

TAKES YOU UP AND DOWN - WITH A NEW VERSION OF THE FAMOUS PLAYBOY DRUG CHART

GAHAN WILSON VISITS DRACULA COUNTRY

WHAT DOES
"GOOD IN BED"
MEAN?

COLLEGE
FOOTBALL
PREDICTIONS
FROM THE
COUNTRY'S
TOP FORECASTER

WAS "ROCKY"
A FLUKE?
A KNOCKOUT
INTERVIEW WITH
SLY STALLONE

SPYING AND LYING
ON THE ROAD TO
WATERGATE:
HOW NIXON,
THE CIA AND BIG
OIL GANGED UP ON
ARISTOTLE ONASSIS



Who needs the accuracy of Technics quartz-locked, direct-drive turntables? Professionals do. That's why radio stations use them and discos abuse them.

Now you can get all the accuracy of our professional turntables with the SL-1301 fully automatic and the SL-1401 semi-automatic, our new quartz-locked, direct-drive turntables. Accuracy like wow and flutter of only 0.025% WRMS, rumble of –78 dB (DIN B) and speed drift within 0.002%. That's professional accuracy.

How did our engineers achieve it? They started with a Technics hetero-pole, direct-drive motor. Next, they combined the functions of over 1,100 discrete circuit components into 3 IC chips, the same IC's found in our professional turntables. In one of these IC's you'll find the most reliable speed-reference device ever used in a turntable: A frequency generator quartz oscillator.

To dramatically reduce annoying acoustic feed-back, both the SL-1301 and SL-1401 take advantage of Technics unique double isolated suspension system. One suspension damps out vibration from the base while the other absorbs vibrations from the platter and tonearm.

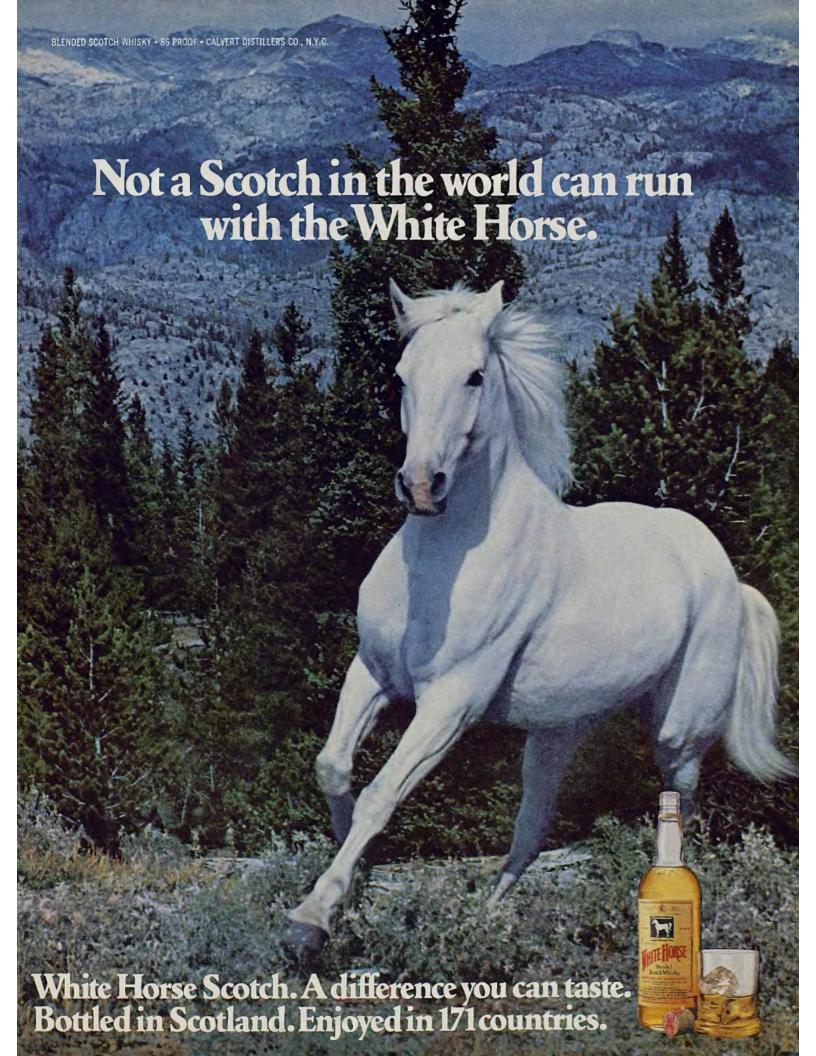
At the same time, Technics computer-analyzed, gimbal suspended S-shaped tonearm reduces friction to a mere 7 mg while it greatly increases tracking sensitivity.

The SL-1301 and the SL-1401. Both give you the accuracy of our professional turntables. With one big difference, the price.

Technics

There are few differences between our professional turntables and these quartz-locked turntables. Accuracy isn't one of them.





PLAYBILL

WHETHER YOU DROP, pop, snort, toke, tipple or shoot, chances are you have taken or will take some kind of drug today. Because, whether it's Quaaludes, coffee or coke, ingesting drugs is more the national pastime than either football or baseball. Few can resist the temptations offered by body- and mind-altering agents. Even fewer take the time to find out what those substances do to their systems. To that end, we offer a series of highly informative articles on the subject.

Drugs '78 looks at the state of the stone in America and includes a comprehensive chart on the major drugs now in use and their effects. From there, we take you to the major sources: the dealer and the doctor. Arthur Stickgold covers the former in Street-Wise, a guide to what's being passed in the shadows, and James McKinley probes the medical-industrial complex in The Pusher in the Gray-Flannel Suit. Uppers & Downers, on the flip side of the drug chart, gathers together some of the cultural fallout. (The package was put together by Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen and checked out by Copy Department Researchers Marsha Morgan and Marcy Marchi.) It ain't all pretty, so read it while you're straight.

Then return with us to the Fabulous Fifties, when, if Ike parred the back nine, all was right with the world. Or was it? Jim Hougan tells us even then the roots of Watergate were beginning to take hold. Multinational corporations were on the rise and they employed any and all means to keep it that way, including corporate spies, Government spies and various free-lance spies. The Plot to Wreck the Golden Greek is what this particular caper was all about. (It's excerpted from Spooks, to be published by William Morrow.) Award-winning artist Harvo Miyauchi illustrates it.

PLAYBOY's favorite macabre cartoonist, Gahan Wilson, took a vacation recently. Passing up the obvious lure of Death Valley, he opted for Transylvania, Dracula Country, where he visited the castle of the no-account count. Granted, it's not our usual kind of travel piece, but, hell, Wilson does his own illustrations. (Wilson's latest book of cartoons, . . . And Then We'll Get Him, has been published by Richard Marek.)

On the fiction shelf, you'll find two flights of fancy to curl up with. Arthur Rex, by Thomas Berger, author of Little Big Man and a campus cult figure, recalls the days of singing swords and swinging knights in this excerpt from the book of the same title to be published by Delacorte. Frank Frazetta, probably the most revered of our contemporary fantastic artists, painted the, well, fantastic illustration. In our second offering, Arthur Rosch goes out of this world for his Sex and the Triple Znar-Fichi. It's about a planet with six sexes. And you thought we had problems!

Anson Mount, our peerless prognosticator, deserves at least a locomotive for putting together Playboy's Pigskin Preview. A word to the wise: It's usually safer to bet with him.

Lawrence Linderman has done so many Playboy Interviews he's got calluses on his rewind finger. This month, he takes on the head man of Rocky and F.I.S.T., Hollywood's newest "hunk," Sylvester Stallone. Linderman went the distance.

Remember the ads in comic books that offered various devices to make you a hit at parties? Well, we've got our own version in How to Impersonate Steve Martin, put together by two of our resident zanies, Associate Editor John Blumenthal and Assistant Photo Editor Michael Berry (the bozo in the pix).

Oh, yes, the girls. Almost forgot. We scoured the Pacific Coast for this best-in-the-West collection of Girls of the Pac 10. (It's a two-parter. Tune in next month for more of the same.) Then we went to Jamaica (via Hollywood) for September Playmate Rosanne Katon, an actress by trade, who gave photographer Mario Casilli a rum for his money. Oh, well, daylight come and we wan' go home.







BERGER







FRAZETTA

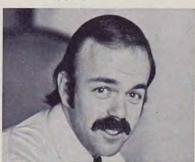
WILSON





HOUGAN





MOUNT

LINDERMAN







PLAYBOY

vol. 25, no. 9-september, 1978

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COVER STORY

Michelangelo she's not, but New York model Sue Paul painted us up proud, anyway, on a set designed by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler. It was produced by New York Photography Editor Hollis Wayne. The vision in white, orange and pink was shot by J. Frederick Smith, and when we say pink, we mean the color.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor
SEX AND THE TRIPLE ZNAR-FICHI—fiction ARTHUR ROSCH 136 If you think life is rough with only two sexes, imagine what it's like when there are six.
PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—sports
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GIRLS OF THE PAC 10—pictorial
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MAJOR DRUGS: THEIR USES AND EFFECTS
UPPERS & DOWNERS
PUSHER IN THE GRAY-FLANNEL SUIT—article JAMES McKINLEY 165 Drug companies and doctors have a way of putting a lot more things into your system than you need or can handle.
STREET-WISE—article
HOW TO IMPERSONATE STEVE MARTIN—humor
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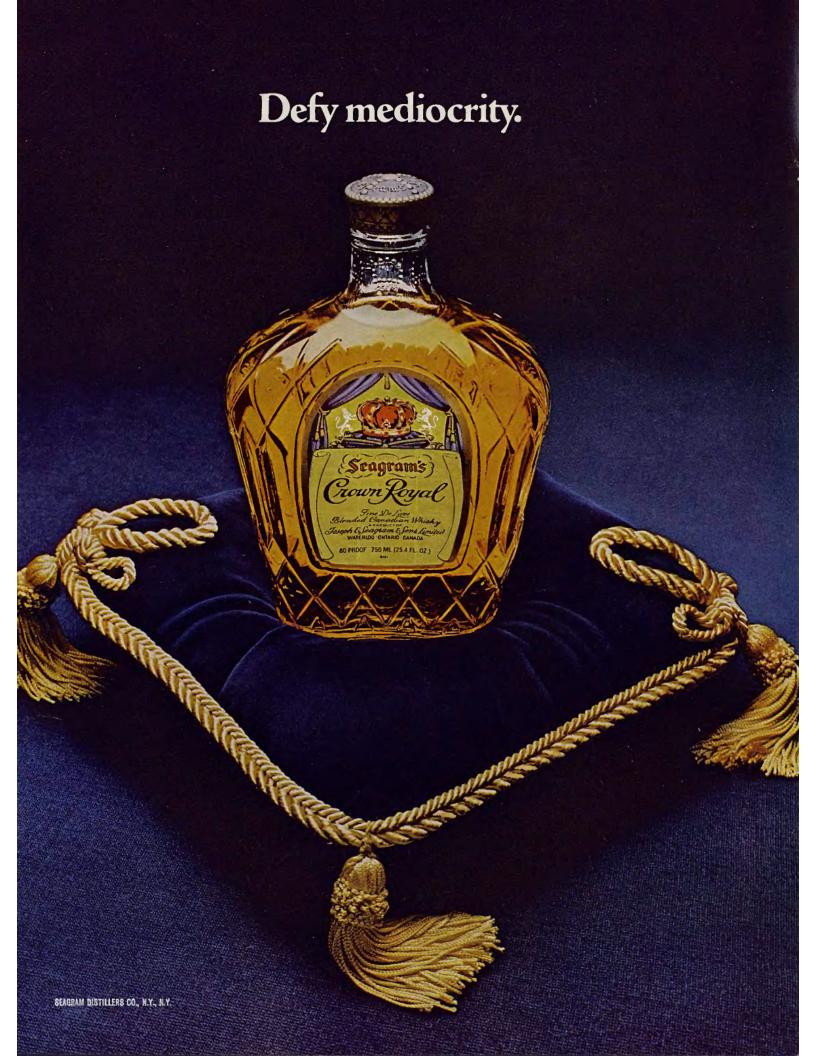
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DERICK J. DANIELS president

Indulge in casual Dex.



Showales to America

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



BAHAMAS WELCOME PLAYBOY

A contingent of British and Bahamian Bunnies greets Hugh M. Hefner on his arrival in the Bahamas for the opening of the Playboy Casino at Nassaupresenting him with a rabbit-eared straw hat. The grand-opening festivities drew celebrity guests from the fields of music (Cy Coleman, Mabel Mercer and Dionne Warwick), journalism (Rex Reed) and film (Lynn Redgrave), as well as top Bahamian officials: Prime Minister Lynden O. Pindling, Deputy Prime Minister A. D. Hanna and Gaming Board Chairman Perry Christie. The casino, the first opened in the Bahamas since 1967, is owned by the local government's Hotel Corporation and operated by a Playboy Clubs International subsidiary under the direction of Victor Lownes, PCI President. It is located in the Ambassador Beach Hotel.

Below, Marguerite Pindling, wife of the prime minister, cuts the ribbon symbolizing the formal opening of the Playboy Casino. Looking on are Hefner, Prime Minister Pindling (in front of roulette wheel) and PCI President Victor Lownes.





Among the notables at the opening: Sondra, Hef, Mabel Mercer and British actress Lynn Redgrave. The Hefner party, which flew in by private jet, also enjoyed a fishing excursion while in the Bahamas.



At left, jazz great Cy Coleman, composer of Playboy's Theme and a slew of other top tunes, reminisces with another all-time stellar musician, singer Mabel Mercer, who wowed keyholders in the earliest days of the Playboy Club in Chicago. At right, Playmate Sondra Theodore and Hefner talk with singing star Dionne Warwick, who was headliner for the casino-opening show.



Playboy's Bahamian casino, which is already being enlarged, opened with an initial setup of 19 tables offering patrons a choice of blackjack, craps, roulette, baccarat and Big-6, together with 80 slot machines. The staff includes a number of British Bunnies who are employed as croupiers.





ON LOCATION AT GREAT GORGE

Apparently, everybody likes the Playboy Resort & Country Club at Great Gorge, New Jersey, as a shooting location. At left, Great Gorge Bunnies lend support to the members of Playboy's 1978 Preview All-America Team as they pose for their portrait (see this month's *Pigskin Preview*). In the two shots below, members of the cast of the forthcoming Paramount release *King of the Gypsies take a break between scenes being filmed on Playboy's New Jersey property.* Hot young star Brooke (*Pretty Baby*) Shields is pursued by representatives of the media (below left), while fellow stars Shelley Winters and Sterling Hayden (below) crack up.





DOUBLE EXPOSURE

PLAYBOY's identical twin Beaudet sisters (right) are interviewed by host Charlie Rose on the AM Chicago television program; the subject of the day's discussion was, you guessed it, identical twins. According to a reliable source, that's Kathy Beaudet Miro, Copy Department Secretary, at left; Patty Beaudet, Assistant Picture Editor, on the right.



EX-BUNNY MARCY HANSON ROLLS ON TV

The liveliest (we'd be prejudiced if we said loveliest) of the Rollergirls on the recent NBC-TV series was prospective Playmate Marcy Hanson (above), whom habitués of the St. Louis Playboy Club will recognize as a former Bunny there. Marcy has been linked romantically of late with ex-pro football great Joe Namath and with rock singers Rod Stewart and Keith Moon.



OUI HAS A PARTY

Valentino come back to life? No, just PLAYBOY Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer dipping with Arlene Cramer, wife of Oui Editor Richard Cramer, at a Mansion West party celebrating Oui's move to Los Angeles. Below, host Hefner talks with guests Carol Connors (whose song Someone's Waiting for You won an Oscar nomination) and Josh Taylor of Days of Our Lives.





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

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

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

Alka-Seltzer Oh, what a relief it is!

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NO GONG FOR HEF'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Seems as if every year Hugh M. Hefner's close friends try to outdo themselves in planning a bigger and better birthday bash for PLAYBOY's founder. This year's version, honoring Hef's 52nd, was a take-off on television's outrageous Gong Show. Those who daringly risked being gonged for their onstage routines included the guest of honor himself, who stopped the show with a socko closing rendition of Thank Heaven for Little Girls. At right, scorekeeper Sivi Aberg, a member of the cast of the real Gong Show, introduces Sheila Culp and Sondra Theodore to the audience as well as panelists Hefner, actor Peter Lawford and comedian Alan Kent.





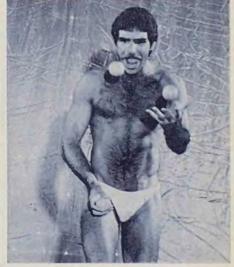
Swinging into action, Sheila and Sondra do their thing: a lively dance-hall-girl routine (left). Leading the applause were Sheila's spouse, actor Robert Culp, and Hef. At right, Hefner greets horror-film star Christopher Lee, who was recently revealed to be Muhammad Ali's favorite movie actor. At least that's what Ali told a press conference at the Cannes Film Festival. Why? "Because I liked him in Dracula . . . and because he bit me on the neck once." Ali didn't make Hef's party, but such notables as director Richard Brooks, actors David Janssen and Hugh O'Brian, singer Mel Torme did.



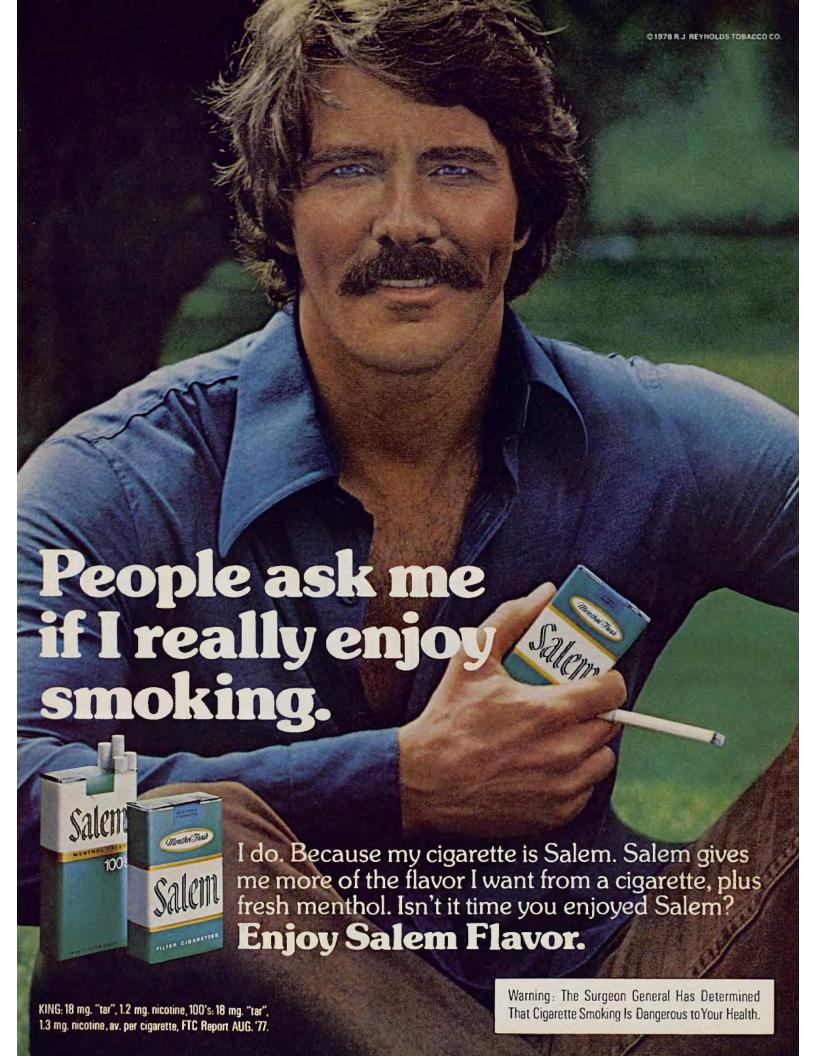


Above, partygoers crowd onto the stage for the grand finale, as Hefner and his pal Lee Wolfberg, who was the person principally to blame for this event, are showered with confetti and balloons. Maybe they were lucky; it could have been tomatoes.





We knew James Caan could play the guitar (see World of Playboy, March), but the saxophone? We won't be surprised to hear someday soon that Jimmy has started a one-man band. Above, premier porn performer Harry Reems appears to have taken up a new career: juggling, er, balls.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: DAINA HOUSE ONSCREEN IN FONDA MOVIE

Miss January 1976, Daina House (below), appears as Celeste, a young prostitute (below right), in *The Great Smokey Roadblock*, formerly titled *The Last of the Cowboys*. The film stars Henry Fonda as Elegant John, an ailing, independent trucker who is reduced to stealing his own rig when he gets behind on the payments. Trying for one last run across

the U. S., Elegant John meets up with an old flame, now a madam (Eileen Brennan), and her six young hookers, who also must high-tail it out of town; the ladies of the evening and the trucker join forces in a contemporary Western.







PLAYBOY ARTICLE LANDS ON BROADWAY

Actor-director Peter Masterson was reading the April 1974 issue of PLAYBOY backstage when he came across an article titled The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, written by Larry L. King. "Might just make a musical," he mused. "A musical?" asked King, when invited to collaborate. The verdict, rendered by theater critics four years later, is a resounding yes. The play by the same name is now a Broadway hit and may soon be a movie.





CHRISTIE PITCHES IN FOR TV AUCTION

Among celebrity guests serving as volunteer pitchpersons for WTTW, Chicago's public-television station, during its Auction '78 was Playboy Enterprises' Vice-President Christie Hefner (above center). This year's event surpassed WTTW's \$500,000 goal in 65 hours of on-the-air appeals, down from 86 in 1977.

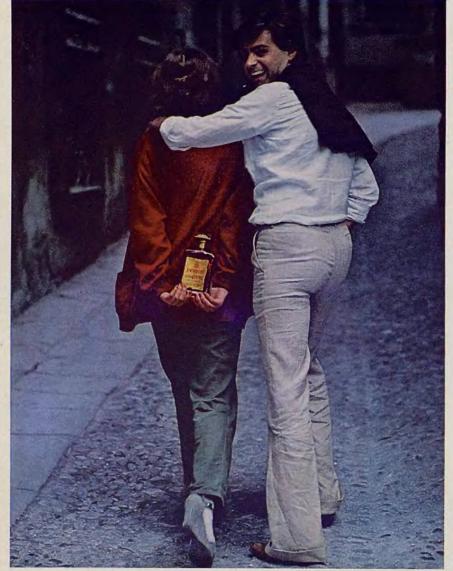
DRUMMIN' AND DANCIN'

Country crooner Don Drumm (right), familiar to Playboy Towers Bar patrons, has a new LP, Bedroom Eyes (Churchill). The title song hit the C&W top 20. After a smash run at the L.A. Club, Jeff Kutash's The Dancin' Machine (below) played to packed houses in the Chicago Playboy Club. The disco-dancing troupe has a network TV show, as well as a Chicago return engagement, in the works.





In Saronno, all we think about



is love.

For it was here that Amaretto, the drink of love, began 450 years ago. When a beautiful young woman created an extraordinary liqueur for the man of her heart. To be known for the way you make love in Italy...believe us, that is no small matter.

So here in Saronno, we do not fool around with love. We still make Amaretto di Saronno as we have for centuries. We allow the flavor to develop until it is soft and full. We take our time—can love be hurried?

Sip it as it is, on the rocks, in a mixed drink. Just bear in mind: only Amaretto di Saronno is *originale*. There are other amarettos you can buy. But true love comes only from Saronno.



Love-On-The-Rocks.
Just pour a little over ice. Salute! For free drink and food recipe booklets, write: Dept. 46, Foreign Vintages, Inc., 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021.



Amaretto di Saronno. Originale. From the Village of Love.



THE LEAST REMARKABLE THING

THE NEW front dires. Rosteering RABBIT DIESEL IS 53 MPG H'WAY, 40 MPG CITY.

winds and rotten weather.

Frontdisc brakes. Radial tires. Rack-and-pinion steering. Breathless cor-

nering.

Do we still sound like an economy car? If so, you're ready for remarkable thing # 2:

More room for people than 40 other cars.

You've read it right, friends.
According to the EPA esti-

mates the new Rabbit Diesel gets the highest mileage of any car in America. (Of course, mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and your car's condition.)

But if by chance you're looking for more, read on. Because the most astonishing news about our economy car isn't the economy. It's the car.

Remarkable thing #1: eye-opening performance.

Are you the kind of person who gets a thrill out of zipping from 0 to 50 in a mere 11.5 seconds? Well, thanks to an efficient use of aerodynamics and weight, you'll be ecstatic in a Rabbit. In fact, it's already set 31 world records for Diesels.

You'll also be thrilled to know the 1978 Rabbit comes with such things as an "independent stabilizer rear axle" which manages to combine the stable tracking of a rigid rear axle with the smoothness of an independent suspension.

"Negative steering roll radius" which helps maintain directional stability even in the event of a front-tire blowout.

"Front-wheel drive" for better tracking, especially in high

A Volkswagen Rabbit looks smaller than other cars, right?

But inside, our engineers cleverly devoted 87% of the interior to functional room.

Open the trunk and (believe it or not!) there's more luggage space than a Cadillac Seville.

Fold down the rear seat and (amazingly!) there's almost as much luggage space as some station wagons.

Then open the door. Your eyes don't deceive you. There's more people space than Chevy Monza, Datsun 510, Pinto Wagon and 37 other cars you could buy.

But wait. While you have the door open, notice remarkable thing #3; a stroke of sheer genius:

The seat belts actually put themselves on.

No fumbling about on the floor trying to find them.

No mumbling about what a pain normal seat belts are.

It's like magic.

Just close the door and they're on.

This type of passive restraint system will be mandatory in 1984. And only a Model "L" Rabbit has it now.

Another stroke of genius: a cooling fan with brains.

When it's freezing out and a fan isn't needed, our cooling fan knows enough to shut itself off. (That saves you noise and energy.)

When it's boiling out, our cooling fan has the good sense to keep running even after the car is shut off. (Because that's an important time to protect your engine against overheating.) Then it automatically stops when the engine is cooled off.

Last but least, a word about money.

Happily, all Rabbits are frugal when it comes to money.

The problem is, which Rabbit should you buy?

A gas-powered Rabbit – which is a wonderful car to beain with.

Or a Rabbit Diesel — which costs about \$200 more than our "C" and "L" gas models.

What do you get for \$200? For one thing, diesel fuel costs about 10¢ a gallon less than gasoline.

For another, a diesel engine never needs a major tune-up. Because there are no sparkplugs, points, condensers, or carburetors to tune.

All this, and great mileage,

A tough choice, to be sure.

But then, a Rabbit is the only car in its class that gives you a choice at all.

What could be more remarkable than that?

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



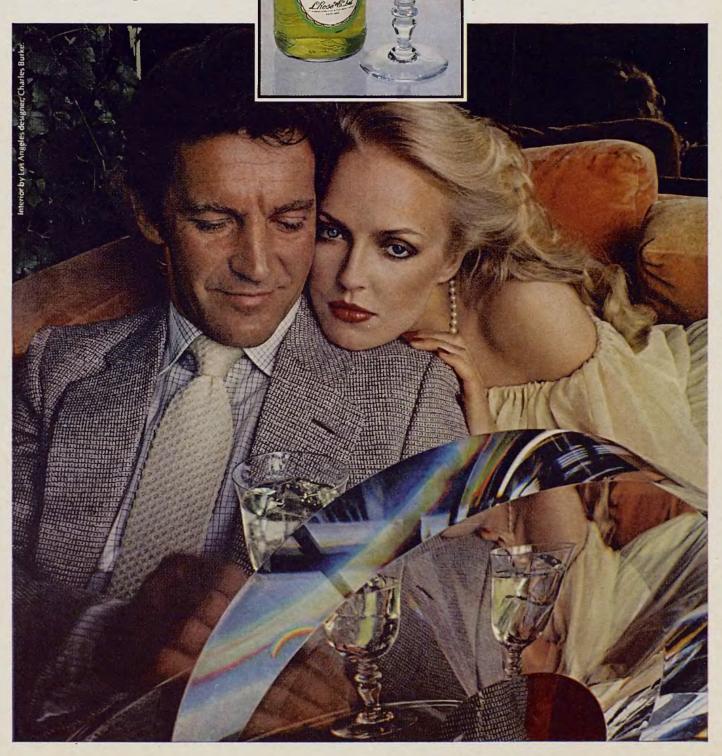
The Rose's Gimlet. Four parts vodka, one part elegance.

The elegance, of course, is Rose's Lime Juice. Which is the essential ingredient for turning any vodka into the most elegant of cocktails.

That's because Rose's Lime Juice has an uncanny way of stimulating the taste of vodka, gin or light rum without overasserting itself.

To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Tonight, try the Rose's Gimlet. It's made with elegance. To make you feel elegant whenever you have it.





DEAR PLAYBOY

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

WHO'S ON TOP?

In response to Sharon O'Hara's article titled *Getting Any?* (PLAYBOY, June), I heard an appropriate saying the other day while in class in my school of architecture: "Do it with an architect; we have lead in our pencils."

(Name withheld by request) Lafayette, Louisiana

Your article Getting Any?, particularly your discussion of the sexual attractiveness of bartenders, is of great interest to us. A survey of graduates from our 22 schools nationwide provides a viewpoint from the other side of the bar: Male bartenders seem to prefer women who are moderate tippers. Heavy tippers appear desperate. With light tippers, they tend to feel "Stingy with money . . . stingy with love. . . ." Women who are light drinkers will do best of all with the alcohol dispensers. Many of our graduates are women. They report a preference for the male customer who is mildly flirtatious yet respectful. They're tending bar to make money and don't want to be harassed. The pits is the drunken guy who can't take a hint.

> David C. Hart Professional Bartenders School Detroit, Michigan

I have never read a better article in PLAYBOY than your Getting Any? in the June issue. As a senior counselor (over 50 years in practice), I can confirm your astute conclusion of how fortunate it is to be a Chicago lawyer.

Philip E. Ringer Chicago, Illinois

AGELESS BURNS

In regard to the June 1978 interview with George Burns, I must say that it is the most enjoyable piece of writing I've read in a long time. Upon buying an issue of PLAYBOY, I usually skim the entire contents briefly, with special atten-

tion paid to the photography. However, the issue with George Burns, the young aspiring actor, grand comedian and, maybe someday, a singer, proved a dramatic turn. I started at page 85, never stopped till page 106 and had a wonderful time. Then I wrote this. I still haven't seen the Playmate of the Year yet.

George Barnett Newport Beach, California

Your interview with George Burns never does reveal his exact age. I would like to know.

> Troy Z. Douglas Archer City, Texas

See letter below.

Hurrah for George Burns! While reading this classic interview, I could actually hear his voice. Is it possible he really is God? An amazing man—one we all should emulate. If Jack Benny was 39, God is 25....

Gerald W. Thompsen Honolulu, Hawaii

It is a great interview, I didn't know him before I saw him in *The Sunshine Boys* and, in one way, it was a shock, because a great actor like George Burns had been ignored by the movie people for such a long time. Now I can hardly wait to go out and see him as God.

Leo Lafortune Cowansville, Quebec

PUSHED TOO FAR

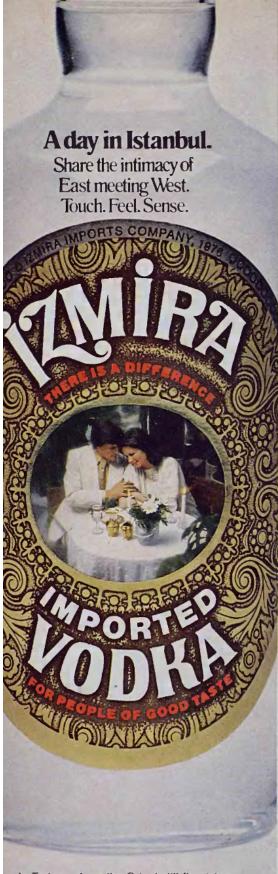
Loved every word of Craig Vetter's articles. His first four stunts proved his courage. His Acapulco experience (*The Cliff Dive*, PLAYBOY, June) proved his courage and—thank God—his intelligence.

Jim Everroad Columbus, Indiana

Oh, Lord, won't you please give me the chances Craig Vetter had? I'll do all

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those things he did and dive off the cliffs at Acapulco. I'll write about my experiences and not ask for a cent. Lord, just give me a chance. That Vetter doesn't know what a thrill he missed.

Brian Hamilton Portland, Oregon

I must admit I admire Craig Vetter a great deal more after reading his last (?) story, The Cliff Dive. I knew previously that he was a good writer and nervy as hell, but now I know he's also a good head.

John L. Kickham Brem, Washington

So Vetter couldn't make the big jump. That's OK, though, he did all right on the ice wall.

> Robert Scott Caraway Albuquerque, New Mexico

I admire Vetter for his courage in refusing to be locked into the self-destructive role demanded of him by his readers and editors. I also despise him for refusing to perform the only stunt in the series that involved more than an illusory risk. You can't have it both ways.

James C. Butzbach Oakland, California

Your series *Pushed to the Edge* is an epic! It gives us an insight into fear and the thinking process.

Mike Speed Demopolis, Alabama

HOWLING AT THE MOONS

Your Moons in June pictorial (PLAYBOY, June) omits two Playmates who possess the best-looking bottoms of any girls who have graced your centerfold: Sharon Clark (August 1970) and Kristine Hanson (September 1974).

Fred James Encino, California

Wonderful little feature, *Moons in June*. But it should have been a few pages longer.

(Name withheld by request) El Sobrante, California

I am sorry to say that in 1974 I was not yet one of your readers. If I had been, I would have more pictures of Cyndi Wood. Miss Wood has the sexiest rear I have ever seen.

Eric Grindron New York, New York

Moons in June is great! It's about time you showed us the beautiful backside of Denise Michele! You've kept us all in suspense for over two years.

K. Keller Greenville, Ohio

Two Playmates deserving of a backward glance are not included in your line-up. Susan Kiger and Sondra Theodore possess the most beautiful buns of any Playmates I've seen to date. Am I alone in this opinion?

> Steve Crouse Raleigh, North Carolina

I've told you once and now I'm going to tell you again. Playmate Nicki Thomas has got the nicest butt I've ever seen. Your *Moons in June* is great; keep up the good work.

William Reida Omaha, Nebraska

PLAYMATE PROTEST

Walking by the Carolina Inn on April sixth, I couldn't help but notice that the Columbia Chapter of NOW was protesting your presence, apparently to interview potential Playmates. Does that happen often?

Robert Robinson Columbia, North Carolina

Who counts, Bob? All four of the protesters had something to say, but we've never before been subjected to



this kind of song parody broadside. Frankly, we liked the original words to this 1927 Yellen-Ager golden oldy a lot more.

MORE ON ANITA

Your May interview with Anita Bryant left me dumfounded. Her ignorance is utterly astounding, even frightening. I really think I would feel less uneasy if she were acting out of deceit, because then there would be the comfort of knowing she had a grasp of reality and perhaps would at some time alter her position.

Michael Coates Studio City, California

It must be understood that Anita Bryant is merely an unfortunate victim of systematic brainwashing inflicted by the most classic mind fucker this planet has ever known: organized religion. It's astonishing to think what a beautiful



Wouldn't miss the Reverend Judd's "Evils of Drink" sermon for love nor money. Reckon when you're in the home distillery business it pays to know what the competition is thinking. So, one Sunday a year, me and the boys head for town, done up in our best. Which this year includes these fine looking new Timberland handsewn shoes we've got on. Latest thing from the folks who make our boots that we wear for tending the mash and making deliveries. Our Timberland handsewns are made with real soft leathers and they will keep fitting right and

looking natty for a long time 'cause they're all hand lasted and hand sewn. They are also leather lined and got a padded collar so they're nice and comfortable over a long walk. Which is the way Reverend Judd prefers us to arrive. Parking our delivery car outside the church seems to make the Reverend *real* nervous!

A whole line of fine leather boots and shoes that cost plenty, and should.

The Timberland Company, Newmarket, New Hampshire 03857

world this would be if we started worshiping our true-life brothers and sisters (plants, animals, people), instead of looking skyward to worship celestial abstractions (God, Holy Ghost, whatever).

Steven Somogye Key West, Florida

If this is Christianity, I want none of it. I used to think I was a Christian; but if the lady is correct as to what Christianity is, I would be ashamed to be associated with it.

Keith Marvin Pomfret, Connecticut

We should "protect America's children"—not from homosexuals but, rather, from Bryant's lack of logic. She needs more than God's help; she needs Aristotle's.

K. P. Duffy Maplewood, New Jersey

I am the person Bryant quoted as saying "You've broken my heart and I cry all night and day because you hate us." That is an incorrect quote. What I said was, "It has been a long time since I cried about being gay, but your actions have made me cry." I poured out my heart to Anita that night, telling her what it is really like to be gay and how the untrue things she said about us hurt very deeply. Her reaction was cold and insensitive. She seems to me incapable of truly loving anyone, straight or gay. How sad.

Neal A. Parsons Richmond, Virginia

Anita Bryant converted me. To atheism. No god in its right mind would have created such a babbling, wicked little girl. Jim Oppenheim Washington, D.C.

You've got to be kidding! She really didn't say all those ridiculous things, did she? This is just a put-on, right? No? Then I think we should form a new movement called Save Anita Bryant—this woman really needs help!

Elaine DiPasquale Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

She almost makes me ashamed of being heterosexual.

Eddy Arnold Iuka, Mississippi

The only remaining fact about Anita Bryant that frightens me is that, obviously, there are people who are determined to take this woman's ravings seriously. For them and for my few homosexual friends, I have some advice: Read the Playboy Interview. Perhaps after reading some of the pseudoreligious claptrap with which she tries to answer straight questions, they will realize that Miss Bryant is simply one more religious fa-

natic with about as much basis for her fanaticism as Torquemada had for his.

Frank Koontz Syracuse, New York

Tomorrow I will have apple juice with my eggs.

Doug Burns Tarpon Springs, Florida

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

The pictures of Debra Jo Fondren by Francis Giacobetti in your June issue are the warmest you have ever published. More of Giacobetti's work in the future, please! Whoever your 25th-anniversary Playmate is going to be, make sure the name of the photographer is Francis Giacobetti.

Niels Jensen Edmonton, Alberta

I can't believe the biggest event of the year in your magazine and probably the most beautiful woman in the world, and you publish only 12 pictures? Debra Jo Fondren deserves a better layout than what you have given her. You're slipping! Please, sirs, can we have some more?

Gerry Cross Tucson, Arizona

Sorry about that. We had to have some room for the guys who like to read. But,



now that you mention it, perhaps 12 isn't enough. How about a baker's dozen?

I couldn't agree more with your choice of Debra Jo Fondren as Playmate of the Year. She is the most exquisite woman I have ever seen.

John Brandt Boston, Massachusetts

I know that on the cover of each month's PLAYBOY you have a Rabbit of some kind or another. On the cover of the June issue, with Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren, I can't find the

damn thing. Could you please tell me and others where the Rabbit is?

Robert M. Tischler Greenfield, Indiana

We sympathize with your obvious problem. If you can tear your eyes away from Debra Jo, you'll find our Rabbit on the comb.

The June 1978 cover of PLAYBOY is the greatest I have ever seen on a magazine. The long golden locks of Debra Jo Fondren against the black background have a striking effect. Photographer Robert Scott Hooper clicked a masterpiece!

> Mark Coppedge Oakland, California

I've been an ardent follower of your magazine for quite some time and have always admired your choices for Playmate of the Year, as well as your monthly Playmates. But you really put the icing on the cake this year with Debra Jo Fondren.

Mark F. McClanahan Richland, Washington

In response to your choice of Debra Jo Fondren as Playmate of the Year, we salute you. To us, she is the obvious choice. We're glad you kept up the quality of past Playmates of the Year by choosing Debra. We think she's the bestlooking female we've seen in a long time.

Men of 17th Floor Kirwan Tower University of Kentucky Lexington, Kentucky

Paris? You must be kidding!! On page 158, once you get past Debra's lovely breasts and look out the window . . . it's Rome! That's Trajan's Column, built to honor the victories of the Emperor. It was erected in 113 A.D. Pope Sixtus V topped it off with a statue of Saint Peter in the 16th Century.

Stephen V. Jarahian Bergenfield, New Jersey

Apparently, Debra's topography confused your geography. That's the Column Vendôme outside the Ritz Hotel in Paris. When we shoot Paris, we get Paris.

WHO LOVES YA, BABY?

I used to like Telly Savalas. But after reading Mark Goodman's Telly Loves Ya! (PLAYBOY, June), I feel like I have seen him undressed by a man! I think it should have been titled I Love Ya, Telly! Nobody is that cool. I think we are dealing with a case of idolatry. Everyone should have such a fan!

Kathy McCarthy Wilson, Wyoming

Thank you for Telly Loves Ya! A most enjoyable article on the friendly-eyed, big bald man who still takes time to remember his fans. His special maleness, talent and warmth bring truth to the

SHOULD BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON ALL SMALLER CARS.

Smaller cars demand even more of a motor oil than big cars do. Their 4 and 6 cylinder engines run at considerably higher revs throughout their entire performance range. So there's more heat and friction in the engine.

All this can cause extra wear, tear, and 'shear' (thinning out of the oil) what engineers refer to as "viscosity breakdown." As

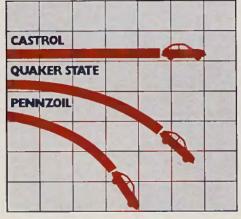
the viscosity of the oil breaks down it loses more and more of its ability to protect a smaller car's engine from its own self-destructive tendencies.

That's why Castrol is so essential for smaller cars.

Unlike ordinary oils Castrol doesn't break down. After an incredible expenditure of time and money Castrol engineers developed a unique motor oil formulation

using a special viscosity modifier that prevents Castrol from thinning out under intense heats and pressures.

Then they added additives and detergents that keep sludge from forming as the oil cools down. Additives that give



To prove that Castrol is better suited for smaller, hotter, higher-revving engines we tested Castrol against Quaker State and Pennzoil. As the graph above plainly shows, only Castrol didn't break down.

Castrol the strength it needs to keep cleaning and lubricating the narrow passages in smaller engines. (And if Castrol can do all this for smaller engines, imagine what it can do for bigger, less demanding ones.)

To prove how good our oil really is, we tested Castrol against the two leading brands: Quaker State and Pennzoil.

The test was conducted in a laboratory by an independent testing firm. Each one of the oils was an SAE 10W-40.

After the equivalent of roughly 2,000 miles they found that while Quaker State and Pennzoil had both shown significant breakdown, Castrol hadn't broken down at all.

So while there are lots of oils to choose from, only one should be standard

equipment on smaller cars. Castrol—the oil that doesn't break down.

After all, if your motor oil breaks down, who knows what could break down next?



statement "Out there in the real world, he still comes off as sex symbol, superstar and crowd pleaser supreme."

Mrs. J. L. Chambers Fort Myers, Florida

MAIL FOR GAIL

Congratulations to David Chan for his excellent and very tasteful layout of June Playmate Gail Stanton. Miss Stanton is one of the more intelligent Playmates, judging by the Playmate Data Sheet.

Tim Waters Larop, Maryland

A friend and I were enjoying your fine June issue with adorable Gail Stanton when we came across the picture of Gail in the kitchen. It is our feeling that every man should have the pleasure of waking to such a wonderful sight as Gail preparing his favorite meal.

Mark Minnis Topeka, Kansas

It is our feeling that every man should have the pleasure of waking to such a



wonderful sight as Gail preparing his favorite meal.

I was greatly pleased to see that your June Playmate was 5'1". I always felt short women were discriminated against. I'm glad playboy is fair in its judgment:

Gloria Birch Ivy, Virginia

Gail Stanton, your June Playmate, is what "Southern comfort" is all about. My congratulations to PLAYBOY and to David Chan for those great photos of such beauty.

Randy Laurie New Orleans, Louisiana

Miss Stanton has the best set of legs to grace your magazine in many, many months. They are full, symmetrical and graceful in line—in short, fantastic. Please, let's see more of them and of her.

William F. Wong Brooklyn, New York

Thank you very much for realizing one of my fondest desires. The first time I

saw Gail Stanton, on pages 150 and 151 in *The Girls of the New South* pictorial in the April 1977 issue, I fantasized, Boy, would I *love* to revel in a Playmate of the Month layout on *her!* Well, the June 1978 issue just fills the bill most generously. Gail is unquestionably the South's *finest* product since the creation of 100-proof bourbon!

Robert G. Schrom Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Your June Playmate, Gail Stanton, is absolutely gorgeous! When's the next plane to Memphis?

Al Orsini, Jr. Downey, California

Gail Stanton, from Memphis, Tennessee, is one of the prettiest Playmates ever to appear in PLAYBOY.

> William R. Jenkins III Greenwich, Connecticut

PLAYBOY'S Miss June, Gail Stanton, is an incomparable assemblage of luscious parts, indeed.

Fred W. Conrad Racine, Wisconsin

SCUBA DOS AND DON'TS

After reading James R. Petersen's article on scuba diving (Playboy After Hours, June), the only thing I can conclude is that, for some strange reason, PLAYBOY wants to reduce the number of its readers. About three years ago, while in Freeport, Bahamas, I, too, decided to take one of those quickie instruction courses. Because of insufficient instruction and an asshole of a guide, I damn near got killed. Even so, I still had the desire to dive, so I thought it would be a good idea to spend "11 boring weeks at the local Y.M.C.A." It's been well worth the time and the money. I've gotten into a couple of tight spots since then and the only thing that saved me from getting killed or turned into a vegetable has been my thorough training. We welcome those who seek to discover the joys of diving. As Petersen found out, there is no greater natural high. But, please, first get trained.

Chuck Szabo Columbus, Ohio

James R. Petersen's article on learning to scuba dive in one day is going to have you up to your Plimsoll line in industry outrage, as proponents of the regular courses vent their spleen at such unorthodoxy. Be not dismayed. Petersen tells it straight—and he is not an unusual case. We have been conducting such a "short course" for guests for several years. All we hope to do is make the beginners safe in the water—and show them how to have fun diving. It doesn't take 12 hours in a Y.M.C.A. pool and 20 hours of listening to pseudoscientific palaver

to accomplish this. If someone wants to be a commercial scuba diver, he needs specialized training—and lots of it. But scuba can be fun from the first minute you put the gear on. Petersen was lucky to have connected with an old pro who helped him put it together with a minimum of boredom and a maximum of excitement. Let's hear it for the scuba short courses!

L. Dee Belveal Spyglass Hill Resort Roatán, Honduras

DEALING WITH BAKER

Due to the demise of so many of the people mentioned in Wheeling and Dealing (PLAYBOY, June), it might be hard to verify the truth of what Bobby Baker says, or to deny it. Either way, it is one of the more entertaining articles you've published lately. Cheers!

Robert R. Land New Orleans, Louisiana

I read the memoirs of Bobby Baker and started Victor Lasky's It Didn't Start with Watergate the same day and they served to lower considerably my opinion of J.F.K. and somewhat (it was already pretty low) my opinion of L.B.J. Thanks, I needed that. I used to consider myself an ultraliberal Democrat and was quite the bleeding heart; but, increasingly, my opinion is getting to be, "A plague on all your houses."

Vincent Sullivan Lincoln, Nebraska

CRAZY CANADIANS

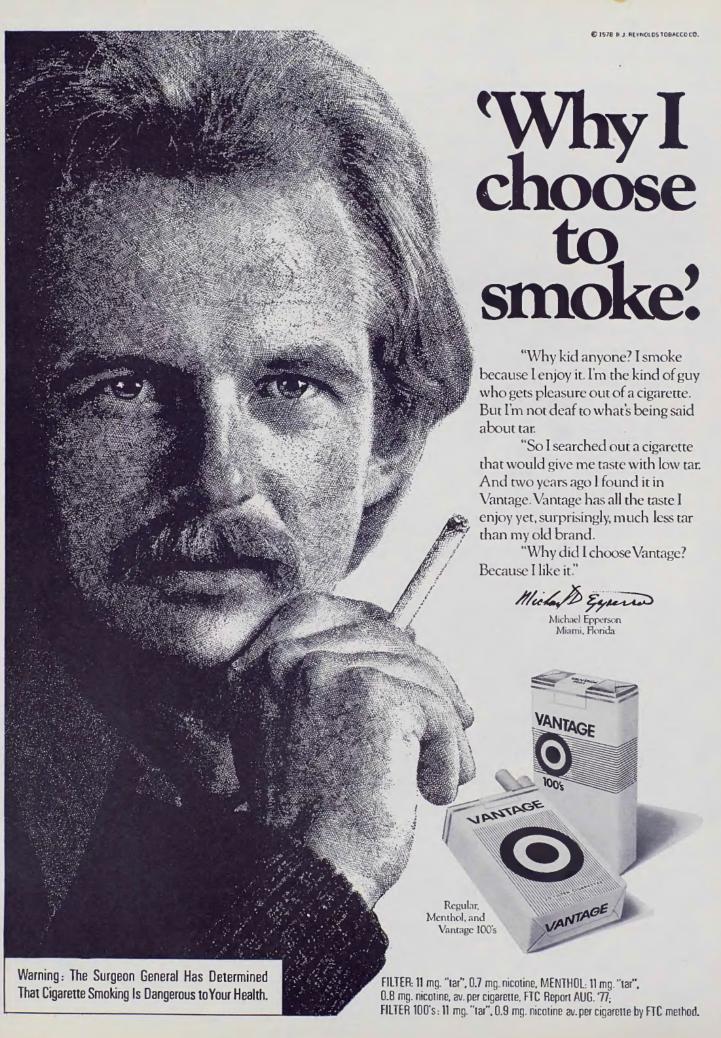
You ask "What sort of man reads PLAYBOY?" Well, here's your answer. This is Al Cooper of Brantford, Ontario,



participating in the latest craze, barrel cycling. It may be strange, but his choice of reading material can't be argued.

Marc Heatherington Oakland, Ontario

Our upcoming pictorial on "Canadian Fashion" has just been canceled.





PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



YOU READ IT HERE FIRST

Our source claims that the following incident is 100 percent true fact. We are reserving final judgment until we can obtain signed and notarized affidavits from each participant, a tape recording of the entire proceedings and a clear eight-by-ten glossy photograph of the premises. Meanwhile, you make up your own minds:

In Tucson, Arizona, a newspaper reporter wandered into a large discount department store to spend some money. The reporter wound up in a check-out line behind an empty-handed woman who, when she got to the checker, explained that she had not been able to find the item she was after on the shelves.

"What was it you wanted, ma'am?" the check-out girl asked.

"Tampax."

"What kind?" the girl asked.

"Super."

So the check-out girl got on the microphone at her station and blurted over the store-wide intercom: "Stockboy, we need a box of super Tampax right away at register seven."

The woman went crimson but stood

her ground.

But the stockboy didn't hear the message clearly—he thought the checker had called for thumbtacks. So he shouted from the back of the store: "Do you want the kind you push in with your finger or the ones you pound in with a hammer?"

FIRST APARTHEID, NOW ...

What kind of man gets arrested for reading PLAYBOY? In South Africa, it was a 26-year-old British émigré named Malcolm Richardson, who was arrested and fined \$460 for being in possession of three issues of PLAYBOY—a periodical that is among the many banned by the Vorster government, Richardson tried to cop out by saying that the PLAYBOYS were already in his apartment when he rented it; but then he was forced to admit that he had been in the apartment for three years and had never thrown the

magazines out. The question of how the police came to find the PLAYBOYS in Richardson's apartment was not answered. Or asked, probably.

GOOD HEAD

The student newspaper of California's Humboldt State University, *The Lumberjack*, headlined an article about means of birth control with this wry statement: "CONDOMS FILL RISING NEEDS."

WOMEN ON THE WALL

It has long been argued (by men, mostly) that the wall writing found in women's rest rooms is not as witty and clever, much less as prolific, as the graffiti found in men's rest rooms. Now comes writer Susanna Shaw, attempting



to prove that contention wrong by compiling more than 1200 women's graffiti; the collection, *Women in the John*, will be published this fall by Two Continents. Does Shaw succeed? You'll have to read the entire book to fully decide, but here is a starter sampling:

- SEXISM BEGINS AT HOME, BUT PROLIF-ERATES IN BARS.
- NEVER ACCEPT RIDES FROM STRANGE MEN, AND REMEMBER, ALL MEN ARE STRANGE AS HELL.
- LEARN HOW TO SEDUCE FAGS, THEY'RE FABULOUS LOVERS.
- WOMEN UNITE—AND MAKE HIM SLEEP IN THE WET SPOT TONIGHT.
- VIRGINITY IS LIKE A BUBBLE: ONE PRICK AND IT'S GONE.
- THE HUMAN RACE HAS NO RIGHT TO PLACE ITSELF ABOVE ITS HORMONES.
 - . TOO MANY MEN, TOO LITTLE ME.
 - · I OWN MY OWN BODY, BUT I SHARE.
 - · BIONIC MEN CAN'T GET IT DOWN.
 - MY BUTCHER HAS SUCCULENT MEAT.
- IT'S NOT KOSHER TO BE A MALE-CHAU-VINIST PIG.
- I ALWAYS TOOK CANDY FROM STRANGERS.
- EVERY TIME I THINK I KNOW WHERE IT'S AT, THEY MOVE IT.
- DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, XEROX YOUR VAGINA.
- NOTICE: IF YOU TOOK SHIT, PLEASE PUT IT BACK, NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

WELCOME, EXTRATERRESTRIALS

One of the most comforting things about the film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* was its implication that the U. S. Government knows exactly what to do when alien-filled saucers finally arrive on planet Earth. Does art imitate life? Does our Government really and truly have a plan of action for dealing with extraterrestrial visitors?

Not quite. We thought that we were really onto something when we saw that NASA, the space agency, had a department of external affairs—but it turned out to be the press office. Then we found our way to NORAD, the North American

Air Defense Command, which is the military branch responsible for tracking the 4650 objects currently circling the earth.

But while NORAD's instruments are sensitive enough to detect and predict the orbit of an object as small as a golf ball, it doesn't scan any deeper than 100 miles from earth—or well short of the point at which we might comfortably expect our leaders to notice oncoming aliens. "Oh, if it was big and shiny, we might pick it up beyond the orbit of Mars," says Timothy Ferris, a writer on space exploration, "but since we're in a very primitive state in terms of knowing what's in our own solar system, we'd probably pick it up around the moon."

Once an object is spotted, military and civilian systems could come into play in identifying it. The Air Force might track it with its spy satellites, especially those with heat-detecting devices that are normally used to track Russian long-range missiles.

If a UFO approaches U.S. territory, then what? "There are no plans that separate UFOs from other threats to national security," an Air Force spokesman told us. "We do have plans to deal with intruders and security violations. If anything presents such a threat, we take the appropriate action." (The problem, of course, is that what might be an appropriate response to 100 Russian bombers approaching Cape Cod could get us in deep trouble with an alien civilization that might be capable of, say, vaporizing New York.)

"The Air Force watches our coasts with its Air Defense Identification Zones [ADIZ]," continues the Air Force spokesman. "Every commercial airliner has a squawk box that responds to an identify-friend-or-foe signal we send out. If something does not respond and it enters the ADIZ, we declare it unknown and scramble fighters to go up and take a look."

What happens if the fighters intercept a UFO and it looks like an inverted teacup on a saucer? "If something were to attack the fighters, we would send up more; if they vanished, we would use missiles. The Nike Hercules is the next line of defense. They're old but adequate. We'd also judge its intentions by whether or not it tried to jam our radar or send false signals. The NORAD Commander can take action without consulting the President."

If an object touches ground undetected, it's the responsibility of the people farthest down the chain of command who can handle the situation, be it local, state or Federal forces. In 1969, for example, a Kansas farmer called the local police to report a glowing object in his cornfield. The police weren't sure what to do and called an Air Force team, which determined that 200 pounds of Russian satellite had deorbited into the farmer's back 40. Had aliens gotten out to greet them, however, NASA and

military scientists—most likely from the Air Force Office of Scientific Research, which funds highly exotic studies and is staffed with top people in all fields would have been called in.

But what are the odds of a UFO's making it down to the ground, given the military's own description of its procedures and its necessarily zealous attitude toward protecting our turf? If we take the word of the majority of astronomers and other space watchers, we probably will never find out: There's nothing out there to begin with.

On the other hand, some—— Hey, Lem! Ain't that Richard Dreyfuss out there in the back 40?



PUNK INVENTORY

If the New Wave, or punk movement, in popular music has yet to take off and suffuse the nation's consciousness, it is not for lack of effort. It would appear, in fact, that there may be more punk bands around than there are punks and that the main reason for the bands' existence is so that members can devise outrageous, provocative or otherwise quirky names for themselves.

To wit: New York correspondent Rex Weiner pulled together this list of bands that have been playing the punk circuit around the country in recent months:

Squeeze
The Lurkers
Trash
Just Water
The Vibrators
Advertising
Eddie & the Hot Rods
Twinkeys
The Viletones
Wreckless Eric
Chain Gang
The Mutants
The Young Mutations

The Clash The Suburban Studs The Cramps Boomtown Rats The Mumps 2 Timers Johnny Comet & the Bowlcleaners Foolish Virgins The Depressions Zantees Flashcubes The Invaders The Visitors Harry Toledo & the Rockets Eaters The Damned Warm Gun Maniacs Asphalt Jungle Hot Lunch Teenage Jesus & the Jerks Slaughter & the Dogs The Waitresses Bizarros Corpse Grinders Radiators The Motors The Valves The Stranglers The Buzzcocks Stinky Toys Sweaty Tools The Soft Boys The Dead Boys The Squirrels The Pigs Headaches The Nosebleeds The Sniveling Shits The Sic F-cks Warsaw Pact The Kommunists Suicide The Police Richard Hell & the Voidoids The Electric Chairs Storm Trooper Johnny & the Self Abusers

THE JOY OF INSECTS

Flash and the Pan

The correct recipe for African Fried Flying Ant? Why not: "Fry the ants in a dry pan. Remove the pan, dry in the sun and winnow out wings and any stones. Fry the ants again, with or without a little oil, add a bit of salt and cook until done. Serve with rice."

This protein-rich menu suggestion comes from African Insect Recipes, by Martha Wapensky, an American who, with her economist husband, has spent a lot of time in the Third World. In a letter to us, Mrs. Wapensky writes wistfully of her introduction to culinary buggery:

"Not long after moving to Kampala, capital of Uganda, we were awakened one night by much celebrating and shouting, which we hoped was a coup. Unfortunately, it had nothing to do with President Amin. It was the periodic

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.



coming of the grasshoppers, a time of

much joy for the people.

"The noise was made by a group of Ugandans gathered around a streetlight outside our gate. They chattered, sang and danced throughout the night as they caught thousands of grasshoppers, After whirling death swoops around the light, the grasshoppers would drop to a cloth spread out on the ground. There was a merry Mardi Gras atmosphere at every streetlight that night, and whenever the grasshoppers appeared during the year. The night's catch was later fried and eaten or sold at the market for ten cents a handful. I can report that they taste something like a cross between fried shrimp and Fritos."

And if fried grasshoppers or ants in your pans don't winnow your wings, we suggest the Wapenskys' humdinger of a recipe for bee larvae: "Remove the nests from the tree (at the chef's own risk) and boil them. Take the larvae out of the comb and dry them. Fry with a little salt and dry again. Serve as an appetizer."

SOCIAL TIP OF THE MONTH

Many of the swankier discos around the country have a couples-only policy, designed to prevent unattached redblooded males from surveying the talent and-who knows, given the vibratory flow of intersexual attraction-hitting on some wimp's date. What a bummer! But wait-many of those discos are located in cities and states that have laws that prevent those same discos from discriminating against homosexuals. And we have it on best authority that not a few slick dudes have figured out that they can swish into a couples-only disco arm in arm with another guy, then drop the act once they're inside and start looking to make a straight score.



\$ F.1.P

LAST WILL AND TELECAST

"Everything looks worse in black and white," Paul Simon sang in Kodachrome. Especially wills. At least that's the idea that inspired two Pittsburgh businessmen, Jim Fullerton and Dan Abrams, to invent the Technicolor video-taped will. Thanks to them, the generation that grew up with This Is Your Life will be able to have its own This Is Your Death TV show for private showings to the next of kin and other heirs.

For the heirs, of course, color reruns of Uncle Charley may be kind of spooky but Fullerton, president of the Fullerton Company, believes there are sound reasons for using his service. "It really saves trouble if one of the heirs wants to go to court," he says. "They see the face on the screen and realize that the deceased was of sound mind and body."

At 34, with blown-dry hair and a thick cigar between his teeth, Fullerton doesn't look the funereal type. He looks more like a wheeler-dealer, a big-money broker, which, in fact, is what he is. In 1973, he parted company with his employer, General Electric Credit Corp.,

figured that was a logical extension for his new toy.

The mechanics of the video-taping are not complicated. The only ground rule

boom.

not complicated. The only ground rule is that every client begin by reading from a standard will. After several runthroughs, the client sits before a Sony color-television camera and reads his will. Two Fullerton Video Systems cameramen record in homes and hospitals, but most of the taping is done in the company's studio. Cost is \$125 for the basic one-hour service and \$25 for each copy.

left with only "\$50 and an American

Express card." He set up the Fullerton

Company to arrange financing for coal

companies and was swept along to for-

tune by the post-Arab oil-embargo coal

founded a video-taping subsidiary that

recorded houses for real-estate com-

panies, demo tapes for rock groups,

models and sportscasters, and depositions

for the courts. When he heard about a

Virginia firm that was taping wills, he

Almost as a diversion, Fullerton

It's uncertain whether or not the video-taped wills will have legal standing should court battles develop; but, as luck would have it, none of the clients has so far had the bad fortune to require his will, so there has been no real test.

The clients, in any case, are convinced of the advantages of the taped death wish. In the year they've been in the business, Fullerton has taped better than 25 wills. Clients have ranged in age from mid-30s to mid-70s and they've come from across the socio-economic spectrum.

"We've had industrialists, pharmacists," says Abrams, who is a consultant to Fullerton. "We had one stonemason who got so agitated he kept lapsing into Italian."

Such antics have kept Abrams improvising. When one client insisted on having his video-taping witnessed, Abrams rigged up a split-screen arrangement to satisfy him. An aging dowager, distraught at the mere thought of parting with her money, repeatedly broke down, turning a routine 20-minute session into a four-hour nightmare.

Beyond insisting on written wills, Fullerton has no taboos, which leaves the field wide open for ad-libbing. One could imagine stagestruck clients hot-dogging it with guest appearances, advertising or, more to the point, parting shots at long-hated relatives. Because they take great care to ensure privacy, Fullerton doesn't view the tapings; thus, he can't say what has taken place.

"Sure," Abrams concedes, "you're gonna get somebody saying, 'And to my nephew Steve, who wanted to be remembered in my will, Hi, there.' People are gonna say those things because they know they won't be around when the heirs hear them."

SUPERMARRIAGE

You may have heard: As announced on the cover of the 40th-anniversary issue of Action Comics, Superman and Lois Lane finally get married. Gee, we thought, gosh, it's the end of an era. But then we read the story. All this transpires on Earth-Two, "a coexisting world in a parallel dimensionnot identical, but similar to its twin in many respects!" So all this is happening to Similarman! Or is it? Turns out we've been away too long: A fact page at the back tells us, "Of course, you know the modern Superman lives on Earth-One and the older one on Earth-Two." Wait a minute. When did they retire the original Superman and put him out to pasture in some phony dimension? And does that mean the real original Superman has married some cloned Lois Lane? And since he's so old, will he, you know, be able to . . . still get it superup?

This season, Ed Stimpson will experience more bone-crushing tackles than any player in football on his \$2995* VideoBeam life-size television.

"On my VideoBeam six-foot TV I see a game better than the broad-casters, the referees, the spectators, the players, and I see it better than the coaches which isn't difficult.

But the most dramatic part of watching a game on the Advent's screen is the ferocity of the tackle, which you experience life-size in front of you."

"It's like reading a player's mind..."

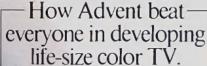
"Detail is one of the outstanding features of watching anything on the VideoBeam TV. I'll give you an example. I used to play defense so I like to keep an eye on the defensive end. The screen is big enough so you can see him shaping up for a move before he makes it. It's uncanny—almost like reading his mind."

"Nobody saw it like I did..."

"For instance, I remember one tackle vividly. It was a rookie corner back playing his first pro game. Everybody had said he's not going to be any good. But I saw in great detail how he handled this first tackle and exactly how he made his move. And I said to myself, "This guy is good." This rookie was knocked a few times. but as the year went on he gained superstar status. And I saw all that in his very first tackle. Nobody else did, except the guy who got creamed, because you just can't experience the ferocity of a tackle like that on a tiny TV tube."

*Suggested retail price. See your dealer for convenient long-term time payments. "I can read the name on a golf ball..."

"I'm also a golfing fan, and the clarity of the picture on my Video-Beam set and the size of the screen is such that when I'm watching the Masters, for example, I can read the name on the ball that the players are playing."



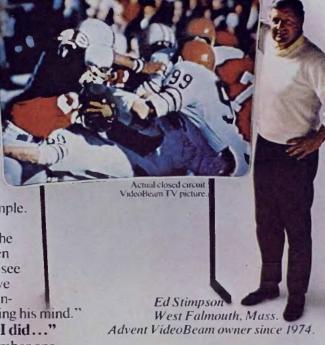
Advent beat everyone because as long ago as 1967 we decided that life-size television would be the TV of the future. Developing and perfecting the color optical systems, the ultrabright reflecting screen and the innovative solid-state electronics takes time to do right. So it was 1973 before Advent's first VideoBeam television sets met all the critical performance levels we set. The result is, today, many consider Advent the standard by which all others are judged.

For instance, the Advent Model 750 VideoBeam television set receives all broadcast VHF and UHF TV channels and projects the picture from a three tube optical system on to the six-foot diagonal measure screen. Picture quality is clear and bright and viewing is comfortable under normal room lighting. There are line in/line out connections for video recorders and line out for audio, with remote control for on/off channel selection and volume control.

For more information call tollfree 800-225-1035 (in Alaska, Hawaii or Massachusetts, call 617-661-9500), or mail the coupon.

To: Advent Corporation. 195 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139 Please send me brochures of VideoBeam life-size television sets and the name and address of the nearest dealer where I can see the difference.

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Address		
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Advent's VideoBeam Television

You've heard what we've done for hi-fi. Now see what we've done for TV.

t has been said that most songwriters have only one basic song on which they do variations forever and that a songwriter with two basic songs is a genius. If one applies that standard to writers of books, then Isaac Bashevis Singer, though an outstanding author, is not a genius, because he has basically one story to tell: the struggle of Jews to maintain their culture in a rapidly changing and often antagonistic world. Shosho (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), his latest novel, is about Arele, a young Jewish writer, the son of a rabbi, living in pre-World War Two Warsaw. Arele finds and marries his long-lost childhood sweetheart, Shoshawho, though chronologically an adult, is physically and mentally a child. When the writer discovers Shosha, whom he had presumed dead for 15 years, his hitherto penurious life has just taken a confusing turn for the better. He has been offered a chance to write a Yiddish play for an American Jewish actress, who seduces him and offers to marry him and let him bring Shosha to America with them so that they might escape the coming holocaust. Arele turns down her offer and marries Shosha, who is generally thought of by his fellow writers as crazy at best and an idiot at worst. Thus, Arele opts for love in the face of a multitude of disasters: the folding of his play before it opens, a loss of prestige, the termination of his generous monthly stipend for writing the play, the loss of his friends' respect for having married badly and, of course, the coming of the Nazis. Threaded throughout Shosha are the familiar Singer characters: the mystic, the intellectual cynic, the simple peasant girl, the neurotic and domineering older woman and Singer's own persona, the troubled, philosophical and fundamentally idealistic young man. Those who have read Singer's autobiographical A Young Man in Search of Love will find many of the same characters in Shosha. Those who have read his Enemies, a Love Story will find the same quest for the meaning of the Jewish experience. In Singer's marvelous collection of short stories A Crown of Feathers, one will find the same questions asked. If you've never read Singer, read Shosha and you'll "get it," as they say in est.

Early in Elia Kazan's new novel, one of the minor characters remarks off-handedly that he feels as if he's "in one of those corny TV daytime dramas." Probably unbeknownst to the author, this is one of the strongest foreshadowings in the book—Acts of Love (Knopf) is one of those corny TV daytime dramas, possibly even worse, since there's no drama, just endless, pointless dialog. Kazan's characters (and we use the term loosely)



Singer's Shosha.

Singer's a bit predictable, Humor a tad pedantic, but both are worth reading.

say everything that's on their minds—if they have to go to the toilet, they say so; if they can't make up their minds whether to have toast or eggs, they discuss it; and so on and so forth. The only mystery is why Kazan persists in writing novels like this one when he'd be much better off writing scripts for one of those corny TV daytime dramas.

America's Humor (Oxford), by Walter Blair and Hamlin Hill, is subtitled "From Poor Richard to Doonesbury"; a better one would be "The History of Lying." This isn't an anthology. It's literary history aimed at the college textbook trade, and carries a \$17.50 cover price to prove it. That should safely keep most of you away, but any of you out there who's sufficiently infirm to believe that you're funny-or, sadder, trying to make a living at it writing or performing-had better cough up. Because America's Humor is really a "Handbook of Premises, Techniques & Snappy One-Liners." And, as the authors cheerfully admit, American humor has been built over centuries from the grand traditions of theft, larceny and betrayal. So feel free. Early on in the 19th Century, American humor was already distinguished by forms of lying-the tall tale, the boasting ring-tailed roarers such as Mike Fink and Davy Crockett, the hoax and the put-on. In 1857, character

Nimrod Wildfire explained, "I call catfish lawyers, 'cause you see they're all head, and their head's all mouth." Simon Suggs advised, "It is good to be shifty in a new country," and Chicago's Mr. Dooley said, "Trust everyone, but cut the cards." These days, we are so accustomed to the Perfect Neurotic character developed by Benchley and Thurber (and pushed beyond frayed limits by Woody Allen, et al.) that we forget the joyous primeval violence of our humor a century or so ago. How satisfyingly brutal much of it was, like the Sut Lovingood story in which his friend swallows a lizard: Helpful Sut responds by sending "a live mole up the other end of his digestive tract." From the original: "Here come the lizard tearin' out his mouth, the worst skeer'd varmint I ever seed . . . for the mole had him fast by the tail . . . an' that there interprisin' littil earth-borer hadn't a durned morsel of fur left onto his hide; it were all limed off; he looked right down slick an' funny. . . ." (It's like a strong early incarnation of Jonathan Winters' Cut Rate Pet Shop bit.) The book is not very good on contemporary humor, but if you've been paying attention, you don't need Blair and Hill to tell you about it. One thing you might want is a companion anthology in paperback edited by Blair, Native American Humor (Chandler).

Harlan Ellison is the ranking adult terrible of science fiction and probably one of the most passionate writers around. He opens his new collection of stories, Strange Wine (Harper & Row), with a scathing attack on the mindnumbing properties of television-the kind of unrelenting indictment that any intelligent reader would naturally agree with. But that isn't enough, Our only cogent survival mechanism is the exercise of intelligent fantasy, drinking some strange wine every so often. So Ellison provides us with 15 examples. And they're great: One involves alligators who have been flushed down toilets and live in the sewer system; another is about a man who undergoes death inoculations. Ellison's subject matter, you might have guessed, is the sort of highlevel cliché that thinking people think about when their minds take vacations. Which is why we need to hear from Ellison from time to time, so that we won't think ourselves into a stupor.

QUICK READ

Benjamin Stein / Dreemx (Harper & Row): Can a Yale Law School grad, Nixon speechwriter and Wall Street Journal columnist find happiness in Hollywood? In a brilliantly funny diary, the answer is: You betcha.



EROTICA

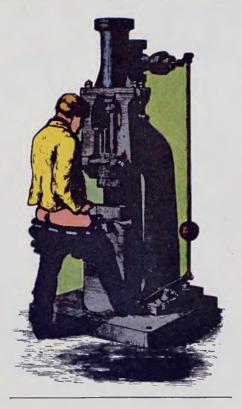
adgets that purport to enlarge the penis have always had one thing in common: They don't work. Recently, one such device, developed by the English sexologist Robert Chartham, Ph.D., has been widely advertised as having proved its effectiveness in a serious scientific test. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration, which disagrees, has, with the cooperation of the Customs Service, detained several shipments of the Chartham Method; but one of our more eccentric editors, Bill Helmer, managed to get hold of one for investigative purposes. Here, for what it's worth, is his report.

Right at the outset, I'd like to state that my penis, while it might not draw gasps in a porno movie, is by no means small and that I ordered the celebrated Chartham Method penis developer purely in the interests of scientific research.

I don't know what sort of machinery I expected for \$39.95, but what I got was a clear-plastic cylinder about the size of an aerosol can, one end with a kind of rubber gasket with the other connected to a tube with a little squeeze bulb. Obviously, you plug the old pecker into one end and squeeze the bulb to draw a vacuum, meanwhile reading the pamphlet with instructions in four languages. When I grinned and dangled this thing in front of my wife, she burst into laughter. "You don't seriously mean to tell me you're going to stick Lucifer in that thing?" I told her I sure was and that Dr. Chartham guaranteed that it was perfectly safe. She looked dubious and asked, "You ever seen Dr. Chartham's dick?"

That got me to thinking, and I decided to make a trial run on the palm of my left hand. A little spit for sealant, a good pump on the squeeze bulb and that sucker sure enough hung on like a leech. Wow. And when I pulled it loose, I had a big glowing red spot that lasted about two minutes. I could well understand why the instructions specifically warned about hooking the thing up to any device with the idea of drawing a stronger vacuum. You'd get a hickey on your dickey. But when it comes to scientific research, there's no room in my heart for fear, so my next step was to determine exactly how much of a threat to my precious privy part this contraption actually was. So I fetched the vacuum gauge that I use for tuning the family van and hooked that baby up to the rubber bulb. Gave her a good squeeze and drew slightly over seven inches of vacuum, indicating bad valves, retarded spark and fair to poor mileage. What we needed, I could see now, was a good scientific animal experiment before proceeding to human volunteers.

As luck would have it, I own a two-



Our intrepid (foolhardy?) researcher road-tests a dong extender.

year-old male Airedale named Bowser that weighs in at 80 pounds and must be one of the horniest critters on this planet. While partial to cowboy boots, he humps anything, including Henry, the family tomcat, and must be watched closely around neighborhood toddlers. I figured that if I could disguise the developer so he'd be inclined to mount it, ole Bowser would go absolutely apeshit, but it was my wife who did that. She caught me installing the plastic cylinder in the posterior of her stuffed Snoopy dog and failed to see the humor of it.

While things cooled off a bit, I confined myself to reading the instructions, learning, first of all, that the word penis, in French, German and Italian, is le pénis, der Penis and il pene, respectively. Also, I figured out that the German word for developer is Entwickler, which I think has a nice sound to it. Anyhow, the device is supposed to work by inducing more blood to flow into the penis, thereby expanding and stretching the tiny cavities in your ying-yang's spongy tissue. But the real secret is the fairly complicated system of exercises, hot compresses and massages that is supposed to make the expansion permanent. A very tedious and complicated means of jerking off is what it sounded like, and Dr. Chartham concedes as much.

The real bummer is that you have to do all this for at least one hour a day, every day without fail, for three solid months, or it isn't guaranteed to work. Jesus! I'm the guy who was too lazy to do 11 minutes a day of R.C.A.F. exercises, and I'm supposed to pull my pud for 90 hours? I haven't done that since high school. Besides, my wife would get jealous. I'd grow hair on my palms. I'd end up with either a rope burn or calluses. Oh, wow. I just don't think old Lucifer could survive such a beating.

Well, you can bet that I took this problem straight to the Playboy Advisor, who called Masters and Johnson, consulted his files, pulled down several thick volumes on sexology and anatomy, and finally sent me this memo: "As the great Barnum pointed out, there's a sucker born every minute. Go find one and let her do all the work."

Which gave me an idea, a grand idea that could well provide the answer to Portnoy's complaint—a sort of do-it-yourself Linda Lovelace kit. Everybody knows why nature provided man with a good right hand whose thumb and fingers can form a circle almost the exact circumference of his pecker. Well, why not equip the right hand with the plastic cylinder, while the left hand works the vacuum bulb? Sort of a male dildo.

I decided to conduct this little experiment in the privacy of my basement study and began by slightly modifying the penis enlarger's gasket to ensure a snug fit and greater skin contact. The existing rubber sleeve, intended to seal the cylinder to one's private piston, seemed a little loose to achieve the proper hydraulic effect, so I beefed it up with a couple of prophylactics with their ends cut off. Lubed this sucker with baby oil and got ready to roll. Let's see: We need a little mood music on the old stereo (Tanya Tucker always turns me on). Then a double Beefeater martini on the rocks, with an olive. Ploop! And maybe an eight-millimeter stag movie. Why not? Plus cigarettes and ashtray for afterward. Now we just dim the lights a little and take matters in hand. Har-har.

Well, I must confess that this system doesn't provide everything one might hope for in a spectacular sexual experience. The best part of it was the look on my wife's face when she came down to investigate the cause of my suspicious behavior. I was prepared for this. From the nearby coffee table, I snatched up the ten-inch Polish sausage I'd used for adjusting the *Entwickler*'s new gasket system and waved it in the air. "Look! Look!" I cried. "Only two hours ago, this was an Oscar Mayer wiener!"

MUSIC

Carly Simon and James Taylor are the first family of pop music. With Paul Simon, they have kept New York City on the recording map. (Everyone else is part of the Southern California folk-rock Mafia.) The New York group of songwriters seems to be developing a common sensibility with songs that are laid back, almost conversational. Letters to literate lovers. The one effect Taylor has had on Carly is restraint. Boys in the Trees (Elektra/Asylum) is classic Carly, only less. The restraint is most evident on the old Boudleaux Bryant hit Devoted to You. Carly and James sing the song as modestly as two lovers delivering vows in church. The lush production pyrotechnics of the Richard Perry age are things of the past. Arif Mardin lets simplicity shine through: On the title song, the bass line on the guitar sustains the voice, where once an entire orchestra labored in vain. Without the clutter, it's easier to tell what it is you're supposed to be listening for. There's a lot of gentle combat on this album, one lover chiding another for minor insecurities: "You don't have to prove that you're beautiful to strangers." Boys is comfortable. Quiet. A good house guest.

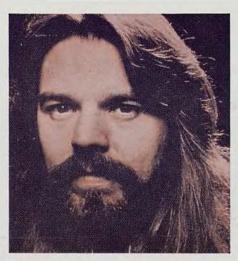
The painting of Smokey Robinson on the cover of Love Breeze (Tamla) makes it look as if he hasn't aged a day since he cut Shop Around or Tracks of My Tears. Flattering as that may be, it's appropriate, because the album is proof that Smokey's musical arteries haven't even begun to harden. Not that he's trying to join the heavy-funk disco crowd; far from it. His songs-epitomized here by Madame X-are still tasteful, articulate essays in romance, with simple, unhurried rhythms that are undiminished in power by the lightness of the arrangements; his high voice, keening around the edges of his melodies, then trailing off in breathless vibrato, still caresses the ear like a reassuring dream. To be sure, there are a few new musical touches, such as the big-band swing sound of Love So Fine, or the allusions to fusion music in the phrasing of the up-tempo Why You Wanna See My Bad Side (the confession that Smokey has a bad side is news in itself); but, essentially, Love Breeze is a timeless statement from a unique performer who's been classy enough to withstand the ravages of time.

Hearing new concert music is like drinking new wine. You may be agreeably surprised, but, more often, the stuff is unpalatable and harsh. Well, we're agreeably surprised and pleased with John Corigliano's Oboe Concerto and Poem in October (RCA), neither of which should be put away to age. They're good



Simon: still sexy after all these years.

The latest from Carly and Smokey; a visit with Seger on tour.



Seger boasts staying power.

enough to consume right now. The concerto dates from 1975 and features Bert Lucarelli, a peerless oboist, and the American Symphony Orchestra. It's more like a suite than a traditional concerto in that it mixes different styles. Each of five movements, as Corigliano explains, is "based on a different quality of the instrument" seen from a theatrical point of view. The work develops from a preperformance tuning-up motif to a Moroccan snake-charming bit that dances its way to an exuberant conclusion. Midway occurs a finely written scherzo that sets the oboe against a trio (vibraphone, celeste and harp) and some swirling percussion. Dylan Thomas' magnificent *Poem in October* is given a musical setting for tenor voice (Robert White) and chamber ensemble. This lyrical piece, composed in 1970, is not as successful as the concerto, because Corigliano hasn't always meshed the necessary rhythm of the poem's delivery with his musical requirements. But the setting is lush without being saccharine, and it almost does justice to Thomas' own grand verbal music. Old wine in new bottles, you might say, and it isn't half bad.

Nothing personal, Helen, but isn't music supposed to be sexy? Isn't it supposed to come and put its hot tongue all over your body? Well, frankly, most of your new record, We'll Sing in the Sunshine (Capitol), sounds like a husky, two-packa-day disco-Styrofoam wet dream. No shit. Even when you're telling us you're coming ("Ready or not, I'm coming"), it only sounds like a 1000-channel robot studio mock-up of a song. About as sincere and full of feeling as Directory Assistance with strings. Little credibility gap there, Miss Reddy. And the boogiewoogie grope at that old Beatles tune, One After 909, comes off like insect love: a bit rigid, certainly not the sort of thing you'd want going on in your bed. Had enough? Are you going to quit? Better: Next time, we give you two paragraphs.

Daryl Hall and John Oates have been dry-humping the nation for just about long enough with their Starsky-and-Hutch pseudo-Negro sterility jingles. Let's face it, FM radio itself, which played Sara Smile only 14 sextillion times, revealed that song's true lack of depth. Now, on a live album, Livetime (RCA)-no excuses for soul death in front of all those sticky-pantied teenaged chicks, right?-the truth is out. Hall and Oates are still dead. They do an eightminute version of Sara Smile, 480 seconds of log-sawing unlyrical spang-a-lang antimusic. Ersatz canned supersoul, overarranged and not very well hung but with technical chops up the wah-zoo. Spastic 128th-note sleight of hand. Electric vibro-falsetto, imitation hots for ya, babe. If you listen to the record very closely, it can depress the hell out of you.

She stood there bright as the sun on that California coast

He was a Midwestern boy on his

She looked at him with those soft eyes so innocent and blue

He knew right then he was too far from home....

Bob Seger is rapidly turning into one of the best rock songwriters ever. Those

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*With adapter included with 265.



lines begin Hollywood Nights, the first track on his first album since Night Moves, which gave so many of us those old elusive chills that we made it into platinum-plus. Seger is 32 years old and has been on the road half his life. But unlike such peers as The Rolling Stones and Dylan, who begin to parody themselves in decline, Seger is just hitting his stride, getting his wind, a true longdistance runner stretching out. While the Stones put out a son-of-sham disco single that can make grown rockers weep for what they have lost, and while Dylan constructs elaborate four-hour filmed pyramids in memory of himself, Seger is coming. The new album, Stranger in Town (Capitol), may not be the all-cut killer that Night Moves was, but postplatinum jitters are common, and Stranger in Town is still one of the season's best. Those of you who've been buried in Bolivia and don't know Seger's stuff might do better to pass temporarily on the new album and start with the double Live Bullet, or his own favorite, Beautiful Loser. The live album is quintessential: He's at his best not in a studio but in front of 10,000 cheering fans-in this case, a loving hometown crowd in Detroit.

Last spring, at the Chicago Stadium, Seger gave one of the strongest shows I've seen in years of hurting myself this way. So long has he been on the road, and such are his instincts, that his band has cleaned rock down to its shining bone essentials. Bach concerti with electric guitars instead of cellos-that pure, anyway. And there was not a clinker in the show, from Nutbush City Limits to Rock and Roll Never Forgets to Travelin' Man to Beautiful Loser, with a sliding change into the last so breath-taking it brings on those chills. On this occasion, he wasn't trying for the vocal leaps he hits on the live album, ducking a little instead, sign of three weeks on the road, but the ghost of Otis Redding still lurks in his voice. . . . As he sat at the piano singing a new ballad about trying to hang in with a woman for years but finally and sadly giving up, he briefly lost most of his young audience, who were there to boogie and haven't been around long enough to feel that one yet. Then it was The Fire Down Below, Ramblin' Gamblin' Man and Katmandu, with Night Moves for an encore . . .

Out past the cornfields where the woods got heavy

Out in the back seat of my '60 Chevy

Workin' on mysteries without any clues

Workin' on our night moves. . . .

Standing near me on a single folding chair, two young teenagers clung together, making out, lost in each other, as Seger sang background for them—and I



The Kenwood KR-6030 receiver. When you like your music enough.

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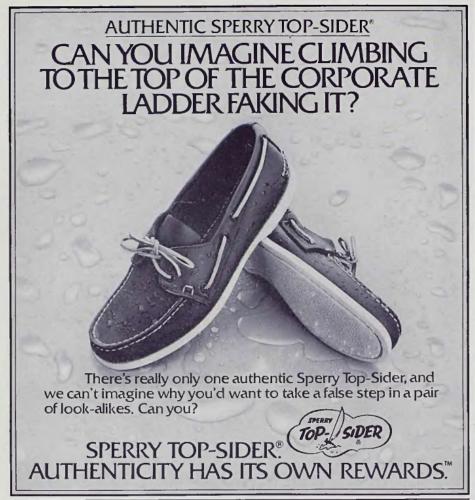
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was lost somewhere back in my own '60 Chevy, holding a girl long gone from me now....

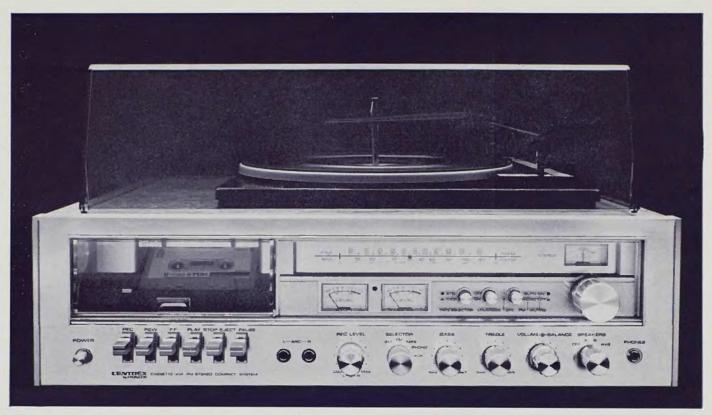
Which is why I'd wanted to interview Seger for quite a while: If you grew up in the Midwest, he takes you places you've been. And he's someone who's made it and stayed-which is also rare. We talked after the show in his hotel room. One thing I found out early is that he's half in love with a computer. I'd asked what attracted him to L.A. to record and got back a burst of enthusiasm about a new mixing board. If you've never been in a studio, much of this at first will sound like Beginning Martian, but it's an aspect of rock 'n' roll that occupies considerable thought and time-and we quickly revert to English. SEGER: It's a computerized mixing board, 24-track. It's really a neat board. It's got EQs that-on most boards they're like db, little registers-and it's got an infinite EQ register. I mean, you can split dbs. They're totally infinite as far as EQs. It's, of course, computerized, which is beautiful, because what you do is set up the mix and you mix it once. And you step back and it mixes

(I should maybe mention that this so far sounded like *Reddy Kilowatt Meets Julia Child* to me, but, like a good interviewer, I kept smiling and nodding absolute comprehension.)

SEGER: So each time you play it back, you can turn off the computer on any one of 24 tracks. And say, well, I like that mix, and I think I hear a little more guitar. So you just punk with the guitar track and everything else moves by itself. Instead of moving everything around every time, which you do when you manually mix, you get to listen more. It saves a lot of time in that respect. Plus, you write down all your EQ settings. So if you go back two weeks later-you put in a little card, that's how it works, there's a card that goes in there, and you just stick the card back into the machine and everything goes right back. It's like you stopped five seconds ago and you're starting again. And for that, it's just fabulous. Because lots of times when you mix, it may be a real early mix that you like. Each mix is remembered on the computer, you see. So say you've mixed four hours longer really than you should've, right? You really went in the wrong direction. You can't go back when you manually mix. You've got to start over completely, right? And with the computer you say, well, screw that four hours, let's go back to the first two hours, or whatever. You can only do that with a computer. It's marvelous, it's great.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy the production end of the business?

SEGER: I hate it! (Laughs) Because I don't have the technical background, really. But every time I've worked with

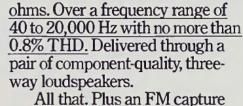


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producers, it seems all they ever want to do—and rightly so, because they have their track records to think of—is make "hit records." (Affecting crass growly agent voice) "Well, let's cut that out, and let's put girl singers here, and..." You know. Anything to make it commercial. And sometimes you just don't need all that stuff. Sometimes the songs don't call for it. One thing I can't stand is overproduction.

PLAYBOY: One thing that interested us was that the audience tonight was very young. It's a new audience that you've gotten in the past few years, isn't it?

seger: Oh, yeah. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: We expected more old farts such as ourself, who listened to rock 'n' roll and never forgot....

seger: In some cities, we do get a lot of people 25, 30, 35 years old. Most of our shows are sit-down shows, so they're not afraid to come.

PLAYBOY: Yeah, the Stadium scares off a lot of people. It's like, oh, dear, I'm gonna be robbed and mugged and have toilet paper thrown at me. . . .

SEGER: And get a Frisbee in the head.... PLAYBOY: Have any near-lethal missiles ever hit you?

seger: No, we're pretty lucky. Most of our crowds are pretty tame. We don't encourage that sort of thing, so it doesn't happen.

PLAYBOY: Did the huge success of Night

Moves make you feel pressured about what to put on the new album?

seger: Sure. It's a natural reaction. It takes a while for that follow-up. Primarily, I decided absolutely that it wouldn't be a carbon copy. There aren't any songs like the hits of *Night Moves*—or the misses. It's a totally different album.

PLAYBOY: Were you as happy about Night Moves as the public was? Do you think it was significantly better than your earlier work?

seger: Yeah. I do think it was, I think I've been writing a lot better since the Beautiful Loser LP.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any sense of what

the click was, what happened?

seger: I stopped playing lead guitar, I just became front singer on the Beautiful Loser album. And it gave me tons of time, not having to buy guitars and amps, keeping them in tune, and so on. It just opened all sorts of different worlds. I began to write on piano a lot more and to write on acoustic guitar. When I was playing lead guitar, I tended to write everything around riffs and I was limited as to what I wrote. Now I write songs in all different shapes and fashions.

PLAYBOY: If you were no longer *allowed* to be a rock 'n' roller, what do you think you'd be doing?

seger: I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ever have any

desire to do anything else?

seger: Sports, when I was a kid. Long-distance running. I wasn't good enough for football or fast enough for track. I was in cross-country in high school, ran the two-mile, four-mile. That was fun. But I started smoking when I was 16 and that nixed that. That was right when I started playing music. (Laughs)

PLAYBOY: How did your parents react to your becoming a rock 'n' roller early on? SEGER: They didn't like it too much, because my dad was a musician. Dance band, a Forties big band.

PLAYBOY: What instrument?

SEGER: He played woodwinds. And he also played a little piano and guitar, but his main axes were sax and clarinet.

PLAYBOY: So he'd been there.

seger: Yeah, he had been there. Matter of fact, he'd been there for like 20 years on weekends. He worked at Ford during the week as a first-aid man. He had three years of medical school, but he didn't really have it to be a doctor, he just didn't want to go all that way. He liked playing. He played one or two nights a week for about 20 years. My mom didn't dig it, because they had to spend a lot of time in clubs. That's why she didn't want that for me. And he sort of really tried to make it and didn't; so she just thought it would be a real heartbreak for me and stuff . . . but when we finally did do it, they became fans. My dad died in

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- . The ultimate in optimism: Confidence that there is no next world.
- After forty, one's face begins to tell more than one's tongue.
- It's more fun to arrive at a conclusion than to justify it.
 The line between idiosyncrasy and idiocy is Money.
- If all maidens stayed maidens there'd be nobody left.

· Souls are not for walking on.

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'68, but he saw me make the first hit; he saw *Gamblin' Man*. He was very proud. My mom now is a real big fan.

PLAYBOY: What do you think you'll be doing when you're 40?

SEGER: I'll probably be producing records. I'd like to have some connection with music—maybe just be a writer. I don't think I'll be performing. I don't think I'll last like Chuck [Berry]. Chuck's so good, he's so good. . . .

PLAYBOY: You still seem to get off on performing.

SEGER: The popularity is going to wane. It always does. And I think if it does, I might be real happy doing a blues thing—you know, with a little bit of rock but not as intense, and playing guitar. Because I still love to play guitar. Having a band, like Freddie, or Albert, when I'm 40. Still play for young people, but not quite so crazy or so big. I think that would be a killer. —DAVID STANDISH

Someone else right in there as one of the best songwriters and singers around is Russell Smith of the Amazing Rhythm Aces. But fine as the Rhythm Aces are, they don't seem to sell very many records. Which may be why they're having internal problems—"Byrd" Burton, their longtime producer and lead guitarist, has quit. And Burning the Ballroom Down (ABC), their latest album, sounds as if chunks of it were recorded deep in the

dumps. But it's a tribute to how good the Aces are that several cuts stand out and shine brightly. More regularly and convincingly than Seger, who's in top form doing cheery rockers, Smith writes about the pain of breaking up old acts, finding new ones that deceive or can't last. A Jackass Gets His Oats (co-written with frequent collaborator and Aces piano player James H. Brown, Jr.) starts, 'She wouldn't make two mouthfuls of sandwich meat/Looked like the kind of girl who'd drink more than she'd eat/ Still and all, her legs were long/Guess I'd better slide on over and see what's goin' on . . ." and barroom romance bloomsexcept when they leave, up pops her lover from an alley, and our hero leaves the song running, thinking at the end, I hope I'm out of range. The most ambitious cut. Burning the Ballroom Down, uses the image of a ballroom as a metaphor for marriage, and it works; not a shred of pretentiousness. And Della's Long Brown Hair should be a minor classic-who writes good love songs to brown hair? There are some dead spots on this album, but we recommend it, anyway: Support your local Rhythm Aces.

SHORT CUTS

David Johansen (Blue Sky): Straightahead rock, with little musical sophistication but incredible energy. Who said the Neanderthals were extinct? B. B. King / Midnight Believer (ABC): A soulful, moody album that eschews B.B.'s usual 12-bar blues in favor of other, more contemporary forms.

Mtume / Kiss This World Goodbye (Epic): When Miles went funky, percussionist Mtume and guitarist Reggie Lucas helped him along; but their own music, as presented here, is closer to Bootsy Collins' than to Miles's.

Aretha / Almighty Fire (Atlantic): Curtis Mayfield wrote the tunes and provided the settings, which are elaborate—but not as big as Aretha's voice. Or heart.

George Duke / Don't Let Go (Epic): Fusion music that's pleasing to the ear but doesn't stick in the memory.

Stanley Clarke / Modern Man (Nemperor): Under the delusion that his composing and producing talents are on a par with his performing abilities, the superlative bassist has come up with a lemon.

Caesar Fraxier / Another Life (Westbound): Mainstream R&B tunes, solidly arranged and delivered with conviction.

Roy Buchanan / You're Not Alone (Atlantic): Back-lit by trendy close-encounter segues, one of rock's Olympic guitarists does some fancy skating over thin material.

Johnny McLaughlin / Electric Guitarist (Columbia): Hotter and more thoughtful licks from the Mahavishnu—part of whose brain is truly out there on Andromeda—come home again, plugged in for the first time in three years.

MOVIES

ard drugs—a couple of kilos or so of pure heroin—are the motivating factor of Who'll Stop the Rain? (adapted by Robert Stone and Judith Rascoe from Stone's novel Dog Soldiers). Back in 1971, a weak and demoralized war correspondent (Michael Moriarty) persuades a former Marine Corps buddy (Nick Nolte) to smuggle the stuff home from Vietnam by ship, for delivery to his unsuspecting wife (Tuesday Weld). None of the three knows that they have been set up for a corrupt Government agent (Anthony Zerbe) and a pair of sadistic thugs, who won't stop at kidnaping, mayhem or murder to lay their hands on the stash. Despite an undercurrent of moral outrage-more or less a residue of the book's metaphorical hint that a useless war can turn everyone's values inside out-Rain is essentially a chase movie, pure and simple. The dramatic climax in a desert hideaway in New Mexico, site of an old commune where Sixties flower people used to turn on and tune in to rock music, seems such obvious symbolism that you may marvel, as I did, at the awesome ingenuousness of moviemakers. Why there, of all places? Because the setting looks great. Because it says something. Moriarty, Weld and Nolte (still a rather stolid sex symbol since his Rich Man, Poor Man reputation sent him flipping into The Deep) are all capable actors, stymied by the fact that there's something intrinsically anticlimactic about drug-culture characters who get glazed on happy dust to float through every crisis. Weld and Nolte are cast as lovers on the lam-the kind of number Ida Lupino and Bogart used to do-but they seem so spaced out and detached that it's not easy to know what they feel or to care a hell of a lot. Who'll Stop the Rain? is technically almost flawless, with super photography by Richard H. Kline and impeccable direction by Karel Reisz (who made the memorable Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, as well as Morgan!). A good, exciting movie for the popcorn trade, put together by people whose collective credentials promise something a little more important, and measurably better, than action melodrama that never really gets high.

Eight stunt men are listed in the credits for The Driver, and they earn their money by providing enough thrills, spills and fiery auto crashes to fill several chase movies. Ryan O'Neal plays the title role supercoolly, with practically no show of emotion and no given name. It always worries me a bit when characters are depersonalized to such an extent that they are known only as The Driver, The Detective (Bruce Dern), The Player



Weld, Nolte in Stop the Rain.

A pair of chase movies and two new women's films from Cannes.



O'Neal, Adjani in Driver.

(France's winsome Isabelle Adjani, deadwrong for her role as a gambling girl about town who will take a chance on just about anything). O'Neal and Dern face off for the film's suspenseful climax, after a bank job set up by the ruthless police officer to entrap the professional driver of getaway cars-a guy with no previous arrests and nerves of stainless steel. Writer-director Walter Hill, who made his directorial debut with Charles Bronson's offbeat Hard Times, has a distinctive personal style. He favors the poker-faced, Dragnet kind of acting, with low-key lighting and very little humor to lessen the tension. In fact, he somehow manages to make modern Los Angeles, despite palm trees and splashes of sunshine, look like a Kafkaesque night town where no one ever smiles. The over-all effect is that The Driver seems slightly pretentious at times, more morbid than entertaining, though seldom sluggish. You may not care about these anonymous people, but you won't twiddle your thumbs or drum your fingers while waiting to see what they do next.

"Women's films" used to be a handy designation for movies about women, generally those in which the fair sex was handled with care and sudsy sympathy. The emergence of women film makers—no doubt a fringe benefit of the feminist movement—has changed all that; and a trio of new movies indicates that girl talk, nowadays, is apt to be much sterner stuff than that of Little Women.

Flushed with triumph from the Cannes Film Festival, where it became a festival sleeper-such a hot ticket in the side-street showings of movies by new directors that turnaway crowds literally fought to see it-producer-director Claudia Weill's Girlfriends is a warm, perceptive and disarming little movie about friendship, very off the cuff and New Yorkish in style. Don't expect the millennium. I heard one carried-away distributor at Cannes describe Girlfriends as "ten times better than An Unmarried Woman," which it isn't. The movie's main strength is a marvelously winning performance by Melanie Mayron, a gamin-type funny girl (previously seen as the hilarious cashier in Car Wash) who has all of Streisand's pluck and resiliency with none of Barbra's brass. Melanie plays a young photographer on the brink of success, suffering an identity crisis when her best friend (Anita Skinner) chooses the security of marriage over the uncertainties of making it on her own. The heroine fools around in a father-daughterly relationship with a rabbi (Eli Wallach), has an off-and-on affair with a boy (Christopher Guest) who wants her to move in with him, and finally achieves a degree of emotional balance about where she's at and what she can reasonably expect from herself and other people. That's all there is to Girlfriends, but Mayron and Weill manage to flesh out a small story with effortless humor and painful truth.

Another attention grabber at Cannes was Carol Kane, co-starred with Lee Grant in director Karen Arthur's The Mafu Cage (subtitled "A Terrifying Love Story"). Miss Arthur has a multimovie contract with Universal, though her stock won't rise very high on the merits of Mafu Cage—one of those murky Gothic shockers about two mad sisters in an old mansion, where they nurse Electra complexes and explore lesbianism-incest amid a houseful of African artifacts inherited from their deceased father. Carol goes slightly berserk when her pet orangutan dies (actually,

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she beats it to death), and she begins to crave new specimens to occupy Mafu's cage. This silliness is fathoms beneath Oscar winner Grant's skills as an actress, though Kane—all moon eyes and frizzy mane—somehow transforms madness into a mesmerizing one-woman show. She is nearly always too good for the movies she gets, but one of these days she's destined to ride a winner. There hasn't been so fey and potent a waif on the screen since Lillian Gish was a guppy.

If you want to be snobbish about Capricorn One, there are a few lapses of logic in the plot that a Saturn rocket might comfortably pass through. For full enjoyment, I suggest that you suspend disbelief and go along with writer-director Peter Hyams, who is spinning a tall, tall tale that might have sounded taller several years ago-when more of us were still gullible enough to think that the U.S. Government, like young George Washington, could not tell a lie. Capricorn's grabber, and it's a choice one, is a completely faked manned landing on Mars, conceived and executed at the highest levels of NASA and Congress by officials hoping to rekindle the public's excitement about deep space probes. Hal Holbrook plays the snaky, soft-spoken mastermind of the televised hoax, with O. J. Simpson, Sam Waterston and James Brolin (redeemed at last from the stigma of Gable and Lombard) as the trio of astronauts, innocents all, who find themselves whisked away to a secret desert hide-out on terra firma to pass the better part of a year in a diabolical charade. Elliott Gould, as an inquisitive reporter who begins to smell a rat, and Brenda Vaccaro, as Brolin's wife—who is made to believe she's an astronaut's widowhead a company so well endowed with talent that Karen Black and Telly Savalas are enlisted for minor comic roles. Capricorn has breath-taking chases, narrow escapes, missing persons, topechelon treachery. All the stuff that goes into an edge-of-the-seat crowd pleaser with no loftier aim than to make us hang in and root for the good guys. Such straightforward entertainment is relaxing once in a while; escapists can't live forever on Star Wars.

A fleet of frail sailboats drifts out to sea filled with teenagers, all at the mercy of a great white shark that has obviously developed a preference for spring chicken. The monster also devours water skiers and virtually gobbles up a rescue helicopter during Jows 2, the inevitable sequel to one of the greatest box-office bonanzas ever. Roy Scheider is back as Amity Island's Sheriff Brody, the reluctant hero flanked by a loyal wife and an obtuse mayor (Lorraine Gary and Murray Hamilton, both repeating their original roles). Leaner and more laconic, perhaps, Scheider—still aquiver from his



Gould, Black in Capricorn.

Fraud on Mars, a phony Carter and a computerized shark.



The shark's back and Scheider's got him.



Carter double in Cayman.

first fishing expedition—has to keep the movie afloat almost singlehandedly. Jaws was a pop masterpiece of its kind, brilliantly directed by Steven Spielberg to deepen cheap thrills with a real sense of mystery about man vs. elemental evil. Jaws 2, under director Jeannot Szwarc (a replacement for John Hancock), is a fairly mechanical exercise in suspense,

dependent to a large extent on an audience's conditioned reflexes. The shark will probably scare the bejeezus out of you and rack up substantial profits, though this poor fish appears to be sluggish and computerized.

Ed Beheler of Waco, Texas-a ringer for President Jimmy Carter-sits thumbing through a particular issue of PLAYBOY "with lust in heart" while an international crisis rages in The Coymon Triangle. Although doubles for Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon also appear, they are not meant to stir up controversy. The satire here is pure fluff about buried treasure and a pirate's curse, which Cayman Triangle jimmies into its plot to explain that the mysterious disappearance of some ships in the Caribbean can be traced back to an 18th Century buccaneer named Dirty Reid. Winner of the First Feature Silver Venus Medallion at the 1977 Virgin Islands International Film Festival, Triangle was made on a shoestring by local talent from Florida and points southpresumably working with nothing but loose ends.

Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, Guy Bedos and Claude Brasseur, the four young-at-heart middle-aged clowns who made human frailty almost irresistible in Pardon Mon Affaire, are back for an encore in French director Yves Robert's We Will All Meet in Paradise. That's an applause cue, because the sequel is at least as droll and juicy as the first goround. Singly or together, between intramural squabbles, the quartet thrives on chaos. One of the men (Bedos, the doctor) faces his mother's death or dallies with a patient while another (Rochefort) collects evidence of his wife's infidelity; the third (Brasseur) decides to marry a woman who doesn't mind his preference for boys; and the fourth (Lanoux) finds himself sharing a kind of extramarital commune with his former wife, her current lover, a mistress and her ex, plus a horde of happy children. Robert's Paradise explores comic truth and pathos without straining credibility and becomes a definitive essay on the middle-class male animal. Thank God it's French. If these guys were American, they would soon be made the subjects of a weekly TV sitcom.

Among other recent foreign imports, only a handful are worth mentioning. For example:

Restless: Raquel Welch made this hotblooded drama of adultery and vengeance while slumming in Greece a couple of years ago. Her former husband, Patrick Curtis, coproduced it—their marital split was at least part of the reason for the film's belated arrival here—and Richard Johnson co-stars as a lusty stud whose eager loins make simple provincial wives . . . well, restless. Raquel plays



the passionate lady, showing off a passable Greek accent, letting out the gypsy in her soul and wielding an ax with impressive assurance. At home or abroad, she's something to see in a role that fits her like a peasant dress after custom alterations.

The Gentleman Tramp: First reviewed in PLAYBOY'S October 1976 issue, Richard Patterson's brilliant documentary tribute to the late Charlic Chaplin—who died last December 26—was not snapped up by commercial distributors for a long, long while. Now it's out and likely to be the best movie in town, wherever you are. Look for it.

FILM CLIPS

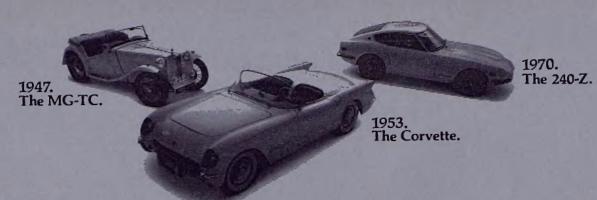
High-Bollin': Independent truckers fightin' to stay free of big companies, hijackers and murderous thugs. Peter Fonda stars in one of his less impressive slumming expeditions into blue-collar territory. Fonda's B movies are to regular film what country-and-western music is to modern jazz. Half the dialog of High-Ballin' is transmitted by C.B. radio, but at least two performers—Jerry Reed, as a good ole boy named Duke, and newcomer Helen Shaver, as a whiskey-voiced road runner named Pickup—really get a handle on it.

One Man: Crisply underplayed, director Robin Spry's drama about a crusading TV newsman (Len Cariou, Broadway star of Cold Storage and A Little Night Music) is the kind of work that may finally put Canadian movies on the map. The bad guys are heads of a huge corporation that refuses, in the name of progress, to close a factory producing toxic fumes. Big business and government leaders—wouldn't you know?—line up on their side, despite the risk of brain damage to children.

Go Tell the Spartons: More about Vietnam (and a title derived from an epitaph by Herodotus), with Burt Lancaster as a world-weary major whose military career was blighted way, way back, when the President of the U.S. caught him getting head from a general's wife. Lancaster hasn't had a feistier role in years, and the actors in his command (chiefly Craig Wasson, Jonathan Goldsmith and Marc Singer) fight "a sucker's war" with corrosive truth and few clichés.

Damien: Omen II: British actor Leo Mc-Kern plays a key role as an exorciser in the opening sequences of a dumb sequel to The Omen but receives no screen credit. Smart..., or a fortunate oversight. William Holden and Lee Grant aren't so lucky. Fully identified, they play the adoptive parents of the Devil's son (Jonathan Scott-Taylor), who grows into a smug teenager, enters military school and casually starts bumping off anyone who gets in his way. Evidence mounts that Satan already has a solid foothold in the film industry.

-REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



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mentation, including a combination tach and voltmeter. The GS-Model shown here adds things like 5-speed, wider tires, electric remote hatch release, windshield sunshade band, rear stabilizer and more.

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

turning to the big screen soon. Set for production at Warner Bros. are animated shorts featuring Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Wile E. Coyote, Porky Pig, Road Runner and Duck Dodgers. Steven Spielberg has volunteered to write a script for the new Duck Dodgers episode. . . . Director Hol Ashby has signed to direct Being There, from Jerzy Kosinski's novel. He'll do it before The Hawkline Monster. . . . Fresh off the Irving Wollace family assembly line is The People's Almanac #2, due out in October, with





Bugs Bunny

Ashby

all new material. . . . Screenwriter Robert (Chinatown) Towne will make his directorial debut with Greystoke, the real story behind the Tarzan legend, from his own script. . . . Peter (North Dallas Forty) Gent, the ex-Dallas Cowboy turned author, has written a new novel, set for September pub. Texas Celebrity Turkey Trot is a humorous look at a football star's plunge from fame to instant oblivion. . . . TV personality Gerold Ford won't go on the air for NBC again until 1979, when his book comes out. The subject of the TV spot will be his pardon of Nixon and reaction to Watergate. . . . Keir Dulleo and Bud Cort will star in NBC's TV movie of Aldous Huxley's Brave New World, set for next season. . . . Gloria Emerson has embarked on a new book project for Simon & Schuster-she'll interview men on maleness in America. . . . And guess what CBS has in the works-a two-hour TV movie called The Freddic Prinze Story. R.J.P.

TODAY AN OSCAR, TOMORROW A GRAMMY? If Dione Keoton ever finds time between film roles to record that album she's been talking about doing, it ought to be a





on Keaton

winner. So far, Bob Dylon, Tom Waits and Robbie Robertson, among others, have written material for her, unsolicited. Diane is currently shooting a new Woody Allen movie, this one a comedy, and will probably follow that with the lead in the film version of Mory Gordon's well-received first novel, Final Payments. Shortly after the book came out, Miss Keaton's manager purchased the film rights and, we're told, it's "definite if we can come up with the right screenplay." The book is about the plight of a 30-year-old woman who begins life anew following the death of her invalid father.

wacky Englishmen and one Yank who are Monty Python's Flying Circus will be landing on the sandy shores of Tunisia shortly to shoot a new flick, Monty Python's Life of Brian. Tunisia may never recover from the experience. "We picked Tunisia because it's a land of sun, holidays and insurgencies," says Terry Jones, the Python who'll be directing the epic, set in Biblical times. Once tentatively titled Brian of Nazareth, the film "takes place during Christ's lifetime, but Christ really isn't in it, although he does make a fleeting appearance. Originally," continues Jones,



Monty Python

"it was going to be the life of Christ, but we didn't like that, because basically none of us had any quarrel with Christ. So it's more about the people around him, sort of an interpretation of the Messiah, although all the characters are fictitious." Nonetheless, it's a somewhat irreverent treatment and, in Jones's words, "will inevitably be fairly controversial."

IKE AND KAY: Rumors that Robert Duvall stormed off the set of ABC's Ike are untrue, according to Mel Shovelson, writer, director and exec producer of the upcoming miniseries. "There are always artistic differences when you work with actors as good as Duvall," Shavelson says. "He never walked off the set." Budgeted at a cool million, the biopic, which covers the war years, features Dono Andrews as General George C. Marshall, Darren McGavin as General George S. Patton and Lee Remick as the controversial Koy Summersby. The character playing Momie Eisenhower appears in only two short scenes. "There's certainly more of Kay than Mamie in the film," says Shavelson, "but our attitude toward the relationship between Ike and Kay is to leave it up to the audience to decide what went on between them." Shavelson, incidentally, voted for Adloi Stevenson in both elections.

FUTURE TOFFLER: Alvin Toffler is more than halfway through penning The Third Wave, his first major work since Future Shock, and two publishers—William Morrow and Bantam—have bought hard-cover and paperback rights, respectively, for a "high six-figure advance." Sources predict that the new book will have as strong an impact on thinking in the Eighties as Future Shock had on the Seventies. Morrow plans to publish it sometime in 1980.

EVERY TRUCKER'S DREAM: Goil Porent, author of Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York, has written a pilot for CBS called 3-Way Love. "It's about a truck driver married to two women in different cities," says Gail. "He gets into an accident and both wives meet over his bedside and they all move in together. But, it turns out, not only does he have two wives, he's got a girlfriend as well." Gail is also working on a new novel, Nice Normal Urges, and co-writing with tonce Rentzel a screenplay, "a romantic comedy revolving around a basketball player."

SEQUELMANIA: Hollywood is cranking up for another round of sequels. Warner Bros. now wants to do three more Oh, God! films, each one to star George Bums as the Divine Mr. G. The first of these will most likely co-star tily Tomlin and be written and directed by Lily's collaborator, Jone Wogner. Meantime, the Robert



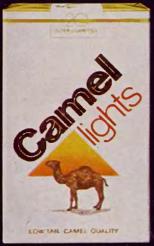


Burns

Travolta

Stigwood Organization is prepping for a sequel to Saturday Night Fever (Sunday Morning Nausea?). "It's a bit sketchy at this point," says our source, "but we'd like to reunite all the initial elements." Getting the Bee Gees again will be no problem, but there's always the chance that Travolto will decline. "We hope John will do it, but if he doesn't, we'll just go ahead with another actor," say the film makers. "It won't hinge on his doing it." Well, there's always brother Joey, right? —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Perhaps you can settle an argument that I am having with my mother and sister. They say that a woman should not agree to sexual intercourse every time her husband initiates it. They say that by occasionally saying no (even though you feel like saying yes), you help make the relationship exciting. You make the sexual act more special when it does happen. I have never been able to do this. Even though I do not consider myself oversexed, I do feel that I have a very healthy sexual appetite. I even initiate sex sometimes. I enjoy my husband and he enjoys me. It seems somewhat dishonest to make excuses not to have sexjust for the purpose of putting off what you can have today for something better tomorrow. It couldn't be better. My mother and sister make the analogy to a constant diet of steak, which causes a man to lose his appetite for steak. What do you think?-Mrs. B. M., Norton, Virginia.

What we don't eat today we'll have tomorrow as steak sandwiches. Tell your mother and sister to quit reading those advice columns in their local newspapers. The studies we've seen indicate that the more you have sex, the more you appreciate it and the more you do it. It's a vicious circle—and we love it.

recently purchased a tape recorder and wish to transfer most of my favorite records to tape. However, time has taken its toll and a good number of them have more surface scratches than my sensitive ears can stand. Is there a way to recover the music without the scratches?—T. L., San Francisco, California.

Oddly enough, the United States Treasury has the answer. Take several of the larger-denomination bills it issues and use them to grease the palm of your local hi-fi salesman. He will, in turn, give you one of the new noise-eliminator units that hook up between your amplifier and your tape recorder. Ever since it was discovered that scratches produce a higher-frequency (20,000-50,000 Hz) impulse energy than music, it has been possible to retard the signals long enough to remove them electronically. With the current state of the art, it is possible to eliminate the clicks and pops with no audible interference with the music. But be prepared to pay between \$200 and \$300 for the privilege.

Concerning the letter to *The Playboy Advisor* (PLAYBOY, April) from the gentleman suffering embarrassment because his girl has to ask him if he has finished yet: Let it be known that the most dismaying turn-off for the female ego is the



quiet comer. Nothing inspires more industrious attention to the subtle nuances of sensuous quirking and jerking than the thrilling reward of guttural male moans. If you want to improve a girl's oral-sex technique, just give her a little audio feedback. I would not waste my talents on a quiet comer. I would think him strangely inhibited and not ready or receptive to the kind of open, giving sex that I enjoy.—Miss J. G., Torrance, California.

We think the noises of lovemaking sound best in stereo—whatever the volume. Indeed, the only time we forgive a silent partner is when her mouth is full or we're trying not to disturb the couple next to us at the movies. But perhaps you should give some of those strong, silent types a second chance—maybe they need more attention. Use your fingernails, or maybe whips and chains.

A friend recently laid his hands on a demo copy of a new recording process. It was a new pressing of a record (by a well-known artist) that I happened to own. He put my record on, set the dials on his amplifier in place, then played it. He played the same cut on the demo record, with the dials in the same settings, and it sounded louder. What's the secret?—B. R., Albany, New York.

He probably uses the right washday products, too. Your friend has evidently stumbled onto one of the latest advances in recording technology—the CBS DISComputer disc-mastering system. The system uses a computer-operated lathe to cut the vinyl masters, or originals,

from recording tape. Records mastered on the new device are said to be significantly better in the signal-to-noise ratio, provide greater control of distortion and reduce the possibilities of mistracking. But the big news is that the system can fit more grooves into the record, increasing playing time by as much as five

minutes. Plus, the recordings are actually louder by from two to five decibels than those cut on conventional equipment. Right now, only about ten percent of CBS's records are being cut on the new system, but as soon as installations are complete, it will be used throughout its network of 50 recording studios. So now we're going to get louder and longer. And that, they tell us, is progress.

My breasts are exceedingly large (38 DD) and are rather heavy, though not very sensitive to light or even moderate handling. My husband finds them visually stimulating and likes me to hoist them up in a scarf or necktie tied as a sling from the back of my neck. He really gets off on slapping them to and fro, and I must admit I enjoy it as much as he does. At times, we get very excited and he ends up smacking them around pretty hard. I feel only a pleasant stinging and no actual harsh pain, but usually after these rougher handlings, there are some fairly large bruises that appear, which last a few days and fade soon afterward. (All my life I've had a tendency to bruise easily anywhere on my body.) My question is this: Could the particular bruises that result from lovemaking be a sign of actual damage?-Mrs. S. W., Los Angeles, California.

Check with your doctor; it will be easier for him to check for potential damage in person. You don't need to tell him how you got the bruises, but it might help. Otherwise, your husband could get hauled in for wife beating. But don't worry. Chances are you aren't doing serious damage (at least, no more than the athletes who are battered and bruised on other playing fields). When it comes to sex, our rule is: If it feels good, do it. When it comes to rough sex play, our rule is: If it doesn't hurt that much, do it.

aving had a fantastic week in Fun City, I decided to stay another fantastic week. Unfortunately, my hotel decided one week was enough and evicted me. I thought that once you had a reservation, you could stay as long as you wanted. What gives?—M. R., Cleveland, Ohio.

Some hotels are a little touchy about guests' making structural alterations in



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their rooms, but, aside from that, there is no reason you should have been put out. Most hotels in the continental U.S. will honor a guest's reservation for as long as he wishes to stay, even if it means not having a room for an incoming guest. Hawaii, on the other hand, is trying to get a law passed to allow the eviction of anyone who stays beyond his previously stated check-out date, if the room has been promised to someone else. You might have saved yourself some trouble if you had let the hotel know ahead of time that you needed an open check-out date. At the very least, you've learned which hotel not to go back to on your next trek to Gotham.

Y y husband and I recently installed a wonderfully sensuous Jacuzzi hot tub in our back yard. It certainly has transformed our sex lives, as well as those of our neighbors. Our back yard is now the "in" spot in the area. I have one concern, though: I recall reading that air forced into the vagina could cause an embolism. One of my favorite pastimes in the Jacuzzi consists of letting the water jet caress my clitoris-to the point of orgasm and beyond. The water jet is part water and part air. The bubbles contribute to the erotic massage. Should I cease this titillating turn-on, or should I perhaps limit my geyser to just gushing water?-Mrs. M. M., Seattle, Washington.

Dear next of kin: Just kidding, folks. It is true that forcing air into the vagina can be fatal, especially during pregnancy or menstruation. Even in those circumstances, the chances are slight that the water jet in the Jacuzzi could build up enough pressure to do you in. As long as you don't impale yourself on the jet, you should be safe. So enjoy the bubbly.

When I concluded a driving vacation through Europe recently, I was surprised to find that the bill for my rental car was far more than it would have been in the United States. Naturally, it was useless to complain. But, just for my own satisfaction, I need to know if the costs are that much higher or whether I was taken.—P. D., New York, New York.

A lot of things are different over there. They speak funny languages and where they don't, they drive on the wrong side of the road. But you were probably a victim of custom, not of a con. First off, they figure your mileage in kilometers, not miles. Kilometers are shorter, as you probably know. Secondly, the gas rates can be three or four times as high as in the U.S. Lastly, you probably ran into an old friend from the States-taxes. They're pretty stiff in some countries. For instance, France will add nearly 18 percent to your bill, Sweden nearly 21 percent. Next time, opt for an economy car to cut gas costs and try to get one with unlimited mileage. As for the taxes,



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P-9/78

there's no way to beat them. Some things are the same the world round.

Shortly after my husband and I were married, I discovered that he derived great pleasure from reading pornographic literature, viewing erotic films and masturbating. It was probably the most devastating feeling I have ever had. I was naïve enough to believe that I was his only sexual outlet. This practice has continued over the years, even though we have had a good sex life. Somehow, I feel as though I have been robbed of a great deal of sex. Now that we are older and my husband is no longer quite as virile as he used to be, it makes me very sad (and not a little bitter) to think of all the sex I missed as a result of his actions. What would you recommend to someone in my situation?-Mrs. N. W., Chicago, Illinois.

Sex is not a limited commodity. It is not something that should be put into a joint checking account, with both partners having to cosign bed checks. Your husband did not steal anything from you by masturbating-he was merely dealing with his own sex drive in an acceptable adult fashion. According to Morton Hunt, author of "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," 72 percent of husbands and 68 percent of wives masturbate with some regularity. The change in your husband's virility is not the result of masturbation-it comes as a natural result of the aging process. As males grow older, it takes longer for them to become erect and longer for them to ejaculate. They are still capable of getting it up and getting it on. If you want more sex, the responsibility is yours. Make up for lost time, kid. The alternative is divorce, and we've never heard of anyone naming

am sorely pissed. In an effort to please my new girlfriend, who admits she prefers muscular men, I have undertaken the monumental task of transforming my 150-pound, 6'2" body into a hunk of sculpted, rippling steel. For three months, I have worked out with weights for 90 minutes a day, six days a week. The first two weeks, I gained about three pounds, then I lost them the following two weeks. My weight is now down to 146, I'm tired all the time and the only benefit I can see is that the next time my old lady says something snide about how scrawny I am, I will be strong enough to punch her out. What am I doing wrong:-G. K., Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

Mary Fist as corespondent.

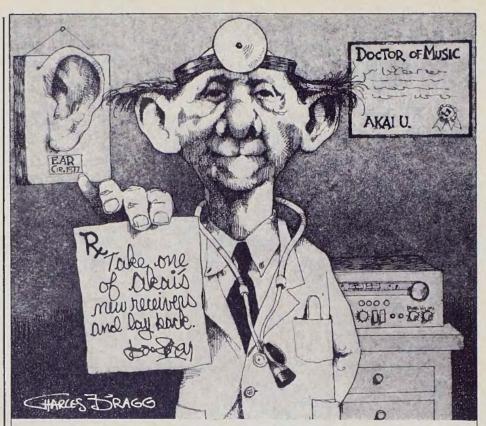
From what you've told us, everything. First, you should be on Muscle Beach rather than in Muscle Shoals, which is better known for debilitated rock musicians than for bodybuilders. Instead of your current regimen, which is obviously killing you, try working out about one

hour a day three to four times a week, giving your body a day of rest between workouts. We recommend that you jog for a half hour on the in-between days to increase your endurance. Second, you should exercise in a way that increases your muscle mass as quickly as possible. That is accomplished by doing repetitions with weights you can comfortably lift 15 to 20 times. If you use very heavy weights you can lift only ten or fewer times, you will gain strength but not necessarily muscle mass. Of course, you should also sleep at least seven hours each night and eat a balanced diet high in proteins and carbohydrates. Keep in mind that you are probably an ectomorphic body type: long fingers and neck, narrow wrists, small skeletal muscles. You want to look like a mesomorph (large bones, well-defined muscles, wide shoulders). Unfortunately, you can't change your body type and the fact is that you will always have trouble gaining weight, whereas a mesomorph will always be muscular whether he exercises or not. The best you can do is improve the appearance of the body type you've got. Have you ever tried putting your fist under your arm when you make a muscle? It fools them every

hope my problem isn't unique. I just need to hear some calm words from an expert. I'm 19 years old. I've noticed that when I ejaculate, my semen doesn't spurt out in forceful gusts but, instead, lazily spills over and onto my beaten cock. This problem has plagued me for years, and now I'm convinced that I'm not going to outgrow it. What can I do to change my situation?—B. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

Relax. Since most lovemaking takes place at point-blank range, you don't need a forceful ejaculation, unless you're planning to become a sniper. Dr. Alfred Kinsey found that men experience a wide variety of orgasmic responses. For about 20 percent of men, the climax is a relatively mild event. The penis does pulsate, but barely, and the semen dribbles instead of spurts. At the other end of the spectrum, about five percent become frenzied, hysterical and stark-raving bonkers. The rest of his sample fell somewhere in between. It's different strokes for different folks-the pleasure's the same in the end.

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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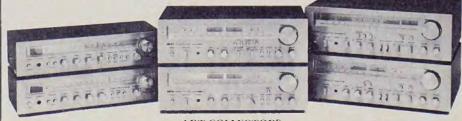
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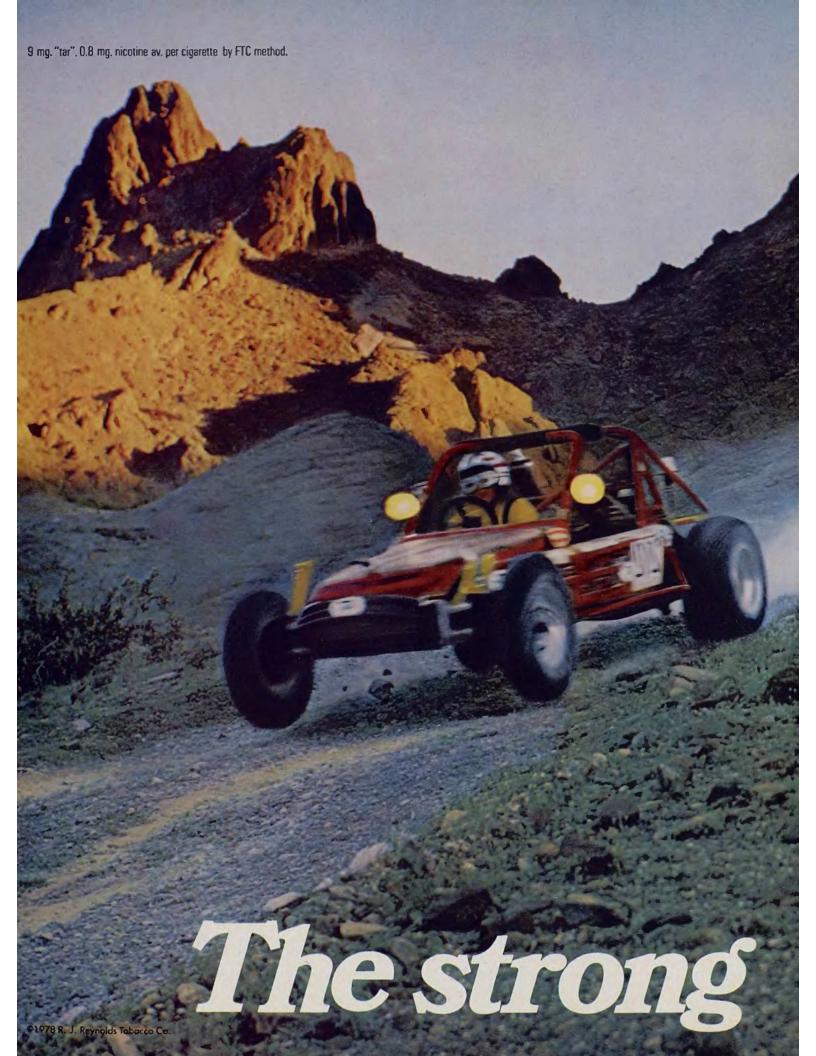
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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

At a recent Hollywood party, a sophisticated host gathered everyone into his sumptuous living room for a surprise. Up went an expensive painting and down came a great big movie screen. A murmur of excitement raced through the crowd when the projector flashed the title Deep Throat. It was a high-quality uncut version of the porn classic, which most of the guests had never seen. As the sexy story unreeled, some partygoers became undone. Extremely upset, that small contingent left quickly while the celluloid carnality intensified.

After the film ended, the airconditioned room was considerably hotter. The intellectuals launched into sociological analysis of what the movie meant, while the sybaritic faction had other ideas. Skinny-dipping quickly became de rigueur, but that was only the start; for in the dimly lit waters, couples began to do more than just laps. On the dance floor outside, the grope was the new step. In a dark corner of the terrace, a nude woman was undressing her lover. Gradually, the talkers ran out of ideas and they all went home, leaving the field of action to those who filled the house with steam.

Why had some departed immediately, while others had stayed? Why had some found the cinematic hard-core mentally stimulating, while others had got uncontrollably hot and bothered? Obviously, everyone doesn't react the same way. We decided a poll about X-rated features would shed light on this little-understood subject. So we asked 100 men and 100 women what turned them on about porn movies and how they thought the opposite sex reacted. Roll 'em.

MEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK TURNS A WOMAN ON OR OFF ABOUT PORNO-GRAPHIC FILMS?

Forty percent of the men reported that women would say fantasy was their main erotic titillation: "A fuck film is a woman's visual vibrator. From a safe distance, they get off eyeballing all those overactive dongs ramming and slamming into an endless number of ripe cunts and asses, just like I do. Actresses who perform in porn flicks are totally free on the screen, always knowing what to do with their bodies. A large number of the women in the audience get passionately aroused thinking about what it



SEX AND CINEMA

would be like to be so open sexually."

Thirty percent of the men said porn for females was a bummer: "Most women I know tell me they get hotter reading a dirty book, where their mind can do its own sordid wandering. For them, dicks in the flicks are a letdown. They hate watching cocks and cunts make it without any tenderness. One chick told me she'd seen back-yard dogs do it better."

Twenty-five percent of the men stated that women would respond that discovering new sex ideas was the source of the thrill: "What they all love to do is find a clever ribald delight they never thought of before so they can copy it. Once, I took a nurse friend to a particularly weird hard-core opus. That night, she practiced a very kinky modus operandi on me. Putting a blindfold over my eyes, she tied me to my bed. Then taking ice cubes, she rubbed them all over my body, making my cocksicle harder than hell. Just when I couldn't take it any longer, she sucked me deliciously in her warm

Three percent of the men told us

women got excited by what happened between them and their date while they were watching a skin flick: "The majority of the females in your poll will probably agree with my sweetheart, who feels that going to see an X epic with a date is what sends her into rapture. Right from the first kinky reel we saw together, she knew what to do. The next time we went to watch raunch, she wore her raincoat, mumbling something about the clouds overhead. Settling into her seat, she completely unbuttoned her wrap and gave me her adorable irresistible 'Fuck me, please' smile. Boy, did she shock me. She had nothing else on."

Two percent of the men said the porn theater itself would turn ladies on: "For just the price of the ticket, she has bought her way into a sexy world of sleaze, come stains and low life. Sitting in a theater dominated by men, all sporting their screen-induced hard-ons, no wonder she goes into rapid-fire heat. It's all I can do to keep her from turning

that scene into a strip show."

WOMEN, WHAT TURNS YOU ON OR OFF ABOUT POR-NOGRAPHIC FILMS?

Thirty-seven percent of the women reported fantasy as their main erotic titillation: "One of my long-cherished desires is to make it with another woman: to run my hand over a body just like mine, to suck tits like mine, to see what it's like to go down on a woman. I've always been afraid to actually do it. So going to see an occasional sex film-they always have at least one 'girl loving girl' scene-lets me totally immerse myself in how it would feel. I so completely imagine that it's me up on that screen that I always come without

lifting my finger."

Twenty-eight percent of the women stated that discovering new sex ideas was the source of the thrill: "Once, I saw a picture in which a lady put her whole dinner all over her lover's body, starting at the neck and ending with dessert, which, of course, was whipped cream and other goocy-type goodies spread all over his penis. I got so turned on by that, I went home and invited my lover to dinner. When he arrived, I told him to get undressed and lie on the table. I literally had him for dinner. That was the first night he told me he loved me."

Sixteen percent of the women said

porn was a bummer: "It's not that I'm self-righteous or holier than thou. It's just that five dollars is too much to pay to see sex acts me and my guy do better for free while I watch us in the mirror over our bed."

Thirteen percent of the women told us that what happened between them and their date while they were watching a skin flick was what got them excited: "My steady and I become very passionate and aroused when we watch a skin flick together. He immediately starts to touch me all over, even putting his fingers underneath my sweater, rubbing my nipples until they get hard. My cunt always twitches. He'd never do that while we were watching any straight pix, for sure. It's as though he just can't stop himself, which is fine by me, and I just lift my skirt, spread my legs and say, 'Oh, my!'"

Six percent of the women found the porn theater itself the turn-on: "The theater itself felt so illicit. I was wonderfully sexually tense about what might happen to me in such a taboo place. The whole smell even had powerful erogenous overtones. By the way, the film left me cold."

Q: WOMEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK TURNS A MAN ON OR OFF ABOUT PORNOGRAPHIC FILMS?

Forty percent of the women reported that males would say fantasy was their main erotic titillation: "The man in my life digs watching hard-core films because of how they're shot. Everything becomes faceless and anonymous. Suddenly, the giant cock is his. The actress' tantalizing breasts are dangling over his chest. I'm sure the masculine majority feels the same way."

Thirty-three percent of the women stated that men would respond that discovering new sex ideas was the source of the thrill: "I believe you'll find that the largest percentage of males in your survey like pornographic movies because it helps them keep up with the latest sexual trends. Recently, I let a man I see fairly often tie me up in some fancy way he wanted to try-vertically, so he was easily able to fuck me from the front or rear without undoing the rope each time he wanted to switch. We both had a great time. He said he found out about it from the latest epic directed by Gerard Damiano."

Ten percent of the women said the porn theater itself would turn guys on: "I've gone to that kind of a picture with a man only two times, but on each occasion, the guy paraded me down the aisle into some dark nook, where he immediately got me hot and heavy. I assume all males react the same way. Personally, I loved it. If only I knew how to bring

that decor into my bedroom, I'd sure have some life."

Ten percent of the women said men got excited by what happened between them and their date while they were watching a skin flick: "All the men I know go to see fuck films only with a date. What excites them is being in a bawdy situation watching raw fucking and wondering how their date is responding. I always find myself doing things I would never do in any other moviehouse. Like unbuttoning my blouse and telling him to fondle my tits while I fondle his dong, sitting stiff between his legs. I'm what turns him on, not the naked chicks on the screen."

Seven percent of the women said porn for males was a bummer: "The one time I saw porn, I did because my date had been begging me for months to go with him to an adult theater. He was sure it was gonna be a turn-on. But after 20 minutes of watching come shot after come shot, he was wired out. We left as quickly as we could. I quote him: 'Any fellow male who finds that type of activity erotic would also get horny watching brain surgery performed by boy scouts.'"

MEN, WHAT TURNS YOU ON OR OFF ABOUT PORNOGRAPHIC FILMS?

Forty-one percent of the men reported fantasy as their main erotic titillation: "Worrying about my performance with girls is my real hang-up. In porn, though, I forget all about my problem, getting turned on as the superstuds score again and again—angling their stiff pricks into so much lovely coozes, as if they've been doing it all their lives. Suddenly, like magic, I've become one of them. I'm the one with all the right moves, where satiated adoring dames are falling madly at my feet."

Twenty-four percent of the men stated that discovering new sex ideas was the source of the thrill: "Just recently, my girlfriend and I have started really opening up in bed and telling each other what we want and need. We decided that we'd have some more ideas if we went to a fuck flick. So we did, and we both got turned on by seeing the bondage routines. Not heavy pain stuff but forced passivity with chains and restraints. Getting off on mild S/M, our new routines have put the fire into our love life. And porn is still where we go to learn."

Sixteen percent of the men said porn was a bummer: "Dicks may come over and over, but sex cinema is still nothing but a come-on. There's more razzle-dazzle in my own bedroom, where my own girlfriends are more aggressive, more classy and notches beyond an over-used erotic-flick cunt. I'd jerk myself off

in a life of celibacy before I'd let any porn bag put her filthy lips on me."

Eleven percent of the men told us that what happened between them and their date while they were watching a skin flick was what got them excited: "My girl got me excited by how she handled the entire experience. She was the only female in the place, which made me feel very special. Then, as the plot got into the pricks probing pubes, she snuggled closer and closer. Before I knew it, she had leaned over. Nibbling my ear, she begged me to let her suck me right then."

Eight percent of the men found the porn theater itself the turn-on: "The idea that some people get busted for showing hard-core does a weird number on my head. I love the idea of tasting forbidden fruit. And dig going to the raunchiest house in town—the slimier the better."

Summary: You'll notice in looking at the statistics that both males and females gave similar answers; the percentages are nearly identical in each category. However, when second-guessing the opposite sex, neither side estimated correctly. Twice as many men believed that women would be put off by skin flicks as actually proved to be true. And the gals did no better; more fellas are put off by porn than was thought.

As for the greatest titillation with erotic flicks, without a doubt, our poll shows, it's fantasy. Over and over, people explained that blue movies provide a vicarious thrill. Mentally, they trade places with the larger-than-life actors and actresses and, just like them, perform perfectly.

The second most popular reason why erotic cinema is such a visual aphrodisiac is that it makes unusual sex acts seem natural and the natural ones seem unusual. Watching such explicit, full-color close-ups is like a step-by-step, how-to demonstration, making it easier to incorporate new ideas into the bedroom bag of tricks.

Porn is an idea whose time has come. Almost all of our pollees wanted hard-core epics to be more arousing, with subtler plots, a higher level of camera and sound techniques and better-looking performers, especially ones who could show a little feeling. Maybe the Screen Actors Guild should give an Oscar for oral sex.

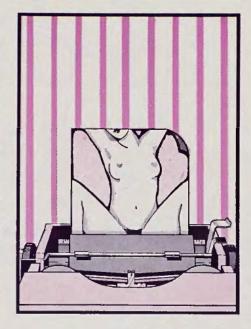
An invitation to readers: So much for the movies. Maybe you preferred the book. We are interested in the new wave of sex books written by women: The Hite Report, Our Bodies, Ourselves. Has feminist writing on sex changed your sex life? Has it changed your partner's sex life? Send your replies to The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

SEX POLL FEEDBACK

our readers respond to sex polls past

GOING UP

My wife and I had a great experience a few months ago that I would like to tell you about and share with your readers. She loves to fuck in the most unlikely places. We have fucked in the bed of a pickup truck and on the front porch of our mobile home. We have been caught a few times, but that is what she likes; she loves to be seen fucking me. The last place she and I did it that was unusual was in an elevator. We were at the back of the elevator and there were two men standing in front of us. My wife pressed her back up against my chest and belly and she had her hands behind her, rubbing my cock. I knew what was going to happen, because she had caught me like this several times in the past. I patted her ass cheeks and ran my hands over them. She had on a short dress, no panties or bra, just a garter belt and hose. I got a hard-on and I was rubbing it against her ass and lightly kissing the back of her neck. She started pressing her ass into my cock and she still had her hands behind her also. She unzipped my pants and my cock fell out and I rubbed it over her ass. I slowly lifted the back of her dress and eased my cock up in the crack of her ass. I used one of my hands to take some of the wetness from her cunt and put it on her asshole and on my dick. The two men were looking straight ahead and I was just as glad they were. I finally got about four inches of my cock up in her and she was moving her ass on it. I reached around her and clasped my hands together around her waist and I drew her back hard on my rod. My dick was in her, but her dress hung low enough that it couldn't be seen; but if anyone had looked at us, it would have been very easy to tell what was going on. Finally, the elevator stopped at the second floor and the guys got off, no one got on and we pressed the button and went back up to the seventh floor again. We stood by the buttons and fucked all the way to the seventh floor, and then we went back down and no one got on going or coming. I knew the elevator was going to stop any time and I didn't want to get caught, but I wanted to please her, so I kept fucking her. Finally, she moaned and said, "Oh, baby, baby, you did it." We got up and I zipped my pants up and just in time; the elevator stopped and three people got on and we got off; but as we walked out, I saw a spot of cum on the floor. I looked at my wife and we both just smiled and walked



out across the lobby with our arms around each other's waist. All in all, I would have to say the fuck was worth the chance we took and I would gladly do it again. It is like my daddy always told me; you only go round once in life, and if you do it right, once is going to be enough.—L. S., Pomona, Kansas.

PICKUP SHTICKS

In response to your invitation to readers (May 1978) as to which line has proved best in picking up a member of the opposite sex, I offer the following. Always use an honest approach. For example, "You don't smell bad for a fat broad." (The girl was somewhat on the stocky side.) The line that would be most effective on me is simple: "My nine girl-friends and I are nymphomaniacs and none of us is jealous. What are you doing this month?"—J. G., Schaumburg, Illinois.

Not to brag, honest, but no line I've ever used has failed, no matter how trite. Here's one that got extremely fast results, though: I was in a bar on St. Simon Island with a girlfriend. We were almost ready to leave when one of the most absolutely gorgeous men I've ever seen walked in. I wanted to act fast before anyone else had a chance, so I took a felt pen, grabbed his hand and wrote my phone number on it and said, "I'm Donna—call if you're interested. If not, go wash your hand." I left, and the phone was ringing when I got home five minutes later.

If anyone wants to pick me up, first of all he has to be decent-looking enough so I don't gag or giggle at the thought of making it with him; then about any straightforward, no-bullshit approach will do. Something like, "I'd love to get in your pants," or "I want to lick your clit till you can't walk," or something to that effect. I refuse to even listen to nonsense lines like, "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." Directness turns me on, and I can't stand sneakiness or patronizing attitudes.—Miss D. C., Sheridan, Wyoming.

The best line with which to pick up a recently divorced woman: "Are you aware that if you go longer than six months [or pick your own time period] without sex, your hymen grows back and you have to go through that whole painful virgin experience again?"

They just drag you into bed.—H. W., Birmingham, Michigan,

The best line I ever used to meet somebody was this: "I'm from the manager's apartment. We have a complaint that you're not making enough noise up here." Soon there was plenty of noise coming from that apartment. About four months later, we were married and we've been very happy and noisy for six and a half years.—Mrs. T. K., Stockton, California.

In order to conjure up a good line when you spot someone who's appealing to you, it helps to notice what the person is trying to put across about himself. You've got to notice who they are. I met my old man while working in a deli. He drove up in a van with racks on top and a MANTA WINGS sticker on the door. That flipped me out, right there. A hang glider, and a fox, at that. We discussed our mutual interest and went on from there. We've been flying together for two years. What works for me? Well, recently, I did have this one guy walk up to me, holding his arms out in front of him as if to welcome me back or something. Then he exclaimed, "There you are. I had a dream about you last night." At that, he took my hand very slowly and placed a kiss on the back of it. I was tickled and said, "Yeah? What happened?" He whispered, "Everything." We both broke out in hysterics, but I kept going. If I hadn't had a friend at home, I might have taken him up.-Miss K. R., Kailua, Hawaii.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SEX AND POETRY

Here's a new one for you. I had a pleasant encounter in my hotel room with one of the local working girls and on the morning after the night before, gone from my dresser was the \$50 (for services rendered) and in its place was the following poem:

Diaphanous cavity, through which does seep

The seeds of perpetuity

Lascivious need perfunctorily satisfied

In a microcosm of condescending salaciousness

Thank you for your patronage—Lola

What an inspiring idea: poetry after sex. And I say, "Whatever Lola wants...."

Morgan Bartlow Ottawa, Ontario

Beautiful; but what does it mean?

OLD-CHESTNUT TIME

This supposedly true story was told to me by a lawyer friend, and I forward it for the amusement of your courtroom buffs.

A rape victim expressed embarrassment at the need to repeat in court what the defendant had said to her after entering her bedroom and the judge granted her permission to write it on a piece of paper that would be passed among the jurors. The message read, "I want to fuck you!" The note made its way among the jurors until it reached one who had been nodding off during the trial. He blinked awake, read it, looked at the young woman juror who had handed it to him, smiled and put it in his pocket.

Frank Roberts Vienna, Virginia

Well, we've heard that story from about 15 of our lawyer friends, but it's so good that we'll now spread it outside the legal community.

I was amused by the little story recited by "Bill" in the June *Playboy Forum*. His alleged prank involved spying from the office window of his radio station on a copulating couple in a nearby building. He and the station's news director supposedly learned the couple's identity, telephoned the fornicators and said, in a rumbling voice, "This is God. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?"

My amusement stems not from the story but from the fact that it has been

floating around the broadcasting business for at least 16 years. When I first heard this old chestnut in 1962, I was working for a radio station in Upstate New York. Then it was told about a certain noted radio station in Pittsburgh. Indeed, I have retold the gag many times but never claimed the prank as my own.

The only thing "Bill" and his news director are guilty of is padding their parts and stealing lines without credit.

> Dale Kemery Sacramento, California

Apparently, we know too many lawyers and not enough broadcasters.

"Two of her roommates had a love affair with the bathroom sink."

THAT SINKING FEELING

A candid ladyfriend has just told me a funny story about a young gal who got caught with her pants down, so to speak.

The girl was a college freshman when she moved in with three other coeds and



one of the subjects of conversation that came up frequently was masturbation. At the time, the girl was 17 and quite shy and said very little when she was teased about it.

Two of her roommates had a real love affair with the bathroom sink. They would straddle it and then turn on the water for a little personal fun. Their freshman friend considered this gross, but she was curious about what it felt like. So one day, when she was home alone, she apparently decided to give the old sink a whirl and mounted up for a good time.

She later reported that it had felt wonderful and that she was really getting into it—when the sink broke off the wall and she went over backward onto the bathroom floor. The pipes were broken, so that she couldn't stop the water that was pouring out.

As you might guess, the cover-up involved an incredible story about how the pipes had broken, but the landlord bought the tale. Either that or he decided he didn't want to ask any more questions.

> Don Lampson San Luis Obispo, California

GOOD WORK

Tell Tim Lohnes that the only reason I withheld my name from my earlier letter criticizing unliberated men was that I wanted to avoid too much kidding from my fellow construction engineers (*The Playboy Forum*, January and May). But most of them guessed that I'd written it, anyway, and I'm happy to say that they have since been proving wrong my original assumption that ambitious and intelligent women aren't usually appreciated. I hope this is the start of a new trend. It's terrific!

Thalea Anne Thomas San Luis Obispo, California

NEW POSITION

I'd like to make a suggestion to the Cleveland lady who claims she married two men because she couldn't decide between them (*The Playboy Forum*, April). When she and her "husbands" tire of the preferred three-way sexual position she describes, they should try this one: Each man penetrates one of her ears to enjoy feeling their penises touch, because they certainly won't encounter any brains.

Loretta Pyrdek Lockport, Illinois

JERKING OFF

Let me put down the man who puts down masturbation in the May Playboy Forum. I can't believe his reasoning, which seems to fall somewhere between accusing masturbators of copping out of social relationships and denying women their rightful six inches. The way he describes his beliefs, it would be preferable to remain chaste or virginal or whatever for the romantic purpose of saving your greatest quality for when the big time and the big opportunity finally presents itself. What moral arrogance!

I find it very hard to believe that any male still can cling to such a bullshit attitude toward sexual intercourse. Purely out of Christian charity, I do hope that he will someday find a female who shares his hang-up. The two of them can then earn themselves a place in the Guinness Book of World Records.

B. Davis Los Angeles, California

TRI, TRI AGAIN

My relatively normal brother read the letter from the self-professed trisexual in your June *Playboy Forum* and had me alarmed for a while when he said he was also a tri. What he meant, I found out, was that he would "tri" anything once.

Cheryl A. Klatte Cincinnati, Ohio

Very punny, no fun intended.

I just read the letter from the trisex guy. My favorite inanimate object was a 50-horsepower motor that I knew when I worked in a water-treatment plant. It was about five feet tall on its pedestal and had both round holes and large open spaces as cooling vents. The holes were just the right size and what you'd do is mount it and start going in and out. And when that mother started up, it would just about blow your mind. Probably it was the combination of lubrication and vibration that made it so good. You only had to be careful not to get your prick too near the shaft or you'd lose it. The motor ran at 3600

Actually, I'm a quadsex: women, men, animals, objects—anything. But I'll never forget that big blue 50-hp baby.

Needless to say, don't use my name.

(Name withheld by request) Hiawatha, Iowa

Hiawatha, Iowa, is not even listed in our "Rand McNally Road Atlas," but we're not going to quibble.

TRUE WITCH?

With reference to the letter "Prison Persecution" (The Playboy Forum, June): Mr. Schertz misrepresents himself by stating that he is a professed witch whose religion is Satanism. The word is derived from the Old English wicca, which evolved through wittigh (male) and

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

GETTING TOUGH

DETROIT—In their efforts to combat local prostitution, county and city officials are planning to seize the automobiles of persons cruising in search of hookers. The authorities believe they can scare off potential customers for prostitutes by invoking a state nuisance law that has been used to padlock whorehouses and massage parlors



and in this case would be used to impound cars for up to several weeks on the complaints of women officers posing as prostitutes. A city attorney commented, "It's really a harsh remedy and we're not Nazis. We'd prefer not to do it. . . . But if that's what we've got to do to keep those Johns out of our town, that's what we're gonna do."

RAPE STUDY

san francisco—Most rapes are premeditated rather than impulsive acts and are motivated less by sexual needs than by a desire to dominate and humiliate the victim. Susan C. Weeks, director of the Queen's Bench Foundation, told a California Medical Association meeting that a study of rapists found that most planned their assaults and usually initiated them by engaging the victim in casual conversation. She added that 96 percent of rapes studied involved persons of the same race.

BOY-BABY BIAS

NEW YORK—A nationwide study of 6800 American wives of childbearing age indicates that almost half would prefer their children to be male. About one third seem to prefer daughters and only one fifth appear to want an equal number of children of each sex. The study, reported by Lolagene C. Coombs of the University of Michigan's Population Studies Center and published in Family Planning Perspectives, was designed not to measure the expressed preference of married women but to determine their actual preferences through special survey techniques.

SELECTIVE ABORTION

LUND, SWEDEN—A team of Swedish doctors has performed what it believes to be the world's first successful selective abortion on a woman pregnant with twins, removing an unhealthy fetus without harming the other. The aborted fetus was determined to be suffering from a rare metabolic disorder.

ANTI-ABORTION TERRORISM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Treasury Department agents have begun a preliminary investigation into an epidemic of bombings, burnings and vandalism that has hit family-planning centers and abortion clinics in many U.S. cities. A spokesman for the department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms said that incendiary devices, including fire bombs, come under Federal firearms-and-explosives laws.

SMALL VICTORY

DES MOINES—An Iowa judge suppressed drunk-driving evidence against a motorist who, he ruled, was too plastered to understand and consent to a Breathalyzer test. When stopped by police, the man was driving a car with two flat tires and he badly flunked every drunk test the arresting officers administered. But the judge held that he was "totally incoherent and incapable of knowingly rendering his consent or refusal" to the blood-alcohol test as required by law. Other evidence was apparently strong, however, and the motorist ultimately pleaded guilty.

SECOND CHANCE

PHILADELPHIA—Surgeons at Temple University Hospital report that they have successfully reimplanted a 23-year-old man's penis and one testicle after he castrated himself with a broken bottle and knife following a breakup with his girlfriend. The doctors called the operation a definite success and said, "We have sensation, function and tests to prove it."

CONTRACEPTION METHODS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Sterilization is now the most popular form of contraception in the world, says the George Washington University Medical Center. A report issued by the school's population-information program states that about 80,000,000 couples are using voluntary sterilization, 55,000,000 the pill, 35,000,000 the condom and 15,000,000 the intrauterine device. Another 65,000,000 use other techniques, ranging from diaphragms to the rhythm method.

REVERSE JAIL BREAK

LA JUNTA, COLORADO—A 23-year-old self-professed preacher has been charged with second-degree burglary for breaking into the Otero County Jail. According to local authorities, the man was refused permission to enter the jail but later scaled a high chainlink and barbed-wire fence, broke through a wire-mesh window screen and began handing out raw hamburger from the jail's kitchen to prisoners. When one of them started a small fire to cook his hamburger, the smoke was noticed and the intruder himself ended up in the pokey.

TRASH-CAN EVIDENCE

CHICAGO—Police do not need a search warrant to rifle a suspect's garbage, a U.S. Court of Appeals has ruled. In upholding the conviction of a Milwaukee man charged with stealing \$3000 worth of coins, the court rejected his argument that he had a "reasonable expectation of privacy" when he disposed of coin wrappers and other evidence in the trash. Calling



that expectation "additional bad judgment on his part," the court said "the defendant could not reasonably have believed that the city sanitation department had any responsibility to help him dispose of the evidence of his crimes." The court had a few other observations, including: "Garbage cans cannot be equated to a safe-deposit box" and a citizen has no grounds to conclude that his trash is "entitled to respectful, confidential and careful handling on the way to the dump."

DRUGS AND WOMEN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Women's dependency on prescription drugs and alcohol is reaching epidemic proportions, according to a study conducted by National Research and Communications Associates, Inc. Among its findings:

• Sixty percent of psychotropic, 71 percent of antidepressant and 80 percent of amphetamine drugs are prescribed for women.

• Eighty percent of women alcoholics in one part of the study reported that they used other drugs as frequently as alcohol, making multiple drug abuse and cross addiction a significant problem.

• Eighty percent of mood-altering drugs are prescribed by internists, general practitioners and obstetriciangynecologists who have no training in psychopharmacology.

 Many women (and up to 60 percent of the general population) who seek psychological assistance for depression have drinking problems.

Muriel Nellis, president of N.R.C.A. and author of the study, titled "Drugs, Alcohol and Women's Health," said that "women tend to believe that if a drug is prescribed for them, it is good for them. They don't question the doctor."

SEARCHES AT SEA

SAN FRANCISCO—A U.S. district court judge has ruled that the Coast Guard cannot stop and search pleasure boats without cause or without a warrant. A Coast Guard official said that other court decisions had upheld the Coast Guard's authority to inspect any vessels operating in U.S. waters and indicated that a rehearing is pending and the Government probably would appeal an adverse ruling.

NO VIRGINS NEED APPLY

A survey of 125 students at the University of Southern California's Department of Biological Sciences has found that only 12 percent of the men questioned and not one of the women questioned would choose to marry someone who was sexually inexperienced. The students surveyed ranged in age from 18 to 22 and 82 percent of the

males said they wanted their female partners to know at least as much about sex as they did or maybe more.

ELECTRIC CHAIRS VS. CRUCIFIXION

ALBANY—New York governor Hugh L. Carey joined an ongoing debate over religious teaching and the death penalty by ridiculing state senator James H. Donovan, who suggested that without capital punishment there would never have been a Christian faith. In a letter to a church group, Donovan, an ardent proponent of capital punishment, rhetorically asked,



"Where would Christianity be if Jesus got eight to 15 years, with time off for good behavior?" At a news conference, Governor Carey commented, "If Senator Donovan can get resurrection into the death penalty, I might be willing to give it a second look."

ITALY LEGALIZES ABORTION

ROME—The Italian parliament has adopted one of Europe's most liberal abortion laws, despite intense opposition from the Vatican and Italy's ruling political party. The new legislation permits any woman over 18 to obtain a free and virtually elective abortion during the first 90 days of pregnancy and repeals a Fascist-era law that banned all abortions as a "crime against the purity of the race."

DECRIM IN NEBRASKA

LINCOLN—Governor J. James Exon has signed a bill making Nebraska the 11th state to decriminalize the possession of a small amount of marijuana. Under the new law, possession of one ounce or less becomes a civil infraction carrying a mandatory \$100 fine for a first offense, with judges authorized to require that a violator participate in a drug-education program.



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wittich (female) to the modern English term witch. Contrary to popular opinion, Wiccans did not and do not practice Satanism in any form. We practice a pre-Christian, matriarchally structured and nature-oriented religion distinct from Christianity. As such, the Judaeo-Christian Devil, Satan, has no meaning to us nor place in our pantheon. During the period of the witch persecutions, Satanism was attributed to the wicca, along with many other implausibilities, such as flying on broomsticks and changing into cats. Use of the term witch by neo-Satanists and other pseudo pagans is both erroneous and slanderous to a minority religion that is only now emerging from hiding, gaining recognition and basic rights and, in places where it is publicly active, a certain measure of public acceptance.

> John H. Neilson, Director International League of Wiccans Kingston, Ontario

UNWANTED BABIES

As a social worker in an adult penal system, I was interested in the letter from the New York man who suggested that perhaps we've lost 100 or 1000 thieves, robbers, rapists or killers for every fine human being lost through abortion (*The Playboy Forum*, February). I don't know how many times I have picked up the file of an inmate and seen the information: Mother—prostitute, Father—unknown. It seems to me that this, as much as any argument I have heard, should support both legalized prostitution and Government-sponsored abortions.

(Name withheld by request) New York, New York

Have a glib huckster for hedonism peer starkly into a trash bag filled with slightly twitching aborted babies and he'll have a real test of his convictions.

Tim Wilson Washington, D.C.

How many unwanted children have you adopted lately?

The moment a child is born, it has a birthright to proper medical care, parental love, adequate housing and enough intellectual stimulation to give it at least the basic prerequisites to live a decent life. If a woman foresees at the time of conception that a child of hers would suffer the deprivation of those rights and decides to abort, her judgment is probably much better than that of the woman who emotionally kills a child after it is born.

Karen Wilson

West Middlesex, Pennsylvania Well put, but your argument won't carry much weight with those who subordinate reality to theology and are dedicated to waging a modern-day holy war.

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NIKON FM



PUT UP OR SHUT UP

Tell me again, Joe from Buffalo, just how knowledgeable you are about birth control and abortions (The Playboy Forum, February). Have you ever considered that men might do their part toward birth control, instead of leaving it all up to the "stupid cunts," who you say are too lazy to use contraceptives? Try taking pills that make you gain weight beyond your control and change you into a snappy bitch. Or try inserting a cold rubber disk into your warm, excited areas and see what that does for your next romp. Or, better yet, insert a wire coil deep inside your body, never knowing when it will slip its moorings or pierce your gut. And if you wish to be permanently fixed to avoid all this rigmarole, are you 30 years of age, with two kids, so you can find a doctor who does not object to performing the operation?

You shriveled cock, you really have nerve calling me stupid and a cunt. You will never experience such wondrous sensations as pregnancy and childbirth nor feel the mind-gnawing fear that overshadows everything else—the fear of having an unwanted child.

> Mary C. Eugene, Oregon

PRURIENT PLATE

Re the "Cheap Thrills" letter in the July Playboy Forum, noting that New Jersey and other states with personalized license plates screen out dirty words: Let me add that New Jersey is really uptight. I read in the Student Lawyer that that state wouldn't let a psychiatrist have Libido on his plate because it was deemed to have a sexual connotation.

John Kelly New York, New York

CLARIFICATION

For the first time in ten years of reading PLAYBOY, I must strongly disagree with you. In the April Playboy Forum, you answer a reader by saying, "As soon as someone denies Anita Bryant her right to free speech, we'll take the position that she's much less of a threat to this country than those who would silence her."

Do you also consider Martin Luther King, Jr., the war protesters of the Sixties, Susan B. Anthony and many others threats to this country because they used free speech to express their points of view? I think you have done a great disservice to Anita Bryant by calling her a threat to this country.

(Name withheld by request) Farmington, Minnesota

We're always happy to do Anita Bryant's antihomosexual campaign any disservice we can, but you have our position backward. The only thing about Bryant we'll defend is her right to freely express her views. Hell, she was the subject of the "Playboy Interview" in May.

MORALITY LAWS

As a former resident of Massachusetts, I'll bet I could easily name at least 25 members of the legal profession, including a couple of judges, who would be entitled under state law to *more* than five years in prison for unnatural, lascivious, illicit, infamous, lustful, obscene sexual behavior [see *Playboy Casebook*, May]. In retrospect, I'm glad I left when I did, as I might owe the Commonwealth of Massachusetts a bit of prison time myself.

Chuck Bekos Milwaukee, Wisconsin

It comes as something of a shock for me to learn that not just oral sex but even fornication is a crime in Massachusetts. If those idiots had caught me instead of Jim Hill and convicted me on all counts, at five years per, I figure I'd be in the slammer for the next two centuries.

(Name withheld by request) Boston, Massachusetts



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Your May Playboy Casebook, reporting the dilemma of the man in Massachusetts facing five years in prison for oral sex, compels me to send you the enclosed picture. As strange as Texans seem in some ways, we have a sense of humor. At least here in Austin.

Larry Hill Austin, Texas

Your report on the Jim Hill case makes the point that existing state laws prohibiting oral sex are "rarely enforced, except against homosexuals." True, but that is no comfort to gays, who are constantly facing prison and/or personal ruin in most parts of the country because their private, consensual sexual activities happen to be in violation of antique morality laws. Hill may be an exception to the rule of enforcement, but the law that threatens him with five years in prison for oral sex represents a threat to anyone who values his or her sexual privacy

and his or her right to make personal moral choices.

Isn't it about time that PLAYBOY's readers understood that homosexuals are constantly suffering the kind of legal harassment that heterosexuals encounter only on very rare occasions?

Jean O'Leary Bruce Voeller National Gay Task Force New York, New York

One of this country's historic problems has been the inability of its lawmakers to distinguish between crime and sin. Apparently, the trick is to maintain a low profile and know good lawyers who can provide more justice than our legal system usually affords.

JAWBONE OF AN ASS?

I wonder if the writer of the letter titled "Gayboy" in the April *Playboy Forum* withheld his name for fear that some "simpering fag" might look him up and relocate his jaw. I suspect that that abusive letter was an attempt to reinforce his own thin veil of masculinity. A little more understanding of himself probably wouldn't hurt his chances of finding more women, either.

Steven G. Martin Warren, Michigan

BLOWING THEIR MINDS, AGAIN

I find it interesting that the fellow from Indiana had his ladyfriend pretend that she was giving him a "high-speed blow job" for the benefit of their audience of truckers (The Playboy Forum, June). My husband and I play this game regularly on the otherwise tedious drive between Los Angeles and Las Vegas, only I see no reason to do any pretending. It just makes the miles fly by!

(Name withheld by request) Canoga Park, California

JOB OFFER

Like the gentleman from Shelton, Connecticut (The Playboy Forum, April), I enjoy the dubious distinction of having been shot at and hit in man's ultimate inhumanity-war. Only I got it in World War Two and in Korea, rather than in 'Nam. While I collected an assortment of scrap metal, I didn't suffer the disfigurement he describes of himself until I was pounded upon by a fellow American with a piece of pipe. For a year or so, I looked like something out of a lowbudget horror film, until a plastic surgeon eventually managed to reconstruct much of my original unhandsomeness. But now to the point:

It gripes my ass that a human being should be denied a decent life and job because he was badly disfigured fighting for this country in a war he didn't ask for and that we had no damn business getting into. If this man would consider relocating to the "outback" (my copies of PLAYBOY are delivered on alternate

Playboy Casebook

RED LODGE: THE ORDEAL IS OVER

the most bizarre drug case in montana's history has finally come to an end—and not with a bang but a whimper

Nearly two years ago, Montana authorities charged five persons with cultivating marijuana—a crime that under state law carries a penalty of up to life in prison. That case raised the curtain on one of the longest-running black comedies in Montana legal history, but at last the show is over. The prosecution has agreed to drop charges against the last two defendants—after courts long since freed the others on legal motions. In the end, it was a trade-off. The two remaining defendants also agreed to drop their lawsuits asking almost \$7,500,000 in damages against the county attorney, the arresting officers and others for alleged civil rights violations.

Simply by surviving prosecution efforts that must have set some kind of record for tenacity, the defendants won what they consider a moral victory. But, in fact, everyone lost. The case badly hurt a number of people on both sides, financially or professionally; either directly or indirectly cost one cop his life; helped polarize a community into hostile social and political factions; and came

close to bankrupting a county.

If any good at all comes out of the case of the Red Lodge Five, it will be by way of bad example. No case yet entered by the Playboy Defense Team or supported by the Playboy Foundation could better illustrate the damage that can be caused by bad drug laws that invite selective and/or improper enforcement. In an editorial, a Carbon County newspaper supportive of the prosecution made just that point, if inadvertently. Noting that there probably aren't any old folks growing long beards in the state prison just for planting pot, it scoffed at the ruckus the defendants were raising over the fact that they were technically facing life sentences. True, in that the law's flexibility allowed county authorities to quickly and mercifully dispose of two similar pot-growing cases about the same time the Red Lodge case started making headlines. But not in those or in other cases in the state were the accused seized at gunpoint by a task force of officers from several jurisdictions, or held under high bonds, or subjected to two years of complicated litigation at great cost to the county, the defendants and their court-appointed attorneys.

That is the beauty and the danger of having laws on the books that permit Draconian penalties for minor offenses and trust the discretion of local authorities. They can exercise their power like Solomon or like vigilantes, all in the name of justice; and from the way this case was handled from the start, the defendants had no reason to doubt they were facing the maximum under the law.

To recapitulate:

Early in 1976, Lake Headley, a former Las Vegas cop turned controversial private investigator and political activist, moved from California to the small Montana community of Red Lodge to lay low, work on a book and otherwise get away from it all. He and his girlfriend, Elizabeth Schmidt, took up residence on a ranch outside Red Lodge. The land was owned by a friend and former client, Don Wogamon, and it's still not clear whether the police were after Headley or after his friend, who has a record of arrests and who is presently facing drug charges in an unrelated case.

In any event, shortly after Headley arrived in Carbon County, the local sheriff was supplied with highly inaccurate "intelligence" reports that made him and Wogamon sound like gangsters. After several months of surveillance but no action by local police, Headley and Wogamon and members of their families were arrested—at the insistence of outside officers, apparently led by a Federal narcotics agent—on charges of growing marijuana on a remote part of the property where Headley was living in a mobile home.

What brought PLAYBOY into the case was Headley's letter to the Playboy Defense Team claiming that he and the others were being railroaded by the police and the press and were being singled out for the kind of special treatment that the Montana drug law permits. One paper has since retracted its story that 2000 marijuana plants were found on a "pot plantation," and in covering the case, PLAYBOY learned that the raid was conducted like something out of a Thirties movie by officers who not only went in uninvited by the local sheriff but produced not even one pot plant (much less 2000). The raid did produce accusations from the local police chief and a deputy sheriff (now dead) that some evidence found by the raiders seemed to have been planted.

Before the case dragged on expensively to its close, the prosecutor himself became the subject of rumors that he had wrecked the case for the out-of-town raiders by somehow tipping off the defendants, by leaving town unexpectedly, by thwarting the raiders in getting warrants (subsequently ruled illegal) or by intentionally making bad moves in court that made the other officers and the local sheriff appear the villains who had failed to

cooperate or perform their duties.

Yet the same prosecutor also has been accused of unlawfully intercepting telegrams, of exceeding his authority and of protracting a costly and probably futile prosecu-

tion for personal and political reasons.

With so many black eyes and bloody noses in the Montana legal community, it's impossible now to find out who was telling the truth—because everybody is blaming everybody else for the excesses and bungling. A trial might have answered some questions, but probably not many. Whether or not Headley or his friends actually grew some marijuana plants was never really the issue. The issue was whether or not the defendants could be put

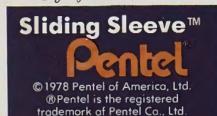
in prison for many years on such a charge.

While PLAYBOY publicized the case and the Montana drug law that equates the growing of marijuana with the selling of heroin, and thereby complicated matters for the local prosecution, the laws of the state remain intact. Billings attorney Patrick G. Pitet might have saved Headley and his girlfriend by means of an excellent legal appeal to the Montana Supreme Court, challenging the state drug law, as well as the tactics of the prosecution. But those points are now moot, and what made them so was the intervention of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. NORML commissioned attorney William E. Rittenberg of New Orleans to go to Montana and file civil rights suits. The last of the charges were dropped, but the Montana drug law still affords the police a powerful weapon that can be used to persecute as well as to prosecute.

"The Playboy Forum" reported the Red Lodge case in February, July, September and December, 1977.



We had this original idea. Make an automatic pencil that uses lead so thin it can pass through the eye of a needle. Yet won't break while writing. We did this by Dourrounding the lead with a sliding sleeve 2 that protects during writing and 3 fully retracts.



months by a two-legged and a four-legged jackass), he has a job with my very small construction company. If any of my customers don't like his looks, they can take a flying fuck at a ready-mix-concrete truck. I ask only that my employees be willing to work and to learn and that they are two-balled men willing to paddle their own canoe and not run away when life hands them a lemon.

If he's interested, all he has to do is take a bus to town, go to Bernie's Café and ask where to find that "cast-iron son of a bitch."

> T. Bryan Kilpatrick Eldon, Missouri

POT TESTING

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has released the names of three more laboratories set up to test for paraquat contamination of marijuana. (Pharm-Chem Research Foundation of Palo Alto, California, listed in the June Playboy Forum, reports that it is swamped with samples and is running several weeks behind.)

• Schoenfeld Laboratories (Box 8291, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108, 505-277-2757) asks that persons anonymously submit one gram of the leafy material (no seeds or stems), include a seven-digit identification number and \$7.50 to cover costs and wait five days before calling for results.

 Street Pharmacologists (Box 610233, North Miami, Florida 33161, 305-446-3585) requires one joint or one half gram, a five-digit identification number and five dollars, with results available in ten days.

Michigan Biomedical Laboratories (2776 Flushing Road, Flint, Michigan 48504, 313-232-4153) asks for one joint or one half gram, a seven-digit number, five dollars and a wait of one week for results.

A NORML spokesman has cautioned pot smokers that the paraphernalia market is being flooded with kits that supposedly test for the presence of the herbicide or claim to remove it through a washing process. So far, none, including a detection system suggested by New York health authorities, has been found reliable.

POT PENALTY

After serving three years in the Service without disciplinary action, I was hauled before a military court for possession of about eight grams of marijuana. I had refused to sign the search warrant without legal counsel, but the search went on anyway, through my dirty underwear and the whole works. My legal counsel later told me that I had had no choice. The counsel was a legal officer; he was not an

attorney. There are no defense attorneys on this base.

I took the blame for the possession, which cost me one stripe and \$400. My roommate and a friend of his were fined \$500 each for failing to report the use of marijuana.

Any of your readers who are contemplating going into the Service should be aware of these hassles.

(Name withheld by request) FPO San Francisco, California

BAD TRIP

My girlfriend and I are planning to tour the country in my truck. Since I like to smoke grass, I want to take my stash along. What are the penalties for carrying pot in the different states?

B.A.K.

Chico, California

For starters, we're not the "Help Line" in your local newspaper and it would take three pages of the magazine to run down the complicated drug laws in all 50 states. But your question suggests only one answer: If you don't know that possession of marijuana is generally considered a crime, and in most states a serious crime, you should stay home.

DOWN MEXICO WAY

Your report titled "Pot Laws in Other Lands" (The Playboy Forum, March) states that in Mexico, simple possession is not prosecuted. Bullshit! I'm sitting in a Mexican pen, doing eight years and three months for possession of 22 grams of weed. There are a hell of a lot of other Americans here for even lesser offenses. If you are behind us on the grass issue, why don't you get your news straight? Mexico will hang you for weed, any amount, complete with 17th Century torture and the works.

(Name withheld by request) Culiacán, Mexico

You didn't read the report very closely. As noted, it was based on U.S. State Department information and the explanatory text states: "Until recently, Mexican practices ranged from nonenforcement to physical torture of arrestees. A few months ago, the attorney general of Mexico announced that cases involving the personal use of small amounts of drugs would no longer be prosecuted, but whether or not this new national policy is observed by local and regional authorities remains to be seen." As the tourist people claim, Mexico is "a land of contrast"-often between legal theory and practice.

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





PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SYLVESTER STALLONE

a candid conversation about the rocky road to stardom with the most stubborn, opinionated and upbeat actor-writer in hollywood

In 1976, Sylvester Stallone burst upon the American movie scene like a Roman candle. In "Rocky," his Cinderella saga about a club fighter who valiantly goes the distance with the champ, Stallone himself became a Hollywood heavyweight to be reckoned with. His portrayal of boxer Rocky Balboa was an energized blend of brute force and injured innocence that drew raves from reviewers-and unabashed admiration from millions of moviegoers. (Incidentally, before the movie opened, Arthur Knight in our "Sex Stars of 1976" forecast Stallone's success.) "Rocky" became the sleeper hit of the decade, and although Stallone was denied Oscars for his screenplay and acting, "Rocky" went on to win three Academy Awards, including one for Best Movie of 1976.

If there was an overriding reason for the film's phenomenal success, it probably could be traced to its hero's—and author's—traditional values. Stallone deftly turned boxing's seamy side into a morality play about striving, honor and old-fashioned romance. As such, it was a message the nation hadn't heard from its moviemakers for some time. To many, "Rocky" was a welcome throwback to American movies of 30 years ago, when endings were always upbeat and the good guys seemed destined to live happily ever after. The film even had practical lessons to teach: Athletes and executives alike began extolling "Rocky" as a prime motivational tool. Stallone had obviously touched on yearnings deeply embedded in the American consciousness.

In doing so, he became an instant celebrity; but there was soon trouble in paradise. Sly, as he's known to associates, was said to have developed a terminal case of Hollywood ego. Last winter, the press somewhat gleefully reported that his marriage had fallen apart. In the spring, his performance in "F.I.S.T." was scorned by most critics, while Stallone himself was reported to be at odds with both "F.I.S.T.'s" director and its original author. No one in Hollywood doubted that Stallone had achieved superstardom; the question was, could he keep it? For an actor who'd spent many years waiting in the wings for his career to take off, matters were clearly getting out of hand.

Born in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City on July 6, 1946, Sylvester Stallone was the son of a Sicilian immigrant. Frank and Jacqueline Stallone worked hard to get away from Hell's Kitchen, and when Sylvester was five, the Stallones moved to Montgomery Hills, Maryland, where his parents opened a beauty shop. Their marriage broke up when Sly was 11 and from then on, he and his younger brother, Frank, Jr., lived a year at a time with each parent. After his mother remarried, he went to live with her in Philadelphia. When he was 16-and had been tossed out of three schools for fighting and vandalism-Stallone was sent to the Devereux-Manor Hall High School, an institution for boys with learning and behavior problems. In 1969, after attending two colleges, he went to New York, determined to be an actor. For the next five years, Stallone did more starving than acting and supported himself with a variety of menial jobs.

In 1973, he, his wife, Sasha, and the couple's bull mastiff, Butkus, piled into a ten-year-old Oldsmobile they had bought for \$40 and headed for the West Coast. Says Stallone, "As soon as I arrived, I went Hollywood: I bought a 32-cent pair of sunglasses. For me, the difference between New York and Hollywood was that I was still unemployed,



"After 'Rocky,' I went through a period of too much too soon, and the pressures got to me. I was extremely foolish in that I directed my frustrations at the people I love the most—my family."



"I represent something that is very frightening to East Coast critics: a guy who's made it by being a raging optimist—and most of those people, as the word critic implies, are pessimists."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA STALLONE / SYGMA

"I sat through 'Rocky' at least 40 times, and every time I saw it, I got emotional. I knew that was unusual, because, like most actors, I usually can't stand to watch myself more than 10 or 15 times." but now I had a tan." Stallone was down to his last four dollars when he landed a small role in "Capone." Several other bit parts followed, but his career went absolutely nowhere-until, in 1975, he sat down and wrote "Rocky."

To interview the mercurial actor, PLAYBOY sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with Stallone in Hollywood.

Linderman reports:

"Until we actually completed it, I was beginning to think of the Stallone interview as more of a career than a PLAYBOY assignment. I first met Stallone in August 1977 on the set of 'F.I.S.T.'; our last meeting took place after that movie had been released and Stallone was doing postproduction work on his next movie, 'Paradise Alley.' In between, I watched him act in both films and got to know him well enough to realize at least this much: Sylvester Stallone comes at you with his dukes up. His success has been a very bittersweet experience; although it's given him money and a great sense of personal vindication, it's also made him a target for colleagues and media folk who've publicly doubted everything from his brains to his talent to his morals.

"In any event, he was deeply suspicious about doing this interview and almost canceled it several times. Further complications arose when one of his managers wanted Stallone's photo on the cover and then wanted cover approval, and then wanted cover and copy approval. Those are good things to want if you're the manager of a star; if you're a PLAYBOY editor, those are unthinkable conditions to grant, and my editor didn't grant them.

"Six months after we first shook hands, Stallone and I finally sat down to begin more than ten hours of taped conversations. Stallone dropped his guard almost as soon as we started talking and he revealed himself to be an open, quickwitted and thoroughly engaging guy. F.I.S.T.' was still very much on his mind and it provided the opening subject of

our interview."

PLAYBOY: After praising your portrayal of Rocky, a number of film critics suggested that the movie may have been your million-to-one shot-and that, following it, you'd soon slip back into acting obscurity. That idea gained currency last spring, when most reviewers berated your performance in F.I.S.T. Could the critics

STALLONE: No, but I think they'd like to be. I know I have at least 10 to 15 decent acting roles-different characterizationsin me. After those, I'll become a hack and begin to parody myself by falling back on tricks that have worked for me in the past. But critics don't know that. They don't know how schizoid I can become and how I change at times. I've always been kind of like a chameleon, and critics can't know that, because they

haven't lived with me for 32 years; I have. I'm aware, though, that after Rocky, a lot of people were skeptical and deep down in their hearts wanted me to fail, for whatever reasons.

PLAYBOY: Did that make you a little more careful about choosing your next film?

STALLONE: Very much so. I wanted a truly demanding role so diametrically opposed to Rocky that it would be shocking. I wanted to play a leader of men, instead of a man who is led, and not many scripts like that are around. I'd written a couple for myself, but then F.I.S.T. came along and there was a chance to work on a big-budget film with a big-name director and a big cast, so I took it just to get it out of my system. Incidentally, F.I.S.T. got very good reviews in the West; the East Coast critics were down on it, and I think it's because there's a different breed of men back there. They have a basic antagonism to anything that comes out of the West Coast and, on top of that, I think they look at me as a defector. I represent something that is very frightening to them: a guy who's made it by being a

"I'm aware that after 'Rocky,' a lot of people were skeptical and deep down in their hearts wanted me to fail."

raging optimist-and most of those people, as the word critic implies, are pessimists.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, F.I.S.T. disappointed more than just critics-or did you think it was an unqualified success?

STALLONE: Of course it wasn't. As a matter of fact, I was very apprehensive about the movie, because I didn't have any creative input after we finished filming it. That's like giving the blueprints of a house to a construction team and not going back until it's built-and then you wind up saying, "My God, they've put the kitchen in the bedroom and the bedroom in the basement, and everything's wrong." I was a victim of naïveté in the sense that I didn't know what to expect. But then again, I didn't have the same entree to the editing room on F.I.S.T. that I had with Rocky. If I'd had a voice in the editing process, I would've changed a lot of things in F.I.S.T.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

STALLONE: Well, I don't know why, but Norman Jewison, the director, never used my most fiery takes, so I came off lukewarm throughout the movie. I do three different types of takes for every

scene in a film. I do the first one lukewarm, the second one medium and the third very hot, so that the editor has a choice. For instance, if the movie is dragging in spots and the editor needs a little extra energy, he's got it. But, for some reason, only the lukewarm takes were used.

Another thing that bothered me involved a transition that I did with my voice. I started off in F.I.S.T. talking the way I'm talking now, and then my voice got lower and kind of gravelly, and I finally ended up talking in a hoarse whisper. But the transition wasn't used, so you wonder where Johnny Kovak's voice came from. It was completely screwed up: One day I'm a mediumvoiced guy and the next day I'm hoarse. That really burned me up, because it looked like I didn't do my homeworkand I did.

But the biggest blow to me concerned a line that was cut from the Senatehearing scene. I'd never worked so hard getting ready for a scene in my life. I had heart palpitations, blurred vision-I actually thought I was gonna go into a nervous breakdown. Anyway, at the end of my confrontation with Rod Steiger, I get up and say, "I hold you in contempt, I hold Milano in contempt, I hold this hearing in contempt and, most of all, I

hold myself in contempt!"

I then walk to the hearing-room door and just as I'm about to open it, I turn around and shout, "You may bring me down, but you're not gonna bring this union down-or we're gonna shut this country down!" And then I walk outside and into a crowd of truck drivers, and you know that I may have been discredited, but if I want to, I can shut the country down. That was a very important line to lose. Norman Jewison said, "It makes Johnny Kovak too threatening." Well, he is threatening, and when he stands raging at the hearing-room door and making his final threat, it's like the last bellowing of a dying bull.

In the meantime, I'd paced my performance for that moment, which is why I didn't go all the way when confronting Steiger. I wanted to save that last little bit extra for that line-which would've put a different edge on the scene and on the picture.

PLAYBOY: Is your dissatisfaction with F.I.S.T. the reason you didn't lift a finger to promote it?

STALLONE: No, it's because I felt that Norman Jewison was the star of F.I.S.T. It's his movie. The scenes were cut like a Jewison movie, my performance was cut like a Jewison movie and I therefore felt that Norman should promote it. I'm not trying to be critical of him, I'm just saying that F.J.S.T. was his and that I didn't feel very involved in it. I did what I had to do and turned in my performance, but there was a distance between

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us. Nobody ever asked me what I thought.

I felt as if I were a journeyman, an employee, all the way down the line.

PLAYBOY: That contradicts what we've read. For example, Joe Eszterhas, who wrote the original screenplay of *F.I.S.T.*, claimed that you successfully insinuated your way into getting credit as co-author of the film.

statione: Well, I read Joe's comments about that, and that was a classic case of a failure to communicate because of the go-between—who was Jewison. I think if Norman had actually tried to promote a thing between Joe and me, it would've worked. I got offended because Joe wouldn't listen to me and he got offended because he wasn't invited to the set and he made some threats. We finally talked to each other and got it straight. I happen to like the guy, but I'll never do any kind of collaboration again unless I meet the man first.

PLAYBOY: What *did* you contribute to *F.L.S.T.*'s screenplay?

F.I.S.T.'s screenplay? STALLONE: A lot. I'd been offered hundreds of scripts after Rocky and I turned everything down until I read Joe's, which was massive-250 or 300 pages, I think. Norman Jewison sent it to me and after reading it, I told him I'd do F.I.S.T. with one stipulation: No disrespect to the writer, but since I'm a writer and I wanted to play the role, I wanted to tailor it to myself. The first half of the original script was the building up of a nobody, a loading-dock worker who helps organize a union and then becomes head of it. The second half produces a change: He goes to Washington, D.C., and it's his downfall. He becomes corrupt and a viper among vipers. He eventually gets so insufferable that the Mafia finally does him in, because, after having his own best friend set up, he wants to kill a Senator. I told Norman that after the first hour of the movie, we'd lose our audience: No one wants someone they've seen grow as a hero go down. I told him, "This guy has to keep growing. The movie starts when he's 22, and he's got to grow until he's 50, and we've got to end on a peak." He agreed, and so then

I sat down and worked. **PLAYBOY:** Do you think, in retrospect, that it was a mistake for you to have been in *F.I.S.T.*?

stations: I have mixed emotions about it. I think I wasn't true to my nature and that I should have done something more along the lines of a blue-collar guy who stays blue collar. I'm sorry I didn't do something, say, along the lines of a Rocky Balboa or an ex-con who's trying to make it back into society, or a fire fighter. Instead, I did something to prove that I could pull it off. And I put my fate in someone else's hands—and most of my efforts were butchered. I'm not very happy about the film. It served its purpose, I think, because people will

now say, "Yeah, all right, he's not a boxer, he can act a little, he can yell a lot and maybe even write, too." But F.I.S.T. wasn't worth the seven months I spent making it.

PLAYBOY: By the time it was released, you'd managed to acquire a reputation for having the most oversized ego in Hollywood. Do you think that's a bum rap?

STALLONE: I just think I've become brusque with people. I've become hard. Right now, I'm a very cynical person, but I believe it's only a stage I'm going through and that I'll lose it soon. The cynicism is because people are coming at me now, sometimes in the press, with undue malevolence. They come after me saying that I'm swell-headed, and there are all these stories about me, like how I won't work with any actors who are taller than me, and that's not true. In my next film, Paradise Alley, there're at least nine actors who are not only bigger than me, they're half the size of the island of Rhodes. This kind of stuff turned me against the press for a while, but I guess it's a case of what goes up must come

"I really don't walk around thinking, I am a star.
I've always loathed using that word. That's like saying,
'I am so celestial. I am not of this earth.'"

down—and there are a lot of people out there who like to read unhappy news. That's what sells. They don't want to read that I'm happy and riding around in a Rolls-Royce and that I use lilac shaving cream and how I never get a pimple. They'd rather read that I'm miserable and that all my teeth are falling out. But I'll lose this cynicism, this hardness.

PLAYBOY: So you haven't enjoyed your fame?

stallone: No, I do get kicks out of it. I walk into a restaurant and I get good service where normally it would take hours. But I really don't walk around thinking, I am a star. To me, a star is only a ball of gas, and I've always loathed using that word to describe actors. That's like saying, "I am so celestial. I am not of this earth, for I am a star. I twinkle in the cosmos while all of you grovel in the valleys."

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, by Hollywood's standards, you *are* a star. Has it been rough going handling your new-found status?

statione: No; success is really very easy to deal with. All I do is sit back and gaze into a mirror and say, "All right, Sly. Eighteen months ago, you were a total nonentity, a goofball. Today, people put you under a microscope and analyze every move you make. But you're the same guy you were then. The only difference is that you got your break, and you don't have to be supersensitive about it."

The one thing I have to accept, I guess, is that I'm no longer one of the boys. When people know who you are, what happens is that everything becomes diffused. It's as if I'm now looking at life through leaded glass, and it's definitely not rose-colored, either. It's thick and kind of out of focus, but that's the only way I can maintain an even keel right now. I suppose the only performer who really has all this stuff down, who truly understands glamor and fantasy, is Liberace. He can sit there and flaunt his diamonds and his minks and his Rolls-Royces and you like him, because he does it honestly. He's sharing all that with you. He's not saying, "Look what I've got and you don't." He's saying, "Look what you bought me." He's just extraordinary. PLAYBOY: What are you saying—that you want to emulate Liberace?

STALLONE: Hey, that isn't me. I think I have two choices: to either become a recluse like Elvis Presley-which can be very dangerous-or to be an extrovert. I think the name of the game is show business, so I show myself. I think that as long as I mingle with crowds, well, I may lose that elusive mysterious quality, but what I gain is a definite rapport with reality. When I go into a crowd, I'm not tongue-tied and I'm not worried I'm gonna fall down a flight of stairs, or that I'll scuff my shoes getting out of a limousine or chip my teeth on a curb. What I've said before holds: I'm trying to travel through life without being permanently mangled by success. I really think it's just a matter of allotting time, of discipline, of getting up at a certain hour and following the same routine. You can't waver. I wavered for five months and suffered terribly, and I'm not talking about my work.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the breakup of your marriage?

STALLONE: Yes, I am. After Rocky, I went through a period of too much too soon, and the pressures got to me. I was extremely foolish in that I directed my frustrations at the people I love the most, simply because they were the most vulnerable to attack. I left my family, thinking that if I left, my problems would go away. All I was doing was playing hooky from reality.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to realize that?

STALLONE: I knew it within two or three weeks, but there was a problem: I wanted to reinstate myself with my wife, Sasha,



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without coming off as a total buffoon. I walked around thinking, How do I pick up the pieces and still maintain any type of esteem with Sasha? I wanted to go home badly, because I love her, so, in a sense, I waited and waited for the proper opportunity—until I realized there is no such thing. You just have to strip yourself down to the bare wires and do it. So that's what I did. I went home one day and told Sasha, "You're looking at a full-grown fool. I'm extremely regretful and sorry, and I don't blame you if you never talk to me again. You have every reason in the world to despise me."

She took me back without condition, which shows, I think, that our marriage was right in the first place. That it had tremendous foundations.

PLAYBOY: If all that is true, why did you tell *Los Angeles* magazine that success had nothing to do with your marital breakup?

statione: That was a lie. I was lying mostly to myself. Sometimes one does lie to one's self to alleviate pressure. A lie can be handled in a few short words, but the truth sometimes takes hours of deliberation before it shows itself. In any case, when the press would come up to me and ask, "What's the story with your marriage?" I thought, Why expose myself to a mere stranger? So I'd just handle it with a stock answer. I'd give them stock answer number 72 and get ready with

stock answer number 78 for the next question. It wasn't an easy period, because I thought I was on top of the whole thing, but I became moody, avaricious and all-consuming. To paraphrase the Eagles, I wanted to live life in the fast lane.

PLAYBOY: Has your life slowed down since then?

STALLONE: No, but I think I'm living it more in perspective and analyzing it more. I'm not taking it like, well, after I finish editing Paradise Alley, I'm gonna make Rocky II and then I'll edit that and go on to the next film. I have to look at what will suffer because of all that work. Is my home life going to suffer? If so, then I'll allot more time to my home life and I'll try to be as concerned and responsible a husband and father as I can be. Sometimes it's hard to be aware of that, because you'll want to go for the glory, for the movie, for the money, and you won't think about the repercussions. You won't realize that work is gonna take 99 percent of your time-and that to make up for it, the one percent when you're at home has to be incredibly blissful, tranquil and sincere. That's just not easy to do, especially for me, because I take home the characters I play.

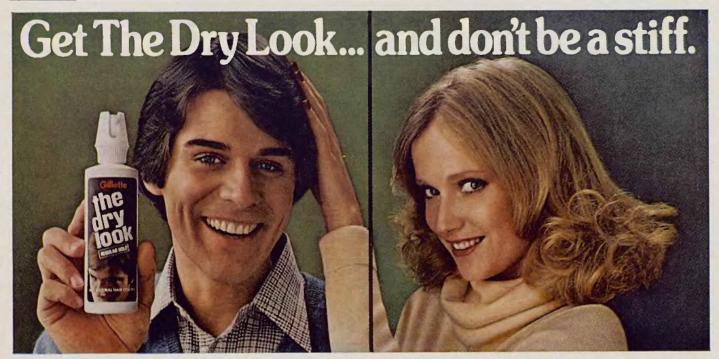
PLAYBOY: In what way?

STALLONE: All kinds of ways, starting with what I eat. For *Rocky*, I purposely altered my diet so that it would severely

change my intelligence level, which it did. I went on a strict shrimp-and-shell-fish diet, with no carbohydrates whatso-ever, and eventually, my intelligence level dropped to the point where I'd want to listen to country-and-western music, which is really bizarre for me. Your brain can't function without carbohydrates, and if I'd kept it up much longer, I probably would've wound up in a hospital. Plus, of course, I was walking like Rocky and sniffing and shadow-boxing and talking like Rocky. I became Rocky.

Now, maybe this dietary stuff works and maybe it doesn't, but it helps me get into a character, so, in a sense, it does work. For F.I.S.T., I gained 35 pounds eating bananas and water, which wasn't a laugh riot, by any means. In fact, it left me bordering on lunacy, but bananas contain potassium, which stimulates the nerve synapses, those little tissues that transmit the brain's electrical impulses up and down the spine, As Johnny Kovac became older and more physically ponderous, I wanted him to look suspicious and to be ready with a wisecrack for everything. I also took to shuffling around at home like an old man, talking in a low, no-nonsense staccato voice and boring everyone stiff. My wife hated it, the housekeeper hated it, my kid hated it-even our dog hated it.

PLAYBOY: Do you get the message that



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maybe you should leave your work on the set?

STALLONE: That's easier said than done, Thank God that in my next movie, Paradise Alley, I play a character I was able to jump in and out of at will, a guy very closely aligned to my normal state. For that role, I got into energy foods—nuts, fruits, juices and things that go through your system very easily, like pulverized chicken. I ate like that because I wanted to devote all my energy to directing, writing and acting.

PLAYBOY: Have *F.I.S.T.*'s mixed notices caused you any added worries about *Paradise Alley?*

stallone: No, just the opposite: I wanted to throw Paradise Alley into release right after F.I.S.T. came out, but the distribution arrangements had already been made. I think it's going to be a terrific film, very much like some of those great Bowery Boys and Frank Capra movies of the late Thirties and early Forties. It's about three brothers who are losers living in Hell's Kitchen in New York. They all want to be big fish in a big pond, and the movie is about their scheming and comic attempts to get out of Hell's Kitchen, to get away from the neighborhood wise guys and dime-a-dance girls.

My character finds a way for them to do it: He gets his iceman brother, Victor, to start wrestling for money. The wrestling in the film goes back to the origins of professional wrestling just before Gorgeous George; it's underground wrestling. Wrestling's been maligned by a lot of people, but it's fascinating to see men of immense size—anywhere from 250 to 400 pounds—moving around like cats, like acrobats. And the wrestling in *Paradise Alley* is real, which is why I think the movie may be more visually interesting than *Rocky*.

I've been told, of course, that a movie about wrestling has never made any money. But I was told the same thing before *Rocky* was made: "Do you realize, Sylvester, that only one fight film ever made any money, and then only pennies?" I said, "Yeah, but it wasn't my boxing movie."

PLAYBOY: When Rocky was released, there was a great outpouring of publicity to the effect that your life paralleled Rocky Balboa's—that you were down and out before suddenly catching a big break. How much of that was pure flackery?

STALLONE: None of it. At that point in my life, I was on the rocks and drying up like a beached whale. I'd been through something more traumatic than straight failure: a small taste of success and then failure again. I'd been in The Lords of Flatbush, Capone, Bananas, Death Race 2000, Prisoner of Second Avenue and Farewell, My Lovely, and I started to

think I was going somewhere. And then the phone didn't ring for nine months. That's a long time to be out of work.

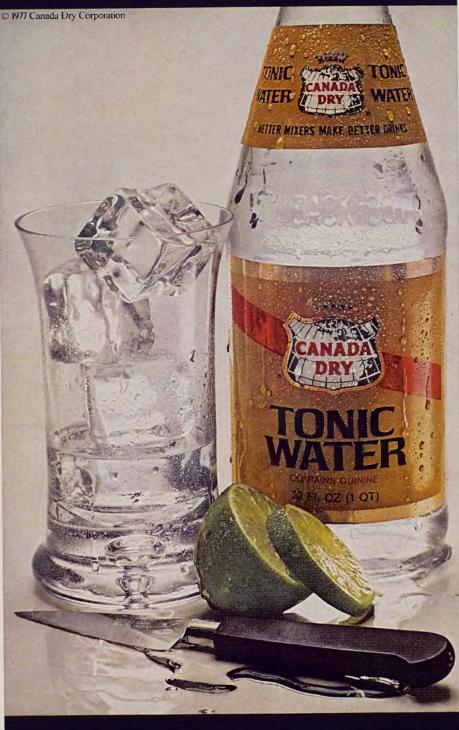
I was just about broke and things were looking very, very bad, so one night, to cheer myself up, I took the last of my entertainment money and went to see the Muhammad Ali-Chuck Wepner fight. They were showing it closed circuit at the Wiltern Theater, on the corner of Western and Wilshire in Los Angeles. And I'll be damned, I'm sitting there, looking around at the audience, and a drama is unfolding. Wepner is a trial horse who's supposed to last maybe three rounds, so Ali can go to the showers early, but he's hanging in there. And then, all of a sudden, Ali falls down-he tripped-but now the place is going crazy! Guys' eyes are turning up white; I mean, the crowd is going nuts. And here comes the last round, and Wepner finally loses on a TKO. I said to myself, "That's drama. Now the only thing I've got to do is get a character to that point and I've got my story."

PLAYBOY: Just like that?

statione: Just like that. I then went home and wrote the most vile, putrid, festering little street drama you've ever seen. I had Rocky Balboa as a good guy surrounded by rotten people. His manager, Mickey, for instance, was a racist maniac. The champ was older, maybe 37,



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CANADA DRY MIXERS. YOU OWE IT TO YOUR LIQUOR. and during their fight, Rocky catches him good, breaks his ribs and starts beating the guy to a pulp. And every time Rocky goes back to his corner, Mickey is yelling, "Kill him! I want you to kill him! Beat him to death!" Rocky starts thinking, My God, what have I got myself into? I was broke before this, but at least I was content. So he goes out, and even though the champion's on his last legs, Rocky lets himself get hit with a punch and then purposely falls flat on his face and loses the fight on a TKO. Mickey is screaming at him, everyone is screaming at him, but Rocky doesn't care. He takes his loser's share of the money and buys a pet shop for himself and Adrian.

PLAYBOY: That does seem a little farfetched.

STALLONE: I didn't like it either, but it's part of the metamorphosis of a script, or did you think they just come out ready to be filmed? Ali fought Wepner in March 1975. I finished my first draft that June and showed it to my agent at the time, Herb Nanas, who is now my manager. The dialog was crude and contained tremendous obscenities, but Herb said, "This is really very good." I said thanks, went home, let it cool for a week and then saw all the mistakes in it. But the spine was there and I finished a second draft in July.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take before you got an offer for it?

stallone: I got my first real bite by August first. United Artists wanted to pay me \$75,000, which is a good price for a first script. I was broke by then—I mean, I didn't even have \$100 to my name—but something in the back of my mind told me I could play that role. So when Herb brought me the good news about the \$75,000, I turned to him and said, "Don't sell it." And, oh, were they shocked back at UA! Their next offer was \$100,000 and a guarantee that they'd get a celebrity to play Rocky. They said it would make an excellent film and that I could come by and visit the set.

PLAYBOY: Who did United Artists have in mind for the part?

STALLONE: They mentioned Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Gene Hackman, Al Pacino, Jimmy Caan, Ryan O'Nealthey mentioned just about everyone except a great bit actor named Arthur Hunnicutt. I remember the day I learned about all the actors they were considering. I was in Herb's office, and after he told me their names, I said, "Hey, this is not going to work." Herb said, "What's not going to work, Sly? They're up to \$150,000, which is more money than you and I have ever seen." I told him, "Look, my friend, they can go to \$500,000, they can go to \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000, or \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000, take your choice. Under the threat of death, I'm



telling you not to sell the script unless I

play Rocky."

So Herb went back to UA with that. They came back with an offer of \$175,000, and then \$210,000, and then \$250,000, and a final offer of \$315,000. I kept saying no until they gave in and said, "Oh, Jesus, let's forget all this and let him have a shot at it."

PLAYBOY: How much did you finally get for the screenplay?

STALLONE: The price came down to \$20,000—and I got that much only because a Writer's Guild rule says that any film budgeted at \$1,000,000 or more must pay a minimum of \$20,000 for the script. As an actor, I worked for scale. Maybe it was a stroke of fate, but I also got a percentage of the picture—ten percent of the net. I didn't see a dime of it until last September, when I was almost done with *F.I.S.T.* That's when I got my first payment.

PLAYBOY: We understand that first check was for around \$1,000,000. How did it feel to become a wealthy man overnight? STALLONE: Terrifically comforting. I threw away my burlap security blanket and replaced it with one made out of cashmere. I also discovered that the Government was my buddy and that my buddy wanted income tax from me. Which was kind of novel, because I'd only earned about \$1400 the year before I made Rocky. United Artists probably went into shock over the amount of money they made, because while we were shooting Rocky, word leaked out that UA would be happy if the film broke even: They liked the script, but they weren't thrilled with me. Neither were some of the directors they tried to get before John Avildsen agreed to do it. At least five directors turned them down. Some liked the script, some didn't-and many of them felt I was wrong for the

PLAYBOY: Why?

STALLONE: They said I didn't have the stature of a heavyweight. I'll tell you what I told them: I'm bigger than Rocky Marciano was in his prime. I'm five feet ten and three quarters tall and Marciano was five ten and a half. I have a 73-inch reach and he had a 68-inch reach. His biceps were 14 inches and mine are almost 17 inches. I hate to tell you what I thought they might want to measure next. Anyway, I said that if Marciano could become undefeated heavyweight champion of the world with his physique, I could certainly play a fighter in a fictitious film with mine.

PLAYBOY: Rocky Balboa was your first lead role in a movie. When the cameras started rolling, were you at all worried that perhaps you were in over your head? **STALLONE**: For one fleeting moment, yeah. When we started shooting, we were on Broad Street in Philadelphia at 4:30 in

the morning and it was 19 degrees outside. I got dressed in a trailer and as I was about to walk out, I looked at myself in a mirror that was hanging next to the door. And I thought, Oh, God, this is it. Sylvester, you've bluffed your way, you've bullied your way, you've badgered your way and you've begged your way into this position. If you don't pull it off, your name is gonna be synonymous with failure. Pretty soon, people aren't going to say, "Hey, you made a bomb." They'll be saying, "Hey, you made a Stallone." It's all up to you. Can you do it?

I just stared and stared at myself in the mirror, in make-up, and the make-up seemed to blend perfectly into my face. And then an assistant director stopped by and yelled, "Come on, Sylvester. It's time." I turned from the mirror and said, "Hey, you got the wrong guy. Rocky. Call me Rocky." And I knew from that instant on that I was going to do it.

PLAYBOY: The heavyweight champion in Rocky, Apollo Creed, was an obvious

"I think the day of the singletalented performer is drawing to an end. Today, actors have to be involved in the politics of film making and in producing, writing and directing."

take-off on Muhammad Ali. Did you get any flak about that?

STALLONE: Yeah, mostly from United Artists. Their hierarchy was a little worried about it, and before they'd accept the script, they asked me to rewrite the Creed part. I went home and did it overnight, and the next day, Apollo Creed came back as a Jamaican. As soon as they said, "OK, it's a go," I put the Jamaican back on the plane and brought back my real Apollo Creed.

I think the character was a form of flattery to Ali, but a couple of black guys told me, "You're running our man down. We're personal friends of Ali's, and this is a racist script," I said, "What sense of racism is there? This movie's about a white underdog. I'm being more racist toward myself than anybody else, because I lose the fight, so what are you talking about?"

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you're a domineering and difficult actor to work with and that you supposedly proved it while making *Rocky*. Have we heard wrong?

STALLONE: I think so. Look, I'm a born

critic—of myself and other things—and I'm extremely opinionated. I must be, because I think anybody who doesn't have an opinion should go to Tibet and start chanting with a Lhasa Apso on his lap. As an actor, I think I'm all right, but I've never functioned 100 percent as an actor. You see, I think the day of the single-talented performer is drawing to an end. Today, actors have to be involved in the politics of film making and in producing, writing, directing—something besides just acting.

But the actual pure certified artisan in an actor doesn't want to do that, doesn't even want to know who's in a movie with him. All he wants to know is the start date and if the script is ready. Fine, but out of ten movies this artist may have done, how many are good-two or three? The rest fall by the wayside. Why? Because in the editing room, the logic and meaning of an entire script can be changed, the story line altered-and the actor's dream reversed. The actor may turn in a fine performance, but six months later, what he sees onscreen will be a wretched misinterpretation of what he intended. He's completely at the mercy of the director, editor or producer, or all three at once.

Well, during Rocky, I kept a third eye out. I lived in that editing room. I was there. I wasn't popular, but I provided them with a presence they wouldn't fool around with. They wouldn't just say, "Hey, let's cut out this close-up of Sly"—not when I'm sitting two feet away. By being there, I got them to respect my screenplay and my performance.

PLAYBOY: Then you were muscling them, weren't you?

STALLONE: An important actor has the *power* to muscle, because producers need that actor for advertising purposes. Who is more valuable in terms of promoting a picture? The press isn't going to want to talk to a producer or a grip or a gaffer. They're going to want to talk to the guy whose face is up there.

PLAYBOY: Did you get violent in the editing room? There's an absolutely unconfirmed rumor around that you beat up Avildsen when he cut out a scene you liked. Any truth to it?

STALLONE: I've heard that, too, and no. no, no, it never happened. What did happen was really kind of funny. John and I had been discussing the scene where Rocky is out walking with Adrian and invites her to come into his apartment. Now, John is an amiable guy, but as I drove to the studio one morning, I started thinking, What if John says he wants to lose the scene and then turns around and raises his voice and pushes me? I'm gonna grab him, and then he's gonna yell for the cops. And then I'm gonna pick up a barstool before the cops get there and ---- And by the time I got to work, I was a raving lunatic. I

walked in and I shouted, "John, don't make that cut!!" And John said, "Good morning, Sylvester." I had to pause right there. I finally mumbled, "Oh, um, excuse me. How are you, John? Did you sleep OK?" That was it. No fights.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that United Artists was merely hoping that the film would break even. What did *you* expect it to do?

STALLONE: The first time I saw all the daily rushes on it, I bet the producers that *Rocky* would gross at least \$20,000,000, and then, when I saw it cut together for the first time, I said the movie would make \$100,000,000. The producers said, "Well, if it makes that kind of money, we'll buy you any car in the world that you want." I got my car: a Mercedes-Benz 450 SEL.

Don't take this as an egomaniacal statement, but I knew it would happen. I'd never seen a film like it. I sat through Rocky at least 40 times, and every time I saw it, I got emotional. And I knew that was unusual, because, like most actors, I usually can't stand to watch my work on a film more than 10 or 15 times. You want to know how sure I was the film was going to take off? When Sasha and I went looking for a house, the real-estate agent pointed one out to us alongside the curb in a nice neighborhood and I said, "No, that won't do. When this movie breaks, I have to be hidden away." And that was six months before Rocky came out.

PLAYBOY: When it did, you quickly replaced Farrah Fawcett-Majors on the covers of America's fan magazines and supermarket tabloids. How did you initially react to all that publicity?

STALLONE: I became very, very self-conscious. I started thinking about a public image and I began changing the way I dress. I started wearing suits and carrying myself in a more upright position and worrying about my personal appearance—was my hair right, were my teeth polished? So that was my first reaction: I was tampering with a winning combination, which you're not supposed to do. You'll be pleased to know, as I sit here in a tank top and jeans, that I've since reverted back to my natural instincts.

My second reaction was to begin wondering if I could duplicate Rocky's success. I came to the conclusion that I never will duplicate it. I doubt that I'll ever make another film that has such popularity and box-office numbers. I'll just make smaller winners, because I really don't think I'll ever make a bomb. As long as I can remain in some sort of creative control of my films, that will never happen.

PLAYBOY: Why not? Do you think you're infallible?

STALLONE: No, but I have a certain philosophy about film making that I think will eventually be seen as a revival of good, old-fashioned American movies. I think



there's a definite formula in reaching audiences: Provide them with heroes and heroines who have to pull themselves up from the depths of despair. And as they struggle and claw and finally attain their goal, the audience says, "My God, that's the kind of person I want to be." Or, "That's the kind of person I'd like my son or daughter to marry." Give the audience positive symbols, because if you don't, if people go out of a theater less than when they went in, they were taken. And I think that's been happening: There's been a flood of films in the last few years that run down everything. They deal in subjects like politics, psychology and male-female relationships, and I'd say that out of the last 50 films made in America, 35 of them have been in this category.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us some examples of the kind of films you're talking about? STALLONE: I'm talking about very sophisticated films that are taken on a highly esoteric level, and the critics love them. But I don't think we need movies to be negative, because all we have to do is watch the news on television and we've got all the negative forces we can handle. And that's one reason why people are staying away from movie theaters in droves; who the hell wants to go to a movie and come out feeling worse than when you went in? True story: After seeing Marathon Man, a guy got mugged in a movie theater's parking lot. As this man got beaten almost to death, another guy who was coming out of the theater watched it happen and didn't help. When the police asked him why he didn't intervene, the man said, "I don't know. I just felt like it didn't matter." Now, where is that at? If you don't think violence in movies and on television isn't beginning to numb the nerve endings of this country, you're mistaken.

There're a lot of movies that give off bad vibes. I watched Little Big Man on television not long ago and my reaction to it was, Why did they make this? If you want to make a movie about Indian massacres, make it. But get somebody like Buffy St. Marie, who knows what she's talking about, to write it. Don't sit there and take a fictitious story about a guy who is 130 years old and make it into a slanderous account of the men who died at Little Bighorn, because that wasn't a joke. I don't get off on jokes like that, especially when they cost \$10,000,000 to make. If a movie like Little Big Man bombs, the shock wave of failure will spread out and eventually affect 50 to 100 film makers. All of a sudden, they'll be hearing, "Oh, no, you can't do a film that deals with the U.S. Cavalry. Remember Little Big Man? It lost a fortune."

But to use an old agent term, the bottom line on this whole thing is that I may be very full of crap, because I am unproven. I've made one film and it turned out real well. My next films may be atrocities, in which case this whole interview will have been a waste of time, but that's what makes the world go round.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've told us what you detest, what types of films do you enjoy?

STALLONE: Films that touch me emotionally. I like George Lucas' work. Lucas has an eye for what the public wants, and right now, the public wants escapism and Lucas provides it. Except for his first movie, *THX 1138*, every film he's done has been a vehicle to get into people, to make them laugh, to provide them with two hours of uninterrupted fantasy and entertainment.

Lucas, I think, hit on something in Star Wars that hadn't been hit on for a long time: He knows that all of us are children. Our hair may turn gray, we may get thicker around the waist and we may all have to wear glasses someday, but inside, we still don't want to grow up. I really tried to do the same thing

"If you just have heavy, heavy drama, it becomes wearing.... It's a brutal experience to pay seven dollars to discover you hate yourself, your mother and everyone else."

with Rocky but on a cruder level, because Rocky's life was crude.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's what accounted for the picture's success?

STALLONE: For a good part of it, sure, although Rocky was rooted more in the real world than Star Wars, which took place in a fantasy land. Rocky wasn't a total fantasy, though, because guys like Wepner and Evangelista and many others have gotten a shot at the champ, so it's actually happened. I think the humor in Rocky also helped. What I write can be called dramedy-half drama, half comedy-because I think there's great humor in tragedy. I don't mean to sound callous, so let me explain that. As someone said, to those who think, life is a comedy; and to those who feel, life is a tragedy. Since audiences are thinking and feeling at the same time, why not give them both? If you just have heavy, heavy drama, it becomes a wearing, tearing experience for an audience. It's like watching a Eugene O'Neill play; as soon as you leave, the first thing to do is hail a cab and go to Bellevue to dry out. I mean, it's a brutal experience to pay seven dollars to discover you hate yourself, your mother and everyone else.

PLAYBOY: You're right, you are opinionated. Incidentally, was Rocky your first screenplay?

stallone: Oh, no, I started writing scripts right after I saw Easy Rider. I bought two books, one on screenwriting—something like Writing for Fun and Profit—and the other, the screenplay of Easy Rider. I read it and thought, I can't believe it! The dialog is so realistic and men are getting paid to write like this, and this is a big hit. And I thought I could do as well.

So I sat down and wrote my first screenplay. I called it Cry Full and Whisper Empty in the Same Breath. You want to talk about the height of pomposity? That was me. I must've been into a little too much Dylan at the time. Naturally, no one would even look at a script with that title, which was just as well, because it was really awful. I let a total drunk read it and even he said it was lousy.

So I wrote another one called Sad Blues. It was a horrible thing about a rock singer who suffers from a heart condition that can only be cured by a substance found in bananas. Right, I have a thing for bananas. Anyway, the rock singer falls in love with a girl, but she eventually leaves him. The singer gets so upset that he goes on stage without eating his daily quota of bananas—and in the middle of a song, he keels over onto his organ. The girl comes rushing in with a bunch of bananas, but she's too late: He's dead. Ta-daaa!

PLAYBOY: Can we assume that made you two for two in the failure department?

STALLONE: I was about to go three for three: My next one was called Till Young Men Exit, a nifty title, but the script stunk. It was about a group of unemployed actors who kidnap a producer like David Merrick and all his employees; they replace the producer and his people with actors who are their doubles, and in this way, they take over the theatrical business. Oh, it was very bad. They tie Merrick up in a chair and they feed him Fizzies and Kool-Aid-I didn't like the character, so I put him on a bad diet. Just as they're ready to ransom him back, the guy suddenly drops dead and the actors all realize, "Well, we got our man running things and no one's on to us." So they put the producer in a blender or something to get rid of him, and that was the end of that. Really bad! I wrote that while I was an usher. As a matter of fact, I wrote that entire script standing up.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you wanted to be at that point—a screenwriter?

STALLONE: No, I was going to be an actor,

but I figured that if I kept writing, eventually someone would buy a script. I

Give your drinks every advantage.



didn't know if it would be a schlocky film company or not, but someone would buy one of my scripts and give me the acting break I needed. Writing was the key; if I kept on writing, nothing could stop me. And I didn't think I was going against the odds. I felt like I was the house and that the law of averages was on my side. I mean, if you write 400 scripts, the law of averages says you've almost got to sell one. Now, I hadn't done 400 scripts, but before Rocky came along, I probably had written ten or so.

PLAYBOY: Had you always wanted to be an actor?

STALLONE: No, as a kid, I wanted to be a shepherd in Australia, and if I thought there was an opening for a viking, I would've taken it. I wanted to do something adventurous and odd, which, come to think of it, is a very good description of my childhood. By the time I got to high school, I must've broken about 14 bones in my body doing things that were kind of adventurous and very, very odd.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

STALLONE: Well, when I was about II, I broke my collarbone jumping off the roof of our three-story home in Monkey Hollow, Maryland. To give you an idea of where my head was, I jumped with an umbrella, thinking that I might go up! I didn't. I fell straight down into a cement trough that was half filled with watermy father was building a barbecue pit at the time. When I landed in it, my father came out and saw me lying in slimy gray water with the umbrella wrapped around my neck. He said to my mother, "This boy will never become President. You've given birth to an idiot." I looked up and told him, "They said the same thing about Thomas Edison, Dad."

Actually, I wasn't such a happy kid. I was very self-conscious, because I had a terrible slur: An accident at birth had completely immobilized all the motor nerves on the left side of my face. That's why my mouth tilts down to the right, and sometimes my nose and eyes also lean to the right, and there's nothing I can do about it. I spent many, many hours fighting about that as a kid. Kids like to taunt and ridicule, and they were always calling me Slantmouth. Or they'd pull down the corners of their mouths and ask me if I ever used mine for an umbrella rack. I really was a very bad person to grow up with. In fact, I was a nightmare.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into trouble with police?

statione: From about the time I was 13, yes. Part of it was due to having an overactive imagination. One night, for example, I saw a car parked beneath a streetlight. The way the shadows fell on it made the car look somewhat like a tank and I began to envision being attacked by Rommel's tank corps. So I began throwing bricks at it, and by the time I was ready to stop, the car looked

like a dented can. I stopped before I really intended to, because the guy who owned it came running over and nearly beat me to death. From that point on, Maryland's Juvenile Department considered me someone to keep under surveillance.

PLAYBOY: What did your mother think of all this?

STALLONE: Mom thought I was mischievous. At the time, my mother owned a gym called Barbella's and she could bench-press 170 pounds. Whenever she thought I got too mischievous, she would tie my body into a square knot—she knew all kinds of wrestling holds—lay me across her lap and spank me with a brush. I wasn't left with just a red spot on my butt; she was very powerful, so when she hit me with a brush, it was like a mild concussion. I almost needed surgery to remove the brush.

It was right about then that I got interested in body building—through a movie. I remember seeing things like On the Waterfront, and I'd always end up in a deep snore. But one day I saw Steve Reeves in Hercules Unchained and I thought, Hey, it's one thing for Brando

"As a kid, I wanted to be a shepherd in Australia, and if I thought there was an opening for a viking, I would've taken it."

to stand up to the union, but this weird guy with the beard and big calves can pull down a temple all by himself. He's able to take on the entire Roman army using only the jawbone of an idiot, and I'd like to do that, too. I began thinking about what I wanted to look like physically, in terms of the proportions I wanted to develop. You didn't want to go too big, because then you'd no longer look terrestrial. You'd look like Hercules, which isn't bad, but that can get kind of tough if you want to play an accountant or something.

PLAYBOY: If you were worried about playing accountants, were you already involved in acting?

STALLONE: No, that didn't happen until we moved to Philadelphia and I enrolled at Lincoln High School. I wouldn't say that I had my throat torn up by the acting bug, but for some reason, I went out for the school play. Auditions were held in front of the drama class and the class would vote on who got the parts. The play was Mr. Todd Goes West, one of the greats. I tried out for the part of Mr. Todd and I had to read in a British accent: "Oy om your brouther. Don't

you rehudnize me?" A bad, bad showing. I lost the election by a landslide.

PLAYBOY: Did that temporarily halt your acting career?

STALLONE: It buried it. I was very resentful, because I would've looked better in tights than the other guy. His legs were much thinner than mine—and mine looked like a couple of threads hanging from my waist. So I put my acting career in dry dock and went on to more rewarding extracurricular activities, such as hanging out at the bowling alley, fighting and trying to open my classmates' lockers. I was soon put into a private school for bright kids who couldn't get along in the public system. But I still didn't know I possessed a brain.

PLAYBOY: Any particular reason you felt like that?

statione: When I was 16, my mother—who always thought I had some talent—took me to the Drexel Institute of Technology in Philadelphia for tests to see what I was cut out to do in life. At the end of three days of extensive testing, my mother was told, "Your son is suited to run a sorting machine or to be an assistant electrician, primarily in the area of elevator operations." In other words, I'd be the guy who crawls through the trap door of an elevator to tighten the cables. My mother was disappointed, but then, as parents always do, she reverted to her original beliefs about me.

Meanwhile, I found it a little shocking, because I thought I'd done great. Really, when I was told to put the square blocks into the square holes, I did it very well. And then it comes out I'm one step above being an idiot. I'd always been very verbal and I wasn't shy with girls, and I thought these things indicated I had something on the ball. But according to Drexel, I belonged in an elevator shaft. I wound up feeling like an imbecile, a complete moron.

PLAYBOY: You couldn't have been *that* bad if you went to college. But why the American College of Switzerland?

STALLONE: It was either that or a place like the College of the Ozarks. I think my mother had read that American College was looking for students because the school needed money. Being a straight-D student, I figured that if they took me, they'd have taken a cretin. I guess my mother vicariously wanted to go to Switzerland, and that being the case, she packed my bags, tearfully drove me to the airport and put me on a plane to Geneva.

PLAYBOY: Did that seem rather drastic

was in the village of Leysin, about a two-hour drive from Geneva and at an elevation of about 4500 feet. The lack of oxygen kept me dizzy at first, everybody was wearing berets and goatees and talking French, and I didn't know what to do. So right away, I decided not to go



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European but to see if I could get the Europeans to go American. I gave it about a week. I refused to eat the food, go skiing or learn the language. My big problem was that I didn't have any spending money. My room and board were paid for and the plan was for me to find some kind of part-time job.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

STALLONE: Well, the first thing I tried was panhandling in English, but that didn't work. And then I made an important friend. Prince Paul of Ethiopia-Haile Selassie's grandson or nephew, I never was sure which-was a student there, and some of the boys trapped him in an elevator shaft one day. I helped get him out of a sticky situation, and for that, he bought me a Volkswagen. But I didn't feel like going anywhere, so I sold the car, took the money and started my own version of McDonald's. There were no hamburgers in that town, so I invented a thing called a vacheburger, which was part lamb, part beef and part sawdust. I set up a little oven in the garage of an abandoned chalet and went into business without a license, so I had to keep it quiet. I got a couple of aluminum suitcases made up to keep the hamburgers warm, and then I got friendly with a Swiss mountain climber named Keith. His job was to strap the suitcases on his back, throw his grappling hook over the side of the girls' dorm, climb up-and take orders. I made enough money to support myself without any problems.

PLAYBOY: How did you do scholastically? STALLONE: The first time our class averages were posted, I remember there were 97 freshmen and I was 97th. I had a grade point average of .02. But I made a comeback before the end of the year. When finals came around, Keith and I got into the dean's office and photo-

graphed our tests.

The following year, to get out of a creative-writing class, I auditioned for the school production of *Death* of a *Salesman*. I'd never acted before, and when it was my turn to read, the drama teacher told me to give a poetic speech. I got up there and said, "I tell you, darling, I can't offer you anything but a handful of stars and a slice of immortality." I couldn't believe garbage like that was coming out of my mouth, but the drama teacher liked it, "Not bad for a guy who looks like a Neanderthal," he said, "Why don't you play Biff?"

I thought that was terrific, and we gave two performances in front of audiences that didn't understand English. I got a very big laugh when I said, "Why don't you give Dad some Swiss cheese?" Actually, the second time we performed it, the audience gave us a standing ovation, and right then and there, I knew what I was going to do with my life: I was going to be an actor. At the end of my second year, I came back to the U.S. and I spent the next couple of years as a

drama major at the University of Miami. And then I got on a plane for New York City. I was going to be an actor, period. No bones about it. I felt I was a natural ham and at the very worst, I could play heavies because of my size. I took a room in a Manhattan flea trap and to get by, I worked nights as an usher at the Baronet Theater on 59th Street. That left me free to haunt the city during the day, looking for acting work.

PLAYBOY: Were there jobs available?

STALLONE: Sure there were, but I didn't get any. My first audition was for Sal Mineo, who was directing Fortune and Men's Eyes. I went to an open call and I stood outside in sweltering heat for three hours, waiting to read for the part of a character named Rocky. When I finally got into the theater, there was Sal Mineo, wearing a straw hat and an earring. As I walked up to the stage, he told me, "Try to be intimidating." I was very intimidating. I pushed the stage manager out of the way, I threw chairs around the stage-I really overdid it. All Mineo said was, "Well, I don't find that so intimidating." So I jumped off the stage and put my finger under his nose and told

"In my first part, I wore a tail, a fright wig that was supposed to be pubic hair and a huge phallic symbol that hung to my knees."

him, "Now say it. I'm not in front of the footlights now. Tell me I'm not intimidating you." Mineo said, "OK, you're intimidating me—but I don't think you're right for the part." And I left. For a year or so, I really perfected the art of being rejected.

PLAYBOY: Is that how long it took you to

land an acting job-a year?

STALLONE: You got it. My first part was in the only play ever written by Picasso. It was called *Desire Caught by the Tail* and it was done very far off-Broadway—on Pelham Parkway in the Bronx. I played a Minotaur. Wonderful part: I wore a tail, a fright wig that was supposed to be pubic hair and a huge phallic symbol that hung down to my knees.

We did the play for three weeks in front of audiences that averaged about seven people a night. At that point, the director decided that maybe we needed a little something extra at the end, when this girl who played the Angel of Death kills the Minotaur. The director gave her a fire extinguisher and the first time we did it that way, she came out dancing in sequins, chiffon and a lot of aluminum foil—and she let me have it with

the CO₂ right in the face. Instant frostbite! My lips were frozen shut, my eyes were frozen shut—and I'm going crazy because I want to kill the director! I was rushed to a hospital and after they thawed my face out with a heat lamp, I turned a splotchy brown from the neck up and stayed that way for about four

PLAYBOY: Did you begin thinking you might have chosen the wrong career?

STALLONE: Oh, I reconsidered becoming a shepherd, but I was committed. The show closed after my accident and by then, I couldn't get my usher's job back, so I got a job cleaning the lions' cage at the Central Park Zoo. Not too many people ever have the thrill of seeing lions taking giant leaks. Let me tell you, they're accurate up to 15 feet, and after a month of getting whizzed on, I quit. I couldn't put up with it anymore. Lion urine is intensely odorous, and I became the only man in New York who invariably wound up in his own private subway car. I told myself, "This is marvelous, Sylvester. You've gotten to the point in your life where you're now making \$1.12 an hour to get pissed on

I'd had it with part-time jobs. My acting career had pretty much fallen apart and I resolved to write every day. I took a cheap apartment over an abandoned delicatessen on 56th and Lexington and painted the windows black, because I didn't want to know if it was night or day. I cut off the telephone, cut off the electricity, and I wrote by candlelight. Except for a crate that served as my desk, I had absolutely no furniture. I didn't even have a bed; I slept on top of an old coat. It was the most pathetic, threadbare joint you could hope to see. The rent was \$71.84 a month and I spent most of that year-1972-getting by on \$30 a week unemployment.

But I got into writing on a very intense level, and if it's possible to do such a thing, I increased my intelligence that year. I'd never read books in college, but I began going to the library every day, reading the American classics and, in the process, becoming somewhat of an authority on Edgar Allan Poe. By then, I'd written a script about my school days in Switzerland, and one day I got a call that Otto Preminger wanted to talk to me about it, My big break!

PLAYBOY: Is that what it turned out to be? STALLONE: Not exactly. I met Mr. Preminger at a fancy French restaurant, and I'd never been in a French restaurant in my life. I was very worried about meeting him, because I couldn't afford to have my clothes cleaned, and to tell you the truth, they smelled. It was a very depressing situation: After we sat down, he starts talking about the script, and I'm thinking about the holes in my shoes.

But Preminger really was interested in the script and asked how much I'd want

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per week to do a rewrite. I looked at him very meekly, crossed my fingers and said, "Would you consider \$70 too heavy a sum?" Preminger looked at me with such disdain, as if to say, "You're not a writer. No writer in the world would sell out for only \$70." He dropped the script into his chocolate mousse and said, "I don't think we have anything further to talk about." A laugh-a-minute guy, Otto Preminger.

A year later, I made my first sale. I got \$2500 for a half-hour script for the *Touch of Evil* television series. Now I'm on my way, I thought. I wrote five other scripts for *Touch of Evil*—and none of them sold.

PLAYBOY: Was that the low point of your years in New York?

STALLONE: No, because things were looking up, in a strange way. Sasha and I were together by then, and after she left her job as an usherette-we'd met at the Baronet-she got a job at a restaurant and I began eating again. Actors need to get film of themselves, and for that reason, a friend and I somehow put together \$1500 and made a short called Horses. It was about a cowboy and an Indian who come back to life in 1973 and find everything so weird that they go back into their graves. The film was so bad that when I showed it to my parents, they actually walked out of the room-and they'll normally sit through two hours of flower slides. I decided to give up on acting forever.

PLAYBOY: What got you back into it?

STALLONE: A stroke of luck. The friend I made Horses with had to do a scene for his acting class and asked me to be in it with him. The scene was from Death of a Salesman, which I had down pat, so we did it. He was studying at the Herbert Berghof School, and after our scene, Berghof came up to me and offered me a scholarship. Which I turned down: I was through with acting. But Stephen Verona was sitting in the audience that night and six months later, when he got ready to direct The Lords of Flatbush, he remembered me and sent me a telegram to come down and audition for him. And that's how I got into my first real film.

PLAYBOY: What about that porn film you were supposed to have acted in?

STALLONE: It was a sexploitation movie called *Party at Kitty and Studs*. I played Studs, who posts a sign on a bulletin board inviting people to come to a party. About ten people show up and they do a lot of kissing and necking, and that's about it. By today's standards, the movie would almost qualify for a PG rating. It was much, much tamer than *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* or *Don't Look Now*.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you nude in that film? STALLONE: Yes, I was I was also starving when I did it. I'd been bounced out of my apartment and had spent four nights

in a row at the Port Authority Bus Terminal, trying to avoid the cops, trying to get some sleep and keeping my pens and books in a 25-cent locker. I mean, I was desperate. That's why I thought it was extraordinary when I read in one of the trade papers that I could make \$100 a day. And the fact that I had to take off my clothes to do it was no big deal. There wasn't any hard-core stuff in the movie, so what did I care?

The people behind it were a group of wealthy lawyers, very, very solid, and I auditioned for them in a high-rise office building. But they came up with a turkey. Party at Kitty and Studs was a horrendous film and was never released.

PLAYBOY: Didn't they try to semiblackmail you into buying the film after Rocky came out?

STALLONE: I think they asked for \$100,000, but I wouldn't buy it for two bucks, and my lawyer told them to hit the pike. You know, when you're hungry, you do a lot of things you wouldn't ordinarily do, and it's funny how you can readjust your morality for the sake of self-preservation. What's really ridiculous is to get in front of a camera in that situation and delude

"I function so poorly in society that when I wasn't working on a film, I was averaging a fistfight every two to three weeks."

yourself into thinking you're doing something artistic. I thought, Well, maybe this will be an *art* film. Brilliant. In a way, though, it was either do that movie or rob someone, because I was at the end—the *very* end—of my rope. Instead of doing something desperate, I worked two days for \$200 and got myself out of the bus station.

PLAYBOY: You've come a long way since then. Rocky may well go down as a movie classic, but aren't you pushing your luck by doing a sequel-Rocky II? STALLONE: If you have a character that's well liked and if you can use the character in a successful film that has a message applicable to today, why desert him? I've never understood that, which is why I don't like any of my characters to die. Killing them off is just too Hemingwayesque for me. I don't need to have my matador on the end of a bull's horn and being paraded through the streets of Pamplona. I'd much rather have him jump on the bull's back and ride into the sunset, and maybe we'll see where he goes in the future.

I like Rocky. To me, he's a 20th Century gladiator in a pair of sneakers and a

hat, and he's out of sync with the times. When I first thought about doing Rocky II, I wanted to have him fight in the Colosseum in Rome. I was thinking about giving him more glamor, but that also meant giving up the neighborhood, the street corner, the guys back in Philadelphia. If he were to become Continental and big-time, I think I'd lose the essence of Rocky. Rather than make it big, his world should remain within a three-block radius in Philadelphia, I'd forgotten for a moment that Philadelphia parallels Rocky Balboa: It's never taken seriously. It is the underdog of America's big cities.

But Rocky will change and grow. There's always the death of one facet and the birth of another in people's lives. He'll see how quickly success is forgotten. He didn't win the championship. He gave a good showing of himself: fine. He's hot for two weeks, and then he's not, and he's back to being a pug. Well, he wants to regain the status and esteem he briefly enjoyed. But he knows he's 32 and that time is running out on him in his profession—and that's where Rocky II will start from.

PLAYBOY: That sounds as if it could be your *own* motivation for making the film. Is it?

STALLONE: The age part certainly is, because I always feel I'm being chased by Father Time. I think that if I slow down, the omnipotent clock is going to catch me and just cut me to pieces with its second hand. I feel I have a certain number of hours and minutes to spend on the earth, and I want to accomplish as much as I can before the final gong sounds.

Right now, my age is an asset, but it will soon be going against me. Most of the films I've devised are youth-oriented. The characters themselves are in their late 20s and early 30s, so I don't have that much time left to play them before I'll have to hire younger actors to be in my movies.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that will take the edge off your desire to make movies?

STALLONE: No, because the work itself is pure fun for me. Movies are my reality. When I step outside the studio, I step into an alien world, a world I'm not too comfortable in. When I was a kid in Montgomery Hills Junior High, the teachers voted me the student most likely to end up in the electric chair—and without acting and writing, I just might have lived down to their expectations. Quite honestly, I function so poorly in society that when I wasn't working on a film, I was averaging a fistfight every two to three weeks, and I'm talking about a major brawl.

PLAYBOY: When was your last fight?

STALLONE: About ten months ago. But that was because someone had the *audacity* to run into the back of my car. I got out and said, "Don't you think you should

apologize?" And he said, "Go to hell." I'd just dropped my son off and I told the guy I could've had my kid in the car—and he again told me to go to hell. Well, I felt obligated, morally and every other way, to stretch him. And he was stretched. In true *Rocky* fashion, I hit him with a wide, arcing left. It cost me \$15,000 to throw that punch.

Anyway, to get back to what we were discussing, acting nourishes only the egocentric side of me. I like to see myself up on the screen. Sometimes that's not true because of certain acting choices I've made, but it's not to the point where I'm going to run to a psychiatrist. Directing is like an all-encompassing thing, sort of like being the coach of a team. Writing, though, is almost pure eroticism for me. When I can produce a well-turned phrase or what I think is a perfect scene, I'll jump up from my desk and do a cart wheel and almost slam my head through a window out of sheer ecstasy. One writer creates work for 300 people and entertainment for 3,000,000 people, so who's the most important person on a film?

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Stallone the writer is absolutely vital to the career of Stallone the actor?

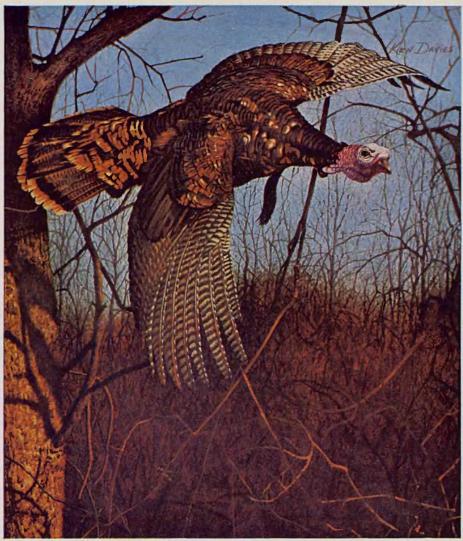
STALLONE: Sure, because other actors have to wait for the kind of scripts they're looking for, but I can write my own. If I feel it's time for me to be in an action film, I'll write an action film. If I feel I need to do a love story, I'll write one. Short of brain damage or Providence deciding to turn its love light off me, I really don't think I'll ever get stale as a screenwriter.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee the possibility of one day doing something other than act in motion pictures?

STALLONE: That day will never come, I see myself making a vast variety of films that will eventually cover just about every facet of my fantasy life. And when that's done, I'll begin to shrink in the business and I'll probably have to put myself into someone else's hands—I'll have to direct or act in films written by other people. One way to avoid that may be to do biographies. For instance, if I were to do a film of George Washington's life, I'd begin to vicariously experience life through his eyes and I could direct it and act in it, too. Anyway, at the end of it all, I'd just like to be beneath a quilt in a nice, warm bed with all the best moments of my films spliced onto a giant loop that keeps playing over and over and over. And then I figure I'll just slip away into a warm, peaceful Valiumlike demise. Goodbye, world.

PLAYBOY: Any idea of what the world's response to that is likely to be?

STALLONE: People who knew me will say, "Well, Sylvester was quirky—but he had his moments."



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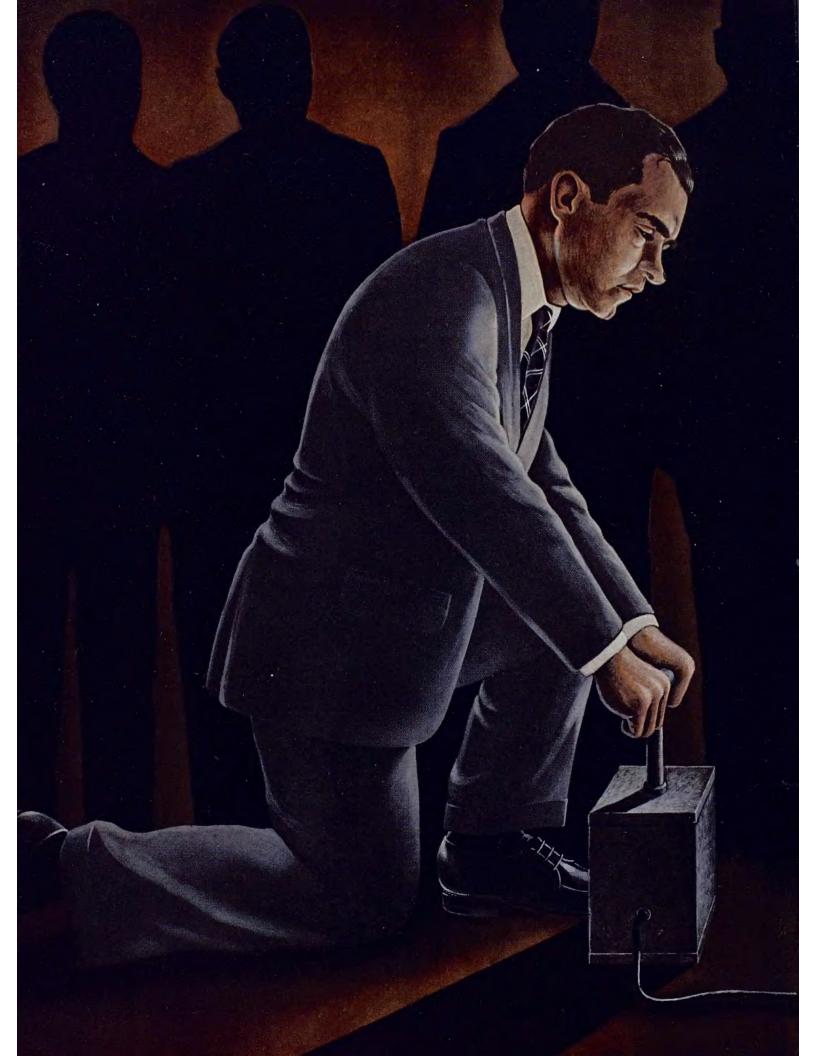
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Prelude to Watergate:

THE PLOT TO WRECK THE GOLDEN GREEK

Twenty years before Watergate, many of the forces that played a major role in that political drama took part in an international conspiracy against Aristotle Onassis. Those forces included Richard Nixon, Warren Burger, Robert Maheu, the CIA and the FBI. Their tactics were wire tapping, surveillance, lawsuits, calculated lies and the use of private agents in "Mission: Impossible" operations.

From a new book, *Spooks*, in which the author details the results of four years' research into the use of secret agents by multinational corporations, by powerful individuals and by the Government.

article By JIM HOUGAN

Washington, D.C., was a caldron of intrigue during the early Fifties. The Cold War was plunging toward the political equivalent of absolute zero and, for the American intelligence community, it was a time of both danger and derring-do—the heyday of the rock-'em, sock-'em spook who was to reshape the pulpfiction spy genre for generations to come.

The nation's first real intelligence agency, the CIA, had tripled in size from 5000 to 15,000 employees during its first half-dozen years and, as far as most of its officers were concerned, the agency was engaged in fighting an undeclared war. Whatever seemed useful was deemed essential, and one of the most useful things the agency thought to do was to circumvent—in a "deniable" way—those constraints against domestic operations that were imposed by its charter.

Accordingly, in the Fifties, the CIA established or subsidized an archipelago of private-detective agencies and so-called public-relations firms—ostensibly private businesses that operated with the secret sanction of the Federal intelligence

community and that did its bidding on the home front. This is the story of one of those agencies and of one of its assignments.

Two MEN, both in their 30s and conservatively dressed in the fashion of the time, walked side by side through the halls of the Capitol Building, arriving finally at the suite of offices reserved for the Vice-President of the United States. The two were private detective Robert A. Maheu and secret operative John Gerrity, and they had come to discuss with Richard Nixon a plot against one of the world's richest men, Aristotle Onassis.

"Rose Mary Woods ushered us in and gave us the usual coffee treatment," Gerrity recalls. "Maheu was nervous. You could see it. He wasn't used to meeting Vice-Presidents and the occasion sort of took the wind out of him. Anyway, Nixon came in and, right off, asked us how we were going to take care of the Jidda Agreement. And we told him. I said that I was going to be a whore, and you could see that Quaker face of Nixon's turn sour as I said it. But a whore in a good cause, I emphasized,

and that seemed to perk him up again. Then Nixon gave us the whole Mission: Impossible bit. 'I know you'll be careful,' he said, 'and that you're very good at what you do. But you have to understand that mistakes can be made by anyone, and that, while this is a national-security matter of terrific importance, we can't acknowledge you in any way if anything

should go wrong.'

"Hell, we'd both heard that a hundred times before," Gerrity recalls. "It was S.O.P., but I could tell that Nixon enjoyed saying it. He loved these kinds of private operations—partly because of the intrigue but also because there was always a lot of money involved. One of his jobs was to raise dough for the [Republican] party—and you can bet the oil companies paid off big on this one." After agreeing that Nixon would be kept informed of the operation's progress and that the CIA would provide the men with necessary (though deniable) backup, Maheu and Gerrity departed, and the conspiracy was under way.

A few weeks later, in the spring of 1954, a mysterious telephone call was received by the office manager of Robert A. Maheu Associates, a Washingtonbased CIA cover that specialized in Federal dirty work. What made the call unusual was not just the Etonian accent of the caller but also the message he conveyed: He had called to say that he could not talk over the telephone but that, if the Maheu office manager, Ray Taggart, would wait where he was, an envelope would be hand-delivered instantly. The contents of the envelope, the caller said, would make the Maheu agency's next assignment clear. On that

note, the phone went dead.

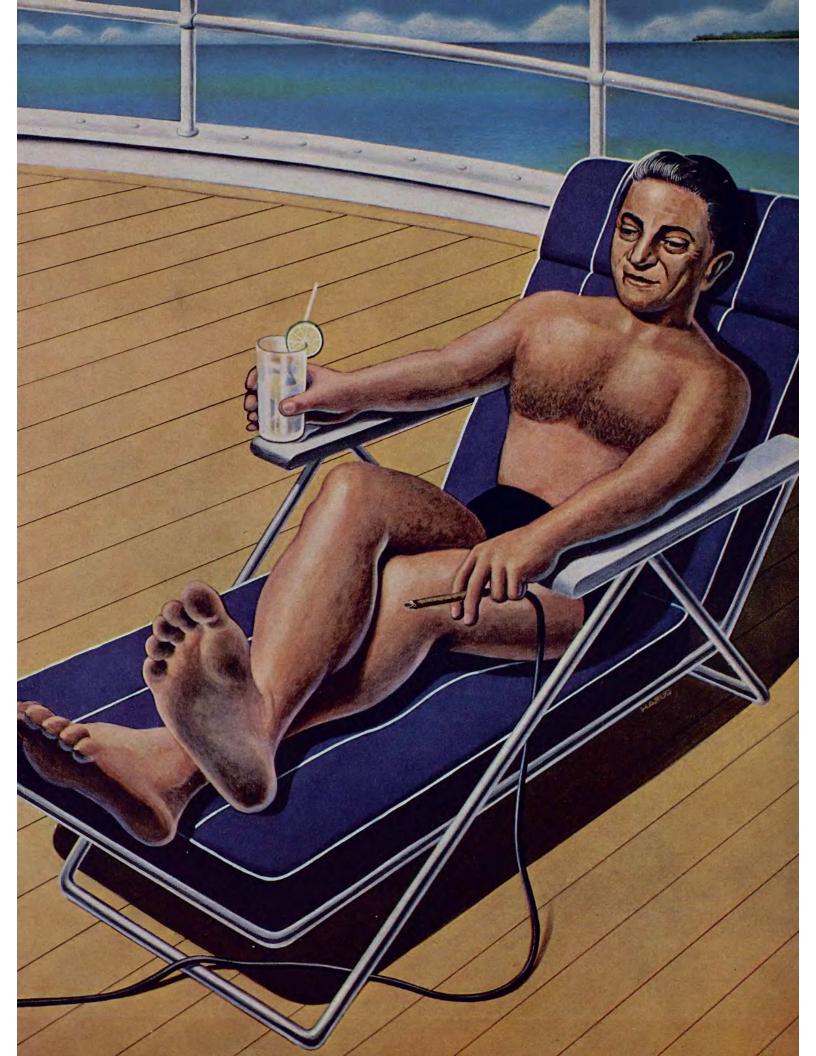
The envelope arrived by messenger within minutes. Its contents were a dossier and a photograph of a swarthy Greek businessman whose name was on everyone's lips: Aristotle Onassis, the millionaire who had just bought Monte Carlo. The assignment was to proceed with the anti-Onassis campaign by installing a wire tap against the world-class tycoon. The man who placed the phone call and arranged for delivery of the envelope was L. E. P. Tylor, a top lawyer and confidant of Greek shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos, Onassis' bittersweet business rival and relative by marriage (the two had married sisters), whose hatred for the decadent and cutthroat Onassis had all the rage and spite of Greek tragedy. It was Niarchos, then, who was the immediate source of the wire-tap assignment. But, as Maheu and Gerrity's earlier meeting with Nixon indicates, Niarchos was himself fronting for other forces in this intrigue that was about to span three continents and two hemispheres.

The images and information that spilled from the messenger's envelope that day in 1954 have long since been forgotten. But the events they set in motion have resonated through Washington ever since and, in many ways, are with us still. Those events amounted to a prelude to Watergate, a private intelligence operation carried out under the rubric of national security and under the auspices of Federal officials, for the benefit of very special interests. In the course of that operation, the piratical, charismatic Onassis-friend to divas, prime ministers and the Kennedys-was attacked and nearly destroyed by the upper echelon of the Central Intelligence Agency, by Vice-President Richard Nixon, who presided over the conspiracy from his Capitol Hill office, and by Warren Burger, then head of the Justice Department's Civil Division and today Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court,

The purpose of the anti-Onassis plot was to preserve monopolies controlled by the multinational oil companies; specifically, the monopoly over full exploitation of Saudi Arabian oil held by the Aramco consortium-a cartel operating as the Arabian American Oil Company and consisting, as they are now known, of Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and Socal. The Aramco companies feared that their Saudi hegemony was threatened by a secret contract-called the Jidda Agreement, after the Saudi city in which it was signed-that Onassis and an ex-Nazi financier had struck with the dying king of Saudi Arabia. The contract would have allowed Onassis to ship at least ten percent of all the oil flowing out of the Arabian kingdom.

Everything that could be thrown against Onassis was thrown against him. Calculated lies were disseminated by the paladin spooks of Niarchos, "polluting" the foreign and domestic press with misinformation designed to persuade the public that Onassis was a liar, a cheat, a criminal and a traitor. The tycoon's New York office was wire-tapped by a trio of secret agents, while he and his top employees were shadowed by Maheu's surveillance teams. (continued on page 98)

Onassis was sitting pretty, having just signed an oil-shipping contract—the Jidda Agreement—with Saudi Arabia. However, Nixon and the oil giants were ready to blow him out of the water.



Chief executives of the oil multinationals pilloried Onassis in the press, appealing to the public's xenophobia and Cold War chauvinism; meanwhile, behind the scenes, they instituted a boycott of the Greek's supertankers, threatening his millions most directly. In Washington and Paris, Onassis' enemies filed lawsuits charging him with conspiracy, defamation and fraud, and accusing him of such devious tactics as using disappearing ink on his contracts. Eventually, the campaign became a literal battle, with a Peruvian fighter plane bombing and strafing an Onassis ship as his fleet plied the freezing Humboldt Current in search of whales.

It was a war within the Cold War, a battle by the oil giants to preserve their absolute control of the world's primary energy source and by politicians and Federal agencies to preserve their productive relationship with the multinational oil companies. The pattern established in the affair was one in which the then-fledgling CIA became a foreign-policy instrument of multinational corporations—a legacy that is with us still. In this, and in many other ways, the anti-Onassis plot was a microcosm of the recent secret history of the United States.

Maheu and Gerrity were not the architects of this plot, but they were its primary instruments. And it is through them that the plot unfolded in its most sinister detail.

Robert Aime Maheu was very much a part of the heady intelligence milieu of the Fifties. An FBI counterintelligence hero in World War Two, Maheu subsequently rose dramatically in the bureau's ranks while still in his late 20s.

His last year and a half as an FBI agent, however, was a strange time. In late 1945, Maheu was transferred from New York to a one-man bureau in his home town of Waterville, Maine, especially created for him as an accommodation to his wife's supposedly flagging health. In 1947, however, Maheu claimed that his wife had experienced a "miraculous cure." Abruptly, he quit the FBI, leaving the bureau that summer with the explanation that he had grown bored with the same Maine office that had been tailor-made for him.

After abandoning the FBI, Maheu became a private entrepreneur and proceeded to lose a fortune he did not have on a cream-canning process that, in the end, did not work. In 1952, he returned to Government service, taking an investigative post at the Small Defense Plants Administration (SDPA), the predecessor of the Small Business Administration. Two years later, in February 1954, he left Government once again, this time to start his private-detective firm in Washington.

From the inception of Maheu Asso-

ciates, its namesake was paid a monthly retainer of \$500 by the Central Intelligence Agency, an amount equal at the time to the salary of a full-time middle-echelon CIA officer. Since Maheu's name had never before been associated with the CIA, it seems strange at first glance that the agency should have subsidized his return to the private sector.

The minor mystery of the windfall's provenance can probably be explained in terms of an anomaly found in Maheu's Federal file. According to Government records, Maheu had accumulated a little more than ten years' "comp time" toward a Government pension when he re-entered Government service as an SDPA investigator in 1952. FBI records, however, show that Maheu worked for the bureau for only six and one half years—between December 1940 and July 1947, when he quit to go into the creamcanning business.

At what Federal office, then, did Maheu spend the missing three and one half years? Unless the Government made an error in computing his comp time, Maheu spent only one year out of Federal service after leaving the FBI, rather than the four and one half years that he would have us believe.

In this connection, it is important to note that the Central Intelligence Agency was created in 1947 (the year Maheu grew bored with Maine) and became fully operational in 1948 (the year Maheu's cream-canning business started going down the tubes). Did Maheufluent in French and a polished counterintelligence agent to boot-spend his "lost years" working for the CIA? It is a speculative matter, but the likelihood seems real: The CIA stipend that financed the spy's transition from the SDPA to private practice in 1954 suggests that a prior connection existed between him and his Federal benefactors. (That would explain both the CIA's largess and the conundrum of the lost years. Unfortunately, the explanation only contributes to a larger mystery: If Maheu was working for the CIA between 1948 and 1952, what was he doing?)

The sensitivity of the CIA operations later entrusted to Maheu suggests that the agency had enormous confidence in his discretion and abilities, confidence that would hardly have been extended to an unknown. In 1960, for instance, Maheu served as a go-between in the CIA's attempt to recruit mafiosi Sam Giancana and John Roselli to help assassinate Cuban premier Fidel Castro. Another Maheu-CIA operation was their joint production of a porn flick that purported to show a Soviet-bloc leader (believed to be Marshal Tito) cavorting in bed with a blonde bimbo of unusual appetites; in fact, the "Communist leader" was a Maheu employee, the blonde was the employee's wife and the purpose of the cinematic sophistry was for the CIA to distribute the embarrassing footage in the leader's own country in such a way that it would seem to have originated in Moscow, and thus another rent would be torn in the iron curtain.

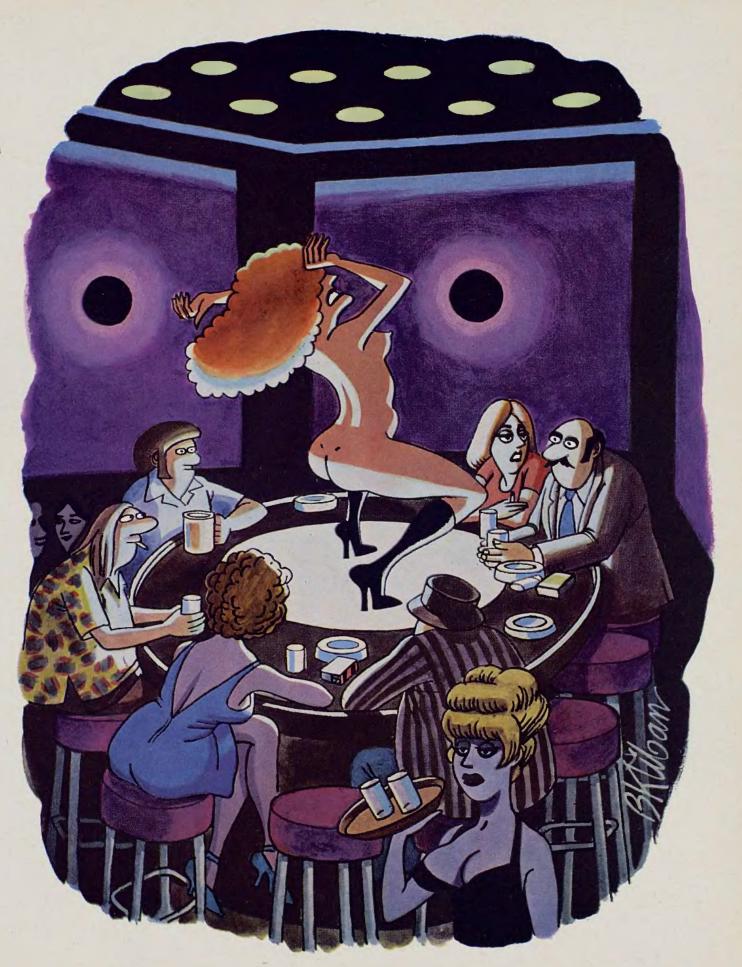
Not all of Maheu's work was Government-related in those early days, of course. Among his agency's earliest clients were powerful Washington attorney Edward Bennett Williams and the immensely horny, catastrophically paranoid Howard Hughes. Maheu's role as a top Hughes operative was to last until Thanksgiving 1970, when he was forced out of the Hughes organization at the time of the billionaire's bizarre disappearance from Las Vegas.

The Hughes Thanksgiving coup, an event that would transform Maheu into a clandestine celebrity, was far in the future, however. In 1954, Maheu's lowprofile Apparat was in its infancy, but hardly inexperienced. Indeed, the background of those who came to be his 'associates" was a rich cross section of service in the American intelligence community: Ray Taggart was, like Maheu himself, a former investigator in the SDPA; Tom Lavenia, later to become Maheu's parmer, was a veteran of the Secret Service; John J. Frank was ex-FBI and ex-CIA; Louis Russell served as chief investigator for the House Un-American Activities Committee, helping Richard Nixon probe Alger Hiss (Russell died a year after the Watergate burglary, having earlier been a partner in James McCord's private security firm).

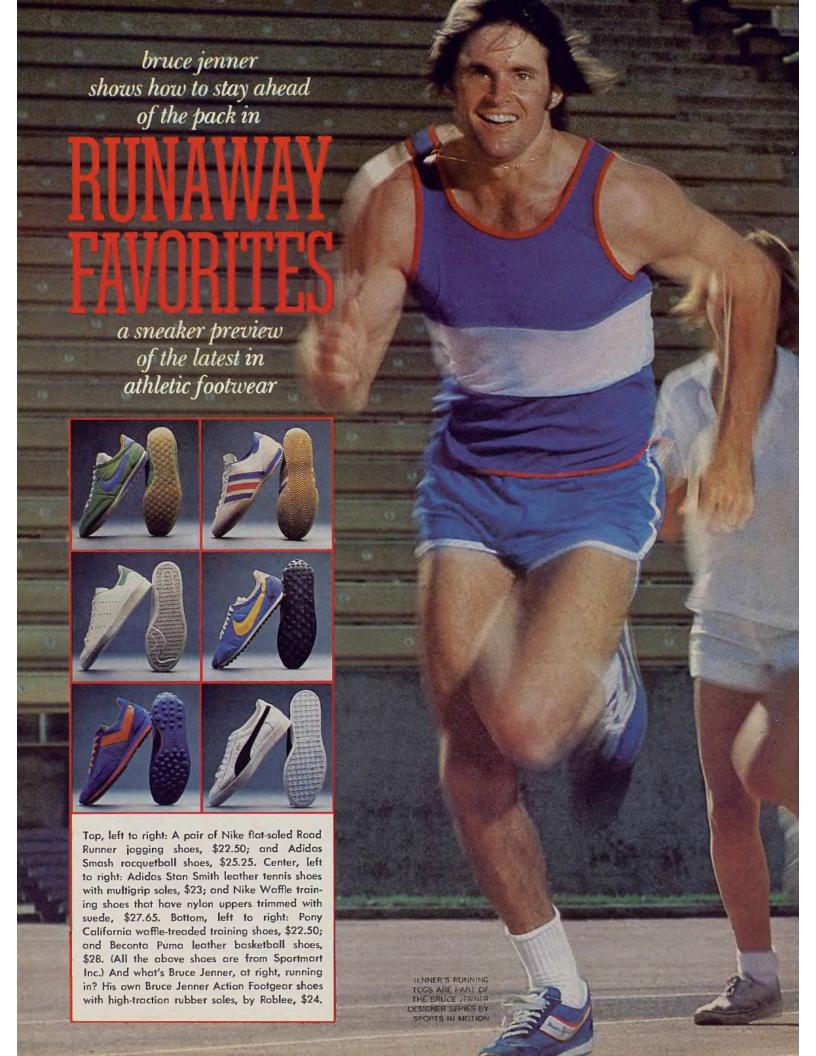
But, in truth, Maheu ran his shop in such a way that it was virtually impossible to tell who was fully employed there, who was under cover for some intelligence agency, who was working on a temporary contract or who was simply hanging around. The business was compartmentalized on a need-to-know basis, and Maheu's operatives themselves often did not know the full significance of the cases they were working on, who their real clients were or who was working with them. Maheu also encouraged his agents in such practices as using his credit cards whenever they liked, so that there was no way to tell when they were operating on Maheu's behalf and when they were on their own.

In January 1954, a short time before Maheu was to leave the SDPA for private practice, Greek shipping tycoons Aristotle Onassis and Stavros Niarchos were separately indicted by the U.S. Justice Department for allegedly having violated the Merchant Ship Sales Act—legislation enacted in 1946 to prevent the sale of U.S. military-surplus vessels to foreigners. The indictments accused Onassis and

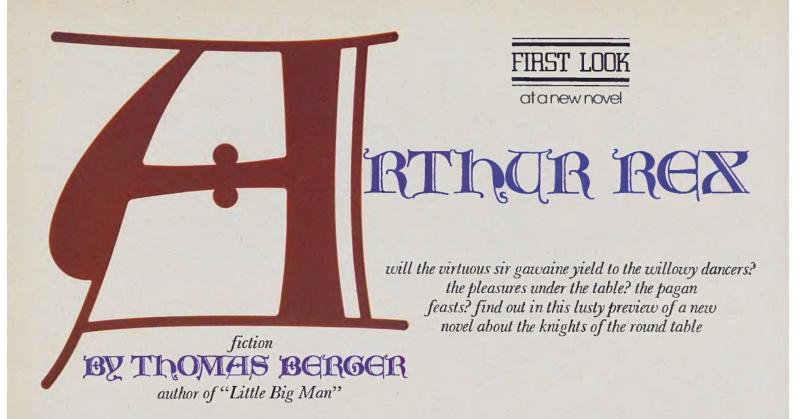
(continued on page 118)



"Sometimes I miss the old piano bar!"







NOW, A TWELVEMONTH HAVING PASSED, it was time for Sir Gawaine to go and keep his fell appointment with the Green Knight. Therefore, he bade goodbye to his brothers, his friend Launcelot and Arthur, his king and uncle. And to all he said, "God alone knows when we shall meet again, whether on earth or in heaven."

For he believed it likely that he would lose his head, in return for beheading the Green Knight, and his own could not be returned to his neck.

As in all true quests, though he had no precise sense of where the Green Knight could be found, he knew he would find him eventually by allowing his horse its head; and when at dawn he reached a castle, before which his steed stopped, pawed the ground and neighed, he applied for entrance to it.

But when the drawbridge was lowered and the portcullis raised, and he rode within, he was greeted not by the Green Knight but, rather, by a fine tall lord who welcomed him graciously and invited him to spend the night.

"I thank you, most noble sir," said Gawaine, "but I cannot linger here. For I must needs meet an obligation within the next four days, and I do not know how much farther I must travel." And, because this handsome lord looked honest, he told him of his appointment with his verdant adversary.

"Sir knight," said the lord, "I tell you that I know this green man, whose Green Chapel is just nearby, and it is there that you will find him, four days hence and in good time! Meanwhile, you must accept my hospitality." And he led Sir Gawaine within the castle, which was the most sumptuously furnished place that Gawaine had ever seen, and the chamber where he was led was hung with silks and carpeted in fur soft as foam, and nightingales sang in golden cages, and hanging lamps burnt Arabic oils with a delicious fragrance and in their glow, on a couch of wine-purple velvet, lay an exquisite woman whose robes were of pale-violet gauze and transparent, so that her voluptuous body was revealed in every particular.

Now, Sir Gawaine was taken aback, for he believed that he had been conducted into a bordel and that this seemingly fine lord was rather a loathsome pander. But before he could draw

his sword and smite him with the flat of it for this insult to a knight of the Round Table, the lord said, "Most noble Sir Gawaine, may I present my wife."

And, therefore, Gawaine was constrained by the laws of courtesy to greet this lady as he would any other, and he endeavored to ignore the indecency of her costume as she smiled at him and welcomed him to the castle, for her ivory body, scarcely screened, was far more beautiful than any he had ever seen in many years of intimate congress with maids.

"Now, Sir Gawaine," said the lord, "whilst you are under my roof, all that I possess is yours, and the only offense that you can commit against me is to refrain from using that which you desire. For this is Liberty Castle, and the freedom of my guest is absolute."

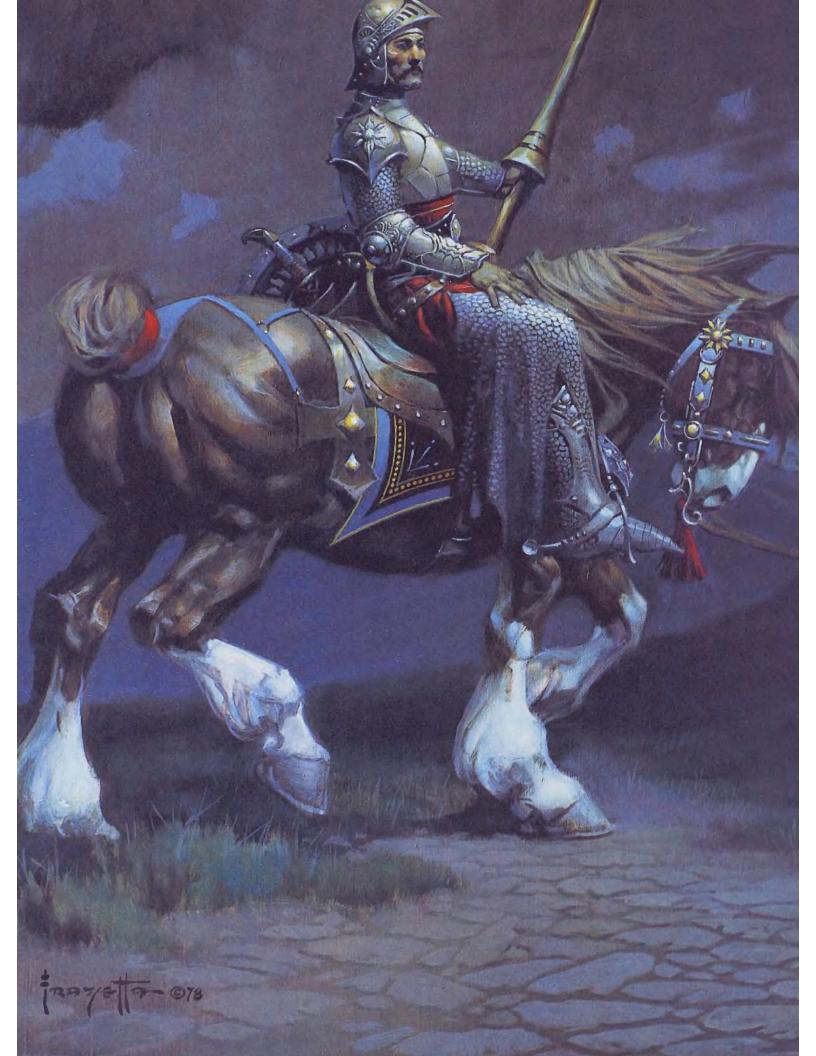
"My lord," said Sir Gawaine, "do I understand that you are so addicted to the giving of freedom that you would impose it upon him who does not seek it?"

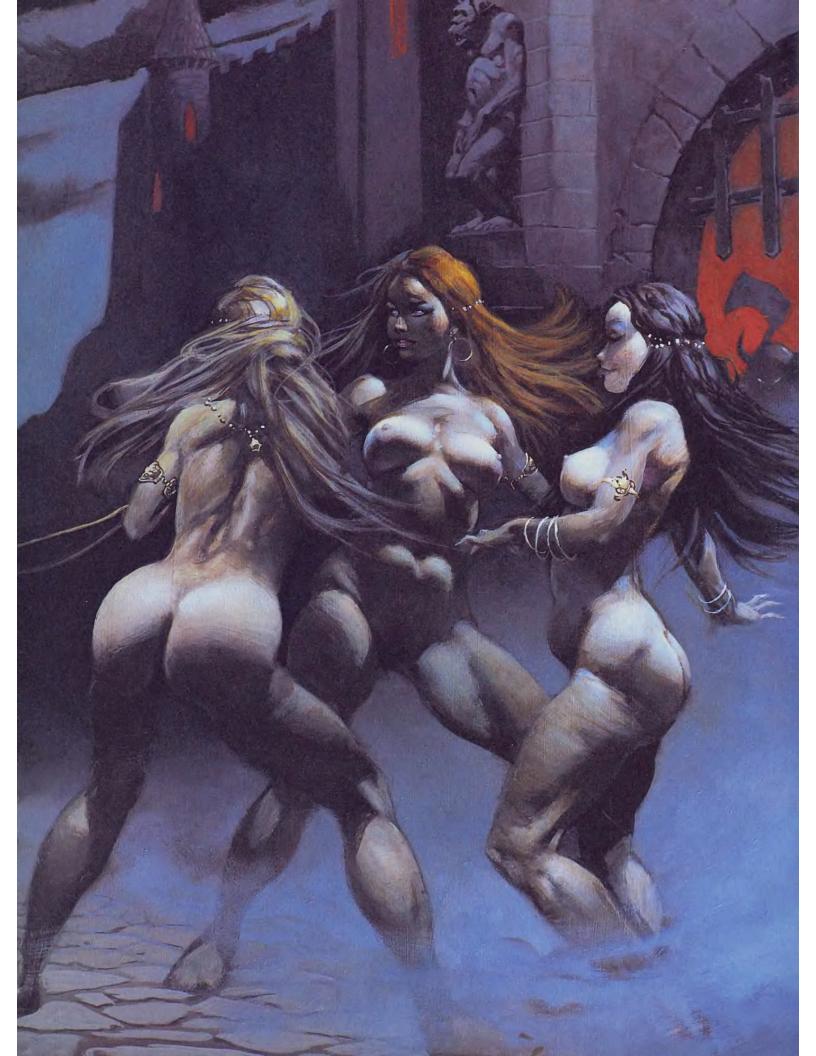
"Ah," said the lord, "there is no such mortal upon the earth, for all are born free and become captives through denial."

Now, Gawaine believed this an impious theory, but having a generous heart, he determined to ponder on it further. Therefore, he now said only, "My sole desire currently is but for a basin of water and a towel, for my journey hath been dusty and I would wash."

"Then come with me, my dear sir," said the lord, and he conducted Gawaine to another chamber, which was even more sumptuously appointed than the one in which his wife lolled, and it gave onto a walled garden in which every sort of flower did bloom under a warm sun (though elsewhere the day had been damp and dreary), and in this garden was a pool, in the center of which was the alabaster statue of a nude woman, and from each of her paps flowed a fountain of silvery water. And lovely soft music was heard there, though no musicians could be seen.

And saying, "Here you may bathe," the lord did clap his hands and a peacock spread its resplendent fan and strutted to him, carrying in its beak a little silver bell, the which he took, and he rang it, and three naked small boys, all with





golden hair and very white skin, came to Sir Gawaine, bearing towels as fluffy as clouds.

"Now," said the lord, "these tiny retainers will dry you, and kiss you as well, and when you have taken your pleasure with them, please ring the bell."

But Sir Gawaine did start back in dismay. "My lord," said

he, "kindly remove these juvenile persons."

"Very well," said the lord, smiling. "I shall summon my

wife to wash you."

"Nay, my lord, with all respect," said Sir Gawaine. But before he could say he would wash alone, the lord rang the bell again and a robust young man appeared, unclad except for an iron helmet and brass greaves, and carrying a bundle of birches, he smote his other hand with them while smirking in genial cruelty.

"This fellow," said the lord, "is late masseur to the court of Rome, and can soon obliterate the loins' memory of an

arduous day in the saddle."

"Sir," said Gawaine, "I would wash me alone, and in a

simple tin basin filled with cold water."

"I can deny you nothing," said the lord, and he summoned these things, and they were brought by a withered hag, and

Sir Gawaine dismissed her and was left by himself.

Now, when he had finished his bathe, he realized he had nought to wear but his undergarments and steel armor, and therefore he reluctantly rang for his host, for to request the loan of a housecoat, but in answer to his summons came instead a lovely young maid, her flaxen hair flowing over her white shoulders to part at her high round breasts so that the orchidaceous tips were revealed, for she was naked, and Sir Gawaine, an authority on such matters, judged she was in years 16, and in former times she would have been to him as a goblet of cool water to a parched throat, but now he hastily concealed his secrets with the coarse homespun cloth brought him by the hag to dry himself on, and he commanded her to fetch her master to him.

And when, as required by the laws of Liberty Castle, she complied instantly with his wishes, Sir Gawaine knew the first faint pangs of regret, for though he was no longer the unrestrained lecher of old, neither had he become as enervate as a cunuch.

Now, the lord brought him a robe of fine silken stuff and trimmed with soft fur, and then he led him to a magnificent dining hall, where the table was laden with delicacies from all over the earth and the dishes were of pure gold, while the goblets were each cut from a solid diamond, and when they sat down, they were served by a corps of unfledged maidens, delicate as primroses, with smooth bodies clad only in sheer lawn.

And hearing some slight stirring near his knees beneath the table, Sir Gawaine lifted the cloth and saw a beautiful child with a face of old ivory and dark eyes shaped like almonds.

"At the very edge of the world," said the lord his host, "on the brink of nothingness, live in great luxury a golden-skinned people called the Chinee. Now, it is their practice to use infantile entertainers beneath the tabletop at banquets, to stir one appetite by provoking another. This can be especially amusing as prelude to an Oriental dish we shall presently be offered: live monkey. I shall strike off its crown and we shall eat its smoking brains." And here the lord brandished a little silver ax. "I promise you that nothing is more aphrodisiac and that soon you will be delirious with lust."

But Sir Gawaine declined to partake of the pleasure beneath the cloth, and he begged to have the dish withheld, but though he believed this lord a monstrous pervert, he would not denounce him under his own roof, for after all, no vileness had yet been imposed upon him, but rather merely offered.

And Gawaine also spurned the larks' eyes in jelly, the coddled serpent eggs, the pickled testicles of tiger, the lot, and asked instead for cold mutton and small beer, which he instantly was brought.



Three temptations led the innocent knight, Sir Gawaine, inta Liberty Castle, where lascivious delights and fleshly challenges awaited him.

Now, after this feast, the lord led Sir Gawaine to a chamber where a lovely maid, dressed in many veils, played sweetly upon a flute while dancing gracefully, and one by one she dropped her veils until with the last one she was revealed to be a willowy young man, and when the dance was done, he bowed to the floor before Sir Gawaine but facing away.

But Gawaine said to his host, "My lord, I am no bugger."

Therefore, the lord dismissed the young man, and then he said to Sir Gawaine, "Well, I would know what I might do for you."

And Gawaine said, "Nothing, my lord."

"So be it," said the lord. "And now I must leave you, for to go hunting, and I shall be away until nightfall. Pray remember that even in my absence you can be denied nothing at Liberty Castle." And he gave Gawaine the silver bell that had been fetched by the peacock. "Ring this for whatever you desire. But now I propose to you a bargain: that when I return, we each exchange with the other that which we have got during the course of the day when we were apart."

Now, Sir Gawaine could see no reason to do this, but he was aware by now that the ways of this castle were strange, so strange, indeed, as to suggest magic, but whether white or black he could not yet say: For though the beastly amusements offered him were evil, they may well have been temptations in the service of a higher good. And surely courtesy required that he respond amiably to this lord, until such time as he could determine his purpose.

Therefore, he agreed to this bargain, for anyway, he had no intention to do ought all day but prepare himself spiritually for the ordeal to come, when he must face the Green Knight.

"Good," said the lord. "Perhaps I shall bring you a brace of partridges."

"And if I have nothing to return?" asked Sir Gawaine.

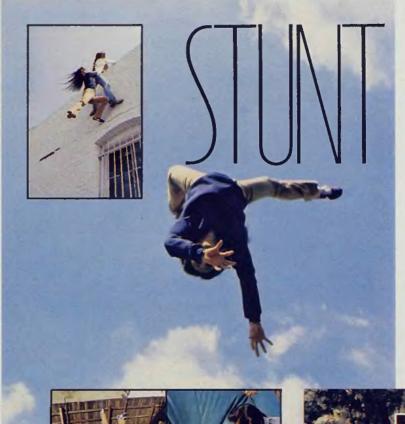
"Then nothing shall be my reward," said the lord in a merry tone. "But do not forget that our agreement is to be considered literally, and that to conceal anything that you have received would be to violate your pledge."

"My lord," said Gawaine reproachfully, "I am a knight of the Round Table."

"Indeed," the lord said, "and I should strike a bargain with no other!"

Then he left to go ahunting, and scarcely was he gone when Sir Gawaine regretted not having asked where the chapel was situated within the castle, for he wished to pray there. But remembering the little silver bell, he rang it, and in answer to his summons, the lord's wife appeared and she was no more abundantly dressed than she had been when he had seen her first.

"Lady," said he, "please direct (continued on page 110)



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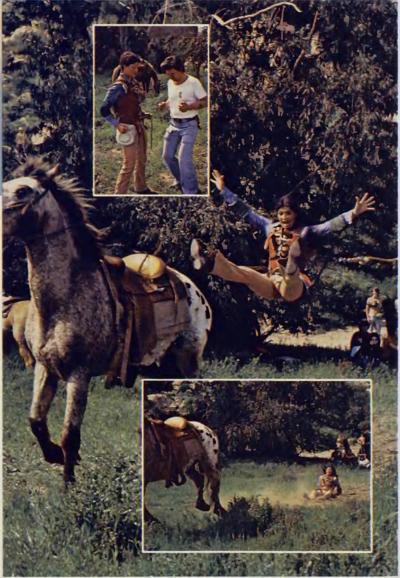
playboy catches a falling star

When Simone performed a few of her stunts for one of the PLAYBOY photographers, he was so impressed he nearly enrolled in Kim Kahana's California stunt school. Kahana, Simone's instructor, guides her through the fall ot left and congratulates her on a safe landing, below. When Simone isn't risking her life and beautiful limbs, she likes to stroll the countryside in cosual attire (right).



At right, Simone performs what stunt people quaintly coll a jerk-off. It simulates the effect of a bullet striking an oncoming rider. First, stuntmaster Kohana fastens a leather vest on Simone; attached to the vest is a long rope, which is then fastened to a distant tree. Simone mounts, rides and, when the rope plays out—bang!—she's "dead."

on a BLIND DATE with a beautiful brunette, you quickly try to impress her with your manliness. "I ran five miles today," you say, "and what did you do?" She replies, "I jumped off a three-flat and lived." What can you follow that with? Bending a beer can with one hand? Nothing. You feel like a wimp. "I don't want any wimps hanging around," says California-born Simone Boisserée. She's not a hard lady, considering her job, which consists of falling from great heights, diving off rapidly moving objects and the like. But we wondered if her profession frightens off some men. "Sometimes. Stunt women are thought of as mannish, but the fact is that we're almost all very feminine and very bright. Of course, a lot of men can't do the things stunt

















Sometime this year, Simone, in premier stunt man/director Hal Needham's rocket car parked behind her at far left, will attempt to break the women's land-speed record now held by fellow stunt woman Kitty O'Neil. Our money is on Simone to do it. She's obviously fast company.

women do, so naturally, some men are intimidated by that." Are there advantages to being a daredevilette? "Sure. Men find it interesting that a woman would want to take on these kinds of challenges." So what kind of man makes this cat-girl purr? "I like athletic, outdoorsmen types. Men who aren't intimidated by my physical skills." Simone just finished working in Roger Corman's Deathsport, with 1970 Playmate of the Year Claudia Jennings, and in Clint Eastwood's Every Which Way but Loose, in

which she rolls out of the path of a speeding car. Doesn't she ever get scared, particularly doing falls? "I've never been afraid of heights. Of course, a stunt can be hazardous. But when you fall off a horse, you try to find a soft spot to land and when you do a high fall, you learn to control your fall by not letting your head drop—which, if it does, can throw you into a spin. Sure, I want to avoid injury, but I also want to make the stunt believable, 'selling the action,' as we say." Don't worry, Simone. We're sold.

ARTHUR ROX (continued from page 105)

"Had he not erected a barrier of teeth, she would have thrust her tongue into his throat."

me to your chapel, for I would fain pray."

But the lady came to press against him, and she put her arms about his neck, and she said, "Sweet Sir Gawaine, be kind to me, I beg you."

And though Gawaine was far from being immune to the sensations caused by the pressure of her luxuriant body (and graciousness would not allow him to thrust her away), he had the strength of soul to remain modest, and he said, "Lady, this is not proper."

"I speak of kindness and not propriety," cried the lady, and she held him tightly and her warm breath was against the hollow of his neck.

"Lady," said Gawaine, "methinks I now understand the test to which I am being put at Liberty Castle, where all temptations of the flesh have been offered me, but, in fact, not even when I was a notable lecher did I frequent children, persons of mine own gender nor other men's wives."

Now, this beautiful lady did fall against him, weeping. "You are the defender of women," said she, "and I am in distress."

"Then let me get my armor and my weapons," said Sir Gawaine, "and tell

me who would abuse you."
"'Tis no person," said the lady. "I am rather tormented by a sense that my kisses are obnoxious, for my lord hath avoided me lately." And she lifted her mouth to him, the which was moist and

"Your breath, lady," said Gawaine, "is fragrant as the zephyrs of spring. I cannot believe that your kisses are repulsive."

"Well," said the lady, "then there must be something offensive in the touch of my lips." And she pursed these for his inspection.

"Nay," said Sir Gawaine. "They are flawless as the rose."

'Yet," said she, "you cannot be certain unless you press them to your own."

"Perhaps that is true," said Sir Gawaine. "But should I be the one to make this test?'

"But who other?" asked the lady. "I cannot subject my husband to it, for it is precisely he who I fear finds me obnoxious. And any man who is not a knight of the Round Table could never be trusted."

"Trusted, lady?" asked Gawaine, endeavoring to loosen her clasp, which had now been lowered to his waist, to

the end that their bellies were joined.

"A knight of lesser virtue, enflamed by my kiss, alone with me, my lord being in the remote forest, I attired lightly as I am, he in a robe of fine thin stuff that betrays the least stirring of his loins-

Sir Gawaine said hastily, "Certes, I am trustworthy in this regard. Now, lady, your argument hath moved me. I shall accept one kiss from you, for the purpose of examining it."

And the lady forthwith crushed her hot mouth against his lips and had he not clenched his jaws and so erected a barrier of teeth, she would have thrust her tongue into his throat so far as it would go, for it battered against his gums with great force.

And when he at last broke free, he said, "Your kiss is sweet, I assure you. But perhaps it is given too strenuously." And, truly, his lips were full sore. And then he said, "As guest in Liberty Castle, my wish, which must be honored, is that this test be taken as concluded." Therefore, as she was constrained to do by the laws of the place, the lady went

Now, when the lord returned from his hunt, he came to Sir Gawaine, saying, "Well, here you are, sir knight, a brace of fine fat partridges, the which are my gain, and all of it, from a day in the forest. Now, what have you got here that, according to our agreement, you shall give to me?"

"As I predicted," said Sir Gawaine, "I have nothing to give you, having received nothing.'

"I beg you to re-examine your memory," said the lord. "Surely you received something during my absence that you had not previously got."

And Sir Gawaine was ashamed, first for his failure of recall, and then for what he must needs confess.

"I received a kiss, my lord," said he, coloring. But then he realized that he was not obliged to say who had kissed him; and the situation at Liberty Castle was such that there were many possible candidates.

"Very well, then," said the lord, smiling. "Pray, give it me."

Now, Gawaine's shame was increased, for he understood that the terms of the agreement were absolute, but manfully he did purse his lips and press them to the cheek of the lord.

"Now," said the lord, "is this precisely

how you received this kiss, and did the giver thereof make a similar grimace?"

Sir Gawaine hung his head and said, "Nay, my lord." And then gathering his strength, he lifted his mouth to the lord's and, doing his best to simulate the tender expression of the lady, kissed him full upon the lips.

"Splendid!" said the lord. "You are a truthful knight of much worship."

Now, the following day, the lord came to Sir Gawaine once again, and he announced to him that he would make the same exchange with him as he had done the day before. But Gawaine did protest against this.

"Sir," said the lord, "I took you for a courteous knight. Are Arthur's men given to such rudeness?"

"With all respect, my lord," said Gawaine, "I am fasting for my appointment with the Green Knight, and therefore I cannot eat game."

"Then I shall bring to you some other goods of the forest," said the lord, and then he looked narrowly at Sir Gawaine. "Sir," said he, "methinks you worry that you will have to give me another kiss."

Now, though this was quite true, Sir Gawaine could hardly confess to it without being discourteous in the extreme, and therefore he bowed and said, "My lord, I make this pact with you once again."

But so soon as the lord left the castle this time, Gawaine, eschewing the use of the silver bell and hoping thereby to elude the lady, went alone in search of the chapel, but though he looked everywhere, he could not find it. Therefore, he returned to the chamber where he had spent the night and knelt by his bed, clasping his hands in the attitude of prayer, but before he could begin his orisons, the lady appeared from nowhere and embraced him.

Then he rose with difficulty and, freeing himself gently from her, he said, "Lady, it would be indecent for me to talk with you at this time. Pray, let us wait until your husband returns from the hunt."

But the lady said, "Sir, remember your sworn duty to all women! Once again, I require your aid, and the vows you have taken will never allow you to deny me." And she drew aside the transparent stuff that swathed her bosom, and she bared her breasts absolutely.

"Ah," she cried, "you start back, just as does my husband when I undress before him! Then it is as I fear: My bosom is hideous."

"No, that is not true, lady," said Sir Gawaine. "Between waist and shoulders, you are very beautiful."

"Do you say my mammets are round?" asked the lady.

"Very round," said Sir Gawaine.

(continued on page 232)

ALICE COOPER, rock star

To be good in bed, you must be passionate, inventive, considerate, inexhaustible and an insufferable bastard. I always carry a big snake.

CHERYL TIEGS, top model

I like somebody very sensitive and gentle, sometimes. The first thing I look at is a man's face, then his over-all body—I don't think I could be attracted to somebody who had a flat ass. But really, the more involved I am with a person mentally, the better it is. Just

WHAT DOES "GOOD IN BED" MEAN?

do these celebrities know something you don't? the answer is "yes," "no" and an unqualified "it depends" pure sex for the sake of sex, without being mentally attracted to the person, doesn't really turn me on.

Yes, being good in bed is important, but a lot of times the answer to that question is sleep. I work 12, 14 hours a day sometimes and it's all I can do to get undressed and flop into bed.

CHEVY CHASE, comedian

Sleep, a really good night's sleep. Oh, you mean like sex? Well, I've heard about sex, but never in bed. In a chair, anywhere else, (continued on page 138)



Vol. 100 No. 112

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

15 Cents

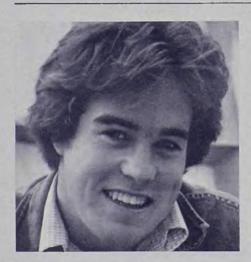
Above: On your knees, sons of Eli. This building is the campus landmark, Harkness Tower, and in front of it is a statue of Abraham Pierson, Yale's first president.

BACK TO CAMPUS

attire By DAVID PLATT

Playboy Picks Students from Yale, Cornell and Brown to Model College Clothes

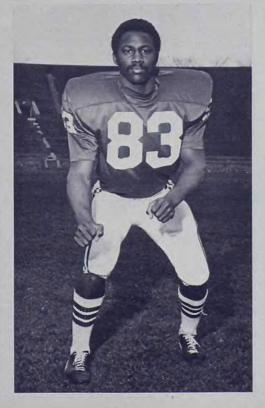
NEW HAVEN-Sane and sensible with a dash of spice is how PLAYBOY sees this fall's collegiate fashion scene. Descending on the Yale campus in a pad on wheels replete with bar, bathroom and racks of threads (how else would a crew from PLAYBOY travel?), the magazine's staff and photographer selected four undergrads to model the styles pictured on the opposite page. From some of the stories that have circulated, we'd say that a good time was had by all-with more than just a bit of ham coming out of the closet. Professional modeling is a specialized craft that's probably not in the offing for senior psychobiology major Tinker Doggett, however. Doggett wasn't too apt at tying a tie-and you'll notice he never managed to get his shirt collar buttoned, either. Nor will he be likely to become a tailor; when the cuffless trousers he was given to model proved too long, Doggett altered them-with a stapler. Still, he finished the shooting lookin' good, as did his three compadres: Peter White, Robb Brown and Jim Williams. White, who plays defense for the football team, appropriately wore a bulky knit V-neck. (PLAYBOY took one look at him in his football jersey and said he could wear anything he wanted to.) Brown came on in a reversible bomber-style jacket featuring a ribbed waist and cuffs and a biswing back, and Williams chose a brushed-cotton sports coat. They never dressed this way at Mory's.



Above: This handsome chap with the infectious smile is Tinker Doggett, a 21-year-old Yale senior from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. Doggett's major: psychobiology. Doggett's extracurricular activity: swimning team. Doggett's future plans: maybe teach. Maybe take a year off. Tinker's still tinkering around.

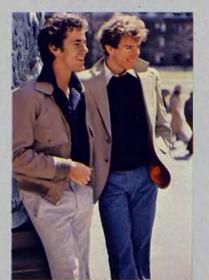
Right: Faster than a speeding bullet and able to leap small pile-ups in a single bound, that's Peter White, Yale's reliable defense man. Off the gridiron, he's majoring in history. Next step for White, maybe grad school. Below: Recognize this joker? It's senior Robb Brown, a 21-year-old theater-studies major from Yardley, Pennsylvania. Brown knows his craft well; look for his name in lights.







Above: You're looking at Jim Williams, a junior from California, who's a lifeguard in his spare time. Right: There are Brown and Williams getting used to their new look and (far right) Williams with coed Tracy Ball. Lucky Jim.







Yale! Yale! The gang's all here. It includes, from left to right: Peter White, who wears an acrylic bulky cable-knit V-neck, by Jockey International, \$30; over a flannel shirt, by John Henry, \$22; and khaki slacks, by Country Britches, \$45. Robb Brown, who's having a close encounter here with undergrad Mary Martin, also likes his reversible bomber-style jacket, by Jupiter of Paris, about \$50; cotton "daeskin" shirt, by Gant, \$25; tweed slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, \$47.50; and a cowhide belt, by Frye, \$8.

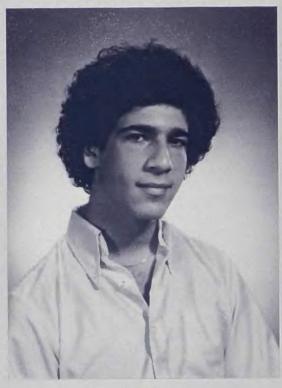
Next, there's the irrepressible Tinker Doggett in a woal tweed three-piece suit, \$275, and a plaid flannel shirt, \$24, both from Chaps by Ralph Lauren; worn with a half-knotted plaid tie, by Resilio, about \$12.50; and a cowhide belt, by Frye, \$8.50. End man Jim Williams favors a brushed-cotton jacket, by Sal Cesarani, about \$145; a plaid Western-style shirt, from Lee, \$19; a sleeveless acrylic crew-neck, by Banff, about \$20; and a pair of prefaded denim jeans with flared legs, by Wrangler, about \$17.

"Ithaca's Only Morning Newspaper"

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20 PAGES-15 CENTS



Above: Doug Pollack, a 22-year-old microbiology major, has, since the photo session, moved on to bigger and better things: dental school and a winter filled with skiing. Below: That's 20-yearold Robert Birch, a Binghamton, New York, senior, sitting on a rock and thinking about industrial and labor relations, his college major. Birch also is a reporter for the campus newspaper and serves on the campus council. (His next goal is law school.) As Steve Martin would say, a busy guy!



ITHACA-Neither wind nor rain nor broiling sun could keep PLAYBOY from going far above Cayuga's waters to Cornell as part of the magazine's annual look at campus fashions. But because of the school's climatic reputation, it came really loaded down with cold-weather garbburly corduroys, heavy scarves, a variety of hats and heavy flannel shirts-to be fitted to a hip collegiate quartet: Girish Reddy, Doug Pollack, Robert Birch and Michael Patota. It was also suggested that while local social life may not afford many opportunities for dressing up, smart students should have at least one three-piece suit in the closet for that occasional faculty tea, fraternity wingding or trip to the Big Apple. A handsome herringbone tweed model (it comes with a five-button vest) such as the one Birch is wearing on the opposite page looks good coordinated or split up-as the coat goes equally well with a pair of jeans. And the same can be done with the matching corduroy jacket, vest and slacks pictured here, too. Our money is on the jeans-plus combo.



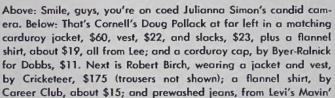


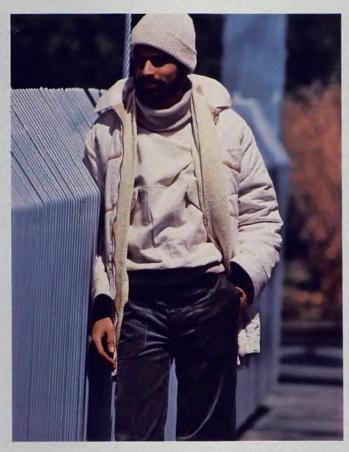
Above: Whoever illustrates the Hardy Boys books' covers would love this building. It's McGraw Tower, a Cornell landmark that was erected in 1891. (Chimes in it play the Cornell Changes.) Golly, Frank. Isn't that a light in McGraw Tower? Let's investigate.



Above: Senior Mike Patota, an industrial and labor relations major, pauses on the way to class. Next stop: law school. Left: Girish Reddy has come a long way from India to attend Cornell. His major: business and public administration.







On, about \$22. On the flip side of Julianna: Mike Patota in a cowhide parka, by Londan Fog, about \$180, including scarf; a flannel shirt, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$32.50; corduroy slacks, from Bugle Boy, \$30; and a wool cap, by Kangol, \$10. Finally, Girish Reddy in a quilted parka, \$65, knit cap, \$5, and scarf, \$9, all from Mad Man; a turtleneck, by Male Sportswear, about \$21; slacks, by A. Smile, about \$24; and boots, by J. M. Herman Shoe, \$78.



Brown Daily Herald

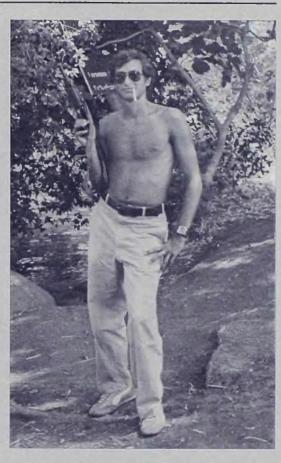
VOLUME CXII. NUMBER 50 PROVIDENCE, R.I.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

PROVIDENCE-The Ivy League may have been the scene for PLAYBOY'S annual back-to-campus fashion forecast, but the clothes chosen were a far cry from what is popularly known as the Ivy look. We'd say that there definitely is a trend to more British fabrics and patterns (tweeds, flannels, checks and plaids) in both suits and sports jackets. The over-all impression is that college guys are returning to a more classic (perhaps we should say classier) mode of dress than has been seen on campus in recent years. Of course, manufacturers are also putting a heavy emphasis on casualwear-especially rugged sports-inspired styles. They make a colorful counterpoint to the more conservative elements of a well-rounded collegian's wardrobe; a wool tweed three-piece suit and a couple of sports jackets, for example. The guys PLAYBOY chose from Brown to model the outfits (Stephen Sabo, Perry Richardson, Bruce Todesco and Steven Bloom) definitely dug the clothes they wore. They dug them so much, in fact, that they wanted to hang on to the threads after the shooting was over. Smart lads.



Above: If you're an incoming freshman, you'll earn brownie points if you arrive on the Brown campus knowing that this imposing building is Sayles Hall and that it was built in 1879. The statue in front of the building is none other than Marcus Aurelius.





Above right: Isn't that Al Pacino behind those Foster Grants? No, it's film-making buff Steven Bloom rehearsing for his next production, John Dillinger Goes to College. Below left: There's Perry Richardson, a psychological-anthropology major, doing a little field research in Nassau with a friendly native, Sarah Edgett. Below center: Here you see senior Bruce Todesco (he's the one with the beard) taking out his aggressions on the rugby field after a day of hitting the English and philosophy books. Below right: Yes, that's Stephen Sabo, Brown's d.j., taking a smoke break. Sabo, who teaches a cardiopulmonary-resuscitation course, will soon apply to medical school.









On this page: candid views of our Brown men and a delightful campus sight, coed Melissa Tannen. They're all together in the picture at upper right. Stephen Sabo is wearing a three-piece suit, by Haspel Bros., about \$175; a pinstripe shirt, by John Henry, \$18.50; and a wool tie, by Resilio, \$12.50. Next, there's Bruce Todesco in a windbreaker, by Gant, \$37.50; a polyester/cotton crew-neck, by Career Club, \$13; and corduroy slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, \$27.50. Third is Perry Richardson, wearing a wool jacket, about \$145, matching scarf, \$28.50, and cap, \$18.50, all by Larry Kane; plus a wool turtleneck, by Pendleton, about \$45; and wool slacks, by Country Britches, \$65. Last, Steven Bloom sports a knit pullover, by Banff, about \$30; a plaid flannel shirt, by Levi's Sportswear, about \$21; cotton velveteen slacks, by Sedgefield, \$37.50; and a wool cap, by Kangol, about \$10.





GOLDEN GREEK (continued from page 98)

"The Onassis indictment caused a sensation in the press. As the plotters had planned."

Niarchos (as well as, eventually, several other Greek shipowners) of circumventing the act's intent by organizing a consortium of prominent Americans to front for them in the purchase of used T-2 tankers from the Government.

The indictments had been kept secret for more than six months while the shipowners' lawyers negotiated with U.S. officials. Heading those negotiations for the Government was Assistant Attorney General Warren Burger, a Republican lawyer from Minnesota who had been appointed chief of the Justice Department's Civil Division by President Eisenhower in 1953 and who had prepared the Onassis and Niarchos indictments. Burger's superior at Justice was Herbert Brownell, Jr., a Republican kingmaker (he picked Nixon for the G.O.P. Vice-Presidential slot in 1952) and an erstwhile New York lawyer (of the law firm Lord, Day & Lord). Oddly enough, it was Lord, Day & Lord that had advised Onassis in the late Forties that the tanker purchase was a lawful one, and Brownell himself had personally provided the same advice to a colleague of Onassis'. Now Brownell, having risen to Attorney General, was indicting Onassis, Niarchos and the others for taking his own advice!

During the months that the secret indictments were being negotiated, Onassis was spending a large amount of his time working out the Jidda Agreement. With the agreement finally signed, he returned to the U.S. (against his lawyer's advice) to settle what he believed to be a mere legal nuisance involving surplus-ship purchases that had taken place years before.

So it was that, while lunching in New York's Colony Restaurant on February 5, 1954, Onassis was not much disturbed to find that a U.S. marshal was waiting for him. In compliance with the marshal's subpoena, Onassis went to Washington three days later for his arraignment. Edward J. Ross, who represented Onassis in the matter, recalls the affair as being something of a legal circus:

"They took Ari down to a cell to be booked, mugged and fingerprinted. I wanted to be with him, but the marshals wouldn't let me, so we compromised and they locked me in a nearby cell with some of the wildest creatures I've ever seen in my life. Later I found out who they were: the Puerto Ricans who'd just bombed Congress,"

On the flight back to New York, Ross says, he confided to Onassis that "'for 118 someone with all your wealth, you sure as

hell have a lot of problems.' Ari nodded, and then he said, 'I know, and it's beginning to worry me."

The Onassis indictment caused a sensation in the press. In the eyes of the public, Onassis had replaced Croesus as a metonym for immense wealth. He was a romantic figure, dark and sybaritic, a Levantine Horatio Alger with headquarters aboard the Christina, a floating mansion replete with suites, El Grecos, its own hospital, movie theater and a lot

When a man of Onassis' wealth and stature shifted from the society and financial pages of the daily newspapers to those reserved for news pix of manacled men with newspapers over their heads, the public took notice. As the plotters had planned. Public opinion was, as we shall see, a central element in the conspirators' strategy.

The early months of 1954 were key to the plot. In mid-January, Onassis finalized his secret pact with the Arabs, winning the right to ship at least ten percent of all the oil produced in Saudi Arabia, in return for cash payments and a promise to train a Saudi merchant marine. That, of course, was perceived as a direct threat by the Aramco consortium-not only because their monopoly over all phases of Saudi oil production, as finely tuned as an Apollo launching, could brook no intervention but because a Saudi merchant marine capable of shipping oil could become a first step toward Saudi self-sufficiency in the petroleum business. Thus, with the contract a fait accompli (and its full terms still secret), the multinationals turned to the politicians and the spooks for help in preventing its implementation. Like his old nemesis John Gerrity, longtime Onassis confidant Constantine Gratsos is emphatic when he attributes the conspiracy against his ex-boss to the oil companies, regarding Maheu and the others as

Certainly, it was a busy time. Only two weeks after the signatures had dried on the Jidda Agreement, Onassis was publicly indicted by Brownell and Burger for having violated the Merchant Ship Sales Act. The indictment was hardly an impulsive gesture, having been under consideration for at least two years. It stemmed from hearings held in 1951 by a Senate committee whose members included the up-and-coming California Republican Richard Nixon. The actual preparation of the indictment had been undertaken in 1953 about the time Onassis began discussions with the Saudis. Making that indictment public in February 1954 increased the pressure against both Onassis and the Government, hardening the lines between them: The legal negotiations between Justice and the tycoon's lawyers, suddenly a public issue, became increasingly brittle.

Meanwhile, before February turned to March, the indictment against Niarchos was also made public, increasing the pressure on him to cooperate in the anti-Onassis plot. And, within days of the Niarchos indictment, Maheu once again decamped from Federal service and established his CIA-for-hire office in Washington, with the contract to bust the Jidda Agreement—ostensibly awarded by Niarchos—as one of his first assignments.

It was about this time, in the spring of 1954, Gerrity recalls, that Nixon delivered his Mission: Impossible speech, setting the spooks on Onassis. Maheu offers a somewhat different version of events, claiming that it was he, while on contract to Niarchos, who "persuaded the Government that national security" was at stake.

As we have seen, however, Nixon's involvement in the affair dated back to his tenure on the Senate committee that sparked the indictment against Onassis. Moreover, there is reason to believe that Nixon needed no persuasion to join the oil giants in their anti-Onassis battle. According to Drew Pearson's Diaries, 1949-1959, the columnist's sources told him that Nixon's election to the Vice-Presidency in 1952 had been the result of what Pearson called a "conspiracy," in which the major oil companies allegedly poured a fortune into G.O.P. coffers on Nixon's behalf.

Following their meeting with Nixon in the spring of 1954, Gerrity and Maheu divided their anti-Onassis activities and went their separate ways: While Maheu remained in Washington to oversee the campaign's clandestine, or "black," assignments, Gerrity flew off to Europe to conduct a veritable propaganda war against Onassis. "I was a one-man A.P.," Gerrity recalls. "You can't imagine how busy I was."

A rugged ex-Marine and onetime foreign correspondent, Gerrity is equally at home in the worlds of journalism and intelligence. Formerly a Washington Post reporter, he is remembered by colleagues as a good reporter of the old school, though "something of a mystery man." Indeed, the editor of a large East Coast newspaper describes Gerrity as his mentor, remarking that it was Gerrity who taught him, while a cub reporter, how to write a lead and work a story.

In the years after he left the Post in (continued on page 182)

Dracula Country playboy's all-star ghoul keeper tours transylvania



article By Gahan Wilson

SECURITY AT ROMANIA'S Otopeni Airport is severe but gently done. My wife, Nancy, and I are politely separated—it's weird to have come so far with her, to such a strange place, only to see her led away—and we are searched in curtained booths; she by uniformed women, I by lean

young soldiers bearing automatic weapons. The soldiers are thorough but never rude, and though they constantly watch your eyes, they are careful to make comforting little jokes.

We're rejoined after the search and walked over to a customs official with a fixed smile who misses nothing. At the instant our passports



are stamped, a dark man of medium height appears and introduces himself as our official guide from the Ministry of Tourism. His name is Nick (I like the Mephistophelean ring to it) and his looks and bearing put me very much in mind of Peter Lorre when Lorre was trim and fit. We shake hands all around and he smiles with a pleasantly sinister affability.

"I understand you are interested in Dracula." He says it *Drah*-koo-lah, *exactly* like Bela Lugosi!



I don't know just when it dawned on me that there actually was a Transylvania. For years, like any other growing American kid, I'd assumed it was pure fantasy, that Bram Stoker had made it up as a suitable working locale for his fiend vampire, as L. Frank Baum had made up Oz for his Wizard and Tin Woodman. Certainly, Stoker's descriptions of the place, its towering, wolfhaunted mountains, its crumbling castles reeking with ancient evil, did not seem particularly credible to a lad of the mild Midwest. And who could believe in the bleak strangeness of the Borgo Pass or all those peasants with their dark legends and eerie superstitions?

A tough old man wearing a cap and a turtleneck sweater is waiting for us in the reception area. He gives us a friendly glare with his bright-blue eyes, scoops up our baggage and glides off ahead of us into the crowd, dodging interference smoothly as we saunter along behind.

"I thought," says Nick, "we might start by visiting Snagov—site of the grave of Dracula. It seems appropriate, don't you think?"

Nancy and I exchange glances. It's been a long trip and we hoped for a rest, but who can resist Dracula's grave? The old man is stowing our luggage in the trunk of the black Mercedes as we come down the steps, but he's at the doors and got them open before we're near the car. He tucks us in back, giving Nancy a fatherly but appreciative smile and me a respectful nod, then ushers Nick into the front. As we get under way, Nick twists around and hands us our itinerary. I glance at it casually, wishing we could at least have a short nap; then my fatigue vanishes and I go back to its start, carefully reading each precious word. There, written in a small, precise hand on blue-lined pages torn from a notebook, are the names of places I have dreamed of seeing for years. I pass it to Nancy.

"It's perfect," I tell her. "It couldn't be better."

I got my first hints about Dracula the same way I got those about sex and other dark, forbidden things; from whispers from another kid, far away from grownups.

The kid was Bobby Marty, and he'd sneaked out of Evanston to Howard Street, on the Chicago-Evanston border, which was pretty daring right there, and he'd gone into a Chicago movie theater where they showed pictures Evanston didn't, and he'd seen a rerun of the first Lugosi movie and it had scared him silly. In an attempt to pass the scare on to me, he told me the whole story, acting out the parts, mostly that of Dracula, of course, and providing sound effects, including a really swell stake being driven into a human chest. I admired the strangeness of his version of the Lugosi



accent and enjoyed the stalking and the way he clawed his hands and waved them about, but what determined me to take, in turn, that perilous expedition to Howard Street to see the movie for myself was the sinister, toothy smile that played on Bobby Marty's mouth.

The tough old chauffeur has taken off his cap now and revealed he's bald as a vulture. A driver of the Ian Fleming persuasion, he's belting the Mercedes along as fast as it can be done safely.

I'm terrified, at first, sure we'll all be killed before we get to Snagov or even out of sight of the airport, but then I see how he handles his passing, and how sudden stops ahead never take him by surprise, and relax. Nancy, I learn later, has complete trust in him from the start.

The traffic he's weaving us through so



expertly is interesting: eccentric black tricycles, the men driving the sputtering motors, their wives or girlfriends holding long loaves of bread in the sidecars; trucks with two or three sections joined by accordion pleating; lots of Dacias, the Renault-styled national car, the only one they make; plenty of bicycles, many built for two, and, here and there, an oxcart.

We turn off into a forest and the road gets narrower and the traffic turns into a holiday parade, everybody heading for a picnic, family cars stuffed with baskets and big rubber balls, dogs lolling out the windows. We roll into a fair-sized parking lot cleared out of the woods, leave the car with the old man and head for a pier bedecked with bright flags where a man is renting all kinds of

boats. Nick selects a broad sturdy-looking rowboat and we push off through the water, thick with lilies bright in the sun, Nick on the one oar, me on the other and Nancy in the prow, trailing her fingers in the water. Nick, grinning, mentions that the catfish in the lake are so big they commonly eat the ducks. Nancy laughs but leaves her fingers where they are. She's been to Africa with me, the Yucatán, scarier places than this.

I was fortunate. I did not see Dracula first on a tiny TV screen in, God help us, someone's living room; I saw it as it was designed to be seen: in a dark, cavernous theater, a glorious Gothic barn decorated with peeling murals and sagging tapestries. I did not understand then that I was in some film mogul's dream of European elegance, but I did know it was supposed to be a sort of palace. I doubt if I was aware that all the cracked and dusty grandeur looming about me lent poignancy to Lugosi's wistfully sinister line, "It reminds me of the broken battlements of my own castle in Transylvania," but I did relish the booming acoustics that made the deep, alien voice echo and rumble, and I well knew the sheer size of the spectacle, the acreage of the screen that allowed such a vast spreading of that cloak, was vital to the over-all effect.

The island's up ahead now, getting closer with each stroke of the oars. I recognize it from the pictures I've seen of it, by those towers topped with Byzantine crosses, but the pictures always showed it in autumnal gloom, not in sparkling sunlight surrounded by willows in shiny summer green; and if I imagined any background noise, it was a quiet lapping of water, not roars of outboard motors and kids yelling on water skis.

We tie up at a small, teetering dock. A couple of cheerful men are sitting on it, fishing with bamboo poles and drinking plum brandy from a labelless bottle. They offer us some and we take a sip before walking toward the chapel through the tall grass, annoying numerous waddling turkeys, and then we enter, stepping on the grave. There's no way to enter the chapel without stepping on Dracula's grave. The thought cheers me. It was getting a bit too pastoral.

The peasants knew about the grave long before the experts, of course. And they knew about the other grave, too, the one before the altar. They set candles along its edges, had done so for as long as anyone could remember, no one knew just why. Eventually, the experts opened the altar grave and found, rudely entombed, an ox skull, and they are still arguing over what it might mean.

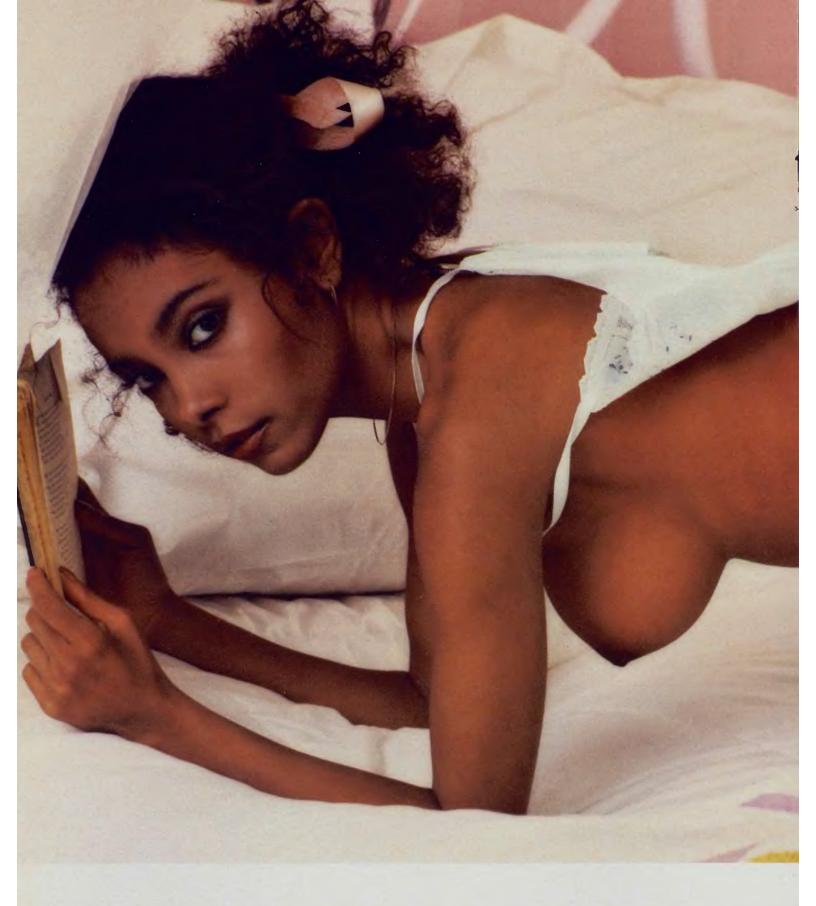
Then they opened the other grave, the one you step on as you enter, and found the ruins of a body wearing artifacts that



indicate it may have been Dracula. The historical Dracula, that is.

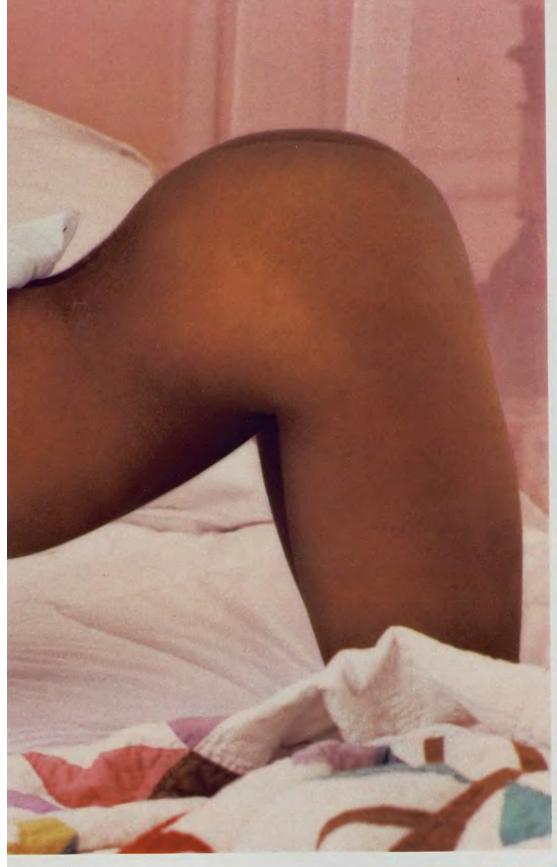
The historical Dracula is not the Dracula Bobby Marty told me about in that dark alley; he is not the silver-and-black menace of Lugosi nor the horror smeared with Technicolor blood as played by Christopher Lee. He was the real-life warrior prince of Walachia, a Romanian national hero, and he defended the country from the Turks and held off (continued on page 198)





BIRD OF PARADISE

september playmate rosanne katon said farewell to jamaica and hello to hollywood



"Going home to Jamaica is always a thrill for me. I can't explain it. I know I've changed a lot. I even talk differently now. But there's something about getting off that plane and having the warm air hit you that brings it all back. It's home." Below, Rosanne does some last-minute rounds in L.A. before joining two of her five sisters, Connie and Juanita, for a Jamaican holiday.



WE HAVE A LOT to thank Jamaica for: reggae rhythms to keep our toes tapping, 151-proof rum for kamikaze Friday nights, bauxite for aluminum to warm our TV dinners in, high-test ganja for our religious ceremonies and, oh, yes, a fellow named Ian Fleming penned a few mildly successful thrillers there about a terminally horny secret agent.

Now we can add to the list actress-writer Rosanne Katon, one of the six daughters of a Kingston private detective, who has traded the





"My father was very strict about boys—with six daughters, he had to be. But after living with all those girls, I couldn't wait to get to the boys."





"I love all my sisters. Connie goes to school at City College in Queens and Juanita is a pilot. I consider myself the underachiever in the family."



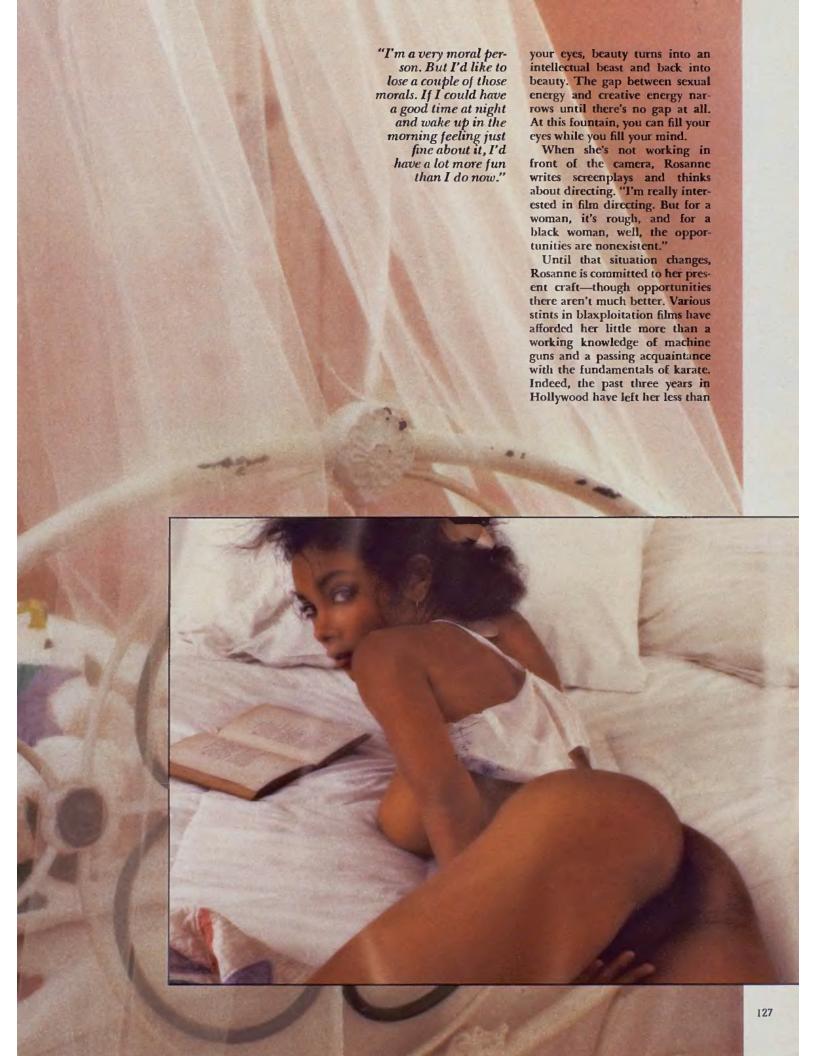
Jamaican sun for the klieg lights of Hollywood. A questionable barter, to be sure, but in Rosanne's case, it was inevitable. For her, acting is damn near orgasmic: "When I'm really cooking as an actress, after the scene, I don't even remember what I've done. I've been in some situations where the temperature on the set goes up ten degrees just because of the electricity."

If the voltage is high on her sets, it's because Rosanne has spent a long time generating it. Born on one of the family's frequent shuttle trips to New York, she is a graduate of the High School of the Performing Arts there and has been acting since she was 12. Her credits include eight feature films, three TV movies of the week, a dozen guest shots in episodic television, at least that many parts in theatrical products in the Big Apple and Boston and 15 TV commercials for clients ranging from Pepsi-Cola to the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.

The fact is, Rosanne is active even when standing still, Before









"I have no desire to have anyone support me. If anything, I want a guy who's smarter than I am, not richer."

starry-eyed, but not quite militant. "Most of the actual work done in this town is not done by glamorous people. Being glamorous is almost a full-time job in itself. I like to ride the buses, especially on Hollywood Boulevard, just to watch real people. Those are the people I portray. There's a bus called the 91W that goes to Beverly Hills. It runs every two minutes in the morning when the maids are going to work. Ride that bus and you become a liberal fast."

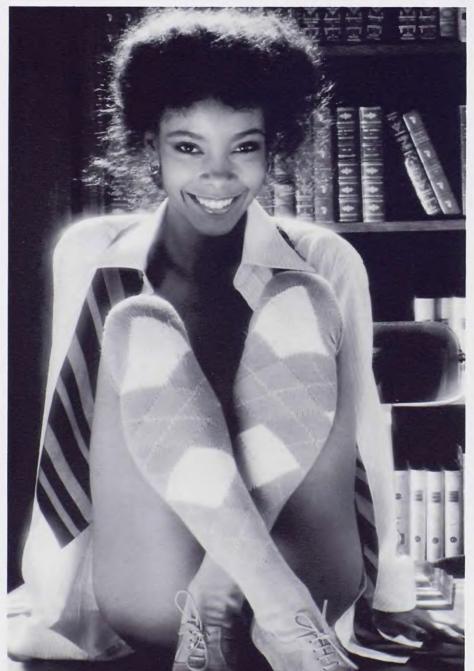
Social concerns notwithstanding, Rosanne exudes about a pound and a half of glamor per square inch. Not the glitzy, limo-set variety-but showstopping, nonetheless. Her taste in men holds a clue. "I like men who are very quiet about their sexuality---who don't have to knock you down with it." That's a very tall order when confronted with the beautiful likes of Miss Katon, but we'll try, Rosanne, we'll try.











Above: In the "small world" department, Rosanne co-starred (as Miss West Indies) in the made-for-TV movie "The Night They Took Miss Beautiful" with Phil Silvers and our own 1976 Playmate of the Year, Lillian Müller, who played the contestant from Germany.



Above: We're sure the Nielsens, not Rosanne's acting, were responsible for the cancellation of her "Grady" TV series; roles in "Starsky and Hutch" and "Good Times" soon followed.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET NAME / Banne La HEIGHT 5'2" WEIGHT: 101 SIGN: aguarus BIRTH DATE: 2-5-54 BIRTHPLACE: New York City. GOALS: To get involved in all aspects of film making. TURN-ONS: A man who cases about the quality of his now Love at first sight strawherries + 4/hipped cream TURN-OFFS: Getting patted on the head, Love on a l. Crustulriach breas Yonder Bar, Calin in the Sky, hast/angoin THX1138 Joy Ride, Jules + Jim Foreign Correspondent, Cage FAVORITE TV SHOWS: The Mews 1/2 years old & years old 16 years old Dumbo lines! Thew fro off my Looking grim teeth for Graduation

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Suddenly, the girl broke out of the clinch at her apartment door. "Please understand, Ed," she panted to her first-time date. "I guess you'd better go now. I-well-I simply couldn't become intimately involved with someone who's hung as heavy as you are!"
"How could you possibly know that, Babs?"

asked the fellow.

"When we just French-kissed," answered Babs, struggling unsuccessfully to regain her composure, "your knee began to throb!"

Purchasers of a forthcoming book titled Tarzan's Jungle Secrets will find that it describes a number of ways to get off an elephant.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines lesbian orgy as a pussy wallow.

A van-driving hooker named Crenna, C.B.ing for tricks near Ravenna, Locked professional gears With a Smokey with ears And a hyperextended antenna.

Since his independent, career-minded wife was away at a convention, the man went barhopping one night and returned home with an unattached female he'd picked up. "Sure, I screw," she responded, after brandies, when he put the question to her, "but I've slipped up on my pill taking, so you'll have to furnish the

protection."
"Hell!" exclaimed the man, slapping his forehead. "I don't have any condoms. . . . But wait a minute," he went on, as inspiration struck, "I'll get my wife's diaphragm while you start

to undress.

It wasn't long before he returned, crestfallen. "I might have known," he sighed to his scantily clad visitor. "She mustn't trust me. She's taken the damn thing with her!"

want a man," the star-struck girl told her date, "who can smile like Paul Newman, frown like Clint Eastwood, kiss like Robert Redford and hug like Burt Reynolds. Can you do all those things?"

"No," said the fellow, "but I've got a mouth

like Don Rickles'."

The Kraft Foods corporation denies that it plans to establish an Israeli subsidiary called Cheeses of Nazareth.

My experiments in mating a donkey with an onion continue to have variable results," nounced the far-out geneticist. "Mostly, I get a bulbous plant with long ears-but every once in a while, I get a piece of ass that brings tears to my eyes.'

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines sexual graffiti as the glandwriting on the wall.

Three soldiers were the sole survivors of a desert battle. They tried to flee in a staff car, but the vehicle broke down. "I'll unhook the radiator and take it along," said one soldier, "because we can drink the water."

"I'll remove the hubcaps," added another, "because we can use them as hats against the

burning desert sun."

"And I'll unbolt a door and carry it," grunted the not-too-bright third fellow.

"Why in the world would you want to do that?" chorused his companions.

"Because if it gets too hot," he regrunted,

"we can roll down the window."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines great lover as an ace in the hole.

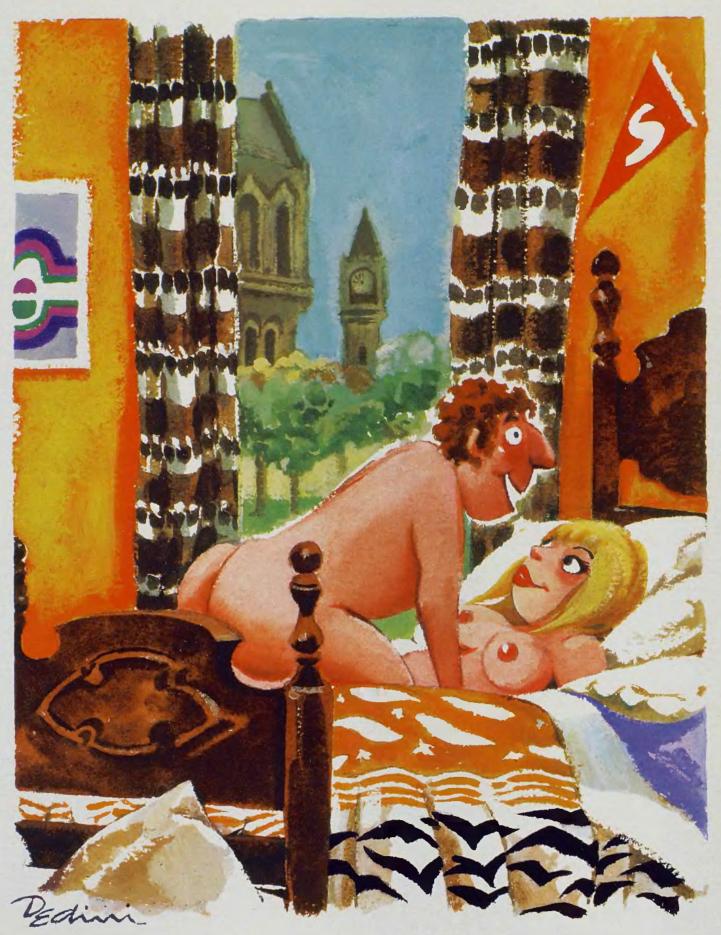
We've been told about a clergyman who just about broke up a wedding with a slip of the tongue when he said, "If anyone present knows just cause why this couple should not be joyfully loined together. . . .



Max the Mink King had hired a striking girl to model his creations, and it wasn't long before he was wining and dining her. One night, under the influence of abundant champagne, she finally agreed to accompany him to his bachelor apartment. Once woozily there, she found herself being led into a bedroom, deftly undressed and then laid down on a satin sheet. Her host spread her legs . . . but then did nothing for an extended period but blow gently on her softly luxuriant bush. "Whatcha doin'?" murmured the girl. "It sorta tickles nice."

"I just can't bear to mess it up, honey," Max answered with a sigh. "Once a furrier, always a furrier. . . . "

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I can't believe it. Here I am, at the college of my choice, on top of the coed of my choice, and I haven't learned to read or write yet!"



welcome to flesh-bargain city, official cruising ground for those who get off on your basic five-to-one relationship

fiction by

ARTHUR ROSCH







SITTING INDOLENTLY in his gravity couch, Nerl For-feech was lasciviously eying this month's *Plaything* magazine centerfold. The shiny cellulose pages fell all the way to the floor, because on the planet Znorrfytt there are six sexes, and the photograph included all the erotic subtypes.

In this issue, as always, a gorgeous, nude Six sprawled in the typically suggestive pile, gravity being so low on Znorr-fytt that any other arrangement would have resulted in the lovers' floating away. Their faces were lit with the ecstasy of romantic communion, their organs photographed to be all but fully visible. Nerl, idly fondling three of his protuberances, sighed as he viewed the tinted nipples, the arousing half-glimpses of fur-covered apertures.

Then, suddenly, the door iris whooshed open and Cleang walked in. Nerl, hastily stuffing the segments back into the magazine, almost fell from the couch as he attempted to hide the issue under some cushions.

Cleang giggled at her embarrassed partial lover. "Oh, go ahead," she piped, "you can unfold the layout again. I don't care. They are rather lovely... but so impossible, don't you think?"

Nerl threw down the magazine in disgust. "I wish you weren't so right. I've had only two Sixes in my entire life; and both of them got weird right away ...

His voice trailed off at the memory of it. The ecstasy! And then, inevitably, confusion.

Cleang took Nerl by the trunk nooks and they clung together in mutual frustration. Cleang was Nerl's Two. And together they had a tentative Three with Albolon Farr-fingg, who, unfortunately, was doing a loose sort of thing with a Two, Three and Four down in the Freesex District, the swingers' playground in the city of Fichi-Forr-Forr. Albolon did have a tendency to be unreliable, but still they loved him, if a bit reservedly, in return.

'What do you want to do tonight?" Cleang asked, licking Nerl's eyeknobs playfully. But to Nerl it only made the craving for someone to be inserting into his side slits more powerful. Cleang was only a quasi fem, good for sucking and frontal contact and the like . . . but he shouldn't be too unfair to her. After all, he was only a quasi him and had limited abilities as well. Like it or not, it was the way nature made them. With a dozen or so erogenous zones, the Znar-Fichi needed flesh on all sides, working in combination to produce the orgasmic culmination of multiple personalities. You could get off with three; four and five were better and better. But being a Six was the ultimate, and pitifully elusive, Total Turn-on.

"What can we do?" Nerl echoed

distractedly. "Is there anything we can actually do to remedy this feeling?"

"Sure," Cleang cheerfully volunteered, "we can go pick up Albolon and cruise a Triples bar. You never know what might happen."

"Not again," Nerl groaned. "I can't take it; the futile games, the flash and glitter. I'm just a simple person. All I need is a good, simple five-to-one relationship; that's not so much to ask."

"Come on," urged Cleang, lifting her appendages in his trunk nooks. The effect was sufficiently erotic. "You'll never meet anybody if you don't show your face. What can you lose? Would you rather stay home all night and masturbate in the washing machine?"

"OK, OK," Nerl gave in. "Let me get my threads on—my jewel-studded trunk shapers and my simulated-tumescence trouser pads."

"That's the way!" cried Cleang, getting up off his abdominal fold. "Dress up sexy!"

Later, the three of them strode snout in snout down the flamboyant promenades of Flesh-Bargain City, the official cruising ground for Znorr-fytt's frustrated sexuals.

Cleang was buoyed up between her partial lovers, dressed in a revealing minisuit that left quite a few of her tubes exposed. The night was semitorpid, just right for the ongoing voyeurism of Six Sex Street. Of course, Albolon and Nerl were elegant beyond compare in their striped priapic enhancers. As they progressed down the brightly lit avenue, they caught the envious stares of lonely Ones and Twos, and occasionally the pitying glances of bustling Fours and Fives. But there were no Sixes. The Sixes would undoubtedly be at someone's apartment, in bed. Or else arguing.

Cleang, Nerl and Albolon stopped to peer into various bars, to see which ones were running Threes that night. The formats always changed, rotating the night club's patronage through all the variations, Two-Fours, Five-Ones, Singles Night, and so forth.

As they walked, peering through the transparent view bubbles of the different clubs, they were inevitably accosted by street hustlers making suggestive offers: "Say, honeys, I got just the Three for you, young, never Sixed before, any of them. Got a taste for some fresh action?" Or, "Need a massage, sports? Got a lovely pair, just juicin' to get their trunks on you." Ignoring the lascivious stares and remarks, Cleang, Nerl and Albolon at length came to one of their favorite places, The Sexagram Club, and saw that it was running Triples that night. The house band, The Numbers Racket, could be heard raucously blaring, and their pulses raced with anticipation at the wild action within. The Racket, a successful Four offstage, never failed to turn audiences on with their erotogymnastics and jerk-'n'-jell music. Cleang, Nerl and Albolon eagerly showed their L.D.s and entered the crowded, stimu-misted room.

"Hey, babies," a Triple, rocking past in an orbiting dance, called out. "Hey, hey, let's get it on."

Cleang pulled back. "How unsubtle. Come on, boys, this is no place to meet nice people. Let's get out of here."

But Nerl and Albolon had already spotted some promising-looking action. "No, let's stay, Cleang. It was your idea in the first place. If we don't like it after a while, we can go someplace else." They pulled her farther into the seething mass, where the dancing bodies yanked and plopped spasmodically, imitating sex.

Onstage, The Numbers Racket had sprawled atop one another in a simulated orogenital configuration, and up front, dancing Threes screamed their shock and delight.

Against the walls of the room, stimu-mist vendors lined up next to

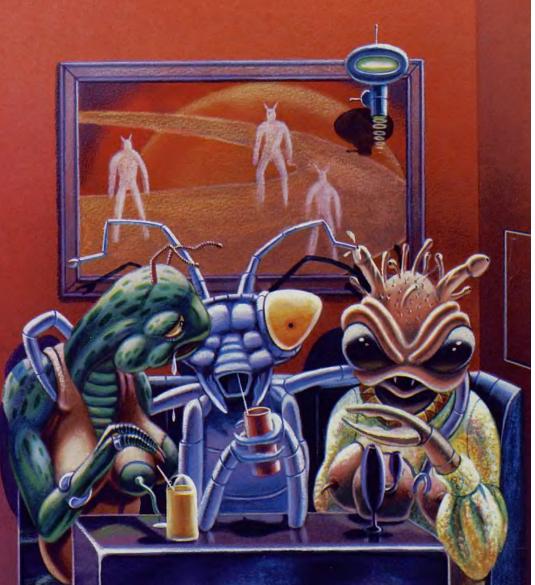
sensory-enhancement dispensers, which automatically exchanged money balls for the popular brands of dope. The rest of the room was all dance floor, with sufficient space in which to flirt, writhe and show off simul-sex aptitude.

Cleang and her hims moved onto the dance floor, their eyes constantly shifting across the room, taking in the more attractive groups, canceling out the ones who held no immediate appeal.

Since their tastes were relatively alike, they intuitively crossed through the various combinations until they were close to another sexy Three who seemed alone.

Perfect! A Three with two fems. Cleang lowered her tubes a trifle suggestively at the him of the group. Meanwhile, Nerl had shown a definite tumescence at the she in the flaming orange trunk-gripper. They danced up closer, coyly initiating eye contact. Albolon, however, didn't move correspondingly. He was too busy eying a fem in a different Three altogether.

Cleang (concluded on page 197)



GOOD IN BED (continued from page 111)

"I recall those special evenings like an athlete recalls a great occasion in the arena."

but not in bed. Wouldn't you fall asleep? I'd say never take metal objects to bed. And no smoking, of course. I know Alice Cooper says he always takes a snake; I always take a shit.

NANCY SINATRA, singer

Fun. All kinds of fun. And the fun shouldn't stop in bed. If you mean a good lover, I could name some people, but I won't.

One way for anyone to be better in bed is to relax more. It's not as easy as it sounds. There's no simple way, except maybe to smoke a joint. That doesn't work for me. If I smoke anything-or even drink a glass of wine-it puts me right out.

I'm much more relaxed in the morning, so for my husband and me, that's often a good time to make love-you're not tired and it's more spontaneous. Spontaneity is really something that can make sex much better. If it becomes something expected-first dinner, then drinks, then home, then into bed-if it follows a sort of chain of command, it's not as relaxed or good. But if you answer the door and suddenly you're on the floor-that's spontaneous, that's fun!

GAY TALESE, author of the forthcoming "Sex in America"

According to most men whom I've interviewed for my book on sex in America, it would mean responsive-a sense that the woman really is enjoying the sex, rather than just acquiescing in the interest of getting closer mentally.

For me personally, the phrase recalls the quintessential, superb one-night stand. I recall those special evenings like an athlete recalls a great occasion in the arena or an artist recalls a magnificent performance. I think they're more memorable because they don't go on that long. They don't extend to the next day and the next night, which could bring all kinds of imperfection.

One thing that I've found that's not good in bed is drugs. Nothing will thwart performance more decisively than being stoned, because you're mellowed out and become slovenly. The familiar notion that pot contributes to virility is something that has been disseminated by the purveyors and importers of pot; it's simply not true.

BROOKE SHIELDS, star of "Pretty

Good means when I have a cold and I

have to stay in bed and my mommy brings me my breakfast while I'm watching my favorite television program, Bewitched. And I have crushed ice in my ginger ale.

KEN NORTON, boxer-actor

If you try to please the other person more than yourself, it comes out very good. Like, if the lady's trying to please me, then I get pleased and try to please her more. Then we have good rapport going and everything's cool.

I'll tell you one time when good in bed is bad; that's when I'm seriously training. When I get down to the nittygritty, then I abstain completely. I just think about what I have to do. The way I look at it, if the lady wants to see me, then she'll be available after it's over. And they generally are, nine and a half times out of ten.

RODNEY DANGERFIELD, comic

Good in bed means two things: When the three of us don't fight; and when I wake up and still have my watch and money.

MARABEL MORGAN, author of "The Total Woman"

In sex, as in any other human relationship, I believe it's important to consider the other person's needs. That means looking at life through his eyes. It is especially important for a wife to learn what her husband likes and dislikes about sex, and then be available to meet those needs. Otherwise, if Nellie Not Tonight is married to Herman Hot to Trot, there's trouble ahead!

Being good in bed connotes warmth and caring and pleasure to the parties. But, though sex is important to a relationship, it is not everything. As Sam Levenson said, "We need more books on moral positions, not sexual positions."

I believe that a man can stand almost anything in marriage except boredom. Every husband needs excitement and high adventure at his own address. For his wife, that means keeping him off guard and being a variety of women to him. Variety is the spice of sex.

It's great fun for a wife to use whatever is available around the house to create a sexy costume to surprise her husband. The simplest items can be the most effective. Women have reported (with success) the use of old hats, felt

markers, wigs and shaving cream-even stick-on bows and tea bags for tassels!

MELVIN VAN PEEBLES, writer, film director

Good in bed means eating pussy. Love is fine, it makes people happy, helps keep the masses in line, but what the hell? Actually, I don't always use a bed, I usually go up to the roof of my office to fuck. That's what's wrong with life, everybody always does it in four-poster

SIDNEY SHELDON, best-selling novelist

I think the main thing is being concerned with your partner and not being self-centered in bed. One of the problems with taking a beautiful woman to bed is very often she's so oriented toward her beauty she becomes narcissistic.

Beautiful people may have a harder time, if they don't know how to handle their beauty or good looks. And many of them don't.

Also, I think it's important to keep in good physical condition. A flabby body in bed is a turn-off, whether it belongs to a man or a woman. Age has nothing to do with it, looks have nothing to do with it.

MARTIN MULL, star of "America 2Night"

Positioning myself so that at all times I can see where "Vera" signed the sheets.

TINA TURNER, mover, shaker and singer

What a question! I suppose it means just being satisfied. It's all a matter of communication, knowing how you feel and how the other person feels and getting it all together. Whether it's someone you've known for a long time or just for the night.

I do a lot of communicating with my eyes. I think most men can tell just by looking how I feel about things. I'm a free spirit. I don't have many hang-ups, and if he's got any, he knows I'll understand. And I can tell pretty quickly if it's the sort of situation where I can say, "Well, I like this or let's do that."

What attracts me most in a man is sort of funny! I don't care if he's tall or short, and I like black men, but I also like blond white men. What I look at first are the hands and fingers, to see if they're nice. Then I look at the behind. I like 'em wide. Not protruding and not ironing-board flat, but wide-widehipped. Something I can lean on.

BILLY CRYSTAL, star of "Soap" and "Rabbit Test"

A woman who is good in the sack (concluded on page 254)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation

ASK ANY OLD COACH and he will tell you there's nothing really new in football-except the length of the cheerleaders' skirts and an occasional rule or two. Every few years, a coach somewhere introduces a new backfield alignment with appropriately juggled blocking and ball-handling assignments, gives it a grabby name, catches opposing defenses unprepared and wins a conference championship. The next April, hordes of visiting coaches from all over the land haunt the side lines of the great innovator's spring practice. He is

TOP 20 TEAMS

2. Penn State 10-1 12. Maryland	
	0 2
	0-3
4. UklunomuIU-I 14. IEXUS A G M .	
5. UCIA 9-2 15. North Carolina	9-2
6. Nebraska 9-2 16. Natre Dame .	8-3
7. Michigan 10-1 17. Calarada	8-3
8. Pittsburgh 9-2 18. Southern Cal	8-4
9. Texas 9-2 19. Clemson	9-2
10. LSU 9-2 20. Washington .	7-4

Possible Breakthroughs: Houston (7–4), Arizona State (7–4), Iowa State (7–4), Mississippi State (8–3), Kentucky (8–3), Georgia Tech (8–3), Purdue (7–4). invited as a guest lecturer to scores of coaching clinics and within two or three years, innumerable college teams have adopted his new formation.

Meanwhile, defensive staffs are holding midnight meetings, trying to figure out how to neutralize the new option pitchout, or fake hand-off, or whatever it is. Then a venerable assistant coach somewhere notices something distantly familiar: Isn't that basically the same formation Hunk Anderson experimented with at Notre Dame in the Thirties? (text continued on page 142)

sports By ANSON MOUNT

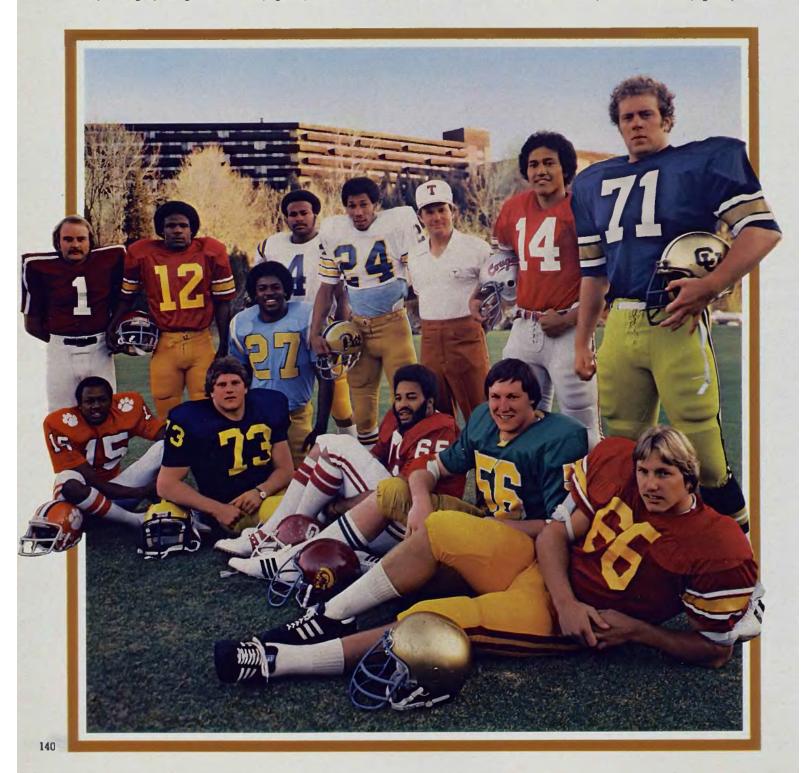


Alabama's fleet running back Tony Nothan heads for daylight as he sails around the end of the Ohio State defensive line as the Crimson Tide, PLAYBOY's choice for this year's national championship, humiliates Woody Hayes's Buckeyes 35–6 in the 1978 Sugar 8owl gome.

PLAYBOY'S 19 ALL-AMER

OFFENSE

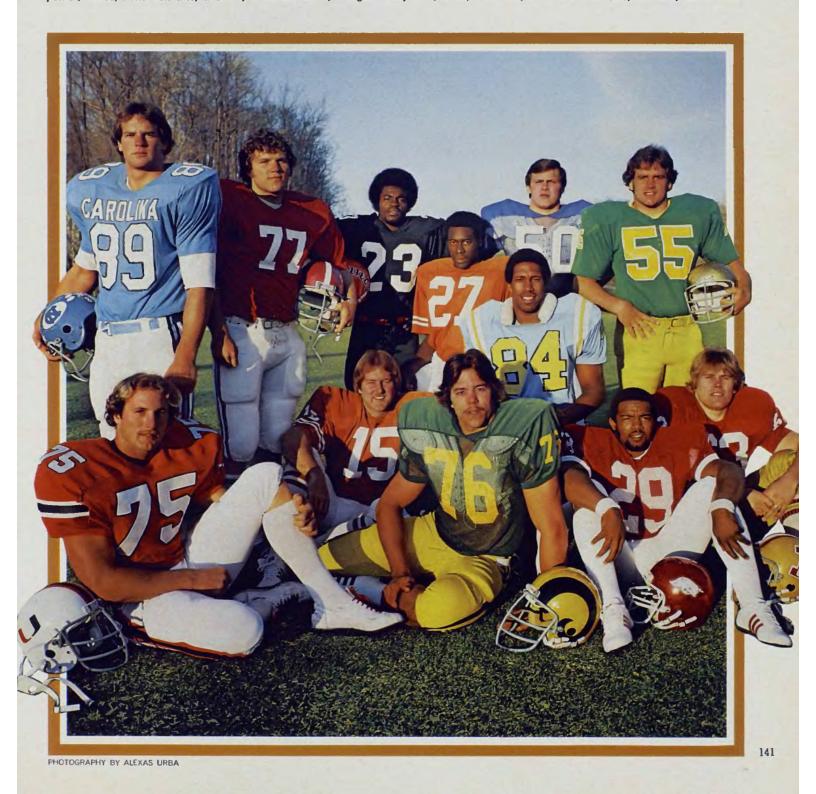
Left to right, top row: Tony Franklin (1), kicker, Texas A & M; Chorles White (12), runner, USC; Theotis Brown (27), runner, UCLA; Charles Alexander (4), runner, LSU; Gordon Jones (24), receiver, Pittsburgh; Fred Akers, Texas, Coach of the Year; Jock Thompson (14), quarterback, Washington State; Matt Miller (71), tockle, Colorado. Sitting: Jerry Butler (15), receiver, Clemson; Bill Dufek (73), tockle, Michigon; Greg Roberts (65), guard, Oklohoma; Dave Huffman (56), center, Notre Dome; Pat Howell (66), guard, USC.



78 PREVIEW ICA TEAM

DEFENSE

Left to right, top row: Ken Sheets (89), lineman, North Carolino; Barry Krauss (77), linebacker, Alaboma; Henry Williams (23), back, San Diego State; Johnnie Johnson (27), back, Texas; Jerry Robinson (84), linebacker, University of Colifornia at Los Angeles; Jim Kovach (50), linebacker, Kentucky; Bob Golic (55), linebacker, Notre Dame. Sitting: Don Smith (75), lineman, Miami (Florida); Russell Erxleben (15), punter, Texas; Mike Bell (76), lineman, Colorado State; Vaughn Lusby (29), back, Arkansas; Mike Stensrud (63), lineman, lowa State.



THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Steve Fuller (Clemson), Rick Leach (Michigan), Mark Herrmann (Purdue), Chuck Fusina (Penn State), Mike Dunn (Duke), Ron Calcagni (Arkansas), Roch Hontas (Tulane)

RUNNING BACKS: Ted Brown (North Carolina State), I. M. Hipp (Nebraska), Dexter Green (lowa State), Joe Steele (Washington), Curtis Dickey (Texas A & M), James Owens (UCLA), Tony Nathan (Alabama), Jerome Persell (Western Michigan), Myron Hardeman (Wyoming), Mike Williams (New Mexico), Darrin Nelson (Stanford)

RECEIVERS: Emanuel Tolbert (Southern Methodist), Jeff Groth (Bowling Green), Scott Fitzkee (Penn State), Kirk Gibson (Michigan State), Rick Morrison (Ball State), Steve Lewis (West Virginia), Jimmy Bryant (Utah State), Mardye McDole (Mississippi State)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Keith Dorney (Penn Statel, Jeff Toews (Washington), Anthony Munoz (Southern California), Mike Salzano (North Carolina), Joe Bostic (Clemson), Kelvin Clark (Nebraska), Bill Segal (Arizona)

CENTERS: Jim Ritcher (North Carolina State), Dwight Stephenson (Alabama), Chuck Correal (Penn State)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Ralph DeLoach (California), Rich Dimler (Southern California), Hugh Green (Pittsburgh), Gary Don Johnson (Baylor), Willie Jones (Florida State), Manu Tuiasosopo (UCLA), Bubba Green (North Carolina State), Marty Lyons (Alabama)

LINEBACKERS: Carl McGee (Duke), Daryl Hunt (Oklahoma), Gordy Ceresino (Stanford), Frank Manumaleuna (San Jose State), Freddie Smith (Auburn), Tom Rusk (Iowa), Scot Brantley (Florida), George Cumby (Oklahoma), Ed Smith (Vanderbilt), Brad Vassar (Pacific)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Max Hudspeth (New Mexicol, Dave Abrams (Indiana), Kenny Easley (UCLA), Rick Sanford (South Carolina), Jim Browner (Notre Dame)

KICKERS: Dave Jacobs (Syracuse), Jim Miller (Mississippi), Ken Rosenthal (Southern Methodist), Ed Murray (Tulane), Max Runager (South Carolina)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

Lester Williams, defensive lineman	Miami
John Fourcade, quarterback	Mississippi
Steve Ballinger, defensive lineman	Stanford
Bill Zivic, kicker	Arizona
Art Schlichter, quarterback	Ohio State
Chris Boskey, defensive lineman	lowa State
David Kass, quarterback	Wake Forest
Mike Harris, wide receiver	Purdue
Willard Browner, fullback	Tulane
Vic Rahkshani, tight end	Southern California
Bart Krout, tight end	
Bob Crable, linebacker	
Willie Gittens, running back	
Mike Carnell, running back	
Terry Daniels, running back	
Gerald Carter, wide receiver	
Maceo Fifer, offensive tackle	
Jeff Hayes, kicker	
Del Rodgers, running back	
Lee North, offensive lineman	
Mike Carter, running back	
Orlando McDaniel, wide receiver	Louisiana State

Old game films are examined and new defensive alignments are charted. A line-backer is assigned to haunt the trailing halfback and a nose guard is installed to make the center's life miserable. It works, the unstoppable offense is stopped, other defensive staffs study the game films and game scores are once again 14–10 instead of 33–28.

Then the process starts over—as it will this year.

The option offenses (veer and wishbone) have lost their magic and a new form of attack is spreading like a prairie fire. The only difference is that the newold idea came from professional football. It's called the pro set, and for proponents of wide-open, big-play, hell-for-leather football, it's a godsend. The distinctive feature of the pro set is the use of a variety of receivers. The configurations can range from two big tight ends and a flanker (for short-yardage situations) to three speed-burner receivers (for a go-for-broke attempt).

The one indispensable ingredient is a skilled passer, and everywhere strong-armed high schoolers are being courted like so many Juliets by college recruiters. This season you will see more passes thrown than in any year in memory. There may also be more freshmen than seniors who are quarterbacks.

But it will be fun. There will be a lot of interceptions and plenty of long game pauses in which to open another can of beer. And, as in any year when new offensive tactics sweep the land, there will be plenty of upsets and a few Cinderella teams will get bowl bids.

So while we're waiting for the fun to begin, let's take a look at the teams.

	THE	EAST	
	INDEPE	NDENTS	
Penn State Pittsburgh Syracuse Boston College West Virginia Colgate	10-1 9-2 6-5 6-5 5-6 9-2	Temple Rutgers Navy Army Villanova	7-4 7-4 4-7 4-7 4-7
	IVY L	EAGUE	
Brown Yale Pennsylvania Harvard	8-1 6-3 5-4 4-5		4-5 4-5 3-6 3-6
State); G. Jone (Pittsburgh); Smerlas, Schmis, Alexander gate); Anderson (Rutgers); Les Brundidge, Sch nova); Whipple	es, Gree Hurley, eding ((West n (Temp zczynski ott (Ar e (Brow	Dorney, Fitzker en, J. Delaney, Jacobs (Syr Boston College Virginia); Curti ple); Kehler, M ci, McConkey my); Thompson mn); Spagnola ia); Brown (Har	Carroll acuse);); Lew- s (Col- angiero (Navy); (Villa- (Yale);

Penn State came within five points of winning the national championship last year in what was supposed to be a (continued on page 156)

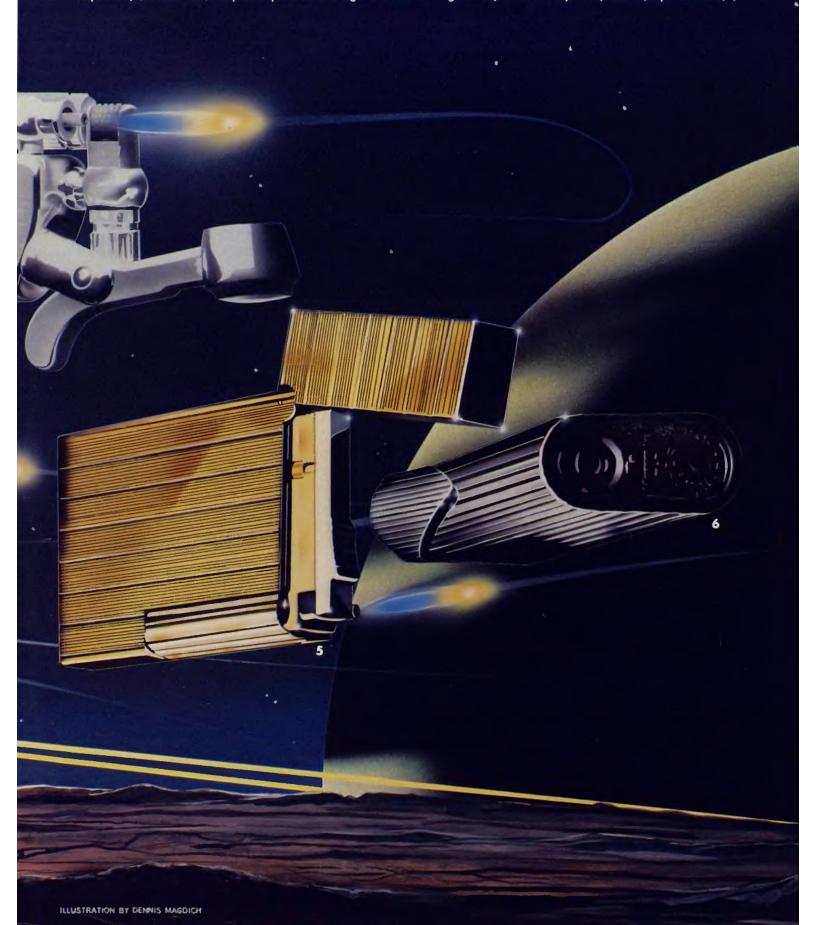


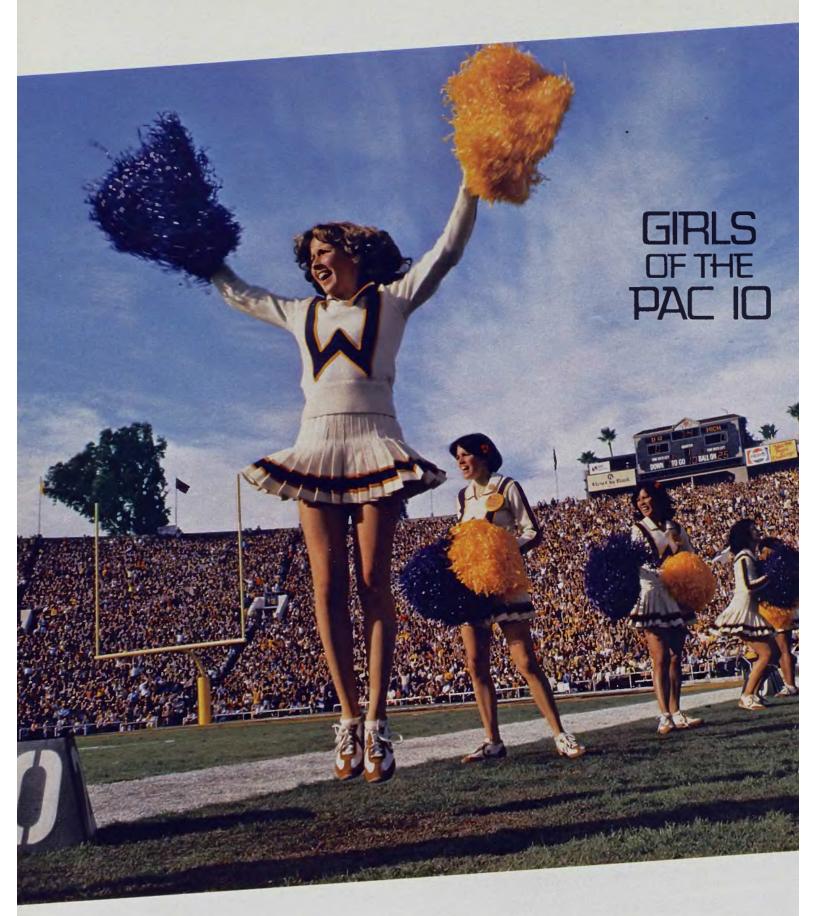
"The men are in an ugly mood, Captain Nemo. They don't consider this shore leave."

FLARE-UPS add some flash to your fire modern living

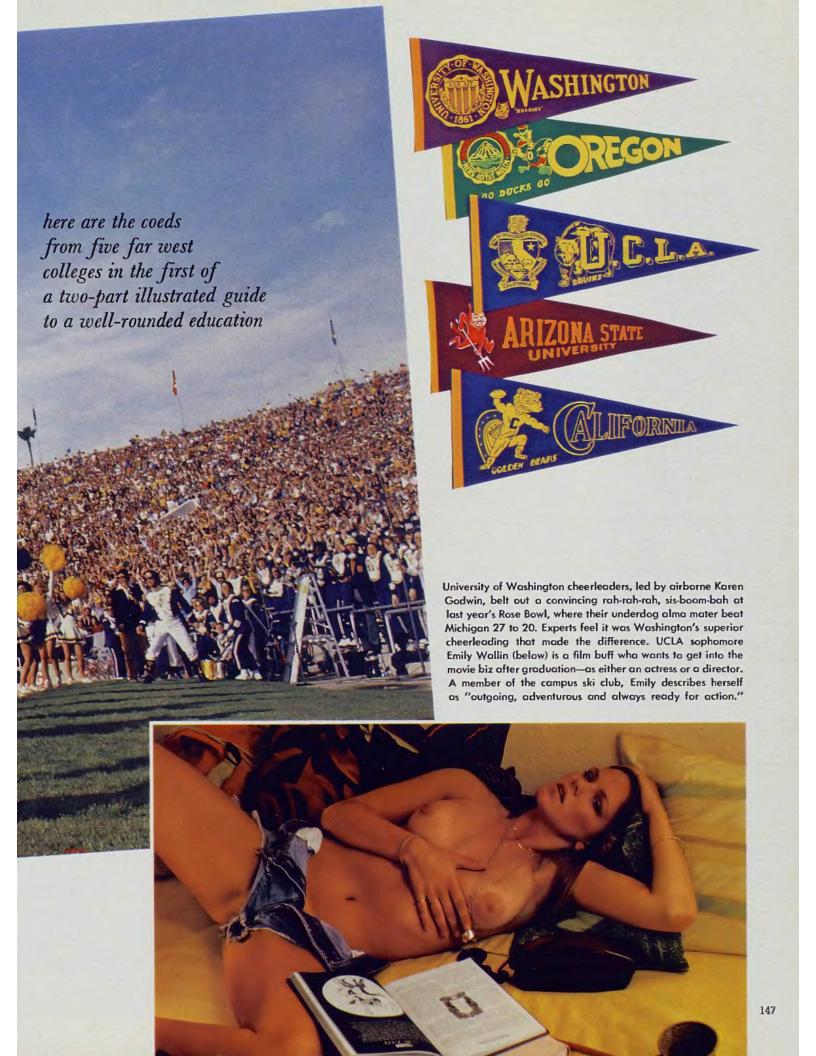


1. You'll light up somebody's life when you flick this silver-plated butane reproduction of an early American lighter, by Maruman, \$35. 2. Maruman's Integrated Circuit lighter in a matte-silver-and-black-finished case utilizes solid-state electronic circuitry and an energy cell that will produce about 40,000 lights before you change it, \$60. 3. The Ronson varaflame piezoelectric butane lighter refuels in seconds and lights for months with no flint or battery to change, \$22.95. 4. Another Maruman IC lighter; this one features a chrome-plated hairline-finished case, \$45. 5. S. T. Dupont of Paris' gold-plated butane lighter is easy to fill, elegant and expensive, \$200. 6. A silver-plated piezoelectric lighter delivers a light every time with quiet operation, by Maruman, \$45.





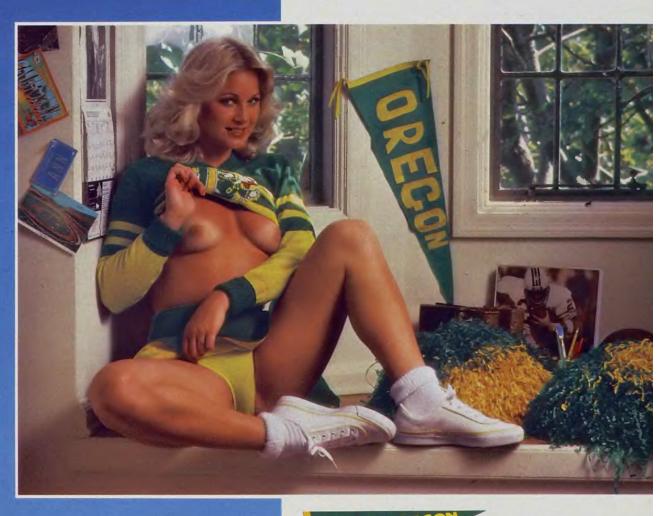
LAST NOVEMBER, we directed peripatetic Contributing Photographer David (Girls of . . .) Chan to "Go West, young man, go West," since we'd heard there was gold in them that hills, and we don't mean the mineral variety, either. At the time, the idea was to do Girls of the Pac 8, Pac referring to Pacific, 8 to the number of schools that made up the N.C.A.A. conference out West—Oregon State University, the University of Southern California, UCLA, University of California at Berkeley, the University of Oregon, Stanford University, the University of Washington and Washington State University. Having interviewed more than 5000 girls over the past two years for such features as Girls of the New South, Girls of the Big Ten and Girls of Washington, Chan was used to dealing with beautiful girls (text concluded on page 238)

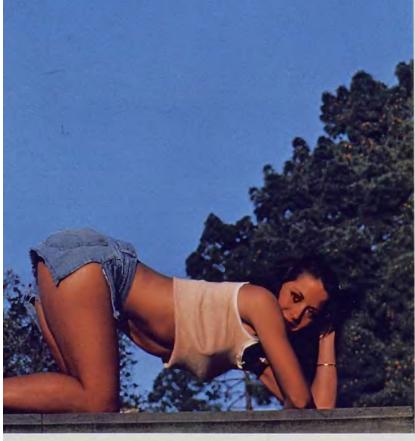






Honor student Candace Breed (above), a psych major at UCLA, works in the university's psycholagy department as a research assistant. Heather Campbell (right), an English major with a minor in French, hopes to start her sophomore year at Berkeley with a salid B-plus average.





"My best subject is art and my worst is math," says the University of Oregon's Anne Healy (above). Berkeley coed Ali Duerr (below) is a disco-dancing freak, a car-racing fan and a fine tennis player.



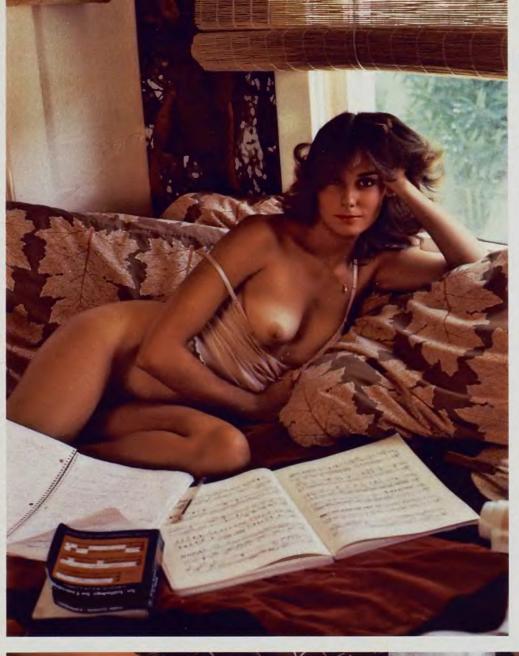




The faur UCLA beach bunnies above are, from left, Lynda Sun, Noncy Carrol, Gigi Stirnkorb and Julie Carlson. Nancy, seen again above right, is a senior majoring in theatrical arts wha has been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions since the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions in the age of 12. San Francisca native May been involved in various theatrical productions in the age of 12. San Francisca native May be again to 12. San Francisca native May be again to 12. San Francisca native









Arizona State's Renée DuBois (left) is a music-therapy major whose extracurricular activities include ballet and playing the piano. Pamela Kiser (bottom) hopes to get into fashion retailing after graduation from the University of Washington.









"Lying on the beach in the hot sun with my dog is my fovorite way to spend an ofternoon," says Arizona State coed Andreo Shepherd (left). "I'm portial to fishing, hiking and comping," says University of Oregan's autdoor girl Vicki Spanhauer (below left).









Christine Kurriger (left), a junior at the University of Washington, describes herself as "impulsive and unpredictable." Chicago native Sunday Parker (below) majors in poli sci at Berkeley and likes to party with the football team.





PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 142)

"It's been a long and tedious process, but the Syracuse rebuilding program is nearing completion."

rebuilding season. The Lions again will be in the thick of the championship race, because all the ingredients that led to last year's success—and most of the players—return for this campaign. The Lions' major assets are a balanced offense featuring passer Chuck Fusina and runners Matt Suhey, Bob Torrey and Booker Moore, a rock-solid offensive line and a quick, aggressive defense. The key to a successful season will be the outcome of the September 16 game against Ohio State at Columbus.

Pittsburgh may get off to a sluggish start this fall, because only four starters from last year's splendid offensive unit return. The replacements are top-caliber, though, and coach Jackie Sherrill had another productive recruiting year. Rick Trocano and Lindsay Delaney are the prime candidates to replace graduated quarterback Matt Cavanaugh, though they could be challenged by incoming transfer Scott Jenner. There is a stable full of flashy runners in camp, but they may have trouble getting loose, because only one starter returns in the offensive line. Lineman Hugh Green, a future alleverything, leads an experienced defense that will be nearly impenetrable.

It's been a long and tedious process, but the Syracuse rebuilding program is nearing completion. This year's biggest plus will be quarterback Bill Hurley. He will be ably abetted by three primequality runners, Art Monk, Dennis Hartman and junior college transfer Tom Matichak. The Orangemen's biggest liability will be a horrendous schedule.

New Boston College coach Ed Chlebek put his squad through a head-knocking spring practice in an effort to improve the Eagles' aggressiveness, a quality he found missing. The Eagles will need the new toughness, because their ranks were badly depleted by graduation. Jay Palazola appears to have earned the quarterback job. Fred Smerlas is the best defensive tackle ever to play at Chestnut Hill, but he will be surrounded by green teammates.

West Virginia faces the most difficult schedule in the school's history with a squad that still has depth problems. The running attack, with Robert Alexander and Fulton Walker, will be the Mountaineers' best weapon. Dutch Hoffman is the chief candidate for departed Dan Kendra's quarterback job.

Colgate will have trouble repeating last fall's spectacular 10-1 performance,

because all but two of the offensive starters have departed. The defense looks stronger, fortunately, and there will be plenty of help coming up from the junior varsity.

Temple was a young team last year, so the Owls will profit much from the added experience. The major task in pre-season drills will be to find a starting quarterback from among four candidates. Brian Broomell has the best chance for the job.

Rutgers also spent spring practice searching for a new quarterback, with Bob Hering getting the job. He will benefit from the help of a solid offensive line and a good set of running backs, so look for the Scarlet Knights to have another successful season if they don't get blown apart in their opener at Penn State.

Navy's strong point this fall will be the passing game featuring quarterback Bob Leszczynski and wide receivers Phil McConkey and Sandy Jones. But if the Middies are to enjoy a successful season, the inexperienced defensive secondary and offensive line will have to grow up in a hurry.

Army will depend on a tenacious defense to hold the fort while the young offensive unit earns its spurs. Clennie Brundidge is one of the better tight ends in the country, but most of the rest of last year's offensive stalwarts have graduated. Earle Mulrane will likely be the new quarterback. The schedule is a backbreaker.

The Villanova team, booby-trapped by a bad case of overconfidence last fall, should have a more realistic outlook this time. The Wildcats have refined the wishbone attack into a running threat, but the passing has been negligible. Hopes for improving the latter liability rest in the added maturity of fine sophomore quarterback Pat O'Brien.

The Ivy League always seems to be the most unpredictable conference in the country. Each year at least one team comes from nowhere to throw the championship race into disarray. This season, the league is more balanced than ever, with recent pushovers Columbia and Cornell showing new muscle.

Brown is the obvious choice for the championship as the season begins, largely because of much added moxie in the offensive unit. The opening game with Yale could change the season's prospects for both schools.

Yale, like Villanova, has a starting quarterback named Pat O'Brien. If coach Carm Cozza can rebuild the offensive line to give O'Brien and a group of young runners some decent blocking, Yale will once more be in the thick of the title race.

Pennsylvania, last year's surprise team, will again feature an effective wishbone ground game. Two promising sophomores, linebacker Brian Lytwynec and middle guard Dave Papenfuss, will help shore up a graduation-depleted defense.

The Harvard team will also feature a strong offense, but with good quarterbacking and receiving, the Crimsons will travel mostly through the air.

New Princeton coach Frank Navarro faces the unenviable task of teaching the veer offense to a group of inexperienced backs in pre-season drills. A solid, experienced defensive unit will have to hold on until the attack unit gets the kinks ironed out.

Coach Bob Blackman's efforts to rebuild Cornell gridiron fortunes will show much progress this year, thanks largely to squad maturity and a good crop of sophomores. The main problem will again be a weak offensive line.

Only five starters return from last year's fine Dartmouth team, so the Green will be just that. The few veterans and incoming sophomores will have to adjust to a new system, which coach Joe Yukica promises will be simple and easy to learn. It better be.

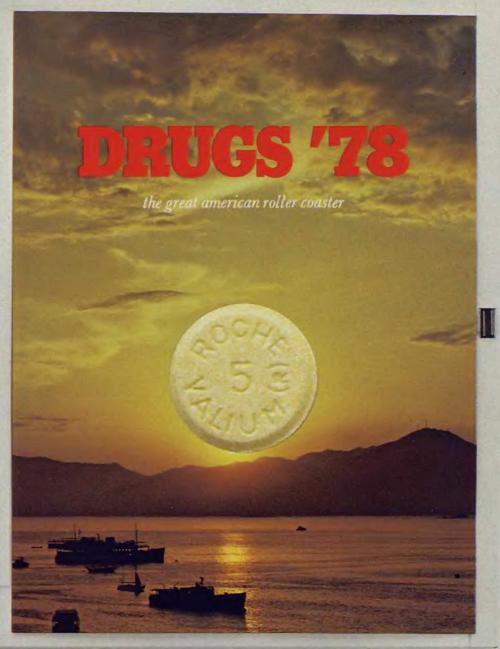
Columbia, at last, is beginning to emerge from years of gridiron indigence. The Lions' principal problem, lack of size in both lines, will be solved by a beefy crop of sophomores, including 270-pound offensive tackle Joe Wagner. Most of all, the Lions need to win a couple of big games in order to overcome the psychic liability of years of losing.

Nothing has changed in the Big Ten it will again be a contest between Michigan and Ohio State for the league championship, with the eight other teams fighting for respectability. Michigan, with more depth, has a slightly better chance to survive in the November 25 confrontation with Ohio State.

Quarterback Rick Leach will once more be the key man in the Michigan offense. He has already broken most of the school running and passing records, but his main value is his skill in running the complicated triple-option offense. He'll share scoring honors with Harlan Huckleby, one of the nation's premier runners, and stellar wingback Ralph Clayton. Look for the Wolverines to change form and throw a lot of passes this fall, and for linebacker Ron Simpkins to become one of the country's best.

Buckeye watchers will be fascinated by the competition for the Oliio State quarterback job between veteran Rod Gerald,

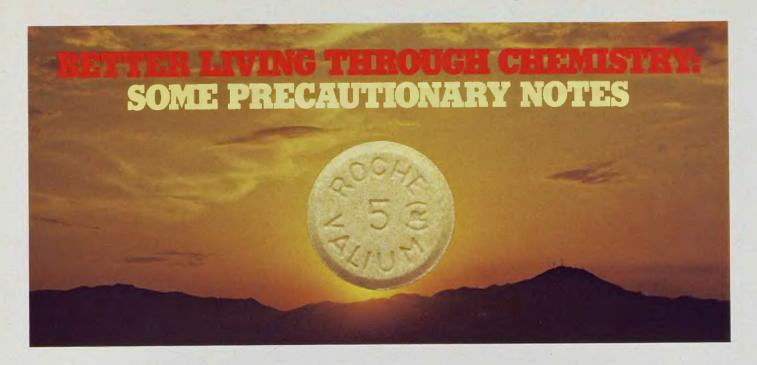
(continued on page 174)



Last fall, Peter Bourne, Special Assistant to the President for Health Services, announced the creation of a White House Office of Drug Abuse Policy. The new Administration, he said, wanted "to create an atmosphere in which drugs can be used objectively and utilized effectively... on a purely scientific basis not colored by past history." It was high time. Eleven states have already decriminalized marijuana, perhaps shamed into reason by the excesses of past Government propaganda on the evils of the weed. Congress has been seriously considering decriminalization legislation and various subcommittees are looking for new villains—the Dr. Feelgoods with their arsenal of uppers and downers and the drug companies with their high-pressure, high-profit pushers. PLAYBOY recognizes that drug abuse is a problem—but it is a problem cured by education, not regulation. We have prepared a drug taker's self-defense kit (including a chart on the effects and dangers of the most commonly abused chemicals). Reporter James McKinley investigates the big-business side of "legal" drugs, while Arthur Stickgold analyzes the street-drug scene. Ingest at will.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VON





quested books in the New York Public Library. Number one is a large volume called *Physicians'* Desk Reference and it's a guide to 2500 drugs. The demand for P.D.R. is so great that each person is allowed only 45 minutes with it.

The second most requested volume at the New York Public Library is the Medical Directory of New York State, a listing of the state's certified M.D.s. The sequence makes sense to us. After reading up on a given prescription drug—its known effects and side effects—your first reaction logically might be to see if the asshole who prescribed that poison for you really went to medical school. Chances are you can find out more about a given drug in 45 minutes with P.D.R. than your doctor did in 12 years of training.

Now for the bad news. The Physicians' Desk Reference is hardly the final word on the drugs you take. It is financed by the drug makers themselves and does not contain all the information that might be available. Some studies whose conclusions might not confirm the drug companies' claims—or might be embarrassingly off the mark altogether—are often omitted. In preparing the drug chart on the opposite page, we consulted various drug authorities and relied heavily on two valuable, unbiased reference works: The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics, by Goodman and Gillman, and The American Formulary Service (from the American Society of Hospital Pharmacists). If you were to keep these volumes in the medicine cabinet, you might never again take a legal drug unless your life depended on it.

Time and again in the preparation of this chart, we came across the phrase "Actual operating mechanism unknown." (Neither the doctors nor the drug companies know where it happens nor why it happens, just that for some people, something happens. Case in point: When Noludar and Doriden were introduced, they were hailed as nonbarbiturate sedatives and, therefore, free of some of the qualities that made barbiturates so undesirable. Physicians overprescribed the new drugs, only to find after a year that their side effects were virtually identical to those of the barbiturates.) The most frightening area of ignorance is in the area of drug interaction. The safest message is, Don't take drugs. The next safest message is, Don't take more than one kind at a time. All of the drugs shown at the top of the chart—the narcotics, barbiturates, tranquilizers, even alcohol-are centralnervous-system depressants. They take you down. Barbiturates,

originally developed to relieve anxiety, have been described as solid alcohol; alcohol, as liquid barbiturates. When you mix them, the effect is additive in an unpredictable and often lethal way. The terminal effect is deep oversedation, lowered respiration and death. The problem is that your judgment is affected by downers. For that simple reason, you should never mix any of these drugs with automobiles.

A second note of caution: All of the drugs shown here are potentially habit-forming. They create desirable states (just read the short-term-effects column). It seems to be a natural tendency among Americans to want to direct their own lives simply by reaching for a bottle of pills. They take uppers in the morning, tranquilizers at noon and barbiturates at night. The problem with such a pattern is that the physical toll builds up until conditions develop that are out of your control.

Some of the stimulants are particularly dangerous, or perhaps we should say fascinating. They are seductive, and that can lead to psychological dependence (that's medical jargon meaning you like something). When you give white mice unlimited access to amphetamines or coke, they take it nonstop for two weeks, go into fits of self-mutilation, then die.

Uninformed self-control is dangerous. Most people think if a little works, then a lot must work a lot better. Wrong. The more you take of anything and the longer you take it, the greater the chance of physical damage.

We omitted one effect of long-term drug use that we thought was obvious. A large number of these drugs are illegal. Extended recreational use of any of them can land you in jail.

We believe that America should reconsider the way it regulates drug use. The drugs most strictly controlled by law have relatively benign effects in other circumstances. Robert L. DuPont, director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, says, "For most Americans, it comes as a surprise to realize that much traditional drug use around the world has been, and continues to be, work-related, rather than recreational. Contrary to expectations based on modern pharmacology, this is true of such things as Cannabis, opium, tobacco, and it is even more characteristic of the coca leaves. In fact, the most compelling analogy to an Andean chewing coca is an American drinking coffee as a work adjunct. In most cultures over most of history, use of such substances as coca, Cannabis and opium has existed in a cultural context that tended to moderate and restrict use." We would like to see such a cultural context created in America.

THE HIT LIST

Funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse, DAWN (Drug Abuse Warning Network) collects information on drug-related deaths and emergency-room treatments in 24 cities. These estimates of the top 26 abused drugs are based on data collected between May 1976 and April 1977.

DRUG NAME	ESTIMATED EMERGENCY- RM. VISITS	ESTIMATED DRUG- RELATED DEATHS
Heroin/Morphine	17,000	1,680
Methadone	4,500	310
Codeine	2,700	420
Marijuana	5,700	10
Phencyclidine	4,100	80
Alcohol in combination	47,700	2,530
Secobarbital (Seconal)	7,400	780
Pentobarbital (Nembutal)	2,900	640
Seco/Amobarbital (Tuinal)	7,300	530
Amobarbital (Amytal)	400	290
Phenobarbital (Luminal)	7,700	460
Diazepam (Valium)	54,400	880
Chlordiazepoxide (Librium)	9,300	170
Meprobamate (Equanil, Miltown) 3,200	200
Thioridazine (Mellaril)	5,300	150
Doxepin (Adapin, Sinequan)	3,300	200
Chlorpromazine (Thorazine)	6,100	140
Flurazepam (Dalmane)	11,500	130
Methaqualone (Quaalude)	5,500	140
Ethchlorvynol (Placidyl)	5,000	310
Glutethimide (Doriden)	2,000	230
d-Propoxyphene (Darvon)	10,800	1,090
Aspirin	17,600	390
Acetaminophen (Tylenol, Datril)		120
Diphenylhydantoin (Dilantin)	5,300	110
Amitriptyline (Elavil)	7,500	680

WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL IT DOPE? Beats us. One side claims that smoking dope can affect one's ability to perform complicated tasks. The other side argues that Jamaican field hands regularly smoke enough ganja to sedate all of Orange County and still manage to function as well as the next guy, unless the next guy is the head of I.T.T. Oh, well. Consider the following: A few years ago, some dude tried to smuggle hashish into the U.S.-concealed inside a hollowed-out bowling ball. He was apprehended in Puerto Rico. Where did he go wrong? For starters: The bowling ball was his only piece of luggage.





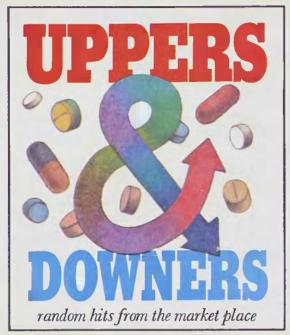
THE SECOND COMING OF KILLER WEED: We told you so. Back in September 1972, when PLAYBOY published its first drug chart, Craig Karpel warned readers that the U.S. Government would spray a herbicide called 2,4-D on poppy fields and marijuana crops in Mexico. The herbicide was part of Agent Orange, the infamous defoliant used to create the DMZ in Vietnam. It was a suspected carcinogen. We were appalled that the Government, under any circumstances, would introduce such a chemical into the environment.

Years later, the shit hit the fan. In the fall of 1975, the narcs switched to Gramoxone (alias paraguat), a chemical desiccant that is incredibly toxic in its concentrated form. The label bears a skull and crossbones and the warning, ONE SWALLOW CAN KILL. When it learned of the switch, the U.S. Agriculture Department expressed concern to the State Department. It was worried that the Mexicans who came into contact with paraquat might harm themselves. State Department officials sat on it. The choice of herbicides was out of their hands, along with the \$40,000,000 they had given to the Mexicans to buy helicopters, planes and spraying equipment. In early 1977, Keith Stroup, head of NORML, advised Peter Bourne, Special Assistant to the President, of the potential perils of paraguat to American dope smokers. He was outraged that the Carter Administration-which ostensibly favored decriminalizationshould condone a Nixon-inspired plan to poison the populace. Bourne was surprisingly laid back. Either he didn't smoke dope or the dope he smoked was untainted Colombian. He became the Marie Antoinette of the new Administration: Let them smoke paraquat. In one toke, "killer weed"-the demented brain child of Harry Anslinger-had become killer weed by the simple addition of weed killer.

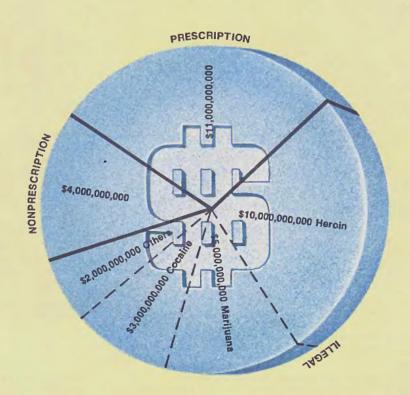
NORML sued. Everyone from Senator Charles Percy to HEW Secretary Joseph Califano got into the act and into the subsequent headlines. Uncle Sam was a relative of Lucrezia Borgia. It was a classic drug scare, only this time the good guys were generating all the propaganda. The panic far exceeded the available scientific fact, as it usually does. Turned out that a lot of the supposed risk of smoking paraquat-tainted dope simply went up in smoke. (Most, if not all, of the chemical is destroyed in burning.) An old EPA test had concluded that a person could breathe .05 parts per million of paraquat for six hours at a time without damaging lungs. (If you Bogart a joint that long, you probably deserve to die.) The wheels of science ground on. A lot of white mice bit the dust after being injected with paraquat, being bathed in paraquat, etc., but, they were all nonsmokers. The end result of this confusion: Peter Bourne waved a white flag and said the Mexicans were being encouraged to switch back to good old 2,4-D, the herbicide PLAYBOY warned you about six years ago. Thanks a lot, Peter-you missed the point.



ONE MAN'S POISON: After telling us that heroin was the Devil's own drug, Uncle Sam finally decided to find out the truth and awarded \$1,900,000 to the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, so that it could administer smack to some 200 terminal cancer patients. The source of the heroin? Confiscated street drugs.



THE HIGH COST OF LIVING HIGH: No matter how you cut it, the cost of drugs is a bitter pill to swallow. In the past year, there has been a ground swell of popular concern that legal drugs cost too much, that the profit margin enjoyed by the major pharmaceutical houses borders on the unethical. Should it cost an arm and a leg to save a life? At least, with illegal drugs, the user thinks he's paying his dealer for taking the risk. It has been argued that if the Government legalized marijuana and cocaine, the cost of the drugs would plummet. Of course, that assumes that the Mafia and other independents are less greedy than their peers in the medical professions. That is subject to debate. The chart below—based on the latest estimates from the FDA and the DEA—shows the relative dollar value of prescription-only drugs, illegal drugs and over-the-counter items. Take it and call in the morning.



Looking at the pill chart, the moral of the story is the greater the Government control, the higher the price of the drug.



THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR PILLS: In the beginning were a bunch of wired white mice. One Saturday, a researcher at Hoffman-LaRoche asked Dr. Leo Sternbach if he knew of a chemical that would cool the little critters. Sternbach suggested a benzodiazepine derivative. The rest is history. One dose and the uncooperative white mice were mellow, laid back and able to cope with the day-to-day rat-race. The benzodiazepine derivative was next tested on lions and wild monkeys-with equal success. Somewhere along the way, Hoffman-LaRoche decided that a chemical that could tame wild monkeys would do wonders for mankind. It was an idea whose time had come. Hoffman-LaRoche patented, then profited from the formulas for Librium and its calming cousin, Valium. What do we mean by profit? Consider:

 Valium is the largest-selling prescription drug in the United States and has been number one every year since 1969, when it knocked off Librium.

 From May 1976 to April 1977, approximately 57,084,000 prescriptions for Valium were written in

the United States.

 Valium and Librium account for half of all tranks sold in this country.

- One share of Hoffman-La-Roche stock is worth around \$40,000, making it the most valuable share of stock in the world, if you can find one to buy. Admittedly, that price is down from the record high of \$73,000 in 1972. But don't panic. Just take a hit of Valium.
- The wholesale cost of a two-milligram tablet of Valium is 6.9 cents. That works out to \$1072.95 per troy ounce. Valium costs six times as much as gold by weight.
- The moral: Fortune magazine describes Hoffman-LaRoche as "the world's largest ethical-drug manufacturer, undisputed world market leader in vitamins and psychopharmaceuticals—and a company that is currently one of the most profitable enterprises on earth."

THE RUBE GOLDBERG MEMORIAL DOPE-SMOKING, COKE-SNORTING AND RELATED-FORMS-OF-ABUSE MACHINE: We don't know if the device pictured below would work, but we do know that it would make money. Some folks may be fortunate enough to be born with a silver coke spoon in their nose. Everybody else has to pay for his accessories—the bongs, atomizers, scales, razor blades, etc. Last year, the drug-paraphernalia industry cleared \$250,000,000—give or take a few million. That's not quite in the league with General Motors, but it's getting there. Consider: Approximately 160,000,000 packages of rolling papers were sold in the United States last year. If you figure an average of 50 papers per package and a modicum of physical coordination on the part of the roller, that adds up to eight billion joints. Put that in your roach clip and smoke it.

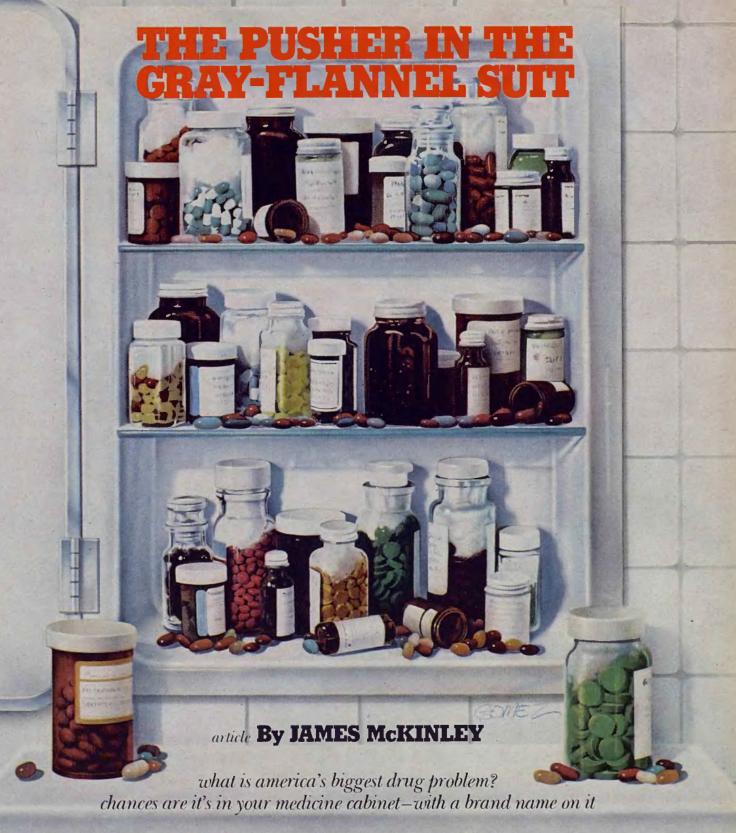




AND NOW FOR THE BATHTUB GIN OF THE SEVENTIES: Do you talk to your house plants? Do your house plants talk back? Chances are that you're one of the veteran heads who've taken to cultivating home-grown hallucinogens in the basement. Name your poison. For \$15, you can get a starter kit for P.S. Cubensis mushrooms from Maya Bells, Inc. (P.O. Box 26166, Lakewood, Colorado 80226). The kits are legal (the spores are inactive and not on the controlled-drugs schedule); the results aren't. A spokesman for Maya Bells explained the success of the kits (sales have doubled in the past six months) as a return to nature. "People were tired of not knowing what they were getting." Wise; a lot of so-called magic mushrooms turned out to be pizza mushrooms with a little PCP sprayed on. Happy trails to you.

HOLLYWOOD SQUARES, OR, WHAT'S MY LINE? Sniff, Either a disproportionate number of famous people indulge in esoteric drugs or narcs spend an inordinate amount of time trying to nail celebrities. Whatever, the list of greats and near greats who have been busted on drug charges in the past 18 months is impressive. From left to right, you see Judy Carne, the sockit-to-me star of the old Laugh-In, who was hit with a possession charge in Los Angeles; Keith Stroup, the crusading head of NORML, was stopped at the Canadian border with a suitcase full of decriminalization literature and a two-gram thai stick. Linda Blair, the child star of The Exorcist, was accused of conspiring to sell or buy cocaine in Florida. Leon Spinks, who could have been a contender but ended up champ, was hassled by a traffic cop and busted for possessing 1/100th of a gram of cocaine. Estimated street value: \$5,000,000. For those of you who have never seen 1/100th of a gram of cocaine, feel free to peruse the sample at left. MacKenzie Phillips, the 18-year-old daughter of John Phillips and co-star of One Day at a Time, was found semiconscious in a Hollywood street last November. Fame and fortune have their drawbacks.





OU SMILE AS YOUR DOCTOR Scribbles on his pad. You utter thanks as he extends the prescription. You grasp it, feeling some relief already from whatever ill your flesh is heir to—perhaps anxiety or depression, insomnia or pain.

You're glad, but should you be? What you're holding is more than a piece of paper. It's your membership card in America's largest drug culture, the pillzapoppin' world of prescription drugs. You have one of the one and a half billion prescriptions (seven per every living American) that will be written this year for one or more of the 26,000 licit drugs. It will cost about \$5.98 to get it filled, your part of the 11 billion dollars the FDA estimates is spent on legal drugs each year. Each pill will be only one of the approximately 40 billion that will be dispensed this year, or 1800 per capita. And when you shake it out, when relief is just a swallow away, there

are some things you should know.

You should know that if you follow directions, the pill will probably do what it's supposed to-numb you or regulate something or take you up or down or round and round-but that there may be nasty side effects, things your doctor may not have told you because he didn't know or wasn't told by the people who made your pill. You're now licensed to get addicted, twisted, blasted, ruined by accident or on purpose, but altogether legally. Empowered to join Betty Ford, Jerry Lee Lewis and unsung millions of your fellow citizens in becoming dependent on the pills; so much so that in extreme cases, you may find yourself doctor shopping for more prescriptions, or patronizing shady pharmacies, or going onto the street to find pills to feed your habit. You may become one of the 200,000-plus overdosed emergency-room patients, or, if you really abuse your pills (especially taking them with some other drug, such as alcohol), you can wind up dead. Some 10,000 to 12,000 prescription-drug victims will this year (that's exclusive of other drug-related deaths, such as those who will die from allergic reactions to antibiotics).

Say, for example, that you're given something common, one of 72,424,000 prescriptions for Librium and Valium (both are products of Hoffman-LaRoche, the IBM of pills; 57,084,000 Valium prescriptions were written last year, more than for any other drug. In fact, Valium is in a class all its own, since nearly one and one half times as many prescriptions were written for it as for the number-two prescribed drug in the country, Darvon, a painkiller whose therapeutic use has been questioned, and that carries the danger of dependence and results in numerous fatalities each year). You'll get about 50 tablets in an ordinary Valium prescription. Take too many with another drug and you'll be one of the 63,700 clients of the emergency room. That's three times more Valium O.D.s than there are heroin overdoses in a year. You could be one of the 880 Valium-related deaths. That's more than 50 percent of the heroin total and about twice those attributed to a downer such as phenobarbital.

Or suppose you're given any of the top 24 abused prescription drugs. Then you might join the 280,600 emergencyroom visitors or the 10,950 people who died as a result of those drugs. The warning about alcohol cannot be emphasized too strongly: According to law-enforcement officials and chemists, a ten-milligram Valium (good for at least eight hours in a normal adult male) taken with one beer equals 100 milligrams of Val-166 ium. You're entering a big, potentially dangerous drug culture, one that can cure you but may control or even kill you. And whose fault is that?

Actually, the patient is the end (too often literally) of a line tracking through pharmacist and physician to the corporate leviathans of the drug industry. The freight can be heavy on that receiving end and the victims have no profilethey run the gamut from street users to middle-class housewives to the doctors themselves. For example, Marilyn was a pretty 17-year-old high school student in a lower-middle-class urban neighborhood when, like millions of other teenagers, she went looking for pills on which to get high. The local mark was an osteopathic practitioner, fully qualified under the law to prescribe drugs. Marilyn was slender, obviously in fine health, but the osteopath gave her a prescription for amphetamines, anyway. (In this case, for Preludin, an often-abused amphetamine analog.) Marilyn visited her local pharmacist, who was well aware that the osteopath had written many prescriptions for teenagers. She paid him \$30 for 25 pills (manufacturing cost, about three dollars; pharmacist's cost, about eight dollars). Soon after she started taking the pills, she was boiling them down and taking the speed intravenously. Today, Marilyn can look back on ten years of addiction to speed. Littering those years are prostitution, robbery, futile drug rehabilitation attempts, jail terms andultimately-the murder of her pimp lover. Marilyn is once again out of jail. She is 27 and looks 60. She still takes Preludin, Ritalin, Desbutal, Desoxynwhatever she can wangle from physicians (osteopaths in Marilyn's city are easier marks than M.D.s). As long as their prescription power is perverted, Marilyn will have lots of company.

Even the well-meaning doctors can, out of ignorance, ruin or kill people, often with drugs no one would take even to get high. Esther Sudell, a chronic sufferer of sinus problems, decided she needed medical attention for headache pain and a stuffed-up nose after her usual acetaminophen dosage did not provide relief. So she went to the nearest hospital. The intern gave her cephalosporin, a compound related to penicillin. What he didn't know was that Mrs. Sudell had a long list of allergic reactions to a variety of things, including penicillin. She was also diabetic. Soon after taking the cephalosporin, she started having trouble breathing. Her husband checked back with the hospital and was told he had nothing to worry about. Gradually, breathing became more and more difficult for Mrs. Sudell, and her husband called the family doctor. He,

too, told them not to worry. An hour later, Mrs. Sudell stopped breathing altogether. Another hour later, she was back at the hospital, D.O.A.

Physicians themselves are often victims of their own drugs. Addiction, particularly to narcotics, is frequent enough among doctors to be a major concern of the A.M.A. and the Federal Government. But the doctors' carelessness with drugs can also be lethal. A case sharpens the point. Dr. Parker (a pseudonym) had what he diagnosed as a bacterial respiratory infection. It hampered his work, so he visited a fellow M.D. for an antibiotic injection. Dr. Parker had suffered very mild reactions to some antibiotics, but had thought nothing about them. His friend did not inquire about allergies before injecting him with penicillin. Thirty seconds later, Dr. Parker was unconscious on the floor, traumatized by a severe anaphylactic reaction. His life was saved by his friend's giving him an immediate injection of Adrenalin and prompt care at a nearby hospital. Dr. Parker was lucky-such services are not always available-but he still wishes his friend had been more careful.

The most frequent problem drug user is typified by a man we'll call Gerry Luther, aged 35, married, with three children, an insurance agent, active in the Jaycees and the high school boosters club, a jogger.

His work depressed him. It also wound him up tight. Gerry got prescriptions first for Valium. For months, it helped get him through his workday. Then he found that mixing it with vodka or an occasional joint gave him "very good feelings." He started doing lots of it. But his work, his middle-class life still depressed him. From another doctor, he got a prescription for Elavil, an antidepressant. Mixing and matching his various potions, Gerry discovered he could get positively euphoric-and stay that way with constant and unchecked prescription refills. Work, family became interludes for him, but he successfully concealed his drug habit until it became too much even for him to handle.

Luther went to yet another doctor and told him his drug history. The doctor put Luther in an outpatient drug-abuse program. Fortunately, it worked and Luther is now free of drug dependence. He says, "I sure wasn't the only one. I met dozens of people who were flying high every day just to get through it. There's a whole world of them out there.'

And if you spend any time asking doctors about cases like these, they will make your hair stand up detailing all of the bizarre and needless ways in which the disease can turn out to be mild compared with the treatment.

So it is certain that each station on (continued on page 178)



frighten the populace into the proper attitude toward recreational drugs. Drug abuse was a sin like self-abuse. It would cause hair to grow on your palms and, yes, it could even make you blind. Remember the one about the four trippers who burned out the retinas of their eyes staring into the sun? The story, when it broke, made page one. The truth—that a director of a state program for the blind in Pennsylvania had made up the incident for fear of what might happen—probably didn't even make the local paper.

Of course, if you didn't believe those manufactured horror stories, then there were those who tried to convince you that your pleasure potions were actually poison. The whore with the heart of gold had venereal disease. Acid was cut with strychnine. Your grass might be laced with heroin and you could become an addict overnight. Don't touch that white stuff, you might be snorting Drano. Ironically, at the same time such stories were circulating, the DEA was hassling the first attempts by independent labs such as Pharm Chem to analyze samples of street drugs and publish newsletters on just what shit was going down in the streets.

Fortunately, clear heads have prevailed. The street labs are allowed to exist and their findings are published in underground newspapers. The drug consumers at last can get the straight dope about the chemicals they are putting into their bodies. In addition, drug crisis centers have begun to flourish. Street people can turn to their peers for help in chemical emergencies. They have learned how to treat themselves and pass that wisdom along. The experience has taught us several lessons. One of them is that some people shouldn't take drugs. The man who uses a gun to kill is a murderer; the gun is blameless. A hit-and-run driver is guilty; the car is innocent. That attitude should apply to recreational drugs, yet the new prohibitionists hold that when a violent person takes a drug and commits a crime, it is the drug that is to blame. Drugs are painted as villains. The world of street drugs is consequently filled with myths, misinformation, rip-offs and occasionally genuine danger. The message is still: Let the buyer beware, whether he is buying drugs or the legends surrounding them.

The three questions any person embarking on a recreational-drug trip should ask are: What is the purity of the drug? What is the dose? And what is the reality of the reputation that precedes the drug?

MARIJUANA

We know more about marijuana than we do about any other illegal drug, yet the myths abound. In the past few years, the marijuana opponents have pushed studies suggesting that marijuana leads to hard drugs, that marijuana causes birth defects, that marijuana impairs the body's immunity system, that marijuana lowers the body's testosterone level (i.e., sex drive), that marijuana wrecks your life by destroying your motivation. Each of these claims has been contradicted by less-publicized follow-up studies, so the new prohibitionists have had to call up new studies with which to treat Congressmen fearing an attack of rationality. In his forward to Marihuana and Health, the Sixth Annual Report to the U.S. Congress, Robert L. Dupont came up with a new risk: "Is marijuana use safe? We can offer a simplistic, but unequivocal, 'No.' There is good evidence that being 'high'-intoxicated by marijuana-impairs responses ranging from driving to intellectual and interpersonal functioning. . . . We now know that marijuana

intoxication poses a significant threat to highway safety in much the same way that alcohol does."

The evidence? In a study of drivers involved in fatal accidents in the Boston area, doctors found a higher number of marijuana smokers than statistical probability had led them to expect. In a California study, police found that 22 percent of the drivers pulled over for "impaired driving" had marijuana in their blood.

The study is not exactly conclusive. The term impaired driving was not defined. For some law-enforcement officials, long hair is still a sign of impaired driving, criminal intent, etc. (There are contradictory studies that show driving after smoking a low dose of marijuana is far less dangerous than driving after drinking.) Whatever the evidence, it does not justify the current legal penalties for marijuana use. Obviously, some people shouldn't drive after using marijuana. They should not be locked up. Let them stay at home, blissed out inside their headphones.

Dupont was willing to admit that regular weed was probably harmless; in its place, he created a new specter of superweed: "To date, most American marijuana users smoke relatively low-potency material and only occasionally. The apparently benign picture presented by that type of use—aside from possible hazards related to functioning while intoxicated, few other specific health hazards have been definitively identifiedmay change if more frequent use of stronger materials becomes common, If laboratory finding of possible effects of the body's immune response, endocrinological functioning and cell metabolism prove to have serious clinical implication, marijuana's persistence in the body may make even episodic use risky."

Superweed? Well, the fact is that Americans have been smoking superweed for several years now. In the past decade, the varieties and potencies of Cannabis products have become vastly more complicated. Ten years ago, you could buy simple marijuana—with between one half and two percent active ingredient. Hashish, which was harder to obtain, more costly and a son of a bitch to keep burning, contained as much as eight percent THC (tetrahydrocannabinol).

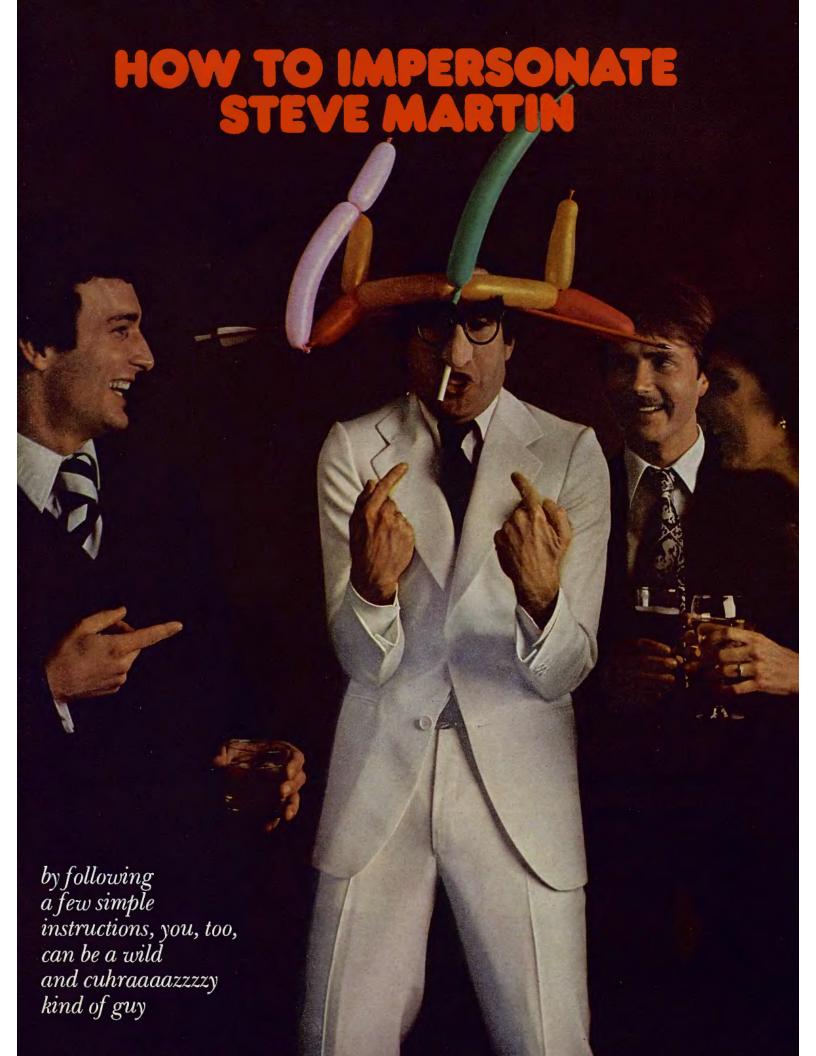
Today, you can still find some of the old commercial-grade marijuana at prices from \$10 to \$20 an ounce. The smoke of choice comes from Colombia, costs from \$40 to \$70 an ounce and contains from four to seven percent THC. That potency level is matched by some high-quality, industrial-strength Mexican grass (such as Oaxacan). Of course, since the paraquat scare, no dealer will sell you "Mexican" grass. It's all Colombian.

But the story does not stop there: Scientific farming and new trade routes (continued on page 220)

PERCEIVED DANGERS AND ACTUAL USE OF LEGAL AND ILLEGAL DRUGS

On March 2, 1978, Louis Harris and Associates released the findings of a nation-wide poll on drug use. They found that most Americans perceive prescription drugs such as pep pills, tranquilizers and painkillers as more dangerous than marijuana. Saccharine, which has been linked to cancer, is not considered as being particularly dangerous. Harris then projected the number of users based on 145,000,000 adults 18 years and older in the U.S. He found that perceived danger had a limiting effect on the number of users but that temptation far exceeds education. People know what they like, and take it, regardless of danger.

DRUGS	% FEEL	PROJECTED
	DANGEROUS	NUMBER
	TO USE	OF USERS
Heroin	91	2,900,000
Pep pills	75	11,500,000
Cocaine	70	11,500,000
Diet pills	67	22,000,000
Sleeping pills	55	27,500,000
Birth-control pills	55	29,500,000
Tranquilizers	52	51,000,000
Painkillers	44	52,000,000
Marijuana	37	33,500,000
Saccharine	22	65,000,000



LET'S FACE IT, fellas—the old shticks just aren't good enough anymore. Those trusty old one-liners are putting them to sleep. Girls who used to find you witty are now finding you a muzzle. The only way you're going to be the life of the party nowadays is to imitate America's favorite comic—Steve Martin. By simply dressing up like Steve and memorizing the familiar Martin shtick we've provided on these pages, you can be a laugh riot!

BEFORE



Before learning the Steve Martin Method, this guy (above) was boredom on wheels, the kind of clown who could clear out a room in two seconds flat. You know the type—always moking with the some dumb jokes. With this guy oround, you don't need a sedative, just earplugs. Next to him, cardiac arrest is hilorious. But watch what happens as we miroculously transform him into a Steve Mortin impersonator.

HOW TO DRESS LIKE STEVE MARTIN



Dressing up like Steve is essential—you can fake the rest. Notice the sidesplitting illusion created by the arrow! No, it's not real!



The contrast between the stylish white three-piece suit and the rest of the getup mokes for outomatic hilority! Groucho glosses optional.

THE "EXCUUUUUUUU-UUUSE ME" LOOK.

Shtick: "I'm so mod ot my mother. She's 102 years old and she called me up lost week . . . said she wanted to borrow ten dollars for some food. I told her, 'Hey, I work for a living.' So I lent her the moneyhad my secretory take it down-ond yesterdoy she colls me up and says she can't pay me bock for a while. . . . I soid, 'What is this bullshit?' . . . So I worked it out with her . . . I'm gonno hove her corry my bar bells up to the attic."

THE PROFESSIONAL SHOW-BUSINESS LOOK.

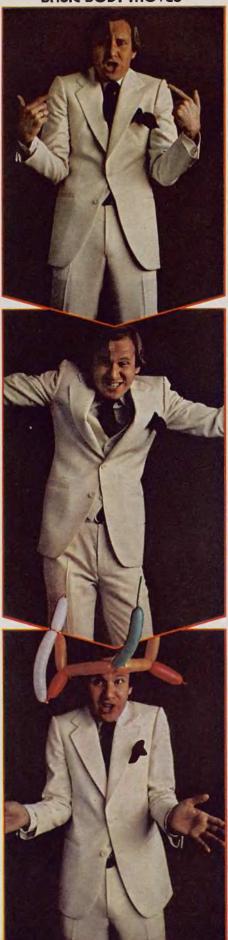
Shtick: "My doctor told me to toke up smoking. He soid I wasn't getting enough tar. The fun port of smoking is choosing a brond. 'Couse there ore so many different kinds. You know, Virginio Slims is a woman's cigorette, right? Whot do they have-little breasts on them or something? Smoking bothers me in a restourant. If someone soys, 'Mind if I smoke?' I say, 'Mind if I fort? It's one of my habits.' They've even got a special section for me on airplanes now."

THE LET'S-GET-SMALL

LOOK. Shtick: "I don't use drugs anymore... Actually, I do still use one drug. . . Maybe you've heard of it. It mokes you smoll. . . . I know I shouldn't get small when I'm driving, but I was drivin' around the other doy and a cop pulls me over . . . soys, 'Hey, are you smoll?' I say, 'No, I'm tall.' He soys, 'I'm gonno have to measure you.' They give you a little test with o bolloon. If you con get inside it, they know you're smoll . . . ond they can't put you in a regulor cell, either, 'couse you can walk right out."



BASIC BODY MOVES



THE WILD AND CUHRAAAZY GUY

LOOK. Shtick: "Yes, I'm a wild and cuhraaazy guy . . . the kind of guy who might like to do annnathing . . . at annna time . . . to drink champagne at three A.M., or maybe . . . at four A.M. . . . eat a live chipmunk . . . or maybe even . . . wear two socks on one foot! . . . I love money. I bought some pretty good stuff-I got me a \$30 pair of socks, a fur sink, an electric dog polisher.... And, of course, I bought some dumb stuff, too."

THE "I'M GETTING HAPPY FEET" LOOK.

Shtick: "I gave my cat a bath the other day. And I'd always heard that you weren't supposed to give cats baths. But my cat came home and he was really dirty, and I decided to give him a bath, and it was great.... If you have a cat, don't worry about it, they love it. . . . He sat there and he enjoyed it, it was fun for me. . . . The fur would stick to my tongue, but other than that...."

THE "HEY, WE'RE HAVIN' SOME FUN, HUH?" LOOK.

Shtick: "I'm feeling kinda depressed. I guess I'm thinking about my old girlfriend . . . guess I kinda miss her. . . . She's not living anymore . . . and I guess I blame myself far her death. We were at a party one night. We weren't getting along. She began to drink . . . she asked me to drive her home and I refused. We argued a little bit further and she asked me once again, 'Would you please drive me home?' I didn't want to ... so I shot her."

REWARDS



If you've followed all of our instructions, this is the kind of reaction you ought to be getting. Hey, we're havin' some fun now, huh?



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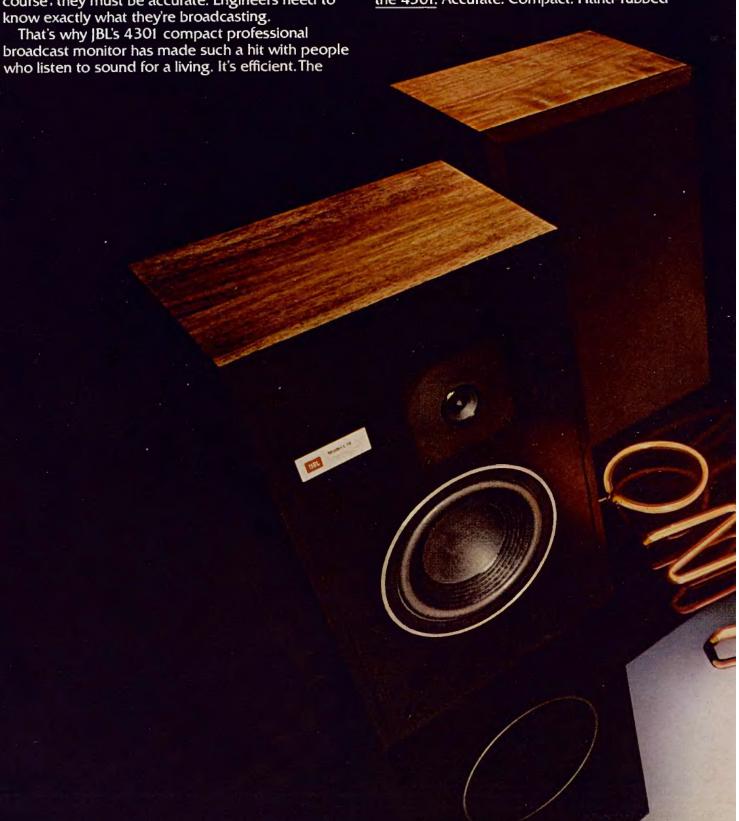
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GET IT ALL.



Stand by You're on KRTH-FM, Los Angeles – one of the top music stations in the country. And the sound is JBL.



PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 156)

"If any of the other Big Ten teams challenges the two biggies, it will likely be Purdue."

an elusive scrambler, and fabulous freshman Art Schlichter, a skilled passer. Coach Woody Hayes, cagey as ever, may startle opponents this year with frequent passes. The main problem in Columbus will be the stability of the Buckeye

some option attack plans up his sleeve.

Michigan State will also do most of its traveling via air. Quarterback Eddie Smith already holds most of the school passing records and is blessed with fine receivers, best of whom is Kirk Gibson. Freshman runner Derek Hughes will give a welcome boost to the ground game. The defensive line, unfortunately, was gutted by graduation, and the schedule (with Syracuse, Southern California and Notre Dame as nonconference opponents) is lethal. The Spartans, therefore, will have a tough time matching last year's seven wins.

Coach Lee Corso's rebuilding job is moving apace at Indiana. There are more top-quality players in camp than in any year since the Rose Bowl trip. Scott Arnett is a vastly underrated quarterback, and his passing will be aided by the arrival of transfer receiver Mike Friede. Best news is the return of flashy runner Mike Harkrader, who was out with injuries all last season. He and fullback Tony D'Orazio will again make Indiana one of the league's best rushing teams. Quality defensive players are scarce, however. If Corso can find a few more studs to reinforce both lines, the Hoosiers could pull off some upsets.

New Wisconsin coach Dave McClain has installed an I-option attack and has a wealth of quarterback talent, Passers Charles Green and Jeff Buss both looked good in spring drills (Green is the likely starter) and two incoming freshmen, John Josten and Scott Moeschl, were prep All-Americas. Ditto freshman tailback Dave Mohapp, who will help veteran Ira Matthews give the Badgers a sizzling ground game. Eighteen of last year's top 22 defenders return, led by end Dave Ahrens, but a thin offensive

line could cause problems.

A superb defensive crew was largely responsible for Minnesota's winning '77 record, but many of the key players have departed. Also missing is the surprise factor, so it won't be as easy to waylay supposedly better-but unsuspectingteams such as Michigan and UCLA. The ground game, featuring fullback Kent Kitzmann and supersoph runner Marion Barber, will again be the Gophers' main weapon. The frosh crop is heavily populated with beefy linemen and many of them will be pressed into immediate action. Coach Cal Stoll must also find some dependable linebackers and establish a consistent passing game.

The Iowa team continues to improve.

posing runners. At Illinois, coach Gary Moeller must also find a quarterback. The prime candidate is soph Rich Weiss. Wayne Strader and Charlie Weber give the fullback position its best power since the days of Jim Grabowski. Moeller has had much success in recruiting the past two years, so the squad will be talented but young. The schedule, as always, is rugged.

With a little luck, it could have a winning season. The main task in fall drills will be to find a starting quarterback from among three sophomore candidates,

best of whom appears to be Bob Com-

mings, Jr., the coach's son. The Hawkeyes must also mend the running game and the pass defense, both of which

were among the league's worst last sea-

son. The ground defense, built around

linebacker Tom Rusk, will terrorize op-

Northwestern starts over-at the bottom-with a new coach (Rick Venturi), a new offense (pro set à la Stanford), a new quarterback (Kevin Strasser), a new offensive line and the same old dismal prospects. Venturi fortunately gathered an excellent crop of recruits-especially much-needed linemen-so look for the Purple to be very green this fall.

Miami and Ball State, beginning the season as cofavorites for the Mid-American Conference championship, meet in the season opener September ninth. It should be a barn-burner. New Miami coach Tom Reed inherits a team with 13 returning starters. The offense, led by quarterback Larry Fortner, will be spectacular.

Another new coach, Ball State's Dwight Wallace, also found some nuggets awaiting him. Passer Dave Wilson and receiver Rick Morrison will be one of the country's top aerial combos.

Most of Central Michigan's good offensive crew went the diploma route, so much of this year's scoring will be done by Yugoslavian place kicker Rade Savich.

Western Michigan, expecting to win the conference title last year, was wiped out by a plague of injuries. With most of the casualties returned to health, Western should double its victory output. Jerome Persell may be the best runner in the Midwest, and wingback Craig Frazier is a touchdown threat every time he touches the ball.

With 17 starters returning and a wealth of young talent in camp, Northern Illinois should be the most improved team in the league. Supersoph runner Allen Ross (built like a fire hydrant, he's called R2-D2 by his teammates) will make every game exciting.

Bowling Green, with a dearth of talent in the upper classes, will be an extremely young team but could come on strong in late season. New Kent State coach Ron

(continued on page 242)

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	10-1	Wisconsin	6-5
Ohio State	10-1	Minnesota	5-6
Purdue	7-4	lowa	5-6
Michigan State	6-5	Illinois	3-8
Indiana	6-5	Northwestern	1-10

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

9-2	Bowling Green	5-6
9-2		5-6
	Eastern	
8-3	Michigan	4-7
	Toledo	3-8
8-3	Ohio University	2-9
8-3		
	9_2 8_3 8_3	9–2 Kent State Eastern 8–3 Michigan Toledo 8–3 Ohio University

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	8-3	Louisville	7-4
Cincinnati	7-4		

TOP PLAYERS: Dufek, Leach, R. Davis, Simpkins (Michigan); Cousineau, Guess, Gerald, Springs (Ohio State); Herrmann, LeFeber (Purdue); Gibson, Graves (Michigan State); Abrams, Peacock (Indiana); Ahrens, Mat-thews (Wisconsin); Kitzmann, Sytsma (Min-nesota); Rusk (Iowa); Sullivan (Illinois); Fortner, Sullivan (Miami); Morrison, Kremer (Rall State), Sauch (Cental Michigan) (Ball State); Savich (Central Michigan); Persell (Western Michigan); Lewandoski, Petzke (Northern Illinois); Groth (Bowling Green); Lazor (Kent State); Wilkinson (Eastern Michigan); Groves (Ohio University); D. Huffman, Golin Browner, Felex Ferguson D. Huffman, Golic, Browner, Foley, Ferguson (Notre Dame); Kurnick, Berry (Cincinnati); Wilson, Poole (Louisville).

defense, from which most of last year's standouts graduated. Stalwart Cousineau will be one of the best-and busiest-linebackers in the land.

If any of the other Big Ten teams challenges the two biggies, it will likely be Purdue. The Boilermakers have a future superstar quarterback, Mark Herrmann, and three sterling receivers, tight end Dave Young and wide receivers Raymond Smith and transfer Mike Harris. As with the other conference alsorans, depth is the main problem at Purdue. If all the first-stringers stay reasonably healthy, look for the Boilers to fill Big Ten stadiums with forward passes and give Woody Hayes and Bo Schembechler a few sleepless nights. Also look for a revival of the Purdue running game-coach Jim Young recruited several hot-shot runners last winter and has





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.

once, Long ago, there lived a caliph named Mohammed Rizkhala, a just ruler who was respected and loved by his subjects. And he loved some of them in return with especial vigor—certain wives and concubines of his courtiers. He was a discreet man, though, and no one ever lost honor from an exposure of these secret affairs.

Still, given the fact the women's tongues are hinged (and perhaps even those of a few men), rumors did get about and grew even more spectacular in their passage. And by the time the caliph had become sedate, gray-bearded and the father of many children, the rumors had grown into a legend.

There was a certain palace guardsman named Samir Radhid who was blessed with much charm, much vitality in lovemaking and much simpleness of mind. It irked him to have a beautiful woman, just after a warm bout, turn her face aside and sigh, "Ah, but the caliph at his best. . . " Soon the notion of creating his own, transcendent legend began to possess him. He would outdo the caliph, he decided. And so he set about this with no regard to secrecy. He was frequently seen climbing over garden walls or issuing from the doors of houses where he had no business.

Five days later, he found himself dragged before the caliph in chains, surrounded by a crowd of angry husbands and fathers who were shouting demands for his castration.

The aged caliph could not suppress a smile. How can the wise man tell the difference from a guardsman and his stallion when both are in rut? "Soldier," he asked, "why do you injure these good men by spreading the legs of their wives and daughters while they are away from home? The news has humiliated them all."

Samir begged for leniency. He swore that evil gossips in the bazaar had exaggerated really very minor adventures. Finally, growing bold, he confessed that he had been inspired by the legend of a certain great ruler—even though the imitation had been inept. He promised to compensate the citizens with all the wealth he possessed and to borrow even more from his family.

The caliph smiled again at the thinly veiled reference to his own reputation as a lover—and then sighed. He began to feel some sympathy for this stupid but brave young man.

"Now, hear my decision," said the caliph. "We shall put an end to this nonsense of comparing any man's accomplishments with mine. Today my councilors will choose secretly the most clever and experienced courtesan in the town.

Tonight she will be brought to a door marked with a square and let into a dark room. One of us—either you or I—will receive her. Then she will be taken to a door marked by the sign of a triangle and the other one of us will be inside waiting. Tomorrow she will tell us all whether square or triangle was the more satisfying lover—and then identities will be revealed. If I lose, you shall go free. If you lose—well, I suppose there are worse things than being a eunuch, though I can't think of one at the moment."

All was done as the caliph had ordered and when the courtesan was brought before the assemblage the next day, he told her to give her judgment.

She looked at Samir with dark and beautiful eyes. "The square was like a lion," she said, "like the sword of the Prophet! It impaled me with a flame that seemed to burn all night. It thrust beyond my belly into my very soul."

Samir's back straightened and he threw a proud glance at the sultan, who seemed to droop in his chair with every word.

"But," the woman continued, "I have experienced that a few times before. As for the triangle, he was of a kind no woman ever meets on earth—only in dreams or visions. I felt as if I were a flower and he was the gentle sun and rain that made me grow and unfold. He cherished me in such a way that I was convinced that I was the only woman he had ever had. And that, my lord, is when a woman finds perfection!"

Now it was the caliph's turn to look triumphantly at Samir. "I am going to be merciful, my son," he said. "Although you lost, you are free to go. But remember the bit of wisdom you learned today. When you can make a woman feel that she is the first, the last and the only, then you have the chance of becoming a legend."

-Retold by Khan Yonan



"Only 150 to 200 drugs are needed to take care of almost all ordinary illnesses around the world."

the way to the user or patient bears some responsibility for the overuse, misuse and just plain abuse of the drugs. But the majority of the blame for the prescription-drug culture seems to lie with drug manufacturers. They invent and wholesale each compound. They create its market for doctors, pharmacists and ultimately patients. Their history in developing and promoting drugs is, in some instances, as questionable as it is profitable. True, that doesn't exonerate the other pushers and abusers. Studies show that from one quarter to one half of the people don't take their medicine as prescribed, some through ignorance, many because they like getting high legally. Too many doctors overprescribe ("Let's make the patient feel good, no matter what") and fail to check their patients' progress with the drugs. They, too, may be ignorant of a drug's possible dangers. It's reliably estimated that your physician chooses to get 70 percent of his information on drugs from the drug companies. Most of their data is accurate but it's almost invariably slanted to a particular product. The doctor's journals have better data, but only about 20 percent of his knowledge comes from them.

Thus, they may prescribe too much too often. They frequently prescribe irrationally; amphetamines, for example, for appetite suppression. Today's data shows no valid medical uses for speed except in treating narcolepsy and some rare types of hyperactivity in children. (You will note in our drug chart that weight control and combating fatigue are listed as medical uses of speed. That is because, though strongly discouraged, some doctors still prescribe amphetamines for weight control and because the military uses speed to fend off fatigue.) Perhaps understandably, the physician and the drug company view themselves as partners in fighting disease. The A.M.A. has been muy simpatico with drug companies, which rent lavish display space at A.M.A. conventions, where they buttonhole the prescribers, wining and dining them while extolling their products. The Journal of the American Medical Association is thick with drug-company ads, some of them for products that have been shown to be ineffective or just plain dangerous.

Behind all these problems are the manufacture, distribution and prescription of the drugs in much the same way that Procter & Gamble works to move soap, foods and paper goods. With differences, of course. Some drugs are essential to our well-being. Many are potentially hazardous. All are expensive to develop, costing anywhere (the companies say) from \$15,000,000 to \$30,000,000 each to perfect. But there are some 21,000 drugs made by these companies, while the World Health Organization claims that only 150 to 200 drugs are needed to take care of almost all ordinary illnesses around the world-figures that leave room at the top for those drugs that might treat exotic conditions. This raises the question: What are they doing making and then pushing all these drugs? The manufacturers find themselves with a large business dilemma. How, on the one hand, to make money for the stockholders (which means generating increased drug usage) and, on the other, to stay ethical (that is, not addle the minds of the medical profession and its patients).

.It's estimated that world-wide drug sales are over 40 billion dollars annually. Over one quarter of that comes from the United States, where the companies charge more for most drugs. Here are some examples from 1970 of outrageous profit margins. Minor tranquilizers are a major part of the prescription-drug profit picture: It is estimated today that 27 percent of American men and 42 percent of American women have used them. In 1970, Carter-Wallace, Inc., the holder of the meprobamate patents (Miltown and Equanil), charged domestic drug wholesalers \$3.60 for 50 milligram tablets. The pills cost Carter-Wallace only 37 cents, because the active ingredient, meprobamate, is cheap. In addition, Carter-Wallace didn't even make the chemical-it bought it for 87 cents a pound, rolled some into its pills with its name on them and sold the rest in bulk for \$23.80 per pound (that's a 2635 percent profit). It was all perfectly legal under patent protection. Patent law gives a company a 17-year monopoly on a drug. It also shows how marketing by brand name is vital to profits.

Another case originated in England, where Hoffman-LaRoche was selling Valium for \$2300 per kilogram to the British Health Service. The cost was \$50. The British government found out and forced LaRoche to return some of the overcharge. The price of Valium went down dramatically in England, but La-Roche didn't alter its prices elsewhere. Americans today pay three to four times what the English do for this brand name.

Hoffman-LaRoche is one of the world's most profitable companies. Indeed, Hoffman-LaRoche "is drugs," as one pharmacologist said, the model for the industry. It is a Swiss-based firm controlled by a small group of stockholders. Their profits are secret but are known to be astronomical. An analyst for the Bache brokerage house said, "Dealing with Swiss drug companies is like dealing with Swiss banks." Shares of the company are not traded openly. They are tightly held by their owners, for very good reason: One share is estimated to be worth between \$40,000 and \$60,000. Hoffman-LaRoche's American subsidiary, Roche, contributes 40 percent of total world-wide sales. Roche has more prescriptions among the top 200 drugs than any other company. It is estimated that those prescriptions account for 81 percent of all prescriptions. Discussing a possible take-over bid by Americans, the chairman of Hoffman-LaRoche himself once admitted, "It would require a sum of money that could not be raised by very many institutions in the world, even in the U.S. General Motors might be able to manage it, but nobody else." In short, Hoffman-LaRoche is a gold mine. Valium, in fact, is worth more than gold. It's over \$1000 per troy ounce, while gold is a mere \$185 at present.

Clearly, the drug business commands staggering profits and not just for Hoffman-LaRoche. As a group, American drug companies average 18 percent profit on invested capital (despite substantial research costs). That is almost twice the profit of manufacturers in other fields.

How do they do it? By promoting the pill culture and, particularly, by influencing physicians-and, to a lesser degree, pharmacists-to prescribe their products by brand name. The chemical compounds themselves, prescribed by genera, are cheap, ranging from six to as much as 35 times cheaper than their brand-name equivalents. They're not nearly as profitable, though most drug manufacturers make and sell the generic compounds (some companies even make and label their competitors' products). Indeed, as we've seen, many manufacturers buy the chemicals from small makers, slap their brand on them, jack up the price and send out the salesmen.

There's the rub: the promotion of drugs. U.S. drug companies spent an estimated 1.3 billion dollars, almost 13 percent of their sales, promoting their brands last year. They spent nine or ten percent on research, in a business that drug-company officials call "research intensive." Put bluntly, their promotion is

There is no substitute for charcoal filtration.

U.S. Government urges cities to purify drinking water with activated charcoal filtration.

And the best filter for your cigarette is activated charcoal.

It not only lowers tar, but actually heightens and activates the flavor.

No other low tar has
Tareyton's Activated Flavor
—because no other
low tar has Tareyton's
charcoal filter.

Tareyton lights

M A M

Tareyton

LOW TAR

only 8mg.ta

100mm.long

MA M

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

wildly out of proportion to their business.

Their sales representatives, called detail men because they give the doctors details about drugs, number almost 24,000. Most are well informed about their line, though their training period can be as short as two weeks. Most try to be fair about the details but, as one doctor put it, "In some cases the information is misleading. Even if it's good, it's weighted toward their product." Their targets of opportunity: physicians and pharmacists, those who control the patients and whom, in turn, the drug companies would like to control, or at least influence. There are about 350,000 doctors in the U.S. and the drug companies each year spend an average of \$3500 per physician promoting the drugs, 70 percent through the detail men, the rest through such things as ads in professional journals. The companies bring a lot of pressure to bear and in promoting the drug culture, they run afoul of a vexing ethical paradox. Part of a doctor's responsibility is limiting his patient's drugs to those actually and sorely needed. But despite their good work in inventing the drug, and despite their basic commitment to health, it is the drug companies' mandate-for business reasons-to pervert the doctor's responsibility: to get him to push more pills.

The means used to manipulate the physician and the pharmacist illustrate how, until recently, the big pushers leaned on ethical issues. (Circa 1974, some of the following practices were somewhat curbed, due to the Senate investigation of the drug industry by Gaylord Nelson, the industry's longtime nemesis, and Edward Kennedy, whose interest in national health is well known.)

The manufacturers' basic promotional device was unlimited sampling. A detail man (whose average visit in a doctor's office was then and is now five minutes) would breeze in, say what the drug was good for (sometimes neglecting the side effects) and drop a load of pills onto the physician's desk. An investigator for Senator Kennedy's staff estimated that three billion pills were sampled in 1974, or more than 8500 to every doctor in the country. Many were given to patients by the doctors, free of charge. A few physicians sold them to pharmacists, who, in turn, sold them again. Some doctors simply exchanged them for drugstore sundries such as tooth paste. In rare cases, they even sold them to their patients. However dispensed, the pills found their way to the public and, more importantly, to the physicians' repertory of brand-name "drugs of choice" (meaning the best, meaning the most familiar). Some drug companies gave samples to nurses and receptionists, too, along with 180 "reminder items" such as pens, pencils, memo pads, perfume, various baubles. The pressure was clever and relentless.

Supermarket-style promotions were invented, especially to take advantage of fast-breaking opportunities in the drug game. Pfizer, Inc., once wanted to sock its Diplovax polio vaccine to the physicians in advance of a Governmental campaign to increase polio immunization, so it offered doctors premiums. They got books for ordering 100 doses, tape recorders for 250, calculators for 500 and the biggie, an upright freezer, for 1000. Other companies offered doctors "points" for prescriptions, leading to watches, travel, sporting goods, luggage, tools-any prize the heart desired. This 1974 Pfizer exhortation to the detail men exemplifies the company's marketing mentality: "UP TO YOUR EARS IN R.D.P. \$ALES, WOW! What a fantastic start! In the first full month of implementation, the dynamic Pfizer Labs field force turned in a spectacular 2230 R.D.P. [Retailer Dividends Program] deals totaling \$675,000!" The detail men kept coming, as they still do, and the process recycled. The companies offered "symposia" (in actuality, expense-paid public-relations fiestas) to promote their products under the guise of learned gatherings.

Many doctors were already accustomed to this. As medical students, they had been offered tours of Eli Lilly and other companies. They were also given medical bags, stethoscopes, percussion hammers, plenty of expensive equipment and lots of leaflets. Companies would also provide handy preprinted prescription pads for the doctors, their brands neatly specified, all ready for the doctors' signatures. To check on how the massive promotion campaign was working, the detail men prevailed on friendly pharmacists to open their prescription records, violating the patients' right to confidentiality. With a "scrip survey," the detail men would check brands that doctors were prescribing. Then they could encourage or discourage their habits. For this help, the pharmacists got more favors.

Advertising reinforced the fundamental detail-man marketing approach. To help make a brand a household word in the doctor's office, the companies ran, and to this day run, hard-sell ads that, in the words of one pharmacologist, "imply and insinuate as much as possible about how this drug is superior, a cureall, and still get away with it under the FDA," During the Sixties, for example, Roche spent an estimated \$200,000,000 pushing Librium and Valium. Some ads showed tense college students, harried housewives and tired businessmen, instead of the genuinely neurotic patients for whom the tran-

quilizers had been developed. As John

Pekkanen's book The American Connection puts it, "The whole campaign of the drug industry for mood drugs in the Sixties was to broaden to absurd limits the definition of illness to include every upset, every disappointment and every vague problem encountered in normal day-to-day living.

Current Valium ads feature the slogan "For the response you know, want and trust," adding, "A response which brings a calmer frame of mind." A current Pfizer ad for Sinequan, a powerful moodaltering drug used for depression, shows a housewife's hand cleaning a hazed-over window with a rag, revealing a beautiful sunrise over a lake punctuated by a forested island and mountainous terrain in the background. The dramatic headline reads: "CLEARING OF DEPRESSION." How is the doctor to interpret this? The ad doesn't exactly say, though it gives all the information required by law (if the physician has the time to read the fine print). Our interpretation would be that Pfizer is saying that perhaps more housewives than you think need Sinequan. That perhaps Pfizer has overstated its case. In short, the companies' samples, ads and other marketing methods are intended to create a drug-dependent society, and one dependent on brands.

It has worked. Last year, 90 percent of all prescriptions were given by brand name rather than by genus. Dr. Ralph Kauffman, a former FDA pharmacologist, now at the University of Kansas Medical Center, expressed it this way: "The promotion system encouraged doctors to overprescribe certain brands. If all of them had [followed the detail man's lead], then we'd really have had gross overprescribing. Consumers just expect a pill for every symptom in this culture."

The culture has shown some strange symptoms, indeed, from the pill pushing, as a few examples show:

· Premarin, a hormonal compound from Ayerst was designed to alleviate menopausal suffering. In a single year, it was prescribed more often than there were menopausal women in the nation, often with irksome side effects such as vaginal bleeding and odd hair growth. (Note: Some of those prescriptions may be accounted for by the drug's use in postmenopausal and/or posthysterectomy women, for whom the drug suppresses some ill effects.)

· Darvon, Eli Lilly's questionable painkiller, addicts thousands. This synthetic opiate is now the number-one overdose killer in Oregon.

· Talwin, a potent synthetic narcotic from Winthrop Laboratories, has such large-scale street use that a Midwest psychiatric institute estimates as many as 24 percent of heroin addicts also use (continued on page 226)



Europe is winning the cold war, as the latest styles attest: bulky coats and burly sweaters worn over tiny-collared shirts and skinny ties.

EUROPE: THE OUTER LIMITS

attire by david platt

ah, those avant-garde continental designers - what won't they think of next?

N THE SPIRIT of last summer, the New Wave of European designers seems to be suggesting that loose living is the mode for the winter months to come. The look is big, burly coats over outerwear jackets over bulky cowl-neck sweaters. In other words, the layered look again but beefed up-really beefed up-with contrasting fabrics and textures and dark, murky colors. Truly defensive dressing that will allow the adventurous wearer to bivouac comfortably in the stormiest of urban wildernesses. (It's evident that Europeans are going to be ready for more frigid blasts this winter.) Underneath the

outercoats and sweaters are shirts with tiny Buster Brown collars and ties that are thinner than a hobo's shoe leather, The over-all effect is not exactly what the well-dressed account executive would wear to the office. At least not this year. Yet there are elements of it that might work for you. These days, France and Italy seem to be arguing over who has the last word in fashion, and judging from the kind of extremism that their argument appears to be generating, who knows where it will end? Maybe in Blighty; the more understated young British talents are quietly gaining more strength and prestige. 181

GOLDEN GREEK (continued from page 118)

"Like the Watergate burglars, the Maheu team was no ordinary band of fly-by-night gumshoes."

1946, Gerrity went on to work for various magazines, selling articles at home and abroad to such publications as Reader's Digest and Epoca, Italy's version of Life. Writing, however, soon became an on-and-off thing. Gerrity's brother-in-law, then head of the FBI's Washington office, introduced him to Maheu, an occurrence that was to plunge Gerrity into the Byzantine intrigues of Niarchos, the CIA and Howard Hughes. Gerrity was never an employee of Maheu's in any conventional sense but was, like many of Maheu's associates, a contract operative available for assignments that suited his talents. Today Gerrity is the senior Washington correspondent for the Daily Bond Buyer and The Money Manager, a financial paper that keeps tabs on world money markets, and he is able to look back on his anti-Onassis grand tour of Europe with cynicism and humor.

Gerrity's first stop on that tour was London, where he broke details of the previously secret Jidda Agreement in 11 commercial newspapers serving the shipping industry. With the agreement made public, oil-company spokesmen were able to pick up the torch and blast the Onassis-Saudi contract in apocalyptic terms that suggested it amounted to a death knell for free enterprise.

Typical were the remarks of Mobil (then Socony-Vacuum) president B. Brewster Jennings, when he told the Los Angeles World Affairs Council that the agreement "has extraordinarily farreaching dangers." Furthermore, Jennings predicted, "if all [oil-producing] countries were to follow the Onassis plan, there would be no international trade at all.'

In New York, meanwhile, the xenophobic Daily News damaged Onassis' reputation by publishing a secret letter written in the early Forties by J. Edgar Hoover. In the letter-leaked to the newspaper by an unknown Government source-Hoover branded Onassis (an Argentine citizen) as being "anti-American" and accused him of having expressed "sentiments inimical to the United States' war effort." (It was a nasty charge to make at the height of the Cold War and probably unjustified: A few years earlier, at the outbreak of the Korean War, Onassis had placed himself and his entire fleet at the disposal of the Secretary of the Navy.)

Nonetheless, the accusation was a con-182 venient one for the anti-Onassis forces.

After breaking details of the Jidda Agreement in London, Gerrity's oneman band moved on to Rome, picked up some active CIA assistance and became a small orchestra.

"Rome's a great place to plant stories," Gerrity says. "All you have to do is put something in L'Osservatore Romano, the Vatican paper, and every paper in Italy will pick it up; from there it goes everywhere."

How did he plant his stories? "Christ, it was a straight buy-out. Those guys over there were starving, and I could buy space by the page-like an advertiser, except that I was buying editorial space. Then I picked up a guy to help me, an Italian Jew who wrote a lot of stuffand, believe me, while I may have been a hack, this guy was a hack! If you paid him \$50, this guy would write 'Shit is blue' 1000 times.'

What was the nature of his planted stories? "It was the end of the world; we blew everything out of proportion," Gerrity recalls, "Oil to Murmansk! Oil to Murmansk! That was the big theme: that this disloyal son of a bitch, Onassis, was going to ship our Arabian oil to the Russians. In the middle of the oil crisis,

Supplementing Gerrity's anti-Onassis effort in Rome were two CIA officers assigned to do his bidding and cover his back. The agency had given Gerrity a stratospheric "Q clearance" and consequently, he says, "I wasn't a CIA agentthe CIA was my agent."

"But, really," Gerrity continues, "these two CIA guys working for me-Donahue and Dimaggio-were quite a pair: trench coats, white-flannel pants, slouch hats, the whole bit. They'd call me at my hotel at six A.M. and say they wanted a meeting. Well, the only place I'm going at six A.M. is back to sleep. But whenever we met, they'd pick the most conspicuous place. I had a room at the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, but the agency boys refused to be seen there; said it was too obvious. Instead, they insisted we convene in the bar of a hotel whose concierge just happened to give more lire to the dollar than any other exchange in town. So the hotel was famous and every American in the city came tromping through its bar at one time or another. No place could have been less covert."

With the CIA assisting Gerrity's propaganda efforts in Rome, Maheu was able to enlist the aid of Republican wheeler-

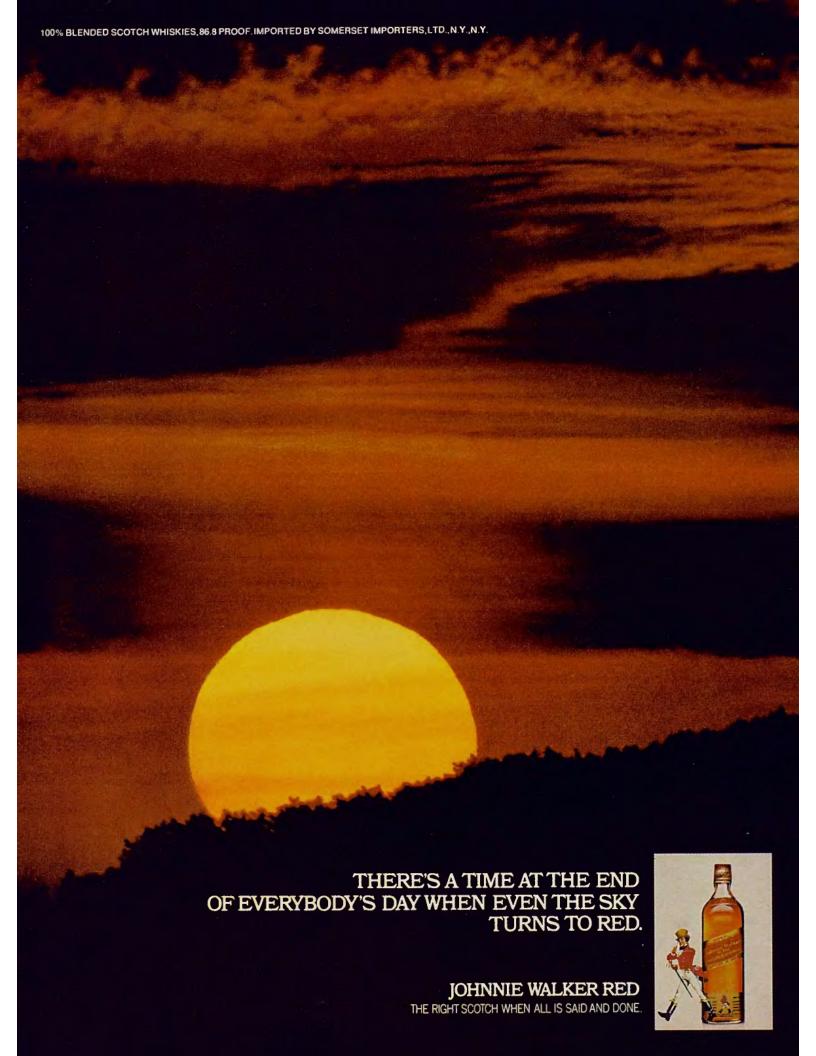
dealers, oil-company paymasters and local police and telephone officials with close ties to the FBI in carrying out his black activities in the U.S. Chief among those activities were surveillance of Onassis' top executives and a wire tap on the tycoon's office telephones, a tap that a subsequent FBI investigation intimated was highly illegal.

Illegality, however, was of no apparent concern to Maheu. After all, this Onassis business had begun with a meeting with the Vice-President of the United States in his Capitol Hill office, and then Gerrity had flown off to Europe with a CIA Q clearance in his pocket and CIA officers at his beck and call. Like the Watergate burglars nearly 20 years later, the Maheu team was no ordinary band of fly-by-night gumshoes-it was a polished strike force of ex-Government operatives, trained at public expense, who were now operating with the sanction of top Federal officials against a target whom those officials perceived as a threat to their special interests. Aristotle Onassis, meet Larry O'Brien.

The plan to tap the phones in Onassis' New York headquarters was set in motion by Tylor's mysterious call to the Maheu offices and the subsequent arrival of the envelope containing Onassis' photo and dossier. Having received the go-ahead and the background data, Maheu dispatched operative Big Lou Russell to New York with the names of three contacts who might be able to arrange the tap. The first two proved unsuccessful, however, while the third turned out to be an overachiever: He showed Russell how the Onassis lines could be tapped by hooking into a Western Union cable, providing access to so many lines that if the operation had ever been exposed, it would have created a national scandal. Russell returned to

Washington, shaking his head. The next man believed to have had a go at the tap was Maheu agent John J. "Handsome Johnny" Frank, a rogue CIA officer who had close ties to the New York Police Department's elite Red Squad and other elements of the New York intelligence nether world. Frank is credited by fellow Maheu operatives with having arranged the actual installation of the Onassis tap. He is said to have done this by persuading a New York private detective to prevail upon his contacts with the telephone companywhich was accustomed to cooperating with the Red Squad and the FBI on "national security" matters-to tap into two of Onassis' five office lines through its central switchboard.

The monitoring and taping of tapped conversations were to be done in a set of empty offices leased by Maheu in the name of the Schenck and Schenck Insurance Company on East 62nd Street in



Manhattan. Use of the offices had been secured by Maheu through his friendship with Robert Judge, a prominent New York financier, and William Price, a Schenck executive.

Installation of the electronic eavesdropping equipment was accomplished late one summer night in 1954, when Maheu operative Bill Staten, a former FBI agent who today is a vice-president of Westinghouse Corporation, met three men outside a drugstore on East 62nd Street; the men, all of them clean-cut and in their 30s, introduced themselves to Staten as follows:

"William Remson." "William Remson." "Bill Remson."

Staten admitted the "Remson brothers" to the nearby Schenck offices and watched as they unloaded their equipment from attaché cases. "They asked me to go out for sandwiches and Q-Tips," Staten recalls. "I couldn't figure out what the hell they intended to do with tips for pool cues, but then they explained." (Q-Tips are cotton-tipped swabs sometimes used with alcohol to clean the magnetic heads of tape recorders.)

That was the last time that Staten saw the mysterious Remsons. "After the first time, I never saw anyone in the Schenck offices," says Staten, whose job it was to open and close the offices each day, taking a package of tapes with him in the evening. "There were three rooms and, whenever I showed up at night, the package would be waiting for me on a desk.

I'd pick it up and leave.'

The rest of Staten's time was spenttogether with fellow Maheu operatives Bill Seerey and John Murphy-in shadowing the office manager of Onassis' New York headquarters. "He'd go to the office early and, a few hours later, I'd 'take him to lunch," Staten recalls. "Then back to the office until nightfall, then home to his apartment. He never went anywhere interesting."

At the end of its working day, the Maheu team would retire to its New York operations base-the National Republican Club, a swank retreat in mid-Manhattan where Maheu had obtained a suite of rooms through his friend Robert Judge. There, Taggart would "edit" the day's Onassis tapes, while Staten, Frank, Seerey, Murphy and other operatives would write up reports for Niarchos and discuss the next day's activities.

The tap in New York was not the only one placed against the shipping magnate, former Maheu agents believe, contending that the Greek was covered in London and Paris as well. Charles Lyons, described as the FBI's leading "wireman" during the early Fifties, was sent to London by Maheu for the duration of the Onassis operation. According to Gerrity, Lyons was working for both the FBI and Mahen during this time.

"It didn't matter, though," says Gerrity. "That was the whole significance of persuading the Government that the Jidda contract was dangerous: It meant that, in the end, Uncle Sam picked up the tab."

The pressure against Onassis was mounting to stellar intensity throughout 1954. Assistant Attorney General Burger's orders for the Government to seize Onassis' ships, begun in 1953, continued into the new year. Next, Onassis found that he could not get new contracts for his unseized ships, due to a concerted oil-company boycott of his tankers. Most sorely affected were the new supertankers that Onassis had commissioned to be built in German yards.

One of those, the King Saud I, was the largest tanker in existence, and yet none of the multinationals would put a single barrel of oil into its hold. Idled by the boycott, the supertanker-christened in June 1954 with holy water from Mecca's Zemzem well-was costing Onassis \$10,000 per day for maintenance and harbor fees at Hamburg.

The Burger indictment, wire taps, surveillances and boycotts were only a few of the tycoon's problems, however. Yet another front was about to open. In May 1954, the Greek had come under attack from an occasional associate named Spyridon Catapodis, a stocky bon vivant who made a profession of brokering deals in the backwaters of the eastern Mediterranean. In a bizarre scene at the Nice Airport, Catapodis had confronted Onassis with curses, spit in his face and then proceeded to strangle him. While passersby gasped and Ari O sank to his knees with the color draining from his face, Catapodis issued the ultimate insult to a Greek, calling Onassis a Turk. News of the episode scandalized the Riviera.

The details of Catapodis' complaint remained a speculative matter until November of that year, when he filed suit in Paris against Onassis. The charges were sensational: He said that he had signed a contract with Onassis that acknowledged his help in securing the Jidda Agreement and that promised a hefty commission, but that the diabolical Onassis had signed the contract with disappearing ink! When he had confronted Onassis on the matter of the vanished signature, Catapodis continued, the wily tycoon had casually slipped the original contract-with its missing signature-into his jacket pocket and never returned it! Then, after waiting two months for a new contract, Catapodis said, he had finally realized that he had been tricked and, in a fury, had assaulted Onassis at the airport.

While the charges were preposterous

on their face, they made good copy and newspapers in Europe and the U.S reported the suit with great solemnity. The New York Times, for instance, carried Catapodis' charges in a lengthy pageone story under the headline: "onassis ACCUSED OF DEFRAUDING HIS AGENT ON ARABIAN OIL DEAL. SIGNATURE IN DISAP-PEARING INK CITED IN PARIS LAWSUIT. OPERATOR DENIES CHARGES."

Not surprisingly, the public chose to believe Catapodis' contention that the fabulous Onassis was capable of such low deeds. For his part, Onassis branded the story a lie and wondered aloud about the gullibility of the public: "What do they think I do," he asked, "go around with disappearing ink in my pen?"

Indeed they did, and Onassis' rebuttal was sufficiently sharp to permit Catapodis to open yet another front: While already suing Onassis in Paris for alleged breach of contract, Catapodis next retained Edward Bennett Williams, a Maheu client and friend of long standing, to file suit in the U.S., charging Onassis with defamation of character.

No matter what Onassis did, the roof came tumbling down. In addition to labeling Onassis a crook, Catapodis' suit alluded to the role of another middleman in the Jidda Agreement, a sinister figure whose association with Onassis could hardly help the Greek's reputation. That man was Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, a tall, aristocratic German who had been Reich currency commissioner in the Twenties and, having become an avowed Nazi, an architect of German rearmament in the Thirties.

During World War Two, Schacht played a smoky role behind the scenes, devising the economic master plan that would guide Germany in its dreamed-of reconstruction of a Nazi-ruled Europe. And yet, in the waning days of the Third Reich, Schacht left Germany for Zurich, apparently to press his plan for a peace that would be favorable to Germany. His ambiguous role toward the war's end permitted him, critics charged, "to brush the swastikas from his sleeves" and to emerge in the postwar world with his considerable personal wealth and banking powers intact.

Onassis and Schacht made a powerful team: One controlled huge fleets of tankers, the other held the keys to the wealth of Germany. Yet Schacht's name carried with it a sinister cachet. Once Schacht's role in negotiating the Jidda Agreement was disclosed, and confirmed by Onassis, the European press began to editorialize that the agreement was central to an international conspiracy designed to wrest control of Arabian crude from American hands-that, once the agreement was implemented, the Arabs would nationalize Aramco's holdings, replace

(continued on page 214)





















The Kinky Report

by Chiotopher Brane



THE KRAUTZENBUMMER KIDS

By PETER DOTTA











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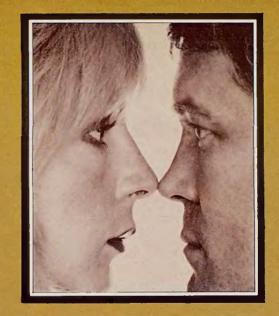
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MAN & WOMAN



BIG BREASTS: BOON OR BANE?

"It may sound odd, but some women have a kind of radar attached to their breasts," a Playmate confessed recently. "We can tell if someone's looking at them, even if he's trying to be discreet."

The message is that many lavishly endowed ladies are painfully self-conscious about their assets. Being busty, it seems, sometimes makes them feel like a side-show specimen, and it hardly helps matters when the bulging-eyeball boys confirm that what men find most interesting about them is the very thing they like least about them-selves.

Such distressed women should find some comfort, however, in the findings of Anthony Pietropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer. The attitudes of the American male toward breasts have been changing, they report in their book Beyond the Male Myth. Young men just don't seem to be as mammary mad as their fathers. The authors found that the bosom was the main source of pleasure during foreplay for 27 percent of men over 40. That dropped to 21 percent for men between 30 and 39 and fell to a scant 18 percent for the under-30 crowd.

"With our more liberal attitudes toward sex," the authors conclude, "we are seeing a shift in attention from the breasts to the genital area in foreplay. Now that the vaginal area is no longer considered taboo, we can expect to find fewer men obsessively preoccupied with legs, buttocks—yes, even breasts—and more interested in whole women."

We applaud the trend, but honesty impels us to acknowledge that many among us—even in the enlightened under-30 category—just can't help going gaga when faced with a splendiferous set. What to do? Take your cue from the way the woman dresses. If it's clear she has gone out of her way to de-emphasize her size, follow suit and keep her hooters out of the conversation.

On the other hand, if the lady has put together a cupsrunneth-over look that all but physically yanks your gaze into her cleavage, odds are that some appreciative acknowledgment of her blessings will be welcome. Still, at least in public, it's sound strategy to keep your expressions of delight on the refined side. A slobbering request to "maul the melons" or remarks like, "Jesus, Louise, put those guys away before somebody gets hurt!" are guaranteed to put off even the most relaxed wonder woman.

In the bedroom, though, no holds should be barred. Women love to feel appreciated and, according to Pietropinto and Simenauer, many women complain that their partners don't devote as much time to caressing, sucking or licking their breasts as they would like.

GETTING THROUGH A BREAKUP

You've just broken up with your longtime lady. You had grown accustomed not only to her face but also to her help in organizing your life. Living à deux meant not worrying about what to do with your free time, and suddenly all your time is free and the only thing you really want to do is curl up and go to sleep for a year. Breaking up is hard to do.

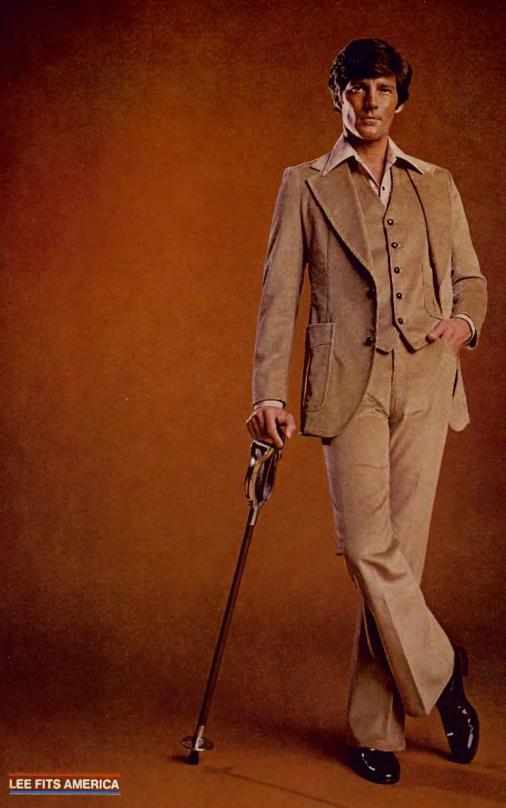
Fortunately, there's help available, in the form of the book Leavetaking: When and How to Say Goodbye, published by Simon & Schuster. Authors John Tarrant, Gloria Feinberg and Mortimer Feinberg have put together a compendium of sound advice.

The first order of business, they suggest, is admitting to yourself that it's really kaput. Unless you're a born masochist, that isn't going to be pleasant, but it's an important part of the healing process. Experience it fully. Your upper lip is the last part of your anatomy to worry about keeping stiff. If you feel like it, indulge yourself in long, lonely walks, close the local pub a couple of nights running, have Sam play it again . . . and

Your best bet is to stick to routine activities for a while and hold off on the heavy commitments and giant leaps for mankind until things look brighter. In other words, the week of the ultimate adios is hardly the optimum moment for bursting out of the market-research game and onto the punk-rock scene. Nor is it prime time for setting up housekeeping with that lonely schoolteacher in 3B who's always after you to come down for a drink.

Be prepared for flashbacks and relapses. It's inevitable that one fine day, when you think it's all behind you, a glimpse of hair or a whiff of perfume will send you into a nostalgia nose dive. If you can roll with the replay, you'll come out stronger.

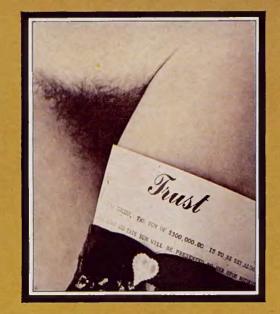
What about getting back into the social swim? It will probably seem that women are like cops—when you really need one, they're never around. Don't rush it. The best way to handle new relationships is to sample and keep your options open. Cultivate women as friends. A man blatantly on the make can be obnoxious and a man blatantly on the rebound is working with a compound liability. Women friends will understand your situation in a way that you probably can't, and they can also be your best resource in helping you find other women who may become lovers.



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TRUSTING YOUR MISTRESS



kiss in the dark may be quite continental, but an irrevocable trust is a girl's best friend. From a man's point of view, however, a revocable trust may be better. The message of these words—some of which are taken from song and some from logic—is that a man who would like to provide for his mistress after his death can best do so by establishing a trust during his lifetime and naming her the beneficiary. In that way, the gift is just another little secret between the two of them.

REVOCABLE AND IRREVOCABLE TRUSTS

A trust is a legal arrangement through which money or other assets are set aside for a designated person—called a beneficiary—and managed by a trustee in the beneficiary's best interests. When the trust is revocable, it can be altered, amended or canceled at any time by the person, called a grantor, who created it. An irrevocable trust, obviously, is one that cannot be changed.

The major reason for establishing a trust during the grantor's lifetime is that a trust is a private document and is not filed in any public place. In contrast, a will must be presented to a court for probate and therefore becomes available to any persons who wish to examine it. Accordingly, a man who does not want his wife and family to be aware of his extrafamilial relationship, even after his death, should handle his financial arrangements for a mistress by means of a "living" trust.

Once a man has decided to create a trust for his mistress, the major question is whether to make it revocable or irrevocable. Since the man, as the grantor, usually has the upper hand, the tendency in most instances is to make it revocable, thus giving him the invaluable option of changing or abolishing it. And the stories that lawyers tell among themselves about these trusts are legion.

Take the case of the girl who had a liaison with a Midwestern auto dealer. He lavished her with the best things that money could buy—furs, jewels, little getaway junkets to Mexico, a very expensive car lent to her right off the showroom floor and a revocable trust. The girl, however, was the type who also liked to have a little action going on the side and one day she lent the car to another boy-friend. Sure enough, the dealer spotted his young rival driving the car in town and realized immediately that his mistress was not always waiting at home for his phone calls. He revoked the trust, took back the car and left his friend, sadder, wiser and a hell of a lot poorer.

Revocability and irrevocability also affect the Federal taxes that must be paid in connection with the trust. With a revocable trust, the man pays an income tax based

on its annual income and is not charged a gift tax. But with an irrevocable trust, he pays a gift tax for the year during which it is created if the trust amount exceeds \$134,000 (it'll be \$175,625 in 1981). The one exception is that if the income is paid out to the beneficiary, she pays the tax herself.

Trusts for a mistress, like any trusts, can be set up in many forms. For example, the income from a trust can go to the beneficiary either during the grantor's lifetime or after his death. The document can also state that the beneficiary is to receive the entire principal upon the death of the grantor or only the annual income derived from the trust's investments.

A key consideration in maintaining the secrecy of the arrangement is that the wife not be named as an executor. That's because the existence of the trust has to be disclosed in the decedent's estate-tax return and the return has to be signed by the executors. Perhaps the most suitable person to be selected as executor—and trustee also, for that matter—when there is a trust for a mistress is the man's lawyer.

A lawyer can usually be relied upon to preserve his client's confidences as a practical matter, even though the technical rule that their communications are legally confidential does not apply to the lawyer in his role as trustee. Furthermore, a lawyer should prepare the document and advise the man on his strategy and tactics.

THE LITTLE WOMAN'S RIGHTS

There is always the possibility, of course, that a wife who learns about a revocable trust for a mistress might attack it in a court action as a fraud upon her rights, on the grounds that she had not received the proper interest in her husband's estate as provided under state law. But since her husband's will usually would have bequeathed to her the maximum marital-deduction amount, equaling one half of his entire estate and passing tax-free under Federal law, it would be unlikely that any more would be due to her as a matter of right.

One professional man thought he had taken care of everything when he established a revocable trust for his mistress that would give her its annual income during his lifetime, as well as after his death. But he forgot that income from the trust appeared on his annual joint income-tax return and that his wife also signed this joint form. The wife finally noticed the item after many years of not paying attention, started asking questions and now has her own irrevocable trust from a loving and devoted husband.

—LEONARD SLOANE

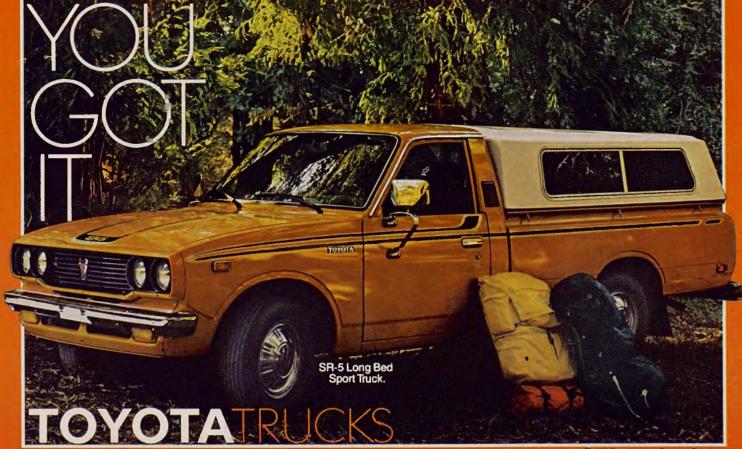
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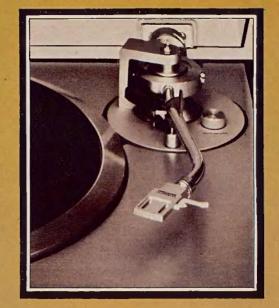


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TIPS ON BUYING A TURNTABLE



hatever its format, a turntable-and-arm assembly has two main jobs. One is to rotate the record; the other is to permit the pickup cartridge to track that record. Like all things in audio, however, stating it that simply is just too simple.

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

To begin with, rotation must be silent, without audible "rumble"—a low-pitched noise that originates under the platter and is transmitted throughout the system. Rumble distorts the sound and, if severe, can overload the whole works.

If you don't hear this noise, even when playing soft musical passages through a powerful wide-range system, chances are the turntable's rumble level is low enough not to worry about. As for performance specifications that appear in product literature, the most meaningful are those based on the "audible rumble loudness level" (ARLL) standard promulgated years ago by CBS Technology Center and widely used today. The numbers are negative decibels, and the more negative they are, the better. For example, a rumble of -60 db (or minus more, such as -64 db) denotes a really quiet turntable. A rumble of -55 db is not so good, but it will pass muster in many systems. Figures of -50 db and up denote less quiet turntables, which may be suitable in a soso system used, say, for background music in a noisy bistro but which would sound objectionable in a quality stereo rig played in a quiet room.

There are two general kinds of uneven rotation, fast and slow (flutter and wow, respectively). When pronounced, either is objectionable, since it causes musical pitch to waver. One way to test for them is to play music with long sustained tones—solo piano, for example, If you read the specifications, typically good figures here are 0.3 percent or less. The lower the numbers, the better.

HOLDING THE SPEED LIMIT

Turntable speed should be accurate to within a few tenths of a percent. Actually, the better turntables have a fine-speed adjustment and strobe marking that let you zero in on speed accuracy or vary it deliberately to conform to your own idea of musical pitch (especially useful for play-along or sing along buffs).

Beyond these audible hints, there is little one can discern in performance and long-term reliability. How the machine does its thing (belt drive or direct drive, for instance) can be fascinating for the technical-minded, but it is far less important than how well it performs.

THE TONEARM

As for tonearms, you can—as a rule—rely on the manufacturer's good sense in providing an arm that mates well with a given model of turntable. The only hitch is that on an automatic, and especially a stack-and-play changer, the arm has more work to do than on a manual; it is the movement of the arm that triggers the automation. This could give rise to problems if not carefully designed.

Ideally, the arm produces no sound—it's the cartridge at one end that does that. Obvious signs of spurious arm sounds would be squeaks or clunks as it moves. More subtle is the arm's own resonance, which—by itself or combined with the turntable rumble—can cause bass overload or distortion. Some arms become so resonant that, in trying to track a heavy musical passage, they are bounced out of the record groove.

Arm tests in the lab are a headache, because they are both difficult and inconclusive. It has been said that you can judge an arm by its "feel," somewhat as an experienced driver judges the handling of a car. It's almost impossible to verbalize how an arm should feel, but when in playing position and all restraints off, the arm should swing easily and freely in both lateral and vertical planes.

Whatever the type you choose, the arm must be capable of being balanced (with a cartridge fitted) and then slightly unbalanced to exert a prescribed amount of downward thrust, so that the cartridge can engage the record groove. The correct term, by the way, is not pressure but vertical tracking force (VTF). It is measured in grams. All else being equal, an arm that can handle a cartridge at its lower recommended VTF is preferred.

Among features, the fine-speed adjustment mentioned above is a handy thing. So is a gently acting cuing device. As for tonearm balance, the preferred system is an adjustable counterweight. Springs are OK, but not as ultimately reliable. Antiskating adjustments are almost universal; notable exceptions are the AR tonearm (AR just doesn't believe in antiskating) and the Rabco arm (since it doesn't pivot, it has no need for antiskating).

An adjustment for stylus overhang—an aid in accurate tracking—is worth while. If provided, it should come with a gauge to help make the adjustment. An adjustment for stylus vertical angle is virtually useless.

A final tip: Any turntable should be installed so that it is level and immune to external shock effects. If you are not handy at fashioning your own mounting cutout, the best thing to do is buy the wooden base offered by the turntable manufacturer. This base makes it easy to install the turntable correctly.

—NORMAN EISENBERG

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HOW TO DEAL WITH CREDIT CARDS



he first thing you should know about credit cards is that some of them don't provide credit. The second thing you should know is that the interest rate extracted by the ones that do extend credit is about equal to what you'd have to pay on a Mafia loan. And non-payment can be very hazardous to your financial health.

PRESTIGE PLASTIC

To address the first point, cards such as American Express, Diners Club and Carte Blanche came along after World War Two and were designed as an accounting device to provide accurate tax records for corporate executives. These travel-and-entertainment, or T & E, cards make their money by charging an annual fee, usually \$20, for their use and require that you pay in full when you are billed. Since they are not designed to finance installment purchases, they don't have routine service or interest charges, so the companies are very particular about who can carry one of their cards. If you don't pay your bill, they generally let you off with a warning for at least 90 days, though Diners Club adds a one percent fee.

There's a 50 percent acceptance rate for new card applications by American Express and 25 percent for Diners Club. American Express is typical in requiring a \$12,500-per-year income, three years in the same profession, plus a good credit rating. While these are just guidelines and not ironclad rules, if you don't measure up to them, you should have other proof of solvency.

The biggest material advantages of T&E cards are that there is no limit to what you can charge and that they are accepted in many of the finest shops, hotels and restaurants around the world. Diners Club and American Express both claim about 350,000 outlets, with the former being particularly strong in Latin America. But American Express numbers 9,000,000 cardholders to Diners Club's 3,000,000. Carte Blanche's share of the market has sunk to about one percent.

Beyond this, T & E cards have a definite edge over Visa and Master Charge in snob appeal.

BANKING ON IT

But the travel-and-entertainment cards are dwarfed in the number of cardholders and service outlets by Master Charge and Visa (formerly BankAmericard). These two giants are fighting an all-out battle for new business, with Master Charge being strongly challenged by Visa. Both have upwards of 40,000,000 cardholders in the United States and both are accepted at over 2,000,000 places around the world. They are distributed without charge by banks that profit from interest charges on unpaid accounts. Since these finance charges are typically 18 percent a year, banks do their best to encourage cardholders to pay on the installment plan. Also, bank cards impose limits, ranging from about \$500 to \$2500, on how much you can charge. The secret of using bank cards wisely is to pay your bill in full every month. If you can't do this, you can use your card to take a cash advance for the amount you've charged and pay your bill with that money. In some states, these advances are billed at only 12 percent a year, which is still no bargain.

The advantages of Visa and Master Charge lie in the sheer number and variety of outlets that accept the cards, from obstetricians to undertakers and everything in between, including shrinks and massage-parlor hostesses. Visa has been making strong gains overseas by linking its card to other systems and travelers report a much higher profile for that card across the Continent.

BUYERS, BEWARE

No matter which card you use, keep your eye on it when paying in a store. It has been known for a shop-keeper to validate a few extra sales slips with your card and enjoy a shopping spree in your name. If a slip is written incorrectly, make sure you see it destroyed. Also, don't overlook the advantage of paying with cash or traveler's checks, especially overseas. Merchants are often less than enthusiastic about accepting credit cards, since they lose five to ten percent on each transaction when card-company fees and accounting expenses are added up. An offer to pay cash can give you some price leverage, especially in smaller shops or markets where bargaining is the rule. As for traveler's checks, they often bring a higher foreign exchange rate than either the long green or the thin plastic.

Many experts in the credit-card business recommend carrying one bank card and one T&E card. Too many cards make record-keeping a problem and replacement a hassle. (Your liability on a lost card, incidentally, stops immediately when you notify the company or at \$50, whichever comes first.)

But if you're fed up with the whole charge system, here's the answer: A Minneapolis company is offering the Nothing Card, a dead ringer for the competition, except that a Nothing Card has a picture of Millard Fillmore (our most do-nothing President) on its face and the legend this card is good for absolutely nothing emblazoned just below for all to see. At least the interest charges are reasonable.

—Tom Passavant

Which Borkum Riff?



For all of the flavor and none of the bite...Borkum Riff.

"They spasmed across the dance floor to get near the attractive Three that Cleang had pointed out."

jerked at him and he staggered forward. "Idiot," she hissed, but the cute Three had caught the little interchange and had indifferently moved away through the crowd.

Nerl reprimanded Albolon. "You blew it for us, man. Didn't you see those gorgeous fems? We would have been perfect, I just know it."

Albolon cursed. "Ah, the one in the dotted tube-throttler was a pig. I almost scored another Three for us all by myself until you pulled at me so obviously."

Cleang waved her eyeknobs impatiently. "Look over there. Do you think we can all agree on one Three to come on to? How about that short-tall-tall number in the corner?"

Al and Nerl furtively checked it out, "OK. Let's go."

Again, they spasmed across the dance floor, dodging single and double Triples to get near the attractive Three that Cleang had pointed out. This one was a good dancer, doing all the most fashionable orifice openers among several maneuvering Threes. They were dressed in one of the latest cozy suits, a single, gauzy garment that joined the three bodies in a spacious but intimate arrangement. There was a very obvious zipper, where another Three suit could easily be hooked in.

"We don't have one of those suits," Nerl commented negatively. "This Three's too uptown for us. And look at the competition. I hate standing in line."

"Don't be a onesyhead," said Albolon, who lusted after high-class liaisons. "We're artists. Rich Threes need us."

"Now that I think about it," said Cleang abjectly, "rich people have no sensitivity. Maybe we should go check out that long-haired Three over there in the middle."

By the time they were in close, Albolon was dragging the others. The music lulled for a moment. Aggressively, he leered at the Three and said, "Hey, babies, didn't I meet you at a sensoryawareness clinic in Big Stir?"

The chic threesome laughed disdainfully and, without even answering, lost itself in the crowd.

Nerl and Cleang clung to each other in utter embarrassment.

"Albolon," she said sadly, "if we don't get our relationship together, pretty soon we'll be a Two."

Albolon farted from his side vents in frustration.

"Would that be so bad? I've heard you two talking together. I know what you think. You think I care about that Trip up in Snort Beach, the one you guys can't stand."

He was beating his trunks up and down laboredly. Cleang and Nerl stroked the pits with tender solicitation.

"No, no," they said, "we're not jealous of them, Albolon. It's just that sometimes your come-on ruins our chances."

Albolon backed away petulantly. "You're just possessive, that's what. Just because I like to check out things on my own."

He turned, broke away from them, while they stood there stunned. All around, Threes were watching them and giggling.

"And you know," Albolon said stingingly, "I do get off on my other Trip. At least my Snort Beach floozy gives me plenty of space. Not only that but they give better trunk, too."

"Albolon, you're crazy," protested Cleang.

"You see," he said, his eye nooks wide, "that's what you really think of me when I'm being honest. Well, goodbye."

He pivoted and was lost in the whirling bodies. Cleang and Nerl tried to catch him, but the door of the club hissed and shut and Albolon was gone, Shocked, under the mortifying gaze of twittering Threes, they left the club. Outside, the street was empty of Albolon.

With tears rolling down their face folds, they made their way across the livid avenue, but the lights and the gaiety had lost their charm.

"Let's go home, Nerl," Cleang said mournfully. "This is no way to find your nice, simple five-to-one relationship."

Nerl stood stubbornly in one spot. "Go home? Are you kidding? We just lost our Three. I don't want to go home alone tonight. I'm just not ready for it."

"You're not alone," said Cleang, a trifle peeved.

"You know what I mean," said Nerl, regretting his spite.

"I guess I do," she said fatalistically.

Nerl gazed up into the dimly visible heavens, reddish in the glow of the streetlights. All his anguish at the way they'd been constructed poured out of his heart and flailed weakly against the indifference of the cosmos.

"There are some worlds out there," he said distantly, "where I'll bet they have only three sexes, or maybe even just two. Different arrangements entirely."

Cleang laughed and took his center trunk with her snout. "Come on, Nerl. That's absurd. Think how dull life would be. It's all too simple."

He shook his shaggy mane, as if to dispel the far-flung fantasy. Taking his girlfriend by one of her more exposed tubes, he led her down the hysterical walkways in search of a Four-Two club.





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Dracula Country

(continued from page 121)

invaders from the north and last year a grateful nation, with the blessings of its president, Nicolae Ceausescu, admitted him with appropriate pomp and ceremony into Romania's official hall of fame.

This existence of two Draculas, the historical and the literary, makes a pilgrimage at first a bit disappointing.

Suppose a Romanian author of the late 1880s hit on a clever idea for a thriller: Benjamin Franklin's life is extended by a freak accident with a kite in a thunderstorm and a series of increasingly weird and eventually deadly experiments is performed by the now deranged scientist during the first term of the Grover Cleveland Administration. Imagine that the book is established as a horror classic, is made into a number of movies abroad and its lead character joins the popular lore. Now, suppose a Romanian reader of Franklin makes a pilgrimage to the United States and, instead of being shown the site of the terrifying events he has read about, he is shown Franklin's printing shop and his seat in Independence Hall. He will be vastly interested, no doubt, or pretend to be, for the sake of his hosts, but will he feel himself in the presence of the green old man with a diabolical lightning simulator?

No.

But still, here, looking down at the grave, I can imagine something rustling underneath the stone flooring, and Nancy has bought a crucifix from the cheerful little priest who tends the chapel and has a wooden tray full of the things, not to mention holy medals and postcards. She puts it around her neck.

"Just thought I'd be prepared," she says, laughing.

"The peasants believe his body was put here so that the worshipers walking over it would, little by little, take away his sins," said Nick. He shrugged. "It is typical of him that when they got him to Bucharest, his body disappeared, along with everything else they had found."

The priest was waiting for us outside, holding up a double-page spread from some newspaper showing the excavations of the chapel in progress. He pointed carefully at various, pictures, speaking to us in Romanian, nodding and smiling when he had made some point.

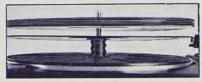
"He is explaining to us that Dracula was buried in his church," said Nick.

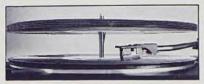
We have lunch at a pleasant bare wood restaurant in the forest, overlooking the lake. The place is mostly spreading roofed porches crowded with plank tables; it's designed for fine weather and can be neatly packed away when the ice and cold winds come. Each table has at

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least one wine cooler waiting by it with bottles of beer and soft drinks standing in a bed of crushed ice. I learn this is a basic prop for any Romanian eating place. The beer is locally made-each small area has its special, fiercely defended beer-and tastes something like British bitter. With it we have a roast chicken served with a bowl of garlic sauce, and I'm introduced to mamaliga, a sort of corn-meal pudding, which goes beautifully with the chicken and, I will learn, with almost anything else, and which I will think of henceforth and forevermore as the country's national dish, even if it may not, by some fluke, own that status officially.

An old, old gypsy, bronzed and wrinkled, wanders about the tables in a shabby but neatly pressed suit and plays the violin. Another gypsy has a box full of folded bits of paper and a parakeet sitting on his shoulder. If you give the gypsy some money, the parakeet will hop onto the edge of the box and pluck out one of the papers and that will be your fortune. Nancy has her fortune read and

it seems that someday she will be rich. Nick, meantime, continues his exposition on the historical Dracula.

They called him Dracula simply because that was the diminutive of what they called his father: Dracul, which means Devil. He was, and is, far better known under the name Vlad Tepes, which means Vlad the Impaler, which refers to his hobby of putting people on standing stakes and leaving them there to die.

Now, the Romanians do not pretend that Vlad Tepes was a gentle or a kindly man. "But," Nick says, looking around wide-eyed for any possible refutation, "name me a Fifteenth Century monarch who was!"

Besides, Nick argues reasonably, Vlad has all along suffered from a bad press: The pamphlets Stoker used for research were printed and written by Germans, and Germans had every reason to dislike him, since he would not pay them taxes and was consistently rude to their armies. A famous account of his villainy put out by them, the attack that took place on

Saint Bartholomew's Day and the subsequent slaughter by stake of some 30,000 persons, loses something in effectiveness when it is pointed out that a church, the objective of the attack, was actually a garrisoned fort and that it is doubtful whether the entire population in that area numbered as much as 3000.

We stay that night in Bucharest, the capital, which looks surprisingly like a larger version of Nice. Romania was the chesspiece the French used in that endless game the major powers played over the Balkans, and their influence lingers in that city. They have, for example, some of the best *croissants* I've eaten.

The next day, we head north, the old man peering like an eagle over his wheel, Nick taking meticulous notes, Nancy and I keeping track of our progress on a floppy road map from the Romanian Automobile Club. We're heading for Targoviste, Dracula's capital when he was warrior prince of Walachia, the rich land spreading south of the Carpathians.

Bucharest dwindles to small houses behind almost endless green picket fence, and then we are in the country, American Midwest flat, with a tall corn crop on either side. I see a farmer and his ox looking tiny in the middle of their huge field and wonder how they do it.

One thing I worried about before the trip was the peasants. Would there be any and, if so, would they be quaint peasants? Oh, I'd seen photographs of peasants in the folders and guidebooks, wearing those woolly jackets with the flower patterns and smoking elaborate pipes, their women decked out in layers of colorful skirts topped with babushkas-but would there really be honest-to-God peasants wandering by the sides of the roads and actually living in the villages, or would there be only plastic ones, mostly running tourist curio shops? The answer is, friends, that there are lots of peasants, and they are real ones, and they have all the props, including goats and scythes and all that stuff. You don't have to worry about it.

The ruins are on the outskirts of the town, which is quaint and quiet-seeming. There's a light sprinkling of tourists wandering amiably on walkways and through passages and climbing the wooden steps of the restored tower that dominates the scene. From the tower, you look down onto the palace that was the scene of Vlad Tepes' most purely nasty acts, none with a military excuse, just the sort of stuff a bored monarch might dream up after a few monotonous weeks at court.

Here is where he nailed the turbans to the heads of a Turkish delegation after they refused to doff them in his honor, and where he presented a visiting ambassador with a standing golden stake after dinner, asking him if he knew what



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it might be for, but here, most interestingly, is where he carried out a Draculian civic-improvement program by inviting the village's poor, old and lame to a banquet, locking them in at the height of the festivities and then burning the whole affair to the ground.

From there we veer west in our northern course to spend the night at Curteade-Arges, a small village possessing one of the prettiest little Byzantine churches in the world. It was a lot of bother to its architect, as he was forced to wall his wife up alive during the building, and when it was done, the king decided to kill him as well so he'd never build another as fine. The poor bastard improvised some wings out of roof planking in an attempt to fly away, but made it only across the road, and the crash site is presently marked by a spring babbling out of the rock he cracked on impact. Nick is full of stories like that.

The next day is one I've been looking forward to. Our target is the site associated with the historical Dracula that best evokes Stoker's monster as well: his ruined castle in the mountains high over the River Arges. This was his true lair, his favorite lurking place. He worked his worst enemies to death building it, and it was here he went whenever seri-

ously threatened.

has destroyed.

The trip isn't easy, as the river has broken loose shortly before and caused a dreadful flood. New roads have been improvised alongside the ruins of the old, and we edge across a wobbly wooden bridge while kids cheer us on from the bent steel beams of the one the flood

We park in a bulldozed clearing by a wide point of the river and head for some concrete steps that mount up a gentle, wooded slope. There is no sign marking the place that I can see. The driver, standing by his car, looks up at the cliffside rising over the slope, shakes

kerchief.

"I would not hurry," Nick says, "but take a leisurely pace. There are fourteen

his bald head and mops it with a hand-

hundred steps to the castle."

A soldier stands in a patch of wildflowers next to the stairs and we exchange shy nods and smiles while he shifts the strap of his Sten gun. The stairs take a bend and the upward slope starts to increase. I see another soldier standing at the next bend and, looking higher up, see the stairs form a series of hairpin bends going out of sight. We are about three bends past the second soldier when we hear him shouting down to his companion. We pause as Nick listens to the exchange.

"He says he has seen a viper," Nick explains cheerfully and we resume our climb.

The vegetation starts to thin and I see there has been considerable planting of vines and other things to firm the earth, held in place, amusingly, by hundreds of wooden stakes. Then I begin to observe paw prints here and there, set into the concrete of the stairs.

"Those are wolf tracks," says Nick.
"The wolves would come out and play
at night while the cement was still setting. There are bear tracks, too, of
course."

By now, the steepness of the slope down from the edge of the stairs is becoming more apparent. The parking space is very small, the driver, who has wandered across the road and is gazing down the further drop to the river, is a dot.

A slow, steady pace, together with an occasional pause, make the climb quite tolerable.

Then we come onto a ridge and the view turns spectacular.

We round a bend and pass before the incongruous little cottage of the caretaker, quite comfy and homey. There are pots of flowers on the porch. Ahead, up 100 or so more winding steps, is the castle.

It has been very partially restored, "propped up" might be better; rebuilt enough to be safe for snooping and climbing on. It reminds me more of Frankenstein than of Dracula, actually, and looks like the sort of place the good doctor would pick to bring some botched

creation to life. The main tower is a dead ringer for that one in *Bride of Frankenstein*. All in all, I find it a very satisfyingly Gothic ruin and am sure it houses many owls and bats, and that wolves prowl it at night.

Scattered down one slope is a third of the castle, fallen during the year 1888, the year of Jack the Ripper. It was from that parapet that Vlad's wife threw herself to her death so he'd be unhampered in his flight from the Turks. Overlooking that view is Vlad's bedroom and, beneath that, the torture chamber.

Back in the car, speeding smoothly alongside the Arges, I look up at the Carpathians looming ever higher before us and rub my hands in an open gloat. On the other side of those mountains lies my goal, for there, by God, is Transylvania—the home of the *real* Dracula, by God, the pale skinny man with the long, sharp teeth who sleeps in a coffin and crumbles in the sun. This historical stuff is all very well, but now and then it does get in the way!

The mountains are towering over us now and they look terrific. We are going to cross them at their highest point, the Făgăras range, over a brand-new road, one that is still in the process of settling down. The Romanians, Nick explains, have a strong feeling for the ecology, they do not want to force the earth against its will, so they give it the option of accepting or rejecting innovations such as this road we are about to travel. They do not start by sinking piles and pouring concrete, they sketch out the road with bulldozers, using minimum shoring, and then they watch and see which curves and grades the mountain takes to, which ones it throws aside.

We've begun to climb, leisurely, but I can see glimpses of the road curling high above. It's packed earth with now and then a chunk missing from its outer edge and an uneven border of fallen rocks and earth along its inner. The chauffeur has hunched a little lower over his wheel and his gearshifting becomes noticeably more enthusiastic.

Nancy is looking apprehensively out the window. The sky was clear when we began our ascent, but now clouds are scudding in from the north, from Transylvania. Of course, I am delighted to see them. There are occasional little redand-white trestles placed on the border of the cliff's edge to warn of the sheer drop beyond, but many of these have fallen, not a few along with generous portions of earth, and they look like scattered Band-Aids on the steep slopes below.

"I see," says Nick, smiling, "that this road has not yet been tamed."

The clouds, moving with remarkable speed, have covered the sky and are now



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September On Sale August 11.

starting a vertical expansion downward. Everything is suddenly wet, the rocks glistening, the earth road turning a bright red. Nick smiles. "I think Dracula has taken the form of a clump of thunderclouds," he says, "in order to welcome you appropriately." I smile back at him, but Nancy has grown very still, which means she is not enjoying herself at all.

We are nearing the top of the Carpathians and I see that the research and art departments at Universal Studios knew just what they were about when they did those lovely faked shots of appallingly rugged mountains in *The In*visible Ray; but those big screens in the moviehouses weren't big enough, after all, for they weren't up to suggesting the

fantastic vastness of the place.

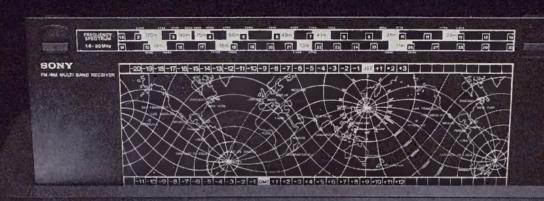
Directly ahead of us is the black gape of a tunnel cut into the rock-the entrance to Transvlvania turns out to be a mysterious darkness-and at the precise moment of our entry, at the exact instant, I swear it, a huge bolt of lightning, fat and solid-looking, spirals in from behind us and smashes ker-raak into the side of the opening! Nick and I are startled into laughter, Nancy frowns and clenches her teeth and we zoom into the darkness of the tunnel, which is no staid arrangement of concrete and tile but a thing chopped and blasted out of living rock, almost like a natural cave. Abruptly, like something from a haunted-house ride, I see a tall lady in a niche wearing a long white robe with a kind of hood, holding a candle in one hand and making signs at us with the other, as if to ward off the evil eye. She is gone with equal suddenness and we emerge from the tunnel into the thickest, peltingest rain I have ever seen, even in the tropics.

The driver has the wipers on at once, but from the back seat, only water is visible. The roar of the rain on the roof is incredible. He hunkers down a little further over his wheel, readjusts his grip on it and I am pleased to see a grim smile twitch at the corner of his mouth. He is going to use all his skill and ingenuity to see that the storm doesn't slow him down.

At first we're surrounded by whirling darkness—we're actually working our way through the interior of a cloud!—which is irregularly lit by blinding flashes of lightning showing jagged boulders and twisted spires of rock slanting at bizarre angles; sometimes the lightning silhouettes them in stark outlines, sometimes it blasts in front of them, floodlighting the rain bouncing off them and making them seem covered with dancing spangles.

Then we clear the cloud and the rain is pouring through a violently swirling grayness, like Poe's Maelstrom, and I

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see swollen streams gushing down into the abyss, carrying rocks along with the force of their passage. Nick and I are clapping our hands in delight and laughing like a couple of loons (I've never been on a more exciting ride in my life), but Nancy, who never batted an eye when we were in an automobile accident in Kenya, who drove through the Yucatán jungle before they had the road in—Nancy has become positively grim-faced.

Suddenly, on a particularly narrow stretch of road, there is a loud cascade of banging on the roof and we see rocks spinning by the windows. Nick and I are instantly stilled and even the driver looks up with alarm. It's the only time I have seen him startled. For a moment, we all hold our breath, but nothing more happens and we zoom on, the chauffeur neatly maneuvering a series of incredible descending hairpin turns, until finally

we reach a little roadside inn, filled with sheepherders, where we decide to stop for lunch.

"Let us thank our chauffeur for seeing us safely through," announces Nick, and Nancy reaches her arms into the front seat and gives the old man a huge hug, which Nick smiles at but does not entirely approve of. Then his eyes light up as he spots a huge, pale butterfly flopping through the moist air from one dripping branch to the next.

"Ah, I see Dracula has taken on another form to see how we enjoyed his welcome."

Then we go into the inn, all four of us together, to toast our survival with Russian vodka and stuff ourselves with meat grilled and spiced in the manner Transylvanian bandits used to favor, and maybe still do.

Of course, I am entirely satisfied with

Smilby

"Any girl crazy enough to go around kissing frogs deserves what she gets."

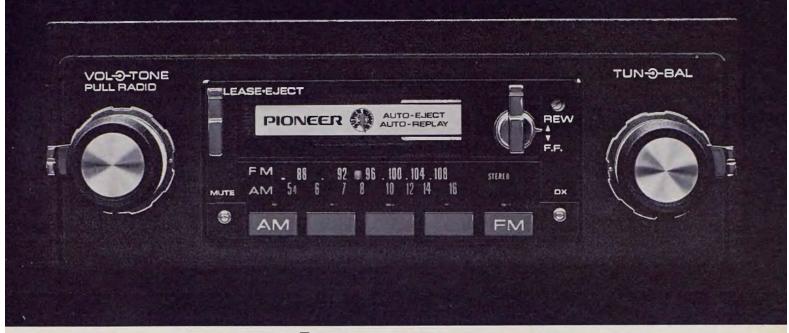
our sensational ride through the Carpathians; it was more than I'd dared hope for since I'd long ago looked up from the Encyclopaedia Britannica in the Evanston Public Library and realized Stoker's locales were honest to God based on fact, but there is more to come: There is Bistrita, where Jonathan Harker stayed at the Golden Crown Hotel and had a crucifix pressed on him by his frightened hosts; and, better, the Borgo Pass, the wild valley that Harker drove through in a wolf-accompanied coach to Dracula's castle itself.

We spend the night in a monastery called, oddly, Upper Saturday. It has wood-burning stoves and you walk through corridors lined with glittering glass icons showing Christ sprouting branches and saints bleeding and Michael slaying the dragon. Nancy snuggles close to me beneath the fat goosedown quilt on the enormous bed in our tiny room, elaborately decorated in red velvet. She has stopped making jokes and, I notice in the flickering firelight, has kept the crucifix on. The next morning, we have breakfast with the abbot, who shows us the proper Romanian way to open and eat a fresh green pepper.

We drive most of the next day and it's late when our headlights pick up the sign bistrita. My initial reaction is what I have feared for all these years: disappointment. It's a place of tidy avenues with trimmed trees and modern lamps and ordinary-looking houses. It actually reminds me of Evanston, and when we pull up at an aggressively unmysterious-looking gas station and the pump goes ting, just like it did on Dempster Street, I wonder if I am the butt of some cosmic joke.

My apprehension increases considerably when we arrive at the Golden Crown Hotel. It is purposely named after the place Stoker made up, but offhand I can't see any other point of resemblance. It's a nice, comfortable place, a little too much like home, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to look out at the up-todate parking lot and see Fords and Chevies with ILLINOIS, LAND OF LINCOLN license plates. True, the band in the restaurant does break off the prom music to play a doina, which is to say it does its best to imitate a pack of wolves, a favorite pastime of the live musicians found in almost every eating establishment in the country, but this traveling businessman's hotel is definitely not what I had in mind.

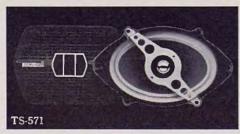
The next day, we go to the old part of town and I perk up at once. This is much more like it. I can easily imagine Jonathan Harker wandering under the arcades, browsing over the curious foods and goods for sale in the little shops, and I'm delighted to see there are plenty of elderly ladies with babushkas and



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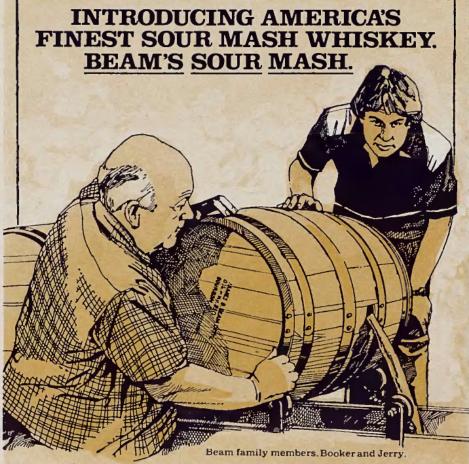
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colorful clothing and, yes, crucifixes; there seem to be plenty of crucifixes.

It is all very much like the Bistrita I had hoped and, on braver days, expected to see. The only odd thing is that the most noticeable feature of the whole place is a huge church with a towering steeple, which, I learn, can be seen for miles. It is by far the most outstanding and memorable building in Bistrita, yet Harker doesn't mention it once in *Dracula*, despite a lengthy description of the town, doubtless because the author never actually made the trip himself.

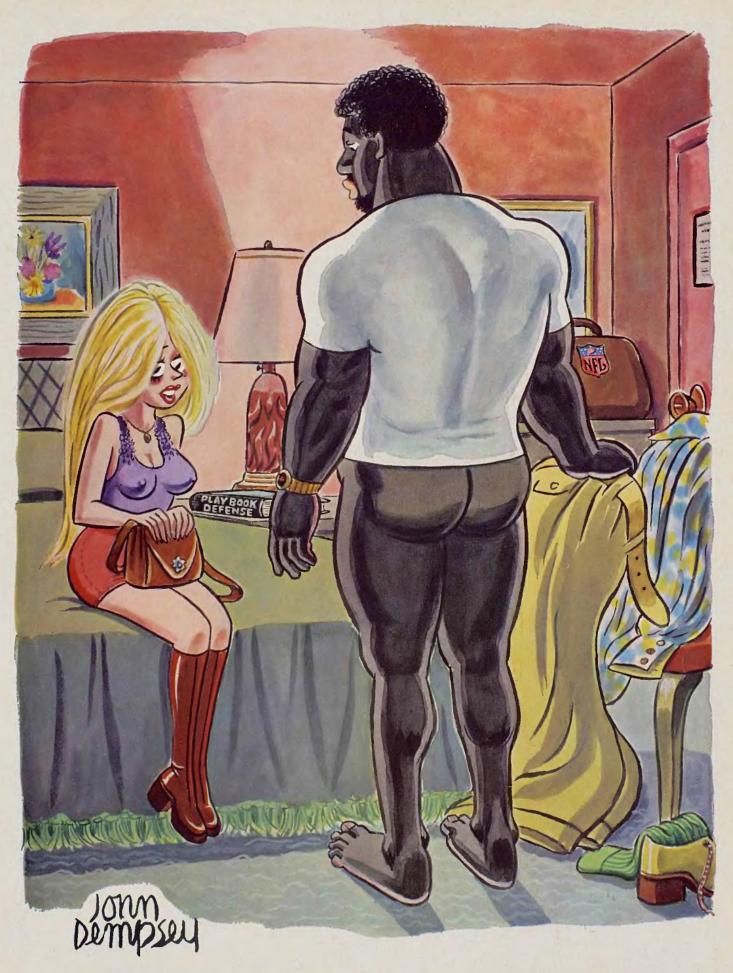
When we return to the hotel, I decide it really isn't so bad, after all. They do sell wolf and bear salami in their shop, though they're momentarily out of wolf, and there are a few badly painted but well-meant Dracula plaques (one of which, for no reason at all, suddenly falls off the wall and hits poor Nancy on the head) for sale and, of course, plenty more crucifixes.

Nick has arranged for us to meet the local director of tourism and he turns out to be a large, cheerful man who is a Dracula buff; admiring not just the historical Dracula but, like Nick, the real one as well. He ushers us into a secret room (I'm delighted to learn the Golden Crown has one) and pours us a rich, red Romanian wine, which, of course, inspires us to make lots of little jokes about drinking blood. He has the only copy of Dracula I've seen in the country, well thumbed, a collection of very scary folk masks and a file of mail from Dracula fans all over the world, a good many of whom seem actually to believe he exists, including, interestingly, a number of females, many enclosing photos, offering their fair white necks for biting. Our host denies, with a carefully ambiguous smile, accepting any of these latter invitations, but he answers all letters sent to Dracula, care of Transylvania, as diligently as his opposite number at the North Pole replies to those sent to Santa Claus.

We have a little more wine, make a few more jokes, which now strike everybody as really hilarious (even Nancy, the cut on her head having finally stopped bleeding, relaxes a bit), and then the driver peeks in, carrying a big wicker basket—everything is ready for the picnicl

In all his informed guesses, Stoker is nowhere more on target than in his description of the approach to Borgo Pass: the groves of apple trees, the sloping landscape, the lumbering oxcarts, the roadside crosses (though he had not mentioned painted tin Christs nailed to them); and, yes, even the peasants praying at their shrines were there. I gave a huge sigh of relief and smiled at the lowering mountains ahead. I was doing what I had so long wanted to do and it was working.

The road through the pass itself does



"I...I've changed my mind. I think I'm going to be a rock-star groupie instead."







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not wind through crags and cliffs as I thought; it's more a building from hill-ocks to taller heights, and then, on either side, the steep rising of huge, rugged masses in the distance. We stop the car at a spot that strikes me as satisfyingly forlorn, make our way up the hillside to a tree and are in the process of setting up our picnic when an enormous white dog appears. He smiles at us, revealing unbelievable teeth, and sits down.

"It would appear," says Nick, "that Dracula has taken one of his more traditional forms to join us at our feast."

We arrange ourselves on a spread blanket, Nancy serves out our plates while the rest of us, including the dog, from whom she keeps her distance, wait patiently, and then we all dine together, the dog getting most of the bear salami. We are just finishing the last of the local beer when Nick points out something on a far hill.

"I've never seen that before," he says.

The sun is hitting it just right, making it stand out clearly on its mountain. Were there turrets? Could I just make out a broken battlement?

"It's some kind of a huge castle," says Nancy. "A great, huge castle."

"What do you think?" asks Nick. "Do you think that's it?"

"I think that's it," I say.

We leave in no great hurry. The dog has walked us to our car and sits now, huge and white against the grass, smiling and licking the last of the bear salami from his enormous teeth as he watches us out of sight.

Sitting back in the Mercedes, I think about Bobby Marty and wish we hadn't lost touch. This time, I would like to tell him about Dracula and the land in which he lived and, I'm sure Bobby and I would agree, could we get together, lives yet.

There is a long silence, broken finally by Nancy, who has brightened considerably, now that we are headed back to Bucharest.

"What do you suppose the driver's made of this?" she asks Nick. "All this Dracula business?"

"Oh, he really doesn't care," says Nick. "He just drives."

"Has he ever heard of Dracula?" she persists.

Nick asks the driver.

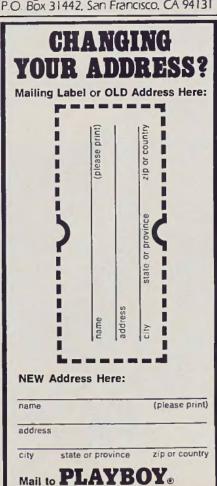
"Drah-koo-lah?" says the driver, keeping his eyes on the road. "Drah-koo-lah?" He shakes his head. It's new to him.

"Ask him if he's heard of Vlad Tepes," I say, and Nick does, and the driver replies. Nick turns and smiles, an elbow resting on the back of his seat.

"Vlad Tepes, yes, Vlad Tepes," he translates. "He's buried in Snagov."



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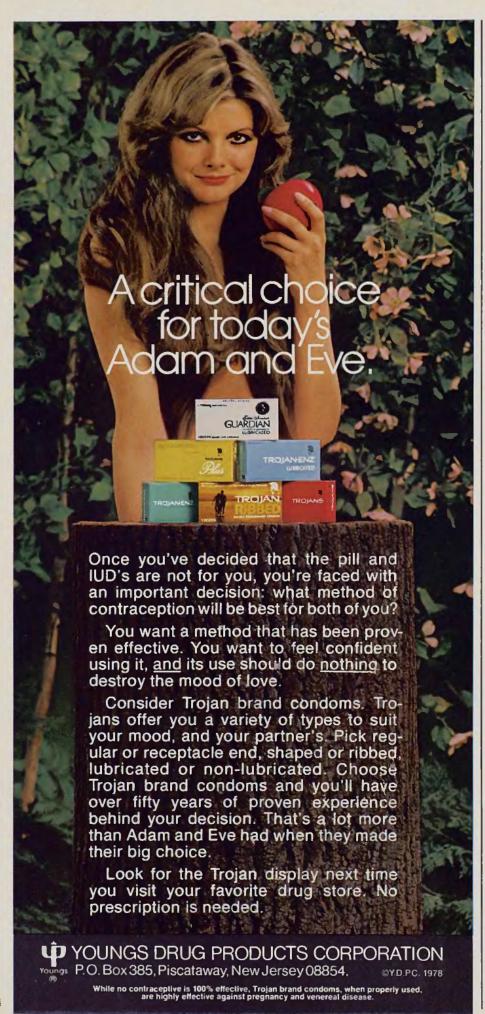
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"Incidentally, I've never done this before. In a eucalyptus tree, I mean."





GOLDEN GREEK

(continued from page 184)

American technicians with Germans and rely upon Onassis' German-built supertankers to provide an outlet for the expropriated oil.

Onassis was up against the wall. In the space of only a few months, every part of his empire had been placed in jeopardy; sued, surveiled, boycotted, smeared and bugged on two continents, he was now-whether through coincidence or design-to be attacked on a third. For years, Onassis had been operating one of the world's largest whaling operations, a sea hunt in which his ships sailed the icy Humboldt Current along the western coast of South America. There had never been any problems until Onassis became embroiled in a dispute with Big Oil: In November 1954, Peru astonished Onassis and the world with its decision to militarily enforce an earlier declaration extending its territorial waters far beyond the traditional three-mile limit; thenceforth, the Land of the Condor would stretch 200 miles into the Pacific Ocean.

Former Onassis aides are convinced that Peru's coastal militance had been encouraged by those in the U.S. intelligence community who were determined to damage Onassis at any cost. In any event, the consequences for the faltering multimillionaire were swift in coming.

On November 15, Peruvian destroyers sailed 180 miles off the coast to surprise and capture four Onassis whalers. On the following day, the Onassis fleet's mother ship, Olympic Challenger, was circled by a Peruvian fighter plane that, after its order to proceed to the coast had been ignored, rained bombs on the Challenger and ripped apart its hull beneath the water line; when the ship began to limp, the fighter swept down and strafed its decks with machine-gun fire. Before the Challenger's radio went dead, its position was reported as 380 miles off the Peruvian coast.

The final blow to Onassis came in the form of pressure on the Saudis themselves. Since the tycoon was determined to hang on to the Jidda Agreement at all costs, it became necessary for the CIA, through Maheu, to intervene behind the throne. Accordingly, Maheu and Gerrity journeyed separately to Jidda, where Maheu says he presented evidence that the agreement had been reached through bribery most foul.

That this so-called proof of bribery was obtained from Catapodis seems very likely. Constantine Gratsos states flatly that Catapodis was himself bribed to play the part he did. "He was a legendary, a monumental gambler," Gratsos says, "and always in debt. Of course he was bribed!"

Asked about that, Gerrity shrugs: 'I

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don't doubt it. We were playing rough."

Whatever Maheu said to the Saudis, it worked. The country's new king (old ibn-Saud had died shortly before the Jidda Agreement was signed) ordered Onassis to meet with representatives of the Aramco companies and to resolve the differences between them. If concord could not be reached, the new Saudi minister of finance would "arbitrate" the matter. That would hardly be to Onassis' advantage, since the agreement had been negotiated with the previous finance minister, who, as it happened, had been forced out of office shortly after Maheu's arrival in Jidda.

Onassis met with Aramco representatives, as ordered, and the Jidda Agreement was broken.

And suddenly, Onassis' problems faded away. Catapodis' various lawsuits were dismissed in the courts for lack of jurisdiction and lack of evidence. The wire taps and bugs were deactivated. The surveillance ended. The press relented in its attacks. Gerrity's assignment was over ("After that," he says, "I went out to California to work on some local elections for Hughes). The Peruvian fighters folded their wings.

Even Burger's Justice Department suit went by the boards. Ostensibly, the consent agreement signed by Onassis and the Feds required the tycoon to pay \$7,000,000 damages-a substantial judgment. According to his attorney, however, Onassis never really had to pay anything out of pocket. "It was all done with mirrors," Ed Ross says, "to make Burger look good. The settlement didn't cost Onassis a cent. It was just a facesaving gesture." Fittingly, it was Burger's last such gesture as an attorney. In June 1955-the same month Onassis and Aramco sat down to begin dismantling the Jidda pact—he was appointed to the country's second most prestigious judicial forum, the District of Columbia Court of Appeals.

The only remaining thorn in Onassis' side was the oil companies' boycott against his ships, and that, too, worked out to his advantage. In the summer of 1956, history intervened to make Onassis richer than he had ever been, when Egypt decided to nationalize and then to close the Suez Canal. Closing Suez forced those shipping oil from the Mideast to send it around the Cape of Good Hope, tripling the time required for transit and, therefore, the number of tankers needed to supply the Western

world with oil. Onassis' fleet, thanks to the boycott,

was the only one available to fill the gap created by the closing of Suez: His competitors, having taken advantage of the ostracized Onassis, were locked in to long-term shipping contracts at what soon became "the old rates." Onassis quickly used this advantage to compensate for his difficulties, hammering out contracts that escalated the price of carrying oil from \$4 to \$20 per ton.

In the end, the anti-Onassis plot was both a failure and a success. While it failed by a quirk of history to bankrupt Onassis, the campaign did succeed in destroying the hated Jidda Agreement.

The episode was over. And yet serious questions remained-not the least of which was: Who had used whom? It is evident that the CIA was a mere pawn of the multinationals throughout the conspiracy's unfolding. The question is whether genuine national-security matters were at stake or whether the CIA was used to legitimize a conspiracy whose purpose was to favor one group of businessmen over another.

If it was a legitimate national-security operation, one would expect it to have been approved by the National Security Council. And yet, according to Republican leader Harold Stassen, a member of the NSC during this period, there was never any mention of Onassis at NSC meetings. The significance of this is that the operation may have been a nationalsecurity matter in the minds of Nixon and his cronies but not in the minds of those responsible for deciding such things at the time.

What appears to have happened is that Nixon circumvented established intelligence channels to run an attack upon Onassis, somehow persuading the CIA to cooperate in his adventuremuch as he would later circumvent the NSC while President, setting in motion the notorious Track II operation against Chilean president Salvador Allende.

In talking with Gerrity, Staten and some of the other spooks who waged the battle against the Greek tycoon, images of Watergate are impossible to avoid. Each of the Maheu operatives recalls the overwhelming emphasis his superiors placed on the "national security" aspect of the operation.

"We were always being reminded," Staten says, "that the CIA was behind the operation, that it was Government work. Maheu told us that over and over." A similar refrain would be heard almost two decades later by Cuban exiles planning to burglarize the Democratic National Committee headquarters: That, too, would be a "national security" matter.

Finally, there is the question of others' complicity in the affair. Besides Nixon, Gerrity says that Burger was also aware of the operational details and that he discussed the Onassis conspiracy with Burger at a private home in the Washington area. "I don't know how much Burger really grasped about it all," says Gerrity, "but I can remember what he said to me, the exact phrase: He said he'd take 'judicial oversight' of my activities with Maheu. The hell he would! He was getting reports regularly from



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the CIA and the FBI on everything relating to Onassis, including what Maheu and I were doing."

Asked if Burger's knowledge would have included information from the possibly illegal wire taps, Gerrity shrugs and says, "Everything."

In lieu of talking to Burger these days, one talks to Barrett McGurn. Formerly a foreign correspondent for the now defunct New York Herald Tribune, McGurn left journalism to serve his country as an information officer in Vietnam and subsequently as press liaison for the

Chief Justice in Washington.

Told about the anti-Onassis plot masterminded by Maheu, Nixon and Niarchos, McGurn expressed amazement and pleaded ignorance of the tale. He recalled that Burger had won accolades for his handling of the Justice Department suits against the Greek shipowners, but of the larger operation he said he knew nothing. Told then that a source claims to have kept Burger informed of the anti-Onassis plot during Burger's sensitive negotiations with attorneys for Niarchos and Onassis, McGurn again professed astonishment and promised to ask Burger if that were true.

The following day, McGurn had Burger's replies. According to the information officer, "The Chief Justice received no CIA reports about Onassis during the 1954–1956 period. He held no conversations with Nixon about Onassis. And neither did he speak with Maheu on any matter at that time. He had no knowledge of any parallel operation against Onassis—contrary to what your

source says."

Who, incidentally, was my source? McGurn interjected. As I had not yet received permission to name my source, I promised to get back to McGurn.

A few days later, I lunched with Gerrity at a restaurant near the White House. Over Welsh rarebit, white wine and cognac, we discussed the Onassis affair until late in the afternoon, talking of Nixon and Burger and of Gerrity's adventures in London and Rome. Gerrity mentioned, apropos of nothing in particular, that while in the latter city, he had met a fellow reporter who had been nice enough to show journalist-spook Gerrity around the Eternal City.

"The reason I mention this," Gerrity said, "is that the whole Onassis thing is wheels within wheels. The guy I'm telling you about, the reporter, is Barrett McGurn—you know him? He's Burger's flack now. Great guy. In fact, I just spoke to him a couple of weeks ago,

about a personal favor."

When asked about Gerrity, McGurn again pleaded ignorance, though he added that it's "very possible" that he may have spoken to Gerrity recently and may even have known him in Rome. "I get 400 calls a week here at the Supreme Court—I can't remember every one of

them. It's possible he called. It's also possible that I showed him around in Rome. I showed lots of reporters around: I was president of the [foreign press club]."

But, McGurn insisted, he was in Paris rather than Rome throughout 1954 and the first eight months of 1955 (coincidentally, the precise duration of the anti-Onassis plot); if he had met Gerrity, it could not have been in Rome during that time. McGurn then ended the conversation on an acid note.

"Do me a favor," he said.

"What's that?"

"When you see Gerrity again—give him my regards and tell him thanks."

The ambiguities remain after nearly 25 years, and the questions they suggest are sufficiently complex as to be worthy of a John le Carré novel. It is not enough, for instance, to speak of someone being someone else's "pawn." In the anti-Onassis operation, there were *chains* of pawns. At the lowest level were Frank's "three Remsons" and Gerrity's spooks in white flannel. Above them were Frank, Gerrity and the rest of Maheu's *Mission: Impossible* team, themselves no more than dragoons, ostensibly in the service of Niarchos.

Here the atmosphere became even more rarefied and the "chains of command" took on a twilit aspect. If Nixon did circumvent the National Security Council while presiding over what he claimed was a national-security operation, it would mean that the CIA was little more than his private-policy instrument. But what of the relationships among Nixon, Niarchos and the multinational oil companies? Who got what from whom? The likelihood is that all of them were exploiting one another: Nixon and the Republican Party needed the multinationals' money; the multinationals needed their monopolies; and Niarchos-besides his hatred for Onassis-needed to escape the threat of imprisonment. In circumstances such as those, everyone is a pawn-and no one is.

And what of Warren Burger, the man who would go on to become Chief Justice of the United States? That he played a strategic role in the conspiracy against Onassis is undeniable, but exactly what did he know and when did he know it? Was he aware of the larger plot, or was his role somehow innocent and ordinary?

The questions are important, because they involve matters of ethics and of law. Clearly, Onassis' rights were savaged throughout that time of litigation: The victim of wire taps, surveillance and calculated defamation, the tycoon could hardly be said to have gotten a fair shake from the U.S. Government. But was Burger cognizant of those attacks?

Burger, speaking through McGurn, disagrees with Gerrity about conversations they may have had; but what of Burger's other conversations? What, for instance,

of those talks between Burger and Niarchos' chief attorney, L. E. P. Tylor? That Tylor knew of his client's relationship to the Maheu agency is apparent, since it was Tylor who made the initial call to the Maheu office that set the New York wire tap in motion. If the Onassis operation was, indeed, a national-security matter, as Nixon and others insisted, it is hard to imagine that Niarchos' attorney failed to mention his client's patriotic role to Burger: It might, after all, mitigate Niarchos' jeopardy before American courts.

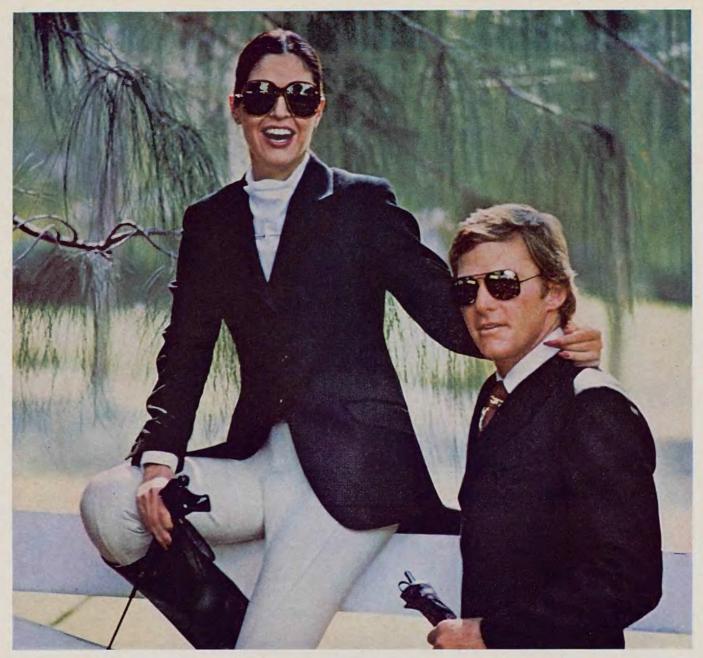
Moreover, should push have come to shove in the Federal cases against Niarchos and Onassis, might not the CIA's activities—through cut-out Maheu or through officers Donahue and Dimaggio in Rome—have been exposed during trial? That possibility alone would seem to have been sufficient reason for Tylor to inform Burger of the anti-Onassis

operation.

As for Nixon, his involvement in the plot remains undisputed by every source east of San Clemente. A call to Colonel John Brennan, Nixon's major-domo and "spokesman" at Casa Pacifica, elicited a terse refusal to put any questions to his boss. Told that one would like to get both sides of the story, Brennan interrupts venomously: "I know the routine, and we'll take our chances." End of conversation.

The question, however, is not whether Nixon was involved but why. National security appears to have been more an excuse than a serious justification. Less wholesome motives, however, are by no means certain. Financial contributions to the G.O.P. might have been a motive, but there is no reliable way to determine that. Still, Nixon undoubtedly won some powerful allies through his role in the conspiracy: Years later, he would become the head partner in the law firm of Mudge, Rose, Mitchell, Guthrie and Alexander; along with Tylor, the Mudge, Rose firm represented Niarchos in his 1954 negotiations with Burger. Was it a coincidence that Nixon should find such a lucrative home there in the years when he became politically hors de combat? Perhaps. Perhaps not.

The answers, then, are obscure, but the questions deserve to be asked. The primary players—all but Onassis—are with us still. The alternative to understanding their relationships to one another in the seminal years of the Fifties is to resign ourselves to the continued existence of a secret history that certifies an enduring civic ignorance. And that, of course, can only lead to the emergence of a multinational raj, a country whose borders are marked not by mountains and rivers but by the clandestine flow of laundered currencies and the secret transit of company spies.



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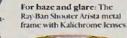
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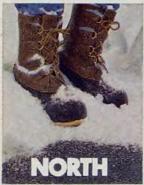


For light and shadows, common in driving: From the Ray-Ban Cambrian Collection, the Rideau model in a sunset plastic frame with G-31 lenses. For overhead glare, common in sports: The Ray-Ban Outdoorsman Arista metal frame, top gradient Inconel mirror lenses.





AMERICA NEEDS STREET-WISE (continued from page 168)









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(continued from page 168) to the East have resulted in Thai sticks, which sell for \$15 to \$25 apiece (or \$225 to \$690 an ounce). Thai sticks are essentially a marketing gimmick. Better grass is grown in Hawaii (Maui Wowie, Kona Gold, etc.). These marijuanas may contain as much as 20 percent THC and typically check in at 10 to 12 percent. The price ranges from \$160 to \$350 an ounce-but on a dollar-per-milligram basis, they are probably worth the cost, especially in states that have decriminalized marijuana. A pound of cheaper commercial-grade grass or a few grams of hash might land you in jail for a year, but a very expensive ounce of supergrass, with the same amount of active ingredient, would get you off with a small fine.

The most potent form of THC comes in hash oil (as high as 60 percent), which is made from grass, not hash. It costs from \$25 to \$40 per gram. If someone tries to sell you pure THC, forget it. More likely than not, it's PCP. Or worse.

What are the dangers of overuse, of supergrass? Available studies from Costa Rica and Jamaica—where subjects smoked an average of about ten joints a day, with some persons smoking up to 80 joints daily on occasion—revealed no differences from a control group of nonsmokers.

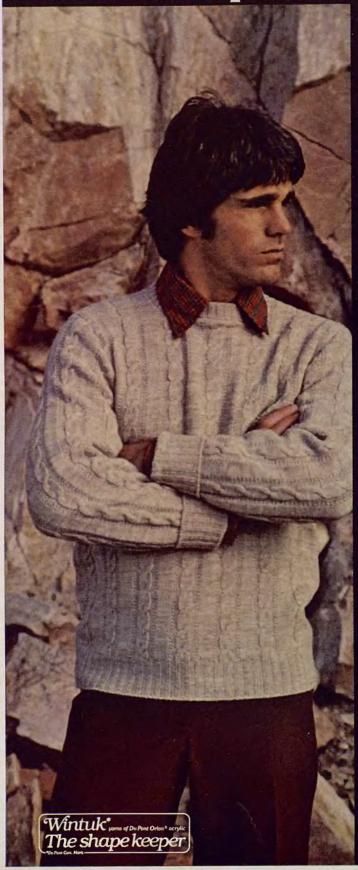
COCAINE

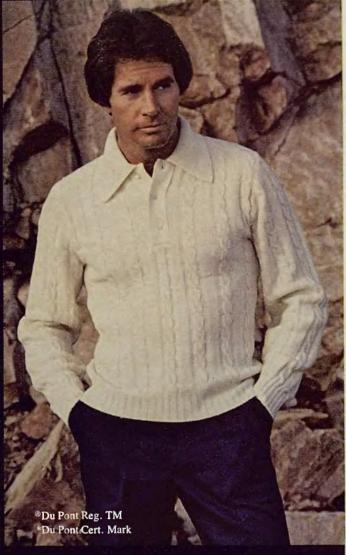
A couple of hits of cocaine make me feel like a new man. The only problem was the first thing the new man wanted was a couple of hits of cocaine. -GEORGE CARLIN

Cocaine is fast becoming the recreational drug of choice. It is also a favorite drug of people who generate myths about drugs. A week doesn't go by that some heinous coke pusher is busted on Baretta, Starsky and Hutch or Charlie's Angels. Some of the latest antidrug propaganda rivals that of the turn of the century, when cocaine first got its bad name. Researcher Robert Peterson points out that no less a venerable organ than The New York Times reported at that time that "cocaine resulted in mass murders by 'crazed [black] cocaine takers' whose marksmanship was markedly improved by the drug. . . . The drug was accused of being a 'potent incentive in driving the humbler Negroes all over the country to abnormal crimes. . . .' Most attacks upon white women of the South . . . are the direct result of cokecrazed Negro brain."

Now that coke has become as pure as the white middle class can afford to buy, the stories have become somewhat more subdued. Most attacks upon white women are by their boyfriends. One reason may be that in the amounts taken by

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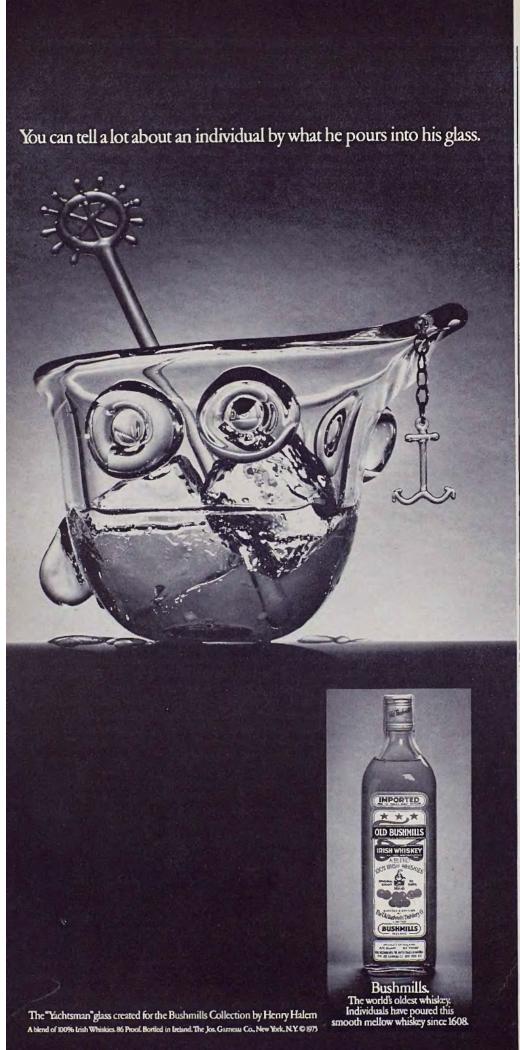




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most Americans, coke is relatively benign. It doesn't freak you out. You don't get sick. It's very difficult to O.D. Not only are there no adverse reactions, there are few reactions at all, making it the perfect drug for people who are afraid of drugs. In one study of recreational users, the most common description of the effect of cocaine was "subtle." The reason the drug is so subtle is that most people take amounts too small to produce clinical effects.

According to lab reports, the average purity of street cocaine these days is between 53 and 63 percent. It is cut with a variety of neutral substances (mannitol, lactose) or active substances (lidocaine and procaine-related anesthetics that produce a numbing sensation). The product sells for between \$80 and \$150 per gram. Add to that an average of \$30 spent on coke paraphernalia-gold-plated razor blades, solidgold straws, silver spoons, silver-plated vials, mirrors, scales, test kits, etc. Coke spoons hold an average of five to ten milligrams of coke. The average line of coke is about an eighth of an inch wide by one inch long and contains approximately 25 mg, of cocaine if pure or 14.5 mg. if street cut. If you snort 25 mg. of pure coke, you will experience minimal changes in heart rate and blood pressure. Significant cuphoria is produced by doses of from 13 to 130 mg.

Without doubt, the coke ritual—the purchase, the cutting into lines with a razor blade, the snorting through rolled-up \$100 bills—has become the new American tea ceremony. It is performed in a social setting with trusted friends. It is often accompanied by wine or marijuana use. The pure financial commitment to having a good time may produce the desired reaction. You pay for the placebo effect—the experience that comes from thinking you have taken something, whether you have or not.

The Government's chief concern with cocaine is its incredible potential for abuse. Cocaine is temptation incarnate. Dupont says: "We also know that cocaine is among the most powerfully reinforcing of all abused drugs. Although not physically addictive in the sense that the opiates are, there is good evidence that the desire to continue use when available is remarkably strong. The relatively benign picture presented by the occasional use of small quantities might be markedly altered were the single euphoric illicit dose now costing about ten dollars available at the licit cost of about ten cents."

Current research with humans suggests that were there an unlimited supply of cocaine, the body would take care of itself. White mice will self-administer cocaine until they die. Humans won't. Charles Schuster, a researcher at the University of Chicago, reports that there is a pattern similar to amphetamine abuse. "There have been descriptions in the



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literature of human speed freaks using amphetamines and cocaine. They take the drug at very high levels for three or four days, stop for a few days, then take it again."

The body crashes, burns, then recovers. Sometimes, so does your bank account. In the absence of any clearly defined danger, the new prohibitionists appear ready to try a new tactic. The folks at the National Institute on Drug Abuse are undertaking a two-year study to determine the feasibility of spraying coca plants with—you guessed it—paraquat. Way to go.

SPEED

Toward the end of the Sixties, the Government and the counterculture cooperated in a campaign against amphetamine abuse. The message was: SPEED KILLS. A lot of folks, haunted by the image of a wired-to-the-gills, homicidal speed freak able to leap tall buildings at a single bound—top to bottom—turned away from uppers of any kind. Federal regulation cut down the number of prescriptions.

The result of this crackdown is that whereas a decade ago high-quality amphetamines could be purchased on the street for less than what they cost in a drugstore, today's speed freak is buying junk. According to lab reports, most of what is sold on the street as amphetamines is either caffeine or one of the decongestants that are labeled MAY CAUSE DIFFICULTY WITH SLEEP. These chemicals can be bought over the counter in a drugstore for about three cents to ten cents each—in potencies twice those of the street drugs, which cost about 20

cents per hit. Unless you get your speed from a doctor, don't bother.

HALLUCINOGENS

According to NIDA figures, over 10,000,000 Americans have tried hallucinogens, with about 1,000,000 of them still involved in regular use. That's about the same number that formed the ranks of flower children at the height of the counterculture. For most, the drug of choice is LSD. Unlike other illegal drugs, the price of acid is about the same as it was ten years ago-from two and a half dollars to five dollars a hit. Before you praise the ethics of acid manufacturers, you should realize that the amount of acid in each dose has fallen from an average of 250 micrograms to less than 100 micrograms. The reduction in potency has the logical effect of greatly reducing the number of adverse effects. The drug today seems to be far more manageable. There are fewer bad trips (when was the last time you heard of someone trying to stop a train with his bare hands?)-and fewer cosmic trips (when was the last time someone you knew saw God?).

Despite all stories to the contrary, LSD does not contain and never has contained any strychnine or speed. While some older acid has degraded into more speedy by-products (such as iso-LSD) that cause stomach cramps, most of the negative effects of acid lie not in the drug but in the user. True, it is easier to say, "My acid had strychnine in it," than to say, "I can't handle my dope," but the latter is often the case.

Most hallucinogen users have dropped acid, not only because it is the most

common one around but also because most, if not all, of the mescaline and psilocybin sold on the street is actually LSD. It is a simple operation to drop liquid acid onto a mushroom and up the price considerably. Mushroom-growing kits are offered for \$15-\$50 [see box on back of chart].

PCP

Angel dust. Elephant tranquilizer. White Cadillac. Dead on arrival. Tic. Rocket fuel. Krystal.

Name it and claim it. PCP is the upand-comer, the down-and-outer of drugs today, slowly working its way to the top of the ten-most-wanted list. The horror stories that used to attach themselves to acid, speed, cocaine or marijuana are now riding like a monkey the back of the latest drug. Newspapers in need of a bit of investigative reporting regularly alarm parents with tales of drug madness among high school students. Sixty Minutes recently devoted 15-20 minutes to detailed PCP horror stories: the kid who nonchalantly murdered his parents with a rifle while under the effects of dust; a kid who seemed compelled to kill, like the drug-crazed berserkers of the Philippine wars. The police now approach a suspected PCP user as they would an armed and dangerous felon. In Los Angeles, an officer emptied his service revolver into a nude, unarmed dusthead who was walking aimlessly about his front yard. The officer claimed the man had assumed a martial-arts stance. More likely, he was just trying to cover his exposed parts. The police officer was cleared-the killing was justifiable, because the man was not a man but a temporary container for the dread chemical phencyclidine. Overkill. The policy of prohibition by fear takes its toll.

PCP is not a new drug. It first made its appearance in the late Sixties-usually as THC, angel dust or Peace Pill. The trip was not a particularly pleasant one-for the first hour, one experienced an anesthetic phase. A downer. The initial hallucinogenic period was often characterized by anxiety, panic and fear of death. That might give way to a twoto-six-hour high-but most heads preferred the ascending rush of acid. If the drug was used, it was used in low doses. If smoked slowly, you could pace yourself, get to the point of intoxication desired, then stop. There were few reports of violence associated with the drug.

The pattern of PCP use has changed in the Seventies. The drug is taken in larger doses, and by different routes, and by a different kind of head. The person who used to take barbiturates and heroin may now find his escape through the depressant effects of PCP. Users describe the first hour as an incredible way of "getting down." What follows is described



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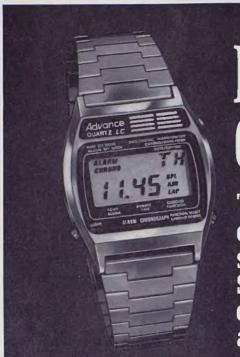
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Split Time... is the mode you'll use to get the time for the 1/4 and 1/2, 3/4 in a race, and the individual times of each contestant across the finish line. Think of it! Stopping for split times does not stop the timing of the event itself from continuing. It's actually stopped and running at the same time, so you can use it to figure out the time of pit stop, for example, and still get the over-all running time of the race.

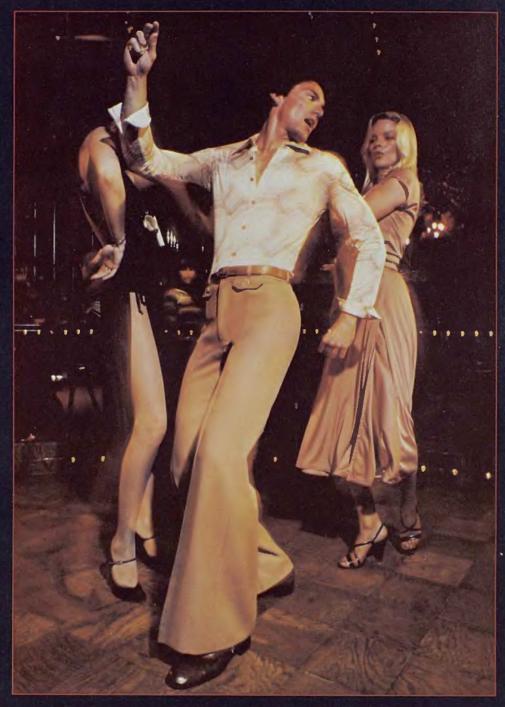
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as a mellow trip. For most users, PCP seems to be a compromise—it seems less dangerous than the heavier downs. You don't overdose, you just get wiped out. And sometimes an unstable person will take the drug and do something bizarre, violent and newsworthy. The atrocity will be attributed to the drug and not to the person.

As a result, some of the emergency facilities that are available to treat drug crises are afraid to aid the PCP user who gets in over his or her head. Expecting violence, they turn the cases over to the police, who have little or no training in such matters.

Overall, the PCP picture is grim. For what it's worth, the stuff you buy on the street for \$60-\$75 per gram is likely to be PCP. That is small consolation to one embarking on a high-risk excursion.

THE LOVE DRUGS

The search for an aphrodisiac continues unabated and, unfortunately, we must report that it continues to be unsuccessful. Three drugs are today being touted in this category and deserve mention, if only to put them in perspective.

The easiest to obtain is butyl nitrite. Almost identical to amyl nitrite, the butyl analog is available over the counter as a "room deodorant" in head and sex shops. Its attachment to sex comes in part from the fact that it is so easy to take prior to an orgasm, allowing you to get suddenly stoned prior to coming. It also has the effect of dilating smooth muscles, thus allowing easier anal penetration, giving it great popularity in the gay community. It is generally safe unless it leads to a blown blood vessel, in which case it can kill you. There has to be a better way.

Quaaludes, or Ludes, as they are affectionately known, work the same way that most so-called aphrodisiacs work: They reduce your inhibitions. If you are a strongly inhibited person, Ludes will greatly enhance your sex life. If you are uninhibited, the depressant effect of the drug will make you perform like a log. Their reputation was made in Ohio, the home of lots of inhibited people, and the myth spread far and wide. But they don't work as aphrodisiacs. And at the inflated price of three dollars to seven and a half dollars each, they have become a prime target for counterfeiters, who will substitute almost anything but generally give you Valium or Librium or both.

So on to MDA. This drug, sometimes called the love drug, is popular in esoteric circles that have access to it. While it appears all over the United States, it seems to be in short supply and yet is relatively inexpensive (usually under five dollars a hit). Surprisingly, most of what is sold as MDA is MDA, or its kissing

cousin, MDM. MDA is an amphetamine-based drug similar in structure to mescaline. Most users report that it increases sensuality rather than actual sexual performance. Women, especially, report enjoying their mates' using the drug, saying it slows them down and lets them enjoy more tenderness. The drug has been listed in one major work on sex therapy as a possible aphrodisiac, but then, at one time, marijuana and LSD were listed that way. Nonetheless, it is probably the closest thing we have found to a true aphrodisiac.

THE FUTURE

In recent years, chemists have been coming up with new and interesting drugs at the rate of almost one a year. They have been assisted royally by anthropologists and botanists who have been identifying naturally occurring drugs used in other cultures. And the future seems to be more and more directed toward the organic substances.

Despite the difficulty being experienced now, more and more hallucinogenic mushrooms are being grown. The magic mushrooms will probably be the drug of choice for those who like the hallucinogens, as well as for some who would normally stay away from them. The frequency of these drugs on the street is already up and it can be expected to continue to rise.

Of course, as more and more people become aware of the ease with which marijuana of the highest quality can be grown, and especially when cultivation bills make growing it punishable by simple fines, home-grown high-potency marijuana will become extremely important on the drug scene. It will do so with a minimum of cost to the user and will make the American way of life, where one pays more for quality, stand on its head.

And, finally, while there is none now, we expect to see use as a drug of the leaves of the coca bush, from which cocaine is made. Coca can be grown in the United States and the leaves can be purchased in Colombia for almost less than marijuana. Properly prepared and chewed, they become a mild stimulant that can be used all day with few or no unpleasant side effects.





"Honey, are you decent?"

DEAR PLAYBOY ADVISOR

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GRAY-FLANNEL PUSHER

(continued from page 180)

it. Some people are addicted exclusively to Talwin, which some studies suggest causes muscle-cell decomposition.

· Before Congress restricted their manufacture and prescription in 1971, amphetamines were the most abused and overprescribed drugs in the country. Smith, Kline and French and other companies aggressively promoted speed as good for obesity, "apathy, pessimism, loss of interest and initiative and lack of ability to concentrate." Moreover, the manufacturers ignored the threat of paranoid psychosis resulting from speed addiction, preferring to note side effects such as infrequent and mild "insomnia, excitability and motor activity." Street use grew alarmingly in the Sixties, as did quasi-legal use by legions of Dr. Feelgoods and by the so-called fat clinics. Smith, Kline and French was called "The House That Speed Built," because it held the first U.S. amphetamine patents.

Today, especially in combination, amphetamines are still widely abused, and still marketed aggressively, if quietly. Biphetamine (the 20-mg. "black beauties" are a widely sought-after Pennwalt speed cocktail), Ritalin, Preludin, Dexamyl, Desoxyn and their chemical cousins tangle up thousands of housewives, business people, students, athletes and ordinary street users.

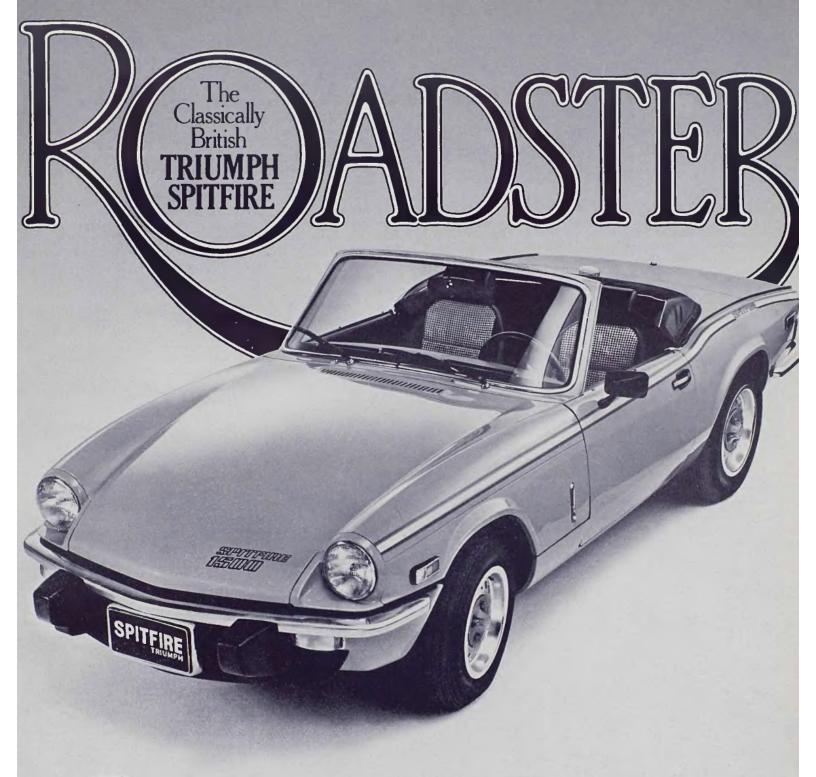
Some druggists and doctors have been known to deal these drugs. The prototypal Dr. Feelgood epitomized the abuses perpetrated by unscrupulous or careless doctors. He allegedly shot up his very distinguished clientele with a miraculous preparation of vitamins and amphetamines. The folks sure felt better, but many became addicts. Some sources have even said that at least one large American drug company manufactures amphetamine (or its ingredients) in bulk, ships it legally to Mexican factories, where it's rolled into pills, then smuggled back for illegal use. It seems we just can't get along without the speed we learned to love in the Sixties. As a Pennwalt sales memo said in 1971: "Project Number One. Increased share of anti-obesity market. Continuous and vigorous marketing of Biphetamine, Biphetamine-T and Ionamin."

Panalba, a combination of two antibiotics, was introduced and promoted by Upjohn, even though it was described by Senator Nelson as a "classic case of the common practice of creating a new entity with a new trade name, even though it served no medical purpose." The compound was eventually found to be no more effective than a single antibiotic. Along the way, it had killed a few people.

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*1976 ROAD & TRACK GUIDE TO SPORTS AND GT CARS (WHEEL TRIM RINGS AND STRIPING OPTIONAL.) Parke-Davis, was introduced in 1948 and promoted as good for a variety of infections. Two years later, it was found to cause fatal bone-marrow poisoning in some patients. Later, it was found to be effective against only Rocky Mountain spotted fever, typhoid fever and one strain of meningitis. All are diseases to be treated in the hospital, yet in 1976, over half a million prescriptions were written for the drug, half of them for people not in the hospital, two thirds of them for inappropriate diseases.

When Nelson began his long-running commitment to new laws for the drug industry, it was due to such eccentricities and to related questions.

Patents: Why should one company have a monopoly for so long? Profits: Why are they allowed to remain so high when only nine or ten percent of the money goes to research? Promotion: Why so many drugs? Why try to make us all so drug dependent? This cause was taken up by Senator Kennedy a few years ago. The Drug Regulation Reform Act of 1978 would try to address these and other questions. The bill would give the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and the FDA the authority to remove suspicious drugs from the market without the current lengthy review procedure. It would require postmarketing surveillance of the drugs by their makers, to spot any possible side effects that hadn't been noticed before-a very important point, given past misadventures. In addition, the raw data generated while testing the drug (including clinical trials), which the companies now share with the FDA, would finally be available to the public, opening the drug companies to increased competition. The measure would not affect the 17-year patent monopoly. However, it would require pharmacies to post prices for their brand-name drugs compared with the generic substitutes and provide clear information with each prescription drug.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association, the lobbying arm of the industry, opposes large chunks of this act. The companies claim that disclosing their research results would end basic research, since competitors would steal their hard-earned compound. The patent also protects their property rights. They contend that the FDA is now so strict that there is a "drug lag," that good drugs are in use in Europe that the FDA forbids here, and the end of research would worsen it. Furthermore, the industry claims that it stopped its promotion abuses voluntarily in 1974 and says that developing new drugs must not be impeded (provided, one assumes, that a new disease is discovered to match the drug-otherwise, the companies would do better marketing the diseases).

What about promotion today? Product information? Research? Side effects? The number of necessary drugs? Patents vs. shorter-term licenses? Profits?

Some detail men report that the 1974 voluntary restraints have stopped unlimited distribution of samples to physicians, that now the doctors must request the drugs in writing. But Kennedy's investigators report that one and a half billion pills are still being sampled. And the unsolicited sampling goes on, according to several detail men. One described the new method: "What we say now is, 'Can I leave six bottles with you? Fine, sign this, please.' Or we have the nurse sign."

The reminder items still abound and many doctors write their prescriptions with the drug company's pen. As for gimmicks, Senate sleuths report that contests are out, the number of come-ons is down, but the amount spent on PR activities has stayed the same proportionately. And as the FDA and Congress debate control of promotion, the companies are shifting their marketing focus. A detail man for one of the top drug companies in America said, "The real marketing now is to the pharmacist. Somebody's always got a deal, a promotion, so now we go to the pharmacist and say, 'Buy these, you can substitute for what the doctor orders.' Then we throw in a trunkful of samples. We call it trunking. Some guys, especially detailing for little companies, will do anything to keep butter on the table."

His comments raise other issues. Many states have recently passed laws allowing pharmacists to substitute generic drugs for those brand names the doctor prescribes. Trunking could allow a more sinister substitution of one brand for another, irrespective of possible subtle chemical differences and side effects. (Not incidentally, the passage of substitution laws, deplored by the companies actually represents a substantial opportunity for them in selling their generic equivalents.)

It takes an average of five visits to sell a practicing doctor on a brand. To get the doctor early, the pharmaceutical makers send their detail men into hospitals to pitch interns and residents. A sales representative said, "It's good. I've got real control and PR for my company. Those guys don't know much about drugs, they've had only six months of pharmacology." Medical schools, it must be said, now require more pharmacology.

The drug manufacturers' clout extends even to their regulator, the FDA. Under current law, when a new drug is developed, the manufacturer gets permission from the FDA to test it. Yes, the drug company hires the testers. The FDA merely evaluates the summary of results and decides whether or not to permit the selling of the drug. Several problems for the eventual patient pertain. It's

often been alleged that the companies have lobbied those responsible for evaluating their products, so that the manufacturers in effect have regulated their regulators. Many FDA staffers have left the agency to go with drug companies, and vice versa.

Three years ago, an honest FDA inspector was checking research data on a drug called Flagyl marketed by the mammoth G. D. Searle & Co. The drug treated vaginal and urinary-tract infections and had been widely prescribed since its introduction in 1949. Searle had vowed that its research data showed the drug was absolutely safe, but the FDA investigator dug deeper, smelling a rat. She found 38 of them dead of cancer, raising serious questions about Flagyl's toxicity. The inspector reported her suspicions and suddenly was persona non grata with her bosses at the FDA, who seemed most anxious to keep her canceragent report under wraps, Eventually, Kennedy's subcommittee heard the inspector's complaint and an investigation was launched. Still, the upper-echelon FDA officials refused to divulge what Searle had told them-or what the true test results were-under a provision of the current drug law that that protected drug-company "trade secrets." There have been numerous such research disasters. Remember the near miss with Thalidomide?

So pervasive is the interlocking of regulator and regulated that HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, Jr., once lobbied for the Hoffman-LaRoche cause when he was a Washington attorney. Califano is credited with influencing Congressmen to put Valium and Librium on a separate schedule (a list of dangerous substances to be controlled by Federal regulation) from amphetamines and barbiturates, when the uppers and downers were the subject of legislation. Califano in his new position would be the one to implement the new Drug Regulation Reform Act if it became reality.

The pharmaceutical industry has a point, though, about the proposed forced disclosure of raw test data. That could destroy the incentive for innovative research by giving the second comer in the business free access to your work. But whether it would accentuate the drug lag by repressing new products is questionable-as questionable as whether or not a lag exists. It's true that from 1971 to 1976, three times more new drugs were introduced in England than in America, proof, the companies say, that FDA regulations are already too strict. In 1959, for instance, 63 new drugs were introduced in America, versus 16 in 1970, but the Sixties marked a great crest of medical discoveries.

The FDA claims there is no drug lag, that Americans have the pills they need in spades and that as new drugs are



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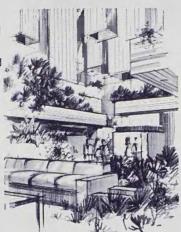
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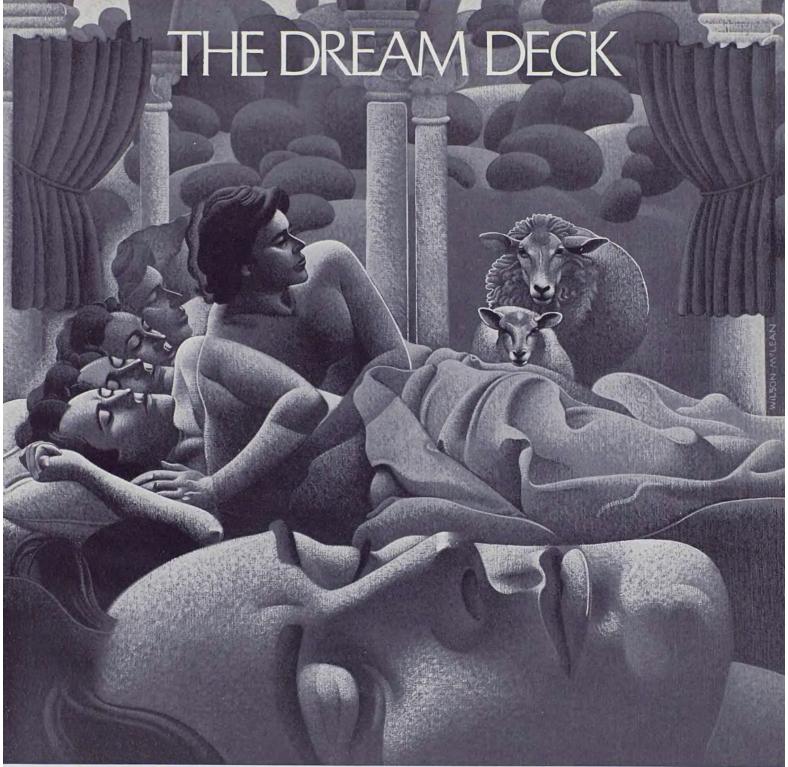
developed, they will under the law be more speedily tested and sold.

Patents and profits? Expiring patents do mean the possibility of slowed profits. A lapsed patent frees other manufacturers to make that particular compound and sell it. But usually, the original producer continues to hold the bulk of the market-and might if the law specified five years instead of the 17 provided by patent-because people have developed a habit for that drug. The loss of Librium's patent hasn't hurt Hoffman-LaRoche, and when Valium's is up in 1980 . . . well, the chairman of Hoffman-LaRoche has said, "When it expires, we hope to find some way to keep profitable." It shouldn't be hard. First, there's some evidence that the large companies price-fix, though drug-company officials deny it. They will not say, however, how their prices are set. On the few occasions when companies voluntarily allowed Federal investigators to examine their books, nothing was found-perhaps because the companies had ensured that nothing would be found. Recently, however, the Seventh Circuit Court has ruled that the General Accounting Office can inspect all of Eli Lilly's books. The result might be interesting. The second reason for the companies' astonishing profits is more telling. We need drugs.

The ultimate question is whether or not we need as many drugs, in such quantities. The past few years, the number of prescriptions has been going down, perhaps a hopeful sign for those who would like to loosen the drug culture's grip on America. The trouble with that fact is that doctors are prescribing more pills per prescription. They may be saving the patient the cost of another visit, but there is also the possibility that the doctors, like the pharmacists and the rest of us, have become dependent on the idea of the drug culture and on its pushers, the manufacturers. So? Relax! Take a pill. Or if all this has made you listless, logy, half-alive, pop

something peppy.

Last spring, there was an ad from speed producer Pennwalt. It read, "We want our competitive enterprise system to survive. Because we're part of it. And because we've prospered within the system." Yeah, and don't forget, while you're reading, speeding, downing and twisting-if you're between 18 and 25, the chances are one in four that you've abused a prescription drug-there's a detail man out there, on orders from his government. You'd better pray he's not like the one-an exception-who said, "Sometimes I'm talking over my head. I'll come out and wonder what I said in there." If he wonders, maybe you ought to ask the doctor what's on that paper he's holding out, Maybe it's Latin for: Some people will swallow anything.



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HRTHUR REX

(continued from page 110)

"Sir Gawaine began to suspect that this lord was the Devil, for never had he heard so much wickedness."

"And full?"

"Very full,"

"Yet high."

"Oh, indeed high," said Sir Gawaine as he walked backward, for she continued to approach him.

"But think you that the paps are discolored?" And now she held herself in two hands, so that the pink nipples did peek through the white fingers.

"Never discolored," said Gawaine, who was now against the arras and could retreat no farther.

"Not brown, then?"

"Certes," said Sir Gawaine, "they are rather of the hue of the Afric orchid."

"Oh," said the lady, taking her hands away, "but they are cold! Methinks breasts should be warm or, if not, then warmed." And before Sir Gawaine knew what he did, she had taken his fingers and put them onto her bosoms. "Now tell me if they are cold."

"Lady," said Gawaine, "they are quite near burning." And for a dreadful moment, he could not control his fingers, and finally it was she who drew back, saying haughtily, "Sir, I did not seek kneading. I wished only to know my temperature."

And Sir Gawaine was chagrined, "Forgive me, lady." He sighed with great feeling. "Now, by my privilege as guest, ished, and he fell to praying ardently.

Now, when the lord returned from the forest, he presented to Sir Gawaine the flayed hide of a bear, and he said, "There you have my day's spoil, and all of it. What shall you give me in return?"

And this time Sir Gawaine was ready for him, and he was relieved that it was not so distasteful a thing as a kiss. "I have for you a touch of the chest," said he. "Therefore, if you will remove your hauberk and breastplate and raise your doublet, I shall give it you."

Now, the lord did these things, and Sir Gawaine groped at his chest, which was covered with a thick mat of hair very like that of the bearskin.

Then the lord began to laugh, for he was ticklish, and when Sir Gawaine was done, the lord said, "And is that all? Did I not know you as a truthful knight, I should wonder at this. Nor is it evident as to whose chest was so tickled in the original episode: your own or that of another?"

"My obligation, methinks," said Sir Gawaine, "is but to give you what I had got, and so have I done. I am not required to explain it."

"Aha," said the lord, "methinks not even a sodomite doth toy with a hairy chest, and certes you are anyway not a sod. May I then assume it was rather a

I wish to be alone." Therefore, she van-

woman's full bosom which you fondled?"

"My lord," said Gawaine, "our agreement is to be kept to the letter, no more and no less."

And the lord did laugh merrily, saying, "Well put, my dear sir."

"And now," said Sir Gawaine, "may I ask you to show me to the chapel, for 'tis there I intend to stay at prayers until my appointment with the Green Knight, which is now but two mornings away.

But the lord said, "I'm afraid there is no chapel at Liberty Castle, good my Sir Gawaine. We are pagans here and, furthermore, we make no apology for so

Sir Gawaine crossed himself. "I should have understood that," said he. "Absolute liberty is the freedom to be de-

"But only if you choose to make it so," said the lord. "One can also see it as the only situation in which principles may be put to the proof. No strength of character is needed to stay virtuous under restraint.'

"But only God, sir, hath perfect strength," said Gawaine. And he was now vexed, and he said, "And how dare you, as a paynim, test the virtue of a Christian?"

"Because I have no shame!" merrily replied the lord. "Which is a Christian

Now, Sir Gawaine began to suspect that this lord was the Devil, for never had he heard so much wickedness from any man, "Methinks," said he, "that you would weaken me for my encounter with the Green Knight."

"Well," said the lord, "if you are honest, you will admit that it is a ridiculous thing. A charlatan dyes his skin and hair and, dressed in green clothes, bursts into Arthur's court to make a preposterous challenge. Would that be taken seriously anywhere but at Camelot? Now you are likely to die of this buffoonery, and cui bono?"

"For the Green Knight I care not a bean," said Sir Gawaine. "But to keep my oath, I should go to hell. And methinks I have done so in coming here."

But the lord did make much mirth. "It is so only if you choose to make it such, I say again," said he, "the which can be said of any other place on earth, but especially of your Britain. But enough of this colloquy! And pray, never believe that I do not admire you withal."

"Despite such flattery," said Sir Ga-

waine, "I shall leave you now."
"Ah," said the lord, "you well may leave me, but the one freedom not available at Liberty Castle is to leave it before the proper time hath come.'

And Gawaine found that what he had said was true, for when he sought to go out the main gate, he was arrested by a strange unseen force and could move only in the direction of the castle behind him. Therefore, willy-nilly, he



"I think I should tell you, Inspector. He's not wearing a mask."

stayed that night, and the next morning the lord came to him again with the familiar proposal.

"Do I have a choice?" asked Gawaine.

And the lord answered, "Well, it is the last time." And promising to exchange with his guest what they each had come into possession of during the day, he went ahunting in the forest.

Now, Gawaine determined no longer to wait passively for the lady to seek him out, for he knew that she would do so, according to the pattern of the previous days; and all things in heaven and on earth come in threes, and only the tripod is ever stable even though its legs be of unequal lengths. Therefore, taking the virile initiative, he did go in search of her, and you may be sure he was not long in finding her, for her sole purpose was to try his virtue (to which end all women, even the chaste, are dedicated), and thus all corridors at Liberty Castle soon led to the most private of her chambers, the walls of which were lined with quilted velvet of pink, the which color deepened and darkened as he penetrated the room, and the couch on which she lay was of magenta. But her body for once was fully covered, in a robe of the richest dark red and of many folds and trimmed with the sleek fur of the otter.

"Good day to you, sir knight," said she. "And for what have you come to me?"

"To offer my services," said Sir Gawaine, "the which you have previously required each day at just this time."

"Of that I have no memory," said the lady sternly. "And can your purpose be decent, so to seek me out when my husband is away?" And crying, "Villainy!" she did clap her hands, and soon a brace of huge knights, armed cap-a-pie, burst into the chamber through a secret door and made at Sir Gawaine.

Now, Gawaine understood that he had been tricked and mostly by himself, for he had come here voluntarily and unarmored and unweaponed. But being the truest of knights, what he feared was not the death that he might well be dealt here (for he expected to be killed on the morrow by the Green Knight, and we each of us owe God but one life) but, rather, that if he were not alive to meet his appointment with the verdant giant, he would cause great shame to be brought upon the Round Table, for death were never a good excuse for breaking a pledge.

Therefore, he seized a tall candlestick of heavy bronze, and he swung its weighted base with such force that the flange not only split the helm of the first knight to reach him but also cracked his skull to the very brainpan, and his wits spewed out through his ears. Now taking the halberd that this man dropped, Sir Gawaine brought it up from the floor just as the other knight came at him,

and he cut him from the crotch to the wishbone, and his guts hung out like ropes.

"Well," said the lady when this short fight was done, "do not suppose you have me at your mercy." And she found a dagger within her clothes and leaping at Sir Gawaine, she sought to do him grievous injury.

But though the protector of women, Gawaine saw no obligation to suffer being assailed by a female to whom he had offered no harm. Therefore, he seized the dagger from her, and then, because she next tried to claw him with the sharp nails of her fingers, he restrained her hands behind her waist.

But hooking her toe behind his ankle, the lady tripped him up, so that he fell onto the couch, and she was underneath

"Lady," he said, "I would not hurt you for all the world."

"Then release my hands, so that I might feel whether I have broken anything," said she. And he did so, but when her fingers were free, she used them rather to bare her thighs, the which she then spread on either side of him. And whilst he was stunned with amazement at her strange behavior, she lifted his own robe to the waist, saying, "I fear I may have smote your belly with my knee, and I would soothe your bruises." And then she went to that part and further with her white fingers.

"Lady," said Gawaine, "I assure you that I am not sore."

"Yet you have a swelling," said she, and she did forthwith apply a poultice to him.

And to his horror, Sir Gawaine discovered that his strength of will was as nothing in this circumstance, and therefore he must needs submit to this lady altogether. But this was a defeat which it was the more easy to accept with every passing instant, and before many had gone by, he had quite forgot why he had resisted so long, in the service of a mere idea, for such is the eloquence with which the flesh first speaketh to him who ceases to withstand temptation, God save him.

But when the lady was done with him, and they lay resting, he knew great shame, and this grew even worse when he remembered he had agreed to exchange the spoils of the day with the lord of the castle.

Therefore, when the lord returned from his hunting and presented to Sir Gawaine a splendid rack of antlers from a stag, and asked in exchange whatever Gawaine had got, his guest did prevaricate and say he had spent all day in prayer and therefore could give the lord only the peace he had thereby obtained.

"I am prevented by the laws of hospitality," said his host, "from impugning the veracity of a knight to whom I am giving shelter. Yet it seems remarkable to me that you have got no more tangible rewards during a day at Liberty Castle."

"Well," said Gawaine, "I cannot call



"If eight promiscuous girls spent the night with two boys, and one boy had three times as many girls as the other. . . ."

it a reward when I am attacked by two of your armed men. Should you like me to assail you with a halberd and a mace?"

"Hardly," said the lord, but he smiled.
"Yet you appear whole, whereas I passed their bodies being hauled away in a cart."

"My lord," said Sir Gawaine, "on the morrow I meet the Green Knight, and though I thank you for your hospitality, I shall be relieved to have it come to an end, for between us there is no common language."

And so he retired for the night. When he awoke, he went to find the lord for to tell him everything that had happened on the previous day. But nowhere could he find him throughout the castle, nor, indeed, did he see the lady or anyone else, nor the scented pleasure chambers. In fact, the entire castle was but a ruin and covered in years of moss and vines, and it was apparent that no one had inhabited it since the days of the giants who lived in Britain before the first men came there after the fall of Troy.

Thus, it was in sadness that Sir Gawaine rode to seek the Green Knight, for he realized that the last three days of his life had been spent in some magical test at which he had proved himself untrustworthy, mendacious and adulterous.

Now, he was not long in reaching a

valley where a green chapel stood, and before it was tethered a green-colored stallion. And when he dismounted and went within, he saw the same huge green knight who had come to Camelot one year before.

"Sir Gawaine," said the Green Knight, brandishing his great green battle-ax, "are you prepared to keep our bargain?"

"I have come here only for that reason," said Gawaine, removing his helm and baring his neck. "And I would fain have you get it over with quickly."

"Why for?" cried the green man. "Who rushes to his death?"

"Our bargain, sir," said Gawaine, "will be completed when you strike off my head. There is no provision in it for argument."

"I am no quotidian headsman," said the Green Knight, "and I do not crop necks for profit nor pleasure. Tell me why you are in haste to lose your self, the which is truly the only thing a man possesseth, if but temporarily."

"I am not pleased with mine," said Gawaine. "I have not done well. I have lately broken a vow and lied."

"Which is no more than to say, you have been a man," said the Green Knight, and in a jovial voice. "And, with only these failings, are better than most."

"And worse," said Gawaine, "I have adulterated with the wife of my host." And with a groan, he threw himself onto the stones of the floor of the chapel, so that the Green Knight could chop off his head.

"Sir Gawaine," said the Green Knight, raising his ax high over his head, "you are the most humane of all the company of the Round Table, and therefore, unlike the others, you are never immodest. To be greater than you is to be tragic; to be less, farcical."

And with a great rush of air, he brought the ax down onto Gawaine's bare neck and the blade struck the stones with a great clangor, and red sparks sputtered in the air.

But Gawaine was still sensible, and he flexed his shoulders and stretched his neck, and then he felt with his hands that his head was yet in place.

Therefore, he sprang to his feet and drew his sword. "Well, sir," he said, "you have had your one blow. I am not to be held at fault if you missed me! Then have at you!"

But the Green Knight threw down his ax and laughed most merrily, "Feel your neck," said he, "and you will find that you have been wounded slightly."

And Gawaine did as directed, and there was a slight cut in the skin, the which bled onto his fingers.

"That is your punishment," said the Green Knight. "You are no adulterer, dear sir, for that was no one's wife but, rather, the Lady of the Lake. You did, however, break your pledge to the lord of Liberty Castle, and you did



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prevaricate. But had you told me the full and literal truth and fulfilled to the letter the terms of your agreement, you would have been obliged to use the lord as you did the lady."

"Yes," said Sir Gawaine, and having escaped the death for which he had been prepared, he felt a unique joy, though his demeanor remained sober. "But I had done better to explain that at the time."

"Indeed," said the Green Knight.
"And therefore, your slight wound. But
in the large, you performed well: A
knight does better to break his word
than, keeping it, to behave unnaturally.
And a liar, sir, is preferable to a monster."

"Then can it be said, think you," asked Sir Gawaine, "that sometimes justice is better served by a lie than by the absolute and literal truth?"

"That may, indeed, be so," said the Green Knight, "when trafficking with humanity, but I should not think that God can be ever deluded."

Then Sir Gawaine knelt to pray, and when he rose, he saw that the Green Knight had lost his greenness and had dwindled in size and, in fact, was no longer a man but a woman, and she was the Lady of the Lake.

"My dear Gawaine," said she, "do not hide thy face. Thou hast done nothing for which to be ashamed."

"Lady," said Sir Gawaine, "'tis not all of it shame. I confess that I am vexed that once again you have chosen to gull me. Remember that on the first occasion I did seemingly kill a woman and now I apparently made love to another. Yet each of them was you, and both events were delusions."

"And from neither have you come away without some reward," said the Lady of the Lake, who in her true appearance was even more beautiful than in any of her guises. "And would you rather that each time the woman had been real?"

"No, my lady!" cried Gawaine. "But I might ask why my natural addiction to women must invariably be the cause of my difficulties. Methinks I was happier as the lecher of old. I have since been only miserable. And, for that matter, what service did I render to Elaine of Astolat, whom I did love without carnality? Better I had made to her lewd advances, the rejection of which would not have altered her fate but would have freed me!"

"Why," asked the Lady of the Lake, "didst thou assume thy overtures would have been rejected? Gawaine, thou wert never commanded to be a prude."

And so having made her favorite knight the more puzzled, the Lady of the Lake did void that place in the form of a golden gossamer, the which floated from the door of the chapel and rose high into the soft air without.





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GIRLS OF THE PAC 10 (continued from page 146)

"Berkeley's ambience hasn't changed that much—it's still intense, intellectual, highly political."

in large quantities: nonetheless, he was somewhat overwhelmed by the number of lovelies he found out West, so three more photographers-Pompeo Posar, Arny Freytag and Nicholas DeSciosewere dispatched to help David handle the flow. To make matters worse (or better, depending on your point of view), two new schools-the University of Arizona and Arizona State Universityjoined the Pac 8 conference last winter, making it the Pac 10, which sent Chan hurrying off to Tucson and Tempe for more interviewing. To make a long story short, we simply found too many gorgeous coeds for just one feature, so we decided to break it up into two partswe'll handle five schools this month and the other five next month. Waste not, want not.

The universities of Oregon, Washington and California at Berkeley, UCLA and Arizona State are the schools represented in this issue. In case the following

pages motivate you to follow the advice attributed to Horace Greeley, here's a capsule summary of what you can expect on each campus.

· The University of Washington refers to its teams as the Huskies, which is no reflection on the average size of its coeds. Founded in 1861, Washington averages an enrollment of 20,800 men and 16,300 women. Its 680-acre campus, notable for its brick Gothic-style buildings, is located on the shores of lakes Union and Washington, only 15 minutes from downtown Seattle by car. It takes a bit longer by boat, but it's not uncommon for Husky rooters to avoid football-game traffic jams by sailing across the lake and docking next to the stadium. Students may live on or off campus and there are seven coed dorms housing up to 4000 students.

 It rains a lot in western Oregon, which is why University of Oregon students refer to their teams as the Ducks.
 Although there are lots of dorms, fraternities, sororities and co-ops, the majority of the student body now lives in offcampus apartments. The boy-girl ratio here is quite good—9000 males, 7700 females, and many of them congregate in Duffy's and Taylor's, near-campus hangouts. Eugene's proximity to lakes, rivers, mountains and ocean affords plenty of romantic hideaways, as well as sites for picnics (with or without food). When the sun comes out, everybody turns out.

· The University of California, Berkeley is probably best known for having given birth to the radical movement of the Sixties. You remember-free speech, free sex; and the campus ambience hasn't changed that much-it's still intense, intellectual and highly political. Sproul Plaza, former site of student riots and the People's Park, is the most popular spot for casual encounters-Frisbee throwing, carnival acts and an occasional political rally. The favorite bar is The Come Back Inn, right off Telegraph Avenue. Housing accommodations are varied-14 residence halls, privately operated co-ops and apartments, 13 sororities and 33 frats-and the ratio is 17,000 guys to 11,000 gals. The campus is just across the bay from San Francisco, which is, of course, chock-full of diversion.

· When it comes to diversion, you can't beat Los Angeles, and the UCLA campus in the Westwood area is just a short hop from the ocean, the mountains-and Hollywood. The unofficial UCLA beach is Temescal Canyon at Will Rogers Beach State Park-skinnydipping is a popular indulgence there. Hangouts include Dillon's, a disco; Casey's; The Coffee House, a folk club; and the Sunset Canyon Recreation Center, which features an Olympic-sized pool and plenty of space for barbecues. The prevailing campus mood is relaxed and laid back-Westwood has plenty of student bars, clothing stores and movie theaters. Among other things, UCLA offers one of the best film-study courses in the country and many of its graduates go on to become involved in the movie industry. Ratio: 15,100 men to 12,800

• Located in Tempe, right outside Phoenix, Arizona State University boasts 11 dormitories; many students also live in the apartment complexes located in an area known as Sin City because of the boozy parties that dominate the social calendar. At night, students head for the Sun Devil Disco Lounge or Dooley's. Rafting or inner-tubing down nearby Salt and Verde rivers is a popular daytime activity. Ratio: 19,200 men, 16,100 women. If you're really interested in getting a deep, dark tan all year round, this is the place for you.

Well, that covers this month's installment—tune in again next month for further adventures of Girls of the Pac 10.



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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

NEW YORK CUTUPS

If you're going to be spending this autumn in New York and want to attend an event that's a cut above the average, you might stop by the first annual New York Custom Knifemakers Show to be held October 7 and 8 at the New York Sheraton Hotel on 56th-Street. There'll be hunters' knives, bowie knives, fishing knives, even pocketknives for sale at various prices. And if you should meet a mugger on the way home and he wants to see what you've got in your package-show him!



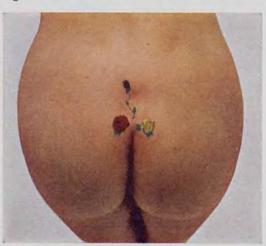
You've never seen anything like it: a multiramped, ten-inch-high black-walnut clock that tells time via gravity, balance and motion. All you do is level the base, set the brass-plated balls, plug in the clock and watch time roll by. Idle Tyme, P.O. Box 117, Sextonville, Wisconsin 53584, is manufacturing it for \$265, postpaid. Oh, yes, the time pictured here is 10:44. Get it?

AS TIME ROLLS BY



BEAUTY THAT'S ONLY SKIN-DEEP

Tattoos can be a turn-on-especially when they're strategically located on the female anatomy. But your particular lady may not wish to have her bod become a permanent art show. If that's the case, check with Tatoos by Joyce, P.O. Box 13134, Phoenix, Arizona 85002. They're offering packets of semipermanent stick-on tattoos-including roses, rainbows, butterflies-for \$5, postpaid. Removing them with cold cream can also be lots of fun.



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The best French model we've seen in years is a 1000-part, twofoot-long, 1:8 scale copy of the famous 1951 Citroën 15 that was once favored by Parisian gangsters. Sinclair's Auto Miniatures at 3831 West 12th Street, Erie, Pennsylvania 16505, sells the kit for \$139.95, postpaid, and we ought to warn you that assembling it isn't child's play. There are tiny torsion bars, universal joints, a motor-garçon, two aperitifs; we're tired already.

SWEEP STAKE

Remember what fun the chimney sweeps in Mary Poppins had up there on the roof-tops of London? What they were so happy about was all the money they made cleaning flues. If you've ever wanted to be a sweep, August West Systems, P.O. Box 663, Westport, Connecticut 06880, offers a brochure on the subject. And if you go into the biz, they'll sell you a \$1385 kit that even includes a top hat. Being a magician is cleaner work, of course.



SOUNDS, BY JUPITER!

Jupiter is famous for something other than being our largest planet; it's also a natural radio transmitter with an output of over ten billion watts. Shields Products, 1104 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44115, is selling a cassette of those signals—which resemble a rushing surffor \$6.95, postpaid. Next time you can't sleep, pop it into your tape deck and listen to sounds from 390,000,000 miles away. Stick that in your ear, Mr. Spock!



PASS THE PIECE PIPE

A few years ago, the Wigwam Village Motel, at 2728 West Foothill Boulevard, in Rialto, California, was known for its cute tepee-shaped motel units. But with all the X-rated motels and hotels cropping up in the area, kinky couples were taking a pass on the Wigwam. As business dropped off, the Wigwam lost its reservation about offering more erotic delights and now for the brave, it has installed Xrated closed-circuit TV, queensized water beds and even mirrors on some slanted tepee walls. Rates are \$35 for all night on a water bed or \$23 for four daylight hours with no questions asked. Should you still not get the message when driving by, the Wigwam's marquee reminds you to do it in a teepee. Business is heap good, Kemosabe.



Ole Blue Eyes not only has the world on a string, he also has a very hip fan club called the Frank Sinatra Society of America that's comprised of admirers, well-wishers and serious collectors who all agree that the skinny kid from Hoboken who used to leave them fainting in the aisles has grown up to be the greatest vocalist of modern times. Seven dollars sent to the Sinatra Society of America, P.O. Box 10512, Dallas, Texas 75207, will get you a year's membership, which includes a 22-to-26-page bimonthly newsletter stuffed with articles, miscellaneous info and classified ads for old Sinatra recordings. Next spring, they're even planning a convention-in Vegas, of course.

FRANK NOTES



FLAT HAT

Fatheads, pinheads and anyone else with a head on his shoulders can wear a crazy new onesize-fits-all leather cap being offered by Adam York, Dept. Z55, Hanover, Pennsylvania 17331, for \$20.50, postpaid. The cap collapses flat for packing, but put it on your head and the spiraled strips of 1/8"-thick leather open up to provide you with an air-conditioned chapeau. So what if your friends think you're wearing one of those rooftop turbine attic ventilators?



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StateOur catalog and products older. Your signature is n	Zip Zip are sent to adults 21 years of age or

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Monday: Charge into the week with ROUGH RIOER® Pleasure Studded condoms...our newest, boldest condom designed especially for adventurous lovers. ROUGH RIDERS are the only condoms with 468 exotic, orgasmic studs from head to shaft to send sensuous sensory signals from her head to her toes. Lubricated with SK-70.®

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Wednesday: Colorful loving comes with TAHITI*...a collection of multicolored condoms to titillate your most exotic fantasies. Pre-shaped and lubricated with SK-70.*

Thursday: Feeling Feisty? Try STIMULA*...the original ribbed condom with 877 sensuous ribs designed to feel like hundreds of tiny fingers massaging a woman and urging her to let loose. Pre-shaped and lubricated with SK-70.*

Friday: Let him hug you with HUGGER.* Shaped to fit like a second skin ... to stretch and conform to the exact size and shape of a man's penis. Lubricated with SK-70* and pre-shaped.

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	☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ BankAmericard (Visa) ☐ Master Charge
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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 174) Blackledge must also contend with a lack of squad depth and experience, as will

new Eastern Michigan coach Mike Stock.
The stock of talent at Toledo has fallen off drastically since the glory years of 1969–1971. Coach Chuck Stobart has put this year's best upperclassmen on the defensive unit and will let the left-

tunately, the recruits are bigger, faster and more talented than their elders.

Ohio University's only strength last season was a good passing attack, but the quarterback, Andy Vetter, graduated. Spring practice turned up a replacement in the person of former wide receiver Nigel Turpin. This will be a rebuilding

overs and freshmen play offense. For-

year in Athens.

Few football teams have ever suffered such graduation losses as did Notre Dame. The defensive line was nearly wiped out and the replacements are but a shadow of the late departed. Fortunately, the linebacking will be superb—Playboy All-America Bob Golic could be All-World, and Steve Heimkreiter is a close second.

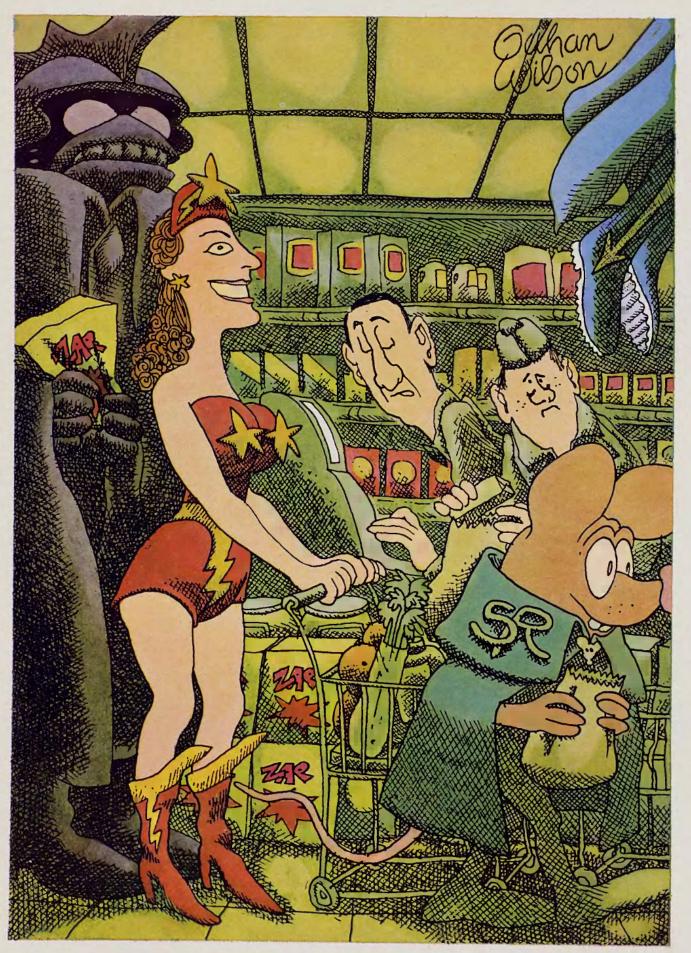
The Irish offense will still be potent. Joe Montana, who looks dreadful in practice but great in games, will again be the quarterback. Jerome Heavens and Vagas Ferguson will give the Irish a high-powered running game and the offensive line will again be one of the nation's best. Young giant tackle Tim Foley, only a junior, already has the pro scouts drooling and Playboy All-America Dave Huffman could be the first center in many years to be a first-round draft choice. Huffman's little brother Tim could become a standout at guard.

If the defensive unit can be patched, the Irish will again have a successful season. But don't expect another national championship.

Cincinnati's disappointing '77 season was primarily the result of an inconsistent offense run by talented but inexperienced quarterback Tony Kapetanis. That problem has cured itself and a swarm of promising recruits has joined the squad. Lineman Farley Bell, a transfer from Ohio State, will bolster an already solid defense.

Louisville coach Vince Gibson, building a former gridiron patsy into a power, promises his team will throw the ball a lot this year—which means quarterback Stu Stram will face a challenge from strong-armed soph Terry Mullins.

Alabama is our choice to win the national championship. Most of the squad that demolished Ohio State 35–6 in the Sugar Bowl has returned and faces a schedule (Southern California, Washington, Nebraska and Missouri, plus the usual conference opponents) that is perfect for proving the Tide's prowess. Best



"It's the kind of trade you get at an all-night supermarket, kid."

of all, eight games will be played on home turf. Winning teams usually have both good defense and good kicking, and those are Alabama's strong points. Eight starters return from a defense that became very salty late in the 1977 season. Playboy All-America Barry Krauss heads the nation's finest linebacking corps. Nose guard Byron Braggs is good enough to become an All-America in his sophomore year. Quarterback Jeff Rutledge and halfback Tony Nathan will give the attack plenty of punch. The Tide's only foreseeable weakness is an offensive line that-at least in the beginning of the season-will be young and green.

If Alabama falters, LSU is the team most likely to usurp the Southeastern Conference laurels. This should be the best Tiger squad since 1969, with 43 of 57 lettermen returning, including Playboy All-America Charles Alexander, the nation's premier runner. Coach Charlie McClendon will try to generate a viable passing game to keep opposing defenses from keying on the Bengal runners. There is a plethora of quarterback talent in camp, but the receivers are only average. Fortunately, they'll enjoy the protection of an offensive line that some pro teams would envy.

Like a lot of football teams, Mississippi State had trouble with the wishbone attack last year, and the Bulldogs' pleasing prospects were never realized. Now coach Bob Tyler has (like a lot of other teams) switched to the pro set. The quarterback will likely be Dave Marler, a kicking specialist last year. He will throw to one of the finest groups of receivers in the land. Since the defense will also be much improved, look for the Bulldogs to realize the success that eluded them last year.

Kentucky's graduation Iosses were severe and the recruiting season was a disappointment, so don't expect the Wildcats to duplicate last year's 10-1 record. Since the new quarterback, Mike Deaton, is a pure passer, coach Fran Curci has installed an air-oriented offense-something he calls "the smorgasbord." Good offensive lines have been a major part of Kentucky's success the past two years, and most of the big studs return. The defense is bulwarked by a pair of linebackers, Playboy All-America Jim Kovach and Kelly Kirchbaum. They could both be number-one draft choices next May if Kovach weren't heading for medical school.

Look for Auburn to break its threeyear slump and emerge with a winning record. Fourteen starters return, the kicking game will be sound and a flock of promising freshman runners will reinforce an already good ground attack. If the thin offensive line gives him adequate blocking, William Andrews will be one of the most impressive fullbacks in the country.

New Mississippi coach Steve Sloan

must find a starting quarterback and remedy an inconsistent offense. Bobby Garner was the prime quarterback candidate in spring drills. If he doesn't master the job, Roy Coleman, a receiver last year, or 14-kt. freshman John Fourcade will likely get the call. If one of them works out, the Rebs could be dangerous when they have the ball, because tailback Freddie Williams will provide a sizzling ground attack.

Florida's best hopes for a better season are a vastly improved pass defense (last

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Alabama	10-1	Mississippi	6-5
LSU	9-2	Florida	56
Mississippi		Georgia	56
State	8-3	Tennessee	5-6
Kentucky	8-3	Vanderbilt	4-7
Auburn	7-4		

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland	9-2	Duke	5-6
North Carolina	9-2	Virginia	5-6
Clemson	9-2	Wake Forest	1-10
North Carolina State	6-5		

INDEPENDENTS

Georgia Tech Florida State	8-3 6-5	Southern Mississippi	6-5
Memphis State	6-5	Virginia Tech East Carolina	6-5
Tulane Miami	56	William & Mary	7-4
South Carolina	4-7	Richmond	4-7

TOP PLAYERS: Krauss, Rutledge, Nathan, Bunch (Alabama); Alexander, Dugas (LSU); Molden, G. Jackson (Mississippi State); Kovach, Jaffe (Kentucky); Andrews, Burrow, Smith (Auburn); F. Williams, J. Miller (Mississippi); S. Brantley (Florida); Pyburn, McClendon (Georgia); Streater, Shaw (Tennessee); E. Smith, Mordica, Cox (Vanderbilt); Atkins, C. Johnson (Maryland); Sheets, Salzano, Lawrence (North Carolina); Butler, Fuller, Bostic (Clemson); Brown, Ritcher (North Carolina State); Dunn, McGee (Duke); Henderson (Virginia); McDougald (Wake Forest); Ivery, Harris (Georgia Tech); W. Jones, Simmons (Florida State); Gray, Patterson (Memphis State); Hontas, Browner (Tulane); D. Smith, Anderson (Miami); Sanford, Runager (South Carolina); Fitzgerald (Virginia Tech); Hicks, Valentine (East Carolina); Rozantz, Johnson (William & Mary); Nixon (Richmond).

year it was the worst outside the Pop Warner leagues) and some running backs who have learned to hold on to the ball. Unfortunately, only two offensive starters escaped graduation. The entire starting backfield will likely be made up of sophomores.

This will be a rebuilding year at Georgia, following the first losing campaign ever under the 14-year tutelage of coach Vince Dooley. If the Bulldogs can abandon their penchant for fumbling, the offense will be much improved, largely because of quarterback Jeff Pyburn's healed knee. Willie McClendon could blossom into one of the country's better runners in his senior year. The defense, though, must undergo a massive reconstruction job after losing eight '77 start-

ers. Much will depend on how quickly the young attack crew masters the newly installed I formation.

Tennessee coach Johnny Majors is still toiling at his massive rebuilding job. Not much progress will be evident this season, because the talent stock pile is still depleted from several lean recruiting years. The good news is that this spring's crop of rookies is one of the best in the nation. Unfortunately, not even Majors can win many games with a freshman-dominated team. One bright spot on the Vol horizon is the emergence of Jimmy Streater as an outstanding quarterback. He has a couple of excellent receivers in Reggie Harper and Billy Arbo, but the running game will be indifferent unless some of the hot-shot freshmen bloom early.

Vanderbilt coach Fred Pancoast has survived a winter siege by a pack of howling alumni and continues his toils to bring the Commodores back to gridiron respectability. This should be a much improved team, with a solid group of veterans reinforced by two consecutive crops of promising recruits. If a quality quarterback can be found (soph Van Heflin showed flashes of brilliance in spring drills), freshman receiver Wamon Buggs could be a sensation in his rookie year. The best news is that the offensive line-the bane of the team's existence the past two years-will be much abler. Incoming freshman Ken Hammond will add welcome beef to the defensive line.

There will be a three-team brawl for the Atlantic Coast Conference championship. Clemson has the easiest schedule, Maryland has a wealth of experienced players (thanks to a plague of injuries last fall) and North Carolina considerably upgraded its coaching level by hiring Dick Crum.

We suspect Maryland will have the inside track if coach Jerry Claiborne can construct a respectable passing attack in pre-season drills. Quarterback Mike Tice may be part of the answer—he's 6'7", 222 pounds, smart and can throw the ball through a brick wall. Tailback Steve Atkins could be spectacular, if he can stay healthy.

A possible impediment to the North Carolina team's success is its new veer offense. The Tar Heels have been running out of the I for the past 11 years, and the veer is often difficult to master in a single season—leading to bloopers, fumbles and miscues. But Dick Crum is a superb coach and the material on hand—especially dangerous Amos Lawrence at running back—is well suited to the new attack. If things go wrong on offense, the again-powerful defenders (led by Playboy All-America lineman Ken Sheets) will hold off the enemy while freshman place kicker Jeff Hayes boots field goals.

With quarterback Steve Fuller and

Playboy All-America receiver Jerry Butler, Clemson should have the best passing combo in the land. A 230-pound fullback, Marvin Sims, was found in spring practice to divert pressure from the air attack, and the defense appears to be improved. The Tigers have a mental edge, too—they want to prove last season's surprising success was no fluke and to erase the embarrassment of the drubbing they took from Pittsburgh in the Gator Bowl.

North Carolina State will again be an explosive team. The TNT will be provided by runner Ted Brown, who will have the benefit of the best offensive line of his career. New quarterback Scott Smith seems more than capable, but there will be some depth problems on the defensive platoon. If mammoth tackle Bubba Green is healthy, he could be a one-man defensive line.

Duke coach Mike McGee had a productive recruiting year at the defensive line and secondary positions, where he needed help most. Freshman linemen Mike Meads and Charles Bowser could be immediate starters. With the best pair of linebackers in the league (Carl McGee and Bill King), the Blue Devil defense will be much stronger than the porous '77 unit. If the tailback position can be strengthened (Stanley Broadie has been switched from fullback) to take the pressure off quarterback Mike Dunn, look for

Dunn to have a spectacular senior year.

Virginia may be the most improved team in the country, but that could still leave the Cavaliers a long way to go. Although 17 starters return, the squad will be dominated by sophomores and freshmen. Perennially short of talent, the Cavaliers now have a modicum of depth, including four capable quarterbacks. Mickey Spady, last year's return specialist, looks like the best.

Wake Forest has the weakest team and the strongest schedule in the conference. James McDougald is one of the premier runners in the country, but he won't have much help. New coach John Mackovic promises a wide-open aerial game built around new starting quarterback Ken Daly. Fortunately, the Deacons have a good injection of junior college talent.

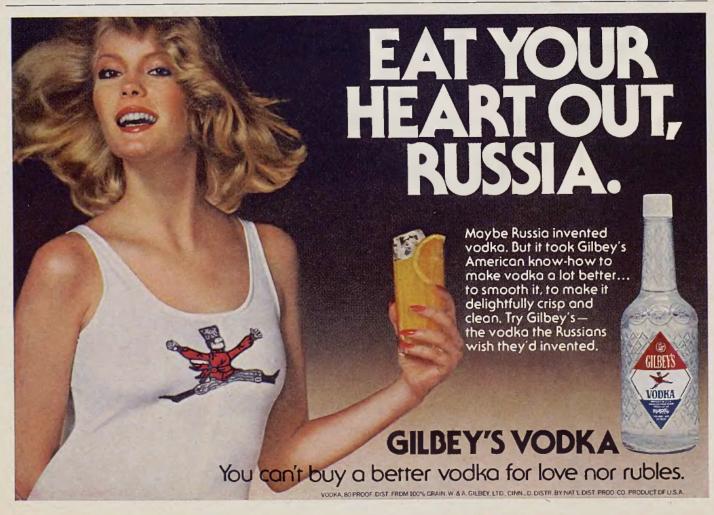
Georgia Tech coach Pepper Rodgers has abandoned the wishbone attack for the I formation in order to soup up the Jackets' passing game. The running, with Eddie Lee Ivery and Rodney Lee, will again be top-grade, but Rodgers was still looking for a quarterback going into pre-season drills. There are many veterans in camp, especially on the offensive unit. Ergo, if the system change works, this could be the best season for Tech in many years.

Florida State's most serious loss is the surprise element. The Seminoles bushwhacked a number of supposedly superior teams last season and the victims are now thirsty for revenge. Last year's breakaway running threat will be missing and the schedule will be strengthened with the addition of Houston and Pittsburgh.

Memphis State also faces a toughened schedule, but at least the Tigers have one of the country's better aerial tandems in quarterback Lloyd Patterson and receiver Ernest Gray. Last year's freshman fullback sensation, Richard Locke, should be even better this time.

Tulane will be one of the nation's most improved teams, but the schedule would be more suitable for Notre Dame (whence cometh, incidentally, this year's star transfer fullback, Willard Browner). The Green Wave is much deeper, the offensive line will play together as a unit for the third consecutive year, the backfield is speedier than ever and the quarterback position is three deep. Passer Roch Hontas and receiver Alton Alexis should give the Greenies their best passing attack in memory.

Poor quarterbacking and a limp offensive line will once again be the Miami team's major weaknesses. The future is bright, however, because coach Lou Saban has recruited perhaps the finest group of freshmen in the school's history. Most of the rookies will likely see much action in their first year. After they get



settled in their positions, the Hurricanes could cause opponents much trouble. Best of the newcomers are middle guard Lester Williams and defensive back David Jefferson.

South Carolina has two choice transfer players (quarterback Skip Ramsey from Alabama and offensive tackle George Schechterly from Penn State) to beef up the team's two weakest areas. Fortunately, a good set of runners (best of whom is George Rogers) is available. Unless the offense jells, the Gamecocks will have to depend on sterling punter Max Runager to keep the enemy at bay.

Southern Mississippi could continue its 1977 proclivity for pulling off stunning upsets, because this year's squad is a collection of no-names (all the stars having graduated), and such teams have that lean and hungry look that makes them

dangerous.

New Virginia Tech coach Bill Dooley lucked out by inheriting 35 of last season's top 44 players, including 244-pound fullback Mickey Fitzgerald (known colloquially as "the incredible hulk"). The team must master the new I formation, however, and the schedule is the toughest in Tech history.

East Carolina has three of the finest players in the South, runner Eddie Hicks, defensive end Zack Valentine and safety Gerald Hall. The other frontliners are pretty good, too, but there is little depth anywhere and injuries could determine the season's results.

If William & Mary can avoid a repeat of last year's rash of injuries, the Indians could have a big year. Tom Rozantz is one of the nation's premier quarterbacks and he has a host of good receivers.

With 17 starters returning, Richmond will obviously be an improved team. The schedule, though, is tough. Coach Jim Tait hopes to find the answer to his quarterbacking problem in sophomore James Short, an excellent runner. He and running back Reggie Evans, the sensation of spring drills, may keep the Spiders on the ground this fall.

Although injuries kept the Oklahoma team from attaining its full potential last season, the Sooners won the Big Eight championship. They should repeat, because nearly the whole squad returns. The offense will again be overpowering. Two prime-quality quarterbacks, Thomas Lott and J. C. Watts, are on call, along with the usual flock of good runners. The offensive line, featuring Playboy All-America Greg Roberts, is the finest east of Colorado. George Cumby and Daryl Hunt are the best pair of linebackers ever to play in Norman, With a little luck, the Sooners could win the national championship that so narrowly eluded them last season.

Nebraska will again have a sizzling running attack, featuring I. M. Hipp, Rick Berns and fast fullback Andra Franklin. The best news for Husker fans is that the defensive platoon, below par last season, dominated spring practice. The passing will be better if quarterback Tom Sorley can stay healthy. Coach Tom Osborne has added the veer attack to take full advantage of the glut of running talent.

Colorado plays eight games in Boulder this fall, giving the Buffaloes a home-field advantage unmatched by any other team except Alabama. If the home folks are to fully enjoy the spectacle, coach Bill Mallory will have to find a dependable starting quarterback (Bill Solomon, Pete Cyphers and Tennessee transfer Joe Gasper are the leading contenders). Whoever wins the job will enjoy the protection of

THE NEAR WEST

	BIG I	EIGHT		
Oklahoma Nebraska Colorado Iowa State Missouri	10-1 9-2 8-3 7-4 5-6	Oklahoma State Kansas Kansas State	4-7 4-7 2-9	

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Arkansas	10-1	Southern	
Texas	9-2	Methodist	5-6
Texas A & M	8-3	Texas Tech	4_7
Houston	7-4	Texas	
Baylor	6-5	Christian	3-8
		Rice	2-9
	INDEDE	NIDENTO	

INDEPENDENTS

North Texas		Air Force	3_8
State	7-4		

TOP PLAYERS: Roberts, Lott, Sims, Kinlaw, Hunt, Cumby (Oklahoma); Hipp, K. Clark, S. Lindquist, Kunz (Nebraska); Miller, Vaughan, Mayberry (Colorado); Stensrud, Green, T. Boskey (Iowa State); Winslow (Missouri); Johnson, Clark (Oklahoma State); Higgins (Kansas); C. Green, M. Green (Kansas State); Lusby, Calcagni, Walker, Kolenda, Eckwood (Arkansas); J. Johnson, H. Jones, L. Jones, Erxleben (Texas); Franklin, Dickey, Sanders, C. Risien (Texas A & M); Davis, D. Brown, Hodge (Houston); Johnson, Lee (Baylor); Tolbert, Choate, Ford (Southern Methodist); Orr, Hadnot (Texas Tech); S. Bayuk, Davis (Texas Christian); Hertel, Cunningham, Houser (Rice); Davidson, Washington (North Texas State); Ziebart (Air Force).

a mammoth offensive line led by Playboy All-America Matt Miller. The defensive platoon must be upgraded, also, because the Buffs were vulnerable to enemy running attacks last season. Massive tackle Ruben Vaughan and nifty middle guard Laval Short are a sound nucleus on which to build. The key to the Buffs' season will likely be the October 21 confrontation with Nebraska.

Other Big Eight teams have had a hard time believing that Iowa State has moved into the league's upper circles (and is likely to stay there). Taking advantage of this, the Cyclones keep bowling over purportedly superior teams. The 1977 campaign was supposed to have been a rebuilding one, but the Cyclones won eight games and finished second in the conference. With a flock of seasoned vet-

erans back, this could be one of State's best teams ever, but we doubt if any opponents will take them lightly this time. Dexter Green should be the best runner in the conference. The defensive line, led by Playboy All-America tackle Mike Stensrud, will be strengthened by fabulous freshman Chris Boskey.

The Missouri team, wiped out by injuries in '77, starts over with a new coach (Warren Powers), a new quarterback (yet to be determined), a new veer attack and much added maturity in the offensive line. The last asset may be the best. All of these new features will get a baptism by fire, because the Tigers open their season with Notre Dame, Alabama, Ole Miss and Oklahoma.

Oklahoma State has enough skilled athletes to spoil the hopes of some other Big Eight teams but not enough depth in the lines to seriously challenge for the title. With plenty of running talent in camp, look for the Cowboys to confuse opponents with a dazzling array of draws, traps, sweeps and short passes.

Kansas will have an improved team that in most other conferences would enjoy a winning season. Playing the other Big Eight schools, plus Texas A & M, Washington and UCLA will be a punishing ordeal. The incoming freshman class is the best in many years, so the Jayhawks will again have a team dominated by freshmen and sophomores. All of which bodes well for the future. In the meantime, the Jayhawks will just have to try to master the new pro-set offense and hang in there.

Prospects are even bleaker across the prairie. New Kansas State coach Jim Dickey has also turned to the pro set in an attempt to give his offense more pizzazz. Sixteen of last year's top 22 hands return, but they will need a lot of help from the recruits.

Arkansas has the inside track in the Cotton Bowl race. If the Porkers stumble, the most likely causes will be bad kicking or injuries in the offensive line. With Steve Little gone the diploma route, the kicking game could fall from one of the best in the country to one of the worst. Fortunately, the Hogs have an easy early schedule to get the young linemen ready for the tough games. Veteran quarterback Ron Calcagni will be backed up by Kevin Scanlon, a transfer from North Carolina State who was impressive in spring drills. All the top runners and receivers are back, and the defensive platoon, led by Playboy All-America Vaughn Lusby, lost only three starters. If the Porkers don't have to punt or kick a field goal this fall, they could challenge for the national championship.

Texas was less fortunate than Arkansas in its graduation losses, but coach Fred Akers reaped a bonanza in the recruiting sweepstakes, garnering what could prove to be the best crop of rookies

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in the country. Akers excels in those two most important of coaching skills—he is a dynamic motivator and a persuasive recruiter. He is also a canny user of available manpower, which enabled him to make Texas into one of the most startling turnaround teams in gridiron history last year, going from a 5–5–1 record in '76 to undefeated status in Akers' first regular season in Austin. It was a performance that persuaded us to name him Playboy's Coach of the Year.

Akers must use his freshman gems in pre-season drills to rebuild an offense seriously depleted by graduation. Fortunately, runner Johnny Ham Jones and flanker Johnny Lam Jones return to give the attack some firepower. The defensive crew, led by Playboy All-America defensive back Johnnie Johnson, will again be top-grade. And if all else fails, Akers can turn to Playboy All-America punter Russell Erxleben, the best in the country.

The Texas A&M team has frightening offensive potential. Last year, the Aggies fielded their best attack ever. Only three starters won't return and they were more than adequately replaced in spring drills. New quarterback Mike Mosley will bring more quickness and speed to that job and transfer Gerald Carter makes the corps of receivers stronger. Last year's slow and mistake-prone defensive unit has matured and—after a head-knocking spring practice—looks vastly improved. The kicking game,

featuring Playboy All-America Tony Franklin, will be as good as any.

Houston's disappointing performance last fall-after winning the conference cochampionship in 1976-was the result of a debilitating plague of injuries. The return of the convalescents, plus all the experience gained by the youngsters, will make the Houston team this season's sleeper in the conference-championship competition. With Delrick Brown and Danny Davis, the Cougars have excellent talent in the quarterback slot; and the return of linebacker David Hodge and injured nose guard Robert Oglesby will add much grit to the defense. Keep an eye on rookie offensive tackle Maceo Fifer-he's 6'6", 275 pounds and still

Baylor will also profit from added experience resulting from last season's multiple injuries. Sophomore scrambler Scott Smith will have the protection of a splendid two-deep line and will work with the best group of runners in school history. Defensive tackle Gary Don Johnson and a crew of choice linebackers will make the Bears difficult to run against.

Coach Ron Meyer has done the apparently impossible—he has made Southern Methodist into a respectable team. And wait until next year—and the next. Thirty-three of last season's top 44 players are back, 16 of them are sophomores and even more of this year's splendid group of fresh freshmen may be on the traveling squad by season's end. Passer

Mike Ford and receiver Emanuel Tolbert will again treat fans to a dazzling aerial show. Unfortunately for this season, the defensive unit is a disaster area—only four linemen and two linebackers showed up for spring practice.

When former Texas Tech coach Steve Sloan fled the barren wastes of west Texas for the lush plantations of Mississippi, he left behind a nearly barren larder—not to mention a lot of antipathy. Only eight of the '77 starters escaped graduation. The replacements, though potentially adequate, are woefully inexperienced. Worst of all, the youngsters must endure a grueling early-season schedule. New coach Rex Dockery must find a quarterback, Tres Adami and Mark Johnson being the prime candidates.

Texas Christian and Rice, both having endured seemingly endless lean years, have large contingents of experienced players returning from dismal '77 seasons, but they are still very young. About 20 sophomores will be among the top 44 players at each school. In addition to the added experience of the returning veterans, Texas Christian will benefit from a massive injection of junior college talent. Best of the junior college players could be linebackers Kevin Moody and Steve Bingham. Two prize freshman recruits, receiver Phillip Epps and runner Russel Bates, will bring dazzling speed to the attack.

The Rice squad must recover from the emotional shock received when former head coach Homer Rice suddenly took off for more fertile fields after spring practice. The cool, methodical Rice is replaced by fiery, emotional Ray Alborn. His first job will be to fix the defense, a major debacle last season. The Owls' only hope for victory may be to win high-scoring games by letting rifle-armed Randy Hertel throw all day to superreceivers Doug Cunningham and David Houser.

Coach Hayden Fry is rapidly building North Texas State into a major football power by upgrading both the talent stock pile and the schedule. Last winter's recruiting coup was Milton Collins, said to be the best running back from Texas prep ranks since Earl Campbell (this year's first pro-draft choice). Fry must rebuild the offense, but Collins and quarterback Jordan Case, who was impressive in spring drills, will make the job easier. The Mean Green may still be just that, but with Texas and Oklahoma State added to the schedule, it will be difficult to match last year's 9–2 record.

New Air Force coach Bill Parcells arrived in Colorado Springs last winter to find only nine starters left from a team that won just two games last year. Unhappily, the reserve stock of talent isn't U.S. prime beef, either. Best of the returnees are quarterback Dave Ziebart and flanker Steve Hoog, so look for the



" 'High Times'?"

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*Equipped with standard 225 two-barrel, six-cylinder engine and manual transmission.



DODGE DIPLOMAT.



fly boys to throw a lot and expect to see numerous freshmen in the line-up.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

UCLA	9-2	Washington	
California	8-3	State	7-4
Southern		Stanford	4-7
California	8-4	Arizona	4-7
Washington	7-4	Oregon State	3-8
Arizona State	7-4	Oregon	3–8

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

New Mexico	8_4	Brigham Young	7-5 7-5
San Diego State	7-4	Wyoming Utah	6-5
Colorado State	7-4	Texas—El Paso	2-9

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

San Jose		Utah State	6-5
State	10-2	Pacific	6-5
Fresno State	8-3	Long Beach	
Fullerton State	7-5	State	6-5

TOP PLAYERS: J. Robinson, T. Brown, Tuiasosopo (UCLA); DeLoach, Leffler (California); Howell, C. White, Munoz (Southern California); Jackson, Toews, Steele (Washington); A. Harris (Arizona State); J. Thompson (Washington State); Nelson, Ceresino (Stanford); Segal (Arizona); Donaghue (Oregon State); Bryant (Oregon); Hudspeth, M. Williams (New Mexico); Williams (San Diego State); Mike Bell (Colorado State); Wilson, Chronister (Brigham Young); Hardeman, Fantetti (Wyoming); Partridge (Utah); Garcia (Texas—El Paso); Manumaleuna (San Jose State); Petrucci, Gilchrist (Fresno State); King (Fullerton State); Bryant (Utah State); Vassar (Pacific); McCluskey (Long Beach State).

The Pacific Ten Conference can now dispute the Big Eight's claim as the strongest college-football circuit. A casual look at the won-lost records of the Pac 10 teams at season's end will probably mystify fans in other parts of the country. How can so many of the teams win so many games? By fattening their records on nonconference opponents.

This year's scramble for the Rose Bowl will be another wild affair and the outcome may be as unexpected as it was last season. UCLA seems to us to have the best shot at the title. The September ninth game with Washington could be a harbinger for the rest of the season. The Bruins appear to be improved in every phase of the game, with enough superstud types in camp to field two good teams. The leading talents are Playboy All-Americas Theotis Brown at running back and linebacker Jerry Robinson.

With the arrival of new coach Roger Theder, the California offense could become even more explosive than in the past. Theder's first job will be to select a starting quarterback from among five candidates, any one of whom could start for most major schools. He must also find a running threat from among the incoming frosh, with Mike Carnell having the most impressive credentials. The Bear defense, anchored by lineman Ralph DeLoach, will be one of the nation's best. There isn't a weak link in

the line and redshirt Daryle Skaugstad may be better than the incumbents.

The Southern California team must avoid last year's numerous interceptions and fumbles if it hopes to regain the conference championship. A new quarterback, either Paul McDonald or Rob Preston, will help fix those problems, but this year's squad is extremely young. A windfall of talent in the freshman class could cause some shake-ups on the playing roster by season's end. The Trojans will be hard to stop when they have the ball. An awesome line, led by Playboy All-America guard Pat Howell, will block for two splendid runners (Playboy All-America Charles White and sprinter Dwight Ford) and a superb corps of receivers will be a constant threat, if the new quarterback can get the ball to them.

Washington's '77 Cinderella act will be difficult to repeat, despite 18 returning starters. One of the late departed is quarterback Warren Moon, last year's sparkplug, and no comparable replacement is available. Also—and perhaps more important—the surprise factor is missing. With tailback Joe Steele and split end Spider Gaines, the Huskies will be long on speed and quickness.

Don't bet any beers on Arizona State. The Sun Devils' first year in the Pac 10 could be either a big blast or a big bust. Coach Frank Kush had his best recruiting year ever, the nonconference opponents are pushovers and Mark Malone could become the best quarterback in school history. But it is a young, inexperienced squad unaccustomed to playing top-caliber teams week after week. The newcomer most likely to make a big splash his first year is freshman runner Willie Gittens.

Washington State—for the second year in a row—has a new coach, Jim Walden. He will have good—albeit inexperienced—talent, plus the finest quarterback in the nation, Playboy All-America Jack Thompson, an intelligent and likable Samoan who will give the young Cougars the mature leadership they need. Fortunately, Thompson will have better protection from his offensive line than last year. Tackle Allan Kennedy is a future star.

Stanford will have an off season—at least by Palo Alto standards. Sterling halfback Darrin Nelson is one of only four offensive starters back from last year. All the top Cardinal athletes are freshmen or sophomores, so Stanford is a year or two away from competing for the roses. This year's sleeper could be soph Larry Harris, who has been moved from safety to wide receiver. He'll be catching passes from new quarterback Steve Dils.

Arizona coach Tony Mason is still trying to replenish the barren talent cupboard he found when he took over the Wildcats last year. A quick injection was



Art Kane 8/15/77

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

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of romance without cheap and gaudy splashes of postcard color.

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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.

received this summer with a host of quality transfers, best of whom are defensive lineman Cleveland Crosby (from Purdue), safety Dave Liggins and runner Johnny Ziegler (both from Cincinnati) and runner Larry Heater (junior college). Also recruited was the nation's top high school field-goal kicker, Bill Zivic. The Wildcats will be a better team, but joining the Pac 10 will make the opposition much tougher.

The two Oregon teams will again compete for the conference cellar. All the skill players return at Oregon State, but the offensive line must be completely rebuilt. Junior college transfer quarterback Steve Smith will challenge incumbent John Norman. The punting, dismal last year, will be much improved.

Oregon's inconsistent running will be fixed by the emergence in spring training of two fine power fullbacks, Vince Williams and Jeff Wood, plus a group of highly touted freshman backs, including tailback Reggie Young, said to be the most promising Oregon runner since Bobby Moore (now Ahmad Rashad). Three incoming freshmen, best of whom is Andrew Paige, will vie with redshirt Mike Kennedy for the quarterback job.

The New Mexico team, after enduring a year of vitriolic abuse by the media and alumni groups, enters this season with sky-high morale, determined to show the Albuquerque jackals that Bill Mondt is, indeed, a capable coach. The Lobos have the tools to prove their point. The squad is deep and mature, the offensive line has been beefed up with junior college transfers and the schedule has been tempered a bit. Safety Max Hudspeth and bullish fullback Mike Williams are among the better practitioners of their craft.

San Diego State, having posted two consecutive 10–1 seasons, will find it difficult to follow its own act. The offense will be directed by sophomore quarterback Mark Halda, who looked sensational in spring drills. The defense, featuring Playboy All-America defensive back Henry Williams, will be fearsome. The secondary, in fact, could well be the best in the country.

Colorado State's backfield will feature the two speedy Jones brothers, Larry and Norris. The defense, again one of the best in the West, will feature Playboy All-America lineman Mike Bell.

Brigham Young, as always, will have a spectacular aerial show to delight the faithful. This one will showcase passer Marc Wilson and flanker Mike Chronister. The Cougar lines must be rebuilt if last year's 9–2 success is to be repeated.

For the first time in several years, the Wyoming team is comfortably fixed at the skill positions, but the offensive line is once again a troubled area. If some adequate blockers can be found among

a promising group of junior college transfers, runner Myron Hardeman will make headlines.

Utah's gridiron fortunes are on the ascent. A host of newcomers will make the Ute squad bigger, faster and deeper. Best of the recruits are transfer (from Long Beach State) defensive end Jeff Lyall and freshman Del Rodgers.

Texas-El Paso coach Bill Michael continues his methodical rebuilding program. His biggest problem is squad depth—or the lack thereof. With a gemquality quarterback (Oscar Ramirez) and an equally impressive receiver (Bubba Garcia), the Miners will have a viable air attack, something that has been missing recently.

The San Jose State team is loaded with strength—but so is the schedule. Best of the Spartans is Samoan linebacker Frank Manumaleuna (his name means bird of paradise in Samoan). If the offense bogs down, he has a fearsome reputation as a former 245-pound fullback.

Severe graduation losses will prevent Fresno State from duplicating its impressive '77 performance. Junior college transfer quarterback Bill Yancy and tailback Greg Gilchrist will give the Bulldogs a potent veer attack.

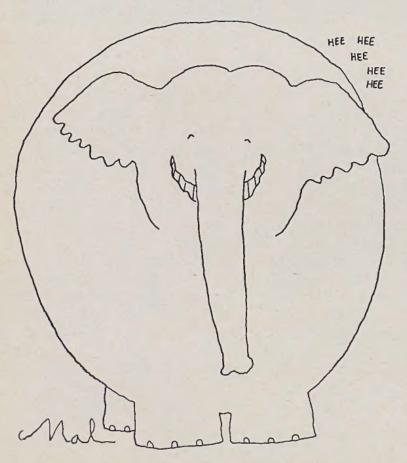
Fullerton State's severe depth problems have been partly cured by a bumper crop of recruits, most of them defensive stalwarts. The Titans are still in the beginning phases of their building program but should have a winning season, because the schedule is favorable.

Utah State enters the Pacific Coast Conference with a team well stocked in the skill positions. In order to prevent an embarrassing debut, the Aggies spent the entire spring trying to correct their proclivity for making mistakes. Jimmy Bryant may be the country's best kickreturn specialist.

The defense will again be Pacific's strength, largely because of the amazing ability and depth of the linebacking corps. The Tigers' reserve linebackers would be starters for most major schools.

With 18 returning starters joined by a host of promising transfers, Long Beach State is the dark horse of the conference. The 49ers will be a fearsome passing team, with both of last year's quarterbacks returning and perhaps the best fleet of receivers on the West Coast waiting to catch their passes.

And, finally, let us pause to appreciate this season's most vivid example of the spreading popularity (and the sometimes traveling-circus aspect) of college football: Utah State and Idaho State universities are located, respectively, in Logan, Utah, and Pocatello, Idaho—90 miles apart. Yet they are traveling halfway around the world to play a football game in Osaka, Japan, on September third. Sayonara.





"Hippopotamus jokes break him up."



GOOD IN BED (continued from page 138)

"When the timing is off and the sex partner starts without you, it can louse up a wonderful romance."

shares the creativity of Disney, the imagination of De Sade and the stamina of Secretariat. Or it means she's not there in the morning.

DIVINE, transvestite star

This subject could get very filthy! It's been so long. All I do is rehearse. I guess it means that whoever you're in bed with leaves quickly. The quicker the better. Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am. See ya later. Good morning and goodbye.

PETER BEARD, author and photographer

To have good sex, you have to be really close to the person you're in bed with. For example, I could never go to bed with African natives. They're much

too authentic to relate to Europeans, Any African who's interesting to me wouldn't be interesting in bed, because the Africans who are interesting to me don't have beds.

GENE SIMMONS, bass player for Kiss, Cher's present consort

A tall, blonde, experienced female.

FREDERICK MELLINGER, president, Frederick's of Hollywood

I think good in bed means a woman who enjoys what she's doing and who knows that by making her man happy she's making herself happy.

For a man, it's trying to have each instance of intimacy be outstanding and remembered. It's like a ball game. You

"I like older men. They can take me to 'Minors must be accompanied by an adult' movies."

think to yourself, That was yesterday's game; what can I do today to make myself even better?

I certainly think a woman should wear something sexy to bed, but we design things for men as well. I don't know whether the woman is necessarily turned on by them, but she has a feeling that, Well, at least he thinks sexy. But if he comes in a flannel nightshirt and she's wearing sexy lingerie, she's going to have an awfully large bridge to gap.

We try to make the bedroom a fun room. For example, we have a jump suit for women in our catalog. It's completely sheer, with a zipper that starts in the front, goes under the crotch and comes around all the way through to the back. Now, you can see what fun could be had with that!

PHYLLIS DILLER, comedienne

Sex is identical to comedy, in that it involves timing. When the timing is off and the sex partner starts without you, it can louse up a wonderful romance. Having been reared in Ohio during the Dark Ages, I still wear a floor-length tweed nightgown with a white Peter Pan collar. My gown buttons down the front. There are 347 buttons.

It has, however, a breakaway back with a sign that says, PULL TAB IN CASE OF FIRE.

JOHN C. HOLMES, porn actor, reputed to have the longest penis (14") in films

Sex without love is just two people masturbating together. I can make love to five women in a night, but when I'm in love with just one woman, then I can only do it once, and I'm only good for one shot. I'm just totally physically and mentally exhausted.

I don't think size makes that much difference in being good in bed. I'd say 60 percent of the women I go to bed with say that it does matter and the other 40 percent don't comment at all. But women are very geisha-inclined, so you never know if they're getting off because you're abnormally large or if they're just trying to be nice.

I think my size is more of a psychological fascination for some women than a physical stimulation. Women walk up to me with \$100 bills, saying, "I've got to try you on for size once." And I say, "Hey, wait a minute; I'll buy you a drink and see if I'm interested." The important thing is: Don't sell it; that spoils it!

JON PETERS, film producer, Barbra Streisand's boyfriend

Good in bed means giving head.

BILLY CARTER, the First Brother At my age, sleep.





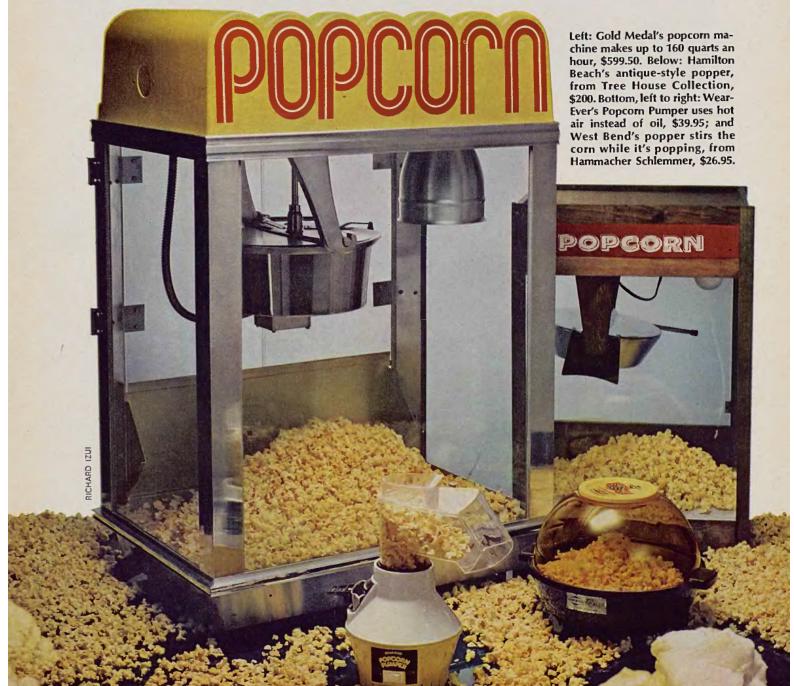


GADGETS

POPART

istory doesn't record who discovered that certain types of corn kernels would snap, crackle and eventually pop when exposed to heat, but no matter. Across the country every year, over six and a half

billion quarts of corn go off with a bang, especially during peak cinema hours and just before *The Tonight Show*. Sure, you can make popcorn in a pan, but why bother, when there are machines to do it for you? Shake, rattle and eat!



GLASS ACT

irror, mirror on the wall, the table and even the hi-fi, which is the fairest of them all? Your answer, of course, will reflect the type of shiny surface you personally dig. Mirrors have come out of the bathroom and begun to brighten all kinds of other corners. Even grooming mirrors have received a face

lift; in fact, we think that the three pictured below are such a reflection of good taste that they're practically objets d'art. Another nice thing about mirrors is that they're excellent mixers. If you're into modern furnishings, mirrors work fine. But they're also bright counterpoints to mahogany antiques. Mirrors, mirrors everywhere—and looking good.



Above: This keyhole mirror designed by Scott Russell exclusively for Jenny B. Goode in Manhattan measures 8" high by 6" wide; around the keyhole is a wood frame, \$20.

Below: Electro-Optix' Magi-Mirror features a suction-cup base, regular and magnifying surfaces and a stem that extends from 6" to 28". It's also from Jenny B. Goode, \$14.





Above, top to bottom: A 12" x 15" grooming mirror held in a chrome-plated-steel swiveling frame on an acrylic base, by Context, \$58. Parenthian Industries' Model 1200-M speaker is made of quarter-inch plate glass for superior resonance and less distortion, \$399. A double-sided wall-mounted mirror with an extendible arm, by Irving W. Rice, \$54.

FILE A FLIGHT PLAN

hen Porsche brings out a new car, people expect a lot. They've found just that in the 928, Porsche's first eight-cylinder production car.

I was dazzled by the 928 when I first drove it in southern France early in 1977. Its machinery was bewitch-

in southern France early in 1977. Its machinery was bewitching. Only the main body shell appeared to be made of steel. Light, expensive aluminum was used for the doors, hood, deck, wheels, brakes and most of the engine, transmission and suspension. Looking like a piece of modern sculpture, its 4474-c.c. overhead-cam V8 engine produces 219 S.A.E. net horsepower. Little hydraulic shock absorbers carry the engine and, at the rear of the chassis, there's a five-speed manual or a three-speed automatic transmission—your

choice as part of the \$28,500 price tag.

This water-cooled, front-engined Porsche made a fabulous first impression. I loved the direct, positive feel of its steering, the sure-footed way it ripped around coastal curves and the quietness with which it reached and held 140 mph on the *Autoroute*. But the manual shift seemed to me to be somewhat heavy and sticky. I wondered what it would be like with an automatic. With all that torque and left-foot braking for perfect control, it just had to be a marvelous combination. A year later, in America, I found out that it was.

Made by Mercedes-Benz, the automatic transmission hides under the 928's small but still useful rear seats. A

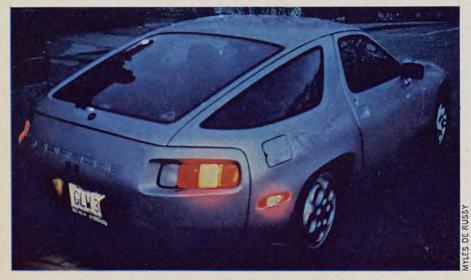
quadrant on the console controls it. It's part of an interior that feels unusually wide and roomy for a sports car. The wheel adjusts up and down and with it moves the whole instrument and control binnacle. Set deep into a cove, the dials are lit whenever the ignition is on. Special gizmos abound: headlight washer jets, a button that jets solvent into the windshield-washing system and a central warning-light computer that tells you something's wrong and what it is.

The automatic 928 fires up with a deep murmur and swaggers away from the curb with confident ease. Punch that's mild at first builds and builds when you press the pedal through its long travel; and when you get past 60 in first, the 928 starts flying. It will do 70 mph in first and something over 110 in second! At a legal 55, the motor is almost idling at only 1800 rpm. It's mighty reluctant to run that slowly. Luckily, the 928 has a big glove box and door pockets to hold the tickets you're bound to collect if you're as weak-willed as the rest of us.

Don't expect a boulevard ride from the 928. Pumped up to 36 pounds, the tires thump over every bump. The impact is enough to shake the plastic panels of the dash and rear deck, which squeak and creak the way a Porsche shouldn't. Luggage space is very limited, even though a collapsed spare is used, under the rear deck over the battery. The 23-gallon fuel tank empties fast at the rate of 12 to 15 miles per gallon. But performance is what a 928 is all about. It goes, turns and stops with such arrogant ease and silent speed that other cars on the road are only annoying obstructions, seemingly driven by the blind and the lame. You feel completely insulated from other traffic and grandly superior to it. For those hooked on megalomania, the Porsche 928 is the perfect car. The only question: Can you get too much of a good thing? -KARL LUDVIGSEN



Even at rest, the Porsche 928 has the look of a machine that will get you where you want to go in a great big hurry. The only problem: Where can you use all that speed?





Barbara's Bach

If you asked a random sampling of men to name the Bach they'd most like to fugue around with, they'd probably name actress BARBARA BACH. That's because they saw her well-tempered clavicle in a very sexy pictorial in the June 1977 PLAYBOY, and then as 007's K.G.B.-agent leading lady in "The Spy Who Loved Me." Soon they'll be able to see her again in "Force 10 from Navarone," a sequel to "The Guns of Navarone" co-starring Robert Shaw and Harrison Ford. Anything else? What's that—somebody wants us to say something about how "Bach's Organ Works"? Sorry.

Paul and the Wolf

Saxophonist PAUL WINTER took his instrument to Indiana in search of a pack of wolves to accompany him on the "Wolf Eyes" track of his new album, "Common Ground." He found a perfect pack of backup howlers in Wolf Park in Battleground, Indiana. Winter played; the wolves responded. In fact, Wolf Park personnel report that for four nights after Winter's departure, one she-wolf continued to howl in a manner that had been distinctly influenced by the tune Winter had been playing. If only Little Red Ridinghood had thought to carry a sax instead of a sack!







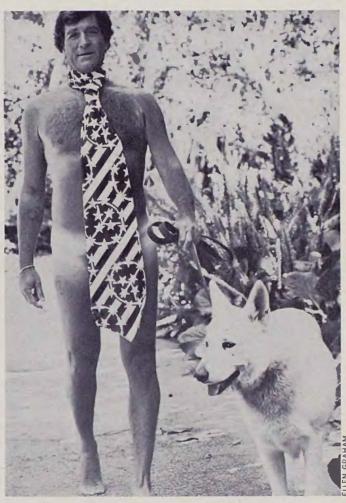


Gunning for Mr. Goodbar

Almost from the day "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" was released in October 1977, writer-director RICHARD BROOKS has been under siege. There have been crank calls, linking the film to the Los Angeles "hillside strangler" murders, angry calls, hate mail and threats on his life. Even Brooks's wife, actress Jean Simmons, couldn't handle his involvement in the movie, and they separated, at least temporarily. About "Goodbar," Brooks said: "I wanted to tell the truth. I wanted to say violent death is painful, rape is painful, the invasion of another person is painful. And I guess it worked. It's one girl fighting for her life, and it was too much for a lot of people."

Dog Day Afternoon

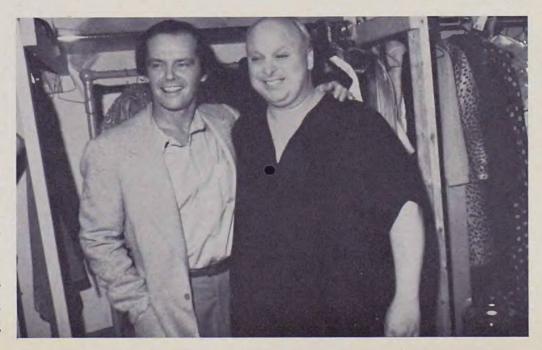
Bet you never thought Wyatt Earp would come to this. That's right, it is HUGH O'BRIAN (he's the one wearing a tie) with his dog (he's the one without anything on). The shot was snapped by Los Angeles photographer Ellen Graham, who specializes in shooting Hollywood stars and their dogs. She thinks this is one of her best shots yet. For what it's worth, so does O'Brian.

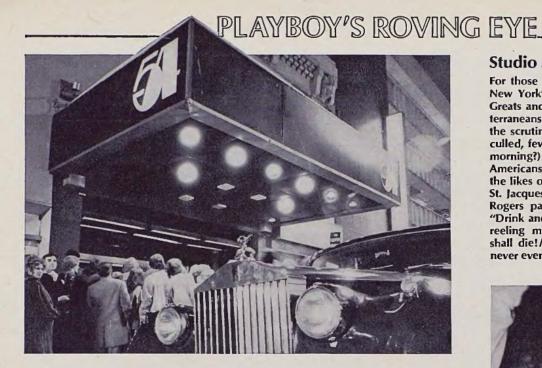




Who Was That— Uh—Lady?

That's no lady, that's DIVINEking of the drag queens and star of John Waters' cult-film hits, "Pink Flamingos" and "Female Trouble." He-she's seen here with pals RUDOLF NUREYEV and JACK NICHOL-SON backstage after a performance of his-her off-Broadway burlesque-comedy, "The Neon Woman." No, this is not Divine's answer to Debby Boone. It's a killer thriller showcasing Divine as Flash Storm, the ex-stripper proprietress of Club Neon Woman, a strip joint in Baltimore, circa 1961. Tom Eyen's script centers on a "blackstocking" killer who terrorizes the club. One New York theater critic adjudged the production as "liable to give trash a good name! Divine is Divine."





Studio 54, What Are You?

For those who have to be seen and obscene, New York's Studio 54 has become the disco. Greats and near greats, suburbanites and subterraneans flock to its doors, hoping to pass the scrutiny of owner Steve Rubell. Many are culled, few are chosen. These late-night (early-morning?) revelers made it in. Just your average Americans, undressed to the teeth, including the likes of Bianca Jagger with partner Sterling St. Jacques (right) doing their famous Astaire-Rogers parody. Dorothy Parker once wrote: "Drink and dance and laugh and lie/Love the reeling midnight through/For tomorrow we shall die!/ (But, alas, we never do.)" And she never even went to Studio 54.







WAIT TILL WOMEN'S LIB HEARS ABOUT THIS

It appears that baby boys have more on the ball than baby girls. Maybe it has to do with the side effects of puppy dogs' tails. Whatever the reason, Dr. Sheridan Phillips conducted a study at Long Island's Jewish Hillside Medical Center to determine if there was any behavioral difference between the sexes at birth. She matched 15 newborn girls and 14 infant boys on a variety of characteristics (weight, birth order, type of feeding, type of delivery, etc.), then had





This sign of the times is in San Jose. A few years down the road, there's another billboard that asks, DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR KIDS ARE TONIGHT?

a team of researchers observe the babies for eight hours. (The watchers did not know the sex of the infants.) At the conclusion of the study, Dr. Phillips found (to her surprise) that baby boys stayed awake longer and moved their heads, hands, bodies and faces more frequently than did baby girls. These male-chauvinist piglets were trying to score with some macho moves.

KIDS WILL BE KIDS

Anita Bryant is afraid that the public acceptance of homosexuals will lead our children from the straight and narrow into a life of perversion and tackiness. She should stick to singing. A preliminary study at the State University of New York suggests that kids will be kids, no matter what the influence. Psychiatrist Richard Green observed 21 children-from the ages of 5 to 14who had been raised by lesbian mothers. He found that the children were identical to those who might be raised by heterosexual parents, that there is not the slightest indication that a gay mother can unduly change the direction of her child's life. According to Dr.

Green, the children chose toys and behaved in ways consistent with their biological sex. Boys will be boys and girls will be glad of it.

IN GOD WE TRUST— ALL OTHERS PAY CASH

Sacrebleu! Would you believe that French prostitutes are actually very religious? Abbé Oraison, a man of the cloth who moonlights as a doctor in the red-light district of Paris, believes that Pigalle prostitutes go to church more than other professional people. Of course, you say, they have more to confess. Jaded cad. According to a story in the San Francisco Examiner, Oraison believes that for these sisters of mercy, "God is their father image, that most of them detest men, that they are not happy and dream of other lives, that they have childish attitudes but that their faith is honest and real, even though frequently naïve." Didn't we see this as a 13-week PBS series?

IT SURE BEATS CURLING UP WITH A BOOK

Or does it? Two professors of family relations-Jay A. Mancini and Dennis K. Orthner-recently polled 227 husbands and 233 wives to find out what they liked to do in their spare time. The researchers gave their subjects a list of 96 leisure-time activities and asked them to pick in order their five favorites. The husbands said they liked sexual and affectional activities (45 percent), attending athletic events (41 percent), reading books (33 percent), playing golf (23 percent) and watching television (22 percent). The women, bless their little minds, listed reading first (37 percent), followed by sexual and affectional activities (26 percent),

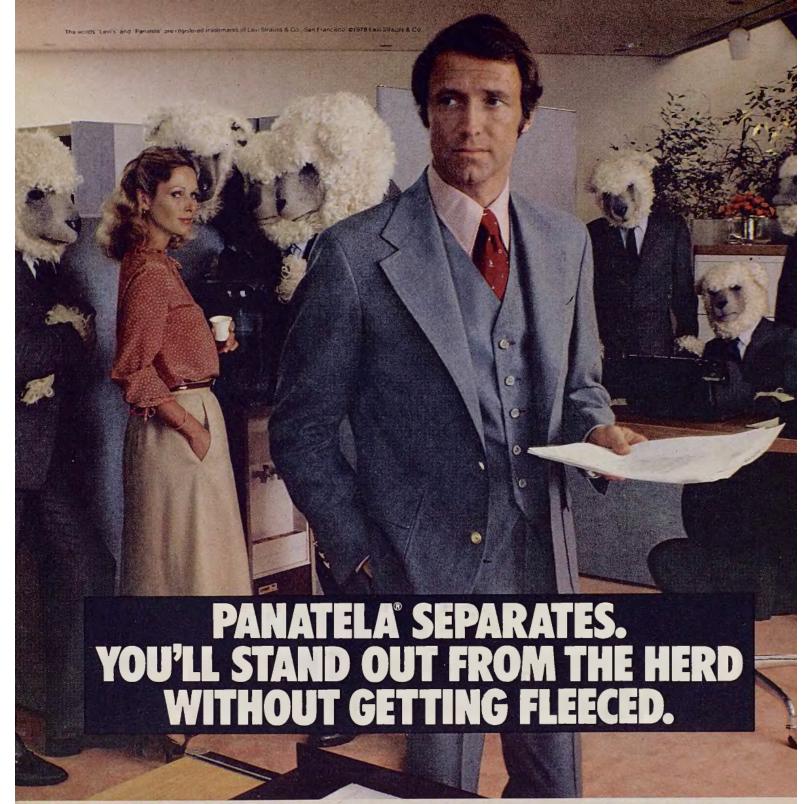
sewing for pleasure (25 percent), entertaining (20 percent) and visiting friends and family (six percent). The moral: You should give your wife a copy of The Joy of Sex to read; but that probably won't change things. The longer the subjects had been married, the less interested they were in sex. With age, husbands came to prefer other shared activities, while wives became more interested in independent activities.

KISS MY COUCH

Within the past few years, we have seen several accounts of patients suing shrinks for moving from head to bed. Women patients claim that their psychiatrists have taken advantage of the doctor-patient relationship and have even gone as far as to suggest sex as a cure. ("Take six inches of this and see me tomorrow.") Now we find evidence that the phenomenon is far from isolated. American Psychologist reports that Jean Corey Holroyd and Annette M. Brodsky conducted a nationwide survey of Ph.D. psychologists and found that 5.5 percent of the male Ph.D.s and .6 percent of the female Ph.D.s had engaged in sexual intercourse with their patients. Of those therapists who had intercourse with their patients, 80 percent repeated it. Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality polled 500 psychiatrists and discovered that 19 percent felt that there were exceptions to the rule "that patient-physician sexual relations are harmful to the patient and therapeutic relationship." Almost 70 percent of those polled knew of patients and physicians who had engaged in sexual relations. At the rate the trend is developing, it will soon be as hard to find a legitimate therapist as it is to find a good masseuse.



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NEXT MONTH:









CHERYL TIEGS

DOLLY PARTON TALKS ABOUT HER HILLBILLY CHILDHOOD, HER CAREER IN COUNTRY MUSIC AND WHAT SHE REALLY THINKS OF HER VOICE, HER HAIR STYLE AND HER BOOBS IN A START-LINGLY FRANK PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

INNER GAME

"SPINKS"-WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON WITH THE NEW CHAMP AND THE PEOPLE WHO ARE PULLING HIS STRINGS? IS LEON PRO-GRAMED TO SELF-DESTRUCT?—BY PHILIP BERGER

"FALLING ANGEL"-A PRIVATE EYE PURSUES A MYSTERY THAT'S PART KIDNAPING, PART ASTROLOGY, PART VOODOO. BEGINNING A NEW NOVEL BY WILLIAM HJORTSBERG

"THE INNER GAME OF SEX"-ZEN AND THE ART OF LOVE-MAKING, OR, FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN, STOP THINKING ABOUT IT AND DO IT!-BY ROBERT SHEA

"KINGS DON'T MEAN A THING"-THE DARK UNDERBELLY OF A MURDER STORY: HOW A NEWSPAPER-EMPIRE HEIR STEPPED OUT OF THE CLOSET INTO THE MORGUE-BY ARTHUR BELL

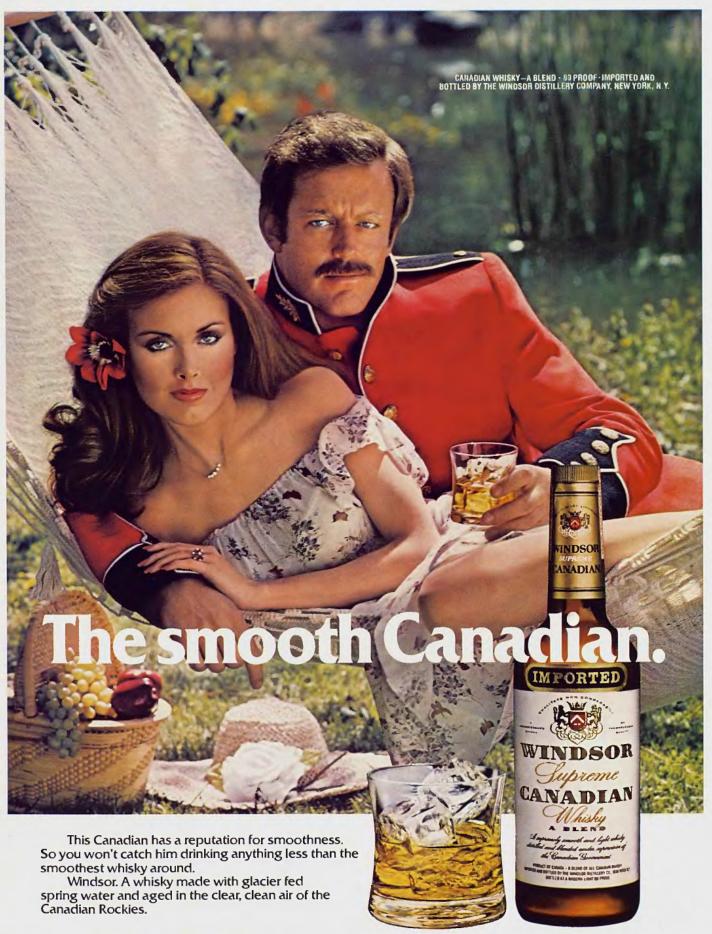
"TWENTY QUESTIONS/CHERYL TIEGS"-THE ALL-AMERICAN GIRL CONFESSES ALL: HER TEENAGED CRUSH ON PAT BOONE AND HER ONE UGLY FEATURE: BIG EARS

"WHEELS FOR THE MAN WHO THINKS BIG"-TIRED OF YOUR EVERYDAY MERCEDES AND FERRARIS? HOW ABOUT AN 18-WHEELER? A DUMP TRUCK? A CEMENT MIXER? A POTPOURRI OF OUTSIZED TRANSPORT-BY DONALD CHAIKIN

"GIRLS OF THE PAC 10, PART II"-HERE THEY ARE, FELLAS, TERRIFIC COEDS FROM ARIZONA, USC, WASHINGTON STATE, OREGON STATE AND STANFORD, HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY!

"PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST"-ADVANCE DOPE ON WHAT YOU'LL BE WEARING THE REST OF THE YEAR, WITH SAGE ADVICE BY DAVID PLATT

"AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SEX, PART VIII" -A SKEWED VIEW OF THAT OLD FAVORITE, THE RENAISSANCE MAN (AND WOMAN, TOO, DUMMY)-BY ARNOLD ROTH



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