' offensive problems in summer camp, and two draftees, wide receiver John Jefferson and runner Rickey Anderson, will add zip to the offense.

The Seattle Seahawks have remarkable stability for a third-year expansion team, thanks to owner Elmer Nordstrom (who keeps out of the way) and general manager John Thompson, who has a lot of seasoned smarts.

The Seahawks' major on-field strength is a big-play offense that can move the ball against any team. The Hawks threw 23 touchdown passes last year.

Scattle's major liability is an inept pass rush, but if a couple of injured defensive linemen, Steve Niehaus and Bill Sandifer, are fully healed, that problem could solve itself.

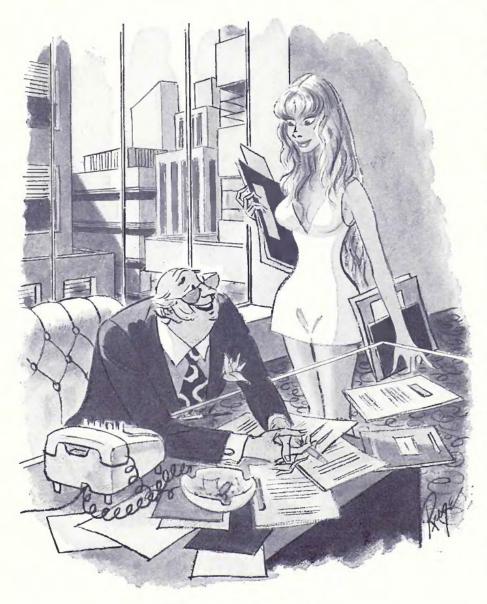
The rapid maturation of southpaw quarterback Jim Zorn could make the offense even more exciting this season.

Don't expect too much of the Seahawks, however. They could be a better team but win fewer games than last year (5–9), because the schedule is a lulu.

New Kansas City head coach Marv Levy begins a rebuilding job that will take many years. The Chiefs had woefully unproductive drafts between 1970 and 1975 and the talent pool is shallow. The defense was the worst in the country last fall and will be again this season unless two rookie linemen (Art Still and Sylvester Hicks) and two rookie linebackers (Gary Spani and Danny Johnson) learn their duties quickly. As many as five of this year's draftees could become starters by season's end. Levy will switch to a 3–4 defense in order to make best use of his limited personnel.

Add the Chiefs' plight to the almost equally bleak prospects in St. Louis, and it looks like a bummer season in the state of Missouri.

But, obviously, for every loser there will be a winner. So somewhere the sun will shine brightly this fall. Let's hope it will be in your town.



"That takes care of today's business, Miss Scott—so now I can devote my full attention to your 'in' box."

#### PRO FOOTBALL CHEERLEADER PREVIEW

with pom-pom girls becoming as important as wide receivers, it's only a matter of time before the n.f.l.'s bouncing belles rate previews of their own. which might read like this

#### satire By STANLEY MORRIS

#### Dallas

Immediately after the 1978 Super Bowl, veterans Cindye Jo Hoffritz and Jerie Lee Smith announced their retirement. Hoffritz is opening a chain of catfish restaurants and Smith has converted to orthodox Judaism. But don't mourn for Dallas.

Barbara Jean Swee, who could be a twin of Cindye Jo, moves into her slot, and Nikki Simms, a raven-haired beauty, easily replaces Jerie Lee. "Barbara Jean has a four-and-a-half-second hang time for her leg kicks, which is a good two seconds better than most," said coach Ed Malmsley. Simms will be switched to center where her leg kicks can be used to best advantage.

Dallas is thigh-deep in talent, thanks to the best cheerleading organization in football. The organization knows when a girl is at the peak of her ovulation period, what kind of dreams she dreams and what brand of creme rinse she uses. When a Hoffritz or a Smith leaves, Dallas simply presses the computer button and a curvier, hungrier replacement steps in.

But Malmsley and the organization have blown their cool over their number-one draft pick, Bambie Sue Brulee (pronounced Broolay), an explosive rookie, a girl who can blow a game wide open with the Big Play.

#### Los Angeles

Last year, the Rams were just a hip shake away from Super Bowl contention. This year, they must be rated as the chief threat to Dallas supremacy.

The reason for the Ram turnaround is a new-found team balance—a combination of veterans and rookies who perform like veterans. And the man behind it is coach Byron Phelps.

A typical Phelps rehab project is Trudi Tibbs, who probably holds the key to Ram Super Bowl hopes. Phelps signed her as a free agent last year, when she was cut by Denver—an unhappy, overweight center who was already on the down side of 25. Phelps signed her to a generous no-cut contract with incentive clauses, made her the team captain and even let her redesign the Rams' road uniforms. The result: She reported to camp minus 14 pounds and looked like a young Raquel Welch. By season's end, she led the league in TV close-ups.

Tibbs isn't the entire story at L.A.

In Debbye Williams, Fiona Brown and Brenda LeClair, the Rams boast the best left side in the N.F.L. And there's a strong supporting line that includes Jackye Kusma, a girl who plays any position and owns the most prominent nipples in the league.

#### Denver

Except for perennial All-Pro Liza Lee Romero, a flaming redhead with a willowy yet voluptuous body, the Broncos' right side lacked the size and dimensions needed to become a Super Bowl champion last year. When they lost Marvelle Simpson and Kristi Koan in the first quarter of the title game, they had to go with their lighter, thinner reserves. By the fourth quarter, they were burned out.

And so coach Bud Swathmore has been trying to plug up the Denver weak spots. Bonnie LoCastro, a free agent from the Canadian league, is a welcome surprise. "She's got a little Cellulite through the thighs, but from the waist up, she's fantastic," said Swathmore. Nina Traymore comes off her second 1000-cheer season. Sandi Seymour, now 29, is still one of the great pom-pom artists of the A.F.C. And two 36"-24"-36" newcomers, Winona Travers and Marcye Mae Swenson, will give Denver that fourth-quarter bench strength it needs.

#### Chicago

Chicago is what we call a physical team. No tricky formations. Just breadand-butter cheers featuring the one-and-only Lu Ann Atkinson. Last year, Atkinson and the Honey Bears were sued 14 times by church groups and do-gooders for indecent exposure. This year will be no different for the big platinum blonde from Winnetka. "They call me a cheap-shot artist," said Atkinson. "If cheap shots mean bumping harder in my bump-and-run numbers, then I'm a cheap-shot artist.

Lu Ann will be operating in front of a young line that still hasn't had enough time to work together. If the Chicago line repeats last year's inconsistent performance, it's going to be a long season of just Lu Ann and a lot of other girls named Jo.

#### New Orleans

The problem with New Orleans has always been the inconsistency of frontoffice policies. At first, they went with a youth movement. Then they traded away most of their high draft choices for veterans, many of whom turned out to be over the hill ("We were fooled by black stockings and clever make-up," said coach Ken Frye).

But this year, Frye is gambling on youth. Nancye Cline of UCLA and Karen Twill of Ohio State are both highly touted college stars who still have a lot to learn about the pros.

Cline and Twill did not help matters by reporting late for training camp (they took a *ménage à trois* vacation with a major movie star).

At their respective schools, Cline and Twill often overshadowed their teammates by moving out of formation and showing off their flashy moves for TV. "In college, all we had to do was wiggle our bottoms a little, scream a lot and fall into our partner's arms," said Cline. "In the pros, you have to be a complete performer."

#### Baltimore

For years, the Colts were known around the league as "three shakes and a shout." But history is about to be rewritten in Baltimore by none other than Red Philbin, the brilliant innovator who has been lured out of semiretirement by the new owners, who want a Super Bowl contender. Philbin may not give them a contender for a few years, but he will replace the stodgy, predictable Baltimore cheerbook with a brand-new look.

Somehow, he managed to pry Zhona "Too Tall" Rhodes out of talent-laden Dallas for three draft choices. "Zhona could be a franchise," said Philbin. At an even six feet tall and a beautifully proportioned 150 pounds, she will blitz out of the center of Philbin's I formation.

At the same time, Philbin cannily persuaded Trina "White Shoes" Von Cole to make a comeback, paid for her nip-and-tuck job and now has a perfectly pert and perky flanker. He gave up a few middle-round draft choices to L.A. for Bettye Benson, once an All-Pro, who now seems to be recovered from a gall-bladder operation that slowed her down last season.

The big questions are: Is Rhodes really a franchise all by herself? Will Von Cole's plastic hold up for the entire season?

#### "eyes" Has IT

(continued from page 98)

"In a ridiculous world, fashion is decadence—calculated to make people feel less beautiful."

the movie has Faye Dunaway in it, which never hurts. Faye plays Laura Mars, a famous fashion photographer, and the film boasts some strangely decadent, subtly erotic photographs in the modish manner popularized here and abroad by Helmut Newton, Guy Bourdin, Ara Gallant and other lens superstars. Newton himself did some of the freaky photographs that ostensibly represent Laura's far-out inspirations, though the bulk of the work was shot by New York-based Rebecca Blake. "Up to now, I've always done more romantic things," says Blake, "so this assignment challenged me. They said they wanted some murders photographed as if they were fashion. So I tried to create fashion photography with a strong emotional

content. Of course, I was also intrigued by Faye's image in the film, as top woman in a field formerly dominated by men."

Cast in key roles opposite Dunaway are Tommy Lee Jones, René Auberjonois, Brad Dourif and two reigning cover girls, blonde Darlanne Fluegel and dark, sultry Lisa Taylor. Both make their film debuts as top models whose assignments with Laura attract the unwanted attention of a psychopathic killer.

Darlanne and Lisa, both hired by Peters, may be shivering on the threshold of movie careers, if director Irvin Kershner is any judge. Best known for Loving, Streisand's Up the Sandbox and The Return of a Man Called Horse, Kershner is the seasoned pro chosen by

The state of the s

"I have some bad news. Your health plan doesn't cover bandages."

George Lucas to direct the sequel to *Star Wars*. Meanwhile, he stays high on his gorgeous earthlings. "These girls are such great models, they naturally do their own thing very beautifully. But we asked a lot more of them and they were tireless, uncomplaining . . . just superb."

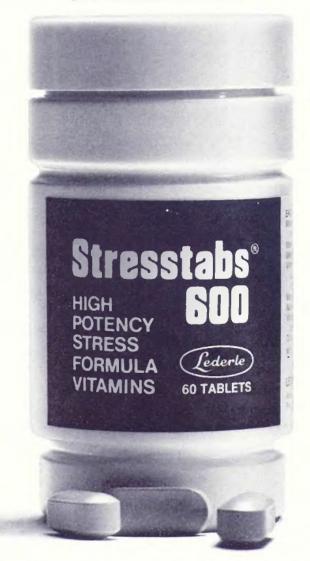
Kershner would only hint at the content of Eyes. "In a ridiculous world, fashion is decadence—calculated to make people feel less beautiful, less young, less wealthy than they should be. Modern consumerism tends to push you into a state of gracelessness if you're short, or aging, or your hair is wrong. Which does not mean we're delivering a message. We're telling a story that's romantic as well as enticing, but primarily a melodrama with a psychic aspect."

Finally, we decided, nobody but Peters could describe in detail what his film actually was. Young, bearded, rich, frank, sure of himself and well turned out in the choicest Beverly Hills-casual threads, Peters talks a damned good movie—with contagious exuberance. "Convincing Faye to do Eyes was difficult, because it's not a safe film. We took chances. So much of it is visual stuff that you can't immediately see in script form. She was very brave, but she's so talented and savvy she became a collaborator in every sense.

"The story's about a fashion photographer who becomes extremely successful when her work changes-through a series of premonitions, or dreamlike statesinto the Helmut Newtonish style of photography you see in the film, with dead bodies and jewelry and beautiful clothes, that whole shtick. In one scene, Tommy Lee Jones, as the detective, comes to Faye with two photographs: One is a picture she did for Vogue, showing a black man who's been shot and a girl strangled with a telephone cord; the other is a police photo that is virtually identical but with two different people, taken at the scene of a crime two years earlier. 'Can you explain how you did this?' he asks her.

"What we find out later is that she has a psychic connection to another, unknown person, which develops into what's called a linkage with the eyes of a killer. When he's moving onto a victim, she virtually goes blind, enters a sort of trance and sees through his eyes. It's like an erection, when you get that particular sensation-the coming is the completed action, the killing. Afterward, she gets her sight back and retains certain images but doesn't know what she's been through, Ultimately, the communication becomes so strong that it takes physical possession of her. She has the vision while driving a car and goes crashing into things. Whatever he sees, she sees-so that if he should pass in front of a mirror, she'd be able to recognize and identify him. This becomes very frightening as they start moving toward

#### Stress can rob you of vitamins



#### Stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble vitamins.

Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by stress, your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your usual daily meals provide. During times of continued stress—when your body may be affected in many ways—a vitamin deficiency can develop.

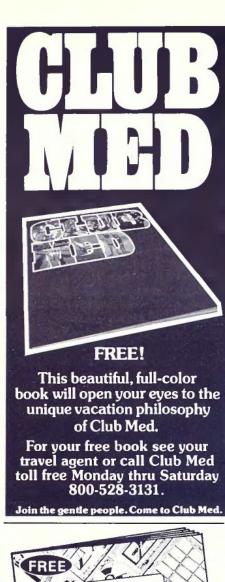
What is stress. Severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any condition that places an unusual demand upon your body constitutes stress and may cause B and C vitamin depletion, if the diet is inadequate.

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each other; several people are murdered before they meet."

Peters grins boyishly. "That's our story. It's based on an idea of my own that I worked out with a writer named John Carpenter. We showed the movie to eight or nine psychiatrists and psychologists in L.A. and they were blown away. It's a kind of realistic fantasy, mostly entertainment, drawn not from fact but from the infinite possibilities of the human mind. Who knows what can happen?"

After a session or two with Jon, the suspicion grows that what's really happening in Eyes is the emergence of Jon Peters as a major showbiz entrepreneur, a creative producer like those we knew in the good old Hollywood days of Goldwyn, Selznick, Zanuck, et al. "Barbra's done a single," he says, "a song called Prisoner, written for the movie as the theme from Eyes of Laura Mars. It's woven into the sound track throughout, which is very powerful and unexpected. It's going to be a number-one record." And he briskly sings a sample phrase: "I'm a prisoner, captured by your eves—"

An air of disarming innocence brightens Peters' eyes when he divulges, in the same breath, that he has concluded a multiple-picture pact with Orion Pictures and really knows very little about the business. "I don't know anything. But because I have no past knowledge of the movie industry, I might dare things that other people wouldn't. I came into the movie world five years ago and learned what I could on my own. Still, I was a great bullshit artist as a kid, always a good storyteller.

"I'm off and running now, with about 12 movies planned. The next project I'm gonna tackle is a comedy, a thing we're doing a rewrite on called *The Lady and the Boxer*, about this woman fashion designer whose business manager absconds with all her money. She finds out that the only asset she has left is a nothing boxer she acquired as a tax write-off. She goes to find him and set him up for a comeback. It's for Barbra and Ryan O'Neal, if Barbra doesn't change her mind."

Among other Peters properties in the planning is a remake of Clare Boothe Luce's bitchy classic, *The Women*. "I've got Polly Platt working on a sort of adaptation for today. I'd like to do it with Barbra, Faye, Jane Fonda, at least five big female stars, though I still don't know who will play which part. I'm also thinking about Raquel Welch and Diane Keaton."

Riding herd on a management firm (he guides Geraldo Rivera's career as well as Barbra's), a music company with several promising new rock groups under contract and a residual share of the Jon Peters Salons keeps Peters too busy to worry about the public's unflattering

image of him-either as an upstart who hitched his wagon to Streisand and A Star Is Born or as the prototypal, horny Hollywood hairdresser portrayed by Warren Beatty in Shampoo. Jon seems unfazed by his detractors. "Star Is Born was the most personal thing I'd ever done, the most creative experience in my entire life, though I took a lot of flak because I'd never done anything like that before. I'd read in the papers that I was a pimp or a jerk or whatever. It's true that at one point I was planning to direct the movie. I convinced Barbra I could direct it. but I didn't convince myself. She's the real director in the family, a brilliant lady. She can do anything; she's a total perfectionist. I'm not like that. I'm a gut guy, with gut reactions. I either get a chill from a scene or a song or an idea or I don't get a chill, and that's that.

"As for Shampoo, I loved the originality of it. The sets were modeled after my Beverly Hills salon, so I guess the common journalistic prototype of the heterosexual hairdresser was me-though the real-life counterpart was Gene Shecove, a hairdresser I apprenticed under in L.A. The sad part of Shampoo got to me, however, because I ran a very successful business. I'd been married first when I was 15 and blew my second marriage to Lesley Ann Warren. I knew every morning I'd make a lot of money and meet a lot of women and fall in love five times that day, which I thought was great. The point about the character I identified with was his inability to communicate, the fact that he'd cheerfully fuck four or five women a day but couldn't communicate with one. That's the part of my life that changed when I met Barbra. Of course, we have a very volatile relationship, off one day and on the next. But we've been together five years and it's better than ever.'

Running a hair salon, in Jon's opinion, is in some ways the ideal preparation for a would-be film producer. "In the beauty shop, you can always teil what people want to see by what movies they talk about, what books they bring in to read. It's great research. What's relevant to me is that 99 percent of the audience works hard all week and they go out on Saturday night wanting to be excited, to be taken away for a while and put in another place, another world. That's the kind of movie Eyes is meant to be. Yet it says a lot about violence. The character Fave plays is like Roman Polanski: violence and tragedy ultimately manifested themselves around him. just as they did in the films he made. There are lots of jolts in my movie, things that come on you when you're not looking-and one scene that's gonna make people scream. It's fun."

-BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Speakers

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(continued from page 139)

and KRIZ in Phoenix). Each entry was screened by photographer Nicholas DeSciose and finalists were chosen in each city. The finalists were then testphotographed and treated to dinner with the disc jockey who had held the search (KXKX' Waylon Walker, KRIZ' Bruce Miles and WMMS' Jeff Kinzbach). From the finalists, PLAYBOY photo editors selected the ones who appear in this pictorial. (There was also a drawing in each city that offered a weekend vacation for two at a Playboy hotel or resort; the winners were Dawn L. Vilmar, Cleveland; Gail Turner, Phoenix; and Denver's Nancy Jean Collins.)

A total of 500 secretaries responded, but DeSciose suffered little eyestrain because, as we suspected, there are quite a few lovely girls Friday out there.

"It was one of the most interesting jobs I've ever done," said DeSciose. "The vast majority of entrants were over 25 and they were more modest than the younger girls I've been shooting lately. I'd say about half of them actually blushed when they first undressed. On the other hand, I sensed a more mature sexuality in these women than in college-age girls. It was also interesting to me that few of these women see themselves as secretaries for life. They all have dreams of going on to something else-becoming a model or the next Streisand or the next Ali MacGraw. A few of them will probably make it. Monica Rio could be a successful singer; she's really very good. Nina Blackwood is also a tremendous musical talent. Betty Tidwell has great potential as a photographer."

The thoughtful reader may, at this point, be asking why we chose Phoenix, Denver and Cleveland (Cleveland?) for our initial pictorial on secretaries (you don't think we're going to stop there, do you?). Well, Denver because there is a theory that high altitudes produce prettier women; Phoenix because nobody says much about Phoenix these days; and Cleveland because it's there. As it turned out, Cleveland proved to be a veritable gold mine of beautiful secretaries, typists, receptionists and file clerks, a secret no doubt jealously guarded till now by Cleveland men. If the photos we received from all three cities are any indication, their office buildings are nine-to-five nesting places for flocks of the most beautiful women in the world.

Unfortunately, some of them are too shy to pose for the camera. But fortunately for PLAYBOY readers, many of them are not. Why, Miss Pennyweather, when you take off your glasses, you're beautiful!

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#### "Maurice ends the manic soliloquy with memories of his childhood. It somehow justifies everything."

Brothers might be there in the same week. Rumors of tighter-than-a-soul-shake sessions filtered to England, and Eric Clapton came to record his cry of love, Layla. Chicago, Crosby, Stills & Nash and the Average White Band moved in. And when the Eagles needed a punch, they came down to record One of These Nights.

Another band in search of a new sound, the Bee Gees, latched on to Miami funk and now little brother Andy is finishing up his new album there and Maurice intends to liven up the proceedings. With almost rehearsed timing, Maurice turns the radio on and Andy's Thicker Than Water is beginning. He leans toward the dial and mock-sneers, "So now our baby brother's sneaking up to knock us off. I'll kill 'im, I will." He turns the song up. "It's funny; years ago, we'd a been furious if Andy bumped us from number one. Jesus, the three of us were fighting amongst ourselves to be the biggest star. Now, like Barry says, it's all in the family. Barry wrote and produced the bloody song, anyhow."

Maurice fights a cold that's been wasting Miami. "You make that noise in L.A. and the fools say, 'Got any left?' The old L.A. sniffle. It got so if I wanted something to drink, I'd order Pepsi; otherwise, I'd get a rolled-up \$20 bill and a mirror, and I don't even mess with drugs anymore." Maurice, since early in their career, has been painted in the press as the reckless Gibb brother. Once married in true pop-star fashion to British singer Lulu, Maurice caromed around the English music scene with a vengeance. These days, with stability and maturity, the Bee Gee role model, he is eager to erase the old image.

"I know you've heard the old stories of me bein' a real loon. You've heard that rumor that I drove an Aston Martin off a pier and left it in the water." I'd never heard that rumor anywhere. But Maurice, stone-serious for the first time, confesses. "It honestly never happened. What you got to understand is that I had my first Rolls at 18. By the time I was 21, I'd had five Rollses and six Aston Martins, So, naturally, at that age, you get subjected to drink and all kinds of drugs and things." It is easy to imagine the carefree teenage Maurice, even though his prematurely thinning hair ages him beyond his 28 years. There is a warmth in his eyes that is often lost in his furious routines. His handsome tan face, even in mid-joke, seems shaded by sadness.

"I tried grass and it only made me 192 sick . . . so I drank. Mostly beer and

such, but even that didn't mix with the driving. I swear, I never had all those accidents everyone says I had." He seems almost apologetic for the frenzy of the times, for the boundless rock-'n'-roll rush of being a teenager in late Sixties London. "Imagine. We arrive after three weeks on a boat from Australia, where we'd had 13 flops in a row and one hit [Spicks and Specks], and almost immediately are signed by Brian Epstein-Brian bloody Epstein-and his partner, Robert Stigwood. And all of a sudden, the singles happen. So it's, 'Here's the advance money, boys.' You go wild. Buy a Rolls, a Playboy Pad in Belgravia. You're boozing it up with the Beatles. It was too much." Even after the tolls and emotional battering, when Maurice re-creates those days, his speech shifts into high gear. It's almost as if, to compensate, he has to remember the confusion, straighten himself out with the pain of that era. "I dunno," he half laughs. "The strongest drink I touch now is a Pepsi, but I guess I'll probably have that image of being a lush for quite some time."

He ends the manic soliloguy with memories of his childhood. It somehow justifies everything.

"We lived a real showbiz life as kids. My father never called me son or good lad; it was always, 'Ya sung that flat.' But I can honestly say our father taught us professionalism: No matter how miserable or depressed I feel when we get onstage, the audience gets a happy show. That's what being a pro is about."

Harper Dance, Criteria's receptionist/ traffic cop, greets Maurice and directs him to the newly finished Studio D. Criteria-home of Eric Clapton, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Aretha Franklin-has never witnessed anything like this Bee Gee assault. Main Course, Children of the World, Here at Last . . . Bee Gees . . . Live and Saturday Night Fever, all recorded or mixed here, are platinum sellers or better. There is an electric shudder when the band is around. Tonight, Andy puts the vocals on a possible single for his next album, Shadow Dancing.

The studio, even with its inlaid wood, stained-glass "skylight" and multicolored couches, looks severely lived in. Brown bags from the 7-Eleven, teacups, soda cans, ashtrays full of butts-all attest to the months of recording.

Andy pulls out a folded piece of pink paper and almost defensively reads aloud: "Dear Andy, your last album is never out of my mind. I love you so. Have you named your new album yet? I think Dusk would be nice."

"Stop, please stop." Barry shields his face in feigned horror. "Enough of this teenage idol worship. I've heard it all."

"That's right," Albhy agrees. "Barry's only interested in chicks who collect chest hair." Barry rears back in his chair and, laughing helplessly, yanks the headphones hanging around his neck.

The studio rolls with the ease of a true family. Coproducer Karl Richardson, Albhy and Barry have worked as a production team ever since that moment in 1976 when they knew Mardin was being made unavailable. Mardin (R&B producer extraordinaire, with, among others, Aretha, Average White Band and The Rascals to his credit) had worked on the Bee Gees' image-shattering, platinum Main Course LP. It was naturally assumed he would do the follow-up, Children of the World. But RSO Records (Stigwood's and, therefore, the Gibbs' company) had switched distribution from Atlantic (staff producer Mardin's company) to the German-based Polydor. "We panicked," Barry admits. "We knew we had the material for a great album, but we didn't have the faith in ourselves to get that feeling out. We originally went to Richard Perry, who's a good producer, but the communication wasn't

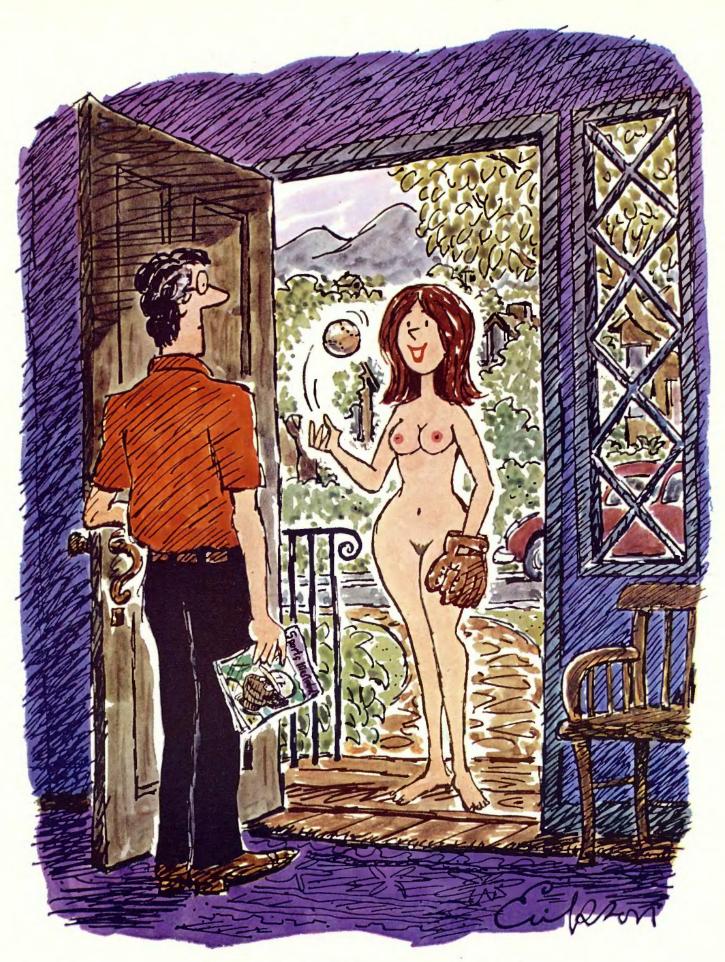
"That's right," Maurice adds. "He was always on the phone."

Barry continues, "Then we knew we would come back here to Miami and work with Karl, who's a genius engineer and knows us from Main Course. But the problem was, we needed ears in the box. Someone to listen and give us help while we were recording-

Maurice picks up the tale. "Karl knew this guy Albhy, who'd worked with Clapton and such. At first, I saw him barefoot an' all, eating his bloody grease tree sandwiches, and I was a bit frightened."

Barry shrugs off the interruption and explains his fear about the new relationship. "When I walk into the studio, I have a complete picture of what the song will be like as a record. I know when and where the strings will be, what the horns should be like; the finished product. So you try to share your picture. Well, to a certain extent, because whoever wrote the song can't give the picture away; it's impossible." He smiles at my confusion. "My original struggle with Albhy was about this. I would play him a song on the guitar and he couldn't hear how it would come out. He'd say, 'I just can't see it.' But what made it work was, he trusted me and went along blind in some cases. That's how our production started. On a song like Stayin' Alive, I could hear the choir and the orchestration, but I couldn't put it into practice, translate it for the musicians. That is what Albhy does."

Karl has the forest of levers arranged



"Good evening, Mr. Bickerson. Is Herbert home?"

for another go at the tune, so Andy walks back into the soundproof room. He asks for the lights to be lowered, until all that remains is a slight halo above his blond hair. Barry pushes the SPEAK button. "Now, Andy, come closer to the mike and get a little sexy with these lyrics."

Andy's voice fills the room: "It's hard

to get horny in a hospital."

The studio is Barry's environment. He rocks slowly to the song, eyes closed. When the take is finished, he leans over and says to Andy, "Give me more fire." Barry is the master here. He cocks his head, sifting imperceptibly different versions of the same line, doubling and tripling some to create a seamless living lead vocal. Barry's confidence pervades the whole session. There is no rush. "And again," he says mildly when a word is bungled. When a take appears perfect and everybody in the studio smiles in unison, Barry still asks his younger brother, "Can you beat it, mate?" Each phrase is taken apart, tested on its own and then refitted into the whole, until all the pieces are polished into one achingly perfect hit record. To watch this process is to watch success. Barry's control of this art is awesome. "We overdubbed a breath once," he says. "The song was right, but there was a breath missing, so I went in there and put it in,"

It's all part of his picture. As Mardin said recently, "Somewhere along the line, Barry became completely in tune with the times. That's the phenomenon. It hasn't happened many times before, but he has totally locked into what people are hearing. And what they want to hear. This is surely his time."

Barry agrees. "It's a matter of arriving at now. We had always done things out of time. All our lives. When we were kids, we had a sound similar to the Beatles', very melodic, with harmonies. So they came along first and it was their story. We worked in night clubs when we should have played to kids. We've always done things strangely. At last, we are now doing things for now in a whole sphere of now."

Zen rock. Inner R&B. The ability to seize the musical moment and make it your own. When Mardin first came to produce the brothers, he found them frighteningly out of step with their own industry. As Barry says, "We were locked into those dreary love songs." They became convinced that was all they were capable of.

Robin says, "We began to play it safe and people got bored with us. If you try to stick to the secure, you stagnate. And, besides, believe me, nothing lasts long in this business. As long as we can keep ahead of the ball game, we'll be all right."

The first thing Mardin did was insist the Gibbs buy and really study the top 20 records. And they did. At night, the Julia Tuttle Causeway arcs from Miami to the beach like the top half of a Ferris wheel. It splits the black bay, bright and hard-sell, a concrete shove toward hotel row. The Bee Gees have traveled this route every night since they arrived in Miami to work on their new album, "Main Course." It's a quiet car that heads back to their rented Ocean Boulevard home. They have left the studio later than usual; the sessions are not going as well as Barry hoped and, after the failure of their first collaboration, "Mr. Natural," he is beginning to doubt both himself and Mardin.

Barry, Lynda and Maurice are in the back seat; Ashby and Robin are up front. As they hit the causeway, the metal bridge supports bop the tires in an irresistible rhythm. Ch-ch-ch. Lynda has never heard it before; after all those late-night rides, she begins to tap her foot in time. "You should write a song to this rhythm," she says, laughing at her husband. Ch-ch-ch. Barry closes his eyes and listens to the funky bridge tattoo their wheels. Before they reach home, the three brothers are singing in sweet, soulful, million-selling harmony: "Ch-ch-ch—Jive Talkin'."

"It was a revelation," Mardin says during sessions at New York's Atlantic studios. "We had already heard Nights on Broadway, so I could see the new direction. But when Barry walked in with Jive Talkin', it proved we were on the right track. Those were some of my most memorable sessions; some of the touchiest, at least in the beginning, but also the most rewarding. It was exciting to see Barry and his brothers coming up with all these 'new songs.'"

Robin bitterly remembers the early days of Main Course. "Ahmet [Ehrtegun] was so quick to turn off to us. You know, to say, "This is it?" We thought, Fuck it. They aren't even going to give us a chance. They were burying us. Only Arif, of all the Atlantic people, kept faith in us.

"We'd been doing this new sound for years; in dressing rooms, planes. Just never on record. The black influence was our original one. Long before the pop ballads. It's the way we thought and felt, so we were, in a sense, going back to our roots. To Love Somebody was written for Otis Redding. Otis came to see Barry at the Plaza in New York one night, said he loved our material and would Barry write him a song? After he left, Barry sat up all night and wrote To Love Somebody.

"We were stuck in a niche; and after a couple of ballads—Lonely Days, Mend a Broken Heart—went to number one, we couldn't get out of it. But first and always, we are songwriters; we explore all avenues."

"I've got to finish these string overdubs," Maurice sighs as I walk into his paneled study. He hits the tape, intently hunching over the synthesizer. The opening lines of Yesterday spill from the speakers. I think he has made a mistake. Instead, he begins to add orchestration to the song, listening for an open spot and then filling it with sweet strings. "This is something I've always wanted to do," he says casually. Over his head hangs a mirror with a classic picture of the Beatles stamped in black.

It has been 14 years since the Beatles touched down in New York City in February 1964. First The Ed Sullivan Show; then America cried, squealed and made them kings. Fourteen years later and John Lennon slips between Japan and the States, dodging his talent. Ringo Starr is dropped by his label (a Beatle dropped!), George Harrison struggles with halting success for a top-20 album. Only Paul McCartney retains his influence. And the Bee Gees, the other band on Epstein's Nems Enterprises roster, dance all over the charts. Creamy ballads, wailing double-tracked falsettos. More than Stayin' Alive, soaring.

Ironies crowd one another out. As Stigwood says, "The brothers suffered greatly during the late Sixties from the Beatle thing. When their first single, New York Mining Disaster 1941, was released, everyone thought it was the Beatles. That hurt them badly."

Barry admits, "We were very Beatlish in the early days. Our melodies lent themselves to that style. Thank God we got away from them. It could have led us further and further astray."

"In '67, we came off the powerful Beatle hype machine. It was all publicity," Robin insists. "Everybody thinks we were so successful, we never had a number-one record in those days."

And now the Bee Gees star as Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, performing Beatle songs written the year they arrived in London.

"Kids today don't know the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper," Robin continues. "And when those who do see our film and hear us doing it, that will be the version they relate to and remember. Unfortunately, the Beatles will be secondary. You see, there is no such thing as the Beatles. They don't exist as a band and never performed Sgt. Pepper live, in any case. When ours comes out, it will be, in effect, as if theirs never existed." Could that happen? Will Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees be remembered for, perhaps, the epochal rock-'n'-roll album?

"When you heard the Beatles do Long Tall Sally or Roll Over Beethoven," Robin reminds me, "did you care about Little Richard's or Chuck Berry's version? The only credit the Beatles get on this film is for songwriting." End of era.

"Can you see the speed in Robin's eyes?" Barry asks as we examine the nineyear-old promo shot. The three stand in



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a wood, wearing fashionable Edwardian gear-solemn and separate. Robin has the lost expression of a Keane child. "We thought the Bee Gees had gone as far as they could," Barry says, laughing dryly. "We were obviously wrong. It was '69 and the Beatles, everybody, was breaking up. We were in total chaos. The pressure for those two years—'67 to '69-the whole teen-idol bit. There was too much money and then the pills took hold. The speed took Robin hard and he was seriously ill for a time." This is painful for Barry to talk about. Even with the gilded success they have now, a shadow crosses his face at these memories. This is a Passion play and he delivers it as a survivor.

"We stayed to ourselves, surrounded by hangers-on. Each had his own camp of 'friends' who said he was the real star, he should go solo. When we became isolated, the problems started. We stopped seeing one another as brotherswe were three stars unto ourselves. The pressure and fame got to Robin the most. He's a very deep thinker with a very serious, sensitive side to him. He gets in moods that last quite a while. I remember when things were coming apart in '69, I went over to his house to talk to him, try to straighten things out. All these people were sitting around him. And every time I said something, they'd look at him like, 'Don't listen to him.' This was happening to a family, not just to a rock band. It was terrifying,

"And I couldn't go as the big brother and tell everyone to calm down. It was impossible with that speed going around. We didn't need it to work, but we liked the high. We were too green to see the dangers, the paranoia and illness."

But Barry was the oldest brother, and when things began to disintegrate and those in the blossoming group spun into their own speed-soaked worlds, it was his responsibility. They were his brothers—or so said the gossip-hungry British papers. "Maybe I was guilty." Barry shakes his head at the thought, unable to free himself after a decade. "They all said I was responsible. Maybe I could have kept us in line. Maybe."

For Christmas, Hugh Gibb bought his eldest son a guitar. Nine-year-old Barry began miming to records until the day the younger twins bought plastic banjos at the five-and-dime and began miming with him. They set up broom handles and tin cans in the living room as microphones. Barry built his brothers their own guitars from round cheese crates and baling wire. It happened suddenly; one day they sang without the supporting record and discovered their perfect natural harmony. Still, their first paying gig at the Gaumont Theater in Chorltoncum-Hardy was to be miming Tommy Steele's "Wedding Bells." On Saturdays, the manager would let the local kids perform during the matinees and all you needed was your own 45. On the way to the show, the brothers' record fell and cracked. But the Gibbs, troupers all, decided to debut their own act. It was 1955 and they were in the music business.

"We'd sit on one another's beds and plan our careers all night. We decided when we got to the top, we'd have our own office. We'd give it a fancy name and make important decisions," Barry says, chuckling. "We wanted to get to a point where we'd never have to work again and we'd sit back and enjoy what we'd done. I think sometimes, after all that's happened, I'm living that dream now. A few years ago, that seemed always and forever out of reach."

The couch is crowded with pistols and holsters of all shapes and sizes; Lugers, .38 police specials, antique Colts. "All are unusable," my host, Maurice, assures me. Framed on the wall are police badges from all over the nation. His favorite is an official White House guard badge. I admire the Beverly Hills patch (triangular with a goofy palm tree in the middle). Now I am into police patches. Maurice leads me over to a desk drawer. It overflows with police I.D. wallets, the kind Broderick Crawford flashed on Highway Patrol.

"I was almost arrested in a hotel bar once," Maurice exclaims. "Some fool off-duty cop saw my I.D. and tried to have me arrested for impersonating an officer." Fact is, beyond the collection, Maurice does own a very functional revolver. Even isolated in a wealthy enclave, strange things can happen.

"My mum and her friend met a man in a record store," Maurice explains, "and he said he knew Tom Jones or some such nonsense. We're a trusting family; our background doesn't include kidnaping and mugging. Anyhow, they disappeared for a while and we were worried sick. We must be more careful."

Maurice does seem attracted to spontaneous cheap thrills. He recently spent the night with Miami Beach's Mount Sinai Emergency Rescue Team, handling suicides, heart attacks, O.D.s—a serious reality tester.

"The 15 months we were split up was the best thing that could have happened to us," Maurice says, walking over to the bar for a Pepsi. His attractive blonde wife, Yvonne, brings their 18-month-old baby, Adam, in from the neighbors'. "We were OK separately, but together we're something else. In the old days, when the publishing credit said, 'B., R. & M. Gibb,' and I had nothing to do with it, they would say, 'What's Maurice's name doing on it? Why's he getting paid?' We went through all the little stupid crap. 'Who sings lead?' Who cares, as long as it's a hit? I don't care if I don't have a solo track on the entire album. It's still a Bee Gees record. All the bullshit is past; now we can handle it. I don't need any fancy cars in the driveway that nobody can drive. After almost a year and a half apart, we immediately had our first number-one hit in America, Lonely Days. We wrote the next single, How Can You Mend a Broken Heart, in the studio and cut it right away. The roadies were clapping;



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"Those songs happened too fast," Barry insists. "We wrote them on speed. Because of those two consecutive number ones in 1971, the power took hold again. We thought, God, we're at the top again; we've made it. Crap, we weren't at the top of anything."

Batley's Variety Club is smoky, jammed with weekenders. The bar disappears under half of Leeds, all jockeying for a drink before the show starts. Waitresses juke between tables, eager to make the most of their time. The Bee Gees are headlining tonight and, yes, ladies and gents, they're gonna sing all those marvelous hits you fell in love to. Robin feels sick. Physically ill. He sees the bouffants shimmy up front, hears the squeals at the oldies, and he feels faint. In the middle of "Words," a waitress drops a tray of drinks; some people in the back applaud. It is 1972 and Barry is only 26 years old.

The show ends and the brothers run backstage. Barry slams the door behind them, pacing the length of the cut-rate Vegas dressing room to turn off the TV set. "This is it," he says. "We've hit bottom. We are has-beens. We have to get back up there. It has to happen. I want us to be a force again." Robin nods, thinking, We've got to make the people care about us again.

"We'd lost the will to write great songs. We had the talent, but the inspiration was gone," Barry intones. He perceives that moment in their dressing room as a turning point. "We decided right then we were going to do it and, honestly, it took us five years to get to know one another again. That had to come first.

Those five years were hell. There is nothing worse on this earth than being in the pop wilderness. It's like being in exile." Barry spits that out, hating even to speak those thoughts, "And the other artists treat you like crap. They say, 'Hey, I didn't know you were still together.' It's then you realize they haven't thought of you for years. It's all ego. This whole business is ego.

"Mr. Natural was a transitional album. Arif and the Bee Gees had to learn one another. But when I heard Nights on Broadway, I knew there was nothing wrong with this band. We were going to make it,"

The Brothers Gibb, through necessity, evolved their version of the power of positive thinking, the belief that there is nothing they can't do, no self-imposed limitations or barriers to block their talent. And it isn't success-bloated egotism, it's confidence.

Robin says, "We always had the talent, of course, but it was suppressed. We had convinced ourselves we'd gone as far as we could go. Who says you can't break barriers and go beyond the stars? Positive thinking is electric. It can make things happen and there is no such thing as failure. Barry and I can sit down and write a top-five hit, like *Emotion*—for Samantha Sang—in an afternoon."

Perhaps the model for this born-again fervor is Stigwood. His career has been built on instinctive gambles and an almost stubborn faith in himself. Stigwood has ridden his talent to the peak of the entertainment world. (Both the Saturday Night Fever package and Sgt. Pepper are his projects.) A living testimony to positive thinking, he says, "I imagine by

my belief and actions I communicated the positive attitude to them. I felt they should keep their feet on the ground and enjoy what they were doing; at the same time, not screw up their lives. You see, they got a lot of tensions, conflicts, which most creative people go through, out of their lives early on. I've always said to them there's nothing in their lives they can't do." Yet, when the brothers sank deeper into the out-of-date ballads, Stigwood absorbed the loss on a completed album (still unreleased in the RSO archives) and demanded they re-enter the pop mainstream.

Criteria's cavernous orange Studio C breathes tension. Ehrtegun and Stigwood have just arrived from New York, eager to hear some progress in the Bee Gees' "Main Course" tapes. Ehrtegun, hearing a rough tape of some Gibb ballads (innocently sent to him by Mardin), intends to check out this new tune, "Nights on Broadway," personally. Stigwood has already heard it and for the first time in years is ecstatic about his boys' sound.

"Barry, can you give me some really wild ad libs to use on the fade?" Arif asks. Barry tries some controlled screams and then walks behind the double-thickness window. The tape rolls and Barry begins his ad libs. "Blamin' it all," he echoes the verse, over and over. He pushes his voice still higher and suddenly, for the first time in his life, breaks into falsetto. "Can you do that again?" Arif quickly asks over the intercom. Barry sees the faces at the sound board. They all seem to be leaning toward him, listening almost openmouthed.

He tries the falsetto again, whipping over and through the lyrics, chasing his taped voice all over the song. When it is over, he sees Ehrtegun and Stigwood miming a toast through the window. "Congratulations." Stigwood's voice rolls over Barry, standing alone at the microphone. "This is the beginning."

Barry and I walk through the cool back yard to the sea wall. It is just after sunset and the bay and the sky merge slick gray at the horizon. Barry points to a windowless tower across the water. "Do you see that house? That's my dream right now." The mansion, isolated and medieval, dominates a tip of the next island.

"People crying out for help. Desperate songs. Those are the ones that become giants," Barry muses. "The minute you capture that on record, it's gold. Stayin' Alive is the epitome of that. Everybody struggles against the world, fighting all the bullshit and things that can drag you down. And it really is a victory just to survive. But when you climb back on top and win bigger than ever before—well, that's something everybody reacts to." Barry turns from his sleeping dream house and says, laughing, "Everybody."



"This is the Children of Vishnu communal farm. The old Dunbar place is a quarter mile down the road."

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#### BEHAVIOR



# THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

#### POP HIT

The search for legal ways to get high has led people to bake banana peels, grow marigolds and do unmentionable things to heads of lettuce. Now it has led to butyl nitrite, a chemical kin of amyl nitrite and, like amyl, nicknamed "poppers." (Amyl nitrite you may remember from the drugsodden Sixties, when it was a popular drug of abuse but had to be obtained with a prescription.) Butyl nitrite is legal, easy to obtain and currently very à la mode in middle-class and professional circles.

As mind-altering chemicals go, poppers are not exactly subtle. They get their nickname from the sound the tiny, cloth-wrapped glass capsules make when they are crushed between the fingers of the user, releasing the volatile liquid. One sniff produces a sudden rush or kick that one space cowboy likened to being "strapped to the side of a rocket ship that's just blasted off." Translated into more precise terms, butyl nitrite dilates the blood vessels and causes your heartbeat to increase sharply for a minute or so. It also can produce world-class headaches and is definitely to be avoided if you have any sort of heart problems.

Since butyl nitrite is often sold in head shops, record stores and even pharmacies as "room deodorizer" or something other than a drug, the Food and Drug Administration has little interest in it, even when it is marketed as Rush and Bullet. But butyl nitrite does share something with other, less legal recreational drugs: big profits. The Wall Street Journal says that retail sales may reach \$15,000,000 this year, and one seller told the paper he could foresee the day when even supermarkets would stock the drug: next, presumably, to the bananas and lettuce.

#### MANAGERIAL MACHISMO

So you're getting a woman boss? Chances are she may work out all right-if she acts enough like a man, Seems like a fairly obvious conclusion, but this one now has some research to back it up. Dr. Gary Powell of the University of Connecticut and D. Anthony Butterfield of the University of Massachusetts asked 685 college students to name the characteristics they considered most important in a boss. It turned out that the exhibition of so-called masculine or feminine personality traits is more important than the actual sex of the manager. Therefore, they report, a woman who exhibits lots of stereotypical "male" traits, such as competitiveness, selfreliance and decisiveness, will be judged a better boss than a man who is perceived to be yielding, shy or sympathetic-i.e., classically "feminine."

Also, unlike undergraduate coeds, women at the graduate level reveal more masculine than feminine personality traits. It's possible, says Powell, that all this may change with the development of a "non-sex-roleoriented view of managerial behavior," as more women move into top management. "What we need," Powell observes, "are more flexible managers, men and women, who are capable of exhibiting both kinds of behavior and dealing with all situations." Amen.

#### PSYCHIC SPOOKS?

The perfect spy would be even more efficient than James Bond. He could go anywhere in secrecy and obtain any desired information without leaving a trace of his visit. Wondering if a psychic or a specialist in astral projection might fill the bill, the Central Intelligence Agency has reportedly been keeping a sharp eye on experiments conducted at the Stanford Research Institute in which a specialist in "remote viewing" (as the SRI folks prefer to call it) allegedly roamed the globe and peered into top-secret military bases without leaving the Menlo Park laboratories of the researchers.

According to writer John Wilhelm, author of *The Search for Superman*, a book on psychic research, Project Scanate, as the study is called, enlisted the aid of one Pat Price, a mild-mannered businessman with psychic powers, who described the location of a top-secret satellite cavesdropping station in Virginia, then proceeded to reel off the names of the personnel who worked inside, the labels on the file cabinets lining the

#### BUSINESS



#### **TECHNOLOGY**



#### MEDICINE



walls and even the code names of topsecret papers on desktop folders. (The fly in the psychic ointment is that an attempt by Wilhelm to locate the station turned up nothing.) Later, Price "scanned" a Soviet installation halfway around the world, describing it in similar minute detail. Some agency people suspected that the information about the bases had been obtained through more conventional channels and leaked to Price by CIA insiders who wanted to make the experiments look good. Although Price has since died, the controversy over the validity of the experiments continues.

This set of experiments began just five years ago, but according to Wilhelm, it is just one small part of a quarter century of research by many branches of the U.S. intelligence community into the military uses of parapsychology, the much-debated field that includes telepathy, clairvoyance and psychokinesis. The possibility of harnessing this last power, the movement of objects by the mind without physical means, has even led to speculation that missiles could be disarmed or detonated by mental influence alone. What we have seen so far is probably just the tip of the psychic iceberg, but even that is more than a little chilling.

#### **BLIND DESIGNERS**

Think of something that doesn't work. Something so poorly designed it would be funny if it weren't so costly. How

about the Teton Dam? That was certainly a bust. Or take San Francisco's Bay Area Rapid Transit, the new system whose trains skipped stations by remote control and opened their doors while they were still moving.

Our society is replete with technological breakthroughs that break down, and Eugene Ferguson, a professor of history at the University of Delaware, thinks he knows why. Engineers, he says, no longer form in their minds a visual image of what they are designing. Rather, they rely increasingly on computer-generated mathematical analyses that don't provide for the possibility of breakdowns and too often overlook the obvious.

"Thinking with pictures is an essential strand in the intellectual history of technological development," Ferguson notes in Science magazine. That technique has given us pyramids, rockets, clocks, cathedrals, printing presses and even snowmobiles. But as machines become more complicated, courses in design, "one of the few remaining links to the complexities of the real world," are rapidly losing favor in engineering schools, and Ferguson sees no relief in sight from what he describes as "an increasing number of silly but costly errors."

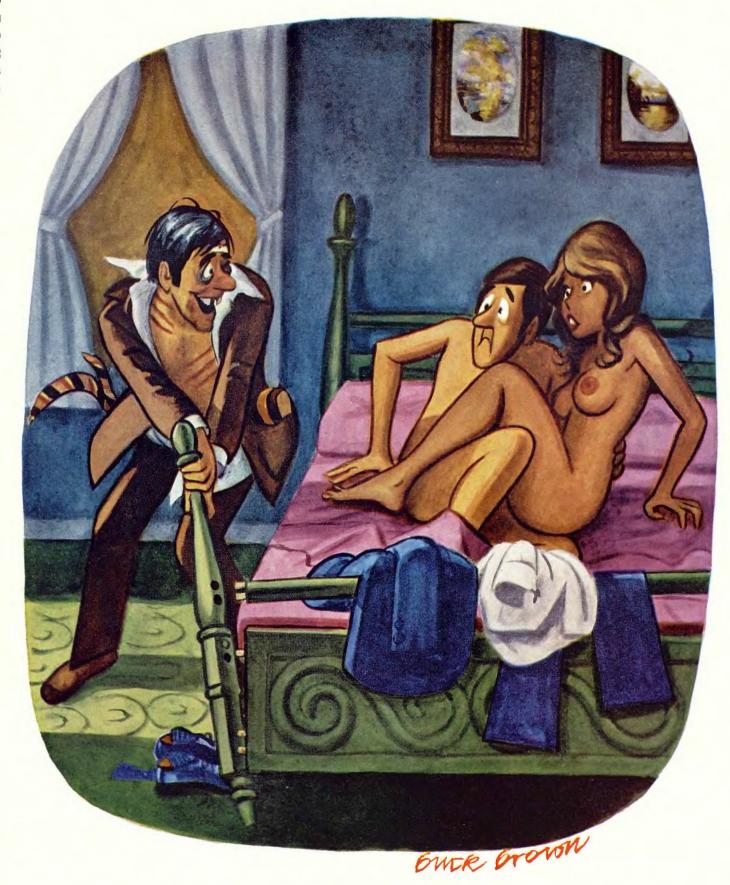
#### YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

The scene was common enough: a criminal standing before a judge, waiting to hear his sentence. Probation, came the word from the bench, but-and now came the switch-only if you stay out of trouble, and stay off junk food.

This scene, which actually happened in a Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, courtroom, is evidence of a growing trend to link what we eat with how we act. In this case, a probation officer, Barbara Reed, had discovered that keeping probationers off foods loaded with preservatives and refined sugar seemed to lead to major beneficial changes in their behavior and appearance. She enlisted judicial support for an experiment with people on probation and found that those who stayed on the diet, which includes lots of vegetables, grains and high-protein foods, tended to stay out of jail.

Advocates of this new form of therapy are known as orthomolecular physicians (see October 1977's Playboy Pipeline, page 241); they argue that balanced, highly nutritious diets and megavitamin supplements are valid treatments for some forms of mental illness, learning disabilities and even criminal behavior. One common thread running through many of these ills seems to be hypoglycemia, a little-understood condition of low blood-sugar levels that, oddly enough, must be treated by removing sugar from the patient's diet. Hypoglycemia sometimes makes its sufferers irritable, cranky and even violent, and Reed found an unusually high incidence of this disorder among her probationers. Sugar and spice, it seems, do not make everybody nice.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO Y, CRAFT



"Talk about your coincidences. Not half an hour ago, I had the living shit kicked outa me by an irate husband!"

"They have been able to freeze people, but they haven't been able to thaw anybody out yet."

out our container," said the owner, "and to prove it was better than the old one. In ours, for example, he gets to lie horizontal instead of being on his toes for all eternity. We gave him a home for a while. It's time for him to be pushing on."

The process is called cryonic suspension. Getting frozen down, right after death, and kept at a low temperature (minus 320 degrees Fahrenheit) until the thing that did you in is cured, and then getting thawed out. Say it was your heart. You might get thawed out at a time when all they have to do is pop in a new heart. And off you go. Or it might be your brain. According to the freezing crowd, the brain doesn't suffer much damage from the cold. And Dr. K. A. Hossmann of the Max Planck Institute for Brain Research showed that the brain nerve cells don't die when blood circulation stops; rather, the brain capillaries become constricted, choking off attempted recirculation. So they would replace a section of your brain. When you get thawed out, you don't necessarily have to go with the same body. Say you've been scattered all over the highway and they've been able to bury only a few sections of you. At the time you get thawed out, they may have perfected cloning, in which case all they will have to have is one of your cells to work with. With a DNA print-out of that cell, they can come up with a new you. Or, with some tampering, they might mix up your style and bring you back as a mixture of you and Bruce Jenner.

There are a few little hitches. For freezing to have any chance at all, you've got to catch the fellow at the moment of death (cessation of heartbeat, breathing and/or brain waves). That way, freezing has a chance of stopping cellular death. It would be even better to start cooling the fellow down before he went out. But if you throw a sick person into dry ice, it's still called murder. If, on the other hand, you can get that sick person's cooperation and that of the hospital, you can start cooling him down before he makes his exit. People are signing up to have this done to them. Not many, but some.

Another significant hitch is that they have had no success whatever in doing this. They have been able to freeze people and put them in suspension, but they have not been able to thaw anybody out yet. All they have to show thus far is a revived cat's brain, some dog kidneys

and a couple of hamsters. There has been much excitement in the freezing community about that cat's brain, Professor Isamu Suda and two associates of Kobe University froze it for more than six months (to minus 20 degrees centigrade), thawed it out and heard it give off almost normal brain-wave patterns. Dr. Frank M. Guttman of the University of Montreal and four associates froze some dog kidneys (to minus 80 degrees centigrade), thawed them out, hooked them back up to some dogs; some were able to trot right off, using the thawedout kidneys. There has been good work done on beetles and rabbit and mouse embryos. I saw some hamsters that had been frozen and thawed out; they were walking a little funny, but they seemed to be getting on all right. Relatively simple stuff such as skin, corneas, blood, sperm and bone marrow gets frozen and banked in liquid nitrogen all the time and later used. The only thing they haven't been able to freeze and bring back is a whole complex organism. The freezing community feels that once it can do that to a chimp, say, everyone will climb aboard the band wagon and want to get frozen.

The fellow in the Southern California container was Dr. James Bedford. He became the subject of a book called We Froze the First Man, written by Robert F. Nelson, one of his freezers. The bible of people freezing is a book called The Prospect of Immortality, written by Robert C. W. Ettinger and published in 1964. Dr. Bedford, along with a lot of other Americans, came under its influence. But he was different, in that he decided to do something about it. When he saw that the end was near, he left his money to the Bedford Foundation, whose aim was to get its founder frozen and keep him that way. Bedford was frozen in 1967. (While the blood was drained from his body, cooled to two degrees centigrade, the arteries and lungs were perfused with DMSO and Ringer's solution. Bedford was then wrapped in aluminum foil, put into an insulated container and packed with dry ice. There his temperature was reduced to minus 79 degrees centigrade. Later, he was put into his permanent capsule, that giant container filled with liquid nitrogen, and held at minus 196 degrees centigrade. A foil face covering allows him to be easily identified.) He wound up in a capsule made by Ed Hope of Arizona. Since then, he has been kicking around. The freezing crowd celebrates Bedford as America's first cryonaut, but he has not had much of an afterlife. After I came across him in Southern California, he was sent to the Bay Area of San Francisco and is currently back in Southern California. The truth seems to be that nobody is terribly interested in having a frozen guy around.

Not too many others have followed in Bedford's footsteps, There have been about 30 known freezings in this country. There were 14 stored in Chatsworth for a while. There are a handful in San Francisco and New York. Two lawyers with pistols showed up at the south Florida cryonics group and said they had 70 wealthy men frozen in Trenton, New Jersey, and wanted to know the correct way to freeze the 71st. No black people have ever gotten themselves frozen. Some of the early frozen people have been thawed out and buried old-fashioned style. Those in charge of them seem to have said the hell with it.

The people who have gotten frozen are spoken of in the freezing community with a certain superstar reverence. Ann DeBlasio. Jim Bedford. Little Stevie Mandell. Genevieve de la Poterie. It's as if they're talking about Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix. The freezing community tends to be tight and clannish. A romance sprang up between Stevie Mandell's mother and Ann DeBlasio's policeman widower. Both were visiting their departed kins' containers and fell in love.

The idea of getting frozen has not caught fire. The people in people freezing feel it's because they haven't nailed a star. "If we could just get Raquel Welch" is what they say. Omar Bradley's wife looked into it on behalf of the general but then backed off. When Eisenhower was fading, the group fired off a letter to Mamie but got no response. They had heard he might go that way. A strong rumor persists that Disney is in cold storage in Salt Lake City, but it won't be pinned down. They still feel they need a Telly Savalas to put them over with the public.

Most of the freezing community (often called The Immortality Crowd) lives in the Bay Area of San Francisco. The "action arm" of the group is called Trans Time, Inc. ("Life Extension Through Cryonic Suspension"). Those are the people who actually freeze you. What you do is pay \$1000 to the Bay Area Cryonics Society, just to get on board. Then you take out at least a \$50,000 life-insurance policy, payable to the society. That covers the cost of getting you frozen and keeping you in a container until you are ready to get thawed out. Each person who signs up wears a bracelet that says: 203



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All the members-and directors-of the Bay Area Cryonics Society and of Trans Time wear those bracelets and have signed up to get frozen. There don't seem to be any weirdos in the group. They are intelligent fellows, many of them distinguished scientists at Berkeley, biophysicists, gerontologists, futurists. They are an upbeat, optimistic group, and even though all have signed up to be encapsulated, none expects that that will happen. It is their feeling that by the time their number is up, breakthroughs in life extension, transplants, artificial organs, suspended animation, etc., will enable them to live forever. Each of them has a side research gig. since, at this point, there is not much money in people freezing.

Since there did not appear to be any great rush to get onto the freezing band wagon, the people at Trans Time gave a kind of freezing cocktail party while I was in San Francisco. Folks who had already signed up were there to talk to people who were flirting with getting frozen but wanted to be convinced it was the right move. Again, no weirdos in the crowd. The cocktail party was given at the home of a professor of communications at San Francisco State. Many of the people at the party were older guys with young wives. That may have been a factor in their wanting to get frozen. These fellows were marathon runners and pumped iron, but inevitably, they were losing the race. "Once you're thawed out, can you go back to sex?" one of them wanted to know. "If not, the hell with it."

It may have been my imagination, but all of the people there seemed to have chilly handshakes. Only half of the invited guests showed up. The host felt it was because they were scared stiff of living forever. There was a lot of diet talk. Sardines and asparagus. J. D. Rockefeller's diet of breast milk from recent mothers. And the usual bad jokes. People in the freezing community tell the world's worst jokes. Freeze a jolly good fellow. Many are cold, few are frozen. That kind of thing. They love that. There were some knocks at the Government for its lack of interest in cryonics. "Only thing those guys ever freeze is wages." The talk switched to the Russians who were claiming to live to be 150, Paul Segall of Berkeley's department of physiology-anatomy poohpoohed these claims. He had heard the men had falsified their birth certificates

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to get out of Army duty. People who lived in the Andes were another story. There was something about living high up and at an incline that made for longevity. Anyone who wanted to live in the mountains at a slant had a shot at a long life.

Several people took pot shots at a passage in Arthur Hailey's book The Moneychangers in which a character thinks that the cryonics people make a mockery of death.

"That's exactly what we want to do," said Saul Kent, a futurist and strong freezing advocate, "make a mockery of death."

Segall took over and told of his experiments with a tryptophan-deficient diet in which he had gotten rats to live the equivalent of 85 years. And to give birth to little rats, late in life, as if they were having children at 70. He also said it was his view that diet, marathon running, living at the right altitude and not smoking were all fine-but that the key to long life was each person's "biological clock," which, barring a building collapse or a highway crash, determined how long each person would be around. And the only way to live indefinitely was to get in there and fiddle with the hands on that clock. Most of the cryonics people are gerontologists, but the "sexy" part of life extension is freezing and Segall always went back to that. His partner, Harold "Frosty" Waitz, a biophysicist at Berkeley, was freezing yeast under pressure. When water freezes, it can exert a pressure of 30,000 pounds per square inch. Which is what makes steel pipes burst in the winter. Frosty was freezing his samples under an equivalent counterpressure, which, logically, would make for a nice easygoing freeze. At best, we would learn how to freeze people without messing them up too badly; and we might finally learn how to freeze tomatoes.

Segall envisioned a time when a man who wanted to "get away for a while" would simply freeze himself for a decade, get thawed out and pick up where he had left off. What about the social, educational, mind-boggling "re-entry" problems a cryonaut would face after being frozen for 100 years or so and waking up to an outrageously different world? Answer: At that time, we would hope to have an "education pill" that you would pop and be brought right up to date. Still, the complications were endless, A man has himself frozen; his son follows suit. The man thaws out before the son does and a situation arises in which the father is much younger than the son. More immediately, maybe even just around the corner, was a method of freezing people and laying them out in the vast permafrost, presumably

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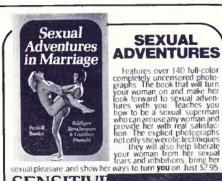
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#### SEXUAL **ADVENTURES**

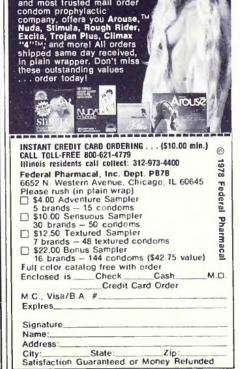


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An angry fat guy suddenly stood up and declared that the freezing people were tampering with "the natural order of things."

Which, in turn, led the host to make a quite moving speech. "If I run seven miles before breakfast because I want to live longer, is someone going to tell me that I'm tampering with the natural order of things? If I eat a low-cholesterol diet and try to breathe clean air and take vitamins, is someone going to tell me...?" It was a speech along the lines of Joseph Welch's famous "Have you no shame?" admonition to Joe McCarthy. It shut up the angry fat guy and it rallied the cocktail party.

One fellow said, "If there's a chance that freezing works and the Government doesn't freeze people, then the Government is committing murder."

Everyone then ate a lot of cheese and went home.

There is something about the mere mention of people freezing that makes some people angry. Full of new insights, I went to the Washington Square Bar and Grill and tried to share my budding interest in cryonics with a vacationing waiter from Las Vegas. "You say that kind of thing to me," he said, "and I'll smack you in the mouth."

The next day, I meet Segall and Frosty Waitz at the Trans Time Warehouse near Berkeley, where people are taken to get frozen. They talk, nostalgically, about great freezings of the past—the judge's mother, the rabbi who said a prayer over Stevie Mandell's container, the Catholic priest who blessed Ann DeBlasio's capsule.

"What happened to some of those people?" I ask.

"Well, you're leaning on a liquorstore salesman."

I am, too. There are a couple of frozen people in capsules on hand (it's two to a capsule at Trans Time, for economy's sake). But apart from them, the pickings are lean.

"People just aren't going for this," says Waitz, "and it's a shame."

"Do you really enjoy this work?"

"I can always get up for a freezing."

We wander over to Earth People's Park Commune to see the Trans Time freezing truck and to meet some people who have assisted Segall in his freezings. The truck looks like the kind that sells ice cream. Segall lives at the commune, which is filled with leftover Ken Kesey

people. There is much talk about Wavy Gravy and the Hog Farm and DMT and Abbie Hoffman. Moppet hippie girls pop in and have a glass of wine. Segall calls these people "the Chinese Army." They are casually interested in freezing. "Can you get frozen with a hard-on?" one of the moppets wants to know. "Jesus," says another, "a hundred-year hard-on."

Segall and I wander off and his mind begins to soar in a manner that reminds me that scientists are the only remaining heroes. The humanists tell us that the heart is a reservoir of pity and courage and that man will endure. Stuff that we know. Enough already. Segall tells of devices that will let you stand in Hoboken and look around in San Francisco. Each man his own CBS-TV network. Gadgets that will let you look around inside yourself. Take a brisk tour of your internal organs. ("I can't see you today, I'm visiting my pancreas.") Cloning shops where, if you can't have Cybill Shepherd, you can get a replica of her.

"But what about freezing? Are we really going to be able to do that? Bring people back?"

"Absolutely," Segall says. "It's just money. There is no reason why people have to die."

"Besides," he says, "I understand we're getting Timothy Leary. If Leary comes over to freezing, watch everybody jump onto the band wagon."

By this time, I've had enough freezing. I don't want to hear any more about Ann DeBlasio's being maintained at minus 196 degrees centigrade. I have visions of Segall and Kent and Waitz all throwing me into the Trans Time dry-ice container and sealing me in there, the first sensitive Jewish writer cryonaut. I'm sorry I ever heard of perfusion and Forever Flasks. I've got the secret minutes of past cryonics meetings that tell about the moment Stevie Mandell's cryocapsule was welded tight. I just don't want to be frozen. Ben Franklin once said he wouldn't mind being preserved in madeira, but that's different. Every frozen person I've seen looks like he's sorry he ever got involved with the thing and wishes someone would please toss him a sweater. It's too goddamned cold. That's why they can't get themselves a Telly Savalas,

Still . . . if they ever actually froze a chimp stiff and brought it back to life. . . . The philosophy isn't all that bad. You get frozen and at least you have a shot. You get sealed up, forget about it.

On the way home, I have a dream in which I am reunited with all my dead uncles. I wake up and I have my first head cold in ten years.



"Hey! Wait a minute! We're both women!"

# "The passenger dove through an open back window, rolling into the sand, screaming."

When a police helicopter appeared on the horizon, Lohmeyer tucked in beside a bread truck and rode along there for a mile or so, until his navigator motioned him off the freeway at Santa Fe Springs.

"We sort of Baja'd it around those oil rigs," Lohmeyer said. "And we did all right until Richard got the dry heaves from trying to read the map."

"The only reason I got the dry heaves," said Steinbrower, "was that my stomach was empty. On purpose. Lissen: I know this guy," he said, pointing to his driver. "If I was going to an emergency room somewhere, I wanted to go on an empty stomach."

By check point five, a lot more had happened: Stroker Ace had lost his brakes and was slowing the rental car down on the guardrail, which was a little tough on sheet metal, but effective. Gabelich and navigator Dan Bisher, who had developed a bad case of the munchies, had stopped for a bag of jelly doughnuts and, running into beach traffic, had to drive the grass divider.

"I always wanted an excuse to do this—run the hills and freeways flatout—and I was going to finish," Gabelich said, "We had these crash helmets in the back seat and if the cops had 
tried to stop us, we were going to strap 
them on and head for the finish. They 
might have taken us to jail, but they 
would have had to run the entire rally 
to catch us. Besides, I had this dynamite 
excuse: I was going to tell them, 'Hey, 
man, I'm in a race.'"

McMullen bucked through a red light to ask a couple of motorcycle cops directions to the Santa Ana Freeway, then drove through the red light the other way.

Bonfiglio, with navigator Tim Donnelly, star of the TV series Emergency!, wrestled the stock car off the freeway at Anaheim, because the police radio scanner they had installed confirmed their belief that they were on the most WANTED list. They headed for Seal Beach, where they changed license plates and picked up a hitchliker, just to help them blend into the Saturday-night-at-thebeach crowd. But after a few miles at 140 mph, the hitchhiker had had enough. Bonfiglio broad-slid to a stop at an intersection, narrowly missing a surfer van, and the passenger dove through an open back window, rolling into the sand, screaming.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Donnelly.

"Probably stoned," said Bonfiglio. "Goddamn crazy kids."

Dean Moon, the racing-equipment magnate, was the first to finish, bringing his superneat '34 Ford roadster in an hour and a half before anyone else; but he was disqualified from competition for the \$500 first prize because he had come straight down the San Diego Freeway and missed all six of the check points and the Hollywood Hills.

Bob Estes, 60ish, won the rally in a Turbo Carrera. Estes, who was one of the original sponsors of the Mexican Road Races of the Fifties, was just barely off the perfect rally pace at three hours, 27 minutes.

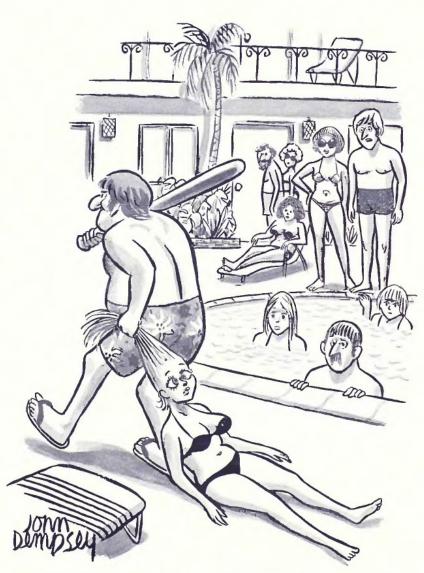
There were two winners in the Fuzzbuster 500. Lohmeyer, in the Carrera, and Ettinger, in the quick pickup, clocked identical times of two hours, 18 minutes, seven seconds. Right behind them were Samuels in the 308 GTB, Chuck Koch and Jim Hall in a Volvo and Marlan Davis and Robert Cleary, who had somehow managed to get back into their Corvette after having locked themselves out.

Missing from the top finishers were Ace, who came limping in with what was left of the rental car; Gabelich, who had made another doughnut stop; Kitty O'Neil and Pikes Peak Hillclimb hero Unser, who had each gotten lost, and Needham, who had ended up hiding for a while in an open garage on Mulholland to escape a motorcycle patrolman.

The most spectacular finish, if nothing else, went to Bonfiglio, who slid backward across the finish line at 120 mph, matched, stride for stride, by two of California's finest, who for some inexplicable reason didn't give him a ticket. In fact, the incredible thing is that nobody got a ticket. Or even killed.

-WILLIAM NEELY





"Perhaps we should inform Margaret Mead of this."



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#### DOUBLE STANDARD

(continued from page 160)

waste an entire breeding season. Therefore, over the ages, her genes have refined the ability to discriminate, to recognize unerringly a male of her own species.

If a male makes a sexual mistake, the cost is slight. A few moments of his time and a small amount of sperm, which his body will replace in a few hours, anyway. A sex act that fails to fertilize an egg has virtually no effect on the ultimate quantity of genes a male will reproduce, so there has been no evolutionary reason for males to develop the fine discrimination system females have. They will make it with anything that moves and, having made it, move on.

Breed bulls are so indiscriminate they will mount a wooden frame that bears only a remote resemblance to a cow and ejaculate into it. (That is how cattle breeders obtain samples of bull semen.) Human males are more apt than females to practice unproductive sex—homosexuality, celibacy, bestiality—the kind of sex acts that can't possibly lead to reproduction. Consider the following monolog by Lenny Bruce:

Guys detach. It has nothing to do with liking, loving. You put guys on a desert island and they'll do it to mud. Mud! If a woman caught her husband with mud, she'd be outraged: "Eeeeekkk. Don't talk to me, you piece of shit, you. Leave me alone. Go with your mud, you, have fun. You want dinner? Get your mud to make dinner for you."

The name of the game is reproduction, and success is measured in the number of your genes that make it into future generations. The final score. There is an obvious difference between males and females in the upper limit of reproductive success: A male can produce more children in a lifetime than a female can. It has been reported that King Mongkut of Siam had some 9000 wives and concubines. If he fathered only one child by each of them, he would still have passed on over 130 times more of his genes than the world's most fertile woman. The Guinness Book of World Records lists the motherhood champ as a Russian peasant woman who gave birth to 69 children in 27 deliveries-16 pairs of twins, seven sets of triplets and four sets of quadruplets.)

The mating game is not as one-sided as we have painted it. Men do not simply ride roughshod over submissive females. Over the years, women have evolved an equally successful strategy for reproduction. It is called the pair bond. The reward for monogamy is love; the penalty for promiscuity, jealousy. Have you ever wondered why men who commit adultery fly into a rage if they find that



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their wives have done the same? Why do men want to nerry virgins, while women do not? Sociobiology offers some answers.

#### FATHERHOOD

Men may be more promiscuous than women, but they are extremely unpromiscuous in comparison with virtually every other type of male animal. The love-'em-and-leave-'em strategy is effective for most species, but not for men. Among their closest living relatives—the chimpanzee and the gorilla-the adult males are fathers in name only. They don't contribute directly to raising their offspring. In fact, they have no way of knowing which young are their own.

Among the thousands of species of mammals, the male typically abandons the female after sex and has nothing further to do with his offspring. Not so with humans (and a handful of exceptional mammals-foxes, marrnosets and gibbons and, perhaps, some varieties of beaver and nycterid bat): The male and the female stay together, support each other and pool their resources to raise their common young. All around the world, people pair off and males help take care of their children. Fatherhood is a powerful motivating force for men.

Why are human males unusual? Sociobiologists claim that their behavior evolved because it helped them reproduce more. Sometime after our ancestors split off from the other primates, males who tended to love and stay must have begun to produce more offspring than those who loved and left.

In the animal kingdom, the mating system that most closely resembles our own is found-believe it or not-in birds. About 95 percent of birds are so-called monogamous species: A male and a female stay together, keeping all other adults away, at least through a breeding season and sometimes for life.

It may seem farfetched to compare humans to birds, because we're so far apart on the phylogenetic scale. But in the areas of courtship, reproduction and general sex relations, birds are more similar to us than any other animals, including apes and monkeys. We understand birds at a gut level-they make sense to us. It is no accident that parents, asked where babies come from, often turn to the "birds and bees" for harmless homilies about Momma and Poppa Robin.

The conditions that gave rise to pair bonding and the complications that accompany it follow striking parallels in both species. For one thing, the pair bond seems to have evolved for similar reasons: the relatively long period when the young are helpless and need constant parental care; the diet that includes animal protein, which the young cannot obtain for themselves but which one parent must find and bring back, and the constant risk of predators that could kill any young left unguarded. For either

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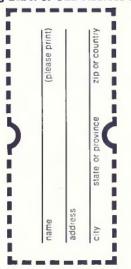


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species to exist, two parents had to work together. If either should abandon the other before their young were able to fend for themselves, the offspring would probably die. So both sexes have a vested interest in mating in a pair bond rather than some other system—that's what makes it work.

Anthropologists tell us that for about 99 percent of the time our species has been on earth, our ancestors lived in small groups in which males and females were economically interdependent, cooperating to raise their common young. It was that kind of male and female that contributed the greatest share to the human gene pool. A few males may have employed the old mammalian strategy of abandoning their partners after sex, but overall, they left relatively few offspring.

They did leave a few, however. The promiscuity game was a long shot for the male, but the option was always open. If he was lucky, the abandoned female might succeed in raising his offspring alone, or with help, possibly by tricking another man into thinking the child was his. When that happened, the "Don Juan" got a fast rise in his reproductive success. For a male, then, human or bird, the optimum reproductive strategy is to establish a pair bond and guard it jealously, but not to pass up an opportunity for adultery if it comes along.

The pair bond is an endlessly shifting, fascinating mating system based on an inherent conflict of interests: Each member depends on a partner's behavior in order to advance his or her own reproductive success, but the partners are of different sexes, with different options and vulnerabilities. Male and female have different opportunities to take ad-

vantage of the system and different penalties for being taken advantage of. The ways in which each sex deals with those conflicting interests—the strategies, counterstrategies and countercounterstrategies that have evolved to maximize payoffs and minimize losses—constitute the greatest plot lines of literature, legend and soap opera.

For a male, the biggest risk is cuckoldry; for a female, it's desertion. A man may find himself contributing to the survival of young that are not his own. A woman may find that her mate has flown the coop, leaving her to raise the children alone.

When a male enters a pair bond, he gives up the opportunity to sire a lot of children in order to concentrate his efforts on a few who he knows are his own. The key word is knows. Any male who was fooled into supporting another man's offspring ultimately reproduced less than his share of genes, and the tendency to be easily fooled died out. We are primarily descended from males who were *not* cuckolded. We have inherited some of the tactics that helped these males assure their own paternity.

Being cuckolded—even once—can drastically alter a male's reproductive success, so it is understandable why men are so sensitive to female infidelity. When a man learns that his wife has had a lover, we *expect* him to be enraged. If he kills the lover, the courts in some states are predictably lenient. The homicide isn't justifiable—just understandable.

We can even identify with the sensitivities of male birds. Pigeon racing, a popular sport in Europe, was recently rocked by scandal. It seems that the West Germans had added a new dimension to the competition. Before a race, they would taunt a male pigeon by letting him see a rival male in a cage near his mate. On race day, these "married" males would fly home at record-breaking speeds, often taking fatal risks. This tactic would never motivate a horse or a dog to race faster, of course, but it works for a pigeon and we know why all too well. We empathize so strongly with the pigeon's urgent drive to prevent cuckoldry that we consider his prerace treatment cruel, even though it involved no direct physical harm. (Angry officials at the West German Animal Protection League have already published a protest against these "torture" tactics.)

Human males have tried many ways to prevent cuckoldry. One of the surest, perhaps, is to stay with a mate at all times, keeping her barefoot and pregnant. Some have used more drastic means, ranging from chastity belts to moats and eunuchs; others swear that a color TV and a subscription to *Photoplay* works as well to keep a spouse out of mischief.

The best way to avoid cuckoldry is to choose a female who isn't likely to commit it. Enter the virgin. A virgin has two attractions for the male: First, she isn't already pregnant with somebody else's offspring. (In some species of birds, a male will wait a judicious amount of time after the pair is formed before mating with his female to make sure she is not already carrying fertilized eggs.) Second, she has no previous sexual experiences she'll be tempted to repeat. Any evidence of a female's fidelity-her devotion to him or lack of interest in other males-should attract him as a sign that she is not likely to cuckold him later. In choosing a permanent partner, he may steer clear of a female who seems "too easy," one who has an active sex appetite herself or is too blatantly sexy in public, thereby arousing other males. Any signs of readiness for motherhood should also appeal to him-from a love of babies and children to the breasts, hips and other signs of physical maturity that will contribute to high reproductive success for him. It isn't that the male consciously seeks that kind of woman. He is descended from males who paired with such women and reproduced successfully by them, and so, to some degree, he will share their attractions and aversions. He will look for a girl just like the girl who married dear old granddad.

As we mentioned earlier, reproduction is a game run by women. They blow the whistle. They call the fouls. The big risk for a paired female is not cuckoldry or infidelity but desertion. If her mate occasionally has sex outside the pair, that won't necessarily hurt her own reproductive success, so long as he remains committed to the pair bond. A female is probably less threatened by her mate's adultery than he is by hers; the two sexes





"Now, madam, could you give me a description of the man who plucked you?"



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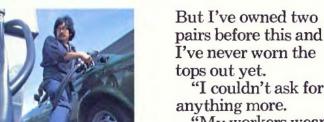
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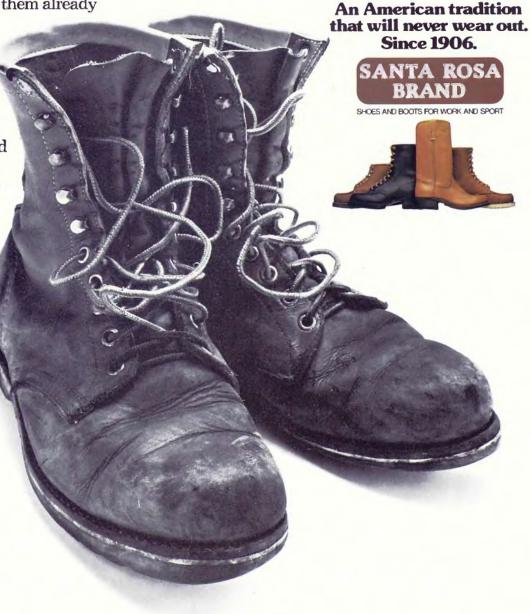
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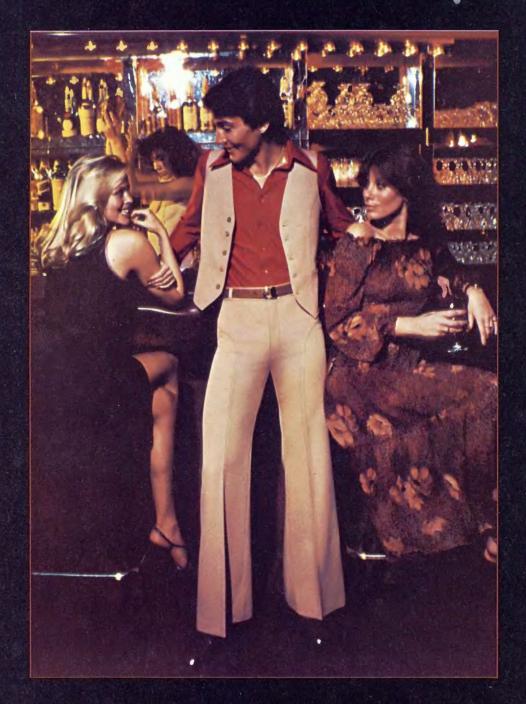
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The material is dressy gabardine — a welcome relief from jeans, but at about the same price.

So give yourself a competitive edge — get into Angels Flight™ pants, vests and blazers.

Chances are, you'll have to fight the girls off.



# "...THE BEST.

**Hustler Magazine** 

# How To Pick Up Girls has helped more men pick up more girls than any other book in the world!

You've probably seen a lot of ads lately on doing better with girls.

And maybe you've wondered which system will work best for you. After all, before you put your ten bucks in the mail you want to make damn sure you're getting your money's worth.

Well, before you decide on which book to order we think you ought to know the following. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the original authentic, world-famous book on the subject with over 400,000 copies in print. None of the other books even comes close.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the book around which Merv Griffin based an entire hour and a half show. It's the book which HUSTLER MAGAZ!NE — after reviewing all the other prominent books on the subject — called quite simply " . . . the best .

Famous author Dan Greenburg, writing in AVANT GARDE MAGAZINE, told how HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS helped him pick up a girl just hours after finishing the book. Dan wrote, "... HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS inspired me... and if you're a man and you read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I

All this of course wouldn't mean a hell of a lot if HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS didn't work for the average guy on the street. So here are a few actual quotes from some of our scores of satisfied customers:

I'll tell you, I surprised the hell out of myself. By following the guidelines set forth in the book, I not only 'Picked up' a girl, but I picked up 2 girls in the same nightclub on the same night. Granted the circumstances were a bit unusual, but I would never have your book earlier that day . . . When I first sent off for the book, I thought the price was a little high. But now I feel that it would be cheap at twice the price.

Richard L. San Bernardino, Calif. 92410 It works. I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother-who has taken out every girl in the world - said Wow! when he saw her. She and I are quite

close already. A. W., Deerfield Mass. 01342

Featuring interviews with 25 beautiful girls!

I want to thank you for putting out such a great book. Before I read your book I could never get a girl to go out with me, but now I have girls call me up and want to go out with me!

Perry W., Van Wert, Ohio 45891

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that your book changed my whole damn life. I don't know what kind of accomplishment that is, since I'm only 18 and highly susceptible to change, but just for the record, you did it. I'm not exactly Joe Namath yet, but I'll tell you one thing . . . they're calling me now, if I don't call them. D. Taylor, Colorado

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS How come HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS works so brilliantly when so many of the other books don't? Because HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is

based on interviews with twenty-five young,

single, beautiful girls. They tell you, in their very own words, exactly what it takes to pick them up. For example, they explain:

How to make shyness work for you . . How to make shyness work for you ... What makes them horny... Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking ... how to do better in single's bars... their favorite places for getting picked up ... the opening lines that almost always get their attention... an ingenious way of meeting women at work, at school, on the street ... how to develop a smile that can make women feel warm and loving toward you ... and MUCH MUCH MORE. After reading what they've got to say you'll be amazed at how easy it is!

Other books are almost always the personal other books are airnost always the personal pick up system of one man. And what works for him may not work for you. In creating HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS we went straight to the horse's mouth. We interviewed a cross-section of twenty-five attractive but typical American girls. And who can tell you what it takes to pick them up better than the girls themselves!

#### GET THE ORIGINAL

You don't want a book that promises you success with girls. You want one that delivers. And year in, year out HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has year in, year out HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has helped more men pick up more girls than any other book in the world! Don't be fooled by slick-sounding imitations. Get the original. The Classic. The one that's been featured on The Johnny Carson Show, The Dr. Joyce Brothers Show. The one that's now being turned into a two hour movie for television. Get the one THAT REALLY WORKS.

Think of it this way. A book doesn't sell 400,000 copies by accident. Clever ads can take you only so far. After that word of mouth takes over. And with over 400,000 copies in print men must be saying some pretty good things about HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS.

Can you become an expert at picking up good-looking girls? You bet you can! It's as simple as reading the mind-opening bestseller HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS. As the young man said in the letter above IT CAN CHANGE YOUR WHOLE LIFE!

To order by phone call toll-free: 800-528-6050, ext. 6002, & charge on your Mastercharge or Visa/BankAmericard or send to: Symphony Press, Inc., Dept. NA 7 W. Clinton Ave., Tenally, NJ 07670

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#### **HOW TO MAKE LOVE** TO A SINGLE GIRL

HOW TO MAKE LOVE How To Make Love TO A SINGLE GIRL WILL TO A Single Girl turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. Over 160 luscious photos show you how to turn on a single woman. You will learn: Where to touch a girl first • How to make a woman "let herself go"

. The aphrodisiac touch . How to excite a girl with just words . How to give a woman multiple orgasms . How to arouse her with a single

Who says you have to be good-looking to attract lots of single girls?!! This book can help you become the kind of lover women can't wait to go to bed with!

# **100 GREAT**

by Eric Weber

them has been tested in real-life situations and I've found them to be just about fool-proof!

There's a terrific line for meeting women at crowded parties . . . a very hip one for picking up a girl in a disco...an incredibly funny, sexy line for meeting girls at the beach. . . brilliant, attention-getting lines for picking up women while shopping or out hiking, cycling or driving . . . in fact, there are 100 super-effective lines in all.

Some make a girl laugh, some make her feel pretty, some make her feel excited and happy but all of them make her like you and want to be

If you've got the right line, you can't help meet the right girl. So send for 100 BEST OPENING LINES right away. Together with HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS it will make you virtually unstoppable at picking up girls

OPENING LINES!

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seem to differ in the amount of infidelity they will tolerate in their partners.

The biggest harm that can come to a female's reproductive success is that her mate leaves her and she has to raise their young alone, without his support. The female has been selected to be most sensitive to signs of potential desertion and to do whatever she can to prevent iteven offering a husband sexual opportunities inside the pair that he might otherwise seek elsewhere. The human female is unique among animals in being sexually receptive at times when she is not fertile-throughout the monthly cycle, during pregnancy and after the menopause. Foreplay, face-to-face intercourse, large sensitive genitals and intense orgasms all differentiate us from our nearest primate relatives and give us more intense personal enjoyment from sex than we would need if procreation were its only purpose. It seems that our sexiness evolved as a way of reinforcing the pair bond and keeping couples together. The female's readiness for unproductive sexual intercourse at odd times of the month may be part of an eons-old strategy to discourage male desertion.

How can a female tell beforehand how a male will behave after a baby arrives? Female birds have a rather straightforward approach: They mimic the begging gestures of a fledgling to see how the male reacts. During the courtship ritual of the common tern, the male catches fish and feeds them to the female. Both to the naturalists who have studied this behavior and to the female terns, the male's courtship feeding is a reliable predictor of his performance in feeding the chicks.

It isn't surprising that a human female is attracted to a male who "babies" her, rushes to comfort her when she cries and knows the best restaurants in town.

Love is just as much a part of the human genetic code as the pair bond is, because love is the glue that keeps a pair together, even when children are absent. Like hunger, sleep and sex, love is a powerful motivation system that makes us want to do the very thing that we must do to keep ourselves and our species alive.

The monogamous birds seem to share an emotion similar to love-an attachment between mates, even when no eggs are present. They appear to experience a deep depression when a mate is absent and they shriek with what can only be described as unutterable joy upon their reunion. Their emotion appears so close to our own that we don't hesitate to call some of them love birds. Love apparently evolved as an integral part of the pair bond. Bickering parents sometimes say that they are keeping a loveless marriage together until the kids are old enough to fend for themselves. It is ironic that pressures for fulfilling parental obligations should have come this far: The emotion of love apparently evolved to keep couples together for the sake of the children, while making them feel as if they were following their own interests.

#### FEMALE POWER

Monogamy is advantageous for females. It evolves as a stable system, though, only when it is also advantageous for males. Polygyny (many wives) is usually in a male's best genetic interest, yet it exists as a regular mating system only when it is also advantageous for females.

Feminists see polygyny as just another way men oppress and take advantage of women. But this sells women short. Except in societies where they were treated like chattel with no personal rights, polygyny could not survive as a mating system unless females had something to gain by it-notably, access to resources that would ultimately benefit their children. Wherever polygyny is permitted (in about 80 percent of the world's cultures, by one estimate), in most of these societies, it is practiced only by the wealthiest, most powerful males. Average males can afford only one wife, if that. Our Western culture is an exception to the world-wide pattern, in that simultaneous polygyny is against the law. What we have developed, instead, is a form of sequential polygyny in which wealthy males often divorce middle-aged wives and marry younger women. (They may act like the banker Henny Youngman describes: the man who tired of his 40-year-old wife and tried to exchange her for two 20s.)

There is a striking parallel in some monogamous bird species—red-winged blackbirds, for example. The male blackbird who is able to dominate the richest feeding grounds and the best nesting sites, may actually support three or four or even up to eight females simultaneously, treating each as a separate pair bond. There comes a point where the female's interests are best served if she becomes the second or third mate of a rich male, rather than the single mate of a poorer one.

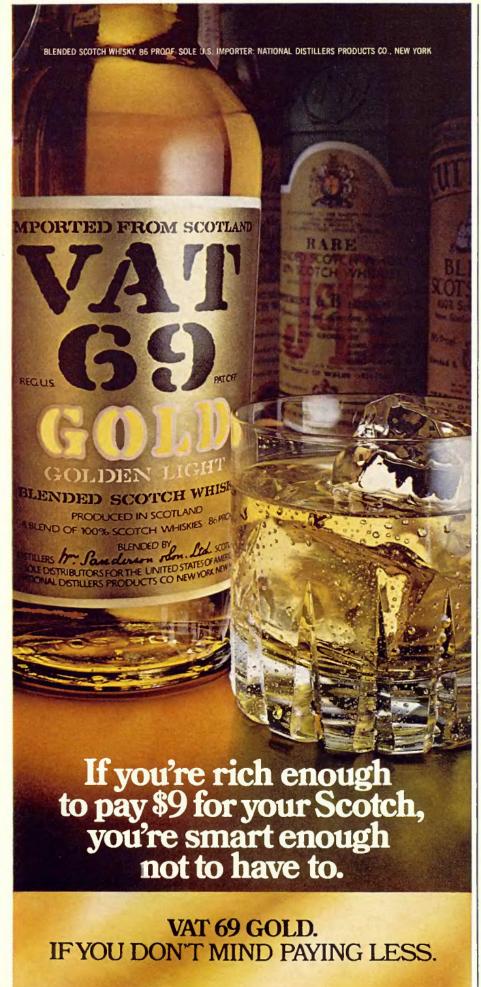
"Ladies' choice" is a powerful factor in evolution. Whenever females choose males on the basis of a particular trait, evolution produces two correlated changes in later generations: I. Females become more and more attracted to that trait, because they are the descendants of females who chose males who had it; and 2, males come to have more of that trait than ever before, because they are descended from the males who were most readily chosen.

It is not surprising, then, that the human female, after centuries of marrying up, has come to see money, power and status as attractive in a man. These features, more than mere physical appearance or bedroom prowess, make a male attractive—even sexy. The end product of all this is today's male, who is oriented toward achieving status, accumulating money and gaining power; a male who thinks those are important goals, though he may not be able to explain why he strives for them.

Females should not be too hasty in criticizing men for being caught up in political games or for being obsessed with wealth and power. After all, those are the very criteria by which females have been choosing men all these eons, to better their own genetic interests. And so it can be argued that over the generations, females have actually wrought a



"Did I ever tell you about my first wife?"



change in the human male—creating a new breed of man, the kind they've always wanted.

The future evolution of our species depends on the reproductive success of those living today; meanwhile, for a few generations, at least, we will continue to deal with some innate predispositions our ancestors left, as mementos.

This article has dealt with the sociobiology of sex differences—probably the most controversial chapter of this controversial science—but it should be noted that, in the final analysis, the differences between male and female are few and trivial when compared with the similarities. The differences are genetic, but they aren't rigid or inevitable. They are more like tendencies, and cultural pressures can override any of them.

The clearest example of that today is the widespread practice of birth control, which directly contradicts all the predispositions for making babies that we have accumulated throughout tens of thousands of generations of human evolution. Birth control has created a different world from the one in which our mating strategies evolved; it is probably the most powerful selective force in our sexual history.

The question for the future is this: How do people who use birth control differ from people who do not? One important difference is the desire to have children. People who tend not to want children will tend not to have them and their genes will be weeded out of the pool. People who do want children will not use birth control and will thereby become the forebears of humanity's future. As optional birth control becomes widespread, we may logically expect future generations to contain more parental people—people more attracted to children, more interested in raising and caring for them-than we see today,

Birth control's prevalence attests to the power of social learning. Harvard sociobiologist Edward O. Wilson has said that environmental influences, not genes, play the major part in shaping human behavior; his belief is that genetic influences might play the predominant role in about ten percent or less of our actions.

For some, that figure—any figure—is too high, because they are committed to the presumption that inheritance plays no part in shaping human behavior. To admit that ten percent or one percent or any fraction of our lives is determined by biology is to imply the unthinkable: that some are born different from others and that, therefore, all people are not created equal. For those critics, environment and environment alone determines all human behavior—including, presumably, the behavior of burying one's head in the sand.



"Gosh, Mr. Barker, what are sisters for?"

### PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



#### COMING TO GRIPS WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX

Do most of your Saturday-night dates end up in a wrestling match on the floor? Then you might wish to subscribe to a grabber of a publication called *The International Directory of Amateur Female Wrestling*, available for \$10 from AM-FEM Company, P.O. Box 93, Cooper Station (P), New York, New York 10003. Within its 26 pages are club notes, film info and such Personal Classifieds as "Amazon wrestling queen, 6'2", 185 lbs., loves to wrestle men into submission. . . ." We'll take a pass.

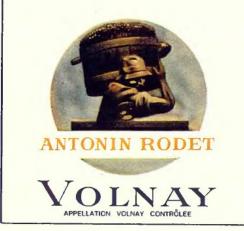


#### BIG DOUGH FOR THE BIG TOP

Toby Tyler had to run away to join the Big Top, but you can have the Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus join you at home—for one day—provided you've got a spare \$15,000 and a back yard large enough to hold the main tent, which is the size of a football field. House calls are arranged in conjunction with the circus' traveling route and can be reserved by contacting the executive offices at P.O. Box 1570, Winter Park, Florida 32789. If the price seems a bit steep, remember that it's for 100 performers, lions, tigers, elephants—and the cleanup afterward.

#### THE GREAT WINE STICK-UP

Do-it-yourself winebibbers who wish to paper the walls of their cellar with a collection of colorful labels from around the world will be pleased to learn that a company called Peanut Butter Publishing, 2733 Fourth Avenue South, Seattle, Washington 98134, sells a kit containing over 300 labels from France, Germany, Italy and other countries, plus paste and a mixing bowl, for \$22.45, postpaid. Open a bottle and start sticking.



#### ON WITH THE SHOE

In case you don't recognize them, those are Hume Cronyn's and Jessica Tandy's shoes immortalized below by a New York artist who signs her work "Gacci." Gacci is a shoe portraitist and for \$80 she'll complete a 5" x 7" felt-tip reproduction of your favorite footwear—with you in them—drawn from snapshots you send to her at 1540 Broadway, Suite 300, New York, New York 10036. (A 9" x 11" goes for \$150.) Better step on it; her work's a shoe-in to become popular.





#### SPORTS SECTION

A company called Hugo E. Bernahl, at 1553 Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago, Illinois 60654, manufactures richlooking brass-trimmed tan or dark-brown leather photo albums for hunters and fishermen with "My Sporting Life" etched into the cover in gold. They cost \$35 each and there's plenty of space inside to enter the type of game stalked, where you shot or hooked it, etc., plus a photo of the quarry. Of course, there's no reason the book couldn't also house a record of the two-legged game you've bagged. Just don't leave it on the coffee table.

#### X-RAY VISION

Every card shop has its display of wise-ass greetings. But the true connoisseur of the printed insult will wish to send something a bit more recherché. Something, perhaps, like an X-ray Greeting Card created by Lucky Break Ind., P.O. Box 46, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003. Lucky Break cards feature a reproduction of a human X ray, followed by a snotty comment inside. Just \$7.70, postpaid, will get you a mixed dozen-and possibly a punch in the eye.



# THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON

Vintage-car enthusiasts who'd like to get a firsthand look at this year's famous London to Brighton Rally run November 5, plus meet some of the drivers and attend the postrace dinner dance, should contact the British company Norman Wilkes Tours at its American address, P.O. Box 616, Indian Hills, Colorado 80454. The tour, which costs \$765 per person (plus air fare), runs from October 31 to November 6 and includes visits to the National Motor Museum and an unannounced British car plant. Chacun à son goût.

#### THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN, STANLEY!

Attention, fans of Laurel and Hardy: The first International Laurel and Hardy Sons of the Desert Convention will be held August 18–20 at O'Hare Inn in Des Plaines, Illinois, just a seltzer squirt away from Chicago. Twenty-five dollars sent to Sons of the Desert, c/o Alan Garfield, 368 Fairview, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126, will get you preregistered. What follows is a madcap weekend highlighted by appearances of Hal Roach and Oliver Hardy's widow, Lucille. We thought he was married to Stan.



#### TRANSPARENT MOTIVE

If you'd like to be seen at the beach or pool—really seen, that is—send \$18 to Short Orders, P.O. Box 380-P, New York, New York 10011, for a pair of clear-vinyl swim trunks designed by David Leong. The shorts, which can also be worn for jogging, racquetball or any other sport your dirty mind thinks up, come in small, medium and large, feature fluorescent striping and have a small pocket for change, cigarettes and, perhaps, a bail-bond card.



# BEER PLUS (continued from page 133)

"The gruff, earthy, slightly bitter taste of beer is a fine foil for a wide range of flavors."

the shandygaff-beer and ginger ale-is increasingly noted in West Coast watering holes.

Don't be too quick to dismiss beer drinks as a singular American aberration. The aforementioned shandy is so popular in Australia that it might be called the national nip. Germans dote on the festive Berliner weiss-wheat beer, raspberry syrup, plus a garnish of fresh strawberries when the scarlet fruit is in season. Just about every English public house serves lager 'n' lime, the lime being bottled sweetened lime juice or lime squash. The proverbial egg in your beer, otherwise known as an ale flip, was favored by Elizabethans, And black velvet, a suave union of champagne and stout, was born in London's venerable Brooks Club. The year was 1861 and everyone was mourning Prince Albert's death. The club's patriotic steward declared that even the champagne

would be in mourning, out of respect for Victoria's consort. Whereupon he solemnly poured stout into the pale bubbly-shrouding the wine and, incidentally, giving posterity a great hang-

Old-line bibbers tend to howl at any modification, but mixing it up with beer would appear to be a logical development. Brewers themselves play with the product-making it sweeter, lighter, decreasing the quantity of hops or lengthening brewing time-wooing the mass palate, as they perceive it. There's no denying that the vast majority of beers on the market are muted or bland, compared with the lusty brews of the Thirties. And a good case could be made that adding snap or bite can only benefit most. As it happens, the gruff, earthy, slightly bitter taste of beer is a fine foil for a wide range of flavors. Nevertheless, mixed beer drinks will never supplant

the straight suds, nor is anything like that intended. But they do offer an array of new taste sensations-and the glory of discovery-to those adventurous enough to sample them.

For mixing purposes, your beer should be very cold. Glassware ought to be chilled, too-and free of film or detergent residue. And the beer should be fresh. While it doesn't spoil easily, beer does decline after a relatively short period on the shelf. The mixtures below are particularly welcome on warm, sunny days. Even lager aficionados will find them interesting, change-of-pace drinks and palate fresheners.

#### DEPTH CHARGE

1 can (12 ozs.) beer, cold 1 oz. peppermint schnapps

Pour beer into large chilled stein or mug. Measure schnapps into small shot glass. Hold glass at top with fingers and ease it into beer. The level of mint increases as you near the bottom-but not by much. If you prefer uniform taste all through, add schnapps to stein first, then pour in beer.

Note: Also made with rum, vodka and, on Saint Patrick's Day, with green crème de menthe or Chartreuse.

#### SHANDYGAFF

The original shandy was half beer, half ginger beer-often mixed in a pitcher. Today the name is applied to mixtures of beer and almost any soft drink. Proportions are variable, too, many going heavier on the beer.

I pint beer, iced

1 bottle (12 ozs.) ginger beer, cold

Combine in chilled pitcher, pouring beer and ginger beer simultaneously. Serve in chilled glasses.

Note: Ginger beer is fairly scarce in the U.S. One of the drier ginger ales is an acceptable substitute.

#### LEMON SHANDY

1 can (16 ozs.) beer, cold 8 ozs. (or to taste) lemonade, cold Divide beer equally among 3 or 4 chilled highball or Pilsner glasses. Do the same with lemonade. Stir once, to mix.

#### RUDDY MARY

4 ozs. tomato juice, cold

1/4 oz. lime juice

3-4 dashes Tabasco 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

1/8 teaspoon salt, or to taste

Beer, cold

1 scallion, including green shoot

Combine all ingredients except beer and scallion in large chilled goblet and stir well. You may add 1 ice cube, if you like. Taste and correct seasonings, but remember that beer is to be added. Pour in equal amount of beer-about 5 ozs .-or to taste. Stir once; plant scallion in

Note: A tangy bloody-mary mix such



"Nonsense! Guns don't kill people. People kill people."

as Tabasco, Mr. & Mrs. or Snap-E-Tom can be substituted for tomato-juice mixture.

#### BLACK BART

1 small lime, quartered 1 can (12 ozs.) cola, cold

I can (12 ozs.) bock beer, cold

Squeeze lime wedge into each of 4 highball glasses or 8-oz. mugs; add hull. Pour 3 ozs. cola into each glass; stir. Repeat with bock beer; stir once.

Note: A pleasant, interesting blend of flavors. Proportions may be varied to your personal taste. If you can't find bock beer, a good dark beer or Guinness stout is fine.

#### AB

Literally, a two-fisted drink; the left hand holds the aquavit and the right hand holds the beer. Reverse hands if you're a southpaw.

1 oz. aquavit, chilled 8 ozs. beer, chilled

Pour aquavit into liqueur glass and beer into tall glass or goblet. Alternate sips of aquavit and beer until glasses are empty. Refill and repeat,

#### SKIP AND GO NAKED

An oldie that seems to be enjoying a small-scale revival.

1/9 oz. lemon juice

I tablespoon grenadine

I oz. gin

Beer, cold

Shake lemon juice, grenadine and gin with ice, Strain into highball glass. Pour in beer slowly to fill, or to taste. Stir once,

#### BERLINER WEISS

Weiss is a pale, almost white beer, brewed from wheat. Use light beer if you can't find weiss.

1½ tablespoons raspberry syrup, or to taste

1 bottle (12 ozs.) weiss

3 or 4 fresh strawberries, halved

Spoon syrup into large balloon glass or widemouthed goblet; swirl to coat sides. Pour in beer slowly, in circular motion. The idea is to mix syrup and beer without stirring, holding froth down. Garnish with sliced berries and serve.

#### LAGER 'N' LIME

1 oz. bottled sweetened lime juice 1 can (12 ozs.) beer, cold

Put ½ oz. lime juice in each of 2 glasses. Add a little beer to each glass; stir to combine. Divide remaining beer between glasses. Stir only if necessary.

*Note:* This is a liberal amount of lime juice. You may vary to suit your taste.

Stonehenge: Substitute Stone's Ginger Wine for lime juice.

#### TEACHER CREATURE

From the Rogano Restaurant, Glasgow,

I oz. Teacher's Scotch

I oz. Scotch-based liqueur

Beer, cold

Pour Scotch and liqueur over 1 ice cube in highball or old fashioned glass. Stir. Add beer to fill, or to taste.

#### BLACK VELVET

A brut New York State or California bubbly is recommended.

Stout, cold

Champagne, cold

Half fill chilled large goblet or Pilsner glass with stout, slowly. Pour in champagne to fill—again, slowly. If mixture foams excessively, let it subside and then top off glass.

Note: Standard directions call for stout and champagne to be poured simultaneously into pitcher, but this tends to build a heavy collar of foam initially.

The fact that mixed beer drinks are so agreeable should come as no surprise. Whiskey-based drinks are accepted without question, and whiskey is essentially distilled beer. What is surprising is that these quenchers have been overlooked for so long. Let's remedy that right away.





## DEATH FREAK (continued from page 132)

"He twisted, stumbled, and a rifle spun from his grasp. He lay writhing on the white sand."

Vasily, Anything."

The water lapped against the hull of the boat and the mast creaked in the breeze. There was no other sound. He was alone on the sea. Nothing stirred on the shore.

Eddie sighed unhappily. This is terrific. What does the bait do when the fisherman is out to lunch?

He glanced over his shoulder, then slowly turned. A single fishing boat had appeared on the northern horizon. He could see the creamy white wave sliding by its bow as it bore down on him across the bright-blue water.

Sweating, gasping, his heart pounding fiercely, Vasily crouched behind the shelter of a stunted coconut palm. The jungle pressed in from all sides; 20 feet away lay only green darkness. He listened for footsteps, heard none but knew that he had only minutes in which to prepare. He spun the combination lock on the suitcase and unloaded the hardtea bags.

It took only minutes to distribute the tea bags in a wide circle round the coconut tree, but they were minutes of pounding fear. Back at the tree, he took deep breaths to calm himself, listened carefully but again heard nothing more than the rustling of fronds overhead and the distant call of monkeys. Crouched on one knee, the rifle cradled in his arm, the hair drier resting on the turf beside him, he settled back to wait.

A low, flat boom sounded from the emerald-green jungle-then another. The two echoes flew out over the silverblue shimmer of water. Every muscle in Eddie's body tightened. Half blinded by

HOUSEWAres

ware. He quickly assembled the Dragunov rifle and clamped on the magazine. From another compartment he took three pieces of white plastic and screwed them together so that they became a modified hair drier. From the third compartment he gingerly lifted out a box of

"I'm sorry—it has a hundred uses, but I'm afraid they're all for food processing, not pleasure."

the glare, his eyes strained toward the beach. He saw nothing.

"Vasily!" he shricked into the Wet-

Phone. "What's going on?"

He heard the same buzz of static as before. No voice, no response. He struggled into the harness, tightening the straps with unsteady fingers, feeling the weight of the tank tug at his back and shoulder muscles. The Santa Ysabel rode over 30 feet of water on the high shelf just outside the reef. Hefting the second tank, Eddie pitched it overboard, watching it tumble and then slide downward through pale-green water toward the bottom, a school of blowfish veering hastily from the lazy path of its descent. The water was so clear that he could see the white patch of brain coral where it finally quivered to rest. By then, he had yanked on his fins, clamped the mask down over his face. He shot a quick look at the fishing boat now closing to within 100 yards of him. There were three men on deck, all divers in wet suits, the hooked tips of their spear guns glinting in the sun.

Three?

For the first time, he was truly fearful. He had expected Romeo and possibly Parker to back him up. But three? Three divers who could go like sharks, three sharks against one clumsy dolphin. If there were three on board, how many were there ashore? He began to understand why the Wet-Phone was silent.

He had just fixed the Nikonos camera to its harness and was reaching for his spear gun when he saw it happen from the corner of his eye. The figure of a man broke out of the jungle and onto the beach. Vasily? No. There was something strange in the way that the man sprinted awkwardly on the sand, kicking up gouts of it in flight. Then he suddenly twisted, stumbled, and a rifle spun from his grasp. He lay writhing on the white sand.

Understanding nothing, Eddie looked over his shoulder. The oncoming boat was within 50 yards, bearing down, bow slapping blue water, the wake frothing. The three divers bent within the shelter of the windward gunwales, using the coach roof as a shield. A machine pistol stuttered; chips of wood sprayed from the mast. Eddie jammed the regulator into his mouth, sucked sweet air, clamped a hand to his mask and launched himself over the side.

The water closed over his head and in seconds he was in that other world, cool and lovely and green, silent except for the sharp, labored sound of his own breathing. His bubbles blooped and bleeped reassuringly upward toward the surface. He flipped over, waggled his fins and shot downward too rapidly, feeling the pressure pound into his ears. He cleared them at ten feet, did it again at 20, then finally tilted his head back to purge the mask of water. The fog cleared and he

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could see. A grouper with bulging eyes watched him warily and three or four black-and-white-banded butterfly fish hurried prudently away.

At 30 feet, he saw his spare tank resting on the brain coral and, beyond it, a slanting bed of staghorn where the reef tumbled down and out in a series of tunnels and caves. He kicked himself downward, aware of the clear and brilliant water, cursing the brightness and the sun that was now his enemy. His choices were limited. If he sheltered in a cave, he would be hidden but immobilized. If he stayed in the open, he would be mobile but visible. He did not consider the choices; he simply acted. Panic drove him toward a tunnel and he plunged for it as fish floated by undisturbed.

The two men on the boat with Arteaga were also Cubans, Santos and Jimenez, both certified N.A.U.I. divers trained at the agency school at Key West. Like Eddie, the three had heard the explosions on the shore and had seen the man stumble and fall on the beach. Also like Eddie, they were totally confused. Arteaga spoke sharply into his radio.

"Come in, Beach Ops, this is Boat

Thomas Crowfoot's thin voice came back clearly and calmly. "Go ahead, Boat."

"Our man just went overboard. We're about to go in after him. What the hell is happening on the beach?"

"Continue with your mission, Boat, The beach operation has been temporarily disrupted."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Arteaga said angrily. "Unless you get Borgneff pinned down, we can't move.'

"Borgneff is nowhere near the beach, Carry on," said Crowfoot, and he signed off. He shook his head sadly and reviewed the situation on the beach.

The point man, an American from TSD, had been the first to go. He had crouched behind a palm tree and his knee had touched the sand. Beneath that sand lay one of the now dry lumps of the petroleum-jelly mixture that Vasily had sown last night. The homemade plastique charge exploded on contact. The American's left leg went in one direction, the rest of his body, smashed and shredded, flew against the tree. Less than a minute later, one of the Russians stepped on a second charge. He screamed wildly as the explosive tore upward and burst through his groin into his chest.

A third man, another Russian, vaulted up over the matted dunes onto the beach. He wore light summer clothing and a breeze blew in off the sea. He was struck immediately by a strand of insulation. It only touched his ankle above his shoe, but the pain threw him to the ground. He screamed, too. He began to 220 crawl back toward the jungle and the

heel of his hand came into contact with a tiny piece of polystyrene foam from the hotel mattress. He screamed again.

On the boat, Romeo spoke rapidly in Spanish to the two other Cubans. Santos tossed out the anchor and the boat rode over it until it bit. The fishing boat pulled up short. Jimenez cut the engine.

"Now, listen to me." Arteaga armed his spear gun and pointed inshore about 30 yards, "Look there. You can see his bubbles. Santos, you circle round from the direction of the beach. Jimenez, you come in from over there." He waved a hand toward the south. "I'll go straight in from here. He can't look in three directions at once. Take any shot you can get. You only have to wing him and he's finished."

The three divers spat into their masks, rubbed them clean, clamped them into place and tumbled over backward into the water. In a few seconds, the surface was calm again and they were undulating downward with dolphin kicks. At a signal from Arteaga, they spread out to encircle their prey.

That prey was huddled in a coral tunnel 40 feet below the surface of the water, sharing his sanctuary with a translucent jellyfish that waved its tentacles lazily, seemingly unaware of his presence. The tunnel hid him, but he knew that he was not truly concealed; his bubbles gave him away. It was only a matter of time before they came to him, and he could only wait.

He jammed the barbed point of his harpoon into the coral and unsnapped the Nikonos camera. The velocity of the dart would be sharply reduced by traveling through water, but the lethality would be unchanged. All he needed was a clear view. He pressed back against a ledge, gripping with his fins. He was out of sight of the tunnel opening, but when he pressed the button on the camera, he could see at right angles through the view finder. The view area was narrow and he moved the camera slightly up, then down, then traversed a short arc. The jellyfish swam into view, blocking the lens. Unthinking, Eddie reached out of his shelter with one hand and tried to poke with his elbow. Instantly, he felt pain, a sharp sting that spread upward toward his shoulder. Had he been able to, he would have cried out, but at that moment, he forgot the pain as the jellyfish moved out of view and its place was taken by a slim black shape approaching cautiously. Jimenez came on slowly, spear gun poised, eyes huge behind the mask, bubbles rising in the turquoise water.

The Cuban had spotted the bubbles of the prey, had seen the bright-orange flash of Eddie's BC vest retreat into the tunnel. Now all he saw was the jellyfish floating away and the bulky shape of a Nikonos protruding from the ledge, pointed in the wrong direction. No spear

gun was aimed at him. His hand tightened on the trigger of his own gun and he gave a powerful flutter kick with his fins, coasting forward.

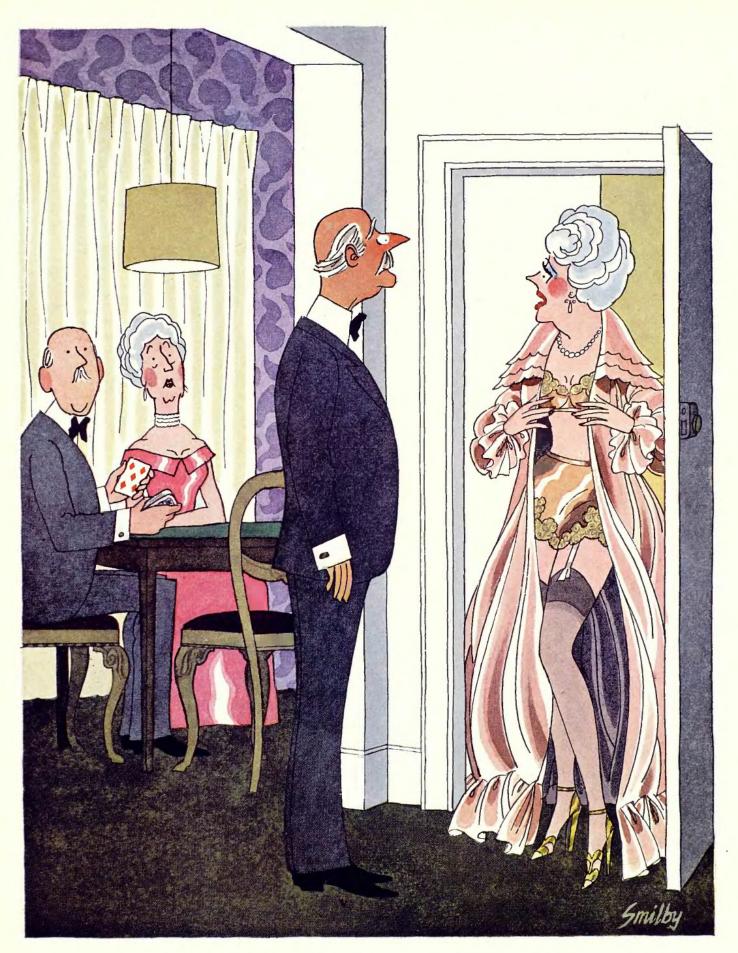
When he was in the view finder, less than ten feet away, Eddie pushed the button. The fléchette shot from the side of the camera. It took Jimenez in the shoulder, the little firecracker charge inside the dart exploding as it hit bone. The water turned from blue to red, blood flowing in thick ropy threads in all directions. Jimenez flopped over and the spear gun tumbled away toward the ocean floor.

Eddie's head emerged slowly from the tunnel and he watched the Cuban float away on the current, the blood streaming behind him. He would have stayed that way, transfixed by the sight, but the jellyfish was back again, wobbling toward him through the water. With the pain in his arm as a reminder, he jerked back his head, ducking quickly toward shelter. Something bright and sharp flashed by, inches away, then vanished, arcing down. A slender steel shaft. He whipped round and saw Santos.

The second Cuban had entered the other end of the tunnel and had come up from behind. He had fired from five meters and would have hit had it not been for the jellyfish. He was already reloading a second shaft. Eddie snatched at his own gun, freeing the barb from the coral. It was all reflex now; he had one chance, no more. As he brought the pneumatic gun up, it felt as if it weighed 50 pounds. Santos clicked the second shaft home. With his gun hip high, Eddie squeezed the heavy trigger. The powerful harpoon zoomed silently through the water, sliced across Santos' arm and plunged into his chest. As he died, the Cuban pulled his own trigger and his second shaft slammed through the tunnel, through the baggy pink shape of the jellyfish, and then off into nothingness. Wide-eyed, Eddie watched as Santos drifted downward, regulator dangling to one side, blood streaming from his mouth like curdled red milk. He vanked hard and the harpoon disengaged, sliding back to him on its nylon line. He checked his air: half a tank left. The blood and adrenaline pumped through him in surges, elating him. Two down, only Arteaga to go.

He came out of the tunnel smoothly, moving fast and breathing easily, a small white shark. The water cleared from the murky blue of the tunnel to a dazzling, sun-suffused green. He turned in a tight circle, searching in all lateral directions, then up and down. He saw Arteaga far above him and out of range. The Cuban was flutter-kicking toward the dark shape of his boat. Eddie moved slowly upward, spear gun ready, prepared to take him when he dived.

But Arteaga didn't dive. He turned



"Why, Colonel Beecham, when you invited me to come next door to make up a fourth, I thought..."

once and Eddie, 30 feet below and behind, looked directly into his eyes. Behind the mask, Arteaga seemed to be smiling, and with one hand he waved, almost a salute. A moment later, he was gone, stroking powerfully toward the boat. Eddie saw his feet grip the rope ladder that hung from the side, then the legs surged up and Arteaga vanished.

Within a moment, Eddie heard the bark of the inboard engine as first it sputtered, then caught, and far above him he saw the silver flashing of the single screw. The sound of the motor was no more than a dull, distant hum that was lost as it penetrated the fathoms of green water; even the fish were undisturbed. Then he saw the anchor chain tighten as the dark shadow of the boat moved forward several feet and then stopped. The screw continued to whirl, the engine idling in neutral.

Eddie watched the long line of his bubbles ascending. They no longer bleeped and blooped merrily but went up in a sad procession. The elation he had felt after the first two kills was gone, replaced by a numbing depression. Then he had been ready to take on Arteaga mano à mano, but now he knew he would never have the chance. He checked his air again; 600 pounds of pressure left. That, plus the second tank resting on the brain coral, gave him no more than an hour of dive time. Bright, clever Romeo Arteaga, always four moves ahead in chess, was one move ahead once again. If Eddie swam, Romeo would follow the bubbles. If Eddie stayed still, Romeo would patiently wait. No mano à mano for Arteaga, not after losing two good men. He was simply going to sit up on

top and wait until the prey ran out of air and had to surface. And there was nothing that the prey could do about it.

During the Vietnam war, the United States Army sowed untold numbers of antipersonnel devices known as gravel mines throughout the jungle areas of Southeast Asia. The tea bags that Vasily distributed around the coconut palm were modifications of this device. The first Russian who stepped on a tea bag, less than 50 feet from where Vasily crouched behind the tree, had his right leg blown to jelly from the foot to the knee. That man was Major Marchenko.

Vasily broke from cover as soon as he heard the muffled *swat* of the explosion, followed by the scream of agony. He ran low, keeping to the mine-free aisle he had left open, suitcase in one hand, hair drier in the other. It took him more than a minute to battle through the underbrush to the wounded man, who lay where he had fallen, moaning pitifully, bleeding to death. His weapon, a Makarov pistol, had been flung aside. Marchenko's eyes rolled in shock, then fastened on Vasily.

"Borgneff," he gasped. The Russian words broke painfully from his twisted lips, "Finish it. Kill me now."

Vasily stared down, swallowing hard. There had been a time when he had known the man well.

"Comrade, please," Marchenko was begging. "For the love of God, do it."

For the love of God? Vasily came close to smiling, as he thought: In the face of death, we are all of us virgins. This man would have killed me, and not for the love of God.

Interdudi

"Is that it? A lick and a promise?"

"Nyet, nyet," Vasily said softly. "Ni spishitye. U vas mnoga vryemini. Don't rush. You have plenty of time. Be patient, it won't take long to die."

He kicked aside the Makarov pistol and stepped into the fringe of the jungle, into the deep shadows. He clenched his teeth as Marchenko began to scream incoherently. Moments later, he heard the quiet crackling of brush, leaves being swept aside, damp branches bending and tearing but not breaking. Then there was a hush, the deep uncanny hush of the jungle. Then movement again, a cautious tread. Twenty feet away, Vasily guessed. I need him closer. But if he sees me first and he's carrying a machine pistol, I'm a dead man. He forced himself to wait, until finally he saw a darker hulk than the shadows, something black in the bottle-green foliage. And then a second silhouette, struck by an errant ray of sunlight. There were two of them.

Close enough, and he raised the hair drier waist high. He squeezed the trigger. A jet of red-orange flame spurted out, roaring, crackling, filling the jungle with terrifying light and sound, engulfing the black human shapes in its path. Again the screams came, again in Russian, but when he released the trigger and the flame swept back to leave only shadows, there was silence from the two charred bodies huddled under palm fronds.

Vasily picked up the pistol and turned back to where Marchenko lay. The blue eyes still stared up at him, but they were the eyes of a dead man. Vasily murmured, "I would have done it for you, comrade. But you were in a hurry. I understand."

Ten minutes later, he had reached the main road, approaching it cautiously. The last of the Russians waited there, bent on one knee next to his motorcycle, a Kalashnikov AKM under his arm. Very quietly, Vasily fitted a box of the rim-fire cartridges into the breech of the Dragunov. Gently, he slid the barrel between two banana leaves and notched the sights on the center of the motorcyclist's chest.

He sighed. After all he had done, it seemed such a prosaic way to kill.

He sighed again, but this time held his breath for a second, then squeezed the trigger. As if he had been snatched by a violent wind, the motorcyclist flew back five yards across the road and landed on the dirt shoulder, chest smashed, arms outflung and unmoving.

Vasily rushed for the Safari, its front fender crumpled against the trunk of a dead tree. The engine caught on the first turn of the key. He bumped up out of the ditch onto the road, hesitated a moment, then shifted into second gear and turned toward the Palancar Reef.

Thirty feet below the surface, on the bed of brain coral, Eddie's hands shook as he changed air tanks. He had not thought this possible underwater, but



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they shook with good reason. Caught by a mild wave surge, the second tank slipped away, bumping along the slope and down toward the blue-green depths. His eves bulged out in panic. He had already taken the necessary deep breath, spat out his regulator and detached it from the first, nearly empty cylinder. The only air he owned was in his lungs. He grabbed for the second tank and his foot hit the camera, sending it floating off the ledge and down into the canyon. It was then that his hands shook. By the time he caught up with the tank and clamped his regulator to it, his legs had been badly scraped on the coral. He blew out the regulator and sucked deeply, taking in salt water that seared his lungs, and then at last the sweet fresh supply of air.

When his hands had stopped shaking, he figured his time again. No more than an hour. Above him, the propeller of Arteaga's boat turned lazily as the Cuban waited.

Fantasies crowded Eddie's head, complex plans for fouling the boat's propeller and making a run for shore, but he knew they were only dreams. The propeller was only four feet from the surface and, although a bullet would not be lethal at that depth, a spear gun would. He was still the prey, and nothing more. Wherever he moved, if he tried to circle the boat and clamber aboard, it would be simple for Arteaga to follow his movements and spot him as he broke the surface. He gripped his spear gun with one

hand and with the other eased the diving knife into its sheath. He was armed, but he had no one to fight with.

Arteaga checked his watch as he sat in the cockpit of the boat. Fifty minutes had passed and he figured Eddie for ten minutes' more worth of air, at most. His eyes followed the bubbles that broke on the surface. They usually broke in the same place, though sometimes they moved off a few feet. He smiled coldly and flipped off the safety catch of the Colt Commando. As soon as Eddie Mancuso was six inches from the surface, he was ready to rip his head off. The trail of bubbles began to move forward swiftly.

He's going to come at me from the bow, Arteaga decided. He'll try to hide under the boat, then surface fast. He switched on his radio.

"Boat Ops here. He's coming out. I've got him."

Crowfoot said calmly, "Be careful."

"It's like a shooting gallery. I'll leave the radio on, You can listen."

Almost immediately, Crowfoot heard the faint and muted sound of an explosion come clearly through the radio. Another quickly followed.

"Beach Ops calling. Do you have him?"
He waited patiently, but there was no answer. Then there was a series of evenly spaced dry snaps: more firing. He was still patient, waiting for Arteaga to confirm the kill.

On the boat, the Cuban bent in the

shelter of the coach roof on the starboard bow. The first shot from the jungle had missed his head by inches and torn away the handrail. If he hadn't been moving quickly toward the bow, he would have been dead. The second shot slammed through the coach roof, tearing out a chunk of wood the size of a fist.

"Chinga el diablo!" he muttered. He was pinned down, couldn't move. The pupils of his eyes dilated. Under him, the boat shuddered and he heard the steady crack of the rifle. The boat shuddered again. That's a high-powered rifle, he realized. What the hell is the son of a bitch using in it?

The miniature, metal-cased cherry bombs loaded into the Dragunov thumped solidly into the hull at the water line, exploding on contact, splintering wood, sieving the hull. Vasily fired with a leisurely regularity, but he could not see Eddie, and time was important. He slipped a fresh box into the magazine, sighting carefully through the telescopic sight until the cross hairs lined up on the stern. A hit on the gas tank would end it swiftly. He squeezed the trigger.

Arteaga felt the boat spin at least a foot as the impact of the cherry bomb sheered it round. On the third shot, the gas tank exploded, the stern of the boat disintegrating, smoke and flames licking up over the deck. The sea flowed through into the cockpit, fighting the fire, but the stern was settling, sinking, the boat already listing to port where the first charges had torn holes in the hull. Arteaga slipped into his tank harness and fins, clamped the mask over his face, dropped the Colt and snatched his spear gun. He launched himself over the side.

He had never known the shock of water to be so painful. He couldn't understand it. The water seemed to tear at his vitals, ripping up into his body as though it were bladed. His sight cleared for an instant as soon as he was below the surface: Everything was magnified through the glass of his mask, a greenand-red panorama. The green was water, the red was blood. His own blood. In front of him, staring through his own mask, was Eddie Mancuso. His hand was outstretched, as if in welcome. At the end of the hand was the shaft of a diving knife, and the knife was buried six inches deep into Arteaga's abdomen.

The regulator slipped from his mouth. Water flooded his lungs. The knife slid out smoothly, the world turned dark and Romeo Arteaga drifted away.

Eddie broke the surface, jammed the snorkel between his teeth and began to breast-stroke toward the Santa Ysabel.

Vasily waded out through the surf. He handed Eddie the suitcase, then the rifle, and then hauled himself over the gunwale and onto the deck.

"Get us out of here quickly," he said.
"You know, you could have come in



"A petropenny for your thoughts, my dear."

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Gin & Tonic: 11/2 ozs. Gordon's Gin into 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 highball glass. Add sprinkle of powdered sugar, Fill with soda. Stir. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.



Salty Dog: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass, Fill with 3 ozs. grapefruit juice. Add dash of salt.



Rickey: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from ½ lime with rind into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.



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



Ginade: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with lemonade. Stir.

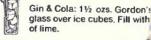


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sweet vernouth, brandy, o highball glass. Fill with gir lemon peel twist.

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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. Ilme juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.



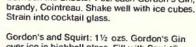
Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass, Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.



cocktail glass.

Between the Sheets: 1 oz. each Gordon's Gin,

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time juice. Stir well over ice. Strain into

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closer to the beach. I'm soaked."

Eddie spun the wheel, still in his glistening wet suit. He laughed. "So what? So am I. And I'm also alive."

Vasily came up to the cockpit. He looked down at Isidoro snoring happily. Then he looked over the side as they passed the spot where the other boat had settled to the bottom.

"Did you get Arteaga?" he asked.

"Him and two others."

"Marchenko's dead. Plus three more Russians in the jungle and a couple on the beach."

"Russians? Jesus, what the hell hit us?"

"A combined operation. Six CIA and six K.G.B. We were mousetrapped. I tried to warn you, but——"

"How did you find out?"

"Chalice."

"Chalice? How the hell did she know?"

"I tried to warn you, but by the time I got the word----"

'From Chalice?"

"Exactly. You had already left for the boat and there was nothing I could do. After that, things got rather hectic."

"But how did Chalice know . . . ?"

Vasily waved the question aside and lowered himself to the deck with a weary grunt. He sat cross-legged on the planking and told Eddie what had happened in the jungle. He told it quietly and without dramatics, but his face showed the strain that his voice ignored. Eddie listened soberly, nodding.

"You could have split," he said when Vasily finished. "You didn't. Thanks."

"A moment of weakness." Vasily smiled faintly. "A sign of advancing age. Don't count on it happening again."

"About Chalice. Are you going to tell

"All in good time." Vasily closed his eyes in concentration. "Right now, the important thing is to figure out how we

get back to the mainland,"

Eddie stared at him peculiarly, "Have you had a hard day at the office, dear?"

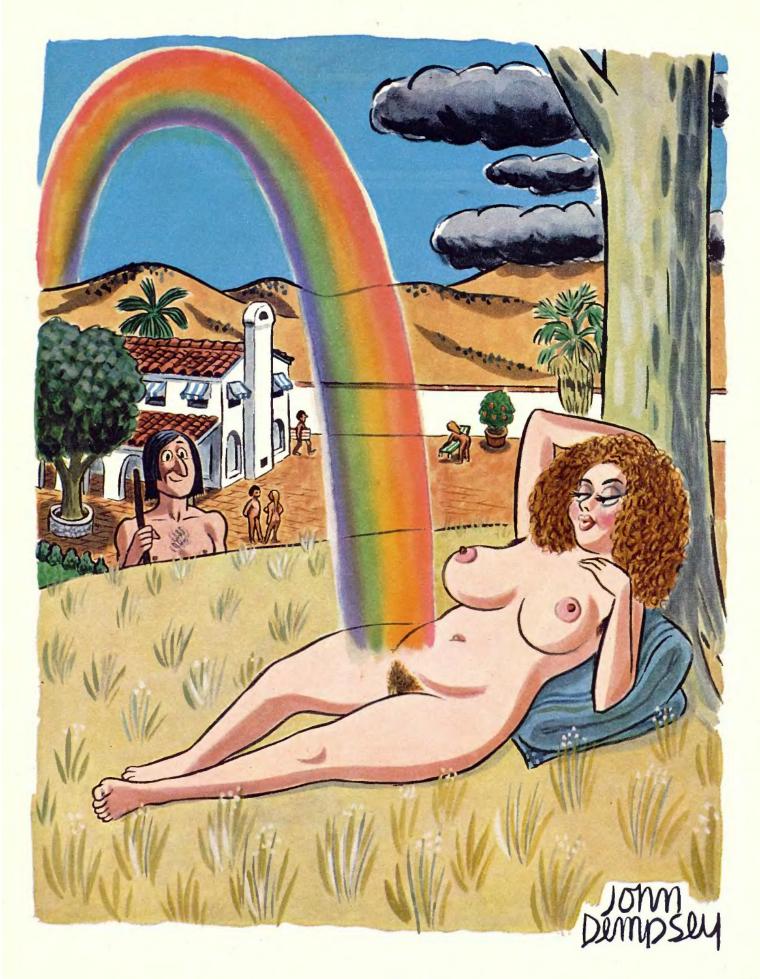
Vasily opened his eyes and said impatiently, "Come, come, start thinking. What do we do? Those people are bound to have the ferry and the airport covered."

"How about using a fishing boat?" Eddie asked quietly.

"A boat? Ah, yes . . . a boat." Vasily flushed and tapped the decking with his fingers. "Apparently, I'm more fatigued than I thought. Well, don't act so superior. I would have figured it out eventually."

"Sure you would have," Eddie said politely. "I just saved you some time. Any idea which way is Mexico?"

Vasily waved a languid hand toward the west. "Turn left at the corner and go that way. Then open a couple of beers while I tell you about Chalice. It's about time you knew, and there's a lot to tell."



# CARS WITH PULL (continued from page 156)

### "Mounting the engine crosswise in the body is undeniably a very advanced technique."

but it was only the first ripple of what is now a tidal wave of sophisticated automobiles of the genre to hit the American roads. A respectable number of compact, transverse-engine front-drive cars are presently available in the U.S.A. and there is no telling how many more are on drawing boards around the world. While this layout is by no means the only way to approach front drive, it is an excellent solution for designers seeking to maximize interior room and it is a path presently being followed by such diverse manufacturers as Ford, Chrysler, Datsun, Volkswagen and Lancia, in addition to Honda and Fiat.

If cars like the Civic, the Fiat 128, the Mini, et al., can be criticized, it is on the basis that they are a bit too basic for the wide spectrum of American consumers, who are more accustomed to a smooth ride, silence and plush appointments than to high-mileage skate boards. Therefore, the latest generation of transverse-engine front drives such as the Honda Accord, VW Rabbit, Ford Fiesta, Datsun F-10, Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon are more elaborate and have more gadgets to appeal to buyers accustomed to the plethora of accessories offered on full-size Detroit machinery. These cars are universally impressive, The Accord has the craftsmanship of a \$15,000 luxury sedan, loads of standard items that would be options on other models. The VW Rabbit is somewhat

starker but significantly faster than the Accord and features fuel injection as well as a brilliantly conceived diesel version that can produce up to 53 miles per gallon, according to Government estimates. A sporty version of the Rabbit is the Italian-designed Scirocco coupe, which shares the same engine-drive train and basic running gear under its rakish body contours. Ford is in the race with its excellent international effort, the Fiesta (designed in Dearborn, engineered in Germany and fabricated there as well as in England and Spain). It is small, nimble and laden with thoughtful contemporary engineering features. Chrysler has introduced its Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon, which appear to be slightly larger, flashier spin-offs of the Rabbit (that is in a sense true, because the Chrysler twins use modified Rabbit engines and manual transmissions and a closely duplicated suspension system). The Datsun F-10 is a tough, oddly styled little coupe/wagon that features a creative conversion of the basic, high-mileage, conventional B-210 engine-transmission components to frontdrive application. The only other maker to use the transverse-engine layout is the old Italian firm of Lancia, which exports its \$8000-\$10,000 Beta GT coupes, sedans and HPE sports wagons with Fiat double-overhead-camshaft, four-cylinder engines developing 86 hp-the most powerful of the lot.



"It's nice to see a little honesty in advertising for a change."

Mounting the engine crosswise in the body is undeniably a very advanced technique, but it is by no means the differential between creative and mundane front-wheel-drive machines. Perhaps the most dazzling technical enterprise of all in the field is the new Audi 5000, a luxury sedan for under \$10,000 that has its engine mounted longitudinally-an engine, incidentally, that is the only fivecylinder gasoline burner in the world. The Audi 5000 is brimming with advanced design components, such as fuel injection, four-wheel independent suspension, front disc brakes, etc., and is being hailed with the Honda Accord as a trail blazer into the brave new world of cars of the future. As part of the massive German automotive consortium of Volkswagen and Porsche, Audi shares numerous components with the larger VW concern and two cars, the Audi Fox and the Volkswagen Dasher, utilize the same fuel-injected, single-overhead-cam, 78-hp engine and transmissions (fourspeed manual and three-speed automatic), as well as most major body and suspension bits and pieces. Both cars recently have been tweaked up in terms of styling and interior appointments to enhance their \$6000 price tags.

If one is seeking basic transportation in front-drive form, the gritty, wildly styled Renault 5 (called Le Car only in America) is a willing candidate. This uncomplicated, 60-hp machine offers nofrills transport for four adults in a package that customers, many of them women, consider "cute," That is hardly the adjective one might apply to the Subaru DL, which compensates for its undistinguished styling with a growing reputation for reliability and durability and a reasonable base price of \$3868.

Styling that has received less than widespread acclaim is also considered by some to be a handicap for the wonderfully strong and durable Saab 99-a Swedish wonder that has used front drive exclusively since its beginnings several decades ago. The Saab is much revered in the snowbound mountains of the Northeast, where it has a reputation for winter mobility second only to crosscountry skis. Beneath its boxy exterior lies a husky single-overhead-camshaft, four-cylinder engine and an interior that has placed high priority on passenger comfort and safety. In its 115-hp EMS form and the exotic 135-hp Turbo option (almost \$10,000), the Saab 99 becomes a taut-handling sports coupe with surprising performance. Surprise might be the operative descriptive form for another front-drive sports coupe that is similar in concept. That is the Renault 17 Gordini, which for \$7000 is a sound bargain for one seeking a strong, solidperforming, four-place GT car. Like the Saab 99, it is well built and features a

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# Introducii the solution.

The low tar/low taste problem...solved! Camel Lights deliver the real satisfaction no other low tar cigarette can. But, then, no other low tar is a Camel.

It starts with a richer-tasting Camel blend.

Carefully formulated for low tar filter smoking. The result: a rich, rewarding, truly satisfying taste. Just 9 mg. tar.

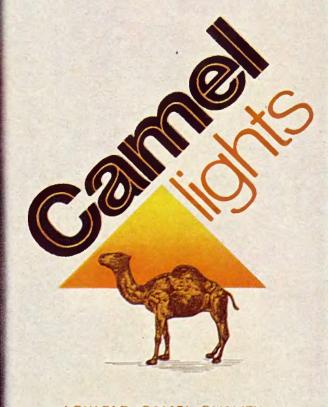
The name says it all. All the flavor and satisfaction that's been missing in low tar cigarettes.

This one delivers. Because this one's a Camel.

Put the solution in your hands.

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LOW TAR · CAMEL QUALITY

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

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# A QUICK COURSE IN FRONT-WHEEL DRIVING

when it's pull instead of push, there's a whole new set of ground rules

If you are the cautious type, chances are you can motor around in a front-wheel-drive car for years without the slightest problem. But if you consider yourself an undiscovered Mario Andretti and operate your car with a certain brio, you may be in for some surprises the first time you try to go quickly in a car that pulls instead of pushes. To the man who cares about high-performance cars and driving, front drive is both a blessing and a curse. Its benefits lie in excellent traction in mud, ice, snow, etc., and in superior straight-line stability; but it can be a handicap to the uninitiated when trying to whistle through corners with the same driving techniques employed in conventional rear-drive machinery.

The bugaboo is understeer. Because front-drive cars carry a majority of their mass-engine and transmission-in the nose, directly above the wheels that transmit the power to the road, they generate a driving phenomenon called understeer. Quite simply, this means that the front pair of wheels slides under cornering while the rear set maintains traction. (Oversteer is the opposite; the rear wheels slide while the fronts stay stuck.) Therefore, if one sails into a corner too quickly in a front-drive car, he will discover his front wheels sliding merrily straight ahead, regardless of how much he turns the steering wheel. If he recalls the old racing adage about powering your way out of trouble, he has guaranteed himself a trip into the weeds. To be sure, when driving a conventional reardrive automobile, a slide can easily be corrected by a bold jab of the throttle, but the same tactic with a front-drive machine will exacerbate an already nasty situation. More power will only make the front wheels slide more severely, thereby hastening one's departure off the road.

The conventional wisdom about cornering quickly with a front-drive car is to enter the turn with things completely under control and steadily apply power all the way through. Rear-drive cars can be "tossed" into a

corner at very high speeds and slid through with a combination of opposite lock steering (steering into the skid) and throttle applications; but the same actions with a front-drive machine will send it plowing smartly straight ahead and perhaps into the nearest tree. Yet if the car arrives at the corner with things in order-on the right line, with all braking completed and at the proper velocity-it can be whipped through with real speed and alacrity. The secret is smoothness. Braking, downshifting and getting the car on the right line must be completed in an orderly fashion before the apex of the corner comes up. Then the throttle can be opened, permitting the automobile to accelerate out of the corner. In a sense, a rear-drive car is more forgiving, because it permits power to be used as a safety factor. That is not so in front-drive machines (though some professional European rally drivers use simultaneous applications of throttle and brake to corner at incredible speeds, but that is an esoteric technique restricted to those aspiring to win the Monte Carlo Rally), which react to power much like polar bears do to BB guns-it only makes them crankier.

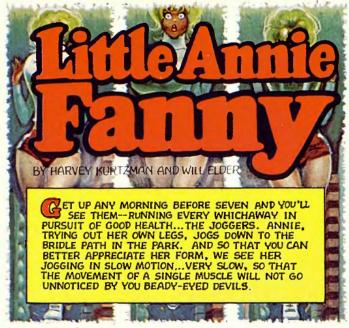
The solutions to massive understeer in a corner are threefold: (1) Stay off the throttle; (2) make light braking applications, being sure not to lock up the wheels; (3) engage in deep prayer that you will get things slowed down and under control before you run out of road. However, all of this can be avoided if you recall one thing: Your front-drive car loves to go straight-even when going around corners. Therefore, if you coax it into twists and bends at judicious speeds, you will delude it into thinking it is still running a straight line. Then after you have negotiated half the turn and open road lies ahead, you can jump back on the throttle, which will induce it to return to straightahead travel just as you exit the corner.

We call that mind over matter. Or good sense over understeer. four-cylinder, fuel-injected engine (pushrod type, 95 hp) that will pull the car down the road with relative silence and efficiency.

Driving a front-drive car by no means conjures up images of Oldfield manhandling his Christie, but subtle differences between it and a conventional rear drive remain. Because the weight is over the front wheels, some models without power-boosted steering retain heavy steering characteristics, especially at low speeds. Even with today's advanced suspension geometry, understeer lingers as a problem, though it has been severely reduced. And the old irritation of torque steer hangs on but does not reveal itself on most front drives unless really fast and hard driving is employed. A little experience with a front drive will develop a slightly different driving technique. Because the driving wheels pull instead of push, the car should be slowed down before entering a corner and power applied steadily as the turn is made. Too much speed in the corner will cause the car to plow ahead-unlike most rear-drive cars, which tend to spin their tails outward (oversteer) under the same conditions. (We have more to say about this in the accompanying box.) But in normal driving, it is impossible for a layman to tell the difference, except that he or she will notice that the front-drive car is less vulnerable to side winds, tracks straighter on freeways and, of course, has better traction on slippery surfaces.

There is no question that these handling bonuses, plus the aforementioned advantages of weight and size, are sending American manufacturers into a headlong development of front-wheel drive. By 1980, the Chevrolet Nova and its sister cars at Oldsmobile, Buick and Pontiac will be powered by front-drive V6s. Ford will replace its Pinto in 1981 with a front drive, and that is just the beginning. Some analysts believe that in a decade, all compact and intermediate cars as well as some of the larger, family-size machines built in Detroit will be front drive. By then, it is a certainty that the two big front drives from Detroit, the Cadillac Eldorado and the Oldsmobile Toronado, will be but dim memories. The new model year will see down-sized versions of the Eldorado and the Toronado, along with a front-drive scaleddown Buick Riviera.

But the best is yet to come. As fuel gets scarcer and more expensive, car builders will have to pull out all the stops in search of efficiency. The effort will be great, part of an expenditure of research and development that will cost Detroit over ten billion dollars. And you can be sure much of that effort will involve pull instead of push.









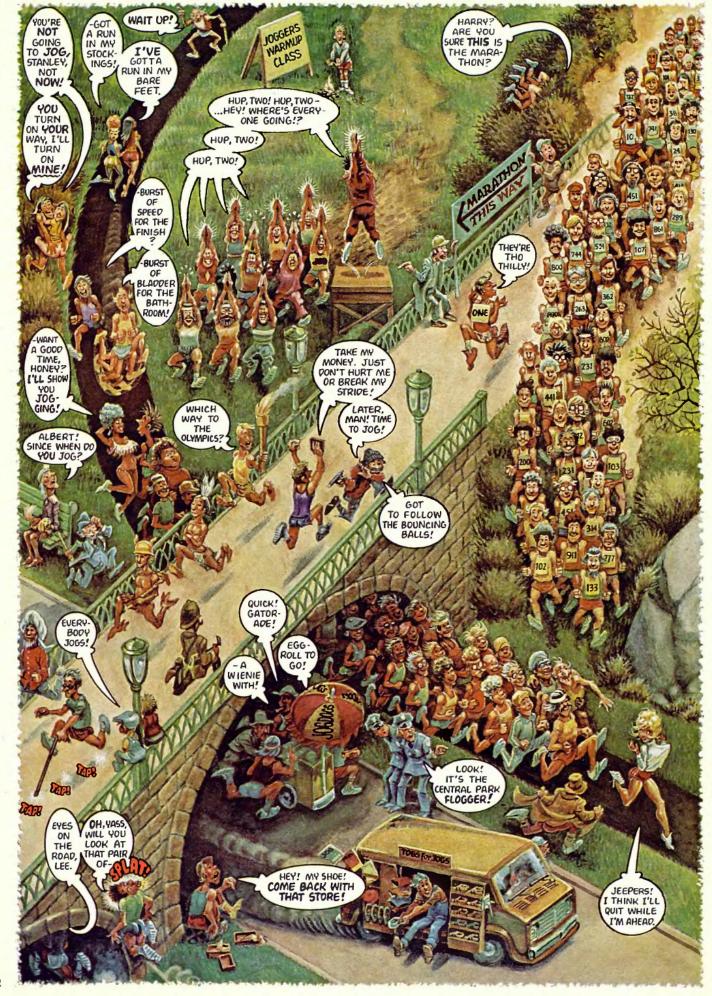








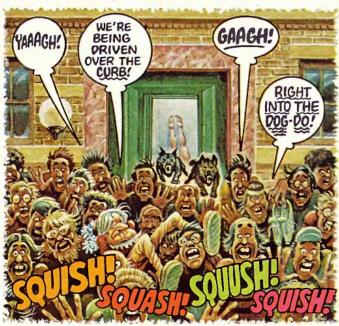










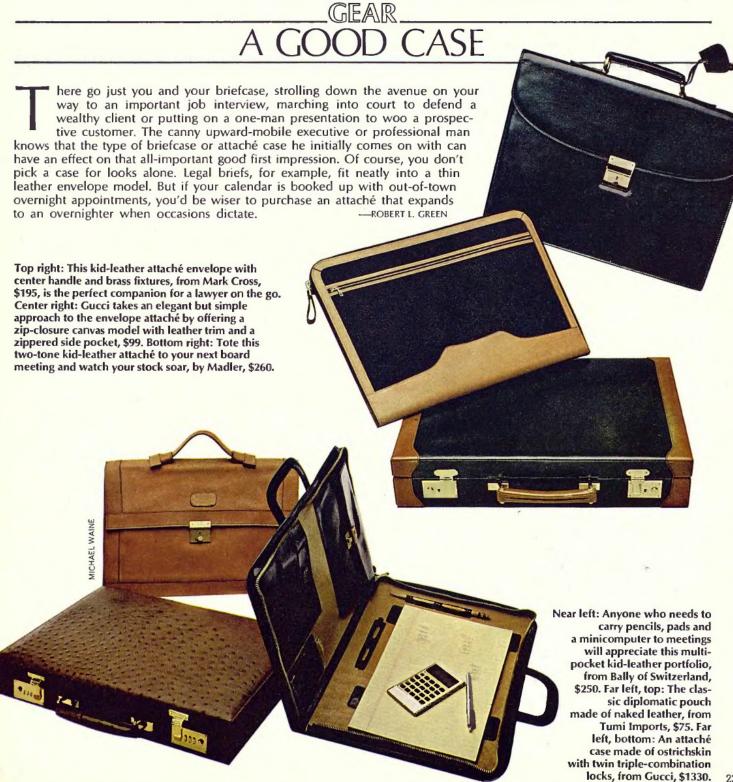












# SECOND-GENERATION SUPERCYCLES



Honda CBX: a cross between a Porsche and a MIG-25.



Yamaha XS Eleven: a touring bike with blood lust.



Suzuki GS 1000E: the best-handling multi of the decade.

raditionally, a flagship is the vessel that carries the commander of the fleet. In motorcycling, a flagship is the top-of-the-line bike that embodies stateof-the-art technology, that personifies the spirit and vision of a given corporation. A flagship motorcycle is not a mass-market compromise; it is a special creation for the select few who care enough to appreciate the ultimateeven when the ultimate is illegal in its country of origin. The national speed limit of Japan is 50 mph. It is against the law to sell a bike to the domestic market that displaces more than 750 c.c. Yet four major Japanese motorcycle firms are sending 1000-c.c. bikes to America. The firstthe KZ 1000 from Kawasaki-was crowned the King of Beasts (see PLAYBOY, May 1977). The three bikes shown here are the contenders to the throne. They all turn 11-second quarter miles and top end around 140 mph. The numbers may be the same, but the three bikes reach those numbers in distinctly different ways.

The Honda CBX (price not available at presstime) is designed to intimidate. Six cylinders, 24 valves, 103 bhp, 1047 c.c. You sit in a low-slung leather seat, grabbing black, swept-back I-beam handle bars, looking at an instrument panel that is laid out like the cockpit of a fighter plane. I rode one of the prototypes in California last April. The staff engineer of American Honda went along for security reasons. He was afraid the bike would fall into the wrong hands. (There was a rumor that the CBX was put together out of parts salvaged from the MIG-25 Foxbat that a Russian defector delivered to Japan. Already, Congress was debating how many to sell to the Arabs and the Israelis.) When we got to the studio, we had to spend 20 minutes cleaning rubber off the rear fender. Seems that someone (who shall remain anonymous) had gotten off by grabbing a fistful of brakes, revving the CBX to around 9000 with the clutch out, then letting go of the brakes. The result: a cloud of smoke and a hearty Hi-Yo holy shit!

The Yamaha XS Eleven (\$3249 suggested retail price) is also a scorcher at 1101 c.c. and 95 bhp. It does its 140 mph right in your driveway; wheelies in the first three gears, Arizona in fourth. A cycle magazine described the acceleration in terms of "May-the-Force-be-with-you thrust." The regal maroon fuel tank is the color of blood lust. Suddenly, you want to go fast, forever. (One team of editors took an XS Eleven out of the crate and rode it across country—in 59 hours.) The shaft drive is silky smooth and thirsty for concrete. At 5000 rpm, the engine hits a note that calls the whole world to attention. Riding down Sunset Boulevard, I thought I owned Beverly Hills.

The Suzuki GS 1000E: \$3199 suggested retail price, 997 c.c., 83 bhp. When a devout motorcyclist meditates on great rides of the past, he tends to edit out engine noise, vibration, wind, weight, the small, alarming wobbles as the bike enters a high-speed turn. All he remembers is velocity and a dream of mobility. Swooping down into a corner, I came out of that trance and found myself on the GS 1000E-Suzuki has captured that dream. The GS is quick, lithe, weightless. The best-handling multi of the year, the decade and maybe the century. I'd trust this bike with my life on any road in the country. I lent the GS 1000E to the Editorial Director of PLAYBOY. A couple of blocks later, I found him sitting on a curb, the bike parked in front of him on its side stand. "You run out of gas, boss? Stall?" He glanced up. "Nope. You can't look at it when you're riding. I just wanted to see what was producing the feeling

Gentlemen, choose your weapons.

was feeling."

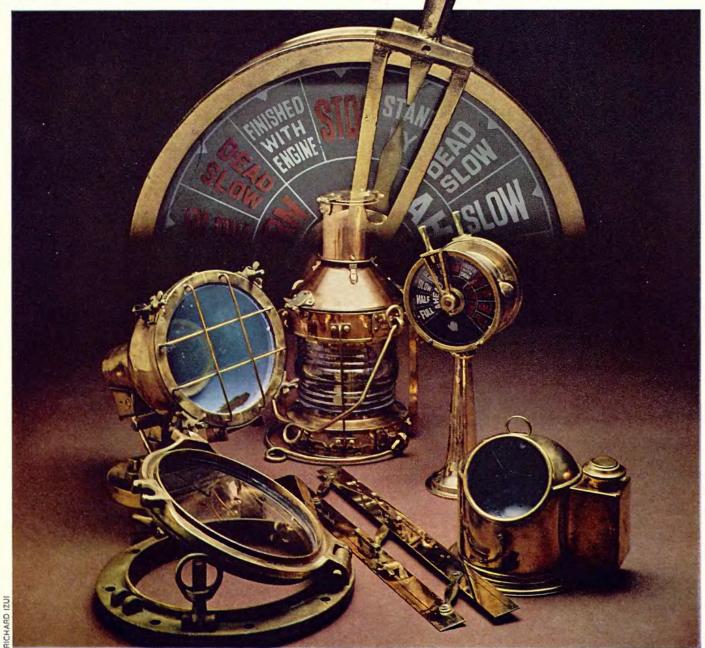
-JAMES R. PETERSEN

# BACK FROM THE SEA

hen men go down to the sea in ships, they want their portholes, running lamps, telegraphs and other nautical paraphernalia to withstand the ravages of wind, rain and, especially, salt water. This calls for brass, that traditional mariner's metal that looks terrific when polished. (And woe to any sailor who fails to keep his instruments and trim shipshape.) Several years ago, Arthur Court, of Arthur Court Designs-a San Francisco wholesaler/retailer of countless decorative exotica from elkhorn-and-glass cocktail tables to handsome rocks and shells-chanced upon a huge assortment of solid-brass seagoing relics languishing in a dockyard. He bought the

lot, cleaned everything up and thus added a line of nautical curiosa to his business. A number of stores around the country, including Dallas' Neiman-Marcus, liked the look; now Court constantly scouts the world's wrecking yards, and also purchases shiny new products that are just as massive and impressive as the antique items he finds. you do with this shiny flotsam And what can and jetsam? ship's teleto a bache-

Well, a 36-inch-high floor-model graph makes an amusing addition lor's bedroom, what with speeds cluding STAND BY, DEAD SLOW, FULL and on it in-WITH ENGINE. Ships' goodies ahoy, mates! FINISHED



Seven solid-brass Arthur Court relics of the sea. Clockwise from 12: a 36"-high floor-model ship's telegraph, about \$1800; part-copper old ship's running lamp that measures 181/2" x 13", about \$290; table-model ship's telegraph that stands 23" high, about \$290; a 9"-high lifeboat compass with a 4%"-diameter face, about \$230; Adelaide charting instrument that measures 24" x 11/2" and expands to 6" wide, about \$95, including a wooden gift box; glass-faced 10"-diameter porthole, about \$250; and an old German searchlight, about \$450; all from Neiman-Marcus.

### A Bird in Hand

MARK "THE BIRD" FIDRYCH, Detroit Tigers' ace right-hander, is one of baseball's most eccentric players and a terrific pitcher as well. He talks to the ball. He talks to himself. He sculpts the mound. He also keeps in close touch with his catcher, as this picture shows. What's The Bird's message here? Easy: How about a high hard one?

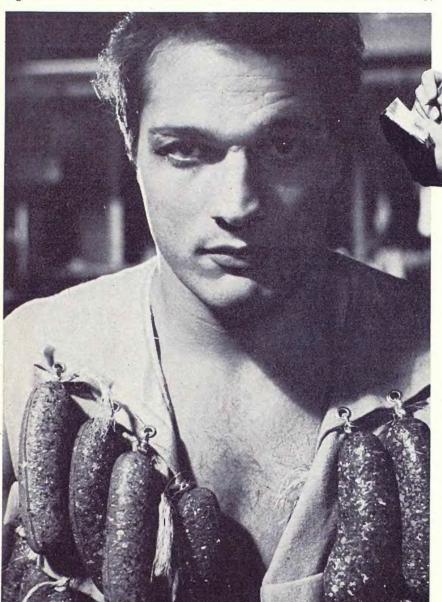
#### **Teen Angel**

Say hello to NASTASSJA KINSKI. She got her first movie role at the age of 13. She made six films, two for German television, and was awarded the "Otto" and the "Bambi" for her interpretations. When she was 14, Roman Polanski discovered her and flew her to the Seychelle Islands to photograph her for the French "Vogue." Now Nastassja's 17, absolutely beautiful and playing her first grown-up movie role in an Italian love story co-starring Marcello Mastroianni. Say goodbye to Nastassja Kinski. But just for now.



#### This Sandwich Ain't Nothin' but a Hero

Actor-boxer LEE CANALITO is here before you draped in salamis. Yes, we said salamis. Seems Canalito is portraying a boxer named Kid Salami in "Paradise Alley," which was written and directed by Salami—uh, Sylvester Stallone. Stallone is also starring in it. Do you think Sylvester would pose for pub shots with salamis draped around his neck? Not on your life. Enter Canalito. "Paradise Alley" will be premiering around Christmastime. Deck the halls with hard salami. But hold the mustard,



Is She or Isn't She?

We'll never know for sure. On the one hand, DEBBY BOONE is known to be a religious young woman of modesty. On the other hand, we know full well what those ABC producers tell the female contestants on "Battle of the Network Stars": "OK, team—now go out there and jiggle." But maybe they made an exception for Boone's recent appearance on that nonevent. After all, Poppa Pat made it without wiggling; maybe Debby can make it without jiggling.

#### Somers Time

Here is TV's hottest blonde again. We dusted off this poster of SUZANNE SOMERS from a December 1972 issue of our sister publication, "Oui," just to give our readers another look. Then we happened to see a press release from a magazine called "High Society," which boasted that this picture was going to be on its July cover and trumpeted something about "scooping the competition." If being nearly six years late constitutes a scoop, we'll take vanilla.



AUDREY CHIU / MICHELSON

#### PUT YOUR BALLS ON THE LINE

A new kind of occupational hazard has recently come to light-job-induced sterility. Workers at the Occidental Chemical Company in Lathrop, California, noticed that no one at the plant ever seemed to hand out cigars to celebrate the birth of a son or a daughter. Occidental was not a coven of Zero Population Growth fanatics, so the workers asked the union and the company to investigate. A fertility test revealed that the men had very low sperm counts and, in some cases, no sperm at all. A follow-up study isolated the culprit—a pesticide known as DBCP (dibromo-chloropane), Previous medical research had shown that exposure to DBCP would cause rat testicles to shrink, but that information had not been passed on to plant managers. Safety procedures did not take into account the effect of the chemical on human orgasms. Steps are now being taken to correct the situation. Those of you who have been putting off vasectomies might consider working for a chemical plant. Those of you who have been trying to have kids and haven't might do well to focus on your work environment.

#### PLAYMATE PACIFIER

In May, Sex News reported on an experiment that asked the scientific question "Do Blue Movies Make You See Red?" Researchers had found that X-rated flicks increase aggressiveness. but only if you are already angry. Now we have a postscript to that experiment. A group of psychologists at Iowa State University have discovered that if you take someone who is angry and show him a PLAYBOY centerfold, the experience will calm him down. Edward Donnerstein, the psychologist who devised the experiment, explains, "Mildly erotic photographs can inhibit aggression in a person who is angry before he looks at the magazine . . . the picture shifts the attention of these persons." Nothing like a little skin to soothe the savage beast. It's RICHARD IZUI



Porgy Orgy: Photographer Jim Shaw was patrolling Bhadgaon, near the legendary Katmandu, Nepal, when he stumbled on this strange scene. Either the three little pigs had been playing leapfrog and failed or they had discovered a novel way of making bacon.

only a matter of time before we put Valium out of business. The researchers discovered an odd reaction when they reversed the experiment—first showing the subjects a centerfold and then angering them. Young men who were crossed after looking at PLAYBOY became markedly more aggressive than those who weren't. The psychologists were at a loss to explain the response, but we think we know why: Anyone foolish enough to take away our copy of PLAYBOY before we're finished with it had better watch his ass.

#### DONALD DUCK DEPRAVED

Anybody wanna bust a duck? Donald Duck was recently accused of leading "a racy lifestyle" by the Helsinki Youth Committee, a group devoted to the moral upbringing of children in Finland. According to the Zodiac News Service, Donald was charged with several counts of suspicious behavior. Cited were the 50-year engagement to one Daisy Duck (profession unknown) and the uncertain parentage of the duck's nephews, Huey, Dewey and Louie. The Anita Bryant contingent of the Youth Committee also pointed out Donald's odd habit of going bare-bottomed in a

sailor suit. Hans Von Storch, a West German mathematics teacher, came to Donald's aid as a character witness. Von Storch claims that a perusal of the duck's life in art will show that Donald never drinks, smokes, takes drugs or has sex with Daisy. Now, that's deprayed.

#### IS THIS COVERED BY BLUE CROSS?

Remember the nurse in Deep Throat? How sexy she looked in that nice white uniform, and out of it? Sorry we brought it up. Current research indicates that the stereotype of the sexy nurse is not based on fact. Sanford A. Weinstein and Kathleen Borok compared the sexual attitudes of 30 nurses with those of 30 female students at .New York University. The two groups were asked to agree or disagree with such statements as "A woman is an easy mark and shows a lack of morality if she consents to sexual intercourse on a first date." "A woman's use of sexual aids is abnormal and should not be resorted to." There was no significant difference between the scores of the nurses and the scores of the students. Conclusion: We will have to re-evaluate our stereotype of nurses. Or students.









# The perfect Margarita. Open The Club and you've got it made.



Mix one part each: The Aztec Pyramids, Emiliano Zappata and beaches of Acapulco and you've got a classic. The Margarita. Or, better yet, help yourself to The Club Margarita. It's the true flavor of Mexico. Jose Cuervo® Tequila, Triple Sec and a hint of lime. Just like all The Club cocktails, it's perfect. But you expect that. We've mixed more drinks than anyone else in the world. For you we leave the easy part.

the easy part.

Open The Club and you've got it made.

The Club
Cocktails since 1875.



#### **NEXT MONTH:**





ARTHUR REX



DRACULA CDUNTRY



"THE GREAT AMERICAN ROLLER COASTER"—WE MAY BE BECOMING A NATION OF JUNKIES. IN "DOCTORS AND DRUGS," WE LEARN FROM JAMES MC KINLEY HOW THE BIG PHARMA-CEUTICAL HOUSES HAVE CREATED A LOT OF STUFF WE DON'T NECESSARILY NEED; ARTHUR STICKGOLD'S "STREET-WISE" GIVES US A LOOK AT WHAT'S OUT THERE AND HOW GOOD—OR BAD—IT IS; AND A COMPREHENSIVE DRUG CHART, LISTING THE USES AND MISUSES OF COMMON MOOD-ALTERING SUBSTANCES

"WHAT DOES 'GOOD IN BED' MEAN?"—WE ASKED THAT QUESTION OF A LOT OF CELEBRITIES, INCLUDING CHEVY CHASE, CHERYL TIEGS AND RODNEY DANGERFIELD, AND GOT SOME PRETTY SURPRISING ANSWERS

SYLVESTER STALLONE TALKS ABOUT HIS KLUTZY YOUTH, ROCKY'S GIFT OF INSTANT STARDOM, HIS PROBLEMS WITH F.I.S.T., HIS ON-AGAIN MARRIAGE AND HIS PLANS FOR ROCKY II IN A FUNNY, OUTSPOKEN PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"ARTHUR REX"—SIR GAWAINE, EN ROUTE TO BATTLE THE GREEN KNIGHT, FACES CARNAL CHALLENGES, IN THIS DELIGHT-FUL NEW WORK BY LITTLE BIG MAN AUTHOR THOMAS BERGER

"SPOOKS"—ALL ABOUT THE TRAINING GROUND FOR WATER-GATE. IT'S BIG OIL, RICHARD NIXON AND THE CIA AGAINST ARISTOTLE ONASSIS. AN EXCLUSIVE ACCOUNT OF INTERNATIONAL HANKY-PANKY—BY JIM HOUGAN

"DRACULA COUNTRY"—AN ILLUSTRATED TOUR OF TRANSYL-VANIA, ON THE TRAIL OF THE BLOODTHIRSTY COUNT, BY BELA LUGOSI BUFF GAHAN WILSON

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"-OUR MAN'S WELL-EDUCATED GUESSES ABOUT THE FORTHCOMING COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL SEASON—BY ANSON MOUNT

"GIRLS OF THE PAC 10"-A CLOSE LOOK AT THE LOVELIES WHO INSPIRE THE GRIDIRON GREATS OF THE FAR WEST

"RUNAWAY FAVORITES"—WHAT YOU PUT ON YOUR FEET WON'T NECESSARILY MAKE YOU ANOTHER BRUCE JENNER, BUT THE RIGHT SHOES MIGHT HELP. HERE'S A SNEAKER PREVIEW

"SEX AND THE TRIPLE ZNAR-FICHI"—SO YOU THINK YOU HAVE PROBLEMS SCORING IN A SINGLES BAR? WAIT TILL YOU DISCOVER A WORLD WITH SIX SEXES, SCI FI WITH A SATIRICALLY SENSUOUS TWIST—BY ARTHUR ROSCH

# The Lancia concept. Performance as a function of design.

In achieving the basic transportation purpose of an automobile, Lancia engineers and designers have worked since 1906 to make road performance an integral part of basic design. Over the years, Lancia has scored one racing victory after another. Today, Lancia performance means rack and pinion steering, twin overhead cam engine, fully independent suspension, front wheel drive and power assisted four-wheel disc brakes. One test drive will convince you Lancia is exceptional.



